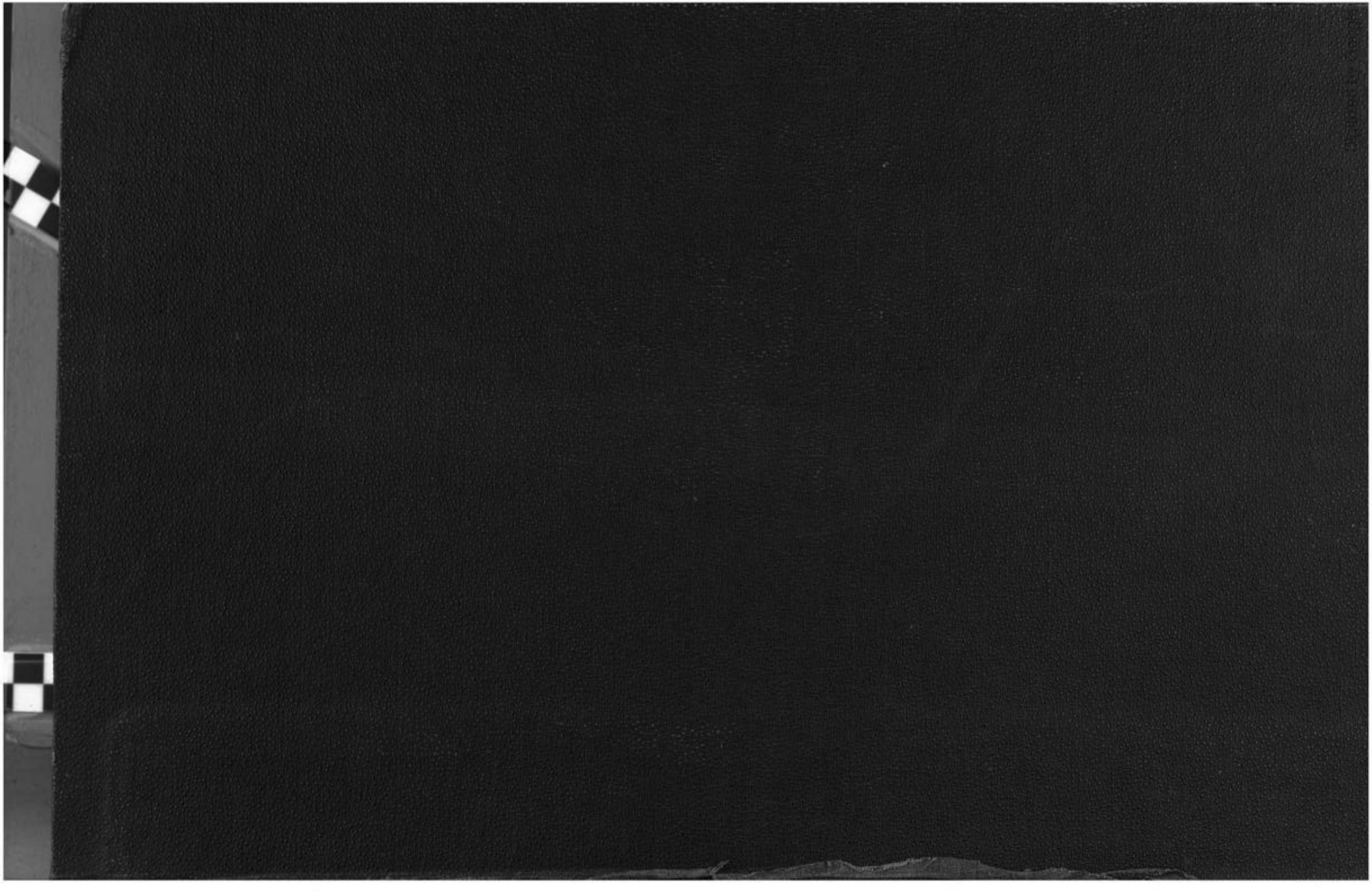


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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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Read the Special Stories in our New Year's Number and Supplement.



"GRANDMAMMA HAS COME!"—See Page 309.

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Vol. 47-7

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
52, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1880.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, *53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

The interview of our artistic correspondent with the Hon. R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, contained in the present issue of our paper, being Number 10 of the series, cannot fail to interest, since it deals with a question of such vital importance as the supremacy of the Stars and Stripes on the high seas. Mr. Thompson's views are succinctly set forth, while the details with regard to the inner life of the boys enlisted on board our training-ships are as copious as they are engrossing.

In accordance with our announcement of last week, we issue our Holiday Double Number with the addition of a thrilling story by Christian Reid, and a poem by John Moran, while, owing to increased public demand, we also issue a Supplement, making in all 36 pages, of such varied and absorbing matter, as to render this number of our paper in every sense doubly valuable, interesting and entertaining. Our next issue, in addition to other important material, will contain a charming story from the gifted pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled, "Play in Hearts"; a seasonable tale, "Saintly's Christmas Gifts," by Mrs. H. W. Pierson; and the conclusion of "Which of them will be Mary?"

CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

WITH all the pleasure due to the occasion, we bid our thousands of readers a "merrie" Christmas. The year now rapidly drawing to a close has been crowded with happifying events, both to Government and people. Everywhere throughout the country the revivifying effects of better times have been seen and felt. Commerce, manufactures, mining, agriculture and labor have been brought to experience the pulsations of a new life. Resumption has given increased strength to the national credit, dissipated the fears of over-sensitive capital, and opened the avenues of success to industrial enterprise. Foreign nations have become our tributaries, and pour their golden hoards into the lap of the nation. To what extent the country has profited through its foreign commerce can best be shown by the figures. During the past fiscal year—six months of which are embraced in 1879—the exports, re exports and imports of merchandise have been as follows:

Exports of domestic merchandise...	$698,340,790
Exports of foreign merchandise	12,098,651
	$710,439,441
Imports of merchandise.....	445,777,778
Balance in favor of United States ...	$264,661,666

From July 1st to November 15th of the present year, embracing a period of only four and one-half months, the balance due and received from abroad amounted to $59,000,000 in gold, and still the payments continue coming in.

The years covered by the war, and thence onward to the Fall of 1873, have been denominated flush times. But comparing the situation in 1879 with that of ten years ago, we find that the gold value of our domestic exports has increased from $275,166,697 in 1869 to $698,340,790 in 1879. The difference amounts to nearly 254 per cent., and presents a broad contrast between so-called flush times and solid prosperity. In addition to the great gain in exports, the country, since 1872-3, has reduced its imports of foreign merchandise more than 44 per cent., which result has been highly favorable to our manufactures. The domestic producers of watches, clocks, cotton fabrics, silks, woolen goods, clothing, boots, shoes, iron, steel, etc., have all experienced beneficial results from this reduction in imports. It has enhanced the volume of their own products, and provided additional employment for labor. Thus the importation of railroad bars fell off from 531,337 tons in 1872 to 2,611 tons for the past fiscal year, and this difference our own rolling mills have been called to supply. It may also be said that American manufacturers, under the new order of affairs, are now building up a fair export trade. Many products heretofore exported in small quantities, or not at all, now find profitable markets in foreign countries, and some of these products are exported to countries from which a few years ago they were largely imported into the United States.

In all business centres the tide of prosperity has steadily risen, and swept in a resistless current the whole country round. Domestic trade has grown and prospered throughout the year. Although we have more than twenty-two thousand vessels engaged in coastwise and interior trade, yet the railways have found profitable employment in moving local and Inter-State commerce, rising in value to thousands of millions of dollars. The present year has been a good one for the carrying trade. The earnings of our railways have been enlarged, and they have not hesitated to spend a fair proportion in improvements, and this, in turn, has helped the cause of labor.

The march of tramping multitudes has been arrested by the new turn in business affairs. The cotton and woolen mills of the East, once idle or making only half-time, now find their utmost capacity taxed. Many of them are running day and night to meet the growing demand. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, our imports of cotton goods amounted to nearly $30,000,000, and of woolen goods to more than $50,000,000. Last year the imports of cotton goods were reduced more than $15,000,000, and woolen fabrics more than $27,500,000. The home consumption of such goods, however, has not been lessened, but our own manufacturers supply the demand. During the so-called flush times the products of American cotton mills found but little favor abroad. Their exportations now treble those of ten years ago, and their ability to compete with others is beginning to be acknowledged even in England. Our woolen mills, too, are turning out goods equal to the best of foreign importations, and the largest proportion of woolen stuffs now worn in this country are the products of American looms.

In iron and steel we have become practically independent of the whole world. These interests have also been touched by the magic wand of returning prosperity, and, to use a modernism, made to "boom." In the whole State of Pennsylvania, the great iron centre, there is not an idle mill to-day. New works are being erected, and everywhere the producers of iron have more than they can do at prices highly remunerative. At no time in our history has the iron interest been so prosperous as at present.

The mining of ore and coal corresponds to the forward movement of industry and trade. The production of anthracite coal, according to present figures, will amount, in round numbers, to 26,000,000 tons for the year, making an excess of from eight to ten millions of tons over the production of 1878.

A good share of the inflowing prosperity has fallen to the lot of that great section which, with magnificent agricultural resources at command, feeds America and a goodly portion of Europe. For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, the exports of breadstuffs amounted to $210,355,528, and constituted about 30 per cent. of all domestic merchandise sent abroad. The wheat, corn, oats, flour, beef, pork, lard, and other productions of the West, play no unimportant part in the industrial economy of the country. Fair prices remunerate the farmers of that broad section, and they now part with their surplus crops for gold, or money possessing a purchasing power of one hundred cents to the dollar. In January, 1877, the average price of wheat in New York was $1.47 currency, per bushel. The selling price now varies, according to quality and time of delivery, from $1.53 to $1.59 gold, per bushel. At the former period Western flour sold in the New York market at an average of $5.50 per barrel; the price at this time ranges from $6.40 to $7.25 per barrel. None can begrudge the golden harvest now being reaped by the West through a return to better times.

Good has also befallen the South during the present year. If spindles, looms, furnaces and mills have been set going in the North, and commerce and manufactures have received a new impetus, there are solid advantages accruing to the Southern section. Last year the cotton crop of the South was greater than at any former time. Her exports of that staple amounted to 1,608,000,000 pounds. The cotton crop of this year, as reported, will exceed that of 1878 by 500,000 bales. Her tobacco crop will yield 12,000,000 pounds more than last year, and her people will make 200,000 more hogsheads of sugar than they produced in 1878. It is computed that the increase in these crops alone will be worth from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 to the South.

Truly the year 1879 has inaugurated a new era in our national history. It has bestowed substantial benefits upon the whole country. Indulging the hope that our new-found prosperity may permanently continue, we close, as we began, by wishing our readers in every section a Merry Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

THE New England Puritans, in their stern determination to have as little as possible in common with other Christians, abolished Christmas. They substituted for it the two celebrations of Fast Day and Thanksgiving Day, the former to represent the solemn, and the latter the joyful, aspects of Christianity. The inherited impulses of eighteen hundred years have, however, proved too strong for the Puritans. Fast Day is dead and its melancholy ghost is rarely visible even in Massachusetts. Thanksgiving Day, in spite of the devout wording of Presidential proclamations, has virtually lost its religious significance, and has become a day of experiments as to the strength and capacity of the American stomach. Meanwhile we have reclaimed our share of the great festival of the Christian world, and Puritan Boston now welcomes Christmas as warmly, and celebrates it as joyfully, as Roman Catholic Rome or Anglican London. Yet we may not safely boast of our regained and beloved Christmas. As German Rationalism is ceaselessly mining the foundations of orthodox Protestantism, so another German heresy is stealthily at work, ostensibly on the side of Christmas, but really in hostility to it; and, unless we awake to the threatening danger, we may yet see our Christmas empty of delight, and dragged down to the level of the materialistic and prosaic Thanksgiving Day.

For many years Christmas has been associated in the American mind with stockings. The rite of the midnight-stocking was in the childhood of the present generation, the most important feature of Christmas celebration. The "Filling of the Stocking" might have furnished Longfellow with a worthier subject than the "Building of the Ship." It was the gage of parental affection. The cold-hearted stepmother instructed her accidental children to hang up their smallest socks; but the true mother, in pious emulation of the pelican of the wilderness, gave her beloved little ones her own deep and expansive stocking, and filled it to the rim. There are many pleasures which fall to the lot of the successful man, but not one of them compares with the internal delight with which, as an expectant small boy, he awoke in the darkness of the early Christmas morning to grasp the mysterious and precious stocking. What splendid possibilities of marvelous toys and seductive candies lay hid in the distended leg, or lurked in the remote recesses of the foot! What a delicious joy there was in striving to indentify, by the sense of touch alone, the carefully wrapped up packages that were drawn out one by one, and with what a blessed sense of boundless wealth was the stocking hugged in childish arms as the possessor lay down again to wait for daylight. The most successful American of our generation has had wealth, fame and honors lavished thick upon him since he reached his fortieth birthday, but he would, doubtless, confess that the Christmas stocking of fifty years ago thrilled him with pleasure which neither the triumph at Appomattox nor the welcome at Philadelphia could surpass, or even rival.

It cannot be denied that the stocking of our fathers—or, more strictly, of our mothers—is gradually being superseded by the German Christmas tree. The advocates of this green and brilliant heresy appeal to our pride of reason. They tell us that the stocking ceremony is based upon a myth unworthy of an enlightened age. There is no supernatural being who descends the nocturnal chimney, and it is criminal to seem, even by implication to give support to so ridiculous a legend. There is nothing, they tell us, of mystery or superstition about the Christmas-tree. The children know that it is a purely material tree, lit by genuine candles. It fosters in them no love for the vague and mysterious, and is, in all respects, a purely Protestant and reasonable thing. The Christmas-tree is dressed in the day-time, while the stocking is filled in the secrecy of night. The latter belongs to the age that believed in witchcraft. The former is in consonance with the intelligence and freedom of the nineteenth century. Misled by these plausible pretenses, thousands of American families have renounced Santa Claus and abandoned the stocking, and they vainly fancy that they can still retain the spirit, while throwing away the substance of Christmas.

The results of the spread of the Christmas-tree heresy will be vast and terrible. It will necessarily affect the peace of the family. The children no longer come to the breakfast-table "filled from the heart to the lips" with bliss and candy. The Christmas tree must be exhibited later in the day and in the depressing presence of the grown-up folk. The untrammeled freedom with which each child explored, in privacy and darkness, his particular stocking, vanishes, when, with the constant exhortation "Now, children, don't touch anything," ringing in his ears, he gazes solemnly at the blazing tree. In such circumstances the childish heart feels cheated of its rights, and the peace which the early morning stocking brings in its beneficent calf is rarely found in the household where the Christmas-tree has found an entrance. That blighting bush also lights the way for jealousy, and kindles envy in the youthful breast. Every child, surveying the presents hanging on its branches, hopes that the best ones may fall to his lot, and inevitably finds himself disappointed and dissatisfied when he fails to receive them. In spite of all its candles the Christmas-tree casts deep and lasting shadows, that renders what might be a happy Christmas a discontented and miserable day.

But there are even worse consequences than these. We recognize sadly the fact of the decay of faith, but our Christmas-trees have no small share in it. If we blot the image of Santa Claus from the infantile mind, can we wonder if the child, grown older, finds it difficult to believe in more important saints? When we take away the stocking, we at the same time destroy the charm of mystery and the reverence for the unseen. The Christmas-tree is the representative of the material; the stocking is the symbol of the spiritual. Rationalism lurks in the branches of the Christmas-tree, and its rootless trunk rests on Positivism. The stocking is full of faith, and no child can touch it without reverence and awe. The stocking and the tree are as far apart as Cardinal Newman and Dr. Strauss.

We can trace the influence of the Christmas-tree and the Christmas-stocking wherever they exist. Its Christmas-trees have brought Germany to a belief in Bismarck and blood and iron; and have converted the warm-blooded Protestantism of Luther into the cold scepticism of the Tubingen school. The Christmas stockings of England have strengthened her masses in their reverence for the English Church, in spite of the insidious efforts of Ritualist reconstructionists, and Broad Church distructionists. In our own country, the spread of unbelief has kept steady pace with the spread of Christmas-trees. If we are to keep the true spirit and cling to the real meaning of Christmas, we must hold fast to our Christmas-stockings. Shall our children, in the innocence of their hearts, ask for stockings, and shall we give them the glittering mockery of trees? Let us pledge ourselves by the memory of our youthful joys that the Christmas-stocking shall for ever usher in the dawn of the American Christmas.

POPULAR RIGHTS.

MAJORITY rule is the great central principle of our governmental system. So long as that principle shall be respected and maintained, just so long, and no longer, can we have faith in the continuance of republican institutions. To subvert, or in any way overturn, the popular will, whether through the agency of Returning Boards, or of Governors and Councils, is to do violence to constitutional government and prepare the way for its final downfall.

Our government is elective in character. The men who administer that government, of whatever grade, are to be chosen by the people. When two or more candidates are presented for the same office a majority of legal electors must choose between them, and when a majority have made choice as to who shall administer public affairs, their judgment must be respected. It must stand as the popular verdict, and no authority less than that of the people should be permitted to reverse it. In no instance, however slight, can popular government be beaten down and trampled under foot without endangering the whole system. It is as essential to respect the will of the majority in the election of a township constable as that in the election of a national magistrate. If by art and trickery a township, county, or State may be disfranchised and the popular will thwarted, then the whole government may, in like manner, be revolutionized and republicanism be made to give place to despotism.

The American people owe it to themselves and posterity to maintain a regular, steady, conservative government, founded on broad, popular representative systems. They cannot afford to wink at any violation of the ballot-box, or suffer any infraction of popular rights. If this republic is to stand, the will of the majority, whenever properly expressed, must remain unquestioned. No greater misfortune could befall the country than to destroy the right of the majority to rule. Borrowing the language of Daniel Webster, we may say that "other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultiva-

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tion, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of the national capital were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity?" The edifice of constitutional American liberty, once destroyed, will never be reconstructed. History, however, will consign to everlasting infamy the men or party through whom its destruction may come.

We have been led by recent occurences in the State of Maine to make the foregoing remarks. At the election held in September last the Republicans, by a total vote exceeding that of all other parties by at least 5,000, elected so many of their legislative candidates as to secure a majority of seven in the Senate and twenty-nine in the Lower House. The Governor and Council, being of adverse politics, upon bare technicalities, have so unseated Republicans as to bring them into a minority of eighteen in the House and nine in the Senate. What is this but a trampling under foot of popular rights, a subversion of the will of the majority? The case of Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, furnishes another illustration of the existing disposition to override representative government. Before admission to the Senate his case underwent a searching examination at the hands of a Senatorial committee, and his title to a seat received every confirmation. The now dominant party in the Senate have reopened the case and propose to give the place to Spofford, who, according to his own witnesses, has not the ghost of a title to justify the outrage. Whether these things be done by Democrats or Republicans, the American people should cry a halt. Popular government must be preserved at all hazards.

EVENTS ABROAD.

FRANCE has come nobly to the rescue of her sister Spain, and the *fêtes* in Paris in aid of the sufferers by the floods at Murcia have proved a superb success. Everybody lent a hand, from Sarah Bernhardt to La Gartijo, the famous bull-fighter. The floods in Spain have not, perhaps, been altogether an unmixed disaster, for it is alleged that they have prevented, or at least postponed, a little revolution. This would have been brought about by Montpensier agents, who have been hard at work fomenting disturbances in Carthagena, Murcia and Cadiz for their own purposes, grounding their crusade upon the *rapprochement* between Austria and Spain, consequent upon the marriage. Arms had already been bought in Birmingham, and there they lie for the present, until some opportunity can be found to smuggle them into Cadiz or Carthagena. The plot for the present is "off."

Eight million francs! This is the sum demanded by the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs of the French Chamber of Deputies to *secure* "rapid transit."

Yet another abortive Nihilist explosion in Russia. The country would seem to be undermined. This time Prince Dolgorouki, the Governor of Moscow, has escaped by the skin of his teeth. How will the Imperial Commission on administrative reform affect Nihilistic interests?

The prevalence of diphtheria in Russia has now assumed the proportions of a plague. At an extraordinary meeting of the Red Cross Society, held recently, it was decided that succor should be immediately afforded to the province of Pultova, where the children are said to be dying "like flies." The magnitude of the epidemic is shown by the fact that the Red Cross Expedition is to be composed of thirty doctors and three hundred nurses, and is to be furnished with nearly a quarter of a million roubles for expenses.

Immense quantities of forage are being stored in the depots along the Black Sea coast and the Russo-Roumanian frontier in readiness for military emergencies. In the matter of hay alone, twenty thousand tons have been ordered of contractors in the Odessa district. What does Roumania say to this?

The Chilians have again beaten the Peruvians, and against odds. The allied forces of Bolivia and Peru attacked an intrenched Chilian position at Dolores, near Agua Santa. The allied forces were driven back, their camp, thirteen cannon, and the Bolivian general, Villegas, taken. As may be expected, the Chilian loss was extraordinarily heavy.

So Lord Beaconsfield is to be impeached by the Parnell party. Martyrdom for the Juggler of the Jingoes! Perhaps this is the crown that Dizzy was waiting for, and hence his refusal of Tracy Turnerellis, now exhibiting at Madame Tussaud's. Speaking of Ireland, the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, is seeking contributions towards a relief fund on the ground that, "While the present distress, actual or possible, is not for a moment comparable to that of 1847, still, undoubtedly, in parts of Kerry, Galway, Sligo, Mayo, Roscommon, Donegal and Cork, there will be extreme misery and suffering among the poor."

So the German army is to be increased—the artillery by 348 guns when on a peace footing, and 522 guns in war; the infantry by eight regiments, and the cavalry, engineer and marine divisions in proportionate degree. The annual conscription is to be raised to 175,000—an increase of 30,000—in order to supply this extension of the military system.

That arch-scamp, the ex-Khedive, is lying ill at Naples. Possibly too much maccaroni, a dish of which he is especially fond.

Vessels from the southern ports of the United States are now free of quarantine in Italian ports. The yellow flag need not now be run up beside the Stars and Stripes.

The famine in Silesia has been rendered more horrible by typhoid fever. The Government seems to be keenly alive to the desperate situation.

The eyes of England are anxiously strained towards Afghanistan, where affairs are assuming alarming conditions. General Roberts declares he can hold his own, but General Gough is short of supplies. A blunder like that committed at Isandula will shake England's empire in India. A success on the part of the Afghans may lead to a general uprising, and then what can a mere handful of troops, however devoted, do—but die.

TEMPERANCE advocates in New York and Brooklyn have added a clause to the usual pledge by which the signers agree to offer no wine to New Year's callers.

MR. TALMAGE has scored a second triumph in the Synod of Long Island, which has refused to alter the decision of the Presbytery of Brooklyn acquitting him on the famous charge of "common fame."

CONNECTICUT has imported a colony of cutlery workers from Sheffield; New Jersey, one of potters from Staffordshire; and now Ohio is receiving some of the most skillful glass-blowers of Antwerp.

A REPETITION of the Brooklyn Theatre horror was prevented at the Park Theatre, New York, on December 18th, by the coolness of the actor Emmet and the policeman Genore. The house was emptied without a panic, or the slightest injury to any one.

WHILE the Inman line has adopted the electric light for the illumination of the cabin and steerage of one of their vessels, a New Orleans company has gone further, and in the right direction, too, by furnishing a steamer with the lights on her pilot-house and forecastle.

SECRETARY SHERMAN persists in the belief that the Government cannot successfully place a bond paying less than 4 per cent. Still he has agreed to consult with the leading bankers of New York as to the practicability of floating a 3½ per cent. bond for refunding purposes.

RUMORS are rife of a marked uneasiness among the Mormons. Statements have been made that a projected emigration *en masse* to Mexico is receiving grave consideration in Salt Lake City. *Apropos* of this, and as a possible straw, we note that emigration to Apache County, Arizona, is very brisk, and that four hundred Mormons, with 12,000 head of cattle, are now *en route* to that county from Utah.

WHILE the public are warming in sympathy towards the Ponca Indians through the eloquent appeal of their earnest advocate "Bright-Eyes," the labors of another Indian princess, Sarah Winnemucca, should not be overlooked. At the request of her father, Chief Winnemucca, she has undertaken a mission to have her tribe gathered together again at their old home in Nevada, where they can follow peaceable pursuits and improve themselves. Sarah has a bright, resolute face, with brave, determined features, exhibiting lines of courage and resolve that tell the whole story of the indomitable daring which made her services as scout, guide and interpreter so invaluable to our Government during the late Bannock war.

PROFESSORSHIPS in the Chinese language have been established at Harvard and Yale Colleges, where Ku and the Rev. S. Wells Williams fill the chairs respectively; and at the University of California, where there is as yet no occupant. So far there has been no rush for Oriental instruction, and the enterprise is not a determined success. Against the theory that there is a field in China for American youth capable of speaking and writing the language of the country, is placed the practical testimony of persons conversant with the actual situation, which may explain why there is no noticeable demand for Chinese instruction in the United States. In China the commercial intercourse, or that relating to buying and selling, is done through "compradors," or natives, who can speak "pigeon English"; and though a white man could speak a commercial dialect of the community perfectly, yet he could not buy an invoice of tea, silk, or any other commodity, without engaging the services of a "comprador." The Chinese merchants will deal in no other way. Except for clerkships in foreign houses, a knowledge of Chinese is of little avail even in China; and when a commercial dialect is wanted it can be picked up in that country with more facility than in any other.

A BILL, greatly affecting the commercial interests of New York City, is that introduced into the House by Representative Muller. It provides for the creation of a permanently deep, wide and straight channel through Sandy Hook bar to New York. The greater the water facilities of the metropolis the better for its business and that of the country. But while considering projects for enlarging the harbor and river routes, wouldn't it be as well to take some practicable step towards rendering such operations unnecessary? If all the rubbish that has been dumped in the lower and upper bays could be at once removed, and the material for shoalings thus withdrawn, there would be little necessity for expensive dredgings and cuttings to render the harbor of New York what nature made it, the safest and best in the world.

CONGRESS AT WORK.

MONDAY, *December 15th.*—SENATE—An amendment to Mr. Bayard's Currency Bill was proposed, extending the date of operation to January 1st, 1885; an investigation of the Southern negro exodus was asked, and a petition was presented from soldiers of the late war, asking for the additional pay contemplated by the Weaver Inflation Bill. HOUSE—Bills were introduced granting pensions to all soldiers and sailors of the late war; regulating the counting of votes for the President; relating to the crime of polygamy; providing for the relief of General Fitz John Porter; requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out all gold and silver coin and national bank notes not required to carry on the Government; in the purchase of Government bonds, and proposing a joint rule that no bills, except for appropriations, containing more than one subject, shall be passed.

TUESDAY, *December 16th.*—SENATE—The Finance Committee reported favorably on the Bill to exempt from taxation competitive prizes won by American citizens in foreign countries. An amendment to the Southern Negro Exodus resolution was submitted, extending the duties of the proposed commission. A Bill to amend Rule 103 of the Articles of War, so as to provide a limitation to prosecution for desertion, was amended and passed. HOUSE—A resolution providing for the appointment of a select Interoceanic Canal Committee was adopted, and a number of Bills were reported from the committees. A petition favoring the passage of the pending joint resolution to abolish and repeal the legal-tender power now given to the Treasury notes was presented.

WEDNESDAY, *December 17th.*—SENATE—A joint resolution was introduced to reclaim land-grant railroads which have failed to perform the conditions of their grants, involving over 122,000,000 acres; also a Bill to repeal the law prohibiting the payment of claims against the Government that accrued prior to April 13th, 1861, to any person engaged in the rebellion. A resolution in favor of greenbacks and silver, and antagonistic to Mr. Bayard's, was offered by Mr. Morgan, who made the first financial speech of the present session upon it. HOUSE—The Military Academy Bill was adopted without amendment, and the Consular and Diplomatic Bill was reported from the committee. The proposed Trade-mark Amendment to the Constitution, giving Congress power to grant exclusive right to adopt and use trade-marks, was debated, and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

THURSDAY, *December 18th.*—SENATE—The House Bill making appropriations for the payment of naval and other pensions for the year ending June 30th, 1880, was taken up and passed. Mr. Voorhees's resolution on the colored exodus was called up, discussed, and, after a failure to amend, was adopted. Bills were introduced providing for a tariff commission; for continuing the Court of Alabama Claims Commissioners, and for the distribution of the Geneva Award. HOUSE—The Senate Bill looking to the removal of the Ute Indians from their reservation was taken up and discussed without final action. An adverse report was presented by the Committe on Agriculture on the Bill to encourage inter-State emigration; a resolution instructing the Committee on Agriculture to take into consideration such measures as may tend to promote agricultural interests was adopted, with amendments; and a Bill was introduced authorizing national banks to make loans on real estate.

FRIDAY, *December 19th.*—SENATE—The Vice-President appointed Messrs. Voorhees (Dem., Ind.), Vance (Dem., N. C.), Pendleton (Dem., O.), Windom (Rep., Minn.), and Bell (Rep., N. H.), as the committee to investigate the causes of negro emigration from Southern to Northern States. HOUSE—The revised rules were reported and made the special order for January 6th. The Speaker announced the appointment of the following committees: On the Interoceanic Canal—Messrs. King, Singleton, Whitthorne, B. F. Martin, O. Turner, Nicholls, Hutchings, Page, Conger, Frye and Haskill. On the Yorktown Celebration—Messrs. Goode, Hall, Loring, Aldrich, Hawley, Muller, Brigham, Dick, E. L. Martin, Talbot, J. J. Davis, J. R. Richardson and Persons. A number of committee appointments were made. Both Houses adjourned to January 6th.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

EX-CONGRESSMAN J. B. SENER, of Virginia, has been appointed Chief Justice of Wyoming Territory.

MAYOR COOPER has vetoed the Chambers Street surface railroad scheme, adopted by the Board of Aldermen.

JOHN B. HASKIN has offered $1,000,000 cash for the privilege of constructing a surface railroad on Broadway, New York.

GENERAL WILLIAM MAHONE has been elected United States Senator from Virginia, to succeed the incumbent, Mr. Withers.

WILLIAM KELLY, on trial for the Manhattan Savings Bank robbery, has been convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

A LARGE increase of business and many improvements are reported by the Government directors of the Union Pacific Railroad.

SEVERAL large parties of colored emigrants from North Carolina have reached Washington, D. C., on their way to Indiana, in a destitute condition.

THE Attorney-General of the United States has delivered an opinion that a post-trader in the Indian country has no right to trade with the Indians without a license.

THE rooms of the Chicago Mining Board were formally opened, December 15th, and several transactions in mining stocks took place. The enterprise promises to be a success.

THE contest of the famous Lewis will case, in Hoboken, involving $2,000,000 bequeathed to the General Government, has been shown to be the result of an extensive conspiracy.

THE Legislature of South Carolina met in joint assembly on December 18th, and elected Governor Simpson Chief Justice for the term of six years, commencing August 1st, 1880, by a unanimous vote.

THE Republican National Committee met at Washington, December 17th, elected Senator J. Don. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Chairman, and decided to hold the National Convention in Chicago, on June 3d next.

THE Committee on Ways and Means in the House have decided to take up the consideration of the question of readjusting the duties on sugar on January 27th, when they will give importers and refiners a hearing.

ON December 15th the Long Island Synod of the Presbyterian Church assembled at Jamaica, to consider the appeal in the case of Rev. Mr. Talmage, and on the 18th the action of the Brooklyn Presbytery was sustained.

IN the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Volkener, in New York, charged with attempting to poison Charles E. Blair for purposes of robbery, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the accused were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

PRESIDENT HAYES has addressed a letter to the Senate and House of Representatives calling attention to the need of legislation for the reclamation of the marshes of the Potomac River within the City of Washington for the benefit of commerce and public health.

THE Tennessee Legislature met in extra session on December 16th, in accordance with the Governor's proclamation, to clothe the local government of Memphis with additional powers for the construction of proposed sanitary improvements for the protection of the city against yellow fever referred to in the proclamation and in the Executive message, which also states that legislation is needed to enable Nashville to make similar improvements.

Foreign.

IN France, 150 more Communists have been pardoned.

THE British Parliament will meet on February 5th.

BEFORE abandoning Iquique the allies burned the town and blew up the fortifications.

TELEGRAMS from Rome announce that an international exhibition will be held there in 1882.

RUMOR has it that Prince Bismarck concurs in Premier Waddington's proposal of collective mediation in the Greek question.

THE Upper House of the Prussian Diet has adopted the Bill providing for the acquisition of several private railways by the State.

GORDON PASHA will shortly return to the Island of Massua, Abyssinia, to confer with delegates of King John on conditions of peace between Egypt and Abyssinia.

THE British Government has granted pensions of £500 annually to the widow, and £100 to the mother, of the late Sir Louis Cavagnari, who was murdered at Cabul.

THE Supreme Tribunal of the Duchy of Brunswick has canceled the testament of the late Duke of Brunswick, which left a large sum to the town of Geneva.

REPORTS from Cuban districts indicate that the sugar crops will probably fall short because of the smallness of the cane. Plantations throughout the island have commenced grinding.

IN the Spanish Chamber of Deputies Senor Toreno, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has reported that he would seriously consider the project for a treaty of commerce with the United States.

THE German Federal Council has adopted, by a considerable majority, the Bill fixing the legislative period of the Reichstag at four years, and providing that budgets shall be presented every two years.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF has arrived at St. Petersburg. It is said that a basis of arrangement was arrived at Varzin with a view to re-establishing the former relations of the three empires under new conditions.

THE Greek members of the Frontier Commission have sent a note to the Porte proposing a new line of frontier more to the south. They declare that if the Porte does not propose some definite boundary further discussion is useless.

IT is stated that the decision of the Attorney-General to re-open the case of the Tichborne claimant was influenced by the citation of the decision in the case of William M. Tweed on the question of cumulative or concurrent sentences.

OFFICIAL confirmation is given to the report that Austria, in reply to the Russian circular to the powers, has declined to participate in collective action at Constantinople for the settlement of the Gustoje affair, on the ground that it would create new difficulties.

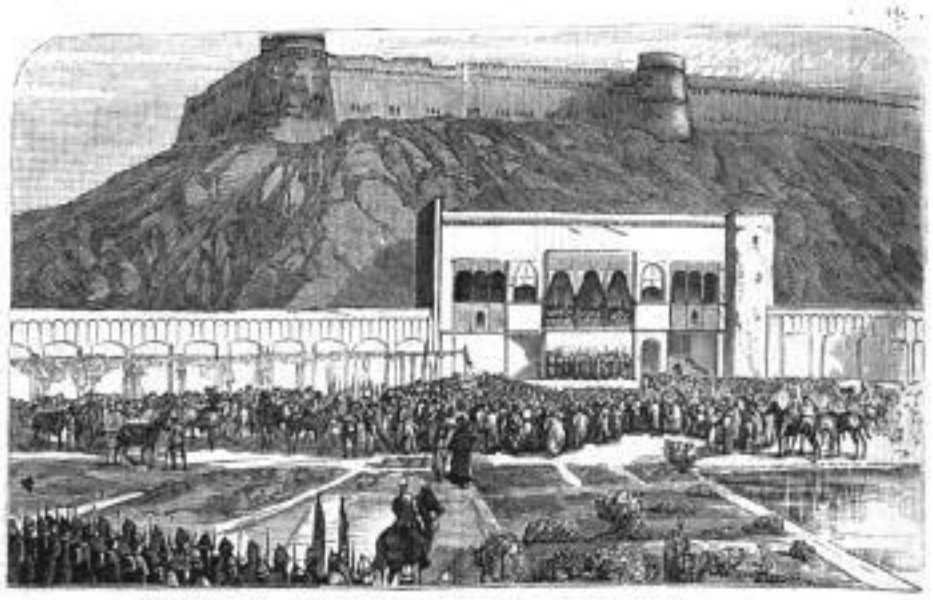
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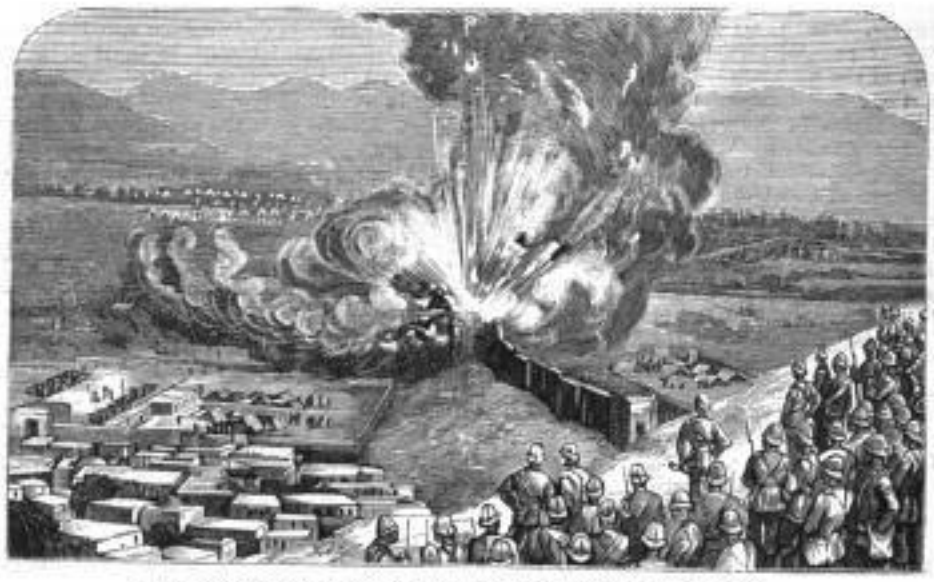
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 311.



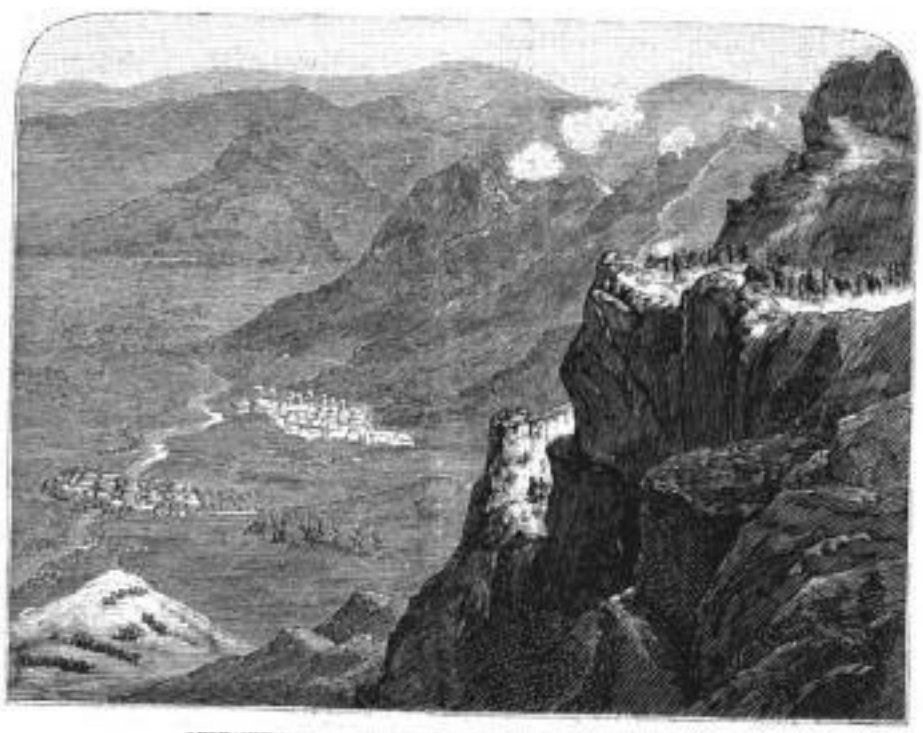
IRELAND.—SCENE AT THE SLIGO COURT-HOUSE DURING THE SEDITION EXAMINATION.



AFGHANISTAN.—GENERAL ROBERTS READING A PROCLAMATION AT CABUL.



AFGHANISTAN.—EXPLOSION OF THE BALA-HISSAR MAGAZINE AT CABUL.



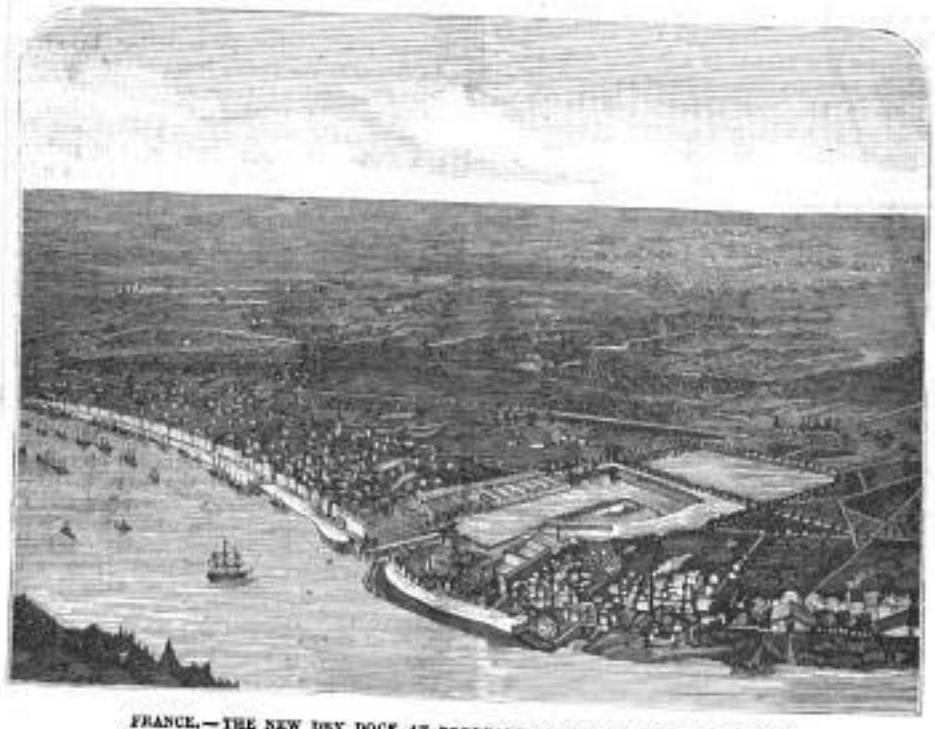
AFGHANISTAN.—ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH TROOPS AT CABUL.



SCOTLAND.—DEPARTURE OF MR. GLADSTONE FROM WEST CALDER.



AUSTRALIA.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



FRANCE.—THE NEW DRY DOCK AT BORDEAUX, OPENED OCTOBER 18TH, 1879.

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HON. ALEX. RAMSEY, SECRETARY OF WAR.

HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, the new secretary of War, was born near Harrisburg, Pa., September 8th, 1815. At an early age he entered Lafayette College, at Easton, and made such progress that when but thirteen years old he was appointed to a clerkship in the Register's Office of his native county. In 1840 he was chosen Secretary of the Electoral College of Pennsylvania, and a year later Clerk of the State House of Representatives. His first appearance in Washington was in 1843, when he took his seat as a Member of Congress. After holding the position two terms he was appointed Territorial Governor of Minnesota in 1849 by President Taylor, holding the post until 1853. Under his administration the Crescent State was settled. He participated in the negotiation of several treaties with the Indian tribes located in the Territory, by which a rapid development was secured, and became so enthusiastic in his work that he determined to settle in Minnesota permanently. In 1855 he was elected Mayor of St. Paul, the capital city, and in 1859 Governor of the State, being honored with a re-election in 1861. On March 4th, 1863, he entered the United States Senate as a Republican, in succession to Henry M. Rice, Democrat, and at the expiration of his first term was re-elected. In the Forty-third Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and a member of the Committee on Railroads. He was also a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Springfield, Ill. Mr. Ramsey retired from the Senate in 1875, and was succeeded by Hon. Samuel J. R. McMillan.

Ex-Senator Ramsey's nomination was confirmed without the usual reference to a committee, because of his former membership in the Senate, and he entered upon the discharge of the duties of the War Department as soon as Secretary McCrary vacated it to take the Circuit Judgeship.



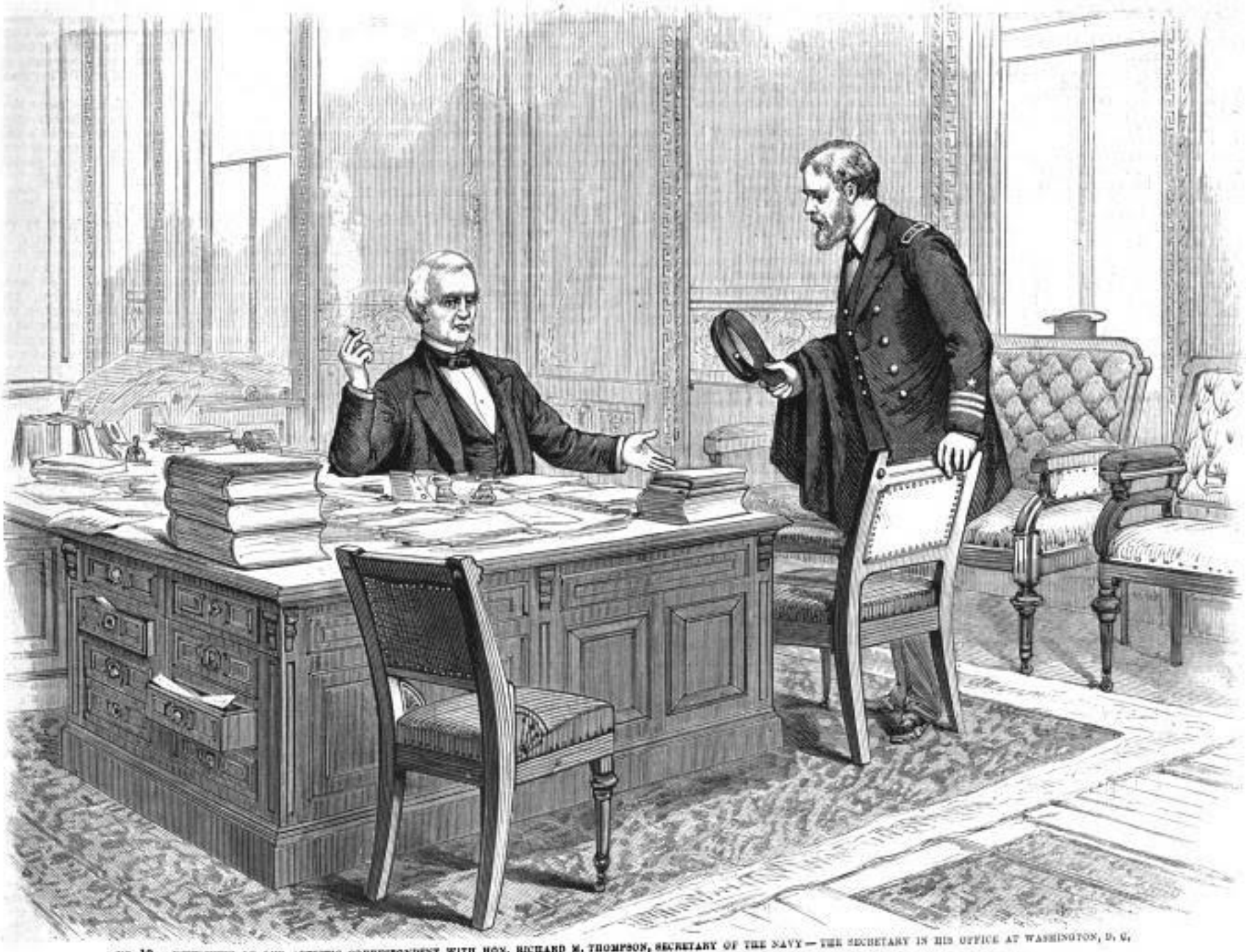
HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED SECRETARY OF WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

OLD ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

YO, ho! the Christmas guests arrive, and at the door of the brave old hall stands its master, Sir Thomas Bridle, knight, the middle-aged gentleman, still portly, though not now stout and ruddy, whose heart, shielded by an ample waistcoat, over which is a warm, easy gown, furred at the cuffs and collar, swells visibly with half-suppressed emotion as he lifts his plumed and peaked hat from a brow already bald, and while his right hand is waving to the company a wide token of general greeting, receives with his left the frank hand-clasp of his brother, who, with his wife, children and kinsmen, have ridden through the bracing frosty air a good forty miles and more to be under the oaken beams of the old roof-tree on Christmas Day. The knight has his five children by his side, with Dame Alice, his wife. The three little maidens are Alice, Mabel and Maude; and the two sturdy boys, Richard and Harry. Mistress Margery, the shrewd housewife, is here with a watchful eye upon her brisk handmaidens. The veteran huntsman stands in the rear with the grooms, the scullions and the plow-boys. There is a young student—a Puritan and a poet—who is tutor to the boys. The girls are taught by a kinsman's two forlorn daughters, who have been generously taken home and protected by the very worthy knight. These are a pretty numerous family, but there is room in the old hall for a dozen more. The parish parson, meekly retiring from notice, watches the new arrivals from behind his patron's back. Some villagers are here to see the brave cavalcade. This is a grand occasion. Now will good ale, sherris, sack, and canary, flow as if from inexhaustible fountains; now will victuals cause the great oaken table to groan, from the lordly boar's head to the stewed capon; now will the family liveries shine resplendent—the knight's crest glittering like a gilded star; now will the merry customs of Christmas hearth and table, with the toasts and songs and frolics, be gone through, and, if yon dainty maid, riding pillion and about being lifted to mother earth, 'scape mistletoe kisses, shame upon the gallant into whose stalwart arms she is about to trust herself! What joy in the faces of the boy and girl on the white pony! How bravely the youngster in cloak and feathered hat and boots bestrides his nag! The dogs, too, are welcome at the old hall, and they know it. A greeting is waved from the lower-window to a mounted cavalier, who returns it with a joyous flourish of his plumed hat. Smiles are upon every face, and even the snow upon the quaint old roof smiles in the setting sun as it contemplates Christmas.

"GRANDMAMMA HAS COME!"

THE dear old lady has arrived at last, and her grandchildren are almost frantic with glee. She is received by the boys at the hall-door with great blowings of horns and beatings of drums, while the girls hasten to relieve her of such small parcels—and their name is legion—as she may happen to be incumbered with. The old lady is forcibly hustled into the parlor, a very bower of holly and ivy, and into an easy-chair, where eager and busy hands untie her bonnet-strings and unfasten her shawl. Grandmamma does not come without having had a satisfactory interview with Santa Claus en route. She brings a big box full of Christmas presents, and already has that bright-eyed young urchin made himself master of its contents by a Peeping Tom glance. He will have a pull at dolly rest what it may, and with watchful gaze on



NO. 10.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH HON. RICHARD M. THOMPSON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—THE SECRETARY IN HIS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 327.

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grandmamma, his hand is about to grasp the coveted object. His brother, a sturdy little rascal, gazes fondly out of his great big soft eyes at his grandmother. He is evidently her pet, and the feeling is thoroughly reciprocated. How daintily the second sister unpins the old lady's shawl, chattering like a magpie, while the elder sister superintends the operation, ready to seize upon the wrap and bear it away to a place of safety. This is a beautiful picture of home happiness, of youth clinging lovingly to age, of age fondly leaning to youth. The old lady is no longer old. In her granddaughter she sees herself as in the bygone time. She, too, stood at her grandma's knee—the good, gracious grandmamma, at rest for many years in the village churchyard. In the boys she beholds her brothers since scattered all over the wide, wide world, fighting its battles against desperate odds; but these memories of the past do not sadden her, not they. Here is youth and mirth and laughter; here is Christmas; here are her children's children, and, as she gazes upon these bright, young faces, the burden of the old song comes to her with gladsome meaning:

"And when with envy, Time, transported,
Doth seek to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing with the boys."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER I.

HERBERT BRUCE is in a furious passion. Furious is a strong word—but not at all too strong to express the tempest of rage which swells that young gentleman's breast, as he pours the recital of his wrongs and his wrath into the ear of his cousin, Adelaide Dunning, who sits listening patiently. She still mechanically holds open in her hand a book which she was reading when he entered the room a few minutes before; but her gaze is fastened on the carpet at her feet, and there is a curious expression on her face—an expression made up of sympathy one part, vexation two parts, amusement three parts. The sympathy and vexation she shows openly in her eyes and voice as she looks up, presently, but the amusement she conceals as well as she can. It would not harmonize with the temper Mr. Bruce is in, she is well aware.

"I am very, very sorry that this should have happened, Bertie," she says, as soon as she gets an opportunity to speak; "but, honest, I think it is your own fault."

"*My* fault!" cries Bertie, biting his long black mustache, as he looks at her with angrily sparkling eyes. "How can you possibly say that? Am I to blame for not choosing to see the woman I am engaged to flirting with every puppy in town?"

"Riding with a man is not necessarily flirting with him," says Miss Dunning, dryly. "And you are the first person who ever called Mr. Dorsay a puppy. *I* rode with him day before yesterday. Do you consider that I was flirting with him?"

"The cases are not parallel," answers her cousin, hotly. "You are not engaged to another man, and were not acting in express violation of his wishes. I told Annette that I would not submit to seeing her receive the attentions of other men, and she deliberately disregarded my request."

Adelaide has nothing to say to this; that is, she knows that it would be useless to say anything. After a pause, she asks if the engagement is positively broken off.

"Positively," is the curt reply.

"I am sorry," she says again, in a tone which shows how sincere her regret is.

"No need to be sorry," responds her cousin, gloomily. "*I* am not sorry. On the contrary, I consider myself fortunate in escaping what could not but have proved an unhappy marriage, and I despise Annette Reynolds as she deserves. But"—he hesitates, and there is a slight falter in his voice, as he adds, "of course I feel the thing sharply now. It is not possible for one's feelings to change in an hour or a day. I cannot forget that only this morning I looked upon her as my future wife."

"And don't you look upon her as your future wife now?" says a voice near by, so unexpectedly that both Herbert Bruce and his cousin start—the former with almost angry surprise, as he glances hastily around.

The man who has thus "stumbled on his counsel," is standing in an open French window a few steps away, and advances into the room the next moment, bows familiarly to Miss Dunning, and, taking possession of a chair with the manner of one quite at home, looks at Mr. Bruce, waiting a reply to the question he has asked.

"No, sir," answers the young man, recovering his temper and recollection at the look—for the gentleman, Major Falconer by name, is his former guardian. "She has just rejected me."

"Indeed?" says the major, in a tone of concern. "I am sorry to hear that. What is the meaning of it?"

"Bertie's jealousy," answers Miss Dunning, before Bertie himself has time to speak. "He has gone just a little too far in tormenting, for once. But it is only a lover's quarrel. They will make it up."

"Never!" cries her cousin, with flashing eyes. "It is she who has gone too far for once—and it is once for all. On the whole, I am not sorry that the affair has ended this way. A broken engagement is not so bad as an unhappy marriage—and I could never have been happy with an incurable flirt for a wife."

Saying which, he walks indignantly out of the room.

As the door closes on his exit, the two who remain look at each other significantly.

"It is only a lover's quarrel," says Miss Dunning again.

Major Falconer looks rather grave. "Lovers' quarrels are considered trifles," he says, "but I am afraid that, with a man so naturally irritable in temper as Bertie is, they may set a bad precedent for married life. Do you consider Miss Reynolds a flirt?"

"Certainly not!" answers his companion, with emphasis. "She is not in the least to blame in this quarrel—and so I told Bertie. He has worried her beyond endurance with his jealousy and irritability, and it is no wonder that her patience failed at last. But I think they will make it up. Bertie will come to his senses in a little time, and, I dare say, will succeed in persuading her to forgive and forget. She is very amiable."

Major Falconer does not speak for a minute or two—then he says, "Bertie may be right in thinking that it is better the affair should end in this way than in marriage. He is very young to marry. By waiting a few years, he will be able to make a more deliberate choice, and, it is to be hoped, will have learned to control his temper."

"That he may learn to control his temper before he marries is a consummation most devoutly to be desired, certainly," says Adelaide Dunning, with a smile, "for, if he don't, his wife will have a bad time of it; but as to making a more deliberate choice, if he lived a hundred years he could never find a woman to suit him better than Annette does, or as well. I fancy. She is pretty and bright, and has the sweetest of tempers; and it is her nature to make an idol of whoever she happens to be connected with. Every man likes to be the idol and oracle of his wife, I suppose; but Bertie will insist upon it. And he won't easily find another such worshiper as Annette would make."

"We must hope that he may not lose her, then," says the major. "Can't you act as peacemaker?"

"No. I should be afraid to undertake such a dangerous office. It is always best to let people manage their own affairs—particularly their love affairs."

"But want of skill in the art of management is Bertie's weak point," says Bertie's *ci-devant* guardian. "I don't doubt that he has been blundering deplorably. The wooing of a wife is like the playing of a game of chess—skill and management are absolutely essential to success."

The young lady laughs.

"You have had so much experience in the art of wooing that you may well lay down the law on the subject," she says, ironically.

"I have had no particular experience," he replies—"at least, not since I was a boy of Bertie's age"—at which qualification his companion smiles; "but my observation of the experience of other men has been exhaustive, and I have never known a case—always provided that there was no insurmountable obstacle to begin with—where good management did not succeed."

At this broad assertion, Miss Dunning elevates her brows.

"You don't agree with me?" says Major Falconer.

"Of course not. Good management, indeed! As if women were nothing but puppets!"

"You misunderstand me. I mean that when a man complains of having been badly treated by a woman, or even of having failed to win her, I believe that, in nine cases out of ten, his own blundering conduct of the affair is the cause of his failure."

"What a pity," says the young lady, demurely, "that you don't set Bertie an example of this 'conduct' of which you speak, major."

"I am about to do so," he replies—"that is, I came here a-wooing this afternoon. Will you marry me, Adelaide?"

She gazes at him for a moment in the most profound, the blankest amazement. Then a quick tide of color suffuses her face.

"Surely you must be jesting," she says.

"Is it probable that I would select such a subject as this to jest upon?"

"It seems impossible that you can be serious in asking me to marry you!"

"And why?"

"Everybody has always said, you know, that you wanted to marry mamma."

"I know, yes, that the gossips settled years ago that such a match was desirable; but Mrs. Dunning and myself did not happen to agree with them."

"Did you never think of it?"

"Never."

"How I wish I had known that all these years past!" she exclaims, her face clearing wonderfully. "Ever since I can remember, until lately, it has been the dread of my life. Within the last year I have thought there was no danger of it. But, oh, how jealous of you I used to be!—and now I hated you!"

"Won't you try to make up for that injustice by learning to love me now?"

He is talking in such a matter-of-course tone that the slight embarrassment which Adelaide at first felt, has vanished; and she smiles as she answers:

"I am sorry to seem disobliging, but I am afraid I cannot."

"May I ask why?"

"I—really I don't know. One doesn't reason about such a thing. I only feel sure of the fact."

"But one ought to reason about everything. Stop and think for a moment. You don't love any other man, do you?"

"No, indeed."

"Then, why should you not be willing to marry me?"

"I might answer that: 'I have no other but a woman's reason'—I am not willing to marry you because I am not willing to marry you. But since you are so persistent and argumentative, I will give you a reason—a good reason. You are so much older than I am."

"I am a good deal older, but probably not so much as you think. What do you take my age to be?"

"I suppose you are about my father's age—and I know that, if he was living, he would be forty-five."

"Take nine from forty-five and you have my age."

"Is it possible? Why, you are not as old as mamma, then?"

"Not by five or six years."

She looks at him with awakened attention—as one looks at an object which is so familiar to the eye as never before to have been regarded abstractly—and what she sees is a man not in his first youth, certainly, but with the grace of youth about him still. A handsome man, whose air and manner, taken with a certain imperative intonation of voice in speaking, might seem almost offensively haughty but for the frank good humor expressed by his large blue eye and smiling lip.

"I am waiting for an answer," he says. "Do you mean to capitulate at once, or to stand a siege?"

"Neither the one nor the other," she replies, lightly. "I mean you to be reasonable and understand that, after holding you in abhorrence all my life nearly as a prospective stepfather, I cannot suddenly transform you into a hero."

"I don't ask that"—he smiles here—"I will be satisfied with a gradual transformation into a lover. I am 'too old,' perhaps, to talk sentiment, but I love you heartily, Della, and I don't intend to give up the hope that you may yet love me in return. Take a little time to consider—two or three months, say. This is September—the twenty-fifth, I believe?"

"Yes."

"On Christmas Day, then, I will ask to hear my fate."

"You have heard it now, I assure you," she answers, seriously. "Indeed, my dear major, you have made a mistake—that is all."

"Perhaps so," he says, with a curious smile, and drops the subject.

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY anything that could have happened to her would have surprised Adelaide Dunning so much as that which had happened—a proposal from Major Falconer.

"The last man, the very last man in the world from whom I should have expected such a thing!" she says, to herself, as she is changing her dress for going out immediately after he has left her. Standing before her mirror, she looks at the face reflected therein with the same sort of scrutiny that she had bestowed on Major Falconer's a short time before. It is a lovely face, with pale, ivory-tinted complexion, soft, dark eyes, and well-cut features that will grow handsomer with years—a face which any man might be excused for falling in love with.

As she is leaving the house she is joined by Bruce—rather to her regret—for she was on her way to see Annette Reynolds. But when he says, "Come and take a walk with me," she assents; and, passing through a short straggling suburb, they are now in the shade of a forest as lonely and untrodden to all appearances as if it was miles away from anything like civilization, instead of being on the outskirts of a prosperous country town.

It is an ideal September afternoon. The air is soft and balmy—the sunshine bright but not too warm—the foliage showing Autumn's approach only by that vivid, spring-like greenness which is the first change from the deep-green of Summer, and which will soon in its turn change into gold and crimson and all the innumerably varied hues that make the earth at once so gorgeously and so mournfully beautiful at this season.

Bruce leads the way; and as soon as they get fairly within the depths of the woods, with the soothing stillness of solitude around them, he flings himself upon the grass in the shade of a gnarled old oak, and says to his cousin, who has sat down beside him:

"I am going to take the train for Memphis to-night, Della."

Adelaide utters a cry of dismay. "Oh, Bertie!" she says, eagerly, imploringly; "pray, pray don't think of doing such a mad thing! You know that it is simply suicidal for an unacclimated person to go there now!"

"My mind is made up," he answers. "I wish very much that I had gone when I first spoke of it—when the fever first began. I ought not to have allowed myself to be dissuaded from doing what I felt to be a duty. However, I shall start to-night; and as I do not want another scene with my aunt and Major Falconer about it, I thought I would merely tell you, and you can tell them to-morrow."

His cousin looks at him with a sense of despair. What can she say, what can she do, to prevent his carrying out this rash design? It is true, as he said, that he was resolved, when the fever first broke out two months before—in the fatal July of 1878—to go at once and offer his services as a physician. He has been studying medicine for several years, and though not yet privileged to write M. D. after his name, feels himself quite capable of doing M. D. work—in this instance at least. His guardian, his aunt, his cousin, his *fiancée*, had all protested so unanimously and entreated so earnestly against his going, that he had reluctantly yielded to their arguments and importunity. But it is not too much to say that it has been with a pain nearly resembling remorse that he has read day after day the terrible fever record. Nothing but the undeniable fact, so much dwelt upon by Major Falconer from the first, and latterly reiterated every day by the "Howards" in their official reports, that unacclimated persons instead of being a help only afforded fresh material for the fever, and gave increased labor to the already overburdened corps of doctors and nurses, has held the young man in check this long. Though acknowledging to himself that, under the circumstances, it would be an error of judgment in him to go, he has not been able to stifle the feeling of self-reproach already alluded to, and a something like resentment at the opposition he has met with; and this state of mind has had a very bad effect on his temper—which, as before hinted, is not at the best angelic. Miss Reynolds's amiability and Miss Dunning's patience have both been amply tested, and have both up to the present time borne the test triumphantly; but at last, in an ungoverned ebullition of jealousy he had, as his cousin said, gone just a little too far with the former. He is too angry to see, much less to admit, this, and he is determined that he will not longer be prevented by any consideration from going to Memphis.

This is the state of affairs; and Adelaide, looking at him as he half reclines beside her, with his elbow resting on the ground, and his head supported on his hands, while his handsome face wears an expression of obstinate resolution, feels that here is a predestined victim for Yellow Jack. They were reared together as brother and sister, and she is, of course, miserable at this idea. The thoughts that come crowding on her are so horrible, that she suddenly bursts into a passion of tears, and sobs convulsively.

At this unexpected response to the confidence he is reposing in her, the young gentleman is both shocked and provoked. He feels as he might if a man had knocked him down when he was off his guard—that she is taking undue advantage of him. Never before, in any of the myriad scrapes of his boyhood, youth and manhood—in all which, she had been his confidant and consoler—had she resorted to the womanish weapon of tears to carry a point with him. She had scolded, she had entreated, she had persuaded, but never before had she bullied him with a shower of tears.

As she bows her face in her hands and weeps unrestrainedly, he finds his resolution becoming dangerously weakened, and feels the necessity of making a stand against such illegitimate influence. Therefore, he says more brusquely than he ever in his life spoke to her before:

"If I had imagined for a moment that you would make such a scene as this, I should not have said a word of my intention. But I did not want to go away without telling you good-by."

A fresh burst of tears at this.

"If you go"—sobbingly—"I know—I *know* you will—d-i-e!"

"The chances are that I shall," he answers, coolly. "But what difference does *that* make? Miss Reynolds will enjoy riding and flirting as much——"

"I am not thinking of her," interrupts his cousin, passionately. "I am thinking of myself—and mamma! Oh, how selfish it makes people to be in love! You know that if you were mamma's son, and my brother, we could not care more for you than we do; and you—you don't consider us for a moment! You only care about Annette—and are wanting to punish her by going!"

The color flames into the young fellow's face. The accusation is not altogether just—but it has a grain of truth in it, and stings accordingly.

"Della, is it kind or just to say that, when you know how I have felt from the first?" he asks, reproachfully.

"I know how you have felt from the first; but all the same, it is because of your quarrel with Annette that you are rushing off now—though you may not be aware of it. If I was in your place—and thought as badly of her as you do—I certainly would not throw away my life to spite her! I would not let her know that I was so badly hurt."

This last shot tells, as Adelaide is not slow to perceive, and she follows up the advantage thus gained so successfully, that, after a long argument supported by many tears, Bertie at last promises to give up his suicidal project, as she calls it.

CHAPTER III.

NOTWITHSTANDING her opinion as expressed to Major Falconer, that it is always best to leave people to manage their own love-affairs, and her resolution that she would not undertake the delicate office of peace maker, Adelaide is urged by the exigency of the case to waive this resolution and make an effort towards the reconciliation of her cousin and her friend. She is by no means certain that, though Bertie has given up for the present his intention of facing the pestilence, he may not change his mind again, and start off suddenly some day without a word of warning even to herself; and she knows that the best safeguard against this danger is to range Annette's influence with her own, by the restoration of the engagement. So, immediately after breakfast on the day following that of the quarrel, she goes to Miss Reynolds—expecting to find that young lady as placable as usual.

She is disappointed in this hope. Annette's long suffering patience is at last exhausted. She is gentle and reasonable, unchanged in her manner to Adelaide herself, but to all the arguments of the latter she answers, substantially, exactly what her lover said—that a broken engagement is better than an unhappy marriage.

"I suppose it is useless to argue with two such obstinate people," says Adelaide, dejectedly, "and yet I am sure you love each other. The end of the matter will be that Bertie will go off to Memphis or New Orleans and die of yellow fever."

"He has too much sense, I am sure, to do that," replies Annette, "after the Howards have so expressly requested those who have not had the fever to stay away."

"I had all the difficulty in the world to prevent his starting last night," Adelaide says, a little coldly, as she rises to leave. And, glad to see that Annette pales at hearing this, she adds, earnestly, "If he does go, Annette, I know you will wish you had done *anything* to prevent it."

She is not speaking merely for effect—she really believes that there is danger her cousin may go, as she says, at any moment: and her spirits are at the lowest ebb, as she walks slowly homeward, so absorbed in thought as not to notice anything around her. And so it chances that she does not observe two gentle-

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men who stand at a corner talking, until close beside them. At her approach, the one facing her lifts his hat, and, as she glances up to return his salutation, she becomes aware that the other—whose back is towards her—is Major Falconer.

The uneasiness she has been feeling about Bertie almost ever since she parted from Major Falconer has in a great measure banished him and his proposal from her mind—or, at least, kept them very much in the background—and now, thus reminded, it is with a start that the recollection returns. She colors slightly as, turning, he sees her and bows. He immediately concludes his conversation, and before she has proceeded many steps is by her side.

"I am glad to see you," she says, looking up with a smile, "for I am dreadfully worried about this quarrel of Bertie's. I have just been to Annette, and she is as unmanageable as Bertie himself. It is impossible to blame her; but I am afraid if she continues in her present mind—that is, if Bertie tries to make it up, and she refuses—he will go to Memphis at last."

"You are alarming yourself unnecessarily," says Major Falconer. "Bertie may be very desperate about this affair—he is hasty and reckless about everything—but he is not totally devoid of common sense."

"I doubt he will prove himself to be so in the present instance," she answers.

Lifting her eyes, that have a very distressed expression, they meet those of her companion, which are fixed on her with a look which brings the blood in a crimson tide to her cheeks and brow.

"Have you given me one kind thought since we parted?" he asks, in a very lover-like tone.

The girl is divided between an inclination to frown and a temptation to smile, so oddly does the character he has suddenly assumed seem to her to sit on this man whom she has always rather shrunk from as a possible future stepfather. And yet she is somewhat touched by the earnestness of his manner, and not a little flattered by his admiration.

"Truth compels me to confess that I have not given many thoughts, either kind or otherwise, to anything but this wretched affair," she answers. "I have been so miserable about it, that I scarcely slept at all last night." And then she tells him of her cousin's intended journey, and the difficulty she had in preventing it.

"I am both surprised and disappointed to hear this," says Major Falconer, very gravely. "I thought Herbert had more courage as well as more sense than such folly as this indicates."

"I thought so, too," says Adelaide. "But it seems there are no bounds to the folly of which a man when in love is capable."

It is Bertie only who is in her mind while she speaks; but suddenly remembering how her companion may apply her remark, she colors again, and adds quickly:

"I suppose we must expect folly from such a mere boy as Bertie."

"There I differ with you," says the major. "However young or however desperately in love a man may be, he ought never to forget either self-control or self-respect."

They walk on in silence for a minute, Adelaide much perturbed, and Major Falconer almost sternly grave. Once she glances at his face and is astonished—it is so different from usual. The brows are drawn together, making the eyes look very deep-set, the lips are compressed, even the heavy brown mustache seems to have exchanged its ordinary amiable droop for a more horizontal and less amiable attitude. She is half-frightened, but will not give way to such a feeling. On the contrary, she says with a smile:

"You look every inch a soldier, as if you were about to court martial poor Bertie."

"If I had the power to do so, I am not sure but that I should exercise it," he answers. "I must confine myself to a reprimand, which he shall certainly have."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"I hope so. At all events it will ruffle his vanity to be made to understand how weakly he is acting, and he deserves a worse penalty than that for causing you so much anxiety."

"Oh, so far as I am concerned it makes not the slightest difference," she says, hastily. "Pray don't scold him on my account. Women were born to suffer in this way, you know."

"They were born to the suffering which is the common lot of humanity; but there is no necessity for their suffering from the selfishness of men, as they so often do."

"Is it possible for a man to help being selfish?"

"Yes. If you will marry me I will convince you that it is."

She looks up frankly.

"I do not love you," she says, gently, "and this being the case, you would not wish me to marry you, would you?"

"Yes," he answers again, unhesitatingly. "I would wish you to marry me to-morrow—to-day—and by the mere force of will I would soon compel you to love me."

"Do you know," she says, after a moment's silence, which he did not interrupt, though he watches her face keenly, "that I am beginning to be—a little—afraid of you?"

"Afraid of me!" he repeats, in surprise.

"You look so stern, and speak so arbitrarily about poor Bertie. And yet his fault is a very venial one."

"Don't you know why I feel and speak so?"

"Because you are out of patience with his folly in wanting to throw his life away so fruitlessly, I suppose."

"No; I might excuse that. But I am displeased at the selfishness with which he would fain march to his own end without a thought of the pain he is giving you."

"That is natural—in a man," looking up with a charming smile.

"Natural in him, I grant—considering how you have spoiled him all his life; but not the less odious, Adelaide," he goes on, in an abrupt, eager tone, "if you will give a little of the affection you lavish on this petulant boy to me, I will know better than he does how to value it."

"I think you talk strangely," says Adelaide. "My affection for Bertie is very different from the sentiment I should have to feel for a man before marrying him. And to marry without this sentiment I never could."

"You are determined against me, then?"

The almost careless ring in his voice as he asks this question is so unlike the earnestness with which he spoke the minute before, that Adelaide is struck by it, and a half-unconscious emotion of pique causes her to answer in an equally indifferent tone,

"I am sorry—but yes, I think so."

"I am sorry, very sorry. I have made up my mind to marry, and you are my first choice. Since you are inexorable to my suit, however, I must look elsewhere. If Bertie had not already appropriated Miss Reynolds, she would be my second choice, but as I trust they may make up their quarrel I will not attempt to interfere with his claims. Can't you, for old friendship's sake, give me a suggestion for my next choice?"

She glances quickly at him to see if he is jesting, but meets only the expression with which one waits for a reply to an ordinary question. Then she laughs.

"How flattered I feel, major, to have been your first choice?" she says. "I must certainly, in gratitude for that distinction, think of some one who, failing myself and Annette, may do for the position. Let me see! How would Julia Bretton suit?"

CHAPTER IV.

THEY are at Mrs. Dunning's gate as she speaks, and meet that lady, who is issuing forth. She stops a moment to shake hands with Major Falconer, and to inquire what success Adelaide has had with Miss Reynolds, and looks extremely disappointed on hearing her daughter's report. Bertie, poor boy, has just come back from his office, she says, in very depressed spirits. They will find him in the house.

They do find him, and, to his surprise, his guardian comes up to him, lays a hand on his shoulder, and says:

"We must try to console each other, Bertie. Like yourself, I am a rejected man."

Bertie turns, with a slightly haughty movement, and looks at the other suspiciously.

"I am not jesting," says Major Falconer. "Your cousin has just, for the second time, refused to marry me. You don't believe me? Ask her if what I say is not true."

No need to ask the question. The blush which suffuses Adelaide's face answers more significantly than words; and at the stare of bewildered amazement with which the young fellow glances first at one, then at the other, both his companions laugh outright.

"You are not more surprised than I was when Major Falconer did me the honor to offer me the 'first refusal' of his hand," says Adelaide. "You must know," she continues, in a tone of fine irony, "that, having decided to marry, he looked about him to find a wife, and, as I happened to be conveniently approachable, he conferred upon me the distinction of standing as his first choice. Annette would have been the second, he says, if you had not forestalled him with her."

"As I am no longer in the way, he need not consider me an obstacle," says Bertie, stiffly. "I hope"—to his guardian, with affected carelessness—"that you will not think of holding back on my account, major. I have no doubt you could distance Dorsay as well as myself in Miss Reynolds's favor. You are much the richest man of the three."

"Bertie!" cries his cousin, indignantly, and meeting the grave, almost stern reproof in Major Falconer's eye, a quick flush shows that the young gentleman has the grace to feel ashamed of himself.

"I came home to get the book you asked me for when we met this morning, sir," he says. "I was reading it last night after I went to bed, and left it in my room."

Up-stairs he goes after the book, and as soon as he is out of hearing, Adelaide begs Major Falconer not to take him to task about what she had said during their walk. "He would be irritated at my having mentioned it," she continues. "I will try and persuade him to go himself to Annette. Perhaps if he does, she may forgive him."

"Of course, I must regard your wishes," answers the major; "but I confess I feel very much out of patience with him when I see how his conduct is worrying you."

"He can't help it!"

She speaks quickly—for her cousin's step is heard descending the stairs at a rush. He brings the book he went to seek, and Major Falconer takes it and says good-morning.

As he leaves the house, Adelaide's eyes follow his soldierly-looking figure with a vague sense of loss—and this almost intangible feeling is put into words for her the next moment by Bertie.

"Is it really true, Della," he says, "that Major Falconer asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you refused?"

"Certainly."

The young man says nothing for an instant, but his countenance is so expressive of what he thinks, that Adelaide is amused.

"I am wondering what sort of a man you expect to marry—if you intend to marry at all. You will never find *his* equal. I can tell you."

"Not if I looked at him with your eyes."

"Not if you looked at him without prejudice. But that foolish fancy of yours that he wanted to marry aunt, always made you unjust to him in every way. You know I always told you that the idea was absurd. Depend upon it, you have made a great mistake in not accepting him."

With this uncompromising assurance, Mr. Bruce takes his departure, leaving her to consider at her leisure whether what he says is not true. She is inclined to think it is; but if so, her error is irremediable. Major Falconer has evidently taken her refusal as final.

If she entertains any lingering doubt on this point, it is set at rest by his conduct during the next few days. In virtue of having been her father's friend, and her cousin's guardian, he has always, within her recollection, occupied a privileged position of familiarity in the family circle and the family counsels, coming and going without apology or ceremony, often several times a day. His visits are not less frequent than usual now, but his manner to herself is changed. There is no sign of resentment, coldness, or even consciousness; he seems to have lost interest in her—that is all—the special interest which, she becomes suddenly aware, he has been manifesting for some time past. His face does not brighten at sight of her, as she now remembers it did before this unlucky explanation; his voice no longer takes a softer tone in calling her name. He speaks to her and looks at her precisely as he speaks to and looks at her mother—kindly, cordially, without the slightest embarrassment, with only *friendly* regard.

It is with a growing emotion of pain that she notices and realizes all this as time passes—wondering how she could have been so long blind to his sentiments. "If I had known that he loved me," she says, to herself, more than once, "if I had taken time to think, I might have answered him differently, perhaps."

She is sitting late one afternoon rather heavy in spirits, if not in heart, with the weight of Bertie's yet unreconciled quarrel on her mind, as well the secret regret that haunts her more than she is willing to admit even to her own heart, when Major Falconer walks in unannounced, as is his custom.

It requires an effort on her part to maintain an unembarrassed manner, as he sits down near her, and looks silently into the fire for a minute or two. There is a little flutter at her heart—she finds it necessary to fix her attention very closely on the piece of fancy-work in her hand, and counts the stitches twice over to insure accuracy. Can he mean to ask her again to reconsider her refusal?

His first remark does not indicate that this is his intention.

"I saw Herbert at a distance a while ago riding with a lady," he says. "Was it Miss Reynolds?"

"No, indeed," answers Adelaide, with mingled vexation and regret. "It was Margaret Ashford."

"What, again! He rode with her yesterday; did you know that?"

"Yes" (reluctantly).

"I wonder," says Major Falconer, with slightly contracted brow, "if he really has given up all thought of marrying Miss Reynolds? This looks like it."

"He cares just as much for her as he ever did, and is as anxious to marry her," Adelaide replies. "But he is angry and jealous, and will not acknowledge himself to have been in the wrong."

[Continued on page 314.]

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian.

The magnificent outburst of political oratory which the greatest of Liberal statesmen and speakers has been pouring forth in the metropolitan county of Scotland, while soliciting the electoral suffrages of the Midlothian constituency in opposition to the Earl of Dalkeith, was the occasion of many extraordinary scenes and grand exhibitions of popular enthusiasm. At the Music Hall, at the Corn Exchange, and in the Waverley Market of Edinburgh, at the neighboring towns of Dalkeith and West Calder, and in other places of the district, Mr. Gladstone met with such a welcome as no part of Great Britain has ever exceeded in doing honor to an influential Parliamentary leader.

The Sydney Exhibition.

Having given an exterior view of the buildings of the International Exhibition now being held at Sydney, New South Wales, we present a view this week of the interior display. Thus far the exhibition has been successful beyond anticipation, and promises to yield valuable results for the future commercial and industrial advancement of the colony.

The Agitation in Ireland.

While the magistrates were examining the evidence against Messrs. Daly, Killen and Davitt, charged with using language in speeches at a tenant-right meeting which would provoke a rebellion and breach of the peace, the court-house and police-barracks in the county town of Sligo, as well as the entire neighborhood, were crowded with excited people, among whom were many women. Bail was taken for the future appearance of Davitt and Daly, and Killen was locked up because of the action of himself and his counsel in trying the patience of the magistrates and refusing to give bail.

New Dry Docks at Bordeaux.

The new dry docks at Bordeaux were opened on October 18th last. The works comprise an immense floating basin and careening dock, hydraulic force being used to operate both. A single man, by the movement of a single lever, can control the entire machinery of this vast enterprise. The cost was 15,000,000 francs, which sum the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux advanced to the Government.

The Occupation of Cabul.

Pursuant to his proclamation, issued early in October, General Roberts entered Cabul on the 8th, after considerable resistance, and, shortly after reaching the palace, appeared at a window and addressed the multitude in the gardens. He announced the reason of the occupation, imposed new conditions, and said that the buildings of the Bala-Hissar, which interfered with military operations, would be destroyed. Much to the surprise of every one, at midday, eight days later, in the doomed quarter, a vast quantity of powder was ignited, and the magazine blew up with a tremendous noise, setting fire to all around, falling stones and timber making the ground for hundreds of yards around unsafe.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—RETAIL whisky houses are taxed $10,000 each in Greensboro, Ga.

—EVERY village in McNairy County, Tenn., has a chartered school.

—THE population of Pulaski County, Ark., has doubled within the past ten years. This is the county in which Little Rock is located.

—THE City of London has the exclusive right of holding a market within seven miles of St. Paul's, and of collecting tolls for the same.

—ANNUAL meetings of the stockholders of a number of Southern railroads have been held recently, and all of them report gratifying financial progress.

—THE Free-will Baptists will celebrate in 1880 the centenary of the existence of their denomination. Their first church was organized at New Durham, N. H.

—A SPECIAL School of Diplomacy is to be established at the Vatican to make known to ecclesiastical students the history of pontifical diplomacy from the original documents preserved there.

IRELAND is now represented in the British House of Commons by 103 members, consisting of Home Rulers, Irish Liberals and Irish Conservatives. The Irish Home Rulers number fifty-nine.

—DR. GEORGE LITTLE, the State Geologist, says that a yield of $10,000,000 worth of bullion might be produced in Georgia every year without exhausting the ore within this or the next generation.

—HARTFORD'S new reservoir covers 183 acres in the town of Farmington, and will hold 700,000,000 gallons. The land was condemned at from $20 to $60 per acre, and at present 103 acres are flooded one foot deep.

—THE United States Fish Commission has received from the Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen two specimens of fish of the genus *trachurus*, heretofore not recorded upon the American coast, and caught near Mt. Desert, Me.

—THE Belgian Government grants annually to the Roman Catholics, who comprise ninety-nine per cent. of the population, about $800,000; to the Protestants, $33,573; to the Jews, $2,244. The Jews number about 1,500.

—KOSSUTH has issued an appeal for subscriptions to his promised memoirs. The veteran orator, now in his seventy-eighth year, has been forced to undertake this task in order to earn money, since he lives entirely by the produce of his pen.

—THE overflowing of the rivers Koros and Maros, in Hungary, has caused fearful destruction. The city of Arad, on the Maros, and several other towns, have been ruined and their inhabitants driven away. Fully 10,000 persons have been rendered homeless.

—IN Rome efforts are being made to form a club for woman's advancement. The American residents are active, and the present Queen of Italy has long been interested in educational matters, and her attendance at the lectures makes them fashionable.

—THE next series of passion plays at Oberammergau is to commence next Easter Sunday, and to continue until the end of September. There will be a performance every day but one during that period, and the "show" will last each day from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.

—THE Porte has issued a proclamation to the Albanians, reminding them that the cession of Gusinje and Plava to Montenegro was stipulated by the Treaty of Berlin, and that the resistance contemplated by a part of the inhabitants of those places would result in useless bloodshed.

—THE Dutch minister of the colonies has received from the commander-in-chief at Atchin, in Northern Sumatra, a report stating that the power of resistance of the natives may be considered at an end, and that the authority of the Dutch is re-established in the country, though the war is not completely terminated.

—THERE are thirty-seven women in attendance at the London School of Medicine for Women. Of the seventy students who have entered the school since its foundation, some are in practice and others are preparing for the examination of the University of London, or of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland.

—THE suits begun by the Attorney-General of New York, in the Supreme Court in Kings County, against the Brooklyn Elevated Railway Company, at the request of property-owners along the route, have been discontinued by order of Justice Pratt, on motion of the Attorney-General, and no serious litigation now obstructs the completion of the road.

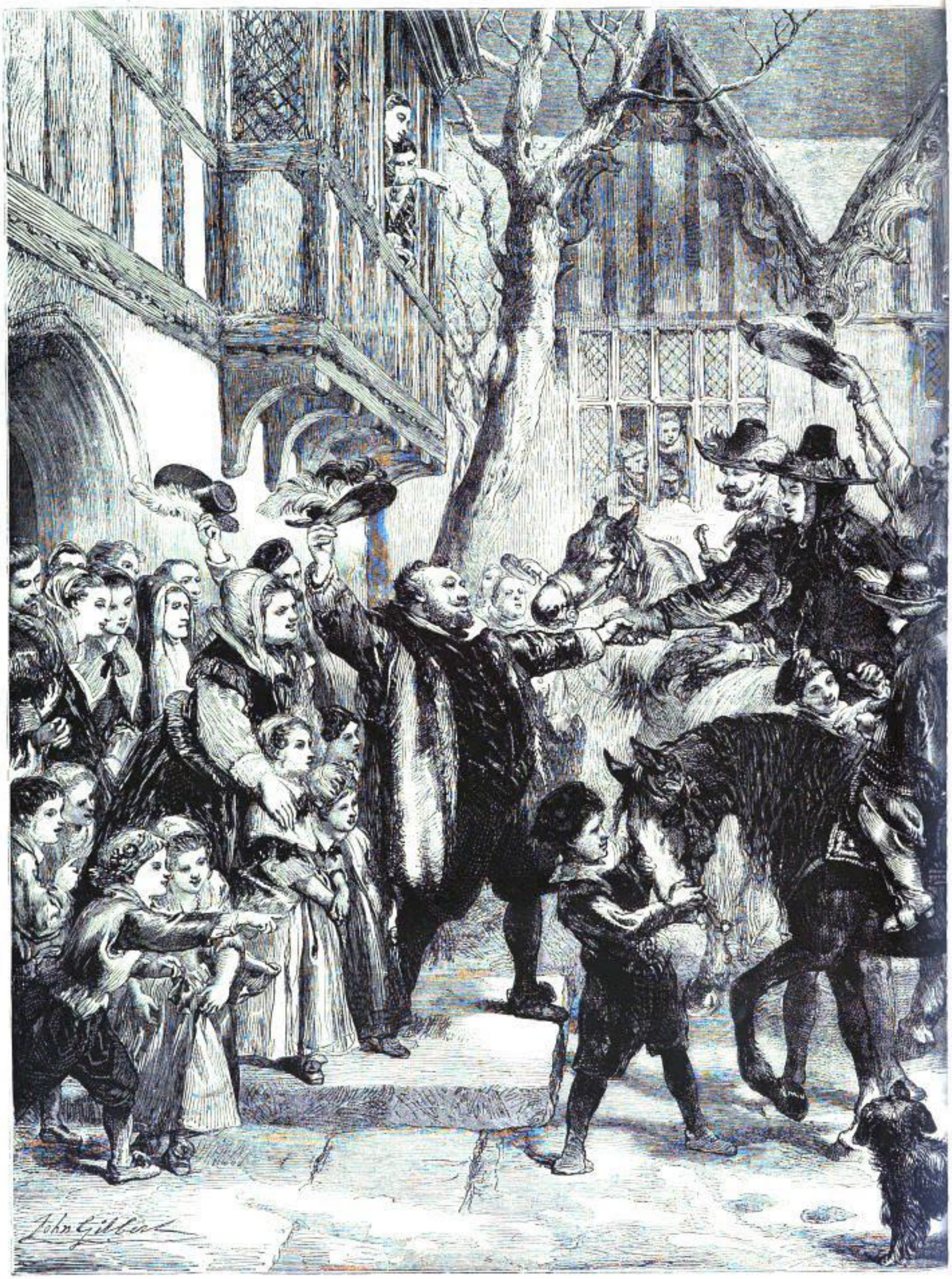
—ON February 19th, the anniversary of the abolition of serfdom in Russia, the City of St. Petersburg is to present to the Czar a silver casket containing twenty-five water color drawings, representing the great public buildings and monuments erected in the capital during the twenty-five years of his reign. This gift is to cost over eight thousand roubles.

—FRANCE has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth $100,000. This establishment has 300 girls from 6 to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers.

—THE Riverside Park, New York City, is now so near completion that there is every probability of its being open in a few weeks. Very few of us, comparatively, are aware what a noble, new recreation-ground has been provided for three miles along the Hudson from Seventy-second Street. No other city in the world has so magnificent a river promenade. A special road for saddle-horses is provided for about a mile, and there seems no good reason—for the width is ample—why it should not extend the whole way.

—THE construction of the new steamers *Arizona* of the Guion Line and the *Sahara* of the Cunard Line seems to have stimulated the Inman managers to fresh exertions. The Inman company has just contracted for a new steamer which is to be longer, wider and of greater tonnage than any of her rivals, and it is expected that she will make the transatlantic passage, either way, in six of seven days. She is to be to it wholly of iron, and when completed will be the largest ship afloat with the exception of the *Great Eastern*. She is to have four masts—the first three to be square-rigged—and two funnels. Her stern will be an overhanging one, of the clipper pattern. The smoking room will be amidships and forty feet long, while her deck is to have a ladies' room above the saloon, seventy feet in length. The saloon will seat 300 people, and her cabins accommodate 250 first-class passengers. She can easily carry 1,500 steerage passengers, and altogether she is expected to be the stateliest steamer on the ocean. Her name has not yet been chosen, but rumor assigns either that of the *City of Rome* or the *City of Chicago*.

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OLD ENGLAND IN THE

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OLDEN TIME.—SEE PAGE 309.

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HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

HE was sitting alone this Christmas Eve,
By the glowing fire in the lowered light,
And his restless spirit sought reprieve
In that strange, half-conscious, drowsy mood,
That knows not the value of time or place,
But follows a course no mind can trace.

He had schooled his heart, as he fondly thought,
To live without hope, regret, or fear,
Yet somehow he had not wholly caught
The tone of the cynic's bitter sneer;
And he felt himself even yet possessed
By that weird chameleon elf, Unrest.

For, in ringing, the bells that pealed to-night,
To herald the glad "good-will to men,"
Just hinted at days of childhood bright,
Of old songs echoing back again:
But all faces and lights and sounds were blent
Together in some vague minglement.

There was something familiar, something strange;
A lack in the very ambient air;
The music had lost its full, glad range,
The lights were duller, the scenes less fair;
And then, of a sudden, all died in gloom,
And left but the presence of—what perfume?

Of her hands, her hair, her breath, her dress!
He waked with a cry, "Ah, God!" but she
Stood there in her regal loveliness,
To his heart come back at last, and he,
Amid kisses of lips that could not tire,
Had the Christmas gift of his heart's desire!

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF HERS."

CHAPTER XVII.—SYLVE SEARCHES FOR DOCUMENTS.

I HAVE spoken before of the library in the Forester household. It was a handsome room, deeply wainscoted, and filled on two sides with books. The old judge in his lifetime was very fond and proud of his law-books, and spent time and money upon them without stint. On the other side the shelves were filled with miscellaneous volumes, novels, histories, poets, biographies, and on the south, fronting the street, there was no room for books, the space being taken up by two large bay windows, between which stood the business desk covered with crimson velvet, at which Flix Forester generally wrote. On the inside of the windows heavy crimson curtains hung suspended from brass rods. Under these, dainty hangings of white lace frosted the window-pane with snowy outlines of leaves and flowers, and delicate devices in vines and network.

The time was evening. The old clock in the hall, that had been ticking on for nearly two centuries, struck the hour of nine. The room was in perfect order. One gas jet between the windows burned low, but its faint flame outlined the willowy figure of a young girl, who in graceful but despairing *abandon* sat before the table, her hands clasped and her head bowed upon them. Strange shadows flickered upon the bookshelves and the wall. The docketed papers on each side the window seemed vying with each other as to which could reflect the most grotesque picture. One tortured or doubled itself so that it made an idiot's face staring dully forward. The other, being composed of small papers held by a hand-brace, limned the perfect figure of a little stout man in a little long surtout coat, while the paper-holder sent its caricature over to the opposite wall in the shape of a crocodile's open jaws. There was something depressing in the whole *personnel* of the room, in the very atmosphere, at the close of a dreary November day; for, though carriages are whirling through the streets, filled with fair and splendidly-dressed society women, bound for ball or opera, the wind blows fiercely, and the storm beats with heavy fingers whatever palpable thing it can reach.

Mrs. Forester had gone to a party, from which Sylve had excused herself, pleading a headache. When Mrs. Forester offered to remain at home, she would not hear of it—so, very reluctantly, the lady left her charge lying on the bed, her face buried in the pillow.

"Everybody will inquire for you," she said, as she turned away in no very good spirits, for she had become accustomed to this bright, beautiful face, and liked to see it admired and sought after. She had not been in society so long that she felt quite lost when she went alone, and she almost dreaded the evening, and made up her mind to return early. No sooner was the door shut than the lovely, listless face came at once out of its obscurity, and Sylve listened eagerly as the retreating footsteps grew fainter and fainter. Then the muffled sound of the front door shutting reached her ear—then the grating of carriage-wheels mingled with the gusty growling of the wind, and Sylve sat up in bed. She threw her unbound hair back from her forehead and uttered a sigh of relief.

"There, she is gone, and I know she'll be miserable without me. I don't care. I shall have this whole evening to myself—at least enough of it"—she consulted the pretty watch at her belt; "but she may, and probably will, return before eleven. I must make the most of my time."

She arose, bathed her eyes and forehead, for she really had suffered from overtaxed nerves, and carelessly put her abundant hair back with a few pins. She had been with Mrs. Forester now nearly twelve months, and was more than delighted with her reception by all the friends of Mrs. Forester. Adulation suited her; admiration she exacted in a way known to romantic modern young-ladydom. Her toilets were perfection, and she had already begun to queen it royally over the hearts of the young men who worship at every new shrine.

Sylve was of the world worldly, and it was strange that this night of all nights she should have allowed a temporary malady to keep her at home. She had often gone before in worse pain, for she was subject to headache, and the effort had invariably driven off the malady. Sylve had an object in view. Her imagination had not been idle concerning herself and her prospects since she had been an inmate of Forester House. That Flix was at work for her she knew; but why should he remain away so persistently? Girl-like, she had begun to weave a romance for herself. She had always loved him when a child, and now the mention of his name set her pulses leaping. Sometimes she would go by herself into the room where his portrait hung and sit before it an hour at a time. It was painted in oils, and made, apart from its likeness, an exquisite picture. Flix had surprised and delighted his mother with this masterpiece on her return from Europe. None of the gayest and brightest and handsomest of Sylve's recent adorers thrilled her with spoken praise or admiring glances as did the large soft eyes of this painted picture. She fancied they followed her every motion and smiled down upon her, and the consequence was the child—she was yet scarcely more than that—was deeply in love with her guardian before she knew it—yet not so much with him as with this rare and speaking semblance. It was something delightful to her to nurse these feelings in secret. She would most artfully lead Mrs. Forester always in the vein to talk of Flix, while she listened with a beating heart to his praises. Dexterously enough she learned that Flix had never yet seemed to fancy any lady of their set.

"What he may do where he is, I don't know," said Mrs. Forester, "but I don't think he will fancy those Southern beauties; and if he did, he would be sure to take me into his confidence."

"How do you know he is heart-whole? He may love somebody, or, at least, have loved somebody, and kept it a secret from you," said Sylve, with affected carelessness.

Mrs. Forester shook her head.

"Oh, I am very sure," she said. "He was a very boy, though of age, till within two or three years, and he keeps what he calls a day-book, in which he notes down important matters, chance thoughts, little poems—for he has the gifts of an improvisatore—and favorite quotations from the authors he likes. Some time ago I was anxious to find something regarding a book I had not seen for years, and just as he was going away for the last time he handed me his day book—three volumes for the three years. 'I'm sure you'll find what you want, or something akin to it, in one of these,' he said, 'for I copied many good things from that book,' and so he left them, merely telling me to replace them in his desk. What a methodical fellow he is! Why, my dear, there's a row of them. I think he must have begun to keep them ten years ago."

"And did you read all of them?" queried Sylve, looking up from her sewing with a flushed face.

"Certainly not, my dear; nor did I read these—I merely glanced them through. Here and there I read the impression that certain young ladies had produced upon him, and I can assure you, Sylve, there was no love in a line he said. Sometimes I am very much afraid that he will give all his heart to his business, and never marry at all."

"But I should have been tempted to read the rest," said Sylve, whose eyes were shining under ther lowered lashes, and whose heart beat fast as she thought to herself, "He shall love me; I will make him;" and at that moment she felt as if all power were hers.

"I trust not," said Mrs. Forester, gravely; "my son's private letters and papers, though the keys of his desk and of his business-boxes are in my possession, are as sacred to me as if they were locked away in some bank or safe. That is a point of honor with me, and should be with every lady."

"Yes, but with his mother—I thought——" Sylve stammered, whose notions of right and wrong were more or less clouded.

"He is a man now, you know, and not under my guardianship. I have really no more right to his confidence than if I was a perfect stranger. If he chooses to give it to me, well and good."

The conversation led to other matters. Sylve was very curious to know more of her own history. She vaguely remembered her father—she held her mother's memory in a true and tender sort of love that more resembled worship. Mrs. Forester was always reticent on this subject. Sometimes she would laughingly refer to Sylve's early history, and repeat the pranks that used to set the small household in commotion.

"I wonder Mr. Forester did not hate me," said Sylve, once, after the narration of some of her exploits.

Mrs. Forester shut her lips, but the flicker of a smile passed over them as she cast a half-doubting, half-mirthful look aside at Sylve.

"If I could only get at those day-books," thought the girl, day after day, "I should know what he then thought of me."

From dwelling on this matter it became a passion. She was perfectly certain that in those day-books much must be put on record concerning her. It was her first desire in the morning, her last at night. If she could but get the keys. It might be unjust—it might be even indelicate, but she did not stop to consider either of these phases. She had not been carefully trained. Motherless and fatherless at an early age, the pliant mind had been open to any and every defacing finger. She had from the first learned to screen herself from consequences by any means, honest or dishonest. Not that she was, or deliberately tried to be, bad in any respect—she inclined too much to be well thought of, and valued the good opinions of others more than they were often worth. It did not look to her a sin to gain possession of the desk-key, and find out about herself, and particularly what sort of an impression he had of her. He had never been to see her at the school. She had often pondered upon that. Why should she care? Why should she have such a hungry longing to conquer him, when she might have hosts of younger admirers at her feet? She could scarcely have told why, except that she remembered that on several occasions in her girlhood she had conquered him.

Her thought and longing always reverted to the key. She found it one day detached from the chain on which it usually hung, and did not go so far as to take it and secrete it upon her person. She merely slipped it into a drawer and shut it up.

"If she misses it," she said, to herself, "she will look for it and find it. If she goes down to dinner without it, she will have forgotten. Then, if the key still is in the drawer, I will prevail upon her to go to the party to-night alone. After that the whole house is mine."

That day a letter came from one of her school-friends—a clever, fussy girl—who had always felt a great affection for Sylve and shielded her from severe punishment more than once. This girl had never ceased to implore Sylve to come and pay her a visit. It was now nearly two years after the war and Sylve had been the confidant of Salome Braddock through all that terrible period, for the latter had left school over a year ago.

"I think that now we have seen the worst," wrote this Southern girl, "and we are getting our homestead in order. Fortunately we have not suffered as our neighbors have. You remember I often spoke to you about my neighbors Eva Lewin and Raphael Wilde. Both Colonel Lewin and Colonel Wilde were killed in battle. The house of the former was destroyed by fire, but Raphael Wilde is well-provided for, and he is at college in the North. But for poor Eva Lewin the situation is terrible. Their house, standing on the road as it did, was almost completely destroyed, and I really don't know what the poor little thing is going to do. But what I write you for now is to come and see me before your Winter closes, if it is possible. And if we could only get one of your smart Yankee school-marms to come here. There is work enough for her, and several of the planters here are able and willing to pay. She should stay with me—for I am head of the house since my mamma died, and we would all try to forget that she came from the North. Pray, don't tell her that; though, if there is anybody you know of, you might as well caution her to let bygones be bygones." And so the letter ran on—and at its close Sylve sat in a brown study, wondering if it was possible for her to accomplish the journey, and because she thought it might be forbidden, longing all the more to go. Salome Braddock had been her favorite companion at school—a dashing, handsome brunette, full of mischief, and always willing to do the most daring things, provided she could extract fun from it. She had captivated her imagination by her description of the fair Southern country—its hospitable and generous people, its curious customs. At her friend's there were horses in the stable on which one might ride without saddle or bridle. There were streams for fishing and woods for picnics, there were hunting parties and a wild, free life out of doors, whenever one desired it.

Sylve put her letter aside with a sigh. She knew that Mrs. Forester would never consent to her going alone, and it was out of the question that she should go with her. And to leave now, when Flix might come home at any time, and so miss the opportunity of meeting and conquering him—that would not do. She arrayed herself carefully for dinner—she always did, in anticipation of that meeting—and went down stairs. Passing Mrs. Forester's room, she saw that it was empty. She knew that lady had dressed, and ventured in. A fire flickered on the hearth, for, though the house was heated by steam, Mrs. Forester always had a wood fire in the room. A crimson glow pervaded the atmosphere. Sylve stepped within half guiltily, and, under pretext of looking in the mirror, opened that particular drawer. The key was there, in all probability forgotten. Sylve suddenly decided to lose her appetite—to complain of languor, and so if possible get excused from the party that night. She did so. Mrs. Forester, as we have seen, left reluctantly, little thinking what sort of a drama would be played during her absence. At last the library door was locked on the inside, the one burner over the desk lighted and the key was in the desk, the lid thrown back, and there, all in a row, with the name stamped in gilded letters on the back, were the day-books that Flix had used for ten years.

Sylve looked at them in a nervous, almost frightened manner, and for some moments stood perfectly still. It almost seemed as if her guardian were there in spirit, if not bodily presence, looking over her shoulder.

"But then, of course, he can't see—he never will know," she said, casting two or three timid glances into the corners of the room. Then she sought for the date of her arrival at Forester House—found the books or two years, and sat down with them in her hand.

What she read there changed her cheeks to the hue of ashes. Think of the effect of such a sentence as this upon an undisciplined nature:

"I am getting to hate the very sight of this child, with her great haunting eyes. Surely if ever any human creature was possessed of the devil, she is. And yet I pity her, for her antecedents have been so terrible that I scarcely wonder that she is just what she is."

"The responsibility is too much for me. Sometimes I think she will do what her mother did, and ruin some poor soul."

"My mother!" gasped Sylve. "Do what my mother did! Oh, what can he mean? If he were here, if he were only here, I would surely ask him!" She referred again to the book, turning the pages over wildly. It had an awful fascination for her. And she would light upon such passages as this:

"My sweet ward has done an irreparable mischief to-day. I am becoming absolutely afraid of the sight of her, child though she is. I am sorry I ever tried the experiment of taking her under my roof. She has worn my mother's patience completely threadbare; the very servants hate her. *I wonder if the spirit of murder descends from parent to child?* And still I pity the poor, stubborn little wretch, though I can find no words to tell how thoroughly I dislike her. I pity her; she has an unfortunate heritage. Oh, woman! woman! did you know to what terrible influences you subject your children you would never go astray——" Here the book fell from Sylve's palsied hand. She had in that moment passed judgment on her mother, in ignorance, but none the less with an agonized conviction of its truth.

"I see it all now!" she cried, springing to her feet, her face, pale as death, before, now suffused with blushes. "Oh, my God, how can I live! And he knows it, and Mrs. Forester knows it—and that is the secret she has hinted at, and that is what those terrible words mean. I will not live here under such disgrace. They may get the money and give it to some one else. What do I care for money when he knows that shameful thing about me? Oh, mother! mother! Come from the grave and tell me it is not true!"

For a few moments she walked to and fro in a very storm of passion, wringing her hands and moaning, but shedding not a tear. Her eyes were dry and hard; her features rigid. It was long before she stopped before that fatal desk again. When she did she took up the volume for the next year. It contained accounts of expenses, comments on letters that had been sent, regarding her, from her teachers, and which always ended by statements of his own personal aversion. These things were like dagger-points to the sensitive heart of Sylve. Had she been the wickedest creature alive, he could not have expressed a more thorough dislike.

"And all these years he has been hating me—hating!—while I——" she covered her face all over with her hands, and trembled from head to foot. She had keen sensibilities, more's the pity, and it was hard that her first trial of life's responsibilities should be so very cruel. She had begun to think and feel like a woman, and had really and honestly tried to improve herself during the last three or four years; but now she felt—what was the use? Flix Forester hated her, and though she tried to hate him, she could not. The very savagery and lawlessness of her real nature, that she had so fought against, forbade it. No one can tell what bitter years of agony seemed to have been compressed in those few moments into that young, hitherto hopeful, heart. She threw herself down, her face on her hands, but as yet she could not shed a tear. Her nature was elastic, and might bear up even under such a blow as this, but at present all sorts of mad thoughts ran through her brain. Death was all she longed for; if she could only die! Why not? There were plenty of means, and, after all, death was the only cure for such a disgrace.

She started up from her seat, pressed the hair back from her temples, grew suddenly, strangely calm, locked the desk, carried the key to Mrs. Forester's room, then stood irresolute in the hall.

"Which way would be the best, I wonder, and the quickest?" she half-sobbed. "Let me think—let me think."

So she went slowly down the stairs, the train of her crimson silk gleaming under the full glow of the gas as it fluttered from stair to stair, and the rich brown hair showing tints of gold as it fell, for she had loosened it again over her shoulders. Never had she looked so beautiful; never had men seen the fire in her eyes that made them so startlingly brilliant. On she went, scarcely heeding where. The door of the saloon-parlor stood open; she entered listlessly, walked twice to the shadowed end, for it was only lighted by the hall chandelier that, as she passed the doorway, made her look like a beautiful spirit shining out of the darkness for a moment only to enter it again. Suddenly she locked her hands tightly together. She had become aware that she was not alone. As she stood straining her eyes, a figure did come out from the recess by the window. It was that of a man, tall, handsome, bearded. He looked at her with astonishment, blended with admiration.

"Is this Miss Sylve?" he queried, in a voice low and full of music. "The servants told me you were gone out with my mother. I am Flix Forester."

Yes, Sylve knew it from the first, but she could not speak, only stood for a moment, her eyes fixed upon him, like one fascinated. Then with a strong shudder and a cry that was sharp with anguish, she lost all presence of mind, and turned and fled from the room.

"Just what I should have expected," he said, with a bitter smile.

(*To be continued.*)

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

(*Continued from page 311.*)

"No, I am not mistaken," she says, with unusual decision of manner. "And it is this which troubles me. I have tried in every way to make him listen to reason—and so has mamma—but in vain. Perhaps if you told him that he was acting very foolishly, he might believe you. He despises the counsel of women."

Major Falconer laughs. "That is the fault of his youth," he says. "I will speak to him, if you think it worth while, but I doubt if my influence is greater than yours."

An hour or two later, as they sit at tea, to

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which he invites himself to stay, he fulfills his promise.

"I was surprised"—surprised in the tone of not pleased—"to see you riding again this afternoon with Miss Ashford, Herbert," he says, gravely. "You are acting very unwisely in paying such marked attention to so notorious a flirt, unless you want to make your breach with Miss Reynolds final."

It is so rarely that his guardian makes an ill-natured remark, especially about a woman, that Mr. Bruce shrinks a little at this speech. Rallying, however, he answers, coolly:

"The breach is final, so my conduct does not concern Miss Reynolds."

Major Falconer looks at him keenly.

"Do you mean to say that you consider your engagement permanently broken off?" he asks.

"That is what I mean, sir," is the reply.

"My dear Bertie!" says his aunt, in a tone of protest, while Adelaide looks at him with silent reproach.

"You would not look upon a man who endeavored to win the regard of Miss Reynolds as trespassing on your rights, then?" says Major Falconer.

"Not at all, sir. It is a matter of indifference to me who wins her regard."

"After such an explicit assurance as that—to which I call upon your aunt and cousin to bear witness," says the major, "you must not reproach me if by chance—or management," he glances at Adelaide here, who returns his smile bravely—"*I* should be the man to secure it."

"I shall not reproach you, be assured, major."

"Very well. I take you at your word," rejoins that gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

IT is not easy to judge by any outward sign what Herbert Bruce feels when, in the course of the ensuing week, he sees his guardian take the place so lately occupied by himself, as a constant attendant upon Miss Reynolds—her accepted, or soon to be accepted, lover, if the gossips are to be believed. Even his aunt and cousin are at fault in deciding whether the philosophical composure with which he conducts himself, is the result of genuine indifference or Spartan fortitude. Mrs. Dunning inclines to think it the first. Adelaide fears that it may be the last. She is practicing a little of the same herself, and a fellow-feeling often makes us wondrous clear-sighted as well as kind. To say that she blames either Annette or Major Falconer would not be true, for her nature is a reasonable one, and she acknowledges, without hesitation, that both have acted with perfect fairness. But she feels a dull pain on her own account, and, to do her justice, a much sharper one on Bertie's. She is not positively in love with Major Falconer; she is only conscious of a tardily awakened admiration which might easily ripen to love; and for herself, therefore, it is only a regret for what might have been, which troubles her a little. But she knows that Bertie loves Annette with his whole heart, and she is apprehensive that his seeming calm may end as she has predicted more than once that the affair would.

Her prophetic instinct is soon justified. One morning her maid, on entering her room, finds a letter lying on the floor, which has plainly been pushed under the door, and half an hour afterwards Major Falconer is somewhat startled by a summons from Mrs. Dunning, who begs that he will come to her immediately.

"We are in great anxiety about Bertie," is the concluding sentence of her hasty note.

It is needless to say that very few minutes elapse after he has read this before Major Falconer presents himself in Mrs. Dunning's breakfast-room. He finds her sitting disconsolately beside the fire, her face very sad, her eyes showing traces of tears, which she is wiping away as he enters. In reply to his question of "What is the matter?" she informs him that "Bertie is gone—gone to Memphis!"

"All we know," she continues, as he stands in silent consternation at her side, his face actually turning a shade pale, "is that he took the midnight train, leaving a short letter to Adelaide."

Can he see the letter? the major asks, and he would like to see Adelaide herself.

A servant is sent with this message, and soon returns, bringing the letter; but Adelaide begs to be excused, she is not dressed yet. Major Falconer takes the inclosure from the envelope which has just been given him, and, after reading the half-dozen lines which it contains, says:

"I will follow him at once. Fortunately the day train is faster than the one he took. I shall be but a few hours behind him."

While Mrs. Dunning is asking him in a tone of faint protest—for she is evidently much comforted by his determination, and, besides, knows that protest is useless—whether he thinks it would be right to risk his own life because Bertie, against all advice and entreaty has run into this danger, he is writing a few words on a page of his note-book, which, tearing out, he gives to the servant, who is still waiting to carry to Miss Dunning. Only a few words, but they have a magical effect on that young lady. She starts up at once from the bed on which she was lying prone with her face buried in a pillow, bathes her tear-stained face, dresses hastily, and hurries down-stairs.

Her mother and Major Falconer are at breakfast, the latter talking cheerfully. But as he looks up and sees her, his face takes the expression which a man's face always assumes at sight of a woman's tears.

"Are you really going after Bertie? and do you think you can persuade him to come back?" she says, eagerly, as she sits down to table.

"I am going, and I hope to persuade him to come back. If I don't, it will not be for want of trying," he replies.

"But how will you find him?"

"By inquiry at the headquarters of the Howards. He will go there immediately on his arrival to offer his services."

The girl sighs convulsively, but does not say anything more, and as her gaze is bent on the cup of coffee which has been placed beside her plate, and which she is mechanically trying to sip, Major Falconer has full opportunity to watch her face unobserved for several minutes. Mrs. Dunning, who, like most elderly ladies, has certain favorite medicines which she regards as specifics in the treatment of certain maladies, is impressing on him the necessity of using these remedies, and of following the directions she is giving him, in case that Bertie or himself take the fever before he can get the headstrong boy away from the danger.

"I will remember what you say," answers the major, "and if you will put up a small package of medicine for me——"

"That is what I meant to do," says the lady, delighted to find so docile a disciple. "I will see to it at once."

"If you please"—as she rises to leave the room—"for"—glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece—"it is almost time."

As she sweeps out of the room, on her philanthropic object intent, the major, without even a smile at the success of his small stratagem, says at once to the daughter.

"I am afraid you blame me, Adelaide, as I blame myself, for this folly of Her——"

"Don't say anything harsh of him!" she interrupts, quickly, looking up with something like a flash in her eye. "I will not bear that!"

"I was not going to say anything harsh. But you do blame me, then?"

"No. I always try to be reasonable. Bertie told you that his engagement was broken, and, of course, you had a right to marry Annette if you and she liked."

"If you acquit me of fault, why do you speak so coldly, and turn from me as if you could not endure to let your eyes rest on my face? You are thinking hard things of me, I am sure!"

She hesitates an instant, but then says, lelly, "I *do* think that when there are so many women in the world, you might have left to poor Bertie?"—her voice chokes—"the only woman *he* ever cared for."

"And do you think I wanted to take her from him?" Major Falconer asks, a little indignantly. "I had no more thought of marrying Miss Reynolds than you have of marrying your cousin himself."

"Then why did you make him think you had?" she demands, passionately. "Why did you make him desperate, and send him off to——"

She bursts into tears, but pressing her handkerchief impatiently to her eyes, forces herself to swallow her sobs, and adds, in a cold tone, "Excuse me! I did not mean to reproach you. I ought not to have come down-stairs. I am not fit to see any one."

She rises from table, and is about to leave the room, when Major Falconer arrests her progress by placing himself between her and the door.

"Adelaide," he says, and, half-wild as she is with terror about Bertie, she starts at the tone of pain in his voice, "are you going to leave me without saying good-by?—without one thought whether *I* shall live or die?"

Mrs. Dunning returns at this instant, and the clock begins to strike as she crosses the threshold, reminding Major Falconer that he must go. There are hasty farewells; tearful on Mrs. Dunning's part—silent on Adelaide's. At Major Falconer's last words, there comes a revulsion of feeling to her—a recollection that he, too, and for Bertie's sake, is going into the danger she so fears for Bertie. She would like to say something to him—to ask his forgiveness; but she is literally incapable of articulation. She even forgets to offer him her hand when he turns from her mother to herself to bid her good-by; but he takes it, presses it closely, and, addressing Mrs. Dunning as well as herself:

"I hope to bring Bertie back safe to you. I will telegraph as soon as I find him, and will write, of course," he says, cheerfully, and is gone.

Weary, lingering days of wretched anxiety follow. On the first evening, as Adelaide sits on the piazza-steps, with faint white streaks of moonlight all about her, though she is herself in shadow, she is startled to see two figures pause at the gate, which is some little distance from the house. Her heart gives a bound, but sinks again at once, as she sees that it is not Bertie and his guardian. Only one person enters, while the other passes on, and as this one approaches, she sees the pale face of Annette Reynolds.

"Adelaide, have you heard from him yet?" the girl says, in a sobbing voice.

"No," answers the other, coldly. "There has not been time to hear."

"When do you think you will hear?"

"It is impossible to say."

The tone of the speaker is so hard and curt that Annette, sitting down beside her, bursts into tears.

"Why do you speak to me so?" she says, passionately. "You know it is not my fault—you know it is not!"

"I told you he would go, and that you would wish then you had prevented it," says Adelaide.

"How could I have prevented it?" cries Annette. "Oh, you are very unjust! He never came to me; could I go to *him*? What could I have done?"

"You need not have flirted with Major Falconer, and encouraged his attentions until everybody said you meant to marry him," says Adelaide, bitterly.

"I never thought of flirting with him, and never for a moment imagined that any one would say such an absurd thing!" cries Annette. "And I could not have believed, Adelaide, that you would reproach me so unjustly!"

"I don't mean to be unjust," says her friend, "but I am so miserable."

Silence for a minute, while the two girls try to check their tears, and then ignoring the mutual reproaches just passed, they begin to discuss their hopes and fears about Bertie—of which, alas, the latter predominate.

Major Falconer does not telegraph as soon as they expect, and when at last Mrs. Dunning receives a telegram and letter almost at the same time, neither are at all encouraging. The letter, written immediately on reaching Memphis, informs her that Bertie did not go to that place. "The Howards have neither seen nor heard anything of him," the writer says, "which is conclusive evidence to me that he is not here. In fact, I was satisfied he was not, before I applied to them. The arrivals are now, comparatively speaking, so few, that the railroad officials and the habitual loungers about the stations could not have failed to notice him and recognize him from description. Nobody has seen him. I am very glad of this, for the pestilence does not rage anywhere else so fiercely as it does here. The newspaper reports which we thought so fearful, do not convey the faintest idea of the horrors of it, nor will I attempt to describe what would make you sick to the soul to hear. I shall go first to Vicksburg in search of Bertie, and if he is not there, shall look along the line which the fever has taken inland, and, lastly, if he is nowhere near this place, will go down to New Orleans. Rest assured I will look till I find him, or the fever finds me. I may not write again soon, but will telegraph regularly."

He telegraphs from Vicksburg, "Have not found him yet," and for weeks the changes are rung on these words, as, misled by apparently reliable information, he returns to Memphis, and goes from there to Holly Springs and several other places, before finally getting to New Orleans. Then comes a dispatch which Adelaide reads aloud with white lips—"I have found him here, ill with the fever." And then, for another week, come daily bulletins:

"Desperately ill."—"No better."—"To-night the crisis—no hope, I fear."—"He is still alive—that is all."—"No worse."—"A little better."—"Continues better." And at last, "Out of danger."

Does the joy, the intense, inexpressible relief which those words bring, repay the three anxious hearts which have suffered so much for the agonies endured during that week of terrible suspense? They think so; but still the suspense is not over. They fear a relapse for Bertie, and dread that Major Falconer may take the fever.

"Why does he never say anything about himself," Adelaide thinks, as letters come now in place of telegrams.

He has taken Bertie into the country, and as soon as it is safe for him to travel, they will return home; for the young gentleman yields to the wishes of his guardian in this, though he would much prefer to remain.

So Major Falconer and Bertie both write, and very unexpectedly one evening, just as Annette (who appears almost as regularly as the darkness, to hear news of her errant lover) is rising to say good-night, they walk in. And the first glance and hand-clasp which the young man exchanges with her assures him that he is forgiven.

* * * * * *

It is Christmas Day, and Adelaide Dunning sits alone by the drawing-room fire. She is not of the stuff of which love-lorn maidens are fashioned, and yet she is feeling somewhat love-lorn. It must be confessed she expected, she had even hoped, that Major Falconer would give her the opportunity to reconsider his proposal; it must be confessed she had admitted to herself that if he did give her the opportunity, she would accept it.

He has not given it. Since his return from the West he has been carelessly cordial in manner; he seems to have forgotten that he ever aspired to the character of a lover.

"I deserve it, I suppose, and I shall not break my heart over his inconstancy; but—I am afraid he is not likely to find a rival in my heart, or my fancy—which is it?" she is thinking, when the door opens, and the subject of her meditation appears.

"Tell me," he says, as he advances with grave face, but smiling eyes, "is it defeat or victory for me? Shall I raise the siege of your heart, or do you acknowledge yourself vanquished by 'management'? It is Christmas Day, and I have come to hear my fate."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Potassium Salts have been used for some time in Arizona as a manure, and have yielded, so far, better results than any other artificial manures.

Near Sebastopol the pedestal of a bronze statue has been dug up. It is covered with Hellenic inscriptions belonging to the second century before the Christian era.

The Committee appointed by the Royal Irish Academy to investigate the rocks of the districts of the Curlew Mountains and about Fintona have discovered in the supposed "Old Red Sandstone" fossils of Silurian types.

In Consequence of the great efforts recently made for the improvement of the several electrical specialties, a Chamber Syndicate of Electricity has been established in Paris. The number of subscribers is seventy-five, and the first meeting took place on October 27th.

The Sixth Meeting of Russian naturalists will be opened at St. Petersburg on January 1st. The committee is composed of professors of the St. Petersburg University—Beketoff, Petrushevsky, Ovsiannikoff, Tamintzin, Wagner, Menshutkov and Snostruntseff. The meeting will last for ten days, and will have eight sections: Anatomy and Physiology; Zoology and Comparative Anatomy; Botany; Mineralogy, Geology and Paleontology; Chemistry and Physics; Astronomy and Mathematics; Anthropology, and Scientific Medicine.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales, has just passed her thirty-fifth birthday.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the Quaker poet, was seventy-two years old on December 18th.

THE Rothschilds have lately paid in England $195,000 probate and $120,000 legacy duty.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE MCIVER has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina.

REV. DR. JOHN HALL, of New York, is said to have received over $10,000 in wedding fees this year.

A COMMITTEE of the citizens of Philadelphia has been appointed to collect a fund for a monument to the late Henry C. Carey.

MRS. CORNELIA NUTTER, of Waterloo, Iowa, has given $20,000 to the Garrett Biblical Institute of Iowa to endow a Chair of Practical Theology.

THE Cardinals have advised the Pope not to reopen the Vatican Council. It could not, they say, be held in Rome at present, and no other place could be thought of.

M. MUNKACSY, the Hungarian painter, is now instructing in Paris a class of seven Americans, Messrs. Dannat, Shields, Brakespeare, Turner, Eccke, Weldon and Harper.

MR. JOHN W. GARRETT, who has been elected President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the twenty-second time, is said to control more than 3,000 miles of steel.

THE prize of $50 offered by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art for the best set of twelve tiles, has been awarded to Miss Mary King Longfellow, of Portland, Me.

MRS. GLADSTONE and Lady Rosebery attended all the Gladstone gatherings at Edinburgh, and sat in front of the platform listening attentively to every word, and occasionally nodding an assent, which was pretty and interesting.

MISS STEVENS, a young American lady, has taken the first prize for porcelain painting in London, and has orders from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Her sketches of American Autumn foliage are said to be especially beautiful and effective.

AMONG the names most prominently mentioned for the honors of the Methodist Episcopacy next year, at the meeting of the General Conference, are those of President Foss, of Wesleyan University; President Hurst, of Drew Theological Seminary; and Chancellor Haven, of Syracuse University.

MISS JULIA PUTNAM has presented to the Tennessee Historical Society a portrait of her father, the late Colonel A. W. Putnam, who was a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, and was former President of the Historical Society. The portrait has been placed in the State Library.

IT is very probable that General Sheridan will accompany General Grant on his contemplated visit to Mexico and Cuba. General Sheridan's health is not very good at present, and it is thought by his friends that the trip would be beneficial to him. The matter has been specially urged by Generals Grant and Sherman.

MR. OLOF WIJK, of Gottenburg, Sweden, has sent to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania copies of portraits of Gustavus Adolphus and of his Chancellor, Oxenstierna. The idea of planting the Swedish colonies on the Delaware originated with these men, and was carried out by the daughter of the former, Queen Christina.

JOCKEYS are tenderly cared for in England. Mr. Crawford, the husband of the Duchess of Montrose, has provided apartments in his house, at Cannes, for George Fordham and his bride, Mr. Fordham having been ordered south for his health, and Lord Rosebery has sent his favorite jockey, Constable, to Madrid for the Winter.

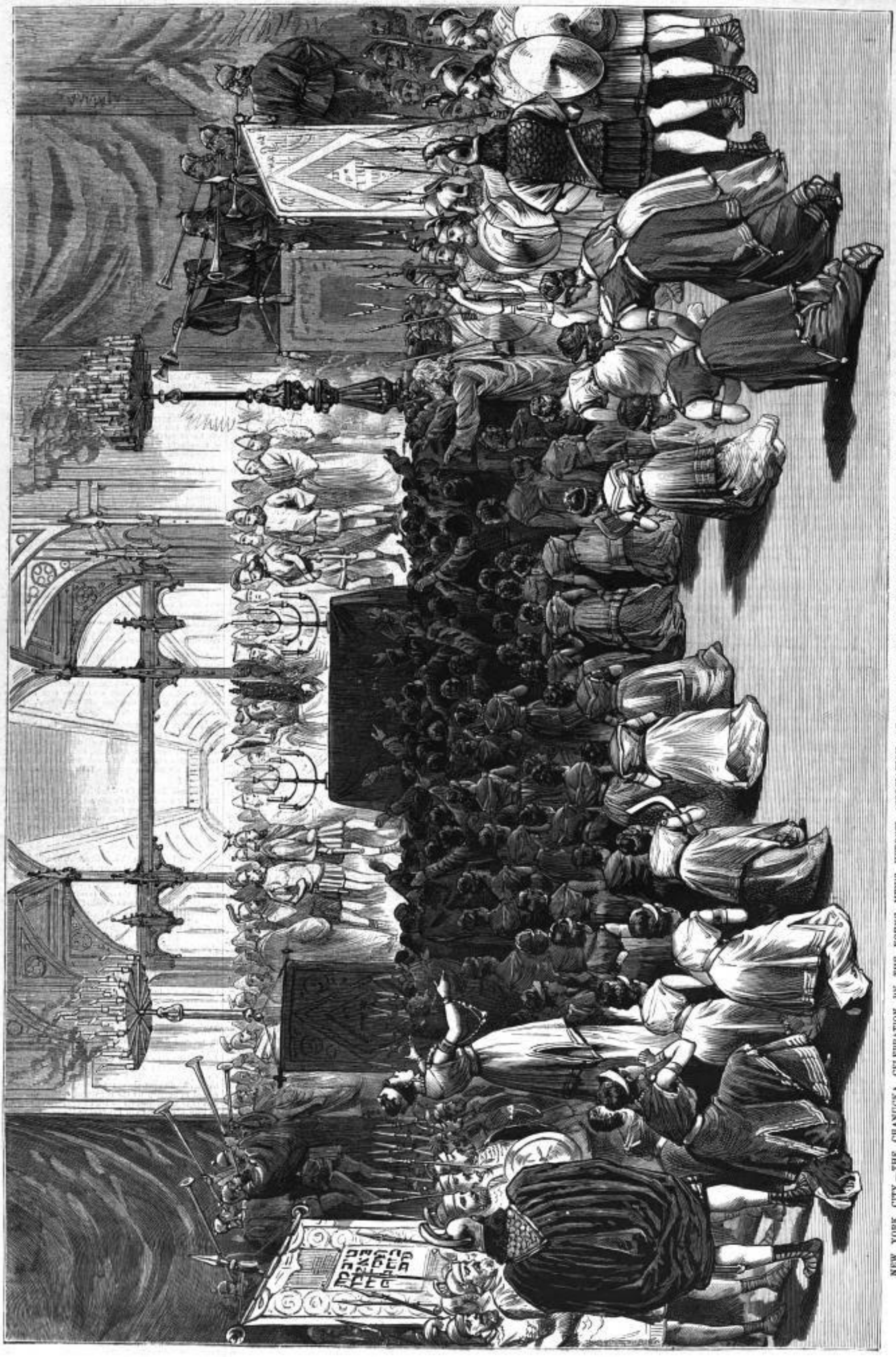
THE well-known Captain Pim, late of the Royal Navy, now a member of Parliament, who tried to establish railway transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific across Nicaragua, read a paper, on Interoceanic canal routes, before the Society of Arts, at London, on December 17th. He says the Panama route is inadvisable. He favors the Nicaragua route.

THE letter from Vera Sassulitch, which was contained in a revolutionary paper smuggled from Switzerland into Russia, explains that her attempt to kill General Trepoff was made under orders from the Revolutionary Committee. Several persons, including two women, drew lots as to who should kill M. Trepoff, and Vera Sassulitch drew the task.

THE Queen of Sweden suffers greatly from chronic heart disease. Under treatment by electricity at Heidelberg she grew much better and felt encouraged about her health until the receipt of the anonymous letter threatening to kill her son, the Crown Prince, unless a certain sum of money were paid to the writer. This letter so frightened the Queen that she has been obliged again to take to her bed, and her disease has been much aggravated.

TO CHRONICLE death is ever a mournful task; to chronicle untimely death adds the leaven of bitterness to sorrow, and when a strong man, not yet even in his prime, goes down beneath the scythe of the ruthless mower, it behooves us to say, "Thy will be done." James Armstrong Murray, who has died at Kilfontein, South Africa, at the early age of thirty-eight years, was "the gentleman and scholar." Born in Africa of blue-blooded English parents, at the early age of fifteen he proceeded to England for the purpose of entering the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by both his mental and physical endowments, and his name at this moment is as fresh at Alma Mater as that of the captain of the "Varsity Eight." He married into the old Yorkshire house of Althorpe of Dunnington, and on the death of his wife, within one year of their union—he entered into Spanish commercial operations, and with such signal success, and such benefit to Spain, that he was decorated with the highest Spanish Order, namely, that of Carlos III., which bears with it the proud title of Chevalier. His second marriage brought him an all human happiness, his wife being a daughter of the Hon. G. Y. Gilbert, the "Hall," Gilbertsville—one of those palatial homes seldom to be met with outside of Merrie England.—New York. 'Tis but "a little yesterday" that we wished them "God-speed" as they quitted these shores for their ostrich farm in Africa; and to-day we have to announce the death of one who has borne so nobly and so well "the grand old name of gentleman." After a painful and sudden illness, Mr. Murray died at Kilfontein, near Cape Town, on October 29th, leaving a grief-stricken widow and two children to bear "sorrow's crown of sorrow." Mr. Murray was thoroughbred, and over the oak of his honest English nature was laid the exquisite polish of the courtesy of the Hidalgo. He was a man of stainless honor and untainted creed. He was a loving husband, a fond father, and a firm friend. To her whom his untimely death has whelmed with grief we offer our deepest and hearty sympathy.

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NEW YORK CITY—THE CHANUCKA CELEBRATION BY THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE HEBREW CONGREGATION SHEARITH ISRAEL, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 16TH—SCENE OF THE SIXTH TABLEAU, "THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE."

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"BRIGHT-EYES," THE PONCA INDIAN MAIDEN ADVOCATE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK & CO.—SEE PAGE 337.

THE "MINNESOTA" MEDALS.

DURING the past twenty-two months, while the United States training-ship *Minnesota* has been under the command of Captain S. R. Luce, a persistent attempt has been made to elevate the standard of proficiency among the boys who have been enlisted for purposes of training. Among other incidents, that of giving medals annually to successful competitors in the various branches was suggested. As no adequate provision is made by the Navy Department for such prizes, Captain Luce appealed to the private generosity of the friends of the system, and was enabled to secure for presentation last year several fine and costly specimens of these desirable awards of merit. These were distributed a year ago at Newport, R. I., in the presence of Governor Van Zandt and other distinguished guests. At the opening of this year (1879), Captain Luce again solicited from his friends contributions for prizes, and received such generous responses that he was enabled to offer for competition a superb gold medal and seven silver medals, all splendid specimens of artistic workmanship. These were duly competed for, and, after rigid and protracted examinations, were awarded as follows, the presentation being made by the Secretary of the Navy in person, assisted by his daughter, Miss Thompson, and his niece, Miss West, of Washington:



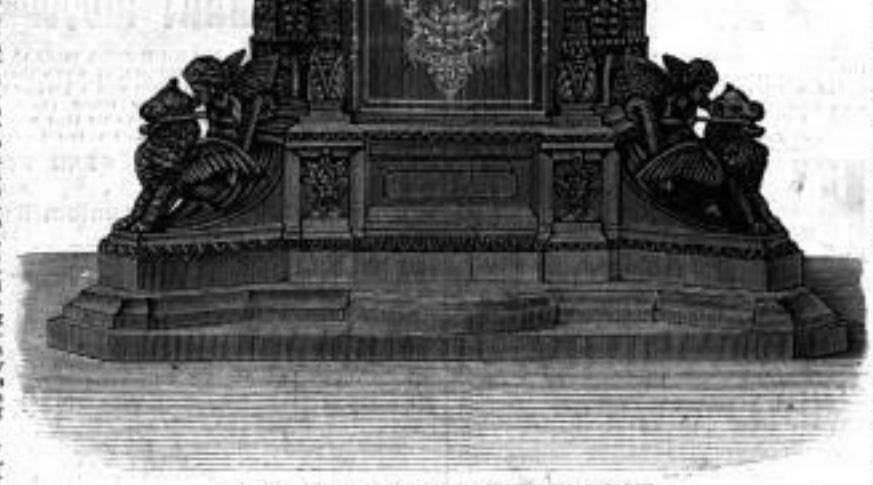
I. MEDALS AWARDED FOR GENERAL MERIT: 1. The "Bailey" Gold Medal, given by the heirs of the late Admiral Theodorus Bailey, and awarded to Thomas M. Johnston, of New York, as the boy who, in the judgment of the officers of the ship, stood highest in proficiency and good conduct. 2. The "Officers'" (silver) Medal, given by the officers of the *Minnesota* to the boy, who, in the opinion of his shipmates, was most deserving in respect of character and proficiency. This medal was also awarded to Thomas M. Johnston.

II. MEDALS FOR SEAMANSHIP: 1. The "Barron" Medal (silver), the gift of Mr. James S. Barron, of New York, bearing the device, "Look ahead for danger, and aloft for succor"; awarded also to Thomas M. Johnston, the fortunate competitor for the two medals above-named. 2. The "Barron" Second Prize (silver), the gift of Mr. Barron, bearing the engraved picture of the *Minnesota*, and awarded to J. Costello, of New York. 3. An Anonymous Medal, of silver, bearing the motto over the ensign, "Touch not with impunity"; awarded to W. E. Coman, of Olneyville, R. I.

III. MEDALS FOR GUNNERY: 1. The "Dahlgren" Prize, containing the device and motto adopted by the late Admiral Dahlgren, and given by his widow. This medal was awarded to D. J. Donovan, of this city, he having passed the best examination in gunnery. 2. The "Lawrence" Medal, bearing an engraving of the United States sloop-of-war *Hornet* sinking the British brig *Peacock*, and the noble motto of the dying Lawrence in a subsequent action, "Don't give up the ship!" This medal was given by Mrs. Mary Lawrence Redmond, of Newport, R. I., a granddaughter of this distinguished naval officer, and it was awarded to William J. Bigelow, of Philadelphia, who made the best shot in firing at a regulation target 1,000 yards distant from the ship. It may be remarked, in passing, that, in accordance with an established custom on board of the *Minnesota*, the winning crew named their gun the "Hornet."

IV. MEDAL IN THE ENGINEERS' DEPARTMENT: This medal was subscribed for by the officers, and awarded to J. E. Dodge.

A novel feature in the recent review, at Hampton Roads, which, we think, has not received notice, was an exhibition, in one of the *Minnesota*'s boats, of the working of the diving apparatus, by which the boys are instructed in submarine warfare. A torpedo properly placed in position by means of this apparatus was exploded by Lieutenant W. McCarty Little with remarkable effect, and was witnessed with great interest by the Honorable Secretary and his party.



AN AMERICAN NATIONAL AND ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHANUCKA.

A VERY interesting ceremony, commemorating the dedication of the Temple of Jerusalem, was held in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 16th, under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. The history of this festival is, in brief, as follows: In the second century before Christ, when Antiochus Epiphanes was elevated to the throne of Syria, of which Judea was a province, Greek influence was making strong inroads on the customs of the Jewish people. Kingly patronage was doing its work in securing desertions from the ranks of the Jews, and even reached the Temple itself, for it is narrated that the high priests Jason and Menelaus were seduced from their allegiance to the living God through court influence. At this crisis in the history of the chosen people, Mattathias, the sire of Judas Maccabæus, stood out from among the faithful to stem the overwhelming influence of polytheism. Jason and Menelaus were not inactive converts, for they are charged with preaching, with eloquent zeal, the doctrine of their new masters, and it is further charged to them that they permitted the Temple to be plundered. Unable by regal favor or the influence of his new vassals to compel the faithful Jewish people to forsake their God, Antiochus practiced great cruelty, and put thousands of Jews to death. At Modin, the home of Mattathias, the Syrian King found stubborn resistance. To Mattathias, whose influence was well-known, Antiochus sent an emissary, who never returned alive. History relates that while the royal messenger was in converse with Mattathias, an apostate Jew advanced to the altar of Zeus, which had been erected in the market-place, and offered an oblation. The sight of this shameless act so enraged the great Jew that he forthwith slew the apostate and then fell upon the royal messenger. Thus began a war which was successfully concluded by Judas Maccabæus, in the defeat of Lycias, Regent of Syria.

The festival at the Academy of Music consisted of six grand tableaux, followed by a ball. In five of the tableaux the above history was outlined. The sixth, which forms the scene of our illustration, was a grand work of realistic art. The preceding one represented the triumphal return of Judas Maccabæus to Jerusalem. The grand procession was led off by Miss Eva Childs and Miss R. Childs. They were followed by over a hundred young ladies with cymbals, and also incense-bearers, slaves carrying precious vessels and jewels, Judas, preceded by a banner with the words, "Who is like unto Thee, oh God?" Judas's brothers, Jewish soldiers, trumpeters, banner-bearers, Syrian captives, and maidens with harps. After the intricate march was ended, forty Jewish maidens with cymbals danced. They were divided into four parts, and one division wore blue, another red, another white and gold, and the fourth white and silver. In the stately dance these colors blended or separated like a kaleidoscope. At a stroke from a pair of cymbals behind the scenes the lights were changed from gold to green, or to blue, or to red, while the dancers grouped themselves into motionless statues. Suddenly the curtain at the rear of the stage was lifted and a very brilliant light streamed out. The interior of the temple was revealed. On one side was the Minorah, in the centre the altar of sacrifice, and on the other side the altar of incense. High priests, priests and Levites, in Biblical dress, were performing their official duties. Judas and his brothers were in the attitude of worship. The choruses were rendered by the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum; the incidental music was by Eben's orchestra; the accompaniments by Downing's military band; and the grand tableaux were under the management of the well-known Professor Carl Marwig, famous for his arrangements of the children's carnivals. It was nearly midnight when the curtain was finally run down and the dancing began. This is said to be the first time the festival has been made the occasion of a public display in the city. It is always observed in Jewish families and in the Synagogues.



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW WATER-TOWER IN USE BY THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 340.











MEDALS OF MERIT AWARDED TO DISTINGUISHED BOYS ON THE UNITED STATES TRAINING-SHIP "MINNESOTA."

MEIER'S ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

MR. FELIX MEIER, of Detroit, Mich., has devoted ten years to the construction of an American national and astronomical clock. It is eighteen feet high, eight broad, and weighs two tons. It has a great variety of automatic devices, but the most remarkable are those connected with the striking of the time. At the end of every quarter-hour an infant in a carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour a youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters of an hour, a man; and at the end of each hour a graybeard. Death then follows to toll the hour. At the same time a large music-box begins to play, and a scene is enacted upon a platform. Washington slowly rises

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from a chair to his feet, extending his right hand presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by a servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time. Each is dressed in the costume of his time, and the likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face, raise their hands as they approach him, and, walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by a second servant.

The astronomical and mathematical calculation, if kept up, would show the correct movement of the planets for 200 years, leap years included.

When the clock is in operation it shows the time at Detroit in hours, minutes and seconds; the differences in time in New York, Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Pekin, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London, Berlin and Paris; the day of the week, calendar day of the month, month of the year, and seasons of the year; signs of the zodiac, the revolutions of the earth on its own axis and also around the sun; the revolutions of the moon around the earth, and with it around the sun; also the moon's changes from the quarter to the half, three-quarters and full.

FUN.

THE best thing out is a bad cigar.

HOPE springs eternal in the agonizer's thought,
Man never is, but always to be, caught.

THERE is something in store for us all, but it takes money to persuade the clerk to hand it out.

THERE are two classes who cannot bear prosperity—one of them being those who can't get a chance to bear it.

"HOW LONG shall girls be courted?" asks an English newspaper. Not later than two o'clock in the morning, we think, except when it rains.

BYRON once said of a lady whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor that she had been dangerously ill, but was now dangerously well again.

IT is strange how many statesmen there are in this world who are afraid to stand within arm's-length of the money question and touch it with a pair of tongs.

IT has been demonstrated in Paris that when a man pounds his thumb with a hammer he is twice as mad as when he strikes his elbow on the door-frame.

DID you know a barber to own that he had cut you? He never does it; he simply goes for a piece of alum, and casually remarks, "Well, I guess I shaved that spot a little too close."

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.—*Land Steward* (to tenant farmer): "Well, Giles, what are you going to sow in here?" *Farmer*: "Ain't 'zactly made up my mind, sir; but if we could put in a few stewards and land agents—they seem to thrive best on the land nowadays."

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES.

A MODEL DRUG STORE.—In the Continental Hotel building, Philadelphia, is A. L. Heimbold's drug-store. The interior is decorated with a quiet taste, of which the proprietor is largely possessed. The rarest as well as the most common drugs are kept, and prescriptions are compounded with promptness and great care. The line of ladies' requisites, notions, perfumery and patent medicines is as near complete as is possible. The service is polite, and the trade very large.

HOLIDAY TABLES supplied with A. WERNER & Co.'s "AMERICA" EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE are certain to be popular and well patronized. This favorite brand has been steadily winning its way to the front during the past few years, and each succeeding season shows constant and deserved progress.

THE SCHOMACKER PIANO.—To that famous Grand procession in Philadelphia one of the most striking features was the magnificent piano of this firm. The tone, touch, action and case are alike wonderful, and reflect great credit on the enterprising firm. Like the Broadwood of London, or the Erard of Paris, the SCHOMACKER PIANO have achieved a world wide reputation. In addition to their general superiority, they have a specialty in the use of their Patent Electro Gold wires, which produce greater power, purer and a more musical quality of tone, and are not liable to be affected by atmospheric action. At their beautiful Warerooms, No. 1105 Chestnut Street, the leading artists congregate, and here it is where the *élite* make their selection from a vast stock of highly finished Grand, Square and Upright Pianos.

OUR PROGRESS.

AS STAGES and stage routes are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of DR. PIERCE'S PURGATIVE PELLETS, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts, and warranted to cure all irregularities of stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

CUTICURA SOAP

Is prepared from Cuticura in a modified form and is positively indispensable to the treatment of skin and Scalp Diseases. We recommend it for the preservation of the skins of infants, for gentlemen who shave and are troubled with tender faces, for those who desire a clean and wholesome Skin and Scalp, and for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Its delightful and refreshing fragrance equals of surpasses the finest Parisian Soaps.

INACTION of the Kidneys and Urinary organs cause the worst of diseases. Which Hop BITTERS cures.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON, as a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness and roughness of the skin, etc., curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of musquitoes and other annoying insects.

MORE health, sunshine and joy in HOP BITTERS than in all other remedies.

From Rev. Dr. Taylor, in "Christian at Work," December 11th, 1879.

VERBUM SAP.—The popularity of "SAPANULE" is increasing with the increase of the use of the article. Either for man or beast the lotion is excellent, subduing inflammation, allaying irritation, and producing an invigorated condition of the skin and flesh. Mr. Robert Bonner is not given to issuing statements complimentary of remedies which he has not tried. The following certificate which he has cheerfully given speaks volumes in favor of "SAPANULE":

Office of the *Ledger*,
New York, Dec 24, 1879.

This is to certify that I have used the lotion known as "SAPANULE," and find it to be an excellent article for allaying inflammation.

ROBERT BONNER.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.—No gentleman's table should be set without it. A genuine relish.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness in the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Coughs, take during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*."

RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exported for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where customers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

ONE IN FIFTEEN have received payment for accidental injuries who insured in THE TRAVELERS.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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I cheerfully testify that I have been to the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute, and had two teeth extracted while under the influence of Laughing Gas. I felt no pain whatever, and the gas produced no injurious or even unpleasant effects. PETER COOPER.

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Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. MADE AND FURNISHED FROM LAST.
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Boys' and Youths' Shirts all complete, best quality, $1 each.

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NIGHT SHIRTS, all styles, extra length, $1 each.

An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated Buttons presented to purchasers of six shirts.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES (FOR GENTS),
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BEST GINGHAM, Patent Protected Ribs, $1 each. Warranted. Fifty per cent. stronger than any other umbrella.

REGINA and TWILLED SILK UMBRELLAS and CANES in all styles.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR,

Comprises all the newest and best goods for Fall wear. CANTON and SCARLET TWILLED FLANNEL from 75c. to $1.50. ANGOLA FLEECE, SCOTCH WOOL and SHETLAND SHIRTS and DRAWERS, from 60c. to $2.50 each. SCARLET WOOL KNIT SHIRTS and DRAWERS, $1.25 to $1.50 each.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

Are now ready in Gents' Silk, Linen and Cambric Hand Kerchiefs, Scarfs in elegant designs and effects. Our gold plated Jewelry is the best quality. Scarf Rings, Pins, Studs, Sleeve and Collar Buttons at about one half the usual cost elsewhere.

Shirts only delivered free.

Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.

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CANDY

Send one, two, three, or five dollars for a sample box, by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address
C. F. GUNTHER,
Confectioner,
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Bears the following Label, which is printed on Yellow Paper.



THE merits of the *Genuine "Compressed Yeast"* are undeniable. As proof of it, we refer to the host of imitations which have been offered to the public, hoping that the stolen name of

"COMPRESSED YEAST"

(which is secured TO US alone by letters patent of U. S. dated December 5th and 19th, 1876, January 9th and 16th, 1877, and March 6th, 1877,) would sell their goods by deceiving the public.

The housekeeper who once uses GAFF, FLEISCHMANN & CO.'S COMPRESSED YEAST, cannot be induced to abandon our pure extract of grain, which is a natural leaven, for a counterfeit article or a chemical compound, both of which are to be avoided if good health is a first consideration with the consumer.



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Patented Oct. 2, 1877.

Is the highest achievement in the manufacture of Gold Pens and the result of experiments for more than twenty years. The "RECORD" Pen is produced by a skillful combination of the two precious and non-corrosive metals: *16 kr. Gold* and *Platinum*, while the ordinary gold pen contains an alloy of copper, reducing its fineness without yielding that elasticity, density and steel like temper which the costly *Platinum* supplies. The "RECORD" Gold Pen *Points* are of the best *Iridium*. (Diamonds,) indestructible with fair treatment, and polished to glass like smoothness.

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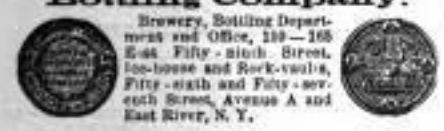


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HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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AT CHRISTMAS

By Etta W. Pierce.

"'God rest ye, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem;
The stars shone through the gray,
When Christ, your Lord and Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.'"

BEYOND the solemn rows of black green pines; beyond the high wall, clasped by the close, snake-like arms of the leafless woodbine, some one, in the chilly twilight street, was singing that old carol. Jacquita started and listened.

It was Christmas Eve—she had almost forgotten the fact—Christmas, the time for "peace on earth and goodwill towards men." A shiver passed over her shapely figure.

She paused in her feverish walk and looked up at the sky; it was sombre with coming storm. Far in the west a streak of wavery light marked where the sun had set. In the same direction she could see the river, frozen blue and hard, the spires, the chimneys, the big, busy mills of a manufacturing New England town, and at the head of the bridge which spanned the broad stream, with that streak of sunset shining on its gloomy windows and heavy roof, a stone building—gray, sinister, depressing—the county jail.

The girl was pacing a narrow walk, hardened to flint by the bitter December frost, and lined with rows of whispering pines. In the openings between their scaly trunks, a brown lawn was visible, a frozen fountain, a terrace, a balustrade and the red gable of the old brick house, where many generations of Mathers had lived and loved and died. Suddenly—in a chamber of the second story—a lamp flashed out like a great star. A girlish shape moved across the window, a dazzling young face was pressed to the pane. Jacquita, turning, saw it, and clinched her hands.

"Curse her!" she hissed, through drawn white lips—"curse her!"

The face vanished. She began to walk up and down again under the pines—up and down, with the haste of one who is trying to walk away some intolerable pain. She was a handsome creature, with a dash of hot, foreign blood in her veins. Wild Jack Mather, the black

strong youth, to the West Indies, and there married a Spanish creole; and from this mother Jacquita inherited her name, her dark, panther-like beauty and her fiery, tumultuous nature. As she paced that dreary path, under the bitter, leaden sky of Christmas Eve, her long rich dress trailing over the fallen brown needles, a heap of white wool, thrown in a disordered mass, about her shoulders, there was something almost fearful in the girl's appearance. Her face was like death—never under the coffin-lid could it be whiter. An unutterable anguish filled the great black eyes; the soft, curved mouth was pinched and drawn. She looked like one who was fighting some desperate battle with the Prince of Darkness—fighting, and losing ground every moment.

"Oh," she whispered, "must I stand by and see them happy? Must I? I cannot—I will not! I shall kill them both!"

"'God rest ye, little children!
Let nothing you affright,
For Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born this happy night.
Along the hills of Galilee,
The white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,
Was born on Christmas Day.'"



She paused. The singer had entered the walk and was approaching her with a careless, unconscious air. A tall, elegant fellow, fair as one of the old Vikings, with just a touch of gold on the soft flaxen of his hair and beard. Half way down the path, he stopped, drew out a match and lighted an after-dinner cigar. As he flung down the lucifer, Jacquita Mather took a swift step forward and stood before him.

"*Gaston!*"

He gave a languid start.

"You here, Jack? Isn't this Arctic atmosphere rather bad for you? A dolorous Christmas Eve, eh? There's a storm in that sky, and it will burst before morning."

There was a storm in the girl's face, also—that death-pale face, flashing through a drift of night-black hair.

"I want to speak to you, Gaston—there are times when one must speak or die!" she cried, in a labored voice. "So this is your bridal eve—you are going to marry Emily Mather?"

He removed the fresh cigar from his lips. His careless blue eyes opened wide.

"In just two hours by the clock! What a question; and—— Good heaven! you are as white as a ghost! In the name of all that's unpleasant, Jack, what are you doing in this gruesome walk, at this hour of day? I heard Madam Mather asking for you not ten minutes ago."

She flung back her head with a frightful little laugh.

"I am indulging in a retrospect, Gaston. I am living over all the days and weeks that we spent together here, before Emily came from school. Oh, if I could see her lying dead before me at this moment, I would joyfully suffer the rack, the fire—any torture known to man, and, after death, a thousand years of torment!"

He was an easy-going fellow upon all occasions, was Gaston Steele—careless by nature and self-indulgent. These words gave him a very unpleasant shock. He flung down

"Jack, are you mad?"

"I think my hatred for her began years ago," she went on, all unheeding. "She was an orphan, so was I. Both came here to live with gran. I had the face of my Spanish mother. Gran looked upon me coldly, but she loved fair, sly, wax-doll Emily. At school it was the same. Do I not remember how our French teacher, Monsieur Renaud, used to say to me: 'You two are cousins, but you are a devil, and Mademoiselle Emily is an angel?' Teachers and pupils adored her and distrusted me. Then I fell ill, and was sent home to gran, and here I found you—do you remember? You had come to spend a vacation at Mather House. You were the son of a man whom gran had loved many years ago."

"Yes, I remember," he answered, beginning to quake inwardly. He had an instinctive horror of scenes.

"Do you remember our walks under these very pines? The long hours spent in your boat on the river, our rides up and down the land? You found it very amusing to flirt with me, did you not?"

"Yes, I did," answered Mr. Steele, frankly. "How was I to know, at that early stage of our acquaintance, that you were totally unlike other women?"

"Mather House was a stiff, dull place. It pleased you to kill the time at my feet. You were an adept at flirtation—I knew little or nothing of the art. From the first, we were, as you must acknowledge, unequally matched. All the same, it was good fun for you; it delivered you from the demon of *ennui*. You had no care for anything beyond that."

"Stop, Jack, stop! You are too hard upon a fellow. By Jove! I don't deserve it."

"Have you forgotten the night, out there on the terrace, when you *kissed* me, Gaston?" A streak of crimson flashed across her white cheek as she said it.

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered, uneasily, "but, 'pon my soul, I wish you would not go on like this! Women are queer cattle; one never knows just how to take them. Yes, it was a bad business, I confess; but I liked you remarkably well, my dear child, and heaven knows I meant no harm!"

She laughed again.

"You *liked* me! And I—I would have died for you, Gaston."

"Jack, I am awfully sorry," he said, in a remorseful tone. "You know my easy-going ways. I never dreamed that you were taking the matter so seriously."

"Then Emily returned from school, and the end came. You saw her, and trampled my heart under your feet."

"I did nothing of the kind. Be reasonable, Jack. Why will you talk so? You make me abominably uncomfortable."

She did not seem to hear him. She dashed her clinched hands out into empty air.

"That was a month ago; and to-night she is to be your wife. What ardor—what haste! You love her—yes! Everybody at Mather House knows that. The moment you looked in her waxen face I was forgotten. So it has ever been since the days of our childhood. Emily was born to be my bane. Well, I have one thing still left to me in life—just one—revenge!"

She stood before him in that gray Christmas gloaming, her fierce Spanish eyes ablaze, her lips white with pain, her rich black hair blowing in the shrill wind that swept down the pine walk, stirring all the dry, brown needles in its frosty breath.

The careless languor had vanished from his blond face. He looked shocked and dismayed.

"Jack, you make my blood run cold! I am deeply grieved and ashamed of myself—indeed I am. My cursed careless temperament, which never thinks beyond the present moment, is to blame for it all. But don't abuse Emily—I can't bear that: and don't talk of revenge—that's scarcely Christian, you know, on this particular evening. Is there any reparation which I can make for the wrong I have unwittingly done?"

"No," she flashed; "it is too late for reparation."

He knew that quite as well as she did. He laid his hand lightly on her arm.

"Jack, you are a mere child. Your foolish fancy for me will pass, like a dream of the night. A year hence you will laugh to think of this hour. Some one has truly said, 'We always believe our first love is our last, and our last love our first.' Come, shake hands and be friends. It destroys all my happiness to see you in this mood."

His touch seemed to drive her to frenzy. She struck down his hand passionately.

"Friends!—never!" she stormed. "Not in a year, or a decade, can I forget the misery you have wrought for me. Destroy your happiness!"—she set her white teeth—"I wish I could! I will try—I will do my utmost!"

"Jack, Jack, you are positively beside yourself."

"If I am, it is you who have made me so. Oh, why did you pretend to love me, Gaston? Why did you come here to make my bitter life more bitter? What is to become of me now?"

He was at his wit's end. His face was as pale as her own.

"My poor child, let me take you in out of this dreary night—out of the shadow of these sinister pines. By to-morrow you may be able to listen to reason."

A strange smile dawned on her pale lips.

"Who knows what may happen before to-morrow? We dance and rejoice to-night—in the morning we may mourn and weep, Gaston!"

Her black eyes dilated, her voice sank low; she took a step towards him.

"There's a spirit waiting in this place—I feel him close beside me—a spirit that has work to do at Mather House. Shall I tell you his name? *Death!*"

"Jack!" he cried, in a horrified tone—"Jack! what do you mean?"

But he spoke to unheeding ears. She had turned, and was flying up the ghostly walk and across the brown brown lawn towards the house.

The frozen grass crackled under her feet, the biting wind whistled through her rich hair. Along the west wing of the old mansion stretched a terrace, darkened by evergreens.

As Jacquita mounted it she saw—or fancied she saw—the figure of a man standing at its far end, with face uplifted toward a row of lighted windows.

In the gathering darkness she could discern only his outlines, and these seemed strangely familiar.

He did not wait to be inspected, for the instant he heard her step in the brittle grass he started, wheeled quickly, and vanished as if by magic.

Jacquita entered the big, wainscoted hall of Mather House. A door on her right stood open, and, as she was flitting by, the sharp voice of Grandmother Mather called to her. Reluctantly she stepped into the room.

A square, low-ceiled parlor, finished in fragrant cedar-wood. Rich old furniture stood up against the walls; red berried holly and pale mistletoe, and great clusters of spotless Christmas roses, ornamented the high, carved mantel and the faded old family portraits.

On a hearth of rare old tiles blazed and crackled an enormous wood fire—a genuine Yule log—and before it sat Grandmother Mather, a stately, hard-featured old woman, in lace and black velvet, giving instructions to a housemaid, who was filling the Japanese vases with hot house flowers.

"Come here, Jack," she cried, as her granddaughter entered. "Good heaven! what has happened to you, girl? Where have you been?"

"In the pine-walk, gran."

"Alone?" suspiciously.

"No. With Gaston Steele."

The angry blood leaped into the old woman's wrinkled cheek.

"You shameless girl! Do you know that you have set everybody in the house talking of your passion for Emily's lover? He might have been better employed on the eve of his wedding. And you—oh! I have no patience with you! Go and dress immediately. Nina has put the last touches to your white silk and tulle, and you will find moss roses and a set of pearls on your toilet-table. It is my desire that you attire yourself suitably for Emily's marriage."

Jacquita stood facing Mrs. Mather on the warm, bright hearth. She flung back her defiant head.

Many a time the old woman had sought to break that fierce will, but had never yet succeeded.

"I wear white silk and roses at Emily's wedding, gran! I would die first! Let people talk. I am past caring for trifles. Since I *must* appear at the ceremony, since it is your positive command, I shall choose my own dress."

"Jack, for Heaven's sake, do nothing that you will regret," cried the old dame, in angry alarm. "You have betrayed your passion for Gaston Steele to every one. Now let Emily depart without any more scenes. Your wicked temper, which you inherit from your foreign mother, will yet, I fear, bring you into serious trouble. I really believe you would do Emily bodily harm if you could."

Jack clinched her small hands.

"I would, indeed, gran—the utmost harm that one can do another! I shock you—yes, you love always loved Emily, and disliked me. But I—I hate her, hate her, hate her!"

The housemaid gave a frightened jump, and dropped her flowers. Mrs. Mather put up her delicate old hands.

"You dreadful child! Go away! It is plain that you mean to disgrace me to-night. I think I may be pardoned for loving Emily more than you. Why, I actually feel *afraid* of you at times. Had Gaston chosen you for a wife, he would have deserved my deepest pity. It was well for him that he fixed his choice upon Emily. Go, and for this evening, at least, try to hide your absurd infatuation for another woman's lover; try to conduct yourself as one bearing the name of Mather should."

Sharp, merciless words.

Her pale lips tightened a little, but she made no answer. She turned quickly from the lighted hearth, from the wrathful old woman, and fled up the stairs.

On the landing, before Emily Mather's chamber she paused suddenly. She could not pass that threshold—she *must* look in.

Some demon seemed holding her, till she should thus torture herself.

Desperately she opened the door, and saw a room full of light and bridal splendor. Servants and bridesmaids were moving about it, and at the toilet table a hairdresser was putting the last touches on the bride's blond *coiffure*.

And that bride? She sat before her mirror, lost in troubled thought, and nervously twisting a slip of pink note-paper round and round her jeweled finger. A lovely creature she was—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

There was weakness in her sweet red mouth, and insincerity in the gentian-blue eyes which had won Gaston Steele's fickle heart from the fiery Spanish girl.

As the door opened, and she discovered the dark, devouring face on the threshold, a nervous scream broke from her lips; she flung down the bit of pink paper.

"How you frightened me, Jacquita!" said Emily Mather, coldly. "Come in, if you wish."

But Jacquita did not wish.

"Come in and help me to dress," urged Emily, in a mocking tone. She knew the girl would have died sooner than lend her hand to such a task. "How dreadfully you look, cousin! Gran must take you to a physician—one," *sub rosa*, "that can minister to a mind diseased."

Jacquita made no answer, only stood and gazed balefully at the speaker, as some lost spirit, on the verge of the abyss, might gaze at one in heavenly places.

Then she closed the door, and walked slowly away to her own chamber at the far end of the corridor.

* * * * * *

An hour later a bridal train swept down the broad stair of Mather House, and entered the cedar parlor.

Emily Mather, in white satin and orange flowers, with superb diamonds—her fond old grandmother's gift—blazing in her soft blonde hair, and on her lily arms and bosom, looked like an angel.

Pale she was—ghastly pale—but pallor is becoming a bride.

She clung nervously to Gaston Steele's arm; but that was not strange, for if a woman has nerves at all, they are sure to assert themselves on such an occasion.

As for the bridegroom, he had not yet recovered from his interview with Jacquita in the pine-walk. That unlucky encounter had shaken him out of his usual careless ease, and sobered all his joy.

Nevertheless, he supported his bride most tenderly, and his blue eyes dwelt with open adoration upon the lily face under the cobweb veil.

In truth, they were a pair to be envied. Gaston Steele was rich, and the wise ones whispered that Emily Mather was sure to inherit her grandmother's fortune, to the utter exclusion of Jacquita.

It was enough to make an old heart young again to look upon the happiness of these young creatures, blessed with all the best gifts of life.

A crowd of admiring guests filled the great room; but where was that little vixen, Jacquita? She had not yet appeared. Grandmother Mather, handsome and stately in her black velvet and point lace, was watching the door anxiously. What scandalous thing was she likely to do?

"I regret that I did not send her away," thought the old dame. "I feel certain that she will bring me to grief to-night."

The next moment she looked, and saw Jacquita entering by the door. Horror! Could she believe her eyes?

The girl had put on a dress of deepest black. In one dreary, unbroken line it swept from throat to feet!

Not a flower, not an ornament—not even a frill of white—relieved this abominable costume! Her face was paler than even the bride's. Her great black eyes burned with volcanic fire.

The guests stared, whispered, shrugged their shoulders.

Grandmother Mather grew purple with wrath. She would have given half her worldly possessions at that moment for the pleasure of boxing her granddaughter's ears; but that could not be done at Emily's wedding. So, like some threatening shadow, some shape of evil omen, Jacquita, looking not to the right hand nor the left, speaking to none, caring for none, made her way through the crowd to a distant window, and turned her back deliberately on the bridal pair.

There, like a black, graven image, she stood through the ceremony, staring blankly out into the freezing night.

Her eyes she could control, but she could not shut her ears.

"Till death do ye part!"

The solemn, irrevocable words pierced her like dagger-points.

It was done—he belonged to Emily!

Close by her side she heard a guarded voice say:

"That awful Spanish girl! She is in love with the bridegroom. Madame Mather ought to put her in a strait-waistcoat."

"She looks like a death's head at the feast," answered another. "That dress is shameful—it gives me the horrors. I dare say, she will do some desperate thing before the night is over—cut her own throat, perhaps."

"Or the bride's."

Under the chandelier, wreathed with waxen holly, stood the happy pair, now one—evermore one, to receive the good wishes of their friends. Neither had yet seen Jacquita.

Grandmother Mather swept across the room and grasped the girl's arm.

"Go, and congratulate Emily, as everybody else is doing," she whispered.

Jacquita kept her sombre eyes fixed on the night without.

"I will do nothing of the kind. I am no hypocrite, gran."

"You little hornet! That dress—I only wish I could tear it off you! You will be the talk of the whole town to-morrow. For decency's sake, do as I bid you!"

Jacquita clinched her bloodless hands in the obnoxious folds of the mourning-gown.

"Wish her joy with my lips, gran, when at heart I would be glad if she lay at the bottom of the frozen river out yonder? Not I. Let your guests talk. Do you think I care? No!"

"You will feel my wrath hereafter, Jack."

"I have felt it many times already. It does not frighten me."

A few moments later, Gaston Steele and his beautiful bride saw a strange apparition sweeping down the long room toward them—a girl, all in black, from head to foot, colorless as death, wild-eyed as some angry hawk. She approached, not to hold out a friendly hand, not to speak good wishes. She cast upon the two one baleful, withering glance, one look of deepest hate, then swept by, and vanished in the hall.

"Thank heaven!" whispered Grandmother Mather in Emily's ear, "that is the last of her for to-night. You will now have peace."

The doors of a gorgeous supper-room were thrown wide open, and thither the crowd flocked.

"Did you see that love-lorn Jack?" whispered the bride to her handsome, happy groom.

His face fell.

"Yes," he answered, in a low voice.

"All in black for your wedding, Gaston! Ridiculous creature! How she hates me to-night, and oh, how she loves you!"

"My darling," said Steele, gravely, "do not talk of her. I have confessed all my sins to you. Had I never seen your face I might have loved Jack, but when you came it was impossible. Heaven pardon me for the pain I have caused the poor child! An ordinary girl would never have given a second thought to such a flirtation; but there is nothing ordinary about Jacquita; she is unlike other women."

"Which is very fortunate for the other women, Gaston."

"I do not deny that. Pray, let her not spoil our happiness, darling. We have no thoughts to spare for her to-night."

Without, all was pitchy darkness; not a star could be seen in the bitter black sky. Within, music sounded through the rich old rooms, flowers died, breathing sweet perfumes, bright fires blazed, Bordeaux and Burgundy shone in the long-necked Bohemian glasses, wonderful enormities of French cookery delighted the heart of the epicure, lights shone, laughter and talk made a joyful hubbub everywhere.

Supper was over, and midnight was approaching, when Grandmother Mather suddenly missed the bride. She looked around the crowded rooms, but saw no Emily. A singular uneasiness seized the fond old woman. She hurried to Gaston Steele, who was talking with a group of ladies in a corner.

"Where is Emily?" she asked.

"Gone up to her dressing room," he answered; "she will be down again directly."

Mrs. Mather waited ten long minutes, then called a servant.

"Hasten to Mrs. Steele's dressing-room," she said, nervously, "and tell me if she is there—I feel as if something unpleasant had happened."

The girl rushed away, to return immediately with tidings that the bride was not in her dressing room, nor anywhere above-stairs.

"Gaston," cried gran, growing pale, "help me to find her at once!"

He caught the alarm promptly. From him it passed to others. In five minutes, groom and guests were looking for Emily Mather. They looked in vain, however—she was not in the house.

"She must have stepped out upon the terrace," said Steele, in an unsteady voice, "or into the grounds."

"How odd—upon this freezing night!" cried some one; but a light was brought, and Steele sprang out on the terrace, calling his bride's name. No voice answered. He leaped down the stone steps into the garden.

"Emily, my darling!" he shouted, in wild alarm, "where are you?"

No reply. In the centre of the lawn was a statue of Pan, and leaning against it, he suddenly perceived a black object, as motionless as the heathen god himself. He rushed forward, and held up his light. The object turned, and he saw the white face, and deep black eyes of Jacquita.

Her head was uncovered, the wind tossed her rich, rippling hair. Her locked hands hung straight down before her. She was standing there, utterly alone, in the bitter Christmas night.

"Jacquita!" cried Gaston Steele, seizing her almost roughly by the arm, "what are you doing here? Where is Emily?"

She stared at him blankly.

"Emily? How should I know? That is a strange question to ask of me. You see what I am doing—nothing!"

"Emily is not in the house—we cannot find her. Have you seen her, Jack? Has she passed this way?"

She gave a low, mirthless laugh.

"Passed this way?—you are crazy! What could she want here? Is your bride given to meandering the garden on Winter midnights? It is a bad hour, and decidedly bad weather for a solitary stroll."

"Have you seen her, Jack—have you seen her?"

"No, I have not seen her," she answered, tearing herself from his hold.

He rushed across the lawn. Moved by some sudden impulse, she followed him. He made straight for the sombre pine-walk, and entered it, still shouting the name of the missing girl.

Silence. But half way down the path the gleam of a white dress arrested his frantic step. He flew toward it.

"Emily—Emily! Good heaven! what a scare you have given us all! Whatever are you doing here, darling?"

Then he stopped; he lifted his lantern—an awful cry escaped his lips.

Yes, it was Emily. Her slight figure leaned against the rough trunk of a pine, a crooked, low-bending bough supported her like an arm of flesh. A crimson shawl was thrown about her shoulders; her long bridal garments trailed on the brown needles. At her feet a handkerchief had fallen, making another white spot in the darkness. On her arms and bosom and in her fair hair the diamonds still sparkled mockingly. Her head rested against the scaly bole of the tree.

A great agony and horror was frozen on the beautiful face; the wide-open eyes stared vacantly into the awful night—eyes that would never again look love to Gaston Steele's. The pale lips had smiled their last—yea, and for the last time answered the voice of her bride-

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groom. There, in the darkness of that terrible Christmas Eve, upheld by the arm of the tree, stark, still and awful, stood Emily Mather, the bride of an hour, stone dead.

Gaston Steele caught her in his arms. Her crimson shawl fell to the earth. Had the sanguine shade of the wrap tinged her bridal-dress? Down all its length he saw a strange red stain. What was it?

He laid his hand upon her heart. The hilt of a stiletto—a curious thing in silver filigree—met his touch. She was dead, the lovely, the adored bride—dead—foully murdered on her marriage night, and but a few rods distant from the room where the wedding-guests had laughed and chatted in unconscious gayety.

Far and wide, through the shrubbery rang the bridegroom's agonized cry. In an instant a score of persons had reached the spot. Gaston Steele stooped and picked up the handkerchief which lay on the pine needles at the dead girl's feet. A name was stamped on its embroidered corner. He looked at it by the lantern light, then turned slowly, and faced Jacquita Mather, who was standing, as if paralyzed, in the dreary walk, staring at the awful sight before her.

"My God!" cried Gaston Steele, in a voice of unspeakable horror; "it is your handkerchief—*yours*, Jack! Oh, wretched girl, what have you done?"

She did not speak, only looked at him, saw the frightful accusation in his eyes, and without word or sound, flung up her arms and, fell senseless to the earth.

There was a medical examiner among the wedding guests; Emily Mather was borne into the house and laid in that cedar-parlor, where she had stood an hour before to receive the congratulations of the company.

Wild, frightened faces, sobs and lamentations, filled the flower-decked rooms. Grandmother Mather was mad with grief. Who could have done the deed? This girl, with her lovely face and gentle nature, had not an enemy in the world. Stop! She had *one!* The same ghastly thought began to take form in the hearts of all present; but suspicion became certainty when Grandmother Mather begged to see the weapon which had ended her darling's life. It was brought, and at the first glance, she screamed out as if she had received a blow. "Jack's!—it's Jack's! Look, Gaston!"

He looked, and a shudder shook his strong figure.

"You gave it to her before Emily returned from school. She has always used it to cut the leaves of her books."

Yes, he recognized the weapon. Where was the Spanish girl? In her room. Somebody had restored her to consciousness. The guests stared at each other. What would the inquest of the morrow bring forth.

Christmas morning dawned, wild and gray. A few flakes of snow fluttered down from the overburdened clouds.

The great festival of the year had come, but its joy could not penetrate the old brick house among the pines. Gloom and death reigned there.

The coroner and his jury held possession of everything. In the cedar parlor a rigid examination of the members of the household was in progress.

Gaston Steele went up to Jacquita, who stood at the corner of the hearth, warming herself by the open fire. She wore the black dress of the previous night, and her bearing was singularly calm and courageous.

"Jack," he said, in a low voice, "say but these words, 'I am innocent,' and I will believe you, come what may."

She looked him fearlessly in his haggard face.

"I am innocent."

He wrung her hand in silence. Grandmother Mather entered, leaning on her maid. At sight of Jacquita she screamed.

"Take that girl away! Never let me see her again—never let her come near me! Away with her!" Gaston Steele led her to a seat.

"For heaven's sake!" he whispered, "do not talk like that! You will do her incalculable harm. Already the whole town believes her guilty."

"She *is* guilty!" cried gran, loud enough to be heard by every one.

Whether she was or not, the information collected from the different witnesses told with damning effect against Jacquita Mather.

One by one the servants testified to what they called her "tantrums," and the threats which she had openly made against her cousin.

Grandmother Mather told of her furious jealousy, and her infatuation for Gaston Steele—statements which the latter person was obliged to corroborate, though he did so with much seeming reluctance.

"Miss Mather has a passionate temper," he urged; "no importance should be attached to her wild talk. In fits of wrath it is not her custom to weigh her words properly. She would never have harmed a hair of her cousin's head."

He had taken his stand for the suspected girl. She knew instinctively that every other person in the house was against her, but Emily's husband was her friend.

Throughout her own examination Miss Mather maintained the most perfect composure. Had she not cherished a jealous hatred toward the deceased? Yes. Had she not on several occasions vowed to do her injury? Yes. Was the handkerchief which Steele had picked up at the feet of his bride, her property? Yes. How did she account for the finding of it there with the dead girl?

She had walked under the pines at sunset, and dropped it then.

The stiletto was shown. Did she recognize that?

Yes. It was a keepsake from Gaston Steele. By accident she had left it on a rustic bench in the garden the day before.

How could she explain her presence in the shrubbery at the time of the murder?

She had gone thither to think her own thoughts. She had not seen Emily nor approached the pine-walk. She did not love her cousin, but no thought of doing her actual injury had ever entered her mind.

The coroner's jury promptly decided that Mrs. Emily Mather Steele had come to her death by means of a weapon called a stiletto, in the hands of one Jacquita Mather. And the latter person was at once arrested.

* * * * * *

In the gray Christmas afternoon a close carriage appeared at the door of Mather House.

The sheriff and an officer stood in the hall, ready to conduct the prisoner to the jail across the river.

Jacquita descended the stair, cloaked and veiled. At its foot Gaston Steele waited.

She went up to him, deadly pale, but perfectly quiet and composed.

"Gran will not see me," she said, and her lip quivered a little—the first sign of emotion that she had yet shown. "Will you take my good-by to her, and say that I forgive her for all her hardness to me this day?"

He nodded. The sheriff handed Miss Mather into the carriage, and followed her with his assistant.

After them came Gaston Steele, and seated himself by the side of the prisoner.

"I am going with you," was all that he said.

Down the snowy drive they rolled, and out into the street. All about the stone gates groups of people stood, waiting for the vehicle. A curtain was drawn across the window. Jacquita could not see them, but she heard the yell which they raised as she passed.

They, too, believed her guilty. There was a turbulent population in the town, and throughout its borders the murder had created an intense excitement.

Rapidly the carriage rolled down to the bridge which spanned the river. Scarcely had the horses crossed the heavy planks, when a portentous murmur was heard—the hoarse, mingled voices of a gathered crowd. The sheriff looked grim.

"I'm afraid there's trouble ahead," he said, to Gaston Steele.

Even as he spoke the horses came to a halt. A dozen pairs of hands were laid on the carriage door. The sheriff and Steele tried to hold it fast; but in a moment it was torn from its hinges.

Then they saw all about them a sea of threatening faces. The way was choked, the horses were surrounded; further progress was impossible.

"Let us pass in the name of the law!" shouted the sheriff.

A derisive cry answered him.

"Hand out that she-devil!"

"Show us the murderess!"

"Hang her here on the bridge!"

Bricks and stones came flying into the carriage.

One struck the sheriff full in the forehead, and knocked him back in his seat insensible. His assistant sat paralyzed with terror. Gaston Steele flung himself before the prisoner, shielding her with his own body.

"Let us see her! Drag her out! We will see her!" roared the crowd.

Brawny arms were thrust through the door: Gaston Steele beat them down. He was struck in the face by some flying missile; the blood gushed out—he did not know it.

The frightened officer had drawn a pistol, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not hold it.

"Fire, in heaven's name!" urged Steele, but the man hesitated, and his principal still lay senseless in the bottom of the carriage.

"We will see her—we will see the murderess!" roared the rabble anew.

Gaston Steele sprang out on the carriage-step, and confronted the sea of faces.

"Cowards!" he thundered, "there is no murderess here, only an innocent girl, as guiltless of blood as your own sisters and wives!"

"Who the deuce are you, who dares to say that?" called out a gruff voice by the carriage-wheel.

"I am the husband of Emily Mather!"

Dead silence.

Defense from such a quarter was both odd and impressive. The mob fell back involuntarily. The driver seized the opportunity to lash his horses, but they had not advanced a dozen yards when they were stopped again.

"Let us see her!" persisted the crowd; "innocent or guilty, let us see her!"

Steele felt a light touch. It was Jacquita's hand.

"Move," she said, "and let them see me."

He obeyed. The crowd pressed up, looked in at the door. Lo! there was a girl scarcely more than seventeen, grand and unflinching as some little queen, her proud dark eyes full of quiet scorn, no shade of fear, no sign of guilt visible on her marvelously beautiful face.

Back fell the curious, jostling, menacing throng. At the same moment the officer rallied sufficiently to discharge his revolver over the gathered heads.

The driver struck his horses anew, and this time no hand detained him. The vehicle dashed forward and entered the jail-yard. The big gates clanged upon it, shutting out the crowd—shutting in Jacquita Mather.

Steele bade her good-by in the jailer's room.

"Ah!" she shuddered, as she looked up in his wounded face. "What a day this has been! You are hurt—you are bleeding. I thank you saved my life out there by the bridge. But for you, they might have killed me. It is not a valuable life," with a pathetic little smile, "but still I must thank you."

He pressed her cold hand.

"Thank heaven, you are not harmed. Take courage, Jack. Light must soon be thrown upon this monstrous mystery. You cannot be detained long in this place."

And then he went away, and left her in her narrow prison-cell.

* * * * * *

Emily Mather was laid to her rest in the ancient family tomb across the river.

Gaston Steele remained at Mather House. He could not leave the place till after the trial of Jacquita; moreover, its broken-hearted old mistress clung to him as to a last support; but his belief in Jack's innocence exasperated her greatly.

"I understand," she stormed, "the thought of her weakness for you makes you indulgent towards her. I tell you she killed my darling, and I shall live to see her hanged as a murderess."

"How can you talk like that?" cried Steele, sternly. "She is your own grandchild—as near to you as was Emily. God forbid that you or I should live to see anything of the kind!"

"She is none of mine, now. I repudiate her—I cast her off; I will never call her by my name again."

"Hard words!" he sighed. "hard words!"

An hour or two after this conversation a housemaid was passing through the hall of Mather House, and lo! at the foot of the oaken stair she stumbled upon her mistress, lying prone upon her face, and breathing heavily.

The girl lifted her up. Her limbs were like lead, her eyes were fixed. She could neither stir nor speak; she was stricken with paralysis.

Gaston Steele carried the news to Jacquita.

It was late of a wintry afternoon—the twilight was creeping into the jail with stealthy gray feet. He found the young prisoner reading a little German Bible in the silence of her dreary cell. Her finger pointed to these words:

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become as white as wool."

As the iron door opened to admit the visitor, she closed her book, and arose quietly. He had not seen her for two weeks, and the change in her appearance startled and amazed him.

In the sharpened outlines of her figure; in her great melancholy eyes, fierce no longer; in her air of quiet dignity; in her wasted, subdued face, he could scarcely recognize the fiery, impetuous Jacquita of old.

"What brings you here?" she asked.

"I have tidings for you," he answered; and then he told her of the new calamity which had fallen upon Mather House.

"She will die, thinking me guilty," said Jacquita, with a dry, choking sob. "Gaston, there is something I wish to say to you."

"Say on."

A streak of sunset light was fading off the whitewashed walls of the cell. Her hollow eyes followed it, as it slipped slowly away, then she spoke:

"It was on the night of your marriage. I had just come in from the pine-walk. You know all the wicked things which I said to you there; but you do not know the purpose that was in my heart. I meant to put an end to my own life before morning—to fling the shadow of my death upon the happiness of your bridal. That was the revenge which I meditated—that only. As I passed the door of Emily's room, I stopped and looked in. She was sitting at her toilet, and on her face was a pallor—a trouble, altogether new to me. She held a slip of pink note-paper in her hand—she was twisting it nervously about her fingers. I think—I am almost sure—there was writing on the paper. As soon as she saw me, I passed on. A simple incident, you will say, scarcely worthy of mention, yet it haunts me by day and night. I dream of it when I sleep; I think of it when I wake. I see her before me constantly, with that pale, troubled look on her face, and that bit of pink paper twisted about her hand. Gaston, I wish—I wish that paper could be found!"

The appeal in her tone thrilled him to the heart.

"It shall be," he cried, "if it is still in existence."

"Go back to Mather House and search for it. Has her room been disturbed since her death?"

"No."

"Then you will find it there. I saw her fling it from her as I looked into the chamber. I cannot tell where it fell, but you will find it somewhere—somewhere! It is strange, is it not, that I should attach importance to so foolish a matter? When drowning, you know, one will catch at straws."

Gaston Steele hurried back to Mather House. The sick old grandmother was sleeping, watched by careful attendants. He went straight to Emily's chamber, put down his lamp upon the mantel, and began a minute examination of everything in the room. After long and patient search, in an obscure corner, under the lace-draped toilet-table, he found a bit of pink note-paper, twisted out of all shape, and with some writing in pencil traced upon it. Smoothing out the wrinkled surface, he held it to the light, and, with difficulty read these words:

"I shall wait for you in the walk of pines till midnight. I conjure you, by your old love for me, to meet me there."

No signature was attached. Gaston Steele staggered to the window and flung up the sash. He felt sick and faint. None but a lover could have written those words. From bridegroom, from friends, Emily Mather had stolen away on her marriage-eve to meet in the lonely pine-walk the writer of that note and—a cruel death! Steele held the cursed paper in his hand, the cold wind blew in his face, and out of all his bitterness and grief a sudden joy was born he knew; he felt that Jack—poor, erring but deeply-wronged Jack was saved!

The next morning he presented himself at the jail. She was waiting for him, with a strange expectancy in her face.

"You have found it!" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, and placed the slip in her hand.

She gave a great start, as her eyes fell on the penciled lines.

"I know this writing," she said, looking up in wonder at Gaston Steele.

"You know it?"

"I have seen it scores of times," smiling sadly; "it is that of Monsieur Renaud, our French master at the school. Did I not tell you that he used to call me a devil, and Emily an angel? I had a strange fancy that I saw him on the west terrace of Mather House the night of your marriage. He was very fond of Emily in her schooldays, and I think she cared a little for him—in foolish girl-fashion."

"Enough!" cried Steele, with a stern, white face; "you have solved the mystery of my wife's murder!"

An hour later, the pink paper was in the hands of an officer of the law, who went immediately to the school, where Monsieur Felix Renaud taught his native tongue to fashionable young ladies, and arrested the handsome Frenchman.

Jacquita was set free. Gaston Steele carried her back to Mather House; and scarcely had the door of her cell closed on Monsieur Renaud, when he made a full confession of the secret passion which had long existed betwixt himself and his fair, fickle pupil, Emily Mather, and the wild jealousy, the temporal madness, which, when he found her false and lost to him for ever, had led him to the commitment of her murder.

* * * * * *

Grandmother Mather breathed her last in her granddaughter's arms. Gaston Steele had told her the story which was now on every lip, and she looked remorsefully up into the girl's face, feebly articulated one word, "Forgive!" then fell back on her shoulder and died.

There was no will, and but one heir to the old woman's fortune—Jacquita Mather.

Gaston Steele went abroad. At parting, Jacquita said to him:

"You were the only person who believed in me. I shall never forget that."

He pressed her cold hand in both his own.

"May God send you happier days than you have yet known," he cried, fervently.

A sad smile flitted across her lips.

"I was not born for happiness," she answered, and then he went his way.

Years passed. Again and again Christmas Eve came and went—four had gladdened the wintry world since the murder of Emily Mather. The fifth arrived in storm and cloud, with a wild wind blowing through the sombre pines, and white snow drifting about the strong gates, and along the deserted terraces of Mather House. Dinner was over, and by a blazing log on the hearth of the cedar parlor sat Jacquita all alone.

Her heavy black dress swept the quaint old tiles; her ringless hands, full of spotless Christmas roses, lay listlessly in her lap; her great solemn eyes were fixed on the merry Christmas fire. A handsome woman she was; older than her years, sadder than one with so much of wealth and strength and beauty should have been. With the outer world she mingled little; but the poor and the afflicted for miles and miles around Mather House knew her well.

The storm beat across the windows. Night was falling fast—the blessed night of the Nativity. Shadows gathered in the corners of the room. A faint perfume arose from the flowers in her hands. Softly she began to sing those lines of the old familiar Christmas carol:

"God rest ye, all good Christians!
Upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians
Was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal,
Your sins He takes away;
For Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

Was there any healing for sorrow like hers? A faint noise startled her. She lifted her eyes, dim with tears, from the happy fire, to find that the door had opened, and that some one—a man, a stranger—was standing upon the threshold looking in upon her.

Her heart gave a great bound. She arose to her feet, dropping her Christmas roses. As she did so, the apparition stepped into the cedar-room. Was it a stranger? Travel had darkened his face, and the years had given it a gravity which it had never worn of old, but time nor change could not deceive Jacquita's eyes. He held out his hand eagerly.

"Pardon me for entering unannounced. Your servant told me I should find you here, Jack, Jack!—ah, I have been too sudden—you are faint!"

She looked about to fall, but by a mighty effort she rallied, and faced him bravely.

"Yes, it is sudden. I did not think to ever see you again, Gaston."

He looked at her fixedly, marked the changes which the years had wrought in her rich beauty, and a light flashed into his face, a great tremor shook his voice.

"Have you no welcome for me, Jack? It is Christmas Eve, and I have come from the antipodes to tell you that I love you—to ask you to be my wife. Since we parted, I have thought of you constantly—your face has followed me in all my wanderings. Can you forget the past—can you be happy without me yet?"

There was a moment of silence. The north wind whistled by the window, the fire snapped on the hearth. She raised her lovely tear-wet eyes to his face.

"Gaston, are you sure of your own heart?"

"For five years it has beat only for you—yearned only for you," he answered, sadly. "Is not that test enough? Oh, my darling, do not doubt me now?"

Mutely she stretched out her hands to him. He snatched her to his heart.

"I am not sure," he said, with a heavy sigh, "that I have not always loved you!"

And the winds roared, the snow fell, the black night settled over the sombre pines; but Christmas Eve had brought joy and peace, and the healing of the old sorrows, at least, to Mather House.

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THE TRAMP OF SHILOH.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

YES, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;
Yet you stand and you stare,
As if never before came a Tramp to your door
With such insolent air.



"CAME A TRAMP TO YOUR DOOR."



"MY HOME IT WAS BURNED."

Would I work? Never learned.—*My* home it was burned;
And I haven't yet found
Any heart to plow lands and build homes for red hands
That burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said?—Then my curse on your head
And, what shall sting worse,
On that wife at your side, on those babes in their pride,
Fall my seven-fold curse!—

Good-by! I must learn to creep into your barn;
Suck your eggs; hide away;
Sneak around like a hound—leave a match in your hay—
Limp away through the gray!

Yes, I limp—curse these stones! And then my old bones
Were riddled with ball
At your Shiloh.—What you? You battled there, too?
Well, you beat us—that's all.

Bread! money! and wine! sir? Madam, I dine
At your feet—and please, sir, I pray
You'll pardon me, sir—that fight trenched me here,
Deep—deeper than sword-cut that day.

Yet even *my* heart with a stout pride will start
As I tramp. For, you see,
No matter which won, it was royally done,
And a royal American victory.

But I go. Sir, adieu! *Tu Tityre.* You
Have Augustus to friend,
While I—Yes, read and speak both Latin and Greek;
And talk slang without end.

Hey? Oxford. But, then, when the wild cry for men
Rang out through the gathering night,
As a mother that cries for her children and dies,
I dropped all, and came for the fight.

What! sit? Sit and tell how we fought—how we fell?
Tell to *you* who did kill?—
'Neath your cursed Northern vine set me down and drink wine?—
That wine warms, and—I will.

We flew home—fool, that I brought him home here to die
When she, with her last fevered breath,
Had implored this right arm keep him sacred from harm,
And then followed our father in death.

Yet I know he had pined had I left him behind
Safe bound by gray Oxford's bars,
And his proud soul had cried in his valor and died
To ride at my side in the wars.

How young, and how fair, and how noble—but, there!
This wine, or the sudden sunrise—
Sir, when we last stood in the place, and he last raised his face,
I saw there my dead mother's eyes.—

'Twas Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hill by the wood—
It's a graveyard to-day, sir, you know;
And he smiled like a child, even laughed, as the wild
Dogs of war at our throats were let go.



"I KNELT DOWN IN BLOOD BY HIS SIDE."

That laugh was his last! When the bloody wave passed
I knelt down in blood by his side.
On his brow, on his breast—what need tell the rest?—
I but knew that my brother had died;

Then I sprang to my horse. I sought death in my course,
Dashing on till I fell 'mid the brave.
But, disdained still by death, I came back with my breath—
But the place where he fell was a grave!

When a storm wracks the sea, great wrecks there must be,
And waif, wood and stray drift ashore;
And, so pardon me, please, for I am of these.—
But, good-by, I will bother no more.

What! wounds on *your* breast? *Your* brow tells the rest?
You fought at my side and *you* fell?
You the brave boy that stood at my side in that wood,
On that blazing red border of hell?

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne
Knew a joy like to this brought to me.
God bless you, my life; bless your brave Northern wife,
And your beautiful babes, two and three.



"MY BROTHER! MY OWN!"

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A DEEP CHRISTMAS SNOW.—"HE OVERTOOK A YOUNG WOMAN STRUGGLING THROUGH THE DRIFT, ALMOST RIDING HER DOWN. IT WAS THE VERY PERSON WHO HAD WRITTEN HIM THAT LETTER HE HAD CURSED WITH SUCH VEHEMENCE."

A Deep Christmas Snow.

By WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

"IT is still coming down," said the beautiful watcher at the window, hopelessly.

Doctor Ezekiel, sitting before the open grate, leaned back with a luxurious sigh. Curious red and yellow lights were reflected upon his glasses; but no heat could give his face a color. He was not a handsome man; but no one could have justly called so intellectual and energetic a countenance homely.

"You should see the snows they have in the North," he said, getting up and crossing briskly to the window. "Pooh! My dear Mrs. Stuart, this is nothing."

"It seems a great deal to me; and how is it that in some places it is so much deeper than in others? The face of the tobacco-field is quite hidden, and the road nowhere, and the church there looks like something drawn on a slate."

"The gale makes the snow drift," explained the doctor, standing now exactly beside the handsome widow, and looming tall and slight above her. "You shall see a sight more wonderful than this to-morrow—I dare say, people will not be able to get about at all. I perceive that we are in for a real old-fashioned storm," and he laughed with rather grim enjoyment. "But I don't mind; I relish it."

"Still, when one thinks of the poor old villagers——"

"One need not do so, I am sure; I prefer to think exclusively of ourselves, Madeline," and he placed his slender arm about her waist. She shuddered a little—an involuntary movement—for it was instantly followed by a quick, sidelong glance of inquiry at his face. He, however, was still intently watching the white downfall outside.

"On reflection, I conclude that I had better go to the post-office at once," he said, suddenly. "The longer I delay the worse it will be."

"But do you expect very important letters?"

"No; but there will be newspapers, I dare say. We must have something to read to-morrow."

Mrs. Stuart did not object further, and the tall, pale doctor left the room, and in the hall put on his heavy coat and seal cap, and so betook himself to the stable. A few minutes later he rode past the window on his great black horse, waving his hand and smiling to the beautiful lady who watched him.

It was indeed a tremendous snow-storm. Dr. Ezekiel buffeted his way with grim enjoyment, being a man who liked difficulties, and had a malicious sort of enjoyment in overcoming them. He spoke with a sharp and objurgatory encouragement to his horse when the great beast stumbled; but it was the outcome of good-humor and a nervous system braced by the keen atmosphere.

At the post-office window he chatted rapidly and pleasantly with Mrs. Brown, while she selected his letters and papers, laughing and blushing. The bystanders stopped in their conversation to listen deferentially. All knew the great man and admired him; knew also that in two or three days he was to marry the beautiful mistress of Red-rose Farm; knew that they had met at the Springs in the Summer and been mutually attracted; knew that the doctor was rich and that the match would be suitable in every way.

He mounts again and is away, holding the bridle with his left hand, and his two letters in his right, which, one after the other, he opens with his teeth and reads. And suddenly the second one, at the instant his eye lights on the handwriting, draws a whistling curse from him, keen as the edge of that icy gale blowing about his ears. He reads though, as it were, in a glance, and then tears the paper into bits and lets it drift with the snow-flakes behind him.

Dr. Ezekiel was scarcely in such good-humor now. The big horse struggled and floundered, the snow almost up to his flanks, and his master rained anathema, and even struck him with his fist.

"Curse the road! I'll go through the churchyard."

So they entered the gate, the doctor kicking it to behind him with a vicious clang, and away they went across the graves, and past the monuments, and by the more elaborate sepulchres. In the very middle of the cemetery loomed up the Stuart mausoleum with its time-worn legend, "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," which arrested the horseman's eye, and he bestowed a pallid sneer upon the quaint lettering. Underneath the floor of that narrow house slept the late tenant of the other and more imposing residence yonder.

"The majesty of buried Denmark rests peacefully," mused Dr. Ezekiel, with his strange smile, stopping in front of the door; "and I conjecture, therefore, that he quite approves of his widow's choice. 'Cras tibi,' eh? In that case it is well to be assured of one's accommodations."

He was off his horse in a minute, and two brisk strides brought him to the iron door; but though not locked, it was not so easily opened. Still, this slight, wiry man of forty had much more strength than one would have supposed, and after a brief struggle the portal yielded with a protesting groan. The doctor peeped in and looked about, a good deal amused in his sardonic way, although the source of his pleasure would have puzzled a stranger. The doctor was, it must be understood, the late Mr. Stuart's heir, a contingency never dreamed of by that old gentleman; but so things had turned out—heir to all that handsome fortune, the beautiful widow, the splendid estate, and finally to a bed in these quiet sleeping-quarters. The two Latin words he therefore applied as a prophecy.

He remounted and rode on again; it was a profanation; but he did not often consider the feelings of the living, no more those of the dead. And just as he turned about the huge monument that marks the resting-place of "Eleanor Digby, a native of England," with the particulars in epitome of her history, he overtook a young woman struggling through the drift, almost riding her down. It was the very person who had written him that letter he had cursed with such vehemence.

She was thinly clad for such bitter weather, and her face was blue and pinched. The rising of one of the dead about her could scarcely have brought such a scared look into her great blue eyes as the sight of the living Dr. Ezekiel, notwithstanding he was the very person she had visited this part of the world to see.

"So you have carried out your threat?" he said, with his malign smirk.

"I have, Maurice," she said, keeping a wary eye upon him as if she half-feared he would do her harm. He was whiter than the snow falling so slowly and sadly about them. "I intend to do all the rest that I said. I have been in the village there long enough to learn everything."

He thought a minute.

"Now, see, Lucy; don't be a fool. It is quite true that I am going to marry this widow; her husband left her more than a hundred thousand in her own right, unconditionally."

"You can't marry her while I live. I am your lawful wife, and I have the certificate," returned the woman, doggedly. "I am going straight on up to the house there and tell her so. The snow can't keep me back. I'll fight the snow, I'll fight you, and I'll fight her, but what I'll have my rights."

"Tut, tut! Now



UNCLE CHARLEY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.—JUST THEN THE FRONT-DOOR BELL RUNG LOUDLY; ALL THE CHILDREN RUSHED OUT, AND STARED WITH ASTONISHMENT AS TWO BIG CHINESE BOYS ENTERED HAND-IN-HAND."—SEE PAGE 327.

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Lucy, can you listen a minute? We can talk quietly here: I only want you to hear reason. I have never loved any one but you."

Poor Lucy uttered an unpleasant laugh.

"I am going to marry this Mrs. Stuart for your sake. She is delicate, and after I get her money she will not live long; and her little boy is delicate, too. It was I who saved his life at Crystal Spring. When they are both gone, Lucy, it will be Peace and Paradise for us, hey?' and he snapped his fingers. "You shall see, then, whether I loved you."

"I should be a fool, indeed, to trust you again, Maurice," said the girl, shaking her head, but already beginning to waver.

"Ay, without security; but you will have the marriage certificate and can hold it over me—the impending sword. Think of it, child. A hundred thousand—there's a power of diversion in that; dresses, dinners, drives, travel, music and mirth!" and he laughed harshly but gayly. "What say you?"

"I say, no. I am mad, I know; but I'll never willingly give you up to another."

"Then you send me to the State Prison," he returned in a lower voice, bending down from his horse, glancing this way and that. "I've forged a note that falls due next month. A prison for me means poverty—rags and hunger for you, my love. Just look at the dilemma—a palace and a prison on either hand; which will you select?"

The wretched creature looked down and with the point of her shoe poked at the snow for a minute or two, deliberating; and then raising her head, with ever so sad a look upon the thin but still pretty face, said:

"Can you give me some money now? I am staying at the hotel, but have nothing to pay my board."

"Not a penny; but come up to the house to-night and you shall have enough to keep you two months. I keep what I have in my trunk."

"To-night—in this snow?" she exclaimed, aghast.

"You don't appear to be much afraid of the snow," he returned with a sneer. "We have seen deeper in the North when we used to go to singing-school. Come up to the house between eight and nine, and stand outside—there's an arbor; I'll steal out and go back with you. The walk's nothing. It is Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Stuart will have company, and I'll not be missed for half an hour or so. Come through the churchyard here, and don't let yourself be seen. Take thick wraps. You will come, Lucy?"

"Yes, but it is bitter weather to be out."

He leaned down and kissed her, and as they parted she began crying; but he was in haste, and kissing his gloved fingers and smiling, he resumed his way. She looked after him until he had disappeared in the mist, and then started to trudge back to the village again.

Meanwhile, a scene, just as strange in its way as this, had taken place at Red-rose farmhouse.

Five minutes after Dr. Ezekiel had crossed the window, his beautiful affianced sitting before the fire, in a reverie, heard the door open behind her and her colored butler announce:

"A gentleman, Mrs. Stuart."

Mrs. Stuart rose and discovered a figure in the gloom. The butler proceeded deliberately to light the lamp, there being of course no gas in this isolated region, and at the instant it flashed the stranger pronounced the word:

"Madeline!"

He came toward her rapidly, with both hands outstretched; but she shrank back.

"Oh, John! it is you." There was something almost of horror in the recognition.

"It is, Madeline," he answered, stopping short. "You scarcely seem as glad to see me as I expected. At the moment I heard you were single again I left everything and hurried to you."

"I have been single almost two years," she said, with a kind of sob. "I thought you were dead or had changed your mind."

"Changed my mind?" he laughed bitterly. "I was almost cut off from civilization, you must remember. In those mining-camps little is known of what goes on in the outside world, and the mails come and go irregularly. I had no letter from you, and should still have been in ignorance of your husband's death, had I not seen a paragraph in a newspaper speaking of your presence, with your little boy, at some watering-place—Crystal Springs, if I remember aright. But what does it matter, Madeline? You are free, and I have come."

"I am not free."

"Not free!"

"Circumstances have enmeshed me strangely. My heart is as true to you, John, as it ever was; but I have promised my hand."

John Greenlaw dropped into a chair. "You promised it to me long, long ago."

"Don't upbraid me, John; for the sake of the unchanged love I bear you. I have something so singular to tell you that it will sound to your practical ears like a romance; but it is heaven's own truth."

She went quickly to the window and glanced down the road, and then came back.

"I am, I think, the most unhappy woman on earth. You have heard of one person being in the power of another—that is my situation. At my very hearth sits the pale tyrant whose slave I am."

"Madeline, is this a jest you have planned to frighten me?"

"I wrote to you soon after my husband's death, and waited patiently for your reply, but none came. Last May my little Willie was taken ill, and I went to Crystal Springs, a very quiet place, where I knew no one." She was speaking hurriedly, like one who expects every minute to be interrupted. "There were fortunately very few people there, and they, like myself, seemed to have come for rest and retirement. But there was one man"—and she shuddered—"who by imperceptible degrees made my acquaintance, first gaining my attention by the silent interest he displayed in my little boy. This person scarcely looked at me, and never addressed me a word; but I heard through the servants that he was a physician, and had made many inquiries about the child: his name was Doctor Ezekiel. My curiosity was roused, and I observed him more closely. He seemed a thorough gentleman—quiet, well-bred, sensitive, and with something about him that awed other people—the influence that one always observes in a commanding intellect. My boy grew alarmingly worse, and in a moment of terror I sent for Dr. Ezekiel. How the rest happened I cannot clearly recall; but from that first interview I seemed to be under a spell. My Willie grew better or worse just as his physician pleased, and Dr. Ezekiel scarcely left me a moment to myself; when I at length refused to see him, my boy sank to the point of death, and only recovered when this man was once more summoned. I saw by this time that he admired me; but still it was one day a great shock when he said, sitting by the bedside with my child's hand in his: 'Madam, you have seen that I understand my profession pretty well. I can cure your boy entirely for a proper fee. 'Tis a handsome one; but I don't want it till the boy is himself. Be my wife;' and he uttered his strange, harsh laugh. I ordered him from the room; but two hours afterwards sent for him again, and that night before I slept I had sworn to be his bride, as he demanded. Willie recovered almost immediately, and Dr. Ezekiel, who has been living in this house for nearly a month, is, before the close of this Christmas week, to be my husband."

"It shall not be, Madeline!" cried John Greenlaw, striking the table with his fist.

"But I am under oath, taken of my own free will. There is absolutely no escape."

"I shall kill him. Where I have lived for the last five years, when a man becomes objectionable he is removed without much ceremony."

"John, you are speaking under excitement: such things cannot be done here. Would you ruin yourself and me and all? Remember that, all things considered, this man is not to blame. I believe he truly loves me, and it was all chance, and I voluntarily took the risk named in the compact. If Willie had died, the doctor would have lost."

A rapid footstep in the hall arrested her voice, and the next moment Dr. Ezekiel was in the room. He started slightly as he saw John Greenlaw, piercing him with his keen glance; but crossed the carpet to the fire, where, after an introduction, which he acknowledged ceremoniously, he warmed his hands at the blaze.

"'Tis bitter weather, sir;" he said, using the old-fashioned contraction, as was his custom. "We shall see the coldest Christmas ever remembered in these parts, and the deepest snow. You are from the West, sir, I hear? They have deep snows there?"

Greenlaw, obedient to a look from Mrs. Stuart, answered with what politeness he could command; and the doctor related several famous storms he had witnessed in the North.

"This would do very well if it went on," he said, nodding towards the window; "but you'll see that before morning it will turn to rain. Still, for a Christmas snow, I must own 'tis quite presentable;" and he chuckled at the red coals, the shadows playing over his pale face like smears of blood.

Ten rang—it was just six, but had been dark an hour since—and they went out. The doctor continued his reminiscences, eating and drinking energetically, and his gold eyeglasses flashing in the lamplight; and he put a great many questions to John Greenlaw about life in the mining-towns, which that handsome savage answered a little sullenly. Madeline watched the dialogue with anxiety, as she might have looked on at foil exercise between two hot-tempered players. But the Westerner was no match for the accomplished physician, who scored half a dozen palpable hits to the other's one.

So they returned to the parlor, Dr. Ezekiel with a quiet and knowing smile, for by this time he had comprehended the situation exactly—this Greenlaw was an old admirer, and jealous. His extravagances would spice the coming festivities considerably.

"You are to spend the holidays with us, Mr. Greenlaw?"

"Yes, sir: I propose remaining here for some time," said John, sternly and pointedly. "I know of nothing at present that will prevent."

"*Even disposed*; but I am sure we shall be glad to have you. Do you play cards—whist?"

"I can follow whist; but euchre——"

"You lead at euchre, eh?" said Ezekiel, with his polished sneer, getting up and finding the cards. "'Tis a pretty game; but sadly vulgarized; nowadays the best hands at euchre are generally grimy."

JOHN Greenlaw was by no means a dull man, but he had none of that alertness of mind which distinguished the doctor, and which people must have who hope to hold their own at repartee; and, moreover, he could not keep his temper, which is another thing fatal to wit. So he made no answer to the physician's remark, but looked on with a glum stare while the cards were shuffled and dealt.

The little assembly now proceeded with a three-handed game; but there was not much merriment, or even skill. Cards and one's dinner, to be enjoyed, require the same sauces—appetite and good-humor, and there is no real appetite without good-humor; there is of course, hunger—the animal vacancy—quite another thing. This game played with all interest, and with at least one of the players in a bilious temper, and the others constrained, was a failure.

After a while, John Greenlaw flung down his cards, saying that he could not stand his ill-luck.

"Ay," said the doctor; "luck does seem to be against you, to be sure."

The Westerner flashed a look of hatred at him; if it had been a pistol bullet Dr. Ezekiel would have fallen dead to the floor. But, happily, looks no more than thoughts are fatal, and the doctor, replacing the pack where it belonged, asked for some music.

Madeline played, but her mind was far away. When the performance was over, John Greenlaw expressed fatigue and a wish to go to his room, and this broke the party up, to the evident relief of every member.

It was fast getting on to eight; but Winter nights are long in the country, and ten answers to the city midnight. Cook and housekeeper, having to be up early on Christmas morning, had prudently retired already, and this rambling old farmhouse was silent. John Greenlaw, in his room, sat before the fire, with a flask and tumbler on the table beside him. He had already indulged in a potation of Western strength and depth, and another glimmered luridly in the tankard. His thoughts were boiling and bubbling. That white-faced, smirking adventurer! "What an evening, which I had meant to be so happy! I came on Christmas Eve, delaying expressly, and a pretty end to all my castles in the air! But he has had his laugh—now follows mine, and they say that he laughs best who laughs last."

He stood up and drank his dram, and then took off his coat and boots. What a tall, stalwart, handsome fellow! No match for the doctor, intellectually, I confess; but if there were to be a physical trial of strength, John Greenlaw might get what odds he liked.

He crossed to his trunk and took out something lithe, graceful and sinister—one of those pretty Mexican knives that figure in jealous ambuscades after a ball, sometimes—and hid it about him. He was ready! He opened his door and looked down the dark passage and listened; and then with stealthy foot he went out.

The drama elsewhere had not been standing still. Dr. Ezekiel, having made sure that all the doors and windows below were fast, went whistling softly to his room, the lamp in his hand throwing a glare over his face that gave it a more corpse-like look than ever. There was business before him this bitter night, but you would scarcely have thought so. He seemed more like a man, who, not knowing how to get rid of a dull evening, good-humouredly concludes to spend it in bed.

But at the instant he had closed his door he glanced at his watch, slipped on his hat, coat and rubber shoes, and then took down from a shelf a traveling medicine-chest. The interior disclosed some dozen or two small vials, but Dr. Ezekiel's rapid hand pounced on the one he needed and he slipped it into his coat-pocket.

Then he opened his window. The gale was blowing furiously and the snow still descending like a curtain; a tremendous puff blew into the room sending his books and pamphlets flying in every direction. Outside there was a strange mixture of white and dark—something, indeed, of mystery and horror.

"Hey!" laughed the doctor. "It will turn to rain and sleet after a while, and we shall have regular Cape Horn weather for Christmas Eve."

He extinguished his lamp and got out on the roof of the balcony; with the nimbleness of a cat he glided along, and in ten seconds had reached the ground below.

He glanced up at the angry sky with one of his odd smiles. "A good night to go to heaven, my Lucy!" he murmured, and set out to keep his appointment.

Christmas morning, Jackson, the apothecary in the village, looked at his thermometer and found that it marked seven degrees below zero; and observed that the oldest inhabitant, if a truthful man, could not beat that.

It was indeed the most remarkable Christmas, in respect to weather, ever known. The snow had drifted in some places to a depth of ten and twelve feet, and the rain and sleet which had begun about half-past eight the previous night, had frozen it into solid masses of ice. Many animals had perished; more than one human being, it was conjectured, had shared the same fate. On the neighboring railroad trains had been abandoned at various points, and passengers had taken refuge in the adjoining farmhouses.

On Christmas Day everybody was of course snow-bound: after a path had been laboriously dug to the well and another to the barn, people did not go out, but sat by roaring fires and told stories about previous cold spells, ever and anon getting up and going to the window for a glance upon the cold, white world.

At Red-rose Farm its beautiful mistress was first down after the servants. Then came John Greenlaw, rather pale and sulky; and the grave colored waiter announced breakfast.

"Where is your friend, the doctor?" asked John, with a slight contempt, as he sat down.

"He is usually very early," said Madeline; and she sent the servant to his room.

He came back, and made a startling announcement—the doctor was not in his room, and evidently had not slept there; the bed was undisturbed.

John Greenlaw looked a little confused.

"It is quite true: he could not have been in his room all night," he said, like a man considering something.

"How do you know?"

He waited a minute.

"Well, I may as well be frank. After we had gone up-stairs, last night—less than half an hour, perhaps—I visited his room, and he was not there. I wished to see him to demand some explanation of his conduct towards me during the evening. He had amused himself with sneers, sarcasms and other insults from the time he had put his eyes on me; and it was my purpose, I don't deny, to call him to account for it. But, as I tell you, the room was quite dark and no one there, and I waited till I grew sleepy and then returned to my own. But you need not be frightened, my dear Madeline; he will be sure to turn up, shortly."

She sat with her gaze resting on the damask cloth.

"I don't know—I had a very bad dream; I don't think I was ever so frightened. I fancied that he came to me and told me that our marriage could not take place—that the powers of evil had come for him and taken him away; and with a dreadful smile of horror and despair he vanished."

John laughed. Madeline, with a troubled look, went up-stairs and made a closer examination, and of course discovered that the doctor's hat, coat and rubber shoes were missing as well as himself, rendering it pretty plain that his departure, if not his absence, was of his own volition.

Still, it was strange—what could have taken him out on such a night as the previous one had been? Madeline, for some reason of her own, was anxious and troubled, and sent a servant, if he could make his way there, to the village to inquire. It was something like attempting to reach the North Pole; but the man succeeded and spread his news and asked questions.

Among others who heard was a young woman stopping at the hotel, and who immediately fell into a kind of hysterical fit. She confessed that she had had an appointment with Dr. Ezekiel the previous night in the grounds at Red rose Farm, but owing to the state of the weather had not attempted to keep it. She, too, had had a distressing dream, and was sure something had happened to him. She had seen him held under water by a monster fish. The sages of the village immediately came to a unanimous conclusion—the doctor had been overwhelmed in the snow; it would be hopeless to look for him till a thaw came—and, indeed, impossible.

Christmas Day opened drearily at the Red-rose Farm; an indefinable shadow brooded over the place. Madeline wore the same look of anxiety, and John Greenlaw moped. And so passed the three following days, and then came the thaw. The thermometer ran up to seventy degrees, and the snow melted from the fields and roads like magic, and great floods took place all about.

Stimulated by the offer of a reward from Madeline, searching parties went out to look for the missing Dr. Ezekiel, and every hole and corner was thoroughly explored. The mystery was taken up by the newspapers, and some astounding facts were developed.

A great deal of the previous history of the missing man was brought to light. He turned out to have been one of those spectral miscreants one can scarcely believe in. He had figured under various aliases in many places. In one Northern village he had been tried for his life for poisoning a wealthy old lady who had been induced to make her will in his favor; but his defense, turning upon the nature of poisons, and conducted with consummate ability by himself, had got him off, to the confusion of the "experts" produced by the State. Other frightful stories were told of him, and it was shown beyond dispute that he was one of the most infamous villains imaginable.

All this, however, did not help to explain what had become of him, except among some pious folk, who were satisfied that the Prince of Darkness had carried him off bodily. More skeptical philosophy was disposed to believe that he was still alive, and, snugly concealed somewhere, had the sardonic enjoyment of reading those things about himself, and the endless theories in regard to his fate.

It was beyond dispute that not the slightest trace of him could be found, and, after the most thorough investigation possible, the search was given up.

Meanwhile, John Greenlaw continued to reside at the farm. The weeks flew on, and one day he approached the subject of the marriage. Madeline showed confusion and a disinclination to talk of it; and the same thing happened a few days afterwards.

He went out of the house, and had walked a little way when a thought struck him, and he returned hastily and presented himself before Mrs. Stuart with a haggard face.

"Madeline, I understand you now at last. You believe I know more than I should of the fate of the missing man! Is it possible you think I took his life?"

"Oh, John! forgive me; but every miserable conjecture has crossed my mind. I know he insulted you, and—and you are so high-tempered—and then the customs of the lawless society in which you had lived—and your own confession, that you had visited his room——"

"Well, it is only natural that something of the kind should have occurred to you; still, I swear that more mistaken you could not have been. My instincts told me that he was a scoundrel at the instant I came into his presence, and on Christmas Eve I did go to his room with a knife in my hand to make him apologize for his conduct towards me before you; but he was gone—I did not see him—I saw no one. You can scarcely believe me, Madeline; but it is true."

"If there were only some proof."

"Proof! Is it possible that suspicion has attained that growth in your mind? Is it possible that, living here all this time, I have been looked upon as a murderer? Heaven knows it is time for me to go!"

He perhaps thought she would exhibit some agitation at this threat; but there was no such sign. He was indeed a hot-tempered young man, and his anger grew violent.

"Proof!" he exclaimed. "If people who *might* be guilty are investigated after this fashion, why should you not stand the test too? You had as much reason to desire his death as I—more! When we come to weigh motives, let us put yours in the balance also. Who knows but God and yourself what were *your* movements after we quitted the parlor that miserable Christmas Eve?"

She had risen to her feet, white as death. She could not speak, but stood pointing with a tremulous finger to the door.

"Go?" he said. "Certainly I will go; after to-day this is no fit place for me. And now I swear, Madeline, that I shall never come again under this roof until this mystery is cleared up. Farewell."

And he was gone, in rage and bitterness, and pretty nearly hating her. So we see that Dr. Ezekiel, notwithstanding his departure, had left a legacy of mischief, and whatever his bodily fate was, still evidently active in spirit.

John Greenlaw quitted the room fuming. He put on his hat, and, telling the servant that he would send for his trunk, set out to walk to the village.

As it was a pretty long stretch by the high road, people on foot generally took the short-cut through the churchyard. And this, fortunately, was the path chosen by our impulsive friend, John; and, to prolong the suspense no further, I will state at once that it led to the solution of the great mystery.

Just as he entered the little iron gate he met old John Wykes, the sexton, running feebly, with his hands raised in horror, and dismay in his weather-beaten face.

"Oh, sir! For the love o' God, come quickly! He's found the missin' man is found!"

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Greenlaw followed him quickly, and in a few minutes they reached the Stuart mausoleum. The door was open, and old Wykes pointed within.

On the floor, with his knees drawn up, and his arms around them, and his hands clasped, sat Dr. Ezekiel, quite dead, and already a horrid object. He was looking straight before him, with the same mocking smirk he was accustomed to wear when anything amused him in life. You would have almost imagined that his disappearance had been a piece of voluntary waggery, and that he had died in the enjoyment of it.

But something beside him told a different story—his handkerchief and a bottle of nitrate of amyle. He had evidently suffocated himself.

The facts were these:

On Christmas Eve the doctor left his room to keep his appointment with his wife, Lucy; but he had no idea of meeting her in the grounds. He pressed on through the churchyard with the design of catching her as she came by. His purpose was to suffocate her with the amyle, which leaves no trace, and bury the corpse in the snow, where, when the storm was over, it would be found and the death accounted for on natural grounds.

The tempest was beyond anything he had ever experienced, and it was only by almost superhuman effort that he managed to get on. Eventually he reached the Stuart vault, and, recollecting his little adventure there that afternoon, he concluded to take refuge within it. He did so, without thinking of consequences, closing the door.

Outside the wind continued to blow and the wind to drift, and in a very little while it was piled to a great height against the vault on all sides; and then began the rain and sleet.

It is difficult to conjecture when the miserable man first realized his situation; but he must have perceived at the moment he tried to open the door that it was hopeless. He was imprisoned by a compact mass of ice, to move which was impossible; he might as well have tried to move the great globe itself. It is not probable that he gave himself up to despair at once; with so hopeful and energetic a temperament the effort to escape must have been tremendous.

He certainly lived through Christmas Day and the day following, no doubt working hard all the time, and waiting for the thaw which he knew must follow before long. But in his position hours were ages, and his sufferings who can imagine? Still, it is probable that not till about the fourth day that, succumbing to horror and despair, he used the amyle to destroy himself. It was in the afternoon of this day that the thermometer began to rise.

Such was the fate of Dr. Ezekiel, so long involved in doubt, and the cause of so much pain and misunderstanding.

John Greenlaw, after looking at the ghastly spectacle for some time in silence, turned away and walked back to the farmhouse.

Madeline from the window saw him coming, and hastened out to the porch to meet him. His countenance told her that he had momentous news.

"He is found!" And in a few words he told the story, holding her hand in his. When he had finished they went silently in together.

Uncle Charley's Christmas Party.

By AUNT FANNY.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old bachelor *who loved children!* He had a fine house, which he delighted to fill with little ones on every possible occasion. He gave them parties on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Eve, Fourth of July, and every other holiday he could make for them. In short, he was the pleasantest, kindliest, dearest old "Uncle Charley" of a bachelor that ever turned everything upside down and topsy-turvy to please the small people: and I only wish that all the merry little men and maidens reading this story had known him, so that they, too, might have gone to his delightful parties.

Had known him? Why, bless your dear hearts! there's a chance yet; for he is living and flourishing at this very moment.

And now I am going to tell you of his last Christmas-party, and let you into the secret that there is to be another one just like it this coming Christmas, if all goes right. Perhaps you and I may receive an invitation, and *that*, you may well believe, would be charming!

But, before I begin, I must tell you how I came to be invited to the last one. I was visiting at the house of a friend, who has five delightful children—Frank, Alice, Becksie, Coaxie, and the baby, who, as yet, has no name at all. One morning we were sitting at the breakfast-table, eating, talking and laughing, when Mary (the maid) brought in four little paper boxes, which she said the postman had just left.

"Why, my name is on one of them!" said Frank.

"And mine on another!" cried Alice; "and this is for Becksie, and that one for Coaxie."

Frank took his box and the others took theirs, amid quite a twitter of curiosity. Off came the covers, and a little flat cracker dropped out of each box at the same moment.

"How funny!" exclaimed Frank—"a cracker! Something's printed on it! What is it?" and he read:

"'On Christmas Eve
Come and see
Uncle Charley's
Christmas-tree!'

"Hurrah!" he joyfully shouted; "it's an invitation to a party at Uncle Charley's! and he has sent it on a cracker!" upon which everybody burst out laughing—for it seemed so droll to bake invitations to a party upon a lot of crackers.

"What shall we do with them?" inquired Alice, But little Coaxie, who was only four years old, knew already what to do. She had privately tasted her invitation, and finding it good, was eating it up as fast as she could, whereupon the rest ate theirs, and seemed to enjoy them very much. The next day I also got a cracker-invitation, which Coaxie obligingly ate up for me.

This was a week before Christmas, and the children did not know how they *could* wait so long; but it passed very pleasantly, and the crisp, bright moonlight Christmas Eve came at last.

It did seem as if Becksie and Coaxie would jump out of their pretty white dresses, so much joyful jumping did they do, and the eyes of Alice and Frank shone with delightful anticipations. Frank went down-stairs three steps at a time, and Alice danced through the hall to the sleigh, as if she had wings on her feet. As I said, it was a bright, moonlight evening, but very cold. There had been a fine fall of snow, and the sleighing was excellent—so everybody was bundled up as warm as toast, and all the children crowded merrily into the sleigh, pulling me after them, and telling John, the coachman, to hurry, as it was extremely important to be at Uncle Charley's at the very beginning of the fun.

Such a blaze of light as the hall-door of the house flew open! Such a laughing crowd of gayly dressed children as rushed out of the parlor to see who had come next! Such a lot of little mites of children all clinging fast to Uncle Charley as he tried to struggle up to welcome us! And it was really worth a dozen "grown up" parties to see the good man with a very high shirt-collar on and a new white cravat in honor of the occasion; his face all smiles, his great handsome brown beard curling up with good-humor as he kissed the children, and shook hands with me, after which hearty welcome we took off our wraps, and all trooped into the parlor.

It was the front parlor. The sliding-doors were shut and locked, for several of the boys had tried to open them and could not succeed. Then they peeped through the keyhole, and announced to the rest that they saw something shining splendidly between the windows. The girls, too polite to peep, "guessed" that it must be the Christmas-tree, and told each other about the funny cracker notes, and, strange to tell, every one of them had eaten her invitation up, which information caused a merry trill of laughter to run all through the room, and when one of the girls asked Frank what he did with his cracker-invitation, and he shouted out, "I ate it up!" and all the boys hearing him cried, "So did I!" their hearty laughter came in like a jolly chorus.

Just then the front door-bell rang loudly. All the children rushed out, and stared with astonishment as two big Chinese boys entered hand-in-hand, scuffling and waddling up to Uncle Charley, each making three low bows in succession.

They wore long white jackets, or shirts, over embroidered dark-blue petticoats, under which were baggy blue trousers. On their heads were pagoda hats, with a bright button on the top of each. Their hair was shaved off in front, but hung down behind each head in a long plaited pig-tail. On their feet were queer-looking black shoes, with immense white soles and turned-up toes. The boys had yellow skins, broad, flat noses, long nails, and twinkling, slanting black eyes, and they looked for all the world just like the pictures we see upon Chinese fans and tea-chests. After Uncle Charley had shaken hands with them, each said, in a grave tone:

"How do? You belly muchee vell? We velly vell, allee samee."

These boys were the sons of a rich Chinese nobleman, or mandarin. I must tell you here that Uncle Charley had lived many years in Canton, where he was well known and respected, and from whence he had shipped many cargoes of tea. The mandarin had begged Uncle Charley to become guardian to his sons, whom he had sent to our country to be educated in our language and customs. They had been here one month at an excellent boarding-school, and they had received invitations to spend all their Christmas holidays with Uncle Charley.

The children, quite forgetting their politeness, kept looking at them in silent astonishment; then little Coaxie seemed to have something on her mind. Her *real* name was Eleanor; but long ago she had been called "Coaxie" because she was such a dear, coaxing little thing, and she had kept the name ever since. She went softly up to Uncle Charley and asked him, in a sweet, hesitating voice:

"Uncle Charley, tell me, what for made Dod put the hinges of their eyelids on so crooked?" at which the children could not keep from bursting, out laughing; and as Ah Sin and To-To laughed too, it was considered quite a comical speech.

And now the click of a key in a lock was heard, and the sliding-doors were rolling slowly away out of sight. The children hurried into the back-room, where the brilliant light of a hundred wax-candles amid the branches of a splendid fir-tree caused each of them to utter a great, breathless "Oh!" of delight and admiration. Festoons of Chinese lanters were hung from side to side of the room, at the sight of which Ah Sin and To-To exclaimed, "Melican feast likee Chinee, allee samee. Good!" upon which Frank whispered to one of them, "Did you get your invitation on a cracker?" and he answered, "S'pose this clacker Melican clacker—no allee samee Chinee clacker; he makes fire—go pop!"

"Oh, yes," returned Frank; I know. We have your fire-crackers, too; we fire them off on the Fourth of July;" upon which Ah Sin bowed and said "Tankee," as if he had received a compliment.

But the tree! How heavily the branches hung, laden with beautiful presents for everybody! What lovely and good and useful things that kind old bachelor uncle had provided for his dear little friends! Dolls for the girls, with dolls' houses, resting on the table near—for they were much too large for the tree; skates for the boys, with big sleds under the table, boxes of tools, boxes of building-blocks, paint-boxes, wagons, fire-engines, puzzles, and quantities of books, which, I think, were the best presents of all. For each one there was a tiny lace bag of candy, for Uncle Charley did not wish to ruin the health of the children with too many sweets.

When all the presents had been distributed, and everybody had exclaimed over them and danced around them, the good old bachelor made a little speech.

"Dear children," he said, "to-morrow some—perhaps all of you—will go to church, to celebrate the birth of Christ, and to thank God for His goodness to us all, and afterwards you will dine upon roasted turkey and other dainties. But"—and here his face grew tender and pitiful—"you must know that many a poor child will have no Christmas-present, and very little to eat. There will be no 'merry Christmas' for them. I have tried to remember this, and to-morrow some of these poor little ones are coming to dine with me. They will keep me from feeling lonely in this house, which will seem so big and empty when you are gone. Ah Sin and To-To will stay with me to-morrow; they will see the poor children's Christmas-tree, for they also are to have one. Would you like to look now at the things which are to be put upon it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried all the children.

Then Uncle Charley opened a closet-door, and there upon the shelves were piles of warm jackets for boys, and sacks for girls; nice woolen comforters for their necks, and stockings for their feet. But this was not all. Oh, no. There were dolls, and skates, and balls, and tops in plenty; for, let me tell you, poor children like toys quite as well as rich children do; indeed, a great deal better, for they get so few of them that they prize them accordingly.

The children gazed with the deepest interest upon the presents which, on the next day, were to make so many poor children happy; and dear little Coaxie went up to Uncle Charley, and after taking two gum-drops out of her lace candy-bag, and, dropping them into her mite of a pocket, she cooed out, in her sweet voice:

"Here, Uncle Charley, take my candy-bag and dive it to a poor 'ittle dirl."

Upon which he caught her up, and kissing her rosy cheek, he said:

"God bless my little darling!—so I will."

I think that a tear fell from his kind eyes upon Coaxie's white dress, but I will not be certain. The little child's generous act fired the rest, and every one gave something out of their abundance for the poor children. Ah Sin presented his own private chop-sticks, with which he ate his rice, and which he always kept in his pocket; and To-To took the shiny button from the top of his pagoda hat, as his most precious possession, and put it on a shelf in the closet. It is true that these two were droll-looking Chinese boys with pigtails and slanting eyes; but that was no reason why they should not have hearts as tender as the rest.

After this there came a very great surprise; for, when the closet-door had been closed and the children went back to the front parlor, they found Mr. Punch in his house, bowing and grinning at them. In a twinkling all the chairs were placed in rows, and the play of "Punch and Judy" began. Punch beat poor Judy, and the baby, and the policeman, and killed them all, one after the other, singing a song and dancing a jig as each one fell down dead—to the intense delight of the boys, and the consternation of the girls, who told him with great indignation that he ought to be ashamed of himself to behave so cruelly. The littlest ones were so distressed, that they began to cry, when Uncle Charley hastened to tell them that it was all make-believe. Punch, Judy, the baby and all, were only wooden-dolls, which a man, shut up in a box, held in his hands, and banged about against each other, while he talked for Punch and the rest in a high, squeaky voice; at which the little ones brightened up and were comforted, though not one of them would have banged her doll in such a dreadful manner even if she knew and could realize that it was made of kid and sawdust.

After this entertainment, Coaxie sang this little song in a voice as sweet as a robin's.

"My Kitty is white, with a pretty pink nose;
She sits by the fire and counts all her toes.
Hey, Kitty! he, Kitty! come here and play,
And don't sit counting your toes all day!"

Then Ah Sin stood on one leg, and sticking the other straight out before him, he whistled such a funny tune! He shook his head from side to side, his arms went up and down like pump-handles while he pointed up with his fore-fingers, and every once in a while he twirled round and round, which, perhaps, was when the chorus came in. It was so droll that the children laughed until they were breathless; and when Ah Sin got through he, also, was so breathless, that it would have been quite a boon if Mr. North Wind could have come in at the window and presented them all with an extra breath or two apiece.

Not to be outdone by his brother, To-To started up, and favored the company with this impromptu song in pigeon-English:

"Chinee velly good boys, come to Melliky,
Eat plenty rice—that every day.
Night come; To-To go to sleep quickee,
Ah Sin, he chin-chin on the tum-tum play."

At which Ah Sin laughed heartily, and poked To-To in the side. Ah Sin was very fond of music, and spent his evenings learning to play on the banjo—while To-To went to bed, and snored away like a trumpet for a chorus.

Then Ah Sin, who seemed to have his frolicking machinery wound up so tight that he couldn't stop, said, with the merriest twinkle in his slant eyes, that he knew "A Melican sing-song, velly nice, allee samee." Pointing his long fore-fingers up in the air, he began swinging round till his pigtail stood out horizontally and described a great circle; then, coming to a sudden standstill, he sang in a voice like a distressed cat with the end of its tail shut up in a door:

"Was gal named Moll had lamb,
Fleas allee samee white snow.
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba-ba hoppee long too.

It lun bound to school allee samee one day;
My thinkee this time to rule;
Little chilee makee plenty laugh and play
Allo time ba-ba leadee book in school.

Ole gal scoldee, 'You catchee eclape; gaunt!'
Ba-ba go—thinkee stay near;
Allee samee cuissly, walk 'bout;
Bym-by, Moll gal makee 'pear.

What for makee ba-ba love Moll gal so?
Little chilee allo samee makee cry.
Moll gal love ba-ba velly muchee know;
Chin-chin allee samee lesson why."

This elegant performance was received with shouts of laughter and applause. The Chinese boys became quite the "lions" of the evening—and they learned the American games so quickly. They joined the little ones in "Oats peas beans," and were as good as the best in guessing, "shouting proverbs" with the bigger ones. After playing these games, all were regaled with ice-cream, delicate sponge-cake, and as much lemonade as they wished; and before they had quite finished this dainty refreshment the nurses and fathers came to take them to their homes, and the delightful party was at an end.

"Oh, how I do wish it would begin over again," sighed Coaxie.

"So do I! So do I!" chorused all the others. But that could not be: so the little ones kissed Uncle Charley; the big ones shook hands, and all thanked him for their presents, and the pleasant time they had had, while the Chinese boys, who were to stay, kept bowing like mandarins, and saying:

"Goody-by! I likee you velly muchee. Velly good place, Mellikee. New Yo'k City velly good. Canton City velly good, allee samee. Muchee snow and lain here, makee street velly wet. No snow in Canton City, and velly lit lain. Goody-by," and they kept on bowing and smiling so earnestly that their slanting eyes were nearly shut up.

I wish they could tell you in their comical English, how, on the next day, the house was as full as an egg of poor children, with many of their poor, tired mothers who had long known Uncle Charley as their best earthly friend. The hard-worked women sat resting, and looking so grateful and happy, while the children received their gifts. But how can I picture their joyful, thankful faces when each one was afterwards presented with a warm, handsome blanket shawl! And, oh! didn't the nice hot dinner taste delicious? So much of it, too! Roast beef, chicken-pie, all sorts of vegetables, and good strong tea—which was almost the best of all—it seemed to comfort them so, and then tied up in papers all ready to take away with them, quite a quantity for each, of tea, sugar, and flour. For my part, I really think that this party was far finer than the other. It filled Ah Sin with such admiration for his guardian that he exclaimed:

"Uncle Charley velly good, poor childlun chop, chop, and women chin-chin goss topsidy house for he." (Poor child run very fast, and women pray up-stairs for him), and To-To added:

"He first-class New Yo'k mandarin," both of which speeches were very high compliments in the best pigeon English—which the boys had heard all their lives among the English who lived in Canton.

But they were learning a better English, and as they were very bright, no doubt they will soon talk as we do. And this very coming Christmas, as I told you, there is to be another party. The Chinese boys will be invited. I know that now they wear the same clothes that American boys do. At first they were unwilling to alter their dress; but they were sensible little fellows, and soon discovered that "one must do in Rome as the Romans do"—that is, conform to the customs of the place you are in; so now the long pigtails of Ah Sin and To-To are cut off, and the jet-black hair grows thick and short all over their heads. To be sure, they cannot change their yellow skins and little slanting eyes; but their hearts are just as tender and generous as those of the best of the boys I know who have rosy cheeks and big bright eyes.

Mr. Punch is already engaged, and we will hope to get invitations, which, if not baked upon crackers, will be something just as original, droll, and delightful.

New England in the Olden Time.

IT was in the brave old days, while the names of the brave John Smith and the beautiful Pocahontas were as yet familiar in the months of the sturdy New Englanders as household words, that Rosa Carew, the "White Rose" as she was called, prepared to decorate the manor-house with all the bravery of holly and ivy, for Yuletide was at hand with its gladness, its joys and its greetings. It was Christmas Eve, and she stood in the great hall, her fair cousin Alice beside her, gayly chanting as she flew hither and thither the words of the old song:

"When berries, red berries,
Are hung up on high,
Remember, sweet maiden,
Your lover is nigh,
When berries, white berries,
Hang over your head,
You'll be kissed by the lover
You're fated to wed."

The hall was in a jovial litter. Retainers were busy in nailing up the bright glistening leaves, clotted with red, busy in filling tankards with home-brewed ale, busy in sorting gayly-plumaged game, busy in bearing Christmas greenery, busy in carrying groaning dishes. Rosa stood in their midst issuing directions with laughing graciousness, and was about to fill a flagon with her own fair hands, when her father entered the hall, accompanied by one Master Jasper Mortimer, the very sight of whom caused the fair girl's heart to leap beneath her bodice.

"What is this pretty thing," demanded Rosa's father, with a laugh in his eye, as he held on high a sprig of mistletoe.

Rosa blushed deeply as she smilingly replied: "'Twas sent me, father, to remind me of our Christmas sports in England."

"Oh," laughed the sturdy old gentleman, as, turning to Jasper, he explained. "Hung on high at this season, it confers a pleasant privilege. He who can bring a young maiden under these white berries may claim from her—in all modesty and honor—a salute."

"By my halidom, a gracious custom, if it be observed with due reverence," exclaimed Master Jasper Mortimer, and, placing the bough which he had taken from the hands of his host, he gayly cried: "By your leave, fair Mistress Rosa."

And as the red roses on the lips of the White Rose were kissed, her Cousin Alice sang merrily:

"When berries, white berries,
Hang over your head,
You'll be kissed by the lover,
You're fated to wed."

And that kiss turned the White Rose into Dame Rosa Mortimer.

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NEW ENGLAND IN THE (

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N TIME.—See Page 327.

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A Ghastly Revelation.

By S. ROBINSON.

MY friend—ay, friend—George Cavendish, died upon the fourteenth day of December, 1872. We had been flung together upon the world, had fought a heavy fight against desperate odds; fought it boldly and well. He succumbed to brain-fever. Although we had been estranged for some time, I attended him with an aching heart, heard his wild, incoherent ravings, his low valedictory sigh, and received the last look he was ever destined to cast upon this side of his untimely grave, ere he started on that mysterious journey we must all—high and low, simple and gentle—travel, *alone*.

Unnerved, unfit for work, and with a sense of utter desolation hanging darkly round me like the mourning-cloak which I had worn at the funeral of my departed friend, I rejected all offers of sympathy, all overtures of companionship. I was indeed alone!

Christmas was at hand. Right merrily the standard of holly and ivy was unfurled to the crisp, wintry breeze, and the Christian world, aglow with preparation, was reveling in visions of home mirth and home happiness.

How to avoid Christmas was my one abiding thought.

Remain in London? No!

Accept the invitation of the De Traffords, of Trafford Chase, to a party as joyous as that which assembled at Dingly Dell? No.

I would remain in my chambers, and let my own sorrow eat into my own heart.

Upon the twentieth of December, Humphrey Pallas, a man with whom I was intimate, called to my chambers on a matter connected with a case in which I held a brief.

I was in the act of stepping into the street when I encountered him, and a paltry half-minute would have saved me the interview. If Humphrey Pallas had been stopped by a friend, delayed at a crossing, attracted to a shop-window, the current of my life might have run smoothly on. But it was not to be. It was written otherwise.

He was in deep mourning for his young wife.

"I have shut up the old rookery in Staffordshire," he said. "The word Christmas is absolutely hateful to me."

The tears rushed unbidden to his eyes, and a choking sob bespoke the great grief welling up from his heart.

"Rookery?" I observed, wishing to divert his thoughts into another channel.

"Yes, rookery. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne; and, with the exception of a new wing to replace a portion of the building burned down by the Jacobites in the '15,' it remains, furniture and all, a musty, fusty, tumble-down old place; but I haven't the heart to touch stick or stone of it."

"Have you closed the place?"

"Hermetically sealed it, and dismissed the servants, with the exception of one old crone that Janet, my wife, seemed to have a regard for."

"What are your plans?"

"I have none. Of one thing—only one—I am certain, and that is, that I shall go out of England for Christmas."

The idea came to me that I should like to spend my Christmas at Maberly Hall. My dead friend had passed many a happy day there; had spoken of the quaint old place over and over again, had flung his incoherent thoughts upon it during the hideous ravings of his death-illness.

"I should like to stop at the Hall during the forthcoming so-called festive season, Pallas, if you wouldn't mind it."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Is it possible that ——"

"It is my mood, old fellow, and you will not balk it, will you?"

"Not I, indeed. You are a thousand times welcome, but you'll have a dull time of it."

"*Couleur de rose* would sicken me just now."

A few words, and the details were arranged. A few words, and the seal was affixed to a resolution binding me, while memory lasts, to one ghastly—Let the narrative speak for itself.

I started upon the afternoon of the twenty-third by the four o'clock train from Euston Station.

A dull, dead, heavy, drenching rain was sullenly falling as I alighted at Stavely Station.

"I require a fly to take me over to Maberly Hall."

"There be no fly *here*, and there be nobody *there*," was the laconic observation of the official whom I had addressed.

I resolved upon walking. There was nothing else for it. My luggage consisted of an old-fashioned carpet-bag, into which I had stowed a change of dress, and a packet of private papers belonging to George Cavendish. I had brought these papers with me in order to be enabled to peruse them at leisure, and to place myself face to face with the past by the sad, solemn link of the handwriting of the dead man.

Slinging the bag across my shoulders, and lighting my pipe, I set out into the darkness for Maberly Hall.

The silence of that night I shall never forget. It was unnatural—appalling; not a dog barked, and the plash of a rat into an inky pool alone broke the horribly monotonous muffled echo of my own tramp, tramp. The darkness was intense, and when the road became overshadowed with the gaunt branches of the leafless trees, I was compelled to probe my way with my umbrella, like one smitten with a sudden blindness. Twice I struck a match—once, but not an instant too soon! Another step and I had fallen headlong into a disused quarry-hole, the hideous depths of which my miserably feeble, flickering light utterly failed to fathom.

I reached the lodge at Maberly Hall. My instructions were so complete, that I was enabled to open the wicket gate and pass through, as though such had been my daily practice from childhood.

The avenue leading to the Hall lay before me cavernous as a railway tunnel.

I plunged into it.

Was there no hand to force me back? No signal-pole to denote caution? No red light to warn me of my danger?

I had walked, possibly, about four hundred yards in a darkness so intense that, had I been blindfolded and placed in an apartment from which every ray of light had been excluded, my vision could not have been more securely sealed. I held my bag in my left hand while I groped my way, by means of my umbrella, with my right. My matches had become damp and were rendered utterly useless.

I suddenly stopped, without exactly knowing why or wherefore—stopped, and could feel my heart beating up in my very throat—beating to suffocation.

A strange, sickening sensation crept over me, as though some foul and filthy animal were crawling upon and covering me with its noisome saliva.

One awful second! One flash of thought, and *I knew that I was not alone!*

I have not been brought face to face with death at the cannon-mouth. I have not been upon the verge of eternity on the deck of the sinking ship. I have not been placed in any of those perilous positions where men are tested to the uttermost limits of their endurance, and therefore I cannot determine whether I am what is termed a brave man or a cowardly one; but that shock, such as startled my very soul, was so fraught with so much mysterious horror that no nature, however bold—no human mind, however evenly balanced by philosophy, or fortified by the sublimities of religion, could have experienced it without recoiling, as in a swoon of an indefinable terror.

This I felt in my soul.

There was something beside me in the cavernous gloom, and that thing was not of this earth!

I called up my reasoning powers to strike one blow in my behalf and crush down the maddening thought by the sheer weight of common sense.

I endeavored to speak, but my mouth was dry and parched and my tongue refused its office. A cold perspiration bathed me from head to foot, and I literally shook in a very palsy of terror—terror, unaccountable terror.

I would have given thousands of golden sovereigns, had I possessed them, for the company of the filthiest plague-stricken wretch ever vomited from prison or hospital—thousands of golden sovereigns for a single glint of God's dayshine. Every instant I expected to be touched by the *thing!*—every instant that *it* would reveal its presence in some awful and some freezing manner.

I crouched as if for a spring, every nerve, every fibre, at its highest tension.

Suddenly the impulse came upon me to fly, and I unhesitatingly obeyed it.

I rushed through the darkness with a swiftness that must have destroyed me had I come into contact with any resisting object. A second before, and I had been treading with the caution of feebleness and age. Now I was dashing onwards, with life, dear life, awaiting me at the goal.

The spurt passed away, and I slackened my pace, but the same nameless terror clung to me, for the same presence evolved it. Where was I? Was this avenue interminable, or had I crossed the Plutonian shore, and entered the region of perpetual darkness? Was I doomed? Was I——

At length, when nearly spent, for my heart was in my throat, a dim shadowing told me that the avenue had been passed, and that the deeper darkness ahead was the looming up of the Hall.

I staggered to the steps, reeled up to the great door, and, after a little groping, reached a knocker, which I clutched as a drowning man clutches the plank or rope that is to bear him to safety, and thundered wildly—thundered with a din that would have awakened the dead.

Awakened the dead!

My appeal was responded to. The last bolt had drawn back, and the door was about to yawn for me, when, great God! a clammy, icy hand was laid upon mine, while two soulless, lightless, ghastly eyes, embedded in a green ooze——

My flesh quivers as I recall the supreme ecstasy of the horror of that unearthly gaze.

The old crone, who had flung open the portal as though I had been an expected and honored guest, led me, shaking with the ague of terror, along a series of gloomy passages. This by the aid of a solitary candle, which rather seemed to make the darkness more visible than to afford the necessary adjunct of light. The shadow upon the wall, as we silently traversed the corridors, seemed weird and witch-like, and singularly *en rapport* with the fever of my thoughts.

How closely I followed that old hag, the touch of her limp garments being priceless companionship.

A bright fire crackled in the huge grate of the oaken wainscoted room, into which she ushered me, and, although I leant over it until I could have fairly shrieked with pain, I could not touch the ice in my heart, the ice in my marrow, the ice in my soul.

Upon a small table, drawn cozily to the hearth, stood a decanter, labeled "Brandy," from which I poured about half a pint, draining it at a gulp. Then, and only then, did I muster up courage to gaze at the back of the hand that had been touched by *the thing*. Did that awful touch leave any mark? No; my hand, remarkably white, seemed whiter than usual. Was I, then, suffering from a spasm of overheated imagination? Had my senses for a brief interval become unhinged, and my mind loosened from its moorings? Had reasoning power been hurled from its throne, and had thought danced a wild measure in my hitherto unexcitable brain? All these questions I asked of myself, but no answer did I receive, save one.

"*The presence is here—is with you. No effort of yours, mentally or physically, can free you.*"

With something akin to a shiver I perceived that the table was laid for two persons.

Surely the wretched old hag, who was busying herself with the fire, did not intend to plague *me* with her company. Humphrey Pallas had distinctly informed me that the Hall was untenanted, save by this woman, to whom his dead wife had taken a fancy.

Humphrey Pallas knew, too, that I was in no mood for company.

"You have laid the table for two persons," I shouted into the old woman's ears, for she was very deaf.

"Ees, I heave—that's right," with a hideous chuckle.

"Was the table laid for *me?*"

"Ees."

"Did you expect me?"

"The measter sent word that you was comin'."

"Is there anybody else coming?"

"Ees."

"Who?"

"One as won't be denied—one who is always here—Mister George Cavendish."

I reeled as if struck by a bullet!

The mention of my dead friend at such a moment! The mention of my dead friend in such a manner!

"Mr. George Cavendish is dead," I cried, hoarsely.

The old woman shook her head slowly from side to side, and, with a hideous leer, meant to convey that she was too wary to be deceived by so weak an invention, chuckled.

"No—no, sir; he beant dead. I seen him this very night," and, lowering her voice to a whining whisper, she added, "and I seen *her*."

"*Her!* Whom do you mean?" I cried.

This was the woman's reply:

"*She was stannin' on the steps behind him when I let you in.*"

I sank into a chair. Those soulless eyes, floating in green ooze. That clammy clasp——

I was feebly struggling in an ocean of horrors, every wave dashing me on to the fire-laden shore of insanity.

I dare not question the hag any further—at least not yet.

The woman was sober.

"Remove those," I yelled, pointing to the extra knife and fork and plate.

"He's sure to be here," she mumbled, as she reluctantly carried out my order. "Dead, indeed! There's many alive that's thought to be dead, and many dead that's thought to be alive. And there be many out of their shrouds that ought to be in them, and there be some in them that ought to be hale and hearty and bonnie this awful night."

As she spoke, a gust of wind rattled every door and shutter in the old hall, while a moan, as of a lost soul upon receiving condemnation, made itself heard over the howling and whistling and clattering of the storm.

"Ay, ay, a bad night to be out o' doors. A bad night to be lying in the bottom of the pool amongst the rotten weeds, with horse-leeches twisting in your bonnie brown hair."

The woman was thinking aloud. Then, as if suddenly recalling time and place:

"Will you take your supper now, sir?"

I nodded assent. Anything to get rid of her. Even my own eddying thoughts were preferable to such weird companionship. Supper? I could not have eaten a mouthful to have saved ten thousand lives.

"That's your bedroom—the sheets are well-aired and laundried. They was at the fire all day yesterday, and all day to-day."

She pointed to a door at the extremity of the apartment, a massive oaken door, black as ebony, and overladen with grotesque carving. It resembled the entrance to a vault. The room which I occupied was low-ceilinged but very spacious, with an oaken floor, and wainscoted in oak; the furniture was of the same material. Over the gaping fireplace a small mirror, in an elaborately carved oaken frame, stretching its ornamentation all over the panel, reflected the sepulchral light of a moderator-lamp.

A few portraits adorned the walls, and a well-worn Turkey carpet covered the greater portion of the floor. There were two doors to the apartment, one by which I had entered, the other leading to the bedroom.

The brandy was doing good work, and the blazing fire was aiding and abetting it. As I tasted the one, and gazed at the other, I commenced to almost to realize that the recent horrors were but the outcome of an imagination rendered morbid by grief, coming upon overwork, and I played the realities of the present against the dim unrealization of the immediate past. For a moment I thought of returning to London, but the idea of having to pass through the terrible darkness of the avenue dispelled the intention, while an angry howl of the wind, and the fierce pattering of rain on the window-pane, told me it would be worse than folly to think of stirring upon a night when even a dog would not be turned adrift.

"Pshaw!" I cried, aloud. "What has come over you, John Hallowes? Are you mad, or drunk, or dreaming? Are you awake, man? You have all that you have been sighing for. A lonely Christmas in a lonely old house. Pit into the situation, and make yourself at home!"

Upon opening my carpet-bag, for the purpose of taking out my slippers, I discovered that it was soaked with rain. The wet had penetrated, and such articles as happened to lie towards the outer edges were considerably damped. Amongst these the packet of papers belonging to my dead friend. I instantly hastened to dry the packet, and for that purpose placed it tenderly inside of the fender, but without loosening the string.

Some of the papers curled under the pressure of the heat. One of these would seem to have forced its way almost out of the bundle. I took up the packet for the purpose of thrusting it back into its proper place when the following words, written in George Cavendish's unmistakable hand, met my startled gaze.

"To be read by John Hallowes only, and to be destroyed by him the moment he has finished the perusal."

I plucked it from the packet. This paper was to be read by *me*, John Hallowes, and then destroyed *instanter*.

I resolved upon reading it there and then.

Oh, why did I break that seal?

Oh, why did not that icy, clammy, oozy hand intervene between me and that paper, and bear it beyond mortal reach?

A strange foreboding of evil smote me as I broke the seal. I was treading upon the verge of a precipice.

"To you, John Hallowes, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving and defenseless woman."

These were the words with which the document commenced. These were the words which seared themselves on my brain.

Taking a gulp of the brandy, I pulled myself together and began to read.

"John Hallowes. I am about to tell you all—*all*, mind you. I write as the thoughts come to me. I attempt no style. I make no effort to shape my ideas. I take them rough-hewn out of the stone, yes the stone, which was once a beating, bounding, palpitating heart, full of red blood, full of the champagne of youth and of love.

"I shall extenuate nothing. I will not go in for special pleading. Special pleading will be of little use to me at the bar before which I shall have to defend myself from *her* impeachment. What I write is absolutely true. It is the confession of a dying—of a dead man.

"While you read this, John Hallowes, wherever you may be—in palace or hovel, on the mountain side or in the depths of the deepest mine, on railroad or steamboat, on horseback or on foot, in a crowd or alone, in the twilight or moonlight, I shall lean over your shoulder and read it with you, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, word by word."

Merciful heaven! I felt those soulless orbs peering over my frozen body. That clammy, oozy hand stretched forth to turn the page with mine, and yet I *must* read on.

"John Hallowes, you know the Haymarket Theatre. You know the stage-entrance in Suffolk Place. My friends, the Kendals, were playing in 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' I had accepted an invitation to sup with them, and to take a seat in their brougham to their villa at Kensington. The House of Commons clock had just rung out eleven as I passed up Suffolk Place. I preferred to finish my cigar in the quiet moonlight to entering the hot, unwholesome, saw-dusty, gassy, orange-peely atmosphere of the theatre.

"Would to God I had never learned to smoke! To the cigar I was then carelessly puffing, I—but I shall tell my story by its own detail.

"A young girl came out of the theatre. I see her now—ay, see, John Hallowes—at this very instant, standing in the doorway, with the light of the moon altering her all too lovely face. She pauses to fasten a glove-button with a girlish grace all her own. The button resists, she makes a delicious *moue* as she struggles with it. She conquers, and smiles as she turns into the street. A man is slouching near at hand—a well-dressed man—in a shiny hat and Poole-cut clothes. He accosts her. She endeavors to pass. He persists. She stands perfectly still.

"'If you were a gentleman,' she cries in hot anger, 'you would not insult an unprotected girl!'

"'Bah!' he retorts, 'our acquaintance must begin somehow.'

"'I desire no acquaintanceship with you.'

"'But I insist that you and I shall be good friends. I am Lord Arthur Fredhaven.'

"'Am I free to pass, my lord?' she says, with quiet dignity, 'or am I to return to the theatre?'

"'You'll come and take some champagne with me, Katie Delane. All pretty girls love champagne.'

"He snatches her hand and attempts to draw it beneath his arm.

"An uncontrollable impulse seized upon me—an unendurable fire of anger blazed up in my heart.

"I sprang forward.

"'Unhand the young lady,' I fiercely whispered.

"He turned and faced me.

"'Who the deuce are you?'

"'I am George Cavendish—barrister, Middle Court, Temple, Lord Arthur Fredhaven. Miss Delane, may I offer you my arm?'

"She was trembling violently.

"'Do not be alarmed,' I whispered. 'It's only cads who insult women.'

"We turned into Suffolk Street, from there into the Haymarket, and on till we struck Piccadilly.

"'You have come quite far enough with me, Mr. Cavendish,' she said. 'I am quite safe, now.'

"'Are you? Don't look round, but a hansom has followed us from the Haymarket, and I've no doubt my Lord Arthur Fredhaven is snugly ensconced inside; so, you see, I am bound to escort you to your residence.'

"'It is awfully far; Knightsbridge.'

"'A charming walk, and such a night, Miss Delane.'

"We chatted gayly, as we lounged along, and the girl told me the outline of her life.

"Her father was dead. Her mother was dependent upon her late husband's father, a well-to-do auctioneer, for support for herself and three girls, of whom 'Katy' was the eldest. She had received but an indifferent education, and was now but seventeen. The manager of the theatre was intimate with her grandfather, from whom he hired drawing-room and library suits of furniture for stage sets. These business relations caused the auctioneer to visit the theatre pretty often, and, when in good-humor, he would take his granddaughter, whom he employed as a polisher in his warehouse, both before and behind the curtain. Katy Delane soon became known to the employees of the theatre, and was allowed access to the stage, where it was her habit to stand at the wings, devouring the performance, actors, actresses, properties, everything.

"I found the girl *naive* and natural to a degree; light-hearted, and her heart of seventeen full of the sunshine of life in the bud.

"Lord Fredhaven had addressed her but a few nights before.

"'I was standing at the prompter's side,' she said, 'and watching Madge Robertson as *Galatea* coming to life—isn't she exquisite?—when this man came beside me, and commenced staring at me till I felt my cheeks actually burning. I din't even look at him, but left the wing and went up another entrance. I was alone here, and the fellow followed me. He said something, I don't know what, but one of the fly-men came to speak to me and he sloped off. When I went back to the prompt-wing I saw him in a stage-box with a lot of

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others, and he put up his glass and kept it there ever so long. But I held to my post, and just showed him that I wasn't going to lose my evening's amusement by his impertinence. As I was leaving the theatre, he was in the passage leading to the stage-door. 'Good-night,' he said, thrusting a piece of paper into my hand. I flung it away and ran like a redshank down Suffolk Place, nor did I stop till I reached Burlington House, thinking he might be after me.'

"Mrs. Delane resided in a shabby little house in a squalid street.

"'Won't you come in, and see mamma? She always sits up for me,' said Katy, as she rang at the rickety bell.

"I was left no option, for the door opened ere I could say yea or nay.

"'Come in, Mr. Cavendish,' she said. 'Mamma, this gentleman escorted me home, for that nasty fellow—he turns out to be a lord—that I was telling you about, stopped me near the theatre, and was very impertinent: and if Mr. Cavendish had not been there, he would have been more so: but I would have,' she doubled up a dainty little fist and clinched her pearly teeth, 'pounded him well, thumped him black and blue. Oh, I would, Mr Cavendish,' nodding her head vigorously.

"'That theatre is no place for you, Katie,' observed her mother, a tall, thin, faded woman, without an ounce of will.

"'Why, it's the only place for me, mamma,' retorted the girl. 'It's the only place I can hear music, I can see acting, I can have real amusement. I rub, rub, rub ricketty old furniture all day till my arms feel ready to drop off, and if I hadn't passages from plays to run over, and the hope of seeing a lot more, I think I would take a dose of French polish and go varnished up to heaven.'

"'She is very self-willed, but very good, sir,' sighed Mrs. Delane, as Katie smothered her in kisses. 'She can do with me as she likes, and she knows it. I wish she had some one to whom she would——'

"'Love, honor, and obey! Thank you, mamma. Not just yet, if you please.' courtesying to the earth, and turning to me. 'That's the way Marie Wilton courtesies in the minuet in the "School for Scandal." Isn't she lovely? Oh, if I could be Marie Wilton or Madge Robertson! But I have no talent for anything,' adding, with a light laugh, 'not even for French polishing.'

"Katie came to the doorstep with me.

"'I like you,' she exclaimed, in her own *naïve* way, 'and, oh, yes, I'd like to see you again. If I never see you, my heart won't break, and yours is nineteenth century—stern stuff.'

"John Hallowes, as I walked back to the Temple that night, Katie Delane's bright, beautiful, young face confronted me like that glorious portrait, by Sir Joshua, of Kitty Fisher, one which you and I have hung together, and raved and gushed over. I see Katie Delane now—ay, at this very instant! Look at her exquisite, oval face! Look at the dark-brown hair drawn tight from the ivory forehead, fair as May-blossoms. Look at those blush-gray eyes, set wide apart like those of a child, with a tinge of violet! Mark the bashful yet wild look, full of innocent joy and startled love! See that delicate nose, so *piquante* in its *retroussé*, those pink, tenderly-carved nostrils! Do you see that mouth? Look at those rich, moist, warm lips—the upper one curling in laughter or scorn, the under one pouting demurely, and all so temptingly! There are teeth! The pearl that Cleopatra dissolved for Antony's sake never was whiter or more lustrous than those teeth! And what a chin! how rounded! how dimpled! Did you ever behold such a type of fresh, piquant loveliness?"

I could almost realize the picture. I knew that *he* was gazing at it while I read. The letter seemed on fire! Nevertheless, I read on.

"Yes, John Hallowes, I thought of Katie Delane all the way to the Temple, and day was dawning over the stone marked Oliver Goldsmith as I entered my chambers. Upon the following morning I passed and repassed the furniture warerooms of Thomas Delane, and in my mind's eye conjured the *naïve* girl—her white rounded arm, bare to the elbow, engaged in the dreary and unsympathetic slavery of polishing second-hand furniture into first-class shininess.

"One night—it might have been a week or perhaps ten days—after my first meeting with Katie Delane, I again encountered her, and this time behind the scenes.

"She blushed a rosy red as I took her hand, and I kept that hand in mine; nor did she attempt to withdraw it for some little time, and then it was with a jerk as though the idea suddenly smote her that my hand was not the fitting nest for hers.

"'Are you for a walk to-night?' I asked, as the curtain slowly descended.

"'*I* don't mind.'

"Again I escorted her home. Again she filled my thoughts as I walked back to the Temple—filled them, John Hallowes, till I brought myself face to face with the picture, and calmly asked 'Whither?'

"I am a Cavendish, of the ducal house of Devonshire. My mother is the daughter of Earl de Grey; my brother is married to an Essex; my sister to a Grosvenor. We are *sangre azul* to the tips of our fingers, and no *mésalliance* has sullied the stream of purple blood since we came to the front.

"Could I marry this girl?

"Impossible.

"Then why——

"Why what?—I asked of the devil in my nature and of my conscience; and the devil in my nature—the devil who has dragged me down to hell—*hell*, John Hallowes, laughed the laugh of Mephistopheles.

"I resolved not to see Katie Delane, and accepted a fishing invitation in Ireland.

"Upon my return, I found amongst my many letters, one which sent a strange thrill through my heart.

"I knew that it was from the girl whom I had at least done something to avoid.

"'DEAR MR. CAVENDISH (it ran)—Why do you never come to the theatre? I want to ask your advice. Do not blame me for writing. Pshaw! I do not care whether you do or not.

"'Yours, KATIE.'

"This letter was four weeks old. Would I reply to it? Why not let her surprise at remaining unanswered turn into anger, anger to contempt?

"It were better——

"Why, on the other hand, humiliate and insult this girl. She might be sorely in need of friendly counsel. Perhaps this Lord Frodhaven had been renewing his audacious and infamous proposals, and her heart had bidden her call upon me to again come to the rescue.

"I turned the question over—debated it in my own mind, and in cold blood finally resolved upon letting our acquaintance go by default. It was a momentary struggle, decided by the arrival of a brief in a very important case—you will recall the case, John Hallowes—Bodfin *versus* Thistlethank, Queen's Bench.

"For two days I crammed, and on the morning of the third drove to Westminster Hall. As the hansom was dashing down Whitehall I saw Katie Delane walking rapidly in the direction of Trafalgar Square. My heart leaped into my throat. A block took place, compelling vehicles to go at a walk, and as she passed she glanced into the hansom. She started violently, grew deadly pale, looked me full in the face, and cut me dead. I reached Westminster in a state of fever, and how I got through the case is still a puzzle to me. Her pale face and reproachful, yet haughty, eyes, were before me in the Lord Chief Justice, in the jury, in the witnesses and the spectators.

"I dined, or, rather, I pretended to dine, that night at the Club, and eight o'clock found me at the Haymarket Theatre.

"*She* came in about nine o'clock, and took up her accustomed place at the prompt entrance.

"God! how my heart beat as I approached her.

"'How do you do, Miss Delane?' I palpitated.

"She started.

"How pale and thin and anxious she looked.

"'Did you receive a note from me?' she demanded, in a quick, brusque tone.

"'I did.'

"'And you didn't answer it?"

"And, ere I could interfere by word or act, she had turned on her heel and had disappeared.

"I started after her.

"'Has Miss Delane left the theatre?' I asked of the stage doorkeeper.

"'This instant, sir.'

"I dashed down Suffolk Place, and came up with her as she was turning into Suffolk Street.

"'Miss Delane!' I said.

"'Well,' she cried, stopping abruptly, and facing me.

"'I have been away, and——'

"'But you got my letter.'

"'Only on Tuesday morning.

"'Why did—— Pshaw! Good-night, Mr. Cavendish,' and she turned from me.

"Why did I not let her go? Oh, why did I not let her go on her way, John Hallowes, and why did I not go upon mine?

"The devil had me, body and soul, when my right foot stepped one pace down Suffolk Street.

"I followed her.

"'Miss Delane, I will not allow you to leave me until I explain——'

"'I require no explanation.'

"I do not know what I said. I know that I found Katie Delane's hand in mine, and that she was sobbing bitterly—sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Observing that we were being noticed—this occurred in Suffolk Street—I drew her hand in my arm and turned away.

"'I want to speak to you,' she suddenly exclaimed, after a silence. 'I wrote asking your advice. You must advise me. Mamma is the puppet of grandpapa, so are my sisters. I am to a certain extent, but no further. Mr. Cavendish, grandpapa insists upon my marrying.'

"A subtle sense of relief came to me, a sort of reprieve. A light shone brightly, ever so brightly, afar off, over the troubled waters of my heart. The goal was in sight—I was safe.

"Yes, John Hallowes, as God has judged me ere this, and all hope is burnt out in hell fire, I felt a thrill of startled ecstasy when the girl uttered these words. She relied upon me to advise her, and my resolve was taken instanter.

"'And it is about the best thing you can do, *ma mignonne*,' I exclaimed, in a tone of half-banter.

"'You say this to——Listen!' and pressing my arm heavily, she went on: 'The man grandpapa wants me to marry is a slim, sleek, canting, sniffing, fair-haired, long-nosed fellow. He reminds me of Stiggins, in "Pickwick." Oh, my! *that's* the very creature he's like,' and the volatile girl burst into a merry peal of laughter, again and again repeated.

"Somehow or other the laughter jarred upon me. It told me that her heart was not buried 'full fathoms five.' That it needed no very deep diving to reach it. And yet she was only seventeen, when life is like a Spring shower—sunshine through tears.

"'He must have some redeeming quality,' I suggested.

"'Not one—except his money.'

"I employed all the argument of which I was master in an endeavor to induce her to consider before she absolutely rejected this offer. I pictured the result of a refusal.

"Our interview ended thus:

"'I will *not* marry Stiggins—I swear it. Nothing will induce me. I'd work for mamma and my sisters, but I will not marry that creature—anybody. Good-by.'

"John Hallowes, I was now more in love with Katie Delane than ever, and the question that wove itself with every waking thought was, 'Why not marry her! why not marry her?'

"You remember, my friend, a dinner-party in Brook Street, to which you were invited? You remember that pink-faced doll, Lady Laura Egerton, the second daughter of the Marquis of Abergeldie, who sat opposite you? You chaffed me about her in the smoking-room afterwards. That girl was carefully destined for me by my lady mother. Fortune, family, a pocket-borough in the gift of her father—everything for a rising junior. I flirted, or rather tried to flirt, with Lady Laura, while my very heart-beat was with Katie Delane. I resolved upon traveling the course laid out for me by my family, to extinguish love's light in the lurid glare of ambition, and seize the golden fruit, when I should still have been eating of the green.

"Marry Katie Delane! Impossible! In the first place, there is the difference in social position. Pshaw! did not King Cophetua wed a beggar-maid. My plea was scattered to the winds Then came her antecedents. Could she account to me for her life from fifteen to the present day. Any man who marries must take four or five years of his *bonâfide* life for granted. It may or may not be a sealed book to him. It may prove a virgin page. It may be smirched by fair flirtation. It may—but why go on. I was between two fires—love and ambition. Love's fire blazed brightly, albeit a little too luridly; while ambition's burnt calmly, suffusing a dull but soothing warmth.

"I again resolved upon avoiding Katie Delane; but, in order to put a break upon the shock of separation, went twice or three times a week to Covent Garden, where I purchased a bunch of violets for her, a flower of which she was passionately fond, and forwarded them to the shabby little house at Knightsbridge.

"Ah! it was a ghastly fever all this. Ambition tugging at my brain—love tugging at my heart.

"And now, John Hallowes, comes the hour, the striking of which doomed my soul to everlasting perdition. I was alone in my chambers. It was near midnight. I was seated in my easy-chair, gazing into the dying embers. I was thinking of her. The wind shrieked and moaned and sought through the dreary and desolate courts of the Temple—shrieked like souls being thrust down, down, down to undying flame.

"A pause in the storm. A knock at my door. I sprang to my feet, a strange warning voice whispering at my heart.

"I flung wide the portal.

"There, dripping with rain, hatless, her glorious hair all over her shoulders, her violet eyes aflame, her tender mouth parted as with a great fear, stood Katie Delane.

"I was to have been married to-night,' she moaned as I led her quivering like an aspen towards the fire, 'but I ran away this morning and—and—I came to you. I have no one else in the world that—that—I care to—' and here she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping."

I, John Hallowes, had proceeded thus far, and was about to continue the perusal, when a shadow as of some person endeavoring to read over my shoulders fell upon the paper.

A delirium of awful fear seized me!

He was in the room! *He* was standing behind my back!

Oh, for power to shriek!

Merciful heaven—that ocay hand!

Merciful heaven—those soulless eyes!

* * * * *

I became unconscious. When I recovered my senses I was lying upon the hearthrug. The fire had burnt itself out; but luckily, the lamp seemed still full of vitality. With a fearful, shuddering gaze I slowly peered round the room, expecting to encounter I knew not what of horror.

The portraits frowned grimly from the walls. The dark wainscot looked darker, but *he* was not to be seen. The shadow was from out the room.

Carefully as the starving, shipwrecked mariner reckons his few remaining biscuits, did I examine the condition of the oil in the lamp, and calculated with feelings almost akin to rapture that it would burn to daydawn. Heaping such fuel as I could lay my hands on upon the fire, and finding it unendurably cold—my veins laden with ice, and chilled to the very marrow, I resolved upon turning into bed, without, however, divesting myself of any of my clothes.

Carefully placing George Cavendish's confession in my bosom—I dared read no further—and grasping the lamp in my left hand, I advanced towards the vault-like door, which gave upon my bedroom. I threw it open with a sudden jerk. The apartment was small and wainscoted like the adjoining one. In one corner stood a gloomy-looking, old-fashioned, four-post bedstead, with a heavy canopy and faded silk curtains; in another, a ponderous wardrobe, elaborately carved. The ceiling, representing some event in mythological history, was black with age, and the ebony furniture seemed fitted for the innermost torture-chamber of the Inquisition.

I flung myself onto the bed, where in a few minutes the extreme cold from which I had been suffering exchanged itself for a burning, feverish heat.

To endeavor to sleep was simply a mockery.

Why not finish the perusal of George Cavendish's confession?

I would.

Taking the document from my breast, I drew the table upon which the lamp stood, more closely to the bed. I read the well-known opening words, but ere my eyes could take up the thread of the narrative, *the lamp was slowly extinguished.*

The agony of being left in the darkness was something terrible. The horror of feeling that the light had been quenched by supernatural agency—that awful link between dead and living, that gulf in whose unfathomable depths lay the secret never yet divulged—was exquisitely appalling.

Like a terrified child, I was about burying my head beneath the bedclothes, when, with a bound, every sense of which I was still in possession concentrated itself in that of sight. My bed faced the door communicating with the room in which I had spent the earlier portion of the night.

That door slowly opened.

The outer apartment was brilliantly illuminated, not by fire, or lamp, or candle, but by a greenish-gray light—a light so ghastly, yet so brilliant, as both to dazzle and to sicken.

Every object in the room stood forth in extraordinary distinctness. The table upon which the supper-tray had lately stood had been replaced by an elegant *fauteuil*; a small bunch of violets lay upon the floor. I could have counted the petals.

Was I dreaming?

No.

My heart stood still. I felt that the curtain had only risen upon the mystery; that there was yet much to follow.

Clasping the bedclothes with the clutch of a drowning man, and with eyeballs starting from their burning sockets, I awaited the *dénouement*.

Although my eyes were riveted upon the interior of the outer room, so that no movement, however slight, could, by any possibility, escape me, a female form burst into being, even while I gazed.

She did not walk or glide into the apartment. She absolutely burst, as it were, upon my sight. Her back was turned towards me, and her *svelte* form was the very perfection of symmetry.

Suddenly, and as if perceiving the bunch of violets upon the carpet, she stooped forward, and, rapidly lifting, pressed them thrice to her lips, and then, whilst tenderly placing them in her dress, she turned her face towards me.

It was Katie Delane!

An exquisite face, the dark brown hair drawn tight from the ivory forehead, fair as a May-blossom; bluish-gray eyes and wide apart like those of a child, with a tinge of violet, bashful yet wild, full of innocent mirth and loving confidence. A delicate nose, slightly *retroussé*; a short, curling, upper lip, its companion rich, ripe, demure and pouting. Teeth of pearl, and a charmingly rounded chin. I see that face now. I shall see that face even when the hand of death is slowly glazing my eyes. Would that I had never beheld it, even in the adorable freshness of its *piquante* beauty!

She seated herself upon the *fauteuil*, and from her anxious glances in the direction of the door, and her heaving bosom and changing of color, it was evident that she awaited the advent of some expected person.

A cloud of anxiety would pass across her fair brow, and the lustrous eyes close as it from a throb of mental anguish, whilst her tiny white hands would continually clasp themselves in that nervous pressure by which even strong men, with impassive countenances, betray their inward emotions.

Quicker than thought, the form of a man presented itself. He was tall and slight. He leant his head upon his arms, which he placed against the mantelpiece, and gazed down into the fire; his back was turned to the girl, and his face was hidden from me by his elbows. The girl started to her feet and timidly approached him, touching him gently as if to induce him to turn to her. He repulsed her with a shrug. She appeared to address him (no sound reached me) earnestly, beseechingly, with all her heart, with all her soul, yet he turned not. She plucked the bunch of violets from her bosom, and in a frenzy of passion cast them into the fire, yet he turned not. She flung herself upon her knees, and with an expression of agony such as the human countenance only assumes in the supremest extremity of mental woe, pleaded to him.

Was it for life? Was it for that which should be dearer than life? God forbid! for there was that in the shrug of the man's shoulder which quenched out for ever the slightest glimpse of hope.

She rose slowly, and with despair enveloping every feature as plainly discernible as the writing on the wall, turned from him and was gone. He still retained the same position, his arms against the mantelpiece, his gaze directed down to the fire. He moved his foot backwards and forwards upon the steel bar of the fender, and then——

Yes, and then he turned, and his eyes met mine—fully, fixedly. My heart gave one beat backwards—my brain was on fire!

The man was George Cavendish!

* * * * *

There was something yet to come! Once more I pulled my quivering nerves together for a supreme effort.

The scene had changed—changed as silently and imperceptibly as fade the colors in the rainbow. The light was more subdued; the *fauteuil* was replaced by a table—upon the table lay a bundle covered by a sheet.

The same man, or spectre, or demon, stood beside the table. His hair was dishevelled as if he had clutched it in a paroxysm of the wildest passion. His eyes were sunken in their sockets, and encircled by black rings with inner circles of a purple-red. His cheeks were livid, and his blue lips drawn tight showed his white teeth standing out like the skeleton ribs of some animal which had been picked bare by birds of prey.

The man, or spectre, or demon, raised a corner of the sheet, and shudderingly cast a hurried glance beneath it.

Slowly, very slowly, and with averted gaze, he removed the entire covering, as if compelled to do so by some invisible power.

Upon that table lay a dead body—the body of a woman—*the body of Katie Delane!*

Dead—dead—dead!

Her long brown hair hung in massive tresses over the edge of the table, almost sweeping the floor. Her beautifully-formed hands were clinched, as if the agony of death had been exquisitely bitter. Her violet-blue eyes were wide open, staring upwards, and the white lips, drawn tightly together, seemed as though she had endeavored to suppress the shriek which would have been her farewell to her gay life.

But why did her garments cling so closely to her faultless form? Why did every limb, every curve and contour of the beautiful frame reveal itself? Why did something drip, drip, drip, from her hair, her clothes, like the tick, tick, tick, of the death watch?

It wasn't blood. It was water.

The body, as I subsequently learned, had been found in the inky pool at the edge of the wood. She had committed self-destruction. Hurling her soul from her, with one bound she had leaped into the valley of the shadow of death.

Poor lost child, that last look of despair was easily translated—that superiority of anguish, that climax of unutterable, unfathomable, illimitable woe.

The man, spectre, or demon, turned and gazed at the body of his victim. Remorse was gnawing at his heart.

Heart! Where was his heart when that fair young girl had besought of him to restore that to her which, through him and his devilish fascination, she had forfeited? Where was his heart when, in abject humiliation, she flung herself upon her knees at his feet in that very chamber, and prayed for the miserable, pitiful boon of a single

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loving word? Where was his heart when he allowed her to go from him to her doom, repaying her life, love, her lost honor, her blanched soul, with a gesture of contempt?

That heart was now on fire—on fire with the flames of hell.

Yes, the man, or spectre, or demon, flung himself upon the inanimate form. He clasped the lifeless hands—those hands once so soft and tender and warm. He glued his ashen lips to hers, as if to inhale some sigh that yet might linger near the heart that had throbbed so lovingly for him, and for him alone.

Too late! Awful words, poignant with horror-laden meaning.

The man, or spectre, or demon, severed a lock of that dark brown hair, and placed it in his bosom, and then all became dark.

* * * * * * *

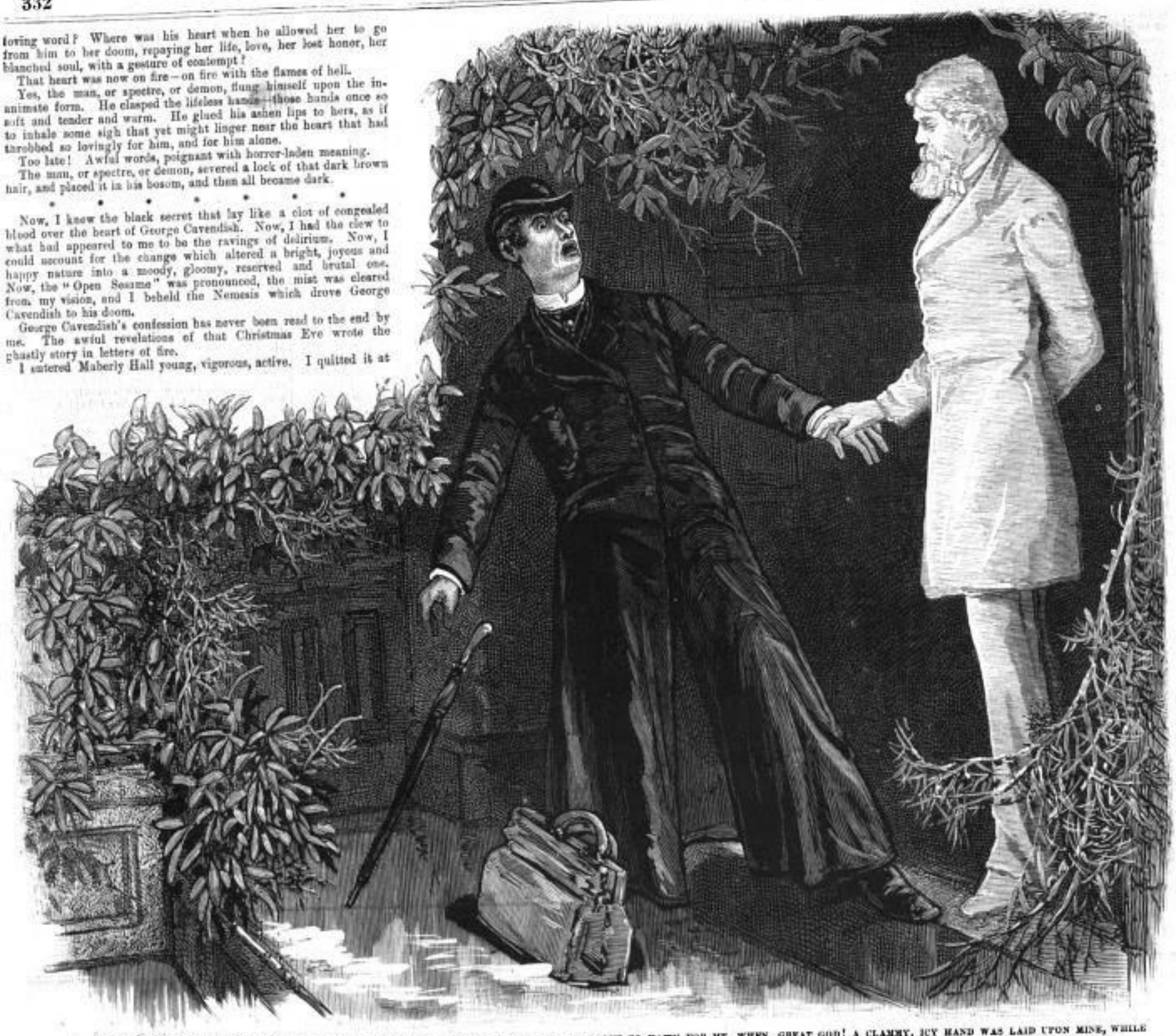
Now, I knew the black secret that lay like a clot of congealed blood over the heart of George Cavendish. Now, I had the clew to what had appeared to me to be the ravings of delirium. Now, I could account for the change which altered a bright, joyous and happy nature into a moody, gloomy, reserved and brutal one. Now, the "Open Sesame" was pronounced, the mist was cleared from my vision, and I beheld the Nemesis which drove George Cavendish to his doom.

George Cavendish's confession has never been read to the end by me. The awful revelations of that Christmas Eve wrote the ghastly story in letters of fire.

I entered Maberly Hall young, vigorous, active. I quitted it at day-dawn, aged, sapless, withered, having lived a life, ay, a thousand lives, in a few horror-laden hours.

When I close my eyes at night the spectral scene presents itself with all its appalling details, and the words engraven upon my very soul haunt every waking moment:

"To you, John Hallowes, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving and defenseless woman."



A GHASTLY REVELATION.—"THE LAST BOLT HAD DRAWN BACK, AND THE DOOR WAS ABOUT TO YAWN FOR ME, WHEN, GREAT GOD! A CLAMMY, ICY HAND WAS LAID UPON MINE, WHILE TWO SOULLESS, LIGHTLESS, GHASTLY EYES, EMBEDDED IN A GREEN OOZE——"—SEE PAGE 330.



A GHASTLY REVELATION.—"SHE FLUNG HERSELF UPON HER KNEES, AND WITH AN EXPRESSION OF AGONY PLEADED TO HIM."

LEFT ON A DOORSTEP;

OR,

Gilbert Romaine's Christmas Gift.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

"IT is a sad thing for you and yours, no doubt; but, after all, it is the old, old story. When a man or a boy commits a crime, he knows that he renders himself liable to punishment, and he means to evade it if he can. Still, he takes the risk and he must abide by it. There has been too much maudlin sympathy with criminals of every stamp. Mercy is a very good thing in its way, but justice comes first. I shall let the law take its course. If this story of yours should impress a judge or jury in your brother's favor, well and good. Now, go away and do not bother me any more about it. Not a man on the street but knows that Gilbert Romaine means exactly what he says."

With that Mr. Romaine waved away the suppliant, a rather shabby girl of sixteen or thereabouts, and turned to his books. She left the warm, cozy private office, and seemed to step out into an iceberg of a world, so cold was her soul and her shivering body. How could she go home and tell them that her errand had been in vain, her last frail hope?

There was a little flurry of snow in the air, and the wind seemed to bite and sting. Shop-windows were frosted over, though it was but mid-afternoon, and there were but few people in the streets. Still, the clumps of evergreens at the corners, suggestive of Christmas trees and merriment, sent out an odorous fragrance, and clusters of scarlet berries served to brighten the gray atmosphere.

What did she care. Oh, how passionately she had hoped to take this bit of good cheer home to the others. She had a dim, hazy idea that if Mr. Romaine forgave and withdrew the charge, Tom might come out of the shameful prison, and in some way be clear and free. He had *not* forged a note—if the whole world said so, still she would believe him guiltless of that intent. Oh, how could she go home, how could she dance to-night with these leaden feet? And there was Mr. Romaine, in his warm, pretty office, with the pot of purple violets on his desk, with everything the world could give, and yet so coldly cruel, so pitiless. "And to-morrow will be Christmas!" sobbed the child.



A GHASTLY REVELATION.—"WHEN I RECOVERED MY SENSES I WAS LYING UPON THE HEARTHRUG. THE FIRE HAD BURNED ITSELF OUT."

Gilbert Romaine bit his lip and drew his brow into a little frown. What was there about the girl—but after all, right was right, and unchangeable. The world was drifting faster over to dishonesty every day, there were defaulters, and thieves and forgers—yes, he certainly was right, and he turned resolutely to his books.

Conyers, the bookkeeper, was going off on a holiday to visit his motherless children in a little country town with their grandmother. He came in now, as he must leave to catch the train.

"Take this to them, Conyers," he said, handing him two crisp ten-dollar notes.

"Thank you, Mr. Romaine; there will be some happy hearts to-night. The books are all in the safe."

The two men bowed to each other in a polite and kindly way.

The twilight dropped down early. Business was through, and Mr. Romaine told the porter to close up, though it was but half-past four. He handed the two younger clerks an envelope himself, and wished them a "Merry Christmas." That was their reward for honesty. If Mr. Romaine was strict and stern with all forms of wrong-doing, he was not a hard master.

Then he put on his handsome velvet beaver, with its seal collar and cuffs, and his warm gloves, and uttered a courteous good-night. Now, the stores were all brightly illuminated, and the children's revel was just beginning. There were gay, glad voices, ringing laughs, questions, answers—here a boy ran against him with a sled, on the other side some one squeaked a toy animal; little girls, with arch, merry faces, not minding the bitter wind that now and then played a prank with a pedestrian's hat or tore apart some poor

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woman's shawl. He usually took the horse-car, but to-night he walked along the busy street, watching and listening in an unusual mood. How many people there were in the world—how many children—and he, Gilbert Romaine, had none of kith or kin to ask in for a Christmas Feast. Was there not something somewhere about searching the highways and finding the lame and the halt? Why, if he had thought of it he might have given a little feast to—well, the bootblacks or the crossing-sweepers, or send some turkeys to the Children's Home, and make a few happy hearts.

Where did that girl go? he wondered. Her mother was sick and there was some little children, and Tom Wynne was in prison—her brother. He might have inquired where they lived, he might have—were they very poor? he wondered. He would learn something about them on Friday, when he went back to the store.

He turned into a quiet street where there was no glare of shop windows. Ah, how keen and nipping the wind blew! Overhead, in a dull-blue rift, a few wintry stars began to shine. On and on, around this corner, past the church a square or two, and he let himself in a quiet, aristocratic-looking house with his latch-key.

Ah, how lovely, how warm! Hebe here in the hall had her hands full of flowers—heliotrope, spice pinks and tea-roses. He took off his coat, he rubbed his hands, as he lingered a moment over the register. Then he entered the room across the lower end of the hall, and uttered a long breath of satisfaction.

A fire of cannel coal burned in the grate. It was a handsomely-appointed library, with books, pictures, two or three well-chosen statuettes and some bronzes. A white wolf-skin was thrown over the arm of the lounge, a soft Turkish rug glowed in the light of the fire, the curtains of delicate gray, with little flecks of crimson, swept the floor.

On his table lay three parcels and two notes, gifts and invitations to a Christmas dinner. He smiled a little over them, then his own dinner-bell rang, and he went down to his solitary feast.

Such a commonplace, uneventful life as his had been! A poor widow struggling along, supporting herself with her needle and training her little son in virtuous, gentlemanly ways. Then an uncle asking her to come and be his housekeeper, and they two still living quietly; presently, on the death of the old man, falling heir to the house, living on and on, having one bright, passionate, absorbing dream that went out in ashes; prospering in business, losing youth, caring little for society, making no change until the sweet, grave mother drops out of life.

Seven years before he had come to this house which he had planned and furnished to his taste. He was rich enough now for anything. Women of all ages smiled upon him, invited him to their houses, were sweet, gracious, captivating, yet here he was at seven-and-thirty, and for the first time in many years he experienced a peculiar feeling of loneliness. What had he done with his life, except to make money? Given a little here and there, helped a few business friends in time of trouble, surrounded himself with much that was exquisite and satisfying, and yet——

When his dinner was through he came back to the library and lighted his cigar. The bleak night was securely shut out and arrogantly defied by the ruddy blaze of the coal and the soft radiance of the Argand burner. He glanced at the picture over the mantel, through the dazzle of the blaze and the twilight of cigar-smoke. A young girl, with a bright fleecy shawl about her, the white shapely throat and one shoulder visible, but the outline shaded a trifle by two or three pale golden curls, and dark brown velvety eyes glancing shyly from under long lashes. He had stumbled over it in an artist's studio, and bought it because it looked like *her*.

The church-bell began to ring. He had half a mind to leave this tempting fireside and go round there—kneel as he used to when a little boy, listen to the prayers and the chants and help with Christmas greens. He had seen *her* first there one Christmas Eve—he was only a lad and she a slim young girl, blushing so easily, smiling with a curious shy sweetness, and with a voice the like of which he had never heard since.

Then he started suddenly, stared at the picture like one dazed, and remembered as a past vision sometimes comes to us with sudden force and vividness. The girl of this afternoon—Tom Wynne's sister—pshaw! what made him think of that? Her eyes were brown, to be sure; lustrous, pleading, tender, and now he recalled the straight, haughty nose, the small mouth and dimpled chin. It was so unlike Tom's rather broad, ordinary-looking countenance, and her manners—a certain indefinable air—oh, what folly! Was he dreaming? The warmth and the vaporous wreath of smoke, and the old bygones had set him astray.

A sharp, vigorous ring at the door-bell brought him back. He was the grave, sensible business man again.

"There is a person here who insists upon seeing you, sir," announced the well-trained James.

"On a begging expedition, no doubt. Stop, James. Inquire if it is for any children's home or——or dinner."

"I asked him, sir, and he said important business."

"Show him in, then."

A rather short, sharp, incisive-looking person, who seemed to peer a moment through the soft radiance and then concentrate his glance on the man before him, bowing briskly.

"Mr. Romaine, I believe."

Mr. Romaine returned the bow with leisurely indifference.

"I have some peculiar and important business with you," he began, nowise abashed by Gilbert Romaine's stately pride. "My time is brief, and I am used to getting at bottom facts as speedily as possible. In the year 18— you were living at 230 Willow Street——"

"Willow Place," corrected Mr. Romaine.

"Street or Place, I suppose it is all one"—rather impatiently. "Fifteen years ago this very night there was a child brought to you, a little girl—left on your stoop. What did you do with her?"

"A child?" Gilbert Romaine gasped. "You are altogether mistaken!"

"I am *not* mistaken. I have come from the bedside of the woman who brought her here to you, or, rather, where you were living then. You must have been a young man——"

"Do you dare make such a statement to my very face?" and Gilbert Romaine rose, white with indignation.

"Softly, sir, softly! There is nothing disreputable in all this. The child was born in honest wedlock, and, what is more to the purpose, is heiress to a considerable fortune. If she is dead, it goes to other heirs. Now, it was, no doubt, embarrassing to have a baby of a year old or so sent to you, young man as you were then, but my business is to learn what you did with it. If it is dead—well, one's loss is always another's gain, and some half-dozen other heirs will not object to such Christmas tidings, I take it."



LEFT ON A DOORSTEP.—"HARK! SOME ONE FLEW UP THE STEPS, TWO AT A TIME. THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN. 'OH, MOTHER! KITTIE!' WITH A GLAD, GLAD CRY, 'I HAVE SEEN THE MAN WHO GAVE TOM THE CHECK!'"

"A most extraordinary story." Mr. Romaine had risen before, and now confronted the newcomer across the table, studying him with questioning eyes, doubtful of his sanity. "You tell me this child was sent to me, Gilbert Romaine! Pray, who were its parents?"

"Its father was a certain Richard Halford, supposed to be heir to a large fortune entailed as far as American fortunes can be. Unluckily the uncle lost his wife, married a young girl, and had a son, which sent Richard's claim to the dogs. But it died a year or so ago, and Dick is dead. 'His heirs or assigns'—the will reads—and we have learned that he was married. We have traced his wife, who ran away shortly after her child was born. You see the whole thing is a delightful muddle! I have found where she died, and the child was brought to you."

Gilbert Romaine pressed his hand to his forehead, then he stared hard at the man who was noting every expression of his face.

"The mother?" he said, with a long, hoarse breath.

"The mother's name was Ardella Clyde."

Romaine sank back into his chair, and shaded his eyes with his hand. Della Clyde? That old, sweet love who had suddenly played him false, whom he had cast out of his life and memory, save as he liked to study the picture yonder. A runaway wife dying, and her child, her little girl, sent to him. A Christmas gift! How strange it seemed! And yet it had never come to him.

There was a long silence, then he rose abruptly, the fine, healthful color gone out of his face, and his voice strangely tremulous.

"Let us go to her, this dying woman," he said, hurriedly. "There is some mistake. Would to God the child had come to me. Fifteen years ago," he sighed to himself. He and his mother were living alone in that unpretentious little house in Willow Place. And the child had gone somewhere—perhaps to an almshouse or foundlings' home—the child of the fair, sweet girl he had loved.

"Yes, let us go without further delay."

He began to bustle about in a dazed way, getting his coat and hat, while the man picked up a leather satchel he had placed on the library-table.

"It makes no difference, if we can prove that she is dead, you know," said he, carelessly. "Otherwise the estate must be fought over in Chancery until there is nothing more left of it than there was of the famed Kilkenny cats. My clients *would* prefer that she was safe in heaven, and we thought so until a day or two ago."

The words and tone grated upon every nerve. Gilbert Romaine shivered. Della Clyde's little girl swallowed up in the world's great vortex. She might be living this very Christmas Eve in want and sorrow and shame. And then the pitiful face, that had pleaded with him this afternoon so urgently, rose up before him. Tom Wynne's sister. He might have been a little kinder. Surely this was the season for "good will on earth."

"Come," he said, gruffly, holding open the hall-door, and paying no attention to what the man was saying.

They walked out together. Had there come a strange softness in the air? Surely the stars were out in myriads, and the sky a glittering blue. The man hailed a horse-car, and they rode back to the crowded part, out to the opposite section, and then there were a few blocks to walk. A row of dilapidated frame-buildings, one of which they entered, to find a warm and comfortable room, though very cheaply furnished.

A woman lay in the bed, evidently in the last stages of decline. Another sat by the stove, a clean, wholesome person, who was nurse and friend.

"This is the Mrs. Davis who carried the child to you that Christmas Eve. And this is the Mr. Romaine who declares it never came to him."

The woman raised on her elbow, and stared.

"I took it, sure as God is in heaven, to 230 Willow Street. I rang the bell and left it there, in a big basket. There was a note—she was an hour or two writing it, she was that weak. She couldn't put the name on the outside, but she said it would be all right."

Gilbert Romaine was thinking. He believed he had found the clew to the blunder.

"You said Willow Street, my good woman. Years ago there were Willow Street and Willow Place. An unhandsome jog divided them, but it has been straightened and widened, and lost its high-sounding title. It is all Willow Street now. But I lived in Willow Place then, with my mother."

"Yes, so she said," interrupting him. "A row of small brick houses, the third from the corner. I went out and found it by daylight—230, I am sure."

"You went to Willow Street," he groaned.

"So I told you," rather impatiently.

"You went to the wrong place. I never had the child," he said, in accents of anguish.

"Yet you are Gilbert Romaine."

"Did you ask for any one?"

"No, she told me not. She said you'd take it, and be good to it. You see her husband turned out that devilish she was afraid of him. Her aunt had coaxed her to marry him, thinking he was rich; then the other baby was born, and he was so

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mad about it he took to drink, and was a brute. She came to me—I had washed for her—and I kept her hid two months, but she was ailing all the time. Then she had bleeding at the lungs, two dreadful spells, the last one in the morning, when she wrote the note and told me what I was to do. And she died that night."

"My good woman, this gossip merely wastes our time," said the lawyer, sharply. "You think, then," turning to Romaine, and eying him suspiciously, "there was a mistake in the house? Do you know of any such neighborhood?"

"I can find it—come," he answered, abruptly. "I shall come back for the remainder of the story," nodding to the sick woman, who now began to cough violently.

"The deuce of a mystery about a young one!" began the man, grumblingly. "Why didn't the woman say she'd buried her with her mother? If I had seen her alone at first—— "

"You will find Della Halford's child, and restore her to her rightful place in the world," was the stern reply.

Daniel Carton smothered an oath. He wondered now that his astute brain had not planned an ending, only he had surely looked to find the child dead.

Back to the old shabby-genteel part of the city and Willow Street. There were rows of brick houses, and stores on nearly every corner.

"The numbers cannot have been much altered," commented Romaine. "You see, when they widened they went straight on from here—230 would be in the block above. The third house from the corner. We have that to guide us."

They found the place. But who lived there fifteen years ago was a profound mystery to the present tenants, who were collected in the front parlor putting up a Christmas-tree.

"But some one must know," declared Romaine. "Are there no old people in the vicinity?"

"You go down to the drug-store," said the oldest woman in the group, "Doctor Gates's mother owned some of this property. She'd be likely to know. Mrs. Gates—they live over the store."

"Thank you," said Romaine. "Is it too late?" glancing at Carton.

"While we're here we may as well look into it," was the rather gruff answer. "What would you give now to find the girl, honor bright? But, after all, she is nothing to you."

"She is something to me," in a deep, incisive tone. "Never fear. You shall be well paid for this night's work. Here we are."

Doctor Gates was in. His mother was home, a feeble, elderly woman, who seldom went abroad. If she was not in bed—but some cousins had come from a distance to keep Christmas, and they were having a merry time up-stairs.

She had not retired, and received her strange guests with a little surprise. They apologized for the intrusion, and stated their errand explicitly.

"To be sure, to be sure," began the old lady, with a confident nod of the head. "I've lived in this neighborhood hard on to fifty years, and 'twould be queer if I didn't know about most of the folks. But laws! some of the houses have changed hands so, 'twould puzzle a lawyer to keep track of them!" and she paused for a quaint little cackle, that could scarcely be termed a laugh. "Now there's next door——"

"The third house in the row," interposed Carton. "Fifteen years ago, this very Christmas, who lived there then?"

"Let me see," studying a figure in the carpet, "that and the second one belonged to old Seth Skinner, and he was rightly named, too. An old miser without a chick or a child, but when he died both places were sold. A young married couple took the third one. Now what was their name? They had a host of little children, you know, glancing around. She was so pretty and tidy. And there was a young man—but he went away somewhere. The husband was killed in an accident—steamboat—up the Hudson. Deary me, how I do forget! But you came upon me so sudden like, and I haven't thought of them this many a day. She kept boarders a while, then the mortgage was foreclosed, and the poor thing had no end of trouble."

"Was there a little girl among them, who might be about sixteen now?" asked Romaine, eagerly.

"Laws! There were girls and boys, a regular little flock of 'em, but I did hear some of 'em died."

"Her name," cried Carton, impatiently, "if you are sure she lived there fifteen years ago."

"Why, she hasn't been gone more'n seven year," resumed the old lady, in surprise. "It was a short name, and I know I can think of it if you give me time. I'm a master hand at remembering when I'm not taken so suddenly. Maybe son Joseph can tell?" an expression of relief lighting up her eyes. "Mattie, run call him up."

Doctor Gates came, and, after a few moments, recalled the family. But the name had slipped from his mind. Perhaps the books might tell.

He turned them back year after year, mentioning bits of gossip about the household of children. There was one very bright little girl he thought. He had only been in practice nine years. At that time the corner building had been altered to a store.

"Here it is," he cried, eagerly. "Wynne! Well, it is a rather odd name. And you want to know where she is now? We will take a search through the directory."

There was only one widow in the list, a Mrs. Mary Wynne. Carton wrote down the address.

"Wynne?" Romaine said slowly over to himself. There seemed something familiar about it, unusual as it was.

"It is too late to go on any further hare's hunt to-night," said Carton, gruffly; and then he questioned Romaine with his eyes. "If you care anything further about the matter, though I can't see as you're connected anyway, as events seem to point——"

"Come to my house to-morrow morning, as early as you can——"

"I shall go *there* first," interrupted Carton, "and—well, I'll drop in and let you know."

They expressed their obligations to Doctor Gates, and said good-night. It was after ten. The lawyer hailed the first car. Mr. Romaine walked down the street and studied the house again. Had Della Clyde's child found shelter and motherly love here? Oh, where was she now?

And then Tom Wynne's face flashed up before him! How blind and dull he had been! And this girl who had been pleading with him to-day, with those soft, brown, strangely familiar eyes—oh, heavens! what if that were Ardella Clyde's child, sent to him for a Christmas gift so long ago. She might *not* be Tom's sister.

He stood a few moments like one stunned, then he plunged into a labyrinth of streets. He would know this very night, he would claim her before any other demand was made. He would withdraw the charge against Tom, and if the Wynnes were poor—as they must surely be—*she* should make them happy by the useless hoards he had been saving up year after year.

He picked his way through places that he had scarcely dreamed of, meeting roystering parties, poor women hurrying home with loaded market-baskets, and a few waifs who had neither home nor friends this Christmas Eve. Here the streets were rather more tidy and quiet. He found the number, and knocked hesitatingly.

A man answered the summons gruffly, "What did he want?"

"Mrs. Wynne——" and the well-trained voice and bearing had its effect.

"Up-stairs—the back room. No bad news of the young un, I hope. One's gone to jail, as mebbe you know," leering sharply at him.

Romaine stumbled up in the dark, and knocked softly. After a moment the door was timidly opened by a girl of twelve.

"I am Mr. Romaine," he said, with the softened grace he used toward society ladies. "I should like to see your mother. Your brother Tom was in my store——"

"Will you please walk in? Mother is ill in bed, and Della——"

Then it *was* she! He stared at the child, who wiped some tears from her eyes, and placed a chair for him. Was it all a dream—was he walking in his sleep, and should he wake up presently to find himself before the grate-fire, studying a picture.

"Mother, it is Mr. Romaine."

That recalled him. He glanced around the neat, orderly room, then into a smaller one adjoining, where a woman lay in bed.

"Is she ill? Will it disturb her to ask her a question or two?"

"Oh, sir, my poor boy!" cried the feeble voice. "Have you brought any good news?"

What a selfish brute he was, thinking only of his own great pain and uncertainty. "Glad tidings of great joy," that was what was going all over the land. Had he none for this poor woman? Ah, if her son might be born again, free from the shadow of crime!

"I was unnecessarily harsh this afternoon," he began. "I have come to tell you that I will do all in my power, that if I can withdraw the charge he shall have another chance, that—will you answer me one question truly before God? Was the girl who came this afternoon your own child, or was she sent to you, fifteen years ago, one Christmas Eve?"

Mrs. Wynne sprang up to a sitting posture. Her thin face was deadly pale, and her eyes quite wild. She clasped her hands passionately.

"Oh," she moaned, "is it some more trouble? Is she——"

"It is no trouble, but good fortune, rather; if she is the child for whom search is being made. Good fortune to her, to you and yours——"

"She *was* a strange Christmas gift fifteen years ago, but I have loved her as my own. She never knew, the others never dreamed, and when death took some of my own, I was glad God had given me her. Oh, sir, if you have wrested this secret from me for any evil purpose——"

"Rest assured, I have not." There was something in the gladness of his tone that touched her. "I only knew a few hours ago that she was alive, that she—oh, my good woman, will you believe that I have a more than ordinary claim upon this child, that your care and love shall be repaid an hundredfold. And now tell me what moved you to take her in? Surely you could not have known her story, or her mother's hapless lot."

"Kittie, bring a chair for the gentleman. We were not always so poor, sir. Years ago my husband lost his life by an accident, and then our little savings were swept away by a fresh misfortune. I have tried my best to keep the children honest and respectable. Last Fall I was ill a long while with a fever, and then, when I was just getting about, this trouble happened to Tom. Oh, sir, believe me, he is innocent!" and she wrung her hands imploringly.

"We will try to prove him so. There, do not weep. I may have been cruel, unjust, but this Christmas Eve will turn a new leaf in my life. And now let me hear your story. Your door-bell rang, and there, in a basket on the doorstep, you found this little girl."

"Oh, you know that much? Whose child was it? For we never heard of Gilbert Ray after that, and we thought it so strange."

"Gilbert Ray?" he ejaculated, in surprise. "Is there still another mystery?"

"What became of him?"

"Indeed, I have never seen him. But tell me your story. I am all impatience."

"Gilbert had been boarding with us rather more than a year. I'm sure we always thought him a nice, steady fellow, but there had been something on his mind. He threw up a nice position and went West, promising to write, but he never did, at least no word ever came from him. Tom was turned of two, and there was a new baby in the cradle this Christmas Eve. We had just filled Tom's stockings and hung them up, when there was a ring at the door, and Mr. Wynne went. He came, bringing back a great basket, and there we found the pretty little one, with some clothes that were nice and fine, a locket and chain around her neck, a little parcel containing a plain gold ring and some papers, and a letter that had no direction on the outside, but when it began, 'My dear friend Gilbert,' we knew who was meant. The poor mother had just died, and with her last breath she implored him to care for her child, and keep it out of harm's way, for it seems her husband had been very cruel. We always thought she was an old love of Gilbert's. Well, we took her in, she was so sweet and pretty, and we looked to hear from Gilbert; but month after month no word came, and by that time we had grown to love her, and would not have sent her away. Then, when my own little girl died, I could not have spared her. We lost two after their father's death, and we've seen many hard times, but none so sad as now."

Gilbert Romaine's face was buried in his hands. By some strange freak of fate, the child's coming to Mrs. Wynne had an air of plausibility about it. For years little Della and he had been but a few blocks apart. The childhood he was to watch over, the love he could not give the mother, and that had been asked for *her*, wasted selfishly all these years!—everything going awry, all his desires thwarted, except the one great aim of money-making.

"The child was left to me," he said, hoarsely. "I lived then at Willow Place. You may remember how it was before they joined the two streets. This child's mother"—well, why should he be ashamed now? yet his voice faltered noticeably—"was my boyhood's love. There was no vow between us; we were both young, and I was somewhat dependent upon an uncle, but at the same time I was straining every nerve to gain something to offer her. She went away for a brief visit, and married a dashing young fellow. Ah, how angry I was! How I taught myself to despise her, or fancied I did. I heard afterwards that her husband had been cruel, and she was dead. To-night, to my great surprise, I learned that a fortune awaited her, and that the woman who brought her to your door, through a great mistake, should have taken her to me instead—Gilbert Romaine, Willow Place. It was easy for the similarity of names to set you astray, but your friend, Gilbert Ray, knew no more of it than the child herself."

Mrs. Wynne stared incredulously, and her head dropped back on the pillow. Was she listening to the real solution of the mystery, or some fanciful tale that was to deprive her of the child of her love? Would this grave, honorable-looking man deceive her?

"The letter was for you, then! Kittie," to the girl, "give me the box out of the bureau-drawer yonder. Turn the key, child, my hand shakes so. Here is the locket, and"—fumbling about in a blind sort of way—"the letter. Put the lamp on the table, Kittie."

The letter had turned yellow with time. A very weak, tremulous hand had penned it. He was never to know how it had been written at intervals, brief as it was. In a maze of bewilderment he read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND GILBERT—When you read this, the hand that wrote it will be cold in death. I think you loved me a little. It is pleasure and pain to believe it in my dying moments, though for a brief while I was mad with doubt and jealous despair, and in that mood was over-persuaded to go to my doom. I know now, thank God, that it was a lie, but the knowledge came too late to save me. Whatever tenderness you may have had for me, bestow, I beseech of you, on my child. It is a strange Christmas gift, but your mother is good and kindly-hearted, and you, oh, Gilbert, be generous enough to forgive my sad, sad mistake! Keep my child from her own father, her worst enemy. He does not know that I am dying among strangers, and would care little if he did. My love and prayers go with her.

"DELLA CLYDE H——."

Some tears dropped upon it, and Romaine sat silent a long while. Then he opened the locket. Yes, that was Della Clyde as he had known her. Dead—fifteen long years, but her child, her child!

"I am the Gilbert meant in the letter," he said, at length, in a strange, broken tone. "And the child was given to me. Where is she?" glancing suddenly around.

The pale face of the sick woman flushed scarlet, and the thin fingers worked nervously with the counterpane. The clock struck eleven.

"Oh, she ought to be here," Mrs. Wynne cried, anxiously.

"But where *is* she? Where did she go? Surely she is not out alone?"

"Not alone. No. I may as well tell you," in a slow, faltering way. "You see, she and Kittie sew most of the time, but it pays so poorly, and it is so tiresome. So just now, during holiday time, there were girls wanted at the theatre. One of our neighbors in the house belongs to a company, and she found Della a place. It is two dollars, and only two hours' work in the evening. We were so poor—she *would* do it."

Gilbert Romaine groaned aloud. She picking her way through that underworld, and he rolling in riches!

"It has been so hard for us since poor Tom went away——"

"Yes—yes. Tom shall come back, I'll take her word and his that he is innocent."

Then he rose and began to pace the floor, asking what time they generally came home, and watching the clock-hands in their slow march, and Kittie sewing.

"Was she not tired?" he asked.

"She should get sleepy if she did not sew. She had promised Dell to keep awake. They meant to go to the midnight service in the little church down the street, and see the Christmas greens," and a big tear stood in the child's eye. It would be their only Christmas festival.

Half-past. Then they were all alarmed.

"She never staid out so late before!" cried Kittie.

The streets grew stiller, and steps more infrequent. They strained their hearing to catch every sound that passed, and waited with tense breath for the next. Oh, where could she be? Had anything happened?

"I might go and look for her," said Gilbert Romaine. "Tell me which way she comes."

Mrs. Wynne had put on her wrapper, and walked out to her arm-chair in the sitting-room. Her meek face was filled with apprehensive terror.

Hark! Some one flew up the steps, two at a time, the door was flung open.

"Oh, mother! Kittie!" with a glad, glad cry, "I have seen the man who gave Tom the check! He was at the theatre. I kept my eyes on him all the evening, and then we ran around, Jenny and I, and watched the people out, and found him, with a beautiful young lady. So then we took the same horse-car; he never noticed us in the crowd, and we followed him home with her; but it was getting late and I told a policeman presently, who said he would find out all for us, and I am to go to-morrow. And then Mr. Romaine will know that Tom told the truth! Oh——"

She stopped suddenly, flushing scarlet. Yes, he could see now that she had a little of her mother about her. How dumb and blind he had been not to remark it this afternoon.

There was a strange silence in the little room as her eyes fell upon Mr. Romaine.

"Oh," she said, presently, "did you come to bring us 'good tidings'? We were going to church, Kittie and I, to pray for it."

Was it good tidings to her or to himself? Was his solitary home to be glad on the morrow? Was this young girl to come into his life—her own mother's gift to him so many years ago?

Some way the story was told, in a broken, incoherent fashion, with many questions and much wonder, and not a few tears. Della was incredulous, and the possible fortune seemed like a fairy dream, too good to be true.

Gilbert Romaine left them at length, and walked slowly homeward under the stars, and the bit of pale moon sadly on the wane. Christmas morning! All this had happened in the course of a few hours. There was his chair as he had left it, but the grate-fire was sleepy, and even the brown eyes of the picture looked drowsy. Della Clyde's child. He said it over and over.

Worthy Mrs. Rose was much amazed at her master's orders the next morning, and when James drove the elegant barouche, full of lovely warm robes, down the dingy street where the Wynnes lived, it made a Christmas brightness. Mrs. Wynne was bundled up, the two girls, with George and Nat, stepped into the Cinderella carriage, and were driven off to a Christmas dinner at the Pierce's, it seemed.

Best of all, before the day was over, or any of the stories had grown old, the policeman came with his tidings.

Poor Tom Wynne had been the victim of much suspicious evidence. As errand boy, he had often gone to the bank, so this day when he presented a check it was cashed with no question. Two days later it was pronounced a forgery. Then it came out that Tom had amused his fellow clerks by a skillful imitation of each one's penmanship. His story that he had taken the check for a friend, who had paid him ten dollars for the transaction, was but little in his favor, since his friend could not be found. Indeed, he had said to Tom that he was going West. How he had come in possession of one of Romaine & Co.'s checks was another mystery. But when the policeman recognized him as a sort of genteel swindler, who had become an object of suspicion in more ways than one, Tom's chances of proving his innocence brightened.

In any case, Mr. Romaine would have befriended him. For, if he took Della from them, surely he must make all the amends in his power. And though Mr. Carton would come to-morrow with the fortune, his claim would be first, strongest, for he had won not only Della's forgiveness, but her favor.

The Christmas bells rang out cheerily. "Peace and good will," they said, and Gilbert Romaine wondered that his ears had been deaf to their sound all these years. And in the churches, sweet voices had sung reverently, "Unto us a Child is born."

Was it a child, or the old love come back, clothed afresh with youth and sweetness for the coming years? Watching Della there in the shadow of the firelight, Gilbert Romaine dreamed a Christmas dream.

Which of Them will He Marry?

A STORY OF $15,000 A YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DON'T ASK MAMMA," "THE CAPTAIN'S FLIRTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—DOES HE MEET HIS FATE?

IT is noon in the City of New York.

It is very warm. Foot-passengers warily select the shady side of streets, and those of the sterner sex may be seen darting through half-closed doors into bowers sacred to iced and cooling drinks.

Ancient men carry open umbrellas, and some of the younger ones, in dread of spoiling complexions, bearing the indelible stamp of quill-driving, affect dainty parasols, when a little browning would make them more like men, and less like seamstresses in male attire.

The swing-doors of the well-known monster establishment of Messrs. Narrowbraid & Woolstuff are thrown open to their utmost limits. The interior is cool and inviting.

Aristocratic-looking men, attired in black frock-coats, move languidly from counter to counter, taking hasty surveys of their persons in the surrounding mirrors, the while handing lady-customers to the stereotyped red-plush revolving chairs, and uttering that word which has led so many heroes to victory, "Forward." It is a remarkable fact that each of these gentlemen is afflicted with bunions, and each adorns his coat with a shabby flower which has been nurtured upon the dust thrown up by the revolving wheel of the horse-car, or the playful evolutions of the resident juvenile suburban population.

Two ladies enter.

One is fat—not fair, and over forty. Her hair is gray—her chignon raven black.

Mental anxiety, or constitutional debility, has preyed upon the front and spared the back hair.

Lightning has been known to blast the trunk, and leave the upper portion of the tree unscathed.

The elder lady is very warm, and seemed to doubt the capacity of the revolving chair.

The younger——

How shall we describe her?

Golden hair, the color of wheat ere the reaper lays it low.

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Blue eyes, the color of an Italian sky (we have never seen an Italian sky, but will take it for granted it's all right).

Red lips, the color of a blushing poppy, always provided a poppy can blush.

White teeth, the color of—of—yes!—cold veal that has been done to a turn.

A form resembling that of Hebe, and a voice like that of a nightingale in the habit of being asked out for its singing.

Both ladies are richly attired.

"Forward!" cries the gentleman in the frock and bunions, "forward!"

The gentleman in the frock and bunions influences nobody's mind but his own.

"Forward there?" he cries in an angry tone; "What's the meaning of this? Mr. Cassidy, forward, if you please."

From behind a grove of stockings marked "a dead bargain—only twelve and a half cents per pair," the head and subsequently the body of a young man present themselves. The young man has been relating to another young man, with great *naïveté* and sprightliness, how he had "done" a gentleman connected with the blanket department out of "a glass of lager," and so pleased is he with the success of his little game that the aristocratic personage in the frock and bunions has to appeal to him by name, in order to recall him to a sense of his situation, to the startling fact that there are other parties to be "done" as well as confiding and unwary gentlemen connected with blanket departments.

It is but just to Mr. Philip Cassidy to say that he obeyed the word of command with the alacrity of a boarder to his hash at the summons of the gong.

His eyes fell upon the elderly lady, and to her he spoke these remarkable words:

"What do you wish to be shown, ma'am?"

Mrs. Tumtint—for this is the name by which the fat lady is known in society—did not reply.

She was mopping her inflamed visage with a handkerchief.

Philip Cassidy turned for the first time towards the young lady.

It might be as well to say that she is the daughter of the fat one.

Age—eighteen years.

Tangible fortune under approbation of parents—$15,000.

Expectations upon said parents becoming defunct—$20,000.

Philip Cassidy's eyes met hers.

He fell back against a glove-box.

He injured his head against the brass handle thereof.

A cold perspiration bedewed him.

He had come face to face with his fate.

Vox faucibus hæsit. If Messrs. Narrowbraid & Woolnut had called him into the extra private office, and then announced their respective intentions of making him a partner, he could not have felt more "milly gollified," which is a Japanese word expressive of the "happy dispatch" from a playful point of view.

Oh, Love, here is thy sting!

Oh, Love, here is thy victory!

Philip Cassidy stood staring at Miss Tumtint with his mouth open, displaying a dollar tooth, which had been inserted by a cunning dentist, owing to its predecessor in office having resigned in consequence of a somewhat forcible ejection—stood gazing his whole soul out, totally oblivious of surroundings totally forgetful of the possessor of the frock and bunions, and utterly unmindful of the fat lady, who plaintively demanded a view, on approbation, of cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

"I wish to see some cambric pocket-handkerchiefs," says the fat lady, tapping upon the counter with a fifty-cent piece to attract attention.

Mechanically Philip dropped his right hand beneath the counter, his eyes all the while riveted upon the object of his adoration. Mechanically the right hand came to the surface, surrounding a dainty box in which lay ensconced the articles required by the half-dollar-tapping female.

She pinched them, held one up to the light, examined the hem, and finally demanded the price.

"Two-fifty, madam," murmured Philip Cassidy.

The fat lady gave an oily squeak, expressive of discomfiture at the value set upon the desired article.

"I'm afraid mamma would consider that sum too extravagant," observed Miss Tumtint, coming to the rescue of her over heated parent.

Fearing she would leave the counter, and, as a natural consequence, take her daughter with her, "She shall have them, miss," says Philip, with a gasp; "I made a mistake—they are only one-fifty."

The accusing angel, with extreme officiousness, flew to heaven's chancery with this mistake of Philip Cassidy's, and the recording angel mended her pen ere she entered it to his debit, in the hope that he might repair his error ere she wrote it down, not having at that particular moment a tear at command wherewith to blot the record out for ever.

Mrs. Tumtint closed upon the box of handkerchiefs, leaving Philip Cassidy to pay the difference to the firm, which it is but justice to mention that he did, and that, too, upon the spot.

"Anything else to-day, miss, gloves, carpets, trimmings, flowers, boots, umbrellas, oilcloth?" demanded Philip, with great earnestness and volubility, in the eager hope of detaining his adored one upon the premises, and gently touching upon the leading articles in each department with a view to helping the memory as to requirements.

Both ladies graciously but emphatically negatived his propositions, and, although he lugged down box upon box of gloves, offering them at prices that would have involved four weeks' salary at the very lowest computation, they resolutely declined, which was somewhat lucky for this love-stricken wight.

"What name, ma'am, if you please?" asked Philip, whipping out a pencil from that mysterious recess in his raiment peculiar to the employés in monster establishments.

"It doesn't mind," replied Mrs. Tumtint; "I shall take the box with me."

Mrs. Tumtint feared a changeling should she trust to the parcel being sent home.

In vain Philip tried it on in every way.

The heat—the trouble—the size—the pleasure the firm felt in sending things home, *et cætera*.

His anxiety on the subject trebled her suspicions, and she resolutely abided by her decision.

Philip took at least ten minutes to tie up the box, and ten minutes more in getting the necessary change.

"Allow me to bring it to your carriage," says Philip, as a last resource, and outraging all the laws of the establishment by the proposition.

"I am not driving," says the fat lady, somewhat sharply, still under the impression that she would be done out of her bargain.

Philip sighed heavily as he handed her the parcel.

His eyes met those of Miss Tumtint, who regarded his pertinacity with some curiosity.

It was a full-bodied glance, such as Juliet bestowed on Romeo at their first meeting.

The Vesuvius of Philip Cassidy's heart destroyed the Pompeii of his common sense.

They both saluted him and went their way.

"Can I go out for twenty minutes, sir?" says Philip to him of the frock-coat and bunions.

"Certainly not, sir," replies that dignified functionary.

Philip said nothing. Every second was worth a life. He glided towards the door, and artfully taking up a straw hat, marked thirty-five cents, as if for the purpose of commercially examining it, gained the street.

"Did you see a fat lady, and a young one dressed in blue, pass?" asks Philip of a gloomy official, in an overcoat paved with metal buttons.

"Yis."

"Which way did they go?"

"They got into a hack, and druv that way," giving a flourish of his arm towards the right.

"Do you know the number of the hack?"

"How the deuce could I?" retorted the official, angrily and disrespectfully.

"Would you know the hackman again if you saw him?"

"I might, an' I mightn't," was the surly and unsatisfactory response.

* * * * *

Philip Cassidy sat at the open window of his small apartment, gazing gloomily out into the night and into the adjoining chimney-pots. His heart was full of a new joy, but his mind was weary, very weary. He cursed the bitterness of a fate that denied him the privilege of disposing of himself according to his own will. He railed at a system that deprived a man and brother of the rights of both, reducing him to the level of a chained cur. He raved over the beauty of the fair unknown, over the few small words she had emitted from behind her white teeth, over her last but fatal glance, and soothed his troubled soul with the faint hope of meeting her again, and of one day or other achieving name and fame and fortune to lay at her dainty feet.

"A letther, Misther Cassidy," says a greasy old female, thrusting herself *sans cérémonie* into the apartment. "Ye ought to get out this heavenly evenin' on the sthrand at Coney Island, instid of sittin' here like a jackdaw that tumbled down the chimley."

Philip Cassidy did not reply, but took the letter, and, glancing at the superscription, recognized the handwriting of his father.

Mr. Cassidy, senior, is a small farmer, residing at Millerstown, Westchester County, N. Y. He came to the country in '48, and is more Irish than when he quitted the paternal acres at Ballynacrokery. He is supposed by his neighbors to be a classical scholar of the most scholarly type, and regarded therefore with awe and veneration. His wife is the soul of charity, combined with common sense, and both are extremely proud of having their only son doing business in New York.

Having dismissed the greasy but good-natured Hebe, Philip Cassidy proceeded to read his father's letter.

He opens it languidly.

He commences to peruse it with a tardiness amounting to indifference.

"Hi!"

He clutches it tightly, and recommences it.

"Ha!"

His eyes are riveted upon the paper.

"Ha!" he finishes it.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouts Philip at the utmost limits of his lungs.

The letter ran thus:

MILLERSTOWN, June 21st, 1877.

MY DEAR PHIL—Your poor uncle Tim has just died—*Requiescat in Pacey*. He told me before the rattles got a grip of him that he left you the mines at Deadwood. Yer in luck, my son. If they're worth a fardin, they're three thousand pound a year. Come here at wanst; yer presence at this crissis is the grand disidarium.

Your fond paper, in a hurry.

JOHN JOSEPH CASSIDY.

POSTSCRIPTUM—Your mother would write, but she is busy preparing to wake poor Tim.

POSTOBITSCRIPTUM—I send you three pound—I mean $15—for fear you'd be minus the auricula.

"She is mine," cries Philip Cassidy; "no power on earth shall tear her from me—she is mine!"

* * * * *

Two months are supposed to have elapsed since Mr. Philip Cassidy surrounded the legacy bequeathed to him by his uncle.

In addition to the mines in question, he was left in ready money about $70,000.

Phil did not give himself up to intense grief. He bore his uncle's departure nobly, heroically, and arrayed himself in the glossiest of sable, the whitest of linen, and shiniest of patent-leather boots, at least three sizes too small for him.

What pen can describe the concentrated essence of pride and pleasure permeating Phil Cassidy's mind upon entering the establishment of Messrs. Narrowbraid & Woolnut, in order to purchase gloves at the very counter he had so often crossed with acrobatic agility?

The throb of grim delight that assaulted his heart upon cutting the gentleman in the black frock and bunions, and in being enabled to utterly disregard the words "Forward" and "Cash here," which heretofore were to him the watchwords of his life?

How glorified he felt upon receiving the envious glances of the gentlemen in the blanket department, who pretended not to see him, but nevertheless communed in whispers at the back of large bales of those comfort-giving articles, glancing occasionally from behind them, and wishing in their inmost souls that some relation, or, indeed, stranger, would shuffle off this mortal coil, remembering them in a somewhat similar graceful and affecting manner.

Phil strolled through the whole establishment with a desperate attempt at *nonchalance*, especially whilst passing the ladies'-own-material-made-up department, where a certain young lady, who had snubbed our hero upon his displaying indications of an amorous appreciation of her charms, spent the greater part of her waking hours.

"You won't pass an old friend, Mr. Cassidy?" says the young lady, thrusting her black eyes right through the somewhat green optics of Phil Cassidy, and smiling like a sunflower.

"How do ye do, Miss Brown Jones?" replies Phil; "I hope you're salubrious. I'm in a hurry; good-by" (consulting an exceedingly handsome gold watch for the one hundredth time since his entrance to the establishment); and as he rushed from her, the young lady was heard by the precocious ready-reckoner of a small boy, who dwelt in the adjacent financial pulpit, to murmur "Vulgar beast."

Phil Cassidy arrived at the summit of satisfaction when he stumbled upon both Mr. Narrowbraid and Mr. Woolnut, who were engaged in holding a council of war upon the somewhat delicate subject of reducing the rations of the young gentlemen attached to their establishment.

Mr. Narrowbraid perceived him; and this great man, who used formerly to address our hero as "Mister," or "You, sir," actually crossed the entire store to greet him.

"My dear Cassidy; I'm *so* glad to see you. Why, you are looking charming. Come and dine to-day at seven o'clock. You know our little place on the Boulevard. 'A family dinner. I'll introduce you to my wife."

He did not add "daughter," keeping his trump card, as is elegantly termed, "in the heel of his fist."

Phil Cassidy knew the "little place" referred to but too well, having, during an illness which prostrated Mr. Narrowbraid, been dispatched every morning for a week with letters, but never succeeded in penetrating further than the hall, where he was left to shiver until his teeth rattled like castanets, and until the dollar one was in imminent danger of losing its hold for ever. He would gladly have availed himself of the invitation, but feared the ice in the nor'west passage that lay before him in the conventionalities appertaining to an *entrée* into select society.

Mr. Narrowbraid would take no excuse.

"Drop in here at 6:30, Cassidy, and I'll drive you out. Quite a family dinner, my boy. No dress."

Phil tremblingly accepted, and hurried to the nearest bookstore, where he invested in a "Guide to the Dinner-table," which purported to afford the most practical and extensive information to diners-out of both sexes, who, from chance, habit, or otherwise, were precluded from joining in that very essential ceremonial, and driving to his hotel, the Fifth Avenue, surrendered himself to an acute study of this valuable work with as much of earnestness as though he were cramming for the civil service, or a collegiate pupil of jovial and anti-industrious habits preparing in feverish haste for his "little go."

A little before the appointed hour Phil Cassidy arrived at the rendezvous.

He arrayed himself in black trousers, patent leather boots, which pinched his corns in a delirium tremens of agony, black frock-coat, black tie, and, although in mourning, a plaid silk waistcoat with gilt buttons, the fascinating influences of which he could not find it in his heart to resist.

How his "bosom's lord" swelled with pleasure when Mr. Narrowbraid took his arm and handed him into a well-appointed open carriage. How radiant he felt as they whirled away under the very noses of his late associates, two of whom were engaged in the humiliating process of removing for the evening some artificial flowers and ladies' corsets from the public gaze.

Half an hour brought them to Grasshopper Lodge.

"My dear," says Narrowbraid, to a tall bony female, hung in black silk—"my dear, this is a young friend of mine whom I have asked to take pot-luck. He must take chance; I hope you have some dinner for us."

Mr. Narrowbraid had sent out a special messenger to inform Mrs. N. of his intentions respecting Phil, and impressed upon his spouse in his note the necessity of having Tossie (their mutual daughter) especially presentable.

The bony female shook our hero's hand with great warmth, expressing herself charmed to see him, but fearing he would get a very bad dinner.

"I don't care, ma'am," says Phil, "I took a snack at Dorion's off the gridiron."

"I'll take your hat, please, sir," whispers the man-servant into Philip's ear.

"Oh, thank you," replied Phil, in the same confidential tone, "I'll take care of it myself, I won't trouble you," and he brought it into the drawing-room, and placed it carefully beneath the silken chair upon which he in vain endeavored to fasten his frame, so slippery was the new black cloth which surrounded him.

"My daughter, Mr. Cassidy."

A young lady, in a faultless Summer toilet, entered at one of the windows, a basket of freshly-cut flowers upon her arm—the handle of the basket was black—the arm white.

Phil remarked the contrast. It was intended he should do so.

"I hope you get good health, miss," says Cassidy, advancing, and wringing her by the hand.

She wrote him down a brute.

Her hand would be red all dinner-time.

Would she have a moment to powder it?

"Dinner is served," groaned the servant, in that solemn tone peculiar, and, indeed, suitable, to so important an announcement.

Phil Cassidy handed Mrs. Narrowbraid in to dinner, having very successfully entangled himself in both mats whilst crossing the hall, thereby causing that lady a considerable deal of uneasiness on his behalf, being for a moment under the impression that he had taken a little something by way of companionship to the snack at Dorion's.

Phil sat about as far from the table as he conveniently could, the feet of his chair sticking out behind like a pair of man-traps.

The servant, with a jerk, shoved in the chair.

This jerk brought Cassidy's chin into violent contact with the table.

"What the dickens do you mean?" cries Phil, in his wrath. "Couldn't you leave my chair alone? How busy you are."

When he remembered his whereabouts, he grew apopletic with confusion, and uttered a mental invocation to the floor to open and swallow him up.

Narrowbraid was equal to the occasion.

"When I was a young fellow the same thing occurred to me, Cassidy; but I didn't act with so much prudence. I jumped up, and egad, ha, ha! I knocked the servant under the table."

This little anecdote, expressly compiled for the occasion, brought Phil together, and by way of appearing quite cool and collected, and as if dining *à la Russe* was his everyday habit, he challenged Miss Narrowbraid to take wine.

Miss Narrowbraid opened a very fine pair of eyes to their utmost limits.

"Right, Cassidy, keep up the good old fashion," cries papa.

"Your health, miss," says Phil, as he tosses off a glass of Madeira.

The dinner was *à la Russe*, and as extensive as a Tartar steppe.

Phil partook of every dish presented to him, invariably requesting to be permitted to retain his knife and fork.

Phil drank of every wine, invariably declining to change his glass.

Now, whether it was due to the wine, or the flowers, or the *entrées*, or the general air of grandeur that pervaded the whole business, or to a combination of all together, Cassidy began to feel quite at his ease, and, in a parallel line with this agreeable sensation, a feeling of admiration for Miss Narrowbraid.

She sat opposite to him.

When he looked that way he found her pensive eyes riveted upon his, and then demurely lowered in bashful confusion.

At first Phil was unable to account for this semi-official inspection.

There was a tender appeal in the look, which forbade the idea of ridicule.

"She has very beautiful eyes," thinks Philip, and he breaks a champagne-glass.

"That is a dozen to the lady of the house, Cassidy," laughs Narrowbraid, feigning a jocosity he was far from participating in.

"She shall have five dozen—ten dozen, sir," says Phil, slapping the table, in order to add emphasis to his announcement. "I've lots of money, and she shall have the glasses. Is there anything you would like thrown in, miss?" he added, with a languishing look towards Miss Narrowbraid.

"N—nothing, thanks," replied that young lady.

"Do, now," pleads Phil. "Anything in the old man's store. You've only to say the word, He'll give them to me wholesale. I know the private mark."

And Phil was under the pleasing impression that he was fascinating them.

Oh, my brother!

When the ladies stood up to leave the room, our hero resolutely maintained his seat.

"You're not both going?"

"I expect to see you in the garden immediately. Don't let papa keep you *too* long over your claret," lisps Tossie.

"I won't take any at all. I don't care for wine," cries Phil, which statement, considering the large quantity he consumed during dinner, would lead one to conjecture what amount he would have imbibed if wine were included amongst his favorite beverages.

Philip gallantly quitted the room with the ladies, knocking over two chairs and breaking a claret-glass in his exit.

"He'll want a lot of rubbing down," whispers Narrowbraid, to the partner of his joys.

"Tossie will do that for him," responds Mrs. N., in an exceedingly self-satisfied tone.

"If Tossie plays her cards well, Christmas Day will find them united."

"I guess so."

In the lovely Summer night light Phil Cassidy reclines upon a garden-seat beside Miss Narrowbraid.

Her Indian muslin skirt has been swept into a splendid fold, which covers at least five yards of the closely-shaven grass, concealing most completely Philip's patent leathers, and, indeed, the greater portion of his frame.

She gazes at him in that languid manner so effective when the eyes are large, well-lashed and expressive.

The *mitrailleuse* was at work.

What male heart could withstand thirty-four darts per minute, well-directed, straight from the bow of Cupid?

Not Phil Cassidy.

The bright vision of Miss Tumtint was forgotten.

Philip was as a fly struggling against the spider of destiny.

Both were silent.

"That's a choice article, miss," says Cassidy, taking a small portion of the Indian muslin between his forefinger and thumb; "wholesale, seventy-five cents; retail, two dollars ninety-nine."

Miss Narrowbraid shuddered.

"Don't be so awfully commercial, Mr. Cassidy. Let us speak of something more interesting—more sublime."

"Certainly, miss," responded Phil, with alacrity; and, with a view to the reception of her suggestion, asked her the following sublime question:

"Do you walk on Fifth Avenue on Sundays?"

"I hate Fifth Avenue," says Miss Narrowbraid, pettishly.

"Do you often go to Coney Island?"

"As often as I can."

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"Coney is a nobby spot," says Phil.

"I love the sea, the open sea, the ever free—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean.'

You remember the lines?"

Phil said he did, but he didn't.

"Have you a yacht, Mr. Cassidy?" asks Miss Narrowbraid, innocently.

"Me?" cries Phil.

"Yes, you—why not? A gentleman with your fortune should have his yacht in Summer to cruise about in."

"I could easily get one, I suppose," says Phil.

"Of course you could. I should so like a sail—won't you give poor little me a sail in your yacht, if you get one?" murmurs Miss Narrowbraid.

"Sail! You must come and sail in her every day," responds our hero.

"Then you will buy one?"

"I'll buy one to-morrow," cries Phil. "Blow me, but I'll buy a cutter to-morrow, a regular mizen, top-rigged schooner-cutter, and nothing else."

And they sat side by side far into the night.

Doubtless Mr. and Mrs. Narrowbraid had forgotten them.

Of course they had.

* * * * *

Upon the morning succeeding the little dinner at Grasshopper Lodge, Mr. Philip Cassidy arose somewhat earlier than usual, and breakfasted upon a tumbler of ice-water, from which premises it may be safely inferred that he had partaken too freely of the contents of the cellar of Mr. Gimp Narrowbraid.

His head ached as though a Nasmyth hammer was specially engaged in the painful task of beating out his skull by infinitesimal degrees, and a nutmeg could have been satisfactorily grated upon his parched and stubbly tongue.

He lay upon a sofa, and gave himself up to meditation, not quite after the fashion of those pious men whom the ancient masters have handed down to us, arrayed in sackcloth, and refreshing themselves with a stony gaze at a human skull carefully placed upon a very brown bank, and within easy reach of the gazer's hand.

No!

Philip Cassidy thought of his promise to Tossie Narrowbraid—his promise to invest in a cutter, and he groaned in spirit.

He never broke his word in his life, and he was not going to do it on this occasion.

Now it so happened that Phil had never been on board of a yacht during his natural life, and for that matter a ship either.

His nautical experience dated from the Fulton Ferry and a Rockaway steamboat, consequently the promise of the purchase of a cutter opened up a field of thought of so extensive a nature as to bewilder and reduce him to the verge of raging lunacy.

Where was the cutter to be found?

He had pledged himself to a cutter.

This word was familiar.

He used it when a boy, in connection with the rule of three and a slate—a slate-cutter was one thing, but a sea-cutter was another. Phil Cassidy's ideas as to the exact formation of this class of vessel were extremely undefined. Had she one or two masts? Perhaps three? He began to hope that cutters were made in sizes like gloves.

"But what is my size?" asks Cassidy, thinking aloud. "What is *my* size?"



"PHILIP CASSIDY'S EYES MET HERS. HE HAD COME FACE TO FACE WITH HIS FATE."



WHICH OF THEM WILL HE MARRY?—"'AHOY!' CRIED PHIL; 'STRIKE YOUR JIBBOOM! HAUL AWAY YOUR MARLINGSPIKE! LET GO THE TOPGALLANT SAIL! KEEP YOUR BOWSPRIT! SPLICE YOUR RUDDER.'"—SEE PAGE 334.



"PHILIP MECHANICALLY WENT ON DECK. HAPPILY TOMKINS WAS ENGROSSING TOSSIE. MISS TEMPINT WAS ALONE AT THE BOWS."

"About five foot seven and a half," cries a voice close to his ear.

Phil sprang to his feet.

"Horsechin, I'm delighted to see you; sit down: I'm in a hobble."

"What's up?" says the individual thus addressed, pitching one portion of his body upon a chair, and the remaining portion, namely, his feet, upon the table. "What's up? I want the two I's, a light and a liquor."

It might be as well to observe that Mr. Horsechin is a drummer. Although American born, he was raised in Manchester, England, where he served his apprenticeship to a cotton-house, from whence he emerged in course of time a full-blown *commis voyageur*. He does the United States, or, as he terms it, is on "the American mail."

He attends races with the punctuality of a professor of a thimble-rig, and takes the odds upon any and indeed every sporting event. He dresses "horsey," and displays diamond shirt-studs and diamond rings in daylight, which everybody knows is not done in upper circles—although considered very elegant and becoming in commercial ones.

He considers Cassidy worth cultivating, and Phil regards him much in the same light as Mr. Lorillard or Mr. Belmont is regarded by young Harvard men enjoying stable proclivities.

"Now, before you begin to howl, let me have a B.-and-S. And you'd better get into another," said Mr. Horsechin.

"I have a headache, and am——"

"Not fit to carry fish to an otter—quite so. Was it supper?"

"No, sir, it was not supper."

"Dinner?"

"Well, I think it was. Peas always sicken me."

"Of course. Take S.-S"—whereby he meant sherry and seltzer—"and a good dose of open air."

The proposed liquids having been produced and disposed of, Mr. Horsechin demanded the cause of Philip Cassidy's mental anxiety.

Phil felt very like a fool, and blurted out:

"I want to buy a cutter."

"A what?"

"A cutter—a yacht—a schooner—a——."

"What the deuce do you want with a yacht?"

"To sail about in, of course. The fact is, I promised Miss Narrowbraid to buy one, and—and—I must."

The commercial gentleman bestowed a facetious wink upon Phil, and then gave vent to a whistle akin to the performance of Mr. J. L. Toole in "the Artful," after he has announced his intention of proceeding to the Colonies at the expense of the Home Government.

"Up a tree, by gumbo!" cried Mr. Horsechin, opening another bottle of seltzer, and dexterously sending the cork flying into the street, where it alighted upon the bald forehead of an elderly gentleman who happened to be passing, hat in hand, at the moment, and who gazed ferociously up at the window, from whence the drummer saluted him with great politeness and urbanity.

"I'm not up a tree, but I want to buy a yacht," said Phil, doggedly.

Mr. Horsechin bethought him that a yacht would be about as pleasant a medium for enjoyment as he could possibly possess, feeling that he, as a matter of course, would be the actual, whilst Cassidy would be the nominal, owner.

"Right, my boy: right you are—I like to see such nobby tastes, Cassidy; you must have some purple blood in your veins."

"My mother is distantly related to Alderman ——," said poor Phil, delighted with the perfumed oil wherewith the wily bagman greased the wheels of his fancy.

"I thought so; and now to business. What sized boat do you require?"

Phil's ideas on this point were dim, but, not wishing to appear ignorant upon so vital a subject, carelessly exclaimed:

"I'm not particular to a yard or two."

"I suppose something easily handled—say thirty ton."

Phil did not see how thirty tons could be easily handled. He was of opinion that thirty tons could not be handled at all.

"You want to race her?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" cries Cassidy, whose ideas on the subject of racing-yachts were connected with decks being more than half under water, and the copper in close proximity to the keel manifesting itself in a manner ghastly to behold from land.

"Put on your nutshell, and we'll drive to the Ashland House: Macpherson is stopping there. He travels for a Scotch house, and, being a Clyde man, will give us a tip." So saying, Mr. Horsechin adorned himself with *his* nutshell, *alias* hat, and our hero having gone through a similar ceremonial, and the commercial gentleman having whistled between his fingers for a hack, they dashed through Broadway to the Ashland Hotel at the most astonishing space.

Mr. Sandie Macpherson was alighted upon in the act of transferring a somewhat complicated order, with which he had been favored by an unwary customer, from his order-book to a sheet of paper, the back of which was adorned with the name of the firm for whom he scoured the country, which relieved him from the tiresome duty of writing their address.

Mr. Macpherson *did* know a party willing to dispose of a yacht. He was not certain, but he thought she might be found in New York Bay—the upper bay.

"Bide a wee, messrs.," says Sandie, "and I'll go yon wi' ye."

A soothing liquor was proposed by Mr. Horsechin at our hero's expense, and disposed of whilst the Scotch gentleman transferred his hieroglyphics for the edification of his employers.

Another drink, and they catch the 3:30 Staten Island boat.

"Boat, genlmn," utters a gruff voice from behind a blue gauzy, besmeared with tar; "row yez over; only a dime a piece."

Disregarding this seductive blandishment, the



"'HURRAH!' SHOUTS PHILIP, AT THE UTMOST LIMITS OF HIS LUNGS."

trio proceeded direct to a saloon, where Mr. Macpherson addressed the genteel-looking and polite bartender thus:

"Young mon, can ye tall us if yon cutther is the *Dandie Deenmond*?" pointing in the direction of the Narrows.

"Yes, I guess so," was the reply.

Having succeeded in ensconcing themselves in a boat, the triumvirate proceeded to board the *Dandie Dinmont*. The owner was on deck, and did not seem at all charmed to see Mr. McPherson and his friends.

Mr. McPherson drew him aside, and whispered a few words.

Whatever he said, immediately produced a talismanic effect.

Mr. Samuelson invited them into the cabin for a few minutes.

Cassidy bonneted himself during the descent.

The water of anguish ran from his eyes.

All hands were piped for grog.

Phil, with a view to showing how hardy and fast a fellow he was, took his after the method adopted by the rest of the company—namely, in one gulp.

More tears of anguish.

The object of the visit was brought upon the *tapis*.

Mr. Samuelson wouldn't sell, but he had no objection to hiring the *Dandie Dinmont* for two months, at two hundred dollars per month.

Phil, or, rather, Mr. Horsechin, closed on the offer.

Another glass of grog.

More bonneting of Phil Cassidy.

Dinner at the Brunswick.

Phil paid for it, as a matter of course, and, by way of compensation, had his health proposed and pledged in a bumper of genuine Chateau Lafitte of the '54.

Phil thinks he went to sleep.

You who would virtuously sneer at his modest supposition, bear in mind these two words: "*Cras tibi.*"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)



"MRS. PHILIP CASSIDY RECEIVES EVERY TUESDAY EVENING AT NO.— MADISON AVENUE.

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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 10.—

INTERVIEW WITH SECRETARY THOMPSON.

The Secretary Means to Americanize the U. S. Navy.

BRITISH SYSTEM PERFECT.

Portions of it Adopted for Training Ships.

BOYS CONTENTED AND DEVOTED TO THEIR PROFESSION, AND NO DESERTIONS.

IN a palatial apartment in the Department of State, at Washington, overlooking the gardens attached to the White House, I found the Secretary to the Navy, R. W. Thompson. His "workshop" is the most commodious, the most elegantly proportioned, the most superbly finished, and the best furnished, of any of the bureaus of the chief officers of state. The floor is of red pine, covered with Axminster rugs—clots of color. The lounges and chairs are upholstered in gray leather and brass-nailed. A rich dado runs round the walls, which are of a delicate pink, broken by fluted columns, gilt. The ceiling is resplendent with gilding, and the chandeliers are of the mediæval, in brass. The fireplaces, of which there are two, are also brass mediæval-pattern, and tiled; while the mantel-pieces are surmounted by magnificent mirrors, the golden frames being carved symbolically. There are bookcases, globes and telephones, and the private secretary occupies a desk table at a respectful distance from his chief. The Secretary sits at a desk about the size of a small room, laden with maps, charts, reports and letters. On the occasion of my visit, a set of improved cutlasses relieved the general sameness of the *impedimenta*.

Mr. Thompson is a tall, thin, white-haired, spectacled gentleman, of a quiet, impressive manner. He was dressed in black, and smoked a genuine Reina all through our interview.

"You are quite right in saying that I take an especial interest in the question of the nationality of our navy," said the Secretary. "I want the American Navy to be sailored by Americans, as the British Navy is sailored by Britons and the French Navy by Gauls."

"How does it stand at present, Mr. Secretary?"

"Seven-tenths are foreigners, picked up in all parts of the world, who are not even naturalized citizens of the United States."

"Then you hope to remold the American Navy through the new system of training-ships?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What is the present numerical strength of the boys on the training ships?"

"Twelve hundred. Congress authorized me to raise 750 more, thereby increasing the strength of the navy from 7,500 to 8,250."

"At what age do you take in the boys?"

"Between fifteen and twenty-one years. Each boy upon presenting himself for enlistment must be accompanied by his father, or by his mother in case the father be deceased; or by his legally appointed guardian in case he has no father nor mother, their signature being required on the Shipping Articles to perfect enlistment."

"What is the course of education?"

"The education of the boys will comprise the elements of an ordinary English education, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them for sailors in the navy. The prime object is to place in the naval service, with the consent of their parents, such good and deserving boys as will elevate its standard and make the navy more reliable as an arm of the national defense. Boys who have been convicted of crime cannot, therefore, be received, as it is not advisable that they should become the associates of the better class."

"Do you pay the boys when enlisted, Mr. Secretary?"

"The boys are enlisted as third-class boys, at the rate of $9.50 per month and one ration. While serving on the training-ships, they may, if deserving, be promoted to the rating of second and first-class boys, at the pay of $10.50 and $11.50 per month, respectively, and on cruising-vessels will be entitled to higher ratings, at the descretion of their commanding officers, as a reward of proficiency and good conduct."

"They gain a knowledge of practical seamanship through cruising?"

"Yes. They are placed on training-ships till they develop qualities to justify the belief that they can be trusted as seamen at sea, when they are distributed amongst the cruising-vessels where they have the benefit of association with more experienced seamen."

"When a boy enlists do you supply him with an outfit?"

"He is furnished with an outfit of clothing, the cost of which is charged to his account, or his parents may purchase the necessary outfit from the paymaster of the ship, and give it to him."

"Are the boys permitted to allot any of their pay?"

"Boys enlisted to serve until twenty-one years of age will not be permitted to allot any part of their pay to parents or guardians, nor will they, for this purpose, be allowed to draw any money from the paymaster. They will be allowed to draw monthly, from the paymaster of the ship, one dollar for pocket-money, if out of debt, and will be allowed liberty to go on shore, at the discretion of the commanding officer."

"What becomes of the boys when they reach twenty-one?"

"They may or may not re-enlist—the probability is, that nine-tenths of them will re-enlist. If recommended for honorable discharge upon the expiration of their enlistments, they will receive continuous service certificates, which will entitle them to three months extra pay of their rating when discharged, and to the addition of one dollar per month to their pay, provided they re-enlist under such certificates for three years within three months from the dates thereof. Those who do not re enlist will go back into the country with the benefits of travel. They will compare our institutions with those of other countries, and discover that they are better off here than they would be in China or Japan. This will infuse a new element into society, and an important one. The object of my convening the ships at Hampton Roads, recently, was purely on a matter of business in order to bring all the officers together for conference and consultation. I held a meeting at midnight on the ships. In the meantime I had obtained from an officer whom we sent to London an insight into the British system. That report we have here, and at this conference at Hampton Roads we made a comparison between the British system, which is, in a great measure, perfect, and our system, so far as it has gone, with a view to ascertain to what extent we could benefit ours by embodying such features of the British system as might be considered applicable to our condition."

"Might I ask the result of that conference?"

"After a general interchange of opinion, and full discussion, we were constrained to reach the conclusion that, while the British system in all its entirety might not suit our navy, there were portions of it which we could profitably introduce. Based upon the conclusion thus reached, our system will be immediately established upon such a foundation as shall secure the object designed, in the best and speediest mode. It will be applicable to the boys now enlisted, some of whom are already competent to go to sea, until the whole of them are so, when they will be sent into the cruisers, to make room for others; but if in the meantime the system receives the further approbation of Congress, and authority is given for the purpose, the enlistments will continue until the navy is thoroughly Americanized."

"Will you discharge boys before they reach twenty-one years of age, Mr. Secretary?"

"No, sir. Boys will not be discharged from the service until they have reached twenty-one years of age, except upon a medical survey, inaptitude for the service, or for misconduct; while those injured in the service, or having contracted a disease in the line of duty, will be entitled to the benefits of a pension."

"Do you experience any difficulty in getting boys?"

"None whatever. We are very particular about the class of boys. We decline to receive them from reformatories, and endeavor to procure them from the better classes of the community with a view to introducing a safer and more moral element."

"Have you succeeded?"

"So far, admirably well. The boys are healthy, satisfied, and in good spirits; do their work cheerfully and seem devoted to it. They progress with wonderful rapidity—so much so, that during the recent mustering at Hampton Roads, while they were required to go through divers naval evolutions—hauling canvas, firing off big guns, passing in review in military drill at the fort, running up the masts and shrouds of the ships, setting and hauling in sails, and everything pertaining to the duties of a seaman, not a single mistake was observed, and not a single boy was hurt. The military drill held at the parade grounds of the fort, where there were over one thousand boys present, was not only a beautiful sight, but entirely satisfactory, eliciting the approbation not only of the officers of the navy, but that of the officers of the army who witnessed it."

"Have you had any deserters, Mr. Secretary?"

"The percentage is not one-tenth in proportion to what it is in England. It is only now and then that a boy deserts."

"How about your punishments?"

"The punishment is on a much lesser scale than in the army. We have no severe punishments. We seek to govern by mild means, taking care never to break a boy's spirit, or crush his ambition. Our instructors," added the Secretary, "are most carefully selected, having regard to special attainments, and they need not necessarily be officers in the United States Navy."

In conclusion the Secretary said: "As the system is now necessarily crude, and as there has been no effort made till this recent one to throw it into harmony and produce unity of action, it is proposed, with as little delay as possible, to give it that harmony by establishing regulations and rules which shall control the working on all the ships, and make the training of all the boys the same, so that, although they may be trained in different ships, when they come together on the cruisers they will find that they all work alike and have had the same tuition. Yes, by this system, sir, we will thoroughly Americanize the navy."

Mr. Secretary Thompson is intensely in earnest, enamored of his subject, and resolved, so far as it lies in his power, to sustain the project so successfully begun.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.

IN view of the vastness of the demonstration in honor of General Grant in Philadelphia, it was a most fortunate thing that Tuesday, December 16th, was a clear and pleasant day. The programme, as announced in our last issue, was carried out. Mayor Stokley and the reception committee met the city's guest at Germantown Junction, and formally bade him welcome. At 10:20 General Grant and the Mayor entered a handsome barouche, drawn by four blooded bays, caparisoned in white harness. A coachman and footman, in full livery of blue, occupied the box. On the left lapel of the General's overcoat was pinned a copper veteran badge. The route was taken up to Broad Street, where the barouche stopped. At 10:38, two minutes before the fixed hour, a battery which had been stationed on the heights near by thundered forth a salute of twenty-one guns, and the head of the procession began to move. The moving column, which was more than twelve miles in length, was admirably managed. It occupied six hours in passing any one point. The military display included about seven thousand men, and the Grand Army of the Republic turned out eight thousand strong. Much of the success of the parade as a pageant was due to the thorough preparation of the committee, many of whom were old army officers. The route led down through Thirteenth Street for a few squares, so that the column could be brought to pass before the Union League Club's building, on the corner of Broad and Sansome Streets. Opposite that point a reviewing stand was erected, at which General Grant arrived at 2:38, and alighted. He was received by George H. Boker, President of the Union League Club, assisted by James L. Claghorn, of the Guests' Committee. As the parade swept by for two hours longer, loud cheering was indulged in by the men composing the column in the belief that the city's guest was there. The fact was, however, that, fatigued by the labors of the day and oppressed by cold, General Grant had been considerately conducted through the crowd at 4:32 to the Union League Club House, where an impromptu reception was accorded to a few friends.

A feature of the first portion of the procession—one in which General Grant evinced special interest—was the Pennsylvania soldiers' orphans, a large body of tiny soldiers, who marched and saluted like little veterans. The Second Division comprised the veterans of 1812, toothless old fellows, who pulled their hats clear off their heads when they saw the General, and a seemingly unending string of the Grand Army of the Republic Posts, white and colored. Nearly every man carried a banneret, which gave a very pretty general effect. One of the local posts had "Old Baldy," General Meade's warhorse, now twenty-six years old, walking with them in line, saddled and accoutred, but riderless. The Third Division was composed of the show wagons and employés of the manufacturers of textile fabrics. The Fourth, of political and social clubs. The Fifth, of workers in iron and steel. The Sixth and Seventh, of ship-builders. The eighth, of other workers in wood. The Ninth, of representatives of the clothing, boots and shoes, millinery and tobacco trades. The Tenth, of paper manufacturers and kindred trades. The Eleventh of pottery and brick-makers and marble-workers. The Twelfth, of the paint, oil and soap dealers. The Thirteenth, of the employés of the State, National and Municipal Governments. The Fourteenth, of secret, religious and benevolent organizations. The Fifteenth, of temperance and similar organizations. The Sixteenth, of workers and dealers in produce. The Seventeenth, of brewers and distillers. The Eighteenth, of butchers. The Nineteenth of telegraph and express employés. The Twentieth, of citizens generally, in carriages, on horseback and on foot. The employés of the Philadelphia Mint had with them the first steam coining-press used in the Mint. They struck off and distributed among the crowd copies of a medal, bearing on one side a bust of the General, surrounded by the words, "Ulysses S. Grant," and on the other the following inscription, "Struck and Distributed in the Municipal Parade by the Employés of the United States Mint, Philadelphia, December, 1879," surrounding the coat-of-arms of the city. A feature of the procession, which required the raising of several arches and telegraph-wires, was the huge model, built in six days, of the steamship, *City of Paris*, on which General Grant returned from Europe. This was constructed at John Roach's shipyard, in Chester, and was followed by 1,000 employés and a fine military band.

The confectionery trade was well represented by a wagon drawn by four gray horses, on which was all the machinery for making candy in active operation. With long white apron and paper cap, the man drew out link after link of sweetness, and distributed them to the eager throng. Unique chromo-cards, drawn expressly for this occasion, were also scattered broadcast. The well-known firm of Croft, Wilbur & Co., of 1,326 Market Street, the largest manufacturing confectioners in the country, and employing 300 hands, deserve great credit for the display.

In passing the hardware house of Lloyd, Supplee & Co., near the corner of Sixth and Market Streets, General Grant was saluted by a ringing serenade, furnished by several hundred bells in the hands of the people, who filled every window of the four-story structure. It was a surprise to the General, and he smiled as he raised his hat.

Henry Disston & Sons uniformed all their employés, to the number of 1,200, and paraded three wagons, showing their saws. On one wagon, drawn by six gray horses, was the famous Centennial saw, 100 inches in diameter; on another, was their show-case, which was at the Paris Exposition, where they received the first prize awarded to saw manufacturers. The circular saw in the centre, shown in our illustration, was in motion. There was a hose-carriage, with a revolving circular and a "one-man cross-cut" in rapid motion. A portable steam engine, with a bell and steam whistle, cleared the track.

A centre of attraction for the sightseers was Wanamaker's arch, and the profusely, lavishly, decorated store, which, in a front view, is partially concealed, but which was one of the finest spectacles on Chestnut Street, near Ninth. The arch, measuring thirty feet in the clear, was covered with white muslin, which served merely as a ground-work for the greetings and the green; on the east side, inscriptions relating to the completion by the city's illustrious guest of his journey round the world, and to the sincerity of the popular welcome. These greetings read thus: "Philadelphia's farewell, steamer *Indiana*, May 1st, 1877—To-day completes the journey round the world—and Philadelphia's glad welcome, December 16th, 1879." Underneath was suspended a horseshoe made of evergreens. On the west side were the words, "To the honors of Europe, Asia and Africa and the affections of America"; below was a wreath containing the letter "G"; and above the arch floated a banner bearing the words, "No place like home."

In front of John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, a large platform, holding about 2,000 persons, was filled with the employés. The decorations on this building were tasteful and elaborate, and reflect credit on Mr. W. P. Miller, who is specially employed by the house in its art department. On the side of the arch not shown in our illustration, the motto was: "All Honor to the Hero of the Nineteenth Century." The white marble front of the carpet warerooms of McCallum, Crease & Sloan was very conspicuous on account of the exceeding modest taste in its decoration. A compact group of very large flags—American, English, French, Danish, Swiss, Brazilian and German—was draped over the front entrance, and in the large windows some of the finest color effects in stuffs and carpets, of their manufacture, served to show the character of their goods as well as the entire absence of any desire to use the occasion for advertising purposes.

A. L. Heimbold's Temple of Pharmacy, opposite the Girard House, was sufficiently superb to do honor to the occasion, though the crowd of beautiful ladies and bright-eyed children behind the large plate-glass windows prevented the passing throng from looking at the artistic appearance of the interior. As the procession halted from time to time eager glances were cast to the immense fountain where soda in Summer and famous hot coffee with cream in Winter, are dispensed in such quantities that the door is often blocked. In one of the windows over this store Mrs. Grant viewed the greater part of the parade. At no place along the entire route was the crowd more dense than at the corner of Eighth and Market Streets. The immense building of Strawbridge & Clothier, which firm is both the A. T. Stewart and the Macy of Philadelphia, towering high above the other buildings, made a striking background to the moving picture. A large flag floating from a flag-pole on the top, and one draped in the form of a shield in the front, were conspicuous though modest. The windows were filled with the employés and their friends, and, as they waved bright-colored and white handkerchiefs to do honor to the "Nation's Guest," it seemed as if the building itself was alive and in motion. The Girard House, at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, now in charge of Mr. McKibbin, for many years the proprietor of the old Merchants' Hotel, was covered with flags and bunting. From nearly every window the national emblem waved; every balcony and even the roof was utilized for seating purposes. A large portrait of General Grant on horseback hung over the front door, surrounded with laurel and evergreen.

The display of the Schomacker Gold String Piano Manufacturing Company is shown passing the warerooms on Chestnut Street. It was headed by a full brass band in uniform, followed by two hundred of the employés in line. Then came a handsomely decorated car, drawn by six white horses, and bearing a magnificent grand piano, finished in the most elaborate style, of polished inlaid hard wood. It was built to order at a cost of $2,500. The display of this company attracted great attention throughout the route.

In the evening the streets were brightly illuminated by calcium lights, and crowded with people. General Grant and his wife dined with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs, where they met a number of the ex-Presidents's old Cabinet. An informal reception was then held, after which the General and wife retired to their rooms in the hotel.

BRIGHT-EYES.

BRIGHT-EYES, the eloquent daughter of the Poncas, lounged, after the fashion of Sarah Bernhardt, in a large easy-chair, in a cozy parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She was attired in a blood-red morning wrapper, which draped itself in willowy curves over her lissome form. At her neck hung an ivory cross; on two of the slender fingers of her left hand were rings of plain gold. Her face is a delicate oval, her complexion olive, her hair the color of the raven's wing. Her eyes are black and lustrous; her lips red and delicately curved, while her teeth are simply perfection. She is eighteen years of age, two of which were spent at school in New Jersey, during which she learned to speak English quite accurately. She received me with indolent grace.

"The story of the wrongs done by the Government to my people I never tire of repeating," she exclaimed, and she narrated in burning words how the Poncas had been driven by the Government from the reservation, and compelled, because they were the weaker tribe, to give up the homes of their fathers to the Sioux. That four treaties, entered into between the Poncas and the United States Government, had been shamefully broken, and that Standing Bear—who, by-the-way, sat in the room like a waxen figure during the interview—had been put in irons for endeavoring to return to his home with some thirty of the children of his people, in order to escape the terrible disease that was ravaging the country to which it pleased the Government to drive the Poncas.

"All we want is justice," passionately exclaimed Bright-Eyes. "We want to be protected by the laws, and to get legal possession of the lands that have been always our own. We are the only tribe that has no title to the land. We want a title such as the Union Pacific Railroad has. I am here with Standing Bear to appeal to public opinion, and public opinion will force Congress to yield us justice. General Harney," she added, "says that he never knew an Indian tribe to break a treaty, and never knew the Government to keep one."

Passing to less exciting topics, I asked Miss Bright-Eyes if she would wish to live amongst us here.

"No, no, no!" she cried, clasping her hands together—her voice is low and musical—"You are very grand down here, but all that man can do never can equal nature. I long for the prairie, for the glorious abandon of my home-life."

"You do not wear the Indian garments?"

"No; my father wishes us to wear those of civilization. My mother wears them, though, and last harvest we girls put them on as they are so much more comfortable to work in. You should see our boys—our bucks—at a meeting at the mission-school. It is one garden of color, beads and feathers and blankets. Oh, they look splendid, they do!"

"Would you object to marrying an American?" I asked.

"What a question!" bursting into a fit of ringing laughter. "Well, I think I would prefer to marry one of my own people. We Indian girls are kept awfully strict. We are not allowed to speak to any man save our father, uncle or brother; but," she added, with an arch smile, "we manage to do so."

"How is that done?" I asked, becoming deeply interested in the subject.

"Well, suppose a girl has to go to the well for water, or outside the village for a walk. We generally go about in twos and threes. When a girl is being courted, and the parents of the boy are willing, his parents send horses to the girl's parents, which are returned when the girl goes to her new home. She always goes to the home of her husband's parents at first. A present of an animal, ready prepared for eating, is sent with the bride—generally a deer; but as our boys have not been on the hunt for the last three years, a sheep is substituted. Then a dance follows."

"I suppose the Indian girls talk about a coming dance as our American girls do?"

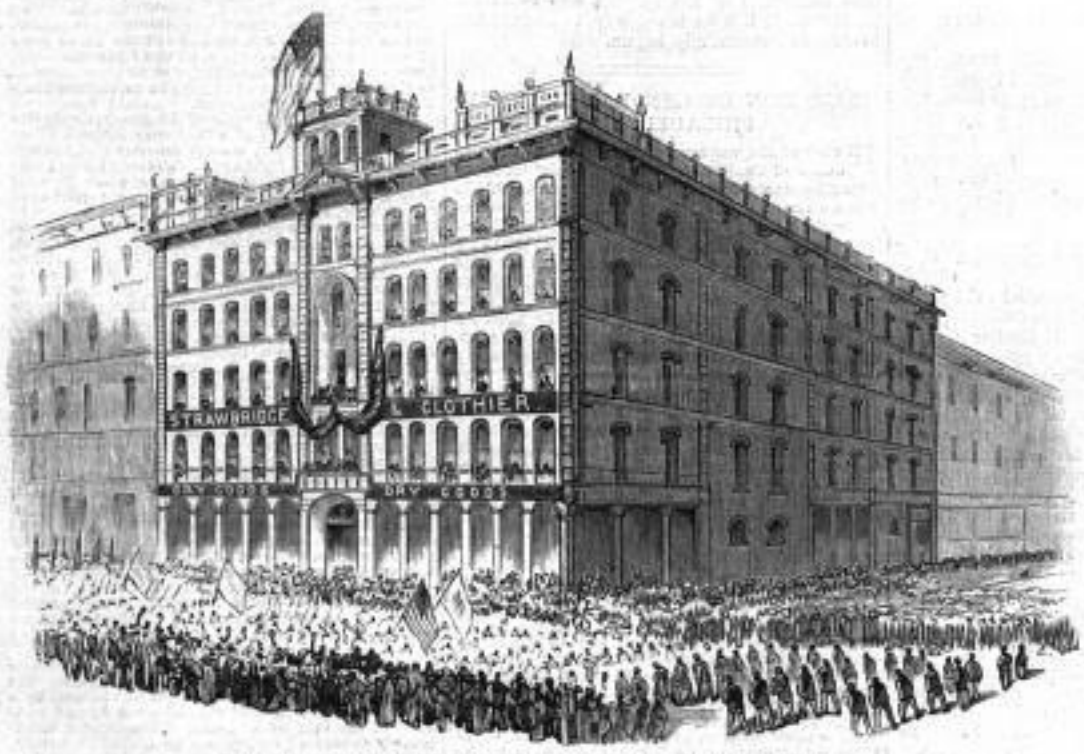
"Just as much, and probably more," laughed Bright-Eyes. "Oh, how delightful it is to go on the hunt!" she enthusiastically exclaimed—"to be away from two to three months riding after the buffalo. And then, in the evening, to sit by the fire and listen to the boys telling stories of the hunt, while the children play around—all the while on the lookout for the Sioux, who are at war with us. Our people have given up hunting," she said, sadly. "Every year there are more houses and more white people, and the Indians do not want the white people."

Having alluded to the recent Ute trouble—

"The Indians only scalp those whom they kill on the battle-field. All captives are treated well. We know that Miss Meeker and that party were quite safe once they were made captive."

She laughed scornfully when I spoke of the efforts

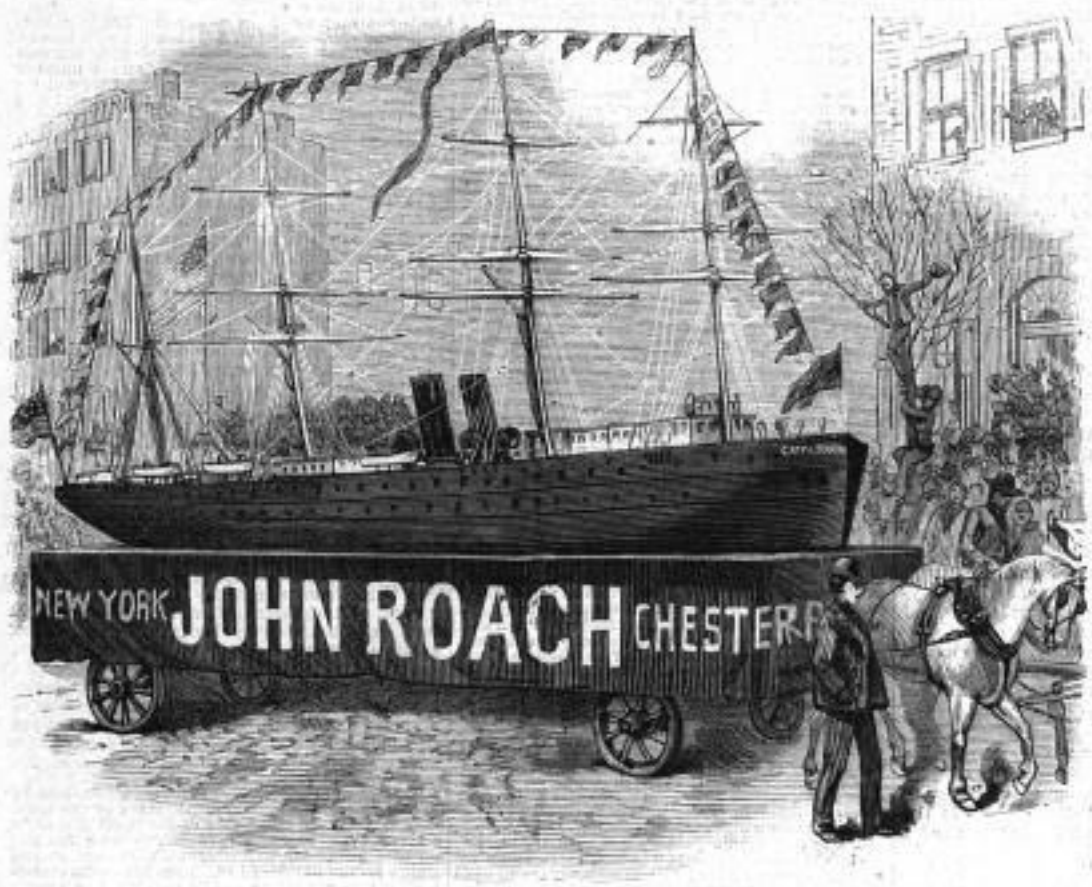
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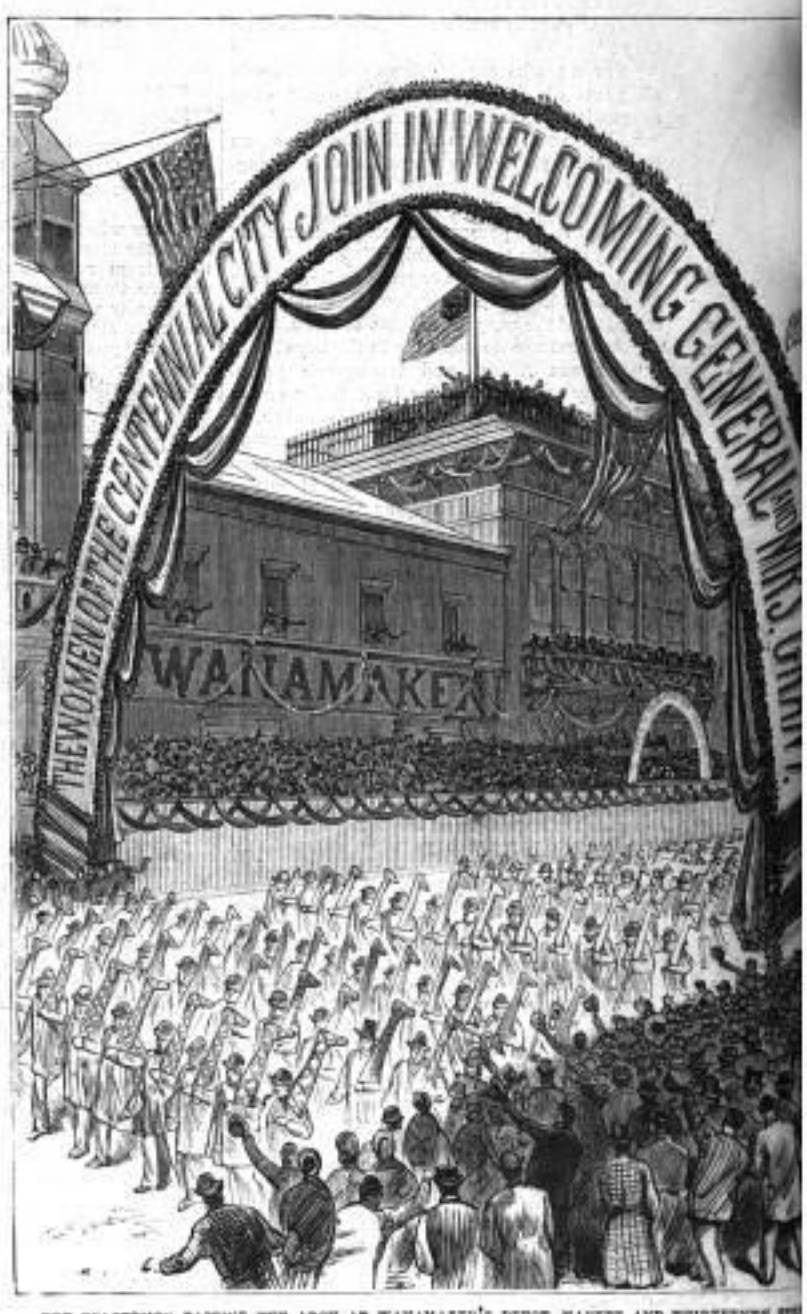
THE PROCESSION PASSING THE CORNER OF EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS



GENERAL GRANT REVIEWING HIS OL



MODEL OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP "CITY OF TOKIO," EXHIBITED IN THE PROCESSION.



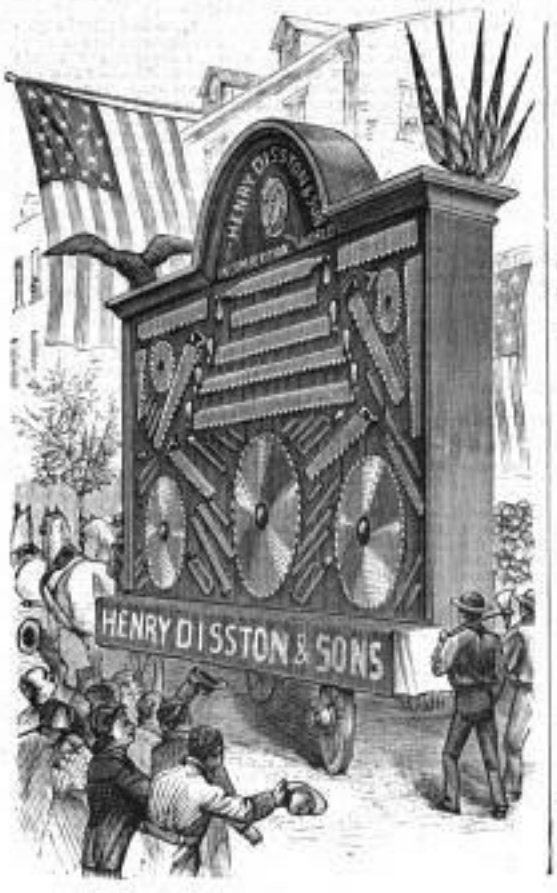
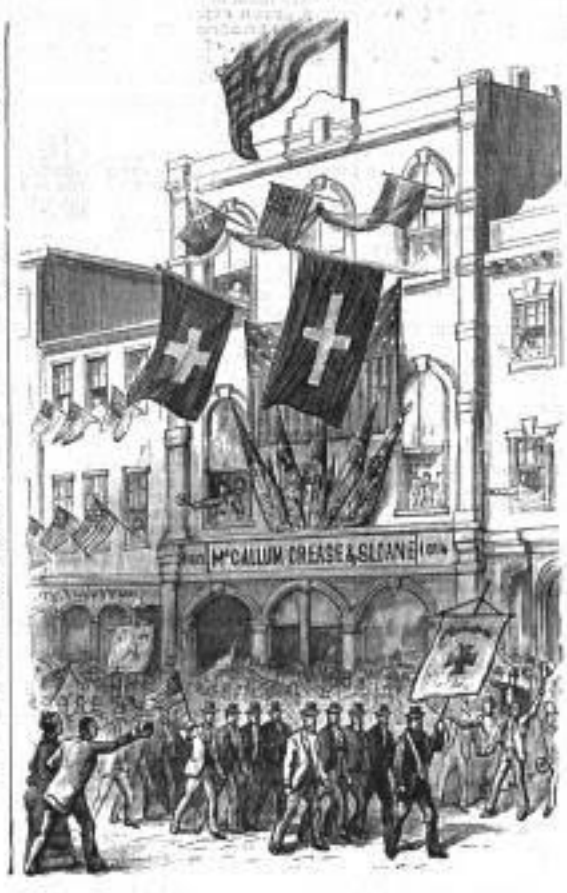


EXHIBIT OF DISSTONS' SAWS.



DECORATIONS ON THE WAREHOUSE OF M'CALLUM, CREASE & SLOAN.

THE PROCESSION PASSING THE ARCH AT WANAMAKER'S DEPOT, MARKET AND THIRTEENTH

PENNSYLVANIA.—GRAND RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.—INCIDENTS

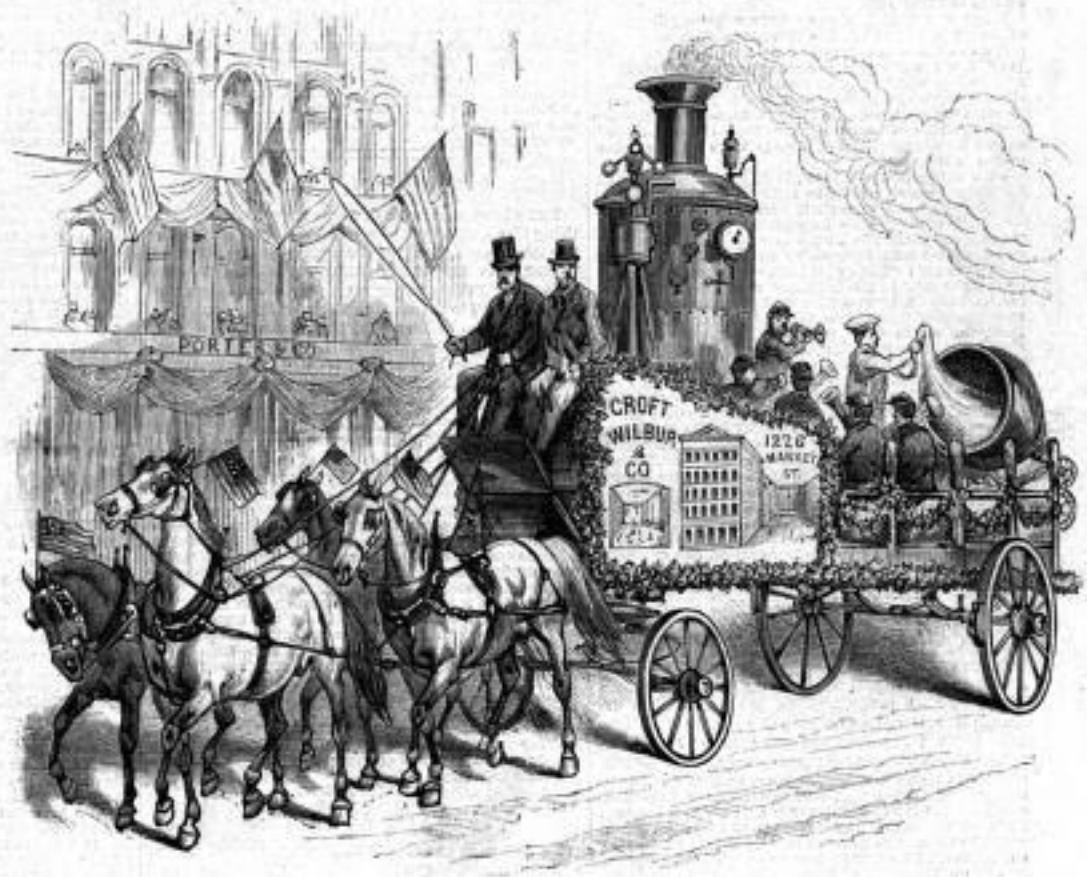
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IN ARMS IN THE GREAT PROCESSION.



SCHOMACKER & CO.'S PIANOFORTE DISPLAY.



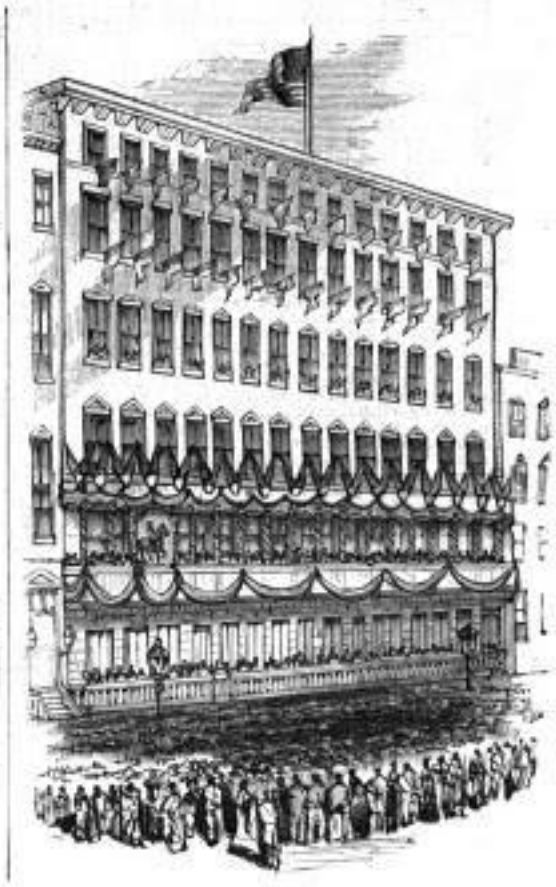
MANUFACTURING AND DISTRIBUTING CANDIES IN THE PROCESSION.



ARCH ERECTED ON CHESTNUT STREET, BY J. M. WANAMAKER.



MRS. GRANT VIEWING THE PROCESSION.



DECORATIONS ON THE GIRARD HOUSE.

THE GREAT PROCESSION ON DECEMBER 16TH.—From Sketches by our Special Artists.—See Page 337.

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being made by the Department of the Interior in behalf of the Indians, and flouted the notion of the Indian police.

"We have had Indian police for ever so many years, and what good have they done us? A hundred horses have been stolen by white men in two years from my tribe and my father knows the white man who has stolen a favorite hunter. The Sioux have had a thousand horses stolen. Bah! Indian Bureau! Mr. Schurz is an ignoramus!"

After a very pleasant chat on many topics, I took my leave of Bright-Eyes, and, as I descended in the elevator, I thought of John Smith, nor wondered that he had been so badly hit by the bright eyes of Pocahontas.

"WATER-TOWER" FOR FIRES IN HIGH BUILDINGS.

A NEW apparatus has been adopted by the Fire Commissioners of New York City, designed to enable firemen to control the flames in the upper part of high buildings which the longest ladders will not reach. It consists of a number of tubes working one within the other on the telescope principle, supported on a heavy truck. Reaching the scene of a fire in upper stories, the tubes are projected to a sufficient height, connection is made with an engine by hose, and the water turned on. The "water-tower," as it is called, is easily controlled by the men.

The Moneyed Classes.

STATISTICS lately collected in one of the oldest New England cities showed that ninety-four per cent. of the leading men of this city were either farmers' boys or poor boys in the cities and villages. The list included all the bank presidents, the railroad magnates and the leading manufacturers and merchants. Forty years ago "the moneyed class" of one particular city were hoeing corn, or tending lathes, or peddling newspapers: forty years ago these "bloated bondholders" were not a plethoric race, and it is highly improbable that any considerable portion of the money which they now possess will be in the hands of their grandchildren. The "moneyed aristocracy" of the next generation are growing up now on the farms and in the factories.

What is true of this one city is substantially true of every other city. The fortunes that are continued in the same family for a hundred years are very few: what one generation gathers another generation scatters: the wealth of the land is constantly changing hands, and the boy who belongs to what are called the working classes has quite as good a chance of becoming a "bloated bondholder" before he dies as the boy who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

With these facts in view, is it not rather wicked for demagogues to try to excite the alarm of the people who work with their hands, lest they should be enslaved by this formidable and tyrannical "moneyed class?" There is no such "class." A consolidated and hereditary aristocracy of wealth does not exist. The great bulk of the wealth of this country is now in the hands of men who were born poor. Is it likely that they will combine to oppress and enslave those who are toiling up from the level on which they started. Is it possible that they should so combine, in any effectual way, seeing that their future control of the property which now they call their own must be so very slight?

And would it not be a foolish and suicidal thing for the poor men of this country to combine to overthrow a system of government which promotes such a rapid distribution of wealth, and which offers such abundant chances to them and their children? When the Communists and the Socialistic reformers urge that all property rights must be annulled and that some new industrial and proprietary scheme must be inaugurated, just call their attention to the facts recited above and ask them whether under any other system the children of the poor would have a better chance than they have under the present system.

A Great River in Alaska.

ALASKAN explorers report one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as navigable for steamers 2,500 miles, and at 500 miles from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin formed by the confluence is 24 miles wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as our Mississippi. Indians are everywhere, and war between tribes is continuous. There is snow for six months, and without roads dog-sledges find good traveling. Game abounds and Indians have an easy life. From seven to nine dogs make a team, the odd one being the leader. The driver has to watch this dog. If it get on the scent of game it is off, and the whole team is demoralized. Off they scamper through woods and thickets, upsetting the load, smashing the sled, tearing the harness, and giving the driver days of hunting to restore the *status quo*. So vast a country, traversed by navigable waters, will soon tempt restless and speculative adventurers to explore it.

French Country Life.

FRENCH country hospitality differs in many respects from English. More is made of each guest, and he or she is allowed greater personal liberty. Nobody is bound to come down to an early breakfast. The host and hostess are not expected to show themselves before the bell rings at eleven or half-past eleven for *déjeuner*. If you see a lady muffled up walking in the grounds you are not to get in her way unless she comes toward you; and in walking with her you are not to offer her your arm. The reason she is to be avoided until she shows herself sociably disposed is based upon the supposition that she is not, perhaps, made up for the day, and has, while the *femme de chambre* is preparing the war paint and arranging the artificial tresses, run out with a cordnse thrown on her head to enjoy the dewy freshness of morning. In France there is a well-bred fiction which is generally acted upon by millionaires who invite you to their country seats. It is that in accepting the invitation you do him the greatest honor. You may be poor as Job, and known to be so, without in the slightest degree ceasing to benefit by this fiction. French society, when seen at its best, practices equality. All rise early, the mornings are very fine, and there are delightful walks and drives in all directions. The *déjeuner* is served at little oval tables in a great dining room. When there are from thirty to forty persons to be served, this is more sociable and jolly than ample board. Talk can be brisk and lively without becoming noisy. Mere acquaintances become easily a good deal more. If your *vis-à-vis* be charming and sympathetic, he gives out what is most taking in the inner man. He is less constrained than if exposed to the scrutiny of two scores of eyes. At those little tables birds of a feather do flock together. There is the same concert pitch; and where there is opposition it does not induce discord.

The Remembrancer—A Novel London Official.

AMONG the numerous staff of officers reveled in by the Corporation of London is one designated by the curious name of Remembrancer, an officer whose duty it is (in addition to "remembering," or reminding the mayor of his appointments, from which the name) to attend in Parliament daily during the session to watch the city interest, and to see that no bill affecting the Corporation in any shape or form is allowed to pass without being submitted to the judgment of his employers. This officer is highly paid; his salary is £1,500, but in addition to that he is allowed very large sums of money, which he expends in the interest of the city in pursuit of his vocation. These allowances of pocket-money range between £2,000 and £4,000 a year. In the city accounts no particulars whatever are given which would show how this money is spent. But the fact is, we believe, that the principal part of it is spent down about the House of Commons in entertaining members. In the year 1694, Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, was expelled from that House for accepting a present of £1,000 from the city for his exertions in passing a Bill promoted by the Corporation—and most properly, too. The spirit pervading the Corporation remains ever the same; and though they dare not at this day put a thousand-pound note into the hands of a member, they fancy that a luncheon or a dinner will answer the same purpose. That this city officer should be allowed the use of the dining-rooms of the House of Commons for the purpose of enlisting defenders of what he and his employers deem the privileges of the city by so contemptible a means as "feeding," is not very creditable. And that there are to be found members who are ever glad to accept this subordinate's invitation does not add to the dignity of the House. Nor is this business solely confined to the Remembrancer. It was only during a recent session that the sheriffs (in the exercise of an ancient privilege) went down in state to Westminister to present personally to the House a petition against a motion down in the paper in the name of Mr. Charles Lewis and relating to the Irish Society, which having been done in "solemn form," they invited a large number of members to dine with them within the precincts.

A Rubber-producing Insect.

AN insect which produces a species of India-rubber has been recently discovered in the district of Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer. It is called *nen*, and belongs to the Coccus family; feeds on the mango-tree, and swarms in these regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiar oily odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to the heat the lighter oils of the grease volatilize, leaving a tough wax behind, which resembles shellac, and may be used for making a varnish or lacquer. When burnt, this wax produces a thick, semi-fluid mass, like a solution of India-rubber, and it is expected that this glutinous liquid will be very valuable for cement and water-proofing.

Old Glass.

THE oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed at more than 3000 years B. C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscription of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of later glass there are numerous examples, such as a bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatasso or Hashep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni-Hassen, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thy at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologers, to give it a date in years.

How Long Animals Live.

THE average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels and hares, seven to eight years; rabbits, seven; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty, a fox fourteen to sixteen; lions are long-lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of seventy. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty, and the rhinoceros to twenty-nine; a horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long livers; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Malcolm has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

The Population of Africa.

IT cannot be expected for many years yet to have anything like accurate statistics on the population of Africa. Several regions, the population of which is certainly great, will probably long escape anything like a thorough examination. There are, for example, in the regions of the Great Lakes, countries quite as thickly peopled as many of the States of Europe. Stanley tells us of countries of relatively small extent, and which yet possess millions of inhabitants. When we shall have succeeded in making an approximate census of all the populations, we shall probably reach a figure considerably higher than the present estimate. Some authorities accord to Africa not more than 100,000,000 inhabitants; others less still. German geographers suppose that Africa contains somewhat more than 200,000,000 inhabitants; the latest English publications estimate the population at 186,000,000, which, for an area, of 11,500,000 square miles, gives an average of 16 inhabitants per square mile, or a specific population 11½ times less than that of France. Africa, which has 57 times the area of France, has probably scarcely 8 times the population. The suppression of the slave trade and the influence of European civilization may lead to an increase of population very rapid and very great. It should be observed that the approximate figure of the specific population, applied to the whole of the African continent, will not give a just idea of the compact character of the population of the interior. According to Behna, the negro regions are by far the most populous parts of the continent. If the populations are sparse in the desert parts, they are very dense in other regions. Thus, in the Soudan, the population is estimated at 80,000,000, or about 53 per square mile; the town of Ilida, on the Niger, has a population of 80,000 inhabitants. The population of East Africa is estimated at about 30,000,000, and that of Equatorial Africa at 40,000,000. One of the latest authorities divides the population of Africa as follows among the great families into which ethnologists have divided the peoples: Negroes, 130,000,000; Hamites, 20,000,000; Bantus, 13,000,000; Fulahs, 8,000,000; Nubians, 1,500,000; Hottentots, 50,000. This would give a total population of 172,550,000. These figures are, of course, only approximate, and may be much modified by new and more precise information. The Bantus, for example, who, according to F. M. Müller, form at least one-quarter of the population of Africa, might be found to number 50,000,000.

Chambers of the French Senate.

THE Luxembourg Palace, where the Senate of the French Republic met for the first time in November, was built in 1612 by Marie de Médicis, and made over by her to her son, Gaston d'Orléans, when she was sent into exile through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu. At his death the palace became the property of his daughters, Mlle. de Montpensier and Elizabeth de Guise, by the last named of whom it was made over to Louis XIV., and so became crown property. The regent, Duke of Orleans, allowed his daughter, the Duchess de Berry, to occupy it; and from 1733 to the Revolution it was the residence of several princes, the last occupant being the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. When he fled from France, the Palais du Luxembourg was converted into a prison, and among the persons confined there, and afterwards guillotined, were the Vicomte Beauharnais, first husband of the Empress Josephine, and General de Broglie, grandfather of the present duke; while a year or two later it was from the Luxembourg that Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and others were led out to execution. The Directory had its official residence there in 1795, as after the ninth Thermidor the Luxembourg had ceased to be a prison; while, after the eighteenth Brumaire, Napoleon had the words, "Palace of the Directory" effaced and "Palace of the Consulate" engraved in their stead over the central portico. Soon afterwards the decree of the Council of Five Hundred allotted the Luxembourg as the seat of the Conservative Senate; and when, in 1814, Louis XVIII. re-established the Chamber of Peers, the Luxembourg was chosen as their residence, and up to 1848 the palace was used for the same purpose; while after the *coup d'état* of 1851 the Imperial Senate held its sittings there until the war of 1870 and the revolution of September 4th swept away empire and Senate together. A great deal of damage was done to the palace during the Communist insurrection, since which time it has been the official residence of the Prefect of the Seine; and within the last eight years a sum of £60,000 has been spent upon repairs and alterations. The return of the Senate to Paris has necessitated the further expenditure of £30,000, most of which has been required for fitting up the chamber in which the Senate will sit, and for providing committee rooms and accommodations for the press. The grand staircase, leading to what was formerly the throne-room and to the senatorial chamber, has been redecorated, and the imperial eagles have been replaced by the letters R. F. (Republique Française).

An Electric Executioner.

THE adoption of electricity as a mode of capital punishment has enthusiastic advocates in Germany, as well as in France and the United States, as witness the following imposing description of a method proposed by a German writer: "In a dark room, draped with black, and which is lighted only by a single torch—the chamber of execution—there shall stand an iron image of Justice, with her scales and sword. Stern justice is popularly supposed to have no bowels, but the German goddess will carry a powerful battery in her inside; and this battery will be connected with an armchair—the seat of death. In front of the chair shall stand the judge's tribunal, and only the judge, jury, and other officers shall be present with the criminal during the ceremony of the execution. This will consist in the judge reading the story of the crime committed by the prisoner, who will be rigidly manacled to the aforesaid armchair, and when this is done, the judge will break his rod of office, and toss it into one of the scale-pans of justice, at the same time extinguishing the solitary torch. The descent of the pan will complete the electric circuit, and shock the wretch into the next world."

Heidelberg.

AS AN educational resort Heidelberg is unrivaled. The best instruction in every branch of science, literature and art may be obtained there at a comparatively nominal cost, varying from a florin to a florin and a half per lesson, and the same consideration for limited budgets is observable in the charges for medical attendance, the fee of an ordinary practitioner being thirty kreutzers, and in no case exceeding a florin. Provisions are fairly good and cheap. The most delicious breakfast-rolls I ever tasted are made by a baker in the vicinity of the Prinz Carl Hotel, and in the season hares, partridges, and even quarters of *chevreuil* are hawked about the streets in abundance; fruit (especially grapes and black cherries) and vegetables are plentiful and moderate in price; and meat, though as a rule answering to what the French butchers term the "second category," is certainly not inferior to that usually met with in other parts of Southern Germany. Fish, on the contrary, is scarce and dear; the small supply of trout from the Wolfsbrunnen, and the few samples of Rhine salmon that occasionally find their way into the market, being entirely monopolized by the hotel proprietors; and with respect to poultry, unless the present specimens have forfeited the reputation of their predecessors for ubiquity and toughness, perhaps the less said the better. The ordinary wines of the country, Markgrafler and Affenthaler, are wholesome and palatable, and average from 12c. to 20c. a bottle; and it is worth while to dine now and then at the Prinz Carl, for the sake of indulging in a peculiar nectar of which that far-famed establishment has the specialty, called Foster-Tramin. A serious item in the family expenditure during the Winter months is that of firewood, which is brought into the town in carts from the neighboring woods, and sold at the rate of about 30 florins a load; fresh supplies of this indispensable commodity arrive daily from September to April, and the wood being drier and cheaper at the commencement of the Autumn than it is towards Christmas, prudent house-holders are in the habit of laying in a stock long before they are likely to require it.

England's Day of Trouble.

A LONDON correspondent writes: "England is having some severe lessons in all directions. None severer than those which America is teaching her. The ship-loads of live and dead stock which continue to arrive from the United States, the cargoes of canned meats and other foods that pour in upon us from the West, have helped to bring about a condition of things in the agricultural districts which presents a problem no one seems to understand or be able to solve. Farming no longer pays in England. Growing wheat is a losing game; there is no profit in grazing; American beef is as good as English. It is cheaper, and finds as ready a retail sale as English. Foreign wheat keeps down the price of English, however bad the season may have been. Farmers are going to the wall all over the land. There have never been known so many bankruptcies among corn-growers and cattle-producers. In addition to foreign competition, the seasons have been destructive. Roots have failed, beans have been cut up by Winter winds, lands have been flooded. The prospects of the next season do not improve. Landlords here and there are reducing their rents. Laborers are emigrating. Agriculture is passing through a crisis. When it is over many small farmers will have been utterly ruined, and possibly large capitalists will take their places, and the holdings be largely increased. It will be necessary that landlords shall generally reduce their rents and foster their farms by a better equipment of them, and a broad and liberal encouragement for tenants to put their money into the soil in the way of drainage and manures. The Earl of Aberdeen has set a good example by making an abatement in the rent of his grass lands of from 20 to 40 per cent. The system of revaluing farms on the tenants improvements will have to be revised, and a generous system of 'live and let live' must prevail before the English farmer can begin to compete with the agriculturists of Western America, with their almost free prairie lands. As in manufactures, so it must be in agriculture—a long course of economy and industry alone will put the farmer on a level with his American competitor. Improved machinery, large holdings, better buildings, a more scientific treatment of the land and its produce, lower rents, a freer labor, a more independent peasantry—these are the leading features of the new method which alone can overcome the present gloom, the present stagnation and depression."

Glass Wicks for Lamps.

A WICK for lamps is now manufactured entirely of glass by an establishment in Hanau, Germany. It is designed chiefly for use in petroleum and spirit lamps; and, with an equal amount of the wick turned up, it gives a much brighter light than cotton wick. In the spirit lamp, too, it is found to greatly increase the heat of the flame. No sparks are given off by this incombustible wick, nor does the light flare in draughts to the extent which it does with a burning wick; hence it makes the lamp safer. The smoking is also reduced, and it is stated that ten per cent. of oil is saved by its use. Of course, the disagreeable task of trimming the lamp is rendered unnecessary, for, being of glass, the wick does not consume, but wastes away very slightly by fusion.

On the Education of Princes.

GREAT attention is now being paid all over the Continent to the education of princes. It is felt everywhere that kings are no longer reverenced simply for being, and that they must possess, if not great qualities—which, unfortunately for monarchy, cannot be put into human beings by any machine, however skillfully devised—at least the capacity to make the best of what they have. The tendency, therefore, is to over-educate, to teach too many things, to utilize time too much, and, above all, to impart too many languages. The "Governors" are too conscientious, and too much penetrated with admiration for the knowledge which they seldom themselves possess. The effect of the system, which has occasionally, as in Austria, been carried very far, would be to produce student kings or literary kings, who would be very dangerous rulers, but that fortunately the two families, Catholic and Protestant, who compose the royal caste, have a fine resisting-power against instruction, and are not likely to be over-educated for their intellects. We may get here and there a Prince Albert on the throne, which would be a good thing, and here and there an efficient legislature, which would be an excellent thing, but the majority will be very like average young officers weighted with some sense of responsibility. But the courts of the Continent, though not very successful in their efforts, have seen that mental force, much knowledge, much experience, much habit of reflection, are the powers which are useful to kings, and would regard the theory that it was useful to teach the ruler of the fourth of the world how to hold on aloft, at the cost of years of time and separation from men and the educational machinery of his time, with amused amazement; and if Germans, perhaps with a query whether the 'Vikings' days were expected back again, or whether Rolf the Ranger would win a sovereignty now. The English think them wrong, but it may be feared they are right, and that the only advantages gained by making heirs-apparent into sailor boys are, that in England their future English subjects like it, and that sailors very rarely catch the royal mental disease which Englishmen, loyal as they are, would scarcely bear, *solidarismus*.

The Cologne Cathedral near Completion.

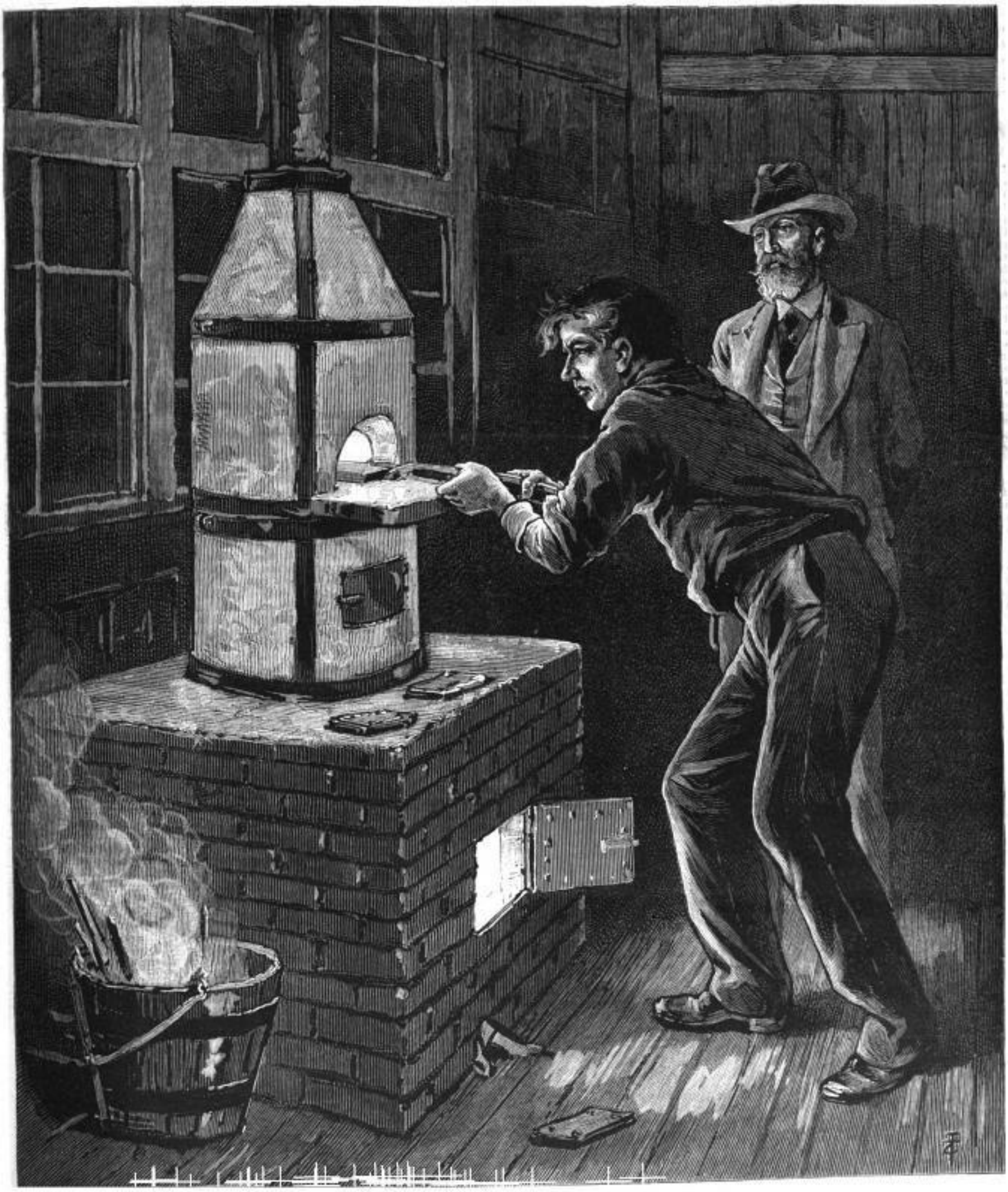
THE Cathedral of Cologne is at length approaching completion, and it is confidently stated that August next year will see the mighty minster finished. Begun in the very midst of the "ages of faith," when monarchs beggared themselves to raise magnificent structures, of which only picturesque ruins now remain for the world to look at, this extraordinary temple of the Christian faith lagged behind all its contemporaries in the work of construction, saw them reach their mature glory, decline and sink to ruin, itself being all the time an unfinished fabric. The first stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid in 1248, about the time when all the grandest ecclesiastical edifices now left, perfect or ruined, in Europe were either just finished, or, like Notre Dame in Paris, were in rapid progress; but while the most elaborate of them took only three centuries to bring to perfection, Cologne Minster has absorbed more than double the time, and is not finished yet. It is unnecessary to give all the reasons of this delay. Suffice it to mention that a "personage" not to be mentioned without extreme caution to ears polite hindered the work from the beginning with a pertinacity only natural, perhaps, under the circumstances, and that this supernatural "obstructionist" succeeded so far that only after the lapse of 632 years will the great fabric be hailed as a perfect Christian temple. It took nearly three centuries—that is, from 1248 to 1517—to complete the choir, and since that date it has required liberal aid from nearly all the sovereigns of Europe to keep the construction going. The cathedral is 510 feet long and 230 feet broad; the nave is supported by 100 columns, the four central of which are no less than 40 feet in circumference; the choir is 160 feet in height, and the two great towers are each 500 feet high. What now remains to be done is the last stage and crowning decoration of the stately towers. The massive caps of stonework have to be laid on, and then on their summits have to be fixed the gigantic "foliated crosses," almost 30 feet high, which are to crown the towers and proclaim to all the world the faith to which the work is dedicated. That done, Gothic architecture will be able to point to an acknowledged masterpiece, and the bones of the 11,000 virgins may rest quiet in their shrine.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1880.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, *53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

The interview with Mr. Thurlow Weed, which links the past with the present, will be read with interest. His prognostication that the dark horse from the Illinois stable will win the Presidential race is worthy of note, while his recollections of "Gerrymandering," as applied to the Maine troubles, bear their own moral. New York seventy years ago, as described by Mr. Weed, is indeed a quaint old picture.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

CIVIL SERVICE, with its present abuses and needed reforms, forms no inconsiderable chapter in the recent Executive Message to Congress. The President points out that the gravity of the evils now afflicting the service has time and again been referred to in Executive messages; that they have frequently been discussed upon the floor of Congress, and that all political parties, acting in conventions, have, on more than one occasion, admitted the pressing necessity of reform. He draws a line of distinction between civil officers elected by the people and those appointed to fill subordinate stations by the Executive and heads of departments. The President and others holding elective positions—members of Congress, for instance—stand charged with the governing policy of the country, and are responsible to the body of electors, but the appointed subordinates under Government—the clerical force, in fact—are responsible to none except their superiors in official station. It is the duty of the latter, as the President holds, to obey the legal instructions of those upon whom authority devolves, and their best public service consists in the discharge of their functions irrespective of partisan politics. The duties of subordinates are the same, whatever party may be in power and whatever policy prevails. "As a consequence," says the President, "it follows that their tenure of office should not depend upon the prevalence of any policy or the supremacy of any party, but should be determined by their capacity to serve the people most usefully, quite irrespective of partisan interests." The President very properly insists that the authority of appointment and removal is not a perquisite which may be used to aid a friend or reward a partisan; that, on the contrary, it is a trust to be exercised in the public interest under all the safeguards which attend the obligation to apply the public funds only for public purposes.

While it is a principle of republican constitutional government that majorities should rule, or, in other words, declare and execute the policy of the country, yet minorities have a like interest in the Government, and rights which cannot be justly set aside or ignored. Hence, in discussing Civil Service Reform, the Executive declares that every citizen has an equal right to the honor and profit of entering the public service of his country and discrimination should only be limited to the measure of his character and capacity to make that service most useful to the people. The President clinches this truly fair proposition by saying: "Except in cases where upon just and recognized principles, as upon the theory of pensions, offices and promotions are bestowed as rewards for past services, their bestowal upon any theory which disregards personal merit is an act of injustice to the citizen as well as a breach of that trust subject to which the appointing power is held."

The Civil Service ideas promulgated by the Message are, in the main, judicious and worthy of wise statesmanship. Church and State are very properly divorced by the Constitution. In our judgment quite as good reasons exist for divorcing the Civil Service of the country from partisan politics. Parties are a necessity in the political world, even as sects seem to be a necessity in the religious world. Mankind are not so constituted as to be unanimous in tastes and opinions, and it is only through the discussion of differences that right can be made apparent and truth be made to prevail over error. But why should a political party control and monopolize the Civil Service any more than a sect, able to outvote all others? Why should the passport to Government employ lie through the Republican or Democratic parties? True, one or the other of these parties, as the majority, must give direction to governmental policy; but there the mission of party, as in the earliest days of the Republic, should end. The Civil Service, devoted as it is to carrying on the business details pertaining to the Government, belongs to the country, and should be managed for the good of the whole people rather than for the benefit of the party temporarily in power. The men who formed our system of government never intended, as proved by their subsequent practice, that party should appropriate the subordinate civil offices as spoils.

The Civil Service of the country, as we view it, has not the remotest connection with questions of public policy. The duties of department clerks, custom-house and postal employés, etc., are not varied by any change in the public mind as respects protection to industry, the issue of paper money, the utility of national banks, and like matters of public import. Now a corporation may change its elective officers on a mere question of policy, but no wholesale discharge of capable and experienced employés follows any such change. And wherein, it may be asked, does the business matters of the Government vary from those of a corporation? Honesty, capacity and experience are just as essential in the one case as in the other.

The modern doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils" has had a most pernicious effect upon the Civil Service. It has had a tendency to make that service insecure, inefficient and costly. The writer has filled a position in the Civil Service, and, in the course of that connection, has seen men forced into department positions who did not possess one redeeming qualification, or one grain of fitness for the places they were appointed to fill. But they were blatant partisans, and, having rendered service in political slums, received the backing of their senators, representatives, or local party committees. More than this, owing to the want of a system such as the President recommends, members of Congress, in some instances, have billeted women of the *demi monde* upon the departments and made them a charge upon the public treasury. These are crying evils and can only be removed by the strong hand of reform.

There is every reason why the Civil Service should undergo a reformatory process. The country cannot have economy, purity and efficiency in its business affairs until the views urged by the President are made effective. The present system, as the Message truly remarked, does not secure the best men, and too often not even fit men, for the public places. The President lays down as primary rules for the conduct of Civil Service the following:

First—The abolition of the partisan spoils system.

Second—The non-interference by members of Congress with department appointments.

Third—The institution of competitive examinations for appointive positions, the same to be free for all candidates.

Fourth—Promotion and tenure of office to be dependent upon efficiency and strict attention to the duties imposed.

We agree with the President in deprecating the malign influence of partisanship over civil appointments. With him we believe that mere partisan appointments and the constant peril of removal without cause naturally leads to an absorbing and mischievous political activity on the part of those thus appointed, which not only interferes with the due discharge of official duties, but is incompatible with the freedom of elections. According to our way of thinking, the President is justified in assuming that the true cure for partisan meddling and removal without cause is to be found in providing and enforcing a just and definite test for administering the public service, as well as in the matter of making promotions.

The President can, as he admits, by a proper exercise of power, do somewhat towards restoring the efficiency and purity of the Civil Service; but without the hearty co-operation of Congress, and an intelligent support from the people, nothing adequate can be accomplished. Reform is needed, but whether or not the present Congress will second the efforts of the President to bring it about is still an unsolved problem.

THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL COUNT.

IT is admitted on all hands that the machinery created by the Constitution for the election of President and Vice-President of the United States works less satisfactory than any other part of that instrument. The theory and intention of its authors have been nullified in its practical operation under this head. Already has one amendment been adopted with a view to the correction of the electoral evils and perils disclosed by the Presidential election of the year 1800, when for months the country trembled on the brink of anarchy. And at the last electoral count for the two highest offices in the people's gift, we were again reminded that, whether for defects in its structure or in its administration, this part of the Constitution works with a friction and uncertainty which threaten it with a complete break-down in the popular confidence.

It is safe to say that the questions of substance and the questions of form involved in the counting of the electoral ballots a little less than two years ago, were not settled in a way which gave satisfaction to a majority of the American people. While all good citizens held it, under the circumstances, the part of duty and of public safety to abide by the verdict reached in the premises, a painful impression was none the less left behind in the minds of Mr. Tilden's supporters that he and his party had received something less than justice at the hands of the Electoral Commission to whose adjudication the pending questions were submitted. And that the device invented for the purpose of turning that sharp corner in our political annals was more crooked than straight is proved by the fact that nobody in any party proposes to recreate it for the settlement of similar problems in the future.

In the meantime, if our legislators in Washington are not at their wit's end in dealing with this subject, it is at least no less than just to say that they bring very little wit or wisdom to its discussion. That the subject is difficult and perplexing we frankly concede, but its difficulties are greatly enhanced by the fact that the leaders of both parties seem incapable of considering it in any other light than that which is shed upon it by calculations of party advantage in the next Presidential election, or the next electoral count.

That such a state of incertitude about the Chief Magistracy of the country should spread like a contagion, and work a distemper in the public mind, is no more than was to be expected, especially in a day like this, when each party seems to thrive rather on the imputed vices of its adversary than on its own virtues. Each party is swift to charge that the other means to "capture the Presidency" by stratagem or by fraud. We know full well that it is the weakness and inefficiency of our present arrangements for choosing a President and for counting the Presidential ballot which enter largely into the plans of those who cherish for themselves, or who suspect in others, a disposition to lay violent or cunning hands on the spoils of Federal place. But recent events of sinister omen in our political history have come to emphasize the popular apprehensions on this score. We do not refer now to the electoral disorders which attended the last Presidential election in States like Louisiana and Florida. The disorder then witnessed in those States, whether, as charged by the Republicans, alleging intimidation and violence against the Democrats, or, as charged by the Democrats, alleging fraud and subornation of perjury against the Republicans, were sources of grief and shame to every patriotic heart. But in some extenuation of these disorders it might be pleaded that they were the natural *sequelæ* of a great civil and social convulsion, and that they had, for years, been endemic in those States before they entered as the decisive factor in a Presidential contest.

But in the State of Maine there is no pretense of this kind. And though nothing but the offices of a single State are contingent on the result that has there been reached, it is not possible to confine within the narrow limits of a single State the agitation that has been produced by it. It is as a "sign of the times" that it awakens solicitude. Even so judicious a Republican as General Garfield does not hesitate to insinuate that it is but part of a comprehensive plan concocted by the Democrats for capturing the next Presidency. We do not share these suspicions. Our observation teaches us that the world, especially the political world, is not so much governed by preconcert and by management as the theorists and philosophers are inclined to suspect. Such critics do not allow sufficient play for the force and influence of private motives and of local opinion. It would be unjust to the Democrats of other States to suppose that they are acting in collusion with Governor Garcelon and his Council, and this injustice is only the greater in view of the fact that the most enlightened exponents of Democratic opinion disavow all complicity with the surprise which has been temporarily sprung upon the people of Maine, and express the hope that the Legislature will do the substantial justice which Governor Garcelon and his Council have failed to do in obedience to what they call the letter of the law though in defiance of its spirit.

But we know of no better way in which the Democratic party of the nation could give solid proof of its good faith than by laying righteousness to the line and by setting judgment to the plummet in the matter of the next Presidential count. When the country was extricated from the perils of the last Presidential contest as by the skin of the teeth, it was held to be a matter of primary and indispensable duty that the Congress should guard against the recurrence of those perils. The presence of a Democratic majority in both Houses gives weight to this obligation, for the presence of that majority will be used to barb and envenom the arrows of Republican suspicion and accusation until the arrows are made pointless and harmless by the passage of a law in the premises which shall be so demonstrably fair and just as to allow no room for invidious criticism.

In the meantime the shadows of the dead past should not be evoked as spectres to startle the people from their propriety. The evil that was done three years ago in Louisiana and Florida is no excuse for the evil that has been done in Maine to-day, and the evil that has been done in Maine is not to be set as a precedent for observance in the future, but is to be cited rather as a warning. Let there be an end of strategy and *finesse* among the leaders of both parties, and let there be an end, too, of crimination and of recrimination; for deplorable is the condition of a country in which men lose their faith in the public virtue. Such a loss of faith is the sure precursor of a public decadence, and begets the very evils which it seems to deprecate.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is in many respects a meritorious day. The only real fault that can be justly found with it is that it is the right day in the wrong place. The necessities of almanac-makers and tailors require that there should be a day on which to begin the calendar and to send in bills. The moral nature of man also requires a day on which to resolve to give up smoking, and to begin to keep a daily memorandum of expenses. Were New Year's Day to be shifted to June, it would be, in its way, as able a day as Christmas. The lack of judgment which placed it within a week of the latter festival is, however, greatly to be deplored.

In a household where children abound, New Year's Day is a faint and sickly reflection of Christmas. The children have had their Christmas candy, and the doctor has put their stomachs in good repair. A week later more candy must be lavished on the insatiable infants, and the subsequent carnival of colic, and its accompanying doctors' bills, seem to all judicious parents to be uncalled for, and almost unpardonable. Even the hard-worked head of the family does not enjoy his New Year's holiday. It comes too closely on the heels of Christmas, and he feels that it would be far better if it could be postponed for a few months, and thus become an oasis of rest in the dreary work-day march from Christmas to the Summer vacation. In short, New Year's Day is felt to be a wanton waste of a holiday, and we almost resent its appearance at the very time when a holiday is least needed.

It is estimated by accomplished mathematicians that in the United States alone, on New Year's Day, seven hundred and nine thousand men make good resolutions, of which number all but five and a fraction break them within the next three days. This is a terrible picture of moral weakness, and it further suggests that something is wrong with the day. No one doubts that good resolutions ought to be made, that there ought to be a day expressly devoted to their manufacture. Every smoker feels that he is a nobler, better and more economical man when he resolves not to smoke for a year. Every man who "swears off" the use of ardent spirits on New Year's Day gains a new feeling of self-respect. When we make our annual resolution to get up early every morning; to devote a certain amount of time every day to study, or to some other method of self-improvement; when we promise ourselves that henceforth we will keep a daily and truthful list of our expenses, in which neither alleged "missions" nor apocryphal "charity" shall be used to cover a multitude of extravagances, we know that we have done well, and that we deserve the admiration of our fellow-men. And yet on January 2d we find our resolutions converted into paving-stones, and devoted to filling that interminable contract for grading, paving, guttering and sewering a road on which none of us wish to travel. These annual breakages of good resolutions weaken our moral tone—so say the moralists—and if this is true, the moral tone of the American people grows weaker every successive year.

All this failure to keep our annual good resolutions is due to the reprehensible custom of celebrating New Year's Day on January 1st, and in the coldest part of the year. Climate and temperature have a vast effect upon morality. For example, it is much more difficult to tell the truth in warm weather than it is in cold. The amount of veracity in proportion to the population is sixty per cent. greater in Norway and Sweden than it is in Italy,

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Greece and Spain. As we go further north, we find that every man, woman and child in Iceland tells the truth; while, on the other hand, when we get as far south as Egypt or Mexico, we find that the truth is spoken only at rare intervals, and in exceptional circumstances. In fact, no well-established instance of veracity in Mexico has occurred within the last twenty years; and at Panama, just under the equator, no man has told the truth since the foundation of the city. On the other hand, cold climates foster vices peculiarly their own. The loathsome vice of playing the accordion prevails north of the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, and is almost unknown south of it; and the degrading habit of drunkenness is, to a very great extent, monopolized by the inhabitants of comparatively cold countries.

Now there can be little doubt that we break our New Year's resolutions mainly because New Year's Day comes in the depth of Winter. We could stop smoking with ease in June, when the smoking-car becomes close and stifling and the Summer air is laden with the scent of flowers, but we naturally find it hard to give up the pipe or cigar that assists us through the long Winter evenings or tempers the keen morning air of January. The cold depresses our nervous energies, and renders it unusually difficult for us to brace ourselves up to the point of keeping expense books, or getting up early in the morning; whereas no man cares to lie in bed in June, and there is not a man living who doubts his ability to begin to keep an expense book next Summer. It is clearly the cold weather which chills the life out of our tender, young New Year's resolutions, and the fault is not ours, but belongs to the short-sighted astronomers who undertook to begin the year on the first day of January.

We ought, in the interests of morality, to begin the year on the first of June. There is no scientific reason why we should not make the change. As the earth revolves in a circle, the year, strictly speaking, has no beginning nor end, and the selection of the first of January as the first day of a new year was a purely arbitrary one. If we have our New Year's Day on the first of June, we shall avoid the present reckless waste of two holidays within a week of one another. We shall be able to make just as many resolutions as we make now, but in the milder air of early Summer we shall be able to keep them. The sooner Congress makes the change the better; and if other nations fail to follow our example, we shall, at any rate, have the proud consciousness that we are always seven full months ahead of time.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Spanish Cortes having dissolved until January 10th, the Abolition Bill, which passed the Senate, and which provides for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Cuba in 1886, 1887 and 1888, after eight years of provisional servitude under present masters, cannot come up for decision until that date, during which, as the West Indian members of the Chamber of Deputies declare the measure both impotent and unsatisfactory, it is not unlikely that the Bill may receive severe outside handling.

King Humbert is coming in for his share of the honors intended to be conferred upon the monarchs of Europe by Nihilists, socialists, and other ists. A dispatch from Rome to the *Evening Post* reports that King Humbert was going on a hunting expedition, when the gendarmes who preceded him encountered a crowd who refused to disperse, and fired on the gendarmes. The latter returned the fire. An active search for the culprits is in progress.

Dispatches from Constantinople state that a Mussulman priest has been sentenced to death for assisting to translate the Bible into the Turkish language. Sir Austen Layard, the British Ambassador, has demanded the priest's release, and it is believed that Germany will support the demand. What has Germany to do with the case? Once Prince Bismarck gets his blood-and-iron hand on the Commander of the Faithful, the services of the British physician will be dispensed with, and the "Sick Man" will be put under a course of German treatment.

The agitation in Ireland has assumed a practical shape. The Dempsey family, who were evicted at Balla for non-payment of rent, have been reinstated, their rent having been paid by subscription. This is cheering news for the landlords, who have only to evict to have their rents paid.

The Parisians are between fire and ice. Fire in the Chamber, water in the shape of ice on the Seine. Two sensations. Paris is happy. Jules Simon or Gambetta? Nothing but a *coup d'état* will fling Gambetta to the front. He needs red fire as much as does Mephistopheles.

Three Queens ill—England, Russia and Italy—England caught cold in Scotland, Russia in the Crimea, and Italy in the Alps. Three royal noses a blowing at New Year's. Catherine II. of Russia was in the habit of using candle-grease on the bridge of her nasal appendage. I wonder is it court etiquette still?

An almost continuous fog has prevailed on the Thames River during the last three weeks, the consequence being that a fleet of inward-bound ships has been detained.

Advice from Valparaiso states that the port of Iquique, Peru, has been opened to commerce, the only restriction being in respect of arms and ammunition. The President of Peru is marching with a force upon Lima, expecting the Chilians to attack Callao and the capital. It is reported that the Bolivians sacked the town of Tacna, Peru, and threatened Arica, in the same republic.

The Nihilists are not only making a terrible mistake by attempting to use brutality in order to put down brutality, but, as they themselves admit, and even claim, they are putting themselves on a level with that which they most condemn in so acting. On the other hand, the Government are not only making a terrible mistake when they suppress evidence of the misery of Russia—when they suppress newspapers for publishing that evidence—but in doing so they are sitting on the safety-valve at the very moment of expressing their horror of the devastation caused by the explosion of the steam. Russia is in the throes of a horrible agony, and the latest intelligence but serves to render the gloom of the situation still deeper.

If England imagined she could fight the Afghans without a religious crusade being preached against her by the Moollahs, she has simply gone into the struggle blindfolded. And, as if to incite these fanatic preachers to the uttermost bounds of passion, General Roberts and his subordinates have taken to hanging these Moollahs, making martyrs of them, and the memory of their wrongs a battle-cry for the survivors. General Roberts has his work cut out for him, and if it will take 30,000 men to conquer Afghanistan, and 10,000 to keep it quiet, his situation is more than perilous.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has become convinced of the impossibility of successfully floating a loan for refunding purposes at a lower rate of interest than four per cent.; but Fernando Wood clings to his scheme for refunding the six per cent. bonded indebtedness which falls due next year with a new 3 1-2 per cent. loan, and thinks he can show the Secretary that this can be done, and without any commissions.

THE Chinese in Brazil are working between two fires, which may in time unite. Desirous of extending the tea and silk industries, the Government encourages their immigration, while the masses of employers, as well as the people of the interior, oppose them on the ground that a knowledge of their being welcome there will prevent the influx of the more desirable class of emigrants from the northern States of Europe.

THE Mussulman priest, who has been sentenced to death for assisting in translating the Bible into the Turkish language, should have an advocate in every Christian in the world. His crime was simply that of revising and correcting the translations which have been made by a body of clergymen who represent the leading nations and the largest denominations of the West. The Sultan will scarcely dare refuse to order the priest's release, upon the demand of the entire diplomatic body at Constantinople.

THE Board of Pilot Commissioners of New York have picked up the gauntlet thrown by the ocean steamship companies in the matter of employing "steam" pilots. They have decided to prosecute the owners or consignees of any steamship whose master employs Pilot Sisco. Any attempt of Mr. Sisco to pilot a ship into this port will be a criminal offense, punishable with either sixty days' imprisonment or $100 fine, or both. As many of the companies had agreed to stand by the pilots of the steamer *Hercules* in the event of this very emergency, knowing ones begin to see many breakers ahead.

AMBITIOUS statesmen still fight shy of the English and Russian missions, a very unusual proceeding. It is currently believed that the post of Minister to the Court of St. James has in turn been tendered to ex-Governors Morgan and Fenton, of New York, ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, by whom it was declined when General Grant was President, and Cortlandt Parker, of New Jersey. All of these gentlemen have declined the honor. For the Russian Mission equal difficulty has been experienced by the President and Secretary Evarts. Hon. Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, has been urged to accept the post, but his friends want his services in the political contests of his State, and it is reported that Governor Van Zandt, the third-term Executive of Rhode Island, has been promised the appointment if he will accept. A member of the Cabinet says, "It is very embarrassing to the Government to have these important missions go a-begging." And so it is. But there are two great considerations that have to be weighed in connection with them. One is the climate, which in St. Petersburg killed Mr. Burlingame, while acting as Chinese Ambassador, and James L. Orr, who had been settled but a short time as United States Minister, and which at London is found by Americans to be extremely severe on persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints. The other is the inability to properly maintain the dignity of the office upon the salary allowed, $17,500. To these considerations a third may be added, as it seems understood that a reduction in the amount of salaries now paid will be made before long. Under these conditions it is not strange that there should be difficulty in securing gentlemen of culture, social standing and public consideration, to accept these foreign appointments.

THE situation in Maine now bears a more peaceful aspect. There was a temporary excitement in Bangor on Christmas Day, when Adjutant French attempted to remove a quantity of guns and ammunition from the arsenal for shipment to Augusta, and wisely desisted in the face of a multitude of demonstrative citizens. More sober counsels are being taken. On the 24th ex-Senator Morrill addressed the Governor an earnest appeal, in which he urged him to submit the law points of the election cases to the Supreme Court for decision. The following day Governor Garcelon replied, asserting that nothing would give him greater pleasure than an authoritative opinion upon points involved in the present condition of affairs, and also upon such as might be likely to arise. He also requested that Senator Morrill would indicate the points that had occurred to him, and expressed his confidence that they might be able to secure a satisfactory solution of doubtful complications, or, if not satisfactory, at least such as may be deemed authoritative. The publication of these letters has had a quieting influence. Senator Morrill will submit the points, and Governor Garcelon, it is believed by the best men of each party, will then agree to refer the matter to the courts.

SINCE one of the Glastenbury Smith sisters died, and the other married, the famous cows have not figured in the executions for non-payment of taxes. But New England has still a martyr to the odious assessors and collectors, and an exceedingly determined and philosophical one. John Brown Smith, of Northampton, Mass., has now suffered imprisonment for a number of weeks for refusing to pay a poll-tax. He is offered release if he will pay, for he is luxuriantly eating his head off in his cell, surrounded by newspapers, books on philosophy, political economy, and kindred subjects, to the pecuniary burden of the city, but he remains obstinate. In his defense he says:

"My motive in refusing to pay the poll-tax is because I am a self-sovereign individuality, and consequently am an alien to the town and commonwealth and neither give my consent nor recognize the jurisdiction of the town to levy a poll-tax on my person. I decline to pay the tax because of the principles involved. I have conscientious scruples against paying taxes levied by force, as I believe in voluntaryism, attraction or love as the true basis for society. I entertain especial scruples against paying a poll-tax for the privilege of voting for officials, unless the productive forces of earth, such as air, sunlight, water, minerals, lands, etc., are recognized as the common property of mankind. I believe that self-government is one of man's inalienable rights which cannot safely be delegated to legislators, congresses or officials; therefore, the present basis of society is in error in using force when love is so much more effective."

The officials are begging him to pay up and go, for they are tired of supporting him while doing nothing but "enlarging the sphere of his understanding"; but he calmly tells them he will part company only when they give a pledge never to permit a poll-tax to be levied upon him. This they cannnot do; the other he will not do. Hence he still eats and sleeps and has his washing done at the expense of the city.

LAST year the Commissioners of Immigration of New York called the attention of the Legislature to the oppressive and unjust features of the general laws under which their work was being carried on. A Bill, covering these points, and designed to provide for the better protection of immigrants, and at the same time relieve New York State of the unjust portion of the expense, has been submitted to Congress. From 1847 to 1876 the New York State laws provided that a per capita tax should be levied upon the immigrants as they came through this port. The tax varied from $1.50 to $2.50, and the fund which was raised from the tax took care of sick and injured immigrants. If immigrants returned here any time within five years, sick or unable to take care of themselves, the Commissioners were obliged to attend to them. The New York State laws at that time also ruled that criminals, idiots, etc., who were brought here, should be carried back to the places whence they came at the expense of the steamship companies. In 1876, upon an appeal of the steamship companies, the Supreme Court of the United States declared the laws existing in New York null and void, and, in consequence, the State each year has been obliged to appropriate about $150,000 to take care of the sick and injured, etc. The other States have sent nearly all the weaklings, unsuccessful and sick ones back here, and upon New York has fallen the great burden of caring for unfortunate immigrants. The framers of the present Bill want Congress to authorize the expenditure of $250,000 each year in taking care of sick and disabled immigrants, the share of the appropriation which goes to each port to be regulated by the number of immigrants arriving at the port. This will go far towards providing proper care for all the sick, and New York will be obliged to take care only of its own. At the same time it is held necessary that two vital points should be settled beyond any misunderstanding: First, whether States have the right to compel the steamship companies to take back criminals, idiots, and so forth, shipped from other countries to get rid of them; and second, whether the time during which the New York Commissioners are responsible for the care of immigrants cannot be limited to one year instead of five, as at present. If this Bill becomes a law it will certainly effect a great saving to the State of New York.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ON December 23rd, the buildings of Carlton College, at Northfield, Minn., were destroyed by fire.

A DEPUTATION from the Universal Peace Union paid their respects to General Grant in Philadelphia on the 26th.

HART made 540 miles in the six days' walking match in New York last week; four men exceeded Rowell's best score, and eight passed 500 miles.

THE restrictions placed on the importation of neat cattle from Europe by the United States Treasury Department, have been extended to similar importations from Australia and New Zealand.

SENATOR EDMUNDS is endeavoring to have the legal tender test case advanced on the docket of the Supreme Court, so that a decision may be had in advance of further financial legislation.

THE Board of Aldermen of Cincinnati have passed an ordinance giving the Mayor authority to suppress immoral variety shows by withholding license or revoking the same whenever necessary.

THE Ute Commissioners have not yet received the whole of the Indians demanded by General Hatch, and Ouray has been granted five additional days to bring the rest of the party in. The belief is gaining ground that Ouray is unable to carry out his pledge.

IN the matter of the contested application for a grant of lands by the Government for the "town site" of North Leadville, Col., the Acting Commissioner of the General Land Office decides that, according to the testimony, the land applied for is "valuable for minerals," and that, therefore, it is subject to location under the Mining Acts only.

THE inauguration of Governor Cornell will take place in the New Assembly Chamber, at Albany, at 12 o'clock on New Year's Day. The oath of office will be administered by General Carr, as Secretary of State, and the addresses of Governors Robinson and Cornell will follow. Immediately afterwards the Governor will receive the citizens generally in the Speaker's room adjoining the Assembly chambers.

A FIRE broke out in the rear of the paper warehouse of Rice, Kendall & Co., in Federal Street, Boston, on Sunday night, December 28th, and after consuming that building destroyed the publishing establishment of Houghton, Osgood & Co., the quarters of the Union Express Company, and of several smaller firms on the same block on Federal and Devonshire Streets. The entire fire department was called out, and the loss is very heavy.

Foreign.

A BRITISH proclamation has been issued prohibiting seditious meetings in the Transvaal, South Africa.

MR. PARNELL has sailed for the United States, where a series of monster receptions are being arranged for him.

THE Porte has granted 4,000,000 piasters for the relief of destitute persons in Constantinople during the Winter.

AN immense dry-dock, the largest in Asiatic waters, has been opened with much ceremony at Nagasaki, Japan.

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, the well-known author, died in London, December 27th, of apoplexy. Aged fifty-eight.

A ST. PETERSBURG dispatch says: "The statement that the Winter Palace is illuminated all night by the electric light is unfounded."

THE United States Minister to Colombia reports that a profitable commerce may be developed between that country and the United States.

IT is asserted that Gordon Pasha desires that Egypt should cede to Italy a port in the Red Sea in order to produce complications between Abyssinia and Italy.

THE port of Iquique, Peru, has been opened to commerce. The President of Peru is taking steps to defend Callao. It is reported that the Bolivians sacked the town of TACNA, Peru.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL BLANCO has issued a proclamation announcing that incendiaries and robbers captured in the disturbed districts of Cuba, will be tried by a verbal court-martial, and upon conviction will be sentenced to death.

A RUMOR was telegraphed to New York on December 29th, that the steamer *Arragon*, of the Great Western Steamship Line, plying between New York and Bristol, Eng., had foundered in the Atlantic, carrying down all the passengers and crew.

THE United States Consul at Buenos Ayres, in a dispatch to the Department of State, dated October 21st, 1879, announces that a Continental Exposition will be opened in that city on September 15th, 1880, to continue until December 15th of the same year.

A PORTION of the bridge over the Firth of Tay, in Scotland, was broken away by wind and waves in a gale on December 28th, as a train was crossing, and the coaches, containing from 150 to 200 passengers, were precipitated into the Firth. Not a soul was saved.

THERE is a notable diminution of the popular indignation and sympathy manifested after the recent attempt against the Czar's life. This is principally attributed to the increase of discontent, and to dissatisfaction with the purely reactionary measures of the Government.

THE steamship *Borussia*, of the Dominion and Mississippi Line, was abandoned at sea on December 26, in a sinking condition. There were on board at the time 180 passengers and a crew of 54. Ten of the latter escaped in a small boat, were picked up and landed at Queenstown, while a number of the passengers and crew who took to the other boats have not been heard from.

THE new French Ministry is constructed as follows: M. De Freycinet, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Lepere, Minister of the Interior and of Worship; M. Cazot, Keeper of the Seals; M. Magnin, Minister of Finance; General Farre, Minister of War; Admiral Jauregulberry, Minister of Marine; M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Varroy, Minister of Works; M. Tirard, Minister of Commerce, and M. Cochery, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

BOTH Houses of the Spanish Cortes have adjourned to January 10th, 1880. The Abolition Bill which passed the Senate provides for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Cuba in 1886, 1887 and 1888, after eight years of provisional servitude under the present masters. It is proposed to enact severe statutes against vagrancy in connection with this scheme and to extend the jurisdiction of courts-martial. The West Indian members of the Chamber of Deputies declare that the law will satisfy neither the owners nor the slaves.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 347.



SPAIN.—THE ROYAL WEDDING IN THE CHURCH OF THE ATOCHA, MADRID.



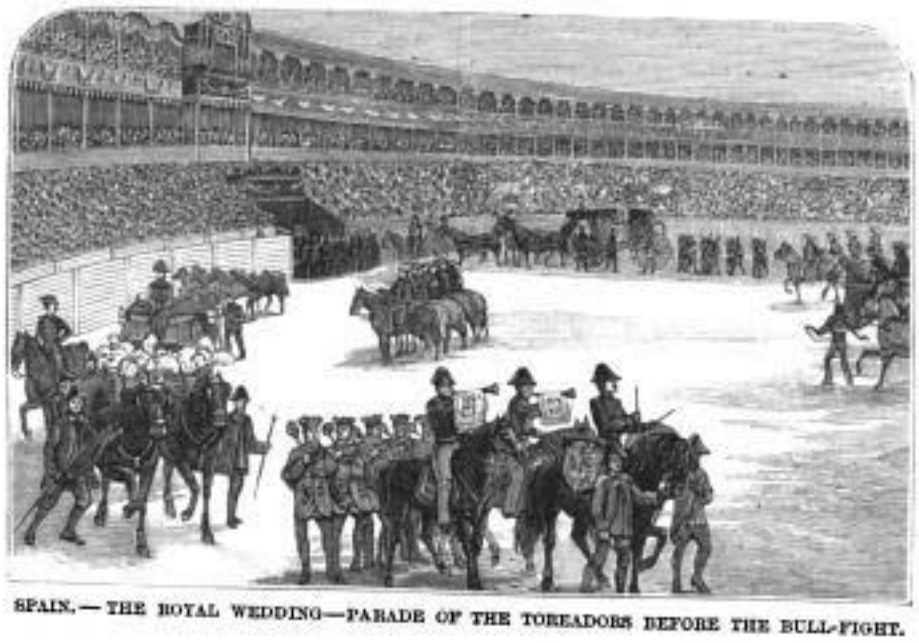
SPAIN.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE PUERTA DEL SOL.



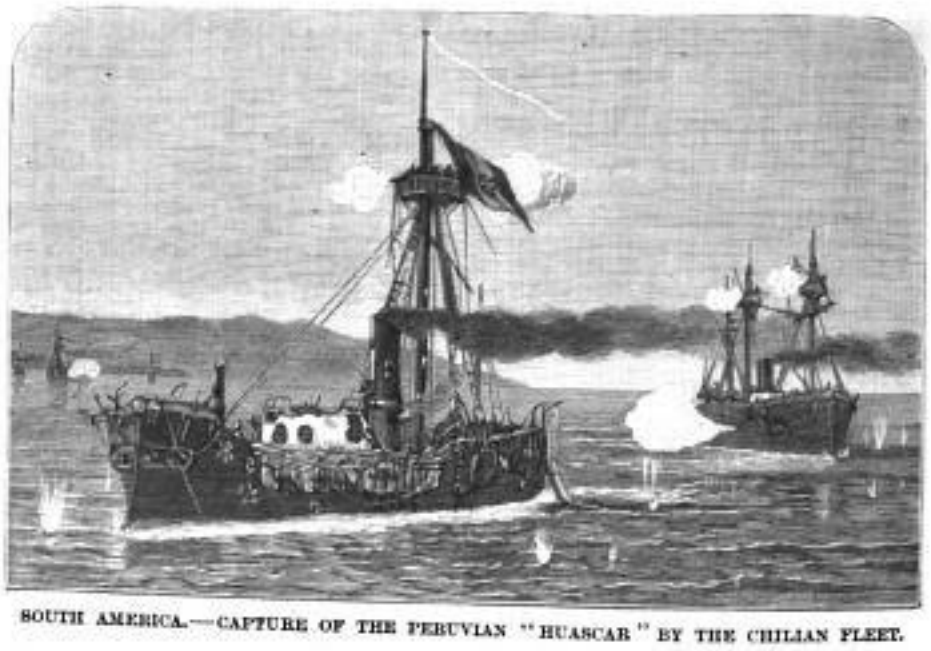
IRELAND.—INTERIOR OF A HUT BY LOUGH CORRIB, GALWAY.



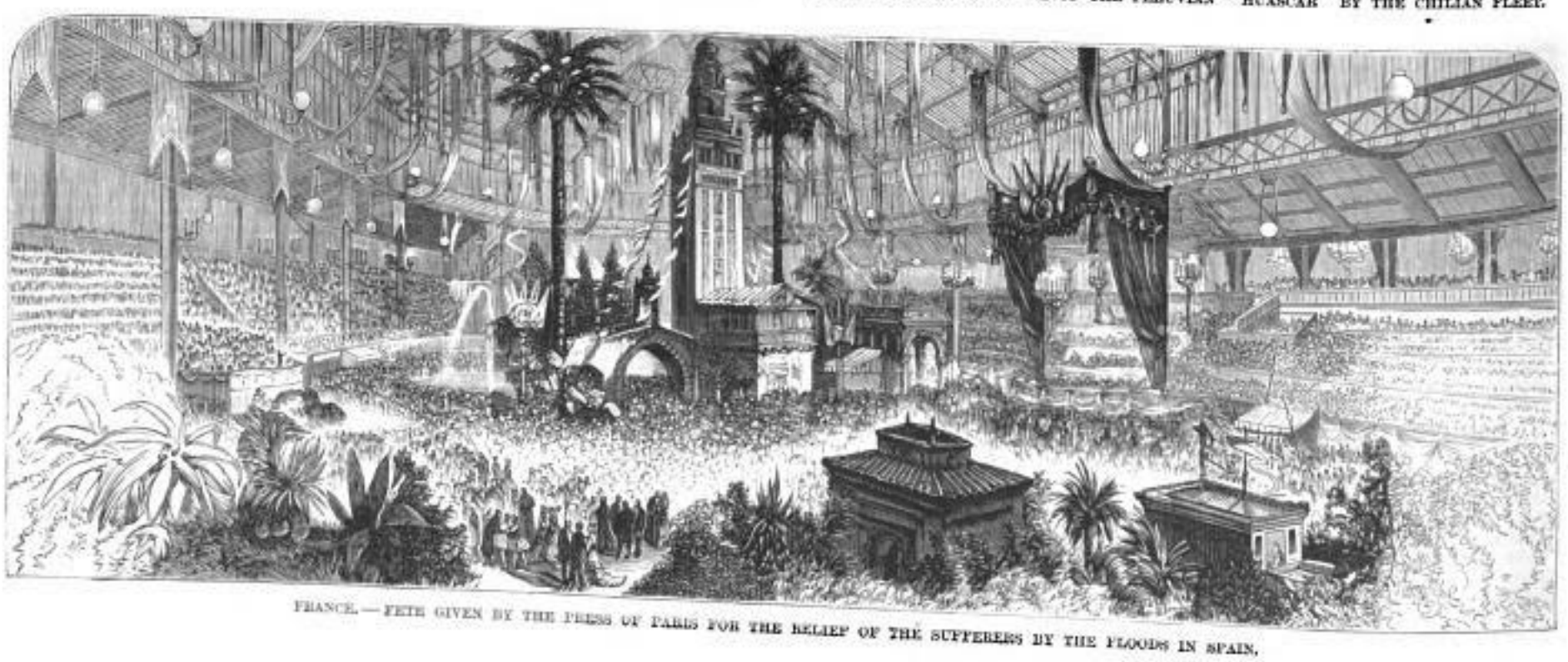
ARCTIC REGIONS.—NORDENSKJOLD'S SHIP "VEGA" SALUTING CAPE CHELYUSKIN.



SPAIN.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—PARADE OF THE TOREADORS BEFORE THE BULL-FIGHT.

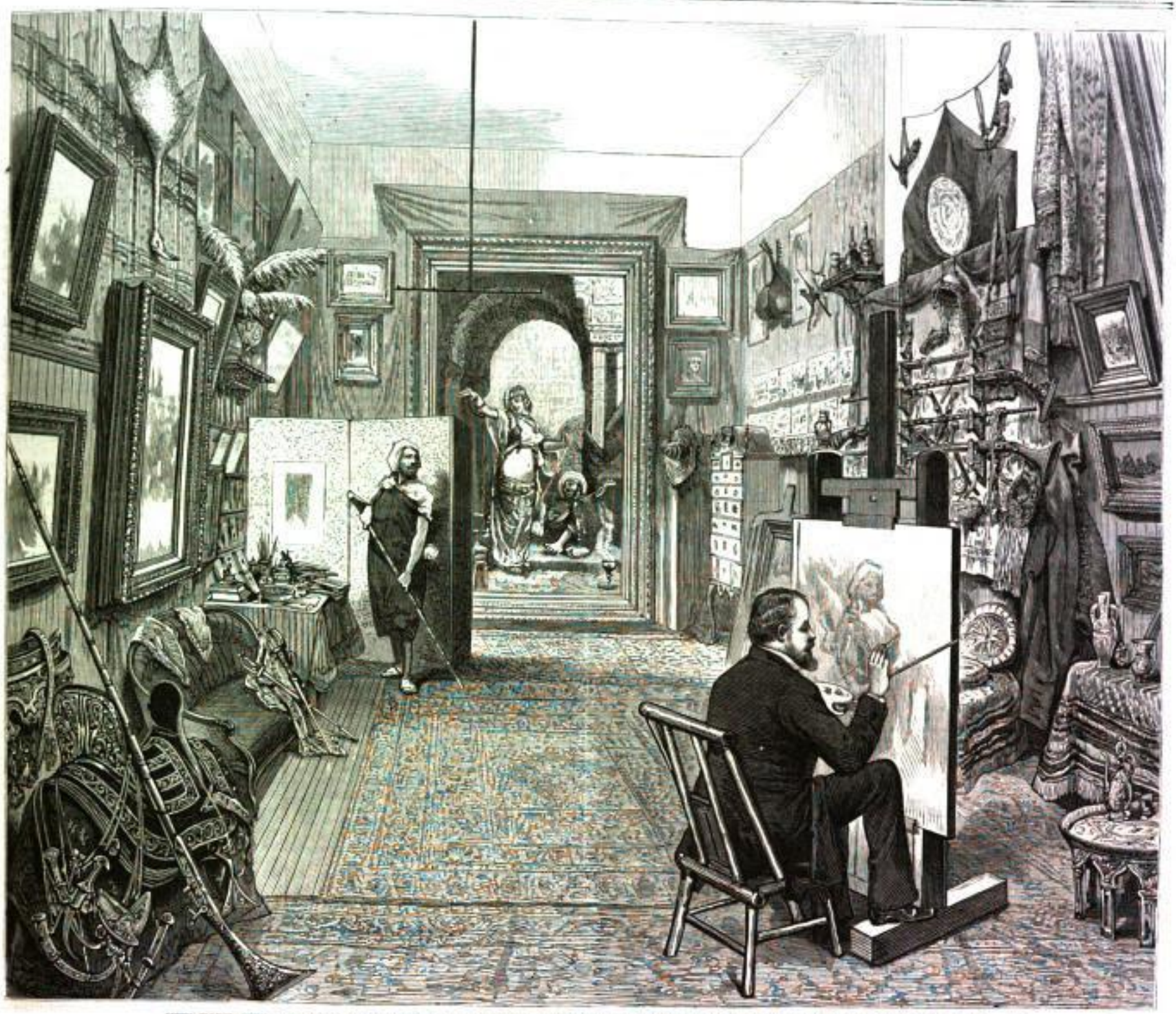


SOUTH AMERICA.—CAPTURE OF THE PERUVIAN "HUASCAR" BY THE CHILIAN FLEET.



FRANCE.—FETE GIVEN BY THE PRESS OF PARIS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS BY THE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

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NEW YORK CITY.—STUDIO OF H. HUMPHREY MOORE, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN PAINTER, NO. 11 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET.

MADAME BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.

"WHAT a handsome likeness of Nilsson!" was my involuntary exclamation as I sat down to have a chat with the gifted Blanche Roosevelt.

The youthful *prima donna*—she is only three-and-twenty—was born at Sandusky, Ohio, and is the eldest daughter of a distinguished statesman and Senator, the Hon. William H. Tucker, of Virginia. Her mother, whose maiden name was Roosevelt, is a writer of no ordinary culture, while her sister, Fannie, is a budding *littérateur*. Very early in Blanche's life her family took up their residence in Chicago, and the Garden City, with becoming pride, claims the brilliant songstress as its child. Madame Lucca, having heard Miss Tucker, gave her a letter of introduction to Madame Pauline Viardot. Miss Tucker proceeded to Paris, where she was immediately placed under the care of the Hon. E. Washburne, our Minister.

"Christine Nilsson taught me every note of 'Hamlet,'" she exclaimed. I shall only string together what Madame Roosevelt said. "My voice is a very high soprano. I sing 'Hamlet' in the original key, also the 'Magic Flute.' Viardot was my teacher, with Madame Leonard. My French was studied with Labbache's daughter. I have been studying six years. I do all my singing without a piano, and have made myself an independent musician, as I can do without it. Rubenstein said to me, 'Your notes come out like those of Adelina Patti's; but you must study.' I study alone. I sing all my pieces at *mezza voce*. I only sing at full pitch for forty minutes during the day. I never sing in the evening except on the stage. My *répertoire* consists of sixteen Italian operas and of nine in French. I was afraid to sing at the Grand Opera, because it is so much easier to make a fiasco than a success. I learned 'Faust' in forty-eight hours, with the exception of the 'Jewel' song, which I already knew. I got my book on Saturday evening, on Monday attended rehearsal, and on Tuesday made my début. In May last I commenced my rehearsals for the new troupe I was going to bring here with M. Coulon. It was to have been called the "Blanche Roosevelt" Company; but Coulon died. This was in the middle of August. I met Mr. Arthur Sullivan in Paris, and he spoke to me about singing in English opera. 'I am bound to go to America, Mr. Sullivan,' I said, 'as I long to get back to the dear old country.' He then said that he would write to Mr. D'Oyley Carte. When I arrived in London Mr. Carte asked me if I had any objection to sing in English opera, and this is how I became *Josephine*. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan both taught me. Mr. Sullivan is a splendid instructor, and Mr. Gilbert a magnificent stage-manager. Mr. Sullivan wrote 'Pinafore' in six weeks, and scored every note of it himself. I came on on the four hundred and twenty-third night of 'Pinafore' at the Opera Comique, in London. I was an immense success, as I sang it exactly as the author and composer considered it should be sung."

"Has not the new opera of the 'Pirates of Penzance' been written expressly for you, Madame Roosevelt?"

"It has; and, oh," clasping her hands enthusiastically, "the music suits my voice to perfection. It is a charming opera as a composition, while Mr. Gilbert is at his very best; indeed, both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are at their best in this opera. I have gotten all of my dresses for it from Madame Latreille, of the Rue Lafitte, Paris. Returning to 'Pinafore,' do you know how it came to get that name?"

"No."

"Well, then I'll tell you. Mr. Gilbert was writing and Mr. Sullivan was standing by. Mr. Gilbert exclaimed, reading from the manuscript:

"'Then here's three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the gallant captain of the ——.'"

"What rhymes to 'cheer more,' Sullivan? 'Pinafore,' laughed Mr. Sullivan. 'Take it,' cried Mr. Gilbert, and that is how 'Pinafore' came to get its name. Mr. Gilbert went down to Portsmouth to the ship *Victory*—the ship that Nelson died on at Trafalgar—and made his studies there. He draws every figure on paper, and then places them on the stage. Mr. Sullivan scores every good thing Mr. Gilbert says. To be in their company and intimate with them is a veritable treat."

Of Madame Roosevelt's success in the rôle of *Josephine*, and of her grace and beauty, it is not necessary to make more than mention.



MADAME BLANCHE ROOSEVELT, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

THE STUDIO OF H. HUMPHREY MOORE,

NO. 11 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

ONE moment and I was in the "roar" of New York: the next, far from the madding crowd, in a very dazzle of glowing color in the æsthetic studio of H. Humphrey Moore, 11 East Fourteenth Street. The transition from the rush of the highways to a luxurious apartment in the very heart of the Alhambra recalled the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights," and, as I gazed dreamily around me, I fully expected to find the Oriental hangings thrust suddenly aside to admit either some female slave of surpassing loveliness, or, perhaps, the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid himself. Color everywhere—from the walls, from the floor, from the ceiling. Yellows such as one only beholds in sunny Spain; scarlets reminding one of the blossoms of the pomegranate; greens "deeper than lichens lives"; blues of the Italian sky. Clots of color. Color glory! Now reflected from Spanish interiors, now flashing from Moorish arms of quaint design, now coming to me like sensuous vapor from pictures vivid as from the sun-dipped brush of Fortuny, whose secret of marvelous coloring Mr. Moore has wrested so masterfully. Caressing divans, Persian rugs, Saracenic head pieces, mirrors set in amber satin, Moorish saddles, Mauresque pottery, Algerian matchlocks, Japanese umbrellas, Afghan tulwaurs, Russian samovars, Riff powder-horns, Coptic rosaries, and bits of *bric-à-brac* that would cause M. Tissot to part with tufts of his hair in paroxysms of impotent envy. Art in the very atmosphere. Art wooing one after her own seductive fashion. Mr. Moore is devoted to his mistress, and she repays his devotion by revealing dazzling glimpses of her secret treasure-house. His pictures are flawless gems, possessing the gorgeous coloring of Fortuny with the marvelous detail of Meissonier. Mr. Moore goes unto art neglecting nothing, rejecting nothing and scorning nothing, and, as a result, he has achieved an assured success. Though scarce as yet in the Summer of life, his career as an artist has been as full of color as one of his own pictures.

Mr. Moore left the United States for Europe in 1865. After a brief sojourn in Dresden he entered the atelier of Gérôme, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts

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at Paris; and a short time subsequently was, elected, at the usual competitive examination, to a membership in the "life" class, under Mr. Yvon. He remained three years at the Ecoles des Beaux Arts, devoting the Summer vacations to the exhaustive study of the leading galleries of Europe, including those of Antwerp, Cassel, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, etc. He then proceeded to Seville, where he made numerous studies of Spanish life and customs. From Seville he went to Granada, where



SARACENIC AND MOORISH ARMOR.

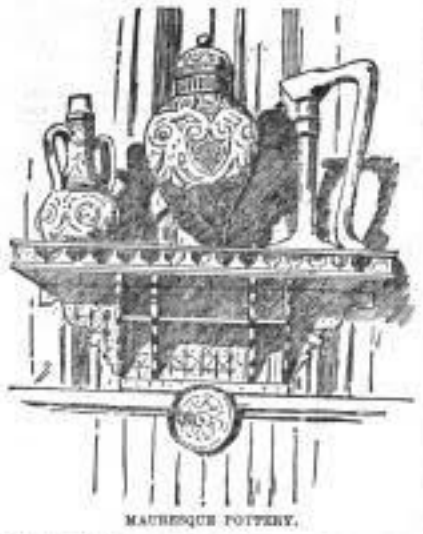
he met Fortuny and Rico, with whom he lived for a year and a half in the closest intimacy. While at Granada he mixed with the nobility and highest military and civil dignitaries of the country. It was in Granada society that he first formed the acquaintance of his beautiful wife, the very type of Spanish loveliness, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer of the Spanish army, and descendant of one of the oldest families in Spain. From Granada he turned to Tangier, in Morocco, where he resided for two years and a half, making many studies of Oriental life, and painting several finished pictures. At Tangier he occupied the famous little Moorish palace where the lamented Regnault, the gifted artist, who was killed during the siege of Paris, used to live and work. From Tangier he proceeded to Tetuan, two days' journey in the interior (from Tangier), where he was exceptionally fortunate in the opportunities he enjoyed for studying the domestic life of the Moors. Disguised as a woman, he was enabled to visit Moorish



A JAPANESE CORNER.

houses, and witness that inner life which, in Morocco, is so jealously guarded from the view of all strangers. Many times, while so disguised, he has witnessed the evolutions of the dancing girls, and to these stolen glimpses we owe many of his most striking works. On one occasion he was specially favored with permission to sketch the interior of the finest palace in the country, the property of an intimate friend of the Sultan. While alone, sketching the hall adjoining the harem, the door of the latter was suddenly flung open, and he beheld before him a group of young girls of absolutely dazzling beauty, the daughters of the house. He was desirous of sketching them, but before he could attempt a beginning they had fled.

During his residence in Morocco he had several servants, soldiers of the Pasha, who accompanied him as a bodyguard, fully armed, wherever he went. This precaution is very necessary in the interior, where the Moors are fanatical in their



MAURESQUE POTTERY.

religion and dangerous to strangers. On one occasion during the great festival of the Rhamadan, he was engaged in taking, by stealth, a sketch of a Riff mountaineer (a member of a wild and fanatical tribe). The latter caught sight of him and divined what he was engaged at. The Riff at once brought his rifle to his shoulder and attempted to shoot the artist, who was pulled away by his faithful guard just in time to save his life. At this festival a foreigner goes abroad with his life in his hands. During the artist's residence in Morocco he formed many intimate friendships among the Moors of the higher class. The Grand Shereef of Morocco was an intimate friend and visited him frequently at his house. The Grand Shereef is, next to the Sultan, the most important personage in Morocco. A lineal descendant of the Prophet Mahomet, he is held in the very highest reverence. When he visited Mr. Moore the streets around the house were always crowded with devotees awaiting the reappearance of the Shereef to press forward and kiss his hands,



ALGERINE "BRIC-A-BRAC."

feet, and the hem of his garments. In Tangier Mr. Moore lived on terms of intimate friendship with the members of the diplomatic corps. The French Ambassador presented him with the magnificent Moorish saddle and trappings now in his studio. This saddle, a masterpiece of Moorish art, was presented to the French Ambassador by the Sultan of Morocco as a *souvenir* of the visit of the former to Fez on the occasion of the coronation of the present Sultan. Among Mr. Moore's most risky adventures



THE MANDOLIN-PLAYER.

was the one in which, disguised as a woman, he was smuggled into a house where he witnessed a Moorish wedding ceremony. After a year at Tetuan he went to Italy, and spent one year in Rome in intimate association with Fortuny. Here he was elected member of the Cercle des Artistes Internazionales,



A MOORISH SENTINEL.

and used to work with Fortuny, Villegas, Madraza, Rivera and Marchetti.

At the south end of the studio stands Mr. Moore's masterpiece, "Almeh." The scene of this striking picture is laid in the "Hall of the Two Sisters" of the Alhambra, which is reproduced in all its magnificence of gorgeous coloring. The Almeh has been dancing to the sound of the castanets, but, growing tired of these, has cast them aside and taken up the flexible tube of a large Persian pipe, using it as an accessory, and continuing the dance. The Almeh, herself, a magnificently developed woman of the purest Moorish type of beauty, is but lightly draped, the dress having almost fallen from her form in the maddening evolutions of the dance. Her long, Oriental eyes, made to appear preternaturally large by the black coating of "Al-ko-hol" on the edges of the eyelids and corners, are full of the languishing fire of her race, while the smile just parting her crimson lips shows that under the stimulating influence of the music and "manzu" and the motion, she herself has entered into the enjoyment of the dance begun for the amusement of another. This remarkable painting was exhibited in one of the art galleries of the Centennial Exposition, where it excited the most intense admiration, was honored by the medal of the Exposition, and named on the first list of awards.

Here and there, in this mass of gorgeous coloring, the eye is suddenly relieved by cool and inviting Moorish interiors, great bars of sunlight literally flashing through arabesque lattices; by delicious glimpses of overarching bows with expectant maidens in alluring postures and the most Worthy raiment; by exquisitely painted cabinet pictures, as in the "Mandolin-player" and the "Moorish Sentinel," so full of the marvelous handling of Meissonier; by studies in water-color and bits in chalk. *Ay de mi*, it is an embarrassment of riches, and as I gaze on the "Almeh," the "Moorish Merchant," "Will He Come?" "Dolce far Niente," the "Croquet Party," "Au Rendez-vous," the "Moorish Armorer" and "Long Branch Beach," I sigh wearily for the arrival of mine argosy that I fear me has not yet put out to sea. Let those whose ships have come in visit the charming studio of H. Humphrey Moore, and this, too, before the pictures I have named will have taken flight.

THE FINDING OF MY MOTHER.

I WAS a mere lad, and I had been in Melbourne more than three months, looking, as they say in the colonies, for a billet, and none had offered, consequently I was terribly disheartened, and surveyed the bustling streets, the busy shops and ever shifting crowds of the city with feelings of envy and disappointment. It was hard, after all I had imagined, to be tramping the streets of Melbourne, in the broad daylight, in a suit of wofully rusty black, with an empty stomach, and no friend near. I cursed the luck, though not the object, that had brought me so many thousands of miles for nothing, that had tempted me to leave my fifteen shillings a week and the office-stool in Crutched Friars, E. C. That seat which had once been so hard and weary now seemed a pinnacle of ease and comfort, and the dingy office itself a haven of rest and security. Such were my thoughts as, listless and tired, I stopped opposite the Government railway station. Before me was the depot, behind me the great city. I could go no further. What more could I do—I was fairly brought to a standstill? How long I stood I know not. My heart was so burdened I took no note of time. At last a thought struck me—I would go to the sea. There would be some sympathy for me there—at least I felt so—and I turned to the ocean for comfort.

Not that Hobson's Bay, with its wharves and ships and houses, was the best place to feel the solace of the sea, but I did not think of that then; it was the place where I had first landed. I had a solitary coin in my pocket. I crossed the road, and paid my fare. It was extravagance in one who had had no dinner to do so; but I was desperate, and did not care.

In a couple of minutes I was rattling along the narrow little railway line. Nobody came into the carriage, and I was again left to my thoughts. I reviewed my past life under a vaguely defined impression that I had had enough of it.

My father I did not remember, my mother had left England long ago. As far back as I could recollect I had lived in the house of an aunt. Her husband was a bank porter. My father had been a warehouseman employed at the London docks.

From my aunt I had learned that my father had left his home one day and had never returned. She said my mother was the cause of it. Her troublesome tongue had been too much for her husband. Certainly, as long as my mother lived with my uncle and his wife, the two women quarreled incessantly.

My mother did not know exactly where my father had gone, as she had never heard from him since his departure; but there was a rumor that he had taken ship for Australia. She was a tall, strong, and handsome woman, with dark hair and darker eyes, and she could make her own way. I would be in her way, and so she had resolved to leave me behind. Accordingly, one misty morning I found myself saying good-by to her on the wet and sloppy deck of an emigrant vessel. From that day to this I have never heard from her. Nevertheless, I cherished the recollection of my mother, and when I grew older I resolved to go to Australia, too. I sailed one day, an orphan, to find my parents. The result—I had found neither, nor could I obtain a living. Whir—whir. The train stopped. I got out and walked down the Williamstown Pier. At the end of the jetty lay the very vessel that had brought me out from home. Her hatches were open, her decks in confusion, and her rigging was loose. In spite of the crowd of "lumpers" on her decks she looked uncared-for and forlorn, so very different from "the thing of life" she was at sea. I thought her like myself—neglected.

I looked over the side of the pier. The water was dark and dirty. Slimy seaweed and greasy scum of offal from the ships floated on its surface. It did not look of the same element as the great, strong, sparkling waves far out at sea. At the thought I raised my head and looked across the bay, beyond the shipping, and into the distance, where the blue sea and sky met. I wished I was there.

"Hie! hey! where are you looking to!" and a hand-truck rattled past on the iron rails beside me. I jumped clear of it. "Keep a better look-out, youngster," said the man who was pushing it. I walked up the pier and again off it, and along the beach to a quiet place. I lay down upon the sand, and by-and-by I fell asleep.

I slept some hours, for when I awoke the sun was low and the wind cold. It was time to go; but where? All places were alike to me. Mechanically I returned to the railway station. A train had just gone, there was not another for an hour. I saw a wooden bench beside the station wall. I went towards it, and in doing so I passed the little refreshment-room of the station. How bright and comfortable it looked! I had eaten nothing that day, and I saw sandwiches on the counter. They were too dear for me; but perhaps I could buy a biscuit. I had still the balance of my last coin in my pocket and I walked into the room. A long, loosely-made man, with a face tanned to a rusty-red color by the sun, and so roughened and furrowed by exposure that the skin hung loosely on his cheeks, stood behind the bar. He was, however, carefully cleaning some glasses when I entered, and did not break them; on the contrary, he dried them tenderly in his great rough hands, and set them gingerly in a corner. He eyed me curiously for a few seconds, and then said:

"What'll you take?"

"I—I don't want anything to drink," I answered.

"Then what the deuce do you want here?" he asked.

"A biscuit," said I, taking the money out of my pocket.

He looked astonished, as if he had never contemplated selling biscuits, but he was contradicted by their presence on the counter. Slowly, as if I was quite a new experience in customers, he moved towards them.

Up to this point I had watched him steadily, as he had rather frightened me, but now a faintness seized me, something seemed to give way within me; I clutched vainly at the edge of the counter, and fell down on the floor of the room. I heard a great shout, and then all was darkness; my senses had left me. When I came to, I felt that I was still lying on the floor, but that my shoulders were supported by a kindly arm, whilst a kindly hand was wiping water off my face. Gradually I saw the countenance of the giant. He was looking earnestly at me, with an expression of the greatest anxiety and concern. When he perceived that I had opened my eyes he smiled, and said aloud, but quite gently:

"Poor beggar!" and then, perceiving that my eyes were closing again, he said, "Why, hang it! I believe the boy has had nothing to eat."

With that he laid me upon the floor again, with my back to the counter, and, leaving me for the moment, brought me a plate of sandwiches, and put them before me. Didn't I eat them!

"Boy, how do you feel now?" he asked, when I had finished.

"Oh, thank you, sir, better—much better," I replied.

"What made you go over like that?"

"I—I don't know," I answered. "I was tired."

"Like to go to sleep?"

I looked round the place in a confused sort of way. Seeing this, the giant shouted, "Come along," and led me into a back-room behind the bar, where he laid a horse-rug on the floor, kicked an empty brandy-case to it for a pillow, and, when I had lain down, threw over me a couple of empty sacks. Telling me to be sure and go to sleep, he left me, as some customers came to the bar.

When I again awoke it was quite dark, save for a little stream of gaslight that came in under the door. I could not recollect where I was. Presently I heard shouts of laughter, the clinking of glasses, and every now and then a curious rattling sound, and at intervals, above all, a great hearty laugh. Then I remembered. There was evidently a brisk trade doing at the bar. After a bit I heard the station-bell ring, and the customers troop out. The whistle of an engine sounded, and the noise of a departing train died away in the distance.

Suddenly it flashed across me that it was the last train for the night that had gone. I rose, and, making my way towards the light, opened the door. The gas was burning brightly over the bar, and behind the latter sat the giant, with a long book before him.

"Woke up at last?" he inquired. "Just sit down anywhere, and wait till I get this infernal cash straight."

"Couldn't I help you with the glasses?" I asked.

He said nothing, but threw me a towel. I soon had the counter clean and cleared, but the giant did not seem to progress. His forefinger traveled up and down, up and down, the page again and again, and at the end of each addition he swore frightfully. At last he counted the cash beside him, and swept it all into a large cash-box. Ocular demonstration was conclusive with him, whatever the book might say as to the correct amount of cash.

I offered to add the book up.

"Too late to-night," he said; "come along." And, taking hold of the cash-box, he told me to go out, after which he turned off the gas, and came away himself, shutting the door. "Come with me."

We left the pier and skirted the town. In half an hour or more we came to a cottage, standing by itself. The giant opened the door, and, striking a match, lit a kerosene-lamp. The light revealed two rooms with walls and ceilings of bare boards and joists. I could see a bed in the back-room. There was a table in the front one. This was the whole of the house and furniture. I sat down by the giant's order, whilst he took from a chest a great round of beef, some pickles and salt, plates, knives and forks, and a couple of bottles of beer.

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"Now, boy," said he, "I guess you're hungry again. Wire in."

We both "wired in," and made the beef and pickles look small. When we had finished, the giant pulled a pipe and a twist of tobacco out of his pocket, and proceeded to cut the latter upon the table. As he did so, he said inquiringly, "You're a new chum?"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"Any one could see that," he remarked. "When did you come?"

"Three months ago."

"What did you come for?"

"I—I am a clerk," I replied.

"Clerk!" he roared. "What, in the name of all that's eternal, do you want in the colonies, then? Blest if I didn't think you were a gentleman. Not that there's any call for such here. Why do you wear them black togs?"

"I haven't got any others," I replied.

This was unanswerable, so he lit his pipe.

"What did you come for?"

My thoughts had somehow gone back to home, and I answered, without thinking of what he was saying:

"To look for my mother."

The next instant I wished my words unsaid. The giant burst into a roar of laughter. It shook the walls of the house; it shook the roof; it shook the table, and it entirely disconcerted me.

"Mother!" he ejaculated; "mother! He's come to look for his mother!" he screamed. "Ha, ha, ha!" and off he went into another fit. Then he stopped; but slapped his thighs and knees, which set him off again. "Well, well, lad," said he, slacking down, but still humorous, "where's your father?"

I was angry, and did not answer. He saw this, and, placing a hand on my shoulder, said, kindly:

"I won't say you won't find your mother, my boy. Victoria's a small place, it so be she's in Victoria, and, if she is, it's even money she's in Melbourne. Queerer things have happened than that you should find her." Then perceiving that I was not quite mollified, he continued: "Lord, my lad, I could tell ye a queerer thing that happened to myself."

"What is that?" I asked, eagerly. "Tell it me."

He smoked on in silence for a minute or two, and then said:

"Well, I will tell ye, 'cause it has a sort of bearing on your own case, and it can't do any harm to tell it ye; but, mind, ye must never let it go past ye—never—promise?"

I promised; my attention was excited.

Patting the top of his pipe with his little finger, he commenced, slowly:

"It was about—well, never mind when it was. It was a good many years ago, and I was at Gympie. You've heard o' Gympie?"

"No."

"Gympie's in the north. Well, I had come down to Brisbane to get out of Queensland, and was loafing along one o' the streets of the place waiting for the Melbourne boat, when a carriage and pair stops with a splatter beside of me, and gives me a kind of a start. They drawed up so sudden, ye see. "Where are ye going?' growls I; and somebody shouts out, quite cheery, 'By heaven!' only he didn't say 'By heaven!' He named another place he had more notion of, 'there's Red Jack! They called me Red Jack, 'cause o' the beard. I looks up, and gets a whack on the chest from a portmanteau. 'Vast heaving,' says I. 'Don't you know me?' says he. And, sure enough, it was my old mate, Dan Doolan. But, Lord, I would ha' known him if it hadn't been for his voice—blue coat, white hat, green choker, yellow breeches, boots as black as a stove and as shiny!

"'You're in a deuce of a hurry, Dan,' says I. 'Faix! and when wouldn't a man be if it wasn't when he was a-going to his own wedding?' says he. 'Wedding!' says I, looking at him. 'That's the size of it,' says he; 'an' you're going to be my best man.' 'Let me out,' says I. 'Deuce a bit of it,' says he. 'I haven't any clothes to go in,' says I, trying to open the door of the carriage, 'nor the money to buy 'em with.' 'Hang the money,' says he, and pulls out a bundle of notes as thick as a book. 'Good God!' says I, 'is that from the old claim?' 'It is,' says he, and then he told me how, just after I had left the darned hole, he and the others had struck the metal.

"'I was always too late for anything good,' says I. 'Faith, don't say that when you're just in time for my wedding,' says he. 'And do ye think that'll be any good to ye?' says I. 'Wait till ye see her,' says he.

"It was at an hotel that trap stopped at—a wooden one. Such a darned lot o' men and women came out on to the veranda as you'd a thought would have broken it down. 'Hurroo!' says they. 'Hurroo!' says Dan, and in we goes.

"In the dining-room there was no end of a spread; champagne all along the table, and at the bar there was a crowd indulging promiscuous in free drinks. I never seed such a kick-up. Dan introduced me to his friends, and in less than a minute I had had more liquor offered me than would have done to have washed myself in, had I been so minded.

"'Parson's ready,' presently shouts some one down the stairs, and we all goes up 'em. I'm blessed if any of us knew what we were a-doing at first, but by-and-by we all gets squeezed into our places, the men on one side of the room, the women on the other. I was next to Dan, of course, holding his gloves. Parson, he was just in front of us, and we were all ready, a-waiting for the bride.

"I was just a speculating where she was a-coming from when one of the doors of the room opens, and in walks —— Now, who do you think?"—and the giant laid his hand on my knee, bringing his face close to mine—"my own wife!

"There was no mistaking her," he continued, rising, and pointing with outstretched arm at an imaginary woman. "There she was, looking almost as fresh and hearty as when she drove me away from her in the old country, fifteen years afore!"

"Drove you away from her!" I ejaculated.

"Ay, lad," replied the giant, reflectively.

Up to this point I had wondered what connection the giant's story had with my chance of finding my mother. Now an idea seized me, and completely staggered me for the moment. I started up.

"She drove you away from her?" I repeated.

"Ay, deuce a one could stand her tongue," said he.

"Your name?—oh! your name, sir?" said I.

"Stevens," answered the giant.

"Once of Stepney?"

"The same," he replied.

"Father!" I exclaimed, and threw myself into his arms.

At first he could not make it out. That his child, whom he had forgotten, should be the first to awaken, after so many years, affection in his rough heart, was what he had never thought of. I felt him tremble under my embrace. Then, thrusting me from him, he exclaimed, "Charley, my son!" and examined my face. He next questioned me as to my uncle and aunt, and, finding my answers correct, sat me down on his knee, satisfied that I was, indeed, his son.

"Go on with your story, father," I soon said. "What became of my mother? Where is she?"

"Guess I don't know," replied my father, cooling down suddenly.

"How, why?" I asked.

"'Cause, I've never seen her from the day Dan married her to this."

"But she's not his wife."

"Well, perhaps not. Shouldn't wonder, now you mention it, if she's somebody else's by this time. I guess she's not mine anyhow." and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe deliberately. "She didn't perceive me on that occasion," he went on; "and so I took my own opinion on the matter. I don't suppose she was nervous; she wasn't a nervous sort. That wedding went on without me, I guess; leastways, I saw it in the paper the day after, for I cut quietly out of the place on board the Sydney boat. I was real sorry for Dan, real sorry; but what could I do?"

And my father filled his pipe with an air of satisfaction at the recollection of having, by his presence of mind, escaped from an awkward predicament. As for myself, I had to give up all attempt to find my mother. My father would not hear of it. He made me solemnly promise never to try to seek her in any way, and then took me into his refreshment business. I became his assistant behind the bar, and soon learnt the mystery of "shaking" strangers for drinks, which mystery consisted in having peculiar dice, and a decanter full of cold tea instead of brandy, for private consumption. I soon became quick and colonial in my manner, and continued a great favorite with my father as long as I never alluded in any way to my mother.

THE PROPOSED WORLD'S FAIR AT NEW YORK.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Executive Committee of the proposed World's Fair was held in Fifth Avenue Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, December 23d, in honor of Secretaries Evarts and Sherman, who were in the city. Invitations were extended to both gentlemen to be present, but Mr. Evarts, while expressing his hearty approval of the project, was unable to attend. H. G. Stebbins presided, and there were also present Thurlow Weed, B. A. Willis, Samuel A. Haines, F. L. Talcott, James Talcott, General J. B. Woodward, W. G. Schenck, George R. Blanchard, P. J. Schneider, W. H. C. Price, M. C. Adams and Rufus Hatch.

Mr. Stebbins reviewed the facts that led to the formation of the committee last year, and W. H. C. Price gave a succinct account of the progress that had been made. This was done, Mr. Stebbins explained, in order that Secretary Sherman, who was present, might form an opinion as to the merits of their undertaking, and assist them, if it met with his favor, with an expression of his opinion. In response Mr. Sherman made a lengthy address, reviewing the past International exhibitions, and dwelling particularly upon the results of the great Centennial undertaking. He, too, approved of the plan, and hoped that it would be the greatest show ever seen in the world. Brief remarks were made by Attorney-General Devens, Thurlow Weed and B. A. Willis, the chairman of the Legislative Committee, who explained the features of the enactments they intended to apply for.

A New Hampshire Yankee a Russian Admiral.

HOW A Meredith (N. H.) boy became a Russian Admiral makes an entertaining romance. The son of the Rev. Simons Finley Williams, a celebrated Massachusetts clergyman, called to Meredith in 1790, ran away from a Laconia employer, because the latter thrashed him for spending his evenings with the girls. He took, also, $300 belonging to his chastiser, who pursued him to Portland, reaching there two days after the youngster had shipped on a Russian bark. The vessel was attacked by pirates, but the boy of seventeen, with the assistance of two sailors, mounted an old swivel, filled it with iron scraps, and sank two boat-loads of the buccaneers, thus saving his ship. For this the Czar trained young Williams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head, his title being Count Zitcherscheff. He subsequently visited this country and paid the Laconia man his $300 and interest, all in gold, saying he should return to Russia an honest man.

About the Jews.

THE number of Jews living scattered in different parts of the world amounted in the year 1878 to nearly 7,000,000 souls, according to the latest statistics. Of these over 5,000,000 live in Europe, 1,500,000 in America, 200,000 in Asia and over 80,000 in Africa. About one-half of the European Jews, 2,622,000 in number, live in Russia; Galicia contains 575,000, Roumania 301,000, Turkey 102,000, Posen (Eastern Prussia) 61,000, Italy 35,000, Holland 30,000, England 50,000, France 49,000, Spain and Portugal in the vicinity of 5,500, Sweden 1,800, and Norway only 25 persons of the Hebrew nationality. According to the last census the number of Israelites in Germany reaches a total of 512,000, of whom 45,000 live in Berlin. In Austria there live 1,575,000 Jews. The African Jews mostly live in Algeria, Fez and Morocco, and but a small portion of them are settled in Abyssinia and the oases of the Desert of Sahara. In Asia 25,000 Jews inhabit Palestine and 20,000 the Indian Empire. In the City of Jerusalem there live, besides 7,000 Mohammedans and 3,000 Christians, 13,500 Jews. In America the City of New York contains the most Jews.

A Pocket Republic.

THE little republic of San Marino, which, by the mouth of one of its most prominent officers, gave an indignant denial a few weeks ago to the assertion that it intended authorizing the introduction of gaming-tables, is inclosed in the kingdom of Italy. It is bounded on the north, east and south by the province of Forli, and on the west by that of Pesaro. Its territory covers 62 square kilometres (about 23 square miles). The population numbers 8,500 souls, and the capital, San Marino, has 1,200. It is perched on the summit of a mountain called Mount Titan, or the Giants, which sometimes leads to this little State being termed the Titanic Republic. Its origin dates from several centuries back, and for heraldic bearings it has the following: Argent, three strong towers; sauro, on three rocks of the same; three curved flames gules issue from the towers and crown them. The motto is "Libertas." The escutcheon is surrounded by flags, and surmounted by a crown, indicating a sovereign State. The republic has an order of chivalry, created in 1859, under the name of Order of San Marino. It consists of a Greek cross with towers at the four angles, and in the centre a medallion with the arms of the republic surmounted by a princely crown closed, and suspended to a striped blue-and-white ribbon. These are the national colors. In 1796, Bonaparte, after defeating the Austrians, sent the celebrated mathematician, Mongo, to compliment the free mountaineers and make them offers of aggrandizement, but they very politely and very prudently declined. When Italy became a kingdom, Napoleon desired to preserve this small State intact. "It is a rare sample of a republic to preserve," said the Emperor. In 1848, Garibaldi, driven from Rome by General Oudinot, took refuge in San Marino, forbidding his soldiers to do any harm to the inhabitants. Victor Emmanuel not only respected the liberty and institutions of this little country, but always showed it great sympathy. In 1862 a treaty of customs and commerce was concluded between Italy and the republic. San Marino owes its foundation to a hermit of that name, born in Dalmatia in the fourth century, and who went to Italy to work as a mason at the rebuilding of the walls of Rimini. Marino afterwards took refuge in the midst of the woods of Mount Titan, and constructed there a cabin in which he ended his days.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Professor Nordenskjold's Northeast Passage.

Although Professor Nordenskjöld began his brilliant series of Arctic travels in 1858, it was not until last Summer that he effected his most renowned achievement. This was the successful navigation, in a small steamboat called the *Vega*, of the entire Northeast Passage from Europe round the coast of Siberia, and through Behring's Strait to the Pacific Ocean. On the 19th of August last when the *Vega*, which had been joined by the *Lena*, passed round Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly promontory of Asia, both vessels fired a salute in honor of the successful navigation of the mysterious passage.

Capture of the Peruvian Turret-ship "Huascar."

The capture, in a fierce battle fought on October 8th last, in the Bay of Mejillones, of the most formidable ship of the Peruvian fleet, the iron-clad monitor and ram *Huascar*, decided the maritime superiority of the Chilian forces. The *Huascar* received twenty eight balls, some of which pierced the strongest parts of her sides, five passing through the 4½-inch iron plating near the water line, as shown in our illustration. The *Admiral Cochrane* of the Chilian Navy is shown on the right of the *Huascar*, and the *Blanco Encalada*, her companion, on the left.

Ireland's Distress.

As an indication of the distress now prevailing in Ireland, we give an illustration from the pencil of a correspondent, of the interior of a hut on the shore of Lough Corrib, at Galway. It is a fair sample of most of the dwellings in the neighborhood. The dwellers therein were engaged in threshing a little corn, but the result was very unpromising. They were making preparation for the evening meal by cutting out the little good that yet remains in the potatoes, a thankless task, for after all they did not yield pieces bigger than a small marble. The turf for fuel was also damp, and filled the cabin with smoke. This turf is brought into town from the bogs in primitive-looking carts, drawn generally by ill-fed ponies. The wet season this year has prevented the peasantry from drying turf, hence one of the causes of distress.

The Inundation Fete in Paris.

The grand *fête* given by the journalists of Paris, on December 11th, for the benefit of the sufferers by the late inundations in Spain, was the most successful of any similar demonstration given in the city of gayety, the entire proceeds aggregating $60,000. The lions of the press were present, and favorite actresses presided over booths and managed the lotteries usual to large fairs. Spacious as was the building, the spectators kept it filled to repletion the entire night, and with equal prodigality bestowed their praise upon the decorations and their money upon the thousand and one articles that sympathizing hands had arranged for sale.

The Royal Spanish Wedding.

The Church of the Atocha, in Madrid, in which King Alfonso has been twice married, the last time on November 27th to the Austrian Archduchess Christine, is naturally gloomy, but on the last occasion was picturesquely hung with valuable ancient tapestries, and the walls were covered with dark crimson velvet embroidered with the arms of Spain and Austria, united and surmounted by the Royal crown. Below sat the Queen-mother and the members of the Royal Family, the tribunes facing the King were occupied by the Ministers and the Corps Diplomatique, while the members of the special embassies occupied the first tribune to the left. The King arrived first, in the uniform of a general officer, with the crosses of San Fernando and Charles III., and awaited his bride at the altar. The Archduchess then came with her mother, wearing a magnificent dress of white satin almost covered with lace, and with a silver train embroidered with fleurs-de-lis of gold. She was pale, and apparently nervous, and, slightly acknowledging the salutations of the spectators, passed to the high altar and took her place by the side of the King. Cardinal Benavides, the Cardinal Patriarch of the Indies, performed the service, which was very short, and at the close the new Queen came down the steps and asked the blessing of the Queen-mother, and, subsequently taking her place by the King's side on the dais, listened to a short allocution. This done, a procession was formed, and the Royal pair, entering the carriage, drove in state to the palace. The rejoicings continued for four days, the chief feature of them being a grand bull-fight, at which 14,000 spectators were present, braving the inclement weather in order to enjoy their favorite pastime—during which eight bulls were killed—and a state visit to the opera.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—TWO HUNDRED and eighty emigrants have left Treviso and Udine, Italy, for America.

—HARTFORD, Conn., has expended nearly $500,000 during the year in building improvements.

—VIRGINIA has 675 colored schools, taught by 415 colored teachers. The male teacher's salary averages $30 a month, the female's $24.

—THE net profits of the *fête* on the 18th inst., which was organized by the Paris journalists for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in Spain, are about 350,000f.

—A GERMAN parliamentary commission will meet after the New Year holidays to draft measures for the prevention of carrying yellow fever infection on board of ships.

—EVEN FRANCE has an obsolete law against Sunday labor. It was passed in 1815, and the Chamber of Deputies has just repealed it by a vote of 335 to 102, and it awaits the action of the Senate.

—THE St. George's Society of Philadelphia has sent word to England warning metal-workers against emigrating to this country without the means of subsistence or the certainty of employment.

—THE Dean of Lichfield says that of the accommodations provided in England last year in elementary day schools, some 2,250,000 out of 3,942,000 sittings were provided by the Church of England.

THE French Assembly has voted for education 52,000,000 francs—2,000,000 more than asked for—against 20,000,000 in 1870, and 16,000,000 in 1851. The grant includes $40,000 traveling expenses for explorers.

—THE City Council of New Orleans, La., in obedience to a mandamus of the United States Supreme Court, has levied a special tax to satisfy a judgment in favor of Morris Ranger, Charles Parsons and others, for about $250,000.

—THE capture of the stronghold of the chieftain Secocoeni has given the finishing stroke to native disturbances in South Africa. The stronghold was attacked from four sides, and the resistance was less determined than was expected.

AN emigration of farm-laborers from Alsace-Lorraine to the United States has set in during the past few weeks, and the people of that German imperial province are very much excited over the proportions it will probably assume.

—THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has passed a Bill authorizing the Government to take immediate steps for the prosecution of the public works, in order to relieve the distress of the working classes by furnishing them with employment.

—THE Chilian Minister at Paris telegraphs to the Chilian Consul in London that the pretended recent victory of the Peruvian and Bolivian allies over the Chilians is officially denied. He says: "The entire Province of Tarapaca is now in our power."

—THE Rev. E. P. Hammond, the revivalist, accompanied by a number of city preachers and a band of ladies and children, who sing hymns, are visiting the hotels and bar-rooms at London, Ontario, and holding prayer meetings. They are received politely in all cases.

—A LARGE grotto twenty-seven yards in depth, full of skulls and human bones, has been discovered about a league and a half from Sparta. The facial angle of the skulls affords reason to suppose that they are those of a race belonging to a period of civilization anterior to the Hellenic epoch.

—FIFTEEN sea-going vessels cleared from New Orleans on December 20th, including eight steamships, laden with cotton, grain, etc. The amount of cotton shipped is 46,300 bales, being the largest quantity on record from that port in one day. The total value of the shipments is $3,000,000.

—THE notification issued by the Prime Minister on the 8th of October finally removes the suspicion which still lingered in people's minds as to the existence of torture in Japan. That remaining stain of ancient barbarism has now been once for all removed from the code of Japan, and it has at last been removed in the most formal manner.

—SEVERAL Communes in Belgium have set the example not only of making primary instruction gratuitous, but of granting to the children of the poor frequenting the public schools the necessary clothing. Deposits in the savings bank are also granted to the pupils to such an amount that when attaining their majority they may dispose of 700 francs each.

—THE steamship *Mobile*, the pioneer ship of the direct line between Mobile and Liverpool, arrived at the former place December 19th, and was welcomed by a large crowd of people. She made the trip in twenty days and eighteen hours, having lost sixteen hours in a severe gale. Mobile can furnish profitable employment for sixteen more ships of the same kind.

—THE present Parliament in England was summoned for the 4th of March, 1874, and assembled on that day. If it should survive until the 14th of April next it will not only have run into a seventh session, but it will have exceeded in duration any previous Parliament summoned since the Union, and will have been the longest-lived Parliament for a century.

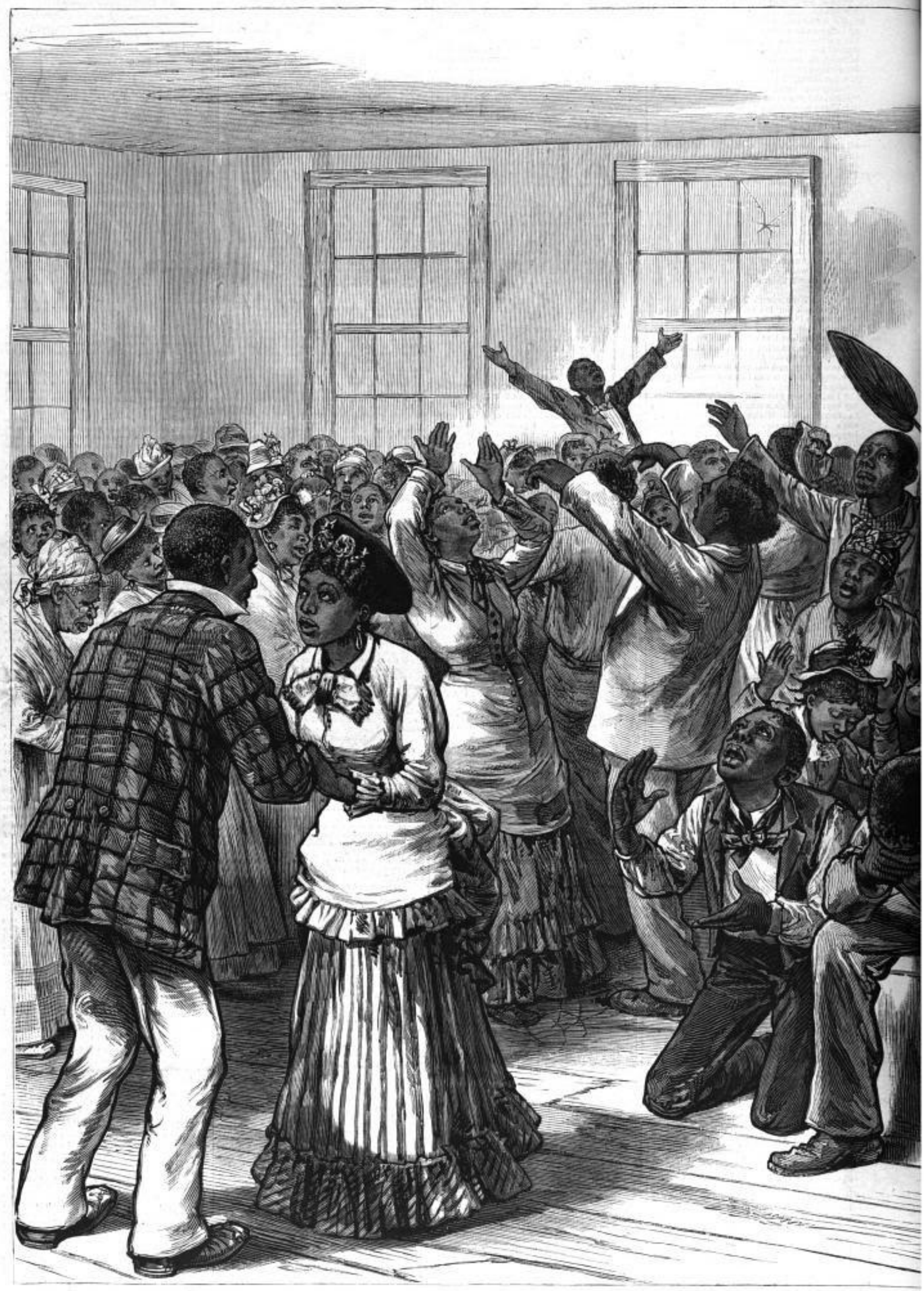
—CONNECTED with the various Protestant denominations in New York City are 335 Sunday-schools. Of these 75 are Episcopalian, 70 Presbyterian, 57 Methodist, 44 Baptist, 20 Reformed, 15 Lutheran, 7 Congregational, 6 Universalist, 5 Quaker, 4 Unitarian, and 2 Moravian. There are also 26 Union Sunday-schools, and 4 which are classed as miscellaneous.

—SECRETARY EVARTS has instructed Minister KASSON, at Roumania, to take notice of the letter filed at the State Department by Mr. Simon Wolf in behalf of the Board of Delegates of the American Israelites, protesting against any recognition of the Roumanian Government until it complies with the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, guaranteeing not only civil but religious liberty to all its subjects. Minister KASSON is instructed to act in accordance with the request of this letter.

—STATE SUPERINTENDENT LEMMON'S summary of the common-school statistics for the year ending July 31st, 1879, shows that Kansas has a school population of 311,310, the increase for the year being 44,335. The increase represents an immigration to the State of from 160,000 to 175,500 people in one year. The school revenues amounted to $1,878,563, of which $1,052,039 was expended for teachers' wages. Four hundred and fourteen new school-houses were built at a cost of $300,000.

—ONE day last month a carriage drove up to a handsome house in Munich (Bavaria), and four well-dressed men alighted and entered by a key. Presently they reappeared bearing a human form completely enveloped in cloth, of which he made vigorous efforts to disembarrass himself. The carriage immediately drove off at a rapid rate. The person abducted was a man of sixty-five, in anything but health, who was to have married that very evening a poor young girl. All efforts to discover the abductors or abducted have failed.

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VIRGINIA.—"DE LORD WILL TAKE CARE OB DE COLORED FOLK."—SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEA

FROM SKETCHES

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ENE IN THE COLORED CHURCH AT GRAFTON, NEAR YORKTOWN, DURING THE WATCH MEETING ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.
—SEE PAGE 351.

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EHEU! FUGACES.

(A NEW YEAR'S MOOD.)

I SIT to watch night flush to morn;
Half idly in my soul I say,
What sorrows will this year see born,
What joys see dwindle and decay?

'Tis only twelve short months ago
Since, hand-fast by the frost-gemmed pane,
We marked the moon from drifts like snow
Sail out through fleckless blue again.

Now I, whom she has said she loves,
And she I worship, are apart,
Although my course of being moves
Responsive to my sweet one's heart.

And if in realms no change can blight,
Past time's disasters she might reign,
If, dying, I could know to-night
My queen should have her own again;

Should have the birthright that is hers
By beauty's sovereign gift divine—
The compensation this incurs
Might freely, willingly, be mine!

To know her glad, to keep her pure
Throughout eternities to come,
The outer night I would endure
And stand before tormentors dumb.

But, ah, to live from year to year
In memory's bonds that drag and wear,
To feel no hope and heed no fear,
Is hard to bear—is hard to bear!

And so I sit in listless mood
And watch the young year wax to light,
With this sole wish on which I brood—
That God would give us only night!

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XVIII.—AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with Sylve's flitting, the door-bell rang.

"Oh, my dear Flix!" cries Mrs. Forester, as she ran into her son's open arms; "do you know I almost expected this? I did say, really now, 'Suppose Flix should open the door,' and there you stood! Such a surprise, nevertheless. Oh, my darling boy! how I have longed to see you. Come right up to my room; there's a nice wood fire there."

Flix followed her, and was soon comfortably established in his mother's easy-chair, while a whispered word to the maid, who in intervals of dozing had been attending to the fire, brought slippers and dressing gown. The same girl appeared a few minutes after with a tray. Mrs. Forester had thrown off her wraps, put a thin peignoir over her ball-dress, fastened a curious-looking iron machine to the gas fixtures, thrown in the oysters, milk, salt, and an agreeable fragrance began to invade the room.

"You have often said nobody could make an oyster-stew like mother," she said, laughing; "now here it is, steaming, and fit for a prince. Why, how comfortable you look."

"I am comfortable. There's no room like mother's room, I think; and as for a wood fire, I haven't seen one since I went from home. Ah, this stew is delicious! Pardon me for smacking my lips, your cooking makes me greedy. What a kind little mother it is!"

"Because I've never got over the feeling that you were my baby," she answered, merrily. "Have you received my letters regularly? Did you think I raved about Sylve? Oh, Flix, such a change—such a total alteration! And so beautiful—everybody is wild about her."

"Humph!" said Flix, dubiously.

"I dare say you think me extravagant. Wait till you see her!"

"I have seen her," was his reply.

"When? Where? What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Forester.

"I saw her about two minutes or so before you came in."

"Sylve? Why, I left the child ill on the bed. But for that she would have gone with me. Are you sure you were not dreaming, my boy?"

"Quite sure! She treated me to a little melodrama—it was so exactly like old times!" He knit his brows moodily.

"I'm sure I can't understand, Flix. You have really seen Sylve to-night?"

"Certainly I have; I can tell you what she wore—a gown of that red color I like so well, and lace on her neck and sleeves. Her hair fell about her in great luminous waves, as a novel-writer would say. When she became aware that I was *I*, she gave a yell, and pitched out of the room."

"Oh, Flix, that doesn't sound like my gentlemanly son. If the poor child came down, and was really taken unawares, you must have frightened her," said his mother, her pretty face anxious. "Perhaps, feeling better, she thought she would wait up for me, and hear all about the evening. It was so delightful!"

"Perhaps; but a girl of sixteen—or is she seventeen?—ought to have sufficient self-possession to behave herself, and not go flying about like a mad-woman. Oh! she isn't altered."

"Indeed, Flix, you should not say that. I suppose if the child had no idea of seeing you, and her hair was disarranged, she fancied at once that she was looking like a fright, and lost her head. It was the suddenness, you may be sure—why she can scarcely talk of anything but you."

"I am flattered," said Flix, gravely, but with a queer gesture.

"You saw for yourself how handsome she is."

"Y-e-s—the glimpse I had of her certainly was of a very charming face; only there was a look—an expression"—he shrugged his shoulders—"that awakened some unpleasant reminiscences. Do you remember when she snatched a knife up from the dinner-table, years ago, and tried to cut me? Well, she looked like that."

"Flix, you are unjust. I won't have you talk about her in that way," said Mrs. Forester. "For penalty, I'll make you confess before you have been home eight-and forty hours that she is beautiful, amiable and affectionate."

"I grant she is beautiful," said Flix, with another shrug; "under different circumstances I might have said exceptionally so. And I am quite willing to confess all you claim, only give me time."

"And how is business going?" asked his mother.

"Smoothly; we have proved the child's right—strange, I always think and speak of her as a child—to the tract. It's going to be immensely valuable, too; they have found minerals upon it. But the other parties—there are two of them—die hard. They intend to give us all the trouble they possibly can; still there's no hope for them. The case is as clear as sunlight."

"And must you go away again?" she asked, an appeal in her eyes. "I've been so lonesome without you. And sometimes I think Bascom and Miller take advantage of your absence. I know there's a good deal of company below-stairs of nights."

"You ought to have stopped that, mother," he said, gravely.

"I know; but what is a lone woman, and a coward at that, to do with six great, sturdy foreigners? All our servants are foreign, you know, and I'd as soon face a regiment as go down-stairs when they are carousing."

"Why didn't you send Sylve?"

"My dear! a young girl! You are scarcely respectable."

"Sure enough, mamma; but she looked to-night as if she could manage a troop of horse—there, I won't speak of it again. No doubt she was nervous and sick and a little frightened. Perhaps she thought me a ghost. There, there—I'll hold my tongue, and we'll make it all up to-morrow. She is beautiful, indeed she is very beautiful. Will that smooth your ruffled plumage, my pretty little mother?"

Her answer was a kiss. Then she went to Sylve's room, but the door was locked.

CHAPTER XIX.—MISSING FROM HOME.

SYLVE had been in the habit of arranging a small bouquet of flowers for the table every morning. On this particular day it was missing—so was Sylve.

"I can't imagine why she is not here," said Mrs. Forester, who was promptness itself. Every little dereliction on Sylve's part now seemed doubly irritating. She wished her to appear her very best before Flix, and she had begun at her very worst. Flix smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Flix, you may smile, but please don't shrug your shoulders," said his mother, almost sharply; "it is not a nice habit."

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he took up the paper. Mrs. Forester rang the bell, and sent a servant up to Miss Sylve's room. The girl came down to say that she could not get in; the door was locked. Mrs. Forester's face fell; there was a scared look in her eyes.

"It was locked when I went up last night," she said. "Sylve has always been an early riser."

"Is that one of her good points?" asked Flix." He could not help it.

"It is, and she has more," said his mother, severely. "You shall eat your breakfast. I will go up-stairs."

"As if I could eat this my first meal for a year under my own roof without you! Please don't be absurd, mamma mine, about this wild Arab—there I go again—but you must remember what provocations I have had in the past. It is very likely she overslept, being up late last night, and not well, as you say. I think it is to avoid meeting me, so pray don't make any demonstrations till after breakfast." Mrs. Forester sat down again unwillingly, but her eyes kept wandering to the door, and inwardly she was more than half angry with Sylve, who had made an impression exactly the reverse of what she had so often pleased herself with picturing. Here was Flix, her noble, handsome son, a trifle browner, though that did not disfigure his beauty. Through all the courtesy of his demeanor, she thought she saw that he understood what she expected of Sylve's blandishments, and, never used to being thwarted, the feeling vexed her more than she would have been willing to allow. As soon as she could get away from the room after breakfast she did. Flix threw himself into a comfortable and manly position and leisurely commenced on the second page of the morning paper, but he had scarcely read two lines when in came his mother, her face very white, her hands clasped together in a way that showed the disturbance of her mind.

"Oh, Flix!" He started at the tone, and looked up.

"Mother, what has happened?" he cried, and was on his feet in a second.

"Flix, there is trouble. Sylve's door is locked. I have called her and can get no response. It is now past ten and I never knew her to be in her room later than seven."

His brow darkened. Now that he had come home for leisure and rest, was the old trial to begin over again? "Always Sylve," he said, with a sigh. "Well, mother, what's to be done?"

"I don't know. I declare I'm frightened. Shouldn't you think she would answer? Besides, there's no key in the keyhole. I could look straight through. Have you the old bunch of keys—your Sesame keys, as you call them?"

"Yes, I'll get them for you; they'll unlock anything." Only a few moments elapsed and Mrs. Forester came down-stairs, still pale, but her manner was more composed.

"Flix," she said, "Sylve is not there; her bed has not been slept in. Strange, ungrateful girl! Read that."

He took the small square of paper and read as follows:

"DEAR MRS. FORESTER—For good reasons which I cannot now disclose, I have left the home which was becoming so dear to me. I am glad Mr. Forester has come back; you will not be lonesome now, but indeed I could not see him again. I shall be in good hands so pray do not waste a thought on me, except to think that I had learned to love you dearly. I have taken a handbag with me full of clothes, and two hundred dollars which I brought with me from school. Ever affectionately yours,

"SYLVE."

"No more than I should expect from her," said Flix, lifting his eyebrows as he returned the paper. "It is only volume second of the old story, to be continued. If it wasn't for this lawsuit, I should say we were well quit of her."

"How can you be so heartless?" queried Mrs. Forester, her voice trembling and the tears in her eyes. "Flix, I have become very much attached to the girl. Where will she go to be safe, with her beauty? And what can be the reason for her going? She was as happy and merry as a bird yesterday morning, and sat where you do now, talking of your portrait. Felix, we must have the carriage out."

"And where will you go?"

"I don't know," she answered, wearily; "but go somewhere I must. And yet how hopeless the task."

"I'm glad you see that. The only way I can think of is to put detectives on the track immediately."

"Oh, Flix, how clever you are! I never thought of that," said Mrs. Forester. "But, then, will the matter get into the newspapers? That would be dreadful."

"I'll see that nothing is made public; don't disquiet yourself. There is nothing more likely than that she has gone to some of her school-girl friends, and I'll put the men on the track."

Flix left the house thoroughly angry with this girl who seemed ordained to cross his path and to rob him of his well-earned repose. From the first she had been disagreeable; from the first an actress; and if he could but bring her business to a satisfactory ending, then he would go to the ends of the earth to be quits. He was not likely, at all events, to forget her that day nor for many days to come.

As for Sylve, she was for the present quite secure. When she went to her room that night she felt so changed from her natural self that her first impulse was to look in the mirror where the image of her white, despairing face was certainly not very reassuring. To die had been her first longing; but when one ponders over the various modes in which this mortal coil might be shuffled off, one grows fastidious about the method. That Flix, her hero, hated her, and that he knew the disgrace that in some form attached to her life, was as bitter as death to her. In her half-frantic state she essayed a few curious experiments, such as holding her throat till she was fain to shriek with relief as her rebellious hand fell from it. Then she held a pillow pressed down upon her mouth as long as she dared; and then she sat down to think the matter over more calmly. It suddenly occurred to her that to kill herself was rather stupid while there were other avenues of escape.

There was a poor woman, whose gentle face had often attracted her when she went by the little shop where were sold the pretty sweets that schoolchildren love. This woman did not know who she was, though Sylve had often stood in the clean little room and talked with her; and once she had given a pretty present to a little lame girl, her daughter, and that won her motherly heart at once.

"Suppose," said Sylve, "I go there, and go this very night? She need know nothing, only that I am in trouble, and I'm sure she will ask no questions if she sees I don't wish her to. She will keep me close for a day or two if I ask it and pay her for her trial. And, in the meantime, I can learn how I am to go to the place where Salome Braddock lives. I'd go a thousand miles rather than see *his* face again, and it could not have been fancy—he looked as if he hated me yet. No, no! I can't stay here—I cannot. I will take what money I have, and, once there, with Salome, I'll earn my own living. Why may not I take the post of teacher—for a while at least? I don't care what I do; I am desperate."

With her to plan was to execute. While she talked to herself she was laying out the things she needed, and the scheme began to look more than plausible. To go away by herself suited the wild blood in her nature. The love of change had come by inheritance, she thought, straight from the veins of that erring mother, of whose history she had become aware. Besides, leaving home in the dead of night—a stormy night, too—was romantic and not unattended with a sense of danger.

When the woman who kept the little shop was roused by the sharp bells that hung over her door, she was very much alarmed, though the voice was familiar, to be asked to open to a stranger.

"Please let me in—you will remember me. I have nowhere to go to-night," said Sylve, "and I will pay you well. I only want to sleep here till the morning. You see, I am going South to be a teacher, and my people would not hear of such a thing—but I choose to be independent."

The timid little woman made her a bed, wonderingly, and gave her all the information she could. And the milkman, who came before daylight, being besieged, surrendered at discretion, as this was the last of his customers, and took her in the back of his long covered wagon, ten miles on her way, that she might not be recognized at any of the city stations. She knew they would search for her as soon as her plans were discovered, and she was determined not to be found.

It was simply as Miss Nellie Brown that she reached her friend at last, and, between exhaustion and remorse, fell into her arms crying and half-fainting.

"Why, I never expected you, child," said Miss Salome, meeting her at the corner of a wood-pile, where she had escorted a youthful African, for the purpose of seeing that he wasted no time; "but don't think you're any the less welcome. There's plenty of room—why how tired and sick you do look! Samson, bring the wood in directly, while I go with the young lady."

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. II.—

INTERVIEW WITH THURLOW WEED.

A Dark Horse from the Illinois Stables to Win the Presidential Race.

THE COUNTRY HAS PAID ITS DEBT TO GRANT.

"Gerrymandering."

NEW YORK SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

A WIDE, low-ceilinged, wainscoted hall, adorned with quaint pictures and still quainter engravings, and a clock—a rival of that on the stairs at Mr. Longfellow's rare old home at Cambridge. On the left hand a door hidden by the heavy folds of hanging curtains, behind the curtains the library of Thurlow Weed. A cozy apartment is the sanctum of this gentleman upon whose elastic constitution eighty-two years have fallen ever so lightly. Its bright-blue carpet dotted with scarlet flowers; its walls hung with portraits and partly concealed by bookcases; its open grate glowing with a crackling fire; its windows barred with banks of flowers and evergreens, while ottomans and easy-chairs stand comfortably around, as if inviting you to be seated.

Mr. Weed received me with a stately courtesy recalling the days of the ancient *régime*.

"In the first place," he said, "I have to tell you that my eighty-second birthday portrait published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has been considered an admirable one, artistically and as a likeness, and I have received ever so many letters from all parts of the world congratulating me upon it. Take a seat at the fire, sir, although you are compelled to turn your back upon my old and esteemed friend Archbishop Hughes," waving his hand in the direction of an oil painting, half-length, of the late prelate in his archiepiscopal attire. "Before I fling my memory back over the gulf of sixty or seventy years, I should like to say a word or two about the present," observed Mr. Weed, as he administered a scientific poke to a refractory coal, "and especially in regard to the candidates for the Presidency. The Republicans will carry their man. There is no doubting that."

"Are you opposed to a third term, Mr. Weed?"

"I am very strongly opposed to it, sir. This country owed Grant a debt, and they paid it to him by confiding the country to him for eight years. Washington and Jefferson established a precedent worthy of imitation for all time, and those who succeeded Washington imitated his example by declining a third term. The spirit of the country demands a change. I think the candidature for Grant in every respect unwise, and such is the decision of the people who elected him for two terms. Of course, the question comes before us in a somewhat new form, after the interval of one term, but the objections to Grant are strong enough, in my judgment, to render the nomination of some other candidate desirable."

"If the contest confines itself to Blaine and Sherman, which of them, in your opinion, has the best chance?"

"Both are strong men in their different ways. Mr. Sherman has the advantage of a long and creditable Congressional service, and is strengthened by his courageous and enlightened action in carrying out the law for the resumption of specie payments, by means of which the country is now entering upon a career of great prosperity. Mr. Blaine has served with great ability and credit in both houses of Congress. He is able and fearless in debate, and personally popular wherever he is known. But," added Mr. Weed, shaking his forefinger at backers of the imaginary contestants, "there is a dark horse in the stable at Illinois, and I can tell you that if Mr. Washburne is supported by his State, he will be the strongest candidate of all, while the Germans will plump for him to a man."

"What about Mr. Tilden?"

"His political career is ended. He will try for a nomination, but I believe the influence that was fatal to Governor Robinson in this State will be equally potent in preventing his renomination for President. The opposition of his own party to him will entirely defeat him."

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Mr. Weed, after some further general remarks on the subject of the great event of 1889, proceeded to the question of the trouble in Maine.

"I think that the wrong perpetrated by the Governor and his council in Maine is so high-handed, that it will awaken a sentiment of indignation strong enough to defeat its fraudulent purpose. Such usurpations have been attempted at different periods in other States, sometimes by one, then by both political parties, but have ever been unsuccessful. The public sentiment of our country will not tolerate open and defiant attempts to defeat the public will. A similar question once arose in Pennsylvania many years ago, when the Whigs tried to do what the Fusionists—now Democrats—are endeavoring to do in Maine, but it signally failed, as all such efforts will fail when they are clearly wrong. The Democratic Party of Massachusetts, in 1811, exerted its power arbitrarily and oppressively, as is alleged, to deprive the Federal Party of its just representation in the Legislature by an unjust apportionment. The measure was so odious that it reacted and brought the Federal Party into power. That apportionment was stigmatized as 'gerrymander,' the law having been recommended by Governor Gerry."

"Is there much difference in the calibre of the Congress of to-day compared with that of the days of Clay and Calhoun?"

Mr. Weed shook his head mournfully.

"I think the great misfortune of this country is its lack of statesmanship in Congress. The whole methods seem to have undergone a change for the worse. The able men now in Congress, instead of devoting their time and their thoughts to the inauguration of measures and policies promotive of general welfare, are occupied with questions and issues which seems to me of but little importance. There was for thirty years or more, a national issue between the advocates and opponents of the protective policy. Fortunately that policy prevailed, and we are now reaping its advantages, not only by our emancipation from Europe in all the various industries of civilization, but are competing successfully with European nations in every description of manufacture. On the other hand, by the utter neglect for more than twenty years of the shipping interests, our commerce is almost wholly dependent upon foreign bottoms. I do consider that we are sadly deficient in the elementary statesmanship among our Representatives. There was a class of giants in Congress formerly, ay, and almost from all the States, who devoted their lives to their legislative duties in Congress, and who owed their reputations to the measure of their individual usefulness."

"Can you account for the deterioration, Mr. Weed?"

"I cannot understand, much less account for it, sir. We haven't got a European line of steamers, and this I attribute to the neglect of Congress. This gives England an immense advantage. The construction of iron steamers gave her an enormous advantage, but we had no business to give her that advantage."

Mr. Weed, after some further remarks upon the shortcomings of Congress, exclaimed:

"Now let us talk of the past. I came to New York in 1807, and the city was pretty well built upon the East River, because the ship-yards were all up there, and all the streets on the East River were settled as now. On the North River there were no docks above Courtlandt Street, and but few vessels with the exception of river craft. There were a great many vacant lots on Chambers Street to a later period. Canal Street was then a creek, and everything beyond the creek was pasture and farms. Brooklyn was a small cluster of houses only to be reached by rowboats at ten-cent fares. Castle Garden was then a fort, and all the rich families lived in Greenwich Street from Courtlandt Street to the Battery. The old Watch then existed, and it was a fossil institution. The watch man pounded on the sidewalk and yelled out the hour, and shouted 'All's well.' The oil-lamps only rendered darkness visible, while we burnt wood, as very little coal came from England, and that was very dear. The coal-ashes were regarded as very valuable. The water was brackish, and the best water being at the corner of John Street. The entire mail of the city was borne by a single mail-carrier in two bags. I saw the first steamboat ever propelled, the *Clermont*, with Fulton himself on board of her. I was a passenger in the first railroad car that ever ran in this country. The world, sir," continued Mr. Weed, "has progressed more rapidly within the last seventy years than in the previous five centuries. I have lived in that period and have witnessed it all. I have been personally intimate with Presidents Monroe, Pierce, Harrison, Taylor, Filmore and Lincoln. In that bookcase"—pointing to the article in question—"I have letters of some of our most eminent men bound up. See here!"

Mr. Weed proceeded to the bookcase and extracted a volume, bound in green morocco, containing a number of letters from Quincy Adams and Clay.

"This is how I make them up. Just step with me a moment."

We repaired to a closet off the hall, the pigeon-holed walls whereof are filled with folded letters.

"There are five thousand letters here," gleefully exclaimed Mr. Weed, "and the correspondence runs over fifty years."

After we had returned to the library:

"There was a charming old gentleman, Captain Larbush, who dined with me every Sunday for ten years up to his death last year. He died at the age of one hundred and eight years. His reminiscences were simply delightful, and he and I chatted over sixty years ago as though 'twere but yesterday. Sir Henry Holland, Queen Victoria's physician, dined here with me one day, and, being somewhat dubious as to Larbush's age, commenced to cross examine him as to his previous career, and until he accidentally discovered that they had been on the same battlefield together in Spain, when Sir Henry was a very young man. There is one thing that gives me great pain, the lack of patriotism and love of country, which was once, and until recently, the great source of the strength and security of the Republic. Among the evidences of its existence was the enthusiasm awakened upon every succeeding anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—a day which used to be celebrated throughout the country, but which is now either utterly neglected or very coldly remembered. The 22d of February—Washington's birthday—used to awaken feelings of enthusiasm, all of which have died out, and generations are growing up with, *I* think, little of veneration for the founders of the Government."

"Viewing the present condition of feeling on this subject from your standpoint, and in the light of the past, do you think we are drifting towards monarchy?"

"The tendencies and indications in that direction cause me a good deal of anxiety. Our Government does not seem strong enough to assert itself. Our population is increasing very rapidly, the expansion and development are wonderful, and under such circumstances a government needs to be, and ought to be, increasing in strength. I see every day, and more and more, with dismay, assimilation to English ideas, English habits, and even costume."

"You remember liveried servants in New York?"

"I do, sir; plush and powder and silk, but as we grow out of that it is not likely that we will grow into it again. There is too much button and too much velvet band on the coats and hats of our men servants nowadays for my taste."

"Is there any chance of our having titles amongst us?"

"I think not. The sentiment of the country has thoroughly accepted the republican view of the question."

Mr. Weed proceeded to make a tour of his library with me.

"This is a warrant," pointing to a framed document, "for 160 acres of land which have never been located, granted to me for my services in the War of 1812. This is my pension-warrant; I draw the pension still. For five years I gave it to Captain Larbush. This is a resolution," another framed document, "appointing me as representative to the Peace Congress to Washington in 1861, but as I never accepted office I declined this one. This," handing me an old piece of parchment, elaborately illuminated, "is a certificate of membership of the Typographical Society in 1816. This," producing another roll and with a ring of justifiable pride in his tone, "is a certificate of my freedom to the City of New York." An oil portrait of Mr. Seward while a young man, adorns the library, and photographs of both Archbishop Hughes and Cardinal McCloskey. "Do you see that man?" demanded Mr. Weed, extending his finger in the direction of an engraved portrait of a Jesuit priest; "that is Father De Smet; he went as a missionary amongst the fiercest of our Indian tribes. I traveled with him in a sailing ship for Europe. If we had De Smet now we'd have no Indian troubles, as his word acted with the Indians like a charm." Mr. Weed, in referring to a portrait of the celebrated English Lord Chancellor Thurlow, claimed to be descended from him. "This is a Thurlow ring," extending his finger to me "sent to me by the family, and when I was in England I was claimed as one of them."

One water-color sketch of a French château Mr. Weed prizes very highly.

"This was done for me, and sent to me, by the granddaughter of a man with whom I was intimate, General Lafayette. It represents his birthplace. This portrait of Daniel O'Connell, given to me by himself, I set great store by. I attended the monster meeting with him on Donnybrook Green, and dined with him subsequently at Merrion Square, Dublin. Come into the hall till I show you what is to me now a very melancholy *souvenir*."

Following mine host, he stopped opposite an Indian-ink drawing of the interior of a theatre, the pit being full of dandies, in shirt-collars up to their ears, great white cravats wound round their neck ever so many times, and coat-collars reaching to the base of the skull.

"That is the old Park Theatre," said Mr. Weed. "It stood right opposite to where the General Post-Office is now. Every face there is a portrait. I could name them all, and all, all, have gone over to the majority. I heard in that theatre, sir, all the talent of the world. I saw Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, T. P. Cooke, Macready, and Rachel. I've heard Incledon and Braham"—this with a flash of delight and appreciation. "The prices used to be; Pit, 50 cents; boxes, $1; gallery, 25 cents."

"Was New York a theatre-going city at that time, Mr. Weed?"

"Immensely so. Why, sir, to go to the theatre was a part of the day's doings."

Mr. Weed spoke of having seen all the great fires that have devastated the city from time time, and laughed at the clumsy appliances then used for the purpose of extinguishing them. He also dwelt upon the marvelous change in the seasons, remarking that during the Christmases of his time everybody and everything used to be snowed up, as a matter of course.

In conclusion Mr. Weed said:

"If America advances within the next fifty years as she has advanced during the last, you will see three millions of a population in New York, and you will see her the capital of the commercial world. You will see houses and stores solid all the way to Harlem, and you will be using the telephone, or something akin to it, across the Atlantic."

VIRGINIA WATCH MEETING.

ONE of the most striking sights in the life of the colored folks is a New Year's Eve watch meeting. It is a custom solemnly observed, the watch being well and truly kept all along the line. Out in the woods of Virginia, within ten miles of the spot where Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army, stands a small wooden building, which is used as a meeting-house. To this trysting-place hie all the colored folks of the surrounding country, some on foot, some in carts, some by the light of lanterns, some by the light of the moon. The woods echo with joyous laughter and the whoops and hollos of the merry-hearted darkeys converging upon this common centre. The building is but dimly lighted, and in dark corners flashing eyes and white teeth gleam with weird distinctness. Presently the building commences to fill, and the elders ascend the platform. The girls are all dressed in their very bravest and best, and the boys wear their Sunday clothes. Silence is observed for some little time, when a hymn is struck up, and then out rolls a rude harmony that would put many white congregations to the blush. The elders, male and female, utter exhortations, then come additional hymns, and lastly silence, as midnight approaches. Once the hour has struck a change comes over the whole scene. Everybody becomes intensely animated. The elders deliver congratulatory discourses, the congregation shake hands and everybody congratulates everybody else. Then a hymn to a merry tune is given out, to which the watchers respond not only by their voices, but by their feet and hands, and until all are in motion—head-wagging, hand-shaking, body-contortioning, foot-moving. There is laughing and singing and excitement. The old year has been watched out and the new year watched in.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Marble Medallion of Father Secchi has been placed in front of the Salvio Observatory, 2,243 metres above the level of the sea. The observatory owes its establishment to him.

A Competitive Experiment took place on September 19th in the green-room of the Grand Opera in Paris, on the respective illuminating power of Jablochkoff candles and Werdermann lights. The Werdermann light was found most steady, and the Jablochkoff most powerful.

The Swedish Academy of Sciences has appointed Dr. R. V. Wittrock, the celebrated algologist, to be keeper of the botanical department of the Swedish State Museum, in succession to Professor N. J. Anderson, who has retired in consequence of the bad state of his health.

In Reference to an article in the *Globe* on sapphires in Siam, Mr. Bryce Weight writes to that paper that through one of the Siamese Princes in England he has learned that there are several sapphire mines in Siam, on the sea-coast, with thousands of people at work, valuable gems having been found and sold at a good profit.

News has been Received from Zanzibar that another expedition has started from Bagamoyo for the interior. It is dispatched by M. Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, and consists of eighteen Europeans, of whom six are laymen. Their object is to reinforce the Algerian missionary stations at Ujiji and at King Mtesa's capital. The expedition is under the leadership of Abbé Guyon.

The Distribution of the correct time by electricity, as inaugurated by Leverrier, is now organized at Paris, on an immense scale, by the Municipal Council. A length of 15,000 metres of tubes is placed alongside the Boulevards and the principal streets, where a large number of dials will mark the time during day and night. Private clocks will be kept to time on payment of a small fee.

As Archæologists are aware, the remains of a temple consecrated to Apollo may be seen at Terracina. Its columns are still standing, but they were hidden by some masonry thrown up at a later period. The Commission for the Preservation of Monuments, having called the attention of the Ministry of Public Instruction to the fact, has obtained an order for the demolition of the unsightly accretions referred to; and the ancient edifice, or at least as much of it as survives, will be seen in all its perfection.

Some Explorations undertaken in the Peninsula of Taman, in Russia, have produced interesting results. Between Temruk and the station of Semnais, a tomb dating from the third century before the Christian era has been discovered. In it was found a gold collar ornamented with lions' heads, a crown of the same metal adorned with precious stones, having in the centre a swan with a cupid on its wings; a round gold brooch with a pin representing Venus holding Cupid in her arms; a collar of pearls; earrings, chains, rings, bracelets in gold, and silver vases. The tomb is probably that of a young girl.

Hunting Seals.—The mode in which seals are hunted is very singular. The moment selected is when they are peacefully sleeping on the coast in a troop of many thousands, pressed closely one against the other. The hunters separate some two or three thousand from the mass, and then drive them like a flock of sheep to the village where they are to be killed. They are very manageable, and four or five men can control a troop of from one to fifty animals, for they make no resistance. When the animals have reached a spot convenient for slaughter they are allowed to repose, for their journey always heats them, and if they were killed in that state their fur would fall off or become easily detached from the skin. Fifteen or twenty men, provided with heavy clubs, separate about fifty animals from the rest, force them into a heap and then kill them by blows on the head. The animals are skinned immediately, for if the weather is warm putrefaction sets in quickly, and the quality of the fur is greatly deteriorated, if not altogether spoiled.

Electricity as a Motive Power.—During the session of the British Association at Sheffield, Professor Ayrton delivered a popular lecture on "Electricity as a source of motive power," in which he showed that this agent was a motive power, just as steam and water are, and predicted that at some future time it would take the place of both their old acquaintances. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of experiments, some of them being very startling and brilliant. The platform and tables were covered with electric machines and other scientific appliances, and a large number of diagrams had been specially prepared and hung. To show that electricity could be used as a motive power, though generated at a distance, a number of wires attached to machines on the platform were connected with works some distance from the hall, and the electric current was conveyed from the works to the hall. By this means a sewing-machine was made to work; a small locomotive engine, which the lecturer called the "engine of the future," was made to perform a circular journey; a lathe was turned, at which a workman did some turning; a circular saw was set in motion, and a quantity of wood sawn into thin strips; spoons were plated, water was boiled, and the screw of a ship was turned. Many other experiments were shown, and the conclusion the lecturer came to was that electricity would, some day, become the great motive power of the world, and would supersede gas for illuminating purposes.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ROBERT CLINTON WRIGHT, the eldest and best-known American merchant in Brazil, is dead.

KING MTESA of Central Africa has liberated his slaves, and commanded the observance of the Christian Sunday.

MRS. CORNELIA MILLER, a generous Iowa lady, has given $30,000 to the Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Ill.

REV. J. A. BROWN, D.D., a professor in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, at Gettysburg, has been stricken with paralysis.

MR. SPURGEON, who is writing at Mentone, France, is said to be not only physically ill, but also greatly depressed in spirits.

It is said that the Shah of Persia intends undertaking a pilgrimage to Meshed, Persia, next Spring, accompanied by 10,000 troops.

ALEXANDER STUART, a member of the famous sugar-refining firm of R. L. & A. Stuart, of New York, died at his residence December 23d, aged sixty-nine.

THE Dakota Presbytery recently ordained Henry Tawa Selwyn, a full-blood Sioux Indian, son of Medicine Crow, and installed him over the Indian Church at Yankton agency.

THE Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, the oldest foreign missionary of the Freewill Baptist Church, is dead. He labored many years in India, and died in this country at an advanced age.

THE American Consul-General at Constantinople has instituted a clothing society in his house for the benefit of the sufferers from the severe distress now prevailing in Turkey.

M. TAINE'S father-in-law, M. Alexandre Denuelle, well-known in France as a painter of religious subjects, is dead. His last work was the decoration of the Strasburg Cathedral.

W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, was eighty-one years old on December 27th. He seems even more vigorous than he was ten years ago, and his memory is said to be singularly accurate.

HON. JOHN K. HACKETT, Recorder of the City of New York since 1866, died December 26th. He was born at Utica, February 12th, 1821, his father being the well known actor, John Hackett.

E. D. BASSETT, of New Haven, Conn., late Minister to Hayti, has received, unsought, an appointment as Haytien Consul at New York City, with a compensation of over $6,000 yearly in commissions.

THE Union Pacific Railroad Company is to erect a monument to the memory of the late Oakes Ames. It is to be placed at the highest point on the line of the road, and the spot has already been surveyed.

THE condition of the Empress of Russia is reported unimproved. She is at Cannes, but will proceed to Sicily. The Czar is said to be anxious to visit her, but is restrained by the disturbed state of his empire.

IRELAND has a peer in the person of Viscount Taafe, who is an Austrian subject and Count, and always resides in Austria; and Scotland has a peer in the person of Lord Fairfax, who is an American citizen, and always resides in America.

THE Rev. Dr. Edward P. Ingersoll, for the last ten years minister of the Middle Reformed Church, at Harrison Street and Tompkins Place, Brooklyn, has received a call to the pulpit of the South Congregational Church, of Worcester, Mass.

MAJOR WADE HAMPTON, JR., son of Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, died on December 22d, at his plantation in Washington County, Miss. He was at one time a member of the staff of General Joe Johnston, and served with distinction in the Confederate Army until the close of the Rebellion.

THE Secretary of State, desiring to secure, if possible, a good exhibition of American goods at the Melbourne International Exhibition, which is to be opened October 1st, 1880, has appointed Mr. Thomas R. Pickering, of Connecticut, an agent on behalf of the United States Government to solicit exhibits.

GENERAL W. P. TROWBRIDGE, Professor of Engineering in Columbia College, New York, and formerly a professor in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, has been appointed the special agent of the Census Office for the purpose of obtaining the statistics of power and machinery employed in productive industry.

DEATH has been busy of late, too busy, smiting high and low, rich and poor, sparing neither the infant in his cradle nor the strong man in his prime. A strong man has been cut off when life seemed at its best for him—De Witt C. Hitchcock. A strong man, and a good man, a man whom to know was to respect, whose intimacy was precious, and whose friendship was a pearl above price, De Witt C. Hitchcock was indeed exceptional. A child in the world's ways; in art he was a master. Gifted, unselfish, devoted to his family, and ever at the service of his friends, he embodied in his own nature all that the ancient moralists strove to portray. Little did those who loved him the best imagine that, as darkness fell upon Christmas, his last night on earth had come, and that the morning sunlight was but to flash across eyes that were to close for ever ere the hour of noon had struck. But so it was written; and as the blithe and happy father passed with his winsome daughter along the crowded thoroughfare, and as he laughed, after his light and hearty fashion, at some sally of his child's, death spread upon him and he was no more. Disease of the heart had accomplished its fatal mission. This lamented gentleman was one of the pioneer artists of American illustrated papers. He was born on Arch Street, Philadelphia, February 10th, 1824, and, evincing an early taste for drawing, studied under George Croom, then one of the leading artists on wood in this country. Leaving Philadelphia, Mr. Hitchcock came to New York and became associated with Mr. T. W. Strong in the issuing of the *Illustrated American News*. Repairing to Boston, Mass., he was at once engaged upon *Gleason's Pictorial*, doing "yeoman's service." Returning to New York, he was engaged by Mr. Frank Leslie on Barnum & Beach's illustrated paper, and subsequently on FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. In 1854, in the interests of this journal, he visited Central America, from whence he transmitted many valuable sketches, which have been published from time to time in these columns. He was for many years a member of our artistic staff, and held in high esteem alike by his employer and his brother artists. He has for the last few years been identified with the best work in his profession for such firms as D. Appleton & Co., Houghton, Osgood & Co., and the Putnams. Mr. Hitchcock's specialty as a draughtsman was landscape and scenic work, but in engraving, his work on figures was highly regarded. He did a great part of the engraving for the magnificent edition of Longfellow's poems recently published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., and for other sumptuous editions of the poets issued by that firm. For several years Mr. Hitchcock had been associated in business, at No. 48 Beekman Street, with Mr. Benjamin Day. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn an irreparable loss.

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NEW YORK CITY.—SECRETARY SHERMAN ADDRESSING, IN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PROPOSED WORLD'S FAIR, DECEMBER 23D.—SEE PAGE 347.

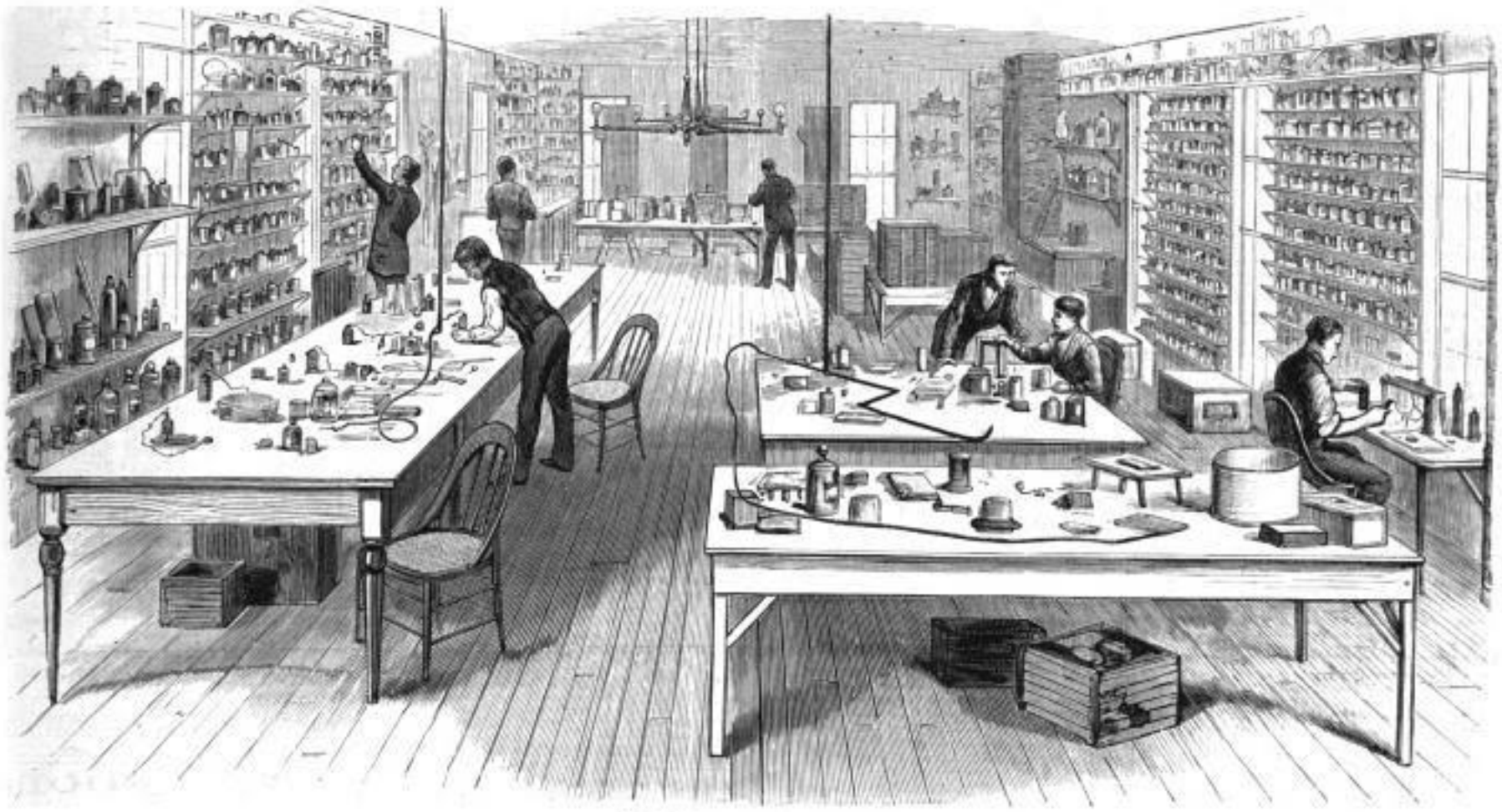
NO. II.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH HON. THURLOW WEED—THE VENERABLE POLITICIAN AND JOURNALIST IN HIS LIBRARY.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 350.

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GENERAL VIEW OF MENLO PARK AND EDISON'S LABORATORY.



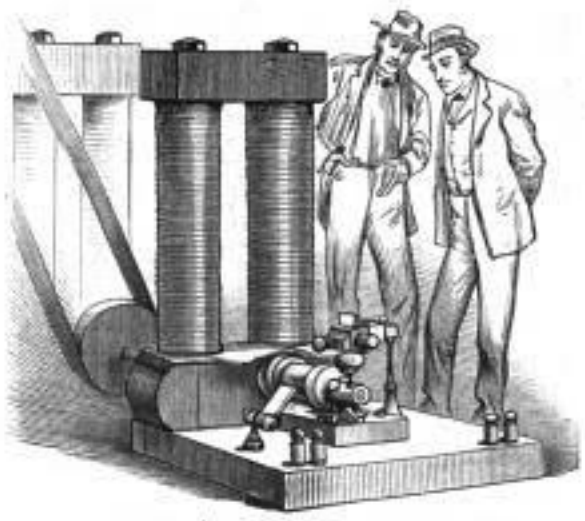
INTERIOR OF THE LABORATORY.

EDISON'S PERFECTED ELECTRIC LIGHT.

IT has been definitely announced by Thomas A. Edison that the first public exhibition of his perfected electric light will be given at Menlo Park, N. J., on New Year's Eve. By the circulation of erroneous statements concerning the labors of this remarkable electrician and inventer, the public have been several times sorely disappointed. Although it had reason to believe months ago that he had mastered the difficulties of his latest undertaking, it was not until within a few weeks that his experiments yielded a satisfactory result. Considering the criticisms that have been published upon his discoveries, and the excitement produced among gas manufacturers and consumers, not only in the United States but abroad, our illustrations of Mr. Edison's laboratory, where his experiments have been conducted, and of the apparatus by which his light is now produced, will attract general interest.

The laboratory and workshops are situated near the depot at Menlo Park. Here Mr. Edison has toiled incessantly for fifteen months with lamps, burners and generators. Edison's electric light, incredible as it may appear, is produced from a little piece of paper—a tiny strip of paper that a breath would blow away. Through this little strip of paper is passed an electric current, and the result is a bright, beautiful light, like the mellow sunset of an Italian Autumn. He has made this little piece of paper more infusible than platinum, more durable than granite. And this by no complicated process. The paper is merely baked in an oven until all the elements have passed away except its carbon framework. The latter is then placed in a glass globe connected with the wires leading to the electricity-producing machine, and the air exhausted from the globe. Then the apparatus is ready to give out a light that produces no deleterious gases, no smoke, no offensive odors—a light without flame, without danger, requiring no matches to ignite, giving out but little heat, vitiating no air, and free from all flickering. And this light, the inventor claims, can be produced cheaper than that from the cheapest oil.

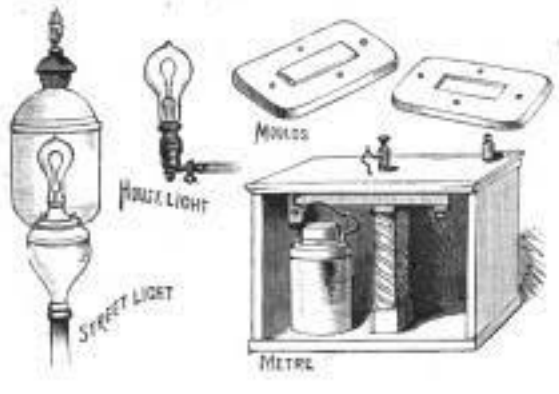
Having made up his mind to conduct his experiments on the basis of incandescence rather than on that of the voltaic arc, and while perfecting his machinery, there occurred a discovery that materially changed the system, and gave a rapid stride towards the perfect electric lamp. Sitting one night in his laboratory, reflecting

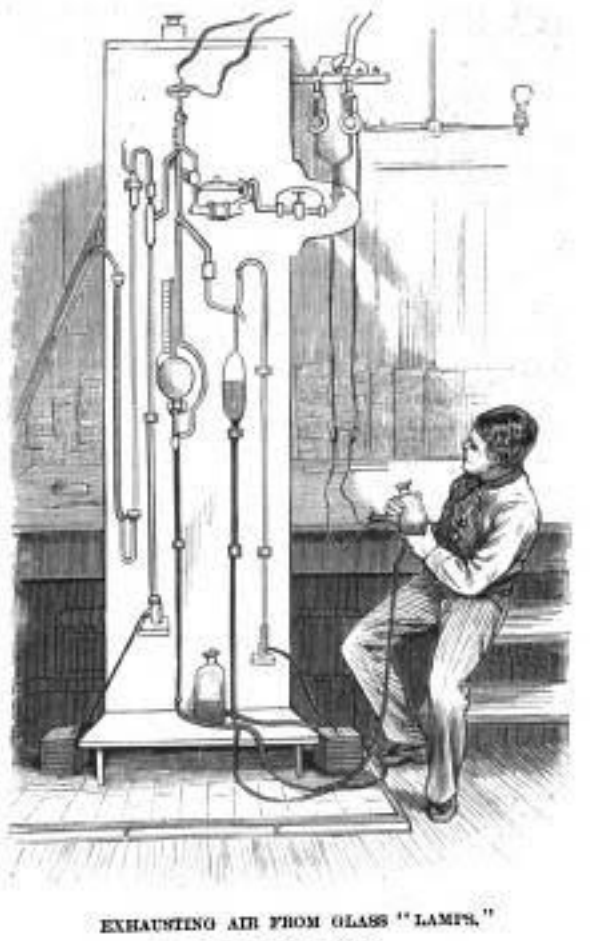


EDISON'S GENERATING MACHINE.



MAKING LAMPS FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT.





EXHAUSTING AIR FROM GLASS "LAMPS."

NEW JERSEY.—THE WIZARD OF ELECTRICITY—THOMAS A. EDISON'S SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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on some of the unfinished details, Edison began abstractedly rolling between his fingers a piece of compressed lampblack mixed with tar, for use in his telephone. For several minutes his thoughts continued far away, his fingers in the meantime mechanically rolling out the little piece of tarred lampblack until it had become a slender filament. Happening to glance at it, the idea occurred to him that it might give good result as a burner if made incandescent. A few minutes later the experiment was tried, and, to the inventor's gratification, satisfactory, although not surprising, results were obtained.

A spool of cotton thread lay on the table in the laboratory. The inventor cut off a small piece, put it in a groove between two clamps of iron and placed the latter in the furnace. The satisfactory light obtained from the tarred lampblack had convinced him that filaments of carbon of a texture not previously used in electric lighting were the hidden agents to make a thorough success of incandescent lighting, and it was with this view that he sought to test the carbon remains of a cotton thread. At the expiration of an hour he removed the iron mold containing the thread from the furnace, and took out the delicate carbon framework of the thread—all that was left of it after its fiery ordeal. This slender filament he placed in a globe and connected it with the wires leading to the machine generating the electric current. Then he extracted the air from the globe and turned on the electricity, when a beautiful light greeted his eyes.

Night and day the inventor kept up his experiments, and from carbonizing pieces of thread he went to splinters of wood, straw, paper and many other substances never before used for that purpose. The results of his experiments showed that the substance best adapted for carbonization and the giving out of incandescent light was paper preferably thick like cardboard, but giving good results even when very thin.

The paper cartons are prepared quite simply. With a suitable punch there is cut from a piece of "Bristol" cardboard a strip of the same in the form of a miniature horseshoe, about two inches in length and one-eighth of an inch in width. A number of these strips are laid flatwise in a wrought-iron mold about the size of the hand, and separated from each other by tissue paper. The mold is then covered and placed in an oven, where it is gradually raised to a temperature of about six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The mold is then placed in a furnace and heated almost to a white heat, and then removed and allowed to cool gradually. On opening the mold the charred remains of the little horseshoe cardboard are found. After being removed from the mold it is placed in a little globe and attached to the wires leading to the generating machine. The globe is then connected with an air pump, and the latter is at once set to work extracting the air. After the air has been extracted the globe is sealed, and the lamp is ready for use.

These lamps may be readily adapted for street, factory and dwelling illumination, and the electricity can be regulated with entire reliability at the central station, just as the pressure of gas is now regulated. The entire cost of constructing the lamps will not be more than twenty-five cents.

Mr. Edison explains at length his proposed method of laying down wires in the street. Two wires of large size will be laid on each side of the main thoroughfares just under the flags, near the curbs. Neither heat nor cold will affect the currents. The wires under the sidewalk are to be inclosed in two parallel pipes with insulating lining, but at every twenty feet there are to be boxes, in the sides of which the pipes will terminate. The wires are to stretch naked through the boxes from side to side. At these boxes the wires may be tapped, either by wires laid along down the side streets or by the small wires leading into stores or houses. The meters, also, may be placed in or near the boxes. It is confidently asserted by the inventor that any number of lights may in practice be obtained from the same circuit, if only enough power and enough generators are employed. The burners at the end of a long circuit will not be as bright as those near the generator, he admits, but he adds that the same is true of gas. As in the case of gas, a man will always be on duty at every station to turn on or shut off the current, as may be necessary to keep the lights burning evenly. The difference between the brilliancy of his burners at different points along a circuit will be slight.

FUN.

IMPORTANT if true—a wife.

"THAT'S what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate-strap down from its accustomed nail.

THE PROPER ORDER.—*Governess* (teaching alphabet): "And what comes after T, Master William?" *Master William*: "Bed."

PEOPLE will yet learn that one of the most dangerous things in the world is an empty shot-gun. Folks will find there's something in it.

IT has hitherto been confidently believed that a feather-bed is a reliable place of safety in a thunderstorm. But that belief is shattered by the fact that a goose was recently struck by lightning in New Jersey.

DID you ever notice that if you go into an office where the man is on the street talking politics all the time he isn't in bed, you will always see a framed chromo motto hanging up over the desk, "Time is Money."

LITTLE boy of four years was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

A SALOON-KEEPER, having started business in a place where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh," said the friend, "just change the 'T' to 'D' and it will suit you exactly."

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use, would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.

THERE is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry-jam to amuse him."

"DOES he know anything?" anxiously inquired a friend, bending over the body of the man who had just fallen from the roof of a house. "Don't know, I'm sure," the physician replied. "He never did know anything, but you can't tell what effect the fall may have had upon him until he regains consciousness."

A FUNNY story of old times on the frontier a Colorado correspondent tells—about a Dutchman, the proprietor of a line of stages, who was collecting two dollars apiece from the passengers, by way of fare. All had paid except one, and he, drawing a large revolver, pointed it at the head of the collector, and hoarsely asked, "Won't that pass me?" Perfectly unmoved, the Dutchman said, "Oh, no! we vas dem tings here. Two dollars, please."

A SMALL boy with a big cent in his hand stood before a grocery-store for a long time before making up his mind to enter. When asked what he desired, he inquired: "If a boy should come here and get trusted for a stick of gum, how much would it be?" "One cent," was the reply. "And if a boy should come here with the cash, how much would it be?" "Just the same." "Then I guess I'll get trusted," remarked the financier, as he slipped the cent down into his pocket.

JUST as he finished his little serenade the moon came out from behind the cloud, and she, the mother of the moon of his heart, leaned out of the window, and upon him emptied about two gallons of cistern water. "After me, the deluge," he simply and prettily said, and as he walked briskly away, the splashing aqueous in his light guitar made it sound as though he were carrying home a jug.

"DO YOU understand the nature and solemnity of an oath?" the Judge of Vandalia asked a witness who had come up from the lower end of the State. "Well, yes," the witness replied, after some study: "I reckon I know the natur' of an oath, but there never appeared to be no powerful amount of solemnness about swearin' to me. It allus come kind of nat'ral like. Mam swore a little when she was riled, dad was a born cusser, and Parson Bedlos——" But the Court excused him without further pedigree.

FROM THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.—"There was a loud noise like the report of an overcharged cannon, the burst boiler sent the splintered iron and steaming vapor high in the air. Marianne, the engineer's lovely daughter, was carried with the *débris*, and ascended with frightful velocity in the direction of the clouds. As she flew heavenward, the employés held their breath and closed their eyes—the spectacle was fearful to witness. But young John, the assistant, who had admired Marianne from afar, was alive to the emergency. Seizing a flying-machine, upon which he had just obtained a patent that morning, he strapped it to his broad, manly back, and, spreading the wings of the machine, vowed he would rescue the girl of his heart or die. On he flew in the direction his loved one had taken. He reached her just as her red head had plunged through a cloud. It was but the work of a moment to clasp her to his bosom. 'Saved!' came from the crowd below, who had been watching the scene through telescopes," etc.

WHAT WILL COMPOUND OXYGEN CURE?

MOST remarkable cures have been made in *Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cancer, Debility, Paralysis*, and in a large class of chronic and nervous diseases which have for years baffled the skill of our best physicians. Send for our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It will give you the amplest information and the most conclusive testimonials. Sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"WHO can say that I am not a good man?" asked a tramp of a citizen this week. And then he continued: "Who ever saw me break the blessed Sabbath-day, as some men do, by working on it?"

$3.00 MADE FROM 25 CENTS.

25 cents' worth of GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER will increase product and market value of butter produced $3.00. Gives butter a rich golden color the year round. Increases product 6 per cent. Increases quality 20 per cent. Prevents butter from becoming rancid. Makes July, August and Winter butter equal to best June product. Sold only in boxes by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

CUTICURA

is a most valuable external application. It heals all cuts, bruises and abrasions of the skin, restores the hair when destroyed by scalp diseases, removes dandruff and keeps the scalp clean and the hair soft and pliable. It is as agreeable as it is effective, and is ably assisted in every case by the CUTICURA SOAP, which is particularly recommended to mothers for cleansing the skin and scalp of infants and children. It is Toilet as well as Medicinal, and is the most fragrant and refreshing Soap for the nursery and bath of any yet prepared.

Parents have our assurance that these remedies contain nothing injurious to the youngest infant: evidence of which may be found in the certificates of Dr. Hayes and Professor Merrick accompanying each remedy.

SUFFER on, groan on, sicken on, die on, if you will not use HOP BITTERS and be cured.

SANTA CLAUS.

THE first institution named for New York's patron saint was the St. Nicholas Society, organized in 1835; next the famous SAINT NICHOLAS HOTEL, opened in 1853. Then the St. Nicholas Club, instituted in 1875; and, finally, the *chef d'œuvre* of children's magazines. The hotel has a fine painting of Santa Claus, loaded with Christmas presents, which always attracts much attention, and is pleasantly indicative of the comfort and good cheer always found within its hospitable walls.

WHEN laid up by an accidental injury, how happy is he who is insured in THE TRAVELERS.

FOR Allaying Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat it is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious.

A GOOD excuse for sickness of yourself and family is that you don't use HOP BITTERS.

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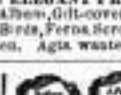
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SAINTY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

"SURE, it's a quare name ye call the gurrul?" said Mrs. McGonegal, as she held out her cup for more tea, with one eye on the hot buns and another on a slender young figure to be seen through an open window, where the odor of honeysuckles blew in softly on the somewhat heated cheeks of the two women. "Is it wan of the blessid saints she's named after, now, Mrs. Malone?"

"If she was, sure she wouldn't be disgracin' the rest av thim," said the fond mother, holding a spoonful of quivering rubies in the shape of currant jelly towards her guest. "Is it no more, thin? Sure, yer appetite's failed intirely!"

"It's bin failin' fast since when I sat down here!" answered Mrs. McGonegal, with a fat laugh. A comfortable-looking woman she was for a Winter scene, having cheeks like cranberries and three pink chins; but she was rather warm and overblown in appearance on this hot July night.

"The way av it was this," began Mrs. Malone. "She was born on All-Saint's Day, and one of the blissed Sisters was with me, the nurse having been called to some fine lady before me. What I'd a done widout Sister Angela at all, at all, I don't know. You know the pious cratures are ready for ev'ry emargency, and when she laid eyes on the choild, 'Sure, it's a little angel,' sez she; and faith, it had the little rings of golden hair and the swatest blue eyes even thin. 'An have ye a name ready for the darlin'?' she asked, an' I sez 'Nothin' better than Mary Ann, and it don't seem to suit her at all, at all.' 'Call her Angela, then,' says the Sister, and I wouldn't go agin her will. A fine name, ye see, but a thrifle Frenchy, to my thinkin'. So the Sister took to her amazin', and was her godmother, and taught her loads of fine things, and made a lady of her. But, somehow, we got to callin' her 'Sainty,' bein' moindful, I suppose, of the day she was born; and a thrue saint she is to me since her father died—may the heavens be his bed!"

There was a great deal of simple faith implied in this last adjuration, as Mr. Malone had frequently made the earth his bed in his lifetime when too drunk to reach his legitimate couch. A man with some education and ability, but fond of hilarious company, he had squandered his money in riotous living, and left his little family nothing but the house they were in and a few acres of land. But good Mrs. Malone had canonized him already.

"You're blessed in yer children, sure," said the complaisant friend. "and I often say it. An' Fred's the foine young man—let alone a bit of wildness as gives flavor to him, as a body might say."

"Fred has a sowl above farmin', more's the pity!" answered Mrs. Malone, with just a shade on her good-looking face. "He's a ganius, is my Fred; and often whin he's out in the field, instid of ploughin' he's a compozin' a 'Song to a Daisy,' or the loike of that."

"Which is lighter work, by a good sight, I'm thinkin'," said Mrs. McGonegal, with a laugh.

"An it's the gold favers on him now, worse luck," said Mrs. Malone, complacently, looking rather mournfully into her tea-cup. "But ye should hear him talk of pannin' out hapes and hapes of gold, and the foine house he'll build. Oh! he lives in the clouds, does my Fred. It's the way of ganiuses, I believe. There, now, young Allan's come. Sainty is that shy she wouldn't bring him in forninst ye; but sure ev'ry wan knows he's waitin' on her."

"And a decent fellow is Alan Forsyth," said Mrs. McGonegal, reaching out a hand absently and drawing back the fourth bun.

Outside, the July twilight was full of faint flower-scents and silence. The last bird had twittered itself to sleep in its leafy cradle, the crickets only and the katydids said something now and then about the weather. The dead gold of the harvest fields had not all been gathered in, and afar over the distant hills a serene purple light was hovering. The sky, with the paley-gold of sunset still lingering in the west, a shadow of the gorgeous glories that had passed, was full of cool pearly tints and delicate greenish hues. And Sainty had been standing drinking in all this beauty and preferring it to the tea and gossip at her mother's table. Dutiful child as she was, it was her fortune to have been educated beyond her station—or was it a misfortune?

Looking at her in that golden calm, you would say that she was fitted to grace any station. Her hair had darkened from the baby gold to some warm charming tint, deep yet glittering. It was gathered into a low coil at the back of her neck, but rippled over her head wave on wave, and hung in bright tendrils over a broad sweet brow. Her eyes were purple as pansies now, as if they had caught color and depth from the years. Her skin was fair, not pale, with just a hint of color in the cheeks and a fuller glow on the sweet lips. She wore a pale-pink lawn, daintily trimmed, and decked with knots of ribbon—her one gala dress, fashioned by her own deft fingers. It became her as the rose-leaves become the rose. No wonder Alan Forsyth forgot his resolve to wait for better prospects before he bound her to him. No wonder he stumbled into a blundering but passionate avowal of his love, and heard with rapture the single word that crowned his hopes.

"I have always been poor, you know, Alan; so I have no extravagant ways to unlearn!"

"I expect an advance at the New Year, darling," he said, looking at her rapturously. "Sainty, the day will come when I shall deck you in silks and laces and diamonds. I feel a power within me, an undeveloped power, and I know that I can do something in my profession if I have a chance. Jarvis has thrown out strong hints, and indeed I have been privately informed that I am to have that chance in the New Year. So as soon after that as possible, my dearest, let the wedding-bells ring out."

And Sainty buried her face in his bosom with a glad thrill, and promised all.

* * * * *

Mrs. Malone has an attack of the "rheumatiz." The fields are all decked in Winter ermine, and the twigs sheathed in crystal that looks very fine, but must send a deathly chill to the poor thing's heart!

"It looks very chilly, to my thinkin'!" says Mrs. Malone, as Sainty lays something very white and dainty, like a Summer cloud, upon the bed. "Sure, white satin is the proper thing, and I wore it myself, and looked, your poor father said, like a June rose. Arrah! and it's little like a rose I am this minute, barrin' the pain, that's a-stickin' into me like thorns or needles."

"Yes, it looks rather cool," answered Sainty, shaking it out and placing creamy-hued knots of satin ribbon here and there upon it to note the effect; "but I'm satisfied and so is Alan, though poor fellow, I know he would enjoy lavishing everything upon me, and he's as anxious to see this as if it was sewn with seed-pearls."

"Sure, an' this house'll be like a grave widout ye, Sainty, my darlin'!" said Mrs. Malone, looking at her mournfully, "and me often not able to lift my fut. But I'm not the wan to stan' in the way av yer happiness; and if Fred, now, would give over his dramin' and schamin', and find a nice gurrul to bring here, I'd give her a warm welcome; but it seems as if ye were takin' the sunshine out of my heart, Sainty."

The young girl dropped her finery to give the old mother a hug and kiss, when a step below on the frozen path made her look out. Well she knew by her heart-throbs who was coming, and throwing the dress over her arm she went down to meet him.

"Why did you not put it on?" he asked, as he enfolded both in an embrace which threatened utter destruction of the delicate fabric.

"Oh, no! it must be fresh to you on that day!" answered Sainty, with a smile.

"Fresh as the foam now-bathed in Paphian wells," answered Alan, gayly. "Sainty, do you know that to-morrow is Christmas-day? and I have brought you a present?"

"Indeed! I am not accustomed to that sort of thing. What is it like?"

"Like a prisoned dewdrop—a transformed sunbeam—an electric spark"—and Alan held before the girl's wondering eyes a superb diamond ring.

"Oh, Alan! but this must have cost a mint! Oh, you extravagant boy! I am sorry——"

"It was such a bargain, Sainty, I could not resist it. Positively, when I thought of it sparkling on your little white dimpled hand I caved in. It was a chance that comes but once in a lifetime, and I could not let it pass. Besides, you know it will always be worth its price."

"Yes; but Alan dear, it will not suit my wedding-robe. It will be laughing, as one might say, over this cheap tarletan and all the other poor things."

"Never mind, my darling; in time we'll have things to match it!" exclaimed Alan, "and you are always a jewel yourself, you know, of the very first quality;" and then he pleased himself with putting the ring on and kissing the little hand in every one of its dimples, with various other foolish devices in which lovers seem to find ineffable bliss.

A week afterwards Fred Malone, flushed and unsteady in his gait—no unusual thing with him—came into the warm kitchen where Sainty, with her sleeves turned up, was rolling out biscuit; Mrs. Malone being still disabled, sat by the table, giving directions. Nothing prettier than Sainty could be imagined as she stood there, her cheeks rosy with the warmth of the room, her eyes full of the light that so often fades with our first youth. Her round, white arms and slim, straight figure, full of the supple vivacity that comes with perfect health.

"I say, Sainty," hiccoughed Fred, without preliminary, "your feller's sloped."

It was one peculiarity of this interesting young man that, although aiming at lofty flight in his poetical frenzies, he groveled among slang in his everyday conversation.

Sainty stared at him as if she did not comprehend.

"Oh yes, fact: had it from good authority. Old Jarvis himself said he heard Alan was sweet on my sister, been givin' her diamonds and such, and wanted to know when we'd seen him last."

"Sure, it was a week ago this blessid day," said Mrs. Malone. "Ochone, my darlin'! don't believe it; it will be cleared up."

"Divil a clear!" exclaimed Fred, nonchalantly. "He'd a bin raised at New Year's, and he was so sure of it, he began borrowing beforehand. Somethin' blew the thing on him, and so he gave the concern the 'nasty shake,' as the boys say. Sainty, you're well rid of him."

Sainty sat down suddenly with a perfectly ghastly face. Everything seemed floating away into black space. A strange numbness came over her, and the pulses of life suddenly stopped. Only through all she seemed to see her lover's face—white, despairing—with all hope and love dashed out of it. Was he indeed gone—gone without a sign, a word, to the girl to whom he had pledged his life? It was too incredible! Her own Alan! He could not have done it! He would know how such a blow would crush her heart and life!

"Oh, ye omadhaun!" cried Mrs. Malone, in wrath. "Ye kilt yer sister intirely, ye blunderin' spalpeen! It takes a man to brake bad news delicately, don't it now?"

And then she forgot the rheumatiz and the tea-biscuits and went over to the poor girl who scarcely seemed to recognize her, and petted and fondled the cold hands, and made her drink hot tea, and called her all the pet baby names she had loved, and at last, with Fred's assistance, they took her into her own room and laid her on her little white bed, where she lay for hours as one dead!

When the world became real to her again, like a glimmering dawn, her mother put a note in her hand. She could not read it then, but she knew it was from Alan, and she held it fast, as a drowning mariner clings to the frail spar which is all his hope. She seemed to have been in a long dream.

Great thrills of pain went through her whole being, and she lay with folded hands and half-articulate prayers through all the brief Winter day—that faded so soon in pale eclipse. At last, when left a few moments alone, she rose and made her way with tottering steps to where the lighted candle stood. Then, as one who goes to read her doom, she opened the letter.

"MY OWN DARLING—Yes! I dare to call you so, Sainty, though it's the last time. It breaks my heart to say it—*the last!* I have been a sanguine fool; I made so sure of things that my impatience led me into crime. You know now what I have done! I expected to pay back that money from my first month's salary. That diamond tempted me, for one thing. If I had waited it would have been gone; and I was so sure, so fatally sure. Oh, Sainty, my own! have I indeed lost you? This pang goes deeper than all—this anguish pierces to the bone! But I can never claim you now—I, a felon, a wanderer on the face of the earth! I go to lose myself in the West. Would to God I could lose memory itself! But no, why should I forget? For oh, Sainty, I shall feel, wherever I may be, even in an alien clime, the sense of what has been—of your sweetness and the love that blessed me. But I cannot trust myself to say more. I know the end has come. My God! the end has come!

ALAN FORSYTH."

Sainty read these lines over and over, as one who learns a hard lesson by heart. It all seemed so impossible. Her wedding-dress lay there finished to the last coquettish knot of ribbon, and as she raised her eyes it met her like a ghost. Oh! could such things be? She could not bear the mockery of that ghostly dress in which she had pictured herself so often leaning on his arm, and she took it up suddenly but with reverent hand, as one touches the beloved dead, and buried it from her sight. Then she sat down, as it were, beside its grave, and wept. Oh, if there were any Lethe upon earth, how many of us would turn to pilgrims for one dear draught of those waters of forgetfulness! How gladly would we blot out all we wish to remember, if with it could be obliterated all we would forget! Make a clean sweep. Oh, waters of oblivion, wash out the words that swayed our hearts—the smiles that were our sunshine—the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." Let the memory of that voice that with "good-day, made each day good," die out for ever. Let the kiss, whose recollection thrills us with an endless pain, never stir our pulses again. Let us stagnate in unending calms. Let us wear ourselves out in fruitless action; let us dash ourselves madly against the bars of fate. Let us do anything but *remember!*—for that way madness lies!



SAINTY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—"AND THERE, BY THE COFFIN OF HIS DEAD CHILD, SAINTY MET HER OLD LOVER ONCE MORE!"

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Ten years of storm and sunshine had passed over the world and over Sainty's life. The little farm has passed into other hands. The good old mother has not been able to migrate to the Western gold fields with her erratic son. She has gone a longer journey, to a land whose gold is incorruptible and fadeth not away.

It is Sainty's lot to forsake all she has known or cared for, and to follow the fortunes or rather the misfortunes of the visionary Fred. Poor prop as he is, he is all she has to cling to now.

So it happens that on Christmas Eve she stands at the window of a poor, bare little room and looks out upon the huts of a mining town. There is a glimpse of snowy, mountain peaks in the distance, with a clear, frosty sky above, but around her the beautiful has no place.

A noisy grogshop is near her; she can hear the oaths and the songs all the louder for the festive time, and sometimes a rough man staggers by. No wonder she is haunted by a dream of another Christmas Eve of pure and perfect happiness. Ah! she has not found oblivion yet. She wears the ring still, though its superb splendor is so out of keeping with all else—though it is in itself like a beacon-fire of memory that can never go out.

Often and often has Fred enjoled and threatened and begged that she would sell the ring and help him out in an emergency, but she has held it fast. It is the one bright thing literally in her life.

The ten years have changed her, as needs must be. She is paler now—indeed, her face is perfectly colorless, even wan. The great eyes are full of the pathos of pain. You would say this woman had a history; that she had borne the touch of fire in some fiery furnace of grief; that the waves of time had not beaten against her without leaving a scar.

Standing in the gathering gloom in her black dress, she looks like a shadow, and she is indeed but the shadow of her former self.

At this moment, hidden from her by the night, two tiny figures are making their painful way toward the struggling street—two curly-headed little lads of six and eight, who should have been saying their evening prayers at some one's knee in the firelight of home that blessed moment. Oh! how spitefully the wind nipped the poor little fellows through their thin clothing; surely, it was not tempered to these shorn lambs, but was a very wild-beast of a wind, growling at them savagely and snatching at their garments and setting its keen teeth in their very hearts.

"Only a little further, Archie," said the elder, "and I shouldn't be surprised if we found papa in the morning; and won't he be glad that we've started out to make our fortune, and perhaps we'll have a big nugget when we see him!"

"I'd rather have a piece of bread," gasped little Archie, with a shiver.

"Well now, open your mouth and shut your eyes!" exclaimed the elder, with a heroic attempt at playfulness; "there, what's that?"

"One of Mrs. Macgruder's saleratus biscuits," said Archie, "but it tastes better now she isn't near enough to box my ears!"

"Papa will call us brave little men when he hears all," said the other. "How poor mamma died so suddenly before she could tell us where he was; and how cruel Mrs. Macgruder was to us—we could not bear it—so there was nothing to do but to get up and git, was there, Archie?"

The pretty little forlorn fellow answered "No" in a spiritless way. They had, in fact, been walking all day, and their stock of courage was at a low ebb. A day's walk in that stinging atmosphere was no light work for two such children, but the elder played his part gallantly. He carried a spade in his hand and had the air of a warrior going to the battle. They passed out of the street to a place where there was a shelving bank. Looking carefully along this, the elder shouted:

"Here is one!"

"One what?" asked Archie, sleepily.

"A dugout that some one has given up. You'll be as warm as toast in a minute. Oh, I am so glad! I was afraid I would have to dig one, and my hands are so cold. See! I will just clear away the rubbish, and then—then we'll have supper, Archie. You didn't think I kept a restaurant, did you now? Well, I do; only some things are just out!"

It was wonderful—the spirit of that boy! He actually puckered his half-frozen lips into a whistle as he worked. Soon the floor of the deserted dugout was cleared, and the two crept in, staying near the door for light.

"Here you are!" said the elder boy, cheerily, "two roast taters; not so very hot, you know, *and* salt, and a bit of boiled beef; and look!—look! all for you, Archie!—a piece of pie."

Archie's sleepy, forlorn eyes lighted up a little.

"It's Christmas Eve," he said, suddenly. "Don't you remember how we hung up our stockings last year? I wish I could do it to-night. 'Tain't like Christmas if you don't hang up your stockings."

"Why, who in the world could put anything in here?" said the other, with a laugh.

"Oh, an angel could come down!" said Archie, with beautiful faith.

"But you don't think there are any toyshops in heaven?"

"Oh, I don't know! there is everything nice there," answered Archie.

"No! I'll tell you what will be best of all," said the elder. "To-morrow we will find papa. I know it. I feel it in my bones, as old Mrs. McGruder says, and we will go up to him and say: 'Papa, here are two Christmas gifts for you.' Oh, how he will laugh, and take us in his arms, and kiss us."

Archie could eat no more, and he was very cold.

"I will say my little prayer to you," he said, sleepily, and he knelt on the ground by his brother's side, murmuring: "'Now I lay me,'" in a tired, faint voice. "'If I should die before I wake——'"

Ah! those words stirred no alarm in the childish heart. That grim phantom, feared of man, that lies in wait for us all, seemed very far off from these little ones that night.

"You get as far back as you can, Archie, cos' it's warmer in there, and I'll lie next the door and keep off the wind," said the heroic little man.

Soon the cold benumbed them into a chilly sleep. The night came on with its clear frosty sky and myriad stars as these forlorn babes slept on. There was no robin-redbreast there to cover them with leaves.

But suddenly there is a dull sound—a sort of heavy thud! What is it like? Like the clod upon a coffin-lid! The earth has fallen in upon the little lads! Is it not indeed a clod upon a coffin? Then there is for a moment silence! Archie's troubled sleep has lapsed into perfect rest! He is not cold any more, although rigid as marble! He is transported into a world of light and warmth and undying bloom! The leaves do not fade upon the Tree of Life! The waters of that stream that maketh glad the city of our God are never frozen! No frost can touch the undying fruits that grow in the gardens of Paradise! It is well for little Archie; his Christmas Day dawns in heaven!

His short pilgrimage is over. Rest for the tired little feet that will tread no longer life's dusty highways! Peace to the little folded hands that have dropped all life's burdens! Joy to the weary eyes that will never open again on a world of sorrow and of sin—but behold, instead, the glory of the New Jerusalem and the ineffable love and tenderness which shines in the face of Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them!

The elder boy is not killed; he is only stunned and bruised. He awakens with a weight upon his breast and his hands feel as if pinned to the earth. But he struggles manfully and frees himself at last. He knows Archie is under all that earth. He himself has been saved by being so near the entrance. He knows his own puny strength is unavailing to save his brother; so he creeps out from among the ruins with sobs and cries, if haply some kind soul will help him.

Strange that Sainty, looking out in the early dawn for the wayward brother who has been keeping the festival all night with some riotous companions, should be the first to see the child. How tenderly she takes his little frozen hands and leads him to the fire while he tells her in a choked voice, interrupted by many sobs, his pitiful story.

"And he's dead!—oh I know Archie is dead!" he said, burying his head in his benumbed little hands and crying bitterly.

Soon help goes out to bring in the little body, for, as we know, Archie is indeed dead! It is Sainty's hands that prepare him for the grave. It is Sainty who cuts off the little golden curl "for papa," who lays the little limbs straight, and makes the shroud, while the brother looks on with awed and wondering eyes, and clings to her as to his sole friend.

Poor little lamb! there were no flowers to lay in his hands; the earth was too bare and frozen, and all the tender blossoms were held back within that icy prison. But Sainty, with the longing for the beautiful which had been her joy and torment through life, suddenly went to a woolen box and took out a white tarletan dress.

How many dreams of bliss she had shut up within its folds!—all her hopes—all her young life and love for ever dead!

She unbosomed the knots of cream-white satin now, and decked poor Archie's plain little shroud with them. Then with deft hand she fashioned white roses from the thin tarletan—ghosts of roses indeed, without color or perfume, looking as if wrought from a snow-wreath—but fitting enough to go down into the grave with the dead boy!

"We ought to put his name on the coffin, dear," she said to the lad at her side.

"His name's Archie Forsyth and mine's Alan!" answered the child. "Oh! what will papa say when he finds his own Archie's buried up in the ground?"

"Alan Forsyth!" murmured Sainty, as the wedding-dress fell from her hands. Had she evoked him by bringing out this ghost of the past?

It would seem so indeed, for at that moment there was a hurry in the street and a step at the door.

"Here's the father of the kid!" exclaimed a burly miner, pushing his way in. "He happened into the town this morning. He's bin to where he left the boys and found they'd hooked it. Here you are, comrade!"

And there, by the coffin of his dead child, Sainty met her old lover once more!

He told her his whole story. How he had married one far below him, because he could not bear his loneliness; but how her image had always lived in his heart. He, too, was changed, but he had not lost his old charm. Sainty could not see him lean over his darling's coffin without longing to comfort him.

And so the old, old story repeats itself. Time brings comfort to all, and

"Hope itself will smile at length,
At other hopes gone from us."

And the day came when Sainty put on the wedding-dress—yes, the very same—for Alan would have it so; and it was easy to hide the place from whence poor Archie's roses had been gathered.

Sainty often looks back to that strange day, and remembers how God brought her her heart's desire. And little Alan says "He and papa were her Christmas Gifts."

WHICH OF THEM WILL HE MARRY?

A STORY OF $15,000 A YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DON'T ASK MAMMA," "THE CAPTAIN'S FLIRTATION," ETC.

[Concluded *from last week.*]

CHAPTER II.—DARING DEEDS.

PHIL CASSIDY awoke the next morning the temporary proprietor of a yacht.

He also awoke in the immediate possession of a father, and that father seated upon what is technically termed the foot of the bed.

"Hallo, father!" cries Phil, sitting up, rubbing his eyes violently with his knuckles.

"Halloo, my son!" responds a voice from the interior of Mr. Cassidy, senior. "Yer late in bed, me boy, and ye look vinous—*in vinum veritum.*"

Phil's affection for his parents was of the most ardent nature, but there are moments when fathers are not only unnecessary, but most confoundedly in the way.

This was one of them.

How could Phil summon courage to confess his act of folly in acquiring temporary possession of the *Dandie Dinmont?*

Folly he knew it to be, but a sort of perfumed folly which rendered him blind to the cap and deaf to the bells.

Phil resolved upon making a clean breast of it, and with great generalship commenced by narrating the marked politeness of Mr. and Mrs. Narrowbraid, their elegance, etc. From thence he traveled towards their daughter, dilating upon her beauty and her accomplishments, and wound up by saying she was very much attached to the sea, to nautical arrangements in general, yachting in particular.

"The fact is, sir, I hired a small boat to take her out in, as a slight return for their kindness."

"Quite right, Phil! *Recte Domine!* I'd never begrudge fifty cents an hour when people trate you dacent. *Cuo grano*, my boy!"

Fifty cents an hour!

Phil wailed inwardly.

"It's a boat with a sail, father; and I—I took it by the month."

"More fool you. What the dickens good will that do you? You would have got it cheaper by taking it when you wanted it, *and rose.*"

And Mr. Cassidy proceeded to entertain his son, during the process of dressing, with family matters, which caused the latter to forget both the *Dandie Dinmont* and the fair enslaver on whose behalf it was hired.

A *coup de main*, when well executed, is, as a rule, an extremely successful performance. Phil resolved upon bringing his parent to the upper bay, placing him on board the yacht, and taking him out to sea. The combination of effects might lessen the parental irony, as well as subdue the inevitable parental ire.

"We'll go down and look at the boat, sir," said Phil to his father, after the latter had finished a dish of chops, ditto of broiled chicken, ditto of sardines, three eggs, and half a dozen corn-cakes.

"Anything, my boy. Where is she? the North or East River?"

"She's in the upper bay."

"Why couldn't ye tie her at the Battery, and have her more contagious?"

Phil said nothing.

Having donned a very rakish suit, consisting of blue trousers, with coat and vest to match, gilt buttons, glazed hat, and patent leather boots, bought especially for marine purposes, our hero looked, if not quite the sea salt, at least a very fair imitation of a gentlemanly son of the briny. It were needless to say he was proud of his position, and longed to get on board the *Dandie Dinmont* with the anxiety of a child panting to become possessor of a promised toy.

Our hero never felt so important during the whole of his natural life as when replying in the negative to the invitation of a weather-beaten boatmen to hire his barge, and he glowed at furnace-heat when a sailor, with the words "*Dandie I lies out*" displayed upon the black band of his cap in gold letters, demanded if "the cap wished to go aboard."

The nautical gentleman placed his two hands at either side of his mouth, and gave vent to a terrific roar, in which the word "Ahoy" alone came to the surface.

In a moment the howl was responded to by another equally alarming, and a small boat, putting off from the side of the yacht, approached the dock.

"Is this her?" whispered Mr. Cassidy to Phil, pointing to the punt.

"Yes," replies Phil.

"She's too small; only a cockle-shell. There's not room for a *bouzee.*"

"Wait a while, father," says Phil, and, safely ensconcing the author of his being in the seat of honor, he perched himself at the bow, not, however, without a series of secret and animated misgivings as to his ultimate safety.

Phil, upon arriving at the *Dandie Dinmont*, gladly seized the friendly hand of the skipper, and allowed himself to be hauled on the deck, much after the fashion of a large fish well gaffed.

Mr. Cassidy, senior, upon finding his portion of the punt settling deeper in the water, consequent upon his son's departure, set up a most unearthly howl, and commenced to recite scraps of prayer in the Latin, English and Irish languages.

By dint of much physical exertion he was at length safely landed upon the deck, whereupon his usual cheerfulness and equanimity returned.

A sound of revelry proceeding from the state cabin smote upon Philip's ear, and upon gazing down the skylight he discovered Mr. Horsechin at the head of the table, with Mr. Samuelson upon his right, a gentleman of Jewish aspect upon his left, and three others at various distances, all engaged in drinking champagne, and discussing the merits of a Strasburg pie.

"I say," cries Horsechin, "isn't this a lark? I am monarch of all I survey. I'll entertain you every day here, fellows, ay, and all the boys, the whole crowd. I'll swim you in champagne and claret. By Jove, I can do what I like with this young counter-jumper, and the best thing I can do for him is to spend his money for him like a gentleman, a thing he couldn't do if he tried."

"It ish a larksh," hiccoughed the Jewish gentleman.

Phil's blood, and it was good blood, boiled up. He quivered with the agony of rage. With one spring he reached the companion-ladder, with another he stood before the festive board.

"Mr. Horsechin, leave that seat at once," cried Phil, in choking tones.

"Why, what's up? What's your little game? Are you seasick?" asked the commercial traveler, a little pale.

"I'm not sick, sir, but I wish to be alone. Be good enough to leave this cutter, sir, and not to come on board till you are invited."

"Why, you are drunk, Phil Cassidy," says Mr. Horsechin, and, assuming a bold and defiant air, he added, "let's have no more of this gammon."

Phil was as cool as a cabbage-leaf.

Mr. Samuelson, I hired this yacht from you for two months at $200 a month. A copy of the written agreement, dated yesterday, is in my possession. It is now my property, and as such I shall exercise my right. You are welcome to stop, sir, if you have any arrangements to make. As for these persons, if they do not go at once, I'll cause them to be sent on shore 'in double quick.'"

"Thish ish disgrashful," murmured the Jewish gentleman. "Itsh verra bad."

"Horsechin, are you going to be bulldozed by this rowdy?" asked a gentleman hung in jewelry.

"Shall I kick him overboard in two kicks and a half?' demands another, in the most commercial manner possible.

Mr. Horsechin saw at a glance the difficulties of the situation. The game was up. He had been overheard. He was on the wrong rail. If it came to handgrips Phil could, and probably would, double him up. So he smiled a ghastly smile, and said, as he retreated towards the door:

"We can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I thought to rub this snob into a gentleman, and——"

What Mr. Horsechin would have added it's impossible to determine, for, perceiving a very fierce glance in the corner of Phil Cassidy's eyes, and a very decided tightening and bony whitening of his knuckles, he judged it prudent to cut his sentence and his stick at the same moment, so he disappeared up the companion-ladder, followed by his three friends, and, having jumped into the punt, disappeared in the direction of the dock.

Much to the astonishment of his son Philip, Mr. Cassidy received the announcement of the hiring of the yacht with an unaccountable equanimity. In fact, he seemed more pleased than otherwise.

"It's a maximum figure, Phil; but as it is the first foolish thing you done since you touched the aurus of your uncle defunctus, we'll say, as the Romans did over the ashes of their dead, 'Valley—valley—valley.'"

The old gentleman rather enjoyed the prospect of extensive cruising about the bay, and luxuriated in the respectful demeanor of the skipper and crew. He insisted upon his son dispensing with his hotel in order to sojourn on board the *Dandie Dinmont* during the period of his ownership, and dispatched one of the crew to the Fifth Avenue Hotel for his personal luggage, which arrived in due course, consisting of a hair trunk dating from the old mail-coaching days, studded with the letter C, in brass nails, and a hat-box of so battered and dissolute a form as to doubt the possibility of its ever having been in a position to contain a hat of any description whatsoever.

Phil would gladly have gone ashore, for a certain swaying motion of the vessel caused him to feel a dismal sensation about the gastronomic regions, but Mr. Cassidy wouldn't hear of his being left alone, declining point-blank to trust himself to the punt, and it was only upon the plea of discharging his liabilities at the hotel and of calling out to Grasshopper Lodge to invite the Narrowbraids for the next day for a cruise in the bay, that his excellent parent would hear of his quitting the yacht.

"We will want something nice, for to-morrow, Phil; a 'bonny booch,' as the French say: so bring down a couple of pigs' cheeks and plenty of cabbage: and, don't forget a quart of Irish whisky, and send me over by the punt the newspapers, for *tempus*—that is time—will hang heavy on me till you return;" and, so saying, the old gentleman, waved a graceful adieu to his son.

Phil paid his respects at Grasshopper Lodge, found the ladies at home, and invited them for the next day.

La belle Tossie made eyes at Phil, till he began to think himself a very good-looking fellow, and to consider her as a girl possessing great penetration and enlightenment. Of course they were enchanted. "It was so kind of Mr. Cassidy—so chivalrous," adds Miss Narrowbraid, in a whisper as soft as the coo of a highly enamored dove.

And he lunched with them.

And then gave him a seat in the carriage.

And Tossie lay languidly opposite him, a white tulle vail softening the outlines of her face, and rendering her large eyes dangerously luminous.

Young gentlemen of to-day, beware of unmarried ladies who are too much given to white vails. These disguises are donned to conceal powder-puff, crows' feet, freckles, pimples and other painful attractions of a like nature. They were expressly recommended to be worn by that sainted female who is now lost to a society she was created to adorn—Madame Rachel.

It was *tulle illusion* to Phil Cassidy.

Great was Philip's pride of flesh to dash up to the door of Narrowbraid, Wooltuft & Company, and to be seen by his former associates laughing gayly with the beautiful daughter of the house—laughing loudly and long, although there was nothing particularly lively in her, and nothing whatever of merriment in his remarks.

Lowered was Cassidy's pride of flesh when he found himself becoming rapidly seasick in consequence of sitting with his back to the horses.

"By Jove!" gasps our hero, looking at the cover of his watch, "I must keep an appointment," and he sprang from the carriage.

"*A demain!*" cries Miss Narrowbraid.

"*J'ai suis,*" responds Phil, not to be outdone, "twelve o'clock boat to-morrow," and he flies to the nearest restaurant, feebly demanding a glass of brandy.

When he reached the yacht at five o'clock, he found his parent at one end of a line fishing for flounders with the gravity of a tom-cat watching the evolutions of a giddy sparrow upon an unassailable set of tiles.

"You did not hurry yourself," remarks Mr. Cassidy, reproachfully. "If it wasn't for the newspapers and the flounders, I'd be lost. I'm so hungry I could eat a *pons asinorum* and a hamper of greens. Where's the cheeks? Phil, where's the cheeks?"

Our hero had scrupulously obeyed his father's orders, not for the purpose of serving this homely fare to his guests, but from a desire to please the old gentleman. He had, however, on his own account, with a laudable anxiety to provide a suffi-

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ciency of food and drink for the spread of the morrow, invested in salmon, a leg of mutton, a piece of beef, a ham, half a dozen chickens, as many ducks, a couple of meat-pies, a set of lobsters varying in size, fruit of all descriptions, sweet pies, a case of Mumm's extra champagne, some vino di pasta sherry, Marcobrunnen romet claret, port in fact. The punt had to visit the dock four times in order to carry these marine stores on board. These preparations seemed to afford exquisite delight to the mariners attached to the *Paradise Dinmont*, whose experiences of their former commodore were of the description which can be only conveyed through the medium of the word "fluty."

They, or rather Mr. Cassidy, senior, dined upon fried fish—the smell of which nearly set poor Phil off again—and a beefsteak. Mr. Cassidy, *père*, was as good as his word, and conquered a splendid appetite after a most vigorous and protracted siege.

Dinner having concluded, he ascended to the deck with a well-brewed tumbler of punch in one hand, his fishing-line in the other; the latter had been transferred to him through the cabin-window during dinner-time, and was attached to his leg in order to make him feel the bite of the luckless fish, and secure his prey without any unnecessary delay.

"Would you like a sail this fine evenin', sir?" asks the skipper of Mr. Cassidy, senior, in respectful terms.

"Is there any chance of a slant of wind?" demanded the latter, with becoming nautical gravity.

"Of a what, sir?"

"A slant of wind."

"Do you mean a cupful, sir?"

"Of course! of course! What else?" says Mr. Cassidy, and despite the earnest remonstrances of his son, Phil, the old gentleman insisted upon taking a "slant round the bay," and, with a view of facilitating matters, got himself hopelessly entangled in a rope, from which he had to be extricated by one of the crew, who, during the process of disentanglement, muttered something between his teeth which sounded very like the word "lubber," with a prefix.

When Philip perceived that a sail was inevitable, he resolved to meet the situation like a man, and, with feelings somewhat akin to those of Lord Nelson when preparing for the battle of Trafalgar, descended to the cabin and arrayed himself in full sailing costume, including a telescope, which he slung gracefully across his shoulders and reappeared in the evening light prepared for victory or—the other thing.

Great was Mr. Cassidy's delight upon being called upon to "bear a hand" at the hoisting of the mainsail, and proportionate was his alarm lest the yacht should escape from her moorings, and bear down upon a neighboring schooner with which he was already on friendly terms, having had a chat with the skipper, with whom he had exchanged newspapers,

L'homme propose. Just as they had hoisted their mainsail, and were heaving on the jib halyards, a sharp shot and sudden crack announced that the bobstay had failed at the most critical moment. There was nothing for it but to haul down the sail and make arrangements for replacing the injured stay ere morning light.

Mr. Cassidy's disappointment and his son's relief were equally great.

"I don't like the name of the boat, Phil," said his father, Mr. Cassidy, over his second tumbler in the cabin, after he had spoken his mind pretty freely to the skipper relative to the mishap that had taken place. "I don't like the name—I like a dandy of punch as well as most men, but a *Dandy Dinmont* is a mixture I don't know at all, at all. Its neither *callidum cum* nor *frixi sine*. Let us change the name. *Tempora mutantur*. Let us have something classical, say the *Apollo Belvaydere*. That's a name for a yacht, and no mistake, or a man-of-war, for the matter of that."

Philip was not in a mind to dispute the question, although under the impression that ships generally, and yachts particularly, were supposed to be of the female gender, and that Apollo, at least, was decidedly male, if not Belvidere. So Mr. Cassidy drank success to the creation of his classical fancy, and prepared to turn-in for the night, or, as he termed it, "to go to bed on a shelf."

Phil went on deck and gazed at the shore glittering with a thousand lights: gazed at the gentle moon, listened to strains of sweet music wafting themselves like incense across the pellucid waters, and thought of—not of Tossie Narrowbraid, but of that rare and radiant maiden whose beauty smote him like a sunbeam, and whose image the tide of events had nearly carried to the great sea of oblivion—Annie Tumtint.

* * * * *

Phil Cassidy did not indulge in the stereotyped forty winks.

He did not close an eye.

The motion of the vessel was painfully suggestive of alarming illness.

The plashing of the water close to his ear was forcibly reminsdful that a frail plank stood between him and conger-eels, if not of sharks.

The snoring of his parent was not of that soothing nature calculated to woo one to the arms of the drowsy god: consequently Phil Cassidy slept not.

He bethought him of the morrow until the morrow came upon him, arising in cloudless glory, paling the stars, and snubbing to a fearful degree the little oil-lamp which swung over the head of his parent, who snored as though a "slant of wind" had invaded the portals of his nostrils, and was there disporting itself and engaged in the process of making as much noise and racket as circumstances would permit.

Phil went upon deck, and there encountered his skipper, who greeted him with:

"Mornin', sir,"

"Good-morning," replied Phil.

"Is your party to be a big wan, sir?" asked the skipper.

"Only three."

"Any faymales?"

"Two."

"Have they good stomicks?"

Phil considered this a very indelicate question, and responded coldly:

"Pon my word, I can't say."

"They'll want them to-day, sir."

Phil thought that under any circumstances this was not improbable, and asked the meaning of these dark prognostications.

"Ye'll have a ground-swell, and that's the wust swell agoin'," replied the skipper.

Our hero considered Mr. Horsechin a swell, and Mr. Cottim, the silk-buyer of Messrs. Bombazine & Co., who sported patent-leather boots, with yellow uppers, and green gloves on Sundays, a howling swell, but a ground-swell was utterly beyond his comprehension.

"I assure you, the gentleman who is coming on board to-day, although moving in the highest circles, and keeping his carriage—in fact, the great Mr. Narrowbraid, of Narrowbraid, Woolstuff & Company"—and Phil paused to witness the effect of this announcement upon the skipper—"doesn't pretend to be a swell at all. He is as plain and as quiet as—as—" Phil was at a loss for a simile, so he added, "as anything. I assure you," he added, with great simplicity, "he is not a ground-swell, but he is a very distinguished person."

The skipper hid his mouth in the palm of his horny hand and shook violently, moved by repressed mirth. When his risible faculties had been "hauled in" and "made taut," he explained the nature of the swell in question, and dilated with a ghastly minuteness upon the various stages of sea-sickness inevitable to those consigning themselves to be rocked upon its treacherous bosom.

Philip's soul was troubled.

What if he were compelled to succumb in the presence of Miss Narrowbraid.

He who had boasted of his nautical exploits. He who had led her to infer that the American fleet would be safe under his command.

The fatal dinner at Grasshopper Lodge!

The fatal mixture of sherry, hock, champagne, *etcetera*.

Oh, my brothers, glance back at a few pages in the books of your lives. Read half a dozen lines of each, and will you not find that all your follies, all your extravagances, all your angers, all your heartburnings, all your humiliations, all your quarrels, all that we would wipe from out the record, have been entered therein because of mixing your liquor? It may have been princely Johannisberg, or Château Yquem, it may have been B.-and-S., it may have been lager beer or XX porter; the potation may have been as deep as a "draw-well" or light as the dewdrop in the flower-cup, but was it not sufficient to clog the subtle machinery of the brain, and does not one false turn of the tiniest wheel set glorious motive power astray?

Close the book, my brothers, and cry amen!

Phil Cassidy eat no breakfast. How could he? His mind partook of the nature of the contents of a bottle of seltzer-water which had been opened at least a fortnight. Not a sparkle, not one cheery globule to rise to the surface.

His parent, on the other hand, strong in the knowledge of his classical powers, preserved a masterly inactivity, and betook him to the *Herald* and the Sounders, as if nothing particular was going to happen.

"Leave the old hen to me, Phil, and you mind the chickey. If Mr. Narrowbraid comes, hand him over to me likewise, *in toto parcurie*, and remember, the first thing to do to make all comfortable is to give them a sketch of brandy. The women will say 'oh!' at first, but leave it contagious, say nothing, and, 'wow-wow' says the fox."

Having delivered himself of these practical suggestions, Mr. Cassidy proceeded to read the *Herald* and adjust his lines; whilst Phil, arrayed in his nautical costome, went ashore, rowed by two sailors, clad in blue ganzies, and surmounted by the reddest possible nightcaps.

Previous to embarking, the skipper demanded if Phil required the gig.

"The what?"

"The gig, sir."

"What gig?"

"The yacht's gig, sir."

"Oh, thank you," says poor Phil, "I prefer walking; it's not worth while to drive so short a distance."

The skipper collapsed.

To enter into a psychological analysis of Phil Cassidy's feelings as he awaited the arrival of the boat at the ——landing would involve a chapter worthy of the pen of Mr. Victor Hugo. The chapter would scarcely be worth perusal, though, since the incident of a young gentleman prowling about a dock pavement, looking anxiously at his watch every two minutes, peering out in the direction from whence the steamboat is expected, cross-examining the employés as to when she is due, expressing doubts as to her safety, and when she does arrive, touching up his hat a little, adjusting his cravat and gloves, and, finally, receiving a salutation from a young lady whom he at first pretends not to perceive, is of so common and everyday an occurrence, that anything written about it could scarcely impart additional or satisfactory light.

Phil stood on the dock, and, as the boat approached, felt his heart beat fast and furiously, and wherefore he cannot tell.

The crowd pour out.

The Narrowbraids have missed the boat.

Perhaps they're not coming at all!

Ah, yes. Here they are.

Philip turns away.

"How do you do, Mr. Cassidy?" says Mrs. Narrowbraid. "Mr. Narrowbraid will be down by the next boat. I took the liberty of bringing a young lady with me. Mr. Cassidy, Miss Tumtint."

Phil was too much engaged, it must be confessed, in squeezing Miss Narrowbraid's hand, to glance at her friend.

He turns.

He becomes riveted to the ground, at least by one foot, for the other is grinding the corn of an irate elderly gentleman who pushes him into Mrs. Narrowbraid's arms, with an ejaculation rhyming to "jamnation."

Do his eyes deceive him?

Is it a mockery, a delusion, and a snare?

"Good heavens!" says Phil, "can this be true?"

The crowd jostled them along with it. Philip was thrown beside Miss Tumtint.

He should have addressed her.

He didn't.

He stared like an owl with glass eyes.

He fell over a small boy, and then into a luggage-truck.

He barked his shins, and another portion of his frame receiving injury.

There was a rake, teeth upwards, in the truck.

What cared he for physical torture?

"*His life, his love, his own dear Genevieve*," was beside him.

"I hope we shall have a fine day," chirps Miss Narrowbraid.

She might as well have been addressing a brown-stone flag or the statue of General Washington.

"Is your yacht far out in the bay?" demands Mrs. Narrowbraid.

"Yes; oh, no—that is, quite close," gasps Phil.

Mrs. Narrowbraid threw one penetrating glance into him. She feared that he, like unto his pleasure-boat, might be half-seas-over.

Having arrived at the landing-stairs, Phil descended first, in order to help the ladies into the boat.

Mrs. Narrowbraid entered it freely enough.

Miss Narrowbraid insisted that Phil should remain on the jetty whilst she descended, fearing he would see her ankles.

Phil *did* see them, and was not ambitious of another peep.

The limbs of the turkey are admirable from an ornithological point of view, but do not become the female form divine.

Miss Tumtint, without waiting for her friend, descended the steps. Her dress caught in an iron ring. This *contretemps* revealed a foot, and—well—yes—why not—certainly——

Whisper!

Such as Vestris might have feared in rivalry.

Phil assisted her into the boat.

The galvanic shock that went through him as her plump little hand confidingly placed itself in his!

Her little white paw descended like a young dove into the brown nest of Philip's palm.

He forgot Miss Narrowbraid on the jetty, who was nearly being left alone like unto Black-eyed Susan.

Miss Narrowbraid uttered several musical and hysterical, but highly interesting, screams from behind her white veil, as the boat sped on its way to the yacht, steered by Philip.

Had she been aware of how unskillful was the "man at the helm," she might have good cause for shrieking in earnest, for on two occasions her life was in imminent peril, once when he came foul of the springwarp of the revenue cruiser, and again when he fouled a buoy, besides which, in the chaos of yachts by which he was surrounded, he experienced no little difficulty in discovering his own; and were it not that his parent maintained a running fire of yells, of "Phil, Phil Cassidy! Phil, I say!" until he succeeded in attracting his son's attention, it is doubtful whether, of his own skill and knowledge, Philip would ever have reached the vessel at all.

As they approached the *Apollo Belvidere*, he stood up by way of displaying his extreme ease and nautical acquirements. A sudden jerk, consequent upon the stroke-oar having grappled the yacht, staggered Philip, and, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, he clutched Mrs. Narrowbraid by the hair of the head, inflicting considerable damage, having previously administered to her, in his endeavor to grasp at something, the complete materials for a black eye; and then, as the boat swayed the other way, and whilst he was in the act of endeavoring to recover his previous footing, he was thrown violently into Miss Narrowbraid's lap, and from thence bounded to the bottom of the boat, where he lay like a limp and gaping codfish until raised from his recumbent position by the efforts of Miss Tumtint, the other two ladies being too much occupied by their recent injuries to bestow as much as a single thought upon him.

It is a sad thing to witness a brave man overwhelmed with misfortune—to behold him struggling against inevitable destiny and receiving blow after blow between the eyes, whilst he expends his strength upon "fibbing" the air.

This is a true story, and the events as they presented themselves must be narrated without any shunting into sidings, or any discoloration of the stern realities.

Phil Cassidy, when placed upon his feet, resolved upon making a supreme effort to regain the good opinion of his guests, and to recover by a *coup de main* from the excessive discomfiture to which he had been so mercilessly subjected.

The boat had approached the bows of the yacht and was passing quite close to the bobstay, when Phil, stepping lightly upon the gunwale, sprang towards the bowsprit with the intention of grasping it and of performing an acrobatic feat which would have placed him, in the eyes of the female occupants of the boat, on a level with Leotard himself.

He missed the bowsprit.

He caught the bobstay.

The stay was loose and gave with him, and in one second he was up to his chin in water, blowing like a grampus, and churning the briny with a vigor equal to the tracks of the paddles of a steam-tug.

The ladies screamed; Miss Narrowbraid pretended to faint; Mrs. Narrowbraid gazed helplessly at him with her available eye, and Miss Tumtint thrust forward a dainty parasol with the idiotic idea of fishing him out by the ivory crook attached thereto.

The skipper, who was on board, rushed forward, leant over the bowsprit, gripped Philip's collar, and held him up until he was fished into the punt, and from thence conveyed, like a wet sack, to the deck.

Oh, hero of this love story, how fallen is thy crest! How battered is thy helmet! How many gaping orifices are in thy harness!

It was a painful sight to see Mrs. Narrowbraid and her daughter assisted on board—the one with her hand to her injured eye, the other displaying a Grecian bend—an acute angle—the painful consequence of being unexpectedly and violently doubled up. Philip's mortification was grinding.

"How dare you do that, sir?" cries Phil to the luckless stroke-oar, trying in the weakness of human nature, to place his own awkwardness at the threshold of another.

"Do what, sir?" asks the "stroke," choking with volcanic merriment.

"Don't speak to me, sir: you leave my ship, sir. I never saw so awkward a scoundrel. The presence of these ladies protects you—you wretch!"

"A bit of cold beefsteak, ma'am, will do your eye a power of good. *Frigidæ sine*, ma'am," said Mr. Cassidy, to Mrs. Narrowbraid, "and just a sketch of brandy or a tent of sperrits: ver more frightened nor hurt: and I think, miss," he added, turning to Tossie, "if you were to get your chest rubbed smart and lively by that comrade of yours, it would straighten your back a bit. Blur-and-ages, Phil, why couldn't you maintain your equilibrium, and not go hoppin' about like a crow in a cornfield?"

"I don't think it was quite Mr. Cassidy's fault," interposed Miss Tumtint.

Phil blessed her.

"Come now, ladies; get into the cabin and tittyvate yourselves," cries Mr. Cassidy. "Here's the steak for you, ma'am, you'd better apply it, or your eye will be as black as my shoe in the morning. Don't forget the sketch, you'll find it on the table," and the good natured old fellow actually thrust them below, his last words from the deck being, "Don't neglect the sketch, ladies; don't neglect the sketch, to put betune you and the cold."

* * * * *

It has never been clearly ascertained whether the ladies improved upon Mr. Cassidy's suggestion as to the "sketch" of brandy. That the contents of the bottle lowered themselves by one inch is a matter of history, but whether they had been applied with a view to the amelioration of the condition of the damaged visual organ, inwardly or outwardly, is a question open to discussion, and may yet form an agreeable and exciting theme for one of those numerous debating societies which enliven our city by talented discussions upon mighty and majestic subjects. Phil Cassidy changed his garments in feverish haste.

He donned the favorite blue silk waistcoat with the brass buttons.

He collapsed into a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers of a very magnified pattern.

He choked himself in a green satin scarf, checkered over with scarlet flowers, and stuck a ghastly pin, in playful imitation of a death's head, at the very point of the scarf, where no pin should by any possibility appear.

A black frock with very long skirts completed his toilet; and in order to render his "get up" utterly irresistible, he stuffed his unfortunate hands into primrose-colored gloves, till each individual finger seemed ready to burst up like an overblown indiarubber ball.

He stood for at least ten minutes opposite the mirror in the tank-shaped cabin endeavoring to adjust a stubbly lock of hair that reeked again with marrow-oil, and when at length he reappeared upon deck, all aglow with excitement, and all of an end with confusion, Miss Tumtint was of opinion that he looked to considerably greater advantage in his wet clothes.

And was she not in the right?

Phil ordered luncheon.

Mr. Narrowbraid arrived just as the order was given, bringing with him a Mr. Tomkins, son of Tomkins Brothers & Tomkins, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, a pinkish young man, with hay-colored hair, and dressed as only London men *can* dress.

Mr. Tomkins was presented to the ladies, to whom he bowed after the fashion of an Italian innkeeper on the arrival of a party of tourists preceded by a courier.

When introduced to Philip, he deliberately raised his eyeglass, screwed it into a corner of his eye, stared, let it drop on one of the buttons of his coat with a click like the cocking of a gun, and gave a short supercilious nod.

Phil hated him.

The luncheon was served on deck by desire of the ladies.

Mr. Tomkins seized upon a camp-stool and monopolized Miss Tumtint.

Phil had brought this identical stool on deck with a view to adapting it to the very purpose for which it was now being used by another.

He ground his teeth.

He loosened the dollar false one.

To do Miss Narrowbraid justice, she rendered herself most agreeable to Phil, and flattered him to the masthead.

He had no ears for her.

Miss Tumtint and Mr. Tomkins were laughing.

Was it at him?

Tomkins's chances of again seeking St. Paul's Churchyard without accident were lessening themselves.

Phil approached Miss Tumtint with an open bottle of champagne.

"Some champagne, Miss Tumtint?" says Cassidy.

"Don't take champagne with chicken. Try Moselle?" interposes Tomkins, and then, turning to one of the crew, "I say, you fellow, bring a bottle of Moselle here and some ice."

"Take your orders from me," says Phil to the man; and, addressing Miss Tumtint in a manner that every word resembled a small chip of ice, "Do you want for anything?"

"Oh, dear no, thanks; everything is charming. But are you not going to give us a sail?"

She saw with the sharpness of her sex that a storm was brewing, and that Cupid was coming to the aid of Boreas, with his jaunty little wings.

Philip brightened up like a bottle-fed infant when it beholds the source of its comfort at hand.

Her words acted talismanically.

"Ahoy!" cries Phil; "ahoy, there, lads; strike your jibboom! Haul away your marlingespike! Let go the topgallant sail! Reef your bowsprit! Splice your rudder!" and the heroic youth, in the full flush of his nautical knowledge, seized hold of a rope which he proceeded to loosen with the utmost possible dispatch. Luckily for those on deck, the skipper wrenched it from his hands.

"Let go, sir. Do you want to brain your company? Another twist, and the whole sail, boom and all, are about your ears."

"Confound it!" cries Phil, again on the wrong rail. "Why don't you fasten your moorings on the right holdfast? You must see to this, sir."

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The skipper replied not, but proceeded to assist in the process of getting under weigh, which was safely and rapidly accomplished, and the *Apollo Belvidere* glided gracefully from her moorings.

Phil announced his intention of steering.

Mrs. Narrowbraid having had a painful experience of his nautical skill in this respect already, not only opened her healthy eye in horror at the announcement but the injured one also.

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy," she says, "you must come out and chat to the ladies! Tossie, love, try your influence with Mr. Cassidy. This gentleman," she added, pointing to the skipper, "will do the steering business."

This gentle pressure on the part of Mrs. Narrowbraid relieved Phillip's mind.

He knew about as much of steering as a hedgehog of the *caucus*.

"Mr. Cassidy, you *must* come and remain with us," chirped Miss Narrowbraid, who participated largely in the feelings of terror indulged in by her parent, "we shall see nothing of you if you remain there."

"Ye'll see nothin' of any of us afore long if he gets a steerin' the boat," mutters the skipper.

Phil allowed himself to be persuaded to give up the tiller and join the little party assembled in the cockpit.

The cockpit consisted of a small inclosed space near the centre of the boat—within the inclosure cushions, upon which the ladies lounged much after the fashion of those females who are presented to us in pictures, with the pleasing fiction appended beneath the portrait signifying that the gazer is beholding "the light of the harem."

Our hero perched himself upon what is technically termed a "fender" in the immediate vicinity of Miss Tumtint.

"Why don't he sit beside me?" wonders Tossie. "I left him room enough, heaven knows. Bah, he's a booby!" and yet she laid the flattering unction to her soul that the bashfulness consequent upon deep, deep love, alone prevented him from skipping to her side.

Girls of the period, rapidly approaching your thirtieth Summer, when you go on a party of pleasure where you expect to meet Brown, who danced twice with you at Perkins's ball, or Jones, who has called three times at Madison Avenue, never be humbugged into allowing a gurl in her *teens* to accompany you.

It's worse than a crime. It's a mistake.

Try it just for once, and the chances are you'll never be guilty of a like imprudence.

Mr. Cassidy, senior, had lunched heartily.

Mr. Cassidy, senior, was considerably elevated.

"Now I call this as jolly a little party," observed that worthy individual, smiling benignly upon the company, "as ever I contemplated. The *ocean cum dignitate*. The three graces," bowing to the ladies. "Juno, Mrs. Narrowbraid; Minerva, Miss Tossie, and Venus, my charming young friend here with the hay-colored hair."

"This venerable donkey is father to the young one," chanted Mr. Tomkins, quite ignorant of the fact that Phillip was sitting close beside him.

Unluckily for him, his little spark of wit fell upon a powder magazine.

Phil Cassidy tapped him upon the shoulder and whispered into his ear:

"Step up towards the front end of the boat with me for a minute."

There was that in our hero's manner which demanded instant compliance.

The commander and the dog.

"Excuse me for a moment," says Tomkins to Miss Tumtint, and he approached Phil, who stood waiting for him, a small thunder cloud upon his face.

"Well, Mister Cassidy," drawled Tomkins, half jauntily.

"See here, now," said Phil, "I suppose you call yourself a gentleman; but I ask you is it a gentlemanly thing to sneer at anything in a man's house, for this is my house; and—and—I ask you, is it a gentlemanly thing to joke at an old man who is doing his best to please everybody? I tell you, sir," added Phil, "that for all your fine clothes, and your darned eyeglass, he is a better gentleman than you, anyhow."

Tomkins hesitated, but only for a second.

"You are right, Mr. Cassidy," said he. "I was wrong; I'm very sorry. I did a rotten thing, and I apologize. Can I do more?"

They shook hands, and repaired to the cabin, where they liquored up; and Tomkins, throwing aside the chrysalis affectation and conceit in which he had enshrined himself, came out a most agreeable butterfly, and aided very considerably in the harmony and good fellowship that existed during the entire cruise.

A slight breeze sprang up.

Miss Narrowbraid begged for her shawl.

Instead of seizing upon the opportunity of adjusting it around her pretty figure, Phil Cassidy left that office to Mr. Tomkins, and nearly brained himself in his hurry to descend to the cabin for a railway rug, wherein to wrap the delicate form of the real object of his adoration.

Tossie received Mr. Tomkins's attentions with an amount of affability somewhat startling and unnerving that young gentleman, and Philip regained the camp-stool, and fed his feverish soul on the music of the voice of the enslaver.

And the yacht glided onwards, and Philip's heart beat extra double-knocks against his waistcoat, and swelled so big within him that the source of his voice seemed as though it had been sat upon, and the voice itself became only capable of producing hoarse and discordant squeaks.

He managed, however, to give Miss Tumtint a short biographical sketch, and a general insight into his career prior to his meeting her.

"I cannot tell you what came over me, miss, when I caught your eyes across the counter at Narrowbraid's. I—I felt that I had met my fate."

"Is not that the Coney Island elevator?" says the young lady; but in a way as much as to say, "don't mind any interruption from *me*, it doesn't count. This is delightful, my friend."

"Yes," continues Phil. "I ran to the doors after you and missed you. I eat no dinner. I sat in my room, looking out at the chimney-pots, and I was utterly wretched, when what do you think happened?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. Do people live in that elevator?"

"The old woman brought me in a letter from my father. I wasn't going to open it—I was too melancholy."

"How very wrong not to open your father's letter at once."

"I was thinking of somebody else," says Phil.

"How beautiful Staten Island looks!" cries Miss Tumtint.

"I know something much more beautiful," says poor Cassidy, and, finding that the young lady persistently gazed at the island in question, he continued his narrative. "And what do you think was in the letter, miss?"

"Plenty of good advice! I'm sure you do require it."

"Not a bit. The letter told me I was left fifteen thousand a year, by the death of my uncle Tim."

"How delighted you must have been?"

"I went nearly mad; not so much on account of the money, but because I could leave Narrowbraid's—and—and——"

"Shall we go about, sir?" shouts the skipper.

Philip wished that official in the very bosom of a whale.

"Shall we go about, sir?" repeated the skipper.

"Go about what?"

"Go about, sir."

Seeing that this was a thing to be done, although he had not the faintest conception of its meaning, and being desirous of appearing thoroughly nautical, he cried: "By all means, skipper—by all means."

"Then stand by," bowls the skipper.

The helm was put up, the foresheets shaken out, and the little vessel swung round.

At this particular moment, Mrs. Narrowbraid arose from the cockpit, assisted by Mr. Cassidy, senior, for the purpose of gaining a better view of the Narrows.

The boom of the mainsail came into violent contact with her head.

A small splinter inserted itself in her chignon, removing that article, leaving her cranium as bare as a billiard-ball or a boiled egg.

Mr. Narrowbraid made a grab at his wife's locks as they swept past him seaward.

He fell overboard.

Mrs. N. fainted.

She would have done this in any case. She would also have torn her hair, but her hair was torn already.

Miss Tossie screamed, calling wildly upon her parent to keep himself afloat for the sake of his family, the chances being that he would make an effort in this direction on his own particular account, without considering family ties at all.

The skipper ran the yacht up into the wind preparatory to lowering a boat.

"Oh, save him! Mr. Cassidy, save him!" cries Miss Tumtint.

Phil never hesitated.

He did not know how to swim.

What cared *he*—*she* had asked him to do a certain thing, and do it he should and would.

He threw off the long-tailed frock, and with one bound plunged into the seething waters.

Mr. Narrowbraid, who had sunk once, rose beside him.

Philip clutched him by the hair.

Mr. Narrowbraid, not to be outdone, responded by grasping the oily locks of Cassidy.

Phil could not keep him up, so he sank with him.

Luckily, the skipper arrived with the gig and a boat-hook.

Upon the reappearance of the submerged ones, the skipper grappled Mr. Narrowbraid with his left hand, whilst with the boat-hook in his right he struck at Phil, and succeeded in hooking him by the shepherd's plaid inexpressibles.

Mr. Narrowbraid was hauled into the gig.

Our hero remained suspended over the water much after the fashion of the pantaloon when the clown facetiously raises that personage by a gentle but dexterous use of the forefinger and thumb.

"Let me g—g—g—o!" gurgles Phil, preferring a watery grave to the ignominy of his position.

He was lugged on board the yacht much after the fashion of a sack of flour.

Mr. Cassidy, senior, insisted upon both gentlemen being put to bed and being supplied with hot brandy-and-water, *ad lib.*

Mrs. Narrowbraid emerged from the cabin, and in a burst of enthusiastic gratitude, rushed over to Philip, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him three times in rapid succession, pouring forth a torrent of thanks, and pronouncing him the most redoutable of living men.

"My husband wishes to see you. He is coming round."

Phil wished her in Jericho, but obeying the behest, descended to the cabin to find Mr. Narrowbraid in a state of extreme contentment, with one hand grasping a steaming tumbler of brandy punch, brewed by Mr. Cassidy, senior, the other holding that worthy individual's hand in a cordial and confidential grip.

"My dear boy, my son," cries Mr. Narrowbraid, upon whom the brandy-and-water had commenced to operate, "let me call you my son—my b—boy. You've saved my life. I owe you my life. How can I repay you? Answer me that?" Here he sat up in the berth and looked very grim. "Let any man answer me that, if he can! I say *if* he can! I pause for a reply!"

Finding that his conjectures were pretty accurate, and that the pause was likely to be continuous, he comforted himself with a pull at the tumbler.

"Phil Cassidy, I owe you my life! There is only one way I can repay you. I have a child, a treasure. I did intend her for the military. You love her!" Phil started violently. "You love her; nobody blames you—you couldn't help it! You are worthy of any woman's love. As I mentioned before, I did intend her for the military. I give that up for your happiness; you have gained her young affections. Come to my arms, my son-in-law, my son."

Preparatory to embracing his newly-found relative, Mr. Narrowbraid finished the contents of the tumbler, placed it beside him in the berth, relinquished Mr. Cassidy's hand, and opened his arms.

"He's too confused with his good luck to speak," interrupted Mr. Cassidy, highly pleased with the proposed alliance. "It's his happiness that's bothering him; he was always shy. Get out of this and go up to her;" he added, shoving his son towards the companion-ladder.

Philip mechanically went on deck. Happily, Tomkins was engrossing Tossie. Miss Tumtint was alone at the bows, gazing abstractedly into the blue waters.

Yes, the impulse that bade him approach her was irresistible. His fate was at work. He bowed to his *kismet*.

He is beside her. His heart has ceased to beat. His voice is very thick. He speaks slowly and with a painful effort.

"Miss Tumtint," he says, "from the moment I saw you I felt that——"

"Mr. Cassidy, I—I know—that is, I—I guess what you are going to say."

"Then let me say it," pleads Phil.

"I—I cannot."

"Oh, why, why?"

"Because it would be wrong. I am engaged to——"

He heard no more—a mist came upon his eyes, his head reeled, he staggered against the bowsprit. He fell flat with a terrific smack upon a large bluefish that the sailors had spread out to dry preparatory to cooking it.

* * * * *

When the *Apollo Belvidere* reached her moorings, her owner jumped into the punt and was rowed ashore.

CHAPTER THE LAST—CHRISTMAS CARDS.

"YE don't seem over warm in regard to Tossie Narrowbraid," observed Mr. Cassidy to his son some weeks after the memorable yachting excursion.

Philip had become thin and pale, had allowed his hair to grow and the collars of his coat to get greasy. The lamp of life which had glowed with the brightness of a Jablochoff candle, was now but a dim rushlight.

He took his meals at uncertain intervals, and his drinks with a reckless regularity. His voice was sepulchral, and he indulged in groanings suggestive of the very lowest depths of dyspepsia, combined with despair. The Narrowbraids were gushingly attentive. Tiny pink missives came from Tossie, couched in those bewildering diminutives known only to engaged people; she addressed him as her Philip, and although the luckless youth had never told his love, she evidently, and in a spirit that did her infinite honor, resolved to save him as much trouble on that head as was possible.

The first of these *billet-doux* caused Cassidy as much surprise as affliction. Had he committed himself on that fatal trip in the *Dandie Diamont?* Had he, in a moment of desperation, when memory was seared by despair, offered his $10,000 and his hand—not his heart—to the sole daughter of the house of Narrowbraid & Woodtuft?

It must be so. Her father had, in the most magnanimous manner, bestowed her upon him, and he was bound to accept the precious gift with becoming gratitude.

Annie Tumtint! Ah, what was she to him now? An empty sound, a bitter mockery! A lovely vision, and the raven perched directly over his bleeding heart croaked grimly, "Nothing more."

The night of the yachting trip found Phil Cassidy at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The following morning he was on the cars *en route* for anywhere—nowhere.

He touched at Cleveland, remained a few days at Chicago for his *impedimenta*, and then went South to New Orleans, returning in November, *via* Texas, to New York.

Every post-office at which he inquired for letters from his father, brought him gushing epistles from Tossie Narrowbraid, until, like a bird whose wings have been clipped, he came back to Gotham to roost.

There was nothing else for it. Fifty times he was going to write to the loving and passion-stricken girl—at least his vanity told him that she was, and that is what draws the wariest woman-hater of them all into the toils, the strongest Sampson unto the Delilahs—to tell her that he could not give his hand when his heart was beneath the dainty Pompadour shoes of another. While he read and re-read Miss Narrowbraid's epistles, he never committed himself by responding to any of them. "I'll explain my silence," he would reason, "I'll tell her all when we meet." And when they did meet, what did he tell her? We blush for him! We hide our crimsoned face as we write the lines! He said that he never called for letters. Shame! Fie, fie! Out upon thee, Philip Cassidy!

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," sings the old song. Does it? We doubt it. There is nothing more sedative than travel, and for that fever commonly known as love it is a simple and almost effectual cure. Time is all that is required to make it absolute.

Phil returned to New York, and put up at the Windsor this time. He meditated a European tour—alone.

"If I am to marry Miss Narrowbraid, she can wait," he argued. Where, oh where was the chivalry of the nineteenth century?

He had not been an hour at the hotel when Mr. Narrowbraid bounded into his room. "My dear, *dear*, *dear* Philip!" exclaimed that gentleman, wringing both Cassidy's hands, and refusing to utter more in consequence of an emotional hoarseness in the throat.

Phil lost his presence of mind; all his courage, like that of Bob Acres, oozed out at the palms of his hands.

"How's Miss——"

"Call her Tossie."

"How is Tossie, then?" the endearing pet-name somehow or other sticking in the region of his windpipe.

"Languishing, Philip, but unchanged! Pale and anxious! Thin!" He need scarcely have mentioned the latter fact; in this regard she was indeed unchanged.

"You'll come out and stop with us. Your dear, kind-hearted, noble parent is domesticated beneath our humble roof."

"My father?"

"He has been with us for the past week. Your room awaits you. Don't give me away, when I tell you that my child has arranged it with her own fair hands."

Mr. Narrowbraid did not deem it necessary to add that the apartment in question had been prepared for the wife of the San Francisco portion of the firm, who had, in order to beguile the tedium of the journey, eloped with an army officer while coming East.

Tossie put up a pair of imperceptible lips, upon which Phil Cassidy deposited an explosive kiss, when she met him that evening at Grasshopper Hall. A young gentleman attired in gray and brass buttons, and a shirt-collar that supported a pair of very exuberant red ears, scowled in a corner at this performance, and, apparently addressing the window-curtain, muttered something in reference to the unspeakable rapture it would afford him, then and there, to punch somebody's head.

Phil glared at the youth in gray, and the youth in gray returned the look with one of haughty defiance.

"Oh, it's only Mr. Pittsburg, a West Point cadet," said Tossie. "Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Pittsburg."

Cassidy *père*, whom Phil discovered very much at home, indeed, and discussing the merits of a tumbler of whisky toddy hot, was delighted to see his son. "You're all broke up, *faire sorra*," he exclaimed, "it's love, I suppose. It hits chaps in different ways, *cum grano*. As for me, when I was courting your *mater* in the sweet Vale of Avoca, it's the mountain-dew that stood to me. Take a sketch, Phil, *ma bouchal*. Here's her health," said the old gentleman, filling out a goodly horn of the barley bree.

"Her health," and Phil groaned after the fashion of the leading delineators of tragic passion.

"You don't seem over warm in regard to Tossie Narrowbraid, Phil."

"Ah!" groaned our hero.

"Have you the stomach-ache?"

"Bah!"

And beyond spasmodic interjections, Mr. Cassidy could elicit no expression of opinion from his son. Mr. and Mrs. Narrowbraid, while they gushed over Philip, gave a very cold shoulder indeed to the young gentleman in gray, never so much as addressing him and replying to his sallies by curt monosyllables. The young gentleman, possibly in order to be avenged, and as he saw an opportunity for punishing them, seemed to resolve upon punishing their wine. Hock, sherry, champagne and tawny port fell to his bow and spear with the most unerring certainty.

Phil detected nods, looks and wreathed smiles passing between the young gentleman in gray and the daughter of the house, and a sort of glance-signaling that put him on the *qui vive*.

"Could I say a word in private to you to-morrow?" observed the cadet to our hero, in a semi-hiccoughy way.

"To-night, if you like it," replied Phil. "I'll give you a lift into New York," for he had stoutly refused the daintily-prepared apartment at Grasshopper Hall.

"N—no, thanks."

The morrow and a dozen morrows in succession, and no cadet, during which Phil saw a good deal of Grasshopper Hall. The marriage was now openly spoken of, and, according to Mrs. Narrowbraid's wishes, to take place as speedily as possible, as she was desirous of going to Florida.

"My dearest Philip, say two days after Christmas—Sunday, the 27th. I'll persuade Tossie to fix that day."

Phil muttered something in which the word "bliss" endeavored to make itself heard. The 27th was named and the *trousseau* put into active preparation.

It was Christmas Eve, and Phil Cassidy was engaged in listlessly perusing the columns of the *Herald*, when a servant brought him a card whereon was inscribed in martial letters, "Mr. George Washington Wellington Napoleon Pittsburg."

"Ask him to step in."

It should be mentioned that Phil Cassidy was breakfasting in a private parlor attached to his sleeping apartment.

Mr. G. W. W. N. Pittsburg was accompanied by a closely-veiled lady.

"Mr. Cassidy," says Pittsburg, very red about the ears and husky about the voice, "I have done you a great wrong; I have married—but Tossie says that——"

"Good heavens!" cried Phil.

The lady flung aside her veil.

It is Mrs. George Washington Wellington Napoleon Pittsburg.

They had been married about half an hour.

"Let us go to him," suggested the happy bride. "I'll offer to give him back his presents. He'll refuse, and they're worth five thousand at all events. Besides," she added, with a gasp, "I know he'd never forgotten that odious Miss Tumtint. I never cared for him, George, darling, as you know. It was all pappa and mamma's doing."

Not only did the jubilant Cassidy refuse to take back his pre-nuptial presents, but he clasped a bracelet, purchased the day before at Tiffany's, upon the bride's arm.

"I intended it for your wedding morning, and it has fulfilled its mission."

"You're a real good fellow," sobbed Mrs. G. W. W. N. P., adding, tearfully, as she twisted the bracelet so as to cause the diamonds to sparkle, "I suppose you saw the death of George Rogers?"

"Who's George Rogers?"

"Oh, the gentleman that Miss Tumtint was engaged to. *She* never cared a fig for him. George Washington, give Mr. Cassidy some brandy."

* * * * * *

It was the Christmas morning of 1878, and as the bells were pealing out merrily from church tower and steeple, Mr. Philip Cassidy, faultlessly attired, was to be seen skipping up the steps of No. — West Thirty-second Street, the residence of Mrs. and Miss Tumtint.

It is not necessary to the purpose of this story to narrate what occurred within those walls, at that or any subsequent visit. Suffice it to say, Miss Tumtint exists no longer, and that Mrs. Philip Cassidy receives every Tuesday evening at No. — Madison Avenue.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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CHAS. STEWART PARNELL, M.P.

THE distinguished leader of the Obstructionists in the British House of Commons, in company with John Dillon, landed at New York City on Friday morning, January 2d. He was warmly received by an influential committee and conducted to a hotel, where he will take a brief rest before entering upon a tour of the United States, that bids fair to arouse the patriotism of every son and daughter of Ireland in the New World.

Charles Stewart Parnell—although an Irish agitator, and the hope of a very "young Ireland" party—is, curiously enough, not an Irishman at all, or one only to a limited extent. He is an American by his mother's side, his mother being the daughter of the late Rear Admiral Charles Stewart, of the United States Navy, and now occupying the Bonaparte property at Bordentown, N. J. His father comes of an old English family, originally from one of the midland counties.

He was born at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1846, and was educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, England. His first appearance in public was under Government auspices as High Sheriff of County Wicklow, which position he held the year before his entrance to Parliament. This latter event took place in 1875, he being elected to the House of Commons to fill the Meath vacancy made by the decease of the late John Martin.

The first evidence of Mr. Parnell's looming importance is as a rebel to the main or Home Rule body of the Irish Parliamentary representatives, whose tameness, whose utter impracticableness and foolishness in frittering away the time and patience of the people with unheeded petitions to Her Most Gracious Majesty's Government for "a Parliament in College Green," disgusted himself and a few others, who resolved to adopt new tactics, with the object of compelling the English Parliament to pay attention to Irish demands.

This ripened into what is known as the Obstruction policy, the main idea of which is to oppose each and every measure of the Government by technicalities, amendments, and dogged opposition, to impede general legislation and worry the English members into either compliance with the wishes of the Irish members, or make it as unprofitable as possible for England to continue the course it has in connection with Ireland.

The position of Mr. Parnell as a landlord has given him the opportunity of knowing the condition of the people and the inhumanity to which they may be subjected, and, coming from one thus situated, the expression, "No man, however good, is fit to occupy the position of the Irish Landlord," contains the more terrible meaning.

His position is thus summed up in his own brief words: "Our people are in Ireland to-day; they are determined to do what they can for themselves. I believe that by standing together and by adopting a determined attitude towards the landlords, you will compel a solution of this great Land Question. And if we can—taking advantage of this extraordinary opportunity—unite all classes in Ireland in this way to aid in this scheme for land reform, I believe we will have done that which no Irishman ever had such an opportunity of doing before, and that we shall take one great step towards obtaining for our country the inestimable blessing of self-government by fixing upon the soil of Ireland those who cultivate that soil."

Mr. Parnell is President of the Irish National Land League, the prime object of which is to educate the people in the great truth that the land belongs to all, and organize and work for the destruction of the system that maintains the land in the grasp of the few.

The various sums of money raised to relieve the present distress are distributed by the Irish National Land League, whose members have familiarized themselves with the necessities of every part of Ireland.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, ESQ., M. P.,

THE DISTINGUISHED LEADER OF THE "OBSTRUCTIONIST" PARTY IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1880.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, *53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

The President, upon "Civil Service Reform" forms the subject of the interview in our present issue.

A NEW YEAR'S LESSON IN POLITICS.

THE new year of 1880 has come to notch the beginning of another decade in the national calendar. It is the year from which the decennial census of the people will be counted, and it is the year in which the people will hold their quadrennial election for the two highest offices in their gift. As in Greece all the currents of the national life set towards the Olympic games, with their stern competitions for the prizes of strength and agility, so in the United States all the currents of our political life set towards the Presidential election, with its animating contest for the ascendency of parties and the principles they represent in the conduct of the Government. As the time approached for the recurrence of each Olympiad a sacred truce was proclaimed throughout all Greece. Athens ceased to envy Sparta, and Sparta ceased to vex Athens. So, as the time approaches for the recurrence of our Presidential election, let us hope that there will be a truce bidden to sectional resentments and to factional rivalries, that the political lists may be cleared for an open and manly contest between the representatives of the political doctrines and measures now competing for the suffrages of the people.

While there is much in the material prosperity of the nation which is well calculated to justify and encourage patriotic exultation, there are also some signs of the times which deserve to excite the gravest solicitude. The rancor of our politics has always been a reproach to the nation. The stern ferocity of party struggles has been likened to the spirit of warfare, from which, indeed, it takes the choicest of its emblems, and the most familiar of its dogmas. An election is known by the name of a "campaign." The rank and file of a party's adherents are held to the discipline of an army. Its leaders are followed as fuglemen, from whose word of order there is to be no dissent. All this was bad enough, but to the tactics of war have now come to be added the strategies, the treasons and the surprises of war. After the battle is ended the victorious party has come to fear the perils of an ambuscade in the shape of a Returning Board or of a Governor and Council, who will not only discount the fruits of victory, but who will put defeat for victory and victory for defeat.

We do not purpose in this connection to inquire who or what party is responsible for the beginnings of such an interpolation on the political methods of the country. If history is a philosophy, teaching by example, it is not set to teach the destructive lesson that "two wrongs make a right." The rule of retaliation even in actual warfare is held to be justifiable only as a preventive measure, not as a measure leading to fresh aggressions. The law of reprisal has absolutely perished from the jurisprudence of all civilized States, and surely the present is no time to introduce the rule of retaliation and the law of reprisal into the politics of the United States.

We are not of those who believe in the decadence of the country. Our political philosophy is at the furthest remove from the doctrines of pessimism. We believe that, on the whole, the march of the republic in morals, as well as in material development, is onwards and upwards, not backwards and downwards. But in the presence of the event which marked the last Presidential election in Oregon, Louisiana and Florida; and in the presence of the events now shaking the State of Maine with portents of civic feud, we are tempted to ask ourselves if there has not been some decline in the political ethics previously applied to the scrutiny of the ballot-box. We remember that there was a time in our history when a majority of one was held to be as sacred and irreversible as a majority of ten thousand. It is just forty years ago that Marcus Morton, the candidate of the Democrats, was elected Governor of Massachusetts by the majority of but a single vote, and in reaching this result the Counting Committee, composed exclusively of Whigs, found that one small town had made a return which was grossly irregular, the rejection of which would accomplish the defeat of the Democrats and retain the Whigs in their old-time supremacy. But the thought of such a step was only suggested to be instantly and indignantly repelled by the Whig leaders of that epoch.

Questions of form in the counting of ballots are not to be despised, but it is a maxim of jurisprudence that "the reason of the law is the law." The reason why forms are prescribed by statute regulation is that they may preserve and not that they may destroy the rights and wishes of the people as expressed through the ballot-box. In a case like this the *summum jus* is *summa injuria*. That the contents of the ballot-box should be perverted and changed by being distilled through the alembic of a Returning Board or a Counting Committee is a crime against the very fountain and source of the nation's political life. If our political machinery is weak here, the whole fabric of our policy will speedily fall a prey to disorganization and wreck.

It was but in obedience to the more than Roman virtue and integrity which presided over the birth of the United States as a nation that John Adams, in his inaugural address as President, reminded his countrymen that "if national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from convictions of national innocence, information and benevolence." And it was but in simple deference to this high sentiment that he proceeded to hold the following language, as emphatic as it is just:

> "In the midst of these pleasing ideas we should be unfaithful to ourselves if we should ever lose sight of the danger to our liberties if anything partial or extraneous should infect the purity of our free, fair, virtuous and independent elections. If an election is to be determined by the majority of a single vote, and that can be procured by a party, through artifice or corruption, the Government may be the choice of a party for its own ends, not of the nation for the national good * * * Candid men will acknowledge that in such cases choice would have little advantage to boast of over lot or chance."

THE EXODUS INTO INDIANA.

ALTHOUGH several of the States outrank Indiana as to size, yet her territorial limits are proportioned on no illiberal scale. They embrace 33,809 square miles, an area more than equal to four States like Massachusetts or New Jersey, or seven States like Connecticut, and nearly twenty-six times greater than the area of Rhode Island. But when we contrast the density of population in Indiana with that of the other States mentioned, the former suffers by comparison. According to the Federal enumeration made in 1870, the number of persons to a square mile in Massachusetts, at that period, was 186.84; in Connecticut, 113.15; in Rhode Island, 166.43; in New Jersey, 108.91; and in Indiana, 49.71. In 1870 the population of Massachusetts numbered 1,457,351, and that of Indiana amounted to 1,680,637. The same density of inhabitants in Indiana, as in Massachusetts, would have given the former a population of 6,316,873. From 1860 to 1870 the population of the Western State increased a little more than twenty-four per cent. If at the end of the present decade it shall be found that the increase over 1870 equals twenty-five per cent, then the population of Indiana will be about 2,080,796 in 1880. At this figure the number of persons per square mile will be 61.54, a gain of 11.83 in ten years to each square mile. From all this it would appear that the State is not overcrowded and that there is still room for many new-comers.

The facts presented do not tally with the public asseverations of Daniel W. Voorhees, who, in part, represents the State of Indiana in the Senate of the United States. Now that the colored exodus has set its face towards the "Hoosier" State, this gentleman deprecates the movement and declares that Indiana is already overcrowded by population. This, as we have already shown, is the merest nonsense. The population in that State is small in proportion to her territory, and long years must necessarily elapse before the 21,637,760 acres of land embraced in her territorial limits become thoroughly utilized. The State of New York maintains a population of at least five millions on her 47,000 square miles of territory, and can find room for several millions more. The people of Ohio, a State but little larger than Indiana, do not complain of being overcrowded, although their population averaged 66.69 persons to the square mile in 1870.

Senator Voorhees professes to be greatly alarmed at the negro migration from the South. He fears—at least he would have the public so believe—that his State is to be engulfed by a black tidal wave, the resultant effects of which must be terrible suffering on the part of the colored emigrants. Mr. Voorhees finds himself brimming over with sympathy for the colored race, and would save them from destruction. He has carried his interest so far as to induce the Senate to appoint a committee to investigate this subject of inter-State migration and make an official report of the causes. He flatly charges that there is a conspiracy on the part of disreputable persons, both white and black, to disturb the condition of the colored people of the Southern section, to make them discontented and unhappy, to lure them from their now pleasant homes and kind friends, to introduce them to financial ruin and physical suffering, and all for the purpose of accomplishing certain political designs. This conspiracy must be exposed and crushed, hence this committee to investigate the exodus now going on from North Carolina in particular.

The charge that the colored people are being hoodwinked by interested politicians, or that the exodus has been set on foot through political intrigue, would seem to be wholly gratuitous on the part of the Indiana Senator. The colored emigrants know whether or not they have been deceived. They know, too, whether the laws of North Carolina bear hard upon them or not, whether they receive pay for their labor and are treated humanely by their white employers. What can a Congressional Committee do towards enlightening them upon these topics? As to the propriety of their moving into Kansas, Indiana, or other States, where they can find remuneration for labor, and an eventual competence, they will doubtless continue to be the judges. This is their right, and we cannot well see what Mr. Voorhees and his committee are going to do about it.

Why these people are eager to leave North Carolina for homes in the West is no secret, as the investigators, if honest, will find. Touching this matter a contemporary says: "A colored tenant on a 25-acre farm pays an annual rent of five bales of cotton, which, at current prices, is equal to about $225. This is an exorbitant price; but, in order to keep him in due subjection, the black tenant is forbidden by State statutes to use any product of that farm until the rent is paid. If the tenant raises corn, potatoes, or other vegetables, he may not consume them in his family, or exchange them for other commodities, without obtaining the written consent of the owner of the land. Disobedience of this law is a penitentiary offense." If the white owners of land in North Carolina have taken this method to get rid of their colored neighbors, they are in a fair way to accomplish it.

We believe that the future success of the South depends in a great measure upon its retention of the colored element at home; but we know of no law by which the colored people can be made to remain, if treated with injustice. They must be won, if at all, by kind treatment and fair and conscientious dealing. If they aspire to better their condition, the opportunity should be given them, and all laws should be made to bear alike upon all classes of citizens. As to this proposed investigation, we have no faith in its serving any good purpose. The committee will make junketing excursions South and West, the expenses of which will be paid out of the people's treasury.

NEW TERMINAL FACILITIES AT NEW YORK.

WITHIN the last few days a most important step has been taken in the direction of making our harbor what it ought to be, and what Nature apparently intended it should be—the great commercial seaport of the Continent. For a consideration of a little over two hundred thousand dollars, the Hudson River Railroad Company has come into possession of the land west of the railroad track to the river, from Sixty-sixth to Sixty-seventh Street. This is but a small portion of the land which the same company is striving to acquire, and on which it is intended to erect a magnificent freight depot. The project includes the entire section from the track near Eleventh Avenue to the river, with all the water front from Fifty-ninth to Seventy-second Street. The company was already in possession of the land from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-sixth Street. It was decided, however, that an effort be made to secure all the land as far as Seventy-second Street. This latest purchase puts the Hudson River Railroad Company in possession of a continuous line from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-seventh Street; and arrangements are already in progress for completing the purchase of the remaining blocks. If the plan proposed is fully carried out, Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends will be entitled to the thanks of the community. On the ground between Fifty-ninth and Sixth-sixth Streets, there are already large cattle sheds, two huge elevators and numerous tracks for the storage of cars. Similar improvements will be made on the newly-acquired property. Of course the alterations will be conducted under the inspection and supervision of the Dock Commissioners. The docks along the front of this property will be such as to be able to accommodate the largest ships; and such will be the facilities of the new depot that all cartage, lighterage and other expenses incidental to the transfer of freight from rail to ship will be done away with. In sending goods from Europe to any place in the United States there will be but one transfer. It is not intended that the new depot shall in any way interfere with the regular business at St. John's Park or Thirteenth Street. It will, doubtless, relieve both those centres; but it will not supersede them. This is beyond all question the most important movement yet made in the way of securing for New York suitable terminal facilities. New York was at a great disadvantage as compared with Boston, with Philadelphia and with Baltimore, in that the railroad and the ship were not brought into direct and immediate contact. When the new depot shall have been completed that disadvantage will no longer exist. It is becoming that New York should thus assert her superiority; and few will deny that enterprise and public spirit such as manifested in this case by the Hudson River Railroad Company well deserve success.

PROGRESS BACKWARDS.

THE leading transatlantic steamship companies are all building new steamers, to be launched next Spring. The new ships are to be much larger than even the *Germanic* or the *Gallia*, and one of them, the *Servia*, of the Cunard fleet, is to be fully 2,500 tons larger than any passenger steamer now afloat. The steady growth in size of our ocean steamers, which has been in progress since the introduction of steam navigation, is now confessedly limited only by the sole condition that their draught of water shall not exceed the depth of the harbors which they are intended to frequent. The new Cunarder, although it is to be a hundred feet longer than the largest of the present White Star fleet, will draw less water, and, as a vessel of a thousand feet in length can be built with no greater draught than the *Servia*, it will not be long before vessels even still more huge will become regular visitors to our port.

What we are pleased to call progress in shipbuilding is, after all, only a return to the most ancient of all models, the Ark of that eminent mariner, Noah. With the model of that famous craft we are made familiar in our earliest years. The "Ark" has always been considered by judicious parents an extremely meritorious toy, combining, as it does, amusement with instruction in zoology, theology and marine architecture. Even in the most devout of New England families the children have from time immemorial been permitted to play with the "Ark" on Sunday, on the ground of its peculiarly biblical character. Years ago, when the relative length, breadth and depth of sea-going vessels were held to be fixed by immutable laws, irreverent brothers, and uncles of maturer growth, were accustomed to sneer at the "arks" of the children, and to cast contempt upon Noah as a shipbuilder. It is true that in model the Ark and the clipper-ship were as widely as possible removed one from the other, and we can readily understand why the sailor of the last generation objected to the Ark, and asserted that it was ugly, and more like a meeting-house than a ship; but the modern steamship captain must be growing clearly more and more convinced that Noah was an able shipbuilder, who, had he lived in the days of steam and iron, would probably have rivaled the best builders of the Clyde and the Mersey.

The Ark, as we all know, was a long and narrow vessel, her beam being about one-tenth of her length on deck, a proportion closely followed by modern steamship builders. The bottom was flat, and without a keel, so that she could have been placed on dry land, where she would have stood up without the aid of props of any kind—as, indeed, was the case when she made her famous landing on Mount Ararat. Her depth was slight, so that she drew very little water, as every child knows who has launched an "ark" in the bath-tub. To make up for her want of depth of hold, she was furnished with an immense deck-house, in which Noah, his family, and the first-class animals resided, the second-class and steerage animals having quarters in the hold. It has often been suggested that the animals must have found some difficulty in embarking, since, as will be remembered, access to the interior of the vessel was obtained only through the roof, one side of which moved on hinges, and was lifted up when occasion required. Probably the elephants and rhinoceroses, who are notoriously bad climbers, found fault with the ladders which led from the roof to the cabin, and insisted that Noah ought to have introduced elevators. Very probably, also, the ladies of the Noachian household thought that doors ought to have been cut in the sides of the deck-house. But Noah knew what he was doing. He did not intend to have the first sea which the Ark might ship pour down into the cabin through the side-doors. He undoubtedly saw that those who were not

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satisfied with his vessel might stay ashore. He was not anxious to fill his ship up with grumbling elephants, when he could supply their places with genial and uncomplaining monkeys, and as for the ladies, they would doubtless be seasick during the entire passage, and hence need not bother themselves about ladders which they would not have the spirit to climb. It must be confessed that, while Noah was right in paying no attention to the remark of the elephants, he would have been wise had he constructed a small hurricane-deck or "bridge" on the ridge of his deck-house, for the purpose of taking observations. It must have been difficult for him to handle his sextant while sitting astride of his ridge-pole, and, in the circumstances, it is really a wonder that he managed to navigate the Ark successfully. A mere glance at any "ark" will show that the deck of the vessel must have been constantly washed by the seas in anything like rough weather, and hence the roof of the deck-house must have been the only place where the "look-out," the helmsman, and the officers could have been safely stationed.

Our largest steamers approximate closely to the model of the Ark. They are keelless and flat-bottomed, and as they increase in size they must decrease in depth of hold, in order to diminish their draught. The practice of building cabins on deck is growing, and in the fifteen or twenty thousand-ton steamers of the future a large and strongly-built deck-house that will withstand any sea will be a leading feature. If access to this deck-house is gained through the roof, the resemblance to the Noachian model will be complete, and the addition of a substantial "bridge" for the officers will supply the only improvement that the Ark lacked.

Of course, such a vessel will not be manageable under sail. As has often been remarked concerning the Ark by nautical skeptics, "She will just sag down dead to loo'ard with that there big haystack of a house amidships." But the use of steam has already rendered sails nearly obsolete, and the steamers of the coming decade will care no more about the direction of the wind than did the gallant captain of the Ark.

Thus, after several thousand years, our boasted progress in shipbuilding has brought us to accept the venerable model of the ancient Mesopotamian mariner. We, indeed, claim a superiority to him in our knowledge of the steam-engine, but is it quite certain that we are right in so doing? If Noah could build what was virtually the hull of a first-class Cunarder, are we not justified in assuming that he supplied her with a good Cunard engine? As he had no sails, it is clear that he must have had some means of keeping steerage-way on the Ark, else she would have fallen off into the trough of the sea and rolled in a way that would have made it very unpleasant for the animals. Indeed, is it supposable that any cautious animal—such, for example, as the elephant or the cat—would have gone to sea in a ship without any motive-power sufficient to keep her off a lee-shore? Antiquarians should investigate this matter, and endeavor to ascertain by what means the Ark kept her head to the wind, and whether we may not profitably model the machinery, as well as the hulls, of our steamers after the pattern furnished by the first and ablest of shipbuilders.

TWO IMPORTANT LAND BILLS.

VERY many important measures presented for the consideration of Congress receive nothing more than a passing notice in the press dispatches sent from Washington. A case in point is that of the two new Bills relating to the public lands, now pending in the House of Representatives. One of these Bills aims to reconcile the Act of March 3d, 1879, with the revised statutes; the other, to restore to the United States certain lands heretofore granted to railroad and telegraph companies. Hon. George L. Converse, of Ohio, is the author of the former, and Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, of the latter.

The Bill of Mr. Converse recites the law enacted in March last, the said law authorizing persons who had entered only eighty acres of land, within railroad limits, to select an additional eighty acres without payment of the usual registration fee of five dollars. This privilege conferred upon homesteaders, as it now appears, conflicts with an unrepealed clause of the revised statutes. The clause referred to requires that where soldiers have selected eighty acres and desire to enter an additional eighty acres, they shall go through all the formalities of registration and also pay the legal fee of five dollars. The Bill introduced by Mr. Converse proposes to abolish unjust discrimination against the soldier by making all persons who enter lands register and pay a fee of five dollars.

The Bill of Mr. Morgan is of another character, and will, doubtless, meet with fierce opposition on the part of affected corporations and their friends in Congress. It aims to recover for the benefit of the Government a large proportion of the lands granted to railway and the telegraph companies upon conditions which the beneficiaries have practically nullified. The Bill declares that the corporations in question have not constructed and maintained their lines of road and telegraph, and that under this state of affairs the land should be declared forfeited to the United States, and be thrown open for public settlement and pre-emption under homestead laws. Should this Bill pass, as in all justice it should, it will affect twenty-two non-compliant railroad corporations, and give back to the people over one hundred millions of acres of land. If the companies have failed to comply with the contracts under which they agreed to accept these lands, their title becomes void, and it only remains for Congress to so declare. Assuming the statements of the Bill to be true, we can see no valid reason why these vast tracts of valuable property should not revert to the Government and be opened to public settlement.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE heir-apparent to the Russian throne has long been credited with liberal views. He has often been represented as opposed to the general home policy of the empire, whilst his Panslavist tendencies have, on several occasions, shown him distinctly at variance with many of its foreign relations and proceedings. Startling reports recently received from St. Petersburg indicated the possibility of one of those palace revolutions which are so familiar to the students of Russian history. The most recent dispatches, however, dispel all doubts as to the relations between the Czar and the Czarewitch. At a banquet given on the anniversary of the crossing of the Balkans the Emperor entered the banqueting-hall with the Czarevna on his arm, and followed by the Czarewitch, and in a speech made to the troops the Emperor expressed his conviction that they would serve the Czarewitch with equal fidelity as they would himself. The ranks of the Nihilists seem to have suffered as little from prosecution as has their organization, and this strange struggle of unlimited power against them may long continue unless other means come into play. Prince Lobanoff as Ambassador to the Court of St. James has been received with open arms.

The offer of M. Michel, a rich French contractor, to construct quays, warehouses, and bridges along the shores of the Golden Horn has been accepted by the Ottoman Government in preference to that of the representative of a large English firm. It is alleged that the Gaul got inside the Saxon by a judicious administration of "backsheish," the Palace and the Porte being at their wits' ends for money.

The Paris *Figaro* is doing the State some service. It opened a subscription in aid of the poor of that city, and has realized, in a very few days, the sum of $100,000. Another good work done by the *Figaro* is the establishment of charcoal stoves at various street corners in the interior of Paris, in order that the passers-by may warm themselves.

The ex-Empress is preparing for her melancholy pilgrimage to Zululand. Her recent journey through France was maddening from the recollections it recalled. Her present one is even more heart-breaking. The afflicted lady is to be accompanied by General Evelyn Wood, a Victoria Cross man and the officer who, when he met the valorous Carey on his return from the donga, hotly exclaimed, "By G——, sir, you ought to be shot!"

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the supreme military and civil commander in Natal and the Transvaal, at a public dinner in Pretoria, said that henceforward the Transvaal would be regarded as a Crown colony. A meeting of Boers took place on December 10th, which dispersed quietly after adopting a resolution to maintain the demand for the independence of the Transvaal and to elect a Volksraad. Paul Kruger was chosen to the leadership, and was instructed to summon a Volksraad.

The indefatigable De Lesseps has reached his happy hunting-ground, and Panama fairly bristles with engineering talent, including M. Dircks, the distinguished Dutch engineer, who constructed the maritime canal at Amsterdam, and of whom De Lesseps made so much at the Congress at Paris. On New Year's Day, M. de Lesseps inaugurated in person the work of definite survey for a sea-level canal. The ceremonies took place at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which is about a mile from Panama. M. de Lesseps is, as usual, in what Lord Lytton termed his "brutal health," and in the most champagney of spirits. He returns *via* New York. Panama is virtually "canaled" at last, at least so says this most sprightly of practical engineers.

That "Afghan friendship is more dangerous than Zulu enmity" is being hourly proved to the British in Cabul, and that the Afghans are to be treated henceforth as foes is evinced from the fact that, before Spring, Afghanistan will be occupied by twice the force which endeavors to hold it at present. There are 10,000 men now on their way through the Afghan defiles, sent there to relieve Sir Frederick Roberts. Of these 2,500 are British and 8,000 natives. The British are now preparing to stay, and for this purpose the railway arrangements are being hurried forward. The Sukkur Quettah line has already been opened for commissariat stores and troops. It is even proposed to establish money-order offices at Quettah, Candahar and Cabul.

The first move in the direction of Irish relief works has been made by the Marquis of Hamilton, the eldest son of the Duke of Abercorn, formerly Lord Lieutenant, and $165,000 have been asked for from the Government for the construction of a railway in Donegal. The Chief Secretary for Ireland stated that he would lay the matter before the Treasury, and it now remains to be seen what "my Lords" will do. The land meetings still continue all over the country, and the Catholic bishops are solemnly warning the Government of the rapid approach of famine. The Duchess of Marlborough has already raised $45,000 by subscription, but Mr. Parnell asserts that this money is "political." The Bank of England has voted $1,500 towards the Irish Famine Relief Fund. Will Queen Victoria be as generous as the old lady in Threadneedle Street. During the famine of 1847-'48 Her Most Gracious Majesty did not subscribe one shilling out of her overweighted privy purse, although every sovereign in Europe contributed from theirs, even the Ottoman Porte.

The Spanish Government, if there is a government, is sitting upon the Press. No less than seventeen opposition journals in Madrid and eleven in the provinces are awaiting sentence. Changes in the Ministry occur daily, and the bridegroom King is driven to distraction between love for his Queen and disgust at his Cabinet. The Archduchess Elizabeth is at Madrid. She is Queen Christina's mamma.

At a reception to the diplomatic representatives on New Year's Day, Prince Hohenlohe informed M. de Freycinet that he was charged by Prince Bismarck to express his regret at the resignation of the Count de St. Vallier, and his wish to continue the present cordial relations between France and Germany.

IT is estimated that 15,000 persons settled in Kansas during the negro exodus last Summer, of whom one-fifth were able to buy a little land, and all self-supporting as farmers. Most of the remainder have found, through the Freedman's Relief Association, places as laborers, and are giving good satisfaction.

THE usual fight for the Speakership of the New York Assembly opened promptly on New Year's Day, on the field at Albany. Ex-Speakers Husted and Alvord and General Sharpe are making the best scores, while any number of gentlemen from the interior are entered to make the contest lively, if for no other purpose.

THE final proceedings of the Board of Aldermen of New York for 1879 were distinguished by the passage over the Mayor's veto of the resolution authorizing the construction of the Chambers Street cross-town railroad. This measure has created much indignation in business circles since it was first proposed. First, because there is no present necessity for a railroad in the street mentioned; second, because there is no room in the narrow thoroughfare for one; and third, because the two passages of the resolution were an indication that the aldermen were disposed to grant without proper considerations franchises that should yield a goodly revenue to the city. Taken in connection with the adoption of the Prall and Spinola steam-heating resolutions, which, if permitted to be enforced, will place the metropolis in the power of a marvelously strong monopoly, the action of the Board in its closing sessions was, at least, very bold. The stand taken is more suggestive when viewed beside the voluntary offer of Mr. Haskin to pay to the city $1,000,000 cash, upon the adoption of a resolution authorizing a surface railroad in Broadway—an offer, by-the-way, of which but little has been said officially.

IN reply to the address of welcome, Mr. Parnell informed the Reception Committee that the object of his visit to the United States was to give our people a proper idea of the present condition of the farm-tenants in Ireland. In doing so he will correct many erroneous impressions. He says the existing famine is not one of food, but of money. Food is abundant, but there is a fearful scarcity of money with which to purchase it. Although he will gratefully receive all the money that warm hearts may contribute to relieve the distress, Mr. Parnell holds that the main relief must come from the British Government in the form of the prosecution of works of public improvement, on which the people may be employed at fair compensation. To provide a fund of money large enough to accomplish the present purpose, i. e., to enable the farm-tenants to gradually acquire by purchase the land they now work on rent, would tax the resources of liberal people beyond all limit of reason; hence, while the offerings of persons in sympathy with the movement will do much towards satisfying the most pressing necessities, the practical relief must result from action that the Government may be induced to take, first, to repeal the oppressive land laws, and then, to provide means to enable the people to acquire possession of the soil they now cultivate for others.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE net receipts of the several companies at the Seventh Regiment Armory Fair amounted to $135,559.

THE Supreme Court of Maine has decided against the Governor and his Council on the questions submitted.

THE Kentucky Legislature met at Frankfort, December 31st. The House elected J. M. Bigger, of Paducah, as Speaker.

BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Malden, Mass., January 3d, after a lingering illness, aged 59.

THE appeal of Chastine Cox from his conviction of murder in the first degree in killing Mrs. Hull has been dismissed by the General Term.

THE United States Circuit Court, at Denver, Col., has awarded possession of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas to the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company.

IN consequence of the failure of J. Lloyd Haigh, the contractor for the wire for the East River Bridge, the Grocers' Bank, of New York, has gone into liquidation.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY has directed Postmaster James not to deliver mail matter containing money or money-orders addressed to bogus bankers and brokers.

FREDERICK SMYTH, who was defeated by the late Recorder Hackett in the last election, was chosen to succeed him by the Board of Supervisors on December 31st.

SENATOR CAMERON, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, has issued a call for the meeting of the Convention in Chicago on June 2d, to make Presidential nominations.

WILLIAM HOWARD, who excited much sympathy by the story of his sufferings and those of his wife, has been held for his Christmas Day burglary, upon his history becoming known.

THE New York Board of Estimate and Appportionment has passed upon the final estimate for 1880, which is in gross, $28,142,991.98, or $295,241.78 greater than the budget for 1879.

THE trial of the indicted officers and directors of the Mechanics' and Laborers' Savings Bank of Jersey City was concluded on December 31st, with a verdict of guilty against all the defendants.

THE Board of Canvassers has completed the official count of the late election in Louisiana. The new Constitution is adopted by a majority of 59,148, and the debt ordinance by 10,487 majority.

SECRETARY SHERMAN, in a letter to Senator Morrill on the refunding of the national debt, says he believes the Bill now before Congress will enable the Treasury Department to refund the debt prior to the maturity of the bonds.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular announcing that proposals for the sale to the Government of $5,000,000 of bonds will be received. The bonds indicated are sixes of 1880, at 102¾. Acts of March 3d, 1861, July 17th, 1861, and March 3d, 1863; sixes of 1881, at 104¾; Act of July 14th, 1870; five per cents. of 1881 at 103¾.

Foreign.

ISMAIL EYOUB PASHA has been appointed Governor of the Soudan, vice Gordon Pasha, resigned.

A BERLIN dispatch says 20,000 tons of steel rails have just been ordered in Westphalia for the American market.

A PROVISIONAL commercial treaty between Germany and Austria has been concluded, to last for a period of six months.

IN Mexico, Senor Ignacio Mariscal, the former Minister to Washington, has been appointed Minister of Justice and Public Instruction.

A RISING against the Germans in the town of Bucaramanga, in Colombia, in which several persons were killed, is reported in the German papers.

IT is understood that the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Northwest territories of Canada will be abolished at the approaching session of Parliament.

ONE of the Abyssinian chiefs who favored an aggressive policy has been recalled from the frontier by King John. It is thought at Cairo that this step indicates that the King has adopted a pacific attitude.

THE proposed international curling match has fallen through, word having been received in Toronto, Ontario, from the Grand National Curling Club of the United States that they cannot go there this year.

THE British Military Commission has reassembled in Cabul to try prisoners, ten of whom have been sentenced to be hanged. One was proved to have killed Mr. Jenkyns, the Secretary of Major Cavagnari's Embassy.

A RUMOR comes from Vienna that the Powers have induced the Porte to order Moukhtar Pasha to publish another proclamation to the Albanians, conjuring them in the Sultan's name to surrender Gusinje to Montenegro.

ASSEKD MOUKHTAR PASHA has issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Gusinje and Plava stating that those districts now belong to Montenegro, and he telegraphed to the Porte last week that there is less objection to the transfer.

IT is understood at Constantinople that Ahmed Tewfik, the Mohammedan priest, will be liberated, and that Mr. Koeller, the German missionary, will have his papers returned. A written, but not formal, apology will be made for the Porte's illegal acts.

THE troubles in New Calabar, West Africa, between King Amachree, of New Calabar, and his followers on the one hand, and a powerful chief called Will Braid and his adherents on the other, have been settled by the mediation of a British naval officer and the British Consul.

DON NICOLAS PIEROLA was proclaimed Dictator of Peru on December 22d. The army of reserve at Lima and Callao, and the navy, accept his Government. He has promised to effect the salvation of Peru. Dr. Pedro Calderon is to be the head of his Cabinet. President Prado has fled. He arrived in Panama on the 27th of December.

THE Mohammedans are abandoning Cabul, fearing that some retribution will be visited upon them, as they all sympathize with the enemy. The Hindoos who remain in Cabul report that a reign of terror existed from December 15th until the city was abandoned by the rebels. Every house and shop was gutted, except those belonging to the Mohammedans.

IT is believed in London that the attention of the English Government has lately been directed to the projects of disarmament put forward by Prince Bismarck; that, despite the recent qualifying statements, Prince Bismarck has projected a scheme for gradual disarmament, but Austria is the only continental power which has given absolute adhesion to the scheme.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 367.



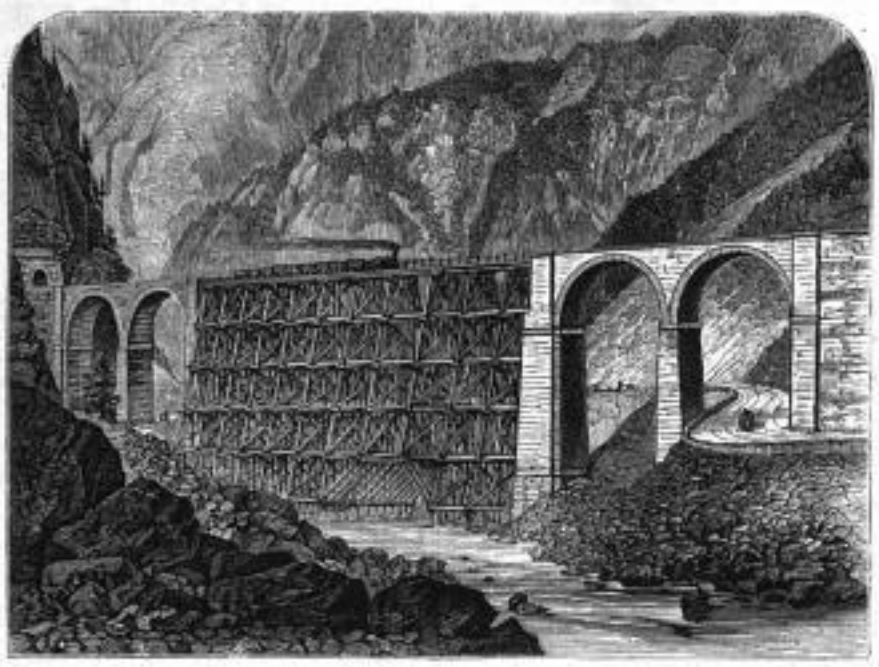
FRANCE.—THE SNOW BLOCKADE AT THE SENATE CHAMBER, PARIS.



SPAIN.—THE ROYAL WEDDING—SIGNING THE CONTRACT.



SPAIN.—THE GRANDEES LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE WEDDING.



AUSTRIA.—NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE FELLA, AT PONTE DI MUSO.



AUSTRIA.—CHRISTMAS WEDDING FESTIVITIES IN THE TYROL.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA DECORATING COLONEL PEARSON WITH THE CROSS OF THE BATH.



RUSSIA.—THE LATE ATTEMPT ON THE CZAR'S LIFE—HOUSE FROM WHICH THE MINE WAS EXPLODED.

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NEW YORK.—THE WAR GAME OF "STRATEGOS" EXHIBITED BEFORE THE MILITARY SERVICE ASSOCIATION, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, DECEMBER 29TH.—SEE PAGE 366.



NO. 12.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE—HIS EXCELLENCY IN THE "CABINET" ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 366.

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A LITTLE SAINT.

YOU may have seen it: A low, rambling stone house, overrun in places with clinging masses of woodbine that have brought the small windows into a nearer resemblance to the dull, deep-set eyes of the aged, and converted the niche over the door holding the white-stone image of the Virgin into a small bower into which the purple, yellow-eyed blossoms and scarlet berries nod at every dash of the irreverent breeze.

It is a Catholic institution of some sort, where the very good are permitted to do their holiness of prayer in what is known as a "Retreat," I believe, and also to which some of those, for whose refractory souls solitude and penance are supposed to be of vital benefit, retire for a season; and Daisy Butterfield and I stumbled upon the place during a Summer ramble.

Of course his real name is not Daisy. On the contrary, it is something very much more dignified and respectable; but he is such a fresh, innocent child—such a blooming and harmless flower of the field—that no other name seemed in the least to fit him, therefore the soubriquet.

The old stone house, in spite of its picturesque air and pious character, we might have passed if there had been nothing to attract our continued attention save the stone image above the door, but there was an attraction more "fixing," at least for Daisy, and the first intimation I had of this fact was a convulsive jerk upon my coat-tails and a command to "Look!" in a voice that I recognized as that of my companion, in spite of its agitation.

I meekly obeyed orders. I wheeled about. I looked. I have been thankful ever since that I did so.

The door of the old house had been opened, and upon its threshold stood a young girl clad in the quaint, disfiguring black robes of some one of the Sisterhoods, and under the dragon of a muslin head-rigging there appeared a face fairer than any Madonna pictured by the old masters, because it was instinct with all modest intelligence, gaining thus in all saint-like qualities what it lost in insipidity.

Only for a moment did this fair vision beam upon us, disappearing then again within the gloomy old house; but in that moment the fate of Daisy was settled.

In vain did I ravish argument and ingenuity to get him out of the neighborhood. Night found us domiciled in a small wayside tavern in the immediate vicinity, and there I was condemned to listen, with only the small compensation of a bowl of spiced clover-leaf rum, to whole volumes of French philosophy upon the subject of wife-taking, which would have brought tears of affliction to my friendly eyes only that I knew Daisy to be subject to attacks of this kind, and that the great conservator of the little fellow's liberty had thus far been some trifling omission of steadfastness in his composition, and the fact that his passion never kept even in the running with his impressionability.

A series of skirmishes upon the following day developed a history for the "Little Saint" that should have taken some of the ardor out of the pursuit upon which Daisy was bent, but—it did not.

She was called Anna. Such other name as the accident of birth might have accorded her had been lost in the generally obliterating "Sister" of the Order under which she lived. Her mother had done humble service to the Sisterhood as laundress up to the time of her death, and when the child she left arrived at a suitable age, the good women, who had charged themselves with her up-bringing, consecrated her, not to the service of Heaven, but to the clear-starching of the establishment. Of a father there was no record.

At this abrupt termination of our researches, it was natural that Daisy should have fallen upon my sympathetic breast and there poured out his disappointment in briny, bitter tears. It was the thing that I expected, but human nature—especially Daisy—is never what a man expects it to be, and, to my utter confusion, the little chap at once addressed himself to supplying such trifling omissions in the way of name, romance and career in the previous history of this medieval laundress by the substitution of his own proper cognomen in the first instance, his courtship in the second, and a most marvelous future as part and parcel of his joys and *impedimenta* in conclusion.

Poor infant! He had always had a weakness this way, but the last is always the most "fetching."

I looked upon him in compassion, and suggested a B.-and-S., to be followed by a six weeks' tour with a circus company; but, smiling placidly down upon me from the heights of his high resolve, he calmly "sat upon" my remedial institutions, yet opened his mind to me with a reassuring candor intended to soothe the disturbed current of my friendly solicitude.

"Teddy, old man," said he, "this is what I have been searching for since the obligations of manhood to the next generation first dawned upon my youthful soul. A man must marry, and, if he be a man of inches and quality, he should not abridge his usefulness to the country and age in which he lives by deferring this important duty. He owes it to himself, to his ancestors, to the unmarried ladies of his acquaintance, to settle in life as early as is at all consistent with the grave considerations of making a suitable choice. As you may have observed, this question of choice is one to which I have devoted myself with unparalleled assiduity, and—in spite of many discouragements in the way of finding the majority of the fair sex 'unattainable,' for reasons that the sex and those who know my exacting heart will appreciate—one in which I have persisted until yesterday P. M., when the ideal creature whose image has hitherto inspired my search resolved herself into the living, attainable woman, and stood before me.

"Love is the slave of no time or condition. I saw Anna, and immediately I adored her. In her I recognize all of those elements of perfectibility which are essential in my wife. In the sacred retirement of these cloistered walls she has grown up, unspotted by all of those vanities and emulations which assail women from the cradle to the altar. She is now the virgin soul—the breathing impulse to which it shall be my proud task to give form, shape and direction. Intelligence and innocence shine in every lineament of her saint-like face. She is in everything a child, a beautiful child, Teddy, and when her childhood ends she will be my wife."

I am not easily "spilled," but this speech of Daisy's was a "facer." The length of the address was not so serious, because he was given to expressing himself at greater length than point, nor that he seemed in dead earnest gave me no great trouble, because the little chap had a way of adding to his inches by being impressive upon the slightest occasion; but, the thing that crushed me was a series of observations I had made on the second occasion of our meeting with the little saint which had occurred in the parlor of the old stone cloister into which Daisy had dragged me, and where he had behaved with as much solemnity as the remarks above recorded would indicate.

My observations were first, in corroboration of my first impressions, in regard to the exquisite loveliness of the girl both in face and figure. I then concluded that she was honest and all simple sweetness in character and disposition, that she had both sense and intelligence, neither of which had traveled beyond the homely limits of her daily life, and, most fatal of all her dangerous presentiments, I saw that she also was deadly earnest in her nature, not knowing a joke from a practical lie, and utterly without that other more graceful quality which protected my Daisy from serious damage by enabling him to adapt his feelings to circumstances, however mutable Fate might show herself.

I foresaw danger, and, therefore, in some trepidation, I ventured to insinuate:

"She is well gone in her childhood now, Daisy."

"The childhood which I intend shall only merge into wifehood, Teddy, has nothing to do with years or stature!" answered he, with a magnificent air of condescending enlightenment.

"But," I modestly hinted, "would it not be well to take a little time to furnish your 'child' with a beginning before you make an end of her, just by way of satisfying inquisitive friends, you know? Anna is a pretty name—but, I say, there is the church register to be considered. I think it takes two to do the business handsomely there!"

"My dear Teddy," answered this precious infant, "you talk as if the inquisitiveness of friends were to have weight in a matter of this kind. If the forms of the marriage contract require two names, the most convenient one may be borrowed for the moment. No man would object to lending his name for such a short time. It is not at all in the way of an indorsement, you know. Beyond this, I am proud that *my wife* should have no name except that which she receives from me. That she has no relatives insures me against one of the terrors of the married state, and that she will have no history save that which I shall write upon the book of her experiences, is something that a man may be devoutly thankful for, Teddy, in these corrupt times. I tell you, old man, there is a providence in these things. I shall take my wife as a direct dispensation from Heaven, and only as my wife shall she learn the meaning of earthly love."

I was troubled. A tide had set in the affairs of my artless Daisy which, too evidently, I could not stem. With the aid of several bowls of the clover-leaf rum I got him safely into bed, and then betook myself to my own rest, from which I awoke next morning unrefreshed, having dreamed that the lovely Anna was avenging herself upon my unhappy head by flattening it in with a hot smoothing-iron, having previously disposed of Daisy by running him through the mangle.

Upon arising I found that my friend had disappeared. I resigned myself, and having diverted my mind as successfully as might be with a newspaper some months past date until about noon, being then about to present myself at that unholy twelve o'clock meal, known in the rural districts as dinner, the cause of all my inquietude walked in.

His air was unusually serious.

"All is arranged," he said, looking as majestic as his five-feet-four and innocent countenance would permit.

"Has she—has she—ceased to be a child?" I gasped, overcome with the fears that assailed me. With every feeling, from the kindly reproachful to melancholically astonished, expressed in his countenance, he looked at me for a moment, and then said:

"Teddy, I thought you knew me better."

I prayed for patience and a better understanding, with the handles of a pair of wheezy bellows in my nervous clutch.

After a moment's reflection this philosopher and friend continued:

"You have not encouraged my confidence by any sympathy in this matter, Teddy. Nevertheless, the sentiments of friendship which I have professed shall not be chilled nor turned aside by the little differences of opinion that must from time to time occur between men. You know what my character has ever been, Teddy, and to show you that my intentions are as honorable as becomes a man under these circumstances, I now tell you that I have provided for the continuance of Anna under the care of the good Sisters for the next three years. They will instruct her in all things necessary and proper to her future condition upon a plan that I have been occupied this morning in arranging, and to the end that my bride-elect may preserve her virgin purity of heart and mind, I shall neither visit nor correspond with her during this time. In three years I shall attain my majority, when I shall return here to take my wife, unspotted and uncontaminated from the world, to my arms. Until then behold in me a model of human excellence, under the glorifying influence of a great anticipation. Teddy, you should see the error of your ways, and marry before you do your courting!"

I threw down the bellows and embraced this moral example. To the eyes of my experience there was no further occasion for alarm, and with the exception of announcing himself engaged to every one we met, and swearing me by hair-lifting oaths to observe the sanctity of the old stone cloister, Daisy behaved like a corset-lamb during the remainder of our journey.

* * * * * *

I must confess that I was a little "phized" as the years went by, to see, that Daisy kept up the romance of his engagement, but as he amused himself pretty much after the old fashion, and seemed in no immediate danger of canonization, I concluded that he used the thing as an article crossed between a counter-irritant and a safety-rope in cases where either of these agents might be useful, I ceased to think of the affair as anything more than *pour passer le temps*.

The three years were nearly done when I chanced into a studio with one or two men, among whom was Daisy. Figures were the artist's "forte," and there were two or three about which a good deal had been said. While absorbed in the contemplation of a cabinet portrait in imitation of the style of Sully, and not half a bad thing in its way, I heard a prolonged and pathetic whistle issue from the lips of Daisy.

Instantly I felt that there was trouble brewing for the infant, and made my way to where he stood, his hat jammed hard on the back of his head, both hands crammed into the lowermost section of his pockets, his feet widely separated and acting as blocks to his braced legs.

Helpless dismay rested upon every feature of his ingenuous countenance, and with all my sympathies called into quick array, I looked from Daisy to the picture before which he had struck this tragic pose.

It was just a panel, representing a deep stone doorway, above which there was a little niche, holding a small stone image of the Virgin. In this doorway there was the figure of a girl, with a face more beautiful than Correggio's "Madonna," but with something of the "Venus Victrix," done in color in it.

"The Little Saint, by Jove!" said I.

"My Anna!" murmured Daisy.

Then we looked for a moment into each other's eyes, and for the first time I understood what it is to be a boy, and to have worshiped long and with a secret kindling of purest passion at the shrine of an ideal woman who may one day be clasped in the flesh.

The same thought had touched us both, and I managed to carry the other men off, leaving Daisy to hunt out the story of the strange, new expression we had both detected upon the painted face of the "Little Saint."

It was quite dark when Daisy came to my rooms, and I was sitting in the gloaming as was sometimes my fancy. I arose to light the candles, but with a motion of his hand to prevent it, Daisy sat down quietly and said:

"It is all right, Teddy; she is married to that artist fellow. It was a case of love at first sight—mutual, you know—and as the old Sisters made a row about it, they ran away."

Nothing more was said for a long time. I somehow found myself holding the lad's hand in a strong clasp, but at last he turned his face so that the firelight shone for a moment upon it, and I saw a tear where I never saw one before.

"I hope she is happy, Teddy!" he finally said, and I, thinking Daisy Butterfield's the softest, truest and honestest heart in all the world, only answered:

"God bless you, Daisy—I hope so."

LIEUTENANT TOTTEN'S GAME OF WAR.

AT a general meeting of the United States Military Service Institution, at General Hancock's headquarters on Governor's Island, on Monday, December 29th, First Lieutenant C. A. L. Totten, of the Fourth United States Artillery, exhibited and explained his system of teaching young soldiers their profession and of studying great battles. General Hancock presided, and among the other Army officers present were Generals Rodenbough, Crittenden, Daly, McKeever, Brown, Abbott, Cullum, Fry, Griffen and Doubleday; Colonels Nugent, Perry, Langdon, Clark, Middleton, Potts and Pratt; Majors Sawyer, Dickenson, Bird, Bubbell, Andrews and Hoskins; Captains Wharton, Ward, Sanno and Snyder; Doctors Janeway and Hager, and the Hon. G. H. Yeamans. One of the large assembly-rooms of the building had been specially prepared for the purpose of illustrating the paper, and all of the maps, charts and pieces used primarily in the game were spread upon a table extending the entire length of the room on one side, while in the intervening space was a table showing the ground to be used in the "advanced" game. The surface of this table was undulating, containing mountains, rivers, hills, forests, glades, underbrush, swamps and other imitative features of a suppositive battle-field. Another table, 48 inches long and 40 inches wide, illustrated the "battle" game, the opposing armies, respectively consisting of red and blue oblong blocks, representing equal forces of 50,000 men. A raised platform, extending around three sides of the room, afforded accommodations for spectators, among whom there were many ladies.

"Strategos," like every other war game, is played chiefly with pieces representing bodies of troops. Most of these pieces are of type-metal, and, on maps with a scale of 10 inches to the mile, accurately represent space covered by half-battalions, squadrons, batteries, skirmish lines, engineer companies, baggage trains and field works. Practically, they may be used on maps with scales of from 8 to 12 inches to the mile, or by considering them to represent twice their strength on maps with scales of from 4 to 6 inches. Besides the metal pieces there are a number of pieces made of pasteboard with slates on one side. These are intended to represent small bodies of troops or single officers, sentries or messengers, and what they represent is written on the slate. The reverse side of each of some larger slated pieces has some topographical feature drawn upon it—a village, a marsh or a wood—and any desired combination of topographical features may be represented by them. No maps are used in "Strategos," Lieutenant Totten saying that he preferred each officer and student to make his own map on a large scale, either from field notes or with a pantograph from a small map of the country. With all this apparatus spread out before him, Lieutenant Totten explained his new application of an old device. The German game, he said, was one calculated only for educated soldiers of rank who were interested only in extended movements of large forces. "Strategos," on the other hand, is both an advanced game and an elementary one.

"Strategos" is far more comprehensive than the German game, "Kriegsspeil" or its English version, "Aldershot," both of which have now become so famous among foreign soldiers. Unlike these games, which have little in common with the ordinary soldier, the subaltern and the private military student, and were designed for the almost exclusive use of the best informed and most admired members of the military profession, the American game of war possesses an absorbing interest for those of every grade in the profession of arms. In its most advanced application, "Strategos" embodies all the more valuable features of those foreign games, introducing, at the same time, very many noticeable improvements. All the officers present seemed to take a deep interest in Lieutenant Totten's new game. He has been ordered to West Point to explain his system in class-room instruction, for the purpose of having it added to the regular course of study. He has the approval of General McDowell and other officers of the Department of the Pacific; and a committee of the officers of the National Guard of the State of California, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder, Major Kinne and Major Orton, made a report recommending the system for the use of national guardsmen.

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 12.—

Interview with President Hayes.

The Public Not Eager for Civil Service Reform in the Absence of Scandal.

FINANCIAL OPERATIONS OF THE TREASURY CARRIED ON ALMOST WITHOUT LOSS.

The Department of the Interior Quite Satisfactory, in the Main.

LEGISLATION TO FREE CONGRESSMEN OF THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF PATRONAGE, ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

RESULTS OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

"I CONSIDER the editorial on Civil Service Reform, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of this week, the very best I have read. It thoroughly and admirably embodies all the views I have expressed on the subject," said the President, after he had graciously wished me a happy new year.

I was received in the apartment in which the President meets his Cabinet—a room lighted by two large windows of an old fashion, affording distant glimpses of the silvern Potomac. The carpet is Brussels, the black ground being sprinkled with scarlet and white flowers. The furniture is in walnut, upholstered in grayish-blue raw silk, and is singularly plain and unpretentious-looking. Over the mantel and English fireplace is a very fine mirror, on the mantel a clock with three dials. A portrait of George Washington in uniform adorns one wall, while rolling maps almost conceal the others. Two bureau-desks, with pigeon-holes crammed to bursting, silently tell their own tales, while at a standing-desk, full in the light of one window, the President gets through a deal of the heavy and arduous duties appertaining to his high and mighty office. His private secretary's bureau is approached by three steps, a bust of Washington surmounting the doorway. The table at which I found the President seated is used at Cabinet meetings, the Secretary of State taking the bottom seat facing the President. This table literally groans with baskets of carefully enveloped and docketed papers, telegrams, letters, cards and books of reference. A superb bouquet seemed like an oasis in this desert of official table-land. The President was attired in the severest republican simplicity—black frock-coat, vest and pants, and black tie. He wore no ornament whatsoever save and except a plain gold wedding-ring.

"There will scarcely be a great demand for Civil Service Reform," said Mr. Hayes, "unless it is felt that in the existing system there are palpable abuses. As long as the Civil Service appears to be reasonably efficient and free from corruption, free from scandal, the popular demand for a reform will be comparatively feeble. A bad condition of the Civil Service would attract public attention to the necessity for its reform."

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"How stands the Treasury Department in relation to reform, Mr. President?"

"The financial operations of the Treasury Department have been very large and very important, and have been conducted almost without loss to the Government."

"The Interior Department?"

"The operations of the Interior Department have in the main been quite satisfactory, as have also the operations of other departments. Under such circumstances," continued the President, "the popular public opinion does not seem to be as much attracted to the necessity for reform as it would if the conduct of the Government in the several departments was less satisfactory. And yet, I suspect that if the general conduct of our Civil Service was as unsatisfactory as it has been at some periods in our history, it would be found that there would be a very strong and decided sentiment amongst the people in favor of what is called Civil Service Reform."

"Do you expect to be practically aided by Congress in your endeavor to reform the Civil Service, Mr. President?"

"I have no doubt that Congress will have an important part in the accomplishment of the reform."

"What direction would legislation take?"

"Legislation should take the direction of entirely relieving Congressmen of the responsibility of what is commonly called the distribution of patronage."

"Do you regard this step as of vital importance?"

"I have always regarded it as an essential step, if not the first step, to be taken in our progress towards a complete reform."

"Would you kindly favor me with your views upon the whole question, Mr. President?"

"My views on this subject have been so fully given in my Message to Congress and in my directions to the public officers, that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon them now. I ask the attention of the public to the paramount necessity of reform in our civil service—a reform not merely as to certain abuses and practices of so-called official patronage which have come to have the sanction of usage in the several departments of our Government, but a change in the system of appointments itself, a reform that shall be thorough, radical and complete; a return to the principles and practices of the founders of the Government. A large and responsible part of the duty of restoring the Civil Service to the desired purity and efficiency rests upon the President, and it has been my purpose to do what is within my power to advance such prudent and gradual measures of reform as will most surely and rapidly bring about that radical change of system essential to make our administrative methods satisfactory to a free and intelligent people. By a proper exercise of authority, it is in the power of the Executive to do much to promote such a reform. But it cannot be too clearly understood that nothing adequate can be accomplished without co-operation on the part of Congress, and considerate and intelligent support among the people. Reforms which challenge the generally accepted theories of parties, and demand changes in the methods of departments, are not the work of a day. Their permanent foundations must be laid in sound principles, and in an experience which demonstrates their wisdom and exposes the errors of their adversaries. Every worthy officer desires to make his official action a gain and an honor to his country, but the people themselves, far more than their officers in public station, are interested in a pure, economical and vigorous administration."

Referring to the competitive system the President said:

"In view of the facts that during a considerable period the Government of Great Britain has been dealing with administrative problems and abuses, in various particulars analogous to those presented in this country, and that, in recent years, the measures adopted were understood to have been effective and in every respect highly satisfactory, I thought it desirable to have fuller information upon the subject, and accordingly requested the Chairman of the Civil Service Commission to make a thorough investigation for this purpose. The result has been an elaborate and comprehensive report. The report sets forth the history of the partisan spoils system of Great Britain, and of the rise and fall of the Parliamentary patronage, and of official interference with the freedom of elections. It shows that, after long trials of various kinds of examinations, those which are competitive and open on equal terms to all, and which are carried on under the superintendence of a single commission, have with great advantage been established as conditions of admission to almost every official place in the subordinate administration of that country and of British India. While the reform measures of another Government are of no authority for us, they are entitled to influence to the extent to which their intrinsic wisdom and their adaptation to our institutions and social life may commend to our consideration."

What has been the result of the competitive system?

"I recommended in my annual Message of December, 1877, the making of an appropriation for the resumption of the work of the Civil Service Commission. In the meantime, however, competitive examinations, under many embarrassments, have been conducted, within limited spheres, in the executive departments in Washington, and in a number of the custom-houses and post-offices of the principal cities of the country, with a view to further test their effects, and in every instance they have been found to be as salutary as they are stated to have been under the administration of my predecessor. I think the economy, purity and efficiency of the public service would be greatly promoted by their systematic introduction, wherever practicable, throughout the entire Civil Service of the Government, together with ample provision for their general supervision in order to secure consistency and uniform justice. Reports from the Secretary of the Interior, from the Postmaster-General, from the Postmaster in the City of New York, where such examinations have been some time on trial, and also from the Collector of the Port, the Naval Officer and the Surveyor in that city, and from the postmasters and collectors in several of the other large cities, show that the competitive system, where applied, has in various ways contributed to improve the public service. The reports show that the results have been salutary in a marked degree, and that the general application of similar rules cannot fail to be of decided benefit to the service. The reports of the Government officers in the city of New York, especially, bear decided testimony to the utility of open competitive examinations in their respective offices."

In conclusion the President said:

"I am convinced that if a just and definite test of merit is enforced for admission to the public service and in making promotions, such abuses as removal without good cause and partisan and official interference with the proper exercise of the appointing power will, in large measure, disappear."

Here the Attorney-General entered, and I withdrew.

Lecture by Mr. G. A. Sala.

I WENT to hear George Augustus Sala lecture at the Chickering Hall on "The Shows I have Seen," and I spent eighty minutes delightfully. Mr. Sala talks as few men can talk, and takes you into his confidence with such a charming "Between you and I," that you forget your surroundings and imagine yourself in a cozy library alone with your entertaining host. Sala looks "very fit," indeed—the last time I met him was at a little dinner in the Dutch-built house in Wimpole Street, London W.,—of a "big author," and then he was very far from being well. The lecturer opened his discourse with a touch of humor. "I know the exquisite delicacy of the American ear, and I fear that I shall drop my h's. In fact, in order to provide against such a contingency, I spent the entire morning in rehearsing the second line of that touching ballad 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and found myself pronouncing it thus:

'The 'oarse of the 'unter was 'eard on the 'ill.'"

Mr. Sala, then a youth in petticoats, saw Queen Victoria proceeding to her coronation. This was his first show. The late Napoleon III. gave him many shows—from his special constableship during the Chartist Riots to his attempt at Boulogne, from the gorgeous Tuileries to the little chapel at Chiselhurst. The Duke of Wellington did George Sala good service, too, and the lecturer's vivid word-portraiture of the hero of Waterloo was in his best vein. "I was living at Slough, near Windsor, in a house five hundred years old, with three descriptions of rats and a real ghost. My deep-niched window looked across Datchet Meade to the frowning keep of Windsor Castle. One morning I looked forth to see the royal standard floating half mast high. I knew that Prince Albert was dead." The description that followed of the funeral was admirably rendered, fairly riveting the attention of the audience. After the funeral came the weddings, and Mr. Sala wound up with that of the Duke of Connaught. The silence that reigned during the delivery of the lecture was eloquent. It told the lecturer that every word was anxiously waited for.

The French Champagne Crop.

IN Champagne, at the other end of France, a disaster has occurred unparalleled for sixty years. Not a bottle of wine has been harvested; the loss is terrible for the small growers, and mounts up to a great sum for the whole department. The grape did not ripen, and it has been gathered only in order to prevent trespassers from entering the vineyards and damaging them. There is now a stock of 72,000,000 bottles in Champagne, of which 35,000,000 or 40,000,000 are in the hands of the great firms. The remainder is of doubtful origin, and even beyond the producing area of Champagne; but this year wines which had long been a drug in the hands of speculators will be bought up, for everybody dreads the consequences of a blank year. The exportation of real champagne is over 18,000,000 or 20,000,000 bottles a year, so that the existing stock will have to serve for 1880 and 1881, and will just suffice. Should next year's vintage fail, the houses which sell genuine champagne would be reduced, to use the expression of one of them, to shutting up shop. The price, however, has not yet risen. The first-class houses, taking into consideration the general interest of the department, are standing out against a rise in price in order not to narrow the circle of consumers. Werlé has 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 bottles, Roderer as many, Pommery & Greno rather less, as also Yrol, but Moet is said to have 5,000,000 or 6,000,000; and all these firms can meet orders for 1880 and 1881, and will wait for next year's vintage before raising their prices, so as to be guided by it.

The Swedes at their Meals.

THE Swedes have a queer way of locomotion at their meals. They often flit about, like flies, from one table to another, and sometimes seem to turn the mess topsy-turvey when they order a repast. It is no rare thing to see them begin with cheese and biscuit; next proceed to ham and salad, with a slice of meat to follow; and then suddenly start up in the middle of their dinner to swallow, while they walk about, a plateful of pea-soup. A habit which they have of beginning each repast with what they call a "smörgos," not merely leads to much untidiness at mealtime, but makes them seem contented to live on bits and scraps. The smörgos consists of little dishes, such as slices of smoked reindeer and caviare and sardines, with pickles, cheese and other wheta provocatives of thirst. These are fished out with a fork of general utility, and laid on thumb-pieces of rye-cake, thickly smeared with butter, which serve by way of plate. Then they are bitten into, regardless of the fragments which may fall on other dainties (for your true smörgos-eater seldom sits to his repast), and they are finally washed down with a glass or two of spirits which stand handy by their side. Such a prelude to a meal is not merely unclenly, but must vitiate the palate and injure the digestion. Indeed, I feel convinced that were the smörgosbord abolished, not merely would the cookery in Sweden soon improve, but very many of the people would be gradually weaned from their weakness for strong drink.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Royal Wedding in Spain.

It is a sad commentary on the state of social and political affairs in Spain that within a month of the wedding of King Alfonso and the Austrian Archduchess, another attempt should have been made to assassinate the youthful sovereign. The interest in our illustrations of several features of the nuptial ceremonies will be intensified by the report of Gonzales's crime. The King and Queen were out driving, the former at the reins, when the would-be regicide discharged two pistol-shots at Alfonso, neither of which took effect. The King acted with great calmness, but the poor young Queen of a month was grievously shocked.

Effects of Snow in Paris.

The late snowstorm in Paris, together with the intense cold weather, created much inconvenience in the streets and led to a pretty severe interruption of business. In many of the thoroughfares the snow thrown from the sidewalks into the roadway caused frequent blockades of vehicles, and in no part of the city was the travel more difficult than in the vicinity of the new quarters of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

Bridge on the Pontcba-Udine Railroad.

Pontcba and Pontafel, two places in the Alps, have come into notice by the completion of an international road, or pair of roads, the Austrian from Tarvis to Pontcba, and the Italian from Pontcba to Udine. The Austrian part is complete and has cost 2,000,000 florins; but that on the Italian presented greater difficulties. The bridge at Ponte di Muro, shown in our illustration, gives some idea of the character of the country and the difficulties to be surmounted. Udine, lying between Venice and Trieste, and connected with them by rail, as it is now to be with Carnia, is a charming little city of 20,000 inhabitants, and has so many features of the city of the Doges that it is a very Venice in miniature.

Wedding Festivities in Gmünkammergret.

Weddings here are still general rejoicings; a large room in the inn is decorated for the occasion; a table is set, where the married couple receive their friends. This is called the Mahlleut. And in the tanzsaal, or dancing saloon, all join in the Mahlzeit in honor of the occasion. In our picture a curious ceremony is depicted. A friend of the bridegroom is repeating the old saw: "When a man marries he must have a hen-coop." The bride shows how she understands this. She has a neat little coop divided into two unequal rooms. The hen has the large and more comfortable, while the cock, rather dispirited and cowed, is confined to the smaller. These are among the homely presents at these rustic weddings and contribute not a little to the pleasantry and enjoyment, while as the wedding gifts are not for show, but for real service, the new-married pair find themselves better off than if they had received thirty silver napkin-rings and two dozen mustard-spoons.

Royal Honors to British Soldiers.

On December 8th, Queen Victoria personally decorated with the insignia of her Order of the Bath six newly appointed Knights Commanders and twenty-four Companions, most of whom have earned these honors by their conduct and service in the Afghan and Zulu wars. The ceremony took place in the White Drawing-room of Windsor Castle, Her Majesty being attended by several members of the royal family. In our illustration Colonel Pearson, who commanded the garrison in the defense of Ekowe, is seen kneeling before the Queen, who is in the act of fastening the cross of the order to the breast of his coat.

The Last Attempt on the Czar's Life.

The last attempt to kill the Czar was the most ingenious of any that has been made. A house was hired close by the railroad near Moscow, and a tunnel constructed from it a distance of 150 feet, a portion being built of stone. In this tunnel, which extended beneath the railroad track, was deposited an enormous quantity of explosives connected by wires with a battery in the house. On December 1st the train, with the Czar and suite on board, passed safely over the mine on the way to Moscow, but when the second train, containing the baggage, which usually precedes the Czar, came along, some people on the embankment cheered, and the mine was at once exploded, blowing one van to pieces and overturning seven others, but injuring no one. The conspirators had been at work on the mine since the early part of September.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are now ten thousand miners on strike in the Meuse district of Belgium.

—THE trade of Dallas, Texas, for the year ending September 1st, 1879, amounted to $7,000,000.

—EXPERIMENTS in the manufacture of ice have been made at Wilmington, N. C., with most satisfactory results.

—THE fair-grounds at Nashville have been sold for $40,000 to a firm of Northern capitalists, who propose erecting thereon furnaces and an iron mill.

—TELEGRAPHIC advices to the 20th of December from Callao state that perfect order prevailed in Lima, and there had been no change in the Government.

—THE present session of the Spanish Cortez will close when the Bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba is disposed of. The new session will begin in March.

—THE introduction of American anthracite into Switzerland has directed the attention of the Swiss to their own coal-fields, which they believe may be made to supply their wants.

—THE small islands of the West Indies, known as the Leeward Islands, are becoming a source of sugar supply to this country. Five years ago none was received from there. Last year $300,000 worth was shipped.

—SIX carloads of silkworm-eggs lately came across the continent, having been shipped this way from Japan to Italy. They are in charge of five Italians, who make a profitable business of buying them of the Japanese raisers and selling them to farmers in Italy.

—A PERSON known for the past twenty-five years as Charles Parkhurst, who has led the life of a stage-driver and farmer during this time in California, has just died near Watsonville, when it became known for the first time that the deceased was a woman.

—A COMMITTEE of ladies entered Parliament recently, on the floor of the House, having a petition signed by 70,500 ladies asking for the Sunday closing of liquor houses in England. This is the first time women have ever appeared on the floor, a latticed gallery being assigned them.

—THE Governor of North Carolina will call a special meeting of the Legislature of that State to act upon an offer on the part of capitalists to buy the Western North Carolina railroad from the State at $800,000, binding the new company to extend that road to Dunkirk, Texas, on or before 1882.

—THE ladies of Pennsylvania, having succeeded in purchasing the mansion which General Washington occupied as his headquarters at Valley Forge, have now started the movement to buy the 2,000 acres adjoining, in which the old breastworks are still in good preservation, and then erect a soldiers' home there.

—ACCORDING to Dr. Dollinger, the Mohammedan religion is making good headway. There have been great numbers of conversions in China; a single Moslem college at Sierra Leone is about to send out 1,000 teachers among the Africans tribes; and among the Malays the converts are literally reckoned by millions.

—COMMISSIONER-GENERAL McCORMICK has completed a list of all expenditures upon the part of the United States at the Paris Exposition, and the same will be sent to Congress by the Secretary of State. Of the two Congressional appropriations, amounting together to $190,000, the Commissioner-General reports an unexpended balance of between $10,000 and $12,000.

—EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN, of Wisconsin, has just given the Wisconsin Industrial Association forty acres of land in the vicinity of Mineral Point, his old home, to be used as permanent fair-grounds. He had previously given $50,000 to the State University for an astronomical observatory, and had given the State his country seat, near Madison, for an industrial school for girls.

—THE total number of arrivals of vessels at the port of New York during 1879 was 21,421, against 19,110 in 1878, and 19,856 in 1877. This increase is in the trade with foreign and the Eastern domestic ports. Of the arrivals, 8,077 were from foreign ports, against 7,358 in 1878, 6,244 in 1877, and 5,731 in 1876. The increase is principally in the number of steamers, ships and barks, showing an increased commerce with ports at a distance.

—ACCORDING to the *Journal de Genève* several articles belonging to the Polished Stone Period were found in the course of some recent excavations at La Coulouvrenière. One of the most curious is a green jade stone scraper, no larger than a finger, slightly curved inside and splendidly polished. Its edge is still as keen as when it left the maker's hands. The discovery is all the more remarkable from the fact that jade comes from Asia, and is not found in Switzerland.

—THE Clarkson Nott Potter scholarship, at Union, N. Y., was established by the trustees Mr. Potter persistently refused all payment for laborious legal services, which has saved the college more than $250,000, and the trustees, estimating his compensation at $5,000 at least, resolved to devote that sum out of the Nott trust fund to found a scholarship in Mr. Potter's name. The presentation to it rests with Mr. Potter during his life and with the presidents of the college thereafter.

—ADVICES from Japan state that M. Fujita, the largest contractor in the country, M. Nakano, one of the first merchants, and sixty of their principal friends, have been arrested for having caused to be produced in Germany forged Treasury bonds to the value of about 15,000,000 francs, which they managed in such a way that they were put in circulation by the Treasury itself. The discovery of this fact produced a crisis unexampled in Yokohama. A terrible panic on the Bourse ensued, and the most scandalous scenes took place.

—THE bank clearings in Louisville, Ky., in 1879, were $255,106,075. There were 17,916 hogsheads of leaf-tobacco sold, and 5,200,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco paid revenue tax. The receipts of cattle were 54,966 head; hogs, 248,732 head; sheep, 143,673 head; horses and mules, 7,918 head. The receipts of merchandise in the last six months were, for leading articles: Hams, 3,906,030 pounds; bacon, 26,704,471 pounds; butter, 1,068,013 pounds; cheese, 2,161,165 pounds; coffee, 5,965,317 pounds; merchandise and sundries, 365,602 packages. The internal revenue receipts amounted to $3,919,411.

—THE tomb of Pius IX., at Rome, in the Church of San Lorenzo Beyond the Walls, is said to be almost covered with inscriptions in various languages, besides wreaths, flowers and other memorial offerings. They were written by persons from many walks of life, by priests, as well as by laymen; by pontifical soldiers, and soldiers in the Italian Army; by widows, orphans and representatives of monasteries, colleges, schools and societies. A peculiarity of many of the inscriptions is that the former pontiff is not prayed for, but invoked, this being an outcome of a belief prevalent among Italian Catholics that Pius IX. has entered into heaven, and is now in the position of an intercessor.

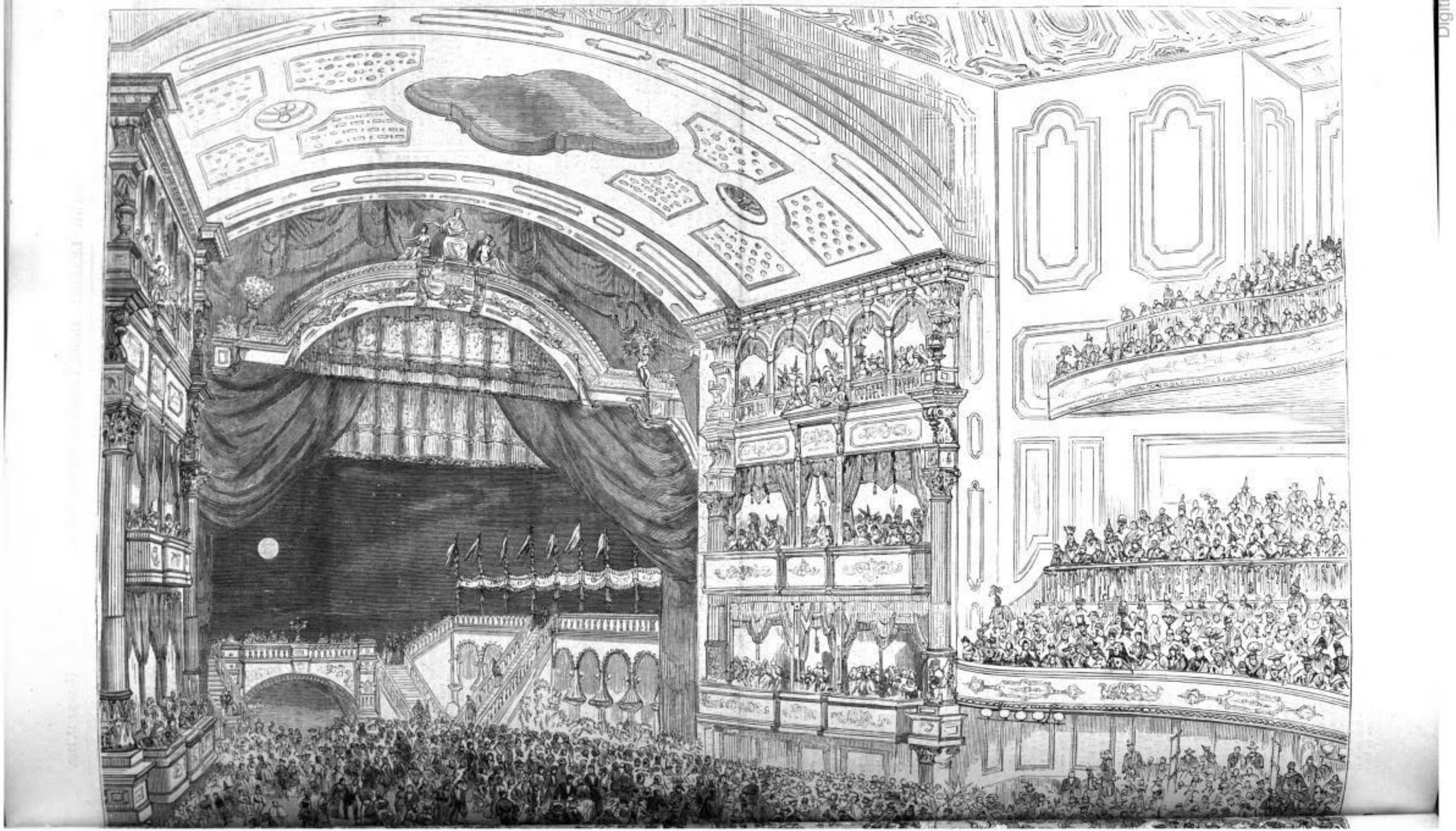
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NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND RECEPTION AND MASKED BALL GIVEN BY THE STOCKHOLDERS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5TH.

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SONNET.

To ——.

IN a Sevillian cloister, old and quaint,
I wandered once, and saw a picture rare—
A goddess, with sublimities of hair,
Holding a rosebud to a suppliant saint.

Her dark and perfect locks, without restraint,
Fell on an ample bosom, whitely fair:
And, wondering much, I murmured, half in prayer,
"'Tis but a dream an artist loved to paint:

"A vagrant fancy of a fevered mind,
For none beheld such glorious tresses shine
On earth or sea, and they will ne'er be seen!"

This I believed, until my eyes did find
The misty marvel of your hair divine,
Fit for the brow of some celestial queen!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

THE diminutive African tottered along behind them as well as he could under the pressure of that mighty name, and Salome carried Sylve at once into a large room, bare of carpet, but otherwise substantially furnished. There was a fire on the hearth, and a large red-and-white screen before it, so that presently Sylve's chilled limbs were comfortable, and a substantial black woman had brought a little stand to her side, and coffee and golden fare. She said to Salome that breakfast had never tasted so good before.

"That's because you've earned it, my dear. Do you know that since mamma died, and I have had the care of the house, I enjoy perfect health? You see all our slaves ran off with the exception of Maum Barbadoes, and she preferred to stay because she is so very deaf, and this poor little Samson, who was ailing, and so they did not take him. Barby, as she is called, is worth her weight in gold, she is so capable and willing, and Samson is growing stronger, though I think it will take him some time yet to emulate the strength of his namesake. Do you know, we milk six cows between us, and I make all the butter, and Barby all the cheese, so we really don't miss most of the comforts we have always had. There are plenty of Southern girls will tell you the same story, and that they are healthier and happier than when they had the moral and physical welfare of the negroes to look after. There was always a mine under our feet, ready to be sprung; but there is none of that feeling now."

"I shall keep on trying to earn my meals," said Sylve, bravely, "for I intend, as Miss Nellie Brown, to come among you as a teacher from the West—mind, it's to be the West."

"You theatrical child!" exclaimed Salome, whose black eyes, square brow, bright, plump lips, and brown hands, were alive with energy; "haven't you got over your romantic proclivities yet? *You* a teacher—you dainty little thing! Do you know what teaching means here?"

"I don't care what it means," said Sylve, determinedly, "I am going to undertake it. I'm tired of living in idleness—that's why I came to you."

"But as Nellie Brown!—why change your own beautiful name? Don't you know that as Sylve de Latude you will be a thousand times more popular and even respected than as plain Miss Brown? Oh, Sylve! don't do it."

"But I must, Salome. Oh, don't you discourage me at the onset. I'm not at all theatrical or romantic—you mustn't think that; but, you see, as Sylve they would find me sooner. As Miss Brown—they would never suspect."

"And who are they?—and what are you talking about?" queried Salome, dismay in her countenance.

"Oh, Salome, you haven't guessed yet that I have run away?" Salome had been kneeling on a hassock at Sylve's knee. Now she sprang to her feet her resolute face grown pale and troubled.

"Run away! Sylve, are you crazy? Do you mean you have left the Foresters—left that pleasant, beautiful home? Oh! then the suit has gone against you?" she added, her arm instinctively twining itself about the other's neck.

"No: on the contrary, the suit is going to be prosperous, and make me quite rich," said Sylve, with dignity.

"I can't understand your running away, then," and the arm loosened its hold. "I don't like it, and I won't be a party to it, unless you have a wonderfully good reason," said Salome.

"Now you are going to desert me, and send me among strangers," said Sylve, bursting into tears, "for I won't go back; nothing you could say would induce me to go back. I tell you, Salome, I have good and sufficient reasons, which I won't tell any one yet a while—and you *must* be my friend if I am friendless."

"But, my child, they will surely send here," said Salome.

"How can they ever know of you?" queried Sylve.

"Why, don't you see, Mr. Forester is a lawyer, and will leave no stone unturned."

"Spare your zeal, my dear," said Sylve, interrupting her. "Flix and I are not good friends at all. He is very glad to be rid of me—and—and I—of him."

"Then," thought Salome, to herself, "there has been a quarrel—a lover's quarrel—I don't doubt, young as she is."

"You see they will write to the teachers of the old Windmill, and they will furnish them with a list of all your friends; then will come letters—perhaps the veritable Flix, as you call him, himself, in person."

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed Sylve, as this formidable possibility was put thus before her; "but you need not worry yourself, or me, for—and"—she whispered in Salome's ear—"he hates the very sight of me," and fell to crying again.

"You poor little goose," half-laughed Salome, gathering her up in her arms, "you don't seem over-jubilant on getting away from such treatment. Is the hurt all on one side?"

That touched pride.

"No!" said Sylve, bravely, making short work of the tears, and the handkerchief that held them; "but I do love Mrs. Forester, dearly. However, that's passed. Now, Salome, you will stand my friend as you used so often at the old Windmill, and I'll be such good company! I'll help you milk, make beds, or any other sociable work, and when I get my money, if you like, I'll share it with you. What good is it going to do me, I should like to know?" and down rained the tears again. "Don't laugh at me," she sobbed, "but this fire did put me so much in mind of dear Mrs. Forester's room—but that's the last of it—there! I'm not going to cry or feel bad any ore. Come, give me something to do."

"I shall give you a room and a bed to sleep in, just now," said Salome, kissing the pale cheek, "and, meantime, I'll think over this matter. If I can't reconcile it to my conscience, why——"

Two arms held her tightly, a trifle dangerously so, by the throat, and Sylve hung on her breast, begging her for the love she bore her to decide now. "If you don't I shall never go to sleep," she said.

"In that case I could never decide," laughed Salome.

"Oh, but you have; I see it in your eyes; kiss me, and I'll take it for Yes."

"You bad child," said Salome, but she kissed her, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Now seal the compact by calling me Nellie."

"Never!" exclaimed Salome; but she did after a little more coaxing.

"Now I shall take a good long rest, preparatory to entering upon my new life," said Sylve. "Mind you, I don't much blame Flix Forester, after all, for disliking me, for I have been a very hard girl—you know I have—and how you had to screen me often for my mischief at the Windmill."

"Nonsense! Say for thoughtlessness, not right down wickedness," replied Salome, with emphasis; "and as for Flix Forester—see how pat I've got the name—as for *his* disliking you—why—he'll marry you yet."

The quick cry and scared, half-shamed look that followed this speech, started Salome.

"I think that told the story," she said, on her way back to her work; "the child loves him, whether he loves her or not. What a pity!"

"Barbe," she said, addressing the old negress, in her soft, clear voice, "I should like to keep this pretty little girl for a few months. She is an orphan, and homeless at present."

"Is she pore, miss—right pore?" queried the old woman, in a melancholy voice.

"I expect so," was the reply, for Salome knew nothing of Sylve's resources, supposing, of course, that she would not care to work if she had had money.

"Sartin you ought to keep her, honey; it won't take much more for to keep sich a bird as she, I specs. I pities de pore, always, though I'se pore myself, de good Lord knows."

Barbe's equanimity in "doing for" this child of poverty, as she considered her, was somewhat shaken by the present of a finer dress than she had ever owned, during the first week, besides a splendid Madras handkerchief and a showy brooch. She received them, however, as from the Lord, and was ever after unwearied in her efforts to please the newcomer's somewhat fastidious appetite.

CHAPTER XX.—"I'LL NEVER LEAVE YE NOR FORSAKE YE."

ORIGINALLY the homestead belonging to Salome's family had been built of logs, then modernized and plastered, then added to by successive generations, always in width, never in height, until, as Sylve expressed it, it looked like a miniature village. It was situated far from the road, and the forest by which it was shielded from easterly storms, had never been cut down. The house was nearly two hundred years old, and though piazzas had been built around it, and many modern conveniences introduced, it reminded one of some wind and storm-painted Swiss *chalet*, save that it was not perched in mid-air, or at the base of picturesque gray rocks.

There were plenty of outbuildings, irregular ground carefully planted and dotted here and there by whitewashed slave huts. There were mossy dells in the belt of woods, lovely paths all smooth and bright with fir needles, sweet shining bits of water, beside which grew wild pinks and violets, and, where the sweet mosses crowded in between, a very harvest of beauty to the poetical eye. This wood had been the pet of all the Braddocks; in fact, it went by the name of Braddock's Grove. There were places of sylvan solitude, where some kind hands had twisted the brown knotty roots into the semblance of a chair. A beautiful rising hill, covered with larches, held at its crown an arbor made of young saplings twisted together, and as fast as they grew, the branches were lopped off towards the west, so that through the opening one had a glorious view of field and valley, cultivated farms, and the lovely luxuriant wildernesses of nature. Such spots as could be seen from this choice location! Such heart of green embosomed among rolling hills, on which the cattle lazily fed, or pampered horses let out to feed pranced and careened over the fertile meads, shaking their long manes and neighing with the ecstasy of thorough freedom.

From this place could also be seen Colonel Lewin's now dilapidated estate. The two families had been quite intimate, and frequently before the war Colonel Lewin's daughter, visitors and slaves, felt themselves at liberty to roam through the Braddock woods. Their own strip of forest was not susceptible of that peculiar kind of cultivation or ornamentation, it lying low at the base of a hill, whereas the other crowned its top.

One memorable day, soon after peace had been proclaimed, two figures might have been seen standing in the doorway of the deserted bower, for it was long since friendly ax or hand had attended to its wants. One was short, thick-set, with a head of remarkable size, covered with gray and white wool. He had been the preacher on that circuit for many years, but his usefulness was now gone, and he was only known as Dee's ole man. Dee, or Desire, if the reader remembers, was the nurse of Eve Lewin, and, being nearly sixteen years her husband's junior, showed few signs of age, though she was nearly fifty. Tall, stout, strong, with a ringing voice, and eyes like black diamonds, she was still the pride of the place, and the only living thing that Eve clung to now that her father was dead, for the colonel had died at the post of duty. One mail brought the news of his death at the head of his charge; the other, that of Colonel Wilde, so that both Raphael Wilde and Eve Lewin were orphans.

The setting sun shone resplendently upon the hill-top, bathing in its wonderful crimson light the shining black face of Crow—or "Father Crow," as he was generally called. Never had the prospect looked more beautiful, with its shifting shadows of dun and brown and red. The branches were tinged, and whole trees here and there bathed in the flood of rosy flame. The hills beyond were beautiful with tints of carmine and orange, and long purple and pale green streaks of cloud floated like moving islands in the rich light, their edges burning with feathery plumes, that dipped in the pale blue of the horizon like miniature willows.

"Well, ole man," said Dee, settling her handkerchief about her broad forehead, and folding her arms, "what 'clusion hev ye come to takin'? I's ready to follow yer advice, *of* it looks 'sponsible?"

"The rest is all gone, Dee, and we'll never hab anoder chance," said Crow, casting his glance to the ground. "I's been prayin' for light, an' it seems as if the Lord said, 'Go, follow Moses.'"

"Inter de promised lan', eh, ole man?" said Dee. "Well, it seems to me someways like dying—you don't zactly know whar you's gwine to."

"The res' of em has found a home, ole 'oman," said Crow, "an' dem ar sojers give me 'ticular directions. Freedom's wuth havin'."

"Well, we's jes as free here as we is anywhar else, I reckon," said Dee.

"'Tain't the same feelin'," the old man grimly responded. "You see, all the res' of 'em is gone, an' it makes one sort o' lonesome. Den dars money dar, ole 'oman, an' though my days o' usefulness is past, Lord love ye, dey trows away money, dem ar Nordeners."

"It's de only fault I's ever found wid ye, ole man, ye's mavericious. A preacher o' de tarnal salvation don't ought to do dat ar; he ought to keep his hands free from filthy lukey, or whatever they calls it. But, then, I'll be boun' by what yo' says, ef I keeps de same mind when we starts."

Just before the war, Colonel Lewin had made some money in a fortunate speculation. Instead of making himself and his family comfortable, repairing the house and beautifying the premises, he had bought slaves—a reckless venture, as his best friends told him. During the last years of the conflict, his house had been used as quarters, and—the truth must be told—foully abused, as indeed was all the land about. A few trees from the woods might have been felled, but instead of that the soldiers tore down all the rails that inclosed the farm, the handsomely ornamented piazza-balustrades, and burned several pieces of the furniture for mere wantonness. When they left, nearly all of the new Lewin gang went with them. It was a time of terror to pretty, delicate Eve, but Dee watched over her as a tigress watches its cub. Whatever happened she was never neglected. Dee would fight for her "chile" before harm should come to her, and the slight girl of fourteen knew no other protector. When the rest of them ran off, she implored Dee not to desert her, and although the faithful woman had listened with the rest to the golden story of freedom, and though it looked like some paradise where she might rest a while before going to the promised land, yet her heart was terribly divided. She loved and respected her "ole man," who had been a power in the slave community, but she loved and pitied with the added sense of protection, such as no other mortal could bestow, her "chile." Many a night after the house was left to Crow and herself—the ruined, broken, desolate homestead—did she lie awake pondering over these things. She had resisted the appeal of her own heart when the general stampede occurred, but her "ole man" had a revelation, or said he had, that they must both go to the promised land, there to die in the midst of liberty. When she told Eve of this, the child listened like one stunned.

"To leave me, to leave me?" she repeated.

"Honey, we'll take you 'long, too," said Dee, breaking down.

"No, Dee, I'll stay. I can't go from my father's home."

"But who'll car' for ye, chile?"

"God," was the answer, choked with sobs.

"You don't think He'll come down to old Virginny, do ye?"

"He'll send somebody," said the girl; then overcome with the horror of the prospect, she sank down half fainting. Old Dee caught her to her ample bosom.

"Don't you weep an' wail no mo', honey," she cried. "Dee's made up her mind. So, bress her, she sha'n't go travelin' and bruise her feet an' git sick by the way. You b'leeve Dee, don't you? She never meant to leave her chicken."

The child clung to her only friend, sobbing now with joy.

"Yes, I'se settled it. Ef Crow feels it's his duty, an' his Master's tole him to go, why he goes 'thout me. My fustest duty is to pertect de helpless—though the good Lord knows which of 'em is most helpless," she added, her mind recurring to Crow's growing infirmities. "Never you mind, honey, Dee is gwine to stick to de ole place; now you wait till I tell Crow." She hurried up-stairs to the room where the old man was packing. He sat on a high blue chest, surrounded by his worldly goods and chattels, and thoroughly perplexed as to what he should take and what leave.

"Crow," said Desire, looking towards the window, fast growing dusk in the waning light, "I can't go."

Crow said nothing, looked contemplative and crossed one knee over the other.

"Well, ole 'ooman," he slowly began, when Desire dashed in——

"You git along yourself, Crow; go find some o' yo' people, they'll har ye compery. Ole man, yo' see this are the way it is. I can't desert dat poro chile, and leave her to de chillin' ways ob de world. She'd break her pore little heart afore I'd dun gone a week an' die, an' I'se had a mighty hard time a raisin' her. I can't do it, Crow—'fore my blessed Master, I dassent."

"All right, ole ooman," said her lord and master, with a huge sigh—was it of relief or disappointment?—"all right. If you stays I stays," he added, with ponderous deliberation. "Bress de Lord, dat stops de jackin' an' saves de rheumatismal pains dat I's 'feared of, ef we has to go into ole swamps an' things."

"But, Crow," said Dee, secretly exultant over her power, "what comes ob de command you heerd in your prayer—'go long o' Moses.'"

"De Lord is taken it out o' my hand," said Crow, closing his eyes resignedly, "'sides which dar ain't no Moses any mo'. De chillen ob Isrel am free. I did hate to leave dem yer chickens, an' ole Philly—thar wouldn't a been a soul to milk her. I'll bet dem ar Unions telled a heap o' lies," he added, springing up with a brisk motion, now that the care of the matter had fallen from his shoulders.

"An' ole man, we's de lords ob de house," said Dee, gravely. "Do you think anybody 'd gib ye a hull house ober thar, ef it is mighty nigh spiled."

"No, ole ooman, I don't reckon they would. What did they want to cut dis in splinters for? Dee, now it's all settled, I's been quakin' ober dis yer matter. Yo' see, de Lord don't talk to de chillen ob dis generation, an' though I thought *He meant* we must go to de Norf land, liker 'twas de debbil. I isn't quite clar in my mind 'bout dat."

"Well, while you're gettin' clar, ole man, I'll go to my chile an' comfort her."

"It's all fixed," she said, joyfully. "Crow, he won't go nother, an' I's so glad, for he mighty useful 'bout de dumb critters."

"Are you sure, Dee? Won't you be sorry for having decided to stay in this lonesome place with only me?"

"Deed, honey, I's ready to swar more my Lord," cried the woman, passionately, gathering the girl in her ebony arms, "and in presence ob dese yer witnesses, which is on'y chairs an' tables, though they's got better hearts than some humans, I'll neber leave ye nor forsake ye. Me an' my ole man'll work our fingers to de bone for ye. Crow's mighty unsartin, cause he's slow on his feet, owin' mostly to his jints and de rheumatiz; but I's a hull white army! Can't I do mos' eberything? Can't I plant and rake and hoe—'specially wid the ole man's help? Cheer up, missy; me'n Crow ain't got no mean white blood in us—we's de royal color, we's coffee 'thout any milk—good strong coffee, too!"

This simile had at least the effect of rousing the child from her sudden and profound sorrow. A smile dimpled the quivering lips, and she snuggled closer to her only earthly friend and protector.

"Den dar's Rafe," continued Dee; "why, hum's mos' a growed man when he come here las' Spring. He'll be a mighty smart gen'leman, and, bress de Lord! when missie's a woman, dar'll be a weddin' maybe."

"A wedding!—here?" murmured Eve, casting despondent glances on the dilapidated household goods—"a wedding! Oh, no, Dee, there'll never be a wedding. Ray will make new friends where he is and forget the old. Papa said he was a genius, and there was greatness before him. Great men don't marry out of places like this. No, he'll learn to love those cold-blooded people where he is at school, while I must stay in this wretched house. Why, Dee, do you know the rain comes through into every room up-stairs, and I'm so sick of seeing the rained furniture and the smoky walls! I'll never forgive those people for spoiling dear, dead papa's home!—never, never!"

"Never mind, honey, we won't talk ob dat ar now. We'll patch up de places an' set Crow to work. After all, up-stairs ain't anything nohow, case ye see we's on'y three in de family. Now, to my mind, dar ain't a pleasanter place in ole Varginy dan de kitchen—why, chile, it's more like a ballroom, an' dat's what old massa conterplated. Tell ye what, honey, we'll bring lots o' things in here—chests an' lounges, and de best part ob de carpet in de saloon parlor for yo' to sit on, an' we'll play dat de fustest part—say to here"—making an imaginary line in the centre of the apartment—"is quality, where you does your sewin' an' needlework, an' dis secondly part is de kitchen. Miss Eve she shall eat in de quality half, an' we'll put up de best beds in de parlor an' all de nicest furniture to keep it. What! won't we have good, genteel times, hey? I'd like to know!" she cried, hugging

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Eve, rapturously. "Dar's de yeth to give us corn an' potatoes and peas and hominy, and there's three blessed pigs them ar Unions left wid dar mother; and here's a roof to cover our unworthy heads. Why, jes s'pose dey'd burned us up like dey did good many plantations long de river. Tells you what, missee, we's alleys got somethin' to be thankful for. As for Mars Rafe's done forgittin' you, chile. Why, las' time he come didn't he beg that ole photography ob Miss Eve's out o' my ole album, and didn't I see him a kissin' an' a kissin' it?"

It was with a grin of genuine African delight that she imparted this news to the beautiful girl, more than repaid by the smile of joy that brightened the sweet blue eyes.

"You really think he won't forget me?"

"Never, please de Lord—an' he's got heaps o' money, too. Now, brighten your pretty face, an' come help ole aunty fix up."

It was a mighty undertaking, but, with Crow's help and Dee's patience, order came out of the chaos that had so lately reigned in the old house. Its symmetry of proportion had not been materially injured. The hall was as spacious, the staircase still wound in graceful spirals out of the broad skylighted hall, in which stood one statue uninjured that had been the colonel's pride. Parlor, kitchen and bedroom were successfully evolved out of the two apartments left presentable. The kitchen was a marvel of ingenuity in its arrangement. It was true that Colonel Lewin had intended at some future time to transform it into a ballroom, and at one end had caused to be built a singularly handsome fireplace, after the fashion of some old baronial hall. The room being finished in oak, and the furniture simple, had not been injured by the enemy. But the parlor, into which had been removed the remains of the ancient splendor of the house, had not met with so much favor. There the marks of wanton destruction were visible everywhere. A superb sofa of rose-colored satin showed grim rents, slashed by the sword. An immense mirror, a fixture in a frame of oak, that was in itself as exquisite as a picture, bore two fractures that extended its whole length. A few paintings had been saved from the spoiler, but chairs, tables, even the ancient four-post bedstead, covered with rich damask, bore evidence of the hate or thoughtlessness of the party there and then in power. But they could not change the grand location, or spoil the view that spread out for leagues and leagues on every side. Even now to persons coming up the valley the fine old house had lost none of its attractiveness. It still seemed a castle, sitting on the heights, and though many called it "Lewin's Folly," yet the Virginians in that part of the country were rather proud of the grand columnar front and imposing roof. So, for three years Dee managed the place, and kept herself and her charge from want.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SITUATION IN MAINE.

THERE has been as yet no breach of the peace in Maine, although intense excitement has prevailed throughout the State since the publication of our last issue. On Wednesday, December 31st, Governor Garcelon forwarded to Chief-Justice Appleton certain questions of law, relating to the counting of the election returns, which are believed to cover the essential points in the letter addressed to him by ex-Senator Morrill. It is said that not a single member of the Executive Council agreed with the Governor in his determination to invoke the opinion of the Supreme Court in the emergency, and his action in so doing excited a quieting influence at once.

On receipt of the communication the Chief-Justice summoned all the Associate Justices to assemble in Bangor, on January 2d, to consider the questions propounded. While awaiting the decision of this body the citizens kept up the meeting to indorse and deprecate the Governor's action, and grave apprehensions were expressed lest a serious conflict would be precipitated on January 7th, when the Legislature assembles. The Mayor of Augusta, in connection with the Committee on Public Safety, besought the Governor to keep the military from the capital, pledging that the augmented police force would maintain order and quell any disturbance that might arise. Governor Garcelon is said to have replied that he had full power to call the Legislature wherever he pleased, and that on the slightest disturbance he would take it away from Augusta. That wiser councils have prevailed is shown by the fact that a second attempt to remove the arms and ammunition from the State arsenal at Bangor to Augusta was accomplished without any trouble. The first attempt was made on Christmas Day, when Major French, acting under the orders of the Governor, went to the arsenal and made arrangements for shipping the arms to the Capital. His presence and intention becoming known, a great number of citizens assembled, and when the drays that had been loaded at the arsenal were on their way through the streets, the drivers were suddenly confronted by the citizens, who completely barred the passage. The greatest excitement ensued for a while; then Major French decided to return the arms, rather than risk the riot that appeared inevitable, and, under the escort of a police force, the drays were driven back and unloaded.

The second attempt was made on December 30th, when the arsenal was opened by Adjutant-General Leavitt, who previously informed Mayor Brown of the Governor's order for the removal of the arms. Several wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, without any military or police guard, were driven, without molestation, through the streets to the Maine Central Depot, although the people, in large numbers, stood on the sidewalks. The shipment was made at night by an express train.

THE GREAT RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN SCOTLAND.

BUT few particulars have as yet been received of the frightful accident on the great bridge crossing the Firth of Tay, in Scotland, on Sunday evening, December 28th. The first accounts placed the loss of life at the total of the passengers and employés, the number being estimated, from 100 to 200. Subsequently it was reported that there were not over 90 people on the ill-fated train at the time, while later dispatches, placing the number at nearly 300, confirmed the others in the awful rumor, "not a soul was saved."

The train started from Edinburgh for Dundee on Sunday evening, and had reached the Firth of Tay, on which Dundee is situated, and was crossing the long bridge that spans that broad and tempestuous estuary. A tremendous gale was blowing, and, as the train thundered over the great bridge, a portion of the structure was broken out by the winds and waves, and the railroad coaches were precipitated into the Firth. Nothing was seen of the cars, but several mail-bags were washed ashore four miles from the scene of the disaster. It is believed that the cars neither floated nor were carried far from the wrecked bridge, but that they sank instantly.

The Firth of Tay receives more water than any other inlet in Scotland. It receives the drainage of all of Perth and parts of Forfarshire. Two streams unite to form it. It also receives six or seven other streams. It is navigable fifteen miles from its mouth for vessels of 500 tons burden, and smaller vessels are able to ascend it to the town of Perth.

The Tay Bridge, one of the most remarkable in Great Britain, was built in 1873, and is said to be the largest iron bridge in the world. It is 1¼ miles west of Dundee. It is 10,320 feet in length, commencing from the south or Fife side. It contains three spans of 61 feet, two of 80 feet, twenty-two of 120 feet, fourteen of 200 feet, sixteen of 150 feet, twenty-five of 66 feet, one of 160 feet, and six of 27 feet. It passes at a height of eighteen feet over Magdalen Point. The great 200 feet spans cross the channel of the river 88 feet above high water. Its direction is northward, and its northern end is in the City of Dundee.

The opinion of Sir Thomas Bouch, the engineer of the bridge, who inspected it on Monday, is that the train proceeded without interruption until it reached the high girders; then one or more of the back carriages went off the rails, coming against the lattice-work, and tore the structure to pieces, causing the disaster. The showers of sparks seen by those on shore are believed to have been caused by collision of the carriages with the ironwork. The place where the train sank is full of quicksands, and if the bodies of the drowned are not recovered very soon, it is believed they will be imbedded with the cars beyond recovery.

Our illustration of the bridge is from a sketch made last Summer at the time of Queen Victoria's visit to Balmoral Castle, and represents Her Majesty in the act of looking down upon the waters of the Firth from a window of her State coach.

A dispatch from the scene of the accident, on January 1st, reported that diving in the Tay, at the scene of the recent bridge disaster, had been suspended, owing to the boisterous weather. The railway authorities said there is little doubt that the bodies have been washed seaward, and a boat expedition has been organized to search for them.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE MEMORIAL.

A SAD memorial of the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn River, on June 25th, 1876, has been erected on the spot of the memorable strife. It consists solely of the bones of the soldiers, Indians and horses killed by the Sioux in that surprise, which have been arranged in the form of a mound, the pieces being held in place by lengths of cord-wood. Our illustration was made during a recent snow-storm, and while a party of Crow Indians were passing the mound on their way to the agency.

STOCKHOLDERS' BALL.

THE masked ball at the Academy of Music on Monday night was a signal success, combining as it did the flavor of the *abandon* and mad waggery of the Carnival with the quieter and more dignified movements which society with the big S rigidly exacts at the hands of her votaries. Flashing lights, perfumed blossoms, timid ferns ever so refreshing to the eye, beautiful women—ay, beautiful, despite their cuvious masks, for are not pearly teeth and rosebud lips pretty fair indications of equally fetching charms?—superb toilets, and music after Strauss and Lecocq, and a floor fit for Taglioni! The air was laden with the invisible and electrical atmosphere of fun—downright, hearty, joyous, and in full measure. A great "Comedy of Errors" was being performed on the boards of the Academy, and cross purposes played themselves as crassly as the tangled threads of a skein of silk. Husbands flirted—the unconscious villains!—with their own wives in mistake for those of their neighbors'. Engaged ones spooned away to their hearts' content, but not with the adored Angelina or the darling Edwin. Pompous old bachelors skipped about as in their Yale or Harvard days, and elderly spinsters for a "sweet bitter moment" enjoyed the delirious ecstasy of hearing charms praised that, say, twenty years ago were in full blossom. Behind the screen of the mask came many sharp truths, many stinging sarcasms, many biting innuendoes; the cold steel was driven to the hilt, the nerves laid bare beneath the merciless scalpel. Many men, and many women, in that excited, joyous, bustling crowd, would have given the price of their ticket one thousand times told for just ever so slight a peep at the face behind the bit of black crape, and not a few were puzzled at the discovery that the secret of the combination locks of the chambers of their inner lives were so mysteriously in the keeping of others. It was a mad, merry scene, as the voluptuous strains of the waltz floated like perfume on the air, and hundreds of nameless, mysterious people whirled dreamily in the dance. It was strange to see the eager endeavors of mankind to peer into the sparkling depths of the eyelet-holes of fair maskers. It was intensely amusing to listen to the artful questions put and parried, and to picture baffled hopes on blank faces. What fierce flirtations! What gush and spoon! What pressure of hands! What entreaties for *souvenirs*—a flower, a ribbon—anything for a clew to the mystery of the night! What allusions to the coming *Jeune* "Personals"! What silvery laughter of fair woman! Then the masks would occasionally come away, and thoroughly independent, or thoroughly heated, dancers would remove the screen from their identity. Some there were who held levees in private boxes, and many a courtier made his bow and flung his williams without knowing under heaven the name, rank or title of the sovereign of the moment.

The *mise en scène* was admirable, the dark background; the rustic bridge with its real greenery, the sky with the gentle Luna shedding silvern rays on the mad waggery, and its real water plashing in softest murmur to the sensuous strains of Strauss. The balconies, too, on either hand, thronged with maskers, reminded me of a scene in Venice not yet a decade old. And shall I forget the supper, so piquant and appetizing, and the tiny white card, bearing the cabalistic words: "Good for one bottle of wine"? The Stockholders' Masked Ball, like O'Rourke's noble feast, will long be remembered "by those who were there and by those who were not."

Ice Yachts.

ICE-YACHTS cost from $15 to $1,000 each. When I mention the $15 boats, I refer to those of our schoolboy days, built of refuse boards, with three-shilling skate-runners, using bent nails thrown away by carpenters. What a contrast to the ice-yacht of the present day, exquisitely shaped and lined, with hull constructed of alternate strips of hard wood, wire rigging, A No. 1 duck for sails, brass cleats and blocks, full sets of colors, splendid spars, booms, bowsprit, polished steel runners, nickel-plated ornaments, buffalo robes, etc. The time made by ice-yachts is wonderful. A mile a minute is an every-day occurrence when the ice is in good condition, and the wind blows. In the Winter of 1860 the ice-yacht *Snowflake* ran nine miles north, from Newburg dock, in eight minutes! When the ice is in good condition, and the wind blows heartily, railway trains cannot compete with ice-yachts in point of speed. Time and again have they run up alongside of trains on the Hudson River Railroad, and beaten them easily. On January 19th, 1871, the *Zephyr* and *Ivanhoe*, both Poughkeepsie ice-yachts, raced for two miles with the Chicago express, the fastest train on the Hudson River Railroad, and at the end of two miles had to wait for the train to come up. Many would suppose that great danger existed in consequence of the vessels going with such lightning velocity. Such is not the case, as nothing but extreme carelessness on the part of the helmsman results in injuries. With a light breeze the craft will not carry over two persons to advantage. In a heavy blow, however, they will hold six or eight. In fact, during the prevalence of a heavy wind, it is necessary to carry as many in order to keep the vessel down on the ice. What is meant by keeping them down is, that unless sufficient weight rests forward, the windward runner will leave the ice, and rise oftentimes to an angle of 45 degrees. This only occurs when a sudden flaw of wind strikes the craft. In such a case, although the helmsman does not lose control of the vessel, he is compelled to bring her up in the wind's eye, or nearly so, to get her down again.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Unfavorable Weather which has prevailed in Sicily has hindered the construction of the astronomical observatory on the top of Mount Etna.

Bas-reliefs and Statues, one of them of colossal size, have been found at Marathon, near the site of the Temple of Nemesis. The inhabitants have forbidden their removal to the Athens museum.

Rudolf Falb, the explorer, has written from San Francisco to German friends to inform them that a monument in Bolivia much more ancient than the Incas of the Incas, has given him a clew to the origin and development of speech and writing.

Professor Cook, the State Geologist, of New Jersey, has prepared a large geological map of the northeastern part of the State, covering the district occupied by about one-half of the population. It is the first map of a series that will cover the whole State.

Nordenskjold is to make another voyage of exploration, departing from the River Lena to the New Siberian Isles as soon as he conveniently can, in order to obtain the data necessary to render the coast of Asia on the north easily accessible to maritime commerce.

The University of Gottingen has just received a splendid herbarium, which was left to it by Dr. Grisebach, the director of the Göttingen Botanical Gardens. It includes more than 40,000 species belonging to all parts of the earth, and has for many years been known as the most important private collection in existence.

A Tree Grows in Cyprus, on the mountains near Kryssokus, which is thought by some monks to be the same kind of tree that is called chitim-wood in the Scriptures. Sir J. D. Hooker, who had obtained specimens of it from Sir Samuel Baker, finds that it closely resembles the cedar of Lebanon, having, however, smaller leaves and other slight differences.

Every One Acquainted with microscopic researches is aware of the importance, and, at the same time, the extreme difficulty of obtaining accurate measurements of the minute objects subjected to examination. M. Govi has surmounted this difficulty by the invention of a new micrometre. In this instrument the threads formerly used are replaced by a very thin layer of silver, gold or platinum laid on the face of a piece of glass, the surfaces of which are perfectly polished and absolutely parallel. Such metallic castings can be applied of a thickness or thinness not exceeding some hundred thousandths of a millimetre. The lines to be used as a scale are traced by an extremely fine pointed steel instrument. As the layer is so delicate, the drawing of the lines leaves no jagged edges to interfere with the optical investigation, nor does it intercept the light reflected by the object under examination. The new micrometre is unalterable under all changes of temperature, so that, once provided with one, the operator is sure of always working by the same standard.

Cheap Disinfectants.—The committee of experts appointed by the National Board of Health recommends the following disinfectants: First, roll sulphur (brimstone) for fumigation; second, sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in water, in the proportion of one and a half pounds to the gallon, for soil, sewers, etc.; third, sulphate of zinc and common salt dissolved together in water, in the proportion of four ounces of salt to the gallon, for clothing and linen, etc. Carbolic acid is excluded from the list on account of the difficulty in procuring it of fixed strength and proper quality; in the hands of scientific men it is a most valuable agent. Pure air and cleanliness are regarded as the cheapest and best of all agents. Towels, clothing and bed-linen should be plunged at once into a boiling-hot solution of the zinc solution. All discharges must be received, if possible, in vessels containing copperas solution, or, when that is impracticable, should be immediately covered with copperas solution. Fumigation with sulphur is the only practicable method of disinfecting the house.

A New Thermo-electric Battery.—M. Clamond, a French electrician, has invented a thermo-electric battery consisting of three parts: an inner one, composed of pieces of iron, arranged in the form of a crown, which can be heated in the interior and is called the collector, as its purpose is to collect the heat and then communicate it to the adjacent thermopile proper; the thermopile which consists of a flexible chain, of any desired length, composed of cubes of antimony and zinc, soldered together by sheets of tin, and containing 6,000 "couples"; plates of copper to diffuse the heat of the collector and expose a large surface to the air, in order that as great a difference of temperature as possible may be maintained between the collector and the diffuser, for upon this difference the strength of the current chiefly depends. M. Clamond has been enabled to light two Serrin's electric lamps with this powerful battery with a consumption of twenty pounds of coke an hour. The apparatus gives warmth as well as light, since its large exterior surface causes it to radiate a considerable quantity of heat.

New Properties of Metals.—Mr. Thomas A. Edison has made some discoveries in reference to the behavior of metals when heated in vacuo, which are likely to have extensive application in the arts. He has succeeded in reducing platinum to a state hitherto unknown, and in rendering it absolutely stable at a temperature when nearly all substances are consumed. After the platinum has been put through his process it is just as elastic at a white heat as it is in the cold, and cannot be annealed by any known method. The change in the molecular condition of the platinum is accomplished by heating and cooling the wire under the receiver of an air pump. At first only moderate heat is applied, but by degrees the temperature is raised until it reaches a point at which the metal would have fused when in its original state. A coil of wire which only afforded one candle illuminating power at the commencement of the experiment and which readily melted, after treatment during an hour and a half in vacuo, gave the light of eight standard candles and showed no signs of melting. One spiral which had been brought to high temperature more slowly gave a light equal to thirty standard candles. Other metals afford similar results when tested in vacuo.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Right Rev. John P. A. Feehan, Bishop of Nashville, has been appointed to succeed Bishop Foley, of Chicago.

THE King and Queen of Italy propose to visit the island of Sicily in great pomp next Spring, for the purpose of stirring up the loyalty of the Sicilians.

HON. A. P. BUTLER, of Aiken County, has been elected State Commissioner of Agriculture of South Carolina. He is a practical agriculturist of large experience.

THE Kentucky Legislature will be asked to appropriate $10,000 for a monument to Judge Elliott of the State Court of Appeals, who was shot by Colonel Thomas Buford.

THE Prince Napoleon memorial craze in England has quickly exhausted itself. The national memorial project is abandoned, and the Westminster Abbey statue is also relinquished.

HARIJO GONDOSEWOJO, reigning Prince of Sura Karta, in the Island of Java, is now visiting Paris with his son. He speaks only Arab and Javanese, and is constantly accompanied by an interpreter.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie intends so to time her visit to Zululand that she may be on the spot where her son met his death on the anniversary of that event, the 1st of June. Sir Evelyn Wood will be her escort.

PROFESSOR SWING, of Chicago, who was once tried for heterodoxy, the other day refused to have his salary raised from seven to ten thousand dollars a year, and asked that the proposed increase might be used for charity.

THE Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York City, and for three years editor of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, sailed for Europe, December 30th, on a six months' vacation.

THE Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipsic has brought to notice two highly promising youthful violinists: one, a boy of thirteen, named Rhodes, from Philadelphia; and the other, a Copenhagen youth of fifteen, named Von Dumek.

BY the will of the late William Niblo, of New York City, the Young Men's Christian Association has come into possession of $150,000, to be applied to the enlargement and maintainance of the Niblo Library, in connection with the association.

IT is said that Count de St. Vallier, the French Ambassador at Berlin, will resign on M. Waddington's relinquishment of the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. The count has been instrumental in establishing the existing good relations between Germany and France.

M. DARBIGNY, the French artist, used to have a studio arranged in a boat; Jean Béraud, the painter of charming Parisian scenes, makes a cab his studio, while M. de Nittis has started an omnibus studio with a stove in it. The latter is often to be seen about in the avenues and on the quays of Paris.

THE degree of doctor of medicine has been conferred upon Mrs. Chaplain Ayrton, wife of Professor Ayrton, by the faculty of medicine in Paris. Mrs. Ayrton is one of the ladies who, after pursuing medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, were denied degrees. She afterwards recommenced her studies in Paris.

LUTHER'S wedding ring is on exhibition at a jeweler's shop in Dusseldorf, Germany. On it is represented the Crucifixion of Christ, a small, bright ruby standing for a drop of blood. The inscription is "Catherine von Bora to Dr. Martin Luther, 13 June, 1525." ("Dr. Martino Luthero, Catherina von Bora, 13 June, 1525.")

SENATOR BELFORD, of Colorado, will introduce, on the first day after the recess, a joint resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to pay $10,000 to Mrs. Meeker, the widow of Agent Meeker; $5,000 to Josephine Meeker, $10,000 to Mrs. Price, and $5,000 to Mrs. Frank Dresser. This resolution is approved by the Interior Department. Judge Belford thinks it is almost certain to pass.

THE Emperor Francis Joseph has conferred the gold medal for science and art on Mlle. Camilla Ruzena Ossiac for a new Turkish and German dictionary which the authoress recently published, with transcriptions of the Turkish words into Roman characters. That learned young lady has already distinguished herself in the department of Oriental languages at the Imperial Oriental Academy at Vienna.

IN a letter from Professor Nordenskjold, the Arctic explorer, to the Russian Geographical Society, he advocates the establishment of a regular navigation line to the mouth of the River Jenisei, Siberia. He even believes that the mouth of the River Lena may be regularly reached from Russia and America. With a view to this end, he proposes the establishment of life-boat and hospital stations on the Siberian shore.

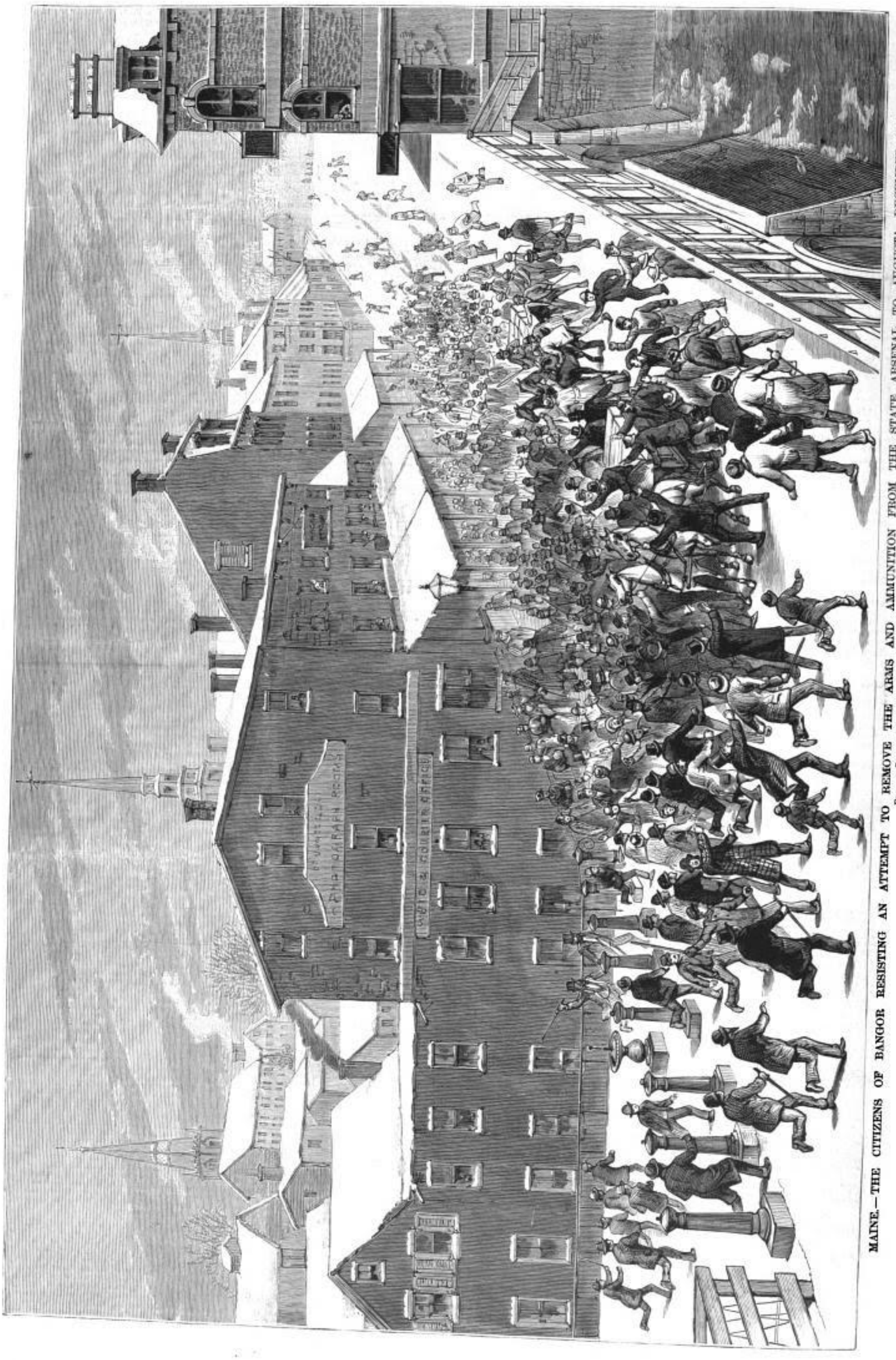
JOHN WESLEY'S red cornelian seal is now the property of a collector in England. It is engraved with a Roman cross standing on a small mound or elevation, and surmounted by a five-pointed celestial or "martyr's crown." The motto which surrounds it is inscribed in English and in Roman type, "Be thou faithful unto death." The same collector owns the armchair of Dr. Watts; it is one of the quaint old diamond seated chairs.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, William Astor, Charles F. Southmayd, Franklin H. Delano and James F. Chamberlain, trustees of the interest of Henry Astor in the premises known as the Astor House property, have begun a friendly partition suit for the sale and distribution of the proceeds of that property, in which Henry Astor and his wife, Franklin H. Delano and his wife, John Cary, Jr. and his wife, the wife of William Astor and about thirty others, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of the late William B. Astor, are defendants.

LEO XIII. has ordered the removal of the seats and screens of the Ecumenical Council Hall in St. Peter's. Visitors will be able once more to see St. Peter's in its entire vastness, for the screening off the transept for the Council Hall detracted much from the beauty of the Basilica. The Pope seems disposed to make the best of existing circumstances, and to oppose the Italian Government as little as possible, for he has ordered all the teachers in the Catholic schools to provide themselves with Government diplomas, and to follow the Government programme of education.

THE obituary record of the past few days contains the names of Hon. George S. Houston, United States Senator from Alabama, who died at Athens, December 31st; George Jones, familiarly known as "George, the Count Joannes," at New York, December 30th; David Leavitt, one of the oldest merchants in New York, December 30th, aged 89; Señor Ayala, President of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies at Madrid, December 30th; Morris Ketchum, for many years a leading banker of New York, on January 1st, aged 83; and Charles Conderi, once a lieutenant in the Guard of Honor of Napoleon I., at South Orange, December 31st, aged 84.

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MAINE.—THE CITIZENS OF BANGOR RESISTING AN ATTEMPT TO REMOVE THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION FROM THE STATE ARSENAL TO AUGUSTA, DECEMBER 25TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 371.

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NEW YORK CITY.—SURGEON WHITE, UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE, TESTING THE VISION OF FERRY PILOTS FOR COLOR-BLINDNESS.



SCOTLAND.—THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT ON THE FIRTH OF TAY.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE, WITH QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATE COACH PASSING OVER.—SEE PAGE 371.

TESTING THE VISION FOR COLOR-BLINDNESS.

THERE has been quite a general discussion of the subject of color-blindness, both in this and in European countries, during the past two years, arising particularly from some startling statements made by a German oculist in the Ophthalmic Congress, the strongest of which was, that a majority of railway accidents and collisions at sea resulted from color-blindness in employés. Since that time tests have been made in various quarters of the globe, and on all German railroads at this time applicants for employment are examined as to their perception of colors. A few weeks ago a number of tests were made in Philadelphia, and many men of defective color-sense were removed from the local railroads. These tests are now being repeated in New York by Dr. Robert White, at the office of the United States Marine Hospital, at the rear of the Custom-House, his first "patients" being the pilots and look-outs of the ferryboats operated by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

It is to be hoped that all persons responsible for passenger transportation will possess approved vision.

The methods of testing are very simple, as will be seen. A confused bundle of skeins of Berlin worsted, of all colors and shades, are placed before the man to be examined, and he is requested to pick out all the shades of green, then all the shades of blue, and so on. Men whose sense of color is perfect have no difficulty in picking out what is called for, but those whose sense is imperfect are confused between the lighter shades of green and blue, and between the darker shades of green, blue and brown. It is plain to be seen how a defect that manifests itself within the narrow confines of a room may be magnified at sea, or when the sight makes long excursions to a colored object, such as a switch-signal or the like.



MAINE.—THE RETURN OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION TO THE BANGOR ARSENAL AFTER THE ATTEMPTED REMOVAL TO AUGUSTA. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 371.



MONTANA.—MOUND OF BONES OF SOLDIERS, INDIANS AND HORSES KILLED DURING THE CUSTER MASSACRE, ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY HOLTER. SEE PAGE 371.

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AMUSEMENTS.

THE Fifth Avenue Theatre is besieged nightly, not by the "Pirates of Penzance," but by those who are desirous of hearing the catching successor to "Pinafore." The "Pirates" are likely to fill the treasury to overflowing, and this, too, by gold not obtained after the fashion of Captain Kidd.

"An Arabian Night" is likely to run as long as the *Princess Scheherezade's* stories. The public have taken to it, and this is the realization of managerial bliss.

"French Flats" still convulse thronged audiences at the Union Square, and Mr. Edgar Fawcett's play, "The False Friend," will not be produced until the "guffaw" merges into a ripple.

"Tourists in a Pullman Car" have stopped the car at Haverly's, and hundreds crowd around to gaze at the farce going on inside. The car cannot remain long, as it is due at several stations on the line, so those who would enjoy a laugh should not lose it by delaying to visit the car.

American Birds, Animals and Fishes for the New Zealanders.

THE persistent efforts of New Zealand in the work of acclimatization deserves the utmost commendation. Half a century ago there was no domestic animals in that country, except a few head of cattle and horses, introduced by the early missionaries at the Bay of Islands, near the extreme north of the Northern Island. The celebrated discoverer, Captain Cook, had introduced sheep and swine half a century earlier, but the sheep very soon perished. The swine, however, increased rapidly, and became a nuisance to sheep-farmers after the colonization of the country, rewards being paid for their destruction, as if they were noxious vermin. The colony was founded in 1840, and the natives had then barely abandoned their cannibal practices, desolating inter-tribal wars having lasted till within a few years of that date. Since then the progress of the country has been the most remarkable on record. It has succeeded in acclimatizing nearly all the game birds of the Old and New Worlds. California quail are more plentiful there than in that State; pheasants, grouse, partridge, etc., afford excellent sport, the several Provinces competing with each other in the work of acclimatizing them. The song-birds of England are fully represented, and these, with the native songsters, make mountain and plain vocal the year round. Prairie chickens and mountain quail have likewise been introduced, sixteen of the latter birds out of twenty-two recently sent to Nelson by Robert J. Creighton, agent of the colony, having arrived there. These birds were forwarded from Emigrant Gap by J. B. Chinn, who took great interest in the matter. Deer-stalking is now possible in many parts of New Zealand, red and fallow deer having been introduced and increased wonderfully. The rivers are full of English and California trout, Eastern trout being likewise represented. In the San Francisco *Post* particulars were published of a cross between Eastern and English trout by Mr. Johnson, of Oparve, in the Canterbury Province of New Zealand, the hybrid growing larger and faster than the pure fish of either variety. California salmon have likewise been acclimatized, and are in almost every river of any volume in the islands. English salmon are established in New Zealand, also salmon trout. The latter fish has increased very fast, and is now purchasable in most of the markets of the colony. But the great interior lakes of the country are comparatively without fish; indeed, in several of them and tributary rivers, fish-life can scarcely be said to exist. To remedy this defect two attempts were made to stock the lakes with white-fish from Lake Michigan. These attempts failed in the colony from local causes. This year, however, another effort is being made on a much larger scale than formerly. Mr. Creighton has arranged for the shipment of over 2,000,000 white-fish eggs from the fish-hatching establishment of Frederick N. Clark, Northville, Mich., by the mail steamer *Australia*. The eggs will be packed in mountain ice and carefully watched during the voyage. On their arrival at Auckland they will be transferred to a colonial steamer, preparations having been made for their reception and distribution throughout the colony. Mr. Clark kindly forwarded to Mr. Creighton models of his patent hatching-boxes, and these are already in the colony, so that no hitch will occur in that regard. Mr. Clark telegraphed from Omaha on the 15th that the eggs had been shipped in good condition and would arrive in San Francisco on the 19th. Mr. Clark came with the shipment from Northville to Omaha, to insure against any damage or accident *en route*. The friends of acclimatization in this State will be gratified, no doubt, at the success of the experiment. Of the Australian group of colonies, New Zealand is more closely identified with this country than any other.

Tapestry.

IT is difficult to fix the precise period at which the manufacture of tapestry in a loom began in European countries. Several documents, going back to the tenth and eleventh centuries, establish the fact that in certain convents in France carpets made of wool, ornamented with flowers and animals, and even hangings representing religious subjects, as well as portraits of kings or emperors, were woven for the decoration of churches and palaces, but no positive knowledge of the mode of manufacture employed at that time has come down to us. It is probable that these hangings were rather embroidered stuffs—like that preserved in the manse at Bayeux, which records events in the conquest of England by the Normans, in 1066—than actual tapestries made in a loom. This kind of fabric was known in the Middle Ages by the name of "Sarrazinois" carpets, and had, doubtless, been brought from the East either by the Saracens of Spain or at the close of the Crusades. It was towards the end of the twelfth century that the Flemish weavers began to make use of high-warp and low-warp looms, and to manufacture real tapestry. The art rapidly developed in their country, both on account of the excellent methods of dyeing employed by the weavers, and also by reason of the abundance and quality of the wool, which was sent to them from England. France, so prosperous in the thirteenth century, soon followed the towns of the North in this branch of industry. These new manufactures became from that time the rivals of the Sarrazinois tapestries, which were very inferior in workmanship, and many disputes arose, both in Flanders and in Paris, between the representatives of the two industries. It appears that in Paris the demand for Sarrazinois tapestries had even increased, and the workmen employed on them had formed a powerful corporation. In the inventories or accounts of that period which have come down to us, the Sarrazinois tapestries are distinguished from high and low warp tapestries. The former are designated embroideries, the latter are generally called Arras. This distinction was kept up till the period of the Renaissance.

FUN.

In one little mouse in the plural is mice,
The plural of house should be certainly hice.

A YOUNG lady in Chicago, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor and obey this man as your husband and be to him a true wife?" said plainly, "Yes, if he does what he promised me financially."

"Hi, cabby, have you got a hot brick in your hack?" "Yes, boss." (*Enter fare.*) "I say, cabby, this hack is as cold as Greenland—I thought you said you had some hot bricks." "So I have—they're under my feet out here. G'lang!"

"I SAY, old fel, you haven't got a five-franc piece about you that you don't know what to do with, have you?" "There's one." "Thanks—but, hello, I say, you know, it's bad!" "You asked me for one I didn't know what to do with!"

A MAN who had sixty-five dollars stolen from him received a note, with twenty-five dollars, saying: "I stoled your money. Remorse saws at my conshens, and I send some of it back. When remorse saws again I'll send you some more."

LORD C——, whose popularity was not excessive in the Scotch town of A——, having refused an importunate beggar, she renewed her application with, "Now, me lord, if ye'd just give me one little sixpence, I could treat every friend ye have in the town."

THE Abbé Prince von Salm-Kyrbourg, who was absurdly, tragically deformed, was one day crossing the royal ante-chamber at Versailles where a number of nobles were warming themselves, when one observed, "Ah, there's Æsop at court." "That is a flattering comparison—for me," said the Abbé; "Æsop, you will remember, made the beasts speak."

A BRIDAL party approached the hymeneal altar, and the clergyman proceeds with the service. "Wilt thou, Mary, take, etc.," he inquires. "Naw!" is the reply. "What!" cries the good pastor; "if you didn't want to marry this gentleman why didn't you say so sooner? What made you wait till the moment of the ceremony?" "Because, sir, you are the first person that has condescended to ask my advice or consent in the matter."

LEBANON (Me.) is proud of possessing the stupidest man in the United States. He is a farm hand, and was engaged to plow a ten-acre lot. Wishing him to draw a straight furrow, his employer directed his attention to a cow grazing right opposite, telling him to drive directly towards that cow. He started his horses, and his employer's attention was drawn to something else; but in a short time, looking around, he found that the cow had left her place, while the sagacious plowman was following her, drawing a zigzag furrow all over the field.

A VERY rich old man had married a young wife and died suddenly, on which the widow raved like a maniac, and exclaimed to the doctor who stood by the bedside of the deceased: "Oh, I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me! No, no! he's alive—I'm sure he's alive! Tell me, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that it is quite possible that he may be revived. I will apply the galvanic battery." "Oh, no, no," cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiment against the law of nature. Let him rest in peace."

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.

AMONG the many thousands of ladies who have used DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION and pronounced it their favorite remedy, because so efficient in the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, are many who are well and favorably known in the world of letters, as well as artists, musicians and a whole host of names from the brilliant ranks of wealth and fashion. It is pre-eminently the ladies' Favorite Prescription. Its use, while being far more safe and efficient, exempting them from those painful, caustic operations, and the wearing of those mechanical contrivances made like Peter Pindar's razor—seller's razors—to sell, rather than to cure.

KILLMORE, Ind., March 20th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has restored me to perfect health. Yours truly,

GRACE CHOATE.

422 Eutaw Street, BALTIMORE, Md., June 10th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N.Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly 20 years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her. Thankfully yours, R. T. McCAY.

FOR General Debility and Prostration HOP BITTERS will do wonders. Prove it by trial.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

EVERY statement made by Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER, regarding the curative properties of these great remedies for all Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood, is fully substantiated by documents in their possession.

COUGHS.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are used with advantage to alleviate COUGHS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS. For thirty years these Troches have been in use, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and untried, but, having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age.

HALFORD SAUCE.—Unrivaled by any relish. Intended for family use. Recommended by the best families.

THE Pioneer Accident Company of America, and largest in the world—THE TRAVELERS of Hartford.

SANTA CLAUS.

THE first institution named for New York's patron saint was the St. Nicholas Society, organized in 1835; next the famous SAINT NICHOLAS HOTEL, opened in 1853. Then the St. Nicholas Club, instituted in 1875; and, finally, the *chef d'œuvre* of children's magazines. The hotel has a fine painting of Santa Claus, loaded with Christmas presents, which always attracts much attention, and is pleasantly indicative of the comfort and good cheer always found within its hospitable walls.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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PLAY IN HEARTS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"JULIA!" A girl who was standing on the top of an old garden-wall, picking plums from a tree laden down with the purple fruit, peeped archly through the leaves and hurled a plum at one of the handsomest young fellows you ever saw, who caught it dexterously between his two hands, and repeated the name as if he liked the sound of it better than the fruit, with all that purple bloom upon it.

"Julia!"

"Well! Do you want another? If you do, reach up and help yourself," answered the girl, with a mischievous laugh upon her lips and a flood of rich crimson in her cheeks.

Here she bent down a branch already drooping under its ripe burden almost to the young man's reach, where she held it convenient for plucking.

"There, will that content you?"

"No, indeed, nor anything else, till you become a little more in earnest," answered the young man, pushing the branch on one side. The girl laughed, and slanted a basket that she had fastened into a fork of the tree, that he might observe how full it was.

"Could any girl living work more earnestly than that? Why, it's so heavy that I shall have to call for help to get it down."

The young man's eyes brightened and his face flushed.

"Do you mean that for me?" he cried out, swinging himself up to the top of the wall, and, with an audacious pretense of steadying himself, throwing one arm around the waist of that pretty temptress.

She struggled to free herself, ashamed of the challenge he had accepted so promptly, and got up a little feigned anger that was wonderfully becoming.

"No; I didn't mean you, of course. Who could dream of such a thing? Besides, the basket isn't quite full yet."

"Exactly; that is the reason I climbed up here to help you."

"Then, why don't you busy your hands with the plums, or, at any rate, let me."

"Because I have got you for once where it is difficult to run away, as you did the other night, and I want to talk a little before we fall to work."

"What, standing here with nothing but this shaky old wall under us?"

"Yes; I rather like it."

Well he might—the handsome rogue—for Julia really was a little uncertain in her foothold, and clung to him in spite of herself, trembling somewhat and blushing a great deal.

"No; not here! Only think what a picture we should make if any one came by," she pleaded.

"But you must listen to me. It isn't fair to put me aside in this way, when you know——"

"I don't know anything about it—only this—you are making me ridiculous—and—and—yourself too. It's ungenerous."

The girl was in earnest now, for her voice trembled and her eyes were full of tears.

"Yes, it *is* ungenerous!" exclaimed the young fellow. Then, relinquishing his hold upon her very gently, and leaping to the ground, he seemed about to go away, but thought better of it, and, returning, held out his arms.

"If you are not very angry with me, Julia, come down and I will beg your pardon."

The girl, whose heart had stopped beating when her lover seemed about to depart, held to a branch of the tree with one hand, brushed the tears from her eyes with the other, and looked down upon him half-smiling. He was such a fine young fellow, standing there with his head thrown back, his arms extended and the sunlight glinting over the waves of his raven hair, that any girl would have smiled upon him, spite of herself.

"Don't be afraid; I will take care of you," he said, with such confidence that she forsook her hold on the branch and leaped into his arms.

He held her a single moment to his heart with such tender reverence that she could not even pretend to be angry with him.

A wooden bench had been placed under the plum-tree, and to this young Bruce had attempted to draw her; but Julia was a born coquette, and, once on the ground, her first impulse was to torment him.

"Dear me, you have forgotten the basket of plums," she cried.

"You will wait for me?" said Bruce, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, yes; how can I help it?" she answered, with the seriousness of a little martyr bound to one spot by force.

Bruce climbed the fence again, and came down laden with her harvest of fruit.

"Now," he said, placing himself beside her on the bench, "everything is quiet and pleasant here; we can have a serious talk, and no one the wiser. Now, look about the old garden, and tell me does it not remind you how long it is since we were engaged? Why, this very tree was but just out of blossom. Don't you remember, dear?"

The girl turned her beautiful face away, that he might not see the mischief in it while she answered him.

"Oh, yes! I remember very well. You would give me no peace till I made a little goose of myself; but, please don't keep reminding me of it."

Still the girl looked another way, and refused to meet the startled and suddenly reproachful eyes turned anxiously upon her.

"Will nothing ever be settled between us?" he said.

"Settled; of course not. Why, I haven't got used to the engagement-ring yet; besides, I want time to consider."

"But you have had months for that, if you had only cared to count them. Why, the roses were in their glory all over the veranda there, and the dear old garden was full of white lilies. I really do not wonder that some people almost worship white lilies. From that time I have adored them."

The young lover's face was all aglow with remembered happiness, and his fine eyes, suffused with tender devotion, sought an answering look from its object; but she was stooping downwards, with one hand in the basket, and withdrew it with a plum, rich with purple bloom, in her fingers. While he was talking of the lilies she buried her white teeth in the fruit, and seemed to give herself up to the enjoyment of it.

"Yes," she said, "they are delicious!"

Bruce looked at her doubtfully. He really could not decide whether she was thinking of the languid beauty of lilies or the fruit that had left the flavor in her mouth.

"But you see how the year has changed," he said, looking around at the old-fashioned garden, where chrysanthemums and asters soberly filled the beds that had been ablaze with tulips and peonies, and across to the verandas of a fine old country-house, where the Virginia creepers were turning from green to scarlet.

"Are you vexed because we have not changed also?" questioned the girl, demurely, wicked in her coquetry.

"Changed!" exclaimed Bruce. "Changed! That is impossible—at least, to me."

The girl shook her head, and pretended to sigh.

"We are so young," she said.

Bruce could not speak at once; the thought she had suggested took away his breath.

"I know," he said, at last, with pain in his voice, "I am four years older than you are."

"Four years and six months. Of course, a man of that age, just short of six feet high, must know his own mind."

"I fancy some men twenty-four years old with the months you speak of thrown in, may possibly change their minds, but I am not of the number. When a man offers his heart he pledges his honor."

"Honor! I wonder if any woman ever wanted to hold a man by his honor when his inclinations changed?"

That provoking young creature spoke thoughtfully, as if the subject had been one of anxious deliberation to her. Then she lifted those heavenly blue eyes to his with an innocent look, apparently expecting him to solve the matter for her.

"I suppose men do not mind much when a poor girl happens to discover that she has made a bitter mistake, because she goes by feelings and doesn't think so much about honor."

Bruce did not speak—he could not. Her words came upon him with a shock that quite unmanned him. The girl gave one glance at his changing countenance, and a smile quivered about her lips as she dropped her head again. Now, that young creature could not have rudely broken the stem of a flower without feeling that she had hurt it, but her little fluttering heart rather enjoyed the anguish in that handsome face. Indeed, vanity is often more cruel than wrath, and sometimes works greater harm.

Bruce stood up wounded, but manly in his pain. "I had thought," he said, with a thrill of disappointment in his voice, "of asking you to name Christmas as our wedding-day."

"Christmas! Why, Mr. Easton, what on earth possessed you to think of that! I am sure nothing that I ever said gave you a right. Indeed, I am not certain—I—I want more time to make up my mind."

"With that upon your finger?" said Bruce, pointing to a fine solitaire diamond that flashed on the hand which was waved slightly as if to repulse him.

"There is but one kind of ring that cannot be easily taken off," said Julia, half-slipping the diamond from her finger. "Can you blame me for hesitating to put it on?"

"I can blame you for nothing, Julia; you have been too dear for that. Forgive me if I have been importunate."

"You are not angry with me, Bruce. You know one is not always——"

The girl hesitated, relenting; but with the vanity fiend still busy at her heart.

"Always mistress of her own heart," said Bruce, accepting her hesitation according to his fears. Heaven forbid that I should ever ask or take the love that is not freely given.

He turned to go, grieved to the soul, but too proud for expostulation or entreaty. The girl's heart sank and her color paled.

"But—but you spoke about Christmas," she faltered.

"I know it—forgive me—I was too hopeful."

"Of course I forgive you, but——"

Julia was trying her best to recall her lover without sinking her own pride in the attempt, but she could not command language, and said this with the air of an empress forgiving the fault of a subject. This stung his pride, and he turned away.

"I have my answer, and will go," he said; but his heart misgave him, and he turned slowly back.

"Did you come back for this?"

What possessed the girl? A moment before she would have given ten years of life to see him return, but now a faint, nervous laugh broke from her, and, drawing the engagement-ring from her finger, she held it up, flashing like a tiny coal of fire.

Bruce saw nothing else, or that look, half-audacious, half-frightened, would have been a revelation to him.

"If you do not care to keep it," he said, coldly, reaching out his hand.

The girl drew back, clutching her fingers



PLAY IN HEARTS.—"'I HAVE MY ANSWER, AND WILL GO,' HE SAID; BUT HIS HEART MISGAVE HIM, AND HE TURNED SLOWLY BACK."

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over the gem, as if the last spark of her life were burning in it.

Bruce did not see this, for his eyes were clouded with mist, that might well become tears when he was quite alone, and he still reached out his hand, as blind men grope for objects in the dark; but he started, as if a blow had been struck him, when the diamond fell into his palm.

"You will not go off hating me?" said the girl.

"No."

"We—we can be friends yet?"

Bruce answered with a scornful laugh.

"That is the usual form, I am told; toss a man's love back to his keeping with a laugh, and ask him to mold it into friendship. Oh, yes, we shall be excellent friends, no doubt—say before Christmas Day."

Hurling these sharp words behind him, the young man strode across that old-fashioned garden almost blindly, trampled down the Autumn flowers in his path as the girl out yonder, gazing after him with wide-open, troubled eyes, seemed to have trampled on his heart.

CHAPTER II.

A PRIM, elderly lady was gently swaying herself in a rocking-chair on the front veranda when Bruce Easton came around a corner of the house and was making for the front gate without observing her presence. The excitement under which he labored was so evident that the good woman dropped her hands, still holding the two long ivory needles, with which she was fabricating a shawl for Winter, upon the heap of scarlet worsted in her lap, and called out to him:

"Why, Bruce, what has come over you? Rushing by one in that fashion, and not a word to say."

Bruce turned back, tried to smile, and stammered something that he intended for an apology.

"You have seen Julia," remarked the good lady, who was called Aunt Hannah by half the neighbors, "and——"

"Yes, Aunt Hannah, I have seen her; and, instead of naming Christmas as the day, here is her engagement ring."

Bruce unclosed his hand, exposing the ring.

"Ah!" said Aunt Hannah, raising her ivory needles, and shaking up the scarlet web in her lap before she went to work again. "You have been really quarreling."

"Yes, in dead earnest, for once," answered the young man, bitterly enough. "She is tired of the whole thing."

"And you?" questioned Aunt Hannah. "Come, now, tell me all about it."

Bruce sat down on the steps of the veranda, and gave the good lady a brief but very fair account of his interview with her niece under the plum-tree. More than once, when he looked into her face for some of the resentment that filled his own bosom, he saw that a smile was quivering around her lips.

"You think I have been precipitate, Aunt Hannah?" he broke forth, stung by her want of feeling.

"No."

"Foolish, then?"

"Oh, no; it was full time things were settled or broken off."

"Well, they are broken off, you see."

"That would be a great pity, Bruce—to me almost a calamity, for I had set my heart on having you in the family. The property joins so nicely, and I have long wanted a smart young fellow to manage for me. No one else will ever answer. But Julia is unmanageable as a wild bird; being an only child, my poor brother spoiled her terribly. No princess was ever brought up with more lofty ideas of herself; and since she has been in a sort of way adopted here, poor child—for her father left her nothing but the memory of his devoted love—I haven't improved matters much. She is a dear, sweet, wayward creature—I mean to an old woman like me, who sees her faults but cannot find the heart to punish them."

Bruce could not talk patiently of the girl who had so cruelly wounded him. He arose to go.

"Don't go! You mustn't be angry and make things worse by keeping away from us," said Aunt Hannah. "The house wouldn't seem like home if you abandoned it. Of course my niece has done very wrong, and ought to be punished."

"No, no; not in my behalf."

"Besides," continued Aunt Hannah, "she isn't the only girl in the world, and that she will discover before my niece, Laura—on the mother's side, you know—has been here a fortnight—a splendid young creature. I really am proud of my niece, Laura Cummins. You must not abandon me now, for I am expecting her every day. Besides, you must not let a fickle girl drive you from the field. At heart she is all right."

"Yes, if her heart was mine; but it is not."

"What a hasty thing youth is," said Aunt Hannah, holding out her hand with a cordial smile. "At any rate *I* have not offended you."

Bruce took the hand and bent over it as if she had been an empress, for he was a graceful young fellow and did everything well.

"No, no; you have always been my friend."

That moment a carriage drove up to the front gate, and a bright female face looked out from the window.

"Dear me, it is Laura, now! Come and help her out. You see how impossible it is to spare you."

Aunt Hannah went down the broad path which led from the front door of her dwelling to the gate—a path bordered deeply with Autumn flowers, tall hollyhocks, marigolds and grand old-fashioned plants that are fast going out of sight about our New England houses.

Before they reached the gate a neatly gloved hand had been thrust through the open window, the carriage-door was flung open, a dainty French boot just touched the steps and a radiant young creature, in her traveling dress, laid her hand on the gate. Tall, slender, full of inimitable grace, she came towards them, her beautiful features beaming and her splendid eyes bright with gladness.

"Aunt Hannah! dear, dear aunt! How glad I am! How well you are looking. Come before I was expected, didn't I? But you always have a welcome for me. I—I beg pardon!"

Here Laura Cummins became conscious that a gentleman was present and stepped back, blushing a little and somewhat confused.

"Mr. Easton; our neighbor and friend," said Aunt Hannah.

The young lady seemed to comprehend the position at once. In fact, she had been in confidential correspondence with her aunt for months, so she reached out her hand and smiled into his face with a charm of greeting that brought a glow of pleasure to his heavy heart and disturbed the sense of desolation that had fallen upon it.

When Julia Mills, who had been aroused by the sound of carriage-wheels, came through the garden-door and stood in the hall which cleft the old mansion in twain, her first glance fell on those two, smiling upon each other, blushing, too, and apparently talking as if they had been friends for years. How beautiful this cousin was! What a grand couple they seemed, standing there in the mellow sunlight, with that great sheaf of crimson hollyhocks blooming beside them.

If Julia had intended to go out and meet her cousin, she gave up the idea at once. Turning to the stairs, she ran up them like a creature pursued, entered her own chamber, locked the door, and, casting herself down on the old-fashioned sofa, gave herself up to a fit of crying that no effort of hers could conquer.

Was the girl jealous? She did not know. Emotions of sorrow were new to her, and now that so many had been crowded into a single hour, she could not comprehend the agony of it.

Meantime, Aunt Hannah and her guest had gone up to the "spare chamber," that looked out upon the garden with its flower-beds, its vine-covered walls and its fruit-trees crowded into corners or drooping over the walls from an orchard beyond. The scent of ripe grapes and Fall-tinted leaves came in through the open windows, richer than the perfumes of Spring-time.

Laura took off her bonnet and traveling shawl, pushed back the thick light masses of hair from her temples with both hands, and threw herself into a great easy-chair, covered with old-fashioned white dimity, that stood near the window.

"Now, aunt, tell me all about it."

Aunt Hannah drew a seat close to the window, looked through to make sure that no one was in the garden, and was about to speak when something like a sob broke upon her from across the hall. This seemed to disturb her so much that she spoke low and earnestly, like one who had a great strain of anxiety on her mind.

Laura Cummins listened, with her beautiful eyes veiled sleepily under their white lids, and a smile coming and going about her mouth. Sometimes she leaned forward and laughed, sometimes she rolled the palms of her white hands together as if a keen sense of enjoyment had seized upon her. At last she started from her seat, took the old lady's head between both hands and kissed her.

"Bless your old heart—is that all?" she said. "I thought there was really something serious. There—there, don't say another word; I understand the whole affair. Why, Aunt Hannah, in our world we are playing with this kind of fire all the time. Now, just sit down again and listen to me, for I have got lots of things on my mind, and mean to tell you every one of them."

That dear old lady went out a moment, came back with both ivory knitting-needles in her hands, and the scarlet web tucked under one arm, ready to listen without loss of time. Thus a good hour passed, in which Laura lay back luxuriously in her great chair, talking melodiously, like a mountain brook, and Aunt Hannah listened, while her fingers flew in and out through those scarlet threads, and smiles now and then broke the anxious, sometimes repellent, expression of her face.

All this time Bruce Easton was on his way home, whipping off the heads of mullens and golden-rod with his cane from a footpath on the wayside, and sometimes giving a vicious kick to some harmless little boulder that happened to lie within reach of his foot. He was thinking over the events of that morning, and reflection by no means served to quell the sense of humiliation and wrong that had stung him from the first.

"Yes, I will take Aunt Hannah's advice. That cruel-hearted girl shall not drive me from a house that has been almost like home since I can remember. I will prove to her that she has neither humbled me nor broken my heart."

With this the young man made a terrible sweep with his cane, sent the imperial head of a great purple thistle flying over the rail fence, and walked on with the sensation of a man who had conquered something.

Poor Julia lay all this time sobbing among the chintz cushions of that old sofa, so penitent and miserable that she could not have found strength to tear up a snowdrop by the roots, much less disrown a thistle, bristling all over with thorns. Still, it would be very difficult to say which of these two persons was the most unhappy.

Really that old house seemed flooded with sunshine after Laura Cummins entered it, for, though Julia had broken her engagement, and was wretchedly unhappy, she kept up a brave appearance of satisfaction, even when Bruce came the next day and never mentioned the subject, but, while gentle and polite to her, gave all his attention to the cousin, to whom his call was evidently made. Indeed, these two seemed to have dropped into a pleasant acquaintance at first sight, and in less than half an hour they were out on the front-door yard, walking up and down the graveled path, talking earnestly. They paused now and then to gather some of the late flowers, from which she selected the choicest and fashioned into a tiny bouquet, holding it up that he might inhale the perfume before it was half finished.

Aunt Hannah sat in her rocking-chair under the reddening Virginia creepers and watched these proceedings complacently; sometimes smiling as she looked up from counting her stitches, as if the whole thing pleased her. After all, why not? These two nieces were all the relatives she had on earth to care for or divide her property between. If Julia chose to throw up all chances of doubling the estate and inheriting the old homestead by a marriage with Bruce Easton—as fine a young fellow as ever lived—surely there was no reason why Laura should not take her chances. Perhaps the old lady reasoned after this fashion and was well satisfied, while Julia sat behind the lace curtains in her own room, with red cheeks and burning eyes, watching each movement of the young couple till the heart in her bosom grew faint with pain—such pain as no one ever felt before, she really believed. The poor girl started up with clinched hands and locked teeth when she saw Cousin Laura attempting to fasten that pretty tuft of flowers in her old lover's button-hole. When he took it from her hands and put it inside his vest a great sob broke from her, and she began to race up and down the room like a shot antelope seeking some place in which to hide the agony of its wounds. Still the girl had a world of pride under all the girlish coquetry that had brought her to grief. She would not have had that beautiful cousin or her recreant lover—she could not help thinking him that—see a tear in her eye or hear a moan break from her bosom to have saved her own life. They should find that she could look on and see him drift away into a new love without seeming to mind it.

CHAPTER III.

JULIA had plenty of opportunities to test her strength during the bright October month that followed, for scarcely a day passed in which Bruce Easton and Laura Cummins were not seen together, cheerful and happy as the birds that still lingered among the rich gorgeousness of ripe leaves and the fruity odor of orchards, golden and red with heaped-up apples.

Aunt Hannah looked on complacently while they took long walks together, and it was no unusual thing for Bruce Easton to come riding up to her front gate on his fine bay saddle-horse, which was soon mated from the homestead stables; and Julia, who always refused to be one of the party, would see them ride away into that soft Indian Summer atmosphere evidently without a thought of the anguish she was so bravely hiding.

One day, when a sharp frost had turned half the green of the forests to blood-red or lined them with old gold tints, the young people had taken a long afternoon in the country, riding together in a slow idle fashion, as if a thorough understanding had been completed between them. It was pleasant in the woods, where the scent of frost-bitten ferns filled the air and "the sound of dropping nuts was heard" from the briery and star-shaped chestnut-burrs; so they walked their horses dreamily till the homestead came in view. Then Laura took off her gauntlet, reached out her hand, which Bruce held between both his for a moment, then raised it to his lips.

"Now, you will be faithful to this," she said, drawing on her glove. "There must be no wooing when I am gone."

"There will be none," was the answer, "for when you are gone I shall have no heart to remain."

A young girl down in a hollow, close by the chestnut-tree under which they had halted, heard this, dropped the rare leaves she had gathered, and stood among them mute and pale, like some lost spirit of the wood. Then she started, saw that no one was under the chestnut-tree, and fled along a sheltered foot-path home.

When Bruce and Laura rode up to the gate that girl was ready to meet them.

Laura came into the hall, after her drive in the fresh air that day, beautiful as a Hebe. Throwing her whip on the table, she drew off her gloves and lifted both hands to remove the hat which crowned her abundant hair. Then Julia saw a solitaire diamond blazing on her finger.

"Yes," said Laura, smiling, "it is our engagement-ring. On Christmas Day I am coming here to be married if Aunt Hannah will let me. Will you be my bridesmaid, Julia?"

"I—I—— Oh, yes, with pleasure. Why not?"

The next moment Julia was running up the stairs breathless. She could not have remained under those bright, happy eyes another minute to have saved her life.

Dreary, dreary—ah, how dreary were the weeks that followed! Laura had gone back to New York to prepare for her wedding. Bruce Easton was away, and the old homestead seemed worse than deserted. Aunt Hannah was quiet, and seemed entirely unconscious that her calm was not shared by the young creature, who began to droop now like the frost-bitten flowers that had perished in the woods, where the winds whistled through naked branches now and dead leaves filled all the hollows.

Letters came from Laura—happy, cheerful letters, that made Julia turn faint as she read them. The wedding-dress was ordered, she wrote—white satin, with a splendid embroidery of Mechlin and pearl beads—two dresses, in fact, for Aunt Hannah wished her nieces to be dressed alike; so Julia need have no trouble. Everything would be prepared for the bridesmaid as well as the bride.

Yes, Julia would wear the dress and try to look beautiful in it. They should not find her a pale, heartbroken creature, if pride could burn her cheeks with color or keep her lips from trembling.

The night before Christmas Eve Laura arrived at the homestead, and it was known that Bruce Easton and a young city man, who was to stand up with him, were at the Easton Place.

Julia knew that these persons would be at the homestead during the evening, and made a grand effort to receive them regally. She was standing before her glass, arrayed in the soft blue fabric that Bruce had loved to see her wear, fastening a cluster of roses in the lace of her corsage, when the door-bell rang; and she heard his step in the hall—only his, for those of the stranger passed for nothing with her. A swift glance in the glass revealed a face and form that satisfied even her feverish desire for the beauty that should smite her old lover with regret. With burning cheeks and eyes star-like with excitement, she went down.

The hand was burning when Bruce took it, but her lips were wreathed with smiles. She greeted the strange young man cheerfully. She fairly took the honors of the house from Aunt Hannah's hands. Never in her life had the girl sung with such passionate sweetness as she did that night; never had she conversed so well. In truth, Laura for once felt herself eclipsed. She grew serious, and, as time wore on, seemed most thoughtful of the two, and after a while begged to be excused. She was very tired and would go to her room.

Aunt Hannah went with her, and the two young men took their leave. Then Julia gave way. Seated on a low chair before that bright hickory-wood fire, she drooped forward, covered her face with both hands, and moaned piteously. Tears broke through her fingers, and she rocked to and fro, giving herself up to bitter anguish.

Then a shadow, more dark than those flickering from the firelight, crossed from the softly-opened door, and Bruce stood behind her chair.

"Julia."

The girl started up, her cheeks all aflame; her eyes full of fire.

"You here?" she said, pointing her quivering finger to the door. "Your bride has gone up-stairs."

"No; that is young Bigelow's bride. I have come to entreat for a double-wedding to-morrow night. Will you refuse me again, Julia?"

"You—you gave her my engagement-ring."

"No, no. I never did that. It was Bigelow's ring she put on that day for the first time."

"But you love her?"

"No, no; she is my friend, your friend. If she has seemed to be anything else, it was with a kindly intent to show us our own hearts and bring us together."

"But—but Aunt Hannah?"

"The dear old lady was in the conspiracy with her niece from the first; her heart is set on our being married to-morrow. The wedding-dress is here, veil and all."

The girl stood a moment shaken by a rush of wild, sweet emotions. Her eyes filled with tears; her arms trembled as she held them out.

"Oh, Bruce, how could you?"

* * * * * * *

The church was a picture that Christmas Eve. It had got abroad that a double wedding would be solemnized, and great efforts had been made to embellish the old edifice. Loads of ground pine, spruce, hemlock and crimson sumach-cones and golden clusters of bitter-sweet were woven into great garlands and wreathed around galleries and pillars. The reading-desk was one mass of white flowers: through them all glowed the crimson of velvet draperies and a star-like glow of light.

When those two brides turned from the altar, leaning on their young husbands, a burst of music seemed to throb and tremble through the garlands, and never did hallelujahs to God ring through the sacred building as they did that night.

MARTHA JACOBI.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

THIS is a true story. I, Martha Jacobi—a woman who was never to be trusted, people said, and whose word was never worth much—vouch for every syllable I utter. This may be the death-bed of one of God's unfortunates, for what I know or care, and I am not likely to die with a lie in my mouth. If you do not believe me, it matters but little, and affects me not at all. It is not my story I am going to relate, although I look back at an unlucky past to explain who I was, and how the cruel days dragged on and left me here. It is a story of other lives and temptations, and it is upon my mind. Lying thus bedridden, and helpless, for good or evil, it weighs me down, and I must speak of it.

I was forty-five years of age when I left the Fulham Refuge for service with the Mayfields. They had been forty-five strange, wicked years to me, and I was glad to turn my back upon them. I had been more than once in prison, and had been more than once sorry for the sins which I had committed. "This is the last time," I had always said when my prison days were over; and "This is the very last," I protested when the Refuge had given me a good word, and there had come to my unprofitable life another chance. At forty-five, I had learned something of what was right—before then I had guessed at it, and followed wrong as easier work for me.

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They were a young couple, those Mayfields—they had not been married three months when I entered their service. They had known trouble quickly after their wedding-day. There are some people born unto it, and the Mayfields were two of them. In three months they had dropped like a stone from good luck to bad—reckoning in the honeymoon as well. Arthur Mayfield had held a responsible post as "buyer" in a wholesale city house, and on the strength of his position, his future, he married for love. He had been four weeks on his wedding tour, when the news came that his firm had failed—"smashed up" for hundreds of thousands, carrying away other firms in the great crash, and sending a little army of old servants adrift on the world.

Arthur Mayfield went adrift with the rest, and reached not the shore again. He had saved a little money—a few hundreds—and this sum came in handy, and enabled him to keep up an appearance for a while, and to wait more patiently than clerks less lucky than he had had the power to do. He had hoped to step into a similar position to that which he had lost; but the opportunity came not, and an ugly rumor got abroad that he had known of many doubtful transactions of the firm, and helped in them after his fashion. This he denied always. I have heard him protest to his wife against the scandal, and curse those who had set it afloat; protest to himself even when pacing up and down his little drawing-room like a wild beast in his den. I believe he was a thoroughly honest young man at that time, although I was a bad judge of what was honest.

He and his wife were both religious folk, who went regularly to church and dealt in long graces before meals, after the fashion of their parents before them, I suppose. I had turned "good," but I did not like too much of this—it embarrassed me, and reminded me of the prison chaplain, droning away daily and wearying us to death. I was never religious—I never got religious, not even when the lady superintendent of the Refuge—I say God bless her for that—told me she would trust me again with all her heart, and advised others to trust me. The Mayfields took me away to their honest home, saying: "Come with us, Martha; we know what misfortune is, and we sympathize with it—especially with such hard misfortune as yours."

"A misfortune brought about by my own hands—my own sheer badness, madam," I confessed to the young wife when I was duly installed in her service.

"No matter now, if you are penitent—is it?"

"No."

"And no one to blame but yourself—no one dragged down by you or with you; that should surely be some consolation, Martha!"

"I dare say it is—I don't know," I answered.

"My poor stolid woman, but you do know in your heart," said Mrs. Mayfield, placing her two fair hands upon my shoulders, shaking me and looking laughingly into my face, "and you will be all the happier for your knowledge some day."

"I shall never be happy—I don't deserve to be. I don't want to, ma'am."

"There, that will do," she said, running away. "I will not argue with you any more; I will send Arthur to you instead."

"Oh, please, no!"

"She laugbed again; she know I was afraid of Arthur—that was her husband—and of his prayers, many of which were launched at me, I was certain. Not but that I liked the man a little—for his wife's sake more than his own, probably—for anything that she loved I was bound to like, loving her so much myself. She was the one woman who had thought any good of me, and I was grateful.

I dare say I should have respected this Arthur Mayfield more, had he been less in the way, and more out of the house. Being always at home, he interfered with home too much, and became a "coddle" by degrees; telling me what to do, and what to leave undone, more like the mistress than the master. In the old days—the bad old days—I should have run at at him with a knife; but though he tried my temper, I wouldn't let him see it, or his wife know it. I was always "comfortable," I said; and I had learned to see, as months and months went on, that they were not—and that trouble was creeping on toward them.

When they thought I was in bed, instead of listening on the stairs to learn what was the matter, they talked of their ill-fortune, their expenses, the money melting away in the bank, the bad times in the city; and it was always the woman who cheered up the man, and who would not look at the dark side of things, but prophesied the sunshine—which never came, however, such devil's luck some people have.

Arthur would brighten up at last, and believe in her.

"Yes, it's a long lane which has no turning, Jenny," he would say, taking her in his arms and kissing her, "and we have a few pounds yet in the money-box. And presently, to make our hearts rejoice—perhaps to turn our luck—the baby, Jennie!"

"I—I thought, Arthur, you might fancy the baby would be—a leetle—expensive for us just now. I hope you don't," she murmured.

"It will be a comfort—a blessing—God's blessing on our happy marriage."

"My own dear husband!" cried Jennie Mayfield, rapturously.

I had listened enough—I went up-stairs with a choking, gasping feeling at my heart and throat—there was a meaning in their words which stabbed me terribly. I thought that night that I would run away from them, that I ought to tell them everything, or go—and then that I could never say one solitary word, or they would hate and loathe me.

But I staid with them; and a month or two after this, their little baby-boy was born.

Then came more trouble—an awful trouble for a while, for the young wife's life was despaired of; and the doctor, and the physician who came twice in his pair-horse carriage and took away their money for an opinion that everybody had, said there was no hope and she must die. She recovered, though; she was saved as by a miracle; and it was like one, to see her down-stairs again for the first time—in her old place by the fireside—a woman risen from the dead.

This was four or five months after her confinement—four or five months of heavy expenses, hired nurses, doctors' bills, physicians' fees, and nourishing food; and there was no begrudging money—rather a lavish casting it away—in the hope to save the wife. The hope came, and Jenny Mayfield was spared.

The baby had been christened Paul. In the mother's delicate state of health, it had become necessary to wean it a few weeks after its birth, and the greater portion of the care of the child devolved upon me.

They were not afraid to trust me—they would not have known what to do without my love and forethought, they said—they hoped the time would come when they would be able to show substantially their gratitude to good, honest, faithful Martha—as they called me! They knew well enough, for there was no hiding it away, that I loved the little child—that it was a mad love, more like the mother's than the nurse's, and stronger, too; but they did not know that I had killed my baby years and years ago, when I was scarcely more than a child myself, and been put in prison for it, and suffered long and justly. I had thrown mine in the river, in despair and madness; and this was like the child again—blue eyes, fair hair; my sin come back to life, and to be loved now with all my poor, dark soul's great strength.

They called it "Martha's baby," jestingly, whilst the mother lay weak, and the father was praying on his knees; and strange it was, perhaps, that to my innermost conviction came the assurance that I was most loved by the baby, most needed—the only one, thank God, with power to soothe its restlessness, and change it into smiles.

How proud I was of this!—how I began to think that this was forgiveness for my past offense, my ticket-of-leave, by Heaven's will, at last. I did not know—I could not see—that this was Heaven's extra punishment. I was content to know that the baby loved me best of them all—I knew I loved it best, and that the mother's love, deep as it might be, was nothing to my own. This was the one fleeting glimpse of a happy, peaceful home-life which I had ever had, and it turned my brain to be a part of it.

The boy grew brave and strong. With the odds against him from the first, Paul flourished and waxed fat; at one year and eight months of age he was the handsomest, brightest, healthiest of children. Oh, how I loved him! How jealous I was in my heart even of his mother, and yet I loved the mother, too—and would have died for either of them willingly—for the boy too willingly, to save him an hour's pain, or a day's sickness, had the choice been offered me.

"This is wrong, Martha—this is idolatry; you must not think like this of Paul, or I shall send him away," said Mrs. Mayfield, growing alarmed, perhaps jealous, at some extravagance of affection which I had shown.

I was on my guard from the moment of that reproof; I was suspected of too much love for the child, and it would be necessary to disguise it, lest I should set the mother against me. I did not show my affection so much in the parents' presence now; there was plenty of opportunity to love him. The boy was always happy with me, always seeking old Martha out for his companion.

He was twenty months old, I have said. In all those months luck had not come to the Mayfields; the husband had not earned a single penny, and the wife had remained an invalid, eternally propped up by pillows in her chair, feigning to wear bright looks and happy smiles, and prophesying still of fairer times, to keep her husband from wholly giving up.

I knew the money was nearly all gone. Arthur Mayfield had pitched some of it away in a mad dash at the Stock Exchange, and had bought the wrong stock, I think they said, and lost by it; misfortune glowered upon them steadily. Tradesmen were more chary of trusting them; there was a heap of unpaid bills upon the mantelpiece, and I missed things out of the house that came not back again, and upon which it had become necessary to raise money for immediate requirements.

It was said at last that I must go; they were unable to pay my wages, and my mistress—my poor sick mistress, scarcely able to crawl from one room to another even yet—thought herself strong enough to do the household work.

I did not leave them because there was no money to be paid me; I begged to be allowed to remain in the one home I had known. I prayed hard not to be cast adrift. I brought them all the money I had had of them, and saved for them, and asked them to take it in earnest of my gratitude. I moved them to tears and to a consent that I should stay whilst it was possible.

It was surely ordained that I should stay a while, for that very evening little Paul met with a serious accident; he had nearly severed his wrist with the broken glass of a picture, and there was fresh grief for the parents and me, and much concern till the blood was stanched and the wound stitched up by a surgeon. He was not well again very quickly; it had been an ugly wound, within an ace of killing him, and there was a deep scar on his dimpled wrist, over which I grieved, because it was an ugly mark which he would carry to his grave.

I was as foolish over this scar as a doting mother might have been over an only daughter whose beauty she would have had without spot or blemish, and to whom a scratch was a serious defect.

I was content when the boy was well and strong again—at two years of age he was the picture of health and childish beauty. His mother had grown to be almost as proud of him as I was, and I began to fret a little because she made more fuss over him, and he turned, childlike, more to her and less to me. Still, I was his nurse and comforter. Once a day I was always his companion, taking him for a walk in the parks, which were close to our street in Chelsea, where we lived. He was not likely to lose all his love for old Martha with Martha to watch and tend him as she did.

The boy was invariably well-dressed; there was still money for him. I saw to that myself. When I gave up my earnings to the Mayfields, and bought their gratitude by the sacrifice, I kept something back for Paul, and there was always ready a smart ribbon for his neck, bright steel buckles for his shoes, or a feather for his hat; and the mother was too ill to wonder much about them, or where they came from.

I do not think my taste was very refined. I had the love of the lower orders for bright colors; but, if I decked him out too gaudily, it attracted the notice of the passers-by, and the boy's beauty won their admiration if his costume shocked their taste occasionally. I was content; I liked him noticed; I was very, very proud of all the attention he received.

One afternoon in Kensington Gardens he received an extra attention which I am never likely to forget. Two gentlemen came along together, both walking slowly, one with his hands behind him and trailing a cane along the gravel, as he listened to the conversation of the other. The man who was listening glanced towards us as we passed, caught the arm of his companion, and dropped his cane upon the path.

"Good God, Baumann! look at that child!" was the exclamation which startled me as well as his companion.

I glanced down, fearful that something had happened to my boy without my knowledge; but little Paul was tottering toward the cane, the head of which I saw was strangely jewelled, and sparkling with diamonds in the sun.

"Paul," I cried, "you must not——"

"Let the child pick it up," said the man who had dropped the cane. "I am very fond of children."

The first part of this speech was spoken harshly and authoritatively. The second, after a moment's pause, suavely, and by way of an excuse. They were both foreigners, by their strange accent; the one who had spoken last was a thin man, prematurely gray; the other was tall, robust, and swarthy, with an immensely long mustache, which touched his shoulders, and was hideous in my sight. This was he who was still glaring at the child so strangely that I became afraid.

Paul picked up the stick, and I, anxious to be gone, said, "Give it to the gentleman, Paul—there's a good boy; and now let us make haste—mamma will wonder what has become of us."

The younger and taller man stood watching us, and twisting the ends of his mustache with his gloved hand. I could see his eyes wandering from the child to his companion, and then askance from his companion to me. The thin, gray man's hand was trembling as he received the cane from the hand of the child, and he said, in a husky voice:

"What is your name—Paul?"

"Ea—Paul," was the reply, confident and unabashed.

"Paul what, my fine fellow? Who is the father of this child?" he added, turning suddenly to me, and with a singular evidence of importance in his inquiries; "where does he live—what——?"

"What does it matter?" interrupted the other, with a hearty laugh. "Let us get on. These English children are all alike—fat, healthy, handsome cherubs, who lose everything but their fat as they grow up, I think. Let us get on, please—they will be waiting for us. You forget."

"Ah! yes, I forget."

The two men walked on, and I observed that the taller man drew the hand of his companion through his arm as if to lead him away, or to give him support if it were needed. I was puzzled by the manner of these two gentlemen, until I was in the Fulham Road, not many streets from home. Here they were both painfully brought to my remembrance again, for suddenly, as if he had risen from the ground, the dark man with the long mustache was standing at my side.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you, my good woman," he said, "but do you remember my friend speaking to you and this child?"

I jumped at his voice so close to my ear, looked hard at him, and felt at once distrustful. How was that—and so soon? How was it that to my unimpressionable heart there came the whisper of four words, "*Be on your guard*"? Is there some hidden, unknown feeling to warn us at times of danger, of a false friend, or a sure enemy? Is there a Fate, or not? I am too ignorant to know, but this man was like a Fate to me.

I shrank away from him; I drew the child quickly to the other side, placing myself between Paul and him, for no reason at which my fears could guess.

"I scarcely remember," I answered, sullenly; "so many people notice the child, and speak to him."

"Ah! well! It was in Kensington Gardens, over there."

"Very likely."

The man twisted his mustache, and looked down at me attentively. My hard, grim face was turned away, my eyes were steady, and keeping the path before me well in view; but I was watching him, for all this.

"The gentleman who was with me is a celebrated artist, and would be glad to sketch that boy, to introduce him into an historical picture—the likeness to the character which he wishes to portray being very striking. Do you think the parents would object if——"

"I am sure they would object," I said, interrupting him.

"Money would be no consideration, and one or two sittings would be sufficient. One sketch in the child's own home might do, even."

"The parents would not like anything of the kind," and I increased my pace, but the speaker did the same. I had grown terribly afraid of his persistence; I knew nothing of art or artists, and did not understand what he was saying, or believe in him. I saw in all this only an excuse, and this was strange.

"You cannot possibly know," he urged; "and perhaps a few pounds to the father, if poor——"

"His father is very proud."

"There is nothing derogatory in——"

"Good-day."

"Will you allow me to inquire for myself? Will you give me the address?"

"No," I answered, bluntly.

"You are a very obstinate woman, I am sorry to see. My friend has been two years searching for a face like that to copy," he continued; "and I have been searching with him. It is hard to lose a chance. If you only understood art, my good woman, you would sympathize with our pursuit. It is so slight a favor; and coming from so great an artist as my friend, it is a compliment, I solemnly assure you."

"I do not understand. Good-day."

"If five pounds now to you——"

"Let me alone. I have nothing more to say to you."

I turned and faced him, rigid and fierce at last, and he quailed at my fixed stare, raised his hat, as to a lady born, turned on his heel and went away.

I did not take the child straight home. I was sure he would watch me; I was sure he had made up his mind to find out where I lived. I crossed and recrossed the roads. I lost myself in a maze of turnings near the Chelsea Hospital; I looked behind me constantly, in fear of watchers; I turned the corners of the streets in haste, and then waited for my spies; but I was not followed, or they who followed were too cunning for me.

I reached home unperceived, I thought, and my mistress scolded me for being away so long. My excuse was not a ready one, and was received in silence. I feared to tell the truth, lest I should render her more nervous than myself, or she should suspect that I was going mad.

Presently I began to think I was too full of fancies to be completely sane; for the Autumn passed on to Winter, and still the man was on my mind, and the dark, glittering eyes shone out in the darkness of my dreams as though I were to be haunted by them till my dying day. It is not unlikely that my mind was a little strained at this period—I was unsettled. The picture of the oncoming troubles of my master and mistress was not pleasant to contemplate. The master had grown dull and thoughtful, and wore a moody look that was difficult to chase away; and the mistress—my dear young mistress—seemed fading slowly from this world. They both looked at me curiously, and I felt that they would broach the subject presently again of my dismissal from their service. I was one too many—I knew that, and a serious item in their expense, even with my hands open to help them, and shut against any money for my willing work.

It came as I expected; it was like a death-warrant! In November I received notice to leave them. I was told I must go, with many tears from the weak wife; I was even urged to go at once, as better for all, and less painful to me. It was explained that it was impossible they could afford any longer to keep me, and it was not just to themselves to do so.

"I will go, then," I said, after one or two vain remonstrances, and feeling that all remonstrances were vain. They had made up their minds now, and I could not beg too long, although my heart was breaking.

"We shall never forget your kindness, Martha," said the wife.

"And we hope one day to be able to repay it," added the husband.

"To have you back again with us presently, when the good times come for us, as they come to most folk who have the patience to wait," said Mrs. Mayfield.

"I will pray for the good times, then," I answered. "I know I shall not be liked in any other situation."

"You will not be long out of service. We are able to give you an excellent character, Martha," said Mr. Mayfield, "and good servants are scarce commodities, the papers say."

I did not answer him. I did not understand why he was almost in high spirits at my going away, as if I had been a weight upon his mind, and my absence would remove it.

"I may call and see the child?" I asked, turning to my mistress. "I could not live and not see little Paul."

There was a strange hesitation here that struck me—that bewildered me. The husband's face shadowed and his brow contracted as though I had insulted him by the appeal, and Mrs. Mayfield drew a deep, long breath and stared at me.

"Certainly, Martha," she said, however, "as often as you please."

Mr. Mayfield said not a word; he took up a book and feigned to be absorbed in its perusal; and I went away a discontented and suspicious woman, and Heaven knows why. Perhaps I was going mad, and they had seen the symptoms, and had grown afraid of me. That was the only solution to it all which I could guess at, and I was like a mad woman when it came to saying good-by to little Paul.

I broke down utterly. I wept, and raved, and scared the child away from me by my extravagance of grief, instead of feeling his arms round my neck, and his kisses on my worn, wet cheeks. It was only two days after I had

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gone that the mother told me he was fretting for his Martha; and the boy's grief was a comfort to me, though I grieved with him. Before the week was out I had seen little Paul twice; early in the next week I was there once more. I had obtained no new situation—I had not tried. I had settled down in a street close to theirs; and there it was likely I should remain until my last penny was spent. I told them this, and offered to work for them when they liked, and go back to my own room to my meals; but they would not listen to any proposition of the kind. It was putting too cruel an obligation on them, Mrs. Mayfield said, and she was sure that she was strong enough to do without a servant.

Then came another "cut" for me; I was not to call too frequently. It unsettled the boy; he could think of nothing else but my visits and the little presents which I brought him. It would be much the better plan to keep away for a fortnight or three weeks, they thought.

"Very well," I said again; "if I can keep away, I will. But I did not think, mistress, you would ever say as much to me."

"It is for Paul's sake. Arthur thinks it is right—it is." And then Mrs. Mayfield burst into tears, and begged me to go away. She was not strong enough to argue with me. If the boy missed me, or was very unhappy, she would send for me to come to him.

I kept away for three weeks. I did not even haunt the house, or the street in which the house was—I was too much afraid of meeting them, or giving them offense. At the end of that time I went to see them. I remember it was snowing fast and close on Christmas-time.

Mr. Mayfield opened the door, started, hesitated, and then said:

"Ah, Martha, come in for a moment. I was thinking of you to-day."

I went into the little front parlor, where there was no Mrs. Mayfield, and where there seemed signs of desolation—of a new emptiness, which I did not understand.

"I have some bad news for you, Martha," he said; "our little Paul is very ill."

"Paul ill?" I exclaimed; "and you did not send for me—did not let me know? Oh, Mr. Mayfield, why have you treated me like this?"

"Hush, hush! you must not make the least noise in the house now," he said, sternly. "Perfect peace is my poor boy's only chance."

"I will go to him."

"You will kill him directly. The least excitement or shock of surprise would kill him; he is very weak."

"And his mother?"

"Sits up with him night and day. He will have no one but his mother, Martha."

"He would be glad if I——"

"Not now," said Mr. Mayfield, interrupting me. "He is too ill to be disturbed even by your kindness."

"But—he will recover?"

"We hope so."

"Oh! I am sure so; he is so strong a boy—so healthy. What has changed him, and in so short a time?"

"Fever."

"Poor Paul! my poor, dear little flower! I may come to-morrow and ask about him?"

"If you wish," said Mr. Mayfield, graciously; "and if he is better, you shall see him."

"I thank you very much," I murmured.

But he was no better the next day, and the day following the white blinds were all down before the windows. I saw them as I came up the street. I leaned against the opposite wall and shook as with an ague. I tottered across the road and knocked. Mr. Mayfield opened the door again, and looked whiter and sterner than I had seen him yet.

"He is gone; he is dead, then," I cried; "and you have never let me come to him!"

"Yes, we have lost our poor boy," he answered, moodily.

"I must see him; you must not say 'No' to me again," I said, almost defiantly. "He was dearer to me than to you, I swear. He loved me better than his mother; I swear that, too; and you have let him die without me!"

"Martha, you excite yourself unnecessarily; you distress me; you will alarm my wife; you——"

"May I see the child?" I asked, peremptorily.

"Yes, you may," was the reply. "Poor little fellow! There is no disturbing him now."

I felt the tears rushing to my eyes. I was choking, and could not answer him.

"Here is my wife," he said; and through my blinding tears I saw my mistress glide in like a ghost.

"Jenny," he said to her, "here is poor old Martha, the first to offer her sympathy with our affliction."

"I am glad to see you, Martha," said my mistress, shaking hands with me. "It is kind of you to call."

She was very cold, and her voice was very hard—not broken down with grief as mine was, I thought fretfully.

"She wishes to see our boy."

"Now?" asked Mrs. Mayfield.

"Does it matter when?" said her husband. "Surely, our faithful Martha has a claim to see him first of all."

"Yes, yes—I think so," assented the wife. Then we all three went up-stairs into the darkened room, where he lay in his little bed.

"How long has he been dead?" I whispered, as I entered, and sank down upon my knees to gaze upon him.

"Not two hours yet," whispered Mrs. Mayfield, back to me.

"Are you sure he is dead?" I inquired.

Mrs. Mayfield gave a suppressed cry, and her husband stooped and looked into my face.

"Don't mock us—don't, even for a moment, have a thought like that," said the husband. "God's will be done!"

"God's will *is* done," I said in reply, "and a cruel will it seems to me."

"Martha!" said Mrs. Mayfield, reproachfully, "you forget."

"I say it seems to me," I answered; "but, then, I am wicked and ignorant, and can't see what is best."

I leaned over and kissed the cold little face—I put my arms round his neck and sobbed.

"Do you think he has changed at all?" asked Mr. Mayfield.

"No," I answered; "I can believe he will wake soon and speak to me."

We were silent, all three of us, for a while; presently the father said:

"Will you come away now, Martha?"

"Not yet."

"But——"

"I will not go yet," I said, very firmly; "and you cannot drag me from him."

"Well, well—for a little while longer, then," said Mr. Mayfield "until——"

The door was opening—there was a fourth person in the house. I looked up instinctively to see who this could be, who had had the privilege to stay here whilst I was kept away; and the face that peered round the door was that of the man who had stopped me in the streets and asked about poor Paul. I knew his wicked eyes and the long trailing mustache at once, and yet I did not scream or rave. I cowered down and hid my head. When I looked up again, only Mrs. Mayfield was in the room.

"My poor Martha! is it not time we went down-stairs?" she asked, gently. "Can this grief do you any good? Will you not think of sparing me a little?"

"Who was that?" I said, without heed to her inquiries—"that man?"

"What man?"

"You did not see any one?"

"No," said Mrs. Mayfield; "but I was sitting with my back to the door—Arthur will know, perhaps."

"Yes, he will know," I repeated; "but you *have* a visitor in this house?"

"No," said my mistress; "this has not been a time for visitors, surely?"

"Surely not."

I buried my head in the bedclothes again, but this time it was not with grief.

I wanted to work out all that was twisted round my brain in a thick, raveled skein—I wanted to think hard, and not go mad with thinking. That man!—what was he doing here?—what had he to do with my boy's death?

I looked up again. Mrs. Mayfield was sitting in a chair by the window with her thin hands spread before her face, and those hands were trembling very much. I looked from her to the dead child lying in its awful stillness and its marble beauty, and knowing nothing of our woman's griefs; I gazed at it till a new, strange, wild feeling came across me, and my sorrow was changed slowly to suspicion and dread. I became as cold as the little body lying in the bed—I stole my hand within, and felt for the small, rigid arm—I turned down the sheets with a quick movement and looked at the right wrist—then at the left, although I knew that it was on the right that Paul had been cut so desperately a few months since—and there was no scar on the smooth flesh!

"Mistress," I exclaimed, springing to my feet, "this is not Paul—this is not our boy!"

"Martha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayfield, rising also from the chair, and clutching at the back for support, "how—how dare you frighten me like this—and talk like this—to me?"

"This is not Paul—it is not my darling—it is not like him now. Oh, what have you done with him—my God! what have you done with him?"

"I tell you——"

"I will not have you lie to me—you to whom I have looked up so long. Don't speak—don't say another word just now; but listen," I cried. "That is a strange child put there, and exchanged for Paul—a dead child is brought in, and the living one is given up to the man down-stairs—the wretch who would have tempted me with his money—who could only come here safely when I was turned away. I will tell all about it—no matter what it means—unless you give me back the child I loved. You must find him—he must come back, I say!"

Mrs. Mayfield dropped into the chair, and cowered from me now. Her husband entered; he had been startled down-stairs by the loud tones of my angry voice.

"What is the meaning——" he began.

"What is the meaning of this, Arthur Mayfield?—for this is not your son," I said.

"I protest against——"

"I proclaim to God that this not your son. I will tell the doctor—I will call in your neighbors—I will go to the nearest magistrate, and say there has been foul play—I will disgrace and ruin you, if you will not tell me where my Paul is. And if he is safe——"

"Well, if he is safe?"

"And in health—not done away with—I will say nothing to any living soul."

"I will tell you—for mercy's sake, don't think of betraying those who have been always kind to you."

"Where is the boy?"

"I have always trusted you as a friend—I have tried to make you love me, Martha, and to save you," murmured Mrs. Mayfield.

"Where is the boy?" I demanded, sternly, still.

"I do not know."

"What!"

"Pray be silent, and listen. As God is my judge, I do not know. Be satisfied as I am satisfied," said the husband, "and grieve with us, too, as we grieve for this."

"Go on—go on!" I cried, impatiently.

"Be assured with us, good Martha," said Mr. Mayfield, "that little Paul is well. It should be happiness to you, instead of grief, that it is not our darling lying there. Try and think so with us—will you?"

"Yes—I am glad. But who is this? and why have you given up the living for the dead?"

"I cannot tell you."

"It is not true. This is another lie!"

"It is the awful fact, Martha," said Mr. Mayfield, suddenly; "we do not know, and we shall never know, the whole reason of it all. We can but guess closely at the truth. With that child's death—and whose child it is Heaven knows—there should have passed away a grand inheritance, and it is very important that the death should not be suspected. Between the child and our Paul there was a marvelous resemblance, and the heir was sinking fast. They have replaced him by Paul—that is all I know."

"And they will not tell you where he is—at any time?"

"No—that will be to betray a great secret."

"To sell your own flesh and blood—you two!" I muttered.

"We were very poor—in another month we should have been starving in the streets," said Mr. Mayfield.

"You deserved to starve—you will starve yet!"

"No, not now. There was a heavy recompense, Martha, and it has saved us. And it has bettered little Paul's position."

"When I was a young woman, crushed by shame, I killed my baby," I said, sternly; "but I think yours is the greater crime, and you will suffer for it."

"You regard this too gloomily," said the husband.

"And the man who bought Paul was he who looked in just now?"

"Yes."

"And you trusted Paul with *him*?"

"Yes; I am sure he will be treated with every care to his life's end. We have been saved by that man—he has been princely in his gifts—he has left one hundred pounds for your silence, too—here it is."

"It is blood money—I will not touch it!" I cried; "it is the price of my lost darling's life and love—I will not take a penny of it."

"And you will betray us?"

"No—I can't do that."

I went away from them without another word. I only saw those poor, weak, tempted wretches once again. I heard that they were rich, and five years afterward they splashed me with their carriage-wheels, as I stood barefooted on the curbstones waiting to cross the muddy roadway. This is the fine moral of the story: They had prospered, and I was begging and stealing for my daily bread! I sank from bad to worse—I went back to my two old companions, drink and the devil—I lost all the good that was in me very quickly; only the sight of a little child would make me crying drunk at times. I got to prison again and again—to a long sentence finally, which I shall chent the judge out of, not having many days to live, I fancy.

The last shock was my death blow—it was a strange one, but it has sobered me for all time. I have seen my little Paul again. God let me live long enough to see him. I am as sure it was he as I am lying here past hope of life. Yes, it was my boy! though the matrons may think old Martha raving.

It was in the prison infirmary that I saw him—he came in softly, hat in hand, out of respect even to sick crime, and there followed him some half a dozen gentlemen, hats in hand also, with the lady superintendent of the prison, the deputy, and the officers, all bland, and complaisant, and white with nervousness and awe. *He* was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and very handsome—as I knew he would be; but they were the same features, I was sure, unless I was mad.

"This is the prison infirmary, your Highness," I heard the lady superintendent say.

He looked around at our prison beds, and then at me.

"And who is this?"

"This is Martha Jacobi—a woman who has been some twenty times in prison."

"Ill?"

"Very ill, your Highness."

"Poor woman!"

He put his right hand to his chin whilst he looked at me. I thought the scar was there still. Yes—it was there!

"What a life hers must have been, baron," said the prince, turning to a tall man at his side, at whom I now glanced for the first time, having had eyes only for Paul till then. Yes, there was no mistake. There was the man with the dark eyes and the long mustache, which was white as snow now—the man who had bought Paul Mayfield and made a prince of him to save a dynasty!

"One can scarcely realize it, your Highness," said the other.

"Ah! well—Life is an enigma, Baron Baumann, and this depresses me. Let us get away."

He turned without looking at me again; and his suite fell into position behind him, and away they all swept out of the infirmary into the limewashed corridors beyond.

Yes, Life is an enigma! If the prince could have only guessed that I had been a mother to him once, and loved him sorely and desperately well—if it had been only possible for him to believe the wild story of my life and his, what a dream-land he would have passed from—and to what an awakening!

How Silver Ore is Sold at Leadville.

THE business of buying and selling ores in a camp like Leadville, when the output of the mines is so immense and the value of dollars so great, has been reduced to a science, and is by no means, as many have supposed, dependent upon the fair-dealing and honesty of the mill-men who are generally the purchasers. The large mining corporations and wealthy individual owners of productive properties have their own assayers, as well as their own scales at the mines. So far as practicable, similar ores from the different bay streaks are piled together for shipment, under the distinguishing titles of hard carbonates, iron, dark sand, gray sand, and many other varieties of ore. The assayer makes frequent assays for the purpose of keeping a general knowledge of these separate kinds of ore, yet such assays are not the basis upon which sales are made, owing to the fact that such samples may be either too high or too low for the bulk of such lots, and the correct sampling must be arrived at by the process customary at the sampling works of reserving so many pounds, at regular intervals, out of a given weight of ore as it is being crushed. This system gives approximately the true value of the bulk of ore to ascertain which is equally to the interest of the buyer and seller. Samples from these bulk samples are assayed by the mill men and by the owners, and if the ounces closely tally, the price to be paid is arrived at. If too great variations occur the assays are made over again until they do agree. The owner of ore, knowing the cost of milling and marketing ore, is as well able to determine what the mill-men can afford to pay as the mill-man himself, and thus there is full and complete satisfaction and confidence existing between the sellers and buyers of ore in this camp. The weight of each ton of ore is made to tally almost to a pound by allowing for the unavoidable light waste in hauling, and it is very seldom that disputes arise on this point.

American Mules Abroad.

THE London Tramway Company, which owns the lines on the south side of the Thames, has introduced mules into London for working their cars. These mules, like the North Metropolitan Tramway horses, came from Kentucky and Tennessee, and are a never-ending source of wonder and amusement to Londoners, many of whom have never seen such animals before. Indeed, they are comparatively seldom seen in England, and the few there are are little larger or more imposing-looking than their paternal relatives. Both General Grant and General Sherman have expressed surprise that the military authorities in Europe have been so slow to recognize the excellence of the mule transport service. Until the recent war in South Africa the British had never tried the mule for military purposes on anything approaching a practical and comprehensive scale. The hardy hybrid has conclusively demonstrated his value in South Africa, the 800 mules shipped there (from America) having proved impervious to the attacks of the dreaded Tsetse fly, which plays such havoc with both horses and oxen, and a good trade is likely to spring up between Kentucky stock-breeders and the Natal colonists.

The Railway up Vesuvius.

THE most extraordinary railway in the world, perhaps, has now been completed. It is a line up the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, from the level of the Neapolitan Bay to the very edge of the crater. Not so many years ago such a project would have been ridiculed as the very last outcome of fanaticism—as who should suggest a terminus at Pompeii or a goods station among the marble ruins of Olympia? Yet it has been done, and Vesuvius has been scaled from foot to summit by the iron legion. The construction of the line, of course, has been peculiar; it is laid upon a solid pavement of masonry, believed to be perfectly secure from the overflows of lava on either side; there is no locomotive, but a powerful traction engine at either end, and the method of draught are by steel ropes working on grooved wheels; and should these break there is scarcely a possibility of the train receding downwards at a dangerous pace or to any considerable distance. For these details we are indebted to the *Diritto*, of Turin. That journal states its belief that, comparatively inexpensive as the construction of this miniature railway is, it may prove an exceedingly profitable speculation, considering the perpetually increasing numbers of tourists from the New World and all parts of the Old who flock to that scene and centre of historical marvels. If, however, for the very facts of its conception and construction alone, the Vesuvian Railway would be entitled to rank among the wonderful ideas and achievements of the nineteenth century, it is not to be compared with the gigantic Alpine works. They were called for: this, in many senses, was not; it has supplied a convenience, while they met great international necessities. But it is a characteristic of the age that can answer both demands, root up an oak or pick up a needle; and the small line that crawls up Vesuvius is, perhaps, not less an emblem of the epoch than the monster span which bridges Niagara.

Opposed to the Telegraph.

THE strongest opposition to a telegraph line from uncivilized races is always met with when it is first erected. Fear of the strange thing and jealousy of territorial encroachment naturally excite the savage mind to resent the innovation; and most construction parties in wild countries have to be protected by an escort of troops. The great trans-Australian overland line, recently completed, was carried for hundreds of miles through desert solitudes, unharmed by the blacks; but on the Macdonald range a band of hostile natives were encountered, and the electricians gained a bloodless victory over them by connecting the poles of a powerful battery to the wire, and administering shocks unawares to those of the natives who were prowling curiously around. The mysterious power, which seemed to them like a thunder-stroke, inspired them with a wholesome terror of the wire, and they give it a wide berth after that. Both in Australia and New Zealand several erecting parties have been attacked by the aborigines and massacred. Of late, however, in New Zealand, the Maoris have shown a different spirit, probably because of a better management on the part of the whites; and Maori squatters now help to build the line, which they look upon as a triumph of their scientific abilities.

The Money Value of a Man.

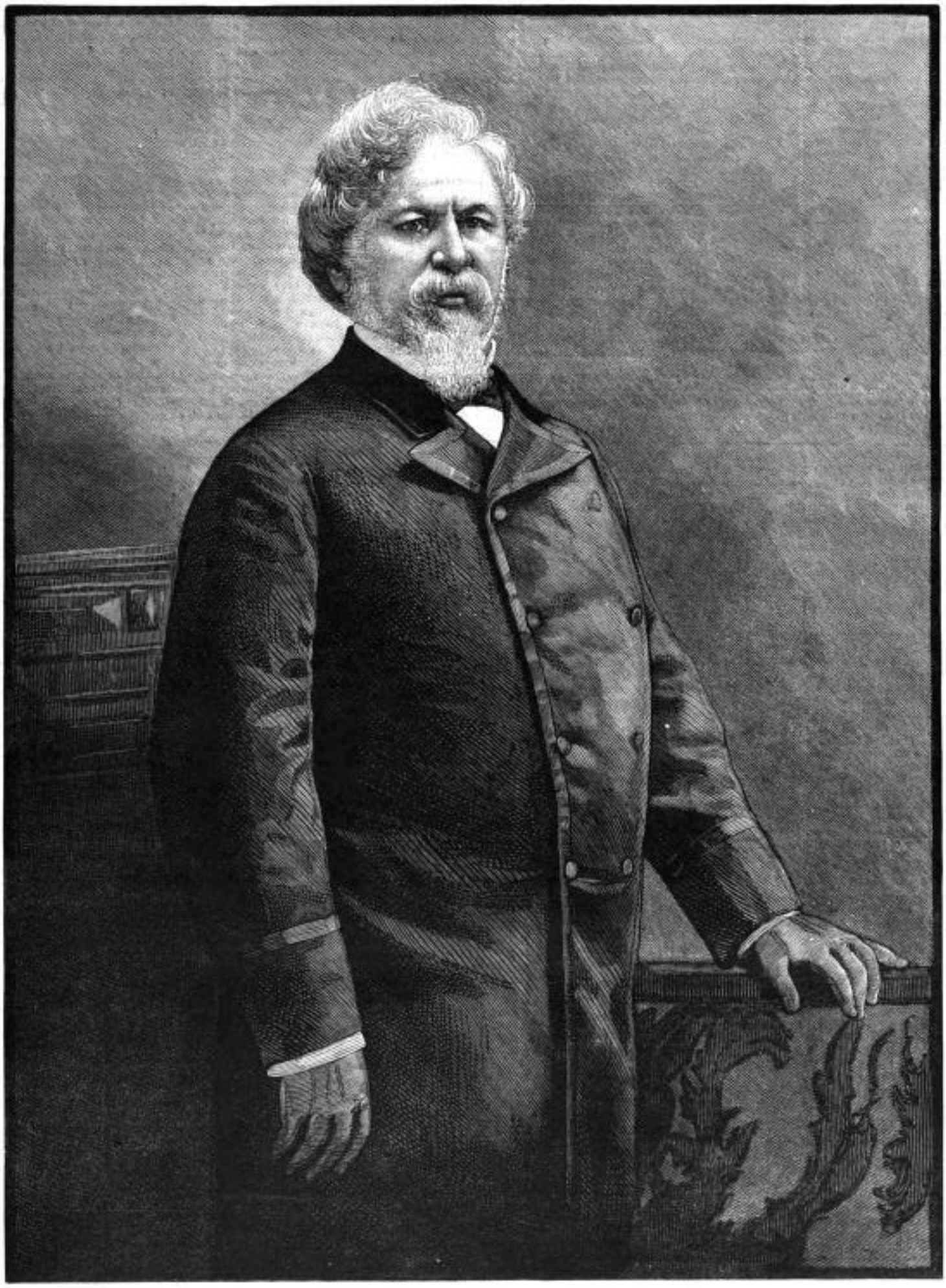
THE number of the population has been often reckoned, not its value as part of the actual wealth of the nation. A moment's consideration will show what an important part is played in the structure of the national wealth by the natural and acquired powers of body and mind. They are essentially articles of wealth, and have a distinct economic value. For instance, all wages may be considered to be paid for powers, either innate or acquired, in the human being. The lowest in point of value, because the most plentiful, is, of course, physical power, or mere muscular effort with spade, shovel, or hoe—the kind of labor least elevated above that of the horse or ox. The next is mental power, in other words those faculties of the mind which enable the possessor to manage complicated affairs, to exhibit discretion and judgment, to acquire knowledge and apply it to the needs or culture of society, whether as lawyer, physician, judge, author, or artist. Such powers are not only more rare than mere brute force, but require for their full development a special education and training; and, in consequence, demand and obtain more ample remuneration. The last is moral power, or character, without which, indeed, both physical and mental power lose much of their value. Without moral power, or character, there can be no guarantee that the duties which mind and body are fitted to discharge will be punctually and satisfactorily performed. In order that their labor may command its highest price, the plowman in the field, the barrister in the court, the physician in the sick-room, the judge on the bench, must alike inspire their employer, client, patient or suitor, with the idea that they possess not merely the physical and intellectual qualifications requisite for their respective tasks, but that the exercise of those qualifications will be invariably associated with a due sense of honor; in other words, that they may be trusted. And such a combination of moral with physical and intellectual qualities distinctly adds, be it remembered, to the economic value of the laborer.

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THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1880.

The subject of our illustrated interview of this week—No. 13—is Senator Pendleton, Chairman of the United States Senate Census Committee on the forthcoming census. The Senator's views on his Bill, now before the Legislature, for conferring certain privileges upon the members of the Cabinet, are worthy of marked consideration.

FRANK LESLIE.

"FRANK LESLIE is dead!" Words uttered by hundreds of thousands ere this journal, which was at once his pleasure and his pride, shall have gone forth to the world. FRANK LESLIE bade fair to live a long life. Even in the span allotted to him he bravely took his share in the burden and heat of the day, doing yeoman's work, and doing it masterfully and well. But a few weeks since, and FRANK LESLIE, to all seeming in his usual ripe rude health, was the busiest in the busy hive, with life scarcely touching its Autumn for him; but the dread fiat had gone forth, and he was doomed. The seeds of a fibrous tumor in the neck developed themselves, and, although endowed with a superb physique, attended, too, by the most skilful physicians, the most anxious friends and the most devoted nurses, his case proved beyond the reach of human aid, and he calmly sank to rest at six o'clock upon the evening of Saturday last, at his residence, 511 Fifth Avenue.

Henry Carter, whose *nom de crayon*, "FRANK LESLIE," amongst English speaking peoples, was destined to become a veritable household word, was born at Ipswich, England, in the year 1821. His father, Joseph Carter, was an extensive glove manufacturer, and to his lucrative and long-established business the future pioneer of American illustrated literature was in course of time duly indentured. While a mere child, the boy evinced a decided passion for cutting and carving wood in grotesque and curious designs, and pictures, especially engravings, held him with a sort of fierce fascination. As the smallest accidental circumstances in early life frequently decide our whole future course, Henry Carter's career was determined by the movements of the employés in a silversmith's shop, as they engraved designs and letters upon various articles of silver and gold. He passed this shop on his way to school, and nothing connected with the operations of the silversmith's assistants escaped his observation. He marked the tools that were used and the manner of using them, nor did he rest until he had obtained a sufficient number of engraver's instruments to enable him to commence the work himself. The indomitable perseverance that characterized his later efforts stood by him now, and his engraving of a view of the Ipswich Town Hall earned for him the highest eulogium of his schoolmaster, who predicted a brilliant future for the youthful artist. At the age of seventeen, and with a view to his acquiring a more extended knowledge of the glove making business, he was sent to London, where he became a clerk in the glove department of the extensive drygoods establishment of his uncle; but every moment that could be snatched from the "dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood" was surreptitiously devoted to sketching, drawing or engraving, and life seemed only at its best for him when engaged in following the path which he had already commenced to cut out for himself. His father, uncle and relatives so discouraged his artistic aspirations, that he was constrained to keep his work a secret from them, and in order the better to insure his *incognito*, adopted a name which is now familiar from Indus to the Pole—namely that of FRANK LESLIE. The dull routine of business became unendurable. He cast himself loose from it and its assured prospects, and although but twenty years of age, bravely started on the career that was destined to bring him name, and fame, and fortune. At this period he married. His marriage, an unfortunate one from the beginning continued to be unhappy, and terminated by separation in 1860. Three sons were born of this alliance—Harry, Alfred and Scipio, the last mentioned of whom died in 1879. Henry Carter immediately upon being launched into art life became connected with the *Illustrated London News*, where he was placed in charge of the engraving department, and it was during his relations with this eminent and enterprising journal that he obtained his masterful knowledge of every detail appertaining to the publication of an illustrated paper. It was here that he learned the operation known as overlaying—the system of regulating light and shade effects—in pictorial printing, a system which he was the first to introduce to this country, and which now forms so important an element in illustrated journalism.

Henry Carter at this early stage of his life was not only one of the first engravers and artists on wood of his time, but he was a far-seeing man of business, and, entertaining a lively conviction that in America there existed a wide field for the engraver's art, which could be profitably cultivated and worked, he had the courage of his convictions, and came to this country in the year 1848, at once declared his intention of remaining, and forthwith obtained an Act of Legislature to enable him to assume the name of FRANK LESLIE, as under this title his fame as an artist in wood and engraver had also preceded him. Mr. LESLIE'S American career commenced upon *Gleason's Pictorial*. Later on, when Mr. Barnum started his illustrated paper with the Beaches, Mr. LESLIE was treated with to superintend the engraving department; and so high was Mr. Barnum's opinion of the youthful engraver's ability, that he offered to add $20,000 to the $20,000 already invested in the paper if the sole charge was given into FRANK LESLIE'S hands. The offer was not accepted, and the failure of the paper is a matter of journalistic history. After the collapse of Barnum and Beach's illustrated paper, FRANK LESLIE, in 1854, commenced publishing on his own account, and the first periodical he issued was the *Gazette of Fashion*, now so widely and favorably known as *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*. Shortly afterward he published the *New York Journal*, which he purchased when its circulation was at its lowest ebb, and infusing it with the vitality of his enterprise, he speedily raised its circulation to the point of profit. On December 14th, 1855, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, now in its twenty-fifth year, came to an eager and appreciative public, and the success which its enterprise so signally achieved has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength. Its pages have illustrated the history of this great country for the last twenty-five years, every event of any public importance having been duly, and faithfully, and vividly chronicled. Its earlier subscribers will recall the graphic pictures of the Burdell murder and the inauguration of President Buchanan—the first Presidential election ever illustrated in this country; the exposure of the swill-milk horrors, for his action in regard to which Mr. Leslie received public recognition and a public testimonial; of the execution of John Brown; of the great Lynn strike; of the Heenan and Sayers contest; of the Japanese Commission; of the Atlantic Cable; the Civil War; of the Lincoln assassination; the Chicago and Boston fires, and of other engrossing subjects too numerous to mention.

In 1865, Mr. LESLIE started the *Chimney Corner*, the editing of which, together with that of the *Lady's Magazine*, he relegated to his wife—the object of his second marriage being a lady of the very highest intellectual attainments, and of the most æsthetic culture—and this illustrated fireside friend at once took up a position in literature which is neither claimed nor occupied by any other known periodical.

In rapid succession, Mr. LESLIE published the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, *Pleasant Hours*, the *Lucy's Journal*, also edited by Mrs. Leslie, the *Popular Monthly*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Budget of Wit*, and *Cutterbox*. In addition to the foregoing, he published the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, in German, a journal which is now the recognized organ of the German-speaking people on this continent. Mr. LESLIE published reprints of the novels that from time to time appeared in the columns of his various periodicals, books of travel, and other works, too numerous to set forth here. The superb *Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition* was regarded by its publisher with feelings of commendable pride, furnishing, as it did, a permanent, truthful, and beautiful chronicle of the Congress of Nations assembled in friendly competition in Philadelphia, in 1876, affording a complete history of exhibitive effort in the past, and an artistic and discriminating record of the great Centennial, the entire work being illustrated in the highest style of art, and forming a magnificent memorial of the colossal Exhibition.

For range of enterprise, no publisher can compare with Mr. LESLIE. While others have contented themselves with catering to one class only of the reading public, and narrowing their efforts to one periodical, FRANK LESLIE has provided mental *pabulum* for all classes of society, and with a directness of purpose and a success which have covered the entire field. His ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only national newspaper ever published in America, not limiting itself to the mere reproduction of European engravings, but illustrating the current history of American events, so that it supplies a pictorial record of the times we live in. The *Chimney Corner*, on the other hand, deals with the literary events of the household, and supplies a liberal education for every member of the family, while the same admirable appliances to special wants of the community are to be found in FRANK LESLIE'S other periodicals.

It is in nowise an overstatement to say that no man has done so much for the general artistic education of the American people as FRANK LESLIE. He seized upon every improvement in engraving, to apply it to the public want, with the result, that now our illustrated literature is fully equal to that of the most advanced of the European nations. The rapidity with which he published elaborate engravings was also another triumph of skill. Large, double-paged engravings, which heretofore demanded two weeks at the hands of the most rapid and most skillful workmen, were, by FRANK LESLIE'S invention, put upon the wood and engraved in a single night. By his system, the block is divided into thirty-two pieces to the page, by which means thirty-two engravers can work upon the same picture at the same time. A single instance of the value of the invention will suffice. A double-page illustration of the execution of John Brown was given in the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The artists arrived in New York with their sketches upon the evening subsequent to the execution. Shortly after midnight the engraving was on the press, and in the morning a vivid representation of the scene and its surroundings was in the hands of the public. Mr. LESLIE was the first publisher in America, or, perhaps, in the world, who maintained a full engraving establishment for his own publications alone. And yet so large and so constant is the demand created by the various illustrated publications upon the engraving corps, that outside labor is being almost continually employed.

FRANK LESLIE was whole souled and earnest. He was very intuitive, taking in every situation at a glance, and grasping a new idea with wondrous rapidity. He read character and motive intuitively. He had a strong reasoning mind, original, inventive, critical and analytical. He was possessed of a marvelous ability for organizing business, for calculating, estimating, and making up a general plan of action. He had a very great degree of perseverance and determination of mind after he had once settled upon any purpose or plan, but not so quick in deciding what to do as he was sure to carry out his purposes when formed. He was both familiar and affable, and exercised immense personal influence over his friends and those by whom he was surrounded. He was frank, open-hearted, candid, liberal in his feelings, and more truly natural in his life than are most men. In his friendship Mr. LESLIE was strong as steel. To him the word friend meant his *alter ego*, and if friendship be the shadow of the evening which strengthens the setting sun of life, then did FRANK LESLIE'S sun sink in a very blaze of light. There probably never lived an employer more respected and loved by those whom he employed than FRANK LESLIE. Gentle, courteous, yet firm withal, his personal magnetism drew his employés toward him as the magnet attracts steel, and until a reproof, be it ever so mild, came to be regarded as a veritable calamity. He dearly loved his art department, and often after a rough skirmish in the great battle, would he repair to the artists' room, and there, pencil in hand, help the beginner, suggest to the experienced, and criticise the work of the expert. The testimonial presented to him by the ART DEPARTMENT was one which he set considerable store by, and nothing ever caused him greater pleasure than the triumphs of the "boys," who, having quitted the parent nest, had made name and fame in the outside world of art. He was generous to a fault, and merely valued money for what it could produce. His charity was unostentatious, and many an employé has had his full salary for months while prostrated on the bed of sickness or disabled in the service through overwork or over anxiety. One employé he sent to Europe to recruit, paying all expenses and continuing his full salary. He provided for the widow and children of a second, and made the condition of families left destitute his especial care. When he repaired to Europe he brought back a souvenir of his trip to every one of his artists, while the tact and delicacy with which he would bestow a favor rendered it doubly acceptable to the recipient. When reverses came upon him, mainly owing to imprudent speculations in real estate at Saratoga and elsewhere, he met them with a high courage, a noble patience and a superb dignity.

Mr. LESLIE, in his time, had many honors conferred upon him. Among the earliest, the Medal of the American Institute for wood engraving—this in 1848, the year of his arrival in this country. He was appointed a Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, in the Department of Fine Arts, and was presented with the prize gold medal by the Emperor Napoleon III. in person. Again, in 1876, he was selected as State Commissioner for the State of New York to the Centennial, and elected President of the Commission.

He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Jockey Club, and was one of the earliest supporters of the Lotos. As a Mason he stood very high in the Order, and belonged to the aristocratic Holland Lodge. He had a strong love for animals, and to FRANK LESLIE'S "thorough" support Mr. Bergh owes much of the success of his efforts in aid of the suppression of cruelty to dumb brutes. Mr. LESLIE'S hospitality was unbounded, and the *élite* given at his picturesque and enchanting residence at Saratoga claim a world-wide celebrity. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. LESLIE entertained the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, and hither, from time to time, have the celebrities of this and other countries made pleasant pilgrimages. The house was designed by Mr. LESLIE; he was his own landscape-gardener, and his tender feeling for the beautiful never more clearly evinced itself than in the delicate manner in which he contrived to blend the loveliness of nature with the witcheries of art.

FRANK LESLIE has gone, but the work of his genius and enterprise lives after him, writing his epitaph on the pages of his adopted country. Well did he exemplify, in his calm awaiting of death, that—

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

THE CENSUS.

IN view of the fact that the tenth decennial census of the country is soon to be taken, we proffer our readers a few thoughts and facts relative to the subject. We deem it necessary to say that, in every country and at almost all periods, the exigencies of military service or of revenue must have rendered occasionally necessary some sort of estimate of the numbers of the people. Among the Greeks and Romans, inquiries relative to population were often pressed to considerable extent. It was, however, reserved to the present age to develop the science of statistics, as we now understand it. Achenwall, a Prussian, who lived about 1750, has the credit of having given form and name to this highly important branch of knowledge, but the development of its principles, as we are told, became the charge of his pupil, Schlözer. Other writers, at varying times, elaborated the matter, and in 1829 the French Society of Universal Statistics sprang into being. The transactions of this society, arranged under several divisions, will give a better idea of the scope of the science of statistics than can be otherwise expressed. They include: 1st—Physical and Descriptive Statistics. This division embraces topography, hydrography, meteorology, population, man physically, hygeine and the sanitary state. 2d—Positive and Applied Statistics, taking in animal and vegetable productions, agriculture, industry, commerce, navigation, state of the sciences, general institutions, literature, language and the fine arts. 3d—Moral and Philosophical Statistics, including the forms of religious worship, legislative and judicial powers, public administration, finance, the marine, military and diplomacy.

At this time the enlightened of all civilized nations appreciate the importance of securing correct information relative to the age, sex, condition, occupation and numbers of a people; also as to their social and moral state, their education and industry. When this information can be had for periods dating far back into the past, and for many countries, it furnishes material for contrasts and comparisons of the most instructive character, and for deducing the soundest rules in the administration of government, as well as in promoting the general welfare of society. Statistics, we remark, constitute the ledger of a nation, in which, like the merchant in his books, the citizen can read, at a single view, all the results of a year or of a series of years, and deduce the profit or loss which has been made in population, morals, education, wealth or power.

In taking a census, the Government merges all individuality, and only uses in an aggregate form the information collected. It does not betray the age of Sallie Smith, spinster, but simply informs the public of the number of females wearing her particular number of years. It does not expose the business standing of John Brown, cotton manufacturer, but tabulates the number of such establishments, and aggregates all data relating thereto. From this it will be seen that the taking of a census does not in any form involve the personal exposure of any man or woman. The prejudiced or ignorant may deem it an impertinence to be questioned as to their age, place of nativity, occupation, whether married or single, whether there is a deaf, dumb or blind person in the family, whether they cultivate land and how much, what the nature and amount of their crops, and whether any of the household have been born or have died within the year. Such questions are actually necessary to reach general results, and when the answers of the people have been digested into tabular form and given publicity, the idea of impertinence proves to be groundless.

The earlier census reports of the United States, commencing with that of 1790, furnish but little information outside of matters relating to population. In 1810 a schedule of manufactures was added, but this was omitted in taking the census of 1820. The census of 1850 inaugurated a new era by extending the field of inquiry and information. Since then the system has been more and more perfected, and now we look to the coming census for a greater variety of reliable statistical data than ever before obtained.

Two leading questions naturally connect themselves with the coming census. They are: First, what have we gained in numerical strength? and, second, what have been the acquisitions of national wealth? An advance answer to either of these interrogatories must be purely speculative, and we do not care to embark upon the sea of probabilities. We may say, however, that but for the emigration element from foreign countries, affected as it is by varying circumstances, quite accurate results might be given with respect to population. Mr. Darby, the well-known geographer, calculated with much nicety the population of this country for a period of years extending from 1800 to 1850. Taking the population of 1790—shown by the census of that year to have been 3,929,827—as a basis, and adding three per cent for each succeeding year, he arrived at results which, when compared with the census years, showed as follows:

Years.	Estimated.	Census.
1800	5,309,468	5,305,925
1810	7,105,364	7,239,814
1820	9,595,162	9,638,131
1830	12,821,328	12,866,020
1840	17,217,506	17,069,453
1850	23,138,004	23,191,876

The foregoing exhibits close calculation, but the rule of Mr. Darby failed to operate so accurately after 1850. According to his method of computation, the population should have been 40,617,708 in 1870, whereas the actual return was only 38,558,371, a difference of 2,059,337. True, emigration from abroad fell off largely during the years of the war, and 554,260 persons, Unionists and Confederates, perished in battle or died from disease and wounds; but these combined causes do not account for the difference

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between the calculation and the matter-of-fact enumeration. The calculations of Darby, if extended to the present year, would show a population of 54,586,795. Mr. Walker, the present Superintendent of the Census, is credited with saying that the population of 1880 will not exceed 48,000,000. Should an actual enumeration prove th a to be correct, then the increase over 1870 will amount to less than twenty-four and one-half per cent. How this agrees with other decades will be made apparent by the annexed table of per centages from 1800 to 1870:

Year.	Increase per cent.	Year.	Increase per cent.
1800	35.10	1840	33.52
1810	36.38	1850	35.83
1820	33.06	1860	35.11
1830	32.51	1870	22.65

It will be seen that during the course of eight decades the per centage of increased population never fell so low as in that ending in 1870. It falls 9.86 per cent. below the figures of 1830, at which time the increase was 32.51 per cent., the lowest ever known prior to the census of 1870. We shall not discuss the correctness of Mr. Walker's calculation, but indulge the hope that the coming enumeration will show at least as good results as were obtained in 1830.

Touching the national wealth, it may be plainly said that we never have had correct information, and, perhaps, never shall have. In 1860 the aggregate of wealth was represented at $16,159,616,068, and in 1870 at $30,068,518,507, an increase of a fraction over 86 per cent. The same ratio of increase, extended to 1880, would give an aggregate, in round numbers, of $56,000,000,000. Referring to the return for 1870, the superintendent of the census said: "At the best, these figures represent the opinion of one man, or a body of men in each State, acting under advice in the collection of material and in the calculation of the several elements of wealth." And again: "The result reached must at best be characterized rather as an *impression* than an *opinion*." But, while we may fail in determining the extent of our national wealth, yet the taking of each decennial census enriches the fund of general information.

PRACTICAL CO-OPERATION.

THE capitalist and laborer are mutually dependant, yet there has always been more or less of antagonism between them. Each is fitted for his own work, and each in his proper place makes money, while each out of his own especial field can scarcely be expected to realize anything but failure. On the one hand, there should be no imposition of oppressive rules; on the other, there should be fidelity to engagement. Mutual confidence is necessary for mutual benefits. A combination formed by either party against the other in nearly every case produces the ultimate result of loss. With honest compensation for honest work, there is neither occasion nor policy for the violent interruptions of business relations that are dictated in the main by trades' unions.

In a new year following upon one that was distinguished by a remarkable impetus in every branch of industrial and mechanical labor, it is interesting to note the extent to which arbitrary rulings of trade organizations are giving way to more practicable forms of self-help. In the United States we have a constantly increasing class of persons on the lookout for opportunities for bettering their condition. Every week hundreds of people land at our ports from the countries of Europe, impelled by the desire of making money. Now, when there are men skilled in the trades who cannot live in the large cities for the want of work, new-comers will have little chance of securing profitable employment. Hence there is a large drifting of unemployed labor from point to point, which must continue until a settlement is found, or the restless ones descend the scale to the condition of the outcast.

In view of this present situation of a large portion of the laboring world, some valuable hints may be gained by considering that phase of co-operation which has resulted in the establishment of some notable industrial settlements.

It is now about ten years since a Swedish colony was located in Maine, upon a township six miles square, that was voted the settlers by the Legislature. After four years spent in clearing and preparing the ground, the colonists had one hundred and fifty large farms, well stocked and cultivated, as a result of their co-operative labor. The immigration has steadily increased, the original tract has been overgrown, and the thrifty Swedes, after accepting all the accommodations offered by the adjacent towns of Woodland, Lyndon, and Perham, have formed settlements in other parts of the State in numbers exceeding those at New Sweden.

About the same time another party of Swedes settled in Grundy County, Tenn., seventy families taking up farms of 100 acres each. To day Gruetli, as the place is called, is a most populous settlement, with excellent schools and churches. The success of this colony has been so marked as to lead a number of prominent gentlemen of this city to take steps preliminary to the settlement of a similar colony in the eastern part of the same State. A good-sized colony from Lowell, Mass., was established last Fall in Coffee County, and a number of large tracts in Scott, Fentress, Morgan, and other counties, have been purchased by a Boston agency for English settlements.

Six years ago the site of the present Indiana colony, seven miles from Los Angeles, Cal., was a sheep ranch of 4,000 acres, with valuable water privileges. Now there are two churches, two school-houses, and well-built residences worth from $1,200 to $12,000. But a few miles from this colony is another, of German settlement, named Anaheim. A desert plain was purchased, a canal seven miles long was dug from the Santa Anna for irrigating purposes; the land was divided into farms of twenty acres each and provided with feeders from the canal, and, after the ground had been thoroughly prepared for the agriculturists, the whole settlement was turned over to the colonists. In an almost similar manner San Barnardino, in the same State was founded. The settlements of the Mennonites in Kansas and Minnesota, of the Pennsylvania farmers near Salina, in the former State, known as the Donmeyer Colony, and of countless others that have sprung up along the great railroads of the South, West and Northwest, are all evidences of this improved form of co-operation. And it is a good sign that many more are projected on a large scale.

Now, what is the practical result of this movement? In the instances mentioned, the settlements have been successful. If their establishment and maintenance teach anything, it is that they encourage a desirable immigration, that they relieve large cities and crowded districts of the surplus skilled labor, that they render the workingman more independent and contented, and that they are the means of utilizing the admirable but hitherto unproductive acres of our plains and table-lands. They are therefore a benefit to the country in developing its waste places, and to the workingman in placing him beyond the severe competition of large cities and making him a landowner.

As a factor in the solution of the labor problem, these colonial settlements are deserving both of study and encouragement.

EVENTS ABROAD.

IN Ireland, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant is raising money for the relief of the famine stricken, and she has already picked up $75,000. This from the waiters on Providence who hope for invitations to the Court balls and festivities in return for their guinea. Her husband, the duke, is being received in solemn silence as he passes through the country. Queen Victoria's Government have ordered a complete change of front, and, with a view to the coming elections, have resolved to grant loans for the construction of drainage works in the distressed districts. If these measures be found inadequate to meet the exigency, the Government will apply to Parliament to sanction the appropriation of $2,500,000, out of the church surplus, for the prosecution of relief works to be carried on by the Board of Works, and to authorize the formation of baronial sessions to determine the nature of such works. Dan O'Connell was right when he declared there was nothing equal to agitation. The leader of the Home Rule Party, if there is such a party, Mr. Shaw, M. P., puts the question of the crisis in Ireland in this way: A million of people to live comfortably in Ireland, or a million of people to be driven to the poor house, or swept away to America. It is for the English Government to reply to this. Two thousand five hundred dollars have been forwarded from Brisbane, Queensland—a first instalment.

Are the natives of Providence, Rhode Island, Americans or Austrians? This is a strange question to be compelled to ask, but, nevertheless, it is being very solemnly propounded in the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies. A dispatch from Bucharest to the *Times* says: "The Roumanian Chamber of Deputies has asked the Government for all the papers relating to the recent award of a contract for 20,000 Martini-Henry rifles to an Austrian establishment which never made any of those weapons, whereas the Providence Tool Company, of Providence, R. I., offered to deliver them for one franc less per rifle." The Rhode Islanders are put upon their nationality, and woe to the Roumanians if they continue to question it. The smallest State in the Union sends forth big men.

With the alarming accounts of the health of the Emperor of Russia comes a direful dispatch from St. Petersburg in relation to diphtheria. This dreaded disease is committing such fearful ravages that the local Red Cross Society of Kharkoff have formed their medical and sanitary detachments to assist the Government to combat the epidemic.

The sad omens croaked by the ravens of the Court of Spain in regard to the royal marriage have already achieved a part fulfillment, and the poor little bride has been attacked with epileptic fits consequent upon the shock to her nervous system by the attempted assassination of her husband by Gonzalez. This alone will serve to tighten the garrote around the miserable would be regicide's throat.

The war waged by the English press upon the Government, in reference to the refusal to allow special newspaper correspondents to report proceedings in Afghanistan, has ended in a victory for the press, and a Calcutta dispatch announces that the Indian Government have decided to allow the rules respecting newspaper correspondents with the troops on active service to remain in abeyance, leaving to the discretion of commanders the question of imposing restrictions upon them if necessary. No correspondent will, however, be permitted to proceed to the front without a license.

The poor Prince Imperial will soon have a monument to his memory on a site within rifle-shot of the glittering Tuileries, within whose *salons* he one day hoped to be able to repay the hospitality of England. The amount subscribed has been 200,000 francs, and the position assigned to the memorial an elevated point between the Arc de Triomphe and the Hotel des Invalides. When will his ashes and those of his Imperial father be permitted to return to the banks of the Seine? *Quien sabe!*

There is a vast amount of distress at this moment in Paris, caused by the inclement season. All the hospitals are filled, and official reports state that there are 7,500 applications for admission, and that these cannot be met.

Baron Reinach is the purchaser of Queen Christina's hotel, Avenue Josephine, in Paris. He paid $115,000 for it.

The French Cable Company have spoken with deliberation and to the point. They say that as soon as the cable to make the connection between Brest and England is laid, their cable, which is in perfect working order, will be opened for traffic, certainly not later than the first week in February. Thus cablegraming will become a cheap luxury about St. Valentine's Day.

Our protective tariff is disturbing the minds of Lord Derby and Fernando Wood. The "haughty earl," at a trade banquet at Huddersfield, was pleased to say that we were Britain's most formidable rivals, but that we played our little game behind our protective tariff. His lordship added that even with the help of the protective tariff we were powerless to check the importation of English goods. How long is this impotency to last, though, proud Stanley?

Spain is treating France rather shabbily. France came to the rescue of the sufferers by the Murcian inundations in a manner that caused hundreds of thousands of pesos to chink in the Murcian treasury. The people of Madrid tendered a serenade to the French Ambassador in that city, but the Government would not permit it. The Madrilenas protested vehemently. The poorest quarters and narrowest streets of Madrid hung out banners from the balconies, while the public buildings and aristocratic hotels showed no signs whatever of the public gratitude to France. They are having a hot time in the Cortes and a meeting held by the members of the Left, who have refused to sit in the Cortes under Canovas del Castillo's Ministry, has intensified the Parliamentary crisis to a point hitherto unknown in the present reign. Little Campos is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, and Castillo has to choose between submission, resignation, or dissolution. The Spanish Society for the Abolition of Slavery has addressed a petition to Congress for the immediate and simultaneous liberation of the slaves in all the Spanish possessions.

The Albanians and Montenegrins have been playing at fighting, and the latter have lost the game, although commanded by the chief of the Albanian League. The "incident" took place near Gusinije. Austria has received a circular from Montenegro protesting against the non-fulfillment of the stipulation for the surrender of Gusinije, accusing the Porte of inciting the Albanians to resistance, claiming indemnity from Turkey for being forced to keep a large number of troops under arms and urging the Powers to take energetic action in behalf of Montenegro.

Does Italy want to pick a quarrel with Austria? If yes, she will get badly thrashed unless her 100-ton guns prove equal to the work cut out for them. The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*, discussing the Imbriani affair, says: "Nobody suspects any real intention on the part of Italy to pick a quarrel with Austria, but the matter excites distrust, which, in the long run, must tell on the relations of the two states." The Italian Exchequer is nearly empty—and must be replenished—why not with Austrian gold?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MR. LUKE PRYOR, of Athens, Ala., has been appointed to succeed the late Senator Houston in the United States Senate.

THE California Assembly has adopted a joint resolution recommending the appointment of John F. Swift as Minister to China.

A DISPATCH from Kansas City asserts positively that Jesse James, the noted bushwhacker, is dead, George Shepard's shot having killed him.

THE Atlantic and Great Western Railway has been sold under foreclosure proceedings at Akron, O., to the English bondholders' committee.

DREXEL, MORGAN & Co., of New York, have agreed to receive and forward all contributions to the fund for the relief of the distress in Ireland.

THE Republican Senatorial caucus of Ohio have nominated, by acclamation, General James A. Garfield for United States Senator, the names of Stanley Matthews and Alfonso Taft being withdrawn.

A FLOOD is doing great damage in the vicinity of Grand Rapids, Mich. A million and a half feet of lumber have been carried away, and five bridges on the Grand Rapids and Newaygo Road have been swept off.

THE Cairo and Vincennes Railroad has been sold by a Master in Chancery on January 5th, and was purchased by Joseph W. Drexel and C. E. Tracy, of New York, trustees for the bondholders, for the sum of $2,000,000.

MARYLAND'S Legislature was fully organized on January 7th. In the Senate, Herman Stump (Democrat), of Harford County, was elected President; and, in the House, Hiram McCullough (Democrat), of Cecil County, was elected Speaker.

BOTH branches of the Massachusetts Legislature convened on January 7th. Senator E. R. Bishop, of Middlesex, was unanimously elected President of the Senate. Stephen M. Gifford (Republican), of Duxbury, was elected clerk, this being his twenty-third term.

THE accounts of General Taliaferro, the retiring general agent and storekeeper of the Richmond (Va.) Penitentiary, show a deficit of from $15,000 to $20,000. He says the amount will be made good, and attributes the loss to undertaking work without an appropriation.

THE new city government of Boston was inaugurated January 5th. Mayor Prince took the oath of office early. The Common Council elected unanimously Harvey N. Shepard, president, and Washington F. Gregg, clerk. Samuel T. McCleary was re-elected City Clerk.

THE Legislature of California assembled January 5th. A fusion was talked of between the Democrats, Workingmen and new Constitution Assemblymen, to organize the House, but it fell through, and on the first ballot the Republicans elected J. F. Cowdery, of San Francisco, Speaker.

THE inauguration of Governor Smith and other State officers of Wisconsin took place in the Assembly Chamber at Madison, January 5th, Justice Cole administering the oath. In the morning there was a military parade. The inaugural reception and ball were large and brilliant affairs.

THE Connecticut Legislature organized, January 7th, by the choice of Hon. L. W. Coe, of Wolcottville, as President *pro tem.*, of the Senate, and Hon. Dwight Marcy, of Vernon, as Speaker of the House, and the Republican caucus nominees for clerks and the subordinate offices in both houses.

THE extensive forgeries affecting the Grocers' Bank of New York, resulted, on January 5th, in the arrest of J. Lloyd Haigh, who was indicted for forgery in the third degree at once, and a few hours later was arrested and taken to the Tombs. He had previously confessed that he had forged acceptances to the amount of nearly $100,000.

GOVERNOR COLQUITT, of Georgia, has issued *fi. fas.* against Treasurer Renfroe and his sureties for about $20,000, being the amount of interest taken by Renfroe on the use of the State's money, and the fines for the same. The *fi. fas.* are issued under a resolution of the last Legislature. Mr. Renfroe and his sureties will fight the case in the courts.

J. B. MANIX, assignee of Archbishop Purcell, has filed in the Probate Court a schedule of real estate which is claimed to be liable to sale for the benefit of the creditors of the Archbishop. The schedule covers all the property of the Roman Catholic Church in the city, including the Cathedral. The value of the property is to be appraised, but it is now estimated at over one million five hundred thousand dollars.

THE Ohio Legislature met, January 5th, and Governor Bishop's Message was presented. It gives a summary of the finances, placing the State debt at $52,257,098, the same as last year, none of it having matured during the year. The railroad interests of Ohio are reported to be in a healthier condition than at any former period. The expenditure for the maintenance of public schools last year was $7,711,335.

BENJAMIN C. BOGERT, for many years Treasurer of the New York Produce Exchange died suddenly January 8th, after a defalcation by him of $31,000 had been discovered.

LEONARD CASE, an eccentric millionaire of Cleveland, Ohio, was found dead on January 4th in his bedroom, under circumstances suggestive of suicide.

HON. A. P. GORMAN has received the Democratic caucus nomination for United States Senator from Maryland.

Foreign.

HERR BOK, the Secretary of the Boer Committee, Capetown, Africa, has been arrested on a charge of high treason, but has been liberated on bail.

A MORMON agent from Salt Lake City is at the Mexican capital negotiating for permission to establish a Mormon settlement in Mexico under the guarantee of religious liberty.

A DISPATCH from Constantinople says that it has been agreed between Sir Austen Layard, the British Ambassador and the Porte, that the Mohammedan priest, Achmed Tewfik, shall be removed to an island having a Christian population.

IT is believed that the Czar has summoned Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff to St. Petersburg to discuss the threatening condition of affairs in Bulgaria. It is considered that a modification of the Bulgarian Constitution is absolutely necessary.

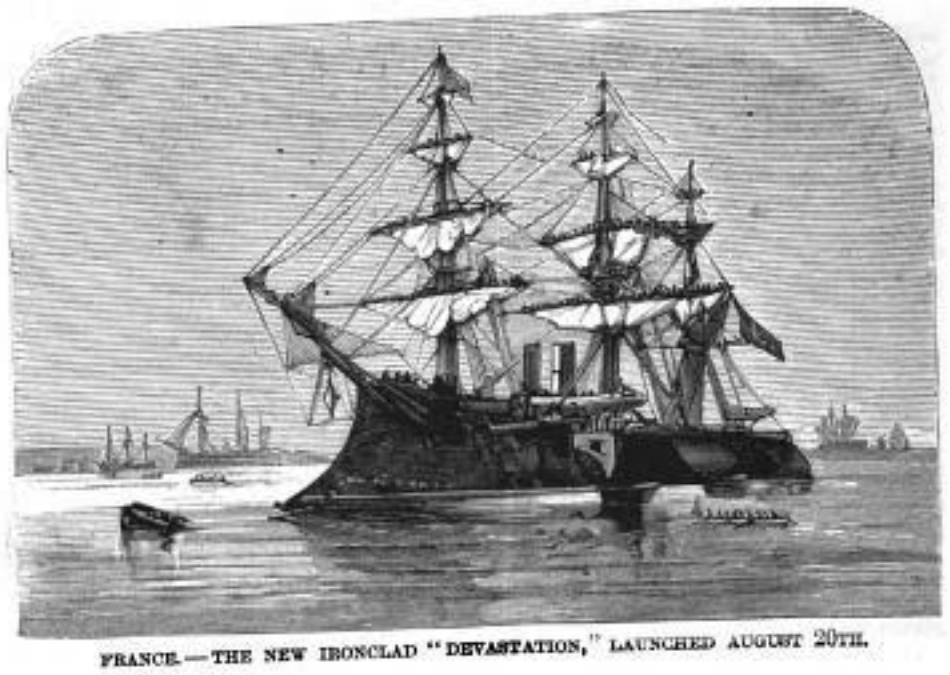
A STATE banquet was given at Panama, January 4th, in honor of M. de Lesseps and his wife. Speeches were made by Commissioner Ferro, in the name of the Government of the United States of Columbia; by M. de Lesseps, by Commandant Lucien N. B. Wyse, by the French Consul resident at Panama, and by consular and other representatives of various foreign nations.

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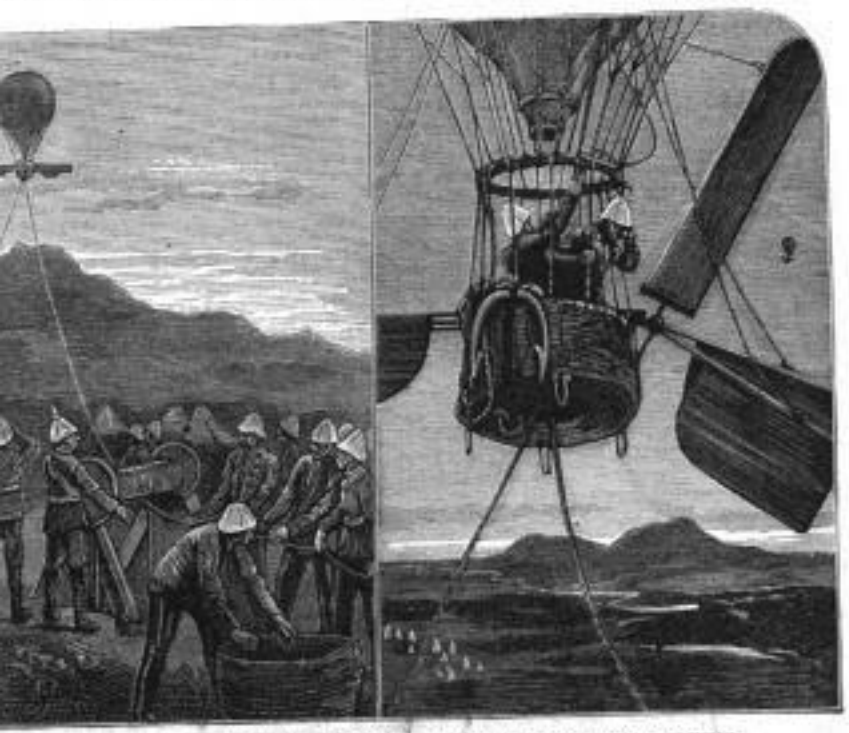
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 387.



SSIA.—ENTRY OF THE CZAR INTO ST. PETERSBURG, AFTER HIS LAST ESCAPE.



FRANCE.—THE NEW IRONCLAD "DEVASTATION," LAUNCHED AUGUST 20TH.



SOUTH AFRICA.—MILITARY BALLOON-SIGNALS AT REST AND WORKING.



SPAIN.—RECEPTION OF THE CABINET OFFICERS AFTER THE ROYAL WEDDING.



FRANCE.—ST. MARTIN'S MARKET AFTER BEING CRUSHED BY THE SNOW.



FRANCE.—SEEKING WARMTH AT A STREET-BRASIER, PARIS.



FRANCE.—THE GREAT SNOWSTORM—VIEW OF THE SEINE BETWEEN THE LOUVRE AND THE INSTITUTE.

PRESENTS FOR BOY PRISONERS.

ONE of those pleasant episodes which Miss Lida Gilbert, long known as the "Prisoner's Friend," is constantly arranging for the unfortunate ones confined in penal and reformatory institutions, occurred in the City Prison of New York on Tuesday afternoon, January 6th. Quite a large number of boys are at present serving out short sentences in the famous Tombs, and it was with the humane view of showing them that there was outside sympathy for them in their unfortunate plights, and, at the same time, of arranging to turn their young minds from thoughts of crime, that Miss Gilbert determined to give an entertainment that should be remembered by them. She was accompanied by Mrs. General Bertha F. Chaney, Judge George Mungen, of Rochester; Mrs. Dr. Smith, the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. John A. Lant, Mr. Elton Pendleton, and the Mr. Messrs. Beach and Wentworth and a few others. Warden Flinn and his deputy led the party to the boys' prison, and introduced them to Mrs. Lane, the Matron, and Miss Foster, Superintendent of the Boys' Department. After the lads had assembled, Miss Gilbert made a speech and told them a story, and then gave to each a handsome picture-book, a knife and pencil, a wooden pail, pounds of candies, and an orange and an apple. She then bid them good-by, and the party went to the chapel, where a short service was held, and then inspected the cells library for the use of the prisoners, which we secured through Miss Gilbert's efforts.

CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE WHITE RIVER.

A LETTER surrounded by deep snow and [illegible] from the bright-lighted and party-decorated rooms that gladden alike the heart of young and old, the holiday season at the camp of the Fifth United States Cavalry on White River, Col. was not by any means as severe as comes at New York before night imagine. Boots were hung up by officers and men, and presents exchanged, just as stockings were filled on Fifth Avenue. Then, too, there were social gatherings. In [illegible] restricted circumstances, men can be fully sociable among themselves. Balls were made, and beans of flesh were given that would [illegible] any but a frontiersman or a lumberman of the North. The pickets [illegible] passed the glorious [illegible] Christmas at their [illegible] beside sparkling [illegible] of brushwood were [illegible] together, when the [illegible] things were ready [illegible] inside, and what [illegible] were spread and [illegible] the grand holi-



COLORADO.—CE

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ONE of those pleasant episodes which Miss Linda Gilbert, long known as the "Prisoner's Friend," is constantly arranging for the unfortunate ones confined in penal and reformatory institutions, occurred in the City Prison of New York on Tuesday afternoon, January 6th. Quite a large number of boys are at present serving out short sentences in the famous Tombs, and it was with the humane view of showing them that there was outside sympathy for them in their unfortunate plights, and, at the same time, of attempting to turn their young minds from thoughts of crime, that Miss Gilbert determined to give an entertainment that should be remembered by them. She was accompanied by Mrs. General Bertha d'Utassy, Judge George Munger, of Rochester; Mrs. Dwinelle, the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. John A. Lant, Mr. Hiram Doolittle, and the Rev. Messrs. Heath and Woodruff and a few others. Warden Finn and his deputy led the party to the boys' prison, and introduced them to Mrs. Foster, the Matron, and Miss Fisher, Superintendent of the Boys' Department. After the lads had assembled, Miss Gilbert made a speech and told them a story, and then gave to each a handsome picture-book, a slate and pencil, a wooden pail, brimful of candies, and an orange and an apple. She then bid them good-by, and the party went to the chapel, where a short service was held, and then inspected the costly library for the use of the prisoners, which was secured through Miss Gilbert's efforts.

CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE WHITE RIVER.

ALTHOUGH surrounded by deep snow and far away from the brightly-lighted and gayly-decorated stores that gladden alike the heart of young and old, the holiday season at the camp of the Fifth United States Cavalry on White River, Col., was not by any means as forlorn an occasion as New York belles might imagine. Boots were hung up by officers and men, and presents exchanged, just as stockings were filled on Fifth Avenue. Then, too, there were social gatherings, for, under restricted circumstances, men can be really sociable among themselves. Calls were made, and feasts of flesh were given that would appal any but a frontiersman or a lumberman of the North. The pickets who passed the glorious eve of Christmas at their posts beside sparkling fires of brushwood were not forgotten when the good things were ready for the palate. And what dinners were spread and eaten on that grand holiday! Verily, man is hungry the world over. Then, after the boards were cleared, and the horses had enjoyed an extra allowance in honor of the day, instead of taking a *siesta* on the lounge or bed or puffed easy-chair, these hearty martial eaters mounted horse and took the very best kind of exercise. With bodies warmed with grateful food and great-coats buttoned to the chin, it is not unlikely that good digestion waited upon appetite, and health attended both in a more loyal manner than after many a banquet graced by the choicest dainties of "civilized" markets.



NEW YORK CITY.—MISS LINDA GILBERT DISTRIBUTING PRESENTS AMONG THE BOY PRISONERS IN THE TOMBS.

OKINAWA ISLANDS.

THESE Islands have recently become a regular province, or *Ken*, of the Japanese Empire, but are still a subject of serious controversy between Japan and China. Their ancient name was Liu Kiu, which has been corrupted by modern navigators into Loo-Choo, Lew Chew and Lieou-Kieow, and by the present natives into Doo-Choo; but the more musical name of Okinawa was given to them by the inhabitants themselves centuries ago, and the meaning of it is "the cord lying upon the sea." The entire group consists of thirty-seven islands, the largest of which is eighty-five miles long by from three to twenty-three in width, and has a circumference of 314 *ri*, or about 778 miles.

During the whole of the eighteenth century the Islands of Okinawa would seem to have remained in a state of perfect tranquillity. They continued to pay a double tribute to Japan and China, and, having faithfully done so, they felt that they had a right to bring in from abroad any new ideas that they might fancy. Hence they imported the paper mulberry from Japan, and began to manufacture paper: and from China they obtained the secret of making India ink; and also as an article of food when young, and for the beauty of its wood, they imported and cultivated the famous *mose* bamboo. They also adopted a code of criminal laws and of laws for reward, and not only established a national school, but many local schools in the various districts.

The peculiarities of the inhabitants of Okinawa may be summed up as follows: They are noted for their natural intelligence, though the majority have few opportunities for acquiring the knowledge contained in books; their language is closely allied to that of the Japanese; their occupations are chiefly agricultural, the leading productions being rice, wheat, sugar, millet, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, tobacco, cotton, indigo and flax; their manufactures are limited to cloths made from cotton and grass, to porcelain and lacquered goods, and such other things as are needed for a simple rural



THE AFTER-DINNER EXERCISE.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE PICKET-FIRE.

COLORADO.—CHRISTMAS IN THE CAMP OF THE FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY ON WHITE RIVER.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. D. PARKHURST.

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population; the men are generally stout, well-formed, and fond of wearing beards; the women are small, and kept in a low social position; all classes are industrious and neat in their persons and habitations; their style of dressing is Oriental and suited to the climate; their homes are comfortable and picturesque; the table and household customs are similar to those of the Japanese; in religion they are generally Buddhists, although some of their rites are peculiar to these islands.

They know not what it is to have an army, nor any such offspring of civilization as a political demagogue; their policy is to carry on their public affairs in a spirit of courtesy and kindness. When they have deemed it necessary to carry guns on their little vessels, they have borrowed them from Satsuma. They use the Japanese alphabet, and write after the manner of their neighbors and protectors, and in speaking of their language, they claim that six-tenths of the words are Japanese, three-tenths of local dialect, and one-tenth Chinese. When any public business is to be transacted, the people are called together in their several districts, and the men in authority accomplish the purposes of the Government by kindly admonitions.

AN ATLANTIC SKETCH.

By LADY HARDY.

NO, I shall not tell the name of the ship; those who were my fellow-passengers during those brief ten days will recognize it easily enough, themselves, too, no doubt; for I profess my portraits to be as correct as those painted by the sun; not sufficiently flattering, perhaps, to satisfy loving eyes, but good enough for strangers, who do not care what was the shape of this man's nose, or the color of that man's hair. To those who were not of our party, one vessel will be the same as another; they may choose and christen it after their own fashion, for, after all, what's in a name? That question was asked three hundred years ago, and answered by Tom Hood, good, genial Tom Hood, in our own day. He proves to our satisfaction that there is a great deal in a good name, but much more in a bad one.

It was on a bright morning in July that I started on my first Atlantic passage, in some trepidation of spirit and anxiety of mind. First I went on an exploring expedition from one end of the magnificent vessel to the other; it was one of the finest on the Allan Line, a floating palace, so fine, so steady and strong, it seemed impossible that even the wildest waves could make a toy of, or crush like an egg-shell, a thing so majestic, with its iron heart beating with a regular throb like the pulse of a strong man's life. Having satisfied myself as to my stateroom, and its proximity to stewardess and doctor, my next thought was to go up on deck and look round upon my fellow-passengers who were to form part of my home-life for the next ten days. There were plenty of them; as a rule they were those common specimens of humanity which nature turns out by thousands, and merely labels "man" or "woman." But there were some exceptions; one was an elderly, stern-featured man, bronzed and weather-beaten, with small, keen eyes, which looked as though they could detect a spot upon the face of the sun without the aid of glasses, and so searching that, like the east wind, they would reach the marrow at a single blow; with these piercing eyes he scanned the faces of every one who came on board. His companion—for he was not alone—was a young fellow, fair-haired, with laughing blue eyes, full of those animal spirits which work off with the early stages of manhood. Then there was a young bride and bridegroom returning to their home in Quebec, having been for their wedding tour in the old land. Before I had time to carry my inspection further, the cry of "All for the shore" came from a pair of stentorian lungs. There was a hurried hand-shaking, and "Good-by," "Good-by," echoed on all sides, spoken with varying shades of feeling; some with a choking sob, others with a tender regret, and some who were off for a brief holiday shouted a joyous "Good-by." In the midst of the bustle and confusion of parting and departing, a little rowboat hailed the vessel, and in another moment came alongside, and a young widow, with a child about a year old in her arms, followed by a boy carrying a cabin-trunk, came on board.

"I have been detained. I was afraid I should miss the ship," she exclaimed, glancing apologetically round.

The purser had already taken the contract tickets from the rest of the passengers, and held out his hand for hers. She searched her purse, her hand-bag, turned everything over and over, her agitation increasing as she found the search was vain. In deep distress, and with a look of profound dismay, she exclaimed:

"I have lost it! I had it safe an hour ago What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

Here our bronzed old captain came to the fore; cast his kind gray eyes upon the young widow's face. She was beginning to cry, and he patted her in a fatherly way upon the shoulder and said, soothingly:

"There, there, my dear; don't distress yourself."

"You won't send me back?" she exclaimed, catching his hand as they say drowning men catch at straws.

"No, no," he answered; "it is all right. I'll take the risk."

He gave the signal. We all rushed to the side of the vessel, and, amidst a general waving of handkerchiefs, shouting of last words, and "Good by!"—"Good-by!" the little steam-tug which had brought the passengers on board went snorting and shrieking on its way back to the shore, and our great ship steamed majestically up the river, out towards the dreaded Irish Channel. Some among us had a hazy idea that we might be led to disembark at Moville and so bid adieu to the horrors of the sea for ever; but that was a cowardly notion, which *I* never encouraged for a moment.

That evening the captain's table was crowded. Everybody seemed to realize the fact that that vessel was to be "home" for the next ten days. Everybody seemed socially inclined, but, nevertheless, took mental stock of their neighbors before deciding which set he should especially cling to; for, of course, before many hours were over we should break into little parties and cliques of a friendly fashion. The beautiful young widow, Mrs. Sydney, had the place of honor on the captain's right hand, the bride upon his left; but, before this could be satisfactorily decided, the question arose: "What was to become of the baby?" At last a young Scotchman, Donald Mackay, volunteered to immolate himself on the altar of beauty, and, animated by a grateful glance from the widow's soft brown eyes, he disappeared up the companion way holding the baby upside down—which was excusable, perhaps, this being the first time he had officiated as dry-nurse.

The captain, in his capacity of host, did his best to make things go cheerily. He set the ball of conversation, and if it was not caught up or fairly bowled onward, it was no fault of his. Meanwhile, a game at speculation was being invisibly carried on; telegraphic communication was passed from eye to eye, conjectural phrases flew round, and the current of observation set in strongly towards the young widow's quarter. She, meanwhile, seemed wholly unconscious of the curiosity she was creating. She sat silent and reserved, with a tinge of melancholy, as became her state, equally unconscious of the admiring glances of the one sex, or the critical appraisement of the other. She was monosyllabic in her answers to special questions, and in reply to general observations merely glanced up and smiled—with such a smile! One longed to catch that upward glance and smile again. The young bride, Mrs. Alger, looked across the table with a supercilious air. She had caught her liege lord's glances wandering that way oftener and with warmer admiration than she quite approved. Once he ventured to nudge her elbow, levying an unlicensed tax upon her admiration. She refused to honor his demand, and obstinately turned her eyes in another direction.

After dinner all went their several ways, some to the smoking-room, some lounged over the bulwarks, others joined the cry of "Yo, heave ho!" and helped the sailors haul the ropes, for the wind was freshening; all sails were set to catch the breeze, and the vessel, like a beautiful white bird with outspread wings, floated along, cutting her way through the water with a steady rapidity that had an exhilarating effect upon everybody. We felt as though we ourselves were flying over the face of the water. The briny kisses "of the great, sweet mother" stirred the soul into open rejoicing, and bursts of laughter and cheerful voices echoed on all sides. Meanwhile, the pretty bride and her athletic bridegroom paced the deck in gloomy silence; she, because she was wrathfully disposed; he, because he had nothing to say—he rarely had much to say—conversation, as a rule, was not his strong point. Presently, however, he seemed to become vaguely aware that there was something unusual in this continued silence, and he broke it, adding insult to injury as he exclaimed:

"I say, Clara?"

"Well."

"Isn't she a stunning creature?"

"Who?"

"Why, the widow, of course. Clean and smart, not a bad point about her."

"You talk as though you were studying a horse."

"So she is—she's a *mère*, mare; not bad that, don't you see? *Mère* mother, mare horse." He laughed heartily at his own wit, and nudged his wife's elbow as a means of wakening her understanding to a full appreciation. She smiled faintly, and he followed up his advantage, adding: "Wonderfully reserved, though, and quiet isn't she? Never once opened her lips."

"She opened her mouth, though, pretty often, and put plenty into it; the way she ate was perfectly disgusting; putting the knife into her mouth, too. I thought that she was going to swallow it."

"Ah, that looks queer, very," he observed, sagaciously. "I should like to know her history, I'm sure she's got one." Here Mr. Jaggers, the tall, strange-looking man who had first attracted my attention, joined them in their promenade, and somehow, after a slight passing observation concerning the weather, the conversation drifted towards Mrs. Sydney. Mr. Jaggers protested he had not seen her face, "Besides, he did not pay much attention to women's faces—didn't believe in 'em."

"Jaggers don't believe in anything," rejoined his young companion, whom he called Donald, but who was registered as Stokes. "Now, *I* believe in everything, especially in women, from my own grandmother down to 'Ginx's Baby.' *I* mean to get up a flirtation with the widow if I can."

"I don't suppose you'll have much trouble for all she seems so reserved and shy," said Mrs. Alger, demurely.

"She doesn't talk much at present, certainly," rejoined Mr. Stokes; "but I daresay she'll put the steam on by-and-by."

"I think she's stupid," added the lady.

"She can afford to be stupid," said the obtuse but chivalrous Alger, "for she's deucedly handsome."

"A woman ought to talk well or look well, or she isn't fit to live," said Stokes; "she certainly does the one, and it is not every one who can do both—like yourself," he added, with a most insinuating smile, at which barefaced compliment the lady simpered and her liege lord's face radiated; he nudged her elbow, his usual fashion of calling her attention to any special thing.

"Oh, I say, Clara, come, after that——" He did not finish his speech—he rarely did; he stumbled into the middle and then cut himself adrift from his sentence altogether. At this moment they were approaching the bow of the vessel. The widow had seated herself upon a coil of ropes and was looking over the bulwarks watching the white foam-flakes rushing along and leaping up the sides of the vessel. As the group paused momentarily before her, she looked up and met the full gaze of Mr. Jaggers's searching eyes, hers drooped and turned away.

"My God!" he exclaimed, in a low smothered tone; though not so low but it reached the ears of his young friend Stokes.

"Why, what is it?—what is the matter?" he inquired.

"Nothing. I was struck by a likeness—that's all. I fancy I must have seen her before," replied Mr. Jaggers.

"And *I* should think she was the last person in the world you would be likely to see—quite off your beat. Look at her. She's a lady, no doubt about that; but you're always finding likenesses—a dangerous faculty that. Only yesterday you said I was like somebody who was hanged ten years ago.

The next day was stormy; there were no ladies on deck and few gentlemen. The sea had worked itself into a state of foaming fury; there was a high wind, all sails were set, and the vessel made rapid way, going at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, cutting her way bravely through the watery mountains which rose and roared on all sides of her. Indeed, everything rose except our spirits, and they fell below zero as we lay moaning in our cabins, envying those masculine adventurers who were able to venture on deck and enjoy the full grandeur of the storm—the tumult of the world of waters. The next day the weather moderated, the storm passed, leaving only a heavy swell behind it. We heard the heavy tramp of footsteps overhead and cheerful voices full of exuberant health and spirits exchanging "Good-mornings," and merry jests and jokes seemed passing round, judging by the bursts of laughter that reached us; then, one by one, we crept on deck as flies creep out of a crevice to enjoy the first gleam of sunshine.

Mrs. Sydney was already on deck, carrying what young Stokes stigmatized as that "shrieking abomination" in her arms. Many strong arms would have relieved her of it, but her manner was repellant, and seemed to resent rather than be grateful for any attention either from her own or the opposite sex. The gentlemen, especially the younger portion, felt aggrieved at seeing this young creature so heavily weighted, but had not courage to press their undesired services upon her.

"What big brutes we are," growled the admiring young Scotchman; "great hulking fellows, lounging about with our hands in our pockets, while she—by Jove! I can't stand it." He strode across the deck—made straight for the beautiful young widow.

"Allow me, please," he exclaimed, taking the stordy boy from her unresisting hands and marching away in triumph, holding it with the grace of an elephant, and making the most ridiculous zoological noises to amuse it. Mrs. Sydney simply yielded the child to him without a caress or tender word; indeed, it was observed that she showed no maternal tenderness to the child, only a kind of wooden devotion. Being temporarily relieved from her charge, she sat down, and Mr. Stokes strolled up and stood beside her.

"Your first voyage?" he said, inquiringly, making the first step towards the threatened flirtation which seemed to be a more difficult business than he at first supposed.

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully together. "I hope we shall have a jolly time yet, though last night wasn't very promising."

"Wasn't it?" she said, languidly, as though she was not interested at all in the matter.

"Well, scarcely," he answered, opening his eyes. "We don't often have such weather as that in July. Why, even poor old Jaggers was down, and it takes a good deal to bowl *him* over."

"Jaggers! Who is Jaggers?" she asked, lifting her beautiful eyes to his face, and for the first time waking up with some little interest.

"Well, Jaggers is a friend of mine," replied young Stokes; "that tall, grim looking, elderly party."

"I know that," she exclaimed, impatiently "I meant *what* is he?"

"Oh! what is he?" echoed Mr Stokes, seemingly taken aback. "Well, that is another question. He don't care for everybody to know exactly what he is."

"No!" she exclaimed, in sweet surprise "At first I thought he was the captain. He certainly looks like an officer."

"You're near it. You wouldn't like to sail in his ship, though; you'd be sure to get wrecked or landed between four stone walls."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Sydney, glancing up at him with a puzzled, inquiring look. The young man looked out over the sea, as though he didn't care to be tempted into further confidence. "I should like to know," she added, "but, of course, don't tell me if it's a secret. He is so like somebody I've seen before."

"By Jove! that is exactly what he said of you."

"Really; well, we may turn out to be old friends, who knows? I'm more than ever interested in Mr. Jaggers."

"The last man in the world I should have thought likely to interest a lady—it would pay better to be interested in me now," he laughed, carelessly.

"Oh, there is interest and interest," said Mrs. Sydney, as she dropped her eyes and turned away. The young man was silent for a moment, then rejoined, with the confidence beauty frequently inspires in his inexperienced sex:

"I'm sure you're to be trusted, Mrs. Sydney, but it doesn't do to let these things get afloat. We don't want everybody to know everything."

"Of course not."

"Well," he added, confidently, "Jaggers is *A* 1 at Scotland Yard, a first-rate hand. Once give him the scent, he's like a bloodhound—sure to run his man down."

"Ah, a police detective," she repeated, under her breath. He nodded. "What a dreadful man!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Stokes; "he is the best fellow in the world, except in the way of business; there, he's as hard as nails."

The announcement that he was as "hard as nails" did not seem to increase his popularity in the young widow's eyes.

"It's a mean, sneaky way of getting a living," she rejoined, "and all the talking in the world cannot make it anything else.'

"I don't know about that," he answered; "one evil creates another, you know. So long as thieves run ahead there must be somebody to catch 'em. On the whole, I think the 'detective' is a grand institution, a necessary one, too; and so you'd think if you'd lost your jewelry, and he," jerking his head towards Jaggers, "had recovered it for you."

"I suppose I should," she answered, demurely; "in such cases we are apt to be selfish."

"Yes," rejoined the young fellow, "and, generally speaking, we are quite ready to shake hands with the sinner when we benefit by the sin."

"Perhaps," she answered, glancing up with a shy, winning smile into his face; "but I don't think I should choose the sinner for my traveling companion, especially on a *pleasure* excursion," she added, emphatically.

He laughed and rubbed his hands together, as though he rather enjoyed the idea.

"So you think we're on a pleasure excursion," he chuckled.

"At least it looks like it," she answered.

"Ah, but you shouldn't judge by appearances! It is quite the reverse. And you? Well, I suppose we have been speculating about one another. I vote that we strike a bargain—you tell me your story, and I'll tell you ours."

The lady looked down and played nervously with the folds of her dress as she answered.

"Mine is soon told. I—I am a widow, as you see, and I am going to join my friends in Canada. And you?" she added, inquiringly.

"Well, we're likely to have rather a rough time of it," he answered, hesitating a moment; then adding, briskly, "You've heard of the great jewel robbery, I suppose? All London ablaze with it. A wonderfully mysterious affair," he added, knitting his brows; "but I think we're on the right track. Jaggers is rather close, but I know a thing or two."

"But what have you to do with it?" she inquired, with some interest.

"Not much, really. I'm going partly for pleasure, partly for the purpose of identification. I think I can swear to the fellow we're after."

The widow regarded him with a look of furtive inquiry as she inquired, in a low voice, almost under her breath:

"Is he in Canada?"

He nodded confidently.

"Sailed two days ago. We telegraphed to the police at Quebec. They'll look after him and take good care of him. Jaggers will just want time to slip the bracelets on, and we'll be back in London in no time."

"Don't talk any more. It makes me sad to hear about such things."

She got up and walked to the other side of the deck. He whistled as he leaned against the bulwarks and watched the lithe figure pacing briskly to and fro.

"Whew!" he whistled, softly; then added, half aloud, "How sensitive these delicate women are! What a fool I was to talk to her!" He pulled his fair mustache perplexedly as he added "What would Jaggers say?"

It was getting dark—too late for ring-toss, and shovel-board was wiped from the deck. People strolled up and down, some singing snatches of old songs, some indulging in desultory chit-chat—the small change of society which always passes current when the pure gold of conversation lies like a drug in the market for want of circulation. The young newly-married couple were seated in the bow of the vessel, feasting daintily on their honeymoon, which threatened to give out before the end of the journey. The monotonous music of the sailors' "Yo heave ho!" mingled with the cheery voice of our captain as he passed hither and thither, exchanging pleasant words by the way. He was a bronzed old sea dog, the commodore of the line. We often wondered when our captain slept, or if he was a human machine, warranted to go ten days without winding up; for he had the faculty of popping up on all parts of the vessel at the most unexpected times and places. His sharp eyes were everywhere. Nothing escaped his observation, from a speck upon the deck to a bluebottle fluttering among the shrouds and sails of his vessel. The most perfect discipline prevailed everywhere.

As the evening closed in the skies grew overcast and a drizzling rain began to fall, it seemed to damp everybody's spirits; conversation languished, and the deck was speedily cleared. Some betook themselves to the saloon and improvised a musical entertainment for their own benefit, for the most lugubrious strains and mutilated fragments of popular melodies floated through the skylight and died a natural death in the evening air. Some adjourned to the smoking-room, and others in solitary state descended to their cozy cabins and there made themselves at home. If the sea had not been as smooth as a

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billiard-table there would not have been much of the "at home" about it, but Neptune was in a drowsy mood, and all went well.

(Continued on page 400.)

How to Make Moss Baskets.

VERY beautiful baskets for holding flowers can be made of the longer and more feathery kinds of mosses. A light frame, of any shape you like, should be made with wire, and covered with common pasteboard or calico, and the moss, which should first be well picked over and cleansed from any bits of dirt or dead leaves which may be hanging about it, gathered into little tufts and sewed with a coarse needle and thread to the covering, so as to clothe it thickly with a close and compact coating, taking care that the points of the moss are all outward. A long handle, made in the same manner, should be attached to the basket, and a tin or other vessel, filled with either wet sand or water placed within to hold the flowers. By dipping the whole structure into water once in three or four days, its verdure and elasticity will be fully preserved, and a block of wood about an inch thick, and stained black or green, if placed under the basket, will prevent all risk of damage to the table from moisture.

Frozen Earth in Siberia.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD investigated the formation of the strata of frozen earth, several hundred feet thick, which occurs in Siberia as in polar America. Along the coast of Siberia there is a stratum of water resting on the bottom of the sea, which is several degrees below freezing-point, so that a flask of the comparatively fresh surface water, when sunk into this stratum, begins to freeze. Stuxberg observed that the trawl net often froze fast to the bottom. This was accounted for by the freezing of the fresh water which the net carried down with it from the surface. Nordenskjold thinks that the mud carried down by the rivers into the sea, as it sinks to the bottom, carries with it fresh water adhering to the minute particles, and that this fresh water, like that carried down by the net, freezes at the bottom, forming thus a frozen stratum, which increases year by year, until it reaches an enormous thickness. He is of opinion that a portion of the earthy layers of Siberia was formed in this way, although, he adds, he by no means considers this the only way in which such formations arose.

Pretty Lamp Shades.

AT a recent dinner party, the ladies amused themselves in the evening by making impromptu lamp shades, so novel, so easy, and so pretty, that I will describe them. A sheet of ordinary-colored tissue paper is taken, folded once, and held in the thumb and finger of the left hand, like a pocket-handkerchief. It is then drawn through the right hand, from top to bottom, over and over again, till it is a mere wisp. An inch is cut off the point at the top, to form the hole for the chimney of the lamp to pass through; the paper is then spread out, and falls in four graceful crimped points. The shade is complete: and when dexterously put over the globe (before the lamp is turned up very bright) throws a pretty, subdued light. Pink, pale green, yellow or violet are all favorite colors; and when two or more colors are put over each other, the effect is very pretty. It is thus easy to vary the lamp shades, and to have a selection of all colors in reserve. The soft, subdued light of the shades is pleasant, and at the same time becoming. Pretty shades can be made of gold paper, with delicate fern fronds or ivy leaves, first pressed and partially dried, and then gummed on and varnished, an edge of light lace added round at the last. Old discolored shades can be re-covered, and thus renovated with advantage.

Wedding of Russian Women.

THE Russian papers publish an edifying account of a marriage celebrated about a year ago between two female peasants. The woman who played the part of husband was one Agnithe Ivanoff, of Novgorod, a truly unprincipled person, who, in the first place, deceived the authorities by taking out a passport in the name, not of "Agathe," but of "Alexandra." Agathe then put on men's clothes and changed in her passport "Alexandra" to "Alexander." The self-styled Alexander Ivanoff made, soon after, the acquaintance of one Prascovia, a peasant girl from Olonets, proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. A few weeks ago, an official to whom Alexandra or Alexander Ivanoff had occasion to exhibit the altered passport, recognized the erasure and substitution of letters, and ordered the passport-bearer to be arrested. The woman has since been sentenced to a fine and short term of imprisonment for having tampered with her passport, but no action, it seems, can be taken against her in connection with the strange alliance which Alexandra or Alexander has contracted, the offense of marrying a person of the same sex being one unprovided for by the Russian law.

Cultivation of the Vine in Europe.

IT is estimated that the land in Europe devoted to the cultivation of the vine amounts, in round numbers, to about 6,808,000 hectares (one hectare is equal to nearly two and one-half acres), producing annually about 349,764,000 hectolitres (one hectolitre is equal to twenty-two gallons), as follows—France, 2,400,000 hectares, 63,000,000 hectolitres; Italy, 1,800,000 hectares, 30,000,000 hectolitres; Spain, 1,400,000 hectares, 27,000,000 hectolitres; Austria, 700,000 hectares, 19,500,000 hectolitres; Portugal, 300,000 hectares, 5,000,000 hectolitres; Germany, 170,000 hectares, 4,400,000 hectolitres; Greece, 50,000 hectares, 1,150,000 hectolitres; Switzerland 34,000 hectares, 1,100,000 hectolitres; Roumania, 34,000 hectares, 1,300,000 hectolitres; Russia, 20,000 hectares, 610,000 hectolitres.

Household Perils.

UNDER this head the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first-named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil-stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor so soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening, when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into the room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable. As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An accident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used. Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleaning brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and, therefore, frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labeled properly, and used with care.

A Martial Ornament.

HUNGARIANS are celebrated for their remarkably fine mustaches, and are in the habit of devoting much care to the cultivation of this martial ornament. The national custom originated with a number of cavalry regiments who distinguished themselves in the wars against the Turks, and whose colonels, finding that the fashion served to inspire the troopers with manly pride and dashing gallantry, made the training and cultivating of the mustaches a regulation affair. A beardless youth was excluded from cavalry service. Here is the method employed, and which is in daily use throughout the land among men who set their pride upon the display of a fine curly and provokingly sticking-out mustaches. After the morning ablution, and while the beard is still wet, a piece of string is drawn across the face, under the nose, and fastened over both ears. Both hands then twist the hair around the string, to which an extra pull is given, with a final fastening behind the ears. In this ingenious condition of early toilet, one may comfortably get through breakfast and a lot of early work indoors, and emerge at noon with a more or less fierce and martial countenance, the pride of the girls and the object of envious swells ignorant of the plan. During the French wars towards the end of the last and the beginning of this century, there was one Hungarian hussar regiment specially distinguished for the magnificence and dereeness of its mustaches. The regulation exacted a display of five inches of hair, in corkscrew form and shape, on each side of the upper lip, and, when nature's supply proved insufficient, the regulation length had to be made of bits of horsetail worked into pricking points at each end by means of a sticky mass of grease and wax, which became known in Paris during the Restoration under the elegant name of "Pommade Hongroise."

London Clubs.

WHITAKER'S ALMANAC for 1880 contains a list of upwards of seventy London clubs, with the date of their establishment, number of the members, amount of subscription, etc. Of these, five date from the last century, and are well known to readers of English history and literature. They are, White's (1736), the Cocoa Tree (1746), Boodle's (1762), Brooks's—the famous Whig Club—(1764) and Arthur's (1765). These are all situated in St. James Street, and the number of members is limited in each of them to 600, except the Cocoa Tree Club, which has a limit of 350. They are all very choice. Besides these, the Travelers' Club, established in 1819, with 730 members; the Turf Club, established in 1868, with 350; and the Marlborough Club, established in 1869, with 450 members, are very exclusive clubs—election to which is attended with much difficulty. The professional and political clubs are much larger than these, having from 1,000 to 1,500 members each. The principal literary clubs are the Athenæum, the United University, the Oxford and Cambridge, the New University, the Junior Athenæum, and the Garrick. The political clubs are the Carlton, Conservative, Junior Carlton and St. Stephen's clubs, belonging to the Conservative party, and, besides Brooks's, the Reform, Devonshire and City Liberal clubs, connected with the Liberal party. Two clubs, the Albemarle and the Russell, are for both ladies and gentlemen. The highest entrance fee is that charged at the Traveler's—forty guineas—and the highest annual assessment is fifteen guineas, charged at the Turf Club. The usual admission fee is from twenty to thirty guineas, and the usual assessment ten guineas.

A Frigid Dwelling.

A HOUSE of ice, similar to that which was built in the Empress Anne's reign, is about to be constructed in the Zoological Garden at Moscow. The managers of that establishment have found among its archives some valuable details as to the mode of building which was adopted on the former occasion, and they will be adhered to in the present instance. The first edifice was raised between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, in 1740, and was formed throughout—walls, roof, windows, decorations alike—of ice. The blocks were cut in a square shape and their surfaces sprinkled with water, which, when the cubes were placed in juxtaposition, froze in the interstices and bound the whole into one compact and solid mass. At the entrance of the structure was a large gallery filled with statues. The pilasters on the exterior were fashioned to imitate green marbles. The antechamber possessed four windows and the other rooms five each, while on the sills stood vases filled with flowers made of ice, shrub-like plants, covered with birds of the same material, standing at the corners. Clock cases, chairs, tables, wardrobes, utensils, candelabra, bed, were all of ice.

Killing Fish with Dynamite.

IN several of the counties in Northern Georgia there is much excitement over a new and terrible method of killing fish, which is being practiced with great efficacy. When the Government Surveyors were improving the beds of the Etowah and Coosa Rivers they used dynamite in blasting rock. It was discovered that the explosions were very fatal to the fish all around them. The shock was so terrible that hundreds of dead or stunned fish would rise to the surface and be easily taken. The people around the country heard of this destruction of fish, and resolved to put it into practical use. They procured a number of dynamite cartridges, and began such a killing of fish as was never heard of before. The practice rapidly spread until now it is common in several counties in North Georgia. A place in the stream is baited well for several days, until fish congregate thickly there. Then the managers of the destructive plans go to work. The dynamite cartridge is placed deep under the water. It is exploded by means of a small galvanic battery or by some cheaper method. A terrible stir is made in the water, and for yards around fish are killed by the hundreds. Not far from Cartersville, the other day, 300 pounds of fish were thus killed in one stream. The news of this practice is rapidly spreading, and wherever it is heard of there is a desire to try it. The destruction of fish in the streams and ponds is consequently terrible. Much indignation is felt by those who deem this an extravagant waste of fish, but there seems to be no way to prevent it.

XLVITH CONGRESS—IID SESSION.

TUESDAY, *January 6th.*—SENATE—Petitions were presented relative to international coinage and the metric system, to the equalization of bounties of ex-soldiers, to a project for attempting the cultivation of tea and grapes in Texas, and to an amendment of the law relative to the seizure and forfeiture of vessels for a breach of revenue laws. Bills were introduced providing for the establishment of a Court of Appeals, that no person on the retired list of the army, navy or marine corps shall draw a pension, and the donation of public lands to States and Territories which may establish colleges. HOUSE.—The Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs reported a resolution authorizing the Committee to investigate the Ute Indian outbreak—adopted. A Bill, reported from the Committee on Naval Affairs, to extend to certain large Southern ports the provisions of the Act for the Establishment of Public Marine Schools was passed. Both Houses adjourned out of respect to the late Senator Houston.

WEDNESDAY, *January 7th.*—SENATE—Resolutions were introduced relative to the establishment of an additional Executive Department, to be known as the "Department of Agriculture and Commerce," and amending Mr. Bayard's joint resolution withdrawing the legal-tender quality of the greenbacks. The Vice-President laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Interior, concerning moneys paid to the Ute Indians under the agreement of September 3d, 1873; also a communication from the Secretary of the Interior, transmitting information relative to the establishment of mining claims on the Ute Reservation. HOUSE.—A large number of new Bills were introduced, and several committees submitted reports. The most important Bills were: To prevent and punish the sale of firearms and ammunition to uncivilized Indians, to request the President to invite the Governments of Mexico and Brazil to enter into a treaty with us, to restrict Chinese immigration, to direct the Secretary of the Interior to pay to Mrs. N. C. Meeker and others certain sums of money out of the Ute Indian annuity funds, and to direct the Foreign Affairs Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing all Envoys Extraordinary and Minister Resident of the United States to foreign countries.

THURSDAY, *January 8th.*—SENATE—The Military Academy Appropriation Bill was reported with an amendment, and after three recalcitrant witnesses were discharged from custody, the Senate went into executive session. HOUSE—A Bill to publish a supplement to the Revised Statutes was passed, and a number of new Bills and resolutions were introduced, after which the House went into a discussion of the proposed amendments to the rules.

FRIDAY, *January 9th.*—There was no session of the Senate. HOUSE.—A number of Bills of a private character were introduced, and the House adjourned without important action.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Winter in Paris.

While the Winter has been very open and mild in the neighborhood of New York, it has been unusually severe in Europe. For the first time in eleven years there has been sleighing in Rome. In Paris the season has been quite phenomenal. Heavy falls of snow have blocked the thoroughfares and crushed in numerous buildings, while the cold has been so severe that the Seine was frozen over and braziers were set up in the prominent streets to enable pedestrians to warm themselves. Our illustrations give a good idea of the gay capital under the sway of the ice king.

The Royal Reception in Madrid.

Immediately after the royal wedding, the King and his young bride received, in the Throne-room of the Palace, the members of his council, the high dignitaries of State, the Diplomatic Corps and prominent officers of the army and navy. Each person passed before their Majesties with hat in hand, the King bowing and the Queen smiling. The nerves of the Queen have been almost shattered by the late attempt on the King's life, and much pity is felt for her, particularly as she has developed serious malady to which she has never before been subject.

The Czar's Last Escape.

The last attempt on the life of the Czar was made on December 1st, at a point on the railroad near Moscow, where it was intended to spring a powder-mine beneath the track as the imperial train passed over. A change was made in the running of the passenger and the baggage trains, so that the former, with the Czar and suite, passed over the mine in safety, while the baggage train which usually precedes the other, was nearly blown to pieces by the explosion. As on all previous occasions of a similar character, when His Majesty entered St. Petersburg and showed himself to the people, he received the most profound demonstrations of loyalty. The streets through which he was driven were crowded with the *élite* of the city, and wherever he appeared for several days he was cheered lustily.

Military Ballooning in South Africa.

The science of military ballooning is rapidly being brought to perfection by the British officers. The most marked improvements have been made in South Africa during the Zulu war, where the new system has been tested with much success. In the illustration the scene on the left shows the balloon at an elevation, with the line like signaling apparatus at rest, and that on the right represents the officers in the act of communicating with their comrades by the apparatus.

The "Devastation."

This formidable vessel, which has recently been added to the French navy, is the type of a class now much in favor with naval architects, being built with armored turrets and a central battery projecting beyond the sides of the vessel for lateral firing, and having a formidable ram. Her keel was laid on the stocks at Toulon in 1876, and she was launched on the 26th of August last. The vessel is propelled by means of two powerful twin screws worked by engines of between 3,000 and 4,000 horse power. The speed already attained on her trial trip was between fourteen and fifteen knots per hour. The *Devastation* is also fully rigged, so that under ordinary circumstances of navigation she can move independently of her steam power.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Burmese Government has determined to send its embassy to Europe.

—THE debt of New York City on December 31st, was $100,425,414.37.

—TERRIBLE famines are reported in the districts of Boskaleh and Bayazid, in Armenia.

—ELEVEN persons have been drowned at Lobau by the overflowing of the River Danube.

—NASHVILLE points to new buildings worth nearly $640,000 as evidence of substantial growth during the past year.

—AN emphatic Russian official denial is given that the establishment of a regency in whole or in part is contemplated.

—A PERMANENT organization has been formed by the Hebrew gentlemen of New York, who are working for a better observation of the Jewish Sabbath.

—GORDON PASHA has had an interview with the Khédive, and his reports relative to the relations between Egypt and Abyssinia are considered satisfactory.

—THE man who shot at and nearly killed Colonel Anthony, now Governor of Kansas, several years ago, was himself shot dead in a quarrel at Leavenworth on January 5th.

—FIVE thousand dollars is offered by the American Humane Society, of Chicago, for a stock car in which live animals can be carried long distances without needless suffering.

—OF the quantity of cotton-seed oil exported from New Orleans to foreign countries during the past year, it is said 1,800,000 gallons went to Italy and 600,000 gallons to France.

—IN consequence of the revolutionary agitation having extended to the troops, the Russian military authorities have ordered that henceforth no regiment shall be stationed in the district where it was recruited.

—ALL attempts to raise the German iron-clad *Grosser Kurfürst* being fruitless, the German Admiralty is considering the advisability of blowing up the vessel, with a view to recovering the material in fragments.

—OUR Consul-General in Canada reports that the trade of Canada with Great Britain fell off last year and the trade with America increased. The new tariff of the Dominion has already reversed this state of affairs.

—A CHORUS of boys, fifty in number, has been formed at the College of Music in Cincinnati for the purpose of performing secular works. It is believed that this is the only choir of the sort ever formed on so large a scale in this country.

—MR. A. P. SPRAGUE, of the International Code Committee, has transmitted to Secretary Evarts the recent resolution of the committee relating to collisions at sea. Mr. Evarts has submitted the matter to the President for his action.

—JAPANESE persimmons grow to a great size in California. Some on exhibition at Los Angeles measure 11¼ by 10¼ inches, and weigh three quarters of a pound each. They are of a beautiful flame-gold color. Pomegranates also flourish there.

—AFTER the recent floods in the Tiber at Rome, an unusual number of fish were caught in the river, and were devoured by the famished poor of the city at a cost of two cents per pound. The floods in the Tiber always yield such a benefit to the poor.

—AT a New Year's Day banquet, the Viceroy of India said that the soldier's work in Afghanistan could not be relinquished until the future peace of India was secured, and solid guarantees for the good behavior of India's Afghan neighbors secured.

—THE English memorial to the late Princess Alice of England and Hesse is to take the very noble form of an endowment of the Hospital and School for Nurses in Darmstadt which the princess herself founded, and in which she took a great and practical interest.

—PRINCE BISMARCK has bought 40,000 seedlings of the American maple, which he proposes to plant in his forests in the Sachsenwald. The Prince has also ordered, for the same purpose, 10,000 seedlings of the *pinus cembra Manschurica*, which is largely cultivated in Switzerland and the south of Austria.

—THE Russian Technical Society invite foreign exhibits, especially of such inventions as have not yet been introduced into Russia, for the exhibition of new machines, apparatus and tools of all classes except agricultural implements, to be open at St. Petersburg during the Winter, and until the 15th of next May.

—DURING the recent cold snap in Paris, the bodies of a young man and maiden were found frozen and buried in snow in the ditch of the fortifications. They were lovers; their parents had forbidden them to see each other; they were in the habit of meeting clandestinely in the ditch, and the extreme cold induced congestion of the brain.

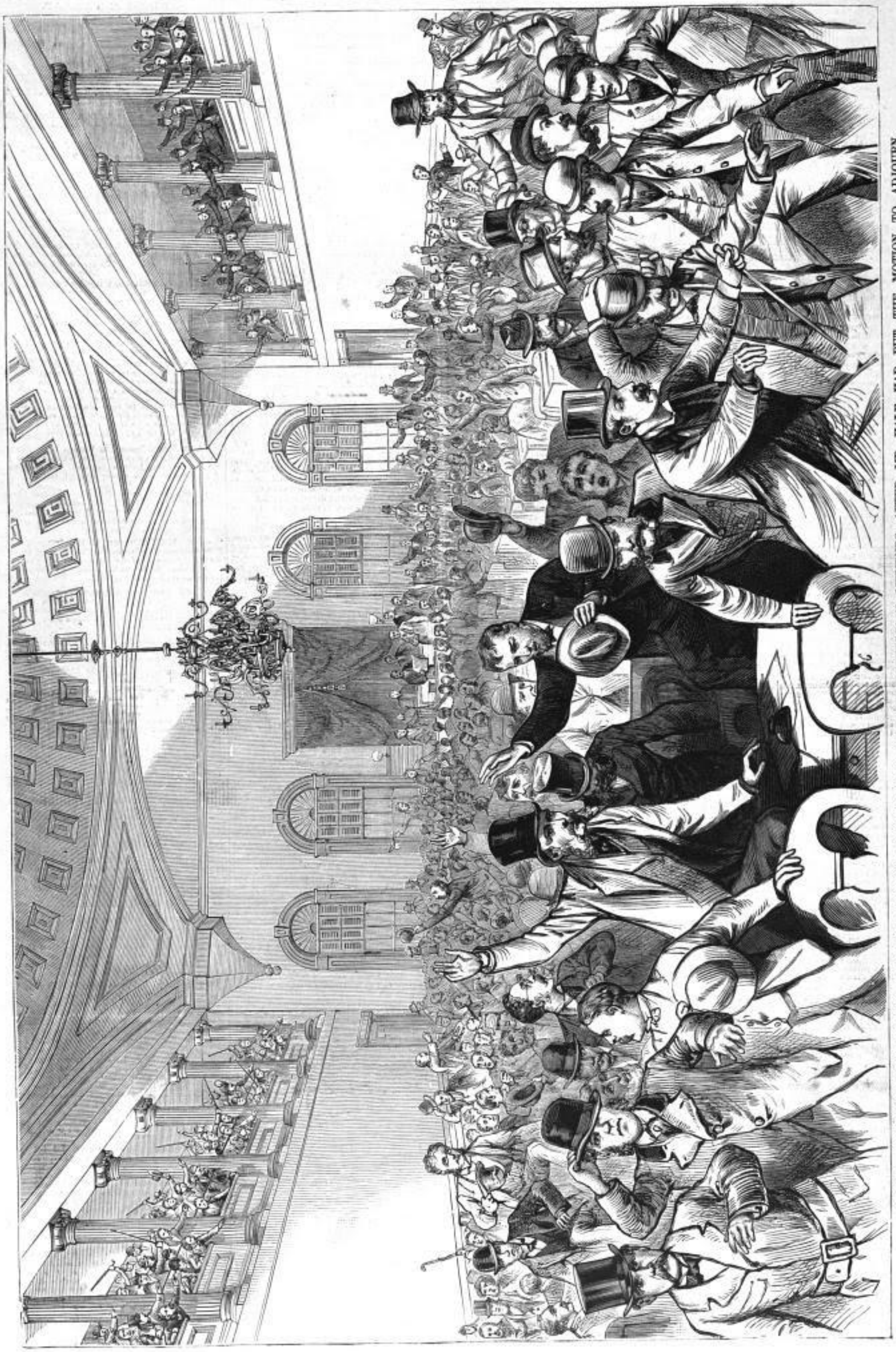
—THE latest dispatches from the Vatican to Brussels are couched in a very firm tone. It is stated that the Papal Government, having done its utmost to avoid a conflict, can only now await the final decision of the Belgian Government. The Nuncio is instructed to quit his post at once should the proposal of the Left to abolish the Embassy to the Vatican be accepted by Ministers.

—IT is thought that a crisis in the history of Vesuvius is approaching; either there will be a great discharge, such as will terrify the neighborhood, or, as is more likely, there will be an overflowing of lava, covering the cone with a mantle of fire, and silently inflicting more destruction on property than a grand eruption. Vesuvius has been in an active state now for several years, and Professor Palmieri has from the first prophesied that the eruption would consist in the overflow of lava.

—A CONVENTION has been concluded between France and Switzerland respecting the military service of the sons of Frenchmen naturalized in Switzerland. They are to be considered Frenchmen until they come of age and choose their nationality. If they make no choice they remain French. Children, however, born after their father's naturalization are Swiss citizens. The Swiss military service of the former class is postponed till they are twenty-two years of age, but with the sanction of their parents or guardians they can join the French army at twenty if they intend to be Frenchmen.

—NORRIS CASTLE, Isle of Wight, which was lately put up to auction, has been purchased by the Duke of Edinburgh as a marine residence. It is a handsome mansion in the modern castellated style, standing on high ground between Osborne and East Cowes and commanding a fine view of the Solent and Southampton Water. It was built somewhat less than a century ago from the designs of J. Wyatt (afterwards Sir Jeffery Wyatville), the architect for Lord Henry Seymour, from whom it was rented for some years by the Duchess of Kent, and her Majesty spent a part of her childhood there.

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THE LEGISLATURE—WITHDRAWAL OF THE REPUBLICAN MEMBERS AFTER MR. HALE HAD PUT THE MOTION TO ADJOURN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

MAINE.—THE ORGANIZATION OF THE

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HON. ALONZO GARCELON, GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

ORGANIZATION OF THE MAINE LEGISLATURE.

THE Legislature of Maine was organized on Wednesday, January 7th, without bloodshed, but not without scenes of great excitement. At an early hour of the morning the State House at Augusta was besieged by the largest crowd ever seen there, composed of members-elect, with and without the Governor's certificate, counted-out candidates, contestants, a number of ex-Governors, State officers, representatives of the press, and other interested parties.

At 10 o'clock the Senators-elect were called to order by the Hon. Samuel M. Lane, the Secretary of the last Senate. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Samuel Upjohn. The roll was called, and all the members responded to their names. Senator Locke, of Cumberland, at once gained the floor and read a protest from the Republican members against the Senate proceedings. The Secretary refused to entertain the motion, and a messenger was sent to the Governor and Council, informing them that the members-elect were present for the purpose of being qualified. The Governor and Council appeared and the oaths were administered. Senator Locke then renewed his motion, but the Secretary would not entertain it.

The Senate then elected John D. Lawson as President of the Senate, the Republicans refusing to serve on the committees or participate in the election of officers. They also entered a protest declaring that the choice was not made by legally-elected members of the Senate. A. G. Andrews was elected as Secretary, and Francis B. Green as Assistant Secretary. The other Fusion candidates nominated in caucus the previous night were also elected.

The principal interest of the event centred in the House, where, it is said, there were scenes never before witnessed in New England. The chamber was crowded throughout. About nine o'clock the Assistant Clerk, W. E. Gibbs, called the House to order. When the drawing of seats was announced all the members responded to their names except the Republicans and a few non-affiliating Fusionists. Later the Republicans took part in the drawing of seats. The critical moment was when the Assistant Clerk refused to put a motion to adjourn, and ex-Congressman Hale, standing upon a desk, put the motion himself. The motion was followed by deafening applause and the immediate withdrawal of the Republican members, who, in their rush for the doors, stumbled over desks, chairs, and each other. A message was then sent to the Governor and Council, stating that a quorum of members of the House were present and ready to be qualified. The Governor soon appeared and the members were qualified. He then announced that seventy-six members, being a quorum, had taken the necessary oaths and now formed the regularly and duly constituted House of Representatives. This announcement was received with wild applause outside. The Governor then said that he would lay before the House the opinion of the Supreme Court and the petition of gentlemen from certain cities claiming seats, and would ask that the documents be carefully considered.

On Friday Major-General Chamberlain assumed command of the public property and institutions, promising to hold them in trust for the people until Governor Garcelon's successor was legally elected and duly qualified. Representatives Swan, Harriman and Clark made statements to the effect that $1,000 each had been offered them by Wallace R. White if they would absent themselves from the House, deliver up their certificates, and resign their positions. The Senate vote on Thursday to investigate the charges of bribery was, on Friday, reconsidered and then laid on the table. President Lawson of the Senate has, from legal doubts of his authority to do so, declined to qualify the Republican Representatives-elect.



MEMBERS-ELECT, CONTESTANTS AND SPECTATORS CROWDING INTO THE STATE HOUSE EARLY IN THE MORNING.

THE LUCK OF JANUARY.

JANUARY would seem to be a month of evil omen for modern sovereigns, whose deaths and disasters form a very large proportion of its most noteworthy anniversaries. On the 1st, 1477, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was killed by the Swiss; and the allied armies entered France in 1814, to begin the campaign that overthrew Napoleon. On the 5th, the death of Edward the Confessor ushered in the series of complications which ended in the Norman conquest of England. On the 9th, Napoleon III. died in exile. Louis XVI. was beheaded on the 21st, and the 23d brought the same fate to the ambitious Duke of Somerset, Regent and virtual King of England during the minority of Edward VI. The 30th was doubly fatal to the house of Stuart, having witnessed both the execution of Charles I. and the death of Prince Charles Edward, the hero of the final attempt to expel the Hanoverian dynasty in 1745. But apart from these tragedies, the Wolf-Month, as the Saxons called it, is rich in other and less gloomy associations. The present Emperor of Germany became King of Prussia on the 2d. Sophia was taken by the Russians on the 3d (1877), and the Turkish army captured at Schipka Pass on the 8th. The destruction of England's Cabul army in 1842 marks the 9th. The 14th witnessed the seizure of Danish ships in British ports (1801), which preluded the destruction of the whole Danish fleet by Nelson at Copenhagen two months later. Fort Fisher fell on the 16th. General Skobeleff's brilliant victory at Shenovo, which virtually ended the Russo-Turkish war, marks the 17th, which has also the greater renown of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. On the 18th, the German Empire was established by King William's assumption of the imperial crown at Versailles. The same day witnessed the birth of Louis XIV.'s famous Minister, Louvois. Lords Bacon and Byron were born on the 22d. On the 23d, the Duke of Edinburgh married the Czar's only daughter, Maria Alexandrovna. The 24th is the birthday of Frederick the Great. Paris was taken on the 28th (1870), and Ehrenbreitstein, for the first and last time, on the 29th (1799). The 30th witnessed the execution of Guy Fawkes, and the marriage of Napoleon III. to Eugenie de Montijo. To the same list may be added the first sailing of Warren Hastings for India as an unknown civilian (1750), the storming of the great Sikh fortress of Mooltan by the British (1849), and the reorganization of the Russian Army (1874).



GOVERNOR GARCELON ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE SENATORS TO WHOM HE HAD SENT CERTIFICATES OF ELECTION.

MAINE.—THE ORGANIZATION OF THE LEGISLATURE AT THE STATE HOUSE, AUGUSTA, JANUARY 7TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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DÉSOLÉ.

STRAIGHT through a drear, unending night,
Not lit by any faintest star,
He journeys onward, and his sight
Can gauge no limit near or far.

No hope, no passion, no regret
Can turn him to the right or left;
As one who knows the pattern set,
He weaves it blindly, warp and weft.

And yet, at times, his thought will dare,
To question if it were not well
To change this life, so blank and bare,
Even for the lurid lights of hell!

He knows not if the skies be vast,
He knows not if the seas be deep,
He hopes but one thing, that, at last,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Then to a grim and weary smile
He curls his mouth, as who should say
"Beloved in what Godlike style—
In what recondite, wondrous way!"

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXI.—DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

"LETTERS!" cried Eve, as Dee, after toiling up the hill, threw her dusty sunbonnet on the piazza-steps and sat down panting.

"Yes, missee—two of 'em. Lord love me, I bleeves I's growin' old—or fat."

"It's too bad of me, Dee, to let you go so far; you know I might have gone myself. Why will you persist in making me so useless?"

"'Cause I knows my duty, missee," laughed the woman. "I doesn't done forgit that you's de lady of de house. But, what does you think? I met old Barby on the road, an' she says thar's a han'some Northern gal come to Miss Salome's, and she's going to be a teacher."

Eve's lip curled.

"Salome's taste is questionable," she said. "What is the girl's name?"

"Brown, Miss Eve; and Barby says she's jest the han'somest young white critter she ever see."

"Oh, Dee! this letter must have been detained—Ray must be on his way! Oh, Dee, he will be here this very night, perhaps!" The girl's face was radiant.

"Den them ar chickens got to go," said Dee, arranging the sun-bonnet on her woolly head, and, hurriedly rising, she left the place.

"Ray—Ray is coming," murmured the girl, her beautiful blue eyes shining with pleasure. She was as lovely as a May rose, this sweet, ingenious creature. The fair open forehead, from which waved the golden tresses; the soft, clear complexion, just touched by pale roses; the innocence in face and gesture made her seem like some wood nymph. The airy gracefulness of her figure, as she sat on the low ottoman, her work beside her; the delicious smile that parted her lovely lips, anticipatory of the great pleasure in store for her—she had not seen this grand Raphael for nearly a year—made her the fittest picture for heavenly contemplation that ever artist tried his brush upon.

Presently she ran in the house, and placed upon her amber tresses a coquettish little hat, bright with a June rose and a jaunty little feather, and flew down the steps and along the road in the direction of the Braddock plantation, seeming like some breezy apparition from another sphere, so quick were her feet, so lithe her motions, so delicately swayed the fine filmy muslin of her dress and mantle. She had, for the moment, utterly forgotten that Salome had a visitor—or perhaps she would scarcely bestow on a Northern "school marm" the title of visitor, though it might be Salome's friend. As had been her usual wont, she fluttered into the open door like some dainty bird. Salome had apparently just come in from the kitchen, for her bright morning-gown was flecked with tiny spots of flour. At the window, the sun, pouring its gold upon the rich brown of her tresses, her dainty neck, white as milk, poised like a bird's over some work she was busy with, sat Sylve. She had just raised a warning finger, as she caught sight of Eve, in protest to Salome, who had declared that she never should be able to keep up the deception. And so these two strange natures met—both denied the sweet, overshadowing care and protection of a mother's love—both willful, imperious and daring, each after her own fashion. But there was a difference. Miss Eve's path had always been flower-strewn. To her, slaves and equals had alike yielded in the impressionable years of childhood, and, no difficulty had been too formidable to vanquish for her sake. Her father and his friends had been hearty haters of the Yankees, and consequently the child's mind was tinged with the same unreasonable aversion. She had, therefore, grown up with her mind filled with prejudice against people who were forced to maintain themselves by actual labor. These were her weak points; but with these she had some splendid qualities.

Sylve, on the contrary, had been thwarted, and had learned to conceal not avow her dislikes. Her temper had only been scotched not conquered, and she could hate heartily. She was not Eve's equal in native nobility of character—more crafty, more quiet, more willing to bide her time—more revengeful. But where she loved, she loved devotedly and passionately, and only through love could her better nature be influenced.

Eve came into the room, whose windows were draped and darkened by thick vines outside, like a sunbeam. Salome went towards her and kissed her, and presented her friend. Miss Nellie Brown. Miss Brown taking her cue from Eve's inquiring glance, bowed coldly, and went on with her work.

"Well, what's the good word with you, darling, this morning?" asks Salome, pressing the soft, banded locks from forehead to ear. Half unconsciously Eve glanced at Sylve, and Sylve, glad of an excuse, said she had forgotten something, and left the coast clear.

"The good word? Why, Ray is coming—this time to stay a month," and the great blue eyes seemed to palpitate with pleasure.

"How glad I am," said Salome, heartily. "Everybody likes Raphael Wilde; he's a splendid fellow."

"I know; but what miserable entertainment we can give him at the house," murmured Eve—"only two poor old blacks and me."

"Ah, but the 'me' is all he cares for, I expect. I would not let my pride trouble me now, dear. He knows how you are left, and how well you have struggled against adverse influences. He will be happier in the ruined old place with you than he would in a castle with a world of splendid people who are nothing to him."

"I hope so," said Eve, brightly, the blushes deepening on her cheeks; "but then everything seems so meagre and almost mean up there. I want to make his visit very pleasant, and you must help me. I want you there to-morrow, and I am going to invite the Lulls and the Trumways. After that, can't we get up a picnic, or a visit to the eastern shore? You are always so kind."

"Certainly; we'll see what we can do," said Salome, blithely. "My friend Miss Brown plays and sings delightfully."

"Oh, I don't want her," Eve responded, somewhat curtly. "Where in the world did you pick her up? Anything but a Yankee and a schoolma'am, if you please."

"But, I assure you she is a very sweet girl. You saw for yourself how pretty and lady-like she is."

"I saw nothing of the kind," said the prejudiced Eve, determined to carry her point. "And you know I don't want to hurt you, Salome, but positively if that girl came to my house she would bring the ghost of my dead father with her, and there would be an end of my pleasure."

It was a great temptation to Salome to explain the real position of her visitor, but she had given her word, and her notions of honor were more than usually strict. She felt pained, however, at Eve's injustice.

"I am sure if you knew her, dear, you would like her," she answered; "but, of course, I won't force her upon you, only you must see that as she is my friend and my visitor, at whatever entertainment *I* give, she must be included."

"Oh, of course, you are at perfect liberty to do as you please, and you wouldn't dream that I could treat her with open incivility; but, to be candid, I don't like her; I didn't like her the moment she looked in my eyes. I felt as one would to see a snake in ambush. Perhaps its all very silly; no doubt she's a good deal better and more accomplished than I am, but one can't help one's feelings."

"One can conquer them," said Salome, quietly, "at least till one sees whether they are to be depended upon."

"I dare say you could," responded Eve, with a sigh and a doubt; "you were always wiser than the rest of us, but I can't. I shall have to deny myself the honor of Miss Brown's acquaintance."

"Indeed, you have nothing to fear on the score of her family; she is connected with very nice people," said Salome, a little irritated, and mentally angry with Sylve for reducing her to this perplexity.

"Oh, I don't doubt it," answered Eve, "those Yankees are always well connected, and you, having been educated at a Northern school, view them from a different standpoint, as is quite natural. When is Miss Brown to commence her school?"

"Immediately—on Monday. I have tried to dissuade her—but she persists," and then, aware of the strangeness of her thoughtless speech, Salome's face crimsoned.

"Tried to dissuade her; why, didn't she come for that purpose?" asked Eve, curiously, "She's wanted badly enough?"

"Certainly, she came for that purpose," Salome hastened to reply, "only—there—there really is no great need; but she says she is very fond of teaching, and I shall wonder if she doesn't tire of it at the outset," she added, hurriedly.

"Oh, dear, I can't like those people," murmured Eve, a tremulous horror in her voice, "and there's no use trying. They killed poor papa."

"But, Raphael, isn't he almost one of them?"

"No; indeed and indeed!" cried Eve, with a gesture of intense scorn; "every time Ray comes here, he says he loves his own birth place better. But it was his father's wish that he should be educated at the North, and what can he do?"

"Sure enough, and it strikes me there are a great many fathers in this Southern country who go and do likewise. The idea of sending one's children among people one hates."

"It does seem incongruous; but, Salome, dear, don't let us quarrel. I'm very happy this morning, and I wouldn't for all the world get in a cloud. Do you know how splendid it is out? The air is full of bloss my fragrance. Oh, I'm so glad! It's the pleasantest time of the year for visitors."

"Stay and take lunch," said Salome, as Eve took her hat in her hand.

"Not for worlds: think of the scant time between now and sundown. Besides, there is so much to see to, and likely the larder is run down—it generally is," she added, with a sigh. "At all events there are plenty of eggs and milk, and Dee cooks beautifully."

"Take some jellies home, dear, there are more than we can eat in a year, and Barby made some capital fruit cake yesterday."

"Thank you, I'll see," said Eve, laughing. "If we're quite run out, I'll send Dee down." Southern hospitality means something. The offer was accepted in all frankness, as well as made in thorough good faith. Eve held her tempting lips up for a kiss, and ran back home.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

"SO, that's your Miss Eve," said Sylve, coming in with a superb toss of the head. "Do you know, I never disliked any one so soon and so thoroughly in my life? Did you see how she looked at me, as if I were some curiosity. She is just my ideal of a haughty Southern girl, or the ideal I had in my mind before I saw you," she corrected herself hastily.

"It's your own fault, dear," says Salome, not yet recovered from the unpleasant sensation caused by Eve's equally caustic speech. "You placed it beyond my power to put you where you ought to be, and I have told you how people will look upon your occupation."

"Then I vow and declare," cried Sylve, with burning cheeks, "they are quite as contemptible as I have been told they are—the whole Southern race!"

"Gently, gently," said Salome, taking a ruff of half-plaited muslin from the table beside her, and doubling it bit by bit over the edge of a quaint silver fruit-knife; "much of this aversion is due to education. We have been so accustomed to look upon work as the resort of inferior beings, inferior in body and intellect, that we cannot all at once change our life-long impressions. We must have a little time. If you had been introduced to Eve Lewin as my friend Miss Sylve de Latude, the aristocratic flavor of the name would have touched her delicate sensibilities, but Miss Brown! Oh, my dear, why did you choose a name so unsentimental, so utterly devoid of all poetic associations?"

"I can live very well without the favor of Miss Lewin," said Sylve, loftily, "and if she can't like me as Miss Brown, she needn't like me at all. In fact," she added, sinking upon her chair languidly, and beginning to work again, "I'd much rather she wouldn't like me. As I said, I've taken a dislike to her that no amount of civility on her side can overcome. You know me of old," raising her flashing eyes; "can you remember that ever I changed my opinion of any one?"

"It would sometimes have been better if you could, dear."

"Sometimes, perhaps, perhaps not. At any rate, that's my nature."

"Then you wouldn't feel uncomfortable if she had not included you in the invitation to Lewindale?"

"Why, hasn't she?" queried Sylve, looking up, a quick flush spreading over her face—a disappointment that she would not have shown for worlds rankling at her heart. "Oh, certainly I can live without it. I never dreamed of being invited anywhere, that I know; I am in hiding, as you are aware."

In spite of herself her voice betrays vexation which is quite palpable to Salome.

"I'm so sorry," she said, with real feeling. "Eve Lewin is such a sweet, unspoiled creature. I thought of her when I was looking about for friends and pupils for you, and now to find you both prejudiced," she ended with a sigh.

"I'm truly sorry for your disappointment, dear," Sylve said, after a pause, "but on the whole it's better as it is, so let's throw away dull care and be happy. Is Miss Lewin going to give a grand party?"

"Oh, dear, no," Salome answered, smiling; "that the poor child will never be able to do. Their fine old house has gone to wreck and ruin; there isn't a room in it fit for occupancy. The soldiers did treat it abominably, and hence the cause of some of Eve's ill-feeling. They cut up pictures and wantonly broke and defaced all the beautiful ornaments that cost the old colonel so much pains and money to procure. They found the place almost a paradise and left it a desert. You must take that into consideration a little, my dear."

"I suppose I ought to, but if I did it wouldn't alter my feelings towards her, though I might pity her," said Sylve, a little against her will, nevertheless. "But if everything is ruined, pray what does the child live on?"

"On the produce of the land, tilled by two faithful old servants. There is also a little money, of which she has the interest, left by her mother; enough, I suppose, to clothe her and buy a few luxuries if she wants them."

"And what is this party to be given for?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? No, I forgot about Raphael Wilde. He is her lover, I suppose—that is, I have no doubt but by-and-by they will be married. His father had the good sense to invest in some Yankee stock and the result is a fortune; so you see little Eve is not destined to be a child of poverty all her days."

"So, she has a lover," said Sylve, lingering on the words, a strange spasm of envy contracting her heart a little. "Is he nice?"

"Nice?" laughed Salome, putting aside her finished ruffle; "wait till you see him."

"But I am not likely to do that," Sylve replies, looking out upon a wilderness of tall, ruddy flowers. "Can't you describe him?"

"Describe Ray Wilde! I should be able to, having known him since he was a boy in pinafores; but I don't know, men and boys are so different. I haven't seen him for a year, but the last time I met him—let me think, was it at church?—yes—he was a tall, handsome stripling; and I remember admiring his eyes so much—eyes we girls used to talk about—large, gray, unfathomable; all his features are handsome. Yes, Ray is certainly a very handsome man. The two together make as beautiful a couple as you might find in a day's drive, as somebody says."

Sylve listened, and her brow grew clouded. Why should this simple country girl, as in her heart she called her, poor and alone, be yet blessed as she had never been? Riches—everything would be given to her with love. And, still, why should she care—why vex herself about one till within an hour a comparative stranger? Was it because she was more beautiful? In her heart she detested blondes, and would not, for an instant, acknowledge that Eve's beauty was superior to her own. Was it that cold, measured look the Southern girl had given her, and which, at the very moment, had roused all the bitterness of her nature—or that inexplicable aversion that sometimes springs up full fledged and unconquerable between two natures who meet for the first time, which can give no reason for its existence and will make no apologies for its endurance? Who can tell?"

"How old is he?" asked Sylve, mechanically.

"Twenty-two, I should think," Salome answered.

"Oh, well, don't let's talk any more about it: it's too lovely outside to be spending one's time in hemming and frilling. Let's go out and pick some jasmines—the dear, little fairy things! Come, I haven't begun to look about. Throw your old palm-leaf on, and show me some of your outside beauties."

The two girls went into the garden, Sylve with a scarf thrown coquettishly over her pretty brown hair; Salome in a nondescript laborer's hat of enormously wide rim, and next to nothing in the crown. The yellow flowers they sought starred the ground and ran wantonly up the side of the old trees, braiding their roots with creeping gold, hanging like stars from the graceful boughs. These, with bunches of tall, queenly roses: some of a deep, luscious crimson, like monster strawberries; others of the palest sea shell pink; others again flaunting in yellow and white—growing in the wildest abandonment of riotous life, for there is no skilled gardener to tend and prune them now, with trees of the Florida cornel, their snowy involucre bursting into white glory, and, in their luxuriance, covering every limb and branch, scarcely disclosing the rich, green leaves lifting themselves above the more modest flowers, had a charm for Sylve's eyes with which the tamer plants of the North had never seemed invested.

"Do you know," she said, stopping short in the wilderness of sweets, "I wonder that I was not Southern born. Why, this very place seems like my birthright. I am sure that I was never here before, and yet the whole landscape is so familiar."

"Then you're not a bit homesick," murmurs Salome, stooping to pull up a few unsightly weeds that proved too much for her strength.

"Homesick!" Sylve gives a little gasp, and quick as thought the tears rush to her eyes, dimming the beautiful prospect, but she wills them back. "Oh, sometimes, I think I should like to see Madam Forester. You can't imagine what a lovely old lady she is—one can scarcely call her old either—there is so much of youthful spirit in her manner, and her eyes are always young. I—I wonder if she misses me?"

"Wonder if she misses you! What a question! Do you suppose if I took the three callow robins from their nest yonder, the mother bird would miss them? Why, I dare say, they are all flying about with telegrams, visiting all the stations far and near—likely as not you are in the papers by this time."

A round wonder in Sylve's eyes and a little cry of terror.

"That would be enough; Flix, the fastidious, would never look at me after that, not that I care," and yet how hard she tries to keep her voice steady, and how readily Salome detects its quavering.

"And I expect," Salome continues, fixing her eyes on a branch alive with little brown rolls sunning tiny scarlet vests, "I expect that Flix, as you call him, is scouring the country on horseback."

A smothered scream of terror: Sylve crouches and catches at the folds of Salome's dress, for there come horse hoofs, sure enough, right towards them seemingly.

"Oh, Salome, they have found me," gasps Sylve, and hides her head trembling from head to foot. Even Salome is startled, and crouches a little out of sympathy, for surely the horse and his rider are almost at a gallop. She puts an arm protectingly around Sylve's neck, and lifting the curious, broken, sun-browned old hat, tries almost ludicrously to shield the frightened girl, and the horse comes nearer and nearer. Curiously enough neither have thought of running, though the house is within easy distance.

"Oh, Salome," cries Sylve, in a smothered voice, "if he speaks to you I shall die."

(*To be continued.*)

A NEW METHOD OF MANUFACTURING IRON.

FOR years people more or less scientific and practical have theorized upon the burning of hydro-cartons, and the result has been a number of appliances which in time have been abandoned by all except the inventors, and in most cases even by them. Fortunes have been spent and lost in the attempt to utilize petroleum as a fuel, and heretofore the result has been a blank and nothing more.

Dr. Charles J. Eames, a well known chemist of this city, turned his attention to this matter a number of years ago, and, instead of being satisfied with a crude apparatus to burn oil, he spent years in investigation and experiment. He combined a thorough chemical education and experience with a ripe knowledge of mechanics, and where others failed he succeeded, and the "Eames apparatus for burning hydro-cartons" stands alone not only as a practical invention but as a discovery in science.

The "Eames process," so-called, is protected by

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a combination of patents covering the "generator" for vaporizing the hydro-carbons and the "burner," as well as different uses of the fuel peculiarly applied. The process is simple in its application, the apparatus is in no respect complicated, the "plant" is inexpensive, and the results are remarkable.

As is the case with all inventions which involve a revolution of old methods, it was at first viewed by practical men as chimerical; and the many previous crude inventions, which had been brought to notice, tried and found to be failures, did not help to inspire confidence.

It was from the outset apparent to Dr. Eames that the value of a process for burning hydro-carbons consisted in the production of a flame which, with its purity, should combine a certainty of control, regularity and intensity; and that such a process applied to the manufacture of iron, as well as general metallurgical operations, would be invaluable to the country. A vast resource of nature, flowing from the earth with prodigality, and, so far as human judgment could forecast, inexhaustible, had but a limited use; it was refined and burned in lamps, it was used to enrich illuminating gas, and was not invaluable as a lubricator. That was about the extent of the uses of petroleum.

Dr. Eames has demonstrated that it may be used in the manufacture of iron and steel and in all metallurgical operations, making a better product than coal, and even superior in its results to charcoal; that in the manufacture of glass it is superior to any other fuel; that in reducing ores it solves a problem, and in fact that wherever coal is used directly in manufacture it is its superior both in product and cost.

At Providence, Worcester, Jersey City, Titusville and elsewhere, the Eames process has been used, always with success. At Bridgewater, Mass., it made blooms; at Providence, horse-shoes; at Jersey City, boiler-plate; at Worcester, wire; at Pittsburg, open hearth and crucible steel; at Millville, N. J., glassware and window-glass. It has been demonstrated that it may be used to advantage in the running of locomotive engines; and as fuel under stationary boilers it is superior to coal in result and cost where there are a nest of boilers to operate. It burns without smoke or odor, which would be a boon to large manufacturing cities and increase the value of real estate.

The process came before the country at a time when everything was suffering from the effects of the panic of 1873, and found all manufacturing interests struggling to live. Its progress was staid by the manipulation of oil by the combination whereby crude petroleum was raised to a price it could not have reached naturally—a combination now impossible in consequence of the vast reserves of oil and the increase of production which must continue. The iron made at the Eames Iron Works, now in operation at Titusville, has been analyzed by Henry Wurtz, Ph. D., and William M. Habirshaw, F. C. S., with the following results:

"NEW YORK, *November* 7th, 1879.

"*To* JOHN A. BALESTIER, *Secretary Eames Oil Fuel Process Company*, 110 *Broadway, New York*:

"SIR—The sample of bar iron marked and numbered Eames Petroleum Iron, contains, equivalent to:

Carbon (total)	0.0403
Phosphorus, very faint traces in 10 grammes	
Sulphur	"
Silicon, small crystals	0.0093
Metal Iron	99.918.

"Your obedient servants,

"HENRY WURTZ, Ph. D.
"W. M. HABIRSHAW, F.C.S."

Tests of tensile strength have been made under directions of Professor J. E. Denton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, N. J., with results which were highly satisfactory, showing the iron to possess strength considerably above the usual limit.

By oil-producers it is hailed heartily, because a new use for petroleum, extensive as this must be, will help to make its production a business and not a speculation. By manufacturers of iron and steel it must be recognized as a new departure. All people to whom its uses personally recommend it will soon see its importance, as many of them have, and it is a matter of a short time when it will replace coal in many branches of industry.

In the illustration, A is the steam pipe; B, the fireplace; C, the superheater; D, the generator; E, the pressure gauge; F, the oil pipe, and G, the vapor outlet.

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 13.—

INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR PENDLETON.

The Work of the Census to Commence 1st of June Next.

THE PRESIDENT TO NOMINATE 150 SUPERVISORS.

Twelve Thousand Enumerators to be Appointed.

PRIVILEGES OF CABINET OFFICERS.

SECRETARY SHERMAN BEHIND THE SCENES.

SENATOR PENDLETON, during the sittings of Congress, resides in Franklin Square, Washington. He received me in his library.

"So you want me to talk about the census?" he gayly exclaimed, "and in my capacity as Chairman of the Committee of the Senate? Very good. I suppose I must obey the mandate of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Take that comfortable chair and we'll see what we can do. General Walker," continued the Senator, "who is general superintendent of the census, has given it very intelligent consideration. He seems to be eminently fitted for the position, and to be determined to exhaust his ability in making the census absolutely perfect."

"I assume that your arrangements for the taking of the census are based upon the newest and most improved methods?"

"The arrangements for taking the statistics of population are excellent. An attempt will be made to complete the enumeration in the briefest possible time, so as to approach as nearly as may be to the number of people on the face of the Union. The instructions and schedules will suggest and require a very exact and detailed statement touching the number of people, their habits and occupations, their condition as to soundness of body and mind, size of families, proportion of house-owners, and all the particulars belonging to the question of the advance and development of the human race in this country."

"But the statistics will not be confined to the number of the people?"

"Certainly not. More care will, I think, be given, than in any previous census, to statistics touching the mental and moral development of our people. To the number, extent and character of charities, public and private; to the prevalence, causes and courses of diseases; to the effect of climate, occupation and habits upon the mind and body; to the character, classes and extent of inventions and discoveries; to the advance in all the arts, and to the advance in all the elements of the splendid material civilization which characterizes our era; to the accumulation and increase of wealth—but the list grows as I enumerate. I expect the census will be a complete picture of the present condition of our people in all respects—of our 48,000,000 of people, that being the estimated number."

"When do you commence operations, Senator?"

"It is understood that the President will make the nomination of Supervisors to the Senate very soon. The Supervisors will receive instructions and the Superintendents divide the districts into enumerative districts, appoint Enumerators, give them full instructions, and be ready to commence the work of gathering the statistics of the population on the first day of June next. It is hoped that these statistics will be ready for tabulation in less than a month."

"You will require a large staff?"

"The force will be both large and experienced, and the work of tabulation will be pushed with great vigor."

"Will that work be done in Washington?"

"Yes, and under the direction of General Walker."

"How many Supervisors is it proposed to appoint?"

"There are to be 150, and each Supervisor will divide his district in such a manner that no Enumerator will have more than 4,000 people. That will give—divide 4,000 into 48,000,000, and you have the number of Enumerators."

"What pay will the Supervisors receive?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"And the Enumerators?"

"From $4 to $6 per diem."

"What is the amount of the appropriation for this service?"

"Three million dollars have been appropriated in the Bill, and, to our judgment, after having given the matter a deal of attention, that amount will have to be increased to $5,000,000, to insure the uttermost attainable perfection of the work."

"Have any steps been taken to secure information other than through the Enumerators?"

"Yes. You would be astonished at the progress already made in the way of preparation. Inquiries, very detailed in their character, have been sent to the leading industries of the country, professions, trades and occupations of all kinds. The greatest readiness has been exhibited to take the necessary steps to secure accurate answers. Firms, corporations and partnerships, associations of all kinds, physicians, merchants, lawyers, have exhibited wonderful alacrity in securing the most reliable information for the department. Committees of the two Houses of Congress prepared the law which was passed at the last session, and under which the operations were prepared. The Senate Committee is now considering very carefully all the provisions of the law and the amendments which have been suggested, with a view to perfecting it in case defects are discovered."

"Have you adopted the system of any other country?"

"We have had as far as possible to gain experience by the systems of other countries."

After some further conversation on the census, I turned to another subject, namely, that of certain proposed privileges to Cabinet officers.

"I have noticed, Senator, that since your return to the legislature you have revived the measure which you suggested many years ago, for allowing the Cabinet officers seats in the Senate and in the House of Representatives?"

"Yes; I have introduced a Bill into the Senate for that purpose."

"What are its provisions?"

"It provides that upon certain specified days in each week or month, the members of the Cabinet shall attend upon sessions of the Senate and House, at given hours, to answer questions which may be propounded to them. It provides that any member of either House may give notice of his intention to put a question, or to ask information of either of the Secretaries, touching any matter of public interest in the administration of their respective departments. Notice of the question should be entered upon a book to be kept for that purpose, and a copy of the question be transmitted to the Secretary, so that he shall have the copy three days before the answer shall be required unless in cases of great emergency. The Bill also provides that the members of the Cabinet shall have the right to occupy seats on the floors of the Houses and participate in debate upon all matters of legislation appertaining to the subjects confided to their departments, and, personally, I should be willing to go further, and permit them to take part in all debates; but for the present it is well enough not to attempt too much."

"Are you convinced that this will be an improvement upon the present system?"

"I am a thorough believer in the plan. I have given it great attention. I have considered it in all its constitutional relations, and as to its effect on the character of the two Houses and on the members of the Cabinet, and I believe it would largely improve the efficiency of both. Let me illustrate the desirability of the system I propose. The Senate was recently discussing the taking of a reserved fund, composed of greenbacks, for the purpose of paying the arrears of pensions, and it was objected that there was sufficient money in the Treasury to pay up the arrears as fast as they could be adjudicated, without touching the fund. A letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, not more than three months old, was found, saying that there was not money enough applicable to that purpose. Senators affirmed that the condition of the Treasury had changed, and that the money applicable to this purpose had been increased. I maintained that there was no official statement anywhere to that effect. The answer was, 'We have the information from the Secretary himself.' I inquired from the gentleman with whom I had the colloquy, when and where he had received the information? He replied, very frankly, that he had received it in private conversation that morning from Mr. Sherman himself in one of the lobby-rooms of the Senate. Now, I consider that it would be much more consistent with the proper relations of the Senate and the Secretary, if that information—upon which we were expected to decide a question of larger public policy—had been given in official form to all the members, rather than to a single one. It would have added to the information of the Senate; it would have fixed the responsibility of the Secretary. The system I propose," added Senator Pendleton, "would add largely to the information which Congress generally possesses, and principally of that character which intelligent legislation most requires. It would give to Secretaries a fair opportunity to use the practical knowledge which grows out of their familiarity with the public business in their departments. Legislature and executive would both be greatly improved. The friction would be found to stimulate both Cabinet and Congress to greater excellence in their respective works. It would be a relief as well as a benefit to the members of the Cabinet. It would relieve them from the miserable, harassing, heart breaking work of distributing the clerkships in the departments for partisan purposes to partisan workers, which now requires half their time, and allow them to come fresh to the consideration of the great questions of public policy. It would, in my judgment, be the greatest step towards a true Civil Service Reform, for it would open up the recesses and unveil the secrets of the appointment offices. While I make no reflection on the present conduct of these offices, it may be said with entire accuracy that, if all removals and all appointments are made with the certainty that at any moment they may be called in question, both will be made for good cause only, and this I understand to be the true theory of a sound Civil Service."

"What are your prospects of success, Senator?"

"I can scarcely say. I have been very much encouraged at the growth of this project in public favor since I introduced it in the House of Representatives in 1864. Several of the most prominent and influential newspapers of the country, many thoughtful and experienced public men not in Congress, I believe even some of the members of the present Cabinet, favor its adoption. Many members of Congress are giving it careful consideration, and will, I think, agree with me in the end. It is now in the hands of a select committee of the Senate composed of certainly many of the ablest members of the Senate, representing every party, every section, every school of political philosophy in the country, and I hope from that committee an exhaustive and favorable report. Of course, I can only say I hope it—I could not undertake to say more. The committee is composed of Messrs. Blaine, Platt, Conkling, Allison, Ingalls, Voorhees, Bayard, Butler, Farley, and myself."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Rayleigh has been elected to the Chair of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, in succession to the late Professor Clerk Maxwell.

Of 6,000 Camels which started with the Russian expedition against the Turcomans only 300 survived at last accounts, and these were so reduced that they were regarded as sure to perish.

A Dangerous and infectious disease among bees is reported from Italy. It is caused by a microscopical fungus, and spreads with alarming rapidity. However, Winter is not a favorable season for its propagation, and salicylic acid solution is said to be an infallible remedy against the disease.

Herr Rudolph Falb asserts that the languages of the Peruvian and Bolivian Indians have surprising affinities with Arabic, that they have led him to the discovery that the Semitic roots are nearly all Aryan, and that the table-land of Peru and Bolivia was probably the cradle of the human race.

M. Soleillet proposes to leave soon for West Africa to reconnoitre his explorations, which are to be on the line of route of the Trans-Sahara Railway. A considerable portion of his expenses will be paid from the $120,000 which the French Government contemplate setting aside to defray the cost of the preliminary surveys and investigations connected with that scheme.

The Annual Announcement of the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, N. J., for the year 1879, is much more than a simple catalogue or circular. It assumes the shape of a valuable treatise on the most recent aids to instruction which have been invented, and is illustrated with diagrams of chemical and physical apparatus, mostly new and highly suggestive to the teacher and pupil. Much of the apparatus described has been invented by the professors of the Institute. After looking over the course of instruction as laid down in the catalogue, and perusing the list of professors who have been appointed to carry it out, the conviction presents itself to our mind that few colleges offer a more comprehensive and practical scheme of education than is presented at the Stevens Institute; and when we read the names of the distinguished teachers—Henry Morton, Alfred M. Mayer, Robert H. Thurston, Albert R. Leeds and others—we need no further assurance that the programme will be faithfully carried out. The "Announcement" ought to have a wide circulation.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Pope has sent the Golden Rose to the new Queen of Spain.

DEAN STANLEY has just completed his sixty-second year. He has held the deanery of Westminster since 1864.

COUNT DUBSKY, the Austrian Envoy at Athens, has been appointed Ambassador to the Porte, to succeed Count Zichy.

THE Princess Louise will sail for Canada on the 22d instant. She will be met at Quebec by the Governor General.

THE fund for the relief of the Hood orphans now amounts to $19,963, of which $10,500 have been invested in United States bonds.

GENERAL S. W. CRAWFORD, United States Army, has just been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

IT is reported at Montreal that the Right Reverend Jean Baptiste Scossella, Bishop of Gibraltar, has been appointed Papal Allegate in Canada.

THE Rev. Edward P. Ingersoll, D.D., pastor of the Middle Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted the call of the Old South Church, of Worcester, Mass., to become their pastor.

THE death of the Bishop Suffragan of Guilford, England, just after having preached on the morning of the 21st of December, and while on his knees in prayer, has made a profound impression.

THE health of the Queen of Spain has received a severe shock through the attempted assassination of King Alfonso. She has been attacked with epileptic fits, to which she was not previously subject.

PRINCE ACHILLE MURAT'S old residence in Florida is now much dilapidated, but a few pieces of the once splendid damask furniture still stand in the drawing-room. Three very old colored servants of the Murats still remain upon the place.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, member of Parliament for Derby, and author of the "Merchants' Shipping Act," has declared his intention to make an earnest effort at the coming session of Parliament to secure legislation prohibiting the loading of grain in bulk.

LEO XIII. has had executed for presentation to King Alfonso and his bride in very beautiful pictures in the finest mosaic, one representing the square of St. Peter's at Rome, the other an elegant vase of flowers. Both pictures were made in the celebrated studio of mosaics at the Vatican.

BARON HAYLEIGH, who has just been elected Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, England, is the first peer who has been a professor in the University. Lord Rayleigh is a man of vigorous intellect, and is the author of the most elaborate treatise on "Sound" in the English language.

CAPTAIN EADS has been examining the systems of improvements carried on upon the Danube and Theiss Rivers, having credentials from President Hayes, which secured him excellent opportunities. The information he has gained will be of use to him in the matter of Mississippi River improvements.

QUEEN VICTORIA has signified her intention of erecting a memorial cross to the memory of the late Prince Louis Napoleon on the spot where he was killed by Zulu assegais. A statuary in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, will prepare the stone, under the direction of Lady Frere, wife of Sir Bartle Frere.

THOSE who have seen Bertha von Hillern walk will be glad to hear that she saved $8,000 by her pedestrian exhibitions. She provided for her aged mother in Germany, then put the rest of her money out at interest to support herself, and is now studying art in Boston. She made many friends everywhere she went.

WHEN the Rev. D. Jacobs Ide was ordained pastor of a church at Medway, Mass., sixty-three years ago, his health was so bad that it was supposed he would die within a few months; but he survived until Monday, January 5th, attaining the age of ninety-five. Of the $60 members of his original congregation, he conducted the funeral services of all except one.

MISS ROUSE, a cousin of Richard Cobden, is the prodigy in the last examinations at Oxford University, England. She outstripped all the other students in Greek and Latin. Her knowledge in other branches is quite as wonderful. After passing her examinations she was at once appointed lecturer in Somerville Hall, one of the Oxford buildings for women students.

GENERAL GARFIELD will not take his seat in the Senate until the 4th of March, 1881, when he will have completed his eighth term of continuous service in the House. He entered the House in December, 1863. There is only one member of that body who antedates him and whose service has also been continuous—Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, who began his Congressional career in 1861.

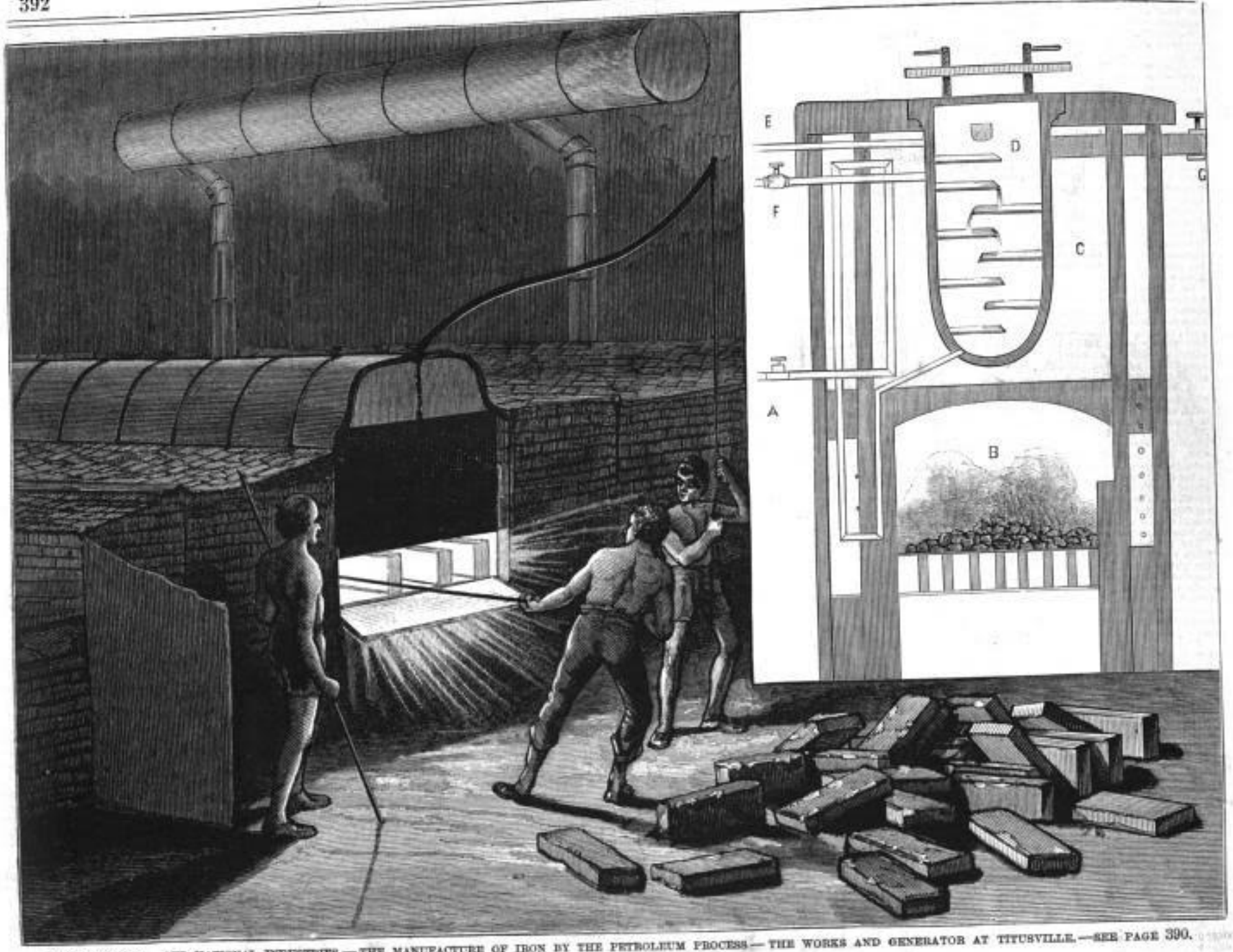
J. H. WOLFF has been appointed to a position in the office of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts. Mr. Wolff is a colored lawyer, was at Dartmouth College two years, at the Harvard Law School one year, applied for admission to the Bar in Maryland, was refused, appealed to the Supreme Court of that State, which decided against him, and then appealed to the United States Supreme Court. His case is soon to come up in the tribunal last named for argument.

MR. GORMAN, who has received the Democratic caucus nomination for United States Senator from Maryland, is a member of the State Senate from Howard County, President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. Before the war he was a page in the United States Senate, afterwards attached to the Senate Post-office, and subsequently a Collector of Internal Revenue in Maryland. Since 1870 he has been a prominent Democrat in the State, and in 1872 was Speaker of the House of Delegates.

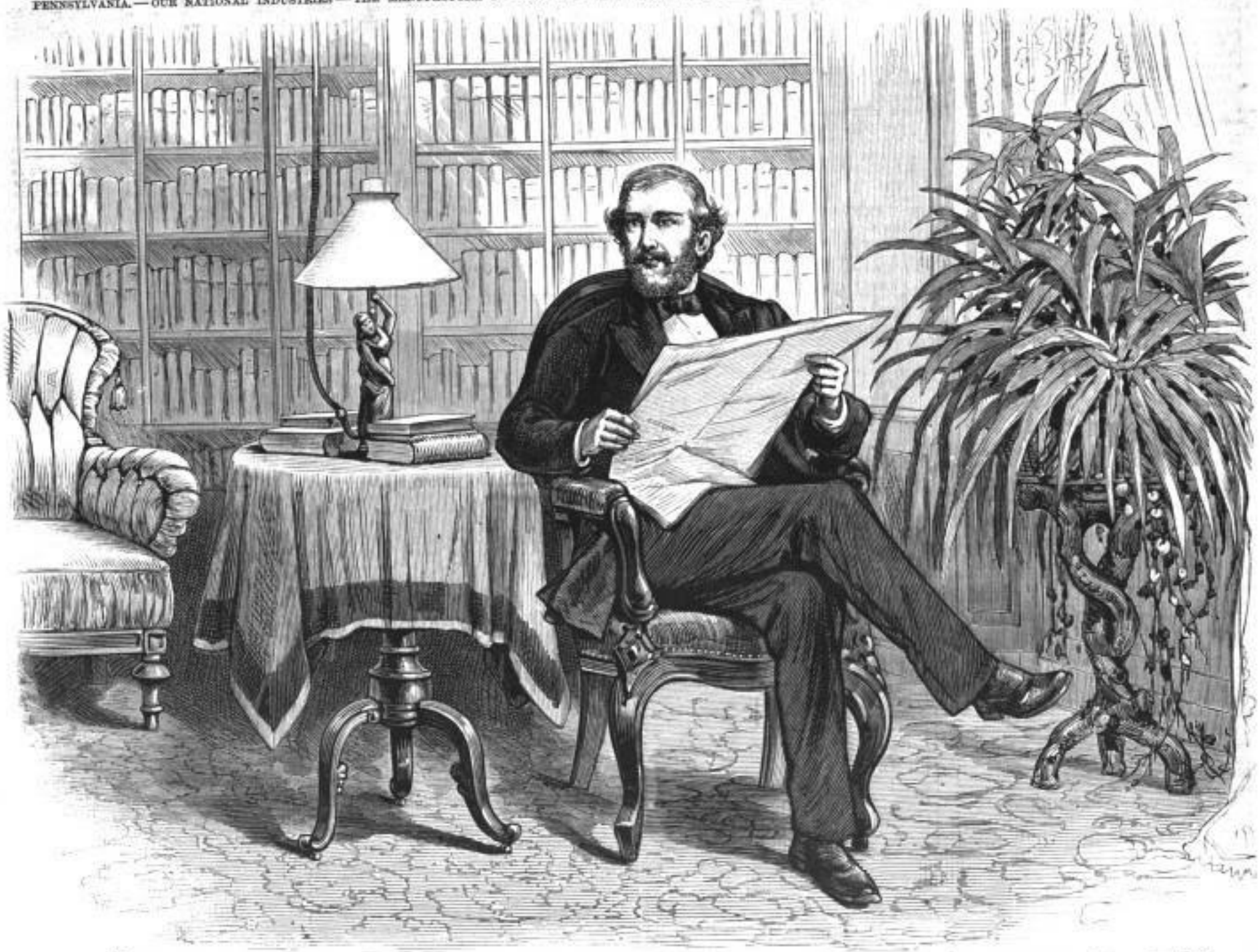
AMONG recent deaths are Auguste Heffter, the eminent German jurisconsult; Charles Henry de Bievile, the French dramatist; Ferdinand Henaux, the Belgian historian; Count Bachasson de Montalivet, a life Senator of France; Marc Dubont, of Washington, D. C., one of the veterans of the Grand Army of Napoleon, aged 96; Jean J. F. Ponjoulat, a French traveler and author; Edward William Cooke, distinguished English painter; Charles C. Colgate, the soap manufacturer of New York, at Paris; and Dr. J. C. Herman Freund, Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals to the British-German Legion during the Crimean War.

AN interesting ceremony took place at St. John's Hospital, at Beyrout, Syria, on the 31st of last October, in the presentation of crosses of merit and knighthood in three German princely orders to Drs. Van Dyck, Wortabet and Post, who constitute the medical staff of the hospital. These crosses came from the King of Prussia and the Dukes of Mecklenburg and Saxony. Dr. Van Dyck was decorated with the Prussian Order of the Crown, Dr. Wortabet with the golden cross of merit of the Order of the Wendish Crown, and Dr. Post with the cross of the Knights of the Order of the Dukes of Saxony. Two of the knighted gentlemen are Americans—Drs. Van Dyck and Post.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON BY THE PETROLEUM PROCESS—THE WORKS AND GENERATOR AT TITUSVILLE.—SEE PAGE 390.



NO. 13.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH THE HON. GEO. H. PENDLETON ON THE CENSUS, AND THE PROPOSED PRIVILEGE OF CABINET OFFICERS. THE SENATOR IN HIS LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 391.

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HON. GEO. H. SHARPE, SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

SPEAKER GEO. H. SHARPE OF THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

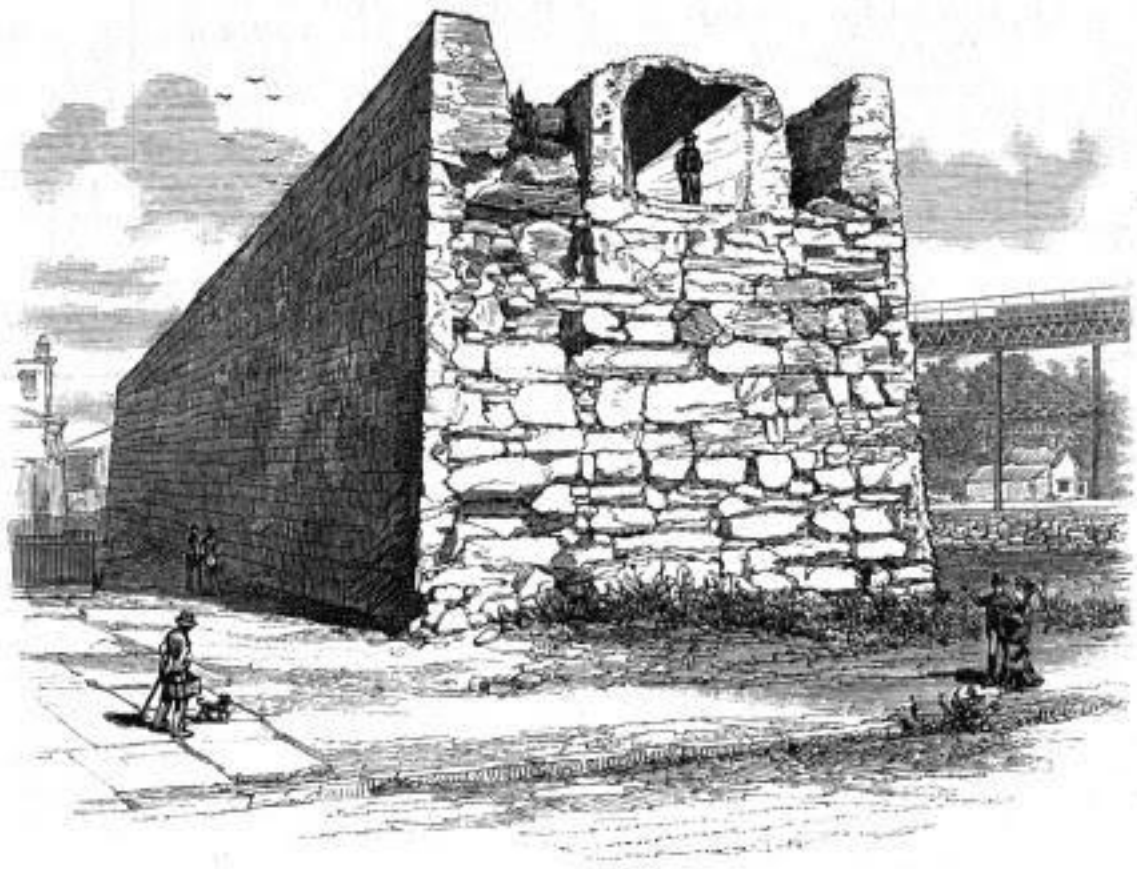
GEN. GEORGE H. SHARPE, the new Speaker of the New York Assembly, was born at Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y., in 1828. He was educated at the Albany Academy, Rutgers College and the Yale College Law School. At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he was engaged in the practice of law and was one of the first to respond to President Lincoln's call for volunteers. Entering the service as captain in 1861 he was rapidly promoted, and in the following year he received a colonelcy. Displaying an aptitude for the profession of arms that was soon recognized by his superiors in command, he was detailed by General Hooker on his staff. When General Hooker was superseded by General Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Sharpe was retained on General Meade's staff, and when General Grant assumed command of the armies of the United States he assigned one of the most important positions on his staff to Colonel Sharpe, where he performed most valuable service during the campaign of 1864-5, and in the final campaign which resulted in the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House, in April, 1865. For gallant and meritorious services he was brevetted brigadier, and subsequently major-general, and was selected by the commander-in-chief to perform the important duty of paroling Lee's army. In 1867 General Sharpe was special agent of the State Department in Europe. He held the office of United States Marshal in New York City in 1870, and from 1871 to 1878 he was Surveyor of the Port. The electors of the First District of Ulster evidenced their appreciation of the worth of General Sharpe by electing him to represent them in the Assembly of 1879 by a plurality of 725 votes over the Democratic and the Greenback candidates, against a Democratic majority, in the previous year, of 975. So well pleased were General Sharpe's constituents with his record at the State capital that they re-elected him to the present Assembly. In the last Assembly he was Chairman of the Committee on Insurance. He was also a member of the Committee on Cities, where he rendered valuable service and was an able advocate of all measures in the interest of the taxpayers.

RUINS OF THE OLD CROTON AQUEDUCT.

IN the progress of New York City upwards beyond the romantic slopes and dells and rambles of the Central Park, streets are opened that have long existed only on paper. This cutting through leaves exposed huge masses of masonry that look to the inexperienced eye like ruins of some prehistoric race, some cyclopean men of other days. We show two of these, as seen at Ninety-ninth and One Hundred and First Streets, looking north. The ruins are, however, simply the old masonry conduit of the Croton Aqueduct. As originally built, the aqueduct from the High Bridge to the Receiving Reservoir ran through a part of the island where streets were as yet unknown and no grade settled. Instead of laying iron pipes, as was done where the streets were opened, masonry was erected, preserving the level for the flow of the water, and, as the surface required, either raised or sunk beneath the soil. Of this work there was more than four miles on the island, sometimes towering aloft, sometimes almost even with the ground. After crossing the bold rocky shore of Harlem River, the aqueduct ran to the end of the high ground north of Manhattan Valley, which was crossed by iron pipes; and then the mason work was resumed, and it crossed Asylum Ridge and Clendinning Valley to the receiving reservoir at Eighty-sixth Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Since the building of the aqueduct began in 1837 the city has grown wonderfully, and as streets have been opened the croton water mains were laid through them, and the old massive work became useless. It was well done, of that there is no doubt. The man is standing in the passage through which the water formerly flowed.



REMAINS OF THE OLD CROTON AQUEDUCT AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



NEW YORK CITY.—REMAINS OF THE OLD CROTON AQUEDUCT—VIEW AT NINETY-NINTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

THE DEPOSED PRESIDENTS OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

LATE dispatches from South America announce the deposition of the Presidents of Peru and Bolivia, and the gain of important victories by the Chilians both on sea and land. General Mariano Prado, ex-President of Peru, succeeded one of almost similar name, General Pardo, since assassinated as he entered the legislative hall. He came to this country a fortnight ago on his way to Europe on a public mission, and while here learned of the formal deposition and the choice of a successor. General Hilarion Daza, ex-President of Bolivia, has filled the Presidential chair of Bolivia since May, 1876, and has the reputation of being a man of advanced ideas, eager to push forward the material prosperity of the State. He had developed its resources, and, when war was inevitable, he was ready with a small but well-organized army.

The President of the successful Republic of Chili is Don Anibal Pinto, who was elected in September, 1876, for the term ending in 1881. He is an energetic and patriotic administrator, having displayed singular powers of government in several critical periods. He is thus no unworthy successor of the many good Presidents who have done so much to make Chili the best governed and most prosperous of all the South American republics.



GENERAL HILARION DAZA, DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA.

EDUCATING THE INDIANS.

THE new school for the education of Indian children at Carlisle, Pa., is situated at what was formerly known as the "Garrison," a beautiful spot a short distance northeast of the borough. In order to make the children as comfortable as possible, and to have everything convenient, it was found necessary to erect one or two new buildings and to make some changes in the old ones. The most important improvements are a new chapel—a one-story frame building 36x60 feet—a building for the purpose of giving mechanical instruction, the establishment of an industrial department for the making of clothing, the refitting and refurnishing of the old hospital, the converting of a building formerly used as a barrack into a dormitory for the boys, containing bath-room, laundry, reading-rooms, and an office; the converting of another building into a dormitory for the girls, the arrangement of recitation and store-rooms, and the erection of a new fence around the buildings; 158 pupils are in attendance—115 boys and 43 girls. Among the number are two daughters and four sons of Spotted Tail and several from the camps of Spotted Tail and Red Cloud. All the children have the large black eye, high cheek bone, beautiful pearly teeth and peculiar nose. Eleven tribes are represented—Sioux, Chippewa, Nez Perces, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Ponca, Arrapahoe, Comanche, Menomonie, Navajo and Santie. The school is under the management of Capt. Pratt and Lieut. Brown. The instruction of the children is under the supervision of Miss Semple, a lady of considerable experience in educational matters. She is assisted in her work by several other lady teachers. The children are graded according to their degree of proficiency. Some are already able to read and write. The blackboard is found to be the best means of instructing the smallest children. Copies are given on the board, and the children follow them as nearly as possible. In addition to this the girls are being instructed in managing and keeping their rooms in order, in sewing and in household duties. The boys are also required to keep their rooms neat and in good order. They are divided into three companies and one detachment, and drill at regular intervals. In going to and from their meals they are arranged in their respective companies, and march in regular order. All the children are required to be neat in their appearance at the table, and to conduct themselves properly. They have been taught to use the knife and fork, and any one to see them eat would not think they had recently been brought from the frontier. The children have shown great aptness in learning, and one would be surprised to see the progress they have made in the short four months they have been here. They are delighted with their new quarters, and do not wish to return to their native place. Ever since they have arrived they have been attending services in some of the churches. A party of six, who came from the school at Hampton Roads, have formed themselves into a class in the Second Presbyterian Sabbath-school and are regular in their attendance. It is the intention to send a number to each Sabbath-school in town, and thus better acquaint them with the habits of Christian people.

GLASS EYES.

THESE are generally manufactured in France and Germany; some are made in New York. They are generally rights and lefts, but some are termed universal, and can be used in either optic. Great difficulty is often experienced in fitting the artificial eye, as the lid with which the eye is held in place becomes so contracted after the removal of the natural eye that it requires several trials before the eye will remain in place. Where a glass eye is used over the eyeball it is much more easily fitted and can be moved with greater ease than in the former case. The artificial eye made in New York is generally made of blue porcelain, and is not so durable nor so fine an imitation as those made in Germany. This is especially noticeable in the sclerotica or white of the eye, which is so closely resembled in the German artificial eye that, when inserted, the difference between it and the natural eye is scarcely apparent; in that of the American make, this part presents more of a smoky hue. The German eye is made of pure glass, and does not irritate the eyelid as much as the American, the cause being that the one contains a certain amount of lead, while the other is perfectly free from it. The



GENERAL MARIANO PRADO, DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF PERU.

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colors mostly used are blue and gray-blue. They are made of a great number of different sizes differing from one another by about one twenty-fourth of an inch in diameter. With care an eye may be worn for years and yet preserve its natural appearance. Instances have been known where an eye has broken and the pieces embedded themselves in the socket, having to be removed by a surgeon, but these cases are very rare.

AMUSEMENTS.

RICE'S "Evangeline" Combination remains for another week, and those who would enjoy a hearty laugh should go and see Longfellow's hero. ine at any price. The Standard Theatre, too, is so central and so cozy. The new faces in this exquisitely comical burlesque are as "pretty as pictures," and the fresh jokes as far-fetched as they are funny

The Aquarium is now the home of the Imperial Parisian Circus, and, under the able and masterly management of Mr. J. W. Hamilton, with whom are associated Messrs. Stickney and Melville, the opening night recalled the glories of the Cirque de l'Impératrice, in Paris.

The New Hindoo Messiah.

THERE will be wailing throughout Christendom over the latest move of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahman who ten or more years ago organized the theistic society known as the Brahmo Somaj. This society, composed exclusively of educated men, agreed closely in belief with the Unitarians of the Western world, and regarded Jesus as a prophet: indeed, one of the noblest tributes to the character and influence of the Founder of Christianity, as well as the most subtle analysis of the mental organization of Jesus, is from the pen of Keshub Chunder Sen himself. Pronouncing Him a true Oriental, the writer insisted that none but Orientals could fully understand his teachings, and that no other spiritual code could so perfectly satisfy the necessities of the Asiatic mind. The Brahmo Somaj gained immensely in numbers and influence, and now comes the intelligence that its leader claims to be a prophet, or a reincarnation of the Divine Spirit. Whether this claim is honestly made, the claimant having been subject to one of those delusions that are quite common to the Oriental mind in a state of exaltation or ecstasy, or whether it is a cunning bit of priestcraft, does not yet appear; but the known character of the man would seem to indicate the former, and that his intense patriotism has led him, after much wavering, to try to leaven the old religion of India with the spirit of Christ, instead of attempting to force a new faith upon the people. As he had just sent out an immense army of missionaries, the next advices about this great religious movement will be anxiously awaited by those who have for years been studying carefully the sect that has suggested the only possible meeting point of Oriental religions and Christianity.

English Election Expenses.

WHAT is the actual state of things encountered by the majority of candidates in a contested election, and what is expected of them? Meetings must be held, agents employed, bills printed, placards posted, and voters conveyed to the poll, and for all these things candidates must pay. The adoption of the ballot has increased the number of polling-places, polling clerks, etc., required, and consequently the candidate, who must pay for them, finds his burden by no means reduced. A sharp rivalry between the candidates raises the cost of these items far beyond what would be required if provided for from a common fund. In some boroughs these expenses are in great part defrayed by the party organizations, but in general they form too serious a charge for any but wealthy men to bear. The expenses of a candidate contesting a county generally amount to several thousand pounds, and the laws against bribery and corruption are, so to speak, lifted off their feet by a wide-flowing stream of bounty. The following examples of expenditure at elections, quoted from the report to the House of Commons of election expenses in 1874, indicate the urgency of the need for reform: North Durham, four candidates, more than £20,000; Southeast Lancashire, four candidates, more than £13,000; South Durham, three candidates, more than £20,000; Middlesex, four candidates, more than £16,000; North Wiltshire, three candidates, more than £11,800; West Riding (North Division), four candidates, more than £20,000. Some of these are extreme instances of their class, but the average expense of each candidate for a county in a contested election exceeds £3,000, and even the return of a member without opposition may generally cost him several hundred pounds. The elections of the counties of England alone, excluding Wales, entailed a cost upon candidates of more than £350,000 in 1874. In large boroughs the charges may be estimated at something between £1,000 and £2,000, and in the smaller boroughs at £300 or £400 per candidate; but these figures do not give a correct idea of the total outlay which a contested election involves. Besides all this, the unhappy representative of a small borough must often pay a heavy yearly rent in aid of local charities and vanities, else it will cry out for some tenderer nurse to please its humors. To defray such charges exceeds the pecuniary capacity of all but a small proportion of the community, and the representation of counties may be truly described as confined to the landed interest.

The Well of the Leaf, Jerusalem.

THE story says that in the days of Omar, one of the faithful pilgrims came to this well to draw water. The bucket fell to the bottom, and he went down to get it. To his great surprise a door opened before him, and he found himself in beautiful fragrant gardens, in which he walked for some time with great satisfaction. Before leaving this delightful place he plucked a leaf from one of the many trees, stuck it behind his ear, and so ascended to the upper earth without difficulty; but there is no record of whether he brought his bucket up or not. Of course the story spread, till at last it reached the ears of Omar, but only as an impudent invention, for no door could be found by any investigating travelers. Omar, however, treated the rumor with respect, and said there was a prophecy that one of the faithful should enter Paradise alive. Everything depended on whether the leaf retained its verdure, and so could maintain its claim to have grown upon a tree in Paradise. This test was triumphantly passed, for the leaf was green as ever, and so the story has lived to this day, and so it is always told on the brink of the "Well of the Leaf." The Mohammedans seem fond of tests. If the true believer can pass between two columns, outside the Mosque El Aksa, standing very close together, he leaves all his sins behind him. Now, the thinnest of our party could only just manage to squeeze through, and fat Mussulmans must assuredly find it difficult. A still more difficult test is at another place, a little beyond the same mosque, where Solomon's throne once stood. Here hangs—visible only to the eyes of the faithful—and even they must wait for death to unseal their vision—the bridge, thin as a hair and sharp as a sword, between earth and Paradise. Beneath it yawns the abyss of Gehenna, and the faithless will miss their footing and tumble headlong into its depths, while the true believer crosses the bridge easily and swiftly. Passing still along the wall, we came to the garden gate. Within are most beautiful carvings, and some fine pillars, said to have been brought from Gaza by the Queen of Sheba, as a present to Solomon. It was quite the afternoon before we reached the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which occupies the site of the church built by Constantine over our Lord's tomb. Just inside the door is a slab on which it is supposed the body of Christ was laid in order to be anointed, and it is worn quite into holes by the kisses of devout pilgrims. It is quite touching to see the faith these poor creatures place in every possible and impossible site. Many of the peasants of the south of Russia save up their money for half a lifetime, in order to make this journey, which they perform in the most economical way possible. They travel as deck passengers on board ship, in all weathers, and walk when they are on land. When, at last, Jerusalem is reached, they take up their abode in the Russian hospice, and there the wretched priests never let them go till they have stripped them of their uttermost farthing, so that they literally have to beg their way back, and often starve on the roadside.

FUN.

HELD for further hearing—The ear-trumpet.

THE life of the gambler is all play and no work.

MANY a crooked-backed boy has made a straightforward man.

THE painter who fell over with his ladder full of paints went down with colors flying.

IT certainly shows public spirit in the man who contracts a disease that is spreading.

THE heaviest father in the world is old man Wish. He has a very large family of thoughts.

CHESS is good for young men; it keeps them in check, and we might add frequently brings them a mate.

UPON a modest gravestone in Vincennes Cemetery appears the plaintive legend, "His neighbor played the cornet."

"No! Algernon dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose!"

OF a gentleman who declined an invitation to a public dinner, but sent a basket of champagne, it was properly said that his room was better than his company.

A LADY who had quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

WHEN a certain ignorant justice of the peace had his attention called to the particular section of the law that flatly contradicted his decision, he replied that he always disagreed with the Revised Statutes in that particular.

INFORMATION WANTED—If milk is water, chalk, sheep's stomach, and a few other ensues, and if butter is made of leaf lard and fatty pork, what in the name of nature are our cows doing? How are they putting in their time?

"I ORDERED a dozen oysters," said the blond young man with the helmet hat; "and here are only eleven. Will you kindly elucidate?" "I will," replied the obliging restaurateur. "There is a certain superstition prevalent in good society against thirteen at table; and so—you see—eh?"

THE following colloquy is reported to have occurred on upper Maine Street on Christmas day: *Small Boy* (to Governor Garcelon): "Did ye hear that a boy had fallen into a well fifty feet deep, doctor?" "No; and how did they get him out?" "Sent word to the Governor and council to count him out," said the lad.

A MAINE skipper pointed out to an ancient darkey, whose trick it was at the helm, a certain star to steer by. In luffing to meet a squall that came up rather savagely, the old darkey lost sight of his star. He hurriedly aroused the skipper, shouting, "Gimme anoder star, capting; I'se done sailed past dat fust one!"

TOURIST—"That's not badly painted—that sketch. Do you know who did it?" Waiter—"Yes, sir; that's a bit o' master's cousin's work." Tourist—"Oh! He's an amateur, I suppose?" Waiter—"A amateur? Well, I dunno exactly what he is; I suppose he is something o' that sort; goes travelling about doctorin the live stock."

JONES, who was inveighing against the shortcomings of Benson, the Custom House inspector, was reproved by Brownlow with the charitable remark, "You shouldn't judge Benson so harshly, Jones; put yourself in his place, now——" "That's just what I have been trying to do the last six months," broke in Jones, unthinkingly giving himself away.

AN old farmer out in Indiana says that, for his part, he don't know where the present rage for trimming bonnets with birds is going to end. Only four or five years ago he bought his daughter a humming bird; next year she wanted a robin, the next a pheasant, and this season he declares he had to chain up his Thanksgiving turkey or she'd have had that perched on top of her head.

WE have heard the tobacco-user claim that the weed was food and drink to him, but never thoroughly believed him until a British parliamentary report on adulterations set forth the following schedule: "Sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpetre, fuller's earth, starch, malt combings, chromate of lead, peat moss, molasses, burdock-leaves, common salt, endive-leaves, lampblack, gum, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red and licorice; scraps of newspaper, cinnamon stick, cabbage-leaves and straw brown paper." This is convincing. Not only is it food and drink. It is also house and land, paint shop and literature, with drugs, condiments and chemicals thrown in at us. Verily, tobacco is potent, but a little diffusive.

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THE CRACK IN THE SHUTTER.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

IT was a lonely house, to be sure, but a very comfortable and stately one, built by Doctor Lem's father in the days when oak was used for other purposes than library furniture, nails were of wrought iron, and men were honest; so when Doctor Lem came to man's estate and had his diploma, his wife, and the good-will of the old doctor's practice, he concluded to have an office in the village and continue to live at the old homestead. In course of time his uncle died, and the necessity for specifying Doctor Lem and Doctor Nathan, or the old doctor as some people said, was at an end and all the practice came to Lem; but habits are far more powerful than propriety with most persons, and so, although the sign over the office-door announced its inmate as Doctor L. P. Maurice, nobody ever spoke of him except as Doctor Lem, and a good many went so far as to call his wife Mrs. Lem, at which she laughed; indeed, she laughed at most things, and when the doctor brought her home to The Cedars, as they called the old house, she made such a sunshine in that shady place, and so filled the great dusky chambers with her rippling laughter, and glinted in and out and up and down the breathless corridors and to fill the place Sue had perforce vacated for a while, and be mother to Maudie and wife to Lem, and mistress to cross-grained black Betty who had reigned in the kitchen of The Cedars before Lem was born, and made it so hot for timid Nancy Bell, the parlor-maid, that she was glad of the privilege of going home to sleep every night. As for nurse, she held her own, and kept out of the kitchen as much as possible, living just now in Mrs. Lem's rooms and taking care of her and the baby.

So that was the household on this bitter, bitter cold and stormy Christmas Eve, but friends were expected the next day, and great preparations in the way of cooking and confections, rubbing up the old family plate, and dusting ancestral china were going on, for their guests were relatives of Lem's, and he evidently wished that they should see no difference between the hospitable splendors of his mother's day and the reign of his little laughing wife, at whom Aunt Maurice had leveled certain shafts on a former occasion, still rankling in the husband's breast. So he said at breakfast to Lucille, pale, silent and dreamy behind the coffee-urn:

"Now, please, Lu, do see that everything is as gorgeous as possible for the dinner to-morrow. Above all, let all the old tankards and teapots be paraded, and show Aunt Maurice that they are not melted down to buy bonnets very proud of that testimonial, and came nearer crying than laughing when she talked of it and of the dreadful days it represented.

"You've cleaned this silver beautifully, Mox," said Lucille, graciously, to Moccason, the odd man, whom Betty allowed to be called in as aid on these occasions, and whom she contemptuously characterized as "jes about de foolest nigger de Lord eber turned out."

"Yis, missy," responded Mox, showing all his ivory. "Sight o' work to clean all dat yer silber. I s'pose dat wuf 'bout a million dollars, ain't it?"

"No, indeed, Mox; not more than two or three thousand, I suppose. The testimonial cost five hundred, but that's on account of the jewels."

"Dem shiny stones! 'Pears ridiklus now, missy, dat dem things dun cost so much; jes chunks o' glass dey look like, don't dey?"

"Chunks of glass of that sort cost a good deal of money," said Lucille, good-naturedly. The doctor is going to give Mrs. Maurice a set of jewels to-morrow that cost three or four times as much as all that plate, and would go in his waistcoat-pocket."

"Golly, missy, I'd like to see dem jewels, anyhow. Couldn't you show 'em to me jes to lighten my ignance?"

There was a ring of incredulity under the respect and simplicity of the negro's manner, the old chimneys and in and out of the many keyholes and crannies of the rambling house. Within, all was warmth and light, peace and plenty, with Christmas joy in every heart except, perhaps, Lucille's, for, as the night drew in, she grew momently paler and more lily-like, and once, flitting away from the light, gay room, where her sister played with her children while the husband stood looking fondly and proudly down on the group, she glided into her own dark room and stood, her hands pressed upon her heart, moaning sharply, as if under some intolerable pain.

"Oh, the sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

But presently she came out and into the gay little circle again, her face smiling, her voice gentle and loving, her manner ready and cheerful as they always were, for, young as she was, Lucille had learned one sad teaching of the world, that many a friend will gladly share our joys, but scarcely the nearest and dearest care to walk for ever in the shadow of our griefs.

They went to tea, and Doctor Lem duly admired the array of plate with the golden testimonial in the midst, and, as he left the room, carelessly said:

"Leave it just as it is to-night, Lu, and not have all the bother of setting it out again in



THE CRACK IN THE SHUTTER.—"A PRETTY SIGHT, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING; BUT ALL THE HORRORS OF THE PIT COULD NOT HAVE MORE AFFRIGHTED THAT STALWART RUFFIAN, WHO, STARING AT IT, DROPPED ON BOTH KNEES, MUTTERING: 'LITTLE HETTY! SHE'S IN GLORY, AND I'M DAMNED!'"

enormous staircases, that Doctor Lem said he felt as if a whole cage of singing-birds were let loose in his old house and all its northern and western windows had turned to south and sunrise.

Sue laughed when he said it, and stood on tiptoe to kiss him, for she was a little thing.

"Wait till you see Lucille; there's something really to talk about," said she; and Doctor Lem, kissing her again, said: "Suppose I should fall in love with her?"

"'And kissed my sister instead of me,'" quoted Sue, and ran away laughing more than ever.

By-and-by Lucille, the elder sister, and yet only just turned twenty, came home from the French convent where she had been educated, and as Sue was all the family left to her, naturally came to live with her; but Doctor Lem no more fell in love with her than he did with the white lilies in the garden, or the moonlight, or the sun, or the lovely frost-tracings on the window-pane. She wasn't his style, and perhaps all the better, or Sue might not have laughed any more.

Little Maud had come by that time—in fact, she was three years old on the Christmas Eve we speak of, and there was another little birdling up-stairs not yet three weeks old; so Lucille, who looked just about as capable of domestic affairs as the aforesaid lilies, and moonbeams and frost-wreaths, was called upon and gimcracks for Sue, as she almost hinted last time she was here. Let every salt-spoon be cleaned and used, if possible. I'll send up the plate-chest from the bank this morning, and here's the key."

"And the testimonial, Lem?" asked Lucille, rousing herself from that weary, weary dream that had haunted her last two Christmases, the sorrow's crown of sorrow in remembering happier things. "Shall we unpack and set out the testimonial?"

"Oh, by all means," laughed Lem. "Give it a distinguished place on the sideboard."

And so it happened that about five o'clock in the afternoon, Lucille, who, like a great many other lovely and delicate things, proved herself in the hour of need quite as useful and unsparing as the coarser and less charming agents of whom nobody expects anything else, stood complacently before the sideboard in the dining-room admiring the really gorgeous display of massive plate she had arranged there, partly from an æsthetic delight in its rich beauty and lustre, partly that her brother-in-law might at his return home see how faithfully she had complied with his desires.

In the centre stood the testimonial, a gorgeous golden cup, enriched with jewels, presented to Doctor Lem by the town, in gratitude for his devoted and untiring efforts during the late visitation of yellow fever, and the success he attained in arresting its progress. Sue was and Lucille was young enough to be annoyed at it. So she said, hastily:

"Yes, you may see them on the Christmas-tree in the little study. All the presents are to be put there to-night, and in the morning Mrs. Maurice will be brought down to look at it before anything is taken off. I will give you a peep when everything is ready. Betty will want to see it, too."

But Mox was shrewd enough to decline this invitation, feeling pretty sure that his master would by no means approve the condescension, and having a wholesome terror of his presence; however, having with proper humility declared his unworthiness to enter the *penetralia* of the house, he added, in a wheedling voice:

"But, missy, if you wants to be awful good to a poor nigger dat knows his own place and won't noway go into massa's study, if you'd jes leave open a leetly crack in de shutter ob de souf winder, I'd go roun' an' take a peek, an' see all dem pooty stones an' things widout bein' in nobody's road."

"Very well, Mox, I'll leave the shutter a little open, and about nine o'clock you go round and take your peep. Now go and see if Aunt Betty don't want you to do something for her, and then go home."

The night fell—dark, cold and stormy; an icy sleet falling noisily upon the frozen earth, and a shrewd, nipping wind whistling about the morning. We will look sharp to the windows before we go to bed."

"If you please, miss, there's a poor woman at the back door," said Nancy Bell, softly, as the doctor and Lucille were about to leave the room, "and she says she's starving and freezing and hasn't anywhere to sleep."

"Oh, the poor thing!" said Lucille, pitifully. "Bring her into the kitchen and give her some supper. And, Lem, can't she sleep here somewhere and stay over Christmas if she's decent? We wouldn't want to turn any one from our doors Christmas Eve if they were ever so bad—if they were only really sorry."

The last words didn't mean the poor woman, and Doctor Lem rather stared at them, but answered, hastily:

"Of course, Lulu, do as you like. If Aunt Betty will let you, that is." And, laughing roguishly, he ran up-stairs, and Lucille went out to the kitchen, where the beggar, a thin, gaunt creature, with great burning black eyes and a hectic flush upon her hollow cheeks, stood shivering beside the fire, while Aunt Betty, pleased at playing the patroness, poured out coffee and heaped a plate with fried chicken and sweet potatoes for her: and when Lucille gently suggested the possibility of a bed, she replied so complacently, "Lor, yis, honey, I'll see all 'bout dat," that Lucille returned to her own domain smiling and contented. One of her duties in these times was to put

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little Maud to bed and hear her prayers, but to-night the child was so wild with excitement, and so eager about Santa Claus and the reindeers and the gifts he was to bring, and the great problem of childhood, how he was to get down the chimney with his pack on his back, that the prayers were far from satisfactory, and "Auntie Lu" was obliged to exercise a sort of dove-like severity of tone and manner before she could in any degree compose the child enough to leave her.

"There, now go to sleep, Maudie, like a dear little girl," said she, kissing her good-night. "And in the morning you shall go to the study and see all about it."

"Oh, I hasn't no idea of going to s'eep, Auntie Lu," replied the little thing, bouncing about in her bed; "I's going to lie wide 'wake and hark for Santa Taus."

And Lucille, looking at her as she took away the light, wished that her cheeks were not so scarlet and her eyes so bright.

"And now for the Christmas-tree," said Doctor Lem, gayly, as Lucille returned to Sue's room. "It is time this young woman went to bed if she is to be taken down-stairs in the morning, and you and I will leave her."

So the tree was decorated and loaded, largely for Maudie, and with fewer but more valuable parcels or open gifts for her father, mother, aunt, and some of the morrow's guests. Lucille, smiling a little at her own complacency, opened the shutters of the south window, leaving a chink wide enough to show the whole room to even a casual passer, and taking the splendid set of diamonds and emeralds, heirlooms of the Maurice family and reset by Doctor Lem as a Christmas gift to his wife on the birth of her boy, from their cases, she hung them among the evergreen twigs where they sparkled like dewdrops in the wet grass of morning.

"Seems to me they are better in their boxes," said the doctor, dubiously, as he saw this arrangement. "Sue will like the fun of opening the papers."

"Just as you like, but they sparkle so and make the tree so pretty," said Lucille, gently swinging the necklace and watching the lightnings in the diamond pendant.

"Oh, well, leave them if you like," said the doctor, who never said No to Lucille if he could possibly help it, and she, as ready to please him, took the jewels off the tree and laid them in the boxes at the foot, smiling pleasantly the while, for she had caught sight of two beady black eyes and a dark face peeping through the crack in the shutter, and her innocent design to please Mox was satisfied.

"There, that is all. I am going to just light the candles to get the full effect once, and then put them out till morning." And Lucille, very much of a child, after all, in some ways, did as she suggested, lighted the tree, walked all around to get the full benefit of its glories, and then with the doctor's help extinguished the candles, closed and barred the shutters, and they went out, locking the door on the outside but leaving the key in the lock.

"And now, Lem, I'm going to bed," announced Lucille, wearily; "for it will be another hard day to-morrow. You will see to all the doors and windows."

"Yes. Good-night, little girl. Lucille, are you quite happy to-night?"

"Happy!" echoed the girl, blushing painfully under her brother's scrutinizing eye. "Why shouldn't I be? Christmas is the time to be merry, isn't it?"

"Merry isn't happy, you know," replied Doctor Lem, sententiously, as he walked towards the front door to lock it.

Three hours later, that is to say about one o'clock in the morning, a horse galloped up the driveway of The Cedars, and a man, rolling clumsily off the animal's back, knocked loudly at the front door.

After some moments a window opened and the doctor's voice sleepily demanded:

"Who's that?"

"Mrs. Bickerton is taken very bad in convulsions, and they want you to come over right away," replied a coarse voice muffled in a shawl tied over the mouth, for the storm continued and it was very cold.

"All right," replied Doctor Lem, rather dolefully. "I'll go as soon as I can get my horse harnessed."

"You can take this one. I've tied him to the post," replied the voice. "I'm going to stop in the village."

"Very well. Are you Mrs. Bickerton's man?"

"Yes." And the heavy steps of Mr. Bickerton's man were heard crunching the icy gravel as he clumped down the drive. Ten minutes later the doctor came down, pulling on his warm gloves and settling his chin into his muffler.

"What does possess women to choose the middle of the night to be sick in?" muttered he, pettishly, as he banged the front door after him, and cautiously descended the icy steps to the post where Bickerton's white-faced horse stood, pawing the ground and whinnying impatiently.

"So, Hector, so, old fellow," coaxed the doctor, who had sold Hector to his present owner; and Hector, recognizing a familiar voice, whinnied again and allowed the doctor to mount.

Scarcely had the sharp ring of his hoof-beats died away up on the frozen air than a dark figure emerged from the shrubbery close to the dining-room windows, and quietly stole round to the back of the house, where lay a scullery window into whose broken pane of glass Aunt Betty had that morning comfortably stuffed an old shawl, meaning to tell master to send for the glazier when Christmas "been done gone." The dark and silent figure, evidently pursuing a carefully digested plan of action, climbed upon a rain-water butt under this window, pushed out the shawl, inserted a hand and arm, removed the stick securing the window, softly raised the sash and stepped in, closing it after him, and even replacing the shawl in the broken pane.

His next act was to remove his shoes and sling them about his neck, and then taking a small dark lantern from his breast, he carefully threw its light around the place, noticing the position of doors, windows and furniture with a little nod at each one.

"That's the door into the kitchen," decided he, replacing the lantern in his breast-pocket, and proceeding with long, quick steps, to unlatch and pass through the door. The embers of the great fire Aunt Betty had heaped for Christmas Eve still glimmered upon the hearth, and by their red light the robber, for so he stands confessed, perceived that some one lay asleep upon an extempore bed in the chimney-corner. He stopped, looked, listened, bent forward, and as for the first time his face became visible, one could not but see even in that dim light how evil and brutal a face it was, and how practiced in crime. The sleeper lay buried in the coverings, and only a regular, heavy breathing showed that it was a person at all. The man straightened himself, scowling darkly and fumbling in his pocket at a short, heavy bar of iron hidden there.

"All the worse for you if you wake, my dear," said he to himself, concluding it to be one of the servants, and, passing on, always in that soft cat-like motion, he passed through another door, a side-passage, and into the dining-room, where, through the darkness of the stormy midnight, the great trophy of polished silver, with the golden and jeweled testimonial in the midst, flashed back the rays of the dark-lantern greedily thrown over it by this horrible inverse Santa Claus, who now proceeded to take a great sack from under his coat and softly transfer one article after another from the sideboard to its depths, beginning with the testimonial, whose garnet eyes flashed red anger and dismay at such humiliation. All at once he paused, laid down the bag, whispering to himself:

"Better get the sparklers and them things first, so's if I have to cut off sudden I'll make sure of them. Soon's the old man finds out the cheat, he'll pelt home like——"

The whisper died away, and, hiding his lantern, the burglar, with that instinctive sense of topography which is part of the natural outfit of the higher professors of his art, crossed the room noiselessly, opened the right door, traversed the long hall, and softly tried the study-door. Locked but with the key left in the lock, a saving of time and noise certainly, although Theft, like Love, laughs at locksmiths. Once inside, and the door closed behind him, the burglar breathed more freely, and, setting his lantern upon a table, its light thrown upon the tree, he pushed back his old fur cap and wiped the sweat of honest labor from his brow with the sleeve of his pea-jacket.

As he did so he started violently, stepped backward and stood, his head craned forward, his jaw fallen open, his eyes distended, staring at something half-seen in the shadow of an alcove draped with hangings of deep purple, against which the white figure within stood out in startling relief. It was the life-size statue of a woman with a child in her arms, an exquisite copy in marble of the Sistine Madonna which Doctor Lem had found during a hurried visit to New York just after his boy's birth, and, with all the extravagance of proud paternity, bought as a Christmas gift to the little heir himself. Lucille had arranged the purple alcove from whose shadows the marble gleamed so startlingly, and the young mother was to meet this among her other surprises on Christmas morn.

Our burglar had never heard of the Sistine Madonna; in fact, except in the way of blasphemy, he had never heard of her Blessed Son, but he had associations of his own with cold white mothers and children, so strong an association that, during the ten years he had just spent in the State Prison, rarely a night passed over in which he did not start from his sleep bathed in sweat, trembling with terror, and casting his eyes fearfully towards a certain corner of his cell where, when the fit was at the worst, he saw a tall, pale woman, her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders and a red torrent of blood mingling with it and dripping upon that lifeless, placid little form in her arms. So they looked just before she fell at his feet, and he was dragged away to jail, already raving in delirium tremens.

"My God! are they here, too?" muttered the burglar, glaring into the purple shadows, while a red mist before his eyes colored and blurred all before him. A slight noise close beside him made him start afresh and turn to meet a new horror, and yet such a charming sight! A little child, her golden curls matted and tumbled upon her neck; her great, blue, innocent eyes wide open, yet looking at nothing; her soft and dewy lips parted in a seraphic smile. One dimpled hand gathered the night-dress away from her feet, which shone out white and rosy upon the dark carpet, and the other was extended eagerly as if to receive something.

A pretty sight, a lovely sight, a holy sight on Christmas morning, but all the horrors of the pit could not have more affrighted that stalwart and swarthy ruffian, who staring at it, dropped on both knees muttering: "Little Hetty! She's in glory, and I'm damned!"

A door creaked but he did not hear it, a hesitating step crossed the hall and paused outside the door. Still the burglar saw nothing, heard nothing, but the little child who had turned so that her wistful hand was stretched towards him, and her sweet lips babbled half-aloud "Papa's 'ittle girl."

At the sound of her voice the door was softly pushed open, and a tall, pale woman with yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, a white blanket dragged around her like drapery, and wild frightened eyes, stepped into the room and stared at the child.

The burglar uttered a howl like that of a wild beast with the dogs upon him.

"Hester, too!" groaned he, crouching yet lower, and lifting an arm as if to shield himself from attack.

She had not seen him before in the partial light, but turning now she fixed her frightened eyes upon him, and cried out in incredulous terror:

"Bill! It can't be you!"

The human voice and commonplace words broke the spell. Bill Mace looked up, the horror in his eyes changing to brutish wrath.

"Who are you, anyway?" growled he, rising slowly to his feet and glaring first at the woman, then the child, not without an uneasy glance into the alcove.

"Oh, Bill, it can't be you! And what are you doing here? I was coming to meet you and I fell sick."

"Phew!" gasped the man, inhaling a full breath, for the sense of suffocation was lifting from his chest.

"I thought you was dead."

"I laid at death's door many a month, and then I wasn't right in my head and was in a hospital ever so long, and since that I've been working and trying to get a little place ready against you come out, Bill, and then when the day was nigh at hand I set out to walk——"

"What's the kid?" interrupted Bill, impatiently. "Did Hetty get over it, too?"

"Oh, no, no; Hetty is dead, dead, dead!" shrieked the bereaved mother, thus rudely reminded of her child's death and the cause of her death.

At sound of that shrill cry little Maud awoke from her walking dream, and staring about with terror-stricken eyes, set up a piteous cry for mamma and Auntie Lu, running wildly around the room not yet awake enough to see the door.

"Curse the brat, she'll raise the house!" growled Mace, making one stride and seizing the little creature by her floating hair, while the other great black hand pressed over her mouth and now stifled not only the outcry but the breath of life itself.

"Let go of her, murderer! Isn't one baby enough for you to have on your soul?" shrieked Hester, darting forward and trying to tear away those iron hands.

Now Mace had not intended to harm the child, only to suppress her dangerous clamor, and he felt quite as much aggrieved, perhaps more so, at this false accusation and cutting taunt as a purely innocent man might have done; so, still grasping poor little Maud's face and throat in his right hand, he inflicted a backhanded slap with the left upon his wife's mouth, bringing the blood from her nose and sending her reeling back against the door, which at the same moment was pushed open to admit Lucille, partly dressed, and carrying a candle in her hand.

"What is all this, Maud? Let go that child this instant, you villain!"

She spoke as if to a dog, and like a dog he obeyed, releasing his prey and falling snarling back for a step; but then, lacking a dog's honesty of purpose, the lust of gain returned upon him with a bound, and exclaiming, "I won't lose what I came for, if all the women out of Bedlam stand in the way!" he sprung towards the Christmas-tree, and, gathering up the jewel-cases, crammed them into the breast of his Jersey.

"Indeed you sha'n't take those things!" exclaimed Lucille, starting forward and laying a slender white hand upon his arm, fearless in her maiden purity as Una with the lion, or Margaret treading down the dragon who writhes but dares not sting that virgin foot.

Bill Mace stared in utter stupefaction at the slender lily-white creature thus defying and commanding him; then, shaking off her hand, said almost gently:

"Oh, you won't miss 'em, rich folks like you, and they'll make an honest man of me. If I get away clear this time, I'm going to swear off all these little games. That's the bargain I made with myself as I stood peeking in at that window."

"You!" exclaimed Lucille, remembering her own foolish good-nature towards Mox.

"Yes. I thought you saw me once, but guess you didn't. There, now; I can't stop talking till the old man gets home. You tell him I stole the horse a-purpose, because I heard them talking how the doctor had sold it to Bickerton, and Bickerton's wife was like to be sick, so I just stepped up and walked Bickerton's horse out of his stable and rode him down here, and sent the doctor off on a fool's errand. Now, then!"

He had secured everything of value on the tree while he was talking, and now turned towards the door, but Lucille's quick ear had caught the rattle of wheels, the beat of horse's hoofs upon the frozen ground, and she had already thrust Maud into the hall, sprung out after her, locked the door, and was flying like a deer through the long entry to the front door, which she threw wide open, shrieking:

"Help! help! Lem, is it you? Oh, quick! quick!"

"What is it—what's the matter, Lu?" exclaimed the doctor's voice; and, springing from the open wagon before it stopped, he rushed up the steps followed by another figure muffled like himself from the wintry weather.

"Quick! quick!" cried the girl, not stopping to look at either, but darting back to the study door. "Quick, or he'll have the window open!"

She threw open the door, and a horrible sight met the eyes of the two men pressing close behind.

Mace, shaking and tearing at the locked door, had heard the rattle of wheels and Lucille's frantic outcry for help; heard and understood his danger.

Leaving the door, he flew to the window, the very one through whose obligingly opened shutters he had seen the treasures of the Christmas-tree. Now, however, both these and the patent iron shutter within were closed, and the fastenings of the latter were somewhat complicated and strange to him. He was fumbling at them, however, when Hester, recovering from the maze of terror and astonishment in which she had stood during the last few moments, sprang upon him, crying:

"You sha'n't rob this house, Bill; you sha'n't carry off those things. You'll be caught and die in jail. Drop them and I'll help you off—I know how them shutters go—and I tell you I've got a home for you, and I'll work for you, and nobody can hurt you now you've served your time out; drop 'em, Bill, drop 'em, and I'll help you off, but I swear you sha'n't carry off those things!"

"Sha'n't, sha'n't I?" growled Bill, struggling with her, for she was thrusting a hand into his breast and clutching at the packages there. "We'll see!"

And exerting all his strength he tore her hands from their grasp and sent her reeling back against the wall, which prevented her fall to the ground. But like a cat she darted back upon him, clutching him round the neck with both arms and clinging like a leech to his whole body, clinging the closer as he tried to shake her off, as he beat her with his open palm, with his clinched fist, as he grew furious and dragged and tore at those clinging arms, again and again wrenched asunder, and again and again wreathing themselves together in a chain of living iron.

Poets sing, and artists paint, and historians warm to romancists as they tell of Margaret Douglass giving her lovely arm to be crushed and mangled in place of the missing bolt, that so her king might escape his murderers; but has not Hester Bray, poor, unlovely, unknown as she was, has not she an equal right to admiration, and the chaplet of heroism and martyr?

Martyr? Yes, for as the door flew open and rescue came, the man whom she would not suffer to damn himself afresh by robbery, did it in her despite by murder, for, clutching her by the throat with both his iron hands, he crushed the life out of her, and flung her down a broken, flaccid mass, a little moan, a little quiver of the bleeding fingers alone telling that life remained. Then aiming a blow at the doctor's face and plunging past him with the impetus, he made towards the door, and would have escaped but for the stalwart stranger standing there, who received him with a blow terrible as his own, and sent him staggering backwards to be prostrated by the next. He fought like a very demon, fist and foot, and teeth and claws, but his captors were resolute and strong, and presently had him lying there, bound hand and foot with the rope ready-witted Lucille ran to fetch before it was demanded.

"There!" panted Doctor Lem, surveying his captive, "now, you rascal, you're safe for State Prison at least, and, if this woman is dead, you shall swing for murder."

A ghastly change passed over the murderer's face at these last words, and he rolled his ferocious eyes towards the motionless body of his wife. Perhaps he remembered the haunting vision of ten years, and dreaded lest some new and more terrible torment were now to come upon him—lest hanging were to be only the precursor of eternity, for ever haunted by that accusing form.

"She is not quite dead, but it's a wonder," pronounced the doctor, examining the motionless body. "Lucille, have hot water made ready as fast as possible and a bed. Where's my medicine-case?—here!"

He forced a powerful stimulant between her lips, bathed temples and wrists with hartshorn, applied all the heroic treatment of which the new school of medicine is not afraid, and presently rose from his knees, pale and exhausted, saying:

"She lives, and may recover; I do not know."

"Let us get her to bed," said the stranger, who, through all had rendered such help as he might, but never, when it was possible, removed his eyes from Lucille, who, having glanced once at him, looked no more, but flitted about on the doctor's behests, soothed poor little Sue, frightened into hysterics by the only half-explained commotion, pacified Maud and reduced Aunt Betty from clamorous disorder to violent usefulness.

All was over at last. Hester, fluctuating between life and death, yet inclining steadily towards life, was placed in bed, with Nancy Bell to watch her. The burglar was securely locked in a cellar-kitchen, and Mox dispatched to the village for a constable and force to arrest and take him to jail. Aunt Betty was preparing coffee and what she called "a snack," to refresh the early risers, or, rather, the sleepless watchers.

Doctor Lem went up-stairs to explain everything and soothe the excited little wife, and Lucille volunteered to lay a table in the dining-room for the aforesaid snack. Pausing in front of the half-denuded sideboard to reproach herself for the carelessness that had left the glittering bait displayed, she heard some one enter the room, come close behind her, and stop.

Why didn't she turn round to see who it was? Who knows? Perhaps she was so absorbed in the beauty of the cream-pitcher she was contemplating, perhaps because the great salver behind it acted as a mirror, and in it she saw, without turning, that face—strong, manly, bearded and bronzed, but just now tremulous with doubt and emotion—that bent above her.

"Lucille, won't you speak to me?" said a low voice.

Then she turned, and, without raising her eyes, put out a slender, cold, little hand, murmuring the while:

"Ought I to speak to you, Robert?"

"Yes, for I am repentant. I told you the next morning after that horrible orgie, in which, mad with wine, I intruded upon you and my sister, and insulted you with caresses I

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never had dared to dream of sober, I told you that you never should see me again unless it was as a changed man. Three years, my Lily, I have tested the reality of the change that moment wrought, and, before God, I swear to you that it is real and to be trusted. Lucille, I love you; Lucille, come back to me—oh, my life, my love, my promised wife, come back to me! Come!"

His arms reached out towards her as those of a drowning man towards the spar thrown to save him; she turned slowly, slowly towards him, raised her dewy eyes, smiled tremulously, and sank, soft as a snowflake and as pure, into those open arms that closed tight around her, claiming her their own, then and for ever.

So they stood, while clear and bright through the Christmas morning rang the voices of the boys, sure to get a guerdon for their waits at that house if nowhere else:

"Christ is born in Bethlehem,
Peace on earth goodwill to men."

MY ADVENTURE
WITH
QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

"DON'T miss a little dinner at the Star and Garter at Richmond."

"Go to Windsor."

"Visit the castle."

"Take a day off for Virginia Water."

"Dine at the Wheat Sheaf."

"No, dine at the White Hart in the town of Windsor; it's right under the castle."

I was standing in the bay-window of the Parthenon Club, New York, and had just announced to some of the men in the room that I was booked by the *Germania* for the following Saturday.

I wanted to do a little of the London season, run back to Saratoga, and wind up at Newport. This was my programme. Neat enough, in all conscience. Nearly every man in the club had done Europe, and it was confoundedly humiliating to me, never to be able to open my lips upon a subject that was familiar in *their* mouths as household words. I was twenty-five, good for $10,000 a year, not in the least afraid to face my tailor, and heart-whole.

How many men have gone across the pond heart-whole, to return with just a fragment left, this barely sufficient to send blood enough to the brain to preserve all memory of *her*.

"Stop at the Langham, George Whipple!" exclaimed one.

"Try the Grosvenor!" urged another.

"Long's for me."

"Thomas's is awfully swelly."

"Here's Posy Vanderkirk. *He'll* give you the straight tip."

"Posy," so called from the fact of his buttonhole being perennially adorned with a bright particular flower, advised me to stop at the Blenheim.

"It's in King Street, St. James's. It's bang in the best centre, near everything, from the *Bouquetières* of the Burlington Arcade to Sneyd's, where you'll get a mint-julep that would shame even General Marcy's. Besides which, it's a bachelor's hostlery, where the *frou-frou* of a petticoat is never heard, and as free from that dangerous sex as the island of St. Senanus."

* * * * * * *

Twelve days later, I enjoyed my first ride in a hansom as I dashed up to the entrance of a quiet, unpretentious-looking, old-fashioned—save for its plate-glass windows—red-brick house. The moment I entered the Blenheim I felt that Posy Vanderkirk had spoken wisely and well. Comfort was written in invisible letters on everything, from the port-wine-nosed waiters to the roast-beef-fed clerk, from the oaken wainscots to the silver tableware; from the Turkey rugs to the caressing easy-chairs. I dined *à l'anglaise;* hare soup, whitebait, and saddle of mutton, drinking Bass all through the piece. At a table close to mine—the tables were all small and exquisitely appointed—I noticed a tall, pinkish-faced, red-necked young fellow, with silken, hay-colored hair parted in the centre, a mustache of pretty much the same hue, that drooped heavily over his mouth in two long wisps—I can call them nothing else—bright-blue eyes, and a laughing face.

I heard him say to the well-bred waiter, who was the very personification of calm intelligence:

"By Jove! I shawnt wait any longer. Let's have dinner," as though he expected some person to dine with him.

What a miserable time these mustaches had! Such tugging and wiping and twisting; they dipped into everything, and seemingly required dressing after every morsel that passed into the mouth of their pink-faced proprietor!

I had just struck my stilton, and was watching with scrutinizing gaze the movements of my waiter as he delicately uncorked a pint of port, when he of the pink face, nodding gayly, suddenly exclaimed:

"I think I traveled up from Liverpool with you to-day, sir?"

I suppose he perceived my embarrassment, for he added, with a light laugh:

"I remained in the smoking-carriage, although my traps were in your compartment."

It suddenly flashed upon me that his hay-colored mustache *had* drooped into the carriage at Euston; but I was so nervous about my baggage—the English system of check being so barbarous—that I had no eyes for anybody.

"Do you mind my coming to your table? I'm on the same cheese and the same wine. An offaly. *I'm* in for the gout, in any case, as my people have had since the battle of Hastings from drinking some of the cursed red wine brought over by the conquerors; so I may as well earn a twinge or two," moving his chair as he spoke.

Having informed him that I had just arrived from t'other side, he exclaimed:

"*You've* not an American?"

"Why not?" I laughed.

"You're too well-dressed. Where's your long black hair, and your long black frock-coat, and your square-toed boots, and your any amount of shirt front, and your diamond studs?"

"*Nous avons changé tout cela*," I laughed.

"*Je crois bien.* We're in brutal ignorance about you fellows over there," he observed, after I had lighted him up a little on the subject of Gotham. "By Jove! I'll get you fifty men at my club who'd assert, ay, and lay the odds, that they'll shoot buffalo within ten miles of New York, and that the farmers around the immediate country are afraid of being scalped by the Indians. My brother believed in all that sort of thing, you know, until he went out West with Lord Dunraven, and, by Jove! he tells us that it is hard to get a crack at a buffalo out there, as a stag of ten tyne, here."

At this moment a waiter entered, bearing upon a silver salver a letter in a great square envelope.

"A servant waits for an answer, my lord," said the waiter, as he handed my chatty companion the note.

"Excuse me, sir," bowing to me as he tore open the envelope and flung it upon the table. I glanced at the superscription, "The Earl of Tossington."

* * * * *

"How the deuce did *she* know I was in town," he muttered, as he tugged fiercely at each wisp of mustache in turn. "Cawn't be done. I'm on duty at Windsor to-morrow."

"The writing materials are in that corner, my lord," observed the attentive waiter. His lordship sprang to his feet, plunged at the corner in question, and, in two minutes, had written and parted with his reply.

"Confound electricity," he laughed, as he rejoined me. "It picks a fellow out, and drops him like a Martini-Henry. Is there enough of hickory in your head to stand your share in another bottle of this port?"

"This wine only attacks the toes, so have at it," I laughed. Lord Tossington chatted brightly and gayly, after his own fashion. He laid out a programme for my guidance, commencing with the Tower of London, and ending at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

"I'm awfully sorry I cannot do something more for you, for, by Jove! you fellows at the other side stood by my brother like bricks of the most adhesive quality. If you wouldn't mind giving this card at St. James's Palace they'll show you the rickety, tumble-down old hole, and, if you care for pictures and all that sort of thing, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough and that lot, I'll give you my card to Grosvenor House. They've got the celebrated blue boy, or green boy, or yellow boy, by Jove! I cannot say which, there. It's a colored boy, anyhow, and dabbed up by Gainsborough."

"You are really too kind, Lord Tossington," addressing him for the first time by his name, on glancing at his card.

"I'm in the beauties. If you care to see the barracks of the Household Troop, I'll be at Knightsbridge on Thursday. Fact is, I'm here almost incog—that's why I didn't go to the club—and won't be on show till to-morrow, when I go down to Windsor."

"I intend spending a long day at Windsor and Virginia Water."

"Why not come down to-morrow, Mr. Whipple? Come to the main guard and awak for me."

"I really do not like to trespass."

"By Jove! The way you fellows over the way stood by my brother makes it incumbent on me to stand to every American I meet, always provided he's not a cad, you know."

His lordship departed I know not whither, and I turned into St. James's Street to gaze at the clubs. After having had a good long stare at Brook's, Boodle's, and White's, I strolled along Piccadilly, tapped the Criterion for "Pink Dominoes," and wound up the night with a dozen copper-tinted natives. How I longed for a Blue Point half-shell at Scott's in the Haymarket!

"To-morrow for Windsor," I thought, as I jumped into bed. "What a lucky chance. Perhaps I'll get a look at the Queen?"

What a strange day that morrow was destined to prove! I had a whiting, its tail in its mouth, for breakfast, together with hot buttered muffins. My teeth water while I recall that meal. A hansom took me to Paddington Station, and I was soon speeding at the rate of fifty miles an hour through the loveliest portion of Merrie England. Among the royal palaces of Europe, Windsor Castle justly lays claim to the first place. Some, like the Escurial, may be larger; others, like Heidelburg, may even surpass it in beauty of site; others, again, like the old fortress of the Popes on the rocky bluff by the Rhône, may be more perfect in architecture, according to poor Bayard Taylor; but in none are size, beauty and grandeur so united as in the first and oldest of the royal residences. At Avignon, indeed, where, for so long, Popes, orthodox or schismatical, kept their courts, a cathedral and a fortress stand side by side; but Windsor is a palace, an abbey, a college, and a barrack, all in one.

As the train swept past the antique town of Eton, an elderly gentleman of aristocratic aspect seeing my guide-book *en evidence*, courteously undertook the task of "personally conducting," and after giving me a rapid description of the college, of which, from his tone, I could gather that he was an *alumnus*—

"Now," he exclaimed, "you see Windsor Castle! That is the Curfew Tower, and it is backed by the turrets of St. George's Chapel. The Curfew Tower dates from Henry II. The old vaulted dungeon yet remains beneath it, and you will remember, if you have read Harrison Ainsworth's 'Windsor Castle,' that many of its most thrilling scenes are laid in this tower. It was there the butcher Mark Finwolf was imprisoned, and from its battlements he was hanged. In the upper chamber the encounter took place between Henry VIII. and Herne the Hunter, where bluff King Hal fired at the demon with a 'dag' as the latter sank through the floor."

As we reached the station, my obliging companion asked me if I had an order from the lord chamberlain to visit the castle, and having replied in the negative, observed:

"You are unfortunate, sir. Her Majesty is at present at Windsor, as you will perceive by the floating of the royal standard from St. George's Tower;" adding, with a smile, "And as she is not in the best of humors, even the portions of the castle usually open to visitors are for the present closed."

"I have a friend at court," I laughed.

"You'll need one," and lifting his hat and bowing, he turned away.

Having inquired my way to the public entrance to the castle, I ascended the hill, casting a remembering glance at the Hostelry of the White Hart on my right, with a view to possible contingencies later on, and after five minutes' walking, struck Henry VIII.'s gateway.

Passing a giant in a bearskin shako and blood-red tunic—one of the Grenadier Guards—I found myself in a long, irregular, shelving courtyard, the lowest of three wards, or plateaux; to my right, on a terrace, the houses of the Military Knights of Windsor; at the upper end of the ward rose the huge mass of the Round Tower, in front stood the magnificent pile of St. George's Chapel, and on either side of it clusters of irregular groups of buildings—the houses of the dean and canons, quarters for the soldiers, and the like.

I soon found the main guard, and having asked for the Earl of Tossington, after some delay was informed his lordship was in "h'attendance on Her Majesty as h'eddycong."

"I am aware of that. Lord Tossington told me so. He wished me to send for him."

The sergeant, a most respectful giant, retired to an inner apartment, to reappear in a moment.

"The h'earl is lord-in-waiting, sir. Her Majesty is a-walking on the slopes with her Royal 'Ighness the Princess Mary of Cambridge. If you wish to see the h'earl, please to leave your card. His lordship will be off duty at two o'clock."

It was but twelve. A stroll round the town or into the Park would kill the two hours.

"Thanks, sergeant. Please to let Lord Tossington have my card and say that I shall return at two o'clock."

"Right, sir."

As I was turning away, the sergeant exclaimed:

"A friend of the h'earl's, sir?"

"Well—an acquaintance. The fact is, I am an American, and want to do the castle."

"If you was thinking of strolling in the Great Park, sir, I could take you round by the Terrace and past Her Majesty's private garden, and by the long walk into the Great Park."

"I wish you would."

"Right, sir. Be pleased to come with me."

The sergeant was as good as his word, and in a few minutes I was on the Terrace. Beneath me the grand elms, two hundred years old, casting their cooling shadows over the rich greensward; to the left, the Home Park stretched away towards the silvery Thames, with its fine old beeches and forest kings, skirting Her Majesty's private garden, laid out in the formal Italian style, sunk and adorned with many statues. My *cicerone* conducted me under the southern façade and on to the long walk.

As I was fumbling in my pocket for the queen's shilling, the sergeant stiffly saluted, and beat a dignified, if not a hasty, retreat.

I strolled beyond the limit of the Home Park, across the Datchet Road, and into the heart of the Great Park, at Snow Hill, pausing to cast a glance of contempt at the equestrian atrocity of the mutton-eating George III.

Nowhere is the Park more beautiful than here. The broken and undulating ground offers a constant succession of sylvan scenes; fern-clad dells and glades beneath the over-arching boughs, where the rabbits scamper rustling over the withered beech-leaves, and the stag raises his royal head to gaze in proud indifference on the intruder. Each step through this varying scenery brings to light some new beauty; now the great beeches close in the path, now they open to afford glimpses of the earth as if set in rustic framework.

Drinking in the loveliness of the scene, I wandered around until I found myself in a solitude as complete as in the forest of the Schwartzwald. I was surrounded by venerable oaks, their branches rugged, gnarled, shattered; their boles knotted, scarred, hollow, with great gaping rents; mere ruins now, but infinitely more picturesque than in the days of their supreme vigor.

"I shall not proceed any further," I reasoned, "as I must be back at the castle at two o'clock to meet my lord of Tossington. I'll set me down in yon lichen-covered oak root, and day dream."

I did not know, until subsequently, that the seat I had chosen was part and parcel of William the Conqueror's oak, which is reported to have lived one thousand years, and to have been a favorite tree with him whose name it bears.

I had not indulged in any very lengthened reverie, when the barking of a dog, "baying a deep-mouthed welcome," came to me. And presently the creaking of dead branches and falling leaves announced the approach of the animal itself. I dislike dogs, and dogs dislike me. There is no love lost between us. Instinct seems to tell the brutes I'll none of them, and the quietest and most silken pet spaniel will growl at me.

The dog that came bounding and sniffing into the place where I sat was a superb deerhound, with eyes of amber, and fangs black as night, and hair that bristled like a boar's.

He sprang towards me, and, ere I could realize my peril, was at my throat. I yelled a thundering "Down, sir!" and clutched wildly at the animal's leather collar. The strength of madness seemed to be in my arms as I wrestled with the ghastly demon of hydrophobia, gibbering and mowing at me.

The dog had pinned me against the tree. Had he thrown me to earth, I would have enjoyed but a short shrift and a dog's death.

The glittering white teeth, the black fangs, the flaming eyes, the bristling mane, the hot breath, are close to my face as I write, and even now I contemplate that awful moment with a shudder.

"Down Conrad! Down! Oh, my God, he will kill the man!" muttered a girlish voice. A woman's gloved hand came between me and the jaws of the frenzied brute, while a shower of blows from a light riding-whip descended across the dog's eyes.

"Go away!" I blurted. "Save yourself! He's mad! Fly!" But as I spoke the gloved hand had seized the dog's collar, and the huge brute lay palpitating, its long, pink, foam-flecked tongue lolling out of its mouth, at the girl's feet.

"You are hurt, sir!" she exclaimed, an agony in her face.

"Never mind *me*," I gasped, "save yourself!"

The girl grasped an oaken branch and commenced to beat the dog about the head. The animal, I am bound to say, taking its punishment with high-bred courage and dignity.

"Your throat is bitten, sir!" exclaimed the young lady. "You must see a surgeon at once. Dr. Jenner is at the castle. You must see him."

I put my hand to my throat, and, in removing my fingers, found that they were stained with blood. My heart gave a leap of terror, but I am proud to say I succeeded in assuming an air of defiant *sang-froid*.

"A mere scratch. Is the dog yours?"

"He is. I never knew him to attack anybody before. Please come this way, I beg—I insist!" pointing as she spoke in the direction from whence she had come.

There was a ring of command in her tone, the imperiousness of one accustomed to be obeyed.

I gazed intently upon her, and my heart almost stood still, for I saw that it was the Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter.

Should I recognize her? Was I bound to respect her incognito? Perceiving my embarrassment, and justly discerning its cause, she calmly said:

"I am the Princess Beatrice—this is the dog given to the Queen by the Emperor of Austria. If you wish to have him shot he shall be shot within ten minutes."

"Not for ten thousand dollars, your Royal Highness!" I cried. "This is but a scratch, and—and—I shall be ever grateful to the dog for having afforded me the honor of this interview."

"That is all very well," she smiled; "but the interview would scarcely repay you if——" She paused, shuddered, and quickly added, "You must see Dr. Jenner. He is at the castle now. Quick walking will bring us to him in twenty minutes. I know a short cut," and with the guilty Conrad stalking by her side, the Queen's youngest daughter plunged into the forest, I, George Whipple, following at her heels.

She wore a white dress all in plaits. Her gloves were white, her *aumonière* was of some kind of untanned leather, with oxidized gold frame and clasps and chain. Her hat was pure Gainsborough, turned up with blood-red satin, the feather, which swept down her shoulder, of the same color. Her shoes were thick-soled, low, and tied in front by coquettish bows of black ribbon. Her hosen were of scarlet.

"Do you live in Windsor?" she asked, after we had trudged on a little, and while I was still endeavoring to realize the situation.

"Oh, dear, no! I am an American."

She cast a rapid, inquiring glance at me.

"My brother, the Prince of Wales, is for ever talking of your country. You treated him right royally."

"We would do so again and again," I replied; "and if he were accompanied by your Royal Highness, we'd go perfectly crazy."

She seemed pleased at this.

"I hope to visit my sister in Canada one of these days."

"Then you'll return by way of New York?"

"I seriously hope so. I want to see Broadway. I have heard ever so many of our young men who go over to 'pot'—isn't that the word?—buffalo, rave over its brightness, its life, its go."

"It *is* wondrously vivid."

"That's not a bad way of describing it. I want to see Niagara, too. My brother-in-law's sisters and the Campbell girls are going over. I *do* wish I were going with them."

She walked very rapidly, and once or twice I found myself a laggard.

"Do I walk too quickly for you? The fact is, I am accustomed to such long pedestrian excursions in Scotland when we are at Balmoral, and do such a lot of mountain work, that I distance all my brothers, except, perhaps, the Duke of Connaught. As for Bertie—I mean the Prince of Wales—I leave him nowhere; but he's getting awfully stout."

I saw that this high-born lady was doing her uttermost to set me at my ease—endeavoring in every possible way to atone for the misconduct of her dog, and be it said I never felt more at home with any girl in my life. There was an *entre nous*, a delicious familiarity in her manner, that while it fairly intoxicated me, savored more of the *capriciense* than of the princess. It was the mood of a fair woman resolved upon making you pleased—not fascinated with her.

"Have you been long in England?" she asked.

"I arrived yesterday," and in a few words I related my adventure at the Blenheim with the Earl of Tossington.

"He's in waiting to-day. What a pleasure it will be to me to let you see the castle. You shall do the whole of it, from the Curfew Tower to my boudoir—the latter a privilege not usually accorded to what newspapers term distinguished foreigners."

We struck a small doorway, oak-ribbed and bolted with iron. Between the heavy bars we could perceive the gleam of a redcoat. The princess rapped loudly with the branch of oak which she still held in her hand. The sentinel peered cautiously through the bars, and in a second flung open the door, standing and saluting, while he sang out some unintelligible order.

In an instant a young officer plunged from the guardhouse, his huge bearskin shako trembling over his eyes as he hastily buckled on his sword, and at his heels half a dozen of the guard pipe-clayed to within an inch of their lives.

The princess made a gentle inclination of her head as we passed this row of living statues, the officer's sword almost tipping my nose as he flashed it to the salute.

Across a quadrangle, through a tunneled passage lined with flaming and perfume-laden flowers, and we struck the private garden, a glow of ribbon border and bloom.

In a deep embrasured window, framed in claret-colored velvet curtains, sat a stout, elderly lady in

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black, wearing a Marie Stuart cap of white. She was engaged in reading, and it needed no *cicerone* to tell me that I gazed at the Queen of England.

There she sat, quietly enjoying her book, the sun, in the meanwhile, endeavoring, in its unvarying course, to find a resting-place in her vast and mighty Empire.

"That's the—that's mamma," said the princess, in the most natural manner possible.

The Queen suddenly raised her eyes from her book and gazed calmly upon us. Her Majesty, it is scarcely necessary to say, failed to recognize me, and her eyes followed me with a searching scrutiny, especially when I uncovered, in passing beneath the window. I could see that she was endeavoring to place me, and as I turned into a gilded doorway—the royal arms of England glittering on every side—I perceived Her Majesty craning her neck in a final effort to ascertain who I was.

"Go to Sir William Jenner's apartments, and tell him to come to the 'Rubens Room' at once"—this to a giant in scarlet-and-gold and powder and silk stockings.

"If your Royal Highness will permit me, I shall follow this servant to Doctor Jenner's quarters," I interposed.

"Perhaps that would be as well. Stay, Bolton—ask Mr. Campbell, of Islay, to accompany this gentleman to Sir William Jenner's."

"May it please your Royal Highness, Mr. Campbell has left the castle."

"Who is groom-in-waiting?"

"The Honorable Mr. Lindsay."

"Ask *him*, then."

The man bowed and disappeared as noiselessly as the ghost of the Corsican brother.

At this moment a handsome, aristocratic-looking and very plainly-dressed lady, save for her rings, which were of enormous value, glided from behind ruby velvet *portières*.

This lady gazed steadily *through* me, as she said to the princess:

"Her Majesty wishes to see your Royal Highness."

The princess turned to me.

"When Dr. Jenner has seen you, you will please ask Mr. Lindsay to conduct you to the private apartments—to the Blue Drawing-room;" and with a sweeping courtesy, the Princess Beatrice vanished behind the silent *portières*, closely followed by the lady, whom I afterward learned was the Marchioness of Ely and lady-in-waiting.

Mr. Lindsay appeared with considerable promptitude, and as we traveled in knee-deep velvet carpets, passing pictures and statuary and flowers, and *bric-à-brac* and stained glass, and gilding and royal arms, and gorgeousness and glitter of every description, I briefly narrated my adventure with the dog.

"Awfully nawsty of the brute, I'm sure," was the sole comment of the groom-in-waiting.

We found Sir William Jenner in his library—and what a *bijou* library! with a deep recessed window lined with books, and gazing upon the Home Park—engaged in reading Aristophanes in the Greek.

His eager courtesy and gracious kindness are two bright resting-places in my memory.

After a rapid and careful examination of my throat, he gleefully exclaimed:

"I am happy to say, sir, that you are neither frightened nor hurt. The blood on your throat came from the dog's tongue; he probably scratched his tongue against one of his teeth. It was a narrow shave, though—much too close. Do you know anything of this dog, Mr. Groom-in-waiting?"

"It's an awfully lamb-y sort of brute, you know, Sir William; it's the brute that Austria gave us—that thundering big deerhound that our youngest daughter is so spoonsy on; the dog that sent the Duchess of Sutherland into fits. It was in her bed at Osborne, by Jove! and she hollored like little Red Riding-Hood."

"I know the animal—a superb specimen of its lordly breed. "Did you irritate the dog in any way, sir?" asked Sir William, turning to me.

"Not in the slightest degree."

"And you say that it was quite docile with the princess?"

"Like a lamb. She laid on to him with a riding-whip, and then with the branch of an oak-tree, till every second I expected to see him spring at her throat. She's a very courageous young lady."

"She's one of the royal family of England, sir!" observed the Honorable Mr. Lindsay, in a tone of mingled satisfaction and hauteur.

After a very delightful ten minutes with Doctor Jenner, I mentioned to the groom-in-waiting the commands of the princess.

"I shouldn't wonder but the Queen will want to see you. This is just the sort of thing that suits her. A rescue of any kind is just up to the royal mark."

"But I didn't rescue anybody."

"That doesn't signify; the princess will say you did. If you were a woman, ten to one but you'd get an Indian shawl—we have a lot of Indian shawls on hand. Begad! I'll take the odds you'll get a diamond ring. That will suit you to a T. You fellows at the other side are so awfully spoony on diamonds, you know."

The subdued light, the gorgeous hangings, the noble pictures, the superb statuary, the glowing flowers, the sensuous perfumes, the glittering uniforms, seemed to affect me as though I had quaffed nectar, and until every sense felt a throb of intoxication. Now we encountered a Life Guardman in silver cuirass and boots to his hips; now a personage in blue-and-gold; now a gentleman in what is technically termed frock-dress, in other words, evening-dress, with knee-breeches and silk stockings; now a bullion hearted hussar; now a major-general, such as Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert have given us in the "Pirates of Penzance"; now a swell in the dark-green of the rifle brigade. Servants in scarlet and gold and powder, everywhere, silent, as noiseless as ghosts.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Mr. Lindsay as we entered a palatial apartment, all gilding and flowers, and faience and *bric-à-brac*, giving upon the private gardens. "If the old lady should desire to see you, you must bow very low on entering the presence, bow again when you get near to her. You must not speak until spoken to, and let your replies be perfectly natural, for we hate affectation. You must back out of the presence, bowing as often as you like."

As the groom-in-waiting thus kindly instructed me, a door, the panels of which bore the handiwork of Watteau, suddenly opened, and two gentlemen in plain walking attire backed out.

"Look at those fellows," half-whispered the genial Mr. Lindsay. "One of them, the bearded one, is Lord Salisbury, the other is Beaconsfield."

Lord Beaconsfield, on whom I riveted my whole attention, was very stooped, very yellow, and looked very old. He passed quite close to me without looking to the right or left, hobbled rather, for he had to take Lord Salisbury's arm ere he reached the door. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs bowed haughtily to Mr. Lindsay.

"They've been having a wigging, and——"

The Princess Beatrice appeared in the doorway.

"What does Dr. Jenner say?" she anxiously inquired, as she advanced rapidly toward where we stood.

"That I am neither frightened nor hurt, your Royal Highness," I replied, repeating Sir William's words.

"*I* will answer for one; the doctor for the other; and now, Mr. Whipple, my mother wishes to see you." This so naturally, and as if *she* was the daughter of a merchant or farmer, alluding to the desire of a farmer's or merchant's wife.

"One moment, please, until I announce you."

I freely confess that my heart beat violently, and that I felt excited and nervous. In vain I called my republican sentiments together: they seemed dazed and scattered, they refused point-blank to come to the rescue.

"Don't be frightened," observed Mr. Lindsay, "Her Majesty won't eat you. Ah! here comes Elphinstone, he's lord-in-waiting: follow him, and bow as low as ever you like."

I heard my name announced as I entered an apartment of which I observed nothing, save that it possessed a bower-window, a full-length portrait of Prince Albert in uniform, a bust of the prince in marble, against which leaned an enormous bouquet, and a stout, elderly, red-faced, sullen-looking lady, attired in black, and wearing a Marie Stuart widow's cap of white crape.

Beside the Queen, who was seated, stood her youngest daughter.

"This is Mr. Whipple," said the princess.

The Queen gazed at me in a concentrated and not unkindly way, and in a voice startlingly musical said:

"My daughter has spoken to me of your coolness, courage, and chivalry. I regret equally with the princess that you should have been subjected to such rough and dangerous handling. The dog is one of the quietest animals we possess. He is an especial favorite with my grandchildren, who roll over him for whole hours together, just there," pointing to a knee-deep rug of some silken material spread opposite a gilt and tiled fireplace. "If it affords you the slightest satisfaction to have the animal destroyed, you have but to say so."

"Not for the world, your Majesty," I blurted. "I love dogs."

"I offered to have him shot!" exclaimed the princess.

"It is a stupid fancy," said the Queen, "and I am glad to find that this gentleman is above such superstition. You say, sir, that you are fond of dogs?"

"Intensely, your Majesty."

"What kind of dog do you like best?"

"I think I am fondest of Scotch terriers, your Majesty," I replied, my thoughts reverting to a bright little ratter at home, at Tarrytown.

"You shall have a Dandie Dinmont and a skye from my kennel at Balmoral. Lord Elphinstone," turning to the lord-in-waiting, who bowed like a mandarin, "make a note of this."

"And I'll give him a collie!" said Beatrice.

"A Scottish sheep-dog!" exclaimed the Queen. "I believe you have no collies in America?"

"I have seen but one, and that was at a dog show in New York, your Majesty."

"Lord Elphinstone, you will see to this. A Dandie Dinmont, a skye, one of glenfishie breed, and a collie. Trained. In further recognition of your generous and chivalrous conduct, for when you believed your own safety in jeopardy you urged my daughter to seek hers by flight, I present you with"—here the Queen approached a table and took up a small morocco case—"this ring, upon which we permit you to have inscribed the words, 'From the Queen,' with the date," handing me the case, in which a large diamond sparkled from its bed of gold and curtains of dark-blue satin.

I tried to speak, but my voice would not come. I know that I stammered something as I took the royal gift, that I grew very pale, and that a cold perspiration bedewed me from head to foot. I laugh at myself now, for this, but if the block awaited me in the Curfew Tower, I do believe I could not have pumped up a single rounded conventional sentence.

"A groom-in-waiting will take you through the castle, and also through Buckingham and St. James's Palaces. You will dine with the guard. The Lord Chamberlain will commend you to our late State Concert at Buckingham Palace. I have a thorough admiration of the American character, and I am glad to have met so worthy a representative of the race."

Her Majesty made a gracious inclination of her head, and my audience was over.

The princess courtesied deeply.

"You will call your collie Conrade, Mr. Whipple," she gayly observed, as she graciously extended her hand. I touched the tip of her fingers, bowed to the earth, and backed out.

"I thought you'd drop on a ring," laughed Mr. Lindsay, as he lounged up to me. "A jolly good stone, too, worth a cool two-fifty. Stay, the princess wants to speak to you."

The Princess Beatrice had followed me.

"One word, Mr. Whipple," and she led the way into a windowed recess.

We stood facing one another.

She looked full into my eyes.

I gazed down into the lowermost depths of hers.

She blushed till her very ears assumed the tint of the red, red rose.

"Mr. Whipple," she said, as she lowered her lashes, "I——"

* * * * * *

What the Princess Beatrice said may never be written, for I awoke.

Yes, I had been fast asleep beneath William the Conqueror's oak, and the setting sun was now gilding the tree-tops as with liquid fire.

Stiff, sore, cramped, I struggled to my feet. What of the Queen, the princess, the ring?

"Shadows, my lord."

* * * * *

The Earl of Tossington upon the following day sent me his card to the Blenheim, indorsed by the Lord Chamberlain. Armed with this "open sesame," I visited Windsor Castle, but I did not see Her Majesty, nor did mine eyes encounter Queen Victoria's youngest daughter. In fact, I have never seen either one or the other of these illustrious ladies.

AN ATLANTIC SKETCH.

BY LADY HARDY.

(*Continued from page 387.*)

Late in the evening Donald Mackay, who had been uplifting his manly voice in some lovelorn bit of sentimentality, came on the deck for a last look round before retiring for the night. As he passed up the companion-way, he glanced into the little deck *salon*, which is generally sacred to the ladies. He almost started; he could scarcely believe his eyes; there sat Mr. Jaggers and the fair widow, Mrs. Sydney, amicably engaged in a game of chess, and evidently enjoying it, too. His grim, harsh features were lighted up with the ghost of a smile, as she said, playfully reproachful, with half-knit contemplative brows:

"Oh, how ungallant! You've castled my Queen; but I'll be even with you yet."

"That woman's a witch! Poor old Jaggers! A victim to female charms at his age, too!" chuckled the young fellow, as he stole away unobserved by either of them, and walked up and down the deck smoking and ruminating.

It was late when Donald Mackay retired to rest. He tossed uneasily upon his pillow; he could not sleep; he had an uncomfortable feeling; he fancied he had been defrauded of his confidence—shorn of his secret as effectually as Samson was shorn of his locks. Not only had he betrayed himself, but his friend also, into the hands of this modern Delilah; then he consoled himself, reflecting:

"After all, it did not matter much. What harm could a woman do, except talking? He smiled grimly as he remembered how often a woman's tongue had talked away a man's reputation, liberty, and even life itself. "Pooh!" he muttered, trying to reconcile himself to himself. "When we have done our errand, and are on our way back to England, she may talk as much as she likes; till then I think I can manage her."

It was now broad moonlight; he was hot and feverish; he thought he would get up and fetch a drink of iced water to cool his nerves. As he crossed amidships on the main-deck, he saw a light at the end of the corridor from the half-open door of Mr. Jaggers's cabin.

"Poor old beggar!" he muttered. "He's something like me—can't sleep. I'll rout him out to keep me company." He quickened his pace, then stopped suddenly. Some one came out and shut the door—it was not Jaggers, it was a woman! She was dressed in a dark *peignoir*. She came slowly along the corridor towards him; as she crossed the strip of moonlight, he recognized the face of Mrs. Sydney.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed, under his breath, as he stepped noiselessly aside and watched, breathlessly, as she came near and passed within a few feet of where he stood. Her eyes were wide open as she stared straight ahead, seeing nothing, for, though her eyes were open, their sense was shut. She was walking in her sleep. He recognized that fact in a moment. He followed to see that she came to no harm. Having seen her safely to her cabin, he breathed freely and went to bed thoroughly tired out, and slept soundly till morning.

As he sat down to breakfast he looked round for Mrs. Sydney, but she was not there. He said nothing to any one of what he had seen during the night; there was no purpose to be served in mentioning it to any one, so he kept discreetly silent. He hurried through his breakfast and went on deck, but there were no signs of Mrs. Sydney. He lounged by the companion-way, glancing furtively down the stairs, resolved to be the first to greet her, but she failed to make her appearance. As the day wore on a rumor was in circulation that Mrs. Sydney was not well—she was not able to leave her cabin. The lady passengers charged themselves with the care of the child, while the stewardess looked after the patient, so far as she would allow her to do so; but Mrs. Sydney was irritable and impatient. She refused to see the doctor, there was nothing the matter, she said; she only wanted to be quiet—to be let alone; so she lay for the best part of the day with her face to the wall. Mr. Jaggers, with a haggard, watchful face, haunted the corridors; he said nothing, but his eyes followed the stewardess as she went into the cabin, and questioned her with mute inquiry as she came out of it.

That evening we sighted Farther Point, and sent up a rocket to summon a pilot from the shore. Three rockets—red, white, and blue—went up in answer. "Coming." In another moment a white light like a gigantic glow-worm came creeping along the face of the water, nearer and nearer, till the plish plashing of oars brought a cockle-shell of a boat alongside, and the pilot, with the agility of a cat, climbed up the huge black side of the vessel and leaped over the bulwarks on to the deck. We got up steam and were soon under way again. As we paced the deck, chatting or singing snatches of old songs, all more or less excited as we approached the end of our journey, we were startled by the appearance of a huge black mass, which seemed to grow mysteriously out of the darkness, with many-colored lights swinging in the empty air. It was the steam-tug which had come off from Rimouski for mails and such passengers as desired to go on shore and proceed direct to Lower Canada. There was a hurrying and bustling to-and-fro, the mail-bags were flung out from the lower deck, and about fifty steerage passengers and some few others went on shore.

The next morning a general consternation sat on the official faces. One after another they proceeded to the captain's room and held a mysterious conference together. People looked questioningly in each other's eyes and wondered. Presently a rumor circulated from one end of the vessel to the other: "Mrs. Sydney was missing!" On going to her stateroom in the morning, the stewardess found it empty. For a time all was confusion. Hurried inquiries were whispered from one to another. The most extravagant rumors and wonderment got about, but the general excitement gradually calmed down, and a strict investigation took place. Where had she been last seen, and by whom? Donald Mackay reluctantly stepped forward and told what he had seen on the night before. It was a horrible idea, but at least a tangible one. She might have walked overboard in her sleep! At least that was the conclusion generally arrived at.

This terrible catastrophe cast a gloom over everybody's spirits and allayed much of the excitement and pleasure they would otherwise have felt on nearing the land.

All day we steamed through the beautiful St. Lawrence River with a panoramic view of picturesque and glowing scenery outspread on either side. In the evening Quebec, in her regal beauty, with the fading sunlight flashing from her thousand windows and glittering on her shining roofs, was in sight. Then began the bustling preparation for leaving the vessel. Mr. Jaggers and Donald Mackay eagerly scanned the faces on the landing stage. A police officer came on board, followed by one or two subordinates. An order was given that no one was to leave the vessel till they had examined all the passengers. Jaggers took the chief official aside, and they conversed together in a low tone.

"You've got our man," said Jaggers. "He should have arrived two days ago. We wired a description and requested that he should be detained."

"Never came," replied the brother detective, adding, with a curious smile, "He's here on the vessel with you."

"That's not so. There's a mistake somewhere," said Jaggers, grimly. "Do you think I'd have a rat under my nose and not smell him? I know every man on board."

"And every woman, too?" said the officer, with a significance that made Jaggers shiver. "Here, read that," he added, placing in his nervous hand a telegram received a few days before which ran thus: "James Howard did not sail as advised. You will find him in steamship *Sardinian*, disguised as a widow, accompanied by a young child. Arrest him."

Jaggers staggered as though he had been shot. His professional pride fell dead within him. He dashed down the stairs, and in a few minutes reappeared in ill-concealed agitation. His pocketbook, with photographs, identification papers, etc., had been stolen. Was this the widow's errand to his room the night before? Was the sleep-walking business a sham? Had she or he walked overboard or not? Their doubts and wonders were soon set at rest. The dress the *soi-disant* widow used to wear was found concealed beneath her berth. The disappearance which had been involved in so much perplexity was now clearly understood. James Howard, a beardless young fellow, the youngest of a burglarious gang who had given much trouble to the London police, had escaped, in the guise of a widow, with all the plunder. He had evidently thrown off the fascinating golden "coquette" which had lent so effectual a disguise and so demure a charm to the widow's suit, and, donning his own attire, had mixed unobserved with the steerage passengers and gone off at Rimouski. Jaggers, in sore humiliation of spirit, hid his head for a while, covered with professional shame. His prey had flaunted and flirted before his very eyes, and, though he had "castled the queen," he had never been so effectually "checkmated."

Thenceforth the sight of a widow acted upon him as the red rag is supposed to act on a mad bull. His chief object in life was to run them down. So, with a sensational scene, our pleasant voyage in the good ship *Sardinian* ended.

A Belgian Festival.

THE Belgian Government has granted a sum of 100,000 francs for the great *fête* which will be given at Antwerp this fall. The Town Council gives a like sum. The King and Queen have promised to attend, arriving by the Scheldt, and a number of ships will go to meet their majesties at Boom. The programme will exceed the splendid Rubens *fête* and will comprise a Venetian festival on the river, the inauguration of new docks, the unveiling of the statue of Quentin Matsys, of the colossal monument commemorating the freeing of the Scheldt and the mural paintings at the Bourse, cantatas, races, rifle shooting, illuminations, etc.

Cheese-making in Canada.

CHEESE-MAKING under the factory system has become the practice in Canada. Farmers within a certain radius send their milk to central establishments, where the manufacture is carried on wholesale. Only a few years ago they discovered that there was a great advantage in the way of economizing labor and manufacturing expenses to be gained by clubbing together. No longer back than 1874 the quantity thus turned out began to exceed twenty million pounds in the year, since which time the amount has been almost doubled. Factories are now in operation in nearly every section of the province of Ontario or Upper Canada.

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THE LAST SUBJECT ACCEPTED FOR ILLUSTRATION BY MR. FRANK LESLIE.—A LADY VISITOR READING TO THE INMATES OF THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 413.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, *53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

NOTICE.

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53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y. P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, *January 17th*, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed, as heretofore, to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

L. W. ENGLAND,
ASSIGNEE.

THE "TERRAPIN POLICY" IN FINANCE.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has rendered an adverse decision in the matter of the application to give preference and precedence on the calendar to the legal-tender test case, technically known as the case of Juillard *vs.* Greenman, in which the constitutionality of the re-issue of the United States notes, after their reception in the Treasury for redemption, is placed formally at issue, on the ground that nothing less than a full bench should sit in judgment on the decision of constitutional questions, and such a full bench cannot be had in the present protracted disability of Mr. Justice Hunt. We have before expressed the opinion that the question at issue, being one of legislative discretion and of financial policy rather than one of more or less doubtful constitutionality, is a question which should be disposed of by the legislative, rather than the judicial, branch of the Government. It was only in reluctant obedience to what seemed indispensable considerations of public necessity that the administrative branch of the Government devised, and the legislative branch of the Government adopted, the policy of legal-tender paper money in the year 1862. It was only after much hesitation and after painful, because unseemly, vicissitudes of opinion, that the judicial branch of the Government gave its sanction to so much of this policy as recognized the right of the Government to issue such notes under the pressure of military necessity, and even this dubious decision was not reached without transparent implications against the legality of such issues in the absence of a necessity overriding the normal law of peace and order under the Constitution.

That such a lean and starveling question as this should be remitted to the umpirage of the highest judicial tribunal in the land, when every consideration of plighted legislative honor and of public duty calls for its solution by the "assembled wisdom" of our legislators in Washington, is not an encouraging sign to the patriot who wishes to retain his confidence in the intelligence and courage of the nation's chosen representatives. It is known that the Republican leaders have been most forward in pressing for such a judicial determination, because of the hope they cherish that the decision would be adverse to the constitutionality of the law directing the re-issue of legal-tender notes, and, under the covering of shields afforded by the court, they had hoped to advance and take the position of the Greenbackers and paper-money Democrats as by a *coup de main*.

Meanwhile it is only a Gideon's band of hard-money Democrats and of hard-money Republicans, under the lead of Senator Bayard, who seem to have the courage of their opinions. And yet it is certain that the mastery of the future is in the hands of these intrepid and enlightened legislators. Professor Von Holst, in his brilliant book on the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," adventures the remark that the seven thousand votes cast for Birney in the "Log-Cabin Campaign" of 1840 were "weightier" in the scales of philosophical history than all the ballots cast for Harrison and Van Buren put together. The observation smacks rather of rhetorical antithesis than of historical sobriety; but it cannot be doubted that there is a grain of truth in this critical appreciation of the relative weight of the votes cast in that exciting and hysterical canvass. The future of that date was with the "Liberty Party," for the Liberty Party of 1840 were the forerunners of the Republican Party, who, in the fullness of time, destroyed slavery and took possession of the Government, while the Whig Party died of inanition, and the Democratic Party was called in 1860 to suffer under a stroke of paralysis, from which it has not yet sufficiently recovered to find the hard-money ideas that were imbedded in its brain before the war.

The New York *Times* truly remarked, a few days ago, that "the future" of the Republican Party depends more upon the financial policy it is now required to formulate and enforce than "upon the cunning of managers and the ambition of individuals" in seeking to get the weather-gage of the Democrats on the currency issue. The Democratic managers who engineered the proceedings of the late extra-session of Congress could teach their political rivals a profitable lesson on the practical utility of "manufactured issues," however ingeniously devised, for the purpose of carrying an election. Such schemes of "mice and men" fall an easy prey before the plowshare of destiny.

The weights of the future as well as of the past must be constantly placed by the true statesman in the balances of public discussion. It is for this reason that statesmanship rises to the dignity of a liberal profession in the highest of all arts—the art of government. It is a sign of political dry-rot in the fabric of the state when our legislators have neither strength nor courage enough to grapple with the most exigent issues of the time, but seek to shuffle them out of sight.

Under representative institutions the people are called to give formal expression to their will and wishes only on election days. After the election it is the representative chosen by the people who is charged with the execution of the people's will, and it is too much the habit of our countrymen to suppose that they have discharged the full measure of their political duty when they have deposited their votes in the ballot-box. In fact, the constant pressure of an enlightened public opinion should be brought to bear on our legislators at Washington, lest the public apathy should seem to lend countenance to the timidity and cowardice of our rulers. Spasms of political activity on election days, followed by months of political lethargy after the election is over, are sad indications of that decline in public virtue which is the sure precursor of the ruin of states.

Mr. Jefferson exposed himself to merited ridicule by that system of "gunboats" with which he sought to evade the necessity of creating a navy commensurate with our rank and dignity as a nation. This weak expedient was signalized in the political *persiflage* of that day as the "terrapin policy" of his administration. In like manner we have our political leaders in both parties who are anxious to evade to-day the necessity of making a clear-cut record on the question of the currency. They would fain postpone the further discussion of the topic until the next Presidential election is over; and now that it is certain that the resolution of Mr. Bayard will be reported to the Senate for debate on a majority report against it and a minority report in favor of it, there is a rumor that the obstructives of both parties will combine to lay it on the table, in order to smother discussion. This would be to import the "terrapin policy" into matters of finance.

IRELAND AND MR. PARNELL.

THAT the people of Ireland are in sore distress cannot be doubted; that they are in need of immediate and liberal aid cannot be disputed; that the hearts and hands of our own citizens should be generously opened in their behalf every philanthropist must admit. There should be such an outpouring of material aid from the United States as would make the hearts of Irish sufferers thrice glad by its very abundance. The Irish, as a race, are as warm-hearted and generous as they are patient under suffering and brave in the hour of danger. It stands to the credit of such of them as have made their homes in the United States, that within the past twenty years they have remitted to Ireland $65,000,000 to assist impoverished relatives, or to enable them to emigrate to these friendly shores. They have ever been stanch friends of this country, and thousands of them have given their richest treasure of life and blood in attestation of their love and devotion to the American Union. For these, and other reasons, Ireland should be generously remembered in this the hour of her calamity.

But, while bespeaking the largest degree of liberality in favor of Ireland, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the cause of charity will not be promoted by Mr. Parnell's plans, as developed through his public harangues to the American public. It is greatly to be regretted that that gentleman, in the conduct of his mission, has deemed it necessary to blend politics with philanthropy, and to exalt demagogism at the expense of suffering humanity. Americans would belie their whole character did they fail to sympathize with the people of the "ever-green isle" in their distress, their hunger, and resistance to injustice, whether practiced by Government or over-exacting landlords. But Mr. Parnell has erred in injecting into his scheme for Irish relief certain political matters for which he seeks indorsement on this side of the Atlantic. Thousands of our most intelligent citizens will keep aloof from Mr. Parnell because of the double-headed character of his mission. These people, unlike the party demagogues who play the part of satellites to the Irish agitator, have no axes to grind. They would like to serve a distressed people for humanity's sake, but they will do nothing which has the semblance of taking sides as to the policy which should be exercised by the British Government in dealing with Ireland as part and parcel of the United Kingdom. They do not care to denounce the Government of a country most closely allied to the United States, nor are they prepared to believe that the measures proposed by Mr. Parnell and his coadjutors are the wisest and best for the present or future welfare of Ireland. They do not, in fact, either by word or deed, desire to express any opinion on the subject, and rather than have any charitable action of theirs misinterpreted, will refrain from making any sort of contribution through Mr. Parnell, or the political association which he represents.

In his public utterances Mr. Parnell has plainly given us to understand that no peace can come to Ireland until those who are now tenants own the land they till; that the present struggle is one between the landlord and tenant as to which shall be forced from the country; that it will require $250,000,000 to buy out the landlord interest; and, finally, that if this purchase cannot be made, the present owners, as he hinted at Philadelphia, will be dispossessed through revolutionary processes. The organizers of Fenian raids and "Skirmishing Funds" may applaud the highwayman's method of obtaining property, but Mr. Parnell will find that the sober-minded, deep-thinking people of this country, after an expensive experience of their own, will not give countenance to schemes calculated to embroil a country in civil war.

We give place to none in expressions of goodwill towards the tenantry of Ireland. We would gladly see each and all of them the owners of a certain amount of acreage in fee-simple, but there is only one honest way to obtain title, and that by purchase. The scheme advocated by Mr. Parnell can never make them owners of the soil. Any hope of a contrary character will prove as delusive as did the liberating scheme of O'Connell, or the Irish governmental scheme which flourished for a brief season in Union Square. It is not to be expected that the landowners of Ireland, any more than those of the United States, will part with their property otherwise than by just compensation. To suppose that there is either philanthropy or generosity enough in the world to raise and contribute $250,000,000 to enable the Irish tenantry to get hold of the fee-simple of the lands they occupy requires a stretch of fancy of which we are not capable. It is an idea which none but an impracticable dreamer could indulge. So far, then, as Mr. Parnell's mission embraces this visionary scheme, it is a dead failure from its very inception. The Irish land question, as we view it, cannot be adjusted either by purchase or violence. On the one hand, there is no possible way open to the tenantry to acquire the enormous sum at which the lands are valued; and, on the other hand, there is no hope to make a forcible seizure secure against the Government of an Empire numbering some two hundred and fifty millions of people. If our own South, with its twelve millions of people, could not successfully resist the Government of the United States, there can be but little hope for a successful revolution by the five or six millions constituting Ireland's population. No, the Irish land problem is not to be solved on sentiment or by the sword, but only on the strict principles of political economy

That the present agitation is doing no good to Ireland, either at home or abroad, is plain to be seen. Mr. King Harman, an Irish landlord, full of sympathy for his people, recently said through the medium of the London *Times*: "I could show you easily that the present mad, and, in general, selfish and self-seeking agitation of those who are stumping the country has tended to aggravate the difficulty by frightening or estranging those who would or should have stood by the suffering poor. These things may be logic and fact, but the greater and worse fact remains that our people are on the verge of starvation." This declaration comes from a man now employing four hundred men in relief works, and engaged in preparation to give work to several hundreds more. Furthermore, Mr. Harman earnestly calls upon the British Government to give the people employment in the making of roads, and improvement of small harbors on the west coast, and bluntly says that the suffering people of Ireland would rather work and earn even small wages than be the recipients of unworked-for charity. When we compare the course of this landlord with that of Mr. Parnell, also a landlord, the comparison is not flattering to the latter.

It has not been our purpose to speak unkindly of Mr. Parnell, but we could wish, for Ireland's sake, that he had not brought his politics to this country. It would, at least, have been to the advantage of the people he professes to represent—the people who, as Mr. Harman says, for the past three years have suffered by loss of crops and by depreciation in stock, and are now on the verge of starvation. There are channels through which the benevolent may make their gifts effective in banishing hunger from Irish households, and all who do not admire the methods or approve the political plans of Mr. Parnell may make use of them. We have only to add by way of conclusion the single word—Give.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Empress Eugénie will embark at Southampton in the Union Company's steamer *Danube*, on March 20th, for the purpose of visiting and placing wreaths, etc., on the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed. The cabin occupied by the Prince will be placed at the disposal of the Empress, together with its original fittings. The horses and carriages used by the Prince will also be placed at her service. The Empress will visit the places where the Prince resided in Natal, and subsequently, with her suite, will travel by the route taken by the Prince in ox-wagons specially fitted for their accommodation. Her Imperial Highness will not debark at Cape Town, but will go direct to Natal, where she will be received privately.

An abstract of the gross revenue of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the past year, as compared with 1878, has been issued. The gross receipts are greater this year by the sum of £2,182,978. The property and income-tax shows an increase of £3,454,000; the stamps come next, with an increase of £367,000; and the other items of increment are the Post-Office, £139,000; interest on advances, £80,000; and the telegraph service, £45,000. On the other hand, there was a decrease of £1,095,000 in the excise, £415,000 in the customs, £11,000 in land-tax and house duty, a similar sum in Crown lands, and nearly £370,000 under the head of miscellaneous.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* concurs with the chief organs of public opinion in thinking the British revenue returns most unsatisfactory. It anticipates that the receipts for the entire year will fall £550,000 short of Sir Stafford Northcote's estimate. It thinks that the gross deficits of three years will amount to £7,500,000, or, with the Indian loan, to £9,500,000. The *Gazette* is of opinion that Sir Stafford Northcote is preparing a surprise for the public, and that by dint of cutting down expenses in every direction he will be able to present a far more favorable Budget than most people look for.

In emulation of the remarkable success of the Portuguese African Expedition, conducted by Major de Serpa Pinto, the Royal Geographical Society of Spain are sending out an expedition under the auspices of Commander Abargues de Sosten. This gentleman, who is now in Alexandria, on the arrival of his *personnel*, with the necessary scientific instruments, etc., intends, if the Egyptians and the Abyssinians have buried the hatchet, in a few weeks to start for Massowah and proceed at once to Adowah. Under favorable circumstances the Commander Abargues de Sosten expects to be absent twelve months, and if not interfered with by hostile tribes or accidents, a very interesting and instructive mission will be carried out.

There will be a deficit of ten million drachms in the Greek Budget for next year. M. Delyani hopes, however, to be able to reduce this sum to six millions by extra taxation upon tobacco, an expedient

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for which the Greek Minister of Finance is indebted, we doubt not, to the genius of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a significant and notable fact that the falling off in the revenue of Greece is ascribable solely to the non-settlement of the Turco-Greek frontier question. The Hellenic Government have been compelled, in consequence of the warlike demonstrations of the Porte, to keep under arms a large force along their frontier. The Greeks openly complain, and naturally, that they have been put to this expense by the dilatory action of the Turkish Government, conduct in which it has been encouraged by the policy of the Powers.

Bishop Rieards, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, is now actively engaged in pushing forward a scheme of his own for the civilization of 200,000 Caffres inhabiting his diocese. The project is medieval but practical. The Bishop intends to found two Trappist abbeys, one in the colony between Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, the other upon the frontier amongst the Tambookie Caffres. An estate of 700,000 acres has been purchased for the site, and a tract of land on the frontier has been granted by the Colonial Government. The Tambookie Caffres are already disposed to agriculture, and the existence of model farms in their midst will be a healthy encouragement. The project will naturally be aided by the Cape merchants in London, and elsewhere, seeing that their own interests are so largely mixed up with the pacification of the frontier. In these days, when monastic institutions are considered out of date, it will be strange if a band of Trappists is the first efficacious civilizer of the Caffre.

The Jesuits are about to open a college at Cairo, having arranged all the preliminaries with the Propaganda and the Franciscans of Terra Santa. High Mass beneath the shadow of the Pyramids.

The Japanese are pushing their way forward steadfastly and persistently in the road of civilization. Their latest move is to send a commissioner to England to study its police system, the modes for the suppression of crime, and the general arrangements for the detection of criminals. They have already a pretty fair idea of how the Western nations deal with culprits when they are caught, for scores of Japanese students have passed with credit the examination in the Temple. It is suggestive of the growing importance of Japan that Russia has subsidized a large number of missionaries of the Greek Church to take up their posts in the country.

The increased attention which Russia is devoting to Japanese affairs is shown by the elevation of her representative at Tokio from the rank of Minister Resident to that of Envoy Extraordinary, his salary at the same time being raised to 30,000 roubles, or not far short of $15,000.

ACROSTIC,

TO THE MEMORY OF

"FRIEND TO THE FRIENDLESS!" Fame, that far out-wins
Reaching for wealth through genius of the Twins
ART and her sister, MIND—brain-born of Thought—
Nobler than title of Earth, its praise unsought,
Kings cannot mount such wings to Grace—enough!

Life stamps the man. In this rude world of ours
Ev'n Genius dies beneath the tread of Powers
Sublime in Ignorance! To him, whose might,
Lifting that human god head to the light,
Informs the world how much there lives to save—
Eternal be his peace, where Life smiles on the Grave!

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANK LESLIE, BY THE EMPLOYES AND FORMER EMPLOYES OF HIS PUBLISHING HOUSE.

As soon as practicable after the death of the eminent publisher, FRANK LESLIE, a meeting of the Editorial and Art staffs, and representatives of the various departments of Frank Leslie's Publishing House, was called to take suitable action in regard to the event. A large number of former members of the Art staff were also present in response to the following invitation issued by Mr. Joseph Becker, Superintendent of the Art Department: "All artists who have been employed by the late FRANK LESLIE, are requested to attend a meeting in the Art-room of the establishment, Nos. 53, 55, 57 Park Place, on Monday afternoon, January 12th, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of making arrangement to attend the funeral on Tuesday, 13th inst."

The meeting was held in the Art Rooms of the establishment, at Nos. 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, on the afternoon of Monday, January 12th, 1880, and was called to order at 3 o'clock by Mr. B. G. Smith, who briefly explained the objects of the assemblage.

Among those present were John G. Shea, LL.D., Mr. David B. Gulick, Mr. B. G. Smith, Mr. Thomas Powell, Mr. N. Robinson, Mr. George J. Hagar, Mr. Charles H. Webb, A. H. Guernsey, M.D., Mr. William Harding, H. M. Brandis, M.D., Mr. Charles McLachlan, Mr. D. E. Harvey and Mr. B. W. Tomlinson, of the Editorial Department; Mr. Joseph Becker, Mr. Albert Berghaus, Mr. James E. Taylor, Mr. Henry A. Ogden, Miss O. A. Davis, Mr. Walter E. Yeager, Mr. Frederick Opper, Mr. B. T. Thulstrup, Mr. Augustus Schimff, Mr. Walter Goater and Mr. W. Parker Bodfish, of the Art Department; Mr. Horace Baker, of the Engraving Department; Mr. John McCabe, of the Composing-room; Mr. Joseph L. Firm, of the Press-room; Mr. Michael Crane, of the Electrotype Foundry; Mr. G. W. Heller, of the Counting-room; Mr. L. S. Mont, of the Stock-room; and Messrs. Frank Schell, Thomas Hogan, John Hyde, C. E. H. Bonwill, L. H. Hopkins, Henry L. Stephens, John A. Wales, Robert Stewart, George F. Smith, George Le B. Hartt, Clarence Grey Parker, Philip G. Cusachs, A. Zenope, Fernando Miranda, Charles Edmunds, Stephen Berlett, Charles Kendrick, George R. Halm, Arthur Hayman, John Swinton and Frederick S. Cozzens, of the former employés of the establishment.

The meeting was organized by the election of John G. Shea, LL.D., as chairman, and Mr. B. W. Tomlinson, as secretary.

On motion of Mr. Hagar, a committee was appointed to draw up a series of resolutions expressing the sentiments of the meeting. The members of the committee were appointed by the chair as follows:

Mr. N. Robinson, representing the Editorial Department; Messrs. Alfred Berghaus and Joseph Becker and Miss O. A. Davis, representing the Art Department; Mr. Horace Baker, representing the Engraving Department; Mr. John McCabe, representing the Composing-room; Mr. Joseph L. Firm, representing the Press-room; Mr. Michael Crane, representing the Electrotype Foundry; Mr. George W. Heller, representing the Counting-room; Mr. L. S. Mont, representing the Stock-room, and Messrs. C. E. H. Bonwill and Fernando Miranda, representing former employés.

The committee having retired for consultation, the arrangements for the funeral were stated by Mr. Hagar, and it was resolved that the employés and ex-employés should attend the obsequies in a body, wearing the customary badge of mourning on the left arm.

Mr. Albert Berghaus related some affecting incidents of the brief illness which preceded the death of Mr. LESLIE, whom he inquired affectionately as to the welfare of several old friends and associates in his professional career, and spoke in the kindliest manner of all.

Mr. David B. Gulick followed, narrating an incident which occurred on the previous Tuesday night, when Mr. LESLIE had seemed to have clearly foreseen for the first time that his end was approaching. He had clasped the speaker's hand, and, speaking in his old, familiar and friendly way, had said: "My boy, my work is done." The speaker had responded: "Do you really think and feel so?" And the dying man had said, wearily, "Yes, oh, yes, it's done; it's done, it's done." And, after a moment's silence he had added, calmly and thoughtfully; "I've no regrets; if all men had done to me as I have done to all men this might not have occurred, and my only regret is for my poor, dear darling." To the last, the speaker said, Mr. LESLIE was bright, cheerful and affectionate, and his intellect remained as bright as the noonday sun. As late as the preceding Saturday morning he had issued instructions for the conduct of his business with his usual clearness and ability, and on that same morning the gentlemen in the office had received the gratifying intelligence that the crisis of his illness had passed, and that in a few weeks he might be expected to resume his position at the head of his establishment, with health fully restored and even improved by the ordeal through which he had passed. On that same day his devoted wife had intermitted her watch by the sick-bed to come to the office and attend to some duties there, but at a few minutes before noon there had come an urgent message which told of a sudden and alarming change and which quickly recalled her to his side. Then the friends who had gathered around him saw that the last hours had come, and at a few minutes before six o'clock Mr. LESLIE breathed his last, expiring so peacefully and painlessly that it had been almost impossible to tell the precise moment when his spirit had taken flight and his eventful life had ended.

Other brief tributes of respect were paid to the memory of the deceased, and then, the committee on resolutions having returned, the following preamble and resolutions were reported by Mr. Robinson:

Whereas, the untimely hand of death has removed from among us our dearly loved and respected employer, FRANK LESLIE, and

Whereas, in tribute to his sterling worth and never varying kindliness, this meeting of his afflicted employés and ex-employés has been called together: therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby express our unfeigned and heartfelt distress at the irreparable loss we have sustained through the demise of Mr. FRANK LESLIE, a generous employer, a gifted counselor, a stanch friend and a courteous gentleman; of one who was endeared to us by so many associations, and by so many links of human sympathy.

Resolved, That we hereby tender our most cordial sympathy to his afflicted and sorrowing widow, with the hope that this earnest expression of regard on the part of so many who loved him so truly and loved him so long will at least tend to console her under her heavy tribulation.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, and, on motion of Mr. Hagar, were ordered to be duly engrossed and framed, and presented to Mrs. Leslie.

On motion of Mr. Gulick, it was further resolved that the resolutions be furnished for publication to the newspapers of the city.

On motion of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Joseph Becker was called to the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were presented to Dr. Shea, the chairman, for the able, courteous and dignified manner in which he had conducted the business of the occasion.

The meeting was then adjourned.

JOHN G. SHEA, LL.D., Chairman.
B. W. TOMLINSON, Secretary.

THE LAST RITES.

The funeral of FRANK LESLIE took place on the morning of Tuesday, January 13th. The day was one of the wildest and most inclement of the present Winter, a furious storm of snow and sleet prevailing throughout the morning. Despite the terrible weather, however, the employés of the publishing house, in the number of nearly three hundred, assembled in Reservoir Square, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, with mourning badges, and proceeded in a body to the late residence of the deceased, No. 511 Fifth Avenue, and afterwards to the Church of the Divine Paternity, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, the central pews in the church being set apart for their occupation.

It had been intended that the remains should be carried by the pall-bearers from the residence to the church at the head of the procession of employés, but the stress of weather compelled a change in this part of the arrangements, and the coffin was taken from the house to a hearse in waiting and thus conveyed to the church. In leaving the residence and entering the church the coffin was preceded by the following pall-bearers: Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice, of Massachusetts; Sinclair Tousey, President of the American News Company; ex-Judge John McKeon; ex-Judge John Fitch; General C. K. Graham; R. L. Kimball, Esq.; Erastus Brooks, Isaac W. England, Esq., publisher of the *Sun*; Mr. Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange, London; and Whitelaw Reid, Esq., editor of the New York *Tribune*. The coffin was borne into the church by Messrs. David B. Gulick, Albert Berghaus, B. G. Smith, George Ladd, John McCabe, and Michael Crane.

The chief mourners, from the immediate family of the deceased, were already seated in the church. They were the widow of the deceased, and his brother William, his two surviving sons Henry and Alfred H. Leslie, and Mrs. Alfred H. Leslie and her two children. There was also a large number of distinguished gentlemen present.

As the remains were borne up the centre aisle and deposited in front of the chancel, all in the church arose, and the choir sang the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the soprano part being sung by Miss Laura Joyce. The services were then opened by the reading of certain well-chosen passages of the Scriptures by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, beginning with the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Mrs. Florence Bliss-Knox sang Mendelssohn's "Rest in the Lord," after which Dr. Chapin delivered a brief but very touching discourse, pointing to the principles and promises of the Christian faith as the surest consolation in time of grief. He spoke feelingly of Mr. LESLIE'S life and character, dwelling upon his benevolence, courtesy and kindness, both in public and private life, and the energy, perseverance and ability with which he had built up a business in which he was the pioneer, and which had for its mission the dissemination of literature and the popularization of art. His merits, he said, were best known by those that were nearest to him, and those who had known him the longest and the most intimately were the ones who loved him best. The present separation from him could not but bring pangs of the profoundest grief, but those who now wept for him mourned not as those without hope, for the coming of Christ had presented the whole subject of death in a newer and truer aspect than it had ever been known before His advent. We would not mourn for departed friends if we were assured that after a brief time they would return to us, and this is, in effect, the consolation that is assured to us by Christian teachings. It is true that the loved ones who have gone before will not return to us, but we may go to them, and what does it matter after a separation of friends whether the reunion be in this place or another, so that they be reunited? The confident knowledge that they will be reunited is the thought that is sufficient to assuage the grief of separation, and this it is that, under the loving dispensation of Christ, has removed the sting from death and robbed the grave of victory.

At the conclusion of the discourse the choir sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," after which an opportunity was given for all in the church to take a last view of the remains, the vast congregation passing up the north aisle, defiling past the coffin and leaving the church by the south aisle.

The body was attired in plain evening-dress, the features wearing a peaceful, natural expression, and the hands, which were folded across the breast, clasping long branches of palm laid there by the hand of his wife. The casket was covered with black broadcloth with silver handles, and on the inside of the upturned, satin-quilted lid was a large silver plate bearing the simple inscription

FRANK LESLIE.

After all present had passed before the casket it was again closed and borne from the church to the hearse by Messrs. Joseph L. Firm, George W. Heller, W. P. Hadwin, H. L. Bridgeman, Horace Baker and George J. Hagar.

The funeral procession then re-formed and proceeded to the Grand Central Depot, where a special train of four cars was in waiting to convey the remains and the mourners to Woodlawn Cemetery. There the impressive burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Edward M. Brems, and the body was committed to a grave in the Leslie family lot, in East Border Avenue, opposite its intersection with Central Avenue.

THE WILL OF THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

In the last will and testament of the late FRANK LESLIE, which was offered for probate on January 15th, occurs the following:

I do give and bequeath unto my dearly beloved wife, Miriam Florence Leslie, whose maiden name was Miriam Florence Follin, all the property, real or personal, legal and equitable, of which I may die seized or possessed; and I do particularly bequeath to her the trade-mark or name under which I have published newspapers and periodicals, and all my interest in the publications established by me and known by my name, and in the property connected therewith, which property I heretofore assigned to Isaac W. England for the benefit of my creditors, and which is now held by the said England, subject to a certain agreement between my creditors and myself, made October 4th, 1877, whereby the said property was to be held by Trustees and to revert to me at the expiration of three years from the 1st day of January, 1878, or sooner if the profits of the business should sooner pay the debts for the security of which the said property was assigned. * * * * And it is my will that my said wife shall take my place in the said agreements with the creditors, and perform the same on my part; and, after the expiration and performance of said agreement with my creditors *shall continue the business of publishing, under the name and trade-mark of Frank Leslie, the various publications which have been established by me, and in the establishment of which she has contributed largely*, and shall have the power and right to deal with and dispose of the same for her own use and benefit, free and clear of all claims of any other person whatever.

THE sum of $92,656,943 has been accumulated in the sinking fund since the present administration came into power.

IN spite of the agitation of trade organizations there is a growing belief that our large and expensive penal institutions should be rendered as nearly as possible self-supporting. An argument in favor of this belief, commonly used, is that it is not just to tax the people to maintain convicts in idleness. This is met with the objection of the tradesmen that it is not just that the more cheaply produced work of the convict should be allowed to enter into competition with that of the honest, law-abiding citizen who has to support himself without any State aid. The question of employing or utilizing the convict labor in State Prisons has entered largely into the politics of the day, and from the way it is treated it is evidently regarded as a very unpleasant subject to handle. Still the effort to use this "pent up energy" is gaining ground in many of the States. It is well-known that the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y., earns a handsome profit every year, the amount for the month of December last alone being over $3,000. Last year the Maryland Penitentiary earned nearly $20,000, and turned into the State Treasury $13,000, while the State Penitentiary of Missouri, for the same time, received $117,349 as the value of the whole labor of its inmates, and, after paying all expenses, turned into the Treasury a profit of $18,844. In the South the practice of hiring out convicts to work on railroads, works of public improvement, and even on farms, is quite general. In Georgia the law is so framed that a woman was allowed to hire her husband, sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, for a small annual sum, and he is now legally working for her as if he had committed no crime. The latest attempt to make prisoners work and to apply the profits to their support is in the form of an application by the Secretary of War for permission to enable the Department to apply the proceeds of the labor of the prisoners confined in the Military Prison at Leavenworth, Kan., towards the support of the prison.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GOVERNOR-ELECT FOSTER of Ohio was inaugurated January 12th.

MAYOR COOPER has reappointed the second Rapid Transit Commission.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. GARFIELD was elected United States Senator to succeed Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, on January 13th.

GOVERNOR GRAB'S Message to the Iowa Legislature, which met on January 12th, shows a State debt of only $545,435.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY has submitted an elaborate report on the use of the mails for fraudulent purposes to Congress.

A TRACT of 25,000 acres of land in Greeley County, Neb., will be opened to emigrants by the Catholic Colonization Society, February 15th.

THE argument of counsel in the Hayden case at New Haven began on January 14th, and the case went to the jury on the 16th, that being the fifty-fifth day of the trial.

NEW JERSEY'S Legislature met and organized on January 13th, General Sewell being elected President of the Senate; Mr. Sherman R. Oviatt, Speaker of the House.

ON January 13th Bills were introduced into the New York Assembly providing for the election of Presidential Electors by Congressional Districts, and to render women eligible to hold school offices.

A LABOR meeting of citizens to further the work of the two World's Fair committees, who are jointly arranging the preliminaries of the exposition to be held at New York in 1883, was held on January 14th.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON was inaugurated Governor of Maryland on January 14th, in the Senate Chamber, in the presence of both houses of the Legislature, the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and other State officers.

THE Treasury Department is in receipt of information that the British Government has issued orders (which took effect on the 1st inst.) under which sheep from the United States may be landed in Ireland without quarantine, and without being slaughtered at the place of landing.

THE Legislature of Wisconsin met January 14th. The Senate was organized by the election of Senator Scott as President *pro tem.*, and Charles E. Rivas as Chief Clerk. In the Assembly, Mr. Arnold, of Trempealeau County, was elected Speaker, and John K. Eldred, of Milwaukee, Chief Clerk.

A COMMITTEE of the clergy and congregations of the Roman Catholic Churches have obtained from Archbishop Purcell an authorization to employ counsel to oppose the sale of all the church property, under an order of the Court of Common Pleas, for which the Archbishop's assignee, Mr. Mannix, has applied. They will take the ground that, although the Archbishop holds the title in fee simple, he only holds it in trust for the diocese, and also that he has never paid one dollar for the property, which has all been bought and paid for by the priests and congregations of the diocese.

THE Republican members of the Maine Legislature met on January 12th and organized both Houses. James D. Lamson, President of the Fusion Senate, was sworn in as Governor on the same day, but General Chamberlain declined to recognize him in that capacity. Certain questions of law were submitted to the Supreme Court by the Republicans, and the Justices were summoned at once to consider them. On Friday, 16th, the Fusionists elected J. L. Smith, Governor, and he promptly revoked the orders under which General Chamberlain had taken possession of the public buildings, etc. An opinion, favorable to the Republicans, on the questions submitted to the Supreme Court, was sent on the 17th to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House.

Foreign.

FEVER is epidemic in the northern part of the former Kingdom of Naples.

THE wife and mother of Yakoob Khan, the ex-Ameer, are on their way to India as prisoners.

THE Pope has summoned the German bishops to confer upon the affairs of their respective dioceses.

NEWS comes from Teheran that Russia is putting a severe pressure upon Persia in the effort to recover her lost influence.

"LE NORD," a Brussels paper, says that Germany cannot counterbalance in the South Sea the influence of America.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS is said to intend quitting Spain, an act construed as an expectation of political troubles.

M. GAMBETTA has been re-elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies. The former Vice-Presidents were reappointed.

THE Russian Budget for the year 1880 shows an exact balance between the income and expenditure of the Empire, each being 663,000,000 roubles.

THE appointment of Ismail Ayoub Pasha as Governor of the Soudan has been gazetted. The provinces of Zeila and Harrar are now separated from the Soudan.

THE entire staff of the Governor-General of European Russia have been summoned to St. Petersburg to discuss the question of reorganizing the police system.

THE formal reception of M. Hippolite Adolphe Taine into the French Academy on January 15th was attended by a brilliant gathering of scientists and men of letters.

IT is said that upon the opening of Parliament Lord Derby will be found in full accord with the Liberal Party in their opposition to the foreign policy of the Government.

THE explanation of the Spanish Premier Canovas del Castillo in the Senate is regarded by some of the minority members as satisfactory and by others as insufficient to justify the minority in resuming their seats.

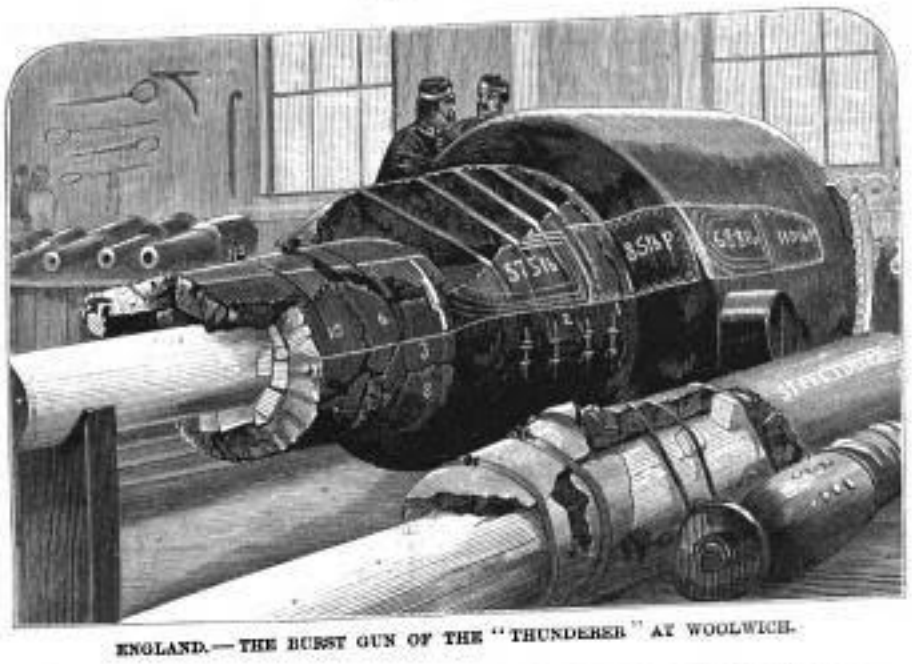
BARON VON HAYMERLE, President of the Council, in the course of a long statement upon foreign questions before the Budget Committee of the Austrian delegation, said the understanding between Austria and Germany was as firm as if it were in writing.

SERIOUS disturbances occurred in Pesth on January 13th and 14th, in consequence of the duel between Baron Matthenyi and Herr Verhonay, Member of Parliament, in which the former was fatally wounded, and further trouble is feared. At last accounts over twenty-five persons had been killed or wounded.

THE Abolition Society has placarded throughout Madrid a petition really addressed to the Cortes, for the immediate and complete abolition of slavery in all the Spanish possessions. It is signed by Señors Pi y Margall and Figueras and many other Republicans, and some Liberal West Indian members of the Chamber of Deputies.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 407.



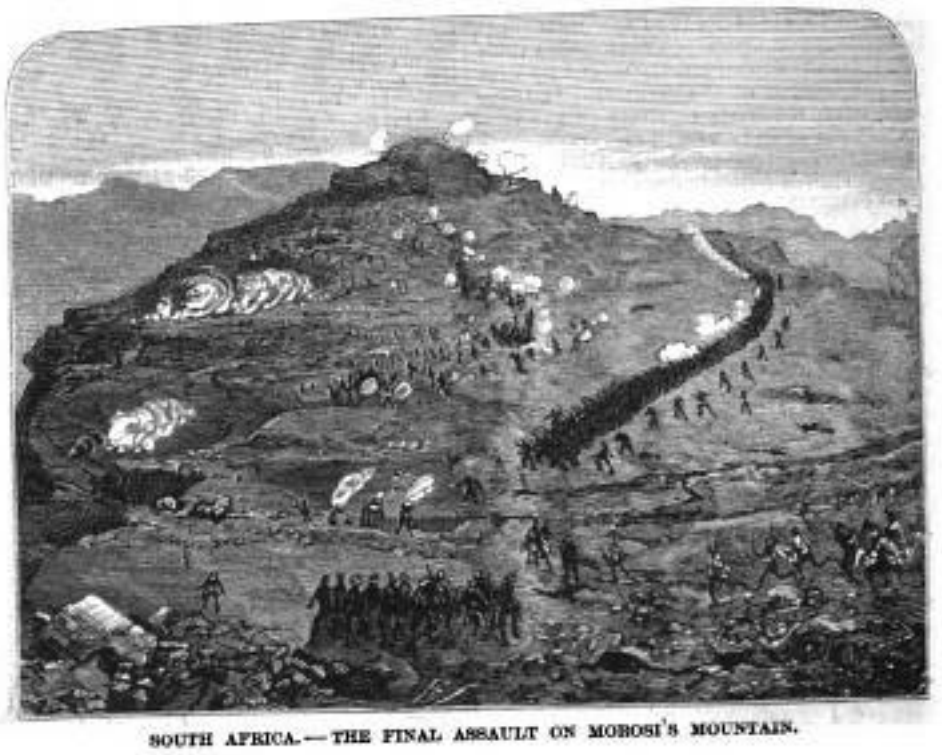
ENGLAND.—THE BURST GUN OF THE "THUNDERER" AT WOOLWICH.



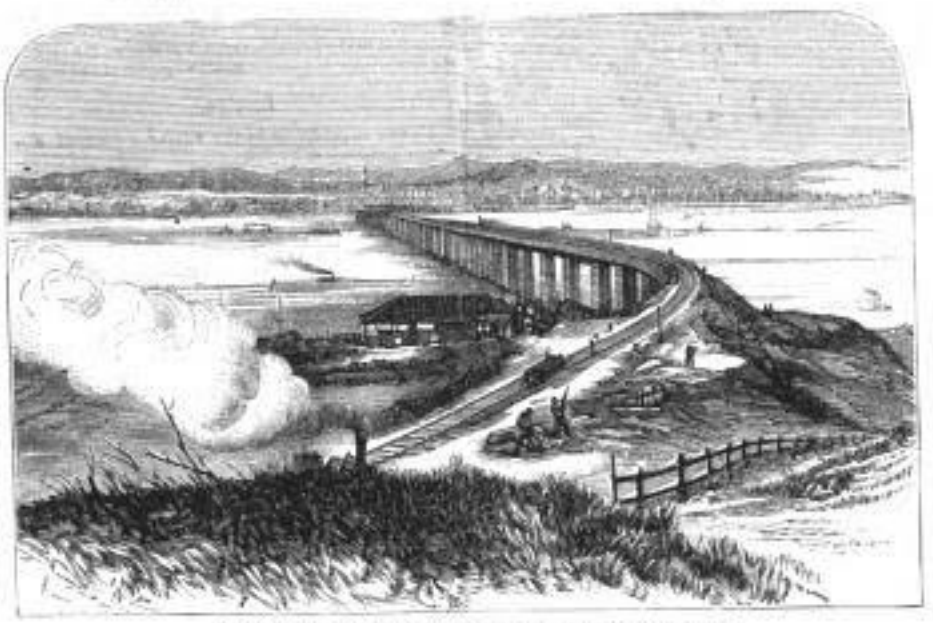
ASIA.—NORDENSKJOLD'S TABLET AT CAPE CHELYUSKEN.



FRANCE.—PARADE OF TOREROS BEFORE EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, PARIS.



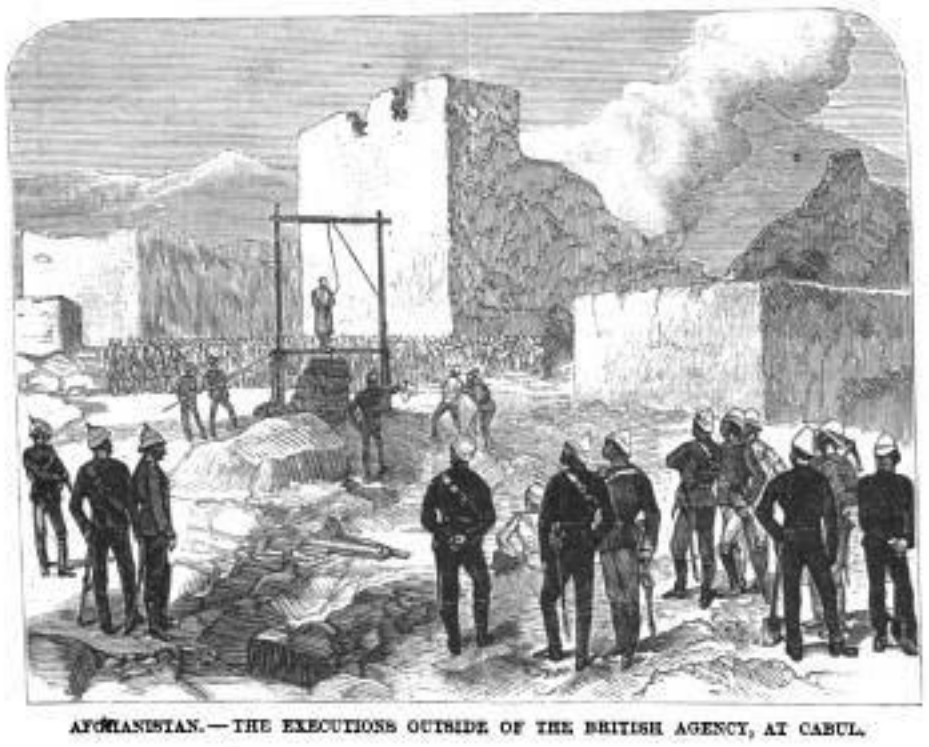
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE FINAL ASSAULT ON MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.



SCOTLAND.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM TAYSIDE.



SCOTLAND.—THE TAY BRIDGE SHORTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



AFGHANISTAN.—THE EXECUTIONS OUTSIDE OF THE BRITISH AGENCY, AT CABUL.



SPAIN.—A PARROT-VENDER AT MADRID.

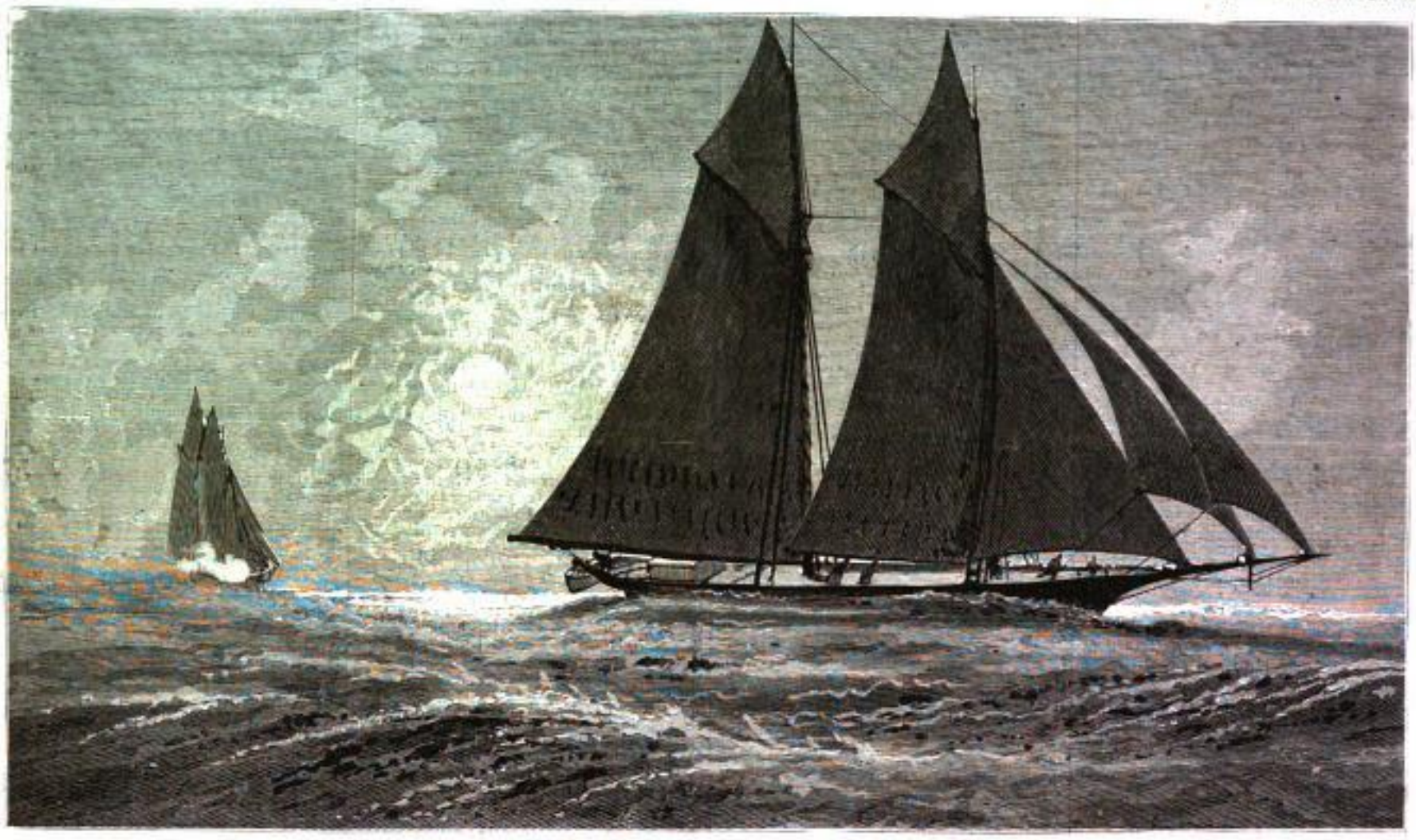
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THE OYSTER WAR IN VIRGINIA.

LAST Summer we gave illustrations of the oyster business in Chesapeake Bay, with details of the operations of the owners of the oyster beds in that locality. The rights of the owners, however, seem to have been seriously interfered with by parties from Baltimore, consisting of roughs, dock-rats, and bad fellows generally, who, in fast-sailing boats, visit the Bay and drag for oysters on the private grounds of the Bay. The aid of the police has been invoked, but the marauders are on the constant watch for police boats, which they detect, however disguised they may be, and inasmuch as the boats are not remarkable for speed, the rascals manage to escape. Under these circumstances active operations have been commenced at Richmond, Virginia, against those piratical vessels. The land and naval forces of the State are to be called out to capture the vessels and put a stop to oyster-dredging by alien ships. This warlike course is indicated by the passage of a joint resolution in the House of Delegates, which states that in view of the depredations by marauding vessels in the waters on the Eastern Shore, and the outrages on the people along the banks of the Rappahannock River by the crews of such vessels, several of which have committed murders, the sum of $1,500 is appropriated to enforce the oyster laws in that section. Dr. Pitt, the delegate from Lancaster County, the citizens of which have been so outrageously victimized, said that there is now quite a fleet, numbering some thirty odd of these vessels, in the mouth of the Rappahannock River, violating the oyster laws of the State; that the local authorities are powerless to prevent them, and that two citizens of the county had been murdered by these non-resident pirates. It is proposed to fit out an armed expedition consisting of a vessel—steamer, if possible—to be manned by sixty men, armed with long-range rifles, and having on board a battery of rifled artillery. This vessel will be dispatched to the scene of the outrages with a view to blockade the marauding fleet in the river and arrest the crews. The militia forces of Lancaster and other counties along the Rappahannock River will be on hand to co-operate with the steamer, and it is confidently expected that the invaders will be captured and made prizes. Those who know the crews of the trespassing oyster vessels and the manner in which they are armed with the best long-range rifles, assert that there will be bloody work as soon as an attack is made upon them. Quite an excitement has been created in official circles by the warlike outlook.



PIRATES ROBBING AN OYSTER BED.



AN OYSTER PIRATE BEING CHASED BY A POLICE BOAT IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR PIRATES.

OWNERS OF LONDON PALACES.

IT is curiously significant of the limited ownership of London that there are not more than four, if indeed so many, of the British dukes inhabiting houses in the metropolis which they own in fee simple. The Duke of Portland, the eccentric millionaire, who died last month, possessed a great metropolitan estate; yet Harcourt House, the vast, gloomy mansion in which he lived and died, belonged to Mr. Harcourt, M. P. for Oxfordshire, whose grandfather inherited it from his maternal uncle, Earl Harcourt. Even the far-famed Stafford House, the palace of the Duke of Sutherland, stands on land paying ground rent to the Crown, as does Montague House, the vast mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch. The Duke of Bedford, whose London rentals are about $500,000 a year, had a stately abode, the same to which the patriot Lord William Russell fondly turned when on his way to execution, in Bloomsbury. This, much to the regret of the present duke, was pulled down at the beginning of the century, but he now pays rent to his brother, the Duke of Westminster, as does the Duke of Richmond, whose grandfather's house occupied the site of what is now known as Richmond Terrace, near the House of Parliament. That Carabas of the West End, the Duke of Westminster, does occupy a house of his own, as did the Duke of Northumberland until Northumberland House, Charing Cross, was pulled down, but he, too, now pays rent to his brother Westminster, who, like the Browns, of Providence, buys but never sells. His own house stands in an excellent situation, but is architecturally entirely unworthy of his estate. The handsomest thing about it externally is a stone screen dividing it from the street, which was brought from Carlton House when that palace—now as completely effaced as though the prince regent had never existed—was dismantled.

FOX-HUNTING IN WINTER.

A STRANGE innovation has just been introduced into fox-hunting records in Fifeshire, Scotland. According to the *Sporting Gazette*, Colonel Anstruther-Thompson, finding that the Winter promised to be a long and a sharp one, made up his mind that neither frost nor snow should stop him from his favorite sport, and trained men and horses accordingly. A few days since the result was seen. With the thermometer at eight degrees below freezing-point, and the ground covered with snow, he and a number of his neighbors met, among them being one lady, their horses having previously had the soles of their feet covered with gutta-percha. For a while Balcorm Wood was drawn without success, but presently a fox rushed out and a sharp run followed. The scent in the snow proved amazingly good, and, despite all the circumstances which until now in fox-hunting have been regarded as disadvantageous, the going was of the very best. At length, however, the fox managed to escape, and as the sun was by this time at rest, it was too late for further sport that day. But the experiment Colonel Thompson has thus successfully made has created such an impression in Scotland that it is likely to be followed everywhere this season, so that the owners of hunters who trembled at the prospects of the early Winter may take heart, and, by the aid of gutta-percha soles and a little training, yet chase the fox over the snow-covered ground.

WONDERS OF VISIBLE SPEECH.

PROF. BUTTERFIELD gave a demonstration of visible speech, recently, in Boston. This consists of an arbitrary alphabet of between 100 and 200 characters, by which, it is claimed, the words in any language may be delineated, so that any one understanding the universal alphabet can read and pronounce them in such a manner that any one familiar with the dialect can perceive their meaning. For instance, Professor Butterfield sent a pupil out of the room, and a lady gave him a sentence in French, a clergyman one in Latin, and a missionary one in Hebrew. He wrote them in the universal language, and then the pupil was called in and read them all correctly. At a second trial, the pupil being sent out of the room, the sentence was given: "The boy stood on the burning deck," but, at the suggestion of a doubter, "deck" was changed to "mast," and Rev. Mr. Richardson, missionary from Turkey, gave a difficult passage from the Armenian language. These were written down, and when the pupil was recalled, she read the quotation correctly, with "mast" for "deck," and also the Armenian sentence. Finally, the pupil and the little daughter of Rev. Mr. Richardson were sent out of the room, and Mrs. Richardson gave the Arabic words of "Our



A CHARACTER SKETCH OF OYSTER PIRATES.

VIRGINIA.—THE IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN THE STATE AUTHORITIES AND THE OYSTER PIRATES.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.

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Father who art in Heaven." This was written in the visible speech language; the pupil was called in and read it correctly, and the little girl translated it. The practical value of this visible speech or universal language, unless it be of too complex a character, must be apparent to those who have to learn or teach foreign languages. By this method, it is claimed, the correct pronunciation of any language can be learned in a very short time, and, besides that, the reader can correctly pronounce words which are almost impossible to acquire by the natural method, unless learned in infancy. Rev. Mr. Richardson, says Professor Butterfield, was the only man he ever met who could pronounce, for the first time, correctly a very difficult word that he gave him in the Arabic language. At first sight, this visible speech may seem to be a thing of trifling importance; but, it is claimed by its advocates, when it is fully comprehended it will be classed among the greatest discoveries and inventions of the present age.

THE STORY OF A KID GLOVE.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

I HAVE a friend who had a curious adventure, which he related to me one day. He assured me that it was strictly true, and as it amused me it may amuse others. Here is the adventure:

At that time my friend, who is Frederick Bryan, Esquire, was twenty-five years old, and was called Fred. He professed to practice law in one of the Atlantic cities, but really practiced literature, and had written a work of fiction, called "Henry Bolingbroke," which had made him something of a small social lion in the friendly little city. The consequence was, that Mr. Bryant's doom as a lawyer was sealed. He became more and more absorbed in the life of a *littérateur*, and, what was worse, fancied himself a poet, and began to dream of beautiful fairies—of the female sex—who were to come and bless him, etc., etc.

One morning, when his literary afflatus had collapsed temporarily, as will happen to his class, he put on his hat and walked up-town, gazing around him, and surveying such young ladies as he encountered with idle interest. They pleased him in only a moderate degree; but one passed in a landau, seated by the side of an elderly lady in black silk, whose appearance was rather striking. She had a rosy face, and a quantity of auburn ringlets, which assumed a golden tint as the sun fell upon them; and when she disappeared, Mr. Bryan mustered sufficient interest and energy, to say aloud:

"Handsome! I wonder who she is?"

His morning stroll terminated at the house of a gentleman in the upper part of the city, where two young cousins of his own were at that time on a visit. They were "country girls," but very attractive country girls indeed, and Mr. Bryan could think of no better device to destroy an hour of his valuable time than to pass it in their society. He found them both in the drawing-room—Miss Elise (Alecz), literary, poetical, very plump and handsome, with rosy cheeks, and a sentimental expression; and Miss Fanny, a slender young creature, with very wicked eyes, a very pretty mouth, and an amount of vivacity which produced the impression that she had been charged by an electric machine, and would dart a spark at you if you approached her. Elise, who was writing a letter on her knees, smiled sadly and sweetly as Mr. Bryan came in, and Fanny made him an elaborate courtesy.

"How glad I am to see you, and to know that nothing has happened to you!" she said.

"Were you really uneasy about me, my dear cousin? Explain."

"I was afraid your valuable existence had been extinguished by some passing vehicle—you are so absent and dreamy. Think of the shock of reading in the papers—'Yesterday, one of our most popular and promising young lawyers——' for they are certain to call you *promising*, you know—it means almost anything!"

"I know what it means with you, my dear cousin Fanny," Mr. Bryan said, with a languid smile; "but I hope I won't be run over."

"You certainly will if you walk along in a reverie, composing your new poem. Have you found her?"

"Her? May I ask to whom you refer?"

"To Miss Moonlight—Miss Faery Queen—or any of the family."

Before Mr. Bryan, who was smoothing his hat in a smiling and thoughtful manner, could reply to this attack, an open carriage drew up before the door, and a portly gentleman of middle age, with the appearance of a bank president, came and bore off Miss Elise for a ride. Fanny had received the visitor with great politeness; but, as soon as he and Elise disappeared, her wicked tongue and laughter assailed them. The practical and sentimental Elise was going to marry Mr. Bankstock—that was his other name! What a world!

"It is not so bad a world, when it has faces as pretty as yours in it, Fanny."

Mr. Bryan never could resist the temptation when he was *tête-à-tête* with a girl—he liked to indulge in their affectionate speeches. It was natural to him, and he had found his match. Miss Fanny accepted his challenge, and grew very quiet and sweet. Her eyes were cast down, and when she did steal a glance now and then at Mr. Bryan, she quickly looked away. When they parted, the small hand of the young lady reciprocated his manly grasp with the least imaginable squeeze; she shot a last glance at him, and "he was gone."

"What a tongue! And what eyes!" was Mr. Bryan's smiling comment, as he went to the post-office. Here he found a long envelope handed to him, and, opening it, saw a kid glove, which he gazed at with some astonishment. What did it mean? But a letter accompanied it in the handwriting of a man, and Mr. Bryan ran his eye over it. It was as follows:

"The inclosed glove, *with the note therein*, was slipped into the hand of the writer yesterday evening, at the Lyceum, by an unknown but very comely damsel, with golden curls and it was not until he had left the building, that the *billet-doux* was discovered, which revealed the sad truth that *he had been mistaken for another!* Acknowledging the compliment implied, he makes haste to give the 'memento' its proper direction, and remains,

"Respectfully, J. B.

"To the author of 'Henry Bolingbroke.'"

Mr. Bryan scarcely read to the end, the words, "the inclosed glove, *with the note therein*," had electrified him. He opened the glove hastily, and found a narrow slip of paper, on which was written in pencil, in a delicate hand, the following words:

"The author of 'Henry Bolingbroke' will please keep this glove as a memento from a sister writer, who thanks him for many hours of pleasure. "M. C——."

Mr. Bryan sat down in his office and read this note for about the tenth time. If at that moment a client had called to propose a lawsuit, and pay him one thousand dollars as a retaining fee, Mr. Bryan would have been tempted to request him to call again. He was in a maze. Who were "J. B." and "M. C.," and what did it all mean? How had it happened that a note intended for him, Frederick Bryan, had been slipped into the hand of this politely satirical "J. B." who *had been mistaken for another*—to wit, himself? He was deprived that night of at least three hours of his natural rest, and when he woke in the morning thought it was all a dream. But, no; there, on his toilet-table, was the glove!

The whole affair was the mystery of mysteries, but that very morning he made a discovery which put him upon the track of the secret. He had a mercantile friend whom he visited frequently. He related the incident to this friend, and showed him the note of "J. B.," and his friend exclaimed, "I know that handwriting!" He went to his desk, examined a policy of insurance, and, coming back, said, triumphantly:

"I knew it. Jack Baltby wrote it, Secretary of the Mutual!"

Jack Baltby wrote it! The mystery was revealed so far, and, to his friend, Mr. Baltby, Secretary of the Mutual Insurance, Mr. Bryan hastened. A smile diffused itself over the face of Mr. Baltby on his appearance.

"Well, I thought you would be likely to drop in some time to-day," he said.

"Yes, yes; but tell me about it, Baltby! You are not playing me a trick?"

"On my honor, I am not, my dear fellow."

"Tell me about it."

Mr. Baltby laughed, but seemed to recognize the fact that his friend's curiosity was incurable.

"Well," he said, "I was at the Lyceum, you see, at the public meeting to present the service of plate to the ex-Governor. Just in front of me sat an elderly lady in black, and a younger one with auburn ringlets. Such hair! It rolled from under her hat and down her back, in a way—well, in a way—let me restrain myself—which took my breath away! Her blue eyes—let me depict them——"

"Go on, Baltby!"

"Well, I'll be more concise. You see I've read 'Henry Bolingbroke,' and was giving you a touch of your own style. The unknown, in short—so to speak (see 'Henry Bolingbroke' passim)—was a beauty. She turned her head once or twice. The ringlets brushed against her roses—pardon a married man for his enthusiasm!"

"Go on, Baltby!"

"I will proceed. They were evidently strangers, as I soon discovered. The elder lady turned round, and, seeing a respectable gentleman behind her—I refer to myself—asked the names of the speakers who addressed the meeting. Now, as everybody knows these high-toned orators who reside in our city, and pop up on every occasion, it necessarily ballanced that the ladies were strangers."

"Yes, they were strangers!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan. "They passed me in a landau this morning; but go on."

"I now come to the romantic portion," said Mr. Jack Baltby. "The meeting ended and every one rose to go. As I was rising from my seat, I rested my hand on the back of the seat in front of me, and felt it suddenly come in contact—(see 'Bolingbroke')—with another hand, the hand of the golden-ringleted one. I am a gallant man, as you know, and was about to beg a thousand pardons, when the hand deposited a glove in mine, and its owner whispered, 'Keep this to remember me by.' It was but a moment I gazed on her face—it was full of smiles and blushes—let me pause to describe it——"

"If you do I'll commit murder, Baltby!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan.

"And that was all. She dropped her vail—it was a brown gauze one—over the ringlets and roses, and in a moment she and her companion disappeared in the—well, in the jam."

"You don't mean that was the last you saw of her?"

"I do, indeed; she vanished. I did catch a glimpse of her once, some distance before me, in the crowd—the ringlets shone on me for the last time. I could not reach her in spite of superhuman efforts—that is, treading on people's toes, and inserting my elbows into their sides. When I reached the front of the building she was gone."

"It is impossible!"

"It is possible since it is a fact," said Mr. Baltby, philosophically. "You never saw such a tremendous crowd, and she disappeared—probably in one of the carriages. Well, I walked home in a state of wild excitement. I am a married man and had supposed that no young woman would presume to make improper approaches to me. But here was the phenomenon. Here was a little beauty with golden ringlets looking sweet at me, and giving me gloves to remember her by! Why should she wish me to remember *her*? I concluded I would not inform Mrs. Baltby. I would keep my own sweet secret. I would explore every public resort for another sight of my dear one. I walked on the air. It was moonlight and I felt romantic. I had evidently made a deep impression, and I have never concealed from myself the fact that I am handsome. It was a challenge which I would accept. If the feelings of the dear owner of the golden ringlets were entangled by a married man, it was her look out. Married or not married, a man had no right to repulse the dear creature. I would—yes, I would—when suddenly (see works of contemporary novelists), *I felt something in the glove!* I drew that something forth, found it was a note, thrilled as it met my gaze, and then proceeded to read it by the moonlight."

Mr. Baltby had delivered these remarks standing and gesticulating. He now sat down and said, meekly:

"I assure you, my dear fellow, when I found the note for you, I never felt so mean—that's the word—in all my life!"

"But what does it all mean, my dear Baltby? How could it have happened?"

Mr. Baltby smiled and said:

"I can think of only one explanation."

He opened his desk and took out a small oval toilet mirror.

"Take a look at yourself and then at me," he said.

Mr. Bryan did so, and, for the first time, realized that he and his friend were very much alike.

"That's probably it," said Mr. Baltby, smiling; and as a client came in at the moment to have his life insured, Mr. Bryan went away, was nearly run over by an express wagon on the way to his office, and spent the remainder of the day in perusing M. C——'s note in pencil.

Henceforth the life of Fred Bryan, Esq., was a dream. Who was "M. C.?" He went to all the hotels and looked at the registers; there was no "M. C." there. He frequented the churches, the theatres, public concerts—no golden ringlets in company with black silk. He had seen both in the landau that day; he was sure they were the same, but where were they? They were, doubtless, passing visitors to the city and had disappeared.

Thereat Mr. Bryan fell into love-melancholy. If he only had her picture to kiss and press to his heart! She was so beautiful with her ringlets and roses—for had he not seen them. And then she was a "sister writer," too, and had spent "many hours of pleasure" over his—Mr. Bryan's—writings. She had read "Henry Bolingbroke." Which passages did she prefer? That where the hero declared his love and was discarded, or where he had a brain fever after? He examined the work again with the view of discovering which of its many beauties had probably produced the deepest impression.

After this fashion did Mr. Frederick Bryan, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, pass his time. Not in study or the trial of lawsuits, but in amorous dreams; not in interviews with John Doe and Richard Roe, but in stolen meetings with Incognita. He had told no one; it was a secret between himself and his two friends as yet; but one day he thought he would go up and tell Fanny all about it. She would pity him at least, and pity was better than nothing.

So he went, and the first words of the young lady were invigorating.

"I really never saw any one look so love-sick. Is anything the matter? Tell me, and if she has treated you badly, I'll go and give her a scolding."

"No one has treated me badly, my dear—excuse me, it was accidental," said Mr. Bryan.

Miss Fanny actually blushed a little at the "my dear," and responded:

"Don't tell a fib. It is only necessary to look at you to see that you are pining away."

"I assure you I am not."

"Don't attempt to deceive me. Do you suppose I am blind?"

"I hope not. Your eyes are much too beautiful," said Mr. Bryan, gazing at her sadly.

"Or that I have no sense?"

"I have always told you that you were one of the most brilliant people I knew."

"You are too tiresome! Come, tell me everything. I am going home in a day or two——"

"Going home, Fanny?"

"And I object to pining away and dying of ungratified curiosity."

"Don't speak of dying," said Mr. Bryan, with pathos. "If you were to die I think I should—like to."

"Would you, really?" said Miss Fanny, casting down her eyes and coloring faintly, for this young lady was always ready for an engagement.

"I would, indeed," said Mr. Bryan.

"I am afraid you are only jesting," she said, stealing a bashful glance at him and leaning her handsome head towards one shoulder.

Mr. Bryan looked at her sadly, admiring her face and figure. It was a very pretty and graceful one, and two small feet peeped from the skirt of her close-fitting dress.

"Just like Bonnybel in 'Bolingbroke,'" he sighed, contemplating the feet, which suddenly retire—"the heroine I dressed so absurdly, you know, that all the girls laughed. I have no doubt *she* laughed too, though Baltby said she was in the 'sad-sweet' style."

"Who is Baltby?" said Miss Fanny, "and who is the 'sad-sweet' one? Please tell me, sir."

"I will," said Mr. Bryan—"in fact, I came to ask your advice."

Thereupon he drew forth the glove and note, and related the whole adventure. Miss Fanny listened with an air of wonder, gazing at the glove.

"How strange—how romantic! Are you sure that you did not dream all this?" she said.

For response, Mr. Bryan pointed to the glove.

"But what can be the meaning of it?"

"Baltby and myself are very much alike, though I'm a long way the best-looking," said Mr. Bryan, mournfully.

"So you were mistaken for each other! But how could your fair one have been so unladylike?"

"Unladylike? That does not strike me. You angels are so hard on each other."

"And you lords of creation are so charitable where your vanity is concerned. But what on earth are you to do?"

"I really don't know, my own F—that is, my dear cousin. Never was so cut up in all my life. I thought I'd come to you for advice and consolation, and all that. Woman is the consoler of wounded hearts, you know—the angel to pour balm into the——"

Here Mr. Bryan attempted to possess himself of a hand which was hanging beside the young lady, but she quickly drew it away, apparently for the purpose of arranging her braid. It was a very pretty attitude and Mr. Bryan found himself admiring it.

"But think! If you should ever meet her," said Miss Fanny, with an audacious glance and a slight blush, "what a charming scene it would be—you would know her, of course, as you saw her in the landau."

"I'm not certain; I caught only a glimpse," said Mr. Bryan, sadly.

"I should suppose you would recognize your fair one without the least trouble: Golden ringlets, blue eyes—they were blue, I believe—hair falling ov——"

"Snowy shoulders? Precisely; but, then, there's so much golden hair and so many snowy shoulders," said Mr. Bryan.

"She may live in the city, or be here on a visit still."

"Impossible. I should have seen her somewhere."

"It might be Elise."

"Elise?"

"She is a sister writer, and admires 'Henry Bolingbroke,' and remember the color of her hair?"

"Elise! She's engaged to a bank president, or something of the sort."

"But that might be accounted for. Have you never heard of hearts being caught on the rebound? Why find fault with a poor girl who loses her heart to a poet and romance-writer, and writes him notes and gives him her glove, and, finding he cares nothing for her, consoles herself elsewhere!"

Mr. Bryan looked utterly bewildered.

"She has golden hair and steel-blue eyes," said Miss Fanny, wickedly, "and may have intended to mystify you. Elise is very fond of mystifying people."

"It is not possible!"

"Why not satisfy yourself? You may do so very easily, sir."

"Satisfy myself?"

"There is her desk on the window with a half-finished letter upon it which Elise was writing this morning. Why not compare the handwriting with the handwriting of the note?"

Mr. Bryan rose with energy, and exclaiming: "I really never thought of that!" hastened to the window. No sooner had he turned his back than Miss Fanny took a pencil from her pocket and wrote something on a scrap of paper which she found lying on the table beside her. She had just finished and concealed it when Mr. Bryan came back.

"The two handwritings are not at all alike," he said; "you were only amusing yourself at my expense."

"But Elise is so sly she may have gotten some friend to write the note for her."

"You know best—it is possible," said Mr. Bryan.

"You seem very indifferent, sir. So you are not so anxious to discover your incognita after all?"

"I thought I was, but I am not so sure now," Mr. Bryan said, looking into his companion's eyes, and as he had resumed his seat on the sofa beside her, he did not have to look very far. "I was under the impression up to a recent period that the best style of maiden was the moonlight love and flowers sort. But I begin to think I was rather spooney; the best roses are in a real girl's face."

As Mr. Bryan emphasized his meaning by gazing at the roses before him, a small *bouquet du corsage* worn by Miss Fanny became a little agitated.

"But only think," she said, coloring slightly, "how much disappointed your young blue eyes and golden hair would be."

"Not long," said Mr. Bryan, with a philosophic air; "she'd marry some old Moneypenny, and console herself with a brown-stone front."

"But she'd be so jealous?"

"She would not care."

"Ah, you do her injustice, sir; I am certain you do! Poor thing, she will pine away, and you are just like the rest—first all flame and then all ice—there's no depending on you," added the maiden, with a pout and a blush. "You have actually forgotten her, and would not recognize her if you saw her again."

"Well, I really am not certain that I should," said Mr. Bryan. "I should never forget you."

"If she was seated by you, within a few feet of you, you would not care?"

"I don't know—I might—but I do know, Fanny, dear Fanny——"

Mr. Bryan made another ineffectual attempt to gain possession of the hand.

"You have forgotten your poor dear *incognita*, the golden hair on her shoulders, and blue eyes, and all. Was she at all in my style? Of course, a poor little country girl like myself could not compare with her. But you know ugly people are sometimes like pretty people. Was there any resemblance? Was her hair like this?"

As Miss Fanny spoke her cheeks turned the color of blush roses, and untying a ribbon which confined her hair, she allowed the gold-

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brown mass to fall on her shoulders. Mr. Bryan sat perfectly still, looking at the hair, the blush roses, the eyes half-concealed by the long lashes, and suddenly blushed worse than his companion.

"Fanny!" he exclaimed, with his eyes wide open, "you don't mean to say——"

"Am I anything like *incognita*? I should so love to know her!" murmured Miss Fanny. "I would give anything in the world to see her, and I can't think how I missed noticing her. I was at the Lyceum that evening with mamma, who was passing through town on her way to Georgia, but I did not see your dear unknown—what a pity! Now, I should like to congratulate her."

"Fanny! I am losing my senses! Do you really mean——?"

"But I have one consolation," murmured Miss Fanny, with a *bouquet du corsage* accompaniment, "she's a girl of my style and her friends may like me on her account. Maybe our writing even is alike; do you think there is any resemblance, sir?"

She held out the paper which she had written, when Mr. Bryant went to the window. It was a *fac simile* of the note in the glove—the same words in the same writing.

"I signed 'M. C.' because you were so obliging one day as to call me *Miss Candor*, sir!" she said.

"Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan, quite forgetting to be sad and languid, and, indeed, seizing her hand with ardor.

"Please, don't!"

"I love you so! It was wicked in you, but I'll forgive you if you will——"

Such was the ardor of Mr. Bryan that the kid glove lying between them fell from the sofa to the floor.

"Please pick up my glove," murmured Miss Fanny, and they both stooped and the two faces came together——.

* * * * * *

My friend Bryan told me this story and showed me the glove. As he finished, Mrs. Fanny came in and, patting his shoulder, laughing, said:

"Poor Fred! he was very much in love with me," she said, "but then, I was very much in love with him, and that kid glove was the cause of everything!"

Depopulation of the Esquimaux.

A SHOCKING account of the sufferings of the Esquimaux living in the vicinity of Behring's Straits has reached San Francisco with the return of the Californian whalers. It appears that the constant chasing has driven the whales considerably further to the north, and the American whalers have in consequence during recent years taken to kill the walrus at the rate of nearly 100,000 annually. As the seal is a necessary of life to the Esquimaux in Greenland, so is the walrus to those on the shores of the Straits; and the gradual destruction of this animal is causing terrible sufferings among the people. On the shores of the Bay of St. Lawrence nearly one-half of the population has died from starvation, and it is stated that in one village containing 200 inhabitants every one has succumbed. It is computed that for every 100 walruses killed one Esquimaux family is starved to death. What seems to be wanted is a regulation to stop the wholesale destruction of the walrus in the same way as the seal is now protected.

National Railroads.

THE vital point of interest in the question of the purchase of German railways by the State, the measure for which has passed both Houses, was clearly brought out in the speech of Count von Moltke during the discussion of the Bill. It was manifest, he said, that the possession of the most important lines of railway by the State was most desirable from a military point of view. Railways, in the present age, were one of the most essential instruments of war, and the means of rapid transport was of the utmost consequence. He added that it was natural to suppose that the conditions of the latter would be amazingly simplified, when there was a single administration in place of forty-nine. This opinion, however, is nothing more than an echo of that daring and successful strategy which led to the latest German successes—that is to say, the rapid movement of large masses of troops.

The Site of Temple Bar.

AT a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council, the London City Lands Company submitted for the approval of the court the model of a design for marking the boundary of the city's jurisdiction on the site of Temple Bar. In their report they stated that the structure would also provide a rest for foot passengers crossing from the New Law Courts, sixteen feet being left on each side for vehicular traffic. It is stated that the extreme height will be thirty-three feet, the material to be used in the construction being either a hard white stone or an equally durable and fine-grained material, capable of withstanding the weather. The base and pedestals are to be made of gray or other granite, whilst the statues, which it is proposed should be of heroic size, as well as the surmounting griffin, will be of bronze. The report was adopted *nem. con.* Mr. Bedford then moved, "That the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor be requested to take the necessary steps for obtaining Her Majesty's pleasure with reference to some important details connected with the proposed design." This also was agreed to unanimously.

Japanese Students in America.

THE education of Japanese girls in America is not regarded with favor by the Tokio *Times*, which says that even the male Japanese students now in the United States believe that the foreign experience of their half-dozen young countrywomen will render their future life wretched. The reason given for this view of the matter is that on returning to their homes the girls find their education and acquired tastes utterly antagonistic to the social customs to which they are compelled to conform. They are sent to this country when very young, and during their stay here become thoroughly Americanized, so that Japan is practically foreign to them, and its sex restrictions and humiliations revolting. But the conventional laws cannot be set aside, and they are forced to become Japanese again. The career of one girl after her return from America is thus given: "Her home was in the house of an official of very considerable rank, who encouraged her retrogression to the normal condition of her sex. Four years ago she was an expert linguist, with talents and endowments not inferior to what are seen among the best foreign classes. At this day she is nearly unintelligible in any tongue but her own, and the bright ambition and mental activity of her youth are dead, if not forgotten."

Winter Wheat.

WHEAT-GROWERS seem to be in a fair way to make an overstock of wheat the next crop-year certain. The area devoted to Winter wheat in the Western States is twelve per cent. larger than last year, with a prospect that the yield will increase in in even larger proportion. For the first time in five years Winter wheat in England promises a good crop, and the same is true in Europe. With a short crop in Europe, and a yield of 448,000,000 bushels at home, a break in wheat here is altogether probable, because England does not want the surplus here badly enough to take it at speculators' prices. If the crop abroad is good, and the production here anything like 500,000,000 bushels, wheat will scarcely pay to harvest in many parts of the West.

Prussian Iron Trade Statistics.

THE yield of iron ore in the kingdom of Prussia during the past year was 2,956,872 tons, raised from 849 pits, and employing 21,991 hands. The number of charcoal furnaces is 44, of which 33 were in blast during 1878, the consumption of home ore being 74,013 tons, and of foreign ore 1,270. The production of pig from these charcoal furnaces was 16,392 tons. The coal and coke furnaces numbered 184, of which 128 were in blast. The yield from these was 2,334,830 tons of pig, of which 56,983 were foundry pig, 426,816 Bessemer pig, open-hearth pig and spiegeleisen, and 1,040,830 mill pig. Two furnaces have also been running on mixed fuel, making the total pig-iron production for the year 1,868,061, smelted in 163 furnaces, and employing 12,902 hands. There were also 871 foundries, employing 19,815 men. Wrought-iron is made in 264 establishments, employing 36,540 men, and the production was 1,123,171 tons. As to the steel trade, 28 out of the Bessemer converters were in operation during the year, together with 42 open-hearth furnaces and 25 crucible furnaces. The total production of Bessemer steel was 452,399 tons, and of open-hearth steel 81,731 tons. The crucible steel trade was stagnant during the year, only 74 crucibles being in operation out of 282 existing.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The "Thunderer's" Burst Gun.

It will be remembered that after the giant gun on the British ironclad *Thunderer* burst while being fired, the remains of the monster were taken to Woolwich Arsenal, where an investigation was held. Our illustration represents the shattered gun as erected on a temporary platform, with the bands holding the splintered pieces in position, and with diagrams drawn upon the surface to show the relative positions of the two charges that are supposed to be the cause of the disaster.

Nordenskjold at Cape Chelyuskin.

Cape Chelyuskin is considered the most northerly promontory of Asia. It was while passing that point on the 19th of August last that Professor Nordenskjöld fired a salute from the *Vega* in honor of the successful navigation of the famous Northeast Passage. After rounding the cape the *Vega* and her escort, the *Lena*, came to anchor, and the famous navigator erected a tablet on the shore, and deposited records of his trip beneath blocks of ice and snow.

The Press Fetes in Paris.

An interesting feature of the great *fête* given by the Press of Paris in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late floods in Spain, was the procession of tableaux before the ex-Queen Isabella, who occupied a box in the vast Hippodrome on the occasion. It is worthy of note that when citizens of several large cities in Spain desired to compliment, by a serenade and reception, the consuls of France settled among them, this appropriate acknowledgment of French charity was prohibited on the ground that such demonstrations might lead to the dangerous spread of republican ideas.

The Capture of Morosi's Mountain.

This natural stronghold, after defying the attacks of the British army for several months, was taken by assault on the 20th of November, with a loss of only two Fingoes killed, and two men of the Cape Mounted Rifles dangerously wounded. The mountain had been shelled for three days previous to the attack, which was made simultaneously from five different points. Morosi himself, who had been shot through the neck, was subsequently found in a cave, or schanze, into which he had managed to creep. His son Inda, whose escape from prison was the immediate cause of the outbreak, managed to get clear away. The capture of the mountain and the death of the rebel Morosi will, it is hoped, put an end to the disturbed state of the district.

The Tay Bridge Disaster.

Divers are still at work at the scene of the terrible disaster to the remarkable railroad bridge over the Tay in Scotland. Thus far but few results have been obtained upon which a thorough investigation can be had, and the first belief of the authorities gains ground that the bodies of the victims have either been buried in the sand or washed by undercurrents seaward. The accident produced the greatest consternation through Scotland and England, and every point from which a view of the scene could be had has since been crowded with sightseers.

Execution of Afghan Chiefs.

After the recapture of Cabul by the British the first victim of extreme measures was the Kotwal (head man) of the city. He had taken a leading part in the disturbances of September 3d, and had, further, issued proclamations and furnished provisions to the troops fighting against the English since then. He was tried along with several others. One, a chowkeedar, had, after the Residency massacre, dragged the head and shoulders of a corpse through the bazaars of the city. This man, the Kotwal, and three others, were hanged on the morning of October 20th, in the Bala Hissar, close outside the late Residency walls. On the very spot where the mutineers had brought into position the gun they fired on the Residency, a high gallows had been erected, within sight of the whole city. On it the Kotwal suffered the penalty of his offenses, while the four others were hanged within the inclosure lately occupied by the Guides' escort.

The Bird-market in the Plaza San Andres, Madrid.

The occupants of the French flats in the tall houses of Madrid are great bird-lovers, and those who visit the Spanish capital and have a weakness for feathered pets should visit the bird-market on the Plaza San Andres. There you find birds of all countries, from canaries to cockatoos, and even fancy breeds of fowl, with, of course, a crowd of purchasers—ladies young and old, married and unmarried—seeking a purchasable object for their affections; or, perhaps, if the day is not favorable, men will predominate as they did when Muñoz sketched, for on such a day a gentleman may buy a gift for a fair one without being detected by some other lady and his movements being reported to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It has been Suggested by the *Temps* meteorological editor, that the whole of Europe and a large part of Asia and Northern America being covered with snow, the appearance may be analogous to the red spot discovered on Jupiter by astronomers, and this may be considered as an indication that some unusual cooling influence prevails on the whole solar system.

The University of Gottingen has become the possessor of a magnificent herbarium, containing over 40,000 specimens of plants from all parts of the world. It was left to the University by the late director of the Göttingen Botanical Gardens, Professor Grisebach. There is no doubt that it is by far the largest collection of plants ever brought together by any single individual.

Bee-culture is reduced to a science in Europe, and has its special journals and its affiliated societies all over the land. The German and Austrian apiculturists will hold their twenty-fourth meeting this year at Prague. This will be accompanied by an international exhibition of living bees, and all products and apparatus connected with bee-culture. The members of the society are particularly indignant over the frauds practiced upon the public by the sales of grape sugar as genuine honey. As the case now stands there is a lively competition between the bees and the chemists, with the advantage in favor of the latter. Even the "busy bee" cannot compete with the manufacturers who have a store of a milliard bushels of Indian corn from which to make grape sugar. Honey in the comb is all that we can expect to find genuine in the future.

Metallic Manganese is now obtained in large quantities at the furnaces of Dillenburg, in Nassau, and is used extensively in the manufacture of bronze and other alloys. In consequence of the rapid oxidation of manganese the addition of one-half to one per cent. of copper washes out the copper of all its air-bubbles and makes it more compact and malleable. As it is difficult to keep pure metallic manganese, owing to its ready absorption of moisture, it is generally sold in the form of an alloy of 70 per cent. copper and 30 per cent. manganese. Copper-manganese is added to other alloys in the proportion of 2½ to 6 per cent., according to circumstances. An alloy composed of 80 parts copper, 9 parts manganese copper, 6 parts tin and 5 parts zinc is mentioned as possessing most valuable properties. Pure metallic manganese is sold at Dillenburg at $1.25 per pound, and the manganese-copper at 62½ cents per pound.

A Rich Archæological Find in Russia.—Russian newspapers announce that a very rich archæological find has been made by M. Kitsikhich in Southern Russia, on the banks of the Trubesh River, in the Government of Poltava. In a locality covered with numerous small mounds, a sheet of earth with pieces of coal, bones, broken pieces of earthenware, as well as stone and bronze implements, were discovered under the recent roads. The number of stone arrows and knives discovered is no less than 372; besides, M. Kitsikhich has found two large stone implements which were used for breaking great bones, several clay and glass ornaments, earthenware with ornaments, and five bronze arrows. This find is the first in Southern Russia, whilst, as is known, the remains of the stone and bronze periods are very numerous in Northern and Eastern Russia. The Russian Government takes great interest in preserving and properly exhibiting the specimens.

Other Worlds than Ours.—Professor Peirce, in his paper read before the American Association at Saratoga on the "Meteoric Condition of the Sidereal Universe," stated that "the aggregate mass of the invisible meteors probably surpasses that of the visible celestial objects." The same idea was advanced nearly fifty years ago by Isaac Taylor. In his work entitled "Saturday Evening," Mr. Taylor, while discoursing of the vastness of the material universe, says: "The invisible material creation, it is probable, vastly outnumbers the visible; and it may justly be thought that the worlds made known to us by their inherent splendor are to the unseen only in the proportion of the chiefs of an army to the thousands that fill the rank and file. It is as if from the summit of a tower we were looking by night upon a boundless plain filled with the army of war, and could discern nothing but the gemmed crests of the captains gleaming amid the countless and unseen multitudes they were leading on."

The Paris Astronomical Museum contains, among other objects of historical interest, a pair of Mercator's globes, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. That figuring the earth is the first on which meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude were laid down. The great equatorial lakes of Africa, it is reported, are all to be found upon it. Another case contains the standard metre of the first republic; the toise used in 1738 in Peru for measuring a degree at the equator; the toise used in Lapland some short time afterwards for measuring the polar degree, and the platinum kilogramme made by the Republican Commission of Weights and Measures; the object-glass of the astronomer Cassini, which he used in successively determining the existence of Jupiter's satellites, Saturn's double ring, the abnormal flatness of Jupiter's poles, and the vast velocity of his rotation, as well as that of Mars; the double refracting prism with the help of which Arago measured the diameter of the great planets.

South Carolina Fossils.—Some of the remains of terrestrial animals, found as fossils in the Ashley phosphate beds, including even the softer or more spongy bones, exhibit no evidence of violent water action other than the signs of decay from the combined influence of moisture and air; neither do such fossils exhibit the marks of boring mollusks nor the attachments of barnacles. Usually black and more or less friable, these fossils, such as the bones of mastodon, megatherium, deer, etc., are no doubt the remains of animals which become mired and sank into marshes of the Ashley phosphate beds after they had become elevated above the surface of the neighboring sea. Of this nature, also, are the remains of more recent animals, including also specimens of human bones, those of domestic animals, and stone implements, which are occasionally found in the Ashley phosphate beds. The Ashley beds also contain a remarkable intermixture of the remains of marine and terrestrial animals, consisting of bones, teeth, coprolites, shells, etc., derived from contiguous formations of various ages from the early tertiary to those of a comparatively recent period.

In Edison's Electro-chemical Telephone an arm extends at right angles from a diaphragm and touches a cylinder of chalk, moistened with a solution of phosphate of soda in water. The arm is pressed against the chalk cylinder by a little block of rubber, which is pressed upon the arm by a screw touched by the finger of the receiver of the message, who keeps the cylinder in rotation by a little crank. The working of the instrument depends upon the principle that the passage of a current of electricity through a moistened substance, prepared in the way the chalk cylinder is prepared, prevents friction. Hence, when the electric waves come from the transmitter, there is no friction during the passage of a wave, and this absence of friction affects the arms projecting from the diaphragm, and the diaphragm itself vibrates with an intensity greater than that of the impulse which comes over the wires from the transmitter. Hence the enfeebling of the current by the length of wire that it passes over is made up, and the voice of the speaker at the transmitter is heard nearly as loudly, or sometimes even more loudly, at the receiving instrument than at the transmitter. Mr. Edison is now making 500 of these instruments at Menlo Park.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A FACTORY in New Haven, Conn., made over 22,000,000 fishhooks last year.

—THE post-office at Atlanta will be moved into the new Government building early in the Spring.

—ALABAMA coal is fast becoming the fuel for steamships that ply in the commerce of the Gulf ports.

—THE Bank of Montreal has agreed to loan the city $1,000,000 at five per cent., to retire its six per cent. bonds now overdue.

—TEXAS has 7,000 schools, and her school fund is apportioned equally among the children of scholastic age, regardless of color.

—THE proposed Centennial Exposition building at Nashville will contain 40,000 square feet of floor space and 8,000 feet of wall space.

—SWITZERLAND is this Winter almost one mountain of snow; trains, steamboats and telegraphs have been in a chronic state of interruption.

—THE bells of St. Peter's, Zurich, are to melted to form a new set, but the local antiquarian society has interfered to save one cast in 1294, seven years previous to Zurich's adhesion to the Swiss Federation.

—THE *Gaceta* of Madrid reports the population of the Island of Cuba at the end of 1878 at 1,399,979, of whom 268,719 were creoles or free blacks, and 187,396 slaves.

—GOETHE once presented a set of his works to Harvard Library—a fact which has just been brought to light in the process of re-cataloguing the German literature of the library.

—OVER $22,000,000 was expended in New York city last year in the erection of new buildings, which is in excess of the amount expended for new buildings any year since 1871.

A GRAND official banquet will be given in honor of General Grant in Havana, and a brilliant reception will be tendered him at the Palace by high public functionaries and distinguished members of society in that city.

—MAYOR OSBORNDLZ and Comptroller Adrian, of St. Louis, have disposed of $100,000 in five per cent. city bonds at a premium of $1.25 per $1,000. There are still $275,000 in bonds unsold. This is the first issue of five per cent. bonds.

—THE metric system has now been adopted by twenty-eight different nations, including a majority of the civilized world. In eleven countries it is in exclusive use, while in several, as in Germany and France, there are penalties for using any other measures.

—THE tract over which distress exists in Silesia covers 5,000 square miles, a little bigger than Connecticut, and has a population of 500,000, of which nearly 90,000 are suffering from want and hunger. The population, landowners and tenants together, are Roman Catholic.

—A NEW trade has sprung up in Paris. Furs are the fashionable wear this Winter, and it is now a business to hire them out by the day, or even by the hour. This industry flourishes principally in the quarter of Notre Dame de Lorette, which abounds in *demi-mondaine*, where games of chance may be indulged in, and in lending shops, where luckless gamesters can raise money on their apparel at a moment's notice.

—OFFICIAL statements respecting the foreign commerce of France during the last year shows a remarkable growth of French trade with the United States. In the month of December the exports from the consular district of Lyons reached 3,202,237 francs, an increase of 1,000,000 francs over November. The total exports from the Lyons district for 1879 were 48,339,844 francs, against 41,000,000 francs, which was the total amount for 1878, and against 47,000,000 francs for 1877.

—THE English National Lifeboat Association saved 637 lives during the past year. Twenty-one vessels were saved from destruction. In the same period the lifeboat institution granted rewards for saving 218 lives by fishing and other boats, making a total of 855 lives saved last year, mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether since its formation the society has contributed to the saving of 26,936 shipwrecked persons. It should also be mentioned that during the past two years the institution has not lost a single life from its 269 boats.

—AMONG the provisions of the new California Constitution, those concerning the prosecution of persons accused of crime are now exciting most discussion in that State. The chief function of grand juries will not be the making of indictments, but prosecution may directly follow information after the preliminary examination and commitment of a magistrate. In cases below felony, the trial by jury may be waived by the consent of both parties, or the jury may consist of any number less than twelve mutually agreed upon; but no man, if he so chooses, can be tried any other way than before an old-fashioned jury.

—IT is reported from St. Petersburg that the Minister of the Interior has signed a concession giving the American firm of Hutchinson, Cole & Co., the right to the fur trade of the Komandorskia and Julian Islands, of Kamtschatka, for a term of twenty-five years, at a rent of 5,000 roubles per annum. This, it is stated, is the first of a series of concessions that will be granted to American citizens in connection with the fur trade and fisheries upon the Pacific Siberian coast, as being the best means of dealing with the disputes that have occurred recently between the Russian and the United States Governments in respect to those industries.

—THE new Mexican inter-oceanic railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is to pass through the State of Chiapas, which probably contains the only population in the world which possesses no iron, nor anything of the nature of an iron industry, even of the crudest form. For the distance of eighty miles around Palenque, the capital, not a single blacksmith can be found, and the only articles of iron are axes and machetas, imported from the United States. Nails are unknown, all the woodwork being held together by cords or tendrils of vines; and even their tortilla, or corn cake, is prepared by grinding the maize between stones. The new railway through this territory has clearly a well-defined educational as well as commercial development to undertake.

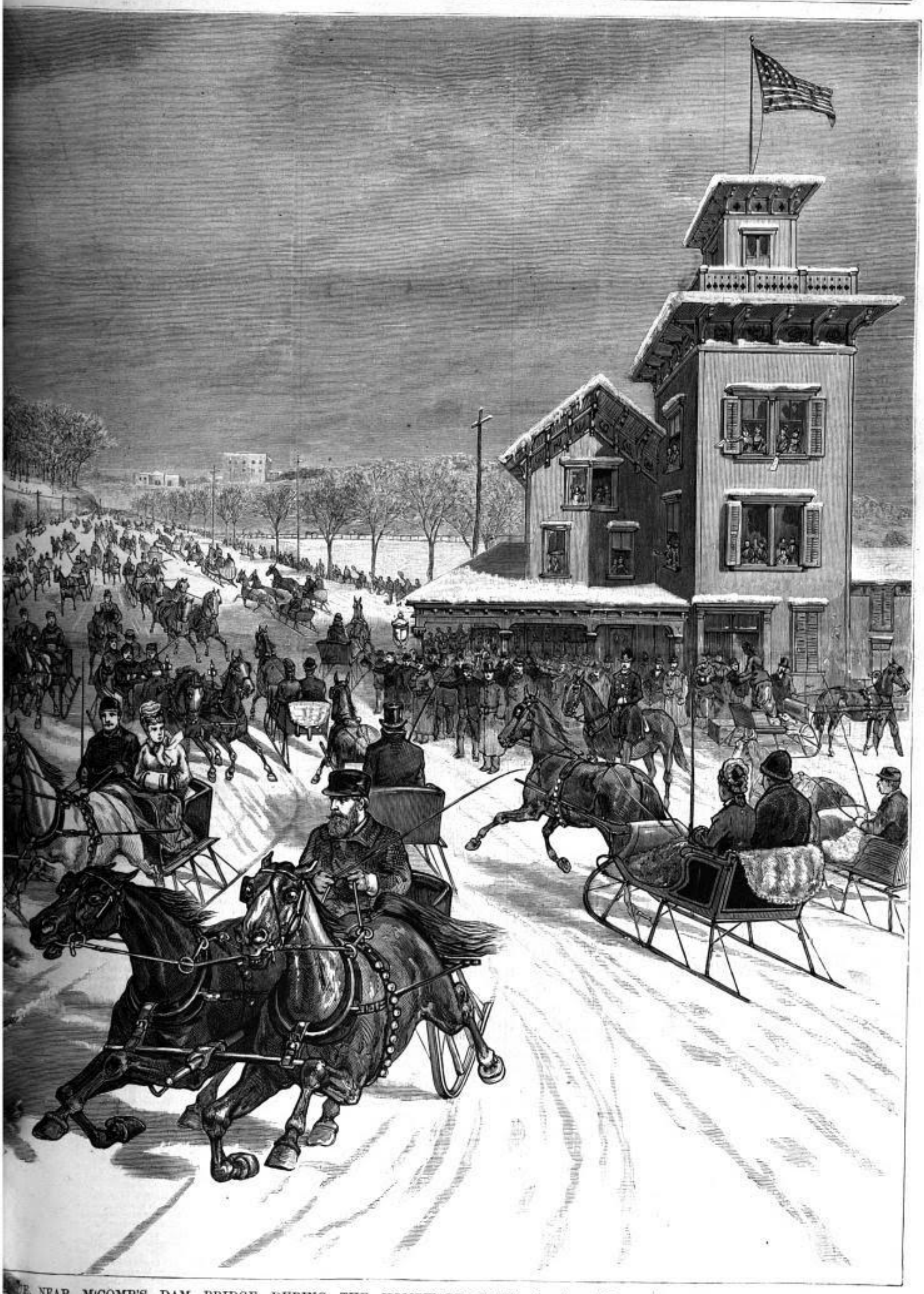
—THE reigning Czar possesses in full measure the family love of being present at great fires, which his younger brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, is enabled to gratify at will by his position as head of the St. Petersburg Fire Brigade. On one occasion this passion for "running with the machine" all but proved fatal to both. When the German Lutheran Church, on the Moika Canal, took fire, in the middle of the night, the Czar and his brother were among the first to reach the spot, and, while directing the operations of the firemen, incautiously approached too near the burning building, the belfry of which was already beginning to totter. Suddenly a huge beam, at least twelve feet in length, fell blazing from the roof and struck the ground with a tremendous crash, close to the spot where they stood, injuring several of the crowd with its flying splinters. General Trepoff, then Minister of Police, at once stepped forward, and succeeded in persuading the Czar to withdraw, but the Grand Duke Nicholas remained to the end, and saved the greater part of the building.

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NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE SLEIGHING SEASON—A VIEW ON CENTRAL

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E, NEAR M'COMB'S DAM BRIDGE, DURING THE HOMEWARD DASH.—SEE PAGE 413.

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A SULTAN'S WHIMS.

SHE has perfumed the flood of her hair
With the oil of the attar-gul rare,
And the flowers that are dear to me;
She has tinted her lashes with khol
As she waits for the muezzin to toll,
For the hour to be near to me.

She has bathed her white body in nard;
And the sleek, yellow hide of a pard
Warms the delicate feet of her;
While the lily and rose of her breast
By the glow of the moon are caressed
In the beauty complete of her!

All her turban's rich, delicate furls
She has studded with Orient pearls,
Where the gems of her crescent are,
And has cut with her Alep blade's tip
To make redder, the red of her lip,
Where my kisses incessant are!

She is clad in a shimmer of sheen—
In a dolman of gold damascene—
Starred with emeralds numberless,
On a divan of cashmere she lies
With impatient, black flashings of eyes—
Of black passion-eyes, slumberless!

Both her wee hands, of princess and fay,
Have been tipped to the nail in henneh
To delight and to charm me with;
While her slaves, with curved scimitars bare,
Pace, with slow, cat-like tread, here and there,
As a jest to alarm me with!

From the satin and silk of her kiosk
She dreams out to the moon-glamoured beak,
As she waits till I come to her:
While the songs of the bulbul arise,
And the wail of the soft lute replies,
And the sad guzlas thrum to her.

From her palace, invading the dusk,
Steals a subtle, soft odor of musk,
And her sighings ascend with it;
While the murmurs of millions of flowers,
From the mazes of fountains and bowers,
Seem in silence to blend with it!

As she waits mid the perfumes that swarm,
The checked passion that darts thro' her form
Burns restless and comet-like;
For her love there is no Rhamadan,
And no fasting, no faith, no Khoran—
No tame passions Mahomet-like!

* * * *

She may wait by the moon and may dream,
But to-night, to her splendor supreme,
My soul dares not be dutiful;
I have given the love that she craves
To Al-Lella, the pearl of her slaves—
To Al-Lella, the beautiful!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXXII.—WHAT HAD HAPPENED?

SHE does not die, for the horse and his rider go by. Salome loosens her grasp upon Sylve's neck, and the really frightened girl hears a quick salutation and a little rippling laugh from Salome.

"There, get up, the farce is ended, dear," said Salome; "nobody has come to carry you off. How silly we were! Standing here like two gawks. Well, of course, if we had run, it wouldn't have been much better. If it had been the veritable Flix himself, he would have gone straight to the house. Don't let us get frightened again."

"There wasn't a bit of need, of course not," Sylve murmurs, shaking out the disarranged folds of her dress, and preening as she slowly comes up to her own stature. "Flix Forester would never think of coming himself—a farce, sure enough," she repeats, indignantly. "I'll not be such a fool again. But who was it? Didn't you speak to him?"

"Of course I did; it was no other than Ray Wilde," Salome replies, the dimples still dinting her cheeks. "What a splendid horseman he is! There, from this rising ground we shall see him in a moment."

Sylve stands, the sun in her face, looking from under a slender white hand, from whose rounded wrist dangles the chain of a gold bracelet, that flashes in the red light. Yonder is a bit of wheat-field, then a road, along which the straggling shanties of several families of poor whites air their shingled sides and broken roof-tops, and in whose backyards tow-headed urchins can be seen in every variety of posture, while the whites' gray clothes flap from ropes tied to the dilapidated fences—for it is washing-day; beyond the miserable tenements a long stretch of the road appears, and just as they reach the acclivity, from whence they can observe all this, the horseman comes in sight. Sylve, half-provoked with herself for thus passively consenting to see him, cannot help the pleasure visible in her eyes, as, with a splendid carriage, head erect, a perfect seat, graceful as Antinous, he rides, as if the eyes of the world were upon him.

"Isn't he magnificent?" asks Salome.

"Rides well," Sylve answers, reluctant to express her admiration. "He seems to be a great favorite of yours."

"He is; everybody likes Raphael; he, as well as Eve, is a general favorite."

"It's very warm," Sylve says, frowning a little as she turns; "would you as lief go in the house?"

"Certainly," and Salome leads the way; "but wouldn't I like to be there to see the meeting? Poor little Eve has so few pleasures! He is nearly there now. Won't he fly up the terraces? You saw for yourself the superb situation of Lewin House; you ought to sit on the piazza—the view is unsurpassed. There one never suffers from the heat of Summer."

Sylve listens impatiently as she hastens on. Why, she cannot tell, but it makes her angry to hear these praises of people who are nothing to her. Does she fear a rival in this girl? What chance is there of that? Neither will probably ever take the first step towards an acquaintanceship. Every time she thinks of her she shuts her teeth and frowns. Is it coming to hate?—this miserable aversion at first sight.

For a moment she regrets the haste of her decision to leave the known for the unknown. But, having decided upon a given line, she will not turn back. She has been longing all day for one of Mrs. Forester's sweet smiles, for the homage so freely accorded to her in the place she calls home, but she steels her heart against it.

"I will not be despised," is her mental decision; "I had rather die. Only I wish I had never seen that girl—I hope I shall never see her again."

Meanwhile Ray nears the object of all his desires—the goal he has been longing for—the fine old wreck of Lewin House looms before him. Yes, and there are fluttering white garments on the piazza. And there, by the gate—though it can be no longer used, but lies prone on its face at the side of the entrance—stand Desire and Father Crow, dressed in their best and cleanest. In a trice Ray is off the horse; in another he has flown forward and up, Dee following slowly, her fine black face wreathed in smiles. The neglected flowers in red and white beauty he trampled under his relentless feet. There was but one flower in the world to him—a cloistered saint, fairer than any pink or snowy petals.

Up there in mid-air, the varied wreath of garden woods and river banks beneath them, the cool sky full of tiny seraphs of white cloud, glorious sunshine over all, they met—Eve blushing, smiling, angelic; Ray exultant, a little flurried, as became him, and almost breathless from his climb. He caught both outstretched hands.

"May I?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, kissed her bashfully on her cheek, so red under his lips.

"Glorious!" said Ray, as she led him into their transformed kitchen. "Why, you saved your piano!"

"Don't you remember Dee got up on top when the soldiers were going to destroy it, and prayed?"

"Deed, did I," says the old nurse, coming into the parlor by stepping from the polished pine boards on to the bright, well-mended carpet. "Says I, 'If you's men, you won't spile de on'y thing that my little missee hab lef' to give her comfort,' and den I kneeled down, and, my Lord in heaven, didn't I pray! Reckon Massa up dar open His ear dat time; fac' is, I jest battered de walls of heaven."

"I had forgotten," laughed Ray; "it was nowhere in sight the last time I was here. Well, I declare, this is comfortable."

One would not have thought them poor to look at the table. There were flowers and silver, and chicken broiled and brown as a chestnut, and golden pone, and the daintiest of white biscuit. How happy they were, the handsome fellow of twenty-one and the tender, pretty little orphan of seventeen. After supper came a stroll through the ruined garden, where grew neglected flowers, straggling bushes, unpruned trees, and shaded spots full of painted trilliums, with their wavy-white petals blushing in faint pink at the heart. It was sunset, too, and all the west was one blazing gallery of color-gems, fitly framed in the red gold of the horizon.

"Do you remember the marsh callas?" asks Eve, as they linger at the foot of the garden, each, perhaps, busy with thoughts of the past.

"Yes, indeed, and how I never could induce you to go near the haunted pool, though you liked them so much. I suppose they grow in the same place?"

"Yes; but I got Crow to find some roots and plant them over in the hollow. We will go there to-morrow—it is too late now," and he feels her shudder, leaning on his arm.

"Is the pool still there?" asks Ray.

"Yes: in the spot where they found the poor peddler. Curious that it should change places. Before that it was on the other side of the fence."

"I rode past the spot to-day, but I never thought of it," says Ray. "I suppose they never found out who did the deed?"

"Not that I know of," replies Eve, and they turn and walk back in the lengthening shadows. "I remember the very night; I was ill, and the dog kept howling. He wouldn't even stop when Dee took off her shoe and said something which she declares always prevents it on any ordinary occasion; but, you see, then, murder was being done; now, how did the dog know?"

"One of those inscrutable mysteries that science has not fathomed yet," Ray makes answer. "Suppose we turn to some more cheerful subject?"

In-doors the candles were lighted. If there were strollers in the road that evening, as undoubtedly there were, their ears were charmed with the dulcet strains that reached them from the old house that held so much happiness. Ray was a fine performer; both sang well, and their sweet voices floated out beyond the dark walls of night, in merry songs and duets. Desire sat in her part of the domicile by the side of her old man and listened. The house was so high, and the evenings still so cool that she had made a fire, and the pretty leaping flames in the background, the two delighted old ebony faces, the youth and the maiden in the soft rays of the candlelight at the piano at the other end of the room, made a picture worthy of perpetuation upon canvas.

And so the time passed, and day followed day. Sometimes Ray read as they sat together on that grand piazza, a soft rose haze upon the wonderful vista of fields and meadows and farms, blooming plains and swart, shadow-covered hills; distant villages clustered like blossoms of white amidst the deep green of southern verdure. On one occasion he was reviewing some of her lessons. She, more mindful of the view before them, and a little weary, answered wide of the mark, and then, with evident mortification, threw down her book like a tired child.

"The fact is, Ray, I don't know anything," she said, with a choking sigh, and, turning, entered the room. Dee was out planting with her "ole man." "I wish there were no books of that sort," she added, petulantly. "I shall never learn anything."

Ray had followed her and was laughing.

"Why not avail yourself of the services of the new teacher?" he asked.

Eve turned upon him like a whirlwind, her blue eyes flashing.

"What do you know about the new teacher?" she asked.

"Nothing at all. Dee told me there was one at the Braddock's."

"I wouldn't look at her—speak to her," exclaimed Eve, vehemently, "much less study with her. Don't laugh—you exasperate me," and so saying, she seated herself moodily.

"Well, upon my life," cried Ray, a little startled, "you seem to have taken a dislike to the poor girl."

"I don't like her. I don't want to hear her mentioned. I hate the sight of her," continued Eve, explosively. "You thought me so good-natured, I suppose, that I would give my hand to everybody, even to my father's murderers."

"Isn't that rather strong language to apply to this poor little schoolmarm? I'm sure she never carried a gun."

"No; but her father did, or her brother, or her townsman, and that is enough. And as for learning, Ray, I shall never be your equal. I shall grow up in ignorance."

"How much more do you intend to grow, I wonder?" asked Ray. Her eyes sought the little mirror opposite which she stood. Perhaps the vision of yellow rippling hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks softened her mood. She laughed childishly.

"I don't know; I'm nearly up to you, and, oh, Ray," she turned to him, a passionate sob in her voice, "I'm but a silly girl yet. Sometimes I get thinking about all my life, how lonely it has been, how crossed by all the disasters of poverty and war and death. And this poor desolate land that I love with all my soul, see how beautiful it is and how ruined."

"Why, Eve, dear, you have dropped like a star out of the blue depths into sudden darkness—what has come over you?" asked Ray, tenderly.

"It all came on, I suppose, through feeling myself such an utter ignoramus, so—so different from the smart girls you see North. Oh, poor papa, you little thought the 'baby' for whom you cherished such hopes would be little more than baby on her seventeenth birthday."

"Come now, that's a libel," laughed Ray, gazing with his heart in his eyes at the slender graceful figure, clothed all in white, the lovely head encircled by a coronet of braided gold, so lustrous and beautiful was the crown of her tresses, the soft, sweet dove's eyes every glance of which sent a thrill of admiration through his heart. "You know more than many a Southern girl of your own age, still, I am friend enough to tell you there is room for improvement."

"To be sure, I'm quite aware of that," and she turned petulantly away to the window, "but what good will improvement do me in this lonely place? Who is there I can measure wits with? Salome Braddock will only talk of butter and cheese, clever as she is. The young men here care for little but horses, and the girls for dress. I have neither money, relations nor influence, no friends save you and two old slaves. There goes Dee now, God bless her! She is not fit for the work, but she will dig and plant to the last minute to serve me. And then the house—poor papa made a palace of it for my sake, I suppose, and do you wonder I hate the people, who, not being able to harm me, ruined my home! Oh, Ray, I'm so miserable! What is to become of me?" and letting her face fall in her hands, the overwrought nature gave way, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, my Lord God!" sounded shrilly outside, and Desire, coming in through the window, fell all in a heap on the floor, trembling from head to foot. "Oh, my Lord God!" she cried again; then throwing her apron over her head she wept bitterly. What had happened?

CHAPTER XXIV.—NURSE DEE'S SUDDEN TERROR.

FATHER CROW had fallen down in his traces. In other words dropped dead while transferring some choice vines. Dee happened to be with him at the time, as the vines were favorites of hers, and Eve had some special wish in regard to their disposal. The old man had justly been delivering a little homily on the resurrection, a theme he was very fond of illustrating, when all at once he put his black hand to his black head, with the words: "I's feels 's if I's going up some whar, I's lifted an' lifted," and fell in a lifeless heap beside the freshly-dug earth. When the faithful wife found that life was indeed gone, she went wailing and sobbing to the house, hungering for consolation and broke upon the conference of Eve and Raphael as I have stated. All selfish considerations were at an end now. Eve was again her generous, simple, forgetful self. Of course the death and burial, though only of an old worn-out man who had been a slave, put a stop to the preparations in progress for pleasure, for the time at least. The neighbors came in, but it was to the funeral, and staid sombrely to tea, the preparations for which Desire went solemnly on with, as soon as she had put away her decent black bombazine bonnet. That bonnet was a great solace to poor bereaved Desire. To have a real quality black bonnet was a new experience in her simple life, and a real widow's vail.

"Well, now, Miss Eve," she said, when she first tried it on, "I's kind'r hate myself for bein' so pleased wid dis yer, an' he, pore soul, layin' down yer, nebber to rise till de resurrection—de Lord forgive me. Ef he could on'y see it hisself, I know it would tickle his pore old soul; he liked nice tings, an' I'm sure he'd thank you ef he was living, he'd be mighty thankful for the kindness you done showed to his widder."

"Now, there are only two of us," Eve said, in another conversation with Raphael; "and if Dee dies—oh, I dare not think."

"But I do," says Ray, stealing round to her side; "I dare think. Don't you know I am a man now? Look up, Eve," and, as his arm stole round her waist, she lifted her eyes, and met his passionate gaze. Had she ever thought that this might be; if she had, it surely overpowered her now with its suddenness, that simple action. Her golden curls streamed over his shoulder, and, like a little frightened child, she hid her face among the rippling hair.

"Don't you know Eve, child, that I love you? Haven't you guessed it before this? Can you believe that I would let you stay in this forlorn and ruined place any longer than I can help? My precious darling, I have always loved you. When I was only a boy the ardor of a man's love burned in my bosom. I have never even compared you with others, you being seated upon my heart's throne never to be removed. And soon, when I claim you, I want to take you from this narrow field, and show you to the world. Don't shrink, darling, you shall not stay there; it is my ambition to rebuild my father's home—to spend my life in the beautiful South—only I want to disabuse your mind of some errors—there is nothing like travel for that. Am I taking too much for granted? Won't you tell me, Eve, dear, that you will try to love me—you who I know have loved me as a brother ever since we have known each other."

All in a sweet surprise the fair girl listened, conscious at that moment that Raphael was more to her than any brother could be, remembering how she had cherished his image in many an hour of loneliness; that in every trouble her thoughts had gone out to him; that in every joy she had missed the sweetest part of her pleasure if he did not share it with her. She felt scarcely more than a child—conscious of all her defects, of her ignorance, but a woman's resolve sprang up in her brave little heart; she would be worthy of him in time, would spare no pains, would stop at no sacrifice, to become such as he might be proud of. From that hour life was full of new beauty and promise. She had to recall but one thrilling moment if care pressed upon her more heavily than usual.

"Dee," Ray said, lightly, as he left Lewin House to resume his studies, "take good care of my little wife."

"Well, now! The Lord and de blessed angels! You don't mean it, Mars Rafe," exclaimed Dee, her great eyes shining.

"Well, if I know myself, I rather think I do," replied Ray, his fine face lighting into intense beauty, as he caught Eve's shy, protesting glance. "*As sure as she's her father's daughter*," he added, "she will be my wife."

"Oh, my Lord! Don't say dat!" cried Dee, in a sudden terror. "Oh, merciful Master, what's I talking about?"

"Well, I should think so," said Ray, looking sternly at the old woman, whose black face actually seemed to whiten, as she stood there dumb and aghast. "See, you have frightened the child. "Don't mind it, Eve; I think the woman must be crazy."

"I is, Mars Ray," said the old nurse, humbly, seeming to shrink into herself. "I has these 'luny spells sometimes. I's in a dream like, when de very stranges' visions comes up to me. Lord, don't mind me, Mars Ray. Please don't look upon me dat ar way, or I shall go right crazy for sartin."

"I don't know about leaving Eve with a crazy woman," he said, gravely.

"Hebenly Marster! I's no more crazy dan you! Now, don' go for confusin' my wits; dey's good enuf. Don't ye see that I's all right, ef you'll on'y let me alone?"

"What did make Dee act so strange?" queried Eve, going slowly down the terrace by her lover's side. "Really and truly her manner did frighten me. 'Twas like that of some great tragic actress. My very blood ran cold."

"Oh, nonsense; she only wanted to do something for effect; she's a queer creature and growing old. But let that pass. Eve, you must write to me—not every day, that would be too great a tax, but almost every day."

"Indeed, you'll get tired of my letters," said Eve, trying to smile, the tears brimming her bright lashes.

"You know better." They were moving very, very slowly down the last terraced slope, along which the soldiers had worn a path. "I'd find time for more than one a day. And now, dear love, one last assurance. Nothing that could happen would change your love for me?"

"Nothing—nothing," she answers, solemnly, standing there in the white moonlight, the pillars, portico, terraces, mutilated statues and neglected fountains shining with a clear, white pallor, even the roses and the full clusters of untrained geraniums showing their distinctive coloring and tinting.

"Think; are you sure? Is there nothing?"

"Not even death!" she answers, more tremulously than before.

"Don't cry, dear; we mustn't part that way." He snatches a kiss from her pale lips knowing that salt tears are crowding into his own eyes. "I shall write very, very often, and send you books very, very often, and think of you—without ceasing. Now go back while I stand here and watch."

With a mighty effort she turns from him, but he runs after her, catches her once again in his arms, whispers in her ear: then, bidding

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her fly, he seats himself upon the step and does not look, only listens.

Dee stands where they left her, folding her smoothly ironed white apron into a hundred creases.

"My Hebenly Father!" she mutters to herself, watching the white figure coming, "what made he say dat? 'Clar ef it wasn't like de Day o' Judgment, when all de sins ob de world 'll be revealed. Ef I hadn't almost done clean forgit. Lord have marcy upon me; don't let de debil git my soul! Oh, Lord, wha' did Crow die for? I's all alone now."

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 14.—

Interview with General Myer.

Germany Adopting Our Maps.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD ACTING AS FLOATING STATIONS.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM TO BE APPROACHED NEXT.

I FOUND General Myer seated at his desk at the Bureau of the United States Signal Service, Washington, and surrounded by all the delicate and mysterious insignia of his wondrous office. "Old Probabilities," as he has been facetiously styled, is every inch a soldier. He graduated at Geneva College at the age of 19, and, after professional studies, entered the army in 1854. His introduction to the Signal Service dates from 1858, when he was assigned to special duty therein, achieving promotion to the head of the service, as then organized, two years later.

He is tall, erect, alert, with the air of command in every look and gesture. He is a sharp disciplinarian, but quick to discern and recognize merit. Possessing a large fortune, surrounded by every evidence of culture and refinement, with æsthetic tastes and tendencies, hedged in by temptations to a life of indolence and ease, he applies himself with unceasing industry and vehement energy to the work assigned him, finding in the outcome of his toil perfect compensation for all losses of physical comfort. Under an Act of Congress, approved in February, 1870, General Myer was charged with the special duties of the observation and giving notice, by telegraph and signals, of the approach and force of storms on the seacoast, and northern lakes, at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories. Addressing himself with genuine enthusiasm to the work assigned him, and foreseeing, apparently, results of which the average mind had no conception, he at once organized the meteorological division of the signal office on an efficient basis. By a subsequent Act he was charged with the special duties of telegraphing, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at lighthouses, and at such of the life-saving stations as are suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as may be necessary.

The building in which General Myer and his able staff are located, in Washington, actually bristles with meteorological insignia, the roof being a very grove of cups, and balls, and flags, and mirrors, and telegraph wires and barometers, and fifty other omens. Wires from the four times four corners of the earth converge at this point, and, not content with the results obtainable by a single roof, the General has compelled the roofs of his immediate neighbors to pay tribute in the form of accommodation for the numerous wind, water and weather gauges, the vigilant study of which enables him to warn those who would go down to the sea in ships, and those who would make pilgrimage by land.

"A hundred, nay a thousand, columns of your paper could not exhaust the subject of the Signal Service," observed the General, after we had exchanged conventional greetings. "It embraces so wide a field with so minute a detail. However, let us begin at the beginning, and we'll see if we cannot give you some of the results. The officers and men are instructed for the different branches of the service at a signal-school of instruction at Fort Whipple, right on the other side of the Potomac, about three miles from here. The term of enlistment is for five years, and the service is open to any American citizen of good character, who can face the rigid tests of the preliminary examination. The course of instruction includes the use of meteorological instruments, the modes of taking observations, and the forms and duties required at observation-stations, and for the display of storm-signals. The men are also taught telegraphy, and are drilled with arms and in the usual duties of soldiers—the design being to qualify them for any possible exigency that may arise. Obviously, a knowledge of mere meteorology would be insufficient for an observer stationed on the Western plains, surrounded by hostile Indians, where he is exposed to constant peril of attack. And it is essential that he should know how to use firearms, and also how to summon help by the use of the telegraph if the danger is urgent. All enlisted men, before leaving Fort Whipple, are also drilled in the manœuvring of field telegraphic trains, the rapid erection of telegraphic lines, and the management of all the apparatus habitually used by the corps in the field."

"What is the average number of men being trained at Fort Whipple?"

"Fifty."

"Have you many applications for admission into the corps?"

"About twelve hundred; but we have no vacancy."

"How many men have you at the Central Office?"

"One hundred."

"Do you drill them?"

"Yes; there is a semi-monthly drill. They don't much like drilling."

"Do you get good men invariably?"

"That is our strongest point. We get the most earnest thinkers and the best men in the world."

"What is the strength of the force, General?"

"The Signal Service, as now organized, consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals and 200 privates. This force has the management of 300 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations; 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from four stations in the West Indies, and 19 in Canada."

"How often do the men report, General?"

"At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to furnish tri-daily on each day, the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours at the different stations as to secure absolute simultaneity — allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times, 7:35 A. M., 4:35 P. M. and 11 P. M., and the local time at the different stations. At the Meteorological Congress held at Rome in April last, arrangements have been made for simultaneous observations all over the world at 6 P. M., Washington time. The chiefs of the Meteorological Departments on the globe send in reports of observations by mail twice a month. Two thousand reports come in daily. Two hundred reports are handled in thirty-five minutes. All navies now take a simultaneous observation on shipboard. These floating stations will help the breaks on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This system only commenced on the 1st of November last."

"Do you take other observations?"

"Yes; we take three, at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., local time, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station, and this, embracing the appearance of the western sky, the direction of the wind, the amount of cloudiness, the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, and amount of rainfall since the last preceding report, is communicated here with the midnight report. So perfect is the description, and so trustworthy the work of the force, that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington in the space of forty minutes."

"What is the highest rate at which the traveling of wind has been registered?"

"One hundred and ninety five miles. In the cyclone of the 18th of August last we measured up to 138 miles, but the cups blew away. At Cape Lookout, North Carolina, 1,100 miles of wind was registered in one day. It is upon the data accumulated at the central office that the daily deductions, or weather forecasts, and the especial deductions, in pursuance of which orders are issued for the display of cautionary signals, are based."

"I assume that we get the result of the tri-daily synopsis in the papers each morning, General?"

"You do. The tri-daily synopsis show the meteoric conditions existing over and near the territory of the United States for each period of twenty-four hours immediately preceding the publication of the report. The indications or probabilities foreshadow the changes which seem to be suggested as probable by a study of the charts, in connection with the meteorological rules and generalizations which experience has more or less established."

"The work of preparing the report must be very elaborate?"

"Eight charts exhibiting the data of the observation reports, as to the barometric pressure, relative humidities, cloud conditions, and dew point variations, etc., are draughted and examined before, and are essential to each official announcement. The statements de-official announcement. The statements designed for publication, issued thrice daily, are telegraphed at the moment of their issue to the principal cities, and reach, I am led to believe, fully one-third of the population of the entire country."

"What per centage of accuracy do your forecasts yield?"

"Over ninety per cent. The danger signal of the service is not, indeed, infallible, but it is seldom disregarded; and when it is, the consequences are not unfrequently disastrous."

"Did not the *Huron* disregard the danger signal?"

"With a strange perversity she ignored the signal at Norfolk."

"The *Metropolis* also?"

"Yes. The vessel that goes to sea in the face of our danger signal braves possible disaster."

"How many miles of telegraph-wire does the service operate, General?"

"We operate five thousand in the wildest regions of the American continent, through Texas and Dakota and Washington Territory. We have 1,300 miles alone in Texas, and the whole 5,000 miles have been built by ourselves."

"What is the pay of the men?"

"About $75 a month, including commutations of various kinds. Every official is a member of the United States Army."

"Do you hope to touch the solar system, General?"

"We do, and Pike's Peak, which is three miles high, would make a good post for solar observations. I will now," added the General, "ask Captain Howgate to take charge of you."

In Captain Howgate I encountered an official of the most radiant intelligence, the most winning courtesy, and the most retiring modesty. Speak of himself? No. Of his scientific researches? No. Of his Arctic experiences? No. He would speak of the Signal Service, a service to which he seems utterly devoted.

Ascending to the topmost story, we entered the Instrument Room, a long apartment, partly divided by an arch. The very atmosphere breathed of brain-softening calculations. I was confronted by an anemograph, which registers the wind continually; by a rain gauge worked by electricity, and so delicate in its operations that it records the 1-400th of an inch; by barometers registering the pressure of the air, showing a change of pressure equal to 1-4000th of an inch of mercury; by a barometer registering its changes by electricity, and enabling a barometer in San Francisco to register in New York; by a thermometer also worked by electricity, giving a continuous registration, and showing all the fluctuations of the temperature of the air; by Father Secci's meteorograph; and by Dr. Robinson's anemometer, which is gradually displacing all others on account of its simplicity and accuracy. Here I learned that the cups travel at one-third the velocity of the wind, and that 500 revolutions of a cup registers a mile of wind. In the room is a glass-case, showing in model the different clouds (in wool), their relative altitudes, and the manner in which they are formed.

"Upper currents of air," quoth my cicerone, "have been known to carry ashes sent up by volcanos 1,500 miles, and to drop them after six weeks."

In this case the manner in which the fogs of Newfoundland are formed is shown. In this room are scientific instruments of every sort, shape, size and description, each a marvel in its way, and each doing its marvelous work in solemn silence.

Quitting this apartment, we turned into the Photograph Room, wherein is photographed the action of the barometer and other omeners, and from thence to a wooden shed, called the Instrument Shelter. Here are thermometers, showing the minimum and maximum temperature for the twenty-four hours. Here are instruments so delicate that the heat of the body of the person approaching them affects them. The instruments are set at 11 P. M. A thermometer is set by swinging it round and round at full force, and it is tested from boiling water to melting ice, an error of the 1,000th part of an inch being allowed. We descended to the Report Room, where we found grave, bright-eyed men, straight-backed men, silently engaged in perusing reports, of which 2,000 come in daily. The men are always on duty, the reliefs being 8 to 4, 4 to 11, and 11 to 8; sixteen are on duty during the day and six at night.

From the Report Room we entered the Fact Room, and it is in this apartment that the figures are made up for presentation to the public. The Study Room came next. Six men, with an officer, work here. The officer comes on duty at 11 P. M., and remains till 1:30 A. M.; the men being relieved so as to come on duty twice in the twenty-four hours. The principal maps are made up in this apartment. No. 1. Showing details of weather over the United States. No. 2. Abnormal change of barometer in United States. No. 3. Actual changes. No. 4. Shows abnormal change of temperature. No. 5. Actual changes. No. 6. is a colored map.

At 1 A. M. the prediction goes to the country. Everything has to be charted and acted on in fifteen minutes. The officer has to predict the weather in a brief quarter of an hour. While the operation of preparing the prediction is taking place, a "translator," who stands at a desk, and who has 4,000 of the 8,000 cipher words by heart, reads the electric messages. This room is the very heart of the Signal Service. It is impossible in the space of this article to do more than to glance at each department in this storehouse of Science; to attempt aught else would lead to confusion worse confounded. Any one room is in itself a study, and in itself worthy a special article. The Signal Service is one of the supreme triumphs of our century, and a subject of most justifiable pride to the country. As I parted with General Myer and Captain Howgate, a letter was received from Germany asking for the forms of the Signal Service maps, with a view to adopting the modus operandi of "Old Probabilities."

Sport in Norway.

NORWAY must be a sort of sportsman's paradise. Among the game which his gun can bring down are the tydder, roer, ryper and jerper, which are sufficiently outlandish to English ears. The tydder is the bird known of old in Scotland by the name of capercailzie. The cock is a noble bird, of the size of a turkey-cock, with a bill and claws of great strength. The roer is the female, and in size, plumage and appearance so different from the male that it has received a different name. The ryper is the Scottish ptarmigan, but larger and better clothed. The jerper is a delicate bird for the table, of the grouse species, and about the size of a full-grown pigeon. Woodcocks are also abundant and of delicious flavor.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Ballard Thompson, late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Nashville, is going to Brazil as a missionary.

PROFESSOR DARWIN has received from the Turin Academy of Science a prize of 12,000 lire for his discoveries in the physiology of plants.

THE new Senator (Gorman) of Maryland, used to be president of the National Base-Ball Club of Washington, and is renowned as a good "catcher."

PROFESSOR DAVID DUNCAN, of Spartanburg, S. C., has presented his valuable classical library of 1,200 volumes to Woodford College, at that place.

THE Committee on Elections of Harvard College have presented a report favorable to the eligibility of the Rev. Dr. Bellows for membership in the board.

THE late William Ripley, of Columbus, Ohio, left $75,000 to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., to sustain a chair to be called the Ripley professorship.

MISS TH. PETURSSEN, a daughter of the bishop of Reykjavik, Iceland, has made an ascent of the great volcano Hecla, for the purpose of getting geological observations.

IT is said that the Republicans who desire the nomination of Senator Edmunds to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court are planning to secure the present retirement of Judge Hunt on full pay.

THE Wittelsbachers, who trace their ancestry to Duke Arnold, about 1180, and said to be the oldest reigning dynasty in Europe, intend to celebrate their seven hundredth anniversary this year.

M. TURGENEF has been obliged to give up his project of passing the Winter in Russia for the purpose of studying the state of affairs there; he received an intimation from high quarters that he had better not.

THE Emperor William himself went about Berlin before Christmas buying presents for his trusted friends and servants. Day after day his carriage stood waiting for him before the fashionable shops in which his elderly Majesty was rummaging.

MRS. ANNA OLDHAM COOK, whose husband sacrificed his life last year in seeking to save the fever-stricken people of Hickman, Ky., has been elected State Librarian by the Kentucky Legislature. The widow of a deceased Confederate soldier is State Librarian in Tennessee.

THE senior peer of the British realm is Lord Kilmorey, an Irish peer, aged ninety-two, about the gayest viveur of his day. He is grandfather of Lord Newry, so well known in the theatrical world. Lord Kilmorey has large estates in England and in the North of Ireland, but never goes near either of them. He lives near London.

MISS ROGERS, a cousin of Richard Cobden, is the prodigy in the last examinations at Oxford University, England. She outstripped all the other students in Greek and Latin. Her knowledge in other branches is quite as wonderful. After passing her examinations she was at once appointed lecturer in Somerville Hall, one of the Oxford buildings for women students.

WILKIE COLLINS, the English novelist, is fifty-five years old, and his father was a landscape painter of considerable fame, who named his son Wilkie, after the Scotch artist. Young Collins studied law. His first novel was written when he was twenty-six years old. He wrote "The Woman in White" when he was thirty-six. He is a hard and painstaking writer.

THE Duke of Devonshire graduated at Cambridge when twenty-one, as second wrangler, thus only missing by one place the very highest honor the University can bestow, and Smith's prizeman—an honor only second to first wrangler, and generally going with it—and the same year was returned as one of the representatives in Parliament of the University, an honor without a parallel in a man of his years.

MRS. J. J. ASTOR has sent out recently from the office of the Children's Aid Society a "New Year party" of 100 homeless children to homes in the West and South, at an expense of $1,500. This makes, during seven years, a total number of 677 homeless children whom this generous friend of the poor has placed in homes, mainly in the West, at an expense of $9,750. Many of these lads have now grown up, having farms of their own and doing well in the world.

THE cable announces the death of Frederic Christian, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, in the fifty-first year of his age. During the long European debate over the Schleswig-Holstein question the late Duke, as Prince Frederic, took an active part in maintaining the rights of his House. His father finally renounced them in his favor. He was a Bavarian major-general, and by his wife, a princess of Hohenlohe, he leaves four daughters and one son, the latter, Ernest, now Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, being in his seventeenth year.

ONE of the life-saving stations on the California coast has been officially named the Maggie Geddes. This is a recognition of the bravery of Maggie Geddes of San Antonio. She is only nine years old. Seeing a young playmate fall down a high embankment into a millrace, she instantly jumped after her. The water was deep, and ran swiftly towards a large wheel; but Maggie was a good swimmer, and by a desperate struggle got ashore with her playmate. Such coolness and courage were deemed worthy of special honor.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed in her pew at Whippingham Church a memorial medallion of the late Princess Alice, bearing this affectionate inscription: "To the dear memory of Alice Maud Mary, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who departed this life in her thirty sixth year, on the anniversary of her beloved father's death, December 14th, 1878. 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.'—St. Matthew v., 8. This monument is placed by her sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria. 1879."

MR. GEORGE H. STUART, the Philadelphia philanthropist and merchant prince, whose business embarrassment has been reported, will retire altogether from business. Among the articles in his Philadelphia office are several large chests containing letters of the United States Christian Commission, and a box full of watches and valuables, which agents of this commission found upon the bodies of dead soldiers on the battle-field, but which, though advertised and otherwise brought within the reach of claimants, had any existed, could never find owners.

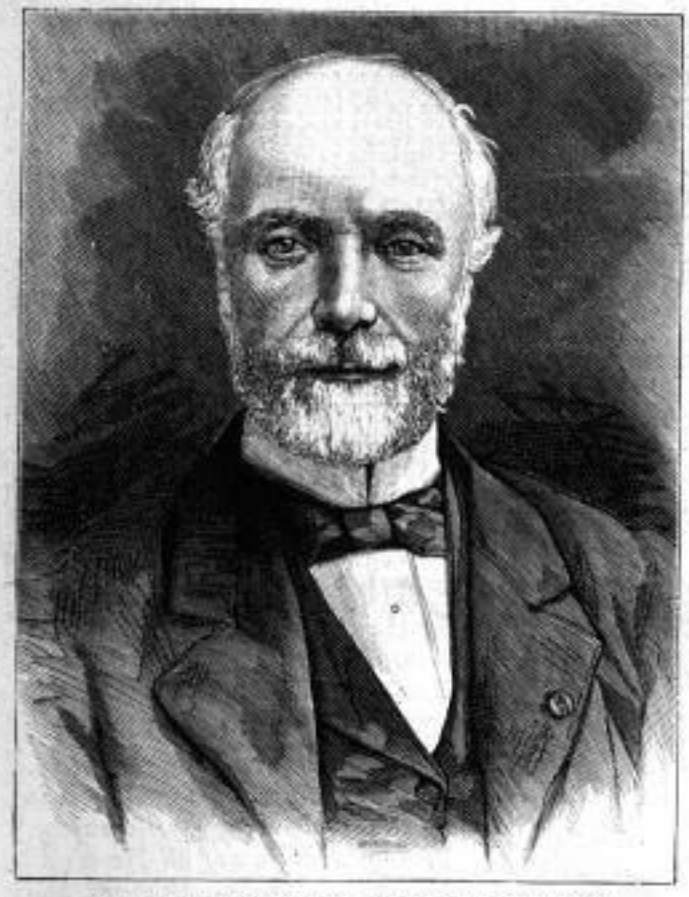
PRUSSIAN generals seem to enjoy a rare longevity. Without reckoning Marshals von Moltke and Von Roon, there is found in the higher grades of the army a body of veterans who began their military careers three-quarters of a century ago. General von Sierstorpheden, born in 1785, entered the service in 1797, and, after having risen through all the intermediate grades in the long wars which marked the beginning of this century, was created a major general in 1819. On the first of November last he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to that dignity. To-day, at the green old age of ninety-five, this veteran displays an almost youthful vigor.

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THE LAST SUBJECT ACCEPTED FOR ILLUSTRATION BY MR. FRANK LESLIE—MORNING SERVICE IN THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.

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M. DE FREYCINET, NEW PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

A FREE HOME FOR INCURABLES.

THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, NEW YORK CITY.

A SMALL and unpretentious dwelling-house in Twenty-third Street was thrown open last September as a Free Home to that most to be pitied class of our population known as incurables. A Sister of the Episcopal Church opened the Home, with no other capital or earnest of help than the sanction of the Bishop and some clergymen, one month's rent in advance, and her faith in the hearty co-operation of the generous public of New York. Her plan was to afford a quiet and permanent asylum to that large class of incurable sufferers whose social status raises them above the average Ward's Island patient, but whose circumstances will not permit them to pay the weekly board charged by the institution at Fordham; and to combine with this a training-school for servants, where girls of from eight to fourteen years might be received and instructed in housework, besides being subjected to the wholesome influence of good moral discipline and religious training. So far the Sister's work has been well and successfully carried on.

The Home is small, but it shelters already nineteen inmates, the patients comprising women of all ages from eighty years to nineteen. Women crippled with rheumatism, helpless from paralysis, and fading away in the slow stages of consumption, have their quiet refuge here from all those ills and discomforts and terrors of poverty which press so heavily on the sick. The wards, though necessarily small, are bright and sunny, and, in spite of their plain appointments, have a very cheerful and home-like air, while the stillness and quiet and order of the place are in themselves like soothing medicine. The kind little Sister who started and organized the work is, of course, the presiding spirit, and, in spite of the cares and anxieties on her hands and heart, seems as cheerful and sunny as the rooms.

On the parlor floor is the ward devoted to the most helpless patients, and, separated from it by folding-doors, is the little chapel where week-day and Sunday services are held, and where the solemn burial service of the church is read over those who have passed away. One has already occurred in the Home, since its opening in September. The windows are covered and darkened with a heavy curtain, and the simple furnishing of the room consists of the altar and reading-desk, which, when we visited the Home, had just been dressed with their Christmas garlands of green. The morning and evening prayers of the church are daily read by the Sister, while the Sunday services—always including the Holy Communion—are conducted by Doctor Houghton, the spiritual adviser of the Home. Apart from its deeper significance, no more touching sight could well be imagined than one of these services, when the doors are thrown open and the darkened chapel forms a background to the long, sunny ward, crowded with those who are able to come downstairs to prayers, and those who join in them while they lie upon their beds of pain.

The work of the wards is done chiefly by the six young girls now in training in the Home. A class for instruction in dress-making and plain sewing has been formed, and numbers thirty pupils, and free dinners are given three days in the week to fifteen outside patients. Thus the little Home stretches its helping hand to sixty-seven needy persons, and, to do this, its annual expenses must amount to four thousand dollars. It is earnestly hoped by the Sister, not only that this sum will be contributed from year to year by the thoughtful and charitable, but that larger means will be furnished her to extend the good work, and that increased accommodations may, before long, be provided for the many patients who cannot be received in the present building. It is certain that the charity need only be more widely known to insure its hearty and sufficient support.

M. DE FREYCINET,

HEAD OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

TALL, thin, pale, with sharp, almost emaciated features, quick in his movements, striking in mien, sober in words, precise and deliberate in all he does—such is physically the future President of the Council to whom the President of the French Republic committed the formation of a new Ministry. For in France, as in England, a parliamentary defeat requires a change of Cabinet. The President cannot, as with us, continue a Ministry whose policy the legislative chambers condemn.

M. de Freycinet is a distinguished engineer, accustomed to national affairs, an eminent organizer, and, above all, a quick, practical business man, used to command.

His political career corresponds with his character. Business drew him into public affairs during the terrible war of 1870-71. The transition was sudden. From directing the transportation of goods, he assumed that of armies and war material, developing rare administrative powers.

In Parliament he has acquired a great authority, which has stood the test of strong opposition. There is every evidence that the Cabinet formed by him will be thoroughly practical, active and energetic, not swayed by vague ideas or Utopian plans. M. de Freycinet is Minister of Foreign Affairs; Lepere, Minister of the Interior; General Farre, Minister of War; and Admiral Jauréguiberry, Minister of Marine. M. Waddington declined the English Embassy.

HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, at present member of Congress from the Nineteenth Ohio District, was elected United States Senator on January 13th, to succeed Hon. Allen G. Thurman, whose term expires on March 3d, 1881. He is a native of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and was forty-eight years old last November. In 1856 he graduated from William's College, Mass., and immediately after entered upon the study of law, completing the usual course, and in due season engaging in its practice. He was a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1859-60, and laid down his newly-acquired political honors early in 1861 to accept the commission of Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, with which regiment he entered the Union Army. In January, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and soon after was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland. In the following year he was promoted to the rank of a Major-General.

He first took his seat in Congress in 1862, and has been a prominent member of the House ever since, serving at times upon the committees on Military Affairs, Ways and Means, Banking and Currency, Appropriations and Rules. He was one of the House members of the Electoral Commission appointed to adjudicate upon the disputed points in the Presidential election of November, 1876.

His election as United States Senator has given much satisfaction throughout his State, and was the occasion for hearty congratulation from his fellow-Congressmen, irrespective of party. It is needless to remark that the new Senator is known as a Republican of the stanchest kind.

SLEIGHING ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

THE sleigh-bells ring cheerily out on the frosty air, and Central Avenue is black with fast trotters and crack teams, and sleighs of every sort, shape, size and description that cut merrily over the glistening snow. The "hi, hi, hi" of the knowing ones as they urge their willing horses onwards has music in it. The crackle of the hard snow has music in it. Everybody is joyous in the keen bracing atmosphere, and diamonds hang upon mustaches and beards—diamonds presented to his faithful subjects by King Frost. What a sight is Central Avenue! What a wealth of horseflesh, of vehicles, of costly furs, sables worth a Jew's ransom; sealskins fit for the Princess of Trebizonde; buffalo robes, possum rugs, bearskin aprons. Now the railway king flashes past, pressed closely by an outsider. Now a pair of spanking horses, driven at their utmost stretch and as they used to be at the Olympian games, disappear almost ere they come into sight. Now a trim little cob attached to a trim little sleigh scoots in and out, always escaping by the breadth of a five-cent piece. Blacks, grays, chestnuts, roans, all in superb condition, all *en rapport* with the musical jangling of their bells, come and go and gladden the evening air. Some sorry nags, too, may be counted in the throng, Roman nosed and, like Mr. Winkle's famous steed, displaying great symmetry of bone—lean starvelings who for the nonce feel elevated by the frost and the sleigh-bells. Gabe Case's celebrated hostelry is alive with befurred, blue-nosed, red-cheeked, watery-eyed men, who demand hot Tom-and-Jerry in frozen voices. Here are the merits of the teams discussed as the grateful beverage goes down, and here wagers are riveted that will make the spin home "a caution." Out again into the frosty evening, where the good steeds champ their bits and the bells tinkle melodiously, and, with smacking of lips and great readjusting of wraps, the sleighs turn towards Gotham. Away! and off they go at a pace that seems fleet as the wind, past cheery pedestrians who give them a cheery "hi," past horses that have given out, past teams lying in wait who endeavor in vain to pick up, past houses like a flash, past everything like the arrow from the bow—and until the city is reached, when the jog-trot becomes the order of the day. Bravo, King Frost, your majesty's carnival means health and diversion!

COST OF LARGE STRIKES.

VARIOUS estimates have been hazarded with regard to the actual cost in money, and losses sustained in wages, in these gigantic struggles. Supposing that the very highest of such estimates are not exaggerations, have not the men some kind of set-off for all this expenditure? In a very few cases they may not, but in the majority they have. Take, for example, the builders' strike and lockout in London, in 1859. It is said that about 24,000 men were thrown out of work in the first instance; of these certainly not one-half ever applied for any relief; the highest number ever paid strike-pay was 9,812; and these diminished so rapidly, that at the end of the seventh week 5,779 only were on the funds. The whole of the other men must therefore have obtained employment elsewhere. At that time the total number of artisans and laborers interested in the result of the contest was between 40,000 and 50,000 men. So that while from 10,000 to 6,000 were engaged in the struggle, at least five times that number expected to be recipients of the benefit, if a victory was scored. After spending upwards of £50,000, besides the loss in wages, the men were compelled to yield; but in reality they won the Saturday half-holiday, and have enjoyed it ever since. At this moment not fewer than 100,000 workmen cease work at twelve o'clock on Saturdays who



HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

but for that prolonged contest might still be working until four o'clock, at even less pay than they now receive. The value in money of three hours per week for eighteen years, by the whole of the building operatives in London, is almost incalculable. At the lowest computation it represents a net gain to them of £562,500 a year, if not in money, at least in money's worth.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF 1879.

HISTORICAL works lead the way everywhere in importance. Belgium makes, as usual, a good showing. Bohemia and Denmark exhibits increased activity. France, strong in historical research, has produced little of value in philosophy. A furor for reprints of eighteenth-century poetry and fiction is noted as a curious phase of taste. There are but three or four novels of note, and Victor Hugo's "Fitil Suprême" is the only important poem. Germany keeps at her level of earnestness and production in all branches, an advance being noted in the comic drama. Germany here, by the way, includes Austria and other German-speaking nations. A reactionary impulse against the fashionable prest-mistic atheism in poetry is observed. Greece has been all but barren. Holland reports fiction of low life and poetry as in fair production. Hungary has a new poem by her greatest poet, John Arany. There is some progress in philology and novels. Italy has principally turned back to examine her literary history; fiction is low; there are a few historical works of interest. Poland has been active in her own history, literary and national; poetry is poor; the drama mostly translations of French *demi-monde* pieces; the novelists are active. Spain shows genuine improvement in the general range of literature. Sweden has produced biographies, novels and poetry of a not very high order; the advent of Zolaism is noted in fiction.

SILK-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.

SOME twelve years ago mulberry-trees were extensively planted in California. The State undertook an experiment near Davisville, and planted out a large number. In Los Angeles County many private individuals entered into the business. The mulberry-trees grew and prospered, but there was a complete failure in taking care of the silkworms. One reason which may be assigned for this is that it is practically impossible for California in the present condition of society to compete with China, Japan and Italy in the care and culture of these valuable insects. The most successful experiments in sericulture in California have been made in Calaveras and Placer Counties. But these were on a small scale, and therefore did not enter largely into any record of State industries. In those countries from which raw silk is imported, women and children are employed in attending to the silkworms, but the wages are so small as to preclude the possibility of American families ever entering into competition with them.

A FORTRESS WITH A HISTORY.

ONE of the most interesting buildings in France is Pierrefonds, the finest example of a French fortress of the beginning of the fifteenth century. In 1635 its Governor, having sided with the nobles, was besieged by the troops of Louis XIII., who breached the walls with cannon, and in the following year it was blown up by Richelieu's orders, in accordance with his plan of destroying the fortresses of disaffected nobles, and remained a ruin until 1858, when Napoleon directed Viollet-le-Duc to begin its restoration, wishing it to be a specimen of the military art of the Middle Ages, and of the abode of a great feudal lord. About $1,000,000 was spent on it, and the greater part of the restoration was done before



ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—NO. 14.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH GENERAL A. J. MYER, CHIEF OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE—THE GENERAL IN HIS BUSINESS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 411.

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the late war; for M. Viollet-le-Duc, foreseeing events, hastened on the work. It is a noble pile, and will now probably be at the service of the president.

The Snow in Paris.

SINCE the heavy fall of snow which took place in Paris in the beginning of December, an average number of 17,256 workmen, with 3,916 wagons and carts and 7,500 horses, have been daily employed in clearing the streets. Despite, however, the large number of laborers engaged, the work has proceeded but slowly. It is calculated that during the storms on December 6th and 8th, seven and a half million cubic metres of snow fell in Paris, while during the sixteen days between the last downfall and Christmas Day only 670,000 cubic metres could be carried away. The most rapid way of getting rid of the snow was found to be to melt it by scattering salt over it; but this method was also found to be too costly to be employed except along the tramways and some of the most frequented thoroughfares. A vast number of other expedients were suggested, and several were tried, but none proved practicable.

What Chewing-gum is Made of.

WE have it upon common report that chewing-gum is a substance well known to the youthful part of the community. The qualities which it possesses at the time that it comes from the confectionery are all familiar to the youngest of us. It certainly seems a very attractive edible. The reason for this is not so hard to find. Think how much eating there is in it in proportion to actual weight and cash value. But there is more in chewing-gum than is dreamed of even in juvenile philosophy. One can easily comprehend the main ingredients of candy, but who, without being told, would suspect that chewing-gum is often only a refined product of petroleum? The time was when the fragrant spruce furnished the most common material for the purpose. But this is no longer the case. The reader familiar with the process of refining coal-oil is aware that the thick, brown liquid which comes from the earth, at one stage of its manufacture is strained through heavy linen cloths. The residuum left after this operation is a dirty, brownish yellow wax, that smells abominable. That unpromising substance, melted, bleached, deodorized, and prepared for commerce, appears in masses that weigh about one hundred pounds, resembling oblong blocks of clouded ice. It has no odor, and no taste except what belongs to any wax in its purest state. It may be used for many purposes, but it is not necessary to describe them now. The manufacturer of chewing-gum purchases these blocks ready made to his hand, and at once melts them down. To the hundred pounds of wax he adds about thirty pounds of sugar, and gives the mixture a flavor by the use of some essential oil, as lemon or vanilla, and, perhaps, adds some coloring matter. The melted mass is poured out upon a clean marble slab and cut in the various shapes known to masticators.

The youthful epicure rarely becomes so luxurious as to demand balsam of tolu, but if he does, the manufacturer is ready for him. This resin, which is obtained from South America, is at first in an almost fluid condition. It is the product of a tree known as—now hold your jaw, for the name is worse than a whole box of chewing-gum—*myrospermum toluiferum*. This balsam is boiled by the manufacturer until finally it is brought to such a consistency that it can be run through rollers. It comes out in the shape of a little slender rod, of a brownish-yellow color, which is cut into pieces, each about two or two and a half inches long. The balsam may sometimes be mixed with a less costly wax, since its flavor is very marked.

The balsam from the "chicle"-tree, from Central America, is used in making what is known as snapping-gum. It is very ductile when worked and moistened, and the process of making is similar to that of pulling taffy. The original gum exudes from the tree and forms in a mass sometimes several pounds in weight. Even in this natural state it would be a very satisfactory substance to keep the teeth at work. It cannot be worn out.

FUN.

COURTSHIP is a draw game—marriage is a tie.

A TEN-CENT aste is better than no relation at all.

MANY a mortgager, though poor in money, is rich in deed.

THE greatest fault of some bank cashiers seems to be de-fault.

IT'S a wise bird that knows its own feather when the milliner gets hold of it.

WHEN a man rushes from his club into the street in a towering passion it's an out-rage.

NEW YORK people are supposed to be ordinarily sharp, yet they are being continually taken in by French flats.

A PHYSIOGNOMIST says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.

"WELL, Billy," said an old farmer, "when you take off that 'ere hat and spit two or three times, there ain't much of you left, is there?"

WHEN a key was called for and the gentleman pulled out a corkscrew, some one remarked that that was the key that unlocked his gait.

PARNELL, the Irish agitator, pronounces his name with the accent on the first syllable. He wants to keep at par, and not sound his own bell.

HORT (lamenting): "The vintage is a dead failure, and no wine will be got this year." *Sympathizing Friend*: "Ah, it brings the water in one's eyes to think of it; but let's drink to its success."

PHELIM (to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen): "Dade, and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gettin' wid the shramees through the roof. Come outside, sorr; it's dhrier in the strate!"

AN INFANTILE SELL.—*Ejir*.—"Now I'm the clock. I'll tick, and you tell me when to strike, aunty! Tick—tick—tick—tick—tick," etc., etc. *Aunty*—"Now strike!" Effie boxes her aunty's ears.

"DO animals resist temptation?" asks *Popular Science*, and the editor theorizes on the subject for three hours, instead of going out and making a practical experiment by shaking a red rag at a goat.

A WASHERWOMAN, being such a regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. "Yes," said she, "after my hard day's work is done, I git so rested to come to church and sit and think about nothing."

"AND how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you were on the most friendly terms." "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

JOCKEY—"That horse knows me, sir. He always goes it when I'm behind him." *Stabbings* (who has a way of thinking aloud)—"Yes, I should think he would want to get away from you as fast as possible."

TRAVELER—"Here, waiter, take this steak away and give it to the poor. It's as tough as—" *Waiter blandly*—"We've never 'ad no complaints, sir." *Traveler*—"No; because that wretched old cow had 'em all."

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I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. One very skillful physician said he would rather not treat it, and some of them think now I am only cured temporarily. I think not, for I have not a particle of Salt Rheum about me, and my case is considered wonderful. My case has been the means of selling a great many of your Cuticura Remedies in this part of the country. Respectfully yours,

MRS. S. E. WHITTLE.

DECATUR, MICH., November 17th, 1878.

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Net Assets, January 1st, 1879 ..... $6,209,280.46

RECEIPTS.

Premium receipts	$1,054,861.11	
Interest receipts, etc	373,378.68	$1,428,239.79
Total		$7,737,820.25

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses and endowments	$468,691.79	
Dividends to policy-holders ..	224,819.23	
Lapsed and surrendered policies, etc.	197,357.41	
Commissions, salaries, medical fees, agency expenses, etc..	163,088.42	
Taxes, legal expenses, advertising, etc	61,423.16	$1,055,318.01
Net Assets, January 1st, 1880		$6,642,462.24

ASSETS.

U. S. 5 and 6 per cent. bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank, and other stocks, worth $2,635,175 50		$2,433,903.70
Mortgages, first liens on properties worth $6,230,200 00		3,445,394.53
Premium notes, secured by policies		679,168.51
Loans on collaterals, etc		253,7..0.05
Real estate, bought to secure loans, and Home Office		556,993 06
Cash on hand and in Trust Companies		275,067.39
Net ledger assets, as above ..		$6,642,462.24
Net deferred and unreported, premiums	$89,110.41	
Interest due and accrued	108,472.89	
Market value of stocks, etc., over cost	191,273.80	$ 388,857.10
Gross assets, January 1st, 1880		$7,031,319.34

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due ..	$ 122,135.00	
Reserve, at 4 per cent., to reinsure risks	5,726,561.00	
Dividends on unreported policies, etc	61,819.38	
Surplus 4 per cent. basis, ...	1,126,803.96	$7,031,319.34
Surplus at 4½ per cent. Pennsylvania and New York standard		$1,362,371.33
Number of policies in force		11,189
Amount at risk		$29,678,023.00

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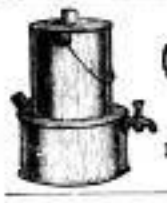


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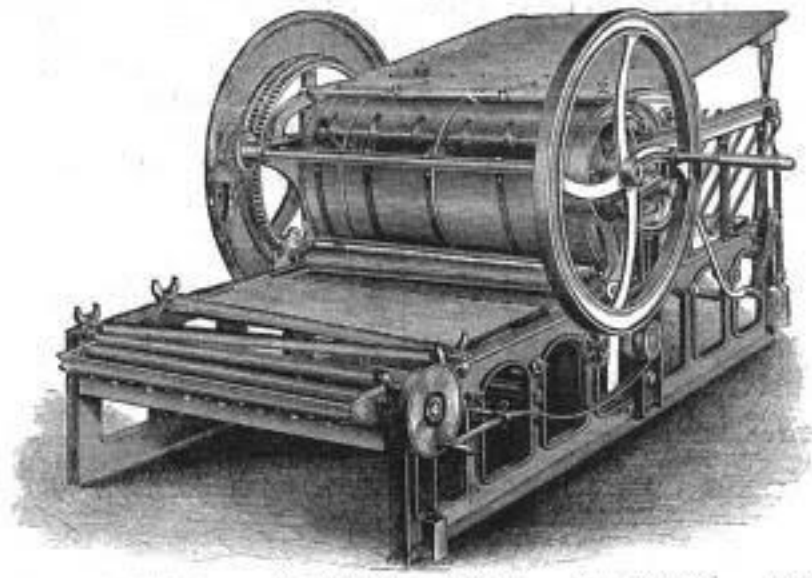
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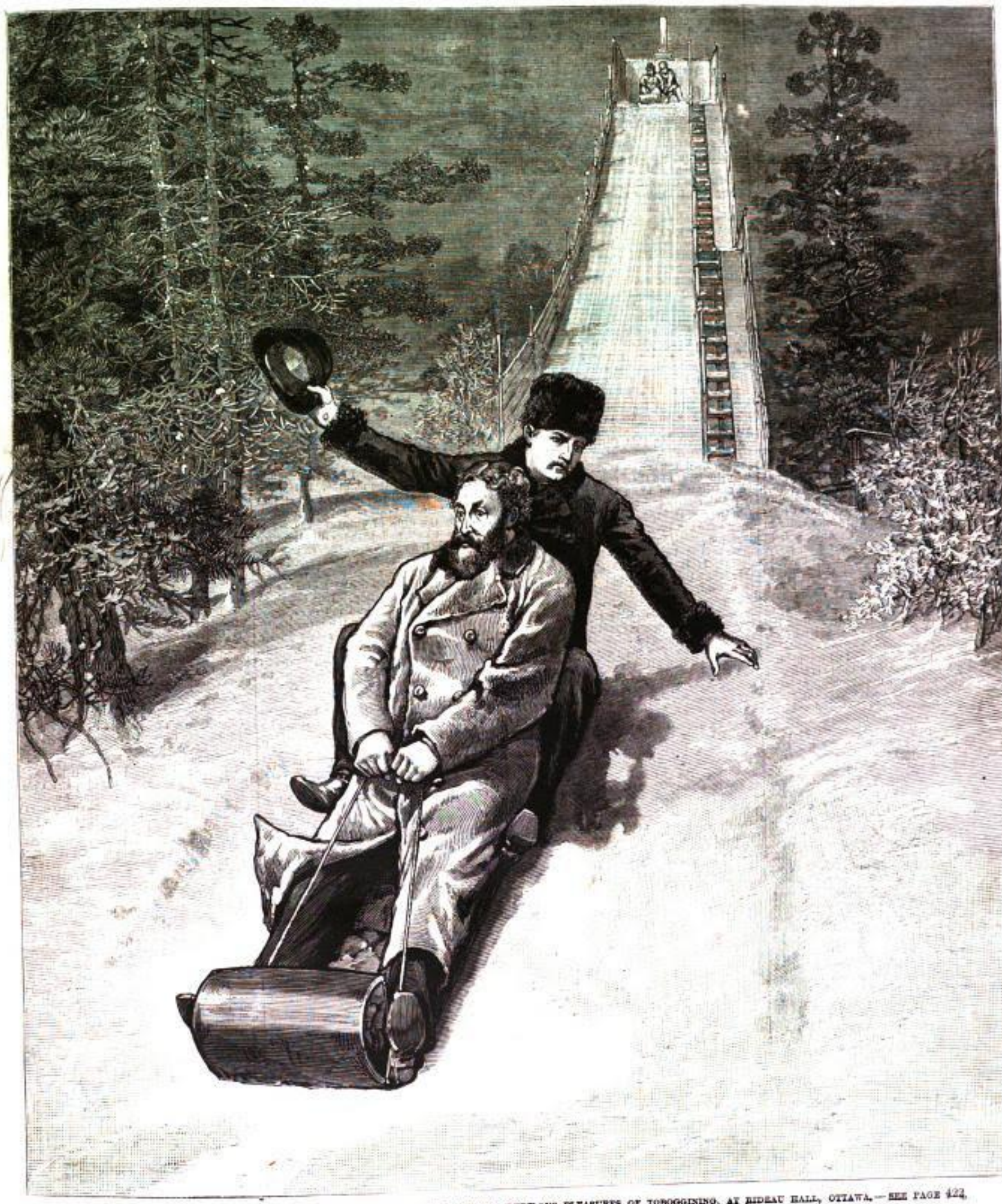
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CANADA.—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE INITIATING OUR CORRESPONDENT INTO THE PERILOUS PLEASURES OF TOBOGGINING, AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.—SEE PAGE 422.

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Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed, as heretofore, to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND,
ASSIGNEE.

THE MAINE EMBROGLIO.

THE embroglio in the executive and legislative organization of the State of Maine seemed for a moment to have reached a solution which might be regarded as final and conclusive. When Governor Garcelon and his council determined to throw out the returns from certain towns and precincts on mere questions of form, they betrayed a disposition to exalt the mere letter of the law over its spirit. It was well known that the people of Maine at the last election had chosen a majority of Republicans to compose the State Legislature. To defeat this will under color of adhering to the letter which kills, and at the sacrifice of the spirit which makes alive, was to incur a grave responsibility not only in the eyes of the citizens of Maine, but in the eyes of the whole American people, who cannot look with composure on the subversion of political and moral right. It was to revert to practices in other States which the sound sense of the nation had condemned.

It seems to be regarded by the advocates and abettors of the so-called "Fusion" Legislature that though on a final scrutiny of the case the merits of the questions at issue would have probably been decided in favor of the Republicans who were elected, but who failed to receive the due official certificates at the hands of the Governor and council, it is at the same time none the less true that the "Fusion" bearers of these certificates had a *prima facie* right to take their seats in the Legislature. On this theory it is held that the Republicans who claimed to have been fairly elected, and to have been illegally deprived of their certificates, could appear before the Legislature only as contestants after the Legislature had been duly organized by its certificated members.

There might have been some color of truth in this representation if, anterior to the meeting of the Legislature, Governor Garcelon had not submitted to the Supreme Court of Maine a series of questions designed to test the legality of the grounds on which the council had made its award of certificates. On questions formulated by the Governor himself the Supreme Court returned a series of answers which had for their effect to convict the council of error in all the essential rulings by which it had reached its decisions in the premises. It was an inevitable consequence of this action on the part of the Court that the odor of legality was at once transferred to the Republican members who had been unlawfully evicted of their seats, and the members of the "Fusion" Legislature, in attempting to effect an organization on the strength of certificates which had been pronounced invalid by the chief judiciary of the State, were guilty not only of imprudence but of something closely akin to political contumacy. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that, in pursuance of the opinions already foreshadowed, the Court should have subsequently thrown the ægis of legality over the constituents and organization of the Republican majority in both Houses, although their opinion in that case was not within the range marked out and was really extra-judicial. And just as little is it a matter of surprise that the Republican majority, supported in their claims and pretensions by the Supreme Court, should have proceeded to constitute themselves into the regular Legislature of the State, and to complete the organization of the Executive department by electing a Republican Governor under the forms prescribed by the Constitution of the State when there has been no choice by the people.

The spectacle now presented by the Pine Tree State, with a dual Executive and a dual Legislature, with excited partisans thronging the halls of the State House and trembling from day to day on the brink of anarchy, while a major-general of militia kept the peace, and preserved the public property of the State—this strange and novel spectacle is far from being one which the lover of law and order can contemplate with satisfaction. And yet there is one aspect of the case in which we can find some consolation for the unseemly and untoward exhibition. If recent events in Maine have put a fierce and unnatural strain on our political system, it is some compensation to know that the civil institutions of Maine seem adequate to weather the crisis without precipitating the people into the throes and agitations of a revolutionary struggle.

For days the State of Maine was without an Executive head and without a recognized Legislature; yet the whole body politic of the commonwealth was so instinct with the forces of a conscious political life that the currents of business and of social order moved on as before without shock and without intermission. It is only in communities which have attained to the stage of what Doctor Lieber has called "institutional liberty" that such a phenomenon could have been witnessed. When the political life is congested in the head, and not equally diffused through the entire organism of the State, such a stroke of political paralysis would have carried wreck and ruin through the whole system. But in Maine the presence of a major-general of militia, with only the *simulacrum* of a military force at his command, proved sufficient to meet the emergency thrust upon the State by a political squabble between its excited partisans contending for supremacy with more of heat than discretion.

It seems to us that Governor Chamberlain, in the difficult position he was called to fill, held the scales evenly between the "Fusionists" and their competitors. It will be gratifying to know that if the quivering balances of law and order have at length been righted and steadied in Maine, they have not been righted or steadied by laying a sword in the balance of one party against the balance held by the other party. If it is through some defects of form that the Republicans have attained to a control of the Legislature and to a possession of the Executive, it is only just to admit that the steps taken have the support of the supreme judiciary, and that the will of the people, as expressed through the ballot-box, has been substantially carried out, though with much more of friction and irregularity than it is pleasant to contemplate.

The case is one where a state of events has arisen of which the possibility was never contemplated by the framers of the State Constitution, and where neither party occupies a perfectly defensible position. It is a case calling for the exercise of the highest political wisdom, and, what is more, of the most thorough honesty.

It is greatly to be hoped that such deplorable conflicts as these, fought over the very palladium of American liberty, may not be drawn into precedent. To poison the ballot-box is to poison the very fountain of the nation's public life. To misread the returns of the ballot-box is to defraud the people of their best guarantee against revolutionary resorts, for the framers of our institutions supposed that they had shut the door against all such resorts when they opened a door for the redress of all grievances through the awards of the electoral urn.

LEAP YEAR.

LEAP YEAR is generally understood to be a necessity which arises from the unfortunate length of the year. Were the year precisely 360 days in length it could be nicely divided into twelve months of thirty days each, but as it consists of 365 days and a residue of certain odd hours, minutes and seconds, it becomes impossible to so divide it. Even if we were to divide it into five months of seventy-three days each, there would still be the exasperating remainder of hours, minutes and seconds, not to mention the fact that such a division would at once ruin the Quarterly Reviews and seriously interfere with the business of the Monthly Magazines. It has always been urged that since the length of the year is regulated by the sun, common decency requires that the moon should be recognized in the arrangement of the months. Thus all nations have agreed in making their months not much longer than the length of time occupied by the moon in revolving around the earth; but how to arrange twelve months in such a way as not to have any odd days and hours at the end of the year is a problem which has never yet been solved in a satisfactory way.

The Egyptians boldly grappled with the matter by making each of the twelve months thirty days in length. They thus at the end of the year, issued the remaining days as a supplement. The fault of this system was that, while it accounted for 365 days, it left the remaining five hours forty-eight minutes and fifty seconds unaccounted for. The result was that after a few years a new day made its mysterious appearance. This created in the popular mind a feeling of great uncertainty. It was felt by the Egyptian public that the year could not be trusted, and that if a new and unexpected day could thus turn up, there was no security that a new month might not suddenly appear and throw the entire business of the kingdom into disorder. The scientific men of the period tried to straighten things by issuing larger and larger supplements, but in time it became evident that the calendar must be reformed.

As every one knows, Julius Cæsar was the first man who invented leap-year. But he, too, made an error. He assumed that the year consisted of 365 days and six hours, which was eleven minutes and ten seconds too much. Of course, this error became more and more manifest as time went on, and when Pope Gregory XIII. made the first reformation of the calendar it was thought wise to drop no less than ten days from this particular year before taking a fresh start. This was perhaps necessary, but it was hard for the children whose birthdays came within the dropped days, whereby they lost all birthday parties and presents for that year. It was probably this consideration which prevented Russia from adopting the Gregorian reformation. Certainly the retention of the Julian calendar has given the Russian small boy a vast advantage over other European boys in the matter of Christmas. The children of the Duke of Edinburgh, for example, have the regular Christmas Day of England, and in addition they, of course, keep the Russian Christmas of their mother, twelve days later.

It was, doubtless, Pope Gregory who also invented the cheerful metrical table, beginning, "Thirty days hath September"; for, without the aid of this, it would have been obviously impossible for him to remember the peculiarities of the months. It is, however, wrong to credit him with the original invention of leap-year, an invention which was solely the work of Julius Cæsar. The Pope meant well, and, perhaps, did improve as well as reform the calendar, but for leap-year no responsibility attaches to him.

It must strike every man who loves order and exactness that the use of leap-year is, after all, a mere palliation. It is the compensation for an error and not the correction and total abolition of the error itself. The trouble in the calendar arises partly from the effort to show respect to both the sun and the moon, and partly from the impossibility of exactly dividing the year by twelve. The true scientific and manly way of meeting this difficulty would be to either reconcile the sun and moon, or to give to the year a number of days which could be divided into equal months without leaving a remainder.

The difficulty which exists in the fact that twelve lunar months do not make a year can be abolished by simply abandoning all reference to the moon in arranging the calendar. In the days when the moon was regarded as a goddess of exceptionable respectability—for that little scandal in connection with Endymion was never thoroughly investigated, and may be regarded as not proven—it was very proper to treat her with respect. But we have long ago ceased to believe in the divinity of the moon. Indeed, we have latterly learned that she is a dead planet, and her persistence in revolving around the sun, as if she were still alive, is believed by many astronomers to have no higher motive than a desire to avoid funeral expenses. A dead moon deserves no kind of consideration, and we should arrange our months without the slightest reference to her.

We can, then, so far as our relations with the moon are concerned, have as long or as short months as we please. People whose salaries are paid monthly will naturally want short months. If Mr. Denis Kearney were really a statesman, he would insist that all wages should be paid by the month instead of the day, and that there should be at least twenty-four months in the year. This would be merely an expansion of the principal of the Eight Hour Law, and it will sooner or later become one of the chief "planks" of the Communist Party. Science, however, need not concern herself with this. What science should endeavor to do is to give us a year which can be accurately divided into a reasonable number of symmetrical months.

No one can deny the scientific eminence of Professor Paddock, of Edinburgh. He does not believe in the existence of a God, of a future world, or of any distinction between morality and crime. Hence he must evidently be a scientific person of transcendent ability. This learned and gifted man proposed, just as an experiment, to try to extinguish Vesuvius by filling the crater with water. He thinks that if water enough is pumped into the crater the volcano will be extinguished, and that by a like process all existing volcanoes can be put out. If this be true, he has unconsciously hit on the true way to reform the calendar.

If we put out the volcanoes we put out at the same time the central fires of the earth. This will greatly hasten the cooling of the earth. In all probability the earth would become as cool in the course of three or four years as, in the ordinary course of things, she would become in a hundred thousand years. The shrinkage of the earth consequent upon cooling would be correspondingly rapid. Among the results of this shrinkage would be the increased velocity of the earth's motion and the shortening of the year.

What we ought to do is to turn water into the volcanoes until the cooling of the earth brings the year to the precise length of 360 days. We would then have twelve months of thirty days each, and there would be no need of leap-year. This would be a radical and scientific reformation of the calendar, and there is no doubt that Professor Paddock, now that it is suggested to him, will enthusiastically advocate it.

WHEN a man with many aliases acknowledges that while serving a term in Sing Sing he learned the "art of a boarding-house thief," and that within the seven months that have elapsed since his release he has committed twenty-two thefts in boarding-houses, there are people who will be anxious to know what kind of discipline is maintained in that institution.

IN the account of Mr. Frank Leslie's funeral published in our last issue, we inadvertently omitted mention of the presence of the officers of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this city, and delegates from a number of branch societies in this and other States. We particularly regret this omission because of the long and warm relations which had existed between Mr. Leslie and President Bergh.

THE authorities of Tennessee, appearing determined to check the escape of prisoners from their keepers, and at the same time to give a warrant for extreme means of retaining possession of convicts both in prison and while being conveyed from court to prison, have decided upon a law of great latitude. According to this new code an officer, having a prisoner in custody for felony who attempts to escape, will be excused for killing him if he cannot be otherwise retaken; but, if he can be otherwise retaken, in any case, without resort to such harsh measures, it will be at least manslaughter to kill him. But, in cases where the person slain is arrested or held in custody for a misdemeanor, and he fly or attempt to escape, it will be murder in the officer to kill him, although he can not be otherwise overtaken; yet, under some circumstances, it may be only manslaughter, as if it appear death was not intended. It is considered better to allow one guilty only of a misdemeanor to escape altogether than to take his life.

A SUIT, understood to be of a friendly character, is to be instituted by the Insurance Commissioner of Missouri to determine the legal right of benevolent societies to engage in life insurance business. This proceeding will be watched by thousands of families throughout the United States, because it is directed from some motive against the popular Orders of Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor, and many others of a similar character, which have of late years transacted a large and extremely satisfactory business in a cheap and simple form of life insurance. In addition to the old established Orders, new ones are springing up every year or two for the express purpose of affording an inexpensive method of making pecuniary provisions for wives and children after the death of the members. Almost every trade organization now has its insurance feature. The associations within the societies are, in general, successful. The members join freely, having greater confidence in the officers they associate with weekly or oftener than in those of public companies they seldom see. They know that none of the profits are devoted to the erection and furnishing of business palaces, and they know that the amount insured for will be paid promptly without any contest, fee or reservation. Thousands of men belonging to one or more such associations are now carrying insurance varying from $500 to $7,000, at an annual cost of from $5 to $75 per year. The usual rate is $1 or $1.10 on a death, and the amount of insurance is either $1 for every member at the time of a death, if the membership is not limited, or from $1,000 to $3,000 where the membership is limited or classified. It will thus be seen that this form of insurance is the cheapest and the simplest of any of which a man can take advantage. Many societies that could be mentioned have accumulated handsome assets in the long years of their existence. All such funds are being returned to the members in dividends on each

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death, thereby reducing the cost of assessment, inciting greater interest among the beneficiaries, and giving to the societies more of the mutual benefit character. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that the proposed proceedings in St. Louis should be watched by a great army of provident men in every section of the country.

THERE is much rejoicement over the length and breadth of the little kingdom of Belgium at the news that a Belgian trading station, the first, has been established by the intrepid Henry M. Stanley in Congo, near Yallala. This place being claimed by both England and Portugal, Belgium's pretensions may lead to what diplomatists are pleased to term "complications."

THE St. Gothard tunnel will soon be an accomplished fact. A few days ago there only remained about 404 metres of rock to be cut through; and as the average daily progress has latterly been 4 metres 70 centimetres, a pretty accurate calculation can now be made when communication, in the heart of the mountain, can be opened between Goeschenen and Airolo.

DESPITE the terrible distress in the Green Isle, there are many of the landlords who are looking to their "tops and leathers" in order to enjoy a "run" with the Empress of Austria during her month's sojourn at Her Imperial Majesty's hunting seat in Royal Meath. Those who "know you know" say that the Emperor is furious with his handsome and hard-riding wife—that measures to compel the willful lady to do her fox-hunting within the compass of her own realms are in active preparation. It does seem so strange that Her Majesty should thus annually expatriate herself, despite the remonstrances of her husband and the flouts of her subjects, for the purpose of what?

THE Princess Louise, who is now speeding across the high seas to the expectant Laird of Lorne, on the occasion of her departure from Liverpool on Friday last, came nearer to seeing the very last of her royal brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, than she anticipated. As the dispatch-boat *Lively*, with the heir-apparent and Prince Alfred on board, was returning from the steamer *Sarmatian*, the *Lively* collided with the British ship *Arnot Lyle*, piercing the side of the *Lyle*. Luckily for the house of Guelph, the *Lively* was constructed of steerner stuff than the *Lyle*. The yachts of the royal family have an unhappy knack of running down other craft. The man at the wheel must evidently be of opinion that there is a royal road on sea as well as on land.

THE new Army Bill, which will fix the footing of the German army for a term of seven years, will be submitted to the Reichstadt next session. This Bill, which proposes so largely to increase the war strength in piping times of peace, is considerably exercising the war departments of European Governments. If the German army is to be increased, why not the French, the Austrian, the Russian, the Italian and the English? Young blood in command is the order of the day in Germany, and the old generals are to make way for younger but—query?—better men. General Sherman, in an interview with the artistic correspondent of this journal, could not see why England had only one general—to wit, Sir Garnet Wolseley. The hero of the "March to the Sea" had no fault to find with Germany on this score.

OF the 5,000,000 acres under vines in France 1,000,000 have been totaly destroyed, and 500,000 more have been attacked. This means that France produces an average of about 1,300,000,000 gallons of wine, the value of which is estimated at $400,000,000. The only vines impervious to the attacks of the phylloxera are our own; this immunity is, as is alleged, owing to the toughness of their skins. It may therefore happen that America will not only supply the world with food, but with wine also. *Apropos* of wine during the last ten months, the consumption in gallons in the British Islands has been as follows: Sherry, 3,319,000; port, 2,392,000; claret, 3,463,000; champagne, 1,171,000; Spanish red wine, 852,000; other kinds, 1,193,000 gallons. The port wine drinkers have not entirely disappeared off the face of the earth.

WHO would be a Pontentate! It is the Sultan now who is in abject dread of assassination. The Pashas around him, aware of this, persuade him that, if he introduces reforms either political, social, or religious, he will offend the fanatical portion of his subjects and provoke retaliation. The Pashas themselves care no more for the Koran than they do for the works of Confucius, but they cleverly confound together a pretended regard for Mahomet and a very real regard for their own pockets. Queen Victoria is guarded by a posse of detectives armed to the teeth, and the ruler of the Empress of India, Lord Beaconsfield, has lately been so repeatedly worried by threatening letters that he has felt it his duty to place them in the hands of the Chief Constable of his county, who has deemed it advisable to place almost a cordon of police round Hughenden.

THERE is no longer the redeeming influence of novelty in misplaced switches, in fact the repetition becomes monotonous, and unless a director gets killed, and half a dozen prominent officials sent to Sing Sing, the burden of the old song will continue to be droned. In the case of the recent accident on the L. railroad, an engine jumped the track, despite the wooden guard rails so stoutly vaunted by the officials, falling into the street below. Had the accident occurred at any of those hours when the trains are crowded, the loss of life would have been awful. Who is in fault on this occasion? A misplaced switch! Who misplaced it? Possibly an overworked, weary pointsman. If the accident is due to the niggardliness of the company in not providing sufficient and intelligent supervision, then the company may perhaps find to their cost that it would be more economical to man the switches.

SPAIN managed to retain Cuba at a vast outlay of life and means; but the island does not prove to be a possession without burdens. She is endeavoring to negotiate a special loan for Cuba, inasmuch as the Minister of the Colonies at the last Cabinet Council of the Spanish Premier informed his colleagues that the deficit of the Colonial Treasury had increased from $5,000,000 to $9,000,000, owing to the war expenses. The new loan cannot be based on the customs revenue, as that is already pledged for fourteen years, and the levying of new taxes in any shape or form seems impossible.

THE Royal Academy has been at length, under certain restrictions, opened to the gentler sex, thanks to the genius of Elizabeth Thompson. That many "old women" exist among the Academicians goes without saying, but this step in the right direction will cause a throb of exultation in many an aspiring bosom. It is rather hard upon the female embryo R. A.'s to be excluded from the annual banquet, and the deprivation of the right to vote at elections will form the subject of a very substantial grievance. However, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and once the ladies obtain official footing the dinner and vote will follow as a matter of course.

ON Friday, January 23d, there was no session of the United States Senate. In the House the following public business was transacted: Mr. Horr, of Michigan, pronounced this epitaph upon Mr. Cox, of New York:

"Beneath this slab lies the great Sam Cox,
Who was wise as an owl and brave as an ox;
Think it not strange his turning to dust,
For he swelled and he swelled till he finally 'bust.'
Just where he has gone, or just how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares;
But wherever he is, be he angel or elf,
Be sure, dear reader, he's puffing himself."

Which was called forth by an epitaph of Mr. Cox on Mr. Horr:

"Here lies the body of Congressman Horr,
'Tis Greece, but living grease no more. *Requiescat.*"

Then the curtain was rung down.

GLAD tidings of great joy for Mr. Bergh. Lady Burdett-Coutts has just ordered a medal for kindness to animals, to be awarded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. A group of creatures, horse, cow, donkey, goat, pig, monkey, dog and cat, is to appear on one side, and a figure of the Queen on the other. Her Most Gracious Majesty is certainly the patroness of the Society; but glimpses are given in her own journal of a state of feeling which can scarcely be considered maudlinly sentimental, to say the least. She sympathized much with her husband in the chase of the stag, but never, by any chance, with the stag himself, even when he got away wounded. And few people now remember the genuine stir of public feeling which put a speedy stop to the Prince Consort's introduction of the German *battue*—a horrible spectacle of slaughter—the deer were driven into a narrow inclosure, and the Prince sat and shot them, the Queen smiling by. But the English, who are not always very particular, would not stand that, and said so.

THERE is but little doubt that Home Rule is a question that is rapidly drifting within the scope of practical politics. An agrarian agitation which the Government is wholly impotent to stem, an impending famine which the Government is making no adequate preparation to deal with, are not by any means ill calculated to bring about this result. It is very far from improbable that before the Winter is over we shall find coroners' juries, summoned to ascertain the cause of death of people who have died of hunger, returning verdicts of "Willful murder against Lord Beaconsfield." It is, moreover, unfortunately almost certain that before the Winter is over many a man who now "owns land" in Ireland will have come, by means of a violent death, to own no more of it than some six feet by three. Ireland asks to be allowed to manage her own affairs; first, on the ground that she understands her own affairs better than England does. This may or may not be true, but it is not altogether improbable, for English politicians of both parties have been driven once and again to confess that they can "make neither head nor tail" of Irish affairs. The rumor gains ground that Parliament will be dissolved before Easter. If yea, at the present crisis in Ireland, Home Rule must get a fair and impartial hearing.

NO, THE English Government will not expend a shilling in public or any other works to relieve the starving Irish if they can possibly help it. "Jimmy" Lowther, the unpopular Chief Secretary for Ireland, was waited upon by 4,000 unemployed laborers of Dublin at "the Castle" upon Thursday last. These needy and desperate men spoke for the thousands dependent upon their exertions, begging, not for alms, but for work. The well-paid official expressed an icy word sympathy, but could not see in what manner the Government could give employment. The Corporation of Cork have undertaken to bell the cat by asking for a loan of $500,000 for carrying out a scheme of sewage and paving. If the Government refuse to lend the money, Cork will know the reason why! A deputation of the Dublin Mansion House Committee has been appointed to wait on the Lord Lieutenant, with a view to urging the Government to forthwith provide seed of various kinds for the destressed and driven farmers. The Duke of Marlborough will sympathize with the deputation, inform them that he will communicate with the Cabinet sitting in London, and—bow them out. The Duchess means well, but, as Mr. Parnell has said, money passing through Dublin Castle cannot lose its political stamp.

FEDERAL legislators appear to regard our time-honored and much-quoted Constitution as being in a decidedly bad way. So, during the present session, they have formulated the following prescriptions, which, in the course of time, they will endeavor to have applied. In the form of joint resolutions proposed amendments are now on the calendar of both Houses, providing—*first*, that general appropriation Bills shall contain nothing but appropriations; *second*, that the President shall have power to disapprove of any separate item of a Bill without thereby defeating the whole Bill; *third*, that the official terms of President and Vice-President be extended to six years, making such officers ineligible for more than one term consecutively, and limiting the terms of Members of Congress to three years; *fourth*, that polygamy be prohibited in the United States and in all places subject to the Federal jurisdiction; *fifth*, that power be given to Congress to grant exclusive right to adopt and use trade-marks; *sixth*, that the right of suffrage in the United States shall be based on citizenship, and the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex, or for any reason not equally applicable to all citizens of the United States; and, *seventh*, that the election of President and Vice-President be hereafter by a majority of the votes of the people, and that the Electoral College be abolished. It would be bad, indeed, if those innovations were necessary. If Members of Congress would cease special legislation, and keep partisan or sectional "riders" off the appropriation Bills, and if the officers charged with executing the laws as they find them would do so promptly and impartially, we could get along very well without any further additions to the Constitution.

XLVITH CONGRESS—IID SESSION.

MONDAY, *January 19th.*—SENATE—A resolution was introduced requesting the President to invite foreign maritime powers to co-operate with the United States in the establishment of an interoceanic canal, and the maintenance of its neutrality. A Constitutional amendment was proposed providing that the right of suffrage in the United States shall be based on citizenship, and the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex, or for any reason not equally applicable to all citizens of the United States. Discussion was had on the Bill to prevent cruelty to animals in transportation. HOUSE—A Constitutional amendment was proposed providing for the election of President and Vice-President by a majority of the votes of the people, and for the abolition of the Electoral College. The use of the hall of the House was granted for an address by Mr. Parnell.

TUESDAY, *January 20th.*—SENATE—The House Bill to admit free of duty articles for exhibition at the forthcoming Miller's Convention at Cincinnati was taken up and passed. Two more recusant witnesses were discharged. In order to meet the requirements of the many amendments to the Bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it was recommitted in order that a new Bill may be reported. HOUSE—The proposed Constitutional amendment presented to the Senate yesterday, in regard to the abridgment of citizenship, was introduced to-day. A Bill to appropriate $500,000 to be expended under the direction of the President and Secretary of State for the relief of the famine-stricken Irish was presented. The Bill requiring the National Banks to retain one-half their reserve in coin was taken up and discussed at length.

WEDNESDAY, *January 21st.*—SENATE—The joint resolution for the withdrawal of the legal-tender power of United States notes was taken up and debated warmly to the hour of adjournment. HOUSE—Majority and minority reports were submitted by the Committee on Military Affairs on the Bill for the relief of General Fitz-John Porter. The Committee on Appropriations reported a Bill for the payment of fees of marshals and deputy-marshals for the year ending June 30th, 1880, which was ordered printed and recommitted. The consideration of the Bill relative to National Bank reserves was resumed, but the Bill went over without having reached a vote.

THURSDAY, *January 22d.*—SENATE—Bills were introduced to protect the navigability of navigable rivers and to provide for the further distribution of the Geneva Award, and resolutions asking for information as to whether any Indian Commissioner had been interested in an Indian contract, and also in regard to grants of land made to railroad companies but liable to forfeiture for non-fulfillment of agreement. Further discussion was had on the joint resolution on United States notes, after which the Senate adjourned to January 26th. HOUSE—The Bank Reserve Bill was promptly taken up, and after debate the amendments proposed by the committee providing that the coin reserves of National Banks shall be kept in their own vaults was rejected by a vote of 33 to 19. A vote was then taken on ordering the engrossing and third reading of the Bill, which showed 78 yeas and 138 nays, consequently the order was not made and the Bill was killed. In Committee of the Whole the House resumed consideration of proposed revision of the rules.

FRIDAY, *January 23d.*—HOUSE.—No public business was transacted.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ARTHUR P. GORMAN has been elected United States Senator in Maryland, General Gibson in Louisiana, and Judge George in Mississippi.

ON January 20th 50,000 shares of Central Pacific Railroad stock were sold to a New York Syndicate, with an option for 50,000 more within six months.

THE jury in the Hayden trial at New Haven failed to agree upon a verdict, standing eleven to one for acquittal, and were discharged on January 19th.

AN Adventist preacher at New Hampton, Iowa, is believed by the people of that town to have repeated the Pocasset (Mass.) horror and sacrificed his son.

THE House Banking and Currency Committee has refused to postpone the consideration of questions relating to the legal-tender quality of the greenback until next December.

THE United States Courts have decided that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is not liable for damage done to merchandise held by that corporation during the Pittsburg riots in 1877.

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN of Kentucky, who is a physician by profession, has pardoned eighty-seven convicts in the State Prison on account of its unhealthy and overcrowded condition.

PRESIDENT HAYES, on January 9th, sent to the Senate the nominations of James Russell Lowell to be Minister to England; John W. Foster, Minister to Spain, and Philip H. Morgan, Minister to Mexico.

THE Indian Appropriation Bill, as agreed upon by the sub-committee, appropriates $4,692,000, which is $300,000 less than the estimates of the department, and $20,000 less than the appropriation of last year.

THE State Department has received documents signed for the Venezuelan Government by its Minister in Paris, which substantially make over that republic to the General Transatlantic Company of Paris, of which M. Fereire is the President.

IN Maine the Republican Legislature has declared that the State Government is fully established. The party has control of the capital, and the Governor of its choice has been recognized by General Chamberlain. It is reported that the Fusionists will propose new questions to the Supreme Court.

ON January 23d the Republican Governor of Maine ordered the Capitol to be garrisoned by military, evidently fearing an attack by the Fusionists before morning. The committee appointed to suggest a future course of action presented to the Fusionist Legislature at Union Hall a full statement of their case, accompanied by five questions for the Supreme Court touching the legality of the Fusion Legislature.

Foreign.

A VAST amount of property has been destroyed and 100 lives lost by a fire at Tokio, Japan.

THE Spanish Chamber of Deputies has approved the Bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba.

THE Cuban delegates in the Spanish Congress will demand tariff reforms and an extension of the privileges of the coasting trade.

THE Cauca Valley in New Granada has been visited by floods, causing loss of life and damage to property amounting to about $1,000,000.

A RUMOR has gained currency that it is the intention of the Japanese Government to discriminate against the United States in the tariff laws.

M. DESPREZ, the present head of the Political Department of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Ambassador to the Vatican.

MINISTER LAYARD has telegraphed to Lord Salisbury that help is urgently needed in Mosul, where the people have been obliged to sell their children to procure food.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted urgency for the motion of M. Blanc in favor of granting full amnesty to all persons condemned for acts committed under the Commune.

A TELEGRAM to the Berlin official *Gazette* says the conflict in the Samoan Islands is ended. The Prussian Minister of Finance asserts that the German interest in Samoa must be supported by German energy and resources.

THE bodies of upwards of fifty of the victims of the explosion in the Lycett Colliery at Newcastle-under-Lyne, on January 21st, have been recovered. Of twelve persons who were got out of the mine alive five have died.

TWO SHOCKS of an earthquake were felt in Havana for the first time on the night and morning of January 22d and 23d. No damage was done in the city, but a number of buildings fell at San Christobel, twelve miles away.

IN consequence of the frequent discovery of excavations and of fissures in a number of houses, it is believed that the City of Odessa, Russia, is undermined and threatened with serious danger. A commission has therefore been formed to conduct investigations underneath the town.

THE Mexican Government has ordered the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec to be refitted for the reception of General Grant and party. The castle is about two miles from the city, overlooking the entire Mexican Valley and the City of Mexico. A house is also being prepared in the city to enable the party to alternate between the town and country.

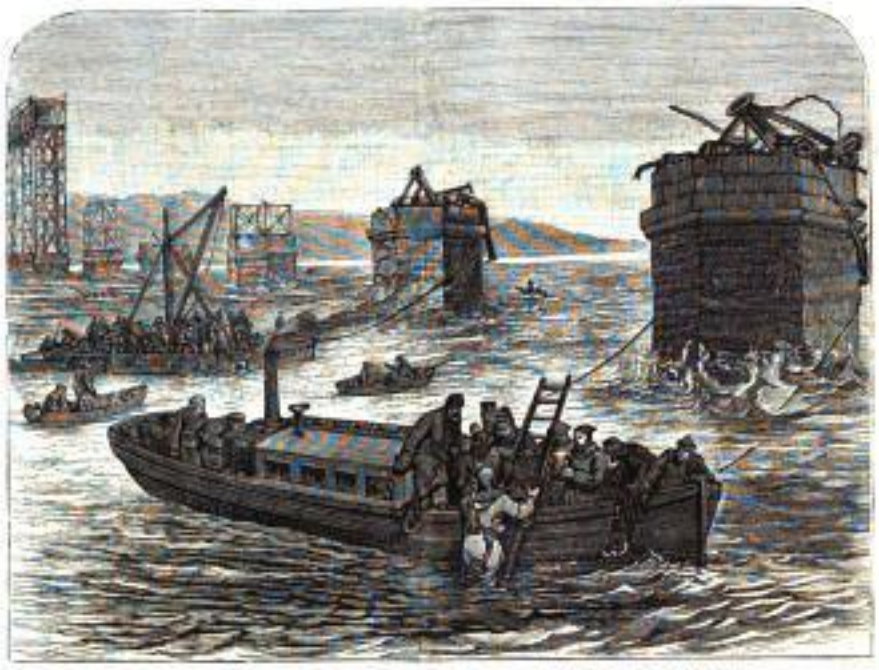
THE new *Prussian Cross Gazette* denounces as a pure fabrication the statement of *L'Europe*, of Brussels, of the 19th instant, that Russia had addressed notes to the Governments at Vienna and Berlin expressing a willingness to withdraw her troops now concentrated upon the western frontier if the presence of these troops is a source of uneasiness to the cabinets of Austria and Germany.

DON NICOLAS DE PIEROLA, having assumed the supreme command of the Republic of Peru, under the title of Supreme Chief, proceeded to organize his Cabinet, composed of the following gentlemen: Secretary of the Treasury, Don Manuel A. Barinaga; Secretary of War, Colonel Miguel Iglesias; Secretary of the Navy, Captain Manuel Villar; Secretary of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship, Don Pedro José Calderon; Secretary of the Interior, Don Nemesio Orbegoso; Secretary of Justice, Dr. Federico Panizo; Secretary of Public Works, Don Mariano Echegaray.

JANUARY 23d being the Saint-day of the King of Spain, a grand official reception was held at the Palace at Havana, attended by members of the municipality and the superior military and naval officers in full uniform, and the foreign Consuls. General Callejas, Vice-Governor General, held the reception, as usual, in the Throne-room, Generals Grant and Sheridan and Colonel Fred Grant assisting by the side of General Callejas. The ladies of the visiting party witnessed the reception from an adjoining saloon, no ladies being permitted to attend such official receptions.

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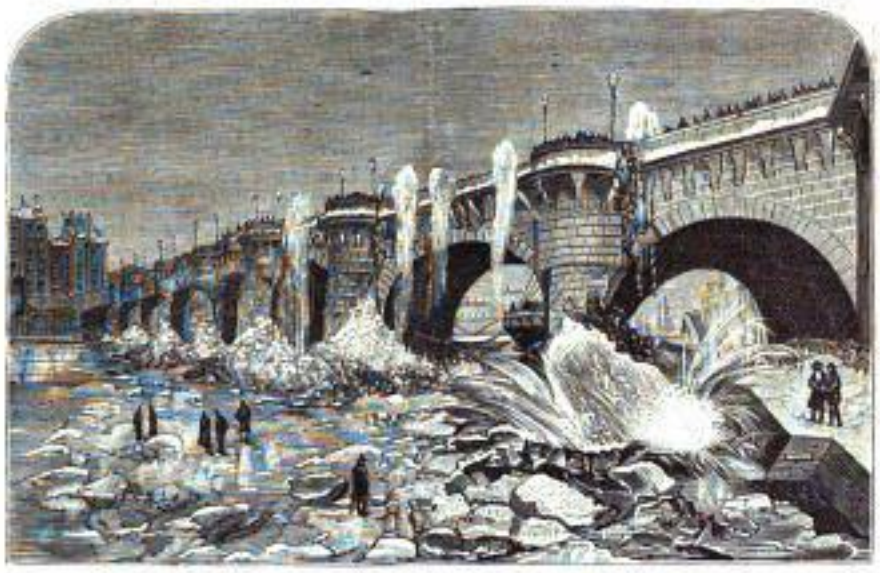
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



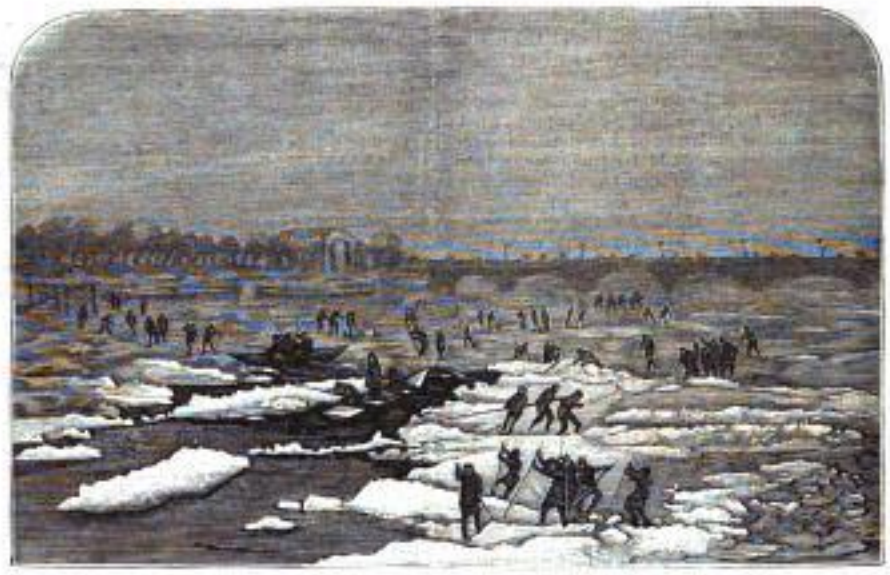
SCOTLAND.—DIVING OPERATIONS AFTER THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.



SCOTLAND.—GATHERING PIECES OF THE WRECK AT BROUGHTY FERRY.



FRANCE.—VIEW OF THE SEINE AT THE PONT NEUF, PARIS.



FRANCE.—BREAKING UP THE ICE AT THE PONT DES INVALIDES.



AFRICA.—THE EX-ZULU KING AT THE CASTLE, CAPE TOWN.



INDIA.—THE WATER FESTIVAL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY IN BURMAH.

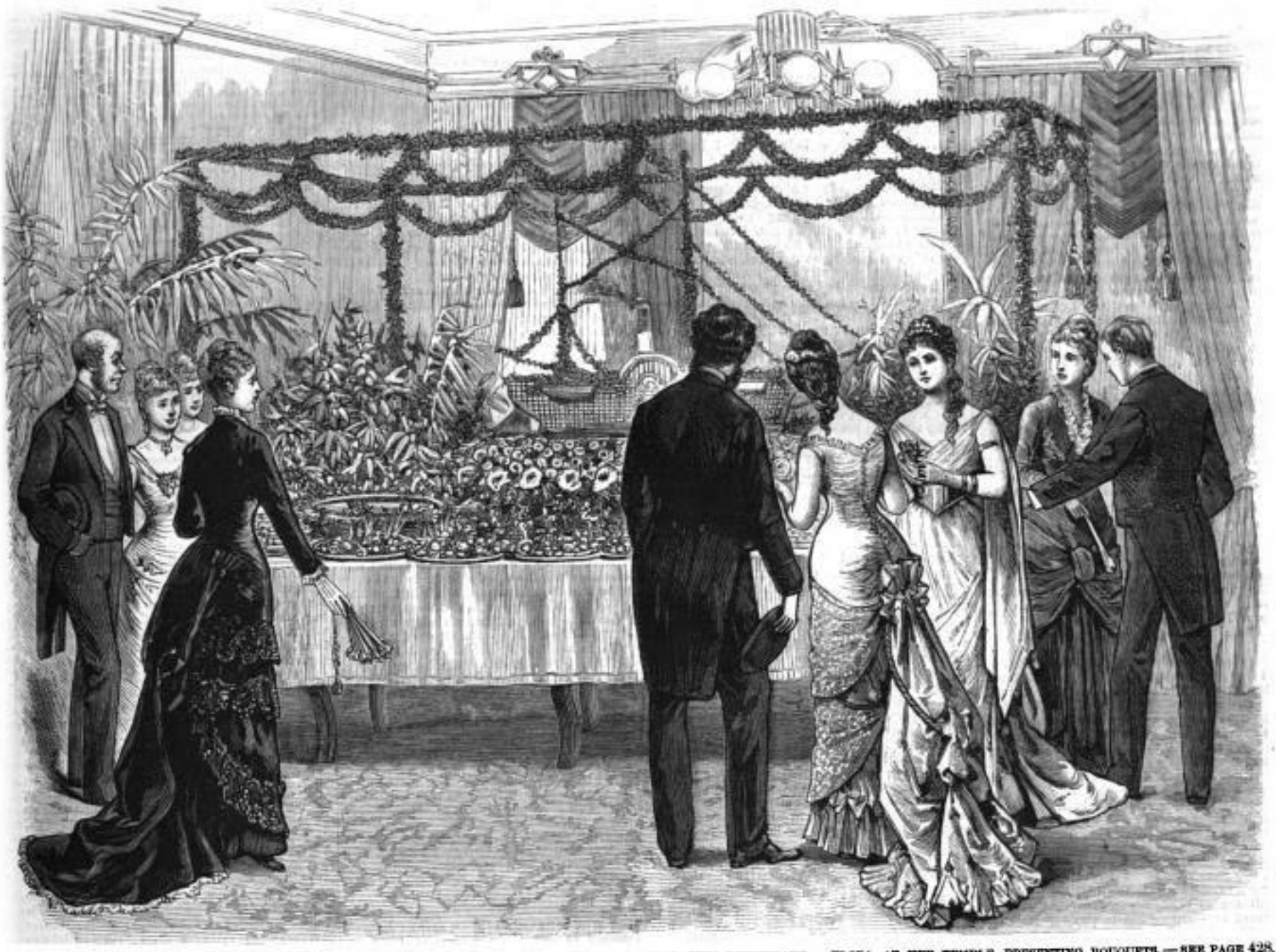


ITALY.—DISTRIBUTING MARRIAGE PORTIONS TO POOR GIRLS AT ROME.

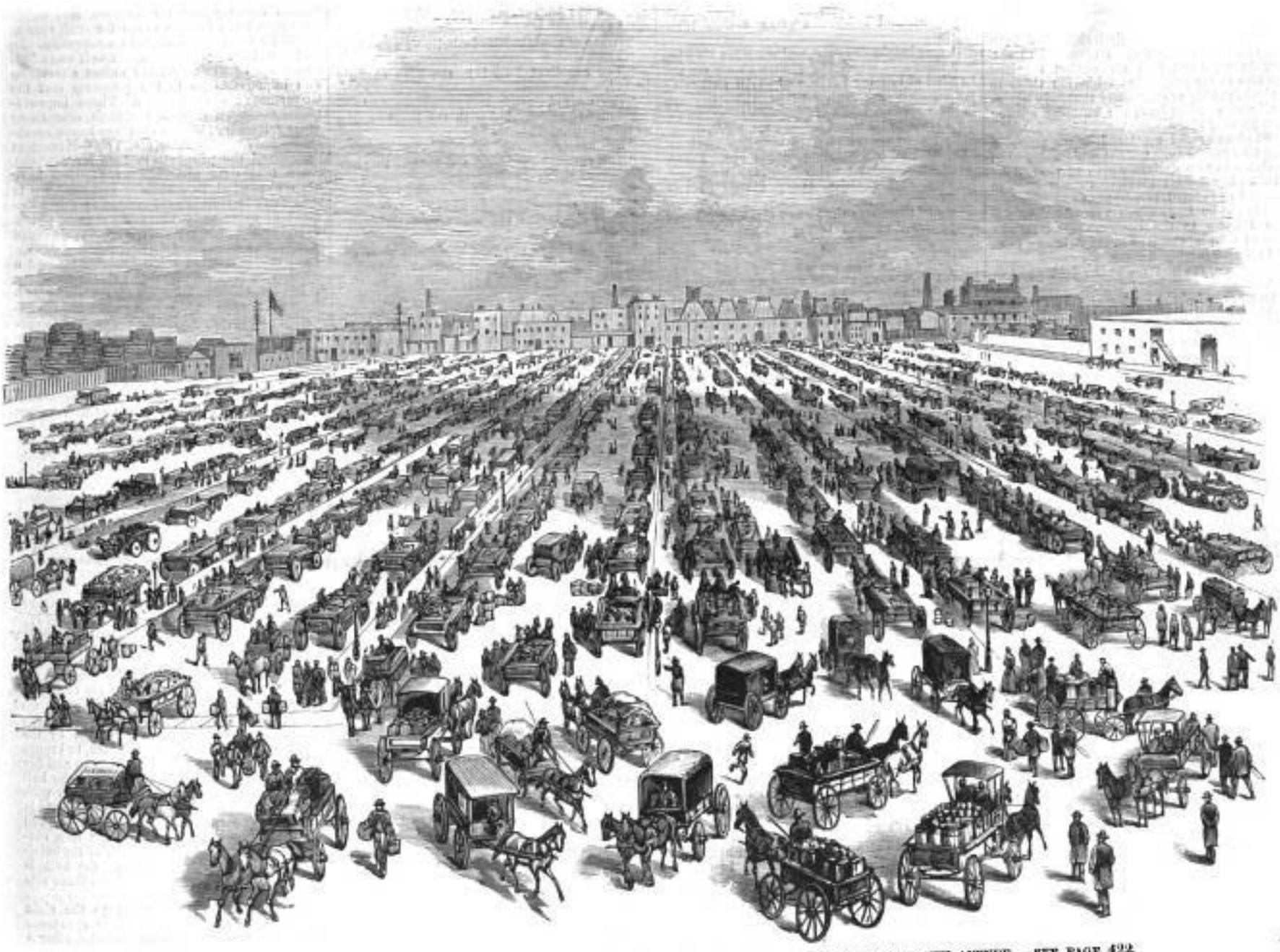


SPAIN.—LAST ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE KING ALFONSO.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL FLOWER PARTY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NORTHEASTERN HOMEOPATHIC DISPENSARY—FLORA, AT HER TEMPLE, PRESENTING BOUQUETS.—SEE PAGE 428.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MARKETMEN'S EXCITEMENT—VIEW OF THE NEW MARKET STAND FOR FARMERS ON TENTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 422.

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A VERY REMARKABLE DISPATCH.

IT was a grilling day in the July of 1876, as I sauntered into the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on Broadway, for the purpose of sending a dispatch to my friend, George Moyers, the artist, who implored of me to join him *instanter* at West Point, where he had pitched his tent for the purpose of doing a picture or two of the scenes enacted in that romantic locality during the glorious war of Independence.

I am a lawyer, and in '76 was a "rising junior." I had been fagging cruelly, sparing myself no amount of labor, and when on that July day my longed-for vacation was at hand, I felt like a school-boy about to get away for the real genuine holidays.

As I approached the grating and awaited my turn to pop in the message, I became interested in a young lady, richly but plainly attired, whose svelte figure was simply perfection, and whose golden hair was wound round the back of her graceful head in massive and luxurious plaits. Of course any man of a certain age obeys the impulse which bids him gaze on a fair face or a faultless form—it is but Nature's tribute to the beautiful—and in mere obedience to this mysterious law, I strained eagerly forward to obtain a glimpse of her features, but without success.

"When will this message be forwarded?" she asked, in a low and musical voice.

The clerk muttered something that I could not hear.

"Oh, I hope it will go at once. How much am I to pay?"

The phlegmatic employé proceeded to count the words, and announced that the message would cost two dollars.

The young lady put her hand to her pocket, started, colored violently, became deadly pale, and palpitated:

"I have left my purse at home. What am I to do?"

The clerk bit his pencil and said nothing.

"I live out of town, and the message would be too late," and in her perplexity she turned and faced me.

She was very charming. Lustrous violet-blue eyes, and long, sweeping lashes—eyes sad yet joyous, bright yet tender. A delicately formed nose, slightly *retroussé*, which imparted a piquancy to the face such as one only sees in Greuze's ravishing portraits. Luscious lips and pearly teeth. Her golden hair came low upon her forehead, and she wore a hat surmounted by a rich dark-blue feather that almost swung across her shoulders.

My voice was scarcely audible as I said:

"I beg your pardon. I inadvertently heard your conversation with the clerk. Will you permit me to relieve you from any embarrassment by allowing me to pay for the dispatch?"

She started as I spoke, and, bestowing upon me a haughty glance that almost amounted to defiance, exclaimed:

"We are strangers, sir, and I cannot accept your offer, however courteously meant," and she turned from me.

I felt nettled and strangely irritated. A keen sense of injury smote me. I resolved to act. Plunging my hand into my pocket, I seized upon two silver dollars, and, flinging them to the clerk, gruffly cried, "Send that lady's message," and, striding from the building, sprang into a passing stage.

"What an ass," I muttered, as we rumbled along up Broadway. "What a blooming idiot to indulge in two dollars worth of chivalry." And then her defiant loveliness came back to me, and I felt elated, triumphant.

She might be Lady Clara Vere de Vere for aught I knew to the contrary; but be she gentle or simple, she was in my debt, and she owed me two mighty dollars.

George Moyers met me at the dock at West Point.

"You never beheld such a charming ranch as I have dropped on!" he exclaimed, as we strolled up the hill. "It's all honeysuckle and sunshine, and birds whistling, and a rustic porch over every window, and a Summer-house instead of a stoop, and a landscape in every corner, and such lager, ah!" And he joyously kissed the tips of his fingers as he waved them in the direction of our temporary homestead.

Our ranch was all that George had painted it, commanding a view of the lordly Hudson, with its glorious and varied scenery. As we sat on the stoop lazily smoking our cigars, I related my adventure with the "Fair One with the Golden Locks."

"Why, I used to think you a hard-headed, shrewd, solid business man," laughed George, "but now I shall never see a two dollar bill that I will not think of my friend Tom Kendrick loafing around telegraph-offices for the purpose of paying for the dispatches of damsels who have forgotten their purses."

Our life at West Point was an enchanting monotony—a plunge in the river at seven, breakfast at nine, no letters to read or write—thank heaven—a prolonged smoke. George sketched, I read a trashy novel, with the full knowledge that it was rubbish of the most uncompromising description, but exulted in its flimsy fiction nevertheless; and then to the dock to meet the steamer—this act, together with that of attending evening parade at the Point, we regarded in common with all the guests at Cozzens's Hotel, and indeed of the village, in the light of a serious duty; and be the weather fair or foul, wet or dry, stormy or calm, the arrival of the boat found us on the dock, like a pair of detectives, awaiting the landing of some party telegraphed as "wanted."

Six weeks had glided away as though I had been in dreamland, and the hour was not far distant which was to summon me to work. The shadow of New York was upon me.

One exquisite afternoon found us, as usual, on the lookout for the boat *en route* to Albany. Tourists from all climes under the sun were passing backwards and forwards, and George's excuse for gazing at the pretty girls was on the plea of "studying character."

"I never saw such a colorless lot," growled my companion, as the boat commenced to glide from the dock. "As ugly as—ah, that's something over there in deep mourning—the girl with the hay-colored hair."

My heart leaped.

It was the young lady whom I had encountered at the telegraph-office.

My eyes caught hers and she flushed.

The boat was passing along the dock.

She spoke rapidly to her companion, a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, towards whom, in that single instant, I conceived a deadly aversion. This man instantly quitted her side and rushing to the stern of the boat shouted:

"Your name and address; I want to get out of your debt"—his tone as though he were addressing a lackey.

"You are not in my debt," I defiantly retorted.

The boat had almost passed from the dock.

He sprang upon a seat, and rapidly wrapping a silver dollar in a greenback, I know not of what value, cried, as he flung it:

"Catch! Debt with interest and thanks."

The boat had passed away from the dock. I was not the "boss" baseball-player in the Manhattan Club without being able to make a fair catch. I caught his missile as it came flying through the air. With all my strength I sent it spinning back to him. It struck him, and a savage thrill of pleasure ran through me as I saw him apply a handkerchief to his face.

The steamboat had passed away, and my heart's longings were with that fair girl who was being borne from me, whither I could not tell.

What was this haughty beauty to me? What link between us. None, save an act for which a newly-breeched schoolboy would flout me. Her husband, too. Strange to say, I never admitted the possibility of her being united to *that* man—whenever the thought came to the surface, I did not give it breathing time, but sent it down to the unfathomable depths of undefined idea.

"A letter for you, sir," exclaimed our landlady, the morning but one after my *rencontre*, handing me a square mourning envelope, with a monogram in scarlet and gold. The superscription was in an unknown female hand. I hesitated before opening it. It must be from *her*. I studied the monogram but it was as undecipherable as the hieroglyphics on the night-gown of the last of the Ptolemies. At last I tore open the envelope. The letter ran thus:

"Miss Jones begs to thank Mr. Kendrick"—it was from *her*—"for his great kindness in saving her pug from drowning in the Hudson on last Thursday, and——"

* * * * *

Upon my arrival in New York I found a letter which compelled me to take the night train to Boston. I ordered my berth to be made up without entering the sleeping compartment, and smoked a cigar before turning in.

It was bright daylight, and we were slowing into the depot when the porter shook me up. I rolled out of my berth, and stood gathering my *impedimenta* together preparatory to going in for a wash, when a conductor exclaimed:

"Please to let these ladies pass, sir."

My fellow-travelers were standing, anxious, like Mr. Sterne's starling, to get out. I muttered an apology for blocking the way, and, turning, cast a short, sharp glance at two ladies.

One of them was the young girl whom I had encountered at the telegraph-office.

* * * * *

My holidays had passed away, and work, grim, gaunt, earnest, was upon me. Letters to be replied to, papers to be hunted up, appointments to be made and kept, law-books to be consulted, opinions to be given, and every pigeon-hole in my waking existence crammed to the uttermost limits of its endurance. Bitterly I reviled the ill-fortune that closed my lids in the cars; bitterly the ill-luck that forced me into a corner beneath the bony knuckles of time; bitterly the mocking destiny that dashed the cup from my lips when thrice the brimming nectar was within reach of them. My work was heavy, and demanded a ceaseless vigilance. My work stood between me and *her* image, thrusting it aside with an iron and unswerving hand.

It was a murky, drizzling morning in December, upon the eve of the Christmas holidays. I had not the pleasing gratification of even seeing my bed upon the preceding night, as I was compelled to read up a case involving a series of the most important issues, and my night's rest went down before the interests of my clients.

It was a disputed will case, and I had been retained for the defendants.

Miss Isabelle Van Zandt died on the preceding August, bequeathing the bulk of her vast property to her nephew and niece, the children of a deceased sister, and a comparatively small residue to a sole surviving brother, who now disputed the will on the grounds of undue influence and the mental incapacity of the testatrix. On our side it was alleged that the testatrix was of sound mind at the time of the demise, and that the bequests were the result of natural affection, and that she was further influenced by the fact that the plaintiff was extremely wealthy and unmarried.

There were two weak places in our armory. The first, that Miss Van Zandt had been estranged from her nephew up to within a few days of her death; the second, that Miss Lindsay was generally considered somewhat eccentric. Her nephew, Mr. Edward Appleton, had married "a penniless lass wi a lang pedigree" contrary to the expressed wishes of his aunt; and it was solely owing to the influence of his sister Mabel that he was, at the eleventh hour, restored to the sunshine of the good graces of his offended relative.

It was late when I arrived at court, and, in addition to my brief, I was incumbered with a ghastly headache, which, at every throb, led me to imagine that my skull was in imminent danger of exploding as though through the agency of nitro-glycerine.

The plaintiff had a cloud of witnesses in attendance, and the case, from the magnitude of the property at stake, excited very considerable interest.

The plaintiff's case was ably, eloquently and argumentatively stated by his counsel, and about twenty persons who had been on terms of alleged intimacy with the deceased were examined as to her eccentricities, and also with regard to her visibly decaying mental powers, antecedent to her demise.

My "leader" cross-examined such of those witnesses as he deemed shaky, and, by dint of a series of artful and elaborate queries, totally irrelevant to the question at issue, succeeded in driving a number of these witnesses into a state of mental irritation bordering upon frenzy, and the remainder into a condition of hapless and irrevocable bewilderment.

When he had duly impressed the jury with the conviction that the individuals who had appeared before them were each and all possessed of a natural taste for perjury, he proceeded to state the case for the defense, and in a brief but incisive statement painted the conduct of the plaintiff in such hideous colors as to justify the refusal of the tears of a solitary angel to wipe the record out.

If our case was indented with weak points, it likewise bristled with strong ones, and one upon which we placed an unlimited confidence was the fact of the deceased lady's having telegraphed to her nephew, a few days prior to her death, to come and receive her unqualified forgiveness. The substance of the dispatch was written by herself, copied by her niece, and transmitted by the latter to Mr. Edward Appleton, who acted upon it *instanter*.

The existence of this dispatch was questioned. By a piece of extraordinary good luck the original, in the handwriting of Miss Van Zandt, had been procured, and, with a cool, self-satisfied demeanor, my "leader" rose and said:

"We propose to place Miss Appleton on the stand now;" and, turning to me, half-whispered, "You take her up, Kendrick; I'll hold myself in reserve."

Up to this particular moment I had preserved a masterly inactivity; my head was splitting, and my ideas were deranged by the tortures of physical anguish. I would willingly have given a hundred, two hundred, yea, five hundred dollars for a respite, but the chance was too good to throw away; I could not afford to lose the opportunity, so, by a vigorous effort, I drew myself together and, glancing rapidly at the marginal notes scrawled on my brief, I turned towards the stand, and, blinded with pain, drawled:

"You are Miss Mabel Appleton?"

"I am."

"Niece of the late Miss Isabelle Van Zandt?"

"Yes."

"You recollect Tuesday, the 27th of July last?"

"Perfectly."

"You are acquainted with the handwriting of this document?"

"Intimately."

"You recollect sending a dispatch to your brother at Montreal?"

"I do."

"At the request of your aunt?"

"Yes; she wrote the substance of the dispatch."

"Will you have the goodness to inform me if you have seen this document before?" Handing a half-sheet of note-paper all written over.

She raised her vail.

The court swung around me; Mabel Appleton held the original draft of the dispatch for which I had paid the two dollars.

* * * * * * *

That "bit o' writin'" is now framed and glazed, and suspended in a gold frame in my wife's boudoir, and many a time do we refer to that memorable 27th of July, when I paid two dollars for a dispatch that was destined to do so much for her, and so much for me.

THE NEW MARKET-STAND.

THE opening by the city of a new market-stand has led to an organization of the marketmen of Washington and West Washington Markets, for the purpose of preventing any up-town movement of the markets or their auxiliary stands, and meetings are being held almost daily by interested parties to further the object. Strong complaints are made of the action of the city authorities in driving the marketmen away from the locality they have occupied for fifty years or more. The resolution ordering the wagons to the Gansevoort Market was, it is claimed, passed at the solicitation of storekeepers in the vicinity of Washington Market. But these storekeepers now say they realize that they have driven away a large and remunerative trade, and they want to get it back again. There is also a doubt as to the legality of the ordinance establishing the Gansevoort Market, as an ordinance was passed July 7th, 1879, designating certain portions of Hudson Street as a market-stand, and this ordinance has not been rescinded. It is stated that the Superintendent of Washington Market had refused to recognize the resolution as in force, and the captain of the police precinct said he would, acting under orders, drive away any farmer who attempted to stand in Hudson Street.

While this controversy is progressing, the unpopularity of the new stand increases daily. It is bounded by Tenth Avenue, Little West Twelfth, Washington, Gansevoort and West Streets. It is a large plot of ground, near the river front, which for years was used as a depot by the Hudson River Railroad Company, prior to their removal to their present location in Thirtieth Street. Then the Bleecker Street Railroad Company became the tenants of the old Fort Gansevoort property, as it was called, and for ten years it was cumbered with old sheds and unsightly buildings. The plot, which contains about thirty acres, has been cleared of its buildings, the ground has been graded and laid out into paved avenues, wide enough to allow the bulky farmers' wagons to stand along the sides, and to admit of driveways through the centre so broad that an extraordinary pressure of business will be necessary to block them. Superintendent of Markets J. M. Varian has issued a circular notifying all farmers that this will be the only spot in the city where they will be permitted to locate while engaged in the sale of their produce.

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 15.—

A Day with the Marquis of Lorne at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

TOBOGGINING WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Seven Hundred Yards in Twenty Minutes.

THE BOUDOIR OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

I LEFT the Grand Central Depot, New York, at 8:30 P.M., struck Utica at 5 A.M., changed cars, reached Ogdensburg at noon, crossed the St. Lawrence at one, arrived at Prescott at 1:15, where I was encountered by rosy custom-house officials wrapped in fur from head to heel, boarded the cars, and at 4:20 beheld the twelfth-century Gothic State Buildings of the Dominion's capital looming up through a snow fog, strongly and strangely reminding me, in miniature, of England's Parliament Houses by the River Thames. My first duty was to announce my arrival in Ottawa, and, after the harmless necessary wash, I chartered a blooming sleigh, all scarlet and gold and bearskin, and spun cheerily along the two miles of snow-sheeted road that lay between mine hostelry and Rideau Hall, the official residence of John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, Lord Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of the Dominion of Canada.

The vicegeral domicile is not by any means a lordly dwelling-house, being a low, wide-extending private mansion, with two wings, one of which resembles a primitive Methodist chapel, the other possessing an undeniable *soupçon* of a meeting-house. Rideau Hall was originally built by the late Hon. Thomas McKay, and named after the river and falls in its vicinity. The residence with about seventy-seven acres of the estate was leased to the Government in August, 1865, for the sum of $4,000 per annum, with the right to purchase within three years for $70,000, and subsequently within twelve years for such sum as might be determined upon by arbitration. An additional ten-acre lot adjacent to it was added at a lease of $720. At the outset alterations and improvements to the property cost the Government over $80,000. These improvements consisted of new buildings, comprising vinery, laundry, Winter carriage-house, coach-house, ice-house, stables, etc. The Government purchased the property in 1868 for $162,000. Since that date upwards of $100,000 have been expended in additions and $295,000 in repairs. The Hall is surrounded by thirty-five acres of artistically laid-out grounds, which, on the occasion of my visit, were "enshrouded in seamless snow."

On my return to mine hostelry I found a letter from Major de Winton, private secretary to His Excellency, informing me that the Governor-General would receive me upon the following morning, and 10:30 saw my sleigh skimming into the *porte cochère* of the Government House.

The door was opened by a stalwart sergeant—formerly, by-the-way, in the Life Guards and at the relief of Lucknow as an artilleryman—who was attired in England's red. Another orderly-sergeant stood at attention, while a sentry gazed grimly at me as, Martini-Henry on shoulder, he paced backwards and forwards, reminding me of Brinsley Sheridan's luckless creditor who "walked fifty miles on this d—d carpet."

I waited, while my card was being delivered to Major de Winton, in a large hall, with short stairways right, left and centre, the latter giving a glimpse of a sombre interior. The hall is fitted up in oak, with high oaken dados. The paper above the dado is chocolate-color. The Visitors'-Book stands at a desk beside a stove. On the desk is the following order:

"The A. D. C. in waiting will be much obliged if visitors will write their names and addresses, in Ottawa, in full."

The sergeant returned to the head of the central staircase, and requested me to follow him. I passed across the inner hall, wherein hangs a superb photograph of the Queen, done in 1875, the gold frame surmounted by the V. R. Here also is a bust—life-size, in bronze—of the Marquis of Lorne, in fur cap and fur collar, executed by Miss Montalba. The hall is furnished with oaken cabinets laden with real "bits o' Chelsea," statuettes and vases in majolica. The carpet is Brussels, a dull red with white flowers. The hall leads to a corridor which runs the entire length of the building. This corridor, carpeted as the hall, is broken by glass doors, alcoves, and three sets of unimposing staircases.

In a snug and cheery room to the right I found Major de Winton, the most courteous and earnest of "awell" officials, who, after a brief but pleasant chat, proceeded to announce my arrival to His Excellency. Following the major along the gloomy corridor until we ar-

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rived at a door on the left, through which came pouring a flood of dayshine, I stepped into the presence of the Governor-General.

The Marquis of Lorne was seated at a cabinet-desk close to the window, a buffalo robe enshrouding his chair. He was attired in a blue shirt with a turned-down collar; a brown scarf, a blue coat with Astrachan collar and cuffs, and braided in black silk after the fashion of a hussar-jacket. His trousers were of light plaid, his boots laced, with yellow tops and india-rubber soles. He wore no ornament save a massive gold watch-chain of the curb pattern, and two plain, lumpy gold rings.

"Welcome to Canada!" he cheerily exclaimed, as, starting from his chair, he advanced to meet me with extended hand.

Let me describe the Governor-General's study. The apartment is evenly proportioned and lighted by two large windows, which give upon the skating-rink and the tobogganing gallery. The paper is gray; the carpet, Brussels—green, covered with ferns. The grate is English, and brass fitted; the mantel white marble, surmounted by a mirror. On either side of the mantel comes the gas through the heads of bronze Mousquetaires; on either side of the mirror the portraits of the late Duchess of Argyle, the Governor-General's mother, and the splendid Duchess of Sutherland, his lordship's aunt, and to whom the Queen was so devotedly attached. On the mantel is a clock "ticking the minutes with weird and skeleton hand." Two photographs of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise stand on the mantelpiece, one in her wedding-dress, colored, the other a head only. A superb piece of Gobelin tapestry adorns the northern wall. His lordship's desk is very deep, very wide, and covered with scarlet cloth. A remarkable ink-bottle stands on the right hand—a horse-hoof shod in silver, the lid bearing the inscription, "The hoof of the charger that carried Lord Clyde through the Crimean War." Lord Clyde, it will be recollected, was the Sir Colin Campbell, who did such splendid service with the Ninety-third Highlanders at Balaclava. On the desk, confronting the Marquis, is a full-length photograph of the Princess Louise and another portrait of the illustrious lady set in a gold medallion. A miniature of the Queen in ivory, in a scarlet velvet open-case, also ornaments a desk laden with—oh, blessed sight!—quill pens, and with all the æsthetic *impedimenta* appertaining to scribbling in high latitudes.

A splendid photo of Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, and an india-ink drawing by the Princess Louise of the "home-coming," occupy the southern wall; but *the* place of honor is relegated to a superbly executed portrait of the late Duchess of Argyle, the intense sweetness of expression which rendered her tranquil beauty so excessively winning being admirably rendered. Here, also, are pictures in oil, by the hand of the royal lady of the house, right masterfully executed, the subjects selected being scenes in bonnie Scotland. An open bookcase, painted white, runs along this wall like a dado, "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates" forming a menacing battery on the top. On a table in the centre of the apartment lay a large morocco-bound volume, inscribed, "Addresses, 1878," and, beside it, three of those scarlet morocco-bound, royal-armed, lion-and-unicorned dispatch-boxes, so dear to Ministers of State, and other high and mighty personages of Queen Victoria's Government.

On the eastern wall hangs a very large photo of the Princess Louise, and a bunch of red flowers, on a gray ground, painted by her Royal Highness. On a cabinet stands a colored portrait of the Princess in walking costume. A glass-case of salmon flies and "spoons," terra-cotta vases, a number of breech-loader cartridges, a pair of snow-shoes, an outstretched morocco frame, containing photographs of the Argyle family, also adorn the cabinet.

The Governor-General, after having expressed regret at the death of Mr. Frank Leslie, plunged *in medias res*, chatting with vigorous animation upon many subjects, from the Tecoalli of Mexico to the proposed Canadian Academy of Arts.

"I am very much interested in this proposed Academy," said the Marquis. "We have lots of talent in the country that requires to be developed and fostered. I want this Academy to be formed utterly independent of any Governmental or Departmental aid. It must make its own way, as did the Royal Academy of England. I have offered a medal for the best design in any art application of any Canadian plant, flower, or leaf for manufacturing purposes."

Apropos of Mr. Parnell's visit to the United States, the Marquis laughingly observed:

"If this sort of thing goes on, America will not only have to support the tenants, but the landlords as well."

After a brisk chat upon various topics, the Governor-General started to his feet, exclaiming:

"Come out and see how we manage to pull through the Winter here;" and, wrapping himself in a blue, blankety-hooded coat, lined and bound with scarlet, he strode along the corridor into the hall where the sentry presented arms, the sergeants saluted, and from thence out into the grounds to the curling rink.

"Curling is essentially a Scottish game," observed the Marquis. "We are very fond of it here, and we have some first-class curlers. I play the Viceregal Club to-day against the Aranprior, a local club. You'll see some good play."

The curling rink is situated in a long shed, lighted at either side by windows—when dayshine fades, by gas-jets. The floor is of ice, forty-two yards long, as smooth as ice may be, and level as a billiard-table. The ice is marked at both ends by circles of "sets." The "stones" to be spun along the ice range from fifty-six to sixty-two pounds in weight. The walls and roof of the rink at Rideau Hall are painted white, relieved by toboggins, their scarlet cushions breaking the white. The ante-rooms at both ends are fitted up for spectators, who can witness the play in heat and comfort through plate-glass windows. The ante-room through which we passed is fitted up in scarlet, with racks for skates, rubbers and boots. Against the wall is a handsomely framed printed notice, headed, "Viceregal Curling Club of Canada," with list of members and officers, the Princess Louise being patroness. The following doggerel, in chalk upon a black board, written by one of the staff, should not be omitted:

"In curling, there's one thing to be thoroughly known,
And that is, that the 'skip' always goes it alone;
Another thing is—save the 'skip'—in 'Tee'
Is a place where no man ought ever to be."

"Now, then," exclaimed the Marquis, "come out and have a look at our toboggins."

Standing at a height of seventy feet from the ground is a wooden structure, inclosed on three sides only, of about four feet square, supported on a framework of timber. This inclosure is approached by wooden steps, one side of the stairway being occupied by a flat board, thoroughly iced, along which the toboggin is trailed by the tobogginist, as he or she ascends to the slippery starting-point.

The Marquis led the way, dragging his toboggin after him.

To the uninitiated, it may as well be stated that the toboggin is a flat board of about five feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, with the prow turned or rolled over. Upon the toboggin a cushion is placed, and upon the cushion the tobogginist either lies flat upon his stomach or assumes a sitting posture, with stiffened knee-joints, the feet being firmly pressed against the roll of the prow.

When we gained the summit of this wooden structure the Marquis observed:

"I'm awfully sorry you weren't here on New Year's Night. It was a vivid scene. I had the headlight of a locomotive just here," pointing to its empty frame, "and all along down there were Chinese lanterns."

The "down there" meant a strip of snow in a wooden groove about a quarter of a mile long, at an angle of forty-five.

"Now, then, I'll give you a toboggin experience."

The toboggin was placed on the floor of this tower, with its prow peeping over the icy steep.

"Just sit down, so," exclaimed the Marquis. "Put your feet against the prow there. Take hold of the rope. Lean back against me as much as ever you like;" and, turning to one of his staff, "Just tuck in that ulster for him, will you?"

My ulster, a real bit of Irish frieze, was duly wrapped around my legs, and I awaited my fate.

"All ready?" demanded the Marquis.

"All right, sir."

"Let her go!"

I have an indistinct recollection of darting through the air, of losing breath and vision, of a champagney feeling, glorious in its intoxication, of regaining mind and sight, of skimming like a bird along the pure white snow, of slowing, and—then I had had my first toboggining experience.

"We ought to have done better," observed the Marquis, in rueful tones. "If it wasn't for the thaw I could have spun you out beyond that durn."

I had done seven hundred yards in twenty seconds, and was perfectly contented. In the second slide the Marquis caught my hat which had blown off, while we were in full career, and waved it above his head. This was a wonderful catch, rivaling his cricket experiences at Eton College.

An aide-de-camp having announced the arrival of the Aranprior Club, we returned to the Curling Rink, but not until Lord Lorne had graciously shown me a log-hut he had erected beside a new skating-rink out in the middle of a grove of pines. The view of Ottawa from this coigne of espial is especially picturesque.

The Aranpriors proved themselves to be good men and true, and the Viceregals had to look closely to their laurels. Major de Winton, who is a capital curler, flung himself, *con amore*, as did also the Governor-General, into the game, and it was an exciting sight to behold the Marquis, in his turn, besom in hand, sweeping the ice with a rapidity that would put half a dozen spider-brushers to the blush, as his stone came curling slowly along to the "Tee."

Leaving the curlers to their game, by permission of the Governor-General I returned to the house, where his lordship subsequently joined me, and honored me by acting as cicerone.

Commencing with the billiard room, with its English table, pockets, balls and cues, we turned into the tennis-court, admirably devised for killing the dead hours of a rainy day; and from thence to the smoking-room, an egg-shaped apartment furnished with luxurious easy-chairs, the walls covered with colored prints of the uniforms of the British Service.

"Here is an old print I picked up, when I was over last year, in St. James Street," observed the Marquis, as he pointed to a quaint, out-of-drawing colored picture of the "Taking of Quebec." "This is rather good," nodding towards a water-color sketch of a fancy ball given at Buckingham Palace by the Queen, the costumes being of the period of the Restoration.

Crossing the hall we repaired to the ball-room, a very handsome, lofty, roomy and pale-green apartment, with a dais in scarlet at one end, the wall at the other being completely concealed by a magnificent piece of Gobelin tapestry in vivid preservation, although over two hundred years from the loom. Passing along the corridor, where the Montreal illuminated and emblazoned address shines from the wall, we entered the drawing-room. This apartment is papered in dead light-blue with gray leaves. It has three windows on the right giving upon a veranda. The cornices are blue and white. The carpet and curtains are of dark-blue. There are two English grates, with gray marble mantelpieces surmounted by mirrors. A grand piano occupies a post of honor, while *bric-à-brac* and countless and costly knick-knacks appear on gypsy tables and cabinets and brackets. The walls are rich in works of art. The Princess Louise, life-size, in her bridal dress, vail, orange blossoms and all; a Doré, illustrating a passage in Tennyson's "Elaine," the quotation in the artist's writing; a portrait of Prince Albert. Superb water-colors hang everywhere—Windsor Castle from Datchet Meade, Inverary Castle, Glen Shira, Venice, Como, Nuremberg. A charming photograph of the Princess Louise in walking attire, enshrined in a Gothic silver frame is especially noticeable, while the display of Sèvres is as rich as it is unique.

Between the drawing-room and the boudoir of the Princess Louise is the library, a bright, cheery retreat, the open bookcases being white. I found the floor piled with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and French pictorial papers neatly arranged preparatory to binding, while the table was littered with all the British and foreign quarterlies. The literary contents of the bookcases betrayed a varied and cultured taste, the French and German elements being strongly in force. On a writing-table near the window lay the Bible. Colored prints of religious subjects—from the old masters—cover the walls, and a bronze clock, crowned with a bust of the Queen, ornaments the mantelpiece. From the library we entered the boudoir of the Princess Louise. It is in this sanctum that the æsthetic tastes of Her Royal Highness reveal themselves. The apartment is all blue—walls, carpet, curtains. The white doors are exquisitely painted over with branches of apple-trees in full leaf and fruit, the handiwork of the Princess. Again we have two pieces of superb Gobelin, and between the windows, of which there are three, glowing flowers on dead-gold panels. A painting of a brick wall covered with peaches is also from the brush of the Princess, the picture having been finished but two days before the fire at Inverary Castle. A very enlarged photograph of the Queen occupies one corner of the room, an old silver casket of quaint design supporting it. Two canaries in gilded cages sing blithely in the windows, and immediately beneath the cage of the sweetest singer stands the *escritoire* of the Princess, laden with its gorgeous blotter and its gilt inkstand, bearing the royal arms, and facing the glass door leading into the conservatory, rich in the most luxuriant ferns. A Capo di Monti clock in ebony and blue tiles stands upon one mantelpiece, while the other groans under grotesques in Sèvres. The chandelier is of glass. A cabinet edition of Shakespeare and Tennyson, together with some French novels, lay scattered on the principal table, while on a small stand opposite the crackling fire are spread the latest French and English newspapers. A portrait of the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Queen, holds a conspicuous position in the boudoir, as do also photographs of the Princess of Wales and the Princess Beatrice.

"These are very rare prints," observed Lord Lorne, pointing to three framed engravings. "They give one an admirable idea of Quebec prior and subsequent to the storming by Wolfe;" and the Marquis, as though he had been in command on that eventful occasion, went through the entire plan of attack.

"The frames are valuable," he observed, from the fact that up to three months ago they formed part of the timbers of a ship sunk during the siege."

I would recommend to the notice of our lady readers the antimacassars in this boudoir, which are of the roughest and whitest bath toweling, with pink and yellow and blue dog-daisies worked in upon them.

A gong announced luncheon, and presently the curlers filed into the dining-room. With Thackeray, I hold the mahogany to be inviolable, so I shall content myself by merely stating that His Excellency's cook is a *cordon bleu*, and his wine merchant worthy of being canonized.

The dining-room is a large oblong apartment. The walls and carpet are in dull red. Portraits, after Winterhalter, of the Queen and Prince Albert, adorn the end walls. The buffets, right and left of the entrance, are of black walnut, with game subjects in relief. Gold salvers stand *en plaque*, three on each buffet. Claret jugs of horn, mounted in silver, with the Argyle arms enblazoned thereon, support the salvers. A silver biscuit-box, in the shape of a drum, is a notable object, as it bears the inscription: "From the soldiers of the Ninety-first Argyleshire Highlanders, presented by the kind permission of Her Majesty to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage, March 21st, 1871." Two very fine specimens of Van Goyen, Village Scenes, overhang sideboards standing in recesses at either side of the fire-place, a wild duck shot by the Marquis, and stuffed, being suspended on the centre panel of each, with the date of its destruction. There are also two oil paintings of Highland scenery in the room, and a large and imposing landscape. The furniture is of black walnut, upholstered in claret-colored morocco leather, plain, heavy and useful.

The bracing air of Canada would seem to be on good terms with the Marquis. He has become both stalwart and stout. His yellow hair is less *en* evidence than when I last saw him in England, and health and contentment reign in his bright, intelligent face. There will be no Court at Rideau Hall, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was late in the evening when I took my leave of the blue-blooded Laird of Lorne.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SOUTH CAROLINA has 1,349 miles of railroad.

—THERE are 2,000 Indians living in Mississippi.

—ORANGE culture is increasing around Mobile, Ala.

—THE coal-fields of Alabama are estimated to contain 52,000,000,000 bushels of coal.

—TO PAY a debt, the vestry of Christ's Church, Alexandria, Va., are endeavoring to sell the Bible used by General Washington.

—THERE is hope that the severe weather in France has killed the phylloxera, but is mingled with a fear that it has also killed the vines.

—THERE are more colored pupils than white in the public schools in Columbia, S. C., but the white people pay three-fourths of the expenses.

—ONE thousand tons of granite has recently been sent from quarries, near Columbia, S. C., to Washington City, to be used in some of the public buildings.

—THE State debt of Mississippi is $2,618,900.47. During the past two years the debt has been reduced $220,030. The cash balance in the treasury December 31st, 1879, was $209,757.14.

—A PARIS dispatch says: "Eight ladies of the Order of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' have been sent from the parent house at Rennes to establish a branch of the Order at Brooklyn, N. Y.

—THE British Royal Academy has resolved to admit women to membership subject to certain disabilities, including the deprivation of the right to vote at elections and attendance at the annual banquet.

—THE City of Paris has opened seven new central schools of design for girls only. Education in drawing has lately been made compulsory in France, and the means for acquiring it are therefore being extended in every direction.

—THE Commission of Cardinals at Rome recently gave judgment in the Princess of Monaco's divorce case, annulling the marriage, but pronouncing for the legitimacy of the child, and his education according to the wishes of the father.

—IT is stated that the young Maharaja of Udaipur, the acknowledged head of the Princes of Rajputana, has ordered all official business in his principality to be conducted in Sanscrit, which has hitherto been as much a dead language in India as Latin in Italy.

—THE new arsenal and dockyard to be founded at Mihara for the Japanese Navy will include dry and wet docks fit for the largest war ships, iron sheds in which iron and wooden war vessels may be built in any weather, foundries, engine shops, rolling mills, stores, etc.

—THE operations of the Department of Agriculture, recently created by the Legislature of South Carolina, are expected to commence during the present month. Hon. A. P. Butler, present State Fish Commissioner, will be placed in charge of the new department, retaining at the same time his position as Fish Commissioner.

—ISMAIL AYOUB PASHA, the newly-appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, demands that half a million pounds sterling and twenty-four thousand troops be placed at his disposal, so that he shall have unlimited powers. The Council of Ministers, regarding the Soudan merely as an Egyptian province, has rejected the demands of the Governor-General.

—MARYLAND'S taxable property is valued at $509,213,891 for the current fiscal year. This is an increased valuation of nearly $40,000,000, due to the work of the Tax Commissioner in the process of assessment. A decision of the State Court of Appeals has brought stocks and bonds under assessment, and the taxables will be very greatly increased thereby.

—ON the 16th of December, in a small city in Eastern Bohemia, thirty-one persons were fined $2.50 each for attending a little service not connected with the State church. The leader of the meeting was fined $12.50. On the 14th of December the attempt of a few believers in Stopitz, near Prague, to hold a Bible service in one of their homes was frustrated by the police. All this in Austria, whose constitution grants religious liberty to all citizens!

—THE following incident of the severe weather in Paris is related: On Sunday evening more than 100 workmen appeared in a body at the police office of the Palace of Justice, most of them leading by the hand wife and children, and stated that, having neither work, food, nor shelter, they wished to be detained as vagabonds. The request was refused. They then proceeded to a Commissioner of Police, who acknowledged the justice of their plea, and granted their request.

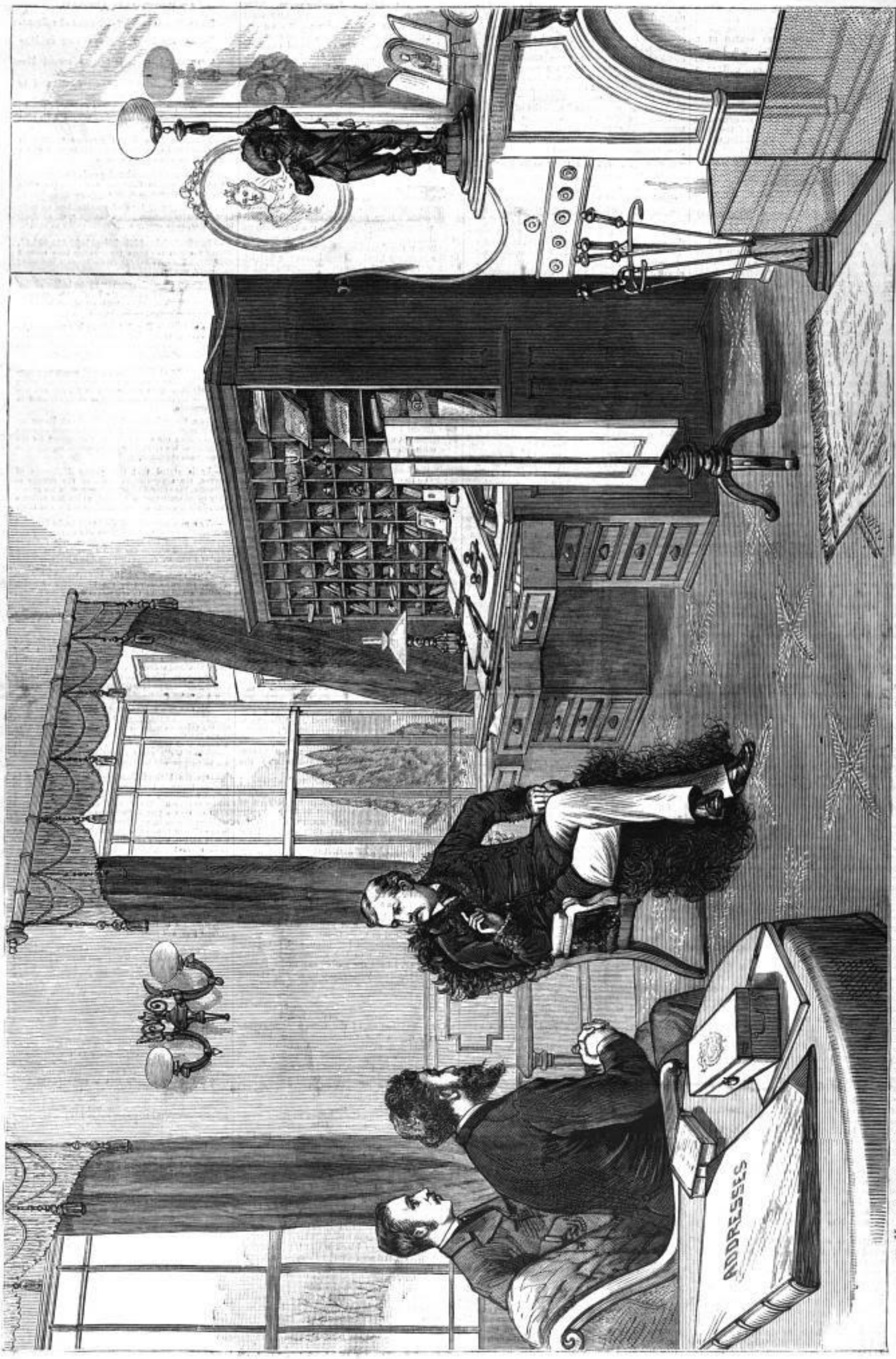
—THE celebration of the centennial of the battle of King's Mountain, which will take place on the 7th of October, is to be an interesting affair. Forty companies of the North Carolina State Guards will be present. All of the Southern railroad companies will reduce their rates for this occasion, that old citizens of the Carolinas who have emigrated to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas may be induced to attend. An American flag, twenty by thirty-six feet in size, will be unfurled from the top of the mountain.

—THE Madras (India) Government are going in for growing mahogany. Seeds to the amount of 24,000 have been imported from Jamaica and sown in the Nilambur plantations; and the Conservator of Forests, Colonel Beddome, reports that of these 12,000 have germinated. This is regarded as a complete success. From experiments already made, it is known that the climate of the plantations will suit the mahogany admirably, and as the tree grows very fast the enterprise of the Madras Government may be expected to soon bear valuable results.

—IN consequence of the public opposition to the levying of a tax of twenty reis (about one cent) a passenger on the street-car traffic, a mob at Rio de Janeiro destroyed, on the 3d of January, the cars and tracks of the company, attacked the conductors, and stoned and fired at the troops. The latter charged on and dispersed the mob. Three persons were killed and thirty wounded, including some soldiers and policemen. Order was finally restored, and the street-car traffic resumed. The Government, replying to a deputation, has refused to remove the impost.

—AUGUSTA, Ga., has six cotton factories in operation, one in the course of building, and capital is being raised for still another, the last to have 24,000 spindles and to cost $500,000. The six factories used last year 40,000 bales of cotton, their products being worth $4,000,000. Cotton-mill stocks are quoted there at $1.20 to $1.30. Last year the mills paid ten to twelve per cent. dividends, and put away handsome sums in their sinking funds for extensions. The new 24,000 spindle factory will add to the population of the city at least 5,000 souls, and will pay to employés $175,000 annually. These mills make, besides what they consume, a market for 175,000 bales of cotton, which require $8,000,000 annually to handle.

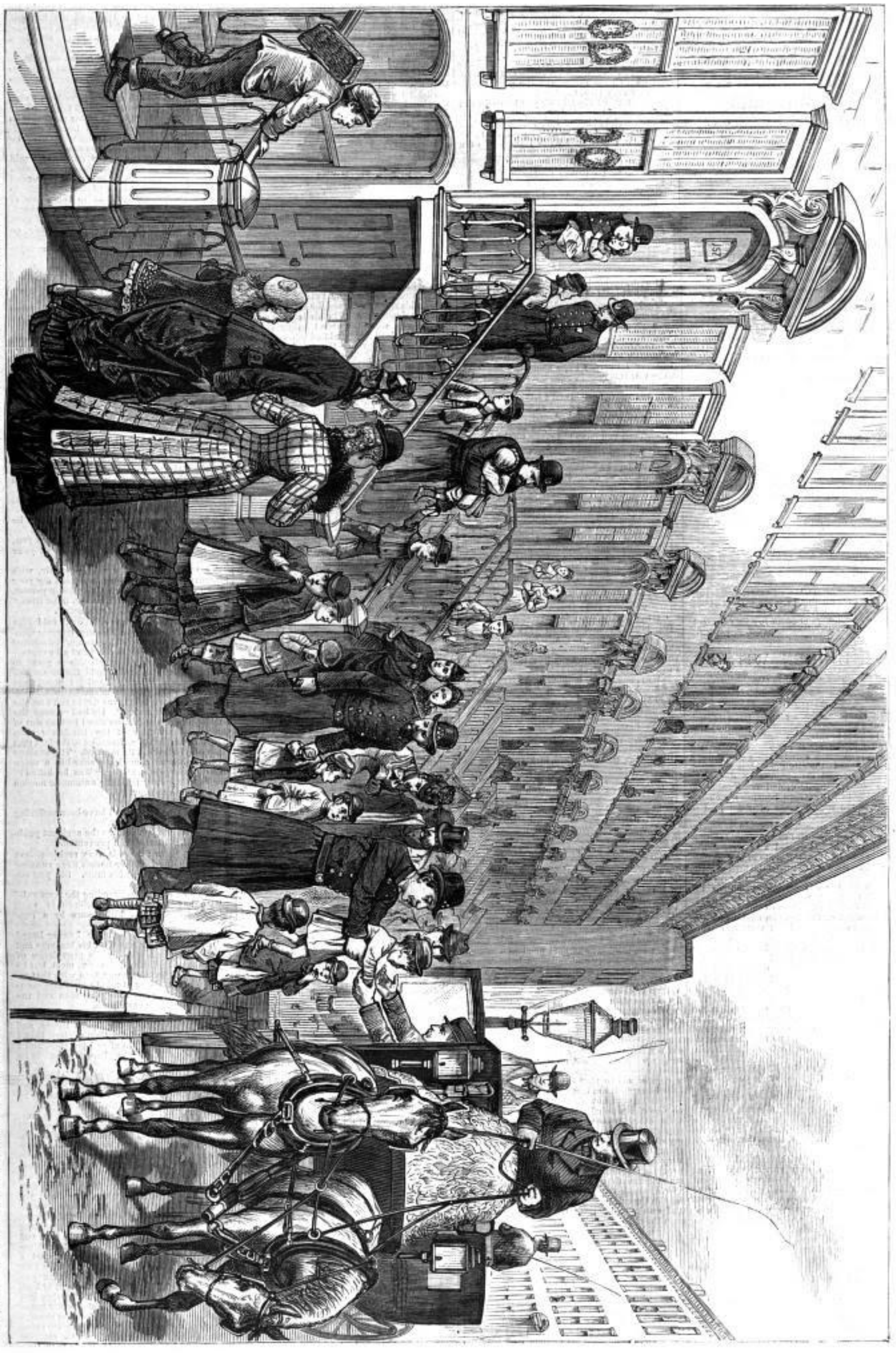
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ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—See Page 422.

No. 15.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN HIS STUDY IN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, OTTAWA.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.

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NEW YORK CITY.—RESCUE OF STARVING CHILDREN FROM THE "SHEEPHERD'S FOLD," BY THE POLICE AND OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

See Page 423.

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SOUVENIRS.

RETURN, sweet dream, to soothe my ceaseless pain,
I need the winning balm thy coming grants:
It speaks to me of the glad past again,
The golden days of youth in sunny France.

When the far future had no vague alarm,
And when my heart held resolute belief
In purity and love, sweet days of charm
Untainted by the bitterness of grief!

I see once more my cozy student's room,
The pipe and folio, the curious old chair,
Wherein, till twilight draped me in its gloom,
I smiled with Gautier, raved with Baudelaire.

I see myself again, when times were dull,
Wandering upon the glittering Boulevard,
Writing romantic sonnets to a skull,
Or dubious songs for some new Alcazar.

Sweet dream, thou canst revive that happy time
When for Art's sake my last old coat was pawned—
To see, within the Louvre's walls sublime,
The dazzling, peerless grace of *La Joconde!*

And when with absinthe and with cigarettes
I vainly strove to give the perfect form
Of towering statues to my statuettes,
And make my plays like "Marion Delorme!"

Alas, my dream, all is not kind with thee:
The Morgue's white, trickling slabs thou dost recall,
And, pale upon one, I for ever see,
That poor drowned friend I cherished above all!

And he,—ah! well, I cannot now reprove
The heartless girl that lured from art and fame
His fine, chivalrous soul to Death's sad grove—
I pity both; I might have done the same!

Oh! dream, bring back no visions such as these.
But lead me rather to fair Fontainebleau,
Where, with the warmest of warm Burgundies,
We drank to Hugo, Dumas, Gericault!

Echo the merry jests that all day long
Made life a joy in those ecstatic hours,
When youth trilled, birdlike, its great bliss in song,
When we existed but for Art and flowers!

And when in the deep, violet-haunted glade,
Two dusk-brown eyes of velvet and of flame,
Drooped their delicious light, while, half-afraid,
Pure lips first softly murmured, "*Oui, je t'aime!*"

Return, sweet dream, to soothe my ceaseless pain,
I need the winning balm thy coming grants;
It tells of the glad, mad past again,
The golden days of youth in sunny France!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXV.—HUNTING A VOICE.

TWO months—three months have passed, and a glorious September robes the earth in florid beauty. In the country the woods are aflame, the air is crisp and frosty, the rivers creep more slowly, the skies show a fainter blue. In the city the streets are damp of mornings, and shop-boys take down the store shutters languidly, and fashionable ladies shiver in their wraps, because their edict says it is too soon for the artificial heat of stoves and furnaces.

Mrs. Forester, though fashionable, generally yields to the exigencies of the time. Rather than shiver, she has caused a glowing fire of Lehigh to be built in the grate in her sitting-room. The time is after breakfast. The pale, soft sunshine lays over the rich grays and crimsons of the carpet, and brightens the colors of the pretty woolen shawl that hangs over her shoulders. She is somewhat paler than her wont, and there is an anxious look in her eyes, as if she had not rested or were taking to heart the troubles of some one dear to her. She sits in a nobly-large easy-chair of light-green velvet, plentifully protected with linen tidies—the chair, of course—and a footstool, in crimson, adds to the luxury of her position. Opposite, in the fellow green chair, sits Flix, the morning paper in his hand. The two have evidently been in consultation not exactly harmonious, for there are two wrinkles between the young man's handsome eyes, and he is looking very hard at an advertisement, instead of reading the leader which he intended to do.

"I don't think it is either Christian or philosophical to trouble yourself as you do over this girl," he says, at last.

"I am very sure it is neither, Flix, dear. I suppose because I'm only a weak, silly woman; but I had grown to love her, really love her, Flix; and now, God knows where she is. I imagine so many things, some that are—oh, horrible!"

She covers her eyes with one hand.

"I'm sorry, I'm very sorry," says Flix; "it's altogether an embarrassing matter But we have done all we could. Every one of her schoolmates has been either interviewed or written to, and I confess, when I think of the trouble she has put us to, I feel more anger than anything else."

"My dear boy," said his mother, smiling and yet her lips quivered a little, "I know you never had much cause to like her, even when she was a child; but I am so sure you would if you had known her after she came from school. Why, at Mrs. Duprey's, last night, there wasn't a face to match hers, not one. And you don't think much of the girls one meets at these great crushes. I almost wish you did. I didn't use to think so, but it seems as if you ought to marry, Flix. Why won't you give me a daughter to love, now"—her voice falters a little—"she has gone!"

"There is a little lady who sits at my hearth whom I would not exchange for the handsomest flirt of them all," he said, demurely.

Her cheeks flushed—mothers like this sort of talk from their stalwart sons—and her eyes brightened.

"But Flix, dear, they are not all flirts," she says; "you are unjust. There's that dear, good girl, Grace Pulisa, and the general, her father, is very rich, too."

"Pooh! that baby? Don't you know I can't abide blondes? And then, too, goodey girls are my special abhorrence. I'll let you into a little secret, mother mine. The girls I fancy would not, I fear, make the right sort of a wife for me."

"Oh, Flix! what can you mean?"

"I mean that I rather prefer—well," after a little study and a short, low laugh at her anxious look, "a dash of the Bohemian."

"Oh, Flix! then I am sure you must have liked——"

"There, don't say it," and Flix rises from his chair and walks back and forth. "I know quite well who you mean, but we are rid of her at the present. I've no doubt she'll tire of her seclusion when her money has gone, and come back again."

"I wish she might," said Mrs. Forester with a sigh; "at least she made me happy."

"And for your sake, dear, I heartily wish she would come back, though I should start for a journey if she made her appearance, to-night."

"It's a shame how you hate that girl," said his mother, sharply, a spot of crimson on either cheek. "I heartily hope some day she may make you sorry."

"She has made me sorry ever since I knew her; but time presses, and I have a great deal to do to-day." He looked at his watch. "I must be off on my hunt again."

"Your hunt!" the dark eyes look wistfully up. "Then you have not given up the search. Oh, Flix, you will give me such deep, true joy if you find her"

"Her? ha! ha! I'm not looking for her, my darling, anxious little mother, but for something less substantial, without form or color."

"What can you mean, Flix?" She drops the book she had just taken up, and looks at him with wonder in her eyes.

"My dear mother," and he stops walking and stands looking down upon her, his hand on the back of a chair, "do you remember that woman in green singing last night? Oh, for a voice! Well, so say I; I am hunting a voice."

"My dear Flix, are you enthralled at last? Is it a woman's voice that has pleased you?"

"What a romantic little matron it is," he says, laughing, and looking very handsome. "No, indeed, it is not a woman's voice, it sounds from under a heavy black mustache. I would give, I dare not say how much, to find the owner of that voice."

"Why, what is he to you?" asks Mrs. Forester, much interested. "I really cannot understand you."

"Not much to me, but a good deal to justice," he says, growing grave again.

"But tell me about it, you are always so secretive. Your father was a judge, Flix, but he was not above communicating a good many little things that occurred in his practice to me."

"My dear mother, there's nothing to tell—at least now—nothing of much importance. You remember the night I escorted Miss Mercer home?"

"Yes, indeed; she is such a pretty girl! I like her so much," half-sighed the managing little mamma.

"Yes; she is uncommonly pretty and uncommonly tame," was his bearish answer. "Well, we had got to the corner, about two houses from our hostess, when it began to rain in big drops. There was no carriage near, but a well-lighted omnibus made its appearance just then. I asked her if she could endure that sort of thing, and she answered eagerly, having the probable fate of her light silk dress in her thoughts, that she didn't mind at all; so, thinking any port good in a storm, I put her on board and followed her. There were only two persons in the buss, one an uncommonly handsome young man, and the other a larger, older man, I should judge, muffled up to the chin, an enormous English traveling-cap drawn over his eyes, and evidently very sleepy, for he was leaning up in the corner, his head sunk forward on his breast. You know that Miss Mercer is pretty, yes, but then she is a female parrot—a female parrot I particularly detest. Now, do you know, something in the reclining, inert figure of that man interested me to that extent that I longed to hear him speak, but that chatterbox by my side—good heavens, how she did talk!—and fancied no doubt I was edified. At last we took in some other passengers, and I improved the opportunity to move into the corner opposite my sleeper, if sleeping he was. Miss Mercer, seeing that her face attracted the gaze of the very handsome stranger, was still for a few precious moments, during which the younger man touched the other one on the knee, saying: 'We are near our hotel, major!' The gentleman in the corner started up, and seemed alert and awake on the instant. 'Did you give the man the change?' he asked, only that—nodding to the other as he stepped outside—only that—and yet," the young man breathed hard and spoke with so much excitement that Mrs. Forester half-rose in her chair to look at him, "I don't know what kept my hand from his coat-collar, I really don't. I know I sprang from my seat, but he was gone, and I had not the ill-manners to leave Miss Mercer, who might have been a little startled by my action—I don't know, I didn't ask her But ever since I have been on the search for that voice, and if I find it——"

"Well?" responded his mother, excitedly

"I have something to say to that man, that's all?" Flix answered.

CHAPTER XXVI.—"OH, IT WAS AWFUL! AWFUL!"

NOTHING has been heard from Sylve. On the whole, Flix is rather glad. He does not, like his mother, imagine all manner of evil things, or fear that the girl is suffering. She has too much cunning for that, he thinks. Sometimes he recalls the vision that met him that night of his home-coming—the startled, dark-eyed creature, with clasped hands and hurried breath—the long red waves of her dress undulating over the shadowed carpet—the illumination of the hall gas casting transient glow on her bright, abundant hair, as she passed and repassed the door. Why, when he spoke, and spoke kindly, too, should she have turned from him with such a bitter cry? Had it hurt his vanity that he could not think of it without a frown, and something like a sneer curling his lips? At all events, it had enabled him to think more calmly of the flitting that followed so soon, to speculate upon the chances of the girl's recovery. Just now he had other work on his hand, however. Owing to some unavoidable detention, the Washaba case was laid over for a few weeks, and there was plenty of time to prosecute his search for the voice that, sleeping and waking, haunted him. Upon leaving his mother, after communicating what the reader knows concerning his singular errand, he left her to go to his office down-town. The air had sharpened, but the sky wore the sweet balmy color of Spring; the dead leaves eddied into every nook and recess, swept by the winds from the shuddering trees. The grocer at the corner bowed, and stuck his fat thumbs under the edge of his shop-apron as Flix passed, wondering if they had found that girl yet, for though the family had tried to keep Sylve's flitting a secret, all the world knew of it. A little ragged maid offered him a bunch of paper roses with a look of such entreaty in her sad, dark eyes, that he gave her twice the price she asked, and told her to keep her flowers for another customer. Seeing this, a frowsy-headed urchin ran after him a dozen squares, and told him a doletul story, which had no effect upon Flix, who never gave to boys.

Suddenly turning a corner, the young man came upon a crowd. A carriage stood near the curbstone, the panting, frightened horses held by a liveried coachman; a little further on, a smaller, lighter vehicle, broken at the shaft, lay in the road a complete wreck. From all quarters men and boys were running towards the scene of the disaster.

"Oh, Mr. Forester!"

The words, spoken in a familiar voice, caused him to turn his head. There, at his elbow, stood Grace Poulisa, dressed in black, her bonnet crushed back, and the vail fallen from her fair, sweet face. She was white as death, and her lips were drawn and blue. Her vail had fallen disarranged upon her shoulder, and the tears came crowding to her eyes.

"My dear Miss Grace!" ejaculated Flix, startled at her close proximity to the scene of confusion, "what is the matter? Have you been run away with? Are you hurt? Are any of your people hurt? I see now—this is your father's coachman."

"No, thank heaven, we are not hurt. Papa was in the carriage—he is further on. But, oh! I'm afraid somebody is dreadfully injured, if not killed. It was dreadful; the other horses were probably running when the two carriages came together with a crash. Oh, it was awful, awful!"

The tears were running down her cheeks now, notwithstanding a mob of boys, attracted by her excited manner, paused to listen before they had thoroughly investigated the catastrophe.

"This place is too public for you," said Flix, looking about; "allow me to conduct you to the drug-store opposite. It will be some time, I fear, before the horses are soothed."

"Thanks, I should like to go somewhere, and yet I am so anxious to know who is hurt, and if it is very serious."

"Let me get you a shelter first, and then I will return and inform you," said Flix, and passing a hand through his arm, she, nothing loath, for Flix Forester had long been her ideal hero, was led to the opposite side of the street, and consigned to the care of a boy who was pounding with all his might in a small stone mortar.

"I will report unless your father comes first," said Flix, and left her, soothed by the magic of his voice. Hurrying at once to the more immediate scene of the disaster, he forced his way through the crowd until he stood face to face with the injured man, who was lying on the walk, his head upheld by the druggist in whose store Flix had left his friend.

"They can't move him just yet," said some one at his elbow. Flix turned and met the saddened, handsome face of the man, the voice of whose friend in the omnibus the night before, had so startled him. Then he fastened his gaze upon the wounded man—a powerful, well-knit figure, whose features, though bronzed, were attractive, and over whose black, bushy beard a slender stream of life-blood trickled.

"Pardon me—you are this man's friend, I believe?" said Flix, to the gentleman at his elbow.

"I am," replied the other, with much emotion; "he is like a father to me," and he looked at Flix, his questioning eyes seeming to ask, "and who are you that seem to know I am his friend?"

"Is he very badly injured?" queried Flix.

"Very—I fear fatally," was the answer. "He was thrown with great force against the curb, and, being a heavy man, the shock was terrible!" The young man turned his head away, his lip quivered. "I wish I knew what to do," he continued, a moment after; "we are at present stopping at the M—— Hotel, but the man who went for a surgeon thinks we had better have him taken to the hospital, which is, I believe, quite near. That, however, I fear will be repugnant to him. He has a great horror of hospitals."

"He would get much the best care there, and you could, of course, have your own physician," said Flix. "I judge you are strangers to the city."

"Quite—at least I am. We have been living in California, but my friend had business here which he thought he could better prosecute on the ground." He shook his head despondingly as he added, "I fear he will never be able to attend to any business again."

"Oh, he will come round, no doubt," said Flix, as there was a stir in the crowd caused by the preparations made to move the wounded man. The other, who had been talking to Flix, instantly went round to the scene of action. In a moment or two he was back, however, a look of new interest in his face. Lifting his hat, he touched Flix lightly on the arm.

"Excuse me," he said; "is your name Forester?"

"My name is Forester," Flix answered.

"I heard your name spoken," said the young man, "and you were the person indicated. Are you a lawyer?"

"I am a lawyer," was the reply. Flix wondering at the solicitude of his manner. "There is my card."

The stranger took it and read the name, "Felix Forester."

"You must be the very man," he said, looking up with a half-smile. "My friend had some law business which he intended to intrust to you."

"Ah, indeed?" Flix felt a strange contraction of the muscles of his face, and then, for fear that the change would be noticed, gave a dubious lawyer-like smile. "May I inquire your friend's name."

"De Neal, sir. I think I have his card—ah, yes, here it is," taking a card from his pocket, on which the name E. de Neal was engraved, and also the name of the newspaper on which he was employed.

"Your friend is an editor, perhaps," said Flix, scanning the piece of pasteboard.

"That is his profession, sir; but I must be going—they have lifted him, I see."

"I should be happy to have a call from you, and to hear further of the welfare of your friend," Flix responded.

"I will communicate with you, sir, with pleasure. I scarcely dare hope that my poor friend may be able to make his visit in person, but you shall hear from him, sir, if he lives." He touched his hat and turned away.

"What a very handsome fellow," said Flix to himself, "and what a strange, terrible coincidence if nothing more. The name," he studied the card, "there's a 'De' in it, at all events—curious! I wonder how all this is going to end? It's not pleasant to hold the balance of life and death in one's hand. I hope most sincerely that I may be mistaken in my suspicions. What a fool I was not to ask him the nature of his business." He had crossed the street. Miss Grace Poulisa stood looking out of the glass half-door of the handsome shop where he had left her. Recalled to the fact that she was yet there, Flix entered. The anxious face brightened, though she asked in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "Was he killed?" The little boy suspended the automatic motion of his elbows to hear.

"No, not killed."

"Thank God for that; I have been suffering from the fear that he was."

"Why should you suffer; the accident probably could not have been prevented."

"I don't know; John is very reckless—yet in this case—as the other horses were running—I—I hope it was not his fault. Did you see papa?"

"Yes; he was superintending the removal."

"He has had some experience in such things. I was nearly killed once by a runaway horse."

"You, Miss Grace? Dear me, I never heard of it." His thoughts are with his business and the strange client, who by the providence of God he may be destined never to meet, but he is looking in the fair young face with that interest which absence of mind sometimes simulates, and the pretty cheeks redden and the conscious eyes are cast down.

"Oh, yes; it was two years ago. I was thrown just opposite the Opera House, and taken up for dead. I did then declare that I never would ride again after I got well, and I kept my word for a year; here is papa. Is he terribly hurt, papa?"

"I am afraid so, my dear. Ah, Forester, shall I set you down at your office? The grays are all right, my dear," turning to Grace, who breathlessly awaited Flix's answer, which evidently was of great importance to her. Flix took out his watch, reflected a moment and declined. He did not notice the look of disappointment that spread over the face opposite him. If he had I fear it would not have altered his decision. He bade them good-morning, shaking hands with both, and went out into the pale sunshine. The wounded man had by this time been taken away, and the crowd had lessened, a few street Arabs standing about the broken vehicle, which had been drawn to one side, and probably speculating upon the extent of the injury done to man and beast. As Flix left the store a tall, blue-coated, brass-buttoned policeman turned a corner a few blocks above. He descried Flix and hastened his steps, walking faster and faster, till Flix, stopping for a moment to look at something that arrested his attention in a shop-window, the guardian of the public honor came up with him. Flix turned as the shadow fell upon the huge crystal of plate-glass, through which shone resplendent the choicest paintings and engravings arranged with true artistic skill, and at once responded to the grim salutation, the respectful touch of the cap.

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"You look as if you had something to say," he exclaimed, straightening his handsome figure.

"I have," was the laconic response.

"Well," his face expressed mingled pleasure and anxiety.

"We have found the young lady.

"Where?" queried Flix, drawing a long breath of relief, and thinking of his mother.

"In Virginia."

CHAPTER XXVII.—"THE DEAD MAN'S POOL?"

"I HAVE gained my point. I was determined that the advance should come from her, and now I do believe the little wretch likes me."

So wrote Sylve de Latude, who had made a practice of jotting down her thoughts, after a fashion, not by any means in a methodical, diary style, since she had taken up her abode at the Braddocks'. Her school was prospering famously, and save that the restraints of her new calling irked her somewhat at times, she rather liked the employment. She sat this morning, as she wrote, at the window, which was absolutely vine-clad, covered all over with the rich lush vine of the Virginia creeper, looking out over the road that stretched long and sinuously through the far distance, till it was lost at the summit of a steep hill. Never, in her bravest attire, had she looked so beautiful as now, in her plain cotton dress, that clung to her lithe figure as if it was molded to it; her hair thrown back and down in glorious abandon; her fearless eyes filled with a softly-luminous light.

The deep shadows, with twilight in their wake, that stretched solemnly from the trunks of the tall trees far across the yellow-green of the meadow-grass, lengthened perceptibly, and the fair, frail tints of the Autumn-leaves took a deeper glow from the setting sun that bathed all the west in a lovely golden tinge. The person about whom she had jotted down her thoughts so carelessly was Eve Lewin. The lonely girl had been so in need of companionship that, acting upon hints suggested by Raphael and backed by Nurse Desire, she had gradually narrowed the cold gulf of ordinary courtesy, and shaken hands across it, acknowledging to herself that the brilliant Northern beauty was worth cultivating, and graciously concluding to let bygones be bygones. To an unreflecting hate had succeeded, as is sometimes the case, a devoted friendship on the part of the Southern girl; but, though Sylve was always agreeable and sometimes affectionate in her presence, her earlier sentiments were but little changed, if any. She regarded Eve as a sort of rival, and never took the pains to undeceive herself in the estimate she had first formed, though she was not above sedulously striving to gain her regard. It was a proud moment for her when Eve first petitioned to enter her class as a pupil, and, since then, the friendless, single-hearted girl had conceived a strong affection for her whilom enemy, which Sylve returned indifferently.

While sitting at the window, Sylve heard footsteps, and hurriedly shut her book and put it out of the way. It was Salome's dark, bright face that looked in upon her.

"I have just had a letter," she said, "from a little second cousin of mine. The poor thing has lost her mother, and has really nowhere to go."

By this time she had come forward to where Sylve sat.

"Is she very poor?" asked Sylve.

"Very; her little note is almost tragic in its pathos. She had a mother, she is dead; she had a lover, he has forgotten her. Poor little soul! It was a marriage—that of her parents—that displeased everybody—in the family. I mean. She was a bright, capable little woman any man might be proud to call wife. He got his bread by his wits," continued Salome, "but he did everything for her. They say if he had lived, he would have made a fortune." She drew nearer. Her face assumed an expression of mystery. "You know that place down the road?" she added.

"The Dead Man's Pool?" queried Sylve.

"The same. I told you its history. The poor fellow who was murdered was this girl's father.

Sylve shuddered a little, and involuntarily cast a glance back into the deepening shadows of the room.

"She knows that, of course?"

"She knows that he was killed in Virginia. I have never told her the particulars as I know them."

"And was the murderer never found out?"

"Never. He, poor man—the peddler—had a large sum of money with him, which, as the banks were a little shaky at that time, he had just drawn out. For that money he was killed. I shall never forget that time. It was the year before I went North to school, and I was a girl of ten. A stranger, who had been thrown from his horse behind the fence, and paralyzed by the shock, testified afterwards to hearing the whole affair, though, of course, he could see nothing. He was carried up to Colonel Lewin's, and was there for weeks. I saw him several times—one of the finest-looking men I ever met, not so handsome as peculiar-looking; an exceptional face he had—a marked, expressive face—that once seen is never forgotten. By-the-way—why, yes, I remember, his name was Forester, though, I think, he must have been an older man than your guardian."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Sylve, turning her head aside at mention of the name, and speaking impetuously.

"Do? What would you do? Wouldn't you send for the poor little thing? She must have a home."

"Yes, I would," said Sylve, anxiously looking forward to some new excitement; "she and I will be sisters in misfortune. But what about her lover? Who is he?"

"There I'm in the dark," said Salome. "I only know that there was a young man who was very attentive to her; but he has gone off somewhere, and forgotten her, I suppose."

"Is she handsome?"

"I've been waiting for that question," laughed Salome. "Well, yes, a sort of flower-like beauty—a lily, her mother always called her. Poor lily, now that the stalk is broken, her head hangs down. Well?—rising—"I think I will write to her. No doubt, being a New England girl, she is thoroughly capable. When you are tracked to your lair, and go home and be good, like a sensible girl, she can step into your shoes and take the school."

"That goal of the disappointed and unloved," murmured Sylve. "Well, she will be welcome when that time comes."

"And the great fortune."

"I don't care for the great fortune," says Sylve, doggedly.

"Don't you? Wait till the outer coating of your romance has worn off, and see," Salome retorts.

"Do you want to get rid of me?"

"If you do I'll take her," cries a fresh young voice, and in the deepening dusk a bright face is visible. Eve Lewin trips in, her long muslin draperies making her look weird in the half-light as she comes forward. "Do say you're tired of her, Salome, please do," pleads the pretty bird voice, "Take pity on my seclusion and loneliness. Why, I am actually driven to talk to dumb, inanimate things, the pictures on the walls, the chairs and tables. Come and pay me a long visit, Miss Brown. Raphael will be here soon, and I can't possibly entertain him by myself. It's so stupid, just two and no more."

"You forget," laughed Sylve, "two is company—three is none."

"Oh, don't quote those musty old sayings. Why might it not be as well, two is company, three is more, or better."

"I've a great mind to go," says Sylve to herself, thinking of the paragon she has never seen, Raphael Wilde.

"You shall share my bed, and Dee is a lovely cook," pleads Eve, waxing eloquent. "She gets up such tiny, ravishing dinners, and there is always more than enough. I'm continually fretting that there isn't some one to help me eat them. Think of my sitting down alone at dinner! It's absolutely terrible."

"Why don't you have Dee sit with you?"

Eve opened her great blue eyes to their widest extent, and then said, in a colder voice:

"Dee knows her place too well."

"I'm afraid we should quarrel, our notions about things are so different," said Sylve, shrugging her shoulders.

"Oh, no, we'd both concede a little—that is, I would, I think. Suppose we try it for a while. Come and stay with me—as long as you can. Take pity on my forlorn state."

It all ended in Sylve's effects being carried over to Lewin House in a little brown trunk, which Salome lent her; so the once despised teacher became an inmate of the old mansion that but a few years before had made such a brilliant show. She carried thither her Northern energy and ingenuity to bear upon household matters, and new comforts and elegancies sprang upon them. Sometimes she acknowledged to herself that it was a little tiresome, hearing so perpetually the praise of the coming man, for Eve, restricted from other topics by her utterly secluded life, could talk of little else, and if she dropped the theme it was taken up by Dee, who, gathering all the virtues she had ever seen or heard of, concentrated them in one name, Raphael Wilde.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Severe Winter in Paris.

Since 1830 Paris has not been so enshrouded in snow as this Winter. December 5th there was an average fall of from forty to fifty centimetres. In some unprotected places it lay from three to four feet deep. Cabs, street-cars and omnibuses, with four and five horses hitched to them, moved as slowly as hearses; hundreds of wagons remained blocked in the snow; the horses were removed from them and led home to their stables; no one ventured into the streets unless compelled to. Never since the Commune has Paris looked so gloomy; the railroads leading out of the city were all blocked, so that travel and exportation were at a stand-still. It cost the city 1,500,000 francs to clear the streets from snow. It cost 100,000 francs the first two days to clear the sidewalks. Besides the usual 3,000 street-cleaners, thousands of others were pressed into service. Workmen were paid thirty centimes an hour by day and sixty by night for their work. The Seine River was frozen over, which has only occurred during the last century five times.

The Tay Bridge Disaster.

The exploration of the bed of the river, in which lie the wreck of the train and the fallen girders, has been carried on with as much vigor as the state of the weather would permit, six divers being employed besides a large number of trawlers, who, with ropes and hooks, have been dragging different parts of the water from boats. The divers find that the train divided itself into two portions, of which only the foremost portion, with the engine and tender, has yet been discovered, lying inside the girders. The shells of carriages remaining were almost empty; not only the passengers' bodies, but the cushions, seats and partitions had been forced out by the current of the river or the tide. The wreckage brought up consists mostly of planks and beams from the permanent way of the railroad, or floor of the bridge, and even these thick timbers are very much broken up. As they floated towards the shores crowds of men, women and children grappled for them, forming scenes, particularly at Broughty Ferry, of a very active and picturesque character.

The New Year's Water Festival, Burmah.

On the first day of the New Year begins the "Water Festival," which lasts for four days. At daybreak the people proceed to the pagodas, which they sprinkle with water, offering up at the same time prayers for a plentiful season. They also present jars of water to the priests, and ask forgiveness for the sins of the past year. After this a kind of Burmese carnival begins, only, instead of sweetmeats and nosegays, water is thrown, sometimes scented, or with flowers in it. The fronts of the houses are decorated with green leaves and flowers, and the inmates send showers of water on the passers-by; or bands of young men and women parade the streets armed with earthen jars of water and silver cups, ducking every one they meet amid peals of laughter. Sometimes these bands meet, and have regular contests, drenching each other. No one, whatever his rank, escapes the liquid salutation; indeed, bad luck is sure to befall those who are not wet at least once during the day, and the license gives rise to much harmless merriment. The original idea of the festival is that of washing away the sins, impurities and ill feelings of the past year.

The Zulu King in Captivity.

The ex Zulu King bears his captivity well, his anxiety about the presence and "sympathy" of his numerous wives, and the regulate quality of food, having been relieved. He is proud of his European clothes, and his advancement in learning to read and write. With the British officers at the Castle, at Cape Town, South Africa, he has become a great favorite. No restraints are placed upon him, and he gives no trouble whatever to his custodians.

Distribution of Dowries to Poor Girls in Rome.

A mode of beneficence common in Europe and not without its attractive features is shown in this illustration. It is on the continent a very common thing for a person of wealth to create a fund the income of which is annually given among a certain number of meritorious and virtuous young girls, in order to enable them to marry advantageously. The artist Ferrari depicts in our illustration a scene of such a distribution, which occurred on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, in the church of Montserrat at Rome, which is the national church of the Spaniards. Some charitable persons from the peninsula established the fund in the sixteenth century, and, invested in town and country property, it has continued three centuries to do its meritorious work. The distribution is made under the direction of the Spanish Benedictines, and was attended by the Spanish Ambassadors to the Pope and the King, by the Spanish artists in Rome and many of their countrypeople of both sexes, who form the Spanish colony in the Eternal City.

Another Attempt on the Life of Alfonso XII.

It is sad to see that the young King of Spain is decidedly unpopular with his people. The overthrow of the Carlists, in which he took part, ought to have won him the attachment of a people not insensible to military glory. The charming character of Mercedes and her early death seemed to gather around him a nation's sympathy, but there seems a lack of personal magnetism about him, he has not the charm of popularity. He had been driving out in a phaeton with the Queen, attended only by two lackeys and a courier, and was just returning to the palace, when an attempt was made upon his life. As the light vehicle passed under the shadow of the Puerta del Principe, which opens on the Plaza del Oriente, a man fired twice with a Lefaucheux double-barreled pistol. The first ball almost grazed the neck of the King and the forehead of Queen Christine, who, uttering a cry of alarm, flung her arms around Alfonso. The assassin, Francisco Otero Gonzalez, a native of Gustin, in the province of Lugo, aged nineteen, was at once arrested. When the Queen recovered from the shock, reassured by the King as to his safety, ministers and grandees crowded around them to protest their devotedness to the royal family and their horror of the shameful attempt. The Queen was greatly prostrated by the fearful ordeal through which she had just passed and which shadows with gloom the life on which she has just entered, and which Spain may be said to have promised to invest with loyalty and chivalrous devotion.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

At the Last Sitting of the Paris Society of Geography a letter from M. Sibiriakoff, one of the promoters of Nordenskjöld's North Asiatic Expedition, was read. This generous gentleman proposes to the Society to send a handsome subscription, in case a French expedition is sent to those parts.

A Committee has been appointed to receive subscriptions for the purpose of commemorating the retirement of Dr. Andrews from the Vice-Presidency of the Queen's College, Belfast, by a bust or portrait to be placed in the College, and a prize or scholarship to be founded in the same institution in connection with chemical science.

The Excavations at Olympia under the auspices of the German Government have been resumed this Winter with a force of 100 workmen. A statue of Nemesis, and heads of Titus, of a kneeling infant, and of Faionio's Nike have already been unearthed this season. The total number of works of art thus far excavated is sixty-seven, consisting of forty-one figures and twenty-six heads.

Some Curious Statistics of gas-lighting in Paris have been published recently. The greatest duration of public lighting is 14 hours 30 minutes, and smallest 5 hours 25 minutes. The cost of gas for public and private establishments is $10,000,000, about $5 per head for each inhabitant of Paris. The total consumption of gas is 6,500,000,000 cubic feet. In 1880 the Paris Municipality intends to enlarge its lighting expenses by $80,000, and $40,000 for establishing new gas-lamps. No provision appears to be made for electricity.

Decomposition of Chlorine.—The elementary character of chlorine has been contested from the very start, and it was only the weighty authority of Sir Humphrey Davy that put a stop to the discussion in the journals. The late Professor Schoenbein, of Switzerland, always maintained that chlorine contained oxygen, and his arguments and proofs were difficult to overcome. We now hear that another Swiss chemist, Victor Meyer, of Zurich, has been experimenting in a new direction, and that he claims to have dissociated chlorine, and to have separated the oxygen from it. He accomplished this by exposing pure chlorine gas to a very high temperature in a vapor-density apparatus invented by himself. The dissociated gas issuing out of the apparatus was passed through iodide of potassium to free it of the chlorine, and the unabsorbed oxygen was collected and tested as usual. Thus chlorine appears to be a compound body made up of a new element to be called *murium*, and of oxygen, possibly confirming the views of Schoenbein and other chemists.

Mind and Matter.—Professor Allman in his address before the British Association says we are not forced to the conclusion that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force. The simplest physical law is absolutely inconceivable by the highest of the brutes, and no one would be justified in assuming that man had already attained the limit of his powers. Whatever may be the mysterious bond which connects organization with psychical endowments, the one great fact—a fact of inestimable importance—stands out clear and freed from all obscurity and doubt, that from the first dawn of intelligence there is with every advance in organization a corresponding advance in mind. Mind as well as body is thus traveling onwards through higher and still higher phases; the great law of evolution is shaping the destiny of our race; and though now we may at most but indicate some weak point in the generalization which would refer consciousness as well as life to a common material source, who can say that in the far-off future there may not yet be evolved other and higher faculties from which light may stream in upon the darkness and reveal to man the great mystery of thought.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR LAMAR is steadily improving in health. He is now able to sit up, and has left Jackson for his home at Oxford.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, a German Ambassador in Paris, gives offense by his haughty and brusque manner, both in social and official circles.

THE South Carolina Historical Society is considering the question of erecting a monument over the grave of Carolina's poet, Henry Timrod.

M. STANILAS HAREL, one of the richest men in Rouen, France, has just died, leaving his whole fortune of several millions of francs to his valet.

MR. W. C. FOX, United States Consul at Brunswick, Germany, is shortly to be married to a daughter of one of the wealthiest residents of that city.

THE new St. Botolph Club, of Boston, has Francis Parkman, the historian, for its President. Professor Alexander Agassiz is one of the Executive Committee.

REV. DR. J. B. MCFERRIN, Agent of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville, is seriously ill, having been seized with vertigo and threatened with paralysis of the brain.

IT is reported that Albert Victor and George, sons of the Prince of Wales, now in Her Majesty's steamer *Sacchosis*, at Barbadoes, will meet the Princess Louise at Halifax, on her arrival from England.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES has received from the King of Italy a valuable decoration as a mark of the royal appreciation of his books. "Self-Help," translated, has been sold in Italy to the number of 50,000 copies.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is giving a series of scientific lectures to children in London. He has just given one on glaciers. The experiments showing the formation of clouds and snow crystals are said to have been very beautiful and successful.

THE Mexican Government has ordered the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec refitted for the reception of General Grant and party. A house is also being prepared in the City of Mexico to enable the party to alternate between the town and country.

IN Munich Cathedral, on New Year's Day, the Queen-Dowager of Bavaria was struck by a house portress, who had suddenly become insane, and was with difficulty overpowered. The Queen, notwithstanding her painful emotion, remained to the end of the service.

MR. OLIVER DALRYMPLE, the great Minnesota farmer, intends to cultivate 20,000 acres of wheat this year. He will have twenty steam-threshers in operation, with 135 reaping-machines. Last year he employed 600 laborers, and this year will increase the number to 700.

A COMMUNICATION from Mr. Christiancy, United States Minister to Peru, was brought to the attention of the Cabinet. Mr. Christiancy has been requested to recognize the present Government of Peru. It was decided to authorize Mr. Christiancy to use his own discretion in the matter.

THE Bishop of Manchester, who has for a quarter of a century been engaged to Miss Duncan, of Bath, is to marry her next month—unless one or the other takes a contrary view of the project. The clergy of the diocese are subscribing for a present to his lordship, the subscriptions being limited to one guinea.

MISS HARRIET LANE, who in the days of James Buchanan was mistress of the White House, and who is now the wife of Robert Johnson, a wealthy banker of Baltimore, has recently purchased Wheatlands, the place where her uncle was born, in Pennsylvania, and will there erect a suitable memorial to him.

JUDGE PHILIP H. MORGAN, who has been nominated for the Mexican mission, is a native of Louisiana, and has been a member of the State Supreme Court of Louisiana; was United States District Attorney of that State, and is regarded as a lawyer of ability. He is now in Egypt practicing his profession, and his appointment is highly spoken of by members of the Louisiana delegation in Washington.

LADY MARY HAMILTON, lately Princess of Monaco, has asked the authorization of the Church to contract a new marriage with a Hungarian Prince. The Church is reported to find no impediment, but the marriage must be performed in some country where no civil marriage is known, since the civil law holds her to be still married to the Prince of Monaco. The marriage will take place shortly at Vienna.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to have a long memory for persons and faces. Her whole thoughts now seem centred in her soldiers, especially in those who have been wounded in her service; and in looking over paintings of subjects in the recent wars, she knows and remembers the names of all those soldiers—even privates—on whom she has conferred the Victoria Cross or other honors, at once picking them out in the painting and asking after them by name.

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, to succeed Minister Lowell at Madrid, is promoted from the consul generalship at Paris. He was in Liverpool in 1872, and was transferred to the Paris office in 1879, which he still holds. General Fairchild was born in Ohio in 1831, removed to Wisconsin at an early age, and went to the war from that State as captain in a three months' regiment, and was afterwards commissioned as captain in the Regular Army. He saw much service in the field, lost an arm at Gettysburg, and was commissioned brigadier general from that date for gallantry. He then entered the civil service, first as Secretary of State and, later, as Governor, holding the latter office for three terms.

COLONEL JOHN W. FOSTER, the new envoy to Russia, was born in Evansville, Ind., about 1834, was educated at Bloomington University and at Harvard Law School, and commenced the practice of law at his native city as a partner of ex-Governor Conrad Baker. At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned an officer of Indiana volunteers, and saw an unusual amount of hard service. After the war he became editor and proprietor of the *Daily Evansville Journal*, was chairman of the Republican executive committee in 1872, and was largely instrumental in the success of his party in that year. He has been Minister to Mexico since 1873, has recently traveled through most of the States of Mexico, and is credited with great diplomatic ability.

ABDER RAHMAN KHAN, who may soon be the strongest claimant for the Afghan throne, is the son of Afzul Khan, elder brother of Shere Ali, and, according to English ideas of primogeniture, natural successor to Dost Mohammed. In 1865 he rebelled and seized Balkh, and in 1866 seized Cabul and proclaimed his father Ameer. Afzul was recognized by the Indian Government, and obeyed by the greater part of the country, but took to drinking and became unpopular, and, on his death, Abder Rahman found himself obliged to recognize his uncle, Shere Ali, as Ameer. He rebelled, however, his uncle, Shere Ali, as Ameer. He rebelled, however, his uncle, Shere Ali, as Ameer. He rebelled, however,



OBVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.



REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.

FRANK LESLIE'S DESK AND CHAIR.

IN the southeastern corner of the immense editorial room, commanding a view of the editorial desks, the library, and his loved Art Department, Mr. Leslie used to work. From this corner were issued the instructions, with electric rapidity, the carrying out of which was destined to enlighten, educate and delight the people of this vast continent — destined to render the name of Frank Leslie a veritable household word. Seating himself at his desk, he would, in the short, sharp, incisive tone of one accustomed to be obeyed, summon such editor, or artist, or engraver, or chief of department, as the occasion demanded, and, in a few pithy and well-chosen words, convey his idea, always, however, asking for ideas in exchange, and with a gentle and courteous humility that emboldened the most timid of his staff to suggest, argue and urge. Immediately behind his chair was the door of his private office, whither he would occasionally retire to confer with author or artist, or to consult with Mrs. Leslie, whose editorial sanctum stands still further back, and upon whose opinion in business matters he set so high a value.

In his time, Frank Leslie had many honors conferred upon him, ever unsought for, ever unsolicited. He was appointed a Commissioner to represent the United States at the Exhibition in Paris in 1867, and his Report on the Fine Arts in connection with his mission was an exhaustive and masterful résumé of the entire subject, and handled with the dexterity of an expert. Mr. Leslie was presented by the Emperor Napoleon III., in person, with commemorative medals of which we give obverse and reverse illustrations. The medals are of bronze, and on the obverse of each, in bas-relief, is the profile of the Emperor. The large medal was presented by the French Government "*Pour services rendus*," or services rendered, and inscribed with the name of the Commissioner on a tablet borne by two cherubs, a laurel crown above, the Imperial eagle beneath; the medal for services on the International Jury was exceptional, and only presented to the members of the Jury, of which Mr. Leslie was one; while the Imperial Commission Medal was presented as a *souvenir* of the Exposition. As the boy is father to the man, at the age of thirteen years Frank Leslie sketched and engraved the coat-of-arms of the town of Ipswich, his place of birth, a notable work for one so young — notable from its treatment, fidelity and workmanship. As the boy was intensely proud of this his first step on the path he was destined to cleave for himself in the after-time, so in that after-time did the man look fondly back upon that first step in the art which brought him name and fame and fortune. Ipswich, too, was justly proud of this effort of her youthful son, and when, after an absence of seventeen years, Mr. Leslie revisited his native city, the engraving, which we illustrate, was proudly produced and exhibited.

THE ANNUAL FLOWER PARTY.

FOR several years the Young Men's Charity Association of New York have been in the habit of giving a flower party for the benefit of the Northeastern Homeopathic Dispensary. These parties have always drawn together the *élite* of the city for an evening of pleasurable entertainment. This season the party was given at Delmonico's, on Monday evening, January 19th. The ballroom was decorated with vast flowering plants on brackets about the walls, and large pieces on the corners, while from the crystal chandeliers hung delicate vines. In the parlor was placed a large bower of flowers, from which all the guests were presented with bouquets, those for the gentlemen being *boutonnières*, while each lady received her bouquet in a fancy basket, surrounded by a gilt horseshoe, inscribed with "Good luck." Miss Eugenie Mortimer Earle presided in the floral temple, and wore a dress of brocaded white satin in Persian colors, with princesse back, *decollété*, and short sleeves. No flowers were sold as on previous occasions of the kind, but the tickets were this year sold at a higher price than usual, and covered all the incidentals of the evening. After 9 P.M. no tickets were sold.

After an hour's promenade concert by Lander's orchestra, the ball was opened at 10 o'clock by the Floor Committee, followed by the guests. Supper was served at 11 o'clock, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until a late hour.

RESCUED FROM THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

THE most important rescue that has signalized the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children since its organization, was that made on Saturday, January 17th, at the building known as the "Shepherd's Fold," No. 157 East Sixtieth Street. It was conducted at the time by the Rev. Edward Cowley, who called himself Secretary of the Shepherd's Fold, and his wife. Complaints had been made frequently to the Society against the way poor children sent to the Fold were treated, and the raid of the 17th was authorized by warrants issued by Judge Donohue of the Supreme Court, on the application of the Society's officer. The house, externally an imposing four-story, brown-stone structure, was visited early on Saturday morning by Superintendent Jenkins, and a number of the officers of the Society and the Police Department. Admission was denied, but the officers gained access, and made a thorough search of the premises. Twenty-four children, poorly dressed, sick, emaciated and nearly starved to death, were found. Hastily gathering them together, the officers had them dressed in their out-of-door clothing, and then hurried them into six coaches that were in waiting. From the house they were driven directly to the Supreme Court-room, where, after arranging them before Judge Donohue, Mr. Delafield reported the action that had been taken. Although the warrants called for twenty-eight children, but twenty-four were found, and one of them, little Louis Victor, was hunted up in St. Luke's Hospital, whither he had been sent by "Secretary" Cowley in a dying condition, the result of starvation.

Wishing to give Mr. Cowley, or some representative of the Fold, an opportunity to be heard, Judge Donohue adjourned the examination to Saturday, 24th inst. Before doing so he issued an order consigning the children to the care of the Society pending the investigation. As soon as the legal forms were settled the children were taken by Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society, to a restaurant, and given the first good meal they had had for months, and in the case of some, for years.

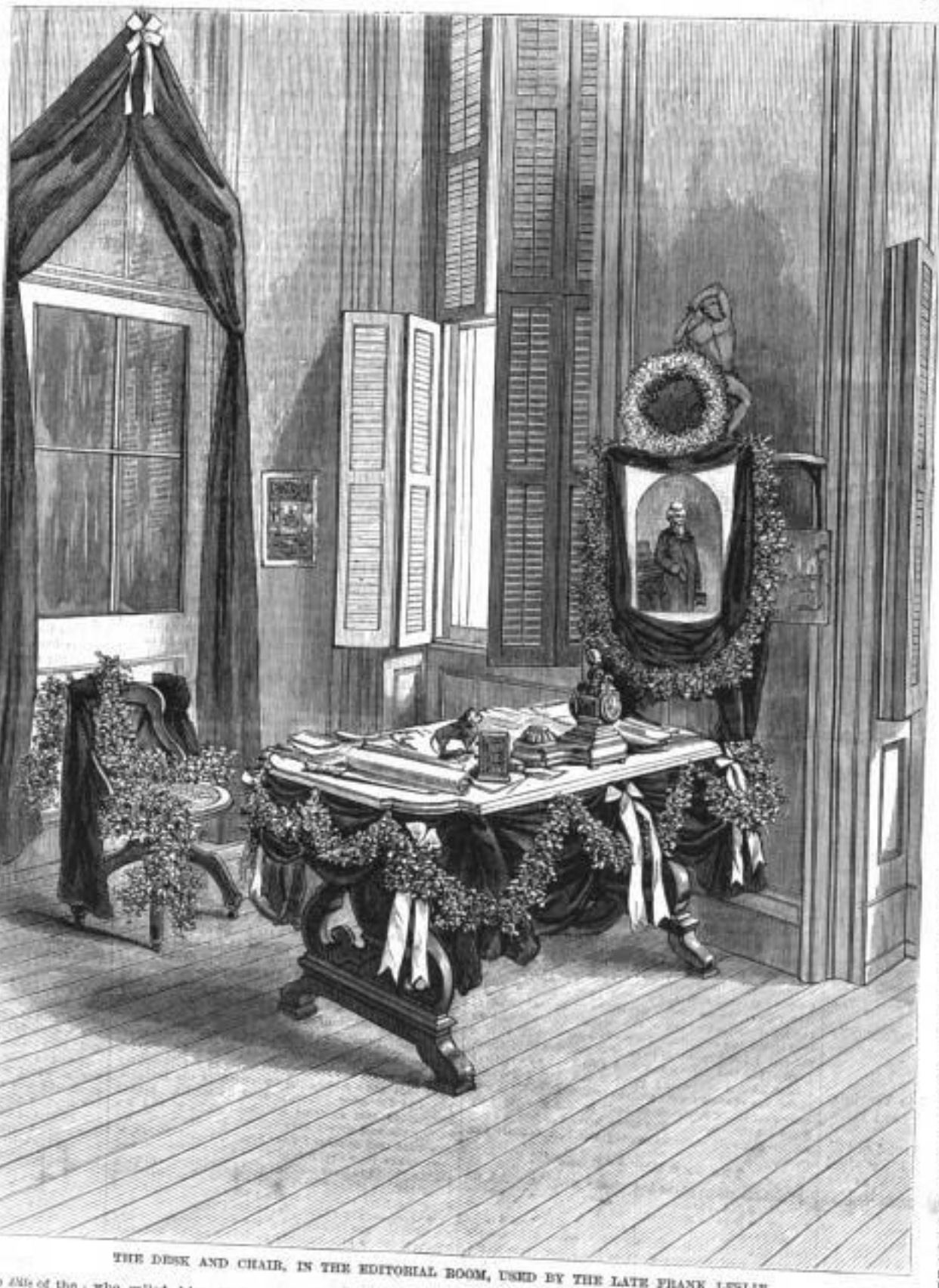
It is said by Superintendent Jenkins that "several complaints have been made to this Society heretofore against this institution, but they have been based in some instances in such a way that the Society did not feel justified in proceeding against the Shepherd's Fold. I have heard that Mr. Cowley was formerly employed on the Island, and when the Shepherd's Fold was organized in 1868 he remained with it some time and then withdrew. Soon after he organized the Children's Fold. Two years ago he resigned from the latter, on account of the complaints made against him for having starved children under his care, taking with him some children whom he placed in the Shepherd's Fold. The Children's Fold removed to Tenth Avenue and Ninety-third Street from the house in East Sixtieth Street. Upon its removal Mr. Cowley took possession of the Sixtieth Street house." Besides the complaints of interested parties, there have been many made to the Society by the neighbors, who said that the children were crying continually; also, that children were locked in the rooms, as was shown by the fact that other children had to pass food to them through the windows.

The children since their rescue have received the best of medical attention, of which they were in sore need. Food has been given them sparingly, and when the case comes up in court for thorough investigation, they will bear little resemblance to the woebegone unfortunates of a week ago.

Louis Victor, the miserable child who was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, and the discovery of whose starvation and ill-treatment resulted in breaking up of the Fold, is still in a precarious condition. At times he starts up with a morbidly-ravenous appetite, calling for "Meat! meat!" and clawing and tearing it when he gets it with a ravenous appetite. The house-physicians declare that the boy's sufferings are directly caused by the lack of proper food and nourishment. They say that if the child had remained in the Fold five days longer he would have been a corpse.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN EMPEROR.

THE late Joshua A. Norton, better known as "Norton I. Emperor of California and Protector of Mexico," was one of the most familiar characters of San Francisco. He was born in London, Eng., February 4th, 1817, of Jewish parentage, and settled in San Francisco in November, 1848, hailing from Valparaiso, Chile, where he arrived but a short time before from Cape Town, South Africa. He is remembered by the early pioneers as having been a shrewd, safe and prosperous man, possessing more than ordinary intelligence, fertile of resource and enterprise. His business pursuits were varied. At one time he was buying-partner for three or four mercantile houses in the interior of the State, and in this capacity manifested great business ability. Then he engaged in the real estate business, in which he continued, with apparent prosperity, a number of years. While in this business he became possessor of much valuable real estate, and, judging by the frequent occurrence of his name on the city and county records, and the monetary value represented, he was in those early times one of the largest land speculators. His hallucination was that he was Emperor of California and Protector of Mexico. In accordance with this belief, his sole purpose in life was to properly administer to his subjects, and do everything possible for the promotion of prosperity and the advancement of his dominions. His diplomatic relations with other countries were not lost sight of, and he profited by closely observing the progress or downfall of other nations, using their experience in his home policy. He claimed to have reconciled the French and Prussians, and to have brought about the peace that was established between them at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. He also claimed that the Rebellion was terminated through his intercession, and that the success attending the reconstruction of the Union was due, in a great part, to his wise counsel. California's great resources were his pride. San Francisco, his favorite city, he called "The Queen of the Pacific." By proclamations (which sometimes, to humor his whim, were published in the city press) he communicated to his subjects his ideas of progress and justice. His belief that he ruled most royally was strengthened by the homage that all showed him. He could readily be recognized by his dress, as he paid no attention whatever to the varying fashion. His coat was navy-blue, cut in military style, and lavishly trimmed with brass buttons. On the shoulders were heavy epaulets, usually tarnished with exposure to the weather. In his hat there always waved a plume of feathers. He always wore a buttonhole flower. His scientific



THE DESK AND CHAIR, IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM, USED BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.



THE FIRST WOODCUT DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.



REVERSE OF THE IMPERIAL COMMISSION MEDAL PRESENTED AS A SOUVENIR TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.



REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE FOR SERVICES ON THE JURY OF THE FRENCH EXPOSITION, 1867.

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THE HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN.

knowledge, though some times mixed, was considerable. He was on familiar terms with all officials, high and low, feeling that they were merely his favored subjects. He was temperate in his habits. When he wished money he would sign one of the Imperial drafts, and, presenting it to an acquaintance who humored his delusion, get it cashed.

Norton was a member of the Masonic Order, belonging to Occidental Lodge, F. and A. M., San Francisco. As he was in good standing up to the time of the appearance of his malady, his brethren have since then contributed a regular stipend to his support. He is dead, and no citizen of San Francisco could have been taken away who would be more generally missed than Joshua A. Norton, alias Norton I., Emperor.

HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who has been nominated by the President for Minister to England, is at present representing our Government at the Spanish Court. His nomination is in the line of a promotion to the highest diplomatic position with which it is in the power of the Republic to honor any of its citizens. In political matters he has never taken any prominent part; in public life he has simply filled for a pleasant season the post of Ambassador at Madrid, but in the great world of letters he has been long and most favorably known. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22d, 1819, graduated at Harvard University in 1839, and studied law, but never practiced, preferring the walks of authorship, which he had entered before leaving college. In 1855 Mr. Longfellow resigned his position as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard, and Mr. Lowell was appointed his successor; but instead of entering at once upon his new duties, he visited Europe and spent a year in study, chiefly at Dresden. From 1857 to 1862 he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. When the alumni of Harvard University held the memorial services for those of its members who had fallen during the war, he wrote the poem for the sad occasion. In 1872 he made a second visit to Europe, spending two years in traveland study, and returning with the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the English University of Cambridge. In the Fall of 1874 President Grant tendered him the Mission to Russia, but he declined, and George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, was appointed. In July, 1877, President Hayes appointed him to the Spanish Mission, which he accepted, when the Faculty of the University refused to receive the resignation of his professorship and granted him instead an indefinite furlough. On the 16th of July he sailed from New York, and was accompanied down the harbor by a large company of distinguished people, and warm farewells were extended in the cabin of the steamship. His first published work was a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "A Year's Life," in 1841. Three years later he published a second volume of poems, in which the famous "Legend of Brittany" and "Prometheus" appeared. His remarkable work "The Bigelow Papers," a collection of humorous poems on political subjects, written in the Yankee dialect, was given to the public in 1848, and a second series was published in 1864.

RECEPTION OF EX-PRESIDENT GRANT IN HAVANA.

WITH the impression of the late cordial reception in Florida, General Grant has proceeded to Havana, thence to take steamer to that republic where as a young officer he first evinced the brilliant and soldier-like qualities which were at a later period of life to raise him to the command of one of the greatest armies in history. The General's party, consisting of Mrs. Grant, his son, Colonel Fred Grant and his wife, General P. H. Sheridan and his wife, and two young ladies, embarked on the steamer *Admiral* which left Key West at two o'clock on the morning of January 22d. A five hours' run was expected from that outlying port of our republic and the capital of the "Ever Faithful Isle," as Spaniards delight to call Cuba, but the weather disappointed the expectation. It was not till half-past eleven that the *Admiral* steamed past Moro Castle. As the *Admiral* entered this port, a small steamer belonging to the Navy Department, and carrying General Arias, Civil Governor of the Province of Havana, and Confidential Adjutant of Captain-General Blanco, several staff officers, Henry C. Hall, the United States Consul, and a number of American citizens, among them General Webb, met the steamer. General Arias then tendered General Grant the hospitalities of the city, and an abode in the Palace, and said that Captain-General Blanco expressed regret at not being in the city to welcome General Grant, but that he hoped to arrive before the party went away. General Grant replied that he would be happy to meet General Blanco. The whole party, immediately after the exchange of courtesies, boarded the small steamer, and went ashore. Large crowds had assembled on the wharves and houses to witness the landing. The party entered carriages belonging to the Captain-General, and were driven to the Palace. Here the distinguished visitor was received at the foot of the staircase of the State Residence by General Callejas, Vice Governor-General, and by Joaquin Carbonell, Secretary of the Government. The scene engraved in this number from a photograph transports the reader to the spot and gives an idea of the interest felt in all classes to scrutinize in life the features of a great general whose fame is world-wide. After the official reception, which was conducted with all the grave and stately Spanish courtesy, General Grant took a drive in the afternoon and received a few intimate friends who happened to be in the city. Colonel of Engineers Cerero, Commander Rivera, Chief of Staff, and Cavalry Commander Sandoval, Adjutant of Captain-General Blanco, were commissioned to attend General Grant and party during their stay. As General Grant wishes to see the island, he will accept invitations to visit a few plantations during his brief sojourn, and as the wishes of his party will coincide with his own, they will enjoy a sight of the great sugar and tobacco plains that give Cuba her great wealth.

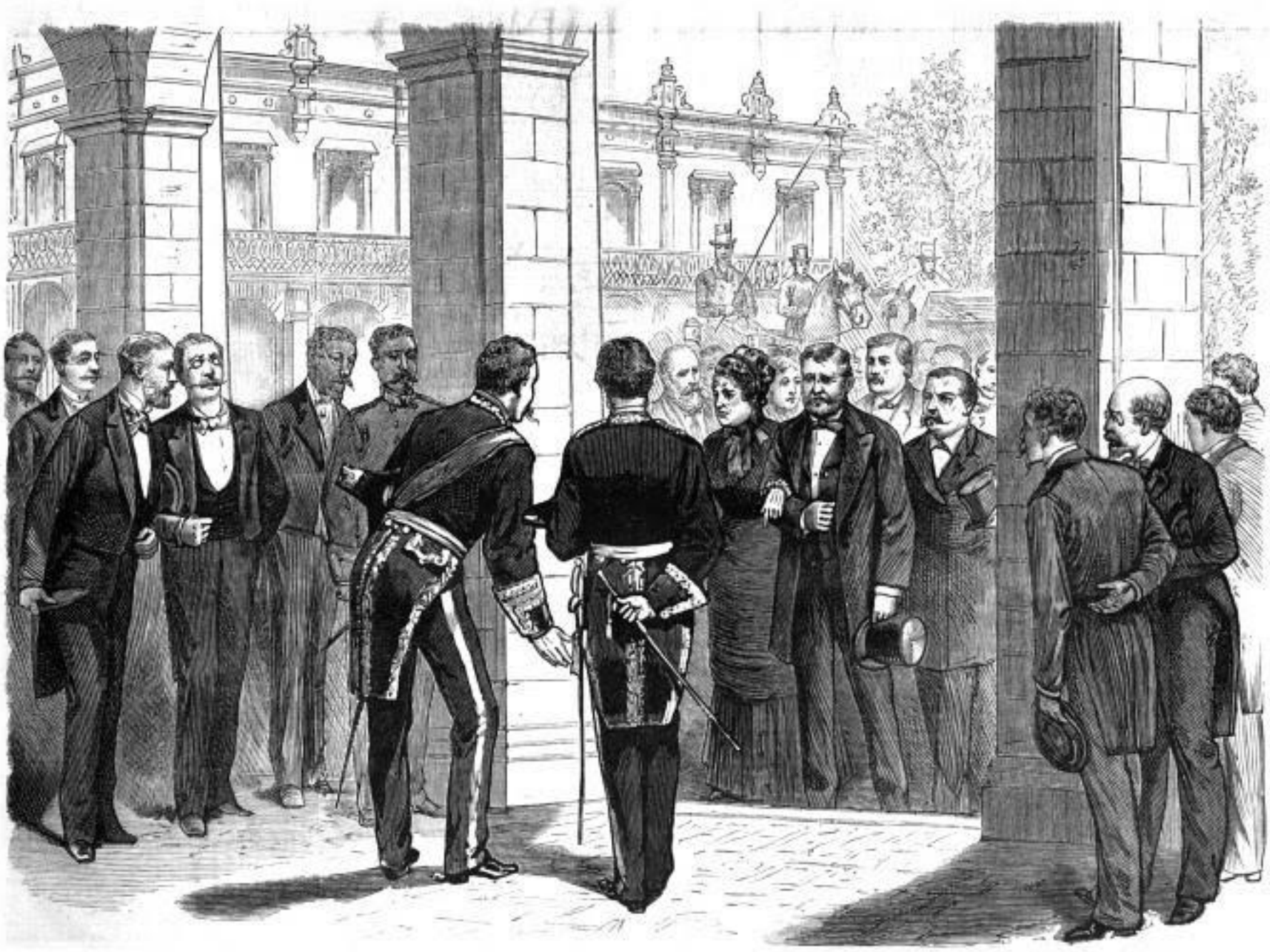
FESTIVE MONARCHS OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

COUNT DE SÉMELLÉ who has just returned to Europe from a long and eventful journey in the interior of Africa, underwent, according to his own account, some uncommonly disagreeable experiences during his sojourn on the banks of the Niger. Among other startling episodes narrated in his account of his wanderings is that of his entertainment by the monarch of the Midgi country, against whom he had been warned by that sovereign's neighbors. By no means expectant of a cordial welcome, but resolved to visit Midgiland at any risk, the count crossed the frontiers of that state, and demanded an audience of its King. This request was granted, and he was ushered into the presence of his Majesty, who, before returning his courteous salutations, or, indeed, taking any notice of him, caused 100 full-grown men, collected at court for that purpose, to be decapitated, and then condescended to investigate their remains with his own royal hands and eyes, in order to discover whether or not, on the whole, the omens deducible from them were auspicious to his reception of the intrusive stranger. Fortunately for De Sémellé most of the bodily evidence thus collected proved favorable to him, whereupon the careful monarch greeted him with genial cordiality, and made him a present of twenty "ministering angels" on the spot. The bodies of the colored gentlemen which had been consulted with respect to the count's admission to court were cut up into small portions, and distributed among the inhabitants of the capital for culinary purposes. De Sémellé, who had the honor of supping with the King the same evening, was called upon to partake of the morning's sacrifice. This summons was addressed to him in so emphatic a manner that he did not think fit to decline the horrible invitation.

A less ghastly entertainment awaited him in the Empire of Lokogda, although his reception there by the supreme local authorities was also of a somewhat startling character. When introduced to



THE LATE EMPEROR NORTON I., OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FROM A PHOTO. BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.



CUBA.—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND SUITE AT HAVANA—THE FORMAL RECEPTION AT THE STAIRWAY OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE, JANUARY 22D.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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the presence of the Sultan he politely offered to the latter certain presents of gay cotton goods he had brought with him for that purpose, whereupon his Majesty fell into a violent passion, and roared out: "I am a great Sultan, not a dog! I don't want your paltry presents! But give me brandy or rum, or——!" The rest of the imperial remarks were couched in terms too vigorous for reproduction here. Count de Sémeillé thought his last hour was come, but, summoning up courage, he charged his interpreter to tell the irate Sultan that he (Sémeillé) was a Frenchman, who feared neither poison nor fire: and, what was more, that, during all his travels, he had never before come across so unmitigated a ruffian as the imperial ruler of Lokogda. This bold utterance exercised a tranquillizing effect upon the Sultan's outraged feelings, and his Majesty subsequently deigned to accept a flask of Hollands from his audacious visitor, and to empty it at a draught! Shortly after he had swallowed this potent potion he subsided into a condition of quiet ecstasy, in which the count left him. It appears that the jovial Sultan's steadfast addiction to strong liquor has considerably weakened his prestige with his own subjects, who govern the country by a sort of Parliament, over which he nominally presides. But his Majesty's irrepressible conviviality has infected the Legislature, which—so Count de Sémeillé states—transacts public business from misty morn to dewy eve over the flowing bowl.

A Society Reform.

UNDER the pretty title of the "Cinderella" dance, a sort of semi-ball, rigorously pledged to exhibit its final galop on the healthy, wealthy and wise side of midnight, gives good augury of a return to sober hours in the habits and customs of the English. Another hopeful sign in the practice of abbreviating dinners, both by the reduction of the *menu* and by the abolition of a male sederant running into much time and many magnums. The fashion of thus curtailing and lightening the once solemn and often dreary meal has indeed been steadily growing for a long time. Those heavy feasts, with their monstrous epergnes and other conventionalities as pompous and depressing as the tray of feathers that used to be carried in front of a funeral, are swept away to the last crumb. There remained, however, much to be done in the way of prandial reform, even at a recent period; and, to the joy of opera and theatre managers, against whose interest the late and long dinners of the past decades carried on a ruthless war, the work of consumed amendment has been taken vigorously in hand by many leaders of society, foremost being the Prince of Wales. As for the quadrille parties named so prettily after the heroine of the Countess d'Aunois's fairy tale, all sensible people must wish them success; and their introduction at the Mansion House is one of the proofs already given by Sir Francis Truscott of a determination to make his Mayoralty memorable for wholesome and graceful improvements.

Robbers of Taste.

EVERY visitor to Egypt (says a correspondent of the London *Times*), knows the Boulak Museum. It is the best history that exists of the Pharaohs, with their twenty-five dynasties, and the Persians and Greeks who followed them. Statues, pictures, ornaments and writings are all there to tell the story. But the locale is small and damp, and changes were projected this Summer which required the closing of the museum for a time, and the packing away of all the valuables in cases until the alterations were completed. They were all deposited in a neighboring warehouse, under what seemed proper guardianship; but robbers the other day broke in through the roof, and they must have been robbers of a certain rank of intellect, for some eighty or a hundred scarabæi of great value pecuniarily, and impossible to replace, as they related to the early dynasties, were abstracted, although they were things of no apparent worth to an ignorant person.

FUN.

THE man who is generous to a fault is apt to treat his virtues meanly.

LOOK out for mermaids—Hamilton Fish, jr., is engaged to Miss Mann, of Troy.

ASCHERY is not a very profitable business. The most any one can make at it is a centre-shot.

THE noisy nickel makes more fuss than a ten-dollar note in a contribution-box, but it does not do so much good in the line of charity.

WILLUM—"Not quite so active as you wus twenty years ago, Tummas." *Tummas*—"No, I baint, Willum: I find I carn't run up a score lately, but if anybody asks me to 'ave a drink, I jumps at the offer."

IT was a brace of communists who met in a secluded hosiery. "Lugsy watch you've got on," said one; "what's she worth?" "Don't know," the other horny-handed replied; "the jeweler was asleep."

"YOU are my treasure, after all," said an old reprobate striving to placate his wife after abusing her for an hour or two. "Oh, yes," she sarcastically answered, "that's the reason, I suppose, you wish me dead so often: you are seeking to lay your treasure up in heaven."

A LITTLE Oil City girl observed her mother measuring cloth by holding it up to her nose with one hand and reaching out to arm's length with the other. She assumed a thoughtful aspect and, after cogitating a few moments, asked, "How can you measure cloth that way? Can you smell a yard?"

THE waiter brings a dish of mushrooms to two diners in whom the sentiment of State pride is well developed. "Call these mushrooms?" says one, contemptuously. "You ought to see the mushrooms that grow where I come from—the great big fellows, as big as dinner-plates, that grow at the feet of the trees." "In my part of the country," says his companion, proudly, "the trees grow at the feet of the mushrooms."

PRINCE MILAN of Servia, who entertains, as is well known, the most extravagant notions about the divine right of kings, became recently greatly excited at a reunion at his palace, while advocating the unlimited prerogatives of his order; and, addressing his prime minister, Dr. Ristick, who ventured to differ with him, exclaimed with much heat of manner, "Ristick, if I order you to jump into the sea, you will certainly jump in headforemost." Dr. Ristick bowed respectfully, and moved toward the door. "Whither are you going, Ristick?" inquired his Highness, bending his brows in displeasure. "Your Highness will pardon me," replied the astute statesman, "I am going to learn to swim."

A QUAKER shopkeeper once met a Quaker customer of his going home with her bundles. He had been absent from his place, and had a notion in his wise head that she had been trading with a rival whom he did not much love. "How much did thee give a yard for this, Mary?" "One dollar." "Why, I am surprised at thee! I could let thee have it for seventy-five cents. And how much for this?" "Two dollars!" "Why, that was unreasonable. I could have let thee have it for one dollar and fifty cents. Why will thee go away trading with strangers and world's people, Mary?" "I don't know what thee is talking about, friend John," she said: "but I did buy all these things at thy store, and, if thee says the truth, thee must owe me considerable money."

PEOPLE WHO ARE NEITHER SICK NOR WELL.

THE number of people who are "neither sick nor well," as the saying is, makes up a large proportion of nearly every community. If you ask what ails them, you get no clear answer; for they do not know themselves. They are not sick enough to be classed with invalids, and yet they are not well enough to enjoy life nor to do any physical or mental work without a wearisome and exhaustive effort. For most of the time they feel miserable and forlorn; every task is a burden; they have no zest in life, and little hope in the future. These unhappy people get little or *no relief from physicians, but are rather made worse by the tonics which are too often prescribed, and which leave the vital forces at a lower range after the temporary stimulation has subsided.* What they need is a *new development of force at the centre of life.* If the mainspring of a watch be too weak to drive the movement with energy, the whole machinery drops out of order, and all efforts at repair become useless. Now, an agent that can restore this vital activity must in the very nature of things, give back health to the suffering invalid. *It must act as a new and stronger mainspring would act on the machinery of the watch.* That such an agent has been discovered is no longer a matter of doubt. It is to be found in what is known as "Compound Oxygen." Some of the remarkable results which have followed its use during the past twelve years will be found recorded in our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," which will be sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSOR: "Can you multiply concrete numbers together?" The class are uncertain. *Professor*: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" *Pupil* (triumphantly) "Hash."

"NOW YOU SEE IT."

GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER takes the "witches out of the churn" and turns tedious, unsatisfactory churning into gratifying success. Sold everywhere.

HAMBURG, N. Y., May 25th, 1879.

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Yours respectfully, T. L. BUNTING.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.—A genuine relish. Exactly suited to all tastes and all conditions of people.

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"THAT medicine goes right to the spot, refreshes, revives and cures."—A patient on HOP BITTERS.

CHAPPED HANDS.—This very troublesome and oftentimes painful condition of the hands, also tan, sunburn, freckles, and all redness and roughness of the skin, occasioned by the extremes of heat or cold, may be removed and prevented by the use of *Burnett's Kalliston.*

THE ball and opera season is now at its height, and at all the supper-tables of these festive occasions "THE AMERICA" Champagne fully maintains its popularity. As each season renews the demand for this pure American wine steadily increases, and, as has been repeatedly demonstrated, has placed it in a position second to none in the market. Friends of high prices, doubtful goods and ultimate evil effects will cling to the imported brands of champagne; those who believe in purity, economy and permanent satisfaction will adopt A. Werner & Co.'s "AMERICA" Champagne.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Broadway, New York, so long the leading Hotel of the great city, fully maintains its high standard of excellence, and in comfort and luxury has no superior in this country or in Europe. Its location, for healthfulness and the convenience of travelers, is the very best. On account of its thorough good order, safety and superior rooms, it is especially adapted for families and ladies traveling without escort, who are treated with every respect and consideration. The proprietor, with his family, resides in the Hotel, giving to it his constant personal supervision; the result is that the ST. NICHOLAS is, in every respect, the Model Hotel.

THE great excellence of COCOA and its various preparations as a beverage, not only for invalids or persons in delicate health, but also for the robust and those engaged in laborious occupations, is almost universally conceded; and the public is now only interested to know which to select of the different makes offered for their approval. Those purchasing the goods of WALTER BAKER & CO. cannot go astray.

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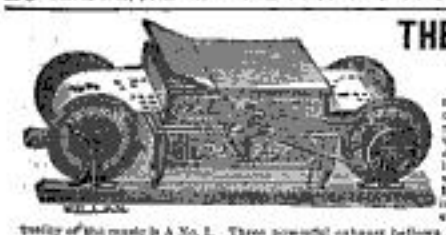
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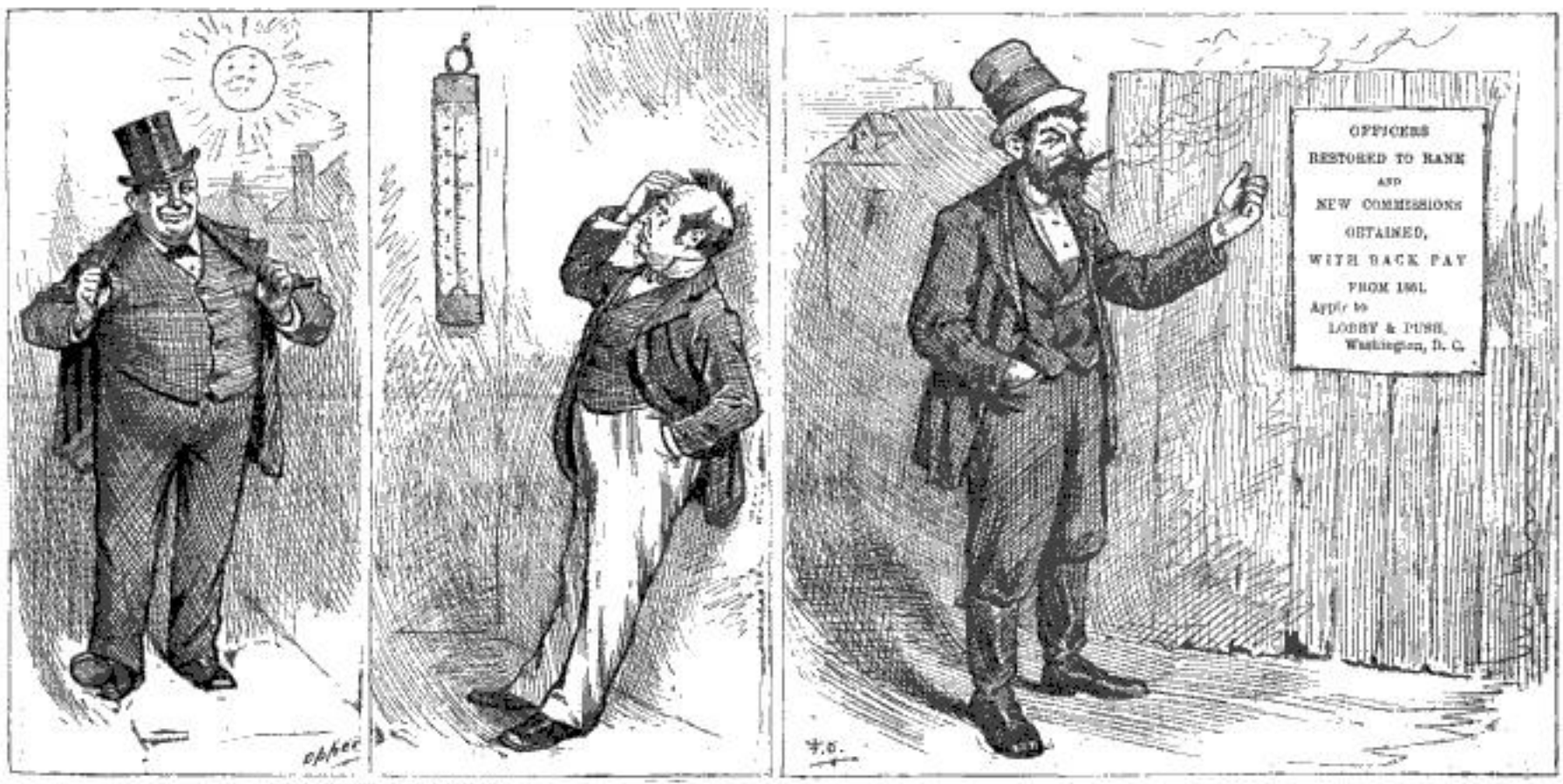
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THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL.—DE LESSEPS AND HIS ENGINEERS AT PANAMA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—SEE PAGE 439.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

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NEW YORK, *January 17th*, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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I. W. ENGLAND,
ASSIGNEE.

A REPEAL OF THE ELECTORAL LAW.

THOUGHTFUL people do not favor violent methods for obtaining desired results. They admire courage in political leaders; but when disastrous reaction is likely to follow the attainment of an object by revolutionary means, the prudent members of a party shrink from the employment of such appliances to place a particular candidate in office. The sober masses of a political organization, who neither hold or seek office, but simply desire the triumph of its principles by modes that meet the public approval, do not like to win a single battle by tactics that put to hazard a whole campaign.

These plain truths should operate as a warning to those Republicans in New York who are said to be meditating an immediate change in the established manner of appointing the Electors of President and Vice-President in this State. History sheds valuable light upon this subject. From the foundation of the Government down to the year 1828, the Electors were appointed by the Legislature. This method, which had existed in all the States, was constitutional. The Federal Constitution provides that each State shall appoint its Electors in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct. By the Constitution of New York, adopted in 1822, the powers of the people were greatly enlarged. This fact aroused general attention to the question of giving to the people the privilege of choosing the Presidential Electors. Other States were then adopting this course, and a strong sentiment was springing up in New York in favor of copying their liberal examples. To secure this end no change in the State Constitution was needed. It was only requisite to enact a law taking the appointment from the Legislature and conferring it upon the people at the polls. This subject mingled somewhat in the election of 1823. The liberal side of the issue gathered strength by discussion, and several distinguished gentlemen who espoused the cause were chosen to the Assembly of 1824.

The country was just entering upon the Presidential campaign of that year. Four candidates were running—Adams, Jackson, Clay and Crawford. Though all were Jeffersonians in politics, Crawford was the regular Democratic nominee. At that time the Democracy was in power in New York, and the party was controlled by the famous Albany Regency, of which Martin Van Buren was the central figure. The radical wing of the Democracy were called Bucktails. The other factions in the State were the Clintonians, who followed the lead of De Witt Clinton, and the remnants of the Federal organization, whose chief was Rufus King. The ardent advocates of a change in the Electoral law took to themselves the name of the People's Party, which was made up of portions of the two latter factions, with a sprinkling of recruits from the regular Democracy. Mr. Crawford was the favorite Presidential candidate of the Albany Regency. With the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor and all the other important State officers on their side, the Regency were not disposed to relinquish the existing mode of appointing Presidential Electors by the Legislature, if they could prevent it. They felt sure of a steadfast majority in the Senate, and were confident of their ability to mold a majority of the Assembly to their purposes, and thus secure the thirty-six Electors of New York for Crawford.

The great battle of 1824 over the Electoral law is memorable in the annals of New York. It was fought first in the Legislature during the Winter, and, finally, at the polls in the following November. The contest began in the Assembly. It early appeared that a majority of that body were in favor of giving the choice of electors to the people, but differed about the details. The well disciplined Bucktail minority took advantage of this weak point in the lines of their adversaries and manœuvred for delay. But the outside pressure finally compelled the passage of a Bill in February, which was sent to the Senate and referred to a committee, a majority of whom were Bucktails and supporters of Mr. Crawford. In spite of the rising tide among the people, and of frequent debates in the Senate, the committee contrived to smother the measure for many weeks. At length, after a violent discussion, a leading Bucktail moved to postpone the whole subject till the subsequent November. On a call of the roll, seventeen Bucktail Senators, a bare majority, voted in the affirmative. This disposed of the matter for the session.

The popular storm now burst upon the seventeen Senators and their allies in the Assembly. The fury wherewith they were assailed had no precedent in the history of the State. The obnoxious Senators were hung in effigy, and their names, with the caption, "The Infamous Seventeen," were paraded all through the following campaign in the columns of scores of newspapers. Mr. Yates, the Democratic Governor, bent to the tempest, and called the Legislature together in August to pass an Electoral law. The extra session lasted only four days, and then adjourned in an angry mood. The next month the Democrats held a State Convention and nominated Samuel Young for Governor and Erastus Root for Lieutenant-Governor. The People's men and Clintonians presented DeWitt Clinton and James Tallmadge for those offices. The people now rose up against those who had deprived them of the right to choose their Presidential Electors. The contest ended in a rout of the Democracy, which has no parallel in the records of New York. Clinton and Tallmadge were chosen by stupendous majorities. Six of the eight Senate districts went overwhelmingly against the Regency candidates, and the Democrats elected less than one-fourth of the Assembly.

Viewed in all its aspects, the election of 1824 was the most terrible rebuke ever administered to a party in this State. When the Legislature met in November, 1824, to appoint the Electors, the Bucktails quailed before the tornado they had provoked. Mr. Crawford received only five of the thirty-six electoral votes. The Democrats of New York did not recover from the blow for four years. In the meantime they aided in passing a law which gave the choice of Electors to the people, adopted General Jackson as their rallying chief, opened their lines to the admission of a large body of Clintonians and Federalists, and, finally, helped to place Jackson in the Presidential chair, thus completely reorganizing their party.

The last time the Electors of President and Vice-President were appointed by the Legislature in this State was in November, 1824. The Act under which they are now chosen by the people was passed in April, 1829. Through all the political convulsions that have shaken New York within the last fifty years, no party and no faction has ever dreamed of repealing that law. Is there any emergency in public affairs which requires that it should now be erased from the statute-book?

WEAVER'S INFLATION SCHEME.

THE latest scheme to cripple the reviving energies of the country and to impair the national credit is that of Representative Weaver, of Iowa. This scheme, in the shape of a Bill, was introduced in the House prior to the holiday recess of Congress, and proposes to authorize the issuance of $500,000,000 in the shape of United States Treasury notes, the same to be used in paying to the soldiers and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, the difference which existed between the value of gold and greenbacks during the several periods of their service. The peculiar construction of the Bill betrays the demagogical character of its author. Its ostensible purpose is to equalize the pay of soldiers and sailors. Its real drift and intent is to add $500,000,000 of irredeemable paper currency to the present volume of paper circulation, the soldiers and sailors being used as a means to popularize the scheme. It is this feature which brings the success of the Bill within the range of possibility, and makes it dangerous to resumption and its attendant prosperity.

But will Congress pass a Bill so foolishly extravagant and so highly detrimental to the public interest? Who can tell? Since the holiday adjournment the Weaver type of demagogues have been extremely busy among the class which ostensibly is to benefit by the Bill, and Congress will, doubtless, be overwhelmed with petitions urging the passage of the measure. Unfortunately for the country, too few of its national legislators have backbone enough to withstand a clamorous demonstration, however unwise and erroneous it may be. Congress contains so many moral cowards, men who are ready to sacrifice principle to place by pandering to popular prejudice and error, that Weaver's Bill, or some similar measure to secure the soldier vote this year, may be carried through, just as the Equalization Bounty scheme was put through the Forty-third Congress, and as the Pension Arrears Bill was carried through the Forty-fifth Congress. This last Act, which has taken thus far $10,000,000 from the Treasury, was passed as a partisan expedient, and received the President's signature in the face of an earnest protest from the Secretary of the Treasury. In the midst of confusion, and under a suspension of the rules, it passed the House on the last night of the first session. Many members, anxious to stand well with the soldier element, voted for it, hoping and believing that the Bill would be lost in the Senate. At the second session of the same Congress the Bill came up in the latter body, the majority then being Republican. It was privately urged that it would be dangerous to the future of that party to defeat a Bill in the interest of soldiers which a Democratic House had passed by a two-thirds majority, and, as a measure of political expediency, the Senate concurred.

Under ordinary circumstances, the Weaver Bill might be treated as too ridiculous to receive consideration. But, like the Bills above referred to, it appeals to the soldier element for support, and this feature was, doubtless, introduced with the deliberate purpose of securing that influence to aid its passage, and of galvanizing the almost extinct Greenback Party into new life. Meanwhile petitions are pouring in with real or forged signatures, and an active canvass is made to interest, in the Weaver Bill, the numerous voters who will benefit by its provisions. It is therefore the duty of every State to watch its representatives in Congress, and see that neither by negligence nor stratagem such an enormous load of debt should be laid on the reviving industries of the country.

IT is again the turn of the Monroe doctrine to enter into general conversation.

THE Legislature of Kentucky has just voted $5,000 to the widow of Judge Elliott, who was murdered by Colonel Buford last Summer.

AFTER so many millions of dollars have been spent on our army and navy and our coast fortifications, it is decidedly unpleasant to read from the official reports just how weak we are in the materials of defense against a foreign foe.

IT is but proper that we should be handsomely represented at the forthcoming International Fishery Exhibition in Berlin, in April next; for our pisciculturists have taught the world many valuable lessons in breeding, hatching and acclimating fish during the past five years.

GENERAL BELKNAP, when discovered in irregular official conduct in the War Department, was allowed to resign to escape the disgrace of impeachment; but Mr. Hayt, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is bounced from his position without any chance of resignation. Verily, the times have changed!

THE Germans bid fair soon to become an over-taxed people. Having levied upon almost everything that is used or eaten, the Government now proposes to tax the advertisements in the newspapers that are allowed to exist, and also to impose a tax upon all persons who are exempt from military service.

EVERYBODY believes that the country met with unusual prosperity last year, or, at least, during the latter part of it. Still it is more comforting to know exactly to what extent, as a people, we were prosperous. The report of Mr. Nimmo on the commerce of the United States for the month of December last and the calendar year of 1879 will, therefore, prove interesting reading. During December the imports reached a value of $59,800,000; the exports, $80,200,000, leaving an excess of $21,100,000 of exports for that month. The balance of trade for the year in favor of the United States was $251,350,477. There was an excess of imports of specie amounting to $67,400,000 during the year, leaving a net balance of trade amounting to $183,950,000.

IF, in the attempt to introduce tea culture in this country, the Commissioner of Agriculture is permitted to expend $1,200 in the purchase of seeds worth $37, money will be saved by intrusting the enterprise to private contractors. Even friends of New York aldermen would scarcely have dared absorb $1,200 as the expense of making a $37 purchase.

SECRETARY SCHURZ having made a satisfactory treaty with Winnemucca, chief of the Pintes, on the basis of assisting his people to become educated and self-supporting, it is to be hoped that no official red tape will longer withhold from the Poncas the privileges long ago promised them. Bright Eyes has pleaded eloquently for her people, and they, like the Piutes, should receive the liberal and civilizing treatment they demand.

A SINGULAR lawsuit has been instituted in Paris. M. Grandsangne has sued M. Vaucorbeil, the director of the Paris Grand Opera House, to recover $100 damages because a performance of "La Favorita," which the plaintiff had paid money to hear, had not been given in its entirety. M. Vaucorbeil's attorney has requested time in order to procure information as to the terms on which the director of the opera is authorized to alter standard works. The result of the suit will be of interest to managers, stars, and that particular element of society.

"WHEN people become educated up to our plane, they will see and think differently." A new phraseology is given this old time saw by Count Von Moltke, who, in reply to a correspondent who requested him to use his influence with the Emperor for a reduction of the army, said: "The power of the Emperor cannot impress all nations with the conviction that even victorious war is a national misfortune. That conviction can only be the result of the moral education of nations, the fruit of which we shall neither of us live to see."

UNDER the new reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Sandwich Islands, favorable results are accruing to both countries. About 46,000,000 pounds of sugar were exported last year, an increase of 10,000,000 pounds over the preceding year. It goes almost entirely to the refineries of San Francisco. The crop this year is large. The great want of the Islands is railroads for the transportation of sugar. Of the 201 vessels entering the port of Honolulu, 131 bore the United States flag. The influx of Chinese laborers continues, and other immigrants are desired to aid in the expansion of the sugar, rice and coffee production.

M. FERRY finds time, besides watching the attacks upon his famous Educational Bill, to give practical attention to the intellectual wants of the rising French generation. He evidently believes that all objects worthy of study should be studied, for he has taken an important resolution obliging students to make use of the magnificent opportunities afforded by the Jardin des Plantes. The professors of botany and natural history of the schools of medicine and pharmacy have been authorized to deliver their lectures in the amphitheatre of that establishment. A special commission has been created, consisting of these professors and the professors of the museum. A new chair has been instituted of vegetable physiology, and M. Dehairain has been appointed professor.

THE immense territory possessed by the Argentine Republic, about 1,152,000 square miles, with a population of only 1,200,000 inhabitants, forcibly recalls a remarkable feature in ancient Spanish colonization. The Spaniards, in their expeditions, were usually not contented with safely establishing one point only on the sea-coast, but they pressed forward to the interior, making new conquests, and often leaving behind them small garrisons which the Indians required but little provocation to attack. This system frequently led to serious disasters, as is instanced by their chief seaport settlement of Buenos Ayres, which, on account of persistent Indian attacks, was twice abandoned, previous to its final settlement in 1580. The courage of the Spanish settlers was sorely tried, and the history of the country shows that the wide extent over which the Indians have ranged, from the "Gran Chaco," or Indian territory of the north, to Patagonia in the south, has been one of the principal causes of the slow development of the interior provinces along the eastern slope of the Andes.

FEARS of bloodshed in Maine are no longer entertained. General-Protector Chamberlain has returned to the classic labyrinths of Bowdoin. The Fusionists, denied access to a public hall to transact State business, have formally adjourned until April, while the individual members of that short-lived party are endeavoring to creep one by one into the regular Republican fold. A great insurrection having been happily averted in Maine, the public may now turn its attention to Illinois, where a formidable disturbance has been brewing for days, all unknown to an otherwise absorbed world. All the officers of the battalion in the State University at Champaign have left the command and refuse compliance with orders, owing to the fact that the faculty only recommend four or five for commissions as officers;

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also because the rule of the institution requires an average of ninety grade in order to get officers' commissions. Great excitement prevails among the students. It is thought that several will be suspended, and about twenty threaten to leave. Meetings have been held to induce all the students to take up arms. If the faculty do not back down, nothing will save the public buildings of the State from the wrath of these twelve-year-old obstructionists but an assumption of a protectorate by General Logan and an appeal to the Supreme Court of the State.

THE Pope never demanded an explanation of Cardinal McCloskey. On the contrary, he says he entertains a high opinion of the American Prince of the Church, but takes no interest in Mr. Parnell, as his demonstrations are political and not religious.

THE Bolivian army ought certainly to be the best led army in the world. The peace footing is eight generals and 1,013 officers, great and small, with 2,000 rank and file. Every file, therefore, has an officer of some sort to superintend its direction. Surely this must be the army composed of all officers and no soldiers.

AS THE mining fever is again raging, inexperienced people should be wary of heavy investments. A professional chemist in Colorado certifies that a mass of matter submitted to him for analysis would yield silver at the rate of $40 per ton. But the mass examined was merely two potatoes thoroughly dried and pulverized. The trick was played by the other party that time.

IT is stated that a very strong feeling has of late arisen in Germany against the Jews, and that in Berlin a regular "Juden-Hetz" is now being organized against the chosen people by Ober Hof Prediger Stöcker and Dr. Freitschke, who have formed an association called the "Anti-Semiten Liga," the object of which is to give lectures and to hold meetings to protest against the growing preponderance of the Jews and to devise means for checking it.

A CURIOUS characteristic of English country life, according to the London *World*, has taken place in the tight little island. The wedding of a very popular young lady of sporting proclivities was so arranged as not to clash with the hunt. At eleven o'clock the hounds met at the church-door, enabling the master and many others to attend the ceremony, which their red coats enlivened considerably. It is unnecessary to add that the bridesmaids also wore "pink."

RUSSIAN ladies of high degree, struck by the extreme divergencies of wealth and misery, now mix with the working classes and partake their labors. Thus daughters of some of the first nobility go to the washtub and work there with the peasant woman, accomplish their daily task and share the meagre fare and heavy fatigue with their poor sisters, renouncing all the luxuries and privileges of rank. Is not this Communism to all intents and purposes?

LITTLE by little we are learning the secrets of the vast interior of Africa. An interesting piece of exploration has just been successfully accomplished by the Church Missionary Society's agents in Western Africa. In a small steamer they have ascended the River Binue from its confluence with the Niger to a point probably about 800 miles from the sea. The party penetrated 150 miles beyond Hamaruwa, which was reached by Dr. Baikie when in search of Dr. Barth in 1854, and a careful survey of the river has been executed.

IF imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, we owe a nod of encouragement to one Mr. Pansmure Gordon for having a Pullman car constructed for himself, to run betwixt Brighton and London. A first-rate cook is to be attached to it, and Mr. Gordon contemplates having breakfast—Scotch, of course—if not dinner, "on board" daily. For this luxury the railway company is to charge him £1,200 per annum; but then he is allowed to carry a certain number of passengers, and these will, no doubt, combine with him in dividing the expense.

A HAIR of the Prophet! The heirs to the hair have been airing the question at Madras, where there has been a sensational trial respecting the guardianship of the sacred hair of Mahomet. This hair is inclosed in a case called the "Ansaree Shareef," and the possession of the relic carries with it a small pension. Four persons claimed it, two by succession and two by right of a will. One was a woman, and the judge decided that she could not hold it, because she could not fulfill the ceremonies connected with it, and finally intrusted this valuable hair to one of the male litigants.

THE rumor that the Pope has decided to publish the divers catalogues of the Vatican library brings glad tidings of great joy to savans and to students of history. It is also stated that his Holiness intends that a portion of the archives of the Papal palace shall be hereafter accessible to the public. Should this report be true, the great importance of it can scarcely be over-estimated, as the collection of manuscripts preserved in the library and archives of the Vatican is, beyond doubt, the most precious now in existence, and will tend to shed light on many a dark and obscure spot in history. It is said that there are over 24,000 manuscripts of great value in the Papal archives, Nicholas V. having begun the collection, and Sixtus IV. and Sixtus V. having greatly added to it.

IT is very much the habit in the Mother Country to rail at the Bench of Bishops, styling them as drones in the hive. The following statistics from an English bishop's work-book for 1879, in what is described as by no means an exceptionally heavy year, show that the episcopal chair is not one of ease: Sermons preached, 89; clergy ordained, 50; churches consecrated, 4; churchyards consecrated, 2; churches opened, 23; confirmations held, 63; candidates confirmed, 7,211; speeches at public meetings, 40; other addresses given, 152; committee meetings attended, 46; interviews, 474; letters received, 6,744; letters answered with his own hand, 4,529.

OFTEN as wit is manufactured at the expense of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Thompson is by no means destitute of grit or of practical humor. A navy officer of some prominence, who felt himself aggrieved that he had been passed over in the selection of Dr. Wales as Surgeon-General of the Navy, made a personal remonstrance to the Secretary, and said very pointedly that the Secretary was morally wrong, and had no legal right to appoint Dr. Wales over the heads of a dozen or twenty other worthy men. Mr. Thompson emphatically retorted: "You dispute my authority? I will give you a practical test. I will order you off to sea;" and the next day an order was given that the officer, who had been on duty in Washington for several years, should proceed at once to duty in Chinese waters.

LAST week was a quiet one in both branches of Congress. In the Senate a Bill to punish persons stealing from Indians was debated; Mr. Bayard spoke at considerable length on his financial resolution; a Bill was reported to allow the President to decide on Fitz John Porter's case; eulogies were pronounced on the life of the late Senator Chandler; Mr. Kernan introduced a Bill to provide for holding a World's Fair in New York City, and the appointment of an interoceanic canal committee was authorized. In the House a Bill was introduced to reorganize the Supreme Court; a resolution declaring the negotiation by the President of a commercial treaty fixing rates of duty as unconstitutional was adopted, also resolutions to appropriate $100,000 for a monument at Yorktown, Va., and to reserve the "Big Tree" district in California for a public park, and all public roads were declared post routes.

DO THE Bulgarians require a prince? Things are not going on well in that country, and, *on dit*, the fault lies at the door of His Royal Highness. The Bulgarians have no grandee ideas; they are peasants, and their ambition does not soar beyond cultivating their fields in peace and quiet. The Assembly which was recently dissolved consisted of plain, sensible men, who naturally supposed that the Executive was to be intrusted to those in whom they had confidence. The Prince is a lad of two or three-and-twenty, and he was determined, if possible, to upset the Constitution. Therefore he chose as his Ministers men who had no following in the Chamber, and then dissolved it because it refused to pass a vote of confidence in his nominees. Will the Russian Government kindly make answer to the following question? Is it not true that Russian documents have been sent to and are in the hands of the Prince of Bulgaria, and that, if he acts upon them, it would simply mean a resort to a *coup d'état*?

THE stolidity of the Indian was never more graphically expressed than by Swift Runner, who was hanged for murder in Canada a few days ago. The thermometer marked forty degrees below zero. A gallows had been built out of doors, so that the Indians could see the execution; but when the officers and prisoners arrived at the spot it was found that part of the scaffold had been used for firewood by the half-frozen crowd. Swift Runner complacently warmed himself at the fire while the gallows was repaired. When everything else was ready the nervous hangman said he had forgotten to bring a strap to fasten the prisoner's arms and legs. The prisoner offered to save further trouble by killing himself with a tomahawk, but his proposition was rejected, and he ate a hearty meal of pemmican, with the noose around his neck, while a messenger was fetching a strap. A priest attempted to give him spiritual consolation, but he preferred a death-dance by his own people, and while they were performing it he was hanged.

EDMUND YATES'S magazine, *Time*, anticipates Lord Beaconsfield's demise. With what mingled feelings Dizzy must have perused the article. "It was mid-November: the hour was half-past eleven P.M., and though the crowds returning home from theatre, concert, or dinner-parties were not yet aware of the fact, a week of panic and suspense had closed in an event which was calculated to send a shock from one end of Europe to the other. It had been known for some days past that Lord Beaconsfield lay seriously ill at Hughenden. The malady was his old enemy the gout, but on this occasion it menaced his heart. . . . Before noon on Sunday the announcement of Lord Beaconsfield's death was made in every town and in almost every village of England. Allusions to the national bereavement and the great man dead at Hughenden were introduced into a majority of the sermons preached from the pulpits of every denomination. . . . A sense of collapse and frustration followed the impression of dazzled surprise produced by the Prime Minister's death, and the English people began to be aware, for the first time, of the energizing and deteriorating influences of the régime under which they had so long lived. What consolation was it for them to hear, as they were told in a second edition of the *Times*, that Lord Beaconsfield was to have a State funeral, and that immediately afterwards Her Majesty would exercise her prerogative of dissolving Parliament? The article possesses a morbid interest."

THE sanctity of trust funds is what Mr. Astor's Bill in the New York Legislature now seeks to establish. It is high time, not in that State alone, but in all. Every mail brings tidings of misappropriation, irregular investment or wasteful handling of trust funds. A law like the one proposed requires every person holding money in a fiduciary capacity to keep it separate from his own funds. Under it the depositing of trust funds in a bank to a private account will be punishable. Extended to public officers, it will save millions of public money. If moneys received must be deposited daily to the account to which they belong, defalcations will be far more difficult and dangerous. If in every town the different appropriations have different bank accounts, to which moneys accruing shall be deposited and not drawn out for any other purpose under a heavy penalty, there will be less extravagance, as one account cannot be drawn upon to make up for the wastefulness in another. People will not then be taxed over and over again for the same object, as too frequently happens now.

OUR Constitution was framed with no such prophetic forecast as could discern what the United States were to become in a hundred years. That it has been found to adapt itself to the wonderful change in the country is a proof of its great wisdom. But questions constantly arise. Railroads have become a mighty power, binding the whole country together and enabling one to whisk not only from State to State, but through four or five States in a day. The laws of the separate commonwealths are ineffectual to modify the action of these great corporations. Statesmen raise their warning voice, and Congress is called upon to exercise its power of regulating trade between the trades and to bring the railway kings back to the condition of subjects. There are several Bills before Congress, the Sapp Bill and the Reagan Bill. Boards of Trade are taking the matter up, and railroads naturally wish to be controlled as little as possible. It is to be hoped that some action will be taken, and that it will not be crude or hasty legislation that will bring its own condemnation, and call for a repeal, leaving things in a worse condition than it found them.

THE refusal of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to dine with the Lord Mayor of Dublin has caused no end of disappointment in the dinner-loving capital of the Emerald Isle. The Lord Mayor is bound to give what is termed his "Inaugural Banquet," to which is bidden the representative of royalty and all the high and mighty in the land, and, in addition thereunto, a goodly representation of "ye burgesses of ye ancient Citie of Eblana." At this little dinner Her Majesty's Viceroy lets off a neat little speech prepared for him by the Registrar-General, in which statistics are so artfully elaborated as to show that the condition of Ireland is such as her most warm-hearted and devoted sons could by any possibility desire. Now, it has happened before now that the statements of the Lord Lieutenant have been openly challenged in the King's Rooms, while his utterances have been drowned in sibilation or by the waggle of disaffected tongues. It is quite possible, then, that the Duke of Marlborough has advisedly picked a quarrel with Lord Mayor Gray, and thus avoid the humiliation of being defiantly hooted by the happiest and most contented subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

TWO TEXTS commend themselves to the attention of the good men and women who are earnestly working in behalf of prison reform. The first is found in the statement of a convicted boarding-house thief, that he had learned this special kind of criminal effort while serving out, in Sing Sing prison, a sentence for another offense. The second is taken from a conversation between Judge Cowing and a prisoner who was charged with stealing from an express wagon. To the judge's inquiry, "Why do you persist in a criminal life?" the man replied: "I'll tell your Honor. A man comes out of State Prison with a five-dollar note in his pocket. He almost always wants to lead a better life. He comes here, and begins to look for work. He can't go back to his old place, because everybody knows that he is an ex convict; and everybody shuns the ex-convict, your Honor. If he finds employment in a new place, the police are apt to give the hint that he is an ex-convict, and out he goes. His money goes, and he has no friends to go to—I haven't a friend in all the world, judge—for more, and so he turns in desperation back to the old life, and steals again." We have Prison Inspectors, Prison Reform Associations and Prisoners' Relief Societies in nearly every State; and still, despite their united work to ameliorate the condition of the offender while in prison and to lend him a helping hand when released, the very evils they try to avert are steadily gaining in variety, extent and deplorable results. Warm hearts and philanthropic souls, the enlightened and the just, are ready to assist released convicts in making an honest living and obtaining wholesome surroundings; but a strong head is lacking to decide how this true reform may be accomplished. Where is the modern John Howard?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

DR. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer and Chemist of Massachusetts, has mysteriously disappeared.

THE Hon. Thomas C. Platt, ex-Member of Congress, has been appointed and confirmed Quarantine Commissioner of New York.

SECRETARY SCHURZ has removed Indian Commissioner Hayt from his office in consequence of the charges of fraudulent administration.

STEWART BROWN, of the banking firm of Brown Brothers & Co., died January 30th, in the 79th year of his age, at his New York residence.

COVERT D. BENNETT and Mrs. Jennie Smith were acquitted on the charge of having murdered Policeman Smith, at Jersey City, January 31st.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WARD, of New York, has instituted an investigation of the work of receivers of insolvent corporations throughout the State.

JUDGE BRADFORD, of the United States Circuit Court at Wilmington, Del., has confirmed the Democratic Supervisors of Election for the whole State.

THE Supreme Court of South Carolina has decided that the Tax Levy Act passed by the last Legislature is invalid. There will be an extra session of the Court in February.

THE alleged widow of millionaire Lewis, of Hoboken, who willed his property to the Government, together with nine others, has been indicted for perjury and conspiracy to defraud.

GENERAL H. V. BOYNTON has preferred charges against General Sherman of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, the specific grievance being slander growing out of criticisms by each on a war history of the other.

THE final decree of the United States Circuit Court in the case of the St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute Railroad Company against Samuel J. Tilden and others, was filed January 30th in the office of the Clerk of the Court, a settlement having been effected by the defendants with the company.

GOVERNOR PITKIN, of Colorado, in his testimony before the House Committee on Indian Affairs, said his people had knowledge of an outbreak by the Utes before it occurred, and that they believed another one was imminent, as they were satisfied Chief Ouray had little influence over the young men of his tribe.

THE examination into the management of the "Shepherd's Fold" has been continued before Judge Donohue, and the most revolting narratives have been made by the rescued children. Ex-Judge Fullerton, counsel for the Fold, abandoned the case in the middle of the week, and the Rev. Mr. Cowley was sent to the Tombs on January 31st on twenty-five indictments for cruelty to the children.

Foreign.

THE Administrative Palace at Jassy, the ancient capital of Moldavia, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

THE Bill for the purchase of the Roumanian railways by the State has been adopted in the Chamber of Deputies.

M. LÉON SAY has been elected President of the French Senate by a coalition of the Republicans and Conservatives.

THE Bureaus of the French Chamber of Deputies have elected a committee upon the proposition of M. Blanc for a plenary amnesty.

A CONVENTION for the suppression of the slave trade in Turkey has been signed by the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs and the British Ambassador.

A LARGE party of Communists at Geneva, who were condemned in default in 1871 are considering the propriety of surrendering themselves to stand trial in Paris.

THE minority of the Spanish Senate and Chamber have unanimously resolved to resume their seats in the Cortes. Thus another Cabinet crisis is averted.

IT is rumored that Prince Bismarck has decided to ask the Pope for a statement of the grievances of the Church in Germany, with a view to the modification of the May laws.

AN examination into the condition of the last of King of Alfonso's assailants shows the prisoner to be an insane person, who acted without any political or malicious motive.

IN view of the critical position of Italian interests in South America the Government will send out two men of war for their protection, if the consular reports warrant it.

IT is said the British Government is preparing a Bill for the next session of Parliament providing for the abolition of the law of primogeniture and for simplifying the transfer of land.

FOR the payment of previous Cuban loans an attempt will be made to authorize a new one of $63,000,000 by the Spanish Government, pledging the customs revenue of Cuba for payment.

APPREHENSIONS of distress are expressed in many provinces of Russia in consequence of the unsatisfactory crops, and the necessity for importing American grain this Spring is becoming generally admitted.

M. LOUIS BLANC has made a very important demand in the French Chamber of Deputies which will excite much debate. He insists that the right to meet and form societies shall be absolutely unrestricted as in England and the United States.

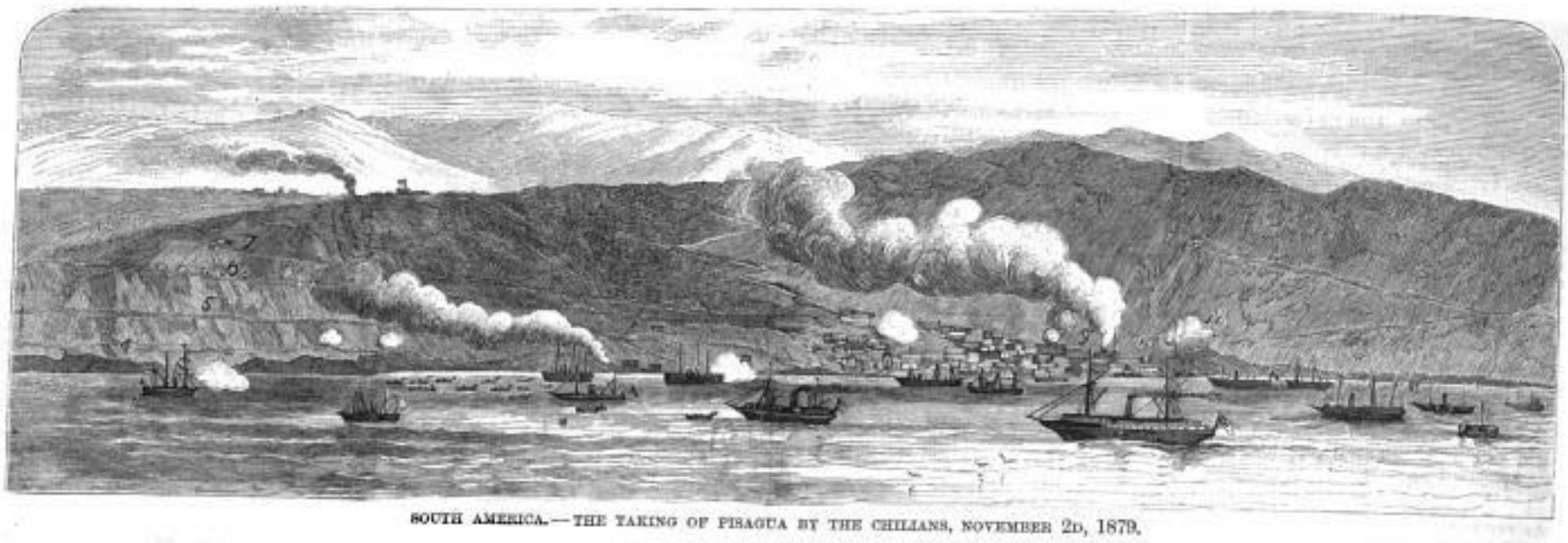
—THE "cholera returns" of the Sanitary Bureau of the Home Department of Japan from April 22d, when they first began to be collected, to December 20th, show a total of 164,278 patients, of whom 97,426 died, 47,213 were cured, and 19,576 remained under treatment.

IT is believed that Austro-Hungary, England and France have agreed to make joint representations to the Porte for the speedy execution of the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, respecting Montenegro, Greece and the question of reforms. A feeling prevails that Germany, Italy and Russia will also act with the rest of Europe.

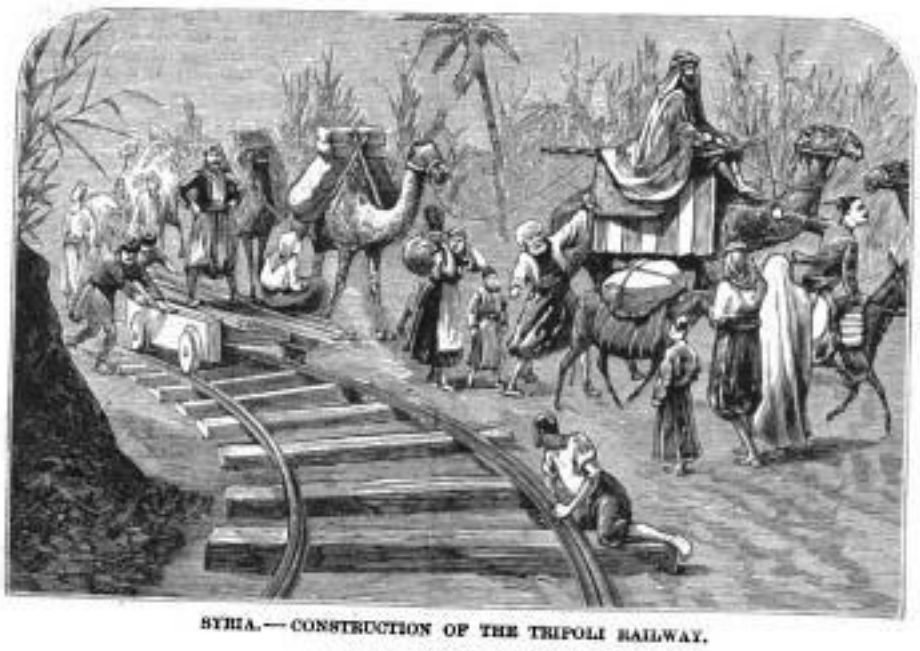
THE fund instituted for the purpose of erecting a monument in France to the memory of the late Prince Louis Napoleon has been closed, the contributions having amounted to 200,000 francs—a sum that is deemed sufficient. Baron Haussman has obtained the consent of the committee, of which he is President, to the erection of a memorial chapel on some suitable site between the Arc de Triomphe and the Invalides.

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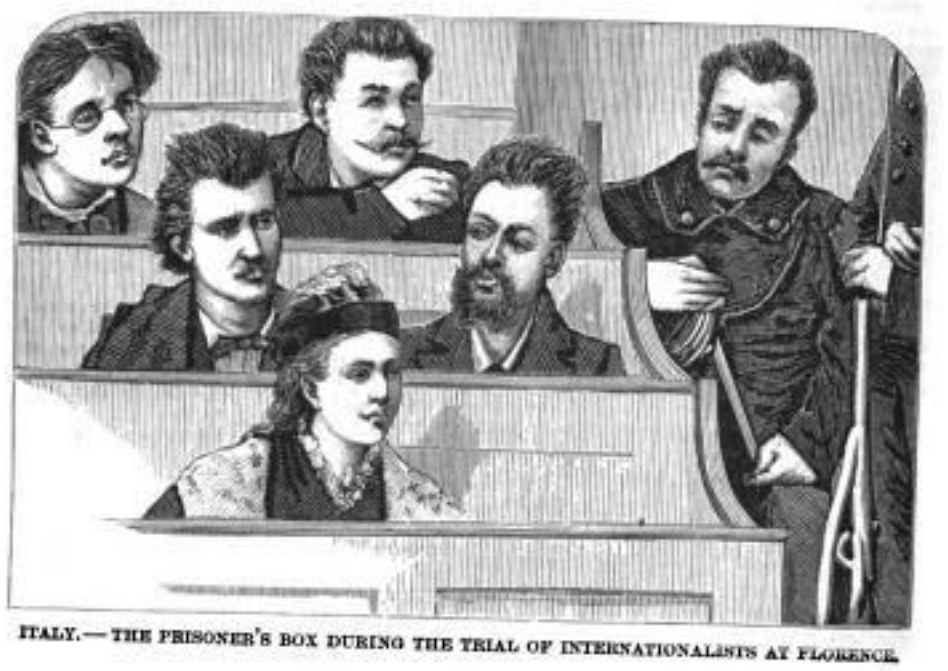
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 439.



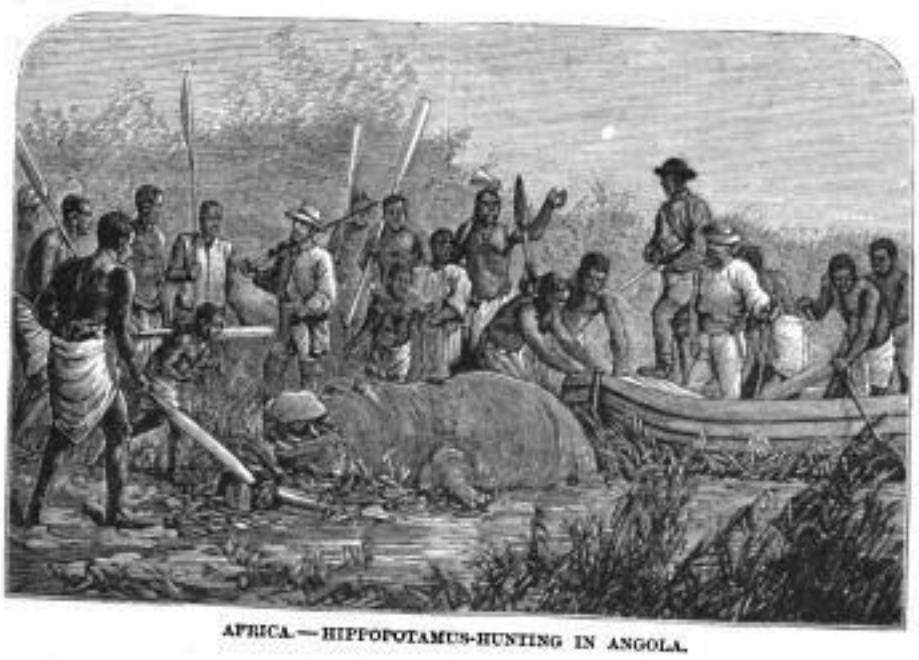
SOUTH AMERICA.—THE TAKING OF PISAGUA BY THE CHILIANS, NOVEMBER 2D, 1879.



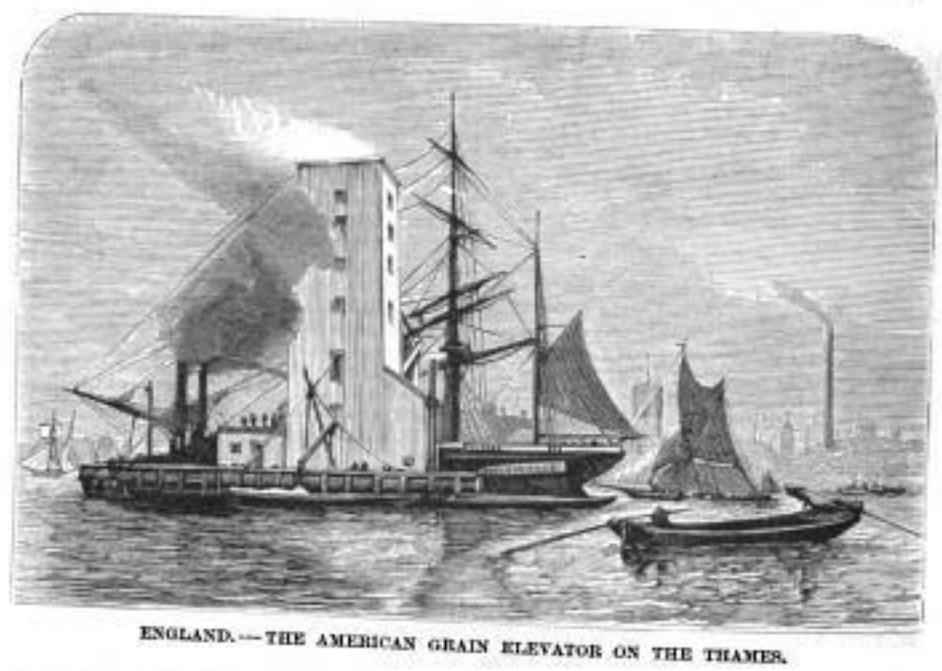
SYRIA.—CONSTRUCTION OF THE TRIPOLI RAILWAY.



ITALY.—THE PRISONER'S BOX DURING THE TRIAL OF INTERNATIONALISTS AT FLORENCE.



AFRICA.—HIPPOPOTAMUS-HUNTING IN ANGOLA.

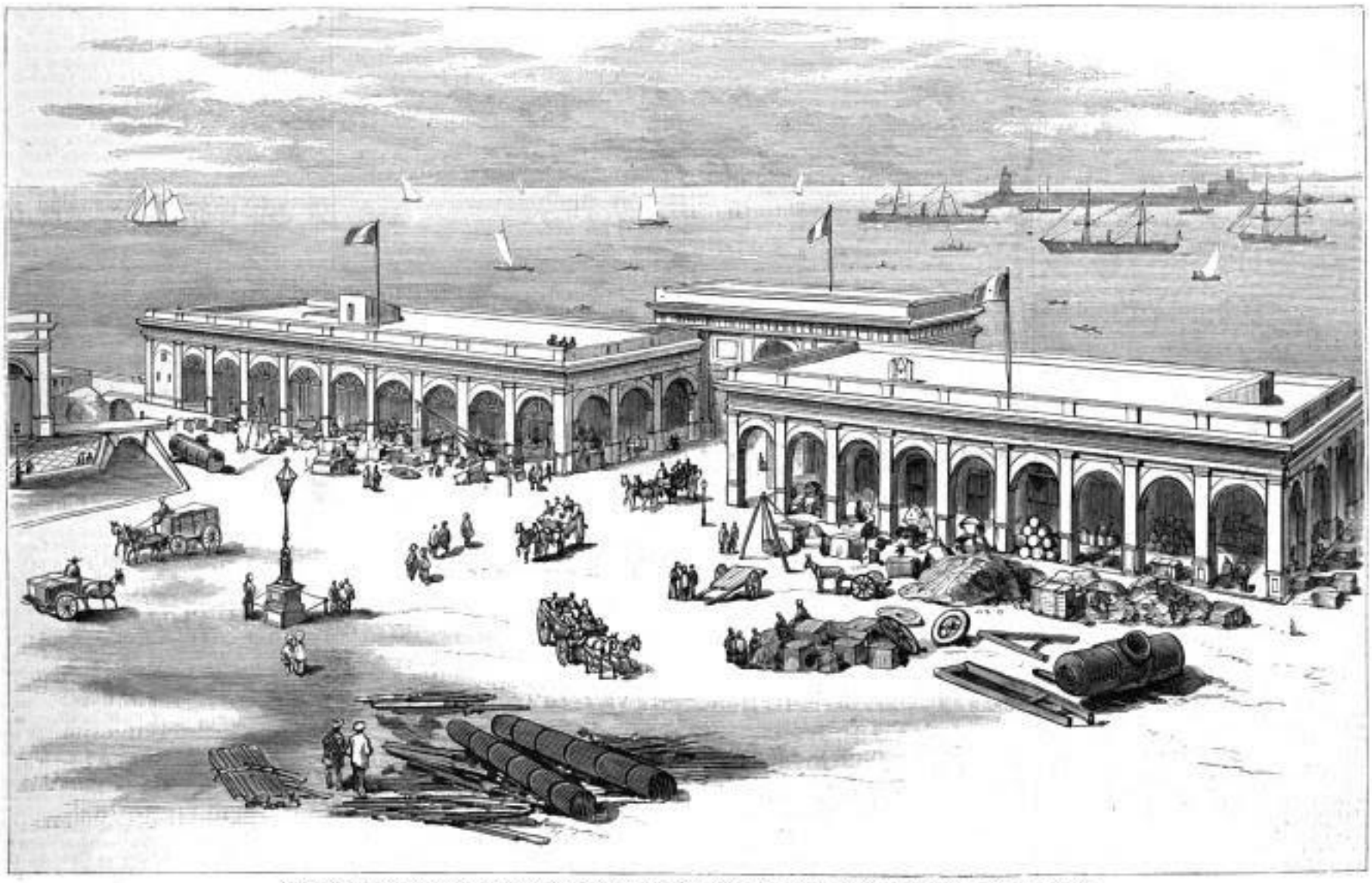


ENGLAND.—THE AMERICAN GRAIN ELEVATOR ON THE THAMES.



AFRICA.—VIEW OF THE OBSERVATORY ESTABLISHED AT M'SABIHA, TO DETERMINE THE MERIDIAN BETWEEN ALGERIA AND SPAIN.

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THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND STEAMSHIP LANDING AT VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.

GENERAL GRANT'S MEXICAN TRIP.

MEXICAN soil is no *terra incognita* to General Grant, and the sight of the ancient City of Vera Cruz cannot fail to awaken recollections of early campaigning, ere the "hero of hundred fights" had yet won his spurs.

If a *norte* does not keep the good ship at sea, she will glide into cozy anchorage between the City of Vera Cruz and the fort of San Juan de Ulloa. This fort, which is also used as a prison, is built upon a small island situated at the distance of about half a mile from the mainland, and here, upon the 21st day of April, 1519, the mailed heel of Hernando Cortez first imprinted itself on Mexican soil. Every eye becomes focused upon the low-lying City of the True Cross, bathed to a dull pink by the rays of a glaring, dazzling and glittering sunlight. Out from behind a tawny sandbank, clear-cut against the keen, full, blue sky, stand the white church-towers, surmounted by burnished crucifixes, the domes and the *adobe* houses relieved here and there by the crests of stately palms *en silhouette*. On the right, a white, feathery column tells the seaweary traveler that the *ferro carril*, or railway, lies in that quarter, while on the left stretches a dull, dead plain of sand eventually and without a break meeting the sky-line. Dim and shadowy spectres fill in the background, gigantic mountains jealously veiled in *serapes* of cloud.

Around the steamer, shore-boats swarm, blue-painted, with snowy awnings, and occupied by rowers who, in general picturesqueness, leave the Venetian gondoliers in the—Rialto. Coffee-colored fellows, in dazzling white drawers cut away at the knee, in blood-red sashes, in vests bleached as the cap of Orizaba, in straw *sombreros* the hue of amber. Such glittering teeth and black eyes and raven hair! They howl, they skip from seat to seat, they gesticulate frantically, and it is only when you have consigned your impedimenta to their keeping that they relapse into anything like ordinary quiescence.

The *muelle* swarms with picturesque humanity. Caballeros jostle *aguadores*, or water-carriers, scantily draped. Indian flower-girls offer bouquets to señoras, enshrouded in graceful mantillas. Officers, in showy military uniforms, chat gayly with civilian swells, who affect the shiniest silk hats, the shortest-tailed coats, the tightest pantaloons and the daintiest high-heeled, cushion-toed boots. Hawkers of strange-looking confectionery and still stranger-looking fruit cry their wares in shrill, startling voices. Porters, black as ebony, reel beneath appalling loads, and gayly accoutred mules and donkeys add to the general glitter of color and motion.

Passing under a massive archway, you are gravely scrutinized by the *Zapilotes*, or street-scavengers, who gaze at you from door-steps, balconies, house-tops and church-towers. The *Zopilote* is a buzzard, and to his buzzardship is relegated the cleansing of the streets. What if the *vomito* does appear every year and destroy a few hundred Veracruzians with its pestilential breath? The *Zapilotes* have had the scavenging lease since the time of Cortez, and why change the system? I found these birds perfectly tame, but full of a quaint dignity that forbade all attempts at freedom. I might joke with a *Zapilote*, but I wouldn't care to slap him on the back.

Vera Cruz was founded at the end of the sixteenth century. Originally a fortress, it is entirely surrounded by massive walls and ramparts, the latter stretching a quarter of a mile along the seashore, flanked on both sides by ancient forts, whilst on the land side the ramparts are curved in the form of an arc, and entered by a number of quaint gateways. The city contains 12,000 inhabitants, its floating population being about 40,000. It is the capital of the State of Vera Cruz, and through it passes two-thirds of all the Mexican exports and imports. It was from this city and along a superb road 300 miles in length that Montezuma had his red mullet borne to him by runners to the City of Mexico. Vera Cruz is infested by land-sharks in the shape of custom-house



THE CASTLE AT CHAPULTEPEC, PREPARED BY THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT FOR THE SUBURBAN RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GRANT.

MEXICO.—VISIT OF GENERAL GRANT TO THE SCENES OF HIS EARLY MILITARY LIFE.

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officials, and I have heard more than one enlightened Mexican declare that this port was the principal cause of Mexico's retrogression.

The streets of Vera Cruz are full of color, full of bizarre and picturesque sights. Strings of mules laden with every conceivable commodity, the leader ridden by the heavy villain of the cheap tragedy: rude, quaint carts, the sides composed of netting, drawn by three mules—one in the shafts, the others outsiders—the mule on the left hand bestridden by a jaunty fellow in *charro*—that is, a gray felt *sombrero*, bound with silver lace, a skin jacket braided with silver cord, high buff boots, and a blood-red *rebozo* or scarf. Dark-eyed señoritas peep at you from gayly-striped awnings, stretched over stone balconies, puffing blue-white smoke from their coquettish cigarettes, their low, gentle, musical laughter rippling on the Summer air, for it is 80° in the shade in the month of February. Dueñas, haggard and hideous as ever Doré painted them, glare at you as you saunter along. Milkmen, their cans incased in skins, three on each side, jog lazily beside their donkeys; *aguadores* cry their wares; Indians, in dazzling white, speed rapidly by in a sort of compromise between a run, a trot and a walk. The market-place is a glory of red and gray and yellow. Such tropical fruits and flowers! such golds and purples and blues! Indian women lie stretched on mats indolently watching their stock of red and green pepper pods, of *tortillas*, of *granadillas*, of cocoanuts, of strange sweetmeats, and uninviting-looking tarts of peculiar shapes; *vaqueros* dismount from their dapper little horses to bargain for this, that or the other; men in *zarapes* and *ponchos* stand listlessly around—in a word, the scene is one that, for color and quaintness, surpasses anything I have ever seen in France, Italy, or Spain.

The Castle of Chapultepec, which is being fitted up for the residence of General Grant, stands at a distance of three miles from the City of Mexico, at the extremity of the fashionable drive, the Calzada de la Reforma. A few slovenly-looking soldiers lounged round the gates once embellished with the imperial monogram "M. C," and rebozo-clad women were preparing the ubiquitous *tortilla* in red earthen vessels, as I entered the *ahuehuete*-shadowed grounds, so loved by the luckless Aztec monarch—grounds the marvelous beauties of which far exceed their fame. High above me, clear-cut as a *silhouette* against the keen blue sky, rose the white towers, and galleries, and terraces, and colonnades, and balconies of the palace, seated on its lofty bed of porphyry, tinted by the setting sun with lines of living fire. Gorgeous flowers glowed upon all sides, on the sloping eaves of the picturesque guard-houses, on terrace walks, on slopes and buttresses and crags and balconies. In the many-tinted foliage appeared parasites resembling red and yellow and purple butterflies, while at the base of the beetling rock upon which the fortress is perched stand the guard of cypresses, whose arching boughs have cast protecting shade over the head of the ill-fated Montezuma, whose habit it was, arrayed in garments covered with the feathers of birds, to wander here for hours, musing on the destiny of his beautiful and then happy country. Chapultepec is full of checkered historical associations. It is, in fact, and not in name alone, a royal spot, the residence during revolutionary and eventful centuries of the leaders of the nation. The castle is a long and narrow building, spreading along the summit of the porphyritic rock, and necessarily following in form the outlines of its foundation. It stands on the exact site of the royal Aztec palaces. The approach is by a zigzag and, at times, a winding roadway, broad and tree-lined. As you ascend, the view becomes every moment more enchanting, until you are compelled to pause at every turn of the path to linger over the entrancing panorama that gradually unfolds itself to your enraptured senses: The City of Mexico set like a glittering gem in its fertile valley; the lakes Texcoco, Chalco and Xochimilco stretching away in dimy-blue; the hill shrine of Guadalupe, with its magnificent church; the quaint and many-arched aqueducts of Belem and San Cosme, and, towering above all, in appalling, yet watchful, silence, the snow-peaked volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. The approach to the castle is beneath a white marble archway, which, at the date of my visit last year, was in a miserable condition of disrepair. Again did I notice, and with sadness, that the imperial monogram had been chiseled from the bronze gates, upon which the traces of gilding still faintly lingered. Banks of flowers border the approach to the main doorway, and a terrace-walk of colored tiles runs round the entire edifice. The statues have disappeared; the frescoes are obliterated; cheap paper, selected in the vilest taste, covers the walls, hideous in its contrast to the gloriously fretted ceilings and the few remaining evidences of the cultured and æsthetic taste of the unhappy Empress Carlotta, whose keenest pleasure lay in decorating and embellishing this the favorite residence of both herself and her misguided consort. The stairways are crazy and broken, the balusters falling to pieces, and the whole place bears an air of despondency and desolation, so much so that I felt as though the castle were the tomb of the unhappy man and woman whom the Fates called to a throne that hurled one into a blood-stained grave, the other into the living death of insanity.

For some years previous to the brief reign of Maximilian, Chapultepec was used as a military school, until the Emperor ordered its thorough repair. The castle is now used for the purposes of the National Observatory, and the apartments that once echoed the *frou frou* of imperial trains are now given up to telescopes and the dry impedimenta of astronomers. But by far the most interesting and beautiful part of Chapultepec is the forest of *ahuehuete* or cypresses by which it is embowered. These cypresses are mighty trees of extraordinary age, which can count their years by centuries. The witnesses of Montezuma's daring and his ancestors' adventures, they were regarded already by his contemporaries as objects of wonder and renown, and are at present, perhaps, the most curious memorials in the world of trees. The gnarled trunk of the oldest and largest cypress, called "Montezuma's Tree," measures 48 feet in circumference and 165 feet in height. I have never seen anything grander than the twisted stem of the *ahuehuete*, with its majestic pavilion of lofty branches and its garlands of Spanish moss hanging down in delicate ribbons from every twig, with the grace of the drooping pennants of the weeping willow. This moss, *barba Española*, Spanish beard, is one of the strangest parasites imaginable. It is a tangle of pale green tendrils, in thickness like an ordinary string, and while one end is closely wound round the branch of the tree the remainder drops in long straight festoons. It is called Acso, or hay, by the natives, and at a distance it imparts the idea that a hay shower has fallen on the trees, leaving its traces in this singular and remarkable manner.

The good citizens of Mexico are fond of picnicking under these cypresses, and at every turn you find little *al fresco* parties. I surprised one group engaged in dancing the fandango, and another enjoying the exciting pastime of having their fortunes told by a very beautiful gitana. The snow-white attire of the Indians, as they glide silently in the embowered avenues, imparts a ghostly atmosphere to the whole scene, and I called to my mind's eye the spirit of Malitzin's Daughter, moving like vapor through the drooping cypresses until it vanished in the transparent waters of the Albuch, in accordance with the pathetic Aztec legend. Will not the Indians of the Anahuac Valley in the future time believe that the ghost of Carlotta will haunt the shades she loved with so clinging a tenderness?

At the time of the war with the United States Chapultepec was heavily armed. Its frontage of nine hundred feet and its causeway bristled with cannon. In its rear stood the old powder-mill known as Molino del Rey. Santa Anna, with the greater portion of his army, occupied the City of Mexico, and was in communication with Chapultepec. On September 12th, 1847, General Scott first stormed Molino del Rey; then, under cover of a demonstration against the city, brought four batteries to bear upon the castle from an opposite ridge, and, after a heavy fire of a day and a half, made the attack in two columns. The day after the fall of the castle the City of Mexico was occupied by the American forces.

President Diaz rides every morning to Chapultepec for the purpose of enjoying a bath, the baths at the foot of the hill being far famed, and La Señora Diaz informed me that, as a Summer residence, the castle could brook no rival. That General Grant will enjoy his sojourn goes without saying.

FROM DESPAIR TO ST. JUDE'S.

"There's nothing either good or bad
But *thinking* makes it so."

IN a shabby upper room of a shabby house in one of the less pretentious cross-streets of upper New York there sat a woman, young and singularly attractive in a certain pale, proud, subtle way.

Everything within this room indicated poverty of the most freezing, pinching description, and with this poverty its occupant was strangely at variance, although her black dress was old and threadbare, and only that grace of face and figure to which we instinctively relegate the purple and fine linen of wealth and circumstance gave the contradiction so strongly impressed upon the intelligences.

Upon the little table beside which this woman sat, supporting her small and finely modeled head between her two hands, fair as a dream of Canova in color and shapeliness, lay an open letter, and across this a crisp, new banknote of considerable value rustled softly to and fro with the gust of wind penetrating the room from time to time through the ill-fitting window-casings and around the warped and shrunken door.

It would have seemed that some basilisk eye gleamed from the green shadows of this swaying bit of paper, transfixing the soul of the woman who gazed upon it so fixed and unnatural was the glaring light gleaming sightlessly under the brown, curling lashes that lent a *bistre* shadow to the white flesh beneath their fall. A banknote in such a place should have brought with it joy and blessing. Want is such a bitter master and money frees us from his lash; but money is also a power that lifts us over the grind of necessity, making us the arbiters of that which we will do, be it good or evil, and surely this banknote had brought neither gratitude nor peace to the heart of the woman, who lifted up her head with its weight of thought at last, and, pushing the money a little to one side as if to break the spell it had worked upon her, unfolded the letter and slowly read it aloud.

Sometimes it is the glance of an eye, the touch of a hand, a memory, that touches the soul mutely in passing; at others the vibrant chords of feeling, being numbed and stilled by passions overwrought, require the prick of the steel—the active contact of humanity—the hard earnest of the voice to reach the understanding and to quicken the brain; and this lonely woman, half-bewildered by some inward struggle, read thus her letter, that the sound of it might beat the light in upon her, either to confirm or destroy utterly the purpose its coming had shaped and formed.

A voice sweet and tenderly modulated as the note of the cuckoo it was that disturbed the silence of the poor, mean place, yet neither in the curves of the full, red, human lips from which the words came, nor in the slumberous warmth of the golden-brown eyes, was there anything that gave response, or glad or sad, to the story the writer told:

"My precious wife," the letter began—and how many women in this heartsick age would have gladly given gold and jewels for the true heart speaking thus, and the love and trust breathing in each after line!—"at last I have found work, and the money I inclose is the earnest of what I can and will do to keep the wolf from the door, and to surround you, my wife, with such comfort as my faithful love can encompass.

"It is true, my darling, that I must learn to labor with my hands, and my associates must be the rough, hardy fellows among whom I have found a place; but these are trifling matters compared with the happiness of supplying, by my own efforts, the means of support for the home to which I shall soon be able to bring you.

"Some privations we shall indeed be forced to bear with, my beloved. It is not the kind of life I had pictured for my bride in the days when I, the idle, careless nephew of a rich and doting uncle, courted you, and longed for the time to come when I might take you away from the drudgery of a nursery-governess and establish you in the beautiful home which I regarded as mine.

"That dream is over. For all that I have lost, I have you, sweet love; and, though our home be small and poor, and my unskilled hands learn sad lessons in their grapple with the world, I am still rich in my pride and happiness, and am content in the condition which enables me to vindicate and maintain that independence of soul which bids a man to sacrifice everything before the true love that gives to man and woman the actual blessing of marriage.

"It is the loss of my uncle's approval that I regret, beside which his wealth is as nothing; but he is a hard man, and I have grievously offended him in preferring my own happiness and honor to his most cherished plan; we must, therefore, my dear wife, accept without murmur the harsh inevitable, and when once again I have you by my side, we shall challenge the world in our content, and you shall learn that poverty with love is sweeter than wealth could ever have been and we two separated.

"Within the month I shall come for you. Pay all our little debts and make yourself as comfortable as possible until the time rolls round; and until I shall again hold you in my arms and feel again the caress of your sweet lips upon my own, repose your lonely heart in the true and constant love of

"Your faithful husband and lover,
"ROBERT."

Surely this was a letter to have strengthened the soul of the weakest woman for bitterer battles than seemed to lie before this one; but heaven alone measures the heart, and as the last word of fondness and faith, even her husband's name, fell from the lips of the young creature to whom it was addressed, she threw the paper from her as if it had been some poisoned, venomous thing, and pushing her chair hurriedly from the table, arose to her feet and, pacing the floor with a sinuous and noiseless step, the cry short and sharp of a wounded animal echoed through the barren room.

"And this is the end of it all!" at last she said, in a low, terse whisper—"a life of poverty in some dingy hovel, surrounded by the dirt and grime of labor, the companionship of the low and illiterate, and youth sacrificed in the struggle for bread. This is the thing to which love has condemned me—the bitter end of all my hopes and ambitions. My God, it is beyond my strength! Were I but out of the way, the hard old man, who read my soul as if it were an open book, would take Robert once more to his heart and home. Had I loved him, could I have borne to look on and smile to see him, with all his elegance and culture, dragged down to the level of the boors that break the stones on the highway? As it is, can I sacrifice him to the love of ease and luxury which drove me on to become his wife, having nothing to give him in return save the rue of a spirit embittered by its disappointment and the eternal chafings of a discontent that will tear each grace of mind and body from me in the narrowing years to come? No; a thousand times, no! Poverty has been the curse and terror of my existence. I cannot accept it at this price. If now I hide me from this fate, there is only one man's love to be destroyed, and men are quick to recover from such wounds. Once settled in this home of which he writes, once grounded in the muddy slough a laborer digs for the wife who pines for a better fate, and the ties now fragile and easily broken will knit themselves so firmly about my life that to escape were a dream of madness. The money lying there will carry me far, far beyond the reach of the misery that holds me in its grip, and women with half my brain and will have wrought out for themselves a career such as I covet. At least, no fate more terrible than this confronting me can come, and Robert, grieving a little at first perhaps, will one day thank me for his freedom and the life to which I have restored him. We have been children in our folly, and I will neither break him nor myself upon the wheel to which our recklessness has bound us."

Then there came the strange, sad sight of a woman, young, delicate and fair, tearing remorselessly asunder the most sacred of all God's covenants and making waste the altar of a true man's love.

When the morning dawned the shabby upper room in the shabby house, wherein a treasure had been deposited, was deserted and robbed, and yet it were bitter hard to judge the deeds done in the body, since they are all the outcome of such frailties as by nature we inherit, and for each wrong the price must be paid.

* * * * *

The Reverend Justin Jordan had just laid aside his clerical robes and seated himself for a quiet hour of meditation, before leaving his Church of St. Jude's and returning to the more worldly air of the rectory, when a timid knock upon the vestry-door brought a smothered sigh of vexation to his lips and a momentary hesitation in response intervening between his solitude and its would-be disturber.

This rector of St. Jude's was a young man, newly entered upon his charge, and filled with an enthusiasm for his church and faith; and the high-wrought asceticism which he had brought to bear upon his work had early developed itself in the rigorous observance of all the ancient signs and ritual of the early church, its feasts, fasts and saints' days, together with a more than suspected devotion to priestly celibacy, and to other monkish mortifications of the flesh now not greatly in favor with the devotees to a Protestant form of religion; therefore, the feelings of the reverend gentleman may be better surmised than described, when, in response to his slow invitation, there entered into this churchly cell, devoted to such prayer and penance as its holy occupant might deem good for the safety of his soul, a woman, young, fair and slender, who raised two pleading, gold-brown eyes to his, and, in a voice of almost heavenly sweetness, asked his priestly blessing and counsel. An unwonted tremor pervaded the frame of the young priest as this simple and natural appeal fell upon his ears, and he was dimly conscious that, in a shadowy corner of St. Jude's, this same sad, Madonna face had been lifted breathlessly to his day after day, in moments of divinest ardor and inspiration; but, while the stirring of a vague danger animates his spirit to a faint shrinking from the present exercise of his priestly office, yet never had Justin Jordan refused help or consolation to those in affliction or sorrow, so now he gave this trembling, timid woman kindly welcome, and gently led her to the unburdening of her heart.

It was only a commonplace story she had to tell—the story of a lonely orphaned life, provided in its few modest wants by a teacher's earnest toil, and it was surely little she asked of one of God's ministers—only his permission to do such work among the children of his parish and the poor as in his wisdom he might think her equal to; but no holy woman of the olden time could have sued more humbly for those opportunities of suffering and self-denial that gave them saintly places in the annals of Christianity than did this pure-faced child for this privilege of serving her religion under the wing of St. Jude's.

A sadness that was not sorrow chastened each word that fell from her lips, and lurked in each drooping line of the fair, young face, and, yearning over this pleading devotee, as he might have yearned to give ghostly solace to the mourning Marys at the door of the Sepulchre, the rector of St. Jude's gave her all she asked, and gentle, saint-like Euthasia Ray became one of the lay-sisters of St. Jude's. Well and piously did she serve its altar—so well and so piously indeed, that when the Easter-lilies blossomed in the stone font and wreathed the chancel-rails, the Reverend Justin Jordan had so far lapsed from the rigors of his creed as to confess the glory of an earthly love, and to place his name and cloth at the tender mercy of Sister Euthasia, while the Easter songs were waking the morning in the groined arches of St. Jude's, who gave him grace and her vestal kiss of promise later when the glad sun set on their church's high festival and the gathering shadows veiled the workings of her pale, pure face from the searching eyes of faith.

Perhaps the Parish of St. Jude's would have liked to know something more than it did about its rector's wife; but there was her pious, blameless life amongst them to refute any suspicion of evil in which the worldly-wise and narrow-minded might choose to indulge themselves, and for the rest, St. Jude's rather gained by this "touch of nature making all the world akin" that had served to soften a little the austerity that had given a trifle more of penance to its flock than was comfortable, much though the holy character of its shepherd had been respected. Soft cushions found their way, by gentle insinuation, between the bended knees of supplicants and the penitential boards. The church decorations responded to the touch of an æsthetic hand, and became the passion of artistic worship throughout the small city. The asceticism of the confessional draped itself in silken curtains, and the choral services at matins and vespers lured the souls of the slothful and cold to the renewal of old vows, and carried those of the faithful on waves of angelic sound high over all small questions of doctrine up to the gates of the heavenly city.

After two months of married life, in which the Reverend Justin Jordan found nothing incompatible with his duties to God and the Church, as he now apprehended them, this good man was called one night from the calm enjoyment of his study and the sweet communion which the twilight hour gave to him each day with the wife whom he loved and trusted as one pure in heart and righteous in life above most other woman.

Only once before had he felt the soul within him shrink from the holy offices of his cloth as it did upon this occasion, and in that hour of faint-heartedness a blessing had fallen upon him; therefore he lifted himself now above the weakness that beset him, and, kissing his wife, he followed the messenger away to the city hospital.

A man, from whose poor brain the light of reason had for ever fled, lay dying there, and by his side an aged relative, bowed with grief, poured the story of his sorrows into the ready ear of the Rector of St. Jude's.

The dying man had been a brave, true boy, not over strong. In an evil hour he had met and loved a woman who lured him on to a secret marriage, and the uncle, maddened at the fate which condemned a beloved nephew to such misery as the woman could bring him who had only won his heart for the sake of the money that was in his hand, avenged the wrong on both by casting the young pair, penniless, out upon the world.

Bravely the young man had worked to make a home for the fair, false creature who had beguiled him of his love, exiling himself from her side until success had crowned his efforts; then returning for the wife, for whose sake no sacrifice had seemed great, no toil severe, he found the place in which he had left her deserted and all trace of her as surely blotted out as if a deluge had passed over and swept her bodily from off the face of the earth.

Wandering the streets, a crazed and shattered wreck of manhood, the uncle had at last found and cared for him, and as the months went by he gradually fell into a state of utter quiet and mindless gloom. Then the vigilance of the uncle had relaxed, and in a moment of unlooked-for frenzy the poor maniac had fled the friendly shelter of his home. They had tracked him to this distant city by that heart-rending cry for his lost wife which was the only intelligible word that had passed his lips since the blow had fallen that had crushed his heart, and here he now lay dying.

Tears rolled from the eyes of the rector of St. Jude's as he listened to this tale of sin and sorrow. Reverently he read the prayers for the dying, and reverently he bowed his head as the poor wild eyes closed in their last sleep and the poor quivering lips settled at last into the quiet of infinite peace with the name of Ray upon them; then, in his own meek and holy way, he gave such comfort as his religion and the church afforded to that aged stricken mourner, and went his way home to the rectory.

Sitting with his wife in the moonlight, he told her the sad story of the dead man at the hospital, thanking God meantime in his heart for the sweet, devoted saint whom heaven had vouchsafed to him as a helpmeet.

Something white and deadlike fell at his feet ere the tale was told, and then the rector blamed himself in his own pure mind that he should have poured such a story of horror into a woman's sensitive ears, and, carrying his wife to her bed, watched by her side in love and tenderness, until she slept the deep sleep of nervous exhaustion.

The man dead of a broken heart was buried, and the wife of the rector of St. Jude's

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silently hates with a bitter hate the hard old man who loved his vengeance better than the boy whom he had reared to be a man, with a man's will and heart; but she is none the less a saint in the Parish of St. Jude's, and there is nothing its rector will deny her, even to the gratifying of her pretty whim to have their marriage ceremony repeated on the anniversary of that Easter Monday when they two were joined together in the love of the Most High and the service of the church.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF PALESTINE COMMANDERY, K. T.

THE Palestine Commandery, No. 18, was in "high feather" on Wednesday night, January 28th, the occasion being nominally a drill, but actually a ball, and, from the thousands who attended both, the gentle knights may be fairly congratulated upon a supreme success. I stood in the main lobby of the Academy of Music and disported myself by gazing at the eager, anxious, joyous and excited crowd of both sexes that poured into the building like some mighty river of humanity that had burst its banks. How they did press and jostle and hustle, and "Beg pardon" and "Excuse me," in their excessive anxiety to obtain vantage-ground within the spacious auditorium of the Academy. The Knights, resplendent in cocked hats and white feathers and swords, proved themselves devoted succorers of the fair sex, and many a distressed damsel did they rescue during this eventful rush to the front. The Academy was brilliantly lighted, bedagged and beflowered, while the glittering cross suspended at the back of the stage, composed as it was of beads of the whitest gas, shone like the bright particular star that it proved to be. The toilets of "ye faire ladyes" showed wondrous well, and the *ensemble* was glow and color and glitter. The ceremony of receiving the grand officers of the State of New York having been gracefully gone through, the delegation from St. John's Commandery, No. 4, of Philadelphia, followed, and then the drill of the Palestine Commandery. The Knights acquitted themselves not only to the satisfaction of their commanding officer, but to the especial delight of the vast audience, who applauded each intricate manœuvre with no niggard hands. After the drill came the ball. With twenty-four dances on the programme, with first-class music, a well-tempered floor, with supper at demand, and gentle knights thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, why should not the ball of the Palestine Commandery have proved so signal a success?

FLOOD ROCK.

THE sun shone brightly on Flood Rock in the East River, and on its engine-houses dipping into the seething, whirling, eddying tide that flashes from Hell Gate, as the artist and I crossed from Astoria in the Government steam-launch for the purpose of visiting the nine acres of rock which General Newton, bold dynamitic mouse that he is, is engaged in eating away like so much very hard cheese. Captain Murcer, of the United States Engineers, who has the supervision of the works, met us at the slippery landing-stage, and after a brief but very much to the point parley with this scientific official, we were handed over to Chief Engineer Boyle.

"Look out for the cars when you get below," cautioned Captain Murcer. "They travel very rapidly, and in the dark the mules will not be likely to pay much respect to strangers. Keep off the track!"

A great square hole in the rock kept vomiting an endless line of boxes, containing self-dumping buckets, which discharged the *débris* of the blasts into a barge moored to the dock, with a roar of thunder, while the beat of machinery almost caused the whole rock to throb as though endowed with life.

Mr. Boyle, taking us to his den, arrayed us in oilskin overalls, boots and caps, providing us with a tiny oil-lamp, and, having received a few cautionary instructions, we followed him to the top of a steep wooden stairway which almost immediately lost itself in deep and cavernous darkness.

Down, down, down! our lamps but serving to render darkness more visible. Down, flight after flight, groping our way by clammy rocks, while water from leaks plashed mercilessly over us, and noise as from a park of mitrailleuses rattled in our ears, until we were stopped by our guide to be informed that we had reached the deepest level of the working. We were now sixty feet in the bowels of the earth, with but a shell of ten feet of rock between us and the maddened currents of Hell Gate. Over our devoted heads passed the found steamers, and, for aught we knew to the contrary, the shining ore deposited by the late and much-lamented Captain Kidd might be lying directly above our oilskin shakos.

"Follow me," said Mr. Boyle, plunging through broken rock, through pools of water, across beams of timber, across drills and drivers and iron rails. How horribly grim the light of our lamps caused the walls to appear, while the idea of being buried alive in this ghostly prison-house kept forcing itself forward with a ghastly and hideous persistency. Presently a rumbling sound smote our ears, and out of the darkness came a pair of sickly-yellow balls.

"Look out for the car!" shouted Mr. Boyle; and we instantly stepped off the track, crouching as closely to the rock as the unyielding nature of the wall permitted. In a second the semblance of a mule, accompanied by twin effigies of Guy Fawkes, flashed past us, to be almost instantly lost in Erebus.

"Step this way and you will see the height and extent of our hoisting shaft," exclaimed Mr. Boyle, leading us to a glimmer of daylight, where we gladly tarried, gazing upwards as the great, square box, laden with the secrets of the rock, glided creakingly upwards.

"There is an average depth of twenty-six feet of water over us," explained our *cicerone*, as he led the way still further into the bowels of the rock. "We have one hundred men, two mules and seven drills, at work day and night; that is, we work from twelve o'clock Sunday night until twelve o'clock Saturday night all through without stopping. We use diamond drills on some descriptions of rocks. We take out a thousand cubic yards of rock a month, or about one hundred tons a day. The district excavated is over a thousand feet long and five hundred feet wide. I have had only one leak of any account, and I have it partially choked off. We pay our drillers $2.35 a day, our drill-helpers $2.08, and our general hands $1.76. Our shift is only eight hours, and even eight hours in this atmosphere is killing work. The men mostly go into consumption."

We could hear no more, for we had approached a heading, the face of which was being drilled, the noise of the machine absolutely deafening. Here in this niche stood a lynx-eyed man, lamp on hat, regulating the velocity of his drill, the helper standing close to the rock which was being slowly but surely pierced.

"The blasters," said Mr. Boyle, "come on at four o'clock in the afternoon, and work till seven in the morning. We have two blasters, and pay them $2.50 a day. We drill on an average one hundred holes a day. The blaster takes his dynamite cartridges, and, having cleared the heading of all hands, sticks his cartridges into the holes. He arranges the fuse—each fuse burns two minutes—so as to cause the blasts to go off in regular succession. He wraps a bit of cotton wick round the fuse, which is from two to three feet long, and lights it with his lamp. Then he goes out of the heading and counts his explosions as they go off. He allows thirty minutes for a dead cartridge before he goes into the heading again."

As we stood watching Mr. Boyle as, in pantomime, he went through the process of loading and firing, a great outcry made itself heard in the darkness. Rather startled, we instituted inquiry, and learned that as it was 12 o'clock the dinner hour was thus announced throughout the mine. Considerably relieved, we followed our guide to the dining-hall, where over a hundred men sat upon narrow benches against the damp walls, in a long, narrow vault-like apartment lighted by two small lamps only, as the outbreak of fire is to be guarded against in every possible way. In the rocky ante-chamber the miners' oilskin hats, many of them with the lamps lighting, lay in weird-like confusion. We also visited the stabling, where we were duly warned against a kicking mule. Two double pipes of eight inches in diameter convey compressed air from five powerful pumps. Were we sorry when told there was no more to see? Once again in dayshine, how dazzling it was to be sure! We were taken to the dynamite-room, where a man was calmly engaged in adjusting caps of fulminating mercury to fuses—and within reach of his right hand 300 pounds of dynamite in cartridges, thirteen ounces to each cartridge. On board the Government launch we began to breathe more freely as the fierce current of Hell Gate wafted us onwards towards the New York shore.

THE YELLOWSTONE MAIL ROUTE IN WINTER.

THE present Winter has been an unusually severe one on the Plains, the snow falling to a remarkable depth and the thermometer indicating intense cold. Along the mail route of the Yellowstone the heavy snows have greatly interfered with the prompt delivery of mail matter, and imparted to the service a taste of the days of the "Forty-niners." From Bismarck to a distance of nearly three hundred miles the country is very barren. Scattered along the route, at regular intervals, are mail ranches, where the stock of the mail-coaches is cared for and where letters are received and delivered. The drivers of the coaches are by no means gentlemen of ease. They are on the "go" constantly; the severity of the weather guarantees no days of leisure for them. At any moment they are liable to be "jumped" by hostile Indians, or halted by "road agents" for the valuables intrusted to them. Scarcely a week passes without details of the robbery of a mail-coach, by Indians or other thieves, appearing in the papers. It not unfrequently happens that the drivers lose their way in the storms of wind and snow, and are in consequence compelled to camp out until the storm abates or they are able to discover their true route by the landmarks, with which they are as familiar as the sailor with the North Star.

To those of our readers who have opportunities for acquiring an insight of the manner of transporting the mails on the railroads and steamships our illustrations of the route of the Yellowstone will form an interesting study for comparison. Hard as is the work of the army of men employed in the fast railway mail service, few of them would exchange places with the drivers of the mail-coaches on the plains of the extreme West.

M. DE LESSEPS IN PANAMA.

IN April of 1879 M. Lucien Bonaparte-Wyse, of the French Navy, obtained from the Government of the United States of Colombia a concession for the opening of an interoceanic canal at the Isthmus of Panama. M. Wyse afterwards sold this contract to Viscount Ferdinand de Lesseps and the company he may organize. In May of last year a congress of scientific men of all nations was summoned to Paris by M. de Lesseps, ostensibly to study and decide the best route, but really to indorse the Panama route. After much discussion, in which two representatives of the United States, Admiral Ammen and Engineer Menocal, took a prominent part, the congress, as it was anticipated, recommended the Panama route. M. de Lesseps then issued his circular and called for five per cent. on each share of 500 francs out of the 80,000 shares which were to form the capital stock of the proposed company. In the meantime a strong opposition to the scheme had developed among influential French bankers and in the United States. General Burnside's resolution in the United States Senate was extensively used against the proposed company. The result of the opposition was that M. de Lesseps received only about $150,000 when he expected $4,000,000. He resolved, then, to return the money to the subscribers, and announced that as the opposition was based, first, on the assumption that the difficulties of the proposed canal route were unsurmountable on account of the sudden rises of the Chagres River, and, second, on the supposed opposition to the scheme on the part of the people of the United States, he would leave France for Panama in December, accompanied by competent engineers, and would then pay a visit to the United States.

Faithful to his promise, M. de Lesseps left Europe on December 8th, and arrived at Aspinwall on the 30th of the same month. On January 1st, 1880, he formally began the work of verifying the Wyse-Reclus survey of the proposed route in three points which still leave in doubt the possibility of the work from an engineering standpoint. He expects to have a clear idea of these points about the 1st of February, and was expected to leave Panama for New York on the 6th, and, therefore, may be expected here on the 15th or 16th.

The engraving on our front page, from a photograph taken expressly for us, represents M. de Lesseps, surrounded by his engineers and suite. He is sitting in the middle of the group, and it is not too much to say that his is the most striking countenance of all. M. de Lesseps is now in his seventy-fifth year, and yet he is more active than any of the young men of his suite. He barely sleeps five hours and is much more indefatigable than the Emperor of Brazil, who is twenty years younger and whose activity in sight-seeing attracted here so much attention in 1876. His principal engineer is M. J. Dirks, who is sitting at his left. He built the celebrated North Sea Canal of Amsterdam, one of the principal hydraulic works of Europe. M. Dirks is the president of the Committee of Studies. On M. de Lesseps right is Colonel Geo. M. Totten, the veteran builder of the Panama Railroad, who is honorary president of the Studies. Next to him is M. Henry Blonde, who is a D. C. L., and was a lieutenant in the French Navy. He acts as general superintendent of the expedition. On M. Dirks's left is General W. W. Wright, the only American member of the committee. He is followed by Lieutenant Bonaparte Wyse, who really promulgated this canal scheme. Señor Sosa, a graduate of Troy, N. Y., is the representative of Colombia in the expedition. M. Wiener has traveled considerably in South America and is Vice Consul of France at Guayaquil. M. Gaston Blanchet is in charge of the details and finances. M. Boutan, a mining engineer of the French Government, is the geologist. M. Iguazate was formerly inspector of the Suez Canal and is one of the ablest men with M. de Lesseps. M. Jagon has been exploring Africa, and is also a very valuable man. M. Albers is a friend of M. Dirks, and like him came from Holland. M. Couvreux is son of a very rich contractor who has been doing the important work of improving the port of Antwerp and straightening the course of the Danube. Messrs. Dauprat and Gallay are secretaries of the expedition. M. Sabla represents in New York M. Wyse's interests. Messrs. Tonian, the two brothers, Marolle and Duffos, are bright engineers. The other persons in the group, not yet mentioned, are M. Verbrugghe, a very able explorer who, with M. Wyse, traced the proposed route, and Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, of this city, who was in Panama as special correspondent of the New York *World*.

The fourteen engineers who are with M. de Lesseps divided themselves into five sections. Some of them will remain at the Isthmus for several months. M. de Lesseps will come to New York, accompanied by Mme. de Lesseps and three of their children, and by Messrs. J. Dirks, Blonde, Dauprat and Gallay. Whatever may be the feeling of our people towards this Frenchman's attempt to build a canal through our continent, it is certain that he will be heartily welcome by them.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The International Trials at Florence.

The recent trial of Internationalists at Florence, which lasted from December 9th to January 14th, excited general attention in Europe, where all the old established governments are quaking with fear, in view of the extra revolutionary doctrines and overt acts of the Socialists from Spain to Russia and from Naples to Sweden. The most important of the prisoners was Francesco Natta, a Piedmontese mechanic, living in Florence, an industrious man, earning good wages, but the most active and influential of the Internationalists in Tuscany. Another, Florido Matteucci, a student of twenty, a young fanatic, already several times brought to the bar, but winning acquittal by his youth. Another was a mason, another a varnisher, while the female conspirator was a young Russian girl, imbued with the Nihilism which permeates all classes in her native country, clear-headed, bold, devoid of all scruple, avowing her principles boldly and spreading them with the eloquence and fascination of a woman. The knout might menace her fair form in Russia, but no Italian jury would convict her.

The Taking of Pisagua.

Pisagua is on the Peruvian coast, in about nineteen degrees south latitude, and its capture by the Chilians is one of the most notable events in the war. The first shot was fired about 7:15 A. M. on November 2d, 1879, and the bombardment was kept up briskly till the town was in flames and two earthworks demolished. Between nine and ten o'clock some 300 Chilians landed in boats, and, in spite of the determined resistance of the enemy, clambered up the steep rocks. They took advantage of every irregularity of the ground, and slowly but surely drove the Bolivians before them to the summit of the hill, which is about 1,000 feet high. The Bolivians were driven from their last resting-place by a few well-directed shells from the Chuncanga. At 2 P. M. the fighting was practically over, and the Chilian ensign was hoisted on the hill.

Hunting the Hippopotamus.

In hunting this huge beast in the Central African rivers, the Nile or the Congo, anywhere from Natal to Angola, the first endeavor of the chief hunter is to separate one hippopotamus from the herd, and then he gets a shot at it with his large elephant-rifle, using an explosive shell instead of a bullet. His native servants and followers are rendered supremely happy by his killing one of the herd, as they secure from it plenty of strips of fat meat.

The First Rails Laid in Syria.

The interest felt in the proposed Euphrates Valley Railway has already borne fruit by the construction of a tramway from the Marina, or port of Tripoli, to the town, a distance of two miles, and then further on, skirting the houses a distance of one mile, to join the great road from Aleppo, Homes and Hamah. The company is entirely formed among the natives, though they have had to call in the assistance of English engineers to decide the route and superintend the laying of the rails. The natives employed on the work vary in costume and character even more than those traveling on the dare hard by. There are also a large number of Circassians employed for the ordinary work; and with their fur caps and frock-coats and long trousers, they present a strong contrast to the other laborers.

American Grain Elevators in England.

The appearance of the first American grain elevator in the Thames, near Woolwich, and its work of unloading the *Georgia* of her grain cargo, caused much excitement among the water population. The system of loading and unloading grain ships is, of course, well understood in this country, but in Europe it is still a novelty. Wishing to test the practicability of utilizing this great commercial machinery, the representatives of the Mark Lane or Corn Trade interest had the entire materials of a capacious elevator shipped from the United States and put together at North Woolwich, and when applied to the first grain-ship that reached the port the whole machinery worked straight off without any hitch, beating or breakdown. It cannot be long before this great American labor-saving apparatus will be in operation at every grain port in Europe.

Running the True Meridian Line from Spain to Africa.

Our coast surveys, which, with its accurate triangulation, established with mathematical certainty the lines of our territory and their latitude and longitude, is not the only work of the kind, although older governments move more slowly. As long ago as 1795 Biot and Arago, French scientists, prolonged the meridian line from Perpignan to Barcelona and the Balearic Islands. Arago wished to run it to Algeria, but the nature of the Government there at the time prevented the attempt. Arago was soon after taken prisoner by a rover and carried to Algiers, but he could not carry out his plan under these conditions. In 1868 Mr Perrier, engaged in the survey of Algeria, perceived that the Sierra Nevada was visible to the naked eye from Mount Atlas between Oran and the Morocco frontier. Ten years later by an arrangement between the Spanish and French Governments, he, with General Ibañez, was appointed to execute the necessary observations. For the summits of the triangle they selected Mulhacen in Murcia, a culminating point in the Sierra Nevada, Filhaoussen in Algeria, and M'Sabiha, near Oran. Our illustration shows the observatory at this last point with the mountains on the Spanish side seen dimly in the distance. All the resources of modern science, the finest instruments, and even electric lights, were employed, and on the 26th of August, 1879, everything was ready, and each man was at his post, Mr. Perrier being stationed at M'Sabiha. The solar signals first tried failed, and twenty days were lost in fruitless attempts. Then the electric lights were tried, and to the exultation of all, the electric signal at Tetica, two hundred miles off across the Mediterranean, was distinctly seen by the telescope, and occasionally with the naked eye. "Spain, Spain!" cried the Arabs around him, entering at last into a comprehension of the work and a scientific enthusiasm. The electric light of Malhacen was next tried successfully, and at that point the Spanish observers saw clearly the light in Algeria. The French meridian is now accurately laid down from the Shetland Isles to Sahara, a great arc of 27°, the greatest length yet measured on the globe. M'Sabiha is now to be connected by measurement with Madrid, Paris and Tetica. So close is the calculation that the approximation of time is estimated at the hundredth part of a second.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SEVENTY-FOUR streets were added to London last year.

—LOUISIANA'S sugar crop will amount to 185,000 hogsheads.

—THE population of the colony of South Australia on September 30th was 293,829.

—BOOTS and shoes for dolls are turned out by one London house at the rate of 1,000 pairs a week.

—IT is announced that the German Government intends to levy a tax on advertisements in newspapers.

—IN France it is estimated that about 18,000,000 of the population live by agriculture and 9,000,000 by manufactures.

—THE school population of Tennessee is 514,643; the value of public school property in the State is $1,162,884.76.

—THE gross funded debt of Boston on the 31st of December last was $43,922,816. Of this amount $4,328,910 matures this year.

—THE Board of Trade has awarded a piece of plate to the captain of the American schooner *Fred A. Carle* for saving a shipwrecked crew.

—A BOND of $50,000 for the safety of the official diamonds, and of $100,000 for the safety of the official plate, is required of the Lord Mayor of London.

—OUR potato crop in 1879 exceeded 181,000,000 bushels, and its value is about $79,000,000, an increase of $6,000,000, as compared with the value of that of 1878.

—THE Provincial Council of Venice will shortly sanction the engineer Biello's scheme for a bridge, three miles long, from Venice to the mainland, to serve for a tramway, as well as for pedestrians and vehicles.

—DR. J. H. HENRY is preparing an elaborate and exhaustive pamphlet on the gold fields of Alabama. He says he has the data to clearly establish that there is more gold in Alabama than there is in California.

—THE report of the Supervising Inspector at New Orleans for the past year shows that no deaths have occurred from steamboat boiler explosions on the Mississippi River—a fact unprecedented in river navigation.

—THE cotton-seed oil factories of New Orleans are reaping a rich harvest this season, as oil and oilcake have risen largely in value, while the manufacturers have been paying only the old price for the raw material.

—THE first messages of the new telegraph line to South Africa were sent by Queen Victoria to the Sultan of Zanzibar, Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Garnet Wolseley, on the 25th of December. They were received on the 27th, and the replies arrived in London on the 29th.

—THE Italian Senate, after several days of debate, has resolved, by a vote of 135 to 73, to postpone the discussion of the Government Bill for the abolition of the grist tax until the enactment of such a measure is feasible without prejudice to the finances of the country.

—IT is a fact which is not generally realized that America widens at the north until it juts out into the ocean so as to be within thirty-six miles of Asia. In severe seasons Behring's Straits are frozen over, and animals have passed on the ice from one continent to the other.

—JUDGMENT in the Garibaldi divorce case has been published. The Court of Appeal, reversing the decision of the Court of First Instance, declares Giuseppe Garibaldi and Giuseppina Raimondi free from the marriage celebrated at Como on the 24th of January, 1860.

—INDIA is having a small exodus, 14,000 of its Hindoos leaving for other British colonies last year. Many of them go to the Fiji Islands, and others to Trinidad, Jamaica, Mauritius, Natal and Demerara, and everywhere they have the reputation of docile, industrious and thrifty settlers.

—FROM statistics just published it appears that there are about 75,000 houses in Paris, exclusive of public buildings. Their total value is estimated at about 23,000,000 pounds sterling. The superficies of the capital is put down at 20,000 acres. There are 600,000 yards of sewers. The population numbers 1,990,000, or about 102 inhabitants per acre.

—THE Russian condensed cake for feeding horses in the field being thought to have proved a failure, the boxes of this food were sold in Paris soon after the war in great quantities for two and a half francs per box. After thorough trial in the tramway stables and elsewhere, the food has been found so valuable that the price has risen to eight francs per box.

—IN imitation of the perilous ventures of crossing the Atlantic in small craft, an Italian boat-builder at Montevideo is constructing a boat twenty-seven feet long by seven feet wide, for the purpose of making a voyage from the river Platt to Italy, landing at Caprera, to visit General Garibaldi. He will be accompanied by a friend, and both are old companions in arms of the general.

—FROM the calculations of M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu in the *Economiste Français*, it appears that the public debt of France exceeds 26,000,000,000 francs, on which 1,265,000,000 are paid annually as interest. Divided among 37,000,000 of Frenchmen, this debt, the most colossal in history, gives an average of 700 francs, as principal, for each inhabitant, and 34 francs interest per annum.

—THE monster Italian double-turreted ironclad *Duilio*, the most powerful war vessel in the world, in a trial of her speed on January 24th, gave fourteen miles per hour, working at six-sevenths of her full capacity. It is expected that she will eventually attain a speed of fifteen miles per hour. The armament of the *Duilio* consists of four 100-ton Armstrong guns 33 feet long, firing projectiles 2,500 pounds in weight, with powder charges of 350 pounds.

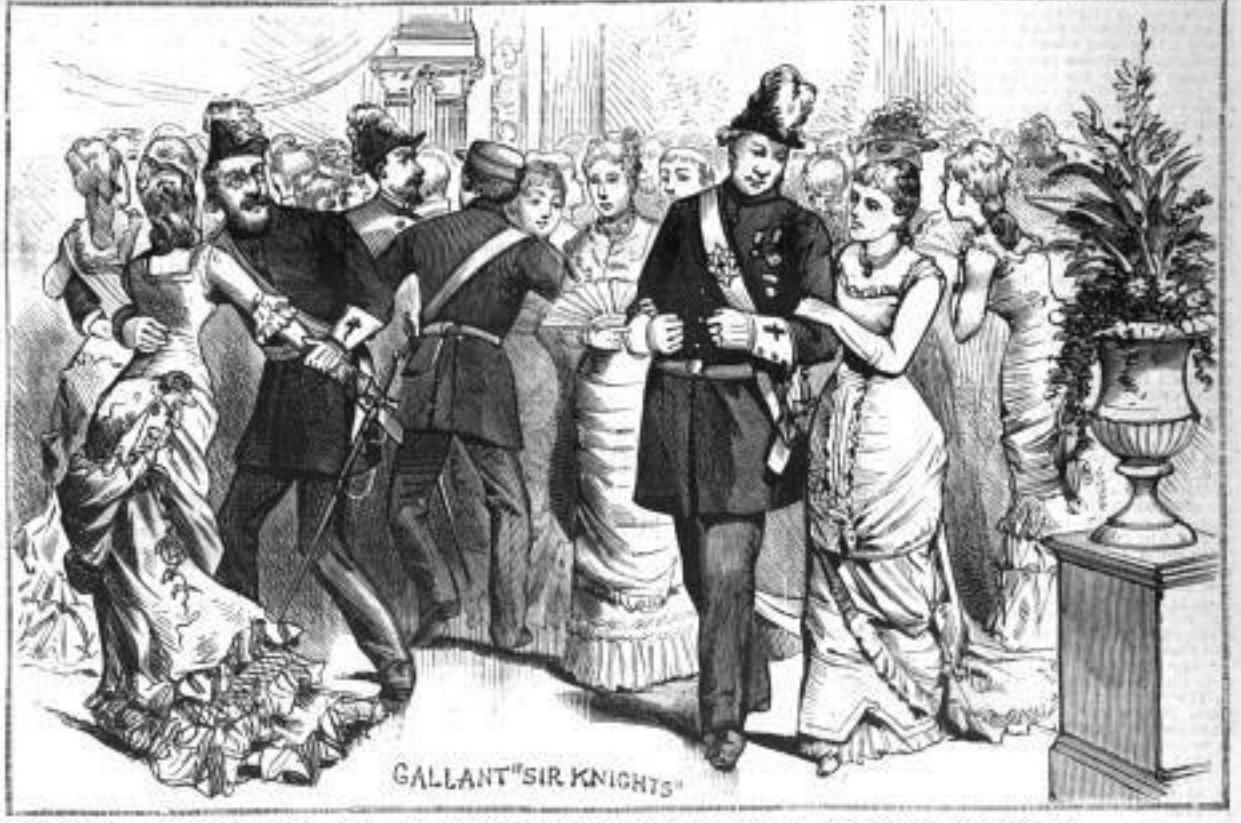
—AN open competition was to be held in London on Tuesday, February 3d, and following days, for eight situations as student interpreter. Seven of these situations are in China, and one is in Japan. The successful candidates will be allowed to choose between the two posts according to their place in order of seniority. The regulations for the examination lately issued prescribe that candidates must be natural born subjects of Her Majesty, and must be over eighteen and not more than twenty-four years of age.

—THE east coast of Hudson's Bay is reported to be undergoing very considerable changes in its level. Since the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company were established at the mouths of the various rivers, there has been an increasing difficulty in approaching them with large craft; and this elevation is estimated to amount to between five feet and ten feet within the last 100 years. The same changes have been observed on the west coast of the bay, at the mouth of the Nelson and Hayes Rivers, near which is an island called Mile Lands, now several feet above high water, which, within the memory of man, was always submerged at flood tide.

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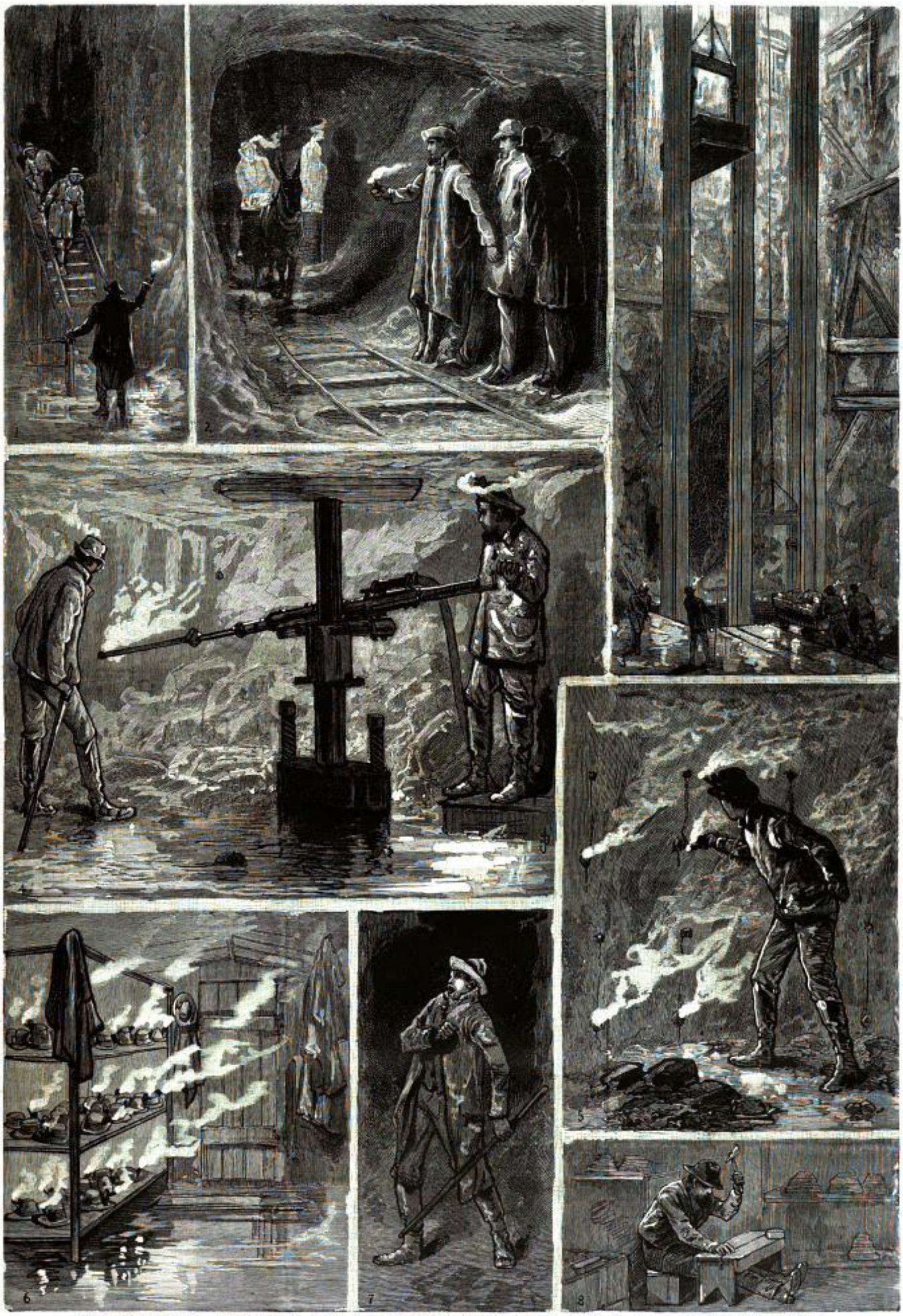






NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL RECEPTION AND FESTIVAL OF PALESTINE COMMANDERY No. 18, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JANUARY 28TH.—SEE PAGE 439.

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1. Visitors descending Shaft. 2. "Look out for the Car!" 3. The Hoisting Shaft. 4. Drilling the Rock. 5. Firing the Charges. 6. "Hat Stand" of the Miners. 7. "The Tunnel Clock." 8. Preparing Cartridges.

NEW YORK.—OPERATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ENGINEERS ON FLOOD ROCK, HELL GATE.—SEE PAGE 439.

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THE ANDALUSIAN SERENO.

WITH oaken staff and swinging lantern bright,
He strolls at midnight, when the world is still,
Through dismal lanes and plazas plumed with light,
Guarding the drowsy thousands in Seville.

Gazing upon his ever star-thronged sky,
With careless step he wanders to and fro,
The gloomy streets re-echo with his cry,
His slow, low, sad and dreary "*Sere-no!*"

He sees the blonde moon fleck the rosy towers
Of old Giralda with its opal sheen,
And in broad alamedas warm with flowers,
He sees the Moorish cypress bend and lean.

Then, vaguely dreaming, he recalls the nights
His father passed beneath those very stars,
The tales of escaladed walls, the fights,
The mirth, the songs, the Babels of guitars!

And all his sire had told him years ago,
How, often, in the gardens dim and dark,
He met full many a mantled Romeo,
And stumbled over corpses, cold and stark.

But he, alas, has heard no serenade,
No ladder hangs from Doña Linda's bars,
And the wan glint of an assassin's blade,
He ne'er has seen beneath these quiet stars.

So, weary, in the dead calm of the town,
His soul regrets the past's romantic glow;
While mute, despondent, pacing up and down,
He sadly moans his dreary "*Sere-no!*"

But, sometimes in the grayish light of dawn,
He stops and trembles in his clinging cape;
For he can see a lady's curtain drawn,
And in the street below, a phantom shape,

Draped in quaint, antique garb, with sword and glove,
Sombrero vast and mandolin on arm,
Which seems to play a weird, wild lay of love,
And at his coming shows no quick alarm—

But turns, and there, a skeleton all lean
And haggard, leers within the lightless lane;
And the Sereno knows that he has seen
The spectre of the Past, the ghost of Spain!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"TO WRECK A LIFE—OR NOT."

SYLVE sat on the lowest step of the lowest terrace, pulling the long, feathery grass and plaiting it listlessly. She looked superbly beautiful—the close braids of her beautiful brown hair brought forward like a coronet, under which the gleam of her brow was like polished marble. Her dark eyes seemed filled with a dewy splendor. Dee stood near, leaning against the broken balustrade, regal in a richly-colored head-gear, and a snow-white apron that enveloped her whole figure. Her massive arms folded over her chest looked like carved ebony in their roundness and polish. The subject was as usual, Raphael.

"How came Colonel Lewin to have anything to do with Mr. Wilde's education?" asked Sylve, as she plaited her grasses.

"Well, you see, his own mammy was dead, and my massa colonel an' he was ole friends from dar babyhood. So when Colonel Wilde go off to de war—a hull year afo' Colonel Lewin go—he just 'queathed the chile to my massa, wid plenty ob money to pay for he larnin'. So when he gits de right age, my massa sends him yeast to the college. His money was all put in yeastern banks too. Oh, Raf'le got a right smart lot of money—'deed he ain't nobody's beggar, he ain't."

"He's very handsome, isn't he?" asked Sylve, the red dyeing her cheek as the image of Flix came up unbidden.

"Well, you better b'leve. I reckon Almighty Master couldn't make .him any handsomer. When dem two chillens goes to de altar—well, ef it don't be a sight!" and, giving a series of shakes, the blue and scarlet turban came near falling from Dee's black temples. She lifted her arms to replace it—and Sylve sighed, let fall the plait she was braiding, and looked steadily before her.

"Wait till the outer coating of your romance has worn off," Salome had said. Had it worn off? Was she longing for a change? She acknowledged to herself that living with Eve Lewin would be unendurable. With Raphael the demi-god in their midst, it might be different, but then that depended. If she could only make him love *her* a little bit. It was a wild, half-wish—not to rob Eve, oh, no!—and yet how could that milk-and-water beauty appreciate a man such as she imagined Raphael Wilde to be? In her thoughts, her very secret thoughts, almost unacknowledged by herself, she compared this grand young Ray with Flix, associated them together in mental and moral qualities, fancied that they looked alike. Another sigh—yes, life here was prosaic. It seemed to her very hard that she should not be loved and cared for. She was as beautiful in her way as Eve, and much more rarely gifted. Why should she trouble herself because these two loved each other?—for that was what her strange mood meant. She could not have answered the question, but in her heart she knew she did care. As she sat there alone—Eve had gone to visit a sick neighbor—the fading splendor of the sky brightening her nut brown hair, her hands crossed and hanging idly over her knees, her dark eyes fixed upon the distant hills bathed now all in gold and purple, a step sounded near.

"Ah! a thousand pardons," coming close to her and starting back, "I thought it was E—— Miss Lewin in the dusk. Miss Brown, I presume. Am I right?" and beside her stood Raphael Wilde, his hat in his hand, his beautiful eyes bent upon her face, a smile on his lips. Somewhat confused, the teacher rose from her humble seat.

"Miss Lewin has gone over to the Newcomes'," she said, a rose-blush spreading over her cheeks. He looked at her admiringly.

"I will go for her," he said, his face brightening, and in another moment he was gone.

Sylve stood looking after his retreating figure, her eyes full of trouble.

"No such happiness for me—no—for ever, and for ever!" she cried, in a low, pained voice, passionately. "He *is* like, very like *him*. Surely Eve Lewin ought to be happy—and she is; it irks me to see that placid smile on her face; it—it—makes me hate her!" and unconsciously she clinched her hands.

"Reckon ye'd better come in, chile," called Dee, from the top of the steps; "de jews ob dis climate mighty onhealthy."

Sylve came to herself with another sigh, as she cast a lingering look over the landscape, and went slowly into the house, with a strange weight at her heart. She paused on the threshold to gaze at the picture the long kitchen presented. A fire of red-hot embers glowed and crackled in the great square hearth, giving a wondrous varnish to the crimson tiles in front. The fire was at her left. Dee had swept and brightened the floor. In front of the glowing coals, patted close against a board of hickory-wood, slowly baked a corn-meal johnny-cake. The faint firelight fell athwart the long space, creeping up to the edges of the many shining utensils of tin and copper that hung from the wide dresser. Over the boundary line that separated sitting-room from kitchen, a large square of brilliant carpet, the remains of a drawing-room splendor, gave an air of comfort to that part of the room. On that border, culinary adornment ended, and tasteful decoration began. Vines and plants hung from charming baskets in the windows. Statuettes on brackets, lovely pictures, shelves full of books, and little fanciful arrangements of Fall leaves and ferns, gave token of innate culture and refinement on the part of the inmates of this broken paradise. Here were lounges, the fine piano, a guitar, racks of music, a low rocking-chair and easy-chair, tables mended by Crow's black, capable fingers, and a marble pedestal upon which stood a porcelain vase, that before Sylve came had reposed ingloriously in a dusky corner, in twenty pieces at the least. Sylve had cemented the fragments, and the fine antique gave grace and dignity to the more humble adornments around it.

Sylve, no ways comforted by all this homelike beauty, walked forward and seated herself dejectedly in Eve's low rocking-chair. Her eyes emitted a clear, electric fire as she mused. She was conscious of her own power, and believed in destiny. Indeed, as far as religious or heart culture were concerned, Sylve was little better than a heathen. Eve, on the contrary, was intensely and emotionally religious, taught, strangely enough, by slaves. Sylve was quicker, brighter, more magnetic than Eve, though she acknowledged Eve's more ethereal nature. Eve was in some things quite as innocent as a child, and inherited from her father a high sense of honor. She was also intensely proud of race; in fact, her pride was the weak point in her character, though it had so long lain dormant.

"So I have seen their prince," murmurs Sylve, while Dee rolls the table into the centre of the imagined sitting-room. "He looks born to command, like another;" here she sighs and a frown contracts her brow. "But I will not think of him. And Eve is such a lifeless little thing. How could he ever fancy her?"

Thinking intensely, with contracted brows and tightly-shut lips, she sits by the window till the brief twilight melts into starlight and a crescent moon makes its appearance in the pale sky overhead.

Dee pronounced the cake done and the "chicken browned lovely," in a tone of triumph. At that moment Raphael entered, Eve clinging to him and looking fondly into his face. Both young creatures seemed to be lifted above earth, themselves the centre of all pleasure, the world a void. The fragrance of smoking viands soon broke the spell, however.

"I didn't dream that I was hungry till this very minute," said Raphael; "but this fragrance makes me ravenous"—he turned towards the table.

"Ray, you haven't seen Miss Brown," Eve exclaimed, with a happy little laugh. How Sylve loathed the name from that moment!

"Yes, I have, indeed; introduced myself to her—didn't I?" turning to the lovely, glowing face; "or did we recognize each other through sympathetic magnetism or mediumship? I am Raphael Wilde—if I didn't say so before—at your service," and he bowed low, his handsome, laughing eyes sparkling, "or, as Eve here dubs me sometimes, Wild Raphael."

They were a merry trio—in appearance, at least—around the snowy cloth that evening. Dee stood near, her sinewy black arms folded, her favorite attitude, now and then showing her large, white teeth, occasionally chiming in with some original remark, with the freedom of a petted and privileged servant. After supper, Sylve sat down to the piano and listlessly ran the octaves up and down. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes full of a strange electric fire. Unwonted impulses stirred her heart. Vistas as of some charmed future opened before her. She felt how barren and loveless her life had been; how robbed of all brightness and softness, and a miserable envy of this more fortunate girl rankled in her bosom.

"Don't pretend that you can't do better than that," said Eve, laughing—"play some delicious waltz-music that we can dance by. Come, Ray, this is a glorious floor for waltzing."

The young fellow held forth both hands with a glance towards his betrothed which to Sylve was a stab; but Eve sprang forth radiant, the bloom of innocence mantling her cheek, the light of love sparkling in her eye, and, presently, to dreamy rhythm, the two went swiftly down the long polished floor, forgetting, in their present happiness, all past trouble, and seeing no serpent in their paradise.

"Is he not everything that is good and noble?" Eve asked, when the two girls sat together by the fire on the hearth in the shadowy parlor, protected from drafts by a heavy screen.

"He seems so," said Sylve, quietly. "I am not enthusiastic, you know, nor is my blood as quick as yours. We dark people are suspicious. I must study him a while."

"You dark people are suspicious—as if I would believe that!" said Eve, untwisting the coil of her golden hair. "Why, Raphael is shades darker than you. Would you have me believe that he is suspicious? No, no, he is candor itself; neither," she added, a minute after, "do I believe you are."

"Oh, yes, I am. What lovely hair he has—rather a kink in it, isn't there? Do you believe—now don't be angry with me for saying it—I should fancy him an Octoroon if I didn't know——"

"What an idea! I retract my decision—you must be suspicious to connect such a thought with my Raphael. It's enough to make his mother rise in her grave, you wicked girl!" Half in sport though she was, Eve's cheeks blazed, and her gentle eyes flashed unwontedly. "His mother was very dark."

"Still I am curious enough to wonder what you would do if that were really the case?"

"What I would do? The question is—well, it would be an insult from any one else. In that case, you must see from what little you know of me that it would be impossible for him ever to have been even my friend."

"Dee is your friend."

Eve flushed a deeper scarlet.

"The cases are not parallel. Dee is my nurse, slave, servant—now dependent, rather. I command her, I exact work from her, I love her dearly, but even that cannot alter our relations. She would tell you so herself. But don't let us talk of such things, for I feel myself growing angry, and my inheritance from papa is a high temper and a proud, sensitive spirit. I am afraid already I have said too much. Kiss me, I am going to bed. I suppose you will sit up a while and dream with your eyes open, as usual. I daresay sometimes you write poetry while I am asleep."

"No, indeed," Sylve responded, throwing herself back in the capacious easy-chair and clasping her hands over her head. "I should be only too glad if I could. I would coin my gift into money."

"Ask Ray to write you some verses, you mercenary creature; he writes delightfully, as you play."

When Eve had disappeared in the solemn shadows that wrapped in the high four-poster, Sylve bent her head and looked into the fire with an absent and weary expression. How still the house was! Dee had told her some wild story about the left wing which was said to be haunted. Was she waiting to hear the sound of the measured footsteps as the fire flickered and burnt blue? Suddenly a little box upon the table at her elbow attracted her attention. It had been left there by Eve, who sometimes deposited her trinkets within, but now it seemed empty. It was made of sandalwood, and its odor was exquisite.

"Just the fragrance for one who is sad," murmured the girl to herself, as she lifted it to admire its beauty and inhale the subtle incense made sweeter and stronger by the heat of the burning embers. Eve slept softly. Sylve knelt closer to the fire and turned the box round and round, the better to observe its rare carved tracery, when—she must have touched some secret spring—a sheet of yellow, faded paper fell out. Lifting it, she saw, almost before she was aware of reading a word, the mention of Raphael's name. The letter was signed by Colonel Wilde, U. S. A., and written in confidence, apparently, to Colonel Lewin. Tempted strongly, she forgot that even night and silence confided this sheet to her honor, and read on. A quick and almost baleful light illumined her face. She clasped her hands with the gesture of one who sees unexpectedly the way out of some dark labyrinth.

"So, I am not the only one smitten by the hand of a secret and dreadful disgrace. This would make your proud heart writhe, Eve Lewin. Oh, how little she thinks there is such a document as this in the wide world! Now would it not be easy to strike him out of her heart? Sustained by her strong sense of family honor and superiority, I question whether she would even suffer much. And then if he could love me! and if I could forget! I will forget Flix Forester! But, great heaven, what wickedness am I planning! Why should she know of this paper at all? It would be a friendly act to put it in the fire. No, no! I can't do that; I have no right to do that, and she has a right to know that she is deceived and imposed upon. Still, it will be a terrible blow," she looked at the letter with parted lips. She sought the secret of the spring. Might it not be best to restore the document to its mysterious hiding-place? But the search was all in vain. Nothing rewarded it save the blank interior of the upper part of the receptacle which had held Eve's small stock of jewels. Still undecided, after having concealed the missive, she took her place by the side of the happy, trusting Eve.

For days after that, until Raphael had taken his departure, her mood was more preoccupied than usual. A feverish bloom deepened the faint carmine of her cheeks; her eyes were glittering and restless. She grew absent and constrained in manner, and went alone by herself sometimes to consult with conscience, but, oftener, to dally with temptation. Eve regarded her with a tender interest, for she had learned to love her.

At last she made her decision.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

"YOU must leave your school," Eve said, one day to Sylve in her pretty authoritative manner. "You are absolutely feverish; your hand burns and your eyes are as bright as if you had been living on cologne for a week."

"You forget that I am not my own mistress," said Sylve, wishing heartily that she was for the moment. "How can I live if I do not work? If I prove my inability to teach through the failure of my health, there are plenty quite willing to take my place—would be glad to do so, no doubt."

"Suppose you give up for a while and let that little pale cousin of Salome's—by-the-way, is she a cousin?"

"By three or four removes," replied Sylve.

"Well, she could take your place for a few weeks while you recruit, and we'd have such jolly walks and picnics. I think September picnics are the best. One don't get so hot and thirsty and tired. By-the-way, what a sad history is written in that girl's face! Do you believe she knows that spot?"

"Oh, yes, Salome told her; she was sure to find out by the servants if she had not."

"Poor child, one must always have one's sorrow," said Eve, pitifully, pinching the ruffles in her apron. "Mine is bad enough—being so poor—but thank God it's no worse. Salome tells me she had a lover, and he has forgotten her. There's bitterness!"

During this speech Sylve's cheeks had turned from red to white.

"But—anyway—won't you think of my plan?" Eve persisted. "You can still keep on teaching—*me!* I am of sufficient importance to take all your time, *I* think."

Sylve shook her head.

"You selfish little thing!" cried Eve, pretending to box her ears. "Never mind, wait till Ray and I are married, then when you need rest you shall make your home with *us!* Don't that sound pretty? Do you know Ray admires you very much—and I'm not in the least jealous. He says your touch on the piano is exquisite, and that you are full of the magnetism of genius."

Sylve's breath came quick, the pupils of her eyes dilated.

"Did he say that?" Her cheeks crimsoned and she averted her face.

"He did say it; there, I have had my talk out," and Eve was soon engrossed with her book. Eve did not see the half-guilty movement with which Sylve drew a small package from her pocket. Another moment the sandal-wood box was in her hand and had fallen heavily to the floor. This time the spring did not move, but Sylve had cunningly contrived that the letter should fall with it. She stooped and picked it up.

"There's a letter, dear, isn't it, came out of the box? How curious! A moment ago I opened it, and I'm certain there was no letter there."

"Why, no; there was no letter there this morning," said Eve, slowly looking up from her book. "I never kept letters in that; it's a trinket-box—an old letter, too, isn't it?"

"Years old, I should think," said Sylve, trying to speak lightly, "it is so yellowed. Wouldn't it be odd if there was a secret spring in the box which opened as it fell down."

"Why, yes, it would be, rather," replied Eve. "That box belonged to papa; he set great store by it, and when the soldiers were here one of them took it, but Dee found it packed up with his luggage, and I do believe she would have been shot before she'd have let him have it again." By this time she had the paper in her hands, half a letter sheet. "It's papa's letter, I suppose," she said, half-aloud. "Oh, yes," looking at the signature, "one of Colonel Wilde's; wonder if it's worth reading," and she laughed lightly.

Alas! how little one suspects as he lifts his glance to a hand's-breadth white speck in the blue heavens, that in its train come lightnings freighted with devastation and death. The moment Eve's eyes scanned the first line her bosom began to heave, and her hand clinched on the paper.

"Why, this"—her lips grew pale as ashes, she trembled from head to foot, rose from her seat in an uncertain way, looked at the teacher, who pretended to be very busy now, asked faintly for permission to read, and slid into the chair she had before occupied, like one weary or faint. Sylve dared not watch her. She heard her own heart beat so loudly that it seemed to her it must be audible in any part of the room. Nevertheless, her eye was drawn as by a magnet to the face now white and set as chiseled marble. She felt rather than saw how the small lips quivered, the blue eyes dilated, and the veins stood out over temple and throat.

At last overtaxed nature gave way in a groan of exceeding agony.

"Oh, this is too dreadful!"

"What is it, dear?" queried Sylve, real alarm in voice and gesture.

"Something I cannot tell you—cannot tell any one. Oh, my God! Something I ought not, will not believe."

Sylve was silent. If remorse, if even terror made her pulses leap with quick fierce strokes, outwardly she was very calm.

"And yet it is Colonel Wilde's own letter; it was written by Colonel Wilde himself," murmured Eve, in the muffled voice of stifled anguish. "Pardon me," she added, a moment after, raising her blanched face, "I cannot tell it even to you. It—it is—a—a letter of—business."

Sylve listened tremblingly to the faltering voice, saw the poor pale drawn face, and felt like a murderer. What had this girl done to her except to show before her her simple happiness? How fervently she now wished, the better nature wakening, that she had thrown the terrible missive in the fire, as Eve, thrusting the letter in her bosom, and leaving Sylve alone with her own self accusation that

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amounted to anguish, went out into the moonlighted kitchen, and there for long, dreary hours walked back and forth. This was the sentence that seemed likely to be her death-warrant:

"Raphael is the son of my wife's favorite slave, Estelle, and I, having taken every pains to conceal this fact, and for fear it might some time leak out, have caused free papers to be drawn up for him, which I have had since his infancy in my possession.

"And now I will turn to another and a pleasanter matter, for, as you may believe, my blood is on fire at the thought of this dreadful wrong. What would my dear wife say, who loves me so devotedly, if she should hear it? Why, I should feel like killing myself on the spot.

"Am I never to get away from this subject? I send you with this letter instructions with reference to the boy's education. Heaven bless him, he is the idol of my heart. I hope he may make an honorable and useful man, and never hear *one whisper* prejudicial to his birth and my fair fame. For God's sake take care of that! I am sure you will. I can safely trust myself in your hands, and my reputation. In most things I think I have been honorable, though I often find it on my lips to say like David, 'I am a sinful man, oh, God.' If I should fall in the coming struggle, and I think I shall, you will know just what to do in all respects. I have put my record in your hands. In great haste, your ever loving friend.

"R. T. WILDE, Colonel U. S. A."

This to the proud daughter of a Southern race was little better than a death-warrant. From that hour Eve was changed. No one ever knew what bitter, anguished tears she shed that first awful night. On the day succeeding Sylve was glad to be occupied with her duties, and Eve struggled bravely to maintain an outward composure that she was far from feeling. Sylve tried a few commonplaces of condolence, feeling that she must say something, but desisted as those soft appealing eyes prayed dumbly for silence. The place had become intolerable to Sylve—the house felt like a grave—and Eve seemed a corpse, endowed with vitality enough to look and move. That evening while the unhappy girl was meditating what to do, she spied Samson coming up the steps. That diminutive negro with the gigantic name bore in his hand a note; the note was directed to Sylve, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILD—As soon as you get this note, whether Eve can spare you or not, come over. I wish to see you on a matter of *great importance*. Don't wait a moment. I am sure you will be glad I took the liberty to send for you. SALOME."

Sylve flushed to the roots of her hair; a thrill ran from nerve to nerve, a strange yet ecstatic feeling. She smiled.

"Samson, come here!" she said.

The boy came forward, his great beads of pupils, black as night, rolling under brows that were nearer the kinks of his knotted wool than his eyes.

"Sam, I want you to tell me the truth; if you don't, mind," and she emphasized the word with a glance that set him to shaking, "I shall kill you."

The boy had always been afraid of her.

"Oh, lor, missee, don't!" he cried, with chattering teeth.

"Then tell me the truth!"

"Missee S'lome say I mus'n't spoke a word," was his next effort.

"And Missee Sylve tells you if you don't you'll be shot. Has anybody, any stranger, come to the house to-day?"

"Oh, lor! oh, lor! missee!" and he held his hands dramatically up to his ears. "I's an unfortinit nigger! Missee S'lome say I wasn't to tell."

"She did? Then I know; a gentleman has come for me."

"Yes, missee—but I mustn't done gone tell," quaked the boy.

"Oh, no, you needn't tell, I'll only ask you. Is he a young gentleman?"

"Yes, missee, I guess," said Samson.

"Young and fine-looking?"

"Mighty fine-looking, missee. I guess he'm a sojer."

"A soldier, yes—looks like it." She nodded her head vivaciously. "I'm tired of this. I'll go."

She ran up-stairs to kiss Eve, who, in her wretchedness, prayed to be alone, and then left the house with Samson.

CHAPTER XXX.—INTO HIS ARMS.

"I SHALL go up the back way," said Sylve, as they came in sight of the house. "Go tell Miss Salome that I will be with her directly."

"He has come for me," soliloquized Sylve, as she hastened to array herself in the only fine dress she had brought with her, "and only to see him! only to touch his hand! Oh, it will be worth whole years of suffering if I must go back."

Salome sits in the low-ceiled parlor with a stranger, a gentlemanly man, in plain citizen's clothes. Nobody seeing him in that garb would have recognized one of the most remarkable detectives of the day. As Sylve comes in, her long robes sweeping behind her, her beauty glorified by anticipation, her eyes glowing, her lips parted, showing two lines of white pearl, the gentleman with whom Miss Salome is talking, suddenly stands up with a quick start of admiration. Sylve pauses, with another kind of start, a sort of panic that pales her cheek and brings her lips together. The bunch of heliotrope on the small table in the middle of the floor recalls Salome's tastes and habits, but already Sylve feels like a stranger in her old home. Salome goes towards her.

"My dear," she says, softly, "you know I told you this was sure to happen some day; do be reasonable and go back like a good, sensible girl. They must have you, they can't get along without you. You have got to do something in this law case; it is indispensable that you should return."

Sylve makes a cold bow towards the detective, as Salome introduces him—then Salome looks out of the window and smiles. Sylve withdraws and sits down in a recess near the window-seat, angry and repelling. She had not dreamed that this messenger would be a stranger, and the warmth of heart and manner turns to icy coldness. She answers his few questions mechanically, with lowered glances.

"Yes, Sylve de Latude was her name—he is quite right as to his dates—she is very sorry to be found, but, as they have discovered her, she supposes that it is proper for her to return."

Then all at once a strange feeling comes over her. She has never had it before, for she never fainted in her life. The little bunch of purple heliotrope dances up and down, the detective in plain clothes swims across the room with Salome after him and back again. She draws her breath hard, and, without speaking, rushes for the door, throws her hands wildly out to grasp the threshold, which by some mysterious process seems level with her eyes, and falls into somebody's outstretched arms.

"Madam," says Flix Forester, just come in from a saunter in the garden, "I—I think the young lady has fainted." The girl lies a dead weight in his arms. Salome is by his side in a moment—between them they bear her to a lounge.

"Very tragic," mutters the unbelieving official; "miss is evidently a good actress."

When Sylve opens her eyes the first object they encounter is the face of Flix Forester. Vaguly at first she gazes, and then with coming intelligence a great light flashes out of the beautiful orbs, and she turns her head away blushing rosy red.

"I don't see how it happened," she murmurs.

"Are you better, dear," says Salome. "I have been afraid the climate would give you at least one turn. There, there, don't be too eager to sit up; how nice that you are going to change; it's a great deal better than medicine, a great deal."

"Let me sit up, I am quite well," Sylve says, struggling a little to gain an upright position. "It was so foolish to faint—there was nothing in the world to make me—nothing in the world;" and then a great flood of happiness rushes into her heart, for she remembers into whose arms she fell, and hopes he will think she lost consciousness first, though she did not, dimly seeing his face just before. Flix has retreated and stands by the window, looking thoughtfully out, and talking now and then confidentially to the detective. Later they walk out together.

"When do they want me to go?" asks Sylve. "I wish you were going, too. You can't imagine how awkward I feel."

"I have been talking with them," says Salome, soothingly, glad of the opportunity to wash her hands of the secret, "and they are quite willing to believe that it is only a little romantic escapade, a childish, or rather girlish, folly. Mrs. Forester will receive you with open arms, and it rather softens their mannish view of the matter that you have really been bravely working for yourself. I don't believe Mr. Forester knew it was in you. By-the-way, it is the same Mr. Forester who was thrown from his horse at the time of the murder. He looks scarcely changed. I wonder if Eve Lewin would recognize him?" There is a little tinge of pain as Salome mentions Eve, and Sylve murmurs that her late companion will think strangely of her sudden desertion.

"Oh, I will tell her all about it," Salome responds.

"No, indeed"—Sylve reddens—"not for worlds; promise you won't. Tell her I am gone—Miss Brown has gone away, and sends her love, but don't let her know who I am. I have good reasons. I don't wish to see her again. I never wish to be recognized by her by my real name. It will be just as easy to say Miss Brown, now you have become used to it. Promise me."

"I never saw your equal for mystery," says Salome; "but, there, don't look so terribly anxious; I will promise, and she must make what she will of your sudden departure. Lilly will take your school—you have scarcely become acquainted with Lilly."

"It is just as well. If I had been ever so much attached to her we should have to part. But I like her; she is a very sweet girl. You will come and see me some time, will you not?"

"If it is possible," says Salome. "You know how hard it will be for me ever to leave home, now that I am sole head here."

"But if I particularly send for you?"

"Yes, in case——" Salome begins, hesitatingly.

"In case I marry or die," says Sylve, recklessly.

"Hush! If you marry, of course I will come; you are not going to die, please God, before I have seen you a great many times."

Presently Sylve and Salome vanish. Lilly is called up-stairs. Lilly is like a breezy little wild-flower, or might have been, had not trouble laid its heavy hand upon the delicate petals and bent them to the earth. In the white cheeks and dreamy eyes there is more than a hint of the disappointment that has desolated her life. One thinks, looking at her, of faded letters and love-tokens laid carefully away to be wept over sometimes. Silently and expeditiously they help Sylve pack her little treasures—these are very few. Then she leaves messages and gifts for each of her pupils—there are not many; and then—she is eager to go down-stairs. What can she say to Flix? He will be there all the long evening. What will he say to her? she thinks. He will talk probably of his mother. No matter who he talks of, he will talk with her, and a glad, sweet emotion drowns even the memory of the barrier between them. Of course he will never care for her, but that does not trouble her much. She will be near him. She has forgotten that Raphael Wilde ever existed. Raphael! he was a boy beside this handsome, tall, and well-grown man. How eager she was to go down, for the gentlemen were not to take their departure till early in the morning. What was her disappointment, therefore, to find the parlor empty!

(*To be continued.*)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect an educational natural history museum in Perth, as a memorial to the late Sir THOMAS MONCRIEFFE, President of the Perthshire Natural History Society.

Professors C. A. F. Peters (director of Kiel Observatory) and Albert von Kölliker (Würzburg) have been decorated by the King of Bavaria with the Maximilian Order for Art and Science.

The Emperor of Austria has presented the Austrian Gold Medal for Arts and Sciences to Herr Wilhelm Hodmann, of Dresden, in recognition of his merits in advancing the art of photography.

On January 24, 1882, the University of Würzburg will celebrate the 300th anniversary of its foundation. The Bavarian Government had intended to set aside a sum of £2,000 to defray the expenses of the celebration. The Finance Committee of the Bavarian House of Deputies have, however, declined to allow the sum in question.

In the Present Critical state of affairs between China and Japan in regard to the suzerainty of the Loochoo Islands, much interest attaches to an official document issued in the latter country on the subject. All the Loochoo Islands, the Japanese maintain, are connected by certain geomantic signs in the earth with the Japanese province of Satsuma. The forty-eight characters of the Japanese alphabet are in use there, having been communicated to the islanders by Minamotonotametomo. As regards language, they use a mixture of Chinese words and the Japanese alphabet in their literature. They call their own kingdom Okina, or otherwise, Ukinawa. As regards religion, they worship Yi Shih, the Great Spirit of Japan, besides other divinities. In many of their domestic customs, too, the Japanese maintain that their practice indubitably indicates their origin.

Entomology in the United States.—Great advance has been made in the study of insects during the last few years, partly prompted by the ravages committed by these lower forms of life. Many large and valuable collections have been accumulated, and the literature on the subject has become quite extensive. The General Government of the United States has appointed a commission to investigate the more injurious pests, and the results of the labors of this commission have proved to be of great value in pointing out the best manner of exterminating the ravagers. An entomological club has been organized which holds its meetings simultaneously with the American Association. At the last session the names of 250 entomologists were reported; this year the list has increased to 285 persons who make the study of insects a specialty. The literature of the subject has also grown to great proportions, and there are numerous periodicals exclusively devoted to its treatment. Among the leading entomologists may be mentioned Professor J. A. Lintner, Albany, N. Y.; Professor C. V. Riley, St. Louis, Mo.; Professor A. R. Grote, Buffalo, N. Y.; Professor W. S. Barnard, Ithaca, N. Y.; Professor S. H. Scudder, Cambridge, Mass.

The New Metal, Scandium.—According to M. Cléve, scandium has only been found in minute quantities in gadolinite and yttro-tantalite, two minerals which are very rare. It apparently forms but one oxide, a sesqui-oxide, having the formula Sc_2O_3. The atomic weight of the metal is 44.91, and the atomic weight of the oxide is 44.12. The atomic weight of scandium can be regarded at 45. What renders the discovery of scandium interesting is the fact that its existence was predicted by M. Mendélijef in his celebrated memoir on the periodicity of the elements. This author pointed out that a metal ought some day to be found having the atomic weight of 44, a sesqui-oxide and other preparations to which scandium is very analogous. M. Mendélijef gave the name of ekabor to the hypothetical metal, a designation which could be retained with great propriety instead of scandium. The sesqui-oxide of ekabor or scandium appears to be more energetic in its behavior than alumina, which it closely resembles. It appears probable that a scandium alum can be made as soon as enough material is on hand. The sesqui-oxide is less basic than magnesia. Scandium is too rare to predict for it any uses in the arts.

Improvement in Silvering Mirrors.—To silver a mirror in the usual way, the glass, previously carefully cleaned, is placed upon an iron table covered with linen and cloth, and is heated to about 104° Fahrenheit. Two solutions, one of tartaric acid and the other of ammoniacal nitrate of silver, are poured upon it, and, by aid of heat, the organic acid reduces the silver to a thin metallic film in the course of twenty minutes. The whole process terminates in an hour. The plate is then dried and the silver protected by a coating of varnish. The results obtained have not always proved satisfactory, as the silver sometimes peeled off, and the varnish did not prevent the deleterious effects of sulphur fumes. M. Lenoir has introduced a modification. After the glass is coated with silver it is submitted to the action of a weak solution of the double cyanide of potassium and mercury; an amalgam of silver, very white, pure and adhesive, results. To facilitate the operation, M. Lenoir strews finely pulverized zinc over the plate before pouring on the solution of cyanide. The silver mirrors thus prepared do not give a yellow reflection, but present images perfectly white and pure. The silver amalgam resists the action of sulphurous fumes and is in every way permanent.

The Conversion of Mechanical Energy into Heat by Magneto-electric Machines.—In consequence of a suggestion before the Parliamentary Commission on Electric Lighting, made by Sir William Thomson, that hot water might probably be distributed through the streets of a city economically in the copper tubes used to convey electricity for power, the heat being produced by the resistance of the tube, Professor George F. Barker has made a series of experiments upon a dieneux machine, with a view to determine the economy practicably realizable by this method of heating. His experiments were made at Ansonia, Conn., by the kindness of Wallace & Sons. Professor Barker is of the opinion that Sir William Thomson's theory can be sustained in practice, and that the heat generated in this way can be applied to every necessity of the household. In cases where electric light was furnished by magneto-electric machines and the current was transmitted through hollow copper conductors by filling these conductors or tubes with water the heat would be sufficient to bring the water to a boil, and thus by turning a thumb-screw we could boil an egg or make coffee at a moment's notice without interfering in the least with the efficiency of the electric light.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE English Order of the Garter has been conferred upon King Humbert of Italy, the ceremony costing $50,000.

THE Empress Eugénie will start for Natal on March 26th, and by her wish no special state or ceremony will be observed on the journey.

PROFESSOR JOHN MUIR, the geologist, who has been making a five months' study of the glaciers of Alaska, has just returned to San Francisco.

NUMEROUS distinguished persons are expected to arrive at Rome to join in rendering homage to the Pope on the 7th of March on behalf of the scientific world.

THE fund raised for Keats's sole surviving sister, Madame H. Llanos, now amounts to more than $2,250. Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne are among the subscribers.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER is said to be still resolved to discover perpetual motion, and has taken workshops near Westminster to pursue her efforts. She expects to be successful by midsummer.

THE Rev. J. T. Paxton, the first white Presbyterian clergyman ordained in Texas, has just assisted at the ordination of the Rev. W. M. Viney, the first colored Presbyterian minister ordained in that State.

THE Rev. Richard S. Rust, of Fall River, Mass., has been chosen President of the Wesleyan College at Cincinnati, Ohio, the Rev. Dr. D. H. Moore having resigned with the intention of removing to Colorado.

THE Duke of Portland, the young successor of the lately-deceased eccentric nobleman, is said to be engaged to Miss Violet Lindsay, a graceful and extremely accomplished young lady, who is a special friend of Princess Louise.

GENERAL ROBERT PATTERSON, of Philadelphia, an octogenarian, has accepted an invitation from General Grant to pass the Winter with him in Mexico. In the Mexican War General Patterson was General Grant's commanding officer.

M. TURGENEFF might find a subject for a romance in Father Nikita, who, after being a lieutenant in the Russian Army, became a priest, and has gone to take up his clerical duties in the coldest, loneliest, rudest nook in Alaska.

AT a meeting of the Trustees of Lafayette College, January 20th, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the Hon. Henry Green, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Alonzo Linn, Vice-President of Washington College, Pennsylvania.

MR. EZEKIEL'S statues of Phidias and Raphael have been placed in their appointed niches on the front of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington. Phidias is represented as pausing, mallet in hand, to contemplate his work. The figure of Raphael is enveloped in a mantle, and one hand holds a palette and brushes.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has given $25,000 to the University of Virginia, the gift being the result of General George D. Johnson's recent call upon Mr. Vanderbilt, and a conversation with him in relation to Mr. L. G. McCormick's gift of a telescope to the institution. Mr. Vanderbilt's gift makes Mr. McCormick's gift available.

THE pay of the French actors attached to the Théâtre Française, in addition to what they make during vacation, is stated to be as follows for 1879: Got, 70,000f.; Coquelin, 60,000f.; Delaunay, 65,000f.; Febure, Thiron, Worms, Maubant, 60,000f. each; Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, 62,000f.; Mme. Broban Favart, 60,000f., and Mlle. Croisette, 55,000f.

M. PAUL SOLEILLET has started for Africa to trace the route of the French railway designed to connect Algeria with the Soudan across the Sahara Desert. De Freycinet, the French Premier, has contributed $7,000 towards the expenses of Soleillet. The road is intended to open for France a large trade in cotton shortings with the shirtless Africans of the far interior.

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who got a Government appointment seventy-three years ago, when he was appointed by his cousin, George Canning, precis writer in the Foreign Office, is the oldest member of the House of Lords and also of the Privy Council. He is Irish on both his mother's and mother's side, the latter being daughter of Mr. Patrick, of Summer Hill, Dublin.

MADAME COLBAN is a distinguished Norwegian writer, who did not attempt authorship until she was nearly sixty years old. She has produced since then five romances, which are described as charming. Her children were established in life, her health began to fail, and her duties and amusements as a woman of society grew irksome. So she went to live in Rome, where she has renewed her youth in literary work.

THE Empress of Russia, who has been spending the Winter at Cannes, near Nice, for the benefit of her health, has started for St. Petersburg. Her physicians, believing her recovery to be hopeless, no longer oppose her desire to return home. If she reaches St. Petersburg alive she believes it will be possible for her to reconcile her husband and son, and restore some measure of political tranquility to that much-distracted country.

GOVERNOR DAVIS of Maine is a son of a clergyman of the Christian Connection, and is nearly thirty-seven years old. His story is that of Maine boys generally. He worked on a farm when young, made his way to the high schools, and became a soldier when the country needed him. While in the army he studied Latin and recited to an officer. After leaving the service he went to the seminary at Kent's Hill, and helped himself along by teaching.

PLANCHE, the celebrated dramatic author, is still gay, lively and fond of society, though in his eighty-third year. In 1854 he was appointed rouge croix par suivant, and figures at the head of all the Queen's processions at royal weddings, etc. He began as a dramatist when only twenty-two years old. During the next fifteen years he wrote seventy-six pieces, and has since added one hundred to the list. He wrote "The Brigand," in which the late Mr. Wallack, with the song, "Gentle Zitella," made such a hit at Drury Lane and at his theatre in New York City.

WE cull from the obituary notices of the past week the following prominent names: Professor James De Mille, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, a well known author, January 28th, aged 48; Hon. Richard Frothingham, ex Mayor of Boston and author of many historical works, January 29th, aged 68; Hon. Nelson Trusen, United States District Attorney at Indianapolis, Ind., 29th; Rev. Adolph Baltzer, President of the German Evangelical Synod of North America and Professor of Theology in the Institute near Martinsville, Mo., 28th, aged 62; Philip E. Pusey, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford, Eng., son of the celebrated Dr. Pusey, and a theological scholar of high rank; Frederick Manning, brother of Cardinal Manning, of England; Edward M. Barry, R. A., the well-known architectural artist of London, aged 50; Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Erle, K. B., the distinguished English jurist, aged 87; Rev. William Hodder, D.D., Rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, aged 55.

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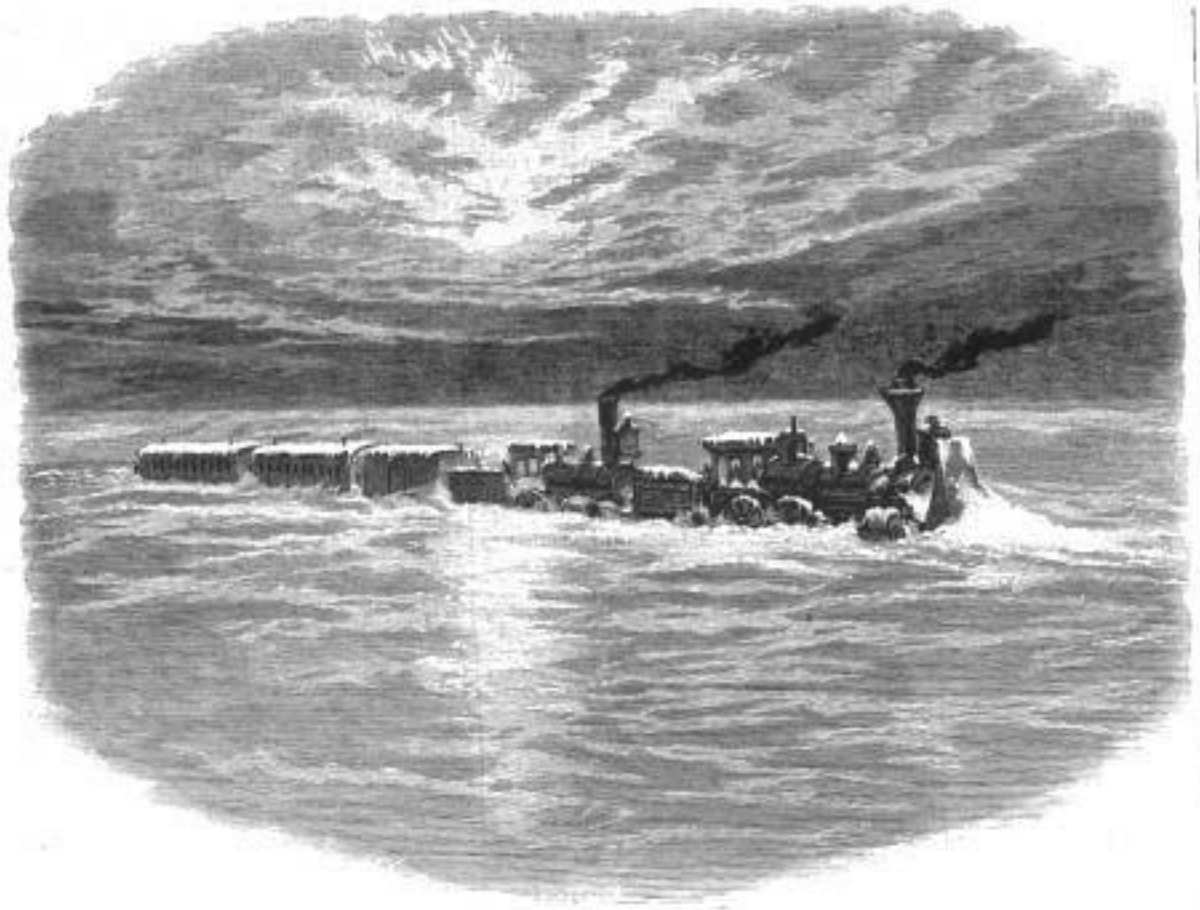
A MAIL RANCHE ON THE YELLOWSTONE.



LOST IN THE SNOW.



A LETTER FROM THE STATES.



FROM THE STATES TO BISMARCK.



A FRONTIER POST OFFICE.

DAKOTA TERRITORY.—THE UNITED STATES MAIL SERVICE ON THE YELLOWSTONE ROUTE DURING WINTER.

FROM SKETCHES BY CHAS. HOLTES.—SEE PAGE 439.

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GERRY.

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Mr. Gerry's law li-
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In 1870, Mr. Gerry be-
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In 1874, the Society for
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ent, and nearly all

the legislation of that Society is due to his legal ability and enterprise. On the decease of its late President, Mr. Gerry was unanimously elected its President in September last.

It is worthy of remark that the Society whose chief executive he now is owes its inception and creation to the successful institution which so efficiently guards the mute dependents of mankind from abuse and inhumanity.

The recent appalling case of cruelty to children at the "Shepherd's Fold," and Mr. Gerry's prompt and unsparing investigation of the same, foreshadows an augmented usefulness of the Society over which he presides.

Mr. Gerry was a member of the Constitutional Convention of this State in 1867. In the same year he married Miss Louisa M. Livingston, daughter of Robert J. Livingston, and a great-granddaughter of Morgan Lewis.

THE BURNING OF A MEMORABLE CHURCH.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the burning of the first edifice of the First Presbyterian Church, at Elizabeth, N. J., by the British and Tories, was celebrated with appropriate services on Sunday, January 25th. The old church was a "frame shingle building," and was among the first buildings erected in the town. The original congregation of the church was the first that worshiped in the English language in New Jersey. The Rev. James Caldwell, "The Fighting Parson," was at the time of the burning the pastor of the church, and was serving in the army as a chaplain. About four months after the old church was burned a British soldier shot Mrs. Caldwell, the wife of the heroic pastor, dead in her house at Connecticut Farms, near Elizabethtown; and soon after the surrender of Cornwallis a soldier in the Continental army shot the Rev. Mr. Caldwell dead at "The Point," or what is now called Elizabethport. The present church building, which is on the site of the old church, was begun in July, 1784, and was finished in 1786. It is built of brick. The tall steeple of wood, painted white, contains a town-clock, and a bell that has often announced the tidings of victory and sounded the alarm when danger was near. Embedded in the walls of the church are quaint tombstones, some of which are over two hundred years old. In the graveyard, which originally comprised eight acres, are many tombstones over a century old; and the visitor may see the graves of Tories in close proximity to the monuments and slabs inscribed with the names of the Rev. Jonathan Dickenson, the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; the heroic Caldwell, who was pastor during the Revolution; and the pious Murray. In the northeast end of the burying ground, fronting on Broad Street, is the lecture-room of the church. It stands on the spot once occupied by the College of New Jersey, now known as Princeton College, which was founded in Elizabethtown by the Rev. Jonathan Dickenson.

The church was handsomely decorated and festooned for the centennial exercises, and was crowded beyond comfort.



NEW JERSEY.—CENTENNIAL OF THE BURNING OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ELIZABETH.

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF MEDINACELI.

THE days of the old Spanish grandees, when the hidalgos ruled the land and their word was law, are gone. A new order of things prevails, and the men of to-day are of another type, on whom the aristocratic titles still sit awkwardly.

The old nobles kept aloof for a time, but in Spain, as elsewhere, they are coming forward again in the great improvements of the country, aiding to develop the agricultural, commercial and mineral resources of the peninsula. In this movement of the *zeitgeist*, no one is more prominent than the lady whose portrait we present, Doña Angela Perez de Barradas, Duchess Dowager of Medinaceli, Santisteban, Feria, Alcalá, etc., Countess of Santa Gadea, and an array of other titles. Her influence has been great, and, still young and beautiful, she points as proudly to the medals bestowed on her in the great universal exhibitions as she does to her genealogical tree and the coats-of-arms of her ancestors, who fought of old against the Moors. She has perfected the products of the forests and won premiums for the high grade of the resinous productions from her estates at Navas and Guadarrama. She founded and presides over the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture in Spain; she



THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF MEDINACELI, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF AGRICULTURE IN SPAIN.

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is also president of the League of Contributors, at Madrid, and an active member of various agricultural and industrial societies.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC for 1880, edited by Mr. Spofford, the efficient Librarian of Congress (American News Company), is a veritable treasury of facts, and an indispensable hand-book to all interested in the statistical, financial and political matters of the United States.

Co-operative Stores.

THE annual reports of the English and Scotch co-operative stores are now being published. The profits divided among the members of the societies range from one shilling three pence to two shillings eight pence on the pound sterling of purchases made during the year, and seem to average about two shillings or ten per cent. Stating the amount in dollars, a member of one of these co-operative stores, about which Mr. Holyoake gave so much interesting information during his late visit to this country, receives at the end of the year one dollar in the way of profit for every ten dollars' worth of goods he has bought. This is clear gain to him, for he gets his goods at the regular market prices, and is, besides, assured that what he buys is of good quality and free from adulteration. The Manchester Co-operative Wholesale Society, from which the co-operative stores buy their goods, is a federative institution, composed of 384 societies, comprising 305,161 members. It has a capital of £241,000, on which it pays five per cent. interest, and its profits are divided among the branch societies in proportion to their purchases, just as the societies divide their profits among the individual members.

The Public Works of France.

M. DE FREYCINET, before leaving the Department of Public Works, has drawn up a report on the progress of the scheme of improvements he was employed in carrying out. The expenditure it will involve, he estimates, will not fall much short of 6,000,000,000 francs. Of this, railways will absorb 3,500,000,000 francs; rivers and canals, 1,000,000,000 francs, and ports 500,000,000 francs. The remainder, a sum of 700,000,000 francs or 800,000,000 francs, is likely to be expended on the purchase of railways which the original grantees have been either unable to finish or to work. In May last, 500,000,000 francs of this sum were already employed in the buying and completion of the lines of ten such companies. The execution of the scheme is to extend over a period of twelve years, terminating in 1890, when France will have augmented her length of railways of general interest, now amounting to 42,000 kilomètres, by 18,000 kilomètres. Some 10,000 kilomètres of canals and rivers will have been added to the internal navigable ways, and the ports almost entirely transformed. As yet only a small part of the work has been done, the investigations, surveys and plans not yet being ready. About 1,000 additional engineers have been engaged, and next Summer the scheme fairly enters on its phase of execution. In 1878, the first year of the programme, only 108,000,000 francs were expended, this year the sum will be 193,000,000 francs, next year certainly 300,000,000 francs. In 1881 400,000,000 francs, till in 1882 the programme will be fully launched, and thenceforth the annual outlay will amount to about 500,000,000 francs. M. de Freycinet mentions that there is more and almost as important work still to be done as regards irrigation, drainage, furnishing the towns with drinking-water, etc., and that two bills will be submitted next session as an earnest of coming improvements in this direction. He concludes by indicating the pacific conquests and progress of civilization contemplated in Africa, where three missions are leaving different points of Algeria to report on the feasibility of a railway through the Sahara, thus connecting with France the valleys of the Niger and Congo.

New View of the Discovery of America.

AT a recent examination of a group of "One-Year Volunteers" in the Grand Duchy of Baden, the examiner asked a young country fellow if he could tell him anything about the discovery of America. The youth answered that the late Pope Pius IX. had succeeded in collecting indubitable proofs that Christopher Columbus, inspired by his zeal for the Church and the Faith, was eager to discover a shorter route to the Holy Sepulchre, and that during his explorations in pursuit of this object, he discovered America by accident! The examiner, astounded and indignant at such a reply, asked him where he had found all this nonsense. The youth answered that it was not nonsense, for he had only lately read it in the *Badische Beobachter*, No. 225, 1879. This explanation, like the answer of the theological candidate in the *Jahrad*, produced a universal shaking of heads. The newspaper in question is the leading Ultramontane organ in the Grand Duchy. The special number which the young volunteer had quoted as his authority was obtained, and the passage stood there exactly as he had quoted it. It was a translation from an article in a Belgian religious magazine giving an account of the progress of the movement for the canonization of the discoverer of America. The Belgian writer adds that it was "the magnificent idea of Columbus, after his discovery of America, to conquer these new lands for the Church, to win their souls and their treasures for the Kingdom of Christ, and to expend the latter in the purchase of the Holy Places of Palestine, and afterwards to offer these latter as a present to the Pope." The same authority adds that Columbus further hoped that he and his descendants would be nominated by the Pope to the office of "Stanihalter" and "Perpetual Protector of the Holy Sepulchre." All these things, as the writer convincingly concludes, show that it was partly a thought of faith which guided Columbus to the discovery of America, held him upright in the midst of a thousand dangers, and consoled him against numerous acts of ingratitude.

Raising Carp.

IN the Fall of 1875, Levi Davis, of Forestville, Sonoma County, Cal., concluded to make some experiments in carp culture. He constructed two ponds, one six square rods in size and the other about eight. His subsequent operations and success he narrates as follows: "On the morning of January 20th, 1876, I purchased six carp from Mr. Poppe, paying $1.30, and on the 21st put them in my empty pond. One died shortly afterwards, leaving only five to start with. On the 27th of December, same year, I drew the water off and changed the young into another pond, and there were about 2,044 young fish about four to six inches long. I ate or threw away all of my common fish. 'In 1877 I had 2,672 from the same five old fish, and in 1878 I had about 4,000 from them, and I do not know how many I will have in 1879, as I have not drawn the water off my breeding pond yet. I drew the water out of the pond to get some for shipping, and found about 1,000 young fish in it. And now what is the result? I have four ponds, and they cost me $41.30 apiece, and the fish pond has cost about $40, or $10 a year on an average, making in all $270. I have sold $415 worth at from twenty-five cents to $2 each, which leave $145 cash, and my family has been eating fish for eighteen months, and I must have 6,000 or 8,000 on hand, and all of my ponds will not cover one acre of land. The pleasure pays for all trouble, and when you sit down to a breakfast of carp you have something delicious. I think the feed that will make one pound of pork will make ten of carp, if they are not crowded too thick in the pond. I would rather have ten acres of fish ponds than all the land I could cultivate, for the people will eat, and they will eat that which is good if they can get it."

FUN.

THE original base-burner—your mother's slipper.

THERE is nothing truly original excepting original sin.

THE poem, "The Empty Sleeve," was not written about Poker Schenck.

THERE is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea.

THE gout is a sort of brake which a wise Providence puts on a man's legs when he is living too fast.

IN drinking the "good of health" of your friends take care you don't get too much in the habit of swallowing your own.

"IF draw the lyin' here," as a schoolmaster remarked when he dragged into the dark closet the boy who had told a whopper.

MEN are naturally poor cooks. This was demonstrated in army days, when officers going to housekeeping always made a mess of it.

THE common picture of St. George on horseback, trying to ram stomach bitters down the throat of a dragon, is one full of historical beauty.

AFTER a Texas jury had stood out for ninety-six hours the judge got a verdict out of them in two minutes by sending them word that a circus had come to town.

THE nice young man saveth his money for next Fourth of July, but the foolish one taketh his girl out sleigh-riding and pays $4 for a two hours' privilege of freezing to death.

THERE are eighty-one gold mines in operation in North Carolina, and yet the greater part of the population of that State feed on hog and hominy. They are not proud if they are wealthy.

THE most reasonable explanation of the present remarkable weather is that, this being leap year, Spring is making love to Winter, and the old fellow consequently has thawed considerably.

DENNIS KEARNEY says his family is in need of funds. Now if his family could only get along without funds as well as the country could get along without Kearney, how happy they would be.

A LITERARY paragraph says the son of Abd-el Kader is engaged on the life of his father. That is the way the oriental chieftain usually departs this life, we believe. Eldest son and heir apparent helps him out of it.

"GENTLEMEN," said a Yankee auctioneer, with true pathos, "if my father and my mother stood where you stand and did not buy this stewpan—this elegant stewpan going at $1—I should feel it my bounden duty as a son to tell both of them they were false to their country and false to themselves."

A WIFE is a man's better half. And when a man runs away with his neighbor's wife it is to get the better of him, isn't it? You can bet a half that a man's better half, who has no better cents than to leave her husband's quarters in this manner, isn't worth a dime, anyway, and Old Nickel be after her, sooner or later.

A POET asks: "Where are the dreams of the days gone by?" This is a singular query, even for a poet. The dreams of the days gone by are like the days themselves gone by—gone by. A dream can't be preserved like quinces and pears, and other fruit. The poet can witness just as lively and startling dreams as those that have fled, if he will eat a mince pie, a dozen raw oysters, and some pickled pigs' feet, and drink a pint of cider before going to bed.

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Very gratefully yours, F. M. FOX.
CADDO, IND. TER., Feb. 21st, 1879.

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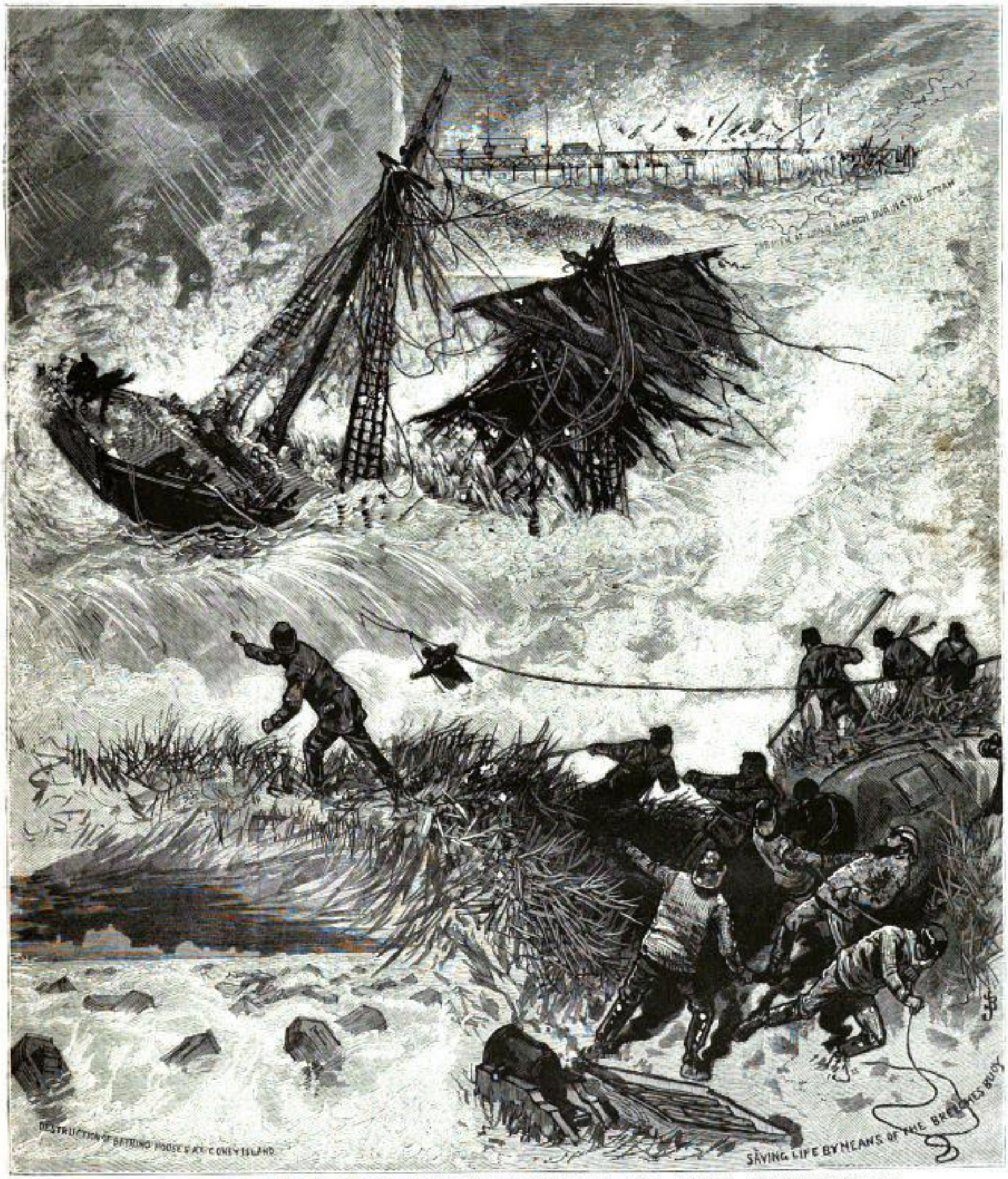
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GENERAL GRANT DECIDEDLY A CANDIDATE.

PENNSYLVANIA is entitled to fifty-eight votes in the Republican National Convention—more than belong to any other State except New York. The fifty-eight delegates from Pennsylvania will go to Chicago next June pledged to vote as a unit, and instructed to vote for the nomination of General Grant for a third term. That these instructions proceed from a State Convention in which a majority of the members were actually hostile to General Grant's candidacy; that the managers who drew up these instructions are the same men who, in 1875, procured the passage of a resolution declaring the Republican Party of Pennsylvania "unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term"; that when the delegation to Chicago casts its solid vote for General Grant it will misrepresent the will of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania, representing only the will of a single man who is accustomed to work the machinery of the party to his own advantage—all this counts for nothing in the game. The one material fact is the fact that General Grant has nearly one-sixth of all the votes needed to nominate him for President.

The event at Harrisburg marks an important change in the aspect of the third-term movement. Up to the present time it has appeared in the somewhat nebulous character of a "boom." It has been set forth as a sort of popular uprising against the politicians and political traditions, as the spontaneous demand of loyal citizens that the distinguished soldier whom they honor as the foremost man of the country be again placed at the head of executive affairs. While the magnitude of the movement has been constantly insisted upon, its outlines have been but vaguely indicated. At the East, the soul of the movement has been supposed to exist somewhere in the West; in Chicago and St. Louis, inquiring minds have been referred to Philadelphia for evidence of the genuine enthusiasm of the cry for Grant. But from this time forward the campaign will present a totally different appearance. Now it is the politicians who are forcing General Grant upon the people. Now it is General Grant scheming for place, starting all the wheels of the machine, employing through his friends all the arts and tricks of "practical politics"—in short, using the same methods which Mr. Sherman and Mr. Blaine and other professed candidates are supposed to use for the furtherance of their personal ends. If the matter were of less serious moment to the country, there would be something very grotesque in a review of General Grant's rapid changes of attitude towards the voters of the Republican Party since he landed at San Francisco. Changing by almost imperceptible degrees, yet with surprising celerity, he would be seen, first, as the eminent citizen satiated with honors at home and abroad and utterly devoid of political ambition; then as the sincere patriot, desirous of tranquil retirement for the rest of his days, but ready to come to the front in an extraordinary emergency; then as the representative American, willing to serve his fellow-citizens in case of an unanimous call; then at Philadelphia, as the party chieftain, summoning his lieutenants around him and frankly avowing his designs; and, finally, at Harrisburg, working, with his coat off, for the nomination that will not come unsought.

All this has been in accordance with a programme adroitly arranged and pursued, so far, with unvarying success. The capture, by Mr. Don Cameron, of the solid vote of Pennsylvania puts the third term issue squarely before the people. There is no denying, now, that General Grant is in the field, or that the probability of his nomination at Chicago is very strong.

How can that be when there is no doubt of the overwhelming preponderance of Republican sentiment throughout the country against a violation of the unwritten law which limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms? The answer goes deep into the workings of what is called practical politics.

Even in the Pennsylvania State Convention, largely constituted as its membership was according to the wishes of Mr. Don Cameron, who was put at the head of the Republican National Committee to manage General Grant's campaign, the friends of Mr. Blaine lacked few votes of being in the majority. And it is probable that the solid delegation, casting fifty-eight votes at Chicago for General Grant, will not more grossly misrepresent the real wishes of the State Convention than the State Convention in its turn misrepresented the preferences of the voters in the State. The machinery of caucus and convention is not designed to give effect to the popular voice. It is built and operated for an altogether different purpose. That is deplorable, but it is true; and while it remains true, delegations will be committed beforehand, nominations will be dictated to conventions, candidates will be forced upon parties, and honest voters with honest preferences will have no choice save the unpleasant alternatives of bolting the regular ticket or voting for men whom they heartily disapprove.

The Pennsylvania Convention was called more than two months earlier than usual in order that its prearranged action might influence the course of events in other States. Its effect in this way will be not less important than the actual gain of the fifty-eight votes. The Republican Convention in New York State is to be held on the 25th of this month. Already, it is apparent that the performance at Utica will be merely a repetition of that at Harrisburg. Senator Conkling's fidelity to the interests of General Grant is not to be questioned, and there is reason to believe that the control of the organization was never more firmly in his hands than it is at the present time. Unforeseen occurrences aside, it is reasonably safe to assume that the seventy delegates of the New York Republicans will carry to Chicago seventy votes for Grant. That will give him at the outset one hundred and twenty-eight of the three hundred and seventy-nine votes required to nominate. To Illinois, where the machine campaign for Grant is moving forward with silent smoothness, the General's friends look for forty-two votes more. They regard Illinois as even more certain than Pennsylvania, for the delegations of the latter State, under the management of the Camerons, have acquired a reputation for dickering and treachery at the last moment.

Thus the three great States of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois alone furnish one hundred and seventy votes, almost one-half a majority of the convention. Eighteen additional votes are reckoned for General Grant from the two Pacific Coast States—California and Oregon. This leaves him lacking one hundred and ninety-one votes. But now comes the South with its two hundred and seventy-six delegates, representing the skeleton organizations of State parties that are practically defunct, yet wielding in convention all the influence to which they would be entitled were their States safe for the Republican nominee. The Southern delegates will be vociferously for Grant and a third term. Mr. Sherman is credited with having gained some support in that section through the efforts of his industrious agents; but General Grant can afford to give him about one-third of the Southern delegates without feeling the loss.

It is, therefore, in the power of the delegation from Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, California, Oregon, with two thirds of the Southern Republicans, to force General Grant upon the party as its candidate for President. It may be interesting to observe that not one of these States, with the possible exception of Illinois, can be surely counted on to help elect him after he shall be nominated. But it is a campaign for the nomination that is being carried on at present. After the nomination has been secured, the work of General Grant's immediate friends will be at an end; the responsibility of success or defeat at the polls will be shifted to the shoulders of the Republican Party at large.

Mr. Blaine, Mr. Sherman and General Grant are the only Republican candidates really in the field. To a large and influential element of the party, General Grant is undoubtedly the least acceptable candidate of the three. Yet, of the three, it is General Grant whose chances of nomination are the best at this time.

LENT.

THERE is no doubt that Lent has been observed to a greater or less extent from the very earliest period of the Church. It was held by the Puritans of New England that Lent was invented by some particularly wicked Pope for his personal amusement, though it is difficult to understand how he could have found any acute pleasure in it; but this opinion will not stand the test of investigation. In the writings of the earliest Fathers of the Church, Lent is mentioned as a universally recognized fast, and, though we cannot positively prove that the apostles fasted for forty days before Easter, there is every reason to suppose that they did.

When Lent was first established it was undoubtedly understood to be a period of real fasting. Even the most determined zealots found, however, that if they kept Lent strictly they would starve to death, and the system of compromising between the worldly stomach and the devout spirit, which has ever since characterized the observance of Lent, was introduced. The Church was first permitted to eat vegetables. The entering wedge of potatoes being once admitted, room was soon made for eggs. Then it was discovered that fish was not meat, and could hence be eaten without scandal by the most devout persons. As one can live for forty days on a diet of fish, eggs and vegetables, without in the least degree mortifying the flesh, abstinence from theatres and balls was enjoined during Lent, and an unusual quantity of religious services was prescribed. At this point in Lenten observance the Church of Rome wisely stopped, and with her the Greek Church substantially agrees, with the exception of lengthening Lent to forty-eight days, though this probably is one of the results of that disastrous struggle with the calendar in which the Greek Church engaged, and in which it has been so signally worsted.

The Church of England recognizes Lent by special religious services, but leaves the observance of it to the personal consciences of individual believers. As a consequence there is a wide diversity of opinion and practice among its members. The Ritualist abandons meat, and eats as little food of any kind as is compatible with avoiding suicide. The growth of ritualism has been, in this respect, a great benefit to the medical profession. The stomachic troubles arising from a ritualistic observance of Lent are not as acute and violent as those which follow Christmas, but they last longer, and it is estimated that a congregation of thirty ritualistic ladies will give a physician, who makes a specialty of dyspepsia, a very fair living. While the Ritualist far surpasses the Roman Catholic in his Lenten strictness, the Low Churchman regards Lent with some little suspicion as an essentially Romanist affair. He limits his fasting to abstinence from theatres and balls, to which, as a rule, he is conscientiously opposed at any season, and which he can, therefore, temporarily forswear without any great sacrifice.

Among the less devout of High Churchmen, Lent is kept in a very ingenious manner. The chief feature of their system is the theory of vicarious mortification. The lady of High Church views, but with a nervous system which abhors fasting, and imperatively requires amusements, is still able to show a proper respect for Lent by forbidding the children to go to the circus. It was a particularly ingenious lady of this class who devised the plan of cutting off the pet terrier's supply of sugar during Lent. Her example has borne excellent fruit, and in many households, where it is desired to keep Lent without personal inconvenience, the horses are made to temporarily wear their second-best set of harness, and the dogs' brass collars are removed. A marked distinction between Lent and other seasons of the year is thus made, and these vicarious austerities can be endured by a truly earnest spirit without much personal suffering.

Even this, however, is not the last degree of refinement to which the keeping of Lent has been brought. There are many young men who show their devotion to the Church by resolving to give up smoking in Lent. This resolution is a creditable one, and does them undoubted good during the three or four months next preceding Lent. There is, however, no case on record where any young man has carried out this resolution. Either he forgets the precise day on which Lent comes in, or he remembers that he is in danger of becoming corpulent if he suddenly abandons tobacco, and he therefore postpones the performance of his resolution until next year. It would require a skilled theological casuist to determine whether this method of keeping Lent by resolutions which are never performed is better than that of keeping it by shifting the duty of mortification upon dogs and horses.

Such are the results to which the neutrality towards Lenten observance displayed by the Anglican Church has led. In that church actual fasting has virtually become an extinct practice except among the Ritualists. The Puritan has also ceased to fast. When he abandoned Lent as a Romanist invention, he appointed certain annual fast-days in which he not only literally fasted, but he compelled his family, his cattle and the unhappy stranger who might be within his gates to do likewise. But the Puritan fast-day has utterly vanished. Indeed, in Connecticut it has done worse, for it has gradually changed into a feast-day; a holiday on which boys play baseball in the streets, and the land flows with cider and pumpkin-pie to an extent that has a decided Thanksgiving Day aspect. Thus, from the strict forty-days' fasting which the early Church intended, we have arrived by way of Rome, Anglicanism and Puritanism, to the repudiation of all fasting. The Lent of Protestantism has become, at best, a shadow of the once universal season of mourning, penitence and mortification, observed by the united Christian Church.

Who invented é as an English letter? What is its name, and what grammar or dictionary authorizes it? Is its use confined to a few words like employé, written in good old times employee? or are we bound also to write granté, doné, baillé, trusté, pharisé, consigné, legaté? May its use be extended to tré, flé, agré, wé, fré?

A STRAW best shows how the wind blows. The fact of Archduke Albrecht being selected to represent Austria at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne enables the German press to announce a *rapprochement* between Austria and Russia. Still Austria arms, and Russia's strength militant, like that of Germany's, is upon the increase.

THAT arch scamp the ex-Khedive ardently desires to obtain permission to take up his abode in Constantinople. His residence at Naples, he alleges, is fraught with much personal inconvenience. Amongst other things, he complains that the ladies of his establishment must either remain close prisoners in their houses, or be exposed to the vulgar curiosity of a *gâteur* mob if they venture out.

KING CHARLES II., the Merry Monarch, possessed a complete set of the original quarto edition of Shakespeare, and, it is stated, that a volume of the set, lettered "Shakespeare vol. 3," and containing the first edition of the second part of "Henry IV.", 1600, and several other scarce Shakespearean plays, was sold some little time back at an auction in London. As the Americans are invariably "on hand" on such occasions, it is not unlikely that this rare book may, in good time, cross the pond.

IT is with a view to creating a "national feeling" in the annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine that special regiments are about to be raised, with the concurrence of Baron Manteuffel, the Governor-General. This seemingly plausible excuse for keeping a large armed force on the frontier is a little too thin—at least so thinks France, who at this time is sullenly engaged in discussing the "probabilities." Berthault, as Minister for War, was of opinion that railroads were more essential to France than cannon, and to his efforts are due the increased railway facilities for warlike purposes in the direction of the annexed territory.

A FULL estimate has just been published in the *Bulletin des Halles et Marchés* of the wheat yield of all the world, as compared with the average yield. The average production for the whole of Europe is 962,866,150 bushels, while that of 1879 is only 763,987,500 bushels, being a falling off of 198,878,650 bushels. The average yield for other parts of the world is 1,367,887,500 bushels, and for the past year 1,189,487,500 showing a decrease of 178,400,000. The deficiency of the crop for the whole world is 377,279,150 bushels. The average yield of the United States is set down at 337,500,000 bushels, and France comes next with 296,172,000.

M. CHARLES LAMOUREUX, the ex-conductor of the Paris Opera, is engaged on the realization of a project long since conceived by him, which consists in the founding of an institution for performing on a grand scale musical compositions, both vocal and instrumental, of all ages, countries and schools, and also of bringing together eminent performers of every nationality. He is associated in his scheme with M. Jules Delahaye, formerly general secretary of the Opera; and both are engaged in forming a company for the erection and management of a grand concert hall, suitable for the large masses of performers whom they propose to assemble for their concerts.

THE health of the German Chancellor, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, continues to arouse the gravest anxiety in

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Berlin. His condition has changed much for the worse since the last session of the Reichstag. He was then hoping that the ill effects of his strenuous exertions to pass the new tariff might be remedied by his usual course of waters in the Autumn; but this hope has proved ill-founded. Instead of the quick-footed Bismarck, who ran up-stairs "like a school-boy," there came back from Gastein in September a heavy, corpulent, and weary-footed man, the glance of whose eye was as worn after his holidays as before. Has his nation another Bismarck ready?

How much do you pity the Irish? "I pity them $100,000," says James Gordon Bennett. And this is a very substantial and tangible kind of pity, very worthy of imitation. Instead of disputing as to what charitable hand the possible contributions of the benevolent may be sent, it is an immense step for a private individual to make the possible a real by a donation that leaves the subscriptions of royalty, and the slow relief measures of Parliament, far in the background of shame. The sum given by Mr. Bennett gives him a high rank among practical philanthropists, it silences a world of mean, petty questions, and rouses the charitable to act and give better than all the appeals that eloquence can frame.

THERE is a very sensible proposal among those of Irish race in this country to dispense this year with the St. Patrick's Day parades and dinners, and to send the amount that would have been expended to the relief of their suffering countrymen at home. It will be an excellent step; and not only be a great charity, but will help to the gradual abolition of a custom which has ceased to contribute to their credit and advantage in this country. It is a thing of the past and should be left to the past—making the celebration in such more quiet form of a religious or social character as will make the day one of pride to them and secure for them the esteem of all classes.

THE thousand and one odors of Cologne are being out-odored by *Nizza la bella*, the beautiful Nice, the fragrance of whose sewers is not only upon the handkerchiefs of its inhabitants, but likewise upon their garments. It is well-nigh inconceivable, yet it is nevertheless the case, that to *politics* is due the unsatisfactory condition of *Nizza la bella*, for, in order that the Republic and its institutions may flourish, this most charming resort of the high and mighty ones of the earth—what noses those hardy Republicans must possess!—remains in its present abominable state, because the Republican party fear to lose the elections if they have anything to do with adding to the taxation of the town by a sewer-rate!

AND so Lord Beaconsfield plays whist execrably—this man who holds kings and queens for honors, and who contrives to collar the odd trick after some mysterious play never guessed at by either his partners or his opponents. Hughenden is set down as a "pretentious villa," and is surrounded by trees planted from time to time by royal personages. There is no picture of artistic value in the pretentious villa save a portrait of Lord Byron, but in the library are many books presented to the Juggler of the Jingoes by the august lady whom he made empress. As a host, he is amiable, but not companionable. He seldom joins in conversation, but sits nursing his own thoughts, and if addressed, replies with some mystic truism.

STUFFED of Disraelian phraseology, the speech of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, uttered per the Lord High Chancellor at the opening of the British Parliament, might have been spoken thus: My Lords and Gentlemen—I am at peace with all the world. The Berlin Treaty is still in labor. The Sultan and I are solid on the slave question. To avenge Cavagnari I'll annex Afghanistan. South Africa is as quiet as a lamb. Cape Colony shall have Home Rule. The crops in Ireland are deficient. Money shall be advanced for public works on the security of the property administered by the Church Temporalities Commission. Gladstone provided the fund. Beaconsfield shall spend it. Other Bills will be laid before you. Heaven bless you all.

THE volunteers of Great Britain—England and Scotland, for the "mere Irish" are not to be trusted with rifles—are coming out strong. The volunteer returns for the past year show that the enrolled strength of the force has risen from 203,213 in 1878, to 206,250, and the efficients from 194,191 to 197,585, or a percentage of 95.74 against 95.55. The proficients, officers and sergeants, are likewise increased to the highest figure yet known, being 5,586 and 11,825 respectively, or a total of 17,411, whereas in 1878 they were 5,536 and 11,518. The increase is general throughout the country, and in all arms, with the exception of light horse and mounted rifles, which show a diminution. What does all this mean? Is there any expectancy that the Battle of Dorking may yet have to be fought?

THE Bishop of Manchester has proved himself a man of the world—in the canniest acceptation of the term—and a wise man. He was married quietly, forgot to tell his bridesmaids where the church was, sent his mother-in-law a telegram to say she was wanted in the Orkneys, and bought a wedding-cake for eighteenpence at the nearest pastrycook's. There is much speculation as to where he bought the ring, and if it was eighteen carat, or did he invest in a ring at all? What a crusher to St. George's, Hanover Square, and to the institution of bride-maidens and "angels," and wedding breakfasts and satin slippers and rice! Verily, the bishop is a bold man. British bishops have been smitten with a marrying mania during the last two years. Bishops Temple, Maclagan and Frazer in England, and Bishops Mackarness and Germyn in Scotland, is a pretty good proportion for so short a time; two and a half bishops, in fact, per annum.

NEW YORK has acted promptly on the recommendation of Governor Cornell to give women the right to vote for school trustees. In both houses of the Legislature a Bill was introduced with that view. If the system of public schools is to stand, the women of America will not, and cannot, submit to have the choice of the educators of their daughters devolve on mere politicians whose own moral training does not commend them. The training of the future mothers of Americans should be committed to the purest and noblest of their sex, and no mother can but feel that she, or women who can appreciate her anxiety, should have some voice in the selection of the teacher who, for several hours each day, is to mold the mind and train the heart of her daughter. The choice of teachers of our girls should not be made in the village tavern or city barroom.

ENGLISH railroad engineers are enjoying a crow over us just now. The completion of the new railway from the Indus as far as Sibi, on the road to Quettah, is a notable instance of what can be accomplished by engineering skill and energy in these times. "Brother Jonathan," they say "boasted much formerly because he had made a certain portion of the Pacific Railway at the rate of a mile in every twenty-four hours. On the present occasion we have beaten that great performance easily, the railroad to Sibi having been constructed at the average rate of a mile and a third per diem since it was first taken in hand." Sibi lies due east of Dadur, the most important town on the old road between Shikurpoor and Quettah. The line was taken to the eastward to avoid certain obstacles, and to obtain a good starting-point whence to run it on to Quettah. The total cost of the railway is estimated at two and a half millions sterling. When the line once gets into thorough working order it ought to find considerable traffic passing over it. The bulk of the large trade between Central Asia and India will assuredly choose this route in preference to that through Cabul and the Khyber, when once it becomes known that a railway terminus exists in the Khelat State. If, however, current talk in India is to be trusted, the line is to be continued to Candahar itself, and, in that case, the western capital of Afghanistan would be likely to completely supersede the eastern as a commercial centre.

A CELESTIAL pea! The very name startles gourmandism into ecstatic expectations. Some experiments recently carried on by two or three Austrian and German horticulturists have brought into notice an almost forgotten plant which was introduced into Europe from China nearly thirty years ago, but whose existence, and whose products, have been undeservedly lost sight of. This is the *Soja hispida*, a species of leguminous plant, somewhat resembling in habit and appearance the well-known pea. Unlike the latter, however, it has two distinct uses—industrial as well as alimentary. It is highly prized in China and Japan, and is said, indeed, to take its scientific title from the Japanese name of a sauce-sooja—which is made from its seeds. The seeds are very similar to a "marrow-fat" pea, but contain a large quantity of oil, which is either pressed out of them or boiled out in process of cooking the seeds for the table, which is effected by simply throwing them into boiling water when the outer skin bursts, and floats to the surface, together with a quantity of oil, both the oil and the husks being skimmed off together. These may be either used as cattle food, or the oil may be separated and employed for various purposes, while the husks are still valuable as a feeding stuff or as a manure. The peas are boiled for about twenty minutes, and furnish a dish which is highly relished not only by the Celestials, but by many Europeans who have tasted it. It is said to resemble in flavor the green pea, but lacks its sweet taste.

IT will somewhat console our advocates of the abolition of ambassadors and their *impedimenta*, to learn that a raid is about being made in England upon that ambassadorial institution known as the Queen's Messenger. He has come to be regarded as an expensive luxury, too expensive; and as his functions consist in carrying Blue Books in white bags to Great Britain's Ambassadors abroad—the Blue Books come to the United States per the penny post—sensible people have arrived at the conclusion that if a Blue Book reaches Sir Edward Thornton in safety at Washington through the medium of the mail, a Blue Book runs just as good a chance of striking the Ambassador at Constantinople or the Envoy Extraordinary at Berlin. The Queen's Messenger is neither so dignified nor so important a person as he was in the old days, and he knows it. Ambassadors snub him, Secretaries of Embassy look down upon him; he is admonished, wigged, laughed at, and dubbed a postman. The corps to which he belongs is no longer composed of retired military men, but numbers in its ranks quill-drivers from the Foreign Office and clerks who have retired. He feels that he is doing the work of an ordinary letter-carrier, and that, as days go on, his office does not gain in dignity, but rather loses. And it is most likely that, could he have an equally good position found him elsewhere, he would be glad to surrender the right of transporting mail-bags from one station to another. England is not just now in possession of an overflowing revenue, economy should be the order of the day, and it behooves her to determine whether, taking the advantages and disadvantages of the Queen's Messengers into consideration, it would not be as well to do without those extravagantly-appointed representatives of Great Britain abroad.

A RECENT exposure in New York has shocked the public mind, and a clergymen lies in our city jail with no fewer than twenty-five indictments against him. Morally, an indictment lies against the system under which such things are possible. Traced back, the evil will be found to be in the great number of unemployed and underpaid clergymen in the country. The salaries of the clergy in the United States do not average five hundred dollars a year, and there are numbers unemployed who must seek a living. Unfortunately, life in the ministry does not fit a man to struggle in the world. Many of these clergymen at large take hold of some public want, and begin a charitable institution in order to live. The motive is praiseworthy and good, but the want of persuasive eloquence, personal magnetism and business tact, which made a man fail in the pulpit makes him fail in managing his little charitable institution. He gets enough sympathetic support to start it, but the feeling dies out. He dare not own that his project is a failure. His own denomination does not consider itself responsible, although the public mind will at once so regard it if anything goes wrong. Then begins a terrible struggle to make both ends meet; the clergyman grows desperate, his very soul hardens, and we have seen to what misery he can bring himself and those under his charge. One step in the right direction will be for every denomination to assume at once responsibility for all charities directed by its ministers, and exercise a supervision over them, or promptly, clearly and plainly disavow all connection, and make it distinctly known that they are private ventures, the object of which is to make a living. Then the public will not be misled, and men will not unthinkingly give their name and donations to build up questionable charities.

THERE was the shadow of a deep grief on the noble and handsome face of Senator Anthony as he arose to speak of his dead friend, Zachariah Chandler. The Chamber became instantly hushed, and every eye turned to the Senator whose superb physique so "boldly marks him amongst men." Mr. Anthony, although as yet but on the threshold of his Autumn, is the senior member of the Senate, and one of its ablest, most respected and most honored members. He said: "Mr. President, this scene and this occasion renew to me the shock which I experienced when the sorrowing wires unloded their burden of grief and told me that Chandler was dead. It is difficult to associate Zachariah Chandler with the idea of death. His exuberant vitality, his overflowing spirit, his commanding air and presence, all forbid it. I almost look to see his manly and vigorous figure—fit tenement of his manly heart and his vigorous intellect—rise from his accustomed seat, towering above his peers in this Chamber; I almost listen for that voice whose stentorian tones these walls have so often sent back to our ears. Born and educated in New England, passing the maturity of his years in the West, he united, in an uncommon degree, the qualities and characteristics of each—the shrewdness, the steadiness, the keen observation, the inflexible purpose of the one; the freshness, the eager earnestness, the sturdy robustness of the other; the fidelity, the truthfulness, the manliness of both. His sincerity was beyond question; his honest belief in the principles which he professed was never disputed; he meant what he said, and he said all that he meant. The strength of his convictions found expression in the boldness of his utterance. Disdaining the lighter graces of rhetoric, his speeches did not sparkle with wit nor glow with sentiment, but they bristled with facts; if he did not captivate by his style, he compelled assent by his reasoning; and when he had arranged his facts and constructed his argument, his conclusion followed with almost irresistible force. Devoting himself to commerce and to politics, he attained eminent success in each, and secured the highest rewards of both. To dwell at length upon his qualities as a partisan might offend the proprieties of the occasion, and I forbear. But even the slightest sketch of him would be imperfect without some reference to his partisan character. He was a party man. He held that the division of the people into parties was essential to the balance of elective institutions. He early selected for his support the party that was, in his judgment, most conformable to the spirit of the Constitution, to the rights and liberties of the people, and to the prosperity of the country; and having deliberately made his choice, he adhered to it with all the tenacity of his nature. He believed in strong measures; and had no confidence in half-way methods and expedients. Whatever was right and proper he held was to be promoted by all legal and proper means. He died as he would have preferred to die—suddenly, painlessly, and with his harness on. He fell as the warrior falls, on the eve of battle, with his sword in his hand and his shield upon his arm. Death was kinder to him than it often is to the race of man, to all of whom 'it is appointed once to die.' No lingering disease wasted that stalwart form; no protracted suffering enfeebled that masculine intellect. The pale messenger, unheralded and unexpected, summoned him in the vigor of health and of active usefulness, touched him with his wand, and he sank to eternal sleep—no, we believe he rose to eternal life." Many other members of the Senate also spoke of the late Mr. Chandler in terms of the highest eulogy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

JAMES Q. HOWARD has been nominated and confirmed Appraiser of the Port of New York.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WARD, of New York, is conducting an examination into the subject of referees and receivers.

A BILL will be reported in Congress extending the criminal jurisdiction of the Federal Courts into the Indian Territory.

THE Kentucky Legislative Committee for the investigation of the State Prison, in its report, has asked the Governor to remove the keeper thereof.

THE Indian Commissioners have adopted a report justifying the removal of Commissioner Hayt, and holding that he was privy to the purchase of a mine from a dismissed agent against whom proceedings had been unduly delayed.

ON Wednesday, February 4th, the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, at Harrisburg, nominated State officers and appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention, under pledge to work and vote for General Grant for a third term of the Presidency.

MR. ELLIOT C. COWDIN spoke before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, on February 5th, upon the necessity of improving the defenses of the harbor, and the Chamber adopted the memorial to Congress asking an increased appropriation for that purpose.

THE Louisville Board of Trade, having completed a building at a cost of $105,000, formally opened its rooms on February 5th. There was a large gathering of merchants to witness the ceremonies. The President of the Board, the Mayor of the city, and other prominent citizens, made addresses.

THE new Grand Jury empaneled at Ogden, Utah, February 24, are mostly Mormons. Judge Hunter directed their attention especially to the law against bigamy, but, as no accessible record of bigamous marriages is kept, it is not probable that the Grand Jury will be able to find any evidence.

UNDER instructions of the Executive Committee of the National Board of Health, Dr. T. J. Turner, Secretary of the Board, has left Washington for Ship Island, Gulf of Mexico, to superintend the permanent location of a quarantine establishment at that point to be used for inspecting and disinfecting vessels bound to ports east of Mobile.

THE counsel for Jefferson Davis has put in a demurrer to the complaint in the suit of S. Perry Ellis, of Brooklyn, and other relatives of Mrs. Sarah Dorsey, who died in July last, leaving her beautiful home at Beauvoir, Miss., and other valuable plantations, including all of her personal property, to the ex-President of the Confederacy.

THE Rev. J. N. Galleher was consecrated Bishop of Louisiana at Trinity Church, New Orleans, February 5th. The imposing ceremony was conducted by Bishops Green, of Mississippi, Dudley, of Kentucky, Wilmer, of Alabama, and Robertson, of Missouri, assisted by Drs. Girault, Percival, Thompson and Waters. A large congregation and many of the clergy were present.

Foreign.

THE American demand for iron is said to be causing unprecedented activity in Great Britain.

THE condition of the Pope's health is unsatisfactory, owing to the worry and anxiety to which he has recently been subjected.

A DISPATCH from Thymatio reports that the Burmese Government has empowered its embassy to negotiate a new treaty with England.

THE French Government, it is believed, will proceed against the Legitimist Benevolent Societies which distribute relief certificates bearing the Bourbon arms.

REPORTS have reached Madrid of a hurricane at the Philippine Islands in which several merchant ships and a Spanish gunboat were wrecked. The crew of the latter is reported lost.

THE yellow fever has broken out at several places in Brazil. Up to the present time the epidemic has appeared in a mild form, but fears are entertained that it may spread to Rio Janeiro.

FIVE Kabyles, chiefs from Morocco, on the part of several thousand Moors, have asked to be placed under allegiance to Spain. If Spain refuses them protection they will ask the same from France or England.

THE Mansion House Relief Fund Committee have telegraphed extracts from numerous letters from Irish archbishops and bishops in repudiation of Mr. Parnell's alleged charges against that committee.

AN experimental test of the question as to the cause of the explosion of the thirty-eight-ton turret gun on the British ironclad *Thunderer*, January 24, 1879, has proved that that disaster resulted from the double charging of the gun.

THE International Conference on Arctic Exploration, in session at Hamburg, has decided not to send a fresh expedition to the North Pole at present. It advocates the gradual establishment of a chain of stations towards the Arctic region.

ACCOUNTS have reached Candahar from without the British lines to the effect that nearly 2,000 families have been exterminated by the Ghilzais, and that seven of the villages of the latter were afterwards captured by the Hazaras and every soul in them slain.

THE elections for the Bulgarian Assembly have terminated in the re-election of most of the Liberal members. It is thought at Sofia that Prince Alexander may again dissolve the Assembly. He has appointed Bishop Clement to be Regent during his visit to St. Petersburg.

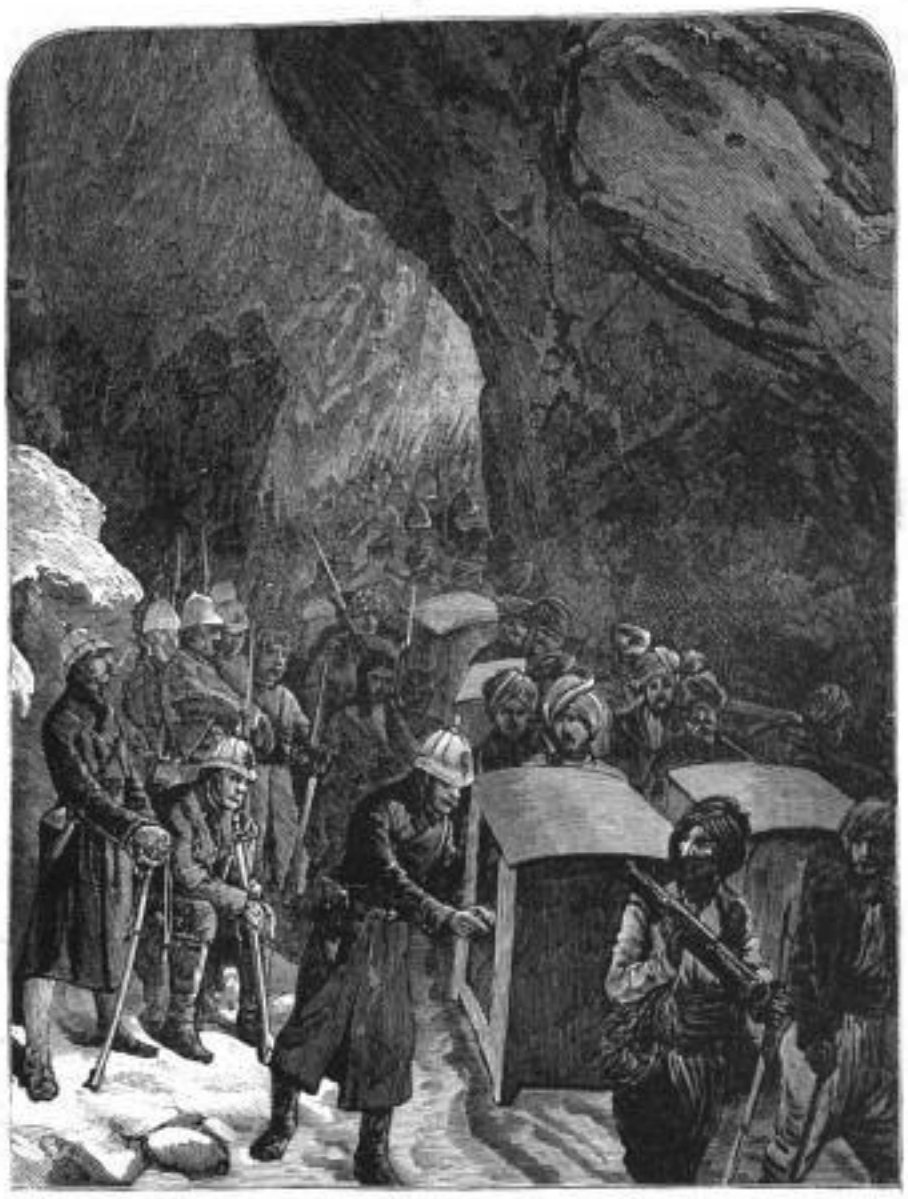
THE Chilian forces have occupied Ilo and Moquetta, taking the garrison of the latter place prisoners. The Peruvian authorities of Moquehua were also captured and Chilian authorities appointed in their stead. A Bolivian envoy and three colonels of the allied army have been arrested by the Chilians at Antofagasta.

M. DE FREYCINET, President of the French Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, replying to a deputation of the St. Etienne Chamber of Commerce, said that he appreciated the importance of a treaty of commerce with America, and that he would take the subject into consideration as soon as M. Tirard, Minister of Commerce, placed it before him.

IN the British House of Commons, on February 6th, Mr. Stanhope confirmed the report that certain correspondence between the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Russian Government had been discovered at Cabul. The debate on the Home Rule amendment to the address was taken up and participated in by a number of Home Rule members, who were replied to by Sir Stafford Northcote. He read a Bill to render valid the proceedings for the relief of the Irish distress and make further preparations therefor.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 455.



AFGHANISTAN.—HOSPITAL DHOOLIES IN THE JUGDULLUK PASS.



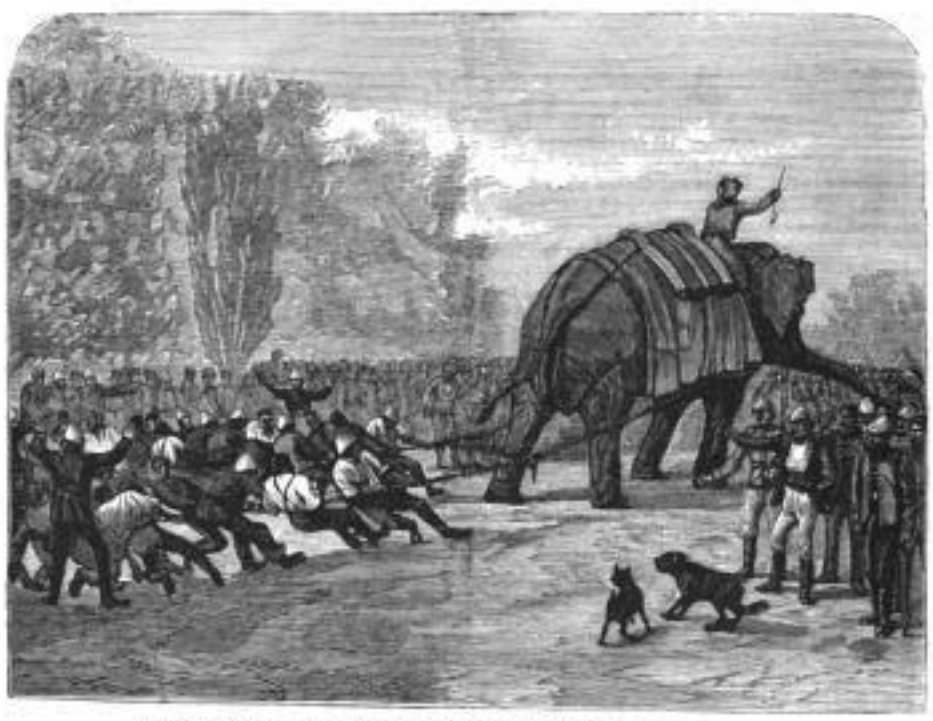
SOUTH AFRICA.—BRINGING SEKUKUNI INTO THE BRITISH CAMP.



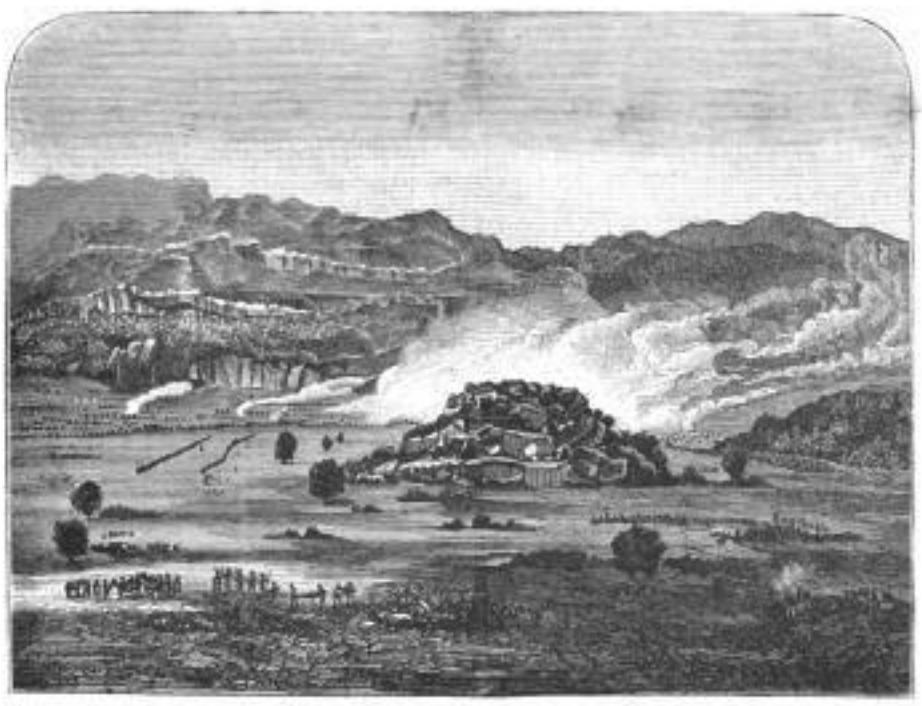
EGYPT.—THE PORT OF MASSOWAH, CLAIMED BY ABYSSINIA.



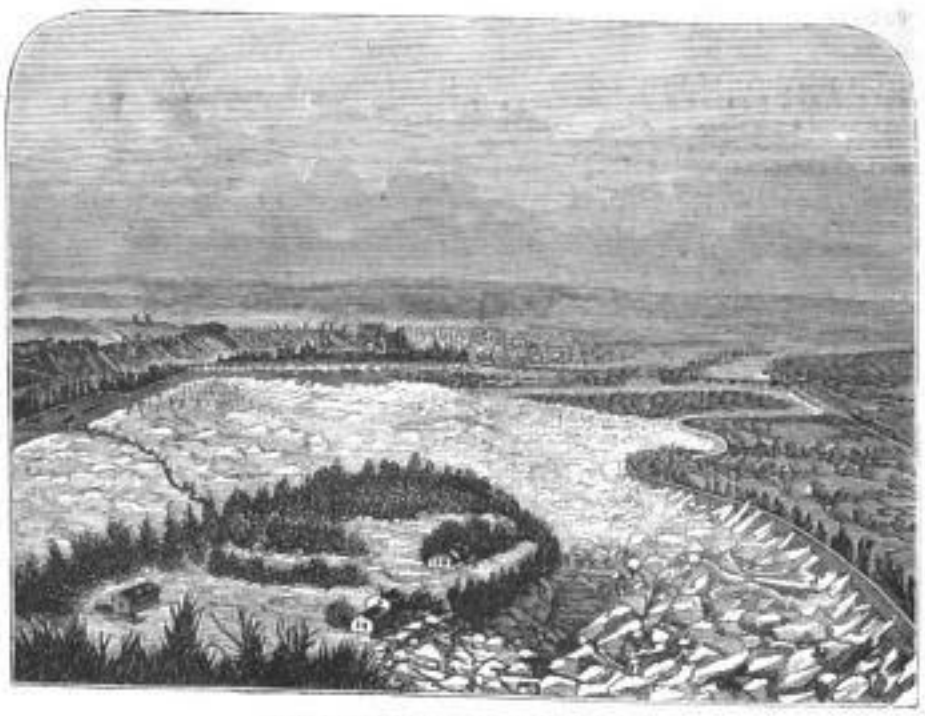
IRELAND.—THE PREVAILING DISTRESS.—VIEW OF A TURF MARKET.



AFGHANISTAN.—A TUG OF WAR IN THE CAMP AT GUNDAMUK.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE CAPTURE OF SEKUKUNI'S STRONGHOLD.



FRANCE.—THE ICEPACK AT SAUMUR.

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HON. FRANK HEREFORD,

U. S. SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

SENATOR HEREFORD, Chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining in the Forty-sixth Congress, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, July 4th, 1825. After graduation he studied law, and was, in due season, admitted to practice. Removing to California in the early part of his legal career, he became District Attorney of Sacramento County in 1855, and held the position two years. He was a Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket in 1868, and was a member of the House during the Forty-second, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses. Upon the death of Hon. Allen T. Caperton, of West Virginia, he was elected to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate for the term ending March 3d 1881. In addition to holding the chairmanship of the important Committee on Mines and Mining, Senator Hereford is a member of the Committees on Commerce and Claims.

"THE FALSE FRIEND."

WE illustrate a highly dramatic situation in Mr. Edgar Fawcett's play, "The False Friend," now being performed at the Union Square Theatre. *Lucian Gleyre* having impersonated *Cuthbert Fielding*, whom he has left for dead in a cañon in the gold fields of Australia, and having returned to England, has been acknowledged by *Fielding's* sister and by an aged retainer; but *Lady Ogden*, a venerable dame aged eighty-two, entertains secret misgivings as to his identity, and, with a view to a thorough test, has presented him with what purports to be a portrait of his mother, over which the presumed *Fielding* gushes in well-assumed devotional rapture. *Lady Ogden*, however, finds that she has in error placed the portrait of a mere friend of the family in his possession, and her suspicions becoming strong as Holy Writ, she fiercely taxes him with his perfidy, announcing her intention of denouncing him. Before she can put her design into execution a stroke of lightning blinds, paralyzes and eventually kills her, and it is the moment while she is hopelessly engaged in a ghastly but vain attempt to speak or write that we have selected for our illustration. The situation is intensely dramatic—the terrible struggles of the venerable lady, the agonized suspense of the villain, the momentous issues hanging upon every tick of the clock. Will she, can she speak? Will not something interpose to save the good old family from the shameful stain that is about to be put upon it? She *must* make some sign! One word, and his rascality will be laid bare to the world. One word, and he steps from that palatial drawing-room to the felon's dock. She makes no sign, and *Lucian Gleyre* triumphs—till later on, when Love, that will be "lord of a'," compels him to unmask, compels him to wreck his richly-laden argosy, and, in one moment of unendurable agony, to fling the nefarious scheme of his life into the black waters of remorse. He madly loves *Fielding's* sister, and he must either renounce his passion or declare himself a swindler, a cheat, and a *false friend*. Mr. Edgar Fawcett has invested a somewhat threadbare plot with a refreshing newness, and has woven in some vivid coloring with masterly effect. The character of *Lady Ogden* stands forth in luminous relief, while the interesting villainy of *Lucian Gleyre* begets an unwearied interest.



HON. FRANK HEREFORD, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

FEBRUARY'S FURY.

THE month of February opened as if determined that the season should not pass without some evidence of how severe Winter can be. The storm of wind which broke over New York on the night of the 2d had been gaining strength in its sweep from the Gulf of Mexico for forty-eight hours. After passing over twenty States the storm centre reached the metropolis, where it found an abundance of snow in waiting. Shortly after midnight both combined, and by daylight the minds of people were prepared to hear of disasters on sea and land, freezing, suffering and death.

In the city there was comparatively little damage done, but along the coast, from Halifax to Wilmington, N. C., the tornado played sad havoc with the incoming and outgoing shipping. At Long Branch four vessels were driven on shore, and a fifth foundered a short distance from it; while at Coney Island the chief damage by the storm was at Manhattan Beach and east of it. For miles the beach on the Long Branch shore was strewn with cord-wood, ships' spars and pieces of timber of all descriptions. The track of the New Jersey Southern Railway was washed away in several places. The gale unroofed hotels and private residences, shattered scores of windows, and littered Ocean Avenue with bathing-houses and the summer-houses along the bluff, which were the favorite resort of young people in the Summer season. The iron pier in front of the Ocean House withstood the violence of what is regarded as the fiercest gale remembered on this coast.

The first disaster reported was that of the brig *Castalia*, bound from Galveston, in command of Captain Elmer, to New York, which went ashore near Life-saving Station No. 3, six miles north of Long Branch. The captain, crew of ten men, and a lady passenger were landed safely, by means of the breeches buoy, by the crew of Life-saving Station No. 3, Captain West.

Another vessel, the schooner *E. C. Babcock*, Captain Treen, from Virginia, loaded with pine wood, consigned to New York, went ashore near Station No. 4, at about the same time as the *Castalia*. The captain, his wife and two children, and four seamen, all that were on board, were safely landed on the beach by the crew of Life-saving Station No. 4, by means of the breeches buoy. Captain Treen says that within ten minutes after the vessel struck, the crew of Life-saving Station No. 4 took off his wife, two children and himself. Blackman, the mate of the *Ewan C. Babcock*, says that eight other vessels left the Delaware Capes at the same time with the *Babcock*. All but one of them, a schooner, gradually dropped astern. He saw her about ten minutes before the *Babcock* struck, and he thinks that she is the vessel that foundered off the shore.

The two-masted schooner *Lightfoot* struck the beach, in front of the Atlantic Hotel, about 7:30 o'clock, and hoisted a signal of distress; but as no help came from the shore, all hands lashed themselves to the rigging. At 9 o'clock the crew of Life-saving Station No. 5 signaled that they were on hand by the firing of a gun. In less than ten minutes Captain Green, of Station No. 5, fired a line across the schooner from a mortar. A breeches buoy was hastily rigged, and the captain and crew of five men were soon safely landed on the shore.

At 11 o'clock a messenger from Station No. 4 brought word to Station No. 3 that a Spanish brig, the *Augustine*, had come ashore at Monmouth Beach, not more than three-quarters of a mile south of the stranded schooner *Babcock*. Captain Valentine and the crew of Station No. 3 went to the rescue. The wood comprising the cargo of the *Babcock* was floating so thickly in the surf that great difficulty was experienced in getting the large lines to the brig. The sailors could not understand the signals of the life-saving crew, and when the brig was within fifty yards of the beach, they abandoned the life-lines and five of them jumped overboard. They were pulled out of the surf half-drowned and taken to Station No. 3 and cared for. The tide went out and two more of the crew were rescued. Two of the life-saving crew picked their way over the driftwood, which was piled high between the vessel and the shore, and climbed aboard. They found Captain Antonio lying on the floor of the cabin with a bullet wound in his head. When it was evident that the brig was coming ashore, the captain called all his men on deck and told them that he had no desire to live longer; he had an interest in the brig, and her loss meant his ruin. He then ran down into the cabin, followed by the cook, and, placing a pistol to his right ear, fired.

As before stated, the chief damage of the storm at Coney Island was at Manhattan Beach and east of it. The hotel building escaped, but the grounds all around it were submerged. One corner of the large bathing pavilion was undermined so that the building settled badly, while the smaller bathing-houses were destroyed right and left. The waves carried away a large portion of the costly wooden bulkhead



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE OF THE DEATH OF "LADY OGDEN," IN ACT 2D OF THE "FALSE FRIEND," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

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extending over a mile east of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, and when the bulkhead had disappeared, the Marine Railway was very soon washed out. Most of the destruction at Brighton Beach was among the bathing-houses, many of which were broken up and strewn along the beach. The waves reached the Concourse and flooded it in several places, but did it no material harm. Large portions of the beach were washed out all along the ocean front.

The greatest interest was felt in the various piers jutting out into the ocean, and particularly the new iron pier near the Sea Beach Palace. The great structure of iron was put to a terrible strain, and more than once it seemed to be on the point of toppling over into the water. The waves dashed against it with fearful force, and when the gale was at its height, the Coney Island residents assert, blinding sheets of water swept clear over the top of the pier buildings. Most of the heavy wooden "fenders" placed at the outer end of the structure for steamboats to strike against were wrenched off, the main water-pipe was broken, and some small out-buildings on one corner of the pier were swept overboard and destroyed, but the storm could not beat down the pier itself. Engeman's old wooden pier, east of the iron pier, and the *Plymouth Rock*'s new wooden pier on the west, were less fortunate than their iron neighbor. Both were badly wrecked. From 75 to 100 feet of the seaward end of Engeman's pier was torn off and scattered about by the waves.

HIS VERY LAST CHANCE.

IT was pink day-dawn in September as a man emerged from one of the charming villas, by proud humility termed cottages, that peep coquettishly from behind ruches of evergreens bordering the avenue leading to the ocean drive at Newport.

Oh, how white that man's face looked, and blanched and drawn! Round his eyes lay deep, dark caverns, and in his eyes a strange restless light. He turned up the collar of his coat as he flung open the lych gate, and shivered as he turned in the direction of the sea.

Henry Lamerte had attended a hop at the Ocean House. Bessie Bedouin was there, of course; she came with the Philomels, her father being only a dinner man, and had had three hours of earthly paradise. For the piazza is spacious, and full of cunning corners, where the garish gaslight does not penetrate, and the gentle Luna peeps timidly round the corner. Little did Lamerte as he handed the happy girl into the Philomel carriage think!

On the steps of the Ocean House Lamerte encountered half a dozen fashionable young men of his acquaintance, chatting, smoking, and very wide-awake as is the wont of the young swelldom of the nineteenth century towards the small hours.

"Come over to Lentrapp's, old man!" exclaimed one of them.

"Who is Lentrapp?" asked Lamerte.

"Don't know Lentrapp's? Why, when did you arrive?"

"I got over from New York this morning."

"That accounts for it. I'll tell you who Lentrapp is. He's English, was in some cavalry regiment, has no end of money, has taken Tampico's cottage for the season; tools a four-in-hand, rides the best pony, and is the best man at polo: keeps open house, with brandy-and-soda all over the place. That," slapping Lamerte violently between the shoulders, "*that's* who Tony Lentrapp is, so come along."

"But, I am not acquainted with——"

"Bah! you are of our set. *I'll* pass your check."

Henry Lamerte was easily persuaded, and a rope of sand led him to the Tampico villa. Lentrapp proved a delightful host—champagne, dashed with London stout, became the order of the evening, and when a game of baccarat was laughingly proposed, the idea was vociferously voted just the thing to spin off a couple of hours. These hours saw Henry Lamerte cleaned out of every dollar he possessed in the world, and with a debt of honor of $10,000. He had not enough of money to pay his board bill, and as to his prospects, they were simply nil. He was an army officer, with an allowance of a thousand dollars a year over and above his pay. It went hard with his mother, the widow of General Lamerte, to take off even this annual sum from her limited means. He had no relations to appeal to in this terrible emergency. The insane desire to show off in company with richer men than himself had led him to play. He played, and lost—lost everything.

Of course, Henry Lamerte, as he fiercely strode towards the melancholy ocean, now thought of suicide. When a man has made this world too hot to hold him, he dreams naturally enough of a cool snug bed underground where he is not likely to be dunned, nor to wince under the unendurable fire of the sneers of men who accuse him of having cheated them. It was a question for Lamerte between death and dishonor. He had but two roads to travel. If he did not pay $10,000 before a certain few hours, he would be posted as a defaulter! He would have to throw up his profession and leave the country; and as he gazed at the distant smoke of an ocean steamer, like a gray feather against the pink sky, he mused with poignant bitterness on the hideous possibility of being obliged to follow in its wake with the brand of shame upon his forehead, provided he elected to relinquish that other alternative.

Henry Lamerte rested himself upon a rock down by the edge of the sea, and lit a cigar. "My last," he laughed, with a dry, grating laugh that, heaven help him, had little of the ring of merriment in it. "Poor mother, poor Bessie! It is lucky that I did not engage myself to her. She will be cruelly stricken when she comes to learn that I have been found dead in my room at the hotel, a pistol in my right hand. Perhaps not; she's going to the hop at Stilmontes' on Friday night; she'll go and dance with that fellow Hipsley, and perhaps say, 'Well, Mr. Lamerte *was* a nice fellow, and—this is our waltz, is it not?' No," and he flung away his cigar, it tasted so bitter. "She'll never do *that*; she's good and true."

Dawn was spreading now, and there were some saffron tints on the horizon line heralding the sun's coming. Lamerte, his hands plunged deep in his pockets, sat on the rock in a dreamy way like a man who has nothing to do, waiting for the sun to rise; as it emerged slowly from its bath it covered all the water with gold, and the sky above it became one vast vault of speckless blue. "*Now*," sighed Henry Lamerte, springing to his feet.

"A fine morning, sir," piped a reedy voice close beside him; then came a fit of coughing, and then blood stained the lips of an emaciated little man, who was trying to inhale a little sustenance into his lungs from the tonic of the morning.

This dying man—for he was only battling against terrible odds, and fighting fiercely to the last—was one of Boston's wealthiest citizens, Mr. Powell Ingalls, of weakly constitution. He had overdone himself by fast living in Europe, for which he had never felt any real inclination. And now that he knew he was doomed to die, he looked back upon his past life as rather a dismal joke from the beginning to the end.

"A very fine morning," he repeated.

"Very," was Lamerte's laconic reply.

"Will you kindly assist me to the seat you have just vacated?"

"With pleasure. You seem to be an invalid," said Lamerte, as he lifted—oh! he was physically a splendid form, and could have raised 250 pounds with ease—Powell Ingalls on to the rock.

"Invalid! I'm past that; I am fairly *en route* for the next world at express pace. Can I carry a message for you?" with a sickly attempt at a smile.

"I shall, perhaps, be there before you," replied Lamerte, in a tone which the other mistook for banter, for a laugh had accompanied the words.

Dying men are never to be reminded of the freaks of fate by which the strong are often struck down before the weak, and if Lamerte had to win over the dying Bostonian, he could not have proceeded more adroitly.

"You might, indeed," chuckled Ingalls. "A man twice your fighting power, who stopped at the Aquidneck House, Major Morton, and who wanted me, half-joke, whole-earnest, to remember him in my will, dropped dead beside me in the garden on Monday last. It's all a toss-up, all depends on how the cubes are shaken in the dice-box of destiny, and this is how we ought to regard the snuffing out of the wick of life. *Mon vieux*, they call me rich, with everything surrounding me that renders this fiction called life worth having, and yet I snap my fingers at life, and say *adieu* without so much as a sigh of regret."

Lamerte let him talk, scarcely heeding a word the other had said. Visions of West Point, of the Lovers' Walk, of the Parade, of hazing, of glorious days spent by the Hudson, came dreamily to him, while the hum of Ingalls's voice, mingled with that of the small, noiseless waves as they kissed the beach of soft, white sand at his feet, served to produce a languor that for a moment compelled him to forget the terrible position in which his own folly had so mercilessly placed him.

Suddenly a thought flashed to his heart, causing it to leap. What if this dying man could help him—save him from death and ignominy?

What if by one stroke of his pen he would open a new career for him, full of—great God!—life! life! If this man was rich, was on the edge of the grave, could he feel for a man in the full flush of youth and strength drifting to an untimely death?

Henry Lamerte gazed scrutinizingly into Ingalls's pinched face.

"Skin and bone," exclaimed the invalid; "a death's head. I was fresh and full of blood and handsome, ten, nay five, years ago. I caused young hearts to throb in my time. I was heartless myself. I jilted women for love of the sport. I was run after for the yellow gold that now cannot give me a full-drawn breath. What a farce the whole thing is! Ah!" and here the racking cough assailed him until Lamerte had to hold him on the rock in order to prevent his tumbling off.

"And who may you be?" demanded Ingalls, when the paroxysm had passed. "You have the straight back of the 'gentleman of the army.'"

"I am in the army."

"West Point?"

"Yes."

"What year?"

Lamerte informed him.

"The army is a poor look-out. A man must be either very fast or very slow to make his life of genteel beggary bearable. You are fast; I read it in your eyes. You have not been to bed, and have come out here to rob the sea-breeze of some of its freshness. Am I right?"

"Right and wrong."

"In what am I right?"

"I have not been to bed."

"Dissipating?"

"Yes."

"Cards?"

"Yes."

"Ah! And you lost."

"I did."

"How much?"

"More than I can pay." Then speaking very fast, so as to make retreat impossible, Henry Lamerte told his miserable story: "I have lost ten thousand dollars. Providence may have thrown you in my way, sir. Can you—will you, lend me that sum? I do not know how long it may be before I shall be in a position to repay you, but I swear to discharge my debt some day if I live."

Ingalls stared very hard at the speaker—not surprisedly, not unkindly.

"My position is this," he said, after a pause; "I cannot command a hundred dollars. My death is being discounted by my kinsfolk, and they have kindly taken possession of all my effects. If I wrote you a check they would ask you to return it on the plea that I am not capable of managing my own affairs."

Poor Lamerte saw that his last chance had gone; that life was now no longer to be played for.

"Forgive me for having troubled you," he almost sobbed. "A drowning man will catch at a straw."

As he was turning away, Mr. Ingalls exclaimed:

"You mustn't despair because the cards have gone against you once. A good man faces luck and beats bad luck down. Some give it a mere *souffle*, some strike with sledge-hammer force. All is not lost until everything is lost." As he said this, however, Ingalls looked at Lamerte and saw that the man's very soul was steeped in despair.

"If I could help you I would, but—— stay!" he hurriedly added, as his eye fell upon a ring he was wearing—a very large black diamond set within a circle of brilliants, a trinket of great price.

"I believe this is worth seven or eight thousand dollars. It was purchased at Tiffany's about four years ago"—drawing it off his finger as he spoke; "it is better that you should have it than some of my loving relations."

"But——" palpitated Lamerte.

"Go to New York with it to-day, and raise as much money on it as you can."

"But I do not like to accept such a loan," gasped Lamerte, who reddened deeply.

"I can't lend you money," said Ingalls, "and I shall soon be past caring for rings, so that you need have no scruples. The ring is mine. Ah! how my cousin, James Edward Alfred Ingalls, will swear when he finds that it's gone."

"This generosity, this——"

"Tush! Lend me your arm. I reside, I mean I try to breathe, in that cottage over there. Just help me to the door and then go and—live."

Lamerte assisted him to the cottage, and, lifting his hat, left him; but his step was rather unsteady as he went, and a mist seemed to have risen out at sea.

* * * * * *

A few days later and Newport was disporting itself as Newport knows so well how to do. The band was playing in the pagoda beneath the trees opposite the Ocean House, and, seated upon a wooden chair, his feet high upon an iron rail, was the invalid Ingalls, still fiercely fighting his ghastly assailant. His worn hand dropped with fatigue on the arm of his chair, where his fingers beat time with the music.

"I wonder," he thought, and this had been an abiding thought for days, "what has become of him? I wonder he didn't write or telegraph. Could he have proved a rascal after all, and have played me with a vamped-up story of wreck and dishonor. I cannot, will not, believe it. His eyes spoke such a tale of misery as no liar could call to his aid, however vivid his lying imagination. Anyhow, I'm glad my grasping cousin James didn't get the ring, and unless I had thrown it into the sea, it must have come to him."

The concert was drawing to an end when an open hack darted up to the gentlemen's entrance of the hotel, and from it sprang Henry Lamerte.

"I saw you," he cried, as he clasped the invalid's trembling hand in both his—"I was driving out to your cottage. It was only when in New York that I remarked I had never asked your name or address, and I found myself cut off from writing to you."

"Have you squared your account?" asked Ingalls.

"Every dollar of it?"

"Then the ring——"

"Here it is again safe and sound. I have brought it back to you."

"Then you had no use for it?"

"It saved me. Let me tell you how—let me tell you all—and—and don't blame"—this in a very humble and contrite voice.

Ingalls smiled as he trifled with the ring.

"I took the train to New York after I left you," said Lamerte, "and went straight to a fellow who knows a lot about jewels. He told me I would get a clear ten thousand loan, as black diamonds were not to be had for love or money, the Sultan having purchased every stone in the market. I raised the money——" Here Lamerte hesitated.

"Go on," said Ingalls.

"I feel horribly ashamed to——"

"You gambled with the proceeds," interrupted the other.

"I did. I said to myself I will make a supreme effort to let my noble, generous friend have back his ring. I *felt* that I would win, and in one night I won back my losses and five thousand over; but," added Lamerte, "I have sworn by everything I hold most sacred never to touch a card again, and I will keep my oath, so help me God!"

* * * * * *

The sun was setting in a blood-red haze, the ocean drive was thronged with lordly equipages, the light-ship on Brenton's Reef looked like a painted ship on a painted ocean as it swung lazily at its moorings.

"This is where I met him, darling," said Henry Lamerte, to a young and winsome girl, who nestled closely to his side. "This is where I smoked my last cigar. This is where I thought of what you would think when the——"

"Don't, Henry! It makes me shiver to think of all the terrible agony of those horrible hours," and little Bessie Bedouin covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the ghastly vision conjured up by the words of her lover.

"Poor fellow! A few hours now, and all will be over."

"It is near the time he appointed for us to come to him. Let us cross over to the cottage."

They found Ingalls stretched upon a low couch, his face turned towards the ocean. That blue which would seem to be the very shadow of death was on his face, and cold drops of perspiration stood in beads upon his brow. By a supreme effort he stretched out his emaciated hand towards the girl.

"I am *so* glad to see you," he whispered—"glad to have a bright, happy face as my last mirror on earth. And you," to Lamerte, "promise me to be good to this bonnie child, and swear, yes, *swear*," his voice becoming stronger, "never to touch a card again—swear it to me *now, here*."

"I swear it," said Lamerte, with a great gulp at the throat.

"And you, my dear child"—to Bessie—"I have a little wedding gift for you. Put out your hand," and drawing the black diamond from his finger, he placed it on that of the sobbing girl's. "Never let this ring away from you; for it will always remind Lamerte of his oath, and now good-by."

He turned upon his side, heaved one great sigh, and on that sigh his spirit went forth beyond the great sea.

Henry Lamerte has kept his vow.

THE LIEDERKRANZ MASKED BALL.

THIS brilliant affair came off at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, February 5th; there was a crowd of gay masqueraders; all sorts of characters were represented, and jollity and fun were the order of the night. Many of the toilets were elegant and picturesque, and the decorations, if not very extensive, were in excellent taste and altogether floral. Large silver baskets and urns, filled with red and white flowers, stood on pedestals at all the doorways opening upon the ballroom, and rows of green plants, with here and there a bright flower, were built up against the proscenium-boxes. Just in front of the green curtain which divided the stage from the rest of the ballroom was placed a huge red velvet throne, and from an immense chandelier hung an electric light, giving increased brilliancy to the ever-changing scenes on the floor.

The company began to arrive soon after nine o'clock, and the two orchestras—one of strings and one of brass—filled the time with exquisite music until the commencement of the fun. The ball was opened on the entrance of the Prince and Princess—understood to be Mr. O. O. Heman and Miss Emeline Faber. The Prince wore a magnificent red velvet cloak and a splendid black mustache. Following the Prince and Princess were two hundred or more persons in various picturesque toilets. The Floor Committee, consisting of sixteen gentlemen and ladies, came last.

After the Prince and Princess were seated on the throne, the *Fackel polonaise* began, and was exceedingly pretty and effective. At its conclusion the Princess was conducted by the Prince down the length of thirty-two blue-satined young men and women, and, on reaching the end of it, the two started off in a merry waltz, followed by the members of their suite. This was merely the opening or inaugural waltz, for the rising of the curtain, which divides the auditorium from the stage, did not take place until 11 o'clock. As it rises is disclosed a raised platform, with three flights of stairs leading thereto; on each one of these are groups of personages in more or less picturesque costumes. Sweet, plaintive strains of music are discovered by the orchestra in the gallery. This is a double illustration of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Shakespeare's libretto is illustrated in the tableau and Mendelssohn's music by the orchestra. The stairs on the right contain a tableau from "Faust," to do justice to which the orchestra turns from Mendelssohn to Gounod. At the back of the raised platform are five distinct stages, each with a curtain of its own. The music turns from Gounod to Meyerbeer. One of the five curtains rises, and a truly startling scene from the opera of "L'Africaine" is exposed to the admiring audience. Thereafter three of the remaining curtains rise to appropriate music, and illustrate the operatic works of other well-known composers. The middle curtain is still down, and curiosity is excited as to what it conceals. The music becomes sprightly, and at length the curtain slowly ascends, disclosing first a pedestal, then a pair of small slippered feet, then a pair of long black legs, then a quantity of white shirt front, and then the well-known features of Jacques Offenbach. He has a fiddle in one hand and a bow in the other. He stands out boldly against the sky of bright blue, upon which is written "Carnival." He is received with shouts, smiles, bows, he waves his fiddle, and the ball commences in earnest. Dancing was kept up until early morning, many, no doubt, regretting when the *finale* of the order of dancing was reached.

An Instructive Game.

M. E. LEVASSEUR, a French geographer, has invented an amusing and instructive geographical game, to which he gives the name of "Tour du Monde." It is played on a large terrestrial globe divided into 232 spherical rectangles, each of which has a number, corresponding to a number on a list, indicating gains or losses, in accordance with the nature of the rectangle to which it belongs. The game is played with eighteen flags corresponding to the principal States of the world, from China, the most populous, down to Holland, the least populous. A brass slip, from pole to pole, contains eighteen holes, into which the flags are successively placed by the players at each revolution, commencing at the south pole, and moving northwards. The gains and losses correspond with the nature of the facts indicated in the space above which a flag may stand when the globe stops revolving. Thus London counts thirty, Paris twenty, and so on, according to population. A coal-mine, a Manchester cotton factory, a grain centre, all count for gains; while meeting a Zulu or a lion in Africa, a storm in the Atlantic or Pacific, a crocodile in the Nile, being caught in the Polar ice, etc., count for losses. Thus it will be seen, the new game is calculated to afford considerable excitement as well as instruction.

An Exciting Novel in a Few Words.

AN altogether jovial fellow was the Chevalier de Forges, a rich French noble, Louis XV.'s favorite valet, who had conferred upon himself the titles of "Marquis of the Earthly Paradise, Viscount of the Infernal Regions and Lord of all the Devils," and wanted to have the law of a priest who would not allow him to sign these titles at length on a parish register as witness to a baptism. When the City of Paris laid out the plans for a new market he refused to sell one of his houses, the site of which was needed, went to law with the city, beat it and compelled a modification of the plans, celebrating his victory by having painted on the wall of the contested building a life-sized picture of a sheep shaving a wolf. He went to do his own marketing in his "thousand-crown coat," so called because he had saved 1,000 crowns' worth of other coats by wearing it. Commissioned by a bashful friend to go and ask the hand of a young lady in marriage, finding her pretty and pleasant, he married her himself. Having married her, he naturally fell in love with and abducted a beautiful girl, a young Jewess. Her parents went in pursuit of her, and prosecuted

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the search with such keenness that it was necessary to take heroic measures. Accordingly M. de Forges went to the Archbishop of Paris and represented that a certain ecclesiastic had been laboring with a young Hebrew woman, and had well-nigh persuaded her to turn from the errors of Judaism and embrace the Christian faith—unhappily her parents were endeavoring to persecute her into steadfastness in the tenets of their religion, and so it would be proper and laudable to furnish her with an asylum. The unsuspecting archbishop thereon found her a refuge in a convent, and thus the pursuers were completely baffled. Only for a time, however, because they found out the chevalier and worried him so excessively, with the assistance of his wife, that he agreed to abandon the girl to them. The girl, furious with him and as furious with her parents, refused to give him back a large sum of money he had intrusted to her keeping, abjured the Hebrew faith and took the vail. Only one thing was now possible to complete this complicated drama—the chevalier had given his ecclesiastical friend, the pretended converter of the girl, a benefice for his assistance in hamboozling the archbishop. Now the honest abbé came upon the scene and eloped with the new-made nun!

The Coming Russian Fetes.

THE present year is to be celebrated in Russia as completing the first twenty-five years of the Czar's reign, and the industrial exhibition which is to be held at Moscow in the coming May will doubtless be as popular with the Russians as even that of 1872. But such an anniversary brings with it an ominous suggestion of the grim old proverb, "Evil awaits the Czar of twenty-five years," which Russian history has so strangely verified. Ivan the Terrible's first twenty-five years were brilliantly successful, but after 1566 came the loss of all his Western conquests, the successive deaths of three wives, the murder of his son and heir, and the fastening of a frightful disease upon himself. Peter the Great's Turkish reverses, and the deplorable death of his son Alexis, came after the twenty-fifth year of his reign. The twenty-sixth of Alexander I. a ravaged St. Petersburg with a fearful inundation, while a formidable plot against himself and his own death came a year later. In the twenty-sixth year of Nicholas began the intrigues which led to the Crimean War; and the present Czar, now just about to pass the perilous limit, sees his wife dying by inches, his throne undermined by rebellion, and a foreign war looming on the horizon.

A Brilliant Diamond Robber.

ONE of the cleverest diamond robberies of modern times is reported in a tone of odd complacency by the leading journals of St. Petersburg. About a fortnight ago a handsome equipage drew up at the door of the first jeweler in the Russian capital. Alighting from the carriage, an elegantly-dressed and remarkably pretty young lady entered the shop and requested that some parures of brilliants might be shown to her. Several costly sets were forthwith submitted for inspection, and after some hesitation she selected a rivière and pendants valued at 10,000 roubles, and, stating that she was the wife of an eminent alienist, whose name is a household word in St. Petersburg, requested the proprietor of the establishment to accompany her home with the jewels, in order to settle finally with her husband about their price. The jeweler packed up his diamonds and got into the carriage with his fair customer. Presently they arrived at a large house, and were received at the *porte cochère* by a Suisse in splendid livery, who conducted them up a brilliantly-lighted staircase into a richly-furnished drawing-room, in which the lady begged her companion to take a seat, and, jewel-case in hand, proceeded to summon "her husband." Entering the doctor's consultation-room in an apparent state of uncontrollable agitation, she informed the latter that she had brought her unfortunate spouse to visit him, in the hope that he would undertake to cure him of the strange monomania under which he had labored for some time past. "My afflicted husband," she said, "is a wealthy landed proprietor from A——, in the government of Minsk; he is quiet and harmless, but has diamonds on the brain. He will talk of nothing else, poor fellow! Will you see him? I have left him in your drawing-room, and am much too nervous to be present while you diagnose his case. Might I, therefore, ask you to accompany me to my carriage before you go to him? It will be such a relief to me to leave him in your care." Her ingenious device was crowned with complete success. She drove off with the diamonds; an interview between the doctor and the jeweler fully confirmed her statement with respect to the latter's alleged monomania, and resulted in his being placed under bodily restraint, from which he was only rescued three days later by one of his partners, who succeeded, with the assistance of the police, in tracking him to Dr. Y——'s renowned private lunatic asylum. No trace has yet been discovered of the gifted lady who accomplished this, in every sense of the word, "brilliant" coup.

How the Boers Measured Land.

IT is not to be imagined that these farms of the Boers are in any way comparable to what we understand in the ordinary application of the term. They are simply huge tracts of country, containing 6,000 acres or more, with nothing but a small beacon of piled-up stones at certain points to mark the line of boundary. In proportion to the amount of land held by each proprietor there is a very small piece under cultivation—at the most ten or twenty acres, and, in the majority of cases, two or three, or none at all. The original method of measuring of these "runs" was somewhat primitive. Starting from the last-made beacon, a Boer would ride in a straight line for half an hour as fast as his horse could carry him, then halt, erect a beacon, and again ride away for half an hour, in a direction at right angles to his first ride, and erect another. The rectangle made by these two lines of ride would contain his farm, so that by this method the Boer who had the fleetest horse obtained the largest tract of land. Within the last few years science, however, has been brought to bear on the subject, and farms are now measured by the theodolite. The introduction of this instrument has caused a great many disputes: farms, the boundaries of which were believed to be perfectly defined, were discovered to overlap one another to a serious extent, and as this is the case all through the country, the land-surveyors are having a pretty good time of it.

Competition in the China Trade.

IN a letter to the Marquis of Salisbury, the Directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have indignantly protested against certain statements in the report of Mr. C. T. Gardner, the English Consul at Chefoo. Mr. Gardner stated that the Manchester merchants, in consequence of heavily sizing their textiles, and attempting to sell glue as cloth, have gained a bad name for their fabrics among the Chinese, causing a decrease in their trade in favor of American manufacturers. Of these allegations the Directors "beg entirely to deny the truth." To the heavy sizing they plead guilty, but they seek to justify the practice on the ground that the demand for heavily-sized fabrics originated in China or India, and that the consumer in these countries often prefers the cheap though inferior fabrics, because they best suit his requirements and means. As proof of this, they assert that the cry for these low-priced goods is increasing, and they declare that, except on the heavy sorts of goods, the attempted competition of America has signally failed. A copy of the correspondence has been sent to Mr. Gardner, who will have the opportunity of stating on what authority he relied. Meanwhile, however, it may be pointed out that others besides Mr. Gardner have made statements similar to those complained of. In the last volume of reports upon the trade of China every one of the English Consuls who commented upon the condition of the cotton trade spoke of the growing competition of America, and most of them indicated this practice of adulteration as one of its causes. That all these gentlemen, residing far apart from each other, and reporting independently, were mistaken, is very hard to believe, and until proof to the contrary is shown it will be safer to trust to the opinions of unbiased persons living on the spot than to inferences drawn by interested manufacturers many thousands of miles away from the markets of which they write. Even if it be the case that the heavily-sized goods are in demand, it by no means follows that the consuls have reported wrongly. It is quite possible that the small dealers, the intermediaries between the manufacturer and the consumer, may prefer the adulterated goods, since they may be able to get a higher profit out of them. But that the consumer should prefer size to cotton is not very credible. Besides, if the article sold is not cotton, it is only fair that it should be called whatever it is, and not put forward under a misleading title.

Salaries of Harvard Professors.

THE salary of $1,800 for the regular college professor dates from the year 1838-39. Before that date it had been $1,500 for a long terms of years. The salary of $2,000 in the Law School dates from 1845-6. In July, 1875, the Corporation fixed the salary of an assistant professor in his second term of five years at $2,500 a year. The institution, in 1858, of the grade of assistant professor, has been of great benefit to the University, because it has been the means of procuring the services of a large number of excellent teachers at a low rate of compensation; but it has also had the effect of diminishing seriously the probable average earnings of the teacher who passes his life in the service of the University. Most of the present professors, who have been long in the service, became full professors before they were thirty years old, and so received the maximum salary offered by the college at an early age. The institution of the grade of assistant professor has made this early accession to a full professorship very improbable. At present a young man can scarcely expect to become a professor on the full salary before he is thirty-five years of age, except by some rare piece of good fortune; and at the existing rate of promotion, he may easily be forty years old before he obtains the salary of $4,000. It is obvious that these new conditions modify very much the meaning of the fact, made evident in the above table, that the regular professor's salary has doubled since 1854. Moreover, although the prices of food, clothing, and fuel have not advanced in proportion to the advance in salaries, the general scale of living in the community at large has greatly changed; so that the relative position of an assistant professor who lived on $2,500 in 1869 was by no means as good as that of a full professor who lived on $2,200 in 1859.

Apache Courtship and Marriage.

WHEN an Apache brave concludes to marry (says the San Francisco *Post*), either a first or any subsequent wife, the manner of his courtship is the same. He makes no effort to become agreeable to his intended bride—indeed, rarely if ever notices her or speaks to her, except in answer to questions she may put to him. He pays more attention, however, to her male relatives, particularly her brothers, if she has any. Finally, if he becomes satisfied that a declaration will not be rejected, then the whole affair is accomplished in a few hours, and generally in this fashion. At night he takes the presents intended for the girl's parents, who alone are entitled to receive any, and places them near the lodge in which she lives. If the presents are horses they have their trappings also, and are tied with macate near the lodge; if a cow is to be given, a single straw or a cow's horn, which signifies the intention, is tied to the lodge. If the presents are accepted, which almost always happens, the girl goes in the morning and builds a new lodge or hut for herself and husband, and puts the straw in it for their bed. If the man is rich there is some ceremony about the marriage; if poor, very little or none. When the parties are of consequence, one of the orators of the tribe is employed by the bridegroom to place the presents near the lodge and make a speech to the bride's family for him. The orator stands at a distance of several yards, and in his best style makes the declaration for his principal. In this he dilates on his client's qualities—his courage, his skill in hunting, or anything in which he is distinguished. The orator confines himself strictly to the truth in his speech, and promises that his principal will maintain and defend his bride, but at the same time informs her family that he may at some future time take another wife, and even may become tired of her and send her home—all of which are the necessary incidents of Apache married life. He also tells them that while she should remain his only wife, he would be faithful to her, and should expect fidelity, obedience and service from her. When he returned from hunting, foray or play, he wanted his food prepared as soon as possible, and he should expect her always to have a store of food on hand. On his part he would bring her game and spoils of the enemy whenever he could. Her relatives make presents to the parents or family of the husband, and this is all that generally is done. Among these Indians it is considered a great indecency for a man to look at his mother-in-law's face, and still more so to speak to her. If by chance they happen to come close together, one runs in one direction and the other in the opposite one until they are several yards apart.

Promotions in the Prussian Army.

PRUSSIA has been less than nine years at peace, but already the stagnation of army promotion is beginning to excite serious uneasiness. During the last twenty years a comparatively rapid flow has been maintained by the successive large increases of the military forces of the country, and by the losses suffered in two great campaigns; but now fears are entertained that the old state of things, when subalterns were often gray-headed men, must return. Only twenty-three per cent. of the major-generals now in the army can become lieutenant-generals, sixty-nine per cent. only of the colonels can become major-generals, sixty per cent. only of the field-officers of the army can become colonels, fifty-two per cent. only of the captains can become field-officers, while only seventy per cent. of the subalterns can get their companies. In other words, of every 100 lieutenants who receive their commissions, seventy may become captains, thirty-six field-officers, twenty-one colonels, fourteen major-generals and three lieutenant-generals; while, even if lucky enough to arrive at this last rank, an officer will have to serve sixteen years as a subaltern, twelve as a captain, eight as a field-officer, five and one-half years as a colonel, and the same period as a major-general. Assuming, therefore, that an officer enters the army even at the early age of eighteen, he will be sixty-five years old before he becomes a lieutenant-general, sixty when he attains the rank of major-general, fifty-four of colonel, forty-six before he becomes a field-officer, and thirty-four before he gets his company.

Republics in Africa.

A FRENCH democrat traveling in Algeria has just sent home a description of a kind of Utopia, or group of model republics, whose existence has not yet been entirely swept away by the advance of civilization. The information afforded by the writer may one day, perhaps, be useful in the mother country, when the legislators of the future frame a new Constitution. The republics in question, situated in a mountain district, are inhabited by Kabyles, or Berbères, who appear to have enjoyed the blessing of universal suffrage long before it was introduced into France, and who, "thirsting after liberty, organized a system of government on bases so broad that the boldest Communists of 1871 would have recoiled from applying them." We are then told that these microscopic republics form an autonomous federation, and that so severely is universal suffrage practiced that all able-bodied men are obliged to take a direct part in public affairs. There are not two Chambers, but one—the Djema—a vast assembly composed not of the delegates of the electors, but of the electors themselves—so the writer puts it—who meet in a place specially set apart for the purpose, and settle all important questions without tumult. The Djema decide everything without appeal—municipal works, taxes, peace, war, and questions concerning the community at large or individuals. The deliberations of the Chamber, we are told, are seldom troubled, the elders being listened to with respect. A young man who imprudently interrupted their discourse was quickly reduced to silence and fined. The executive power resides in the hands of an Amin, elected, but receiving no salary, and who is aided by delegates. He is generally a man of wealth, and one of his duties is to relieve the poor out of his own pocket. A matter curious to note is that the religious and the civil law are kept perfectly distinct; there is separation of Church and State, and no priestly interference is allowed in the administration of terrestrial affairs.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

View of the Port of Massowah.

Massowah, or Mosaurus, or Mazaurus, a port on Eastern Africa, and which has for some time past been a cause of contention between Egypt and Abyssinia, was visited by H. M. S. *Seagull* in November and December last for the protection of British subjects, the Abyssinians having demanded the surrender of that port from Egypt, and having threatened to march on the town. Massowah Island, the port of Abyssinia for the last three centuries, was taken possession of by Egypt in 1877; is situated in the southern extremity of Harkiko Bay, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel which forms a good anchorage. The island is half a mile long and about four hundred yards wide, formed principally of coral rocks, of no height, and in great decay. Nearly half the island is occupied with tanks and a burial-ground; on the inner half of the town, which is crowded to the water's edge with inhabitants. Like all Eastern places, it possesses a bazaar, which abounds in filth, and altogether is in a wretched condition.

A Turf Market in Ireland.

The want of fuel, as well as of timber for building and other industries, is severely felt in the interior of Ireland, and thousands of families are dependent entirely upon the peat or turf cut from the bogs for their fuel. Our illustration gives a view of one of the ordinary markets for the sale of turf in a small town in the southern portion.

The Sekukuni War.

Sekukuni was the hereditary chieftain of a tribe called the Bapedi, or sometimes the Makatees, a branch of the Bechuana Caffre nation, long ago settled in the mountain country north of the Transvaal. The troublesome and costly warfare against this petty South African potentate has just been terminated by Sir Garnet Wolseley's adroit and successful attack, on November 28th, upon Sekukuni's formidable stronghold in the Lulu Mountains, beyond the Steelpoort River, not far from the gold fields of Lydenburg. The three cities were taken and burned, and on the following day the British engineers blew up the cluster of caves with gun-cotton and dynamite, and after each explosion there came out men, women and children who had sought shelter within their recesses. Sekukuni, with some 600 of his people, took refuge in the Kokoon cave, and withstood a siege until December 2d when he surrendered, and was borne into the British camp on an old-fashioned military stretcher. He was subsequently sent under a mounted escort to Pretoria, where he is now held a prisoner.

Sketches in Afghanistan.

Our illustrations of the military movements that have been proceeding to strengthen the British force in the occupation of Cabul were mostly taken from scenes in the Jugdulluk Pass, which has latterly been superseded by the more convenient route of Lataband. The country south of the Cabul, which has to be passed through before the Lughman boundary is crossed, boasts of a population more fanatical perhaps than any in Afghanistan. They are all nearly Safis, or Caffres converted to Mohammedanism. The country is made up of three large valleys watered by the Pinjshir, Tezan and Ughu rivers, running from the highlands between Kohistan and Kafiristan, and emptying themselves in the Cabul River. Barren ranges of hills shut out these valleys from each other, and it is only near the Cabul valley that there is a break in these gigantic spurs of the Hindoo Koosh. The Safis have always been fit to their own devices, their determination causing Ghilzais, Lughmanis and other neighboring tribes to be wary of interference with them. Their strong towers and fortified villages, often perched on almost inaccessible strongholds, are secure against attack, except, of course, when artillery is brought to bear against them. As will be seen, the "tug-of-war" in the camp at Gundamuk is a variation of the usual military exercise. Here one of the baggage elephants has been tackled by the united strength of a party of soldiers, instead of two opposing bands of men pulling at the rope against each other.

The Ice-blockade of the Loire and Saone, in France.

The exceptionally severe Winter in Europe has given the people of France a new and not a very agreeable sensation. They have seen and felt an Arctic wave. Their illustrated papers give us many views of what is there a rare spectacle. The block of the ice at Saumur attracted general attention, and thousands hastened by railroad to witness it. On the evening of the 5th of January the Loire, which had been whirling down its cakes of ice, flowed tranquilly on. What did it mean? The tidings came full of alarm. The ice had begun to jack at Villebernier, above the bridges of Saumur. Its accumulation there menaced danger far and wide, and the French authorities set to work with energy to save the inhabitants of Ile Souzay, who were menaced with destruction. Channels were cut through the ice to let the water escape, and in some places the ice was broken up to prevent accumulation, and let it float away.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ABOUT 46,000,000 pounds of sugar were exported last year from the Sandwich Islands.

—TENNESSEE has fourteen Supreme Judges, and they are said to be several years behind time with their docket.

—PREPARATIONS are being made in all the great mining camps for an unprecedented year of activity in mining.

—AUSTRALIA will be able to spare 21,000,000 bushels of her grain crop to Europe this year, and still have enough for her own use.

—THE silver and copper mines of Maine have opened up a new source of industry in that State, which is likely amply to reward her people.

—A NEW elevator with a capacity of 2,000,000 bushels is to be built at St. Louis during the present season, to be ready for use early next Fall.

—THE largest sugar-mill in the world will soon be erected in St. Charles Parish, La. The weight of the mill, including engine, will be 300,000 pounds.

—THE Methodists of Baltimore are raising money for the establishment in that city of a Centenary Biblical Institute for the education of colored people.

—THE Russian Church has 11,572 members and nine church buildings in Alaska and Colorado. The church in San Francisco contains about 200 members.

—THE town of Littleborough-by-Rochdale, containing about seventy-four acres, with a population of about 10,000, has just been sold to a Yorkshire gentleman.

—THE American Board has expended more than $1,240,000 on missions among the Indians, and gathered 50 churches with 4,003 members. The mission among the Dakotas returns 8 churches and 600 members.

—THE American missionaries in Persia heartily endorse an urgent appeal made by native Christians to friends in this country for help of the starving, for whom neither the Government nor wealthy Mussulmans will do anything.

—COLONEL A. P. BUTLER, Fish Commissioner of South Carolina, has just received 20,000 Landlock salmon eggs from Maine. He considers this species a great acquisition to the waters of the State, it being the first introduction there.

—THE Virginia Legislature has passed a resolution authorizing the Auditor to borrow $220,000 to pay arrearages to the officers, expenses of the Legislature, etc.

—ARKANSAS has 3,397 miles of navigable water-course regularly traversed by steamboats. She has eight railroads, having 800 miles of road completed and in operation.

—FOR the fourth time during the present century the Lake of Zurich, in Switzerland, is frozen over. The lakes of Morat, Neufchâtel and Bienne, and the River Aare, are also frozen over.

—GEESE are raised for their feathers in Texas. One goose rancho in Western Texas has 300 geese, whose feathers are plucked every two months, each one averaging a pound and a half a year.

—TENNESSEE has 5,612 public schools and 1,287 private ones. The former are attended by 186,162 pupils, the latter by 35,000. There is an increase this year over last year of 14,000.

—A PARTY of gentlemen have discovered a mound near Rochester, Missouri, which contains the skeletons of pygmies, with skulls no larger than a man's fist, and the jaws provided with full sets of teeth, showing them to be the remains of grown persons.

—A MOVEMENT has been made in the Massachusetts Legislature to debar all persons from practicing any branch of medicine in that State except those who furnish sufficient evidence of good moral character and the possession of a thorough knowledge of their calling.

—A DISPATCH from Berlin says that steps are being taken to form a Petroleum Boring Company to work the newly-discovered oil wells in the Hanover petroleum region, the present borer yielding an average interest of twenty-two per cent. upon the capital invested, against nineteen per cent. realized in America.

—THE historic island of Jamestown, in the James River, where the first settlers of Virginia made a home, is reported to have been purchased by a Mrs. Malanda Brown, of New York. It comprises 1,400 acres, chiefly covered with orchards. The only buildings said to be on the island are a dwelling-house and a paper-mill.

—THE contract for an electric light of 10,000-candle power, to be placed in the dome of the County Court House at Wabash, Ind., intended to light that city, has been let for $1,800. The agreement states that should the light prove unsatisfactory the city shall be at no expense. A guarantee for a perfect light has been given by the company.

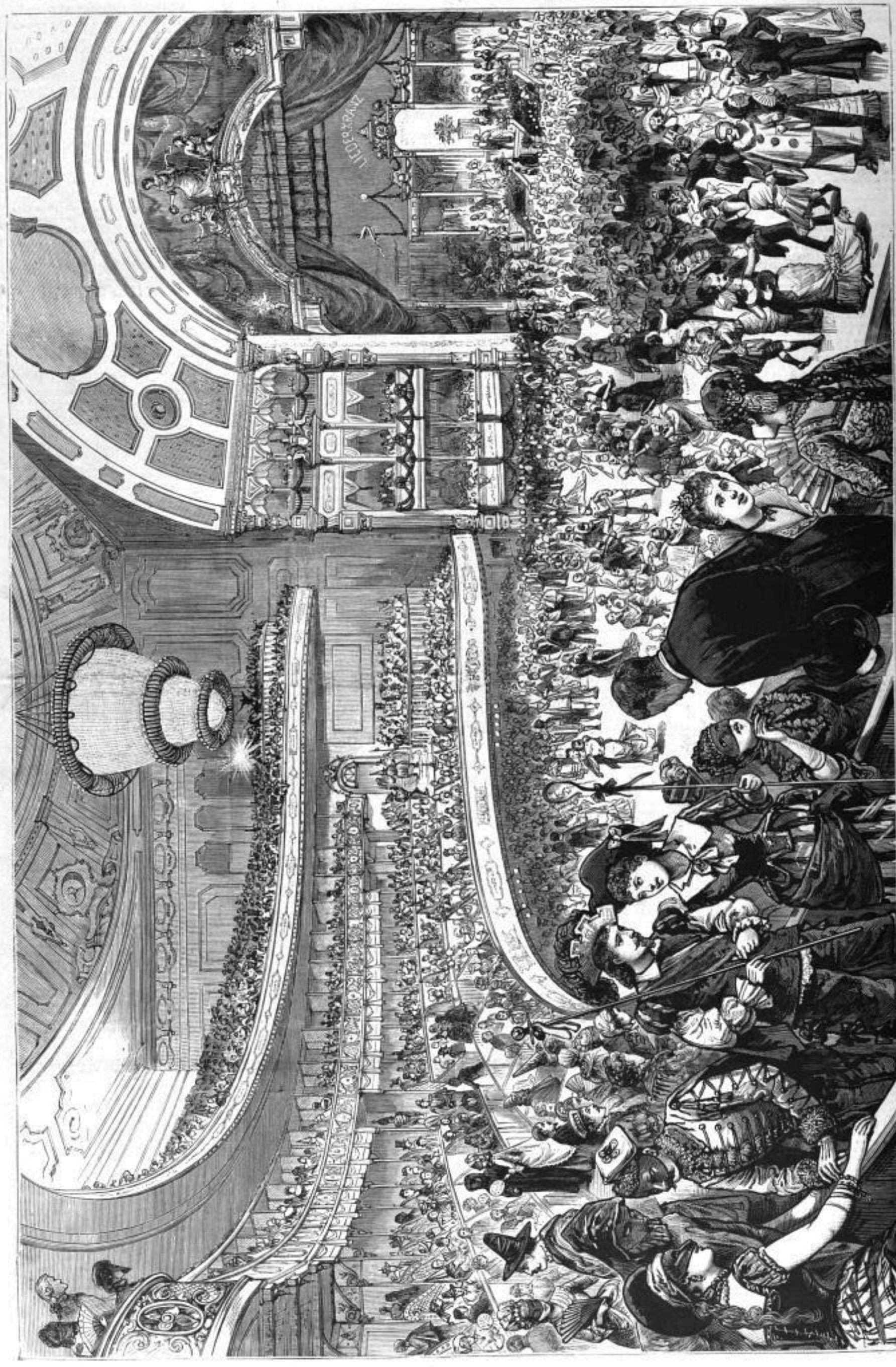
—A QUEBEC merchant has experimented successfully in shipping beef to England in the carcass. The animals are beheaded, the entrails are taken out, and the bodies pressed into a small compass and frozen. The hide is not removed until the voyage is over, and it is claimed that the meat is superior in appearance to other imported beef, and keeps longer.

—THE acceptances for the English Spring handicap races are announced. They include Mr. P. Lorillard's horses as follows: The brown gelding Parole, aged; the four years old bay colt Falsetto; and the following three-year olds: Chestnut colts Mistake and Wallenstein; chestnut fillies Sly Dance and Pappoose; bay fillies Geraldine and Nereid, and bay colt Borneo.

—LORD JOHN MANNERS, the English Postmaster-General, will introduce this session a scheme of postal notes in amplification of the money-order system. The idea is to issue notes of 2s 6d, 5s, 10s, 20s, the two first to be charged one penny each, and the two latter two pence each. These notes are to be payable at any savings bank or money order office, and will be sold in books as well as singly, so that the necessity of going to a money-order office every time money is to be transmitted and between certain hours of the day will be avoided. It is a proposal for a small paper currency, and, like the postal savings bank, is sure to be practicable and popular.

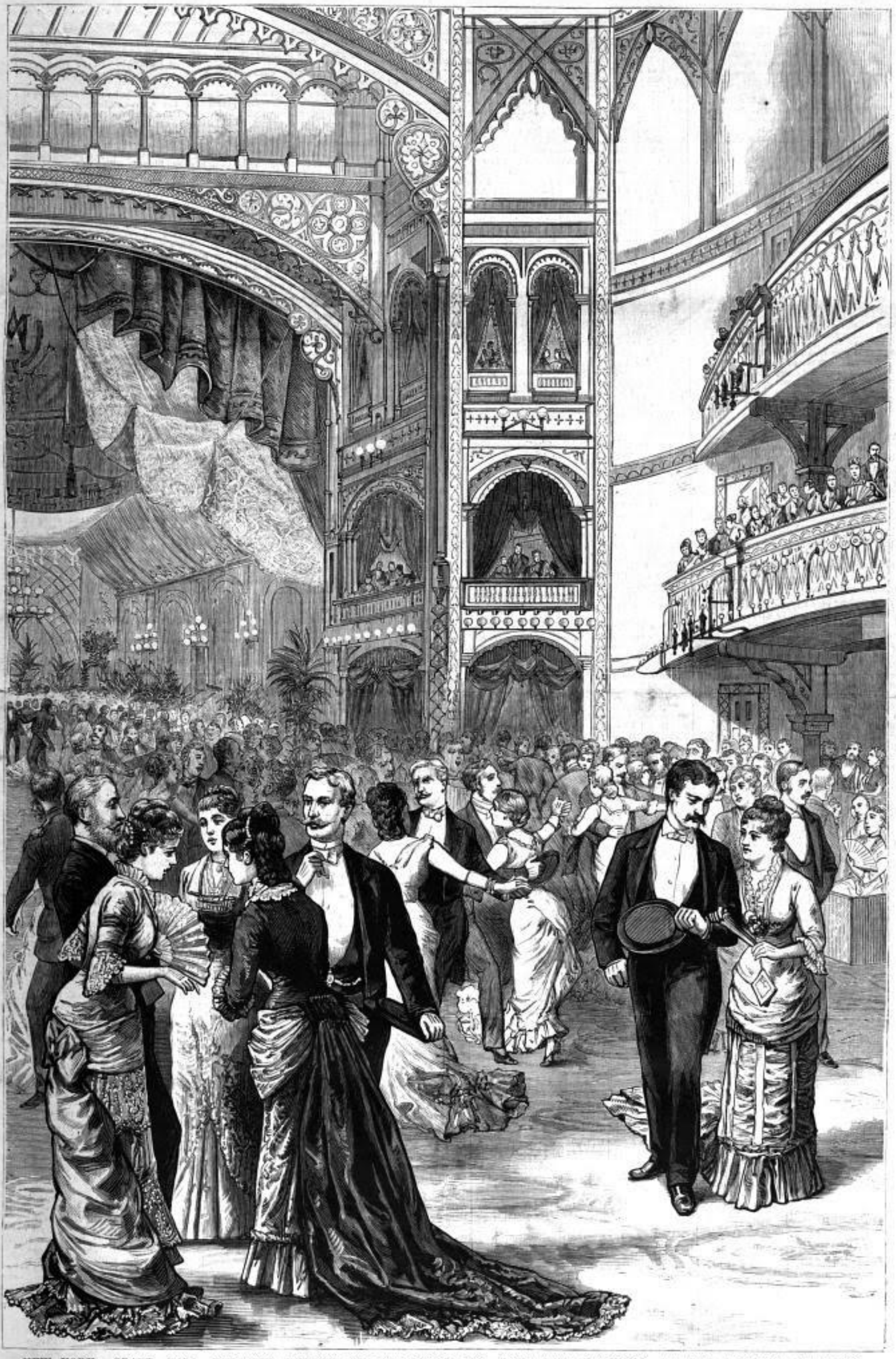
—PROFESSOR LOUIS BROWN, an artist of repute at Munich, is working on the most colossal painting, perhaps, ever attempted on canvas. It will represent a general view of the battle of Sedan. The sketch is now finished, and measures sixty feet in length by ten feet in width; the painting itself will be 400 feet by 50, and it is to be exhibited at Frankfort-on-the-Main, it is said, in two years. It is needless, perhaps, to add that a building will be constructed expressly for the purpose. The view of the battle is taken from a commanding spot affording the sight of the whole Valley of Sedan. The artist has selected the culminating point of the action, when the last and most desperate efforts of the French to open a way across the "circle of iron" were frustrated.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL RECEPTION AND MASQUERADE OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 5TH.—SEE PAGE 454.

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NEW YORK.—GRAND BALL, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 5TH.—SEE PAGE 461.

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DIES IRÆ.

DO you think that Love will forget it
When you turn to him in the end?
Do you dream you will not regret it,
And wish he were still your friend,
When round you the darkness closes,
And chill winds harry your roses,
While all that your tiret life knows is
How drear is the way to wend?

Can you trust that your gougd-like bower,
Grown rank in a single day,
Will burst to perennial flower
And fruitage of bliss for aye?
That its glamour and scent will hover,
Round you and your hey-day lover,
'Mid rose-red blossoms wherever
There lowers no sure decay?

Do you deem you will never miss them—
The hands that fondled your hair?
When no warm lips lean to kiss them
Will your quivering lips not care?
And the arms so glad to gird you—
And the heart that only heard you—
And the passionate breath that stirred you
In old days, ah, God, how fair!

To Love you were most disloyal,
And, like Judas, you sold your lord;
You stooped from a throne most royal,
And sinned of your free accord:
And, think you, when years bereave you,
And lovers for lust's sake leave you,
That he will again receive you—
A wanton from ways abhorred?

And I? I may then be, dearest,
More cold than is now your love;
Where the voice of my very nearest
Can thrill not again, nor move.
And the spirit that then sleeps under,
No anguish can rend asunder,
No sunlight, or storm or thunder,
That visits the world above.

Yet, sweet, as I bend before you
In the visions old memories send:
As, in bonds, I still adore you,
And, exiled, am still your friend.
Though these chains may not be riven,
I pray that you be forgiven,
And for all my dire pain shriven
When you turn to Love in the end!

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF HERS."

CHAPTER XXXI.—FLIX STILL DISLIKES HER.

WHATEVER may happen hereafter, however their paths may diverge, he has had her in his arms. Flix frowns desperately as this thought occurs to him very early in the morning as he makes his toilet in the large, low-ceiled room of the country hotel. And then thought goes back to that other time—the last time; what ages ago?—when he traveled this same road. The tavern in the old Virginia watering-place comes vividly before him—the elfish, beautiful child, with her impetuous whims, her daring, her temper and her tears. How unlike the lovely, helpless girl of last night—and yet, how like! Fainting and falling into his arms! His face is hot—how perfectly in character! Flying off to seek her fortune for nobody knew what, except from a reckless desire to make herself talked about, thought about.

"There's no doubt about her beauty," he murmured—"mother is right there. She's like no other girl I have seen; but what a dog's life she will lead her husband if ever she gets one! She will drive him frantic with her whims."

Very resolutely he tries to think of something else; but in his mirror—in the pale, watery-looking paper that disfigures the wall—in his shaving-cup—wherever he glances, he sees only her face, and is angry with himself that he does.

"Have I lived thirty years heart-whole to be entangled at last by this Bohemian?" he asks himself, and then recollects that he has said more than once that tame women do not please him.

"Pshaw! But a wife—that's different," he soliloquizes. "However, I don't want a wife; and as to fortune, I've plenty of money of my own."

According to appointment, he goes round to Salome's to breakfast. Sylve meets him with a coy manner and demure face—scarcely looks at him, in fact. She has been thinking nearly all night, and has come to the conclusion that she is a fool to fancy she can ever correct those early impressions. Has he not professed to hate her again and again? The words so terribly burned into her memory, and not effaced by absence, have come out in white-heat and scorch her brain. All the old distrust, anger, wretchedness, are coming back again. She bears the light well, and Flix looks at her resolutely to see what fault he can find with her. He can find none whatever, from the soft curve of her brow to the delicious roundness of her dimpled chin. It disturbs him that he thinks of her at all, and that in her soft, gray traveling dress, a little out of fashion, she looks so ladylike, and, if anything, more beautiful than she did the night before in that memorable crimson toilet.

Sylve has written a brief little note to poor Eve, still as Miss Brown, and is quite ready for her homeward going. She looks forward with a strange mingling of pleasure and pain to her journey and her city home. Of Mrs. Forester's love and forgiveness she is sure; quite as sure is she of Flix Forester's indifference. She has had a surfeit of Southern life and of independence, and is quite willing now to be cared for. As for Flix Forester, she will try and hate him as heartily as he hates her, knowing that two can play at that game, and further assured that it will be only play or pretense with her. He is very kind on the road—a thorough gentleman, protecting her from all annoyances, finding her the best seats, keeping her wants supplied, rarely smiling, seldom speaking; while she is proudly reserved and counting up all her faults and freaks in extenuation of his coldness, resolutely thinking of that damaging sentence she read in his day-book with reference to some sad blot on her family escutcheon.

"If it is possible," she says, again and again, "I'm going to hate him," and she begins by dwelling upon every look he has given, every word he has spoken.

The warmth of her reception at Forester mansion is beyond her wildest hopes. Mrs. Forester gathers her to her heart and kisses and cries over her. Again she sits in that pleasant dressing room before a blazing hickory fire, and a pretty-faced servant—all the others have been dismissed—brings in delicious refreshments. Ah, this is better than the homeless feeling that has sometimes made her so wretched—the careless, untidy manners of the careless untidy black servants; the quiet affection even of Salome and Eve Lewin. To be petted, welcomed with open arms—forgiven for the slight she has put upon society in the person of Mrs. Forester. To have shopping suggested, money *carte blanche*, a carriage at her command; last, not least, to be in the same house with her idol, even though he hated her. To see and wear the elegant little trifles that Mrs. Forester's forethought had kindly provided.

"Well, my dear Flix, and what do you think now? Sylve has been telling me all her adventures; she has really kept school and been earning money for herself. It seems to me she has come back vastly improved. Don't you see her now with different eyes? Come, confess."

"A little sunburned, isn't she?" queried Flix, looking up from his paper and speaking absently.

"Sunburned! Not a bit. Oh, I'm so glad to be spared those tormenting doubts and fears."

"Yes, I daresay she has an unlimited capacity for furnishing her friends with those pleasant little annoyances," he said, going on with his reading.

"You are not changed a bit, Flix. You still dislike the poor girl; and I have reason to think—I mean I believe—that in some way she divined that she was disagreeable to you, and that was the reason she went away."

"Very correct and womanly," echoed Flix, biting his lip.

"Well, you must remember that her childhood was neglected."

"I do. I also remember that she has made our name a by-word, and has disgraced herself."

"You know better, Flix," said his mother, sternly; "she has not disgraced herself nor us. Everybody in our set believes she was sent into the country."

"The butcher and the baker don't, and, as for others, we have been at the mercy of our servants."

"Then you are determined not to like her?"

"My dear mother, are we to have the old uneasiness renewed? What do you care whether I like Miss Sylve de Latude or not? I shall treat her with civility for your sake, I hope. Don't make me wish we had never heard of her again, or put me under the necessity of taking another long journey. It is just as I feared it would be—she brings variance with her."

"Oh, don't say that, Flix, dear; it is all my fault. I suppose I am foolish to love her so, but somehow I have taken her into my heart, as if she had been a daughter born to me. But don't let us have hard thoughts or unkind words between us. If it is impossible for you to like poor Sylve, I at least will accept the situation, and so will she. Luckily she will——"

The sentence was cut short by the appearance of Sylve herself, in a charming morning costume. She colored a little as she answered Flix's grave "Good-morning," but his coldness was more than made up for by Mrs. Forester, who kissed her on both cheeks, and led her to her old seat at the breakfast-table. It was some time before she felt, and could act, naturally, with Flix vis-a-vis, and his picture also on the opposite wall, the latter staring her out of countenance.

CHAPTER XXXII.—READING OF THE MURDER.

"AND how much longer must I stay in this cursed place?"

The voice came from a bed in the private ward of a hospital, whose occupant was a man of powerful build, but whose voice, though peculiar and grating, was as weak as that of a child.

The doctor had not yet gone his rounds—he usually visited his private patients first—but the nurse, a tall, gaunt woman, stood by the bedside with a bowl in her hand. Vintresse had just entered.

"Sure, sir, tell him it's insisted that he keeps still, sir," said the woman, imploringly.

"Major, it will be better for your wound if you keep silence for a few hours longer; the movement of the lips hinders it healing!"

"Oh, the devil take the wound," retorted the other; "will it do if I talk through my teeth, then? But talk I must if it disfigures me for life?"

"Perhaps, if you are very careful," responded young Vintresse, who had finished taking off his gloves. "But you know I am at your service. I have brought a baker's dozen of papers, and can read all day if you like, straight on. There is really no necessity of your talking."

"Isn't there, though? You lie here with your jaws bandaged for a month, and see what you think then. There, I've had enough of that stuff; for heaven's sake take it away;" he had been imbibing nourishment from the hands of the nurse. "God be thanked, she's gone! Why couldn't they send me a good-looking woman while they were about it? She's a female Mephistopheles."

"Because it was impossible to find the two qualities combined, I suppose—beauty and strength. This woman has the arms of a Hercules. She can lift you like a baby," said Vintresse, laughing.

"Well, I'd have paid somebody with a decent face well for looking in upon me occasionally, then," was the response, in a weak, querulous voice, which, coming through nearly closed lips, had an indescribable effect. "Don't you know I'd sell my soul for beauty and luxury?"

"Not quite so bad as that, major, I hope," said Vintresse, smiling; "but come, shall I read you the California papers first?"

"Wait a while, they'll keep; I want to talk a little. Have you seen Forester lately? Do you cultivate him?"

"Most decidedly. I told you yesterday the young lady had been found."

"My daughter, yes. Have you seen her yet?"

"I have not, but I was just going on to say that I shall see her to-night. I have heard marvelous accounts of her beauty, however."

"Oh, yes," trying to smile, and making himself hideous, "she's likely to—to be handsome—little devil! I didn't think she'd have the spirit in her, and yet—ha! ha! ha! One can't always depend upon the stock. If you'll believe me, her mother was like an angel—so I have heard."

"So you have heard!" ejaculated Vintresse, curiously. "One would think you ought to know."

"Yes, one would think so," said the sick man, grimly; "but one's conjectures are not always right. Live with some people ninety-nine years, and you cannot fathom them. You like Forester, then?"

"Very much; he seems one of the most honorable of gentlemen."

"There must have been some reason why the girl ran away," muttered the sick man, moodily; "can he have made love to her, I wonder? He is much older than she, but such things have happened. There'll be no trouble once she sees you," he added, catching the eye of his companion. The young man blushed violently.

"If he cannot interest her I stand a poor chance," he said; "but I think I understood you to say that Mr. Forester is not aware of your relationship."

"No; does that seem strange? Well, it is one of those things one must take on faith. I told you before, I have family secrets, which, in good time, I will explain to you. Why, man, my history unfolded shall make each separate hair stand up on your head. I promise you it would furnish a romance more interesting than anything you have read or can write. Why, man, I've been dead and buried."

"Good God, sir! can you be in your right mind?" ejaculated Vintresse. "Dead and buried!"

"Buried, certainly, with all the honors, and a beautiful young widow following me to the grave, the coffin lowered, the clods cast on, the grave closed up, ay, the worms packed in close with the mold, and yet—here I am, just escaped a second interment by the skin of my teeth. Ha! ha! an apt simile, the skin of my teeth—confound 'em, they interfere with my pronunciation. But we'll let that pass till the time comes to tell you all my history. You have spoken to Forester about me?"

Vintresse drew a long breath; these last words of the sick man had thrown him into a dumb astonishment, from which he could not easily rally.

"I have spoken about you, sir, more than once."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"That he should be happy to serve you, particularly in the interest of Miss de Latude."

"You have not told him of our relationship?" He put his hand out eagerly, catching the other by the sleeve.

"I acted upon your own instructions, sir. If I had told him that, how could I have accounted for the difference in name?"

"True, true," muttered the other; "but I shall soon be able to resume my own name, as I told you, but I don't care to do so till the last moment; there's no urgent need just now, and, to tell you the truth, I'm not particularly in love with my own name. I have seen too much trouble under it. My change of fortune came with my change of name; curious, isn't it? Suppose, now, with the resumption of my old nomenclature my luck turns again? I was never superstitious in my life, but, by the Lord! that idea troubles me sometimes. Pshaw! what nonsense; the fantasies of a sick brain."

"Disobeying orders," said a low voice; and the doctor stood by the bedside, his pale, grave face older than its years, looking down with kindly severity upon his patient.

"Doctor Wilde, good-morning," said Vintresse, shaking hands over the pallet. "I have been wishing you would come to lay your commands upon this refractory patient. He will not be silent, though I have agreed to read, rant, do anything that will serve to interest him."

"For heaven's sake, borrow one of Barnum's monkeys," said the sick man, impatiently; "his antics might possibly amuse me. I want action, action!"

"You want absolute repose," said Wilde, gravely. "The wound in the mouth is very much inflamed this morning. If fever should supervene, I can't answer for your life."

"Well, I suppose I must die some time," muttered the sick man, through nearly closed lips, "but I confess I want one more bout with fortune, and I'm not an old man yet. Doctor, I promise you I'll be quiet—confound my tongue!"

After a little time employed in altering and arranging bandages, writing prescriptions and attending generally to the patient, the doctor left to go the rounds of the hospital.

"I like that young fellow," said Vintresse, "he appears to throw all his heart and soul into his profession. But for all his youth, he seems one overburdened with care or trouble—and yet, I have sometimes wondered why you prefer a physician who is scarcely free from college trammels. Never mind, don't speak! I can imagine all you would say—now for the papers."

Quietly yet carefully he read, skimming the cream of the correspondence, through the dailies and the weeklies for two hours, and yet the eyes of his friend looked from under their thick but well-formed brows, a longing for more. Suddenly Vintresse stopped. He held the paper forward with a pained motion, as if to shield his face which had grown pale and anxious. De Neal noticed the action, and reaching out his hand pulled the sheet away from the reader's face, and, with imperative motions, bade him read aloud what had so surprised and affected him.

"It is really of no consequence, at least to you," said Vintresse, with an altered voice; "it merely brought to my recollection a painful fact with which I—or, at least, not with which I was connected—but I knew the poor fellow well—and—and there are circumstances—at least there were circumstances," he made a dead pause, as if from uncertainty as to how to word his declarations, or from pained feeling.

"Read, I say!" said De Neal, through his closed lips. "What interests you will interest me, of course."

"I beg you will not speak," said Vintresse, with alacrity, "and I will read. I knew the poor fellow to whom this refers intimately well; I knew his family, and into what sore straits they were thrown after his death. This is a letter from some correspondent who signs himself 'Varney.' He makes some reflections upon a murder recently committed and concludes in these words: 'The case is very similar in all its bearings to the murder committed several years ago on the country road in ——, Virginia, the person there murdered being also a peddler, by the name of Ben Lake. Silence and mystery have ever since attended upon all efforts to fix upon the assassin. He, also, had a large sum of money taken from his person, and his character that of a pleasant, jocose, happy-go-lucky New Englander——'"

"For God's sake, stop!"

The voice was so terrible that the young man sprang to his feet. The sight that met his glance astonished and for the moment paralyzed him. De Neal seemed to be looking at some object in the air with staring eyeballs; the veins like great cords stood out almost writhing and twisting upon his pallid temples, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, his knees were violently drawn up, and he clutched the bedclothes with that tense, terrible grasp with which the victim of some torturing spasm holds whatever its fingers can compass.

"For God's sake, what have I done? What is the matter?"

"Pain, pain! the devil's 'rack'!" gasped De Neal, suddenly shaking from head to foot, while the wound in his mouth began to open, and a stream of blood ran trickling over the pillow.

Vintresse sprang for the bell-cord, sure that his friend was in the agony of death. The ill-favored nurse appeared.

"Find Doctor Wilde—tell him to come here—there is a change, you see—hurry." The nurse cast one affrighted look upon the sick man and disappeared, as Vintresse shouted after her, "Bring any doctor you can find."

"Curse my ill luck!" muttered De Neal, "curse all newspapers and newsmongers, say I. It will be the death of me—a dog's death—a dog's death. Draw down the blind, will you, Vintresse? Wipe the blood away; can't you make yourself useful, man? Tell the girl, tell Sylve, I would have seen her—tell her—but stay—you don't know the whole story. I wish I could have seen her once. Doctor, I have had a shock—a chill, I think—and I can't keep my teeth still if I would. Give me some brandy, quick, quick! Why, I'm cold from head to foot."

"How did this happen?" asked the doctor, as he came hurrying into the room. "Send Smythe here with bandages, and ask Linforth to bring his instruments," he added, in an aside to the nurse. "Hurry, there is every danger. Why, how in heaven's name came this to pass? It was getting on excellently, that wound, this morning, though there was some inflammation. What was it shocked him?"

"He would hear it. I was reading the account of a murder," said Vintresse.

"Then, I am afraid you have killed him."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—FLIX FORESTER IN LOVE.

"TO-NIGHT, dear, you must wear your mother's diamonds."

This was said by Mrs. Forester as she came in to superintend Sylve's toilet with her own hands. The maid who was dressing her young mistress worked as if employed in a labor that she loved, and, indeed, the fair image standing before the tall mirror was beautiful enough to justify the enthusiasm of her attendants, as they both ever and anon let fall some pretty speech complimentary of her beauty. Sylve looked smilingly in the mirror, flashed back the soft lightnings of the lustrous hazel eyes, while her lovely lips smiled in answer to the vision there, and her cheeks flushed like the rosy petals of the sweetest flower that grows. It was, in fact, to her great beauty that Sylve owed the almost adoring affection by which she was regarded by Mrs. Forester. She was attired in white lace falling over the softest and faintest tint of pink, the satin underdress gleaming like roses through tissues of pearl.

"Who did you say was coming here to-night whom Mr. Forester thinks I shall admire

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so much?" asked Sylve, after adjusting the glittering necklace on her bosom, and preparing to draw over shapely hands and wrists the white gloves that made a delicate finish to her toilet.

"Vintresse, I think, was the name," said Mrs. Forester, rising and smoothing out the folds of violet velvet of which her dress was composed.

"Vintresse—the name is French, isn't it? Vintresse—I have seen it somewhere, or else I dreamed it. Ah, now I remember! I did see it in a little prayer-book that Salome's cousin Lily kept as choice as if it were virgin gold. Yes, the very name; and her lover deserted her, poor little thing. Would it not be strange if it was the same person? Do you know, I mean to try and find out?"

"I would say nothing about it if I were you," responded Mrs. Forester. "It would be so awkward for him if it happens to be the same."

"Oh, not to-night, certainly, but if I should become better acquainted with him, I can mention the maid forlorn, and see how he takes it. One can judge from a little what a good deal means."

"Diamonds become you. I am anxious to hear what Flix will say," said Mrs. Forester.

"What, about me?"

"Yes, dear, in diamonds."

"I hope he won't like them!"

"Why?"

"I rather fancy not being admired by Mr. Forester."

"How very foolish for you to talk so!"

"Not at all; he never did like me," said Sylve, her cheeks reddening into scarlet, "and I don't like him, so we're quits."

"You are two silly geese," Mrs. Forester exclaimed, laughing as she rose; "you have made up your minds that you will be like strangers, though living in the same house. You might, at least, condescend to treat him like a brother."

"I will, when he condescends to treat me like a sister. Oh, Mrs. Forester, please don't let us talk about it, for I am in a very pleasant mood at the prospect of meeting this handsome foreigner, you know, and I really had rather not mention Flix—I mean Mr Forester."

"I wouldn't call him Flix, my dear," said Mrs. Forester, with gentle irony.

"No, indeed, not for worlds," retorted Sylve, biting her lips; "that was a slip of the tongue."

"Well, at all events, don't quarrel with him to-night, if you can help it," said Mrs. Forester; "it makes me so unhappy to see you always at swords' points. Don't be angry with me for saying it—come, give me a kiss."

Sylve kissed her with seeming reluctance, for Flix and his doings were seldom far from his mother's thoughts and always on her tongue; and though at any moment, given the right conditions, Sylve could have fallen down and worshiped him, yet his apparently unspoken contempt for her and his punctilious politeness in her presence, so far removed from both friendship and hate—as she thought—made the subject almost forbidding.

"I wish I had asked Amy to bring me my smelling-salts when she went down," said Mrs. Forester, a moment after.

"Let me go; where did you leave it?"

"On the *étagère*, near the window; but I will not allow you to go; ring for Amy."

"Please let me. I want to take a turn or two down the parlors before the people come," said Sylve. "My train is so very long, I must have a little practice. I will be up in a minute or two."

"Don't trouble yourself; send Amy," said Mrs. Forester, seating herself languidly. Down ran Sylve into the shining, flower-decked room below, a very fairy bower, where mirrors reflected the lights and the roses, the soft white gleam of marbles, the exquisite colors of the paintings upon the walls. Twice she paced up and down, bearing herself regally, and stretching her swan's neck to see how she looked in the mirrors, before she observed Flix standing in the recess caused by the fall of the heavy inner damask curtains. She caught the half-smile that he tried to conceal, and a hot flush crimsoned neck and forehead. For a moment she stood gazing at him, her resentment no ways abated by his now quiet smile.

"Do you see anything so very ridiculous?" she managed to say at last. "I was only practicing my peacock's trail, and I fancy I shall manage it very easily, even if you laugh at me."

"I am not laughing at you, Miss Sylve," he said. "I beg your pardon, it was not *at* you I was smiling."

"Thank you. I suppose it would not be polite to say I doubt you!" she retorted.

"Most certainly it would not," was his cool rejoinder. "You may rely upon my telling you the truth."

"Always. I rather think I can, no matter how it cuts," she answered, bitterly. "Well, you are my guardian, much older than I am, I suppose you have a right."

It was his turn to flush now.

"I certainly have a right," he said.

"And you exercise it sometimes when there is no call for it," she answered back, struggling with her emotions. "You are always critical, always cold. You make me afraid of you."

"Afraid of me?"—he had come a step forward. "What have I done that I have made you afraid of me?"

"Everything that a man could do to show his contempt for a woman," was her undaunted answer, and her anger only made her more beautiful.

"Miss Sylve," and his voice was altered, "that is a grave charge. I beg you to take it back, or to soften its harshness. I show contempt for a woman—*I*?"

"Yes, you do. I have seen it in a thousand ways. I don't blame you for disliking me, for I know I am rather a strange girl, and, as a child, gave you a great deal of trouble. And then there are other things"—she hesitated and changed color; "but you must think I care a great deal. I don't, I don't really, only for your mother's sake. She is as good and kind as you are cold and unforgiving, and, perhaps, goes too far the other way and spoils me. That is what makes some things so hard to bear—hard because she is troubled by it."

He stood there looking down upon her, as if revolving in his mind what he ought to say, when suddenly she turned away, spied the little bottle on the *étagère*, and saying, "That is what I came for," seized it, and walked down the room.

"Miss Sylve," said Flix, and something in his voice startled her.

"Never mind," she said, lightly—"some other time." She would have turned and faced him—longed to do so—but if she had, the brimming tears must have run down her cheeks, and she had rather die than let him see them; so she hurried from the room. He took a few quick steps after her, then paused, and watched the light figure flashing under the full blaze of the hall light.

"It is just as well," he muttered. "At that moment if she had turned I should have compromised myself. God knows what mad words I might have said. I should have placed myself at her mercy, and I do believe she hates me. What was it my mother said when she, too, accused me of hate towards this gypsy? 'I heartily hope some day she will make you sorry.' How the words ring in my ears! Well, mother, your wishes are gratified, if you did but know it. She has made me sorry—sorry that I ever knew her, sorry that we ever found her, sorry to the core of my heart that I am the fool her soft eyes have made me. Yes, at last she has her revenge. I love her madly; but, would I marry her under that cause and stain and double shame? No. And yet there are times when I fear I could not trust myself if she gave me one word, one look, of encouragement; but so secure do I feel in her knowledge of what she considers my dislike towards her, that I am not afraid of betraying my secret. I can at least watch her under the filmy folds of this suspicion, dwell on her gestures, her ravishing smiles, her glances, which are so quickly averted from me. And some day she will marry, and I—— No, no, I shall not be here! I could not; it would kill me to see her given away! Oh, fool that I am! But then there is this excuse for me—I never loved before. I never knew what a terrible tyrant Love can be."

(*To be continued.*)

WHY NOT HAVE CHEAP SUGAR?

THE general public may have noticed in the daily papers reports from Washington of examinations and statements before Congressional committees in regard to the sugar duties. They have doubtless been bewildered by figures and statistics, Dutch grades and polariscopes. Yet as the good public uses the sugar and pays for it, there seems to be some ground for the suspicion that the public at large are directly interested in the sugar question.

We raise some sugar in Louisiana, and all will be willing to do something to protect the sugar-growers of that State. Beyond that, there is no reason for a high duty on sugar, and the consumer is not aware, we are certain, how fearfully he is taxed on this article of universal necessity—an article that forms a part of the daily purchase and use in the poorest as well as the richest dwellings in the country.

How many people know that sugar that can be bought for less than four cents a pound will cost more than eight cents a pound when landed in Key West, only a few hours' sail?

The refiners who have recently been examined at Washington, and who are the great advocates of dear sugar, say the ad valorem duty on sugar under the present tariff is from fifty-four per cent. to sixty-two per cent.; but we are assured on good authority that this is a very low estimate, and that on many grades it is actually more than a hundred per cent.

Why should people have such an enormous duty put upon a thing of prime necessity? Duties on wines, liquors, cigars, silks, laces, and on luxuries, may be high, but why should the poor be taxed on sugar, as though it were a luxury that only the rich could afford?

This prohibitive duty has produced a strange result. The sugar-planters are not behind the times; they have abandoned the rude old methods for the manufacture of sugar; they have improved the culture of the cane, have fine and costly machinery; they can turn out an excellent quality of sugar, and really do produce it for shipment to Spain; but as it would be ruinous to send such sugar to the United States they are compelled to manufacture poorer sugars for this market.

Is there any sense in our Government thus setting a premium on poor goods and compelling the manufacturers to abandon the production of the best article to gratify a few at the expense of the many? Our duty on Cuban sugar causes the Spanish Government to retaliate and exclude our produce from the island. Spanish vessels go to Buenos Ayres to obtain jerked beef for consumption on the sugar-plantations, when we, under a different system, might send our fresh and salted beef and pork from Texas and the West. Liverpool ships take rice from India to their English seaport, whence Spanish vessels carry it to Cuba, when our rice-fields in Carolina are deprived of that market.

The amount of sugar consumed in this country is enormous. The sugar product of Louisiana forms but a small part, yet it amounted last year to 240,000,000 of pounds, valued at $12,000,000, our whole consumption being about 1,700,000,000 of pounds, for which we pay about $120,000,000.

Our illustration shows the progress of the sugar manufacture in Cuba. In the old time a long line of two-wheeled carts, drawn slowly by oxen, toiled steadily on for days, till a huge pile of cane was raised near the mill. Then the grinding began and went on slowly by animal power, and the juice was boiled in large open kettles to a certain point. After that it was transferred to another set of kettles and boiled to the crystallizing point. The clay process then bleached it by a slow system that required weeks.

Now a movable railroad runs from the sugar-mill to one point after another of the plantation. The estates called Ingenios have improved vastly of late years. Once the number of slaves constituted their wealth, now it is the excellence of their machinery and labor-saving inventions.

Now where the serried ranks of the sugar cane stand, tall, close and strong, their rich, green leaves rustling defiance to the enemy, the field-hands, armed with machetes, begin their toil. With one blow the stalk is cut near the ground, and with a second it is cut about half-way up. The leaves and top are separated to serve as provender for the oxen. When near the railroad the bare, bright sections of cane are carried in baskets to the cars; when the ground prevents the track being run near, these pieces are loaded into ox-carts.

Great economy has been introduced into this part, and the number of hands and oxen is much less than of old, large four-wheeled dumping-carts, built for the purpose in Massachusetts, doing three or four times the work of the old and ruder vehicles.

The overseers long opposed all innovation, and for years looked with contempt on our plows, preferring to tear up the ground with a forked branch pointed at the end and dragged by a chain; but that day is past. The canes, piled into cars, are run up rapidly and dumped into the conductor, which feeds the fine grinding machinery seen in our illustration. There is less handling, and the juice comes out into tanks not exposed, and consequently much purer. It is then pumped up to a defecator, which removes impurities by means of animal charcoal, and the pure sugar-giving juice is then run into the vacuum pan, where it undergoes a boiling, and thence to a second pan, where it receives that which crystallizes the sugar.

For the Spanish market it then goes to the centrifugal and is refined; but as this operation would unfit it for the American market, it is kept as large in grain and as poor in quality as possible, that it may be able to pay our duties, and the refiners here have a margin to make a profit.

The molasses is subject to a process by which it produces an inferior sugar and a second grade of molasses, and even this second grade, which formerly was run out into the ditches, is now manufactured into a still lower grade of sugar.

Instead of trying to produce a fine, clear sugar, with high sweetening qualities, the action of our Government virtually encourages the production of the poorest qualities, for which we pay the highest price. Why not have cheap sugar?

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Shrinking of the water in Tulare Lake, Cal., has uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone buildings, traces of canals once bordered with planted trees, and other evidences of occupation by an unknown race, being clearly defined as the water subsides.

The Dates of the freezing of the Neva have been carefully observed from 1703. It has never frozen sooner than, in 1805, on October 15th, nor later than, 1740, when it froze on December 28th. This year the date is November 15th; the mean date is November 12th.

A Grant of $50,000 has been made by the Minister of Public Instruction at Paris to the French Committee of the International African Association, in order to enable them to establish two stations similar to those which the Belgian expeditions are about to found in Eastern Africa.

The King of Sweden has expressed his wish that after the *Vega* has reached Naples, Professor Nordenskjöld and Lieutenant Palander should, on their trip overland, visit several geographical societies on the continent. At Copenhagen they are to rejoin their ship, and with it proceed to Stockholm.

The Officers and engineers appointed to proceed to Algeria for the survey of the Trans-Saharan railway, are leaving Paris by batches. They take with them a number of aneroid barometers specially constructed, which will be verified frequently by boiling water with a hypsometer of very simple construction.

M. Perrier, the head of the French Survey, has been appointed a Member of the Academy of Sciences. It may be remembered that M. Perrier is a commander on the staff, and has just accomplished one of the greatest geodetic feats on record, the connection of the South of Spain with the Algerian province of Oran.

The Well-known Boulak Museum at Cairo has been undergoing repairs, and the fine collection was deposited in a neighboring warehouse under what seemed proper guardianship. But robbers the other day broke in through the roof, and they must have been robbers of a certain rank of intellect, for some eighty or one hundred scarabees of great value pecuniarily, and impossible to replace, as they related to the early dynasties, were abstracted, although they were things of no apparent worth to an ignorant person.

The Annual Prize of 25,000 francs ($5,000), given by the King of the Belgians, for works of a scientific character, is now offered for the year 1881. It will be awarded to the author of the best work on the means of improving seaports, situated upon low and sandy coasts, such as Belgian ports. Foreigners as well as Belgian subjects may compete, as the competition is an international one. The works must be sent to the "Ministère de l'Intérieur," at Brussels, before January 1st next. The prize will be awarded by a jury composed of four foreigners and three Belgians, all of whom are nominated by His Majesty.

The Platinum Group of Metals.—The six metals (of which platinum is the chief) usually found more or less in association, present characteristics of interest beyond their metallurgical utility, which are, perhaps, worth alluding to. It is, for instance, a curious fact that the group should consist of three light and three heavy metals, each division being of approximately the same specific gravity—the heavier having (in round figures) just double the density of the lighter series. Thus we find osmium, iridium and platinum forming the first division, of the respective specific gravities of 22.48, 22.39 and 21.46; whilst ruthenium, rhodium and palladium are represented by the figures 11.40, 11.36 and 11, the average densities of the heavy and light divisions thus being respectively 22.48 and 11.25. The metals of the group also vary greatly in their relative properties of stability. Thus platinum, palladium and rhodium form the first or highest class, not being volatilizable in a state of oxide; iridium, osmium and ruthenium forming a second or lower class, their oxides being more or less readily volatilized. An alloy of 90 per cent. platinum and 10 per cent. iridium is used as the international prototype standard of weight and measure.

Destruction of the Sierra Forests.—Western papers are now pointing out the great risk there is of the magnificent Sierra forests becoming denuded, as they are now and for years have been at the mercy of private greed and public theft. Notwithstanding the ravages of the past there are miles of forests left, and many ravines wherein no chopper's ax has yet resounded. It is not the ax alone that is feared, but the sheep and cattle owned by private individuals that have for years been pastured on the Government lands of the Sierras. The common practice has been for a man having perhaps five or ten thousand head of sheep, to purchase one eagle quarter section from the Government to build his house on, and perhaps to hold the best springs of water. From that central point his flocks and herds roam for miles under the spicy pines and cedars, trampling the soft rich ground until it is like iron, destroying every seed, killing all the young trees, and causing the State a yearly loss in the value of her forests, which is far more than the worth of the whole flock of sheep. A somewhat similar devastation has taken place in New England, where forests have been cut down to furnish charcoal for the manufacture of iron. Every ton of such iron has been dearly bought, and not only the present but future generations will have to pay for it.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KING HUMBERT has bought land in Abyssinia, and is trying to start an Italian colony there.

MR. JAMES GRANT, a wealthy, childless citizen of Iowa, has brought up in his house, educated and set up in business, fifteen orphan boys.

THE Bey of Tunis has given that city a railroad and waterworks, but cannot yet afford gas. The town is, however, very safe and orderly at night.

FRIENDS of Mr. George H. Stuart are about to establish a national bank in Philadelphia with a capital stock of $500,000, and Mr. Stuart as its President.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S face is getting to be covered with puckers and wrinkles, but his hair is little changed from the youthful raven black. His health is said to be failing.

DR. GERHARD ROHLFS, the eminent African traveler, has returned to Berlin, from his last unsuccessful attempt to penetrate into the centre of the Dark Continent.

HERR ETTER, the Prussian Minister of Finance, has a considerable reputation in Germany as a musical critic, and the second edition of his "Life of Bach" has just appeared at Berlin.

SENATOR LAMAR is reported to be rapidly recovering his health, and it is expected that he will be in Washington in a few days. He is now able to walk about without the aid of crutches.

HITHERTO the property of persons dying intestate without known heirs in the Duchy of Cornwall has lapsed to the Crown, but it is now established that it belongs to the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall.

ON the heels of the charge that Tennyson is a plagiarist comes the statement that he has always made wise investments and his fortune now amounts to $1,000,000. This stamps him as the most truly original of poets.

MR. DAVID MATTHEWS, the builder of the first locomotive ever constructed in this country, now lives in San Francisco. This engine was called "The Best Friend of Charleston," and was built at the West Point Foundry Works.

THE Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has determined to raise a popular subscription for the purpose of placing a marble statue of Reuben R. Springer in the vestibule of the Music Hall. The statue will be executed by Preston Powers, son of the late Hiram Powers.

THE bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are all more than fifty years of age. Bishop Scott is 78; Bishop Peck, 69; Bishop Simpson, 69; Bishop Bowman, 63; Bishop Harris, 63; Bishop Foster, 60; Bishop Wiley, 55; Bishop Merrill, 55; and Bishop Andrews, 55.

THE richest youthful heiress of the day in England is Miss Maynard, granddaughter of Viscount Maynard. She has £20,000 a year in land, and large accumulations of money. Miss Maynard made her *début* at a magnificent ball at her seat in Essex last month.

CAPTAIN CAREY is at Malta, and goes by the name of the "Hero." His own brother-officers are very courteous in their behavior to him. At a reception at the Palace, the other day, the appearance of the "Hero" and his wife caused as much excitement as the advent of a professional beauty would have done.

MR. LARKIN J. MEAD, the sculptor, is married to a beautiful Italian lady with whom he could not at first acquaintance talk, neither knowing the other's language. They have a charming home in Florence. Mr. Mead is one of the kindest of men and most generous of artists, always sympathetic and helpful to younger artists.

MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, member of the House of Commons, addressing his constituents at Derby, on February 3d, referred to the loss of life and property caused by the shifting of cargoes, and said that it could be effectually remedied at a trifling expense. The remedy, which he intended to bring before Parliament, was the loading of grain in sacks.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA, the Piute Princess, is a woman of medium height, not very dark, with full, expressive black eyes, a mobile mouth, and much animation when she smiles. She was educated at San José, Cal., and for years has been employed by the Government as an interpreter. She dresses in a dark brown suit with satin trimmings, and a touch of color about it, and wears her hair banged.

THE well-known German newspaper, the *Hamburger Correspondent*, will shortly complete its hundredth year of life. To celebrate the centenary it will issue some curiosities connected with its own literary history, and among other things it will *fac-simile* the paper as it was issued when Marshal Davoust was in occupation of the city and caused the paper to be printed in green characters to suit his weak eyes.

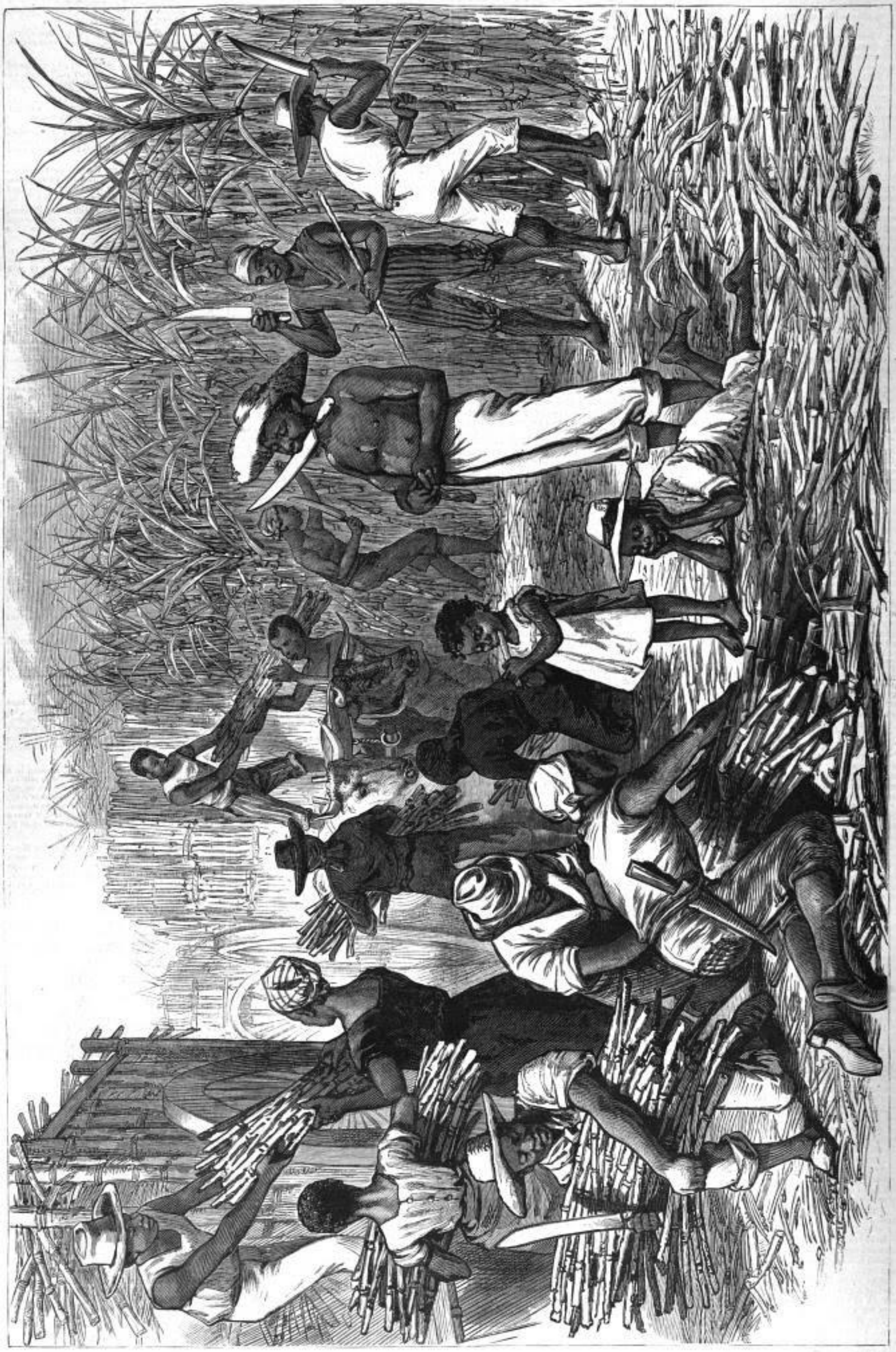
THE oldest bishop in the Church of England is Bishop Ollivant of Llandaff, aged 82; the youngest, Rt. Rev. Rowley Hill, bishop of Sodor and Man, aged 44. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is Rt. Rev. John Robert Darley, bishop of Kilmore, aged 80; the youngest, Rt. Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, bishop of Cork, aged 46. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is Rt. Rev. Robert Eden, bishop of Moray and Ross (Primus), aged 76; the youngest, Rt. Rev. George Richard Mackarness, bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 52.

MR. GEORGE WALKER, who has been nominated by the President to be United States Consul General in Paris, is a Vice-President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, acting President of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company, and President of the Edison Telephone Company. He is a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Dartmouth, and was a lawyer in Springfield, Mass., previous to coming to this city ten years ago. He has been a member of the State Senate in Massachusetts, and has visited Europe several times on financial missions from the Treasury Department.

THE award of the $1,000 prize of the Cincinnati College of Music to Mr. Dudley Buck, of this city, for his cantata, "Scenes from Longfellow's Golden Legend," is gratifying to his friends. The judges were Mr. Otto Singer, of Cincinnati; Mr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York; Mr. Asger Hamerik, of Baltimore; Mr. Carl Zerrahn, of Boston; and Mr. Thomas was presiding judge. It is stated that Mr. Buck's "Golden Legend" and "The Tale of the Viking," by George E. Whiting, were the strongest claimants for the prize, and Mr. Thomas was called upon to cast the deciding vote, which he did in favor of the "Golden Legend."

THE Princess Louise landed at Halifax on Monday, February 24, accompanied by the Governor-General, who had gone on board the *Sarmatian*. Guards of honor from the Ninety-seventh and Sixty-sixth regiments were present, salutes were fired from the forts and crowds of people on the wharf cheered lustily. The Princess was received by Lieutenant Governor Archibald, Colonel Drayson, R. A., the Mayor and Provincial Secretary, and other prominent officials. The viceregal party at once entered Governor Archibald's sleigh and drove to the Government House. The reception was most hearty; flags were displayed from many buildings and throughout the city.

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CUBA.—THE GREAT SUGAR INDUSTRY.—CUTTING AND LOADING THE CANE ON THE PLANTATION OF LAS CAÑAS.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 459.

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HON. PHILIP H. MORGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO MEXICO.

HON. THOMAS C. PLATT.

QUARANTINE COMMISSIONER.

EX-CONGRESSMAN PLATT, who has been nominated and confirmed Quarantine Commissioner of the Port of New York, was born at Owego, N. Y., on July 15th, 1833. His early education was at the Owego Academy, then noted as one of the best preparatory schools of the State. Mr. Platt was a member of the Class of 1853 of Yale College, New Haven, but was compelled to withdraw in his junior year on account of serious and continued ill-health. His standing as a student was high, and the scholarly tastes then formed have been since developed, so that, although his life has been one of close attention to business pursuits, he is known to his intimate friends as a gentleman of ripe culture and varied learning. He has always resided at Owego, where he was for years a successful merchant. He has been the President of the Tioga National Bank since its organization, and is also extensively engaged in lumbering in Michigan. He was County Clerk of Tioga for the term commencing with January, 1859, having been elected to the office by a majority in excess of that usually obtained by the candidates of his party even in that strong Republican district. Although several times suggested, and once nominated, as the Republican candidate for Congress, he steadily declined such nomination, until the Autumn of 1872, when he was elected to the Forty-third Congress by a majority of 3,200 over the Hon. Milo Goodrich. The latter was the nominee of the combined Liberal Republican and Democratic parties of the district, and had been the Representative in the Forty-second Congress.

HON. PHILIP H. MORGAN,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO MEXICO.

PHILIP HICKY MORGAN, the new Minister to Mexico, comes of an old and respected Pennsylvania family, and is a descendant of Thomas McKean, the first Chief Justice of that State. His father, Thomas Gibbs Morgan, came to Louisiana in the early part of this century, and engaged in the practice of law in Baton Rouge, where Philip Hicky Morgan was born in 1825. Arriving at the age when it became necessary for him to choose a profession, his previous studies and natural taste for the study of law decided him to follow in his father's footsteps. He studied law in Paris, having the benefit of such instructors as Troplong and other noted French jurisconsults, and there laid the foundation of that knowledge of the civil law which in after life gave him prominence as an advocate and judge. On his return from Europe he resumed his legal studies, and was soon after admitted to the Bar.

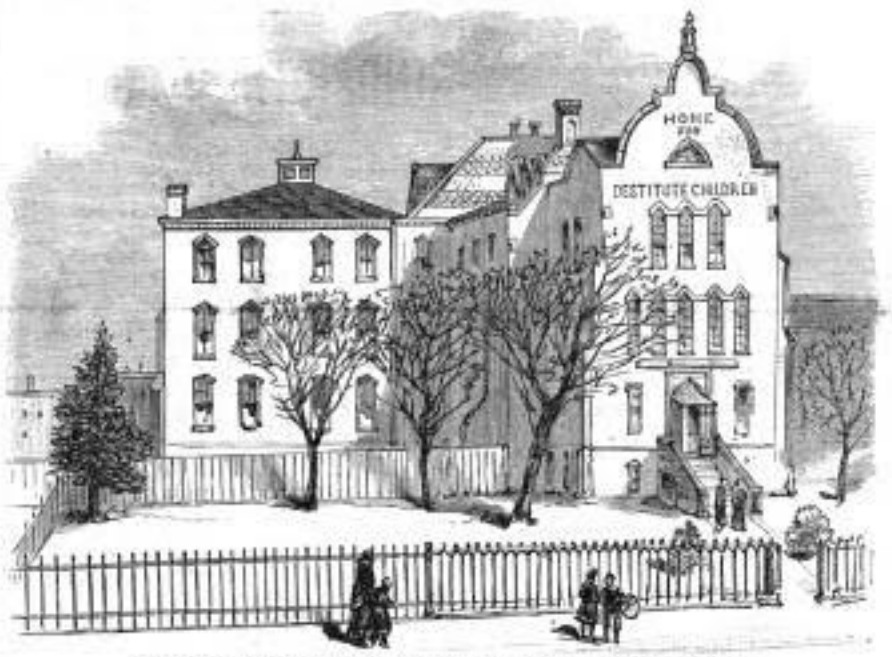
When quite a young man he assisted his father in annotating the Civil Code in the French and English languages, which was published in New Orleans in 1853, and which work was of an immense advantage and assistance to the profession throughout the State of Louisiana. In 1853 he married Miss Beatrice S. Ford, daughter of James Ford, of Baton Rouge, and the year following removed from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. Shortly after taking up his residence in New Orleans, he was elected Judge of the Second District Court, and for four years presided, with marked ability, over that tribunal. In 1866 he was appointed United States District Attorney by Andrew Johnson, then President, and, on the election of President Grant, was re-appointed to that office. He remained only a short while in office under President Grant's Administration, when he resigned. In 1873 he was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana, and remained on the bench until December, 1876. In the following Spring, 1877, on the inauguration of President Hayes, he was recommended by the President to Ismael Pasha, then Khedive of Egypt, for appointment as Judge of the International Tribunal, sitting at Alexandria, the duties of which position he is now discharging.

In politics Judge Morgan is a Republican of liberal and enlightened views, and his decisions while Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana are noted for their great discernment and impartiality.

NEW HOME OF THE CALEDONIAN CLUB.

ON Monday evening, January 26th, the New York Caledonian Club commemorated the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, and made the occasion doubly memorable by opening the new club-house.

For many years the club had quarters on Sullivan Street, and for its especial use the new club-house has been built out of a sinking fund which the club established at its organization. To this fund were added the proceeds of the annual exhibition games during the Summer, and of the festivals and balls during the Winter. A double lot was secured at Nos. 8 and 10 Horatio Street, fronting on Jackson Square, near Eighth Avenue, and the building, which has been in course of erection for some time past, combines the features of a reading-room and a gymnasium. On the ground floor there is a shop, which is to be let. In the rear of it is an apartment running through two stories, which is intended as a practice-room for the athletes of the club. There are dressing-rooms adjoining, with a bowling-alley in the basement, where is also space for billiard and pool-tables. The club-rooms proper are up-stairs, and are reached by a side door next the shop. Over the shop, extending the full width of the house, and with a lofty ceiling, is the great hall. This is a fine apartment, with a gallery overlooking it. Upon the walls are the standard of the club and flag of Scotland, with other bunting. Back of the chairman's seat is a portrait of Burns in pastel. This room is finished in stucco and natural hardwood, ash being mostly used. Up another story are the reading-rooms and the parlors of the club, with smaller rooms where the checker and chess-players can gather. On the walls in all parts of the building are portraits of prominent Scotchmen, while trophies won by members of the club in caber-tossing, fling-dancing and piping are upon mantels and under cases in every corner. Apartments for a housekeeper and his family are provided on this floor. The exterior of the building is of brick with a heavy finish in light-brown stone, and under the sheet-metal cornice is the inscription, "Caledonia Club," over a lion rampant in gilt, while the numbers 1856 and 1879 tell the dates of the foundation of the society and the building of the new club-house. It is now the finest structure on the square, and is within a few steps of Fourteenth Street and convenient to all parts of the west side. There has recently been a large increase in the membership, and financially the club is in the best condition.



HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, BUTLER STREET, BROOKLYN.

THE LATE EX-SECRETARY BORIE.

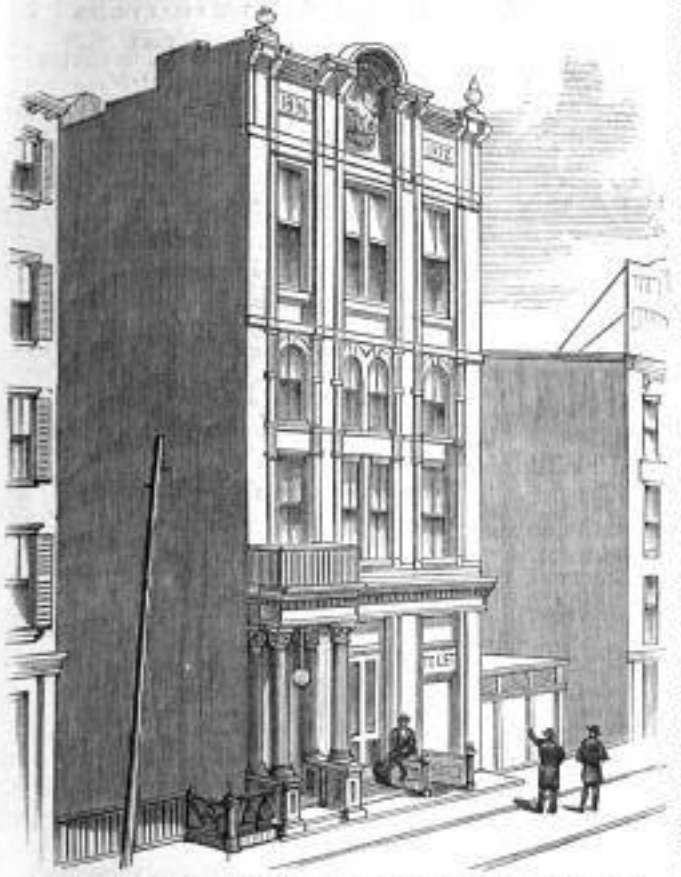
THE Hon. Adolph E. Borie, Secretary of the Navy under President Grant's first administration, died at his residence in Philadelphia on February 5th, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was born in the City of Philadelphia in the year 1809, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. He displayed extraordinary ability as a business man, became a leading Philadelphia merchant and one of the largest importers in the country, amassing the great bulk of his immense fortune in the China trade. He was one of the founders of the Union League of Philadelphia, and took a very active part in the doings of that organization during and since the rebellion. Mr. Borie has always been a most uncompromising Union man, and during the rebellion gave large sums of money to raise troops, and was personally instrumental in placing several regiments fully equipped in the field. He has never, however, been identified to any extent with party politics. The late Secretary of the Navy never held any political office of any description, either local, State or national, and his main actions as a member of the Republican Party have been confined to prevent the frauds that were perpetrated on the people at primary elections. He was a member of the Committee of the Philadelphia Union League who offered a handsome prize for the best essay on the subject of purifying primary or local elections. Mr. Borie took a very active part in the reception and entertainment in Philadelphia of the Southern loyalists who met in convention in that city. He was connected with many business organizations in Philadelphia, being a director of the National Bank of Commerce, a member of the Board of Trade, a manager of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society—one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the country—and a liberal contributor to various benevolent institutions. During one of President Grant's visits to the Union League House in Philadelphia he remarked something about the liberality of the League during the war, and asked where the money they so freely expended came from, when he was introduced to Mr. Borie as one of the most liberal contributors. Between the two men there started from this point an intimacy which culminated in Mr. Borie being invited into Grant's Cabinet and given the Secretaryship of the Navy. He had been in declining health for a long time, and at ex-President Grant's solicitation Mr. Borie accompanied the party on a portion of the tour around the world, returning to San Francisco in June last. His last public appearance was on the occasion of General Grant's reception in Philadelphia. Mr. Borie was rather below the average height, had a handsome, dignified and expressive cast of countenance, and snow-white beard and mustache. In manner he was polite, refined and affable, and although he belongs to an old and aristocratic family, he was entirely free from ostentation or unbecoming pride.



THE LATE ADOLPH E. BORIE.

DANCING FOR CHARITY.

THE Industrial School Association of Brooklyn was organized in April, 1854, and has since enjoyed a remarkable degree of success. In the first six years of its existence it acquired such prominence, owing to the necessity of the humane labor it had assumed and to the practical manner in which its work was conducted, that it was considered safe to secure ground for the erection of a Home for Destitute Children, an enterprise distinct from its industrial schools. Six lots were accordingly purchased on Flatbush Avenue, running from Baltic to Butler streets, and in 1862 the new building was opened with two days' rejoicings. In 1864 the necessity of increased accommodations became so apparent that a wing was added; and now the Home is so overcrowded that another wing must be provided, together with fireproof staircases and other improvements not contemplated in the original plan. It was to raise the money to defray these necessary expenses that the grand charity ball, given in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on February the 5th, was projected. In addition to the Home proper, of which we publish a view as it now appears, the association has organized and is supporting five industrial schools in various parts of Brooklyn. Schools No. 1 and No. 2 were opened



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW QUARTERS OF THE CALEDONIAN CLUB, ON JACKSON SQUARE.



HON. THOMAS C. PLATT, QUARANTINE COMMISSIONER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

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almost simultaneously with the organization of the Society, or within that year. No. 3 was opened and put in working order in 1862, at the opening of the Home.

In January, 1866, a school for colored children was transferred from the care of Plymouth Church to this Association. In 1869 a Home for Destitute Children of the African race was substituted for the school. In 1871 this Home was "temporarily suspended." Subsequently the children who were formerly inmates were boarded in the New York Colored Orphan Asylum. Work in this direction was never resumed, as the Howard Orphan Asylum was appointed for the purpose of caring for this class of destitute children. In the Summer of 1878 the property on which this school building stood was passed over to the use of the aged inmates of Zion Home, at their request.

In December, 1869, a school known as the Border Mission, on Bergen Street, near Flatbush Avenue, was admitted into the care of the Association. In 1871 this school was reorganized and placed on the list as No. 4. In 1875 the school in Throop Avenue was opened as No. 5. It is the youngest in the group, and as such is regarded with peculiar interest.

The ball given for the benefit of the Home proved a most successful and quite profitable entertainment. The Academy of Music was filled uncomfortably at times with a gathering of dancers in elegant toilets. By placing the admission tickets and the boxes at high prices, the committee succeeded in making the company select, and the wisdom of their action was apparent to all.

It was considerably past 10 o'clock when the patronesses of the ball, with escorts, went upon the floor for the opening march, to the music of Barnby's "Rebekah." At that time the interior presented a singularly beautiful appearance. The floor was carpeted, and gave the Academy the appearance of a parlor. Around the floor were built two extra tiers of boxes covered with crimson cloth, which were filled with ladies in brilliant toilets. The rear of the stage had the appearance of a luxurious tropical garden. Huge palms and potted plants formed the background, and in the extreme rear of the stage, behind a mass of beautiful flowers, sat Bernstein's orchestra, which furnished the dancing music. The boxes were all filled, and the seats in the balcony were full of spectators. Flowers were arranged profusely and in excellent taste through the lobbies.

The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the guests could scarcely have been improved upon. The order of dances contained twenty-three numbers, the round dances predominating. After each dance came a promenade, the music being given by Wernig's Twenty-third Regiment Band, which was placed in the upper gallery. Previous to the opening march selections from Rossini's "William Tell" and from "Fatinitza" were played. The word "Charity," in flaming gas-jets, hung over the stage, and added to the brilliance of the scene.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE "Royal Middy" at Daly's is "booming." Jib-booming, and it bids fair to enjoy a run equal to that of its lawless neighbor, the "Pirates of Penzance." The sparkling music already approaches the barrel-organ.

"Horrors!" as given by Rice's Surprise Party at the Standard, is an admirable bit of mad-waggery.

The Spanish Students, so picturesque-looking, so medieval, so quaint and so handsome, are "drawing the town" to Booth's, where the *pièce de résistance*, "Humpty Dumpty," is causing side-splitting, genuine laughter.

The "Pirates of Penzance" have nailed their black flag to the mast at the Fifth Avenue, while the Bijou theatre in Madison Square is creating a *furore* by its charm and its novelty, in addition to the admirable comedy-drama, "Hazel Kirke."

FUN.

THE wind always finds something to blow about.

HASH and mince pie are the mosaics of culinary art.

A TURKEY never finds fault with his dressing. It is thyme this was said for the bird.

AN apparent contradiction: A man living generously and yet giving nothing away.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. Yes, and our neighbors lie about us when we grow up.

"THE will of the people is the will of the caucus." Rather the will of the caucus often proves the won't of the people.

THERE is one thing Congress can take, and the country never protests against it, nor misses it, and that is a recess.

A JAPANESE proverb says, "A beaten soldier fears a reed." But it takes a strap to drive terror into the heart of a boy.

BEGINNING of a judge's charge in Iowa: "Gentlemen of the jury, you must now quit eating peanuts and attend to the case."

"PY SHIMMINY, how dot boy studies de languages!" in what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a pudding-head.

"A SENSES TAKER," said the old lady; "waal, there's me an' Jeremiah, an' Sarah Ann, an' that's all, 'cept Jim, an' he's a fool an' ain't got no senses to take."

PROFESSOR—What is the meaning of the author's allusion to Blanche of Castile, Mr. K.? *Mr. K.* (feeling his way cautiously)—Well-er-I suppose he is alluding—to some brand of—soap.

SO MANY societies for the promotion of things are established, that Johnnie wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in school, without making them study so.

A SCHOOLBOY being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the downward ones light."

A LITTLE boy said he didn't want the soft part of the biscuit. "Some little boys," observed his mother, "would be very thankful to get it." "Then why don't you give it to them?" answered the four-year-old hopeful.

AN old oyster-digger who had caught billions and eaten millions of the delicious bivalve, was delighted with a dish given him at a church fair called "oyster stew." He said it was so new to him—he was sick of oysters.

THE royal family of England has generously contributed £15,000 to relieve the present distress in Ireland. It won't be long, however, before Ireland will be called upon to raise ten times that sum to support the royal family.

"WHY, you'd better knock the door down. What do you want?" "Och, my darling! don't let me wake any of your family. I'm just using your knocker to wake the people next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they've niver a knocker."

AT a performance of the cantata of "Esther" at Dallas, Texas, Ahasuerus was advised by somebody in the audience not to "cut it too fat." The personator of the great Assyrian went to the footlights and said, "This is a religious show, and you'll have to be decent. I'm Ahasuerus just now, but after the show I'm Sam Turner; and if any duffer would like to cut it fat then, I'll give him a mighty lively welcome."

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A RITUALIST curate, who loved his work, was called upon recently to go through many forms and ceremonies at the bedside of a man supposed to be dying. The patient got well, however. "What a pity," exclaimed the curate, on hearing of it, "he was so well prepared to die."

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CALIFORNIA WINES.

[From the New York Sun, February 4th, 1880.]

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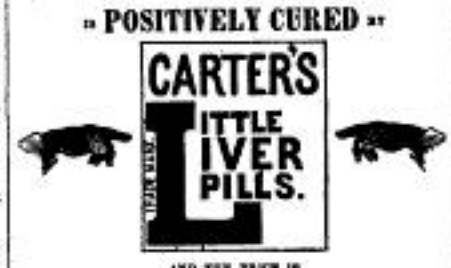
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THE

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STATEMENT

OF

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,

F. S. WINSTON, President,

For the Year ending December 31st, 1879.

Annuity Account.

	No.	Ann. Pay'ts.		No.	Ann. Pay'ts.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1, 1879	53	$80,549 09	Annuities in force, Jan. 1, 1880	49	$18,304 97
Premium Annuities		5,681 63	Premium Annuities		5,289 32
Annuities Issued	2	901 00	Annuities Terminated	6	3,437 44
	55	$27,231 72		55	$27,031 72

Insurance Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies in force, Jan. 1, 1879	91,808	$290,774,315	Policies in force, Jan. 1, 1880	95,423	$298,760,817
Risks Assumed	12,910	38,394,554	Risks Terminated	8,685	30,406,002
	104,038	$329,168,869		104,038	$329,168,869

Revenue Account.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account	$84,174,076 42	By paid Death and Endowments Claims (matured and discounted)	$7,007,235 27
" Premiums received	12,687,881 32	" " Annuities	25,080 76
" Interest and Rents	4,942,311 70	" " Dividends	3,427,479 00
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions	3,535,800 45
		" " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)	668,942 74
		" " Contingent Guarantee Account	302,908 08
		" " Taxes and Assessments	330,328 76
		" " Expenses	700,893 60
		" Balance to New Account	85,365,515 68
	$101,804,269 84		$101,804,269 84

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve at four per cent	$83,210,134 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$54,895,134 77
" Claims by death not yet due	603,895 00	" United States and other Bonds	18,917,618 12
" Premiums paid in advance	103,892 64	" Loans on U.S. Bonds	9,100,000 00
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund	4,390,373 17	" Real Estate	3,822,805 18
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,363,337 28
		" Interest accrued	1,307,061 07
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual	809,703 97
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December	99,074 35
		" Balances due by Agents	68,358 07
	$88,460,994 81		$88,460,994 81

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is Eleven million one hundred and forty-one thousand, forty-one dollars and four cents.

From the Surplus, as appears by the Balance Sheet, a dividend larger on policies paying the old rates than that for the previous year, also on other policies in proportion, will be awarded to such as shall be in force at their anniversaries in 1880.

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Running the Lachine Rapids
Shooting Sea-lions at Fur Seal Islands.
The First Dip.
Attempted Assassination of Alfonso, King of Spain.
The Ameer Mahomed Khan.
Washing Horses at "The Point," Havana.
General James Shields.
Reception of Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, at Halifax.
Water-Carriers in the City of Mexico.
Baveno, on Lago Maggiore, Italy.
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No. 1,274.—Vol. XLIX.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1880. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1.00.



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Britannia—"*My Lord Beaconsfield! it is rather too bad that we are to receive another lesson in* humanity *from America.*"

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

NOTICE.

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53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

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Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

J. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

TWO PERILS.

SURELY Congress is to blame.

We narrowly escaped civil war after the last Presidential election because of certain technical difficulties in the way of ascertaining the people's choice. Fraud was charged and proven in the counting of the vote in three Southern States, and a President was finally declared elected with a serious cloud on his title. The late Senator Morton foresaw the difficulty that would take place, and tried in vain to induce Congress to pass a law which would settle all disputes that might arise in counting and declaring the electoral vote of the several States. Some feeble attempts have been made to carry out his plan since his death, but so far Congress has allowed the matter to drift along until we are on the verge of another Presidential election.

Now, what is the prospect?

A certainty that the next election will also be a close one, and that both parties will use every means fair or foul to carry their point. On one side are a hundred thousand "ins" led by able and unscrupulous politicians, and commanding abundant means. On the other side, a countless army of "outs," angered over their disappointment three years ago, and determined that if the presidency can be won by questionable means they will try to do what their opponents succeeded in doing in Louisiana and Florida. The recent attempt in Maine is significant of what is likely to happen when Congress meets to declare the result of the next Presidential election.

Another attempt to carry a Presidential election by the methods adopted in the last contest would inevitably result in civil war. This is our first peril, and the present Congress will be criminally to blame if it does not make some provisions that will secure an honest count of the electoral vote.

This is our domestic peril; but there is a second—a foreign one—equally grave.

When the *Merrimac* issued from Norfolk and sank the United States wooden frigates off the harbor, there was but one obstacle in the way of that vessel steaming for New York Harbor and laying under contribution the metropolis itself. The obstacle was the little *Monitor*. At that time we all keenly realized that we had no navy, that the cities on our sea coast were absolutely at the mercy of an ironclad fleet. The surrender of Mason and Slidell to Great Britain, with an apology, emphasized the fact that our great country was powerless on the ocean, and at the mercy of any nation which had ships and great guns.

To-day we are just as badly off. Our navy is a wooden sham, and we have no great guns. We built the first monitors, but it is Europe, and not America, which has the monitor fleets. Rodman and Dahlgren were the first to cast great rifled cannon carrying enormous shot, but the big guns of the period are in the arsenals of the Old World, not of the New.

This state of things is humiliating; for it was a British war vessel which protected our citizens when they got in trouble in Alaska; and when an American in Central or South America is misused, he has to claim to be a British subject to be sure of protection.

These are our two perils—one domestic, the other foreign. Possible civil war, and a coast unprotected by navy or proper defenses.

Will Congress take heed?

THE SANCTITY OF PRIVATE TELEGRAMS.

SENATOR SAULSBURY of Delaware has charge of a Bill looking to the protection of private telegraphic correspondence. The Bill emanates from the Western Union Telegraph Company, and provides that telegraphic communications shall be deemed to be private papers of the parties sending and receiving such messages. It further provides that telegraphic correspondence shall be protected from unreasonable search and seizure, and from production in judicial and legislative proceedings to the same extent as letters sent by the United States Mail. In a written document accompanying the Bill the Company call attention to the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution which affirms the right of the people to be secure in their persons, papers, houses and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, and cites the decision of the United States Supreme Court, made in pursuance of said amendment, that "letters and sealed packages in the mail are as fully guarded from examination and inspection, except as to their outward form and weight, as if they were retained by the parties forwarding them in their own domiciles."

We hold with the advocates of the measure that the telegraphic correspondence of the public should receive the same protection, and enjoy the same sanctity, as correspondence transmitted by mail. The mere act of confiding the contents of a message to a third party—the operator—does not, in our judgment, affect the principle and ought not to affect the law which should govern the matter. In this view we are sustained by eminent legal and judicial authority. Judge Cooley, well known as an able jurist, law professor and text writer, lays down the following principles relative to the law which should govern the case under consideration:

"*First.* Production of telegraph messages defeats the policy of the law, which invites free communication, and to the extent that it may discourage correspondence, it operates as a restraint upon industry and enterprise, and what is of equal importance, upon intimate social and family correspondence.

"*Second.* It violates the confidence which the law undertakes to render secure, and makes the promise of the law a deception.

"*Third.* It seeks to reach a species of evidence which, in the very course of the business, parties interested render blind and misleading, and which, therefore, must often present us with error in the guise of truth under circumstances which preclude a discovery of the deception.

"*Fourth.* It renders one of the most important conveniences of modern life susceptible at any moment of being used as an instrument of infinite mischiefs in the community. Any one can picture to his own mind what would be the condition of things in any neighborhood if its whole correspondence were exposed to the public gaze."

The principles thus enunciated by the author of "Constitutional Limitations" must have weight with every man who gives the subject serious and honest thought. If Congress can be influenced by an opinion so eminently wise, and so thoroughly in keeping with the principles of republicanism, then the measure proposed by the Western Union Telegraph Company should speedily find a place among the restraining statutes of the country.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

IN spite of patriotic exhortations by the Press, the public declines, or rather forgets, to make Washington's Birthday a joyful holiday. Occasionally a busy citizen on his way down town meets, on the morning of the 22d of February, a group of curious old men, clad in an ancient uniform, and he is suddenly reminded that the Veterans of 1812 are celebrating Washington's Birthday. But the veterans are now a mere handful, and are becoming too infirm to parade except in a Fourth Avenue car or in a barouche; and in a year or two more almost the only visible sign of the 22d of February will vanish with the last of these venerable heroes. We have an immense respect for Washington, and we are glad he had a birthday, but as a rule we are too busy to devote a whole day to remembering it. The day is not endeared to the small boy by fire-crackers, and fathers of families are not reminded of it by appeals to their check-books as they are on Christmas and New Year's. It does not come at a time of the year when it would be celebrated by excursions to the country; and to expect a man to sit quietly at home when business is brisk and to reflect on the virtues of Washington, is certainly unreasonable.

Why, after all, should we celebrate any man's birthday? Washington did great things, but the one act of his life in which he had no active and voluntary share was his birth. Were we to celebrate any one of his victories, or his acceptance of the offices of Commander-in-chief or President, we should have a good excuse for so doing; but what was there in the incident of his birth which was particularly creditable to him? The credit of that affair belongs chiefly to the elder Mrs. Washington, and, probably, could she have foreseen that her son would have become famous, she would have appointed his birthday in Summer when all nature calls on men to come to Coney Island and other cool retreats, and to offer the pleasant sacrifice of clams. What has made Washington worthy of eternal gratitude was his great deeds, not his commonplace and unconspicuous adventures. Surely his birth was in no sense his own act, and, so far as is known, it was not different in any respect from the birth of millions of American citizens.

If we are to celebrate Washington's birthday merely because it was an incident which happened to him, why do we not celebrate other events of his infantile career? He must have been weaned as well as born. Let us, then, celebrate on some set day the Weaning of Washington. Such a festival might be made one of great interest to the infants of America, and might fill them with admiration of their country's Father. A procession of minors carrying empty and reversed nursing bottles would be appropriate to the day, and would be a very impressive and imposing spectacle. Then we might celebrate the First Trousers of Washington. Every flagstaff might bear a miniature copy of that interesting garment; and when our children should ask us the reason of this display of banners, we could explain to them who and what Washington was, and urge them to put on with their first trousers something of the moral greatness wherewith Washington was clothed, and to resolve that no parental rod should ever be invited by bad conduct to a close acquaintance with their first or subsequent trousers. About six months later the First Boots of Washington should have their share of public honor, and still another celebration might be given to Washington's First Tailed Coat. The teething of Washington could scarcely be celebrated for the reason that it was not a solitary but a continuous event, extending over a term of years. There is no doubt, however, that he had the measles, the mumps, the whooping-cough and the chicken-pox, and each of those interesting events would deserve a special commemoration day.

Every reason which justifies the celebration of Washington's Birthday will also justify the celebration of the various other events just mentioned. Like his birthday, they were involuntary, being either the act of ancestors or of nature. Like his birthday, they are inseparably connected with him. If we say that his birthday should be celebrated for the reason that, if he had never been born he could not have become the Father of his Country, we may reply that neither could he have attained that proud eminence if he had not been weaned, or if he had never been provided with trousers and boots. And though it is possible for a man to successfully carry on the business of being fathers of their country without having had the measles, it is very certain that had not Washington recovered from the measles he would never have become famous, and we may therefore properly celebrate his recovery from that and all other diseases.

Of course no one would dream of celebrating Washington's death, but we might very appropriately recall it by solemn mourning ceremonies. To such a recognition of such a day no one could possibly object, but to the celebration of his birthday the severely logical mind may take exception so long as other and equally meritorious acts of his infancy are passed by unnoticed. If the real meaning of the celebration of the 22d of February is a desire to express our gratitude that Washington was born, it would be only fair to pay a little attention to Mrs. Washington, and to express our sense of obligation to that noble woman. It is true that in giving birth to George Washington she had not the least intention of doing anything remarkable, but still, inasmuch as her son ultimately became the Father of his Country, we can do a handsome thing by recognizing her as the deserving grandmother of our country. And while we are thus endeavoring to render justice where justice is due, the father of Washington should not be forgotten. He was, doubtless, a worthy man—for his alleged imbecility in the hatchet affair should not be charged against him, inasmuch as the story is without the least foundation. Beyond a doubt he is entitled to more or less credit so far as the birth of his famous son was concerned, and as he probably underwent a good deal of inconvenience at the period when he was made a father, let us give him all the credit he deserves.

We cannot honor the memory of Washington too much; we cannot follow his example too closely, and never in the history of this republic was there greater need than there is at present that we should remember the teachings of him without whom the birth of our country would have been long delayed. Still, it is impossible to compel a nation to have a holiday against its will, and it is scarcely worth while for the Press to annually lament that Washington's Birthday is treated with comparative neglect. Perhaps the people honor Washington quite as much as they would if they made the 22d of February as intolerable as the Fourth of July with noise, or as unwholesome as Thanksgiving Day with excessive feasting.

M. DE LESSEPS—we mean the American Government—has created "coaling stations" for the United States Navy at the Golfo Dulce on the Pacific, and the Chiriqui Lagoon on the Caribbean Sea. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the coals of our ironclads cruising in these waters may give out about the time the first sod of the new canal will be turned, and that during the construction of the waterway that our navy will occasionally drop in with a Paul Pryish, "I hope I don't intrude?"

AND yet another link of gold to the chain of American charity. The Hebrews of New York have generously resolved upon coming to the aid of famine-stricken Ireland. Such a resolution, adopted by such a wealthy class of the community, means thousands—yea, tens of thousands of dollars.

IN a case appointed to come before the Court of Arches, London, last week, the defendant was a vicar of a place in South Wales called Llanddyvnan-cum-Clanvair-Marhâramerthar. Lord Penzance was too ill to attend, and he is not to be envied when convalescence will enable him to hear of the doings in this unpronouncerable vicarage.

THEY have got petroleum on the brain in Germany just now, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announces that a company, with a capital of 1,000,000 marks, has been formed at Bremen to work the recently discovered petroleum springs in Hanover, while a similar company is forming at Berlin. They say American dollars are mixed up with those marks.

MOST people would think that England is tolerably well provided with railways, yet there are no fewer than seventy-two Bills for discussion by the Committee of the House of Commons. Only half a century ago, and railways were hotly opposed, and Stephenson was being interrogated as to the possibility or impossibility of doing fourteen miles an hour.

GOOD news for the followers of the Prophet; for, according to Dr. Dillinger, the converts to Mohammedanism are on the increase. There have been numerous conversions in China and amongst the Malays, whilst one single Mohammedan college at Sierra Leone is about to send one thousand teachers amongst the African tribes. Pilgrimages to Mecca will become fashionable, and the kissing of the Kaaba "personally conducted" by the indefatigable Cook.

THE Moors are cropping up in the Spanish Cortez as well as the Cubans, and Canovas del Castillo has yet another skein to disentangle. Kabyle chiefs, representing several thousand Moors, have petitioned to be placed under the rule of King Alfonso. Canovas considers that the King's hands are about full enough already, and has declined to receive the petition. He recommends, however, that a conference on the affairs of Morocco generally should be held in Madrid.

THE following dialogue, with its pendant, was heard on the occasion of the opening of the British Parliament:

Cabman: "Cab, sir?"

Gladstone: "No."

Cabman (following up): "Cab, sir?"

Gladstone (angrily): "No. I told you I did not want one."

Cabman (to his neighbor): "Ah, there's that Jew been saying nasty disagreeable things again, and putting the People's William out of temper."

AT the meeting of the Union Bank of Australia (held in London) the chairman, referring to the prospects of the future, said the improved condition of commerce here and elsewhere was a good ground for anticipating a greatly-increased value for Australian wool. In the wheat-producing colonies an abundant harvest was all but assured, South Australia alone showing an estimated surplus of from 250,000 to 300,000 tons. In mining matters, recent advices showed a revival of spirit, and the more settled industries, including that of the sugar-planter, were progressive.

Mr. Biggar has his own notions about Irish volunteers, and to a motion for the second reading of the Irish Volunteer Bill in the House of Commons has moved an amendment: "That, in view of the fact that Government prosecution is now hanging over several earnest and true Irishman for advocating in a temperate manner the amendment of the iniquities of the land laws, it is not desirable to put such power into the hands of the executive as is proposed by such Bill, and that it be read a second time this day six months." It is pretty evident that Mr. Biggar considers that such volunteers as the Royal Irish Constabulary are about a protection enough for the Green Isle.

THREE Parliaments opened in one week—the Canadian, the German and the Norwegian. The Emperor William harps upon the labors of the Berlin Congress, and hopes that its peaceful operations may bear fruit in the immediate future. The principal measures for legislation are, a Bill for establishing biennial budgets, a new military law, a prolongation of the law against the Socialists, and for a commercial treaty with the South Sea Islands. The speech naturally justifies the military law as a measure of security necessitated by the increased armaments of neighboring countries. The Anti-Socialist law having failed to stamp out Socialism, its operations are to be extended. The draft of the Bill for the prolongation of the Anti-Socialist law in Germany shows that it is proposed to extend its operation to the 31st of March, 1886. Prussia's matricular contribution to the Empire is set down at

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43,641,753 marks. The revenue and expenditures for the financial year of 1880-81 are each estimated at 798,985,589 marks, the ordinary expenditures at 756,223,930 marks, and the extraordinary outlay at 38,761,650 marks. King Oscar had nothing particular to say to the Norwegian Storthing beyond the fact that he intended to increase the tax on tobacco.

NOW that there is talk of England adding to her military armaments, we wonder that nobody recalls the story of the Duke of Wellington, who, at a Cabinet Council, when the remark was made *apropos* of a proposal to reduce the strength of the English army, that in the event of a foreign force landing on the shores of England the whole population would rise like one man, quietly added, "Yes, and they would be knocked down like one man."

THE passage of the Seed Potatoes Bill through the British House of Commons is a step in the right direction. Whilst it is imperatively necessary to relieve immediate want by instant measures, it savors of statesmanship to look ahead, and this rent in the cloud shows a glimpse of blue sky. If the Home Rule party were a united party the policy of conciliation might stand them in good stead now, but Mr. Butt has joined the great majority and Mr. Shaw's ability is mistrusted. In addition to this, the Obstructionists have the heart of the country with them, and the least indication of conciliation would raise such a whirlwind as would utterly overwhelm the luckless member attempting the experiment.

ILL customs die hard, and the Vendetta appears not yet to be extinguished in Corsica. Particulars received of recent proceedings at San Gavino di Carbini, a town sufficiently obscure to have escaped all mention in the excellent guide-books of Adolphe Joanne, show how, after a feud of twelve months' standing, in the course of which several lives have been taken, two families, respectively named Pietri and Nicoli, have been induced or compelled to sign a treaty. The story, which is narrated at length, bears so much resemblance to a famous incident in Les Frères Corses, the names of the peasants are so commonplace, and the scene of the proceedings is so obscure, that a little hesitation before accepting it is pardonable.

"DELIBERATELY ignoring alike the lesson of the past, the dictates of common sense, and the emphatic protests of the higher officers who had come out with the reinforcements, Lord Chelmsford, having put his First Division to bed, obstinately clung to the policy, or, rather, impolicy, of invading Zululand from round the corner." Thus, Archibald Forbes in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. So much for Buckingham! "Archie" thus sums up the masterly inactivity of General Crealock, another of the Home Guards pets: "For three months General Crealock remained stationary, inspecting latrines, cultivating laying poultry and clamoring for pepper." The gallant general cannot complain of want of pepper after this.

PREPARATIONS for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Czar are going forward throughout the Russian Empire, Nihilism to the contrary notwithstanding. His Majesty having succeeded to the throne on March 2d, 1855. The Government intend founding a university at Woronesch. Should this idea be realized, Russia even then would have but one university for every eight millions of its inhabitants. The *Times* Vienna correspondent says the announcement that the Czar, on account of the ill-health of the Empress, has declined all tenders of the attendance of special representatives from other Courts on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, is officially confirmed.

THE President has issued a proclamation warning all not to trespass on Indian Territory. It is an old story, but the Government never has succeeded, and never will succeed, in stopping the growth of population by any imaginary lines. For a hundred years we have been drawing these lines, but they have proved a series of successive nullities. Government cannot long keep people out of the territory if they determine to go there; and, in fact, the whole policy of isolation is wrong. The Indians will become civilized more rapidly by being scattered through the whites than by being huddled together with no example before them, except that of the border rough. If they are to be isolated, let us obtain some island in the Pacific and transport them to it.

THE Princess Louise has had one lively day of it in the Dominion, let the remaining 364 be as dull to her as the London society papers allege that they are. The opening of the Canadian Parliament must have reminded her, in miniature, of the grand ceremonial at St. Stephen's, at which her august parent so recently "assisted." An escort of Dragoon Guards, the Laird of Lorne in blue and gold, a royal salute of twenty-one guns, a viceregal ditto of nineteen, guards of honor presenting arms, colors drooped, the ladies—bless them!—in full evening dress, the militia in uniform, the judges in ermine and the bishops in lawn! What more need any princess desire? The members of the Commons were summoned by the Usher of the Black Rod to the House of Lords—*alias*, the Senate Chamber, and duly appeared with the Speaker at their head, and the viceregal speech was read to them in French and English, not by the Lord Chancellor from the Woolsack, but by the son of the Mac-Callumore, in that short, sharp, clear, incisive utterance so peculiar to His Excellency, and so useful in serving to crisp the dullness of official platitudes. The allusion to the distress in Ireland in Lord Lorne's speech was in the best possible taste, and in much "better form" than that of his mother-in-law's.

WE are to have centennial commemorations this year East and West, although centennial does not express the idea exactly. Boston proposed to celebrate in June the 250th anniversary of the landing of Winthrop and his colony, June 12th, 1630, and the foundation of the City of Boston. It will be essentially a Boston celebration, and a memorial volume is already on hand. In the West, Minnesota, though she cannot claim as ancient a colonial and State existence as Massachusetts, proposes to celebrate early in July the discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony in 1680, two hundred and fifty years ago, by the adventurous Franciscan friar Louis Hennepin, and the exploration of that remote region at that period by Hennepin, and also, it must be said, by Greysolon du Lhut, to whom, perhaps, even a greater meed of praise is due.

FRANCE has at length made out the little bill of the expenses of the late war with Germany, the first item of which dates from Saarbrucken, where the chivalrous young fellow who fell in the South African *donga*, his face to the foe, received his baptism of fire—and the total reaches the sum of $2,648,410,000, or 13,939,000,000 francs! What that *Promenade à Berlin* has cost! The increase in the German army has naturally excited considerable emotion in France. The most recalcitrant optimist could scarcely divine pacific symptoms from this unforeseen fact. It is stated that when the Reichstag shall have voted the new contingents the German army will be eight or nine infantry regiments stronger than the French—an advantage of a whole corps *d'armée*. As regards field artillery, there is a slight superiority on the French side, but both in the cavalry arm and garrison artillery they are inferior to their Teutonic rivals.

"THIRD TERM" is again before the people of the United States. If New York holds in much respect the statesmen who framed her first constitution and who accepted the Constitution of the United States, she cannot tolerate a third term. The Constitution of the United States did not, in the eyes of the men who had guided us through our struggle for liberty, sufficiently guard against possible dangers. New York accepted that organic Act with distrust, and in her convention embodied her fears:

"And the convention do in the name and behalf of the people of the State of New York enjoin it upon their representatives in Congress to exert all their influence, and use all reasonable means to obtain a ratification of the following amendment to the said Constitution:

AMENDMENT.

"That no person shall be eligible to the office of President of the United States a third time."

Cannot New York show the same wisdom in 1880 that she did in 1787?

AND so Great Britain has preserved a masterly inactivity in regard to our little bill for Newfoundland fish. The Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs having been interrogated in the House of Commons as to the claim of the Government of the United States for damages alleged to have been done by Newfoundland fishermen in Fortuna Bay to the Massachusetts fishing fleet, etc., stated that no measure had been taken relative to the pecuniary claim which was still under the Government's consideration; that no measure had been taken for abrogating or amending clause 33 of the Treaty of Washington relative to the Canadian and Newfoundland inshore fisheries, and that it was not thought necessary to make any communication for ascertaining the purport of the proviso of the convention of 1818. Mr. Bourke in the course of his reply declared that there was no idea of abrogating or amending clause 33 of that treaty. And yet another application from Mr. Secretary Evarts.

THE missionaries in China are much troubled by a very unpleasant infatuation of the natives respecting their children (says the *Court Journal*). A missionary lately established an orphanage in Nang Pee, and it would have been imagined, considering the superfluity of Chinese infants, that a good many parents would have been glad to have passed off their inconvenient offspring as orphans, instead of drowning them. This, however, was not the case. The missionary was grieved to find that the popular idea of his labors was that he collected children for the purpose of "scooping out" their eyes and extracting their hearts for "medicine." The officials formed the same highly intelligent opinion of the orphanage, and ordered it to be closed. With much difficulty the missionary convinced them at last that he had no taste for infants' eyeballs, and that, being wholly destitute of the profound medical knowledge of the Chinese, he had no temptation to cut children's hearts out. The question of reopening the institution is under consideration.

SOME of the dailies are telegramed with wise hints about the Ritualists in England and some new arrangement with Rome. None is needed. These gentlemen have two roads. They have only to go to Lemberg, in Austria, which, though a small city, presents the curious spectacle of three Catholic archbishops, all appointed by the Pope and recognizing his authority. The Latin archbishop has unmarried clergy who officiate in Latin and give communion under one kind. The Greek archbishop and the Armenian archbishop have among their clergy both married and unmarried men, and these give communion under both kinds. A married man may be ordained, but once ordained cannot marry. If, therefore, a Ritualist clergyman in this country or England wishes to connect himself with the Roman organization, he can go to Lemberg and be received by Latin, Greek or Armenian. If he is received into the Greek or Armen an branch, the fact that he is a married man will be no obstacle to his ordination, and he can return to his English or American flock and receive them into his new church, and they will be as much Catholics as their neighbors who follow the Latin rite. Ecclesiastically, they would be subject to the Archbishop of Lemberg until such time as their numbers justified the appointment of a local bishop. The only point of difficulty—the use of Greek, Slavonic or Armenian in the Liturgy—could be easily adjusted.

GERMANY explains why she is arming to the teeth, and why she is "naturalizing" Alsace and Lorraine by raising German regiments in the annexed and sullen provinces. The semi-official *North German Gazette*, referring to the warlike interpretation by French newspapers of the German Army Bill, says:

"The French army estimates for 1870 were barely 800,000,000 francs ($160,000,000), while they now exceed 900,000,000 francs ($180,000,000). The French army is better armed and numerically stronger than the German army. The Russian army has also been considerably increased. From the language in some of the French Monarchical journals it would appear certain that if the parties they represent obtained power they would immediately plunge France into war.

"In view of this danger Germany, though earnestly peace-loving, must, for her own safety, follow the example unfortunately set by her neighbors in their immense armaments. Germany's army is her weapon of defense and not of attack. We would be very glad if the same could be said with certainty of the armies of our neighbors."

There is no use in blinking the question. France means to have it out with Germany sooner or later, and Germany knows this too well not to be prepared for any emergency. Therefore, diplomatic excuses and very thin explanations are simply absurd.

WHILST the Sultan shuts himself up in Yildiz Kiosk, surrounded by place-hunting Pashas, who take care that nothing unpleasant shall reach the royal ears, the country is progressing from bad to worse. Misery, destitution, and famine have it all their own way in the provinces. From Europe and Asia comes the cry of distress; letters from Erzeroum give a fearful picture of the condition of several surrounding districts. At Bayazid people have gone mad from hunger, and many have been poisoned by eating roots and mosses; grain is forbidden to cross the border from Persia and Russia, and the local Governor is grinding three years' taxes from the starving peasantry, his excuse being that the money is required for Constantinople. The Vali, or Governor-General, looks on with folded hands, and estimates that there is enough grain in the provinces to feed all the inhabitants; possibly the quantity exists, but it is locked up in the granaries of the tithe-collectors or speculators, and might as well be in the heart of Africa as far as the people are concerned. But the Governor has ordered a list to be made out of the poorest; judging from experience in such matters, the officials employed will take a month to draw up this list, and by that time the destitute will be dead, and the commissioners—for the Turks can do nothing without a commission—sent to verify the list will report that they have not been able to find the people said to be in distress. The Turks give alms freely to professional beggars, to sturdy cripples and stout impostors; but to organize systematic relief they are incapable. A famine is *kismet*, and it is wrong to fly in the face of Providence. The doctrine is consolatory for those who can believe in it, but it smacks a little of selfishness. On foreign aid alone must the wretched rely, and turn their imploring eyes to the alleviators of their distress of 1875—the Americans and the British.

A STATISTICAL work on the savings banks of the divers countries of Europe, just prepared by M. de Malarce, with the assistance of foreign statesmen, the scholars, members of the Société des Institutions de Prévoyance, shows that from 1874 to 1878, in four years, among the population of 247,000,000, the number of depositors increased from 12,500,000 to 16,000,000, and the total amount deposited from $1,400,000,000 to $1,900,000,000. The most progressive nations were: France (37,000,000 inhabitants), the number of depositors increased from 2,170,000 to 3,100,000, and the amount from $114,780,000 to $203,000,000; Prussia (25,700,000 inhabitants), depositors increased from 2,059,665 to 2,500,528, and amount from $244,400,000 to $325,000,000; Italy (28,000,000 inhabitants), depositors increased from 676,237 to 1,111,474, and amount from $89,200,000 to $129,400,000; Austria (Cisleithan lands, 20,000,000 inhabitants), depositors increased from 1,263,357 to 1,423,926; amount from $129,400,000 to $324,200,000. In the United Kingdom the number of depositors, which in 1861 was 1,609,103, increased in 1874 to 3,132,493, and in 1878 to 2,408,481, and the deposits from $207,600,000 in 1861 to $324,200,000 in 1874, and to $373,000,000 in 1878. The extraordinary progress of France in the last four years is chiefly attributable, according to many reports of the provincial and communal councils and the late reports of the Minister of Commerce, to the laboring people and the promoters of school penny banks. From 1874 to 1877, 8,033 school penny banks were created; to 1878, 10,400; to August, 1879, 12,000. A Bill prepared for the establishment of post-office savings banks will still more help these institutions. As to the ratio of the number of depositors to the population, there is in Saxony one depositor per 3.5 souls; in Denmark, one per 5; in Sweden, one per 7; in the United Kingdom, one per 10.1; in Prussia, one per 10.2; in France, one per 12; in Austria, one per 14. Great Britain stands first among the great nations of Europe.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE President has issued a proclamation warning persons against trespassing on the Indian Territory.

A COMPANY has been organized at Boston for the purpose of constructing and operating a railroad in Egypt.

FRANK LAMMENS and Margaret Meierhoffer were found guilty at Newark, N. J., on February 13th, of the murder of the woman's husband.

THE feast of Mardi-Gras was observed at New Orleans, Louisiana; Mobile, Alabama and Galveston, Texas, on February 10th, with more than usual brilliancy.

THE Republican State Committee of New Hampshire have fixed upon May 6th as the time for holding the State Convention to elect delegates to the Republican National Convention.

MR. FRENCH was elected President of the Police Board of New York on February 12th, by Messrs. Wheeler and Nichols; Messrs. Voorhis and MacLean were not at the meeting.

GOVERNOR HAMILTON of Maryland has sent a message to the Legislature urging the abolition of a number of State offices, in pursuance of pledges made to the people by the Democratic party last Fall.

THE House joint resolution, appropriating $20,000 to enable the United States to be represented at the International Fishery Exhibition, at Berlin in April, 1880, was considered in the Senate, February 10th, and passed.

THE City Hall at Albany, N. Y., was destroyed by fire February 10th, and a number of firemen were injured by the falling of the dome. The judgment record on chattel mortgages and the statue of General Hamilton were destroyed.

TWO Federal vessels have recently sailed under sealed orders, one from an Atlantic and the other from a Pacific port, and it is surmised that their destination is the Isthmus, and that their errand has some connection with the canal question.

PROPOSALS for the sale to the Government of $11,000,000 of bonds for the sinking fund were opened February 11th at the Sub-Treasury in New York. The bids amounted to $11,625,000, and over $11,000,000 were accepted in the afternoon on instructions from the Treasury Department at Washington.

SEVERAL members of the New York Congressional delegation have been in consultation with the Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Mint regarding the establishment of a branch United States Mint in New York City. There is a Bill now pending in the House for making provision for such an institution.

ON February 11th the Senate adopted Mr. Eaton's resolution calling on the President for copies of all recent correspondence with foreign governments on the subject of an interoceanic canal, and the House also adopted a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for commercial and maritime statistics bearing on the subject.

ON February 11th a syndicate, of which the prominent members are Drexel, Morgan & Co., J. and W. Seligman & Co., Hallgarten & Co., and Winslow, Lanier & Co., took $6,000,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Company at a price believed to be 99 7-10. The issue is for the building of the Second Avenue Line, and was authorized a long time ago.

THE House Committee on Ways and Means have reached a conclusion as to a bond for refunding purposes. By a vote of 11 to 2, a 3½ per cent. bond was decided upon. By a vote of 12 to 1, the committee fixed the terms of the bonds at forty years, with an option to the Government to pay them in twenty years. Authority was also given the Secretary of the Treasury to issue $200,000,000 of four per cent. certificates, to run not more than five years.

Foreign.

A COMMITTEE on Irish relief has been formed at Paris, under the presidency of the Archbishop.

THE directors and the manager of the late West of England Bank have been indicted for fraud and conspiracy.

FRANCE has asked England to bring forward her new proposals for the settlement of the Greek frontier by a special commissioner.

THE Mennonites, hitherto exempt from military service in Russia on account of their religion, will this year furnish a contingent of 130 men.

THE Governor of Alexandretta, in Syria, has been dismissed for the violent treatment of French sailors during an affray with Mohammedans there.

THE Sultan has entertained Sir Austen Layard, British Ambassador, Lady Layard and the members of the British Embassy at dinner. He treated his guests very cordially.

IT is rumored that Lord Salisbury has proposed a mediation between Greece and Turkey by the appointment of a technical commission which shall decide upon a reasonable and military delimitation.

A CONFERENCE of the Powers on the affairs of Morocco is said to have been arranged, and Spain will not, therefore, receive the petition of the Moors, who asked to be placed under her allegiance.

THE Government at Havana has received a dispatch from Spain saying that a treaty has been signed between China and Spain by which Chinamen can be contracted for for labor in Cuba, as has formerly been the practice.

THE session of the Reichstag was opened on February 12th. The speech from the Throne states that confidence is felt in the maintenance of peace through the labors of the Berlin Congress. The Empire would sedulously and unselfishly, and, conscious of its own power, continue to participate in the endeavor to secure a lasting peace for Europe.

CHINA'S hesitation to ratify the Kuldja Treaty on the plea that its representative overstepped his powers has caused some uneasiness in St. Petersburg, as trouble with China might interfere with the Turcoman expedition. Even if China nominally pre-erred peace, her Viceroy on the frontier, Tso-tsung-t'ang, the conqueror of Kashgaria, who has regarded, very impatiently, the negotiations about Kuldja, seems a likely man to make an expedition on his own account, without troubling his Government for formal permission.

A BERLIN dispatch says: "The conditions of peace between Church and State will probably be the consent of the Vatican to recognize the State's right to control education and the nomination of Catholic priests, and in return for this the repeal of all the other clauses of the Falk laws which have been passed for the purpose of coercing the clergy. The Centre party will probably object to the recognition of this fundamental clause of the May Laws, but as the same prescriptions are enforced in other countries, the Vatican cannot oppose them here."

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 471.



GERMANY.—RECEPTION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE BLACK EAGLE BY THE EMPEROR.



ITALY.—THE STAIRCASE OF THE QUIRINAL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.



SPAIN.—MANIFESTATION BEFORE THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT MADRID.



AUSTRALIA.—THE SOUTH HEAD BATTERY AT SYDNEY, N. S. W.



MOROCCO.—TAKING TEA WITH THE GOVERNOR OF KARIA-EL-ABBASSI.

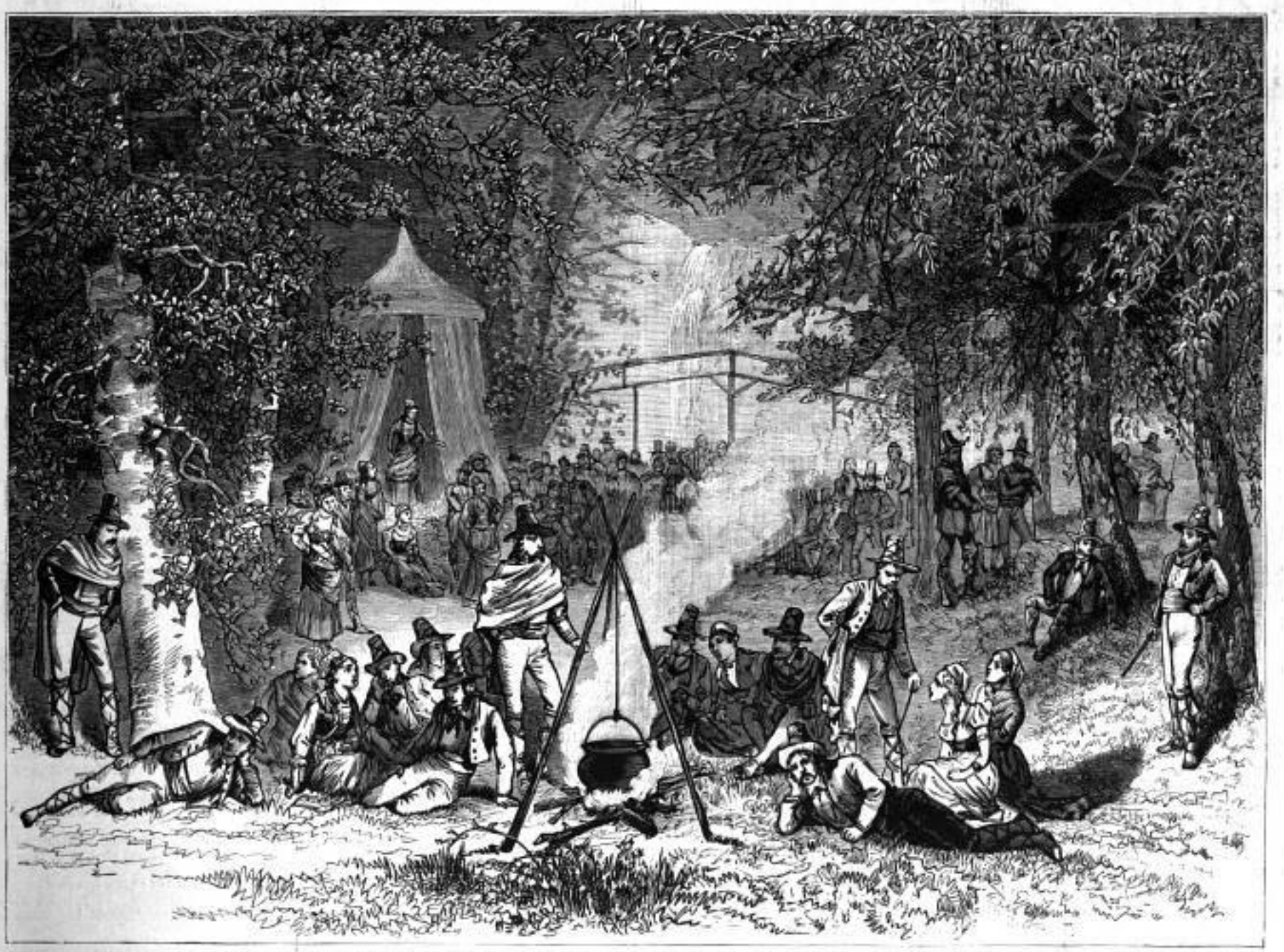


AFGHANISTAN.—PREPARING FOR WINTER IN THE SHERPUR CANTONMENT.

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NEW YORK CITY.—A SCENE FROM "THE ROYAL MIDDY," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT DALY'S NEW THEATRE—"THE QUEEN ENTERING THE STATE BARGE."—SEE PAGE 471.



KENTUCKY.—THE EUTERPE MASKED CARNIVAL AT LOUISVILLE, FEBRUARY 5TH—THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT, FROM THE OPERA OF "PREZIOSA."—FROM A SKETCH BY C. C. BRENNER, SEE PAGE 471.

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NOT YET.

OUR day is not yet wholly done,
With scented blooms and songful birds;
Night has not yet obscured the sun,
Or hushed warm kisses and soft words;
But soon, ah, sweet! these things must be,
And we approach the dreamless sea.

Our song is not yet wholly sung
In changing chords, with fullest range—
The lyre not broken or unstrung
By hands untender, rough and strange;
But all songs, love, at length must cease
Where silence is the ghost of peace.

Our tears are not yet wholly shed,
Nor quivering lips yet calm and cold;
The nerves that racked the weary head
May rack and sting us as of old;
But soon those things shall be, my queen,
As though they had not ever been.

Yet ere the sun-glad day depart,
With tuneful music in our ears,
Let us rejoice in life, sweetheart,
Nor dread its bitter, burning tears;
Forget, remember, and forget
The end is—but it is not yet!

JOHN MORAN.

TWO ROADS TO FAVOR.

"WHERE are the trunks? Jupiter, how warm I am! Let me see. Is everything here?—the umbrellas, the air-cushion? My love, you have no idea of the happiness that air cushion will afford. Before the most sublime spectacles of nature, when one is dying with fatigue, one can bring out the air-cushion, seat oneself——"

"Oh, bother—get the tickets!"

"Let me first see that all is here: The umbrellas, one; Flossie's shawl strap, two: Flossie, three; you, my dear, four; your shawl-strap, five; the air cushion, six; the camp-stuff, seven—we are seven——"

"As the little girl in the poem was so fond of remarking," exclaimed Flossie, with a laugh—"'We are seven'; but you forgot to count yourself and your traveling bag, papa."

"Very true," exclaimed Mr. Pettibone, looking about anxiously. "How it does fluster a man. Now, when I am among my spices, I never lose my presence of mind—I am at home. I understand myself."

"But you know you have promised us this trip for two years, and surely it's worth a little trouble."

"Yes, my child—yes, I know it. But, after all, it is better that your education should be completed first. Now you are better fitted to feast your eyes on the grand panorama of nature——"

"Oh, what are you giving us?" snapped Mrs. Pettibone, a thin lady with spectacles.

"Oh, nothing."

"You are making a spectacle of yourself in a railroad depot."

"I am not making a spectacle of myself—I am elevating the ideas of my child. Here, Flossie, is a little blankbook, where you can put down your impressions."

"What impressions?" exclaimed Flossie, examining with interest two young men who were making their way through the crowd in a decided hurry.

"Your impression of all you see."

"And if I don't have any?"

"I will dictate them?" exclaimed Mr. Pettibone, in a pompous manner.

"They will be *delightful* reading?" said his wife, with a sniff.

The party above consisted of a stout, important looking man, dressed in gray tweed, pedestrian shoes, felt hat, "Murray" in one hand and umbrella in the other. He had a bald head, twinkling eyes, a red face and a very weak mouth. He regarded the other passengers with a complacent look, as one who should say, "Oh, you'll find me affable. I know who I am, and I flatter myself I am known somewhat. I think my note would go on 'Change. Yes, Samuel Pettibone, Spice Dealer, No. 20 Manyrun Street, is not a name wholly unchronicled by fame."

Mrs. Pettibone peered about sharply through her bright spectacles like a female who could not be humbugged. Her hair, of the kind termed "sandy," was screwed up into a hard knot under a drab chip hat. A long blue veil streamed behind, the wind taking liberties with it just at this moment, till it looked like an odd meteor. Her dress—straight, plain, unflounced, untrimmed—bespoke the severe simplicity of her mind. With "gold galore," she cared nothing for gay attire; she was down on shams of all sorts. The young men who fell in love with Flossie—and they were legion—felt a sensation as of cold water trickling down their backs when Mrs. Pettibone approached. Her atmosphere was bracing, but unpleasant as an easterly wind.

But why linger on these two when Flossie—charming Flossie Pettibone!—is waiting to have her portrait taken. We hesitate at the task. What word painting can hint even at the lovely fresh color; the hair that floats away from the coquettish little turban like a golden mist; the childish, yet eloquently tender gray eyes; the tempting mouth; the round white neck; the little, slender little figure; the dainty blue serge dress, pulled back of course and buttoned with gilt buttons; the neat little foot, that even pedestrian shoes do not spoil; the coquettish belt of alligator-skin, with a pouch of the same hanging at her side; the breast of the golden pheasant on her hat that touches her golden hair. Ah! no wonder the two young men, in staring at this vision, tumble over one another, and start back with a cry:

"Great Cæsar! what do I behold?"

"It is—it is my long-lost brother!"

"Show me the plate of strawberries on your left arm?"

And the two rush together again, this time for the purpose of shaking hands.

"Why, Teddy Tadminster, who expected to find you *en route* for Switzerland? I thought you were grinding at the law."

"And I thought you were slaughtering the innocents—that is, that you were critic for the *Plunger*, Phil Moran."

"Well, to tell you a secret: I'm in love."

"Why, so am I."

"I'm in earnest—bound to marry her if I can."

"So am I."

"There, how do you like her?—standing by the old girl in gray."

"What—you don't mean—— Good heavens, Phil, do you mean it?—she's *mine!*"

"The deuce she is!"

"I mean she's *the one*. The bright particular—you know."

"What—well"—nibbling at his cane moodily—"we can't both have her."

"No—against the law."

"Well, let's have a fair fight, old fellow. The dad's the one to conquer. You see, he has the shekels, and I would not drag the darling down to poverty."

"Nor I, though I love her. Heavens and earth, how I love her!"

"All right, the way is open to us both. We won't let this part us. Whoever wins, the other mustn't sulk. Here's my hand on it." And the two shook hands again.

"What a very remarkable couple of young men," thought Flossie, "they seem to have a mania for shaking hands. But, really, I believe that I have seen their faces before. How delightful, *two* already! In traveling one can make them so useful. I began to think I was going to be bored. Mamma—imagine!—there are two gentlemen I danced with at the Charity Ball," and Flossie began to direct very friendly glances towards the twain, who, thereupon, took courage and approached.

"*Such* a surprise!"

"Yes; and going the same way!"

"How delightful!"

"Ah, yes," began Mr. Pettibone, pompously. "I wish to bring my daughter face to face with nature."

"Nature will be charmed at the introduction. I am sure," stammered Teddy.

Flossie had put up a bewitching parasol of deep blue, lined with old gold. The girl's complexion could stand anything, and the yellow light glowed on her face like sunshine. The two young men devoured her with their glances. She dropped her handkerchief—a filmy little thing, embroidered in pale pink and blue, and perfumed with violet. Both flew for it, and two heads filled alone with her image came in collision.

From that time the contest began as to which one should pay the most assiduous court to the old gentleman. All his whims were humored, his self-conceit flattered to the utmost. Philip Moran, who had Irish blood in his veins, distributed his blarney so easily and naturally that poor Ted was sometimes discomfited. He could not go into the "taffy" business with such a candid and innocent air. But, then, Ted had other advantages, he had a straight, beautiful Grecian nose and a lovely dark silky mustache, while Phil's nasal organ was decidedly "tip-tilted," and the hair on his upper lip somewhat off color. Both were, however, nobby-looking young men, and if Flossie did think the softest of Ted's dark eyes, she did not show her preference, being the least bit of a coquette.

What wonderful mornings broke for them amid that glorious Alpine scenery. Did ever sun kindle upon those mountain-tops, snow-crested and pine-girdled, such splendors of dawn? Did ever sunset put such bloom upon the cold snow-fields, till the very glaciers seemed throbbing with a warm heart?

Flossie was wild with delight. They made excursions up the mountains. They gathered the purple heather and fringed gentian and pressed them in the little book Mr. Pettibone had given for "impressions"; and Ted was always the one who suggested tender little lines to write beneath them, while Philip was the daring soul who climbed inaccessible places for bits of odd moss or the white velvety edelweiss. Mr. Pettibone made all these excursions with them, to be sure, and uttered platitudes in the very face of the sublimest scenes with the air of a man who had made a discovery. He wrote in the visitors' book, "When one stands in the presence of Mount Blanc one feels one's littleness"; and he swelled with pomposity as he read this remarkable thought to the rest. In fact, he expanded—bloomed, as it were, in the air of adulation that surrounded him—till Madame Pettibone declared there was no living with him.

As for Flossie, her dream of love made everything roseate and charming. Dear old papa was a funny old darling. Mr. Moran was so entertaining, and Teddy so—ah, what Teddy was the young girl scarcely confessed to herself. She could have said by this time:

"I do not ask thee what thou art,
Nor what thy life in great or small;
Thou art, I know, what all my heart
Must beat or break for—that is all!"

Somehow in the mountain walks she often found herself apart from the others alone with him, bending over some flower, uprooting some fern, looking for the shining threads of ice-cold water, or resting a few moments under a sombre pine-tree. She was startled from these little suspicions of *tête-à-tête* frequently by her father's call. Having made up his mind to introduce his daughter formally to the beauties of nature, he generally did so in a short oration.

"Ahem! Flossie, my love, stand near me! Do you catch the effect of light there on that shield of snow. See, at the left above that clump of pines. Many an eye would pass over these things lightly, you know, but though I am no artist nothing escapes me. I flatter myself I have a soul capable of appreciating the grand, the beautiful, the sublime. My child, you will never forget that your father led your steps into these solitudes of nature! Ahem! In after years you will remember how we stood here face to face with the grandest——" With these words Mr. Pettibone indulged himself with a tremendous circular gesture, as if he would include the vast panorama about him. His feet slipped, he staggered, fell, and began rolling to the very edge of the precipice. It was Teddy who frantically made a dash *at* him, and barely escaped being dashed over the slippery edge with him.

"At once there rose so loud a yell,
Above that deep and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell."

But it was only the combined volume of sound that came from various affrighted throats, and melted into one terrific howl.

"Mercy!—some salts!—some water!—some vinegar!" cried Mrs. Pettibone.

"Oh, papa—papa—how do you feel?" cried Flossie, kneeling by his side.

"I—I am better," exclaimed Pettibone, opening his eyes in a bewildered manner.

"Ah! if it had not been for you!" exclaimed Flossie, raising her beautiful eyes to Ted's face with a glance that almost sent him reeling over the brink, so intoxicating was it.

"Yes; he was nearly over," cried Mrs. Pettibone. "I saw him rolling like an Indian-rubber ball."

"Oh, not quite," faltered Pettibone.

"Yes, you would have gone but for Mr. Tadminster. How can I thank you enough?"

"Oh, I beg——" began Ted, uncomfortably.

"Let me add my thanks," cried Flossie, earnestly. "I will never forget this day—never, while I live!"

Mr. Pettibone felt it incumbent on him to say something by this time. He held out his hand.

"I am not eloquent," he began; "I am a simple-hearted old man; but until this heart ceases to beat, I will never forget you; you will always have a place there."

Poor Ted felt his own heart beating dangerously. He escaped from the gratitude of the company by offering to go for some water. Phil, who had looked on with envious eyes, followed him.

"Well," he growled, "I am conquered. I may as well give up. You have saved the father; you have gotten up a famous adventure. It was not in the programme."

"It was chance."

"Oh! the father is full of gratitude; the mother weeps, and the daughter looks love at you. I'm off—I'll take the evening train for Paris."

"Oh, Philip! then if you are really in earnest, may I beg a favor of you?"

"Speak on."

"If you are really going—if you have made up your mind to give up the contest, I thought—I hoped—but no matter."

"Out with it, man. I don't bear you any ill-will. Providence evidently introduced that precipice on purpose to help you. Kismet! I submit."

"It seems cheeky to ask, but if you could touch on my hopes, my position, to old Pettibone——"

"Oh, the deuce!"

"I dare not do it myself, now. It would seem like asking a reward for my services."

"Do you know that this is rather original—your asking such a service from a rival?"

"Then you refuse?"

"No; I will do it. You are my friend, Ted, although you have beaten me. I have lost my love, let me keep my friend. Confess that I am an obliging rival. I'll go and sound the old man."

Teddy threw himself on the ground and smoked a cigar thoughtfully. As the blue smoke curled upwards, he saw strange things in it—a sweet face with floating, golden hair, a white vail and orange flowers, a pair of red lips made for kissing, a pretty little hand with a plain gold ring shining on it, etc.

Phil, meantime, had sauntered over to the spot where the old gentleman was reposing after his shock. Flossie and her mother had insisted on leaving him to take "a wink of the balmy," but he had no intention of doing so, and hailed Phil as he drew near.

"How do you find yourself by this time?" asked the young man, solicitously.

"Oh, I'm all right. I've taken some rum and water, and, in a few moments, I shall be able to gambol over the sea of ice. How is your friend?"

"He's salubrious! What a good fellow he is."

"Yes. He *seems* very good-natured."

Phil was rather surprised at the term, and echoed it dubiously.

"We are alone, and I don't mind saying to you that my wife and daughter exaggerate his action immensely," said Pettibone, with a wink.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; you know these women. How they lose their heads!"

"But, when Teddy grasped you, were you not rolling over——"

"I did roll, that is true. But, with an astonishing presence of mind, I had seized a small pine which grew in the way. I had hold of it when your friend arrived."

"Humph!" thought Phil, "we shall soon hear that he would have saved himself without help."

"Notwithstanding this, I am thankful to him. His intentions were good. I shall show my gratitude in some way. I shall invite him to my house."

"For a cup of tea," thought Phil.

"It appears that this is not the first time such an accident has happened in this place. It's a bad spot. The guide says he conducted a Russian gentleman here, a prince—it was last Summer—and he nearly tumbled in the same way."

"Really?"

"Yes; but the guide drew him back. You see how easy it is. He paid the fellow a hundred francs for it."

"He paid well."

"Yes; I think it was worth that."

"Not a cent more!" exclaimed Phil, with a smile and a reflection that there was no reason for him to go to Paris that day.

He went back to his waiting friend with lagging steps. After all it was hard to throw cold water on such a glowing heart.

"That old fellow is a monster of ingratitude," he said to himself. "He is too conceited to feel himself obliged to any one."

Ted threw his cigar away and sprang to his feet as his friend approached. "Well?"

"Poor fellow!"

"Have you seen him?"

"Oh, yes."

"And talked with him?"

"Yes."

"Well, did you speak of my hopes?"

"No, my dear old boy. I rather gained courage to think of my own. The old man was in such a frame of mind that I decided not to throw up the sponge. It's a fair fight yet."

Ted dropped again to his old lounging place, and his face changed. "Oh, yes; I suppose so;" and the matter ended.

Strange to say, the young man did not seem to have made the least advance in old Pettibone's regard by his really brave and unselfish risk of life in his behalf. It was not in the old fellow's nature to be generous even of gratitude, and a close observer might have noticed that he chafed under the obligation. He showed a remarkable preference for Phil on all occasions, and even invited him to an excursion on the Mer de Glace, in which Teddy was not included.

But as the ladies did not go, and as they still treated him like a hero, the young gentleman did not complain.

Their pleasant *tête-à-tête* was interrupted about sunset by an abrupt invasion.

"Salts!—wine!—brandy!" cried Mr. Pettibone.

They rushed out to find the old gentleman, with the help of a guide, supporting Phil.

"Oh! what has happened!" cried all, at once.

"A frightful thing. Here, drink some of this—rub his temples!"

"Thanks! I am better," exclaimed Phil, looking languidly around.

"What has happened?" asked Teddy.

"But for the courage of Mr. Pettibone," said Phil, solemnly, "I should have been brought home a corpse—that is, if my body had been found at all."

"You must not talk," exclaimed Mr. Pettibone, rapturously. "Let me tell it. Fancy, my dear, we were upon the Mer de Glace. Mount Blanc rose before us tranquil and majestic——"

"Oh, never mind that!" snapped Mrs. Pettibone.

"The deuce! Will you let me tell this my own way? We were walking along thoughtfully, as all intelligent souls must do in the presence of the grand in nature. Mount Blanc, the monarch of mountains, rose——"

"Well, it rose before! Do hurry and come to the point!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettibone.

"Who's telling this?" answered the old man, testily. "Perhaps you don't care to hear how I marched on silently over those yawning crevasses; how I heard a sudden noise behind me; how I turned and saw that our dear young friend was about disappearing in one of those fathomless abysses——!"

"Well!"

"Listen. With the greatest presence of mind I threw myself forward——"

"Oh!"

"Yes, on the very edge of the precipice. I held out my alpenstock. He clutched. I pulled and pulled, and after a frightful struggle, a superhuman effort, I drew him out. Yes, I saved his life—thank heaven!" And old Pettibone wiped his brow, as if the struggle had been a great strain on him. "Ah, my friends, it is a famous thing to save a man's life," he said, looking about effusively.

"Mr. Pettibone, words are powerless to express my gratitude for such a service," said Phil.

"That's very true!" exclaimed the old fellow.

"But the heart, Mr. Pettibone—the heart!"

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Pettibone, seizing the young fellow's hand and shaking it. "It is a pleasant feeling that of saving a fellow-being. If it had not been for me you would have been a mass of broken fragments at present—an unpleasant object. You owe me everything—*everything!* I shall never forget it."

"Nor I."

"Ah, young man"—to Teddy—"you do not know the pleasure one feels in saving a human life!"

"But, papa, he knows all about it, since he saved yours," urged Flossie.

"Oh, very true. Let the host bring me the travelers' book, that I may write down this occurrence."

From that moment poor Ted's star waned. The self-love of old Pettibone was so inflated by the contemplation of his own courage and presence of mind that our hero sank into the background. Phil recalled his heroic action, and he therefore enjoyed Phil's company. In vain Mrs. P. hinted that Flossie had set her heart on the other, a secret she had discovered by the magnetism of her maternity. The old man never ceased sounding the praises of his favorite.

At last Teddy put his fate to the test, and sent a letter to the old gentleman stating his hopes.

"Good! I have done the same," exclaimed Phil. "So far, so good. But I shall win, poor old fellow!"

"*She* loves me," said Ted; "she has said so."

"But if her father opposes? Do you know, old fellow, you have done nothing but make mistakes."

"How?"

"You see I love you, Teddy. Let me give you some advice for the next time—for *the*

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next time, you understand. You have a dreadful fault."

"What is it?"

"You like to do good services. You are too fond of putting people under obligation to you. It is an unhappy passion.

"I don't understand."

"You see, I have lived longer in the world than you. Before obliging a man, first find out whether he's a fool or not."

"Why?"

"Why? Because a fool is incapable of supporting for any time the crushing weight that is called gratitude. It is only men of soul that can do that. For example, this Pettibone. The fact of your saving his life makes you really unpleasant to him."

"I'm afraid that is true," said Teddy, mournfully.

"You will see when your answer comes. He will not remember your services for a minute, or, if he does, they will work against you. A small mind hates to be haunted by one who has a right to its favor."

"Then I'd better oblige no one hereafter," growled Teddy.

"No; but find out what style of individual you are obliging. Ingratitude with some people is a kind of pride. 'It is independence of heart,' a philosopher says. You see, *I* wisely took an opposite course."

"How?"

"I let myself slip purposely into a little crevasse. It was not dangerous."

"On purpose?"

"Don't you understand? To give a fellow like that a chance to save a companion without danger to himself. Ah! that was a master-stroke! Since that day I am his joy, his triumph, his evidence of heroism. When I appear he expands, he inflates himself, he plumes his feathers! I have the hold on him that vanity has on such a man."

"I'm afraid the game is yours!" exclaimed Teddy, mournfully.

"Learn wisdom, my friend," cried Phil, triumphantly. "Men don't attach themselves to you for the services you render them, but for those *they* render *you!*"

"Ah, men—but how about women?"

"Well, women——"

"They comprehend what gratitude is. They guard in the depths of their hearts the memory of a good deed——"

"Hum! you may have the women on your side, but on mine I have the pride of old Pettibone, and that is as high as Mount Blanc. Hullo, here he comes!"

The old gentleman looked very grave as he entered and cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he began, pompously, "I am happy to find you together. You have both done me the honor of asking the hand of my daughter. I have decided."

Ted drew a long breath. Phil looked confident and smiling.

"Mr. Morgan, my dear friend, I have done you a little service, I believe. I am going to do another."

"Ah, sir!" with effusion.

"Yes; I have something more to give you. It is a piece of advice, *Don't talk so loud near an open door!*"

"Good heavens!" muttered Phil, under his breath.

"Yes; you have taught me a lesson. I thank you for it. As for you, Mr. Tadminster, you don't know as much of the world as your friend. You calculate less, but you please me more. If you can win my little Flossie I will say, God bless you both!"

"Oh, sir," began Ted.

"And I wish to add that I do not feel that I have yet requited that great service you did me. I shall always rest under that obligation, for," with a withering glance at Phil, "I am not one of those fools who are not able to support that crushing burden called gratitude. I see my little Flossie below. Don't you think it a pleasant day for a walk?"

Ted looked at his friend deprecatingly. He had won—but he felt a sympathetic throb for Phil's disappointment. But one glance at Flossie's upturned face drew him out like a magnet.

"So—so—you listen at doors!" exclaimed Phil, defiantly.

"Sir, your words intruded themselves on my hearing," exclaimed the old man, irately; "but, is it true that you threw yourself down that crevasse expressly——"

"Of course."

"May I ask—I think you owe me a favor—considering this gross deception, that you will not speak of it to any one?"

"Oh, no; there's no object," said Phil, nonchalantly. "My friend and I took different roads to your favor. I would have won but chance knocked me up. I cave!"

In the meantime Ted was telling Flossie a sweet old story, as they took their way through a lonely winding road. The sunset was kissing its roses over the snow, and the girl's cheeks glowed in the warm light so bewitchingly that Teddy kissed her in the grand and majestic presence of the monarch of mountains. But old Mount Blanc had seen that sort of thing and winked at it many a time before.

"THE ROYAL MIDDY."

IF mad, merry music, a gorgeous *mise en scène*, glittering groupings, capital acting, pretty women and very teeching costumes are the elements that constitute the success of a comic opera, then is "The Royal Middy" a supreme success. The title suggests "Pinafore" and the "Pirates"; it smacks of the briny, of "shiver my timbers," and the mind's eye instantly beholds a dapper young gentleman in the shortest of jackets, the tightest, yet the loosest, of white trousers, a blue cap with a gold band, and an eruption of brass buttons. A royal middy leads one's thoughts to the youthful heir to the throne of England, whose present lies under the imputation of having tattooed his royal and youthful nose; but as this supposed embryo Lord High Admiral who now floats his flag at Daly's Theatre is in nowise related to the Prince of Wales or *Admiral Porter, K. C. B.*, and as his adventures are pretty much of his own seeking, let us take a brief glance at the cause of his appearance before no less a personage than the Queen of Portugal.

The Royal Middy is a very charming little zingara, named *Fonchette*; she is "awfully spoony" on *Lasterle*, secretly married to the young Queen of Portugal, and she comes to the Royal Palace only to be thrust into a closet by her lover in order to make way for the Queen, who has given *Lasterle* a rendezvous. In the closet are the uniforms of the Royal Middies, and *Fonchette*, to escape discovery, dons one of them. In the second act, owing to circumstances over which she has but little control, she appears at the Royal Naval Academy and assists in a very remarkable game of chess. The Queen becomes fascinated by the Royal Middy, and, like the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, promotes her favorite with a startling rapidity. The finale to this act, which we illustrate, possesses all the "go" of opera bouffe at its best. The game of chess has ended, and the Queen is being led to the royal barge by *Lasterle*, not, however, until she casts one long, lingering glance at the "audacious tar." The *mise en scène* is admirable, the grouping singularly effective, the colors charmingly blended, and the music *chic* to the last degree. In the final act a "millionario" from Brazil, captivates *Fonchette*, and the Queen is reluctantly compelled to abide by her first love. The "Royal Middy" bids fair to enjoy a "Pinafore" run.

EUTERPE CARNIVAL AT LOUISVILLE.

THE annual concert and bal *masqué* of the Euterpe Society, of Louisville, Ky., was given at Liederkranz Hall on Thursday evening, February 5th. The attendance was very large, and the entertainment was a splendid success, viewed from every point. The hall was beautifully decorated with vines and flowers, and the scene was lively when the gay maskers thronged the floor. The concert comprised a scene from "Preziosa," in which Miss Lou. Bornscheidt took the leading rôle, with Mrs. Schueler as *Alcalde*, and Mr. Louis Young as the *Gipsy Chief*. All acquitted themselves admirably. The "anvil chorus," from "Trovatore," was the feature of the evening, and was rendered with precision and spirit by a large chorus. The music was under the able direction of Professor Schueler. After the concert the dancing began, and was continued till dawn. Among the more attractive and tasteful costumes worn by the young ladies were noticeable Miss Lou Fleck as *Preziosa*; Miss Regina Rosch, *Buttercup*; Miss Mary Leonard, *Undine*; Miss Emma Fisher, *Flower-girl*; Miss Lillie Spelger, *Ballad-girl*; Miss Lena Stine, *Queen of Day*; Miss Bertha Schack, *Spanish Girl*; Miss Mary Drexler, *Gipsy Queen*. The Pfeiffer Quartet were attractively costumed. To Mr. Jacob Lang, President of the society, and Jul. Eschman, chairman of the committee of arrangements, and his aids, much credit is due for the success of the affair. Our illustration shows the gipsy encampment from the opera of "Preziosa."

A RAILROAD ON ICE.

AN ice-bridge railway connecting the north and south shores of the mighty St. Lawrence between Hochelaga and Longueuil, was formally opened on Saturday, January 31st, in presence of hundreds of interested spectators, assembled on both sides of the river, to witness one of the most novel enterprises of the day. For several hours before the train started, the engine "W. H. Pangman," weighing about 50,000 pounds, was the observed of all observers, being gayly decorated with evergreens, streamers and flags of every imaginable hue. Shortly after eleven o'clock the "Pangman," to which were attached two ordinary platform cars, fitted up with temporary seats, steamed out from the Longueuil wharf amidst the hurrahs and continued cheering of the crowd. Upon the cars, which weighed about eight tons each, were about 200 gentlemen, including the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Premier of the Province; Hon. Mr. Paquet, Messrs. C. J. Coursol, M.P.; J. Monaseau, M.P.; A. Quimet, M.P.; B. Benoit, M.P.; M. Bergeon, M.P.; B. Bernier, M.P.; F. Vannasse, M.P.; L. Hurteau, M.P.; Aldermen Thibault, Grenier and Allard; Hon. S. Barlow, President; Mr. H. A. Allen, Superintendent; Mr. A. B. Chaffee, Treasurer of the South Eastern Railway; Mr. W. H. Pangman, President of the Laurentides Railway; Doctors Kay and Mount; Messrs. J. L. Starnes, C. H. Chandler, G. R. Rolland, J. J. Curran, L. A. Senecal, G. B. Rouillard, ex-Alderman Laberge and a host of others.

As the train left the north shore—where, by-the-way, ice is not so thick or so safe as in midstream—but little progress was made, but as the locomotive proceeded onwards a speed of about ten miles an hour was attained. The road appeared to be in good condition, and no jolting or unpleasant sensations were experienced during the trip. At several points along the track air-holes had been bored in the ice, and occasionally water was observed bubbling up, but not in sufficient quantity to cause the least alarm to those on board. When approaching the south shore the train was brought to a standstill, in order to allow Messrs. Notman and Sandham, who were already waiting on the ice with their apparatus, to photograph the engine and cars. After a delay of ten minutes the whistle sounded, and the train in a very short time afterwards entered the S. E. Railway freight shed, which was appropriately bedecked with bunting, etc. The party having alighted from the train, repaired to a temporary depot, where refreshments had been provided.

COASTING AT NEWBURGH, ON THE HUDSON.

IF the scenery of the river Hudson is "beautiful beyond words" in the tender greens of the Springtime, the glowing blossoms of Summer, and the reds, russets and golds of Autumn, it is also surpassingly lovely in its mantle of ice and in its soft fleecy robes of snow. What pinks and blues and grays and whites greeted our eyes as the train flashed past the rock-ribbed Palisades, past the Highlands, whose summits the sun was gilding with glittering sheen and dazzle; past West Point, so clear cut against the full blue sky, and onwards to Fishkill, where the artist and I alighted from the cars to take the ferryboat that crosses the river to the intensely picturesque city of Newburgh.

The sturdy little boat crunched her way through the hummocked ice like some monster crushing sugared sweetmeats. Ever and anon she would be brought to a standstill, as the barriers to her progress became more defiant, but bit by bit she ate her way and landed us with a triumphant snort at Newburgh dock. The moon—sweet regent of the sky—was sleeping white upon the snow as we cautiously threaded the steep streets that lead to Anne Street Hill, the happy hunting-ground of Newburghers who delight in the intoxicating pastime of coasting.

"We used to have a splendid time," observed an elderly gentleman, dragging a coaster after him, "before the city ordinances prevented us from darting down the hill right out into the centre of the Hudson. The high, old-fashioned knee-jumper was the sled used then, and, you bet, we used to travel like greased lightning. Some of the sleds would carry four of us, and when once started nothing could stop us. We cleared everything, and it was not uncommon to shoot between the legs of horses passing a cross street without hurting the animals or ourselves."

"What class of sled do you use now?" I asked.

"Well, sir, in place of the old-time knee-jumper, we work the 'bob, and a pretty dangerous tool it is. It is composed of two ordinary hand sleds connected together by a stout plank, the length of which makes the length of the sled. The rear end is stationary, and the front is movable with a steering gear like that of the truck-tillers used by the good old fire companies. Some of the bobs will hold as many as twelve or fifteen persons. But here we are."

We suddenly debouched upon an open space, hedged in by onlookers. Pushing our way to the front, a strange and singularly animated scene presented itself. Away down-hill stretched the white track, even as a billiard-table, polished as a mirror, and dotted as far as the eye could reach by sleds of every sort, shape, size and description, occupied by shrieking, cheering, laughing, joyous human beings. Men and—bless their hearts!—the fair sex crowded round the starting-point, all madly eager for a dash on the bob. And the excitement of "slowing away" skirts, and of adding one more to the crew, was in itself a most interesting and enjoyable element. "All aboard!" and everybody clutches something with the tenacity of the devil-fish, the steersman grasps his ropes, and they are off like a flash. On, on! We can see them speeding with terrible swiftness down the half-mile slope, while the cheers of the spectators ring out upon the crisp, frosty night air. The centre of the hill is the favorite point of view, for it is here that the "bob" attains its fiercest velocity, and woe to the sled that travels across its track, woe to the amateur who gets decanted—the "bob" recognizes no obstacle, and is bound to slide its nine hundred yards within the briefest possible space of time. It is scarcely necessary to say that in the "bob" centres much of the attraction. Of course other sleds do very good, and very fancy, work, and the races between well-known citizens develop the most lively excitement. Down they come, one after the other, presenting the appearance of an endless chain. Many of them "steer for shore" when the great hoarse cry announcing an approaching "bob" comes booming along the line. Some gain the haven of refuge in good time, others save themselves by scarce a hair's-breadth, while not a few find themselves flung into the silvered snow amid the jeers of the bystanders. In Newburgh, as in Canada, dogs are pressed into sled service, and butcher and baker boys, after delivering their wares up-hill, enjoy the delightful luxury of a slide home. Since Newburgh is all hills, its coasting enjoys a reputation as old as Washington's Headquarters.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Knights of the Black Eagle.

The reception of the members of the German Order of Knights of the Black Eagle, by the venerable Emperor, at the royal residence in Berlin, forms a pleasant picture of social life in a country popularly supposed to be constantly preparing for war. Prince Bismarck is seen just stepping over the threshold, followed by Count von Moltke, who steps in bold relief, and other favorites of the sovereign of united Germany.

The Steps of the Quirinal on New Year's Day.

The old palace of the Popes presented a gay spectacle on the first day of the year, as the foreign ministers and the high dignitaries of State called to pay the customary honors to the King of Italy. Diplomatists with their many decorations, brazen and grizzled veterans, the men who lead in Parliament or hold positions in the ministry, all were there. In such a scene at Vienna or Madrid, or Paris, the dignitaries of the Church and many of the old nobility would have appeared also and given a variety to the groups; but at Rome the clergy and the mass of the nobles keep entirely aloof from a régime to which they cannot give any hearty support. This social exclusion of the Court and its adherents is sometimes very trying.

The Manifestation before the French Embassy at Madrid on the 18th of December, 1879.

The sympathy manifested throughout France for the ravages and destruction caused by the inundations in Spain was not unappreciated. The exceptional weather which has visited Europe this year has caused immense distress, and we see with awe how much of human life and happiness depends on the changes of temperature and moisture. In Spain, gratitude prompted a large gathering on the 18th of December before the French Embassy, where an impromptu expression of the thanks of the country was made to France in the person of her representative at the Court of Madrid.

The South Head Battery at Sydney.

These works at Sydney, New South Wales, are considered as forming one of the most effective fortifications in the world, for the purpose of defending the entrance to the harbor. The fort is sufficiently elevated, and protected by its peculiar position on the summit of precipitous and inaccessible cliffs, to be out of the reach of attack in front, and of all danger from return fire of any force or vessel attempting the entrance. From below there is scarcely a possibility of landing, and none whatever of scaling the perpendicular, and, in some places, overhanging rock. Front and flank are perfectly secure from the sea. And even from the rear, by which doubtless troops might approach, there is a considerable ascent, and the landing can only be effected from within the harbor, or by means of an open bay not very practicable for shipping; while on the other hand the fire of the battery can be directed in almost any line, from close upon horizontal to nearly perpendicular, against any vessel long before it enters, and long after it has entered the harbor.

Taking Tea with a Morocco Governor.

This illustration represents a recent traveler author and some of the companions of his journey taking tea with the Governor of Kasta-el-Abbassi, a place described as being "made up by the Governor's house and a group of huts shaded by a few fig and wild olive-trees." The Governor came wrapped in a snowy *caik* that reached from his turban to his feet, and, throwing off his yellow slippers, sat down barefooted on the mattress. Slaves brought jars of milk and plates of sweetmeats, and Ben-el-Abbassi himself made the tea, and poured it out into beautiful little cups of China porcelain, which his favorite servant, a young mulatto, with his face tattooed in arabesques, carried round. After some conversation, in which the Governor displayed absolutely faultless manners, and which was varied by the sudden appearance for an instant of his pretty little daughter at the door behind him, there followed a long interval of silence; then very hearty farewells were taken, the Governor conducting his guests to the door.

Preparing the Shirpur Cantonments for Winter Quarters.

The Shirpur Cantonments, whither General Roberts determined to pass the Winter before he was compelled to retire into them by the present rising of the tribes, are situated very nearly in the same position as those occupied by the British troops in the disastrous campaign of 1842. Then, however, the cantonments were little better than an unprotected range of scattered barracks and houses, whereas now they have been laid out in the form of a spacious rectangle, being well fortified in front, and protected in the rear by some high hills, which were outside the old cantonments, but now are part and parcel of the position. There is a splendid range of barracks, which will protect the troops from the inclement weather of a severe Winter, the ramparts are amply supplied with artillery, and the position is considered, from a military point of view, practically impregnable.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Mississippi Legislature is holding night sessions.

—THE State of Kentucky paid $10,000 bounty for fox-scalps last year.

—FOURTEEN new gold mines have been discovered in Eastern Siberia.

—UPWARDS of 1,442 persons in the British Empire enjoy hereditary titles.

—FRANCISCAN friars have gone into the wine business extensively at Los Angeles, Cal.

—THE Texas Democratic State Convention is to be held in Galveston on Tuesday, April 20th.

—THE Parisian authorities estimate the damage done by the floating ice in the Paris district alone at $700,000.

—GEORGIA will get a big sum for educational purposes, if the pending Bill to sell public lands shall pass Congress.

—IT is expected that under the re-assessment of property that is about to take place in Virginia, there will be a shrinkage in values of about twenty-five per cent.

—SUGAR made in Louisiana costs $40 per hogshead to produce it, and from one and a half to two hogsheads can be made to the acre, worth from $120 to $160.

—THE Standing Committee of the Society of Friends in Maine are taking steps to oppose the proposed re-enactment of the law providing for capital punishment in that State.

—THE French Government has agreed to the proposal to buy up and pull down the houses adjoining the national library, so as to secure it from the danger of fire. The cost will be 3,100,000 francs.

—THE new Geographical Society of Japan has just published, on a large scale, a map of the City of Yeddo. The names of districts, streets and the like are inserted both in Japanese and Latin characters.

—THE authorities of Gotha have made their report for the year 1879 on the subject of cremation. The first body was treated on the 18th of December, 1878, since when fifteen others have been similarly disposed of.

—ABOUT $1,000,000 are invested and 2,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of shoes in Auburn, Me., and 4,000,000 pairs of shoes were turned out last year, which was an increase of more than twenty-five per cent. over 1878.

—AT Kolomna, Russia, they have just celebrated the completion, in the machine-shops of that place, of their five hundredth locomotive and ten thousandth railroad car. The first engine was built there in 1868, and is still in active use.

—FOR the first time since the Franco-Prussian war a German newspaper has been started in Paris. It is called the *Deutsche Zeitung für Paris*, and will be issued daily. It is worth adding that there are in the capital of France no fewer than 50,000 Germans.

—AFTER being a lane for 600 years, Drury Lane becomes a street. It derived its title from the residence of a once distinguished family, long since extinct or sunk into obscurity, Drury House. In a few months the locality will scarcely be recognized, such are the changes being made.

—CALIFORNIA averages higher rates for farm labor than any State in the Union, viz., $41 a month without board, and $2.27 a day for transient help in harvest times. South Carolina is said to pay the least, or an average of $9.83 per month, without board. Transient help is paid for at the rate of 69 cents a day, without board.

—THE Charlottesville (Va.) *Chronicle* says that $15,000 has been pledged of the $50,000 required for the endowment of the astronomical Professorship in the University of Virginia, upon the establishment of which are conditioned the telescope promised by Mr. Leander J. McCormick, and the sum of $25,000 promised by Mr. William H. Vanderbilt for the observatory.

—A RECENTLY published official report of the Italian minister of agriculture, industry and commerce gives some statistics relative to the state of the mining industry in Italy. The principal mineral product is sulphur, of which an annual value of £1,600,000 is produced. Lead comes next, the value of this metal produced in 1877 being £383,600; while that of zinc was £179,000; of iron, £111,000, and of copper, £58,500.

—THOUSANDS of blacks and whites in Louisiana and southern Mississippi are doing a profitable business in the long, beautiful moss which hangs to the ground in festoons in the forests of that section. It is as fine as horse-hair when cured, and the revival of business is making a ready sale for it at good prices. The bark is separated from the moss by exposure to the sun for a month, after which it is washed by machinery and dried.

—A NUMBER of German princes have announced their intention to be present at St. Petersburg on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne, including Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, who represents the Emperor. All the regiments of which the Czar is honorary colonel will send deputations to St. Petersburg, consisting of the colonels in command, some officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of each regiment.

—THE production of beet-root sugar in Europe, according to the statistics furnished by Herr Licht, of Magdeburg, was 1,380,000 tons for 1879, against 1,574,154 tons for 1878. The amount is divided as follows among the various States of Europe: Germany, 410,000 tons; France, 300,000; Austro-Hungary, 365,000; Russia, 225,000; Belgium, Holland, Italy, etc., 80,000. In France the diminution in the production of this article was 192,000 tons.

—AN Alabama paper says that in the town in which it is published there is a poplar tree about eighteen inches in diameter which was standing there ten years ago. A short time afterwards the tree fell and lay prone upon the ground for a considerable period, during which time a part of the top was cut up and used for fuel. No human agency has since interfered with one in any way attempted to move it, and yet it now stands erect and is growing beautifully. It is the only instance ever known of the violation of the statement made in the Scripture that "as the tree falls so it shall lie."

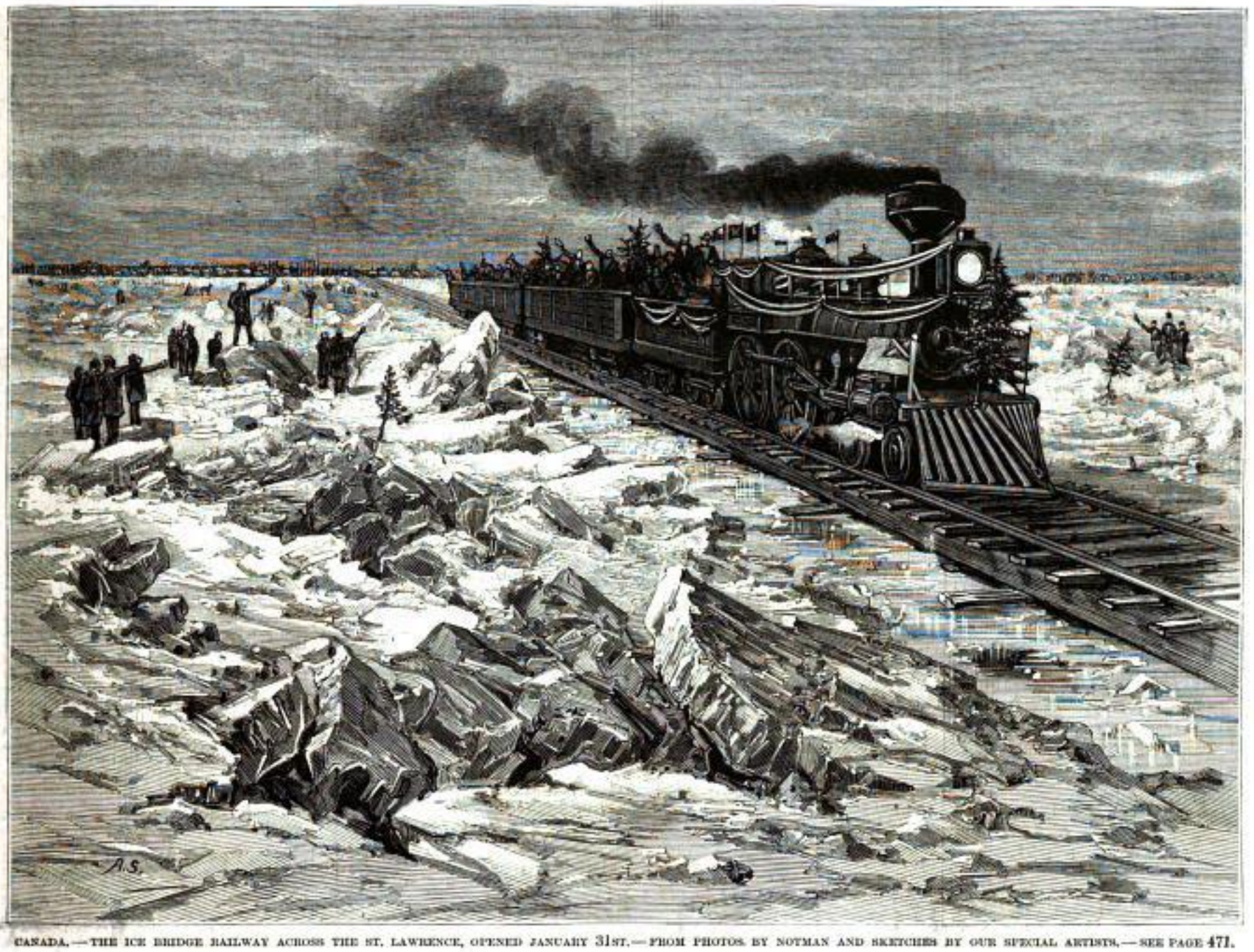
—THE production of wool in the United States in 1879 was the largest in the history of the country. According to statistics prepared by Mr. James Lynch, wool broker, the home clip was 232,500,000 pounds against 211,000,000 pounds in 1878, and 208,250,000 pounds in 1877. Of the yield of 1879 California is credited with 47,000,000 pounds; Oregon, Nevada, Washington Territory and Utah with 14,000,000; Colorado and New Mexico with 13,000,000; Texas with 15,000,000; other Southern States with 9,500,000; and the Northern and Western States with 133,000,000 pounds.

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NEW YORK.—COASTING BY MOONLIGHT ON THE ANN STREET HILL, NEWBURGH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 471.

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CANADA.—THE ICE BRIDGE RAILWAY ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE, OPENED JANUARY 31ST.—FROM PHOTOS. BY NOTMAN AND SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 471.



NEW YORK CITY.—CARNIVAL OF THE CHILDREN AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 9TH—THE DANCE OF THE SNOWMEN.—SEE PAGE 475.

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THE HIDDEN WITNESS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED).

FELIX FORESTER walked slowly out of the room into the library, and sat moodily down. As for Sylve, she paused a few moments before she entered Mrs. Forester's dressing-room, from which her own opened. Careful as she had been, she had not quite effaced the signs of her recent agitation. Mrs. Forester looked at her narrowly.

"What is it, dear? You didn't see Flix?" she said.

"I did, as I almost always do when I am performing any particularly silly part."

"Well, I hope you didn't quarrel."

"Do we ever meet of late without quarreling?"

"It is very wrong of you, Sylve."

"Why wrong of me?" queried the girl, hotly. "Is not he something to blame?"

"Of course, you are both to blame," and Mrs. Forester sighed. "I wish I knew how to make you more congenial, but I don't."

"It's better as it is—a great deal better as it is," said Sylve, thickly. "When I am my own mistress, you know, why then I can—I can go somewhere out of his sight."

"Sylve, dear, don't talk so unreasonably—Sylve, are you crying? What shall I do to my boy—I certainly will not have him rude! Oh, no, he could not have been rude to you. I will see about it," and she rose determinedly.

"Oh, pray don't speak of it, don't think of it," said Sylve, instantly banishing all traces of tears; "it was no doubt I who provoked a quick answer, and it is all over now. We parted—very—good—friends. Please don't spoil his pleasure for the evening. I dare say he won't—I dare say we shall neither of us think of it again. There, I am all right, and the carriages are beginning to come; we must go down-stairs now, must we not?"

Mrs. Forester assented, and in less than an hour stood receiving her five hundred friends. Sylve was like a humming-bird, darting hither and thither, her brilliancy and loveliness captivating every eye. It was very late, and dancing had been going on an hour when Mr. Vintresse made his appearance. Sylve had not forgotten that he was to be a guest, and singled him out among the many as he stopped to speak to Flix.

"I am glad to see you," said the latter, with a cordial shake of the hand. "And how is the patient to-night?"

"Something better than he has been," was the answer. "He really had a frightful turn to-day, and we thought for a few moments that he was dying. It was a good thing, too, as it has turned out, for it has the effect to keep him silent, and he would talk. Such exertion of the facial muscles, until the mouth wound is healed, is attended with danger. He insisted upon my leaving him to come here to-night, though I wanted to stay with him. But his wishes must not be crossed."

"I am heartily glad to learn that he is better," said Flix. "Let me introduce you to my ward"—he led him to the upper part of the room where Sylve was standing. "Miss de Latude, Mr. Vintresse." bowed and moved away, curiously conscious of Sylve's searching though shy glance in his face, as if wishing to see whether he retained any ill-feeling. Of course Vintresse studied the charming countenance before him as one would study a painting, that he might carry with him the impression of the features with which to make a careful report.

"There's nothing of De Neal's face," he said to himself, "not the slightest resemblance, although he is a fine-looking man, and she is very beautiful, and very likely I shall not lose my heart to her, though I shall certainly do as he wishes. I have gone too far to retract now," and the half sigh he gave—was it to some lost love? Sylve was at once captivated by the elegant stranger so far as to admire his noble form, his handsome features and the grace of his movements. She was quite willing to give him her hand for the next Lancers, and she did not see Flix standing in a recess against the opposite wall watching the movements of this the loveliest couple in the room, who drew upon them indeed many more eyes than his.

"Oh, are you really from California?" queried Sylve, in a pause in the dance. "I am so glad! I have often received papers from there, but I cannot think who could send them, as I have neither friends nor acquaintances in that part of the country. It has really been quite a mystery to me."

"You say you have no relatives there?"

"No, indeed; I am quite sure of that. Indeed I stand alone in the world as far as ties of family are concerned. Both parents died when I was a little child."

"Do you not remember them?" asked Vintresse, anxious to gather all the knowledge he could to carry back with him to the sick-bed.

"Oh, yes: I remember my mother very distinctly. She was not like me; she was a blonde with hair of a lovely color, such as I never seen since. My father was large and dark, with regular and handsome features, and I was very, oh, very fond of him. It was a dreadful shock to lose mamma, because she was my only companion for years. I wanted to die when she did. Fancy being left entirely alone in the midst of strangers who do not care whether you live or not?" she shuddered at the thought of that terrible time.

"It must have been very sad, and I can pity you, for I was left an orphan, though not at so early an age as you were," Vintresse said.

"Indeed, we ought to be friends," Sylve responded, her heart warming towards this man who could appreciate her loneliness.

"We will be friends," he said, with a rare smile—"true friends, close friends."

"There's my hand on it," she responded, frankly. Flix saw the action and drew his lips together.

"They seem progressing finely," he muttered. "Ah, I knew the moment I looked upon his face that he would be agreeable to her—good heavens, why should I care? She hates me—I ought to hate her. I fancied I did—I fancied I did—I did not know my own heart." He turned away, a terrible jealousy consuming him, angry with himself, furious towards Vintresse, though he had no reason to be.

"How were you pleased with my friend," he asked later of Sylve, forcing himself to seem forgetful of their recent variance.

"Splendid!" she cried, her face all alight. "He is such a gentleman!"

"Which I am not, I suppose," muttered Flix, between his teeth.

"You should not force me to make comparisons," she said, a little maliciously. "I never meant to imply such a suggestion," she added instantly, looking hurt as she saw his face darken.

"It doesn't matter at all. If I asked you to let me take you in to supper, I suppose we should be vindictive over the ices and fight about the cake."

"Try me," said Sylve, her very throat crimsoning—"no, don't. I half-promised Mr. Vintresse."

"Give me the last half of the promise then, and, as I am on the spot," he said, "I shall claim the right of possession. Give it me," he repeated, almost sternly.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Sylve, trembling a little.

"Do you think I would beg like a dog if I did not? It is scarcely my way. Will you allow me to conduct you in to supper?"

Sylve was bewildered. Her heart gave a great throb. What did this strange mood impart? She said nothing, but quietly put her arm within his and felt the hurried beating of his heart. She could not have spoken had her life depended upon the act. As they sat down to the table a sudden thought oppressed her. Mrs. Forester was looking towards them with raised brows and a satisfied little smile.

"I see how it is," said Sylve to herself, "his mother has been lecturing him, and he had to promise to be civil. Oh, that was the meaning of his determination to escort me here," and from the delight of heaven she seemed suddenly to fall into the abyss of darkness.

"Now what shall I get you?" he asked, still with that strange preoccupied manner, as if fighting with himself to be civil to her.

"I really don't care for anything," she said, distressfully; "I am not in the least hungry. But I will take a macaroni for the sake of appearances," she added, nervously; "and indeed I should like to go back as soon as possible."

"Ah, I knew it was coming," said Flix, between shut teeth.

"Knew what was coming?"

"One of our pleasant little differences of opinion."

"Then why did you bring me here with you? If we can't help differing we had better let each other alone."

"I prefer to fight it out," said Flix, doggedly. "Now tell me why you won't stay; you must have some reason."

She looked nervously towards Mrs. Forester. "It—it seemed to me—that—your mother—perhaps——" She paused, half-ready to cry.

"Well?" Flix leisurely eat his macaroni, and was not in the least inclined to help her out, though he almost divined what was coming.

"She—did she not ask you to take me out, knowing, or fancying"—she colored violently—"that we had had words."

"Have you learned so little of my character as to think that even my mother could influence me to do anything against my own will and good pleasure?" he asked, in a low voice, looking at her steadily—"anything concerning my own personal tastes and wishes, I mean," he added. Her eyes were lowered, and she did not see the glance he gave her and that caused Lieutenant Styles to remark to his neighbor, whom he was purposely supplying with chicken and jelly, that "Flix Forester was caught at last, you bet!"—that being his favorite word-clincher whether talking to man or woman.

"I—I didn't know," stammered Sylve, losing her presence of mind between vexation at her own stupidity and wonder as to what this unusual attention might mean, and perversely attributing it still to either word or sign of Mrs. Forester.

"You'll have some jelly—or, stay, jelly goes with meat, I believe. Here is boned turkey—very harmless in small quantities."

"Thank you—I—couldn't eat, I'm not in the least hungry. You are not eating either; hadn't we best go into the parlor?"

"Sylve, are you determined to ignore me?" he asked, in a smothered voice—"can't you overcome the habit of resistance and contradiction? You are old enough."

Her hazel eyes opened wide; there were little sparks like glowing fire in their lucid depths.

"I wonder which of us is the ignored party?" she asked, indignantly. "When have you seen fit to honor me with your attentions openly before? How long since has it become the fashion for women to take the initiative?"

"Oh, if my attentions are not pleasing, pardon me: there is my arm, will you condescend to take it?"

"I did not say they were not pleasing," retorted Sylve, angry tears coming up to her eyelids; "you always misunderstand me, you always did, you always will, I suppose. I never knew so thoroughly uncomfortable a person to get on with. I think it would be better if we never noticed each other—I do from my heart."

"Perhaps," he replied, coldly, "it would be quite agreeable to me."

"And more than agreeable to me," she said, with spirit.

"Thank God it has turned out as it has," muttered Flix, as he left Sylve with a knot of merry girls who were volubly discussing the fashions. "Why am I for ever throwing myself in the way of temptation? One would think the trial I have before me a sufficient barrier, and it shall be, by heaven! No more foolishness, I have done with it for ever and for ever—and yet—God help me—I love her, I love her!" he cried, passionately.

It was some time before Sylve could enter into the fun and frolic that pervaded the conversation of the group of young ladies, so utterly was she bewildered with the strange bearing and yet stranger talk of Flix Forester. "Well, I hope I have alienated him for good," she said to herself, an angry spot on either cheek. "I will not bend to his whims; he has lived so long with his mother, has been so much indulged, that it is impossible for ordinary mortals to please him. I pity whoever his wife may be," and the red crept steadily up to the roots of her hair and spread on her throat. Suddenly she was conscious of feeling anything but amiable at the thought of that imaginary person. Oh, why was he so far while so near? Why could they never meet but either some unpleasing incident must thrust itself before them or bitter misunderstandings occur? And all this time she was smiling without heart, and talking without knowledge, as people will whose minds are preoccupied. A voice startled her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"MR. FORESTER IS KILLED."

"MISS BROWN," it said. She turned round haughtily, but that moment her countenance changed.

"Pardon me. I have been trying to speak with you for some time. I did not dream of seeing you here."

"Mr. Wilde!" gasped Sylve, the blood tingling to her finger ends. "I—I am sure I as little thought of meeting you!"

"And how long since you were in Virginia?" he asked, in his peculiarly low rich tones. It was quite evident that Raphael had heard nothing about the escapade, and that he believed her still to be Miss Brown, the Yankee school-teacher, from his puzzled looks in finding her so richly attired and so entirely at home.

"It is several months now," she said, "but I have so much to ask, though possibly but little to tell. Will you go with me into the library? We shall not be disturbed." A quick spasm of pain passed over his expressive features as she spoke. He bowed, however, offered her his arm, and together they approached the more subdued interior of the room on the opposite side of the hall. To her annoyance the first person they met on their entrance was Flix Forester, who had ensconced himself comfortably in an enormous chair. He started up with a color in his face as he saw Sylve enter, apparently on terms of intimacy with one he thought an entire stranger to her.

"Ah, doctor," he said, shaking hands with him, "I did not know that you were acquainted with my ward;" bowed, and, with one side glance at Sylve, left them together.

"We can talk here," said Sylve, "and I want to hear so much from the old place. Have you seen Miss Eve lately?"

She waited a full moment for his answer, and noticed that at the question he grew pale.

"I have not seen Miss Lewin since I saw you together," he said, in a low, distinct voice—a voice full of pain.

"Mr. Wilde—or, I suppose I must call you doctor, now—you astonish me!" Her cheek had paled a little, for she saw the consequences of that mad freak of hers in the altered visage, the changed manner, of one who previously had seemed to her the incarnation of joy. What might have happened to that other one, the sweet though proud-spirited girl, whose happiness her thoughtless hand had dashed to the ground? Often as she had felt compunction for that deed, conscience had never stabbed her with the almost mortal pain she felt in looking upon the alteration that grief had made. How could she say "I don't understand," and thus quietly solicit his confidence, when she did understand but too well?

"You do not go there often, I believe," she said, in a low, unsteady voice.

"I shall probably never go there again," he replied, with a gesture and manner that forbade other questions. "But please tell me something about yourself, Miss Brown. If I did not mistake, Mr. Forester called you his ward?"

"Yes, I am his ward. Miss Brown was a silly, dissatisfied girl, who became discontented with her lot in a home where every wish was granted, every indulgence allowed, and who, in a romantic fit, strayed away from home in order to taste the pleasures of independence and the delights of toil. Miss Brown was soon cured of her wish to work unknown and unappreciated, and, when her friends found her, she was quite willing to assume her own name and place. As you introduced yourself to me that time—don't you remember?—so I now introduce myself to you. Miss Sylve Forester—I beg your pardon," and a sudden crimson overspread her at the consciousness of how possibly she had betrayed her most secret thoughts—"Miss Sylve de Latude. And now," she went on recklessly, "tell me something about yourself. How long since you have been a practicing physician? Do you know, I am looking into that superb old kitchen as I remember first seeing it—white and warm in the moonbeams of a Summer's night?"

"It was a grand old place," he said, in a gravely tender voice—"a dear old place. Well"—he seemed to tear himself away from the theme with an effort—"I had heard about this matter—the romantic escapade to which you allude—but I really never dreamed it was you. How very singular! But I am glad to have met you, very glad."

His dreamy voice smote on her heart till it seemed as if the tears must come; so many unhappy things were taking place this evening when she had thought to be as care-free as a princess.

"Do you know Mr. Vintresse?" she asked, at random.

"Oh, yes; I came with him, but there was some trouble outside; a little boy got under the horse's feet, and it took me an hour to attend to him, so I sent Vintresse in without me."

"Do you know him very well? Have you known him long?" she asked, eagerly, and then blushed hotly at his faint and transient smile. "I asked you on—some one's account—some one you cannot know," she went on, blunderingly. "He seems so very nice."

"He is nice," said Raphael Wilde, "a perfect gentleman, but I can tell you nothing more about him. I have only known him since I have been in attendance on his friend, who was so dreadfully hurt about a month ago. It has been a long and dreary confinement to him. I happened to be called in first, as I was there, walking, and attending clinics, and he would not hear of another physician. I have been practicing but a few months," he ended, with a sigh.

"And so it is all over with him," she said to herself, admiring his dark beauty—"all over with her. He will not even let me talk of her."

A few moments after they had left the library she was besieged for introductions.

"Such a splendid dark face! I have seen him before; pray present me."

"And rich, too, they say—a Southern Crœsus. I do so dote upon Southern gentlemen!—they are so perfect in manner!"

"Pray, how did you secure him? They call him the 'melancholy Dane,' and I have heard that he never goes into society. Some say he has had a heart-disappointment;" and so they ran on till Sylve had gratified each and every request. But none of the young ladies could secure him. He either stood by himself, superbly handsome in the fixed, unalterable expression that trouble had chiseled on his face, or he found opportunity to talk with Sylve or with Vintresse, who divided the interest and admiration of the company with the sad-browed doctor.

"Well, what do you think of Forester's ward?" asked Vintresse, finding himself in a corner by the side of Raphael Wilde.

"She is very beautiful and an old acquaintance of mine. I met her in Virginia some months ago."

"Ah!" said Vintresse, smiling intelligently. "She has spirit enough, evidently. Could one manage it in a wife, think you?"

"Such a woman should not be managed, I think, Vintresse," said Doctor Wilde. "Good God! what is that?"

A fearful crash sounded through the rooms; then a woman's shrill shriek. There was a rush, a murmur of voices, a swaying to and fro, a sea of pale, excited, frightened faces. Loud cries of "What is it?" "What has happened?" sounded all over the house. Guests came rushing down-stairs, and servants came rushing up. Loud calls for the doctor filled the air from every direction.

"Where—which way?" shouted Wilde. "I am the doctor," and he elbowed his way through the wild, swaying, sobbing crowd. One sound caught his ear—a woman's voice shrieking:

"Mr. Forester is killed!"

CHAPTER XXXV.—SYLVE'S CONFESSION.

SOME one had asked Sylve for a camellia. There was a bouquet of them, as beautiful and pure as if just blown out upon their stems, in a little high-ceiled room leading from the dining-room that had been used by the card-players. They stood upon a table under a heavy chandelier. To this room Flix had retreated, and perverse fate seemed to take delight in tracking him to his solitudes in the person of Sylve, who did not dream of his presence there. Some noise above, or jar of the ceiling, had attracted his attention, and he was looking up with anxious, strained eyes, as she made her appearance.

"We seem doomed to meet in all sorts of odd places," she said, with a short, unnatural laugh.

"Do you consider it particularly unfortunate?" he asked, in his cool way, looking at her and then directing his eyes upward again.

"Rather," she replied, as unconcernedly, coming forward. "I won't go back without my errand done like a coward," she said to herself.

"What do you want? Don't go near the table," he said, his voice terse, his manner cold.

"But I must, it was just what I came for. I want a camellia."

"I'll get it for you. No; you must do without—not another step forward; the ceiling;" but even as he spoke his warning she retorted:

"You are so selfish, and I won't be tyrannized over. I want a camellia; I wish to get it myself." She was just in the act of lifting the flower when he darted forward with an expression of horror, caught her in his arms as if she had been a child, and threw her with all the force he could muster half across the room, but in so doing he exposed himself to the fall of the bronzed metal-work which came down with a terrible sound, crushing him to the floor. When they found him they saw a piteous spectacle, and Sylve, her dress all dabbled in gore, pulling with might and main at the chandelier, whose pointed ornaments had bedded themselves deep in the floor and partly in the flesh of the unconscious sufferer. "Oh, Flix, my Flix!—look at him, he is dead!" cried the girl, in piteous accents, her eyes starting from their sockets, "and I have murdered him. "Oh, Flix! don't take me away from him. I have been unkind, ungenerous. Oh, let me die with him, let me die with him!" Mrs. Forester had fainted at the first intimation of the accident; now, as the panic-struck crowd filled the room and struggled into the

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doorways, two or three men on chairs and tables had the presence of mind to stuff whatever they could find into the open gas pipe.

"There will be an explosion!"

This cry sent a part of the crowd in frantic haste up stairs and others out of the house, and for several moments confusion reigned unparalleled.

There was no danger, however, and the prostrate, senseless man was rescued from the fearful weight and carried up into the room overhead. Not till the last reveler had gone did Mrs. Forester recover her senses. Her first words were, "Oh, my boy! is it all over with him? Don't fear to tell me, for I shall be with him soon."

"Compose yourself," said Mr. Vintrease, who had been sent in by the doctor. "Mr. Forester is as comfortable as possible, and the doctor thinks there are no very serious wounds."

"Has he spoken? Are you sure he lives? You are not hiding anything from me. Oh, that cry! They said he was killed." Sylve who had been sitting by the bedside, hid her head in the pillows, shuddering all over.

"He has spoken, begged us to tell you that he was quite comfortable—that he would see you early in the morning."

"Who is with him?"

"Doctor Wilde will remain with him till morning. You must not think of going there to-night, it would seriously discompose him. He will be quite ready to see you in the morning," and he left the room. Sylve, feeling herself the cause of all this suffering, sat like a statue by Mrs. Forester's bedside, scarcely daring to think or speak. To his mother's repeated and anxious queries, "How could it have happened?" she could say nothing, only weep silently. It was bad enough to suffer from self-accusation, bad enough to have sundered the last link—it link there was—that held Flix and herself friends. And then what had she said in the face of those spectators?—how had she betrayed herself? She could remember that she had called him "My Flix!" but what other rhapsodical sentiments her terror had given voice to she dared not think. There was one consolation, *he* had not heard them; she was spared this shame. He had caught her in his arms, and the action with which he had thrown her, though it made her pulses beat with rapture, in that he had saved her life, yet seemed an omen of a full and final separation—he had cast her from him. How did it all happen? Why could he not at the same time fling himself out of the danger? Who can explain these strange things called accidents, and why, though there is perfect self-possession as to some details, others are altogether overlooked or ignored?

"Sylve, child, you were frightened all but to death, I dare say. Though you do like Flix so little, you don't like to see him hurt."

"Oh, please, don't," murmured Sylve, humble as a child. "It is not I that dislike Alix," and a sob followed the speech. Mrs. Forester was still too much absorbed in the contemplation of the accident from her point of view to notice the mournful little speech.

"What could he have been doing in there? He is such a mope for a young man; he hates company so, and this is what comes of it. Do you know anything about it? Did you hear? Was he alone, I wonder? I saw you go out in that direction."

"I—don't—he was not alone," said Sylve, now very red, and determined to keep her secret if possible, if she could do it without the sacrifice of truth, well aware that probably Flix would narrate the whole thing whenever his mother questioned him.

"Do you know that? Who was in there?"

A short pause ensued.

"I was."

"You!" Mrs. Forester raised herself from the couch, and turned quite round so as to face Sylve. "My dear child, why didn't you tell me before? And now I think of it, you were saying some terrible things just as I came out of my swoon. I don't wonder; it was enough to turn one's head; tell me all about it."

Sylve shrank from the request as the sensitive flesh shrinks from hot iron.

"Why will she persist in these questions that are agony to me, when she will hear enough by-and-by to make her hate me, too?" she cried, to herself, and then replied calmly, or tried to, "I went into the room, not dreaming anybody was there. Mr. Forester stood looking at the ceiling."

"Yes, yes," murmured Mrs. Forester, "he spoke of it once; he had doubts, I remember."

"Well, I wanted a camellia; Miss Grace asked me for one. I knew there were very handsome ones there, and as I was going forward he told me not."

"Yes—oh, dear, dear, dear—yes—well go on."

"But—I—I wanted the camellia, you know—I could not understand Besides, I was a little angry, and——"

"Yes, I saw it at supper; don't be alarmed, dear, nobody would understand it as I would, who watch you both with my heart in my eyes, I think. But I'm sure you had words."

"We can't understand one another."

"I know it, dear. Perhaps you can't help it," and she sighed again.

"I don't think we can, or ever shall, and I told him so, and he seemed very angry, angrier than ever—why should I talk of that, though? I would go forward, and in my heat did not probably hear what he told me; and so he caught me and threw me off—and I think the table was in the way of his escape—and——" She shuddered and hid her face again.

"Why, my dear, he saved your life!"

"He did! he did!" sobbed Sylve.

"At the expense of his own, almost. Oh, my dear, you must try to overlook his little failings, try to harbor better feelings towards my boy, my hero!" and the mother's face was all aglow with a fine, sympathetic rose-flame that made it seem like that of an angel.

Sylve was silent.

"Come here, my child," said Mrs. Forester. The girl came reluctantly.

"Promise me you will not say you hate him any more."

"Hate him! hate *him!* Oh, Mrs. Forester," and her long-restrained feelings gave way in a burst of sobs and tears that shook the very bed.

"Why, Sylve!—why, my darling!" and alternately pressing her to her breast, kissing and calling her pet names, Mrs. Forester divined the reason of this wild outburst. She was at once alarmed and delighted, and made no secret of her surmises.

"I don't wonder, my dear. When a woman feels that a man has put himself in actual peril for her—there, there, I understand. I am his mother."

"Mrs. Forester," said Sylve, in a choked voice.

"Well, my darling, my own girl?"

"If you don't want me to leave you again, if you don't want to kill me," she added, passionately, "never say—never tell—never imagine——" here the words choked her. "Oh, if I could die and go to heaven?"

"There, that is wrong, very wrong; you shall live and be happy. Don't be afraid, my child, trust me as you would your mother—nay, am I not as a mother to you, my sweet Sylve? Everything shall be as you wish—we will punish that refractory child well between us. He shall not see you—no, he shall not lay eyes on you, unless he asks for you—asks like a hungry man starving for a crust. Do you understand me? Don't you think I understand you, thoroughly? Come, there need be no secrets between us. Don't you think," she added, artfully, "that you like my poor Flix a little, after all?"

There was no answer, but Mrs. Forester understood the gesture, that brought her very close; and, stooping, kissed her forehead.

"And you have been willful enough to think he disliked, even hated you?"

"I knew it," half-sobbed Sylve.

"But I could tell you something."

Sylve looked into Mrs. Forester's shining eyes.

"I repeat, I could tell you something, but I won't—till to-morrow."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

A CHILD is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam. He is nature's fresh picture drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles and hobby-horses but the emblems and mockings of men's business. Thoughts like these passed through my mind as I took my seat in a "well-advantaged" box at the Academy of Music on Monday night, February 9th, to enjoy—yea, thoroughly enjoy—the Children's Carnival. I hold with Elihu Burrit that it behooves us to make the background of a child's life as bright and as happy as possible, for there is not a child in any circle, however well hedged in, on whose head, if spared long enough, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to the radiant brightness of the hours of their childhood. Oh, it was gladsome to behold the young and beautiful mothers of our native land proudly gazing on their young and beautiful children; to see their loving eyes fixed upon the piquant puppets strutting their brief hour upon a real stage, conscious of their gay plumage, and wild with a glowing excitement! Prince Carnival "no bigger than an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman," the very embodiment of Infant Misrule—what a dimpled little fellow, own brother to Cupid! The Goddess of Liberty—what crimes was I not prepared to commit in her name!—to paraphrase poor Madame Roland. The Four Seasons! all equally sunshiny. The Twelve Months! would that they were twelve times twelve. The Goddess Flora! what a little bouquet in herself in her shell of pearl, drawn by doves and aptly followed by flowers of Spring, May blossoms. But I lost my heart completely to the Ice Queen. I admit the soft impeachment. She smiled upon me. Her Majesty's eyes fixed themselves upon me. Such eyes! A child's eyes! Clear wells of undefined thought. What on earth can be more beautiful! Full of love, hope, curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! I kissed my hand to Her Majesty, and I am proud to say she acknowledged my salutation by a most gracious nod. I would fain have held gentle converse with her had she been alone; but, unhappily for my purpose, she was surrounded by a court of tiny toddlers all arrayed in nightgowns, who frisked and pranced, and bounced and whirled, in the wildest abandonment of infantile jollification. I pressed eagerly forward as her tiny Majesty prepared to descend from her chariot, in the hope of obtaining her mite of a hand in the dance; but the Prince—confound his impudence and his luck!—was before me, and I could but admire my Queen in silence. How coquettishly she danced in the Bell dance, reminding me of Sir John Suckling's quaint conceit:

> "Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light;
> But, oh, she dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight!"

How merrily the tiny swansdown shoes kept time to the music, and the roses came peeping from her plump little cheeks! Ah, that snowflake dance! The snows of Winter falling around "My life, my love," as she danced on the winds of the frozen North. My inner voice loudly cried, in the poetic words of the Irish ballad:

> "Dance light, for my heart it is under your feet, love;"

but a cruel destiny separated us, and, as I beheld that confounded Prince place her lily-white hand upon the broidered sleeve of his jerkin, I fiercely turned away and thought of "the might have been." May the Children's Carnival flourish.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF CUBA.

THE recent visit of General Grant to the celebrated Ingenio, or sugar plantation, of Las Cañas, and the present movement to legislate on the subject of the duty now placed on this article of prime necessity, combine to invest the subject with new interest. We have already given a view of the scene in the field where the hands are cutting the cane. This week our illustration shows the sugar mill at the Ingenio of Las Cañas, belonging to the Messrs. Poey. The old press of former days, with its horse or mule pacing slowly around, has given place to the fine machinery seen in our artist's sketch. Now no expense is spared in this department. The approaching extinction of slavery, the certainty that no additional slave labor can ever be introduced, make the planters vie to economize human labor where possible. Even in our picture there are more men near the mill than would be ordinarily seen on a plantation. Able-bodied men are too valuable, and light work around the machines and at the conductors is done by women. The children, too, have work assigned to them in sweeping and clearing up, which they do regularly at fixed hours every day, time being set for their meals, and in some few of the best-ordered plantations a school is maintained, in which the young negroes are taught the elementary branches and prepared for a better chance in the struggle of life than their parents enjoyed. The little negroes show no disinclination to learn, and some are found even now who can read and write better than white men overseeing them. In our illustration the cane comes in on the right by a conductor not seen from the artist's point of view.

The cane is carried to the mill from the fields in two-wheeled carts, four-wheeled wagons, or in cars on portable railroads—drawn in the carts and wagons by oxen, and in the cars by oxen or mules.

The last method is the most improved: besides requiring less drivers, oxen or mules, there is more rapidity of movement, and the impossibility of hauling cane after heavy rains being no longer an obstacle, as the smooth rails are ever ready. When the cane is carried in cars it is dumped on the cane-conductor, or near to it, as it may be needed or not.

A cane-conductor is a contrivance 40 to 50 feet long and about 4 feet wide, composed of pointed boards as in a treadmill, and worked by chains connected with the machinery of the mill, by which it is made to revolve slowly towards the slide leading to the great mill-rollers.

The carrying of the cane from the ground where it is dumped is generally done by the less robust women, especially nursing mothers who cannot go far away from the children's home (casa de criadas), and who relieve each other by rotation, after they have nursed their babies.

On each side of the slide leading to the mill-rollers stands a man, whose duties are to guide the cane as it leaves the conductor, and to see that the mill is neither choked with too much cane nor grinding with too little. Great care has to be taken that an even, steady supply never fails. Should the mill become choked, there is danger of its stopping or of something breaking; and if not enough cane is passed through, not only is a certain amount of power lost, but that which is ground is not thoroughly pressed, and, consequently, there is a loss of juice.

After the cane is ground, the juice runs into a trough having a strainer, which catches all the fibres and solid matter that may be in it; a woman with a rake is always in charge of this trough, and her work consists in taking out all the fibres, etc., held back by the strainer. (This stuff is given by the negroes to their pigs.)

The ground stalks, or bagasse, as it is called, is carried off in another conductor as it leaves the mill, as shown in the illustration. This conductor, also revolving slowly, but with an upward inclination, carries the bagasse to a sufficient height to allow a cart to stand under and catch the bagasse as it falls.

Though orders are given to those cutting the cane to strip it of all its leaves, still the leaves will come; and the woman in the illustration is gathering them in baskets to carry away to the fires.

TRIAL OF SHEPHERD COWLEY.

THE trial of the Rev. Edward Cowley, Secretary and Superintendent of the Shepherd's Fold, against whom there are twenty-five indictments for cruel treatment of the children committed to his care, began in Recorder Smyth's court on Monday, February 9th. Mr. Cowley had remained in the Tombs since the indictments were found by the Grand Jury, but on Tuesday he was admitted to bail, the Rev. Drs. Dix and Howland signing the bond. The testimony for the prosecution is in the main that developed during the examination before Judge Donohue, and with which the public are familiar. The defense, conducted by ex-Judge Fullerton, opened on Wednesday with a general denial of cruelty, want of care and of nutritious food. We give a character sketch of the accused clergyman as he sat beside his counsel while testimony for the prosecution was being given, with hand to ear to catch every word.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Monument of the late eminent naturalist and horticulturist, Freiherr von Siebold, will shortly be erected in his native town of Würzburg.

A French Company intends to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. Steps have already been taken to obtain the permission of the Greek Government.

The Indian papers state that experiments are about to be made in Cyprus to test the possibility of cultivating mango seeds, as well as the seeds of other Indian fruits and vegetables.

The Japan papers record the fact that an enormous piece of coral was lately dredged up near Tosa. It is stated to have five branches, the stem being 15 inches in circumference and 5 feet in length.

The Next German Anthropological Congress will be held at Berlin early in August next, and will be accompanied by an exhibition, illustrating prehistoric times in Germany. It will be closely followed by a Geological Congress to be held in the same city.

At Vienna a "Verein für Höhlenkunde" has been formed, with the object of investigating caves. Everybody taking an interest in this subject may become a member. The subscription is only five florins per annum. Dr. Franz von Hauer is the president, and Professor Ferdinand von Hochstetter is the vice-president of the new society.

An Interesting Archæological Discovery has been made near Lehmke (in the district of Oldenstadt) consisting of some 1,200 medieval metal plates, so-called *bracteæ*. Most of them bear the stamp of a lion in varying positions, others that of a figure with sword and standard, and a horizontal key below. The objects in question are now in the possession of the "Kreis hauptmann" of Oldenstadt.

An Ascent of Mount Hekla was made last Summer by a lady, Miss Th. Petursson, daughter of the Bishop of Reykjavik, for the purpose of geological investigations. According to her observations, the temperature at the bottom of the larger craters has of late been considerably, while dense white columns of steam were rising from crevasses and holes which were scarcely visible. The sulphurous odor of this steam was stronger than usual. The observations seem to indicate an approaching eruption of the volcano.

The Authorities of Gotha have made their report for the year 1879 on the subject of cremation. The first body was treated on the 10th of December, 1878, since which time fifteen others have been similarly disposed of. The average time required for the complete incineration of the bodies was about two hours, and it is regarded as most satisfactory that not only has no complaint as to the result been made at Gotha, but a number of other German towns are preparing to follow its example and build crematories.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

IT is again announced that Dean Stanley has consented to the erection of a statue to Louis Napoleon in Westminster Abbey.

IT has been proposed in the Cleveland City Council to erect a bronze or marble statue of the late Leonard Case in Monument Park.

REV. EDWARD PALMER, a Presbyterian minister of New Orleans, has entered upon his ninety-second year, and still preaches animated sermons.

HON. MRS. RONALD CAMPBELL, whose husband was killed in the engagement on the hill of Kambula, will accompany the Empress Eugénie in her pilgrimage to Zululand.

THE composer Wagner is expected to stay four months at Naples. His health is daily improving. "Lohengrin" is likely to be brought out at the theatre during his stay.

AN effort is being made in San Francisco to erect some fitting memorial over the grave of Colonel E. D. Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff during the early days of the war.

M. VICTOR HUGO will be seventy-eight years old on the 26th of this month, and about the same time he will publish his two new books "Religions et Religion" and "Toute la Lyre." The poet is hale and vigorous.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, the American Consul in Rome, is living in the Altemps Palace, where he is about to entertain M. and Mme. Waddington. It will be remembered that Mr. Schuyler married Miss Waddington's sister.

REV. DR. COURTNEY, the assistant rector of St. Thomas's, in New York, has accepted a call to St. James's Church, in Chicago, at a salary reported to be $12,000 per year. He is to enter upon the duties of his new charge at Easter.

COUNT DE CHATEAUVILLARS, the patron, *par excellence*, of boating as an amusement in France, has just died at the age of fifty-three, leaving his entire fortune, estimated at about two millions of francs, to the poor and to the Société de Sauvetage.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the owner of a silver-gilt casket, in which are lockets containing locks of hair of thirteen officers who fell at Isandula. Each locket is engraved with an "In Memoriam" and the name of the officer, together with the date of his death. The souvenir was ordered by the Queen.

A GRANT of £300 has been made to Captain Lord Gifford, V. C., Fifty-seventh Regiment, for bringing dispatches announcing the successful termination of the Zulu war home to England, but it has been accompanied with an official note stating that such grants are no longer to be considered as a custom.

M. DUMAS, who is the Chancellor of the French Academy, pronounced the speech in answer to M. Taine, the new member. Everybody was struck by the spirited delivery and eloquence of the venerable perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences. The house was so full that even academicians were unable to find room on their benches.

RISTORI is to have a magnificent new house in Rome, which the marquis, her husband, is now building for her in the Via Nazionale. The workmen, in digging almost the last spadeful of the foundations, the other day, came upon a very large deposit of ancient bronzes—some beautiful Greek and Roman statuettes—which are important and valuable.

AFTER five trials, Miss M. Louise McLoughlin, of Cincinnati, has at last succeeded in completing the largest vase ever molded in this country. It is called the Ali Baba Vase, and measures thirty-seven inches in height and seventeen inches in diameter. The vase in the wet clay measured forty-four inches in height and nineteen inches in diameter.

ON February 11th Standing Bear appeared before the Special Committee and told his story of the hardships of the Poncas. He is believed to be the first Indian who has appeared before such a committee since 1778. In that year a Delaware chief went before a committee of the Continental Congress and asked that measures might be taken to educate his people.

SIGNOR BRUMIDI, the venerable fresco artist of the Capitol, is now in failing health, and it is feared that he cannot continue the work of decorating the frieze of the Rotunda. Mr. John La Farge has been mentioned as an artist eminently competent to continue the work, and it has been suggested that a commission be sent to Boston to examine the decorations in Trinity Church and report.

COLONEL PREJEVALSKY has traversed the plains of Tsaidam and struck upon the caravan route between Peking and Thibet, which runs beyond. He was escorted by a Chinese guard. The route through northern Thibet to that city is known, partly from Prejevalsky's own researches in 1873 and partly from Huc and Gabet's journey. But the former part of the colonel's present journey, lying as it does through a region of which extremely little is known, must have yielded most interesting fruit.

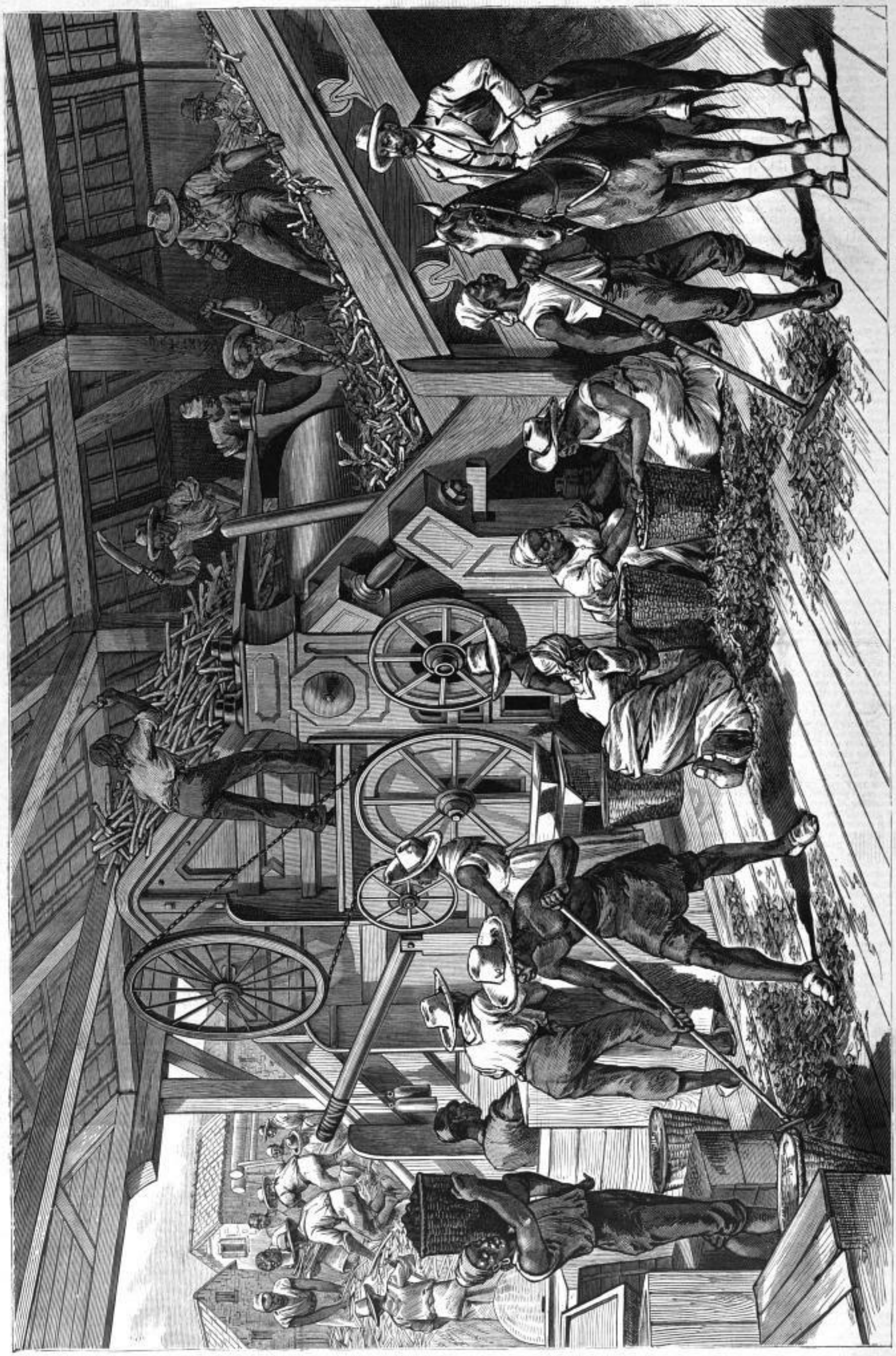
JULES EMILE LEMOINNE, just chosen by the Left Centre a candidate for the French Senate, to supply the vacancy made by the death of Jules Favre, is one of the best-known and highest-toned journalists in Paris. He is a native of England, having been born in London of French parents, and received his early education there. He writes and speaks English as well as he does French; has long studied British institutions and manners, and has always had a very positive English side to his character.

BARON KURD VON SCHLOZER, the German Minister at Washington, is a plain, simply-dressed bachelor, who does an immense amount of work. He is as simple in his habits as in his dress. When all the other diplomats went in elegant carriages to make their New Year's call upon the President, Baron von Schlozer walked. He takes a long walk every morning, gets his own mail from the post-office, and does thereafter a hard day's work. He used to be the private secretary of Prince Bismarck.

SPAIN has a remarkable speculator in the Marquis de Santa Cruz di Mondilla. He made a fortune many years ago, and became a large holder of fir-tree lands in the Sierra di Segura, just before they rose from nothing to great value by the railroad being made from Alicante to Madrid. His next venture was in planting vines on such a scale that he is believed to be the largest owner of vineyards in the world. His district is the well-known one of Valdepeñas. His vineyards are plowed, instead of worked by hand, and he raises great quantities of drinkable wine at small cost.

M. PAUL SOLEILLET has once more gone back to Senegambia, and feels sure of not only being able to reach Timbuctoo, but also of crossing the Sahara to Algeria. His expedition is undertaken with a view of determining a suitable line for a trans-Saharan railway. MM. de Choisy and Pouyanne are to explore the Algerian Sahara with the same object in view, and, although the somewhat Utopian scheme of building a railway through a desert in order to reach markets far more accessible from other directions may never be realized, geographical science is sure to profit from these explorations, undertaken at the cost of the French ministry of public works.

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CUBA.—THE GREAT SUGAR INDUSTRY.—GRINDING THE CANE AT THE LAS CAÑAS PLANTATION.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 475.

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ORTER, EX-MAJOR-GENERAL, U.S.A.

ITZ JOHN PORTER.

Fitz John Porter, which has attracted tion of military men both here and in he was cashiered from the army r, is now invested with greater inter-

prove that his action was both honorable and justifiable. This mass of testimony was strengthened by material evidence from Southern and other officers which could not be obtained at the court-martial. Fortified with an immense mass of most valuable evidence, he appealed to President Grant for a revision of the proceedings at his trial, but this was refused. A second appeal met the same result. Meanwhile he kept up his collection of evidence, and, making an appeal to President Hayes, was gratified by the issue of an Executive order for the rehearing so long and earnestly sought. The result of the examination was favorable to General Porter, and Bills were introduced into both branches of Congress for the purpose of making reparation for the injustice under which he has lived for eighteen years. There is a division among the members of the Committee to which the Bill was referred, and reports have been made, representing a majority, a minority and an individual. The case was made the special order in the Senate for Monday, February 16th.



HON. ELI H. MURRAY, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF UTAH TERRITORY.

HON. ELI H. MURRAY.

GENERAL ELI HUSTON MURRAY, the new Governor of Utah Territory, was born in 1843, in Cloverport, Breckinridge County, Ky. At the age of eighteen he left school and joined the Third Kentucky Cavalry as major. On the death of Colonel James Jackson, he became colonel of the regiment, and was with it till the close of the war, though soon after promoted to be brigadier-general, in which capacity he commanded a brigade in Kilpatrick's division on Sherman's march to the sea. Since the close of the war he, for two terms, filled the office of United States Marshal for the State of Kentucky, afterwards retiring to the practice of law, and still later, about six months ago, purchasing a main interest in the *Louisville Daily Commercial*, which paper he now conducts. He has been Chairman of the State Central Committee; was appointed by the President on the late Board of Visitors to Annapolis, and may be said to be, at present, the most prominent man in the Republican Party of Kentucky.

Personally, General Murray is tall and commanding, being something above six feet three inches, with coal-black hair and beard, and very pleasing face. He has three brothers, who are men of marked ability: Logan C. Murray, President of the Kentucky National Bank of Louisville; David R. Murray, member of the Kentucky Senate, and James Allen Murray, County Judge of Breckinridge County, Ky. Hon. T. T. Crittenden, late member of Congress from Missouri, is his half-brother. The position which he has accepted is likely to prove a very trying one in consequence of the activity of anti-polygamists in Congress and elsewhere.



MAHMOUD JAN, AFGHAN INSURRECTIONIST.

INGTON ARTILLERY MONUMENT TO DICATED ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-T NEW ORLEANS.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF NEW ORLEANS.

AMONG the ceremonies now in preparation for the celebration of Washington's Birthday in New Orleans, a very noticeable one will be the unveiling and dedication of the monument erected in the Metairie Cemetery to the dead of the battalion of the Washington Artillery. The exercises will take place at three o'clock in the afternoon, and will be witnessed by a large company of people, representatives of the public, military and social life of New Orleans and neighboring cities. The Washington Artillery is to New Orleans what the Seventh Regiment is to New York, the Fifth Regiment to Baltimore, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery to Boston, the Washington Light Infantry to Charleston—an organization of the best men of the city. We publish a view of the new monument and an engraving of the Veteran Badge of the battalion.



VETERAN BADGE OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF NEW ORLEANS.

e of being a subject of Congressional From the day of his dismissal, General cted majs, documents and affidavits to

MRS. ASTOR'S "LOVING CUP."

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has presented to Dr. Fordyce Barker, in his capacity of President of the New York Academy of Medicine, a beautiful work of art which she denominates a "Loving Cup." At the meeting held on January 15th, Mrs. Astor's letter was read to the members of the Academy by Dr. Thomas, after which President Barker said: "The cup, to which reference is made in the letter just read by Dr. Thomas, I shall now bring before you. Its beauty of design, conceived by the donor of the gift, and its perfection of artistic finish are worthy of the graceful language in which it is offered to us. I am now most happy to offer it for your inspection. Its surface is ornamented by the acacia, symbol of friendship and love. On the front is the seal of the Academy, its motto and the head of Hippocrates. Above is the name of the President and the date of his election, with spaces left for the names of his successors, while on its upper part is engraved a sentiment in which I am sure that all of us will most heartily sympathize. When we adjourn I shall ask you all to make use of this 'loving cup' in the room below. It has already been consecrated by the lips of woman, the aroma of which, let us hope, will ever remain to perpetuate the beautiful sentiment engraved upon it, 'May peace and love be multiplied unto us.'"



"LOVING CUP" PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE BY MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR.

MAHMOUD JAN.

JUST as General Roberts had returned to Cabul and hanged a number of public men, officers, soldiers and "fanatics," for partici-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD INQUIRY—REV. EDWARD COWLEY LISTENING TO THE TESTIMONY.—SEE PAGE 475.

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BOOK NOTICE.

THE New York *Evening Express* has issued a "Statesman's Annual and Almanac" for 1880, which, from its careful compilation and editing, will take high rank among statistical annuals. It is invaluable for ready reference.

Washington Monument.

IT appears from a late official report that the Washington Monument, that great unfinished work of commemorative art, is going steadily forward. The engineers are still struggling with the foundation. There was expended in strengthening it last year the sum of $66,753.90. The cost of this necessary fundamental process so far is $87,903.90. The strengthening fund holds $32,096.10 yet in reserve. If all of it is used, the total amount expended in coaxing the thing to stand up will be $120,000. Meanwhile, cautious and tentative treatment of the superstructure has gone on—or, rather, what will be the superstructure when the foundation has been sufficiently encouraged to bear it, a result which the engineers are confident of accomplishing. In this treatment, $19,356.55 have been expended during the year, or $21,256.45 in all, while $98,843.55 more are available for the purpose. This will not suffice to finish the job or come anywhere near doing so. It is estimated that for 71,071 cubic feet of dressed granite, and 180,778 cubic feet of dressed marble, for iron work on stairs and machinery, for iron and glass roof, and for sealing 366,849 feet, no less than $677,323 will be required in addition to what has already been appropriated. "By the spring of 1883," it is further estimated, the people of the United States will be invited to gaze with admiration, not unmixed with awe, upon the completed shaft, towering to a height of 550 feet, and to decide whether the work of art is worth what it will have cost.

The Empress of Russia.

THE marriage of the Empress of Russia, who now lies ill at Cannes, was almost a romance. In 1831, when the present Czar was twenty-three years of age, a list was prepared at St. Petersburg of marriageable German princesses, and under the care of Count Orloff the Czarevitch went to visit them. He had been to Berlin and the courts of North Germany, and was on his way to Carlsruhe when he arrived at Frankfort. The Prince was about to resume his journey when he received an invitation from the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt to dine at the Palace of Darmstadt. As a matter of courtesy only the invitation was accepted, and after dinner the court adjourned to another room for tea. There the Russian Cupids in search of a wife saw a young lady of sixteen, accompanied by her governess, whose appearance was so charming by its simplicity that he inquired who she was. The Princess Mary was the daughter of his host, but her name was not upon the St. Petersburg list. Presently the royal and imperial personages proceeded to the drawing-room, where Alexander asked to be presented to the attractive girl, and a long conversation with her confirmed his first impressions. Next morning Count Orloff informed the Prince of the arrangements for proceeding to Baden. "My dear count," said the Grand Duke, "we shall go no farther; I have made my choice; my journey is finished." Orloff had not suspected how matters stood, and expostulated. The Princesses of Baden had not been seen, and the name of the Princess Mary of Hesse was not on the list. Alexander would go to Carlsruhe if politeness required, but he had made up his mind to marry none other than the Princess Mary. When the news reached St. Petersburg the entourage of the Emperor endeavored to prevent this marriage; but Nicholas was tenderly attached to his son and would not allow him to be thwarted in an affair of the heart. An old diplomatist, the Count de Reiset, tells this story in his unpublished memoirs. The Czarevitch married the Princess Mary a few months later. Eleven years after this the same writer saw the Czarevna at Krasnoe-Selo, watching through the palace window the first guard of her eldest son at the door of his grandfather's palace. Heavy rain was falling; the little fellow had put on a big soldier's cloak, in which he marched to and fro with difficulty, and the mother's heart was anxious about the exposure of her first-born. Thirteen years later still, and all the careful nursing of the Empress did not suffice to save the life of this same son, who died at Nice, after putting his brother's hand in that of his own betrothed, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark. So there are romances of love and sorrow beneath the etiquette and glitter of courts.

The Iron Trade of 1879.

THE year which has just closed was a most remarkable one in the history of the American iron trade. According to a special report by Mr. James M. Swank, Secretary of the American Iron & Steel Association, more pig iron, bar iron, rails and steel was turned out than in any previous year. The production of pig iron was 2,800,000 gross tons, or half a million more than in 1878; of iron and steel rails, 1,100,000 tons, exceeding the previous year by 331,889 tons. The production of rolled iron was twenty per cent. larger than 1878.

The advance in prices has been considerable. No. 1 anthracite foundry pig has advanced 106 per cent.; cut nails by the keg, 102 per cent.; old iron rails, 89 per cent.; No. 1 wrought scrap, 70 per cent. These are among the highest advances.

Says Mr. Swank, "Such a rapid advance in prices has never before taken place in one year in this country, except during the war; but, if allowance be made for the depreciation in the currency in that period, the present rise is absolutely without parallel."

The year 1879 was remarkable for the new impulse which it gave to the building of railroads. About four thousand miles were constructed during the year, against 2,747 in 1878. The mileage of 1879 was equal to that of 1873, which was 4,082 miles. The greatest mileage in any one year was in 1871, when 7,656 miles were built. The increased demand for new rails was one of the causes of the iron trade revival, but a more potent cause was the sudden demand in the spring by existing roads for rails, cars and locomotives, to meet the requirements of increased transportation of agricultural products, and to compensate for the wear and tear of the hard times.

The business of building iron ships did not improve in 1879, but the manufacture of steel wire fencing was greatly extended during the year, about twenty thousand tons of steel being consumed in this new industry. There was also a large demand during the year for iron pipes and tanks, and pipes for the Bradford region. During the last six months the importations of pig iron, old iron, iron and steel rails have been very large. "This," says Mr. Swank, "should teach our manufacturers that the English policy of piling up iron in hard times, to be prepared for good times, is a safe policy to follow."

Of the prospects of the trade for the coming year the association has this to say: "Experience has taught us that it is not safe to prophecy what any new year has in store for the American iron trade. We will, therefore, simply state what probably every person in the trade already knows, that more furnaces and mills will be running in 1880 than in 1879, and that, as a consequence, our iron and steel production in the new year will be greater than in the old one. After the 1st of April it will be fully equal to the demand in all lines. Whether prices will remain as high as they are or go up still higher no man can find out, nor whether we will build more railroads in 1880 than in 1879. It seems certain that our importations of iron ore this year will be larger than last, large contracts having already been made. Probably 500,000 tons will be imported in 1880, against 300,000 in 1879. The steel blooms bought in 1879, aggregating considerably less than 50,000 tons, have not yet arrived."

FUN.

IT is the cat that fights with éclat.

CÆSAR'S Commentaries—Remarks by the sheriff when making a levy.

FREE trade is all right in its way, but what the young men want after the 31st of December is protection.

THE greatest compliment you can pay a man is to call him "an advanced thinker." It beats the title of "general" all out of sight.

THE principal beauty of the Mormon religion is that the same woman doesn't have to get up first the entire Winter to build the kitchen fire.

A LITTLE girl being asked, on the first day of school, how she liked her new teacher, replied: "I do not like her; she is just as saucy to me as my mother."

THE well-dressed individual, though he may owe his tailor, thinks he cannot be quite familiar with the rugged tramp. The clothes line must be drawn somewhere.

WILLIAM WATKINS, of Madison, remained a bachelor until he was fifty-seven years old, when he married, the other day. The local papers whooped out the head-line: "Another old landmark gone."

THE other Sunday a bright girl of three years attended service at an Episcopal church, where the rector was one of her particular friends. She objected to her mother making the responses, saying: "Don't speak, mamma; don't say anything. Uncle John isn't talking to you."

THERE is a good deal of fraud practiced under the guise of unfamiliar science. A skeptical miner in Arizona suspected that a certain assayer was an impostor, powdered up an old dried potato and gave the dust to him to analyze as a new ore. The alleged chemist said it yielded $40 in silver to the ton.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—Belle—"This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red." *Aunty*—"Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?" *Belle*—"Nonsense, aunty. Why I should have all the young men kissing me." *Aunty*—"Indeed, no, my dear, they'd do nothing of the kind. I've tried 'em."

A YOUNG mother was giving to her son, age five years, a touching description of the misery into which the prodigal son had fallen. "Far away from home and his kind father, obliged to take care of swine, with nothing to eat but the husks of corn left by them," etc. "Then, why didn't he eat the pig?" was the practical reply.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

NO MAN, however uncleanly, would drink muddy, dirty water. A party which occupies a room for hours, breathing the same air, might be compared to a party of bathers drinking the water in which they bathe. The patient must keep the window of his bedroom open. Night air is fresh air without daylight. In close, crowded rooms, the patient suffering from lung complaints breathes consumptively. By taking these precautions and using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY and PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS, fully one-half of the cases of lung complaints would be cured in six months. For cough and irritation of the lungs do not always indicate the presence of consumption, although it may result in that disease, and if consumption has already become deeply seated in the system, this is the most efficient course of treatment that can be pursued outside of any institution that provides special facilities for the treatment of this disease. Dr. Pierce's celebrated Invalids' Hotel is such an institution. Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet containing also a complete treatise upon consumption, explaining its causes, nature, and the best methods of treating it, together with valuable hints concerning diet, clothing, exercise, etc., for consumptives. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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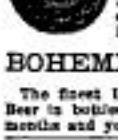
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NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1880.

NOTICE.

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53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

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PREPARING FOR THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

IT is among the possibilities that the Presidential nominations of the Republican and Democratic parties may surprise the country. Doubtless there is less uncertainty about the candidate of the former than there is about the candidate of the latter; but in view of the precedents of the past forty-five years, nobody will feel sure of results till the coming National Conventions have completed their work. A glance at the proceedings of previous conventions discloses the instructive fact that general astonishment at their selection of candidates has been the rule and not the exception.

The first National Conventions for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency were held in 1832. Previous to that time they had been brought forward by Congressional caucuses, by State Legislatures, by a general concurrence of the party press, and other methods of concentrating public opinion. In 1832 the conventions readily fixed upon Jackson and Clay as their respective candidates, for the nomination of these renowned chieftains was a foregone conclusion. Since that time there have been twelve Presidential campaigns, in which the two leading political parties have held twenty-four National Conventions. It is worthy of the grave consideration of aspirants to the chair of Washington, that in five of these conventions, after long struggles between powerful rivals, an entirely new name was suddenly thrown into the arena, resulting in a panic and the speedy stampede of all the old hacks, while the fresh man was instantly carried through amid wild applause from every side. In eight of the other conventions, at the close of struggles barely less protracted and violent than those already mentioned, compromise candidates were accepted whose nominations were a genuine surprise to the party and the country. Indeed, the nomination to the Presidential office for the first time of the very man whom everybody was looking for has been rather a rare occurrence.

A few particulars will awaken sluggish memories. In 1836 Mr. Van Buren was the foreordained Democratic nominee, but the Whigs, unable to concentrate upon one man, agreed to run four candidates in as many different sections of the Union, viz., Harrison, Webster, Hugh L. White and Willie P. Mangum. In 1840 Harrison, then Clerk of the County Court in Cincinnati, drove Clay and Webster out of the National Convention so quick that the champions of those eminent statesmen scarcely realized that they had entered the hall.

One of the most remarkable occurrences was that of 1844. A determined effort was made to nominate Mr. Van Buren to compensate him for his disastrous defeat in the famous Hard Cider and Log Cabin furore of 1840. He was supported by General Jackson, Colonel Benton, Silas Wright, and all that type of leaders. But General Cass, Judge Woodbury, and others, allowed their names to go into the Convention and thus prevented Van Buren's receiving the necessary two-thirds vote. After weary ballotings the almost unknown name of James K. Polk carried the convention by storm. In 1848 Clay and Webster were in the vale of years. They had played a conspicuous part in public affairs. For a quarter of a century their eyes had been fixed on the White House. This was their last chance for reaching the goal. Their friends resolved to put forth one more effort for the great Whig leaders. But the prize was snatched from them by General Taylor as the reward for a single victory in the field—a soldier who had taken so little interest in politics that he had never cast a vote in his life. In the same year General Cass, after the expulsion of the Barnburners from the Baltimore Convention, obtained the Democratic nomination. But the haughty Barnburners placed Mr. Van Buren on the Buffalo platform, and rallying around the banner of "Liberty and Revenge," they split the New York Democracy in two, enabling Taylor to capture the thirty-six electoral votes of the State, and thereby secure a triumph. In 1852 the Whig Convention rather surprised the party by presenting General Scott as their Presidential candidate, while the whole country stood amazed when the telegraph informed it that after a two day's conflict between James Buchanan, Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy and Stephen A. Douglas, an obscure brigadier from New Hampshire, named Franklin Pierce, marched into the Convention and bore off the nomination.

The defeat of Scott and the election of Pierce led to a reorganization of parties; but the old precedents in respect to nominations continued to prevail. Fremont's candidacy in 1856, and that of Lincoln in 1860, both of which set aside the founders and leaders of the new Republican Party, excited not a little wonder among the mass of the people. General McClellan's nomination in 1864 belongs to the same class of surprises, while no spectator of the scene will ever forget the precipitancy with which Hendricks, Hancock, Pendleton, Andy Johnson and the rest, fled from Tammany Hall in 1868 at the mention of the name of Horatio Seymour. We will not dwell upon the candidacy of Horace Greeley. It astounded everybody, including the nominee. It stands without a precedent or a parallel. The nomination of Hayes was a stunning stampede like that of Polk, Pierce, Lincoln and Seymour.

This summary of the results of struggles in many National Conventions of former years may dampen the hopes of chronic aspirants for Presidential honors. We commend these familiar historical events to their serious consideration.

WILL IT SUFFICE?

JOHN BRIGHT thinks that the future prosperity of Ireland would be secured by abolishing primogeniture and entails and dividing up the land among the farmers. In other words, he wants to repeat the experiment which proved so successful in France after the Revolution and in Prussia after the Napoleonic wars. In both of those instances the possession of the soil by its actual tillers raised the standard of comfort among the working classes, and added to the prosperity of the nation.

While conceding that the lot of the Irish peasant might be greatly improved by putting him in possession of the land he now tills for others, is it not true that there is another factor which counts against the prosperity of the Irish agriculturist? Is not the competition of the grain fields of our Western States rendering farming unprofitable not only in Europe, but here in the Middle and Eastern States? In other words, if Western grown wheat can be marketed in Liverpool below the cost of production in Great Britain or on the Continent, of what value is the proposed change in the land laws?

Of course the low price of American grain during the past few years has been due to abundant crops and exceptionally low rates for railway freight. But making a liberal allowance for these accidental circumstances, the fact remains that the prairies of America and the steppes of Russia can produce grain in such quantities and so cheaply as to put the farmers of Western Europe at a serious disadvantage.

Still the reform in the land laws proposed by John Bright ought to be taken in hand. It is very obvious that if the farmers were not required to support their landlords as well as themselves, their burdens would not be so great; and then, if grain-growing is unprofitable, stock-raising and the cultivation of the roots may be made to pay better.

In discussing these questions of poverty and abundance, the changes brought about by steam and the telegraph should be kept in mind. It is the swift locomotive and the rapid steamship which is the real enemy of the growers of grain in the Old World, and the readiness with which cargoes can be ordered from vast distances by telegraph deprives the farmer of the advantage he would have in the home market from the rise in price which would naturally come from a small production and little competition.

The Irish problem is important in itself, but a wise solution of it is of the utmost moment to all Europe.

INFANT LABOR.

THERE is a feature of the revival of business that is too apt to be overlooked as we congratulate ourselves and each other upon the evidences of renewed prosperity. We refer to what is known in Europe as the employment of "infant labor." The leading papers in our manufacturing cities are filled with advertisements for girls to work in all manner of factories. The demand is so great that girls of from eight to sixteen years of age, who have been placed in families as domestics or children's companions, are hastening from good homes and wholesome influences into the whirlpool of factory life. There appears to be work in many establishments for children scarcely old enough to be out of their mother's sight. Higher wages are thus received than could be obtained otherwise. But is it right?

Is it just that children, having attained the most impressionable age and standing in the utmost need of moral and educational training, should be forced, for the gain of a few dollars, into a life of premature occupation? Is it just that they should be deprived of the advantages that the laws of God and man have provided for them?

Every child in this country, whether white or black, boy or girl, is entitled to the very best education it is capable of attaining. To deprive children of this right is to do them a permanent injury. The great demand for girls under fifteen years of age made by the factories, and supplied by injudicious parents, is an evil effect of returning prosperity that should be remedied at once. In New England, it is true, as in Great Britain and Germany, there are factory laws quite stringent in character. But they are evaded. The intent of the ordinances is that no children of less than twelve years of age shall be employed in factories; that those who are so employed shall work but five or six hours during the day, having a good resting spell at noon; and that none shall be allowed to work more than nine months in the year. The laws make it incumbent on the parents to send their children to school for a period of three months in each year, and, in some places, employers, before engaging children, must obtain a certificate from their parents or guardians guaranteeing that they have been, and will be kept, at school that length of time each year. No higher duty could possibly fall to the lot of the various Legislatures now in session than the speedy enactment of just but rigid laws for the protection of children, and particularly the girls, now sought for factory labor.

BOSTON is already brushing up for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of its settlement, which occurs on September 17th next.

HUNDREDS of thousands of soldiers, with toothsome recollections of the Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon, in Philadelphia, during the war, will sincerely regret the death of the founder, Mr. William H. Cooper, on February 14th.

ALTHOUGH it is in Boston that they say it, it really sounds very deceptive, the announcement that the police force will cost for this year $893,685, or $10,000 less than the city authorities were so willing to pay, that they appropriated it.

BELGIAN credit must stand uncommonly high, for the new loan has been covered four times by the amount subscribed, although the public subscription lasted only five hours. The amount required was 69,000,000 francs, at four per cent. interest, issued at 103f. 5c. Bravo Belgium!

LADIES' ambulance associations are being founded all over London. The practice is to receive five lectures from one surgeon, and then to be examined in what they have learned by another. In scarcely a single instance has a lady been plucked, while about six per cent. of the men failed to pass.

WHO would be a baronet, when it is proposed to sell one hundred baronetcies at $50,000 each in order to replenish the depleted British Exchequer and to raise the sum of $5,000,000? Lord Beaconsfield has stigmatized a baronetcy as a "contemptible dignity." Dizzy does hit it off sometimes.

CONSIDERING the material of which many Legislatures are composed, that was not an entirely inappropriate order of Judge Johns, the new Speaker of the Mississippi House, who, when it was necessary to inform the Senate of the passage of a joint resolution, said, "Mr. Clerk, you will at once notify the Sheriff."

THE music of the future is still safe, for Wagner is in excellent health on Mount Pausilippo, in the Villa Angri, on the top of the mountain, which Lablache built and Thalberg inhabited, overlooking the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius. He refuses to be interviewed, and his temper is as complicated as some of his own scores.

NO MORE stuttering and stammering, and hesitations and frantic twistings of napkins for best men when called upon at wedding-breakfasts to return thanks for the bridesmaids. Here is the speech that won the prize from London *Truth* last week. Let our bashful youths take it to memory: "The position of 'best man' is one of great importance, and the office should not be lightly or carelessly undertaken. His duties are many and his responsibilities not a few; but there is one dear privilege, of right annexed to his appointment, which of itself is sweet recompense sufficient for all his pains. The bridesmaids recognize him as their representative, and, during a few delicious moments, he is identified with them; speaks with their beautiful lips, and expresses their dearest thoughts. Those thoughts are for the moment one, and they form themselves into that single, gracious word—Thanks!"

IT used to be said of Governor Robinson that he was a dummy controlled by Mr. Tilden. Now, because Governor Cornell has performed the very bold act of renominating Mr. Smyth for Insurance Commissioner, we are told that Mr. Conkling is both Governor and United States Senator. Will the good old days ever return when the people will elect to the Executive chair a gentleman who will himself be Governor?

THE English Volunteers are in high dudgeon and threaten to disband—to un-volunteer. The cause of their righteous indignation is the refusal of the War Department to lend them a few of the thousands of the Martini-Henry rifles that are lying useless in the Tower of London. "With war looming up all round us like a Channel fog, you decline to arm us effectively, and thereby to increase the defensive power of our country."

UNDER the new scheme for the better education of the soldiers in our regular army, the Rev. George G. Mullins, Chaplain of the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry, has been detailed by the Secretary of War as superintendent, with his station and headquarters at St. Louis. Mr. Mullins has been chaplain at Fort Davis, Texas, for five years, and this appointment, made without his knowledge, is highly complimentary to him, being based on the recognition of his excellent educational work among the soldiers at that post.

THAT was a novel ecclesiastical movement set on foot at Brighton, England, by the Bishop of Chichester—namely, a ten days' mission against the frivolities and immoralities of the age. Those engaged in the work, which consisted of services conducted daily in the churches throughout the town, came from all parts of the kingdom. Two or three of the Nonconformist ministers announced special services at their places of worship during the mission. The proceedings were opened by the bishop himself delivering an address at the parish church.

AS CURIOSITY has lately been roused by the paragraphs that have been going the round of the papers, it may be as well to say that little or nothing remains to be discovered in the Vatican Library. Marini, Mai, De Rossi, Corvisieri, the Germans of the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum," have explored every inlet of that ocean, and the results of their investigations are tolerably well known to the public. Single documents of great value may still be found, especially in miscellaneous MSS., but the bulk of the literary or scientific treasures of the Vatican Library are no more a mystery to those who have free access to it.

WHILE Denis Kearney is visiting the East, the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, who was elected Mayor of San Francisco by the monarch of the Sand Lots, aided materially by a bullet from De Young's revolver, is carrying on the work of making the Chinese go. Day after day the workingmen visit large establishments where Chinese are employed and demand their immediate discharge, and employers are acceding to the demand. Meanwhile the Mayor, in his ministerial capacity no doubt, blesses the movement from Kearney's platform on the Sand Lots, and in his addresses repeats almost the identical words of the senseless agitator. Verily, a strange way of repaying election obligations.

SETH GREEN has done so much in the pisciculturel line not only for New York State but the country, and in fact the world, that there should be no opposition to the Bill which the Fish Commissioners propose to introduce into the Legislature, asking for an increased appropriation, in order that their useful work may be extended somewhat more in the vicinity of New York. The plan they propose is to build a hatching-house, with pond and nurseries for young fish somewhere on Long Island, where the double advantages could be had of using both fresh and salt water. With such a live Commissioner as Mr. E. G. Blackford to direct the work, there can be no doubt of the great success and benefit of the enterprise.

THE list of imports into the United States reveal some curious facts. Under the head of "Animals, living" we find "Teams of immigrants, $72,060.50." As we regard immigration mainly as transatlantic, it looks comical to find these immigrants driving in with their teams. They are evidently, however, from Canada or Mexico, and show an immigration that must be large and valuable to the country when one item of property alone reaches this amount. Almond shells appear as an import, although it is not easy to see for what purpose. Cinchona barks enter to the amount of two millions of dollars, and brimstone for nearly as much. Our coffee bill runs up to forty-seven millions, while tea figures for only fourteen. Though we ship cattle to other countries we import hides to the amount of twelve millions of dollars. Manuscripts are entered, valued at twelve thousand dollars. All the vanilla is not counterfeit, as the importations are nearly three hundred thousand dollars. We ought to raise raw silk, as our manufacturers pay other countries more than eight millions of dollars. Ladies will perhaps be

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astonished to see how expensive pets are when it takes more than a hundred thousand dollars to feed the canary birds alone.

A REMARKABLE method of rewarding public officers and distinguished citizens for eminent services has been established by the Government of Japan. It consists of no decoration or gift of money, but takes the form of a great national portrait gallery, in which those who sufficiently distinguish themselves in the opinion of their superiors will henceforth have the privilege of seeing their likenesses placed.

THE wind has again shifted, and with it the minds of the House Committee on Public Buildings, Washington. But a brief yesterday, and no report was to be presented to the House for appropriating money for public buildings. Now Baltimore is to have a post-office at the nominal cost of $550,000—the actual cost is not yet estimated—and this little Bill brings the appropriation for new public buildings, voted in the present Congress, up to $12,770,500. We *are* going ahead.

CONGRESS has at last authorized the compilation of a naval history of the war, as a companion work to that on the military operations, now in course of preparation. These will be invaluable volumes, not only to military and naval men all over the world, but to the students of general and political history. Free access can now be had to the records of each party in that great struggle, and the importance of the subject demands that all this wealth of material should be placed in the hands of a compiler of acknowledged capability.

AFTER a pleasant pilgrimage of nearly eighty years, James Lenox has laid down the burdens of this earth. A life, started in sturdy Scotch stock, evenly followed, illumined by the most unostentatious philanthropy and marked with severe simplicity, has terminated with enviable honor. What magnificent monuments he has left on the old farm which his father bade him keep because he thought a village might spring up there in time! The most fitting resting-place would be a spot in this tract of thirty acres, within easy distance of the Presterian Home for Aged Women, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Philipp's Memorial Church and the great Lenox Library. He has been justly called blessed in his day and generation.

SO MANY versions have been given of the manner in which Jefferson Davis was attired at the time of his capture, that his own statement will possess much historical interest. In a letter dated August 14th, 1879, and presented to the State of Mississippi on the 9th of February last, with a crayon portrait of Mr. Davis, intended as a gift to the State by the late Mrs. Dorsey, he writes:

"It was made after a photographic likeness of myself, which was taken in the identical clothes worn when I was captured. Every article I then had on appears in the portraiture, except a pair of large spurs which were stolen from me after my capture. I had a waterproof "Raglan" and a shawl about my head and shoulders when I left the tent; but on being hailed by a cavalryman, who rode a considerable distance before his comrades, I dropped both the raglan and shawl while advancing on my challenger, and thus appeared before my captors in the exact costume represented in the portrait."

AFTER a decidedly unpleasant experience with officers who were familiar with Indian affairs, President Hayes has come to the conclusion to try a man who does not pretend to any such knowledge. He has accordingly nominated Hon. Rowland E. Trowbridge, of Michigan, to succeed ex-Comissioner Hayt. Mr. Trowbridge was born at Elmira, New York, June 16th, 1821, but was taken to Michigan by his parents when a mere child. He graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1841. While a student there he made the acquaintance of President Hayes, who was in the class next below him. In 1856, and again in 1858, Mr. Trowbridge was elected to the State Senate, and in 1860 was elected to Congress. In 1864, and again in 1866, he was re-elected, retiring in 1869, after serving six years altogether. Since then he has not been prominent in politics. He is just the kind of man the Indian ring will attempt to defeat. It is high time, though, that integrity and capability should have advanced parts in the apparently interminable problem of the proper treatment of our Indians.

THE affliction of Nihilism is becoming more severe in Russia every day. For the sixth time the melancholy but injudiciously rigid Czar has escaped assassination. Nihilists appear to be omnipresent. Their circulars and warnings are found beneath the royal pillow, on the writing-desk, and in the innermost apartments of the Winter Palace. Mines are laid and dynamite exploded beneath the dining-table of the royal family. The rigid rules of yesterday are succeeded by more rigid ones to-day, and, if occasion demands, will be followed by greater severity to-morrow. The Czar has an immense police force, a good-sized army of regular soldiers, and a spy in every second man and woman, and all employed in the one great inquiry, still the monster of Nihilism will not down at the royal bidding. Bad as the situation has been, it is now infinitely worse. Notwithstanding, he wields more power than any other person on earth, and has every conceivable assistance within the limits of his authority, the Czar has been compelled to send experienced officials to the police of England, Germany and France, beseeching their aid in the search of conspirators against his life. Most unfortunate man! Having searched his broad realms over, and in vain, for the people who mysteriously penetrate even to his bed-chamber, the haughty Czar now seeks opportunities for searching the greater portion of the European Continent in quest of the members of this strange, determined and most insinuating brotherhood. It is no wonder that he can scarcely be aroused from his terrible depression.

THE newspapers are just now giving the details of the romantic life and ignominious death of Pra Preecha, the Siamese nobleman who married the daughter of an English consul. A correspondent of the *Siam Weekly Advertiser*, in a late issue of that paper, gives the Government's reason for ordering the beheading. The writer says the nobleman was not executed because of his marriage to an Englishwoman, as asserted, but for a series of malversations and offenses against the laws of his country. Out of a long list of indictments, four cases were dealt with, on each of which the accused was convicted. They are serious indeed, being (1) failure to account for more than half a million of government money; (2) fraudulent appropriation of seven and a half catties' weight of gold from the mines; (3) contriving the death of a man who, he feared, would inform his superiors of the last mentioned peculation; and (4) causing two Chinese to be drowned in the river. If, as it is alleged, these accusations were substantiated, they contain just ground for a death sentence; but they do not excuse the cruelty with which its execution is said to have been accompanied, and still less the barbarity of ruining, enslaving, and doing to death innocent members of the delinquent's family.

AN opinion has been expressed recently by the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that an employer, whether an individual or a corporation, will not be allowed to expose an employé to risks and dangers which may be guarded against by due diligence. This was called forth by an appeal from the Circuit Court of the United States in the case of the widow and child of a railroad engineer who was scalded to death by the falling of his locomotive down an embankment. An action for damages was brought against the company, the complaint alleging that the engine had been thrown from the track by reason of a defective cow-catcher, and that the whistle had come loose because it was insecurely fastened. These things were attributed to the negligence of the company's master mechanic or foreman, whose duty it was to see that every locomotive was in good order or condition. The Court further held that the master is bound to exercise reasonable care and prudence with reference to selecting and keeping in order machinery, implements, etc., used by the servants, and when he or his agents are guilty of negligence in this respect he is liable for the damages which may be caused by such negligence.

BISHOP HARE'S testimony before the special Senate Committee on the troubles of the Poncas forms one of the severest bits of criticism that have been made on the management of the Indians by the Government. He said that the Sioux, in making these raids upon the property of the Poncas, violated the regulations against leaving their reservation, but they were so formidable a tribe that the Government was afraid of them, and was not afraid of the Poncas. When Senator Dawes inquired: "So it appears the Government took the Poncas away in order to keep the Sioux from hurting them?" the Bishop replied: "Yes; it may be looked at in that way. You know the Indians have a common saying, 'The better we are, the worse we are off.' Indians who kill and steal are likely to be well provided for." Senator Dawes, who has taken much interest in the touching narrative of Bright Eyes, has introduced a Bill which requires the Secretary of the Interior to cause them to be returned, without delay, to their old reservation in Dakota Territory, and invests them with all the rights, titles and privileges they formerly enjoyed in and to said reservation, anything in the treaty ratified with the Sioux Indians to the contrary notwithstanding.

IF JUSTICE moves tardily, it moves surely, and the hour has at length approached when the Indian will come to be regarded as a man, a brother and a citizen, instead of a mere chattel and incubus. The United States Senate Committee on Territories decided to recommend the passage of a Bill extending the jurisdiction of the United States Courts in civil and criminal matters to the Indian Territory, and providing for the acquirement of citizenship by the Indians, and the allotment of lands under prescribed conditions. The Bill proposes to create a United States District Court for a new judicial district, to be composed of what is known as the Indian Territory, and in general terms provides for extending all laws of the United States over the whole Territory. It is provided that every Indian may become a citizen by making declaration that he has severed his tribal relations, and thereupon he is to become entitled to select homesteads for himself and the members of his family. The tribal lands in excess of the number of acres absorbed by these selections are to be sold for the benefit of the Indians. All the foregoing provisions, except the one for the establishment of a court, are made dependent upon the consent of the Indian councils being obtained therefor, as provided in existing treaties. The mission of Bright Eyes is now pretty well accomplished, and she may return to her people rejoicing.

WHEN a Legislature enacts a law and it becomes necessary for the parties charged with its enforcement to explain and interpret the instrument that the people may understand its provisions, the same would appear to many as a result of very careless legislation. The new Constitution and recent laws of Pennsylvania contain passages aimed against bribery at elections. Under the statute and the Constitution a county sheriff was recently indicted for perjury in having taken the prescribed oath. At the trial in the Court of Quarter Sessions the judge ruled that the defendant was guilty of a violation of the new statute if he paid or promised to pay any one to electioneer for him. The word electioneer was thus defined by the court: "To make interest for a candidate at an election, to use arts for securing the election of a candidate." This interpretation being unsatisfactory to the party interested, the case was taken to the Supreme Court, which held that the court below erred in thus interpreting the law. It declares that the Constitution and the statute strike at bribery, fraud, and every corrupt act incident to an election, but leave the candidate free to use all honest means for the success of his party and the promotion of his own election. Here we have a special statute, a provision in a State Constitution and two opposite rulings of established courts, to force a voter or a candidate to be an honest man. The law certainly is not as stable as were those of the Medes and Persians, and the occasion of special interpretation is an evidence of its faulty and hasty construction.

AGAIN we have the details of a revolting execution of criminals in public. The press and pulpit have protested with all possible vigor against the present system of enforcing the extreme penalty of the law. But scarcely a week passes without its execution, generally performed in a cruelly-bungling manner, and within the gaze of the public. On the theory, however, that if certain men are provided with sufficient length of rope they will hang themselves, it is possible that the increasing horrors of public executions may bring about a most necessary reform. Take the last case reported, for example. Two men were hanged near Little's Creek, in Tennessee, on February 20th. The scaffold was erected within three hundred yards of the public square, and raised seats were constructed directly facing it. A privilege of occupying one of these seats was openly obtained by paying what the reports style "an enterprising showman" one dollar. Further, the dispatches said that the execution was witnessed by "fully ten thousand persons." We need not be assured that "the enterprising showman" reaped a rich harvest. Where one may naturally inquire, was the majesty, the dignity, the justice of the offended law exhibited in this gross display? People went to the square, as they would to the itinerant circus, paid their dollar, took their seats, probably drank whisky, and ate candy and peanuts. For what? To see two miserable fellow-creatures, murderers, it is true, stretched by the neck until they were dead—an exhibition of twenty minutes. Can it be possible, in view of the length to which the authorities went in this case, that people will still assert that public executions serve to deter evil-minded men and women from the commission of crime? A truce to such folly. Let executions, if crime must thus be punished, be carried out in the most private manner, and by the most humane methods. For God's sake, sheriffs, spare us a repetition of the scene at Little's Creek!

NEVER were words uttered more manly or to the point than those of Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, in the House, on February 19th, when Rule 21 of the new Code was under discussion. He opposed the rule because he did not believe that, according to the democratic doctrine of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, it was ever intended that appropriation Bills should be incumbered with any other legislation than appropriations. If there had been any progress in legislation in this country, it had been in excluding from appropriation Bills other matters as riders. He claimed that opposition to riders on appropriation Bills was a position at which the advanced thought in political science all over the world had arrived, and yet it had been intimated that those opposed to him, politically, want to use the twenty-first rule in order to tack on riders to appropriation Bills—Bills which must pass, or ought to pass—so as to compel the Executive, to force a redress of existing grievances. This was a monarchical doctrine. It came from England, where the withholding of appropriations was a legitimate mode of seeking a redress of grievances. There, powers were not divided as they were here. There, all sovereign powers were considered as inherent in the Crown. Here there was a different kind of Government; here, the several powers were divided into three departments of government—the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judicial—each co-ordinate and co-equal, and each within its sphere exercising sovereign powers. In the Constitution of the United States, the "redress of grievances" was not provided for by withholding the necessary supplies. The redress of grievances in this country was, first, by petition to the Legislative body; next, to the Judiciary, and next to the ballot-box. Under the Constitution, the Executive had the same rightful and constitutional power to veto a Bill as the House and the Senate had to pass it, and the new doctrine of making war upon the veto power through the means of appropriation Bills was not democratic, was not republican, but was anti-constitutional. This noble stand of Mr. Stephens will, doubtless, have much influence when the proposed amendment to the Constitution—providing that general appropriation Bills shall contain nothing but appropriations, and that the President shall have power to disapprove of any separate item of a Bill without thereby defeating the whole Bill—shall come up for discussion and action. Coercive legislation is not only dangerous, but it is iniquitous.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE American Institute of Mining Engineers has had its annual meeting in New York.

THE Massachusetts Republican State Convention will be held at Worcester, April 14th.

THE Pianoforte Manufacturers' Society of New York has resolved not to yield to the demands of the strikers.

THE medical department of the University of the City of New York graduated 203 students on February 17th.

JOHN F. SMYTH has been renominated for Superintendent of Insurance of New York, and a stubborn political fight is anticipated in Albany.

THE National Greenback State Central Committee has selected Harrisburg as the place and March 23d as the date for holding the Pennsylvania State Convention.

THE Republican State Committee of Michigan has decided to call the State Convention to meet in Detroit on May 12th, for the election of delegates to the National Convention.

THE Connecticut Senate has adopted, by a unanimous vote, the resolution ratifying the agreement of the joint commission on boundary lines between New York and Connecticut.

IN the Senate Bills have been passed providing for the transmission of dutiable articles in the mails, for the payment of loss on registered letters, and for the publication of a naval history of the war.

THE Kansas State Central Republican Committee has resolved to call a State Convention to elect delegates to the National Convention, and to nominate Presidential electors, to meet in Topeka on the 31st of March.

THE Rev. Edward Cowley has been sentenced to imprisonment for one year in the Penitentiary and to pay a fine of $250—the full penalty of the law for his offense—for cruelty to Louis Victor and the children of the Shepherd's Fold.

THE Senate has passed a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy either to provide a public vessel to carry the contributions of the charitable to the starving people of Ireland, or to charter a merchant steamer for that purpose.

THE Rhode Island Prohibitory State Convenment at the State House February 19th, Charles E. Carpenter, of Providence, presiding. Albert Howard, of East Providence, was nominated for Governor; Thomas M. Seabury, of Newport, for Lieutenant-Governor; Willard Sayles, of Providence, for Attorney-General; J. M. Addeman, for Secretary of State, and Samuel Clark, for General Treasurer, the three last named persons being the present incumbents.

IN the Committee of the Whole, in the House, on Thursday, February 19th, the Republicans secured for Mr. Stephens an opportunity to make a speech against political riders to appropriation Bills. Mr. Warner's amendment forbidding the employment of these riders was finally adopted, but Mr. Robeson offered an amendment forbidding all amendments which change existing law, and this was adopted by the help of those who were opposed to the Warner amendment. Finally a substitute for the whole clause, providing that amendments to appropriation Bills must retrench expenditures in certain specified ways to be in order, was offered by Mr. Morrison and adopted. The next clause was taken up and amended by providing that the yeas and nays shall be called on the passage of all Bills expending money.

Foreign.

ACCORDING to intelligence published in Buenos Ayres, January 29th, the alliance between Peru and Bolivia has been broken off.

GENERAL GONZALES of Mexico has been accused of intending to erect a new confederacy, to be called the Republic of Sierra Madre.

THE Tarantches in Kuldjá have asked to send a deputation to St. Petersburg to protest against the cession of the district of Kuldja to China.

AN official communication, in which England, Germany and France acknowledge the independence of Roumania, was received at Bucharest February 20th.

"BLOWER" BROWN, Hazael and Day started in the six-day walking match for the championship of England, at Agricultural Hall, London, on the morning of February 16th.

MR. SPURGEON, in his speech in London on February 13th, cautioned the British Government against the fall that was threatened by their oppressive and warlike policy.

AN attempt to destroy the whole Imperial family of Russia by laying a mine in the Winter Palace on February 17th, resulted in killing five soldiers and wounding thirty-five others.

THE Latin text of the Papal encyclical letter against divorce fills twelve columns of the *Osservatore Romano*. It argues in favor of the removal of the rite of marriage from all civil jurisdiction whatsoever.

THE Italian official gazette announces the appointment of twenty-six new Senators. The appointments were made to further the abolition of the grist tax, which was opposed by a majority of the Senate.

THE Burmese envoys have failed to produce the evidence of their powers to conclude a treaty which it was announced they had received. The Indian Government, therefore, still refuses to receive the envoys and they remain at Thyetmyo.

IT is said that the object of the Prussian Bill prohibiting foreign vessels from engaging in the coasting trade of Germany except under a treaty, is to enable the Government to make reprisals against Russia and the United States, which refuse this privilege to foreign ships.

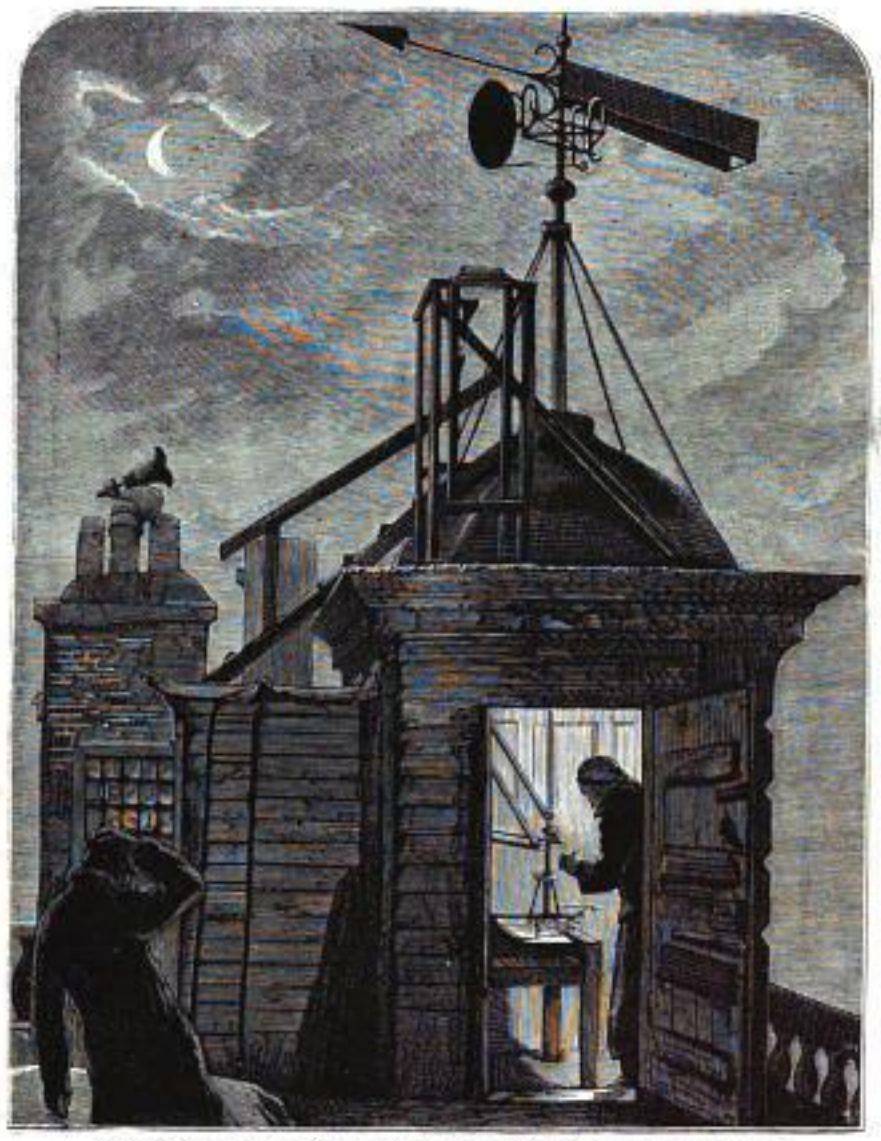
THE Duchess of Marlborough Irish Relief Committee, in order to guard against a famine next year, have purchased $50,000 worth of potatoes for distribution in Ireland. Sir Stafford Northcote has announced that the Government would increase the advance for Ireland to £750,000 instead of £500,000.

A LATE issue of the *Agence Rumo* confirms the statement that negotiations are pending between England and Persia relative to the occupation of Herat, but says that neither has arrived at any decision. The same paper states that there is nothing deterring the intention of China to refuse to ratify the treaty with Russia for the surrender of Kuldja to China.

PROFESSOR NEVIL STORY-MASKELYNE, of the Mineral Department of the British Museum, has announced the entire success of J. Ballantyne Hannay, of Glasgow, a Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, in producing diamonds. He says Mr. Hannay sent him some crystallized particles presenting exactly the appearance of fragments of a broken diamond, and these fragments easily scored deep grooves in the polished surface of a sapphire.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



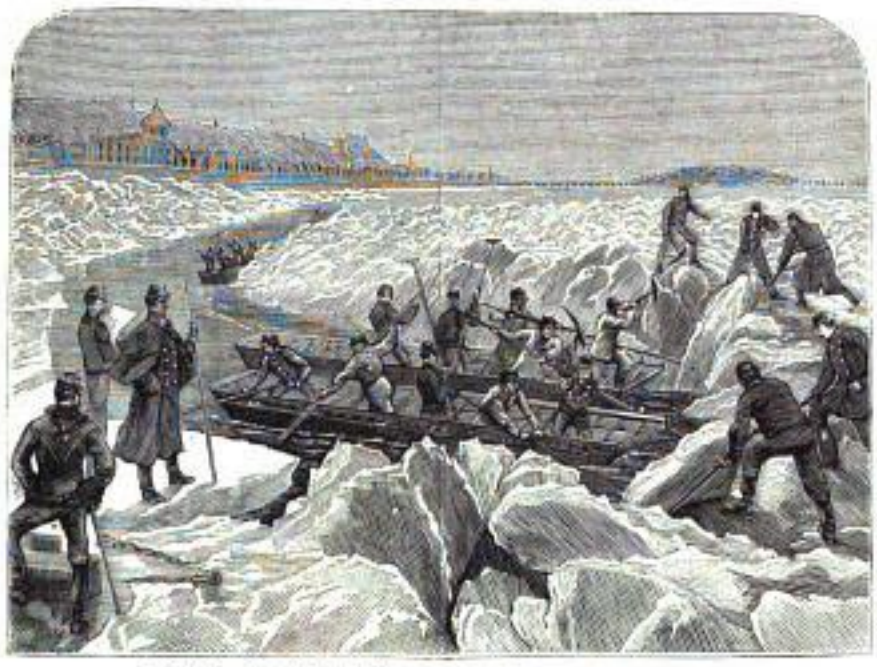
ENGLAND.—MEASURING THE WIND AT THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.



ENGLAND.—THE LEYCETT COLLIERY EXPLOSION—THE RUSH TO THE PIT'S MOUTH.



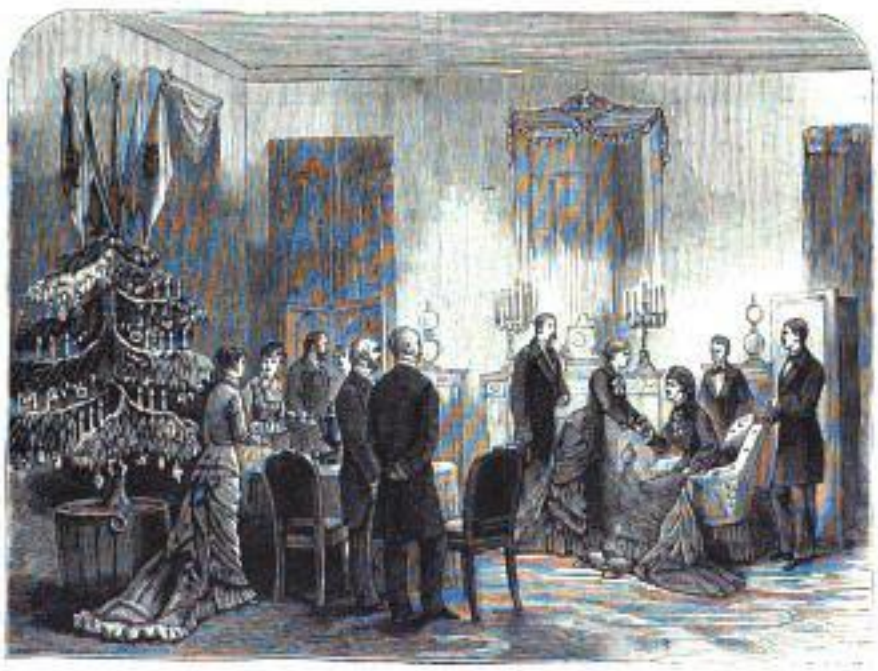
ARCTIC REGIONS.—THE DUTCH EXPLORERS SIGHTING FRANZ-JOSEF LAND.



FRANCE.—CUTTING A CANAL THROUGH THE ICE AT SAUMUR.



SOUTH AFRICA.—ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE WHERE SEKUKUNI WAS CAPTURED.



FRANCE.—THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA DISTRIBUTING GIFTS AT CANNES.



CHINA.—MUNICIPAL BUILDING OF FRANCE IN SHANGHAI.

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SETH GREEN.

SETH GREEN, the world-famed Superintendent of the New York State Fishery Commission, was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1817, and began fishing as a business when eighteen years of age. He confined himself principally to the waters of Lakes Ontario and Michigan, and availed himself of all the devices then known for catching fish for market. In 1864 he purchased a portion of Caledonia Creek, and began his remarkable system of artificial propagation. This event in his life, so important to all lovers of fish, both for sport and table, has an interest which is intensified by Mr. Green's own modest account:

"I first conceived the idea of fish-hatching in 1837 while fishing for brook-trout in a stream that was frequented by salmon in Canada. I observed some salmon at work making their nests preparatory to casting their spawn. I watched their operations for two days, and then and there made up my mind that I could hatch fish artificially, and would at some future day attempt it. At this time I never had heard of fish being hatched artificially. I kept the idea constantly before my mind, and took advantage of every opportunity to learn something in regard to it. I did not put my ideas into practice until the year 1864, and as brook-trout offered the best inducements, I commenced my operations with them, in which I was very successful, making many heretofore unknown improvements and discoveries in fish-culture, one of the most prominent being the discovery of the dry method of impregnation of spawn, which I made the first month I was in the business after the spawning season commenced. In the year 1867 the New England Fish Commission, hearing of my success, came to me and prevailed upon me to go to the Connecticut River and attempt the artificial propagation of shad. Many had tried before and failed. After many vexations and trials, among which was the disbelief and skepticism of the fishermen, with which I had to contend, they believing that I was insane, and treating me as such, and after the failure of numerous experiments, I at last hit upon a plan which has proved a great success, and is now, and will continue to be, the means of replenishing our shad-rivers equal to the best they have ever been known."

In the year 1868 a Fishery Commission was appointed in New York State, with Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Utica, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, of New York, and Mr. Green, as commissioners. The first report of the commission was issued March 9th, 1869. The year following, Mr. Green resigned, and was appointed Superintendent, and George G. Cooper, of Rochester, was appointed a commissioner in his stead. After serving a few years, Mr. Cooper resigned on account of ill health, and E. M. Smith, of Rochester, was appointed in his place. About two years ago, ex-Governor Seymour resigned, wishing to be relieved of some of his many cares, and Hon. R. U. Sherman, of New Hartford, was appointed; and, shortly after, E. G. Blackford, of New York, was added to the commission. A detailed account of the work performed by the commission and the many obstacles which have been overcome since its organization would occupy much space, but suffice to say the results of their labors have thus far been very satisfactory, and have been frequently noticed by the newspapers.

We have already duly chronicled, both by pen and pencil, the progress made in this great work, and no one need be told how numerous are the obligations due Mr. Green.

The New York Commissioners now have in contemplation the erection of an immense hatching-house, and the establishment of ponds and nurseries for young fish, somewhere on Long Island, where both salt and fresh water may be obtained in abundance. A fresh encouragement has just been given the subject of pisciculture by Congress, which has passed a Bill appropriating a handsome sum to make an American exhibit at the great Fish Exposition to be held in Berlin in April. Another important step was the passage of a Bill authorizing the construction of an iron fish-hatching steamer of 500 tons burden. This vessel has just been completed under the inspection of the Lighthouse Board. Her construction is in all respects novel, and adapted to the work for which she is designed. This is the first vessel of the kind ever built. Her equipment will consist of all the improved appliances for taking fish, and carrying on board all the details of propagation. Professor Baird is desirous of conveying the American exhibit of the fisheries of the United States to Berlin on this steamer, and expects to have her properly furnished with approved apparatus in time to make the trip.

The artificial breeding of fish long ago attracted the attention of Government in Italy and France, in order to furnish supplies of food to the people. With our immense line of sea-coast on two oceans, with the largest lakes and rivers in the world, we are, in our production of food-fishes, far behind Norway and France, and this is due mainly to the wasteful course pursued in the fisheries, and to the neglect in early times of laws for preserving the fish. As we are nearing the days when an increasing population will find the procurement of food difficult, Mr. Green's plans are of the highest importance.



SETH GREEN, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FISH-CULTURE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGG.

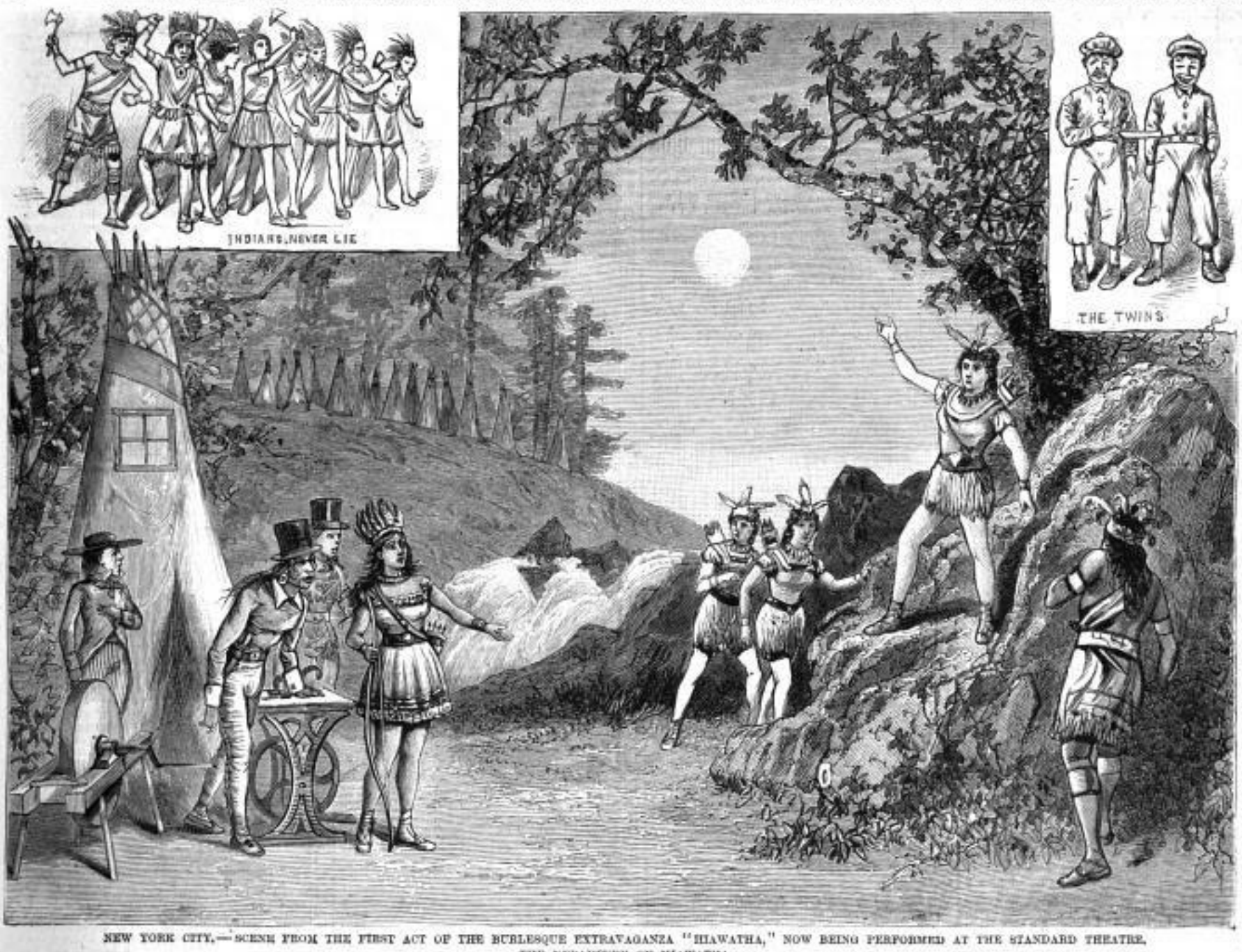
"HIAWATHA."

IF we cannot congratulate Mr. Longfellow, we can sincerely offer Messrs. Rice and Childs our most cordial praise for their bright, sparkling and chic burlesque extravaganza, "Hiawatha," now being performed nightly at the Standard Theatre. If "Evangeline" is intensely funny, "Hiawatha" is even more so, and from the ringing up to the ringing down of the curtain, laughter never ceases. It is all "snap" and "go." The music is brilliant and lively, the "business" new, the dresses "considerably fetching," and the acting all round the very best of its kind. The story of "Hiawatha" is so well known, that it will scarcely bear repetition here; not that Mr. Longfellow's plot, if plot it may be called, is religiously adhered to. On the contrary, a new existence is given to "Hiawatha," and a very comical one indeed. To read the poem before repairing to the Standard, would prove but a bootless task, and those who would see "Hiawatha" under new conditions should lose no time in visiting the cozy little theatre where this fun-bristling burlesque booms so successfully.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of Americans about the political aspect of the Panama Canal question, they unanimously agree in paying homage to the energy and indefatigable courage of the illustrious Frenchman who is at the head of that enterprise. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps will certainly retain very pleasant recollections of his visit to this country. All classes of residents have united in honoring him. A great reception at Quarantine by Americans, Frenchmen and Colombians, a grand banquet given by over two hundred of our most distinguished citizens, are but a small part of the numerous attentions of which he will be the recipient.

M. de Lesseps is, indeed, a remarkable man. Few young men are more active than this Southern Frenchman, who, on November 19th last, entered on the seventy-fifth year of his age. His life has been a most useful one. At the instigation of one of his uncles he entered the French consular service and filled several offices at Lisbon, Cairo and Barcelona. In 1848 he was French Minister at Rome and aided with the Liberals, which caused his recall. Four years later, while on a visit to Egypt, he conceived the idea of opening a canal which would unite the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Said Pasha approved of the scheme, which was fully matured in 1856, when M. de Lesseps received a firman sanctioning the enterprise. Then began his truly herculean task. He met with difficulties on every side. Great engineers, like George Stephenson, pronounced his work wholly unfeasible, just like what Sir John Hawkshaw says presently about the Panama Canal. England saw in the scheme a political move of France, and Lord Palmerston denounced the scheme again and again. Then M. de Lesseps had disagreements with the local Government and with the Porte—to say nothing of the many difficulties of the work itself. However, with the powerful aid of the Emperor Napoleon and with his own indomitable energy, M. de Lesseps carried the works to a successful issue. On August 15th, 1865, a canal was opened, large enough to permit of the passage of steamboats. Precisely four years later the waters of the Red Sea and those of the Bitter Lakes were united amidst brilliant festivals, and on the following November 17th the



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF THE BURLESQUE EXTRAVAGANZA "HIAWATHA," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE STANDARD THEATRE. THE DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA.

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whole canal was formally opened at Port Said in the presence of the Empress Eugénie, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many other dignitaries. The success of this great undertaking has been since then steadily growing, and all monarchs have united in honoring M. de Lesseps. He is now a viscount and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in France; Queen Victoria made him an Honorary Grand Commander of the Star of India, and other sovereigns have equally decorated him. Although generally so-called, M. de Lesseps is not and never was an engineer. He is a member of the French Institute and is the holder of innumerable diplomas of scientific corporations. Having obtained the Wyse contract with Colombia for the construction of a canal at Panama, and having last August failed to receive subscriptions enough to commence the works, far from being discouraged thereby, he collected a very able corps of engineers and came to the Isthmus to make a verification of the previous surveys. In a few days he will lay the preliminary report of these engineers before the American public, but a special dispatch from Panama to the *World*, published a few days ago, contains the principal points arrived at. It has been decided that the work is entirely practicable; that it will cost $170,000,000; that a great dam is to be built at the great bend of the River Chagres, so as to hold the freshets which would otherwise injure the canal; that a subsidiary canal for drainage must be built parallel with the main canal, and that a great breakwater should be constructed at Colon or Aspinwall.

As to the political fears entertained here, M. de Lesseps will, no doubt, try to explain them away. At any rate, he is heartily welcome to America, and with him his young wife and the three, out of their seven, children, which they bring along with them.

A FORLORN HOPE.

IT was down at the docks by the North River, New York, where the streets are dingy and narrow and wear a permanently blackened look—where the houses are curiously jammed together, clinging to one another like irregular teeth. Seafaring men stood talking in groups at the corners of the crossings and beneath the awnings on the sidewalks. Every pair of trousers was more or less daubed with tar, and the men bore on their ruddy cheeks the kisses of the suns of every clime under high heaven.

Thews and sinews were to be seen there toiling doggedly and perpetually. Steam-engines of various forms and uses were toiling also after their fashion—hoisting goods, pumping water, driving poles. Horses were dragging enormous loads, calmly, as if they were used to the engines, and cared less than nothing about the noise. The workers were pushing out groins and breastworks and piles and dams, which must have astonished the river as they gradually forced it out of its old landmarks. Here and there might be observed thoughtful looking men standing, watching keenly and with contracted brows the progress of things.

Standing apart, with folded arms and a profoundly discouraged air, a young man was likewise gazing around him. He was broad-shouldered, tall and muscular. He had full blue eyes, a quantity of hair of a tawny red, a large mouth out of which glittered a superb set of white teeth. Naturally his smile was constant, bright and jovial; but now it was considerably overcast. He walked up to the contractor with the air of a man who has made up his mind to a last effort.

"Then there's no chance for me on the job, Mr. Broadlip?"

"I guess not, Berthfield."

The other was silent.

"You see," continued Broadlip, "Podford manages it all, and he has the stamps."

"The position would have just suited me."

"Down to the ground, but you ain't Podford's nephew. It's not the right man in the right place, Joe. But the man is in the place, and right will not turn him out while might keeps him in. It ain't my fault you ain't fixed, Joe, and I'm real sorry. If I was boss I'd fix you right off."

"I'm obliged, Mr. Broadlip. I'll see you at Engledell, Sunday," and Joe Berthfield turned on his heel.

* * * * * *

It was Sunday in Engledell-on-the-Hudson—the quaint old town of Engledell that overlooks the North River from a snug little aerie up in the rock-ribbed Palisades. The cracked bell of the church was clanging forth its invitation to people to enter its open doors. It was an old church. The windows were cobwebbed and dirty, with here and there a pane of stained glass in strange pattern; these were distributed with perfect irregularity. These windows looked on the worn gravestones where the forefathers of those who now stood there slept. Long, tangled, sickly grass twined about the gravestones, and one or two were ornamented with rose-bushes and oyster-shells. Some trees of smoked, dried green slowly grew and slowly decayed by the side of the old church. The bell-rope hung into the body of the building, and a stove reared its unsightly pipe in the centre, supported by iron bars that radiated from it in every direction.

Just as the service commenced a pretty, dark-eyed girl glided down the aisle, with a rather conscious stricken air, opened, with some difficulty, one of the doors and hid herself immediately in one of the pews, her blushing face closely pressed against her hands, which lay on the woodwork in front of her, as she knelt down to say a short prayer. Within just as much time as suggested the idea that he had lingered outside in order not to appear together, Joe Berthfield entered and seated himself in an adjacent pew.

The two behaved very well during the service, taking only stealthily innocent glances at each other and even then at long intervals. But when the service was read and the benediction said, the girl remained a little longer than usual on her knees, and Joe was waiting for her when she arose. They walked silently together out of the church and turned into a broad walk, shaded with trees, which led down, zig-zag fashion, to the river.

As they got further and further away from the departing congregation, Berthfield, being an enterprising youth in all he undertook, possessed himself of her hand, and put his face so close to her hat that she could not choose but look at him. And he looked long, but not apparently making himself the happier for doing so, for at the conclusion he gave a great sigh.

"Hattie, darling," he said, "I've no good news for you. I've been to the dock works at the North River, and the position Broadlip hoped to give me is filled, and there's no chance of another opening. They don't want young, untried hands there, yet they might have given me a trial."

"But, Joe," said the girl, and her voice faltered a little as she spoke, "you know what you wish cannot be. You wish me to marry you and to risk the chances of life. I cannot leave my father. He is aging sadly. I think his poor eyes are growing dim; and now he would rather have all his beautiful music played to him than do it himself. Joe, my great hope is that I may be able to take his pupils for him."

"You would do it well, Hattie. You have a wonderful knack of managing people."

The girl smiled, and in her smile there was a peculiar mocking expression which seemed like a ripple about the mouth. She became grave again.

"He has worked for me, Joe; it is fit that I should work for him."

"But if I could get work near, you need not leave him, Hattie. We could marry and all live together."

"No, Joe; we are too young to fetter ourselves with such uncertain prospects. Alone we may struggle, and if we fall we fall alone, and drag down no other; but were we married, and your employment so uncertain, cares would come on us more quickly than we could meet them. Believe me, Joe, we are best single."

There was no selfishness about the young fellow, yet, man-like, he could not forbear the answer:

"Hattie, you think more of your father than you do of me. My young life——" He stopped abruptly.

"I should be no good wife to you, Joe, if I failed as a daughter. Do not press me more. God knows I am sorely tried already," and the pent-up tears came at last.

Then Berthfield inwardly called himself many frightful names, of which "Unmanly wretch" and "Brute" were the least severe. But he only said, audibly:

"I know, Hattie. Forgive me." And the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was forgiven, for the warm, round, white hand was again placed confidingly in his. He continued: "The worst is yet to come, Hattie." His words came slowly and as if dragged up by the roots. "I have undertaken to work my way to Japan, and the captain of the steamer has promised to get me work as soon as we arrive. I did hope to have begun higher up, but I've never shirked work, and I'll show that I can do a good and earnest day's work. I've toiled with dust and dirt and oil and what not, and I'll do it again. I know my trade thoroughly. The lowest as well as the highest part of it, and—and—I'm young and strong."

"Yes, it's all true," said poor Hattie; and these four words were all she could say.

"I shall not forget you, Hattie. It may be twenty years before we meet again, but even then I shall be yours only."

Hattie smiled, but this time it was a poor, worn, wan, struggling smile.

"I shall be old and faded then, Joe."

"It does not matter," he returned, with a loving, steady gaze. "You may be old and faded, worn and shriveled, but you will be more to me than any other woman."

A great mist seemed to have come over the river as the girl said:

"We must part now, dear Joe."

They walked on silently for a little time.

"I sail to-morrow, Hattie," he said, as they reached the old church. "I bind you by no promise."

"We have the world before us, and God to aid us, dear heart," she replied.

They stood and gazed sadly on the gravestones; there seemed nothing but an atmosphere of dampness and decay among them, only the warm love and young hope in their breasts; but these triumphed even in the sadness of the hour. He held her in his arms for one last caress, and then released her. In another minute he had gone.

And so they parted with wrung hearts, fearing, as many young lovers have feared, that the hour-glass of time, or the scythe of death, would stand between them in this life.

And the river flowed onwards to the sea.

* * * * * *

Joe Berthfield returned to New York and to the boarding-house, where his worldly goods were packed ready for transit, in a depressed and remorseful state of mind. He was miserable enough, heaven knows, and though he bit his lips until the blood almost came, and clinched his teeth, it was hard work to keep the tears from starting.

It was in vain that he inwardly exhorted himself not to feel this wringing pain in his heart. Nature, not manhood, was uppermost. He could not eat, but lighting a cigar and repairing to his dingy room he leant out of the window to enjoy his only luxury—that of thinking of Hattie Hadwin. He folded his arms tightly across his breast thinking about her, and then he leant out with some romantic idea that the wind would waft her breath to him or that the same moon should look down on both. He had not naturally a genius for self-torment, quite the reverse; but a man in love will do such things.

In his mind's eye he beheld her as his wife, and again he saw her fretted and worn, struggling for her father with adverse circumstances, and sinking quietly but surely, while his arm would be far from her.

Within ten hours from that time Joe Berthfield was engaged at seaman's wages to work under the engineer of the steamship *Pekin*. At nine o'clock he had passed through the Narrows.

If his heart was heavy his spirit was good, his belief in Hattie's faithfulness, although no vows had been registered, very considerable; his belief in his own, amazingly firm.

"Success is certain till energy fails," said Joe, as he commenced to dump a lot of coal through a stoke-hole.

* * * * * *

It was perhaps ten years after this, that a lady, richly clad in silks and furs, walked up Fifth Avenue, New York, one bright, crisp, Winter's day. She carried a small roll of music under her cloak, and stopped at one of the large palatial houses that face the Catholic Cathedral.

She rang the bell and was quickly admitted into the magnificent parlor. She opened her music, laid aside her wrappings and taking a short, sharp peep into a superb pier-glass set in an ebony frame, revealed the face of Hattie Hadwin.

Tall, gay, handsome and careless, with a bewitching drollery about the mouth, and a rather masterful eye.

Presently the door was opened, and a tall and willful-looking girl, with a pair of flashing blue eyes, almost ran in. She would have embraced Hattie on the spot, but the latter drowned the effort in her own significant way; she laid her hands on the young lady's shoulders saying:

"Well, Julie, how is the voice, and how have you prospered with the song?"

"Oh, Miss Hattie, papa says I am hoarse and that I have a cold, but let me try.

Hattie Hadwin had the knack of making herself particularly charming to her pupils, who all adored her after the fashion of young girls. Miss Julie Van Zutphen was no exception to the rule, so the two sat down and proceeded very amiably for some time. At last the fantasy seized Hattie that Miss Van Zutphen should repeat a certain passage a given number of times as a penalty for the falling short of the mode of performing it.

The young girl's spirit did not bear the burden very meekly—first her pride arose, then mortification did battle with pride, and lastly the spirit of sullenness descended and utterly paralyzed Miss Van Zutphen's vocal powers.

A dreaded pause ensued. Hattie, smiling to herself as the altered intonation fell upon her ear, turned round and met such a full blaze of indignation on the pretty face as made her smile a great deal more.

She then commenced the song herself:

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking;
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it falls;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rosebud—that is all.

A maiden's heart that knoweth not love's darting;
A voice that teaches love beyond recall;
An hour of joy, an hour of bitter parting;
And then, a broken heart—and that is all.

She sang it deliciously, and in so doing forgot, or seemed to forget, her surrounding. The invincible spirit of music spoke to her of other things, and, as her fingers wandered over the keys, her face grew very wistful, almost sad, and she no longer remembered even to tease Miss Van Zutphen, who was affected like Saul, in so far that the mutinous demon was in some sort charmed out of her, and she was pondering how she might best descend from a pedestal of pride, and make submission to Hattie without losing her dignity.

The song was finished, and both came back to realities. Hattie did not care about conquering herself, but was wondrously fond of conquering other people. So she devoted an instant to Miss Van Zutphen, and, having ascertained by an almost imperceptible glance that young lady's state of mind, she proceeded to apply the actual remedy. She took the song and gave it to her, saying, very sadly:

"Until to-day I always sang that song with pleasure, Julie, but you have joined to it a less pleasant memory. I hope you will like it better from this moment than I shall."

And she bent over the song, and wrote on the margin with her pencil the single word "revolt."

Julie Van Zutphen gave a convulsive gulp, but said never a word.

Hattie gave two more lessons on the avenue, and then walked quickly home.

Her father, poor in the first instance, became poorer still. An amateur musician, he was compelled to make his pleasure minister to his necessity. His health failed him more than his fortune. As Hattie had said so she had done, and in the matter of a daughter he was, decidedly, a much to be envied man.

When she returned, he was sitting in his chair by the fire, thinking long of her, as the Scotch say. In her eyes he looked each time she came back more gentle, feeble and shadowy than before.

* * * * * *

In quickly told tales like this there is no room, as there is no need, to detail the course of each day which went to make up Hattie Hadwin's life. Hattie was fast growing rich. Work was a law and necessity, but she did her work easily; it suited her, and her gains were sufficient to not only support herself and her father in exceeding comfort, but to enable her to pay periodical visits to the National Park Bank, where she was received with that consideration that bespeaks the entrance of a person coming to deposit, not to draw, money.

She was the fashion. Society liked her, her splendid voice, her gracious manner, her habits and her rich neutral tinted toilets.

No tidings from Berthfield had ever reached her, yet, in spite of it, she grew to appear handsomer and stouter; she was not a-weary because he came not, and, indeed, presented no resemblance to the "Marion of the Moated Grange."

Ten years from the time I last portrayed her she entered her fortieth year. It was a Winter's evening. There had been a driving storm of sleet and snow, with a keen, bitter wind.

The foot-passengers on the sidewalks were whipped, blinded and at last roused by it, the drivers of horse-cars disappeared behind the mountains of wraps, and the homeless poor betook themselves to alleys and doorways for shelter. The sky was sullen and lowering and plainly informed those who consulted it that there was worse yet to come.

I do not think any one could look more comfortable or handsome than Hattie Hadwin as she sat making the hot coffee in the snug study, clad in rich garment of sombre hue, but of exquisite workmanship and finish. Her father, still alive, was seated in the self-same chair. His head was very white and quite bowed on his breast, and his long, thin fingers beat time restlessly. She spoke only a few words to him now and then, and they were caressing and such as might have been used to a child.

At last she settled herself in her own lounging-chair, and, opening a new book, was soon deep in it. Gradually the new book found its resting-place on the floor, and Hattie reposed calmly.

There was a rumbling of hack-wheels close to the sidewalk, and then a halt. But there was no magnetism in the air to warn Hattie of any one being near her more than that gentle, shadowy man which she had tended for so many years. Then footsteps in the hall and a hand on the door.

Even the seven sleepers awakened at last, and, when the door opened, Hattie started to her feet, fully prepared to deny that she had been otherwise than awake.

Then came a face, bronzed, fiery red, full blue eyes, and altogether strange to Hattie - at least, she had seen such in her dreams. A mass of hair, beard, mustache and whiskers of a hue which was pale only beside the face. All this surmounted a figure huge in every way, but especially in breadth.

Hattie stood wondering, and the figure stood wondering also. Like the Ancient Mariner, "he fixed her with his glittering eye," and, as he performed this operation, he drew off wrapping after wrapping, and at length stood confessed as Joe Berthfield, weighing at the very least calculation two hundred and twenty pounds.

Then the blue eyes danced with amusement, the white teeth showed themselves, and a hearty, full, sonorous laugh broke the ice.

"Hattie, do you not know me?" He stepped forward and kissed her, at first lightly on the cheeks, and then putting her back with another glance and another laugh, he followed up that kiss by many others, and they came so fast and warm, that Hattie had not really presence of mind to resist.

"I understand you are still Hattie Hadwin, or you would not have seen me here to-night. So this is your father?"

She led him up to the old man gently.

"Speak tenderly to him, Joe. He is quite childish now." Something in the subdued, womanly tone of Hattie's voice gave Berthfield a choking sensation. However, he cleared his throat and shook hands with Mr. Hadwin.

The poor gentleman looked up with his wan, comprehensive smile.

"You'll be kind to Hattie—you'll be kind to her?" and then he rattled on incoherently.

Hattie had not forgotten how to blush, and at the random speech of her father the blood rushed up in torrents to her hair roots, leaving a transient crimson on her throat and neck.

Apparently this enchanted Joe, for he rubbed his hand, and tugged at his tawny beard, and sat down and watched Hattie as she poured out coffee for him, with the bright, cheerful and trusting look of twenty years before.

"Ah, Hattie," he continued, laughingly, "I swore that were you faded, worn and shriveled, I would still be true; but you have not fretted for me, you have not the assurance to pretend it. Am I absolved from my oath?"

Hattie raised her eyes with a malicious glance signifying, "*Et tu brute.*"

"Yes, I know," he added, surveying rather ruefully his own ample person, "we have both much to forgive."

There was no explanation asked, for none was required—they both felt supremely happy. They had each done their duty, not sadly and sternly, but merrily and well.

THE ARION BALL.

THE annual masked ball of the Arion Singing Society, at the Madison Square Garden, on Thursday, February 19th, was an unprecedented success. By nine o'clock the vast Garden was literally packed with masqueraders, and this promptness led to the opening of the ball proper at an earlier hour than usual. After a preliminary concert, the customary march of the committees began at ten o'clock; the Floor Committee were in the costume of Vasco di Gama; the Lobby Committee dressed like the Marquis de Beaufort, and the Finance Committee in the uniform of the Empress Katherine's body-guard. All these gentlemen, numbering several hundred, moved with the steadiness of military veterans, and looked well in their fine clothes. They performed some evolutions with precision, got more plaudits, and opened the ball by taking partners for a waltz, in which all who were masked could join if they chose. The dancing-floor was by that time possessed by a great number of maskers, among whom clowns of various sorts, including some clever acrobats, were numerous.

The grand procession began moving at half-past eleven o'clock. The first float was a burlesque of the Street Cleaning Department, consisting of a machine of brooms which swept nothing, on the top of which sat a person who was "made up" to look very like Captain Williams. Then followed the historical division: 1609 was represented by a tableau of Hendrick Hudson treating with the Manhattan Indians, all on a scenic platform drawn by Dutch sailors; 1660 by the last days of New Amsterdam, showing Peter Stuyvesant surrounded by dignitaries, and, in a grotto at the rear, Rip Van Winkle and gnomes; 1776 by the bell-tower of Independence Hall, Continental soldiers, Molly Stark, English and Indian prisoners, the Goddess of Liberty and an

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American eagle; and 1880 by Prince Carnival and his numerous attendants. His Highness rode in a towering and most resplendent chariot, drawn by five horses. All the costumes in this division, indeed, were new and rich.

The second half of the procession was of a humorous character. Cleopatra's needle, which resembled a torpedo about to be discharged from a boat, was perched horizontally on a wagon, and was surrounded by dusky Egyptians. Not content with the needle, they had also secured Cleopatra's thimble, which was covered with alleged Masonic hieroglyphics, and which was borne on the end of a stick. Trumpeters and heralds followed this scene from the Nile, and preceded a parody on the ideal tally-ho coach. The team was filled with a degenerate-looking youth in uncouth garments, and a weak-kneed man blew a horn spasmodically. One of the conspicuous figures was "Ulysses, the First," who, astride of an immense elephant, came next, quietly smoking a cigar. The man was "made up" to resemble General Grant. He was supposed to be entering New York in state after his third term. The elephant was a huge affair and was covered with gaudy trappings. Around the team were "other potentates," and boys with elephants' heads on.

After one standard-bearer, with a beautiful daughter of the regiment on either side, the heralds and Floor Committee, all in brilliant and showy military dress, had passed by, Master Arion, personated by F. Beringer, the president of the society, closed the procession. He was seated in a triumphal chariot, accompanied by his nautical orchestra, and was fresh from the musical festival on the Isthmus of Corinth. The chariot held great palms, and over Arion's head was a gorgeous canopy. An electric light placed in the front of the team lighted up the whole brilliantly. Crocodiles and tropical plants were arranged very effectively so as to set off the god in the best manner. The Garden was brilliant with flowers and decorations.

Financial Condition of Russia.

IN discussing the imperial budget of 1878, the *Rudi Mir* draws attention to several weak points, and puts particular stress on the fact that the unproductive expenses have greatly increased. In 1868 the expenditure of the imperial budget came to 44,000,000 rubles. In 1878 it amounted to 60,000,000 rubles—that is to say, an increase of 50 per cent. in 10 years. During this time especially the unproductive expenses rose from 234,000,000 rubles to 352,000,000 rubles—equal to an increase of 50 per cent. The year 1879 will show even worse results. The expenditure is quoted at 609,000,000 rubles, of which 270,000,000 rubles are fixed for unproductive expenses. The financial position seems all the more precarious when one remembers that many institutions which are necessary for the welfare of the State and of the people have been abandoned from want of funds. Only one of every ten children receives any regular education whatever, and even this is confined to simple reading and writing. The majority of the peasants have no opportunity whatever for laying by capital or for borrowing money to improve the antediluvian state of their farms, which have not progressed for the last 200 years, and in some districts the proceeds do not even pay for the labor expended on the land. In addition to this, the rate of exchange goes lower and lower, and thereby the general wealth of the nation gets less and less. Last, not least, the railways swallow up a minimum of 30,000,000 rubles, which merely go into the pockets of the shareholders.

A Siamese Fable.

A MAN chased by a tiger in a forest one night escaped by climbing a tree, on which lived a monkey and its family. The monkey received the man kindly, and refused to listen to the tiger, which advised it to fling him down while he slept. When the man awoke the tiger retired, and the monkey went to sleep. Presently the tiger returned, and recommended the man to fling the monkey down. The man pondered a while, then gave the monkey a push, and it fell into the tiger's claws. Awakened by the shock and the pain, the monkey laughed aloud. "Wherefore laughest thou, when I am clawing thy body?" asked the astonished tiger. "Because thou thinkest thy claws are near my heart, and thou art wrong," replied the monkey. "Where, then, is thy heart?" "At the end of my tail." The tiger let go its hold, but before it could seize its victim's tail the monkey ran up the tree and was saved. It knew who had pushed it over, but it uttered no angry word. When the day dawned the tiger disappeared, and the monkey went out to gather fruit for its guest. During its absence the man killed its mate and all its little ones, intending to take them home for his wife to cook; when the monkey came back with a throng of its kinsfolk, it found its home made desolate. Still it uttered no angry word—only offered to guide the man out of the forest. They set forth together, the man following the monkey. After a time the man struck the monkey over the head so hard that the blood gushed forth. "Why hast thou done this?" asked the monkey. "Because I wanted flesh for my wife to cook," replied the man. "But if thou hadst killed me," said the monkey, "who would have guided thee out of the forest? Now follow me at a distance; my blood-drops will show thee the way. And when thou art clear from the trees, then thou canst kill me without risk." The man did as he was counseled. When they came near the forest verge, the monkey stopped for the man to come up and kill him. The man killed the monkey. But just as he was leaving the forest he tripped and fell, first into a hole, then headlong right into hell. But no sooner was the monkey dead than it was carried straight up into heaven. There, in a golden palace, it was joined by all its dear ones whom the man had killed. "But where is the man?" asked the monkey with anxious sympathy. "He is in hell," was the reply. "Your Highness must not think of him any more."

An Indian's Eloquent Speech.

IT was definitely agreed upon in the council, on Jan. 26th, between Secretary Schurz and the Piutes, first, that Chief Winnemucca should be permitted to return to the Malheur Reservation, in Oregon, with such of his people as may choose to go there; second, that upon their arrival the Indians are to take up land in severalty, each head of a family to select as a farm a particular tract of land; and third, that such of the Piutes as are now scattered throughout the white settlements at work, satisfactorily earning their own living, are to be permitted to remain where they are.

The Indians repeatedly expressed their approval of these propositions of the Secretary, and old Chief Winnemucca said that, under this policy, in ten years the Government need no longer bother about taking care of his tribe—they would be self-supporting. They asked for the organization of a body of Indian police, such as has been organized lately at other agencies. On this subject young Chief Natchez said: "My father is now old. I will have charge of my people. I will encourage every one to take a farm, as you say. My people work well, and will settle down as white people; and I want to say this, 'If any man among my Indians steals something, or commits any crime against white people, don't send your soldiers with such a rush to our reservation, but just say, 'Natchez, one of your men has done something wrong, will you hunt him up?' I will leave nothing undone but I will get him and give him up to your white people. I am glad I came, because now when I hear the soldiers are coming to drive us to the Indian Territory like cattle, I will know it is not true. My heart is full of gratitude to you, so that I scarcely know how to express it, for you are helping my people. Some one told me it was no use to come to Washington: they are altogether against us: but I shall never believe that again. Your words to me are as if they were heard away over the mountains, for my people are listening, and your words will bring joy to their hearts. I am an Indian man, but where is the white man who can say I have saved three Indian lives? I have here a medal. It was given me for saving the lives of three white men. I have also always been against war. I hunted and found the Bannocks for the soldiers. This medal was all I received, but now it seems to me as if it came from a Divine power. I have my reward. You give my people homes and land where they can live. I don't know, may be you will hear Natchez Winnemucca is on the war path, murdering the whites. When you hear that, come in person, or send some one to have me brought right here, and I will not flinch or tremble when you put the rope around my neck to hang me. Instead of that, in twenty years, or many years, it may be when we are old, or when we are gone, and young men are in our places, some of my people will have been helped by this, so that, getting an education, they will hold high position like yourself. I want to thank you again for my people."

The latter part of the young chief's speech was delivered standing, and with much earnest eloquence.

Bedroom Water-bottles.

A POINT in household sanitation, which commonly receives little attention, and yet is of great importance, is the supply of water to bedroom water-bottles. Ostensibly for use in cleaning the teeth, the water placed in these bottles is almost constantly used for drinking, and yet its purity rarely has the attention which is given to the water placed on the tables. The bedroom water-bottle is usually filled by the housemaid from the same source as the water-jugs, in most cases from an up-stairs cistern, which supplies the water-closet, and the overflow pipe from which it not rarely passes into the drain. Even in well-ordered houses this practice is too often resorted to, in lodging-houses almost invariably. It is a practice fraught with the highest danger—a danger which cannot be too strongly insisted on. We lately heard of a case of typhoid fever contracted at one of the most fashionable South of England watering-places in consequence of the sufferer, being thirsty in the night, having incautiously drunk freely of the water placed in his water-bottle, and which had been taken directly from an up-stairs cistern, afterwards found to be foul. It should be an invariable rule to observe the same precautions regarding the purity of water which is occasionally drunk as of that which is only for drinking purposes; and it is most important that, if the source or quality of the water is doubtful or unknown, only filtered water should be placed in these bottles, and that in no case should they be filled with water taken from a cistern which supplies a water-closet.

The Foreign Commerce of Boston.

THE annual tables of exports from Boston show that the value of goods shipped last year was greatly larger than ever before, exceeding for the first time in the history of the port an average of $1,000,000 a week. The improvement was greatest during the last quarter of the year; indeed, there was a very slight decline in the first nine months, as compared with the corresponding period of 1878, while, for the closing quarter, the exports were valued at $16,500,000, an increase of $4,400,000 over those of 1878. The export trade was, last year, nearly equal in value to the average exports from the whole of the kingdom of Spain, and two-thirds as great as the value of exports from the entire Dominion of Canada. The trade is to a large and increasing amount in raw materials and food with Great Britain. Out of a total of $50,500,000, more than $16,000,000 consisted of meat and other provisions, upwards of $4,000,000 more consisted of live animals to be slaughtered for meat, and $16,000,000 represented grain and flour, a total of $36,000,000, or almost two-thirds of the whole, being thus accounted for as food. Nearly $8,000,000 worth of raw cotton, $1,000,000 for tobacco, and another $1,500,000 for tallow, grease and stearine, bring up the total to $44,500,000, and leave only $11,000,000 for all other goods. The average proportion of strictly manufactured goods exported from the United States is about ten per cent. Boston exports more than this percentage, and has done so during the past year. The value of the manufactures of wool, cotton, iron, leather and glass, together with agricultural implements, carriages, musical instruments and refined sugar, amounts to more than $6,000,000, to say nothing of numerous other articles which would amount in the aggregate to at least $1,000,000 more. Of the goods eighty-two per cent. in value was sent to Great Britain, against seventy-eight per cent. last year. British dependencies took more than $50,000,000 worth of the goods shipped from Boston in 1879, leaving but one-eleventh of the whole for all the rest of the world.

Paris and Italian Theatres.

BESIDES the three opera-houses, there are twenty-three recognized theatres in Paris. The Français, in the Rue Richelieu, has 1,400 seats, and the prices range from 10f. for the best *avant scènes* to 1f. for the amphitheatre. The Odéon, in the Rue Vaugirard, has 1,700 seats, from 12f. for the *avant scènes* to 75 centimes for the fifth gallery. The Vaudeville, in the Chaussée d'Antin, has 1,300 seats, from 7f. for the first tier box seats to 1f. for the fourth gallery. The Porte St. Martin, in the boulevard St. Martin, has 1,800 places, from 8f. for the *avant scènes* to 1f. for the amphitheatre. The Ambigu Comique, also in the Boulevard St. Martin, has 1,900 seats, from 10f. for the *avant scènes* to 75 centimes for the fourth gallery. The Variétés, in the Boulevard Montmartre, has 1,300 seats, from 10f. for the *avant scènes* to 1f. for the amphitheatre. The Gymnase, in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, has 1,200 seats, from 8f. for the *avant scènes* to 1f. 25 centimes for the fourth tier seats. The Châtelet, in the Place du Châtelet, has 3,500 seats, from 6f. in the balcony boxes to 50 centimes for the third tier seats. The Théâtre des Nations, in the Place du Châtelet, has 1,760 seats, from 8f. for the *avant scènes* to 75 centimes for the second amphitheatre. The Palais Royal, in the Rue Montpensier, has 1,000 seats, from 8f. for the *avant scènes* to 2f. for the parterre or pit. The Bouffes Parisiens, in the passage Choiseul, has 1,200 seats, from 10f. for the *avant scènes* to 1f. for the amphitheatre. The Third Théâtre Français, in the Boulevard du Temple, has 1,100 seats, from 5f. to 50 centimes for the upper parts. The Folies Dramatiques, in the Boulevard St. Martin, has 1,200 seats, from 8f. 50 centimes for the balcony boxes, to 50 centimes for the third gallery. The Renaissance, in the Boulevard St. Martin, has 1,100 seats, from 12f. for the *avant scènes* to 50 centimes for the fourth gallery. The Nouveauté, in the Boulevard des Italiens; the Fantaisies Parisiennes, in the Boulevard Beaumarchais; the Château d'Eau, in the Rue de Malte; the Cluny, in the Boulevard St. Germain; the Bouffes du Nord, in the Faubourg St. Denis; the Théâtre des Arts, in the Boulevard Sebastopol; the Athenée Comique, in the Rue Scribe; the Nouveau Lyrique, in the Rue Taitbout, and the Folies Bergères, in the Rue Richer, must also be included among the Paris theatres. Besides its theatres, Paris has several regular Winter dancing saloons, or *bals*. Cremorne, formerly known as the Salle Valentino, in the Rue St. Honoré, is open every evening; Boullier, known in Summer as the Closerie des Lilas, and Tivoli, are open every Sunday, Monday and Thursday; the Château Rouge every Wednesday and Friday; and the Elysée Montmartre, in the Boulevard Rochechouart, every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

The following details as to the number of seats in the theatres of Rome will no doubt be found interesting. The Apollo accommodates 8,000 spectators; Argentina, 3,500; Nationale (now building), 5,000; Politeama, 4,000; Valle, 1,500; Corea, 2,500; Capranica, 1,200; Circo Royal, 4,000; Manzoni, 700; Rossini, 600; Metastase, 750; Quirino, 850; Sferisterio, 3,000; Ripeta (now building), 2,500; Goldoni, 600; San Carlo a Catinari, 450; Consolazione, 300; Alfieri, 250; Tiberino, 300. Total, 19 theatres, capable of holding 34,500 spectators.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Greenwich Observatory.

The picturesque group of buildings on the hill in Greenwich Park, occupied by the Royal Observatory, under the superintendence of Sir G. B. Airy, the venerable Astronomer Royal, contains various apparatus for the scientific purposes of recording meteorological phenomena and those of the terrestrial magnetic currents, as well as for that of scanning the position and motion of the heavenly bodies. One important branch of these observations is conducted by means of the anemometer, a self-acting device for noting the changes in the direction and pressure of the wind. This is located at the summit of one of the two turrets, overlooking the Park and the Royal Naval College, at the north front of the Observatory, and forms the subject of our illustration.

The Severe Weather in France.

A most singular wave of cold has passed over Central Europe this Winter, and the full force of it seems to have been felt in France, where the country has been many feet deep in snow, while the rivers have been more completely frozen over than has been remembered for a great number of years. The Loire in particular has suffered from the frost, and in the portion between Saumur and Angers, where the river is studded with islands and widens only to narrow again, a terrible block occurred. The inhabitants of the Island of Souzay, mostly farmers, were compelled to quit their homes, the island being in danger of being overwhelmed with the great ice floes. Large numbers of military engineers were dispatched by the Government to form a channel by blowing up the ice with dynamite. Much danger is apprehended when the weather breaks, especially as where the block occurs there is an embankment which protects from the river a large and thickly populated valley. This will be completely inundated should, as may yet happen, the embankment give way.

The Dutch Arctic Expedition.

The Barents Sea, as it is now called, lying north of Lapland, between Spitzbergen to the west and Novaya Zemlya to the east, has been pretty well explored; and the Austrian expedition of Lieutenants Julius Payer and Weyprecht, in the steamer *Tegetthoff*, from 1872 to 1874, resulted in the discovery of Franz Josef Land, to the north of Novaya Zemlya. The recent Dutch expeditions were conducted in a small vessel without steam-power, fitted out by private enterprise, and named after the ancient Dutch explorer. The satisfactory results of the voyage of the schooner *Willem Barents* in 1878 encouraged its promoters to dispatch a second Dutch Arctic Expedition in the Summer of last year, and in September the vessel sighted Franz-Josef Land.

The Rush to the Pit's Mouth.

In this drawing we have a vivid representation of the intense excitement which so rapidly spreads amongst the inhabitants of a mining village whenever the dreadful sound of an explosion is heard. The poor creatures know too well the meaning of the awful sound, and all start immediately for the pit's mouth, the brave men eager to render what assistance they can, even at the risk of their own lives, and the weeping women and children to learn the fate of their relatives who were at work in the bowels of the earth. Of the sixty-eight men engaged in the Fair Lady Pit, Leycett, England, when the recent explosion took place there, only six survive. The majority of the dead were buried on the Sunday following at the various contiguous places, the funeral expenses being borne by the Colliery Company, and the scene of the disaster was visited by thousand of persons from the surrounding districts.

Sekukuni's Last Retreat.

The cave in which Sekukuni was captured, or, rather, succession of caves communicating with each other, and penetrating far into the depths of the mountain, are capable of holding hundreds of people, but Sekukuni was soon starved into submission, Ferreira's horsemen having prevented the possibility of his taking in with him any supplies whatever. So near, indeed, were his pursuers that the meat which was intended for the use of the King was seized at the entrance to the cave. During the forty-eight hours which intervened between the chief's being run to earth and his submission, all apertures leading to the caves were zealously guarded by Ferreira's men, assisted by the Swazies. Shots were continually exchanged night and day, and it was a matter of considerable risk to the man on guard, who had to be perpetually on the *qui vive*.

French Municipal Buildings, French Quarter, Shanghai.

When Shanghai was made a free port, concessions were made to the various foreign governments, England, American, French, etc., for the use of the merchants belonging to each nationality who might come there for commercial purposes. The grant was perpetual, subject to a ground-rent of about a dollar and a half for seven of our ordinary city lots. The French concession was nearest to the Chinese city, but little was done to develop it till after 1860. Now it has grown up to be an important little town in itself, lighted with gas, possessing a fire department, theatres of course, and an insurance company. The city government costs $130,000 a year; the common council consists of eight members, with a president. The municipal affairs are well managed, and our illustration shows the buildings erected for the city government. This French Quarter is a great centre of silk trade, no less than 64,810 bales of silk being shipped annually, half directly to France and about one-tenth to this country. A well managed French company sends a steamer every fortnight to Marseilles through the Suez Canal.

The Empress of Russia at Cannes.

During her stay at Cannes, the Empress of Russia, although suffering greatly with consumption, maintained quite a brilliant court. When the days were pleasant Her Majesty spent much time in the open air and in the company of her numerous retinue. Her illness continuing to wear upon her, she determined to return to St. Petersburg to die in the midst of her family, and it was just before her departure that she gave a reception and distributed gifts among her courtiers with a lavish hand. The scene, as shown in our illustration, resembled the Christmas-tree display so familiar to American and German eyes. These gifts will have a priceless value to the hundred recipients as coming from the heart and hand of the dying Empress of all the Russias.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—FAST day has been appointed in Massachusetts for Thursday, April 8th.

—IT is estimated that 3,000 men are employed in the new mines in Maine.

—A COURSE of lectures on journalism is to be given at Michigan University next year.

—THE Boston Board of Brokers has increased the price of admission from $2,000 to $3,000.

—THE State Republican Convention of North Carolina has been called to meet in Raleigh on the 7th of July.

—TURKISH papers say that martial law has been proclaimed there in order to prevent disturbances in carrying out the militia reforms.

—THE American Sunday School Union has organized in the Southwest since the war 2,796 new Sunday schools, with 113,696 scholars.

—PRINCE NICHOLAS of Montenegro is willing to negotiate with the powers in regard to accepting other Turkish territory instead of Gostoje and Piava.

—A CONVENTION of United States quarantine officials has been called to meet in Washington early in May, for the purpose of revising the quarantine rules and regulations.

—SIR POMEROY COLLEY, private secretary of the Viceroy of India, has been appointed Governor and High Commissioner of Natal and commander of the troops in the neighboring district.

—THE announcement in London that the Executive at Buenos Ayres intends to disarm the civil population in view of the approaching election has depressed Argentine Government bonds there.

—AS AN indication of the dislike of the inhabitants of the newly-acquired Russian territory to their present rulers, it is stated since the Russian occupation of the District of Kars, 42,000 inhabitants have emigrated thence.

—IN the British House of Commons, on February 19th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to a question, said there was no intention of resuming the negotiations regarding the silver question started by the United States and discussed at the Paris Conference.

—THE charter of the Royal University of Ireland is just about to be issued and enrolled, under the provision of the Irish University Act of 1879. It will supersede, in a measure, what were known as the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork and Galway.

—THE Committee appointed by the State grange to investigate the production and manufacture of sugar beets in Maine, has reported that the Sugar Beet Company used last year 9,000 tons of beets, 8,000 of which were grown in the State on 1,100 acres, an average of less than nine tons an acre.

—THE Smithsonian Institution has received from Professor Peters, of Clinton, the announcement of the discovery by himself on February 17th, 1880, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude in 10 hours 50 minutes right ascension, and 13 degrees 22 minutes north declination, with a daily motion of seven minutes north.

—THE Registrar-General has returned 4,653,551 acres in Ireland under the head of "bog and marsh, barren mountain land, water, roads and fences," for the year 1879—an improvement over the preceding year of 8,387 acres gained to cultivation or pasture. Of this enormous acreage of waste, 1,740,291 acres are returned as "bog and marsh."

—HERR LASKER, the Prussian National Liberal leader, who proposes to make a prolonged visit to the United States, has written to a friend in England that he will have to postpone his projected tour, for political reasons. He has been suffering from nervous exhaustion and rheumatism, but is sufficiently recovered to attend to his public duties.

—THE senior wranglership at Cambridge was taken this year by an Irishman, Mr. James Lardner, son of the late Hugh Lardner, of Belfast. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution and Queen's College of Belfast. His success has caused great rejoicing in academic circles in Ireland. Few senior wranglers have, however, made much figure in after life.

—FOUR prominent men of the Miami Indian Nation—Thomas Miller, First Chief; David Gebso, Second Chief; Charles Welsh and Samuel Gebso—are on their way to Washington, where they go to demand of the authorities that their tribe be made citizens of the United States; that they have their lands set apart to them severally, and that they be allowed to draw all money due them from the Government.

—A CENSUS of the United Kingdom is to be taken next year. Parliament will shortly have to be asked to pass a Bill or Bills to provide for the cost, and to confer upon the Registration Office the necessary powers. The London *Times* says that "the expense does not approach, for the United Kingdom, that of the American Union, which laid out on the Census of 1870 some £600,000. In 1871 the cost in this kingdom did not much exceed £120,000."

—AN archbishop and two bishops, whose sole crime was connection with the sect of Old Believers, have been in confinement in a fortress in the Province of Vladimir, Russia, for many years. The archbishop has been in prison for twenty-six years, and one of the bishops for seventeen years. The Golos, of St. Petersburg, for directing attention to the case and restoring the supposition that the prisoners had been forgotten, was deprived by the Minister of the Interior of the right of publishing advertisements for a month.

—THE portion of Asia Minor—comprising Batoum, Kars, Olti and Artwin—which has been acquired by Russia under the Treaty of Berlin, is a district very rich in natural productions, and capable of great development under an efficient administration. There is not much agricultural produce, but there is an abundance of wood and metals, and the climate and soil are well suited for the cultivation of silk and tobacco. The natives appear reconciled to the new state of things. They have ceased to emigrate into Turkish territory, and hoards of money which had hitherto been concealed have made their appearance in the towns. Batoum, thanks to its great advantages as a harbor, is increasing in size, while Poti, notwithstanding its dockyard and railway, declines.

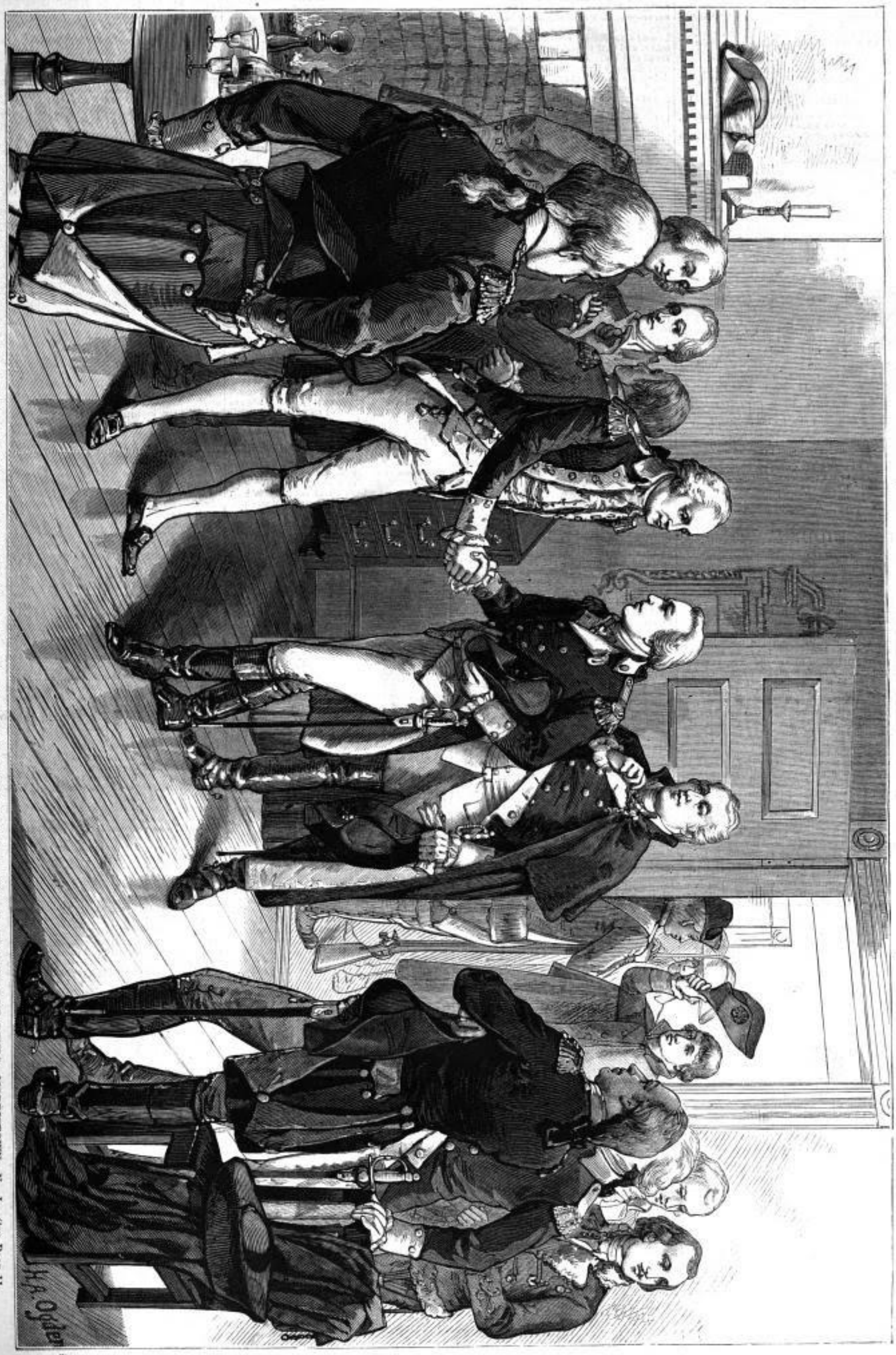
—THE Supreme Court of Virginia has delivered its opinion in the case of William Walsh and John E. Brooddus, Deputy Sheriffs of Henrico County, each committed to jail for contempt in refusing to obey the orders of the incumbent, Judge Minor and Judge-elect Waddell, between whom there is a difference upon the construction of the law as to the time of the expiration of office of the one and the right of the other to assume the judicial functions. They unanimously decide in favor of Judge-elect Waddell's side of the question. This case, having been made up as a test one, the decision virtually settles the disputed right of seventy-five or eighty of the newly-elected county judges, elected after January 1st last, to enter upon the duties of office at once.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL MASKED BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, FEBRUARY 19TH.—THE HISTORICAL DIVISION OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.—SEE PAGE 4.

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GENERAL WASHINGTON RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS OFFICERS ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22D, 1780, AT HIS HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, N. J.—SEE PAGE 11.

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CARPE DIEM.

WHERE the fresh, keen breath of the morning hovers,
Now o'er the foam-crest, now o'er the lea,
Hark to the call of the seagulls and plovers
Out from the meadows, in from the sea!

Shall we lie in silence or sail in laughter,
Stroll on the shore or drift on the swell,
Since these idle hours for all time after
Shall by you and by me be forgotten well?

For we know the worth of the cup we drink from,
And fear no dregs as of sharp regret:
No dreaded pangs that we fain would shrink from
Make your lips quiver or my eyes wet.

God wot we twain have outlived the season
When pride of life had no cause to die;
When hope had a magic and mighty reason
And death held a menace—in days gone by.

We can smile to-day in the earth-born hour
That fleets to a dreamless and viewless bourne;
For you are to me but a fragrant flower
Which, plucked and withered, I need not mourn;

While I to you am the sun's caresses
That warm your beauty to perfumed glow;
But when night drops down (as your heart confesses),
What the day brought forth you will scarcely know.

It is well to feel that one cannot sorrow
Over precious tokens with hot tears stained;
It is well to feel that on no to-morrow
Old wounds will rankle in scars retained.

The days are dead when I loved a woman;
No man can shake your soul with a breath.
Were God's ways as ours we were more than human
Nor would know that the end is—only death.

Let us laugh and kiss, for the day flies faster
Than swallows pass when the snows are nigh.
Enfranchised from fear of time's disaster
Eat, drink and be glad before we die.

And so where the breath of the morning hovers,
Now o'er the foam-crest, now o'er the lea,
Hark to the call of the seagulls and plovers
Out from the meadows, in from the sea!

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE LILY IN HER HAIR.

NEVER was sick-room more beautifully adorned than that of Flix Forester. The prettiest vases and knickknacks, the finest portable statues, the best pictures; and then the flowers! Fresh from the conservatory every day, they bowered the windows, the tables, the shelves, till the room became a perfect wilderness of sweets. Mrs. Forester made herself a slave to all his whims—read to him, sung to him; soothed him when weary and watched him when asleep. It was just a miracle that he had escaped sudden death, and another that disfigurement was not entailed on him for life. Doctor Wilde came every day, and Flix, who, though he had not forgotten the name, never dreamed that he was the son of the Virginian colonel with whom he had become acquainted at the time of his sore peril, found in him a congenial friend as well as a minister to the needs of the body. Vintresse also was a constant visitor, and he never left the house without also seeing Sylve. He began to act like a man in love, and the girl was so occupied with her own thoughts that she did not perceive to what his devotion seemed tending. Flix noticed the change, however, and drew his own conclusions. When Mrs. Forester was out of the way Vintresse could talk only of Sylve. He often staid to dinner, accompanied her now and then to a concert, sang with her, wrote her poetry, for which, however, he only asked her friendly criticism.

A week passed before Flix spoke of Sylve at all. His mother preserved a discreet silence towards her son concerning the subject of his thoughts, woman-like, deeming that curiosity was the best stimulant to his unspoken desires.

One day, the first he was allowed to sit up, he said to his mother:

"What do you think of Vintresse?"

"I like him," she said, quietly, adjusting the pillow to his head.

"Which will win in the race do you think—Vintresse or the doctor?"

Affecting not to notice his meaning, Mrs. Forester looked up in surprise.

"Race? What race?" she asked.

"After the heiress," he responded, almost surlily.

"Oh! Why, of course, Vintresse, if Sylve fancies him. He is very attentive. As for the doctor, he wants no one."

"*If* Sylve fancies him," said Flix, with a little sneer. "How can she help it? He is one of those handsome puppets no woman can help liking."

"He *is* handsome," said Mrs. Forester, quietly, "and—don't speak that way, my dear—very manly; by no means a puppet."

"He *is* a puppet," growled Flix, pushing his footstool viciously. "However, I've nothing against him, I'm sure."

There was a long silence. Mrs. Forester made a great show of the bright wools she was knitting with, and Flix appeared to be thinking intently, with his brows drawn together.

"Does she appear to like him?" he at last asked, breaking out abruptly; "because in that case I, as her guardian, shall have something to say."

"Really, Flix, I—how can I tell? I cannot see into Sylve's heart, and I am too much with you to take notice of her manner. Of course if any such thing is in progress she will tell me about it in time."

"We know nothing about this Vintresse—nothing whatever; and as Sylve's guardian I am responsible for his character—at least, in a measure. I should not wish to see her throw herself away." He crossed one leg over the other, and fell to picking the strings of the tassel on his dressing-gown.

"I dare say he will show a fair record, my dear. He would not attempt to win Sylve unless he could. And, after all, she is not like one of our own; she is not my daughter, she is not your sister, and she is, I think, quite able to think for herself."

Flix looked at the speaker under his straight brows. She bore the glance demurely, and suppressed the inclination that curled in the corners of her lips.

"Mother, I am astonished at you. This is not the way you are wont to talk. If *I* had said that now!"

"Perhaps I am coming round to your way of thinking. Sylve *has* been a great care and trouble, and when it comes pretty nearly to sacrificing your life, you can scarcely expect me to look upon her with my usual affection."

"What do you mean? Who told you she nearly sacrificed my life?" he asked, a dark glow pervading his face, while his eyes flashed and lowered.

"Why, Sylve. I questioned her till she told me."

"That must have been pleasant for her. How did she know there was danger? She misunderstood me, that was all."

"And, oh, Flix, you noble boy! I declare I want to kiss you every time I look at you. How heroically you saved her!"

"Oh, pshaw! that was nothing. I dare say she scarcely remembers it."

"Indeed she does! Indeed," began his mother, eagerly, then stopped short, adding more quietly—"indeed I would not look at the girl if I thought her that heartless. Even though, as *I* think, she has a quite foolish opinion of your feelings towards her. She insists upon it that you dislike her, and, though I know she is no favorite of yours—and one can scarcely wonder—yet you are not so prejudiced as to feel an unreasoning dislike towards any human creature, particularly a beautiful and helpless girl like Sylve."

It was curious to watch the young man during this little speech. He turned red, then pale, fidgeted with whatever he could lay his hands on, frowned, bit his lip, turned his face away, and burst out at the conclusion:

"Why will the girl persist in that folly. Hasn't she got eyesight? I believe all you women are as blind as bats."

"Why, Flix," cried Mrs. Forester, innocently, "isn't it so? Do you really like her?"

"Like her?—no! I wish you would pull the blinds down," he added—"that is, if you can do any gracious deed for an ill-natured cur like me."

"Oh, Flix!" exclaimed his mother, and bent over and kissed him as she passed. He brushed a tear from his forehead, and moved uneasily from side to side. After a while he exclaimed:

"Why don't Vintresse come—the doctor, or somebody?"

"Shall I read to you?" asked his mother.

"How does Sylve read?" he asked, with a subdued manner. "I think common gratitude—but there, I've made rude speeches enough for to-day."

"Sylve reads beautifully; but I fear she would object to have you for a listener."

"I dare say; she thinks me a bear. But would it hurt her to look in upon me? She has not even paid me the courtesy of inquiring after my health."

"Indeed she has every day—several times a day."

"Of Vintresse, I suppose."

"Perhaps; but of me, certainly. She will not come here, though, without invitation."

"Won't she? That's too good. Will you tell her from me I shall be only too happy to see the young lady?"

"I will tell her."

"If she is not engaged with Vintresse," was the parting shot, as his mother left the room and indulged in a broad, unrestrained smile as soon as the door was shut.

"They are two geese," she murmured to herself: "but I fancy it will all come out right."

Presently there was a tap on the door, and a low voice said "Come in" not ungently.

"Mrs. Forester said I might come," and Sylve, lovely as ever, though the rose tints of her cheeks had paled a little, came in. She held a bunch of lilies in her hand. One snow-white flower gleamed amid the rich tresses of her hair.

"Do you like lilies?" she asked, holding them forward.

"I don't want but one, thank you."

She proceeded to divide them.

"I don't want any of *them*—please not to disturb them. Pray sit down."

She looked at him perplexed; her cheeks were bright enough now.

"I have taken a fancy to that one in your hair—that is, if—if—Vintresse didn't give it to you."

"He gave me all of them," she said, her hand falling before it reached the flower.

"Then I don't want them—no, not one!"

"But these were for you."

"Thank you"—ungraciously. "If that is the case, you may put them in the stand-vase. I suppose the one in your hair was not intended for me?" grimly.

"Oh, no; that he gave to me," she replied, bending over the vase. He looked at her eagerly as she lifted her head, but she avoided his glance. In fact, she was really uncomfortable.

"You—you are looking nearly well," she said, timidly, seating herself again.

"Oh, yes; I shall be about in a few days;" then with an almost savage aspect that sat strangely upon him, perfect gentleman as he always appeared, he cried out, "I wish you would take that flower out of your hair; it annoys me."

With a motion, lightning-like in swiftness, she had the flower in her hand almost before the request was spoken. He smiled.

"Curious that I should be nervous, isn't it?" he said, with a low laugh. "I think it is because I never recollect having seen you with such an ornament in your hair before."

"I seldom wear flowers," she said.

"Then Vintresse has been here to-day?"

"Yes." Her cheeks flamed under his scrutiny.

"It seems he is making himself confoundedly familiar," muttered Flix. "He don't come to see me, that is certain."

"He excused himself this morning. His patient is well enough to take the air, and rides out for the first time to-day."

"Ha! his patient. I had forgotten his patient! His patient," he repeated, with singular earnestness, and, perhaps unconsciously, he gave her such a glance as caused her to shrink from him and wish herself away.

"The old feud," she thought, bitterly. "He can't be happy in my presence. We shall quarrel again, though I could go down on my knees and thank him for his brave deed. Ought I to do so, I wonder?"

"Does he ever speak of—of *that* man—the sick man, I mean?" asked Flix.

"Sometimes—seems to be very much attached to him; indeed, one would think he was his father."

"And so he is well enough to be out. Well, I shall be, soon."

"If it hadn't been for me," said Sylve, a strange little quaver in her voice, "you would never have needed to stay in."

"Oh, pray don't mention that. You know"—and he laughed lightly—"there is always a woman at the bottom of all mischief." Sylve looked pained. "We will try and be friends, although I gave you such a vicious push."

"How can I ever thank you? Words will not do it!"

"Words, words," he muttered; "words might mean much, and then again they might mean—nothing. But I beg your pardon," he cried, starting, "have I said anything to hurt your feelings? I trust not; my mind was preoccupied. I have a hard trial before me."

"Do you mean it will be long before you are well again?" she asked, timidly.

"No, no; I wish it was nothing more formidable than that, but the Washaba case is to come on next month, and then"—he drew his breath hard—"there will be some disagreeable work to do. Must you go?"

"I believe I must," said Sylve, gravely.

"I am most truly obliged. Ought we not to congratulate each other? Is it not the first time we have been together fifteen minutes without quarreling?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A WOMAN'S LETTER.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and Flix could go down-stairs. Sylve and he were on fair terms, and Vintresse called often, ostensibly upon Flix, but, as was very apparent, really to see Sylve, who felt a warm regard for him. Curiously enough, she had never yet spoken to him of Salome's cousin, in whose story she had taken so much interest, whether because she dreaded to have her suspicions verified, or feared to seem officious and curious, who can tell? Flix seemed quite contented in her society, and had given up saying smart things. He was always uneasy when Vintresse was present, and asked particularly and often after the convalescent. Vintresse seemed always furnished with an excuse when the subject was brought up. His friend had been suffering, or when on the point of coming the weather had changed. The real reason was that he—the invalid—wished before he came, to be assured of the success of his *protégé*, and still Vintresse had not the courage to propose. It was very pleasant to sing with Sylve, to talk with Flix, to dine at a table where the *cuisine* was matchless, to watch the nimble fingers of the girl he was trying to win, as they busied themselves with flosses or the needle; but there was something in the young lady's manner that did not reassure him whenever he attempted to introduce the subject nearest his heart. She laughed and chatted and sang, received his flowers, liked his company, but there was that undefinable something about her, an atmosphere that repelled, when his feelings were most ardent.

One morning after Flix had tried all the easy-chairs, and at last stretched himself upon the lounge, the letters came in. Sylve was seated with drawing materials in the bay window, and formed a pretty picture herself, which Flix sometimes looked at in the intervals of reading.

"I wonder if that tiresome Vintresse is coming this morning?" he said, at last.

"I believe he had an engagement to-day with Mr. De Neal," said Sylve, not taking her eyes off the paper.

"The Lord be praised," responded Flix, gravely, "and is my mother gone out? I think she said something about Gray."

"Yes; she is gone also—to get Gray to attend to the garden."

"Have you any curiosity to see this De Neal?" pursued Flix.

"Yes; I think I have some; he—Mr. Vintresse—has told me a great deal about him, his tastes and pursuits, even his whims and fancies and superstitions."

"Ah, he is superstitious, then."

"Rather, I should judge, for a man of his ability. He lived in great splendor in California, and does not like women."

Flix pursed up his mouth and raised his eyebrows at this. Sylve could not see him well from where she sat. Presently he sighed.

"Does your head ache?" asked Sylve.

"Tremendously."

"Can I do anything for you?" She suspended her work.

"Well," he made an uneasy movement "I've been thinking I should like to get at my letters—but it's such a bore."

"Where are they?"

"Here, by my hand. The trouble is to read them. Would you act as clerk?"

"If you will let me—yes!"

"Then roll one of the big hassocks here, and I'll trust you with some of my secrets. There's one in a woman's hand," he added laughing, "all the rest are on business. There are so many claimants for that Washaba tract that between them all they will drive me crazy, I think."

"You ought to be well paid for such wearing business," said Sylve, as she seated herself with a very grave face.

"I mean to be, hoping to have it all in my own hands. Now, letter number one—yes; that's all right," he said, making a memoranda as he laid there, head and shoulders bolstered up. Another and another, Sylve mastered the contents, though the writing of more than one might have puzzled an expert.

"I understand," so ran the last letter but one, "that a new claimant has appeared, and will prove that the property was sold to him in 18—, that he has good papers and intends to walk in and take what he considers his original right. He is a gentleman who for many years has been residing in California, and, if I have been rightly informed, his name is De Neal. I fear we shall have some trouble with him, for he is a man of inflexible will and will fight till his money is gone and our patience exhausted."

Sylve looked up. Flix was gazing intently upon her.

"Did you dream of this?" she asked.

"I have suspected all along," was his answer.

"Who can he be? and what a strange complication! Claimant after claimant appears—do you really think you will ever untangle the difficulties that keep rising so unexpectedly?"

"This is the last one, I hope. The others we have got under our thumb."

"Do you suppose Mr. Vintresse knows of this matter?"

"Of course he does."

"Then why has he never spoken of it?"

"It was not his business."

Sylve was silent for some time, her eyes cast upon the floor. Many thoughts passed through her mind concerning Vintresse, whom she had hitherto looked upon only as a pleasant, interesting gentleman, but now she was forced to see things in a new light. It pained her to think that he must have known quite well about her interests, and that his attentions might not be altogether disinterested. Hitherto she had talked but little of her relations to this great property—scarcely given it a thought, indeed—never having known the want of money; but it might be different with this handsome and gentlemanly stranger, who, she could not but begin to perceive, meant something more than friendliness in his visits. She was just saying to herself that she was glad her eyes were opened, when Flix, who had been regarding her attentively, spoke again.

"Have you no curiosity to see the letter superscribed in a lady's hand."

She smiled.

"It is beautiful writing!" she said; "and it seems to me I must have seen it before. Do you know who it's from?"

"No more than the man in the moon. I could more than count my lady correspondents on my fingers. Read it, please."

She slowly undid the letter, and at sight of the date suddenly changed color.

"Why," she exclaimed, "did you know—this is very curious."

"Well, what am I to understand by that?" he asked, amused at her look of consternation.

"I have seen the writing before."

"It is a begging letter, I suppose."

"It is dated H——, Virginia."

"Ah!" Flix raised himself upon his elbow with a look of interest, and his brow and eye assumed a careworn expression. Sylve read with a strange, eager interest:

"MR. FELIX FORESTER: *Dear Sir*—Many years ago you were brought, ill and wounded, to my father's house. Do you remember the little girl whose merriment served, perhaps, to while away your hours of pain, and whom you treated with a gentle consideration and affection that she, at least, has never forgotten. We were then in comparative prosperity, and the future to me, an imaginative child, looked all golden as the hills of Paradise. Do you further remember making me promise that if ever I was in any great trouble—you foreseeing that a motherless child has not always the power to command friends—I would apply to you? Dear sir, the trouble has come. My father, Colonel Lewin, whom you must remember, was killed in the war, and left me only the wreck of the house which was once most beautiful as a home. It was nearly ruined by soldiers who took possession during the rebellion, and is now in a state of decay. Only two old negroes, once our slaves, remained faithful to me in my sad fortune. One of them, Father Crow, died over a year ago; the other, by reason of illness, has been obliged to give up work, and is eating her heart out because she can no longer labor for me. I have tried to battle against poverty. I have worked with my own hands planting and hoeing and striving to procure the necessaries of life; but I am, at present, far from well, and Desire, my old nurse, requires more care than I can give her. The neighbors are very kind, but I cannot go to them. One day, while thinking over all my troubles, your name occurred to me, and I remembered you made me promise to come to you if I was ever in a strait. Alas! I am in a sore strait, as the writing of this poor letter testifies. I must put my dear old Dee in some hospital, where she can be cared for till she dies. I must find a place of shelter till my health is better and then such work as I have the strength to do—I

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don't care what it is; my pride is all gone now. What to do with this place I cannot tell; I fear it must some time be sold for taxes, and I have seen so much trouble here that I do not care. I am past caring what becomes of the homestead, once my father's pride. Will you not advise me? I can get a little money, enough to keep me a few months in some respectable boarding-house, and I promise I will be no clog or burden on you. Please let me hear from you, and believe that no one could feel more sorry than to be obliged to appeal, almost for charity, than the proud Colonel Lewin's daughter. Trusting in your kindness, I am, ever respectfully yours,

"EVELINE LEWIN."

"She shall not trust in vain," exclaimed Flix, a bright glow overspreading his face. "Can I forget them—their six weeks' care of me, their generosity and devotion, their splendid hospitality? Why, it is but a poor return to give that child a home and attend to her interests. I remember her—a perfect little beauty, with hair like gold and dewy eyes, blue as the June heavens. Yes; indeed, she shall come here. You'll like her, Sylve; I can promise her a welcome from you."

Strange to say, a keen jealousy shot through the girl's heart as she sat there, and brought the fair vision before her. Once, in mere wantonness, she had tried to injure her, and now the wretchedness she had brought upon the proud, sensitive girl, might all be coming back to fall upon her own head. Doctor Wilde would never renew his attentions—of that she felt sure—and Eve was just the sweet, gentle, saint-like creature in face and seeming, just the gentle, clinging character that she fancied was Flix Forester's ideal. But she forced herself to say:

"You will like her. Perhaps I never spoke of my intimacy with her."

"Your intimacy with Eve Lewin! What do you mean? Ah, when you were in Virginia, you mean, playing schoolmarm!"

"Yes," Sylve, answered demurely, blushing a little. "She is a very sweet and beautiful girl," she added, trying to speak without prejudice."

"She must be. I remember I never was so taken with a child in my life; especially when I saw the contrast," he paused, a deep color flushing his cheeks. Fortunately Mrs. Forester came in at that moment, for Sylve had divined what comparison had suddenly suggested itself in his preoccupied state of mind. She hurriedly escaped to her room provoked, but only with herself, while Flix hoped she had not noticed the slip of his tongue. In a few words he laid the case of Eve Lewin before his mother.

"Of course, my dear, it is my duty to receive this poor child," she said, "as I have always wished to show my sense of the obligation we all felt under to that excellent gentleman—but, indeed, I hope she is not going to be very ill—and, as to the poor colored woman, it does seem hard that, after all her years of service, she should be turned off into a hospital without the care of her mistress."

"Can't we devise some plan?" asked Flix, anxiously, "some way to keep her here, at least for a time?"

"I will see," said his mother. "There is plenty of room and to spare," and so it resulted that one dark, rainy day in early Autumn, Eve Lewin was welcomed by Mrs. Forester almost as warmly as if she had been a daughter of her own. Desire, very weak from her journey, but more solicitious for her mistress than herself, was settled in a comfortable little room at the back of the house where she could be easily cared for, and Mrs. Forester felt herself growing strangely interested in the sweet fair face on which so deep a shadow rested. The first night she saw no one but Mrs. Forester, preferring the retirement of her own room. Almost the first question she asked was if some good quiet boarding-house had been obtained for her.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Forester, smiling, "this is to be your boarding-place."

"But I must pay you, you know. I cannot be dependent."

"We will see about pay," was the answer. "Do you think we forget that your father raised my son almost from the dead?"

(To be continued.)

SCENES AT LAS CAÑAS, CUBA.

A GREAT sugar plantation shows such a diversity in the operations by which the article is at last prepared for our market, that a visitor finds new interest at every step. We have already seen the cane passing through the mill which modern machinists have perfected. As this juice comes out tasteless, it bears with it some impurities, and these are removed by strainers, a woman standing by to remove the matter which might otherwise clog them up.

The juice is then pumped to defecators in the upper part of the building, where, by the application of lime, most of the impurities are removed, and, if refined is to be made, as is the case in the Ingenio Las Cañas, a second cleansing takes place by having the syrup pass through animal coal in filters, whence it is transferred to the vacuum pan, boiled to the point of sugar, and, as seen in the illustration, run off into boxes which are carried by the negroes to the centrifugals where, undergoing the usual purging, the process of manufacture is ended.

The other illustration represents an ox-cart such as is used for carrying the bacasse or refuse cane. It stands under the conductor, catching the bacasse as it drops. This is a one-ox cart, the shafts resting on a yoke fastened to the forehead of the animal, where it is believed to have the greatest strength. These carts, when loaded, are driven by the little negro boys to the open squares, where they are dumped, and the bacasse spread upon the ground to dry for fuel. This is consumed daily, as fast as dried, to make steam. Since the very general introduction of cooking altogether by steam, this fuel has almost entirely supplanted the use of coal. All estates have sheds for storing the surplus bacasse of the day, till needed. Besides the peculiar system of yoking, all the oxen have rings put in the nose by which they are led about with a rope, as seen in the illustration, especially at difficult points, where the surface of the plantation is irregular and the roads steep.

The extent of our trade with Cuba in sugar is very great. From the United States official statistics it is shown that during the six years commencing with 1868, this country has bought Cuban products as follows:

1868 to 1869	$56,976,481
1869 " 1870	53,777,098
1870 " 1871	57,536,935
1871 " 1872	67,364,315
1872 " 1873	77,077,735
1873 " 1874	85,439,097
	$398,059,661

In fact, we take eighty-five per cent. of Cuban products, and Spain only two per cent.

During the same period Spain has bought from the United States as follows:

1868 to 1869	$11,816,030
1869 " 1870	12,879,267
1870 " 1871	13,766,000
1871 " 1872	12,960,841
1872 " 1873	15,117,767
1873 " 1874	15,677,736
Total	$82,219,633

Balance against the United States, $315,839,040.

Here we have these official figures, telling us that the capital and wealth of this country during these six years have been a loser to the amount of $300,000,000. And this in face of the fact that Cuba, in consequence of the retaliatory differential duties levied by Spain on our products, is compelled to purchase in Europe. Great Britain and Catalonia, France and Germany supply the drygoods, much of which could be sent cheaper and better from New England. America and Turkey send breadstuffs to Great Britain; but Spain, excluding herself by her policy, finds no market for her surplus grain but Cuba, which is forced to take it, when, left to her own choice, interest would prompt her to buy it in our markets.

The plantation of Las Cañas, visited by General Grant on the 13th of February, and where our sketches were taken, is reached by rail from Havana, La Union, the nearest station, being seventy-eight miles southwest of the capital of Cuba. The plantation is only a few miles distant from the sea, and is one of the richest on the island. The land is completely covered with cane, the soil being of a deep red color, and is said to be formed of volcanic mud. Two thousand acres are under cultivation, and the annual product is 3,300 tons of sugar and 1,700 puncheons of molasses. The force of negroes is comparatively small, numbering all told only 300, and about one-sixth of these are really free. But there are, besides, 344 coolies.

FEBRUARY 22D, 1780.

THE birthday of Washington recalls an interesting scene which occurred in his headquarters at Morristown, N. J., one hundred years ago. The great commander had settled himself for a while, after his tedious campaign across the State, in the Ford mansion, and had used the apartment on the ground floor and to the left of the entrance as a dining-room. There, on the morning of February 22d, 1780, he was waited upon by the officers attached to his staff and those other ones whom he had summoned for consultation on the future movements of the army. Troubled as was the General, he received the hearty congratulations of his officers in his usual warm but unostentatious manner. He invited them to partake of the simple refreshments he permitted his table to be supplied with. It was a personal meeting, a strictly friendly gathering. There was the leader, happy in the company of those upon whom he depended for advice and the execution of important manœuvres; there was an audience of well-tried soldiers, who for the moment threw off all military reserve, and conversed with the chief as man with man. Shortly after the reserve of friendship had to give way to the sternness of military rule. It cannot be doubted but that just such occasions were the means of increasing the confidence of each one in the other, nor that they occupied many an hour that would otherwise have been controlled by an enervating despondency.

In the day of patriotic speeches, of formal readings of the Farewell Address, of joyous song for the establishment and maintenance of a republican government, do not let us forget the deeds of those whom in fancy we see gathered about the Father of his Country on the birthday one hundred years ago. The peculiarities of the room and the several articles of furniture seen in our illustration will appear familiar to all our readers who have ever visited the headquarters in Morristown, where a myriad of articles of the revolutionary period are guarded with patriotic vigilance.

An Expensive Household.

HIS MAJESTY the Emperor of China is just now in a serious difficulty. Young though he is, he has already to maintain some seventy women of his establishment in various capacities, and, like every other gentleman who has ladies under his protection, the duty devolves upon him of clothing them. This would be a comparatively easy task were the seventy fair ones of a reasonable turn of mind. But, unhappily for the peace of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, their extravagance is pronounced to be beyond all bounds. Two hundred and fifty thousand taels, which is more than one-half of the land tax of the empire, were expended last year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, red and gilt paper and pearls. It is said that one dress, which is in possession of an empress, was covered last year with seed pearls worked in so peculiar a fashion as to have cost a fabulous sum. With respect to this robe there are great searchings of heart. The empress is aged, though the dress is new. If she die, according to custom, it must be burned, supposing it to be in her possession at the time of her demise. She refuses to part with it, and the idea of this wastefulness, coupled with the prospect of increased extravagance in the coming year, troubles the owner of the vermilion pencil exceedingly. Contemplating the position of this illustrious personage, and remembering that, as yet, he is too young to be practically married, it is curious to speculate as to what his position will be when he arrives at man's estate, and finds himself the lord of seventy additional wives.

International Signaling at Sea.

A NEW system of international ocean and river signaling and rules of road at sea is to be adopted this year. These rules have been promulgated by an Order in Council given by the Queen after correspondence with every maritime nation in both hemispheres, the object sought being to avoid the disastrous collisions which have recently occurred at sea and in the Thames. The Governments acquiescing in the new regulations are France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Netherlands, Austro-Hungary, Greece, Chile and the United States. Besides the usual colored lights, a steamer discerning another steamer or sailing vessel in sight has to sound with the steam-whistle or foghorn a short blast, which will mean "I am directing my course to starboard"; two short blasts will signify "I am directing my course to port"; and three short blasts "I am going full speed astern." In fog, mist, or falling snow, the signals are to be repeated every two minutes, a prolonged blast indicating that the vessel is under way; an ordinary blast, that the vessel from which it proceeds is on the starboard tack; two blasts in succession, "I am on the port tack"; and three blasts in succession, the wind abaft the beam. A vessel in fog, and under way, has to ring the bell every two minutes. Concurrent with the foregoing are ocean signals. The Thames Conservancy are issuing rules of road, which are to take effect on British and foreign ships entering the river Thames. Where steamers are proceeding one up and one down the river, involving a risk of collision, they are to pass port side to port side. If there be no risk of collision they will both keep their course and pass either starboard side to starboard side or port side to port side. In rounding a point, like that where the *Princess Alice* collision occurred, the steamer going against the tide is to wait under the point until the vessel going with the tide has passed clear. Where a steamer and a sailing vessel are proceeding in a direction likely to involve a collision the steamer has to slacken speed to keep out of the way of the sailing-vessel and let the latter pursue her course. If the steamer cannot possibly or safely get out of the way she is to blow four blasts and slacken speed, and the sailing vessel is to keep out of the steamer's way. A further improvement has been effected by the Board of Trade authorizing some new "urgent signals" on the Thames. A British or foreign vessel signaling "Want Board of Trade officer" may hoist the ensign (of whatever nationality) at the main. "Want police" is signaled by the flag commonly known as "Blue Peter" (being letter "P" of the International code) being hoisted at the main. The calls to be kept up till answered.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The late Leonard Case, of Cleveland, O., left property valued at $1,500,000 for a school of applied science in that city.

An Iron-foundry Man recommends as "a never-failing, speedy remedy" for burns and scalds powdered pine-wood charcoal.

According to Statistics lately published by the Health Department of New York City, it appears that Burlington, Iowa, is the healthiest city in the United States; Stockton, Cal., stands next.

An Illustration of the prolific capabilities of our inventors is the fact that over 240 patents appertaining to the art of soldering have been granted.

The Atlantic Forest, according to Professor Gray, is composed of sixty-six genera and 155 species; the Pacific forest has only thirty-one genera and seventy-eight species of timber trees.

The Brazilian Government has presented to the Legislature a general system of telegraphs to spread all over the Republic, like a network, and to be placed in immediate communication with the public offices.

The Great Building for the exhibition at Dusseldorf, which is to be opened this year, is nearly finished. Every branch of German art and industry, manufactures and commerce, will be represented in the exhibits.

Mr. Tremlett, the British Consul at Saigon, in his report this year, mentions, as a remarkable peculiarity of the natives of the country, that they have the great toe of each foot separated from the others like the thumb of the hand, and it can be used in much the same manner, though not to the same extent.

From Some Recent Experiments it is considered desirable to make telegraph wire of an alloy of aluminum and iron. While the wire can be made much smaller than the present gauge, it will be stronger, of less susceptibility to atmospheric changes, and of much greater conductivity than the ordinary wire.

Two Germans have patented a process for converting ordinary agate into onyx. Lorenz and Callman place the cut and polished agates for a week in a solution of iron in nitric acid only one millimeter deep, and then treat those portions of the stone which are to be white with a solution of equal parts of carbonate and hydrate of potash, dried and burned in an earthen pot until the desired color is obtained.

The Prize offered last Summer for the two best slides illustrating the adulteration of some common articles of food, one slide to illustrate the genuine article, and the other to show the adulterated form actually sold and used, will be awarded at the meeting of the American Microscopical Society next Summer. The donor, Mr. E. H. Griffin, will substitute for the medal promised an objective suitably engraved, if preferred by the winner.

One of the Silk-manufacturing firms of Lyons is introducing the production of photographic impressions on stuffs. They sent to a recent meeting of the Photographic Society several pieces of silk with a variety of photographic pictures printed thereon, including, among others, a number of large medallions representing pictures of the old masters. The length of the specimens thus exhibited is stated as being no less than 134 feet. The process by which they are produced is not given, but it is believed that the prints are made with salts of silver.

In Reporting the Reception of Professor Nordenskjöld and the staff of the *Vega* at Nagasaki, the correspondent of the *North China Herald* notes that there was not a single case of scurvy during the whole voyage. This, he learns, was owing to the free use of a curious little berry that springs out of the eternal ice and snow during the short Summer. It bears profusely, and has a taste like the raspberry, but more acid. The fruit is dried, and then mixed with the milk of the reindeer, and it can be carried in a frozen state for thousands of miles. There was also used a curious kind of food, made from the whale's hide, which is pickled and eaten freely during the Winter.

Dr. J. H. Fothergill gives this semi-comic description of the advance of gout from generation to generation: "The consequence of the influx of wealth is that gout is becoming very common in the third generation of the successful merchant. The grandfather lived well and died old, without having had a touch of gout, unless it was in the muscular pains he called 'rheumatics.' The father lived well, probably knew nothing of doctors, swore at his rheumatism occasionally, had Winter bronchitis, and died of acute disease. The present representative of the family has attacks of articulate gout, a great toe that occupies a good deal of his attention, and thickened knuckles—indeed, a full-blown gout."

An Insect which produces a species of india-rubber has been recently discovered in the district of Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer. It is called "ceen," and belongs to the Coccus family; feeds on the mango-tree, and swarms in those regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiarly oily odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin, on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to a great heat the lighter oils of the grease volatilize, leaving a tough wax, which resembles shellac, and may be used for making varnish or lacquer. When burned this wax, it is said, produces a thick semi-fluid mass, like a solution of india-rubber.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRINCETON COLLEGE has honored General L. P. di Cesnola, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with the degree of LL.D.

MR. WATSON, the astronomer at Ann Arbor, Mich., is likely to be put in charge of the new Lick Observatory in California.

THE municipality of Naples gave a splendid banquet to Professor Nordenskjöld and members of the Swedish Arctic Expedition on February 14th.

IT is said that Mr. Benjamin Moran, American Minister to Portugal, is helpless in consequence of a paralytic seizure some time ago, and it is feared he must abandon his post.

MAYOR RIVARD has been re-elected Mayor of Montreal for another year. An attempt was made by the admirers of Mr. Parnell to bring out an opposition candidate, but it failed.

THE log cabin in which James Buchanan was born now stands on the main street of Mercersburg, Pa., four miles from the President's birthplace, the structure having been moved away years ago.

THE late Martha Somerville, daughter of the famous Mary Somerville, has bequeathed $12,500 to the British Life-boat Institution, for the purpose of forming and maintaining on the coast a life-boat station in memory of her mother.

COUNT ZICHY-FERRARIS, whose crooked management of Hungarian finances was recently the cause of duels and riots at Pesth, has finally been obliged to yield to the pressure of public opinion and resign his seat in the Hungarian Parliament.

THE ex-Khedive has arranged a grand tour which will embrace Rome, Paris and London. But before setting out he has sent an envoy to the Vatican to ask an audience with the Pope. If granted, this will be one of the most noteworthy meetings in history.

ALL the Gladstone family, with the exception of the ex-prime minister, are staunch Tories. Sir Thomas, the elder brother, carries his political differences into his personal relationship with Mr. Gladstone, and does not find time to call upon him when he visits London.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a Roman Catholic Cathedral on the Thames embankment at a cost of a quarter of a million of pounds. Cardinal Manning is chairman of the committee, the Duke of Norfolk vice chairman, and the Marquises of Bute and Ripon secretaries.

THE new Royal Irish Club which is in course of being formed in St. James's Place, London, already includes among its members Lords Dufferin, Charlemont, Londonderry, Ormonde, Drogheda and Milltown. The motto of the club is "Erin go Bragh," and the color it favors is green.

AN archæologist has discovered in a mortuary chamber attached to the Capuchin Church at Modena the tombs of eight princes of the House of Este—among them, Francis I., who died in 1658; Almeric, his son, 1660; Alfonso IV., 1662; Cardinal Rinaldo, of Este; Benedict Philip Armand, 1750, and a son of Hercules Rinaldo, 1764.

QUEEN VICTORIA, in opening Parliament in late years, takes on the appearance of robes of state but not the robes themselves. She wears her ordinary widow's dress, and the royal robes are outspread upon the throne. After she seats herself, it is the office of the Princess Beatrice to pull the corners of the robes over the skirts of her mother's gown.

THE tall, fair and fragile-looking Princess Blanche d'Orleans, is going to marry the Prince de Ligne, who, although not of royal birth, is allied to several reigning families. Princess Blanche is the second daughter of the Duc de Nemours, and is the frequent companion of her father in Paris society. She is the only remaining unmarried granddaughter of Louis Philippe.

ANOTHER instance of the well-directed benevolence of Baroness Burdett-Coutts is mentioned. She has given £250 towards the liquidation of a debt which has weighed down the poverty-stricken fishermen of the Cape Clear Islands, in addition to £600 already contributed by her this year for the same object. The result of this generosity is that eighty local boats will shortly be enabled to engage in the mackerel-fishery.

MISS CHARLOTTE ANGUS SCOTT, the young lady who has just gained so high a position in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, Eng., is only twenty-two years old, and the daughter of Principal Scott of Lancashire College. From her earliest childhood she has given evidence of unusual mathematical ability. Her education was carried on almost entirely in her own home until three years ago, when she entered Girton College at Cambridge.

FREEMASONRY would appear to flourish even at the cannon's mouth. Shortly after the occupation of Cabul, a warrant was granted for the opening of the lodge Seaforth, Captain Stewart Mackenzie, of the Ninth Lancers, being installed as first master. The title of the lodge is given because the Earl of Seaforth is head of the clan Mackenzie, to which the captain belongs. Colonel Noel Money, of the Third Sikhs, who was present at the opening, is one of the most conspicuous Masons in India, having taken his thirty-third degree.

CONSTANTINO BRUMIDI, the Italian fresco-painter, who for a long time has been at work upon the interior decorations of the Capitol at Washington, died February 19th, of asthma. He was almost eighty years old, and for several months had been suffering from the effects of a fall from the scaffolding in the rotunda. It was marvelous that he was not killed, for the scaffold from which he fell was sixty feet above the floor, but catching by a railing he held himself up until his rescue. The shock, however, to his nerves was very serious, and he was never able to resume his work.

ADMIRAL S. P. LEE, having refused to sell a plot of land to W. W. Corcoran, the generous patron of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, the latter writes in reply: "Your refusal causes the defeat of my cherished purpose to enlarge the gallery and extend its benefits by the addition of a School of Design, and renders the three vacant lots already purchased for the purpose of no practical use to the institution." The same refusal has made Mrs. Ogle Taylor, of Washington, postpone the gift to the gallery of a fine collection of paintings and other works of art which she owns, and for which there is now no room.

IT is believed that Sir Garnet Wolseley gets the next vacant colonelcy as an exceptional recognition of his services. The dignity will be purely a sinecure, but it will be no empty honor, for the post is worth per annum from £2,200 in the Guards, to £1,000 a year or so in a line regiment. A correspondent considers that when a general has a couple of regiments to tack up his pay or pension he is a fairly comfortable pluralist. There is His Grace of Cambridge with his five colonelcies—the Grenadier Guards, the Seventeenth Lancers, the Royal Artillery, the Sixteenth Rifles, the Royal Engineers—all uniting him the tidy increment of £6,200 over and above his field marshal's income of £3,600, which is independent of his salary of £4,440 as commander-in-chief of the forces.

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REMOVING THE BAGASSE FROM THE CRUSHING-MACHINE.

BURNING OFF THE SUGAR FROM THE BOILING-PANS.

CUBA.—THE GREAT SUGAR INDUSTRY.—SCENES ON THE FAMOUS LAS CAÑAS PLANTATION.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 11.

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EDWARD E. RICE, AUTHOR OF THE EXTRAVAGANZA "HIAWATHA."

MR. EDWARD E. RICE.

A YOUNG man and yet an old manager is Mr. Edward E. Rice, the talented discoverer of "Horrors," "Surprises," and other comical combinations, and the composer of the side-splitting burlesques "Evangeline," "Hiawatha" and "Conrad the Corsair." Born at Brighton, Mass., in 1848, at a very early period he displayed a startling talent for music, and the boy proved to be father to the man. His first work was "Evangeline," and its phenomenal success induced Mr. Rice to undertake the grave responsibilities and depressing cares of management. He secured a company to perform his own piece, and so well did this project turn out, that he leaped into name, fame and fortune. During the five years of Mr. Rice's management he has been instrumental in developing the talent of a number of actors and actresses, and so highly is an engagement with this gifted *entrepreneur* esteemed, that to have belonged to the Rice Combination Company has become equivalent to a dramatic diploma. He engages only those in whom he has faith as artists, and his intuitive perception of "true metal" seldom fails him. "Hiawatha," now running at the Standard, is Mr. Rice's latest production, and it gives golden promise.

HON. RANDAL LEE GIBSON,

U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM LOUISIANA.

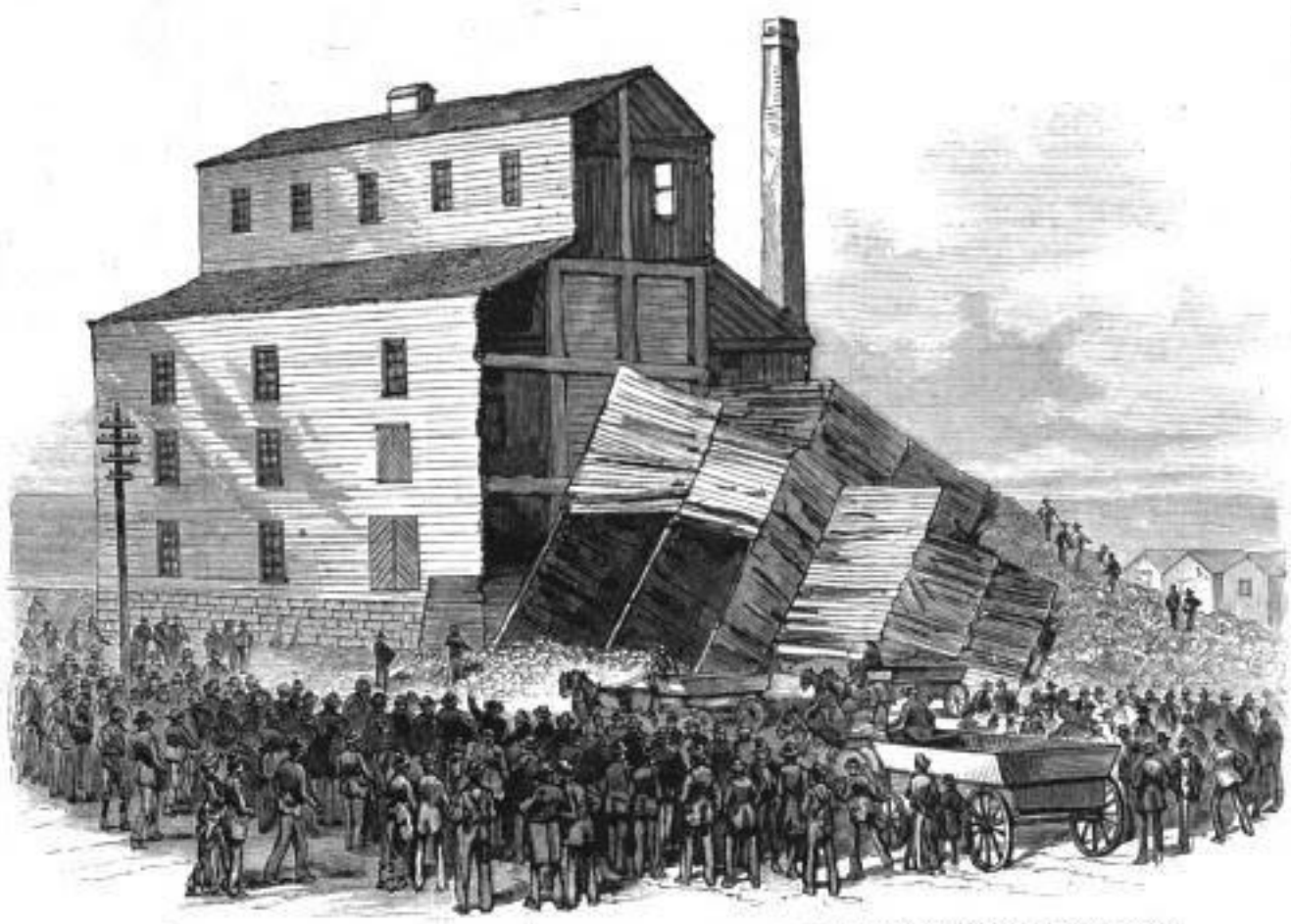
GENERAL RANDAL LEE GIBSON, the newly-elected United States Senator from Louisiana, is at present a Member of Congress, representing the first district of that State. He is the oldest son of Tobias Gibson, and was born at Spring Hill, near Versailles, Ky., September 10th, 1832. There and at Lexington he passed much of his boyhood. He graduated at Yale College in 1853, sharing prizes with E. C. Stedman, the poet, and Hon. A. D. White, the United States Minister to Germany. In New Orleans he studied law, and was graduated at the University of Louisiana in 1855. He then spent three years in study and travel in Europe, and upon his return, he engaged in sugar-planting until the war broke out. Joining the Southern army as a private soldier, he rose through the different grades to the command of a division, and was frequently commended by his superior officers. At the close of the struggle, finding his fortune gone and his father's magnificent estate a wreck, he settled in New Orleans and began the practice of law. He became the counsel for several large corporations, and justified the wisdom of their choice by the sound judgment with which he conducted their business. In 1872 he was elected a Member of Congress, but was denied admission. Two years later, however, he was again elected, and was admitted. He has served continually since. General Gibson has been prominent in matters of general legislation, especially those looking to the amelioration of commerce, as is befitting the representation of a great city. He introduced Bills constituting a standing committee on the levees and improvement of the Mississippi River and its tributaries, proposed reciprocal treaties with Mexico, Central and South America, and earnestly advocated measures for the extensions of our foreign commerce. He was the author of the Bill forming the "Monetary Commission," by which so much was done towards calling attention to the silver question in our national finances. General Gibson has been among the most pronounced of the hard-money men of the South, utterly opposed to all forms of inflation or irredeemable issue. During the present Congress he has served on the Committee of Ways and Means, and has worked sedulously for revenue reform and the reduction of the present oppressive duties levied for protection.



HON. RANDAL LEE GIBSON, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM LOUISIANA.
FROM A PHOTO. BY FASSETT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AN UNEXPECTED FALL IN WHEAT.

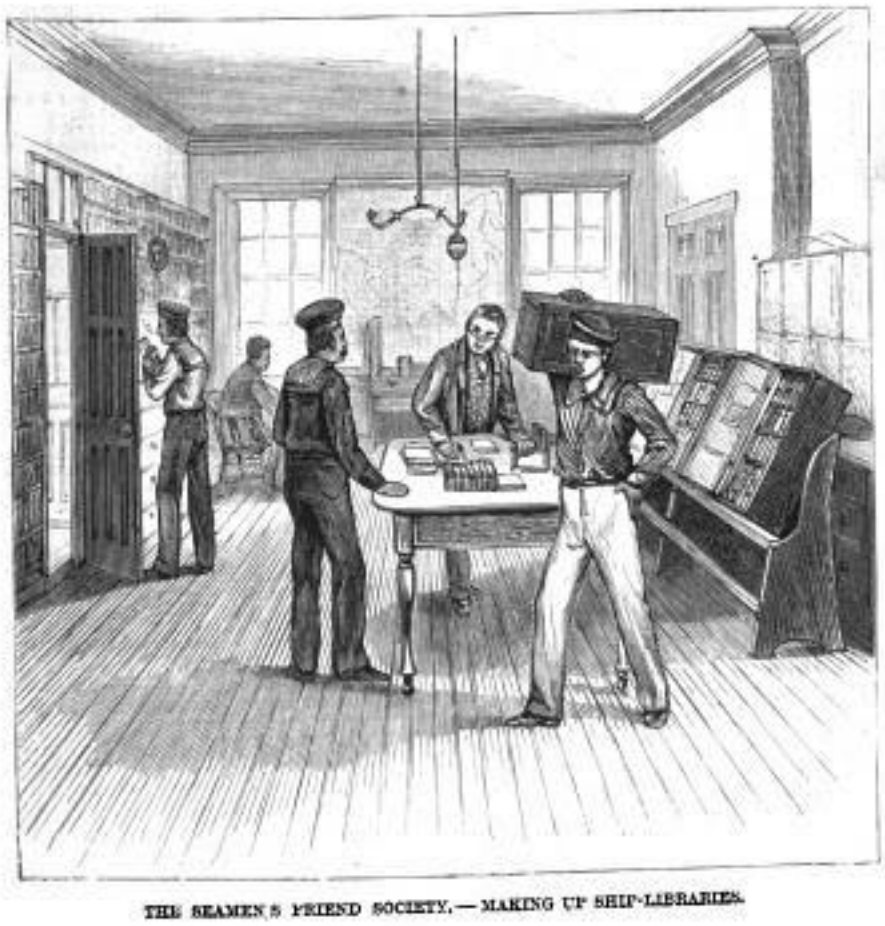
THE "Imperial" grain-elevator, located on the south side of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad track, between Dearborn and State Streets, Chicago, which burst open on the morning of February 12th, under the great pressure of grain, was only completed about six weeks previously, and cost between $90,000 and $100,000. At an early hour in the morning the watchman employed to look after the elevator during the night was sitting in the boiler-room. Suddenly he heard a tremendous crash, and at the same moment the floor beneath him began to sink. He rushed through the door of the boiler-room, and found that both the north and south ends of the immense storehouse had fallen in. Mountains of grain, roofing timber and other débris arose on both sides, completely blockading the railroad track and extending for 100 feet either way. The wrecked building had been divided into three parts, and used as an elevator, oatmeal-mill and engine-house. The elevator was 90 by 100 feet in dimensions, and located in the northern part of the building. The mill was 50 by 75 feet, and occupied the greater part of the southern part of the building. The elevator and mill were, including the basement, six stories in height. The estimated capacity of the elevator, when it was built, was about 150,000 bushels of wheat, which was to be contained in twenty-eight large bins, built in the usual manner. At the time of the accident there was about 123,000 bushels of No. 2 Spring wheat stored in the bins. Although the cause of the accident has not been definitely settled, it is generally attributed to weak foundations. However, since the grain blockade began, all the elevators in Chicago have been filled to their utmost capacity, and it is probable that the quantity of grain stored in this elevator was greater than it could support, even though the foundations were all right.



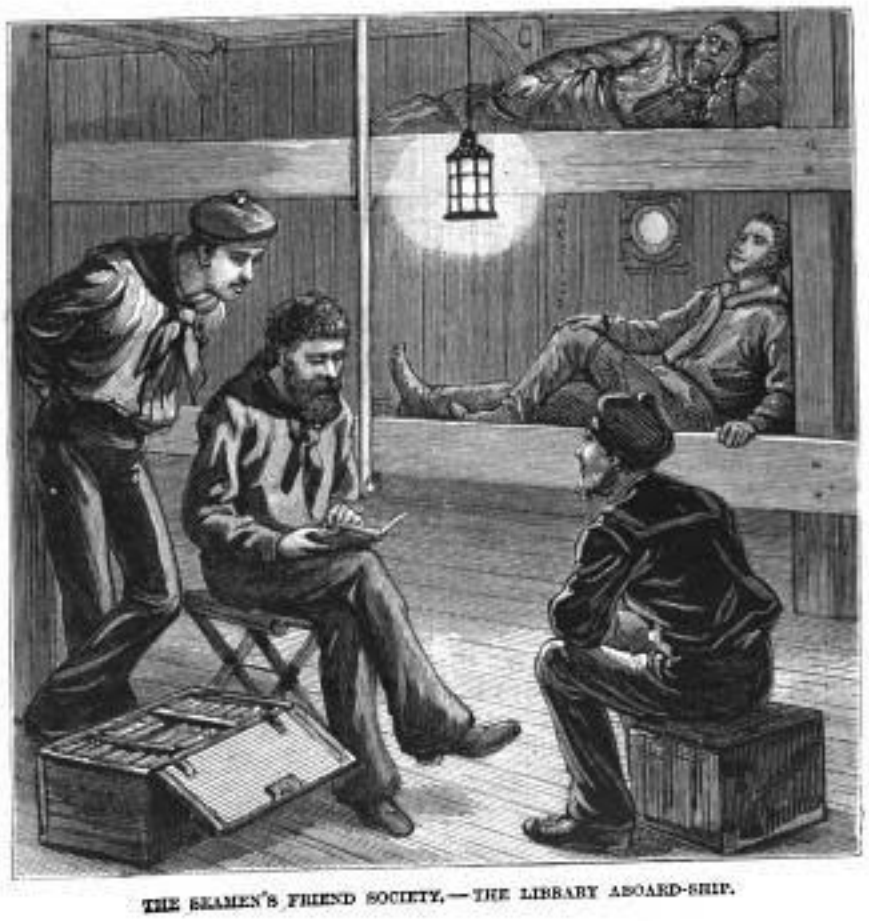
ILLINOIS.—BURSTING OF THE "IMPERIAL" GRAIN-ELEVATOR FROM OVER-PRESSURE, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 12TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY ED. A. SPERRY.

SHIP-LIBRARY WORK.

IT was an excellent idea of the Seamen's Friend Society, which has completed fifty years of good work among the seamen of this port, to make up small but well-chosen ships' libraries, and lend them to vessels sailing from New York. The object of these libraries is to give the



THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—MAKING UP SHIP-LIBRARIES.



THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—THE LIBRARY ABOARD-SHIP.

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sailors healthy reading while at sea, and especiall to replace the want of that religious influence afforded by church and lecture-room on land.

These libraries are generally absent from the Society's room a year and a half, but not unfrequently the period is much longer. Four years, and even six, are not uncommon, and in two cases a term of thirteen years elapsed before the library was restored. The sailors feel a pride in them, and there are cases where, even amid the hurry, confusion and peril of shipwreck, the tars contrived to save what had been a source of so much consolation and good to them.

The interest in these libraries is not confined to America. In 1874 the Countess of Aberdeen sent £300 in gold to furnish and keep in repair one hundred loan libraries in memory of her son George, Earl of Aberdeen, who was for more than three years a sailor on American vessels, and who was lost at sea six days after sailing from Boston.

Up to the commencement of the present year the Society had sent out 6,729 new loan libraries, comprising 373,268 volumes. Each library usually has gone out at least three times. The books have thus been available to more than a quarter of a million of seamen. Nearly a thousand of these libraries have been placed in the vessels or navy-yards of the United States Navy.

When on a long voyage the books have been pretty well read, the ship will exchange its library with some other ship that it encounters that has been similarly supplied and desires exchange. To meet this, no two libraries are alike. They are put up in neat, strong, stained cases, thirteen inches by twenty-five. The selection embraces biography, travel, adventure, science, history, narrative, etc.

Our illustration shows the Society's rooms, and the giving out of these useful cases

BOOK NOTICE.

THE "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," issued by Fisk & Hatch, New York, has already attained a seventh edition. It is a most convenient and reliable work for out-of-town people desirous of knowing the exact status of the various bonds of our Government, or of determining in which series to make permanent investments.

Leibnitz's Calculating Machine.

TO THE objects presented to the sightseer in the Hanoverian capital a most interesting addition has just been made, in a calculating apparatus, invented by the illustrious Leibnitz. It was, indeed, at some remote period the property of the Royal Library at Hanover; but it had been long lost, and no one knew what had become of it. There was evidence that it had once been intrusted to a certain skilled mechanician in Gottingen to repair, but it had not been looked up, and was supposed to have met with some unworthy fate, as neglected things generally do. Hanover is, however, fortunate in the possession of an ideal litterateur, Herr Counselor Bodemann. Not content with merely taking care of what is given into his hands, he seeks diligently for what has been lost. A short time ago he hunted up some valuable ancient Oriental manuscripts from the rubbish beneath which they were buried, and the present recovery is entirely due to him. A patient search was rewarded by the missing curiosity being found in some obscure corner of the Gottingen Library, and after a little negociation its transfer to its old home was accomplished. The instrument in its time excited the astonishment and admiration of all Europe, the merit of the invention being formally recognized by the Academies of Paris and London. It can readily perform the operation of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. The great mathematician hit upon the idea of it during a stay in Paris in 1672.

FUN.

"WHO can say that I am not a good man?" asked a tramp of a citizen this week. "Whoever saw me break the blessed Sabbath day, as some men do by working on it?"

MR. BYRON was once knocked up at an unconscionable hour in the morning by a friend. "Ah," he said, "a rose two hours later would have been quite as sweet."

TEACHER (in high at school ——): "Are *pro* and *con* synonymous or opposite terms?" *Scholar*—"Opposite." *Teacher*—"Give an example." *Scholar*—"Progress and Congress."

IT is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year old who buries his head under the clothes and sings, "Now I lay me down to sleep. Pup goes the weasel."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.—*Old Scotch Wife*: "Losh me! there's a maun drinkin' oot o' twa bottles at ance!" (The old gentleman was trying his new binocular, a Christmas present.)

HE wished his manuscript returned,
But failed in time to ask it,
And felt indignant when he learned
It had climbed the golden basket.

MAMMA—"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." *Johnny*—"Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." *Mamma*—"Why not?" *Johnny*—"Because it will do for the next time."

PASSING AN EXAMINATION.—The following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics. He was asked, "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

YOU can't fool a Quincy girl. When her "fellow" rises from his seat in the theatre between the acts and says: "I'll be back in a moment," she dazzles him with one of her most reliable smiles, and pulling him back with the remark, "I brought some with me," coyly slips into his hand a pinch of cloves or roasted coffee.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD boy, who has a great admiration for his mother and is determined to be a lady like her when he grows up, said recently, as he was starting for Sunday-school: "Mamma, please tell Jennie not to take off my hat in school." "Why?" inquired mamma. "Because I want them to think I am a girl," said the aspiring infant.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

If the thousand and one who wrote "Beautiful snow"
Had only been able in time to foreknow
That the Press would make balls of it at them to throw—
Do you think that they all would have written it so?

A COUNTRY boy, coming to school in the city for the first time, was asked by the teacher where South America was situated. He scratched his head and said: "Down in father's 'taty field." The teacher thereupon corrected him by telling where it was. He looked up with a broad grin and exclaimed: "What yer asked me for ef yer knew yerself."

A SHOP was broken into one night; but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his boast of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor. "The robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high they couldn't afford to take them."

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BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

(From the N. Y. Sun, February 4th.)

OF the 4,500,000 gallons of wine from all foreign countries that entered the United States last year, only 1,300,000 gallons were registered in the French Custom Houses as Bordeaux wines. Not one-quarter of these were honest products of the Gironde vineyards. But fancy labels attached here, and a few drops of flavoring and coloring extracts, sufficed to sell four times the quantity at high prices, and set innumerable dunces to meandering about vintages and talking connoisseur.

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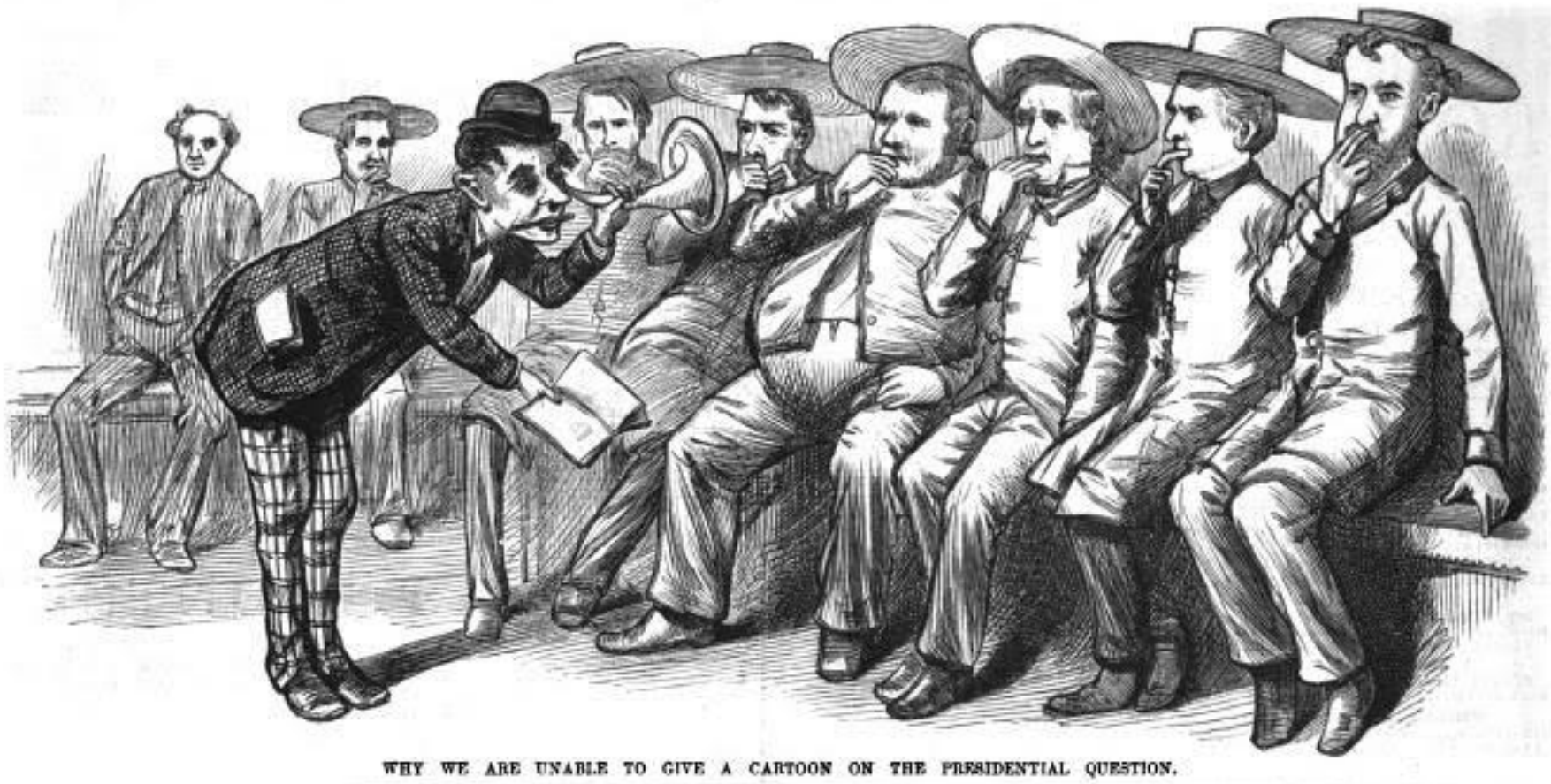
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THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1880.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1879		**$36,213,457.61**
Less deduction to cover decrease in value of U. S. Bonds and other assets		$135,966 93
		$36,077,490.68

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$6,182,875.25	
Less deferred premiums Jan. 1, 1879	379,539.09—$6,003,036.16	
Interest and rents	2,839,875.93	
Less interest accrued Jan. 1, 1879	306,223.93—$2,033,652.00—	$8,036,688.16
		$44,114,176.84

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same	$1,860,854.22	
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same	1,013,216.22	
Annuities, dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies	2,336,379.97	
Taxes and re-insurances	113,608.64	
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees	626,253.30	
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.	317,392.81—$6,928,745.16	
		$38,185,431.68

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)	$1,861,101.48	
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value $14,356,192.94)	13,544,071.96	
Real estate	4,974,573.68	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $14,287,000.00 and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security)	15,313,278.85	
Temporary loans, (secured by stocks, market value $1,200,000.00)	850,000.00	
* Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to $3,160,000)	621,403.02	
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1880	367,969.02	
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $230,000, included in liabilities)	231,625.23	
Agents' balances	22,199.23	
Accrued interest on investments Jan. 1, 1880	347,999.11—$38,184,431.68	
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.		
Excess of market value of securities over cost		811,520.95

CASH ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1880 ..... $38,996,952.66

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1880	$225,662.64	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.	213,271.31	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid	22,780.68	
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium	34,926,840.82	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	1,371,482.18	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	16,643.25—$35,876,181.18	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.		3,120,371.48
		$38,996,952.66

Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4 1-2 per ct., over $7,000,000.00.

From the undivided surplus of $3,120,371.48 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 5,524 policies have been issued, insuring 17,008,173.

Number of Policies in force	Jan. 1, 1876, 44,661	Amount at risk	1876, $126,134,119		
	Jan. 1, 1877, 45,431		1877, 127,748,473		
	Jan. 1, 1878, 45,605		1878, 127,901,887		
	Jan. 1, 1879, 45,003		1879, 125,434,144		
	Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705		1880, 127,417,763		
Death-claims paid	1875, $1,524,815	Income from interest	1875, $1,870,658	Divisible surplus at 4 per cent	Jan. 1, 1876, $2,499,654
	1876, 1,547,648		1876, 1,906,930		Jan. 1, 1877, 2,626,510
	1877, 1,638,148		1877, 1,967,457		Jan. 1, 1878, 2,664,144
	1878, 1,667,876		1878, 1,94 8,865		Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436
	1879, 1,569,8 54		1879, 2,033,650		Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,371

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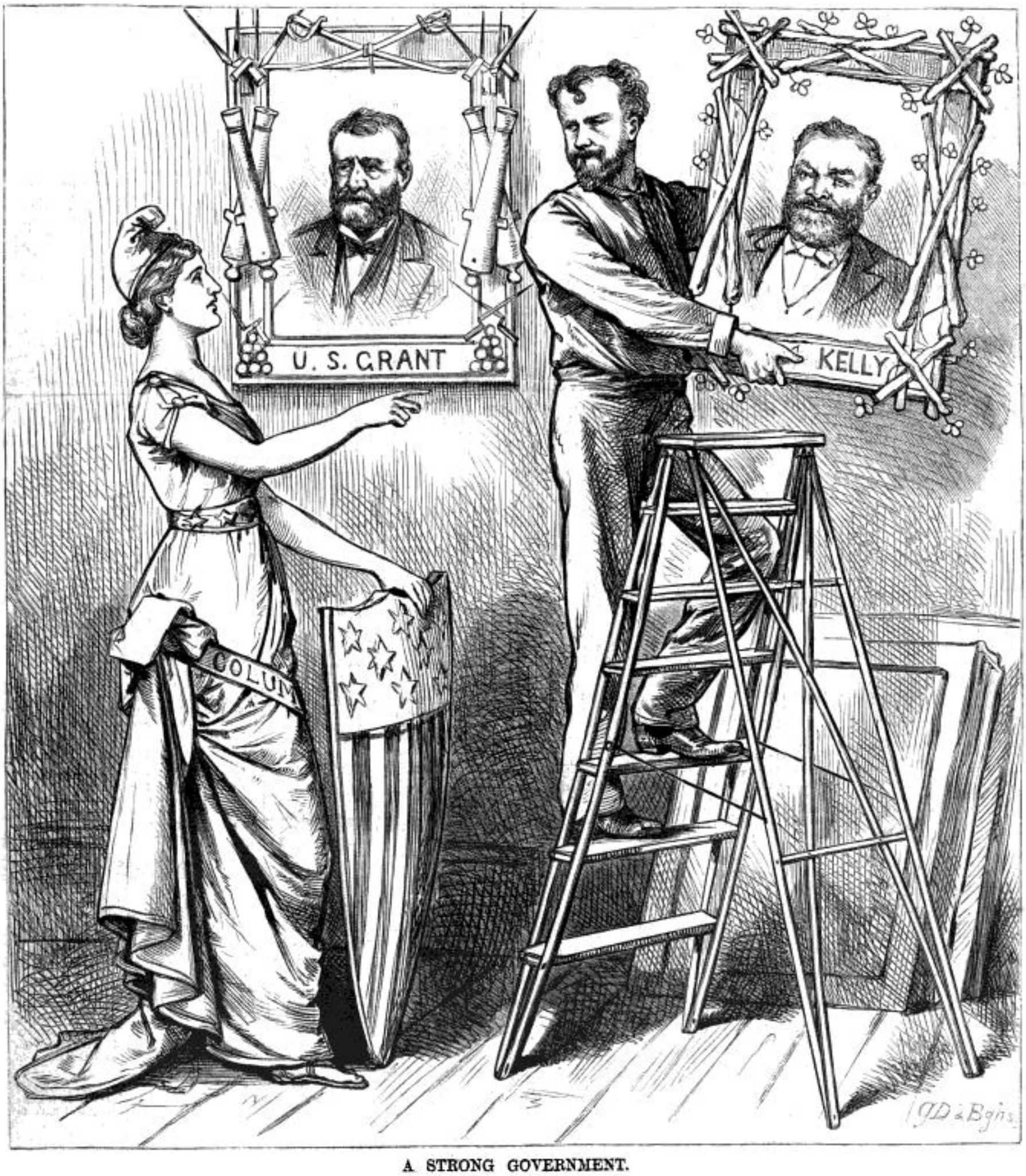
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No. 1,276.—Vol. L.] NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1880. [Price 10 Cents. $4.50 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1.00.



A STRONG GOVERNMENT.

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Conkling—"*Oh, people want a strong Government, and we must give them one—'Bayonets and Bludgeons'—and I do not know a stronger man to go with Grant than my friend Kelly.*"

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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J. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

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TWO STRONG MEN.

THE probability of General Grant's nomination for President is now so generally recognized that Republican politicians are directing earnest attention to the second place on the ticket. This is a matter which is ordinarily left to settle itself, or to be settled at the last moment in the lobbies and the committee-rooms of the convention, according to circumstances, expediency or chance. But this year the belief is daily gaining strength that in some incomprehensible way the machine has already done the work of the Convention, as far as making a Presidential candidate is concerned, and that the independent action of the delegates to Chicago will be confined to the choice of somebody to run second to Grant.

We have no doubt that all serious-minded partisans will agree with us as to the qualifications which the person selected for the second place on a Grant ticket ought to possess.

1. He should be from the East.

2. He should be what is known as a "strong man." The Republican canvass next Summer will be conducted upon the theory that the country is in extreme peril from the plots of conspirators, chiefly at the South, and that the turbulence of the "dangerous classes," particularly in the Southern States, will need repression by a strong hand for several years to come. In a certain contingency that is at all times liable to occur, the Vice-President becomes President. It is obvious that the Republican candidate for Vice-President must also be a "strong man," if the safety of the Union is not to be staked upon the life of a single individual, a mortal at that.

3. He should be able to contribute to the success of the ticket by determining the vote of a great and doubtful State.

We submit that the Hon. John Kelly, of New York, meets all three requirements, and we do not hesitate to recommend him to the attention of the managers of General Grant's political interests, as an available candidate for the second place.

Mr. Kelly is an Eastern man, but his reputation is more than a local one. He is a strong man in the sense that General Grant is a strong man. He has had an almost life-long experience as a political worker, and the methods which he has invariably employed are the methods which are being employed to procure General Grant's nomination, and which will be employed to carry the election. His character has many points in sympathy with that of General Grant. The extraordinary facial resemblance of these two statesmen has frequently been remarked. But the resemblance extends to the inner and more subtile qualities of mind and heart. In both men are found the same bulldog pertinacity of will, the same robust indifference to public opinion when a purpose is to be carried out or a point gained, the same frank persistency in their loves and hates, the same fidelity to a line of action that has once been marked out, the same recklessness of consequences.

The principal argument, however, in favor of Mr. John Kelly's nomination for Vice-President is the powerful influence which he exerts in determining the result of elections in this State. He measured the extent of his power last year when, in order to gratify a personal spite, he succeeded in withdrawing between seventy-five and eighty thousand votes from the regular candidate of the Democratic party, thus electing Mr. Cornell, the present Republican Governor of New York. A moment's thought will show how valuable Mr. Kelly would be as an ally in the third-term campaign. New York is a great State, casting thirty-five electoral votes for President. It is a doubtful State, with the chances perhaps in favor of the Democrats in a Presidential year. But it is an indispensable State for the Republicans to carry, if General Grant is nominated; for, without New York, no manipulation, however ingenious, and no combination, however improbable, of the electoral figures in advance can demonstrate the possibility of making the third term idea a fact. Mr. John Kelly's seventy-five or eighty thousand votes in this State, if delivered to Grant, would be worth more than half a million votes in States that are surely Republican. We see no other way for the third-term managers to secure Mr. Kelly's co-operation in New York than to nominate Mr. Kelly for Vice-President.

It will probably be objected that while Mr. Kelly is in other respects an available candidate for the second place on the Republican ticket, the fact that he has been widely known as a Democratic politician would be an insurmountable difficulty in the way of his nomination at Chicago. On the surface, this objection seems to have some force. But General Grant himself was known as a Democrat up to the day when he accepted a Republican nomination for President. Who can say what the political convictions of General Grant are at this time, or whether he has any political convictions other than the conviction that it is his duty to "work with the party"? On the other hand, who can define Mr. John Kelly's convictions on questions of public polity, or show that his political creed differs in any respect from General Grant's? Moreover, it is by no means certain that Mr. Kelly considers himself a Democrat. The evidence is rather the other way. He did not act with the Democratic party in the last State canvass. He did act with the Republican party, and he succeeded in electing a Republican Governor. He is no longer hampered by any sentimental, moral or practical ties binding him to the Democracy. He is free to accept a Republican nomination for Vice-President, provided it is offered to him.

"Grant and Kelly" would be a strong ticket for the third-term party, for it would include not only one strong man, but two.

REFUNDING SCHEMES.

SO low had the national credit fallen during the days immediately preceding the late Civil War that authorized Government loans went begging at a discount of twelve per cent. At that period the total of the public debt was less than $65,000,000. To-day, with a bonded debt exceeding $1,700,000,000, and a total of interest and non-interest bearing indebtedness amounting to more than $2,000,000,000, the country commands the confidence of foreign and home capitalists and can borrow vast sums of money on the most favorable terms. To such an extent, in fact, has the national credit been improved that the major portion of the bonded debt, originally bearing interest at the rate of six per cent., and a portion at five per cent., has been refunded at the lower rates of four and one-half and four per cent. No country at the present stands so well with the capitalistic world as does the United States. Good faith kept with public creditors and a disposition coupled with an ability to pay have borne their legitimate fruits.

Under this improved condition of affairs the Government will soon again become an applicant for public financial favor. During the early part of the coming calendar year more than $750,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds will reach maturity. The maturing bonds draw five and six per cent. interest, and, as the country must needs negotiate a new loan wherewith to pay, it becomes desirable to obtain a lower rate. In calling Congressional attention to this matter, Secretary Sherman suggested that authority be given, at the present session, to refund the bonds soon to become due in new four per cent. bonds, and certificates, convertible into bonds, drawing a like rate of interest. Such bonds, as he believed, would command a premium above their par value in gold. Touching the subject of refunding at four per cent., the Secretary remarked in his annual report as follows: "The four per cent. consol is now generally known. The rate of interest is as low as will generally maintain the bond at par, and the premium will measure its advance above par at favorable periods. The certificates should bear the same rate and be sold on the same terms as the bonds."

Secretary Sherman should know whereof he speaks. The country has had good cause to respect his opinions. His enlarged experience with the nation's fiscal affairs, his skill in guiding to resumption, and his success in connection with former refunding operations, serve to make valuable his financial utterances. But as the Texan doorkeeper of the House of Representatives once wrote himself down as being a much greater man than "Old Grant," so are there commonplace men in Congress whose vanity prompts them to hold that they are better fitted to deal with financial problems than one who has earned a world-wide reputation as a sound financier. Among this class we may rank Mr. Fernando Wood. This gentleman, by some process, occupies the position of Chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means. From the very beginning he has antagonized the refunding plan of the Secretary with a scheme of his own. That our New York Representative is a clever and affable gentleman we admit, but candor compels the declaration that we fail to discover in him the elements pertaining to a wise and able statesman. When we say that Mr. Wood is not the man to dispose of matters directly affecting the welfare and future prosperity of quite fifty millions of people, we shall have the indorsement of sound business men in all parts of the country.

Mr. Wood's refundment scheme, in brief, contemplated the issue of fifty year bonds in lieu of those now approaching maturity, the new bonds to draw interest at the rate of three and one-half per cent. per annum. As Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, he has been partially successful in thwarting the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury. That committee has agreed upon a Bill to be known as the "Funding Act of 1880." The first section authorizes an issue of bonds not exceeding $500,000,000, which shall bear interest at the rate of three and one-half per centum per annum, the same to be redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after twenty years, and to be payable forty years from the date of issue. The same section authorizes the issue of $200,000,000 in notes, bearing like interest with the bonds, such notes to be redeemable after two years and payable in ten years. The Bill further prohibits the redemption of such notes to any greater extent than $40,000,000 in any one year. The fourth section amends the Act of February 26th, 1879, and authorizes the issue of $50,000,000 of certificates of deposits, the same to draw three and one-half per cent. interest for one year only, after which time, at the option of holders, said certificates may be converted into 20-40 bonds. The Secretary may issue new certificates to keep up the full limit of $50,000,000, but all surrendered certificates must be canceled and destroyed. The fifth section takes a "shy" at the national banks and enacts that "from and after the 1st day of July, 1880, the three and a half per centum bonds, authorized by the first section of this Act, shall be the only bonds receivable as security for the national bank circulation.

Should this Bill become a law, it will then remain to be seen whether capitalists will consent to pay par for a low interest bond which the Government, at its option, may redeem at any time after twenty years from the date of issue. Secretary Sherman is upon record as saying that four per cent. is about the lowest rate of interest that will generally maintain a new issue of bonds at par. That opinion, we presume, was predicated upon information obtained from those who would naturally be called upon to put the bonds afloat at home and abroad. Mr. Sherman, in a recent conference with the committee, is represented to have admitted the possibility of negotiating a three and a half per cent. loan at par. Now, it is possible that "if the skies were to fall the people might catch larks," but the catching is made dependent upon the falling. So with the proposed three and a half per cent. bonds. If allowed to run the full term of forty years it is possible that investors might consent to take them at par. But they can have no surety that the whole debt will not be extinguished within the next twenty-five years, at least. In a little more than one decade some $600,000,000 of the public debt principal has been wiped out. Growing population and wealth, backed by wise economy on the part of the Government, will enable the country to get rid of its present indebtedness within the period named. The new Bill does not allow any of the bonds, notes, or certificates to be disposed of at less than par. Now, should this Bill become a law, and the loan fall flat in the market what would become of the good name and credit of the Government? The next session of Congress is a short one, and does not commence until December, 1880. On May 1st, 1881, $578,440,351 five per cent. bonds fall due. Two months later $255,216,300 of six per cents. will reach maturity, and call for redemption. Congress might pass a new Act prior to March 4th, 1881, but the Treasury Department could not arrange to meet the $763,656,651 of matured indebtedness on demand. A four per cent. twenty-year loan the country can depend upon with certainty. A three and a half per cent. loan is an untried measure. It may possibly succeed, and again it may not. Should it fail, there will be trouble in Uncle Sam's domain.

But Mr. Wood and his committee may not encounter a smooth passage for their scheme. There are other would-be great men in Congress, all equally ambitious to figure in the world of finance. One of the current plans for refunding, and a favorite one, too, with a number of Congressional Solons, is to issue a three sixty-five bond, that is, a bond bearing interest at the rate of one cent per day on each one hundred dollars. They argue that such a bond would be popular because of the ease with which the interest may be calculated. Secretary Sherman, however, disposes of this argument by saying: "The idea that 3.65 interest is easy to compute has been greatly exaggerated. It would be almost impossible to pay a quarterly interest on a $10 bond at that rate. It would be hard to calculate the interest on a $50 bond. Four per cent. is much easier computed." And so it is, for the quarterly interest on each dollar amounts to exactly one cent.

Still another refunding scheme is that which finds a special champion in Hon. William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania. He proposes to refund the maturing debt by converting the post-offices of the country into savings institutions, and giving the Government authority to accept deposits in exchange for bonds interconvertible with currency, such bonds to draw interest at the rate of 3.65 per cent. per annum on each one hundred dollars. The English system of postal savings banks is adduced as an argument in favor of this plan; but there are grave existing doubts as to the complete success of that system. Furthermore, looking to the state of our politics and civil service, we are bold to assume that such a system could not be made to work successfully in the United States.

But while these and like schemes for refundment find zealous advocates in Congress, there are those holding seats in that body who persistently oppose the further emission of bonds for any purpose whatsoever. Their peculiar crotchet is to pay off the public debt, as it matures, with greenbacks, or otherwise with cheap silver dollars. Notably among the latter is Mr. Stephens, of Georgia. He professes to believe in silver payment of the debt, and to this end would have the Government establish several additional mints to be employed in coining the silver "dollar of the daddies." As a contemporary sagely remarks, "That will do to bring up the rear."

THE UTICA CONVENTION.

SENATOR CONKLING carried several of his main points at the Republican State Convention, recently held at Utica, but by a majority far less than he had anticipated. Nowhere is the political "machine" more completely under the control of its managers than in New York. When the Republican State Committee issued their call for the Convention, they firmly believed that seven-eighths of its members would be in favor of the nomination of General Grant. And even after all the delegates were chosen, and the Grant men had discounted failures in some unexpected quarters, they still claimed that their majority was at least 120. We may judge, then, of the surprise of the followers of Mr. Conkling when, after a long and heated debate, they were able to get a majority of only 37 in favor of Grant on a total vote of 397.

It is folly to attempt to account for this small majority on any other ground than that the sober second thought of the Republicans is rather opposed to the third-term programme. The haughty "machine" managers in New York sneered at Don Cameron's ill success at Harrisburg, where on an aggregate vote of 246 he carried a resolution in favor of Grant by a majority of barely 20; and they at one time boasted that in their Utica Convention there would not be found twenty members who would record their votes against a resolution instructing the delegates to Chicago to support General Grant. But so far from this prediction being fulfilled, we see in Utica, in spite of a powerful speech from Mr. Conkling, and of the whole influence of Governor Cornell, one hundred and eighty delegates registering their names against the nomination of Grant. Not less significant were the proceedings of the Convention in two other particulars. It did not venture to deprive the delegates from the several Congressional districts of the power of selecting their own representatives at Chicago, nor did it adopt the unit rule which requires the seventy national delegates to vote on all questions as the majority shall direct. The result of this is, the election of fifteen or twenty opponents of Grant, who will work against him all the time at Chicago, and the recognized right of each of the seventy to vote for whom he pleases as soon as Grant is out of the field.

DESPITE the Congressional investigation, the colored emigration from North Carolina into Indianapolis continues.

IN spite of the efforts of his counsel, it looks as if the Rev. Shepherd Cowley will have to stand the sentence of the court.

THE Assembly of New York having adopted a resolution to have the illegal expenditures made by savings banks, as traced by the Superintendent of the Bank Department, brought officially before the Legislature, there is a prospect that the public will have a racy bit of reading laid before it by Easter. Don't

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let anything be smothered in this investigation, gentlemen, for the thousands of poor people who have been fleeced deserve at least the knowledge of how it was done.

President Hayes has decided that if Generals Sherman and Boynton wish to fight the war over again, they must do it at their own cost without Government assistance.

The joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to transport contributions for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland has been approved by the President. Now let there be no delay in gathering the materials so sorely needed.

Friends of woman suffrage in the New York Legislature made the great blunder at the beginning of the session of passing a Bill in direct opposition to the Constitution of the State. In the Senate, on February 27th, Mr. Halbert took the right step when he offered a resolution to provide an amendment to the Constitution with the intention of extending the elective franchise to women to the election of political officers as well as to school officers.

Despite the telegram from the Duchess of Marlborough, who was desirous of cutting out the Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee in the distribution of the *Herald* Famine Fund, the *Herald* clings to its original idea: the gentlemen nominated are all to the fore, and the fund will be filtered through the hands of men "*sans peur*" and "*sans reproche*." This substantial aid could not have struck Ireland at a better moment, as every information is now collated and all the machinery for distribution in full working order.

Mr. Henry Bergh made an eloquent plea in behalf of dumb animals before the Joint Committee of the Legislature on Vivisection at Albany; but, unfortunately, his bill to prevent this kind of cruelty to animals was reported adversely by the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly on the 27th, and the report being agreed to by the House, of course the Bill was killed. Mr. Bergh is not the man to be discouraged by defeat in his humane labors. In this case he has had the scientific, the medical and the surgical classes opposed to him. It is in the man to keep agitating the subject until he attains success.

Herbert Spencer is a bachelor, and resides at Bayswater (London), where he spends his mornings in literary labor, dictating mostly to a regular amanuensis. In the afternoon he usually goes to the Athenæum Club, a favorite resort, and plays billiards for recreation. In the evening he often meets Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Carpenter, or some other member of the philosophic sect, with all of whom he is on close terms of friendship. He feels a deep interest in politics of the larger sort, is substantially at one with Gladstone and John Bright, and earnestly opposed to militarism and every form of "jingo."

After a lively discussion, and direct charges of extravagance and violation of law, the House has passed the substitute for the Star Route Deficiency Bill reported by the Appropriations Committee. The measure, as passed, appropriates $1,070,000, or a little more than one-half of the amount asked for by the Post Office Department. The House had to judge between depriving the public of mail facilities it was entitled to and being imposed upon by a branch of the Post Office Department. It chose to stand about one half the imposition now. It is likely it will get lively satisfaction for the balance ere many weeks.

Congressmen may not be in exact accord with Mr. Weaver or his greenback inflation scheme, but he has the right to present his Bill and explain its measures, so long as he acts in a proper manner. For several weeks he has risen in his seat in the House on Monday—the day set apart by the rules for just such business—and has attempted to secure a consideration of his Bill, but invariably the Speaker has recognized some other member. On Friday last, however, he scored a slight victory, for he had a hearing on the floor, and in that hearing his resolutions were read. Before taking his seat he informed the House that he would be found claiming recognition from the Speaker every Monday morning until he succeeded.

It has been frequently asserted of late that the Mormons are contemplating a movement into Mexico, and mention has been made of the start of an advance expedition. It now appears that the State of Sonora has offered an immense tract of land and especial privileges if the entire community of Salt Lake City will settle there. Already Apostle Thatcher has opened a place of worship, or, rather, a "lecture-room" (where the tenets of the Latter-Day Saints will be explained), in La Calle de San Pedro y San Pablo, right opposite one of the Presbyterian mission chapels. General Murray, the new Governor in taking leave of his Kentucky friends, promised to enforce the laws, however difficult the operation might be. Judging from his past record, he is just the kind of man the leading Mormons hold in fear.

Wednesday, Feb. 25th, proved to be rather an unlucky day for General Grant. In addition to the mortification of the narrow escape at Utica, where a change of nineteen votes in a Convention of four hundred would have exploded the Grant boom, the Republicans of Vermont and Indiana rendered their verdicts against the third term. The State Convention of Vermont elected, by a unanimous vote, a delegation to Chicago who are "first, last and all the time" in favor of nominating Senator Edmunds. All the Congressional districts of Indiana chose their delegates. Every man is instructed to support Blaine, except one, and he is for Sherman. Really, the sky begins to look cloudy for the hero of the Appomatox.

Pessimists see in the withdrawal of Prince Hohenlohe, the German ambassador to France, an intention on the part of Bismarck to strike a blow at the Republic. It is claimed that the Prince's presence in Paris "amounted, in the eyes of all diplomatic Europe, to a guarantee of peace. His departure will have an opposite signification, especially at the present time, when Prince Bismarck seems desirous of making France the scapegoat of his distrust and precautions." An official announcement that Hohenlohe will immediately enter upon the duties of Secretary of Foreign Affairs for a period of six months, and the belief that this is but a preliminary training to prepare him to succeed Bismarck as Chancellor, are more assuring. In view of the fact that Prince Bismarck has for months complained bitterly of overwork, it is more reasonable to suppose that he desires a strong man to succeed him than that he desires another conflict with France. The selection of Prince Hohenlohe for the delicate mission to France was a high compliment to his diplomatic skill.

The husbands of New York may breath a little freely at last. Visions of bills from Madame Crinoline and Mademoiselle Poudre du Riz and Mrs. Kiteflier will no longer haunt the feverish pillow. No longer will it be necessary to frown when a new costume is mentioned, to part with tufts of hair when it comes to be paid for. No! *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Relief is at hand. A change is coming o'er the spirit of the dreams of our fair women, and Utopia is not so distant as it was a brief season since. A number of New York ladies have formed a co-operative association for the purposes of—dressmaking—yes, dressmaking. This on the plan so successfully adopted in the Mother Country. Our wives and daughters mean to dress in the best possible taste, in the newest fashion, and at a cost that will no longer cause our hearts to drop into our boots at the mere reckoning. This is a move in the right direction, and one that is likely to prove of especial service not only to our spouses, but to their sisters, their cousins and their aunts.

Atlanta, Ga., has been credited with having made more recuperative progress since the war than any other of the Southern cities. While the growth of the new-built city has been a marvel, there are other sections which, in different ways, have displayed an amount of business push that was not known previous to the war. We now have the spectacle, singular as it must be in the eyes of the oldest inhabitants, of cotton being manufactured close to the fields where it is cultivated. In this respect South Carolina is deserving of particular mention. There are now eighteen cotton factories within her borders. This industry has been developed within the last ten years. Only yarns and the coarser cloths, such as brown sheetings, shirtings and drills, have been attempted as yet, but in the last five years the production of these has become most lucrative. The infant industry has everything in its favor—cheap land, cheap labor and cheap fuel. The climate is unexcelled, and there are no strikes. This last is said to be because the operatives are all natives of the soil. In only one of the eighteen factories are negroes employed, and there colored labor is used to great advantage. The cotton mills are worth nearly $3,000,000, and make over 100,000 yards of cloth and thousands of pounds of yarn per day.

What exciting memories does the nomination of Percy B. S. Pinchback to be Naval Officer of the District of New Orleans call up! Appearing in Washington with the credentials of a United States Senator in his pocket, his right to the seat was contested from the start. Year after year did the Committee on Elections consider his case. Did the stock material for partisan discussion run low, the mere mention of the name "Pinchback" was sufficient to rouse latent energies and precipitate debate of the most thrilling character. How many Senators have used him as the subject of the best speeches of their lives? Never was there a dull day in the Senate when the honorable gentlemen were passing the handsome negro from one to the other in the search for evidence why he should and should not be confirmed. He emerged from one revolution into public life; his case served to keep alive the embers of another revolution. During the last few days of the term for which he had been elected he was permitted to be recognized as a United States Senator, and when he returned to New Orleans he carried a handsome sum of money in his satchel. For years he has been forgotten, but now that the President has resurrected him, people will want to read again the wonderful speeches that were based on his case during the long era of Louisiana reconstruction.

The best street cleaners that New York City has ever had have been the storms of wind and rain. When the Police, and Dock, and Health Departments cannot keep our thoroughfares in a sightly condition, there is little hope that the State Legislature can do so. The problem is before the Albany Solons as usual, and a committee sitting in the city have been informed of the difficulties of cleaning the streets, the methods and costs. Nothing of a practical character has been developed by these investigations in years gone by, and it is scarcely probable that the present committee will formulate a plan for removing the obstructions. Commissioner Voorhees hit the nail on the head when he testified that the defects of the present system were in the administration of it. The employés were not always such, he thought, as a private person would retain. In other words, the system is hampered by political patronage. He thought a remedy for that evil, "would be to put those in charge, the Commissioners and others, in such a position that they would not feel constrained to oblige political friends. It requires a great deal of nerve to resist these applications, and that is not found in every person. For example, if a person who has the appointment of employés refuses to appoint a friend of some alderman, I would expect that the alderman would make himself felt in the quarter where the pay of the person who had failed to oblige him was coming from." This is the old story, but none the less true. Large sums are annually appropriated, but the streets continue to reek with filth. If the present committee can devise an operative remedy they will be doing the best possible service to their constituents.

Poor Russia! poor Czar! The public were led to believe in the early part of last week that the Czar and his counselors were preparing an important State document to be promulgated on March 2d, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. Great hopes were entertained of this promised measure. There were those who held the opinion that the occasion would be a most fitting one for the publication of an edict of more liberal tendency, or a less repressive character, than the many that have been issued of late years. There cannot be question as to the necessity for firmness. But may not a reasonable firmness be compatible with a proper recognition of some of the God-given rights of man? Repressive measures have been enforced with no practical effect. The authorities have appeared at their wit's end to devise means of subduing Nihilism. Each day shows the revolutionary spirit to be more cool, cunning and demonstrable than the previous one. A few days from the time of writing, February 28th, we may have an imperial ukase of the character that has been anticipated. But what have we now? A virtual abdication of power by the Czar, not to the Czarowitch, as the natural successor, but to one of the most successful and, at the same time severe, generals of the army. It seems beyond belief that the Czar, ever jealous of his sovereign rights, should clothe General Melikoff with such absolute, far-spreading and autocratic power. As the head of the Supreme Executive Commission, General Melikoff has the entire empire, all its property and all its people of every grade, class and condition, subject to a stroke of his pen. The Czar expressly decrees that "the head of the Commission is at liberty to adopt any means which may appear to him desirable for the protection of order in the empire, and the orders he may issue are to be unconditionally obeyed." Melikoff is, therefore, the dictator of Russia. The Sovereign goes into retirement; the subject becomes absolute monarch.

Although in operation but a few weeks, the Kearney system of municipal government has already created much consternation in San Francisco. Directly the success of the so-called Workingmen's Party was assured, moneyed men began looking beyond the confines of the city and State for business opportunities; a feeling of insecurity and distrust was developed at once. Thus far circumstances have increased rather than allayed the uneasiness. Both the national and the savings banks show a heavy diminution in the amount of deposits, and it is a matter of common talk that heavy financial operators have for weeks been preparing for removal to New York. We have already heard from one such party, in the organization of a mining board and exchange on February 26th, with a number of capitalists of San Francisco and New York as officers and directors. It is said that many persons who have supported the anti-Chinese movement, but whose business interests have been seriously injured by the reactionary effect of the agitation, say that rather than suffer a continuance of the evil results of the protracted agitation, it would be preferable to have it out once for all, and the sooner the better. Workingmen's Protective Clubs have visited large establishments employing Chinese labor, and demanded the immediate discharge of all the Mongols under threats of serious consequences. A leader named Gannon, on the 24th, intimated that after the round of visitation to the employers of Chinese was finished, there would be less noise and more work. It is but a few days ago that the new authorities declared Chinatown to be a nuisance and ordered its immediate evacuation. In answer to this report, Colonel Bell, the Vice-Consul of China, published a card in which he said that if such a state of affairs exists in Chinatown as was reported, it is the fault of the health officer, who is clothed with full power to remedy the evil. As the Kearneyites talk of extreme measures, it is believed that the better class of citizens are organizing secretly to prevent any riotous demonstration. While the necessity for the formation of a Vigilance Committee is to be greatly deplored, it is but natural that the merchants and other people having large money interests at stake should do something to protect themselves. There can be no doubt but that the incendiary language of the agitators has caused grave alarm. There is danger imminent that might have been avoided had the best class of citizens been half as active in the discharge of their political duties as their opponents were. Mayor Kalloch certainly occupies an unenviable position. He is bound by oath to protect the city and its inhabitants, and at the same time he is obliged to keep faith with the Workingmen's Party which elected him.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

Forty-eight hundred spinners at Cohoes, N. Y., have struck for higher wages.

The Second Avenue Elevated Railroad, New York City, was opened for travel on March 1st.

The Democratic State Committee of Alabama called the State Convention to meet on June 2d.

A Bill to reduce elevated railroad fares to five cents has been considered favorably by the New York Legislature.

Ex-County Clerk Gumbleton has sued ex-Governor Robinson, who removed him, for $50,000 "damages."

The piano manufacturers of New York threaten to discharge all their workmen if the strikers do not resume work on March 12th.

Two employés and the proprietors of a nickel-plating mill at Troy, N. Y., were attacked by strikers and severely beaten on the 27th ult. Four of the strikers were wounded by pistol-balls.

The Bill for abolishing the Board of Police Commissioners of Cincinnati and placing the control of the Police Department in the hands of the Mayor has passed the Legislature and been signed by Governor Foster.

On February 27th the Senate passed the Bill for the admission, free of duty, of contributions from abroad for the Kansas colored emigrants, and, after a long debate, the Five Per Cent. Military Land Warrant Bill was postponed until December.

It is believed that the Bills to provide United States Courts in the Indian Territory and for the allotment of lands to the Indians in severalty will be favorably reported. At the same time it is reported that citizens of Kansas and Arkansas are organizing to invade the Territory in search of gold and silver.

During the trial of the Lewis will conspiracy case at Trenton, N. J., Mrs. Lewis confessed the entire details of the attempt to prove herself the widow of the Hoboken millionaire who bequeathed his millions to the Federal Government, pleading guilty to the conspiracy and accusing Dr. Parks of being the leading spirit in the attempted fraud.

Judge Gilbert has granted a temporary injunction restraining the postal authorities of New York and Brooklyn from giving any registered letters to John Collins, of No. 374 Franklin Avenue, to Delsey his wife, or to their daughters Mamie or Maggie Collins. The application was made by Coudert Brothers, as counsel for Eugene de Zalenkoff, the Russian Honorary Counselor of Marine, who claims that he was swindled by the two sons of John Collins.

Foreign.

On February 24th King Humbert gave a banquet in honor of Professor Nordenskjöld, the Arctic explorer.

Advices have been received of the annexation by Liberia of an important country adjoining the interior frontier of the Republic, known as the Kingdom of Medina.

The Spanish Court of Appeals has confirmed the sentence on Otero Gonzalez, the would-be assassin of the King. A final appeal will be made to the Court of Cassation.

A steamer from Guaymas and La Paz reports that the revolution in Lower California is at an end, some of the revolutionists having fled and others surrendered to the Government authorities.

The Hon. Andrew D. White, the American Minister at the Court of Berlin, threw open the rooms of the Legation to a brilliant Anglo-American throng of guests in honor of Washington's Birthday.

The *North German Gazette* declares that the purpose of Russia in erecting the fortifications on her western frontier is to cause a belief among the Russian people that a German attack is apprehended.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that a private telegram from Tiflis reports that Persia is actively assembling troops, and trustworthy information has been received that the Persian army will march on Herat.

A deputation of members of the Canadian Parliament will shortly wait on Sir Leonard Tilley, Minister of Finance, and ask for increased protection on agricultural products. Among other things, they want an additional tax of 2½ cents per bushel on corn, and $2 per barrel on pork.

A large tenant-right meeting near Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, on February 25th, was attacked by 3,000 Orangemen, armed with bludgeons, who stormed the platform and then dispersed the meeting. The tenant-right men were outnumbered, and twenty of them were seriously injured. The Orange party considered the meeting to be of a seditious character.

In the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, February 23d, a Bill passed its third reading giving the Government the necessary power to appoint a commission to ascertain the value of property at Niagara Falls, in view of a possible arrangement between the Dominion Government and the Government of New York State to form an International Park, as suggested by Lord Dufferin.

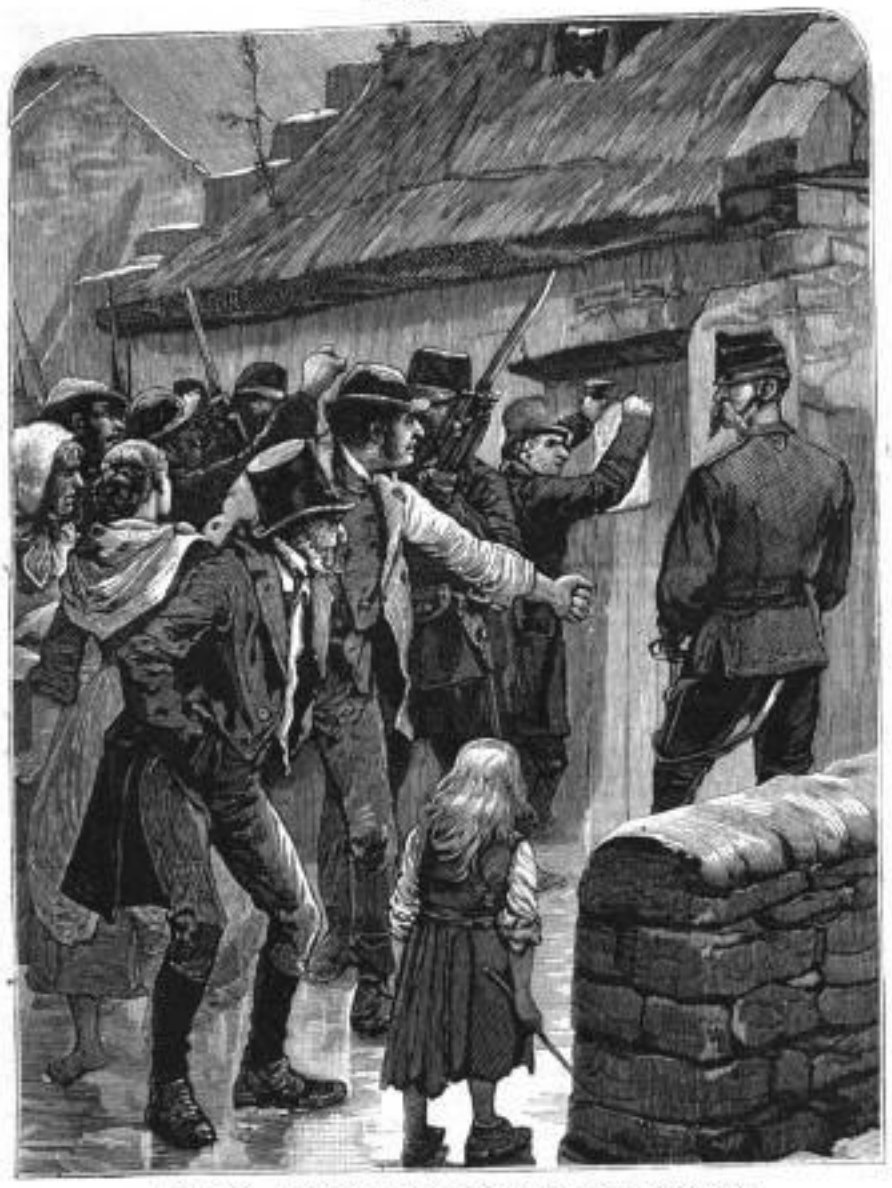
The India budget shows a surplus of £119,000 for 1879-80, and the estimate for 1881 shows a surplus of £417,000. The above results are reached after paying from the ordinary revenue all charges on account of famines, the Afghan war and the frontier railways. The war expenditure in 1879-80 was £3,216,000. The total net war expenditure to the end of 1881, including 1879-80, is estimated at £8,750,000.

Dean Stanley received an address with 2,200 signatures on February 24th, and gave audience to a deputation protesting against the proposed erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the late Prince Imperial. Dean Stanley refused to alter his decision in the matter, and said, if he were to give way in this instance, it would open the door for complaints from every party against honors to rivals.

General Luperon has issued a decree in Santo Domingo which is intended to make the island an intermediate station for the Panama Canal Company. Any port the company may select on the island is declared a free port for the company; the vessels chartered by the company are to pay only pilotage and sanitary dues; all materials belonging to the company are to be exempt from import and export duties; and any State grounds needed for storage purposes by the company are to be furnished free of charge.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



IRELAND.—SERVING A PROCESS NEAR HEADFORD, GALWAY.



ENGLAND.—DRILL OF VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CORPS AT GUILDHALL.



SWEDEN.—OPENING OF THE DIET BY KING OSCAR II.

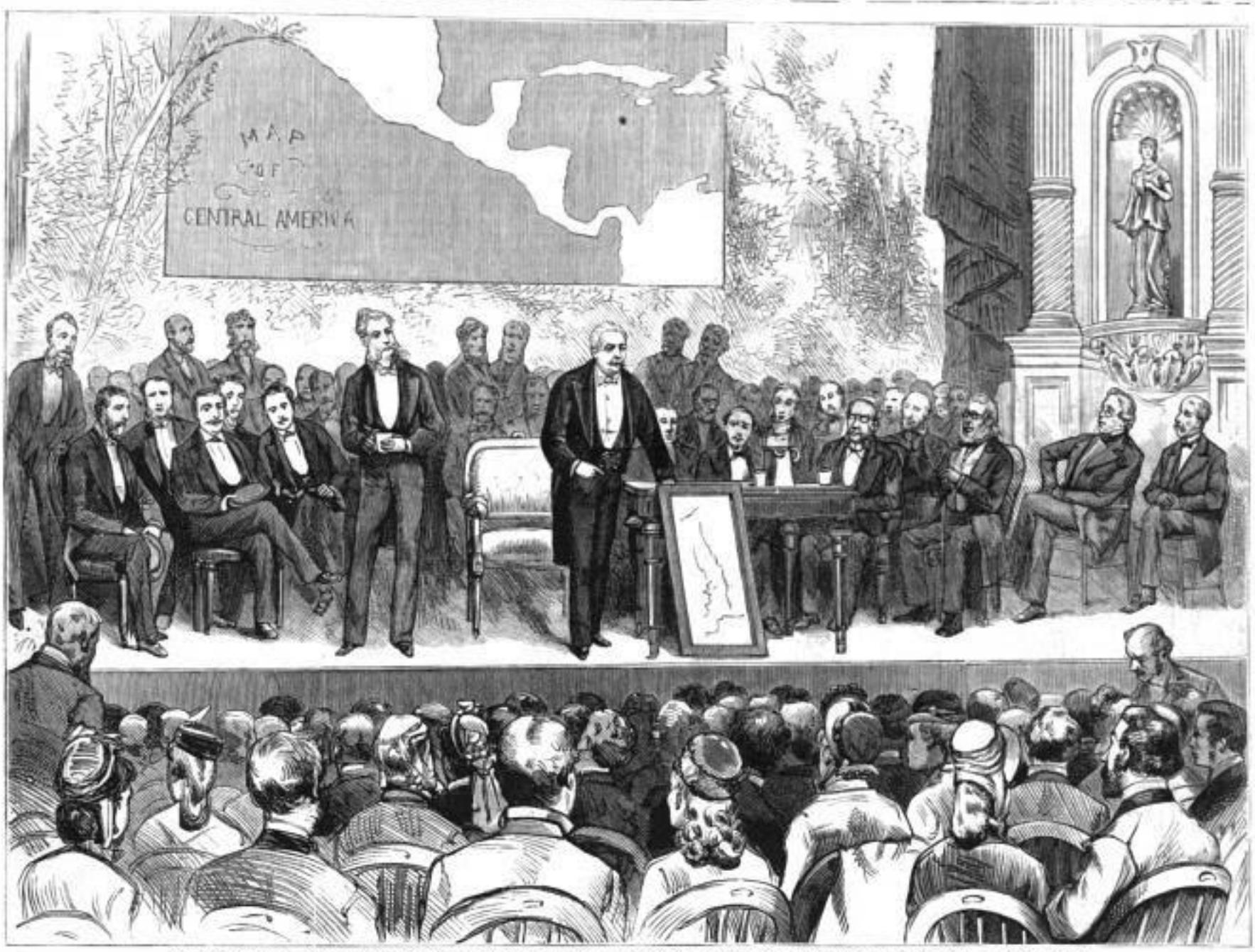


ENGLAND.—THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—A LATE SITTING AT THE END OF THE SESSION.

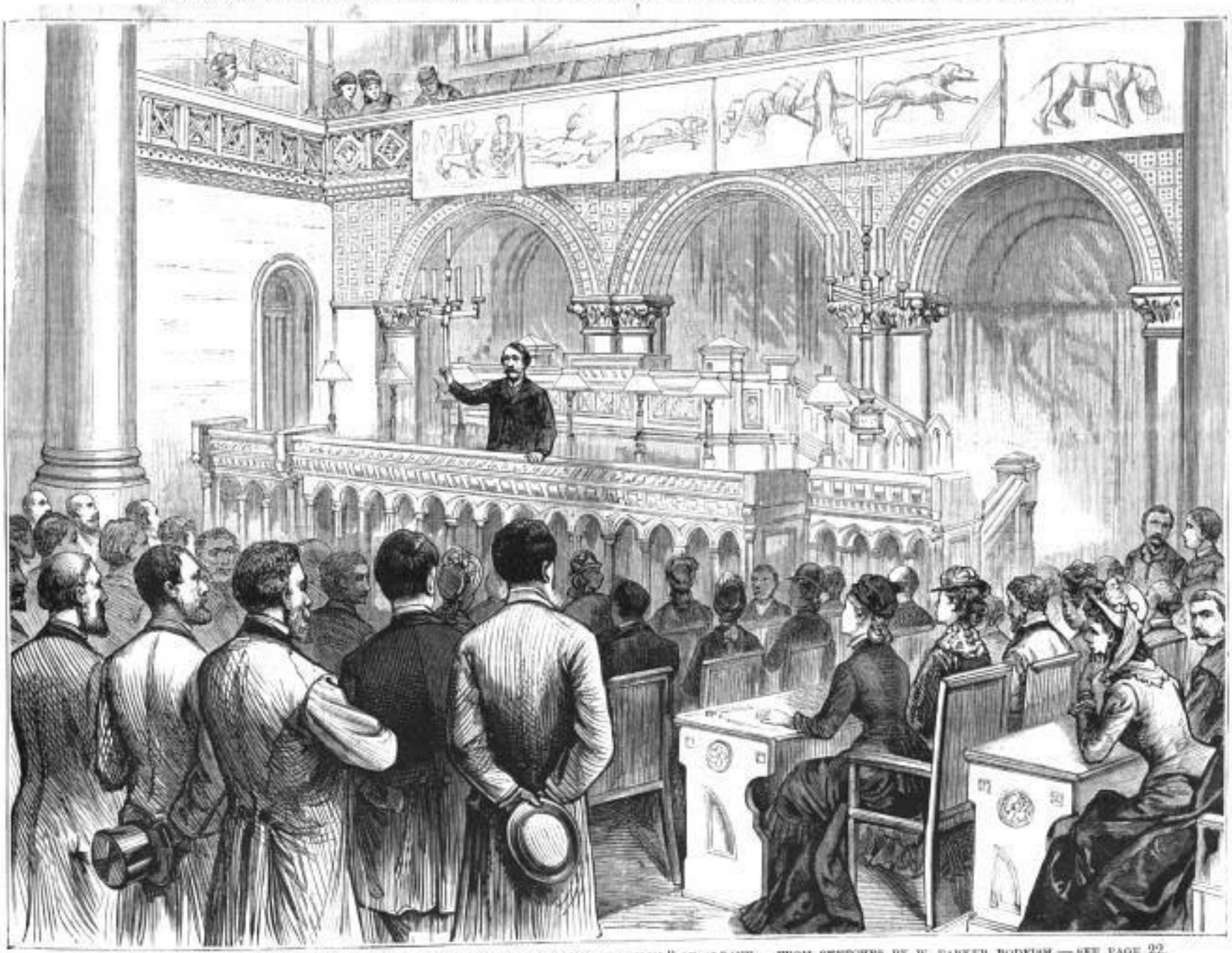


ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA PROCEEDING TO OPEN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, ON FEBRUARY 5TH.

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NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF M. DE LESSEPS BY THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, FEBRUARY 26TH.—SEE PAGE 23.



NEW YORK.—HENRY BERGH ADDRESSING A LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE ON "VIVISECTION," AT ALBANY.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 22.

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THE LAST DAY.

A DAY in the late Spring—the Venetian Spring—when the sea and the sky are at one, and earth and heaven clasp each other close. They had come across from the town that slumbrous afternoon, these two, who looked so like lovers to the eyes of the passing fishermen. They had meant to spend together this last hour of happiness over on the Lido, where they had so often walked in days past, for henceforth their lives were to lie apart. They must be lovers, thought the old fishwives, knitting at their cottage doors among their marigold beds, watching the two lithe figures outlined against the dreaming horizon, the man's head bent low as he walked, the girl's face turned upwards to meet his gaze. They were alone, with only the wide, pale channel and its phantom sails on the one side, the sandy dunes covered with flowering furze, shutting out the town and the lagoon on the other.

"Those sails in the distance torment me with their purposeless vanishing and appearing," said Elinor Day. "They remind me of the journey before me. Mr. Egbert, you tell fortunes; tell me mine! Where am I to be five years from to-day? The time is ripe for prophecy." She smiled at him with a dowy tenderness in her blue eyes, and a strange quiver about her mouth.

"I cannot tell you where you will be, but I can easily tell you what you will be," replied Julian Egbert. "I see you as plainly as if your future self were here—a lovely woman, sweet, tender in all her relations, because of intrinsic purity and principle, but with a heart restless, dissatisfied, full of unkept promise—a woman whose pillow will bear the trace of midnight tears, whose waking will be a prayer to bear on to the end her self-imposed and weary burden of a loveless marriage."

"But there you are mistaken," said the girl. "Mr. Wortley worships me. I know that I am doing a wise thing in marrying him. When I engaged myself to him, he seemed to fill all the conditions women demand in their husbands. It is only since I have known you, Julian, that I look at the world with different eyes. Why did I not meet you first, or why——"

"Why am I not Mr. Wortley? you would say," replied the young man, flushing hotly, "why can I not give you the things of this world? The man you are going to marry can give you those—he can never give you content. I know you too well, Elinor. You are an artist to your finger-tips, a poet in your slightest action, and you talk of happiness with a man whose sole interest lies in stocks and bonds and the constant rush and whirl of a business life. Bah! my child, you are wrecking yourself on a hidden reef!"

"You are according me more of a prophecy than I asked for, Mr. Egbert," said the girl, coldly, and attempted to withdraw her small gloved hand from his arm, but he caught at it passionately and carried it to his lips.

A tall, dark figure came in sight, outlined against the sea, in a long black gown, with a high cylindrical hat—one of the priests from the Greek convent in the heart of Venice. He looked at the lovers wistfully, blotting out the sunlight as he passed, like the black presentiment even then entering the brightness of their lives.

"It is strange," continued the young man, "that women, knowing that their lives after marriage are so entirely at the mercy of one man's will, can deliberately throw themselves into that moral bondage for the sake of a few baubles. Time and again have you told me that your tastes were simple, your desires moderate, that you cared little for money and the things it gives, and yet for so slight cause you will pledge yourself to a lifelong lie."

"How can I take back my word?" said the girl, in a strained voice—"how inflict upon a man who loves me as passionately as you say you do, a wound that may cause him great pain, and for what? How am I to know, Julian—Mr. Egbert—that your love for me may not be only a painter's caprice. It is your ideal you love, not myself, and when I belong to you the illusion may fall away from your eyes, the charm from me, just as that bark which in the distance, with its golden sail, seemed like a tropical bird, now that it has reached the shore is only the dingy boat by means of which the poor fisherman earns his living. A clever woman once warned me against marrying an idealist. How am I to know that she was not right?"

"It was some sordid, calculating woman, whose nature had not the depth to feel the pain of a loveless life, or whose experience had embittered her."

He stooped and picked up a shell—a little rosy thing that had drifted over from some far coast—perhaps from Africa and the tropic seas, only to lie and sparkle in the Spring sunlight on the Lido sands. "It is like you, Elinor, delicate and transparent and full of subtle nuances that few men could discern or appreciate, certainly no man whose attrition with the world had made him as smooth and superficial as yonder wave-washed pebble, and about as interesting! Curse him! I hate the very thought of him."

"You are unjust, Julian," said the girl. "It is only your jealousy that blinds you. Look, it is a good face, and there was a time when I felt safe in trusting myself to the care of the man who owns it." She touched a spring in the slender band she wore about her wrist, a plate of gold flew back and disclosed a small photograph—a man of perhaps forty, cheerful, healthy, smiling, evidently of kindly nature and benevolent disposition towards the world, and holding himself to occupy an important place in its economy.

Everything about him was as open, as free, as full of unrelieved high lights as the American life into which he had been born. Had he known why these two stood there on the Venetian seashore, looking long upon his face, would he have cared? It seemed almost as if the crisis which to this girl and this man was the supreme moment of their lives, would have been to his robust nature only one episode the more. He loved Elinor Day in his ready, hearty fashion. Her delicacy and dainty grace of face and manner had won his heart at their first meeting. It was at a ball in Paris. A few waltzes, a few flowers, a few love-gifts, and he had left for home with her kiss of promise on his lips. He had wooed a hundred women in his time, but now he thought of marrying and settling down, and Elinor Day exactly filled his ideal of a wife. It is true her ideas were somewhat crude to his superior judgment, but she was very young, only nineteen, and had passed most of her life in Europe. A little experience of American life under his guidance would soon teach her to regard persons and things in their normal light. Thus Elinor Day, looking out upon life with wide-open eyes, but half understanding her own heart, found herself pledged to mate with a nature as opposite to her own as is one pole to another. Late in the Winter she had come down to Venice, and there she had met Julian Egbert.

"You cannot imagine," said Julian, after a long silence, "how utterly antipathetic that face is to me; not because you belong to him, though Heaven knows that is bitter enough, but because of the repulsion of temperament. The man carries materialist written all over him. Elinor, my child, you are flinging yourself away. Even though you do not care for me, free yourself from this tie for your own happiness."

He caught her hand as he spoke and held it fast, leading her over the pebbles and the sea moss and the wind-scorched, broken furze. It lay passive in his strong clasp, only answering now and then by a little helpless flutter to the firm pressure that was not for a moment relaxed. She was his for that one short afternoon; his for some three brief golden hours, filled with the scent of the sea and the shore, the murmur of waves, the rustling of the long sea-grass and the cries of the seabirds circling above the sand. He would hold the little hand fast to be a memory to him in the long, dreary years that stretched out before him like the sail-flecked horizon.

They left the shore and struck into a side-path between hedges of young green things, slender flowering trees, budding vines. Back from the road stood a small, low-eaved house, with only one room, through the open door of which they saw rows of blue plates against the wall and a little shrine decked with violets and sunlight streaming over the coarse white beds. On the threshold sat a peasant girl in red kerchief and gold beads, fondling a child with a yellow curly head, like the little St. John of the picture. A man at work in the garden stopped and leaned on his spade and looked at the frolicking pair. Elinor felt the strong hand grasping hers tremble, and with a strange impulse she raised her eyes and met her lover's passionate gaze. They passed on through a little grove of straight budding trees, with trunks covered with ivy that stretched its long arms over the ground, entangling the wind-blown violets. Through the tree-spaces the towers of the city shone faint and pale. They stood a moment looking over the lagoon. Suddenly Julian laughed.

"What beauty do you imagine your *fiancé* would see in Venice? He would probably wonder why they did not pull down these dingy old buildings and put up new."

Elinor smiled in spite of her heavy heart.

"I have no doubt of it. I remember in Paris, the only things he took much interest in, outside the American clubs, were the improvements—the new boulevards and things like that. How large the violets are here."

She stooped and gathered a few, while Julian's eyes followed her as she bent over among the flowers, her lithe shape, her delicate, fair head, and all the thousand little touches of expression in dress and personality that made Elinor Day the ideal of poetic girlhood to this dreaming, enthusiastic man. Framed by the ivy of the trees, she seemed to him like the incarnation of the Venetian Spring—so subtle or ethereal—or some wood goddess just awakened to life. Mr. Wortley had seen in her only a very charming girl, perhaps a little better form than the girls in his own set at home, but too quiet to make much of a sensation in society, and, therefore, likely to make the better wife.

They wandered on to a broad, sunny space, where the new-made earthworks stood dark against the turf, and a jaded artillery horse or two, with a few soldiers, were patiently making their way from one fort to another. Elinor tripped over a low, gray stone half embedded in the turf, and would have fallen but that her companion's strong arm was about her in a flash.

"It is some old Jew's grave," he said, glancing at the strange characters cut into the rust-worn slab. "The other side the hedge lies the ancient burial-place of the Venetian Jews."

The leafless bushes concealed a fence over which the young man sprang lightly, and then, turning, lifted the girl gently from the ground as if she had been a child, carried her some five or six yards, holding her close the while. The color came and went over his handsome face as her stifled protests sounded close to his ear. All the latent passion of the man's nature found an outlet in that swift embrace.

So sudden was the action, that scarcely a moment had passed before Elinor found herself seated upon a vast, worn slab, leaning against one still larger, bearing strange emblems of death and mortality, and carved in Hebrew letters with old-world holy words. All about her stood these mute watchers, some erect, with lichens filling their gaunt carvings, some leaning, weary with their weight of centuries, with grass and daisies springing from their crevices, others almost buried in the turf as if the inanimate stone had learned from the poor dust below the shrinking and self-abasement of the old proscribed race. It was pitiful to see them, gray and hoar, like ghosts in beard and gaberdine, isolated in death as in life. The two young creatures that sat there in the silence, broken but by the lagoon murmur, found at first no words to utter the thoughts that rushed over them. Julian Egbert had thrown himself down at the feet of the woman he loved.

"It is one of those days when one is filled with an intense desire to live," said he, at length, "when the dead of the centuries seem utterly at war with the throbbing hearts of the present. Time was I would have been glad to lie down here on the seashore among the old outcasts and slumber on for ever, but now I must have life at any price, even with despair and misery. I think it is because you are with me, Elinor, and for to-day at least life is complete."

He bent his head until his lips touched her dress. She did not see the gesture, but when he raised his head she was looking down upon him with a fixed, earnest gaze, one that he had never seen in her eyes before, as of the awakening of passion in a woman's soul. He almost trembled under the force of it, so little had he divined the possibilities of this slight girl-nature. Then his heart gave a throb of triumph.

He felt that he had conquered. No words were needed between them. He wound his arms about her as she sat, her head drooped low against the mystical winged figure on the tomb. A bird sang loud in the hedge. An early butterfly fluttered from one grave-grown flower to another. The hum of the great city floated across the lagoon. All things were instinct with life. From the dust of the old dead a new flower had blossomed into being.

HENRY BERGH ON VIVISECTION.

A BILL in relation to vivisection having been presented to the New York Legislature, and a joint committee of both Houses having been appointed to hear arguments *pro et contra*, on the evening of February 19th Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose name is familiar in the mouth as a household word, and whose philanthropic efforts have won for him the affection of millions of human hearts, delivered a masterly and thrilling address in support of the Bill, a brief synopsis of which we present to our readers. Mr. Bergh began by saying:

"The existence of animals is incomprehensible to us! Are these creatures merely useless machines? Behold my dog which sleeps there in the chimney-corner—see how agitated he is at this moment—he is dreaming. I call him, and lo! his visions vanish, and he becomes calm. I take my hat, and he leaps and barks—stares at me and studies me, rolls at my feet, runs to the door, continues gay or becomes sad, according as my will exhibits itself. What is it that is passing in his brain? 'Behold!' I exclaim, 'an animal that evidently thinks—wishes—remembers—combines.'

"Yes, there are moments when I am tempted to believe that it is a spirit, for I discover in his intelligence the phenomena which exist in my own, and which establish a correspondence between our purposes and our thoughts—our two individualities meet and comprehend one another, the imaginary relations of men and brutes are extinguished, and I seem to stand face to face with a possessor of a share of that immortal essence which man inherits from his Maker.

"My horse, too; is he only a senseless machine, manufactured for my profit and pleasure, destitute of feeling and reflection? Are those muscles and sinews, which spare me the fatigues of locomotion, mere wheels and ropes of iron, set in motion by art or chemistry, having neither reason nor purpose in view? Is that graceful figure, bent and strained at my command, a senseless mass of thoughtless matter; those gentle eyes, the bright creations of an artist's fancy?

"In 1875 the Queen of Great Britain appointed a commission to inquire into the practice of subjecting live animals to experiments for scientific purposes. The report of that commission was made in January, 1876, and contained 288 pages of double column royal octavo size, and the man addressing you, I am interested in saying, survived the reading of that report in its entirety. Forty-five physiologists, surgeons and physicians appeared before the commission, most of whom were vivisectionists. If the composition of that commission was accidental, it was a remarkable accident.

"Dr. John Anthony, of Middlesex Hospital, one of the witnesses, must be a funny fellow. He is also an ardent vivisector, and entertains strong doubts as to the lower animals being sensible to pain. This luminary says: 'Beetles with a pin stuck through them have walked off without inconvenience to a neighboring insect and eaten him up; and the "Daddy long legs" will part with his limbs and manifest no particular disapprobation. I do not think they experience any pain,' he concludes; 'they live on until the day of their destiny comes,' which, I presume, means vivisection day!

"William Farmer, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, stated that he had the largest class in Great Britain under his charge; and that he knew of a very eminent man who, by immolating many thousands of animals, hoped to find out the seat of the soul, or the seat of life, and yet even this soulless expert admitted to the commission that 'physiological teaching, up to a recent period, was not practical teaching, but was the result of books and lectures.'

"Thos. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S., one of the commission, in his 'Elementary Physiology' mentions the tremendous discovery that by 'cutting the sympathetic nerve, a rabbit can be made to blush.' But blushing was beyond the power of Huxley for performing this cruel deed.

"The *Medical Times and Gazette* of August, 1861, flippantly mentions an experiment on a living dog, which consisted in forcing half a pint of boiling water into the stomach 'in order to show that the animal tissue could be disorganized, and that the animal, after giving evidence of great suffering, vomited blood and died.'

"Listen to what Brachet, a French physiologist, says of himself: 'I inspired a dog with great aversion for me by plaguing or inflicting some pain or other upon it as often as I saw it. When this feeling was carried to its height, so that the animal became furious as soon as it saw me, I put out its eyes. I could then appear before it without its manifesting any aversion. I spoke, and immediately its barking and furious movements proved the passion which animated it. I destroyed the drums of its ears, and disorganized the internal ear as much as I could. When an intense inflammation had rendered him deaf, I filled up his ears with wax. He could no longer hear at all! Then I went to his side, spoke loud, and even caressed him, without his falling into a rage—it seemed even sensible to my caresses!' But what was all this to prove? Why simply that if one brute has an aversion to another, it does not feel or show that aversion when it has no means of knowing that the other brute is present.

Mr. Bergh gave a ghastly and lurid description of a meeting of vivisectionists in Paris, and went on to say:

"On the 23d of November I dispatched an officer of the society I represent to attend an exhibition of a similar sort at one of the colleges of the City of New York. It was necessary to employ much stratagem in order to gain admission—recalling to my mind the jealous suspicion of the ancient order of the Inquisition.

"After a short delay the professor appeared upon the platform, and the performance began. A live dog was brought in—said to be under the influence of an anæsthetic—and the experimenter made a deep gash into the breast of the animal, into which he inserted the nozzle of a bellows; but for what scientific purpose my messenger, not being a scholar, could not determine.

"The palpitating creature was then ripped open from one end to the other, so that the entire interior was exposed to view, and the heart taken out and put upon a sort of a plate and passed around among the class to show that it still palpitated, although removed from the body.

Mr. Bergh thus concluded:

"My duty is nearly ended. With a brief peroration I shall ask you to take these facts home with you, and in the solitude of your chambers determine whether these insults to that Immortal Being who made us and our "poor relations," the lower animals, shall go on; whether thousands of young men shall yearly be graduated from our colleges, whose preceptors' hands are daily incarnated with the warm blood of tortured animals, uselessly and wickedly slaughtered, as I have shown, to afford them *éclat*; and a demoralizing spectacle to a rising generation, to whom you may some day intrust the sacred honor and lives of our families."

GEN. GRANT'S TOUR IN MEXICO.

GENERAL GRANT has traveled round the world, has feasted his eyes upon the picturesque and beautiful in almost every clime, has beheld the marvels of ancient and modern architecture, has traversed viaducts two thousand years old, railways aged but as many hours, and yet the ride which the ex-President has just taken from Vera Cruz to Esperanza, that wild-looking spot at the summit of the Boca del Monte, surpasses all and everything of the kind he has yet seen. Out through the crumbling old walls of the City of the True Cross, heaped across the tawny sands to Soledad, where was signed the convention between Doblado and General Prim; on past Paso del Macho to the San Alego bridge, where all the supreme beauty of Mexican scenery flashed voluptuously upon him: past the bridge, 318 feet long, springing from out a bed of verdure so varied, so glowing, so concentrated, that it would serve for a couch for Titania herself—reds, and yellows, and blues, and greens, and purples, and lichens, and mosses, and ferns—a very tropical glory; past creepers clinging amorously to the half-yielding trees, parasites beautiful as butterflies, and fluttering on the branches as if just alighted and about to take wing again; past the lovely Chiquit Mountains that form the barrier between the interior and the coast; through the *frigid* country, the home of that small brown bean so dearly loved by the descendants of Cortez and Montezuma; past Cordoba enshrined in vivid foliage, and onwards to the famous Barranca de Metlac, so full of splendor, so full of horror, so grandly Dantesque. Onwards, with the snow-capped peak of Orizaba white, awfully white and still, high against the keen, full, blue sky. Onwards, squirming in and out through mountain gorges, until the valley in which the City of Orizaba lies nestling comes into sight, and the quaint little station, surrounded by menacing mountains, is reached at last.

Orizaba, where the ex-President stopped on the night of the 20th, is eighty-two miles from Vera Cruz. It contains about twenty-two thousand inhabitants. Its streets are narrow and crooked, the houses are for the most part of stonework, and generally of one story high, the roofs being of glazed tiles, tinted in many colors. The most remarkable building is the Lonja, or Exchange, inaugurated in 1872. Orizaba contains handsome churches. Its principal or parochial church possesses a life-size figure of the Saviour, presented to it in 1818 by the illustrious Palafox y Mendoza, Bishop of Puebla and Viceroy of Spain. The suburbs of Orizaba are delightfully picturesque, resembling as they do one vast, glowing garden of the rarest tropical flowers and trees, while the fragrance is a perpetual bouquet. I wandered for hours in orange and banana groves, while my eyes fairly banqueted in color-glory.

The aggregate value of the houses in Orizaba, which number nineteen hundred, is $2,311,289. In addition to the Lonja are the Municipal Hall, the Teatro Lave and La Borda Mill. To Orizaba hie the Veracruzians on the first appearance of the dreaded *vomito*. It was a favorite residence of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, and it was at Orizaba that Marshal Bazaine took leave of the unhappy monarch—a ghastly shadow looming over both. In the direction of the western portion of the city stands Mont Borrego, noted in the annals of the French occupation as the point where the Mexican army, 6,000 strong, was routed on the 19th of June, 1863, by one hundred zouaves, who, under cover of the night, scaled its steep sides like cats, and drove the enemy before them helter-skelter. A rude wooden cross marks the spot upon the summit where two sturdy, baggy-breeched veterans "fighting fell." It was to Orizaba that Cortez with his band of desperadoes hastened in the hope of looting its treasures, of the richness of which the Aztecs gave such glowing descriptions.

The morning upon which the ex-President quitted Orizaba *en route* to the halls of the Montezumas was fresh and fragrant and perfume-laden with a pure, champagney atmosphere, vivid color in the verdure-clad hills, in the sapphire sky, in the opal-tinted snowcap of the extinct volcano! A few short miles brings us to the Barranca del Infernillo, or Little Hell. The Barranca is a chasm that divides two craggy steeps, whose dizzy depths can scarcely be measured by the eye. To gaze downwards causes dizziness. Bridges span rifts, and gulfs, and yawning chasms; tunnels pierce opposing mountains and rocky promontories. We emerged from the horror of utter darkness to behold grim destruction gibbering at us as we sped along in mid air; a nut, a bolt, or a rail out of place, and what a crash!—the crack of doom. The Indians, in passing, devoutly make the sign of the Cross, and remain in silent prayer, scarcely daring to venture so much as a glance at the awful depths. There is no trace of vegetation in this pass; not a tree, not a shrub, not a fern relieves the sheer black walls of rock. The rays of the sun never penetrate the gloom, and an inky river hoarsely murmurs as it rushes onwards in this dark abyss. What a leap into life and light as we emerged from the horrors of the Infernillo and traversed the plains of La Joya—the Jewel. On our right stood verdure-clad mountains, dappled with bright flowers and crowned by the foliage of forest trees. To the left the valley extending itself to the horizon, rich in color as a Turkey rug. In its midst a silvern stream upon a bed of sand, yellow in the daylight as molten gold, while the glacier-capped Orizaba, flaunting its white mantle in delicate relief against the Italian sky, stood sentinel over the many ranges of the Sierras, in distant and paramount grandeur.

At Maltrata we awaited the arrival of the train from the City of Mexico, and we watched for it high in air, gazing upwards as if at a balloon. Presently we beheld it like a child's toy slowly passing along the verdure-clad summit of the mountain. Now it disappeared behind a jutting promontory only to reappear as it sped across a fairy-like bridge, again to be lost in tufted foliage. Anon the white steam betrayed its whereabouts, and once more it came into view, larger, more defined, but still high upon the mountain's brow. Then, zigzag, it twisted in and out and under and over until it reached the

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level, and in a few moments clank, clanked into the station. How dusty the occupants of the English-shaped carriages looked! The train was made up of first, second and third class, a special car being filled with swarthy-looking, linen-clad soldiers. A similar escort is provided for every train. The *rancheros* of this region were wont, in the good old diligence times, to cry "Halt!" in the king's name and to annex the effects of the passengers. If a diligence could be stopped, why not a train? How much greater the plunder! And as these worthies, unwilling to relinquish a "profitable and hereditary profession," were in the habit of causing the train to come to a standstill while they proceeded—always politely—to rifle its occupants, a paternal government stepped forward, and through the support of a military escort restored confidence to those who were compelled to travel between the capital and the coast. After a delay of some twenty minutes, during which I tasted my first *tortilla, pulque* and *dulce*, we resumed our journey cloudwards.

When I gazed at the rugged *cumbres* above me, at the black spots which denoted so many entrances to so many tunnels, at the delicate tracery of the iron bridges, at the perpendicular and seemingly insurmountable barriers towering over me, and when I came to consider that thirteen miles of climbing, with an ascent of 2,300 feet, had to be accomplished, then I felt as in the hunting-field, facing a double ditch—I wished myself "well over." Upwards! upwards! upwards! the train, twining like a serpent, skirting steeps on ledges of rock, swinging round curves till the cars leaned horribly over, crossing ravines and chasms and clefts, and diving into the very heart of the mountain, on one side a grim wall of rock, on the other a fall of two thousand feet sheer. Upwards! upwards! upwards! till the beautiful valley of Maltrata lay beneath us a soft and verdant sward in the lap of a giant mountain, and two thousand feet below us till the fields resembled the squares upon a chess-board—the church the queen, the trim white houses so many pawns—or one vast plain with a bunch of daisies in the centre, a few of the wee winsome flowers being scattered here and there. It seemed so strange to be above *everything*, even above some fleecy clouds that hung suspended over the valley like a *dark illusion* veil. Orizaba still, however, frowned majestically down upon us, high as we were, and although we soared above the tops of giant forest trees, and until the largest objects in the valley became so dwarfed as to be almost unrecognisable, the volcano still maintained its superb and awful grandeur—still told us that he yet had twelve thousand feet to the good. At Boca del Monte there was a general move in the direction of overcoats and wraps, the altitude being 7,223 feet above Vera Cruz. We passed out of the *tierra templada* into the *tierra fria*, and into the region of cacti and maguey. What a change in thirteen short miles! At Esperanza thirty minutes are allowed for refreshment. Apizaco is the next place of any importance on the road, and here is the junction with the line to Puebla. From Apizaco to the City of Mexico the country is one continuous maguey plantation, slightly varied by crops and meadows where the soil permits. In the *tierra templada* I passed over fields in which as many as sixty plows were at work. Here the trace of a plow was scarcely perceptible. Maguey, maguey everywhere; and where no maguey flourished the plains were clothed with small, lean, wiry horses. We rattled on in a dense cloud of dust through the *pulque* country—the *pulque* is the lager beer of Mexico—and when the engine stopped for water, we stopped for *pulque*. This liquid is to the Mexican what wine is to the Frenchman, potcen to the Irish peasant, and it tastes like sour buttermilk, which it also resembles in color and density.

The dust during my ride from a place called Apam to the capital was simply stifling. In vain we closed the doors, the windows; in vain we turned our backs to the direction from whence it was coming; in vain we stuffed handkerchiefs into our mouths, and muffled ourselves as though the mercury was twenty-eight degrees below zero. It was not to be resisted: it came down upon us like the wolf on the fold; it entered our eyes, our noses, our mouths; it filtered through our garments, clinging to us like the shirt of Nessus; it blinded, it choked us.

The ex-President arrived at the Buena Vista station on the night of the 31st. The depot was illuminated with Chinese lanterns and gayly decorated with American flags. Rockets were sent up as, attended by five hundred of the Rural Guard, each man armed with a blazing torch, General Grant drove to the Minería in the Calle Maravcala, the building prepared for his residence while sojourning in the city. The Rural Guard are a superb-looking set of fellows, their uniforms being intensely picturesque. Fancy a tall, well-knit, handsome, strapping young fellow in a gray felt sombrero, its wide leaf richly laced with silver, a buff jerkin, buff baldrick embroidered in silver, and buff boots up to his hips.

The Minería, or School of Mines, is externally a very imposing stone structure, while internally it resembles a Roman palace. It possesses a very large *patio*, or open court, surrounded by a colonnade of arches, surmounted by galleries, approached by wide, low stone steps, massive and elegant. Long colonnades give access to numerous halls, each hall being appropriated to some particular purpose. It is here that Young Mexico receives a gratuitous education in the higher branches, especially in the secrets of the vast mineral resources of this teeming country. There is, perhaps, no other country on the face of the globe so rich in its minerals as Mexico. The products of its mines in gold and silver have been estimated at the enormous amount of $8,500,000,000, equivalent to one-sixth of the total estimated wealth of the United States! It was in the Minería that certain wares brought to the City of Mexico by the American Industrial Deputation last year were exhibited.

DE LESSEPS.

THE brilliant, vivacious and ubiquitous Vicomte De Lesseps was the guest of the American Society of Civil Engineers on the evening of the 26th ult., and in the theatre attached to the Union League Club delivered an address which for style, charm, interest and brilliancy should serve as a model for scientific lecturers in general, and those of this country in particular. In one moment M. de Lesseps was not only acquainted with his large audience, but on terms of intimacy with them. He took them into his confidence, and with that delightful *entre nous* which ever acts so talismanically when spoken at the right half-second. M. de Lesseps spoke of the difficulties encountered in the construction of the Suez Canal, an enterprise in which nobody believed. He made historical references to fresh-water canals in the time of the Pharaohs, and jocularly recalled the edict of Philip II. of Spain, who, jealous of other nations when a scheme to cut a canal at Tehuantepec was proposed, decreed that any person who should speak of an interoceanic canal should be considered impious, and that the penalty would be capital punishment. M. de Lesseps hoped that this would not be his fate. Lord Palmerston fostered England's hostility to the Suez Canal scheme, but the sympathy of America was substantially expressed. Of all the powers at the Geographical Congress, Russia appeared to the greatest advantage, and was thanked in the name of the Congress by M. de Lesseps. A remark was made that the moon always advances, but that Russia stands still. Subsequently in the suite of M. Thiers, M. de Lesseps, in the presence of the English and Russian Ambassadors, remembering the remark, said, in reference to the exhibit made by Russia at the Paris Exposition, that now Russia advances and the moon stands still. M. de Lesseps then spoke of the surveys made by Lieutenant Bonaparte-Wyse and the first Darien exploration of Airato Na Pipé. He took occasion to deny politely but emphatically Admiral Ammen's assertion that Americans were not listened to, and referred to the report of the congress for proof of their having received every courtesy. In fact, M. De Lesseps was remonstrated with because he allowed the Americans so much latitude. After the vote in favor of the Panama Railroad route, M. De Lesseps accepted the control of the enterprise, and to such acceptance he owed the pleasure and honor of addressing the meeting. He had been twenty-nine years in the diplomatic service with his mouth closed; now he proposed to say everything he thought. "When the vote on the canal was taken," said M. De Lesseps, "I had my wife before me as she is to-night, and she was not too well pleased, for you know that such business turns the household upside down." In conclusion, M. De Lesseps said all were at liberty to work on the canal. His experience in the Desert was that if 2,000 persons were hired to work, 2,000 more would come to feed and amuse them. In this case, what's enough for one is enough for two. He mentioned it as singular that the negroes on the Isthmus speak the purest Castilian.

Everybody was charmed with the brilliant little vicomte, and during that too brief address he made more than one friend for the Chagres Canal.

IRISH RELIEF FUND IN WASHINGTON.

MRS. GENERAL SHERMAN, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Madame Maxime Outrey, Mrs. Secretary Sherman, Mrs. Admiral Porter, Mrs. Speaker Randall, and other true and tender ladies of Washington whose hearts responded to the piteous cry from the starving Irish, got up an amateur dramatic entertainment at Odd Fellow's Hall, Washington, on the night of Tuesday, the 24th ultimo. The programme spoke in these tear-laden words:

RELIEF FOR IRELAND.

The proceeds of this Entertainment are for the direct relief of the poor in Ireland, in whose behalf an appellant utters the following cry:

"I appeal to all Christian men and women for help for this district, where we have had most malignant fever all the Spring and Summer of last year, where at present we have actual starvation; where many of your fellow-creatures are obliged to lie all day on their straw beds to try and keep down the pangs of hunger; where there are hundreds of men, women and children who have not one sufficient meal a day, even of Indian meal; there are no potatoes—they are rotten in the ground; there is no turf—it is rotten in the ground; there is no credit to get the coarsest kind of food. In the name of the good God make haste and send help; every little helps; send your little so that you may share in the great work of saving the lives of your fellow-men and women."

The entertainment consisted of the performance of the "Middy Ashore," which was very creditably rendered, and a charming selection of vocal and instrumental music. The hall was tastefully decorated, and thronged with the rank, fashion and beauty of the capital. The diplomatic corps, the army and the navy were prominently represented. General Sherman stood in the front rank, as did Postmaster-General Key. The ushers, seasonably decorated with green ribbons, did their spiriting gently; and if some very attractive and elegantly-toileted young ladies did arrive a leetle late, why, the loss was their own, and the charity the gainer of their dollars.

The toilets were simply magnificent, each member of the committee vying with the other in order to lend especial éclat to the occasion. Never did a committee work with greater energy or greater zeal. The work was done thoroughly and well. For days before the entertainment the charitable ladies who volunteered to bear the heat and burden of the day toiled as though their daily bread depended upon their efforts. Not a single complimentary ticket was issued. Every admission was paid for, and every admission meant a dollar's worth of food towards the starving peasantry of the Green Isle. The work was done with a will, and the result was the handsome sum of $1,500.

Rose Legends.

IN the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which still bears the name, "Solomon's Rose Garden," and where, according to a Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the wise man and the genii of the morning land, which was written, not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water, upon the petals of white roses. In Paris, in the sixteenth century, an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breast as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol, in the present day, betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played and still play an important part in popular usages in other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into the world, and, when at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift, in the shape of a rose garland, is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose-gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor. Martin Luther wore a rose in his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A rose was figured on the headsman's ax of the Vehmgericht. Many orders, fraternities and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced. The "Society of the Rose" of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections, the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosière," by which, in certain localities, a money gift and a crown of roses are bestowed upon the deservedest and most industrious maiden in the commune. The infamous Duke de Chartres established an "Order of the Rose," with a diametrically opposite intention. At Treviso a curious rose feast is or was held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the young bachelors; almonds, nutmegs, roses, and squirts filled with rose water being the ammunition freely used on both sides.

State Aid to Paris Churches.

A REPORT has recently been presented to the Municipal Council of Paris, setting forth the cost of certain payments to be made for religious purposes, and of works of repair, etc., to be done in some of the churches of Paris during the present year. The estimated cost is given at 461,573 francs, of which 250,000 francs are for repairs of religious edifices, 160,000 francs towards their support, 47,300 francs for necessary expenditure by the curés, and 20,000 francs for the restoration of the Church of St. Peter at Montmartre. The value of some well-known Parisian churches is also given. St. Eustache is valued at 28,207,384 francs, of which 398,701 francs are apportioned to the works of art and the decorations in the church; St. Roch is valued at 36,852,938 francs; St. Germain of Auxerre at 22,022,800 francs; the Madeleine at 11,477,500 francs; St. Sulpice at 9,200,000 francs; St. Augustine at 7,000,000 francs; St. Clothilde at 5,287,300 francs; St. Germain-des-Près, 4,500,000 francs; Notre Dame de Lorette and St. Vincent de Paul each 3,000,000 francs; and 22 others at and over 1,000,000 francs. The works of art in churches under the supervision of the City of Paris are valued at 6,116,329 francs, of which 3,291,094 francs are apportioned to paintings, 1,776,040 francs to sculpture, and 949,295 francs to stained glass.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Opening of Parliament.

It is very seldom that Londoners have a chance of witnessing any state pageantry, so that when it was announced that Her Majesty would open Parliament in person, and that there would be a royal procession of greater proportions than usual, a brisk demand arose for windows overlooking the route, while the crowd in the streets was expected to be so great that barriers were erected at different points in order that the crush might be lessened. The usual good fortune of Her Majesty with respect to the weather attended the day, the fog which had enveloped the metropolis for the previous fortnight suddenly lifted, and the sun shone out brilliantly to welcome the Sovereign as she started on her way to the House of Lords from Buckingham Palace. The royal procession consisted of an escort of the First Life Guards, six state carriages, each drawn by six bays, and Her Majesty's carriage, drawn by the well-known eight cream-colored horses. At the Peers' entrance to the Houses of Parliament Her Majesty was received by a guard of honor of the Second Life Guards and the Grenadier Guards, and the guns of St. James's Park loudly proclaimed the fact that the Queen had entered the House.

Eviction in Ireland.

It is a matter for universal rejoicing that with all the troubles that to-day hang over Ireland her people are free of the danger of starvation. The relief movement both at home and abroad gathers strength every day, money is being contributed with unusual generosity, and the great heart of the world at large is beating to the right tune. An incident of the prevailing dissatisfaction is shown in our illustration, where a process-server, protected by the military force, is tacking a notice of ejectment to the door of a tenant's domicile. While the friends of suffering Ireland in the United States show no falling behind in contributions, the Irish landlords are steadily reducing the rents or remitting a portion of the half-yearly payments.

The Opening of the Swedish Diet.

The Swedish Diet for the present year opened on the 17th of January in the great Hall of the States in the Palace at Stockholm with the usual ceremonies. After divine service in the cathedral in presence of the King, Princes and members of both Chambers, the latter repaired to the Hall of the States, whither the diplomatic corps and the great dignitaries of the kingdom had already proceeded. Soon after, the Queen, accompanied by her youngest son and her ladies of honor, took her place facing the diplomatic corps. The band announced the arrival of the royal *cortège*, preceded by pages and heralds-at-arms. The Prince of West Gothland, Prince Houtzer, and then the King, in crown and ermine mantle, sceptre in hand, entered, with his council, and took his seat on the throne, surrounded by his sons. Silence at once prevailed and the royal speech was read, as shown in our illustration, recalling forms that have died out in most countries.

The Volunteer Ambulance Corps.

An interesting and novel kind of ceremony took place in the City of London Guildhall on January 26th. It was the presentation of certificates to members of the ambulance classes lately under the charge of Surgeon Farris, Army Medical Department; Dr. Norton, Fourth Middlesex Rifles; Surgeon Egan, Second Middlesex Rifles; Surgeon Daniels, Second Middlesex Artillery; and Surgeon Shepherd, Victoria Rifles. There was, at the same time, a display of their proficiency in the duties. The members of the four classes—250 men—wearing the undress uniform of their various regiments, which comprised most of the principal metropolitan corps, were formed up in the hall on either side, while a guard of honor from the London Rifle Brigade occupied the body of the dais. After going through the ordinary stretcher drill the company was re-formed, and a number of volunteers were laid upon the ground, bearing labels stating the fictitious wound from which they were supposed to be suffering, comprising compound fractures and wounds of the upper and lower extremities from either lance, shell or bullet. To each of these a stretcher party of four men were then marched, who, without loss of time, bandaged the unfortunate in the way possible on a field of battle, a rifle being in one case improvised as a splint for compound fractures of the leg. The certificates, to the number of a hundred and eighty-five, were presented by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Her ladyship in a few words expressed the pleasure she had experienced in performing a duty that would commend itself to the heart of every woman in the country.

The Opposition Bench in the British Commons.

The Front Opposition Bench in the British House of Commons is occupied by eight or ten of the foremost men among English Liberal politicians of the present day. The most conspicuous figure is that of the Marquis of Hartington, nearly in the centre of our engraving; his full length is in view, leaning back in the seat, with crossed legs, the left hand in his pocket, wearing a white waistcoat and white hat. Mr. Childers, who sits at his right hand, is listening to Sir Vernon Harcourt, who seems to be pointing out something in the paper which he holds. The gentleman holding the paper close to his eyes, who sits at the left hand of Lord Hartington, is Mr. Goschen; while Mr. W. E. Forster, with double eyeglass in hand, lounging in a rather uncermonious attitude, sits at the lower end of the bench, which is shown at the right-hand side of our engraving. Next Mr. Childers, on a level with the Clerk's table and the mace laid upon it, is Sir W. V. Harcourt, with his hat in one hand and his paper in the other. Beyond are seated the oldest and the most distinguished chiefs of the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and Mr. Robert Lowe occupying the posts of honor, and confronting the Ministerial leaders across the table. Several of the old members appear on an upper bench under the gallery behind. Among the persons of secondary political importance, yet worthy of note, who are seen here in the background, we remark Mr. Henry Fawcett, with dark spectacles, and Sir Charles Dilke standing, at the left-hand side of the engraving, behind the table; Mr. Plimsoll, seated behind Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe; and Dr. Kenealy, at the back of Lord Hartington. The places occupied by these do not indicate any particular degree of close relation to the leaders of the Opposition party. Most of the seats on the back benches and below the gangway are appropriated by members on each side of the House, at their own free choice; and they are so cushioned to suit their cards in the small brass frames fixed to the backs of the benches, which are visible in our illustration.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are in the capital of France no fewer than 50,000 Germans.

—THE Baptist missionaries in Japan have ordained their first preacher.

—THE Boston Board of Brokers has increased the price of admission from $2,000 to $3,000.

—A NEW political party has been formed in the Roumanian Chamber, entitled the National Democratic Party.

—THE fight in Glasgow over the running of tramway cars on Sunday is substantially over, and the cars will run.

—THE North British Railway has applied to Parliament for power to rebuild the Tay Bridge, substantially on the old plan.

—FOUR Germans, an Austrian and several Frenchmen, have been expelled recently from Lombardy as dangerous revolutionists.

—THE English Congregationalists have 170 churches and 156 ministers in active work in the Australian colonies and New Zealand.

—THE Roman Catholic population of Switzerland is reported at 1,023,450 souls. The clergy consists of 2,313 secular and 378 regular priests.

—THE Italian Government has offered three prizes, amounting to $1,800, for vineyards raised from grafts of American varieties of grape vines, capable of resisting the attacks of phylloxera.

—AN aide-de-camp to the Sultan has been taken into custody for complicity with the Greek who was arrested for having an infernal machine in his possession. The affair appears to have been a conspiracy against the Sultan's life.

—THE Government of Western Australia is prepared to give experienced growers of sugar, coffee or tobacco large concessions of land in some of the fine country to the north of Nichol Bay, recently discovered by Mr. Alexander Forrest.

—FORTY-THREE thousand marks have been subscribed in Finland for a monument of Runeberg, the poet and Protestant pastor, who died last year. It will be erected at Helsingfors, and will be executed by the son of the deceased, a sculptor, in Paris.

—THE committal of insane persons to the lunatic asylum is becoming a frequent occurrence at St. John, N. B. The cause of their insanity is affirmed to have been continual brooding over the destitute circumstances to which they have lived since the great fire.

—A BEAUTIFUL pitcher of hammered silver, ornamented with colored oak leaves in relief, has been packed by Tiffany & Co. for shipment to Japan. It is sent to the Mikado as a present from General Grant, who recently visited that country in his trip around the world.

—A LARGE representation of the friends of the Bible from all parts of the State met in Trenton, N. J., February 25th, to take into consideration the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the Wicklife translation of the Bible. It was resolved to hold a convention in Trenton some time in September next. Executive and local committees were appointed to carry out the plans.

—A CORPS of gendarmerie has been formed in Cyprus under the name of pioneers, in which all the Turkish soldiers, natives of Cyprus, who were disbanded by the Sublime Porte at the termination of the Russo-Turkish war, are collected under the British flag. No Greeks will be allowed to enlist in the regiment, and no British troops are to be henceforth stationed on the island.

—IN the Cuban Budget Committee of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, on February 26th, Señor Nocedo proposed that the privileges of the Spanish coasting trade be extended to Cuba, and that the arrangement with the United States by which Spanish vessels are prevented from taking cargo from Cuba to North America be discontinued.

—A COMMISSION appointed to confer with the Canadian Government about constructing four bridges over the rivers St. John and Francis, on the northeastern boundary line of Maine, have reported that their total cost will be $112,000, and that the Dominion will bear half the expense. Congress will be asked to make an appropriation. The bridges will open up a fertile region of 3,000,000 acres with a population of 20,000.

—THE Italian flag has been raised in Africa. The war ship *Esploratore* has taken possession of the Bay of Assab, in the Red Sea, in the name of the Italian Government. An Italian colony is being founded in those waters, and the aggression has not merely been unopposed by the Sultans and tribes of Darrakil, but they even prepared a congratulatory reception for the colonizers from modern Rome. Captain Amezaga and Professor Sopeto, the leaders of the expedition, are the heroes of the neighborhood.

—THE French Academy has elected M. Labiche as a member, vice M. de Sacy, deceased, and M. Maxime du Camp, vice M. Taillandier, deceased. The latter choice is of a somewhat reactionary political character. M. Maxime du Camp is the author of a partisan history of the Communist rising in 1871, which has given great offence to the Republicans. M. Labiche is a prolific dramatic author. The unsuccessful candidates for the vacancies in the Academy just filled were MM. Labouläye and Wallon, Life Senators, and Charles de Mazade, publicist.

—THE Salvation Army of England profits largely by the death of Miss Harvey, an eccentric elderly lady of Leamington, who died recently. Before her death she gave £300 to "Captain" Maycock, of the Salvation Army, who was recently fined and imprisoned for obstructing the streets, and £1,200 more for the local corps. She has likewise left him the house in which she resided, and bequeathed £1,000 to "General" Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army, for the cause generally. During the past few years Miss Harvey has given the Wesleyans some £4,000.

—PRESIDENT HAYES has transmitted to both Houses of Congress a report and draft of a Bill submitted by the Public Land Commission, appointed under the Act of March 3d, 1879. The first part of the report discusses the defects of public land laws. It is proposed to divide the public lands into five classes, viz.: Arable, irrigable, pasturage, timber and mineral; and each class is to be disposed of under laws specially applicable thereto. The commission recommends a sweeping repeal of the existing mineral laws, with a reservation in favor of all vested rights.

—THE office of Governor-General of St. Petersburg is to be superseded by a Commission of Supreme Control under the independent direction of General Loris Melikoff, who will be invested with the largest powers. The commission will take energetic measures to stop revolutionary machinations. It will comprise delegates of the various departments, who will execute the instructions of their chiefs and facilitate the co-operation of their respective departments in the measures adopted. General Gourko remains Commander-in-chief of the troops of the Imperial Guard in St. Petersburg.

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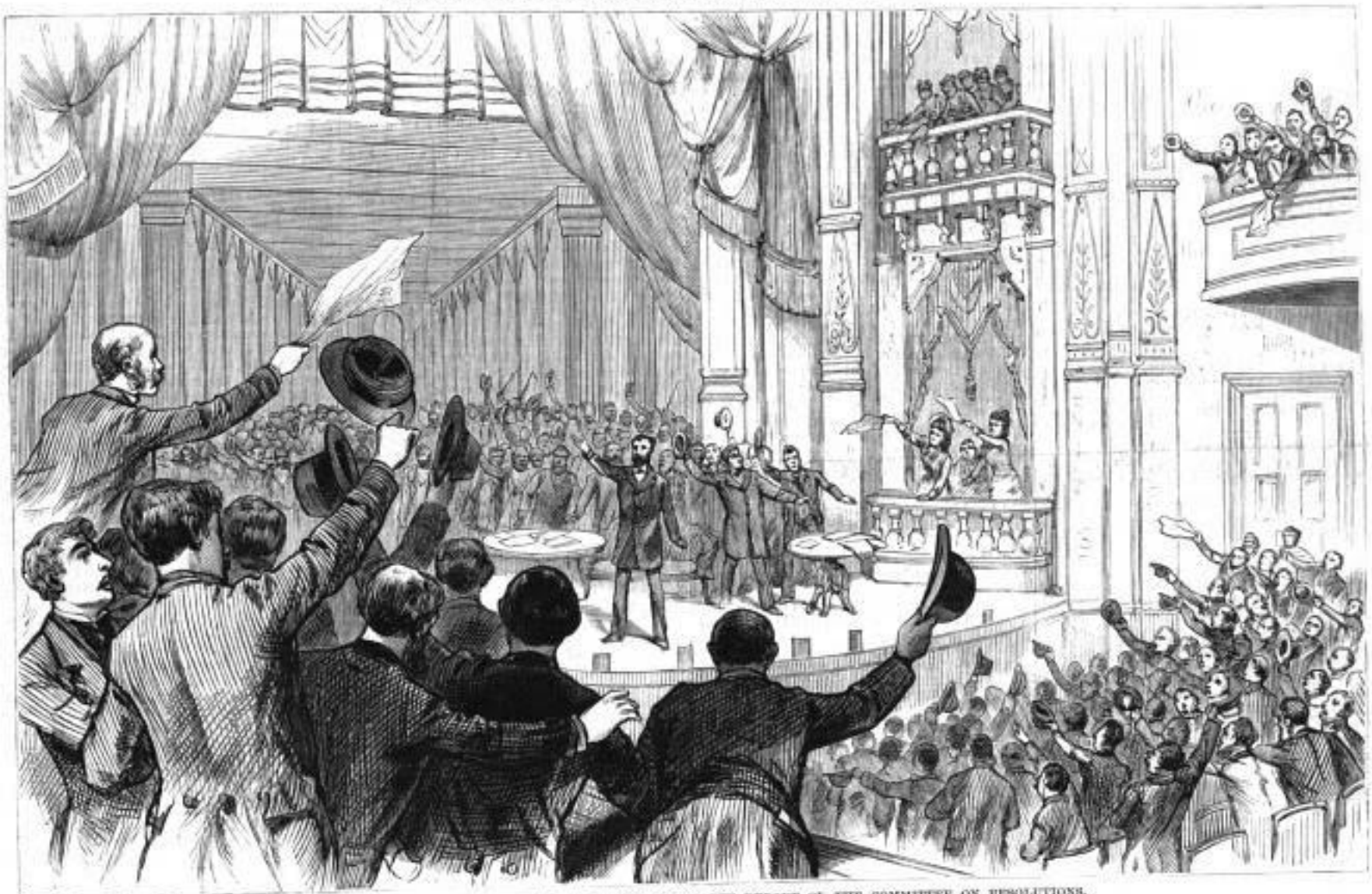


DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—GRAND ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN ODD FELLOW'S HALL, WASHINGTON, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE IRISH RELIEF FUND, FEBRUARY 24TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 23.

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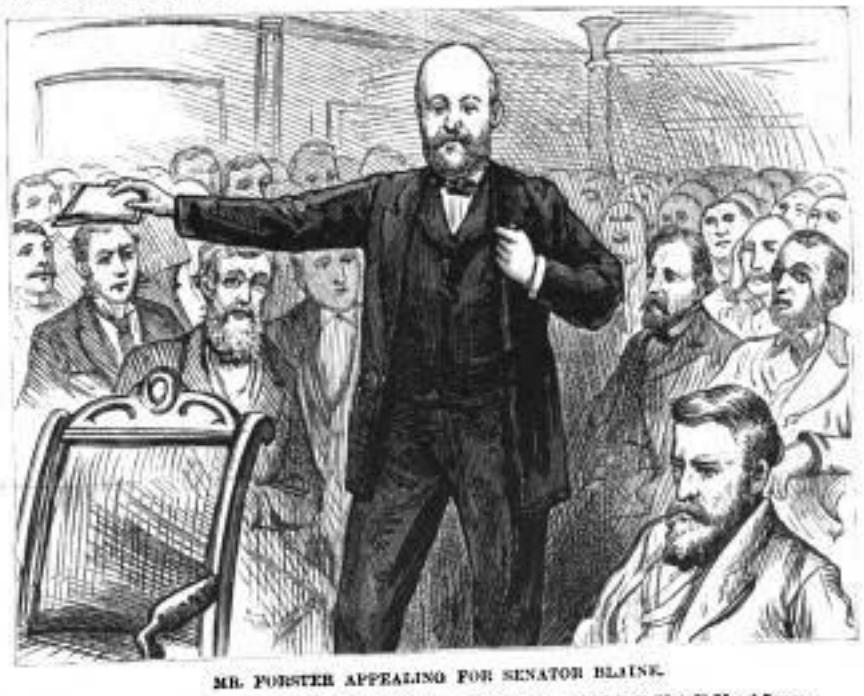
POPULAR GREETING TO SENATOR CONKLING UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE DEPOT.



SENATOR CONKLING ADDRESSING THE DELEGATES ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.



A HOTEL SCENE—"THIS THING IS SETTLED, GENTLEMEN!"



MR. FORSTER APPEALING FOR SENATOR BLAINE.

NEW YORK.—THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION, HELD IN THE OPERA HOUSE, UTICA, FEBRUARY 25TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 27.

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POST MORTEM.

THROUGHOUT these woodlands, fresh with meadow-sweet,
No trace abides now of Love's lingering feet:
Yet there your throat felt kisses thick as rain;
Your faintest footfall left there prints of pain.

Had you been cast out and disdained of men,
Had God rejected you—yea, even then
I would have kissed your hair and eyes and mouth
As land that lappeth rain-floods after drouth.

Your many lovers sang your beauty's praise
Through sweet night seasons—through voluptuous days;
While I, your loyalest lover, stood apart,
Life's issues choked from utterance at my heart.

Then pride took hold on you as kindling fire;
Then triumph seized you, and supreme desire,
You said, "The Earth is gladder for my fame";
"Great joy," you said, "is woven round my name."

And so your body was held in your eyes,
That one, soft coming, took you by surprise;
He cast your glory—stubble—to the wind,
And then, departing, left you stunned and blind.

You felt his kisses when your blood was warm—
Poor fluttering dove, a-stride amid a storm!
They fanned within your soul a sudden flame,
That, dying, left foul residues of shame.

I loved you, yet I feared to tell you so:
And now, oh, queen!—oh, darling!—do you know?
Could it have saved you from this bitter death
To hear the passionate outcries of my breath?

The banquet waited till Love should awake,
And shame-shod Lust stole in for surfeit's sake;
The light burned low, his semblance was well feigned,
The holiest was polluted and profaned!

That night I watched you climb the dim-lit stair,
And marked in those loved eyes a strange, set glare;
I had been proud your small, white feet to kiss,
Whose light, glad tread I must for ever miss.

And now I bend above your dreamless head,
Sublime in sovereign pallor; where you bled
I lay my mouth in reverence; on your breast
I place the flowers that matched your beauty best.

And he—I give God thanks for this much grace—
Love, can you hear? I met him face to face:
He felt me like a tiger at his throat,
And hell knows now with how much hate I smote.

Farewell: To desolate moans of sundown seas,
To winds that wail by night o'er moorland leas,
Fate has attuned my soul, and every string
Throbs to these obdurate memories that sting.

Farewell once more, my sacred dead, my queen!
I ask not what life's tortuous plan may mean.
I stand in awe beside your pale repose;
What bodes hereafter? Well—perhaps God knows.

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF HERS."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—DEE TELLS AN "AWFUL SECRET."

EVE passed an almost sleepless night in her new home. She was very grateful for this unexpected kindness, and chiefly on Dee's account—for Dee had grieved terribly at the thought of being separated from her mistress. She rose early, anxious to see how her old nurse had rested.

"How changed I am!" she murmured, as she dressed the still bright golden hair, and gazed mutely at the white, wan cheeks that told so sadly the story of past suffering. "Well, I shall die young, I suppose, as my mother did—and I wish I may, for there is nothing to live for now."

She sighed as she passed out into the wide, handsome hall down stairs, through a passage that led from the kitchen and into Dee's bright little room. The old woman was awake and looking for her. She had been told that she was to stay, and nothing could exceed her almost ecstatic gratitude.

"I always said he was a gentleman," she said, smiling, "not like that mean no 'count Rafe, what deserted us all in de time of need."

"Hush, Dee! I have told you a hundred times it was no fault of his. Why will you mention his name?"

"Begs a tousan' pardons, missee, but ole Dee hasn't got much memoration left and she forgits."

"Never mind, Dee—there, I have done all I can for you—they will bring in your breakfast by-and-by; Mrs. Forester has some one here who will attend to all your wants."

She went out and turned at random into the first room that presented itself. Sylve was there watering and pruning some plants in pots. She had hoped to meet Eve in this quiet way, and so had sought the breakfast-room early. Eve had dreaded to meet Miss Sylve, expecting to find in her a perfect stranger, as Salome had kept her friend's secret. When she turned, Eve for a moment stood like one transfixed.

"Miss Brown! you here?" she exclaimed. Sylve ran towards her, kissed her quietly, and as quietly explained the circumstances, to all of which Eve listened as one in a dream.

"And is this—can this be possible? You are the ward he spoke of going to find?—you came to us in such a guise! you taught me so kindly—you were my friend and companion. I don't know what to think—what to say! I have thought of you so often and wished I could write, but after you went"—her voice changed—"I didn't care about anything much, and scarcely ever saw Salome, who had first company, and then sickness, and then at last I lived a hermit's life completely, and Dee took all my time—it seems indeed like a dream."

"Sit down," said Sylve, inexpressibly grieved at the change in the beautiful young face; "and how is Dee? I went in to see her last night."

"She is very weak, but no worse than she has been, only the fatigue of the journey tells upon her."

"And the old place—have you left any one there?"

"A tenant who will keep it from falling to pieces, I suppose. If I let him have it rent free, he will improve the premises. But I don't care for the old place any more," she added, in a mournful voice.

"Perhaps something may be done for it," said Sylve; "it was a beautiful location!"

But Eve only shook her head as she repeated: "I don't care for it any more."

Sylve longed to speak of Raphael, to tell her she had seen him, but she dared not. By-and-by she said impulsively, however:

"Eve, I want you to forgive me for ever finding that detestable paper."

The girl shivered, and her cheek grew a shade paler.

"How could you help it?" she murmured. "It was there. I have often thought my father's spirit brought it to light so singularly."

"And I have often thought if I had taken the responsibility and burned it, no harm would have been done," said Sylve.

"That would have been wrong—it is better you did not;" and yet her eyes seemed to say in a sort of mournfully appealing way, "I wish you had."

"And—it is all over?"

"Yes, long ago; but—but please say nothing more about it just yet."

"Then may I, some time?"

"Some time—when I feel stronger."

Flix came in shortly after. He held Eve's hand in both his, and looked at her in such a pitiful way as brought tears to her eyes and the blush into her cheek.

"You were such a little creature when I last saw you; you are not very much larger now."

She smiled.

"I am so glad you remembered my promise," he added; "it was given in all sincerity, and I welcome you—so will my mother."

"She has already received my welcome," said Mrs. Forester, coming in, smilingly; "and now we will sit down to breakfast."

Later in the morning Eve and Sylve were together up-stairs. Flix and his mother had the pretty, cheerful sitting-room to themselves.

"She is not as beautiful as I was led to expect from your enthusiastic description, young gentleman," said his mother. They were speaking of the new arrival. "And then, though she is perfectly neat and nice, her dresses are all out of style. If she has money, we must change the fashion of her dress."

"You cannot tell from her present appearance what she really is—she has suffered so much," said Flix. "I wonder what has become of the little fellow who used to be so jealous of me? Wilde was his name—by-the-way, the same name as our new friend the doctor. I wonder if he is any relation, or, perhaps, the little fellow did not live; they had hard lines in the war time."

"Flix," said his mother, "Hannah wants to speak to you."

He looked up from his paper. Hannah was the girl who had been detailed to wait upon the old nurse.

"Please, sir, the woman wants to see you."

"What woman?" asked Flix, looking perplexed.

"The nagur woman, sir."

"The old nurse," said his mother.

"Me, particularly?" he asked, showing some unwillingness to go.

"You, particularly, sir; and she told me to say it was very important."

Flix rose and went out sorely against his will. He liked to help and oblige people, but did not want to be troubled by them. The little room in which Aunt Dee sat was very bright and agreeable. She had been dressed, and now sat by the window, emaciated but cheerful.

"'Deed, Massa Forester," she said, smiling and holding out a withered hand, "I's been wrastling all night wid de Lord, dat I might git up de courage to tell you somethin'."

"Is it very important, aunty?" he asked, drawing a chair to her side.

"'Deed is it—'deed an' I wouldn't tell anybody but you. I 'members when youn was sick at Massa Cunnel's, and how you did love my little missee!—bless her sweet heart. Didn't you use to hab good times, though?"

"Didn't we!" echoed Flix, gleefully.

"'Member dem runs down dem ar terraces, an' missee's har all flying?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"'Member when yo' rolled down, an' missee she cry's if she heart would bust?" queried the old negress, with one of her widest grins.

"Yes, aunty, I had a very good time at your place."

"Massa Cunnel's place?"

"Well, the colonel's place."

"You see"—and her face grew solemn—"my mem'ry's growing sort o' desprit—can't call things to mind sometimes—an' I darsn't go 'fore my hebenly Marster, 'deed I darsn't, wid such a secret weighing down my pore soul. I's tried to tell it afore, but wha's de use? Couldn't help nothin', an' ef you don't promise not to worry Miss Eve—'cause thar's no need she knowing it—I can't tell. 'Deed, Massa Forester, it's an awful secret, an' I trembles to tell ye, trembles to 'member what I did; jes yo' listen."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE DEED THAT WAS DONE.

FLIX wondered what was coming, impressed by the solemnity of the old creature's visage.

"You see, Miss Eve's mamma died when she born. Yo' understand dat?"

"Perfectly," replied Flix.

"An de cunnel, he wouldn't set eyes on de pore chile for mos' two years—no, not once."

"Is that possible?" queried Flix.

"Yes, it are possible. Not one minute in all that time did he ever see dat ar chile. Ef I ask him, he grow so white an' angry dat he jes frighten me into fits. He made me keep her all by herself in anoder part ob de house whar he couldn't hear her cry nor set eyes on her no ways. 'Bout dat ar time Massa Colonel wasn't hisself—de bad sperit got into him; he drunk and gamed, and had all sorts o' bad men at his house—'least *I* calls 'em bad, though they 'tended to be de fustest gen'lemen. One ob dem ar war worse dan de rest. I've 'membered his name, 'cause Mars Cunnel was allays talking 'bout him. It were De Latude. It swings in my head sometimes all day long, jes like a song."

Flix was interested now and leaned forward, intense eagerness in his eye and manner.

"I doesn't s'pose you ever heered of him," she muttered; "well, he jes did what he pleased wid massa, 'cause him were a harnsome, powerful man. Little missee were a sickly child from her birth, and I never thought as she'd grow up at all. I used to take her out riding de back way every day, and when she war jes nineteen mont's ole—I knew de very day, for I kept count—I'd carried her way down de road, and stopped by de great rock whar I'd sometimes stand her on. I'd been a talkin' to little missee, when all at once I seed Massa De Latude standin' right side o' me. T'ought it was de devil sure, for I couldn't see whar he come from. Says he, "'Dee, I've got a big lot o' money for you,' and he showed me lots o' gold pieces.

"'Whe's da' for, massa?' says I.

"'You know de cunnel hates de sight ob dat chile?' says he.

"'Yes,' I tell him, I knew dat.

"'Well, it's a sickly child, and I'm going to 'schange it for a healthier one,' says Massa de Latude.

"Couldn't tell you wha' I felt then, Massa Forester. I loved dat little child; I'd a died fer her. But he talked and talked, and said dat the cunnel knew all about it, an' he had reasons, an' he war actin' as his friend and dat I'd got to do it, an' ef I ever spoke to de cunnel about it he'd 'kill me wid his own hand—de cunnel, you understand."

"Yes, I understand," said Flix.

"Couldn't tell ye how long he stand dar barginning, an', at last, I just gib out. He stepped one side a minnit; but, Lord knows, I couldn't git away den, an' dar wasn't no use screamin' in dat ar lonely place, so in he comes ag'in wid another baby. De Lord forgive me! It was a harnsome child; and so he took my baby and put dat ar one in its place, an', as he went off, I heered him laugh in a way dat jest made my blood run chills. Well, 'pears it war all like a dream, but I got back home an' I put my gold pieces away, an' I thought ef de cunnel wanted to change the chillen 'twant no business o' mine, seein's he never had looked in the face of his own chile, an' mabby never would. I've heered sich things."

"Then the children really were exchanged," said Flix, drawing a long breath.

"'Deed they was, honey."

"And no one ever found it out?"

"No one, honey. Yo' see, I was kind a 'binded on both sides. Ef Mars Colonel did know, an' hed made any bargain wid Mars De Latude, what business ob ole Dee's was it? an' what right hed she to mention it to the colonel? An' ef he didn't know—my blessed hebbenly Master!—he might a' killed me when I tole him for letting his own flesh an' blood go to anoder man. So you sees I was divided 'tween two masters—an' de good book says yo' can't serve two masters. Oh, Lord! what I has suffered on 'count ob dat ting. An' thar was Mars Latude comin' an' goin', an' ebery time he see me his eyes just look like shooting pistols, 'deed they did, sir."

Flix was silent. He recalled that part of the letter written by Sylve's unfortunate mother:

"He often threatened the life of my child, and when I was sick once for several months did succeed in conveying her away from the house, but in a season of penitence had her returned to me, after which his fits of anger were not so frequent."

"And why?" mused Flix; "because he had succeeded in thwarting and deceiving her—the villain."

"How could you keep the secret?" he asked, at last, of the old nurse.

"'Cause, as I tole you, I thought Massa Cunnel knowed it. For, you see, twasn't scarce a week 'fore he asked to see dat chile. Den it seemed to me 'twas all right. An' dar's no tellin' how I learned to love dat ar' little creatur."

"And did you never hint of this to Miss Eve?"

"De Lord have mercy! I wouldn't a did dat for my head," muttered the negress. "But, I tells ye what. I guesses as somebody suspected it. She had a lover, did missee—you 'member dat little boy, Rafe Wilde. Well, he stuck to her till less dan a year ago, and den he stopped all of a sudden. He's here, now, somewher Norf—he's a doctor—an' I guess someways he's fished it out—for he's never come anighst her all at ar time, an' she's jes' breaking her heart."

"A doctor—can it be him?" murmured Flix, to himself.

"Now, I ken die," said the woman, "an' meet my hebbenly Father face to face 'thout fearin'. But, I don't think ye ought to tell de pore child jest now—it might kill her."

"She shall hear nothing from me," said Flix, much excited. He could scarcely analyze his feelings as he left the little room. Things had strangely altered since the morning. Sylve was, in all probability, the daughter of the Southern colonel, and her name was Lewin, while that pallid, sorrowful beauty, Eve, was the daughter of a man perfectly abhorrent to him for many and shameful reasons. As he pondered upon it his head grew strangely light, there was no longer cause of regret concerning Sylve's lineage. He loved her dearly, passionately, but he never could have consented—at least so he told himself—to marry her with that dreadful stain upon her name, even if she could have brought him millions. "To marry her!" Ah, but if she had learned to love Vintresse, as he more than half suspected, and his smothered passion burst out afresh. Every day now he expected a formal call from De Neal, who was, he could no longer disguise it from himself, De Latude, whose shameful history he knew. Thus troubled with perplexed thoughts he hurried on to find Doctor Wilde awaiting him, and the two men went into the library.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE FIRST PAGE.—THE SECOND PAGE.

A FEW days afterwards Sylve and Eve sat sewing in the bay window of the sitting-room. Mrs. Forester had gone out. Flix was well enough to attend to business. The girls had been quite silent for some time, when Sylve spoke of a letter she had received from her friend Salome. Her little Yankee cousin was sick, she said, and was obliged to give up school.

"What a sad case," murmured Eve, pausing for a moment, her blue eyes looking wistfully forward, "she will probably die of a broken heart."

"In that case," said Sylve, quietly, "it is not her fault—he gave her no alternative—she submits because she must. She did not drive him off."

Eve was silent for a moment; she understood the force of the allusion, and then letting her face drop in her hands, she cried in a voice full of anguish, though smothered:

"What could I do?"

"I dare say you did what you thought was right," said Sylve.

"No; I didn't consider the right or wrong, not in the way you mean. It—the terrible fact—it was so repugnant to my feelings; it hurt my pride. Why, you can have no idea," she added, the tears making her eyes glisten, a momentary color in her cheeks, "what a depth of intamy we attach to a fact of that kind. I know my poor father would quicker have followed me to my grave than let me be the wife of a son of a slave. No, no!"

"But your father knew it. Why did he not warn you?"

"I have often wondered, and can only explain his silence either by the fact that he considered me too young, or his friendship for Colonel Wilde was overpowering—but no, that could not be. And you know Colonel Wilde trusted to his honor not to betray the secret."

"I did not tell you I had met Doctor Wilde," said Sylve, after a short silence.

"Oh—when—where?" she cried, with clasped hands and rising color, bending forward as she spoke.

"Here"—Eve shrank back—"at a party given by Mrs. Forester. He came in company with that Mr. Vintresse I told you about."

"And—did he—remember?"

"He called me Miss Brown at first, just as you did, and was as greatly surprised at my real name and standing."

"Did he—did he?" and, covered with blushes, she averted her face.

"He spoke of you, yes—said he had not seen you since I had returned. But he seemed so averse to continue the subject that I did not like to say anything further."

"I don't wonder," half-sighed Eve.

"He is very much handsomer," continued Sylve, twisting the knife that she had deliberately thrust into Eve's heart, "and is admired extremely for his melancholy beauty—they call him the Dane, and he is resolute in avoiding the society of ladies. He only came here as a special favor; said he should not probably attend another party this year."

Eve was silent.

"We, you know, do not think so much of the distinction of birth."

"Oh!" cried Eve, with a shudder, "but think, the son of a slave—the disloyalty of Colonel Wilde—the crime!—his father a married man. No, no! I could not marry him if the loss of his love killed me."

"But he is not to blame," ventured Sylve.

"We won't talk of it," said Eve, and as she caught up her work, her face glowing with excitement, and trembling from head to foot, the door opened, and in came Flix Forester and—Doctor Wilde.

Sylve sprang to her feet, a welcome on her lips. Eve's hands fell lifeless, and she looked up with parted lips, wild eyes and hurried breathing.

"I have brought an old friend to see you," said Flix to Eve, coming forward. What could she do but rise—but give the shaking, burning hand to his strong grasp; but feel the exulting, rapturous thrill that even pride could not keep down in the heart that had been, was still, his.

"Sylve," said Flix, "my mother has returned." She took the hint, gathered up her work, and, though Eve rose and implored with eyes and gesture, she bade a smiling good-morning. Eve also made a step forward as if to go. Flix was already gone.

"Pardon me for detaining you," said Doctor Wilde, "I particularly wish to see you alone."

The conflict of her feelings made her sick and faint. The room began to spin round, so she could do nothing but sink helplessly into her chair. Must the old battle be fought over again—the old terror gone through with?

"I am sure you must pity me, for, with the loss of your love, I have the galling sense of an injury done me which is beyond my power to repair. All my life long the shadow of another's wrong-doing will blacken my life. I dare not curse his memory, he was so noble—everything that was great and heroic to me."

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Eve was silent. Her tongue felt hot—her throat was burning.

"I came to see you because of a dream I had. It may be foolish, but ever since I have felt that it devolved upon me, if the thing was possible, to rescue my father's name from infamy."

"Oh, if it could but be done!" sobbed Eve

"If it could be! That has been my cry for months, bowed down and overwhelmed as I have been with the degrading sense of my position. But I will tell you the dream; it was very simple: I thought my father came to me looking sorrowful, and all he said was, 'Ray, I cannot rest—I cannot rest.'

"'Because you have injured me?' I asked.

"'No, no, I never did. You are my lawful son,' was his reply. 'Look in the box.' You may think it strange that I should attach so much importance to a dream, but when I waked up I could think of nothing else. I reflected that my father was a writer for the press—that he seldom wrote on ordinary note-paper, or, if he did, always on detached pages. So confirmed did this habit become, that he wrote his letters in the same way."

Eve sat looking at him vaguely.

"Oh, is there any way to clear him?" she cried.

"I believe there is. Have you that box still in your possession?"

"Yes—oh, yes! Shall I get it?"

"Have you ever found the secret spring?"

"Never, though I have often tried."

"Will you let me try?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" her face was all eagerness. She looked the blooming girl she had been the year before, as she arose and hurried out of the room. Presently she returned with the box. He took it and looked it over carefully.

"You say Miss Sylve did not know the secret of the false bottom?"

"No; she tried as often and as anxiously as I did."

"Have I your permission to break the box?"

"Anything, anything! Break it—burn it—I have hated it ever since."

He took it to the marble hearth. A few sharp strokes and the box was in fragments, and there lay on the marble a folded paper similar to the one that had caused so much sorrow. Both Raphael and Eve gave a quick cry of apprehension, of relief.

"Here is the other page," said Ray, producing the yellowed paper, which he had all along kept in his pocketbook, and unfolding it. His hands shook, he was deadly pale. He read with staring eyes.

"My poor father! my noble father! How could I distrust him for a moment. Oh, father, father, I ask your pardon before God!" he cried, passionately, falling on his knees as he glanced over the page. "Here, Eve, here is all the letter, as I thought. Read it, and see how wickedly unjust we have been to one of the purest men that ever lived!"

Eve took the paper. She could scarcely read for blinding tears. She caught her breath at the strong thrill and presentiment that rushed through her whole being at the thought that this terrible imputation was as unjust as untrue. This is as the letter stood as a whole:

First Page.

"WILDE COTTAGE, Jan. —, 187–.

"MY DEAR COLONEL:—You know that *I* have bitter enemies. I have made them all my life, God knows how; but I have also strong friends, of whom you are the chief. If you hear the diabolical story that some of the first-named class have set afloat, put it down as a terrible lie, an *unqualified, brazen, cruel, malicious, cursed lie!* There, I shall not defend myself any more, but tell you what that gigantic falsehood is, in so many words. They say, then, that

Second Page.

Raphael is the son of my wife's favorite slave, Estelle, and I, having taken every pains to conceal this fact, and for fear it might sometime leak out, have caused free papers to be drawn up for him, which I have had since his infancy in my possession.

"And now I will turn to another and a pleasanter matter, for, as you may believe, my blood is on fire at the thought of this dreadful wrong. What would my dear wife say, who loves me so devotedly, if she should hear it? Why, I should feel like killing myself on the spot.

"Am I never to get away from this subject? I send you with this letter instructions with reference to the boy's education. God bless him: he is the idol of my heart. I hope he may make an honorable and useful man, and never hear one whisper prejudicial to his birth and my fair fame. You will take care of that, I am sure. I can safely trust myself in your hands, and my reputation. In most things I think I have been honorable, though I often find it on my lips to say like David, 'I am a sinful man, O God.' If I should fall in the coming struggle, you will know what to do in all respects. I have put my record in your hands. In great haste,

"Your ever loving friend,

"R. T. WILDE, Col. U. S. A."

"Now, what do you say?" Raphael stood there serene, triumphant as a young god.

What could she say? She felt in some way as if she had forfeited his love and respect for ever. That she should have for a moment believed such a thing seemed to her now the unpardonable sin. If only she had clung to him through all, how noble might she have appeared this moment in his sight. It seemed almost as if he read her thoughts.

"But for your prejudice," he said, in a calmer voice—"and how can I blame you for feeling as you did?—I should never have come to the truth. Let us thank God together, my love."

"Oh, not now; you will never feel towards me again as you did in the old time."

"Try me and see," he said, with a laugh that was very like a sob. He held his arms open, and what could she do but suffer him to fold her to his breast. In her life, at least, all was sunshine once more.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE UTICA CONVENTION.

NEW YORK, following the lead of Pennsylvania, has by its State Convention, pronounced in favor of General Grant as the Republican candidate for a third term of the Presidency. The convention was held on Wednesday, February 25th, in the Opera House, at Utica. Shortly after twelve o'clock General Arthur called the convention to order. The calling of the roll was a tedious procedure, because of frequent objections and motions to refer names of certain delegates to the Committee on Credentials. After this was accomplished, the Hon. Charles E. Smith, of Albany, was chosen temporary chairman, and on taking the chair delivered a brief but stirring address. When he alluded to Grant at Appomattox Court House a handsome banner with the General's portrait on it was unfurled in front of the stage. The temporary organization was soon completed, when the chairman announced the usual committees. A brief adjournment was then taken, and upon reassembling the convention adopted the reports of the Committees on Permanent Organization and on Resolutions. The report of the latter committee was read by Hon. E. W. Stoughton, ex-Minister to Russia. At its close Mr. Forster moved to amend that portion of the resolution pledging the State to Grant by substituting the name of J. G. Blaine. He moved to strike out all that portion of the resolution referring to a third term. It did not seem to him that this important question should be disposed of without hearing from the Republican counties of the State.

A delegate said the majority of the Republicans of Ontario County were opposed to instructions of any kind. They saw justice only in sending an unfettered delegation. They believed instructions wrong in principle and unwise in policy. He moved to strike out the name of Grant and leave the delegation unpledged.

Mr. Forster accepted the amendment.

The question being put on Mr. Forster's amendment, Senator Conkling rose, and, paying no attention to the cries of "platform," delivered the great speech of the convention from the floor. When the applause subsided at the close of the speech, the question was taken by yeas and nays on Mr. Forster's motion to amend the resolution by declaring in favor of the nominee of the Chicago Convention, whoever he may be, and it resulted in the negative—yeas, 180; nays, 217. The resolutions as reported by the committee were then adopted. The delegates to the Chicago Convention, the Presidential Electors and the members of the State Committee were announced, after which, and at 7:30 P. M., the convention adjourned *sine die*.

ADMISSION OF A COLORED LAWYER TO THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

MANY of our readers will remember a series of engravings that were published in the Summer of 1878, illustrating a novel system of silk-culture that had been established in Huntsville, Ala. The founder of this enterprise was Samuel Lowery, a native of Nashville, Tenn., born December 9th, 1823. His father was Elder Peter Lowery, a slave, who purchased the freedom of himself, his mother, three brothers, two sisters and a nephew, and became the first colored pastor of a church in the South, preaching in Nashville from 1848 to 1866. His mother, Ruth Mitchell, was a free woman who added the pecuniary results of her energy to the funds Peter had accumulated for the purchase of his freedom. The amount, $1,000, was paid over forty-seven years ago. Samuel was the only issue of the marriage. At the age of twelve years he was placed at Franklin College, Tenn., where, in spite of his color, he commanded the respect of the faculty and pupils. At the close of the war he began reading law, and was the first colored man ever admitted to the Supreme Court of Tennessee and the Courts of Northern Alabama. In 1868 he removed to Huntsville, Ala., where he opened a school, his daughters, Ruth and Anna, introducing sewing, knitting and needlework among the poor girls, and in their leisure devoting their attention to the care of their silkworms. In the Summer of 1878 Mr. Lowery appeared before many of the agricultural and scientific societies of the North and South with specimens of the silk that had been produced at his school.

The next appearance of Mr. Lowery was in Washington on the afternoon of February 21 last, where he was one of a group of persons engaged in a scene of the most notable character. A motion had been made in the United States Supreme Court before Chief Justice Waite, that the Hon. Joel Parker, twice Governor of New Jersey, be admitted to the Bar of the Court. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who was admitted to practice before that court by special Act of the last Congress, rose immediately and moved the admission of a lawyer from Alabama, who, she testified upon honor, possessed the necessary qualifications for practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. The lawyer whose admission she moved rose, and proved to be Samuel Lowery.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Lowery then stepped forward to the clerk's desk, placed their hands upon the same Bible and were sworn in together, standing very near to the niche where the bust of Chief Justice Taney, the author of the Dred Scott decision, is placed.

IRISH REMITTANCES TO FRIENDS IN IRELAND.

BESIDES the collections which are going on in all parts of the country at the call of humanity—speaking through the press under the lead of the New York *Herald*, and through the pulpits in every State—there is another silent stream of money steadily flowing from this country to Ireland. It is a perennial stream, but at present it has swollen like a river when the snows of Winter dissolve on the mountain side under the solar heats of Spring. No people are more devoted to their own than the Irish. As prosperity came to the immigrant here, his or her first thought was for those at home. The money that could be saved was sent to bring out sister or brother, and to give comfort to the declining years of parents whose infirmities unfitted them for a further struggle with the ills which beset the poor man in Ireland.

Knaves and thieves saw in this trait of the Irish a field for speculation. Private concerns advertised and sold drafts on Ireland which the unwary bought only to have them returned as worthless, and to learn that the mother whose wants it was to meet had in fact gone to the poorhouse or perished of starvation. Strong men, who had worked overtime for months to gather what they thus invested, staggered and fell as though struck by lightning when the terrible truth came.

The Irish Emigrant Society in New York, formed to protect the immigrant who lands here little versed in the trickeries that surround him, made it one of its first tasks to open accounts with the Bank of Ireland and keep a deposit there against which they could draw bills that would be cashed without delay in every parish of the island. For years this safe channel has borne to Ireland the millions of dollars sent over by those whose industry and self-denial gave them the means.

The Society rolls up no wealth. All that is made by the sale of the drafts is divided annually among charitable institutions laboring for the good of the immigrants or their children. The profit coming from immigrants goes back to them as a class. At the commencement of the present year the profits of 1879 were sent to the relief of the poor in Ireland through the President, James Lynch, Esq.

Just before steamer day the Emigrant Savings Bank, in whose rooms the Society transacts its business, is crowded with those who bring money or draw it from their savings deposited there in order to buy bills on Ireland. Many, of course, are small—from one pound upwards. The old man and old woman, who show in form and clothing that they have fought a hard battle for life, come to send some of their dearly bought means to those whom hunger stares in the face. The younger, who can still feel reliance on the future which their energy and industry promise, can do more. The aged parent at home must be made comfortable or be brought over. With some letters go means to reach a port and take a passage to this country, where loving hands and hearts are waiting to receive the fugitives from the land smitten by famine.

The great contributor is the Irish servant-girl in America, who, early and late, gives freely of the fruit of her toil to her suffering kindred. The amount of money transmitted by this one agency alone—and it is not the only one of its kind—may be judged by the fact that since its institution in 1842 it has remitted thirty millions of dollars to Ireland. The remittances now are from fifty to one hundred per cent. above the usual average at this season. During the last four months nearly thirteen thousand drafts were sold, amounting to about fifty thousand pounds sterling—a quarter of a million of dollars—carrying relief to every county and every parish in Ireland. The largest amounts went to Cork, Limerick, Kerry, Cavan, Galway, Derry, Sligo, Mayo and Fermanagh. The exact figures are:

	Drafts.	£	s.	d.
November, 1879	1,228	7,677	17	0
December, "	5,177	14,777	16	8
January, 1880	3,433	13,126	2	5
February, "	3,300	13,537	13	3
Total	12,838	£48,619	9	4

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Committee appointed by the French Minister of Public Instruction has awarded the *Prix de Volta*—50,000 francs—to Graham Bell.

The Death is Announced, at the age of sixty three years, of Mr. David Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen.

At Geneva an International Exhibition of clocks and watches, and of all machines, implements, utensils relating to clock-making, will be held during May and June next.

The Average Life of a paper wheel under trucks of locomotive engines ranges from 500,000 to 1,641,850 miles, and under dining and palace cars from 794,000 to 868,336 miles.

In the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland, the ground is frozen so hard that before a grave can be dug great fires have to be made in the churchyards, and in some instances, when this expedient proved unavailing, the gravediggers were compelled to use dynamite.

A Mineral White for painting purposes has been discovered, the basis of which is sulphide of zinc, which is fully equal to white lead, being a fine white pigment, with a covering power when mixed with oil twenty-five per cent. higher than that of carbonate of lead.

The French Government have intrusted M. Th. Lécart with a "gratuitous" mission to investigate the ornithology and entomology of the region between the Senegal and the Niger, and MM. Brau de St. Pol-Lias and E. de Lacroix to collect ethnographical specimens in Sumatra.

The Inauguration of the new crematorium at Milan took place on December 26th, 1879, under the presidency of Dr. de Christoforis, who is president of the society. The members of the society now number more than 200. During the three years it has existed forty-eight cremations have taken place.

We Regret to state that General Morin, the well-known director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, is lying in a very precarious state in consequence of a severe cold. Great anxiety is felt for him at the Institute, of which he is one of the most respected and popular members. The General is aged eighty-five years.

M. Savorgnan de Brazza, who is now on the west coast of Africa, has been intrusted by the French branch of the International African Association with the formation of their first station, which will probably be located on the upper waters of the Ogowé, where M. de Brazza has already made important geographical discoveries. Captain Bloyet is to be the founder of the other station on the opposite side of the continent.

A New Photographic Process has been discovered in Japan. One of the substances employed in the manufacture of Japanese lacquer has the property of becoming almost as hard as stone under the action of light. A slab covered with this material and duly exposed behind a photographic negative for twelve hours is scraped, when the softer parts are rubbed away, and the hardened portions stand out in a low relief. The slab can then be used as a block for printing.

A New Application of the Ruhmkorff coil has been made in the neighborhood of Marseilles. Instead of using birdlime on the trees which are frequented by birds of passage, a copper wire is wound around the trunk and a decoy attached to a neighboring staff. When the flock has been attracted by the decoy a shock is sent by the commutator, and the birds are more surely stunned than by a rifle. Experiments of a similar kind have also been made by M. Dalmas upon the vines of his country seat. The powerful electric shocks are reported to have destroyed the parasites and their eggs.

M. Brau de St. Pol-Lias, the originator of the "Colons-Explorateur" scheme, has communicated to the French Geographical Society a letter which he has received from Dr. Röss, a missionary in Sumatra, in which he furnishes the geographical results of a journey in the Batak country. His examination of Lake Toba shows that there is no river flowing out at the northeast, as has been previously supposed, and that, contrary to earlier statements, there is a river flowing out of the south end of the lake, which is thought to empty into the sea on the east coast of the island, though its course does not appear to have been examined so far at present.

A New Buoyant Life-saving Rocket is described by the London *Engineer* as manufactured at the Woolwich Arsenal. Substantially it is the Boxer rocket to a coating of cork. This coating enables the rocket to float on the water with the rope attached after it has been discharged over the sea. The rocket is capable of carrying a one-inch or 1¼ inch coir line a distance of more than a hundred yards, and will then have buoyancy enough to support itself with the line. In case the rocket is badly aimed, or should fall short, it is claimed that the line can always be recovered, and that in many cases the rocket may be picked up by the crew of a wrecked vessel with a boat-hook.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL, formerly Miss Jerome, of this city, has an infant son.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS, author of the "Epic of Hades," has received a decoration from the King of Greece.

THE King of Portugal has followed up his translation of "Hamlet" by one of the "Merchant of Venice."

THE present Marquis of Anglesey comes into a splendid landed property with an estimated income of $500,000 a year.

LOUIS BLANC, by the death of M. Cremieux, becomes the sole survivor of the Provisional Government of February, 1848.

LEO XIII. has suffered slightly from cold during the present rigorous Winter at Rome, but otherwise his health, it is said, never was better.

THE Queen's speech was written almost entirely by the Earl of Beaconsfield, though Earl Cairns and the Marquis of Salisbury gave him some slight assistance.

COUNT ST. VALLIER, after several interviews with M. De Freycinet and M. Gambetta, has consented to continue in his post of French Ambassador at Berlin.

MR. BRET HARTE has been invited by Sir Frederick Leighton to respond to the toast "Literature" at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy on the 1st of May.

M. JULES FAVRE has not left a fortune as considerable as might have been expected, judging from his renown as an advocate and the high posts he filled. Each of his three children will have about $10,000.

MR. FAIRMAN ROGERS has declined to accept the post of Provost of Pennsylvania University, left vacant by Dr. Stille. It has been offered to the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and he has not yet decided upon an answer.

PROFESSOR ROSCOE, of Owens College, Manchester, says he regards the evidence thus far submitted by Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay as insufficient to establish the conclusion that he has discovered a process for making diamonds.

MRS. KIRTLAND, of Chicago, has completed a model for a statue of Oliver P. Morton, to be erected at Indianapolis, representing the great war Governor as he appeared ten or fifteen years ago, and it is greatly praised by those who have seen it.

MISS CONSTANCE E. YORKE, daughter of the late Hon. Grantham Yorke, D.D., Dean of Worcester, has within four months of his death married the Hon. and Rev. William H. Lyttleton, a sexagenarian widower of some two years' standing.

MR. ALLEN, the American accredited as Hawaiian Minister to the United States, appeared at the recent diplomatic reception decorated like his peers. He wore across his chest the Hawaiian Grand Order of Knighthood and its broad blue ribbon.

JOHN LEMOINNE, editor of the *Journal Des Debats*, Paris, was elected a Senator for life on February 22d. He received 142 votes, and 95 votes were thrown against him, of which the greater number were blanks, while about 20 were for various other candidates.

REV. DR. ELSNER, of Samrodt, Prussia, has celebrated a very uncommon anniversary, the sixtieth anniversary of his being made doctor of philosophy by the University of Breslau. He has been pastor in Samrodt fifty-five years, and is eighty-five years of age.

THE statue of the Prince Imperial, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, represents a recumbent figure with the hands crossed on the breast and clasping a sword, the helmet at the foot. It will be several months before the monument can be completed.

COUNT CHRISTIAN DANNESKYOLD-SAMSÖ, a member of the highest Danish nobility, taking rank immediately after the princes of the blood royal, is mentioned as the possible new Danish Minister to England. His wife was, as a girl, the companion and friend of the Princess of Wales

MRS. MARIE LOUISA ELLIS, for eighteen years inspectress in the employ of the United States Government, and detailed for duty on the Hamburg and German Lloyd line of steamers, has died in New York. She was remarkable for her shrewdness, and through her efforts the Government arrested out many notorious female diamond smugglers.

JOSEPH E. TEMPLE, a retired Philadelphia merchant, has made a gift, amounting in all to $80,000, to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, on condition that the galleries shall be free to the public on certain days of every exhibition week, and that part of the income shall be devoted to encouraging art by giving prizes and buying works of American artists.

THE Belgian Queen still so fondly cherishes the memory of her only son, the Duke of Brabant, who died in January, 1869, that she has never since permitted any Court festivities to be held during that month. Prince Baudouin, the son of her brother-in-law, Philip, Count of Flanders, is the heir to the Belgian throne. The boy is now eleven years old.

THE Emperor William, feeling the weight of his years, extremely dislikes to have his son, the Crown Prince, leave him even for short journeys. His Majesty, who has hitherto borne the fatigue of the court season remarkably well, astonishes everybody by his freshness and vigor. He is said to be far from pleased at the early close of this year's festivities, which terminated rather prematurely, owing to the speedy commencement of Lent.

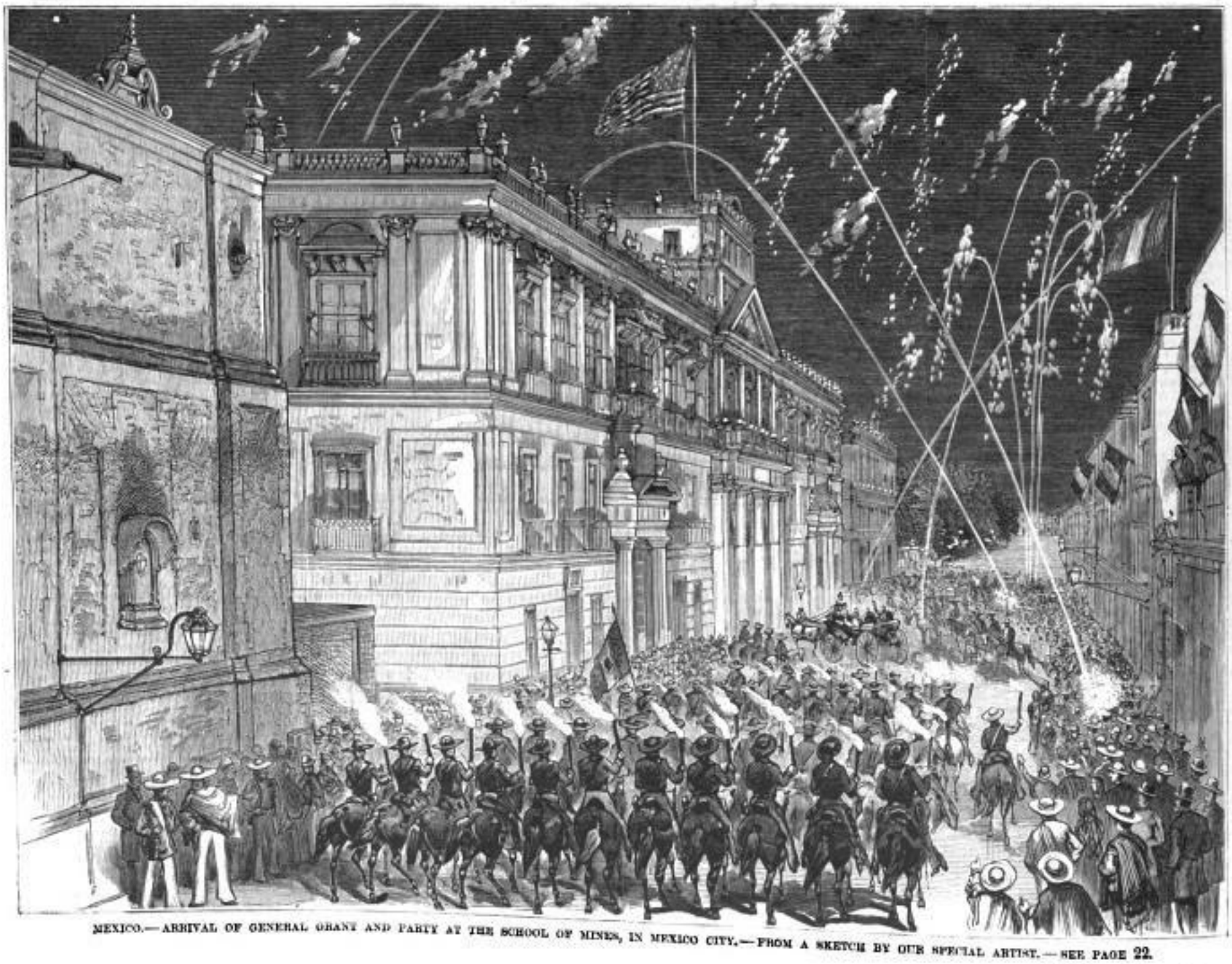
SIR EDWARD THORNTON, the British Minister at Washington, has now served there twelve years, only one year less than his father, who passed thirteen years in the British diplomatic service in this country. Mr. Edward Thornton, the father, was first vice-consul in Baltimore, and afterwards was in Washington as Secretary of Legation with Mr. Hammond, the first Minister sent to our Government by England. Afterwards the elder Thornton was Charge d'Affaires of the British Legation here.

SIGNOR TURINI.—This distinguished sculptor is engaged upon a bust of the late Frank Leslie. It is life size, and already does it seem illuminated by the bright electric smile which lighted up Mr. Leslie's face as with a flash. The expression, too, is life-like, and the easy carriage of the head is after Signor Turini's happiest method. Signor Turini, who is gold medalist and doubly decorated, is also at work upon other subjects, and a visit to his studio brings one face to face with more than one notability "done in marble."

THE ex-Empress Eugénie's visit to Zululand will be so arranged that she will reach the spot where her son fell on the 1st of June at the very hour of the struggle and death. The Empress, in a recent interview with a French journalist, pointed out that the wounds on the Prince's arm attested the fierceness with which he defended himself. "This movement of covering himself with his arm," she said, "was a habitual, instinctive gesture with the Prince; often in our leisure hours when I played with him in his youth, at the slightest sign of attack he covered his breast with his arm as with a shield."

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D. C.—ADMISSION TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT OF THE FIRST COLORED LAWYER, AT WASHINGTON, FEB. 25.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.



MEXICO.—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY AT THE SCHOOL OF MINES, IN MEXICO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 22.

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THE LATE CONSTANTINE BRUMIDI.

CONSTANTINE BRUMIDI, the fresco-painter, who died in Washington, D. C. on February 19th, 1880, was born in Rome on the night of July 26th, 1805. At the age of thirteen years he became a member of the Academy of Arts in Rome, and began painting frescoes during the same year. He studied with Podesti, Coghaetti and Capalti, and for many years the four artists worked together in the great palaces of Rome. When Gregory XVI. was Pope, the same young men worked for three years on the third story of the Vatican Gallery. In 1848 Brumidi painted a portrait of Pius IX., who made him a captain in the National Guard. The artist still kept steadily at his work, however, and painted the "Resurrection of Lazarus." At the time of the Italian revolution Brumidi joined the Democratic party, and when the Republic went down before the eagles of France, he came to America. He went to Washington in 1852, and there made his application for naturalization. In 1854 he went to Mexico. Returning to Washington in the same year, he was employed by Quartermaster General M. C. Meigs, then a captain in the army and superintendent of the Capitol building. His first work in the Capitol was on the walls of the room used by the House Committee on Agriculture, which he has declared "was the first real frescoing ever done in this country." Since then all the frescoing work on the interior of the Capitol has been done by Brumidi.



THE LATE CONSTANTINE BRUMIDI, DECORATOR OF THE DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BRADY.

The work with which the spacious friese of the Rotunda, nearly four hundred feet in circuit and some ten feet wide, is being filled, is a series of plain fresco-relievo scenes, full-life-size. The beginning of the work is over the west entrance to the Rotunda, with an allegorical group consisting of the Goddess of Liberty, in an erect position, with spear and shield, with an expectant eagle perched at her feet, and the Muse of History sitting at her left, with pen and open book, ready to record the history of the country. Behind this group, on its left, the direction the work takes has just landed one of the Spanish boats, full of officers and men, in the costumes and equipments of their day, with Columbus in the act of stepping down a plank and bearing on his left arm a flag, ready to be unfurled.

Another scene, proceeding to the spectator's right, is Pizarro about to mount his horse for an overland trip to Peru. A cactus bush intervenes, and then comes the scene of Cortez, with his staff, entering the halls of the Montezumas, where he is politely received by the gentle Mexican.

Next comes the Burial of De Soto, at night, in the Mississippi River, the scene consisting of a boat in the edge of the river, and filled with priests and attendants, bearing torches, crosses, etc. A priest, standing at the feet, with an open book-of-rites, is performing the funeral ceremonies.

The scene next in order is Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith and the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. Much of this fresco-work remains to be done.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

LADY FRANCES ANNE EMILY VANE, eldest daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., was married, in 1843, to the sixth Duke of Marlborough, who, since 1876, has been Viceroy of Ireland. Two sons and six daughters are the issue of this union. Her Grace's name has of late been prominently brought before the public because of the energy she has displayed in initiating a fund for the relief of the Irish distress. In her letter, which appeared in the public journals of December 18th last, she predicted—and her forecast has already been painfully fulfilled—that "in most of the western districts of Ireland there will be extreme misery and suffering among the poor, owing to want of employment, loss of turf, loss of cattle and failure of potatoes, unless a vigorous effort of private charity is got up to supplement the ordinary system of Poor Law Relief." Her Grace proposed to meet this distress by organizing a Central Committee in Dublin, aided by local committees



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, WIFE OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.



NEW YORK CITY.—IRISH DEPOSITORS OF THE EMIGRANT SAVINGS BANK WITHDRAWING MONEY TO SEND TO THEIR SUFFERING RELATIVES IN THE OLD COUNTRY.—SEE PAGE 27.

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elsewhere, and suggested that the money collected should be spent on fuel, food, clothing, especially for the aged and weak, and in small sums to keep out of the workhouse the families of the able-bodied in temporary distress. Besides the "Duchess of Marlborough's Fund," which is intended for the most distressed districts in the South and West, there is also the (Dublin) Mansion House Fund, which embraces the whole country in its object.

The latest letter of Her Grace gives the very satisfactory intelligence that there is no immediate prospect of starvation, although it fully recognizes the prevailing distress.

A Road to Success.

IN modern times the most important part of every dealer's business is advertising it. When trade is brisk he is encouraged to make a still larger investment in publicity, and when it is depressed he rightly can see no better cure than advertising more widely. In point of fact, the first item of expenditure which an experienced dealer increases and the last one which he reduces is the item for advertising. It is a lottery in which there are no blanks, but many gigantic prizes. With advertising so universal and the competition among advertisers so keen it is unnecessary to say that an infinite number of methods have been devised to suit the fancy of those who have anything to dispose of. Perhaps American ingenuity has never distinguished itself more than it has in the invention of advertising schemes; certainly in no other department of the business of daily life has American ingenuity so completely failed to improve upon first principles. Liberal use of the best newspaper mediums of publicity is the one practical thing upon which the sound theorizer and the experienced man of business agree. It must be said, too, that in no other of her schools does Experience charge dull or willful scholars such high tuition fees. Against the disfigurement of natural scenery by painted signs decent people long ago rose in wrath. The credulous dealer who puts his faith exclusively in circulars and handbills has but to follow a postman or an animated sandwich to be convinced that he has been willing to enrich the ragpicker and junkman. The "trade journal" hallucination, being a shadow of real journalism, is probably and naturally the strongest, but manufacturers and merchants are beginning to see that it is buyers they should seek to reach and not rival sellers. The unanimous experience of wise and liberal advertisers—that is to say, of all successful business men—is that of a New York merchant whose creed has been thus epigrammatically formulated: "If what you have to say be strictly true, say it in a good newspaper. Its readers are intelligent, will appreciate a bargain, and of every such customer you make an advertiser." To resort to poor methods when a good method is available is in effect to indicate parsimony or ignorance, neither of which qualities is compatible with business success.—*New York World.*

The Soko.

WHAT was the Soko? Was it man or ape? The tribes of Central Africa, all along the Livingstone River, from Nyangwe to the cataracts, declared the Soko to be a monkey, and as such hunted it and ate it. They hunted and ate men, too, it is true; but then they distinguished the one from the other, and never mistook men for monkeys. Mr. H. M. Stanley, however, brought home the skulls of two "Sokos," which had been eaten by an affable chief with whom he forgathered one day, and Professor Huxley at once pronounced them to be human. Was Africa in a conspiracy to play off a practical joke upon the great explorer, or is European science wrong in its differentiation of man and ape? The gorilla has long ago been degraded to its proper rank, and the "mam" of Sind turned out to be no nearer a man than a bear. But Central America has now come forward with the Susumeta, and so far as descriptions go at present this animal—or person—would appear to come as near ourselves as the Soko, for the other natives of its forests, whom we call men and women, call the Susumeta human. A European, one Mr. Auguste, of Cay, avers that he saw one killed, and has never been able to shake off the idea that homicide was committed, adding that "the animal" was as much a man as himself.

The Fiji Islands.

THE Islands are situated in latitude 18° south, nearly in a direct line between San Francisco and Sydney, 1,400 miles from the latter port, and about the same distance from New Zealand, Tahiti, Honolulu, the Marshal Islands, Caroline Islands and New Guinea, and half as far from New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, Solomon, Ellice, Samoan and Friendly groups. Amid all these, Fiji is a central point, with the prospect of great commercial facilities when Micronesia—a name including those small islands of the South Pacific—is well supplied with steam-vessels. Five years ago Fiji became a British colony, but the civilized authority was so weak in some of the smaller islands, or districts remote from the seaports, that cannibalism did not cease till two years later. "Long Pig" has ceased to appear on the native bills of fare. There is an orderly Government, with police, courts of justice, public records, and last, but not least, a regular system of taxation. The group has an area of 7,000,000 acres, much of which belongs to the Colonial Government, and is offered for sale at $5 an acre for first-class and less for poorer qualities. The area cultivated by white settlers is 13,000 acres, and no mention is made of the acres sold to white men, belonging to natives, or of unsold of the first quality. The group has 80 islands, making an archipelago 320 miles long by 250 wide. There are 120,000 natives, including 20,000 available for work, but, when employed as laborers, they idle away their time, unless closely watched. Their wages are $20 a year, besides food, clothing and tobacco, costing $20 more, making the total expense less than $4 a month. Natives of New Britain and New Ireland, hired by terms of three years at $20 a year, are more industrious. With such wages, there is no chance for a white man to make anything as a laborer, and there is little opportunity to make much as an employer unless he has $10,000 capital to begin with. The chief exports are cocoanuts, cotton and sugar, and it is supposed that coffee will be largely cultivated. The dried cocoanut, called copra, makes up nearly two-thirds of the exports; one of the 13,000 acres planted by white settlers, 6,000 are in cocoanuts, 2,000 in cotton, 1,300 in sugar-cane, 1,000 in coffee and 250 in arrow-root. We are told that all these can be cultivated profitably. January, the hottest month has a mean temperature of 84°, with a maximum of 99° in the shade, and 160° in the sun; and July has a mean of 73°, with a minimum of 61° three feet from the ground, 55° in the grass, and a maximum of 85° in the shade and 140° in the sun. There is never a month when the heat does not go to 140° in the sun. The coldest month of Fiji is about 20° hotter than the warmest in San Francisco, if the adjective cold can be applied to any month in the former place or warm to any in the latter. Though Fiji has 100 inches of rain in the average year, it has only 130 rainy days, and the climate is generally considered a very pleasant one for those accustomed to the torrid zone. There are no malignant fevers or malarial diseases, and the vegetation is most luxuriant and beautiful. Taken altogether, Fiji will always be considered a tropical paradise.

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FISK & HATCH.

FUN.

VERDICT in the Cowley case: "We find that Cowley bought a bottle of anti-fat by mistake for soothing syrup."

AMONG men and woman it is the religious ones that keep Lent most faithfully, but the case is different with books.

"Do you use many flowers on your table?" asked Mrs. Murray Hill of a Southern visitor. "Well, yes," was the reply: "we have wheat and rye bread for breakfast, but the old man will stick to corn dodgers."

THE baggage-master of the Central Pacific Railroad says that he recently saw a Chinese cigar manufacturer pasting on his boxes labels on which was printed, "The Chinese Must Go." Asking the Chinaman what he did that for, the reply was, "Sand-lot man he read that, buy the box, smoke my cigar."

A GENTLEMAN who was given to boasting and was apt to make critical comments on the company whenever he was invited out, said to Jerrold, "I dined at the Marchioness's the other day, and, would you believe it, they had no fish!" Jerrold thought a moment, and then replied, "Ah, well, I suppose it was all eaten up-stairs."

PHYSICIANS are a favorite target for the arrow of the wit. Here is an arrow which is still shivering where it struck:

"My dart," cried Death, "I cannot find,
So now I'm quite at sea."
Quoth Dr. Bolus, "Never mind—
There, take this recipe."

A GENTLEMAN who took rather a broad view of things in general recently lost his wife. Seeing him a few days afterwards, and without any badge of mourning, a friend remonstrated, and hinted that when so close a relation was broken, the courtesies of life demanded some recognition of it in the style of dress. "Quite true," he replied, "but, don't you see, Maria was no relation of mine. I only married her, and why should I put on black?"

WHEN a child in a small Bavarian village was being catechised by a priest, and asked how many things are necessary in a service of baptism, he promptly replied: "Three, father." "Ah, you stupid," replied the holy man, "I thought everybody knew that only two are absolutely necessary: first, water, and second, the Bible. Now, young sir, won't you tell us what are the three?" The boy looked up with a bland smile, and answered: "My father, the three are—first, water; second, the Bible; and third, a baby."

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R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

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JUDITH BURNETT.

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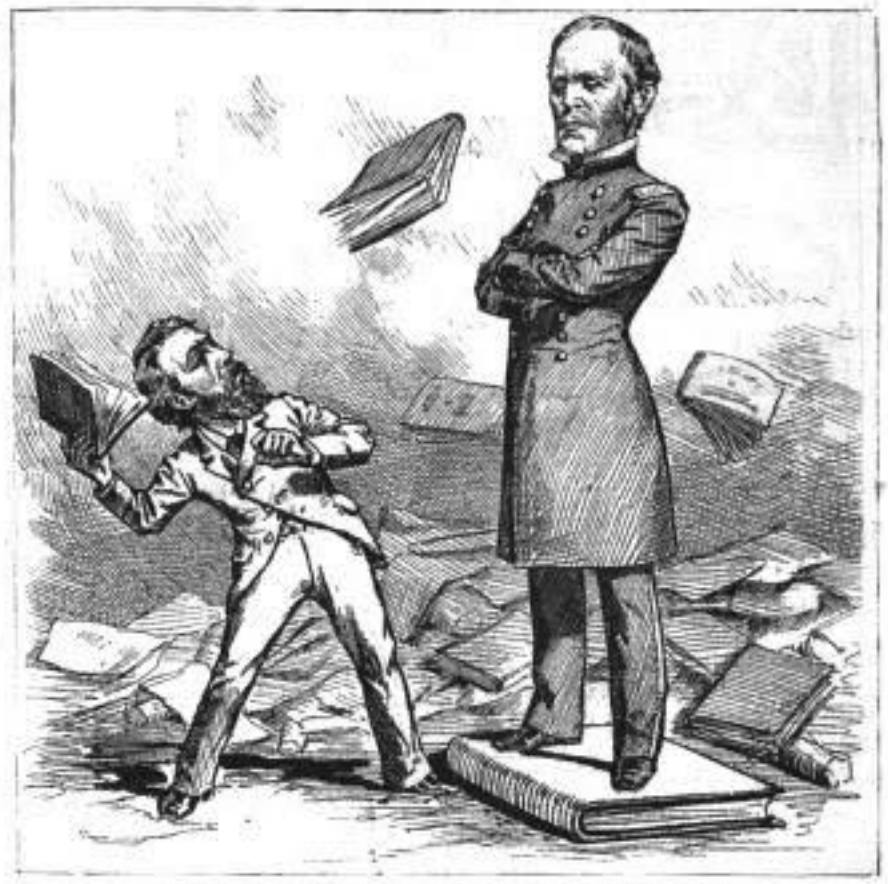
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Shade of Maximilian—"*Beware!*"

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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1880.

NOTICE.

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53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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In the present number we begin a new serial from the polished and graceful pen of Charles Dimitry, an author too well known by efforts in drama and fiction to require any commendation here. "Gold Dust and Diamonds" attracts by its title, and the story turns on a buried treasure, involving dramatic scenes, with plot and counter-plot, in our own and other countries. It is a story that will interest readers of all ages, as the plot, strikingly original in conception, in its working out gives scope to fine delineation of character. All the incidents are well managed and interesting, and the treasure, when found, crowns the happiness of two loving hearts.

"CIVIL RIGHTS" DECISIONS.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has just rendered three very important decisions falling under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and the Acts of Congress passed in pursuance of that amendment for the purpose of affirming the equal civil rights of colored citizens of the United States. By the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment it is declared that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Section 641 of the Revised Statutes of the United States provides that when any civil suit or criminal prosecution is commenced in any State court against any person who "is denied or cannot enforce" in the judicial tribunals of the State "any right secured to him by any law providing for the equal civil rights of citizens of the United States," such civil suit or criminal prosecution may, upon petition of the defendant (filed in the State court before the trial or final hearing of the cause), be removed to the next circuit court of the United States that shall be held in the district where the cause is pending. Section 1,977 of the Revised Statutes ordains that "all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall have the same right, in every State and Territory, to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, give evidence, and to the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of persons and property, as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishment, pains, penalties, taxes, licenses and exactions of every kind, *and to no other.*"

In the case of Taylor Strander *vs.* the State of West Virginia, as decided by the United States Supreme Court on Monday last, it appears that Strander, a colored citizen of the United States, was indicted for murder in the State court in the month of October, 1874; and when his case came on to be heard he petitioned for its removal to the United States Circuit Court, on the ground that the exclusion of colored citizens from juries by the Act of the State Legislature of March 12th, 1863, was in violation of his right to such "full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of persons and property as is enjoyed by white citizens." His petition having been denied by the State courts of West Virginia, it was brought to Washington on a writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, which has just decided that his issue was rightly joined, and that the statute of West Virginia, denying to colored citizens, on the ground of color, the right and privilege of participating in the administration of the law as jurors, *is* in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and of the Acts of Congress passed in enforcement of its provisions.

The case *ex parte* the Commonwealth of Virginia was a petition for a writ of mandamus to compel Judge Rives, of the United States District Court for the Western District of Virginia, to restore to the State authorities two colored prisoners indicted for murder, and who had been taken by Judge Rives out of the possession of the State officers, and held for trial in the Federal court, on the ground that these prisoners, as a matter of fact, had been denied the privilege of being tried by a mixed jury of white and colored citizens, while the law of the State makes no discrimination under this head on the score of color. The Supreme Court holds that the prohibitions of the Fourteenth Amendment have reference to State action exclusively, and not to any action of private individuals, while Section 641 of the Revised Statutes was intended for the protection of the colored race "against State action and against that alone." And since the constitution and laws of Virginia do not exclude colored citizens from service on juries, and since "mixed juries" are required neither by reason nor law, the Court holds that the action of Judge Rives was ill-advised in the premises.

The case of Judge Coles, indicted in the Federal Court for the Western District of Virginia, upon the charge of intentionally excluding all colored citizens from jury duty on account of their race, color and previous condition of service, and in violation of the Act of Congress of March 4th, 1875, which provides for the punishment of officers who exclude colored citizens from jury duty on the ground of color, came before the Supreme Court on a writ of *habeas corpus* and of *certiorari*, alleging that the arrest and imprisonment of Judge Coles were unwarranted, on the terms of his indictment, by the Constitution and laws of the United States. On this statement of facts the Supreme Court holds that the inhibition contained in the Fourteenth Amendment applies to any agent or officer of a State who, *by virtue of his office*, denies to colored citizens their equal civil rights under the Constitution and laws. The petition of Judge Coles for a writ of *habeas corpus* is therefore denied, and the case against him is left to be tried on its merits.

We have been thus particular in reciting the issues joined in these several cases because it seems to us that the principles enunciated by the supreme judiciary can be most clearly seen and most intelligently appreciated in the light of such an exposition. And we mistake the effect likely to be produced on the mind of the reader if the mere statement of the cases, considered in connection with the Constitution and laws under which they arise, does not carry with it an approval of the decision which has been reached in the premises. It is the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment and of the civil rights legislation enacted by Congress to establish and to maintain throughout the United States a perfect equality of civil rights among citizens of the United States without respect of color. It is to this badge of discrimination, and not to uniform and equal discriminations based on age, sex or intellectual qualifications, that the policy of the new legislation of Congress has been directed. Perfect equality before the law having been established by the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment for all citizens of the United States, irrespectively of color, and Congress having enforced that right by "appropriate legislation," the Supreme Court has but declared in those cases that it is among the civil rights of colored citizens not to be excluded from service on juries because of their color alone. How any other decision could have been reached, on the principles of jurisprudence recognized by the common sense of mankind, it passes our comprehension to understand. There is here no question properly raised between the supremacy of the Federal Government and the rights of the States. That question was raised and settled with regard to the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States when the States adopted so much of the Fourteenth Amendment as relates to the matter in hand. From that time forth it has not been among the reserved rights of the State "to deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." And surely it *is* to deny to colored persons the equal protection of the laws if, without regard to their character or qualifications, they are excluded from juries on the ground of color alone.

That the majority of the Court, notwithstanding the dissenting opinions of Judges Field and Clifford, have meant to hold the scales of justice with an even and steady hand, would appear from the cogent and clear-cut discriminations with which they have vindicated the action of the Virginia State Courts from the over-forward intervention of Judge Rives. The line which separates the legitimate jurisdiction of the States from the supremacy of the Federal Government is here clearly recognized, and the pretensions of that Federal judge, though assumed in the name of the civil rights of the colored citizen, are shown by the Court to be groundless. The due supremacy of the Constitution and the rightful autonomy of the States are equally upheld by the general drift of these important decisions, while the cause of personal liberty and of a sound national jurisprudence, founded on considerations of universal right and equity, has received a new attestation.

WHERE REFORM IS NEEDED.

NO man can hope to wear the judicial ermine in a Federal court unless he has won some sort of distinction in the legal arena. This only comes after long years devoted to the study and practice of his profession. Every officer in the United States Army and Navy has undergone educational preparation and been subjected to rigid examinations before attaining to a command. Subordinates in the several departments of the civil service, prior to appointment, have submitted to an inquisitorial pumping as to their stores of knowledge. All this is well. Without fitness the judiciary would become a reproach, the naval and military services lose their efficiency, and the civil service go to the dogs.

But there is one branch of the Government where men may enter without preparation or the least sort of fitness for the duties pertaining to their offices. Brains, culture and a knowledge of statesmanship are no longer requisites to a seat in Congress. Take a half-dozen men out of the present Senate and about as many from the House, and those bodies, weighed with reference to their capacity to legislate for the good of the country, will scarcely rise to the height of a respectable mediocrity. This accounts for all the visionary schemes and nonsensical plans which, when framed into Bills, astonish the public or create widespread alarm.

Congress stands charged with the care of every interest connected with the welfare and prosperity of the people. Each House has a Committee on Commerce, on Manufactures, Agriculture, Mines and Mining, Railroads, Education and Labor, and Finance, and yet the mass of members are no more fitted by an experimental knowledge to deal with these several matters than are the natives of Timbuctoo. A man may be a decent sort of pettifogger in a justice's court at home, or he may understand the manipulation of mining stocks, or he may be a respectable clergyman, stone-cutter, cattle-dealer, or what not, but what does he know of the wants of commerce, manufactures, agriculture, mining, transportation, or labor? and how, without previous training and knowledge, can he legislate understandingly with reference to finance, the tariff, and other matters affecting the condition of every man, woman and child in the country?

Does the civil service need reformation? Congress, most assuredly, offers a more inviting field for improvement. The fault lies with the people, and the reforming process must begin at local primaries, and thence be extended to nominating conventions and the polls. Good and competent men can be found associated with all political parties, and these should be preferred to partisan wireworkers and scheming politicians. Let not Congress be overlooked in any plan designed to reform the Government and make it more efficient.

NOTES ON FINANCE AND TRADE.

THERE has been a sharp twinge in the money market, to the great surprise and discomfiture of many people who have put faith in the success of the efforts of Secretary Sherman to make "everything lovely." The attempt to maintain an easy money market by providing the Bulls and Bears of Wall Street with funds to stimulate their speculations is as futile as to pour water down a rat-hole or to allay the thirst of an old toper by giving him an extra "nip." The cry is always for "more!" The demand for money grows with what it feeds upon, and low rates of interest cannot be promoted by encouraging speculation.

Secretary Sherman's course is not only resultless, therefore, as regards its avowed present object, but is full of danger, by promoting complications in the early future. Shall we have another Black Friday? It looks like it. The Federal Treasury should now be strengthening itself against the time when the country will need additional funds with which to "move the crops." The demand for this purpose begins in May. At the present moment all the exigencies of the money market ought to be supplied by the marketing of the great staples of the country—cotton, breadstuffs, provisions, etc. All these are passing to consumption or export with great rapidity, releasing the funds employed in carrying them. The action of Secretary Sherman has not, therefore, the excuse of any present necessity. It is extravagant, also. What business man would pay a premium for his notes, which, in a few months, he may redeem at par?

The danger to which the country is exposed is through the maintenance of speculation at fever heat at a time when the legitimate financial needs of the country are small. When they are larger the increased demands will come upon a money market already exhausted, and the effect can scarcely fail to be a serious crisis. It was so in 1869. When Mr. Boutwell came in as Secretary of the Treasury he was animated with the amiable but wholly unbusinesslike and unneeded purpose of promoting an advance in five-twenty bonds. Everything was shaped to that end, and the result was they rose to 1.20. To accomplish this the balance in the Federal Treasury was reduced extremely low. Speculation was promoted, the premium on gold advanced, and, finally, one day in September, came "Black Friday." Thousands were ruined, the Government disgraced, the financial situation demoralized, and the way opened for the panic of 1873.

We have not now, of course, the element of danger arising from a premium on gold, but, unless much care is taken, we shall have repeated, on a modified scale, the scenes of September, 1869. It is time to call a halt to the speculations on the Stock Exchange. The introduction and manipulation of worthless railway issues ought to cease, and it will cease when Mr. Sherman uses the public funds with better judgment. In merchandise, the "bulge" ceased some weeks since. Cotton, wheat, corn, pork and lard are all lower than in January. There is every disposition to sell these articles as rapidly as possible without accepting too great a reduction in values. An easy money market does not help them. But they will be in great danger, later on, when money will be needed to move the next crops. The relapse in the iron trade has been most decided, and is of great significance, as indicating that the speculation "boom," which began more than two years ago, has about exhausted itself. Legitimate influences begin to assert themselves, and what the business of the country now needs above all is to be left to those influences. It wants neither stimulant nor opiate. Prices are pretty well up, and yet not excessively or oppressively dear. The process of selling is daily relieving the money market. In the meantime the Federal Treasury may see its funds accumulate, without danger or inconvenience, making at the same time due provision for any emergency that may arise in the Summer or Autumn months.

WOMEN AS VOTERS.

THE often-repeated statement that the true enemy of the Women Suffragists is woman, and not the supposed-to-be inimical male, found a curious, almost an amusing, proof of illustration recently at Albany. The occasion was the first reading of Mr. Baker's Bill conferring upon women the right to vote for, and serve as, School Trustees. His plea for the Bill's being promptly acted and voted upon, was the urgent and pressing desire of the women of Syracuse to vote at an election for school officers to be held within a day or so. The Syracuse papers, however, cruelly drew attention to the humiliating truth that, up to a very late hour the night before the election, but one woman had thus far registered her name.

For over a quarter of a century there has been one text which has served the radical woman with an unfailing theme for her bitterest invective. That text has been the determined opposition, the obstinate prejudice, the seemingly ineradicable enmity in the male mind, against allowing women the right to vote, and the jealousy of the opposite sex in permitting women to participate in any of the departments of official life. To such charges the Legislature at Albany made a most pregnant answer. The Bill had the full indorsement of the Governor's sanction. It was carried at its first reading, and before the Bill itself was found to be unconstitutional, through all its stages without opposition. It may almost be said to have been passed unanimously, since there were but three dissenting voices, one of the reporters incidentally remarking that there was no more excitement exhibited, and quite as much indifference, as in the reading and passing of any other Bill.

As a somewhat curious contrast to this pacific condition of the male tyrant is the picture of the woman voters' attitude in Massachusetts. The law allowing women to vote for school officers has now been in operation long enough for it to have determined some test questions. Returns show that, thus far, the interest among women in educational matters is at the best but a lukewarm one. The voting woman, like her sister the radical, seems to be the exceptional woman; comparatively few women present themselves at the polls, and still fewer evince ambitious tendencies to aspire to the onerous duties of official life.

These signs are all the more significant since Massachusetts has not only been, of all the States, perhaps, the one the most prominent in furthering the woman's movement, but is foremost in advancing all matters pertaining to education. She also

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can justly lay proud claim to possessing by far a greater average of well-educated, earnest-minded and enlightened women than can be found in any other State in the Union. It would naturally be supposed that the women of that enterprising State, once having gained the right to the voting power, would only too eagerly have acted upon that right—all the more, since the matter of education comes home to every woman through her nearest and most sacred interests. It would be thought that, from a woman's point of view, the right to vote for the President of the United States would shrink to the proportions of a matter of secondary importance, compared to the inestimable privilege of a mother's right to cast her vote for those who shall oversee her children's educational career.

A prominent writer and thinker on modern affairs has said that but comparatively few enlightened women really take any vital interest in this matter of woman suffrage. Certainly the state of things in Massachusetts goes to prove the justice of such a conclusion. It leads one to conjecture whether, after all, the voting woman as a class really exists—whether she is not a creature still to be evolved—as, indeed, the nineteenth-century woman, with her graces of social refinement, her culture, and vigorous aptitude for independent thought has been the result of many centuries and of various phases of development. All processes of development are necessarily slow, and the political woman has, comparatively speaking, but very recently made her appearance; it will take some time before a sense of duty and a clear perception of the responsibilities of their voting power will develop in women unanimity of sentiment and action on the suffrage question. Women, in spite of their talent for impulse, are really conservative—a conservatism in which the emancipated woman sees only a proof of their bondage in ignorance. But the women of Massachusetts are many points removed from even a suspicion of ignorance; and yet with them, custom, habit and the tradition of centuries have proved stronger than an innovation founded upon a really rational basis of improvement.

The laudable attempt at Albany to offer a fair provision for testing the experiment of women's voting can only be justly considered tested when such length of time shall have elapsed as will allow for the gradual growth and education of the voting conscience among women.

Maine stands true to Blaine. The Republican Legislature has just elected delegates to the Chicago Convention in favor of the nomination of "the favorite son" for the Presidency. The delegation is headed by Hon. Eugene Hale, who so ably managed Mr. Blaine's case in the Cincinnati Convention four years ago.

Ex-Governor Parker, of New Jersey, has the Presidential bee in his bonnet, and, in a recent conversation, is alleged to have remarked that "If the best people of New Jersey will only rally around me, my nomination is sure." It is not to be presumed for a moment that the "best people of New Jersey" will be so cruel as to disappoint the hopes and expectations of the worthy ex-Governor.

A joint resolution has been introduced in the Senate recognizing Indians as citizens of the United States and of the States in which they reside. The resolution originates with a Senator representing a Southern State in which black men are not unfrequently denied their rights as citizens. The latter are certainly quite as fit to perform the duties and exercise the responsibilities of citizenship as the Indians in whose behalf Senator Morgan proposes his resolution.

The House of Assembly at Albany has passed the Bill to reduce the fares on the elevated railroads in New York city to five cents. Only ten votes in all were recorded against the measure. It is understood that desperate efforts will be made in the Senate to defeat the Bill, or so amend it as to destroy its vitality; but its supporters are hopeful of success there as well as in the House. Should it become a law, the fare on the surface railroads will probably be reduced to three cents.

A Washington paper having asserted the other day that a meeting was recently held at the residence of Mr. Tilden, at which that gentleman declared that he should be a candidate for renomination for the Presidency, a member of Mr. Tilden's household has authorized the statement that no such meeting was ever held, and that Mr. T. has never made or authorized the announcement in question. This is possibly true; but it is also true, we suspect, that Mr. Tilden means to obtain the nomination in question if he can do it, and will lose no opportunity to promote his chances to that end.

The reduction in the public debt for the month of February was over five and a half millions of dollars, notwithstanding the fact that over $6,000,000 was paid out during the month on account of pensions. The total revenues during the month were larger than those ever received before during the month of February under the present revenue laws, amounting to very nearly a million dollars a day. The receipts for customs during the month amounted to $16,800,000, while in the corresponding month of 1879 they amounted to only $10,800,000. The receipts from internal revenue last month were over a million greater than in February of last year.

A Bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Hon. S. S. Cox, to promote the efficiency of the Life-saving Service, provides for the award of one month's pay to officers or men for display of extraordinary gallantry in efforts to save life, and authorizes the payment of a pension of $15 per month to the widow of an officer who may have lost his life in the service or from wounds or sickness contracted while in the discharge of his duties, and $12 per month to the widow of a member of a crew. There is no branch of the public service in which greater heroism has been shown than that to which this Bill relates, and the provision here made for the recognition of deeds of special daring in the saving of human life will no doubt command, as it should, the hearty approval of Congress.

The principal event in the United States Senate during the past week, was a three days' speech by Senator Logan in opposition to the Bill to restore Fitz John Porter to the army and grant him an allowance of $60,000. Senator Logan's speech reviewed exhaustively the evidence in the case, and insisted that General Porter had been guilty of a positive disobedience of orders which resulted in the defeat of the Union arms at the second Bull Run Battle. The speech which was provoked by a defense of General Porter by Senator Randolph, his intimate personal friend, attracted more general attention than any other of the present session, the galleries being filled daily, and Senators and army officers manifesting the utmost interest in the discussion. It is not probable that the Bill will pass, unless it shall be made a party matter.

Direct trade between the grain-growing West and Europe has often been the subject of strong editorials, elaborate articles and convincing speeches, but, after all, it seems to amount really to very little. The trade has practically never amounted to anything. The reason is easily seen. Vessels small enough to thread the lake, river and canal systems from Chicago to the ocean cannot carry freight enough to pay for the venture. In 1877 the number of vessels that cleared from ports on our northern lakes for Europe was only three; in 1878 it ceased altogether, not a single vessel leaving from any lake port; while in 1879 it had recovered only to the extent of three vessels. The carrying capacity of six vessels in three years could not have interfered very seriously with the railroad traffic.

Is it not a little curious that our ardent teetotalers should have so long failed to recognize their smallest but most powerful assistant, the Grape Phylloxera, which has been for years, and is still, at work destroying thousands and tens of thousands of acres of the best vineyards of France and other grape-growing countries of Europe? This minute little insect, so small that it can scarcely be seen without the aid of a magnifier, while putting forth no wordy harangues like a Father Mathew or Gough, is all the while quietly sweeping away the great sources of supply of the rare and seductive wines and genuine brandies, and doing it as thoroughly as the most enthusiastic advocate of teetotalism could desire. The teetotalers' badge could appropriately bear the motto, "All Hail! Saint Phylloxera."

The Alumni of the United States Medical College know how to do the "correct thing," and to do it well. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a dinner lubricates business," and the dinner by which the business of this flourishing institution was lubricated on Friday night at the New York Hotel proved in every way worthy of the *élan* of the diners. From the terrapin soup to the canvas-backs, from the *cromesqui de foie gras* to the *suprême de volaille aux truffes*, from the speeches to the asides, everything was in "good form." The chair was ably filled by Dr. F. L. Pond, and the vice-chair by Dr. R. A. Gunn, the Dean of Faculty, who, if he be not a good fellow amongst kings, is of a verity a king among good fellows. About 130 persons sat down to dinner, the ladies, "doctors fair as Portia," serving in every sense to add additional charm to this really enjoyable *réunion*.

There is to be no reform in the tariff at the present session of Congress, both parties being evidently indisposed to take up the subject on the eve of the Presidential election. At a recent meeting of the Ways and Means Committee, it was determined, by a vote of seven to six, to postpone the consideration of the Bill to revise the duties on sugar, the Bill reducing the duty on steel rails, and the Bill providing that the duties on cotton and wool, cotton and woolen goods, earthenware, hemp, jute and flax goods, metals and wool, shall not in any case exceed fifty per cent. *ad valorem*. These Bills embody the most important modifications proposed in the present tariff, and their postponement will seriously disappoint a large number of people who believe that the best interests of the country would be promoted by essential changes in the tariff laws.

It is not at all probable that there are many persons in this country who know that many of our wild ferns, or brakes, as some of them are called, are edible, and are worthy of attention as an article of diet. Most of our larger indigenous species contain more or less starch, and when properly prepared are very palatable. In Japan the young, tender shoots are called *sorabi*, and are gathered and prepared somewhat as we gather and prepare asparagus; and later in the season the roots or subterranean stems are dug and crushed, the starch extracted by steeping in water, afterwards dried and kept for use. In some of the hilly regions of Japan the people live almost entirely upon the fern-shoots and the starch obtained from the roots. There are numbers of wild species of ferns in the United States closely allied to those of Japan, and without doubt equally as valuable for food.

Up to this time the Democratic majority in Congress has carefully avoided a revival of the partisan discussions of the extra session. But they evidently do not mean to abandon the position then assumed as to certain pivotal questions. It is stated, for instance, that the Marshals' Deficiency Bill, proposed by the Committee on Appropriations, contains a provision forbidding any money therein appropriated to be used to pay marshals for duties performed under the Election laws; and as this was the feature which caused the heated and protracted discussion at the extra session, it can scarcely be otherwise than that the consideration of this Bill will lead to another partisan contest. The Bourbons among the Democracy are evidently just as incapable now of learning wisdom from experience as they were six months ago, and if they still persist in their blundering course, disaster will as surely overtake the party in the next election as that election shall come around.

Count de Lesseps has received little encouragement in his canal project from the authorities in Washington. Both the President and Secretary of State are said to be determined to favor no enterprise which is prosecuted under the control and protection of a foreign government. It appears that the United States are bound by treaty with Colombia to guarantee and protect the territorial rights of that government if a canal is built, and this guarantee is of such a nature as to cover the whole ground, and make it impossible for a foreign power to interfere in any way. It is understood that the Interoceanic Canal Committee of the House will soon bring in a resolution on the general subject, and that the President will shortly thereafter make a communication in the matter to Congress. But while the Monroe Doctrine will be asserted by Congress and the Administration, it is not probable that the assertion will be made offensively, though it will be sufficiently clear and distinct to satisfy M. de Lesseps that he cannot look for much encouragement from official quarters here in aid of his enterprise.

In a letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce, Secretary Evarts, who has shown great interest in the extension of our export trade with the more remote peoples of the East, suggests that it would be well for the Chamber to "establish a kind of industrial museum, in which samples, obtained through United States consulates in the Eastern and African countries, as well as through the direct efforts of our shipmasters, might be open to the inspection of the manufacturers of New York and the neighboring States." Mr. Evarts fortifies his suggestion by the statement that our consuls frequently report that consignments of goods, made up at much expense for the supposed needs of a foreign market, have proved unsalable because not responding to the traditional tastes and wants of the people to whom they were offered in trade or barter. These consular officials, also, not unfrequently send samples of the goods having a ready native sale, with prices annexed, showing the tastes of the natives as to pattern or material, and a knowledge of the facts thus communicated might often be of convenience and value to exporters. This suggestion of the Secretary is an eminently practical one, and will no doubt receive the early and favorable consideration of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Governor of Virginia has entitled himself to the commendation of all honest men by his veto of the Bill passed by the Legislature practically repudiating the State debt. In his message giving his reasons for disapproving the Bill, he says that it "eliminates more than $13,000,000 of hitherto acknowledged principal of debt by one stroke of the pen. It eliminates one-half of the promised interest upon the residue; indeed, it proposes to pay no certain amount of interest, but only such sum as may be in the Treasury after future General Assemblies have disposed of what may seem to them proper; it then eliminates nearly all that may be left, by subjecting it to State, city and county taxation, and thus the holders of the State's obligations abroad and at home are treated worse than civilized nations in these latter days treat a public enemy." He adds, in conclusion:

"We may say, as we have ever done, that the State of Virginia does not mean to repudiate; but these declarations will not avail. The charges will be brought and fixed. Virginia's history will be stained with a deadly virus, which no efforts of ours or of those who will come after us can erase, and for which no future repentance can ever atone. With these views and convictions, I cannot put my signature in approval to this Bill. I respectfully return it to your honorable body in which it originated, because I believe it to be in violation of the Constitution of the State, in violation of the Constitution of the United States, in violation of the spirit which has ever moved and inspired the traditions of the Commonwealth and made her name so dear to her own citizens and so honored among men."

A two-thirds vote is necessary to pass the Bill over this veto, and this, it is confidently asserted, cannot be obtained.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The Five Cent Fare Bill passed the Assembly of New York on March 8th, by 83 votes to 10.

A tornado in Indiana and Ohio on March 5th resulted in the loss of considerable property and several lives.

The Florida Republican State Convention is to be held in Gainesville, Alachua County, on Wednesday, May 12th.

The California Senate has killed a Bill to compel foreign insurance companies to maintain a deposit in that State.

Mr. Windom has introduced a Bill into the Senate to establish national savings banks which shall invest all their deposits in Government securities.

A dinner was given to M. de Lesseps at Delmonico's, on March 1st, by many of the prominent citizens of New York, at which the Rev. Dr. H. S. Storrs presided.

At a special election in Hartford, Conn., March 1st, Charles C. Strong, Republican, was elected City Treasurer over John H. Brocklesby, Democrat, by a majority of 791.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company have received a proposition from Pacific railroads to renew the contracts on business to San Francisco, the steamship company to receive a monthly subsidy of $110,000.

The subject of Alaska was before both Houses of Congress on the 5th, a Bill for its organization as a Territory being reported in the Senate, and a resolution for a census of its people being offered in the House.

Isaiah C. Hanscom, ex-Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy Department, who had been ill for some weeks past, died March 5th, at his residence in Washington, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

In the Iowa Senate and House on March 1st the Oleomargarine Bill was amended and passed, so as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine in the State under heavy penalties by fine and imprisonment.

Both Houses of the General Assembly of Virginia have passed a Bill repealing the Moffat Bell-punch Liquor law and re-establishing a license system, which is to go into operation on May 1st. The vote was nearly unanimous.

On March 1st the United States Supreme Court rendered decisions in several cases involving the constitutionality of statutes, among them the Judge Rives and Tennessee cases. It is held that colored jurors must have equal rights and protection with white jurors.

On March 1st both Houses of the General Assembly of Virginia passed and sent to the Governor for his approval the Bill to re-establish the public credit, generally known as the Riddleberger Bill. It reduces the principal of the State debt from $23,000,000 to $20,000,000 by eliminating the capitalized war and reconstruction interest, and fixes the rate of interest at 3 per cent. The Bill was opposed in both Houses by the conservatives, and was carried by the Readjusters, aided by most of the Republican members.

On March 3d, Secretary Schurz had a conference with Chief Ouray, the Uncompahgre and White River Utes, at which the Indians virtually agreed to accept the terms of the Government and cede their reservation. A soon as a definite understanding is reached, Schurz will submit the details of the agreement to Congress. It is thought that the White River Utes will be removed to the Uintah Reservation in Utah, upon lands to be allotted them there, and that Ouray and the Uncompahgres will be settled severally on land on the Grand River, in Utah. At a previous interview the Southern Ute delegation consented to give up their present reservation.

Foreign.

The German Army Bill was introduced in the Reichstag on March 1st, and General Von Moltke spoke in favor of its adoption.

A late report from Rio Janeiro announces that the Chilian fleet has attacked Arica. The commander of the ironclad *Huascar* was killed during the engagement.

The Paris *Globe* asserts that France has entered into negotiations with England and the United States with a view to terminating the war between Chili and Peru.

The Vatican is dissatisfied with the conduct of the Brazilian Government, and is indisposed to approve the ecclesiastic proposed by the latter for the Bishopric of Olinda.

A decree has been published fixing the force of the Spanish army for the year 1880-81 at 90,000 men for Spain, 33,000 for Cuba, 10,000 for the Philippine Islands, and 3,395 for Porto Rico.

A new anti-slave trade convention has been concluded between Great Britain and Germany whereby co-operation between the war-vessels of the two Powers in the suppression of the slave traffic is assured.

At Ashton-under-Lyne 10,000 cotton weavers have struck work, in consequence of the refusal of their employers to grant an advance of 5 per cent. in their wages, which advance the spinners recently obtained.

The British Consul at Salonica has received a letter from Colonel Synge, saying that the colonel and his wife are well treated. The chief of the brigands has disappeared, and negotiations for their release are consequently interrupted.

With a view to affording Prince Bismarck further relief from his arduous duties, Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, at present Vice-President of the Council of Ministers, is about to be appointed Prussian Premier in his stead.

President Diaz gave a banquet in honor of General Grant in the National Palace on March 26. All the members of the Cabinet, diplomatic corps and many others persons were present. After the banquet the festival, already announced, took place.

The Cuban debt is stated officially to be about $123,816,415 in gold, and $43,300,076 in bank bills. According to the last advices received at Havana, nothing definite has been resolved upon regarding the loan for the Island of Cuba. Nothing will be settled upon before the project of the estimates for Cuba are finished and laid before the Cortes.

On March 3d General Malikoff, Chief of the new Supreme Executive Commission, was fired at by a young man with a revolver when alighting from a carriage, at his residence in Grand Morskaia Street. The assassin attempted to fire a second shot at General Melikoff before he was seized, but was prevented by a blow from the General. The bullet passed through the back folds of General Melikoff's cloak. The prisoner was tried the following day and hanged the next.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



AUSTRALIA.—A MAORI TANGI, OR WAKE.



AUSTRALIA.—A NEW YEAR'S DAY SCHOOL PICNIC.



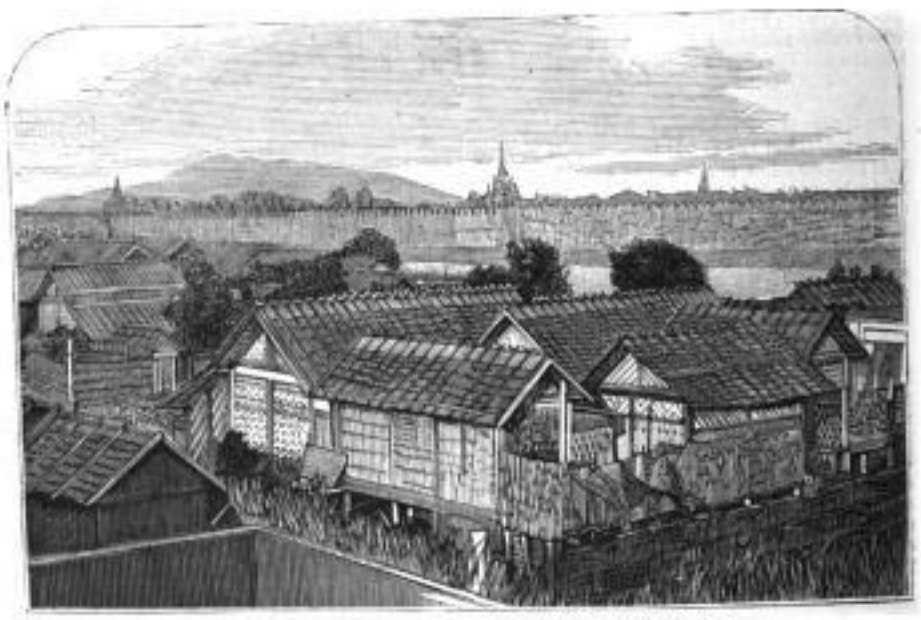
RUSSIA.—DESCENT OF THE POLICE ON A NIHILIST PRINTING-OFFICE.



RUSSIA.—TRANSFERRING NIHILIST PRISONERS TO THE STATE PRISON.



AUSTRALIA.—AN OLD DANCE IN THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.



INDIA.—THE CITY WALL OF MANDALAY, BURMAH.



AFGHANISTAN.—YAKOOB KHAN, EX-AMEER, ON HIS WAY TO INDIA AS A PRISONER.



INDIA.—FOX-HUNTING AT MUSTUNG, BOLAN PASS.

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THE RUSSIAN ANNIVERSARY.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne was celebrated on Tuesday, March 2d. Although the occasion occurred during the Lenten season, it was observed, in St. Petersburg with all the heartiness of carnival days. All the members of the Council of the Empire, including the Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, proceeded, at 11:30 o'clock, to the Winter Palace, and presented a congratulatory address to the Emperor. At 10 o'clock vast crowds assembled before the Winter Palace. The troops were massed in the central quadrangle of the palace and the immediate vicinity. The Czar appeared on the balcony of the palace, where he remained twenty minutes saluting the multitude amid great enthusiasm. After the Czar had received the congratulations of the enormous crowd at the palace, he drove out in an open carriage, and was loudly and continuously cheered in the crowded streets through which he passed. No disturbances whatever occurred. The Czar honored himself and the occasion by granting pardons to prisoners, remitting arrears of taxes owing by the rural population, and awarding orders of distinction.

In New York the anniversary was fittingly commemorated in the Russian-Greek Chapel on Second Avenue. The Rev. Father Bjerring was attired in rich vestments of cloth and gold, with a violet-colored inner robe and a hat of the same color, recently sent to him from St. Petersburg as a mark of distinction. The service was conducted in the Russian language, except the Scripture lessons, which were read in English. The liturgy of St. Chrysostom, which is usual on festival days, was sung by the male choir, and prayers were offered for the Emperor and the imperial family and for the Russian army and navy. The prayers for a long reign, sound health, constant victory and final salvation for "the pious and divinely preserved Alexander Nicolaivitch," were frequent and earnest. A prayer for the peace and sanctification of the Church and of the world was also offered, and the President of the United States and the Czar were conjointly remembered in the petitions. A Te Deum closed the service. Among the worshipers present were His Excellency Nicholas Shishkin, the Russian Minister at Washington, and his wife and two sons. The Minister was attired in his official court costume, with the insignia of his position on his breast and shoulders. As the representative of the Emperor, he occupied a position within the chancel. Mr. Kartschewsky, the Russian Consul-General, and Mr. Stern, the Vice-Consul in New York, and their wives; Mr. Peterson, the Secretary of the Russian Legation; Mr. Stoughton, late United States Minister to Russia, and wife; Mrs. President Barnard, of Columbia College; Albert Bierstadt, who has recently returned from Russia; Commodore Baldwin, United States Navy, and wife; a few of the foreign consuls in New York, and a score or more of well-known American ladies, were also present. Many leading clergymen and laymen of this city sent their congratulations on the Emperor's long and useful reign and the preservation of his life, and their strong condemnation of the Nihilists' attempts to kill him.

The present year is to be celebrated as completing the first twenty-five years of the Czar's reign, and the industrial exhibition which is to be held at Moscow in the coming May will doubtless be as popular with the Russians as even that of 1872. But such an anniversary brings with it an ominous suggestion of the grim old proverb, "Evil awaits the Czar of twenty-five years," which the Russian history has so strangely verified. Ivan the Terrible's first twenty-five years were brilliantly successful, but after 1558 came the loss of all his Western conquests, the successive deaths of three wives, the murder of his son and heir, and the fastening of a frightful disease upon himself. Peter the Great's Turkish reverses, and the deplorable death of his son Alexis, came after the twenty-fifth year of his reign. The twenty-sixth of Alexander I. ravaged St. Petersburg with a fearful inundation, while a formidable plot against himself and his own death came a year later. In the twenty-sixth year of Nicholas began the intrigues which led to the Crimean War: and the present Czar, now just about to pass the perilous limit, sees his wife dying by inches, his throne undermined by rebellion, and a foreign war looming on the horizon.



ALEXANDER II., THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

THE CHINESE AGITATION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE recent action of the health authorities in examining that portion of San Francisco known as "Chinatown," and reporting it a public nuisance that should be at once abated, has again brought the Chinese question into prominence. The Board of Health, on February 2d, on motion of Mayor Kalloch, appointed that gentleman, with Dr. Henry S. Gibbons, Jr., and Health Officer J. L. Meares, a committee to investigate the condition of Chinatown, and to recommend to the board what measures should be taken for the preservation of the city's health. After securing the opinion of L. Murphy, the City and County Attorney, as to what legally constituted a nuisance, and the powers of the board to abate or remove nuisances, the committee made what it claims to have been a critical investigation of Chinatown, extending over a period of two weeks. On Saturday, February 21st, it presented its report, and it was upon this that the action of the board was taken. Following is a condensation of the report. It describes in detail many of the filthy surroundings of the Chinamen. Taken as a whole, it presents one of the most disgusting pictures of low life imaginable, and the sanitary possibilities which it portrays are alarming. According to the document, the first thing which impressed the committee upon visiting Chinatown was the unnatural crowding together of thousands of persons of both sexes in spaces which should properly accommodate but hundreds of one sex. In a contracted territory as that included in the Chinese quarter, 30,000 people could not exist under the most favorable circumstances, if they were by nature the most cleanly of the human family—which the Chinamen are far from being—without detriment to their own health and endangering the health of the city. But, added to the evils arising from packing human beings like sardines in a box, much more baneful influences were found at work in the habitations of the Asiatics. They were literally reeking in filth and drenched in immorality.

In recommending the abatement of the nuisance, the report says: "We utterly repudiate the idea of being moved by any race prejudice or class hatred in this matter. The Chinese are living quite as decently and cleanly as any people could do who have to live under similar circumstances. The fault is in conditions, and the conditions are under our control."

This action, taken in connection with the hotheaded harangues on the Sand Lots, the enforcement of the demands of the Workingmen's Party upon employers for the immediate discharge of all Chinese help, and the rumors that the merchants were organizing a vigilance committee for the protection of their persons and property, added greatly to the fear of riots and bloodshed. The feeling of uneasiness was also increased by a report that the Common Council had ordered the Chinatown shanties vacated, and by a subsequent one that this order had been rescinded.

In the midst of all the excitement, the meetings of the Workingmen's Party on the Sand Lots were kept up. On the night of Saturday, February 21st,



NEW YORK CITY.—COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CZAR'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, IN THE RUSSIAN GREEK CHAPEL, MARCH 2D.

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Mayor Kalloch addressed a large meeting, and, in the course of his remarks, said: "The Chinese must go. Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. The Asiatic invasion must be stopped. And if trouble comes in consequence of this determination it will not come as our opponents desire or plan. We shall scarcely allow them to select the grounds and weapons, too, as they are now trying to do. You will all find out, some time, whether anybody else is fooling or not; that I mean business when I say the 'Chinese must go.' But we must bide the time. We must keep level heads on our shoulders. Reckless or revolutionary spirits who would precipitate events by acts of lawlessness must be put down by all the force of power. We have undertaken a great work. We have to revolutionize the labor movement of a State. We have to uproot a fortified system of slavery. We have to overcome the prejudices of piety and the criticisms of cant. We have to resist the sentimentalism and become indifferent to the anathemas of the East. We have to fight the accursed spirit of corporate greed and individual selfishness. We have to beat back the barbaric hordes of paganism. Such a work cannot be done in a day. In its prosecution we must welcome help from all parties, and affiliate with those that will help us most."

On Sunday, Kearney spoke at the regular weekly mass-meeting of his followers in his usual vein, using such expressions as the following:

"When the collectors pass their hats to-day, please to contribute as liberal as you can in order that we may be able to erect a gallows upon these sand lots for the purpose of punishing traitors, whether they reside on Tar Flat or Nob Hill.

"I claim it is much better to hang a dozen or fifteen men than to throw the whole State into a revolution. I hold, and always have held, that the workingmen were the only law-abiding citizens in California."

"I know of but two parties in the State—the W. P. C. and Republican. Workingmen, your only salvation is in capturing the government as workingmen. If the workingmen of California and the Democrats of the East and South should nominate the same man for President, that has nothing to do with our future movements in this State. The workingmen of California are bound to capture this State at the next election. At the last election we killed the Democratic party, and at the next election we will kill the Republican party, and upon the ruins of both will be built a party whose mission will be to make laws for man and woman, thereby bringing in the new civilization. If it had not been for the Workingmen's Party the Chinese question would not have been settled for fifty years to come, but kept here by the old parties as a menace to the people."

Kearney concluded by calling on the people to watch the movements of the Legislature very carefully. He had been up there for two weeks lobbying for the people, but everything he introduced they knocked the stuffing out of.

During the past week nearly 200 Chinese from San Francisco arrived at New York, and began to settle a colony in Mott Street, paying higher prices for the best property than could be obtained by other tenants. They remain very reticent and will not state how many more are coming.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DEMITRY.

CHAPTER I.—THE OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THE time was the afternoon of a delicious May day, and the place was the vicinity of Madison Square, in the City of New York.

At the parlor-window of a dwelling in one of the streets leading from the square sat a handsome young woman of stately bearing, looking out thoughtfully upon the passing people.

Three years had elapsed since Colonel John Waring, who had spent the better part of his life, after his graduation from West Point, as an officer of dragoons on the frontier of Texas, had returned to New York, his native city, to die. He returned a widower; his wife, a lady of an ancient Mexican family, named Davila, whom he had met and married in New Mexico during his earlier years of service, having died many years previously, leaving two children, twins, a son and a daughter, to his fatherly care.

It was this daughter, Manuela, who, on this bright May evening, was gazing from the window into the street, as described in the beginning of this chapter. The house was the residence of her aunt, her father's sister, to visit whom she had left her home near Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande del Norte, in New Mexico.

A casual observer might have judged Manuela Waring, at the first glance, to be a woman more given to commanding than obeying. This impression would have been due probably to the effect produced on the spectator's mind by the noble proportions of her figure, her erect carriage and the firm curves of her shapely lips; but indicative of strength of character and robust physical health as these attributes undoubtedly were, they were at least counterbalanced by the womanly softness of her large violet eyes and the feminine grace of her movements.

Her face, oval in shape, was handsome, but of the heroic cast—like that of the typical Minerva. Her hair, brown, luxuriant and lustrous, covered a head of classic mold, and her complexion, shaded by the suns of her native clime, was a clear olive. Her form was in perfect harmony, neither her hands nor her feet being too small for her height; and her manners and gestures united the vivacity of the woman who had been bred in the unrestrained freedom of border life with the polish that had come with mental culture.

As she thus sat at the window watching the people pass, a slight but perceptible flush suddenly reddened her cheek, and she drew back, involuntarily as it were, in her seat.

A young gentleman had appeared within the range of her vision, and the sight of him seemed to have brought the color to her face. At all events, as he passed from her view and approached the front door, she straightened herself from her semi-reclining position, and sat with a look of expectancy in her eyes.

The bell rang, and a minute later a servant entered the parlor and handed her a card.

She read on it the name of the visitor, Mr. Reginald Grey; and when he made his appearance, she rose and shook hands with him with a frank ease of manner.

"So you have returned from Charleston?" she said. "When did you arrive, Mr. Grey?"

"Last night. You are very well, I hope?"

"Very well, as you see. But you?—you look troubled. Has anything vexatious occurred during your absence?"

He seated himself beside her on a sofa.

"How quick you are to perceive any anxiety in your friends," he exclaimed. "The fact is, something has occurred to annoy me."

"Won't you take me into your confidence? That is," she added, with a smile, "if the matter be one on which you care to speak to a comparative stranger."

"'A comparative stranger,' Miss Waring? Yes, we are comparative strangers to each other, it is true, but yet I feel, I know not why, that I can rely on your interest, if not your sympathy, in what concerns me."

"Do not exclude the sympathy, and then you will do me justice."

He was silent for a moment, and so was she. Her eyes were turned towards the open window, and there was a warm light in them which seemed in keeping with the glow that lit her cheeks.

Reginald gazed at her with an admiration of which she was not aware; or did she know by some mysterious intuition that his eyes were fixed on her with the expressive look that filled them?

"Miss Waring," he said, finally breaking the silence, "do you remember a certain lady whom I pointed out to you the day we rode in the park—the Italian lady, I mean?"

"The Marchesa di Lupo—wasn't that the name? I recollect her very well. Rather a handsome, though bold-looking, woman, but a fine rider. She rode most gracefully, I remember. You know I am a judge of equestrianism, for much of my life has been spent in forts and cavalry encampments."

"Ah!" he said, gallantly; "had you lived in the days of the Amazons and among them, you surely would have been their queen?"

She laughed lightly.

"Am I to regard this as a compliment?" she asked. "You know what the modern idea of the Amazon is?"

"I was not thinking of the modern misuse of the term," said Reginald, with what might have seemed an unnecessary earnestness. "When I spoke, my mind was dwelling on the thought of one of those free, brave, handsome women of antiquity who astonished men by their valor and conquered them with their beauty. You, I am sure, are courageous—more so than the majority of your sex."

"Yes; my early associations were in the camp where, with my brother Melchior, I rode by my dear father's side in his marches. You probably are right, Mr. Grey. I should have made an admirable Amazon!"

It was in such a moment as this, when memory recalled the dangers and excitements of the frontier amid which her life as a young girl had been passed, that Manuela Waring deserved the appellation of "Manuela the Superb," that the officers of her father's regiment had in the old days conferred on her. As she spoke, a red spot burned in either cheek, and her soft eyes flashed, investing her, to Reginald's eyes, with a strange beauty.

The enthusiasm with which she had spoken passed away as rapidly as it had come, and before Reginald had recovered from the sensation of renewed admiration which her bearing and her words had aroused, she brought back the conversation to the point at which the digression had occurred.

"But you were speaking of the Marchesa di Lupo, what about her? Has she anything to do with your annoyance?"

"Everything."

"Everything? I do not understand you."

"Let me explain. Just before my departure from the city, two weeks ago, I left in her hands a certain manuscript, concerning which I had spoken to her on the occasion of a previous visit and which she wished very much to examine. I took it to her one evening with the intention of calling for it the next day. But about that time my mind was diverted from the subject by the receipt of a letter that compelled me to leave the city without delay for Charleston. One of my first thoughts on my return was of the manuscript. I called to see the marchesa this morning, and to my astonishment I found her gone."

"And she had taken your manuscript with her?"

"Yes; the worst of it is, that the people of the house have not the slightest knowledge of where she is. She left suddenly, it appears, and said nothing about her destination. I can't call in the police in the matter," he added, with a smile, "and yet——"

"And yet what, may I ask?"

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "You may think the statement fantastic, but that paper was, once at least, a clew to hidden riches, and unless circumstances may have brought about their discovery, accidentally or otherwise, within the past two hundred years, it is still the finger-post to the spot where lies concealed a wealth that would make its finder rich to his heart's content."

"You begin to interest me. Then, with the paper in her possession the marchesa will hold, equally with you, the secret of the treasure?"

"No; not altogether. The clew to the locality is lost. That portion of the sheet on which is written the name of the place where it was, or is, hidden, has been eaten away by moths."

"Then the manuscript is of no use either to you or to anybody else, Mr. Grey?"

"In its present condition, it certainly is not."

"How unfortunate—if you ever are to obtain possession of it again! If the marchesa is to retain it, however, it is perhaps better that it should be so. Now tell me where you obtained this relic of the past."

"The story is simple enough. A few months ago I chanced to step into a second-hand bookstore on Nassau Street. I took down from a shelf a certain ancient volume, bound in vellum. Opening it, I found that it was a work on ecclesiastical law, written in the French language and published in Paris in the year 1662. The book took my fancy and I bought it for a trifle, and placed it among my other books. There was no name written in it by which its former possessor might be identified. Three weeks since, while turning its pages with more attention than I had given to it previously, I noticed in the narrow space between the back and the binding what seemed to be a slip of brown paper, which at the first glance I imagined to be a part of the binding. Brushing away the dust that had accumulated there, and which partly filled the opening—the dust of two centuries perhaps—and looking closer into the space, I became satisfied that it was a detached bit of paper, faded with time and yellow with age. With much care and some difficulty—for it was held tightly between the vellum and the back of the leaves—I drew it out. My surmise was correct. It proved to be a fragment of a sheet of old-fashioned writing-paper, about four inches wide and eight inches long, folded four times. I opened it, and saw that it was closely written over."

He paused for a little while. Manuela's attentive look indicated the interest with which she followed his recital.

"Continue," she said. "You saw that it contained writing. What more?"

"The writing was as fragmentary as the paper itself. What the moths had spared the wearing effect of the folds had defaced. The language was French, and the ink lines had almost disappeared. Two hundred years probably have elapsed since they were written. The man who wrote them seems to have been a prisoner in a castle called San Juan."

"Do you remember the substance of what was written in the paper?"

He took a memorandum-book from his pocket.

"I have here," he said, "an English translation of what remains, which I noted down at the time. I will read it to you. You will see that the blanks are as frequent as the words. Listen:

"'*In Prison.*

"'DEAR BROTHER CLAUDE:

"'. . wait 'of the church of the Pueblo, the name of which you know well, . . treasure in gold dust, diamonds and other precious stones, ... Brazil in the year 1678, when . . . . . the persecutions of the Viceroy Oliveira . . . . . value of three hundred thousand louis d'or, and . . of Fra Pablo, the Franciscan friar, . . stay at the pueblo, as a means of securing its safety while I should remain there, I hid . . . . . a man's height from the ground. The good padre himself removed . . . the wall is composed, and in this receptacle . . leaden box that contains . . . . completed, we repaired the wall, marking . . . . with the inscription *juris datea meese*, which . . Fra Pablo into the adobe. Then, having . . . . . time, no trace . . . . . abandonment of the pueblo it is necessary to recapitulate. In order . . . jury of the heathen, who, . . . Evil One, threatened . . we left the place one night suddenly and secretly. I could not venture . . . . the wall. Fra Pablo, alas the venerable man, my old and good friend! was . . alone survived with the secret. It was impossible thereafter for me to return. The danger . . . . . and while awaiting an opportunity to recover the treasure . . . . . I was put under arrest in D . . . . certain words uttered in a moment of exasperation against his Catholic Majesty, and brought . . . this Castle of San Juan. I shall never depart from my cell alive, my brother, I feel it. Go, then, to the church . . . . . my legacy to you and your children! I am childless. And to you, now that the path is open, I give it with . . . benediction. I will send this letter at the first opportunity by a trusty hand, hoping . . . . . my jailors. Remember . within the wall of the church, behind the inscription, the box . . . May heaven bless . . . Farewell, my brother—farewell!

"'ST. EVRE . . . . . LLE.'"

Reginald closed the memorandum-book slowly. Manuela, whose eyes, hidden by her hand during the reading, had been turned towards the floor, looked up for an instant.

"Is that all?" she asked in a low tone.

"That is all. You see that the key to this secret, even supposing that there ever was anything in it, is irretrievably lost. There was no address on the letter, indicating the person to whom it was written. There are a few milestones, as it were, on the road; but what do they amount to? Nothing, practically nothing. Brazil, a vague date, the pueblo, the multilated signature of the writer, Father Pablo, the threatening heathen, the Castle of San Juan, but which Castle of San Juan of the many of that name? The mystery lies somewhere in the New World, in one of the Spanish American countries, but where?"

"Ay," murmured Manuela, still gazing abstractedly downward, "where?"

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH REGINALD REACHES A CONCLUSION.

AS REGINALD GREY is destined to prove the most active participant in the events of this story, it is proper that the reader should become better acquainted with him.

In age about twenty-five, he was of medium stature and of athletic build. His hair was brown with a tinge of red in it when the sun shone on it, and his hazel eyes, keen and searching in their expression, had in them at times a choleric look. His beard, when he wore it, which was seldom, was of a more pronounced reddish hue than his hair. In character he was determined and obstinate in pursuit of a purpose, especially when he deemed himself in the right; and, altogether, he was a young gentleman who had a very high opinion of his own dignity.

Rich, and possessed of a liberal education, he had studied law, and had been received at the Bar; but so far he had made no efforts to secure clients; and although removing from his ancestral home in South Carolina, he had selected New York as the scene of his future career as a lawyer, the day had not yet come, in his opinion, when he was to "settle down to the drudgery of work," as he termed it. In the meantime he had devoted himself, since his graduation, to travel and observation. He had been to Europe several times, and once he had journeyed around the world.

In the preceding chapter mention has been made of the Marchesa di Lupo. He had met her in society six weeks, or two months, previous to the opening of this story. She was a woman of fascinating manners, the widow of a certain Marquis di Lupo, of Milan, and was traveling in the United States for pleasure. Before making Manuela's acquaintance he had paid her some attentions in a desultory sort of way; and in this way was it that he had confided the manuscript to her keeping.

When Reginald, after leaving Manuela, reflected on the abstraction of the manuscript—for thus he regarded it—by the marchesa, his disappointment at its loss was somewhat softened by the thought that if the document was valueless to him it was equally valueless to others into whose hands it might fall. But the indifference in the matter of the manuscript did not extend to his feelings with regard to the unceremonious manner in which the marchesa had disappeared, without even leaving a note for him informing him of her departure. His vanity was wounded by this neglect, especially as, during his acquaintance with her, he had flattered himself that he had aroused in her a certain tender feeling.

Like most young men of his age, Reginald was given to flirtation, and, like most young men, he not unfrequently was deceived in his own estimate of the effect of his attractions. His impulsive nature caused him to chafe under the reflection that his ignorance of the marchesa's present place of abode compelled him to remain inactive; for had he known where to find her, his first act would have been to seek her and demand the return of the manuscript. That done, and with a few melodramatic accessories thrown in for effect, he would have been content to leave her to work out her destiny.

On the day following his visit to Manuela a circumstance occurred which, while it threw some light on the marchesa's movements and on the question of his chances of regaining possession of the manuscript, also introduced into the course of events a new complication.

This circumstance was the receipt of two letters, written on the day previous—one addressed in the marchesa's handwriting, with which he was familiar, and the other in a writing which was unknown to him. Both letters were dated "New York, on board the *Ville de Paris*."

The marchesa's note contained these lines:

"MON CHER MONSIEUR GREY—I assure you that I have a great regret that I now remember, for the first time, that in parting from New York I have locked up your droll old letter in my writing-desk, which is at present in one of my trunks in the care of the steamer on which I am about to leave for Europe. It is, therefore, impossible for me to have access to the trunk. The steamer departs on the instant. What a pity, my dear Reginald—you will pardon me for calling you by your poetic Christian name—that the moths would not permit to the old prisoner of the fortress of San Juan to tell where his diamonds and gold could be found! Alas! that you were so near one great fortune, and that now all is lost! Pauvre ami! I have much sympathy for you. Adieu, mon ami!

"MARIETTA DI LUPO."

The other letter, which Reginald tore from the envelope with rather a hasty motion, the tone of the marchesa's note having incensed him, ran as follows:

"M. REGINALD GREY—Permit me to say to you that I feel myself offended at your endeavors to make yourself agreeable to Madame la Marchesa di Lupo when she was in this city. She amused herself with you, and you, poor innocent young man! you did not perceive it. I do not permit to any man the privilege of writing to Madame di Lupo, and you, Mr. Grey—you have written four letters to the marchesa since you have had the honor of her acquaintance. Know, sir, that that lady has told me all. Know, also, that she is to be my wife, and that, in pretending to aspire to her favor, you have insulted me. As I depart at once for my post in Milan, I cannot say to you, personally, what contempt I have for you; but if you will come to Europe at some future time, and will present yourself before me, I shall prove to you that you have made a great mistake in presuming to address Madame di Lupo as 'charming Marietta.' LUIGI VELLANI, of Milan.
"Captain of Cavalry in the Army of His Majesty, Victore Emmanuele."

If the reading of the marchesa's pert note had offended Reginald, the perusal of Signor Luigi Vellani's letter inflamed him to fury. For a few seconds he gazed at it in a sort of stupor, while a hot flush mantled his face.

"The rascal!" he exclaimed finally, recovering the use of his tongue, and with all the anger of which his nature was capable stirred to activity. Then, rising from the sofa on which he had been lolling—he was in his room at the time—he walked excitedly to and fro, still holding the obnoxious missive in his hand.

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" he again burst forth, looking down at Vellani's letter as if unable to realize the full extent of the Italian's impertinence. "To write to me as if I were his valet! A precious pair truly! One goes off with my manuscript, pretending that she had forgotten all about it, and the other invites me to visit Italy in order that he may express to me, in a personal interview, his contemptuous opinion of me! If I only had the rascal here——"

He did not finish the sentence, but the quick gesture with which he threw the letter on a table testified mutely to the treatment that its writer probably would have received had he chanced to present himself at that moment.

Several minutes elapsed before he ceased walking. At first the only impulse that his countenance expressed was one of rage; then a thoughtful look came over his face and he seemed to be absorbed in his reflections. At last to this look succeeded an expression of deep resolve, and, bringing his hand down violently on the offending epistle, he exclaimed:

"I'll do it, as sure as my name is Reginald Grey! We shall see, Signor Vellani, whether

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or not you will prove as good as your word. The sooner this business is settled, the better."

Whatever may have been the conclusion he had reached, and which was expressed in these emphatic words, Reginald evidently was resolved to act promptly on it.

He placed the two letters in his pocket, put on his hat, and left the room, going down-stairs into the street.

From his lodgings, walking briskly, he made his way toward Madison Square.

"Now," he said, "I must go and see what Manuela thinks of it. It seems to me that I can hear her say, 'You are right in pursuing this course.' Ah, there are few women in the world like her—so resolute, so truthful and so honest! And, then, as for beauty, I do not know a woman to compare to her. I wonder whether——"

Here he fell into a brown study, turned his gaze downwards, and abstractedly continued on his way until he reached the house of Manuela's aunt.

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 16.—

INTERVIEW WITH M. DE LESSEPS.

The Chagres Canal.

THE corridor leading to the apartments of M. de Lesseps at the Windsor Hotel was crowded with bright, intellectual-looking, closely-cropped, nattily-booted foreigners, speaking every language under the sun; with speculative Americans, canal stock in their cent. per cent. glances; with well-dressed apoplectic mankind, invitations to dinner written upon their countenances; with superbly attired ladies bent upon visiting the wife of the eminent engineer; in fact, King Sues was holding a levee and his faithful subjects of all degrees were hieing unto the Presence Chamber. I had had the honor of meeting M. de Lesseps under the shadows of the Pyramids, again in Paris, and, yet again, in the Emerald Isle, at the Seven Churches, in the sweet County of Wicklow, where we sat, cheek-by-jowl, for a long Summer's day on the same side of an Irish jaunting-car. I found him on this, my present visit, not a whit changed. The same marvelously bright eye, the same earnest voice, the same sympathetic chuckle, personally magnetic as ever, erect, impulsive, and, if anything, younger.

M. de Lesseps was almost eclipsed by the enfolding forms of three of his children, Matthieu, Ismael and Consuelo, alias Totone, a tiny fascinatress of seven. These children take you into their confidence at once. They tell you in French or English their likings and dislikings. They speak of their brothers and sisters in Paris—two sets of twins, by-the-by—and interest you in the highest possible way without your being aware of the fact. Matthieu is ten years of age, and Ismael nine. They are swarthy, black-eyed, lithe, and their raven hair is combed over their foreheads in front, and allowed to descend to their necks behind. Ismael has his mother's eyes. Totone is Madame de Lesseps in miniature. I was greeted right graciously by His Majesty of Suez, and after a delightful chat anent the delightful chat on that outside car when he told me the romance of his marriage—*quæ rescas!*—we came to the burning question of the hour.

"I have come here to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth," he laughed. "I want people to question me in every possible way—to cross-examine and badger me. I have always heard it stated that Americans were fond of asking questions. They have a fine opportunity now if they wish to take advantage of it," and he laughed joyously.

"The very day after the Congress of Engineers asked me to take charge of the question, I sent in my acceptation. I felt all the responsibility, and I also felt that I should go on, and this, too, after the fashion of you Americans—right away! My work has now commenced, and, mark you, it is not work to be done for any particular nation—it is work to be done for all the peoples of the world."

"After accomplishing Suez, you will succeed in any enterprise."

"Didn't Suez look gloomy?"—with a most expressive gesture—"dark as Erebus. The most celebrated members of the Institution of Engineers, both in France and in England, pooh-poohed and absolutely laughed at me. I was a visionary, building a castle of shifting sand. I took the Nile into my confidence, and old Nile believed in me. We had no water, no houses, no shade or shelter; all, everything, was barren, of no use, burnt sand, a great plain of sand. Well, a couple of thousand camels and well-organized gangs of men soon put things into shape. We dug our canal, we invented excavating instruments which will tell even better at Panama than at Suez. We built our harbor on piles in the Mediterranean; and the Suez Canal, see what a supreme success it has been."

"What is your plan for the Chagres Canal?"

"I will tell you. The route begins at Colon, and follows the valley of the River Chagres."

"Is not this valley subject to floods?"

"It is; and as these floods would prove awkward to navigation at certain seasons, we propose to erect reservoirs for the purpose of holding surplus water."

"It is in connection with these reservoirs that the dam so much spoken of is to be constructed?"

"Yes. There are three reservoirs in existence, however, that contain more water than this dam will be called upon to maintain—the great dam at St. Etienne, in France; the dam at La Gillappe, in Belgium, and the dam at Alicante, in Spain. The dam at Alicante is three hundred years old, and it looks as though it would stand for ever. It will be as easy to erect a dam at Panama as at Alicante—ay, and a better one. It will be as easy to make deep cuttings and as easy to blast rocks. Besides, the climate is in our favor. I found the temperature moderate, not much over twenty-seven degrees centigrade, and in Summer, in Egypt, we had forty, and as high as fifty degrees. Panama, too, is extremely fertile—it is a botanical garden. The place is full of game, upon which the workmen could subsist, and the supply is the first question with an army, whether of navvies or of soldiers."

"A close approximation of the cost was laid before the Paris Conference, M. de Lesseps?"

"This is the estimate of cost that has been adopted at the Paris Congress:

	Francs.
Excavations (sidings included) above water:	
Earth, 27,350,000 c. m., at 2.50 francs	68,750,000
Rocks of mean hardness, 925,000 c. m., at 7 francs	6,775,000
Hard rocks, 27,734,000 c. m., at 12 francs	332,808,000
Excavations of rocks, where pumping is necessary, 6,409,000 c. m., at 15 francs	115,362,000
Dredging and excavating under water:	
Mud and alluvial soil, 12,000,000 c. m., at 2.50 francs	30,000,000
Hard soil capable of being dredged 300,000 c. m., at 12 francs	3,600,000
Excavation of rocks under water, 377,000 c. m., at 35 francs	13,195,000
Dam of Gamboa; length, 1,600 m., maximum height, 40 m	100,000,000
Channels for the regulated flow of the Chagres and for the Obispo and Trinidad rivers	75,000,000
Tide-lock for the Pacific side	12,000,000
Breakwater in the Bay of Limon	10,000,000
Total	767,000,000
Add for contingencies	76,000,000
Total	843,000,000

I am induced, however, after most careful consideration, to fix the capital at 600,000,000 francs, or $120,000,000."

"What is your estimate of the tonnage to pass through the canal annually?"

"My minimum estimate is six millions."

"What is your proposed tariff?"

"Three dollars per ton, or $18,000,000. Others have arrived at a minimum of eight millions of tons, which, at $3, would yield $24,000,000."

"How do you propose to raise the money, and what proportion is to be raised in Europe, and what proportion in America?"

"One-quarter of the entire capital has to be paid up, according to the laws of France, before the company can be legally incorporated. Of the entire sum of $120,000,000, one-half, or $60,000,000, is to be taken up in the United States. The remainder will be obtained in Europe."

"Suppose the United States fails to take up $60,000,000?"

"Well, anything left will be taken up in Europe."

"To what do you attribute the failure of last year in the raising of the money?"

"That was in November, and the failure is due to three distinct causes. Number one: The public were in comparative ignorance about the whole scheme; in fact, they had not been informed of what was proposed to be done, at what cost, and what results. Number two: It was alleged that this country was utterly opposed to the scheme, in fact, hostile to the project as then proposed; and, number three, the financial organs were hostile to us, as we had not extended to them the customary fees."

"You propose to complete the work in six years?"

"We do; but it could be done in five years. In fact, General Wright considers six years too long a period."

"You have secured neutrality for the canal, have you not, M. de Lesseps, from Colombia?"

"Absolute. The Articles provide for the most complete neutrality. In fact, this clause is in the verbiage of the Suez Canal clause."

"Do you consider that you have routed all opposition on the part of this country?"

"Not all. Despite the welcome which has been accorded me, and of which I will ever retain a pleasant remembrance, I do not conceal from myself that the opposition has not completely disappeared. Although it has appeared from the beginning under several forms, it seems to me that the real and dominant cause consisted in certain political fears that international complications might arise prejudicial to the just influence exercised by the great republic of the north over the other republics of the centre and of the south. These fears are none the less real because they are chimerical, and it would be improper not to take due notice of them. It is for the purpose of doing something towards their removal that I have presented myself before the American public, to seek to convince them, first, that the Panama Canal will be constructed entirely as a private enterprise, without any governmental intervention, and that the canal, once finished, far from hurting the influence of the United States of the North, will, on the contrary, give it a greater importance through incalculable development of its commerce, of its navigation and of its intelligent industry."

After expressing his intense admiration of all that he had seen in New York, and his appreciation of the go-ahead character of the people of the United States, we strayed back to Egypt, France and Ireland.

The Russian Church in Japan.

THE Russian Church is, it appears, making many converts in Japan. According to the Moscow correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, the great influence which is now exercised in that country by the Russian mission is chiefly attributed to the universal respect with which its chief, Father Nicholas, is regarded in all parts of the country, even in distant regions where no European has hitherto set foot. Father Nicholas is thoroughly conversant with both the Japanese and Chinese languages, and he is supplied with ample funds by the Russian Government. The American bishops meet with much sympathy among the higher classes, but their influence is far inferior to that of the Russian missionaries in the country generally. As for the Roman Catholics, they are decidedly unpopular. The other day the people broke the windows in the house of one of their missionaries, who had interfered with too much zeal in the family affairs of a Japanese.

A Clever Operation.

A CURIOUS occurrence has lately taken place at the London (England) Gardens. One of the lions was observed to be in a state of great tribulation, rolling about, and trying to get something out of his mouth with his paws. Upon examining the animal to see what was the matter, Mr. Bartlett found that a great bone had become a fixture in the poor brute's mouth. The difficulty was to remove it, as the lion was in fearful temper. This was done by getting the lion into a "shifting den," where his face would not be very far from the bars. It was then ascertained that the object in the lion's mouth was the spongy, round bone—as big as a cricket-ball—which forms the hip-joint of the horse. The lion had had part of a haunch of horse for dinner, and in amusing himself with the bone first got his upper large canine tooth into the soft part of the bone, and biting on it, the corresponding canine tooth in the lower jaw came through so far into the bone that it nearly met with the point of the upper tooth; the jaw thus became fixed. The animal was thus prevented from taking food or water. Mr. Bartlett, with a great deal of tact and manœuving, managed to get this bone out of the lion's mouth, and luckily he did so, as it was found that the long projecting portion of the bone was pressing hard upon the lion's tongue. This is the third clever operation in dentistry that Mr. Bartlett has performed—first, removing a big tooth from the hippopotamus; second, operating on the base of the tusk of the big elephant; third, taking a horse's leg bone out of the lion's mouth.

A Physician's Mistake.

DR. CLÉMENCEAU, the eminent Parisian physician, is also a member of the French Legislature. He is a brisk and busy man, keenly cognizant of the fact that "time is money," and, the other day, while he was in attendance at his Montmartre consulting-room, two men simultaneously solicited an interview with him for the purpose of taking his advice. One of them, admitted to his presence, and asked, "What was the matter with him?" complained of a pain in his chest, whereupon he was ordered to take off his shirt, and Dr. Clémenceau subjected him to a careful examination. Before the doctor, however, sat down to write his prescription, he rang the bell and ordered his servant to show the other patient into the consulting-room. As the latter entered the doorway, Dr. Clémenceau, without looking up from the desk at which he was writing, said to him, "Just undress yourself, too, if you will be so good. We shall save time by your doing so." Without a moment's hesitation, the second visitor proceeded to take off his clothes, and, by the time the doctor had finished writing his receipt, taken his fee, and dismissed the preceding patient, was stripped to the waist ready for inspection. Turning toward him, the doctor observed, "You are also suffering from pain in the chest, are you not?" "Well, no, doctor," the man replied. "I have called upon you to beg that you will recommend me to the Government for a place in the Post Office."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A New Year's Day Picnic in Australia.

This sketch illustrates one of the numerous and pretty scenes that may be witnessed in the large cities like Sydney and Melbourne during the holiday season. It conveys the idea of bustle and animation, the delight of the youngsters in anticipation of a pleasant outing, and the calmer serenity of the maturer members of the party. It is, in a word, the picture of an occasion of which we never tire, and which we may soon be able to enjoy again.

Maori Tangi, or Wake.

The proceedings which take place at a Maori Tangi, as depicted by our New Zealand artist, strongly resemble those of a Celtic wake. The body of the deceased, whose death is lamented, is laid out, decorated with feathers. Two of the relatives sit on either side of the head, gently fanning away the flies with feather fans. The lamentable howls of the "keeners" complete the resemblance to a wake.

Nihilists in St. Petersburg.

Two St. Petersburg sketches give some idea of the seething caldron of revolution in the heart of Russia. Our illustrations show the reception met by the Russian gendarmes on their breaking into a suspected house, No. 9 Bapernaja (Sapper Street), at 2 A. M. on the 30th of January. The sight that met them after receiving and returning a volley of firearms showed the value of the domiciliary visit. It was the office of the *National Will*, a Nihilist paper, with library, type, press and an edition ready to issue. The Nihilists fought desperately; one of them, Deutsch, an old army officer, and a great Nihilist leader, finding escape hopeless, blew out his brains; the rest were captured. The other illustration shows the prisoners carried off in the Black Maria, each one with a gendarme facing him with sabre drawn, the whole *cortège* surrounded by Cossacks to prevent a rescue.

Yakoob Khan on his Way to India.

On December 1st, Yakoob Khan, the ex Ameer of Cabul, set out from the British camp at Sherbar for India, being strongly escorted throughout his journey in the event of any attempt at rescue being made by any of the tribes through whose territory the troops had to pass. The road between Jagdallok and Jumrood was guarded by some 11,000 men. Yakoob Khan traveled throughout on horseback, with an officer on each side of him, and appeared quite pleased at the prospect of visiting India even as a state prisoner. He is tall, wiry-looking, youthful man, of aquiline features, and speaks English very well, considering the little intercourse he has had with the British officers.

Fox-hunting in Mustung.

Mustung is a large town situated in the Khan of Khelat's dominions, some thirty miles to the northwest of the Bolan Pass. Round it are extensive tracts of sandy ground, covered with stunted shrubs and bushes, in which foxes are plentiful. A day for a hunt having been arranged, the Jemadar, a native official, collects from the neighboring villages a number of beaters who bring their dogs with them. The Jemadar takes the lead to the hunting ground, where the hunters are formed in a line. As soon as the leader spies a fox, he raises a shout, and the entire party, men and dogs, dash away after the fleet creature. When the object of pursuit is run to ground, or gains a hole, the line is reformed for a chase after another.

An Old Dance in a New Country.

One of the most successful of the entertainments given by Lord Loftus on his arrival at Sydney, as Governor of New South Wales, was a *soirée* and ball on the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition. The pretty ballroom and reception-hall at Government House were thronged with perhaps the most brilliant assembly Sydney has ever seen. The Governors of South Australia and Tasmania and suites, the representatives of the many European nations at the Exhibition, also several distinguished guests from all parts of the great Australasian world, were present. The youth and beauty of New South Wales made the rooms brilliant with the latest modes from London and Paris. So perfect were they in costume and pretty in face and figure, that a stranger could scarcely realize that he was fourteen thousand miles away from the European centre of fashion. The heads of the war-ships *Wolverine* and the *Diamond* played the latest things in waltzes, etc. Towards the end of the entertainment, Commodore Wilson, the most popular of Her Majesty's officers at that station, especially at a dance, started dear old "Sir Roger de Coverley" out of compliment to the Motherland; and never was this old romp more spiritedly or energetically gone through than by the gallant brothers and charming sisters of the new country.

Mandalay, Burmah.

Any person who has seen the Schway-ta-Choung, a dirty stagnant back-flow which runs past the place where the British Residency used to stand, on a morning or on a sultry evening, would not be surprised to learn that Mandalay is one of the chosen abodes for cholera, small-pox, and virulent fevers. Eastward from this long creek, suburban Mandalay extends up to the city wall, of which we give two views. The moat is at least a hundred feet broad, and is covered with lotuses. The wall, which is composed of dull red brick, is elegantly crested in a wavy design, and at intervals there are small look-out houses, adorned with the serrated ridges, the many roofs, and the elaborate carving which are characteristic of Burmese palaces and kyoungs. No boats but those belonging to the King are permitted to float in the moat. Urban Mandalay, when looked down upon from a height, presents a scene filled with sharply adorned palaces and monasteries, and regularly laid out streets, bordered by the usual kind of ordinary Burmese residences. Within the wall at the most there are six other walls, and the exact centre of the city is occupied by the royal palace, where King Theebaw and the two white elephants reside. The atrocities which signalized the commencement of Theebaw's reign were committed in the compound attached to the court-house, situated on the eastern side of the city and within a short distance from the great wall that surrounds the moat.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE University of Brussels has for the first time admitted a lady as a science student.

—IN New England alone there are now over 2,000 freight cars being built for various roads.

—THE directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Music have opened a free school for the training of opera singers.

—THE Rhode Island Senate has passed a Bill to prohibit pigeon-shooting for sport or as a test of marksmanship, and it is now a law.

—OSHKOSH, Wis., has the largest match factory in the world. It cut up 2,000,000 feet of logs into matches, and used $200,000 worth of revenue stamps during 1879.

—TWO COMPANIES of United States troops have been sent to Caldwell, Kansas, to assist in preventing the contemplated invasion of the Indian Territory. These are additional to those sent to Coffeyville.

—THE German Government is about to revive the scheme for cutting a canal navigable for war vessels between the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean. The scheme is warmly supported in military circles.

—THE coinage at the American Mints in February was as follows: Gold, $94,120 pieces, worth $5,844,850; silver, 2,301,600 pieces, worth $2,209,740; minor coinage, 2,301,200 pieces, worth $24,399.

—THE United States Consul at Buenos Ayres announces that the nations invited to take part in the Centenary Exposition can have until March 31st next to signify their acceptance of the invitation, instead of December 31st, as originally notified.

—A BILL is being vigorously pushed in the Legislature of Iowa providing for a State Commissioner of Immigration, at a salary of $1,000 per year and $5,000 for the expenses of the commission, and also for honorary Commissioners, to serve without pay.

—THE recent severe storm caused heavy losses of stock in the Malheur, Jordan, Reynolds Creek, and other Winter ranges in Idaho and Eastern Oregon. It is estimated that the aggregate loss in these and adjoining valleys already reaches nearly 20,000 head, and losses still continue to occur.

—THE New Jersey Sabbath Union has issued a circular containing the Sunday laws of New Jersey. The Union is composed of clergymen and influential residents of the State, and was formed to resist the efforts of the "anti-Sabbath men" of Eastern New Jersey, who strive to modify existing Sunday laws.

—THE United States Consul at Bremen predicts a large emigration from Germany to the United States in 1880, owing partly to the contemplated increase of the Imperial Army. The number of emigrants in 1879 from Bremen to New York was 26,250; in 1878 it was 20,746—an increase of 5,504, or more than 26 per cent.

—SENOR DEPRETIS, Italian Minister of the Interior, has addressed a circular to the Prefects, enjoining them to prevent all manifestations of the party called Italia Irredenta, organized for the freedom of the Trentino, and to furnish the Government with particulars as to the committees of that party now in existence.

—To convince his Mohammedan neighbors of his friendly feeling, the Czar has granted them permission to erect a mosque at St. Petersburg. It will be situated in the central part of the city, near the Newski Perspective in Tolstowo Street, where there are already a number of edifices belonging to religions tolerated nowhere else in the empire.

—AS EVIDENCE of the enlightened condition of the Japanese as compared with their neighbors in China, it is interesting to learn from the *Hiogo News* that the duplex system of telegraphy with the Morse instrument has been in successful working for some months past on one of the longest of the Government lines, that between Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki.

—THE amount of iron ore produced in the Lake Superior Mining district in 1879 was 2,414,182 tons, valued at $6,423,503. Adding the 39,582 tons of pig iron produced, the value amounts to $7,413,115, against $6,634,432 in 1878. There were 289,099 tons more ore produced in 1879 than in 1878. The output in 1879 was 246,803 tons greater than in 1878, the largest previous year.

—THE work of piercing Mount St. Gothard was satisfactorily completed at nine o'clock on the morning of February 29th, amid great rejoicing. Mount St. Gothard is part of the Alpine range, and separates Lucerne from Lago Maggiore. The tunnel and the railroad connected therewith are being constructed at the expense of Germany, Italy and Switzerland. The tunnel is designed to facilitate railroad communication between all these countries.

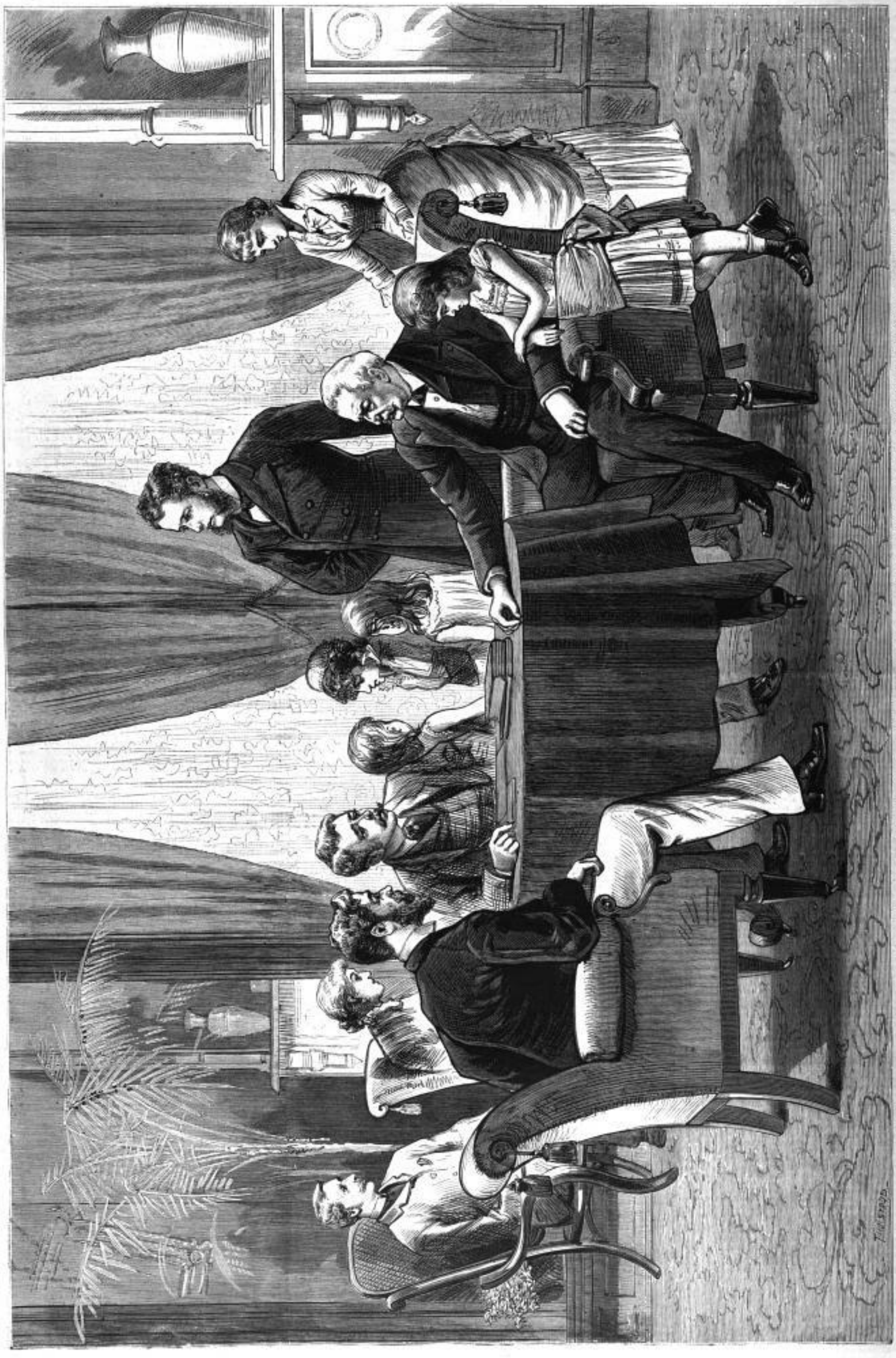
—DURING the past five years $353,018,255 worth of property has been destroyed in this country by fire. In 1875 the loss was $78,102,285; in 1876, $64,630,603; in 1877, $68,265,850; in 1878, $64,315,900, and in 1879, $76,703,700. Of the States, New York leads in big figures. Her loss in 1876 was $14,090,000; in 1877, $11,456,400; in 1878, $9,397,600, and in 1879, $15,793,200. Pennsylvania comes next with a total loss in the four years of $28,123,500.

—A PETITION signed by numerous persons, including prominent Government officials, is in circulation, the object of which is to urge action towards preserving the natural beauties of Niagara Falls from the encroachments of speculative persons. The Falls being within the territory of Canada as well as that of the United States, the petition is addressed to the Governor-General of Canada, so that he, in connection with the United States Government, may take the necessary precautions in the premises.

—THE Russian railway system presents one novel and striking feature. The companies are bound to maintain at each station, at their own cost, a mounted Cossack gendarme, who is armed with a Berdan and revolver, and forms part of the very powerful "railway police force" of Russia. Recently the companies have had to maintain from three to six of these gendarmes at their principal stations, and the total cost of the force, falling upon the shareholders of the Russian railway companies, now amounts to 650,000 roubles, or over $400,000, per annum.

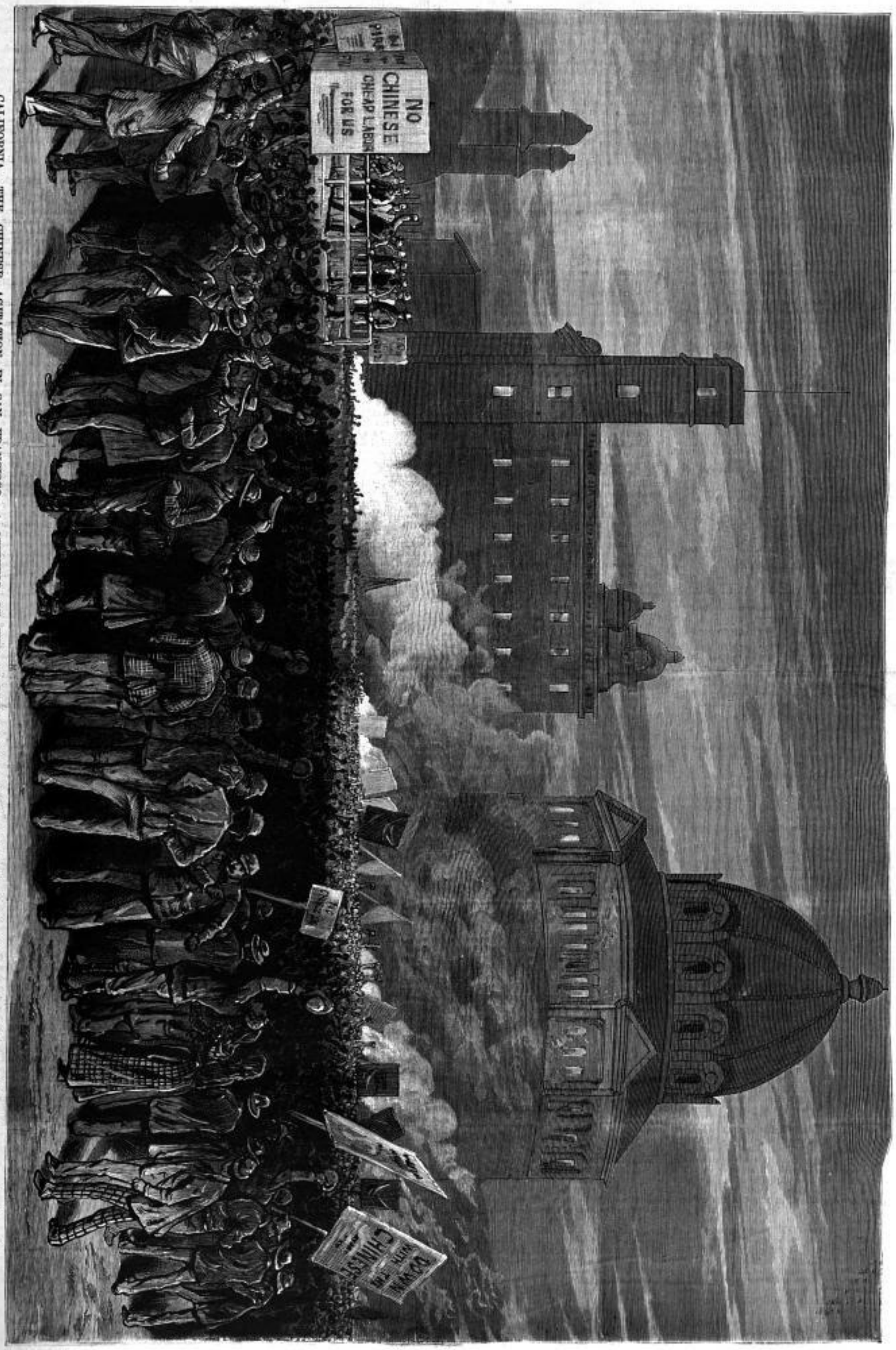
—THE following is the programme which the Indian Government will enforce unless unforeseen accidents prevent: (1.) Herat and Afghan Seistan to be placed under Persian rule. (2.) Southern Afghanistan, with Candahar as the capital, to be a dependency under British protection. (3.) Eastern Afghanistan to be a dependency under British protection, with the capital at Cabul; these two dependencies to be garrisoned by Hazard, Kizilbash and other native levies under English officers. (4.) Portions of Afghan territory to be annexed to Khelat and Cashmere. (5.) India retains Kurum, Khost and Khyber to Jelalabad. Finally, there is a strong inclination to form Merv into a state under an Anglo-Persian guarantee.

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ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 39.

NO. 16.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH M. DE LESSEPS.—THE CONSTRUCTOR OF THE SUEZ CANAL DISCUSSES IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE AT HIS WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK.



CALIFORNIA—THE CHINESE AGITATION IN SAN FRANCISCO—A MEETING OF THE WORKINGMEN'S PARTY ON THE SAND LOTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. RODGERS.—SEE PAGE 37.

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FRANK LESLIE'S "VACANT CHAIR."

Lines Suggested by the Engraving in the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *of February 7th.*

Is there a home in this fair land
Where stands no "Vacant Chair"?
Mayhap, ye say, "There was a time—
So brief, alas! yet still a time"—
When no such thing was there.
But now, ah! bitter tears attest
How vain the idle boast;
"No fledgling flown from this dear nest";
"No 'elder' gathered to his rest";
"No darling loved but lost."

"*A Vacant Chair.*" The thought to me
Hath much of tender grace.
Vacant? how? where? gone out to sea?
Discarded? dead? or wandering free?
Yet none to fill the place?
"A Vacant Chair" means some one gone—
Ay, gone! Ah, woe is me!
And some heart left to mourn alone,
To break, or harden into stone
In its dumb agony.

"Our Vacant Chair." Our sad eyes dwelt
On it with tenderness.
The form we knew and loved so well
Hath gone for aye! and sooth to tell,
No more our eyes shall bless.
Henceforth it is a sacred thing:
Stop! leave it gently there,
Though but an old, ungraceful thing,
Such tender memories round it cling.
It is *our* Vacant Chair.

"That Vacant Chair." How many eyes,
Like mine, have rested there?
At first, in sorrowful surprise,
Till slowly gathering tears arise
To mourn that Vacant Chair.
We thus incredulously gaze
Upon that sacred spot,
And feel that awe and dumb amaze
We feel when vacant place betrays
That some loved one is not.

From north to south, from strand to strand,
We love and mourn for thee;
In every home throughout the land,
In every heart shall ever stand
"A Vacant Chair" for thee,
Frank Leslie! Dear familiar name,
By sorrow made more dear;
Thy many friends for thee shall claim
Mayhap a richer meed of fame
Than this—a woman's tear.

MRS. SALLIE C. BALLARD MAYNARD.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XI.—THE STORY TOLD TO SYLVE.

FLIX FORESTER came down to breakfast one morning looking so worn and haggard that his mother could do little else than watch his face with eager eyes all through breakfast.

"My dear," she said, when all had left the room but herself and her son, "let me feel your head." He laughed with assumed lightness.

"Are you afraid of the fever?" he asked.

"It is so prevalent and so dangerous—yes," was her reply. "And yet your forehead is cool."

"My rest was broken—there was a cry of fire in the night; the dogs barked till their throats must have ached. I noticed you kept your eyes on me all mealtime. What an anxious little woman it is!"

"Because I have only you, Flix," was the low answer.

"Believe me I appreciate your kindness," he said, his own voice lowered. "I don't laugh at what I might consider your over-anxiety on account of your big boy, now. By-the-way, what a change has taken place in Miss Eve's countenance? She is very lovely."

"Very. I could have wished—but there, I won't vex you. How very sweet and womanly she is!—just my ideal of a perfect character. If poor Sylve——"

"My dear mother, don't, please, make it your business to slander 'poor Sylve,' as you call her. Your opinions about her seem to have undergone a change of late. Sylve is herself. Pray consider that we each of us have an individuality of our own."

The astonishment manifested by his little mother was so well simulated that Flix continued, turning to the fireplace and winding up his watch so violently that she feared for the spring.

"You are very likely to have her off your hands soon;" and, putting up his watch, he left the room hurriedly.

"Confound him!" he muttered, as he entered his study and paced up and down, his face in a glow, looking forward with gloomy contracted brows and troubled eyes. "And I dare say the girl loves him. He has spoken to her and she did not repulse him. No, of course not—why should she? The fellow is young and handsome, confound him!" and he struck the floor venomously with his heel. "Well, the form must be gone through with. My pride will bear me up, though. I did hope——" His voice broke. He went over to the mantelpiece and leaned his head on his hand. "I have been a fool!" he muttered. "I do believe I have loved her ever since she asked to black my shoes"; and he laughed feebly. "But come, since it must be done, it must, and here is the place and now is the time." He stirred the fire in the open grate till it seemed to sing as it glowed, drew up a crimson armchair, placed a hassock on the white lamb's-wool mat, and then rang the bell. A servant came.

"Is Miss Sylve at home?" he asked.

"She is in her room, sir," was the answer.

"Tell her I wish to see her at once if she is at liberty."

Sylve tried to look demure and a little shy as she entered the library, but her heart failed her, and she walked in as quiet and apparently calm and rosy as if she did not feel like a culprit conscious of some great offense. How pleasant the fire looked, and the dark polished wood of the fine old library, and the richly bound books shining in all their varied brightness, and the soft, thick carpet, over which the light of burning sea-coal, quite as beautiful as that of hickory, cast a glowing and vivid radiance.

"How nice the fire feels!" said Sylve, making a feint of holding her hands out for warmth.

"Yes, it is, rather," replied Flix, absently, and with no idea of coherence, not noticing that Sylve smiled and blushed.

"You wanted to see me about something," she said, for Flix stood leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down upon her, and the silence was becoming oppressive.

"Yes. Have you no idea what it may be?" She looked down, blushing, and sighing unconsciously.

"I suppose I might guess—if——"

"You know, of course," he said, almost sternly, "Mr. Vintresse has proposed for your hand." She was still silent, though neck and brow were crimson. "He said you sent him to me."

"What else could I do?" murmured Sylve.

"Of course—I am your guardian—it was the right thing;" and there was a ring of bitterness in his voice. "He is a very handsome man, and on some accounts a desirable match for you. He, doubtless, expects to be wealthy, but I am afraid his hopes in that direction are destined to failure. Still, if you love him—after all, that is the main point"—his voice shook a little—"you will not mind that he is not a rich man, will you? He says he can earn an honorable living and take good care of you."

"And did you give your consent?" asked Sylve, in a low voice.

"No, I did not give my consent; I think it is never best to be in a hurry about matters that pertain to the welfare of a human life. I did not give my consent because—because—well, it is of no consequence why—that is—I must know first whether you love him. If you do, that is sufficient."

"And you will be glad to be rid of so unpleasant a responsibility," she murmured, bending a little lower, a quiver in her voice.

"What right have you to assume that I consider it as such?" he asked, indignantly.

"We have never been the best of friends, you know," she said, tremulously, "and I caused you so much trouble. It would be curious if you were not glad to be rid of me."

"Curious!" he repeated, walking a few steps and coming slowly back; "it would be something more than curious if I should."

"You have done everything for my comfort; don't think I forget that," she went on, the tears dropping slowly from her lashes; "and if I have not seemed grateful, it is because the early loneliness and isolation of my life have made me different from others who have had superior advantages."

"The question is"—and the voice was hoarse with feeling—"are you very fond of this man?—do you love him sufficiently to become his wife? If so, there is an end of it—he has my sanction, and you—my blessing."

"And if I said No," murmured Sylve, timidly, "should I be a burden? Would you consider me—that is, might I not still live on here, now that Eve's circumstances are changed, and she is going to leave Forester House?"

"Sylve," he said, with a gasp, "does that mean that you don't care for him?"

"Because I have felt before now that I was an—an annoyance, and it is very hard for you, in your own house—I mean that there are elements of discord," she went on, growing incoherent, "and I fancy Mr. Vintresse likes me very much, and I dare say, in time, I should get to like him—no, not very much, I can't say that—still I should be independent, I should not run the risk of troubling you. I——"

"Sylve!" She started; he was leaning on the chair-back, his hand just touched her shoulder, and there was something almost awful in the deep tones of his voice. "Don't repeat those words; don't speak of being an annoyance and a trouble. Listen, for I am going to tell you something which no other woman has ever heard from my lips—which no other woman ever shall hear. I do not think you perfect by any means. I know your faults, as you perhaps know mine. For some time I have been in possession of a secret which may not interest you. It is this—that no living being will ever hold that place in my heart which you hold at this moment and have held for years. I never knew what love was till I saw you—I never cared to know, for I am not a man of quick impulses or passions. I hope this is not treason to poor Vintresse, though it may be very disagreeable to you. Even if I cannot take his place as a lover, and I do not for a moment flatter myself that I can, I beg you will not marry him unless you love him. It would be too cruel, and you must never consider yourself a burden here. My mother's very heart-strings are wound about you. Stay here till some one comes more worthy of your heart than I; I shall not be in your way, for my business calls me to be absent often——"

"Flix—Mr. Forester!" He paused on the instant, there was such absolute pain conveyed in the tones of her voice. She slowly rose and faced him.

"Oh, what shall I say?" she exclaimed, her hands coming together, appealingly.

"Accept the conditions," he responded; "never hint again as long as you live that you may be an incumbrance."

"But that is not what I mean," and her face, red to the roots of her hair, fell into the clasped hands. All suddenly a light seemed to break in upon him. He bent over and tried to unclose the hands from the blushing face.

"I said I was not a romantic or a passionate man," he began again; "but at this moment I am a curious one. Great heaven! if I might but interpret these signs as my heart longs to do! Sylve, you—do—not—hate me. Is it possible that you can love me?"

"I don't know when I have not loved you," she said, with a sob. Then with something that sounded between laughing and crying, "I loved your picture when I was at the old Windmill Heights school," and whatever else was said was whispered in the arms that held her close, close—and by lips that were very near his lips.

"Now, what if I were to say," he exclaimed, when he had released her, "that you are not Sylve de Latude at all—that there is no fortune coming to you."

She listened utterly incredulous till he had told her all—the story of Nurse Desire, his suspicions concerning her pretended father, and his designs for unmasking the villainy that he had discovered.

"I, Eve Lewin! I the daughter of the Virginia colonel—unfortunate and impoverished! She the heir to all this wealth? It takes away my breath to think of it! Oh, are you sure of all this?—are you quite certain? I have been so proud to feel that all my fortune would come through your exertions—might be shared by you."

"You are infinitely more precious to me as Eve Lewin," he said, smiling. "And as for the money, it would have been only an additional burden, and I am rich enough for both."

"And there is no stain upon my birth, now?" she murmured.

"None whatever. Your mother was a pure, good woman; your father, whatever his faults, a chivalrous gentleman; while this other man, who would have claimed you as his child, is"—he bent his head lower and whispered the word—"a murderer!"

She recoiled with a cry of horror.

"And Eve—Miss Lewin, must she bear that fearful stigma?"

"Not if it can be averted through my efforts," he replied. "She need never know anything of this dreadful suspicion, shall not hear of anything further than the change of name. She will not be much disturbed, I think, she is so soon to be married; and the fortune—do you not feel a pang of regret at the loss of this princely income?"

"Not one," said Sylve, "only I am so bewildered, so sorry for poor Eve, so—so glad for myself," she added, looking up into his splendid face that was full of admiring worship.

CHAPTER XII.—THE MURDERER CONFRONTED.

SYLVE had written a little note to Salome—who had given her consent to stand as one of Eve's bridesmaids—to beg her to bring her cousin. At first Salome pleaded the girl's failing health, but yielded when Sylve said that a change might do more for her than the most skillful doctors. "And perhaps," she added, "she may find her runaway lover here. But, pray, say nothing to her about that, and please use the bank-note I send you in making her look as pretty as a picture."

Eve, to whom her real name had not been disclosed, Flix thinking it more prudent to wait till just before her marriage, was to be given away by Mr. Forester, the wedding to take place at Forester House. The ceremony was to be conducted with great splendor; Mrs. Forester took the matter into her own hands. It could not be a very public affair, as the parties on both sides had so few friends or relatives. Doctor Wilde had lost the care-worn look that earned for him so much compassion from excitable young ladies, and was his handsome, generous self again, while Eve looked radiant and had regained her wonted light-heartedness. Wilde had promised to restore the old homestead, and they were to pass their Summer vacations in Virginia.

On the day of the wedding Mr. Vintresse and Mr. De Neal sat talking together in the private parlor of their hotel.

"You are sure of her, then?" said Mr. De Neal.

"Reasonably so; she sent me to her guardian; he was very kind and very favorable. I am to receive his final answer to-day. You will go with me, of course; there can be no better time than now, and as it must be done, it might as well be over with."

"I hate it, cursedly," answered the other. "I don't know why I have such an aversion to meeting this Forester. It strikes me he ought to have called before now, and as to the girl—well, it is very certain that familiarity has not bred contempt in my case, for I haven't seen her for over twelve years. Nor," was his innermost thought, "do I care to. I only want the money which she believes to be coming to her."

"Well, Vintresse," he said, after a few moments of thought, "perhaps I had better go. They are probably all in a flurry over this wedding, and, on the whole, it may be the best time." The two sallied forth, Vintresse in high spirits, De Neal uncomfortably depressed, his horror of his mission growing more unbearable as he neared the lawyer's house. "Ten to one he won't be at home," he thought, ringing the bell.

But he was at home. The two gentlemen were conducted into the library, where Flix sat before the fire at a small round table busily arranging papers. He met his visitors with some ceremony, seated them, and immediately began a conversation that led easily to the business which one of them at least had in hand. For an hour or more Flix was, or pretended to be, deeply interested in the letters and documents which were rapidly opened and explained, but he had all the time been growing paler.

"Do you know," he said, at last addressing De Neal, "that your voice is familiar to me?"

"Ah, indeed!" responded the other, who had been gradually losing his suspicions.

"And I never heard it but twice in my life," continued Flix, moving uneasily. "The first time it was under circumstances so peculiar that it has haunted me all my life."

"And the second time," said De Neal, looking him full in the face.

"Oh, that was in an omnibus some days, or perhaps, I should say weeks, before you met with that accident. I then recognized you by your voice."

"I don't remember that I have ever seen you," said De Neal, searching his recollection.

"Not to know me, I am quite sure. But your real name is not De Neal—it is De Latude."

"Yes; I have just told you that," said the other.

"And Miss Sylve de Latude is your daughter. You are ready to swear that?"

"I am ready to swear that."

"Perhaps you would also like to know where I *first* heard your voice," continued Forester, while Vintresse listened with some interest.

"It does not matter; however, I am willing to listen," said the man, somewhat surprised.

Forester fixed his keen, witness-reading eyes on De Neal.

"I have never forgotten the date," he said. "It was on the 23d of June."

"Th—the 23d," muttered the other, looking forward helplessly.

"Yes; you may remember you took supper at a small inn on the country road to H——, in Virginia. I might assist your memory by adding that *Ben Lake*, a well-known dealer in jewelry and fancy goods, took tea at the same place—he never did again."

The man before him said not a word, but continued his fixed stare at Flix. Vintresse, on the contrary, grew as pale as ashes, started forward and exclaimed in unmistakable accents of horror:

"My God—that man!"

"Mr. De Latude," said Flix Forester, very calmly, "you are well known to me. The particulars of your history are these: You married the daughter of Anne De Roosevelt and lived very unhappily with her. There came a time when, goaded to madness by your insults, she raised her hand against you. You fell forward, apparently dead, as she thought, killed by the blow. You were buried, and on the same night rescued from the clutches of death by a trio of country students. These you had no difficulty in pledging to secrecy, because they knew that the penalty for violating private graves in that part of the country was a terrible one. You escaped and led a strange, lawless life, gaming and reporting in another part of the country. Finally, you met with this peddler on the 23d of June. You accompanied him on the road. You sat down on a broken stone fence in the moonlight; the time might have been between nine and ten. You told him this history that I have been repeating to you, and then and there——"

"Hold!" cried De Latude, both hands outspread, his face white and livid, the scar from lip to eye purple, and having the appearance of a freshly bleeding wound. "It is false as hell!"

"And then and there you murdered him!" continued Forester, remorselessly. Latude fell forward all in a heap, with blazing eyes and laboring breath. Vintresse had risen and retreated backwards, his face a picture of horror.

"Long before this," continued Forester, his voice unchanged, "you had prevailed upon the nurse of an infant daughter of Colonel Lewin, by bribes and threats and false reasons, to exchange her charge for your own child, so that really the young lady I have had under my charge is not your daughter, but the child of an honorable Virginia gentleman, thank God!"

"Vintresse, will you stand by and see me traduced!" cried De Neal, his face distorted with every diabolical passion. The young man was quite silent. This charge was the clew and the key to many strange vagaries in De Neal's career which he never before understood. There was such an air of truth and conviction rightly placed in all Forester did and said, that he was forced to believe.

"Mr. De Latude," said Flix Forester, "I could have you this moment arrested for the murder of Ben Lake; but for the sake of your innocent, unoffending daughter, I give you twenty-four hours in which to leave the city. I have no personal animosity in this matter, though the second time I heard your voice and thought of that fiendish deed, I hated you and could have branded you with infamy. You had better not speak; denial will do you no good. I was lying directly behind you, thrown from my horse, helpless and speechless, but with all my other faculties perfect. Great God, what a night it was! And now our conference is ended. You know what is before you. I will bid you good-day. You, Mr. Vintresse, will be kind enough to remain a few moments."

"You give me twenty-four hours, do you?" asked De Neal, in a tone of bravado, rising. "It will take less time than that to get out of your clutches. I don't say what I shall do, but I do say that you shall answer for this before many days. For I distinctly tell you I deny everything," and with that audacious falsehood on his lips he strode from the room.

"Oh, this is too terrible!" cried Vintresse, in agonized accents.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Vintresse," said Flix, much moved.

"And I have been the intimate companion of that man, who murdered the best friend I ever had in my life, the father of——" He paused, shutting his lips desperately.

"Your friend!—what, the peddler?" ejaculated Flix.

"My friend, an honest, high-hearted, generous fellow, open-handed and as good a man as ever lived. Yes, he aided my poor mother when she was left utterly penniless; he did

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everything for me till I came into my sixteenth year. And Lilly—little Lilly! Oh, Mr. Forester, I despise myself! I, too, have acted a traitorous part. I—no, no, I cannot see Miss Sylve."

"It is not Miss Sylve who wishes to see you," said Mr. Forester, smiling, "it is Miss Eve Lewin."

"I know—I cannot—I, of course, give up all hope of her hand. I could not marry her now if I were free to do so. No, no! Let me earn back a portion of my old self-respect, and I will search for that poor child—sweet, winsome—— Pardon me, Mr. Forester, I scarcely know what I am saying."

"I would still advise you to see Miss Eve," said Flix.

"For one moment, then, to tell her she is free."

Salome, Sylve and the fragile little New England flower, Lilly Lake, sat together in the bay-window of the breakfast-room. They had been talking of old times. Suddenly the door opened, and young Vintresse entered. One look, one wild upflinging of the hands, one shriek of mortal fear, or pleasure—which?—and Lilly flew down the long room and fell a senseless burden into the outstretched arms of Vintresse, who held her like an automaton while he cast bewildered glances about him.

"Mr. Vintresse, lay her on the sofa," said Sylve, coming forward. "Sweet little creature! Do you know I have suspected this for a long time?" as she stood over the helpless Lilly, chafing her hands. "Oh, Mr. Vintresse, if you have ever loved this pure little angel, you can never be pleased with any one less fair."

He knelt by the side of the couch, and the first face she saw as she came out of that joy-swoon was that of one she had mourned so constantly and given up long before as dead, or utterly lost to her.

Vintresse did not return to the hotel. He stood up at the wedding that night, pairing off with Lilly, whose beauty was something almost unearthly, her happiness was so complete. As for Mrs. Forester, she asked for nothing more to fill her cup of joy than the declaration made to her by Flix, that there would soon be another wedding, and she should have Sylve—the names were not yet changed, remember—for a daughter, after all.

"The wedding shall be grander than this one, Flix," she said, kissing him. "We will have all the world here."

Early the next day Flix received the following note:

"DEAR MR. FORESTER—On my return last night to the hotel I found Mr. De Neal's room-door locked. Thinking he did not want to be disturbed, and as it is a custom of his at times, I retired. This morning I waited for him till nine. We found no indication of his having risen; and, finally, the door was burst open. It was as I had feared. He was not asleep, but dead, probably by his own hand. That will shortly be decided, as the body is under examination now. On the table at his side was a note directed to me. It contained only these words:

"'DEAR VINT—It is all true. I had a presentiment of how it would end. I cannot even say God have mercy on my soul. Say it for me, will you? Believe that you were the only person beside your mother that I ever loved in all the wide world. Farewell for ever.

"'DE LAUNE.'"

Aunt Desire, after her mind was unburdened of the secret she had guarded so long, began to improve in health. She lived to see her darling a happy wife and mother; and her lot was an enviable one in that splendid home. Nothing was ever breathed into her sensitive ear about the father whose career had been so infamous. The property that came into her possession, after all proper proofs were attained, was used for the benefit of others as well as for herself. Nurse Dee could never feel towards the real Eve the love she had delighted to bestow on the false one; but Sylve, in her beautiful home, found the almost adoring affection of husband and mother all that her heart could wish.

THE END.

REV. GEORGE G. MULLINS, U. S. A.

THE subject of education in our army is one which has for some years past attracted the attention of the superior officers. They recognize that a well-informed soldier fights better, is more amenable to discipline and in every way better and more useful than an ignorant or brutish one. Recently the subject has taken a well-defined shape, and schools have been organized wherever there is an army post. In time of war, of course, this cannot be done, but in peace, when the soldiers remain for long periods at one post or encampment, the project becomes not only practicable but easy. It having been decided to establish a system of general supervision over the schools, Special Order, No. 34 of the War Department, directed Chaplain George G. Mullins, Twenty-fifth Infantry, to report to General McCook for duty as assistant in charge of education in the army, with station at St. Louis, Mo. Chaplain Mullins has been detailed on account of his special fitness for the work, and it is believed by those who know him that he will render service of great value in his new field. He is still a young man, but has had much experience as an educator. He was ordained as a minister when but a boy, having been one of the youngest persons ever graduated from the Kentucky University. He has been an enthusiastic worker in educating the troops in the Department of Texas for the past five years, and has a good name in the army. He is a Kentuckian by birth and of Scotch-English descent, with the fair hair and blue eyes of his English, and the pertinacity and good sense of his Scotch, ancestors. During his experience in Texas he worked hard in the effort to arouse the ambition of the troops there to get at least an elementary education, and he devised an especial method of instruction adapted to the peculiar wants and necessities of soldiers. A great enthusiasm was aroused, and the results were exceedingly gratifying. Chaplain Mullins's new mission is to see that schools are established in every post, garrison and permanent encampment; provide that a uniform system of instruction be adopted; open reading-rooms and post libraries, and see that they are kept well supplied with reading matter, and have a general supervision of the entire system of education in the army.

OPENING OF THE SECOND AVENUE "L" RAILROAD.

THE Second Avenue line of the Manhattan Elevated Railway and the branch from Chatham Square to the City Hall were opened for travel on Monday, March 1st. The Second Avenue road, for the present, will be operated only to Sixty-fifth Street, and none of the stations along the line are completed. The ticket-sellers sat in temporary pine boxes, resembling the boxes which ornament the street corners on election day. The platforms were crowded with carpenters and other workmen engaged in constructing the stations. At Chatham Square an arrangement was effected to obviate the necessity of the crossing of the two tracks. The Second Avenue cars pass down the old Third Avenue track to the South Ferry, while the Third Avenue coaches are taken directly to the City Hall. A high bridge connects the two stations, and over this bridge passengers who wish to be transferred can pass without giving up their tickets. A Third Avenue passenger, wishing to go to the South Ferry, leaves the car at Chatham Square, crosses the bridge, and takes the Second Avenue down train; while a Second Avenue passenger, desiring to reach the City Hall, is transferred in the same manner to the Third Avenue line. This system practically abolishes the danger of collision, except among the passengers themselves on the narrow stairways leading to the bridge.

The stations now in operation on this line are at Sixty-fifth, Fifty-fourth, Forty-second, Twenty-third, Fourteenth, Eighth, First, Rivington, Grand and Canal streets, Chatham Square, Franklin Square, Fulton Street, Hanover Square and the South Ferry. A large force of workmen are employed along the line, and the arrangements for comfort and rapid transit are being completed as fast as practicable.

THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON.

THE Old Capitol Prison, at Washington, D. C., has in its time played many parts—from a Senate chamber to a boarding-house, from a prison to a palatial residence. Formerly the temporary Capitol it is now a handsome and imposing building, occupied by three of the leading families of Washington society. After the burning of the Capitol by the English, this temporary substitute was erected in 1814, at the time when Henry Clay was Speaker of the House. The building was next converted into a boarding-house, and Calhoun died in that portion of it which was formerly used as the House of Representatives. We now find it a prison, and the annals of the war recall the long list of eminent state prisoners confined within its walls. Here Mrs. Surratt awaited her trial, and many others paid the penalty of treason. But years have cycled into eternity, making war but a memory, peace the reality. The elegant home of Judge Advocate General Dunn, Judge Field and ex-Governor Lowe form another trinity of human greatness found within the historic walls of this building of checkered career, presenting a delightful contrast between "now and then."

Of the many eminent names recorded in the prison ledger for political offences stands Mrs. Rose Greenhow, widow of Dr. Robert Greenhow, and aunt of Mrs. Stephen A. Douglass, who, after eighteen months' imprisonment with her little daughter in the Old Capitol, was sent to Richmond, and, subsequently, by the Confederates, to Europe as "special envoy." That the Old Capitol Prison may long continue in its present condition should be the wish of all who love not the "shiftings of rugged blasts."

A Jewess Faithful to her Race.

A JEWESS, who has been always actively and intelligently devoted to the interests of her people, died recently in France in extreme old age. This celebrated lady was the wife of Isaac Adolphe Crémieux, to whom she was married in 1837. She influenced her husband, who was a lawyer, to defend the cause of the Hebrews in Turkey and Asia Minor. In 1840 she accompanied her husband to Egypt, and obtained the acquittal of certain Jews of Damascus, who were accused of assassinating a Catholic priest and dipping their unleavened bread in his blood. When her husband entered Parliament in 1842 it was generally believed that she influenced him in his crusade against Guizot. In 1848 it was also believed to be by her impulse that her husband went to the Tuileries to warn the royal family of their danger, and to assist them in their flight. Crémieux was soon afterwards elected Minister of Justice, and in that office introduced the Bill for the re-establishment of divorce. The unpopularity of this action brought both husband and wife into most unwelcome notoriety. They were lampooned in the newspapers and pictured multitudinously in the most frightful caricatures, where the husband was presented as hideously ugly and the wife as the typical strong-minded blue-stocking of that epoch. After his imprisonment by Louis Napoleon, Crémieux retired to private life, and, with his wife, was almost forgotten until he resumed his seat in the Chamber of Deputies in 1869. He immediately began to agitate the question of the naturalization of the Jews of Algiers, and the world of Paris again ascribed his work to the influence and devotion of this faithful Jewess. In 1870 Crémieux made his famous appeal to the women of France in behalf of the suffering soldiers in their armies, and his wife, feeble from old age, set a worthy example by going in person from house to house, asking for aid, until she had collected half a million of francs for the French prisoners of Germany. This was the last public act of the life of devotion which has just closed in peace and honor in extreme old age.

The Bulgarian Parliament.

IN a recent number of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, some interesting details are given on the present position of Bulgaria. Of the session of the Bulgarian Parliament for November and December it says: "The Assembly at Sophia contains very few intelligent heads; even from among the mass of half-educated there are scarcely twelve persons who are the least capable of expressing an opinion on a Bill, or, indeed, on any serious subject which requires some intelligence and ripe judgment. All the rest were boors, who in the sittings partly gave utterance to wretched nonsense (as the Voivode Debo Zekof), partly slept, and outside the Assembly saved fourteen out of the fifteen francs daily allowance for onions and bread, in order to add to their household wealth by the purchase of oxen, etc. Besides these are fifteen Turkish Deputies from the east of the country, who do not understand Bulgarian, and who sit like statues, unconcerned with what is going on. These Turks also make a fine thing out of their allowance. One of these (Osman Effendi, of Tesluki), attends his colleagues as servant, and earns daily a few piastres in addition to his 15 francs. Every morning and evening this bright specimen of a Parliamentarian could be seen with large water-cans and bundles of wood, in white turban and dirty burnoose, wandering through the streets of the Bulgarian capital—a representative of the people!" There was nothing like a regular debate. Each spoke as often as he wished, sometimes 30 times in a sitting. Unpopular speakers were simply howled down, and the wishes of the Ministers and other disliked individuals, summarily annulled. By a bare majority of voices were certain of the chief Opposition shouters, who had not attained the regulation 30 years of age, declared to be of that age, and thus the chamber was in a position, unconcerned before the whole of Europe, to decree the greatest nonsense by a simple majority of voices. After the foolish and thoroughly fruitless session had cost the improvished country 120,000 francs, the Assembly was dissolved, and "many of the country Deputies were compelled to wander home on foot, since they had lost all their allowance at cards, and they had all too surely counted on the continuation of the golden time till Christmas."

A California Gold Story.

THE most singular manner of being struck with a fortune in prospecting occurred above Spring Gulch, recently. Mr. Snow, late of San Francisco, now prospecting in the vicinity of Sonora for other parties, was out on a quartz hunt with Dr. Drake, of San Francisco. They were returning home, it being stormy, when Snow (who was riding a horse belonging to John Neale, of the Spring Gulch Mine), along the trail, was suddenly missed by his companion. Snow's horse had slipped off the bluff, and down he went at an angle of 45 degrees, horse, rider, and ride (which he gripped firmly in his hand), rolling over and over in the snow, until he brought up against a mass of stone standing up out of the snow, its top covered with moss. He was not hurt, as the cold, soft cushion had saved his bones from the hard ground beneath. Scrambling up against the rock, he noticed that it was a quartz lode, and that where the horse had accidentally kicked off the moss something glittered. His eyes "bulged" out, but he did not stop to brush them off, his hands were too busy clawing off the moss. Darkness coming on, he had only time to break off a few specimens, which are filled with pure ore. One small piece, exhibited in Sonora, was estimated to be three-quarters gold. Tons of it are apparently still awaiting its owner. Snow says the vein is about 30 feet thick, and in his impulsive generosity he gave away several shares of his vein soon after. He told us that he "would not look at $25,000 for his interest." It is, without doubt, the richest mass of quartz ever discovered in that county, except the Divoli bonanza, recently opened in Sonora. Of course, he told us to keep it out of the paper; but that caution we find to be getting monotonous. Mr. Snow is very well known in San Francisco as an actor of merit, and a gentleman well deserving the good fortune he has "tumbled to." Some men are born rich, others have riches thrust upon them, but Mr. Snow has drifted through air and snow, right slap up against a pile of richness that would make old Rothschild's keen eyes turn green with envy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An International Exhibition of plants and flowers will be held at Wiesbaden during the approaching Summer.

Professor Conrad, of the Arkansas Industrial University, is attempting to make for it a complete collection of the minerals of that state.

A Russian Explorer, Poliakow by name, has lately returned from an exploration of the Grotto of Kungur (a mountain of the Ural chain) and of Mount Ataral. After diligent researches he has found no trace whatever of the so-called "diluvial" man.

J. Ballantyne Hannay has written to a firm of diamond dealers saying that his discovery will not affect their business, as the cost of producing very small quantities of boart is so great as to relegate the process to a mere laboratory experiment.

Some Sanitary Reforms are really being effected in Memphis. All the rotten wood pavement, which is to be replaced by stone; a new system of sewerage will be completed before hot weather, and the Health Board possesses greater powers than heretofore.

It is Proposed to hold a loan exhibition in the City of London to illustrate the treasures in the goldsmiths' work and plate, pictures, and other artistic objects of interest, possessed by the various guilds and livery companies. From these sources could be formed an exhibition of great historic and artistic interest.

The Famous Museum of Boulaq, in which so many interesting remains of ancient Egypt are preserved, is threatened with destruction. The Nile has almost begun to undermine its walls, although a few years ago an attempt was made to divert the current by surrounding the building with a solid stone embankment.

The Total Population of Greece is 1,679,000 souls, against 1,457,000 in 1870. The increase per annum has accordingly been 1.60 per cent. From 1860 to 1870 the annual increase was 1 per cent. The official report hence draws the conclusion that national prosperity is augmenting, but it is very probable that the later census was more thorough than its predecessor.

Workmen boring a well near Athens, Ga., have found a perfect iron wedge, such as rail-splitters use, in the middle of a solid blue granite rock, forty-six feet below ground. There is many a scientist who will wish that he had been one of the workingmen. Like the frogs that are and sometimes to jump from the centre of a rent rock, the wedge was in a perfect state of preservation.

The French Minister of Public Works is going to ask the Chamber of Deputies to vote a sum of 2,400,000 francs for the submersion of 17,000 acres of vineyards in the two Departments of the Aude and the Herault. It is estimated that these vineyards are worth, on the average, about $750 an acre; so that if the experiment is as successful in destroying the phylloxera as it is believed that it will be, the gain will be represented by a total little short of $15,000,000.

A Universal Exhibition of art and manufacturing products will be opened on May 1st next in the Palais du Midi, Brussels, by the Permanent International Exhibition Society. Foreign artists and manufacturers debarred from taking part in the special exhibition to be held during the fiftieth anniversary celebration of Belgian independence, which is restricted to Belgian subjects alone, will thus be able concurrently to exhibit their products in the Palais du Midi.

The House Committee on Agriculture has learned that an aggregate of $554,237.50 has been expended upon the Botanical Gardens under the direction of the Committee on the Library, and that the salaries of the officers and laborers have never been fixed by law. It began with an appropriation of $1,200 in 1843 in the Civil and Diplomatic Bill for the care of the specimens brought home by the exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes. The publication of the results of this expedition was in charge of the Library Committee and the matter has ever since remained there.

St. Louis is having a new sewer made through solid limestone rock, twelve feet below the street level. Near the substratum of the rock the workmen have come upon two human feet, firmly planted in the rock. The calf of the left leg can be traced, but the other foot possesses only a part of the ankle. They occupy natural positions, as if the creature that owned them had been standing erect in the mud that hardened into limestone. No traces of the body are visible. Persons who have seen the fossils do not doubt that they are intimately related to some departed human being.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD SALISBURY has been seriously pulled down by an outbreak of Roman fever, a disease he contracted a number of years ago.

M. GRIMAUD DE CAUX has been appointed Chancellor of the French Legation at Washington, D. C., and M. Knecht Chancellor of the Consulate at San Francisco, Cal.

IT is announced by the commission appointed to superintend the erection of a statue of Victor Emmanuel in Rome that it has thrown open the competition for it to the whole world.

COLONEL CAMMARDOFF, who, while in company with the Chief Dragoman of the Russian Embassy recently, was fired upon and wounded by two persons, has died of his wounds.

SURGEON-GENERAL WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, United States Navy, retired, died March 2d at his residence at Owing's Mills, Baltimore County, Md., in the seventy-second year of his age.

THE Czar's body-guard is on duty day and night. Anybody entering the bedroom or the library of the sovereign would have to pass 200 Cossacks. Two soldiers sleep at the foot of his bed every night.

THE Hon. John A. Cuthbert, of Mobile, is still practicing law in that city, although ninety-one years old. He was an officer in the war of 1812, and was elected to Congress from Georgia in 1819.

MR. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, the new counsel for the Tichborne claimant, has expressed himself as confident of proving the innocence of his client and the truth of certain new evidence recently discovered.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, formerly Under-Secretary for India, and at one time Governor of New Zealand, has been appointed Governor of Bombay, vice Sir Richard Temple, whose term of office has expired.

MRS. BETSEY HENDERSON, of Boston, celebrated her one hundredth birthday on Sunday, February 29th. The Rev. Dr. Miner, of whose church she is a member, preached a memorial discourse in the morning.

IT is reported at Rome that Count Corti, the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople, will be transferred to Paris, and that Baron Blanc, the Italian Minister at Washington, will succeed Count Corti at Constantinople.

THE Biennial Musical Festival Association of Cincinnati, Ohio, upon the recommendation of Theodore Thomas, has effected a contract with Miss Amy Sherwin, the young soprano from Tasmania, to sing at the next festival.

COUNT DE SAINT-VALLIER, French Ambassador at Berlin, gave a dinner at the Embassy on March 1st, which was attended by the Emperor and Empress of Germany, Princess Bismarck, the principal court dignitaries, Prince Hohenlohe and others.

JOHN COX, the Pennsylvania abolitionist, whose house before the war sometimes concealed as many as twenty runaway slaves in one night, and whose golden wedding was celebrated in verse by Whittier and Bayard Taylor, has just died at the age of ninety-four.

ON the appointment of Sir A. T. Galt as Canadian Resident Minister at London, the Canadian Government will retain Mr. Annan as Chief Emigration Agent for the Dominion, in order to afford every facility for emigration during the prevalence of the agricultural depression in the United Kingdom.

PRIVATE advices from Berlin state that the Emperor William, while at dinner with Count de St. Vallier, expressed the most friendly sentiments toward the Ambassador of the French Government, and said there was no ground for anxiety as to the continuance of good relations between the two countries.

THERE is a custom in Bavaria which renders it obligatory upon every Prince of the reigning house to perform at least one day's active duty as a private soldier in the royal army. The Sultan of Turkey has gone a step further, and ordered one of his sons and a nephew to enter as privates in a regiment of body-guards. This is an unprecedented event in Turkey. Shade of the Prophet! what next?

CAPTAIN DANIEL R. BRUEN, the oldest citizen of Newark, N. J., and the oldest Freemason in the State, died March 3d, in his eighty-fifth year. He was a member of St. John's Lodge for over fifty years, was at one time Grand Master of the State, and occupied a number of honorable positions. He was born in Newark in 1795, and, until he became advanced in years, pursued several kinds of business.

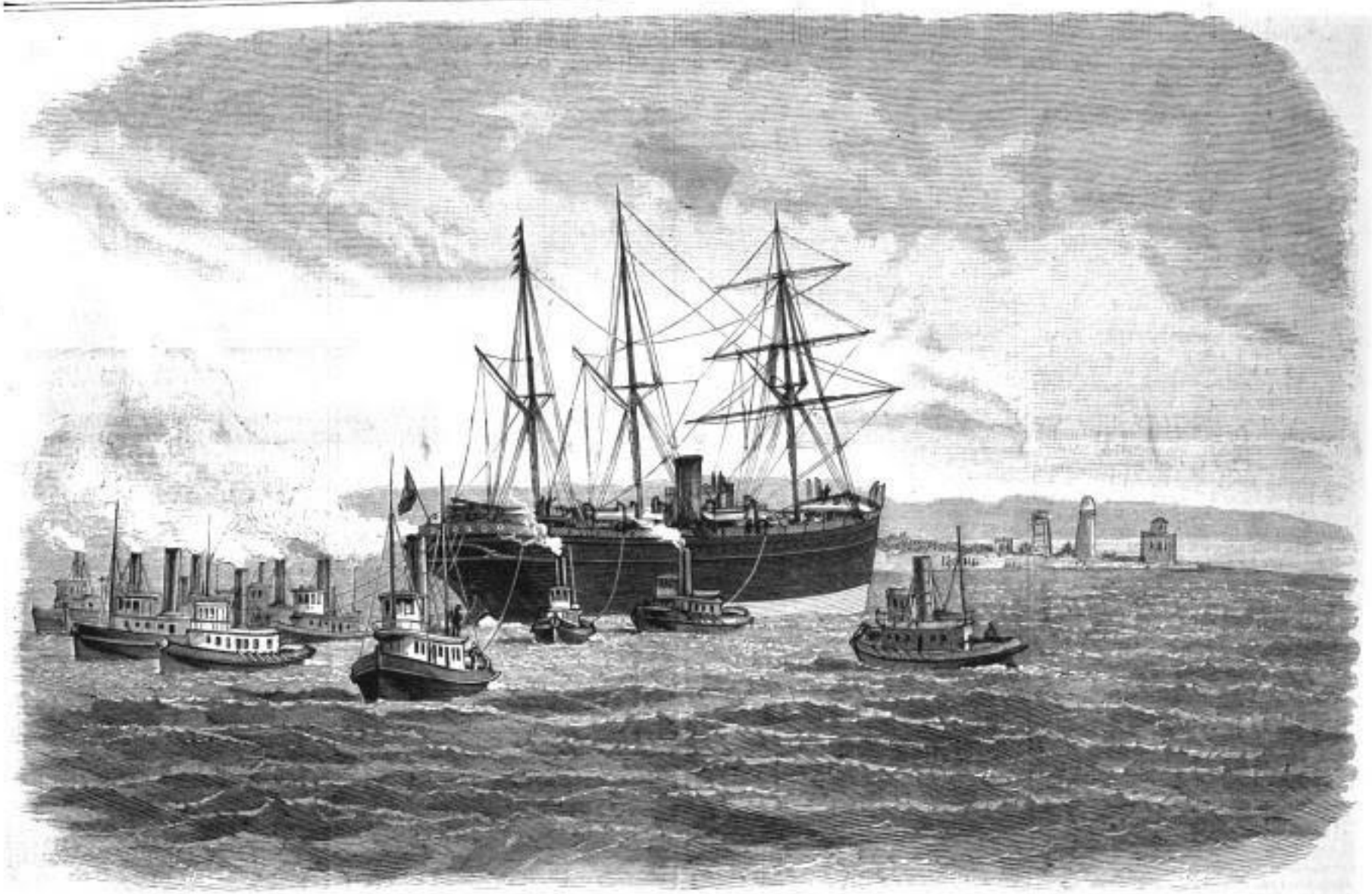
THE Emperor of Austria has lately been the recipient of a unique present. It consists of a suit of clothes made from the wool of an alpaca sheep that eleven hours previous to their delivery was still alive. The animal, a superb specimen of its kind, was slain at 6:11 A. M. Four hours and thirty-three minutes were employed in reducing the wool to cloth. In two hours and twenty-five minutes the latter was ready for the tailor, who employed the remaining four hours in making the suit.

IT gives the Austrian Empress great pleasure to see her children ride well. Her only son, the young Archduke Rudolph, is one of the best and boldest riders in Austria or Hungary. A foreign potentate lately complimented him on his horsemanship. "How could I be a bad rider?" he said; "am I not a Hungarian and the son of my mother?" His father, the Kaiser, is also an excellent horseman. Their youngest daughter, the charming little Archduchess Valeria, gratifies her mother also by the wondrous progress she has made in the riding-school, though only twelve years of age.

COUNT BALZARINO LUTTA, First Secretary of the Italian Legation to Washington, came to New York from Washington to be treated for cancer in the right side of his neck. On December 27th, 1879, he was taken from the Clarendon Hotel to St. Vincent Hospital, in Eleventh Street, where he died March 3d. His friend, Count Morello, of the Spanish Legation, was with him when he died. Count Lutta was of an old and noble family in Milan, Italy. The body was taken to Washington by the Italian Minister, Baron Blanc, and by Count Morello. It is to be placed in a receiving vault in Washington until the wishes of Count Lutta's relatives in Milan are learned.

FEBRUARY 17th was the sixty-third anniversary of the reigning sovereign of Holland, who ascended the throne on the death of his father, March 17th, 1849, and is, therefore, in the thirty-first year of his reign. The Queen of the Netherlands, *née* Princess Emma of Waldeck Pyrmont, attained her majority in August last, and the only issue remaining of the King's former marriage is Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, now *de facto* Prince of Orange and heir apparent to the throne. Prince Alexander is in his twenty-ninth year; he has recently, both in newspapers and pamphlets, admitted his inability to take part in any affairs of State, and serious apprehensions are entertained in Holland that the Orange-Nassau dynasty will shortly die out.

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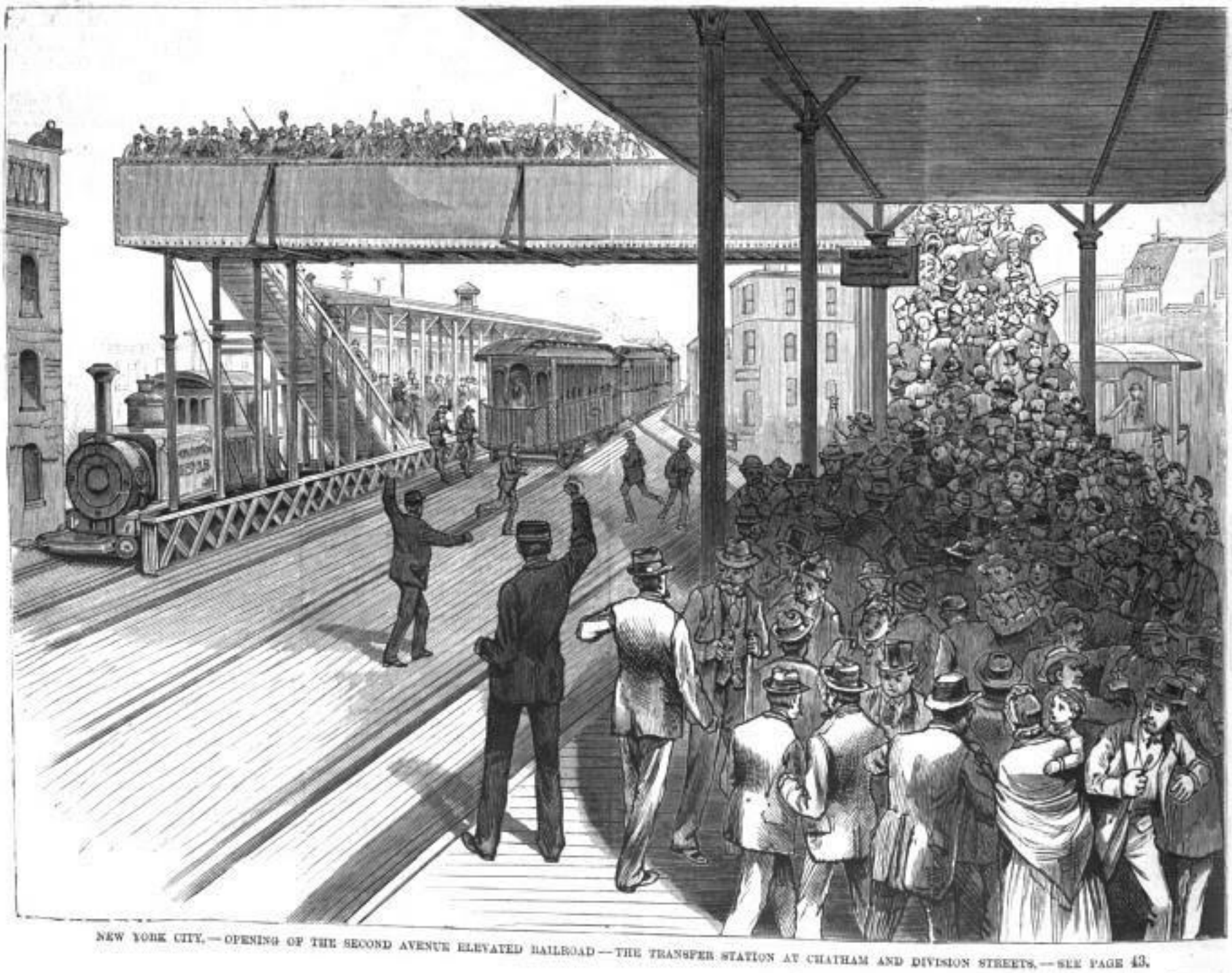


NEW JERSEY.—GROUNDING OF THE STEAMSHIP "NEVADA" OFF SANDY HOOK—THE FLEET OF TUGS DRAGGING HER OFF THE ALLEGED NEW SHOAL.

GROUNDING OF THE STEAMSHIP "NEVADA."

ON Sunday, February 29th, no less than sixteen steamships and thirty-five sailing-vessels arrived in the port of New York by way of Sandy Hook, all reporting unusually severe weather and a variety of accidents. The experience of the steamship *State of Nevada*, of the State Line, from Glasgow for New York, has given rise both to curious speculation and official inquiries. On the night of the 28th she got aground about a mile northeast of the point of Sandy Hook, and a quarter of a mile south of the ship channel. She struck on the bar at about 11:30 A.M., during a fog, at nearly high water. Word was telegraphed to the company's agents, and he immediately made arrangements to send her assistance.

The authorities at Castle Garden, being notified that she had a large number of emigrants on board, also sent down the tug *Virginia Seymour*. Telegrams were also sent to the office of the company at the foot of Canal Street, and the tug-boats *Hudson*, *Baltic*, and *W. H. Chesey* went down. All worked together in attempting to free the steamship until 7 P.M. without any prospect of success. The vessel seemed to be badly stuck, although there was plenty of water. At 8 o'clock she began to move slightly, and there were prospects that she would come out at high water. A damper was put on this theory, however, at 9 o'clock, when the officers at the docks received a telegram asking for further assistance, saying also that the steamer would probably have to stay at Sandy Hook until morning. At 10:30, however, the twelve tugs succeeded in hauling her off, and she reached Quarantine safely and without having met with any damage. At Quarantine the pilots said that the pilot of the *Nevada* in the fog probably mistook the black buoy off the point of the Hook for the black buoy off the false channel and steered a



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE SECOND AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD—THE TRANSFER STATION AT CHATHAM AND DIVISION STREETS.—SEE PAGE 43.

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ENSIGN L. K. REYNOLDS, U. S. N., THE HERO OF THE BARK "OLIVE" RESCUE.

steamer *Constellation*, then under sailing orders for Havre, France, with goods for the Paris Exposition. Upon the return of the Constellation, Ensign Reynolds was placed "upon waiting orders" until October, 1879, when he was again ordered to the same ship, for transfer to the United States Flagship *Trenton*, in the European Squadron, where he is now on duty. It was while *en route* to the Mediterranean that the rescue of the crew of the *Olive* was made, on November 24th last. The following report from Captain Wilson to the Secretary of the Navy not only explains a most gallant action, but is a handsome testimonial to a plucky youth:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP *Trenton*,
Toulon, France, *Feb.* 3d, 1880.

HON. R. W. THOMPSON, *Secretary of the Navy*, Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to make the following report, in order to render tardy justice to a deserving young officer.

In my report of the rescue of the crew of the Austro-Hungarian bark *Olive*, I neglected to mention the gallant conduct of Ensign L. K. Reynolds.

Ensign Reynolds had charge of the first whaleboat, and was the only one who communicated with the bark.

The second whaleboat, owing to the heavy sea, failed to get within hail.

After making two trips and bringing to the *Constellation* nine of the crew of the *Olive*, he (Mr. Reynolds) volunteered to return and bring off the three men remaining on the bark.

Before leaving in the last boat I directed Mr. Reynolds either to scuttle or fire the bark, to secure her sinking, as she was in the track of vessels and dangerous above water. Owing to the heavy sea running, Ensign Reynolds could not go alongside the bark, but jumped overboard, swam to the vessel, fired her in two places, swam to his boat again and returned to the *Constellation*, with the last of the crew of the *Olive*.

To the good judgment and skillful handling of the boat by Ensign Reynolds is due the fact that no accident happened either to the rescued or rescuing party. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

HENRY WILSON, Captain Commanding.



REV. GEO. G. MULLINS, CHAPLAIN, U. S. A., ASSISTANT IN CHARGE OF EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.—SEE PAGE 43.

THE UNITED STATES FISH-HATCHING STEAMER "FISHHAWK."

IN speaking of Seth Green, the father of American fish-culture, two weeks ago, allusion was made to the action of Congress in making an appropriation for a United States exhibit at the forthcoming Fish Exposition in Berlin, and in providing for the construction of an iron steamer to navigate our waters and carry on the hatching of table fish. We take pleasure this week in presenting a view of this vessel, the *Fishhawk*, as she has been named, which has just been completed by the Pusey & Jones Company, of Wilmington, Del. Her construction is in all respects novel, and adapted to the work for which she is designed. This is the first vessel of the kind ever built. Her equipment will consist not only of all the improved appliances for taking fish, but also for their propagation on board. She is rigged as a fore-and-aft schooner, is 146 feet 6 inches long, on a seven-foot water-line, and measures in breadth of beam, molded, 27 feet, and in depth of hold, amidships, 10 feet 9 inches. She has an iron hull, covered with 3-inch of yellow-pine plank, and is furnished with a twin screw—that is, two propelling screws, right and left, one under each counter, each screw being driven by one inverted cylinder surface-condensing engine, 22-inch diameter of cylinder, and 21-inch stroke of piston.

The *Fishhawk* has been built under the supervision of Lieutenant Tanner, United States Navy, who had the *Speedwell* in charge last year at Provincetown, when she was in the service of the United States Fish Commission. This method permits not only of great extension in hatching fish, but adds to the facilities of transporting eggs or young fish. The fish can be caught by the men employed in the service, and, once the eggs secured, the hatching can be accomplished on shipboard by means of apparatus where power is wanted, such as for obtaining a constant flow of water, or motion. It is also possible, by means of a steamer, to secure eggs in certain rivers or bays, hatch them, and carry them hundreds of miles to other points of delivery or distribution. To accomplish this, and to make room for such special apparatus, there is an open space on the main deck of the *Fishhawk*, 40 by 27 feet. Here will be placed the conical-shaped vessels, through which will pour continuous streams of water, which movement is absolutely necessary when shad eggs are to be matured. Cylindrical vessels with wire bottoms, by means of projecting beams, which stand out from the sides of the vessel, plunge these vessels containing the eggs into the water, and

little too far west. The purser reported that the accident was a mistake of the pilot, and that it was not so foggy as it might have been at 11:30 A. M., when the *Nevada* went on. Another reason assigned for the disaster was that the late storms had formed a shoal off the Hook which was not known until the steamship ran upon it.

At the meeting of the Board of Pilot Commissioners, held on March 3d, depositions were made by the captain and chief officer of the steamship concerning the grounding. Pilot Lyons also made a statement. Neither Pilot Lyons nor his comrades believe that the shoal off Sandy Hook was appreciably increased by the gale of February 3d. The general belief is that the buoys 3 and 5½, however, are too far inshore. The Secretary was instructed to write to Commodore Clitz and the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and inquire as to what, if any, changes have recently taken place in the shoal off Sandy Hook. Judgment on the pilot was suspended until the report is received.

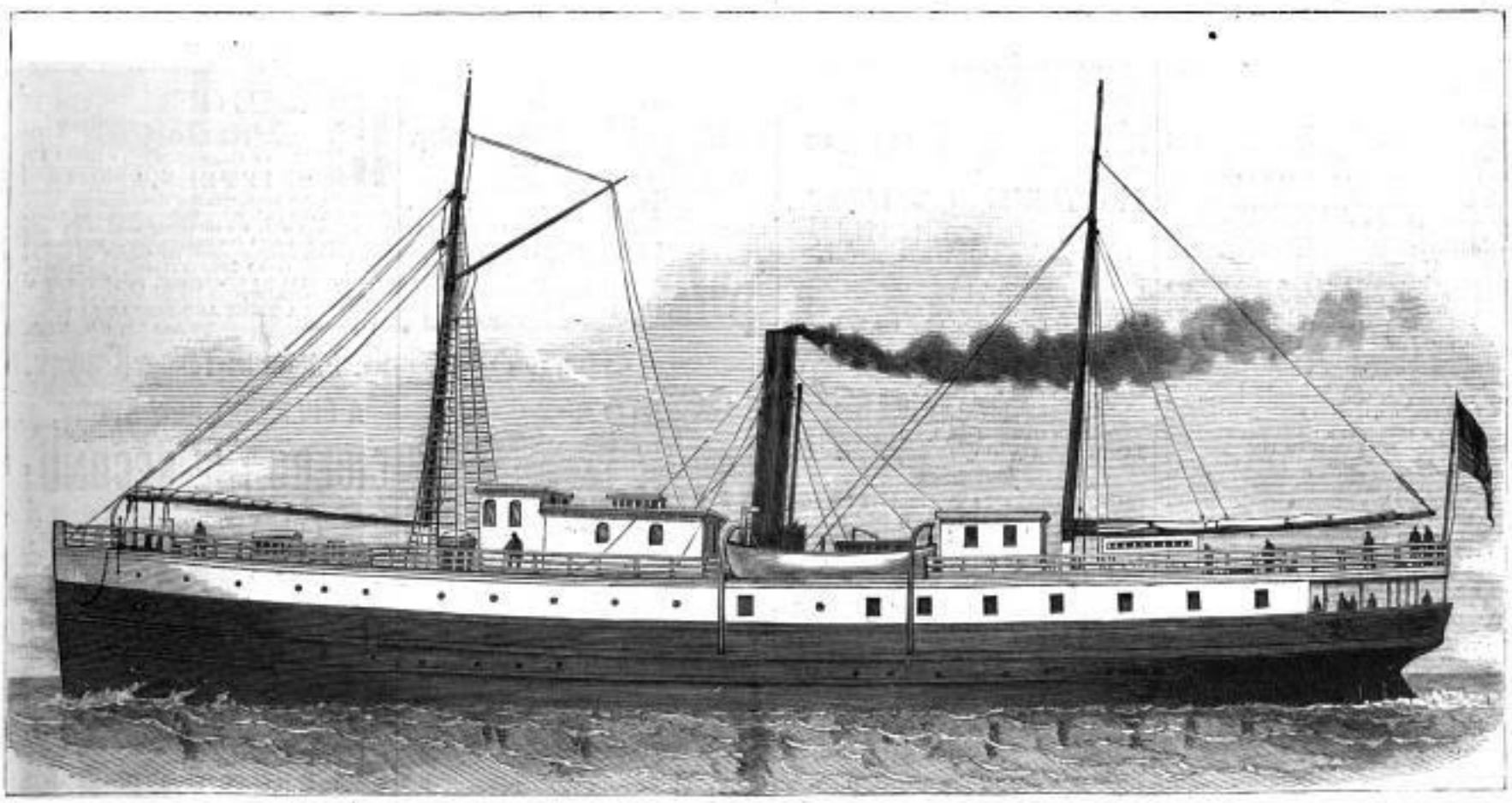
ENSIGN L. K. REYNOLDS, U. S. N.

ENSIGN LOVELL K. REYNOLDS was born in Keokuk County, Iowa, January 31st, 1857. At the age of nine years his parents moved to Wilcox County, Alabama, where he has since resided when off sea duty. His preparatory education was chiefly in the schools of Montgomery, Ala., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn. He graduated at the age of nineteen from the United States Naval Academy, in what is known as the "Centennial Class," June, 1876, standing number seventeen in a class of forty-two.

After graduation as midshipman he served in the Atlantic squadron, and was assigned to the staff of Admiral Stephen D. Trenchard, commanding the squadron. Subsequently, the young Ensign was detached and ordered to report for duty to Captain James A. Green, commanding the United States



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON, WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 43.



THE IRON FISH-HATCHING STEAMER "FISHHAWK," JUST COMPLETED FOR THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

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withdraw them by means of a peculiar cam, which movement will be given by machinery. An agitation is necessary for shad eggs, with change of water, and as these eggs are heavier than water, the vessels containing them are lifted slowly, so as not to break the tender eggs, and plunged again into the water more suddenly. The same method will be tried with the eggs of the cod, only as these eggs are lighter, and they require to be buoyed up, the reverse movement will be employed. The *Fishhawk* will be roomy enough to carry some twenty officers and hands, with additional space for such complement of men as may be requisite for securing spawning fish.

The *Fishhawk*, equipped as she is for this special work, marks the most notable advance that has yet been made in practical fish-culture, and, no doubt, her plan of construction and methods employed in hatching fish, looking towards the production of fish-food in the future, will be copied by other countries. The vessel is amply provided with lifting engines, as no small part of her duty will be to work dredging apparatus.

The Spanish Succession.

JOYFUL expectations are entertained in the royal palace at Madrid, and the ceremonial authorities of the Spanish Court are already being eagerly consulted by the Great Officers of the Household, in order that no ancient rite or prescription of etiquette may be omitted when Queen Christina shall perform the important function of assuring the direct succession to the crown of the Two Castiles. Doubtless, all time-honored ordinances will be rigidly observed upon that auspicious occasion; and it is interesting, *apropos* of the "coming event," to read the account of the ceremonial performed at the birth of King Alfonso himself, furnished to the Czar by Prince Michale Gallitzyn, then Russian Ambassador at the Court of Queen Isabella. His Excellency wrote as follows: "On the 28th of November, 1858, I was awakened suddenly at three o'clock in the morning by a royal halberdier, who brought me an invitation to betake myself without delay to the royal palace. Within half an hour I entered Her Majesty's private cabinet, where I found numerous grandees and Ministers already assembled. A few minutes later the doors of the cabinet were thrown open, and the King Consort, Don Francisque d'Assisi, entered the room, bearing upon a golden salver the new-born infant, Don Alfonso. Thus all present were enabled to assure themselves that an heir to the throne had really come into the world."

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., of Hartford, print their thirty-fourth annual statement on the outside of this paper. Their receipts for the year just passed are about nine millions of dollars, and their payments to policy-holders more than seven millions of dollars. Their ownership of real estate is larger than that of any other company, and it is the best of real estate. Their sales of it in all the year to come will be at profit, for foreclosures were made during the time when only a great company could afford to carry the property until its value should warrant its sale. Bound to the core, utterly conservative, ably directed and honestly managed, the CONNECTICUT MUTUAL shows its policy-holders a statement of which, in all its details, they may be proud.

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AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS,
And other desirable Investment Securities,
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☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks and other securities.

We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

FUN.

VETERAN joker, reading proof at the next table—"I wrote Brown and it is set up Black. The compositor must be color-blind."

THE man who lost both arms in the machinery proposes to strike, as he has noticed that whenever there is a strike they always put on new hands.

YOUNG LADY—"See, my poor doggie wants you to pat his head." *Parson*—"Ah, yes. But might not the 'laying on of hands' be followed by the taking off of fingers?"

THE observant "small boy" went to church and heard the minister repeatedly say in his prayer, "Grant us, O Lord." He reported at home that the minister had "come out strong for Grant."

LITTLE EDITH (Mrs. Brown, a visitor, has just kissed her)—"Mamma, I doesn't like womens one bit." *Mamma*—"Why, Edith, what do you mean? Why not, darling?" *Edith*—"'Cause womens is teasin' for tisses all 'e times." Mrs. Brown has learned a lesson. Oh, that she would profit by it.

PUNCH has a picture of a Scotchman disputing with a London cabman about his fare. The controversy has become warm. "I'd hae you ken," says the countryman of the Campbells, "that I am a Mackintosh;" to which the irreverent cabby replies, "You may be a humbereller for all that I knows, but my fare is heighteen pence."

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A PAINTER from Tyneside, while busy putting the finishing touch on the stern of a vessel lying at the shipyard where he was employed, was whistling at his work as merry as a ploughman. The manager, being on deck, heard the painter, but failed to find out his whereabouts for some time. At length looking over the stern, he descried the man of paint, whose tune was merry and loud. He looked savagely at the man, who took no notice of his appearance, but continued his work until accosted by his superior with the following inquiry: "Do we pay you for whistling?" "No," replied the man; "we gie ye that into the bargain."

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MAN: "I say, mister can't yer give us a shil'n'; I'm turble hard-up." *Farmer*: "Ah, Proctor, I always told you to look out for a rainy day." *Man*: "So I did, master; but I never thought it wur a-going to snow." Master gives him a shilling.

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL

Statement

—OF THE—

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company

—OF—

HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1879	$46,225,182.44
RECEIVED IN 1879.	
For Premiums $5,750,441.57	
For Interest and Rents, 3,203,848.99	
	8,954,290.56
	$55,179,473.10

DISBURSED IN 1879

To POLICY-HOLDERS:	
For claims by death and matured endowments $3,745,265.54	
Surplus returned to Policy-holders, 1,885,264.97	
Lapsed and surrendered Policies, 1,506,455.88	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS	$7,136,986.39
EXPENSES:	
Commissions to Agents $308,145.89	
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed on salary 97,574.29	
Medical Examiners' fees 12,844.25	
Printing, Stationery, Advertising, Postage, Exchange, etc 164,946.82	
Profit and Loss 2,495.50	
	$586,708.45
TAXES	340,533.89
	$8,063,228.73
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1879	$47,116,244.37

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS:

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien		$22,237,403.37
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds		27,853.28
Premium notes on Policies in force		4,108,717.91
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Comp'y		11,099,472.47
Cost of United States Registered Bonds		4,620,685.14
Cost of State Bonds		619,000.00
Cost of City Bonds		2,326,480.00
Cost of other Bonds		560,000.00
Cost of Bank Stock		91,683.00
Cost of Railroad Stock		26,000.00
Cash in bank at interest		1,418,332.03
Balance due from agents, secured		52,882.71
Bills receivable, and Judgment		13,806.46
		$47,116,244.37
ADD:		
Interest due and accrued	$1,453,488.52	
Rents accrued	16,179.05	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	163,992.86	
Net premiums in course of collection	None	
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums	20,939.68	
		$1,654,600.11
GROSS ASSETS, December 31st, 1		$48,792,334.48
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest	$44,674,325.00	
All other liabilities	1,277,257.06	
		45,951,582.06
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard		$2,840,752.42
SURPLUS by N. Y. Standard, about		6,800,000.00
Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1879		6.54 per cent.
Policies in force, Dec. 31st, 1879, 64,504 insuring		$164,185,123.00

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No. 1,278.—Vol. L. NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1880. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly. $2.00 Weekly $2.00.



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1880.

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53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

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THE FEDERAL ELECTION LAWS.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has just pronounced two decisions on the Federal Election Laws which have for their effect to determine judicially the constitutionality of so much of the recent legislation of Congress as undertakes to regulate the election of members of the House of Representatives. It will be remembered that the Constitution declares that "the time, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may, at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators."

It will thus be seen that the constitutional power of Congress is plenary and paramount in the premises, with the single exception here indicated. The purport of the Constitution was so understood at the date of its ratification by the States, and the fact of the plenitude and supremacy of the power thus vested in the Federal over the State Legislatures, *quoad hoc*, was made a ground of strenuous opposition to the adoption of the instrument in many of the Conventions held by the States on the question of its ratification.

Partly, it may be, out of respect for the sensibilities excited by this clause, and partly from the absence of any necessity calling for Federal intervention under this head, the Congress of the United States never proceeded to exercise the paramount power vested in it over the election of Representatives until the years 1870 and 1871, when it enacted the laws comprised in the Revised Statutes from Section 5,511 to Section 5,523.

The constitutionality of these laws has been frequently impeached, notably by the Democratic majority in the present Congress, when, at the late extra session, it joined an imprudent issue with the Executive on the question of voting an appropriation for the payment of the deputy marshals charged, in part, with their enforcement. It is, therefore, a matter of much political, as well as judicial, interest that the questions raised on this point should have been brought to the final umpirage of the Federal judiciary.

The question arose in two separate cases, the first, that of certain judges of election in Baltimore in 1878, who were convicted in the United States Circuit Court for the Maryland District, of interfering with the Supervisors of Elections and Deputy Marshals of the United States, while the latter were engaged in the performance of their duties at an election for Representatives held in Maryland on the 5th of November, 1878. The parties inculpated appealed to the Supreme Court with a petition for the writs of *habeas corpus* and *certiorari*, on the ground that sections 5,515 and 5,522 of the Revised Statutes, under which they were convicted, are unconstitutional and void.

The second case arose on a petition of one Clarke, an election judge in Cincinnati, appointed as such under the laws of Ohio, and who acted as such at the Congressional election held in that State on the 9th of October, 1878. Indicted, tried and convicted under Section 5,515 of the Revised Statutes for an official misdemeanor, in that, *contrary to the laws of Ohio*, he did not convey the ballot-box to the County Clerk after it had been sealed up and delivered to him, and that he allowed it to be broken open, Clarke appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that the clause under which he was convicted is unconstitutional.

The gist of the legislation, passed under review by the Supreme Court and pronounced constitutional, is comprised in Sections 5,515 and 5,522 of the Revised Statutes. The first of these sections imposes a penalty on any officer of election, whether appointed by State, Territorial or Federal authority, who, at any election for Representatives, "neglects or refuses to perform any duty in regard to such election required of him by any law of the United States, *or of any State or Territory*, or who violates any duty so imposed." Section 5,522 denounces the penalty of fine and imprisonment against any person who hinders or resists the marshal and deputy-marshals of the United States in the performance of their duties at elections.

That the Congress has power to regulate the "manner" of holding elections for Representatives is plain from the text of the Constitution, but it was gravely questioned whether, without taking full and exclusive jurisdiction in the premises, it could adopt the State laws, or parts of State laws, under this head, in such a way as to make them Federal laws for the "time, places and manner" of such elections. The Supreme Court hold that, under the peculiar terms of the Constitution on this subject, it is not necessary that Congress should assume entire and exclusive control of the elections for Representatives, but may simply exercise, if it so pleases, a merely supervisory power, and, to this end, it may "add to, alter or modify the regulations made by the State," without providing an entirely separate set of Federal regulations. And it is held that no conflict of laws can ensue on this ground, because the authority of Congress, so far as it takes jurisdiction, whether it be more or less, must be recognized as supreme over and beyond that of the States.

Whatever inconvenience may attach to this superposition of Federal duties upon those enjoined by the States, it seems plain to us that the text of the Constitution recognizes its admissibility. The laws of the United States, if passed in pursuance of the Constitution, are the supreme law of the land, and apply to individuals throughout the Union. An officer appointed by the State to be a judge of elections is also, under Acts of Congress, now pronounced constitutional, an officer of the United States so far forth as relates to the election of Representatives, and it is his duty to take cognizance of the statutes prescribed by the United States for his government in the matter of such elections. And the reason of the law resides in the fact that all the people of the United States are interested in the integrity and purity of the elections held in each and every Congressional district for the choice of a Representative who shall assist in making laws for the whole people. The dishonest election of a Representative in Maine or Louisiana is a wrong not only to the people of Maine or Louisiana, but of the whole United States. Hence the Federal jurisdiction lodged by the Constitution in Congress under this head. Under this jurisdiction Congress has legislated, and the Supreme Court has now affirmed the validity of its legislation, with two dissenting Justices—Judges Field and Clifford.

Now that the constitutionality of the statutes on this point has been authoritatively settled, it is to be hoped that the Democratic majority in the present Congress will no longer demur to the suggestion of President Hayes when he invited them to *amend* these laws instead of seeking to repeal or nullify them, and when he pledged his co-operation in any effort to cure the "inequality" and "oppression" which they are charged with working in their present shape and under their present administration, so far, at least, as relates to the deputy-marshals, who, as at present appointed, are all of a single party, and who have often worked rather for the success of their party than for the purity of elections. The Democrats have urged that they could not conscientiously amend these laws because they did not admit the constitutionality of such legislation; but, in the face of the decision now rendered by the Supreme Judiciary, they are absolved from such scruples, and can help the country in securing what it desiderates in all Federal elections—an honest election, conducted under the supervision of officers so appointed and so constituted as to insure the popular faith in its honesty by excluding all ground for the mere suspicion of fraud and collusion.

PRESIDENT HAYES AND THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

WHY mix up the Monroe Doctrine with the construction of an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus? That the United States should be jealous of any interference by Great Britain, Germany, France or Spain in the affairs of this continent was to have been expected from our geographical position. But the building of this great canal is not a local matter, for it affects the trade of the whole world, the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as the Western Hemisphere. Its successful completion will require the monetary assistance of the capitalists of France, England and Germany as well as those of the United States; and it does not become our dignity as a nation for President Hayes and Congress to call up the spectre of the Monroe Doctrine to alarm the bankers of the world and so impede a work of the most vital importance to the human race.

It is inevitable that, when constructed, this canal will naturally fall under the control of the United States. We are near at hand, while Europe is remote. We would have a hundred opportunities of profiting by its construction where any other nation has one. It will affect vitally not only our relations with Asia and Europe, but will mark an era in our coastwise trade on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It is a matter of common notoriety that our commerce with the west coast of South America is seriously impeded by the exactions of the Panama Railroad. The people of South America want our agricultural implements, carriages, carts and other bulky manufactured articles, but the fares on the present routes on the Isthmus are prohibitory. There is not a market in the world with which we cannot compete with Great Britain, France and Germany in manufactured articles, and the opening of the canal will, for the first time, give us the advantage over Europe in all the markets on both sides of the Pacific Ocean. As a matter of fact, the only interest inimical to the building of the canal are the transportation lines which now have a monopoly of carrying freight and passengers between Europe and Asia over this continent. This trade is valuable no doubt to one great interest, but there are a hundred fields for American enterprise which would be stimulated into healthy activity by the completion of this new highway of nations.

The future Gibbonses and Macaulays, in relating the rise of the Great Republic, will no doubt be astonished when they come to canvass the action of President Hayes and the American Congress in 1880, in trying to put impediments in the way of the construction of a work of such grave moment to the whole human race. The Mohammedan zealots who destroyed the libraries of Alexandria, and the ambitious youth who "fired the Ephesian Dome," do not figure well in history, nor will President Hayes be the subject of laudatory comment, when our annals come to be written, for trying to discourage the mission of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.

The time chosen for this protest is ill-chosen. We have no navy. We could not enforce the Monroe Doctrine against the feeblest power in Europe. According to Senator Bayard, all the cities on our sea-coast are at the mercy of any nation which possesses a modern ironclad. One month after a declaration of war Great Britain, France or Germany could be in possession of the principal cities on our sea-coast. We have neither ships, guns, land or floating batteries or an effective torpedo service that would insure us against attack, and to talk of our enforcing the Monroe Doctrine against combined Europe is the height of absurdity.

Let us have an end of this *ad captandum* rhetoric about the Monroe Doctrine in connection with this scheme for constructing a work which will render this century memorable, which will do more to bind nations together than a thousand treaties, which will stimulate commercial enterprise the world over, and which will open up the dark places of the earth to the humanizing influences of trade and civilization

WILL ENGLAND SUSTAIN THE TORIES?

WE believe it will. The advent of the Tories to power has been marked by many disasters to Great Britain. Gladstone left England with a prosperous trade and a full treasury, but the Beaconsfield administration has been marked by loss of trade, diminishing revenues and partial famine in Ireland. The petty wars in Zululand and Afghanistan have been costly without redounding to the glory of the British arms. Mistakes without number have been committed in Parliament as well as in the administration of the Government; but despite these drawbacks it seems as though the Conservatives, so-called, will add to their majority in Parliament in the coming election, simply because Beaconsfield and Salisbury are determined that Great Britain shall be respected the world over. The Gladstone administration was disposed to stand aloof from the councils of Europe; to withdraw from foreign conquests; to concentrate attention upon problems more vitally affecting the business interests of the people of Great Britain. In short, the charge was that the Liberals were tradesmen rather than statesmen. The Tories have reverted to the policy of Pitt and Palmerston. Great Britain has had her say in everything that transpires on the Continent. She asserts her power in Central Asia, in Southern Africa—wherever the British flag floats. Americans on the Isthmus and in South America, when in trouble, claim to be British subjects in order to secure that protection which England gives to all her subjects everywhere, but which the United States, owing to the weakness of her naval arm, is unable to afford. It is this determination to uphold the traditional aggressiveness of Great Britain which has given Beaconsfield his hold upon the voting population. Then the Liberals are without a coherent policy. It is a party of "leaders who will not lead" and of "followers who will not follow." Gladstone will not go to the front, and Hartington has little beyond his rank to entitle him to a leading place in the councils of his party. Therefore, unless the unexpected occurs, the English Parliament to be chosen in April will be as decidedly Tory as the one which Beaconsfield has controlled for the last six years.

SIGNS OF DANGER.

THERE are some signs in our national life which are portentous and full of warning to all who value our institutions. Prominent among such signs we may mention a growing disrespect for the Constitution—a disposition among public men to disregard the binding force of its provisions. Particularly is this true of Senators and Representatives in Congress. A departure from the strict requirements of the organic law might, perhaps, have been excusable when the Government was forced to wrestle with a gigantic rebellion. Then extraordinary measures were rendered necessary, and men thought more of preserving the unity of the nation than of the legality of the methods employed. But during the past fifteen years the alarms of war have been hushed, and we have been at peace. With North and South united, there has been no good and sufficient reason for overstepping the limits of the Constitution. "The basis of our political systems," said Washington, when retiring from public life, "is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government." So we believe, so we maintain; and yet Congress does not hesitate to assume to itself powers greater than conferred by the instrument under which alone Congress exists. What is this but contempt for the Constitution? Said Senator Carpenter, in a recent speech, "A careful observer of the tendencies of our time cannot fail to see that in every branch of our Government we are running towards the consolidation and centralization of power, and that inside of the Government the tendency is equally strong towards the centralization of power in Congress." These things cannot be without a studied and deliberate violation of the Constitution.

Another sign is to be found in the infamous devices employed to promote partisan success. Fraud and force are fast supplanting the peaceful methods devised to determine the political bias of the country. Elections, to a considerable extent, have been converted from a quiet and friendly measurement of strength between opposing opinions to a fierce struggle for control between contending and ambitious politicians. Instead of the ballot operating to execute the will of freemen, the predominance of party is made to depend upon skill in trickery and effrontery in using, without scruple, whatever pretext ingenuity can devise for securing power in spite of the majority. Do we exaggerate? Witness the public declaration made by Congressman Hill, of Ohio, only a few days ago. Addressing a crowd of partisans at Washington, he assured them that the Democracy would not only nominate their man—meaning the Presidential candidate—at Cincinnati, but that they would go still further and "inaugurate him whether he be elected or not." Coupling this outspoken declaration with the recent attempt to subvert the Government of Maine, and the fraud and force connected with the last Presidential election—an election which came near plunging the country into civil war—we are justified in claiming that volcanic signs of no ordinary character threaten the future of the country. If elections are to be won through trickery, or if candidates are to be seated through force and fraud, then the Constitution becomes a nullity, law a mockery, and liberty a meaningless phrase.

Sectional animosity constitutes another sign of danger. Although the North and South are united under one flag and Government, it requires no extraordinary penetration to discover that in no true sense are the two sections friends. The North insists that all Southern participants in the war were rebels and traitors. The South contends that her cause was just, and pronounces any opinion to the contrary a falsity. The South reaches out her arms to regain possession of the Government, and chafes to occupy her old vantage-ground. The North resists and declares that never again shall a traitorous section be intrusted

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with power over the destinies of the country. Thus the two sections stand, mistrusting each other, and, if the naked truth be told, hating each other as decidedly as when engaging in the shock of battle. The volcanic force is merely held in check, not destroyed.

Another volcanic sign may be discovered in the attitude assumed by our foreign-born citizens. We have given them, as it was our duty to do, a hearty welcome to our shores. We have inducted them into the privileges of citizenship, and freely opened to them the benefits of our free institutions. In return for all this we have simply asked that, renouncing all past allegiance, they should become Americans both in name and spirit. But now, having greatly increased in numbers, and feeling their strength, they enter the political field as hybrid Americans, and assume to dictate the current policy, together with the choice of rulers. Thus we have the strange spectacle of "Irish-Americans" dominating the Democratic Party, while "German-Americans" serve notice on the Republican Party that their wishes must be respected in the nomination of a Presidential candidate, or else they — the "German-Americans" — will "smash things generally." We have no comment to make other than to say that, during the Rebellion, the Irish only furnished 7.14 per cent. and the Germans 8.76 per cent. of the more than two millions of men who entered the Union armies.

The last sign of danger to which, at present, we shall call attention, is to be found in the efforts which are making to destroy our system of free education for the masses. Common schools were founded because American statesmanship discovered that the well-being of the citizen and the perpetuity of republican institutions depended on widespread intelligence. Under this system, so far as education could be made to contribute to the result, the children of the rich and poor, and of all religions, have been given an equal start in the great race of life. No selfishness or discrimination has been exercised. The privileges enjoyed by native children have been heartily extended to those of millions of immigrants from other lands. The object has been to give foreign-born children like advantages and equal chances with our own, to Americanize and fit them to become good citizens, to make them an element of strength in maintaining and perpetuating the blessings of civil and religious freedom. In short, our common schools were founded to serve as nurseries of American ideas, American freedom and American progress. Such they have been in the past, are in the present, and must remain in the future. But the hand of the destroyer has been raised, and the schools will not be kept in existence without an earnest, persistent and constant struggle.

We repeat, the signs are portentous and bode no good to the country. Let our readers, one and all, bear in mind that

"Our country's welfare is our first concern
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty."

THE COURSE OF SPECULATION. WHEAT.

SPECULATORS in leading staples of domestic products have ceased to look for any further advance in prices. The great question with them now is how they may unload without submitting to ruinous sacrifices. With the subsidence of buying for the rise, the course of values is left to the legitimate influences of supply and demand, and unless there be an acknowledged scarcity of an article, the wants of current consumption are rarely sufficient to maintain prices, especially if they have been forced up to any considerable extent by speculative action. The anxiety to sell, when the highest prices have apparently been reached, is so much greater than the needs of consumers, that any surplus of stock is certain to cause depression.

Take wheat for an example. The export demand for the past two years has been beyond all precedent. The United States have exported in the twenty-four months preceding the 1st of March, little, if any, less than three hundred million bushels of wheat! Previous to these years fifty or sixty million bushels a year was a large export. The increase in the growth of American wheat has kept pace with the demand for it. It is fortunate that this has been the case, for, with ordinary crops, we should have had famine prices at home as well as abroad. The wants of the west of Europe, where there has been great deficiencies in the crops for two seasons past, has been made the basis of a speculation in wheat almost unprecedented in magnitude, of whose far-reaching consequences we have not yet seen the end. A great deal of nonsense has been written about "conspiracies" to prevent the crop going forward. There was simply an enormous speculation, attended by the accumulation of stocks which was natural under such circumstances. In proportion to the yield and aggregate movement of the crop, the accumulation was no larger than in former years. It simply seemed relatively larger, and interested parties have employed this fact to raise and maintain clamor about it.

The visible supply of wheat, at a late date, in the principal markets of the United States and Canada, amounted to twenty-eight million bushels, against twenty-one millions last March, and eight and a half millions two years ago. We are now within twenty weeks of liberal supplies of new wheat. If, therefore, we should begin now and reduce stocks at the rate of a million bushels per week, there would still be in stock, at the beginning of the next crop year, the large quantity of eight million bushels. Receipts at the six principal markets of the West have, for some time past, averaged about a million bushels per week, and nearly half that quantity reached the seaboard from the smaller towns, where the movement does not enter into the record. It is apparent, therefore, that the large quantity of two and a half million bushels per week must be marketed for some time to come in order to effect the needed reduction of stocks, preparatory to the reception of the next crop.

The west of Europe is still in need of large supplies, and for many months to come must be a large buyer of American wheat. But her prospects for the next crop are very fair, and her buyers are quick to discover the dilemma in which our speculators are caught. Europe took last Autumn, for several weeks in succession, nearly one million bushels a business day, and, of course, could take two million bushels a week now without any great effort. But will she do it? Much depends upon crop prospects. At any rate, the position of holders, though sufficiently precarious, is not so desperate as comparative statistics would lead one to believe. The progress of the struggle between the Bulls and Bears will be watched with much interest, and its final result will, no doubt, be largely influenced by the weather for the next few months. "Old Probabilities" will have something to say in the matter. If there shall be a bad sowing season for Spring wheat in the Northwest, or the crop of Winter wheat shall be found to be Winter killed to any extent, the Bears may be compelled to cover their "shorts" under very adverse circumstances, and thus suffer severe losses; while, with crop prospects uniformly favorable, a decline can scarcely be avoided.

THE DEATH OF A GOOD IDEA.

IDEAS can be stabbed as well as people. There are people who deliberately kill ideas, others who smother them with the sandbags of stupidity, others who garrote them, and others who drown them by attempting to carry water on both shoulders. One of the buckets tips over, and the poor idea is swamped.

Now, one would fear that, either by mistake or intent, Miss Kate Field had killed an excellent idea. The Ladies' Dress Association, as she presented it, was an admirable and a noble idea. The object, as stated in the prospectus, was to establish a co-operative store where dress goods, millinery and a full assortment of ladies' and children's wear would be kept, the custom to be confined to the shareholders, one share granting the privilege to a whole family. Lunch, reading, writing and dressing rooms were to be provided. While the Association was philanthropic in the highest degree, it was again so practical and so sensible, that the business man who ran could read ten per cent. between the lines. It had every virtue, including that of success.

And she took the right road to achieve the most thorough, lasting, and honorable success. She called the best women in New York to her aid. They were fascinated, convinced. Here was the great *desideratum*, the *sine qua non*, the *ultima thule*, the solution of the riddle. A board of trustees of the highest respectability was to be invoked. Such names as Morris K. Jesup, William E. Dodge, Jr., Henry E. Pellew, George William Curtis and John J. Cisco floated in the air. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt was to be entreated to give his aid, the books were to be open for weekly inspection, there was to be "honor bright" inscribed on every bill-head—when, lo! it comes out at the eleventh hour that Miss Field has chosen her own trustees; that it is, in fact, a close corporation of herself and Mr. G. Scott, and no shareholder is to have any power for one year.

Of course, every one feels that the co-operative idea has been killed, or at least stunned, for a long time. The soul of such an idea is perfect trust and confidence. The public must know at once, and always, that it is being fairly served; that the whole public took a lively interest in the subject, that it is a very much needed reform, that it is a great *desideratum* to have shops where ladies could have retiring-rooms and a lunch—a place where the weary wanderer from Orange or Morrisania could leave her satchel. All this is evident. If Miss Field had told the ladies and gentlemen who flocked to hear her that she and Mr. Scott had their company formed, it would have been well; but to reserve that revelation after four or five meetings, at which organization had been discussed, most surely killed an excellent idea.

Honesty is the best policy.

IT is said that an attempt will be made to secure the pardon of the Pennsylvania lobbyists who have been convicted of attempting to buy the votes of legislators in connection with the Pittsburg Riot Bill. It is to be hoped, in the interest of public morality, that the Court of Pardons will prove firm enough to resist the application in behalf of men who are only deserving of execration.

THE supporters of General Fitz-John Porter in the United States Senate apparently imagine that he can be most effectively defended by assailing the character of other army officers who have testified against him as to his conduct at the second Bull Run battle. All the speeches so far made in his behalf have bristled with aspersions of the motives and insinuations against the military capacity of Generals Pope, McDowell, and others. The country will be apt to agree with Senator Conkling that "to seek in this connection for blameless men on whom to throw filth, is not only unjust, but possibly not likely to help Porter."

MR. PARNELL, obedient to a call from his constituents, has suspended his work in this country and sailed for home, in order to take part in the Parliamentary elections. He gives it as his opinion that there will be a gain of from twelve to twenty Land League Home Rulers as one result of the general election. As to the financial results of his mission to this country, he says that the sum of $200,000 has been collected, of which $120,000 has already reached Ireland. The sum collected by him for political purposes is from $20,000 to $25,000. He announces that he will return to the United States and "take up his very important work" at the point where he was compelled, by the summons from home, to suspend it.

THE present year promises to be marked by an unusual influx of immigrants to our shores. London dispatches report that since Spring set in multitudes of people from the farming districts of England and Ireland have been flocking into Queenstown to take passage for America, and the Superintendent of Castle Garden, referring to the same subject, says that, whereas in February of last year only 2,750 immigrants arrived here, the number arriving in the month just closed was 8,000. He adds: "This is the largest number recorded for the month of February since 1869. The famine in Ireland and the revival of trade in the United States are the causes of this increased emigration, and there will be but little abatement until the condition of affairs in Ireland changes for the better."

THE result of the Spring elections in Maine is generally accepted as a rebuke of the recent Democratic attempt to seize the State Government by fraud and violence. In nearly every city and town the Republicans make large gains, while the Greenback vote shows a heavy decline, that party carrying the day in only one or two towns. While the Greenbackers will have a ticket in the coming national contest, it is now quite certain that their strength will by no means be as formidable as it at one time seemed possible it might be. The revival of business prosperity, and the success of the financial policy of the Administration have effectually expelled from all sound minds every vestige of sympathy with the delusion that an unlimited expansion of an irredeemable currency is essential to our industrial and commercial rehabilitation.

THIS time it is the trade dollars which are to go, the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures having determined to report favorably a Bill providing for the exchange of trade dollars for legal tender silver dollars. The Bill provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall cause to be exchanged at the Treasury and at all sub-treasuries of the United States legal tender silver dollars for trade dollars at par, and shall recoin such trade dollars as now provided by law. It is also provided that the coinage of trade dollars shall cease. The Bill prohibits the coinage of trade dollars into dollars of 412½ grains from interfering with the minimum of silver coinage now authorized by law. It would be much more commendable for the Committee to report, and Congress to pass, a Bill giving the country an honest dollar, one having a purchasing power equal to one hundred cents.

THE Grant movement is not gaining, but rather declining, in strength. Its main element of strength at the outset was in its spontaneous character — in the belief that "the people wanted him." But it very soon became evident that "the people" were not to be permitted to say what they wanted, but that shrewd and intriguing "machine" managers proposed to manipulate conventions in the Grant interest, without reference to the popular will; and the disclosure of this fact has very generally chilled the movement to force his nomination at Chicago. The application of the gag rule in the Pennsylvania and New York Conventions showed conclusively that Cameron and Conkling feared to trust the people to select delegates to the National Convention by the usual methods. But the very means used to secure a unit vote for the ex-President are quite certain now to produce a counter result. There is scarcely any room for doubt that there will be many delegates, both from Pennsylvania and New York, who will refuse to obey "machine" dictation, and a break in the delegations of these States will result inevitably in a panic and defeat all along the Grant lines. Whether that outcome will be followed by the nomination of Washburne, or some other new man, time only can determine.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FIVE women have been elected members of the Middletown (N. Y.) Board of Education on the Democratic ticket.

THE Senate of Virginia has refused to pass the Riddleberger Debt Bill over the veto of the Governor—yeas, 19; nays, 16; not the necessary two-thirds.

THE Senate has passed the Bill so amending the laws regarding smuggling as to prevent the forfeiture of a vessel when neither officer nor owner is privy to the offense.

THE jury in the Lewis will conspiracy case at Trenton, N. J., have returned a verdict of guilty as to all of the conspirators, but recommending Bradford to the mercy of the Court.

THE Citizens' Protective Union of San Francisco has issued a manifesto stating the purposes of the organization to be the restoration of law and order and the protection of life and property.

A HOWITZER, a box of muskets, and field ammunition were shipped by steamer, March 12th, to Lancaster County by the Virginia authorities, to protect the oystermen of the lower Rappahannock against foreign dredgers.

P. A. SAWYER, recently Deputy Secretary of State, has refused to testify before the Maine Legislative Committee on the State seal, and was remanded to custody until the further orders of the House or until he shall purge himself of contempt.

THE Senate Finance Committee has agreed to a Bill to admit classical antiquities into the country free of duty. It is understood that one of the special purposes of this action is to provide for the free admission of the Egyptian obelisk now on its way to this country.

A WASHINGTON dispatch to the Charleston *News and Courier* says information has been received through private sources in Egypt which reveals the secret of who is to bear the expense of the removal of the Alexandrian obelisk to New York. The work was undertaken at the instance of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who is to pay $75,000 on its successful completion.

AT a meeting of the directors of the Musical Festival Association of Cincinnati on March 10th, the resignation of George Ward Nichols, president, was accepted, also of Directors J. Burnet, Jr., and Peter Rudolph Neff. The plan to retain Mr. Thomas at the head of the college by buying a controlling interest of the stock has been abandoned. He has entirely severed his connection with the College of Music, though he will conduct the May festival.

ORDERS have been issued to move all the available troops on the Pacific Coast to such places that they can be used in case the California authorities prove unable to cope with any outbreak that may occur in San Francisco. General McDowell has been ordered to send his available troops to San Francisco. The arms of the Second Regiment of the National Guard there have been placed under guard to prevent seizure in event of an uprising among the workingmen.

Foreign.

A DECREE has been issued at Madrid prohibiting the importation of pork from the United States and Germany.

IT is reported that Chung How, late Ambassador to Russia, who negotiated the Kuldja treaty with that Government, has been beheaded, and that a revolt has broken out in Pekin.

THE Guion line steamship *Montana* went ashore on the rocks at Churchtown Bay, near Waterford Harbor, on the Irish coast, on March 13th, and is expected to become a total wreck.

THE hearing of argument on the writ of error in the case of the Tichborne claimant has been formally fixed for the 23d instant, but is not expected to come on until the third week after Easter.

IN the Dominion House of Commons on March 9th, the Minister of Finance delivered his budget speech. The Dominion Government will propose an increase of notes from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000.

THE Russian Minister of the Interior has appointed a commission to inquire into the relative proportions of the grain trade of Russia and the United States, and also as to the best means of competing with the latter.

THE Dublin Mansion House Committee says it has great reason to fear that the destitution is likely to increase. The experiences of former famines have shown that the time of the worst trial is usually in the months of May, June, July and a part of August.

A DISPATCH from Athens says a detachment of Turkish troops has landed at Salonica do pursue the brigands who captured Colonel Synge and his wife while on their way from Constantinople to Eastern Roumelia for the purpose of distributing relief among the Montenegrin refugees.

THE report of the Committee of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies on the Cuban Budget estimates the expenditure at $34,000,000, and proposes measures for balancing that amount. Power is reserved for increasing the total amount of the budget to $42,000,000 in case of necessity.

ON Monday, March 8th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in the House of Commons that the Queen was advised to dissolve Parliament at Easter. Lord Beaconsfield made the same announcement in the House of Lords, and the new Parliament, the Chancellor said, would meet at the beginning of May.

IT is understood that the British Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression have unanimously approved the principle of a scheme for the purchase by the Government, out of the Irish Church surplus fund, of Irish waste lands, which are to be allocated among local farmers on certain conditions of tenure and improvement.

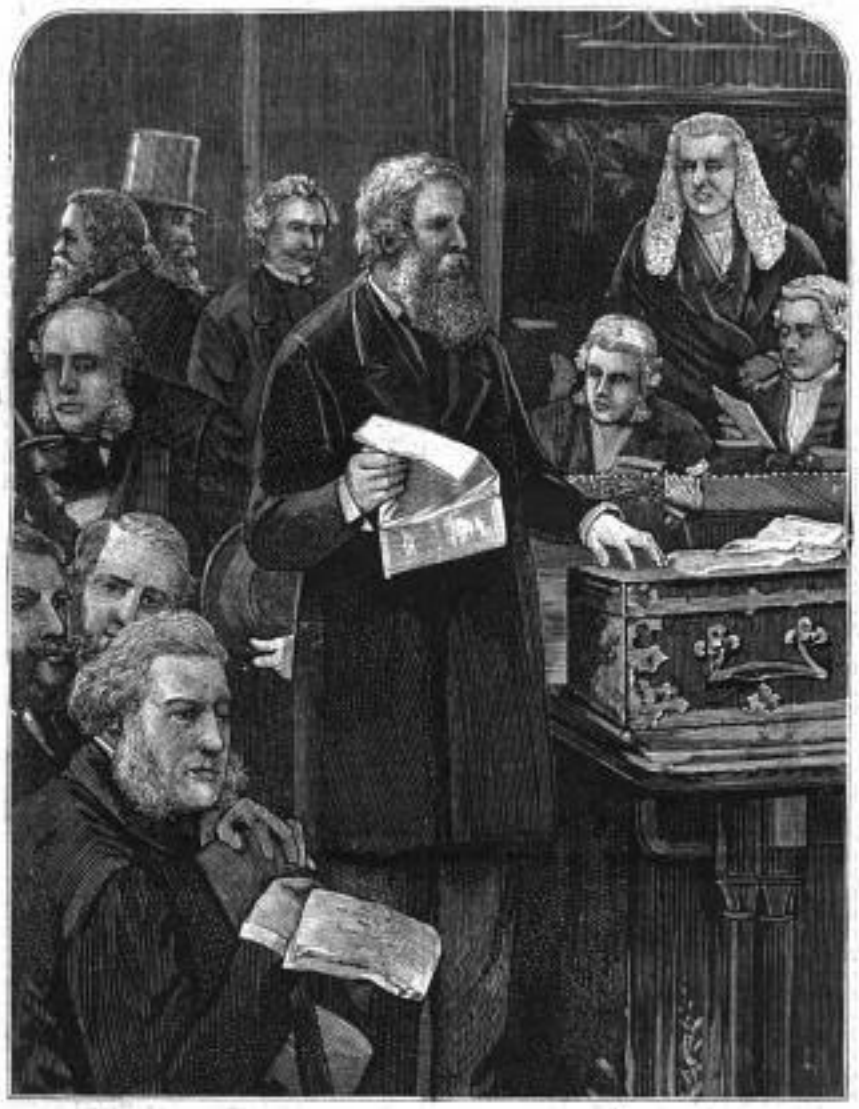
PRIVATE advices from Peru announce that Señor Quimper, Minister of Finance, has been imprisoned, and that his property has been confiscated, on account of a contract negotiated by him with the Credit Industriel of Paris recently, which the Peruvian Government repudiated. The property of Señor Rosas, one of the commissioners who negotiated the contract, has also been sequestrated.

ON March 9th the French Senate, by a vote of 148 to 129, rejected clause seven of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill. During the debate, M. de Freycinet, President of the Council, declared that if the clause referred to should be rejected, the Executive would be obliged to enforce against the Jesuits much harsher laws which already existed. Senator Dufaure (Republican) opposed the clause, and described the Bill as despotic and calculated to humiliate religion and violate liberty.

A DISPATCH from Cabul says in effect that advices from two different sources state that Mahomed Jan and Mir Baicha, the chief of the Kohistani insurgents, have agreed to follow the advice of an ex-Finance Minister, who was recently sent by General Roberts with letters to the malcontent leaders, telling them that the British Government was disposed to accept as a ruler for Cabul any Sirdar... with certain exceptions — whom the assembled nation might choose, and inviting them to discuss the matter at the capital of their country.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



ENGLAND.—THE CHANCELLOR ANNOUNCING THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.



RUSSIA.—THE CZAR'S WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



RUSSIA.—ATTENDANTS AT THE IMPERIAL DINNER-TABLE.



PERU.—THE INSURGENT BATTALION REPULSING THE ATTACK OF THE REGULARS AT LIMA.

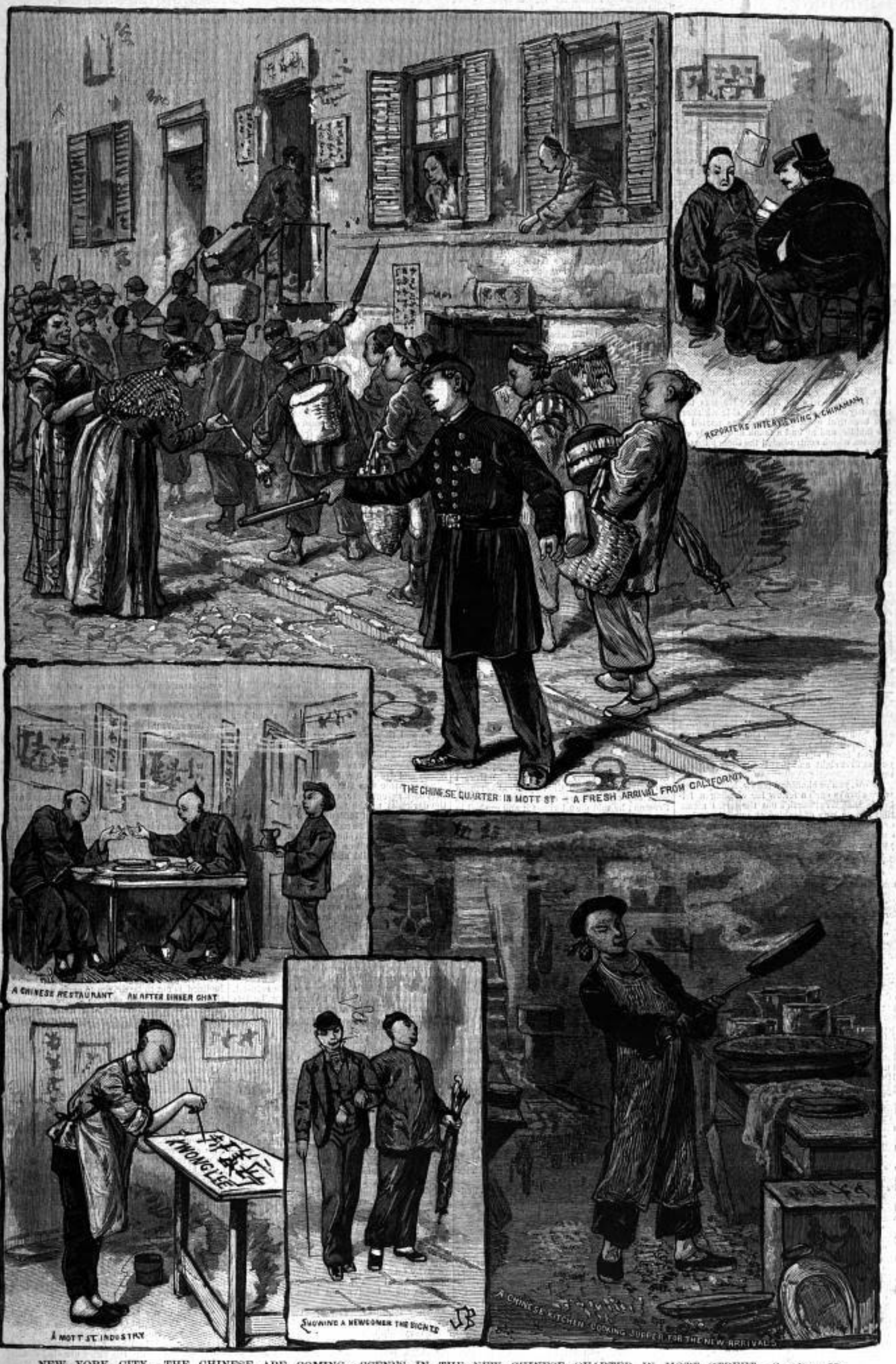


ITALY.—THE OSTRICH PROCESSION IN THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.



RUSSIA.—THE ATTEMPT ON THE CZAR'S LIFE—A "TE DEUM" IN THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL AT THE WINTER PALACE.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE CHINESE ARE COMING—SCENES IN THE NEW CHINESE QUARTER IN MOTT STREET.—SEE PAGE 55.

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HUNTING A MILLION.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

MISS STEENIE WENTWORTH was seated one evening in the ballroom at the Virginia Springs, watching the German then in progress, when a gentleman was presented to her.

She was a very attractive person, and a French admirer, during her travels in Europe, had called her a "ravishing blonde." Her eyes were blue; her complexion half-pink and half-cream—the exact tint of the tea-rose; and as to her toilet, that was exquisite and beyond all criticism. She had just arrived, in company with her aunt, brother and cousin, and her appearance caused a wild sensation; for Miss Steenie Wentworth was worth a million—the fact had been ascertained. She had inherited that amount from her parents, and had, besides, great expectations from an old bachelor uncle. This gentleman had amassed several millions by stock operations, and, if his valuable life was spared, would probably amass as many more. He cared for no one on earth besides his favorite Miss Steenie, and unless he decided to build a public institute, which seemed improbable, it was very nearly certain that the young lady would fall sole heiress to his millions. This was very exciting. The gilded youths who make it their business to discover things, had discovered the fact. A number were ranged about Miss Steenie in the ballroom, when the gentleman above alluded to was presented to her.

He was so very handsome that Miss Steenie Wentworth looked at him with interest. In fact, Mr. Stanley Bedford, attaché of the English Legation, was an Adonis. He was tall, elegantly dressed, had brown side-whiskers and beautiful eyes. His hair was parted in the middle, and he had a frank and manly expression which contradicted the theory that he was a fop. When, after a while, he solicited the favor of a promenade on the moonlit portico, Miss Wentworth smiled amiably, placed a small hand, in a sixteen-button glove, on his arm, and they glided away, followed moodily by the eyes of the gilded youth who were distanced.

There is not much to be said in a first interview. Mr. Bedford did not talk a great deal. His manner was devoted, but not too much so. When, towards midnight, he escorted Miss Wentworth to her cottage in the grounds, he took his leave with a bow which was so very graceful that a smile rewarded him; he had evidently made a favorable impression.

He returned to the hotel portico, where a friend was awaiting him. This friend was a man of about thirty, with a bronzed complexion—Captain Morley of the Queen's Invincibles, who had served in India, and was enjoying a brief furlough in the States.

"Well, Bedford, you've found your million at last," said Captain Morley, who was smoking a cigar. He was a very composed personage; he might be smiling a little, but his heavy black mustache concealed it. "What do you think of her?"

"She's a stunner, Morley?" Mr. Bedford said, "but, don't you know, she don't seem—well, impressible?"

"You mean she hasn't fallen in love with you at first sight, and that the fact is surprising."

"Now, you're chaffing a fellow, Morley. You were always such a fellow for chaffing a fellow! Miss Wentworth's not the sort, I mean, that have a way of looking at you when they are talking to you, as if—well, the harpstring sort, you know—respond at the least touch, you know."

"I think I understand. She's too quiet."

"Not that exactly—wants electricity, eh?"

"Well, try the cousin, Miss Despard. I made her acquaintance, and she's a—torpedo."

"But, then, she might explode, Morley."

"There is always the risk. But you'll try for Miss Wentworth, I suppose?"

"I will."

"And I'll help you."

"I knew you would. My motto's 'Victory or a crusher,' Morley."

At the very same moment a conversation was taking place between two young ladies in one of the foliage-embowered cottages. One of them, Miss Steenie Wentworth, was standing before her mirror, slowly passing a comb through a waving mass of brown-golden hair, which fell upon her shoulders. The other, Miss Nettie Despard, black-haired, with sparkling eyes, was seated in a rocking-chair, and laughing. Miss Nettie was a "poor cousin," but Miss Steenie gave up to her in everything. If either was the subordinate, it was not the penniless cousin, but the young heiress.

"So you like Apollo. I think him rather insipid," said Miss Nettie.

"He is not insipid, he is very agreeable," said Miss Steenie, combing her hair.

"Gracious! you don't mean to say he's intellectual?"

"Well"—the word was uttered with the rising inflection, "but he certainly is a perfect gentleman, and you will acknowledge he is handsome."

Miss Steenie threw back her head and passed her fingers through the brown-gold mass—it was a very pretty gesture.

"Mark my words—that man will address you!" exclaimed Miss Nettie Despard.

"Do you think so?" her friend said, pensively.

"I know he will! He is one of those foreigners who are always looking for pretty heiresses. You are both, and——"

"You are a goose, Nettie! I'm not pretty—pretty means a wicked-looking somebody like you."

"Very much obliged, miss, but no tricks. I say the elegant Mr. Bedford is in search of a Mrs. B., and has made up his mind that you'll suit him. You know he has."

"How can I know it? He has certainly not told me so," said Miss Steenie, with dove like innocence.

"That's an evasion! You know he'll ask you. Do you ever mean to marry anybody?"

"I haven't the least idea," said the owner of the brown hair. "I suppose I'll have to or die an old maid. Charley will marry—he was playing the devoted to that pretty little Miss Preston to-night—and when he's married who'll take care of me?"

"Mr. B. will, miss."

Miss Steenie smiled serenely and said:

"Well, goosey, suppose you marry the other one, though he seems rather dull."

"Dull! Captain Morley? He's delightful! and such eyes! They're not sweet dove's eyes like somebody's!"

"You mean Mr. Bedford's? Very well, I'll be introduced to Captain Morley and flirt with him."

"If you do, I'll flirt with your friend!" exclaimed Miss Despard, with vivacity, "and that will make you furious."

Miss Steenie opened her lips to say "Goosey!" but a terrible yawn defeated her purpose, and, after interchanging a few additional words, the cousins retired.

* * * * * *

Having promised to assist his friend, Captain Morley made the acquaintance of Miss Steenie Wentworth, passed an hour in conversation, and went to report to Mr. Bedford. He found that gentleman just about to ride out with young Charles Wentworth—a youth of about nineteen, greatly devoted to everything English. He wore a suit of clothes exactly resembling those of his groom, said "My dear fellow" with a delightful drawl, and was cultivating side-whiskers. He and Mr. Bedford were already close friends, and he bore away that gentleman in his elegant drag. On their return, Captain Morley made his report. He had spent an hour in his reconnoissance, he said, trumpeting Mr. Bedford's perfections, and from the manner of Miss Wentworth he had no doubt the fortress would yield if attacked in force.

Mr. Bedford listened in silence and did not seem much elated. In fact, his brows were knit, and he gnawed one end of his mustache in a manner which seemed to indicate mental disturbance.

"What's the matter," said Morley.

"Well, you know, the thing's beastly!" said Mr. Bedford.

"What is beastly?"

"Playing this game to catch a girl—and a deuced fine one! I'm poor, Morley, but I'm Stanley Bedford, and I say the thing's beastly."

Morley smiled and smoked.

"What is there wrong about it?" he said, at length. "You needn't conceal the fact that you are impe pecuniæ. You are young and blooming—not a grim old foggy like Ferdinand Morley, but a youthful scion of the bluest blood——"

"No bluer than yours, Morley. You came over with—what do you call him?—the Conqueror, you know. No end of the Morley pedigree—estate entailed since the flood, you know."

"A tumble-down entail that scarcely brings a penny. But that's not the question. You're not going to fall back—you understand?"

"Yes, I am—no; I am not—I don't know what I am going to do?" Mr. Bedford sucked fiercely at his cigar and scowled. "Here I am driving out with Charley Wentworth—a good boy and spooney about that little Miss Preston; he told me all about it and gushed in a manly way—and all the time I'm a fraud, as they say in the States, and after his sister's money-bags!"

It was only after a long interview that Mr. Bedford consented not to abandon his project, to cultivate Miss Despard as a valuable friend, and not to let his nerves get the better of him. This was all that Morley could accomplish, and their talk there ended.

CHAPTER II.

IT soon became plain that Mr. Bedford and Miss Wentworth were engaged. They were together nearly the whole time, and when they were not, Mr. Bedford cultivated Miss Despard, and Captain Morley was sounding his friend's praises in the society of Miss Wentworth.

There was no doubt at all that this would be the last season at the White Sulphur of Miss Steenie *Wentworth*. If the "ravishing blonde" returned, it would be as Mrs. Steenie Bedford. And yet that gentleman did not seem happy. He even sulked, knitting his brows and puffing out clouds of hot cigar-smoke. "What was the matter?" Morley asked the question.

"My dear Bedford, something is on your mind," said his friend. "You are making a steamboat-funnel of your mouth, and scowling at that little feminine hop-pole yonder as if you would like to put an end to her."

"Didn't see her," said Mr. Bedford; "ugly as original sin!"

"Very well; but what's up? My own opinion is that you have proposed to Miss Wentworth and been refused."

"Wrong!—haven't proposed!" said Mr. Bedford, throwing out dense clouds.

"When are you going to?"

"Don't know."

"Why don't you?"

"Don't know?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean," said Mr. Bedford, hurling away his cigar, "that the thing's really too low, Morley—too deuced low, don't you know. Is there a vacancy in the Queen's Invincibles?—say the place of bootblack. I'd like to secure it."

Morley looked at him with a curious smile, and said:

"Something has gone wrong; but that's not the question. You are meditating a retreat. Now, I've only this to tell you, Bedford, that you'll have to make an offer of yourself. The thing is *de rigueur*."

"You don't think so, Morley?" Mr. Bedford cried.

"You have paid Miss Wentworth the most devoted attentions for a month; well, what is your duty now?"

"Right, by Jove!" Mr. Bedford exclaimed, as if struck in the breast by a bullet.

Morley quietly smiled, and said, after a moment:

"One would really think that you looked upon proposing to your Miss Million as a disagreeable necessity."

"Don't pitch into a fellow in that way, Morley. What's the use of proposing? You have been blowing any number of tin horns in praise of a friend of yours for a whole month, and she don't care a button for me!"

"Why not ask her? Do you expect a young lady to ask *you*?—to hold out her arms to your lordship before you hold out yours?"

Mr. Bedford groaned.

"Come, the thing is unavoidable. Propose on the ride to the mountain this evening. I'll take charge of Miss Despard. Pop and be happy, my dear fellow."

"I will!" exclaimed Mr. Bedford; "but remember what I tell you, Morley, I'll be nowhere."

On the very same evening a riding party went up the winding road of a mountain near the Springs. This party consisted of the two friends and Miss Wentworth and her cousin. Reaching a point near the summit the couples quietly diverged. Mr. Bedford rode on with Miss Steenie Wentworth and disappeared; Captain Morley continued to escort Miss Nettie Despard.

After a while the latter couple dismounted, and Morley affixed the bridles to some pine-boughs. He then offered Miss Despard his arm to conduct her to a mass of rock jutting out on the mountain's side, from which there was a fine view. This they very soon reached, and there beneath them was the little green valley, with its winding stream and white cottages, peering from green foliage.

"Peaceful enough," said Morley, in his deep, quiet voice. "There is a little community that seems tranquil from this distance; but the tranquillity is an illusion."

"Do you think so?" said Miss Despard, in a low voice, looking up to the bronzed face.

"Yes; the world in little is yonder. Hearts are beating there as they beat everywhere—with pleasure and weariness, with disappointment and ambition, and love and hatred, too. They throb with joy or break with despair; and look at nature. Her serenity is pitiless, is it not?"

"Nature's *rôle* is to be calm and beautiful, and she plays it," said Miss Despard, sighing. "I wish I was beautiful."

"What shall I reply?" said Morley.

"Nothing."

They exchanged glances, and the young lady smiled slightly.

"What a lovely landscape?" she said.

"There is a legend connected with it I hear," Morley said. "The brave wife of a frontiersman escaped to this mountain; she and her husband were attacked by the Indians in their cabin and they both managed to reach a fort in this vicinity. Here the wife proved herself a brave lady if there ever was one."

Miss Despard was listening, with clasped hands and deep interest.

"Her name was Kate," said Morley. "She first took refuge here, and then stole away in the darkness to the fort which was attacked by a large band of Indians. Now for the proof of her courage. One morning her baby strayed out of the fort, and she exclaimed, 'My child! my child!' when her husband ran out and caught up the child and hastened back. But the Indians fired upon him and he fell dead on the threshold."

"He was a brave man!" exclaimed a voice, and, turning round, they saw Miss Steenie Wentworth. She was very much moved. Mr. Bedford, standing near her, was cutting his boot with his riding-whip.

"We stole up to surprise you. Is that all, Captain Morley?" said Miss Steenie, sadly.

"Except the courage of the brave lady. The Indians attacked, and the women were busy molding bullets, and, when Kate was advised to go and indulge her grief she refused, exclaiming, 'No! there's no time now, bullets are needed.' That was courage indeed."

But Miss Steenie shook her head.

"She was brave, I suppose, but, like a woman, spent her feelings in words. Her husband died for his baby."

She had a wild flower in her hand, and her head drooped; an expression of exquisite tenderness came to her face.

"You may laugh at my reasoning, but it is true," she said; "and now it is time to go home. Your story has made me quite sad, sir, and the sun is setting. We'll be too late for—tea."

General laughter at this anti-climax ensued, and the whole party remounted. On the way home, Mr. Bedford was uncommonly quiet. Morley looked at him. What had happened?

Two scenes which took place on the same evening will serve to throw light on the mystery.

Miss Steenie Wentworth was reposing on the white bed in her cottage, pouting elaborately and occasionally sniffing. Seated near her in a rocking-chair was Miss Nettie Despard, who was laughing.

"Why take it so much to heart, you foolish Steenie?" said Miss Despard. "Anybody with eyes in their head might have seen it was coming."

"They mightn't!" protested Miss Steenie, with a piteous sniff.

"Everybody has been talking about it. I never saw such devoted attention."

"That's nothing. I never thought he was in earnest; he's such a flirt!"

Miss Despard laughed heartlessly.

"And I suppose you think little Miss Preston is even worse?"

"Yes, a thousand times!—to make Charlie fall in love with her, and propose!"

Miss Despard smiled wickedly, but continued to rock herself in a composed manner.

"I really don't see the enormity," she said. "Charlie is not very ancient, but he is old enough to justify a young gentleman in replacing his baby skirts with pantaloons, and he ought to have protected himself from the wiles of this designing creature of seventeen."

"I don't care if she's seventeen or seventy!" exclaimed Miss Steenie. "She's no right to marry Charlie and take him away from me! What am I to do?"

"Marry somebody yourself."

A sniff was the only response.

"There's Harry Winthrop. You know he's dying for you; why not take him—as you won't take Mr. Bedford?"

"Mr. Bedford! What do you mean?"

"Goosie!" said Miss Despard. "As if people hadn't eyes! Do you think it's any secret that he proposed and was discarded this afternoon? Whenever you see one of the lords of creation cut his riding-boot in that manner, and look as *he* looked, something has recently occurred. He addressed you—you know he did, you goose!—and you refused him. If you had accepted him he would have beamed on everybody, instead of which he looked—well, imbecile!"

Miss Despard's laughter was a silver bell chime. Miss Steenie was blushing behind her pillow.

"Well, could I help it?" came at length in a tone of dove-like innocence from behind the pillow. "I don't mean to marry anybody! Harry Winthrop! I won't have him if he asks me—which he hasn't! I'll die an old maid, and I feel like scratching Charlie's eyes out or Miss Preston's for treating me so!"

With which words Miss Wentworth sniffed and sank to silence.

At nearly the same moment Mr. Bedford and his friend Morley, were seated on a bench in the grounds conversing.

"Fact, my boy!" said Mr. Bedford—"proposed and was stricken to earth like a member of the P. R. A real stunner, old fellow! Got up and felt myself all over to find if any bones were broken. Am not entirely certain yet—shaky, by Jove!"

Morley listened with his eternal smile, slowly expelling his eternal cigar-smoke.

"I am afraid you bungled the matter, Bedford," he said, "were too matter-of-fact, or too confident or careless. Some men make the mistake of approaching a woman with an air that says: 'You may take me or not just as you choose.' That's a blunder, I take it. You were not ardent enough."

"Ardent? You never were more mistaken in your life, old Morley! 'I piled up the agony,' as they say here in the States. You see, the champagne at dinner helped. I foresaw the conflict and prepared for it, and I thought I was in earnest, Morley! I never saw a girl look prettier, though I don't mind saying she's not my style. But the whole thing hung fire, my boy! You behold the great rejected bent on self-destruction. He's now blowing a last cloud previous to that ceremony!"

Mr. Bedford smiled. He did not smoke his cigar with the air of a man bent on self-destruction.

"Well," said Morley, quietly, "I'm glad to see you are not so much cut up as might have been expected. You are right to take these things philosophically. The smart disappears after a while always, and the best thing is to try and bury it. *Vive la joie* is an excellent motto, and I see you have adopted it. Take what comes and don't repine, and if you think the matter is ended, try elsewhere. Other millions in this or other lands await you."

"Other millions?" said Mr. Bedford, smiling. "No; I have given up that programme, my friend. The fact is, this hunting for girls with money is a different thing in reality, you know, from what you think, you know, when you are hard up, you know!"

With which painful tautology Mr. Bedford drew a letter from his pocket.

"I'm not in the million business any longer, old Morley," he said; "it's beastly. Stanley Bedford is not to be driven to such miserable shifts, as some fellow says, in future. He is a landed proprietor now, and a member of a superior order. Got the news by to-day's mail. Sir Bathurst Stanley Bedford, of Woodpark, has had the politeness to die, and a friend of yours succeeds to the title, and, what is better—five thousand a year!"

Morley grasped his friend's hand warmly and said:

"I congratulate you; Bedford, it couldn't have fallen to a better fellow! You heard to-day?"

"Just after dinner. I didn't read the letter until I pulled it out with my handkerchief on the mountain. I then looked at it and told Miss Wentworth, and she was as much pleased as you are. It was not discussed at length. I had more interesting topics, and then came the stunner previously alluded to and drove it out of my mind until this evening, my boy!"

Mr. Bedford was in excellent spirits, and Morley looked at him, musing. So Miss Steenie Wentworth did not propose to marry Sir Stanley Bedford with his £5,000 a year, which was presumptive evidence that Mr. Stanley Bedford, without a bank account, had not made a sufficient impression.

"Well, my dear Bedford, I suppose that is the end of the affair," he said. "There's time enough, and you needn't marry yet."

Mr. Bedford looked mysterious, smiling.

"A man never knows what will happen," he said. "The sight of lovers makes a fellow spooney, you know. I am engaged at present in holding the bottle for my young friend Charles Wentworth. His knees are shaky, but he's all right I think; he'll marry little Miss

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Preston, and then Miss Steenie will be alone, and will marry in turn, I suppose. It won't be *me*, Morley; another fellow, you know. Good luck to the other fellow!" and Mr. Bedford laughed aloud.

CHAPTER III.

MISS STEENIE WENTWORTH and her party went away in a palace-car. The old aunt was dozing. Mr. Charles Wentworth in the smoking-car, and Misses Steenie and Nettie were looking out of the window.

Miss Despard was blushing, which seemed to arise from the fact that Mr. Bedford was engaged in holding one of her hands. In fact, she had promised to marry him, and this catastrophe had occurred naturally. Having proceeded to "make a friend of Miss Despard," as his friend suggested, Mr. Bedford had found that the young lady was his "style," had been rather pleased than otherwise at his discardal by Miss Wentworth, and, ten minutes before the time which this narrative has now reached, had discovered that he was Miss Despard's style also.

Miss Steenie was seated in the rear with an open novel in her lap. It must have been a production of interest—a thrilling love story, no doubt—for Miss Steenie's corsage was heaving, and her cheeks were a cluster of blush-roses. Or, perhaps it was what Captain Morley was saying to her that made her blush so. Here is what he was saying, with a deep color on his bronzed face:

"I did not mean to tell you this. I meant to go away without saying it. People say you are very rich. I am very poor; but I am proud, too, as poor people often are. I shrunk from it, but I was too weak. You must pardon my weakness and not think badly of me. I could not go away without telling you that I have loved you with every drop of blood in my heart since I first saw you. I could not help it. I know it was foolish—I am so poor! If you were only poor, too! We are going to part this evening. After all, there was no harm in telling you. You have been my one romance. God bless you and good-by."

He rose, holding out his hand; she did not take it or raise her eyes.

"Good-by—Steenie."

She gave him her hand; he kissed it, and then, with a great agony of the heart, released it. But the hand would not be released. It clung around his own. Suddenly Miss Steenie raised her eyes.

"You are not—going to leave me?"

The eyes were swimming in tears. And as the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Morley did not leave her.

There was a double-marriage in the Spring, and the couples went to travel in Europe. They were very exemplary married people, but the raptures of another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wentworth, who accompanied them, kept the passengers on the steamer in a good-humor until they reached Liverpool.

NEW BOUNDARY BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CONNECTICUT.

IN 1879 the States of New York and Connecticut appointed commissioners to make an adjustment of the boundary lines between them, those on the part of New York being Alton C. Beach, Augustus Schoonmaker and Horatio Seymour, Jr., the Secretary of State, Attorney-General and State Engineer under Governor Robinson, and Connecticut appointing on her part Origen S. Seymour, Lafayette S. Foster and William T. Minor.

In January last the joint commission made a unanimous report, and the Legislatures of both States have since approved it and adopted the new line. The following is a copy of the material part of the agreement:

We agree that the boundary on the land constituting the western boundary of Connecticut and the eastern boundary of the State of New York shall be and is as the same was defined by monuments erected by commissioners appointed by the Legislature of the State of New York and completed in the year 1860, the said boundary line extending from Byram Point, formerly called Lyons Point, on the south, to the line of the State of Massachusetts on the north.

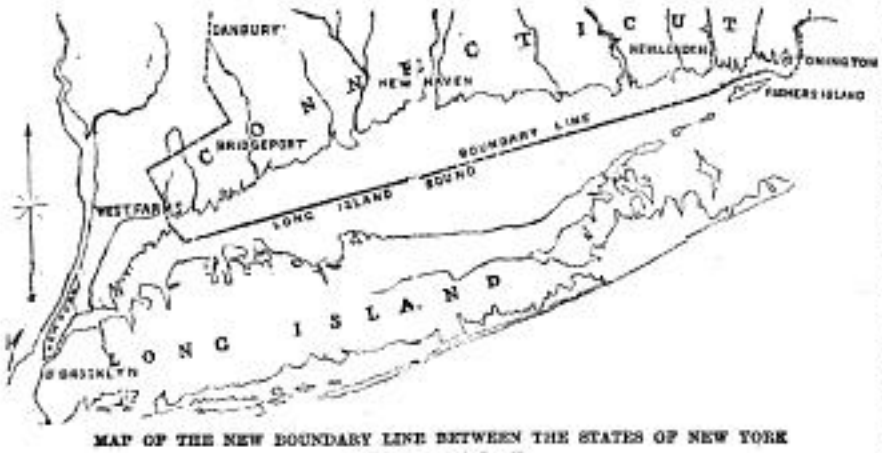
And we further agree that the boundary on the Sound shall be and is as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of the channel about six hundred feet south of the extreme rocks of Byram Point; marked No. 0 on appended United States Coast Survey chart, thence running in a true southeast course three and one-fourth statute miles, thence in a straight line—the arc of a great circle—northeasterly to a point four statute miles true south of New London lighthouse, thence northeasterly to a point marked No. 1 on the annexed United States Coast Survey chart of Fisher's Island Sound, which point is on the long E. ¾ N. sailing course drawn on said map, and is about 1,000 feet northerly from the Hammock or N. Dumpling lighthouse, thence following the said E. ¾ N. sailing course as laid down on said map easterly to a point marked No. 2 on said map, thence southeasterly towards a point marked No. 3 on said map so far as said States are coterminous.

Looking at a map of the territory it will be perceived that a piece of Fairfield County, in Connecticut, juts a long way into our Westchester County; that a little further north Westchester juts sharply into Fairfield, and that then the line is prolonged up to the southern frontier of Massachusetts, which it strikes at a point considerably east of the point where our eastern boundary against Massachusetts begins. The historical truth is that this "easting" was intended as a compensation to New York for the great protuberance of Fairfield County into Westchester along the Sound. But owing to the imperfection of the instruments and methods of surveying in those days it gave to New York more than was intended. The agreement which has been reached at last concedes to New York a quiet title to all the area within this curve.

The agreement also gives Fisher's Island to New York, the Connecticut commissioners saying:

"In regard to Fisher's Island, it ought, by reason of its nearness to our coast, to belong to Connecticut. It belonged to us, we think, under a fair construction of the charter of 1662, which, by express words, gave us the islands adjacent to the mainland, but upon familiar principles of law New York has now the title, having had the actual possession of it more than a century."

The map will show the accurate and precise line that has been drawn after a personal inspection of the area through Long Island Sound.



MAP OF THE NEW BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE STATES OF NEW YORK AND CONNECTICUT.

SCENES IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, MOTT STREET, NEW YORK.

MOTT STREET might be in Pekin instead of Gotham, so Chinese has it become, and so redolent of the flavor of the Flowery Land. Almond eyes and pig-tails, blue shirts and flowing continuations, are the order of the day, while pigeon English may be heard from step and stoop, from basement and balcony. Mott Street is the Mecca of Chinese pilgrims; hither they come upon arrival, and here they remain, despite high rents and gloomy proprietorial denunciations. New York houses 2,000 Chinese, Brooklyn 1,000, while Jersey City "does" for 1,000. Owners of houses do not like Celestials as tenants, and put on exorbitant rents in order to fend those unsavory heathens off; but the slippers of tea and the smokers of opium can earn good wages, and can afford to pay. Fancy one of these airily-clad, padded slippered individuals raking in $27 a week at cigar-making. What a millionaire when he returns to his boat-house on the Peiho, or his dive in a Canton slum, where shells and fishbones do duty for metallic currency!

Mott Street was in a state of *furore* last week on account of the recent and most fashionable arrivals from the Flowery Land. The sidewalks immediately in front of a prominent Chinese boarding-house were thronged by a critical crowd, whose comments upon the Celestials, as they passed into their new quarters, were the very reverse of complimentary. A sturdy 210-pound policeman kept order, and it was only at some facetious sally from two of his countrywomen, whose Hibernian wit was thoroughly appreciated by the on-lookers, that he permitted his weather-beaten features to relax into a smile. It is expected that Mott Street will present striking features of Celestial interest twice a month, as the emigrant fare from 'Frisco to Gotham, per Pacific Mail steamers, is $35—this only twice in the month—the ordinary rate being $66. There are six Chinese stores on Mott Street, all of which are apparently booming. To enter one of these is to tread *terra incognita*. Pasteboard boxes containing Chinese medicines, incense sticks, jade bracelets, quaint kites, dried shark's fins, dragon-shaped cuts of meat and split ducks, nuts, mushrooms, opium-pipes, teas such as Sairey Gamp would serve up to Mrs. Harris, and a variety of strange and mysterious-looking objects assail the eye, while on a gypsy table stands the tea-set and the harmless necessary tea, open to all comers. There are Chinese club-rooms and benevolent society-rooms in Mott Street, and a couple of opium-smoking dens where the miserable victims to this baneful drug doze away their worthless lives in dreams of voluptuous bliss. I visited a Chinese kitchen, and I am free to confess that the perfume which greeted my olfactory nerves was appetizing to the very last degree. A perspiring Celestial was defiantly flourishing a pan all over the place as I entered. What the contents of that pan may have been I may never know. Something dark and brown was cast into the air after the fashion of pancake-tossing, to fall back into the pan with a hiss that spoke of its being done to a turn. Fain would I have tasted, but my prejudice was stronger than my appetite. In an adjoining apartment sat two Chinamen enjoying that beatific sensation that sets in after a good dinner, and puffing cigarettes. A boy was ministering to their comforts in the shape of post-prandial tea. The dreamy look in those almond-shaped eyes as they indolently followed the cigarette-smoke was perfect in its utter abandonment. On gaining the street I dropped upon two reporters interviewing a recent arrival. I pitied that Celestial. His puzzled gaze of terror as he turned from one to the other of his pertinacious persecutors, while the pig-tail pendulated, would have made the fortune of a low comedian. A new industry has sprung up in Mott Street, namely, that of Chinese sign-painting. How good Queen Bess would have appreciated the efforts of the artist whom I found at work. No shadow, no perspective! And yet another incident. The Mellican Chinese—the long established, naturalized Celestials—showing the sights to the wondering, gaping, grunting new arrival, just as the born New Yorker shows his cousin from Ohio the elephant.

Mrs. Sargent considers that Chinese later will boom as an outcome of Kearneyism, and that the sun of insolent white helps is about to set. Mrs. Sargent has been canvassing among the property-holders of Eighth Avenue and other portions of the west side to ascertain the objections to the colonization of the Chinese in that locality. This energetic lady is considering a proposal to erect an immense Chinese washhouse at Saratoga, and similar institutions at several other watering-places. She considers that if they were thus introduced to the Eastern public, many families who spend their Summer at watering-places would bring Chinese help to their city residences. Mrs. Matthew Wilson, of New York, whose cousin is the wife of Yung Wing, the Vice-Consul for China at Washington, is about to engage actively in the new movement. Her husband owns a large property at Lake George, N.Y., and intends to employ Chinese labor on his estate. Mrs. Wilson proposes to use her influence to have all the hotels at Lake George hire Chinese domestics for the coming season. It is likely that 5,000 Chinamen will be brought East to engage in various labors. Mrs. Sargent states: "I intend shortly to commence a series of anti-Kearney lectures in New York. I will show the Chinese problem in its true colors. The proceeds of these lectures will be turned into a general fund for the purpose of aiding Chinese to emigrate from San Francisco to New York. It will be an easy matter to secure special rates and pay the fares of 100 or 200 at a time, as the case may be. Of course when the present limited exodus from California is accelerated by the inducements which New York shall offer, the Mongolians will fairly swarm here. Their neatness and economy will soon win them favors in the cultured East, and the time is not far off when New York manufacturers will be glad to send to China direct for recruits to their workshops. Their value as workmen in the trades is increased by their dislike to strikes, and an employer of a Chinaman is never embarrassed by a desertion at a critical time. I intend, with the assistance of my friends, to see what can be done with the manufacturers of this city in this respect. There is skilled labor of every kind wasting in the West, simply because a few ignorant fools have started a prejudice into activity." Muchee goodee Kearney!

The cry is "still they come," and the almond-eyed proprietors of Celestial boarding-houses permit wintry smiles to twinkle around high-cheek bones as they rub their hands and mutter some mysterious sounds supposed to represent joyfulness. The 'Frisco news is perused with the keenest earnestness, every pro and con being weighed with anxious care. New arrivals are cross-examined as to the exact state of things in the vicinity of the Golden Gate, and no Presidential campaign was ever planned with more exacting nicety with more subtle vigilance, than the present upheaval of the Chinese "boom." To hear the pigeon-English as some intelligent Chinaman reads the evening paper to his countrymen, is as quaint a study as a word-painter need sling ink at.

FICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Dissolution of Parliament.

On Monday, March 8th, announcements were made in the House of Lords by Lord Beaconsfield and in the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Queen had been advised to dissolve Parliament at Easter. In the course of his statement with regard to the event the Chancellor explained that the Government had been unable to come to a decision earlier because of the necessity of procuring Parliamentary sanction for the Irish relief measures. The new Parliament, he thought, would probably be in working order to the course of the first week in May. The announcement of the dissolution was received with cheers in both Houses, and the campaign was opened at once. Before the week expired all the leading members had addressed manifestoes to their constituents, and completed arrangements for a most thorough canvass of their respective districts.

The Carnival at Naples.

A very novel phase of the carnival season in Naples this year was the appearance in the grand procession of a representation of huge ostriches. The counterfeit birds were well made up, and moved with the peculiarities of their prototypes. The entire observance was, if anything, more general and spirited than ever, and all manner of follies was on account *en règle* during the great day of the season.

The Revolution in Peru.

The deposition of President Prado of Peru, in December last, and his flight, ostensibly on a mission to Europe to negotiate a loan, were noted at the time in this paper. Our present illustration is of an engagement between the insurgent troops under command of Don Nicholas de Pierola and the regulars under General La Cotera on the Plaza Mayor, Lima, on December 21st, when the insurgent battalion successfully repulsed the attack of the regulars. The "revolution" was of short duration, and at its close President Prado was declared deposed, while General Pierola was chosen President in his stead.

The Last Attempt to Kill the Czar.

The murderous conspiracy of the Russian Nihilists against the life of the Emperor Alexander II., and their most recent attempt to destroy His Majesty, with the members of the Imperial family, by the explosion of a charge of dynamite beneath the dining-saloon in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, continues to be a subject of painful interest. The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, built in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth on the plans of Count Rastrelli, between the years 1754 and 1762, is of colossal proportions and very simple architecture. The palace is 400 feet square, and its inmates number 6,000 persons when the Czar is in residence. It is built on the left bank of the Neva. In front there is a large open space called the Palace Square, in which stands Alexander's Column, a monolith of red granite eighty feet high. On the right of the palace is Peter's Square, which contains the celebrated statue of Peter the Great and the Field of Mars, a parade-ground large enough for 40,000 men to manœuvre in. On the east side of the palace is the Empress Catherine's Hermitage, now a museum, and connected with it by a covered way. The palace is four stories high, or about 80 feet; the frontage is 455 feet in length, in breadth 350 feet. The principal entrance, or "perron des ambassadeurs," is from the Neva, and leads by a magnificent flight of marble steps to the state apartments of the palace. A gateway in the centre of the building, facing Alexander's Column, opens into a large court. The most magnificent apartments are the Throne Room of Peter I., where the diplomatic corps generally present their congratulations on New Year's Day; the White Hall; the hall of St. George, a parallelogram of 140 feet by 60 feet; the gallery of the Field Marshals and the Alexander Gallery, and a suit of splendid halls, filled with marbles, malachites, vases and pictures. The palace is perfectly accessible to every one, and there are three entrances, one for the Emperor, one in the centre—the *entrée d'honneur*—and one on the side of the Hermitage, for ordinary purposes. The Czar has his apartments on the first floor and in the corner of the Winter Palace that overlooks the Neva and the Admiralty. The Empress inhabits the other corner, and between the two is the family dining-room, which had, however, been deserted since the return of the Empress, the meals being served, as already stated, in a smaller room over the guard-room. At one and six o'clock the Czar, the Czarina, and the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius and Paul, meet for *déjeûner* and dinner. The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Vladimer, who are both married, have also general invitations to join the Imperial circle; but the other members of the family wait till they are bidden. Six covers are always laid, and the service is performed by three French maîtres d'hôtel, who relieve each other every fortnight. The effect of the explosion was to destroy the guard-room, kill and wound fifty-three soldiers remaining there off guard, break through the sides of the vaulted roof, and lift and dislocate the floor of the dining room in two places, corresponding with the gaps in the vaulted roof below. Moreover, the dining table was damaged, as well as part of the ceiling, and the large central chandelier was thrown down, the gas pipes being broken, and the rooms being in darkness until fresh lights were brought.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Nevada Republican State Convention is to be held in Austin on Tuesday, May 11th.

—THE Oregon Republican State Convention is to be held in Portland, on Wednesday, April 21st.

—VIRGINIA negroes are emigrating to Iowa to take the place of striking white men in the mines.

—THE Legislature of Mississippi has imposed a tax of $3 upon bachelors over twenty-five years of age.

—EIGHTY members of the Legislature of Mississippi are natives of the State, and all are natives of the South.

—THE negro physicians of Tennessee have organized a State medical society, of which Dr. J. M. Jamieson is President.

—THE prevalence of smallpox in Paris is causing much alarm, and the Municipal Council is taking measures against its further spread.

—THE Chinese Government has determined to establish consulates in Boston, Philadelphia and New York, for the better protection of its subjects.

—A MARKED revival in the silk ribbon trade is reported from Basle, Switzerland, where very considerably orders have lately been received from the United States.

—THE Duchess of Marlborough, writing to the Lord Mayor of London, says the distress in Ireland is not yet diminishing, continues to be general, and in some parts is increasing.

—MR. JOSEPH JEANES, of Philadelphia, has recently endowed a chair in the Woman's Medical College of that city, it being a new professorship, solely for the diseases of women and children.

—IT is understood that Russia intends proposing to the European powers the conclusion of an international agreement securing to each signatory power the right of demanding the extradition of regicides.

—THE Post Office Department is advised by the International Bureau of the Postal Union that the Republic of Ecuador has adhered to the rules of the Paris Convention, and will enter the Postal Union on July 1st next.

—PREPARATIONS are making for a series of Shakespearean performances in April in the Memorial Buildings at Stratford-on-Avon. The performances will continue for three weeks, and most of the principal English actors will take part.

—THE Pleuro-Pneumonia Act of New Jersey has been repealed by the Legislature, to take effect on and after Wednesday, March 10th. The quarantine against New York is raised, and all cattle will be allowed to enter New Jersey without permit.

—THERE will shortly be presented to the Royal College of Surgeons in London a rare collection of skulls and skeletons gathered during the last forty years by Dr. Bernard Davis, of Staffordshire; it comprises all the varieties of the human species found on earth.

—DURING experiments on board the new Italian ironclad *Duilio*, a gun burst after twenty-five shots had been fired from it. The turret was slightly damaged, but the machinery of the vessel was not injured, and the trials were resumed. Ten persons were slightly wounded.

—THE Governor of Vienna has prohibited Dr. Hansen from giving any more public exhibitions of magnetism. The order is apparently the result of a protest from the medical faculty of the University of Vienna, in which the performances are described as injuriously affecting the nervous sensibility of the audiences.

—THE United States Consul at Guayaquil reports that the municipal authorities have created a new tax, which is now levied on all vessels arriving at the Port of Guayaquil. The new rates are as follows: On vessels under 100 tons register, 2 cents per ton; 100 to 500 tons, 3 cents per ton, and those of a greater capacity 1½ cents per ton.

—BY a compilation made in the Interior Department, it is found that the Government gets by the agreement with the Ute Indians 11,000,000 acres of land for about sixteen cents per acre. This price includes the estimated cost of removal, pay for the Ute improvement surveys and the fund to be set aside for the annual annuity of the Utes.

—THE heirs of Stephen Girard have been beaten again in the litigation to get a part of the fund which he left for Girard College. He bequeathed $2,000,000 outright, and set half as much more aside for the same purpose, if needed; but the $2,000,000 proved sufficient for the maintenance of the college, and the rest was applied by the City of Philadelphia to certain public purposes.

—THE Portuguese Ministerial journal, the *Progresso*, referring to the alleged intentions of the United States to found commercial colonies on the west coast of Africa, says: "Portugal should congratulate herself on seeing the United States approach her colonies, because that republic is incapable of despising the rights of Portugal, but would, on the contrary, guard them against encroachments by England."

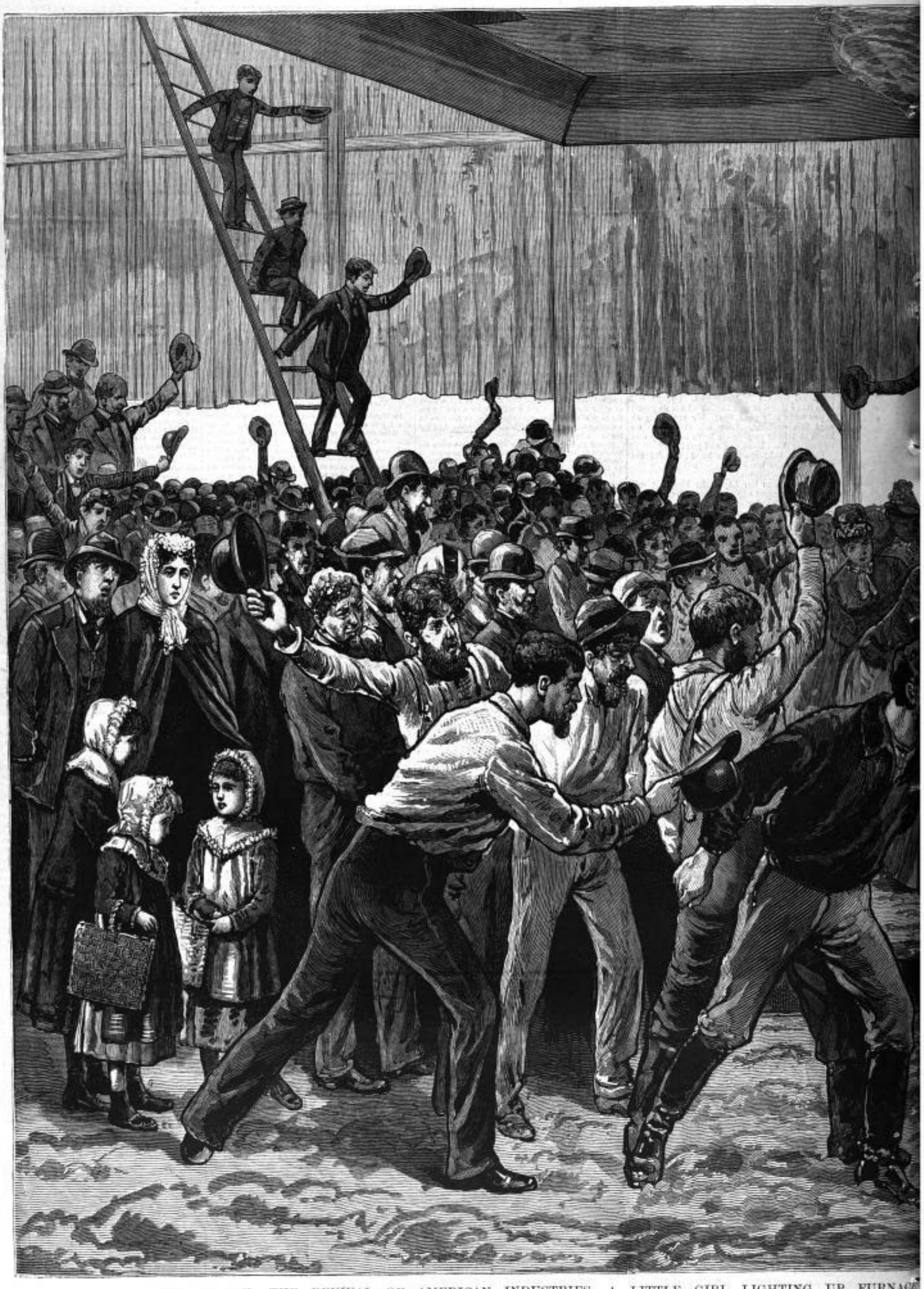
—ANOTHER tariff proposal has emanated from the Japanese Government, and has been submitted to the foreign ministers to send to their superiors. The duties are all specific, a few useful articles are free. Opium is only to be imported by the Government for medicinal purposes. Importations of arms and ammunition may be prohibited. The proposal imposes a tax on kerosene of five cents per gallon.

—THE Berlin *Borsen Zeitung* publishes a long article on the depressed condition of trade in Saxony, and observes that the hand-weaving of that province, which was, up to 1860, in a most prosperous condition, is to-day almost destroyed by the competition of mechanical weaving, and it seems to be established beyond doubt that its production must in future be limited to the supply of the home markets, as competition with foreign markets has become impossible.

—A PARIS journal has announced that papers relating to the Mexican war, which were transported to Mont Valérien during the siege, have just been discovered in that fortress. The ministers of Napoleon III. tried to a certain extent to disguise the immense sacrifices which this war entailed upon the country. M. Rouher, when in office, declared the cost to be covered by 200,000,000 francs, while M. Thiers offered to prove that the mere money loss amounted to more than a milliard, besides the many human lives sacrificed.

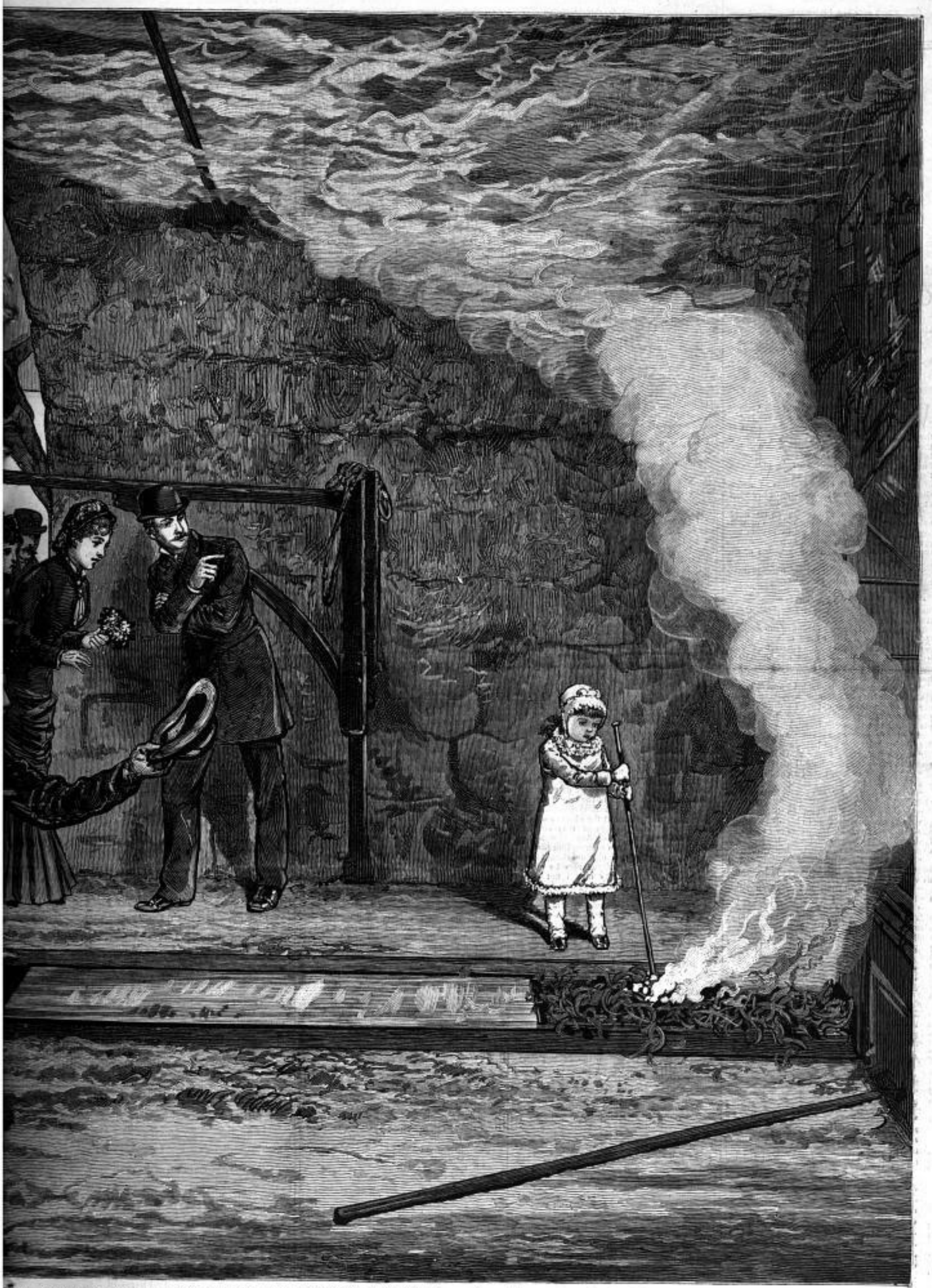
—THE Central American States grow in importance as the prospects of the inter-oceanic canal improve. Their population is calculated at 2,462,000. Guatemala is the largest of the little republics, having 1,170,000 inhabitants; Salvador, 434,000; Honduras, 251,000; Nicaragua, 300,000; and Costa Rica, 185,000. From the fact that the Cordilleras run very near the coast, principally on the Pacific shore, and that the population is mainly resident on the mountain slopes, it results that the culture of coffee has grown rapidly in extent, the facilities for export, in the way of good roads to the harbors, making a market always easily accessible to the planters. Indigo is a profitable culture, as is also sugar, the exportation of which is increasing.

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NEW JERSEY.—THE REVIVAL OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—A LITTLE GIRL LIGHTING UP FURNACE

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LER ONE, IN THE IRON MILLS AT BOONTON MARCH 8TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 59.

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FOR EVER.

FOR ever is a long word,
Its end no thought can see;
A meaning and a strong word,
But all too weak for me.

For words are only voices
That vainly strive to tell
The joy that still rejoices,
The griefs that burn and dwell;

Or, words are like a prison
To hold the spirit low
Which, genius-like, when risen
Would still increase and grow;

Or, words are like the throbbing
Of waves eternally
That cannot tell for sobbing
The secrets of the sea;

Or yet like strong winds roaring,
Not strong enough to say
How many storms in storing
The heaven hath hid away.

One thing alone shall flourish
When earth and sea and sky—
All things that Time doth nourish—
All things, save Love, shall die.

JOHN MORAN.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER III.—A QUESTION OF HONOR.

WHEN Manuela entered the parlor where Reginald was awaiting her, the latter, who was gazing thoughtfully out of the window, turned to greet her. She crossed the space that lay between them with a graceful ease that few women might have rivaled. She was dressed in a morning robe of a color that matched the violet hue of her eyes, and of a texture the soft, clinging folds of which showed the undulating movements of her form at every step.

The look of stern preoccupation on Reginald's face vanished before her glance of welcome, but not so quickly as to escape her observant eye, and her bright smile disappeared as she detected the expression of his countenance.

"Good-morning," she said. "What further has occurred since we parted yesterday?"

"I have heard from the marchesa."

"Well, that is gratifying. But it can scarcely justify the dark frown that I noticed a moment ago."

His face still evidenced a trace of the feelings of exasperation that had been aroused in his breast an hour before by the perusal of Vellani's letter, but he composed himself with a successful endeavor, and shook hands with her with a smile.

"Something has happened, I know," Manuela continued. "A letter or a message from the Marchesa di Lupo cannot be the cause of your mental disturbance, for I perceive plainly that you are disturbed."

"You are correct in your surmise, Miss Waring. Something has happened."

"Pray explain yourself. You are about to speak to me of the marchesa, I know."

"Not exactly of her, but of an acquaintance—a friend—of hers."

"What of him?—for, of course, it must be a 'him'?"

"You are right. The 'him' in this case is a person to whom, according to his own account, she is to be married. His name is Luigi Vellani, and he is a cousin of hers. He is, moreover, an officer of cavalry in the Italian army."

"Yes—yes; I see. This Luigi Vellani has become jealous, and you have heard from him as well as from the marchesa."

"A prophet could not have spoken more truly."

"One does not need to be a prophet to reach this conclusion. An Italian and a lover, what else could you expect?" she replied, with a smile that afforded Reginald a transitory glimpse of her beautiful teeth. "He has heard from her that you were more or less attentive to her during her stay here—don't deny that you were—and so he has thought proper to show that he is offended. A mere trifle and not worth a second thought."

"You mistake, Miss Waring. As you said a while ago, I have indeed heard from him; but instead of expressing simply a lover's hasty offense because of a few gallant phrases which I addressed to the marchesa, in a note or two that I wrote to her while she was here, inviting her to a promenade, or a drive in the Park, or some such trifle, he actually has become brutal over the matter. I might have overlooked an exhibition of spleen; but his insolence, never!"

"What could he have written that you deem so impertinent?"

He took the two letters from his pocket and gave them to her. "Here," he said, "are the precious documents—the marchesa's note and Mr. Luigi Vellani's. Read them and tell me what you think of them."

She received the letters in her hand, and first opened that of the marchesa. A frown gathered on her brow as she read on to the end.

"Upon my word," she said, as she folded the note and returned it to Reginald; "this is a strange letter!"

"Oh, that is mild in comparison with the other one! Now, read what Mr. Vellani has to say!" exclaimed Reginald, moving restlessly in his seat.

She was already half through the Italian's missive when Reginald ceased speaking. Her flushed cheeks and quick breathing showed that, for some unexpressed reason, the taunting language of the writer powerfully affected her. As she read the last word, she crushed the paper between her strong, tapering fingers.

"This is indeed vexatious," she said. "I do not wonder that you should feel angry. But, after all——"

"You are about to say, 'why allow what he has written to affect me?'"

"Precisely. Under the circumstances, what can you do?"

"What can I do? Why, of all whom I know and trust, I thought you would be the readiest to appreciate my feelings and my duty in this matter."

"Do not suppose," she answered, "that I do not appreciate your feelings! As to your duty, if the man were here on the spot I should appreciate that equally readily. But consider for a moment. He wrote these from a safe distance, and probably without imagining that you and he would ever find yourselves together in the same place. In this view of the case, doesn't it seem to you that you might treat the letter with the indifference it deserves?"

"But if I regard my honor as being affected by a quiet submission to this man's insolence, what then?"

"You make it a question of honor?"

"I do. I feel the affront as deeply as if this Luigi Vellani lived in the next house to this and where he could see me every passing day. My feelings will not allow me to palliate the offense because of the remoteness of the offender. And as to the distance that separates us, steam will soon remove that obstacle. Within two weeks' time I can bring this man to the confessional. And I intend to leave at once for Europe for that purpose."

For the first time during the interview, Reginald exhibited in his manner something of the passion that was at work in his bosom. For the first time he allowed his feelings to carry him away, and, in consequence, his voice was harsh and his gestures were quick and angular.

"Think of it, Miss Waring," he went on, rising from his seat and pacing the room; "think of these two people entertaining themselves, as they doubtless are doing, at my expense! If that picture does not present itself clearly to your mind, it does to mine. As for the marchesa, I am quite satisfied that she is as responsible for Vellani's letter as though she had dictated it herself. Besides which, there is the manuscript. Do you suppose she ever will return it?"

"It is doubtful," was Manuela's abstracted reply.

"No," he continued. "While I do not suppose that she, or any one else who may see it, will connect it with aught tangible or real in the way of a treasure that may be discovered by research, still she may regard it as sufficiently curious as a relic to retain it. I therefore have two reasons for going to Europe. First, to call Mr. Luigi Vellani to account; and second, to recover my manuscript from the Marchesa di Lupo."

"The possession of the document," observed Manuela, "can scarcely benefit you since the clew is wanting to the locality in which the treasure is concealed. Why, then, give yourself any further trouble on that subject? Besides, you have your English version of the original French, and that will answer all practical purposes—the name of the writer being obliterated, you say."

"You argue the matter very well, Miss Waring; but I must confess that I do not choose to regard it as a subject of argument. And as to the possession of the original manuscript not proving of practical benefit to the possessor, you forget that the chapter of accidents, if I hold the document, may result in the discovery of the missing links in some way not now apparent. By a comparison of handwriting, for example, if chance should bring about such an opportunity, I may be able to identify the writer. Why may I not search the records of the fortress of San Juan, if I can discover the locality of that fort or prison? If I could but learn the name attached to the writing, and establish the fact that a person of the same name was a prisoner in that fortress about two hundred years ago, pursuing my investigations into his career, I might succeed, possibly in fixing the unknown pueblo and the now indefinite church."

"Your reasoning is good," said Manuela, in reply, "but there are so many formidable obstacles in the path to success. Trust rather to the chapter of accidents, as you term it; perhaps in that way, in a manner least expected at present, you may secure some of the missing clews to the hidden treasure."

With a peculiar expression of countenance she motioned him to a seat, and continued:

"And now, in regard to the Vellani affair. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to take passage on the French steamer that leaves on Wednesday. On reaching Europe I shall proceed at once to Milan, where, if fortune favor me, I will find the marchesa and Vellani. First, I shall obtain from the marchesa my manuscript, and, next, I shall demand of Vellani an apology."

"And if he should refuse to apologize?"

"I shall either cane him or challenge him, leaving the decision as to which to circumstances."

"In either event you will have to meet him, for I am sure an Italian army officer must necessarily be prepared to engage in a duel."

"I go ready to send or to accept a challenge, Miss Waring," said Reginald, emphatically. As he spoke she leaned over toward him and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"In what I am about to say," she said, earnestly, "you must not think that I mean to express any doubt of your ability to take care of yourself in an affair of honor in which you may be engaged."

"Say what you please," he replied, with a smile, relaxing from his severity of demeanor.

"I only am anxious for—for the safety of one whom I regard as highly as I do you when I ask you whether you have had much practice with the pistol?"

"You mean am I a good shot?"

"Yes."

"Well, to tell the truth, I never thought of that. The fact is, I am nothing of a marksman. I suppose I could hit a barn-door at ten paces"—this he said with a laugh—"but whether I could do as much to a man is doubtful. I am satisfied of one thing, however, and that is that my nerve would not fail me."

"There is virtue in a steady nerve, Mr. Grey; but," she continued, shaking her head gravely, "that is not enough. Your antagonist, you should remember, may possess equal nerve, and may be a dead shot besides."

Reginald was silent, but the look of resolution deepened on his face as Manuela went on:

"Equally important—more important indeed when there is a question of a duel with a European, and that European a cavalry officer in the Italian service—becomes a consideration of your knowledge of fencing. The dueling-sword is the weapon of honor on the Continent, and, unless you can meet an opponent on equal grounds with this weapon, you are at his mercy."

"I am sorry to say that I have no knowledge of the use of the sword," said Reginald, almost apologetically. "But I shall begin at the first opportunity to take lessons. Perhaps in that way I may prepare myself to meet an average swordsman in the field."

"Ah!" ejaculated Manuela, again shaking her head, "the fencer's skill cannot be acquired in a few days, or even in a few weeks. Sometimes it never can be acquired at all. The accomplished swordsman is a genius in his way, and, with his single weapon, he can keep at arm's length, and disarm, a room full of unskillful assailants."

She looked down thoughtfully, as if pondering the answers that Reginald had given to her questions, while Reginald himself, forgetting for the moment the disagreeable possibilities that might result from the encounter which he had determined to seek as the last alternative, took delight in contemplating her rich beauty and Juno-like form, and in thinking of the germs of heroism that lay dormant in her nature.

"You do not seem to anticipate that I would emerge from a duel with this Luigi Vellani unscathed," he observed finally, in a tone of pique.

"Frankly, I do not, unless he should prove, which is improbable, as ignorant as you are of the fencer's art, for, depend on it, if there is to be a duel, the sword will be the chosen weapon."

"Well, well—let it be so. I am ready to risk it. It would scarcely be manly for me to speculate beforehand on his skillfulness or unskillfulness."

"It is your heart which speaks there, Mr. Grey, and not your reason. Will you be guided by my advice in this matter?"

"I came this morning to ask your advice and to consult with you. I shall feel only too greatly honored if you will advise me," he said, with respectful earnestness.

"Then you will be advised by me?"

"In all things. What should I do? Only remember that I cannot forego my purpose to seek an explanation of Vellani."

"You must promise me that you will not act hastily, and that you will endeavor by fair means to obtain the apology you desire. The apology, I suppose, would satisfy you?"

"A written apology for that letter would be all that I should ask. If that be given, I would pursue the matter no further."

"That is enough. It is more than advice that I gave you, Mr. Grey; if I may be allowed to say so, it is my earnest wish that you should act discreetly and prudently in your dealings with this man."

CHAPTER IV.—A QUESTION OF SENTIMENT.

AS Manuela spoke these last recorded words, seemingly under an impulse that she could not control, she turned her head away.

"Why do you say it is your 'wish,' Miss Waring?" said Reginald, leaning forward so as to look into her face. "Do you mean that what concerns me arouses your interest?"

"I have said that it is my wish that you should be prudent. Only remember that," she replied, without changing her position.

"Miss Waring," he began, and then paused abruptly.

She turned to him with an almost imperceptible heightening of the color on her cheek.

"Well?"

"I was about to ask you to allow me to call you Manuela."

"Why Manuela?" she inquired, with a pretty expression of surprise on her face.

"Because," he answered, "I should feel more satisfied if ceremony were dispensed with between us. Miss Waring, if you will allow me to say so, seems too cold, too formal."

"Then, the ceremony is to remain with me, I suppose?"

"No; but I did not dare to hope that——"

"That I would call you 'Reginald'? Let it be as you wish. You may call me 'Manuela.'"

"And you will call me 'Reginald'?"

"Oh, I can't grant too many privileges at once!"

"So be it, but when you say 'Mr. Grey,' I will believe that you mean 'Reginald.'"

"I commend you for your ingenuity. But, answer me: which should you prefer, that I call you—'Reginald' and think 'Mr. Grey,' or call you 'Mr. Grey' and think 'Reginald'?"

"If you will only think of me as 'Reginald,' Manuela, I shall be happy, for I will imagine that perhaps I am nearer to your thoughts."

It was the first time that he had addressed her so familiarly, and it was natural that the sound of her name thus uttered by his lips should cause her to betray a slight embarrassment. He perceived it.

"I fear," he said, "that, after all, it displeases you to be addressed by me by your Christian name. I see that I was mistaken."

"Mistaken? In what respect?"

"In supposing the contrary."

She laughed lightly, but her heightened color denied the words with which she replied to him.

"How like your sex you are!" she exclaimed. "What could have induced you to believe that I should wish you to call me 'Manuela'?"

"Only my convictions," he answered. "I do not think they err in this case. I confess that it was happiness itself when I thought that our relations might be closer than those of mere friendship. And now that I have thus plainly spoken, and on the eve of my departure on what may prove a mission of danger, will you permit me to speak freely?"

Her silence gave consent, or at least he so regarded it, for he continued:

"Miss Waring——"

"No, Manuela," she interrupted, softly. "I do like that better."

He took her hand, which lay in his quietly.

"Reginald," she said, with her clear, frank look fixed on him, "it would be folly for me to misconstrue your words and childish to affect not to understand your meaning. Are you in earnest, or——"

She left the sentence unfinished, but her eyes still looked into his and completed the question.

"I am in earnest, Manuela," he answered. "Perhaps, but for the peculiar circumstances engendered by the events of this morning, I should not have spoken to-day. But I tell you now, that in going away from you, I should wish to bear with me some assurance that you do not think of me altogether with indifference."

"I give you the assurance that you wish," she replied. "I prefer, however, to await the test of time before I either exact or give a more definite promise. Perhaps"—a tone of sadness pervaded her speech, and the smile that played about her lips was in keeping with the inflection of her voice—"perhaps, some day, you may thank me for granting you the opportunity to know your own mind better."

"I see the future as clearly as I see the present. My heart will not change."

"And yet, barely a month ago, you did not consider it any violence to your feelings to address the Marchesa di Lupo as 'my charming Marietta.'"

"Oh, that was quite different! And then, besides, I did not mean to be anything more than complimentary, you know."

"Very possibly. At least, I prefer to believe so. Don't imagine, however, that I am jealous of the marchesa!"

A proud look swept across her face, and in it Reginald read a confession of her indomitable spirit.

"How grand you are, Manuela!" he exclaimed, as he raised her hand to his lips. "I hope to prove to you that I am worthy, at least, of your friendship!"

"Be faithful, Reginald, and that will be proof enough."

"Let the future decide for me. When I return—if I return from this meeting with Vellani——"

"You must go, then?"

There was a tremulous accent of pleading in her voice as she uttered these words, and her fingers closed around his hand with a sudden clasp.

"Do you ask me to surrender my purpose?" he said. "Would you prefer that I should make no effort to avenge the insult that man has put on me?"

She raised her disengaged hand with a quick gesture to her eyes, and a slight tremor shook her frame. For a minute or more she remained thus silent, with her head bent over her bosom. The feminine element in her nature was struggling with the heroic. The heroic conquered.

"No, Reginald!" she exclaimed, when the brief mental conflict was over. "Follow your own instincts. Vellani shall apologize or be punished."

"If the worst come to the worst, Manuela, I shall think of you. I hope for an apology from him. An hour ago I was careless; now, for the first time, I feel a responsibility."

"Yes; for my sake be discreet. Now, tell me, what are your plans when you shall have reached Europe?"

"Have you forgotten? I shall proceed to Milan——"

"All that I know. But what about a friend, a second, should one be needed?"

"I have not decided as to that. I shall pick up some friend in Paris—French or American—and intrust him with the preliminaries, if the affair become serious."

"Will a delay of a fortnight in Paris interfere materially with your movements?"

"Oh, no! A few days, more or less, of postponement will not affect the result unless, indeed, within that interval I should lose track of Vellani and the marchesa."

"In that case, all that you would have to do would be to dismiss the two from your mind and return to New York."

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and replied:

"I suppose the matter would have to end there."

"My brother Melchior," she continued, "is now in England. In three weeks or a month from to-day he will be at the Hotel du Louvre in Paris. Wait in Paris until he shall come, then go and see him. He will be your friend. I shall write to him and explain all. He speaks French and Italian perfectly, and is besides a fine fencer and a good shot. He will do for you as you would for yourself. Will you not trust him?"

"Trust him, Manuela!" cried Reginald. "Is he not your brother? Yes, I can trust him."

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At this point the conversation passed, by a natural transition, from the European journey to themselves."

"When I return from Europe," he said, "where will you be?"

"If I am not here I shall be, probably, at my home in New Mexico. The Asciendo on which I live belonged to my grandfather, Davila, and was left to my mother as her inheritance. It was there that my father met and married my mother. If, when you return, you should wish to see me again, you will find me there."

"If I should wish to see you again!" he exclaimed, repeating her words. "Do you doubt for an instant that, if I live, I will return to you?"

"No, Reginald. I do not doubt you. But I cannot refrain from thinking with anxiety of the future."

"You must not feel anxious," he said, in a light tone. "It is not like yourself to be disheartened easily. Be brave and cheerful, my dear girl, until we meet again in Albuquerque."

"I am a soldier's daughter," she replied, "and I have often ridden by my father's side when there was danger to be met. Trust me, I shall keep up a brave heart."

For the second time he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

An hour later he rose to go.

"Good-by, Manuela," he said. "Until to-morrow, good-by."

"Good-by, Reginald."

After Reginald had left her, Manuela sat for a long time lost in thought. Under what far-off skies were her musings centred? Was she thinking of her home near Albuquerque? Was she following Reginald in imagination in his distant journey to Italy? or, was she speculating on the old manuscript and its writer, and seeking to evolve from the mists of uncertainty the spot where stood the church within whose walls—if they still rose above ground—reposed the undiscovered secret of the pueblo?

All of these, perhaps, were among her fancies, as she sat and thought.

(To be continued.)

"FIRING UP" AT BOONTON.

WHERE is Boonton? Who knows anything about it? Who cares about it? Of what public interest can it possibly be? Is it in Texas or Minnesota? Where is it, anyhow? Boonton is a village situated on a sunny little stream called the Rockaway, twenty-seven miles by the Morris and Essex line from New York City. It stands on the side of a steep hill, and keeps a watchful eye over an extensive and wooded, flatlish country that reaches away south till lost in the dim distance. Boonton boasts of two hotels, a post-office with genuine brass letter-boxes, the very identical pattern used by the millionaires in the postal palace at Gotham; a main street bordered by perky-looking dwellings that seem inclined, at this hour of writing, to strut down the hill, and take the train to New York; a canal, with a patent wire rope for hauling boats to a higher level without the tardy intervention of locks; two schoolhouses, half a dozen needle-spired places of worship, a few pretentious villas, bedding themselves haughtily aloof from the vulgar throng; a waterfall, beside whose leaping foam young Boonton plights its troth; and, above all, Boonton is the proud possessor of the Boonton Iron Works, which cover twenty acres in the valley lying between the canal, the railroad and the river.

Five years ago and Boonton was a chirpy, cheery place, quoted in the iron market, and turning out its thousands of tons of "pig" annually. Came the bad times and Boonton dropped out of sight. Her pride, her glory—her iron mill—ceased to discourse to the world of iron, and the grip of an iron world came at the throat of this once prosperous and happy village. Poverty closed the stores and shut up the houses. Poverty, in all its grim reality, settled down in Boonton, and soon, too soon, became the most prominent of its citizens. But there was a good day in store for Boonton yet. The Sleeping Beauty, alias the workshop, was to be awakened by the hot kiss of the revival of industry, and glad tidings of great joy came to the village when it was announced that once again the roar of the furnace would make itself heard, and the clang and clamor and delightful din of the molding-shop ring out above the roar of the waterfall and the murmur of the ever-flowing but pulseless river.

Monday was a great day for Boonton, and as the artist and I alighted from the train, we could perceive a calm satisfaction in everybody's face, while the word went from mouth to mouth, "Number one's to be lighted up at five o'clock." Crossing the railway bridge, we struck a towpath by the gigantic canal-boat lift, and presently entered within the precincts of the ironworks. What a busy scene that was! Grimy men carting glowing cinders in turret-shaped cars, shunting wagons, signaling to locomotive-drivers, preparing loam and sand, piling "pigs," laying sleepers, and hurrying hither and thither as though the fate of the iron world depended entirely upon individual exertion. Up high against the keen blue sky stood monster smokestacks, and furnaces and machinery and strange gear, while within a throbbing building whirled a gigantic wheel to the music of the steam-pipes. Fancy what a financial difference the employment of one thousand men must make in a little village like this? Fancy the mill lying idle for four years, and the bread-winners and their families scattered to the four corners of the earth, and you will realize the gladness that reigned like sunshine on every face to-day. When the rolling-mill and nail-factory gets to work, over $1,000 a day will be paid out! Think of this, ye Boontonites, and utter pæans of joy! Think of this ye founders, keepers, helpers, fillers, condensers and laborers! $1,000 a day! A founder receives $13 a week, a keeper $12, a helper $10, a filler $12, a condenser $10, and a laborer $1.10 a day. What wonder, then, that Boonton was light-hearted, and that mine host of the United States Hotel chuckled as he trousered one dollar in return for our well-cooked, comfortable meal! As five o'clock approached, the fairer sex made itself visible, gorgeous in hats, refulgent in sacques, coquettish in gloves, daring in boots. Presently a tiny toddler in white, and a hood as blue as her sweet, innocent young eyes, approached the furnace-house, while a great hulking fellow, all grime and iron-filings and dust, informed me, in a husky voice:

"That's the little gal as is a-going to light up number one."

"Aha! my little maid," thought I, "you are going to light a fire now that will only last five years. Wait till the sweet by-and-by, and you'll be kindling a flame in the furnace of some young fellow's heart that five times five years won't see extinguished."

We now approached the cast-house which is 60 feet long, 55 wide, and 40 feet high. The furnace is 70 feet high, and it turns off ten tons of "liquor" at each discharge. The iron "roasts" for four days, and is then drawn off every six hours or four times a day, and during the five years this furnace is to be kept alive 55,000 tons of iron will be vomited forth from its inflamed interior.

A great vault-like construction, partly of iron, partly of brick, stands like a hood over the furnace dam. In connection with the dam is the jimp. Opposite this dam or well stood the little maid of four years, holding a brass rod with an iron top, red hot. Beneath her were shavings and resin in a sort of prepared bed. Around her little majesty, but at a respectful distance, stood her sisters and her cousins and her aunts, while founders, keepers, helpers, fillers, condensers and laborers formed a sturdy background. Small boys climbed on ladders, and venturesome spirits seized upon dizzy eminences for the purpose of seeing No. 1 lighted up. The little maid, nothing dismayed, at a given signal applied the red hot poker to the shavings, and in a second up went a merry blaze to the music of a ringing cheer, and then—ay, and then, Boonton was happy once more. What power in that tiny, dimpled, fat white hand!

AN ODD PRIZE CUP.

THE Athletic Club, of Boston, Mass., offers for the Spring pedestrian contests, the first of which takes place on April 8th, a most unique cup. It is in the form of a shoe. The base is ebony highly polished, and the shoe-rests and inscription plate are of solid silver. The shoe was made upon a running shoe "last," size 8, but, owing to the thickness of the silver, the outside dimensions are the same as a size 7 shoe. The shoe is made to lift off the "rests." While the inside of the shoe is gold lined, the strings and facings over the instep are of oxidized silver, and the spikes are silver with gold finish. The money-value of this very appropriate prize is $150.

THE IMPROVEMENTS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, like its sister resort Coney Island, has been looked upon as not exactly the place respectable persons would like to visit, but Coney Island within a few years has become a fashionable resort, and, although still called by the old name, has so changed its character in every way that even the most particular of society-people are to be found at its famous hotels. It has taken about six years to bring Coney Island to what it is to-day; but money and energy take no account of time nowadays, as will be evident to the visitors to Rockaway the coming season. Visitors to the Beach have seldom ventured below the Neptune House, and from that point to the western extremity of the Beach was a *terra incognita* to them, while in reality it is the best part of the entire five miles of beach, and will, when the season opens, astonish the beholder. The idea of making this a fashionable and beautiful seaside resort was the offspring of another scheme by which it was proposed to improve the old beach and bring it within easier reach of New York. J. M. Oakley, State Senator from the First District, in June, 1877, secured a lease from the town of Jamaica of certain meadow lands on which to construct a railroad connecting Hunter's Point with Rockaway Beach. Later on he obtained from the Queens County authorities permission to construct a bridge across Broad Bay and channel and two sections of Jamaica Bay, with the condition that there should be at least two drawbridges. A company was formed with a nominal capital of $1,000,000, but nothing was done, and it looked as if nothing ever would be; but about eighteen months after appeared upon the scene Benjamin E. Smith, who is said to have built more railroads than any other person in this country. He paid a visit to Rockaway, inspected the Beach, looked at the proposed route for the railroad, and very soon decided, after consultation with some friends, that he would not only build the road and improve the Beach, but would put up a hotel, eclipsing in every respect any other in the country. With this object in view, Mr. Smith, in conjunction with Mr. H. Y. Attrill, purchased the entire Beach from a short distance below the Surf House to the Point, and extending from the ocean to the bay, paying for it over $300,000. The construction of the railroad was commenced last September, and the trestle-work across the bay and meadows is nearly complete. The rolling stock and locomotives have been ordered, and the road will be open in time for the commencement of the season.

The laying out of the grounds, etc., has been designed by Mr. Olmsted, who was the architect of Central Park. The general plan comprises a hotel, the dimensions of which are: Length, including porches, 1,170 feet, the building proper being 1,030 feet long; its shape will be very much like the letter E, the front, of course, facing the ocean; there will be two wings on the ends of the main building, each 400 feet deep; there will be four stories above the basement; along the front will run a piazza 70 feet wide; the first story will measure 18 feet from floor to ceiling, the second and third 16 feet, and the fourth 12 feet; the height of the roof from the piazza level will be 160 feet. On this roof a promenade will be located, with seating accommodations for 200 people. The view from this point will be superb. The architects of the hotel are N. Le Brun & Sons. The furnishing will be on a grand scale, black walnut of the best quality and latest style being used. This is now being manufactured to order, and will be ready for delivery about the 15th of May. The carpets are also being made to order, the quantity required being so large that no house had such an amount on hand. It will take about 35,000 yards for the upper floors, and nearly a thousand for the parlors alone. The upholstering and internal fittings will be of the finest, while an air of comfort on cool days will be given by the presence of fireplaces in many of the rooms. The house will have steam-heating pipes throughout. In connection with the hotel and grounds there will be a gas-house erected on the property, with capacity for a town of 20,000 inhabitants.

The Holly Water Works Company are also putting up water-works that will supply sufficient water for 40,000 people, and as a special protection against fire there will be an arrangement by which ten streams of water can be turned on the hotel at once.

In order that the building and grounds may be finished in time for the Summer business, it has been found necessary to employ over 1,000 men and 100 teams, work being carried on night and day, which, with the aid of the Weston Electric Light, is perfectly feasible, and much time will be saved thereby. The cost of the hotel alone will be over $300,000. It will hold 1,500 permanent guests and over 2,000 transient or day visitors. The grounds will be laid out in magnificent style, while the lovers of bathing will have ample facilities to indulge in either surf or still water. Three thousand bathing-houses, with gas and running water, are in course of erection on the bay and ocean sides. They will be ready for use about June 1st, at which date the hotel will open.

The company have their own dock, 800 feet long, on the bay side, so that visitors by water can land on the company's own ground. A covered passage will lead from this dock to the hotel. There will be a similar passage from the railroad depot. The system of sewerage, as determined by the engineers, is likely to be effective, as they propose carrying pipes to a main three and a half miles away, and by depositing the refuse in the bay, escape having it washed back upon the shore by the sea. Next to the hotel, and only a short distance from it, the music-stand is to be located. It is not to be the usual isolated structure with accommodations for the musicians and the sounding concave that people are familiar with, but an oval, covered building open on the sides and furnished with fountains, flowers, greenery and refreshment tables, much after the fashion of a concert garden. This, it is announced, is to be open to visitors free of charge. Dodworth's Thirteenth Regiment Band of Brooklyn, 100 pieces, will furnish the music. The main pavilion will be a long building stretching from 1,800 to 2,000 feet along the beach and 70 feet in width. It is to be elevated and furnished with accommodation for a large number of visitors. Here are to be located the restaurant, a bar and the like, with an abundance of seats and tables. The pavilion overlooks the section of the beach to be devoted to bathers, and from it the antics of the surf-disporting throng will be visible. A happy expedient is used in the construction of this building to enable the bathers to escape the annoying ordeal of being stared at on their way to the surf. Instead of traversing an exposed platform the passage will be made underneath the pavilion, and the bather will be so enabled to be in the water before catching the eye of the onlooker. A boulevard, or drive, from the hotel along the beach, will be constructed; the length will be 3½ miles, and it will be 120 feet wide. The cost of improving the Beach and building the railroad will be over $5,000,000. It is claimed for Rockaway that there is no finer beach anywhere; that the air is more saline than it is nearer New York, and that the garbage nuisance does not affect the purity of the water; while, with a direct railroad running to New York in thirty minutes, it will be more accessible to the metropolis than any other seaside resort.

The New Bound Brook Line between Philadelphia and New York offers to Pennsylvanians and the people of New Jersey a direct and convenient way of reaching Far Rockaway Beach. Twenty trains on fast time are provided daily, the equipment is unsurpassed and the management careful. Residents of Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and all points in the interior of Pennsylvania, can make direct connection with the Bound Brook route to New York, being landed at the New York depot of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty Street. From this point easy and instant access is had to all the steamboats and railways operating between New York City and Rockaway Beach.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Railway through the St. Gothard Tunnel will, it is thought, be open for traffic by the 1st of October, this year.

A Letter from South Africa states that companies have been formed in Griqualand West and Natal to prospect for gold in Sikukuni's country, where it is known to exist.

An International Meteorological Conference has been held in Sydney, at which it has been arranged to establish a uniform system of weather telegraphy for the different Australian colonies.

The Designs of the Forth Bridge—a much more daring undertaking than the Tay Bridge—are to be reconsidered, and it is very doubtful if the gigantic scheme, as at present conceived by Sir Thomas Bouch, will be carried out.

It is announced as certain that M. Krantz, the director of the 1878 Universal Exhibition, will be appointed director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and that many improvements will take place on the occasion of his appointment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Flatters is to command the caravan expedition for the purpose of investigating the proposed French trans-Sahara railway route, and he is to be in possession of a force so strong that there will be no danger of obstruction.

The Law on the constitution of the high council of education in France is progressing favorably before the Senate. No other members will be admitted than professional teachers, except delegates of the five National Academies: Sciences, Beaux Arts, Français, Sciences Morales et Politiques, Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

The Microphone has been successfully employed by Professor Milne, of Tokio, Japan, to announce the premonitory signs of an earthquake. He places the instrument in pits remote from roads, and he is careful also to exclude all insects, the movements of which would, of course, affect the indications and lead to false inferences.

At the Last Promotion of the Legion of Honor M. Levasseur, Vice-President of the Paris Geographical Society, was appointed to the grade of officer for his geographical and statistical works. M. Levasseur is the editor of the statistical department of the *Annuaire* of the Bureau des Longitudes, which has been so much enlarged recently.

The Emperor William has recently conferred the Order of the Red Eagle on Professor Heeren, of the Hanover Polytechnic; Professor Hallendorf, of the Polytechnic at Aix la Chapelle, and Professors Roth, Weisky, and Wichelhaus, of the University of Berlin. Most of these decorations are in recognition of special services in developing the mineral resources of the country.

The Chilian Government has just published in English, Spanish and French, a "Synopsis Statistical and Geographical of Chili," treating of the condition of the country from January, 1878, to September, 1879. Among other useful matters it contains a short historical sketch, besides notes on its geographical position and physical aspect, its industrial zones, geological constitution, ethnography and medical geography.

Dr. Broca, the eminent anthropologist, has been elected a life-member of the French Senate by a majority of eight. The election has created some sensation, Dr. Broca's nomination having been opposed on the ground of his Darwinist opinions. Dr. Broca opened the last meeting of the Anthropological Society by a short address, in which he considered his election as a victory gained not only by his political, but also by his scientific, opinions.

The German Admiralty intends to publish a work on the scientific voyage round the world, made by the German corvette *Gazelle* during the years 1874 to 1876. The work will be divided into three parts. Part I. will contain a short description of the origin of the expedition, its objects and a general account of the voyage. The second part will be devoted to the deep-sea measurements, the meteorological and magnetical observations. Part III. will treat of the marine fauna and flora.

According to the report of the French Phylloxera Commission, the pernicious insect has spread in a deplorable manner during the last two years, in spite of all measures to the contrary. The black patches on the maps of the Commission, and which represents those districts over which the plague has a complete hold, must be enlarged year after year. Great hope was placed in snow, but it proved futile, inasmuch as snow must cover the ground for at least forty-five days to destroy the insects, and nowhere has the snow lasted so long as that. About one-quarter of the French wine-growing districts are now destroyed.

The Veteran French Chemist, Sainte-Claire Deville, has resigned the professorship at the Ecole Normale of Paris, after having filled it in the most brilliant manner for twenty-nine years. Of his manifold and classical investigations during this period the most noteworthy were those on aluminium, which, supported by Napoleon III., led to the creation of the aluminium industry; the adaptation and application of the same metallurgical processes to magnesium which created likewise the industry of this metal, and the extensive researches on platinum and its allied metals in company with Debray, in the course of which platinum was fused for the first time.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. ALBERT GRÉVY, Republican, has been elected a Life-senator of France.

THE Archduke Rudolph, the Prince Imperial of Austria, has been affianced to the Princess Stephanie Clochilde, of Belgium.

MR. LOWELL, the Minister of the United States, presented his credentials to the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, on March 12th.

MR. HARNISCH, the American sculptor, now in Rome, is making a model for the statue of Calhoun, which is to be erected in Charleston.

M. DE SCHAKOFF, the new Russian Ambassador to the Berlin Court, is reputed one of the best chess players in Europe, and has never been beaten.

THE municipality of Paris has resolved to present to Professor Nordenskjöld, the Swedish Arctic explorer, a gold medal on his passage through that city.

BISHOP QUINTARD (Protestant Episcopal) of the diocese of Tennessee, has, on account of ill health, been ordered by his physician to give up his duties and take complete rest.

THE House Committee on Claims has agreed to report favorably a Bill appropriating $2,500 for the relief of A. B. Meacham, for injuries sustained during the Modoc outbreak.

IT is stated in well-informed circles that Prince William, eldest son of the German Crown Prince, will shortly be betrothed to the Princess Caroline Mathilde, daughter of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein.

THE Queen of Italy's physician, Dr. Martini, assures her subjects that Margherita's vital functions are not attacked by her present disease, and that its nervous character has given neither him nor the court any serious solicitude.

PRINCE ERNEST, son of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice of England, will shortly be entered on board the *Britannia* as a naval cadet, thus following the example set by the sons of the Prince of Wales.

GENERAL GRANT has been visiting Contreras, Molino del Rey, Churubusco and other scenes of his Mexican campaign. He remembered the localities well, but was unable to find his old quartermaster's office and store in Tacubaya.

A JAPANESE gentleman, Shinichiro Saito, and Edward Greey, the author, who lived many years in China and Japan, are preparing a translation of Tamenaga's historical novel "I ro-ha Bunko," under the title of "The Loyal Forty-seven."

AFTER a second representation of Rubenstein's new opera, "Ivan Kalashnikoff," in St. Petersburg, at which the Imperial family were present, its performance has been prohibited. The scene of this opera is laid in the time of the Czar Ivan the Terrible.

ENSIGN L. K. REYNOLDS, U.S.N., whose portrait was published in our last issue, has been awarded the gold medal of the Life-saving Benevolent Association of New York, for his distinguished bravery in rescuing the crew of the Austro-Hungarian bark *Olive*.

EX-GOVERNOR JOEL PARKER has taken the oath of office as a Judge of the Supreme Court of his native State of New Jersey, which during the past twenty-five years he has already served as legislator, District-Attorney, Attorney General and Governor.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, Q. C., the well-known author and Liberal politician, who visited the United States some years ago, lectured at the Workingmen's College, in London, of which he is Principal, on March 6th, on "James Russell Lowell," the newly appointed American Minister to England.

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, the philanthropist, in a curious tract, compares the relative cost of religion, living, education, rum and tobacco. Rum costs the country yearly $667,636,602; religion, $47,636,450, and education, $95,436,727. Rum, she says, costs each person $17 a year, whether they drink it or not.

MADAM LI-FU-JEU, wife of the Chinese Minister in Berlin, has just been formally presented to the Emperor and Empress, who received her very graciously. The Chinese lady wore a superb native costume, looked very picturesque, and behaved with tact and grace. Lady Odo Russell, as doyenne of the diplomatic corps, made the presentation.

M. MEISSONIER, who owns to sixty-seven years of existence, has a handsome house full of beautiful artistic objects, and though he has earned more money than any other painter in France, he is so fond of luxury that he is now not worth more than $200,000. He receives from $3,000 to $5,000 for a portrait. His *cuisine* is perfect, his wine cellar "magnificent." He paints very slowly, and utterly refuses to be hurried when executing commissions.

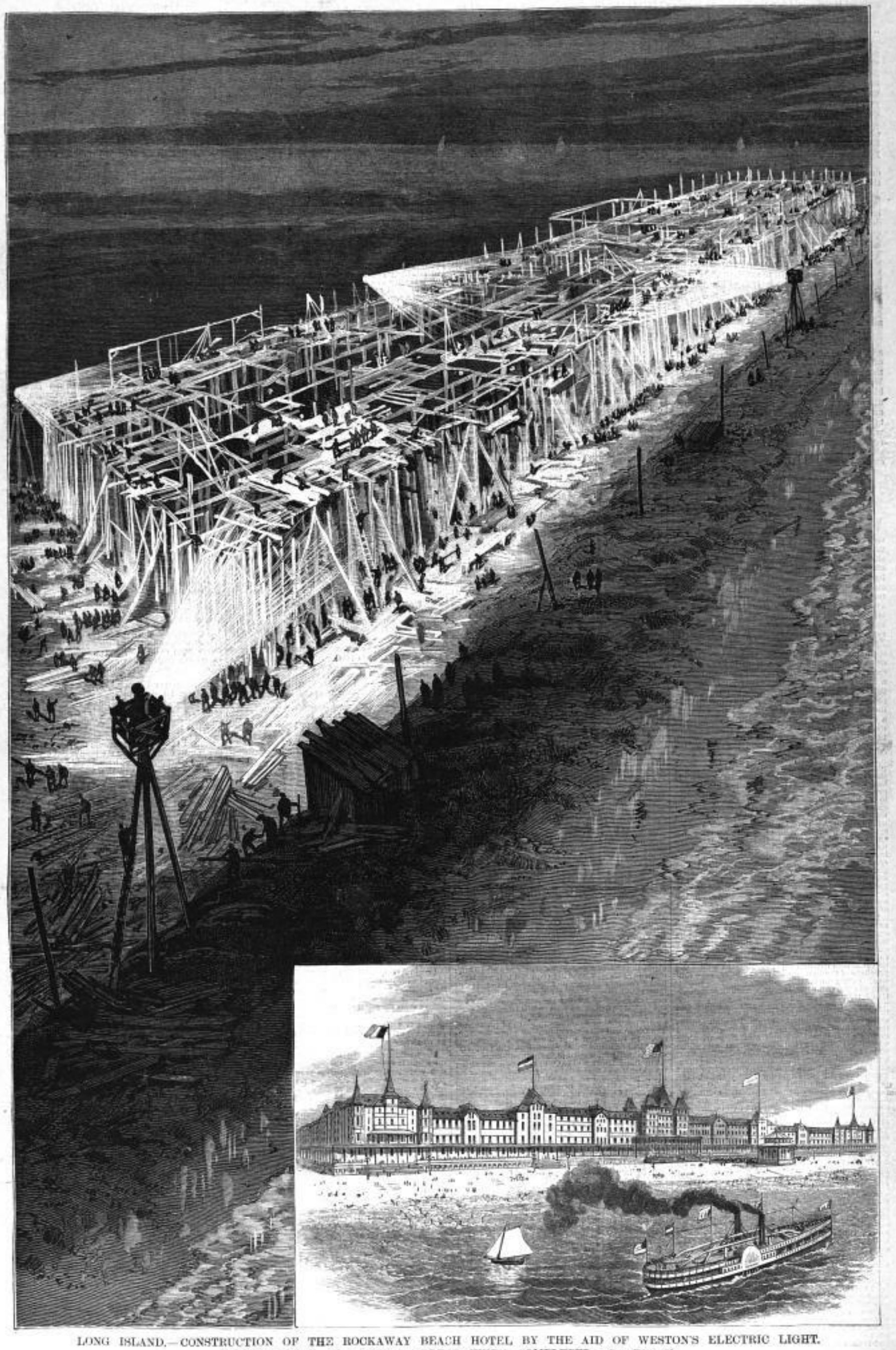
THE Austrian Diet has voted $75,000 to defray the expenses of the Empress's ice hunting trip to Ireland, a thing which would not be done, probably, by any other legislative body in Europe. The retinue the Empress takes with her is enormous. Twenty-five sit down to the steward's room and sixty-five in the servants' hall every day at meals—ninety in the household. In the stables are about fifty horses, though one of these only six are for Her Majesty's own riding.

BY the will of the late Joseph Nickerson, of Boston, $2,000 is given in trust to the Young Ladies' Library of the town of Brewster; $6,000 in trust for the support of preaching, according to the Universalist faith and order, in Brewster; $32,000 in trust for the deserving poor of Brewster; $5,000 for the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, in Boston; $3,000 for the Home for Aged Men, in Boston, and $3,000 for the Home for Aged Women, in Boston.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD, of this city, in co-operation with the French Government, has arranged an expedition for exploring the antiquities of Central America and Mexico. In an interview Mr. Lorillard stated he would contribute the principal cost, about $30,000, and that Mr. Thorndike Rice was now in Paris arranging all the details. He said that Mr. Charnay, the French explorer, will probably accompany the expedition in April, in company with a scientist from this country, who is not yet decided upon. Whatever objects and monuments are found will become the property of the French Government and form the Musée Lorillard.

THE marriage of Captain Granville Alexander, of Forkhill House, County Armagh, Ireland, to Miss Daisy Mathews, of San Francisco, Cal., took place on the 25th of February at St. George's, Hanover Square, London. The bride wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with white jet and pearls, and wore diamond ornaments. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mathews, and given away by her brother, Mr. Charles Mathews. After the ceremony the company went to Edwards's Hotel, George Street, and were entertained at breakfast by Mrs. Mathews. Lady Louisa Juliana Alexander, mother of the bridegroom, was unable, through ill health, to be present.

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LONG ISLAND.—CONSTRUCTION OF THE ROCKAWAY BEACH HOTEL BY THE AID OF WESTON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.
THE BUILDING AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.—SEE PAGE 59.

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WEST INDIES.—BASIN OF THE BOILING LAKE, DOMINICA, BEFORE THE LATE ERUPTION.

REV. FREDERICK COURTNEY.

THIS popular and well-known clergyman who has been since 1876 the assistant to the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in this city, has just accepted a thrice expressed call to St. James's Church, Chicago. Mr. Courtney was born at Plymouth, England, January 8th, 1807, his father being the Rev. Septimus Courtney, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and vicar of Charter, Plymouth. He died in 1843, leaving young Frederick, only six years old, to battle with the world alone. The boy was educated at Christ's Hospital, one of the public schools of England, which was founded by King Edward VI., of the pupils of which there are nearly 1,000 in London and 500 in Hertford, being still dressed in the costume of the date of the royal founder, from which circumstance the institution is popularly termed the "Bluecoat School."

When fifteen years old his means did not allow him to study further, and he entered a merchant's office. After ten years' waiting he accomplished his ambition, the death of a relative having enabled him to pursue theological studies. He matriculated at King's College, graduated in the first class, was admitted to the degree of Theological Associate, and was ordained deacon February 12th, 1804, and priest the following year.

He occupied several ecclesiastical positions in England, and was for a time the local Secretary and Treasurer of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. He also served on various missionary and other committees.

In 1870 he was called to St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Glasgow, where he remained until 1876, when the work there being uncongenial, and his two sons having died within two months, he accepted the offer to become the associate of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, New York, where he has since remained.

Mr. Courtney is an able and accomplished preacher, and will undoubtedly make an impression in Chicago, whither he will proceed immediately after Easter, March 28th.



NEW YORK CITY.—REV. FREDK. COURTNEY, OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

THE BOILING LAKE AT DOMINICA.

ON Sunday, January 4th, shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning, a volcanic eruption occurred in the Grande Soufrière district of Dominica, West Indies. This district is situated near to the centre of the southern third of the island; and before the late eruption its volcanic energy was manifested by the action of four solfataras and by the Boiling Lake. Shortly before eleven o'clock the sky became overcast and heavy rain began to fall, accompanied with thunder and lightning. Soon afterwards the sky darkened, the rain poured in torrents; a powerful odor of sulphureted hydrogen pervaded the atmosphere; the lightning increased in vividness; and thunder of a peculiar sound, and without the usual reverberation, crashed for several minutes, with intermissions of so short a duration as to be scarcely recognizable. After the lapse of about five minutes the darkness began to lift, and it was then seen that the rain was bringing down volcanic ash of a light grayish color and metallic lustre.

The scene of the eruption is about eight miles east from Roseau, and the volcanic ash was blown to the west, by the trade wind, in a narrow belt about one and a half miles wide. The area over which the ash fell must have been at least twenty square miles.

Strictly speaking, a new crater has not formed, for the eruption was only the breaking into activity of an old volcano. The Grande Soufrière district formerly included four solfataras and the Boiling Lake, and the most active of these solfataras was situated in the crater of the volcano which has again become active. With the exception of a part of the bottom and southern side occupied by the soufrière—as a solfatara is called in the West Indies—the crater was clothed with trees, many of which were of large size and considerable age; and a stream of strongly ferruginous water rising at its southwestern extremity, ran through the ovoid basin and found an exit at the break in the northeastern side. The path to the Boiling Lake passed through the crater, and the north bank of the chalybeate stream—which has now entirely disappeared—was the usual place selected for an encampment by those visiting the lake.

PROF. J. LAWRENCE SMITH.

PROFESSOR SMITH was born in Charleston, S. C., December 17th, 1818, and was educated in the college of his native city and in the University of Virginia. Much of his time in early life was devoted to the study of pure and applied mathematics. In determining a practical pursuit in life Dr. Smith selected that of civil engineering, and after devoting two years to its various branches, in connection with geology and mining engineering, he was employed as one of the assistant engineers of the railroad projected in 1838 between Charleston and Cincinnati. This pursuit not proving congenial to his scientific tastes, he turned to the study of medicine, and in three years graduated at the Medical College of South Carolina, and afterwards continued his medical and scientific studies in Europe for three years longer under the leading professors of France and Germany. Chemistry he studied under Liebig, Dumas and Orfila, and mineralogy and geology under Elie de Beaumont and Dufrenoy.

On his return to his home in 1844 he commenced the practice of medicine, still, however, continuing his scientific pursuits, having already published in Europe and this country important scientific researches. His attention was at this time drawn to the remarkable marl deposits in his native State, and he pointed out the large amount of phosphate of lime in these marls, from which there are now obtained immense quantities of phosphatic nodules, out of which large quantities of artificial manure are manufactured annually.

In 1846 he was induced to go to Turkey at the request of the United States Secretary of State in answer to a request from the Sultan, and for four years occupied the position of mining engineer to His Majesty. His labors there resulted in most important discoveries of coal, chrome ore, emery and other useful minerals that have since been of vast pecuniary benefit to that country. His discovery of emery in several localities in Asia Minor, especially the one near the ancient City of Ephesus, has been of great benefit to the world, for it destroyed the monopoly that the island of Naxos had in regard to this valuable mineral, and immediately reduced its price to one-third the price at which it was then selling.

Shortly after his return to America he was appointed to the chair of chemistry in the University of Virginia, but did not retain the position long, responding to a call to a similar position in the University of Louisville, having married, a short while before, a lady of that city, the daughter of the late Hon. James Guthrie.

Professor Smith was one of the commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1867, and made an able report on "The progress and condition of several departments of industrial chemistry." It is very nearly exhaustive of the important subjects to which it is devoted. He was again appointed commissioner to the Exposition of Vienna in 1873.

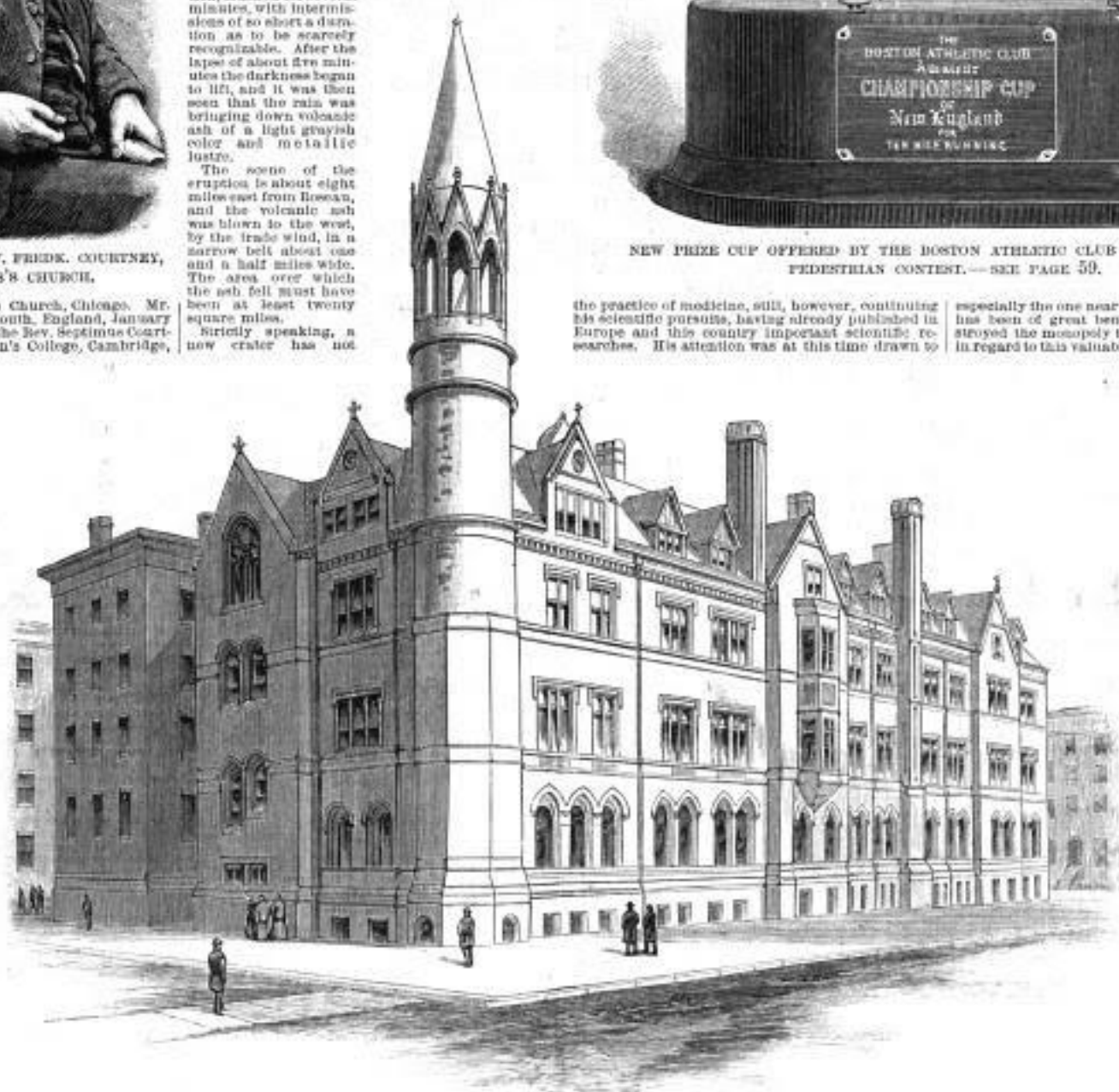
Professor Smith's original researches are no less than sixty or seventy (among the most important are those on meteorites), and his scientific reports are numerous. He is still actively engaged in his labors, and has very recently published an extensive memoir of the basaltic rock and native iron of Greenland, settling the question in regard to the true origin of masses of iron discovered in 1872 by Nordenskjold. He served last year as a member of the International Congress that met at Paris to consider the subject



KENTUCKY.—PROFESSOR J. LAWRENCE SMITH, OF LOUISVILLE.



NEW PRIZE CUP OFFERED BY THE BOSTON ATHLETIC CLUB FOR THE SPRING PEDESTRIAN CONTEST.—SEE PAGE 59.



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW BUILDINGS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE ON FORTY-NINTH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 62.

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of an interoceanic canal, and his views of the results arrived at by that congress are embodied in a report in which he questions the propriety of the United States Government countenancing the construction of a canal at the present time.

Professor Smith enjoys the highest honors that American science can confer, being a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and having been made president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1872. He is also a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of the French Institute, and many of the leading European scientific bodies.

THE NEW BUILDING OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE opening of the new building for the Academic Department of Columbia College, New York City, by President Barnard, in January last, marks one great step towards the attainment of an object earnestly desired by all loyal sons and friends of this time-honored institution of learning. As will be seen from the illustration, the new building is a very handsome and substantial structure. With the School of Mines on Fourth Avenue, it forms a most striking contrast with the familiar pile from which so many eminent men have been graduated. The present quarters on the square between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, Fourth and Madison Avenues, were taken possession of in 1857, only as a temporary refuge. The chief building was originally used as a Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and has never been deemed entirely satisfactory for college purposes. Since 1857 there has been erected on the square a house for the President and a building for the School of Mines—the latter in 1874, at a cost of $150,000—and the estimated valuation of the square and the buildings thereupon before the new building was erected was $530,000. The general library of 17,340 volumes is valued at $40,000; the Law School library of 4,000 volumes at $8,500; the Mining School library of 6,000 volumes at $12,000; the Herbarium, with its botanical library, at $20,000, and the chemical, philosophical and mathematical apparatus and cabinets four-fifths of the same belonging to the School of Mines, at $131,500. The whole amount of property controlled by "the Trustees of Columbia College in the City of New York" is nearly $6,000,000. The property of its Medical School is under the charge of a distinct board of trustees, and their annual financial exhibit finds no place in the statement of the college treasurer.

The nine professorships in the academic department proper, arranged in the order of the official seniority of the present incumbents of them, are as follows: Greek, German, chemistry, mathematics and astronomy, moral and intellectual philosophy and English literature, mathematics, mechanics and physics, Latin, history and political science and international law.

In 1767 the governors of the college established a medical school, which existed till 1813, when the trustees agreed to incorporate it with the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which had originated in 1807. In 1860 this institution was in turn adopted as the "Medical Department of Columbia College," and its diplomas have since borne the signature of the college president. Its building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was first occupied in January, 1856. The number of students in attendance for the last ten years has averaged about 300, the extremes being 209 and 452. The faculty comprises ten full professors and double that number of assistant professors and lecturers. The Law School, founded in 1858, at a time when no systematic instruction in law was given by any public institution in the city, has rapidly gained a very high reputation. The School of Mines was begun as an experiment in 1864, on condition that it should not become a burden upon the general funds of the college, but soon justified its right to live, and now stands scarcely second to the Law School as an example of rapid and prosperous growth. Its faculty comprises eight professors, including four from the academic department, and eighteen assistant instructors. The advance of this school, corresponding to the advance of the scientific department of the University of Pennsylvania, suggests anew the resemblance which exists between the two representative "city colleges" of America. Both were founded at the same time and both sought to get the same Dr. Johnson for first President. Both sent agents to England in pursuit of funds; both fell under suspicion of disloyalty and suspended their functions in the "times which tried men's souls," and at the close of that "unpleasantness" both were thoroughly reconstructed as to their names and governing boards before being allowed to resume their educational work among the ingenuous youth of the two rival cities.

THE CONTINENTAL LIFE.

THE Sixteenth Annual Statement of the Continental Life Insurance Company, published herewith, shows an experience in life underwriting which covers nearly all the salient features of the business, and entitles the company to rank among the thoroughly established. During the past year the Continental paid on account of policy holders $615,031, of which $305,615 was for mutual endowments. Its interest and rent receipts were $127,686, or $30,824 more than their death claims. The present surplus on a 4 per cent. basis is $268,750; assets, $2,707,323, and policies in force, 8,394, of which 1,253 were issued, or restored, during 1879.

BOOK NOTICE.

"SOME WOMEN OF TO DAY."—The art of narrative is, perhaps, the most difficult art a novelist has to acquire, and must be learned at the expense of a great deal of time and patience, and an extraordinary application of the intelligence. Balzac deemed the story telling art he possessed to be one of the highest of his attributes, so with Fielding and Dumas. The author of "Some Women of To day," or, may we say, authoress—for we trace the dainty handling of the other sex all through the piece—has done her work right masterfully. She writes graphically and well, and she possesses a luminous imagination, with the knack of discerning and depicting character. There is a finish about her novel worthy the veteran, while its freshness betrays the débutante. Seldom have we perused a book with greater pleasure, seldom laid one aside with a more gracious remembrance. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.; London: S. Lowe & Son.

Physicians' Fees in Prussia.

THE fees which physicians may charge in Prussia for their services are regulated by law, and according to the most recent ordinance the charge for the first visit to a sick person is fixed at two marks (twenty-five cents standing for a mark), and one mark for each subsequent visit; where, however, several persons belonging to the same family and dwelling in the same house have to be treated at the same time; then, for the second and each succeeding person, only the half of these fees respectively is to be charged. The same rule is to apply to boarding-schools and similar institutions, also to prisons. When there is a consultation of several physicians about the treatment of a sick person, including their personal visits, each physician is to receive for the first consultation five marks, and three marks for each subsequent similar consultation. On the occasion of the first visit to the physician's residence for his medical advice, one mark and a half. For the administration of chloroform, etc., when necessary for the treatment of the patient, three marks.

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☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and Investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks and other securities.

We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

FUN.

IT shocks one's faith in human nature to be accosted on the street after midnight with: "Uf you blose, gif me a few pennies. I vas a Irish suffererman."

WHEN old Mr. Higginsworth was asked if he took a newspaper, he replied that "since our member of Congress has stopped sending me the *Congressional record* I don't take any, but I guess I kin get along without it. It never gives much news, anyhow."

THEY were sitting together Sunday evening, with an album or two between them, when she pleasantly asked: "How would you like to have my mother live with you?" In just fifteen seconds he had his hat down half way over his face, and was bolting through the gate.

OVERHEARD AT A RESTAURANT. *Loquacious Lady*—"And you Chinese actually eat rice with chopsticks? How funny!" *Chinaman*—"You tinkee so?" *Loquacious Lady*—"Of course. Why, we use a spoon." *Chinaman*—"So didee we, madam, long 'go when Chinee muchee barbarian, too!"

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.—*Polly:* "Well, Pat, what is it now? Would ye rather look a bigger fool than ye are, or be a bigger fool than ye look?" *Pat:* "Sure now, my darlint, and I'll be both till I find which side o' the argimint yer on yerself, whin, by jabers, I'll join ye, right or wrong."

VISITOR—"Lee,' 'ow did it 'appen?" *Mrs. O'Shaney* (the nurse, whose patient has had a relapse)—"Will, now, she wor a-gittin' on foinely, she wor, whin all av a suddint she tuk a violent cold. No one cudn't tell 'ow it 'appened, but it 'is my belafe they gev her gruel out av a dhamp bowle."

AT a crowded French theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

"UNSATISFACTORY ARITHMETIC." — *Parson* — "I wish to complain, Mrs. Diggins, of the conduct of your daughter at the Sunday school to-day; it was rude in the extreme." *Mrs. D.*—"Ah, it's what they taches her at that theer Board School as does it. Yesterday she come home, and she says, 'Mother, they are a-taching of me vulgar fractions.' What can you expex after that, sir?"

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

HATCHER'S STATION, Ga.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.:

Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION. My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.

"BEST OF ALL."

BALTIMORE, Md., March 5th, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—My family have used your FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for women complaints. I recommend it to all families.

G. S. WATCHMAN, Druggist.

ASTHMA.—Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 212:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment, what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit: JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA, a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

WHAT changed your gray hair to its natural color? MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold by Druggists.

It is a very old bit of philosophy which declares stagnation to be an impossibility. Things which do not improve must deteriorate. Perhaps this is why Mr. Welch of the ST. NICHOLAS so assiduously watches his house, perfecting carefully every arrangement in his seemingly perfect hostelry. The guests of the ST. NICHOLAS are made so comfortable that they might almost imagine they were in their own palatial residence. The ST. NICHOLAS has had a very large list of arrivals this week, and it looks as if the Spring trade had already commenced.—*Boston (Mass.) Home Journal.*

THE Improved Rifle offered for sale by the CHESTER RIFLE CO., of Jersey City, N. J., at the low price of $6.50, is without doubt the best bargain in firearms ever presented to the public. They are handsomely made, and cannot fail to give satisfaction, being very accurate for either sporting or target purposes. Any of our readers requiring a reliable gun cannot do better than secure a CHESTER.

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AFTER a trusted family doctor has prescribed almost everything in the pharmacopœia for the relief of his patient, and at last reluctantly says, "Use HOP BITTERS," it is agonizing to reflect that if he had said so before, how much of anguish and expense might have been saved.

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LIFE
Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Sixteenth Annual Statement, January 1st, 1880:

Income for 1879.

From premium receipts	$318,975 82	
From interest and rents	127,686 57	
From all other receipts	19,706 98	$466,369.47

Disbursed, 1879.

To POLICY HOLDERS:		
Am't paid death claims	$ 97,272.51	
Am't paid matured endowments	205,615 23	
Paid dividends purchased and lapsed policies	309,863.74	612,691.48

Expenses, 1879.

Commissions and salaries paid agents	$ 62,306.86	
Salaries paid officers and clerks	33,285.33	
Medical examiner's fees	6,376 00	
Printing, stationery, advertising, postage and charges	29,892 36	
Taxes and legal expenses	11,729 66	143,651.21

Assets, Jan. 1, 1880.

Loans on real estate	$639,042.99
Collateral loans and bills receivable	336,856.84
Premium notes and liens on policies in force	828,477.82
Real estate owned by company	600,903 93
U. S. State, county and town bonds	122,005.97
Railroads bonds	21,640.00
Trust Co. stocks	6,150 00
Cash in office and banks	96,326.09
Agents' balances	34,003.94
Furniture, fixtures and safes	17,817.74
Premiums in course of collection and deferred and semi-annual and quarterly (less 50 per cent. for collection)	28,866.42
Interest due and accrued	96,301.64
	$2,707,323.28

LIABILITIES.

Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies (4½ per cent. interest) estimated	$2,334,735.00
Death losses and matured endowments awaiting proof	41,122.00
	$2,375,858.00

Surplus - - $421,465.28

	No.	Amount.
Policies issued and restored during the year	1,253	$1,357,701.00
Policies in force December 31st, 1879	8,394	8,460,993.00

JAMES S. PARSONS, President.
ARTHUR S. WINCHESTER, Vice Pres't.
ROBT. E. BEECHER, Secretary.
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No. 1,279.—Vol. L.] NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1880. [Price 10 Cents. $4.00 Yearly; $1 Weekly $1.00.



MASSACHUSETTS.—SERVING THE VIANDS TO GENTLEMEN GUESTS, AT THE YOUNG LADIES' COOKING SCHOOL OF BOSTON.
From a Sketch by Joseph Becker.—See Page 70.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1880.

NOTICE.

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P. O. Box 4121.

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FAIR PLAY VS PARTISANSHIP.

THE independent press of the country cannot afford to discuss questions like the proposed unseating of Kellogg in the Senate from a party point of view. Probably the most discreditable chapter in the history of the Republican party was the course its representatives pursued in the Senate and House in unseating regularly-elected Democratic members, and putting in their places Republicans who were not the choice of their constituencies. This was done repeatedly and flagrantly during the administrations of Johnson and the two terms of Grant. Neither considerations of justice or respect for the popular vote had any weight with the majority which then controlled the Republican party. The effects of this reckless policy were mischievous in many ways, but more especially for the excuse it has given Democrats to follow this bad Republican example. It is, moreover, a real peril to our institutions, for if, in deciding what should be a judicial question or a mere matter of fact, partisan considerations only have weight, our elections become a farce, and our free institutions are put in the gravest peril. We can stand many irregularities in our political contests, but with fraud universally practiced by both parties, violence will be next in order. The spoils of office are so tempting, the number of positions is so large and the amount of money involved so great, that to win the political prizes there is danger that they who do not scruple to destroy the sanctity of the ballot-box will not hesitate when all that is needed is address and boldness in the employment of force.

In Great Britain election contests are referred to the Judiciary. There is a special Legal Department for passing upon contested elections, or where it is supposed improper means have been used to elect a member of Parliament. We have great need of such a court if we would save the country from the scandals connected with the unseating of Representatives and Senators by unscrupulous party majorities.

The success of the Republicans in acquiring the electoral vote of Louisiana and Florida by means which their opponents believed, perhaps unjustly, to be dishonest, is tempting the Democratic party to attempt the same course if chance shall offer in the next Presidential election. Maine tells the story of what they will try to do if they get the opportunity.

The frequent occurrence of these scandals connected with the counting of votes and the unseating of regularly elected Representatives has so dulled the public conscience, that the country will not be really aware of the peril it involves until open violence is attempted. Congress has been criminally negligent in not having passed a law directing how the electoral vote shall be counted. We believe we represent all fair-minded people of both parties when we call upon the Democratic majority in both Houses to pass a just law on this subject. There is plenty of good material in the propositions made by the late Senator Morton. Senator Edmunds's Bill recently introduced deserves careful consideration. The Democratic party cannot afford to have this Congress adjourn without the passage of some law for honestly counting the electoral vote and settling such disputed questions as are likely to arise. The possibilities are so terrible in the event of this matter being left at loose ends pending an exciting political contest, that the country will not forgive the present majority in the two Houses if they do not make reasonable provision against a recurrence of the dangers and scandals which were associated with the selection of Mr. Hayes as President of the United States.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE AGAINST US.

THE speculative "boom," and the general advance in prices which attended its progress, have turned the balance of trade with foreign countries against us. It was one of the consolations which we derived from the effects of the panic of 1873 that down to a recent period it caused the balance of trade with foreign countries to be largely in our favor. We were selling much more than we were buying. This was especially the case when, notwithstanding the increased yield of our crops of cotton and wheat, Europe took our surplus at greatly advanced prices. The advance on both these great staples was about forty per cent., and there was also a large increase in the quantity exported, so that the increase in the value of the exports of these two articles was fully fifty per cent.

The rise in prices of wheat and cotton naturally added largely to the "purchasing power" of the people of the Southern and Western States. There was consequently a larger demand for the comforts and luxuries of life, followed naturally by a great impetus to manufactures and trade in the Middle and Eastern States. Revival of confidence in railroad property, attended with activity in building and repairing roads, and reacting upon the iron and coal trades, also came in to swell the "boom."

All this was most happy. But what do we now see? Such an increase of cost of production, through the higher value of raw material and advanced wages, that imports have been increased and exports decreased. The balance of trade is against us. Instead of Europe sending home our bonds and their own gold to adjust the balances due us, we shall soon be sending our gold and obligations to pay the balances that we owe. The imports of foreign merchandise at the port of New York for the month of of February just passed were valued at $39,192,810, the largest amount ever recorded, and an increase of $13,607,521, or more than fifty per cent. over February, 1879. The imports of merchandise for two months from January 1st, to March 1st, 1880, were valued at $79,214,926 against $50,267,345 for the corresponding period of 1879. At the usual ratio which the imports of New York bear to those of the whole country, the imports of the two months were about $120,000,000, against $68,000,000 in 1879, or at the rate of $720,000,000 for the year, pointing to an increase of more than $300,000,000 over 1879.

Now let us look after our exports. The total value of merchandise exported from New York in February, 1880, was about $25,891,148, against $27,132,343 in February, 1879, a decrease of twelve per cent., and at the same ratio for the year, the decrease for 1880 from 1879 will be about $80,000,000. Here we have it, then: an increase, say of $300,000,000 in our imports, and a decrease, say of $75,000,000 in our exports—or a change of $375,000,000 to the wrong side of the account.

It must be "plain as a pike staff" to any reflecting man that the speculation which has carried us to this state of affairs needs no fresh or abnormal stimulants such as Secretary Sherman affords it. It has carried us to a change with balance of trade against us, to strikes of labor all over the land, to a point where persons with fixed incomes feel seriously the increased cost of living, and it is carrying us forward to dangerous over trading and over-production. It promotes speculation after a just basis for speculation has ceased, but merely for the sake of speculating. It causes an extension of undervalued and corporate credit beyond the limit of safety, and thus paves the way to another panic. The country has been truly prosperous in the past two years. It can afford to buy more of foreign countries than for several years preceding. But we must not attempt to go too fast, nor to keep up a killing pace when it is not justified by circumstances.

SEX AND THE BALLOT.

IT is now obvious that there is only one way to determine the question whether the privilege of voting had better be extended to women, and that is by experiment. No chatter about "inalienable rights" can settle it; no effort of deductive reasoning can settle it. It is not a problem for either syllogisms or oratory.

A few women in England are allowed to vote on school and local matters, but it is impossible to judge of the expediency of it from so limited a concession. Several States of this country have recently endowed women with certain political rights. In Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Oregon and Texas they can vote for and be elected as school officers; and in Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont and Wisconsin, they are eligible to all school offices, but may not vote. In New York women may hold all school offices, and may vote "in school meetings," but are excluded from the choice of the city boards. Thus in twenty-two States, besides four or five Territories, women have attained a certain well-defined political status, and it is to be added that a large number of women have been chosen Commissioners of Education in these States, and that the proportion of women of the better class who go to the polls is rapidly increasing.

The tendency of this cannot be obscure. Already the Wisconsin Legislature has passed a joint resolution to endow all women above the age of twenty-one with the right to vote for all officers at all times, and great is the frenzy of joy among "champions of the cause" in that Northwestern commonwealth of pioneers. It seems to be a question whether the passage of this joint resolution actually guarantees the ballot to the proscribed sex without amending the Constitution; but it is apparent that a moral victory is won, and that making good the pledge of the joint resolution is only a question of time. This is not to be regretted. The problem must be solved by a free and bold experiment in some large and powerful State. It might as well be tried in Wisconsin as anywhere—now as well as later. It cannot be regarded as an assurance of the establishment of woman-suffrage throughout the land, but only as a tentative movement to enable American men to judge whether it would be politic to make the concession general.

Most people, including women, make a mistake in talking about "rights." Voting is not a "right." It is a machine built for the protection of free society, and whether it is expedient to permit everybody to vote is a question to be decided by those who possess the ballot. What is best for society—that is the test. If electioneering and caucusing should prove seriously to demoralize domestic relations and injure woman, by breaking down the barriers of modesty which should hedge her in, then the ballot should be denied her for the good of all. The mere casting of a ballot is a trifle; it is the influences which lead up to it and surround it that are chiefly to be considered. Experiment may settle the question, and in this mission it is perhaps a matter of congratulation that Wisconsin has been called to the front.

EASTER.

FEW people, even among those who are the devout observers of Easter, have any idea of the vast difficulties which have attended and still attend the task of fixing upon the day when that festival is to occur. There is a general and vague belief that Easter arrives of its own accord, like the Fourth of July or Christmas, but a little reflection will convince any one that this is not true. Easter does not occur with uniform regularity on the same day of the month, but is liable to happen anywhere from the 21st of March to the 25th of April. It is styled a movable feast, but it might with equal propriety be called an oscillating feast, and it oscillates so rapidly, and with such apparently lawless agility, that it is an extremely difficult task for one to put his finger decisively upon it before the ecclesiastical authorities have caught it and announced a definite day for its celebration.

The origin of Easter is curiously complex. The early churches of the East held that Easter was really the same as the Jewish Passover, and, therefore, celebrated it on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month. It was a simple and easy matter for an Oriental Christian to find out when Easter would arrive, but in the fourth century the Council of Nice decided that the Eastern theory of Easter was all wrong, and that those who celebrated Easter on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month were guilty of the atrocious crime of "quartadeciman heresy." Henceforward Easter was to be regarded as a festival in honor of the Resurrection of Christ, and was to occur, not on a fixed day of any particular month, but was to be appointed annually by the moon. With the celebration of Easter were united certain ceremonies with which the contemporaneous pagans had been accustomed to celebrate the opening of Spring. Thus striking its roots down into the Jewish, the Christian and pagan religions, Easter gradually grew to be the chief festival of the Church and the one which determined the date of all other movable feasts.

Of course the priesthood alone were able to find out when Easter would happen in any given year. The system of divination by which they proceed to ascertain the time of Easter is still in ostensible use; but as no layman, however learned in theology, astronomy and mathematics, can now find out the date of Easter, most assuredly the ignorant laymen of the early and middle centuries were wholly dependent in this matter on the clergy. In all our prayer-books a key to the solution of the Easter puzzle is ostentatiously printed, and many a tedious sermon has been rendered innocuous by persons who have employed the time in trying to find out by this, the so-called key, when the next Easter would occur. Such persons will unanimously admit that their efforts were in vain. As well might they hope to solve the "fifteen puzzle" from the position, "13, 15, 14." According to this key the searcher is first to take a dominical letter—though what letter he is to select he is not informed. This he is to multiply by a golden number—now he is left to guess what a golden number is—and the result is to be subtracted from the full moon and divided by the sun's declination if north of the equator, the final result being the day of some undetermined month on which the next Easter will fall. Perhaps, in quoting from memory, some one of the processes mentioned in the key may have been omitted, but the method of finding Easter as given in the prayer-book is substantially as above. Now no man ever found out the date of Easter by any such process. After carefully following the directions about dominical letters and golden numbers, he usually arrives at some such manifestly impossible date as the 491st day of October. The simple truth is that the alleged key is no key at all, and to-day, as in the fourth century, Easter is ascertained by the clergy alone, and without them we should find it utterly impossible to have any Easter at any time of the year.

How the clergy find out when Easter will happen is a mystery. Do they have a private and really available key which they keep exclusively to themselves, and by which they find out what the key in the prayer-book vainly professes to teach? Or do they take elaborate observations of the moon with complicated brass instruments, and thus, with the aid of logarithms, painfully work out the problem? May not the so-called "full moon," which is said to be an element in the determination of Easter, be, after all, a mere figure of speech? We know by the confessions of the clergy themselves that their ecclesiastical "full moon" is not the apparent full moon in the heavens, nor yet the mean moon of astronomers, inasmuch as this ecclesiastical full-moon is frequently announced as occurring two days later than any other recognized full-moon. It is, however useless to indulge in speculations of this nature, since the whole matter of determining Easter is an ecclesiastical mystery. There are bold and irreverent thinkers who do not hesitate to say that Easter is annually balloted for in the House of Bishops, and that the date is fixed by a majority vote to suit the convenience of the greater number of bishops. This, however, is a mistake, since the Church of Rome celebrates Easter on the same day as the Episcopal Church, and it is impossible to suppose that the Roman Pontiff is in collusion in this matter with Anglican bishops.

Whatever Easter signifies, however it is appointed, it is one of the few days in which the whole Christian world is in agreement. There is little danger of prizing it too highly, and the growing respect paid to the day by the sects that most strongly repudiate the sacramental themes of the orthodox church is a step, and by no means an unimportant one, towards the future union of Christendom.

CHEATING THE INDIANS

THE Indians have been styled the "wards of the nation," but no people on the face of the globe have ever been cursed with such rascally guardianship as have the red men of this country. At no time has the Government kept faith with them. The most solemn treaties have been violated, and on every hand the Indian has been made the victim of rapacity and oppression. When goaded into resistance, he and his kin have been slaughtered without compunction or remorse. The recent negotiations with the Utes is only part and parcel of the processes by which the race has been robbed of its heritage. They were first plundered, then pinched by hunger, then driven to commit acts of hostility, and now are being, by negotiations, cheekily "shaved" out of their reservation in Colorado, amounting in all to about 12,000,000 of acres. A large portion of this reservation is said to be rich with mineral treasure, and therein lies the secret of an acquisition by the white man and his Government. In return for the agricultural valleys and mineral riches of their splendid domain, they are to receive the munificent sum, in the shape of an annuity, of $50,000, in addition to which each head of a family is to be endowed with 160 acres of land at three other points. How long, judging from past usage, will this annuity be paid? and how long will the miserable redskins be permitted to hold their farms in peace? If we are not mistaken, the Government is now in arrears of payment to these same Indians. Divided and made more helpless than ever, it will not be long before the Utes, now numbering some four thousand souls, will be wiped out of existence by the arts so well understood by corporations.

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white settlers, and the agents of Government. In spite of treaty obligations, a movement is on foot to also obtain a hold upon the Indian Territory, to force an entering wedge for future operations. The civilized tribes protest, and threaten war in case they are disturbed, but the work will go on until the Indian has no abiding place or foot of land that he can call his own. We are a great people, and can afford to be both just and magnanimous, but the devil of avarice appears to possess us, and, until it is cast out, we will be neither in our treatment of the aborigines.

THE cost of the Zulu war is stated at about $25,690,000, nearly all of which has been defrayed by England. It may fairly be doubted whether John Bull will regard the results attained as justifying this expenditure.

SAMUEL MCKEEVER, a journalist well-known in New York, and at one time an attaché of this establishment, died at Fort Reed, Fla., whither he had gone for his health, on March 19th. He was a member of the Lotus and Press Clubs of this city.

THE New Jersey Legislature has passed a concurrent resolution for biennial sessions of the Legislature. The Legislature of 1881 must now indorse it and the people then vote upon it before the change will be effected. Its adoption would not only diminish the volume of legislation, but save from $150,000 to $200,000 to the State every year.

THE electoral campaign in Great Britain has become very active, and is characterized by much intensity of feeling. Both the Liberal and the Conservative leaders are addressing large meetings, and the victory, wherever it may fall, will not be easily won. The indications are that Beaconsfield will be sustained, owing mainly to a want of coherency in the Liberal policy and plans.

THE Temperance Reformers in Iowa have achieved a notable victory in the Legislature, which has just adopted a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors, "including wine, ale and beer," and providing for the necessary legislation to enforce the prohibition. The amendment will go to the next Legislature for ratification, and of this there would seem, in view of the existing popular sentiment, to be little doubt.

THE Senate of this State having killed the Bill to reduce the fare on the elevated railroads to five cents, the author of the Bill has introduced another in the Assembly to extend the commission hours on the roads from five to nine A.M. and from four to eight P.M. During these hours the railways are to be required to run commission trains every three minutes. The Bill will probably be beaten by the same peculiar influences which defeated the original measure.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN M. PALMER, of Illinois, announces himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President on a State sovereignty platform. Governor Palmer was one of the founders of the Republican party, and his present attitude will occasion a good deal of amazement. But there is no danger that the Democracy will again make the mistake of nominating a man of pronounced Republican antecedents as their Presidential candidate.

IT is again announced that Mr. George F. Seward, our Minister to China, is to be removed. It is remarkable, to say the least, that he was not removed a year or more ago, when his scandalous performances in connection with the Chinese Consulates were first revealed. It is not to the credit of the President or State Department that a Minister whose conduct has justified a Congressional Committee in proposing articles of impeachment against him has been permitted to represent us at so important a Court as that of China.

CINCINNATI was ablaze with enthusiasm last week over an event of great interest to the West and South, namely, the completion of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, by which the Queen City expects to secure a profitable business connection with all the principal Southern States. The feature of the celebration was a grand banquet, at which 1,200 guests, mainly from the South, were royally entertained. The speeches on the occasion furnished very conclusive evidence that the old animosities between the sections are rapidly disappearing among solid business men.

THE sentence of Denis Kearney, the California agitator, to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000 for the use of incendiary language and disturbing the public peace, appears to have had an excellent effect upon his misguided followers. The only surprise is that the vulgar ruffian has been so long permitted to defy the laws and foment discord and discontent without the slightest attempt at interference by the authorities; they would seem, however, to be now thoroughly aroused, as Gannon, Kearney's lieutenant, has also been convicted of using incendiary language, and will share the punishment of his chief.

THE world is not wholly bad. Conscience still struggles with men, and here and there obtains a victory. A few days ago, United States Treasurer Gilfillan received $2,200 in three separate packages, to be placed to the credit of the "Conscience Fund." An envelope from Baltimore contained $900 and a slip of paper, on which was written the words, "Income Tax." An anonymous letter from New York contained $500, and directions to apply the same towards liquidating the public debt. The remaining $800 was by check, postmarked St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad, with an inclosure upon which was written, "For Conscience Fund."

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the House of Representatives for the adjournment of Congress on May 24th. It will scarcely be worth while to prolong the session until that date if the do nothing policy heretofore pursued is to be continued. So far, neither House has done anything whatever of real interest or value to the country; they have simply wasted three and a half months of precious time in idle discussion, and in posturing for the Fall elections. The important questions of the finances, of the tariff, etc., are all thrust aside as of no real consequence, and from present indications this indifference to the public interests is likely to continue to the end of the chapter. The people should be careful to mark all faithless representatives, and brand them as they deserve in the coming political canvass.

A MORE moderate policy towards the disaffected and malcontent classes has been adopted in Russia. The results, as contrasted with those accruing under the harsh, repressive measures hitherto enforced, are already seen to be salutary and beneficent. This is especially true as to the student class, who have been so long treated with almost brutal severity, but who now are manifesting, under the changed policy, a disposition to be sincerely loyal to the Government authority. The credit of the improved condition of things appears to be due to General Melikoff, the new military dictator, who has not only discontinued the system of wholesale arrests, but has accorded greater freedom to the press, and has in contemplation measures of reform which, it is believed, will practically disarm the hostility of the more moderate of the reactionaries.

THE sum of money required to pay pensions for the present fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1880, almost equals the grand total of the national debt as it stood before the war. Appropriations have already been made to the amount of $56,100,000, and an appropriation of $6,665,000 is still needed to complete the payments. This latter sum will be provided for in the special Deficiency Bill, thus making the pension-roll for 1879-80 amount to $62,765,000. The Pension Bill for the coming fiscal year, which has already become a law, appropriates $32,400,000. It is estimated, however, judging from the large number of additions to the rolls which are continually being made, that the next Congress will be called upon to pass a much heavier Deficiency Bill to meet the requirements of the Pension Bureau. It is well for the country that its resources can stand the heavy drafts continually made upon them.

IT is announced that the case of the Government against Samuel J. Tilden for failure to pay his income tax, will come on for trial at the April term of the United States District Court for this district. It is due both to the people and Mr. Tilden that this matter should be settled at the earliest possible date. It has been postponed from time to time at the request of Mr. Tilden's counsel, while the prosecution, having failed to elicit in full the testimony of two or three of the defendant's brokers and partners, has consented to the delay in order to perfect evidence. It is asserted in Government circles that the defendant's known and proved liabilities, or deficit in his income tax, amount to more than eighty thousand dollars, and that the case will now be pushed with vigor. To this Mr. Tilden, if he be blameless, cannot object. The people, at all events, are interested, in view of Mr. Tilden's political prominence, in having his guilt or innocence established without further delay.

THE annual report of Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for 1879, furnishes a most interesting exhibit of the beneficent work of that excellent society. It shows that only thirteen States and Territories are now without humane societies of this character; that the work of protecting helpless dumb animals from the atrocious cruelties to which they have been so long exposed is everywhere awakening popular interest and attention; and that in New York alone, the parent society has 713 branches and 199 agencies at work. Last year there were 746 prosecutions for abuse, while in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn the society agents, while patrolling the streets, interfered and protected animals from abuse in 1,527 cases. The total number of animals suspended from work in these cities from 1866 to 1880, through the efforts of this society, is stated at 18,384. No one can read Mr. Bergh's report without a growing appreciation of the great work he has performed, and a heightened estimate of his claim to rank as the first humanitarian of the age.

THE United States Senate has upon its calendar a Bill, favorably reported by its Judiciary Committee, which prohibits the arrest of election officers on days when elections are being held. This Bill makes it unlawful for any marshal, deputy-marshal or supervisor of election, or any person acting by their authority, to arrest or imprison on election day any election officer, appointed or elected by virtue of or under any State law, for any offense committed against the election laws of the United States. Permission, however, is granted to serve the offender with a warrant or process at any time after the close of such election. The animus of the Bill amounts to just this: An election officer serving by virtue of a State law, and conducting an election for Presidential electors or Member of Congress, may knowingly reject the ballots of legal voters, may designedly receive the votes of aliens and repeaters, may wind-up by stuffing the ballot-box, and all this, too, right under the noses of federal supervisors and marshals powerless to prevent. True, the scoundrel, if he has not absconded, may be arrested at any time after election day, but in the meantime men honestly entitled to election have been defrauded of their rights. The Bill should be entitled an Act to Promote Dishonest Elections.

WELLS, FARGO & CO. are in a fair way to have trouble with the postal authorities. Some two months ago the Postmaster-General appointed a committee to examine into the operations and effect of the "letter express" business conducted by that company. The committee have ended their labors with a report which winds up with the following tart expression of judgment: "It is our deliberate opinion that the letter express business of Wells, Fargo & Co., in all its phases, is at variance with both the spirit and letter of the law; that its operation is calculated to injure and degrade the postal service, and that the interests and dignity of the Post Office Department demand its immediate discontinuance. We think, moreover, that the free conveyance by this company of the correspondence of its banking-houses, and of the Western Union Telegraph Company and Central Pacific Railroad Company, is a gross wrong to the Government, and an indefensible infraction of a law, that ought not only to be at once interdicted, but for which, if there is any legal means for obtaining, the Department ought to seek indemnity." It is now in order to hear from Wells, Fargo & Co.

THE *World* newspaper persists in its opposition to the nomination of Mr. Tilden for the Presidency, and predicts all sorts of disaster to the Democracy should he be the party candidate. In a recent article it says:

"Is it necessary or expedient to invite a defensive battle with the Republican enemy? Is it even commonly prudent to allow Mr. Tilden to set the Democracy at work in the coming canvass to 'vindicate' his personal innocence of those cipher transactions at the expense of every man of all the Tilden 'workers' of 1876? If the Democratic voters in the choice of delegates to the State Convention allow Mr. Tilden's 'workers' to control the State Convention, must not the State Convention 'take the bull by the horns' and set about vindicating the doings of the 'workers' of 1876 in Oregon, in South Carolina, in Maryland and in Louisiana? What conclusions have the Democratic voters of New York formed about those cipher telegrams? Do they propose to commend them or to condemn them? Are they such ostriches as to fancy that they can escape the discussion of them from the opening day of the canvass till the close of the polls in November? We advise every Democratic voter in New York, who thinks of sitting still and allowing Mr. Tilden's 'workers' to 'fix' the Democratic primaries in Mr. Tilden's interest, to drop his box of 14-13-15 for one day and set about thinking out and putting on paper a plan for the Democratic treatment of the cipher business which will adequately meet the plunging crossfire of the Republican and independent press from Maine to California."

WE have more than once expressed our conviction that the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency would be a mistake on the part of the Republicans. Admitting all that can be said in his behalf, it still remains true that the sober judgment of the country is against the re-election of any man as President for a third term, and averse to the idea that we need "a strong man"—meaning one who will pursue an aggressive policy as to the South—for President. As it seems to us, the true course of the Republicans is to nominate a representative of the more conservative sentiment of the party—some one who, like Mr. Washburne, has been identified with its fortunes, and has loyally maintained its essential principles from the beginning, but who has had no share in those excesses in the use of power, and no sympathy with that policy of violence towards certain States and sections, which characterized a considerable period of Republican rule. The candidate, too, should be a man of clean life and upright record, and one, moreover, whose career would constitute an ample guarantee that he would administer the Government in the interest of the people, and not in the interest entirely of clamorous favorites or noisy partisans. With such a candidate, it would be by no means impossible for the Republicans to perpetuate their hold upon the Executive department of the Government, and regain also control of the House of Representatives; but if they shall defy the warnings of experience, and nominate a candidate who represents primarily the "machine" politicians, they will deserve defeat, and, unless the Democracy shall blunder in their nomination, will certainly achieve it.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE

For April has found its way to our editorial portfolio, and we take pleasure in noticing it con spicuously. Its excellency in all respects as a magazine needs no commendation from our pen, for this is known wherever polite literature is read. But the present number is one of unusual interest, as its tabulated table of contents will go to show. The mess of this table is of the most pleasing character, and will satisfy and repay the intelligent and general reader, whether old or young, upon almost any subject in current literature.—*Albany Sunday Press.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Southern Pacific Railroad was completed to Tucson, Arizona, on March 17th, and the track was laid through the town.

AT the close of the six days' walking match in San Francisco, the scores stood: O'Leary, 516 miles 2 laps; Weston, 490 miles 2 laps.

THE Treasury Department is paying in advance the interest on the public debt falling due April 1st. The interest so paid amounts to $7,600,000.

THE Rhode Island Republican Convention has nominated Mr. Littlefield for Governor, and selected Blaine delegates to the Chicago Convention.

GOVERNOR HAMILTON of Maryland has vetoed the Bill recently passed by the Legislature requiring non-resident salesmen to take out a license before selling or offering for sale any goods in the State.

REPORTS from some of the various counties in Kansas show that the acreage of wheat is 20 per cent. greater than that of last year, and the condition fully 10 per cent. better, and that the yield this year will exceed 30,000,000 bushels.

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, by a party vote, has decided to award Senator Kellogg's seat to Mr. Spofford. Mr. Edmunds has introduced in the Senate a Bill to provide for and regulate the counting of the electoral vote.

A DECISION has been rendered by the Illinois Supreme Court that the election last Fall, which resulted in a vote for the consolidation of three town governments of Chicago into one, was not regularly held under the statute, and therefore is void. This will necessitate the keeping up of three expensive governments for another year.

THE Socialists of Chicago held a meeting on March 15th, and heard addresses from their leaders on the Chinese question. They adopted ultra resolutions against Chinese immigration, formulated a petition to the City Council to declare a quarantine against the Chinese, and threatened dire things in case they should visit Chicago in any numbers.

IN the United States District Court at Trenton, N. J., March 16th, the conspirators in the Lewis will case were sentenced as follows: Mark Sachs and Frank Ward Allison, each to two years in the State Prison and to pay $10,000 fine. Bradford and Rumford were each sentenced to one year in the State Prison and pay $1,000 fine. The sentence of Dr. Parks was postponed for a few days. The mythical Widow Lewis was too ill to be in court.

THE House of Representatives has adopted a proposition to pay the deputy marshals employed at the California election last Fall, and that deputies shall, hereafter, be appointed by Judges of the United States Circuit or District Courts; that not less than two, or more than three, appointments shall be made for any voting precinct, and that the persons so appointed shall be of different political parties. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill, containing this item, passed March 19th.

Foreign.

AT a meeting of the London Central Arctic Committee a resolution was passed appointing May, 1881, as the time for the sailing of the new British Arctic Expedition.

THE British gunboat *Condor* has left Salonica for Calerina to take the British Consul, Mr. Blunt, with money demanded by the Greek brigands for the ransom of Colonel Synge and his wife.

THE Court of Cassation, the highest court of appeal, has rejected the appeal of Francisco Otero Gonzales, who was convicted of attempting the life of King Alfonso and sentenced to death.

IT is alleged that the Pope, having learned that several Catholic dignitaries in England had used violent language against the British Government and supported the Irish movement, has dispatched letters of remonstrance to them.

MR. FAIRCHILD, our Minister to Spain, will represent the United States in the conference in Madrid to arrange with the envoy of Morocco rules relating to the protection by foreign powers of Jews and other subjects of the Sultan of Morocco.

THE committee of the leaders of the Boer Party has abandoned the proposed mass meeting in the Transvaal. The condition of affairs in Basutoland is critical, in consequence of the determination of the Cape Government to insist upon the disarmament of the natives.

INFORMATION has been received of a rupture between France and Madagascar, in consequence of a misunderstanding between the French Consul and the Government of the island. The Consul has hauled down his flag and appealed to his Government for support.

THE United States, in the person of its Minister, Mr. Christiancy, received a marked attention from the Dictator of Peru on Washington's Birthday. Mr. Piérola personally paid his compliments to the Minister at the Legation—the first courtesy of that nature remembered there for many years.

IN Paris the principal Jesuits are so persuaded Premier de Freycinet is in earnest, that they no longer hope to remain in France, and are preparing to emigrate to Spain and Belgium. It is stated that the Jesuit authorities have already caused all members of their society who are not Frenchmen to leave France.

THE Pope having made the concession that the names of priests appointed to livings are henceforth to be officially communicated by bishops to the secular authorities, peace between Berlin and the Vatican has become possible. About 1,000 vacant livings will be refilled, and some vexatious clauses of ecclesiastical laws will be repealed.

THE Uruguayan Consul-General at London has received the following telegram from Montevideo, dated March 15th: "The resignation of Colonel Latorre as President has been accepted. The House of Representatives has appointed Dr. Francisco Antonio Vidal Constitutional President of the Republic. Tranquility prevails. All the Ministers have resigned."

PRESIDENT DIAZ has issued an order that generals and army officers shall abstain from taking part in, or interfering with, the political campaign. The same rule is applied to postmasters and telegraph operators, who will be closely watched, and in case of disobedience will be removed from office. The order enjoins perfect freedom of the people at the polls without distinction of party.

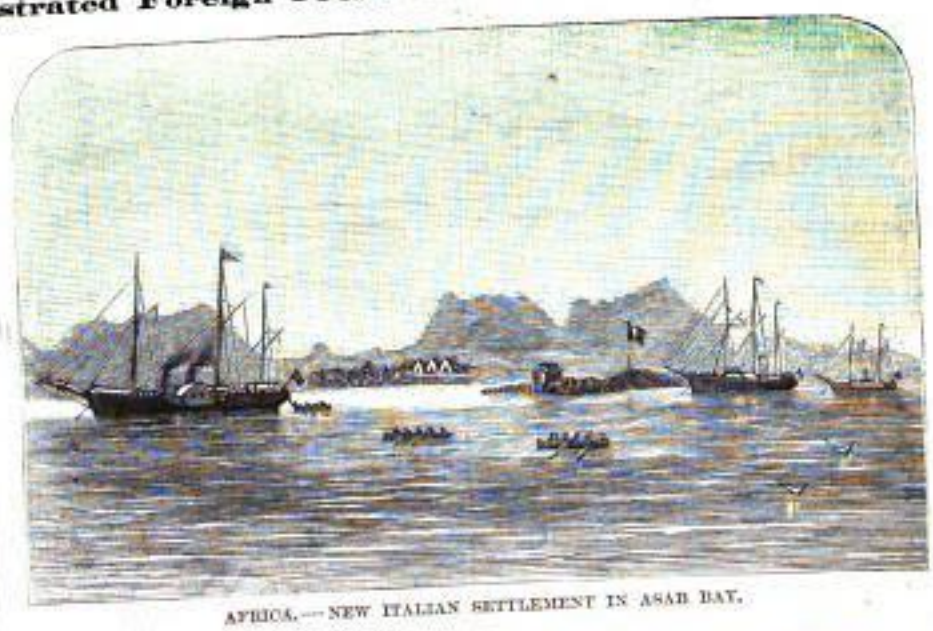
THE committee of the Reichstag to whom was referred the Bill for the prolongation of the law against socialism has decided, by a vote of 10 to 3, to report in favor of prolonging the operation of the law until the 8th of September, 1884, instead of 1886, as proposed by the Government; and also in favor of declaring the law for the expulsion of members of the Reichstag and Landtag from Berlin inoperative during the session.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



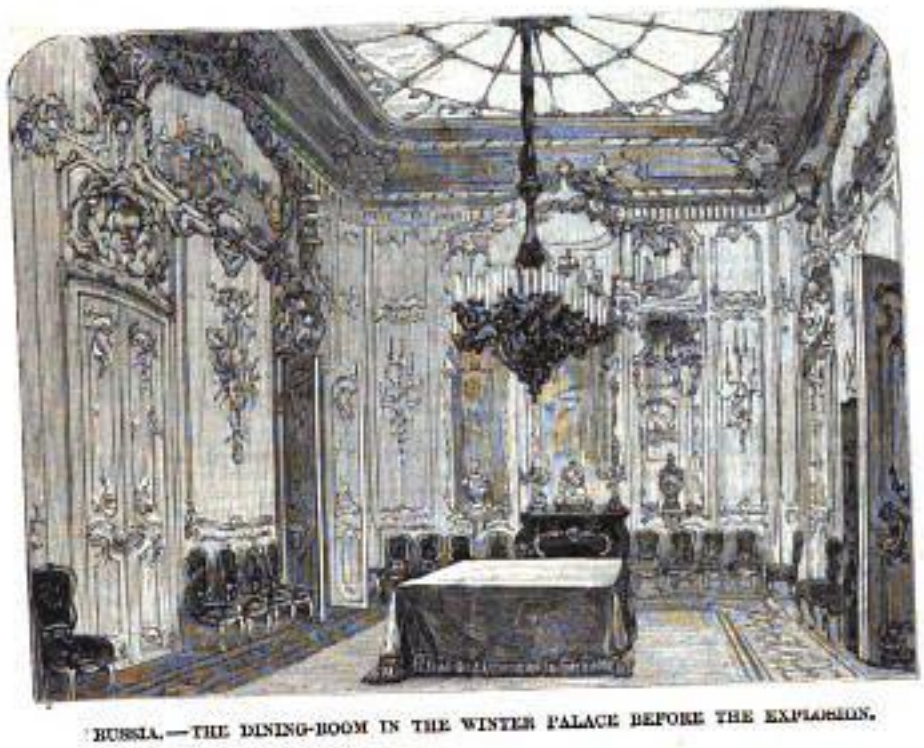
RUSSIA.—SCENE IN THE CELLAR OF THE WINTER PALACE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



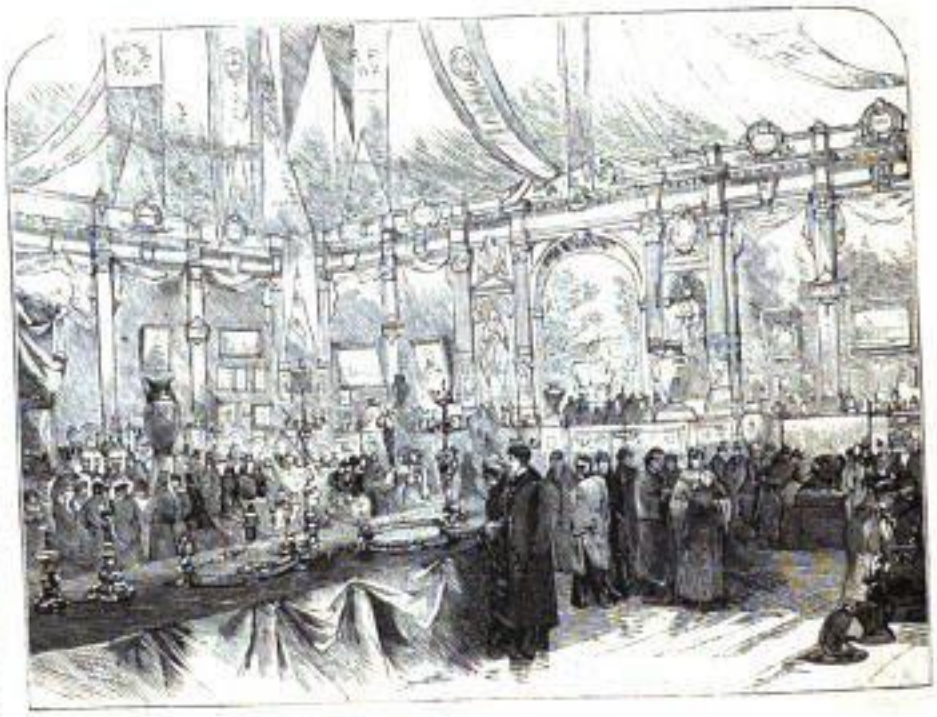
AFRICA.—NEW ITALIAN SETTLEMENT IN ASAB BAY.



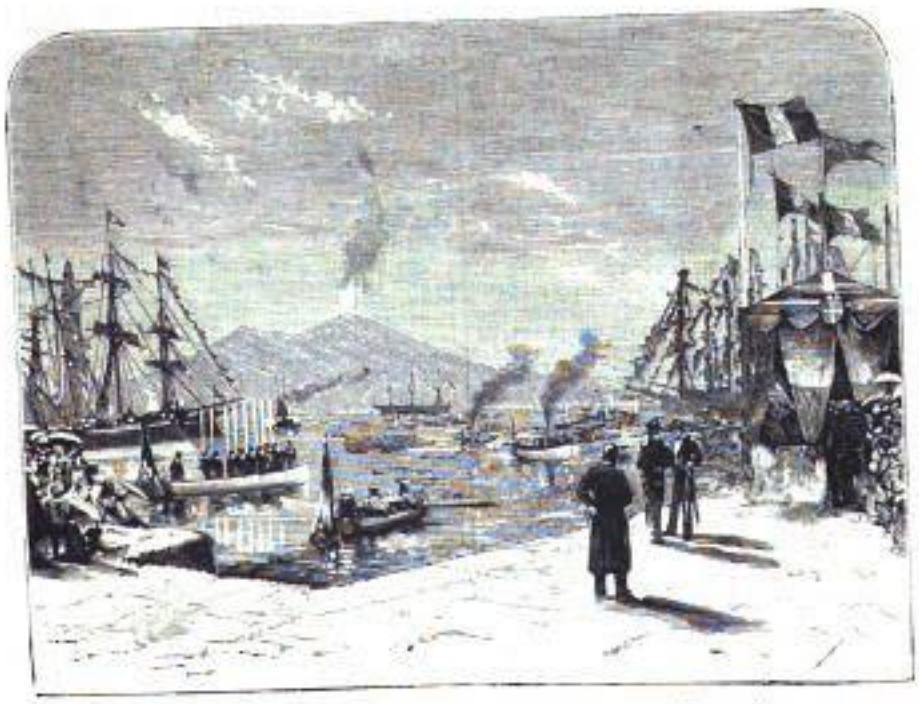
ARCTIC REGIONS.—A MID-WINTER FUNERAL IN NORDENSKJOLD'S PARTY.



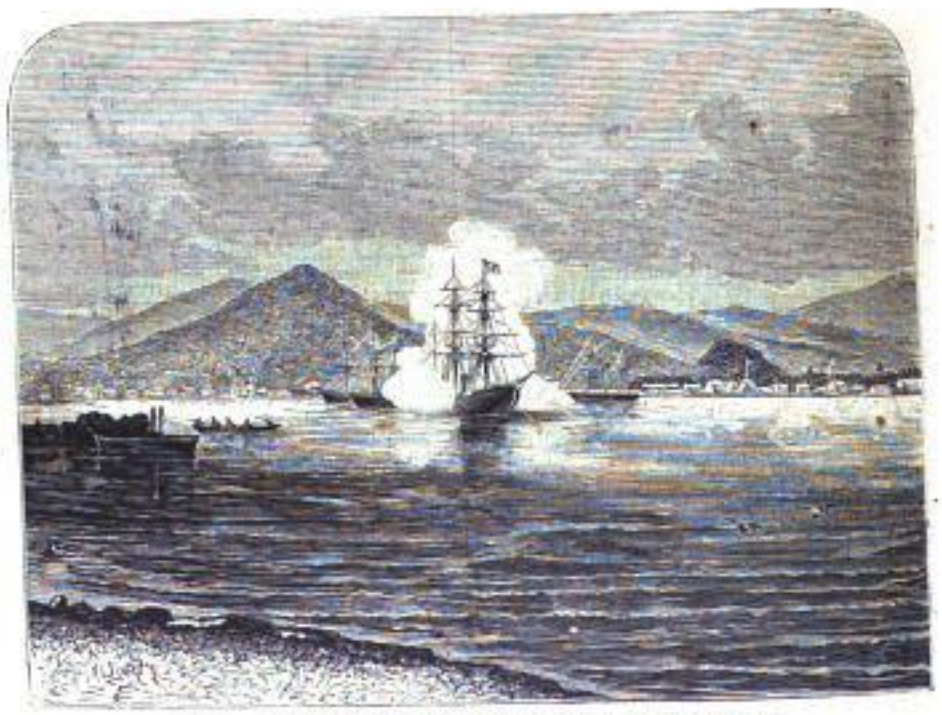
RUSSIA.—THE DINING-ROOM IN THE WINTER PALACE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



FRANCE.—GEMS OF THE FRANCO-SPANISH LOTTERY.

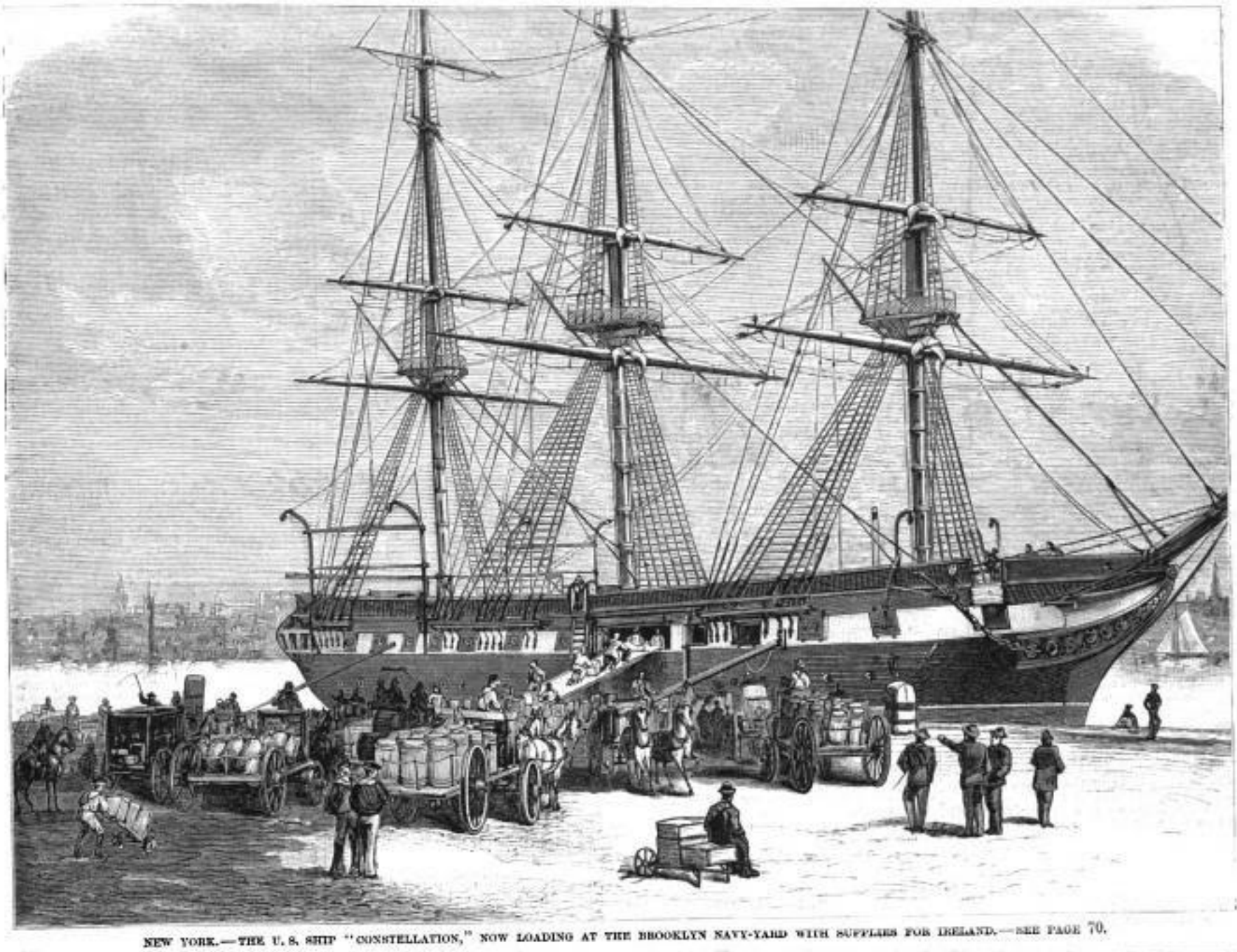


ITALY.—LANDING OF PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD FROM THE "VEGA" AT NAPLES.



SAMOA.—THE GERMAN FLAGSHIP FIRING A TREATY SALUTE.

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NEW YORK.—THE U. S. SHIP "CONSTELLATION," NOW LOADING AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD WITH SUPPLIES FOR IRELAND.—SEE PAGE 70.



ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW OF OUR LADY ARTIST WITH THE UTE INDIAN CHIEFS AND PRISONERS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS GEORGIE A. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 71.

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A SPY'S REVENGE.

BY COLLINS SHACKELFORD.

"I WILL not play at cards. I will not drink *kvass*. It is enough for me if you take good care of my horse. I choose to walk in the city."

This was the refusal of the young farmer, Ivan Reditzky, spoken to the keeper of a little inn called "The Rose," in the outskirts of St. Petersburg. With a snap of his thumb and forefinger backwards over his shoulder, he started to leave the noisy public room, chinking the while the roubles and copecks in his pocket.

"Your money rings; but it does not call for *vodki* and apple-cakes," remarked a rough-looking lounger near the huge stove.

Ivan, hearing this, turned and looked at him, saying:

"He is a fool who asks wolves to dine with him. My money makes music only for myself," and, with that, stalked away.

The crowd laughed, all save the *mójik* who had been rebuked.

"He is very saucy when his fingers are buttered with roubles," said this man. "I know him. He forgets that 'you may shut the door on the devil, but he will enter by the window.' He will find I can reach further than I can talk," and he followed the farmer.

"Ivan is not a bad fellow," remarked the inn-keeper; "but he has claws on his tongue and scratches when he speaks. He believes in everybody minding his own business."

Ivan, meanwhile, was walking rapidly into the city. He was straight as a soldier, and his blue *caftan* flapped merrily around his knees as he stepped along. Now to the right and then to the left, and he shot out upon the lower end of that magnificent avenue, the Nevskoi Prospekt, with its grand width of one hundred and fifty feet, its double carriage way, its granite footpaths and its reach of nearly three miles. The change seemed to make a new man of him. He smote his hands together in gladness, like a child, and his eyes sparkled with delight.

He struck out at a more rapid pace; past spirit shops full of peasants drinking, singing and shouting; past houses done up in red and yellow colors; past inns with *bizarre* groups of Germans, Jews, Moors and Mongolians; past second-hand stores, with their odd accumulations, until he was over the great bridge and in front of the Admiralty, whose huge gilt spire pierced the mist.

It was nearly noon of a day early in April, and as the young farmer stopped for a moment to glance around him, the artillery in the citadel thundered out the expected signal that the waters of the Neva had sundered their icy fetters. The great crowds surged towards the quays where the Emperor would drink from a crystal goblet a libation of the liberated water to commemorate the departure of Winter. The bands sent out a whirlwind of melody that brought the tears to Ivan's eyes—so sensitive to music is the nature of the Russian peasant. He regarded for an instant the boats darting out upon the river, caught at a glance the shifting mass of human life speckled with soldiers—the Circassian in his coat of gleaming mail, the solemn Tartar, the Finland Guard, the stolid, machine-like Russian trooper—paying no attention to the colossal statue of Peter the Great, nor to the grand buildings on each side of him, but, dodging drosky and carriage, he crossed the Fontauka Canal by the Anitshof Bridge, and was at once in the tumult and show of the aristocratic stretch of the Prospekt. It was like being suddenly swirled from a sombre solitude into a maelstrom of spirited life and gorgeous colors. There was a panorama of stylish carriages, of brilliantly-uniformed nobles and military and civil officers; of colossal palaces, grand cathedrals and imposing public and private edifices—a grandeur that would have overwhelmed the ordinary countryman in the city for the first time.

The scene was not new to Ivan, but it delighted him, nevertheless. From his little farm, ten miles away, at Ovgorotz, on the road to Pavlos, he had come many times to St. Petersburg to sell the products of his labor. He was no ordinary *mójik*—dirty, noisy, ignorant and lazy—but a stalwart, educated, handsome fellow of thirty years, the son of a German mother and a Russian father—the latter a gardener—now both dead. His log cabin was two stories in height and clean; his kitchen utensils were of metal instead of wood; he slept upon a bed instead of upon the floor. His farm lay upon the warm, southern slope of a hill. It yielded more than enough rye for his bread, more cabbages than he needed for his soup, and he raised more hogs than he required for meat and lard. He had beds of cucumbers, onions and asparagus, and a patch of hemp, and a surplussage of everything, for which he found a ready sale in the city. He was wise enough to extract the gold from the sunshine that warmed his acres, and rich enough to drink real tea instead of *Sbiten*. He worshiped the God of Heaven to the exclusion of priest-blessed images, and unwittingly defied the Government by doing a little thinking on his own account. This sort of independence made him in the abstract a dangerous man—though he did not know it—for despotisms fear nothing so much as subjects who reason.

As he stepped along the sunny side of the Prospekt there were few finer-looking men to be seen, for he was tall, straight, fair-haired and fair faced, taking after his mother. His blonde mustache had a twist to the ends, and his blue eyes held in their depths a steady glow of intelligence. The clean, blue *caftan*, polished knee boots, and round, flat-brimmed hat indicated that he was on a pleasure day excursion. And so he was, or he would have given more heed to the show around him; he would, at least, have studied the jaded-looking but aristocratic women who were passing continually from their carriages into the crowded shops. But he gave them no heed, because none could compare with his Vera—no, not one.

Vera—Vera Potalitzin! No wonder that Ivan's eyes and Ivan's thoughts went back to her and saw not nor dwelt upon the scene and forms around him. No wonder that his mission to the city made him speed his steps and forbade his lingering, in curious mood, by shop-door, under cathedral arch, or on the pavement, as some grand dame swept by in rich apparel, the quivering light of diamonds at her ears or around her throat, and flushing the air with strange perfumes as she moved.

Vera lived in Ovgorotz, and Ivan was to wed her in two days. She was a little child-like woman, not a beauty exactly, but so good in heart, so soft-worded and sweet-voiced, that everybody liked her. Then, too, she was industrious and frugal and rich, in a common sense, that made her wise in comparison with the other women of the hamlet. Her lover, speeding on his errand, thought only of his sweetheart at home as, singing cheerily at her work, she waited impatiently for the sound of his horse's footfalls and the music of his welcome. He fancied he could see her bright face, her eyes that glowed with love, her rosy lips always widening with a smile—see her busy at her wheel spinning flax, or talking nonsense to the little bird he had given her. The grand dames in their silks and satins and warm, rich goods, were nothing to Ivan as he recalled Vera in her finely-quilted skirt, her close-fitting bodice of bright color, the kerchief around her neck barely hiding the fleecy chemisette. In the strength of his affection the city had no temptation for the sturdy young farmer.

Ivan, who had been walking fast, was at last compelled to slacken his pace, for he became entangled in the mass of people who, all day long, sluggishly sweep towards and into that immense market-house, the Gostinoi Dvor. In the building the din was deafening. Merchants praised their wares in voices that might be heard a half-mile away. The sacred lamps flickered and smoked before thirty pictures of saints, and the crowd cheapened the wares and chaffed the dealers.

Paying no attention to this confusion and those who created it, the young man forced his way to the shops where bridal presents were displayed. There, after much doubt and hesitation and talk, he bought for his betrothed a gold ring for her finger; for her neck a gold cross, with a thread like chain of the same metal; a bridal crown of roses interwoven with silver wire; a bottle of perfume and some bits of laces and pretty-colored ribbons. He was extravagant, perhaps, but he thought that nothing was too good for Vera. His roubles were for her; they were glad, if it could have been known, to be spent for her. And wouldn't she rejoice to see the gifts! There was nothing wasteful about their purchase. The man who could not be generous to his sweetheart would mistreat his wife—scold and starve and beat her. So thought Ivan, but he could not do that. He was a man.

He had put the purchases into his pockets, and was counting the change, when his arm was given a sharp push that sent the few copecks to the ground. Turning, he looked into the face of the fellow with whom he had passed sharp words that morning at the inn.

"Of course it was very clumsy," said the latter, as if in admission to an unexpressed censure, "but what can one do in such a crowd? I will pick them up," and he stooped among the army of shifting feet, pushing them this way and that.

"The bear is safest at his back," said Ivan to himself. "I do not like the looks and ways of this fellow. He may keep the money," and he at once pushed into the crowd, and drifted with it out of the Gostinoi Dvor.

There was no necessity for haste in returning, for his errand of love was finished. He stared at everybody and everything worth seeing, studying the contents of the shop-windows, wondering at the broad distinction society had created between the luxuries of the rich and the necessities of the poor, and feeling that the bondage of the latter was as hopeless as anything could be in Russia. A few years of saving and of labor, and he was determined that he and Vera should try America, where men had a chance to make a fair fight for existence, and where the hand of a despot was not upon the best and fairest of God's gifts.

"It is a long way from peasant to Czar," he said, not thinking he spoke aloud.

"True!" declared a voice at his ear; "but the Czar is always so close to the *mójik* that he can put out his hand and throttle him. And he does it, too."

The speaker was young, well-dressed and aristocratic-looking, and his black eyes fairly blazed into Ivan's. As soon as he saw that Ivan understood him he added:

"So look out for those fingers, for in Russia no man is more in danger than he who is the most innocent."

Then he left him. As Ivan looked he saw the man was followed in a stealthy way by one who was exactly like the fellow who had spoken to him in the inn and jostled him in the market house. What had been uttered was treason and dangerous to be spoken or listened to. He knew that and began to feel alarmed.

A troop of Cossacks clattered by, scattering carriages and foot passengers. He stopped to watch their course. As he gazed he became conscious that he himself was an object of suspicion. Three men not fifty feet away were nodding their heads at him. He moved, and they followed. He stopped at a show-window and his arm was touched. There were now four men about him, and one of them was the creature whom he had already repulsed. The face, because of some change of feature, or on account of some expression that had come over it, was one that he had remembered. But he gave no sign of recognition.

"You stare, Reditzky," said the individual who had touched him, "as if you saw through the shop the gendarmes at the back door."

Ivan started at hearing his name spoken.

"Well, and if I do?" he asked, recovering his composure.

"Then you ought to understand that the place is suspected and is dangerous."

"It is only a book-shop. Are books dangerous?" asked Ivan.

"Yes, to those who can read, and especially to the peasant farmer, Ivan Reditzky," answered the man.

"Again you speak my name," said Ivan, with a suspicious look at the group. "Perhaps you know me?"

"Perfectly well," answered the man, who had already twice encountered him. "Your name has been twice spoken. You came from near Ovgorotz, in the commune of Veterhoff, last night, bringing garden stuff, which you sold for five roubles and ten copecks. You had in your pockets eight roubles and seven copecks. Your horse and sledge are at the 'Rose' inn. Since this morning you have bought——"

"Hold!" cried Ivan. "Since you know so much, you may keep the rest. It will save me from explaining. As for you all," growing warm with indignation at having been watched, "I know you—I know you!"

"Indeed! And who are we?"

"Spies! Miserable, contemptible——"

"Have a care with your tongue, Reditzky! A little meat is better than a good deal of broth," one of the men said.

"Oh, I know you," said Ivan, turning on him. "I have not forgotten Michael Kropoff, sent about his business by Vera Potalitzen, and you are the fellow a little the worse for wear. If I had you anywhere but in this city I would give you a taste of my fists."

The man assailed grew white even under the dirt upon his face; but his companions came between the two, and put their hands upon Ivan.

"There, there! What matters it?" they asked, crowding him gently against the wall. "We do not know anything. Now where did you get this *caftan*?" feeling of the garment. "It is too good for even a *mójik* like you," and they turned him this way and the other, and stroked the cloth.

Ivan saw that he had made a mistake in speaking so boldly, and that it would be discretion to submit to a certain degree of insolence. So he answered:

"They are Cousin Alexander's."

"And the hat, which is also too good for you?" taking it off, and tapping the crown.

"Also Cousin Alexander's."

"And now who is this cousin who is so accommodating with his clothes?"

"A medical student at Kieff, and home for a holiday," was the quick reply.

"I know him," Kropoff declared. "He is a room-mate of Peterhof—both conspirators, both marked, both dangerous. I tell you, this Reditzky is no better. Why wait?"

But the others shook their heads and motioned him back. At the same moment there was a great commotion on the street. A crowd had gathered behind them. It spread apart and came together again like a flock of frightened finches. It rolled against Ivan and his tormentors like a flood in the Neva. They were violently separated. The swirling of the people drew the farmer towards the centre. There he beheld a squad of police cutting right and left with their whips as they dragged over the pavement a man, whose face was red with blood, and whose clothing was filthy with the dirt of the street.

Ivan recognized the poor victim at a glance. It was the young man, who, not three minutes before, had spoken such dangerous sentiments close to his ear. Though innocent of anything savoring of treason in thought, speech, or action, he realized, by intuition, that his position had become a dangerous one. He tried, therefore, to force his way out of the crowd; but the police plied their thongs more viciously as the people stupidly pressed to the centre, and he found that he was only pushing against a living, resisting wall. Encompassed and harassed, he ran to and fro inside the ring, always finding an unyielding front, until, wedging himself into a mere crevice, he managed to work his way for a distance of perhaps twenty feet. Then, just as he began to feel secure, two grips as of iron fell upon him, one on each arm. They were the touches of two gendarmes.

A solemn hush came over the noisy crowd as the two men, thus caught up out of their midst, were forced away to prison.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FAMINE SHIP "CONSTELLATION."

SOME time ago Congress passed an Act authorizing a vessel to be assigned for the purpose of conveying provisions to the Irish famine sufferers. The ship *Constellation* was selected, and is now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, whence she will sail as soon as she is loaded with the contributions of food offered by our citizens. One-fourth of the cargo will be supplied by Hon. Levi P. Morton, one-fourth by the *Herald*, and another fourth by Mr. W. R. Grace, who has also offered the services of his experienced shipping clerks, giving their time without compensation to attend to the shipment of such donations as may be received.

The ship was put into commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on March 18th, Commander E. E. Potter taking command of the vessel. The crew was sent aboard in the morning, and at one o'clock in the afternoon all hands were summoned on deck, where Commander Potter read the orders from Washington. The other officers of the vessel are Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Forsythe, Paymaster L. G. Billings, Lieutenant N. E. Mason, Lieutenant W. F. Low, Ensign F. A. Wilner, Boatswain E. Bonsall, and Sailmaster T. H. White. The vessel is to be rapidly loaded with seed-potatoes, canned meats, barrels of cornmeal, oatmeal, beans, casks of pork, and other articles. As the mission of the vessel is charitable, all of the great guns are to be hoisted out and their places filled with food. The portholes are to be closed and planked up inside. The vessel will carry only two small howitzers for signaling purposes. It is hoped that she can sail on Thursday next.

More supplies having been tendered than can be conveniently loaded on the United States ship *Constellation*, Secretary Thompson says it is probable he would cause the tanks of the vessel to be removed, in order to make more storage room. If the *Constellation*, with such additional space, cannot carry the supplies offered and another cargo can be obtained, a second vessel will be at once put into commission for the voyage of mercy and relief.

The *Constellation* is one of those splendid old vessels constructed of live oak which our ship-building ancestors knew how to build, and which navy officers fondly guarantee will "last for ever." She was built in 1797, and presented to the Government by the ladies of Baltimore. She is about 2,000 tons burden, and, although originally constructed solely with a view to efficiency as a man-of-war, almost every inch of her space can be made available for freight purposes. She has been rebuilt several times, but she is practically the same solid old body, and her reputation in the navy for sailing qualities is very high.

THE YOUNG LADIES' COOKING-SCHOOL OF BOSTON.

A PIQUANT aroma greeted my nostrils as I entered the dwelling in Tremont Street, Boston, on the second floor of which resides the "married man's friend," Miss Maria Parloa. This house, from cellar to garret, is tenanted by artists, but the "arrangements" and "symphonies" and "effects" produced by the fair *artistes* on the second floor surpass—of course I speak materially—the finest efforts of ancient or modern painters, for, if the inner man be not satisfied, of what avail the Dantesque beauties of a Rosa, or the tender glories of a Claude; while the starry eyes of Raphael's Madonna would not weigh in the balance for a single second against a *supréme de volaille aux truffes*, or a *filet de bœuf à la Godard*. Miss Maria Parloa's mission in life is cookery, and, as brain and nerve are both alike dependent upon the temper of the stomach, this *cordon bleu* holds the destiny of nations in her fat, white, dimpled, dainty hands. I call her "the married man's friend," for there *are* occasions when that dreary cold mutton, and that disastrous hash, serve to render existence almost unendurable, and when the wife of one's bosom ceases for a brief season to be the muchly adored one. Miss Parloa proposes to change all that, and, with a wave of her stewpan, to convert the horrors of cold-meat days into the joys of Lucullus-like festivals.

I found *la belle cuisinière* in a charming little ante-room giving upon the studio—I scorn to call it a kitchen—from which stole forth an aroma, if not of "Araby the Blessed," at least of sweet breads *à la béchamelle*. She was attired in a white, coquettish pinafore that enshrined her from her chin to the floor, and her striking resemblance to the late Miss Titjens smote me alike with pain and surprise.

"I want to spread a knowledge of the common things of everyday life among all the people," she said. "Physicians and others qualified to give an opinion testify that the foundation for disease, intemperance, and crime, is nearly always impure air and water, food improperly cooked, or uncleanly and disorderly homes. I have long had a desire to remedy these evils, and, while studying at South Kensington and the Board Schools in London last year, became convinced that the English people had solved the question as to how and where the reform should begin. In the City of London there are twenty-one practice-kitchens, where girls of eleven years of age and upwards are sent to practice lessons in the preparation of the plainest dishes. The schools have been in successful operation for two years, and have done a wonderful amount of good. The same method is followed with marked effect in the manufacturing and mining districts."

"I suppose that you were a cook from your very cradle," I laughed.

"Almost. I always had a taste for cookery, and was quite a little authority before I ever thought of adopting it as a profession. I was a teacher, and you know what a life of ceaseless drudgery that is. I was on a visit South, and, having been asked to deliver a lecture for a charity, I was puzzled for a subject. 'Why not cookery?' thought I; and cookery it was. This was so successful, that after a time I commenced to lecture and to instruct classes. My success has been very, very great, indeed. I instruct the poor as well as the rich, and every Saturday I devote to poor young girls—the forenoon to girls under fourteen, the evening to girls between fourteen and sixteen; on other evenings I instruct poor women. The class which you see at work now consists of Society ladies of the highest rank. Come and see what they are doing."

I followed *la belle cuisinière* up three steps into the studio, around which runs a bright dado of blue and white tiles. It is furnished with a large isolated stove and a water-trough, while a scrupulously-clean shelf, containing the *impedimenta* appertaining to Cookdom, adorns one wall. The studio is carpeted, and in the centre is an oval-shaped dinner-table. The great northern window is fitted up as a conservatory, and numerous gothic gardens, containing octopus-like creepers, hang suspended from the ceiling.

Six disciples of the culinary goddess, *anges cuit* in every feature, were seated round the table, all attired in bibs and tuckers and little paper caps such as *Dregon* assumes in "Geneviève de Brabant." Note-books and pencils stood ready for any emergency, and six pairs of very expressive eyes were concentrated—*Absit!*—not upon me, but upon a gaping haddock that lay ready for stuffing in the centre of the table.

"We are going to have a 'swell' dinner to-day," said Miss Parloa. "This is Class A, my most perfect class, and this class has the privilege of each inviting one gentleman guest to partake of the dinner which is now being cooked. The class came here at nine this morning, and will only just have time to dish the dinner before the arrival of their guests. This is the bill of fare":

Oysters on Ice.
Consommé à la Royale.
Whitefish, Hollandaise Sauce.
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.
Squash. Potato Balls.
Chicken Salad.
Larded Sweet Breads.
French Peas. Lettuce Salad.
Royal Diplomatic Pudding.
Chocolate Ice Cream.
Pine-apple Sherbet.
Cheese. Coffee. Crackers.

As a preliminary qualification, Miss Parloa requires that her pupils shall know how to make bread, tea and coffee, and to cook meats, then she takes them in hand and, by gentle progression, leads them up to the artistic sublimity of the foregoing menu, and finally to the composition of puff paste, which *la belle cuisinière* regards as the very north-west passage of cookery. Miss Parloa's first lesson deals with clear soup, rye muffins, custard soufflé and cream sauce. It amused me to see the charming cooks uttering such *naïvetés* as: "Must the creature"—the haddock—"be turned round?" "Oh, my, I have buttered the wrong side of the dish!" "May I sew up this instead of skewering it?" "Ah, my sauce commences to smile!"

"I want you to let me have a *menu* of your idea of a *perfect* dinner, Miss Parloa," I said, with a view to profiting by the occasion at the board of a sybaritic wealthy bachelor friend, residing on Fifth Avenue, as well as with a view to instructing an intelligent public.

"You shall have it," she laughed. "And here it is:

"Six small oysters on a block of ice—a twenty

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pound block—they look much better on ice than in the half-shell; and you hollow out your ice by applying a succession of hot bricks. A clear *consommé* soup; baked whitefish, with sauce *Hollandaise*; oysters or chicken *patés*; *filet de bœuf aux champignons*; cheese soufflets, salad, roast chicken, which I cover with butter and flour preparatory to roasting; sweet breads, game, French lettuce salad, sherbet, frozen pudding, a specialty of my own; crackers and cheese."

Ponder over this, ye *connaisseurs* and *gourmets*, and salaam at the name of Maria Parloa!

Six o'clock and to the second came the six cavaliers, faultlessly attired in full evening dress, the perfumes from the cooking range sharpening appetites far ahead of what sherry and bitters could do in that direction, while the jocundity of the fair cooks and the charms of their special dishes, foretastes of which they pressed upon their cavaliers, seemed to render the banquet even fit for the gods.

FLAT-BOAT LIFE ON THE OHIO.

DURING the past Winter there were from thirty to fifty families, comprising about one hundred persons, residing in what are known as "family boats," at Cincinnati. These dwellings are flat-boats, which, having served their original design as freight-carriers, or, mayhap, trading boats, have been purchased at a low price, and after being covered in, have become the homes of a people; occasionally they are floating still, but generally they are to be found where the high water has left them here and there, on the river bank. A tour among these unique residences develops much that is interesting. A family boat, at its best, is by no means a comfortless dwelling. At its best it is high and dry, "shored up," so as to be level, has a tight roof, and is divided into two rooms, lighted by half-windows. Of course it is warm, for the shore is strewn with driftwood; and to be the possessor of a good ax is a guarantee of comfort from a good fire. But a good boat is not the rule, and the heavy rains, or a freshet in the river, finds them but poor substitutes for homes. There is scarcely a family without at least three children. They are all from other parts. Several are from far up the river, one or two from West Virginia, a number from Kentucky, while several have chosen this mode of living because it is economical, "no rent to pay," and in Summer time far preferable to back rooms in tenement-houses. Sometimes a family in Pennsylvania, intending to emigrate, will purchase a boat, place in it their household goods, and start down the river. Whatever their original destination, they may "beach" the boat and stay from six months to three years at some point between Pittsburgh and Louisville.

As a rule, the boats are merely places of residence. Occasionally a boat devoted to the bone business touches the shore. When this is the case, it is usually accompanied by a second craft for the use of the family—a home among the bones picked up along the shores of the river not being considered favorable to digestion.

In all these clusters of family boats there is the "Sunday-school boat," in which sermons are preached and religious instruction imparted on the Sabbath, under the auspices of some mission at the place of location. The scenes enacted at these marine colonies are similar to those with which many of our New York readers are acquainted who have visited Communipaw, Harsimus Cove, or any of the large "basins" in the city during the Winter season. With the opening of navigation the disintegrating process begins, and one by one the boats are pushed or towed away for the activities of commercial traffic.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON society takes its breathing space in this Lenten season, and the *Star's* nightly record of receptions, teas, etc., is but a meagre one. Nevertheless, there is enough doing, and enough to be done, in this city of strangers and visitors and sightseers—this city of splendid beginnings, with its old confusion of magnificence and meanness, of historic dignity and mellow respectability, and the merest modern crudity—of vast promises and abortive performances. I, being here as a sightseer, find the days and the evenings all too short, though I am everywhere assured that "there is nothing going on—absolutely nothing," and that I ought positively to have come three weeks earlier.

There are Vandals among us who speak of removing, rebuilding, or, in somewise, destroying the good old White House—of giving our future Presidents a smart modern mansion, with all the improvements of the day. I am grateful to the gods, as I mount the broad marble steps this sunny March morning, that it has not been done so far in my time. There may be little splendor about the old house, but there is a strong, solid, spacious sort of dignity—an elegance of the old school, an intangible flavor of the stately days of Washington and the "Republican Court." But, then, we Americans are not, as a rule, appreciative of intangible influences, or the charms of association, and so, I suppose, the new Executive Mansion will come in time—somewhere about the remote era when the Washington Monument shall be finished.

Mrs. Hayes is not at home, but the President is receiving as usual from 10 until 2 P. M. With several other parties of visitors—distinct from the mere sightseers—I pass from the little reception-room up-stairs to the larger ante-chamber opposite the President's room, and seat myself in a big leather armchair to await my turn. There are a number of ladies sitting expectant, and a larger number of men in the great hall outside, not sitting expectant, but mostly stalking up and down, impatient. At intervals the Presidential door is seen to open, and a visitor to issue forth; and then the usher, crossing over to our side, utters a monotonous invocation to, "Ladies who are waiting to pay their respects," and who at once rush forward, or mysteriously summons one of the impatient gentlemen who have come, not to pay their respects merely, but possibly with invisible axes to be ground. I have an ax myself, but it is not an official or a political one. It is a long time before I am let in with it; women, as possible office-seekers, are liable to snubs in Washington; but at last I, too, take my turn to enter that mysterious door across the hall.

"What can I do for you?" asks the cheerful voice of the President, as he greets me cordially. I make known my wish to see a little behind the scenes at the White House—in the interest of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—and meet with no hesitation in the hearty permission at once accorded. Motioning aside the secretary, who offers to act as my escort, the President leads the way, through a door on his right hand, into the private rooms devoted to the family.

They open right and left upon a great hall which runs almost the whole width of the house—a wide hall into which the sunshine pours through an immense semi-circular window with a deep old-fashioned window-seat, at the further end. A soft Turkey rug covers the floor, and for furniture there are sofas and big armchairs, an old-fashioned marble-topped centre-table strewn with books and papers, and a pair of tall-etores, suggestive of a recent game, and an inlaid cabinet supporting a bust of Lincoln. Two large portraits face each other—Mrs. Tyler, in white satin, simpering, with her head on one side, and President Hayes at full length. On one side of this hall—itself the brightest of sitting-rooms—are the guest chambers, the children's rooms, from whose open door the smiling, ebony face of the nurse peeps out at us, and Mr. Webb Hayes's bedchamber.

"Here we gather every evening," says the President, pausing at the library-door, "and here"—hurrying past—"is Mrs. Hayes's room. Here she is always to be found, and, of course, where she is, every one else naturally comes, too." And we step into a large, bright, sunny room, with light, graceful Eastlake furniture, cabinets and bureaus loaded with pretty trifles in china and glass and bronze, an open fireplace with shining andirons and logs laid ready, canaries singing in a great cage in the sunshine, and lounges, armchairs and window-hangings all of rich, dark, Persian-patterned stuff. On the cabinet by the window sits a great stuffed owl, as if alive. It was caught inside the unfinished monument near the White House grounds, and, dying after two or three days' captivity, was stuffed and presented to Mrs. Hayes, and here it perches, and seems to blink wisely in the streams of sunshine.

We linger a moment in the library, a great oval room, with frescoed ceiling; walls panelled in dark-green and gold, and doors and wainscoting all of black walnut. The furniture, quaint and rich, is upholstered in dark-green leather, with plenty of odd chairs to break the monotony of the pattern; low bookcases supporting pictures, busts and statuettes, and a massively-carved library-table near the window; under the huge chandelier a centre-table, whose black marble slab is piled with a delightful confusion of books, papers and pamphlets. A great globe stands in one of the doorways, and above it mounts guard a rare old portrait of John Hampden, attributed to Vandyke; near it hangs a a fine half-length of Mrs. Hayes, her brunette coloring and black dress relieved against a warm, gold background. Round the oval sweep of the walls are portraits of former Presidents, interspersed with bits of landscape and brighter color, and here by the fireplace, with its glittering andirons, stands a small upright piano in a richly-inlaid case, on which is stationed a bust of General Grant. In this cozy sanctum are held the pleasant informal "evenings" which Mrs. Hayes has made so charming through the Winter, when Cabinet officers and Senators lay aside weightier matters for a while, and consent to be charmed by the fantasias and caprices that Secretary Schurz coaxes so deftly from the piano keys—such an evening as the artist has given us a glimpse of, albeit in a silent fashion.

But the afternoon is stealing away, and, as afternoons are not to be wasted, I hurry on to fresh Washingtonian fields. The Ute delegation at the Tremont House claims my attention for the evening, and, through the courtesy of Major Andrews, who has these interesting wards of the nation in charge, I am permitted to see, shake hands with and sketch, the distinguished chieftains.

In four or five little bedrooms are ignominiously huddled together the fifteen representatives of the Ute nation, each room so pervaded and permeated with tobacco-smoke that it is difficult to distinguish one representative from another through the dense cloud. Major Andrews—evidently a favorite with them all—calls them up like so many big children to "shake hands with the ladies"; and this ceremony being duly performed, he wheedlingly suggests that the white squaw should take their portraits. This proposition, however, meets with extreme disfavor. One or two black-coated and red-shirted chiefs, who are stretched on the bed, roll over and bury their faces in the pillows with grunts of violent dissent, while Chief Augustine, a tall, stately redman, with strings of otter-skins braided in his long hair, solemnly and silently advances, and as solemnly wrecking the sketchbook from my hands, tears out the leaf on which I have surreptitiously commenced a sketch of himself.

"What, won't you let the lady take your likeness for *me*?" asks the major, smilingly.

"No squaw, no squaw," replies the chief, shaking his head. "Man take pesio—good! squaw pesio no good—no, no!" And he walks into a corner and turns his back on the company.

This is the first room that we try, and the results of the call are rather discouraging; but in the next we find better success and more gallant chieftains. Here is Captain Jack, the fighting chief of the Utes, lately famous for leading the attack on Major Thornburgh; Wass and Ignacia, chiefs of the White River Utes; Buckskin Charley; and one recumbent brave, who keeps his face resolutely hidden, and never shows so much as the corner of one eye until we leave the room. Jack also refuses with scorn to be sketched, but the others allow themselves to be coaxed like children, and laugh with great glee when the pictures are shown. They are almost all fine-looking men, tall and large, with more aquiline features and a better expression than in my small experience of Indians I have yet seen; Ignacia especially has an open and benevolent face and fine eyes. They are all dressed in black cloth, with calico or red flannel shirts, and cling to such native insignia as moccasins, earrings, and long tags of otter-skin in their shiny black hair; on the wall hangs a magnificent Indian full-dress suit, so to speak—the personal property of Buckskin Charley—which is literally a mass of fine bead-work, the colors most artistically shaded and arranged.

Ouray and his wife glide in with noiseless moccasins, while I am sketching, and exchange some words with the rest, in a mixture of Ute and Spanish. The language and the voices of these Indians are singularly musical, and the tones of the woman especially have the softest, plaintive sound, while her laugh has the quality of sweetness so rare among her white sisters. She is a stout comely squaw, gorgeous in a red plaid gown and beaded leggings, her fingers loaded with rings, and her wrists with bracelets, a fashionable white canvas bag hanging on one side of her belt, and a beaded pouch on the other, which last she slaps with a burst of merry, childish laughter, when Major Andrews points it out as her money-purse. The major seems thoroughly at house with his charges, and thoroughly confident of their attachment and loyalty to himself. "They are like so many children," he says. "I would trust myself twenty years among them." And so has many another white man said, I think to myself, with a shudder as I glance round on the swarthy, stealthy faces. Jack—the least prepossessing in appearance of the whole party—moves close up to the major, and puts his hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Ask Hayes make you Utes agent," he says, in his soft, musical voice, and two or three others grunt assent to the proposition. Five minutes after the major points out to us the newly-arrived prisoner, Henry Jim, supposed to be one of the principal actors in the attack on the Meeker family, and close beside him, hiding and peeping out round the shoulder of another Indian, like a child playing bo-peep, is Tomass, the murderer of Agent Meeker's farmer.

The Camoens Fete in Lisbon.

THE 10th of June of this year will be the tercentenary of the death of Luis de Camoens, and the occasion is to be celebrated at Lisbon by *fêtes* of some importance. The International Literary Association has been requested to hold its third session there, the first, it will be remembered, having taken place during the Exhibition year in Paris, and the second in London last Summer. The municipality of Lisbon, as well as the Portuguese Government, have expressed their intention of receiving the association with all possible honor. The reigning king himself, Don Louis, has consented to be a member of the reception committee, and a series of *fêtes* will be given by him, as well as by his father, Don Fernando, who is president of the Royal Academy of Science. King Louis, who has already translated "Hamlet" into Portuguese, has just published a translation of the "Merchant of Venice." A vessel-of-war is to be sent to some French port for the conveyance of those members of the association who have no fears of the terrors of the Bay of Biscay; while for the seaside special arrangements are to be made with the railway companies in France, Spain and Portugal. Invitations have been sent out to representative literary men, and answers must be given before May 1st. The literary congress will last for five days, and there will also take place about the same time a congress of commercial geography, in continuation of that held in Brussels last year.

Blindness among Russian Soldiers.

STAFF SURGEON SKREBITSKY, a celebrated specialist in ocular diseases, has just published his report upon the Russian military hospitals, twenty-six of which he has inspected in different Governments of the Empire within the last few months, for the purpose of ascertaining the causes to which may be attributed the extraordinary accumulation of cases of total blindness resulting to the Russian soldiery from the invasion of Turkey. Over and above the cases of eye-diseases reported in the registers of these hospitals as having terminated fatally since the war, he estimates the number of living men who lost their sight through participation in the 1877 campaign at considerably more than 2,000. Only four per cent. of all the cases in question were ascribable to wounds or injuries received in action. Ninety-six out of every hundred had been caused by lack of sanitary precautions, by dirt, insufficient clothing and unwholesome food. The tale of human suffering disclosed to us by Dr. Skrebitsky's dispassionate statistics is indeed a terrible one. Many years will probably elapse, and more than one generation of the men who took part in the tremendous struggle between Russia and Turkey will pass away, ere the real losses of the Muscovite host during the second semester of 1877 will be made known to the world.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Explosion in the Winter Palace.

In our last issue we gave a brief description of the famous Winter Palace of the Czar at St. Petersburg, in speaking of the last attempt upon His Majesty's life. Our present illustrations depict the scene in the cellar beneath the dining room after the explosion, with the officers endeavoring to extricate the bodies of the killed and wounded, and the private dining-room itself before the explosion. The Czar has his apartments on the first floor and in the corner of the Winter Palace that overlooks the Neva and the Admiralty. The Empress inhabits the other corner, and between the two is the family dining-room, which had, however, been deserted since the return of the Empress, the meals being served in a smaller room over the guard room. At one and six o'clock the Czar, the Czarina, and the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius and Paul, meet for déjeûner and dinner. The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Vladimer, who are both married, have also general invitations to join the Imperial circle; but the other members of the family wait till they are bidden. Six covers are always laid, and the service is performed by three French *maîtres d'hôtel*, who relieve each other every fortnight. The effect of the explosion was to destroy the guard-room, kill and wound fifty-three soldiers remaining there off guard, break through the sides of the vaulted roof, and lift and dislocate the floor of the dining-room in two places, corresponding with the gaps in the vaulted roof below. Moreover, the dining table was damaged, as well as part of the ceiling, and the large central chandelier was thrown down, the gas pipes being broken, and the rooms being in darkness until fresh lights were brought.

Germany and Samoa.

A German settlement was established on Samoa in 1872, and soon attained an encouraging degree of prosperity. A few years later, it is claimed, French missionaries began stirring up strife between the natives and the colonists, and the commercial business of the island almost came to a standstill. Last Fall Maleitoa was elected King, and one of his first acts was to recognize Germany as the protector of the islands. As soon as this decision was made known, a treaty was concluded, and the German war vessels, then lying off Apia, fired a salute in ratification of that proceeding. England, France, Germany and the United States are now deeply interested in that section of the world, and it remains to be seen whether the new arrangement will produce the desired harmony.

Gems of the Franco-Spanish Lottery.

In the northeast pavilion of the Palace of Industry at Paris there is displayed a wonderful collection of works of art contributed for a grand lottery for the benefit of Spanish sufferers by the inundation at Murcia and elsewhere. No wonder the Spanish people are so devoted to the French, when the latter began the relief movement as soon as the extent of the disaster was ascertained. The great *fête*, arranged and managed by the journalists of Paris, in brilliancy and pecuniary results were almost unprecedented in the capital of gay life and generous impulses. When a handsome sum has thus been collected, and it was found that more was needed, the Government gave its sanction for the immense lottery, of which we give an initial illustration. The character of the last undertaking may be judged by the variety and class of articles composing the lots, and which may be distinctly made out in the engraving.

Prodse or Nordenskjold's Return.

There was a great eruption at Naples on the 16th of February, not of Mount Vesuvius, but of popular rejoicement, the occasion being the arrival of the good ship *Vega*, containing Professor Nordenskjöld and his intrepid party, this being the first European port touched at since the *Vega's* daring and successful passage through Behring Straits. Naples was completely *en fête*, and the welcome accorded to the distinguished travelers was as enthusiastic as it was heartfelt. In the evening a banquet was given in the magnificent Hotel Royale des Etrangers, and, to mark the event with more than ordinary *éclat*, the spirited proprietor of the hotel named the new dining hall—completed for the occasion—"Vega," in graceful compliment to the sturdy vessel which battled so bravely against the terrific onslaughts of the ruthless ice king. The menu included every delicacy of the season, and the vintages ran the gamut of the "best years" all round. The engraving of a funeral in the long night of an Arctic Winter is from a sketch by one of Professor Nordenskjöld's assistants.

Asab Bay.

The Italians, who have long cast loving eyes upon the African Continent, and have for many years past been talking of obtaining a footing there by establishing a colony upon the sea coast, have at last made a beginning by founding a settlement at Asab Bay, a small port situated in the northern part of the straits of Bab el Mandeb in the Red Sea. Asab Bay was bought by the Italian Rubattino Company from the chief of that port in 1869, and has been only now taken possession of by the Italians. In December, 1879, the paddle wheel steamer *Esploratore* hoisted the Italian merchant flag there, and the crew, in company with that of the Italian gunboat *Archimede* and steamer *Messina*, have since been landing stores, building huts, and surveying the place. Asab Bay is one of the smaller bays on the west coast of the Red Sea, lat. 13 deg. N., long. 42 deg. 45 min. E., is twelve miles long and five miles wide; the surrounding country and mountains are volcanic, the lower part of the bay is low, and frequently covered by sea water. The northern part, where the flag is hoisted, is situated at a higher elevation, and fresh water is plentiful, though slightly brackish; the date palm grows wild, and there is excellent soil, but, like most parts of the African coast about there, is dried up, and rain seldom falls.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Winter sowings of wheat in South Russia have suffered greatly from frost.

—THE Chinese Government have decided on establishing a complete system of telegraphing throughout China.

—UNDER the operation of the new protective tariffs foreign goods are being gradually ousted from the German markets.

—IN consequence of unfavorable weather in Egypt, a large quantity of cotton must be reseown, and the crop will be late.

—IT is officially estimated that there are 20,000 tenement-houses in New York City, and that they contain 500,000 people.

—THE Georgia Baptist Convention, representing 2,661 churches, and 219,725 members, meets in Savannah on April 22d.

—THE Wisconsin Senate has defeated a proposed temperance amendment to the State Constitution by a vote of 32 yeas to 14 nays.

—IT is reported in Berlin that negotiations will shortly be opened with all the States of Germany regarding the carrying out of a scheme for the introduction of a tobacco monopoly.

—IT is estimated that at least three hundred million dollars in gold and silver has been added to the available circulating medium of the country during the last fourteen months.

—CORPORAL punishment in the British navy is now confined to twenty-five lashes, whether the punishment be awarded by the commander of the ship or sentence of court-martial.

—A NEW Order in the Brahmo Somaj, under the name of "Brahmo Sadhak," has been instituted in India for those who wish to cultivate devotion and piety without giving up secular avocations.

—SIGNOR SELLA'S resignation of the leadership of the party of the Right in the Italian Chamber of Deputies indicates important changes in the constitution of parties in the Chamber. Signor Sella will probably act temporarily with the party of the Centre.

—THE German Imperial Budget fixes the revenue and expenditure for the next fiscal year at 339,252,640 marks each, and the matricularatory contributions of the different States at a total of 51,670,930 marks.

—THE Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that the legal name of a person consists of one Christian name and one surname, and that inaccuracy in a middle name does not invalidate a deed or other legal document.

—SIXTY million dollars is the estimated cost of the projected Euphrates Valley Railroad, which is intended to facilitate the intercourse of England with India. The road will be over a thousand miles long and will be very difficult to build.

—E. DWYER GRAY, Lord Mayor of Dublin, has declined to contest that city at the coming election for Member of Parliament, as he feared that his doing so might militate against the working of the relief committee and subscriptions to the fund.

—PRINCE BISMARCK has presented in the Reichstag a paper on emigration from Germany during 1879, showing that 35,327 persons, two thirds of whom were males, emigrated—by far the greater number going to the United States and British North America.

—A HOUSE built in 1639 still stands in Dedham, Mass., and is the oldest in New England. It is beautifully situated under beautiful branching elms, with a moss-covered roof. Much of the original furniture, 240 years of age, still remains, and has been in the possession of one family, named Fairbanks, during all of that time.

—PRINCESS STEPHANIE, of Belgium, the *fiancée* of the Archduke Rodolph, Prince Imperial of Austria, is tall, well developed, strong, long-nosed and blonde, but pretty, but with a pleasant face. She was educated under the direction of Mme. Depterghem, is an excellent linguist and musician, has a poetic nature and good sense, and rides well.

—OWING, probably, to the sudden thaw, several land-slips have occurred in various parts of Switzerland. Near Vully, on the Lake of Morat, 300 metres of cultivated land have glided into the water, and it is feared that a part of the village may share the same fate; and at Bellegarde, in Fribourg, several acres of wood are slipping down the side of a mountain.

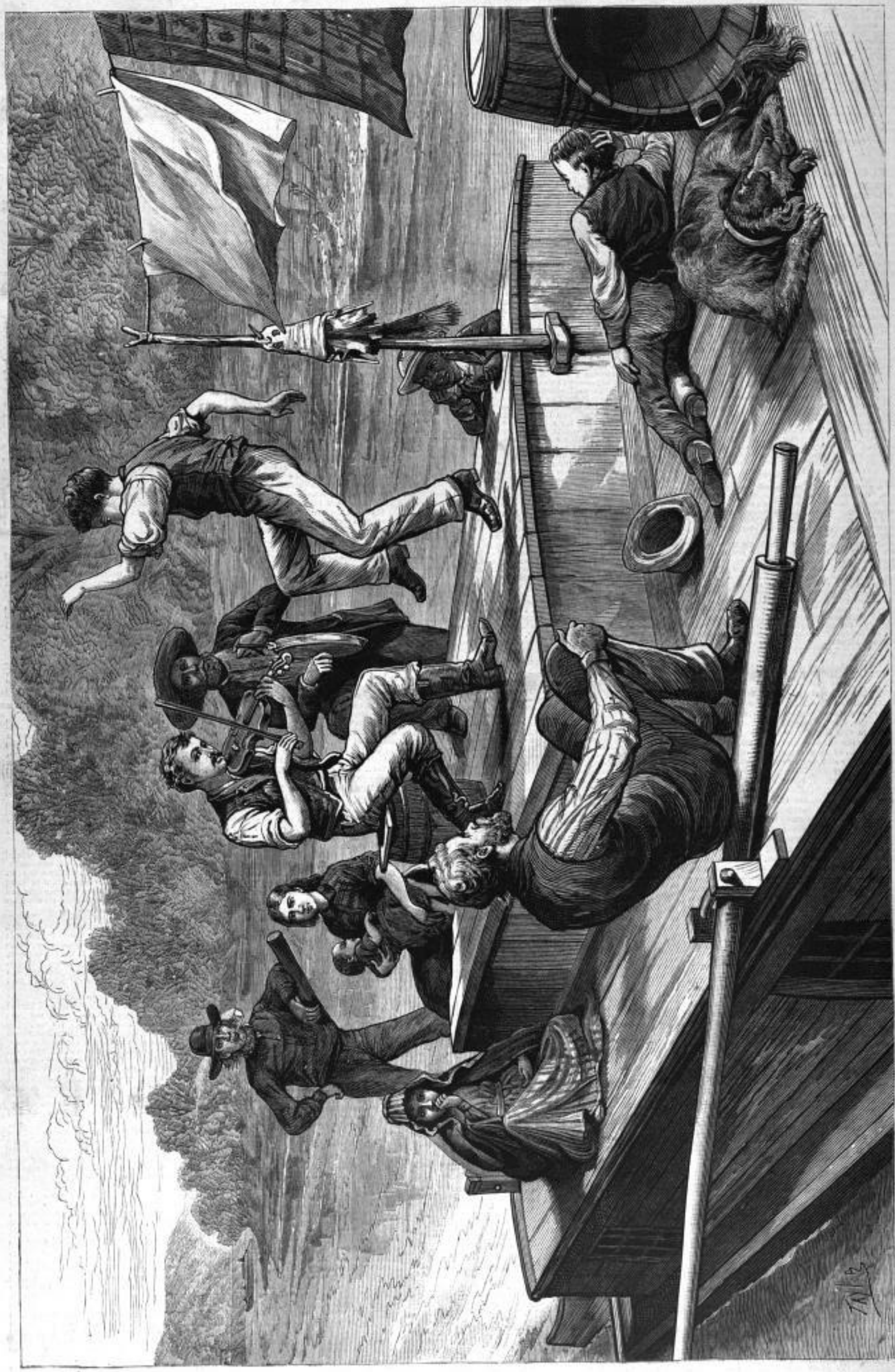
—EX-UNITED STATES TREASURER-GENERAL SPINNER resides permanently in Jacksonville, Fla., and has not been out of the State for fifteen months. He is interested, but takes no active part, in the national bank of which his son-in-law is cashier, and he occupies himself in studying the history of Florida. Rows of books line his study, and a fine microscope is a prominent object in it.

—THE length of the actual St. Gothard tunnel is nine miles and 377 yards, while that of the Mont Cenis is rather more than a mile and a half less. The rate at which the rock was bored between Modane and Bardonèche amazed mechanicians a dozen years since. But the daily progress made under the St. Gothard has been more than double. The contractor agreed that the work should be finished within eight years. The actual time has been seven months less than the stipulated term. A medal is to be presented to all the men engaged in the tunnel.

—REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER, the Congregational clergyman of London, has announced himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. In his address to the electors and non-electors of the City of London, he defends the candidacy of a Nonconformist minister actively engaged in pastoral duties. He thinks that so long as the existence of an Established Church requires a considerable amount of ecclesiastical legislation, there should be a number of men in Parliament whose training and occupation especially qualify them to deal practically with the religious progress and necessities of the country. The clergy have their representation in the House of Lords, but none in the House of Commons.

—FOR the first time in two hundred years the old turquoise mine in Chalchuitl Mountain, New Mexico, is being reopened. In 1680 work was suspended on the mine, the cause being the caving in of the shaft and the subsequent death of some 100 Indians who were at work below. An attempt made by the Spanish to force the Indians to begin again and reopen the shaft led to a rebellion, and probably was one of the causes which forced the Indians to an uprising and the subsequent expulsion of their rulers from the country. The extent to which these mines have been worked may be conjectured by the vast amount of débris lying around the old shaft, covering no less than fifteen acres of ground. This mine is the only turquoise mine on the continent, and as the gem has always a market value, it will ere long be one of the recognized sources of wealth of New Mexico.

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FLAT-BOAT LIFE ON THE OHIO.—SCENE ON A FAMILY BOAT, AT THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION.—SEE PAGE 71.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—SOCIAL LIFE IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—AN EVENING IN THE PRIVATE PARLORS OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS GEORGIE A. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 71.

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KISMET.

I WALK alone with sad, neglected ghosts—
Vague shapes of promise that were once to be
The golden-freighted ships that sailed the sea,
Bearing my treasures from far-distant coasts.
I hear the merry laugh, the jubilant toasts,
That in my halls rose musical and free.
Ah! but those days were happy days for me,
And I had loving friends in countless hosts.
They say the ships were wrecked on some cold shore.
Where are the friends that held my love so dear?
For neither friend nor ships are now my own.
How false the vows that red lips softly swore;
How false the hopes that filled my soul with cheer!
For through life's sombre paths I walk alone.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER V.—REGINALD IN PARIS.

THERE was the usual bustle at the dock of the General Transatlantic Steamship Company on North River, where lay the *Pereire* awaiting her hour of departure, as Reginald ascended the gangway to the steamer's deck.

At the company's office, while purchasing his ticket, he had asked if the names of Luigi Vellani and the Marchesa di Lupo were registered among those who had sailed for Havre on the vessel of the same line that had left the previous week. An examination of the list showed them to be there.

He had nothing to do in the interval of waiting but to stand on deck and watch the arrival of passengers, the running about of porters and others connected with the ship, the movements of friends of the passengers who had come to see the latter safely off, and the leave-takings of those on shore.

All things have an end at last, and so the huge steamer, at the signal from the engineer's bell, finally began to move out towards the middle of the stream.

In the ensuing half-hour, while the clustered houses of New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn gradually became confused in a mass of brick and mortar, Reginald walked the deck, thinking of Manuela, of the purpose of his journey abroad, of the lost manuscript, of his coming explanation with Vellani, and of his expected meeting with Melchior.

The resolute determination with which, one week before, he had planned his mission of vengeance—if that term might be applied to the object of his trip to Europe—had not weakened in the least, now that he had taken the first step towards the carrying out of his plans. On the contrary, as the hour of action approached, he felt his purpose grow stronger and the reality of Vellani's affront seemed to rise more clearly before his mental vision.

If at times, during his walk, his mind reverted to the contents of the manuscript, it was only in a way of vague speculation, for, while it was certain that the treasure, if it still remained undisturbed in its receptacle of adobe, was worth the seeking, the total absence of any clew to the locality of the pueblo would as certainly render all efforts to obtain it futile. That this pueblo was in the New World was evident, and equally evident was it that its church had been in charge of Spanish missionaries, from the use in the manuscript of the terms "adobe" and "padre," and from the name of the priest. But here his speculations abruptly ended, for beyond these facts, as if to distract his logical consideration of the subject, lay the vast arena of the Spanish conquests in the two Americas, with their multitudinous religious establishments and the attendant successive risings of the native population against the invaders. And then, too, unless the full name of the writer and of his fortress-prison were known to him, the archives of the Spanish domination in America might fail to give him the information that would be needed to clear up the mystery.

Of Manuela he thought with a tender memory. Away from her, and recalling more calmly her glorious traits, physical and moral, she seemed to his mind to bear a close relation to the few heroines, the record of whose careers history has preserved. He had spoken to her of his hopes, that she would think of him kindly when he should be away, and she had promised that she would do so. Although she had not bound herself to him, he knew that even as he loved her so she loved him; and in his thoughts of her was mingled a certain sweet superstitious feeling that in his journey her protecting spirit would accompany him.

From Manuela his thoughts drifted to Melchior, whom, by some singular combination of ideas, he blended in his mind with Manuela herself. He was her brother, resembling her, and, doubtless, inspired by the same sentiments of truth and fidelity. He could see him in imagination, a type of that Crichton whose skill as a swordsman Manuela had suggested that he—Reginald—might one day equal; a man with the face of Adonis and the soul of Mars—in whom were joined the grace and beauty of youth and the discretion of maturer years.

So, dwelling on what was nearest to his heart, he still walked the deck long after the steamer had passed the Narrows and had entered the trackless ocean, and when the white coast of Coney Island lay shining in the distance, a strip of surf-beaten sands.

When the steamer reached Havre, Reginald hastened from the vessel to the Paris railway station, having previously satisfied himself by inquiries among the drivers of the *fiacres*, at the landing, that a lady and a gentleman, apparently Italians from their conversation, and whose trunks were marked "Milan," had been driven to the same station a week before, on the arrival of the *Ville de Paris* from New York, in one of the vehicles that usually attended at the steamers' dock.

Having obtained this knowledge, he bought a ticket, seated himself in the car, and, as the train sped on its way to the French capital, he leaned back in his seat and speculated on the chances of his finally meeting with the pair in the city of their destination.

Had he been in Paris for the first time on this occasion, or had his mind been less impressed with the responsibility that attached to his present journey, he might have devoted his days of waiting for Melchior to sight-seeing and to familiarizing himself anew with the city's wonders. As it was, however, after securing lodgings at a hotel he began to make inquiries at the Paris end of the Havre railway similar to those that he had made at the dock in Havre. Success, although qualified, here also attended his efforts, for, by dint of questionings among the coachmen on duty at the station he discovered that one of them, a glib fellow in his way, recollected that a certain Marchesa di Lupo—that name having been on the lady's trunks—had engaged him about a week before, on the arrival of the Havre train, to drive her to the station of the Lyons road.

The man remembered, furthermore, that a gentleman had accompanied her in the carriage to the train, and, after seeing her to the station, had bidden her good by, telling her that he would soon be in Milan.

Reginald gave the communicative driver a franc as a *pour-boire*.

"Did the gentleman say," he asked, "at what time he should be in Milan?"

"Faith!" ejaculated the *cocher*, as he shrugged his shoulders, "I did not hear him say. He said, 'Au revoir—I shall be in Milan soon.' Then the lady went into the car and I drove away."

"You do not know, however, whether the gentleman went with the lady or remained in Paris?"

"But how? The train was there ready to depart—is it not? Eh, well! The gentleman assisted the lady into the train; he saluted madam and said 'Au revoir.' I was there when the train departed, and monsieur he was there, too. How? Was I not there—I?"

The sum of the intelligence thus obtained regarding the movements of Vellani and the marchesa was that, while the former, for some reason unknown to Reginald, had deferred his departure from Paris, the latter had proceeded at once to Milan, if the fact of her having taken the Lyons train might be accepted as evidence to that effect. He, therefore, had little fear of not finding the couple in Milan when he should be prepared to set out for that city.

While awaiting Melchior's arrival he determined to spend the intervening days in endeavoring to perfect himself in pistol-practice, and to acquire a knowledge of at least the rudiments of fencing. Without any delay, therefore, he set about the work, with the resolve to devote several hours of each day to the pistol and the foils. Entering a shop in which the fencer's paraphernalia—foils, gloves, visors and jackets—were sold, after the purchase of a dozen foils and two sets of the other articles, he asked the shopman:

"Can you direct me to a good fencing-master?"

"If monsieur will go to the Rue St. Marc, near the Rue Vivienne, he will find the man he wants," was the reply.

The fencing establishment in the Rue St. Marc opened on a courtyard of a house in that street, and when Reginald entered the brilliantly lighted *salle d'armes* he found assembled there fifteen or twenty men, some conversing and looking on, and others, coatless and vestless and equipped for fencing, thrusting at each other and parrying each other's blows with slender foils which, striking together, filled the air with a shivering, sawing sound.

For a while he looked at the passages-at-arms, admiring the expertness of those who seemed most familiar with the use of the foil and wondering whether he could ever hope to attain something of the skill they exhibited. Then his eye glanced around the room and took in its special features.

On the walls were hung visors, gloves, and padded buckskin jackets, and under these were suspended rows of gleaming foils.

From the foils, as they rose and fell in the fencers' hands, with the swiftness of thought, or tremblingly played against each, the gas-light reflected in a thousand flashes and spark-like scintillations. There was little danger to the participants in the sport, for, thoroughly guarded from injury as they were by the visors and jackets, the foils with their blunt ends repeatedly reached their marks without any other result than a gay friendly laugh and an exclamation of "Touched, monsieur!"

The proprietor of the establishment was engaged with a pupil at the moment of Reginald's entrance, and when, after a few minutes devoted to the lesson, the pupil dropped his foil and with a bow retired to a chair to rest himself, he briskly approached Reginald, and with a polite bow said:

"Does monsieur desire to try his skill with the foils, or does he merely wish to see the other gentlemen fence? Monsieur is very welcome in either case."

"Many thanks, sir. I am desirous of taking fencing lessons, and have come here for that purpose," was Reginald's response.

"*Bien!* does monsieur know something of the art?"

"No; I have never had a foil in my hand."

"*Très bien!* Monsieur, I am convinced, would make an *artiste* with the foil. Monsieur has a good chest; he has strong arms, a quick eye and firm legs."

He stood off at a little distance, putting his head on one side, and contemplated Reginald much as if he had been a prize ox.

"I cannot, of course, guarantee," he continued, "that monsieur will astonish himself by his own skill in a few days' practice, but in a month or six weeks——"

He again bowed very politely, smiled, brought his hands together, and left his visitor to conjecture as to the degree of perfection that he might hope to attain in that period.

Had it been Reginald's ambition simply to acquire the art of fencing as he would any other manly accomplishment, the favorable opinion of his qualifications expressed by the *maître d'armes* would have delighted him beyond measure; but, as the case stood, he felt that he could not devote so much time to the task of transforming himself into what the instructor complimentarily termed "an *artiste* with the foils."

"It is impossible," he said, in answer to the last remark, "that I should devote a month or six weeks to continuous practice. A week, or ten days at the most, is all I can give."

"Does monsieur expect to have immediate use for his knowledge of fencing?" asked the *maître d'armes*, insinuatingly, and with a certain air of mystery.

"Perhaps I may," returned Reginald. "And for that reason, in order not to find myself at a disadvantage, I should be glad to be taught some of the secret methods with which accomplished fencers, as I have heard, are familiar."

"My dear sir," replied the *maître d'armes*, laying the palm of his hand lightly on the lapel of Reginald's coat, "you have been misinformed. What you have said there is a very common mistake. There is no secret in the art. They speak of this blow and that blow—*ma foi!* one must be a good fencer—an *artiste*, in effect, to succeed with anything. Monsieur is, let us suppose, *artiste*. Eh, bien, monsieur has no need of tricks in fencing! *Voilà!*"

"How is it, then, that one man is superior to another with the sword?"

"Because he has skill and a good eye. Because he is quick and cool. Because he does not become excited, and he waits for a chance that his opponent—if he be not so cool and have not so good an eye—will certainly give him. Something, too, is due to long practice. You comprehend?"

"Then, sir, you have no special secret in your profession to impart?"

"To a gentleman about to fight a duel with swords," answered the *maître d'armes*, impressively, "I should give this advice: Watch your opponent's eye; don't excite yourself, retreat as much as possible, parry instead of attacking, and when your man has tired himself out, either run him through or, if you can do so, twist his sword out of his hand. This, sir, is my only secret. If I give monsieur lessons he shall be taught every movement with the foil which I know myself. I can promise no more."

"I ask no more than that. And now, if you are at leisure, I should be glad to begin."

In five minutes Reginald, in shirt-sleeves, stood in the fencer's attitude, with right foot advanced, his left arm raised and his right hand holding his gleaming foil with the point on a line with his eye. Previous to assuming this attitude he had politely acknowledged the salute with which the *maître d'armes*, passing his foil from hilt to point through his left hand and bending it slightly as he did so, had thrown himself into position with the brief, cautious exclamation:

"*A vous, monsieur!*"

The lesson that followed was more laborious than brilliant, and in moments when, at Reginald's special request, the fencing-master exhibited a little of his skill, quietly prodded, now his visitor's mark, then his jacket above the heart, and finally his sword-arm, Reginald entertained the profoundest contempt for himself as a possible swordsman, not unmingled with a solicitous reflection regarding the degree of expertness that Vellani might develop under circumstances more perilous than those that marked the fencing lesson.

It was almost with dejection that, fatigued with the long exercise which seemed only to point out more forcibly to himself his awkwardness with the foils, he at last lowered his weapon, bowed to the *maître d'armes* and stepped back, removing his mask and gloves as he did so.

"Monsieur is fatigued?" said the latter, sympathetically, standing in an attitude as of awaiting Reginald's further pleasure.

"It is indeed fatiguing," Reginald replied, drawing a long breath. "But I suppose one becomes accustomed to that, too. Now tell me, what sort of a fencer shall I make?"

"Monsieur has done very well for a first trial, but he must trust more to his talent than to genius. Monsieur has talent *vraiment*, and he should hope for the best."

"Thank you for your candor," replied Reginald, laughing, while his instructor bowed, raised his left hand deprecatingly, and said:

"I always tell my pupils honestly what I think of their prospects, when they ask my opinion. Then there is no disappointment. However, monsieur may prove more skillful than I think. We shall see. But a week or ten days only——" and he finished with a suggestive shrug of the shoulders and a contortion of the lips which was rather discouraging to the pupil.

Before he retired from the place, Reginald had made arrangements with its proprietor for as many lessons during the next ten days or two weeks as he might choose to take. When these preliminaries were settled, with a shake of the hand and a mutual interchange of compliments, he parted from his instructor and left the fencing-school, walking towards the Boulevard Montmartre.

His violent exercise of a half-hour before had heated his blood, and he strolled along the bright thoroughfare for an hour or more, cooling himself. Then, remembering that his essay at arms had given him an appetite, he entered a *café*.

As he crossed the threshold, two gentlemen stood at the cashier's desk, settling with the female who presided over that department for their dinner.

At the same moment, a third gentleman, coming from a table near by, from which he had just risen, joined them.

"Ha, Vellani!" exclaimed one of the two gentlemen. "You here!" Then, turning to his companion, the speaker added: "M. de Saltigny, let me make you acquainted with M. Luigi Vellani, of the Italian army."

Reginald paused abruptly at the sound of this familiar name, and half-turned on his heel. He felt the blood rising to his face as he stood for an instant irresolute.

What he would have said or done had he followed his first impulse it would be difficult to say; but even in turning, he had recalled his promise to Manuela to be prudent, and he controlled himself.

In the backward glance that he gave, however, he had taken in the physical characteristics of the man who had been so close to his thoughts for many days, and in whose presence chance had thus so strangely thrown him.

As the group passed out of the door into the street, laughing gayly, he mentally photographed the Italian officer, and the image that remained on his mind as Vellani disappeared was that of a man of about his own age and height, dressed like a *boulevardier*, with close-cut brown hair, a brown, flowing mustache and a heavy imperial; of slender figure, and with a face that indicated less of the manly determination of the soldier than the cool assurance of the *flaneur*.

"So, Mr. Luigi Vellani, you are still in Paris!" he said to himself, taking his seat at the table and spreading his napkin on his lap, leisurely. "When next we meet, we shall not pass each other as strangers!"

Then, perceiving that the waiter was standing in an attitude of expectancy near his chair, he said, as he took up the menu and began to consult its contents:

"To begin with, my friend, bring me a glass of absinthe and aniscette."

CHAPTER VI.—MELCHIOR.

DURING the ensuing days of waiting for Melchior, Reginald varied his fencing-school and pistol-gallery practice with what might be called private instruction in fencing given by a waiter of the hotel, whose accomplishment with foils had become known to him.

This *garçon*, by name Antoine, for a consideration was accustomed to repair to his room each morning at a certain hour, when he—Antoine—was supposed to be at breakfast, and for ten minutes or so would assist his employer in breaking a succession of foils in teaching him what he termed "the commander's blow," the success of which he assured Reginald was infallible, when thoroughly understood and properly performed.

After a while the rumor of these assaults-at-arms having spread about among the other *garçons* and the chambermaids of the floor on which his apartment was situated, Reginald's goings and comings were noticed, as those of an eccentric American monsieur, whose odd mania was to acquire a knowledge of fencing secrets. He, however, was ignorant of the notoriety he had gained in the establishment until the day of his departure from the hotel, and then he discovered that he had been charged by the hotel-keeper for his fencing labors with Antoine under the head of "extras."

At the shooting gallery and fencing-school his progress was slow. His occasional success in hitting the mark with the bullet he regarded as owing more to chance than to expertness, and, while his intelligence enabled him to appreciate what a swordsman should do in order to become proficient with the sword, his acquaintance with the fencer's art still remained at the aggravating stage of theoretical, rather than practical, knowledge.

"It is very easy," his instructor would say of a certain blow, "to parry this lunge. Now see. Monsieur will please to make the lunge. There, you observe, I parry and then I lunge in my turn—so! It is very easy."

"I dare say it ceases to be difficult when one has practiced it for a long time," Reginald would reply. "But, unfortunately, with such an antagonist as you, I can neither parry the first lunge nor avoid your parry in making the succeeding one."

"Let us have patience, monsieur," the *maître d'armes* would say, "and let us try it again."

The day was at hand when, according to Manuela's promise, Melchior was to arrive in Paris. The allotted two weeks had expired, and as Reginald already had made several inquiries at the Hotel du Louvre for him without success, he repaired thither one morning about the time when he might be expected, and asked if Mr. Melchior had arrived.

The clerk examined the register.

"Mr. Melchior Waring," he said, reading from the book. "Room 50. Arrived last night."

"Oblige me by having this card taken to Mr. Waring's room," said Reginald.

The card passed from the hand of the clerk to that of the call-boy, who proceeded upstairs on his mission. In two minutes he returned with the information that Mr. Melchior Waring was in and would be pleased to see monsieur in his parlor.

Following the waiter up the stairs, Reginald was shown to the door of a room. The waiter rapped, a voice from within called to the knocker to enter, the waiter opened the door, and then, bowing Reginald into a private parlor, retired, closing the door after him.

The occupant of the parlor stood with his

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back to the fireplace smoking a cigarette, which, as Reginald entered, he threw into the grate. At the first glance given to him, Reginald saw that his imagination had not gone astray in picturing Melchior Waring as an Adonis in face and form; for sure nothing could have been imagined more perfect in grace and beauty than the youth—for he scarcely could be called a man—who stood before the mantelpiece with Manuela's eyes and Manuela's smile, looking at him. In lineaments the same; in expression a trifle more sedate perhaps. There were but two or three features of the face in which the resemblance between Manuela and her brother was wanting. These differences were comprised in the complexion which, in Melchior, was darker than Manuela's; in certain shadows that lay under the eyelids, and which gave to his eyes a darker appearance; and in a youthful side-whisker which grew on either cheek, parallel with the ear.

Melchior had Reginald's card in his hand when the latter presented himself.

"Mr. Grey, I presume?" he said, advancing and extending his hand. "I have been expecting you."

"Thanks, Mr. Waring, for the assurance," replied Reginald. "I scarcely should have needed to ask you if you are Miss Waring's brother. Your resemblance to her is too striking to admit of a doubt of the relationship."

"Ah, sir," returned Melchior, "you should have seen us a few years ago—before we ceased to be children! Then, indeed, you might have wondered. But these resemblances are common, I believe, among twins."

"Common enough, but rarely so remarkable as that between you and your sister."

Melchior bowed, drew up two chairs and, inviting Reginald to be seated, occupied one of them himself.

"Manuela wrote to me a few days ago," he observed, "advising me of your visit to Europe and of its double purpose, and telling me that you would call on me when I should arrive in Paris. She seems to think that I may be of service to you, Mr. Grey. If her supposition be correct, please command me. I have a few days of leisure before me, during which I can place myself at your disposal." As he spoke, and before Reginald could reply, he took a cigar case from his pocket, opened it, and presented it with the remark, "Do you smoke?"

Reginald took one of the proffered cigars.

"For my part," continued Melchior, "I prefer to smoke the cigarette. It is a habit acquired from my Mexican friends and relations," and with these words, he proceeded to roll up a cigarette with paper and tobacco which he took from the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Now, to return to the subject of Manuela's letter," he resumed. "If you have no objection, I should like to be made acquainted with all the facts in the case, both as regards the missing manuscript and the insulting letter you received from the Italian officer. I offer myself as your confidant and friend, and I ask your confidence in your difficulties."

"You shall have it," returned Reginald. "I only wish," he added, warmly, "that I could express in suitable terms my sense of your kindness."

Smoking his cigarette and leaning back in his chair with half-closed eyes, with his handsome face and his extraordinary likeness to Manuela riveting Reginald's attention even as he proceeded with his recital, Melchior gave close heed to the story that Reginald had to impart. The latter had been careful to bring with him the translation of the ancient manuscript, and this he also read to his companion, as well as the letters that had been written by the marchesa and Signor Luigi Vellani.

"In regard to the Vellani affair," said Melchior, when Reginald had completed his narrative, "my sister wrote to me that, as you were unacquainted with the sword exercise, it would be prudent for you to take lessons in fencing. Have you done anything in that way yet?"

"For the past two weeks I have been at it steadily," replied Reginald. "Moreover, I have been shooting away enough powder, in endeavoring to obtain accuracy of aim with a pistol, to supply a company of soldiers in an engagement."

"It was well to take time by the forelock," observed Melchior, with a laugh. "What has been the result of your efforts? Manuela desired me particularly to question you on this subject."

"I am sorry to say that I am a failure as a swordsman. Perhaps with the pistol I could go into the field on something like equal terms. With the sword, however, Vellani must be more or less proficient, and if I should be compelled to fight him with that weapon he would have a decided advantage."

"Who was your fencing-master?"

"I have been attending the fencing school in the Rue St. Marc, and I have also been taking lessons in a private way from a man—a waiter—in the Hotel Splendide, where I lodge. The sum total of my lessons is generally two or three foils broken, and a renewed conviction that in order to become even an ordinary fencer I should be obliged to keep at it for a year or two."

"And you are still bent on calling this man to account?" said Melchior, as he lighted a cigarette that he had just rolled up. "You have not changed your mind since your departure from New York?"

"Not in the least. My mind is more than ever resolved on obtaining either an apology or suitable satisfaction. By-the-way, I met this Vellani by accident a few nights ago, strange to say."

"Indeed! How was that? I thought his destination was Milan?"

"So it is. But he remained in Paris some days after his return to Europe, and on the night of my arrival in this city I saw him in a *café* in the Boulevard Montmartre, where I had stopped for dinner."

"How did you know of his intention to remain here?" asked Melchior.

Reginald told him of his conversation with the drivers of the *fiacres* in Havre and at the Paris station of the Havre Railway, and of the events that had occurred in the *café*.

"A curious coincidence. What manner of man is this Vellani? Does he look as formidable as his epistolary style would seem to indicate?"

"It would be impolitic, perhaps, to judge a man by his looks," said Reginald; "but Mr. Vellani impressed me as being a very ordinary specimen of the class of the young men about town, as the term goes. There is certainly nothing about him to justify his utterance of the direful threats contained in that letter."

Melchior smiled and blew away the ashes from his cigarette.

"Possibly we may find him only a braggart, after all, Mr. Grey," he observed, carelessly. "Still, that remains to be seen; for as you truly say, it would be impolitic to judge a man merely by his appearance. But speaking of fencing," he added, suddenly, "I should like to try a pass or two with you. I am a pretty fair fencer myself—was taught by a Frenchman in the regiment of my father, Colonel Waring, on the Mexican border—and I can form a better idea of your proficiency after testing your skill with the foil."

"With all my heart," said Reginald. "If you will ring for a waiter, we can send a messenger to the hotel for my foils, visors and the other things."

The suggestion was adopted; a messenger was dispatched with a note to the Hotel Splendide, and in due time he returned with a large package containing the articles sent for.

(*To be continued.*)

GEN. GRANT'S PRESENT TO A VICEROY.

IT will be remembered by those who followed the course and kept themselves familiar with the incidents of General Grant's tour round the world, that, while in China, he ascended the Yang-Tse-Kiang River, and was entertained in a princely manner by the Viceroy of the Province of Chi-li, Li Hung-Chang, who is said to have expended $30,000 in the three days during which the General and his party were his guests. Upon their departure he gave them many splendid presents as a mark of his high consideration. Before General Grant sailed for Cuba he ordered from Tiffany & Co., an elaborate silver pitcher to be made of hammered silver, and similar in design to the one made by the same firm for the Duke of Argyle, to be presented to Mr Gladstone. It is covered with ivy leaves, and is further ornamented with butterflies, beetles, etc., in bronze, iron and gold. Upon the bottom of the pitcher is engraved the following:

"HIS EXCELLENCY, LI HUNG-CHANG,
Viceroy of Chi-li,
from U. S. Grant, 1880."

Its cost is $300, and it has been sent to the Chinese Embassy at Washington for transmission abroad.

AN ALLEGED PERPETUAL MOTOR.

MR. PIETROWSKI, a Pole, of New York City, is an engineer by profession, has been in this country sixteen years, and has devoted his leisure hours to the elaboration of his invention for securing perpetual motion. The model consists of a pair of hollow metal wheels, four feet in diameter, which revolve on the same axis, but in opposite directions. The moving power is nine metal balls placed within the wheels so as to bear the rim down at first, and then gravitate towards the axis, where a slide groove runs the balls off to a grooved radius of the wheel revolving in the opposite direction. Four balls were placed in the grooved radii of the first wheel and four in the radii of the second, and when momentum had been gained the ninth ball was added, to give additional power. To the axis of the wheels, which is also the axis of smaller grooved wheels that regulate the speed of the machinery, the shafting is applied.

Several engineers who witnessed the working of the machine were sanguine in the opinion that for all practical purposes, leaving out the engine of the locomotive and the steamboat, it will be found of great value.

THE NEW WING OF THE BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM.

THE new wing of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, erected at the expense of Mrs. John C. Green, as a memorial to her deceased husband, is now practically completed, though the finishing touches are yet to be given, and is already occupied by the patients for whom it was designed. Mr. Green, who was distinguished for his charities, and especially for his liberal gifts to Princeton College, was, at the time of his death, the President of the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital and Bloomingdale Asylum, and had always taken much interest in the conduct of the asylum. The new memorial building, which has cost about $130,000, faces the Hudson and forms an L, extending north from the old building, which was extended about thirty feet. Like the main asylum, it is of brown stone, but of a more modern design and finish, and was built from designs by Mr. Ralph Townsend. There are a basement, three stories and a mansard roof, the whole over fifty feet deep and fronting about two hundred feet upon the Boulevard. The memorial, or, as it is already called, the Green building, is thus, in fact, the front of the asylum, although the main entrance and offices of the institution remain, as heretofore, in the older edifice.

The intention of Mrs. Green in its erection was to provide for the women patients those comforts to which they may have been accustomed, and to remove entirely those evidences of an asylum or prison which too frequently characterize institutions for the insane. As the wards are designed for women whose insanity is of a mild type, it has been possible to fit up the halls and bedrooms with handsome furniture, and the visitor is surprised, upon entering the first ward, at the attractiveness of the surroundings and the parlor-like appearance of the apartment and the well-dressed ladies who are sitting about engaged in needlework or conversation. The floors are brightened by Turkish rugs, the woodwork is painted in stripes of red and blue upon a tinted ground, and the chandeliers are of polished brass. Upon the walls are many engravings. The bedrooms are particularly pleasant. The front rooms overlook the Boulevard, and, beyond, the Hudson River, while from the upper floors the view of the Hudson and across the island to Long Island Sound is magnificent. The furniture is of ash, in Eastlake designs, and the bedsteads are ornamented with tiles and the bureaus with marble tops and dressing mirrors. On each floor is a well-furnished parlor resembling that of a private house. Each parlor contains a piano, a writing-desk and easy-chairs. The dining-rooms are furnished in the same style, and upon the tables are shining silver and delicate china and glass ware. The first, second and third wards are occupied by patients of about the same class, and they are all nearly equally elegant. The fourth floor is devoted to patients whose insanity is of a more pronounced character. There are accommodations in the new building for sixty-five patients in all, and at present about that number are there, some having been removed from the old wards to allow repairs to be made. During the year an assembly hall has been completed and in use, and there the patients meet for religious exercises on Sunday and theatrical entertainments on occasional week day evenings. The hall formerly used for a chapel, and now containing a billiard-room, is being enlarged and will be thrown into wards if necessary.

In connection with her gift of the memorial hall for women patients, Mrs. Green has given a fund of $200,000, the income from which is to be applied to the care of women who were formerly accustomed to the comforts of a home, but who, becoming insane, have no means with which to pay the charge for admission to the Bloomingdale Asylum. It is stipulated by Mrs. Green that this fund shall be for the support of women who have been engaged in teaching school or music, or in similar pursuits. Heretofore there has been no means to enable women in such cases to be taken elsewhere than to the asylum on Blackwell's Island, or to some one of the like institutions of the State, where they are thrown into contact with a more violent and a generally worse class of patients.

Anarchy and Famine in Turkey.

REPORTS from various parts of the Ottoman Empire tell of an almost hopeless condition of confusion and dilapidation. The consuls at Salonica have informed the ambassadors at Constantinople that, except in the immediate neighborhood of the towns, that whole region is dominated by brigands. Thirteen distinct bands are enumerated, comprising in all about one hundred and fifty men—Greeks, Wallachs, Bulgarians, Albanians and Turkish deserters. They levy blackmail upon Mussulmans and Christians indiscriminately.

Appalling accounts continue to come from Armenia and Kurdistan. The famine extends over an area of a hundred thousand square miles. Five months must pass before another harvest can bring relief. An appeal for help has been published in London, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and a number of other prominent gentlemen. The troubles between the Greeks and Bulgarians in Eastern Roumelia have become so acute, and the evidence of a systematic effort by the Bulgarians to drive away the Greeks and Mussulmans so overwhelming, that Aleko Pasha, Governor-General, though he is believed to be in sympathy with that movement, has been compelled to issue a circular to the prefects, commanding them to dissolve the Bulgarian secret societies and armed gymnastic associations organized by the Russians during their administration in that province.

The financial situation of the empire is very bad. The ministers are endeavoring to frame some plan of reform and retrenchment. Salaries of many officers, including members of the Cabinet, have been largely reduced. It has been resolved to return to a gold standard, and to require all revenue due to the State to be paid in gold, to the exclusion of paper and the debased metallic currency, the latter of which, however, will be receivable for arrears of taxes at one-half of its nominal value. This decision has occasioned a further heavy depreciation in the debased metallic currency, and is declared to be impolitic, cruel and unjust. Great consternation has been produced by it. The price of bread has risen in proportion to the further depreciation of almost the only available medium of purchase. The shopkeepers refuse to receive it except at a reduction, which entails upon the poor the loss of half their means. Already disturbances are reported from several provinces, both in Europe and Asia, and in some of the towns the bakers' shops have been pillaged.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Herve-Mangon has been appointed director of the Paris Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, in succession to General Morin.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from Professor Foerster, of Berlin, the announcement of the discovery by Palisa, at Pola, on March 6th, 1880, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude in 12 hours and 11 minutes right ascension, and 34 minutes north declination, with a daily motion of 3 minutes north.

The Carbolized Paper invented by Captain John F. Rogers, of the United States Army, and which has protected $150,000,000 worth of Government property during the past ten years, is now offered to the public by Messrs. Campbell, Hall & Co., of this city. It is a complete protection against moth, mildew and contagion.

The Chair of Chemistry in the newly established Agricultural College of Berlin is to be filled by Professor H. Landolt, of Aix-la-Chapelle, well known by his exhaustive studies on the relations between the optical properties of bodies and their chemical constitution. His wide experience in saccharimetry has likewise led to his simultaneous appointment as director of the Chemical Laboratory established at Berlin by the German *Verein für Rübenzucker-Industrie*. Professor Landolt is succeeded in the Polytechnic of Aix-la-Chapelle by Professor A. Classen, who has recently published two favorably-received laboratory manuals on Qualitative and Quantitative Chemistry.

The French Chambers, at the instigation of M. de Freycinet, have voted a sum of 600,000 francs for the cost of sending exploring missions into the remoter parts of Algiers and Senegal, and penetrating into the Sahara of the Western Soudan. Their immediate object is to trace the lines of future railways, but the indirect influence on the extension of our geographical knowledge is most important. Three scientific expeditions are being organized in Algiers; one is to operate in the Algerian Sahara, and will not pass El Goleá; a second, comprising a corps of engineers and an escort of natives, will advance southward from the Wargla, and, after passing the Summer at the Jebel Ahaggar, will proceed by the Hoggar to Sokoto, and, ascending the Niger to Timbuctu, will return by way of Senegal.

Professor Waldhauer, of Dorpat, has visited the northern boundaries of Courland, near the Bay of Domesnaes, in the Gulf of Riga, with a view of studying the condition of the small remnant of people living there, who are the sole representatives of the ancient races of Courland and Livonia. These persons, about 2,400 in number, occupy a limited area of about a verst in width between Melkalin and Lyserort, and are separated from the Letts in the interior by a train of morasses. They exhibit great national pride, deny their affinity with the Esthonians, are ignorant of the term Livonian, and call themselves "randalist," inhabitants of coast lands, or "kalamied," fishermen. They are hardy sailors and skilful pilots. Several families occupy one long hut in common, and their villages resemble those of the Esthonians. They are usually fair skinned, with chestnut or dark-brown hair; the beard, which is generally very abundant in middle life, is seldom seen in young men before the age of twenty-five. Professor Waldhauer has seen no instance of a red beard among them.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE United States has passed the Bill to remove the political disabilities of Roger A. Pryor.

MR. JOHN A. BINGHAM, Minister to Japan, will be a candidate for renomination to Congress in his old district.

MR. W. MARSHALL, of Glasgow, Scotland, has bequeathed £200,000 to that city for an educational institute for destitute children.

DR LESSEPS has reached San Francisco, and had interviews with the Board of Trade and other business bodies in reference to the interoceanic canal.

PROFESSOR KO-KIN-HUA, of Harvard, is reported as saying that he likes this country very much, and is far from enthusiastic about going back to China.

THE great beau of Florence is the Prince Piero Strozzi, who devotes himself to the married ladies and only exchanges petty glances with the single ones. He drives a pair of handsome gray ponies.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, Queen Victoria's youngest son, is, it is stated, about to travel, and there is a probability of his coming to America. He will travel modestly, having only two persons for his suite.

ROBERT BROWNE, Judge of the County Court of Pleasants County, W. Va., died while opening court on Saturday morning, March 13th. He was eighty years of age; it is supposed that he died of heart disease.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Louisa Evarts, the youngest daughter of Secretary Evarts, to Dr. Charles Scudder, son of Henry J. Scudder, of Scudder & Carter. Dr. Scudder, who is at present house surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, intends to spend next year in Europe following his professional studies.

THE Duchess of Northumberland visited the village schools at Albury Park, the Duke's seat, in Surrey, the other day, and presented to each of the female scholars, numbering some two hundred, a scarlet cloak. The children, as they go to and fro to school, look now like a regiment of little Red Ridinghoods.

THE Russian Minister of the Interior is making arrangements for the despatch next Summer of four steamers, laden with exiles, to the island of Saghalien, in the Pacific. Each vessel will take out five or six hundred exiles, among them being many Nihilists, at present confined in the provincial prisons of Russia.

A SPECIAL meeting of the House Committee on Claims was held on March 17th, to receive the report of the sub-committee upon the claim of General Sutter, the discoverer of gold in California. The report favors an appropriation of $50,000 to satisfy General Sutter's claim, and was unanimously adopted by the committee.

THE British Navy is becoming a school for royalty. Not only are the two sons of the Prince of Wales midshipmen, but Ernest, the thirteen year-old son of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice, is about to join. Queen Victoria, is said, however, to be rather indifferent to the navy, taking more interest in the army.

ON Wednesday, March 17th, Millie, Alexander and Sol. Block, triplets, born at one birth, reached their majority. The occasion was celebrated by a reception at Eureka Hall, Cincinnati. It created considerable comment, and the statement was made that this was the first instance of the kind ever celebrated in America, and probably in the world.

MR. LEON CHOTTEAU has been selected by the French in New York to express to the French Government the strong desire on the part of all Frenchmen in this country to have France properly represented at the Yorktown Centennial Celebration. The idea is to have a French war vessel transport a regiment of soldiers to be present at the celebration.

THERE seems to be little reason to question the truth of the statement that Prince William, eldest son of the Crown Prince, will soon be betrothed. The lady is Princess Augusta Victoria, eldest daughter of the late Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and not Princess Caroline Mathilde, of Schleswig-Holstein, as previously reported.

THE physicians have informed the Pope as their unanimous opinion that it is necessary for his health to quit the Vatican and pass the Summer where he can avail himself of sea-bathing. "You are merely telling me that it is necessary for me to do what is impossible," he answered. He has consented, however, to allow salt-water baths to be erected in the Vatican.

THE Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who is now seventy years old, is an indefatigable worker. He writes a new sermon every week, and gets up early Sunday morning to put it on paper, accomplishing most of the task before breakfast. Then he lectures a great deal, writes constantly for magazines and newspapers, and can always be depended upon for a political speech.

THE death is announced of Thomas Bell, F. R. S., the English scientist. He was born in Dorsetshire, England, October 11th, 1792; became a member of the College of Surgeons in London in 1815, and Professor of Zoology in King's College, London, in 1833. In 1853 he was elected president of the Linnæan Society. Among his works are a "History of British Quadrupeds," and a "History of British Stalk-eyed Crustacea."

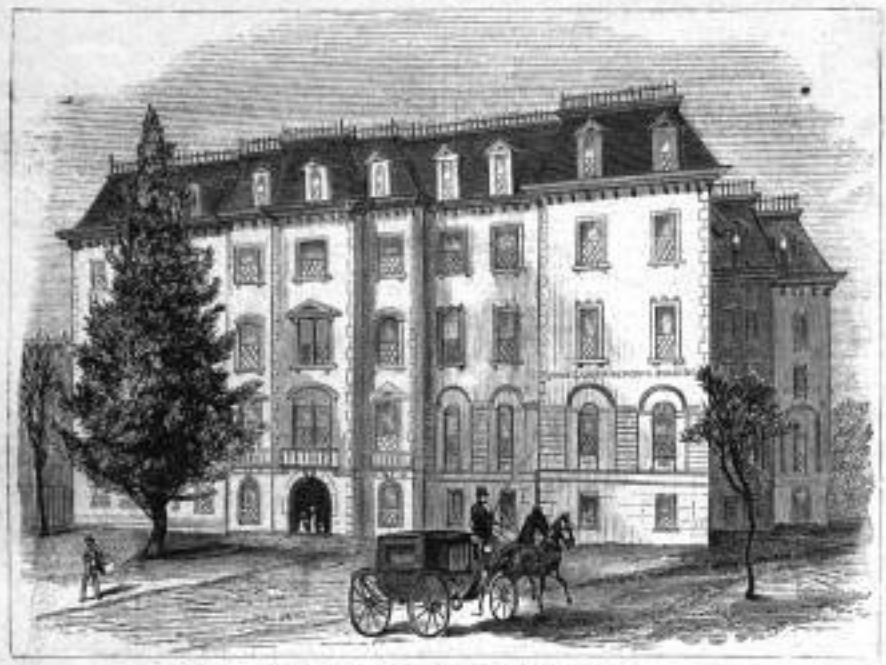
THE monument to the memory of Shumann is already erected in the cemetery at Bonn, and will be unveiled on the 2d of May next. In the evening of the same day a grand vocal and instrumental concert will be held in the Beethoven Hall, in which a number of the leading German performers will take part. This will be followed the next day by a matinee of chamber music. Several of the chief works of the great composer will form the programme.

THE Rev. John A. Watterson, the newly appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Columbus, was born in Blairsville, Pa., and is about forty years old. He was graduated at Mount St. Mary's College, in Maryland, and immediately accepted a professorship in that institution, where he has continuously remained from 1868 to the present time. Four years ago he was made President of the college. He is described as a man of great learning and fine character.

M. ROCHER has decided to completely renounce political life. He will devote himself in future, it appears, exclusively to the arrangement of the rather complicated affairs of the ex-Empress Eugénie. It is by virtue of these powers that he demands from the French companies, in which the widow of Napoleon III. has been assured for considerable sums, the reduction of the ten per cent. extra premium of which the payment had been stipulated, "for the risks encountered by crowned heads."

CHIEF JUSTICE RYAN, of the Wisconsin Court of Appeals, is in perfect physical health, but he imagines that he is hopelessly ill, and all efforts to persuade him out of his delusion have failed. He was to write a decision in a test case involving the validity of option contracts, and, as it will affect the entire system of the grain trade in the State, it is awaited with great anxiety; but the hypochondriac refuses to work, and his brother Judges of the Court of Appeals are reluctant to take the matter out of his hands.

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EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW WING.



THE MAIN CORRIDOR.



A SLEEPING-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM.

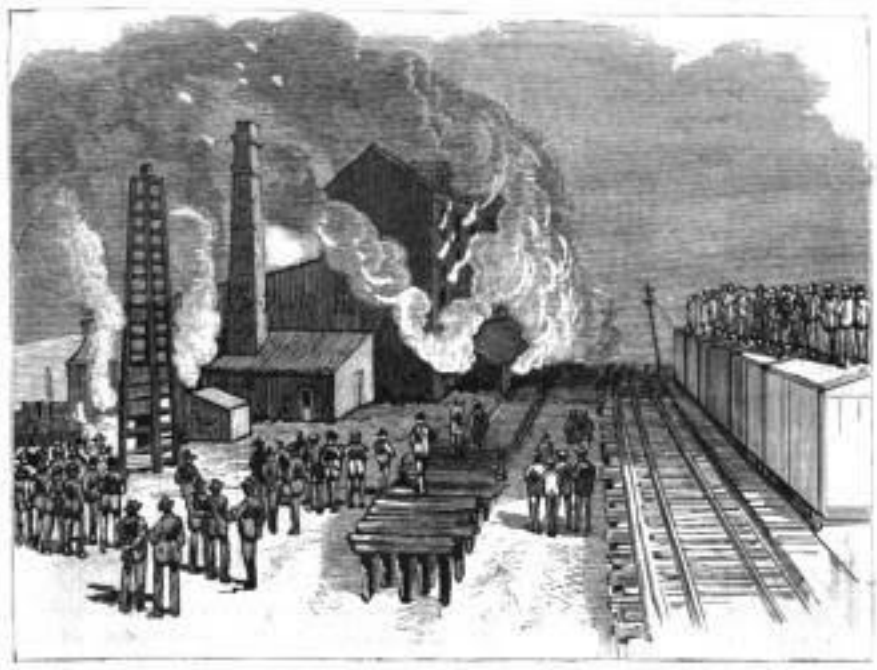


THE PARLOR, OR GENERAL RECEPTION-ROOM, OF THE FIRST WARD, FOR INMATES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

NEW YORK.—THE NEW WING OF THE BLOOMINGDALE LUNATIC ASYLUM FOR THE USE OF FEMALE PATIENTS.

SEE PAGE 75.

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MINNESOTA.—DESTRUCTION OF ELEVATOR NO. 1 AT DULUTH, MARCH 6TH. FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

A DULUTH ELEVATOR DESTROYED.

A FIRE at Duluth, Minn., on the 6th of March destroyed the large wheat and corn elevator, known as Elevator No. 1, built in 1870, at a cost of $80,000, and containing 40,000 bushels of wheat and 120,000 bushels of corn. The capacity of the elevator was 250,000 bushels. The total loss was about $160,000. A correspondent says: "This fire is just now a grevious loss to our young city, as all the elevator capacity we have has for the last two years been taxed to its utmost, and pending as it does the erection of a new elevator of a million and a half capacity, but which cannot be finished for next Fall's crop. As a matter of interest, it may be stated that most of the grain consumed is from the Dalrymple farms in Dakota, which were, about a year ago, the subject of your excellent illustrations."



VASE PRESENTED BY GENERAL GRANT TO THE VICEROY OF CHI-LI, CHINA.—SEE PAGE 75.

THE REV. WILLIAM McKINLEY.

MR. McKINLEY, recently settled as pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor, in Brooklyn, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, came in childhood with his parents to this country, and lived in Maryland till his sixteenth year, when he went to Illinois and there spent five years, partly in teaching school and partly in advancing his own education at the best institutions of learning in the West. Being compelled, by sickness, temporarily to abandon his studies in 1855, he went to Minnesota and sought and found health in the outdoor life of that then new country.

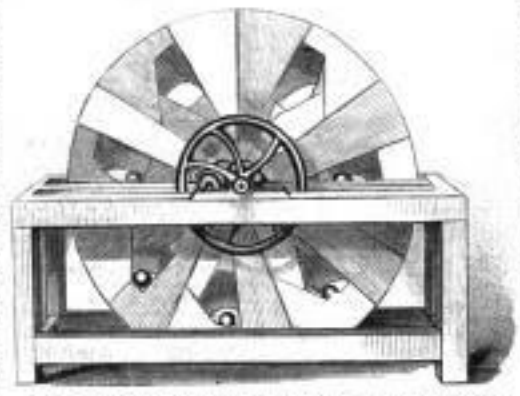
There, beyond the reach of organized churches and ordained ministers, seeing no one else at hand to do the work, at the age of twenty-one he began his ministry as an unpaid, volunteer lay preacher and missionary. A year later, when the Minnesota Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, he was received into that body, of which he is now a member.

His first sermon was preached in a log-cabin on the frontier, to a congregation that crowded the house and heard with curiosity and wonder the youth who, thus early and in such a time and place, took upon himself such an apparently thankless and profitless office. His first charge was a circuit in the picturesque Cannon River country, stretching across the prairies and through the Big Woods of Minnesota east and west indefinitely, and north and south from East Prairie to Castle Rock, at which latter place his memorial remains, near the place of his first sermon, in the form of a church known as "McKinley Chapel."

Since that time, with the exception of two years spent in the South—one as army chaplain during the war, and one, more recently, in Knoxville, Tenn.—Mr. McKinley's ministry has been in Minnesota, most of the time in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Winona. He has done all kinds of a Methodist minister's work on circuits, stations, and more recently as presiding elder of a large district; was a delegate to the General Conference of his church in Baltimore in 1876, and last Fall was again elected to represent his Conference in the General Conference to be held in Cincinnati next May.

On his first circuit was the Metropolisville of Edward Eggleston's story, "The Mystery of Metropolisville." Here Mr. McKinley met the future author of "The Hoosier School-master," and to that meeting is due the fact that Mr. McKinley now succeeds Mr. Eggleston in Brooklyn. A friendship was then formed between the two young men, and when Dr. Eggleston was compelled by ill-health to resign his pastorate, he suggested Mr. McKinley as his successor, which suggestion having been seconded by the unanimous call of the church, has been accepted, and the one friend succeeds the other with mutual satisfaction to themselves and to all concerned.

Mr. McKinley has received a warm welcome, not only from his own church, but also from the Christian community to which he comes. On Thursday evening, January 29th last, the large auditorium of the Church of Christian Endeavor was filled with people, and the platform with ministers of the neighboring churches, assembled to give him a public reception, and welcome him to his new work and home. It was an occasion of uncommon interest and pleasure, and ought to convince Mr. McKinley that, though a Western man, he is not to be regarded as a stranger and foreigner in the City of Churches.



AN ALLEGED PERPETUAL MOTOR.—SEE PAGE 75.

AN AMERICAN-BORN ELEPHANT.

THE unusual event of the birth of an elephant in captivity occurred in Philadelphia on the morning of March 10th. The mother is one of a herd of five large elephants (two males and three females), which are well-known throughout the country. She is known by her early name of "Baby," having been brought to this country when young. She is twenty-three years old. One of her keepers stated that the mother elephant had had a furious attack of frenzy soon after the birth of her young, and had broken everything within reach. She had kicked down the sides of her stall, twisted off a large beam with her trunk, and necessitated the employment of all the restraint that could be put upon her. The infant is of a pale mauve color and is well proportioned. The animal is a female, weighs 213 pounds, stands 30 inches high, and measures 35 inches from the stock of the trunk to the crupper. In the shape of the body she much resembles the small hippopotamus now in New York, but is darker in color. The trunk is handled with perfect ease, and even in a playful manner towards those who approach. The mother and her huge infant have attracted much attention from scientific gentlemen, besides the ladies of Philadelphia, and great interest is manifested in the youngster's daily improvement.

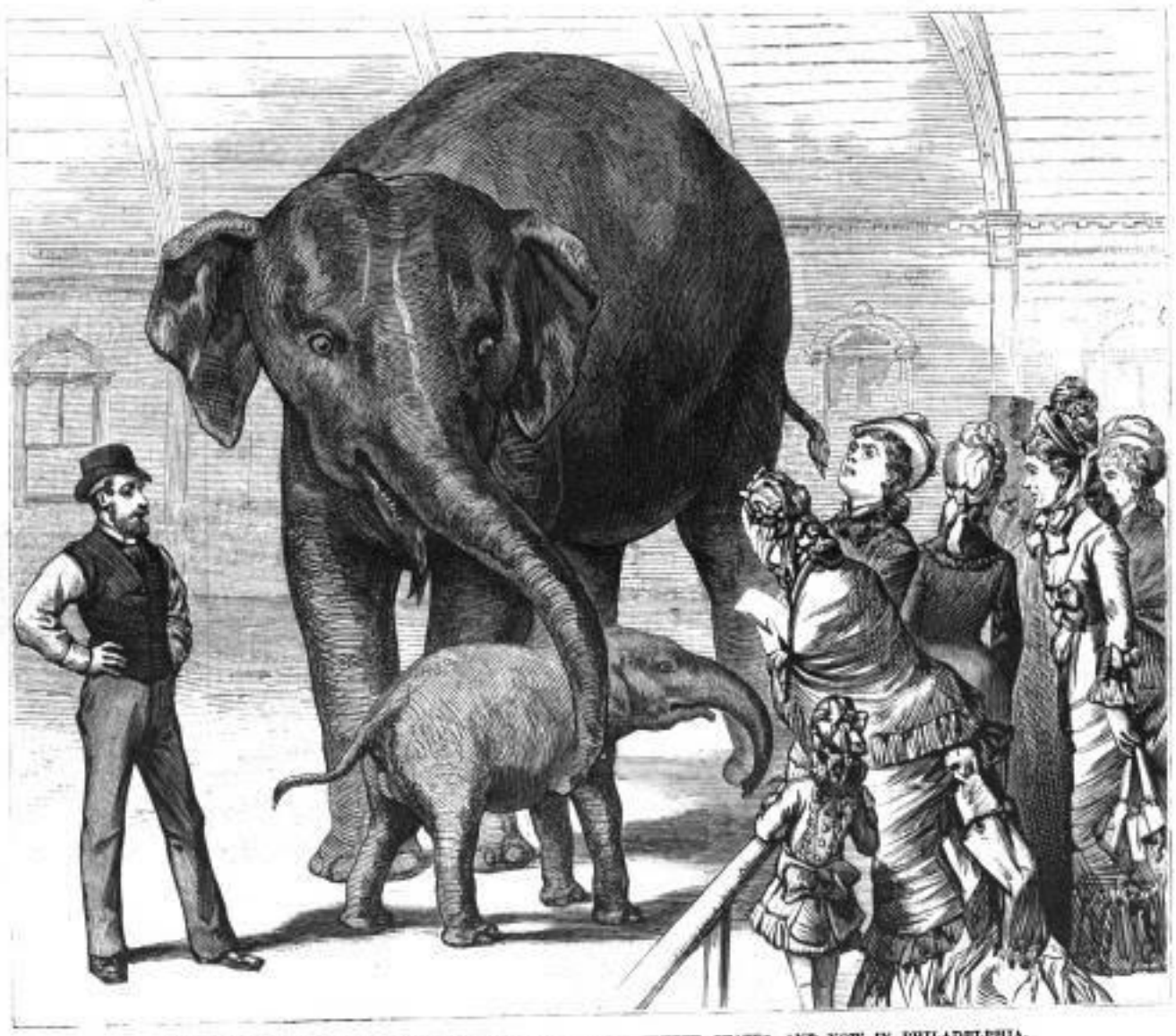
The baby is a frisky animal, fond of running away from her mother, and takes quite kindly to the throng of visitors; but whenever the infant becomes too familiar with the ladies and children, the mother, who is evidently of a jealous disposition, invariably drags her charge away from the railing.



GEN. LORIS MELIKOFF, CHIEF OF THE SUPREME REGULATING COMMISSION OF RUSSIA.



REV. WM. M'KINLEY, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BROOKLYN, L. I.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE FIRST ELEPHANT BORN IN THE UNITED STATES, AND NOW IN PHILADELPHIA.

GEN. MELIKOFF,

DICTATOR OF RUSSIA.

COUNT LORIS MELIKOFF, Chief of the newly-established Supreme Regulating Commission of Russia, and virtually the dictator of that vast empire, is the son of an Armenian merchant, and began his military career as an officer in a Hussar regiment in St. Petersburg. At the opening of the campaign of 1877 he was selected as the commander of the principal column which invaded Armenia from the line of the Caucasus. Ardahan was carried by storm, Kars was invested, Mukhtar was forced back to the mountains, and the appearance of the Bayazid column on the flank was anxiously awaited. At the critical moment the Turkish commander took advantage of shorter lines of communication, and, by weakening his centre, massed his forces against the Russian left wing. Melikoff attacked the enemy in front, but, after a severe repulse, he retreated towards Kars. The left wing, after winning a victory at Zeidikhan, was forced to retire and re-establish its communications with Ertvan. The investment of Kars and Batum was abandoned, and Melikoff's campaign seemed to have ended midway in disaster. He resumed operations about the middle of August, two months after the retreat from the mountains, and lost one of his advanced positions. The Russian forces were then concentrated and heavily reinforced, and, by brilliant generalship, Mukhtar's army was cut in two. The battle of Aladja was an overwhelming victory for the Russians, and the victorious commander lost no time in following up his success. He pursued Mukhtar to

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Kars, and again defeated him at Dere-Boyun. The storming of Kars, on November 18th, was the most brilliant achievement of the war. Although a night attack upon Erzerum was repulsed, the town was closely invested, and by this series of successes the Russians were virtually masters of Armenia.

Count Melikoff is a man of great and varied accomplishments. In addition to his native language, Armenian, he is familiar with and speaks Russian, Turkish, Persian and French, but is ignorant of German and English. He was a great favorite with his soldiers. He visited them in their bivouacs, tasted their soup, and inquired after their comfort. He took especial care of the sick, frequently inspecting the field hospitals and ambulances. At the same time he was a strict disciplinarian, and required from all, and particularly from the non-commissioned officers of his army, a punctual performance of their duty. His age is fifty-seven.

The imperial ukase, creating the new Commission and appointing General Melikoff chief, was issued on February 24th last, and on the afternoon of March 3d an attempt was made to assassinate the chief, but a mailed shirt preserved his life from the bullets. His assailant was captured, tried and hanged three days afterwards.

BOOK NOTICE.

DR. NORMAN W. KINGSLEY, of this city, has just brought out, through Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., a volume entitled, "Oral Deformities as a Branch of Mechanical Surgery," a large and handsome work profusely illustrated. To the surgeon this title will at once display the character of the work, but to the layman it is necessary to explain that "Oral Deformities" are malformations or irregularities of the jaws, teeth, palate or other parts appertaining to the mouth. These eccentricities of nature or accident it is the design of Dr. Kingsley's book to set before the reader, accompanying such presentment, moreover, with sound and original theories as to the causes of such condition, and devoting the knowledge derived from long and varied experience to the means for curing or modifying them. The book is divided into five parts. The first takes into consideration "Irregularities of the Teeth," and after illustrating the "normal type of jaws," exhibits various deformities and their causes. A curious chapter in this section shows the relation of dental irregularities to the condition of idiocy, giving information derived from extended investigations in this country and in Europe among idiots, cretins, etc. The subject of dental irregularities is continued in an examination involving diagnosis, physiology and pathology, mechanical appliances and cases from an extended practice with their treatment. The second part is devoted to the subject of "Palative Defects." Next is taken up the question of "Maxillary Fractures," and in the two chapters devoted to this part of the subject will be found an able disquisition on diagnosis, and a careful explanation of the best methods of treatment, with descriptions of splints and other machinery used. Part IV. is a profound analysis of the "Mechanism of Speech," including the "Physics of Sound" and the "Formation of Vowels and Consonants." This intricate and novel study has evidently been pursued with enthusiasm by Dr. Kingsley, who has clearly defined from actual experiment the limits of the vocal machinery, and has rendered by elaborate illustrations a most important service to science, and displayed, by his skillful adaptation of means to ends, the possibility of overcoming the most startling deformities and remedying the most indistinct utterance by simple mechanical means. Dr. Kingsley's book closes with "The Æsthetics of Dentistry," which is made to include the application of dental art in the restoration of the features to a natural expression in cases of deformity, and of so regulating malformations as to bring about a normal and even beautiful condition. The value of this treatise to the surgeon as well as to the dentist cannot be over-estimated.

FUN.

DIDACTIC PARENT: Do you know why I am going to whip you?" *Jap mind Urchin:* "I suppose because you are bigger than I am."

MAMMA (entering)—"Now, I'm sure you children are in mischief, you are so quiet." *Ethel* (in a rapturous whisper)—"Hush, ma! Tommy's been painting a spider's web on grandpa's bald head while he's asleep, to keep the flies off!"

"JOHN, what odor is that?" "Cloves, love." "But that other?" "Allspice, my beloved." "But isn't there another?" "Yes, apples, beloveliest." "Just one more?" "Raisins, my most beloveliest." "Well, John, if you'd only drink just a little brandy, now, I think you would make a good mince-pie."

ORGAN-ISE (SIZ).—*First Rebellious Party*—"Drink, dear boy, deranges the nerves, destroyesh the stomach chief, produceth diseases, so why do intelligent men give waysh to itsh, whatsh the cause? Even Dr. Richardson can't tell ush whatsh the organ of drunkenneesh." *Second R. P.*—"Organ o' drunkenneesh—whatsh the organ o drunkenneesh? Why, the barrel organ, of courshe."

THE examiner is trying to explain to the fat-headed listener the character of a miracle. He asks a scholar. "What is a miracle?" "I don't know, sir." "If—all at once—the sun appeared in the heavens at night, what would you say it was?" "The moon." "But if you were told it was the sun, what would you say?" "I'd say it was a lie." "Now, I never lie. Suppose I told you it was the sun?" The scholar, after a moment's deep reflection, bobbed his head. "Please, sir, I'd say you were drunk."

AT the theatre not long since a distinguished surgeon was seen to applaud an actor with great zest, and those in the immediate vicinity joined in the applause. Turning suddenly round he asked why they applauded. "To tell the truth," said one, "it was partly from example." "But you don't know why I applauded," he continued. "I was applauding the marvelous effects of the iodide of potassium." The actor was one of the physician's patients, who had a stiff elbow joint, and the remedy had proved efficacious, judging by his gesticulations.

CHEAP TRAVEL.

TRAVELING has been reduced to a science, hours and minutes standing instead of furlongs and miles. It has been made easy, delightfully easy, and it has even condescended to be cheap. We can all travel nowadays, and the man who lays by $500 to spend on a tour makes a wiser investment than he is possibly aware of. He purchases health and a chain of rosy thoughts, of delightful realisms which no amount of reading, however well-selected, could possibly counterpoise. As April merges into May the thoughts *By* oceanwards or mountainwards, or to the sweet wild woods, and the unasked question is "Whither?" The excursions of Thomas Cook & Son make answer and cry, "Come with our annual May party, and leave New York by the Inman steamer *City of Brussels* on April 19th"; or "Join our grand educational vacation party, and leave New York by the *Devonia* on *July 3d*," or "Take a trip with our midsummer party, and leave New York on the Inman line steamer *City of Richmond* on July 31st. We will take you to England, France, Switzerland, the Rhine, Belgium and Holland, visiting London, Paris, Turin, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Sorrento, Venice, Milan, Lake of Como, the Simplon Pass, Mount Blanc, Geneva, Interlaken, Lucerne, Zurich, Schaffhausen, the Black Forest, Strasbourg, Baden Baden, Heidelberg, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam." Ninety-four days for $600, including everything! What a trip and how cheap!

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers,
AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS,
And other desirable Investment Securities,
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Buy and sell all issues of Government Bonds, in large or small amounts, at current market prices, and will be pleased to furnish information in reference to all matters connected with investments in Government Bonds.

We are prepared to give information in regard to first-class Railway Securities, and to execute orders for the same.

Buy and sell all marketable Stocks and Bonds on commission, at the Stock Exchange and in the open market.

Receive accounts of Banks, Bankers, Merchants and others, and allow interest on daily balances; and for those keeping accounts with us we collect United States coupons and registered interest, and other coupons, dividends, etc., and credit without charge.

☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and Investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks and other securities.

We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

BRILLIANT RESULTS.

THERE can not be found, in the whole range of medical literature, any such a series of brilliant cures as have already been made by the new COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, especially in Pulmonary diseases. Catarrh, *a close relation of vitality or dying from weakness or sickness*, and the wide range of torturing Neuralgic affections. Our treatise on the Nature, Action and Results of this new Treatment, which is rapidly coming into use in all parts of the country, is sent free. Write and get it. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

PATRICK, having been told that Dr. Peters had found an asteroid, remarked: "Bedad, he may have his asteroid, but as for meself of prefer a horse wer ride."

SOLID AS GRANITE.

THE Insurance Commissioner of Connecticut, who has recently completed the regular examination of the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, as required by law, speaks of its condition with the utmost confidence and enthusiasm. The other day he remarked, in conversation concerning the Ætna Life, that its assets are as solid as granite.

THE MARKET PRICE OF BUTTER

is increased 3 to 5 cents a pound by using GILT-EDGE BUTTER-MAKER in churning—increases product 4 to 10 per cent. Reduces time of churning one-half. Keeps butter from becoming "strong" or rancid. Gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN TYPHOID FEVER.

I HAVE been greatly benefited myself, as also have others from using HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. I have used it to the exclusion of all other remedies, in typhoid fever, with very gratifying results to myself, and with thanks from my patients for so agreeable a remedy. C. H. J. KELLAM, M. D.
St. CHARLES, MINN.

If you have a sore throat, cough, cold in the lungs, head or bowels, take DR. BROWNING'S C. & C. CORDIAL. It cures quickly. Price 50 cents.

THROAT DISEASES often commence with a cold, cough, or unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," which, if neglected, often result in a chronic trouble of the Throat.

PITTSFORD, MASS., Sept. 28th, 1878.
SIRS:—I have taken HOP BITTERS and recommended them to others, as I found them very beneficial.
Mrs. J. W. TULLER,
Sec'y Women's Christian Temperance Union.

PROOF of superiority. Sales immense through England and France of Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold by Druggists.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.—No gentleman's table should be set without it. A genuine relish.

YOU, who read these lines, are the one who needs an Accident Policy in THE TRAVELERS.

MILLIONS of bottles of HUNNETT'S COCOAINE have been sold during the last twenty years, in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.

THE *Agents' Herald's* announcement in another column deserves attention.

ADAMS, MASS., May 8th, 1879.
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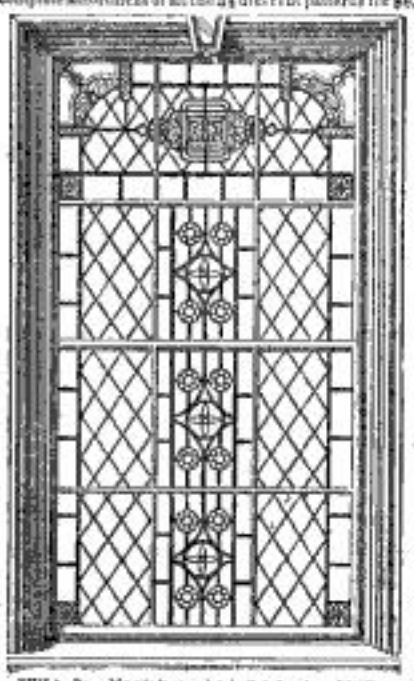
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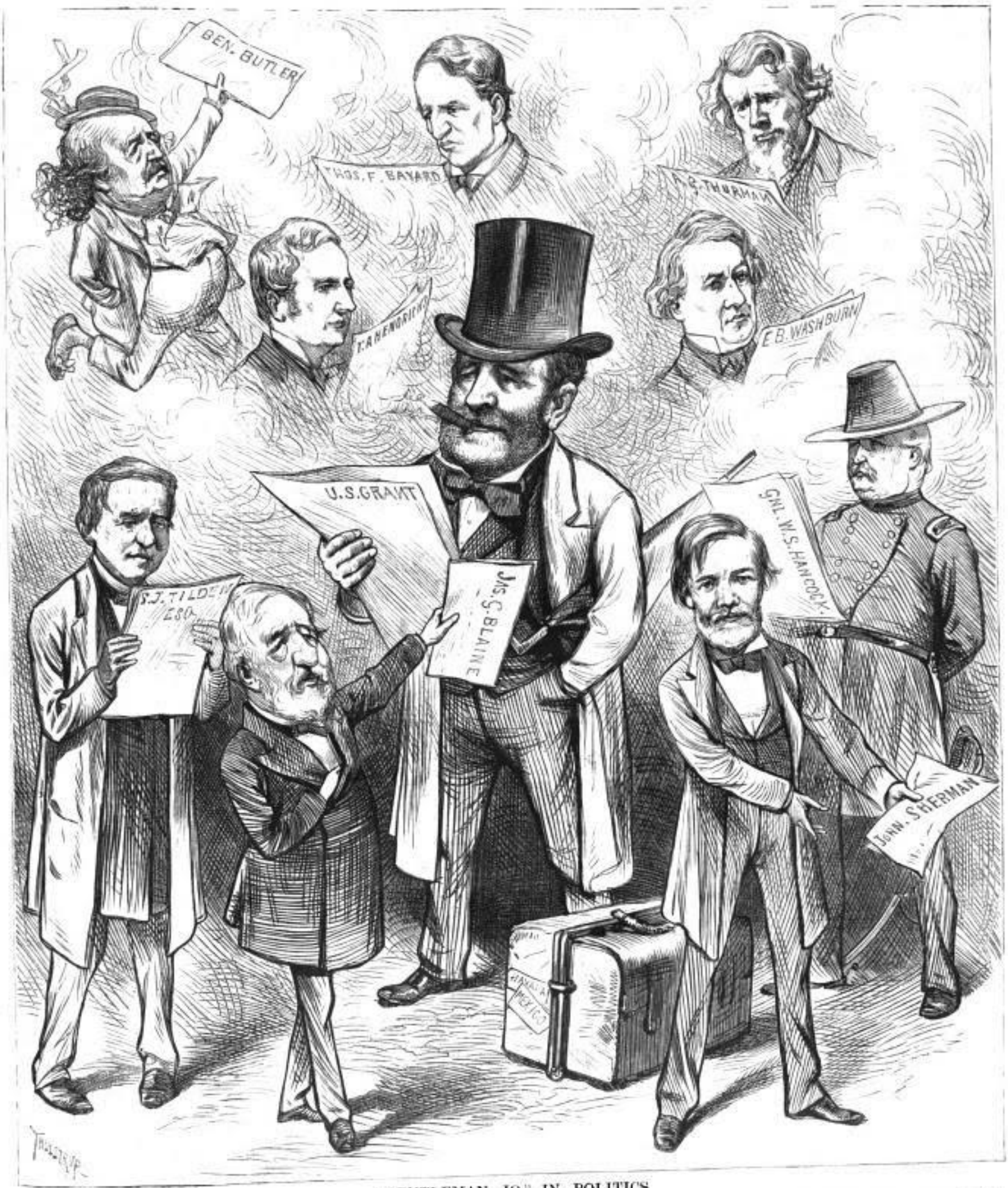
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NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1880.

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P. O. Box 4121.

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NEW FRONT TO AN OLD QUESTION.

THE House of Representatives has at last taken an important step in a direction looking to the improvement of the Federal election laws. As the law now stands, the United States Marshal of every judicial district may appoint as many deputy marshals as he pleases, in every city of twenty thousand inhabitants, with power to aid the supervisors of election by making summary arrests during the period of registration or voting. As the United States Marshal under the present Administration is everywhere a Republican, it follows that none but Republicans are appointed as his deputies for election purposes. The compensation of each deputy is at the rate of five dollars per day for a term of ten days, and hence it is easy to see that the law, as it stands, enables the marshal to surround himself with a host of deputies, and to arm them with fifty dollars a piece for partisan purposes performed in the guise and with the plenary authority of Federal agents. In this way the Federal treasury, at the will and pleasure of an unscrupulous marshal or of an unscrupulous deputy, may be assessed for a corruption fund or an electioneering fund, to be used by one party to the disadvantage of the other, and to the damage of the people at large. And that the law has sometimes been so abused in fact was a matter of public notoriety at the last Federal election, when twelve hundred deputies were appointed in New York and nearly eight hundred in Philadelphia, comprising in their number some very disreputable persons, whose character and antecedents sufficiently disclosed the kind of service which was expected at their hands.

But instead of attacking these abuses of the law, the Democratic majority in Congress, at the late extra session, proposed to nullify the law in all its features, and to compass this result by bringing a coercive power to bear on the Executive department of the Government. In his veto message of May 29th, 1879, President Hayes expressed the opinion that "the great body of the people of all parties want free and fair elections," and at the same time do not think that "a free election means freedom from the wholesome restraints of law." Instead of favoring a relaxation of the authority of the Federal Government in the premises, he believed that public opinion demanded greater vigor both in the enactment and enforcement of the laws framed for protecting the purity of Federal elections. But in that spirit of candor which has characterized the words and acts of the President on this subject, he was careful to add that he would co-operate with Congress in correcting "any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the working of the existing laws."

With a blindness which seemed judicial the Democratic majority at the late extra session refused to profit by this hint of the Executive, and preferred to take the consequences of a course which was little less than revolutionary in its theory. It is, therefore, gratifying to observe that this recalcitrant majority, in the House of Representatives at least, is no longer disposed to kick against the pricks of an Executive veto, especially since the rights and duties of the Executive in the premises have been reinforced by a recent decision of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the existing legislation under this head.

We refer to the recent passage of a Bill by the House of Representatives making appropriations for the salaries of the marshals and their deputies, but accompanied with the following proviso as regards the latter:

"Provided that hereafter special deputy marshals of elections for performing any duties in reference to any election shall receive the sum of $5 per day in full for their compensation, and that the appointments of such special deputy marshals shall be made by the Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district in which such marshals are to perform their duties, or by the district judge in the absence of the circuit judge. Said special deputies shall be appointed in equal numbers from the different political parties; and the persons so appointed shall be persons of good moral character and shall be well-known residents of the voting precinct in which their duties are to be performed."

This proviso was regularly draughted by Mr. Garfield, and was accepted as a "compromise" by the Democratic majority of the House, with the opposition of only a few dissentients who seemed ambitious of representing that Bourbon sentiment which forgets nothing and learns nothing. But Bourbonism, it seems, is not the peculiar possession of the Democratic Party. As all parties have their Radicals, so all parties have their Bourbons. Especially is this the case at the present time, when each of the two dominant and historical parties of the country is compelled to found its hope of success on the unwisdom of its opponents rather than on any wisdom of its own. An accession of wisdom to the Democratic Party in its dealing with any practical question is seen by the Republican leaders to be so much subtracted from their party capital in the coming Presidential campaign. In the present case there is a positive danger that the Republicans may not only lose the partisan services of a set of hireling deputies, but also the good electioneering cry which was furnished to them by the blunder of the Democrats at the late extraordinary session of Congress. Hence the opposition of the Republican minority to the passage of the amendment we have cited; for the objection that the amendment, though good in itself, is exceptionable as a "rider," is scarcely tenable, in view of the fact that a "rider," in the true acceptation of that term, is always something straddled upon an appropriation Bill because it has not merit enough of its own to procure for it the honor of an independent passage. An amendment germane to the subject matter of a Bill, and correcting obvious abuses and misappropriations in the expenditures of the public moneys, is not a "rider" properly so called, though even in the present case we could have wished that the Democratic majority, instead of aiming a blow at the most flagrant defects of the present Federal election laws, had addressed themselves to the task of digesting a well-considered measure under this head, in the shape of a separate Bill designed to correct all the "oppression" and "partiality" of the existing statutes.

Meanwhile, the fate of the pending amendment is implicated in the tactics of parties manœuvring for a position in the next election. The stalwart Republicans of the Senate are expected to oppose it, because they resent, in its passage, an untimely exhibition of Democratic discretion as well as the loss of valuable auxiliaries in carrying "a strong Government" at the polls. The stalwart Democrats are expected to oppose it in the Senate, on the ground that it involves a surrender of the high and dry position on which the Democracy planted themselves at the extra session. And so between these two classes of incapables and incurables there is some danger that the country may be defrauded, after all, of the reform it desiderates in the Federal election laws. But as the Democrats have an absolute majority in the Senate, it is obvious that the chief responsibility for the success or the defeat of the pending measure must rest upon them, as there is every reason to believe that President Hayes will concur in the policy of the proposed amendment.

POLAR EXPLORATION.

ANOTHER vigorous effort is to be made by American enterprise to unlock the mysteries of the frozen Arctic seas. Captain H. W. Howgate, who is widely known as the projector of the preliminary expedition of Captain Tyson year before last, has purchased a steamer which he is now having fitted out at Alexandria, Virginia, for Arctic work, and it is expected that, with ordinary good fortune, the second expedition will set out about May 1st for the Polar regions. A few days since a Bill was reported in the House of Representatives which authorizes the President to establish a temporary station within the Arctic Circle, for the purpose of making scientific discoveries, explorations and observations, obtaining all possible facts and knowledge in relation to the magnetic currents of the earth, the influence of ice-floes therefrom upon the winds and seasons and upon the currents of the ocean, as well as other matters incidental thereto, developing and discovering at the same time other and new whale-fisheries, now so material in many respects to this country. It is proposed that this expedition, having such scientific observations in view, shall be regularly made for a series of years, under such restrictions of military discipline as will insure regularity and accuracy, and give the fullest possible return for the necessary expenditure. The Committee on Naval Affairs, in reporting this Bill, declare that "in view of the fact that either the Governments directly, or scientific corps under their authority, of Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Denmark and Russia, have concurrently agreed to establish similar stations, with like object, during the year 1880, both the interests and policy of our people demand that the United States should co-operate in the grand efforts to be thus made in the solution of the mysteries and secrets of the North Polar Seas, upon which, in the opinion of scientists, depends so much that affects the health and wealth of the human race."

Captain Howgate's scheme, which has the sanction of leading American geographers and scientists, contemplates the establishment of the first colony of exploration at some point north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, on or near the shore of Lady Franklin Bay. His expedition will be composed of hardy, resolute and intelligent men, who will be provided with all modern appliances for overcoming the physical obstacles in the pathway to the Pole, and for resisting the effects of hunger, cold and sickness, so as to deprive it of the means of retreat, except at stated periods of time. Among these appliances will be sets of signal equipments, copper telegraph wire, and other means of communication. Provided with these, it is believed that parties of explorers will be able to move forward with confidence, establishing advanced sub-stations, and thus gradually approaching the Pole without serious risk. The House Committee, in concluding their report, remark:

"While your committee believe that the interests of geographical and scientific discovery, as set forth by Professors Henry, Loomis and others, in connection with the proposed Arctic station, are of themselves of sufficient magnitude to warrant favorable legislation, they do not exclude the additional practical consideration of the political and commercial results that are probable to flow from the discovery of new fields for the whale-fisheries. That large section of country from which springs the American sailor, whose education and wealth is largely derived from these fields, is entitled, as a matter of justice, to have their interest cared for in this direction. This home of sailors becomes, not only an element of commercial wealth, but a resource of national defense, which should not be lost sight of by the American statesmen.

The country will approve, we doubt not, the wise conclusions of the committee, and will, moreover, watch with eager interest the progress of the scheme here outlined and commended.

THE COURSE OF SPECULATION. COTTON.

THE great staple of the South—cotton—is a favorite "deal" with speculators; and operations entered into for the purpose of affecting or controlling its value have often had the most far-reaching and unlooked-for influence. Although the cotton-gin and the spinning-jenny are among the inventions of the last century, American cotton has not been of much importance, commercially, more than sixty years. In 1820 the entire crop of the United States was only 240,000 bales of present weight, or less than the quantity now grown in the comparatively small State of South Carolina.

The first great speculation in American occurred in 1825, when the crop had increased to 569,000 bales. The movement is known in commercial history as the "bobbinet prosperity." It began in Liverpool on the delay of supplies from the United States, and the discovery that the stock was only half as large as estimated. The price rose in Liverpool 110 per cent, and in the United States 85 per cent. Forced sales burst the bubble, and a general and severe panic followed, aggravated by financial disturbances. The high prices during the planting season that year caused an increase of the crop next season to nearly a million bales, and for some years there was but little increase upon this quantity. The next great speculation was in 1839, under the lead of the famous Nicholas Biddle, of the United States Bank at Philadelphia. It brought ruin to its projectors. The next grew out of the late civil war, closing the Southern ports and cutting off communication between the cotton-growers and the manufacturers of cotton goods. The price of Middling Uplands rose from 8¼ cents, in December, 1860, to $2.85 per pound in 1864. After the war there was an effort to sustain cotton at abnormal figures, on the theory that the free negro would not work, and that, therefore, the growth of cotton at the South must be very small for many years. The growth of cotton in the ten years after the war was greater than in the ten years preceding it, and in the effort to sustain the price, Southern, Montreal and Liverpool banks and capitalists were losers of large sums.

A speculation for an advance in cotton began about one year ago, and succeeded in forcing an advance of nearly 50 per cent., which has been supported with much vigor down to a recent period in the face of greatly increased production. It received its first impulse from a greatly increased demand for goods at Manchester. Her spinners were compelled to buy the raw material at steadily advancing prices. Not only this, the visible supply at the close of March, 1879, was nearly 300,000 bales less than one year before, although the receipts from the American crop in seven months, at the Southern ports, had increased 230,000 bales, showing an enormous increase in the ratio of consumption.

The present statistical position is a notable one. The latest report from the National Cotton Exchange indicated that the crop for the coming season will be about 5,540,000 bales, an increase of 466,000 bales over last season, and 767,000 bales over the season of 1877-8. So large an increase seems almost incredible. And yet the increase in the consumption has more than kept pace with it. The visible supply of cotton at the principal markets of the world at the latest dates was 218,000 bales less than two years ago, when the American crop was more than three-quarters of a million bales less! The cotton crops of other countries have not varied much. But it is asserted, in modification of this exhibit of the visible supply, that the "invisible supply," composed of stocks in the hands of spinners, is larger than in former years. The report of the National Cotton Exchange makes the takings of American spinners for the first half of the current crop year 1,238,096 bales, an increase of 367,035 bales over the corresponding period of the previous year, and as the consumption has not probably increased so much, they are undoubtedly carrying larger stocks than last year—probably 250,000 bales more. As respects the consumption of cotton in Europe, statistics show that it amounts to about 105,000 bales of 400 pounds each weekly, against 95,000 bales one year ago, an increase of more than ten per cent. It is thus apparent that, unless the spinners are carrying large stocks, there must be a deficiency in the supply before October.

Still, prices have latterly declined. The great cloud hanging over the speculation is the prospect of an excessive planting for the next crop, promising, with an average season for growth and picking, a yield of little less than seven million bales. The Southern Press remonstrates, but in vain. The planters are called upon to raise bacon and corn, but the planters, seeing their railroad communications with the Northwest extending and perfecting, say they will raise cotton where it can be grown, and buy their corn and bacon of those who cannot grow cotton. What the other countries will do when the United States exports between four and five million bales of cotton in a single season, remains to be seen. But there is danger of such a decline in price as to cause widespread disaster to the growers and greatly retard the rising prosperity of the South.

OUR POLITICAL CHART

THE attempted revival of the doctrine of State Rights, and the position of those who maintain that the powers of the General Government are delegated and limited while those of the States grow out of the attribute of sovereignty, induces the question: Are the men of to-day wiser than those who framed the organic law of the country and launched the national ship of State? Touching this whole subject, the American people can have no clearer light than that afforded by the Constitution itself. That instrument is something more than a mere piece of political journey-work. It required greater skill and higher sagacity than that of merely common minds to construct a governmental system which should hold together, as at present, thirty eight States with their local governments, the line of whose united territory runs down all the parallels of latitude from New Brunswick to the Gulf of Mexico, and whose area stretches from ocean to ocean.

As we view it, the Constitution of the United States was formed and adopted for the purpose of securing in perpetuity two grand specific objects, the union of the States, being the first. It is the bond of that union, and in no ambiguous language it states and defines its terms. No one among all the dead has ever been able, no man of all the living is competent, to speak in terms warm enough and high enough of its importance in this respect. The wisdom of its conception, its adaptation to promote an aggregate result of unrivaled national prosperity and happiness, and its ability to withstand assault, are matters which have challenged, and still do challenge, the admiration of the most highly civilized nations. It is true that our country presents a diversified climate, and that the local pursuits and productions of the geographical sections differ in character. But their interests, if not identical, are far from being inconsistent and hostile. On the contrary, it is in their unity that the nation finds its wealth and power, and no man, whether he belongs to a commercial, manu-

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facturing, grain-growing or planting State, can make it apparent to the public mind that he is less prosperous or less happy than he would have been if the National Government had never existed.

The second great object kept in view by the framers of the Constitution was to fix limits to delegated authority, or, in other words, to impose constitutional restraints on political power. There are those who entertain the opinion that if political power be delegated power, then there can be but little or no fear of its abuse. The people's favorites and servants, they imagine, may be safely trusted. To this school the men who gave the country its present admirable system of government did not belong. They sought to make assurance doubly sure by providing, firstly, for the election, at short intervals, of political agents by the people themselves; and, secondly, by prescribing constitutional restraints on all branches of this delegated authority. It is not among the most hopeful signs of the present time that politicians, self-imposed leaders of party, seek to substitute personal confidence for legal restraint, and men for principles. The sentiment which tends to promote an unlimited, if it be but an elective, government, aims a deathblow at all which is valuable in the Constitution for the preservation of freedom to the citizen and for the perpetuation of the spirit and genius of republican government. To repose an excessive, unlimited, unconstitutional confidence in men; to admit that, as official agents, they may interpret the public will in their own way, in antagonism to the Constitution and laws, or that they may set up anything for the declaration of that will except the Constitution and laws themselves, or that any public servant, high or low, should undertake to constitute himself or to call himself the representative of the people, except in so far as the Constitution and the laws may create and denominate him such representative, is to menace with destruction both the Constitution and the union of the States.

It has been truthfully as well as forcibly said that "there is no usurpation so dangerous as that which comes in the borrowed name of the people. If from some other authority, or other source, prerogatives be attempted to be enforced upon the people, they naturally oppose and resist it. It is an open enemy, and they can easily subdue it. But that which professes to act in their name, and by their own authority, that which calls itself their servant, the present Congress, for instance—although it exercises their power without legal right or constitutional sanction—requires something more of vigilance to detect, and something more of stern patriotism to repress; and if it be not seasonably both detected and repressed, then the Republic is already in the downward path of those which have gone before it." The very essence of all security for the preservation of liberty, the hopes of a national future greater and grander than all that has gone before, lies in enforcing a strict submission, by every branch of the Government, to the limitations and restraints of the Constitution. "Whatever Government is not a Government of laws, is a despotism, let it be called what it may."

BRIGANDAGE in Greece is at least a profitable, if not a reputable, pursuit. It is announced that the sum of $60,000 has been paid for the ransom of Colonel Synge, who was captured some time ago by certain adventurous ruffians. Had the captive been a Cabinet Minister, or something of that sort, this sum would no doubt have been doubled or trebled. It is plain that people with lean purses cannot afford to travel in Greece.

THE election contest in Great Britain is growing in heat and intensity. This is especially the case in Scotland. It is believed that Mr. Gladstone, who is said to be over-worked, will be returned from Midlothian, and that the Liberals will gain some seats in Scotland now held by Tories. The party majority of the Government is less than sixty, and thirty seats must, therefore, be won to bring Tory supremacy to an end. It may be doubted, in view of the mistakes of the Liberal canvass, whether the aggregate gains will reach this figure.

THE reputation of South Carolina suffers through a free use of whisky and the carrying of deadly weapons by her people. The Charleston *News*, in a list which it does not pretend is complete, gives an appalling account of the crimes committed in that State during the past two months. In that time there were twenty-one cases of homicide, sixteen assaults with intent to kill, and two cases of rape. The homicides and assaults were almost, without exception, by whites upon whites, or by negroes upon people of their own color. The State seems to be in need of missionary effort.

MR. BLAINE is said to have declared recently that he will not make a personal canvass for the Presidential nomination. In conversation with a gentleman who desired him to "take a hand" in Ohio against Secretary Sherman, he said that in 1876 he was by force of circumstances drawn into an aggressive campaign, which was against his wishes and against his taste; and that now, in 1880, he proposes, so far as he is concerned, to let his friends do just as they please, and he will not direct or request anything. If the Senator shall honestly adhere to this position, he will establish a fresh claim upon the public appreciation.

MR. PARNELL has signalized his return to Ireland by setting the Liberals and Home Rulers by the ears, and introducing discord and confusion where harmony is absolutely essential to success over the Conservatives. The facts appear to be that before Parnell's arrival Mr. Gladstone had agreed, on behalf of the Liberals, not to interfere in districts where it was probable that Home Rule candidates might prevail over the Conservatives, and the Home Rulers agreed in return not to nominate candidates in districts where the Liberals might possibly succeed. This agreement has been repudiated by Parnell, who proposes to place men in nomination who will fight the Moderates to the bitter end. This course can only result in the election of an increased number of Conservatives from Ireland, and in the disintegration, possibly, of the so-called Nationalists, not only in the present, but for some time to come.

KEARNEYISM has suffered another defeat, the United States Court in San Francisco having just decided that the State law forbidding the employment of Chinese by corporations is unconstitutional and void. This decision is in harmony with one rendered in an Oregon case some years ago, and it is difficult to understand how any other determination of the issue raised by the Kearneyites could have been expected. The Burlingame treaty, which forms part of the supreme law of the land, invites Chinese immigration and guarantees immigrants full protection and equal rights, and no State enactment can abridge or impair the right of the Chinaman to follow any lawful calling which is open to persons of other nationalities. It is announced that the case which provoked this decision will be carried to the United States Supreme Court, and this is, perhaps, desirable, as a final settlement of the question in dispute will thus be secured.

THE exhibit of the results of the *Herald* weather service during the past year illustrates in a remarkable way the possibilities now attainable in meteorological science. Of the storm warnings telegraphed to Europe during the first half of the year not a single one failed of fulfillment. Of the forty-one warnings by cable of the movement towards the European coasts of various forms of atmospheric disturbances sent during the six months ending with the 14th of February last, thirty-three were fulfilled completely, seven were partially fulfilled, and one failed of verification. The value of the work thus gratuitously performed with such wonderful accuracy by the *Herald* to the commercial and other interests of the world, is practically incalculable; and, as an illustration of the enterprise of American journalism, very naturally attracts the attention, while at the same time eliciting the plaudits, of the press and people everywhere throughout Europe.

THE *Commercial Bulletin* puts this conundrum: "Can anybody say why a resident of the rural districts should be made Health Officer for the Port of New York? The position is one which requires some little knowledge of quarantine practice, shipping and commercial usage; but what knowledge of these things has Mr. William N. Smith, of Alleghany County, who has been confirmed by the Senate? It would be just as preposterous to take a ship captain or a 'longshoreman to superintend a dairy farm or a cheese factory among the green fields or on the mountain slopes of the interior." This is all very true; but then the "machine" politicans must be cared for. It is sheer idiocy to suppose that our partisan rulers will permit such considerations as the preservation of the health of the metropolis or the welfare of its commerce to stand in the way of the advancement of political favorites or the ratification of political bargains.

ARCHBISHOP WOOD of Philadelphia is uncompromising in his opposition to the Ancient Order of Hibernians and similar Irish societies. Ascertaining that the "ancients" were soon to hold a convention in the "city of brotherly love," the bishop has addressed a circular letter to his flock in which he denounces the "insidious efforts that have been and are being made in many parts of the diocese, and probably throughout the country, to blind and deceive the faithful and to entangle them in the meshes and shackles of these unlawful and forbidden societies." The bishop says that these societies are known by different appellations, such, for example, as "the National Brotherhood, condemned by the Bishops of Ireland, and the Fenian Brotherhood, whose efforts to aggregate members to their association in this country are unscrupulous and unceasing." The bishop places the Molly Maguires, the A. O. H. and the Buckshots in one class, and remarks that their names seem to have been selected rather to conceal than to indicate the object of their association.

IT was given out some time since that Minister Seward was retained in China because his experience would enable him to negotiate an advantageous treaty with that Government. Now it turns out that no progress whatever has been made in that direction during the past year, and President James B. Angell, of Michigan University, has just been appointed as Minister in Mr. Seward's place, with John F. Swift, of California, and William H. Trescott, of South Carolina, to assist him in securing such a revision of the present treaty with China as shall satisfy the legitimate demands of public sentiment in this country, and yet confirm and strengthen our friendly relations with the Empire of China, which are so important to the interest of our growing Eastern commerce and our influence in Asia. If the result desired is at all possible of attainment, these gentlemen will, no doubt, secure it. President Angell is a man of great learning, Mr. Swift is an eminent lawyer, and Mr. Trescott, who was formerly Assistant Secretary of State and, later, one of the counsels of the Government in the Northern Fishery Question, is one of the ablest writers on international law whom this country has produced. The country may well rejoice that the diplomatic service in China is no longer to be disgraced by a person who has been charged with the gravest misdemeanors.

THE aggregate deposits in all the savings banks of this State on the first of January last amounted to $319,266,020, representing 870,622 depositors. The deposits in the banks of this city were $175,371,862. The average cost of managing the deposits, including salaries and all other expenses, was $1.07 per year for each account. This cannot be regarded as extravagant, but it is greatly in excess of the cost of the same service in Massachusetts and other States. In the former State the cost of management averages only 87 cents for each account, while in Connecticut it averages $1.03. In the British savings banks the same service is procured for about one-fourth the cost in this State. Superintendent Lamb, in his annual report, says: "Very frequently the expenditures in our savings banks are excessive and do not meet the requirements of the statute that, after paying necessary current expenses, the depositors shall receive the benefit of the income from their deposits. The reported current expenses fall short of the actual cost. For the savings banks, or fifty-five of them in the State, own banking houses in which is invested the sum of $9,000,000. The income from this property barely pays the current expenses upon it. In consequence, the capital invested yields no net income and pays no interest to those savings banks." The superintendent says very truly that rigorous economy is the only remedy for past extravagance and unprofitable investments in palatial banking houses by the managers of these institutions.

THERE are elements of discord in both the Republican and Democratic parties which may seriously affect the result of the coming Presidential canvass. Among the Republicans there is a widespread aversion to the third-term idea, and in the event of General Grant's nomination, this feeling will flower into open revolt, especially among the Germans, who, upon this question, are practically unanimous. Among the Democrats, there is a want of unity and a sharp contention as to candidates which is prophetic of nothing but disaster in certain contingencies. The nomination of Mr. Tilden, for instance, would be opposed by a strong element of the party in this State. The selection of Mr. Bayard would arouse the opposition of many of the old "war Democrats," while also alienating the support of the Greenback element of the party. The opposition to Mr. Tilden is so intense on the part of Tammany Hall that rooms have already been taken at Cincinnati for the accommodation of three hundred representative "workers" who, with the prominent men of that organization, will do everything in their power to defeat his nomination. Mr. Tilden, however, will have a strong following, and his case will lose nothing from the want of astute management. It is quite among the possibilities, in view of existing and prospective rivalries and disputes, that both parties may think it wise to concentrate upon new men for the Presidential race, and so far as the Republicans are concerned, such a course, if it should result in the nomination of Washburne or some equally reputable candidate, would certainly seem to be discreet and desirable.

A MATTER of a good deal of importance to the people of Utah has just been brought to the attention of Congress. It appears that by means of a system of incorporated cities the Mormons have practically obtained control of all the arable land of the Territory, and unless the land laws of the United States shall be there enforced, vast wrong and damage will be inflicted upon the Gentile population. There are in all thirty-seven of these cities in Utah, some of which, with less than 1,000 inhabitants, exercise municipal jurisdiction over 40 square miles. The charters granted to these so-called cities by the Territorial Legislature cover 720 square miles, and embrace nearly all, if not quite all, of the land of the Territory which can be irrigated by natural means and is attractive to the farmer. A Washington dispatch says that "excluding Salt Lake City, the total number of inhabitants in the remaining 36 of these cities, in 1870, was less than 32,000, or an average of a little over 1,000 for each settlement; and out of the 460,000 acres held under their charters they have been able to secure as town sites only 38,000 acres, in accordance with the law which allows such town site patents to be taken only in proportion to the number of inhabitants. By means of this monopoly the polygamists have excluded from these lands all who did not profess and manifest a belief in the doctrines taught and upheld by Brigham Young." The United States Senate last week adopted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for all the facts in the case, and it is possible that if the land laws shall be found to be defective, the necessary corrective legislation may be enacted. This will certainly be the case if Congress has any proper appreciation of its duty in the premises.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

NEARLY all of the striking piano-makers of New York City have returned to work.

OVER 2,000 immigrants were landed at Castle Garden, in this city, in one day last week.

THE Governor of California has signed a Bill taxing corporations and savings bank deposits.

A NATIONAL mass-meeting of Republicans opposed to a third-term candidate for the Presidency is called to meet at St. Louis some time in May.

THE Rhode Island Democrats have nominated Horace M. Kimball for Governor, and selected Presidential delegates favorable to Tilden if he shall prove "available."

A PETITION has been introduced in the United States Senate asking Congress to inquire into the legality of the Brooklyn Bridge, and particularly as to whether it obstructs navigation.

THE Post Office Department has advertised for bids for miscellaneous star routes throughout the United States, numbering in all 425. The contracts will be let in May and go into effect on the 1st of July.

J. F. WEATHERWAX, of Herkimer County, has been confirmed by the Senate as State Assessor; and Dr. Smith, of Alleghany, as Health Officer at this port. The appointments are sharply criticised by some Republican journals.

INDIAN raids are reported in New Mexico; in one instance they attacked the mail stage on the Santa Fé route, killing the driver, destroying the mail, and driving off the stock. Chief Ouray and the Ute Indians have left Washington for Colorado.

THE Interior Department has been informed that large numbers of Sitting Bull's band have applied at Fort Peck for rations, offering to surrender their arms and ponies. These surrenders, Secretary Schurz says, will have to be made to the military posts.

THE majority report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in favor of giving Mr. Kellogg's seat to Mr. Spofford, was presented March 22d. Senator Blair presented the minority report, denouncing the proposed action as a crime to be classed with the firing on Fort Sumter.

THE Navy Department has received from the Baltimore Board of Trade a list of merchants who desire to be furnished with samples of the cotton recently sent here from Africa by Commodore Shufeldt, of the *Ticonderoga*. The Boards of Trade in New York and other cities will be invited to furnish similar lists.

ON March 23d the Supreme Court of Alabama rendered an opinion in a case involving the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, the amount at issue being several million dollars. The court decided that the first trust deed of 1853 had a first lien on the whole main line of the road in Alabama, but not on the Government land grant, and also to a corresponding portion of the rolling stock; the other portion of the rolling stock pertaining to the road in Georgia.

THE long litigation over the celebrated Maxwell grant in New Mexico has been terminated by a foreclosure sale of the entire property under a decree of Chief Justice Fraze. This finally sets at rest the title of nearly 2,000,000 acres of the most valuable mineral and grazing land in New Mexico. It includes some 5,000 acres of well-watered grazing land, over 600 acres of surveyed coal land and the famous Moreno Valley Placer Mines, besides several gold quartz mines, including the Aztec mine.

EUGENE FAIRFAX WILLIAMSON was arrested in Baltimore on March 24th, and admitted that he was the author of the letters and the tricks which caused so great annoyance to Dr. DIX. He says that Dr. Dix never injured him, and he is unable to explain the motives which prompted him to persecute the clergyman. Williamson is a resident of Pittsburg, and made two visits of about a week each to this city to carry out his plot, living at the Windsor Hotel while here. He was arrested by Superintendent Gayler, of the New York Post Office.

Foreign.

DEFALCATIONS amounting to $525,000 have been discovered in the Overland Custom House, St. Petersburg.

THE Emperor of Russia has presented to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria a war steamer, 40,000 rifles and several Krupp guns.

ON March 9th the business quarter of Samana, Santo Domingo, was destroyed by fire, causing an aggregate loss of $150,000.

IT is reported that the French Ambassador to the Vatican has been instructed to prepare the Pope for a revision of the concordat with France.

ABDUL MOUTILLAH PASHA, the newly appointed Grand Shereef of Mecca, will leave Constantinople for his post on Saturday, escorted by two battalions.

A MINISTERIAL crisis has occurred in Brazil. Dom Saraiva has replaced Dom Cansansaode Sinimbu as President of the Council and Minister of Public Works and of Agriculture.

IT is rumored that Count von Hatzfeld, the present Ambassador of Germany at Constantinople, will be appointed, in September, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the place of Herr von Bülow, deceased.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie, traveling *incognita*, and accompanied by Colonel Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., and Lady Wood, the Marquis of Bassano and a small suite, has departed for the scene of the Prince Imperial's death.

A PANAMA dispatch states that the Chilian forces, to the number of about 5,000, have made a successful landing at Pacocha, Peru, and that 3,000 more occupied the village of Vitor, a coast town twenty miles south of Pacocha.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has written a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, stating that there is now no fear of famine in Ireland, but there is dire destitution in the mountainous parts and on the sea coast. There is great need of clothing and seed.

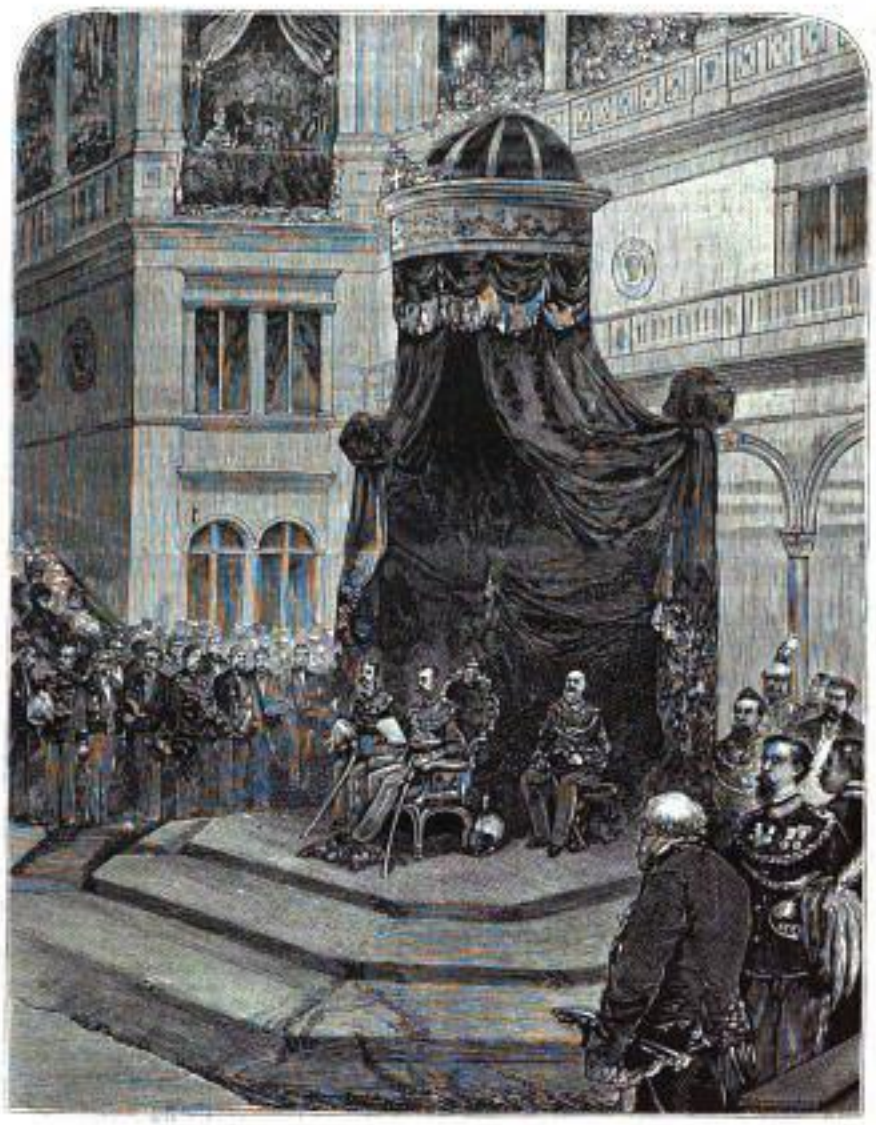
THE British Parliament was formally dissolved March 24th. The Queen's speech was read by Lord Cairns, the Lord High Chancellor. There were present only twenty-five members of the House of Commons, fourteen peers and eleven ladies.

A NEW Greek Ministry has been formed, with M. Tricoupis as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Mavrocordatos, Minister of Education and Public Worship; M. Lombardos, Minister of Interior; M. Petmezas, Minister of Justice; M. Balgaris, Minister of Marine, and M. Karaiskakis, Minister of War.

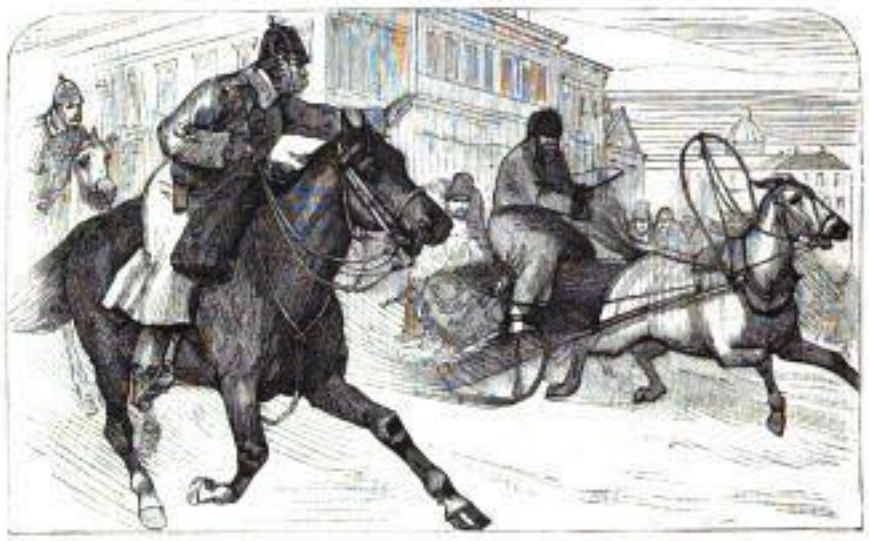
THE British troops at Jelalabad were ordered to advance on Gundamuk by forced marches, in consequence of a report of the hostile attitude of the Southern Ghilzais. A deserter reports that Gholam Hyder, Governor of Afghan Turkestan, sent three regiments with six guns towards Balkh to oppose Abdulrahman Khan, but they went over bodily to Abdulrahman, and Gholam Hyder has fled.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



ITALY.—KING HUMBERT OPENING THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.



RUSSIA.—POLICE ESPIONAGE IN ST. PETERSBURG.



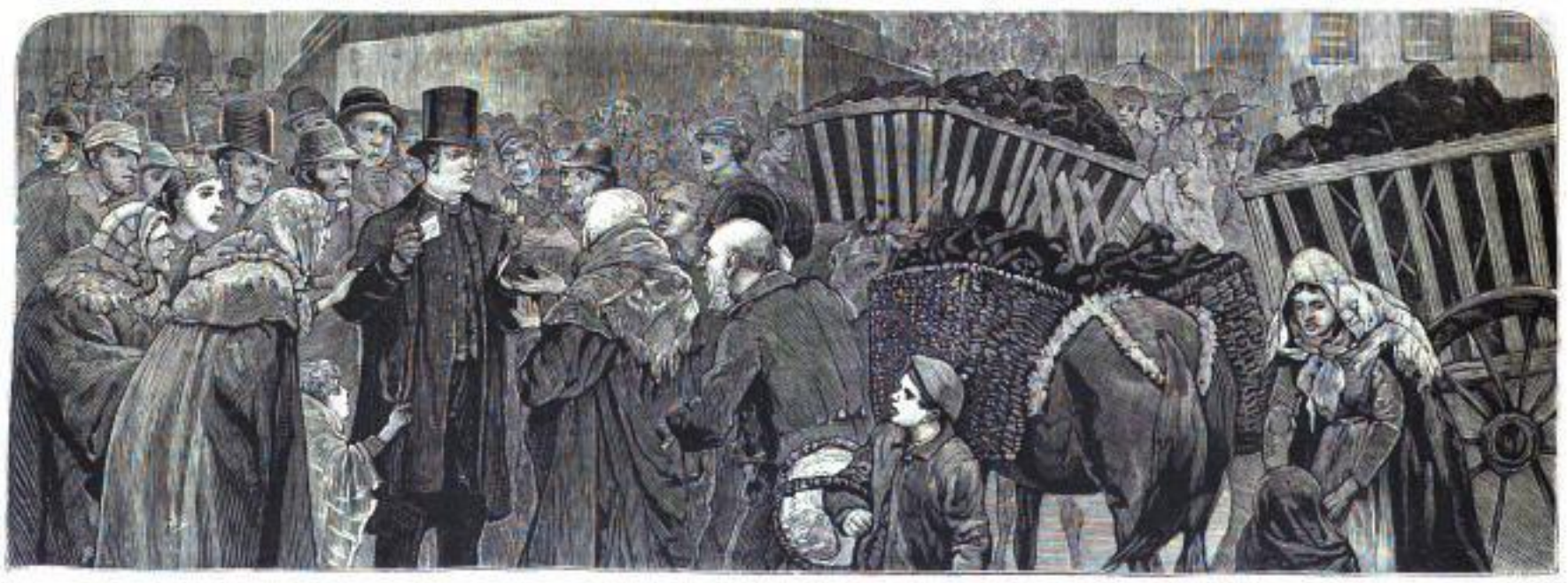
RUSSIA.—PRISONERS AT A RAILWAY STATION.



COCHIN CHINA.—A GAME OF CHESS WITH LIVING FIGURES AT SAIGON.

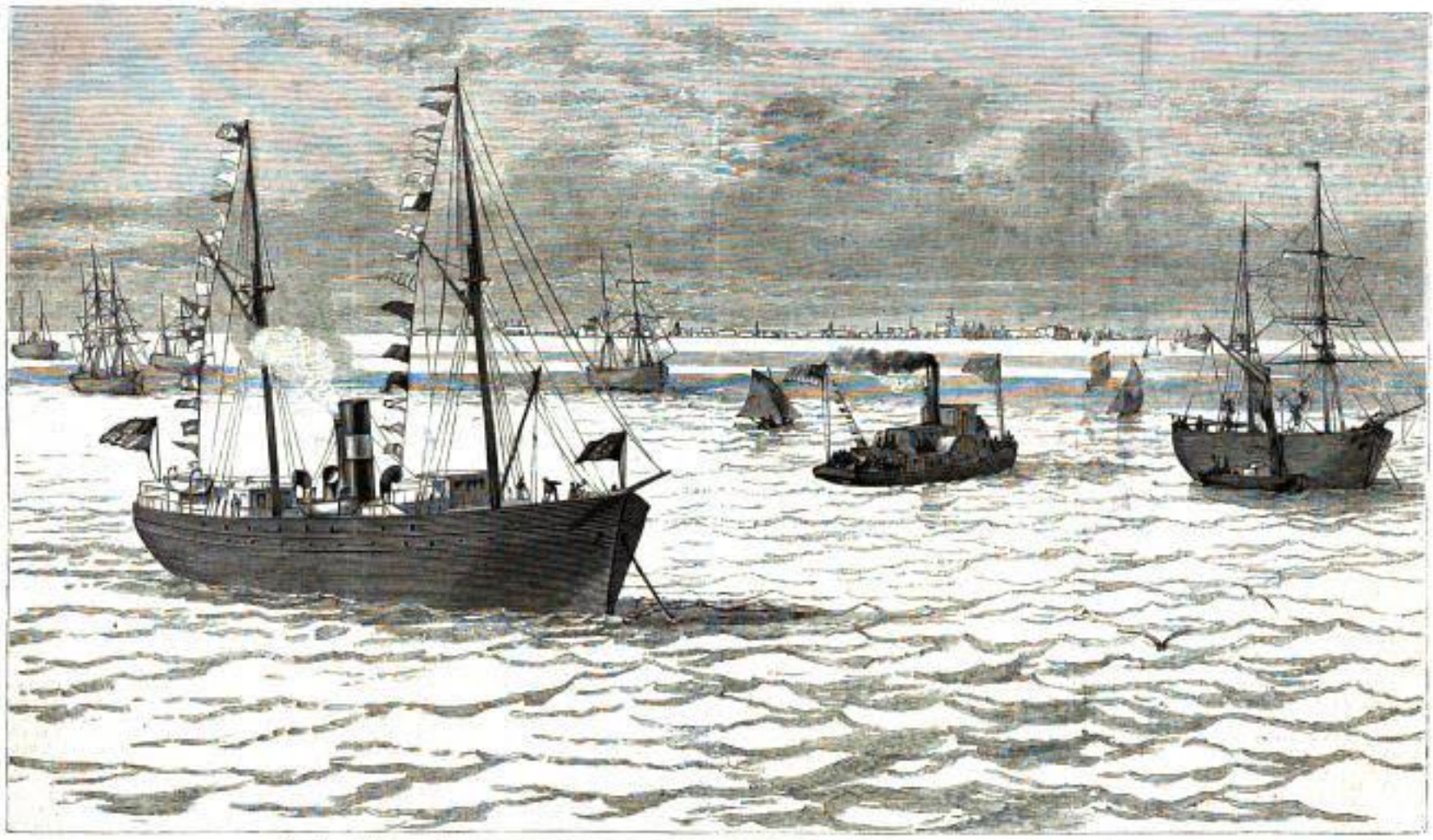


IRELAND.—AN AGENT GOING TO BUSINESS AT WESTPORT, MAYO.

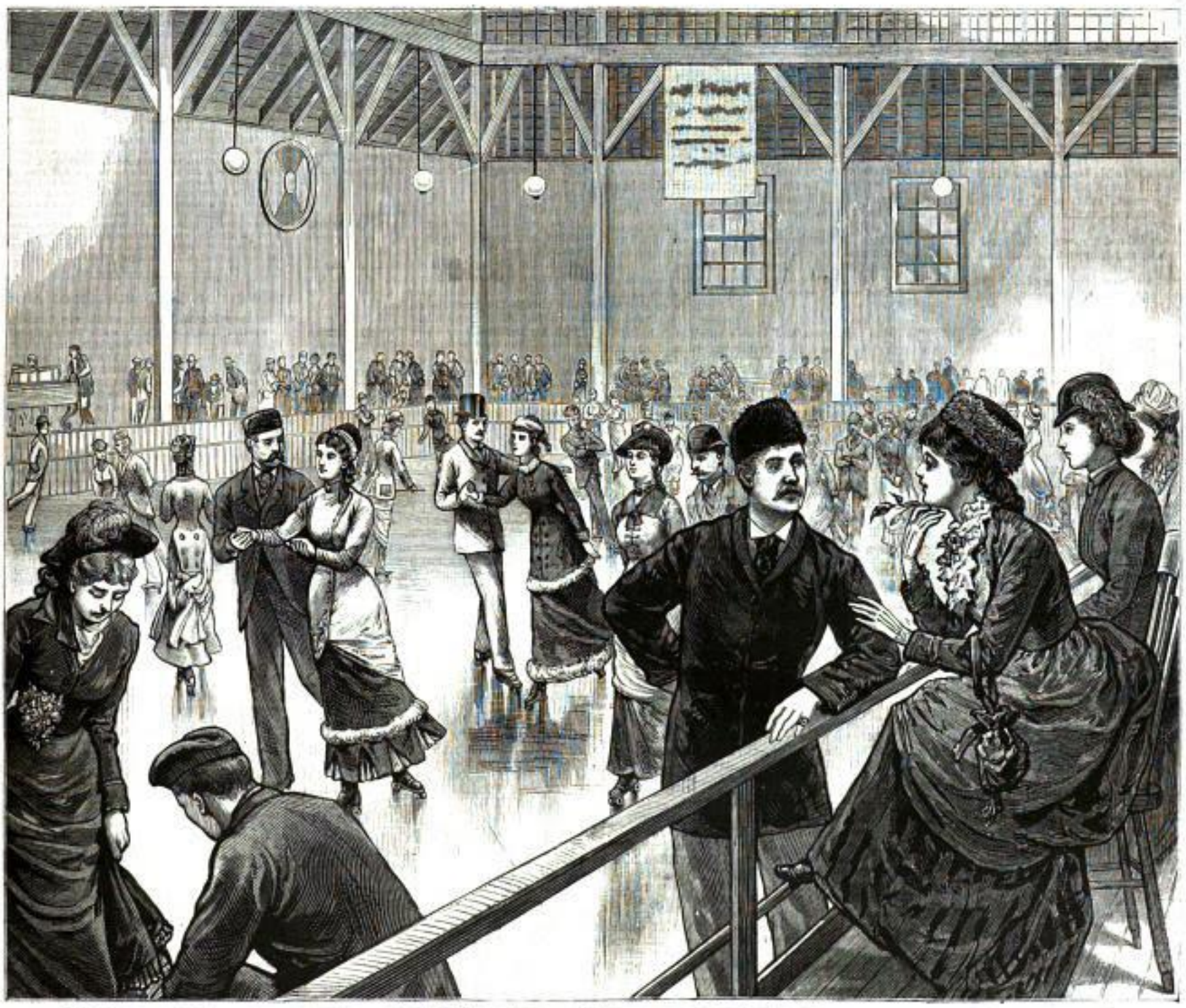


IRELAND.—DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TICKETS IN THE TURF MARKET, WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO.

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TEXAS.—THE REVENUE CUTTER "M'LEAN" CONVEYING GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY FROM THE STEAMER TO THE WHARF AT GALVESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.
SEE PAGE 86.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—A FASHIONABLE ROLLER-SKATING RINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.
SEE PAGE 86.

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A SPY'S REVENGE.

BY COLLINS SHACKELFORD.

(Conclusion.)

THE despotism of Russia works so smoothly and with as little noise as nicely adjusted machinery, and, like that, it is pitiless in crushing those so unfortunate as to be caught in its wheels and cogs. Ivan knew by legend and story what an arrest by the police meant, and his forebodings, as he was pushed and pulled along, were of a very gloomy character, for he feared that his adventures of the day might be so warped in intent by an enemy as to seem threatening against the Government. He certainly had that enemy in the person of Michael Kropoff.

There was not much delay in the prison. In times of discontent a Russian court never wearies in the administration of justice according to despotism in the creation of tragedies and of equities. Ivan had not been twenty minutes in the court-room when he heard his name pronounced. He was instantly pulled to his feet and forced before the judge.

"The charge is treason," said the judge, sternly. "Prisoner, have you anything to say?"

"I am innocent. I have been arrested without cause," declared Ivan, standing erect and looking the judge boldly in the face.

"The old story," said the judge. "Every conspirator declares himself innocent. Officers, your proofs!"

"They are upon the prisoner," was the reply.

"Upon me?" cried Ivan. "That is absurd."

"We shall see," sneeringly responded a gendarme.

With that he was seized and stripped, as one skins a squirrel, of his *caftan* and cap. A slash of a knife around the latter and there was revealed a mass of papers as lining.

"Proclamations against the Governor of St. Petersburg, and from Kieff," said one of the officials, after reading them.

They were placed before the judge.

The accused held out his manacled hands pleadingly, and again asserted his innocence. There was silence then, for how could those present believe in him with such testimony before them?

"Is that all?" asked the court.

"Not the half," and the functionaries thrust their hands into the pockets of the *caftan*. They brought out the presents purchased by the lover with so many anticipations of the delight that they would give his sweetheart.

A brutal laugh ran around the room as they were roughly unwrapped and placed upon the table. The prisoner's heart, great in its love, grew sick at this sacrilege committed upon his little, simple gifts.

"There is no treason about them," he exclaimed. "They are for Vera, my betrothed."

"Hold your tongue, insolent!" cried an officer, striking him a stinging blow across the face with his whip. "What does it matter? You'll not need them again."

A livid line arose across the face of the defenseless man. His eyes grew fierce, his lips worked convulsively, and he raised his chained hands above his head as if to brain the coward who had struck him.

"Be quiet," said the judge. "Now, prisoner, who is this woman Vera, and where does she live?"

Ivan did not answer. His head was bowed down upon his breast. He seemed lost to his surroundings.

"She is the daughter of old Potalitzen, the herb gardener of Ovgorotz," said a voice in the shadows.

Ivan raised his head.

"Oh! it's you, is it, Michael Kropoff!" he cried. "You ought to know her, for she turned you to the right-about for a better man. Come, now! Stand out! Don't hide, like a stabber in the back, in the dark."

The man came forward with a coarse laugh, stood by the table and contemptuously poked over Ivan's bridal gifts, jeering, without rebuke from the judge, at the wreath and the ring which Ivan had thought would bring such joy to his Vera's heart. The bits of lace and pretty ribbons the brute rolled into a ball and filliped at a companion. The sight was more than poor Ivan could quietly endure, even in his dangerous position. He sprang forward with a muttered threat.

Kropoff raised his whip.

"Stand!" he cried. "Keep silence! You cannot bite. You shall not even growl. Besides, Ivan Reditzky, we have not done with you yet," and, picking up the *caftan*, he brought out thin wads of paper and spread them out.

A cry of surprise went up. There were dozens of copies of the *Semli-i-Schtsoboda* (Land and Liberty) newspaper. Here certainly was proven Nihilism. The officers had never before discovered such a bold offender, such undeniable evidence of guilt.

Ivan's heart failed at this, to him, astounding display. His eyes grew hot, his tongue parched, and he trembled as with a chill. But still he declared:

"I know nothing of them. Those papers were put there by enemies. I am innocent! I will declare it until I die!"

Again Kropoff uttered his brutal laugh.

"'Lies march on rotten legs,' and lose their legs," he said, slashing the *caftan* into strips with his knife. "Behold, more treason!" drawing out sheets of the proscribed journal. Another whirl of the knife and the collar of the garment was opened and closely-folded documents in writing were produced.

"A list of members of a Nihilist's club at Kieff!" shouted Kropoff. "What more is wanted?"

"No more," said the judge. "There is more than is wanted."

"The coat is not mine," pleaded Ivan. "I borrowed it from my Cousin Alexander. I knew nothing of these papers, absolutely nothing. What was in the pockets was not there two hours ago. I will swear to that. Michael Kropoff, it is you who put them there in the crowd. You hate me. You have followed me all the day. Come, now, acknowledge the truth and let this joke be ended! Surely it has gone far enough."

"Humph! Joke! You'll find it no joke," exclaimed Kropoff, shrugging his shoulders. Then, turning to the court: "We saw him with Peterhof, the assassin of General Belekinoff. They talked, then separated. Five minutes later both were under arrest. Both are here. That is all."

"Enough! Take him away!" said the judge.

"But Vera—my marriage—my——"

An outburst of jeers drowned the rest. Ivan straightened himself. A new spirit took possession of him.

"I see it all," he cried. "It is not justice but revenge given me. I understand—I understand. But a grain of sand under the grinding sometimes strikes fire. I am wronged——"

What he might have said can never be known. The lash of whips and the prick of bayonets suddenly ended the defiant speech of the peasant and drove him, wounded but unsubdued, from the room where justice seemed heaven-like by its absence.

It was not a cell but a grave into which they hurled the poor peasant. It was underground. The water dripped from the ceiling, every drop a death note. Rats scrambled over him in mad antics. They would feast on him soon, as they had gnawed the victim before him. A dismal lamp in the corridor gave him shadows for other company. The silence was horrible! Nothing broke its oppressiveness save the rats, the water-drops and the muffled moan now and then of a prisoner in some neighboring vault. The tomb would have been more welcome. Its horrors are only imagined by those who are left behind. The dead are content.

To the strong-lunged peasant whose days had been granulated in the keen air, and whose nights were untroubled by unrest, the horrors of this infested dungeon, its loathsome air and the living contestants for space, were maddening. Nor was the imagined scene at Ovgorotz more pleasant. He pictured Vera—Vera, the bright-eyed, Vera, the loving—watching at the door for the footfalls of his horse, and for the song of joy he always sang as he approached her house. She would wonder at the silence and listen in vain for his song, the tinkle of his sledge-bells, his cheery shouts of welcome. She would weep—this dear little woman—and her heart would ache, and she would call to the dumb night air, "Ivan! Ivan!" and never more would there be answer from his lips. Never more, he thought, would he see her or his home, or know again even the meagre freedom that had fallen to his lot as a peasant. Vera's heart might break, but he would never know it, the grave might cover him and she be none the wiser. His bright day, so well begun, had ended with a prison-cell. He saw how Kropoff had tricked him for revenge against Vera, and that carried him back again through the incidents of the day. It roused his wild passions, and, in his rage, he beat the slimy, granite walls with his fists, crying:

"Cursed be the law and the men that have brought me here and let the rascals go free. I have been honest. I have done my soldier-work. I have paid my taxes. I pray to the same God as the Emperor prays to. I till the soil and am useful. What more can the best of citizens do? And yet I am here."

No answer came to these cries, no responsive sound, save the drip, drip, drip of the water and the deadened footfalls of the invisible sentinel in the corridor. Two days of this numbness and Ivan's spirit was broken. He trembled at the closing of a door; he shrieked in affright at the scrambling rats; he put his fingers in his ears to shut out the sound of the trickling moisture. He had almost forgotten his God and his Vera.

Then, as if in mercy, there was a clanking of chains, the bolts of his door were pushed back, and a dozen men seized the affrighted creature cowering in the furthest corner. He made no resistance when they clipped his hair and mustache until they looked like a shoe-brush; nor when they dressed him in linen trousers, a great-coat of coarse cloth, a round cap and huge leather boots; but when the blacksmith knelt down to rivet chains upon his ankles, then tears sprang to his eyes and he resisted the degradation. But the ready whip brought him into subjection, and he was dragged into the hall. There he beheld a score of men dressed like himself.

"What does this mean?" he whispered to one of them.

The man looked at him, laughed, and called him a fool.

Another answered him—"Siberia and the mines."

Ivan did not understand. He asked again. A hand was put on his arm. Turning, he faced Peterhoff.

"I remember you, poor fellow!" said the latter. "And you want to know about Siberia? It means fifteen miles a day of walking, for six months, that you may reach a living grave in the mines."

Ivan turned his face away. He was sick at heart. The journey, the destination, the life of daily torment in the mines he had heard talked about. He knew what was to come, and had he had the chance he would have killed himself then and there.

It was dusk when the prisoners were led forth into the street and placed in carts, and it was early morning when they reached an encampment where a large number of other exiles had been gathered. Here Ivan was chained to another exile. It was Peterhoff.

"Courage, comrade," said Peterhoff. "We shall be dead before we get there."

"I would die before I start," sighed Ivan.

That night the journey was commenced. The weather was bitter cold. Some of the exiles had friends to bid them good-by. Others were to be accompanied by their wives. There were moans and tears—moans like funeral wails. Ivan and Peterhoff were alone and friendless.

After hours of marching, a village was seen ahead. Already the miserable men were worn out with the walk and with carrying chains whose rattling and clanking bruised their flesh and their hearts. Strangely enough, though it was only about three o'clock in the morning, lights twinkled in the houses, and the houses themselves appeared like frozen shadows upon the snow-bound earth and against the star-lit horizon. Strangely, too, the people were astir and stood in silence along the main street; they had heard of the coming of the mournful procession, and had gathered to show their sympathy.

Ivan raised his head and looked around. The place seemed familiar, though his eyes, blinded by gazing for hours upon the snow, could not at first distinguish objects. Then, like a flash of light, the truth came upon him. The band of exiles were plodding through Ovgorotz. Here, then, all along the narrow, crooked street, were men and women whom he knew, but who, in him, a miserable convict, did not recognize their neighbor and friend, Ivan Reditzky.

He had no eyes, no thoughts, no voice for any one save Vera. Surely, he thought, she would be out, her heart was always so full of sympathy for the afflicted and persecuted. Would she know him? And if she did, what would she say? What could he say? Would she go with him into exile, or would she remain for ever behind? He wondered which way she would decide. Until he could speak to her he resolved to present himself to no one else until the last moment.

But Vera was not there, for the end of the street was reached. His heart began to ache and tears came to his eyes. Where was his betrothed? Why was she away when her lover marched by her on his way to exile? Then he remembered Kropoff. The villain must surely have told her of her lover's fate, for his revenge would be incomplete without it. But if she knew it, the more reason why she should be there. Ivan could not understand her absence, and a feeling of loneliness, of utter isolation, came over him.

A whisper that was, too, a shudder ran down the long line. It told of a band of woman convicts ahead, waiting for their party. It was soon reached. The men plodded by without sound save the hideous rattle and clash of their chains. The women were moaning and sobbing by their fires. Some were asleep and, for the time, happy. Ivan was heart-sick at this new atrocity, and he had not the boldness to raise his head and look at these tender victims of an iron despotism, until the next to the last group had been reached.

When he did look around, it was just as the light from a guard's lantern fell upon a woman seated by herself. Her hood had fallen off, her black hair was loosened, and, with her elbows upon her knees and her chin upheld by her hands, she was staring intently at the men as they passed. This man and this woman recognized each other on the instant. Two wild, despairing cries went out from their lips:

"Ivan!"

"Vera!"

She struggled to her feet. A burly Cossack, startled by the wailing outcry, ran towards them with uplifted whip. The thong hissed through the air upon the woman. A line of red sprang up across her face. Again the brutal blow, and once more arose on her white cheeks the brand of a horrible slavery. The victim tottered and fell.

"Oh, my beloved! my Vera!" cried Ivan, in a voice of love that went to her heart.

She staggered to her feet, holding up her hands imploringly towards him, but blind with the blows she had received.

But this outbreak of love was too much for the Cossack ruffian. He struck at her with the flat of his sword.

His foot slipped; he tumbled forward, and, as he fell, his sword was driven into her heart. She dropped dead where she had stood, her arms still outstretched towards her lover, and her head almost within his touch.

For a second Ivan stood as if cut out of rock. He did not move: he did not breathe. Then, with a shriek of rage, he sprang, like a wild beast, upon the assassin of his betrothed, dragging, as if he were but a straw, the man to whom he was chained. He took the Cossack's throat in an iron grip, and held it as if in a vise. In vain they tried to unclasp his fingers; in vain they beat his arms and head with sticks. There was no relief in that way for his cowardly victim.

"Enough! The man is crazy," declared an officer. "He is of no use to himself or the government. I will end this."

There was the report of a pistol, the shrieks of women, the muttered curses of men; and Ivan, throwing up his arms, reeled to the earth—freed by death.

As he fell his arms rested upon the head of his murdered Vera, his face towards hers.

And they were at rest.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT GALVESTON.

GENERAL GRANT and party arrived at the City of Galveston, Texas, on his return from Mexico, March 23d, in the steamer *City of Mexico*, and was received with a good deal of enthusiasm. The city was gay with bunting and flags flying from all of the principal buildings, and the streets were thronged with people. Upon the arrival of the steamer at the bar, nine miles out, a revenue cutter went out to meet her, having on board a committee of citizens, General Ord and others. On the arrival of the cutter, with General Grant and party, at the city wharf, a salute of twenty-five guns was fired. Upon the disembarkation of the city's guests a procession was formed, consisting of military, firemen, white and colored school-children, different societies, with the ex-President, Generals Ord and Sheridan and Colonel Fred Grant in the front carriage, followed by the committee in carriages. The route of procession was through Twenty-fourth, Broadway, Market and Tremont streets. On the arrival at Tremont Hotel a review took place from the rotunda, after which the General retired to the parlor, where a reception took place, and many ladies and gentlemen were presented. On the following evening a banquet was tendered the ex-President, which was largely attended. He was the recipient also of other marked courtesies, indicating the kindly feeling of the populace.

In reply to a toast in his honor at the banquet tendered by the citizens, General Grant made the following speech: "I am very much obliged to one and all of you for the very kind reception which I have received at your hands, and at the hands of all citizens of this city, and I assure you that it affords me very great pleasure to be here on this occasion and to see so many of you. It was my fortune more than a third of a century ago to visit Texas as a Second Lieutenant, and to have been one of those who went into the conflict which was to settle the boundary of Texas. I am glad to come back now on this occasion to behold a territory which is an empire in itself, and larger than some of the empires of Europe. I wish for the people of Texas, as I do for the people of the entire South, that they may go on developing their resources and become great and powerful, and in their prosperity forget that there is a boundary line between North and South. I am sure we will all be happier and much more prosperous when the day comes that there will be no sectional feeling. Let any American who can travel abroad as I have done, and with the opportunity of witnessing what there is to be seen that I have had, and he will return to America a better American and a better citizen than he was when he went away. He will return more in love with his own country. Far be it from me to find fault with any of the European Governments. I was well received at their hands on every side, by every nation in Europe; but, with their dense populations and worn-out soil, it takes a great deal of government to get from the soil a bare subsistence. Here we have a rich virgin soil, with room enough for all of us to expand and live with the use of a very little government. I do hope that we long may be able to get along happily and contentedly without being too much governed."

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

ON three evenings of the week, during the present season, very attractive gatherings have been held at the Roller and Skating Rink on Fourteenth Street, and, alike to lookers-on and to the members of the class themselves, the roomy, well-lighted hall has been one of the pleasantest of resorts. From six to eight the professor of this graceful art holds class, and the thirty or forty pupils, picturesque in pretty skating costumes, wheel and turn, march, countermarch, and flash on the smooth rollers through all sorts of bewildering and entangled figures, obedient to the signals of their leader. The rink is large enough for a regimental drill-room, and under the bright lights and over the polished asphalt floor, the crowd of swaying, swinging and gliding figures have the prettiest possible effect. Nearly all the class are good skaters, the exercise is a delightful one, the scope for dainty display in the way of costumes is infinite, the opportunity for mild flirtations boundless; and what more—always providing that you are a woman and eighteen—would you or could you desire?

People are fond of dropping in at the Navy Yard, where Mrs. Hoxie, late Vinnie Ream, is hovering about her corps of French workmen, watching the progress of the casting of Commodore Farragut in bronze. It was my good fortune to take a peep at the work under her guidance and to see the hero in a fragmentary state, his legs antiquidiluvian in plaster in her little workroom, and the remaining half of his colossal form buried in the sand-mold, with only the tip of the heroic nose visible. Under these adverse circumstances no very clear idea of the merits of the work could be gained, but Mrs. Farragut's letter of praise to the artist so heartily indorses her success, that I was content to take them all on faith. And, apart from more important considerations, among such a host of bronze equestrians as throng the avenues and "circles" in Washington, the spectacle of a hero on his own personal feet cannot fail to be agreeable.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THIS magnificent building, which was formally opened March 30th with such distinguished *éclat*, is now the property of a discriminating public, and to this Mecca æsthetic pilgrims are hieing with all the fervor which characterizes your numismatists and conchologists and archæologists, and all the other ists. A spin through the beautiful Central Park that in a few days will don its tender greens, and coquettishly adorn itself with red and white and yellow blossoms, brings the æstheticone to the Long-Branch-cottage-looking porch, and from thence into a superbly proportioned hall, surrounded by a broad gallery, lighted to something akin to perfection. Great glass cases containing art treasures confront you on every side, while sarcophagi and stone effigies of kings who ruled in Cyprus for centuries before it became part of the kingdom of the Ptolemies grimly recalls period now fairyized in the mist of ages. Wondrous "bits" of Gobelin tapestry hang from the galleries, and vessels of every sort, shape, size and description, from Chelsea to ceramic, from potter's clay to yellow gold, suggests glorious visages, if not "crooked drinks." Here are cases containing laces that might have been woven by Titania; missals illuminated by bloodless Benedictines; armlets and anklets and rings and brooches of the time of the Queen of Sheba; cases displaying shells, Japanese curios, arms, and heaven knows what not besides. A Cypriotic sarcophagus, with bas-relief representations of chariots drawn by nondescript-looking animals, and driven by warriors with great beards in tufted curls, is a centre of attraction, and antiquarians stoop to it as reverently as did the immortal Mr. Pickwick before the moss-covered hieroglyphics which the deep research of the club brought to light as "Bill Stumps his mark." Here we have Di Cesnola's unrivaled collection from Citium, Paphos, Salamis, Idalium, Golgos, Curium and Amathus. These Cypriotic antiquities range probably from the Trojan age, B. C. 1200, to the close of the Greek dominion, in a series of monumental records unrivaled for continuous succession anywhere in the world save in Egypt. The coins bring tears of rapture in the eyes of the numismatist, for here are the Phœnician coinages of the Kings of Citium and Idalium, and Greek coins of Paphos and Salamis. Under the Ptolemies the mints of Cyprus struck abundant money, and, as the greater part of the silver coins are dated, the class is of unusual historic interest. The Idalium glass, with its wondrous iridescence, is hungered for, and the *bizarre* drinking vessels, representing effigies of dogs, fish, horses and strangely-headed animals, excite ardent comment. The galleries are chiefly devoted to ceramic pottery, Japanese curios, and the quaint ornaments in gold and other metals worn by the Cypriotic women of three thousand years ago. At either end of the building are picture galleries, one of which contains a unique collection of old masters, while the others are devoted to a loan exhibit of the productions of both foreign and American artists.

Among the foreign works are Diaz's "La Mare aux Grenouilles"; Rousseau's landscape which attracted so much attention in the Sherwood-Hart sale; examples of Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Troyon

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and J. Maris; Vollons's "Distant View of Paris from the Seine"; a courtyard scene by Rice; Wahlberg's superb "Sunset on the Shores of the Baltic"; a Carl Becker and a Carl Hübner; Raimondo Madrazo's single figure of a Spanish woman seated and flirting with her fan; G. Jacquet's "Ready for the Races"; two works by Edouard Dubufe, "The Adieu of the Conscript" and "The Return of the Soldier"; Paul Soyer's "Une Poignée d'Amis"; Joseph Brandt's "A Polish Post in a Snow Storm"; and examples of Zugel, A. Vacca and Carl Hübner. Among the American pictures are Eastman Johnson's "Corn Husking," Samuel Colman's "Canal in Holland," Arthur Quartley's "Morning Effect, North River, N. Y."; George Inness's "St. Peter's," Winslow Homer's "The Sunny Side," C. H. Miller's "Twilight on Long Island," L. C. Tiffany's "Market Day at Guinipet," Walter Shirlaw's "Roxy," William M. Chase's "Feeding the Pigeons," and a host of others of equal merit. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is now an accomplished fact, and its collection is as unique as it is valuable.

Singular Case of Prodigality.

A PRODIGAL of a new kind has appeared before the Paris Civil Tribunal to obtain the removal of an interdiction to the management of his property. In this case the friends of the young man, M. Mario Vivares, had interceded to prevent him from ruining himself, not from a reckless love of pleasure, but from his ardor in engaging in business enterprises. He is the son of a notary of Cette, and received a brilliant education. His youthful passion was a love of adventure and a desire to distinguish himself in exploring and colonizing distant lands. He first joined the army, but in consequence of two duels with superior officers in Algeria, in which they were seriously wounded, he was led to abandon that career. He then came to Paris, and at once launched into the most diverse speculations, founding companies for working coal mines in Styria, sulphur works in Italy, church-organ building in France, etc. Journalism naturally attracted him, and the papers in which he invested capital made no small breach in his fortune. His latest scheme was to found a settlement in Africa for the barter of European merchandise for ivory and other productions of the interior of the dark continent, for which undertaking a capital of several millions was to be raised. His patrimony was rapidly disappearing, and to place bounds to his costly activity his father obtained the appointment of trustees for his property. The son has now been appointed vice consul at Sierra Leone, and, in consequence, applied to the Civil Tribunal to obtain the removal of the interdiction. The judges, however, doubted whether he was yet sufficiently cured of his extravagant ideas and declined to accede to the demand.

A Spanish Matador.

THE following description graphically illustrates the terror and danger attending a Spanish bull-fight: Cucharra, of Puerto, Santa Maria, is the matador. Majestically he strides towards the Governor's box, stoops in obeisance, and, in a loud voice, makes proclamation: "I pledge myself to Puerto Santa Maria and all its society, and to the people of Madrid, and now I am ready to kill this vile beast, if the vile beast cannot kill me." He removes his turban, and, with a graceful jerk with his right hand from behind his back over his left shoulder, flings it into the Governor's box, as gage of his boasted prowess. He takes his straight, keen-tempered sword and his cloak of offensive scarlet, and advances towards the bull. Now is the supreme trial; now is the time when men let their lighted cigarettes drop from their mouth and clinch their teeth; now is the time when women close their fans and draw long breaths. Cucharra faces Toro at a yard's distance. They regard each other. Cucharra hides his sword under his cloak, and presents it to the bull. Toro lowers his head, shuts his eyes, and charges, but the tornador gracefully slips aside and saves his life by a turn of the heel. Three times he repeats the feat of this risksome pirouette; but woe is him if he is a second too late in his movements, or if the soil is treacherous. The fourth time, as the bull lowers his head, Cucharra lifts himself on his toes, and, with one sure, swift blow, plunges the blade almost to the hilt in the spine of his antagonist. The bull stands still; there is a shout of bravo; the bull still stands, ten seconds, twenty, thirty; there is a howl of disappointment; but Cucharra gazes contemptuously around, he knows he has done his work well, and, my faith, he has. Toro quivers and drops, and Cucharra plants a foot on the neck of his prostrate enemy. The bull has died of internal hemorrhage; not a drop of blood has distilled from his mouth. Bravo Cucharra! This death at the first thrust—death without the dropping of the crimson fluid from the mouth—is the artistic death. When the sword pierces at the wrong spot, is displaced by the shaking of the bull, and sent flying, gore-wet, through the air, it is awkward workmanship. But Toro showed *mucha fuego* before he was so prettily pierced in the medulla. Bravo, Toro! And now the cachesierro stoops over him, and, with one dig of his sharp knife in the neck, makes assurance doubly sure. The team of mules trots in and trots out again with the dead champion at its heels; and the urchins outside are dancing on his carcass as the drums and cymbals proclaim the entrance of a second bull into the enthusiastic circle.

Ancient Quartz Workers.

THE Minneapolis (Minn.) *Tribune* of February 9th in giving the proceedings of the Historical Society there, says a paper was presented by Miss Frances E. Babbitt considering the subject of ancient quartz workers, basing the conclusions upon the discoveries of Professor Winchell at Little Falls and surroundings points. At that place the professor discovered, in 1876, a number of quartz chips which bore evidence of having been cut from the parent rock by the hand of man. He further concluded that the quartz workers inhabited this country before the mound-builders' race; he found these chips in strata underlying the mound-building period. He therefore fixes the era of the quartz workers as that ending with the last glacial period. It is often disputed, however, whether these quartz remains belong to a pre-glacial folk, or to co-glacial, inter glacial or pre-glacial people, the question being difficult to decide because the remains found and noted by Professor Winchell, which are surface deposits, are so scattered and irregular. At Little Falls, however, there have been discovered quartz chips and implements occupying regular strata in the earth. The remains consist of hammers, implements, etc., both finished and unfinished, together with the chips struck off from the articles in the process of manufacture. The material of which they are composed is principally compact, lustrous quartz, frequently moulded as if selected with an eye to the artistic beauty. The stratum is some few inches in thickness and lies in the soil a few feet below the surface. The appearances indicate that this was once the site of a manufactory of such quartz objects, and this idea is upheld by various considerations. There are tools found such as would be used in the manufacture of quartz articles, and the whole stratum is mixed with quartz chips which in many cases appear stuck in the dirt just as they fell from the hand of the unknown. Unfinished implements are also found in more or less advanced stages of manufacture. It is not possible to fix the precise point occupied by these remains in the scale of the glacial epoch until the drift features and surrounding formations of the locality shall be better understood than now. Still, it is certain that the remains belong to a paleolithic people—that is a people living before the end of the last glacial period, because they are deposited in a drift which is known to be of glacial origin. The hard pan upon which the quartz formation lie is probably of the first glacial period, and the quartz may belong to an inter-glacial epoch.

Restoration in Venice.

THE attention of the public in England has been so much absorbed with the proposed restoration of the west front of St. Mark's, at Venice, that there is danger that the scarcely less important operations in progress and in contemplation at the Ducal Palace immediately adjoining the famous church may escape observation. Extensive works in the way of repair and substitution have been going on there for some time past, under the direction of the Cavaliere Forcellini, a distinguished Venetian architect, and have been carried out in a manner which has not escaped severe criticism at the hands of his countrymen. It is now proposed to restore the celebrated Porta della Carta, the lovely doorway leading to the Giant's Staircase, down whose steps rolled the head of Marino Faliero. The lintel of this doorway, a most exquisite piece of work, is cracked, but in no danger of falling, nor does it even need to be shored up. It is, however, to be removed, and a new lintel, copied from the original, put in its place. The work has been delayed in consequence of the difficulty of finding a stone of sufficient size for the purpose, but it is much to be feared that, unless some serious remonstrance is made, the substitution will be effected, with the approbation of the majority of the Venetians, the original lintel being, perhaps, preserved in the Correr Museum, which is a kind of *hortus siccus* to which displaced fragments of antiquity are relegated by the municipality. There is not the slightest excuse for this work. The Venetians have, however, the impression that it is perfectly justifiable to remove old work and to replace it with new, provided the new work be an exact reproduction of the old, and the architect who has directed the works of restoration at St. Mark's has carried this doctrine so far as to assert publicly that a portion of the pavement in that basilica which has been recently taken up and relaid under his direction is, in his opinion, superior to the original.

Maple-sugar Weather.

THE mild, Spring-like weather we have been enjoying is called in Northern New England "good sap weather," and that it has proved so in some regions already is proven by the appearance of maple-sugar in this market. The sugar season generally sets in about the 10th of March, but like everything else this year, it appears to be ahead of time. The sugar camp is a grand institution in the Northern States, and is the first active, bustling indication that Spring is really dawning. Alternating warm and cold weather are necessary for successful sapping. Should the thawing and the sunshine continue two or three days without a freeze, the sap will stop running, though why this is the case is not very clear, yet all maple-sugar makers find this out by experience. In new countries maple-trees have undergone the yearly process of tapping for twenty or thirty years without deteriorating in their sap-producing qualities, but, on the contrary, the sap is said to gain in sweetness the longer the old trees have been subjected to the process.

Indians understood sugar-making from the maple-trees, and the process was learned from them, though of a rude and pristine character, by the first white settlers. About the beginning of the present century, a large party of French emigrants, including nobles and priests, who were exiled from their country in consequence of the revolution, purchased a large maple forest near the head of the Black River, in Northern New York, and as little did they know of sugar-making, they tapped their trees in the Summer time, and what was the most ridiculous part of the operation—instead of using the very simple instrument the "spike," which was customary among the natives—they improved on the latter and inserted a "robinet," with a stop-cock at the end, to turn on and off the flowing liquor, such as is used in drawing out the contents of a wine cask.

The Tekke Turkomans.

AN interesting account of the Tekke Turkomans is given by the Moscow correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette*. They are the only Turkomans who do not lead a nomad life; they love their homes, and celebrate them with enthusiasm in their songs. Their total population is about 280,000; one-half of these live in the oasis of Merv, and the other half in the plain of Akhal. They are tall and strongly built, and are distinguished from the rest of the Turkomans (who, as is known, wear high black sheepskin hats) by their low white caps. The Tekkes are brave, enterprising and clever; and they are celebrated in Central Asia as silversmiths and armorers. They are, however, owing to the want of water and the barrenness of the soil in the Akhal plain, poorer than the other Turkomans. This accounts for the majority of them having from time immemorial lived by plunder. Every plundering expedition into the territory of their neighbors is in their eyes a chivalrous undertaking, while theft among themselves is almost unknown. They marry very young, and a man who can afford it usually buys a wife for his son when he is only twelve years old, for from $50 to 1,000 rubles (£10 to £120). There is no political organizations among the Tekkes; each man is entirely independent, and does not recognize any constituted authority. There is, however, in each village and fortress a man who by his wealth, ability and experience has become influential among his fellows, and acts as a sort of chief.

Social Life in Hong Kong.

A DISORDERLY Chinaman is uncommon, and a lazy one probably does not exist. He is rarely out of employment, for he will turn his hand to anything; hence beggars are seldom met with in the streets; hence, also, unhappily, among their other virtues, that of picking pockets is included. In this pursuit they are very adroit, and in the allied art of asking half as much again for anything than they intend taking they are perhaps equally skilled and unprincipled. The houses and shops are most curiously constructed, and just as strangely fitted up; not one, however small or poor, but has its domestic altar, its joss, and other quaint and curious arrangements known only to these peculiarly strange people. Look where you will, there are evidences of the customary industry and enterprise of the surprising sons of Shem. Up every alley and in every street we see crowds of little yellow faces, and stumble against brokers or merchants hurrying on to their business, clad in their universal blue-jean jumper and trousers, cotton socks, and shoes of worked silk, with thick wooden soles; some with, and others without, hats; the shaven face and pigtail so typifying the class, that to note a difference between Sun Shing and Wang Hong is sometimes most embarrassing. The dress of the women differs little from that of the men. The curious, built-up style the married ladies have of wearing their hair gives them a strange appearance; while the younger lasses allow theirs to hang down their backs in tresses, or wear it bound tightly over their foreheads, and secured *en chignon*. Their cheeks are tinted bright pink, and with their neat little feet and clean and loose clothing they make a very pretty picture. Although great numbers of other nationalities are to be seen, the Chinese are most conspicuous and interesting to the stranger, and when once the business of the day has begun, the din and traffic are enormous; for crowds of men of all creeds and colors—Jew, Pagan and Christian, Buddhist and Parsee, Chinese, Japanese and European—fill the streets, while gangs of coolies chant to keep step, as they press on beneath their heavy burdens. The merchants, whose places of business lie along the Queen's road, are so similar in appearance that a description of one will apply to all. He is generally a fat, round-faced man, with an important and business-like look, wearing the same kind of clothing as the meanest cooley—but of finer material—and is always clean and neat: his long tail, tipped with red or blue silk, hanging down to his heels.

Art Study under Sad Difficulties.

A VERY unusual instance of courage in life is noted in Cincinnati. At No. 68 West Eighth Street is a young lady known only to a limited circle of friends, whose life presents almost a dramatic interest. This lady is Miss Marion Foster, who is endeavoring to obtain work in her art of crayon portraits and painting in water colors. Seven years ago Miss Foster lost the use of her lower limbs from the effects of poisonous vaccine matter. Since that time she has been almost helpless. She sits in a wheeled chair, which she can move at pleasure, and in this does her work. Miss Florence Foster, her sister, is with her, and together the young ladies have taken a room, where they do their own "light housekeeping." They arrived in that city strangers and alone, from Minerva, Ohio. To Miss Foster art study is an absorbing purpose, and she has thus faced difficulties which would have appalled many women in perfect health. These young ladies are relatives—distantly connected, we believe—with Governor Foster, of that State. The family of the Governor have extended much kindness to Miss Marion, ordering of her portraits in crayon of both the Governor and Mrs. Foster. The flower pieces done in water colors by Miss Foster are very delicate and pleasing. Two of these pieces were exhibited at the Artists' Reception, and met approval. Many of the guests of that night will remember seeing Miss Foster, helpless in her wheeled-chair, yet taking in such positive enjoyment from the evening. To great natural talent this young lady adds some study and an immense amount of persistence. She is doing work at remarkably low rates, and many interested in this line of work, or moved by personal sympathies for this young lady, may find it of interest to call upon her.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Opening of the Italian Parliament.

The present session of the Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert in person on February 14th last. Much alarm is felt at the physical condition of His Majesty, as he is known to be consumptive, and does not look as if he could last many years. His Queen, the popular Marguerita, is also exceedingly delicate, and has lost much of her buoyancy since the attempt on the King's life. The Crown-Prince, too, although but seven or eight years of age, is very nervous, and has not recovered from the fright of the assault upon his father. The present dynasty of Italy, therefore, does not give evidence of a robust or lengthy existence.

Russia under Melikoff.

The pacific policy of General Melikoff is practically abandoned, and rigorous measures will shortly be introduced to crush out the conspiracies that are spreading through every part of the empire. The pressure that is being brought to bear upon the Czar to effect the removal of Prince Gortschakoff from the Chancellorship and General Milutine from the Ministry of War is attributed to German influences, which at present is very powerful. Gortschakoff is reticent, but is watching every move of his enemies, and his friends confidently predict that, even if he is removed, the change will be only a temporary one, as he is the representative of the old Russian feeling that has, in the end, invariably controlled the destinies of the empire. The Emperor is daily growing more anxious to leave St. Petersburg. Although every precaution is taken to prevent the introduction of Nihilist documents into the Palace, circulars continue making their appearance even in the Czar's most private rooms. The police are at their wits' end. The guards have been more than doubled, and are changed constantly, but without avail, and the Emperor, in despair, has signified his intention to leave for Livadia within the next fortnight, providing the Czarina is well enough to accompany him.

Visit of the King of Cambodia to Saigon.

On the 20th of November Phra Norodom, King of Cambodia, reached Saigon, the capital of French Cochin China, to pay his annual official visit, France having accepted or assumed the Protectorate of his States. Under the treaty he is to be received with royal honors. Accordingly, his visit is the occasion of a general holiday, as horse races, fireworks, military reviews, a grand ball and nightly illuminations take place, and all the world try to enjoy themselves to the utmost, simply to honor His Majesty. One of the entertainments usually given, is a game of chess in which the pieces are all represented by young men, the chess board being about sixty feet square. They were dressed in antique style, according to the traditions of the houses, and one of the bonzes directed the game. It was very amusing to see the pieces move at the direction of this old priest as the players expressed the wish to make a move, for each player had to communicate his wishes to the director. As the pieces were trained, they made their moves with great accuracy and as soberly as though performing some important operation.

The Distress in Ireland.

The latest dispatch from London concerning the famine in Ireland says, in order that relief of the people in distress on the coasts of Galway and Mayo may be carried out effectively, a frigate has been dispatched in addition to the three gunboats hitherto employed. The Duke of Edinburgh will shortly arrive on the west coast of Ireland to inspect the arrangements for relief. Our large engraving represents the scene in the turf-market at Westport, County Mayo, at the distribution of relief tickets for small portions of "yellow meal," or maize flour, doled out by the local relief committees to the famishing people of that neighborhood. Another sketch by our own artist, taken at the same place, is entitled "Going to Business." It shows the disturbed and excited condition of popular feeling, and the sense of insecurity that prevails in some districts, where the peasantry have been led to cherish sentiments of animosity and to threaten dire vengeance against those connected with the landlord interest. The agent of the Marquis of Sligo, who is the gentleman here seen going to his business office in the town of Westport, guarded by armed constabulary, has had several narrow escapes of being murdered by a gang of desperate villains sworn to take his life. He has been shot at five times; the last time was about three months ago. Though warned previously not to go without an escort, he went accompanied only by his son, and was attacked by four men with blackened faces. They fired at him but missed him, and his son then shot one of the assailants.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE taxable property in Augusta, Ga., is assessed at $14,000,000.

—THE University of Sydney, New South Wales, has had a bequest of $500,000.

—SEVENTY-SIX towns in Connecticut—about one-half the State—have voted against licensing the sale of liquor.

—AN international dog show is announced to be held at Haarlem, in Holland, from the 26th to the 28th of June.

—OVER hundred Italian families will go to Arkansas next Fall to settle in the St. Joseph colony at Morrilton.

—THE number of building permits issued in Boston since the year opened is twice that issued in the same period of 1879.

—CAPTAIN H. W. HOWGATE, of the United States Signal Office, has been elected a corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Antwerp.

—HEAVY rains in South Carolina have caused the overflow of the Congaree and Wateree Rivers, near Columbia. Planters report considerable loss of cattle by drowning.

—VIRGINIA and Maryland capitalists have bought 23,000 acres of copper lands in Northwestern Texas, and families from those States are rapidly taking possession.

—GENERAL TODLEBEN is reported to have said that ten pounds more of dynamite would have sent the whole superstructure above the cellar in the Czar's Winter Palace into the air.

—VERONA is shortly either to be deprived of its rank as a great fortress, or fortified like Metz and Strasbourg in a first-class modern style. The War Department at Rome is studying the question.

—ACCORDING to the last census, Japan has a population of 34,203,404 inhabitants. The capital of the empire, Tokio, or, as it is otherwise called, Yeddo, had at the end of 1879 a population of 1,026,771.

—THE memorial which is being addressed to Queen Victoria in support of the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by the mayors and ex-mayors of boroughs, has just been signed by the Lord Mayor of London.

—ACCORDING to the *Academy*, the German excavations at Pergamos have come to an end, the Turkish firman granted for the purpose having expired. The last discoveries are statues of Zeus and Augustus, found near the Temple of Augustus, which appears to date from the time of Tiberius.

—AN international exhibition of jewelry will be held at Gröning, Holland, in the latter part of July, 1880. The most interesting feature of the display will probably be a collection of tools employed in the manufacture of jewels and watches during the last three centuries. The prizes awarded will consist of gold, silver and brass medals.

—THERE is some talk of constructing on the Place du Carrousel, at Paris, a vast monument illustrating the history of past republican governments. The four angles of the future monument will be occupied by colossal equestrian statues of four illustrious generals of the First Republic—Kléber, Hoche, Marceau and a fourth who has not yet been chosen.

—THERE are in the Swiss Alps about twenty cabins or refuges, built at the expense of the Alpine Club, to facilitate the ascension of high peaks. The "Uto" section of Zurich has decided to build a hut of this kind on the Schlossberg, in the Canton of Uri, and is about to take the necessary steps to obtain permission from the Communal Council of Attinghausen to carry out its plans.

—THE trustees of the Peabody fund have determined to withdraw aid from the schools of the South, as a rule, and to devote the interest of the fund to the better education of teachers. In Southern Carolina as much of the fund as is available will be employed in defraying the expenses of teachers' institutes throughout the State, in charge of the Superintendent of Education.

—IN the Fjord of Utsire, on the west coast of Norway, something strange like a large box lately appeared floating about. Some fishermen managed to get hold of it and towed it to shore, when they discovered that it was a damaged railway carriage, without either wheels or windows. On one of the doors the words "Edinburgh" —"Glasgow" were visible, and inside was a bag marked "P. B.," and it is supposed that it may be a carriage of the train which fell into the Tay.

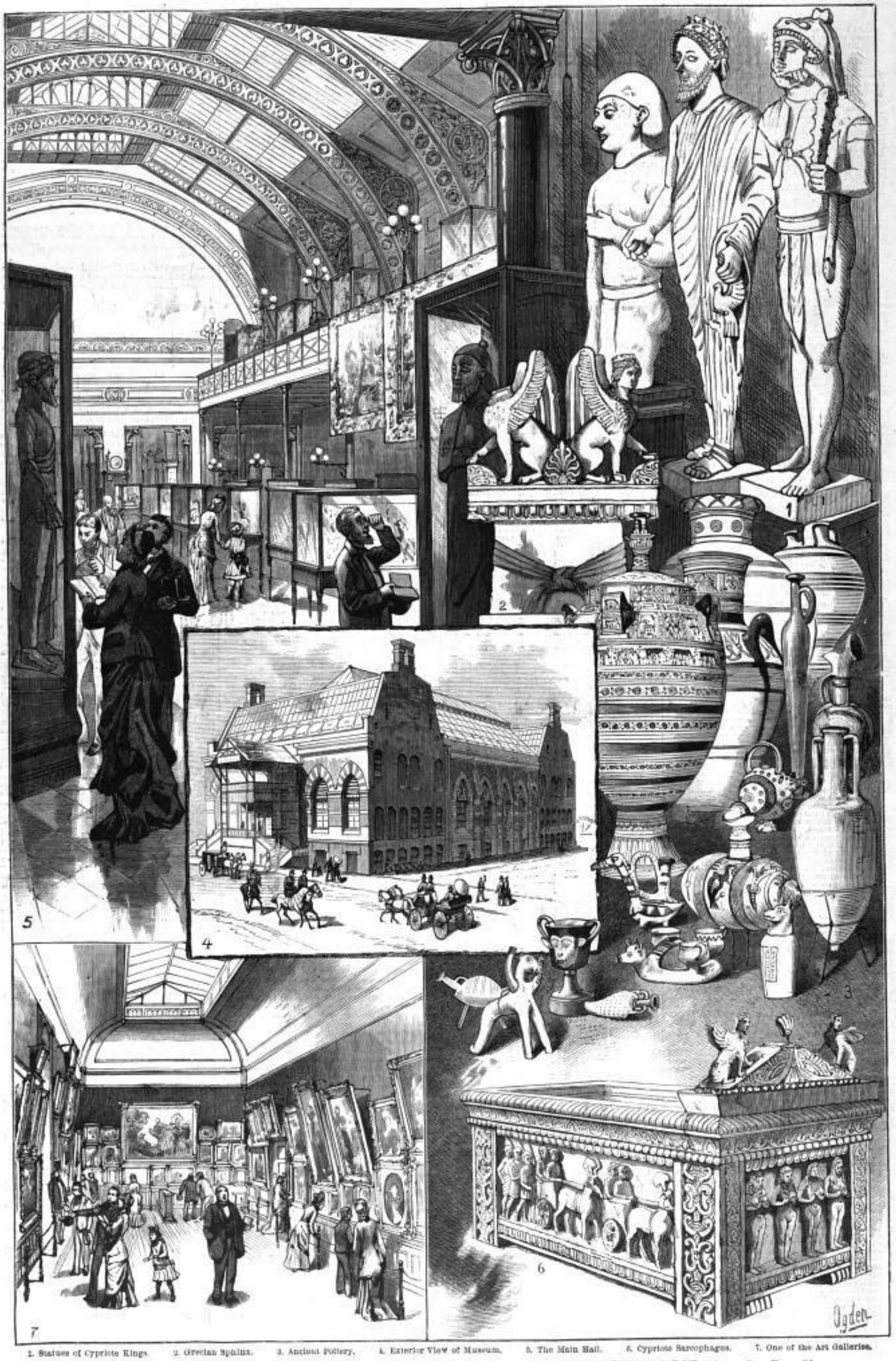
—THE proposed new Territory of Pembina, to be composed of the northern part of Dakota, has from forty to fifty thousand people more than any of the Territories had in 1870, except New Mexico and Utah, and four times as many as several of them had at that time. Twenty thousand of these came in 1879, with a prospect of a much larger immigration in 1880, this section having become famous for its large wheat farms and the superior quality of its wheat.

—THE birthplace of Abraham, the Biblical Ur in Chaldea, now called Urfa, was almost entirely destroyed by fire some weeks since. Abraham's house, "Bet Cheili Allah," or the "House of God's Friend," is still in existence, and is yearly visited by numbers of pilgrims as a place of special sanctity, so as the conflagration spread most of the inhabitants fled to the patriarch's dwelling, confident that the flames would respect so holy a relic. Happily, though the fire raged close by, the house remained untouched.

—THE brothers Forrest, during their recent expedition across the Australian continent, from Perth to Port Darwin, met with a race of blacks who are said never to have seen or even heard of white men before. They are described as fine, big, well built men, but cannibals. No women were seen by the travelers, though several parties of the same tribe of natives were met by the expedition. The men adopt an ingenious mode of fishing in the rivers, which teem with fish. They build a series of dams across the stream, leaving a gap in each, at which one native stations himself with a net made of grass, and catches the fish as, frightened from the pools by the other natives throwing in stones, etc., they try to escape. The natives did not attempt to molest the travelers.

—FIVE Kabyle chiefs, representing the inhabitants of a portion of the coast of Morocco, have lately arrived at Malaga to petition the Governor of Granada and the Spanish Government to undertake the protectorate of the districts from which they come. Strong hopes are expressed by the Spanish press that the authorities will accede to the request. The annexations lately made by Germany, it is urged, beginning with that of the Danish Duchies and ending with that of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine; the annexations made by Italy from Sicily to the Papal States, by England from India to Cyprus, and the occupation of Bosnia by Austria were all the results of more or less costly wars, but now Spain is freely offered a territory with some forty-five miles of seaboard extending thirty miles inland, and inhabited by 15,000 men, women and children.

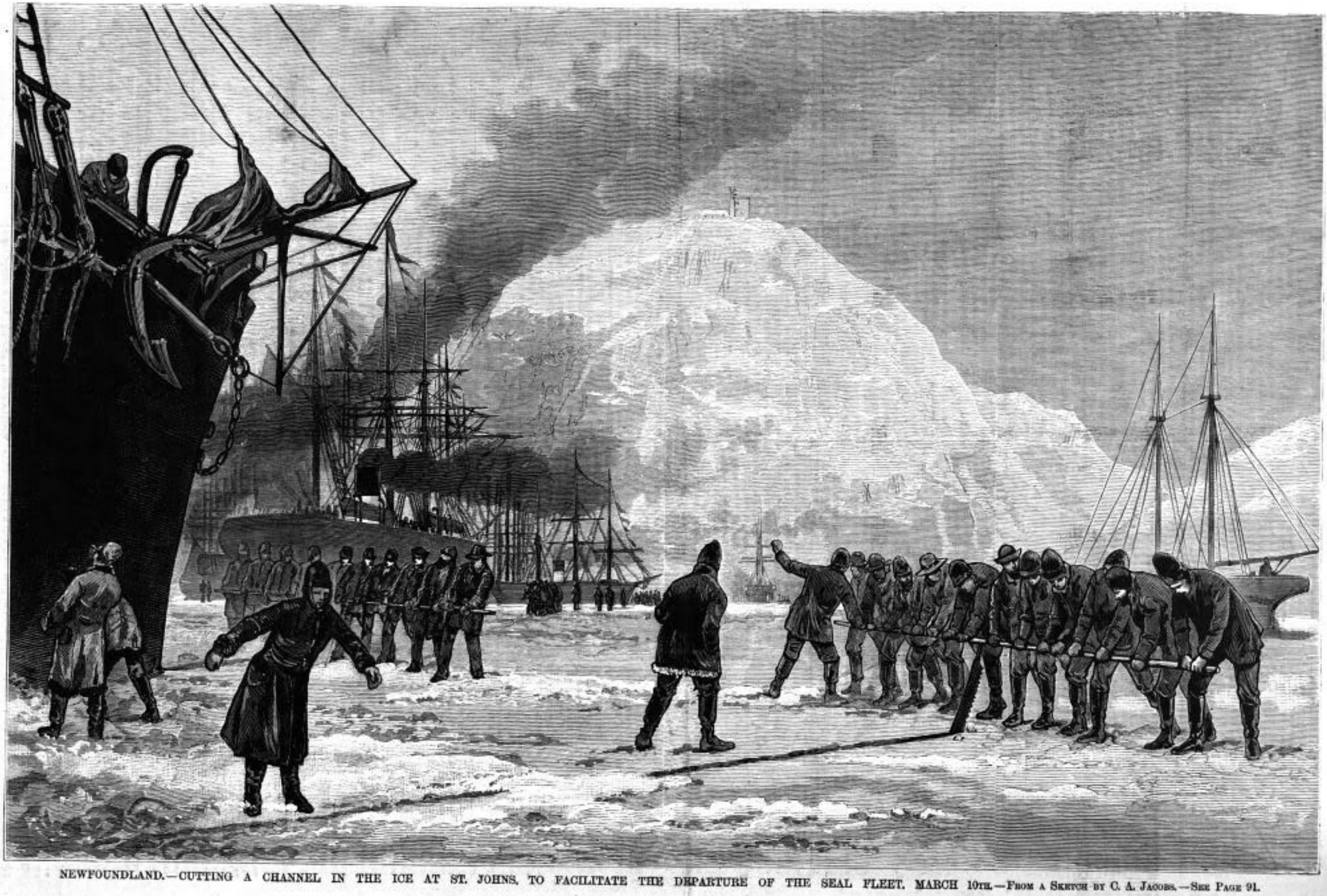
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1. Statues of Cypriote Kings. 2. Grecian Sphinx. 3. Ancient Pottery. 4. Exterior View of Museum. 5. The Main Hall. 6. Cypriote Sarcophagus. 7. One of the Art Galleries.

NEW YORK CITY.—ATTRACTIONS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, OPENED MARCH 30TH.—SEE PAGE 86.

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NEWFOUNDLAND.—CUTTING A CHANNEL IN THE ICE AT ST. JOHNS, TO FACILITATE THE DEPARTURE OF THE SEAL FLEET, MARCH 10TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. JACOBS.—SEE PAGE 91.

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FOUR PAINTERS.

I.—GÉROME.

PICTORIAL majesty, at your command,
Shows all its powers and leaves no realm untried,
While Drama, taking History by the hand,
Bows to your pencil with allegiant pride.

We feel what splendid eminence you have trod
When seeing the phantom Crosses darkly fall
On Calvary, or dead Cæsar, like a god,
Flung prostrate in the senatorial hall!

II.—MEISSONIER.

Watching your arduous work, we vainly guess
What miracle could create, as potent fact,
Such height in brevity, width in narrowness,
And liberal vigor wed with cunning tact!

Your intricate patience, that no toils can crush,
The more we contemplate we reverence more,
Oh, Lilliput Angelo, whose wizard brush
Could paint a battle upon a *bouton d'or*!

III.—DAUBIGNY.

What mood of sunlight over meadowy ways
From you its happiest portraiture debars?
No candor of morning, or glad noontide blaze,
Or pale heavens wistful with the hope of stars

At will your magic mastery can awake
All subtleties of rich color, till you seize
The spirit of sound as well, and strangely make
Your folinged canvas murmur in the breeze!

IV.—CABANEL.

Those lovely forms that float through story and dream,
You lure to illume our present, till we meet
In animate beauty of unearthly gleam,
Penelope, Aprodite, Marguerite!

With palette of smiles and tears, by spells unknown,
You shape each woman or goddess to entrance,
While over each your sovereign spells have thrown
Luxurious golden vapors of romance!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

IN the friendly assault that followed, Reginald soon had reason to admire Melchior's skill and to confess his own deficiencies. With an ease and a grace that were perfection itself, the latter executed all the more difficult passes, feints and movements known to fencing. So rapidly, indeed, did he at one time press Reginald to the wall with his advance, finally pinning him there, as it were, and at other times successfully parry every thrust made by the latter, standing immovable in his place as he did so, that his foil seemed more as if actuated by some human intelligence of its own than merely following the impulse given to it by its holder's arm and wrist.

"I should pity the man who should be compelled to stand before your sword, Mr. Warling," said Reginald, as he leaned against a chair. "How is it that you do not appear fatigued? As for me, my foil seems to weigh ten pounds."

"Don't suppose that I am not fatigued," returned Melchior. "Our bout lasted nearly five minutes without a rest, and that is a long time to remain with foils crossed. You must remember, too, that I am accustomed to the exercise, and, in addition, I did not exert myself as violently as you did yourself. Nevertheless, I am heartily tired, I assure you."

He threw himself into his seat as he spoke, removing the heavy wire mask, and drew a long breath of relief. Then he divested himself of the jacket and the padded gloves.

"It is these," he said, "that weary me more than the exercise."

"What do you think of me as a swordsman?" asked Reginald, doffing in his turn his fencing gear. "Has the time I have devoted to lessons been well spent?"

"You are but an amateur as yet," was the reply, "and against a beginner, like yourself, I do not doubt but that you could give as well as take. But with a skillful antagonist——"

"The chances would be against me?"

"Decidedly."

"There is one thing, at least, that I can do," exclaimed Reginald, with a touch of vexation in his tone. "And that is, if I go out with Vellani, to beat down the fellow's guard and so neutralize whatever skill he may possess!"

"No," said Melchior, quietly. "That would be rash. I am afraid that you lack one of the chief prerequisites to success in an encounter of this kind. You should keep cool."

"That was the fencing-master's advice. But how the deuce can a man keep cool when he has before him the very cause of his anger, I should like to know?" said Reginald, with an odd look of perplexity on his face.

"That problem is a difficult one to solve," laughed Melchior. "Nevertheless, the fact remains, that if you allow your feelings to control you, you will lay yourself open to serious inconvenience at the hands of your antagonist."

"I acknowledge the justice of your words, Mr. Waring. When I left New York I promised Miss Waring, your sister, that I would be guided by your judgment. I am ready to follow your advice."

"Thank you for the privilege of advising you," returned Melchior. "I have received—what shall I call it?—my instructions from Manuela. She expressed the wish that I should place myself at your disposal. She said that, entertaining a deep interest in your welfare, she should be better satisfied if I would see you through this adventure as a friend."

Reginald bowed. He was silent; but his thoughts went back lovingly to Manuela.

"Under these circumstances," Melchior continued, "I propose this course: Let us proceed together to Milan. In that city I will make the necessary inquiries regarding Vellani and the Marchesa di Lupo. Then I will go to the lady as your friend, and obtain the manuscript from her."

"And Vellani—what of him?"

"You will write to Vellani a formal demand for an apology. I will make search for him and deliver the note. If he should refuse to apologize, then we will consider the question of the duel."

"The arrangements could not be better. I need only appear, then, at the proper moment?"

"Yes; only when you are needed. By-the-way, I forgot to ask you—it is not important, but still I should like to know—have you any acquaintance whatever with Vellani?"

"No. I never saw him before last week—presuming that it was he who was addressed in the *café* as M. Luigi Vellani, of the Italian army."

"You know him, therefore, merely from the marchesa's account of him?"

"That is all. The marchesa told me once that a cousin of hers of that name, a captain of cavalry in the army of Italy, was in New York and that she expected to return to Europe with him—although her intention, at that time, was to remain for two or three months longer in the United States. Vellani, I presume, was obliged to return sooner than he had expected, and hence her sudden departure from New York."

"To morrow," said Melchior, after a brief pause, "we will leave for Milan. What say you?"

"So be it. The sooner the better."

And then they spoke of other things—of the lost manuscript and the hidden treasure, and of life in New Mexico and on the border.

CHAPTER VII.—THE MARCHESA.

IN after days when the events detailed in this story had become memories of the past, Reginald's thoughts were wont to recur to his journey from Paris to Milan with Melchior with something of a poetic delight.

The twenty-four hours that had elapsed since he had first set eyes on his companion seemed, judged by his feelings, to have lengthened into as many weeks or months, and the subtle sense of the latter's fascination and gentleness of manner, joined as it was to that other equally subtle sense of Melchior's identification with Manuela herself, which he could not efface from his mind, influenced him strangely—much as one is influenced by the odor of a familiar perfume which recalls some past pleasure, the locality and date of which elude the memory.

Insensibly—almost without either's knowing when or how—before they had parted in the Hotel du Louvre on the preceding day, they had dropped the formalities of recent acquaintance and had reached the freedom of calling each other Reginald and Melchior. Insensibly, too, the more masculine nature of Reginald had betrayed him into a little self assertion which Melchior seemed tacitly to admit. The difference between them in years was great enough to justify the former in regarding his new friend's youth and boyish appearance with a certain feeling of superiority which, however, did not impair the respect entertained for his intelligence and for those accomplishments in which he himself was deficient.

As for Melchior, with his glorious eyes, his deep olive complexion and velvety softness of skin, under which, with the varying phases of his different moods the warm blood burned and mantled; with the beauty more feminine than manly of his features, on which no care had left a line, and which showed in their mobility of expression at one moment the pathos, at another the enthusiasm, of a frank and generous spirit; his were a face and form on which men and women alike looked admiringly.

The morning train from Lyons that left Paris the day subsequent to Reginald's meeting with Melchior, bore the two friends on their way to Milan.

The country through which they passed was fresh with the verdure of early Summer. Many a quaint old town and village and many a delightful grouping of vineyards, with long vistas of poplar and box-trees, together with transitory glimpses of square, brick mansions, their parapet walls adorned with vases filled with flowers, met their gaze as they swept swiftly through the region that lies between Paris and Lyons. The ancient provinces of Champagne, Burgundy and Dauphiny seemed to come out in their brightest apparel of green, and the vine-clad slopes presented charming landscapes to the eye. Here and there the pictures of rural repose were varied with clumps of oaks, chestnut and other forest trees, and occasionally a château of the middle ages, its prison-like appearance suggestive of robber bands and the romance of the nursery, with its little surrounding group of thatched houses, became visible on some eminence for a minute and then vanished.

At Lyons, where they arrived in the evening, they determined to continue their journey without pausing, and the early sun of morning was gilding the tops of the Alps and the red-tiled roofs of Turin, and throwing long shadows from the ancient trees in the environs of that city, when they entered the railway station of the former capital of Sardinia.

"If you do not feel fatigued, Melchior, we have nothing to detain us here," said Reginald. "Turin has its attractions, but Milan has greater claims on our attention at this moment. In four hours at most," he continued, consulting his watch, "we shall be there."

"I am as fresh as when I left Paris," replied Melchior. "Let us keep on to Milan."

The comparatively short run from Turin to Milan was speedily made, and, soon after their arrival, Reginald and Melchior had secured their respective apartments at the Hotel Cavour.

In an hour's time they again met in the sitting-room of the hotel, after they had changed their clothing, dusty with travel, for more suitable apparel.

"The first thing to be done," said Melchior, "is to discover the residence of the marchesa. Let me recommend you to stroll about the city and amuse yourself until I return. As for myself, I will begin the search at once, and will report the result. To-morrow will be time enough to look for Mr. Vellani."

"How do you expect to find the marchesa?"

"I must trust to the chances. The chief of the city police may be able to tell me."

Reginald smiled.

"An odd intelligence-office in which to obtain tidings of a woman of rank like the Marchesa di Lupo!" he exclaimed.

"True," said Melchior; "but in these Continental cities the police know everything and everybody. It would not be surprising if even this conversation should come to the ears of the *sbirri* before the close of the day."

Melchior lost no time in applying to the chief of police for the desired information, nor was he disappointed in the result of his inquiries. His success was due, however, not so much to any hidden knowledge of the marchesa's place of residence that had come to the chief in the course of his official duties, as to the accidental fact that the latter was personally acquainted with her as the widow of the Marquis di Lupo, who had been his friend.

With the directions furnished by the chief, Melchior engaged a carriage and proceeded to the villa, in the suburbs, where dwelt the marchesa. The villa was a large building, stuccoed and painted, situated in the centre of a garden, above the high wall of which was visible a mass of luxuriant foliage. The top of the wall was overgrown with ivy, and the leaves rustled plaintively in the breeze. Two rows of poplars lined the path from the gate to the archway that led to the courtyard.

As Melchior passed through the archway he perceived, standing at a door, a woman who seemed, judging by her appearance, to be one of the household servants.

"Does the Marchesa di Lupo live here?" he asked, speaking in Italian.

"Yes. Does the signor wish to see the marchesa?"

"Tell Madame di Lupo that a gentleman desires the favor of an interview with her."

He handed the servant his card as he spoke, and with it she went into the house. A minute later she returned.

"Will the signor walk up stairs?" she said. "The signora will see him presently."

The woman preceded him up a stone stairway and ushered him into the *sala*, where she left him.

In a little while the rustle of a dress in the corridor announced the coming of the marchesa. She entered, a woman of about twenty-five, handsome, beautifully proportioned, with dark hair and large, indolent black eyes.

"Permit me to apologize for this intrusion before I mention the purpose of my visit," said Melchior, bowing. "My name is Melchior Waring, and I am from America."

The marchesa dropped lazily into a chair, and, motioning him to a seat with an easy gesture, inclined her head slightly and sat in an attitude of expectancy.

"A friend of mine, Mr. Reginald Grey——" he began, when she interrupted him.

"Ah, the dear Signor Grey—and how is he?" she asked, with a languid smile.

A shadowy look of displeasure came for an instant into his face, but it passed away so rapidly that the marchesa did not perceive it.

"Mr. Grey is in excellent health," he answered. "I was about to ask you, in his name, to return the manuscript which he lent you in New York a few weeks ago, and which, by mistake, you brought away with you when you left that city."

"A manuscript, signor? What manuscript? I do not remember," she replied, raising her eyebrows slightly.

"You will pardon me if I recall to your memory the letter you wrote to Mr. Grey from the steamer *Ville de Paris*, apologizing for having packed up a certain manuscript in one of your trunks."

"Oh, you mean the old paper that he gave me?"

"*Gave* you?" said Melchior, incredulously.

"Yes. Did he not make me a present of that manuscript?" she asked, with affected surprise.

"Not as I understand it, signora. He has particularly requested me to call for it."

"Perhaps," she said, smiling, "if he were here he would understand it better. I may be mistaken, but my impression is that you are at fault, sir."

"Mr. Grey is nearer to this place than you imagine. In fact, he is at this moment in Milan."

"In Milan!" she exclaimed, with more animation in her manner than she had yet exhibited, and flushing slightly. "Why, then, does he not come to see me?"

"Really, madam, I cannot answer your question. Perhaps his affairs may detain him."

"What affairs? He never spoke of coming to Milan when I saw him in New York."

"Whatever may be the business that brings him to Milan, marchesa, it is enough to know that he is here. It will surprise him, I assure you, to be told that he gave you the manuscript which, he has informed me, was only left in your hands for examination. I hope, therefore, that you will return the manuscript without any further explanation."

"It is no longer in my possession."

"May I ask what has become of it?" said Melchior, in a tone of surprise.

"Certainly," replied the marchesa. "Believing that the Signor Grey had presented me with that old paper, I gave it to a friend—a gentleman."

"Signor Luigi Vellani?" said Melchior, with the slightest possible touch of a sneer in his voice.

"It is as you say, Signor Waring," replied the marchesa, with provoking coolness. "You are a prophet, sir."

"No, madam, I am no prophet. You should know that this gentleman—your cousin, I believe?"

"Yes."

"He wrote to my friend, Mr. Grey, a very singular letter—a letter that would have been foolish if it had not been insulting."

"And then?" asked the marchesa, drawing down her eyelids until the pupils of her eyes shone through them like those of a cat.

"I am aware of this letter having been written, and for this reason I supposed that he is the person to whom you have given Mr. Grey's manuscript. I need scarcely ask you if I am right?"

"You are quite right, sir."

"Then I must obtain the manuscript from Mr. Vellani."

"You are at liberty to ask him for it. It is for him to decide whether he will surrender it. After all, it is a small matter. An old piece of paper that the moths have eaten away—it is not worth *that!*" and she waved her hand contemptuously.

"I am sorry to be compelled to disagree with you, madam," said Melchior, sarcastically. "Evidently both you and Mr. Vellani attach great importance to it. Otherwise you would not persist in claiming it as your own in spite of your knowledge to the contrary; nor would you have given it to Mr. Vellani, who, perhaps, may have some idea of attempting to recover the treasure which its writer mentions. You have committed a dishonest action, and I have no hesitation in telling you so!"

With a flushed face the marchesa rose from her chair.

"This is unpardonable!" she exclaimed. "You shall repent it, Signor Waring."

"We shall see," observed Melchior, also rising from his seat.

"Signor Vellani is my friend and relative," continued the marchesa. "He shall hear of this interview before night, and he will compel you to apologize."

"Signor Vellani would find it more to his interest, perhaps, to return the manuscript to its owner without delay. As to his compelling me to apologize, he will waste his time I assure you."

"He *must* bring me an apology!" exclaimed the marchesa, angrily, "for, until he does so, I shall forbid him my presence. You shall suffer for this, sir."

"In what way, allow me to ask?"

"Luigi Vellani will kill you!" she cried, passionately.

"How? By assassinating me?"

"No. He will kill you honorably," was the cool reply.

"In a duel, you mean?"

"Yes."

"You purpose, then, to send him in pursuit of me with this charitable intention. Very well. In order that there may be no mistake, I must trouble you to direct Mr. Vellani to the Hotel Cavour, to Mr. Waring, room 40. Can you remember? Or, perhaps, I should write it down for you. I should not like to disappoint him—or you either, marchesa."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a small memorandum book and wrote the address on a leaf, which he handed to the marchesa.

She received it without removing her eyes from his face, crushed the paper carelessly, and as if indifferent to its contents, in her hand, and said:

"I shall remember."

"I believe that is sufficient to enable him to communicate with me."

"You will doubtless find it so, signor."

Melchior answered with a cold bow and moved toward the door. As he passed out into the corridor he glanced at the marchesa. She was still standing where he had left her with her eyes fixed on him; but there was a trace of admiration struggling with the anger expressed in her countenance as she looked.

"The marchesa is relenting," he said to himself, while a curious and meaning smile played about his lips.

CHAPTER VIII.—"LA DONNA È MOBILE!"

THE first question asked by Reginald when, entering the sitting-room of the hotel an hour after Melchior's return from his unsuccessful mission, he found the latter awaiting him, was concerning the marchesa.

"I have had the pleasure of an interview with the fair lady," was the reply. "But when I mentioned the subject of the manuscript and requested its return in your name, she, at first, professed ignorance of it and then stoutly asserted that you had given it to her."

"Impossible!"

"So possible is it that she has even gone so far as to make Vellani a present of it—why, I cannot say, unless it be that that gentleman has some intention of entering on a Utopian search for the treasure. But that is not all that I have to tell you. Before the interview was over we were at daggers' points—to speak metaphorically."

"I do not quite understand you. Pray explain yourself and tell me what happened. I am sorry, indeed, that anything unpleasant should have occurred between you and the Marchesa di Lupo."

Melchior began the recital of what had happened since they had parted that morning, commencing with his visit to the office of the

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chief of police and ending with his departure from the marchesa's residence.

"Do you think," said Reginald, with a grave expression in his face, "that the marchesa will be so indiscreet as to excite Vellani against you?"

"Who can tell? She seemed very much in earnest when she spoke of it. But let us wait until to-morrow. If Vellani should present himself—or should send a friend—of course, I should be compelled to accommodate him. As to apologizing to the lady for any words I may have spoken which displeased her, that is out of the question."

"But what becomes of my affair with him?"

"You haven't any affair with him yet, and if he should seek a quarrel with me, I shall have the priority. But to-morrow, doubtless, will tell the story. Until then, let us cease to concern ourselves about the matter."

The morning of the next day was passed by the friends in expectation of the receipt of some intimation that the marchesa had carried out her threat and had engaged Vellani to call Melchior to account.

After informing the proprietor of the hotel where to find them in case a messenger should come for Melchior, they repaired to the sitting-room and sat there, awaiting developments and conversing on the probabilities.

A half-hour later the proprietor joined them. He held a letter in his hand.

"A letter for Signor Melchior Waring," he said.

"Who brought it, signor?" asked Melchior.

"A woman, who said it was to be delivered at once."

"Thanks. Is the messenger waiting?"

"No, signor. She went away immediately on delivering the note to the attendant," replied the proprietor, as he withdrew.

"This rather alters the case," said Melchior, as he scanned the address. "The marchesa seems to have thought better of her purpose, and instead of sending Vellani in search of me, she has written to me herself."

"Is that note from her?"

"Yes. The handwriting is the same as that of the letter she addressed to you in New York, and here," he added, opening the letter and reading it, "is what she has written. Allow me to translate it from the Italian for your benefit."

"MILAN, *June* 25*th*, 187—

"The Marchesa di Lupo regrets that any cause of disagreement should have arisen between her and Signor Melchior Waring during their interview yesterday, and in order that future trouble may be avoided, and as an evidence of her forgiveness of his hasty words, she requests his presence at her residence at twelve o'clock, noon, to-day."

"What can be the meaning of this sudden change?" said Reginald, wonderingly.

Melchior smiled the peculiar smile his face had worn when he had parted from the marchesa the day before.

"Who can tell?" he replied. "Women are strangely contradictory at times, and the Marchesa di Lupo is no exception to her sex probably. Some whim has seized her, it may be, and she is disposed to be friendly to-day, whereas yesterday she was at variance."

"Then we need not expect Mr. Vellani's visit?"

"That remains to be seen. Wait until I shall have had the interview with the marchesa."

"You intend to respond to the invitation, then?"

"Of course. I have an idea that she means to give me the manuscript. Where shall you be at two o'clock?"

"I shall remain here until you return?"

"Very well. I have half an hour before me in which to reach the villa. *Au revoir.*"

From the hotel Melchior went to the nearest carriage stand and engaged a vehicle, in which he was driven to his destination.

The Marchesa di Lupo greeted him on her entrance into the *salu* with a demeanor that was in marked contrast to her manner on the previous day.

"I was afraid, Signor Waring," she said, with a gracious smile, "that you would attach more importance than they deserved to my words of yesterday, and that you would be so ungallant as to fail to respond to my invitation of this morning."

"The importance I attached to your words, signora," he replied, "was merely the importance you gave to them yourself. I certainly prefer that our brief and temporary acquaintance should be an agreeable one."

"Why do you say 'temporary acquaintance'? Ah, I perceive that, notwithstanding the note I wrote you this morning, you still are displeased with me."

"You are in error, signora. But our acquaintance necessarily must be brief, inasmuch as I shall leave Milan in a very few days."

"Have you nothing to say for yourself?" she asked, after a short pause. "Have you no regret to express for what you said yesterday? What was it? That I was dishonest—was it not?"

"I should prefer to believe that since our interview yesterday you have remembered more distinctly the circumstances under which you received the manuscript from Mr. Grey," observed Melchior, with a bow. "If I misjudged you, I am ready to apologize."

She inclined her head as if in acceptance of the implied apology.

"If I say to you, then, let us be friends and let us forget the events of yesterday, will you agree?" she asked, with a glance, the meaning of which it was impossible for Melchior to misunderstand.

"But at the same time," he replied, "I must not forget that I have a duty to perform, and that duty, as you know, is to obtain the manuscript."

She held in her hand a fan with which up to this moment she had been fanning herself languidly, but as he uttered these words she closed the fan with a violent movement and waving, as if waving away from her the subject of the manuscript, replied:

"That matter shall be settled satisfactorily. I was not thinking of the manuscript. Please do not speak of it again. It tires me."

She reclined in her chair, and as the fan, which she had opened again, resumed its slow movement, she fixed her large, lustrous eyes on Melchior's face with an expression of weariness.

Perhaps he understood the marchesa; perhaps he did not. At all events he did not seem inclined to respond to her wish to dismiss the manuscript from among the topics of conversation.

"I am sorry," he observed, "that the subject fatigues you, for, to speak truly, I came here this morning believing that you had obtained the manuscript from Mr. Vellani and that you would return it to me."

"Will you be satisfied if I promise to send it to your hotel? I must first get it from Signor Vellani."

"When will that be, signora?"

"To-night. I have written to him to bring it to me. But tell me, does Signor Grey regard that manuscript as of any value?"

"You have seen it and can judge of its importance yourself."

"Signor Vellani thinks——"

"Thinks what?" asked Melchior, as the marchesa paused abruptly.

"He thinks that if the writing were complete it might be very valuable to its possessor. That is all."

"A very wise opinion, signora."

"Does Signor Grey," she pursued, "intend to search for the treasure of which the writer speaks?"

"He may do so."

"Has he any other clews to it than those contained in the old paper?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Then how does he expect to find the treasure?"

"By chance, perhaps."

"There is a better way to find it than by chance," she observed, significantly.

"Indeed! And what is that better way, marchesa?"

"Give up your intention to leave Milan in a day or two, and I will tell you."

Again she glanced at Melchior with a look that he could not fail to comprehend.

"Why do you wish me to remain?" he asked, as if not understanding the impulse that actuated her.

"Why? Oh, simply because it is my pleasure that you should remain."

"What would Signor Vellani say should he hear you express a desire for me to remain in Milan? Would he not be jealous?"

She shrugged her shoulders and curled her lips contemptuously.

"Where is the man," she replied, "who is not jealous? To be a man is to be jealous."

"I have no disposition to add to his jealousy, signor," said Melchior, "and, therefore——"

What more he might have said, and what the marchesa might have replied, must remain a matter of conjecture, for at this moment a quick, active step was heard in the corridor, and the latter drew back in her seat.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, placing her finger to her lips. "Here is Luigi!"

Mr. Luigi Vellani—for the marchesa's ear had not deceived her, and it was he—came down the corridor towards the *salu*, humming the *Duke's* song in "Rigoletto":

"La donna è mobile!"

As he reached the threshold of the apartment he paused, glanced swiftly and suspiciously at Melchior, and, with a stiff bow, spoke to the marchesa:

"Pardon, signora!" he said. "I was not aware that you are not alone."

The marchesa left her seat and walked to where he was still standing at the doorway. Melchior heard her utter a few sentences in suppressed tones, while an incredulous smile appeared on Vellani's face. As a lover's quarrel evidently was brewing between the two, and he had no inclination to remain and witness the outburst, he rose to go.

"Signora," he said, thinking of the manuscript, "may I request you to remember your promise."

At these words Vellani broke past the marchesa and stood before him.

"And what promise, signor—whoever you may be—do you call on the Marchesa di Lupo to remember?" he asked.

"Let the lady reply if she likes," said Melchior. "As to you, signor, I do not know you."

"My name is Vellani—Luigi Vellani, of the Italian army," replied Vellani, losing his self-control. "And when you say that you do not know me, it is *I* who have a right here to ask, 'Who are you?'"

"I will answer for him," exclaimed the marchesa, approaching Vellani. "Let it suffice that he is my guest for the moment at least, and, while he remains my guest, you must show him proper respect."

(*To be continued.*)

DEPARTURE OF THE SEAL FLEET FROM ST. JOHNS.

WEDNESDAY, March 10th, was a great day at St. Johns, Newfoundland, for it marked the departure of the seal fleet for the annual cruise. Heretofore the vessels composing the fleet were in the habit of starting on the first of the month, but as the whelping of the seals takes place about that time, the local Legislature passed an Act changing the time of departure from the first to the tenth. This provision, it is thought, will preserve the seals from extinction, a result which was threatened by the too rapid slaughter of the valuable fish before attaining their prime, which is usually reached in two weeks after their birth.

Preparatory to the start, long wide channels were cut through the ice which covered the harbor. The ice being very thick and solid, the process of cutting was performed by huge ice-saws with handles so long that scores of men could simultaneously ply them. Each sweep of these great saws was accompanied by the wild-sea choruses of the crowds of seal-hunters assembled on the ice. Every steamer and sailing-vessel of the fleet was lavishly decorated with flags.

Political Conventions Approaching.

CALLS have been issued for national and State political conventions at the times and places here mentioned:

Wednesday, April 7th.—Connecticut Republican, in New Haven; Iowa Democratic, in Burlington.

Monday, April 12th.—Louisiana Democratic, in New Orleans.

Wednesday, April 14th.—Kentucky Republican, in Louisville; Iowa Republican, in Des Moines; Missouri Republican, in Sedalia.

Thursday, April 15th.—Massachusetts Republican, in Worcester.

Tuesday, April 20th.—Texas Democratic, in Galveston.

Wednesday, April 21st.—Virginia Republican, in Staunton; Georgia Republican, in Atlanta; Oregon Republican, in Portland.

Wednesday, April 28th.—Ohio Republican, in Columbus; South Carolina Republican, in Columbia; Arkansas Republican, in Little Rock.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Tennessee Republican, in Nashville; Wisconsin Republican, in Madison; Mississippi Republican, in Jackson; North Carolina Greenback, in Greensboro.

Thursday, May 6th.—New Jersey Republican, in Trenton; New Hampshire Republican, in Concord; Maryland Republican, in Frederick; Ohio Democratic, in Columbus.

Tuesday, May 11th.—Nevada Republican, in Austin.

Wednesday, May 12th.—West Virginia Republican, in Wheeling; Michigan Republican, in Detroit; Florida Republican, in Gainesville; Wisconsin Democratic, in Madison.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Illinois Republican, in Springfield; Virginia Conservative, in Richmond.

Thursday, May 20th.—Alabama Republican, in Selma; New Jersey Democratic, in Trenton.

Wednesday, May 26th.—Kansas Democratic, in Topeka.

Tuesday, June 1st.—South Carolina Democratic, in Columbia.

Wednesday, June 2d.—Republican National, in Chicago, Ill.; Alabama Democratic, in Montgomery; Mississippi Democratic, in Jackson; Arkansas Democratic, in Little Rock.

Thursday, June 3d.—Workingmen's National Convention, in Chicago, Ill. (Kearney.)

Tuesday, June 8th.—Tennessee Democratic, in Nashville.

Wednesday, June 9th.—National Greenback Labor National, in Chicago, Ill.; Indiana Democratic, in Indianapolis.

Thursday, June 17th.—National Prohibition, in Columbus, Ohio; Indiana Republican, in Indianapolis (State officers); North Carolina Democratic, in Raleigh; Kentucky Democratic, in Lexington.

Tuesday, June 22d.—Democratic National, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wednesday, July 7th.—North Carolina Republican, in Raleigh (State officers).

Wednesday, July 28th.—West Virginia Democratic, in Martinsburg (State officers).

Tuesday, August 10th.—Tennessee Democratic, in Nashville (candidate for Governor).

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Stated that Prince Gortschoff, Russian Secretary of State, is engaged on a scheme for introducing the Gregorian Calendar into Russia.

The Specimens in the Peabody Museum at Harvard have more than doubled in number during the last four years. In a few months the South American room will be open to the public.

The "Geloa," of St. Petersburg, states that fears are entertained for the safety of Prjevalsky, the Russian explorer in Central Africa, from various reports that have come to hand concerning him.

The Low-Rhenish Antiquarian Society at Xanten are having extensive excavations made outside the Clevegate of that town, where very large Roman foundations have been discovered, dating from the Colonia Trajana.

Signor Denza, of the Moncalieri Observatory, points out the coincidence of a shock of earthquake in Lombardy and Piedmont on February 9th with the great activity of Etna the same day, and an eruption of a volcano in St. Domingo.

The Building of the Nice Observatory, established by M. Bischoffsheim, is progressing favorably. M. Perrotin, one of the astronomers of the Paris Observatory, has been appointed director, and will leave for Nice as soon as the works may require his presence in this magnificent establishment.

MM. Antoine Breguet, son of the celebrated member of the Institute, and Richet have taken the joint direction of the *Revue Scientifique*, the largest and most influential French scientific periodical. M. Antoine Breguet will write more specially on physics, and M. Richet on chemistry.

Native Japanese papers state that arrangements for constructing a railway between the Uzuchi coal mines and the Ishigari River in the island of Yezo are progressing, and that an agent of the Colonization Department will shortly proceed to the United States to purchase necessary material.

A Memorial is being signed in various parts of England to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, praying that the Senate will grant to properly qualified women the right of admission to the examination for University degrees, and to the degrees conferred according to the results of such examinations.

Paris is to have a Municipal School of Horticulture; all species of plants used for ornamental purposes, in manufacture or medicine, will be carefully cultivated and preserved in a museum annexed to the school. A public course of practical botany will be given, and the pupils of the municipal schools will be taken by their teachers, on stated days, to the gardens and museum, where the nature of the plants will be explained to them.

A Few Years Ago Dr. Legoff subjected himself to an operation of transfusion of blood, in order to save the life of a wounded soldier lying in Val de Grace Hospital in Paris. The operation was successful, inasmuch as the patient escaped, but the health of the doctor declined. He went to Algiers to recover, but with no avail. We learn from an address by M. Wohl, a professor to the Lycée, on the occasion of Dr. Legoff's funeral, that he died in the beginning of February.

The Investigations and experiments following the bursting of the thirty-eight-ton Woolwich gun on the Thunderer shows that the Woolwich gun will burst explosively if fired with two charges of powder and two projectiles in the bore. They have also demonstrated that Sir William Palliser's gun will not burst under these circumstances. In ordnance manufactured on the Woolwich system, the inner tube of the gun is of steel. In the Palliser gun it is of coiled wrought iron.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BY command of the Queen a stone cross has been erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial lost his life, in Zululand.

UNION COLLEGE has received an endowment of $10,000 from the sons of the late Asa Packer as a memorial of their father.

PRINCE FREDERICK, reputed the wealthiest Hollander, lately attained his eighty-third year. He is Grand Master of the Dutch Masons.

THEODORE MARTIN, who has just completed the life of the Prince Consort, has been knighted by the Queen, and also made Knight Commander of the Bath.

MINISTER JOHN A. KASSON has written home from Austria that he would accept the nomination for Congress from the Republicans of the Seventh District of Iowa.

THE death of her mother, at the age of ninety-one, leaves Miss Florence Nightingale an orphan. "Santa Filomela" herself is a great invalid, yet there are few busier women in the world. She seldom leaves her room, but she is never idle.

ALBERT SOWINSKI, the Polish pianist, the rival and contemporary of Liszt, Thalberg and Chopin during the reign of Louis Philippe, has just died in his seventy-fourth year. He was the son of a Polish General killed by the Russians during one of the risings in Poland.

A MAN dressed as a Dervish stabbed the Grand Shereef of Mecca on the 14th instant as he was entering Djedda, the seaport of Mecca. The Shereef died on the 21st from his injuries. Sir Austen Layard has received a telegram stating that the assassin is a Persian fanatic.

EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH E. BROWN has presented to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., $50,000 for the endowment of a Professorship. The whole amount has been paid, and is now in the hands of the Rev. James P. Boyce, D.D., Chairman of the Faculty.

THE Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Anglesey and the Earl of Fife, who died in 1879, were the three most heavily insured men in England, the companies being hit for $6,250,000, while two other noblemen who have just died had between them $1,250,000 in the same companies.

GENERAL H. E. PAYNE, Commissioner of Patents, has tendered his resignation, to take effect as soon as the unfinished business of his office can be disposed of. He will resume the practice of law with his former partners. Mr. Paine says the reason of his resigning is because the position is unremunerative.

MR. DARWIN has been offered the honorary membership of the Birmingham (England) Philosophical Association on the occasion of his seventy-first birthday, and the incident is much noted because the resolution making the offer is proposed and seconded by clergymen through the Protestant bishop of Manchester.

ALTHOUGH past sixty, Queen Louise Wilhelmine Frederikka Caroline Augusta Julia of Denmark is remarkably youthful in appearance and has been sometimes taken for the elder sister of her daughters, Alexandra and Thyra. The Queen is a devoted mother. She is an admirable pianist and is fond of music to enthusiasm.

WE take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt, but too late to be used, of a remarkably clear specimen of photographic art from Leon Van Loo, of Cincinnati. It shows the platform and auditorium of the Music Hall after they had been prepared for the great railroad banquet. Every chair, knife, fork, napkin, salt-cellar and other accessories of the many tables, were distinctly taken on a large plate. The photograph is a most creditable piece of work.

A CHECK drawn by the Treasury Department to the order of William H. Vanderbilt for $310,801, being three months' interest on $31,050,920 of United States four per cent. bonds, was paid through the New York Clearing House on March 25th. This represents an income of $3,450 per day, of $142 75 per hour, of nearly $2.40 per minute, and of nearly four cents per second, sleeping and waking. It is, besides, only one of several of Mr. Vanderbilt's sources of revenue.

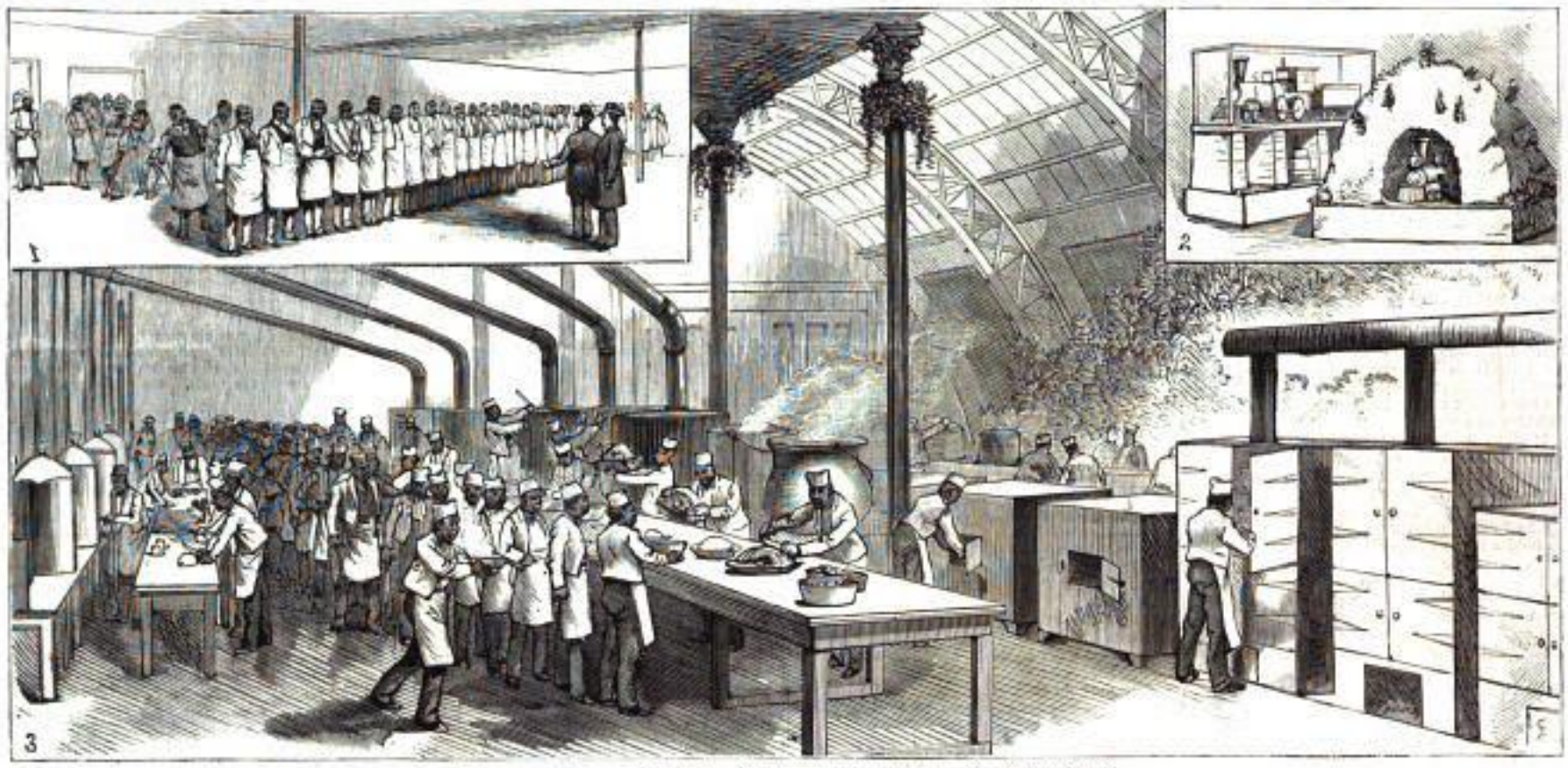
THE will of the late General William Badger Tibbits, of Troy, just admitted to probate, bequeaths $100,000 for the erection and maintenance of a home for indigent soldiers of the armies of the United States of the war of the rebellion, and for indigent old men and women, who may be admitted if the home is not filled with soldiers. The gift is conditional upon the raising of $50,000 additional within five years, and the erection of the home, to be known as the Tibbits Home, in or near Tibbits Avenue, in the City of Troy.

THE eighty-third birthday of the Emperor William was celebrated on March 22d. The weather was fine, and private houses and all the public buildings were decorated with flags. The first to offer their congratulations to the Emperor were the Generals of the army, headed by the Prince Imperial and other German Princes. These were followed by the members of the Bundesrath and Prince Bismarck. The Emperor looked hale and well. At night the Emperor gave a *soirée* at which 700 guests were present. The streets were crowded with people till a late hour.

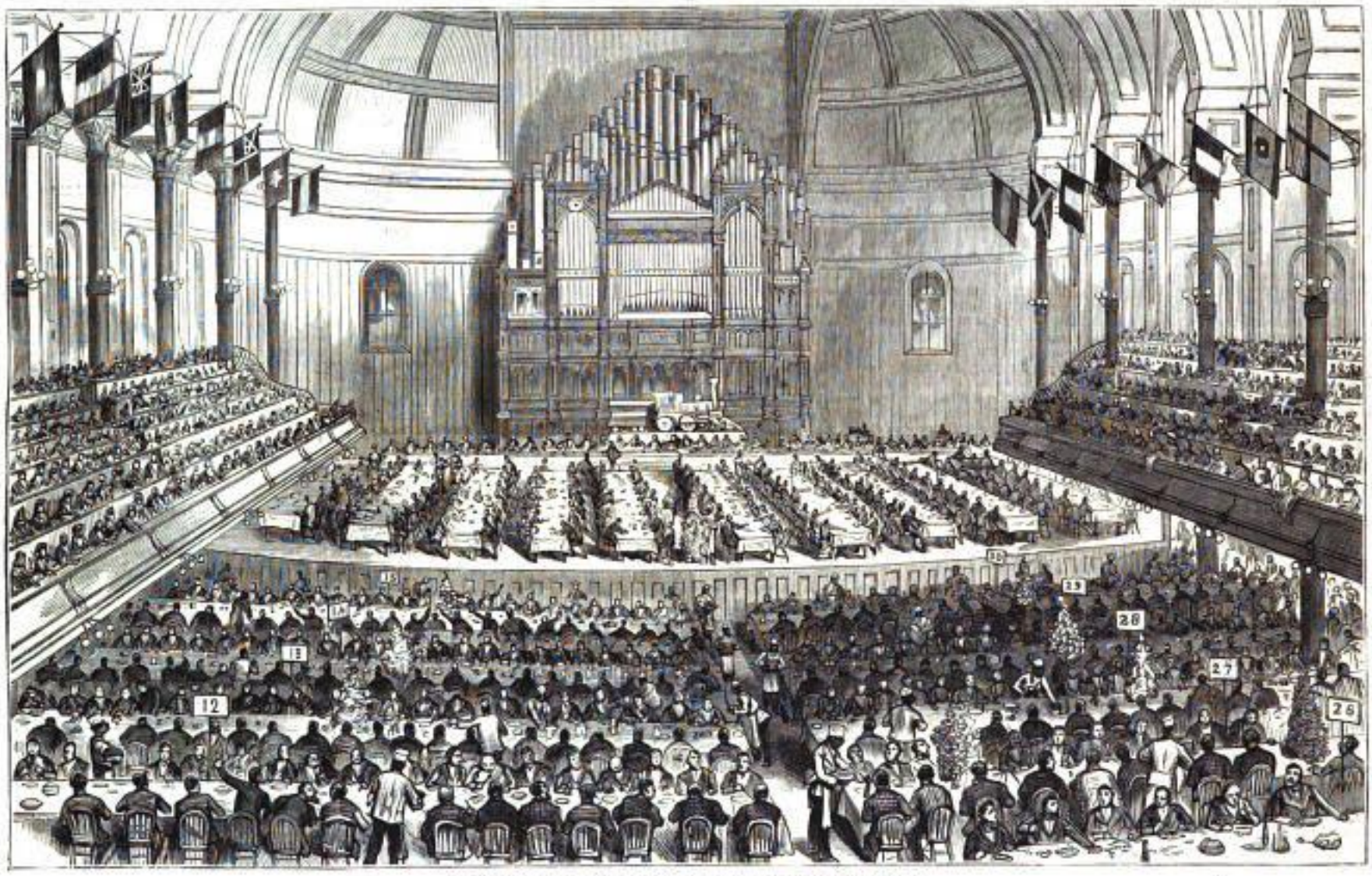
A FAIR young bride has been selected for the future Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary by his parents, and the wedding will take place shortly after the completion of the newly betrothed Princess's sixteenth year. Stephanie Clotilde, Princess of the Belgians and Duchess of Saxony, the second daughter of King Leopold II., and Queen Marie Henriette, was born on the 21st of May, 1864, and is, therefore, nearly six years younger than than her intended husband, the Crown Prince Rudolph of Hapsburg-Lorraine, who will celebrate his twenty-second birthday August 21st. The Archduke and his *fiancée* are third cousins.

JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, President of the University of Michigan, who has been named by the President for the post of Minister to China, was born in the town of Scituate, R. I., on the 7th of January, 1829. In September, 1845, he entered Brown University, and four years later was graduated with the highest honors of his class. In 1851 he went to Europe, where he spent two years in study and travel. He returned to accept the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature in the university of which he was a graduate, a position which he filled successfully for seven years. The Hon. Henry B. Anthony having been elected United States Senator, offered him the entire editorial charge of his newspaper, the Providence *Daily Journal*, and in 1860 Professor Angell assumed the duties of editor of that paper. The offer of the Presidency of the University of Vermont was too tempting to be resisted, and, after six years of journalistic labor, he returned once more to academic life. The fortunes of the college were at a low ebb when he assumed its control, but under his skillful management it soon took high rank among the educational institutions of the country. He declined the Presidency of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, when it was offered him in 1869, but subsequently accepted it in 1871.

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1. MARSHALING THE WAITERS. 2. A SPECIMEN CAKE. 3. THE KITCHEN.



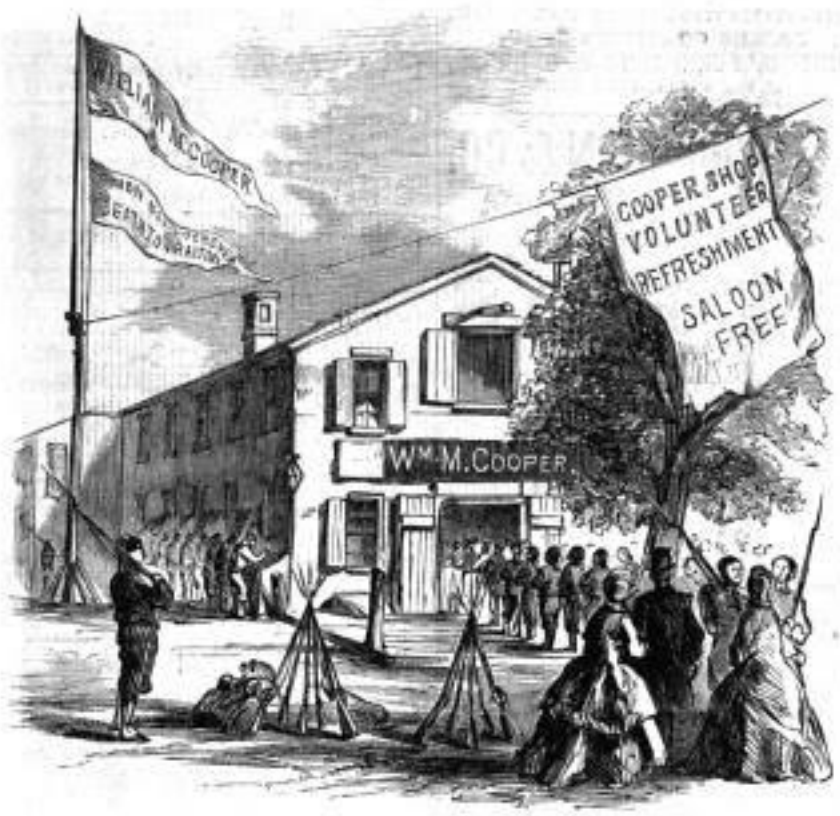
THE GREAT BANQUET IN THE AUDITORIUM OF THE MUSIC-HALL.



THE WINE-CELLAR.

OHIO.—GRAND CELEBRATION IN CINCINNATI OF THE COMPLETION OF THE CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILROAD.
FROM SKETCHES BY E. JUMP.

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EXTERIOR OF THE COOPER SHOP REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA.

HELPING THE FAMILY OF A PATRIOT.

VETERANS of the Union Army during our civil war, no less than the general public, will remember that troops from the East, bound for Washington, in passing through Philadelphia, were usually landed at Washington Street wharf, on the Delaware River, proceeding thence to the trains running South. About one block from this landing, Mr. William M. Cooper, then a wealthy man, had an unpretentious two-story frame and brick building, which the owner made historic by the uses to which his patriotism devoted it. One morning, as Mr. Cooper was on his way to his place of business, he met a Massachusetts regiment, which had just arrived, endeavoring to make itself comfortable in the street. The men were tired and hungry. They had no food with them, and the neighbors had opened their doors and were doing all in their humble power to alleviate the temporary needs of the soldiers. The idea struck Mr. Cooper that he would place the immense furnace in his shop at the disposal of the citizens to boil coffee upon. He did so, and this was the beginning of one of the grandest patriotic charities known in the history of the rebellion. Immediately Mr. Cooper cleared his shop, and determined to aid the cause for the Union as best he could, since he was too far advanced in years to shoulder a musket. He set up what was christened the "Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon," which ended its existence only when the last of the brave men who had been spared by the enemies' bullets passed through Philadelphia on their return home. The citizens came to his aid, and contributions of all sorts poured in upon him. The founder of the place used his private means literally, and no soldier was ever turned away hungry. In addition, a hospital was established in the second story, and the sick were cared for.

After the war, Mr. Cooper turned his attention to business again, but new and more energetic men had supplanted him while he was aiding the Government in its struggle for existence. At last he was compelled to give up the struggle and retire to an humble life with the scanty means at his disposal. Sickness fell upon him and he died, leaving his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, in almost utter destitution, and the house they lived in advertised for sale. The matter was brought to the attention of a number of prominent gentlemen, and they immediately started a subscription for the relief of the family. An appeal has been made to all the Grand Army members and soldiers who were fed at the Cooper Shop to send a small tribute for the relief of the widow and family of the philanthropist. William M. Singerly, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, has taken charge of the matter vigorously, and has already received numerous contributions from veterans in New York City and New England, and there is no doubt that as the facts of the case become known, the donations will become very considerable. Among the contributors are the veterans of the Seventy-first Regiment of this city, who have appropriated fifty dollars from the regimental funds. It is to be hoped that others than veterans of the war, who appreciate Mr. Cooper's loyal efforts, may feel constrained to join in the movement for the relief of those he has left in want. The sum of $15,000 will be required to remove the incumbrance on the property now threatened with sale.

by a sculling movement. The neck was long, yet thick, and sufficiently powerful to sustain the great head high out of water when engaged in swallowing its prey. And what a wonderful provision of means for securing singular ends was there in that remarkable head.

"The huge jaws were fenced with terrible teeth, very like but far more formidable than those of the crocodile. The bony framework of the lower jaw was very singular. It had a sort of elbow-jointing, which was very significant. He had to swallow his prey entire; and oftentimes this was a fish of very large size. Now came in the utility of this elbow-jointed jaw, as in this way the animal could enlarge the opening of the gullet, and thus making possible the swallowing of his meal. Still, at best, this act of swallowing was slow, and the retaining of a powerful struggling prey would be very difficult, hence the upper jaw had an auxiliary contrivance, which exactly met the necessities of the case. It was really in function a small supernumerary jaw, with small, curved and very sharp teeth. This apparatus is really a grapnel. As the great jaws with their formidable teeth give a hitch, and thus force the struggling prey a little way down the mouth, to get another hitch the jaws must open wide again, when the prey would fall out. At this juncture down comes the little grapnel-jaw, and holds the struggling prey in place. So the movements of the great jaws and the small supernumerary one alternate until the prey is safely down the great maw."

A GREAT RAILROAD FESTIVAL.

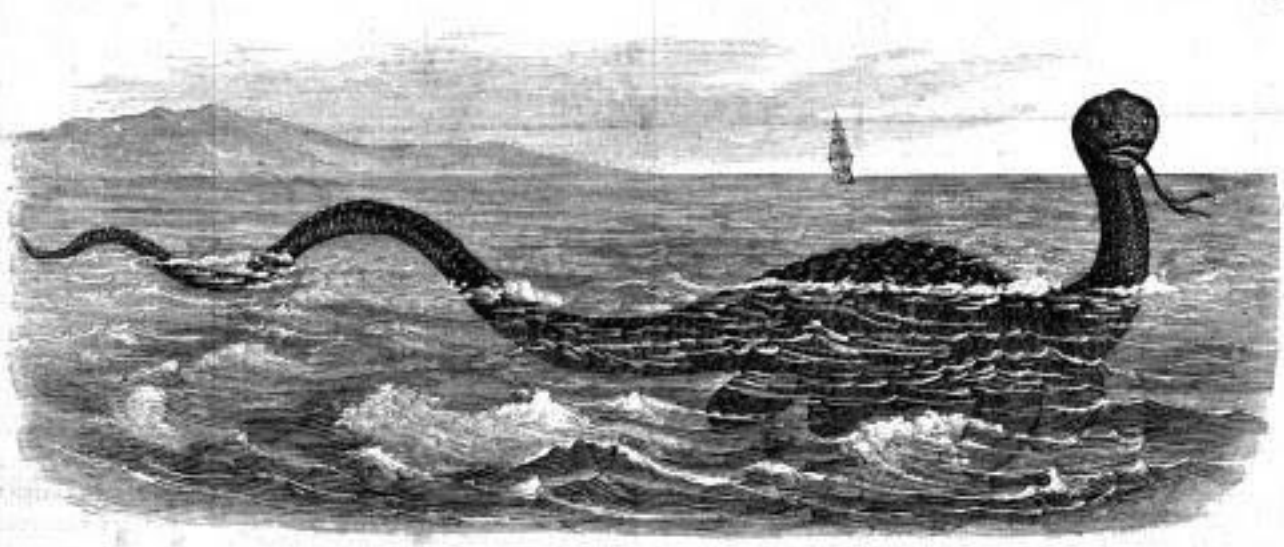
THE celebration of the completion of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad by a grand banquet, tendered by that city to fifteen hundred representative Southern citizens, on the 18th of March, was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. The visitors were received by a committee of four hundred citizens of Cincinnati, and, after visiting the Chamber of Commerce and other points of interest, were entertained in the evening at Music Hall, the main body of which had been converted into a magnificent dining-room. Thirty tables, 90 feet long, occupied the ground-floor; ten, 24 feet long, were ranged across the front of the platform: one, 80 feet long, stood in front of the organ, and two, 25 feet, each obliquely at its end; the whole 43 tables giving a length of over a quarter of a mile, over which was scattered $10,000 worth of tableware, and upon which covers had been laid for 1,840 guests. Seventeen hundred and seventy-six persons in all sat down at the tables. To every seven guests there was one colored waiter, clothed in spotless white jacket, vest, apron and tie; while each table was under the supervision of a head waiter in full dress. The viands were profuse in their abundance. Here there were 10,000 oysters on the half shell, 100 gallons of soup, 1,200 pounds of fish, 1,000 pounds of sirloin, 2,000 croquettes, 1,000 pounds of venison, 600 ducks, 2 wagon-loads of potatoes, 200 cold pieces of game, salads and jellies, 100 gallons of ice cream, 75 gallons of Roman punch, 125 pounds of cake, beside sundries unweighed, unmeasured and unnamable.



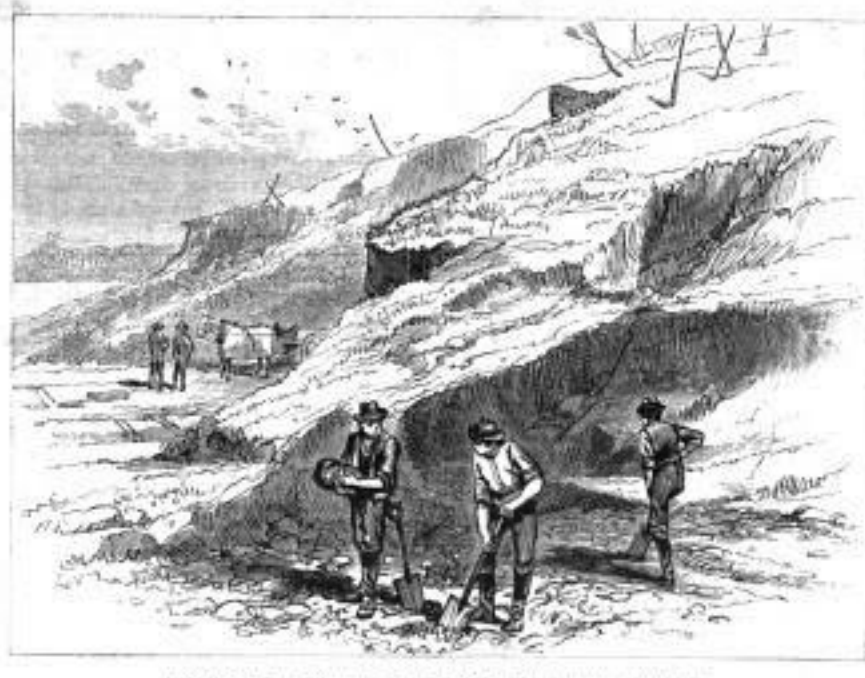
THE LATE WILLIAM M. COOPER, FOUNDER OF THE SOLDIERS' REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA.

In preparing to serve the throng of guests seated at the tables, Horticultural Hall, south of the main building, was converted into a monster kitchen. Along one side of it were stretched 120 feet of ranges, having eight ovens with 160 feet of baking surface.

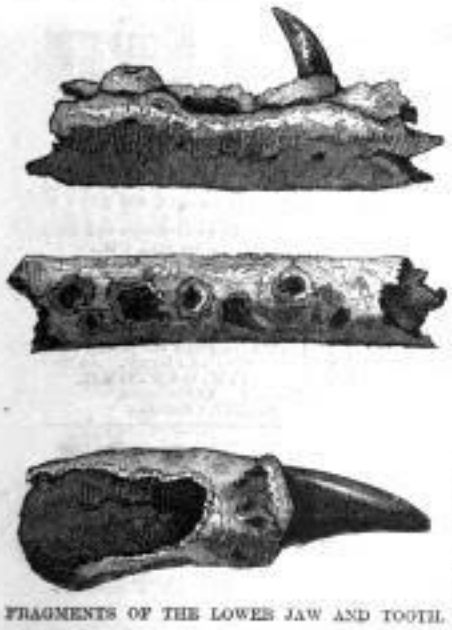
The decorations of the tables were elegant and handsome. On each table were two or three designs in pastry and in flowers. On the principal table immediately in front of the Mayor and the principal guests were several unique and handsome floral designs, while each end was ornamented with a horseshoe of calla lilies, tuberoses, violets and smilax. Wreaths, pyramids, fans, horse-shoes, cornucopias and other designs in roses, pinks, violets, lilies-of-the-valley and mignonettes, interwined with smilax, graced the other tables and diffused their fragrance on the air. A *boutonnière* was also furnished each guest. Several large floral pieces ornamented the room. Over the organ a locomotive and tender in pink and white flowers attracted considerable attention. This piece measured eight feet in length. Other pieces, illustrating a Southern Railroad train coming out of King's Mountain Tunnel, the High Bridge, a train on the Ohio River Bridge, and other subjects connected with the Southern Railroad, were also exhibited in the body of the Hall. The viands, which were faultlessly placed upon the tables, were of the choicest description, and everybody praised the arrangements. When, about 10:30 o'clock, the orchestra had played a particularly pleasing selection, an encore was insisted upon, and the musicians responded with "Dixie." The effect was magical. All over the house men rose, shouted and waved napkins with the greatest enthusiasm. The music was almost drowned, but when the orchestra struck



THE SUPPOSED FORM OF THE SEA-SERPENT.



THE MARL-PIT WHERE THE REMAINS WERE DISCOVERED.



FRAGMENTS OF THE LOWER JAW AND TOOTH.

A FOSSIL SEA-SERPENT.

SOME curious relics of the reptilian age has been recently discovered in a marl-pit near Marlboro, Monmouth County, New Jersey. Professor Samuel Lockwood, a geologist of fine attainments, in a description of these relics, says that the bones undoubtedly belonged to a monster of great bulk. "He had two paddles well forward and two behind, the size and solidity of the bones of which indicate extraordinary propelling force. Extending far behind was the tail, stout, long and serpentine, but a little flattish, thus affording great aid in propulsion



SECTION OF THE VERTEBRA.

NEW JERSEY.—FOSSIL REMAINS OF A SEA-SERPENT DISCOVERED NEAR MARLBORO.—FROM SKETCHES BY PROF. LOCKWOOD AND CHARLES UPHAM.

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the majestic tones of the "Star Spangled Banner" the scene became indescribable, every one rising and the house being white with waving handkerchiefs. Finally the great organ took up the air, and orchestra and organ, with a shouting audience between, combined to form an unparalleled outburst of enthusiasm.

It was 12 o'clock when the speaking began, the order being as follows: An address of welcome in behalf of the City, by Mayor Jacobs; address of welcome in behalf of the State, by Governor Foster; "The Cincinnati Southern," response by Hon. E. A. Ferguson; "The South Atlantic States," response by Governor Colquitt, of Georgia; "Gulf States," response by Leslie R. Brooks, of Mobile; "Our Northern and Southern Connections," responses by M. E. Ingalls and ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia.

The Cincinnati Southern Railroad, which has cost $13,000,000, is operated entirely in the city's interest, though not by the city itself. A common carrier company, chartered by the Legislature, holds the road under a lease, they to furnish capital for locomotives, cars and all operating expenses, and to be allowed an interest of seven per cent. per annum, while all the rest of the earnings are turned into the city treasury to go on the sinking fund.

THE THEATRES.

AT Union Square the "Two Orphans" have made their *rentrée*, the cast being unique, the scenery new and superb.

"M'liss" at the Standard is drawing immense houses, the acting of Miss Pixley in the title rôle causing quite a sensation.

At Haverly's the "Widow Bedott" holds her own against all comers, and is unassailable even by the immortal Tony Weller.

There is truly but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, from "Macbeth" to "Humpty Dumpty." Edwin Booth has succeeded the mirth-provoking pantomime, which is now convulsing Brooklyn, and the eminent tragedian is nightly fascinating enormous and æsthetic audiences.

J. H. Haverly having taken a lease of Niblo's opened with his marvelous Mastodon Minstrels.

The Bijou Opera House, under the management of Messrs. Ford and McCaull, commenced its opera season on Monday night with "Di Camera," of which an extended notice will duly appear.

How Greyhounds are Trained.

THE human denizens of poverty-stricken hovels in the "distressful country" or in the crowded alleys of this metropolis might well envy a grey hound in training for the Waterloo Cup. His kennel, to begin with, is artificially warmed by a flue which runs right round it, and his food consists of a strong jelly, made from beasts' or calves' feet, or from bullocks' or sheeps' heads. With this jelly is mixed some carefully-selected oatmeal, and a week before running the favored long-tail has his wind cleared by a diet of roast mutton and crisp toast. Each day of his life the greyhound is well groomed with a horse-hair brush on returning from exercise, and his feet are as carefully washed and wiped as those of a Derby favorite. As much thought is bestowed upon his training and exercise as is given by a crack Newmarket trainer of horses to the condition of an animal upon which the money is about to be "dumped down." The result is that greyhounds are now brought to the scratch with a gloss on their coats and a lot of hard muscle upon their loins which augur ill for the suffering hares, exposed to the endurance of untold agonies during the few minutes of suspense when their lives hang in the balance.

Corean Women.

THE women of Corea have to remain in the apartments set specially apart for their use, and those of the higher classes are even more insulated here than in China; a little more liberty is allowed them in the country, where a portion of the labor in the fields falls to their share; but although they can move about there somewhat more at their ease, they are still much more restricted than the female country population in China. In cities and small townships it is, however, considered a great offense against modesty and custom whenever a woman is met in the public streets in the daytime, and they quit their apartments scarcely ever during the day. To indemnify them for this strictly kept-up seclusion, the following remarkable arrangement has been made. At nine o'clock in the evening during the Summer, and at an earlier hour in Winter time, the city gates of Seoul and other towns are closed at a given signal. As soon as this has taken place all men are bound to leave the streets, and these are abandoned to the women for the purposes of recreation and promenading. Any male, finding himself by accident belated and behind the appointed time in the streets, is sure to hurry to his house as fast as possible without looking up or regarding about him, and severe punishment would fall upon any person daring, in the face of the stringent prohibition, to molest women in the least. Good-breeding demands from any man (and this is always done) to cover his face with a fan as soon as he encounters ladies walking during these hours, so that he may not be recognized, and to walk over to the other side of the street so as not to disturb or terrify them.

Turkish Bankruptcy.

NO FRESH proof of the almost hopeless impecuniosity of the Turkish Government need occasion any surprise, and least of all such an announcement as that contained in a telegram recently received to the effect that the Imperial Ottoman Bank had refused to advance any more funds for payment of salaries to the Ottoman Ambassadors at European Courts. This is, if we mistake not, the second time that the Porte has been reduced to such discreditable straits that its own financial agents declare they cannot trust it any more, even to the extent of enabling it to keep its representatives at foreign courts in pocket. The reason is the same now that it was a year since—nothing is done toward fiscal reform. Revenues are wasted or plundered, so that the State often wants means for the daily support of the ordinary administrative machinery. Court favorites or local placemen fill their pockets, while soldiers and police can scarcely be kept from the dire extreme of actual privation except by the adoption of hand-to-mouth expedients which merely stave off rebellion for the moment, and leave the old vices flourishing exuberantly. Among these expedients is that of playing off one set of financial advisers against the other. Thus, in the present case, as the Porte cannot get the Ottoman Bank to trust it any more, it proposes "making arrangements for the payments to be effected through other banks." All this time sources of revenue exist close at hand, which only want a little common sense management to produce three times what they have hitherto done and render petty borrowing unnecessary. The uppermost desire in the mind of any intelligent person on reading these notices of pecuniary straits is that not only the Imperial Ottoman, but every other bank and banker, would persevere in keeping their purse-strings tightly drawn until sheer penury drove the governing class at Constantinople to amend its ways.

FUN.

AN aviary is always a bird-den to the man who owns it.

HE who Mrs. to take a kiss
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

A MAN should have a fortune who thinks of marrying a ballet-dancer, because it is next to impossible to keep her in clothes.

OLD PHOSY: "What I say is this, sir: I approve entirely of fox-hunting as a manly, health-giving, and invigorating amusement, but not as a pursuit, sir." *Irish Doctor:* "Faith, ye'll find manny to agree with ye there. Especially foxes."

"How do you like the new minister?" asked a lady of her little girl. "Oh! he is splendid! I like him ever so much better than I did Mr. Edwards." "Why?" asked her mother. "Well," said the child, trying to think of a good reason, "he has a better complexion!"

Two boarding-house keepers are comparing notes. "It 'pears to me, Mrs. Miggles, that your chicken-salad is never found out—leastways, I never hear none of the boarders complain." "You see," explained Mrs. Miggles, "I allus chops up a few feathers with the veal."

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to praise a kind-hearted Irishwoman for her good deeds, said to her: "Well, well, Kate, if there is a Heaven in the next world you will get to it." As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of the race: "God bless ye, Mr. P. An' sure, if I do, I'll lave the gate open for you."

THESE days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church last Sunday—a thing unusual—and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said, "Oh, his sermon was very good: but that prayer, beginning with 'Our Father,' I think he stole entire. I know I have heard something somewhere that it was strangely like."

A ROMANTIC youth, promenading in one of the fashionable streets, picked up a thimble. He stood a while, meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" Just as he had finished, a stout, elderly negress looked out of an upper window, and said, "Mason, just please to bring dat fimble of mine in de entry. I jist drapt it."

"I BELIEVE in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody, at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon a calm-faced, placid-looking woman rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear and slowly led him out, and the assembly knew then for the first time that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

are furnished by the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, England, on terms to suit the times. A new edition of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," about 1,000 pages, nearly 300 illustrations, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., postpaid, $1.50. "Invalids' Guide-Book," postpaid, 10 cents; "Motion as a Remedial Agent," illustrating movement cure for paralysis, diseases of females, stiffened joints, club feet, spinal curvature and kindred affections, 10 cents; "Diseases of Generative Organs," 10 cents; "Catarrh," its rational treatment and positive cure, sent on receipt of one postage stamp. Address as above.

RINGLETS BRIGHT

"That toss in the breeze like a thing of life."

She stood thus beautiful through the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold by Druggists.

REPORTS from the various wine districts of France say that the extraordinary cold Winter has so severely injured grape vines that this year's crop will probably be very poor. The vines in Burgundy, and more especially in Champagne, have suffered most. It is very doubtful if the greater part of New York wine-drinkers would find this out if it was not published.—*New York Sun.*

It is also doubtful whether, since the introduction and popularity of "THE AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne of A. WERNER & CO., 308 Broadway, it is of very much consequence whether the New York wine-drinkers ever find it out. The loss is more than made good.

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THE TWO ORPHANS,
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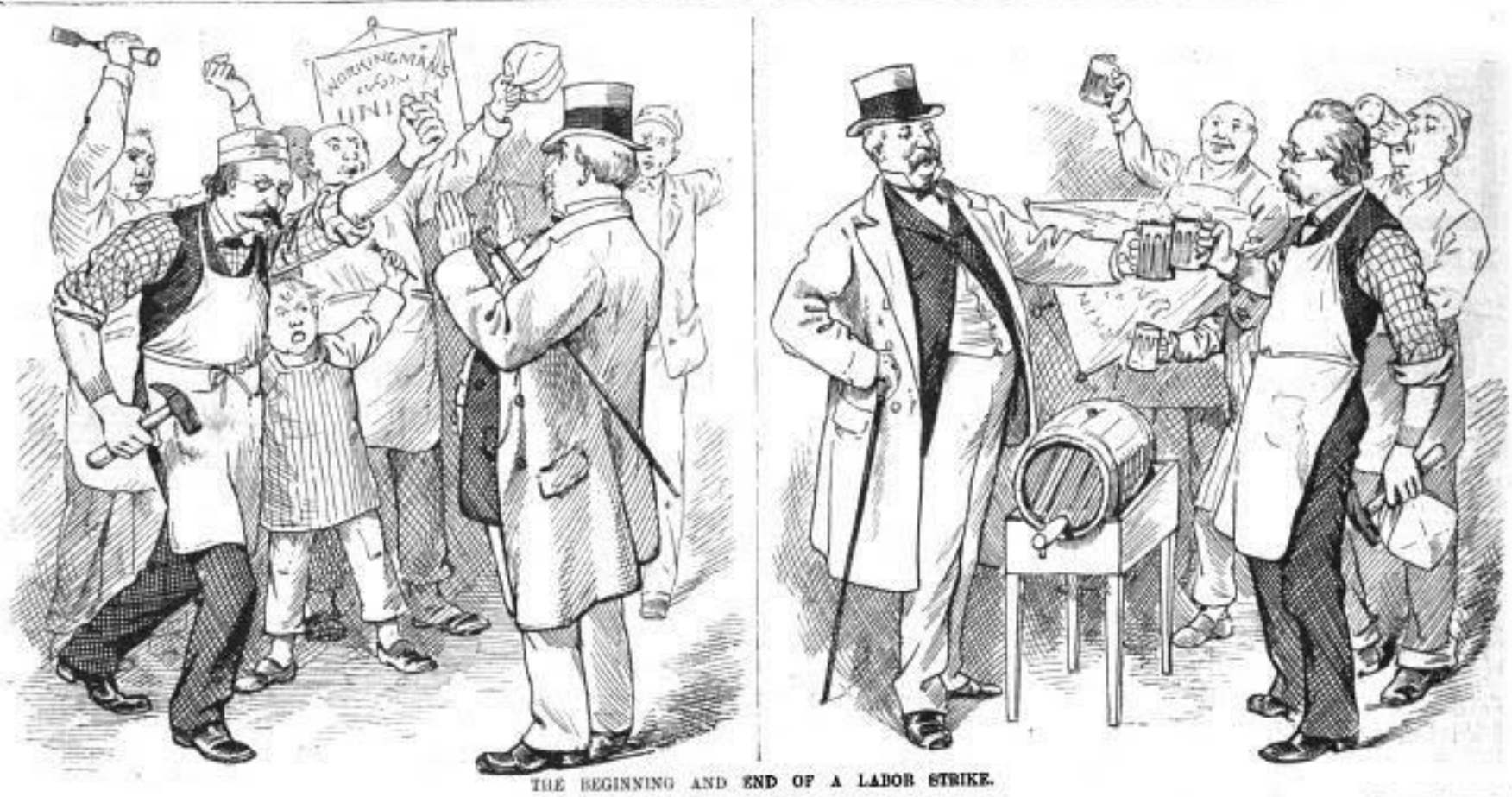
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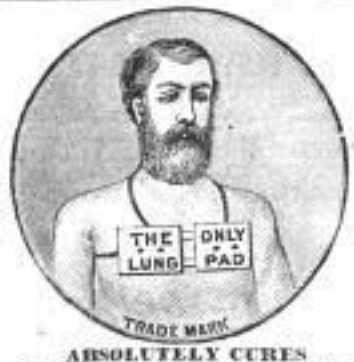
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GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—See Page 102.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1880.

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PARTIES AND PRINCIPLES.

IT is known that for a long series of weeks the Hon. Mr. Weaver, of Iowa, has been seeking to obtain the recognition of Speaker Randall in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of offering a resolution expressive of the financial crudities which he entertains in common with the Greenbackers; but the Speaker has refused to award him the privileges of the floor by reason of the priority given to reports and resolutions from the committees of the House. At the same time it is charged that the action of the Speaker in this matter has a political inspiration, and is prompted by a desire to prevent the introduction of any resolution which, by the vote had upon its adoption or rejection, would disclose the schism between the Hard Money and Soft Money Democrats. Since the schism cannot be healed, it is deemed "good party tactics" to conceal it until the ensuing Presidential election is overpast.

Not many days ago Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, submitted a measure for the revision of the tariff in three of its schedules, and, without the conscious privity of the House, procured its reference to the Committee on the Revision of the Statutes, instead of the Committee on Ways and Means, to which it properly belonged. That in so doing he compassed a legislative surprise upon the House is incontestable, and yet so simple a matter as the proper reference of this simple measure was not effected without a stubborn and exciting contest running through a three days' session. That the ocean of Congressional oratory should have been tossed into tempest in order to waft such a feather and to drown such a fly, is explained by the fact that neither Republicans nor Democrats are at unity among themselves on the subject of Tariff reform. The Democrats of Pennsylvania, of Maryland and of Louisiana are known to be in favor of the restrictive policy wherever it subserves the interests of *their* constituents, but the great mass of the Democrats from other States are opposed to protection for protection's sake. The great mass of the Republicans from the Eastern and Middle States are known as stalwart upholders of protection, but Republicans from the Western States are growing more and more outspoken in their aversion to the theory and practice of our present tariff acts. Hence the timidity with which the managers of both parties stand aloof from a living issue which threatens to shatter the ill-compacted shells of their political organizations.

In presence of events like these the whole country is witness to the fact that our nominal political organizations are wider than the bases of doctrine and principle on which they once professed to rest, and on which they founded their claims to popular confidence and support. The name and the external traditions of the Democratic and Republican parties have been handed down to the men who are now assuming to be their respective leaders, but on more than one of the living questions of the hour we find Democrats and Republicans who, in order to keep within the limits of their respectives organizations, are compelled to dissemble or suppress their real convictions.

The evils of this faltering in a double sense are at once manifold and obvious. It strips political organization of dignity, purity and manliness by despoiling it of vitality and truth. Constitutional government can be maintained only in a country which has intelligence and virtue enough to maintain an honorable and an honest competition between the parties which confront each other; and to do this the adherents of party must *believe* in the truth and importance of the principles for which they contend. Fictitious issues must not be invented for the purpose of "carrying elections." Vital issues must not be ignored in order to protect a fungus growth which *seems* to add strength to the organism. All such resorts of a calculating expediency are the sure precursors of political decay. They prove that the true spirit of life has departed from the body which it once animated, and that the way has been opened for unclean spirits to enter in and take possession of the carcass. The wily and dexterous management of machine politicians now takes the place of popular forces. Instead of parties filled with generous enthusiasm for the ideas they embody and represent, we have automata worked by wires in the hands of men who control "primaries" and "conventions." Between this decadence and the politics of Mexico there is but a single step. When men and not principles, when mere success as an end and not measures of public policy, addressing themselves to the reason and conscience of the people, are the bonds of political confederation, we have prepared the way for that weakest of all governments—the government of "the strong man." What the government of the "strong man" ends in may be seen to day in the Czar of all the Russias cowering behind General Melikoff.

But if these are evils of our present political situation, it is only just to say that the situation has its opportunities for good as well. In proportion as parties lose their bond of inner coherence, they lose their hold on the best elements that previously entered into their composition. The political managers of the passing hour make a great mistake if they suppose that the rank and file of their former constituency are to be held "like dumb driven cattle" within the traces of the political machine. The world is still governed by moral forces, and woe to the party or parties which break themselves to pieces by offending against them. Neither of the two great historical parties which have lately divided the country can afford to make up the issues of the coming Presidential election without taking the convictions of the "independent voter" into its account. The independent voter *has* his convictions, and he will neither cloak them nor sell them. For the present he may be a disregarded factor in the machinations of the political wire-puller, but it will be well, on next election day, for that party which shall have paid the most heed to his wishes and his legitimate sensibilities. Never before did the party uniform sit so lightly on the shoulders of its wearers, now that so many among our train-band captains have turned it into the livery of faction and made it the badge of personal politics. The situation of the country is full of perils incident to the decay of a brave and honest statesmanship in our public men, but the situation is also full of opportunities to the party which shall rise to the height of the public emergencies upon us and before us.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

THE Beaconsfield Ministry appears, contrary to the general expectation, to have sustained a decisive defeat in the English Parliamentary elections now in progress. The Liberals have already won twenty-nine seats, making a difference of fifty-eight seats, and this gain will be augmented by others in the elections yet to be held. That they will have a clear working majority in the Commons seems to be assured. Mr. Gladstone is elected from Leeds, where he was nominated so as to be sure of a seat in case he failed in Midlothian, by a majority of more than 10,000 over the highest number of votes polled for the Conservative candidates. His success in Midlothian also is now confidently expected. Lord Hartington and John Bright and all the more prominent Liberal leaders are returned, while on the other hand the Conservatives lose a number of their conspicuous representatives. The question of the Premiership is already engaging the attention of the Liberal leaders, and it may be that the problem will be found somewhat difficult of solution. Lord Hartington has indicated that he will leave the matter to the judgment of the party and the wishes of the Queen. Gladstone possibly may have no ambition to again burden himself with the cares and responsibilities of office, but he is the real natural leader of the Liberal cause, and if the honest voice of the country is consulted he will be called to reassume the functions which he laid down in 1874.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

THE New York *World*, which seems honestly desirous of securing the ascendency of the best element in the direction of the Democratic Party in the coming Presidential contest, calls upon ex-Governor Seymour to take the helm in this State and pilot "the Democratic ship through the perilous breakers into which she has unfortunately drifted or been driven." It urges all the Democratic voters of the State who are opposed to Mr. Tilden to unite in the primaries in the selection of delegates who will be willing, under the lead of Governor Seymour, to put an end to the Tilden and anti-Tilden feud, and it plainly intimates that if something of this sort is not done disaster will ensue. The *World* is right, and its sound counsel should be heeded by the party to which it is addressed. The nomination of Governor Seymour for the Presidency would not only heal party divisions in New York, but it would bring to the front elsewhere a class of democrats who can never be induced to support any candidate selected by "machine" influences. But the Democracy have, of late years, displayed such absolute stupidity on every occasion when success was within their reach, that there is little ground to anticipate any such sensible course on the part of the managers as the *World* has suggested.

COMPULSORY PILOTAGE.

IF one will grope a little among the dark places of history, he will be astonished to find how many of the established usages of civilization, and especially of commerce, originated in force and fraud. The more practical laws of navigation have scarcely changed since they were framed by the Phœnicians and elaborated by the Romans; and the doctrine that "might makes right" was in full force among the bold seacovers of those peoples. Down to a comparatively recent period a merchant vessel carrying a valuable and easily portable cargo was sent out well armed, with a numerous crew well trained in the use of artillery and small arms. Our system of impost duties originated in organized robbery, and our word tariff comes from the name of an African cape in the Mediterranean Sea, whence passing vessels were watched and subjected to tribute.

Our system of compulsory pilotage has a similar origin, and yet till within the past century its justice and wisdom has not been seriously and effectively disputed. We went to war with Tripoli about eighty years ago to compel that power to give up its practice of exacting tribute from vessels passing along its coast—an exaction based on the claim that it was to support systems of lighthouses and pilotage. If the lighthouses had been really maintained, perhaps the claim would not have been denied to the extent of armed resistance. But the Tripolitan Government was forced to withdraw it at the cannon's mouth, and since then the navigation of the Mediterranean has been legally free, though we believe that the British Government has since, on one or two occasions, found it necessary to chastise the Moorish pirates. The Sound dues exacted by the Danish Government from time immemorial, on the passage of a ship through the Categat, have also been abandoned within a few years, and again through the influence of the Government of the United States. The Sound dues had a more reasonable and just basis than the exactions of Moorish States, and a money consideration was given for their abandonment.

It will thus be seen that our National Government has been active and influential in removing compulsory pilotage in foreign waters. It has done very little, however, in the same direction at home. The regulation of pilots has been left to the State Governments, and we have in the harbor of New York two sets of pilots, acting under different laws, subject to different authorities, and pursuing different methods, but both animated by the same leading purpose, that of exacting as much as possible from the commerce of New York, and contributing to make our port one of the most expensive to shipping (as it is, indeed, to nearly every other industry) in the world. One of these bodies of pilots is under the laws of New York, and the other under those of New Jersey, which controls the old port of Perth Amboy. Their exactions were not the subject of serious complaint until the number of small steamers employed in the coastwise trade had greatly increased. These steamers no more need pilots than do ferry-boats, and to compel them to pay pilotage is felt by their owners to be a great burden.

The attention of Congress has been called to the matter. It is clearly the duty of that body to make the regulation of pilotage a national affair, taking it out of the hands of the State Governments, and all compulsory pilotage ought to be abolished. There is no more reason in compelling a ship-owner to employ a pilot than to insure their ships. Marine Insurance Companies are a great boon to commerce, but no one would think of compelling a ship-owner to insure his vessel at extravagant rates, on the ground that Marine Insurance Companies must be maintained. The pilots assert that they cannot support their establishments without the aid of compulsory pilotage. This is evidently not true. The great Marine Insurance Companies would be their stanch friends, and in all cases, where their services would be likely to be needed, would insist in their policies of insurance upon the employment of pilots. All experience demonstrates that any legitimate industry thrives best when freed from the "protection" of law. Besides, New Hampshire and Maine have abolished compulsory pilotage, and there is no complaint of the effect in any quarter. Any good pilot knows that ordinary coasters do not need pilots on entering or leaving the port of New York. It is not honest, therefore, to exact pilotage from them.

Compulsory pilotage must go. Slavery and polygamy were denounced as "twin relics of barbarism." Compulsory pilotage is a relic of piracy; it is intolerable to the spirit of the age, and especially burdensome to the commerce of the Metropolis of the Western World. It must go!

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

IT is not enough that the United States should be a great food-producing country, able to feed its own population and have a considerable surplus for export. We have other interests deserving of fostering care, other productions which the people of many countries, if permitted, would gladly receive in exchange for products of their own. Our manufactured goods, whether of iron, steel, wood, leather, cotton, or other material, are second to none in the world. In many lines of manufacture the Yankees are admittedly far in advance of England and other manufacturing nations. With energy, skill and natural advantages at command, there is no valid reason why the products of our workshops and mills should not be vigorously pushed into the several markets of the New and Old Worlds. Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, the States of Central and South America, the islands of the Pacific, and the empires of Japan and China, are easily accessible. Their combined populations, numbering hundreds of millions, can and ought to have their wants supplied from the industries of this country. That it is otherwise, results from a lack of American statesmanship rather than from any inability or want of disposition on the part of our people to supply the trade.

It requires no argument to prove to practical men the advantages to be derived from foreign commerce. To increase our exports to the extent of five hundred millions per annum is to add one hundred millions of dollars, at least, to the permanent wealth of the country, and a larger sum proportioned to an increase of trade. Five hundred or one thousand millions more produced in the country for foreign consumption means continuous employment to the labor classes, with good times and prosperity to all. But we can only have results through the employment of means to bring them about. We require proper commercial treaties with all peoples likely to use our products, manufactured or otherwise. We need a live consular service wherever there appears to be an entering wedge for American commerce. Furthermore, we should do our own carrying trade, and to this end require lines of steamships with American registers and carrying the American flag.

In this view, the proposal of Secretary Evarts to send a strong diplomatic commission to China with a view to negotiating a new treaty is a movement which the good sense of the country will approve. Although the mass of Congressmen may see nothing in the Chinese question beyond the miserable local quarrel on the Pacific coast, and may not deem the commission worthy of the expense to be incurred, yet the practical men of the country will take a more exalted view of the matter. Even the people of England see in the appointment of this commission something more than the settlement of a mere demagogical brawl over the employment of Chinese labor in California. It has awakened the trade jealousies of British merchants, and stirred the fears of the most intelligent of the English press. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal of weight and influence, in commenting on the appointment of this commission, says that it "is a matter which no complications in Europe should keep England from closely watching." Owing to a change of popular opinion in Asiatic countries as regards America and European countries, the *Gazette* is led to believe that Americans, meaning the people of the United States, may become England's most formidable competitors in the far East. "A very slight gain in the shape of a reciprocity treaty," it remarks, "would give American trade a decided advantage in Chinese ports."

The interests of commerce have been the inspiring motive of our several treaties with China. Our trade relations with that country are on the increase, and it is not to be supposed that in negotiating a new treaty our Government will lose sight of the means to strengthen and increase commercial intercourse between the two countries. China manifests a disposition to

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become a good customer, and the opportunity thus opened to us should be utilized. The export of California flour to the Celestial Empire amounted to 17,335 tons in 1877; 20,737 tons in 1878, and 22,954 tons in 1879. The increase of last year over 1878 amounted to 26,000 barrels. In addition to breadstuffs, China receives from California more than one half of her entire product of quicksilver. But it is not a single State which profits through commerce with China. The country at large shares the benefit. From English sources we learn that during the four years ending with 1877 there was a steady and significant increase in the imports of American goods at Shanghai. The following table is given by Her Majesty's consul in his report for 1878:

IMPORTS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.
	Bales.	*Bales.*	*Bales.*	*Bales.*
Drills.....	2,630	6,891	9,863	19,612
Sheetings	1,235	2,000	4,365	14,461
Jeans....	.....	.....	360	2,597

"The demand for British fabrics," says our English authority, "is yearly decreasing, and their place is being supplied by American manufacturers. Gray shirtings have been imported into Chefoo during the last five years in the following quantities: 1874, 348,399 pieces; in 1875, 347,259 pieces; in 1876, 209,142 pieces; in 1877, 252,003 pieces; in 1878, 229,142 pieces." So, too, with American drills. Although forty per cent. dearer than the English article, yet the latter are being forced from the market. Last year the imports of English and American goods at Chefoo were as follows: English, drills, 14,673 pieces; American, 58,108 pieces; English sheetings, 871 pieces; American sheetings, 59,943 pieces.

With these facts before us, we cease to wonder at the warning outcry of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or that the English are ready to seize upon any pretext to exclude us from China. If we fail to hold and improve our position in the East, it will be because of the stupidity of Congress and the failure of the Government to observe its treaty stipulations. While China admits American flour free of duty, a proposition is pending before Congress to double the duty on Chinese rice. While Americans receive full protection in China, the lives of Chinamen are in constant jeopardy in California. It is now a question whether American trade with China shall be promoted by fair and equitable dealings with that people, or whether Kearneyism and its Congressional sympathizers shall remand us to our old position of outside barbarians.

KEARNEYISM REBUKED.

IT looks very much as if a great many of the workingmen of San Francisco have grown tired of Kearneyism and the blatant demagogism which for a time seduced them into dangerous excesses. At the election last week for a commission of freeholders to revise the City Charter, the Kearneyites were beaten by a large majority; their candidate for State Senator, to fill a vacancy, also sustaining a crushing defeat. Kearney is reported to have been overwhelmed with chagrin and rage by this unexpected rebuff; and it is announced that, in the hope of retaining his power, he and his adherents will attempt to throw out the vote of the citizens' candidates on the ground that the ballots were not printed in accordance with law. But any such attempt must result in intensifying the determination of law-abiding citizens to make an end of the authority of the Sand Lots agitators, while at the same time it would scarcely dispose the courts to pass favorably upon the appeal of Kearney and his lieutenant from the sentence assigning them to the penitentiary. In every aspect of the case, the people of San Francisco are to be congratulated upon a result which demonstrates to the country that they will no longer submit to the mob rule which has so long and seriously prejudiced their interests.

KING-HUNTING.

THE pleasing and exciting sport of king-hunting is becoming common in Europe. In Russia attempts to kill the Czar are almost of weekly occurrence. Persistent efforts have been made to bag the German Emperor. The King of Spain has been shot at on the wing twice within comparatively few months, and the King of Italy, who, as a tame and constitutional monarch, might be supposed to offer no temptation to sportsmen, has had his share of being hunted. Under the French Empire it was the habit of every Italian exile, when time hung heavily on his hands, to amuse himself and tone up his system by going out and taking a shot at Napoleon III. That cunning monarch, however, was never hit, either because he was exceptionally lucky or because your Italian sportsman is far from skillful. Since the overthrow of the Empire there is, of course, an end of this sort of sport in France. Nobody cares to shoot a President. A mere cannibal pot-hunter might, perhaps, not be above taking a shot at President Grévy, but the true sportsman would as soon shoot at a domestic chicken as a Republican President, for Presidents are not, except in the benighted communities of South America, regarded as game.

Without being either churlish and averse to innocent sport, or weakly and sentimentally philanthropic, it is still possible to point out that, as at present conducted, king-hunting in Europe cannot be approved by genuine sportsmen, and needs to be carefully and stringently regulated. If the European Radicals continue to shoot at all seasons, they will sooner or later completely exterminate the game. In all civilized communities it is unlawful to shoot game during the pairing season, but the Spaniards shoot at their King during his honeymoon, and the Italian King is not permitted immunity from sportsmen even on Sunday. This sort of thing can have but one result. If the married and the unmarried, the old Emperor of fourscore years, and the young King just beginning his married life, are liable to be killed on every day in the year, it will not be long before there will not be a monarch or a prince of any kind left in Europe. There will be absolutely nothing for a Nihilist of leisure, or a Socialist with an enthusiasm for political sports, to shoot at. To remedy this evil a close season for kings must be established. It must be declared illegal and made disgraceful for a king to be shot at during his honeymoon, or for a monarch of any kind to be killed who has a family of young princes who are too young to be self-supporting emperors or kings. There should be also certain fixed days—such as Sundays, for example—on which no monarch should be shot at. This would give the game what our Western friends would call "a fair show," and prevent it from being driven out of Europe by the incessant pursuit of insatiable sportsmen.

In Russia things are much worse than they are elsewhere. It is only in Russia that sportsmen are permitted to explode mines with the purpose of blowing up an emperor. These mines are even more unsportsmanlike and reprehensible than the pound nets which have so nearly exterminated the fish of the Great South Bay. The Long Island fishermen were for a long time in the habit of planting these nets in the bay and gathering in their meshes fishes of all sizes, species and age, the vast majority of which were too small to be of any use, and were thus wantonly and wastefully killed. There is the same reckless and wasteful spirit among the Russian Nihilists. In order to kill one Czar they do not hesitate to mine a palace and blow up a dining-room, killing and wounding fifty or sixty persons whom no one regards as game. Or they blow up a railway train with dynamite merely because the Czar is supposed to be on board it, thus doing enormous damage in order to compass the death of a solitary monarch. Such practices should be sternly frowned down by every true sportsman, and it might be well for our sportsmen's clubs to pass resolutions deprecating the use of dynamite and of wholesale explosions by Russian Nihilists.

THE excess of our exports over imports of merchandise, during the year ending with February last, amounted to $212,298,963. The total value of the imports of merchandise into the United States for the same period was $555,561,748.

M. DE LESSEPS sailed for Europe on Thursday last, having failed to awaken any considerable interest in his canal scheme among American capitalists. He is still hopeful, however, that subscriptions may be obtained in this country, and has arranged with a banking-house to receive such as may be offered. Mr. Nathan Appleton will remain at the head of the enterprise in the United States.

SENATOR EDMUNDS does not appear to hanker after the Presidency as eagerly as do some of his colleagues. In a recent conversation he is reported to have said: "I see not a single feature in the Presidential office which would please me." Senator Edmunds has always passed as a man of rare good sense, and the declaration here made will not diminish the popular appreciation of his sagacity.

EVIDENCE of the substantial improvement of business is furnished in the fact that only 77 failures were reported in this city for the first quarter of the present year, the total liabilities being $953,635 and assets valued at about $292,026. The first quarter of 1878 had 232 failures with total liabilities of $20,000,000, and the same period in 1879 had 141 failures, in which the total liabilities were $2,805,512 and assets $959,826.

SECRETARY SHERMAN should be called to account by the President for violating the rules of Civil Service "reform." Not only is he using his position as a Cabinet Minister to promote his Presidential aspirations, but he is permitting officials in his department to employ their time and expend their efforts in the same direction. President Hayes has claimed to be honestly in favor of eliminating the office-holding element from politics; but if he shall acquiesce in Secretary Sherman's abuse of his official position in the manner indicated, he may as well dismiss all expectation that the public will believe in his sincerity.

THE old question of the Bible in the public schools which was raised some time ago in Illinois, has just been decided in the Supreme Court of that State. The school directors of a certain township directed fifteen minutes' reading of the Bible at the opening of every school session, and ordered all scholars during its reading to refrain from other studies. A Roman Catholic citizen, regarding the reading as religious instruction, and not contemplated by the public school system, directed his son not to refrain from studying during the reading of the Bible, whereupon he was expelled from school. The case was carried to a local court, which sustained the school authorities, and this decision is now, on appeal, affirmed by the Supreme Court.

THE temperance reformers are earnestly at work in all directions in furtherance of their cause. Last week a Michigan Representative presented in the House of Representatives a monster petition, 188 yards long, and containing the names of 34,000 ladies belonging to the Temperance Union in the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, praying for a commission to inquire into the alcoholic liquor traffic and for such legislation as will prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. It was referred to the special committee on the subject and will probably never be heard of again. Congress is not at all likely to concern itself about any question of real interest to the public, no matter how rigorously definite action may be urged by any particular constituency.

THE tide of immigration still flows in with increasing volume. For the week ending March 28th the arrivals at this port were 8,840, while since January 1st there have been registered at Castle Garden a total of 55,000 immigrants. This is about double the number of arrivals for any similar period during the last five years. The main cause of this increased exodus from Europe is undoubtedly the failure of the crops and the general depression of business in the more populous countries. Among the new arrivals, the increase is most notable among the Swedes, Italians and Hungarians. The latter are generally destitute; but the Swedes, like the Germans, are for the most part thrifty and possessed of some means. They go at once to the West, purchase farms, settle down and become good citizens. The Italians mostly settle in the large cities of the East.

EX-GOVERNOR EDWIN D. MORGAN has just performed an act which will add greater lustre to his name than any of the many political services which he has rendered to his State and country. "Desirous of showing his appreciation of the usefulness of the Union Theological Seminary in this city, and aiding it in the great work it is now doing for the country," he has made to that institution the munificent gift of $100,000, the understanding being that it is to be exclusively used for the construction of a new library building and the permanent maintenance of the seminary library. This library is accessible to clergymen of all denominations, and embraces 36,000 volumes and 38,000 pamphlets on theological and historical subjects. Governor Morgan's generous gift may well stimulate other gentlemen of large means to augment by their contributions this and other schools of theology and science.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN publish a letter in which they announce that they propose to prosecute all theatrical managers who may produce the opera of "The Pirates of Penzance." "Be they men of substance or men of straw, we will fight each individual case on its own merits, and we will come over here, year after year, to do so until the offense is stamped out. We have a great stake at issue—so great a stake that it is well worth our while to spend much time and much money in securing our legitimate rights." It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will adhere to the purpose here stated. They have, under the common law of the country, as distinct a property in their manuscript play as they have in their pocketbooks, and that right should be defended at all hazards. It is high time that the business of pirating plays should be stopped, and Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert will have the sympathy of all reputable playgoers in their efforts to put an end to the abuse.

ISSUE has at length been joined between the French Government and the Jesuits, the official decrees against the latter having just been published. They are explicit in terms, and seem to leave no avenue of escape for the Jesuits and other unauthorized congregations. They direct that all establishments occupied by Jesuits shall be vacated within three months; that unauthorized congregations must apply to the Government for authorization, and such bodies as shall not ask, or eventually obtain, authorization shall be dissolved. The enforcement of the decrees will, it is understood, be resisted by the Society of Jesus and by many of the regular clergy; and if the Government shall adhere to its position, a conflict and trial of strength will be inevitable. It is said that the unauthorized religious communities in France number 384 for men, with 7,444 members, and 602 for women, with 14,003 members. The bulk of these, however, are not Jesuits. Paris and its suburbs contain 123 Jesuit communities, and the Jesuit colleges throughout France number twenty-seven.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Irish Famine Fund in this city has reached a total of over $321,000.

THE Bill providing for the New York Exhibition of 1883 has passed the Senate.

THE majority for law and order at the San Francisco election last week was 7,497.

THE United States Treasury bought $5,000,000 of bonds March 31st for the sinking fund.

GENERAL GRANT had a cordial reception last week at New Orleans, where he spent several days.

A BILL has been reported to the House of Representatives to establish a marine hospital on Bedloe's Island.

THE Cabinet has decided to recommend legislation looking to the establishment of a civil government for Alaska.

MR. JOHN D. LAWSON, of this city, has been appointed by Governor Cornell as State Superintendent of Insurance.

A DISPATCH from Alexandria, Egypt, announces the successful embarkation, March 31st, of the obelisk for New York.

A COMPANY has been organized in this city, with a proposed capital of $4,000,000, to lay another cable across the Atlantic.

A FIRE at Bradford, Pa., April 2d, destroyed eighteen buildings, including the Academy of Music, involving a total loss of $150,000.

THE Kansas Republicans have elected a solid Blaine delegation to the Chicago Convention. The Kansas Democrats have chosen a delegation favorable to Mr. Tilden's nomination.

EX-GOVERNOR RICE, General N. P. Banks and other leading Massachusetts Republicans have issued an address to the Republicans of the State, favoring the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency.

THE Diplomatic and Consular Bill, passed by the House of Representatives last week, appropriates the sum of $1,034,000, which includes $40,840 to enable Secretary Evarts to extend this service in the interests of commerce.

THE New York Democratic State Convention to nominate delegates to the National Convention will be held at Syracuse, April 20th. A Tammany convention opposed to Mr. Tilden will be held at the same place on the same day.

IN a speech at Mansfield, Ohio, last week, Secretary Sherman said he would not consent a candidate for the Presidency unless the Republicans of Ohio supported him in the election of delegates to Chicago with substantial unanimity.

THE New York East Methodist Conference has adopted a resolution declaring that "the time has come when some provision should be made for extending the pastoral term beyond three years in those exceptional cases where emergencies require it, provided some plan can be adopted for such an extension of time without interfering with the true and efficient itinerancy."

EDWARD BILL, one of the oldest merchants in New York City, a prominent member of the Produce Exchange, and a Mason of high standing, died March 31st, of apoplexy, aged 79; Professor James Dascomb, for forty-five years a member of the faculty of Oberlin College, died at Cincinnati on April 1st, and George A. Baker, the distinguished portrait painter of New York, on April 2d.

Foreign.

THE rivers Jucar and Segura, in Spain, and their tributaries, have overflowed their banks, and the towns of Alcira and Onhuela have been inundated.

THE religious associations of France will probably contest in the courts the legality of the Government decrees against the unauthorized societies, claiming that the decrees are based on obsolete laws.

IT is rumored that the Prussian Government intend, at the supplementary session of the Landtag, to ask for full powers to enable them to administer the ecclesiastical laws in a less rigorous spirit.

THE possibility of war with China is freely discussed in St. Petersburg, and Russia is said to be endeavoring to induce the King of Burmah to join the proposed Japano-Siamese alliance against China.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S sixty-fifth birthday was celebrated on the 1st inst. His palace was flooded with birthday offerings from all parts of Europe, and the Emperor William and many other distinguished persons visited him.

To pave the way for some desirable amendments to be introduced into the Bulgarian Charter, the Emperor of Russia has permitted Prince Alexander of Bulgaria to enlist 5,000 Russian subjects in the military service of the Principality.

A DECREE by the Government of Venezuela is published, declaring navigation of the Orinoco closed, as the coast where the river discharges is blockaded. This would indicate that the troubles in Venezuela are not over, as was last reported.

THE foreign ambassadors at Constantinople have declined to appoint additional physicians to examine into the sanity of the assassin of Colonel Commerell, and sentence will probably be pronounced, in accordance with the evidence already taken.

MINISTER FAIRCHILD had a brilliant reception at the Court of Madrid, March 31st. King Alfonso expressed the hope that the good relations and mutual friendship hitherto maintained between the United States and Spain would be continued.

THE indefinite postponement of General Skobeleff's departure to Turkestan, and the dispatch of a Russian division to Kuldja, are considered to indicate an indecision existing in Russian Ministerial circles which is attributed to the success of the English Liberals.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS and the other directors of the Consolidated Bank at Montreal, against whom true bills were found at the last session for making false returns, have been formally acquitted at the Court of Queen's Bench, the private prosecutor having withdrawn the accusation, and the Crown having no evidence to offer.

AMONG the new members of the British Parliament are Professors Bryce, Thorold Rogers and Stuart Mackelyne, Charles Bradlaugh, the noted Radical; Henry Labouchere, the editor of *Truth*; Justin McCarthy, who has been re-elected without opposition, of the *Athenæum*; Sir Charles W. Dilke, H. L. Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, and J. Passmore Edwards, of the London *Echo*.

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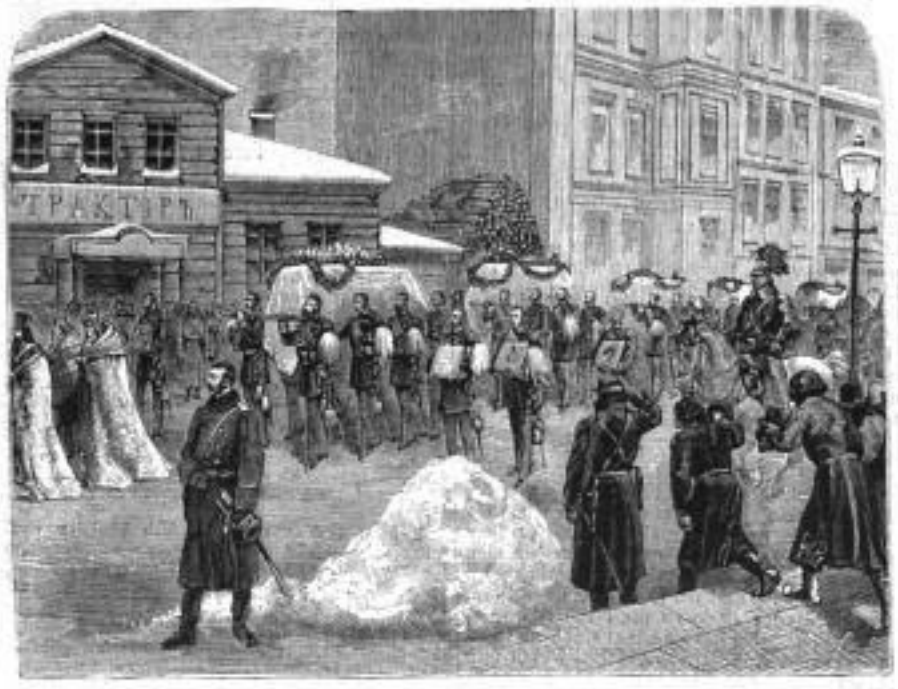
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



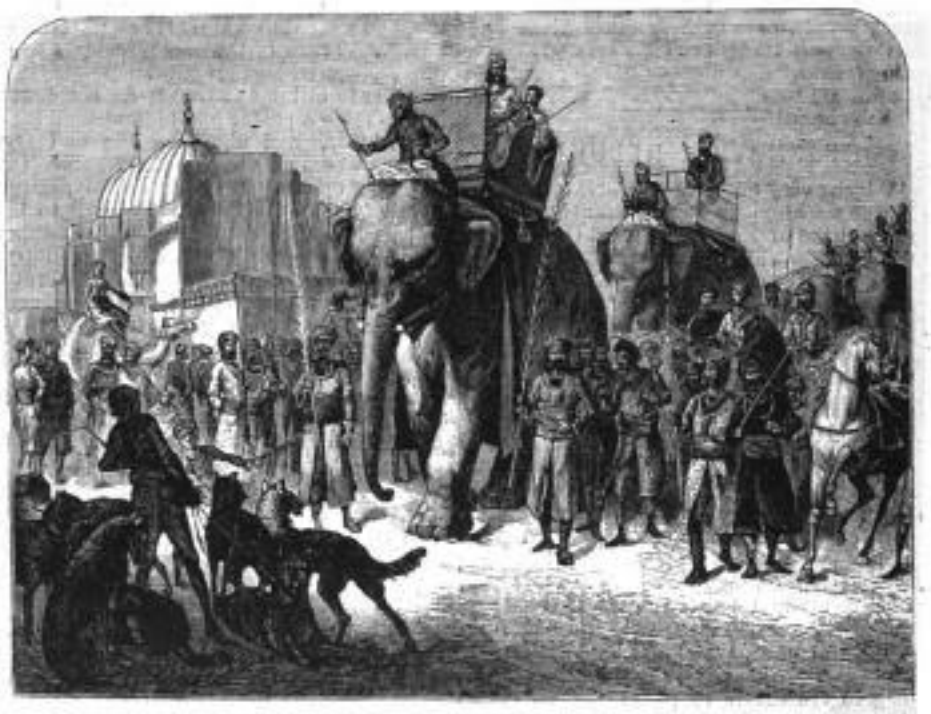
THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—THE MEETING OF THE TWO LINES.



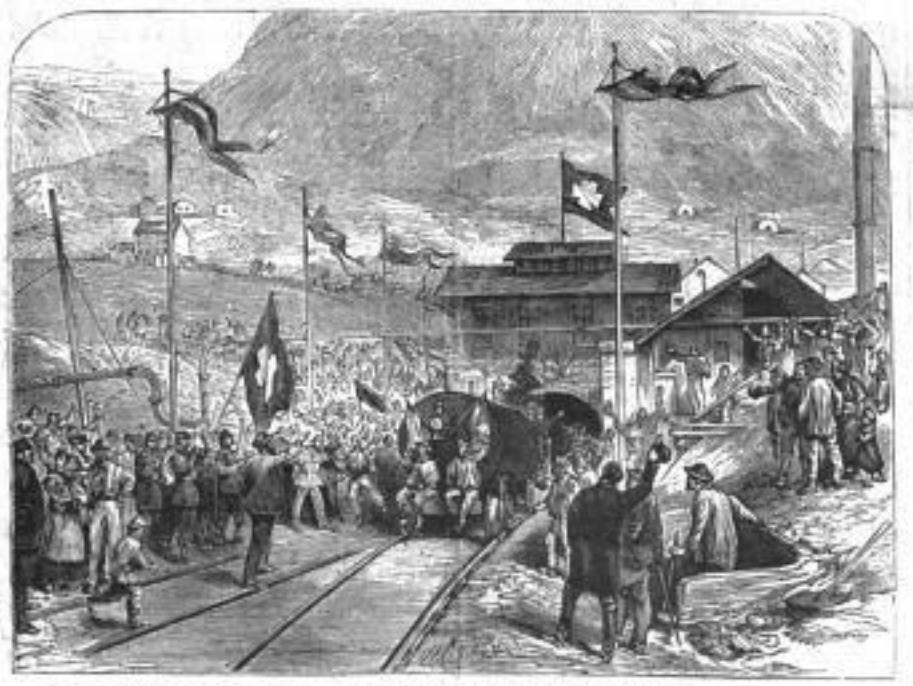
THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—THE FIRST TRAIN THROUGH.



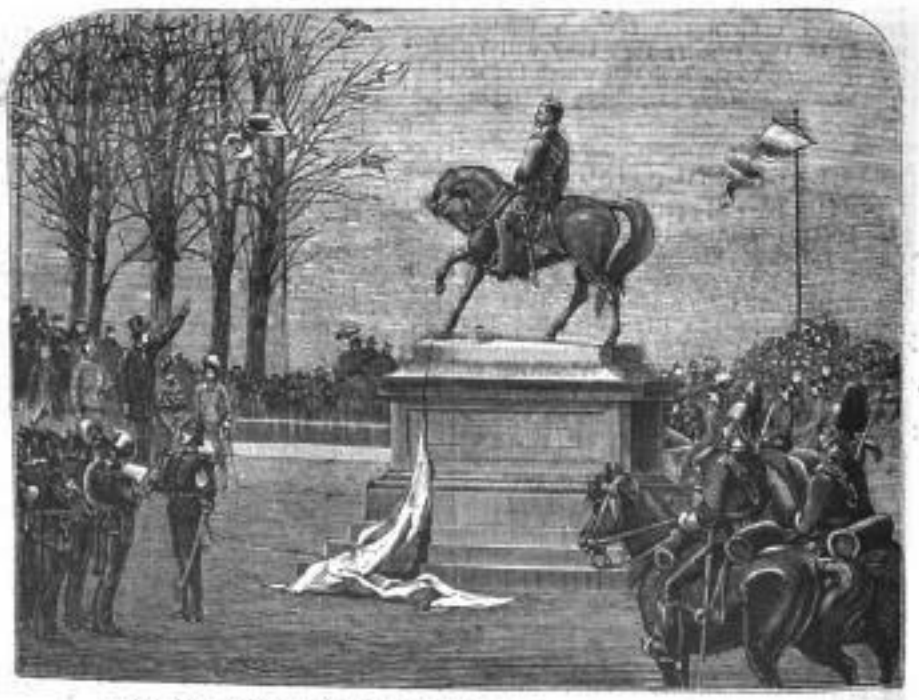
RUSSIA.—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE WINTER PALACE EXPLOSION.



INDIA.—AN EAST INDIAN PRINCE STARTING FOR A HUNT.

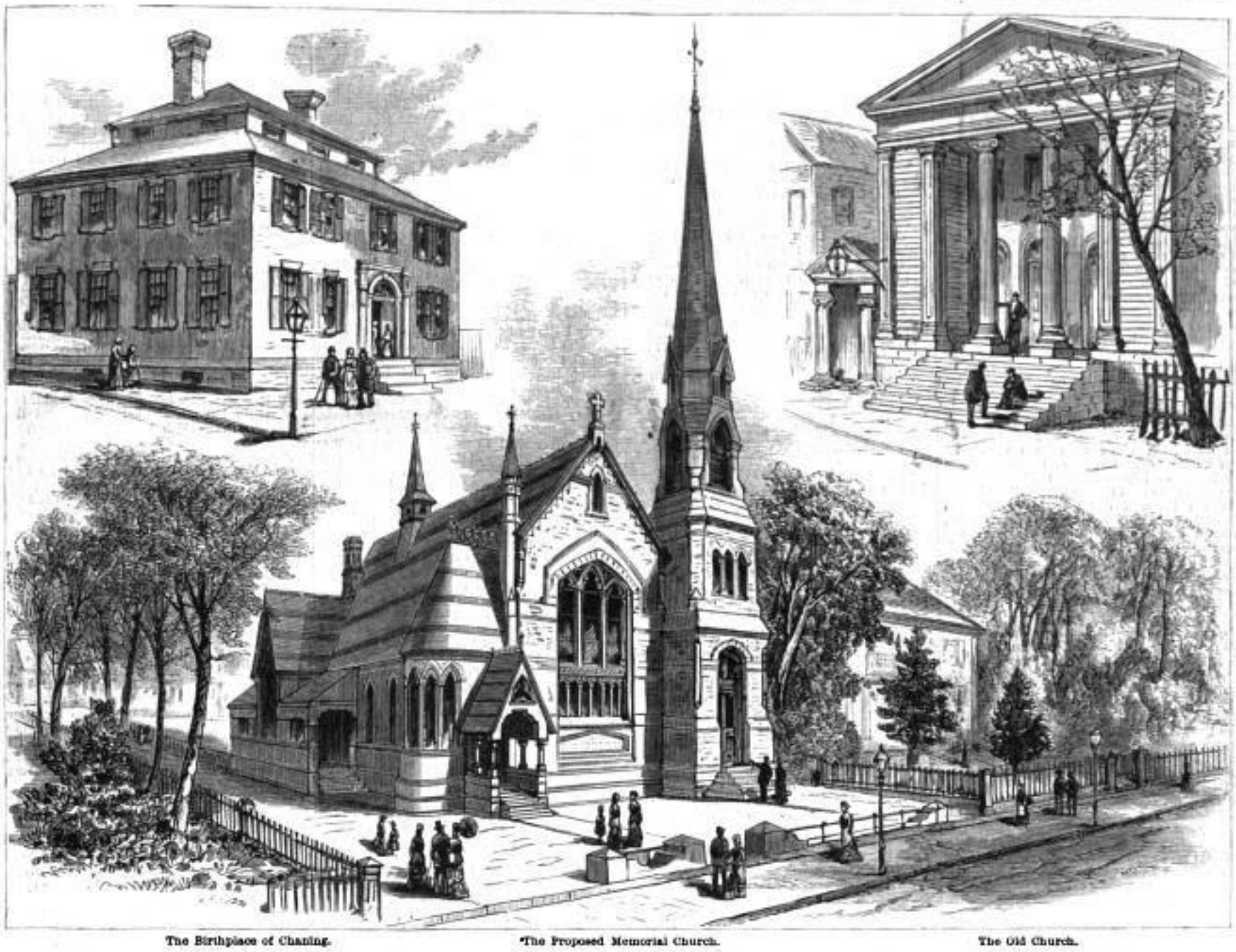


THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT THE ITALIAN END.



IRELAND.—UNVEILING THE GOUGH STATUE, PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

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The Birthplace of Channing. The Proposed Memorial Church. The Old Church.

RHODE ISLAND.—CELEBRATION OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM E. CHANNING.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 103.



1. On Winter Picket Duty. 2. Going for Water with the Dog Train. 3. Examining a Trail. 4. Company K, Fifth Infantry, Chasing Hostile Indians through Heavy Snow.

MONTANA.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF LIFE IN GENERAL MILES'S COMMAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHAS. HOLTEN.—SEE PAGE 103.

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HER RIVAL.

A YOUNG lady was sauntering along the Quai, by the side of the Seine, pausing at every one of the shelves of old books that lined the parapets, and now and then asking the price of some moth-eaten, battered volume from the equally moth-eaten and battered proprietor, meditating over his pipe under the budding trees. She was very prettily and very daintily dressed, but her face and carriage showed so much quiet resolution and self-reliance, that the boldest idler of the Boulevards would have been deterred from annoying her even in cynical Paris and on the very boundary of the Latin Quarter. She was deep in a quaint little copy of "La Bruyère," some sixty years old, which was offered at half a franc, when she heard a burst of light laughter not far from her ear, so strangely mingled of sweetness and a kind of haunting mockery that she involuntarily raised her eyes.

Approaching her were a young man and a girl, perhaps two or three years older than herself, and as near the perfection of physical beauty as it was possible for a woman to be, Miss de Forest acknowledged to herself with a strange pang. She had a profusion of pale chestnut hair, a skin of lilies and roses, large liquid eyes, a perfectly developed figure, and an undulating grace of motion which did not belong to the streets of Paris. She was perfectly well-dressed; but while Miss de Forest, in her own toilet, displayed the happy medium between *chic* and dignity characteristic of the *demoiselle du meilleur monde* of whatever nationality, the girl who suddenly confronted her with an impertinent glance had more of the quality of *chic* than was strictly desirable. "She is not a lady," thought Miss de Forest, "a grisette, probably," and the jealous pang deepened, for the man accompanying this girl—the man who raised his hat without looking at her, while a faint color overspread his handsome features and clear skin—was the man of all others to Amy de Forest. She had loved Arthur Duncan for more than a year, had watched the ebb and flow of his genius, had encouraged him to new effort in his despondent hours, and shared with him the pleasure of his successes. There had grown up between them a comradeship which on her side had ripened into something deeper, and on his had led to the thousand subtle marks of preference that may mean nothing or anything. And what in other men meant nothing, seemed in Arthur Duncan to mean everything, so much so that Amy de Forest, clever, self-possessed girl as she was, had come to believe in the absolute predominance in the scheme of her future life of this one figure. Only yesterday evening they had sat long together in the embrasure of the wide window that looked upon the gardens of the Luxembourg while the lamps sprang into light through the dusk; and when he went away, pleading an engagement in a friend's studio, he had lifted her hand to his lips in the darkness and called her his better angel.

The girl bit her lips and opened the "La Bruyère" again—the bitter, healthy draught of the old wit's cynicism acted upon her as a tonic and kept back the starting tears. The lives of her men-friends outside of her mother's drawing-room did not concern her, she thought; but it was hard that Arthur, with his talk of aspiration towards an ideal and the elevation of art above sordid realism, should find his inspiration in the soul of a grisette. And yet she could not blame him; the girl was beautiful—like a white rounded water-lily with dewy petals. Perhaps if she, herself, were a man—— She closed the book abruptly and paid the old *bouquiniste* for it, and then turned up a long avenue that leads past the Pantheon to the gardens of the Luxembourg. She liked these gardens better than the stately alleys of the Tuileries. There was more of the flavor of old Paris about them before the Second Empire—the Paris of De Musset and Balzac. She liked the threadbare students with their books, the knots of sewing-girls, the bourgeoise mothers and nurses, with the children playing around them; the old men, with red ribbons in the buttonholes of their rusty broadcloth coats.

The Spring wind swept down the avenues, scented with flower-odors from the market of St. Sulpice. Miss de Forest wandered on to where the great fountain stands, half-dried, with the water shallow over the rockwork of its basin, and green, wet beards dripping about the Tritons and Neptunes, and ivy throwing its arms out from the crevices of their shapes, and, overhead, new-leafing trees casting a tender twilight upon the quiet place. The voices of children came from the main avenue. Miss de Forest seated herself on the edge of the basin and looked into the shallow water, yellow with the dead leaves in its bed. The reflection of her own face came back to her framed in the shadow-boughs.

There had been times when its bright blue eyes and delicate outlines had seemed to her to fill all the requirements of beauty, but now, darkened by the decaying leaves and with the memory of the splendid creature she had just seen rising before her, it seemed quite impossible that any man could ever regard her as beautiful.

"Pure physical beauty is the best worth having," she thought, with a little sigh. And then she thought many things that a girl might think under the circumstances, but that poets set down only in allegory—the world-old problem of the two women struggling for authority over the soul of the one man, as old as history and legend—Tannhäuser bound in the chains of Venus while his chaste Elizabeth awaited his return. All men solve it for themselves, and all women in one way or another bide the issue of it.

Miss de Forest fell to studying her daintily-gloved little hands as they lay on her lap, and especially the place where last night Arthur Duncan's lips had rested. A shadow came between herself and the sunlight beyond the trees, and, glancing up, she saw before her the man she loved. She looked up at him with a smile slightly touched with the cynicism learned from the small book in her lap.

"What charming weather, is it not? The air is full of Spring sounds to-day. I have been walking a long distance."

"Alone, Miss de Forest?"

"Yes, why not? I much prefer walking alone unless I have a very agreeable companion, and you know I am not a *demoiselle française* to be bound by *les convenances*."

Were these two people talking the smallest of small-talk, the two who had parted the night before with the look in their meeting eyes that makes speech useless? A shadow had come between them—the shadow of a woman with limpid eyes and a shape like a pictured goddess. There was a moment's silence. A bird sang in the tree overhead, a leaf whirled down into the translucent water, the drops trickled from the green beard of the water-god.

"When will you come and see my picture, as you promised?"

"Whenever mamma will go with me. You know I cannot go to your studio alone."

There was a distant, haughty ring in her voice that Arthur Duncan had never heard before.

"I am going home," she said, rising. "I am tired—I have walked too far. Will you not come in this evening?"

"Thanks; I am sorry, but I have made an engagement which I can scarcely break."

"Ah!"

"May I take you to your door? The streets are full of students and all kinds of people."

"Thanks; I have no fear. I do not think any one will trouble me."

Sitting that evening in the tender Spring twilight among the flowers of the balcony high above the street, with a boy-artist on a low stool at her feet, looking up in a sort of adoration at the cloud of golden hair that was like a halo above her white gown, Amy de Forest asked her young page if he had seen Arthur Duncan of late.

"No one sees much of him now. He's engaged, the fellows say, in some sort of frightful love affair with a Spanish girl who dances at the Bullier. She posed for the picture he has just finished. The fellows say it's an awfully clever thing—sure to get into the Salon next year. He calls it the 'Goddess of Morning.'"

Yes, that was the name he had told her. So it was her rival she had met yesterday—a paid dancer at a students' ball! But, certainly, Arthur Duncan's artistic instincts were not at fault, for the girl was an ideal incarnate of morning dew and rosy cloud and vaporous sunlight. It gave her pleasure, despite her humiliation, to realize the truth and poetry of his conception.

"You have never been to the Bullier, of course, Miss de Forest. But a great many American girls do go—under veils, of course, and well protected."

"I confess I have always wished to go. I've no doubt, if I were a man, I should be a very dissipated one."

"For a little while, perhaps," said the wise young man at her feet; "but you would soon get tired of it—it is so frightfully monotonous, even in Paris. But if Mrs. de Forest would go, a dozen of us would form a battalion of escort for you."

"Does this girl dance there to-night?"

"Yes; three times a week, and dances divinely."

"What is her name?"

"Augustine. These waifs of Paris never have any surname."

"I should like to see her."

The lamps were lighted, more artists came in, and the conversation turned on Arthur Duncan's picture, which those who had seen it pronounced worthy of Lefebure himself.

"Mrs. de Forest," said the boy-artist, Guy Rainsford, "Miss de Forest has just confided to me an overwhelming desire to see the ball at the Bullier. Won't you gratify her and come to-night? No one will recognize you under your veils, and here are eight strong men ready to protect you. We are all going. Think of all the good American folk—clergymen and deacons—who go to the Mabille, and certainly this is no worse."

Mrs. de Forest demurred a little, but finally consented. She had peculiar theories of education which had perhaps given Amy the truthful, healthy outlook upon life which she possessed in a remarkable degree for so young a woman. If she had none of the illusions that dwarf the mental vision of more romantic girls, she had pure and generous instincts, unbiased by fear or prejudice. What corruption could there be in a tawdry students' ball for a girl who had weighed the problems of life in her own mind and found the balance in favor of law and order?

It was a noisy and motley scene they encountered—gaudy and common of necessity—but with some artistic quality in its glare, born of the city and the people. Guy Rainsford felt Miss de Forest shrink as she clung to his arm.

"What is the matter, Miss de Forest? Are you afraid?"

"No; only sorry—only sorry for these poor people. I don't think I have a taste for dissipation, after all, Mr. Rainsford."

"I thought the sight of a little would cure you. If women in general could see something of life they would soon lose that morbid admiration for fastness which troubles many of them. Ah, there is Augustine dancing; she is quite different from the rest."

The party forced its way through the crowd to within a few feet of its edge. In the space left for the dancers stood a shapely girl, with her fair chestnut hair rolled high above and about her head, her perfect arms and shoulders bared and adorned with the sequins of the Palais Royal, a scarlet bodice and a short skirt of yellow satin flounced with black lace. There was a touch of paint on her lashes and an artificial depth of color on her lovely cheek. The castanets rattled as she curved her arms above her head and twinkled her light feet, swaying her lithe body to and fro, till with her large, pale head she looked like the round lily-cup swaying on the water's surface, to which Miss de Forest had that morning compared her. In the front of the crowd stood Arthur Duncan, towering head and shoulders above his neighbors, his handsome face aglow, his eyes brilliant with excitement and eagerly following every curve of the dancer's motion.

"He has forgotten that I exist," thought Amy de Forest, bitterly, and she trembled from head to foot. "Take me home, Mr. Rainsford. Speak to mamma, please—the air here is stifling. I am sorry to take you away, but I do not feel able to stay."

Guy Rainsford took Mrs. de Forest and her daughter home and then returned to the ball. One of the other men told him that Arthur Duncan looked strangely troubled when he was informed that Miss de Forest had gone away ill with the atmosphere of the place.

When the dance was over Arthur stole away to the door of the dancer's dressing-room, and waited to take her home to her rooms, high up in one of the old houses frowned upon by the Sorbonne. The exercise and the applause of the crowd had heightened her beauty and made her absolutely dazzling in her radiant health and youth. Arthur, looking upon her as she sat over her supper, drinking the red wine, mixing her salad with the hearty *abandon* of the peasant nature she had brought from the Pyrenees, felt strangely the pathos of the stern necessity which could cast this perfect creature, this type of the world's youth and morning under the iron wheels of the great Parisian death-cart. The chimes of the Sorbonne struck the four-quarters, soft, sweet, little voices. In all his after life wherever he found a guitar, his hand instinctively struck the four sweet small notes, and before him rose a vision of a woman enveloped in floating fair hair, with white robes loose about her shoulders, and large eyes just touched with slumber like the great pale morning star.

Miss de Forest visited his studio the following day. Her eyes were heavy, and dark shadows played about them. She, too, had heard the Sorbonne chimes strike the hour. A strange fascination led her to wish to see the pictured face that had done her so much of harm. When she saw the vaporous, buoyant shape, with its rounded outlines defined by the floating drapery, the long fair hair curving among the clouds, the lovely, sensuous face softened to the evanescence and dewiness of a dream, she knew that she could never hope to rival with this wonderful creature. She congratulated Mr. Duncan cordially on the success of his work, and went home with a breaking heart.

When Mr. Duncan, that evening, took his way to Augustine's rooms, he found her gone. She had moved away that morning, the *concierge* said, taking everything with her. On the bare table at which she had sat at supper the night before, he found a note addressed to himself, and written in that half-French, half-Spanish idiom which had been so effective coming from her full red lips, and was no less so, misspelt on paper.

"MON AMI—Your picture is finished. You have no further need of me. I am tired of the Quartier, the artists, the dancing, the bad cooking. I have moved across the Seine into a higher sphere. *Mon cher*, Do not try to follow me; it would be useless. I do not care a sou for you. I have deceived you a thousand times, as you have that *pauvre petite demoiselle* we met yesterday. I asked you if she were your *maîtresse*, you said No; but last night I saw her at the Bullier. Under her veil the great tears were in her eyes. She loves you, *mi amigo*. I can read faces. Marry her, make her happy. You will never do it while I remain near you, for I have five times her power over you: *c'est pour ça que je m'esquive!*"

He read and re-read the letter, folded it and put it in his pocket, gave one last glance about the room. When the chimes struck the quarter-hour, he started as from a dream, and went down-stairs out into the night. He strolled along the quay, looked down into the rushing water that seemed to bear the burdens of weary hearts down to their resting-place in the sea. A great star hung over Notre Dame, lambent and steady. Which was it like, Augustine or Amy—poor little Amy who had watched and waited for him, all unconscious of Augustine's existence? That chapter of his life was closed. He wondered whether it was love he had felt for Augustine, or the sensuous admiration of the artistic temperament. She had been to him his goddess of morning, and every fibre of his soul had been filled with the divine impulse of creation—she was his picture, his life, himself. And yet it was always of Amy that he had thought while he worked, always her voice that sounded in his ear, spurring him on to effort and success. He passed her house and saw a gleam of white in the moonlight among the flowers of her balcony. He would go in and tell her all.

He found her alone, sitting on a low chair among the pansies and heliotrope and early roses. They talked upon indifferent subjects, more and more remote from the one nearest their hearts. At length Arthur said, "I heard you were at the Bullier last evening, Miss de Forest."

"Yes. Mr. Rainsford persuaded mamma to go. I was eager to see the original of your picture. She is certainly very beautiful. It was the same person I saw you with yesterday morning, I think."

"Yes; she has left the Quartier and gone no one knows whither. She—Amy, will you put an end to all my doubts and falterings? Will you let me tell you that I love you? Will you be my wife as you have always been my better angel?"

"I had fancied, indeed I had been told, that you were very much in love with your model. You can scarcely love two women at once."

"She has gone for ever."

"And I am the *pis aller*. Thanks!"

"Amy, I never loved her—it was simply that she was the ideal of my picture, and the two were so at one in my mind that I could not separate them. You yourself are artist enough to understand that. And I had no means of knowing that you loved me. Only Augustine herself revealed it to me." And then he read her those portions of the dancer's note that concerned herself.

Amy pondered long over it. She did not believe the dancer's words that she did not care for Arthur, that she was tired of the Quartier. She had seen those lovely eyes fill with light when they fell upon him in the dance rhythm. And afterwards she heard, in some careless studio-talk, that "the Spanish girl had been mad about Duncan." It was strange to her to think that the white flower of self-sacrifice could bud and bloom in the soul of a paid dancer at a students' ball.

She forgave him, for she loved him, and if she had been a man herself she doubted if her life would have been blameless. And the shadow of the Spanish dancer passed out from their lives.

A year passed. Arthur's picture had been hung on the line in the Salon, and he had, oftener than his wife knew, sauntered by, wondering if the Spanish girl would not hear of its being there and come to look at her own beauty. She had never been heard of in the Quartier since she left it. More than one offer had been made for the "Goddess of Morning," but Amy would not let it go—it had been her wedding gift from her husband.

Spring had come again. The Luxembourg gardens were filled as before with gay crowds—the streets of Paris were beautiful with flowers. One morning a man in an official dress brought a folded paper to Arthur as he worked in his studio. On it was written: "A Spanish woman, very ill in the hospital, begs to see M. *le peintre* Duncan. Will monsieur have the complaisance to come to the poor soul." He wrote a note to his wife, telling her of the circumstance, and went across Paris with the messenger, stopping only a moment for a few white water lilies that a boy thrust into his hand in the market.

They showed him into a ward where women lay ill of consumption in all its stages, and in a cot near the window, where the Spring sunlight streamed over her, he found Augustine—still lovely with the loveliness of approaching spirithood, but no longer the joyous goddess of morning; only a pale, fragile, large-eyed woman, whose life was almost ended.

"I knew you would come—you were always good. I wanted to see you before I died. I loved you when I left you, *mon ami*. I would have died for you; but your love was not for me—a model—a paid dancer. I was wild in dissipation after I left the Quartier. I tried hard to kill myself and I have succeeded. With my first sign of illness came desertion and poverty. The day I was brought here I had gone to see your picture, and I fell down before it."

He had laid the water-lilies within reach of her thin fingers; she took them up and caressed the fleshy leaves.

"They are like those I used to gather in my childhood in a little village among the mountains. I wish I had never come to Paris. But then I should never have met you. She is beautiful and good, your young wife, but she cannot love you as I did. *Tiens!* I am better. Perhaps I may live—my hair has not changed—you used to kiss it once, kiss it now, only once—she will not care—she has had you for a whole year, and I have hungered and thirsted for one touch of your hand."

There was a rustle of drapery in the path between the beds, and Amy stood suddenly by her husband's side in her black dress and her sweet young matronhood, with flowers, violets and heliotropes and pale roses in her hands. The sick woman raised herself.

"You here—his wife!"

"It was you who gave him to me," said Amy, in the soft low notes that the year's love had brought into her voice.

"You were jealous of me once, madame," said the dancer. "You have no need to fear now."

Amy laid the flowers in her hand. "You will get well again, and you will leave Paris and live in the country among the flowers."

"Among the flowers—yes, in my own country—up in the mountains where the lilies grow in the streams. Oh, yes—I shall go back!" her eyes grew bright, her face radiant, for one instant she was again the Aurora of the Quartier. Suddenly she cried out: "I am choking! Some water! My medicine!" and the life-stream rose to her lips.

Arthur Duncan caught her in his arms and Amy knelt by the poor bed. The fast dulling eyes met Arthur's. He touched her hair with his lips. The beautiful head fell back on his arm, the beautiful shoulders that had once shone above the scarlet bodice in the dance-measure were clothed with a scarlet that scorched the white lilies on her breast, even as Paris had blighted the pure white lily of her life.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE.

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, who is regarded by many as the strongest candidate the Republican Party can name for President, comes of a gifted family, three of whom have sat together in the House of Representatives, and two of whom have been Governors of their States. A continuous service of sixteen years in the House and a service half as long as the head of the American Legation in France comprises his public life, which extends over twenty-five years. He is a native of Maine, born in

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Livermore, September 23d, 1816. Mr. Washburne began life as a printer, but he soon abandoned that trade, and devoted himself to the study of law. He settled in Galena, Ill., and entered into its political life with so much energy that in the Fall of 1852 he was sent to Congress from the First District of Illinois by a small plurality over two competitors, and as a Republican Mr. Washburne was thenceforth elected to the Lower Chamber at Washington every other year for fourteen years. From the Kansas-Nebraska Bill to the Fifteenth Amendment Mr. Washburne had the opportunity of voting for every party measure of the Republican Party, and he consistently improved his chance. In the Thirty-third and the Thirty-fifth Congress Mr. Washburne was in the minority, and his position on committee was no indication of his standing in the House; but he shared in the long contests by which Mr. Banks was elected as Speaker of the Thirty-fourth and Mr. Pennington Speaker of the Thirty-fifth Congress, and in both these bodies he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Commerce. His party was in an overwhelming majority in the Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congresses, but in none of them did he reach a higher position than in his second term of service, till the death of Thaddeus Stevens during the Fortieth Congress placed Mr. Washburne at the head of the Committee on Appropriations, a position he held for a single session. Mr. Washburne conducted the investigation carried on just at the close of the war by the Special Committee on Immigration, and in the next Congress he was chairman of the committee investigating the Memphis riots.

During his long term of service Mr. Washburne earned one title to his credit, his persistent objection to items in appropriation bills gaining him the popular name of "The Watch-dog of the Treasury."

Mr. Washburne did his full share towards the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, and he enjoyed the exceptional favor of that Administration up to the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, and acted as chairman of the special committee which accompanied Mr. Lincoln's remains to Springfield. In 1864 he appeared in the Illinois Legislature as a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate, but Mr. Yates was just then fresh from his brilliant success as a War Governor, and Mr. Washburne retired defeated from the only contest which varied the unvarying success which attended him in his own Congressional district. There he reigned supreme, and there he met with final and lasting success by discovering President Grant among his constituents. The successive steps of his acquaintance with Mr. Grant have been told too often to need repetition here. The commission of colonel which he obtained for Governor Yates, the nomination as brigadier which he made at a later date, when four brigadiers apiece were parceled among the Illinois Congressmen, the urgent remonstrance which saved Major-General Grant from removal after the drawn battle of Shiloh and the lingering suspense at Vicksburg, the Bill by which the grade of Lieutenant-General was revived, and the later Bill by which the grade of General, held only by Washington in the previous history of the national arms, was resuscitated—all these these things have been told so often that the larger part of Mr. Washburne's biographies afford a tolerably complete sketch of the life and public services of President Grant. Not satisfied with heaping upon the military hero the military honors which he deserved, Mr. Washburne was early in the field in advocacy of his civil promotion, and a letter written to Mr. Washburne from before Vicksburg was long accepted as one of the early utterances of Mr. Grant's political creed.

Upon the election of General Grant he chose Mr. Washburne for his Secretary of State, but the condition of his health was such that after a brief service he was obliged to tender his resignation. He was then appointed Minister to France. He had been at his post but a short time when France declared war upon the North German Confederation, and instead of the quiet and rest he was seeking, there opened for him a season of extraordinary excitement and responsibility. Before hostilities were begun, the archives of the Prussian Embassy and the interests of the people of the various German States then residing in Paris, were placed under his protection. By the 2d of September, 1870, the American Legation had vised passports and given safe conducts for very nearly 30,000 persons, subjects of the North German Confederation expelled from France, besides providing railroad tickets to the Prussian frontier for 8,000 of these people, and various sums of money to others. Mr. Washburne also secured the release of every German who had been arrested and imprisoned on suspicion in Paris. During all the terrible days of the Commune, when nearly all the diplomatic corps had fled from the city the American Minister stood at his post. He had done so much for the distressed people of all classes that he was considered a general protector, and when the Communists arrested and imprisoned the venerable Archbishop Darboy, he was besought by a common voice of humanity to attempt to save the life of the beloved ecclesiastic. Mr. Washburne visited him repeatedly and made every effort to secure his release, but without avail. For his heroic services during the siege of Paris and the reign of the Commune, Mr. Washburne received the thanks of the German Emperor in person, besides an elegant oil portrait of His Majesty and the tender of the decoration of the Order of the Red Eagle, one of the highest within his gift, which filler honor the Minister was obliged to decline.

Since his return to this country, Mr. Washburne has lived in comparative quiet, but has kept up his interest in public affairs, and occasionally has appeared as a lecturer, giving his experiences during the reign of the Commune. He has been widely named as a possible Presidential candidate, but has utterly refused to do anything in his own behalf; indeed, he has explicitly declared that he could not consent, under any circumstances, to the use of his name against General Grant, whom he announces to be his "first, last and only choice." But it is still among the possibilities that he may be called to lead his party in the contest now close at hand.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE ninth annual meeting of the American Fishcultural Association, held at the hall of the Fulton Fishmongers' Association, in this city, last week, was an occasion of great interest to persons who are interested in pisciculture. President Robert B. Roosevelt presided, and fish-growers from all parts of the country were present, many of them officers of the National or State Commission. At the first day's session resolutions of regret were adopted lamenting the death of the late Professor James Wood Milner, one of the United States Fish Commissioners and member of the association, after which President Roosevelt read a paper on hybridization of fishes, giving the result of careful experiments and observations about cross-breeding with same class. This was followed by a paper from Seth Green on the effort to raise California mountain trout in Eastern waters. Mr. Green states that this species of trout had been found much easier to raise than the Eastern brook trout, and of much more rapid growth. As they were stronger and had more pluck, they afforded more sport to the fishermen than the ordinary brook trout. They were good fish for stocking the head waters of the Susquehanna, Delaware, Hudson and other rivers. The head waters of the Genesee had already been successfully stocked with them. They had also done well in Caledonia Spring Creek.

Papers were also read by Messrs. H. T. McGovern, Livingston Stone, Mr. G. Lamphear and others. Mr. Lamphear's paper embodied some interesting statistics as to the sale of fish in Fulton Market. According to the figures given, 34,216,666 pounds of fish were sold in that market during the year 1879-80, which is an increase of 646,700 pounds over the previous year. In addition, 1,509,561 mackerel had been sold and 291,845 shad. During the session Mr. Joseph Annin, Jr., gave a practical demonstration of "stripping" trout for artificial propagation. A number of male and female trout, brought from Mr. Annin's ponds on Long Island, were placed in tubs, and first taking the female trout, the eggs were, by the pressure of the hand, forced out into a pan placed for the purpose of receiving them, and afterwards, by the same process, the impregnating "milt" was forced from the male fish upon the eggs, which were then ready to be placed in the hatching-troughs. We illustrate this incident on page 108.

At the second day's session, papers were read by W. K. Brooks, of John Hopkins University, on the artificial propagation of oysters, and by Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, on the nutritive qualities of fish. Remarks were also made on the extermination of the lobster, one gentleman stating that if proper restrictions are not made at once, and penalties enforced for infringements of the law, the traffic in lobsters will soon cease. The Association unanimously re-elected Robert B. Roosevelt, President; George S. Page, Vice-President; E. G. Blackford, Treasurer; Barnet Phillips, Corresponding Secretary, and James Annin, Jr., Recording Secretary; and in the evening partook of a banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel.

THE CHANNING MEMORIAL.

THE laying of the corner-stone of the church at Newport, R. I., on April 7th, which is designed to perpetuate the memory of William Ellery Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, marks the commencement of an enterprise which possesses a genuine interest to all circles of advanced and liberal religious thinkers. Channing impressed himself so largely upon the times in which he lived by his active participation not only in purely religious discussions, but in political and philanthropic movements as well, that a visible memorial of his work and career is but a just and proper tribute from those who come after him and have felt the influence of his teachings and example. The programme for the memorial occasion, on the one hundred anniversary of Dr. Channing's birth, included addresses by Rev. W. H. Channing, of London, and Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York. In connection with the memorial service a meeting was held at the Arlington Street Church, in Boston, where Dr. Channing at one time officiated. Commemorative services were also held in Brooklyn, Montreal and other cities. The proposed memorial church, of which we give an illustration, will be located on Pelham Street, in Newport, and will be an object of reverential interest to the multitudes who, year after year, throng to that popular resort.

INCIDENTS OF GENERAL MILES'S INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

OUR artist with General Miles's Indian Expedition, writing from Keogh, March 11th, says: "Since my last there is some important news from this section. There has been a general raid by different bands of hostiles through the Yellowstone Valley. Troops have been out after them from here and Fort Custer. The weather has been intensely cold, with heavy snow. A few days ago a company encountered a band, killing three hostiles and losing two Indian scouts. Supplies have been sent to different points. Captain Baldwin's dispatch, which I inclose, shows how they do it. His ride after Indians is almost unparalleled, considering that the men were mounted on ponies (the Fifth Regiment, General Miles, is mounted on Indian ponies), and the deep snow they had to travel through. After Captain Baldwin's stock had become exhausted, he was fortunate enough to meet Captain Hamilton, of the Second Cavalry, with a strong body of men and horses in good condition, whom he immediately put on the trail of the Indians, and there is scarcely any doubt but that Hamilton will finally overtake them."

Captain Baldwin's dispatch, above referred to, which is dated at Camp on Little Porcupine, March 10th, says: "I overtook the Indians yesterday morning, run them thirty miles on the jump. . . . Got all their stock excepting one pony to each Indian. . . . When stopped, both men and animals were used up, having marched over one hundred miles inside of thirty hours—the last thirty miles on the run and trot. . . . Many of my men are suffering from snow-blind. It is believed that there is another party of hostiles still north of the Yellowstone."

Our illustrations show the pursuit of the Indians by Captain Baldwin's command, through the snow; the method of seeking the Indian trail, a dog-train going for water, etc.

THE LATE COMMODORE BARRETT, UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE late Commodore Edward Barrett, United States Navy, who died in New York on March 31st of malarial fever, was a native of New Orleans, La., where he was born in 1808. His family was among the most aristocratic of the State, his ancestor, De Villiers, being the Commander-in-Chief of French forces to whom Washington surrendered his sword at Fort Necessity. His father, Thomas Barrett, was for fifteen years Collector of the Port of New Orleans, to which office he was appointed by President Jackson. He entered the Navy when thirteen years of age, reporting on board the *Warren*, in Pensacola Bay, and being transferred thence to the *Macedonian*, under Commodore Nicholson. His first cruise was on the *Lexcal*, of the West India Squadron. In July, 1842, he was sent to the hospital in Norfolk, Va., and in the following August was attached to the frigate *Columbus*, of the Mediterranean Squadron. Upon arriving at that station he was first ordered to the sloop *Preble*, and then to the *Columbus*, bound for Brazil. In February, 1846, he was ordered to the United States Naval Academy, whence he graduated in August following, and was immediately assigned to the *Mississippi*, of the Gulf Squadron; and upon his arrival at Vera Cruz, served alternately upon the frigate *Cumberland* and the *Raritan*, and, during the siege of the city, upon the blockading ship *John Adams*. He relieved Passed Midshipman Nelson in command of the Ambulance Corps, operating with the naval battery in 1847, and participated in the Battle of Alvarado. He commanded the bark *Cora*, the first and best prize taken during the war, and proceeded with her to New Orleans. Rejoining his old vessel, he captured the *Maria Theresa*, and on being transferred to the *Raritan* he led in the attack on Tuspan. He served as a volunteer in the Frontera, Tobasco and Laguna expeditions. In 1848, on reporting for duty, he was sent to the coast of Africa, as master of the *Jamestown*, and remained on that station about two years. He then returned to the Mediterranean in the *Lexington*, and was there granted two years' leave of absence. In 1852 he joined the flagship *Cumberland*, of that squadron, and was subsequently ordered in the *St. Louis* and the *Saranac*. He was appointed flag-lieutenant to Commodore Breese in 1854, and returned to the United States in 1856. In the latter part of that year he was ordered to the *Portsmouth*, coast of Africa; in 1859 he went to the East Indies, and early in 1861, upon his arrival in this country, was appointed instructor of gunnery, and organized the schoolship *Savannah*. He commanded the *Nausett* in 1863, the ironclad *Cobkill*, off Charleston, S. C., 1864, and the advance of the picket of monitors. While at this station he captured the *Deer*, the last prize taken off Charleston, and the only one caught by a monitor.

In 1865 he reorganized the Ordinance Department of the Norfolk Navy Yard; in 1866 assumed command of the *Quinnebaug*, Brazil Station; in 1873 that of the *Tuscaroras*; in the following year the *Canandaigua*, and in 1875 the *Plymouth*.

In addition to these services, Captain Barrett was attached to the first man-of-war that entered the Port in Joliette, Marseilles, and the frigate *Congress*, which was the first that entered the breakwater at Leghorn, Italy; was on the first expedition that ascended Yang-tse Kiang as far as Hankow; was in command of the *Quinnebaug*, the first man-of-war that tested the mole at Cape Town, Africa; and of the *Plymouth*, which fired the Centennial salute off Fort Moultrie, S. C., was the Government ship present at the closing of the International Exhibition, and the first naval vessel to test and pass through the jetties at the South Pass of the Mississippi.

When the railroad riots were at their height the deceased was summoned to Washington, where he organized a brigade of marines for the protection of the city and public buildings, and held command under a temporary commission of brigadier-general in the army until all apprehensions of danger were dispelled.

Commodore Barrett was known throughout the Navy as a most rigid disciplinarian. He kept his ships and crew in clock-work order, exacting the strictest obedience to the rules of the department. He was a man of the stanchest integrity, was constantly exhibiting a just and hearty sympathy inwards his men, and made his profession his sole business. In all his qualities and relations he was a sailor *sans peur et sans reproche*.

The Defense of Berlin.

WE are informed on the best authority that the German War Department is preparing, as a sequel to the new Army Bill, a plan for the defense of Berlin. It is proposed to construct a series of at least twenty forts, after the style of those surrounding Paris; and these are to command the roads leading through the marshy and water-covered areas by which the Prussian capital is approached on the northeast and southwest. A large increase in the size of Berlin, for which allowance had to be made, was the principal difficulty with which the framers of the plan had to contend. But Prince Bismarck has never been a friend of great cities, and his support may be relied upon for a regulation which will result in adding to the height of the buildings in the imperial city on the Spree. All suburbs at the distance of Steglitz and Pankow are to come under the Berlin municipal authorities. The defense of Paris in 1870 taught military men that the holding of important cities, even though they be inhabited by more than a million of souls, must not be neglected. Berlin is the centre of the railway system of all the eastern provinces of Prussia. When it was overrun during the Seven Years' War by the Austrians and Russians, the royal treasures, the archives, and other valuable State papers, had been transferred to Magdeburg.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, February 29th, the piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel was accomplished by one last blast, the two galleries which have been approaching each other from either end were thrown into one long tunnel, and the opposite gangs of workmen rushed into each other's arms and exchanged congratulations on the successful accomplishment of their task. The first man who actually succeeded in getting through the tunnel was M. Bossi, the manager of the works, but even he had been forestalled by the portrait of the late M. Favre, the contractor, which the workmen had pushed through as soon as the aperture had reached a width of three inches. The tunnel is the longest in the world—nine and a quarter miles—and has only taken seven years and five months in piercing, from September, 1872, to February, 1880—less than half the time occupied in piercing the Mont Cenis tunnel. This rapidity of execution is mainly due to the efficiency of the air compressors, invented by Professor Colladon of Geneva—the compressed air serving as a motive power for both the perforators which bore the rock and the locomotives which draw the wagons, and also as a means of ventilation. The northern, or Swiss entrance to the tunnel is situated at Göschenen, a wild and barren place at the mouth of that picturesque little river the Reuss; while the southern, or Italian, end, is at the village of Airolo, at the foot of the St. Gothard Pass, on the River Tremo. The tunnel is expected to be in working order by September, and the total cost of the work will be, broadly speaking, two millions sterling. M. Favre, the contractor, who so energetically carried out the work, died about six months ago.

The Winter Palace Explosion.

The funeral of the victims of the explosion in the Czar's Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, was the occasion of a general demonstration of sorrow. For the first time in the history of the Russian army the palls of private soldiers were borne by generals, nobles and members of the imperial family. The streets through which the long *cortège* passed appeared unusually sombre; crowds of spectators with bared heads watched the procession, and thousands breathed a fervent prayer for the safety of the terror-stricken sovereign.

An East Indian Prince Starting for a Hunt.

Our illustration represents the Prince of Khadeshuraha, the ruler of one of the vassal principalities of Great Britain in East India, starting on a recent tiger-hunting expedition. He was accompanied by some invited guests and the necessary hunters and followers. The Prince and his principal equerries and guests were on elephants, the others proceeded on horseback or afoot till the party reached the hunting-grounds, where each hunter is obliged to be mounted. The animals they intend to shoot are for weeks before lured by prey, specially prepared, to certain places where water is to be found, and it is in the neighborhood of these decoys that the hunters lie in wait for their victims. The Prince and his party made a right royal bag.

Statue of Lord Gough.

This memorial of an illustrious Irishman was unveiled by the Duke of Marlborough on the 21st ult. It occupies a site on the high road through Phœnix Park, Dublin, near the Wellington Monument and the statue of Lord Carlisle. Stands were provided for the Viceregal family and household, for the Executive Committee, and for invited friends. Bodies of troops were massed around the statue, including a brilliant staff around Sir John Michel, Commander of the Forces; while a party of pensioners from the Royal Hospital formed a significant feature in the spectacle. The statue, which is by Foley, is a most life-like representation of the late Lord Gough. It is 13 feet 6 inches high, and stands on a pedestal 7 feet 2 inches high, formed of iron tons of gun metal. The inscription on one side of the pedestal is: "In honor of Field Marshal Viscount Gough, K. P., G. C. B., K. G., an illustrious Irishman, whose achievements in the Peninsular War, in China, and India have added to the lustre of the military glory of the country, which he faithfully served for seventy-five years, this statue, cast from cannon taken by troops under his command, and granted by Parliament for the purpose, was erected by his friends and admirers." On the other side of the pedestal is inscribed the name "Gough."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE beautiful hill of Posilippo, near Naples, on which is situated Virgil's tomb, is soon to be tunneled for a railway.

—ONE hundred and twenty men were killed and 400 wounded by accidents during the construction of the St. Gothard Tunnel.

—THE coal mines in Pennsylvania so far in 1880 have turned out a third more anthracite than last year; and exactly twice as much as in 1878.

—PROMINENT Mexicans have asked General Grant to aid them in securing American capital for developing the resources of Mexico. He has written a letter favoring some of the improvement projects.

—THERE are now 990 building and loan associations in Pennsylvania, Philadelphia having 490 of them. Each of them has an authorized capital of $1,000,000, and an average paid up fund of from $50,000 to $100,000 each.

—WOOD-CARVING is receiving especial attention in Germany as an industry of national importance. The wood-carving schools of the empire, now numbering about one hundred and sixty, are to be increased to two hundred, and a great number of prizes will be distributed.

—ADMIRAL PHILIPS WESTPHAL, the oldest commissioned officer in the British navy, died on March 16th, at Ryde, at the age of 89. Admiral Westphal had seen much service at a most stirring time. He won his first promotion to the rank of Lieutenant at the battle of Copenhagen.

—BORING for petroleum is still proceeding in the district of Dithmarschen, Prussia, a depth of 350 metres having been reached. At present only brackish water, mixed with petroleum, emerges, but it is believed that pure petroleum, superior to American, will soon be tapped.

—CAPTAIN HAMMOND, representing the Harvard freshmen crew, and Captains Kessler and Eldridge, representing the Columbia College freshman crew, met in New London, March 31st, and agreed to row a two miles straightaway race on the Thames at noon, Wednesday, July 7th.

—THERE was a premature and, consequently, fortunate accident recently on the new railway between Arbroath and Montrose, Scotland. Workmen were removing the centres from the arch of a new bridge when the whole thing fell, leaving nothing standing but a part of the parapets. No one was hurt.

—AT the rate at which the House of Representatives has disposed of business since it met last December, it would take that body about one hundred years to get through with the business now on hand. This causes no diminution, however, in the number of new Bills brought forward. The greater part of every Monday is devoted to that object.

—THE German Government has supported African research with sums of 200,000 marks ($25,000) during 1878, and 70,000 marks ($17,500) during 1879. For the present year it is proposed to devote another sum of 70,000 marks to this purpose, besides a sum of 5,000 marks ($1,250) for the furtherance of independent private research in the Dark Continent.

—ECCOUP telephones have been installed at the Pic du Midi Observatory, in the Pyrenees, and afford easy communication with Bagneres, a distance of fifteen miles. The first experiment failed, owing to the cloudy and stormy intervening stratum of air, but with improved instruments every sound pronounced in the ordinary conversational pitch is distinctly audible.

—THE Committee on Pacific Railroads has presented an elaborate report to the House of Representatives on the subject of completing the system of transcontinental roads. The Committee takes the ground that the lands granted to the Northern Pacific road are forfeited, and that there is nothing to prevent the Government from taking action regarding them at once.

—IN 1863 the total deposits in the small savings banks of England, which are chiefly patronized by the working classes, amounted to £27,187,401, or an average of less than £9 to each depositor. In 1873 the number of depositors had largely increased, and the deposits had amounted to £61,471,412, or almost £16 per depositor. The returns for 1879 show an increase over the figures of 1873.

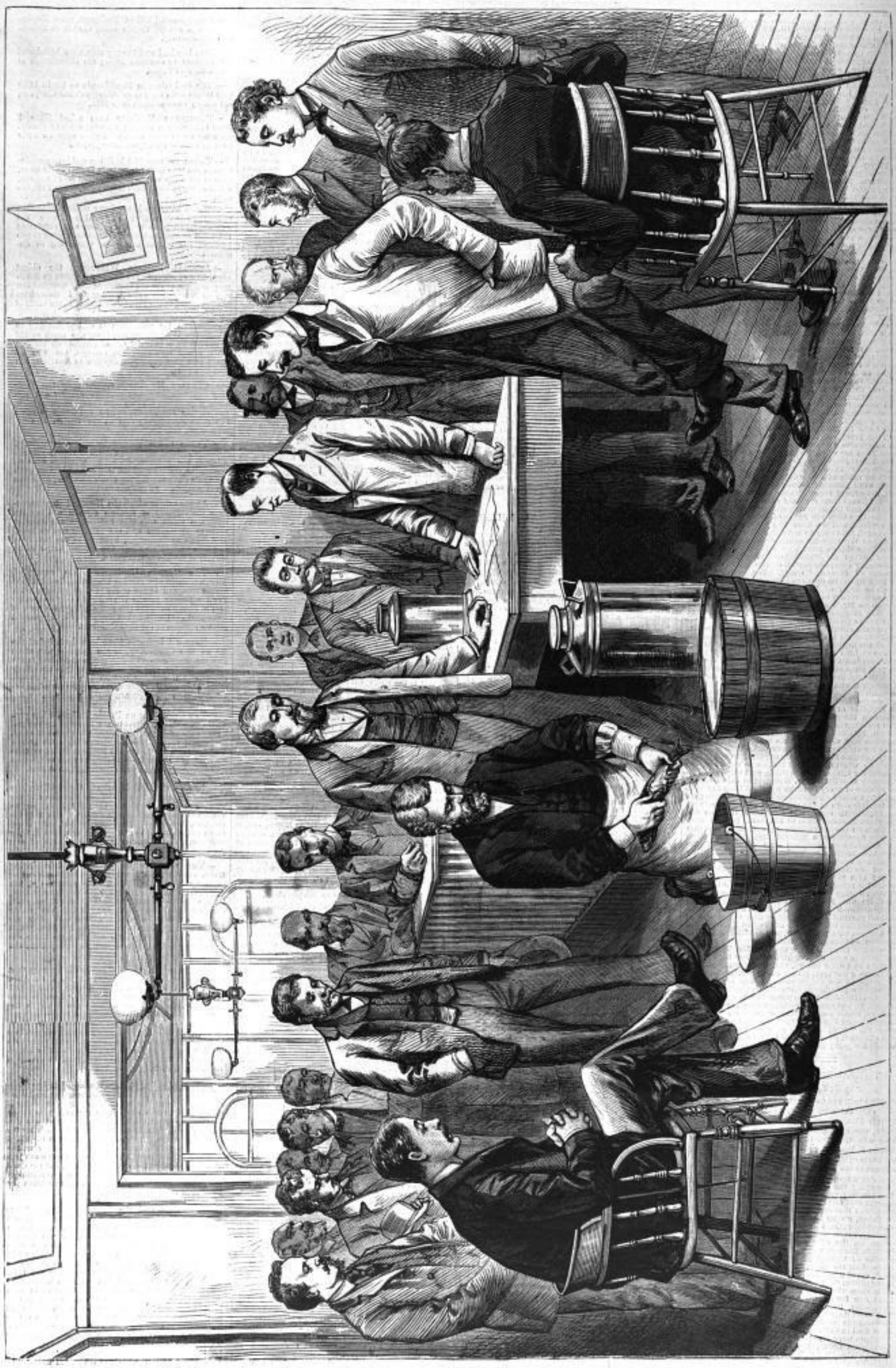
—THE reduction in the public debt during March was $14,719,397, and for the nine months ending April 1st nearly $47,000,000. The reduction of last month is the largest made in any one month since April, 1872, when it was nearly $15,500,000. For March, 1877, the reduction was over $14,000,000, but nearly $10,000,000 of this amount was derived from the Geneva award, which was covered into the Treasury that month. The unusually large reduction for March was due entirely to the increased receipts from customs and internal revenue.

—FROM recently printed returns it appears that the school libraries in France have during the last ten years increased to a remarkable manner. Established originally for pupils in the schools, these libraries have been gradually made use of more and more by the parents and friends of the scholars, and have now become really people's libraries supported by the State, which contributes 120,000 francs a year for the purchase of books, and by the municipalities. In 1866 there were 4,838 of these libraries, but by 1877 the number had increased to 17,764. During the same period the number of books rose from 180,853 to 1,716,900.

—THE Island of Rotumah, which has been provisionally annexed to the British Empire by Sir Arthur Gordon, at the request of a deputation of the chiefs of two hostile factions who inhabit it, lies a little to the north and east of the Fiji Archipelago, and was discovered by Captain Edwards during his search for the mutineers of the *Bounty* in 1791. Although the island is small, its population is comparatively numerous, the shore being covered with villages, which touch and join on to one another. The soil is very fertile, and the small vessels which trade among the islands of this section of the South Pacific Ocean frequently call at Rotumah for supplies of vegetables and other provisions.

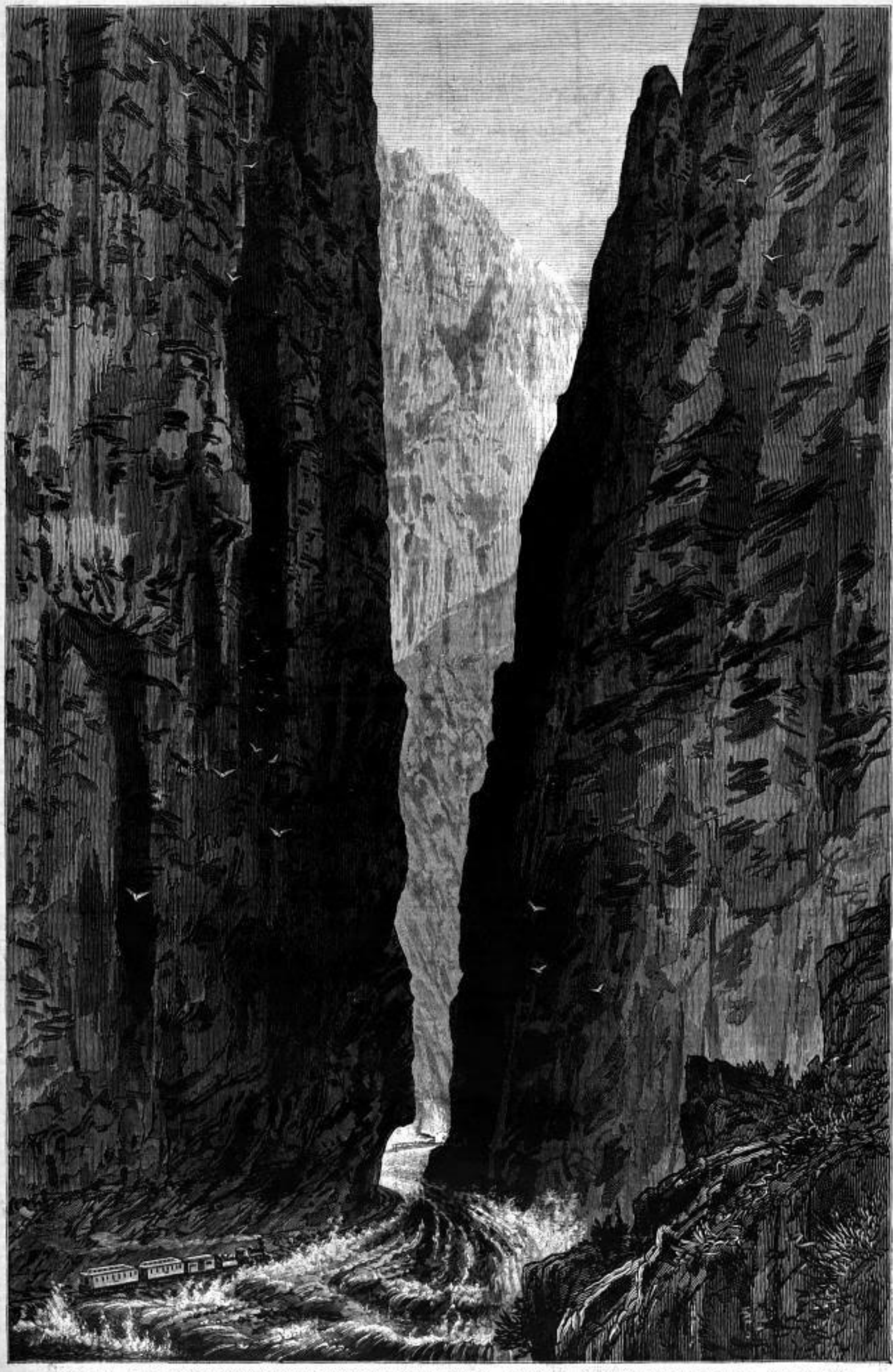
—THE decree of the French Government expelling the members of the Society of Jesus from France makes the fourth time these followers of Ignatius Loyola have been driven out of that country. It was the last State in which they established themselves in large numbers, after other parts of continental Europe had been overrun by them, and the first from which they were expelled. The date of the latter action was 1574. In 1603 they were recalled, and remained undisturbed until 1764, when Louis XV. banished them. In 1773 Pope Clement XIV. suppressed the order entirely, but, revived at the beginning of the century, it made rapid progress in France, where it was associated with the rehabilitation of society after the chaos of the revolution. In 1830 the revolution of that year again decreed its expulsion, but the order continued to exist nevertheless, and in 1845 there was another ineffectual legislative decree issued against it. Under the second empire it of course flourished.

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NEW YORK CITY.—NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION—MR. ANNIN STRIPPING TROUT FOR ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION.—SEE PAGE 103.

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COLORADO.—THE ROYAL GORGE IN THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRALL.—SEE PAGE 107.

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BEYOND.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far-off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it touches the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DEMITRY.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

VELLANI looked doubtfully from the speaker to Melchior, and the latter took advantage of the pause to say:

"You shall know who I am. My name is Melchior Waring. I am an American and the friend of Mr. Reginald Grey of New York, and for the time being I am stopping at the Hotel Cavour."

"And if I should have occasion to send a communication to the Hotel Cavour, shall I have the honor to find Signor Waring in?" asked Vellani, with a polite sneer in his voice.

"If you take pains to do so when I am not out, you will find me there," was Melchior's unconcerned reply. "However, should I have reason to anticipate a message from you——"

"You shall be found? I understand. I, therefore, make the formal request of you, signor, to remain at your hotel this afternoon."

"And I as formally promise that I shall do so."

"A duel!" exclaimed the marchesa, coming between them. "Luigi, I forbid it!"

"You doubtless fear the result to this gentleman?" said Vellani, angrily.

"She has quite as much reason to fear for you, signor," retorted Melchior. "Before I leave this house it is proper that I should relieve the Marchesa di Lupo of any misapprehension under which you may labor regarding the promise that I recalled to her. That promise was that she should send to my hotel the manuscript belonging to Mr. Grey that she took with her from New York."

"It is not necessary that she should communicate with you further," replied Vellani. "Here is the paper to which you allude."

He searched the breast-pocket of his coat and drew thence the manuscript.

The marchesa took it from his hand and gave it to Melchior, who glanced at it for an instant. There could be no mistaking it. There was the paper, brown with the lapse of two hundred years; there was the quaint handwriting, cramped and almost illegible; and there, too, were the uneven edges and the holes in the sheet whereby the moths had worked the destruction of the clew to the locality of the treasure. For a moment, as he looked down at it, he seemed lost in thought. Then he folded the flimsy scrap carefully and placed it in his pocket.

During these proceedings Vellani gazed at him attentively.

"Are you satisfied, signor, that that is the paper this lady received from Signor Grey?"

"This is the paper undoubtedly."

"And Signor Grey—what will he do?" he continued. "Will he try to find the treasure?"

"The Marchesa di Lupo asked me that question," replied Melchior, stiffly. "As I said to her, so I say to you—I cannot answer."

"He does not know where to look. I understand." Vellani spoke with a touch of subdued satisfaction in his voice which was not lost on Melchior.

"You speak, signor," he said, "as if you are wiser than Mr. Grey. Or do you merely wish to seem wiser than you really are?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"I only know this," he replied, coldly, "that the treasure belongs to him who can discover its hiding-place. If Signor Grey can find it, it is his." Then he added, with a distant bow, "*Au revoir*, signor," walked moodily to an armchair that stood at the further end of the *salon*, and seated himself abruptly with an air as of one at home in the marchesa's parlor.

Since the marchesa had last spoken she had not changed her position; but when Vellani moved away, and Melchior, saluting her, walked to the door, preparatory to taking his departure, she advanced and intercepted him.

"You must promise me," she said, hastily and in an undertone, "that you will refuse to meet Signor Vellani should he challenge you."

"What is his weapon?" asked Melchior.

"If he fights it will be with the sword, with which he is very skillful."

"Do not fear, signora. I promise to spare him. Good-morning."

And with these words, before the marchesa could frame another remark, he had passed rapidly into the corridor and had gained the head of the stairway.

In three minutes more he was seated in the carriage in which he had ridden to the villa, and twenty minutes later he had joined Reginald in the sitting-room of the hotel and was narrating the particulars of his interview with the marchesa and Luigi Vellani.

CHAPTER IX.—A MESSAGE FROM VELLANI.

WHEN Melchior had concluded his account of what had happened at the marchesa's, Reginald, who had been listening silently, but with a serious expression on his face, said to him:

"It is I, Melchior, who should insist on the first meeting with Vellani."

"Too late, mio caro. Besides, I propose to leave you nothing to do. Vellani, I fancy, will be in no condition to fight you when I shall have done with him."

"You do not mean to——"

"Kill him? Oh, no! Heaven spare me the necessity of doing that! But unless my cunning has left me, or Vellani prove the better swordsman, I shall not be the one to sue for mercy in this combat."

"Vellani," observed Reginald, after a pause, "must entertain an idea of searching for the treasure. How does it appear to you?"

"I think that he and the marchesa may have a theory in regard to it."

"And what is that theory do you suppose?"

"In reading the manuscript have you not been impressed with two facts which, taken together, may convey a third fact to the mind? Here is the manuscript, let us examine it. I merely wish to show you how, by a logical chain of reasoning, Vellani or the marchesa—I do not know which of the two—may have stumbled on a theory. This is the first fact: the writer says, 'brought . . this castle of San Juan.' The meaning is that he was taken there a prisoner."

"True. But which of the many castles of that name in the Spanish dominions is referred to?"

"Have we not inferred that Mexico is the country in which is situated the pueblo with its unknown church?"

"Yes."

"That being the inference, why not suppose that the castle or fortress in which the writer was imprisoned was also in Mexico?"

"Granted. What more?"

"Then, let us say that the 'Castle of San Juan' mentioned is the Castle of San Juan de Ulua, at Vera Cruz."

"A very reasonable supposition, and one, I must confess, that never occurred to me."

"As if to fortify this supposition," continued Melchior, "let us turn to this passage in the manuscript: 'I was put under arrest in D . . . .' Durango, in Northern Mexico, was at that remote period a flourishing town. Why not conclude that the word missing here is Durango? Accepting this to be the fact, let us further imagine that Vellani, inspired by the hope of tracing the treasure to its receptacle, has formed the resolution of going to the best source of knowledge in regard to the history of the unknown writer's imprisonment—namely, the archives of Old Spain that concern the two Americas.

"He will go to Madrid and inspect the colonial archives of that day. In the reports of the viceroys subsequent to 1680, he will find somewhere a report of the prisoner's case. Enough remains of his signature to assist him in identifying him. He will discover that he was arrested at, say Durango, in such and such a year, confined in the fortress of San Juan del Ulua at such a date, died in that prison on such a day."

"This is more than a theory!"

"Wait a moment," Melchior went on, smiling and raising his hand as if to enjoin silence. "Lured on by his hopes, Vellani, having gained this information, leaves for Mexico. He endeavors in the city of Vera Cruz to obtain some additional facts regarding the prisoner of San Juan. From Vera Cruz he proceeds to Durango and seeks further traces. Will he find them?"

"Perhaps," replied Reginald, thoughtfully, "in some church registry or record, or in some local legend, he may learn something of the unknown writer."

"My supposition carries Vellani no further," said Melchior. "But what is the matter?" he added, smilingly. "You look as perplexed as if all I have been saying is true instead of a mere series of suppositions."

"If these be merely possibilities, why do you detail them with so much precision?" asked Reginald, doubtfully.

"Because I believe that Vellani *has* resolved to undertake a search for the treasure, and that he has formed a theory of his own on the subject. And if I could see into his mind to-day, I think the propositions I have just propounded would be found there. You must be on your guard. When we shall have settled with him, you must leave at once to seek the treasure, if you hope to secure it."

"And in order to obtain it must I, too, follow the steps laid down in your plan?"

"It may answer the purpose," replied Melchior, quietly.

"If I enter on this search will you accompany me?"

"No. I expect to part from you in three days at the furthest. You will return to the United States, while I go"—he reflected for a moment as if pondering his answer—"I go to Egypt."

"Melchior," said Reginald, "I base no hopes of discovering the church in which the treasure is concealed on any knowledge that I may obtain by investigations. With my present feeling, I do not know that I shall ever take any steps to clear up what seems to me an impenetrable mystery. So let us speak of something more practical—more real. When we part, where shall I again see you—in New York or at Albuquerque?"

"At Albuquerque, probably."

There must have been something saddening to the two friends in the thought of their coming separation and of the events that must intervene before that parting, for both were silent. Reginald smoked his cigar thoughtfully, and Melchior looked absently through the window into the street.

The silence was broken by the former.

"Melchior," he said, "you must not fight Vellani, if he should challenge you. I cannot let you accept a responsibility that was entailed in serving me."

"It is nothing, Reginald. As I have told you, I do not fear the result. He cannot injure me, and a touch—a scratch—will suffice to end the duel. You shall be my second. In three minutes the affair will be over."

"You are very confident—not over-confident, I hope," said Reginald, in an anxious tone.

"Trust me," was the reply, uttered with a reassuring look. "Trust me and fear nothing. But if I should fall, look in the breast-pocket of my coat and you will find there a letter. It will tell you what to do."

A sudden paleness came upon his face, but when Reginald leaned over towards him, he smiled, grasped the outstretched hand that was extended to him, and said:

"It was only a passing thought. It is over now. Would you be very sorry, mio caro, if anything should happen to me?"

"Do not bring that possibility before my mind! Because, if I thought——"

"Yes, yes; I understand. You would stop the affair. But *animo su!* as they say here in Milan. Cheer up and have confidence in me!"

"If it were not that I feel so encouraged by your own confidence in yourself, which inspires me with a conviction that you will emerge unharmed from this encounter, should it come off, I would not resist the temptation that possesses me to have it prevented. For the first time I regret that I left New York on this journey to meet Vellani. But for that act of mine you would not be called on to risk your life."

"Would you make a sacrifice for my sake?" asked Melchior, abruptly.

"What sacrifice could you ask that I would not make to please you?"

"I have something to ask of you that, perhaps, you may hesitate to grant. But if you grant it, you will give me greater confidence if I am to seek the field with Vellani."

"Do you mean me to forego my purpose to demand an apology from him?"

"Yes."

Reginald's face flushed.

"On what ground do you base this request?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"On the ground of my regard for you in the first place, and, secondly, on my knowledge of your deficiency with the sword. Are not these two excellent and sufficient reasons for my request?"

"They are such reasons as might inspire a generous, devoted and self-sacrificing friend, Melchior!"

"You decline, then?"

"I must decline. To gratify you I would do much, and if you were not engaged in this quarrel, to please you I should refrain from seeking any explanation from this man. As it is, however, I must go on. Could I have foreseen the events of this morning I would not have delayed in making my purpose known to him immediately on my arrival, for then you would not have become involved."

"Well, well! Let it pass. Perhaps it is best that Mr. Vellani should fall into my hands first."

As Melchior spoke one of the hotel waiters appeared in the doorway of the sitting-room and cast a quick glance around the apartment.

"Signor Melchior Waring!" he exclaimed, raising his voice. "A gentleman desires to speak with Signor Waring."

The half-dozen other gentlemen present in the sitting-room, some of whom were conversing and others reading their newspapers, looked up lazily as the waiter made this proclamation, and, as Melchior rose from his seat in answer to the call and walked toward the door, they glanced at him for an instant and then resumed their several interrupted occupations.

"Who wishes to see Signor Waring?" asked Melchior of the waiter.

The latter moved to one side, and behind him Melchior perceived for the first time a young gentleman attired in the undress uniform of an officer of the Italian army, and with a mustache *à la* Victore-Emmanuele, who, as the waiter retired, advanced to meet him.

"Signor Melchior Waring?" he asked, courteously, in Italian.

"Yes, signor. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Lieutenant-Colonel Rodolfi, of the National Guard."

"And a friend, I presume, of Signor Luigi Vellani?"

"Ah, I see that you expected me," replied the other, with a smile. "That being the case, we shall have no difficulty in coming to an understanding, I hope."

"I trust not, signor. If you have any communication from Signor Vellani I shall be happy to receive it."

The officer handed a letter to Melchior.

"This will fully explain my mission," he said.

Melchior broke the seal and read:

"MILAN, *June* 18*th*, 187—

"SIGNOR MELCHIOR WARING—I inferred from your remarks during our interview this morning that you would not avoid a communication addressed to you at the Hotel Cavour by myself, who have reason to feel insulted by your language on that occasion. My friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Rodolfi, who is authorized to act for me, will hand you this note and will bring me your answer—either an apology for your words or your acceptance of this invitation, which I have the honor now to extend, to grant me the satisfaction of a gentleman on the field of honor. If you determine to choose the latter course, please name your weapons, the time and the place. LUIGI VELLANI."

Having finished the perusal of the note, he said to the officer: "Signor, I beg to be excused for a moment while I consult with my friend."

He walked to where Reginald was sitting, an attentive observer of the interview, and in a few words made him aware of the name and the purpose of the visitor and of the contents of Vellani's communication.

"I need not ask you what reply you will send," said Reginald, when he had put him in possession of all the facts.

"I shall, of course, give him the satisfaction he demands. But, come, let me introduce you to the very gentlemanly friend he has sent to me."

They went up to the officer, and Reginald was presented to him in due form, Melchior, while introducing him, expressing in complimentary words his regret that Reginald, owing to his ignorance of Italian, could not converse with Rodolfi in his own beautiful language—the language of Dante, of Ariosto and Petrarch.

"Eefa the Signor Grey awilla pardon mya Englisha, maybees wea cana talka leetla together," said the officer, accentuating the words strongly with the Italian inflection.

"You speak very good English," observed Reginald, encouragingly, insensibly adopting that patronizing tone with which all patriotic Americans address children and foreigners. "You do very well, indeed, signor."

Leaving the two to prosecute the conversation thus happily began, Melchior sat at a table, which was provided with pens, ink and paper for the use of the patrons of the hotel, and wrote his answer to Vellani's message. Then he begged the officer to excuse him while he conferred with Reginald.

"This is my reply," he said to the latter, translating for his benefit the note he had just written.

"Signor," he observed, rejoining Rodolfi, "Mr. Grey, you should understand, is my friend in this matter. Of course, the contents of Signor Vellani's letter are known to you?"

The young officer answered in the affirmative.

"Then, in order that there may be no delay in bringing the affair to a conclusion, I will read to you my reply to his communication. It is this:

"'HOTEL CAVOUR, MILAN, *June* 18*th*, 187—.

"'SIGNOR LUIGI VELLANI—Your communication of this date by the hand of Lieutenant-Colonel Rodolfi has been received, and my answer is, that I will fight you with small swords at six o'clock to-morrow morning, in the courtyard of the Palazzo Albergati, on the road to Varese.

"'MELCHIOR WARING.'

"You of course know," he continued, "the locality of the Palazzo Albergati?"

"I know the place very well," replied Rodolfi.

"Now," said Melchior, "I am about to make a request of you which, while it may seem somewhat informal, I must justify on the ground that my friend and myself are strangers in Milan. There are certain necessary preparations to be made in connection with this affair which I must intrust to your courtesy and honor."

The officer bowed as if in assent to the proposition.

"My request is that you supply all that may be needful on the occasion of this meeting—the surgeon and the weapons."

"It shall be done, signor."

"For myself, I promise that Mr. Grey and I shall be in the courtyard of the palazzo at six o'clock to-morrow, ready to grant that satisfaction to your friend that he has done me the honor to demand."

As Melchior spoke he resumed his seat, inclosed the note in an envelope and directed it to Vellani. That done, he handed the letter to the officer.

"You will pardon our unceremoniousness," he said, with a smile. "My friend here is too ignorant of your language to conduct this affair for me. I must be at once, therefore, principal and second. The rest I leave in your hands, trusting to that hospitality which distinguishes the Milanese."

"This hospitality shall not disappoint you, signor. Your interests shall be as safe with me as they would be with Signor Grey."

"That assurance is amply sufficient."

"Is there anything else that you would wish to be done?"

"That is all. For your kindness, signor, I give you my sincere thanks."

With these words the interview ended, and, after shaking hands with the two friends, Rodolfi bowed and withdrew.

"A manly fellow, that Rodolfi," observed Reginald, as he glanced at the officer's retiring figure. "Rather an improvement on Vellani!"

"Yes," said Melchior. "I feel that I can trust him. To-morrow, I have no doubt, we shall find all prepared at the palazzo at our arrival."

"How did you know of this Palazzo Albergati? What, and where, is it? Is it unoccupied, or unfinished, that you should have fixed on its courtyard as the place of meeting?"

"It is a ruined old château that has been untenanted for a hundred years. It dates back to a period coeval with the Crusades. There is some gloomy story of crime and blood connected with it, but I have forgotten the exact particulars. You will find them set down at some length in the guide-books. Day before yesterday, on my return from my first visit to the marchesa, I drove out to visit it, my coachman having spoken of it as a curiosity. I thought at the time it would be an admirable spot for a meeting—quiet, retired and screened from observation."

"And this is why you selected it in your note to Vellani?"

"Yes. I was quite certain that Signor Rodolfi would know the place. Everybody in Milan is familiar with it. It will answer our purpose in every respect."

Shortly after this conversation, the two

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friends left the hotel and repaired to a fencing-school; and, for an hour or two, with intervals of resting, they practiced with foils.

At the conclusion of the practice, the complimentary fencing-master said to Melchior:

"*Bravo*, signor! You are as skillful as you are handsome. I confess that in you I have met my master. You should be as lucky in love as in war!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROYAL GORGE IN COLORADO.

GRAND as is the view of this remarkable cañon when seen from the window of the rushing train, its power of inspiring awe can best be tested by the tourist, contented to make his way thither on horseback or in the "schooners of the prairie." In approaching the gorge it is observed that the pinion growth is rank and dense; just beyond, great bleak ridges of bare, cold rock contrast strongly with the profusion of foliage hiding everything beneath from sight, while away in the dim distance the snow-crowned peaks of the continental divide are outlined sharp and clear against the solid blue of the morning sky. If the tourist is impetuous, his ardor will be checked by the guide, for after leaving wagon or horse a few steps will bring him to the edge of the precipice. Shuddering, he will peer down the awful slopes; fascinated, he will steal a little nearer to circumvent a very mountain that has rolled into the chasm, and at last the eye reaches down the sharp incline 3,000 feet to the bed of the river, the impetuous Arkansas, forty to sixty feet in width, yet to him a mere ribbon of molten silver. Though surging madly against its rocky sides, leaping wildly over gigantic masses of rock, and hoarsely murmuring against its prison bars, nothing is heard of its fury. The solemn stillness of death pervades the scene; the waters as viewed are as if polished, and as stationary as the mighty walls that look down on them from such fearful height.

If the first experience upon the brink of the Grand Cañon was startling, that of the Royal Gorge is absolutely terrifying, and the bravest at the one point become most abject of cowards in comparison at the other. At the first point of observation, the walls, though frightfully steep, are nevertheless sloping to more or less extent; here at the Royal Gorge they are sheer precipices, as perpendicular as the tallest house, as straight as if built by line. So narrow is the gorge, that one would think the throwing of a stone from side to side the easiest of accomplishments, yet no living man has ever done it, or succeeded in throwing any object so that it would fall into the water below. Many tourists are content with the appalling view from the main walls, but others more venturesome work their way 600 to 1,000 feet down the ragged edges of a mountain that has parted and actually slid into the chasm. The gorge is 2,038 feet sheer depth, and most precipitous and sublime in its proportions of any chasm on the continent.

Among all the thousands who have visited the Grand Cañon and the Royal Gorge, harm has befallen none, for, despite the seeming horror of the situation, the appalling depths and rugged paths, the fascination of the danger appears to give birth to greatest caution. The cañon, except in the dead of Winter, is approachable only from the top, the walls below being so precipitous and the river such a torrent as to defy all access. When frozen, as the waters are for brief periods during the coldest months, the way up the cañon may be accomplished, but only at the risk of personal comfort and not a little danger.

THE PRESENT EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION.

LIFE ON THE PASSAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO THE UNITED STATES.

"CASTLE GARDEN is in full blast!" I overheard a weather-beaten 'longshoreman rapturously exclaim to a sun-kissed companion, as I lately passed the "frontage by the river." "I never seen the beat of this. We'll have more immigrants in on us this year than ever come in the liveliest of times. The ocean steamers is bringin' 'em by thousands. The *City of Berlin* brought twelve hundred yesterday; the *Brussels* as many more last Saturday. The railroad men out West is fairly tickled to death."

The 'longshoreman spoke from the book. Agricultural depression is sending us German and English immigrants; famine and the "agent" the "boys" from the Emerald Isle. New blood is leaping into the veins of this country through the great Atlantic artery. We require every drop of it, and more. An Irish family, consisting of representatives of three generations, seated upon boxes, bedding, bundles and *impedimenta* of every description, from a gridiron to a wicker cage, minus the blackbird, barred my passage. I made a long *détour* to avoid embarrassing them, and, as I went upon my way, I bethought me of scenes I had witnessed in the wild valleys of Connemara and on the picturesque shores of Bantry Bay—scenes in which distresses and evictions, the bailiff and the policeman, the dreaded agent, and the doubtful landlord, played all the prominent parts, and played them with a ghastly realism. On the faces of the evicted ones in the old country was Despair; on the faces of the family now occupying the sidewalk in the new, was Hope.

The emigrant of to-day is a fortunate being compared to the emigrant of ten years ago. To-day he has only to announce his intention of pitching his tent in a foreign land, and, lo! there are slaves upon slaves at his bidding. He has every reason to induce him to emigrate; and setting aside the irrelevant facts that the soil refuses to yield another crop, the agent of the absentee landlord to abate the rent, the process-server to stay his warrant, the cabin to remain over his head, the facilities offered for transferring him to fresh woods and pastures new are of so tempting a nature as absolutely to leave him no choice but to clear out in double quick. He consults his neighbors, who say, "God speed ye, be off!" Father Tom, who gives him his blessing and tells him not to forget the little church at Ballyporeen at Christmas and Easter; the landlord, who raises his eyebrows but who doesn't lower the rent. The money is obtained by hook and by crook, and then comes the embarrassment of choice of route. If he be well advised he'll travel by the Inman line of steamships, the acknowledged premier emigrant line. I have crossed the briny in fair weather and foul, and speak by the chart. Comes the day of departure and the tearing up of the roots of the heart that cling around the old tottering cabin—cling to its thatched roof, and its unglazed window, and its crazy chimney, its turf-stack and its now cabbageless garden. The neighbors are all there, and there's not a dry eye in the crowd. "God speed yez!" "Good luck attend yez!" "May the Lord keep yez safe!" "Don't forget Ould Ireland!" and the low-backed car jogs off amid the moans of women, the yells of men, the shrieks of children and the barking of the curs who accompany it a good half-mile on its road. Arrived at Liverpool, the emigrants—for there are two or three families from the same townland—are received at the wharf by the agents of the Inman Line; their luggage is carted down and carefully stowed away, and good lodgings procured for them at a price within the limit of their powers of expenditure. Thus is the first step in emigration made easy, and, instead of being left to the mercy of boarding-house sharks whose interest it is to cheat and plunder the still despondent greenhorns, they are at once taken under the ægis of properly qualified and attentive agents, and in every way cared for. Upon the following morning they are brought down to the landing-stage and for the first time behold their floating home—let us say the magnificent *City of Brussels*—which rides at anchor in the middle of the Mersey. Here a steam tug awaits them, and, with their luggage, they are conveyed on board with as much care as though they were constructed of glass. A few moments are spent in gazing wonderingly at the great sweep of deck, at the smoke stacks and masts and rigging; in peering into deck cabins, engine-hatches and galleys; in questioning busy officials and in comparing notes, when they are ordered aft, and then passed singly in review by a medical man, appointed especially for that purpose, with a view to ascertaining that each emigrant is sufficiently healthy to be permitted to travel. This is a very luxury of precaution, and one that establishes a confidence, if not a freemasonry, amongst the excited occupants of the steerage.

A very centre of attraction is the cook's galley in which the food for the steerage is prepared, and both doors are blocked by the expectant recipients of the savory-smelling messes being elaborately "fixed up" by portly mess cooks, arrayed in the snowy caps and aprons of their respected order. How the emigrant stares when he is informed that the annual consumption of food on board the ship means over 100,000 pounds of fresh beef, 15,000 pounds of mutton and lamb, 5,000 pounds of veal and pork, 25,000 pounds of salt beef, 3,500 pounds of corned beef, 3,000 pounds of sausages, kidneys and sweetbreads, 15,000 pounds of salt pork, and 10,000 head of poultry and game. That in preserving these articles 400 tons of ice are used, while the other articles consumed include 1,200 pounds of tea, 5,500 pounds of coffee, 15,000 pounds of sugar, 10,000 pounds of butter, 70 tons of potatoes, 300 barrels of flour and meal, 2,500 dozen bottles of ale and porter, and about 500 dozen bottles of wine, and 1,000 dozen bottles of mineral water. That some 2,500 pieces of glass and 1,500 pieces of earthen ware are broken in a year, and that these figures are based on the supposition that the number of passengers is less than the full complement, since the full complement would increase them to a total scarcely credible.

While on the important subject of "nourishment," let us see what the emigrant receives for his six guineas, or $30, in addition to being carried 3,000 miles. Let us take, *par hazard*, the Saturday and Sunday bill of fare on the *City of Brussels* for March 6th and 7th of this year:

Saturday, March 6th, 1880.

Breakfast at 8 a. m.—Cocoa and coffee, with sugar and milk; arrowroot, with sugar and milk; oatmeal porridge and molasses; fresh rolls, biscuit and butter.

Dinner at 12 noon.—Vegetable soup; one-half fresh beef, one-half mess beef; potatoes, rice and molasses.

Tea at 5 p. m.—Tea and gruel, with sugar and milk; biscuit and fresh bread and butter.

Sunday, March 7th, 1880.

Breakfast at 8 a. m.—Coffee and cocoa, with sugar and milk; arrowroot, with sugar and milk; fish, with sauce; biscuit and fresh bread and butter.

Dinner at 12 noon.—Vegetable soup; one-half roast beef, one-half boiled beef; potatoes and rice; plum pudding, with rum sauce.

Tea at 5 p. m.—Tea and oatmeal gruel, with sugar and milk; fresh rolls, biscuit and butter.

Three thousand miles at a halfpenny a mile, and this nourishment thrown in for nothing! Emigration made easy!—luxurious would be a better term. The emigrants, after medical muster, are free to descend to their staterooms. The steerage is apportioned into rooms, each room being laid out so as to accommodate from ten to twenty persons according to location, and each having its own window or port-hole and door, so that by the turn of a screw the port may be opened and the "champagne air of the sea" let in with a leap. In every room there are two tiers of berths on each side, upper and lower, with a wide passage-way from the door to the port-hole. Between the higher and the lower berth is a distance of three feet, with the same space between the upper and the roof. The berths are divided by deal boards, one and a half inches thick. These are removable so as to accommodate families, and the deals can be taken out to make up a bed to any required size. Each berth is nearly two feet wide. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness and the sweetness of these rooms. They are kept clean-swept, broomed and sawdusted, and, when the ship comes into port, steamed, while every deal is removed and every interstice overhauled. Beneath the lower berths in each compartment is a space two feet high, which is utilized by the occupants for stowing away such minor articles of luggage as may be required during the voyage. The single men are apportioned rooms to themselves, and our sketch will give a very exact idea of how emigration is made easy to the unmarried males on board the palatial steamers of the Inman Line. Air shafts and funnels play into the steerage, so that there is a constant current of the fresh sea-laden breeze gently permeating the rooms, and depriving vitiated air of everything in the shape of vantage-ground. Large vessels with brass taps, accessible at all hours, contain fresh water for the use of the emigrants, and in close or Summer weather there is a copious supply of iced water, while for washing purposes there is an equally inexhaustible supply of condensed water. It is a bright and cheery sight to behold the anxious and courteous stewards as they flit about the steerage dining saloon—well ventilated as any dinner-room on Fifth Avenue—bearing great smoking dishes, and endeavoring to attend to about twenty different callers at the same moment, while a very Babel of sounds arises as the emigrants—from Bavaria or Ballyporeen—laugh and talk and crack jokes over the plentiful and admirably-cooked meal. Every day fresh bread is baked and served to the steerage passengers, and, should a loaf prove insufficient, a barrel of biscuits is at all times at their disposal. If the weather be fine tea may be taken on deck, and *al fresco* parties invariably become the order of the evening.

Flirtation is not exclusively confined to the saloon passengers, or is dancing either. In the steerage, the fiddle or concertina supplies the place of the piano, and Pat, supple as an eel, "welts the flure" with Norah, while Hans trips it gayly with Gretchen, the non-dancers applauding with might and main, their joyous laughter mingling with excited cries and vigorous plaudits as Pat or Hans executes some Terpsichorean movement of unusual difficulty and agility. Cards and draughts, too, are called into requisition—"Spoiled Five" being the strong game—while books and newspapers are freely interchanged. The "morning wash" is an institution on board the Inman steamers, and the washroom a very type of neatness. Clean towels, fresh soap, a plentiful supply of water and mirrors, invite the male emigrant to his matutinal ablutions, while the gentler sex are similarly provided for 'tween decks, so that in the worst of weather this wholesome observance may be complied with. In addition to the self-adjusting basins, there are small troughs in which children may be bathed, and here the female-emigrant can herself take a bath in the uttermost privacy, the entrance to this apartment being strictly guarded. There is a washhouse on deck, with taps of hot and cold water, where clothes can be washed, and all the other sanitary conveniences are of the most improved and healthful order.

An admirable practice prevails on every ship of the Inman line. Bath and breakfast over, all hands, weather permitting, are daily ordered on deck, and then the steerage receives a thorough cleansing. The floors are scrubbed, the walls are scrubbed, every hole and corner is scrubbed. This work completed, down come the captain, the doctor and the purser, who critically examine the result of the recent scrubbing. Twice a day is the examination made, the purser following it up by several supplemental visits during day and night. To behold the handsome and genial purser of the *City of Brussels*, Mr. George Collar, performing this duty, one would be led to imagine that he was seeking a lost diamond, of a Queen Anne farthing, so analytical is he in his scrutinizing search! In every portion of the steerage notices are posted up, printed in French, German, Norwegian and English, urgently calling upon the passengers to report to the purser any inability or want of attention. So strict is the discipline observed that no food is sent into the steerage until it has been approved by this officer, who is held responsible by the owners for its freshness and wholesomeness. His duty it is to see that every care is taken to keep the sexes separate, extra diligence being used in the case of single women, and from the precaution taken in the selection of these officers by the proprietors, the morals of the Inman steamers is admirable from first to last. Should a passenger be taken ill, he or she is at once walled on by the doctor and removed to the hospital, where every attention is shown and every delicacy provided, from calves' feet jelly to champagne. The hospitals, male and female, are on deck, and luxuriously fitted up. Any case of infectious disease is instantly isolated, the patient being kept absolutely apart. Every new appliance for the extinguishing of fire is provided on the Inman line. Steam fire annihilators are connected with every department of the ship, together with centrifugal pumps capable of raising over 2,000 gallons of water per minute. Hanging in the davits are ten lifeboats of great capacity, furnished with the best appliances for safely lowering in case of any emergency. It is the habit of the company not only to test these appliances before the voyage but to put them to the still keener strain of sudden trials while at sea. This company, too, has adopted the routes across the North Atlantic suggested by Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy—namely, the taking a southerly course during the months between January and August, when the ice is coming down from the northern regions on the banks of Newfoundland, so as to avoid all danger of a collision with ice.

It is the intention of the company to illuminate their entire fleet with the electric light, as the experiment on the *City of Berlin* on two voyages has resulted in a supreme success. The light in the steerage afforded the passengers veritable daylight, and in corners hitherto shrouded in darkness the emigrants knitted and sewed and read as if it were at high noon.

Having brought my immigrants safely and comfortably across the Atlantic in the good ship so ably commanded by the courteous Captain Watkins, I shall, in our next issue, place them in the hands of the jovial, cheery and obliging passenger agent, Mr. John Williams, who, taking them under his protecting wing, will keep watch and ward over them until the moment arrives for their departure Westward ho!

THE LOTOS "LOVING CUP."

THE Lotos Club of this city celebrated its tenth anniversary on the evening of March 27th by a grand banquet, at which the presidents of eleven other city clubs were present. Speeches were made by Whitelaw Reid (President of the Club), Secretary Evarts, Daniel Huntington, Jos. H. Choate, Richard O'Gorman and others. During the banquet a large silver tankard, with two handles, embossed at the base with double-eagle gold pieces, and bearing on its side the design of a Lotos flower, was presented to the club by Mr. Noah Brooks. Dr. A. E. Macdonald responded on behalf of the club, after which the cup was passed around the table, and each guest rose in his place and drank. The occasion was one of great enjoyment to all participants.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR DOANE.

EASTER DAY was signalized at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Newark, N. J., by the announcement by Bishop Corrigan that the Pope, Leo XIII., had just conferred upon the Vicar General and pastor of the Cathedral, the Very Reverend Geo. H. Doane, the rare dignity of a prelate of his household, with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor. Monsignor Doane, who is deservedly honored by this new dignity, is a son of the late Bishop Doane, (P. E.), of New Jersey and was born in Boston in 1830, while his father was rector of Trinity Church. After pursuing medical studies in Philadelphia, he entered the Protestant Episcopal Church and became a deacon under Rev. W. H. N. Stewart, in Grace Church, Newark. In 1855 he was received into the Catholic Church by Archbishop Bayley, and after a course of study for the priesthood in Paris and Rome, he was ordained a priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1857. He has been pastor of that church for nearly twenty years, and after serving as Secretary of the Bishop and Chancellor of the Diocese, he was appointed Vicar General by Bishop Corrigan in May, 1873. The distinction now conferred upon him is probably due to the important services rendered by him, not only in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his office, but his successful efforts to raise funds in this country for the endowment of the American College in Rome, and establishing other important institutions. The ceremony of investiture will take place with imposing ceremony on St. George's Day, April 23d. This is the first time the honor has been conferred upon a priest in this country, but Monsignor Seton, of Jersey City, previously received a similar appointment while a student in Rome. They are the only two prelates of the Papal household in the United States, and both are residents of New Jersey. They have the right to wear the purple, but the appointment imposes no special duty upon them.

New Public Works in Paris.

A VAST number of public works are in progress or projected in Paris, and the commencement of milder weather will be followed by great activity in all branches of the building trade. Contracts have been passed for the plumbers' and joiners' work at the new Hôtel de Ville—the former for a sum of 778,891 francs, the latter for 1,084,867 francs. The construction of a stone embankment at the lower quay at Berry is advancing rapidly, and the foundations are being proceeded with for the bridge in the Rue de Tolbiac. The former of these works will cost 4,500,000 francs; the latter, 2,000,000 francs. An inquiry is open at the Mairie of the Sixth Arrondissement relative to the projected removal of the branch Mont de Piété from the Rue Bonaparte to a building to be erected between the Rues Cottilogon and d'Assas. The scheme for the concentration of different ministerial services will entail an outlay of 11,100,000 francs, of which 4,600,000 francs are for the Interior, 1,400,000 francs for posts and telegraphs, 4,600,000 francs for agriculture and commerce, and 500,000 francs for public works. The demolitions in the Champ de Mars are proceeding slowly, and the Exhibition building has, as yet, scarcely been touched. Dynamite had to be employed to throw down the portico of the Fine Arts Palace. The ruins of St. Martin Market, which recently fell down, are almost cleared away, and plans are drawn up for a new iron building, which will be completed by the end of the Summer. Among other great works are the construction of a retaining wall to the Park of Montsouris, in the Avenue Reille, the placing of three-branch candelabra on the most frequented boulevards, the placing of electric clocks on different public buildings to give the hour of the Paris Observatory, the erection of a new Hôtel de Ville at Neuilly, the rebuilding of the Pont des Invalides, the construction of two new locks on the Marne to improve the navigation between Meaux and Paris.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A MONUMENT to the late Prince Imperial will be erected in South Africa by the British Colony.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts refuses to contribute towards Mr. Herbert Gladstone's candidacy for Middlesex, on the ground that the country needs a stronger government than the Liberals are, in her opinion, able to offer.

IT is not an unusual thing for ministers to be present at, and to pray for a blessing on, the "blowing in" of blast furnaces; but it has been left for Dr. Craven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to dedicate a North Carolina cotton factory.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, who secured a divorce from his wife last August, has been married again. His second wife figured prominently in the divorce trial, and Dr. Hall then admitted that he intended to marry her if successful in his suit against his wife.

A MOB of Chinese at Yenping-foo recently attacked the Rev. Nathan Sites, an American Methodist missionary, and were on the point of stoning him to death when a local magistrate interfered. The mob said that they were only treating Americans as Americans treated Chinese in California.

PRINCESS STEPHANIE and Crown Prince Rudolph will be married—by civil ceremony—at Brussels; the religious rites will be conducted at Vienna. The young couple are to live at Prague. The Communal Council of Brussels intend to offer to the Princess a marriage gift of lace of the minimum value of $5,000.

THE Emperor William, replying to the congratulations of his Generals, on the occasion of the celebration of his birthday, said that he believed he was able to assure them that they would probably have no more opportunity of putting in practice their military knowledge, all fear of war having apparently, for the present, been dispelled.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, the Queen's youngest son, who was born on April 7th, 1853, has been prevented, by constitutional delicacy, from embracing any profession, but has inherited, beyond any of his brothers, his father's tastes. He was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and is a member of the university and a doctor of civil law. His visit to America is settled for April.

PRINCE ORLOFF, the retiring Russian Ambassador to France, has, of late years, led a very secluded life in Paris. An irreparable loss he had suffered had closed his drawing-rooms, and thenceforth he ardently devoted himself to works of charity. He visited the garrets of the poor, took a special interest in sick workmen, and the infirm and poor of the laboring quarters will sorely miss him.

HON. ALEXANDER MOUTON, Louisiana's oldest ex-Governor, was recently serenaded in New Orleans by the Orleans Artillery. Governor Mouton, who is eighty years of age, was inaugurated in 1843, and served until 1846. He was Speaker of the State House of Representatives in 1837, was the first native Louisianian sent to the Congress of the United States, and was the President of the seceding convention in 1861.

M. VICTOR HUGO intends to bring out several new works this year. A poem of 4,000 verses, "Religion et Religions," will appear in a few days, and then will come two volumes of "Toute la Lyre," to be followed by the "Vision de Dante," the "Quatre Vents de l'Esprit," the "Fin de Satan," and the third part of the "Légende des Siècles." A five act drama, "Torquemada," two comedies, "La Grandmère" and "La Forêt Mouillée," and a piece in verse, "l'Epée," are also ready for publication.

FREDERICA, Princess of Hanover, so long the devoted companion of her old and infirm father, is about to make a marriage which must be said to be one of romance, since her future husband's rank is not quite equal to hers. He is the Baron de Pawel Rammingen, for many years the friend, secretary and aide-de-camp of the late King, Frederica's father. Queen Victoria will formally give her consent in Council to this marriage, the Princess being a Princess of Great Britain, as well as of Hanover, and intending to live in England.

IT is announced that Miss Louise Evarts and Dr. Bedder, of New York, will be married in May, and that Miss Ellen Sherman and Mr. Thackera will also be married in the same month. Miss Mills, daughter of Judge Strong, will be married in June to Mr. Slade, of New York. The gentleman is a widower, with two children. His first wife was the daughter of Mr. William Dodge, of New York. When Miss Ellen Sherman is married, she will receive her set of diamonds made up from the collection sent by the late Khedive of Egypt to General Sherman when his eldest daughter was married.

THE Sir Henry Havelock who has recently changed his name to Havelock-Allen, in consideration of a bequest of $2,500,000 from a cousin, is the eldest son of the great Sir Henry Havelock, the hero of the Indian mutiny. For his services in defeating Nana Sahib at Cawnpore, and for his relief of Lucknow, General Havelock was made a K. C. B. and a baronet. Strangely enough, the letters-patent were made out on the very day after his death, which occurred at Alum Dagh, in November, 1857, two months after his march to Lucknow. The honors which failed to reach him in life, however, continued to his son.

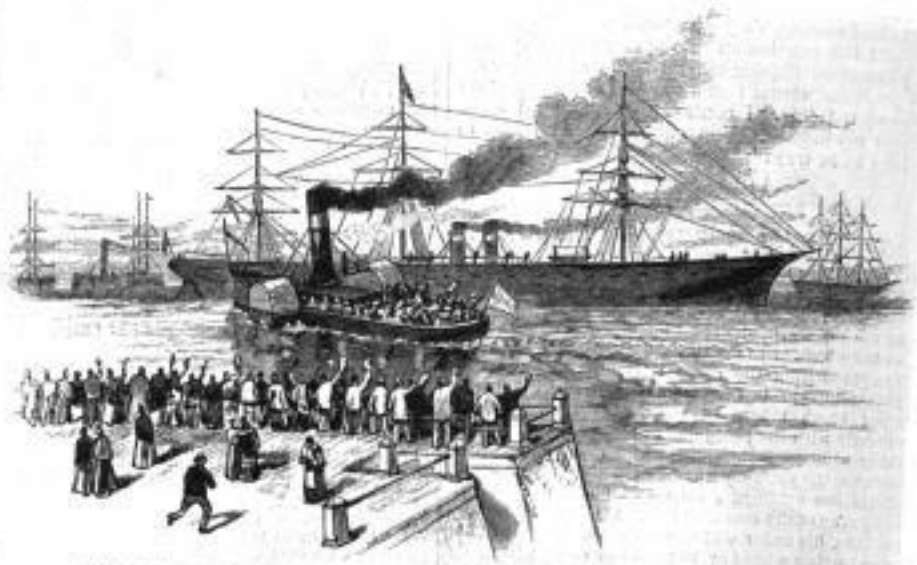
THE announcement is made that the Union Theological Seminary, of which the Rev. Dr. William Adam is the president, has recently received a gift of $100,000 from ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan. Mr. Morgan's motive for this generous act is that he is "desirous of showing his appreciation of the usefulness of the Union Theological Seminary, and aiding it in the great work it is now doing for the country." The money will be used to form a fund which is to be called the "Edwin D. Morgan Library Fund." The new building to be erected will also bear his name. The officers and directors of the seminary hope to make this the best theological library for the use of clergymen and editors of all denominations.

IT is announced by cable that Pope Leo XIII. has made Vicar-General Doane, of Newark, a prelate of the Papal household with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor. The distinction is probably due to Vicar-General Doane's efforts to raise money in this country for the endowment of the American College at Rome, as well as for his services in the cause of the Church in general. The appointment gives the prelate the right to wear the purple, but it imposes no special duty upon him, being purely honorary. The Papal brief is expected to arrive in a short time, and the ceremony of investiture will take place on St. George's Day, April 23d. Vicar-General Doane is the eldest son of the late Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal Church. He was born in Boston in 1830, and, after studying in Philadelphia, became a deacon in Grace Church, in that city. He was received into the Catholic Church by Archbishop Bayley in 1855, and studied for the priesthood at Paris and Rome. He has been pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, for twenty years, and was appointed Vicar-General by Bishop Corrigan in 1873, and served as secretary of the Bishop and Chancellor of the diocese. He is a brother of Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal diocese of Albany. The only other prelate of the Papal household in this country is Mgr. Seton, of Jersey City.

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EMIGRANTS LEAVING HOME IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.



EMIGRANTS EMBARKING ON THE "CITY OF BRUSSELS," AT LIVERPOOL.



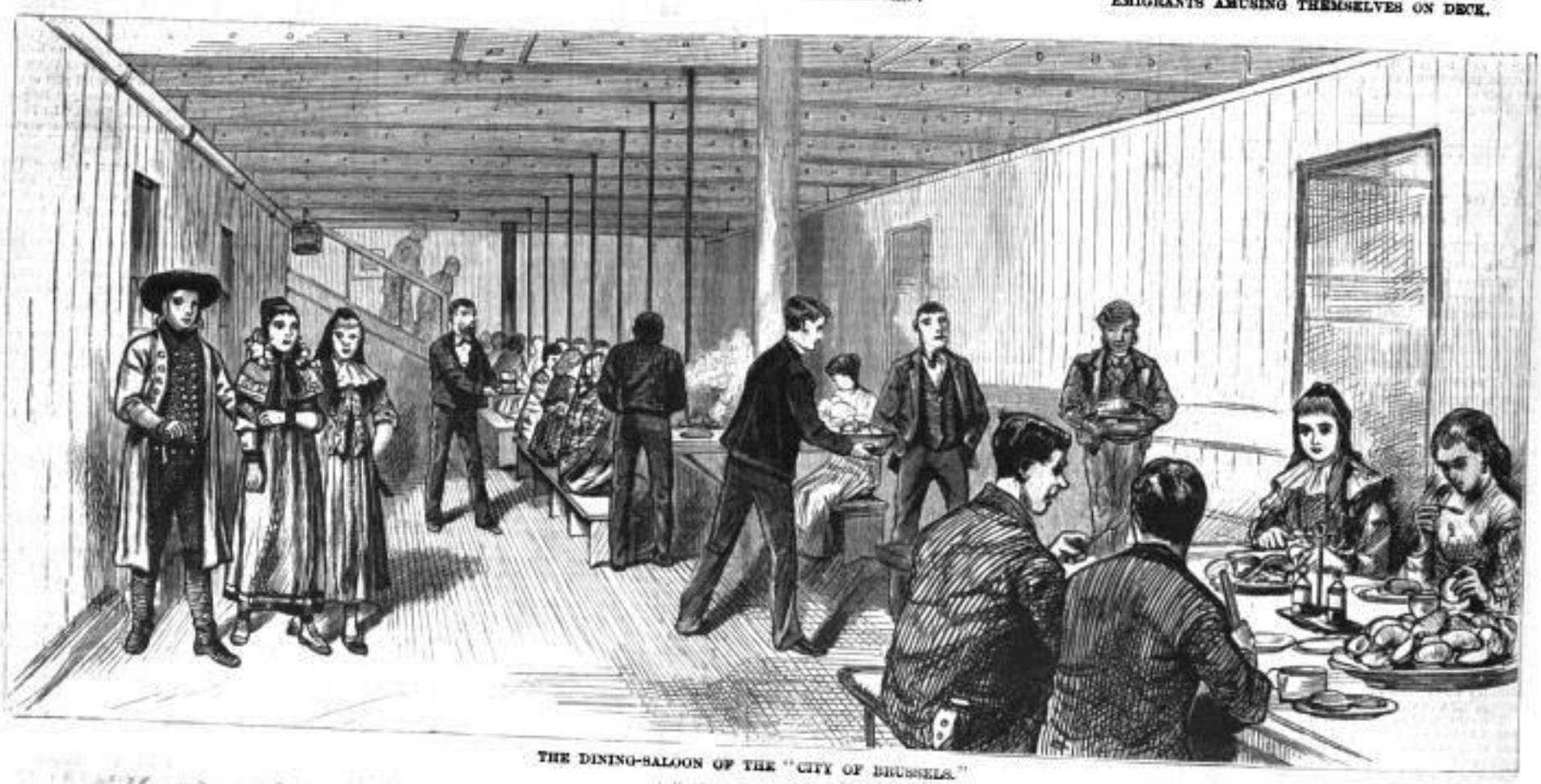
EMIGRANTS' PANTRY ABOARD SHIP.



STATE-ROOM FOR UNMARRIED MEN.



EMIGRANTS AMUSING THEMSELVES ON DECK.



THE DINING-SALOON OF THE "CITY OF BRUSSELS."



THE MORNING BATH.



THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL.

THE PRESENT EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE TO THE UNITED STATES.—FROM SKETCHES BY CLARENCE O'DOWD.—SEE PAGE 107.

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ABBOT BONIFACE WIMMER, OF ST. VINCENT'S BENEDICTINE ABBEY, PA.

THE BENEDICTINE ANNIVERSARY.

ALTHOUGH the Benedictines are the oldest of the religious orders in the Latin Church, they have only within a few years been widely known in America. One of their number, Dom Buill, accompanied Columbus on his first voyage; but they do not appear prominent in the great missionary work that followed. The Mitred Abbot whose portrait we give is the pioneer of the Benedictines in the United States, yet he has lived to see no less than five abbeys of his Order, with a large number of priories and houses, scattered throughout the United States, and no fewer than three Fathers of the Order raised to the rank of bishop.

Their labors were originally among the German Catholics in this country, and they were invited to this field by an old clergyman, Rev. Peter Lemke, who as early as 1833 urged the Benedictines to occupy this field. In a visit to Europe he induced Father Boniface Wimmer to come over and begin a house of his Order. This Benedictine, born at Thalmassing, in Bavaria, January 14th, 1809, was ordained at Ratisbon in 1861, and in the following year entered the Benedictine Order at Metten. He could not find any priest to join him in the undertaking, but came over in the Summer of 1846 with five candidates for the Order, and a number of young men who wished to become lay brothers. Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, offered them some land in Westmoreland County, Pa., willed to the Church by a priest in 1790. Here the Benedictines began their first monastery, and soon opened a college and theological seminary. The work has prospered beyond the wildest dream of the founder. In 1855 Pope Pius organized the members as the American Cassinesian Congregation, made St. Vincent's an abbey, and Father Wimmer became a Mitred Abbot, the first of his Order in the United States. The Benedictines soon had missions in various parts of Pennsylvania, Carrolltown, St. Mary's, Johnstown, etc.; and extending, established churches in Newark, N. J.; Covington, Ky.; Chicago; St. Paul; St. Cloud, Minn.; Atchison, Kan.; Wilmington, Del.; in North Carolina; Texas; and among the negroes in Georgia.

The aged abbot has been active in inducing his Order throughout the world to celebrate this year, the fourteenth hundredth anniversary of the birth of its founder, St. Benedict, and will have the satisfaction of celebrating it himself, surrounded by the numerous community gathered and organized by his zeal.

During the civil war the Benedictines did good service as military chaplains, and one was killed on the battle-field.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR GEO. B. DOANE, PRELATE OF THE PAPAL HOUSEHOLD.—SEE PAGE 107.

OLD ST. ANN'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

THE corner-stone of St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Brooklyn, now in course of demolition to make room for the East River Bridge, was laid in March, 1824, and in July of the following year the building was consecrated by Bishop Croes, of New Jersey. It is of brick, 98 by 68 feet, and 80 feet in height to the top of the tower. The schoolhouse, which was erected three years afterwards, is also of brick. The church contains three mural tablets of white marble, which are to be removed to the walls of St. Ann's, on Clinton Street. One is to the memory of Joshua Sands, long a warden in the parish; another is to the memory of Mrs. Ann A. Sands, relict of Joshua Sands; and the third is a memorial of the Rev. Benjamin Clarke Cutler, D. D., who for thirty years was the rector of this church.

St. Ann's is the oldest parochial organization of the church in the city. It dates back to a period when Brooklyn contained not more than one hundred houses, clustered around the neighborhood of Fulton Ferry. The Rev. James Sayre, an adherent of King George, officiated in the parish from 1778 to about the time of the evacuation of the town by the British troops in 1783. The Rev. Geo. Wright succeeded him during the following year, conducting the services, first in a private dwelling, then in a barn, and afterwards in a small building erected by the British and fitted up for the purpose.

St. Ann's began its new corporate existence in June, 1795. On the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Nesbitt, in 1798, the Rev. John Ireland became rector, and officiated until May, 1807. With the increase of the town the congregation soon attained such growth as to demand a larger place of worship, and in April, 1804, they received from Trinity Church, New York, a donation of $2,000 for a brick church in Sands Street, corner of Washington, which was at once begun, and was completed in 1805, at a cost of £4,794 7s. 9d. The dimensions of this structure were 60x46 feet. In May, 1805, it was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore. From 1807 to 1814 the Rev. Dr. Henry Feltus was rector, and for the three years following the Rev. Dr. John P. K. Henshaw. He was succeeded, from July, 1817, until November, 1819, by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Smith, when the Rev. Dr. Henry U. Onderdonk entered upon the rectorship.

"The Brick Church" in Sands Street sufficed for the wants of the congregation but little more than twenty years; for, in October, 1823, it was resolved to erect a larger one, fronting on Washington Street, the building which is now about to be taken down.

The Rev. Dr. Onderdonk continued to officiate in the new church in Washington Street till October, 1827, when he removed to Philadelphia. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Charles P. McIlvaine, who remained till 1833. The Rev. Dr. B. C. Cutler was the next rector. Dr. Cutler's pastorate extended over a period of nearly thirty years, from April, 1833, to February, 1863, when he died. Upon the death of the Rev. Dr. Cutler, the wardens and vestry gave a call to the Rev. L. H. Mills, who had charge of the parish until his resignation, April, 1867, when the Rev. Dr. N. H. Schenck was named his successor, and soon afterwards entered upon the duties of his office.



THE "LOVING CUP" OF THE LOTUS CLUB OF NEW YORK. SEE PAGE 107.



MEMORIAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, TO BE PLACED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

THE PRINCE NAPOLEON MEMORIAL.

"A NICHE in the Abbey." This for the brave boy who died fighting England's fight, and with his face to the foe. And this is the end of the story that began with salvoes of cannon and the exultation of a mighty nation, and ended by finding the poor body of a boy, naked and slashed with wounds, alone and forsaken, desolate yet undaunted. Amidst the whirl of personages and circumstances, the inner history of Napoleon IV. was little noted by the curious world until the end came. 'A charming child, but rather delicate," "A promising young man, decidedly clever," was all that was said of him by the multitude, in his boyish splendor at Biarritz and St. Cloud, in the sterner training of his adolescence, in the purposeful retirement of his opening manhood. But however tortuous the paths of dynastic ambition, or however self-deceiving the not unnatural wish to benefit one's country and one's family may have proved to others of his house, no censure can fall on him. Bred in the glittering luxury of the Second Empire, there must have been sterling metal in the lad to bear the storms of adversity as he did, so that they only purified and hardened him, preparing himself the while for the high destinies of which he could not possibly help dreaming, by self-reliant labor, patient courage and spirited resolves to prove himself, at first chance, an *enfant de France*.

It was open to him to lead the life of the *jeunesse dorée* of the age, to be the favored guest at receptions, to be honored in great houses, to receive as the son of Napoleon III. the grateful recognition of a people whom his father had befriended. But he preferred the dangers and excitement of war to inglorious ease, and he went down. The end came because the lad really wanted to see fighting, and he took his life in his hand with a high and ready courage worthy of the "young and brave Bonas." Nobody can tell whether he would have made a general, but at least he had the qualities of a soldier—bravery, coolness in danger, self-forgetfulness. Still his death will be the most painful reminiscence of that most painful war, where glory was so hard to win, and when won, of so little worth. And yet, if it be true that no man can be counted happy until he is dead, and all chance of mischance is over, the heir of the Napoleons was blessed in his end above his ancestors. As Schiller says, "The future hides its gladness and sorrow," and no human wisdom could tell whether the Prince, had he fulfilled the destiny the world had marked out for him, would have reached shame or glory. As it is, he takes his place in history a figure beautified by the beauty of his life, the loftiness of his ambition, the romance of his fortunes, and the pathos of his untimely fate. The song has been sung—one of the sweetest our ears have heard—a pure pæan of glorious and well-founded ambition, and of aspiration to all that was holy, brave, true and good! The poem has ended—a poem of chivalry such as we nowadays but seldom have the privilege of hearing. England—that was his second home—honors his memory as she



OLD ST. ANN'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NOW BEING DEMOLISHED TO MAKE WAY FOR THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.



THE LATE COMMODORE EDWARD BARRETT, U. S. N. SEE PAGE 103.

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would honor that of the most distinguished of her sons, and the marble effigy by Boehm, which is about to be placed in Westminster Abbey, will tell the brave lad's pitiful story to our children's children.

This effigy of the Prince is the result of a subscription started by Mr. A. Borthwick, of the London *Morning Post*. All the Royal Princes are on the committee, and over $13,000 have been subscribed. It is to be executed in marble, also the sarcophagus, on which poor Lou-Lou's prayer will be introduced, with other inscriptions, etc. The design for the cenotaph has been done, or is to be done, by J. Pearson, A. R. A., Architect to Westminister Abbey. The sculptor, Mr. J. E. Boehm, has treated the effigy as much as possible like the old monuments of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, on account of its place in the Abbey (Henry VII.'s Chapel), but has united with it the British modern military costume with the greatest accuracy, finding it just as picturesque as that of any previous period, viz., patrol jacket of staff officer, breeches and high boots, with helmet at his feet. Her Majesty the Queen and the ex-Empress Eugénie have seen the model, and highly approve of it.

The Cervantes Anniversary Celebration.

THE memory of the author of the immortal "Don Quixote" was right royally honored at the anniversary celebration which recently took place at Booth's Theatre. The daughters of sunny Spain, looking "darkly beautiful," mustered as though attracted by the fierce fascination of a corrida, black eyes, blood-red roses, and fans resembling the sails of the windmill against which the Knight of the Rueful Countenance ran his luckless tilt, smiting the wandering gaze from all sides, while the caballeros gallantly upheld the prestige of the country of the Cid. A poem in Castilian, in memory of Cervantes, was hailed with well-deserved, enthusiastic plaudits, while the two original Spanish comedietias, "Un Español in Boston" and "La Cara del Campo," fairly brought down the house. The Students produced a new and piquante olla podrida, the *pièce de résistance* being the national anthem of Spain. The proceeds of this delightful entertainment will be devoted towards the erection of the Cervantes Monument in Central Park, after the design by the gifted sculptor and painter, Señor Fernando Miranda.

FUN.

WHEN any office-hunter puts himself into the hands of his friends, and his friends don't set him down before a woodpile and a sawbuck, they are not doing their duty—not by a long shot.

A HAPPY husband relates that he has been married twenty years, and that during the whole time his wife and he had only once had an idea in common, and that was when their house caught fire, and both did their best to see who could get out of the door first.

TWO Boston women of "culture" came across an old-fashioned milestone in the suburbs. One read the inscription, "L. m. from Boston," and the other said: "Here is a grave, perhaps of some young girl, who wished it written on her tombstone, 'I'm from Boston.' How simple and sufficient!"

IN crossing a street to a grocer's on the other side, a little lad was frightened by the violent barking of a large dog near the shop, and had no courage to proceed. The owner silenced the dog, and then bade the child come on, as there was no danger. "Ah, but," said the little fellow, casting a dubious glance at the object of alarm, "the barks are in him!"

THERE is one boy in this city whose bosom is filled with a pure and calm delight. For some offense his father took his sled away from him in the early part of the Winter with the promise that he should not have it again until another season, and the boy confidentially remarked to a friend that "this warm weather was the best rig on the old man he had ever heard of."

WHILE a quiet German family were seated around the Sunday hearthstone, the various professions which are open for a man of ability came up for discussion. A large majority of the children expressed a decided preference for a snug sinecure, where the work was unimportant and the salary excessive. One of the children, who had an open Bible on his knees, said: "Well, I should like to sit on the roof all my days and have nothing to do, just like Joseph in Egypt." Very naturally the attention of the family was excited by the remark, and the boy was asked to explain himself. He turned over the leaves of the book and triumphantly read the passage which aroused his envy: "And Pharaoh put Joseph over his house." "There," he said, "that's what I would like, to sit on the roof and have a large salary"

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A WELL-KNOWN English chemist delivered a lecture on oxygen, and having exhibited the combustion of iron in this element, sent round some of the fragments of fused and oxidized iron for inspection. At the conclusion, as he was taking his departure, a lady of rank hastened after him with the words: "Excuse me, professor, but you have forgotten one of your pieces of oxygen."

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could the people ask to substantiate the merits of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines than the fact that they have not only yearly grown in popular favor in this country, but the foreign demand for them has become so great as to necessitate the establishing a branch of the celebrated World's Dispensary in London, England, that these blessings to the afflicted may be dispatched from that greatest commercial centre of the world to every country and people? Golden Medical Discovery is a concentrated, potent, alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions of all who use it for all humors, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption to the formidable scrofulous swelling. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration yield to its benign influence. Consumption, which is but a form of scrofulous affection of the lungs, may in its early stages be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in "Invalid's Guide Book"—10 cents postpaid. Address, "World's Dispensary Medical Association," Buffalo, N. Y.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 3d, 1879.

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Gratefully yours, MARY B. FISK.

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THE March 15th issue of the *Agents' Herald* comes to us with a handsome new heading, a page of humorous engravings and a choice assortment of specially contributed poetry, sketches, etc., making altogether a very interesting and highly valuable paper. The *Herald* is published semi-monthly at No. 716½ Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa., by Mr. L. Lum Smith, and is devoted entirely to the interest of agents and canvassers. Sample copies may be had from all Newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or they may be had from office of publication, 716½ Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price ten cents. Our readers will do well to send for a sample copy, as its fearless exposure of all fraudulent advertisers makes it invaluable to every family. Mr. Smith is also sole licensee for the patent Imitation Stained Glass, a beautiful invention for home decoration. It requires no skill to apply it, thus making it a neat and engaging occupation for ladies and gentlemen in tastefully decorating their homes with all the brilliancy and beautiful effects of real stained glass at about one-tenth the cost.

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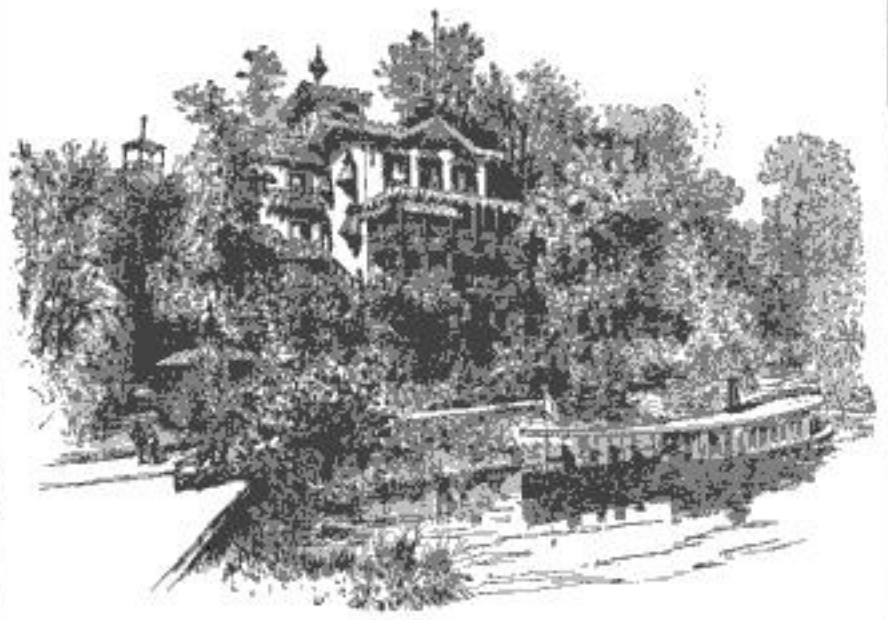
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Can you comprehend in its terrible significance that this disease is more fatal to mankind than all the fevers and other ailments we know of? or the millions of people that labor under it? Many often are unconscious of its ravages until the discharge from the nose and throat brings it painfully home to them. In the ineffective effort to cough and expectorate the offensive matter. Can anything be more disgusting to the on-looker than this spectacle? Yet none are so frequent. You will find it in every street-car, in every public conveyance. This is only the beginning of the disease. It requires instant scientific treatment. From the delicate organization of the parts affected, there is no time to lose; nothing but the most decided measures will arrest the silent progress of this cruel malady. There must be no neglect.



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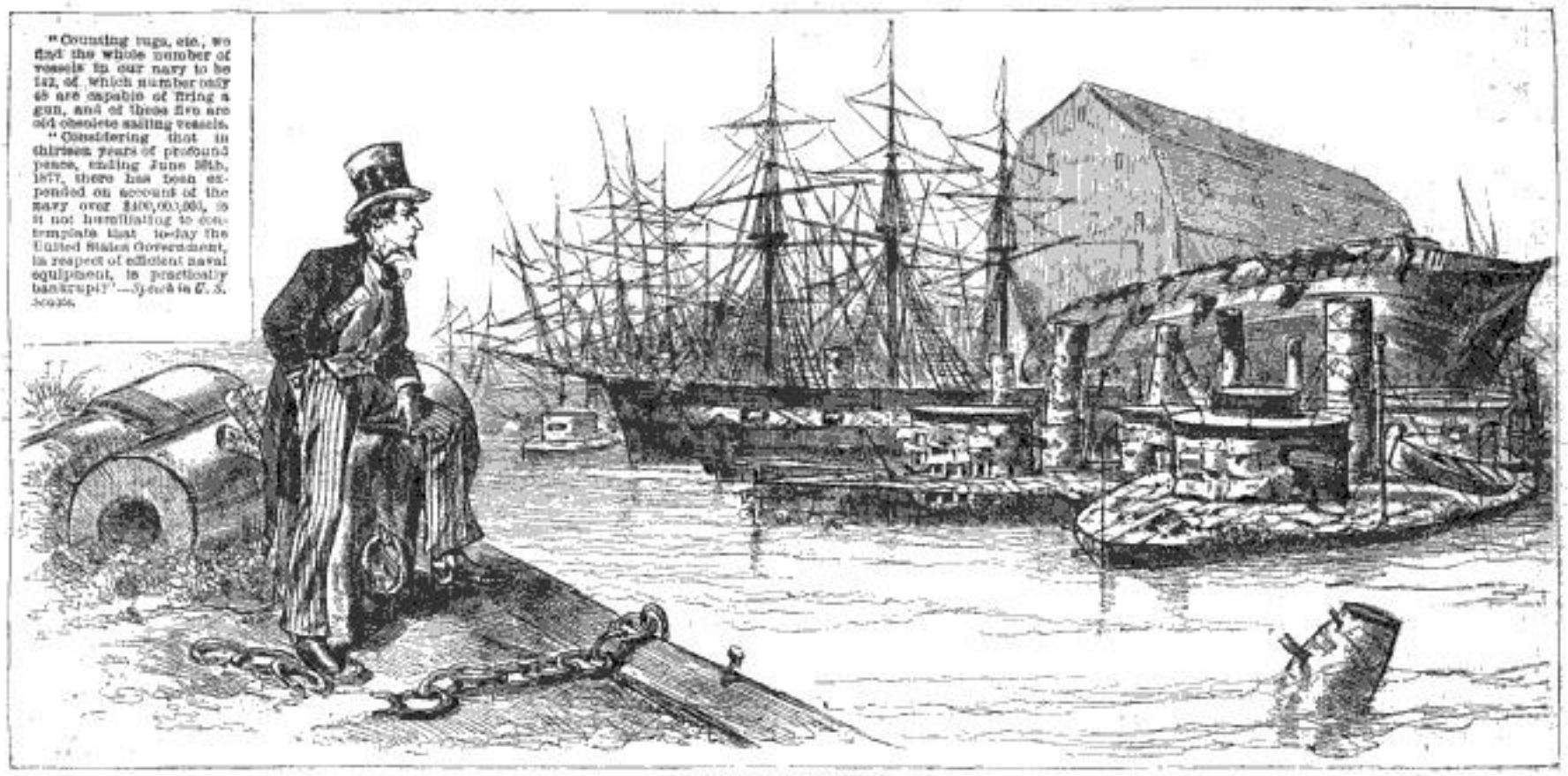
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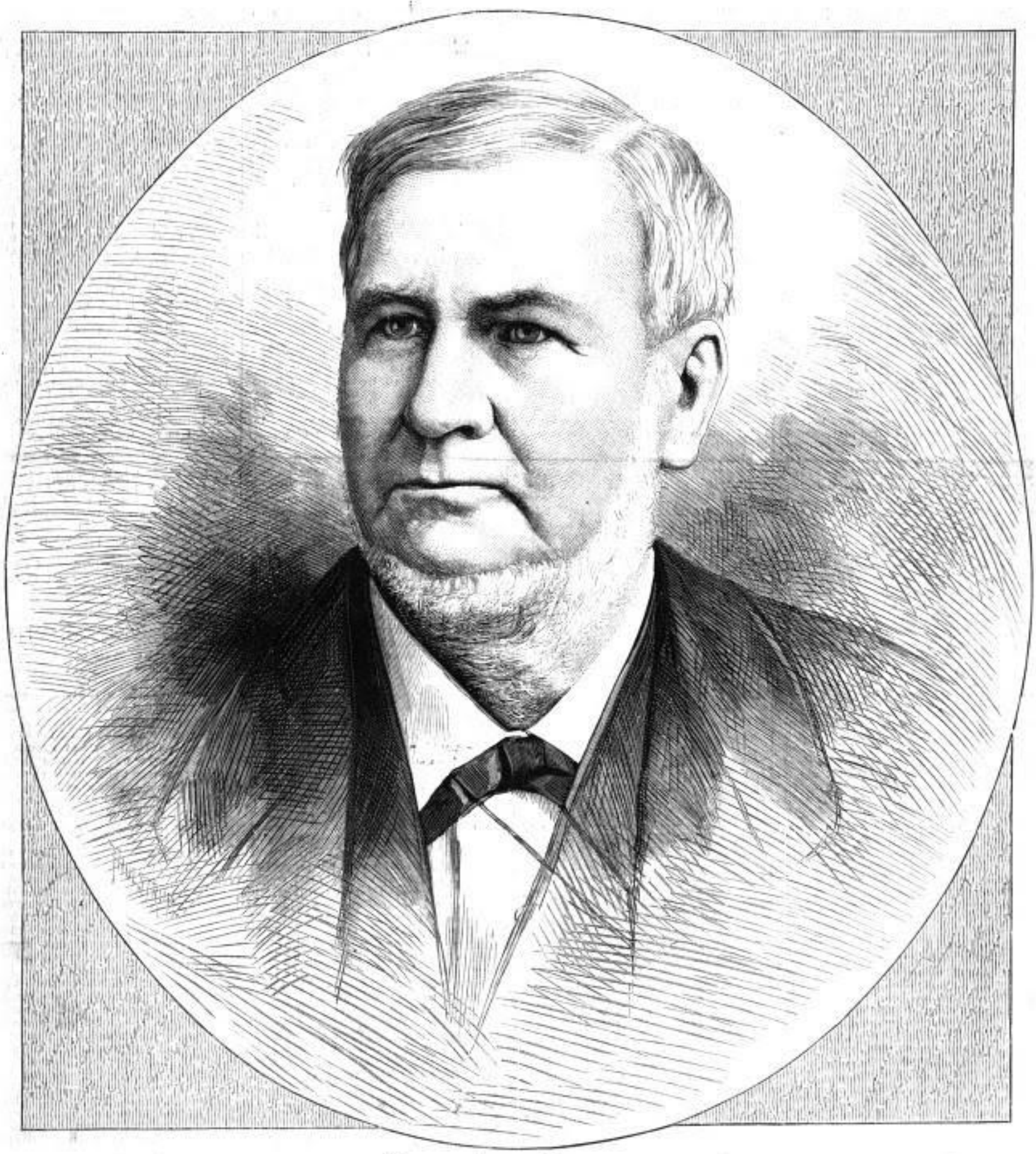
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No. 1,282.—Vol. L. NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1880. [Price 10 Cents.



David Davis.

No. 2.—Hon. David Davis, United States Senator from Illinois.

Gallery of Possible Presidential Candidates.—See Page 118.

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55, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1880.

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53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, *January* 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee*

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Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, *57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

THE PARTY CHAOS.

WE offered last week some observations on the wary reticence practiced by the managers of both the great leading parties of this country, lest, forsooth, an exposure of the varieties of opinion entertained by the nominal adherents of each, on such living issues as Honest Money and Tariff Reform, might lead to an open rupture within the limits of the organization, and thus impair its efficiency in the coming Presidential election. Since we wrote, the reticence has been broken. Mr. Weaver has at last been "recognized," and Mr. Townshend has procured an honest show of hands on the merits of the Tariff measure which he at first had surreptitiously caused to be referred to an inappropriate committee.

The result is before us in the shape of an open eclasion of parties on these two important questions. The resolution of Mr. Weaver declares that the Government alone should issue all forms of money; that the maturing bonds of the United States should not be refunded, but should be paid off as rapidly as possible, and that to this end the mints of the country should be worked to their full capacity to coin silver dollars to be used in liquidating the maturing obligations of the Government. It will be seen that this policy contemplates an unlimited inflation of the currency by coining the present depreciated silver dollar. We say an "unlimited inflation," for such would be the effect of the Weaver resolution in its practical application. The Secretary of the Treasury stated in his last annual report that the bonds maturing in the years 1880 and 1881 amount to $782,000,000. It is *this* amount which Mr. Weaver proposes to pay in depreciated silver dollars within the next twenty months. In order to raise the money with which to buy silver bullion for this purpose, the Government would have to resort to excessive taxation, thus depleting, to that extent, the productive forces of the country. In the wake of such a depletion would follow the further depletion and derangement caused by the use of a dollar whose purchasing power is about eighty-seven cents. Gold would disappear, and the greenback would sink to the level of the silver dollar, thus causing an immense depreciation in the existing accumulated wealth of the country.

It is impossible to conceive of a proposition embracing a larger assemblage of financial heresies—heresies, too, as destructive as they are unscientific. And yet, to this mass of crudities, as many as seventy-three Democrats, chiefly from the South and West, were found ready to give in their adhesion, by voting in common with the Greenbackers for the resolution of Mr. Weaver, while of the Republican Party only two, Mr. Belford, of Colorado, and Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, parted from their political associates on this question. The result, therefore, discloses the fact that the great majority of the Democrats in the present House of Representatives are at variance with the Democrats of the North and East in the matter of this vital issue, while the Republicans, if slow to take some needful step forward, are at least firm and united in their refusal to take any steps backward with regard to the resumption and maintenance of specie payments in gold.

On the motion of Mr. Townshend to suspend the rules and pass the Bill amending the tariff, so as to place on the free list printing type, printing paper and the chemicals and materials used in the manufacture of such paper, one hundred and twelve Representatives voted affirmatively, comprising fifteen Republicans and five Greenbackers. The remainder, or the great body of those voting in the affirmative, were Democrats of the South and West. Eighty Democrats of the South and West voted against the proposition, comprising thirteen Democrats, mainly from Pennsylvania, and one Greenbacker. The remainder, or the great majority of those voting in the negative, were Republicans.

In the face of this statistical exhibit it is plain that the friends of Honest Money predominate in the Republican Party, and that the Democracy, in spite of the lessons taught by their coquetry with "the Ohio idea," are still honeycombed with the infection of false doctrines on the currency. It is equally clear, on the face of this comparative view, that the friends of tariff revision have little or nothing to hope from the Republican Party, and that when this question comes to the front it will be left for the Democratic Party to bear the brunt of the contest.

To those who look beneath the surface of these facts they make a painful exposure of the haphazard contradictions which regulate the competitions of party at the present day. There is no logic in the attitude of either party on these questions. The Democrat who votes for tariff revision, but who at the same time favors a fluctuating currency, either does not know what he is doing, or is voting to defeat his own aspirations. For there is always a necessary and intimate relation between the tariff rates imposed by Congress and the existing state of the currency, insomuch that the former can never be consistently regulated or readjusted except with reference to an assumed stability of the latter. With a currency subject to alternate expansions and contractions at the will of Congress, it is idle to attempt a revision of the schedules or rates of our imports according to any arithmetical reduction or increase, for such reduction or increase may be neutralized from time to time by the fluctuations of the currency.

According to all logic and common sense, therefore, the friends of tariff revision should be the friends of a sound and stable currency, and, *vice versa*, the friends of a sound and stable currency should be the friends of tariff revision, unless they wish to commit themselves to the maintenance of the exploded doctrine of "protection for protection's sake." But instead of this, we find, in the actual state of parties, a precise inversion of the ideas which should give consistency to their attitude and direction to their activity. It is as if the two great parties were adrift at sea, and had floated into their present antagonisms at the beck of wind and wave, rather than in obedience to the laws of public economy or the dictates of a well-considered expediency. It is futile for the Democrats to offer themselves as the exponents of tariff reform until they can offer themselves as the exponents of a stable currency. It is hazardous for the Republicans to offer themselves to-day as the champions of tariff rates which were established years ago on the basis of an inflated currency, unless they expect the currency to be inflated again, for it is only such a currency that can explain or justify the existing schedules and rates of our revenue system.

If the old Swedish Chancellor could return to life again, and could mark the kaleidoscopic views of our current politics, would he not find in them a fresh illustration of "the little wisdom with which the world is governed"?

DOES CIVILIZATION CIVILIZE?

THE story in the Scandinavian *Sagas* that Lief Ericsson and his followers discovered New England as early as the year 1,000, and formed a white settlement in Massachusetts or Rhode Island which lasted for two centuries, receives strong confirmation from the method in which the stranger is said to have treated the Indians. Landing on Cape Cod, the historian tells us, the Norseman discovered nine "sauvages" asleep under a bark canoe; and feeling that they had no business to thus intrude upon him, he attacked them with his crew and slew them all but one. This one escaped, rallied his tribe, and fell upon the vessel in the river, and the assailants killed the commander with their arrows. Thus was brilliantly inaugurated the Indian policy of the United States, and it has been persistently followed up to the present hour—a system of mingled treachery, brutality and stupidity. If Lief or Thorwald had lived 800 years later, they might have distinguished themselves as Indian agents, or, perhaps, as members of Congress. We have treated the red occupants of the soil of this continent as fierce animals are in the habit of treating each other in the cruel struggle for life; have made lying and stealing the chief weapon of our aggression; have disregarded treaties whenever it was inconvenient to observe them; have butchered when we could not wheedle; and have protected every white murderer when an Indian was the victim.

Let Congress think seriously before rejecting the overtures which the Utes have offered at Washington. They include the banishment from Colorado of the White River band, the surrender of the wanton murderers of Meeker and his men, the transfer to the white settlers of the rich parts of the reservation, and, more important than all else, the partial abandonment of tribal habits by a large portion of the tribe, who accept half a section of land to each head of a family, to be inalienable for twenty-five years. The terms are easy of execution, and substantially just; and their acceptability is increased by the fact that a pension of $500 annually is provided for the family of each white man murdered at the agency, to be taken from the annuity payable to Utes.

It is equally imperative that the great outrage which we have inflicted on the innocent, long-suffering and peace-loving Poncas should be atoned for without further delay. Our "mistake," as the Indian Commission calls it in the velvet vernacular of the Administration, has cost the lives of more than three hundred men, women and children. That "mistake" was in driving them from homes they had built with their own toil, from fertile land which had been theirs by inheritance for hundreds of years, and, recently, by additional purchase, and, recently, by additional purchase, driving them thence in obedience to a "request" which unscrupulous contractors forged for the purpose of getting pay for transporting them; and the additional "mistake" of locating them on a strip of barren soil, which is so miasmatic that, on the testimony of Commissioner Hayt, "Missouri cattle cannot live there." Hundreds of the harried and persecuted tribe have died; scarcely any of the children have survived the second Summer. It is not claimed that these persons have committed any offense, or that they had invaded anybody's rights; but they have been dragged from their homes to die, and Congress hesitates to restore their beloved heritage, but turns one ear to the vicious voices of thieves, who ask for an appropriation of $150,000 to keep the Poncas where they now are, that they may be the more easily plundered. There is no more terrible tragedy in our annals than this; no more hideous crime has been laid at our door.

The treatment of the Northern Cheyennes is about equally disgraceful; it is enough to make every decent American blush. In 1868 the United States made a treaty, under which the Indians surrendered the Black Hills and removed to the Indian Territory. The Government violated the treaty systematically, failed to pay annuities, failed to furnish rations, and cooped the Cheyennes up like sheep to die of disease and starvation. Ninety "braves," with their wives and children, revolted and started back north. They were pursued and finally captured and imprisoned, and, breaking out of the barracks, seventy-six of them were shot down in cold blood by the soldiers.

There is only one way to settle the Indian question: break up their tribal habits, give to each Indian a farm in fee-simple and stock it for him, prohibiting its sale, and then compel every Indian to obey the law of the Territory, and secure to him the protection of the law. Most of the plunder is made possible by the necessity of providing for the Indians in a body. Let habits of industry be encouraged and roving habits be prohibited, and the Indian problem will solve itself. It will not do to say that Indians are lazy and will not work, as long as 5,000 full-blooded Indians in Wisconsin and Michigan are self-supporting, live in their own homes, till their own fields, and prove themselves peaceful neighbors and good citizens.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

THE Liberal Party, after having remained out in the cold for six years, is now about to retaste the delicious sweets of power—a power it might have held without a break had it not been for a caprice of the eminent individual who has just so successfully wooed and won the heart of Midlothian. "I wonder," said Mr. Winkle, on the morning that ushered in the memorable trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, "what the foreman of the jury had for breakfast." "I wonder," said Mr. Disraeli, when he learned that Mr. Gladstone had flung up the reins of office, "what Gladstone partook of at breakfast that disagreed with him." Whether Mr. Gladstone's political stomach is in better condition, or whether the quasi-rest of six brief years has proved a mental tonic, it is difficult to determine; but certain it is that the exalted position which he held in 1874 is open to him in 1880, and the great tidal wave which has swept over the length and breadth of the land, to the swamping of the Conservative Party, bears the "people's William" to the most coveted of all political offices, namely, that of the leadership of Her Majesty's Government in the Lower House of Parliament.

The Earl of Granville in the Lords, and the Marquis of Hartington in the Commons, would seem to be the programme prepared by the Reform Club—Mr. Gladstone to take a seat in the Cabinet under the ægis of a minor office. However this arrangement may chime in with the views of the section of the party which believes in the ability of the heir to the dukedom of Devonshire, the voice of the Liberals of England calls one man to the helm, and that man is William Ewart Gladstone. Much of the difficulty—not that Mr. Gladstone shrinks from hard fighting—that lay in the path of the Liberal Party has been removed by the acquirement of the majority which it now commands, exclusive of the Home Rule vote. The Liberal Party can meet the Conservative Party on any open question of policy, and beat them at their own weapons, while the Home Rulers, like the Clan McDonald at the battle of Culloden, may stand sullenly aside, unwilling to wield their claymores for the party with which they are naturally *en rapport* because of the slight put upon them.

It would be worse than a crime, however—a mistake—were the incoming powers to ignore the importance of the Home Rule vote. A crisis may, and will, arise when that vote, thrown into the scale, will upset the beam. The Home Rulers may choose to forget the "incendiary proclamation" of Lord Beaconsfield, and, for spite's sake, turn out the party which coquetted with them solely for the purpose of gaining office. As, according to Lord Beaconsfield, the unexpected always happens, it will be within the realms of possibility that the Conservatives may bid for the Home Rule vote, and astonish the country by promises of concessions in the way of local self-government which may bring the party back in triumph. A coup like this would be entirely in accord with the proclivities of the author of "Tancred."

The Liberal Party has its work cut out for it. Germany, so assured of the triumph of Beaconsfield, viewing his defeat with considerable concern and fearing that the Czar may be encouraged to re-enter upon his traditional policy of aggrandizement, prepares for action. Russia hopes to be enabled to resume her "inch by inch" Asiatic policy. Italy is of opinion that the change of Government means "a war somewhere." The "irrepressible Turk" fears for Constantinople; the Greek clamors for boundary, while in South Africa the Boers are bumptious; a sense of disquietude prevails in India, and the colonies demand representation in the Imperial Parliament. The policy of the Gladstone Government—for Gladstonian it must be, even if Mr. Gladstone holds no portfolio at all—if honest, must, inevitably, be based upon the tone of the party while in Opposition. The Berlin Treaty, which the Liberals denounced in the wildest language, will be overhauled; the white elephant, Cyprus, sold, if a purchaser can be found for it; the territory annexed in South Africa re-distributed—in a word, every act of the Conservative Government, upon which it so bombastically prided itself, turned inside out and possibly repealed so far as non-interference with the prestige of the Empire will admit.

Such a campaign will demand an able, experienced and daring general, and a vigorous action all along the line.

OLEOMARGARINE vs. BUTTER.

"EVERY tub upon its own bottom" is a good adage at all times, but especially applicable to a tub of butter, or what purports to be butter. The people who are manufacturing oleomargarine, and endeavoring to promote its acceptance and use as a substitute for butter, have, therefore, no good ground for complaint against laws and ordinances which require them, in severe penalties, to offer their product for what it is and not for what it purports to be. We have too much adulteration and deterioration of articles of food not to strike a blow for the maintenance of their purity whenever it can be done.

The dairies of the United States are of great and still growing importance as a branch of trade, involving interests that should not be trifled with. Nothing should be permitted of a character to weaken the confidence in the character of their products. It is true that the quality of butter is very much a matter of taste, and that there is little uniformity in this respect is shown by the wide range of prices in the wholesale markets. The figures last given are from twenty to thirty-five cents per pound, and the range in former years was much wider. The best trade in New York requires butter of a fine golden yellow, freshly made, but well salted. But in many of the best French and German restaurants guests are served with butter nearly white or quite so, and perfectly free from salt. For export to the West Indies, the quality required is that which would be wholly intolerable on our tables. Unless so strong as to be useless with us, except for cooking purposes, it would be pronounced insipid and flavorless by our customers in the tropics. Our exports to Great Britain are composed mostly of the poorer sorts of table grades. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the average English consumer knows what really fine butter is.

The preference of American consumers for yellow butter has caused an extensive use to be made of coloring matter. Indeed

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preparations for this purpose are openly advertised. Annotto and carrot-juice are largely employed. Besides, butter is in other ways a good deal "doctored" and adulterated. It would be a long story, foreign to our purpose, to detail the various manipulations; but it may be mentioned that recently, when white butter from Winter-fed cows was very plenty, it was discovered that many invoices had been mixed with lard. Adulterated and artificial butters have, however, been much more common in Europe than with us, and have been the subject of frequent expositions and discussions in foreign journals.

It is not necessary to go so far as to accept the Jewish proscription of dairy products as "unclean," to admit that butter is not a healthful article of food. Americans use altogether too much of it. It is on our tables morning, noon and night. It is exceedingly heating in its nature. It promotes and aggravates bilious disorders, and tends to open the system to malarial influences. Its use should be greatly curtailed in the Spring and Summer. Cheese is a cooling article and may well be largely substituted for butter. It is no wonder, when we see the large consumption of butter, that dyspepsia and indigestion are so prevalent. The well-to-do families of Europe do not usually put butter on the table when meats are served, and their example may be followed with advantage.

To return to oleomargarine. Some person with more learning than tact coined this word. The answer to Juliet's query, "What's in a name?" was never more aptly illustrated. The word is suggestive of a repulsive compound. It alarms people, and they turn from it with a feeling of repulsion. Suppose the article it describes had been introduced as "suet butter," or something of the sort, many would have been inclined to give it a trial. Now it can only be introduced surreptitiously. The best of it is said to be better than poor butter, and its future may not be hopeless. It is extraordinary to what an extent a person's taste may be vitiated. Give the average coffee drinker pure Mocha or Java coffee and he will dislike it; he must have the flavor of the chicory to which he is accustomed. The finest Oolong teas would not suit at all the customer of the "corner grocery." People have become so accustomed to syrup without a particle of saccharine in it, that they prefer it on their buckwheat to honey or the finest New Orleans molasses. Sugars, refined and large, mixed with flour or chalk, are preferred to finest Muscovados. The catalogue of these might be extended. The agitation against oleomargarine need not stop here, and probably will not. Adulteration of food is a great offense, which must be exposed and punished.

THE "HOME JOURNAL."

GOTHAM society has its Koran in its bright, crisp, newsy *Home Journal*, which possesses all the *chic* of the Boulevard, with the exclusive information of a Court gazette. It is the mirror in which Society beholds herself, the faithful chronicler of her sayings and doings, of her sorrows and, more especially, of her joys. In its columns the *débutante* seeks for the first mention of her name in print, the *fiancée* for the all-important announcement of her engagement, the bride for the ecstatic "Mrs.", the young mother for the notice of the birth of her darling. Mankind look to it for the winner at Jerome Park or "across the pond," for the yacht which has done wonders at Newport, for the polo pony, for lawn-tennis and racquets, for club receptions, and especially for "Lady day" doings; while Society, generally, finds in its columns glittering details of banquets, balls, afternoon teas, surprise parties, Germans, hops, amateur theatricals, charades, concerts, receptions, wedding breakfasts, fairs, lectures, anniversaries, and the thousand and one occupations by which the *crême de la crême* succeed in gilding the scythe of old Father Time. The *Home Journal* contains poetry written specially for its columns; original stories, admirable selections from the magazines of the upper-tendom all over the world, and able reviews of books. It tells the fagged-out votary of pleasure where to recruit during the Summer and the Fall, where to seek the "leaf shade by the river" or to inhale ozone to the music of the roar of the breakers. It lectures on art in the homestead from the cellar to the garret, and it reveals to its lady patronesses many of the priceless secrets of "*Ce cher* Monsieur Worth." Edited in a right masterful manner, the *Home Journal*, of New York, takes front rank with its *confrères* of Society, and in its especially bright mode of telling bright things is far in advance of all.

THE National Republican Convention will consist of 756 delegates, making 379 necessary to a nomination. Mr. Blaine's friends claim that he will have within twenty of this number on the first ballot. The advocates of General Grant, on the other hand, maintain that some of the States claimed by Mr. Blaine will support their favorite, securing his nomination beyond all peradventure. In 1876, Mr. Blaine's vote, starting at 285, reached 351, or within twenty-eight of the number required to nominate

SEVERAL important amendments to the Constitution of Indiana were adopted at an election held last week. One of these amendments provides that the State election shall be held in November instead of October, as heretofore, while another establishes a residence qualification for voters, thus insuring a purer ballot-box by eliminating the opportunities for illegal voting. A third amendment strikes the word "white" from the Constitution. Still another prohibits political or municipal corporations incurring any debt exceeding two per cent. of the value of its taxable property.

CONGRESSIONAL manners do not improve The House, one day last week, was entertained by the spectacle of one irate Representative—Mr. Sparks, of Illinois—thrusting his fist into the face of another, and accompanying the insult by denouncing the object of his wrath—Mr. Clymer, of Pennsylvania—as a liar. Nothing but Mr. Clymer's stoical indifference prevented an exhibition of downright ruffianism, if not of bloodshed. Of course, the fiery Illinoisan finally apologized for his unseemly conduct; but there are some offenses against decency which no apology can obliterate from the public memory, and this brutal defiance of all parliamentary propriety by Mr. Sparks will probably prove one of them.

THE next opera season in New York promises to be an exceptionally brilliant one. Mr. Mapleson has effected engagements with Mme. Gerster and Mlle. Christine Nilsson, both of whom will appear in connection with Campanini, Galassi, and others. The Academy of Music will be altered so as to enlarge its capacity, and the directors have made an arrangement with Mr. Mapleson under which he will occupy the building five seasons. One night each season he is to have the absolutely free use of the building for his benefit. In return he binds himself to procure grand opera on a generous scale, and for the period named to have no connection with any other house in New York City, in the way of giving operatic performances.

THE General Term of the Superior Court has rendered a decision, in a case against the Metropolitan Elevated Railway Company, to the effect that, while the charters of the "L" roads may bar the city from securing compensation for the occupancy of its thoroughfares, they do not bar private property-owners from recovering damages on account of injuries inflicted on their individual estates. The Court holds that to deprive a house-owner of light and air in his dwelling is to invade his property, in whose use and enjoyment the law is intended to protect him. The case will now go to the Court of Appeals, and it is intimated that it may be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States for a final decision of the points involved.

THE itinerary of the proposed journey of the King of Siam is at length published. He will first visit Marseilles, going thence to Berlin, where he will be received by the German Emperor. He will then go to Brussels and London, and on the 1st of July will embark at Southampton on an American man-of-war for this country. He will be accompanied by a splendid retinue, among whom will be several royal princes, the Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs, and a dozen prominent noblemen. He will remain in the United States for three or four weeks, going South as far as Richmond and West as far as Chicago. He will return to Siam in December. His visit to America is the result of an earnest invitation extended by ex-President Grant when he was the King's guest in Siam.

THE outrage upon the colored cadet, Whittaker, at West Point, has elicited almost universal expressions of indignation both in and out of Congress. In the Senate, Mr. Voorhees expressed what is no doubt the popular feeling when he said that "if this unspeakable and infernal outrage had been committed by the cadets, it should be made impossible to repeat it, or the school should be abolished." Mr. Hoar, echoing this sentiment, said that "unless this system of ostracism and assault was destroyed, a nation containing 4,000,000 colored people would grind the school to powder." It is to be hoped that the official inquiry ordered by the military authorities may result in fixing definitely the responsibility for this outrage, to the end that the perpetrators may be punished as they deserve.

A MANIFESTO of Prince Jerome Napoleon, declaring in favor of the Government decrees against the Jesuits and other religious Orders, has created a considerable sensation in France. The Prince says: "The decrees in question do not constitute a persecution, they merely return to an indispensable rule of public right. The principle which subordinates the existence of a religious Order to the surveillance and authority of the political power is to be found in all forms of society. The Bourbons themselves recognized it. To abandon it would be to destroy the State and to place it under the feet of the theocracy." The clericals and legitimists denounce the course of the Prince with great emphasis, and the only persons who seem to regard the manifesto with complacency are those members of the Government who have favored the decrees.

THE German Government evidently means to be prepared for any contingency which may threaten the peace of Europe. Extraordinary activity everywhere characterizes the military service. The railway system is receiving special attention, with a view, no doubt, of facilitating the transportation of the troops and munitions of war. In the great artillery workshops of Spandau unusual activity has also prevailed, and the manufacture of guns and projectiles for 12-pounder pieces of the new model is pushed with the greatest energy. The workmen are employed night and day, and the number at work is every day increasing. Another significant fact is that the Army Bill, now before the Reichstag, fixes the peace strength of the army until March, 1888, at 427,270 men. Should Russia, counting upon the change of rulers in England, resume an aggressive Eastern policy, possibly these extraordinary German preparations may be found not to have been premature.

THIS is the day of great enterprises. One of the latest, of a local character, is that of the New York Central Railroad Company for the enlargement of its terminal facilities on the water front between West Sixty-fifth Street and West Seventy-second Street, North River. Under an arrangement with the Dock Commissioners, the company proposes to take a forty years' lease of all the land under water at a yearly rental of $15,000 per year for the first ten years; to fill in such land and erect thereon storehouses, wharves, bulkheads, etc., all of which improvements will revert to the city at the expiration of the lease unless it be renewed. Piers about four hundred feet long will be run out obliquely from the intervening streets into the river, upon which tracks will be laid to discharge Western grain and other products directly into the vessels for shipment to foreign ports. It is said that the water front proposed to be filled in will be equal to about one thousand city lots. It is expected that the improvements will be pushed to completion at once, and that in a few years the entire freight for European ports arriving by the Central road will centre at that point.

THE Senate having approved the Franco-American treaty, the President of the United States, the Government of France and the Emperor of Brazil will each appoint a commissioner to adjudicate conjointly upon claims presented by citizens of the two countries. These claims are grounded on acts committed by the civil or military authorities of the treaty-making countries against the subjects of either during the French campaign in Mexico, the Franco-German war, the insurrection of the Commune, and the civil war in this country. No claims based upon the emancipation or loss of slaves, or which have been disposed of by the competent authorities, are to be considered. The commission will be bound by the canons of international law, and only give attention to cases where acts have been committed on either side against the persons and property of citizens who were not in the service of the enemies of the other country, or who refrained from giving them voluntary aid and comfort. The commission will meet in Washington early next Fall, and it is to be hoped that its decisions will be mutually satisfactory.

THE triumph of the law and order sentiment in San Francisco appears to be complete. Encouraged by the result of the recent city election, the Board of Supervisors have taken steps looking to the impeachment of Mayor Kalloch on the ground that his incendiary speeches have endangered the public peace, and it is now regarded as certain that the influence of the Citizens' Protective Union will be paramount in all municipal matters. The proceedings of the supervisors appear to be prosecuted strictly within the provisions of the law, and the escape of Kalloch under a technical plea is believed to be altogether improbable. His offense is the same precisely as that of which Kearney was convicted, but has a special element of aggravation because of his official position, and it is difficult to see how there can be any other result than a conviction when the case comes into court. The attempt of the Workingmen's Party, under Kearney's lead, to annul the verdict of the late election has resulted in failure, the board of election commissioners having decided that it has no power to go behind the returns, and formally declared that the Citizens' candidates must receive certificates of election.

A NUMBER of prominent Mexicans embraced the opportunity afforded by General Grant's recent visit to consult him as to the best means of developing the waste places of the Republic, asking especially that he would point out to American capitalists the great advantages which would result from the construction of railroads to connect with lines on the American side of the frontier. In reply to a letter from a number of these wealthy Mexicans, General Grant promised his hearty co-operation in the plan suggested, writing as follows:

"The building of the proposed roads would employ many thousands of hands of families; it would open fields for the production of food which would find a home market; for the cultivation of sugar, coffee and tobacco, and many other things valuable in commerce, and make mines, now practically inaccessible, of value. Thus employment would be given to all who choose to labor, and fields would be opened for millions yet to come. To my own country it would be of inestimable importance. Mexico could furnish all those articles which we now import from tropical countries, which receive but little from us in return except specie, and take advantage of our necessity to fill their treasuries, by charging export duties upon all we buy from them. These roads would bring the two Republics in very quick and healthy communication at all seasons of the year; would lead us to know each other better; to appreciate each other more highly, and strengthen the bonds of friendship between us. Each nation would become interested in the progress of the other, and both would be benefited by whatever advanced the other."

It is understood that the Mexican gentlemen who have interested themselves in this matter propose to form a syndicate to solicit the necessary grants from the Mexican Congress, and then to transfer the enterprise for execution to American capitalists. It is said they have strong hopes of securing the favorable concessions which they desire.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Irish Rifle Association has invited the National Rifle Association to send a team to Ireland in June.

SAMUEL GOUVERNEUR, a grandson of President Monroe, and the last male member of a very old family, died in Washington last.

MRS. LYDIA DICKENSON, widow of the late Senator Daniel S. Dickinson, died in this city, April 8th, aged seventy-seven years.

GENERAL GRANT spent last week in New Orleans, paying a day's visit to Mobile, where he was warmly received by the colored population.

THE River and Harbor Bill now before the House of Representatives, appropriates about $6,000,000. The estimates amounted to $18,000,000.

THE amendment to the Army Bill, to prevent the use of troops on election day, gave rise last week to a partisan debate, to the exclusion of more pressing business.

THE House Committee on Banking and Currency has decided to report a Bill repealing that portion of the internal revenue laws requiring two cent stamps upon bank checks.

THE exodus from the maritime provinces of Canada to the United States continues. On Thursday left a party of 200, a majority of whom are young men, left Halifax for Boston.

THE annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac will be held at Burlington, Vt., June 16th. Secretary Evarts has been invited to deliver the address. Joaquin Miller will read a poem.

EUGENE FAIRFAX WILLIAMSON, the persecutor of Rev. Dr. Dix, is discovered to have been a swindler as well as a forger, having bedecked himself with jewelry obtained by forged indorsements.

THE United States Senate has confirmed the nominations of James B. Angell, of Michigan, for Minister to China; and of John F. Swift, of California, and William H. Trescot, of South Carolina, for Commissioners to negotiate by treaty with China.

AN appeal to members of the Protestant Episcopal Church for aid in establishing an endowment fund of $200,000 for the General Theological Seminary has been prepared by the committee which was appointed some time ago to consider how to secure the needed aid.

ON April 7th, Johnson C. Whittaker, the colored West Point cadet, was found in a bleeding and semi-conscious condition tied to his bed, with his ears wounded and otherwise injured. An examination of the cadets has shown that none of them were responsible for the deed.

ON Wednesday, April 7th, the corner-stone of the Channing Memorial Church was laid at Newport, the Revs. Dr. Bellows and William H. Channing, of London, participating in the exercises. Appropriate exercises were also held at Boston and Washington. There were also afternoon and evening memorial services held in Brooklyn in Channing's memory.

THE second pedestrian contest for the O'Leary belt began at midnight on April 4th, at the Madison Square Garden, New York, with eighteen entries, of which number five were without record. As the walking continued through the week, seven contestants fell out, and in the last three days the struggle was between Hart, Pegram and Dobler. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the score stood as follows: Hart, 540; Dobler, 511; Pegram, 527; Howard, 515; Allen, 497; Krohne, 497; Williams, 493; Hanwaker, 422.

A BILL has been reported in the House of Representatives appropriating $677,000 for the completion of the Washington Monument. The commission charged with the construction proposes to carry the monument 500 feet in masonry and to cap it with a pyramidal structure of iron and glass fifty feet in height. The foundation will be sufficiently strong to sustain its weight, and its total cost will be within the $677,000 appropriated.

Foreign.

THE wife of President Diaz, of Mexico, died April 9th.

FRESH Nihilists plots are reported in Russia, and outbreaks are feared at Moscow and St. Petersburg.

IT is announced that Russia is about to dispatch five large war vessels to Chinese waters for the protection of Russian interests.

A DEMOCRATIC manifesto has been published at Madrid demanding religious liberty, liberty of the press, universal suffrage and economy in the public service.

THERE is a terrible famine in Mosul, Turkish Kourdistan. Four thousand of the inhabitants have fled to Bagdad, and hundreds died on the road.

THE attempt to form a Bulgarian coalition Ministry has failed, and a Ministry will be formed from the opposition which is strongly supported by the Russian representative.

THE Spanish Cortes has adopted the clause of the Cuban budget providing for the liquidation of the debts of the Cuban Treasury. The strength of the permanent army in Cuba is fixed at 40,000 men.

THE bishops at the head of the Paris Catholic University have decided to conform to the law, as embodied in M. Jules Ferry's Educational Bill, by altering the name of the institution to that of "the Catholic Institute."

AN industrial exhibition was opened at Osaka, Japan, on February 15th, 1880. The exhibitors are said to have numbered 7,000. There were 6,000 exhibitions of cotton and 1,000 of sugar. About forty provinces were represented.

PRINCE BISMARCK last week resigned the Chancellorship of the German Empire on account of the dismissal in the Bundesrath of the vote of some minor German States of a Bill imposing imperial stamp duties. The Emperor refused to accept the resignation, and it is thought that the Bill will be again submitted to the Bundesrath and a majority secured in its favor.

THE Chilians have been surprised at Moquegua, where they had a force of 2,770 men, by a strong Peruvian force. The Chilian loss in killed and wounded was reported at 1,200 men, over thirty-three per cent. of the number engaged. As a result of this check, it was reported in Valparaiso that Mr. Solomayer, Chilian Minister of War, had telegraphed to his Government for 10,000 more men.

THE English elections, up to April 9th, resulted in the election of 321 Liberals, 256 Conservatives, and 39 Home Rulers, a net Liberal gain of 97. The Liberals will have in the next Parliament a majority quite equal to that of the Conservatives in the last. Mr. Parnell has been elected from Cork, defeating a Liberal. The O'Conor Don has been beaten in Roscommon, but will be a candidate for a vacancy in Dublin County.

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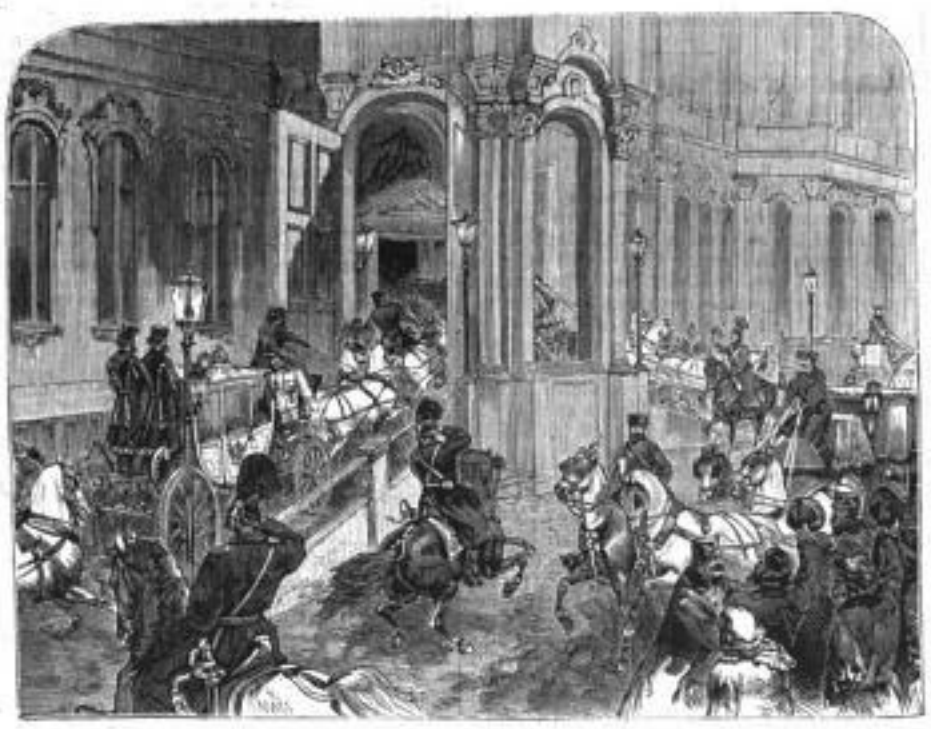
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



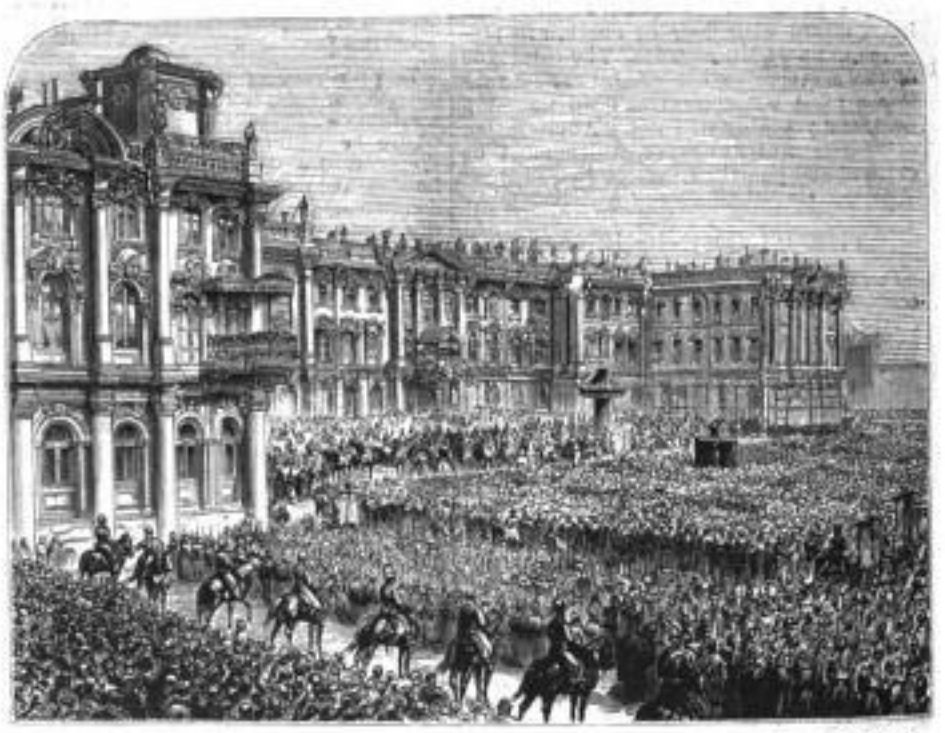
GERMANY.—THE OLD MINER'S PETITION TO THE EMPEROR.



GERMANY.—CAVALRY OFFICERS RIDING IN COSTUME FOR THE POOR, HANOVER.



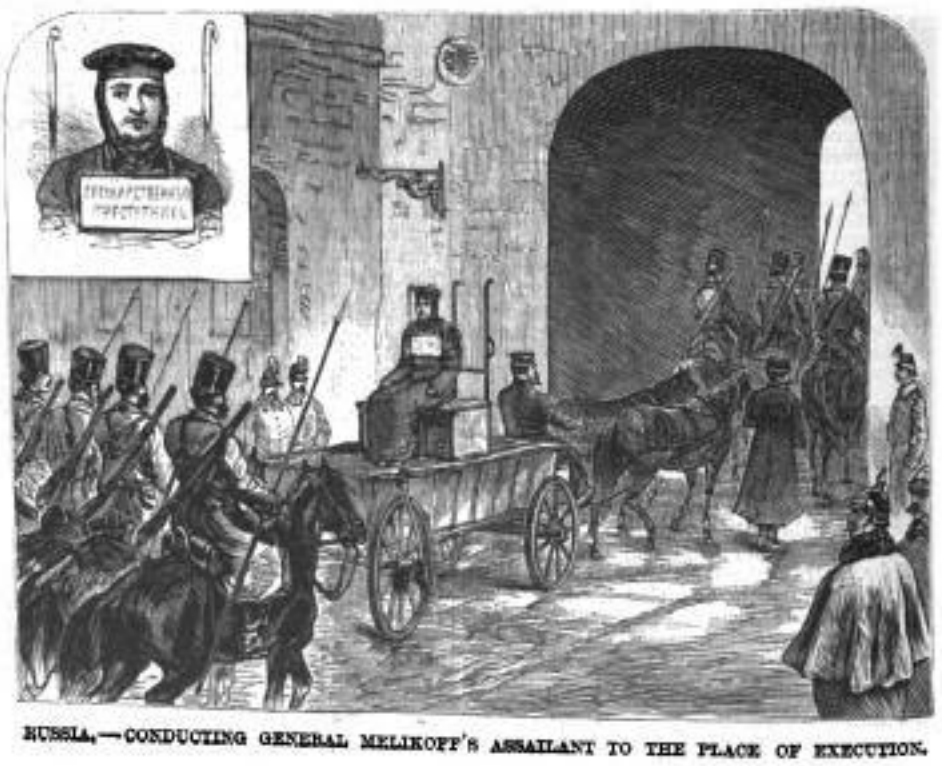
RUSSIA.—ARRIVAL OF THE MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT THE WINTER PALACE.



RUSSIA.—PERFORMANCE OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM IN FRONT OF THE WINTER PALACE.



IRELAND.—THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S RELIEF COMMITTEE IN SESSION, DUBLIN.



RUSSIA.—CONDUCTING GENERAL MELIKOFF'S ASSAILANT TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

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THE RT. HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE.

THE eyes of political Europe, if not those of the entire civilized world, are at present turned towards one man—the man who in 1874, in a fit of indigestion, flung up the Premiership of England—William Ewart Gladstone. To-day Mr. Gladstone is the most popular man in Great Britain. By his silvern tongue he has succeeded in wooing and winning the heart of Midlothian from the "Bold Buccleuch," assailing single-handed a fortress hitherto deemed impregnable, and carrying it by a daring assault. Mr. Gladstone's majority is 221 votes. His opponent, the Earl of Dalkeith, is the son and heir of the Duke of Buccleuch, the owner of nearly the whole of the Midlothian, and the patron of twelve livings. The contest was the most spirited one fought in Edinburghshire since the passage of the Reform Bill. Each party used its utmost endeavors, and 2,947 voters came to the polls. In his time Gladstone has played many parts, from pulling down the Irish Church Establishment, to inscribing Greek verse on a postal card, and although in his seventy-first year, his rest during the Beaconsfield administration would seem to have infused him with new life. If he is destined to lead the House of Commons, as in all probability he will, the great issues now at stake will be handled by a very Titan. He steps into office on well defined lines, lines outside of which he could not if he would retreat. The most remarkable man of the period, he takes the helm with a bold, unflinching grip; and if the Liberal ship be well manned, it will take considerable raking fore and aft ere it hauls down its flag to its Conservative opponent.

William Ewart Gladstone, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, of Fasque, Kincardineshire, was born in Liverpool (Eng.), December 29th, 1809. From a very tender age young Gladstone exhibited a wonderful aptitude for learning, and an almost superhuman industry, which age, instead of abating, seemingly increases. His daily autograph correspondence with high and low, rich and poor, conducted chiefly by the much-derided post-card, would afford ample employment for about six Somerset House clerks working at their usual pace. He possesses, without exception, the most omniverous and untiring brain in England, possibly in the whole world. No wonder that his course at Eton and at Oxford was marked by the highest distinction. A student of Christ Church, he graduated "double first," in his twenty-second year, a superlative master of the language and literature of Greece and Rome. He availed himself of every advantage the university could bestow, and, unlike most other scholars who subsequently became politicians and men of the world, he has never ceased to add to the immense store of his academic acquirements. He has published Latin sacred verses not appreciably inferior in grace to those of Buchanan and Milton, and, as a Homeric student, his "Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age" entitle him to a place among scholarly critics. In 1832 he was returned for Newark in the Conservative interest, and in 1834 Sir Robert Peel made him a Junior Lord of the Treasury. In 1835 he found himself Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Shortly after Sir Robert's Administration fell, and Mr. Gladstone, in the cool shade of Opposition, found leisure to write his oft-quoted works, "The State in its Relations with the Church," and "Church Principles Considered in their Results." In 1841 Sir Robert Peel came back to office, and Mr. Gladstone was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In 1843 he became President of the Board, and for the first time his wonderful genius for finance had full scope. In 1845 he resigned office rather than be a party to adding to the endowments of Maynooth, which he had condemned in his work on "Church and State." In the Budget of 1845 he defended a proposal to put slave-grown sugar on a less favorable footing than free, and when the Corn Law question became a "burning" one he resigned his seat for Newark because of the anti-repeal views of the Duke of Newcastle. His powerful pen was, however, at the service of the repealers, and when the battle was fought and won he was returned in 1847 for the University of Oxford. About this time his strong Tory proclivities, which had hitherto led him to oppose all measures of reform, began to moderate.

Although he did not formally separate himself from the great body of Conservatives till 1852, yet during these five years his advocacy of university reform and of the removal of Jewish disabilities alienated from him many of his former supporters. A striking evidence of his growing liberalism was exhibited in 1850 on a visit which he made to Naples for the benefit of his children's health. While on this unofficial errand, he learned that Ferdinand II., better known as the infamous "Bomba," had immured in state dungeons more than thirty thousand of his subjects on charges of political disaffection. Among them were many members of the opposition in the Neapolitan Chamber of Deputies, of whom Baron Charles Poerio, the veteran patriot, was the most prominent. These outrages on humanity roused Gladstone's sympathy, and, burning with indignation against the tyranny that perpetrated them, he wrote an earnest appeal to Lord Aberdeen, urging his interposition in behalf of the victims. The expostulations of the earl being unheeded by the Neapolitan Government, Gladstone wrote a second letter to the noble lord, demanding that the Cabinet should exert its influence for the release of the prisoners. The publication of these letters created a deep impression throughout Europe. None of his elaborate works touched the world's heart so deeply as this vigorous plea for human rights. Copies of the pamphlet were sent by Lord Palmerston to all British Ministers on the Continent, with instructions to submit it to the attention of the Governments to which they were accredited. Translated into several European languages, and widely circulated by the press, this appeal undoubtedly set in motion the agencies which resulted in the overthrow of "Bomba" and his system. The pen of Gladstone prepared the way for the sword of Garibaldi.

Soon after his return to England, in 1851, Gladstone, who had voted for Disraeli's motion of inquiry into the agricultural distress, was solicited by Lord Derby to join the protectionist administration; but he not only refused to do so, but in the following year signalized his opposition to his old Conservative friends by making a scathing attack on Disraeli's maiden budget. The conflict between the two leaders was one of the most brilliant displays of parliamentary eloquence that this generation has witnessed; and the combination of argument and invective with which Gladstone replied to the vigorous but desperate assault of his opponent proved that he was more than a match for the dexterous Tory. In fact, the downfall of the Derby ministry was undoubtedly precipitated by the searching criticisms on its financial policy, made in this great speech.

The formation of the coalition ministry under Lord Aberdeen, in 1852, again brought Gladstone into office. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, a position for which he was peculiarly qualified by his intimate acquaintance with the theory and practice of finance. In introducing his celebrated Budget, in 1853, he delivered a series of addresses, which were highly praised by Cobden, and pronounced by Lord John Russell to "contain the ablest expositions of the true principles of finance ever delivered by any English statesman." When the Aberdeen ministry was broken up by the retirement of its chief, in 1855, Gladstone was retained as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reconstructed Cabinet of Lord Palmerston. On learning, however, a few weeks afterwards, that the Premier had determined not to oppose Mr. Roebuck's motion of inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean War, which was construed as a censure on his colleagues, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert, Gladstone sent in his resignation, but, though out of office, continued for some time from his seat among the back benches to give Lord Palmerston's ministry an independent support.

On Lord Derby's second accession to power, in 1859, though declining a seat in the Cabinet, Gladstone accepted a special diplomatic mission to the Ionian Islands, with the title of Lord High Commissioner, to arrange the difficulties between that dependency and the mother country.

On the return of Lord Palmerston to office, in 1859, Gladstone resumed the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and signalized his administration by the repeal of the paper duty, and the negotiation, through Mr. Cobden, of the commercial treaty with France. In 1861 the Liberal electors of his native county of South Lancashire solicited him to become their candidate; but this gratifying offer was declined, from unwillingness to sever his connection with his academic constituents. It was not, however, till 1856 that he was rejected by his beloved University, whose antiquated conservatism could not brook his liberal views. He was, however, again offered the nomination from South Lancashire, which he accepted, and continued to represent that county till the election of 1868, when he was again defeated. This was almost as great a blow to his sensitive temperament as his rejection by Oxford, and was the more unfortunate as it left the Gladstone party in the House of Commons without their leader. Luckily, however, the metropolitan constituency of Greenwich at once put him in nomination. This action, followed as it was by the triumph of his cause throughout the country, was particularly gratifying as coming after two almost simultaneous defeats, the second being his rejection as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh, which he had held for six preceding years.

On the resignation of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry in December, 1868, Mr. Gladstone succeeded that statesman as First Lord of the Treasury. The principal events of his administration were the passing of the Irish Disestablishment Act in 1869; of the Irish Land Act and the Elementary Education Act, 1870; the negotiations of the Treaty of Washington respecting the *Alabama* claims, 1871; the passing of the Ballot Act, 1872; and the Judicature Act, 1873. On March 11th, 1873, the University Education Bill was rejected, and Mr. Gladstone immediately tendered his resignation. The Queen summoned Mr. Disraeli, but as he declined to take office, Mr. Gladstone was induced to undertake the reconstruction of the Cabinet, and in August the new Ministry was announced. On the 24th of January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone gave official notice of the immediate dissolution of Parliament. This surprise was followed by his issue of an address to his Greenwich constituents, in which he promised to abolish the Income Tax. The returns of the general election, completed on February 27th, showed a most disastrous defeat of the Liberal Party. Mr. Gladstone at once resigned and Mr Disraeli became Prime Minister. During the ensuing session, although he had been re-elected for Greenwich, Mr. Gladstone was seldom seen in the House. In January, 1875, he formally announced his determination to retire from the leadership of the Liberal Party, and soon after the Marquis of Hartington was chosen his successor.

In September, 1876, he published a pamphlet on "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East," and in March following another, described in its title as an exposition of the conduct of the Porte in and about Bulgaria since May, 1876. Both in and out of Parliament he strenuously opposed the policy of the Conservative Government, which resulted in the Treaty of Berlin and the signing of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. He was presented with the freedom of the City of Dublin in the Fall of 1877, and on November 13th of that year he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, succeeding Lord Beaconsfield. Just before the late general election he issued the following address to the electors of Midlothian, who have returned him:

"In an electioneering address issued by Lord Beaconsfield, the attempt is made to work upon your fears by dark allusions to the repeal of the union and abandonment of the colonies. Those who endangered the union with Ireland were the party that maintained there an alien church, an unjust land law, and franchises inferior to ours.

"As to the colonies, Liberal administrations gave them popular and responsible governments, undertook to defend Canada with the whole strength of the Empire, and organized the great scheme for uniting the several settlements of British North America into one dominion.



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, IN HIS ROBES, AS LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

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"The present Ministry have neglected home legislation, aggravated public distress by continued shocks to confidence, and augmented public expenditure and taxation abroad. The Ministry have endangered the prerogative by gross misuse, weakened the Empire by needless wars, dishonored it in the eyes of Europe by filching Cyprus from the Porte under a clandestine treaty, aggrandized Russia, lured Turkey to dismemberment and ruin, and loaded India with the cost of an unjustifiable war.

"The Ministry have done nothing to improve our social condition. You are promised the advantages of ascendency in the councils of Europe. The word "ascendency" is best known to us by its baneful connection with the history of Ireland. I must assert the coequal rights of the independent allied powers, but in the mouth of the present Ministry the claim is ridiculous. You have great issues before you, and I do not doubt that Midlothian will nobly discharge its duty.

SAIDEE.

"SAIDEE."

"At your service, Sir Wilfred." From the gay worsteds she was sorting, she looked up with a mischievous expression befitting her words, yet underlying it a goodly measure of the rare tenderness that only a woman's face can wear.

Hers seemed a strange face for a lover to frown upon; but frown he did—uglily, emphatically.

"I am in no mood for jesting, Saidee," he continued, glumly, "nor probably will you be when I tell you that what we have so long debated must be decided between us now."

The sunny smile died from her countenance; the rare tenderness seemed but the rarer for its gravity.

"I am sorry, Wilfred," she answered softly; "I so hoped you would see its impossibility and agree with me."

He could but read how she loved him, but he read something else now in look and tone—something that momentarily banished the frown and paled his handsome face. With a passionate impulse he arose, and, crossing over to where she sat, took hers in his hands, and gazed down into her brown eyes long and steadily.

"Saidee, do you care at all for me?" he asked, finally.

"Do I care for you, Wilfred?" she murmured, reproachfully, yet with the rapture of his touch reflected in her face—"do I care for you? Oh, how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—only you in the whole wide world for me!"

His hands fell; he turned away from her impatiently, with a bitter smile.

"If I am all the world to you, Saidee, you certainly have a strange way of showing it. Your words are pretty, but they do not weigh at all with me. If you would have me believe you, come and promise to obey me as a woman should the man she loves."

He extended his arms towards her as he spoke; there was a look on his face she could not mistake. She knew it would be the last, last time, but still she took no step forward; she simply stood terrified, appealingly gazing up at him.

"Wilfred——"

He was frowning again, now deeper than before.

"I know what you would say, Saidee," he interrupted, "and it is only a waste of words. As I said before, your words have no weight with me; it is enough for me that you are ready to have me go away alone. And as, now, I shall go to-morrow, we may as well say good-by."

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and he still looked back at her steadily, relentlessly. At his last word she shivered, a death-like pallor spread over her countenance, and she answered, brokenly:

"Wilfred——"

He did not interrupt her now; he bent forward with conscious eagerness for her words. His own were honest, but he felt certain of their effect; he did not doubt that, in this decisive moment, he would gain her to his will. She would surely not let him go; she was about to yield to him, to say that there could be no good-by between them; that, sooner than this, she would abjure all and follow him. And so he bent forward for the answer, eagerly, with a certain hope.

"Wilfred, if you so will, you must go, but I can never say good-by to you."

That was what she said, brokenly, tenderly, yet with the gentle firmness that had so startled him just now.

"If you so will, you must go."

They were little words, but he did not mistake them; the fullest judicial sentence never weighed more heavily. A moment he stood regarding her, shaking with pain and disappointment; a moment passion swayed him, a fleeting, wavering impulse, but he quickly crushed them down.

"I do so will, Saidee," he replied, with scornful emphasis; "and since you object to good-by, let us make it good-afternoon."

This was their parting; so he left her, striding out and past the window by which she sat. She did not turn; she sat, fixed and rigid, listening to his retreating footsteps, each of which was a knife stabbing deep down in her heart. As they died away she started up as if to follow him, her lips parted with a passionate cry; but as suddenly his cutting words floated back to her it sank into a moan.

"And this is the end of it all," she murmured; "when he knows how I love him, when he knows I would die for him. Oh, Wilfred! my love, my dearest, how could you leave me so!"

It was not strange that that other time should rise vividly before her; that day, six months ago, when, in this very room, in the first blissful realization of their mutual passion, he had fallen on his knees before her, and solemnly affirmed that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her.

"If ever a woman was sure of a man, Saidee, you are sure of me!"

What music the words were, though neither of them could foresee the future and the sore test that awaited them. All seemed bright ahead; they were to be married in six months' time, and she was to go away with him to Brazil, where he had secured a Government appointment.

There seemed no need of the passionate protestations, the solemn oath of this fond lover; their truth was to be tried. In the fifth month of their engagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saidee was the especial pet and *protégé*—was thrown from her carriage and received injuries which, though it was not believed they would prove fatal, left her in a very critical and apprehensive state.

True, the wedding-day was named and Wilfred must go; true, there were loving hearts besides Saidee to care for poor Aunt Ruth, but it seemed to her tender nature most a crime to leave her, at least, until danger was positively past. And when, one morning, the old lady drew down the fair face to hers, and whispered, imploringly, "You will not leave me, pet, while there is a doubt of my getting well?" she promised unhesitatingly that she would not.

Perhaps if she had known Wilfred Hare better, she could not have promised so readily. But she knew him only as the tender lover, the man who had sworn that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her. It could be easily settled, she thought; he, as she, would feel very sad and disappointed, but he, as she, must see the impossibility of her going now. They could be married, and, as soon as Aunt Ruth was decided out of danger, she would go to him.

All this in full trust and faith she confided to Wilfred Hare. She was ill-prepared for the reception her words met, the imperious workings of this man's will. What right had she, without consulting him even, to make a promise to any one that conflicted with her own to him? His love gave him the right to command her; if she loved him she would obey. She must marry him and go away with him, else their present relations must cease.

In vain she pleaded her promise, her tender affection for Aunt Ruth; he would yield nothing to an old woman's whim. So he remained imperious, persistent; she troubled, yet hopeful, thinking that finally he must yield, neither believing that separation was possible when the testing time should come.

Saidee strove to smile; she took up her worsteds and continued sorting them, as if thus to begin disciplining herself for the burdens of her new life. It could not be otherwise, she thought—she could not break her promise to Aunt Ruth, she could not leave her now. And as Wilfred willed she must submit. Amid her pain arose a sudden, keen feeling of disappointment; it vanished almost immediately in a realization that was born from it.

"I am so glad," she said, softly, "that I am not one of those who think a perfect object is necessary for loving; I do not think a perfect object is a test of love. I am not blind; Wilfred is very tyrannical, selfish, very, very unkind, but, as never till to-day have I fully realized it, so never has he been so dear to me."

This realization awoke a tender resolve.

"I can never let him go away so; I must prove to him how dear he is and must ever be to me."

From this came the tender note that found its way next morning to Wilfred Hare.

"I cannot let you go away, dear, without one little word. I know you are angry with me, and I am very, very unhappy, for never, since our engagement, have I loved you as to-day. My little word is that I must always, always love you, and that I will never marry any man but Wilfred Hare. Perhaps some day you will understand and forgive me, and then you will be glad to think of this."

There was a great hope in Saidee that this last would be. But it would not be yet, she knew. He would go away, he would not write to her. Very sadly she dropped the tender little note in the mail-box, very drearily she went back the familiar road to her home.

It seemed but yesterday that she had walked here with Wilfred, so happy and confident. How sad and dark the road seemed now! So absorbed was Saidee, that she did not see the man walking ahead, who suddenly turned and paused, as if awaiting her. She started as she drew closer and perceived him, her first impulse was to flee; she shrank from the sad face that she felt now was so like hers.

But it was too late. He had retraced his steps to meet her, and was now walking at her side.

"Saidee," he said, softly, "there are not many days now. Do not send me away from you."

He made no effort to cloak his tenderness, either in word or look. He had loved her from the happy time when, as children, they had walked this road together; she knew it, and it had once been the great sorrow of her life that she could not return this love.

Despite the sting of his words, there awoke in her heart a pity for him, such as she had never known before; a wild, regretful longing that she could not have loved him; a sudden, strange realization that she had wasted her affection, that this man's staunch, loyal heart was worth an hundred such as Wilfred Hare's.

This last she battled quickly down, not so the pity or the longing. Strangely moved, scarcely knowing what she did, she placed her hand on his arm, and answered, gently:

"There will be many, many days for us to walk together, Mark!"

He could but have a presentiment of her meaning, so sadly earnest was her tone.

"What do you say, Saidee?" he asked, with pity for her, and a joy he could not repress mingling oddly in his look and tone.

"That I am not going to be married, Mark—that is, not yet a while. Wilfred is angry with me; but I must not tell you—I do not know why I so forget myself. It is only that I am to stay with Aunt Ruth for the present—that is all, Mark."

She truly said she did not know why; she felt a very traitress thus openly to blame Wilfred Hare. She did not realize, poor Saidee! how pleasant Mark Vale's devotion had suddenly become to her—how plain she was making this.

But he could not see. He walked on beside her silently, little dreaming he was aught to her to-day beyond what he had been before. Never had life seemed so dreary to Mark Vale—not even that black morning when he learned she was to marry Wilfred Hare. Then his unselfish soul found solace in the thought that she was happy; now he stood in presence of her misery—he, who, had he the power, would not have permitted the winds to blow roughly on her—and could not save her its least pang.

He understood he—knew Wilfred Hare better than she; it would have been easier, perhaps, to resign her to any other man. It was not strange that, in this hour, realizing his own loyalty and tenderness, he should rail at right and justice as the veriest of myths.

He could not see! He walked on beside her silently, little dreaming he was aught to her to-day beyond what he had been before. Whilst she, looking up timidly at him, was beginning to think if he would only take her hand and speak one little word of sympathy, life would not seem quite so bare.

The days passed slowly, drearily, to Saidee; with each, her love for Wilfred Hare growing deeper, her grief sharper—more unendurable.

"Come what will, no power on earth shall separate me from you!"

Morn, noon and night these words came back to her, and with them a hope to feed upon. Surely all would be right, she thought. He could not so give her up; he was only angry with her; he would come to understand and forgive her, and then all would be well again.

These were uneventful days, till, one morning, the news was brought to Saidee that Aunt Ruth could not live; that, contrary to expectation, the peculiar troubles that had resulted from her injuries were developing fatally. Her gentle heart smote her, for often, often, this later time, she had regretted her promise; in her anguish, wished she had broken it. A while remorse banished all else from her thoughts; but love is a mighty king, and poor Aunt Ruth had not been long under the sod ere it regained the mastery.

He would surely write, now that Aunt Ruth was dead; he would surely understand.

So she was musing one twilight, when there came a knock at the door, and a letter was handed in to her. At the sight of the familiar writing, she could not repress a rapturous cry, despite the presence of the new servant, who knew nothing of Wilfred Hare; her trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal. And when she did—

Only a wedding-card, the little note she had written him, and the line:

"It is but right I should restore to you your pledge."

Wilfred Hare had proven himself.

She read it, she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, and then, not knowing what she did, she dropped it, and went down and out over the lawn, far into the maple-grove. Looking ahead dreamily, she saw Mark Vale coming towards her. He had heard of this; he was coming vaguely, with only the thought that he must comfort her.

She waited for him; she stretched out the hand which still held the card, with a dreary smile.

"Mark," she said, "did you know Wilfred was married? Did you know——"

She could say no more, the full reality had broke.

He had endured much, he could not endure the look now on her face. With a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he threw his arms around her and drew her to his breast.

"Oh, Saidee! forgive me, forgive me, but I cannot see you so!"

So cried Mark Vale, quite terrified at his act, striving vainly to loose his arms. To his surprise she did not resist him. He even fancied she clung to him.

"Do not send me away!" a voice floated up to him. "I have only got you to love me, and I know you love me very much."

Was this a delusion, or was she mocking him in her despair?

"Saidee," he murmured, bewilderedly, "do you mean that—that you could marry me?"

He was all she had. Hers was a nature to crave a prop; it seemed to her that moment, that never a love was so sweet to woman as Mark Vale's was to her.

"I love Wilfred," she answered, brokenly, "I must love him till I die. But I have lost love, and I must have love or my heart will break. Dear Mark, if you can marry me so, I will be a good wife to you."

"Saidee!"

With the one word wherein lay his soul, he drew her gently, almost reverentially, closer to his madly-beating heart.

And so he married her, and he is content. For she never repulses him; his love seems always sweet to her, and, sometimes, of her own will, she comes and, twining her arms about his neck, kisses him almost tenderly.

Sometimes he fancies she is beginning to love him—just a little—and that little is heaven for Mark Vale.

She has lost love—she must have love. I think it will be well with him.

GRAND CHARITY BALL IN BALTIMORE.

ONE of the most notable social events which has occurred in Baltimore for some years took place on the evening of April 6th, being a grand charity ball in aid of the Nursery and Child's Hospital. The affair had from the first enlisted the sympathy and encouragement of the best circles of Baltimore society, and the result was wholly satisfactory to everybody concerned. The Academy of Music—the scene of the ball—was a blaze of beauty and splendor. The dancing-stage, 32 by 60 feet, was brilliantly lighted, and the interior decorations of both the main auditorium and concert-hall were elaborate and tasteful. Viewed from the proscenium boxes, stalls and loges, the stage resembled a beautiful garden in the tropics. The scenery at the sides of the stage was a rich setting of foliage, plants and shrubbery. These, extending to the rear, connected with a beautiful drop scene of a palace surrounded by terraces of flowers, walks and statuary. In front of this picture was a balcony occupied by the orchestra, partly concealed by the magnificent collection of growing plants and flowers arranged in the most artistic style at the base of the balustrade. On either side of the stairway leading to the music balcony were profusions of rare tropical plants. There were lovely drooping calla lilies, roses and azaleas, which were interspersed among fan palms, date palms, sago palms and other species of unique shape and foliage. The snow-pine, the stellizia nicolaii, the pandanus utilis and pandanus veitchii, strange-looking plants, reared their heads far above the balcony and appeared to blend with the stately trees portrayed upon the painted scene.

When the orchestra struck up a brilliant lancers, shortly after 10 P. M., there was a general move towards the main auditorium, which appeared to be the favorite resort of the dancers, who, by common consent, relegated the concert-hall to the use of those desiring *tête-à-tête* and promenades. In the hall the decorations were also uniquely picturesque. The floor was covered with rich carpets and mats, and scattered with ottomans and divans, while from the galleries were hung the flags and colors of all nations. The stage was also set with a garden scene and embellished with natural plants and flowers.

"When the long-anticipated ball was fairly under way," we quote the Baltimore *Gazette*, "the scene was one that has never been equaled on any similar occasion in this city. From box, loge, stall and gallery, hundreds of richly-attired ladies, who fairly represented that feminine beauty for which this city is justly noted, looked down upon their many fair prototypes who thronged the ballroom floor below. On all sides brilliantly-attired ladies were filing about with their escorts, or, seated in the quiet retirement of the ante-rooms, viewed the scene with interest and admiration."

The ball was pecuniarily, as in all other respects, a great success, having realized between $5,000 and $6,000 for the institution in whose behalf it was given. Some 2,000 persons in all participated in the festivities.

FOSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. DAVID DAVIS, OF ILLINOIS.

HON. DAVID DAVIS, United States Senator from Illinois, was born in Cecil County, Md., March 9th, 1815. He was graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1832, and afterwards studied law in Massachusetts and at the Yale Law School, from which he took his degree. He began the practice of law in Bloomington, Ill., in 1835. He had early political aspirations, and in 1844 was sent to the Legislature of Illinois, and three years later was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. In the following year, 1848, he was chosen to one of the district courts, to which judicial position he was twice re-elected—once in 1853 and again in 1861. Judge Davis was a personal and intimate friend of President Lincoln, was a member of the Convention in Chicago which named Mr. Lincoln for President, and afterwards (in 1862) received the appointment to the United States Supreme Court. In 1865 he became the administrator of Mr. Lincoln's estate. As a jurist, Judge Davis was somewhat careless of subtle distinctions or legal precedents, and looked to broad, general principles and the equities involved in a case. When the legal-tender cases first were decided (February 7th, 1870), Judge Davis held with the minority that the Acts of Congress making paper money a legal tender were constitutional, and must be applied to debts existing before greenbacks were given a forced currency by Congress. Before the meeting of the next term two new Associate Justices (Strong and Bradley) were appointed. The opinion of the court was then reversed, and the minority opinion was announced as the decision of the Court.

In February, 1872, the National Convention of the Labor Reform Party nominated Judge Davis for President of the United States on the second ballot. The platform of the party declared, among other things, in favor of a national currency "based on the faith and resources of the nation, and made a legal tender for all debts," and interchangeable for 3.65 bonds of the Government. The platform also demanded the establishment of an eight-hour law throughout the country, and the payment of the national debt "without mortgaging the property of the people to enrich capitalists." In answer to the letter informing him of the nomination, Judge Davis replied: "Be pleased to thank the Convention for the unexpected honor which they have conferred upon me. The chief magistracy of the Republic should neither be sought nor declined by any American citizen." Judge Davis was prominent also before the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati, his friends being chiefly from Illinois. He received his highest vote (92½) on the first ballot. The following month (June, 1872) he sent a final answer to the Labor Reformers, declaring that he deemed it proper to retire absolutely from the Presidential contest and allow the party to choose between the Liberal and Administration nominees.

In January, 1877, Judge Davis was elected United States Senator from Illinois by the votes of Independents and Democrats, and two months later resigned his seat as Judge. As a member of the Supreme Court, he pronounced some important decisions, one of which affirmed the constitutionality of the Enrollment Act of 1863. Another was in the trial of Mulligan by a Military Commission in Indiana, which he held to be illegal. He also affirmed the judgment of the Court of Claims in the case of the United States against the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Upon his entrance into the Senate he was promptly placed on the Judiciary Committee and the Committee on the Revision of Laws. He is also a member of the Committee on Private Lands and of the Special Committee on the Census.

Senator Davis is a punctual attendant of the sessions of the Senate, though he rarely participates in general debate. He is more of a worker than a talker. He zealously watches all legislation affecting the interests of the country, and does much work in committee. He took an active part with Judges Thurman and Christiancy in committee on what is known as the Thurman Funding Bill, which forced the Pacific railroads to provide a sinking fund for the payment, at maturity, of their obligations to the Government. He made an argument on the power of Congress to enact the required legislation, and the Supreme Court has since sustained the constitutionality of the Bill. His speeches, like his opinions, are remarkable for their clearness, brevity and vigor. The learned and unlearned can readily comprehend their meaning.

Senator Davis is a man of active habit and most cordial manners; he has a Roman cast of features, with blue eyes, which are shaded by bushy iron-gray eyebrows. His cheeks are fringed with gray whiskers, and his lip is clean shaven. His head is thatched with straight gray hair. He is always plainly dressed, and has the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, rather than that of a Judge or Senator.

Although holding moderate Republican views when chosen to the Senate, Mr. Davis gradually drifted into sympathy with Democratic principles and policy, and into association with Democrats. With old-fashioned Republicans in Illinois, he is still a great favorite on account of his close association with Lincoln, and among the farmers and the laboring classes he is popular, although a man of wealth, for his well-known bias in favor of the ma-

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chanic as against the capitalist, and the individual as against the corporation.

During the last few months, Senator Davis has been frequently named in connection with the Democratic nomination for President, and the indications are that he will have a warm support in the Cincinnati Convention. His nomination would be popular at the West, and would command a large conservative vote in all parts of the country. It would, moreover, tend to allay growing dissensions in the Democratic ranks, since no member of that party could object to a candidate who is entirely independent of all rings and factions, and whose election would result to the advantage of the party as a whole rather than to that of any one set of individuals in it.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Connecticut Republican State Convention has elected an uninstructed delegation to Cincinnati.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR again announces that he cannot and will not allow his name to be used as a Presidential candidate.

THE Iowa State Democratic Convention held last week was anti-Tilden in sentiment, as resolutions were adopted in favor of the two-thirds rule in selecting a Presidential candidate.

IN the State election in Rhode Island, April 7th, there was no choice for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. The Republicans succeeded in electing a Secretary of State, Attorney-General and Treasurer.

THE anti-third-term Republicans of New York are organizing in all parts of the State. It is expected that a strong delegation of influential Republicans who are in sympathy with the movement will attend the Chicago Convention.

MR. E. ROCKWOOD HOAR and other prominent Massachusetts Republicans have issued a circular calling for the election of anti-third-term delegates to the State Convention. Many of the delegates so far elected favor Senator Edmunds.

THE Republicans carried Cincinnati by a large majority at the municipal election, April 5th. They elected the entire School Board of 12 members, 16 out of 25 Councilmen, and 12 out of 14 Aldermen. The township elections in Michigan, April 5th, showed Republican gains.

A Great Transaction.

THE syndicate which in November last bought 250,000 shares of New York Central stock from William H. Vanderbilt has completed successfully the marketing not only of its own stock, but also of 100,000 shares sold for the personal account of Mr. Vanderbilt. The transaction was concluded by the sale of a little more than 100,000 shares, the remainder in the possession of the syndicate, to prominent bankers and capitalists in this country and England. The stock was sold at 131, and the purchase money, amounting to about $14,000,000, has been paid. This sale completes within five months the largest sale of stock ever made by a private person. Mr. Vanderbilt has received from it over $42,000,000. The syndicate has gained a profit on the transaction of nearly $1,000,000, subject only to the cost of marketing the stock. The terms of the agreement between the members of the syndicate gave it until the close of the present year in which to dispose of the stock. The operation is noteworthy, both on account of its magnitude and of its speedy conclusion.

The Process of Electing a New Parliament.

WHEN a new Parliament is to be summoned, the Lord Chancellor receives a written command from the Sovereign in Council to that effect, and directs the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery to issue writs to the returning officer of each electoral district. Elections are now regulated by the Ballot Act, 1872, and the Act is to continue in force until the 31st of December, 1880. The returning officer of each county must, within two days of the receipt of the writ, give public notice of the time and place of the said election, which must not be later than the ninth nor sooner than the fourth day after such notice. In boroughs the officer must proceed with the election within four days after the receipt of the writ, having first given two clear days' notice. The show of hands is abolished; and election is now by nomination in writing. If at the expiration of one hour after the time appointed for the election no more candidates are nominated than there are vacancies to be filled up, the officer declares those candidates elected, and returns their names to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. But if the candidates nominated exceed the vacancies the officer adjourns the election, and takes the poll, by ballot papers, according to a prescribed form. The officer at the close of the poll opens the ballot boxes and counts the papers, and returns the names of those who have the majority to the Clerk of the Crown as elected candidates. In a contested election polling stations are provided, with compartments to enable voters to mark their votes, screened from observation. Each of these is presided over by officers appointed by the returning officer. The polling is commenced and carried on simultaneously at all the stations. It commences at eight A. M. and closes at four P. M. in boroughs, and five P. M. in counties. In boroughs the polling must take place within three clear days, and in counties within the third and the sixth day, after the day fixed for the election. The returning officer is to give public notice "as soon as possible" of the names of the elected candidates, and of the total number of votes given for each candidate. The officer then returns the writ, with the name or names of the person or persons elected indorsed thereon, "To the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery," to whom also all the documents relating to the election are delivered. Immediately after a public notice of election an elected candidate is considered to be a member of Parliament, but cannot act as a legislator until he has taken the oaths. If any military be stationed in a place where an election is taking place, they are obliged to be withdrawn until the proceedings have closed.

Diving for Amber.

THE costume of the diver for amber is as follows: A woolen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed in an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving dress and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet is also of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it and resting on the shoulders is a small air chest made of sheet iron. This chest is connected with the air pump in the boat above by an india-rubber tubing forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouthpiece of which is held by the diver between his teeth; the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above and means of exit for the expired breath. This helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been secured on to the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist and half a hundred pounds of lead attached to his feet, shoulders and helmet, he is ready for the plunge. Down fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world—he says there, maybe, for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors steaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance. The diving boats are manned by eight men each—two divers, two pairs of men who work the air pumps alternately, with their eyes fixed on a dial plate, by which the supply of air is nicely regulated, one man to hold the safety rope attached round the diver's body and haul him up at the slightest sign from below, and the overseer.

Capital Punishment in Central Africa.

DR. SCHWEINFURTH, in a lecture which he recently delivered at the Berlin Geographical Society on the subject of his latest explorations in Central Africa, gave his hearers a thrilling account of the mode in which capital punishment is inflicted upon criminals by the Al-Quadjis, a small tributary offshoot of the great and powerful Djour people. The malefactor condemned to die is bound to a post firmly driven into the ground in some open place where no trees afford a shade, and is there slowly roasted to death—not by any artificial means involving a waste of fuel, but the natural heat of the sun's rays as they reach our earth in its equatorial regions. To protract his sufferings and to avert his too speedy end by sunstroke, the ingenious Al-Quadjis cover their erring compatriot's head with fresh green leaves, which effectually shield his brain from Phœbus's darts. No such protection is, however, accorded to his body, which gradually dries up, shrinks together, and ultimately becomes carbonized. One chance of salvation is open to the roasting man, while as yet he is not completely "done to death." If a cloud pass between the sun and his place of torment he is at once cast loose from his post and becomes the object of popular reverence, as a mighty magician in whose behalf the supernatural powers have deigned directly to intervene. But clouds seldom interfere with the administration of justice on the days chosen for public executions by the Al-Quadji authorities; at least, that appears to be Dr. Schweinfurth's experience of African weather as far as it bears upon the judicial roasting of malefactors.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

An Incident of Emperor William's Birthday.

On the 22d of March last—the Emperor's birthday—the space in front of the royal residence at Berlin was crowded with people anxious to see the princes, generals and high functionaries drive up to the imperial palace to congratulate the sovereign. This year, among the incidents of the day was that of a poor old miner from Silesia, who had journeyed to Berlin on purpose to offer a petition to the Emperor. He stood nearly all day in front of the palace holding in his extended hand the letter for the Emperor. Late in the afternoon, as the Emperor went to a window to look down upon the crowd, he happened to see the poor miner, his hand still outstretched and clutching the paper, and he immediately sent one of his servants to inquire after his wishes. The petition was taken by the servant to the Emperor, who, when he learned how long the miner had been waiting to present it, read its contents and forthwith granted the request.

A Riding Fete for the Poor in Hanover.

The officers of the cavalry regiments garrisoned in Hanover, Germany, recently determined to raise a fund to relieve the misery of the poor inhabitants of that city, and to make a very unique display they arranged a *riding fête*, in which were shown, by uniforms and horse-trappings, the different phases of cavalry life from the day of Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, up to the present time. The largest hall in the city was selected and properly arranged for the occasion, and admission tickets were sold at a high premium. A number of the royal princes, with a splendid suite, arrived by express train from Berlin in time to witness the manœuvres of this extraordinary cavalcade.

The Festivities in St. Petersburg.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession was celebrated on March 26, at St. Petersburg, with great rejoicings, and on that day at least there was little appearance of the asserted disloyalty and revolutionary spirit which threatens to overthrow the Czar and his dynasty. The streets were gayly decorated with innumerable flags and busts of the "Little Father," while crowds of people were early seen thronging to the space before the Winter Palace, in order to show their congratulations to their sovereign. Numerous regiments of soldiers had been drawn up in the courtyard, and the combined bands of the forces in St. Petersburg were playing a serenade in the centre, a throne having been erected in their midst for the conductor. Shortly after ten the Czar appeared on the balcony, and was welcomed with great enthusiasm by both soldiers and people, the cheering lasting for some twenty minutes, the military bands playing the national hymn, "God Preserve the Czar," the batteries on the Neva firing a royal salute of 101 guns, and the bells of the various churches ringing forth loud peals of congratulation. Of the other festivities of the day we have already spoken in a previous number, so that we need only say that our second illustration represents the arrival of the Czarowitz and his wife, the Princess Dagmar, and other members of the imperial family, at the Winter Palace, on the eventful day. The road is lined with troops, who salute as the carriages roll past.

The Duchess of Marlborough's Committee.

In this engraving we have a portrait group of the charitable ladies and gentlemen who are actively working with Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough for the relief of the distressed poor of Ireland. Twice a week the Committee hold sittings at Dublin Castle to vote grants of relief among the fifty-nine local committees, whose administration is supervised through the agency of inspectors, besides being furnished regularly with reports and returns from the local bodies themselves; and the honorary secretaries and other members are also engaged daily, sometimes from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., in correspondence with the relief centres, or looking after the dispatch of clothing. In the illustration the Duchess is seen at the right hand of the table with pen in hand, with Lady Michel on her right, and Drs. Grimshaw and Meredith facing her. On Friday, April 9th, the Duchess of Marlborough's Irish Relief Fund amounted to $539,455; of which, $433,119 have been expended.

General Skobeleff's Assailant.

While in this country attempts are being made to have the extreme penalty of the law carried out in a private, quiet manner, in Russia great publicity is given to the execution of a condemned criminal, more especially if that person is thought to be a Nihilist. The prisoner is enveloped with a black shroud, only the face being exposed, and, seated upon a peculiar kind of a chair placed on a box wagon with the back towards the horses, he is driven slowly through the streets, preceded and followed by mounted guards. The engraving, besides giving a portrait of General Skobeleff's assailant, shows the method by which prisoners condemned to death are conducted to the place of execution.

NOTES OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

EAST TENNESSEE will produce 36,000 tons more of coke iron this year than last.

SWAN skins are a new commodity that is being sent into the larger towns from the western part of Texas. The long feathers are picked off from the skins, leaving only the soft white down.

THE Richmond and Southern Railroad, traversing the best portions of Kentucky and Virginia, will be 500 miles in length, and cost $30,000,000. The company expect to build the road without local aid.

THE activity in railroad building is shown by the statement that the demand for rails so far this season has been far in advance of the corresponding months for the past sixteen years. The prospect is that more miles of railroad will be built in this country this year than in any year since the building of railroads commenced.

THE farmers of Gadsden County, Fla., will plant crops of rice and tobacco this year.

IT has been proposed to form an association at Philadelphia for the raising of silkworms and the reeling of cocoons, by the establishment of a central school of instruction at Philadelphia, with branches throughout the State and the neighboring States. A school to teach boys and girls the art of silk-culture will make a market for cocoons, which it will purchase, selling the reeled silk to the silk mills.

THE orange crop of Sumter County, Fla., will be two-thirds larger this year than last.

NORTHERN capitalists are soon to erect a saw-mill and a large flour-mill at some point on the North-western railroad, near Nashville.

SPECIAL reports from Texas in reference to the coming drive of cattle from that State to Kansas and other States and Territories north, place it at 224,300 head. Of this number about 100,000 have been already disposed of, leaving 200,000 for the open market. The drive will be principally of young cattle, and not more than 20 per cent. will be beeves. There have been good rains in southwestern Texas recently. The grass is growing very fast, and the prospect for an early drive is excellent.

THE carpet manufacturers of Kensington, Philadelphia, are unearthing all the old looms thrown aside three years ago, and even purchasing them in other cities, so great is the revival of the carpet trade in that city.

THE principal portion of the tobacco crop in Crittenden County, Ky., is now stemmed in that county and shipped direct to Liverpool and Bremen.

DURING the last thirty days over 1,000 cars of Wisconsin ice have been shipped South over the Louisville and Nashville and Alabama and Great Southern railroads.

ALTHOUGH the Californians are willing enough to say the Chinese must go, they are more willing to say: "The French Canadians must come," and coming they are, at the rate of from sixty to seventy a day. It is from the districts around Montreal and Quebec that most of the emigrants are arriving, and their exodus is supposed to be caused by discontent with the laws, the cold Canadian Winters and the excellent offers of land made by Western land agents, for they are going to Colorado and Michigan as well as to California.

THE Louisiana Sugar Planters' Association has petitioned the City Council of New Orleans to enlarge the present landing and sugar sheds, and to absolutely prohibit the sale on the landing of all sugars received.

DURING the recent rise in the Greenbrier River, West Virginia, 200,000 feet of walnut lumber were rafted down stream to find a market.

IT is rumored that a scheme is on foot to establish a line of six first-class British steamships between Philadelphia and Liverpool, the vessels to be furnished by English merchants and run chiefly in connection with the Western trade of the Reading Railroad Company.

IT is estimated that the cotton crop of Texas for 1879 will bring into that State $44,000,000.

THROUGH the enterprise of the management of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, a number of new iron-furnaces, rolling-mills, etc., are to be erected in the iron regions of Alabama. Along the line of South and North Alabama road-iron is found in unlimited quantities and of a very superior quality.

ORDERS have been received at the railroad machine shops at Altoona, Pa., for the building of eighty-nine locomotives.

INCREASED enterprise and activity are being manifested in the business of cotton manufacturing in North Carolina. The High Point Company have been forced to run their factory day and night and to increase their capital from $30,000 to $50,000. At Charlotte buildings are being erected for spinning warp and yarns; six thousand spindles will be employed, and a capital of $75,000 invested. In Randolph County two new factories are being built and two others in contemplation. In Alamance a new mill will begin operations during the present month with 5,000 spindles, and arrangements are being made to erect another mill in the same county on Haw River; 120 additional looms have been placed in Swepson's factory, and the Concord factory have discarded their old machinery, substituting the latest and best, at the same time increasing its capacity. In Bertie and several other counties the establishment of cotton mills is looked for at an early day.

NINE new tobacco factories have been contracted for and will be built this year in Danville, Va.

THURSDAY, April 1st, was an eventful day for Chattanooga. It witnessed the commencement of a $1,000,000 railroad from that city to Rome, Ga.

THE Legislature of Virginia recently granted a charter for the incorporation of a company to be known as the "Virginia Angora Company." The capital of the association is placed at $2,000,000, of which amount $1,500,000 is said to have already been subscribed. According to its charter, the company is permitted to hold in fee 200,000 acres of land, and to issue bonds, but not without the consent of nine-tenths of all the stockholders. A contract has been made with California parties to transfer their stock of thoroughbred Angoras to Virginia, and to furnish also 20,000 cwe goats of original Maltese stock, to be purchased in and brought from Mexico. Although the industry has been successful in California, yet the conditions for success are so far superior in the mountains of Virginia as to warrant the transfer of the herds and an expenditure of about $200,000 in making the transfer and in improvements.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—OVER 4,000 immigrants arrived at this port in one day last week.

—THERE are six ex-Governors of Georgia now living, and all reside within the State.

—THE wages of the employés of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have been advanced 10 per cent.

—THE contract has been let for the erection of a public library building in Atlanta, to cost $20,000.

—THE Naval Appropriation Bill now before the House of Representatives provides for $14,100,000 of disbursements.

—OFFICIAL statistics show that our total exports of wheat and flour from July 1st, 1879, to April 1st, 1880, amounted to 140,000,000 bushels.

—AIKEN, S. C., is a popular Winter resort. At this time 250 visitors from abroad are lingering there. Another large hotel will probably be erected before next Winter.

—IN round numbers 12,000,000, or one-third, of the French people, live in cities and towns. In the United States the proportion is one-fifth, and is rapidly increasing.

—ATLANTA proposes to donate $18,000 for the erection of a building for the Normal School founded by the Trustees of the Peabody Fund. Dr. Sears says that at least $25,000 must be furnished.

—IN consequence of the famine, 4,000 koords are reported to have descended upon the town of Mardeen, in Asiatic Turkey, where they murdered natives and Europeans and plundered the place.

—THE German Government, by surreptitious methods, is obstructing emigration to America, but the last vessel for Baltimore took out 1,600 steerage passengers, and 8,000 are booked for the month of April.

—A DISPATCH from Mandalay, Burmah, says that the British authorities have suggested to the Burmese embassy an early departure from Thayetmyo, as they have been there many months without offering satisfactory proposals for a new treaty.

—THE United States Government has decided to locate a marine hospital at Blackbeard Island, near Brunswick, Ga. All vessels coming from infected ports will have to touch there, be inspected, fumigated, etc., before being permitted to come up to that town.

—ACCORDING to reports from a large number of points in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, the prospects for large yields of wheat and fruit are unusually good. Unless frost should set in, the abundance of all kinds of fruit will be equal, if not superior, to that of the best previous years.

—DURING the three months ending March 31st 375 new buildings were commenced in this city, 402 were completed, and 1,209 are now in course of construction. As compared with the same quarter last year, there is an increase of 39 new buildings, and an increase of cost of construction of $2,123,689.

—THE French Government has received a communication from the Vatican expressing regret at the measures taken against the Jesuits, but entering no formal protest. The unauthorized societies of France have decided neither to communicate their statutes to the Government nor to demand authorization.

—THE receipts of the American Bible Society for March were $72,389.94, and the payments $53,242.11. The receipts for the year ending March 31st were $636,342.23. The number of volumes issued in March was 95,036. The whole number of copies issued from the Bible House, during the year, not including those issued in foreign lands, was 1,130,345.

—THE Governor-General of East Siberia has telegraphed to St. Petersburg that they were not Chinese troops, but irregular Tartar hordes, who invaded Russian territory. They attempted to cross the Amoor River, but were unsuccessful. He says the Chinese Government is quite innocent of the invasion, and it is expected it will punish the Tartars sharply.

—ONE of the English election phrases for which there is no equivalent in the United States is "plumping." Wherever a constituency returns two members, each voter can give one vote each to any two candidates, but he cannot give his two votes to any one candidate. If he chooses he can give one vote to only one candidate, and this is termed "plumping."

—THE production of oil in the Pennsylvania region still increases. During the month of March there were 368 wells completed in the old country, with an average of 19 barrels per well, while in February there were 278 wells completed, with a production of 4,853 barrels, and an average of 17 barrels. The wells drilling in March were 572, against 574 in February. The rigs up and building at the close of March were 692, against 648 in February.

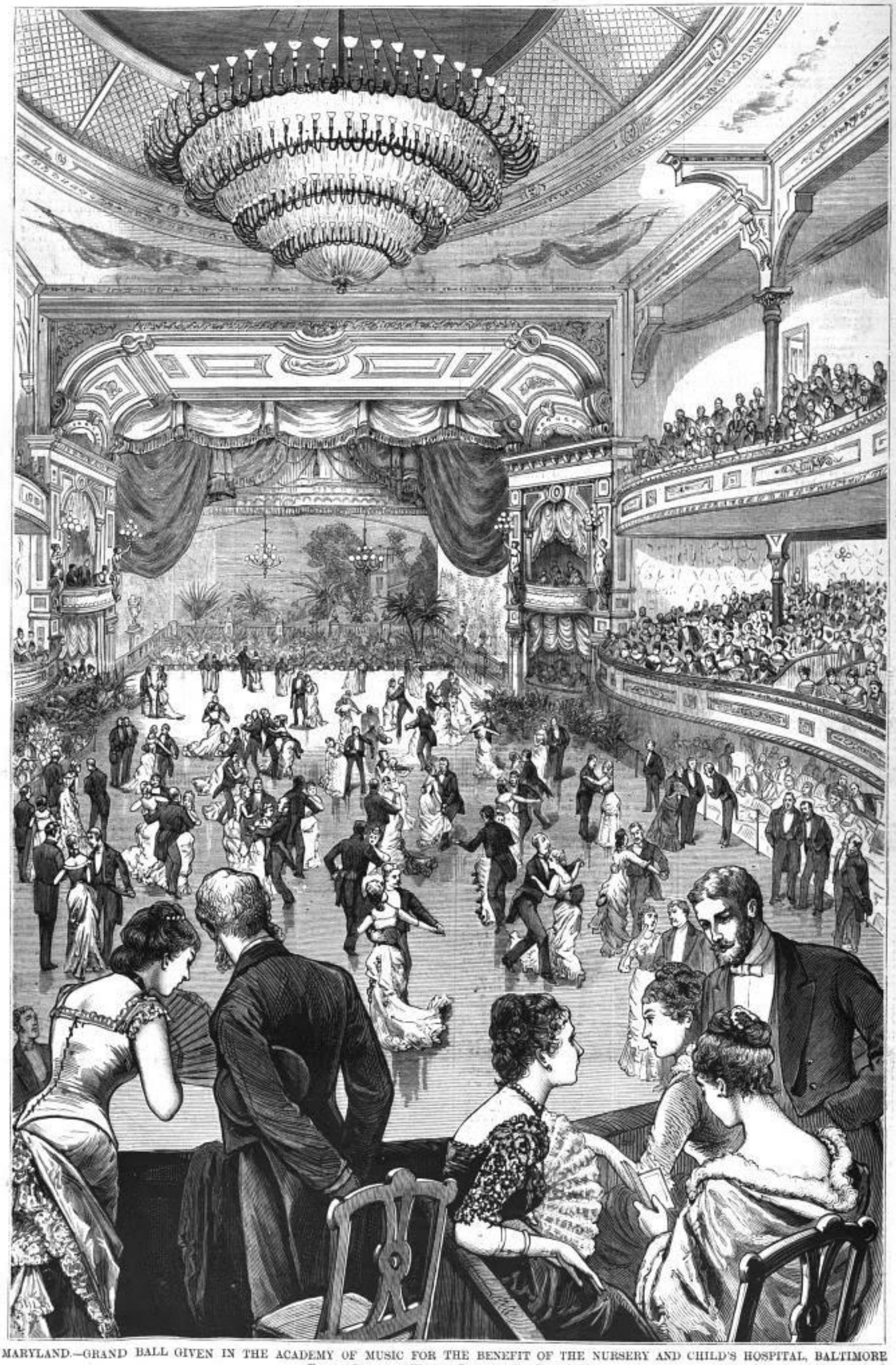
—THE City of Macao, which China is about to claim from Portugal, occupies a peninsula on the south-east side of the Island of Heang-Shang, at the mouth of the Canton River. A low, narrow isthmus joins this peninsula to the main island. The Portuguese territory is three miles in length by three-tenths of a mile in breadth. It was granted to the Portuguese in 1585 by the Chinese Emperor, in reward for their services in repelling the incursions of a Japanese pirate.

—THE Russian Government is considering the expediency of purchasing arms and ammunition in America and shipping them to Vladivostock to equip the army being raised in the lower province for the purpose of withstanding the anticipated Chinese attack. It is also in contemplation to purchase a large quantity of coal in America for shipment to Vladivostock to supply the Russian fleet in the Pacific. Preparations for a formidable Mohammedan movement against China are believed to be already on foot.

—GENERAL BADEAU, the United States Consul-General at London, in a dispatch dated March 12th, calls attention to the enormous increase of exports from London to the United States during the last quarter of 1879, as shown by the invoices passing through his office. For the quarter ending December 31st, 1879, the amount was over $16,000,000. The increase over the previous quarter was about $8,000,000, and over the corresponding quarter in 1878 over $11,000,000. The amount of the present quarter, the Consul states, is likely to exceed the preceding one.

—THE Earl of Dunmore, who owns a property of 30,000 acres in Scotland, and is celebrated as being one of the most extensive cattle breeders in the United Kingdom, has gone to Helena, Montana, where he proposes to start a ranche on a very extensive scale. He intends to buy several thousand head of cattle in Texas and have them transported to his ranche during the coming Summer. It is his further intention to import two or three hundred bulls of his own favorite breed, and he is sanguine of raising a stock of cattle second to none. His ultimate intention is to ship beef to England, preserved by the refrigerating process.

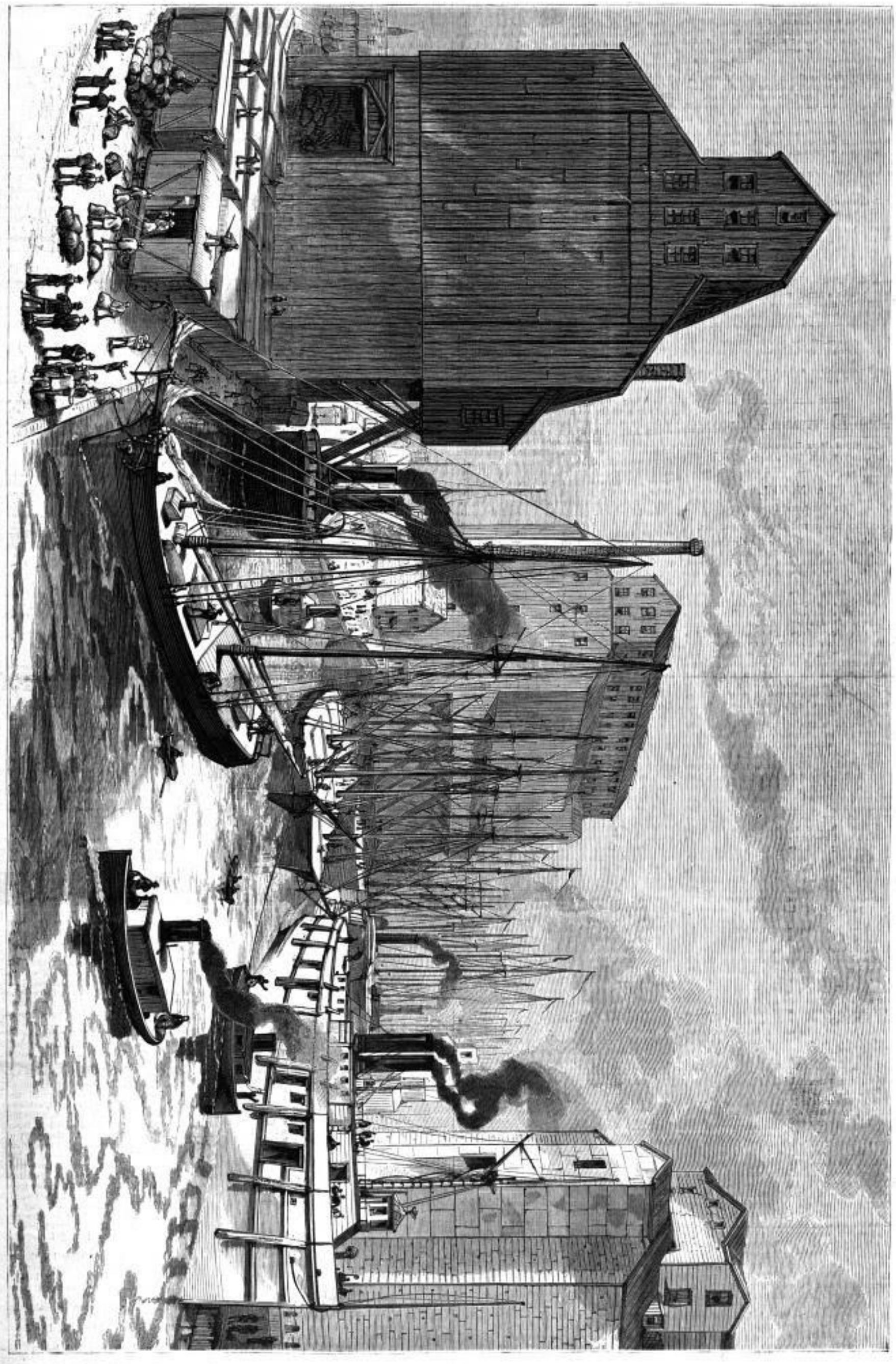
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MARYLAND.—GRAND BALL GIVEN IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE

FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 118.

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ILLINOIS—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—OPENING OF THE GRAIN TRANSPORTATION SEASON AT CHICAGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES S. WILSON.—SEE PAGE 125.

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A BETROTHAL.

HAS some rare charm of leap-year wrought the change
By which the Winter and the Spring are one?
Not often down the seasons' iterant range
Note we such tryst of virgin snow and sun.

The white maid smiles in shelter of the wood,
Or skirts the margin of the mottled plain,
The while a red-breast, in expectant mood,
Sings from a barren tree a blithesome strain.

The sun, in nuptial temper of the May,
Rides gayly forth, enlivening hill and dell,
Splendid in courage till, upon his way,
Looms the frost-maiden working still her spell—

A spell of Winter-woven miracle,
When March winds blow, at the last oak-leaf's cost,
And burdened clouds break, frozen in the fall—
The whilom rider from his sun-steed tost!

Vanish his jewels underneath the vail
The maid throws o'er him, bowed now at her feet;
What vows are spoken? Will this warmth prevail?
Or must the eager Spring in shame retreat?

Hush! Wait a little! Sacred are the hours
Of love's first secrets ere they make a sign—
We breathe not yet the breath of bridal-flowers,
Save as arbutus brightens on the vine.

We hear no marriage-music in the air
Save the sweet robin's, brave through whitened mist,
But, by these signs and other signs, we dare
To say the Winter and the Spring have kissed.

MARY E. DODGE.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DEMITRY.

CHAPTER I.—AT THE PALAZZO ALBERGATI.

AS the clock struck four the next morning Melchior and Reginald emerged from the hotel and passed into the street. The atmosphere was soft and pure, and the pearly tints of the eastern sky were streaked with the early day's first faint crimson, against which the masses of the distant mountains drew long shadows with undulating lines for summits. On their way to the place where, under directions given the previous night, a carriage was waiting for them, they crossed the spacious square of the ancient cathedral, whose countless statues of saints and martyrs gleamed vaguely in the dawn from their niches in their white marble walls, and along the Corso with its avenues of trees. When they had left the hotel the streets were comparatively deserted, but as they went on to their destination, the early risers of the city population—the men and women employed in the various factories—with their usual look of having been snatched from an unfinished sleep, began to appear in increasing numbers.

They had ordered the coachman to await them at a certain spot at a distance from the hotel, their purpose being that he should remain in ignorance of their identity; and when they drew near the designated place, they found him walking up and down near his horses' heads, looking anxiously around him in the dawning light for his approaching fares.

"Ah, the signori are here!" he exclaimed, touching his hat as Melchior and Reginald came up. "Are the signori ready to start?"

"Yes," replied Melchior. "Drive to the Palazzo Albergati. You know where it is?"

"Oh, yes, signor! I know the place very well."

The two friends entered the carriage, the coachman jumped on his box, and in a little while they had left the more thickly settled suburbs behind them, and had reached the old diligence road to Varese that winds through the fertile plain of Lombardy. As they progressed they encountered wine-venders, with their carts dragged by oxen, coming into the city from the neighboring vineyards; other carts filled with vegetables, and peasants, men and women, half-antique in their apparel and appearance, with their market-stock of fruits, butter, eggs and honey. These were trudging along the road with the grave step of the Italian *contadini*, the women among them bearing their wares in baskets skillfully poised on their heads.

The road stretched through a region in which the monotony of vineyards and fields of growing corn was rarely broken. The picture presented to the eye was one of farmhouses, some of them built of brick and surrounded with gardens inclosed with brick walls on which grew vines and ivies, each house with its vineyards or its field of corn and other grains, and with rows of closely trimmed poplars separating the fields. Before them, in the distance, fifty or sixty miles away, rose the confused summits of the Alps, their peaks and ridges lost in rose-tinted clouds. Behind them, the gilded statue surmounting the spire of the cathedral, towering above the domes and belfries of Milan, gleamed faintly against the opaline sky as it caught the first rays of the rising sun. They had ridden for nearly an hour, when a few yards in front of them appeared on their right the walls of a large, dilapidated structure.

A single glance at the building showed clearly that it was given over to decay and solitude. What had once been its garden, vast in extent in its days of cultivation spread on either side of it, and in front of it up to the road, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. The wall that had surrounded this inclosure had crumbled away in places, leaving wide gaps through which could be seen cows, sheep and goats grazing in the field. The stone-work of what remained of the wall was invisible, for a thick growth of ivy had enveloped the fragments so completely that they resembled mounds of dark green foliage. Here and there isolated poplar and mulberry-trees rose from the rank and tangled wilderness of grass and weeds that grew even up to the streaked and mold-stained walls of the old palazzo, and around the sculptured coat-of-arms, above the arched sallyport leading to the courtyard, the ivy had twined and wound in such shape as to give to itself the outlines of a monstrous green serpent.

A few hundred yards below the gate that gave ingress to the garden, near the roadside, was an *albergo*. At a word from Melchior, the coachman drove up to this inn and the two friends descended. In answer to their inquiries the innkeeper informed them that he had not seen any other gentlemen in a carriage pass the house that morning, and satisfied from this that Vellani and his friends had not yet arrived at the palazzo, they ordered breakfast to be prepared as speedily as possible. In a few minutes the meal, consisting of a cold fowl, eggs, bread, butter and wine was brought in, and after hastily dispatching it, they ordered the coachman to await their return and pursued their journey to the palazzo on foot.

The gate, once massive in proportions, but now with its sculptured marble posts crumbled and broken, stood near the road. From this entrance a long, straight avenue, bordered with poplars, most of them mere decayed trunks and branches, led up to the ruin.

Melchior and Reginald entered the garden and followed the avenue. The path was paved in places with large, square slabs of marble, which had sunk into the ground; in other places it was bare—the slabs that had formerly occupied the vacant spaces having been taken away, probably by the peasants of the neighborhood to repair their humble cottages—and grass had grown thickly wherever it could find an inch of soil in which to take root. And yet, with all this evidence of decay, the avenue showed traces of usage, for a broad footpath had been trodden into the grass by going and coming pedestrians—visitors from the city, perhaps, or peasants from the farms of the vicinity who had entered the garden to drive their straying cattle home.

The venerable building, irregular in construction, was of massive architecture, and bore the impress of eight or nine centuries. There were apertures in the walls for windows, but no sign of window or shutter remained; the great doorway likewise represented merely a great black opening, and that was all. In many parts the walls had fallen in, exposing their prodigious thickness.

After examining the ruins from the outside, Reginald and Melchior passed under the enormous coat-of-arms that crowned the arch of the sallyport and emerged into the courtyard. The yard was of vast extent, and was paved, like the avenue, with marble flags. Scattered about were pieces of stone and other *débris* that had fallen from the walls, and the picture of desolation was completed in many parts of it by the presence of weeds and grass springing up through the interstices. Here, as on the outside, the casements and doorways were windowless and doorless, affording glimpses into the gloomy chambers.

Curious to inspect the interior the two friends entered the building from one of its sides. The ground-floor was composed of a multitude of rooms; the second floor comprised several suites of apartments, of four or five rooms each, with lofty ceilings, while the upper part was a single immense garret. The wide stone steps of the interior, which they ascended with difficulty, were so worn away that they were compelled to exercise great caution in their ascent. Everywhere the floors were of inlaid brick of various periods and different colors, producing an incongruous effect, and great rafters stretched across the ceilings, from which hung draperies of spiders' webs. Among these rafters swallows and other birds had built their nests, and, as the friends invaded their solitude, they circled about their heads with shrill cries, and flew out of the windows and through the gaping crevices of roof into the open air.

Returning to the courtyard they made a closer examination of its aspects. At the further end was a space about twenty yards square, which was less grown with weeds than the rest of the inclosure. Several fragments of stone lay about in this space, and the presence of numerous empty sardine-boxes and wine-bottles, together with bits of stale bread and scraps of paper, that evidently had been used as wrappers for luncheon, suggested the idea that the palazzo was resorted to at times by visitors, who had selected this locality as the scene of their repasts.

"Here," said Melchior, "is an admirable place wherein gentlemen may settle their difficulties."

"I wonder what detains Vellani?" replied Reginald, speaking abstractedly.

Melchior rolled up a cigarette and lighted it.

"He will come soon enough," he said. "See, the sun is well above the horizon at last; but the height of the walls throws a cool shadow where we are standing."

Reginald looked up. The sky was of a deep, clear blue, and the atmosphere, charged with the golden light of morning, was so pure and limpid that it seemed a delight simply to breathe the air. As he turned his eyes away from this inspection of the heavens, he sighed:

"You still are anxious, *mio caro?*" said Melchior, placing his hand on his shoulder.

"If I stood here alone awaiting Vellani I would not sigh, Melchior. But when I think that you are to be exposed to danger on this beautiful morning, I confess that I feel oppressed with the uncertainty of life."

"True, life is made up of chances," Melchior said, thoughtfully; "and to provide for what may happen, let me again call your attention to the package which, in case of necessity, you will find in this pocket of my coat. As I have already informed you, it will tell you what to do."

"I shall remember. But the more I reflect on the purpose that has brought us here, the more earnest becomes my hope, for your sake, my dear boy, that Vellani may not come. Pray heaven that something may intervene to stop this duel!"

"Then heaven does not smile on your wish," said Melchior, pressing his hand affectionately; "for look! here are Vellani and his friends!"

His ear had caught the sound of voices in the direction of the sallyport, and as they turned and gazed towards that side of the yard, the figures of four men appeared emerging from the shadow of the arch into the court. Two of them they at once recognized. They were Vellani and Rodolfi. The other two were unknown to him; but as one carried a large package under his arm and a pail of water in his hand, they judged him to be a servant, and surmised that the package contained the swords and the surgeon's implements.

They advanced to meet the newcomers who, at the sight of them, had ceased their conversation. Formal salutes were exchanged, and, after a rapid introduction of the unknown gentleman of Vellani's party, who proved to be a surgeon of Rodolfi's regiment, Melchior and Vellani stepped aside, one to the right and the other to the left; the surgeon proceeded with professional indifference to unwrap the package, displaying a small mahogany case of surgical instruments and two pairs of dueling-swords wrapped in buckskin; and Reginald and Rodolfi entered into conversation.

"The understanding, signor," the former observed, "is that you are to place the combatants in position. It is not necessary to toss up for places. We relinquish the arrangement of all these matters to you."

Rodolfi beckoned to the servant, who was standing near by with the swords, the slender blades of which glistened with a brightness which bore testimony to their newness. He selected two of them and held them with the handles turned towards Reginald.

"You pleases makes your choices, signor," he said, in his Italian-English.

Reginald took one of the weapons and ran his eye along the blade, which he bent slightly.

"Thank you for your attention," he said. "A better weapon could not be found in Milan."

With a mutual bow they separated, Reginald assuming his position near Melchior and Rodolfi joining Vellani on the opposite side of the open space, where the latter was slowly pacing to and fro with his hands behind his back and his eyes fixed on the marble slabs at his feet, as if he were counting them.

"So far, Melchior, all is well," said Reginald. "Here is your sword. May your good genius give you the necessary skill to use it to save yourself from harm!"

"A good blade," replied Melchior, as he received it from his friend. "But I must prepare myself, for Vellani has set me the example."

The Italian had removed his coat and waistcoat. He had dispensed for the occasion with a linen shirt, and he now wore one of woolen texture. In his turn, Melchior dropped his coat. He, too, had provided himself with a shirt of similar material. The only difference between the two garments was this: that whereas Melchior's was of a brown hue and loose to his figure, Vellani's was gray and fitted him somewhat closely.

When the combatants had thus prepared themselves for the encounter, Rodolfi advanced towards Reginald, who went forward to meet him.

"We are at a your services, signor," he said.

"And we, signor, at yours."

The seconds led their principals to a spot which Rodolfi already had marked out as the place of combat. Then they handed them their weapons and the antagonists placed themselves in position with their blades crossed.

Vellani, despite a certain effort to appear indifferent, showed a degree of nervousness which was in contrast to Melchior's coolness; for while the former's hand trembled slightly and his lips wore a forced smile, the latter's hand and arm were firm and motionless, though his face was pale.

The surgeon, with his case of instruments lying open beside him, stood with folded arms gazing unconcernedly at the preparations, and a few steps behind him the attendant followed the movements of the principals with breathless attention. As for Reginald, the intense anxiety with which he watched the proceedings was plainly reflected in his countenance.

Rodolfi had taken the swords between his fingers, holding them at the junction.

"Are you ready, signor?" he first asked Melchior.

"I am ready."

Then he looked at Vellani and repeated the question.

"Ready, answered Vellani.

CHAPTER II.—THE DUEL.

FOR a space of time in which one might count three Rodolfi held the swords between his fingers. Then he exclaimed, "Go signori!" and moved to one side. In the same moment the combatants retreated a pace or two, looking steadily into each other's eyes.

The first to advance to the attack was Vellani. As the swords met a smile appeared on Melchior's face, which brought consolation to Reginald, although he knew not why.

"Melchior has some good reason to feel satisfied," he thought.

"The American gentleman smiles," whispered the surgeon to Rodolfi.

"Yes. Vellani is nervous, and he has perceived it by the touch of his sword," replied the officer.

During this brief colloquy the antagonists had been engaged in beating on each other's blades, as if each were securing time preparatory to availing himself of any opening that might offer.

Suddenly Vellani disengaged and thrust rapidly. His blow, had it taken effect, would have reached Melchior's breast. Reginald saw the danger and a sickening sensation crept over him. Involuntarily he turned his gaze in another direction. An instant later his ear caught the sharp sound of the clash of steel.

Melchior had parried the thrust as it was delivered, and, without removing his sword from Vellani's, had pressed forward on the latter's blade, turned his hand with a lightning-like twist, twining the two swords, as it were, in a single glittering coil, and wrenched the Italian's weapon from his grasp. The sword fell with a shivering clang on the marble at their feet, and its owner, uttering a half-articulated imprecation, glanced irresolutely from it to Melchior's face.

Both were breathing heavily, for though they had been scarcely two minutes in action, the excitement of the last few seconds had told severely on them.

"You have dropped your sword, signor," said Melchior, with a gesture of disdain. "Take it up. I do not practice upon a defenseless man."

Vellani stooped and lifted his weapon from the flagging.

"*Cospetto!*" ejaculated Rodolfi, who had just recovered from the astonishment into which this feat had thrown him.

"This American is made rather to grace a lady's boudoir than to fight with men," observed the surgeon to the officer; "but Adonis though he be, our friend Vellani has found him a Hercules! *Per Dio!* What a form—what a face—for a sculptor's chisel!"

As if by a simultaneous impulse, Reginald and Rodolfi advanced to the combatants, who stood on guard, panting and watching each other—Melchior with a smile of confidence, not unmingled with derision, and Vellani with a scowl on his face of blended mortification and rage.

"You are fatigued, signori," said the officer, raising his hand. "Rest yourselves a moment."

They dropped their swords slowly, and retired to the positions they had occupied previous to the assault.

"A narrow escape, my dear boy!" exclaimed Reginald. "I shuddered when I saw Vellani's vicious thrust. But your return was splendid, indeed!"

"Yes, splendid in its results; but half a second's delay, and it would have been too late."

"Melchior, this affair has gone far enough. You have shown yourself generous with this man. I feel it to be my duty to make an effort to bring about a cessation of the duel."

"To gratify you I give my consent to what you propose. But you will find that he will refuse, for I shall make no apology."

He had spoken prophetically, for, when beckoning Rodolfi to one side, Reginald broached the subject, the officer replied that, having questioned his principal with the same view of bringing about an accommodation, he had answered that nothing short of an apology would satisfy him.

"Then the duel must continue, for we have no apology to make," said Reginald.

Rodolfi bowed.

"I am sorry, signor," he answered, as he walked back to his principal.

Again were the antagonists placed face to face. Melchior exhibited an easy self-possession which Vellani, evidently controlled by his passion, plainly lacked.

The result of this second assault was not long delayed, for, pressing his antagonist vigorously, Melchior threw him off his guard by a few rapid feints, spared the life that was at his sword's point, and for the second time disarmed the now furious man.

For a moment Vellani stood as if transfixed. Then suddenly, to the consternation of the witnesses of the scene, with a swift bound he sprang for his sword, and, almost before the lookers-on could comprehend his full purpose, he had recovered it and was lunging savagely at Melchior.

Reginald and Rodolfi rushed forward to intervene between the duelists, the former with a cry of "Shame!" and the latter with the articulation of some indistinct Italian term expressive of contempt; but before they could reach them, the human tiger into which rage had transformed the Italian was tamed; for, parrying his blows and slowly retreating as if to postpone the necessity that self-preservation seemed to force on him, Melchior finally reached that part of the cleared space at which the first straggling growth of weeds began. Then ceasing to fall back, he stood at bay for a second or two, and, gathering his strength, he parried Vellani's cuts, and, before the latter could recover from the impetus of his attack, crossed his sword, held his own fixed to it, and with a strong revolving movement of his wrist, threw his antagonist's weapon sufficiently out of line to enable him to deliver a telling blow that ended the combat.

As Melchior leaped back after his thrust, Vellani staggered, his sword dropped from his hand, and with a cry of "*maledizione!*" he fell, with a pale face, helplessly into the arms of his second.

Melchior leaned for support on Reginald, who had come up.

"Do not be alarmed," he panted. "I am untouched!"

"And Vellani—have you killed him?" he asked, hastily.

"Probably not," replied Melchior. "The blade entered his sword-arm. Ugh!" he ex-

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claimed, with a shudder, as he looked at his sword which he had not yet relinquished, and which was dripping with blood.

Reginald took the crimsoned weapon from his hand and gave it to the servant. Rodolfi and the surgeon in the meantime had seated Vellani on a block of stone and were examining the wound. In a little while the former joined Melchior and Reginald.

"Signor Vellani," he said, "is cut in the arm—a bad wound, but not necessarily dangerous. He has fainted from the shock." Then he added, as he shook hands with Melchior: "You have behaved like a brave man and a gentleman, and I give you my hand as testimony to your conduct as a man of honor. Signor Vellani—I say it with a blush, for he has been my friend—has acted the part of a cutthroat, and when he recovers, I, for one, shall decline any further acquaintance with him. You twice gave him his life, and he sought to assassinate you!"

"Thanks, signor, for your sympathy," returned Melchior. "It was my skill and coolness alone that saved me. I saw his purpose soon enough to defeat it, and when he forced me to the weeds, where I should have fallen had I attempted to retreat further, he would have completed his work unless I had incapacitated him from inflicting on me a mortal wound."

"Could I have foreseen that he would so dishonor himself——"

"Say no more, Signor Rodolfi. I shall never forget your kindness and generosity."

In a few words Melchior informed the officer of Reginald's purpose to challenge Vellani and of the circumstances that had led to that determination; and while the two conversed on this subject, the surgeon bared Vellani's arm, washed it and applied bandages to it. The Italian, as they could see from where they stood, still lay in a trance-like condition, and the attendant was engaged in washing up the blood that had dropped on the dingy marble flagging and had stained it in many places.

The conversation between Melchior and Rodolfi had been carried on in Italian, and at its close the former said to Reginald:

"Signor Rodolfi tells me that it is the opinion of the surgeon that Vellani will be unable to use his arm for several weeks. I have just informed him of your intention to call Vellani to account for that letter, and he agrees with me that, after what has occurred, no gentleman need feel himself aggrieved by anything he may have said or done."

"I certainly would not meet him in honorable combat after this exhibition," replied Reginald, "but it seems to me that I might obtain satisfaction in some more summary way."

"And wait a month or two for the pleasure of cudgeling him? I agree with Signor Rodolfi. Vellani is henceforth beneath your notice. Pocket your resentment and let the matter drop. What say you?"

"I suppose it must be as you say," Reginald answered, as he glanced at Vellani, who was beginning to gain consciousness, and to whose lips the surgeon held a flask of brandy. As the wounded man made an effort to straighten himself in his seat, Rodolfi walked to him and assisted the surgeon in making him comfortable; but while he performed this service for his late principal his bearing was cold and unsympathetic.

"I have a word or two to say to Vellani," observed Reginald to Melchior. "And when I shall have spoken to him I shall dismiss him and his letter from my mind."

"Sir," he said, approaching the Italian and taking from his pocket the note the latter had written on the steamer *Ville de Paris*, "I am Mr. Reginald Grey, of New York. Chance—or rather your own malevolence—brought about a meeting between you and my friend, Mr. Melchior Waring. You first owed me an apology for this letter, which you safely wrote to me on the morning of your departure from New York. I came to Milan to demand of you an apology or satisfaction. However, before I could present this demand, circumstances threw you and Mr. Waring together at the house of the Marchesa di Lupo. Instead, therefore, of bearing a message from me to you, Mr. Waring became involved in a difficulty with you. Doubtless, presuming on his youth and probable inexperience, you provoked him to this combat, thus robbing me of my right to a first meeting. In the course of this duel Mr. Waring twice gave you your life. As the reward of his merciful forbearance you violated all the rules of honor recognized by gentlemen in such circumstances and treacherously sought to assassinate him. These witnesses, your own friends, denounce you. Gentlemen, am I not right?"

He turned to Rodolfi and the surgeon. They both inclined their heads silently as if in acquiescence.

"And now, sir," he resumed, "with the opinion of your second, Signor Rodolfi, to justify me, I must decline to recognize you as a responsible person. You have put yourself beyond the pale of recognition by your conduct to a brave and magnanimous adversary, and as a mere pretender to the character of a gentleman. I shall treat you hereafter with the contempt you deserve."

He bowed to the officer and the surgeon as he ceased and turned on his heel. Vellani's face, pale with the loss of blood, seemed to grow white under Reginald's words, and his dark eyes flashed with a strange lustre which was heightened by the surrounding pallor of his countenance.

"If I were not a wounded man," he exclaimed, smiling savagely and showing his teeth, "perhaps you would be more discreet in your language."

Reginald paused for a moment and, without noticing Vellani's remark, addressed himself to the latter's two friends.

"You will pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "if my language has seemed a little violent. While I recognize the fact that something may be due to a consideration of this man's helplessness, still I must maintain that all I have said is warranted by the truth. Mr. Vellani, however, may congratulate himself on the punishment that my friend, in defending his life against a treacherous attack, has inflicted on him, for it has saved him at least from the further disgrace of a horsewhipping. When a man has been outraged as I have been, he does not stop to pick phrases. Nevertheless, I owe it to your courtesy to apologize for the warmth of my language."

Having thus spoken, he saluted Rodolfi and his companion and rejoined Melchior.

A minute later Rodolfi followed him.

"Let me advise you, signor," he said, in a friendly tone to Melchior, "to leave Milan as soon as possible. Otherwise the authorities may decide to inquire into this affair. If you are out of the way nothing will be done, probably."

Melchior thanked him for his advice and informed him that he and Reginald had no intention of delaying their departure from the city, their mission there having ended with the events that had just taken place.

Then, with the utterance of mutual good wishes and with a last expression of regret from Rodolfi for the conduct of Vellani, the friends crossed the courtyard, walked under the archway, and emerged into the long avenue.

The carriage that had brought Vellani and his companions stood near the gate. A few peasants, residents of the neighborhood, had gathered around it and were conversing with the driver. As Reginald and Melchior passed them, they turned their expressive black eyes on them with a look of wonderment in their faces. It was very evident that their curiosity had been aroused by the spectacle of the two vehicles standing in the road at so early an hour of the morning, and it was not impossible that they more than suspected the truth and were aware of the cause of the unusual gathering at the palazzo.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GRAIN FLEET AT CHICAGO.

THE extent of the grain trade of Chicago, and the important relations which that city holds to the agricultural interest of the country, are but inadequately appreciated by the general public. As early as 1854 Chicago was declared to be the greatest primary grain depot in the world, collecting more grain from the producers than even the Russian ports. Since that date the city has become the greatest grain market in the world. The growth and extent of the trade is shown by the fact that her shipments of breadstuffs increased from 16,632,780 bushels in 1855 to 83,364,234 bushels in 1872. As to the immense business which now centres at that port some idea may be gathered from the fact that on the 3d of April there was in port a fleet of eighty-eight vessels loaded with 2,375,000 bushels of corn, 189,000 bushels of wheat, 77,000 bushels of oats, and 18,000 bushels of rye.

In addition to this great fleet, there were thirty-five other vessels, with a carrying capacity of 909,000 bushels, awaiting cargoes. The fleet includes steamers, barks, propellers and schooners, many of which are already en route for lower lake ports, Buffalo being the destination of most of them.

The total amount of grain in store at Chicago, March 28th, amounted to 15,166,422 bushels. This did not include the amount afloat in the harbor.

It may be stated as a fact of interest that the visible supply of grain in this country and Canada at this time as stated at 47,752,000 bushels. It is estimated that the wants of Great Britain, Northern and Atlantic France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Spain and Portugal, up to August 1st, will amount to 96,000,000 bushels, of which this country must supply, if it can, 48,873,000 bushels.

COLORED EXODUS FROM ARKANSAS.

A COLONY FOR LIBERIA.

AN exodus of colored people from Arkansas for Liberia has recently commenced; 150 persons—who are said to be the forerunners of a host—having arrived in this city, week before last, with a view of sailing for their remote destination at the earliest opportunity. Most of these are now quartered at Mount Olivet Baptist Chapel, 228 West Thirty-seventh Street, where they are cared for by friends, reception and sleeping-rooms having been arranged for their accommodation. The majority, both of men and women, are scrupulously neat and clean, and seem anxious to depart to their new home in Liberia, where they anticipate leading independent and happy lives. They already have an agent in Liberia, who has made all necessary arrangements for the establishment of a colony. The regular packet for Liberia, the bark *Liberia*, which sails May 1st, has had all her passenger accommodations engaged by the American Colonization Society of Washington, and it is probable that another vessel will have to be chartered to take the Arkansas band to the settlement.

It is said that colored men to the number of more than fifty thousand, who are working on land on shares in the Gulf States, are preparing to emigrate to Arizona and New Mexico. Their leadership is their own, but the promoters of this enormous transfer of population from one part of the continent to another are commercial men, who are well-known in New York. They will couple philanthropy and business, and buy vast tracts of land, say from forty to fifty thousand acres in one tract, getting it at forty cents an acre and deeding it to the colored settlers at cost, selling every settler as much or as little as he may be able to pay for.

INSPECTION OF THE MONITORS IN PHILADELPHIA SHIP-YARDS.

THE merchants and business men of Philadelphia having secured the introduction into Congress of Bills providing for the appropriation of $800,000 for the benefit of the commerce of that port, in opening and deepening river channels and in adding to and improving the light-house system, the Committees on Commerce and Naval Affairs, on the 3d instant, paid a visit to that city for the purpose of obtaining information as to the needs of the port, and also inspecting, incidentally, the naval vessels at League Island and other points. The committees were accompanied by Secretary Thompson and other naval officials. The trip of inspection on the Delaware was made in the steamer *Gratitude*, and embraced, first, a visit to Cramp's ship-yard, where the hull of the monitor *Terror*, and other vessels in course of construction, were examined, followed by a visit to League Island, where the party were received with all the honors. At League Island, the sloop-of-war *Juniata*, which saw rough service during the war, was first inspected. This vessel is of wood, and is being thoroughly rebuilt. Subsequently the party went through the machine shops and the other departments, and visited the low lands back of the island. Thence the party proceeded to Roach's ship-yard at Chester, where the *Miantonomah*, nearly finished, with her machinery all in, and the *Puritan*, as yet only a hull, were inspected.

The *Terror*, at Cramp's yard, has been lying on the ways for five years, and nothing has been done on her since 1877, when Secretary Thompson ordered work to cease on the different ironclads being built for the Government. The Secretary, during this visit, expressed the opinion that all the monitors inspected ought to be finished at once, but he did not believe that Congress would vote the money required—about $3,500,000. He will probably appoint a Board of Officers at once to examine and report upon the vessels for the information of Congress. The visit of the Congressmen was in every way a pleasant one, but the impression made upon them is said not to have been favorable to the large appropriations proposed for the improvement of the navigation of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers.

A Great Convention of Millers.

THE millers of the West and Northwest are to have a grand international convention at Cincinnati on the 30th of May. Crediting the statements of our esteemed contemporaries in that quarter, it is to be an affair of no ordinary magnitude. "With everybody in this country, and, indeed, throughout the civilized world, at all connected with the grain and flour interests," says a Cincinnati correspondent, "this convention and this exhibition will be the event of a lifetime. Provision has been made for the entertainment of over 50,000 millers and manufacturers from this country, while between 1,500 and 2,000 Europeans engaged in the milling interests have signified their intention of being present." From another source we learn that every State in the Union is to be represented, and every State, it is expected, will make an elaborate display both of cereals and flour. Manufacturers and grain-raisers from Buda-Pesth and Berlin, from England, Switzerland and from along the Danube, are also expected to be on hand, as also many citizens of Russia and from the region of the Rhine. "Even the owners of the Egyptian granaries will send representatives to Cincinnati to learn of American industries and American ingenuity. Ten complete flouring-mills will be set up in the exposition buildings, and two of them will be from Europe."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

From Observations on the cattle of Brittany, M. Bellamy is led to question the common doctrine that in-breeding is injurious.

The Appearance of the phylloxera in Sicily has been traced to imported French vines. Stringent measures have been taken to prevent its extension.

The Royal Order of the Crown has been bestowed upon Professor Pettenkofer, of the University of Munich, so widely and deservedly known by his researches in chemical hygiene.

According to Professor Church, withered leaves of the usual autumnal colors—yellow, red or brown—can be rendered green again by steeping in water along with a little zinc powder.

The German Savant, Herr Karl Bock, who was commissioned by the Dutch Government to investigate the southern and eastern districts of Borneo, has just completed his first tour in the eastern part of Koti.

From Cooktown, in Queensland, it is announced that some Chinese have formed a company and taken land for growing sugar, rice and coffee. They are thought to have a good chance of success, as the soil is very rich.

A Number of former pupils of Bernhard von Cotta propose to erect a monument in memory of the deceased geologist, and invite subscriptions for this purpose. The Royal Berg-Academie at Freiberg will receive contributions.

A Monument to Dr. August Petermann, the well-known geographer, has just been erected at Gotha. The design, which is very tasteful, is by Herr Eelbo, and the work was executed by the eminent sculptor, Herr Deutschman.

Mr. F. Walters, one of Her British Majesty's Consuls in China, has lately published at Shanghai a work, entitled "A Guide to the Tablets in a Temple of Confucius," which forms a complete key to the official hagiology of China.

The Municipal Council of Paris have decided with respect to the electric lighting of the Avenue de l'Opéra, to continue the agreement with the Jablochkoff Company up to May 1st, 1881. The gas experiments in the Rue de Quatre Septembre are not to be continued.

A Company of Squatters is being formed in Western Australia, with the object of at once occupying the magnificent tract of country on the Fitzroy River, which has recently been discovered by Mr. Alexander Forrest. It is intended to take stock there, and to endeavor to cultivate tropical products.

There is a talk of constructing a crystal palace in the Park of St. Cloud, near Paris. The ruins of the old palace would be removed, and on its site would arise a handsome structure surmounted by a costly dome, and containing conservatories, a gigantic aquarium, a panorama, museums of science and art, and a theatre. Model farms would also be established in the immediate neighborhood, and there would be pigeon-shooting and other pleasure grounds.

The Berlin Society of Commercial Geography is rapidly assuming considerable importance. As we have before recorded, it was started about a year ago, and now numbers some 1,500 members. It already has several affiliated branches among German communities in different parts of the world, and issues two periodicals. One of these, which is of a scientific nature, appears twice a month, while the other is purely commercial, and is published every week.

Doctor Erlenmayer, in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, gives it as his opinion that the Semitic nations, including the ancient Hebrews, were left-handed, and that this peculiarity was the reason why they wrote from right to left. He adduces evidence in favor of his theory both from the Talmud and the Old Testament. We must, however, remember that in one of the earlier books of the latter (Judges, iii., 15) left-handedness is mentioned as a personal peculiarity.

The French Government has appointed M. Hervé-Mangon, the new director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, as one of its representatives in the International Metric Commission. The death of General Morin has created a vacancy on the Committee of the Breteuil International Observatory. This observatory has been constructed in the Parc de Saint Cloud on the site of an old imperial mansion, at the expense of the associated nations. The contribution levied is in proportion to the population multiplied by one, if the nation does not make any use of the metric system, by two if the metric system is permissive, as in the United States, and by three if it is only legal measure, as in Belgium, Italy, or France. The president of the Committee is General Ibanez (Spain), the secretary, Dr. Hirsch (Switzerland), and the director of the Breteuil Observatory, Dr. Broch (Norway). England declined to join the Association, Bavaria, Saxony and Würtemburg has each a vote and a representative, as well as Prussia.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Philadelphia friends of Mr. Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, have presented him a handsome furnished residence in that city, where he will hereafter reside.

ON March 27th, Mr. George P. Marsh, our Minister to Italy, completed his nineteenth year of consecutive service, during which time he has never visited America.

THE Viceroy of India has officially informed Sirdar Shere Ali, Governor of Candahar, that Queen Victoria has selected him for the sovereignty of that province.

THE marriage of Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, with the Princess Stéphanie, the second daughter of Leopold II., King of Belgium, has been fixed for the end of February, 1881.

PRINCE OSCAR of Sweden and Norway is a youth of twenty years, whose beardless face looks even younger than that. He is a handsome boy, gracious and elegant in carriage and manner.

THE venerable Thurlow Weed has written a letter strongly opposing the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency on the ground that it would be contrary to sound political policy.

THE new Chancellor of Central University, Ky., Rev. Rutherford Douglass, was born in Virginia, graduated from Centre College, and married a daughter of the Rev. John C. Young, D.D., of Danville.

THE seventieth birthday of the Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke, of Boston, was celebrated in the Church of the Disciples on the evening of April 5th, with very affectionate and complimentary exercises.

GENERAL IMBODEN, the ex-Confederate cavalry leader, who represents a large number of Northern capitalists, has purchased 42,000 acres of mining land in Scott County, Va., at fifty-five cents an acre.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is making a tour with his sons through the Democratic towns. He sides with the Government against the Jesuits, who are awakening to the knowledge that the Cabinet is in earnest.

GENERAL LOUIS MELIKOFF, the "dictator," is said to be exceedingly popular in St. Petersburg society. His wife was one of the greatest beauties of her day, and his eldest daughter is a remarkable pianist. His two sons are pages at court.

BEFORE starting for Zululand, the ex-Empress Eugénie presented her Imperial Crown to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris. It is of great value, on account of its artistic composition and the number of precious stones it contains.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU is said to be of a most amiable and benevolent disposition, giving away to poor and struggling authors a reasonable share of the large income his pen has brought him. He has the added goodness of never mentioning his gifts.

PRINCE LEOPOLD will sail direct for Canada on the 29th of April in the Allan Line steamer *Sarmatian*. From Canada he will proceed through the Western States of America, but will not extend his tour to San Francisco, as was recently contemplated.

THE report of Mahmoud Jan's death is untrue. Mustaid Hatchulla Khan, who made overtures to the malcontents on behalf of the British, has returned to Cabul, and says that Mahmoud Jan is at Maidan, and is determined to fight if the British do not offer satisfactory terms.

THE French Government hopes to induce M. Léon Say, ex-Minister of Finance, to accept the post of Ambassador to London, but M. Say prefers simply to be nominated an Envoy Extraordinary, to negotiate a new commercial treaty, returning to France when such treaty has been concluded.

HON. MR. BOGOT, aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Canada, and Mr. Maddox, the groom who rendered such valuable services at the time of the accident to Princess Louise, have received beautiful gold watches, sent by Her Majesty the Queen. The gifts were presented by Princess Louise.

THE banquet given to Professor Samuel D. Gross, M.D., D.C.L., of Philadelphia, on his recent visit to New Orleans, by the Medical and Surgical Association, was the greatest ovation that has ever been given to a member of the profession in the Crescent city. He was presented with a handsome album containing the autographs of all present.

IT is believed at Constantinople that the assassination of the Grand Shereef of Mecca, who was stabbed by a Persian fanatic on the 14th ult., and died on the 21st, was procured by Abdul Mutalib, his successor, who had long been in Constantinople endeavoring to convince the Sultan that Sherif Hussein, the murdered Shereef, sought to free Arabia from Turkish rule. Abdul Mutalib is very hostile to the British nation.

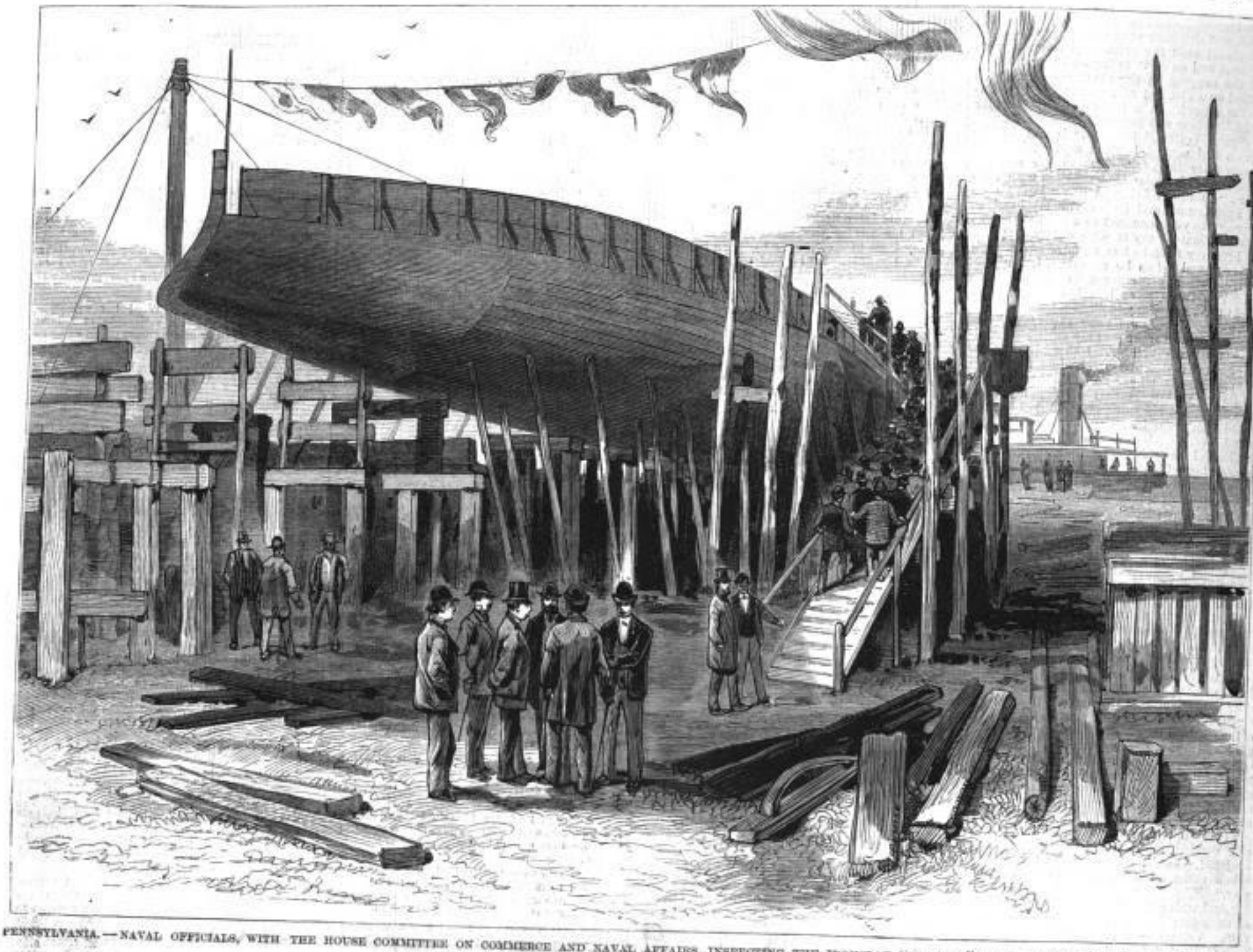
COUNT ORLOFF, the Russian Minister to France, is a picturesque-looking nobleman. He wears a great black band over the left side of his head to conceal the absence of an eye lost in a wild expedition in the Turco-Russian war of 1853, when twenty Russian officers and soldiers attempted to capture the position of Arab-Tabia. His left arm was fractured at the same time and never properly set, and he carries it in a sling. But he is charitable, particularly to sick or infirm workingmen.

IT is seldom that such strikingly coincident circumstances occur as are presented in the lives and almost simultaneous deaths of Mr. Robert H. McCurdy and Mr. Herman D. Aldrich, each of whom closed a career of usefulness and honor in New York last week. Born in adjoining States at about the same time, they first met in this city as boys; commenced the battle of life together under the same employer; ultimately became partners in business together as well as intimate friends; lived side by side for many years after retiring from active life, and finally dying on the same day and of the same malady.

THE Empress Eugénie's large fortune will not, it is said, go to the Bonapartes. Her heir is to be the Duc d'Alba, her nephew, the son of her only sister. The Empress has been accompanied to South Africa by two English ladies—Mrs. Ronald Campbell and Lady Wood. Her voyage has been remarkably comfortable, three large cabins having been so altered as to form a suite, the first—a sitting room—with lounges, davenport and whatnots; the second, a bedroom; the third, a bathroom, wonderfully luxurious for shipboard; the whole suite lined with charming pale green stuff, like silken tapestry, and paneled in places with mirrors.

PRINCE WILLIAM of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince and future heir to the Empire, is now twenty-one years old, a few months younger than his betrothed, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. The marriage, which is a love match, is not very much liked by the people, who think the heir-apparent might aspire to a bride of higher rank. The parents of the young man, however, approve the alliance, the Crown Prince having been sorely grieved at Bismarck's harsh treatment of the late Duke, the bride's father, when he attempted to assert his rights of succession to the much-coveted duchies of Schleswig-Holstein.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—NAVAL OFFICIALS, WITH THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE AND NAVAL AFFAIRS, INSPECTING THE IRONCLAD "TERROR," AT CRAMP'S SHIPYARD, PHILADELPHIA. FROM A SKETCH BY PARKER BOOFISH.—SEE PAGE 123.



NEW YORK CITY.—COLORED REFUGEES FROM ARKANSAS AWAITING TRANSPORTATION TO LIBERIA AT THE MOUNT OLIVET BAPTIST CHAPEL.—SEE PAGE 123.

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NEW YORK.—THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT BEDFORD, ERECTED 1872.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT BEDFORD, N. Y.

AN announcement was recently made that the congregation of the Presbyterian Church in the village of Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., were about celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the organization of the society. Although Mr. Bolton, in his "History of Westchester County," credits the organization to the year 1680, the Rev. Dr. Baird has recently discovered that the true date was March 23d, 1681. Consequently the very interesting services that had been projected for the 23d of March last were postponed for a year. The first minister of whom there is now any knowledge, who preached in Bedford to then only about eleven inhabitants besides the Indians, was the Rev. Peter Prudden, whom, in 1675, the General Court of Connecticut ordered to resume his settlement in Rye. The first building designed for church purposes was erected in 1680, and was burned to the ground one hundred years later by the British troops. In 1783 Captain Lewis M. Donald gave to the Presbyterian Society the land on which the second house of worship was built, and in 1785 the Legislature of the State of New York incorporated the Presbyterian Society, to be known by the name of the Trustees for the Presbyterian Church and Congregation of Bedford, to be governed in discipline and worship according to the Directory of the now established Church of Scotland.

The building was completed in 1785, and the Rev. John Davenport took charge May 18th, 1786. Among the many pastors of the Society, mention should be made of the Rev. Ebenezer Grant, who preached there seventeen years; the Rev. Jacob Green, who succeeded him and officiated from 1822 to 1848; the Rev. David Inglis, who was installed in October, 1848, preached four years, and, after preaching in Canada for sixteen years, became pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, in 1872; and the Rev. P. B. Hervey, who assumed charge in May, 1857.

In the Spring of 1871 Francis A. Palmer, Esq., President of the Broadway Bank, offered to build a new house of worship, and to present it unincumbered to the congregation; and, the proposition being accepted, the corner-stone was laid, June 29th following. On the 13th of August, 1872, the edifice, which had been completed from cellar to tower, at a cost of $50,000, was dedicated. The old building was abandoned on the completion of the new one, but about a year ago it was given by the trustees to Mr. Palmer, who had it carefully taken down and re-erected at a distance of over two miles from its former location. In September last it was dedicated as the "Bethany Union Mission Chapel." The present pastor of the Bedford Church is the Rev. J. H. Hoyt.



NEW YORK.—THE OLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT BEDFORD, ERECTED 1785.

PROFESSOR JAMES B. ANGELL,

U. S. MINISTER TO CHINA.

PROFESSOR JAMES B. ANGELL, now President of the University of Michigan, who was recently nominated as United States Minister to China, to succeed Mr. Seward, has peculiar qualifications for the special work—the negotiation of a new treaty with that country—which will devolve upon him. His career has been from the very outset marked by exceptional successes. He was born at Scituate, in Rhode Island, in January, 1829, and in September, 1845, entered Brown University, whence he graduated four years later with the highest honors of his Class. In 1851 he went to Europe, where he spent two years in study and travel, returning at the end of that time to accept the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature in the university of which he was a graduate, a position which he filled successfully for seven years. The Hon. Henry B. Anthony having been elected United States Senator, offered the editorial charge of his newspaper, the Providence *Daily Journal*, to Professor Angell, who, in 1860, assumed the duties of editor of that paper. After six years of journalistic labor he returned once more to academic life as President of the University of Vermont. The fortunes of the college were at a low ebb when he assumed its control, but under his skillful management it soon took high rank among the educational institutions of the country. In 1869, he declined the Presidency of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, but subsequently accepted it in 1871, and up to this time has discharged, with eminent success, the duties of the position. His withdrawal from educational pursuits will be seriously felt in that State and throughout the West, but his entrance upon ambassadorial labors will be a positive gain to the diplomatic service of the country, especially as he will represent us abroad not only with ability but with dignity and perfect cleanliness of life.

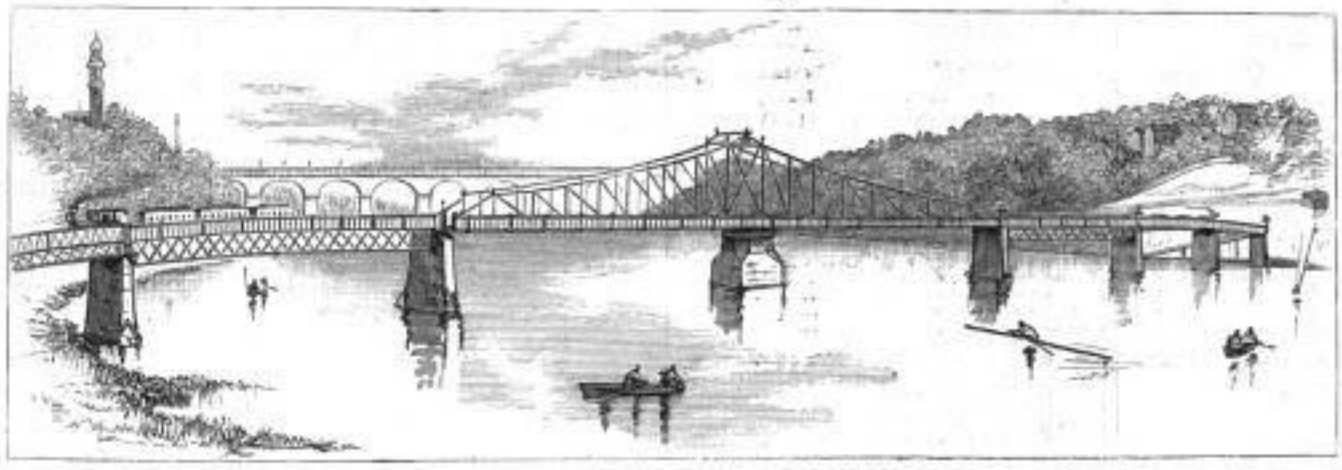


PROFESSOR J. B. ANGELL, NEWLY-APPOINTED MINISTER TO CHINA.

THE NEW HARLEM RIVER BRIDGE.

THE extension of the elevated railway system is making rapid progress. Among the works now in course of construction for facilitating travel is an iron drawbridge across the Harlem River, designed for the tracks of the West Side and Yonkers Railway. These tracks will extend from Eighth Avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street to High Bridge, a distance of nearly a mile, connecting the Metropolitan "L" road with the New York City and Northern road, running from High Bridge to Brewster's Station, near Lake Mahopac. The bridge will be constructed of iron, and will be one of the largest drawbridges in the country. The draw will be 300 feet long and swing in the middle of the river. There will be two approaches—one on either side, 100 feet long, making the total length of the bridge proper 500 feet; but the entire length from Eighth Avenue to the opposite side of the river will be 1,600 feet. The structure will be composed of lattice and plate girders. There will be a double track, and the rails will be laid thirty-two feet above mean tide-water. The structure is to be twenty-six feet wide, with footwalks projecting six feet on either side. The work is going vigorously forward. Three engines and two steam pumps, with plenty of pile-drivers, are employed, in addition to a strong force of men. The bridge will cost about $400,000, and the contractors expect to finish it by the 1st of December.

Our illustrations show the bridge as it now appears in course of construction, and as it will be when completed. It may be stated in this connection that a Bill is now before Congress to open the Harlem River for deep sea navigation, from Randall's Island to the Hudson River, at a cost of $1,000,000, the entire work to be completed in three years.



THE BRIDGE, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

NEW YORK CITY.—CONSTRUCTING THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

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Russian Deportation.

BESIDES exiling several thousand Nihilists to Siberia every year, the Russian Government daily deports to the outlying provinces of the European parts of the empire, such as Archangel, Olonitz Oufa or Orenburg, individuals suspected of the revolutionary taint. In many cases the prisoner is taken to a particular district by a gendarme officer, and after having his name inscribed in the local passport register, in the presence of the police inspector or bailiff of the locality, is allowed to go away in peace; the only restriction placed upon him being to remain, until further orders, within the precincts of the province to which he has been deported. Sometimes the Government makes him a small allowance—just sufficient to keep body and soul together. In other instances he has to sustain himself as best he can, which is not a very easy matter in a region where labor is abundant and cheap, and intellectual work at a discount. The result of this is that the "administrative exiles," as they are called, frequently commit suicide to relieve themselves of their misery, or, if of hardier temperament, betake themselves to the road. An instance of this is reported in the *Moscow Vedomosti*, in which it is stated that a number of political prisoners in the province of Oufa recently committed a series of criminal offenses in order that their position might be improved by the shelter and warmth of prison, and the comfort of a regular supply of prison food.

BOOK NOTICE.

"HISTORIES," says Lord Bacon, "do rather set forth the pomp of business than the true and inward results thereof. But Lives, if they be well written, propounding to themselves a person to represent, in whose actions, both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of necessity contain a more true, native and lively representation." Ohio has scored another success in the "Biographical Cyclopedia and Portrait Gallery of the State," just published by John C. Yorston & Co., of Cincinnati, a work whose literary and artistic merit, excellence of design, execution and finish, justly entitles it to take rank amongst the most perfect productions of this, or, indeed, of any other country. Of all species of literary composition, perhaps, biography is the most delightful; but biography has often been allotted to writers who seem very little acquainted with their task, or very negligent about the performance. To the sketches of Ohio men in this very complete work no such objection can be raised, since they are graphic, admirable in style, executed in the best possible taste, and absolute in their fidelity. "A true delineation of the smallest man," says Carlyle, "is capable of interesting the greatest man"; and the Messrs. Yorston, taking the "sage of Chelsea" at his word, have presented to the great men of America life-like portraits, in words as well as in steel engravings, of brothers who have "borne the heat and burden of the day," and who "made no outcry by the way." Ohio is to be congratulated upon a work at once valuable as a reliable State biographical history, and as a cherished addition to the library of every true American.

NEW MUSIC.

"MAY-BE-SO," words by Josephine Pollard, and "Harold on a Summer's Day," words by Louise Chandler Moulton, are the titles of two graceful songs by William Fullerton, Jr., recently published—the former, by the firm of E. Schuberth & Co., of New York; and the latter, by Chappell & Co., of London. The melodies in these songs are finent and attractive, while the piano accompaniments are written with taste and appropriateness. The composer has avoided the too frequent fault of striving to overwhelm the singer with an elaborate descriptive accompaniment. "Harold on a Summer's Day" was composed expressly for Mrs. Ronalds, who sang it before the Prince and Princess of Wales with such effect that the Prince made a special request for a copy of the song. Both compositions will commend themselves to lovers of refined, graceful melodies, and are well worthy of frequent hearing in the parlor and in the concert hall.

Exhibition at the Art Students' League.

THE monthly reception of the Art Students' League was rendered exceptionally brilliant by the exhibition of pictures from the easels of H. Humphrey Moore and Eastman Johnson. Mr. Moore sent only four pictures, but they were veritable gems from his treasure-casket—"Blindman's Buff," "After the Hunt," and two glittering studies of Moorish interiors. This gifted artist has made the Alhambra all his own, and we long for some page in the romantic history of that wondrous palace illuminated in the glowing colors so dazzling, yet so true, which come, as if by inspiration, from the brush of Mr. Moore. Mr. Johnson contributed sixty-six studies, all after his best manner, the much-admired "A Glass with the Squire" eliciting an unstinted praise from the assembled *connoisseurs*.

FUN.

YEARS ago people were gazing in wonder on their first gaslight. To-day they are gazing in wonder on their last gas bill.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.—"Oh—a—James! You can take the dog out for a walk." "If you please, ma'am, the dog won't follow me!" "Then you must follow the dog, James!"

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!—*Mistress* (haughtily): "Has the General returned yet?" *Page* (with ill-concealed glee): "Oh, m'm, please, cook says she's just seen him slip down on a bit o' horange-peel."

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.—*Old Parson* (who had once been curate in the parish): "How do you manage to get on in these bad times, Mr. Johnson?" *Farmer*—"Well, sir, about as bad as can be. Last year we lived on Faith; this year we're livin' in Hope; and next year I'm afraid we shall have to depend on Charity!"

AN American newspaper submits to its readers the following calculations respecting the number of apples that Adam and Eve ate. Some say Eve 8 (ate), and Adam 2,000, total 10; others Eve 8, and Adam 8, total 16; others say if Eve 8, and Adam 82, the total is 90; but if Eve 81, and Adam 82, the total is 163; if Eve 81, and Adam 812, the total is 893; if Eve 81 186 ate one first, and Adam 812, the total is 1,623; if Eve 814 Adam, and Adam 8124 Eve, the total is 8,938; if Eve 814 Adam, and Adam 81242 oolige Eve, the total is 82,006. Still wrong; Eve when she 81612 many, and probably felt sorry for it, so Adam in order to relieve her grief 812; therefore, if Adam 8181424 0fy Eve's depressed spirits, they both ate 81,826,864 apples.

PATRICK'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE ELEVATOR.—"Sez I, 'Is Misther Shmith in, surr?' Sez the man wid the soger cap, 'Will yez slip in?' So I slipe intil the closet, and all of a suddint he pulls at a rope, and, it's the trooth I'm tellin' yez, the walls of the building begin runnin' down cellar as though the divil was after them. 'Holly murther!' sez I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?' Sez the soger-cap man, 'Be aisy, surr; they'll be all right when yez come down.' 'Come down is it?' sez I; 'and is it no closet at all, but a bathenish balloon that yez got me in?' And with that the walls stopped stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was wid the roof just over me head! And that was what saved me from goin' up till the hivins entirely?"

WE have received from Messrs. Wm. E. Hooper & Sons, of Baltimore, Md., their price-list for 1880. The firm manufactures and deals in Twines, Nettings, Cordage and Woodbury Cotton Duck of every description. Dealers in such goods should communicate with this extensive firm, it being the largest in the line in this country.

SCROFULOUS swellings, carbuncles and boils, blotches, pimples and eruptions, enlarged glands, internal soreness, torpid liver, and general clogged condition of the system, all yield in due time to nature's sovereign remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold around the world by druggists and chemists. Foreign trade supplied from London branch. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., R. V. Pierce, President.

WEST BLUE MOUND, Wis., March 8th, 1879.
DR. R. V. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—Having suffered many weary months from liver complaint without relief, I was last Summer induced to try your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets. At the time I was scarcely able to walk. Owing to their effect I commenced to improve rapidly and am now as well and strong as ever. I thank you from the depths of my heart for the good they have done me and wish you all success.
Yours truly,
MRS. S. STAGNER.

A MILD, healthful and thoroughly safe tonic, is at this season a prime necessity, even for many who enjoy ordinary good health. Such a stimulant is "THE AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne of MESSRS. A. WERNER & Co., 308 Broadway, New York. Analyzed and commended by the highest medical authority, its claims are reinforced by the very best testimony, that of years of practical use and thorough satisfaction. It is a pure wine, and in its purity lies the secret of its success and popularity.

DR. ISABEL M. MITCHELL, 419 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has achieved wide reputation in her application of CURATIVE REMEDIES to a great variety of diseases. Her treatment is simple and direct, and intended to cure disease by attacking the cause without drugs. External and internal means are employed in baths and liquid ozone preparations, and she has many testimonials from responsible persons in all parts of the country who have been materially benefited by her specifics. Agents are given liberal terms.

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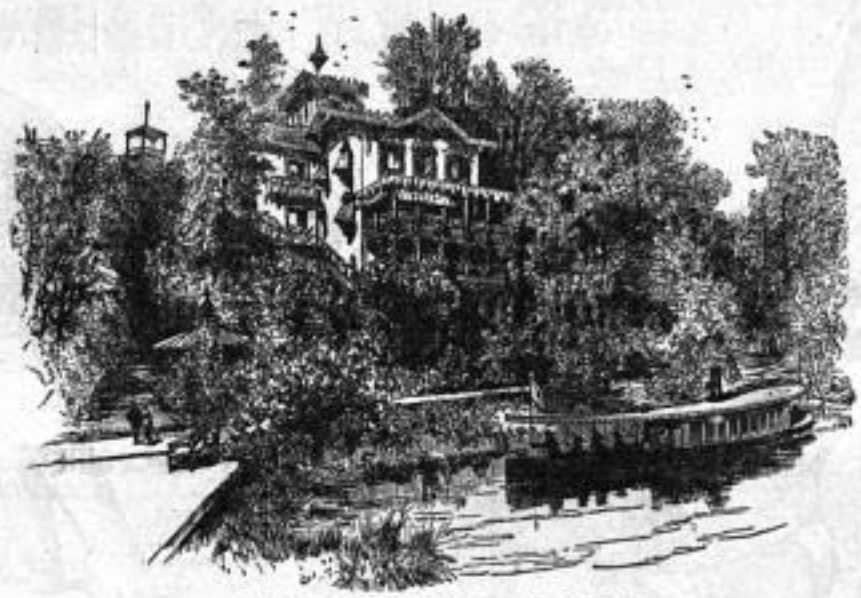
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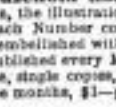
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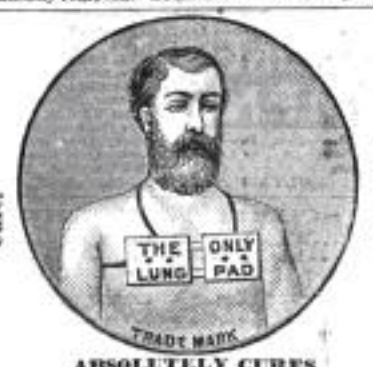
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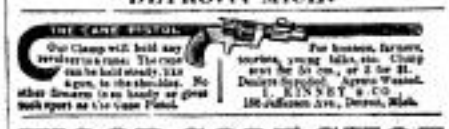


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No. 3.—Hon. James G. Blaine, United States Senator from Maine.

Gallery of Possible Presidential Candidates.—See Page 134.

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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1880.

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RACE PROBLEMS.

IT is well, perhaps, that the people of the United States are sustained by a good degree of optimism in the presence of the social and political problems by which they are confronted from time to time. It was the custom of our elder statesmen to speak of slavery as the *vulnus immedicabile*, the incurable wound, of the Republic, and yet the popular faith in the "manifest destiny" of our land, as the land of liberty, was never extinguished even by this dark blot on our national escutcheon. It was a sublime faith in the auspicious star of our country which carried us through the dim eclipse of our late civil war, and on emerging from that conflict our statesmen bravely bent their backs to carry the heavier burdens imposed upon them by the problems of civil and social reconstruction at the South.

It greatly adds to the difficulty and complexity of some of the questions now pending before the American people that they are questions of race even more than questions of politics. And questions of race always lie deeper than questions of politics. The "negro question," for example, considered in its deep and comprehensive relations as a factor of American society and politics, is a much more intractable one than "the slavery question," for the slavery question simply lived and moved in the sphere of municipal and constitutional law, while the negro question plants its roots in the natural distinctions of color and race. With a change in the municipal and constitutional law of the country, the question of slavery, as a divisive element in our political history, has dropped as thoroughly and as finally from the forum of discussion as if we had been separated from it by the lapse of ages instead of a decade and a half. But "the negro question," as a mixed question of race and politics, is seen to be endowed with a vitality dependent on other than the conventional arrangements of men in the figure of civil society. And it is the permanent characteristics of race which gives to the question its strong hold on the passions and prejudices of men.

Nor is this the only question of the kind with which we are called to deal at the present time. Besides the negro question we have the "Indian question," and besides the Indian question we are threatened with still another question of race in the matter of "the Heathen Chinee," whose presence is such an offense to California Christians of the Kearney and Kalloch stripe.

The history of the Indian question places in our hand a useful standard by which to measure the difficulties of any problem which implicates itself in the antagonisms of races. The Indian question dates from the advent of the European colonists on the shores of America. Between the frontiersman and the savage we are as far to day from having discovered a *modus vivendi* as our Puritan ancestors were in the days of Governor Winslow and King Philip. And yet, as if to place clearly before our eyes the indestructibility as well as the complexity of any problem which involves a question of race, we are given to understand, on the best authorities at the present time, that the Indian race is not "dying out," as many suppose, but comprises to-day as large a population on American soil as when the continent was first discovered by the European white man. On this point the Bureau of Education at Washington has published some very suggestive statistics.

We have then, at present, three race problems which, in different degrees and in different stages of progress, have come to complicate the politics of the United States. One of these, the negro problem, is to-day the touchstone of parties in all that pertains to the wide sphere of emotional politics. It is this question which gives the greatest degree of compactness to political organization, which invests the decisions of our Federal judiciary with an interest that is partisan as well as legal, and which stirs in the bosoms of our colored fellow-citizens that undefined feeling of unrest which feeds the "exodus" movement, and which, with fear of change, is perplexing at once our politicians and our political economists. If the Chinese question has not yet come to plague the whole country, and is still a question of the Pacific States rather than of national politics, it is because the Chinese immigration has not yet assumed such proportions as to give it national significance; and if the Indian question has not yet come to mark a dividing line between the parties of the country, it is simply because the Indian is neither a voter, like the colored man, nor a laborer like the industrious and frugal Chinaman.

If questions of race are endowed with such a vitality in the history of nations, and if they are the fruitful sources of an angry controversy which admits of less mitigation than pure and simple political issues, it remains to inquire if there is any exit from the embarrassments of the race problems with which we are at present environed?

It is more than probable that these questions will long survive to test the spirit and temper of the American people. They are questions which do not admit of composition or postponement, and they are questions which cannot be settled except on the principles of equity and justice. Under the Constitution and laws of the land, the negro has to-day the same civil rights as the white man. Those rights must be protected and respected on a footing of perfect equality between the two races. The color line, as a line of partition between civil and political rights, has been legally abolished, and the sooner it is abolished as a line of partition between parties and their politics the better it will be for the parties and politics of the country. The Indian, too, has his rights—rights which have been secured by a thousand treaties only to be a thousand times violated by the cupidity of the white man—and the Indian question will not "down" until these rights are placed under the ægis of a jurisprudence which is no respecter of persons where the principles of right are concerned. And the "Heathen Chinee" has rights which have been placed under the sanction of treaties between the United States and China; and it is a satisfaction to know that those rights are protected by the Federal judiciary, even to the extent of saving the Chinaman's queue from mutilation and curtailment. A treaty is the supreme law of the land, and becomes the standard of justice for its beneficiaries, as truly and really as the statutes of the United States are standards of justice for our own citizens. The United States Circuit Court in California has just given a fresh authentication to this principle of constitutional law, which is also a principle of universal jurisprudence, and under this decision the illiberal provisions of the new California Constitution are declared to be null and void. This is not so much the triumph of "cheap Chinese labor" over the monopolists of the "Sand Lots," as it is a triumph of justice over demagogy, and a new vindication of man's universal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

DIVERSITY IN AGRICULTURE.

THERE is reason to apprehend that the need of greater diversity in the agricultural pursuits of the United States will be demonstrated in a manner that will involve serious embarrassment to important interests. There is real danger of an overproduction of cotton, wheat and corn, followed by such a decline in values as will bankrupt their growers. It is not many years since that, on the Western prairies, corn was used as fuel, and it was mathematically demonstrated that, at the prices then current, it was cheaper than coal, while of its excellence for the purpose of fuel experience left no sort of doubt. Accounts from the South agree that the cultivation of cotton will be prosecuted this season with the greatest activity. Some estimates of the area to be planted make the increase twenty to thirty per cent. This seems almost incredible, and yet it is by no means impossible, for heretofore not more than one-tenth of the lands available for growing cotton have been planted. Our capacity for producing this staple may be estimated from this simple fact. But is it advisable to push it beyond the needs of the world and cause a decline in prices below the cost of growing? Such a course will prove disastrous.

The same line of comment is applicable to an increase in the cultivation of wheat. Our production of this staple has augmented enormously in the past two years. The extension of farm lands to the Northwest and Southwest, and the recuperation of certain States east of the Mississippi River, as growers of Winter wheat, together with the employment of machinery in its cultivation, have resulted in the growth of wheat in such quantities that, but for the comparative failure of the crop in Great Britain and in the West of Europe, prices would have fallen to ruinous rates, and the very excess caused disaster. Corn, notwithstanding a large export demand and a partial failure of the crop at the South, causing a demand upon the surplus of the West to supply the deficiency, has fallen to a price in this market which, after deducting the cost of transportation and other expenses incident to its transfer from the grower to the consumer, must leave no adequate return to the farmer. Pork-packing is a pursuit somewhat incidental to the extent of the corn crop, and the number of swine slaughtered has became so enormous that their products are forced down to very low prices.

It is evident, however, that a greater diversity is needed in the pursuits of agriculture. We have excellent lands on the Gulf coast for the production of sugar, yet we are compelled every year to import large quantities, and the price in our markets is much too high, as compared with the cost of other necessities of life. With rice lands of unrivaled excellence, the production is deficient and the price high. With several great States rentable for the growth of hemp, large quantities are imported annually. With vast territories rentable for grazing sheep and producing the best grades of wool, we are now almost entirely dependent upon foreign wools to keep our mills going. The prices of beef cattle and butchers' meats are nearly double their cost when grains sold for more money than they will now bring; yet large tracts near the seacoast that would afford good pasturage remains unoccupied. The résumé of branches of farm industry whose results are inadequate to the demands upon them might be extended. But this will suffice. Undoubtedly the field of agricultural industry might be extended. There is no good reason why we should not produce large quantities of silk. Nothing but experience and skill and business enterprise are needed, and these ought to be available at any time. Can we not grow coffee and tea in considerable sections?

Without, however, entering upon anything new, there are abundant opportunities for a greater diversity of agricultural activity, which our farmers and planters and graziers will do well to heed, before serious disaster, from the over-production of a few staples that are favorite articles of growth, shall overtake them. "Don't put too many eggs in one basket," is a piece of practical wisdom that is too often forgotten, but of which we occasionally get a reminder in a serious "smash-up."

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

IF nothing definite can be accomplished by the present Congress in the direction of a modification of the existing tariff, perhaps it may be well to create the commission of nine experts to investigate the entire tariff question as proposed in the Bill of Mr. Eaton, now before the Senate. The members of this commission are to be appointed from civil life by the President, and are to thoroughly investigate all the various questions relative to the agricultural, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mining and industrial interests of the United States, so far as the same may be necessary to the establishment of a judicious tariff, or a revision of the existing tariff, upon a scale of justice to all interests. For the purpose of fully examining the matters which may come before them, they are empowered to visit such different portions of the country as may be deemed advisable. They are to report to Congress the results of their investigations and the testimony taken from time to time, and make their final report not later than the first Monday in December, 1881. The Bill is said to have met the approval of many friends of tariff revision, and has been indorsed by the American Iron and Steel Association, which, while advocating a high tariff, desires one that will not discriminate in favor of or against any particular industry. It is believed that the Bill will pass the Senate, and should it do so, all consideration of the subject in the House will, no doubt, be postponed, especially as in the latter body it has been referred to a sub-committee which is not likely to agree. It will be a point gained to collect positive and trustworthy information as to the great variety of interests affected by tariff legislation, but it is not at all certain that Congress will avail itself of the information so obtained if it shall conflict with local prejudices or sectional feeling.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

THE importations at this port for the month of March amounted to about $45,598,729, being an excess of $17,360,722 over those of the same month last year, and $19,033,088 greater than those of 1878. As compared with last year, entries of dutiable goods direct for consumption show an increase of $11,030,887, while in entries for warehousing there is a gain of $3,570,107, and in free goods an increase of $2,578,041. For the first quarter of the calendar year the importations were $126,661,267, against $80,864,500 for the same period last year. Of the aggregate imports during the past three months, 66.8 per cent. consisted of general merchandise (other than drygoods), 31.2 per cent. drygoods, and the remainder of specie and bullion. Of the total for the corresponding period last year 31.45 per cent. was drygoods and nearly 65 per cent. general merchandise. The aggregate imports for the last nine months were $302,889,868, being $163,239,725 greater than for the corresponding period last year, and $163,925,017 in excess of 1878.

Our exports for the month of March amounted to $35,239,172. The total for the last three months reached $85,471,827, and for the first nine months of the fiscal year were $287,065,479, an increase over the same period last year of $21,835,063. Commercial authorities regard the prospects of the export trade as more favorable than for some time past, and from present appearances it is believed that our shipments of merchandise for the entire fiscal year will not fall short of $380,000,000, exclusive of specie.

DO THE PEOPLE RULE?

IT has been the habit of American citizens to felicitate themselves that sovereignty resides in the people; that by inherent right and constitutional declaration they are the rulers; that the public judgment is all-potent in the selection of public servants, and that Governmental policy in its relation to the nation, to the States and municipalities, depends wholly upon the expressed will of the masses. However well-founded this boast may have been in the past, there seems to be but small cause for maintaining it in the present. Theoretically the people still make and control the Government; in reality they are merely machines to register the will of their masters. The private caucus and machine politics have usurped the power once enjoyed and exercised by freemen. Of the more than nine millions of men legally entitled to suffrage, but a mere handful assume to determine who shall, or shall not, administer public affairs, and so in respect to the policy which is to affect the interests of at least fifty millions of people. The commonalty, in fact, have quite as little to do with the choice of rulers, and giving direction to public affairs, as with determining the courses of the planets. True, there is a specious show made of consulting their wishes. They are invited to primaries or mass-meetings, and go through the form of choosing delegates or naming candidates for this, that and the other office. But, bless their innocent souls, the caucus or the managers of the machine have been ahead of them and scored the music to which they have danced. Even the men who never put in an appearance at a primary, and shun a mass convention as they would some deadly infection, meekly submit to the tyranny of the "machine." They shrug their shoulders and whiningly argue that resistance would be futile.

The evil of machine politics intrenches itself everywhere. It has given "bosses" to our municipalities, and self-perpetuating demagogical dynasties to the several States, as well as to the country at large. As the evil has grown the people have proportionately lost in power. They are no longer the rulers but the ruled. Political sovereignty has given place to political vassalage, and, as a consequence, the country suffers from bad government and festering corruption. Congress affords a fair illustration of how the machine works. There the Democrats are slightly in the ascendant. In caucus a mere majority of the dominant party decides the fate of great questions pertaining to the well-being of the country. Who, in this case, governs legislation? The answer is plain. The Senate consists of seventy-six members, of whom the Democrats have forty-three. In caucus twenty-two constitutes a majority. The House of Representatives consists of 146 Democrats, 134 Republicans, and 13 Greenbackers. Seventy-two Democrats, if all are present, constitute a majority in caucus. Thus, through the pernicious caucus system, less than 29 per cent. of the Senate and about 24.5 per cent. of the whole House are enabled to dictate legislation for the entire country. As is the caucus to Congress so is the "machine" to the country. It is the government of the *many* by the *few*. It is the concentration of power in the hands of men bold enough to seize it.

Thomas Jefferson may have been right in claiming that party spirit was wholesome to a republic, but that illustrious citizen firmly believed in the right of the people to rule. So, in like manner, did all the early statesmen of the country. They were careful not to trench upon the prerogative of sovereignty; this invasion has been left for more modern times. Party organization has landed the people in the toils of the politicians. It is the same with both party

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organizations. A few men, anxious for the spoils, assume to give direction to party affairs, and this is called "creating public sentiment." Is it necessary to call in crafty politicians to create public sentiment for Thurman, Sherman, Tilden, Blaine or Grant? We do not think so. The people should be capable of judging each upon his merits, and determine for themselves who is best fitted to serve their purposes. No man has a personal claim to public office, and no man should arrive at that distinction except through the untrammeled will of the people

But there is a growing spirit of unrest abroad in the country. The more intelligent among the people begin to see that they have been the dupes, if not the vassals, of designing men. This, so to speak, is the awakening of public sentiment from a long lethargic sleep. When that sentiment shall have grown strong enough to smash the "machine" and re-establish the old order of things, then will the country have honesty and efficiency in the public service; then will our currency be placed on a basis of permanent security; then will our systems of taxation, national and State, be simplified and made more equitable; then will the Government recognize its obligation to act in the interest of the whole people and seek to promote the prosperity of the whole country. To have peace, happiness and increasing prosperity the people must rule.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE extraordinary result of the elections in England has been the main topic of interest abroad during the last two weeks. Not only in the British Isles, where, of course, the defeat of the Conservatives is a matter of paramount importance, but also in Germany, Austria, Russia and France, the Press and the leading statesmen have been expressing their views, and generally, it may be added, their regret at the course of events.

Although the elections are not as yet quite over, it is already outside the possibility of any doubt that the Liberals have an overwhelming majority over both the Conservatives and the various Irish parties together. Indeed, the very hugeness of the Liberal majority will probably, in time, prove a source of weakness; for a large majority in the House of Commons is apt to divide into parties and another "Cave of Adullam" may again be found. Still, for the moment, the Liberals have full control, and they will have a chance to pass measures of home legislation that the Conservatives have, in the opinion of the country, neglected. Queen Victoria, who has been absent at Baden-Baden and at Darmstadt, where her daughter, the late Princess Alice died, has reached London, and Lord Beaconsfield having placed his resignation in her hands, the question of the succession will soon be determined. Prince Bismarck, who years ago was credited with saying that if "Turkey was the sick man, England was the sick woman," has been openly avowing his dislike to the Liberal victory, and, of course, France is disgusted at the victory of the men who left her to the tender mercies of the Germans in 1870. In the German Reichstag, in a debate on the Army Bill, it was alleged as a reason why Germany should prepare for possible war that the insecurity of the political situation throughout Europe was increased in consequence of the inevitable changes in the English Cabinet consequent upon the result of the recent elections. "Mr. Gladstone," said one speaker, "was a visionary, romantic and prejudiced politician and partisan; he was not a safe ruler or guider of men, and in his hands England would become a source of constant anxiety and danger."

One thing that the elections has brought strongly before the world is the falling off in the social position of Members of Parliament. The Ballot Act has taken away the humors of elections and electioneering, so that no "Eatanswill" jokes are any longer possible. But all the old ruffianism is still extant, and the intelligent English voter continues to propel dead cats and rotten eggs at the legislators of his country. Members of Parliament, unlike Members of Congress, are not paid for their services, so that many of the men returned to the present Parliament must either be supported by their party or their constituencies. This is particularly the case with the Irish contingent, most of whom will be more or less dependent for their breakfasts upon New York servant-girls and other subscribers to the Home Rule and Fenian funds.

Mr. Parnell's dictatorship has received a heavy blow in the defeat of Mr. Kettle, his nominee, in Cork County. The programme of the Irish members of the new Parliament, who have arrived in London, is said to be moderate. They ask the equalization of the Irish franchise with the English, and the extension of the Ulster tenant right to the whole of Ireland. This is the substance of their demands.

In France the quarrel between Church and State continues, and the Governmental decrees against the Jesuits and other unauthorized congregations form a subject of much discussion and trouble. The first decree gives the Jesuits notice to break up and leave their establishments within three months, except in the case of educational institutions, when two months more are allowed. The second decree contains full directions respecting the manner in which other unauthorized institutions are to qualify themselves and to apply for legislation. The general sentiment in France seems to be in favor of the Government, and even Prince Jerome Bonaparte has expressed himself against the Jesuits. Not so, however, the other members of the Bonaparte family, several of whom have denounced Plon-plon's manifesto. Père Didon, the monk who lately drew all fashionable Paris to hear his eloquent sermons against the divorce laws, is gone to Rome, and, according to some persons, he will be reprimanded by the Pope for the freedom of some of his utterances. Meantime the champion of free thought, M. Ernest Renan, has left Paris for London, where he is delivering a course of lectures on the influence of Rome upon the early Christian church.

Cuban affairs still occupy the attention of the Spanish Congress. General Martinez-Campos strongly urges liberal modification in the Cuban budget of receipts, but he does not seem to have any considerable backing. It is stated that the Cuban debt amounted, on the 1st of April, to 113,000,000 pesetas (about $21,000,000).

The Army Bill has passed the German Reichstag, with the Ultramontane amendment exempting priests from service in the Army Reserve.—Russia is about to issue, through the Rothschilds, a new railway loan of £15,000,000.—James Russell Lowell, the American Minister to England, is still at Biarritz, France, where his wife is ill.

The latest novelty in railroad engineering is the railway that has been constructed on Vesuvius. A depot has been built at the spot where the carriage-road ends, and from this point up to the cone of the old crater trains are run upon a grade that is at times as much as sixty-three degrees. Unlike the famous railroad on the Rigi, which is worked by a middle rail of "cogs," the track of the Vesuvius line is like that of an ordinary road with an up and down track. The cars only hold six people, and as one ascends the other descends. The ascent will only take ten minutes, while in former times it was a weary climb of over an hour. Strong walls have been built to divert any flow of lava, and a fine restaurant and café ornament the plateau where the depot is built. But an upheaval of the old volcano would sadly disarrange the construction account and cause a stampede of waiters.

French imitations of English sport have always been a theme for humorists in spite of the great improvements that have taken place of late years. The victory of Gladiateur in the "Derby" some sixteen years ago avenged Waterloo in the eyes of many Frenchmen, and some French stables have since then been remarkably successful in carrying off the principal prizes on the English turf. But an attempt to introduce the thoroughly English amusement of coursing hares with greyhounds has not proved equally successful. There was a meeting at the Enghien racecourse, near Paris, a short time since, at which all sporting Paris was present. The hares, however, turned out to be only rabbits, which have neither the speed nor staying powers of the real hare, and they all fell ready victims to the swift greyhounds. One, however, escaped by taking refuge in a clump of brushwood, where the dogs could not follow him.

THE Mapleson Opera troupe quitted these shores for England, April 17th, to return to us in August next, with the two additional bright particular stars—Nilsson and Gerster. Colonel Mapleson's troupe will then be "simply perfect." We wish the gallant colonel and his human aviary of sweet singers "God speed" and *au revoir*.

WE greet *Il Repubblicano*, the first number of which, printed in the "sweet sounds of Italy," lies upon our table. This most recent recruit to the lists of journalism, is dedicated to politics, science, art, industry, the army and navy and commerce. In appearance it is highly prepossessing, while the matter will be of "whelming interest" to those who love Sunny Italy.

THE enormous emigration from Germany to the United States is accounted for on the ground of the aversion which exists to the arbitrary features of the new Army Bill. It is stated that from the 4th to the 11th of April, 5,800 persons left Bremen for this country and England. Among the emigrants are many skilled workmen, who seek in new fields an opportunity for the profitable use of their genius and abilities.

THE statistics of our grain production in 1879 are full of interest. The aggregate production of corn in the whole country was 1,545,000,000 bushels, of which 1,228,500,000 bushels were produced by eleven States, Illinois alone contributing to the grand total 309,000,000 bushels. Of wheat, the total production was 449,000,000 bushels, of which 341,500,000 bushels were grown in eleven States. Illinois produced in all 44,900,000 bushels.

THERE died in Washington the other day a fourth-class clerk in the Treasury Department, who had served in that capacity for forty-three years, and who in that time had never taken but five days' vacation. His father before him had been a clerk in the Comptroller's office for forty-two years. The average modern official might profit by this example of industry and fidelity, so strikingly in contrast with latter-day indolence and self-seeking among public officials.

JUSTICE in Pennsylvania is slow, if not blind and erratic. Ex-State Treasurer William H. Kemble, who pleaded guilty to corrupt solicitation in connection with the Riot Bill before the Legislature last Winter, and who ran away when he should have appeared for sentence, has been again admitted to bail, and will now have another opportunity to disport himself at the seaside, or wherever sweet fancy may lead him. If Kemble had been a poor man he would have been sent to jail long ago, but being wealthy and a political "boss," he is permitted to snap his fingers in the face of the courts and defy the laws under which he is liable to punishment. There is, after all, a difference "'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

THE committees of the House of Representatives have laid out more work than Congress can dispose of in five years at the present rate of progress. So far the present session has been practically barren of results of real value. The Bills relating to the tariff, to finance and to other important subjects, are no further advanced than they were four months ago, and there is now no reason to anticipate any final action on any matter of actual importance to the country.

FOUR hundred and forty-seven poor children have been provided with homes in the West through the aid of the *Tribune* Fund. In some cases, whole families have been placed comfortably in Kansas and Iowa. Mr. Thurlow Weed, in a note on this benevolent work, says truly: "There is not any form in which charity can express itself so truly bright, beautiful and beneficent as in providing homes for destitute orphan children. Bread cast upon such waters is sure to return in blessings." Our wealthy citizens cannot use their means more wisely and usefully than in contributing to this fund for the rescue of homeless children from destitution and degradation.

IT has been the fashion among "stalwart" Republicans to speak of the solidity of the South as to political measures as constituting a deadly menace to our institutions and the principles vindicated in the civil war. But these same persons find nothing to condemn, but everything to commend in the effort now making to consolidate the Southern delegations to the Republican National Convention in favor of General Grant. If the ex-President shall be renominated, it will be by the support of delegations from Southern States which cannot possibly give him a vote in the electoral college. It may thus turn out that a "solid South" will prove, indeed, the ruin of the Republican Party, but in a way not at all anticipated by the "stalwarts"—a way, in fact, for which they will be themselves responsible.

The business of illicit distillation in the Southern States has attained a magnitude, and is marked by a murderous defiance of the laws, which may well challenge the attention of the national authorities. An official report just submitted to Congress shows that from the 1st of July, 1876, to the 1st of February of the present year, the agents of the Treasury Department have seized in South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia and Kentucky, 3,043 stills, and arrested 6,153 persons. In this work twenty-five men have been slain by the violators of the law, and forty-nine wounded. As a result of the Government efforts, the receipts from distilling have been nearly doubled in the districts where the work has been done, and the number of honest distilleries nearly trebled. As to the effect of the illicit manufacture and sale of spirits and tobacco, it is said that the Government has lost at least $4,000,000 of revenue.

THE speculative and artificial prices in the iron market have given way, and the trade may now, possibly, be established on a stable basis. The reduction in prices was a matter of necessity to keep English iron out of the market. Nine months ago pig-iron sold at $16 per ton; in January it was advanced to $28 per ton, and two months later was forced up to $35 and $40 a ton. The result was a decrease of sales and paralysis in the market. Plate and rail manufacturers complained that they could not continue operations at profitable figures, and railroad men postponed their orders for rails until a more convenient season. Then English iron began to pour in, and it was found that the British and Scotch manufacturers, after paying all expenses, including freight and $7 for the duty, could land their product on our wharves and undersell our own manufacturers. Thus the foreign iron trade has prospered from the folly of the American manufacturers. The probability now is, that the error of artificial prices being demonstrated, the trade will resume its normal condition.

A PITIABLE and distressing picture of the condition of the Jews in Morocco is given in a recent despatch from Minister Noyes, who visited the country in his late Eastern tour. He states that, while numbering 300,000 in all, they constitute the best part of the population; they "are regarded by the Mohammedans as unclean dogs, entitled to no respect and unworthy to live. A few of them, it is said—the more wealthy and influential, in fact—enjoy the protection of foreign representatives, notwithstanding international laws in this regard. But this excites jealousy and a spirit of revenge, so that the condition of the great mass, the unprotected, is all the worse on account of the privileges enjoyed by the few." The Government is a simple despotism, and human life is held cheaply in the hands of the ruling monarch. Minister Noyes declares that, "in the interest of humanity, it would be well if the Christian nations of the world could in some way intervene, by way of a mixed commission or otherwise, to establish in Morocco greater equality of rights and a better and more impartial method of administering justice." It is gratifying to learn that a conference of the leading European powers on this general subject is shortly to be held in Madrid, and it is to be hoped that our Minister at the Spanish Court will unite with France and Italy in insisting upon such measures as will give adequate protection to the classes now so outrageously oppressed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A BILL to tax churches valued at over $10,000 has been rejected by the New York Senate.

FOREST fires in Ocean County, New Jersey, have destroyed an immense amount of timber.

THE anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death was celebrated at Springfield, Illinois, on April 15th.

THE Bill for the ratification of the agreement with the Ute Indians of Colorado passed the Senate last week.

THE American Rifle Association has accepted the invitation of the Irish Association to send a team to Dollymount.

GENERAL GRANT last week visited Little Rock, Vicksburg, Memphis and Cairo, and is now at his home at Galena, Ill.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs has made a report recommending the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill, recently referred to editorially in these columns, to equip an Arctic colony expedition.

MR. CHARLES G. FAIRMAN, editor of the Elmira *Advertiser*, has been nominated and confirmed as Insurance Superintendent of this State.

A BOSTON jury has given a verdict of $45,000 against the Grand Trunk Railway Company in favor of one Charles H. Warben, who lost a leg as the result of an accident on that road.

ONE of the heaviest shocks of earthquake felt for years was experienced in San Francisco, April 14th. The motion was vertical. Many of the buildings rocked so that the motion was plainly visible.

MR. PRINCE A. SAWYER, the late Fusion Secretary of State, has been agreed upon as the Greenback candidate for Governor of Maine. The Maine Democratic State Convention will be held at Portland, June 1st.

THE remainder of the Legislature bribery cases in Pennsylvania are to be tried April 29th. Two of the accused are members of the Legislature from Philadelphia, one is a millionaire banker of Carbon County, and another is the heaviest individual stockholder of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and estimated to be worth $500,000.

BILLS have been agreed upon by the House Committee on that subject, authorizing new public buildings in thirty-seven cities. The total amount to be appropriated by these Bills is $5,700,000. In Northern cities sixteen buildings are authorized, the aggregate cost of which is limited to $3,500,000. In Southern cities and towns twenty-one buildings are to be provided, at a total cost of $2,200,000.

THE Commissioner of Pensions states that of the arrears of pensions there remain less than 3,000 cases unadjusted. The total amount already disbursed on this account is $24,500,000, and the number of claims for arrears now on file amount to $250,000. Of the $25,000,000 appropriated last year for arrearages of pensions, $24,500,000 were paid before January 1st. There remain but about $200,000 available.

THE Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill passed the Senate last week. It appropriates $1,146,125. A Bill has been introduced in the Senate directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the outstanding six per cent. bonds in amounts of not less than $5,000,000 a week, and requiring him to announce each week the whole amount of all bonds he intends to purchase. The House has passed the Senate Bill removing the political disabilities of Roger A. Pryor.

Foreign.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S three-year-old colt Wallenstein won the Newmarket Handicap at Newmarket, April 14th, beating a field of ten. The betting was 100 to 8 against him.

THE entire channel squadron has been ordered to cruise to the Azores, thence to Bantry Bay, in search of the British training ship *Atalanta*, which, it is feared, has been lost with all on board.

THE Queen has appointed the Rev. John Charles Ryle Bishop of the newly constituted See of Liverpool. The appointee is a prominent leader of the evangelical section of the Church of England.

THE American recently convicted of manslaughter before the Consular Court at Constantinople, has been sent to the American prison at Smyrna, where he was taken by Consul-General Heap himself.

REGARDING the famine in the department of Orenburg, Russia, a St. Petersburg paper says that thousands of families can neither obtain food nor the means to earn it, as there is a scarcity of work as well as of food.

M. DE LESSEPS has arrived in Paris. He intends to go soon to London, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, to promote his canal enterprise. He will afterwards visit the cities of Belgium and Holland.

THE English elections are practically ended, and it is now apparent that the Liberal majority over the combined opposition, including the Home Rulers, will be about sixty. The Irish members who are pledged to Mr. Parnell's policy number thirty-six.

MR. LEON CHOTTEAU had an interview, April 14th, with Premier de Freycinet and delivered to him a document setting forth that no action will be taken by the Congress of the United States respecting a treaty of commerce until France has made known her proposals on the subject.

THE English steamer *Adowick Castle*, laden with war material for Valparaiso, took fire while at anchor on the River Elbe and was scuttled to prevent an explosion. The Peruvian Consul will proceed against the owners of the ship for attempting to transport war material to Valparaiso.

THE regicide Otero was executed at 8:50 A. M. at Madrid, on April 14th. A crowd of 50,000 people assembled, but order was maintained. A final visit was paid to Otero by the Duke de Sexto, the Grand Chamberlain, who remained twenty minutes with him, but it is not known whether the prisoner made any disclosures.

TWELVE white men and twelve or fifteen Chinamen were killed by an explosion of the Giant Powder Works in Berkley, Cal., April 16th. All the victims were blown to atoms. A large portion of the skull of a Chinaman was found with the queue attached. There were six houses inside of the works, and they were all blown to pieces. Several other houses were more less damaged.

A RUSSIAN corps of observation will shortly be started in Turkestan, on the Chinese frontier, under the command of Colonel Kuropatkin, who was the chief of General Skobeleff's staff during the Turkish war. From ten to fifteen vessels will go to Chinese waters, instead of five, as at first announced. The whole Pacific fleet will be under command of Admiral Boutakoff, and will include the frocked *Duke of Edinburgh*.

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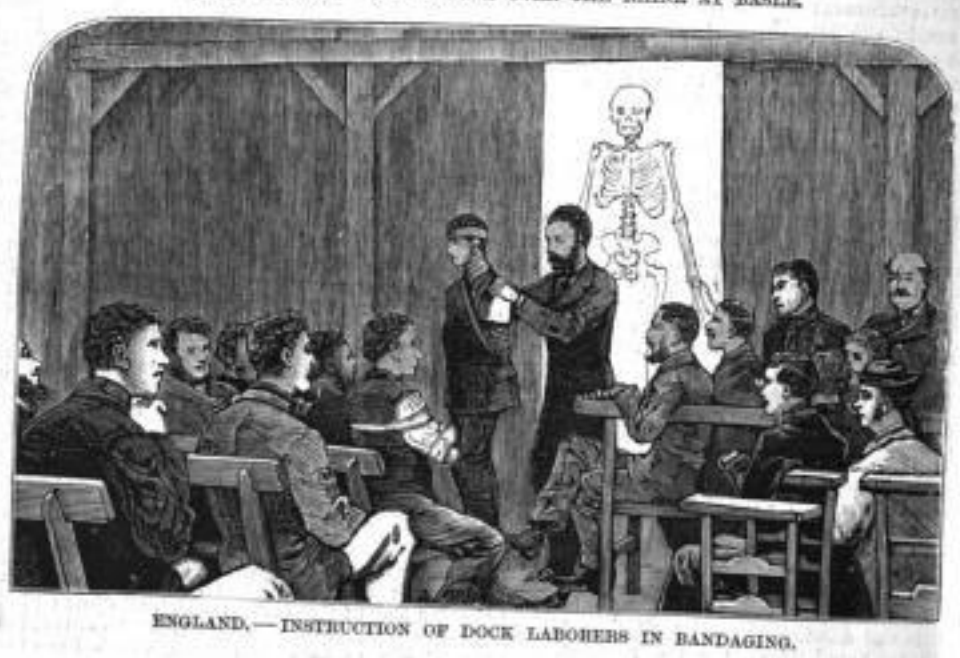
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



ENGLAND.—THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE IN HER BOUDOIR ON THE STEAMSHIP.



SWITZERLAND.—NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT BASLE.



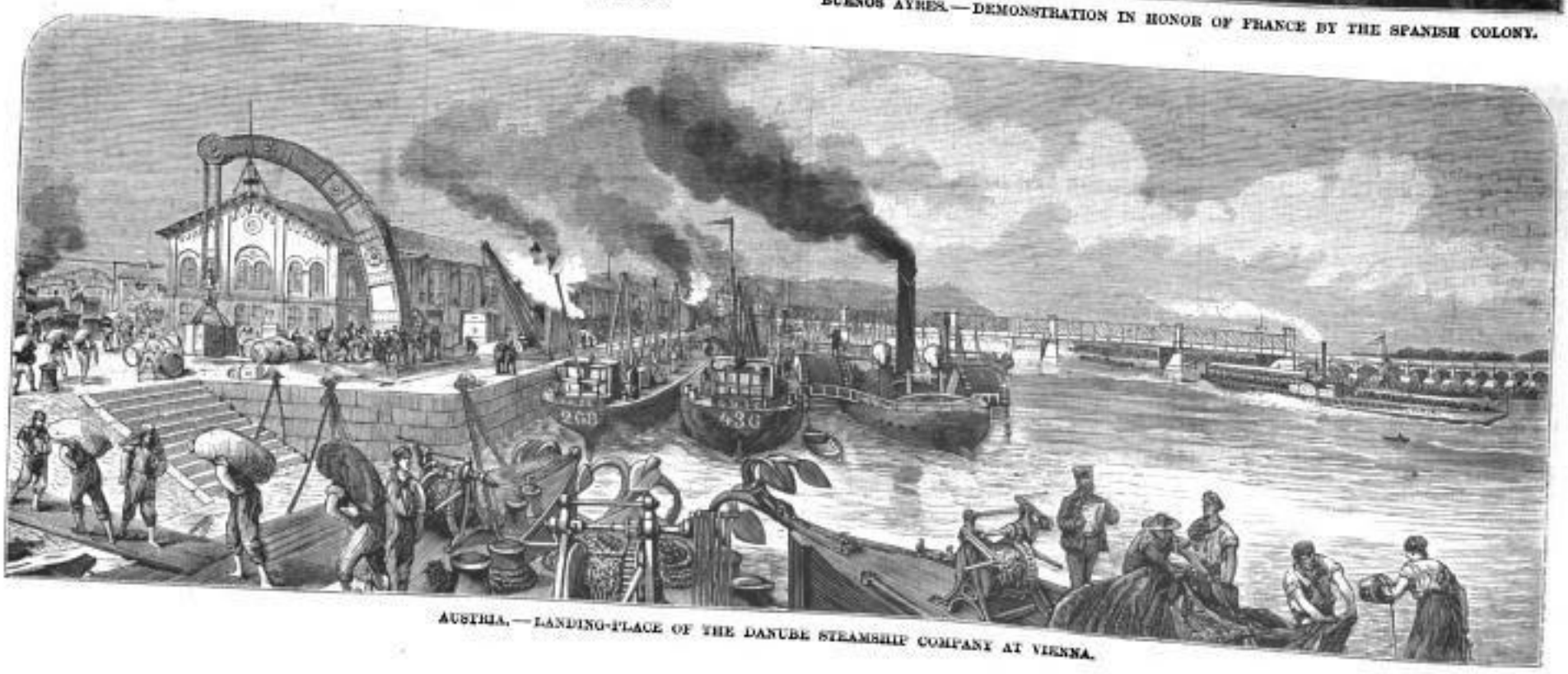
ENGLAND.—INSTRUCTION OF DOCK LABORERS IN BANDAGING.



ENGLAND.—THE EX-EMPRESS TAKING LEAVE OF HER FRIENDS.

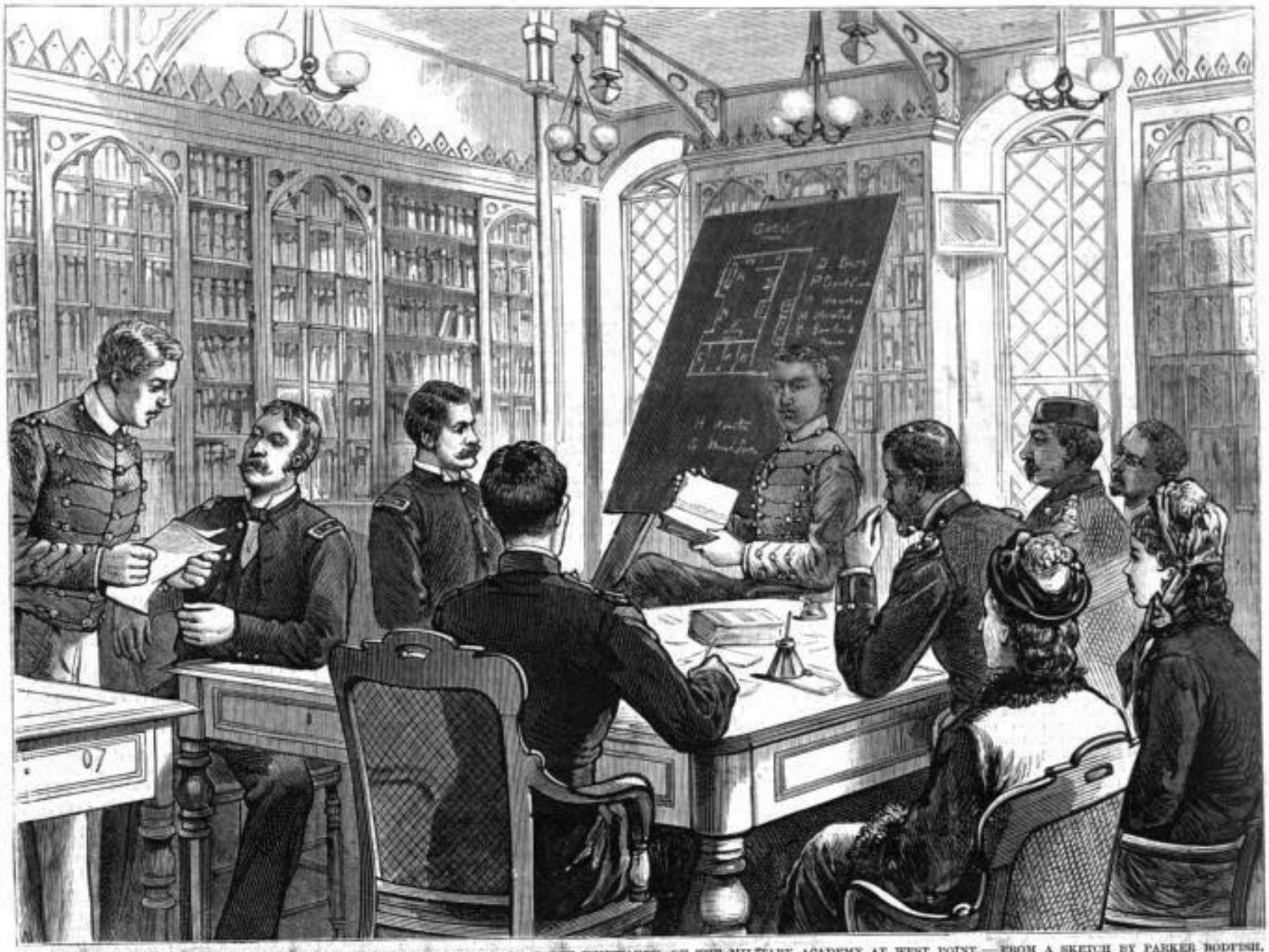


BUENOS AYRES.—DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF FRANCE BY THE SPANISH COLONY.

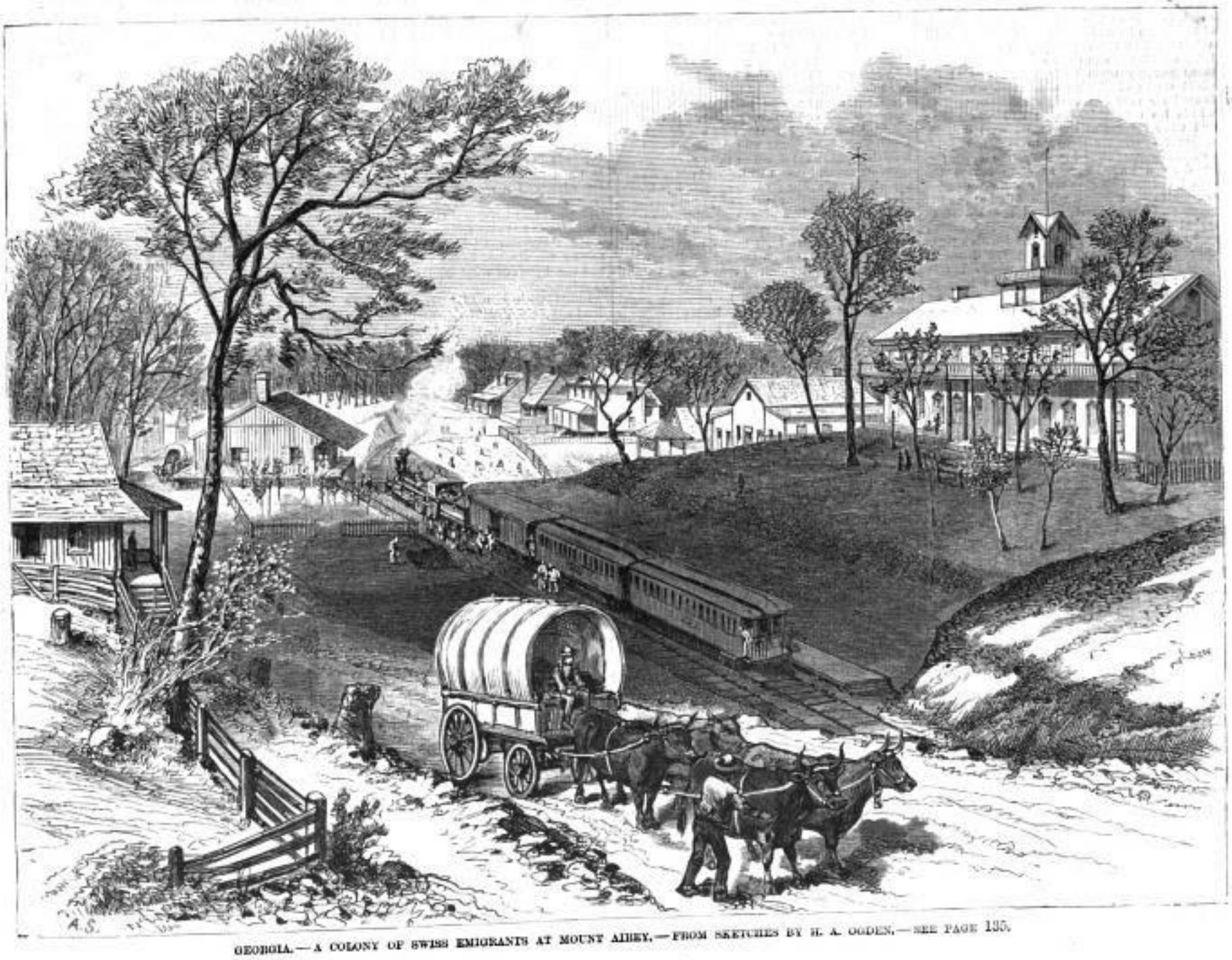


AUSTRIA.—LANDING-PLACE OF THE DANUBE STEAMSHIP COMPANY AT VIENNA.

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NEW YORK.—OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION INTO THE ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON CADET WHITTAKER, OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.—FROM A SKETCH BY PARKER BODFISH. SEE PAGE 135.



GEORGIA.—A COLONY OF SWISS EMIGRANTS AT MOUNT ALBEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 135.

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MIRAGE.

A TAWNY, yellow sea of sand, stretching onward, without a single lonely well or pool, until it meets the dim horizon where the sun still lingers in the red haze that binds the desert and the sky together.

Here and there a worn and blackened rock rises above the plain, gazing with mute triumph on the sterile waste around it, where countless ages before rolled another sea whose waves, now turned to endless billows of burning sand, even yet in some fierce wind-storm dash against its seamed and wasted sides with deathless enmity, striving to wear away or bury it out of sight.

Above, in the copper-colored sky, the sun rolls sullenly upwards, mocking the silent conflict below as it burns and blackens both rock and sand with its scorching rays.

In the distance, a few dark specks hang motionless above the desert, as if watching something beneath them. As the sun rises higher and its glare grows more intense, a few bright-colored lizards crawl from beneath the rocks, and, seeking the hottest place in the sand, curl themselves up for their noon-day sleep—the only living creatures in the dead, parched solitude, whose silence seems almost audible.

But the black spots in the distance draw nearer, and by noon grow to be buzzards, slowly wheeling round and round above something below, which seems to be also advancing, although yet hidden by the sand billows which rise and fall between. The lizards moved lazily in their sleep, working deeper into the burning sand which trickled in tiny cascades from the nearest ledge of crumbling rock, never resting in its silent, conquering march from this old-time dried up sea towards Egypt and the East.

Over the nearest hillock at last appeared the objects which the buzzards had so steadily watched since sunrise: a single camel, followed by three shadows which once were men, tottering on in single file with bent heads and wavering footsteps.

On the back of the camel were fastened a few articles of baggage which swayed to and fro as the wretched animal toiled through the sand down the hillock. The ropes which bound them to its back needed tightening, for a gun slipped off and fell beside the first of the three figures behind it.

The man slowly turned a ghastly face, through whose blackened skin the bones seemed protruding, hesitated for a moment, and then, dropping his head, staggered on without an effort to save the weapon. The two behind him followed automatically, without a sign of life except the moving of their withered limbs as they dragged them on.

Now the camel gave a greater lurch, vainly strove to recover itself, and then, with a low, hoarse moan, sank upon its side and lay with shriveled tongue hanging from its mouth, while the short, quick gasps for breath ceased almost at once. It has borne its last burden across the desert. The leader stopped as if awakening from a dream, gazed for a moment at the fallen beast before him, and then—with a last look at the copper-colored sky above, from which the sun each moment beat down more fiercely upon their heads, and at the silent waste of shining sand from which the heated air rose in waving clouds—turned towards his companions, who had also halted and were staring at the camel with dull, indifferent eyes. He strove to speak, but his swollen tongue refused to shape the words; so he drew a knife, and, kneeling beside the camel, cut into its side towards the water-reservoir in its stomach which, filled at the beginning of their journey, had enabled it to travel for days without drink. The others gathered round him, and watched with a little interest in their glassy eyes. A few drops of blood flowed sluggishly, but the reservoir was empty: the camel had struggled as long as any remained.

The man rose to his feet and gazed for a moment at his companions with a strange gleam in his eyes; then flung himself, like a wild beast, upon the neck of the camel, and commenced to drink the little blood left in its veins. The others followed, almost falling over each other in their weakness as they strove for a share in the bloody feast. For several minutes nothing was heard but the flapping of the wings of the buzzards that circled lower and lower above the prostrate group.

Then one after another the three arose and looked into each other's faces, with eyes that had in them the glare of a tiger's eyes as he bends above his prey. They had tasted blood.

Silently they divided the provisions in the pack which the camel had carried. Food they had had, but no water since the morning of two days before, and to eat the dry bread and dates unmoistened had been impossible.

They started on again, leaving the camel behind them for the buzzards, part of whom swooped down upon it; but some flew on over their heads, as if preferring to wait a few hours longer for their prey. The leader noticed their singular perseverance, and with a shudder quickened his steps a little as he dragged his swollen feet through the slippery, yielding sand.

For several hours they staggered on until a long ledge of crumbling rock was reached, before which they halted. It was a little higher than the plain immediately around them, and over which the three gazed backwards.

The sun hung almost above their heads and cast no shadow as they stood looking across the vast death-haunted desolation behind them, where one by one their comrades had fallen without a word from the caravan, or had sank down in huddled heaps, dead and dying beneath the faded moon or the flaming sun as it rushed on day after day, until these three alone were left of a mighty company that had ventured into this land of living death.

"Shall we go on?" the first man asked, in a hoarse, faint whisper that sounded strange and far off in the silence.

The one nearest him looked upward at the ledge of rock, which ordinarily he could have scaled in a moment, but which now seemed an insuperable barrier, and, listlessly shaking his head, dropped his pack by his side, while the other staggered and fell face downwards, his claw-like hands burying themselves in the sand. The two still standing looked for a moment at the prostrate figure and then at each other; but each turned away horror-struck at what he saw in the other's eyes.

The taller man, who had led the little party to this last halting-place, tottered away a few steps and sank against the ledge, his face turned from his companion, who, stooping, turned upward the face of the man who had fallen. He was dead! His eyes wide open in a ghastly stare.

After a moment's hesitation, he commenced to drag the body towards a projecting spur of rock, casting crafty glances at the other, who did not notice him, but sat staring with dull, unheeding eyes across the desert before him. The living and the dead disappeared behind the rock, while the buzzards, who had lighted and were standing round them in a hideous circle, followed with hoarse croaks in seeming protest against losing their rightful prey.

* * * * *

Left alone, the leader sat waiting, in dull apathy, for the death he knew would sure come. His gaunt body was propped up against the ledge behind him, at whose base his bones were to bleach and molder through the never-ending years until, perhaps, the sea once more rolled over its ancient bed—when Time was old and Earth was feeble.

His limbs were half-buried in the drifting sand, which seemed to creep and cling about him. He closed his eyes at last to shut out the glare before him, and the buzzards, sitting round, staring with red, evil eyes at what he knew would, before sunset, be their prey.

Thinking him dead, one, bolder than the rest, hopped on the tattered rags which covered his breast and struck his face, but flew away as the man opened his eyes with a start and grasped a fragment of rock by his side. It seemed like lead, so heavy, that, as he flung it, it barely reached the nearest bird. His arm fell, and once more unconsciousness began to steal over him. Then the sound of far-off music came—of such unearthly sweetness that he listened spellbound, though filled with a vague wonder that he should hear such strains in such a place. As he listened the sound grew louder, thrilling him with strange, new joy that banished hunger, thirst and despair. He slowly opened his eyes, almost fearing that he should awake from what he thought must be a dream such as foreruns death, but half-rose in amazement. Before him no longer stretched the burning sand-waste but a sea of water, rippling beneath the light breeze that now began to blow towards the little island where he sat.

Instead of the vast sheet of molten copper above, there smiled a sky of clear, light blue, flecked with white clouds, whose shadows chased each other in the clear water that almost touched his feet.

As he gazed the strains grew louder, seeming to come from behind the spur of rock at his right, round whose point, as he looked, a stately ship, or barge, appeared; such as might have sailed that dried-up, desert sea when Time was young and Atlantis ruled, before the Sphinx sat down or the pyramids rose upon its ancient ocean bed. The prow was in the shape of a huge sea-serpent's head, covered with iridescent scales of green that glittered in the sun like great emeralds, covering also the body of the serpent, which formed the vessel's hold. Two high masts rose from the deck, with vast silken sails puffed outward with the wind. A hundred long oars, like multitudinous arms, slowly beat the waves in harmony with the song, which he now saw came from a band of maidens in the high prow, with white loose robes and flowers garlanded about their long dark hair, which the breeze lifted gently as the ship came onward. The middle of the deck was filled with men in glittering mail, and musicians, whose harps and trumpets joined with the song. A feast was spread upon long tables, covered with jewel-studded plate of gold, beneath a canopy of silk. As his gaze wandered from group to group, the ship advanced abreast of where he sat—so near that he might have leaped on board; and the stern, which had before been hidden by one of the sails, now lay before him. A vacant space, in which children, with wings and bows as Cupids, played before a high-raised throne, on which lay a woman, before whose perfect beauty his eyes sank dazzled. Her form was half-hidden beneath a thin, pearl-colored fabric, shining beneath her hair, which fell about her like a halo. A great gold serpent circled one finger with fiery eyes that glowed and glistened as she turned and stretched both arms toward him on the shore. Drawn by some irresistible power he rose, but the ship sailed onward near the ledge. He followed on the bright sand, glistening with the ripples from the great prow that silently clove the water, until the ledge of rock and the new-born island ended, round the point of which the galley turned and floated from him. The serpent's eyes gleamed fainter on the wrist of the queen upon the throne, who stretched her arms once more toward the wretched being on the shore. With a despairing cry, he flung himself into the sea towards the receding galley. Then sea and galley dissolved and disappeared as suddenly as they had come, and he lay face downwards in the dusty, barren sands, the burning sun glowing above him in silent mockery.

* * * * *

When he awoke from the swoon in which he had fallen the moon was shining above him. The shadow of the ledge fell black and impenetrable near by on the sand, that shone like sea-salt in the pallid light, which bathed the still, white wastes of the land of ghosts around him. The wind blew cooler from the dim edge of the desert, giving him a little strength, as he rose upon his stiffened limbs and gazed around with a vague wonder. Dim shapes seemed to haunt the white solitude that stretched dream-like in the uncertain distance, as if they were waiting for his death; but as he tottered forward, he found them only shadows of some rock or hillock. He gained the ledge again and rested; then with new strength toiled onwards round the point. He found a level stretch of snowy sand; beyond, a sand wave, on whose crest rose something before which he sank upon his knees with hands covering his eyes.

"Am I mad yet?" he cried, remembering for the first the vision of the afternoon.

At length he rose and approached the object, drawn onwards against his will. It seemed the skeleton of some vast ship of ancient time before the flood. Its bare ribs, where the side was broken, rose high and black from the mighty keel, like the bones of some great monster of the Silurian age. Two masts rose high above the bulwarks which hid the deck. As if in a dream he tottered along beneath it until he reach the prow.

It was the huge sea-serpent's head he had seen in the mirage, now so grim and terribly lifelike that he shrank back in terror. Was he still dreaming? He put his hand out doubtfully and touched the side. It was covered with hard, smooth scales of some metallic substance, even yet faintly gleaming in the moonlight with the iridescent emerald hue he had seen before now, dimmed by ages, but not yet wholly lost. He made his way down the other side until he circled it and reached the great breach where the ribs and scaly sides were crushed in as if by some great blow. He rested for a time, and then with great difficulty clambered up and reached the deck, from which still rose the masts, whence the yard-arms stretched that once had borne the silken sails. Across the deck, in the high stern, still sat a shadowy throne, and on it something which he could not see, in the dim light of the moon. But he knew what—in some strange way he felt that the ship he had seen the day before and this one were the same, though this had sailed a thousand centuries before. Around him lay huddled heaps and masses of *débris*, with cups and plates of gold gleaming from their midst, and coin and heavy goblets strewn upon the dusty deck. But these were scarcely noticed; he stood gazing towards the stern for a time; then, drawn by a burning haste, hurried across the deck over the strange mass in which his feet sank as if in dust and gained the level open space, where, in his dream or vision, he had seen the Cupids playing before the queen, the memory of whose face and form still shot through his veins like fire.

The throne or couch was covered with a mass of what seemed glittering cloth, from which gold and jewels still gleamed faintly above something he must see. He clambered up the steps across the dais, and tried to raise the fabric, but it crumbled and fell to ashes beneath his touch, disclosing the delicate skeleton of a woman stretched before him, with both arms extended, as if luring him to a ghastly embrace.

On one finger gleamed a great gold ring, in the form of a serpent, with eyes of fire that burned upon him as he stood before her.

As he gazed, some subtle power drew him towards her arms, shining white and ghastly in the pale light which lay so still upon her. He advanced a step, but, with a cry, turned from the figure and flung his arms before him. One hand met hers, and the ring dropped into his palm as her arm fell crumbling by her side.

He staggered backwards to the breach, among the strange heaps which he now saw had the bones of what had once been living creatures.

Filled with a wild terror lest these long dead revelers should rise and hold him there among them, he clambered down, he knew not how, to the sand, and fled over the desert, leaving behind him, in the shadowy distance, the ghastly ship, stranded on the wave of sand.

* * * * * *

On the iron-bound coast of New England a storm was raging with unparalleled fury. November had passed without a gale to ruffle the fair sea that had stretched so peacefully from the rocky shore. But now the Winter, with strength long husbanded, leaped from the ocean upon the land with the crash and din of a tempest that was long remembered in the thousand homes that night, bereft of dear ones swallowed up in the seething caldron of the storm.

On a rocky cape, that runs far out into the Atlantic, the inhabitants of the fishing hamlets were gathered on the beach, feeding great fires whose ruddy glow strove to pierce the murky blackness that smothered sea and land, and warn the ships of their fate if they drove too near the shore.

Near one of these great fires was gathered a little group of men, cowering beneath a rock which partially sheltered them from the blinding wrack, that drove in upon the land from the chaos seaward. Now and then a few would make their way to the fire with fresh fuel, and then retreat, breathless and exhausted. As the night wore on the storm increased until the fury of the wind and waves seemed about to sweep away the land before their onslaught. Such a night was not remembered by the oldest of the little group who sat watching in the darkness just outside the ruddy glow the fire cast upon the sand and dripping rocks.

In one of the blinding flashes of lightning that lit up shore and sea with a phosphorescent glare, a figure was seen by one of the watchers advancing over the rocks towards where they sat.

"See!" he cried, stretching his hand towards the newcomer. "There's somebody swum ashore from some wreck."

The party started to their feet and gazed into the darkness. But, as the figure reached the ring of light around the fire, they saw it was a woman, advancing over the slippery rocks with feet that evidently were at home upon the coast.

"Great God, it's some one come to join us from the village!" said another. "P'r'aps one of them as has husbands out to-night."

A dozen sprang to meet her, and helped her to their shelter beneath the overhanging ledge.

"It's Widow Crawford!" cried several, as the bent, thin form of an old woman stood before them.

"And what has brought you here, mother, such a night? You haven't any one out in the storm?" asked one of them, with rough tenderness, as he took off her cloak and hung it by the fire.

"Ah, James Alden, you know better than that," she answered, in a thin, eager voice—"it's my son! He's been gone, you know, for eight years last Easter; but he's coming home now. I knowa it, and he's bringing his bride with him. I've come down to welcome them when they come. We felt it for a long time," and she sank down before the fire and held her withered hand towards the blaze.

The men looked at each other in silence, with a tear or two upon their hard, weather-beaten faces before this bent, old woman, who had been watching for so many years.

Soon the dull sound of a heavy gun was heard, followed by another and another—a dread signal that a ship was drifting helpless towards the shore.

"Their firin' guns to let us know he's comin' with his bride, and such a bride—such a bride!" she said, in feeble triumph, peering into the darkness as she rocked to and fro.

For half an hour they waited, listening to the dull booming, which grew more distinct as the ship, still hidden by the storm, drifted towards the shore.

At last one came so near them that the flash of the powder was seen.

With a glance at each other the men took up their coils of rope, and one after another went down to the edge of the sea, followed by the Widow Crawford.

Then came a crash as the ship struck a rock, a great cry filled their ears, and then—nothing but the crushing of the waves and the roaring of the wind.

The widow sat upon the sand in the blinding rain in patient silence, her dripping cloak drawn tight around her.

The bodies began soon to drift in, and, through the night, the little band worked at their task with grim devotion.

Two sailors were the only persons saved, and these towards morning helped in turn.

When the sun rose a few fragments of wreck and a row of still drenched figures lying on the sand were all the sea cast up of its prey.

The silent watcher in the cloak had waited for her son as yet in vain. As each body was washed ashore she had crept to it and carefully examined its face, only to each time shake her head and watch with yearning eyes until the next came in.

The first rays of the sun were reaching through a great rift in the clouds, touching the gray dull rocks and foam-flecked sand when the last corpse was washed ashore.

The fishermen gathered round it silently as the slight figure in the cloak knelt before it, and, with a low crooning cry, clasped its head in her arms, and sat rocking to and fro, her wet gray hair falling over its face—her son was found.

One of the rescued sailors peered curiously over her shoulder, then cautiously lifted the left hand of the corpse. Around the third finger was a deep purple indentation as if a ring much too small had long been worn there.

One of the fishermen grasped him by the shoulder and angrily drew him away. "Can't ye leave her alone with her dead?"

"No offense, mate," he answered, apologetically. "But you see, I was lookin' for somethin' as was there last night," lowering his voice. "He came aboard at Alexandria, and we heard about him then, how as he was the last one left of a caravan that was swallowed up in the desert. Some say he was saved by the ring he wore, as was a charm. Howsomever, from the hour he came aboard ill luck followed us, and such weather that we nigh sunk a dozen times. He used to walk the deck all night, and talk to himself, and look over the side into the sea. When the moon shone he was worst. And he kep' growin' thinner and more like a corpse all the time, till the men said he was cursin' the ship with that serpent ring of his; and, sure enough, it did. But it's queer, mate, for it was there last night, a shinin' and gleamin' on his finger, where it had growed on, being too small, and now it's gone—clean gone!" he muttered, as he walked away shaking his head, leaving behind him the little group of fishermen around the gray figure with the drenched head in her arms.

The sea had once more woo the ring. Had its last wearer won the first?

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, United States Senator from Maine, comes from an honored ancestry. His great-grandfather, Colonel Ephraim Blaine, of Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, was Commissary-General of the Revolutionary Army from 1778 till the close of the struggle in 1783. The high esteem in which Colonel Blaine was held by Washington and his great compatriot leaders in the Revolution is attested by numerous letters from them, official and unofficial, still in the possession of Colonel Blaine's descendants in that State.

Mr. Blaine's father was born and reared in Carlisle, and, after an extended tour in Europe, South America and the West Indies, returned to spend the

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greater portion of his life in the adjoining County of Washington, where he died before his son was fully grown. He had the largest landed possessions of any man of his age in Western Pennsylvania, owning an estate which, had it been preserved, would have amounted to-day to many millions.

James G. Blaine was born in Washington County, Pa., January 31st, 1830. In his earlier years he was under the best attainable tutorage, and at the age of eleven was sent to Lancaster, Ohio, to school, where he lived in the family of his relative, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at that time Secretary of the Treasury. In November, 1843, Mr. Blaine entered the Freshman class of Washington College, and graduated in September, 1847, at the age of seventeen years and eight months. In a class of thirty-three members Mr. Blaine shared the first honor with John C. Harvey, now Superintendent of Public Instruction at Wheeling. He was a diligent, ambitious student, specially excelling in mathematics and Latin, and was marked also for his proficiency in Logic and Political Economy.

After teaching school for a time in Tennessee, Mr. Blaine became a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, leaving that position to accept that of editor of the Kennebec (Maine) *Journal*. Subsequently he was editor of the Portland *Advertiser*. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1859, '60, '61, and '62, serving the last two years as Speaker of the House; was elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses (serving in the Forty-first, the Forty-second and Forty-third as Speaker.) He was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Republican, and was subsequently elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lot M. Morrill, appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and being re-elected for the ensuing term which will expire March 3d, 1883. In 1876 Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, and on the seventh ballot in the National Convention at Cincinnati received 351 votes, only 28 short of a majority.

Mr. Blaine's public career has, from the first, been exceptionally successful. A man of intense convictions, of high courage and resolute purpose, he has ranked for twenty years as one of the foremost leaders of his party, impressing himself largely upon the policy and legislation of the country in every great crisis and exigency of its recent history. In the crucial period following the civil war, he contributed quite as much as any other man in public life to that compact concentration of Northern sentiment which had its outcome in the constitutional amendments, under which the fruits of that struggle were securely garnered and definitely established. In more recent days he has been prominent as representing what is called the "stalwart" Republican sentiment, and it is that portion of his party which to-day so vigorously demands his nomination for the Presidency.

Mr. Blaine's personal appearance marks him everywhere as "a king of men." He is in the prime of life and the full flush of health. He is above the middle height, and yet is so compactly and strongly built that he does not seem tall. Upon his powerful trunk is set a large and well-developed head, with a full, handsome and expressive face, on which is expressed the confidence which comes from conscious ability and continued success. The eyes are keen and bold; the lower part of the face is covered with a full, neatly-trimmed gray beard, in which the trace of its original dark color may still be detected. His movements are quick and agile; his style of speaking clear, rapid and vigorous. The magnetism of his audience and the spirit of the occasion thrill and enkindle him, and he dashes impetuously on in his argument. He is at his best before a popular audience, especially in his own State, where almost every face is familiar to him. He has remarkable power of memory; no incident that claims his attention fails to impress itself upon his recollection, and he has the power to recall it whenever the same associations or conditions are renewed. He has prodigious working capacity, and, as a political organizer, is perhaps without an equal. The Republican canvass in Maine, always directed by him, touches the minutest details, and is far more complete and thorough than that of simple wards or townships in many other States.

Mr. Blaine is now prominently named for the Republican nomination for President, having apparently as many and as earnest supporters as four years ago. He is especially strong at the West, and has many supporters in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, but it is possible that the "unit rule" adopted in the two former of these States may prevent their vote in the National Convention being cast in his favor. Should he be nominated and elected, he would, no doubt, maintain in his executive policy the most advanced sentiment of his party.

THE SEAL FISHERIES.

AS a supplement to our recent illustration of the departure of the seal fleet from St. John's, Newfoundland, we give, this week, a sketch of the men of the fleet at work and shooting seals on broken ice. The extreme wariness of these creatures renders it necessary to exercise the utmost caution in approaching them, the slightest exposure of the hunter causing them to betake themselves to the water and under the ice. The plan adopted by the hunter is to lie hidden behind some pinnacle of ice within gunshot of a hole, and then, as the old seals—it is of them exclusively we speak—come out of the water to bask in the sun, to shoot them. It is mentioned as a singular circumstance that if a number of them come up together the hunter may, if a good and experienced stalker, shoot them all consecutively, it being a fact that they, although sharp hearers, pay no attention to any cracking sound such as that of a rifle or sealing gun, while the slightest exposure to sight will frighten thousands off the ice. This mode is not so destructive as that of killing in the water, when it is said, by old hands, only one out of five shot is secured, the rest sinking when life expires.

The vessel shown in our illustration is the steamer *Arctic*, of Dundee, Captain Adams, which, with four others, takes out Newfoundland crews, the Scotchmen not being accustomed to the danger of taking seals on broken ice, and, therefore, of little use.

THE WHITTAKER OUTRAGE AT WEST POINT.

AS the official investigation of the alleged outrage upon the colored West Point cadet, Whittaker, progresses, the public interest in the mystery becomes more general and engrossing. The method of conducting the inquiry has been severely commented on as being an assumption of the theory that the wounds were self-inflicted. Detectives have been employed to follow up a number of clews. Assistant United States District Attorney Fiero has been instructed to watch the proceedings by orders from Washington, and a reward of $1,000 is offered through Hon. Martin I. Townsend, who is investigating the mystery at the instance of the Secretary of War, for the detection and conviction of the person or persons engaged in the binding and mutilation. Young Whittaker, while on the witness-stand, deported himself in a manner to gain the sympathy of all the spectators, answering every question put to him without hesitation or contradiction of any of his prior assertions. He announced his belief that the officers of the post bore him no ill-feeling, but that the white cadets were against him. He lived perfectly isolated, never receiving a friendly call or act from any cadet, and never participating in the outdoor sports. He had often been ignored in the messroom by the waiters, who would pass him by in handing many of the dishes around. One cadet had been court-martialed and dismissed for striking him, and there were two others whom he believed had a grudge against him.

The latest rumor was to the effect that three cadets who had been drinking in a saloon in Highland Falls, were overheard speaking of "fixing the nigger Whittaker," a short time before the alleged outrage was committed. This clew was being followed up by the various detectives at the time of writing, and it was suggested that several who had been at work on that line expressed the strongest belief in the truth of Whittaker's narrative of the outrage.

The Court of Inquiry consists of the following officers: Major Alfred Mordecai, president; Captain Charles W. Raymond, lieutenant; Samuel E. Tillman, lieutenant; Clinton B. Sears, recorder. Lieutenant John G. D. Knight was originally assigned to represent the interests of Whittaker.

THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL FAIR.

THE grand fair in aid of the New York Hahnemann Hospital, which opened at Madison Square Garden, April 12th, was in every way a remarkable success. The arrangements and decorations of the Garden were superb, and the display of articles of beauty and utility was at once varied and brilliant. The principal booths were most artistically arranged, and a floral temple, which occupied a position near the centre of the building, was not only one of the first but one of most interesting objects which attracted the attention of visitors. This temple was especially attractive on "Connecticut night," the second of the fair, being handsomely decorated with flowers from private conservatories in that State. The booths, of different styles of architecture and elaborately decorated, extended down either side of the building from the entrance. Numberless Chinese lanterns and umbrellas hung from the ceiling and produced a pleasing effect, and over the promenade that encircles the main floor was suspended a line of bird-cages containing singing canaries. Among the more attractive tables and booths were the Cornucopia Table, a large Moorish temple in design, draped in crimson; the Pansy Table, constructed in the Queen Anne style, with deep purple drapery; the Rainbow Booth and the Eureka Booth, octagonal in shape, the posts trimmed in blue, and the sides decorated with large red and white roses. The Art Gallery was another point of special interest to visitors.

A striking feature of the fair was the gypsy encampment, situated at the east end of the building, near the place formerly occupied by the grotto. The mouth of the grotto was closed up with a large piece of mountain scenery, which served the double purpose of closing up a great gap and forming an effective background. In the centre of the camp was a tent made of bright-colored material. On the inside, at a table, a young lady, arrayed in gypsy costume, told the fortunes of young persons anxious to know their future. Near the door of the tent stood a large moving wagon covered with white canvas. Little girls, picturesquely attired in Spanish gypsy costume, scarlet dresses trimmed with gilt spangles and coins, ran through the encampment selling little trinkets of every description. Several young ladies, also dressed in gypsy costume, attended tables where cigars, pipes, outdoor games and archery articles were sold.

The opening proceedings of the Fair were informal in character and judiciously brief. Mr. Salem H. Wales, the treasurer of the Fair Association, having read a brief address in eulogy of the ladies who had so disinterestedly come forward with their services and their gifts in the cause of so deserving a charity, introduced Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who spoke at some length. In the course of his remarks he said "that to the ladies was undoubtedly owing the introduction of hospitals in the United States; for," said the speaker, "in the old archives of the Assembly of the Colony of New York two hundred years ago Margaret McDaniel petitioned the Colonial Assembly to reimburse her for moneys expended during twenty years in taking care of sick strangers in New York." In England also the speaker said that Guy's Hospital owed its existence indirectly to the acts of women, and he recited some merriment by relating how old Guy had, shortly before his death, contemplated marrying his housekeeper, but taking offense at some orders she gave contrary to his own to workmen who were engaged in making alterations in his house, he relinquished his matrimonial projects and executed his will, leaving all his wealth for the purpose of establishing the magnificent hospital that bears his name. The gentleman concluded his remarks by an eloquent panegyric on the hospital system of New York, and spoke in fitting terms of the noble generosity displayed by the ladies on this occasion, as on all others, when the cause of charity stood in need of pleading.

The fair, the proceeds of which will be applied to the free-bed fund of the Hospital, will remain open for two weeks.

THE SWISS COLONY AT MOUNT AIREY, GEORGIA.

BREAKFASTING at the Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga., at 6:30, and a capital breakfast to boot, the artist and I crossed the street to the depot of the Piedmont Air Line, and, taking our seats in the cars, started at 7 o'clock for the new Swiss Colony at Mount Airey, distant from Atlanta about sixty miles. The original merry Swiss boy who selected this locality for an abiding place had a lively regard for the picturesque, nor had he in any way relinquished his fondness for climbing—Mount Airey being 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a panoramic view almost Mexican in its richness, beauty and extent. Stretched in "lingering sweetness long drawn out" is the vale of Nacoochee—a quiet loveliness, while in the hazy distance the Blue Ridge Mountains seem to form part of the azure sky.

The Swiss Colony at Mount Airey was established three years ago by Mr. J. Staub, a sturdy little pioneer, bearded like a pard and agile as an antelope. This gentleman, forsaking the land of the glacier and the chamois, came to the United States in 1873, and, ere he decided upon a site for the colony, visited Columbus, O., St. Louis; went up the Mississippi to Davenport, Iowa, then to Chicago, then to St. Paul and back to Columbus and Cleveland. Florida next attracted his attention, and he passed thither through Kentucky. The Government of Florida offered the Swiss Government, through him, 800,000 acres of land if settlers would be guaranteed. Mr. Staub eventually struck Georgia, and, coming to Mount Airey, pitched his tent. He published an account of his wanderings and final halting-place in a Swiss paper called *Landbote*, with the result that in a few weeks an instalment of colonists were *en route*, consisting of eleven young men and four families, twenty-nine in all.

"Emigration," said Mr. Staub, to me, "is a political necessity in Switzerland. America has killed our watch trade; our silk and cotton trade, too, have been terribly crippled. I have over two hundred letters now from people in Switzerland seeking information about this place, and I look forward to making the Nacoochee Valley like one of our dear valleys in the Oberland. I'll see my people settled from Mount Airey to the Blue Ridge. I will have no one come here who has not money to buy tools and to set up farming. Pauper idlers are the ruin of a colony. Each family should bring $800. This will enable them to buy their land and not to rent it. I suggest that four or five families club together and raise $1,500. This will enable them to purchase a farm of 250 acres. The farmers here only sell for cash. We don't know anything about mortgage," and he added, somewhat tewily, "don't want to know."

After my interview with Mr. Staub I strolled over to the farm of another Swiss colonist, a Mr. Bleiderman. I met this gentleman horseback-riding with his wife, a splendid specimen of the daughters of the land of Tell. Mr. Bleiderman farms 300 acres, and seems to "handle the land" with the dexterity of an expert. The colony is rapidly increasing, and the ring of the ax and the thring of the horrow tells of "busy, thrifty husbandry." Gold is found in the Valley of Nacoochee, and some of the richest mines in Georgia are yielding their wealth to careful toilers. Unlike the deposits of other sections the gold is found in veins, not pockets. Mining is not, therefore, so hazardous as elsewhere.

North Georgia has a splendid future, and the attention of the tens of thousands of immigrants who are daily arriving in the United States should be earnestly drawn to its pine-clad hills and fertile vales.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Louisiana Democratic Convention has declared in favor of General Hancock for President.

THE Charter election in Albany, New York, April 13th, resulted in a decisive Democratic victory.

SPEAKER RANDALL has written a letter in opposition to the enforcement of the unit rule by the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention.

THE Iowa Republicans have elected Blaine delegates to the National Convention. In the Kentucky and Missouri State Conventions the Republicans instructed their delegates for General Grant. The Kentucky Convention was marked by great turbulence.

IT is gratifying to know that Mr. Acklen has failed of a nomination for Congress from the Third District of Louisiana. He has been anything but an ornament to the House.

A REPORT that Mr. Tilden had prepared a letter withdrawing from the Presidential race is authoritatively denied.

THE Massachusetts Republican Convention has elected a delegation favorable to the nomination of Senator Edmunds for President.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Spanish Thanks for French Charity.

The gratitude of the Spaniards to the French people for the relief afforded to the sufferers by the floods of Murcia has shown itself not only in Spain, but in the Spanish South American States. In Buenos Ayres in January last, a manifestation by Spaniards in favor of France was made, which was most enthusiastic. On January 6th the Spanish Club began the demonstration at 8 P. M., and it continued through the evening. Cries of "Viva l'Espagne," "Vive la Republique Argentine," "Vive la France," came from the streets and balconies. The different societies in the procession sang the "Marseillaise" in French, and toasts were made to the Latin race.

The New Bridge at Basle.

This beautiful structure of stone and iron, the second bridge over the Rhine at Basle, was opened last year. A peculiarity of it is that it crosses the river diagonally, and has but three short spans, with narrow road arches. It is highly ornamented, and each of the four stone abutments supports a classical figure in white marble.

A Lesson in Bandaging.

The frequent accidents which occur when it is impossible to get a physician or surgeon at once, make it peculiarly necessary that the lay people should be instructed in the art of dressing and bandaging wounds. To illustrate this necessity the following incident may be told: The other day a poor lad fell down a steep shaft in the docks in England—nearly seventy feet. The "navvy" working at the bottom thought it was a lump of wood at his feet, and kicked him; finding that it was a boy he said: "What are you doing down here?" Further, finding that the boy was insensible, he hollced to his mates up the shaft, "What d'ye chuck the boy down here for?" *He* knew nothing of ambulance appliances and the delights of triangular bandages. Dr. Crookshank has begun a series of lectures before St. Agatha's Workingmen's Club on this subject. Already fifteen members of the club have passed the necessary examination and obtained the certificate.

The Landing of the Danube Steamboat Company.

This powerful company controls almost all the steamboat navigation on the Danube and its affluents, running fine boats on the Danube from Ratisbon to Sulinarmiding, 325 miles; on the Isn, from Simbach to Passau, 8 miles; on the Drave, from Barca to Draneck, 29 miles; on the Theiss, from Tokay to Szenkemeed, 116 miles; on the Save, from Sisseck to Savespitza, 60 miles, and, finally, from Sulina, on the Black Sea, to Odessa. In 1878 they carried more than three million passengers. The appointments of the vessels and of the various landings are good and well-regulated, and the view of the main landing at Vienna shows that they look both to display and to the convenience of travelers.

Visit of the ex-Empress Eugenie to Zululand.

The ex-Empress Eugenie left England, Thursday, March 25th, on her mournful errand to South Africa. Traveling incognito under the name of the Countess of Pierrefonds, she left Waterloo Station in a carriage, which, on reaching Southampton, was detached from the train and run into a shed in the Docks, so that the arrival and departure might be kept as private as possible. The ex-Empress was received by Sir B. Phillips, Chairman of the Union Company, and at once led on board the steam tender, which conveyed her to the Union Company's steamship *German*, in which the voyage will be made. Among the company which assembled to witness Her Majesty's departure were Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Duke of Bassano and Fernand Nunez, the Princess Anna Murat, the Duchess de Mouchy, M. Pietri, and Uhlmann, the valet of the late Prince, who identified the body on its arrival in England, and to whom the Empress presented, in the *German's* saloon, a photograph of her son. There were also present the Bishop of St. Alban's and the Hon. Mrs. Claughton, Lord Dorchester, Canon Wilberforce, Sir Owen Burne, Sir Lintorn Simmonds, and Messrs. G. Mercer and H. Maynard, two of the directors of the Union Company. Her Majesty is accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Campbell (who goes out to visit the grave of her husband, who fell at Ziddaine), Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, the Marquis of Bassano (son of the Duke of Bassano), Dr. Scott, Lieutenant Slade and five servants, two of whom were the English servants of the late Prince. The cabins occupied by Her Majesty are on the port side of the vessel, and are luxuriously and tastefully fitted and furnished. The wildest dream never surpassed the romance of the widow of the third Napoleon sailing from England to touch at St. Helena on her way to look upon the spot in Zululand where fell the fourth and last Napoleon. The Empress is said, as she left, to have looked sadly broken, and her hair has turned gray.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Texas Sunday law has been declared constitutional.

—IN the last twenty years the London Board of Works has revised the names of nearly two thousand streets.

—THE exportation of petroleum from this country during February amounted to 24,962,662 gallons, worth $2,302,755.

—REPORTS from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky show that much of the peach crop this year has been injured by the frost.

—HART, the winner of the O'Leary Belt, received $10,967.66 as his winnings, or a trifle over $30 for every mile he traveled during the race.

—IT is stated that the French Jesuits are making important purchases in Spain of old convents and houses, in view of their expulsion from France.

—A RICH and eccentric Parisian has concluded a search for some new pleasure by establishing a private circus for the amusement of himself and his friends.

—THE United States Government proposes to establish a coaling station at Chiriqui, Colombia, for ships cruising on the Central and South American coasts.

—A SUIT pending in the United States Court at Chicago concerning an oleomargarine patent has brought out the fact that oleomargarine has a sale in this country of 98,000,000 pounds per annum.

—CHASTINE COX, the negro who murdered Mrs. Jane L. De Forrest Hull in June, 1879, and Pietro Balbo, who murdered his wife September 30th, 1879, have both been re-sentenced to be hanged on May 28th.

—THE municipal authorities of Berlin have under consideration plans for an elevated railroad across that capital, to be worked by electricity, and a special commission of engineers and architects have been commissioned to report upon it.

—DANIEL O'LEARY offers to match Hart and Dobler against any two men in England in a pedestrian contest of 142 consecutive hours for $10,000 a side and upwards, the place to be New York City, and the time to be any week within three months.

—THE Russian Government has delivered to the Porte its bill of expenses for the maintenance of Turkish prisoners during the last war. The sum to be reimbursed amounts to $4,760,000. Immediate payment is asked; whence the money is to come no one knows.

—AT the Durbar, held at Cabul, the chiefs were informed that the army would withdraw whenever they could agree upon a ruler whose government is likely to be stable and friendly to England. The demeanor of all present was friendly, and the way has been paved for a favorable solution of the question.

—IT is the purpose of the Commissioner of Agriculture of South Carolina shortly to visit every county in the State for the purpose of more thoroughly informing himself as to the various resources of the State, and also to organize agricultural clubs, from which he can procure statistics of the products of the State.

—THE United States Government has ordered that twelve girls and twelve boys of the Cherokee Indians, residing in the more western counties of North Carolina, be educated at the expense of the Government at the Asheville Female and the Weaverville Colleges, the girls to be taught at Asheville and the boys at Weaverville, for the purpose of enabling them to instruct their own people.

—IN order to counteract as far as possible the policy of Count Bismarck, in attempting to drive the German-English traffic exclusively to German ports, the Belgian Government have, in connection with the Great Eastern Railway Company, arranged transit tariffs through Belgium for German produce; the rates charged between Antwerp and Herbesthal being in some cases rather less than one halfpenny per ton per mile.

—OUR Consul at Tien-tsin reports that American manufactures can secure the trade of China by sending out only unadulterated and perfect goods. The English put on the Chinese market cotton goods more or less adulterated with sizing, which weigh much less after washing than before, while the American retain their integrity. Within three years the consumption of American cotton goods has gained immensely on the English, and the Consul imputes this almost wholly to their superior character.

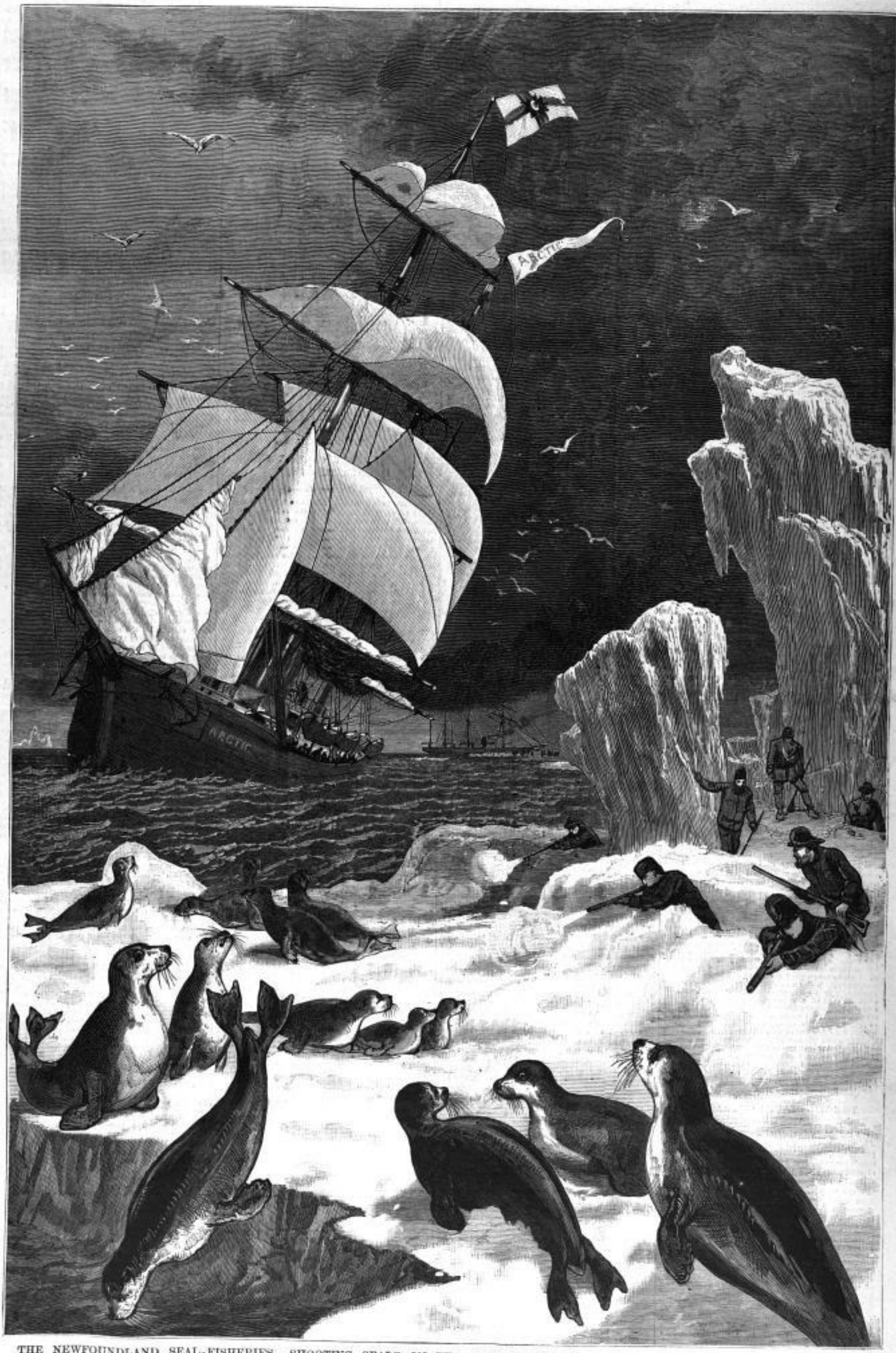
—AMONG the gifts lately received by the Louvre is a mosaic tile pavement covered with arabesque ornaments in the style of the Italian Renaissance, which formed the altar steps in the chapel of the Chateau of La Riste in the Forez. It bears the date of 1557, and is said to form a magnificent specimen of French ceramic art of the time. The museum has also received a handsome circular Italian casket ornamented with paintings representing an allegory of Love. It is dated 1421, and has a Latin inscription to the effect that those who wish to live happily should preserve respect for Cupid and the other divinities.

—ON March 16th, at Prague, in the presence of the Governor of Bohemia, the Prince Archbishop Cardinal von Schwarzenberg, and other personages, were solemnly disinterred the remains of St. Adalbert, the famous Benedictine monk and Bishop of Prague, who was killed in the tenth century while endeavoring to convert the Pagan Prussians. His body was taken by the Polish King Boleslas to Gnesen, whence the Duke of Bohemia, Bretislav I., brought it among his trophies, after a campaign against the Poles, to Prague. The coffin bore the date 1346. It has been conveyed to the cathedral and placed in the reliquary.

—GLADSTONE, in a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, explained what he meant by his denunciation of Austria in one of his late speeches. He said that he understood perfectly well the difference between the old and the present régimen in Austria, but he hated Metternich, and, he added, "I hate all that recalls in the slightest his system of interference in the affairs of the people who are working out their own freedom. The freed Slavic races should be permitted to build their future without molestation. Whoever among the Austrians knows the significance of the English expression 'hands off,' knows my policy. 'Hands off!' I repeat."

—THE annual report of the Trustees of the Astor Library shows that in the year 1879 $10,995.52 were spent for books, binding, catalogues, shelves and equipment, and that its income was $27,597.99; 5,569 volumes were added, making the whole number now in the library 189,114, 1,100 of the accessions being works on Oriental history and literature. The total number of visitors was 50,042—a daily average of about 214. In November last Mr. John Jacob Astor conveyed to the library by deed of gift three lots of ground adjoining on the north, 75 feet front on Lafayette Place by 100 feet in depth, and announced his intention of erecting thereon an addition to the present library building 65 feet in front by 100 feet deep, which will increase the capacity for books by 120,000 volumes. It is noticed that although the attendance of general visitors last year fell short of what it was in 1878, the number of sleove visitors, who generally are engaged in some particular research, considerably increased.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL-FISHERIES.—SHOOTING SEALS ON THE BROKEN ICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 135.

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NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND FAIR IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, IN AID OF THE FREE-BED FUND OF THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL.
SEE PAGE 135.

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OUTRE TOMBE.

ONE pale and perfect twilight eve in May,
Pensive of mood, I sought her cherished tomb;
The air was redolent with a suave perfume,
The earth had woven into flowers the way!
With saddest thought I knelt me down to pray,
Wondering how nature, lacking her, could bloom,
When, oh, most strange, a rose-bush from the gloom,
Caught in my sleeve, as if to bid me stay!

I dared not doubt; her fond soul at my feet
Breathed in the beauteous bosom of the flowers,
And charmed my sense, as when in bliss complete,
Upon the blue Garonne, near feudal towers,
Her white, soft, jeweled hands and kisses sweet
Were wont to lure me back in vanished hours!

F. S. SALTUS.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DEMITRY.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

MELCHIOR and Reginald walked rapidly towards the albergo near which stood their carriage, with the driver walking, as before, in front of his horses and cutting at the grass with his whip.

An intelligent look came into his eye as they approached, and a cunning smiled played on his lips.

"All is well, then, with the signor?" he said.

"Yes," replied Melchior, shortly.

"And the other signori who joined you at the palazzo an hour ago?"

Melchior shrugged his shoulders. "Drive back," he said, "to where we met you this morning." And so speaking, he and Reginald entered the carriage, leaving the driver, before he should take his seat, to chuckle and to make a pass or two with his whip at an imaginary enemy.

As the vehicle rolled away in the direction of Milan, the friends looked back at the palazzo. Near the entrance to the avenue they perceived Vellani's party. Vellani was walking apparently without assistance, with Rodolfi and the surgeon on either side of him.

"He is not much hurt," said Reginald, as he marked this fact. Then he put his arm around Melchior's neck. "Thank heaven it is over!" he exclaimed.

For a moment Melchior was silent.

"I am glad," he said, finally, "that it fell to me to meet Vellani. He was no mean antagonist, I assure you, and had it been your lot to encounter him, I doubt not that he would have killed you with as little compunction as he would kill a fly. The man is an assassin at heart, and I saw when we crossed swords that he would have slain me if he could."

"You were his superior with the sword—why did you not disable him at first, if you understood his purpose so plainly, instead of disarming him merely?'

"I don't know. My original intention was to inflict the wound which later, under the pressure of necessity, I was compelled to inflict; but when it came to the test, I could not do so."

"With the courage and skill of Sir Galahad you have the heart of a tender and loving woman, Melchior!" exclaimed Reginald, with admiration. "Ah, my friend—for you are, indeed, the best and noblest of friends!—I never can forgive myself for having been the cause of your peril this morning! It seems to me, too, that I should not leave Milan without enforcing some sort of accountability on this Vellani."

"Pshaw! this is mere sentiment. The man will be disabled for a long time, and you cannot afford to wait here until he chooses to get well. Rodolfi is right. The sooner we leave Milan the better. You have your manuscript, and Vellani has proved himself unworthy of your notice. Let us consider that he has been sufficiently punished."

"Circumstances seem to have decided for me," said Reginald, throwing himself back moodily in his seat. "I suppose I should feel grateful that my life has been spared from the murderous thrust of that fellow's blade, but——"

"But what?"

"I cannot help remembering that it might have been at the price of yours, Melchior."

"You are a little vexed," said Melchior, with a smile, "that it was I that crossed swords with Vellani instead of you. Is it not so?"

"Yes. What shall I tell Manuela—I beg pardon, I should say, Miss Waring—when I see her? Must I tell her that I allowed her brother, brave and generous as he is, to be drawn into a duel on my account with a man to fight whom I had journeyed from New York to Milan?"

"You do not state the case exactly as it stands," Melchior answered, lightly. "When you see her—if you should see her before I do—tell her that the susceptible Marchesa di Lupo fell in love with Melchior at their first interview, although he did not reciprocate her passion, and that Mr. Luigi Vellani, suspecting the fickleness of his fair betrothed, and mad with jealousy, forced a duel on him, in which virtue, fortified by skill, was triumphant. Tell her also that Melchior and Vellani's own friends applauded your resolution to decline any further notice of Vellani. But, above all things, do not fail to tell her of the marchesa."

The thought of his adventure with the marchesa seemed to amuse him highly, for he laughed to himself in his corner of the carriage. His mirthfulness was contagious, and soon Reginald, forgetful of his self-reproachful thoughts, found himself echoing his friend's merriment.

When the carriage reached the city, after paying the driver and dismissing him, the friends, arm-in-arm, walked with rapid steps towards their hotel.

They spoke little on the way. Each was occupied with his own reflections, and each was thinking of the separation now so near at hand.

As they approached the hotel, Melchior said, as if answering his own thoughts:

"Yes, Rodolfi was right. The stroke of noon must not find us in Milan. We shall meet again, Reginald, in New York or at Albuquerque."

Reginald made no reply, but walked by his friend's side with his eyes fixed on the pavement.

They entered the vestibule of the hotel, and Melchior again spoke. "Let us at once arrange our trunks, so as to take advantage of the departure of the first trains for Genoa and Paris. I have some writing to do which will detain me for half an hour. It is now half-past ten o'clock. Meet me in the sitting-room at eleven."

They separated, each going to his own room.

The few preparations that Melchior had to make were soon completed. When his trunk was packed and ready for the porter, he seated himself at a table and began to write.

The letter that he had written he sealed and placed in his pocket. From the same pocket he took several written sheets of paper, which, together, formed quite a bulky package. Then he lighted a match, held these pages to the flame, threw them into the fireplace, and watched them until they were converted into a heap of black ashes. These ashes he stirred around and crushed until they were reduced nearly to a powder.

For a minute or two he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, gazing at the cinders in the fireplace and seemingly lost in thought.

He came out of his abstraction at last, sighed faintly, and, turning, rang the bell.

When the waiter came in answer, he directed the man to take his trunk down-stairs.

Reginald was awaiting him in the sitting-room.

"Are you ready?" asked Melchior.

"Yes."

"Then let us go."

As they were leaving the room a man, dressed in the garb of a private soldier, who had been conversing with the hotel clerk a moment before, advanced to Melchior, placed a note in his hand hurriedly, and with the brief remark in Italian, "For Signor Waring, from Signor Rodolfi," bowed, and stood as if awaiting an answer.

Melchior opened the note, and translated its contents to Reginald as follows:

"SIGNOR WARING—The meeting of this morning is known to the Chief of Police. He informs me, privately, that if you and your friend will depart from Milan at once, the matter shall go no further; otherwise, you will be arrested. Take my advice; leave Milan without delay. V. is in no danger. In two weeks, the surgeon tells me, he will be off the sick-list. Intelligence of the affair was sent to the police by the Marchesa di Lupo, who manifests great bitterness against you. Yours,

"Caserne Grande, Milan. RODOLFI."

Melchior wrote in reply, thanking the officer for his warning, and explaining to him that they were on the eve of departure from the city.

"The marchesa, it seems, was determined to revenge herself on me for having slighted her charms," he said, laughingly, after Rodolfi's messenger had gone. "But, fortunately, we shall be beyond any danger from her malice in an hour."

"We owe our immunity from arrest to the good nature of the Chief of Police, I suppose," said Reginald.

"Yes, and probably a little to Rodolfi's promise to get us out of Milan immediately. It would not surprise me if Vellani and the marchesa were prepared to hatch up some plot against us, by which Vellani would have been enabled to escape all responsibility, and we should have been put to serious inconvenience."

"The idea is a disagreeable one. Come, let us be off!"

The trunks were on the respective carriages, and the two friends stood on the sidewalk, exchanging farewells.

"Here, Reginald," said Melchior, handing him a letter, "here is something that I wish you to refrain from reading until you are aboard the steamer on your return to the United States. Promise me that you will do as I wish."

"I promise it. But what does this envelope contain? Why this mystery, my dear boy?"

"That is my secret. The contents will interest you, I dare say. All that I ask is that you will not be offended if I am not more explicit on the matter treated of in this letter. Some day I may explain it to you more fully."

"Do not fear that I shall feel offended," answered Reginald, pressing his hand affectionately. "Nothing that you could do could offend me."

"Farewell, *mio caro*."

"Farewell, Melchior."

Melchior walked with quick steps to his carriage.

At the door he paused and turned.

"You know where to find me when I am at home?" he exclaimed. Then, with a wave of his hand he sprang into the vehicle.

In the next half-minute the driver had closed the door and seized the reins, and the carriage was speeding towards the station of the Milan and Genoa Railway.

Reginald watched it as it receded in the distance, and as it turned a corner two squares away he saw a white handkerchief fluttering at the window.

There was no time to return the salutation, for the vehicle in the same moment disappeared.

A sudden sense of solitude came over him as he appreciated the fact that he was alone. It seemed to him now, for the first time, that he really had parted from his friend.

"How strange an impulse of affection I have for Melchior!" he exclaimed, following his train of thought. "I feel in this separation, that I love him almost as men love women. But is it for his sake alone, or for the sake of Manuela, whose brave, pure soul seemed to be looking from his eyes?"

The driver of his carriage snapped his whip slightly and cast an inquiring glance in his direction.

Recalled by this little by-play to the necessity of hastening his movement, he took his seat in the coach.

"To the Turin station," he said.

In a half-hour thereafter he was on his way to Paris.

Three days later he left Havre in a steamer of the French line on his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XII.—MELCHIOR'S REVELATION OF THE PAST.

FAITHFUL to his promise to Melchior, Reginald waited until the two towering lighthouses that mark the sea approaches to Havre had dwindled into mere specks on the watery horizon before he opened the letter that his friend had left with him, and the contents of which were to be read only when he should be fairly out at sea on his return to the United States.

The steamer was moving rapidly through the water, vibrating through all her length with the motion of the revolving screw and rising and falling in the long swell of the ocean; on the deck the passengers were sitting in groups or were promenading under the wide awning which screened them from the rays of the sun.

Reginald sat apart from the rest, and, with his arm resting on the railing, silently watched the diminishing line of the coast, and when, as has been said, all signs of land had vanished save the lighthouses of the cape, fixed on their lofty promontory, he began the perusal of what Melchior had written:

"You will be surprised, my dear Reginald" (his friend's letter began) "to read what follows, and you will marvel greatly when you see how I have restored your old manuscript. You will say to yourself, 'Can Melchior be in earnest, or is he only playing on my credulity?'

"Let me say to you in the beginning that in all that I have written I have given facts that I have every reason to know are true. But, alas! the most important links in the chain I cannot supply, and that is the name of the pueblo and of the church that holds the hidden treasure. However familiar to me may be the story as related in the manuscript, the name of the pueblo never has been known to me. As to the rest, you must feel too assured of my honesty and my regard for you to think for a moment that I would deceive you.

"'What riddle is this?' I think I can hear you saying to yourself. Well, let it remain a riddle until time and circumstances, which decide the fates and fortunes of all of us, shall, perhaps, read it aright to both our understandings. I wish to see you possess that treasure. A million and a half of dollars, my dear Reginald, will then come into your hands, and you will enjoy all that the possession of such a fortune can give. I will not envy you—as if I ever could envy you any good!—for I am rich enough by inheritance to satisfy my utmost needs.

"When I suggested to you the theory of Vellani's possible course if he should endeavor to find the treasure, I was thinking more particularly of what I knew myself regarding the facts of the case. I was only contemplating a journey—the journey to Madrid and thence to the place of the arrest of the writer of the manuscript—that might result in the solution of the mystery. So you see, I was not so much inspired after all, and it was very easy for me to point out the road when I was familiar beforehand with all the milestones. How this knowledge came to me need not concern you. If you are very curious about it, however, I will tell you: A little bird sang it in my ear!

"I must confess that your venerable manuscript made some points clear to me that had before been vague and unsatisfactory. I knew, for instance, that its writer was arrested somewhere in the north of Mexico, but where, was always a mystery to me. But now I feel certain that the place was Durango. In supplying the deficiencies of the document I have written words and phrases that may be somewhat different from the originals, but the *facts*, Reginald, were as I give them to you. The words that I have added, as you will see by comparing my version with the manuscript itself, are underscored.

"In conclusion, let me advise you to go to Durango—if you still intend to pursue the matter to the end—and gather there any information—whether traditional or documentary evidence—that you may obtain of the most unhappy Chevalier St. Evremond Deville—he who died in the castle of San Juan de Ulua, at Vera Cruz, in the year 1700, and left that old letter as a memento that he had lived and suffered. At Durango some clew may exist to the now unknown pueblo; and the name of that pueblo once discovered, the rest is clear; for, if the ancient church be still standing, the treasure of gold, diamonds and precious stones must still be awaiting the hand of its discoverer. The conviction grows on me hourly that Vellani will begin his researches as soon as he is convalescent of his wound. This will be in a few days' time. Should he go to Madrid—and it would be the most natural thing in the world for him to do so—he may find the clew to the name of the prisoner and the locality of the arrest; and then by one of those chances that sometimes so mysteriously occur to make or mar a man's destiny, he may discover the name of the pueblo. Should he ever acquire that knowledge, he will know where to go better than either of us know at present.

"Farewell, my dear Reginald. Remember me as one who would do much to serve you.

"MELCHIOR WARING."

When Reginald had finished the perusal of this letter, with its unexpected contents, he leaned his forehead on his arm for several minutes. When he again looked up, his eyes were moist as though tears had wet their lids. It was not alone what he had just read—unselfish, just and affectionate as it proved Melchior to be—that had aroused this display of feeling, for his nature was not one to give way easily to tears; but in that interval he was thinking with renewed tenderness and gratefulness of the devoted youth who so generously had espoused his cause in a critical moment, and even had imperiled his own life—purposely, as he now began to believe—to preserve his from the danger of a meeting with Vellani.

With strangely mingled feelings he prepared to peruse the manuscript as restored by Melchior's hand. Unaccountable to him as was his friend's knowledge of the hidden facts related in it, he nevertheless had so much confidence in his assurance that what he had written was strictly true, that he did not for a single moment enter into self-argument on the subject, as he read what follows:

"*In Prison.*

"DEAR BROTHER CLAUDE—*In the* wall of the church of the pueblo, the name of which you know well, is the treasure in gold dust, diamonds and other precious stones, *which I brought with me from* Brazil in the year 1678, when *I fled from it at country to escape* the persecutions of the Viceroy Oliveira. *This treasure is of the* value of three hundred thousand louis d'ors, and *of the suggestion* of Fra Pablo, the Franciscan friar, *during* my stay at the pueblo, as a means of securing its safety while I should remain there, I hid *it in the wall of the church, behind the altar*, about a man's height from the ground. The good padre himself removed *the material of which* the wall is composed, and in this receptacle we placed *the* leaden box that contains *the treasure*. When all *was* completed, we repaired the wall, marking the *place of re-entrance* with the inscription "*Juxta intra muros*," which *was cut by* Fra Pablo into the adobe. Then, having *washed the spot over with* lime, no trace *of our work remained. The circumstances that led to the* abandonment of the pueblo it is unnecessary to recapitulate. In order *to escape the* fury of the heathen who, doubtless *inspired by the* Evil One, threatened our *destruction*, we left the place one night suddenly and secretly. I could not venture *even to remove the box from* the wall. Fra Pablo—alas; the venerable man, my old and good friend!—was *slain and I alone* survived with the secret. It was impossible thereafter for me to return. The danger *of captivity and death was too extreme*, and while awaiting an opportunity to recover the treasure *from its place of concealment*, I was put under arrest in *Durango, because of* certain words uttered in a moment of exasperation against His Catholic Majesty, and brought *a prisoner* to this Castle of San Juan. I shall never depart from my cell alive, my brother—I feel it. Go, then, to the church and *obtain the treasure* which *I leave as my* legacy to you and your children! I am childless. And to you, now that the path is open, I give it with a *brother's* benediction. I will send the letter at the first opportunity by a trusty hand, hoping that *it may escape the scrutiny of my* jailers. Remember that within the wall of the church, behind the inscription, the box *is to be found*. May heaven bless *you and your family*. Farewell, my brother, farewell.

"ST. EVREMOND DEVILLE."

Thus was it that Melchior had cleared up the mystery of the manuscript, and as Reginald read what his friend had written, he felt the conviction that it was a faithful, if not an exact, reproduction of the original document, as it had come from the hand of the writer. There was one point, however, on which he still was dubious, and this was in connection with the date 1678, and the diamonds of which the treasure was in part composed.

He knew that the first public discovery of diamonds in Brazil was made in the year 1728, although long previous to that time the natives had been aware of their existence in the country, though ignorant, of course, of the value attached to them by their conquerors. One of two things, therefore, was evident; either St. Evremond had taken the diamonds with him to Brazil, or, what was more likely, he had discovered them sixty years anterior to the Portuguese authorities' knowledge of the presence of diamonds in the province, and had kept his discovery a secret from all. It was a suspicion, perhaps, on the part of the Viceroy of his possession of the diamonds, thought Reginald, that caused the persecutions which had obliged him to flee Brazil.

The impression produced on him by the story, as revealed by Melchior, engendered in his mind an impatient desire for the ending of the voyage in order that he might set out at the first opportunity for Durango.

With the sanguine confidence of youth he already felt himself the master of the last secret in the solution of the only remaining mystery—the name of the pueblo.

But the process by which this knowledge was to be obtained took a most misty shape in his mind.

He saw himself, moreover, the possessor of St. Evremond's treasure, free to share it with Melchior, now doubly endeared to him.

Thinking of these things, he falls into a reverie, and a vision of the past comes before his eyes, the central figure of which is the vague pueblo with its church, and in it the shadowy forms of St. Evremond Deville and Fra Pablo, holding the leaden box between them. They dig into the adobe, betriended by the uncertain light that barely steals through the barred shutters of the rude edifice and is reflected in a faint glimmer from the surface of the gold and silver altar ornaments. The box is deposited in the cavity and the adobe is replaced. Then Fra Pablo engraves in the sun-dried brick of the wall the Latin line which marks the place of deposit, and the spot is carefully whitewashed, so that no curious eye may detect that the wall has been tampered with.

The scene changes, and in his reverie he sees the spectacle of the sudden rising of the angry Indians against their Spanish oppressors. The latter fly, saint as well as sinner, and among them Fra Pablo and Deville, leaving the treasure-box behind them. But the former is overtaken by the avenging natives and dies in his tracks, while the latter succeeds in reaching a place of safety.

Another change and the picture of Deville's arrest in Durango passes before his mind, followed by the captive's long journey to the dungeon of San Juan de Ulua, in Vera Cruz. Then comes the years of Deville's imprisonment; the hopeless expectations of release; the writing of the manuscript; the depository of the paper in the binding of the old book, while the writer awaits an opportunity to send it out of the castle; the failure of the captive's hopes; the final death of St. Evremond in his prison house, and the varied adventures of the ancient volume up to the moment when it fell into his—Reginald's hands—in the Nassau Street bookstore.

From this point his vision includes events of the present. He has journeyed to Mexico and has discovered the name of the pueblo. He seeks the spot and stands at last in the church before the inscription cut into the wall, the lines of which are so worn away with the crumbling of the adobe that they are scarcely discernible to the eye or palpable to the touch. He removes the adobe, and before him lies the leaden box as unchanged as when the hands of

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Fra Pablo and St. Evremond had placed it there two centuries before. He stretches forth his hand to grasp it, but at that moment another hand seizes it, and a malicious face, distorted into the features of a Mephistopheles, looks over his shoulder.

It is the face of Vellani!

A sudden noise arouses him from his rapt forgetfulness. He looks around him. The noise is caused by the passengers rising from their seats and hurrying to the saloon, the signal for dinner having just sounded.

This awakening is like the bursting of a glittering, fascinating bubble.

"Ah!" he says to himself, as he joins the rest and descends the stairway to the saloon, "it was only a day-dream, after all! But the appearance of Vellani at the moment I was about to obtain possession of the box—can that vision be prophetic?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRESENT EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE good ship *City of Brussels* having been warped into dock, a couple of tenders come alongside and the emigrants step gladly on board, for is not the tender but a floating gangway leading to the eagerly longed for *terra firma*. The luggage is dis-gorged from the hold and transferred to barges in waiting, under the supervision of the obliging luggage-master, Mr. Madan; and the passenger-agent, Mr. Williams, having given the starting word to the pilots of the tenders, in a few seconds the sturdy little vessels are scooting down the river *en route* to Castle Garden. What a bright and bustling scene! The river studded with craft of every description, from the huge ocean steamer to the tiny sailing-boat, from the richly-laden and dignified argosy to the impudent little tug, scooting hither and thither and audaciously darting beneath the very bows of some leviathian, in momentary danger of being crushed like an eggshell. White-sailed sloops and schooners, ferry-boats speeding from shore to shore with their living and anxious freight, the Battery and Bedloe's and Governor's Islands, backed by the Narrows and Staten Island, all this does the emigrant take in as he is borne onwards; but Castle Garden is his Mecca, and every eye is fixed upon the longed-for spot of earth where the foot is to be planted after ocean incarceration.

The tenders speedily reach their destination, and the landing is effected. In single file the newcomers filter into the enormous rotunda, and Mr. George Morrel, the courteous police officer in charge, ushers them towards the registering clerk. Here each one is asked his or her name, place of birth and destination, the replies being entered in an enormous ledger. Then comes the question of departure, trains, boats, etc., and the queries uttered in French, Italian, Irish, Danish, Finnish, Russian, and fifty different dialects, are briefly but courteously responded to. Those who propose remaining in New York emerge into the Battery Park, and are cared for by the agents of the Inman line, who see them safely housed in respectable boarding-houses. Those who are compelled to wait for the evening trains for the West and South encamp in the rotunda, gypsy fashion, and sit, sprawl, crouch and lie in every attitude of indolent nonchalance. Some of these groups are intensely picturesque. The quaint costumes of Danish and German villages, the rich colors of Connemara cloaks, and the thousand and one hues of the bedizoned hassles of many climes, blend in glowing contrasts. Meals are partaken of; the "tay" is wet and the lager is foamed; children romp and play; the old people doze, and the younger take up the thread of the flirtations commenced on the bounding billows, and resolve to make the most of their time ere the bitter word of parting. The hour at length arrives when it becomes necessary to move towards the train, and then there is a mighty upheaval of human forms and human impedimenta. An employé musters the various parties, calling out names and destinations, and, still under the protecting ægis of the agents of the Inman Line, our emigrants march to the railway depot, enter the cars, and—Go West!

In a few brief months the almighty dollar rolls across the pond, and the dear ones left behind follow in the footsteps of the pioneers.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME AT ERIE, PA.

WE give herewith an illustration of the Wayne Block-house and Marine Hospital and grounds at Erie, which are proposed to be transferred by the State of Pennsylvania to the General Government to be used as a home for the indigent soldiers and sailors who are not comprehended under the general laws governing our national homes. A Bill is now before Congress providing for the establishment of such a home, conditioned on the transfer of the property by the State of Pennsylvania, and there is reason to believe that it will be passed at an early day. The history of the Wayne Block house goes back to the first settlement at Presque Isle, and is full of interest. The treaty of AIX La Chapelle in 1748, which closed the war in Europe, left the boundaries of the French and English possessions in America undefined. In the opinion of the French, the discovery of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi entitled them to the territory watered by those streams, while the claim of England was founded on a grant of King James dated 1606 to divers of his subjects, of all the countries lying between north latitude 45° and 34°, and westward from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea. Early in 1753 the French sent out a detachment from Montreal to make good their claim by force of arms, and to oblige all English subjects to evacuate, and in the April of that year they built on garrison grounds a fort of logs about one hundred and twenty feet square, with a log house in each corner, which they called Fort Presque Isle. In March, 1759, the garrison consisted of two officers, two merchants, a clerk, a priest, and one hundred and three soldiers, under the command of Burnicot. A few months later all the regular troops which could be spared from Presque Isle were ordered to Fort Niagara, which had been besieged by the English, under General Prideaux. After the defeat of the French at Niagara the utmost confusion prevailed at Presque Isle, and by the middle of August all the stores were sent away, and the garrison only waited the arrival of the French at Forts Venango and Lebœuf to join them, when they would all set out in batteaux for Detroit. A tradition prevails that at this time large quantities of treasure were buried either in the fort or on the line of the old French road. The French departed in great haste, and in 1760 Major Rodgers took formal possession of the fort in the name of the King of England, though it was not until 1763 that a definite treaty of peace was signed at Paris.

When Pontiac formed his plan for restoring to his people their homes and hunting grounds, he called about him the great Indian chiefs, and appealed to the love and gratitude they owed to the French and their hatred to the English, and by his eloquence secured the co-operation of all the neighboring tribes—the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattomies, Miamies, Sac and Foxes, Wyandots, Mississaques, Shawnees, Menominees and the Six Nations joining actively in the campaign. All the British posts, from Niagara to Green Bay and the Potomac, were comprehended in the proposed attack, and so well arranged and executed were their plans, that nine out of eleven of the forts were captured.

The fort at Presque Isle was the point of communication between Pittsburg and Niagara and Detroit. It was in itself one of the most tenable, and had a garrison of twenty-four men, and could most easily be relieved. On the 22d of June, after a two days' defense, the commander, out of his senses with fright, capitulated, giving up the sole chance of saving his men from the scalping-knife. The history of savage warfare nowhere presented a scene of more heartless and bloodthirsty vengeance than was exhibited on this occasion. The few who were taken prisoners were doomed to the various tortures devised by savage ingenuity, and all but two were murdered—one a soldier, who escaped to Niagara, the other a soldier's wife, who was taken prisoner, but was ultimately ransomed.

On the 12th day of August, 1764, Colonel Bradstreet and his army landed at Presque Isle, but after a short stay marched to Detroit.

In 1795, by an Act of the Legislature, the town of Presque Isle, now Erie, was laid out, and a company of infantry sent to protect the commissioners, who were building a stockade on the site of the old fortification. In December, of the following year, General Anthony Wayne, commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, having concluded a treaty with the Northwestern Indians, embarked at Detroit for the purpose of returning to his home, but soon after leaving port he was violently attacked by his old malady the gout, and, becoming very much prostrated, landed at Erie. When General Wayne was brought into the garrison, he expressed a wish to be placed in the northwest block-house, the attics of the block-houses being comfortably fitted up and occupied by the families connected with the garrison. Captain Bissel was in command, and the sufferer met with every possible kindness.

A fit death-bed and silent resting-place for a brave officer and patriot was the old military post of Presque Isle and its picturesque bay. He named the spot for his grave at the foot of the flagstaff, and here died and was buried the great soldier of Pennsylvania, the idol of the people and the man who, next to George Washington, was instrumental in giving the colonies their independence.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812, the construction of ships and the organization of a military force was commenced at Erie, and a block-house built on Garrison Hill, on the site of the old fortification, which protected the entrance to the harbor, leaving Commodore Perry free from intrusion of the British fleet in the offing until his fleet of ten vessels was equipped and ready for action. Commodore Perry's flagship, the *Niagara*, now lies in "Misery Bay"—Presque Isle Harbor. The naval station was discontinued in 1825.

When the town of Erie was laid out in 1795, the tract of land, containing about 102 acres, now known as Garrison Hill, was set aside for military purposes, and in 1871 the State of Pennsylvania built upon it a marine hospital, which was never used, at a cost of $100,000, in addition to $10,000 donated by the citizens of Erie. This is the structure of which we give a picture. A large wing extends to the rear, arranged for chapel, offices, etc. The grounds overlook the bay, and are finely located for a soldiers' home; and the flat under the brow of the Hill might, in the future, be useful to the Government for a navy yard or military station. The property is very valuable, having a water frontage on the bay, being within the city limits, and having direct railroad communication.

In 1873 the State made an appropriation to erect a monument to General Anthony Wayne, which has just been completed. It is a duplicate of the old blockhouse, and incloses the grave of General Wayne. A battery of four Parrott guns, presented by the State, gives to Garrison Hill the old-time military character, and assures its perpetuity as one of the old landmarks of American civilization and American liberty.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BEACONSFEILD.

ON Monday, January 12th, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the Earl of Beaconsfield at Hughenden Manor, remaining over night. The entrance of the manor is situated on the north side of the mansion overlooking a beautifully-wooded park, known as the "German Forest," the complete solitude of which is broken only by the screech of the royal peacock. The library is situated on the south side of the mansion, the windows looking on to a very handsome terrace, tastefully ornamented with statuary, which is the favorite walk of Lord Beaconsfield when at Hughenden. Following the example of the Queen, the Prince signalized his visit by planting a tree on the grounds. Respecting the engraving of the drawing-room, it is only needful to call attention to the magnificence of the furniture and decorations, and to note that the portrait on the mantelpiece is that of the late Lady Beaconsfield, while that of the Queen, which hangs on the right, is the one presented by Her Majesty to Lord Beaconsfield on his seventieth birthday. As the party of the Premier has been signally defeated in the late elections, and as the distinguished statesman must now give way to another, this engraving of the Prince's visit possesses more than ordinary interest, and may well be considered a truly historical picture.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

HER Imperial Majesty Marie Alexandrovna, wife of his Imperial Majesty Alexander II., was born August 8th, 1824. Her maiden name was Maximiliana Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Marie, daughter of Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse, and of the Grand Duchess of Hesse, whose father was heir to the Grand Duchy of Baden. Her marriage to the then Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, son and heir to the late Emperor Nicholas I., took place April 28th, 1841. They have six children, one of whom, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, born October 17th, 1853, married his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, in the early part of 1874.

Her Majesty has been ill for a long time, and during the past Summer she resided at Cannes, France, in the hope of regaining her health. As the symptoms of approaching dissolution increased, she was removed to St. Petersburg in time to participate in the festivities of the late celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession. Although in the Winter Palace at the time of the explosion, she heard nothing of it. The strictest orders were given that she should not be informed of the diabolical act. Thinking, however, that she might have heard the noise, the grandchildren and a number of young folks in the palace were profusely sprinkled with perfumed waters, and taken to her chamber. She at once inquired the object of the visit, and remarked the agreeable perfume, never surmising that it had been used to overcome the smell of gunpowder and dynamite that pervaded every apartment and every article of clothing.

As Her Majesty's life is rapidly drawing to a close, we present an engraving of her, taken from a photograph that her family regarded as the best extant.

THE KINGS OF SIAM.

THE first King of Siam, who, during the coming Summer, will visit Europe and the United States, was born on the 21st of September, 1833, and succeeded to the throne October 1st, 1868. His name is Choulalonkorn, though in the books of his palace it is written Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramendo Mahah Choulalonkorn. He is a spare young man, active and nervous in his movements, with a full, clear, almost coal-black eye. He is said to possess high intelligence, and to be fully equal to the responsibilities of his kingly station. He commands the army, the navy, the treasury, and can dispose as he pleases of the lives and property of his subjects. He administers the government by the advice of a Council of Ministers, at the head of whom is the Regent. He has a sort of rival in the person of the second king, who is entitled to royal honors and lives in a palace, with troops, a court, a harem and a foreign minister, but the real power is lodged with Choulalonkorn. There is also a third king in Siam, who is ordinarily called by the title of British Consul-general, and who, though neither a celestial prince nor even of ordinary tissue, is generally more highly considered than either of the other kings. The name of the second king, who is thirty-nine years of age, is Chnaphya-phra-chroma-un-ra.

When General Grant visited Siam, he invited the first king to visit the United States, and, urged also by the Regent, he will make his contemplated tour with a view of acquainting himself with the customs of Europe and America preparatory to their introduction into his kingdom. He will leave home on April 23d on a Siamese man-of-war for Singapore, thence by steamer to Marseilles, thence to Berlin, where he will arrive about June 5th, and be received by the German Emperor. From Berlin he will go to Brussels and London. On July 1st he will embark at Southampton on an American man-of-war for America. He will be accompanied by a splendid retinue, among whom will be several royal princes, the Minister of War and Foreign Affairs, and a dozen prominent noblemen. He will remain three weeks in America, going South as far as Richmond and West as far as Chicago. He will visit Lisbon late in August, staying at Rome in October, and returning to Siam in December.

Our Export Cattle Trade.

THERE has been a remarkable growth in the American export of cattle and fresh beef to Great Britain. From a venture by dealers in this city and Boston, it has grown in a few years to be a prominent and profitable feature of our export trade. In 1875 the exports of American fresh beef aggregated 4,000,000 pounds; in 1879 the shipments amounted to 84,000,000 pounds—an increase of 80,000,000 pounds in four years. For the first three months of the present year the shipments have been heavy, and indicate an increased business during the coming Summer. Only the best American cattle are shipped. These can be landed at the docks of Liverpool at a cost of $40 per head, and are worth on their arrival an average of $150. The dressed beef can be shipped at a cost of two cents per pound. It is claimed by shippers here that, under anything like favorable circumstances, American beef can be put upon the English markets two cents a pound below what the English producer can possibly afford to sell at.

Parnell on the Home Rule Policy.

A LETTER from Mr. Parnell on the result of the English elections outlines the policy of that section of the Home Rulers to which he belongs. He says: "Our party will scarcely cross to the Ministerial side of the House of Commons, even though that side shall be occupied by Liberals instead of Conservatives. Our presence in the Opposition will be understood as a constant reminder of the slender nature of the tenure by which the Ministers hold their power. We expect that a good land Bill will be introduced and passed immediately. We also anticipate the early passage of a local government measure, as well as a household franchise Bill. The latter would enable us to carry every Irish seat in Parliament, with very few insignificant exceptions. Should the Liberals refuse to accede to our just demands, they can be very promptly reduced to order by a determined stand on the part of our members. The present Irish Party is an immense advance in every respect upon the previous representations, and sufficient men have been returned—of a class that know what they want and are determined to have it—to render it practically impossible that the most powerful Ministry can withstand them."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Thomson, Keith Johnson's successor in command of the East African Exploring Expedition, left Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, on January 16th, and expects to reach the coast at Kilwa in June.

Bishop Massaia, after a residence of thirty years in Southern Abyssinia, during which time he collected a great deal of information on the Galla countries, has been expelled by John Kassa, the present emperor.

M. Riedel, who is known for his researches in Celebes Island, in the Malay Archipelago, and by his works on the Dutch East Indies, has made a journey to the centre of the Island of Timor, a feat never accomplished before by any European.

O. E. Meyer has recently shown, by careful measurement of the intensity for different groups of rays of the spectrum, that ordinary daylight contains relatively a greater proportion of red and yellow rays, and a less proportion of blue and violet rays than the direct light of the sun.

The Algerian paper *Akhbar* announces the formation of an Algerian Company for cultivation of the Sahara. The means proposed are the systematic boring of artesian wells in carefully selected spots. The company is to be connected somehow with the future Transalgerian Railway Company.

Mr. Ruskin's museum at Sheffield has become so crowded with treasures, and the number of students has so increased, that a public subscription has been started to defray the cost of a new wing to the building. Mr. Ruskin has written a letter of thanks to the workingmen who opened the subscription list.

The Municipal Authorities of Gonzenaass, on the Seveser Railway, have re-christened the Hinterspiel peak, famous for the magnificent view which is obtained from its summit, and which lies within their district. The peak will henceforth be called Amthorpeak, in honor of Dr. E. Amthor, of Gera, an eminent "Alpine" writer.

A Manuscript Psalter has just been discovered at Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which archæological experts assign to the second half of the eighth century. It presents all the characteristics of the later Merovingian and early Carlovingian period, and is presumed to have been originally the property of some monastery on the left bank of the Rhine.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from M. W. Harrington, of Ann Arbor, an announcement of the discovery, by J. M. Schaeberle, of Ann Arbor, on April 6th, 1880, at 12 o'clock P. M., Ann Arbor mean time, of a comet with a tail three minutes long in Th. 20m. right ascension, and 84° 25' north declination, with a daily motion of 30' in right ascension and 45' south.

In regard to the tunnel connection between France and England, it appears that the boring operation undertaken at Sangatte, on the French side, is not the beginning of the shaft from which the tunnel is to be bored, but is simply an experimental bore hole, some 500 or 600 yards above the village, and about 100 yards from the shore. It was found necessary, however, to suspend the work because of the too rapid infiltration of water, rendering essential the construction of a new pump of double the capacity of the first one—that is, one which can raise about 700 gallons a minute. The shaft for the tunnel, when it is begun, is to be sunk in the village itself, and to such a depth as the experiments now making shall show to be requisite. The experimental shaft is to be sunk to a depth of some 260 feet, the diameter of the bore being eleven feet.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie has arrived at Cape Town. She is in good health.

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE has been chosen President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi.

M. JULES SIMON, Republican Life Senator, has been elected a member of the new French Supreme Council of Education.

WAGNER is expected to attend the Palestrina celebration at Rome next month, as also, probably, the first performance of his "Lohengrin."

THE widow of the late General J. E. B. Stuart, of Confederate cavalry fame, has been elected Principal of the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton.

THE Japanese Government has contributed $900 for a monument to Matthew Scott, an American citizen, who died in the Japanese service some months ago.

THE Rev. T. D. Phillips, of Ottawa, will go to England shortly as a member of the Canadian team of cricketers, who are to play in England this Summer.

MR. S. RUSSELL FORBES, of Rome, a well-known archæologist and the author of several books on Rome and its antiquities, is to visit America next season.

QUEEN VICTORIA took with her from Windsor three large boxes containing wreaths and flowers from the Frogmore Gardens, which are to be placed on the grave of the Princess Alice.

IN a speech at Cairo, Illinois, last week, General Grant said his tour through the South had satisfied him that the people are sincere in their professions of loyalty to the national flag.

DR. EDWARD V. H. KENNALLY, member of the last House of Commons, and the well known counsel for "the claimant" in the celebrated Tichborne case, is dead at the age of sixty-one years.

SAILMAKER RICHARDS VAN VOORHIS, United States Navy, aged ninety-eight, died in Washington, D. C., April 12th, having been in the continuous service of the Government for seventy years.

KARL THEODOR, Duke of Bavaria, has just received the title of M. D. from the Bavarian State authorities. The Duke passed a strict medical examination, and is now fully licensed to practice as a physician.

NORDENSKJÖLD has written to a friend announcing his intention to return to Paris about the end of next Summer, in order to obtain the co-operation of the French Government in organizing a new polar expedition.

LORD ROSEBERY, in addition to paying Mr. Gladstone's expenses, whatever they may be, for Midlothian, contributed $25,000 towards the election for Southwark of Mr. Cohen, a very able Hebrew barrister, who is a relative of Lady Rosebery.

THE steamer *Vega*, with Professor Nordenskjöld on board, arrived at Copenhagen April 14th. The Swedish Arctic explorer and his companions met with a very enthusiastic reception. Twenty thousand persons had assembled to witness the arrival of the *Vega*.

BARON VON RADOWITZ, the successor of Prince Hohenlohe as German Ambassador at Paris, has had an audience with the Emperor William. Baron von Radowitz left for Paris on the 15th, to enjoy the advantage of two or three days' personal initiation into the duties of his post before Prince Hohenlohe leaves.

GENERAL ALONZO ANDERSON, who was Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad during the war, who built the present bridge over the Cumberland River, and was recently General Manager of the Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad, has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

DELEGATE DOWNEY, of Wyoming, has introduced a Bill in the House providing for an appropriation of $500,000 to commemorate in suitable paintings, by the great living artists of this country, upon the walls of the National Capitol, the birth, life and death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, as told in the four Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

A. C. SOLOMON and Simon Wolf, representing the organization of the "Union of American Hebrew Congregations," have presented to the Secretary of State an earnest remonstrance against the Czar's alleged recent cruel discrimination to the injury of the Russian Jews, and asking that the Minister of the United States at the Court of St. Petersburg be directed to inquire into the matter.

EARLY in March, when the four per cent. loan transfer books were closed in order to disburse the April registered interest, William H. Vanderbilt had registered in his name four per cent. bonds to the amount of $31,800,000. Since that time there has been received from Mr. Vanderbilt for registration in his name four per cent. bonds to the amount of $20,000,000, which makes him at this time the owner of $51,050,000 of that class of bonds.

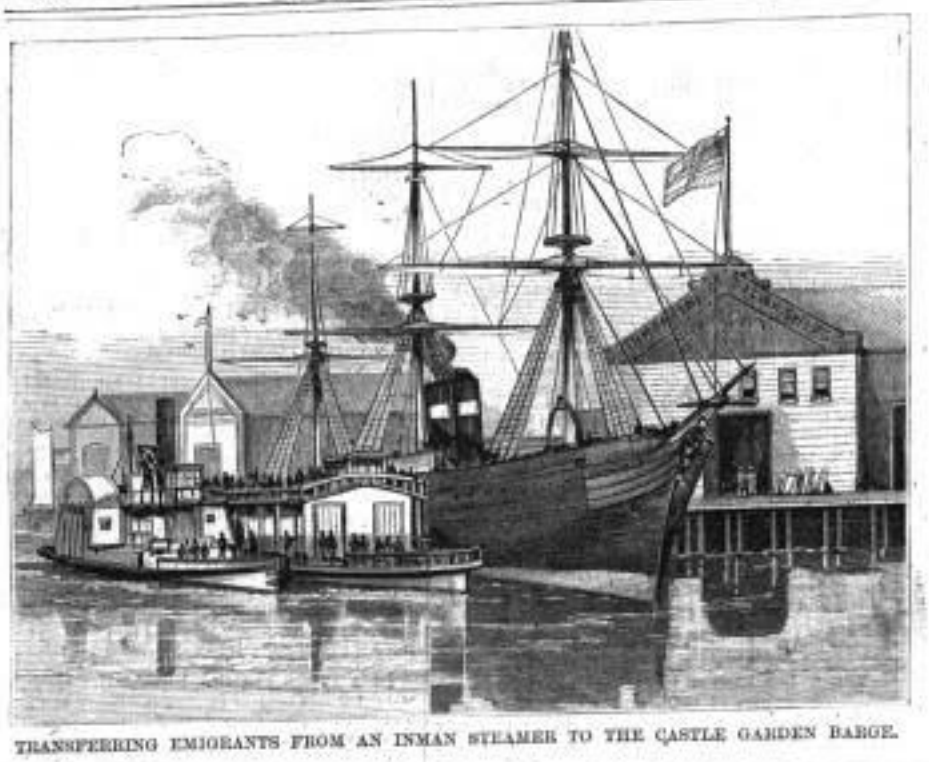
WILLIAM A. HOWARD, Governor of Dakota, who died in Washington, April 10th, had been in poor health for some time. He had served three terms in Congress. He was at the head of the Michigan delegation at Cincinnati in 1876, and it was his influence, it is said, that wheeled Michigan into line at the critical moment, and turned the scale in favor of Mr. Hayes. He leaves a wife, two sons and two married daughters. His remains will be taken to Detroit for interment.

AMONG deaths of prominent persons last week were the following: Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, of this city, aged 68 years; Elliot C. Cowdin, of this city, aged 61 years; General James L. Mitchell, of this city, aged 63 years; Rt. Rev. A. D. Pellicer, Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, aged 56 years; Robert Fortune, the eminent Scotch botanist, aged 67 years; Wm. Sharpley, a well-known Scottish medical professor and author, aged 78 years, and Theodore Gudin, the French marine painter, aged 78 years.

THERE is a very general feeling of satisfaction among the members of the Bar at the appointment of Mr. John Watts Barr to be United States Judge of the District for Kentucky, made vacant by the sudden death of Judge Hays. Mr. Barr is a native of Fayette County, and is connected with many of the most noted families of the State. He is regarded as one of the most learned lawyers in Kentucky, and though a very quiet and retiring man, is everywhere popular. He has been a Republican since the war, but was never a politician.

BY the will and codicil of Mrs. Sarah W. Hale, of Newburyport, Mass., admitted to probate April 13th, $5,000 is left to the American Home Missionary Society, $3,000 to the American Bible Society, $3,000 to the Illinois Female Educational Society, $2,000 to the American Tract Society, $2,000 to the American Seamen's Friend Society, $5,000 to the American College and Educational Society, $7,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Missions, in addition to previous bequests of $5,000; $2,000 to the Women's Board of Missions; the remainder of the Moses Brown trust fund, in three equal portions, two to Belleville Congregational Church and one to North Congregational Church, Newburyport.

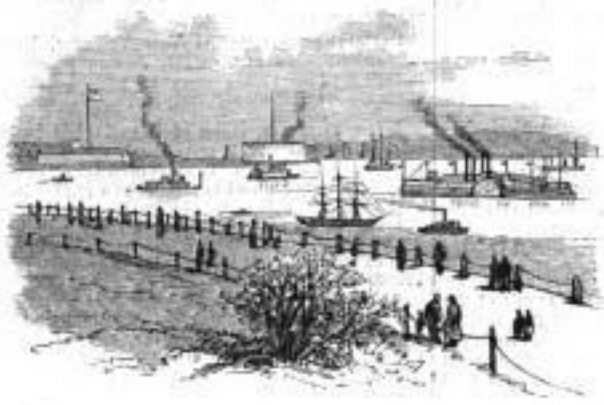
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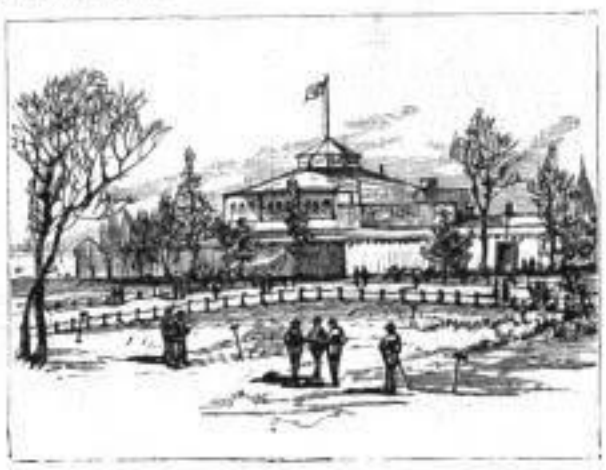
TRANSFERRING EMIGRANTS FROM AN INMAN STEAMER TO THE CASTLE GARDEN BARGE.



SCENE AT THE RAILROAD TICKET OFFICE IN THE GARDEN.



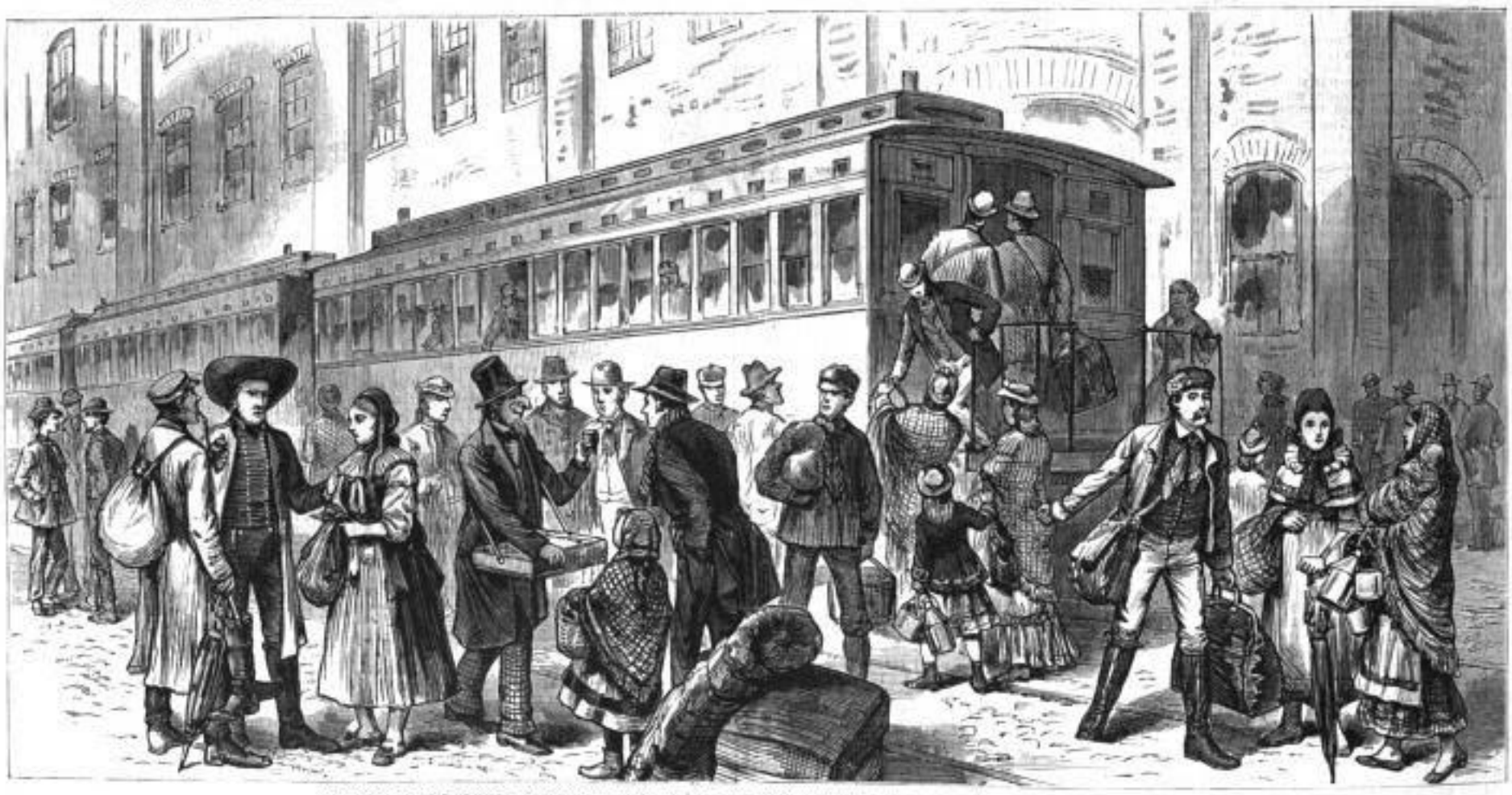
THE SEA-WALL OF THE BATTERY.



CASTLE GARDEN FROM THE PARK.



AN EMIGRANT HOTEL ON GREENWICH STREET.



EMIGRANTS EMBARKING AT THE RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK FOR THEIR NEW HOMES IN THE WEST.



EXAMINING EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.



REGISTERING EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE PRESENT EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE TO THE UNITED STATES.—FROM SKETCHES BY CLARENCE O'DOWD.—SEE PAGE 139.

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JOHN P. GILLOOLY, JOHN J. TULLY AND WILLIAM M. DEVAN, THE KENTUCKY LIFE-SAVING HEROES.—FROM A PHOTO. BY KLAUBER.



CHOULALONKORN, FIRST KING OF SIAM.—SEE PAGE 139.



OBVERSE OF KENTUCKY LIFE-SAVING MEDAL.

HONORS TO LIFE-SAVING HEROES.

ON Friday, April 23, the Hall of the Kentucky House of Representatives at Frankfort was crowded with fair women and gallant men to witness one of the most interesting scenes ever enacted in the capital. In February last a joint resolution passed the Legislature providing for an appropriation of $150, to be expended by Governor Blackburn in the purchase of three gold medals, to be suitably inscribed and presented to three Kentuckians for heroic daring in saving from drowning in the treacherous waters at the Falls of the Ohio more than fifty persons. The 23d of April was chosen as the day for the presentation ceremony. At 1:30 Governor Blackburn and Lieutenant-Governor Cantrill entered the hall arm-in-arm, followed by the Senators. The House rose to receive them, and the chief officers of the State occupied the Speaker's stand. Then came Mr. W. B. Fleming and General Baker, of Louisville, with the heroes of the Falls—Devan, Tully and Gilooly—in the rear. Mr. Fleming presented the men to the Governor in an impressive speech, and His Excellency addressed them briefly upon the object and honor of the ceremony. The response to the Governor in acceptance of the medals was made by General Alpheus Baker, of Louisville, in most eloquent language, and at its close Governor Blackburn stepped down to the floor and pinned the medals upon the heroes.

The medals are worthy to have been given by the State. They were designed and engraved by John P. Watson, of George Wolfe's establishment, and reflects great credit on his skill. They are all alike. The medallion proper is surmounted by a pair of oars, over which an eagle is perched with wings extended. On one side is the emblem of Kentucky and the words: "L. P. Black



THE SECOND KING OF SIAM, AND REGENT.—SEE PAGE 139.



REVERSE OF KENTUCKY LIFE-SAVING MEDAL.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE WAYNE MEMORIAL BLOCK-HOUSE AND MARINE HOSPITAL, AT ERIE.—SEE PAGE 139.

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born, Governor. Life-saving medal. Act of General Assembly, February 13th, 1880." On the other side is the inscription: "The State of Kentucky to ——, for heroic deeds in saving many lives from drowning in the Ohio River, near Louisville." Beneath the medal is suspended a skiff, with "Kentucky," engraved on the side. Underneath, and attached to this, is an anchor.

William M. Devan was born August 28th, 1848, in Louisville, Ky., where he has lived ever since. John J. Tully was born November 25th, 1853, in Dublin, Ireland. At nine years of age he came to America, lived one year in Cincinnati, and since in Louisville, Ky. At ten years of age he was himself rescued from drowning in the Falls of the Ohio by Charley Kremer, now wharf-master at Louisville, Ky. John F. Gilfoyle was born 18th of September, 1855, in Jackson, Miss., and has been living in Louisville, Ky., for the last fifteen years.

The first of the rescues for which these medals were given was made by Devan and Gilfoyle in February, 1875. Captain John Gilmore, captain and owner of the steamer *James Gilmore*, with a pilot and deck hand in a skiff, attempting to jump the dam, were swamped and all three thrown into the water. Devan and Gilfoyle jumped both dams in a skiff and saved all three, almost dead with cold. In March, 1875, Devan and Tully rescued two brothers, Raymond, aged respectively eighteen and nine years, whose skiff, caught by the current, was being swept over the dam. Devan and Tully pulled into the current and took them out of their skiff, which instantly went over the dam and was swamped.

Charley Fox and John Yager went over the dam in a skiff, which was swamped, and they, thrown into the breakers, were rescued in a drowning condition by Devan and Gilfoyle.

The next most prominent rescue was of Captain George Fuget, a pilot of thirty-three years' service, from Cincinnati to New Orleans, and Michael McCrone, whose skiff was upset on the dam, and who were rescued and taken out of the water, half-frozen, by Devan and Tully. Their clothing was frozen stiff, and they were almost exhausted. On March 20th, 1879, Captain Paul Boyton, the celebrated swimmer, with Oliver Doud Byron, the actor; James Creelman, correspondent New York *Herald*; John D. Simpson, editor of Madison *Star*, Ind.; A. J. Mullin, reporter of same paper, three boatmen, and a skiff containing seven men, making a total of thirteen, were all being swept over the Falls, there being a fog at the time on the river. They were rescued by Devan, Gilfoyle and Tully from the very brink of the dam, at a point over which no skiff can go without being swamped.

In April, 1879, Devan and Tully rescued Albert Philbrick, George Lamming and Charley Quin, whose skiff was being at the time swept over the dam.

In September, 1879, Devan and Gilfoyle saved Miller and Bissenchal, two young men of Jefferson, Ind., who were caught in the rapids and were being hurried on to destruction.

January 29th, 1880, a skiff, bearing Richard Glasgow, Barney Carroll and Nathan Beck, of Jeffersonville, Ind., plunged over the dam, was stove in and capsized. Devan, Tully and John Drezen went to their rescue and brought them out safely. Glasgow had been pulled back by the back-action of the water under the dam seven times, and, being dashed against the rocks, one of his ribs were broken.

In February, 1880, Devan, Tully and Gilfoyle rescued Alexander Errigan, a youth of fourteen, whose skiff was caught in the terrible current below the dam, and was about to be carried over the "back-bone." The skiff was in a sinking condition when his rescuers reached him.

In all fifty-one persons have been rescued by Devan, Tully and Gilfoyle from February, 1875, up to date.

HUBBARD'S RIGHT-HAND RECORD AND NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. H. P. Hubbard, New Haven, Conn.

The "Right-Hand Record and Ready Reference," a copy of which lies on our table, is a complete guide to all the leading newspapers published, not only on this vast continent, but all over the world and a glance at its pages shows us the condition of journalistic enterprise from Manhattan to the Malay Archipelago. It gives in alphabetical order the towns in each of our States, with population; the papers in each town, with circulation; with a blank space for recording contracts, estimates, offers, acceptances, or any other data. As advertising is the great lever to business, this "Right-Hand Record" should be at every man's right hand.

FUN.

LITTLE MAGGIE (in a railway carriage): Mary, dear, if there is a collision, I hope our train will win.

"Oh, could I stand where Moses stood and view the prospect ore!" sings the dabbler in mining securities.

A LADY residing in one of our suburbs boasts that her daughter is not only studying Latin and Greek, but "Transcript."

ADA (aged four), who was doing something, and was told to desist by her mother. *Mother*: "Ada, am I to speak to you again?" *Ada*: "Yes, ma, you may if you like."

FISH worms are naturally very nervous as the season for fishing has arrived. They look out from their homes in the earth for the lad with a spade and an old oyster-can.

IT comes kind o' sudden like, just as the congregation have finished singing "Salvation's free," to have the preacher announce that "the collection will now be taken up."

TEACHER—"What's the earth composed of?" *Boy*—"Fix." *Teacher* (angrily)—"No nonsense, now! What makes you say the earth is composed of joe?" *Boy*—"'Cos it's covered with crues.

AFTER a telegraph-pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head, he threw up his hands and shouted: "Don't hit me again wid yer club, Mr. Policeman. It wasn't me dat stole der chickens. It was Deacon Henry." Then he looked, saw what hit him, and walked off, saying: "Golly, I'se in luck dis mornin'. I 'spected dat de policeman had me shunk dat time."

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THE "Pocket Mining Atlas," by Mr. Edwin Bolitho, is a valuable and convenient compendium of information touching our mining interests. It shows the location of the mining districts and mines of the United States; and, while the constant addition of new mines and the frequent changing of old locations prevent the attainment of absolute accuracy, yet, in the main, it is believed the "Atlas" is correct. The greatest care has been taken in its compilation, and, wherever possible, individual companies have been consulted and official drawings form a basis for each part of the work.

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A LADY OFFICER of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Norfolk, Va., writes: "My improvement is wonderful, though slow. I have gained in flesh, and they say that I appear twenty years younger. With most grateful thanks, and the wish that I could spread the reputation of your wonderful agent, I am," etc. All information sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL scholar was requested to learn "Matthew XV, XIII, and XIV," when he astounded the teacher by jumping up with the exclamation: —"Can't be done; 'taint in the blocks!"

WOMEN AS LAWYERS.

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PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 14th, 1879.

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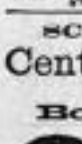
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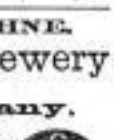
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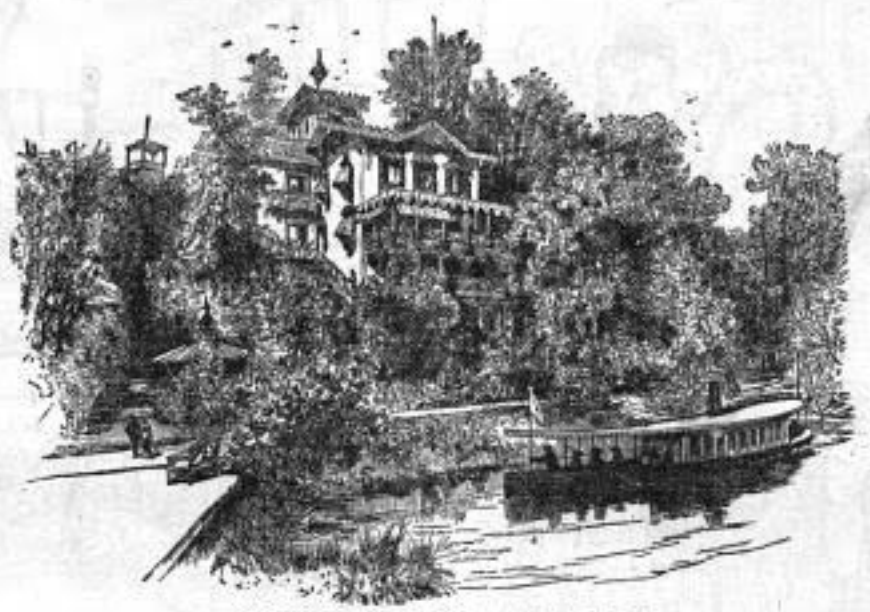


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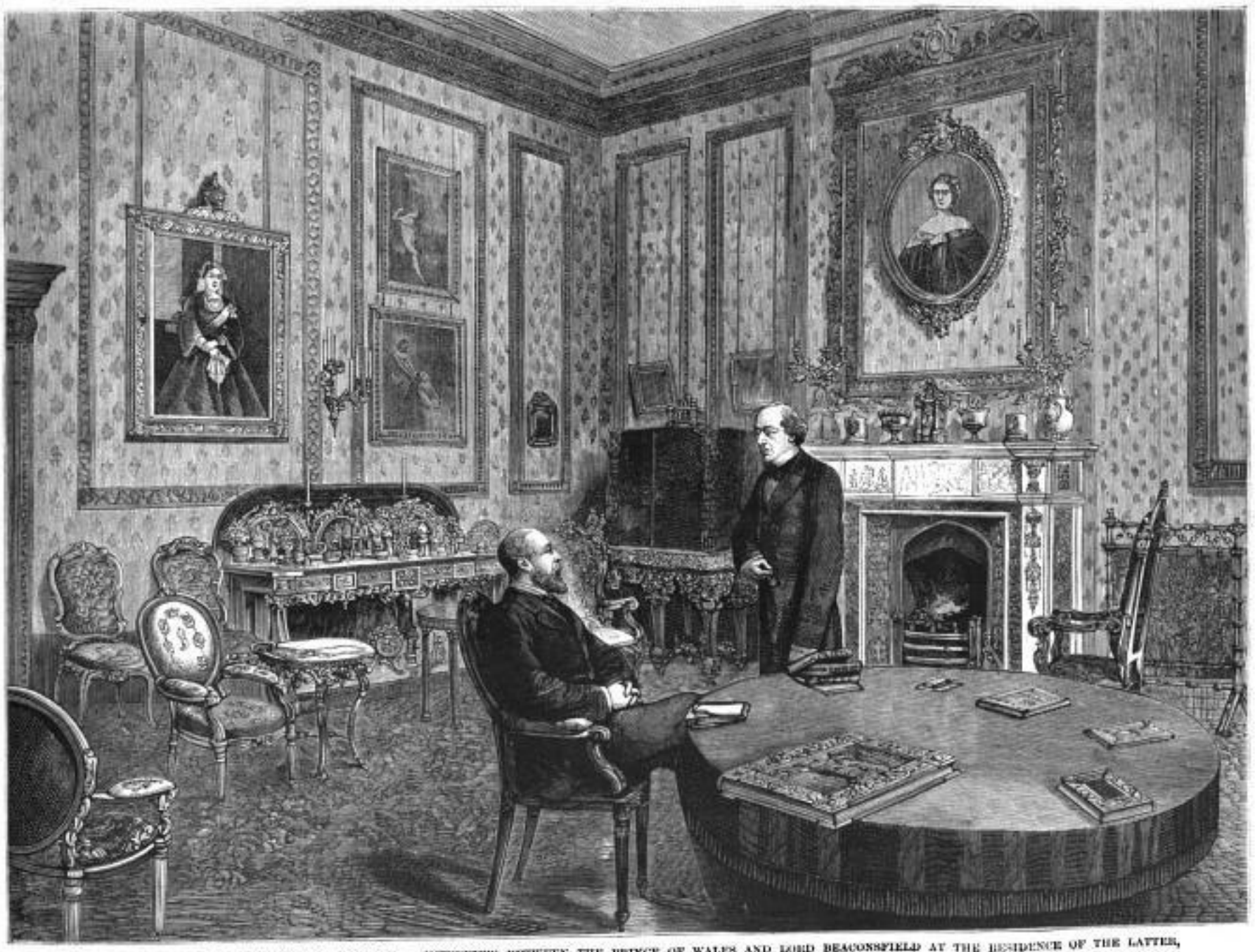


MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.—SEE PAGE 139.

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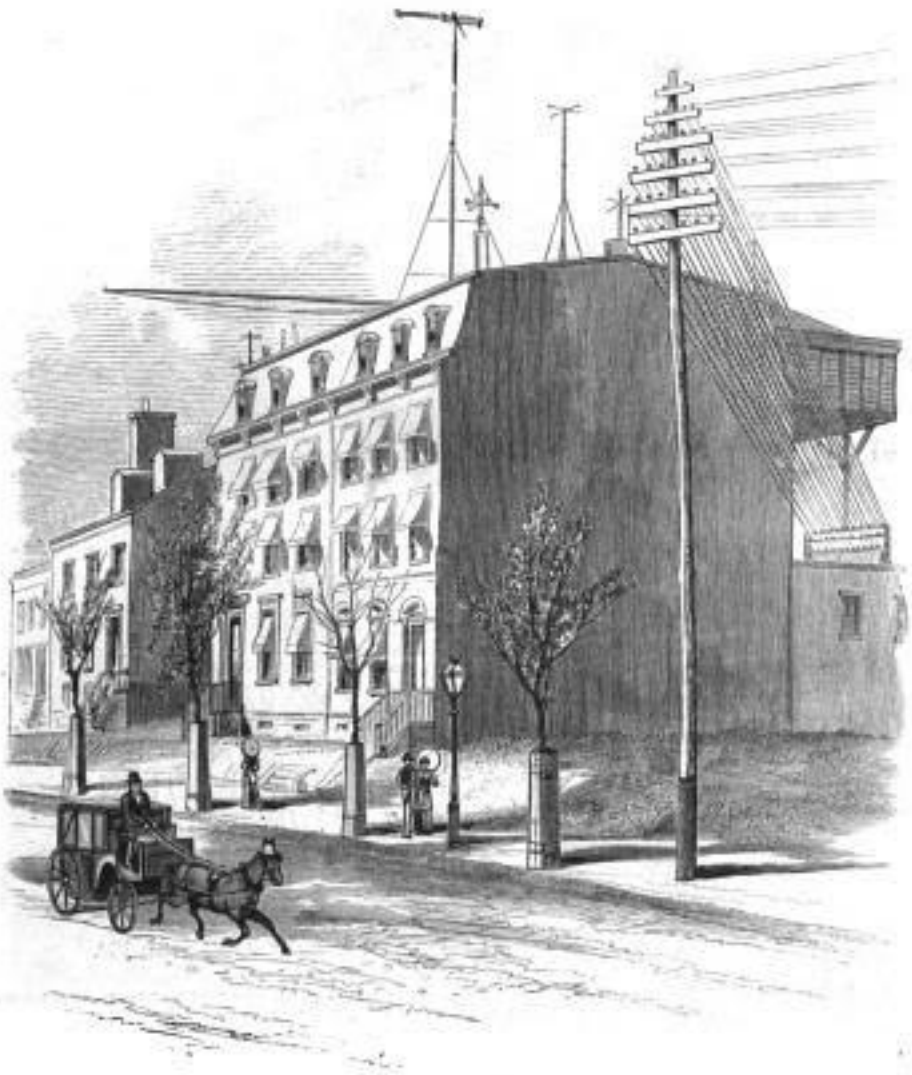
ALEXANDER MICHAELOWITSCH, more familiarly known in the world of diplomacy as Prince Gortschakoff, now lying *in extremis*, is a cousin of the famous defender of Sebastopol. He was born in 1798, and received his education at the celebrated Lyceum of Tsarsko-Selo. His public career was opened at an early age by his appointment as *attaché* to M. Nesselrode, subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the Congress of Laybach and Verona. He became secretary to the Russian Ambassador at London in 1824, where, besides applying himself closely to his official duties, he entered upon the study of foreign languages. Six years later he was *charge d'affaires* to the Court of Tuscany, and was attached for the first time, in 1832, to the Legation at Vienna, where the death of his superior, the Russian Ambassador, gave him great influence. In 1841 he was sent on a mission to Stuttgard, where he negotiated the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia with the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, and received therefor the title of Privy Councilor. During the events of 1848 and 1849, Prince Gortschakoff maintained a dignified neutrality, but it is rumored that in 1850 he exercised some influence in procuring the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand I. in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph. The Prince was Ambassador at Vienna during the dispute respecting the Eastern question, and it was at his instance that the Russian Government accepted the four points which formed the basis of the Conference of Paris in 1856. From this post he was recalled to St. Petersburg, in 1857, to replace Nesselrode as Minister for Foreign Affairs. A proclamation of his, very hostile to the Western Powers, during the Sicilian and Neapolitan revolution, excited much attention, and his policy during the Polish insurrection of 1863 has been much commented upon. In 1862 he declined to have anything to do with intervention proposed by France and England in our civil war. The Czar, whose cordial favor he has always enjoyed, made him, in 1862, Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, bestowed upon him the insignia, in diamonds, of the Order of St. Andrew, and other exalted honors. Prince Gortschakoff's knowledge of men and experience in politics are immense, and his measures have met with rare success. The Prince has cool intellect, vast experience, resolute will, singular dexterity and dissimulation, perfect unscrupulousness, and then, not a Parliament of Freemen, but an acquiescent nominal master, and the whole blind force of obedient Russia, at his back. One of his latest triumphs was that of October, 1870, when the Treaty of Paris was in large measure annulled in favor of Russia, and the results of the Crimean War were tamely abandoned at the desire of the old encroaching power.

Prince Gortschakoff is one of the most agreeable men in Russia. Those who like him least acknowledge that, but few who have been brought much into contact with him have failed to like him as a man; and those who appreciate him best are the men who have served constantly under his orders. He has none of the bluff petulancy of Bismarck, nor of the smirking readiness of retort which enables Count Andrassy to manage the Austro-Hungarian Parliaments. He talks slowly, writes grandiloquently, and gives high-minded reasons for everything he advises or does. Persons who might have expected him to explain some tortuous piece of policy on cynical grounds are staggered by his semblance of perfect good faith and by the reassuring promises which he makes in a tone of stately gentleness, to which his venerable appearance gives the stamp of wisdom and truth. His strength is patience; his talent lies in seizing opportunities the moment they arrive; and those opportunities come through the simplicity of foreigners who trust him.



THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LORD BEACONSFIELD AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATTER, JUST BEFORE THE LATE DISSOLUTION.—SEE PAGE 139.

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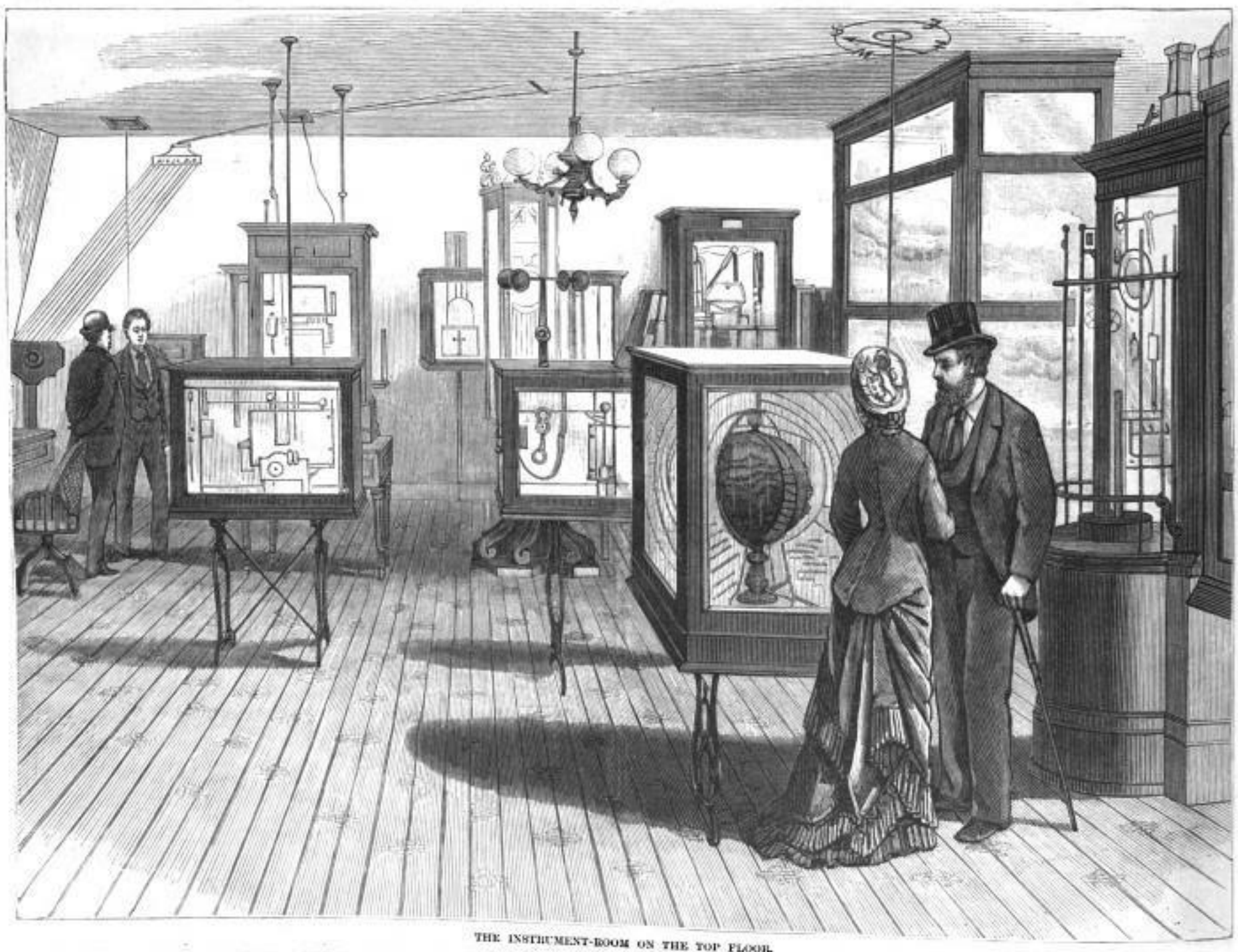
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A READING OF THE BAROMETER.

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IF ever building gave sign of the special uses to which it is devoted, that edifice is the house, or two houses rolled into one, in the City of Washington in which the secrets of the elements are reluctantly forced from them by the subtle hand of science; their action forestalled; and much of their destructive efforts, by the precautions taken to anticipate them, paralyzed, foiled and baffled. A glance at the roof of the Meteorological Department strikes awe and bewilderment into the passer-by. The sky is crossed and recrossed, as a schoolgirl's first love-letter, by electric wires—wires "giving away" the north, south, east and west winds, as they crouch in far-distant corners of the world ere leaping upon the warpath. The roof actually bristles with meteorological insignia—cups and balls, and flags and mirrors, and weather-cocks, and poles with curiously-devised instruments, menacing the four points of the compass, and a very grove of electric wires. The roofs of the neighboring dwellings are compelled to pay tribute, till they resemble an elevated Holland, so rich are they in miniature windmills of every sort, shape, size and description, each set of cups racing till it makes one giddy to gaze at them. How courageously and unerringly those little cups do their duty, standing to their posts until blown away, as was the case last August during the cyclone, when eleven hundred



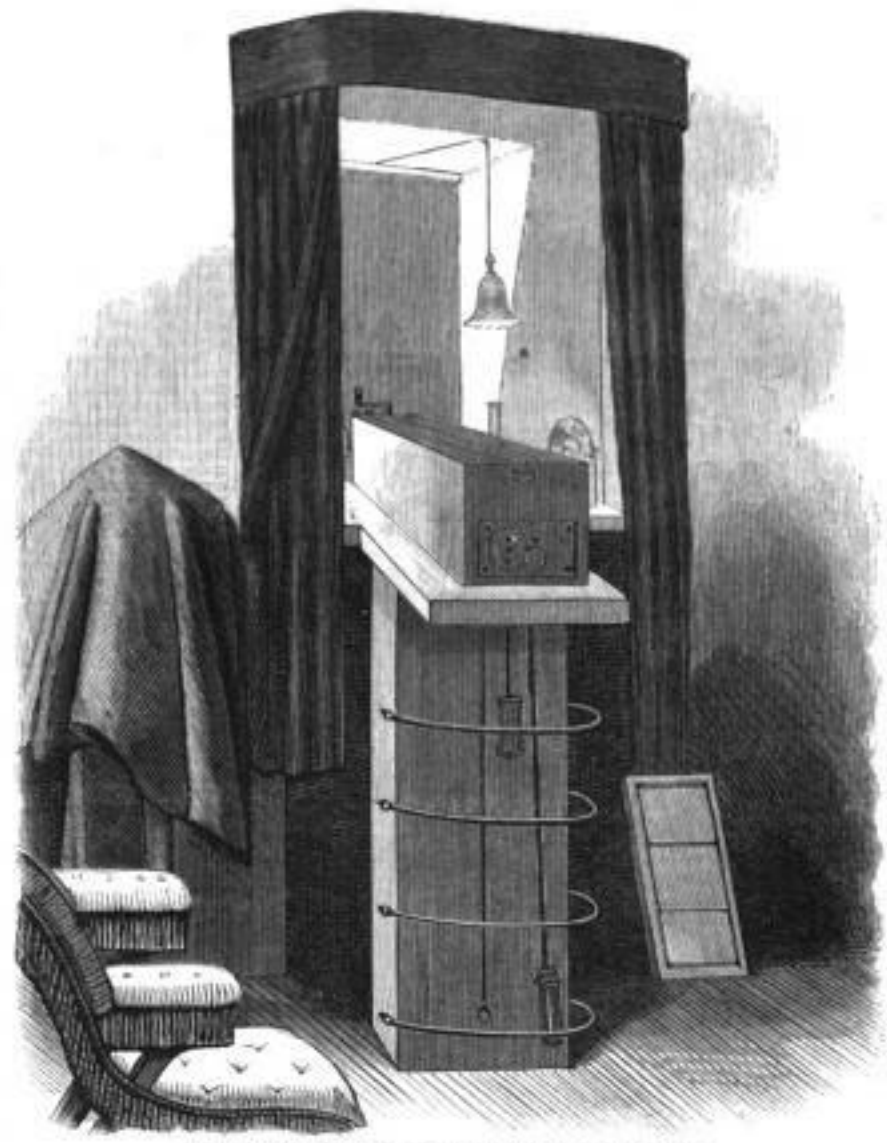
THE INSTRUMENT-ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE METEOROLOGICAL WORK OF THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.—From Sketches by H. A. Ogden.

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ARRANGING THE ARROWS ON MAPS.

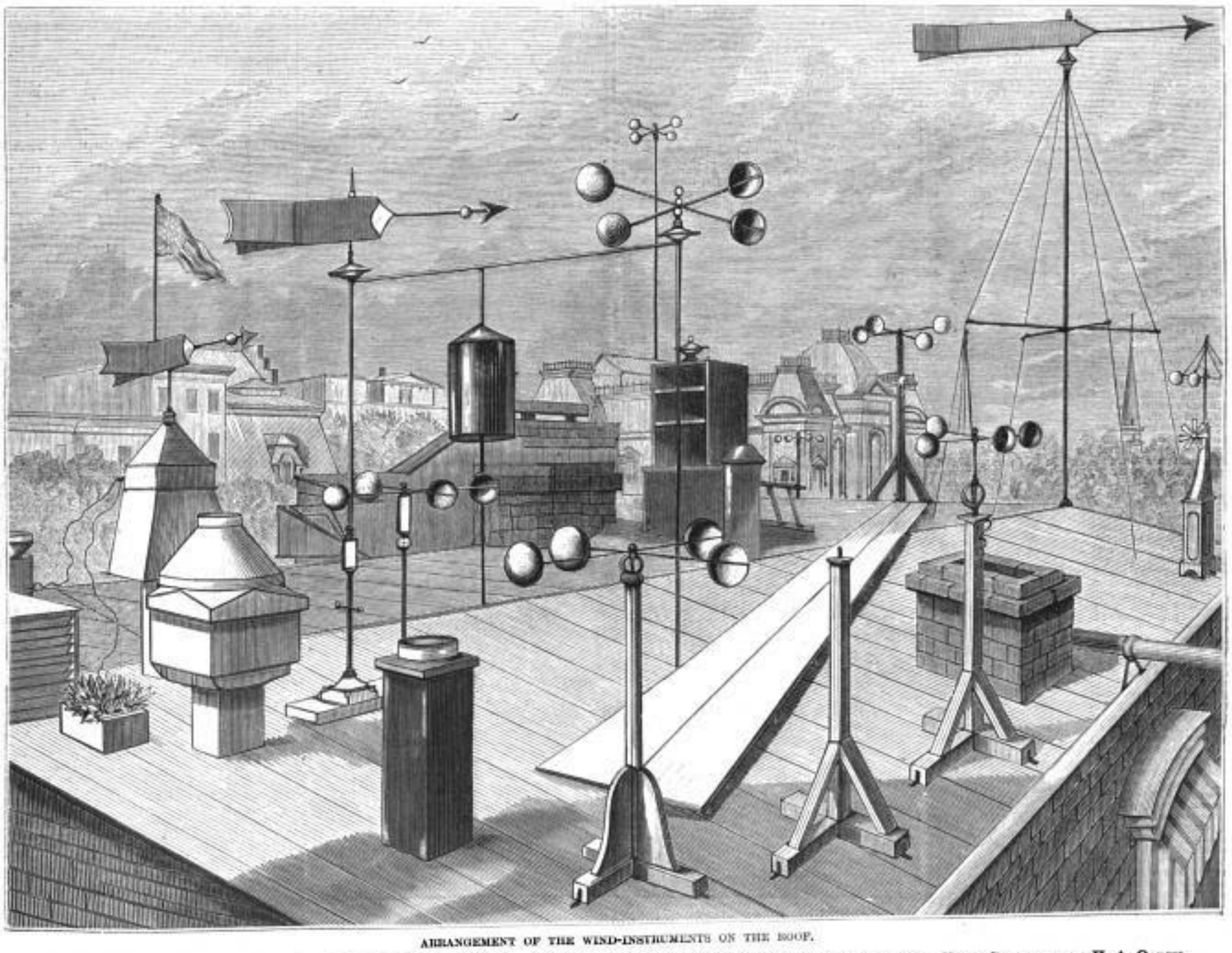


PHOTOGRAPHING THE TEMPERATURE BY LAMP-LIGHT.

miles of wind was registered in one day! The Signal Service, as now organized, consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals and 200 privates. This force has the management of 300 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations; 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from four stations in the West Indies, and 12 in Canada.

Passing through a map-decorated hall, and ascending to the topmost story, I found myself in the Instrument-room, a long apartment divided by an arch, and furnished with glass-cases and clocks, and dials and needles, and barometers and thermometers, and a hundred other ometers.

The very atmosphere breathed of brain-softening calculations, while the grim silence was appalling. I was confronted by an anemograph, which registers the wind continually; by a rain-gauge worked by electricity, and so delicate in its operations that it recorded the 1-400th of an inch; by barometers registering the pressure of the air, showing a change of pressure equal to 1-4000th of an inch of mercury; by a barometer registering its changes by electricity, and enabling a barometer in San Francisco to register in New York; by a thermometer also worked by electricity, giving a continuous registration, and showing all the fluctuations of the temperature of the air; by Father Secci's meteoro-



ARRANGEMENT OF THE WIND-INSTRUMENTS ON THE ROOF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE METEOROLOGICAL WORK OF THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

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MARBLE STATUETTE OF THE "CROQUET-PLAYER," BY SIGNOR TURINI.

graph, and by Dr. Robinson's anemometer, which is gradually displacing all others on account of its simplicity and accuracy. Here I learned that the cup travels at one-third the velocity of the wind, and that 500 revolutions of a cup registers a mile of wind, that upper currents of air carry ashes sent up by volcanoes 15,000 miles, bearing them aloft for so long as six weeks at a time. In the room is a glass case, showing in model the different clouds in wool, their relative altitudes, and the manner in which they are formed, also the formation of fogs on the banks of Newfoundland.

Quitting the Instrument-room, where one of the employés was earnestly engaged in hunting up an error of a thousandth part of a second in a calculation that would have afforded ecstasies of delight to Mr. Babbage, I entered the Photograph-room. This apartment, silent as the tomb, is used for photographing the action of the barometer, and, if I may so put it, taking likenesses of the weather. I will not attempt to describe the process, save that certain shadows upon oblong strips of prepared paper denote certain meteorological disturbances even several hundred miles away.

At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to forward tri-daily, on each day, the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain-gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours at the different stations as to secure absolute simultaneity—allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times, 7:35 A. M., 4:35 P. M. and 11 P. M., and the local time at the different stations. At the Meteorological Congress, held at Rome last year, arrangements were made for simultaneous observations all over the world at 6 P. M., Washington time. The chiefs of the Meteorological Departments on the globe send in reports of observations by mail twice a month. Two thousand reports come in daily. Two hundred reports are handled in thirty-five minutes. All navies, since November last, take a simultaneous observation on ship board. These floating stations will help the storms on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Three other observations are taken respectively at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., local time, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station. So perfect is the description, and so trustworthy the work of the force, that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington in the space of forty minutes.

Passing through Instrument-shelter, where an officer was busily noting the registration of a barometer, so sensitive that the warmth of his body affected it, the Report-room, the Study-room and the Fact-room, I again reached the hall, where I found an employé engaged in sticking tiny arrows into allotted places on an elaborate map, each arrow indicating the course of the wind in that particular section of the continent. Eight charts, exhibiting the data of the observation reports as to the barometric pressure, relative humidities, cloud conditions, dew-point variations, etc., are draughted and examined before, and are essential to, each official announcement. The statements designed for publication, issued thrice daily, are telegraphed at the moment of their issue to the principal cities, and reach fully one-third of the population of the entire country.

"What a boon to those who go down to the sea in ships, and those who make pilgrimage by land," I exclaimed, as I quitted the department, over which General Meyer presides with such pre-eminent ability, aided by Captain Howgate, his able and popular first lieutenant.

HON. BEN. LE FEVRE, OF OHIO.

HON. BENJAMIN LE FEVRE, the well-known and popular Member of Congress from the Fifth Ohio District, was born in Shelby County, in that State, in 1838, was educated at the Miami University, studied law, but became a farmer. In 1861 he entered the Union army as a private soldier and served until the close of the war. In 1865 he was elected to the Legislature from Shelby County, and during his two years' term was his party's nominee for Secretary of State, and before its close, in 1867, was appointed United States Consul at Nuremberg, Germany. In 1878 he was elected to Congress, and took his seat at the extra session in March, 1879. He is a member of the Committee on Agriculture.

This brief summary gives the principal events in the life of a public man of genial qualities, fine ability and large personal acquaintance. One who knows him well says of him: "Always a firm and active Democrat, eloquent and earnest in his political speeches, and constant and reliable in his notes on public questions, he has also gathered to him a host of friends irrespective of party, always ready to serve him, and giving him, therefore, an influence extending throughout the country. Of fine personal appearance, in the prime of life, easy of access and ready to help those who need his assistance, industrious and energetic, capable of any amount of physical or mental exertion, attending to his heavy correspondence and the many interests of his constituents with a promptitude and zeal excelled by no member, he is esteemed by his fellows and his fellow-citizens as a Congressman worthy of commendation and praise."

In Congress, Mr. Le Fevre has, as his chosen calling naturally inclined him, devoted himself largely to agricultural questions. Placed on the Committee on Agriculture, he has zealously co-operated with the Chairman and his fellow members in endeavoring to make the work of the committee not nominal but practical and efficient. He introduced a resolution for the investigation of the Agricultural Department, and pressed it with the view of enlarging the scope and increasing the usefulness and dignity of the same. He has rendered important services by advocating his Bill for preventing the spread of contagious diseases among domesticated animals—a subject upon which the farmers of the country are demanding that there shall be national legislation. But while thus interesting himself fully in agricultural subjects, he has not neglected other interests. He has introduced a Bill for the equalization of soldiers' bounties; and he labors to give full attention to all important questions before Congress, and, by his influence and vote, to shape and enact wise legislation.



HON. BENJAMIN LE FEVRE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE FIFTH OHIO DISTRICT.

THE BISHOP POTTER MEMORIAL.

THE testimonial to Bishop Potter, who, on November last, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his bishopric of this diocese, and whose many friends and admirers marked the occasion by the presentation of a memorial casket, was last week on exhibition at the establishment of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., by whom it was manufactured, and elicited many expressions of admiration. It is a coffer of silver with enrichments of gold, steel and damaskeening, and contains a parchment scroll upon which is engraved the congratulatory address presented by Mr. Jay on the anniversary occasion. The proportions are those of the Ark of the Covenant, the measurements being divided by three. It is fifteen inches long, nine inches wide and nine inches high to the top of the pointed, sloping, Gothic lid, which is surmounted by a massive and richly-sculptured Celtic cross of solid gold. Underneath the cross is a crozier on one side and a group of lilies on the other, symbolical of the Bishop's office and purity. On the sloping front side is an open Bible resting on boughs of olive leaves, and above is the form of a dove spreading its wings over the pages. On either side of the Bible are tongues of fire. The surface of the casket is covered with branches of the vine twined in circular forms, which contain alternately the English rose and the thistle. Bunches of grapes, indicative of the growth and good work of the Church under the Bishop, hang in the interstices. At the centre of each of the four sides of the lower edge of the lid is a symbol of one of the four Evangelists—Matthew, the Man; Mark, the Lion; Luke, the Ox, and John, the Eagle—which are boldly carved from silver. On each of the main sides of the lid are trefoil medallions inlaid with blackened steel, and bearing illustrations in gold damaskeening of the sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Communion and Consecration. The sides of the chest are adorned with medallions commemorative of the work of the Church in this country. The centre of the front bears a profile in bas-relief, of solid gold, of Bishop Potter, and on the right, in a sunken round panel, is an admirably delineated representation of the consecration by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace Chapel, of Bishops Provost and White, the first two bishops who came to America. The picture in the left front panel represents the interior of Christ Church, Philadelphia, and the adoption of the American Prayer-book in 1789. The centre of the reverse side of the chest bears the Bishop's seal in relief, and at the right of this, in a panel corresponding to that on the front, Old Trinity Church, the scene of the first consecration of a bishop in America, and on the left the interior of St. John's Chapel in Varick Street, with the Bishop addressing a congregation. The rose and the arbutus are brought into requisition in forming the characteristic Gothic border which extends along the top from end to end. At the base of the casket is a band of blackened steel damaskeened with letters of gold of ecclesiastical character, which extends completely around the base and forms the following inscription: "To the Right Reverend Horatio Potter, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of New York, from his diocese, with love and gratitude for twenty-five years of faithful and fruitful service." The casket is said by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. to be one of the richest and mostly costly pieces of work ever done in this country.



FACE OF THE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE RT. REV. BISHOP HORATIO POTTER, ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ORDINATION AS BISHOP.

THE "CROQUET-PLAYER," BY TURINI.

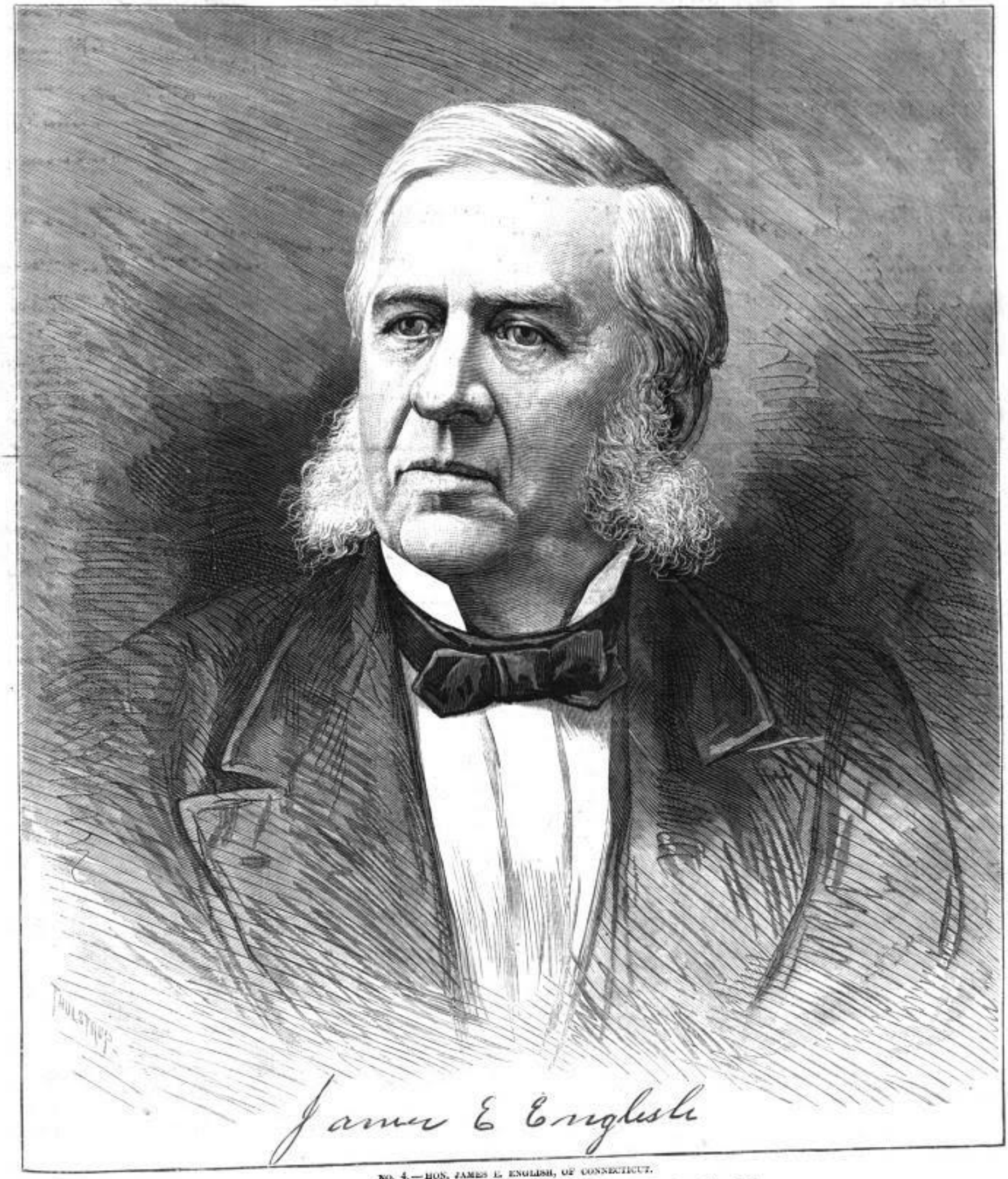
THE study of art possesses this great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the struggles and contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, men are deeply divided and set at variance; but beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art. Dr. Johnson states that "the natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety." The "nicety" by which the great lexicographer summed up that delicacy of tone and perfection of finish can never be so absolutely realized save by the chisel of the sculptor. From Phidias to Canova the *ad unguem* has been the result of a subtly-linked sympathy with nature—a sympathy that manifests itself in the glorious works of art that would seem to woo the amorous yearnings of a Pygmalion to kiss them into life. Among the disciples "who sit at the feet of art" is Signor Turini of this city, whose statue of the "Croquet Player" we illustrate. The subject is essentially a graceful one, and the sculptor has treated it in all grace. The tendency of modern sculpture is realistic, and what more charming bit of realism than a pretty Nineteenth Century girl wielding her merciless croquet-mallet? The power, whether of sculptor, painter or poet, to describe rightly what he calls "an ideal thing," depends upon its being to him not an ideal, but a real thing. "No man," quoth Ruskin, "ever did or ever will work well but either from actual sight, or sight of faith." Signor Turini has evidently worked from actual sight, and has given us the ideal croquet-player, of course.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NO. 4.—HON. JAMES E. ENGLISH, OF CONNECTICUT.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—See Page 154.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

CAUTION.

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METHODS OF PERSONAL POLITICS.

JAMES MADISON was nominated for the Presidency of the United States by a Congressional caucus, in accordance with the political usages of that early day in our history. He was at the time Secretary of State under President Jefferson, and Mr. Gallatin, his colleague in the Cabinet, informs us that during the entire period of Mr. Madison's candidature the fact of his candidature was never referred to, either by himself or by any one of his official associates in the Administration. To do so would have been esteemed, under the sense of honor and duty which then obtained, a violation of the delicacy and reserve which ought to be observed towards a candidate for that high office, and which, above all, ought to be observed by the candidate himself. After the election of 1808 was over, and when it was known that Mr. Madison was chosen, he remarked to Mr. Gallatin that he could now refer, without impropriety, to what had become a public event, and that it was his wish that Mr. Gallatin should retain under his Administration the same responsible post he had filled with so much credit and usefulness under the Administration of Mr. Jefferson.

It was the surviving influence of this high and delicate sense of public honor which caused William J. Lowndes, of South Carolina, to utter the memorable sentiment, when asked to accept a nomination for the Presidency of the United States, that it was an office "which should neither be sought nor declined," as it was only by the observance of this rule that the people would be left perfectly free to command the services of the Chief Magistrature whom they preferred above all others.

It is in the presence of such precedents that we can measure the great defection which has come in modern times to mark the methods of many who now aspire to fill the Presidential chair. The office is no longer left to come unsought to the man deemed by his fellow-citizens to be most worthy of it, but is made the direct object of intrigue, finesse and management, where it is not made the direct object of open and persistent solicitation. And after a nomination had been secured, we saw one of the candidates at the last Presidential election accused of conducting his own canvass through the intervention of a "Literary Bureau," which proved, in the end, a source of weakness rather than a source of strength.

The miseries and the abominations of this system confront us on every hand. In order to measure its evils, we are not required to take the estimate which each party places upon them as practiced by its opponents, for this estimate might be colored by political prejudice. It is only necessary to open the journals of both parties and to read in them the criticism and objurgation which they pronounce upon these methods as practiced by rival factions within their own political organizations. It is openly charged by Republican journals that the candidature of ex-President Grant for the third term is being *forced* upon the Republican Party by a cabal of "machine politicians," who use the great name and eminent military services of that chieftain as a stalking-horse behind which to mask their selfish designs and ambitious aspirations. It is openly charged by Republican journals of the Third Term persuasion, that the "Literary Bureau" which is managing the preliminary canvass of Mr. Blaine at Washington does not scruple to disparage the claims of his rivals for the Republican nomination while asserting for him a pre-eminent place in the affections of the Republican masses. And this same class of Republican journals is still louder in its denunciation of Mr. Secretary Sherman, who, they charge, is using his influence and patronage as a Government officer to procure the choice of delegates favorable to his own nomination at Chicago.

And in the Democratic Party, if this spirit of crimination and recrimination is not so diffusive, it is more vehement. Against the candidature of Mr. Tilden it has taken the shape of open and flagrant revolt on the part of a faction in the Democracy of New York. With the justice of the accusations brought against this distinguished citizen on the score of the methods by which he is alleged to have once sought, or to be still seeking, the Presidency, we have nothing now to do, any more than with the justice of the charges brought against Messrs. Grant, Blaine and Sherman. It is with the system which exposes these eminent men to the shafts of political detraction in their own ranks that we make our quarrel. It is the system of self-sought and self-managed candidatures, and the still more odious system of candidature sought and managed through a junta of politicians that is bringing our whole electoral machinery into popular suspicion and disrepute.

And we believe that this system will prove more of a bane than a blessing to the beneficiaries who hoped to profit by it. Even during the canvass attendant on the last Presidential election it came to be suspected by the shrewd friends of Mr. Tilden that the young men who administered his "Literary Bureau" were an incumbrance on the flanks of the Democracy, and after the election was over no man became more fully persuaded of the fact than Mr. Tilden himself, when he was called to defend his personal honor from imputations cast upon it by reason of his supposed complicity with men assuming to be in his confidence, but some of whose transactions he was swift to disavow as soon as they came to the light of public scrutiny.

After this experience of "Literary Bureaus," as the manufacturers of public sentiment, we had supposed that the device would not be deemed an estimable one in the eyes of shrewd and discerning politicians, who are anxious to serve their country in the Presidential office. And after the disfavor brought upon the old Federal Party by the license of the "Essex Junta" in Massachusetts, and after the confusion introduced in the counsels of the New York Democracy by the domination of the "Albany Regency," it was to have been hoped that the political methods by which States like Pennsylvania and New York have been bound to the fortunes of family dynasties and of managing politicians would not be applied to the highest office in the people's gift on the broad arena of a Presidential election. This system is an evil one, and, like all evil systems, contains within its own bosom the self-destroying forces of an avenging Nemesis. That avenging Nemesis may be seen in the record of the many nominating conventions which have passed by the too eager aspirants to lay their honors at the feet of some less conspicuous candidate, who had at least this merit—he did not seek the nomination.

THE GENEVA AWARD.

THE decision of the United States Senate not to pay over the unappropriated balance of the Geneva Award to the Marine Insurance Companies will, we judge, be acquiesced in by the public as substantially just, although in law and precedent the companies had a very strong case. As a matter of fact, these institutions made a great deal of money during the war, owing to the fact that they largely increased their charges for risks because of the presence of rebel privateers on the ocean. They taxed the commerce of the country to pay for their losses, and in equity they cannot be said to have a valid claim for further compensation from the Government of the United States.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the nation does not appear to advantage in dealing with those who have disputed claims against it. Our Government, and indeed all Governments, contest to the bitter end tens of thousands of perfectly valid claims. The whole machinery of the Government is employed to harass and wear out the poor and honest claimant. The Court of Claims was organized, not to pay, but to avoid the payment of, the irregular bills presented for settlement. Of course there is a great deal of questionable legislation by Congress to put the public money into private hands, and corruption is by no means unknown in all the departments of the state; but it is the rich and powerful who secure these favors, and not the poor and honest creditors of the Government. The indemnity exacted by Andrew Jackson from the Government of Louis Philippe of France has never been paid over to the American claimants on whose behalf the Bill was rendered and paid. The close of the civil war found the Government honestly indebted for large sums of money to tens of thousands of poor claimants in the Border States and elsewhere. These are not and never will be paid. It is really a sign of public virtue when Congress refuses to consider the claims of these wealthy Marine Insurance Companies, for heretofore it was just such creditors who have been most favored.

What, then, should be done with the money? The award covered such direct claims as could be proven before a competent court. Under the law of 1874 certain moneys were paid out to such private citizens as could prove loss. It is the surplus still left which the Insurance Companies think ought to be awarded to them. This claim has been disallowed, and we presume the fund will be charged to the credit of the Government as was the French indemnity, and made a part of the reserves of the National Treasury to pay the nation's debts when they become due.

OUR DEFENSE AGAINST GREENBACKERS.

THE advocacy of the greenback is a phenomenal incident in our political history. That the legal-tender device should not only find defenders, but find them in sufficient numbers to drive both the great political parties of the country from their consistency, is a subject for reflection. Before the Rebellion all parties would have united to denounce the measure as unconstitutional, a flagrant violation of both the letter and spirit of our organic law. And why have the people so far forgotten their theories on the functions of civil government that they are willing to see the treasury converted into the equivalent of a grand national bank of issue, and all the Congressmen made directors? Something of the marvel may be charged to the growth of socialistic ideas on the one hand, and to the instinct of centralization and paternalism in government, fostered by our civil war, on the other; but both these absurdities combined are not sufficient to account for the very radical change which the country has witnessed. We must look elsewhere if we wish to find the solution of the problem.

The memory of the results of wild-cat banking is the main cause of all this mischief. It is the conviction that the Government is safer than banking corporations which induces men to resign their democracy, and to become almost imperialists in their willingness to see the image and superscription of Cæsar printed on their paper currency. The history of banking is a record of disastrous failures, of criminal mismanagement and wrecked fortunes; and so long as banks are conducted on a system which is felt to be unreliable and subject to the vicissitudes of trade, their paper will be looked upon with less favor than legal-tender notes. It is not fortunate for the banks that this circumstance exists, and, in both a political and financial sense, it is disastrous for the country; but it exists, nevertheless, and, for the present, many men will shudder at the proposition that to banking institutions properly belongs the duty of furnishing a paper currency.

But the situation may be very easily changed. It is not at all necessary that our banks should be looked upon with so much distrust, nor that their securities should be worth less than those of the Government. The very fact that they are financial institutions and, when properly conducted, beyond the reach of political chicane and those civil convulsions which, in a country like ours, might at some time lead to revolution and repudiation, should render them the safest possible depository for property. It is only necessary that they shall be so secured that they may be beyond the reach of possible failure, and when that point is gained a banknote will be better than a Treasury note for any purpose of either traffic or thrift.

But there is only one means of attaining to this most desirable millennium in finance. The public-spirited action by which the banks of this city were enabled to partially weather the panic of 1873 furnishes a hint upon the method; and the promise of temporary co-operation, made for that period, must be amplified into an amendment to their organic system. General banking reserves, sufficient in amount to protect stockholders, depositors and bill-holders against incompetent or dishonest management on the part of the officers of isolated banks, must be everywhere instituted. The banks of the entire country must be made to stand or fall together, and, when they have so provided for the general security, the failure of any single bank will become an impossibility. This is a very proper subject for Congressional action in the form of an amendment to the general banking law. This point secured, the itching for greenbacks would soon subside in the palms of the most inveterate greenbacker at large.

While the present loose and uncertain theories of banking obtain, greenbackism will continue, a perpetual menace of inflation and an enemy to everything sound in our system of restricted government. It will continue because legal tender notes are felt to be a sort of protection against worthless currency. Yet, during the whole history of the greenback experiment, these notes have been in no sense a remedy for any evil with which the financial world has been afflicted. They did not aid in preventing the recent panic, nor mitigate, in the slightest measure, the degree of penalty attached to unsound business methods. If anything, they rather aggravated our difficulties, for they filled the air with unsound theories and false speculations. The sooner we relegate to the institutions to which it properly belongs the exclusive issue of paper currency the better for the country; but, in the meantime, the banking system should be strengthened.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

SURELY some one should be punished for the unnecessary loss of life at the Madison Square Garden during the progress of the Hahnemann Fair. An eccentric Mandarin in one of the Chinese provinces made and enforced a law that when any avoidable calamity occurred some one should be punished. Innocent or guilty, a victim had to be found to propitiate the wrath of the angry community. Fortunately, in this case there is no need of such unreasoning severity. The responsibility attaches to the builder of the defective wall and to the Building Department of the City Government. There is no need of an unsafe building or an unsound wall within the limits of our city. If New York was subject to earthquakes it would be a different matter, but every such disaster is because of the criminal neglect of known physical laws.

It is a real calamity when an accident like this occurs in a great building devoted to the amusement and instruction of the public. A vast public garden like this at Madison Square is a direct benefit to the community. It is useful for great fairs, large public gatherings, athletic sports, balls like that of the Arion Society and the like; but the fact that it is frequented by great throngs of people ought to have insured its perfect safety for all time. From the beginning of civilized history, especial care has been taken by even the most despotic Governments in the construction of arenas intended to accommodate multitudes of sight-seers. Witness, for instance, the Roman Colisseum. As yet we are far behind other nations in this paternal care for the safety of the people. Our laws ought to clothe the Mayor with authority to promptly dismiss any head of department who permitted a structure liable to an accident like this to be used for public gatherings.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

MR. TILDEN scored a decisive victory in the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse last week. The Tammany managers, who had so vigorously proclaimed their ability to control the Convention and annihilate Mr. Tilden's pretensions, proved to be utterly powerless, and were tomahawked by the regulars with scarcely a show of effort. Indeed, the Tammanyites were treated throughout with deliberate contempt. Their proposition for a conference as to the best means of promoting harmony in the party elicited nothing but derision, and it was apparent from first to last that Mr. Tilden's friends had determined to make no compromise with Mr. Kelly and his followers, no matter what might be the consequences of such a course. The result of the contest, in every way so favorable to Mr. Tilden, will, no doubt, largely strengthen him before the Cincinnati Convention, but whether, in the event of his nomination, he would be able to carry New York, with the indignant Tammany schemes against him, may perhaps admit of doubt. It is one thing to manipulate a convention, and entirely another thing to control tens of thousands of restless and discontented voters. The *World*, which speaks for a large conservative element in the Democratic Party, intimates plainly that unless the National Convention shall "give the divided Democracy of New York a candidate upon whom they can unite," the Republican nominee will be elected. This may be saying too much, but the existing situation certainly has elements of danger for the party, and Mr. Tilden's personal victory may yet prove to have been purchased at too great a cost to the Democracy of the country.

POLITICAL PARTIES ON TRIAL.

THE lessons taught by the State elections last year have not been altogether without effect upon the leaders of the Democratic Party. They have modified the demagogic policy pursued at the extra session of Congress, and they have not as yet ventured, except as to the Army Bill, to revive the factitious issues through which they suffered defeat. Should they, taking advantage of their strength in Congress,

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have the wisdom to pass such measures as will promise permanent peace and continued prosperity to the country, the Republicans will be greatly perplexed to keep the Government out of their hands. In point of fact, it is the Republicans, and not the Democrats, who are actually on trial at the bar of public opinion. The laws which are being executed were passed by them. They hold the Presidency and all the executive offices. They control the entire civil service, and, with the exception of vacancies to occur, cannot be interfered with by their opponents. The unsatisfactory conduct of the Republicans when holding supreme control of public affairs led the country to give the Democrats a prominent, although not a decisive, share in the Government. Whether the Republicans will be given a new lease of power, or whether the Democrats will be permitted to elect the next House and secure the Presidency, greatly depends upon how the former shape their conduct in advance of the elections. They can scarcely hope to attain success through a masterly inactivity, or by the mere avoidance of party blunders. They must go forward and give the country substantial evidence of their capacity and their intention to carry the principles they profess to their logical conclusion. "They must," as a contemporary remarks, "show the people that they are ready to make the currency permanent and really as sound as it is in appearance for the time being. They must show that they are ready to treat the Southern question on the high plane of true nationality, enforcing temperately, but firmly, the laws which protect equal rights in that section, and eschewing all appearance of seeking partisan advantages from sectional differences." They must, too, meet squarely and intelligently the question of tariff reform, now become of urgent importance. Then, as to the civil service, should their Representatives in Congress bring forward and sustain by their united efforts a proposition to appropriate funds to carry out, as designated by the President, the reforms necessary to that service, the preponderance of success might be secured in their favor. Mere manœuvring to gain a strategic position will help neither party. That one having the high moral courage to give practical evidence of an intent to promote economical government—a government looking to the welfare of the whole country—will be rewarded by a people caring much less for the dogmas of party than for the general welfare.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

LORD BEACONSFIELD having sent in his resignation, it was immediately accepted by Queen Victoria. Speculation was rife as to who would be the future Premier, the choice lying between Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville. As it is almost imperative that a Liberal Premier in England should be in the House of Commons, the more popular branch of Parliament, the choice was really narrowed down to Gladstone or Lord Hartington. It is well known that Queen Victoria has a decided prejudice against the former statesmen, and although he is, beyond all gainsay, the *de facto* head of the Liberal Party in England, yet his resignation, when the Conservatives came into power seven years ago, of the leadership of the party, gave the Queen the opportunity of sending for Lord Hartington, who was, according to custom, asked to form a Cabinet. He, however, declined the responsibility, and Mr. Gladstone was then sent for, and has undertaken the task. It is thought that Earl Granville will be Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Lord Hartington will, no doubt, hold a prominent place in the Liberal councils. He has held important offices under former Liberal administrations, but he cannot be called either a distinguished orator or statesman. During the late civil war his lordship visited this country, and made himself ridiculous by his display of Confederate proclivities. One night at the house of a wealthy banker in New York he was praising the South and lauding the Southern cause, when a lady well-known in New York society, and who, although hailing from Boston, owned a plantation down South which had been ruined by the war, dared him to wear a Confederate badge which she pulled out of her pocket. His lordship pinned the badge upon the lapel of his coat and paraded about the room. In a moment it was snatched off by several gentlemen, who immediately challenged the peer. These challenges were afterwards withdrawn when he had made an abject apology, but his name was removed from the books of the club that had welcomed him to New York.

Titles, without the means to support them, have often afforded a subject of ridicule. And an amusing instance is at present to be found in the case of the marriage of the Princess Frederica of Hanover. The Princess is a cousin of Queen Victoria, and has to obtain her consent, before her marriage to a petty German count is possible. The preparations for the wedding have employed the energies of the officers of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry as much as if the peace of the nation was at stake. The Princess is paid $7,500 a year by Germany, and her noble husband has about the same income—not very much for the daughter and son-in-law of a king to live on. The future residence of the happy pair is to be a little cottage, named after Prince Albert, in the Isle of Wight and close to Osborne.

M. Leon Say is expected in England immediately to replace Admiral Pothnau as French Ambassador near the Court of St. James. The *raison d'être* for the appointment of M. Say is to be found in the desire of both nations to form a new commercial treaty. In the late French Cabinet, M. Say was hampered by several colleagues who were protectionists, but at present he is almost altogether free. The French Chambers are in favor of reciprocity, and there is great willingness to make reductions in tariffs if a concession is made in return. The concession that England can make to France is in the wine duties, and there are several difficulties in the way of making it. In the first place, Spain, Portugal, Italy and the English colonies are demanding the same thing; the Irish are complaining of the height of the duties on whisky, and a reduction would probably be necessary if any concession were made to France, and a proposition to reduce the custom-house duties on wines or spirits would at once bring the teetotallers and their supporters into the field, so that Léon Say's mission is not a very easy one.

The season in Paris is very brilliant; and, it may be added, a most expensive one. The severe Winter is throwing millions into the pockets of the flower people, for it is fashionable to send a cushion or a fan of flowers—the latter the latest novelty—to each member of one's female acquaintance at least once during the season. The wonderful success of Patti still continues, and she is the true *lionne* of Paris this season. She has been singing at Madame de Segan's and Madame Hirsch's—at the former in the garden scene from "Faust," and at the latter in the temple scene from "Aïda." Some idea of the expense of an evening party in Paris just at the present moment, may be formed from the fact that Patti got $3,000 for her few songs at Madame de Sagan's. The first performance of "Aïda" at the Grand Opera House under the present management was an immense success, and the house was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Paris. Among other notables who were present was Gambetta, and report has it that he is about to be married to the daughter of a lady whose husband was a peer of France. There is some difficulty, however, in the way, for Gambetta refuses to be married in a church and the lady insists upon a religious ceremony. It is said that the affair will be arranged by a compromise under which there will be a private ceremony in a country church by a clergyman of advanced liberal proclivities.

The present leading queens of society in Paris either have or pretend to have a sincere love of art, and they have determined to make the *Salon* of this year a favorite resort. In London, also, the Academy promises to be a display of more than average excellence. Sir Frederic Leighton, the President, will have several excellent canvases; Alma Tadema will be represented by an admirable picture entitled "Frédigonde," and representing the Queen at the moment when she abandons herself to despair at the desertion of Chilpéric; Mr. Calderon sends "Captives of his Bow and Spear," and two companion pictures, "Olives" and "Grapes," the one a sad girl in olive tints with a basket of olives, the other a rosy, smiling damsel with a basket of grapes in ruddy colors; Mr. Poynter sends one of his usual classical subjects, "Venus, accompanied by the Graces, paying a visit to Esculapius."

The "ever-faithful Isle" is again attracting public attention. It is stated that a fast steamer has left Philadelphia for the waters round Cuba, carrying torpedoes and other instruments of war, and that the Cubans are about to strike another blow against the Spaniards. Meantime, in the Spanish Cortes, Señor Canovas del Castillo, the prime minister, proposes to reduce the protection duty on flour at Cuban ports, and an attempt is being made to form a new treaty of reciprocity with the United States. One of the recent acts of tyranny that Cuba really has a right to complain of, was the appointment of the brother of this very Canovas as governmental director of the Havana bank, because the bank refused to advance the Government as much money as the thieving officials in Cuba wanted.

Algiers is fast becoming a fashionable wintering place for French and English idlers and invalids. The climate is charming during the Winter months, although there is some typhoid fever. The fashionable quarter, Mustapha Superieur, is an amphitheatre of hills intersected by ravines and dotted with innumerable villas, each standing in its own grounds. The hothouse flowers of our latitude bloom there in February, and the shady lanes with their high hedges give a charming shelter for equestrians during the heat of the day. The environs of the town are favorite places for "picnickers," and to the usual delights of this style of entertainment is added a spice of danger in the form of a predatory lion or two who roams around seeking to devour somebody. But lions are becoming rather scarce, and the old custom of taking an extra horse for the lions is almost obsolete. In the days when lions were plenty, the coachman used to drive his three horses tandem and lead another by a long rope. If a lion happened to appear it was represented to him that his majesty might as well take the outlying horse and not disturb the horses or occupants of the carriage. It is not many years since the regular diligence was attacked and one of the horses killed. Among the well-known people who visited Algiers this season were Mr. and Mrs. Brassey, the latter so well known as the authoress of the "Trip of the Yacht *Sunbeam*," one of the most charming books of modern travel.

DENIS KEARNEY at length wears the garb of a convict, having been last week sent to the House of Correction, where he is expected to spend six months in honest work. It is a pity that all agitators of his stripe and kind, who stir up class hatreds and foment disorder and criminal violations of law, cannot be subjected to the same punishment which Kearney now so deservedly suffers.

IT is said that Mr. Thomas Hughes contemplates a journey to America during the Summer in connection with a land company in Tennessee, in which he is largely interested. He will be very cordially welcomed by the best classes of our people, both for his own exalted worth and his sturdy sympathy with our best American ideas in the time when they were on trial in the white heat of battle.

COUNT DE LESSEPS is kind enough to compliment Americans as the most hospitable people in the world. He tells his friends in France, moreover, that our people are in favor of his Panama canal enterprise, and that he has $60,000,000 awaiting him in this city for the prosecution of the work. We must certainly feel obliged for M. de Lesseps's good opinion of us, and if he has any such amount of money as he names pledged by Americans in aid of his enterprise, he certainly cannot say too much as to our liberality and our—credulity.

A WASHINGTON dispatch announces that General Joe Johnston, of Virginia, will decline a renomination to Congress. General Johnston is one of the foremost representative men of the South, belonging to a class whose numbers in Congress should be increased rather than diminished; and his constituency will do the country a service by insisting upon his return to the House, spite of his wish to retire. The legislation of the country must not be given over entirely to the small, self-seeking politicians who are for ever crowding to the front with eager clamors for recognition.

THE United States steamer *Constellation*, with a cargo of supplies for the relief of famine sufferers in Ireland, reached Queenstown, April 20th, being welcomed with many demonstrations of rejoicing. The officers have been received everywhere with marked attentions from the Lord Mayor and the populace. The Lord Mayor, in a visit to the *Constellation*, formally invited them to a ball and reception, and, in a graceful speech, thanked them and their country for their generosity in coming to the assistance of the starving peasantry of Ireland. The distribution of the cargo has already commenced.

THE statement that Postmaster-General Key had a longing for the Vice-Presidency, and was willing to go on the ticket with General Grant, turns out to be untrue. In a recent interview he said, "He did not think it becoming for him to offer himself to the Republican Party as a candidate for office. He had never sought office and never should." There has never been the remotest possibility that Judge Key would be named for the office designated; but it is quite possible that the real nominee at Chicago may not be as worthy of the place as he would be. It is, at least, true of the Postmaster-General that his record is without a stain, and that he has discharged the duties of his office honestly and capably, with only an occasional error of judgment born of an excess of zeal in behalf of the public interests.

THE Government of Japan is going about the work of promoting parliamentary reform in just the right way. It is making haste slowly. As a step toward the end in view—the establishment of a popular legislative system—schools are to be multiplied everywhere, and local suffrage assemblies established throughout the Empire to familiarize the people with parliamentary methods, and develop the political capacity of the populace. It may be years before representative government will be formally introduced, but it is believed that by avoiding precipitation, in the manner proposed, the result, when finally accomplished, will be permanent and stable. The policy of the Government in the matter is said to be largely based on the counsel given by General Grant in his interview with the Mikado in August last. It is noticeable that the more recent diplomatic appointments of the Empire have been conferred on young nobles of liberal views.

IF the Republicans of Illinois shall elect a solid delegation in favor of the nomination of General Grant for President, and if New York and Pennsylvania can be held to his support, he will probably be the candidate of the National Convention. He will command the support of most of the Southern delegations, and, with Blaine and Sherman dividing the vote of a majority of the Northern States, the ex-President would seem to be pretty certain of distancing his antagonists in the initial ballot, and thus finally securing the nomination by bringing to his standard delegations anxious to be on the winning side in the trial heat. But, if nominated, could he be elected? We doubt it. Leading Republicans of Ohio declare that he cannot even carry that Republican State. In New York and elsewhere a very heavy German vote, usually Republican, would be polled against him, and there are tens of thousands of moderates and conservatives who have heretofore co-operated with that party whose ballots would be cast in favor of the Opposition, and against the third-term idea and the peculiar partisan methods employed to advance it. General Grant will best consult his own interests by refusing absolutely to go into a scrub race for a position in which he has already acquired all the distinction it is capable of conferring.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A BILL has been introduced in the Senate to restore Major Reno to his rank in the army.

MR. SIMON CAMACHO has been formally received as Minister from Venezuela to the United States.

THE second trial of Jesse Billings, for the alleged murder of his wife, was begun at Hallson, New York, April 19th.

EX-SENATOR HENDRICKS positively declares that he will not permit his name to be used in connection with the Vice-Presidency.

THE Supreme Court of California has granted Denis Kearney a writ of habeas corpus, returnable before the Supreme Court of San Francisco.

ON April 22d, 4,268 immigrants arrived at this port. Among the arrivals was a colony of 117 Mormons, most of them in families, with a few children.

THE Arctic expedition authorized by the Bill just passed in the House is to be in charge of Captain Howgate, and is expected to start about May 15th.

THE Virginia Republican Convention has instructed its delegates to vote as a unit for Grant. The Georgia delegation is divided between Blaine and Sherman.

SOME fears are felt of trouble with Little Chief's band of Sioux because of instructions from Washington that a number of the Indian children should be taken away and sent to school.

A RESOLUTION has been reported from the Foreign Affairs Committee in the House of Representatives for the appointment of commissioners to report a basis for a reciprocity treaty with Canada.

CHARLES DE YOUNG, proprietor of the *Chronicle* of San Francisco, who shot the Rev. I. S. Kalloch, now Mayor, during the late campaign, was shot and killed on Friday evening last in his office by the son of the Mayor.

AN important auction sale of real estate, held by the Mutual Life Insurance Company in various parts of this city, took place last week, the aggregate amount realized being $561,520. The prices realized were quite up to the expectation of the owners.

A TERRIBLE tornado passed over Marshfield, Mo., on Sunday, April 18th, entailing the loss of many lives and the destruction of much property. After sweeping that portion of Missouri, it played sad havoc in several parts of Indiana, Illinois and other contiguous States.

THE Texas Democratic Convention met at Galveston April 21st, and elected an uninstructed delegation to Cincinnati. Resolutions were adopted declaring General Hancock worthy of the confidence of the people. The Vermont delegates also favor General Hancock's nomination.

COLONEL HATCH reports to General Sheridan from the Mescalero Agency, 16th inst., that upon beginning the disarmament of the Indians, sixty-five warriors, some of them chiefs, made a desperate effort to escape on foot. So far ten are reported killed and thirty have escaped. Troops and scouts are on a hot trail.

THE Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley was in session in St. Louis last week. The Council voted in favor of increasing the efficiency of the National Board of Health. Dr. R. C. Kedzie, of Lansing, was elected president, Dr. Pinckney Thompson, of Henderson, vice-president, and Dr. John H. Rauch, of Chicago, secretary.

THE Army Bill has passed both Houses of Congress with a "rider" forbidding the employment of soldiers at the polls as a police force. Both Houses adopted resolutions, April 22d, accepting, for the Government, the desk upon which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, presented by the Coolidge heirs, of Massachusetts.

THE Senate Railroad Committee will report favorably a Bill increasing by six years the period for the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and report without recommendation a similar Bill regarding the Texas Pacific Railroad. The Bill providing for an International Exhibition in this city in 1883 has passed both Houses of Congress.

THE Mexican Government, at the time it granted certain franchises to the American and Mexican Railroad Company for the building of railroads in the States of Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico, required that the company should furnish bonds in $200,000 for the completion of certain lines within specified periods of of time. The roads were not completed, although the routes were surveyed and some work was done upon them. The Mexican Government has begun in the New York Supreme Court a suit upon the bond against the sureties.

Foreign.

BARON VON RADOWITZ has presented his credentials as Ambassador of Germany to President Grévy.

A BOMBAY dispatch says there is no truth in the reports of the death of King Theebaw or of the massacres at Mandelay.

GENERAL MELIKOFF has entered into negotiations with a view of establishing a better understanding between the Poles and Russians.

IN consequence of the distress in Hungary, 5,000 Magyars have quitted that country for America during the past Winter.

GENERAL STEWART has routed the Afghans in a battle fought about twenty-five miles from Ghuznee. The Afghan loss in killed is stated at 1,000.

A FIRE at Hull, opposite Ottawa, in Ontario, April 21st, destroyed 700 houses, rendering 4,000 persons homeless. The loss is estimated at $3,000,000.

THE Czar of Russia, at the instance of General Melikoff, has pardoned three students recently convicted at Kharkoff of complicity with the Revolutionists.

IN the French Chambers a proposition compelling all priests who shall hereafter be ordained to serve at least a year in the army, has been referred to a select committee.

IN Paris, Vignaux has accepted the terms offered by Slosson for a return match of 3,000 points, to be played on five consecutive nights. The game is to be governed by the American championship rules.

THE manufacture of the Anglo-American Company's new ocean cable is nearly completed, and it will be laid by the steamer *Scotia*, formerly of the Cunard line. The new French Cable Company is negotiating with the English companies on terms which tend to the entire surrender of its position as an independent concern.

IN his circular to the French representatives abroad explanatory of his foreign policy, Premier de Freycinet says he has no wish to change the policy of peace and conciliation. The Government, he says, was in the Hartmann affair entirely guided by the legal aspect of the question. Regarding the religious decrees, the circular denies that they might result in an abandonment of protection to French missionaries abroad, and declares that solicitude for religious interests and respect for individual rights are in no way impaired.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



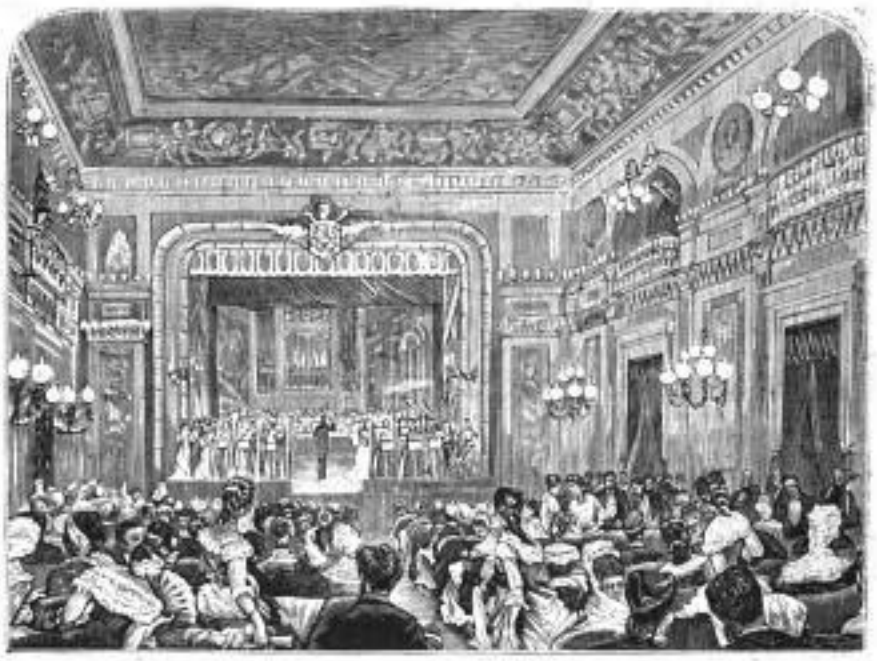
FRANCE.—VERDI CONDUCTING THE ORCHESTRA AT THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "AIDA."



FRANCE.—OFFICIAL RECEPTION BY THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR AND WIFE AT PARIS.



ENGLAND.—THE GENERAL ELECTIONS—READING THE RESULT OF THE POLL.



SPAIN.—OPENING OF THE NEW CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT MADRID.



BELGIUM.—FIRST MEETING OF THE CROWN-PRINCE OF AUSTRIA AND HIS BETROTHED, BRUSSELS.



EGYPT.—DEPUTATION OF THE ITALIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY VISITING MGR. MASSAJA, CAIRO.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FISH EXHIBITION.

THE International Fishery Exhibition was opened in Berlin, April 20th, by the Crown Prince Frederick William. The ceremony was attended by Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of the Emperor, several Ministers and other imperial functionaries, and members of the Federal Council, the Reichstag, and Diplomatic Corps. The Exhibition is complete in nearly all its details, and presents a very fine appearance, being held in an immense new building erected on the site of the Imperial Iron Foundry, in the heart of Berlin. The edifice has been especially designed for an agricultural museum, and will be used for that purpose as soon as the Exhibition, which will only last ten weeks, comes to an end. The American exhibit has the best situation assigned to it, next to that of Germany, and probably the largest. It is nearly 6,000 square feet in extent, and the space is well filled. The exhibit is classified under seven heads —aquatic animals; where and how they live; apparatus for capturing them; preparations of fish products for food; manufacture of fish products into various articles; propagation and artificial culture of fish; governmental aid and protection. Under the first head are shown all aquatic creatures indigenous to the waters of this country, including every species, from the "tiny little blue cat" up to whales and seals and sea-elephants, oysters, clams, and also birds injurious to fishes or used by the fishermen for bait or otherwise. The fishes are shown by the same casts that were used in the Government Building at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and also by photographs and colored sketches. Turtles, terrapins and edible frogs are shown alive. Fifty catfish—a species unknown in Europe—have been sent over alive by E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, in a transportation-can specially designed for the purpose. This constitutes the most of the live stock, with the exception of those in the hatching tanks and such things as clams and oysters.

The second division will illustrate the fishing-grounds of America, the principal exhibit under this head being a large relief model of the bottom of the Atlantic on the coast of North America, extending from Cape May to North Newfoundland, and showing the banks and the continental slope down to the depth of 200 fathoms. On this model are shown the grounds frequented by American fishing vessels, and the varieties of fish caught at each point, thus enabling persons to understand the movements of the migratory species, such as the mackerel, the herring, and the shad.

The third division illustrates the methods used to capture fish, and in this there is a large number of specimens; hooks, lines, boats, and so forth—models of seine nets, gill nets and weirs and pounds used in shore fishing, angling apparatus, etc. In



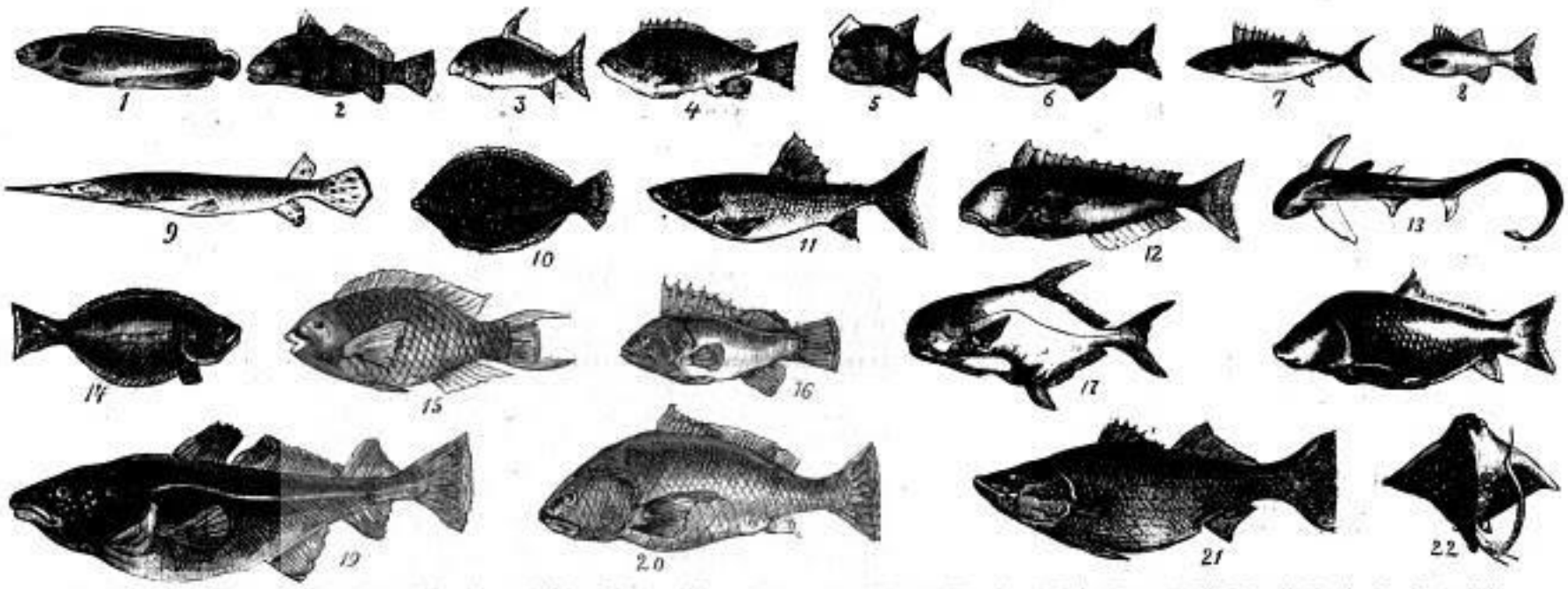
PROF. G. BROWN GOODE, DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER TO BERLIN.
FROM A PHOTO. BY HENNIGAR.



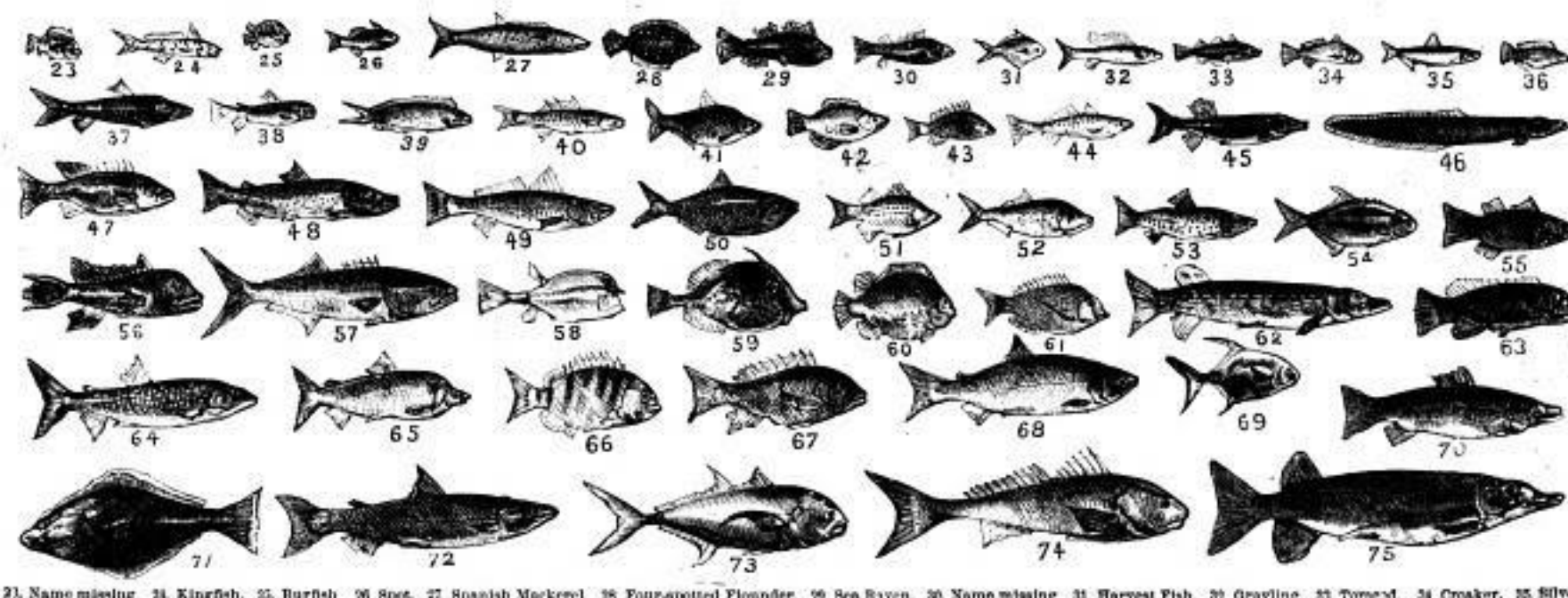
FREDERIC MATHER, IN CHARGE OF FISH-HATCHING APPARATUS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKER & CO.



PROF. S. F. BAIRD, CHIEF OF UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.
FROM A PHOTO. BY SMILLIE.



1, Cusk. 2. Drum. 3. Carp, Amer. 4. Rosefish. 5. Moonfish. 6. Catfish. 7. Bonito. 8. Name missing. 9. Gar Pike. 10. Flounder. 11. Lake Trout. 12. Tile Fish. 13. Thresher Shark. 14. Halibut. 15. Parrot Fish. 16. Red-bellied Snapper. 17. Pompano, African. 18. Buffalo. 19. Cod. 20. Sheepshead of the Lakes. 21. Striped Bass. 22. Eagle Ray.



23. Name missing. 24. Kingfish. 25. Burfish. 26. Spot. 27. Spanish Mackerel. 28. Four-spotted Flounder. 29. Sea Raven. 30. Name missing. 31. Harvest Fish. 32. Grayling. 33. Tomcod. 34. Croaker. 35. Silverside. 36. Cunner. 37. Lake Trout. 38. Brook Trout. 39. Small-spotted Dolphin. 40. Striped Mullet. 41. Mud Shad. 42. Grass Bass. 43. Grunt. 44. Weakfish. 45. Pike. 46. Eel. 47. Small-mouth Black Bass. 48. Landlocked Salmon. 49. Weakfish. 50. Shad. 51. Golden Bass. 52. Menhaden. 53. Name missing. 54. Pompano. 55. Big-mouth Black Bass. 56. Sea Bass. 57. Bluefish. 58. Crawfish. 59. Orange Filefish. 60. Lampfish. 61. Porgy. 62. Pike. 63. Blackfish. 64. Lake Trout. 65. Whitefish. 66. Sheepshead. 67. Red Snapper. 68. Salmon. 69. Short Pompano. 70. Landlocked Salmon. 71. Halibut. 72. Salmon. 73. Horse Mackerel. 74. Spotted Bass. 75. Muskalonge.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISH CONGRESS IN BERLIN.—SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN FISH, ARRANGED FOR EXHIBITION BY E. G. BLACKFORD.

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the matter of boats, as in all other fishing apparatus, the collection embraces that used from the earliest times, thus making the collection of interest to the ethnologist as well as to the experts in fisheries. Among the exhibits is a whaling-boat fully equipped, with all its gear ready for action. Another rarity is a purse seine from 200 to 300 fathoms long and from 20 to 30 fathoms deep, used for netting whole shoals of mackerel in mid-ocean. Six specimens of a peculiar fishing-boat called 'the dory,' which experts were very anxious to see, have also been taken over.

Twelve large figures, representing the costume of fishermen at various points and in different seasons of the year, are shown, together with photographs of the fishers' dwellings. The charts, nautical instruments, medicine-chests, and the complete outfit for voyages, even down to the customary demijohn, are also exhibited.

In the first department of fishery productions are included models of smoke-houses, drying apparatus, oil factories, guano factories, oyster-canning factories, etc.; and in the second department are shown smoked and pickled fish, gelatine, oils, glues, ivory, furs, leathers, pearl made from oysters and mussels. In this department the American manufacturers have been encouraged to make a competitive exhibition, and some twenty or thirty packing-houses of Boston, New York, Baltimore and San Francisco are represented.

In the sixth division it is intended to show the work of the United States Fishery Commission, and in it there are models of the fish-hatching establishment, and of the fish-hatching steamer *Fulton*, just launched at Wilmington; the improved steam shad-hatching apparatus, devised by Major T. B. Ferguson. The German Government particularly requested an illustration of the fish "ways"—the passage by which fish are directed to proper spawning grounds. New York State exhibits in this department, and also shows models of the apparatus and appliances used in the State fish-hatching establishment at Caledonia.

The seventh division illustrates the signal service, the situations of the lighthouses, and life-saving stations, the coast survey, with its charts, etc.; and the improved apparatus for deep-sea dredging, devised by Professor Agassiz and Commander Sigsbee; the charts of the Hydrographic Office, and the charts of the great lakes.

The American exhibit represents 7,500 different objects, weighs 250 tons, and its catalogue fills 250 pages in small type. Professor Baird, who was appointed by Congress as Commissioner to this fish exhibition at Berlin, being unable to attend, he appointed Professor G. Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian Institute, as Deputy Commissioner. Professor Goode is accompanied by Frederic Mather, of the American Fisheulturists' Association; F. W. True, Natural History Department of Smithsonian Institution; Julius E. Rockwell, secretary, and J. H. Collins, of Gloucester, Mass. The American Fish-cultural Department is under the charge of Mr. Mather, who has had great experience in stocking streams and lakes with fish. During the continuance of the Exhibition, Mr. Blackford, of New York, will send weekly shipments of all the leading edible fish to be found in the New York markets, such as shad, striped bass, red snapper, salmon from the Eastern and Western coasts, with brook trout.

A KNOT OF VIOLETS.

IT was night in Charleston—night, filled with moonlight and soft winds and gay laughter and love sounds from the high-walled gardens. The town was steeped in violet odors that rose from the gardens of the great palaces by the sea, from the gardens of the worn old houses that stood with orange torches glowing against their gray sides, and from high up on the ledges of the latticed balconies with the hanging lamps. The streets were filled with noisy crowds, dusky faces shone in the brilliant lamplight, gay cotton dresses fluttered in and out of the moonlight like the blooming of an African forest. The main streets were thronged with pleasure-seekers and idlers, all drifting on towards the theatre where, that evening, a favorite actress was to appear for the last time. The town had gone mad over her—not only men but women were numbered among her worshipers, for the beauty of her genius and her face were no greater than the beauty of her soul. She was a woman who had met with success while she was still young. Some guardian angel seemed to have cast its protecting wings about her, for, wherever she went, the people spoke of her almost as of a saint. The charm of her acting lay in her transparent purity of soul, an old actor once said, after seeing her in a great emotional part. Perhaps it was the singular pathos of her voice, her face, her manner, that touched the hearts of women and aroused the chivalry of men. Another charm was the mystery that shrouded her name, her birth, even her nationality. She had come among them unattended, save by one old servant, had disputed her ground inch by inch with others of her profession, making no claim to superiority, and yet steadily gaining the place which was now by common consent awarded her as a finished actress. She had won her knowledge and experience elsewhere than on the stage of the Charleston theatre—none could deny that—but her name had never been heard in this country until she appeared among the kindly Southern people and won for herself a place in their hearts, and to-night was the last night of her stay with them. She was going North, she said; she had been offered an engagement in some theatre.

The announcement had been very sudden. A week before some one had heard her say that her health was giving way with the languor and warmth of the climate. She had fainted one night upon the stage when flowers had rained about her from the boxes, and a knot of violets had fallen at her feet. She had raised them with a smile and placed them at her bosom and bowed her thanks for the flowers, and the house had gone mad over her. But when, in the following scene, she returned to the stage the flowers had disappeared from her throat, and before she had uttered a dozen words she had tottered and fallen and been carried fainting from the stage. Almost from the time of her coming to the town the small clusters of violets, dark, sweet and dewy, half-buried in leaves, had fallen night after night at her feet from one of the upper boxes. None knew who threw them. Some thought it might be some poor poet or student or artist, who had been awakened to love and inspiration by the vision of this strange, dark-eyed woman. The people learned to watch for the descending flowers, for they were like a voice that uttered the thoughts and the rapture of the whole house—a poet's speech for their dumbness.

This girl was like nothing so much as a great Southern violet, so dark and sweet and sentient. But after that night the flowers lay unheeded at her feet, and, as she glanced at them, it seemed as if a shudder ran through her frame—as though indeed she dreaded the asp lurking among the sweetness.

"You say 'La Marina' is an Italian, Paul?" asked one young man of another. The two were at that moment entering the great lighted theatre among the eager people hurrying to their seats. "Of course one would judge so from the name, but still why could you not tell us before that you had known her in Rome?"

"To what end? To set all the idle tongues of the town joining my name and hers. I knew her in Rome. She sang when a child to her guitar about the *cafés*, but the saints were not more respected by the Romans than that girl of the people. That is what you in America can not understand—the purity and dignity of the artist."

"We are skeptical, certainly," returned the other, carelessly. "But your Quixotic theories would almost lead us to believe that you are the adorer who every night rains violets upon her. For my part, I believe those violets do duty three nights in succession, and that the honor is well paid. It is all *claque*, but it lends romance to her, and, added to her quiet and mysterious life, invests her with a subtle charm. I am rather sorry she is going—the women will be in tears for a week."

Paul Drayton made no reply. His handsome face was set with firmer, sterner lines than ever before, thought his companion. He could scarcely recognize his gay and airy friend of every day in this man with the saddened brow and hollow eyes. Paul seemed to have aged by ten years since he had last seen him.

The play was "Adrienne"—that strange, sweet tragedy, with the mingling of old classic form and modern passionate utterance. The first act was as badly rendered as might be by actors who neither understood the rococo flavor of the old court-life, nor were qualified to portray it. In the second act, *Adrienne* appears among the noisy jesters of the green-room, and anon comes *Maurice*, and the lovers stand side-by-side and read together the fable of the "Two Pigeons." The house was breathless, as *Adrienne's* clear, sweet voice, with that strange intonation that made them ask what country owned her, rose above the crackling of the footlights. The intrinsic pathos of the girl's voice leant a singular charm to the simple story of the two birds who, like lovers, separated but to return and dwell happily together, feeling that love was better than all the world could yield besides.

When the curtain fell on the act, Paul Drayton remarked that he was going up to his mother's box for a while. Ernest Walworth watched his friend as he appeared again among the curtains of the proscenium-box in which a handsome dark-browed woman was seated. She was shrouded in black lace, and possessed the same air of distinction that characterized her son. There was something so subtle, so mysterious, so strong in its power for evil in her small, dark head and long, white throat, that Ernest Walworth felt half-reminded of the portraits he had seen in the Italian galleries of the beautiful, wicked women of the Middle Ages, with their slender necks and murderous white hands. He remembered that he had heard strange rumors about her marriage with Paul's father, how his first betrothed had died a sudden, painless death, and left him free to marry this beautiful woman—for beautiful she still was, looking more like her son's sister than his mother, as they sat together, framed by the crimson curtains.

With the rising of the curtain Paul's figure disappeared from his mother's side, and he did not return to his seat near his friend, Ernest Walworth—carried out of himself by the charm of the actress, the fire and soul of her passionate scenes, the tenderness and grace of her calmer passages—forgot to wonder at his absence. Only, at the magnificent close of the fourth act, when *Adrienne* denounces her haughty rival, the princess, and the flowers and wreaths poured upon her from the boxes and the galleries, he saw the knot of violets fall from somewhere above the curtain straight at the girl's feet.

In the fifth act the unhappy *Adrienne* is reunited with her lover, *Maurice*, only to leave him when death comes to her in the shape of the poisoned bouquet sent by the princess. Ernest Walworth thought he had never seen so exquisite a creature as this pale girl, in her long white draperies, with her dark hair unbound. The tenderness of her scene with old *Michonnet* brought the tears to his eyes. When the fatal flowers were brought to her, he noticed that foremost among them, dark against the white of roses and camellias, was a knot of violets, and these she pressed to her lips and fastened at her bosom, with the graceful ease of action that made her charm. He watched her through that wild scene of mental and physical torment, the poison working in her body, the despair of love in her heart; and when, at *Maurice's* entrance, her soul went out to him in one wild, fierce cry, he wondered if somewhere Paul Drayton's heart were not bounding in answer to the passionate appeal. A magnetic intuition had flashed within him that these two lives, seemingly so widely separated, were in some strange way bound by an unseen tie.

The applause that night was loud and long. With the curtain's fall more flowers were brought to the footlights, and the pale actress came forth and bowed her thanks. And the people went away regretfully, for they had grown to love this fair foreign creature, and they let her leave them with a sigh. Outside the stage-door a crowd had gathered, waiting to see her come forth. To-night by chance, for she generally made her way home on foot, with only her old servant for protection, there was a carriage waiting for her, and when she came out, in her long, black robe with the lace vail over her head, worn after an Old World fashion, the people took the horse from his place, and the young men drew the carriage through the streets where the moonlight broke the shadows and the sounds of the banjo and accordeon mingled with the sweet, mellow voices of the negroes. Ernest looked for his friend, thinking he might be among those escorting the actress to her home, but could not see him.

The crowd paused before an old, high house in the heart of the town, shut in from the street by a massive gate, with its windowless gables, white in the moonlight, and its triple verandas overhanging the garden and shielded by half-closed lattices.

The hanging-lamp of the upper veranda seemed to Ernest Walworth's excited imagination to reveal the outline of a man's figure, his friend's. He waited until he had seen the actress pass through the heavy garden gate, had heard the crowd cheer her and bid her farewell, and her sweet voice replying to them "Good-night" and "Adieu."

When all was still, he strolled down the grass-grown, deserted street, wondering what strange caprice of fate had linked the life of his friend, Paul Drayton, whom he had known from boyhood, with that of this lovely foreign actress.

La Marina crossed the grassy courtyard into which the moonlight was streaming from high above the weird, blind gable of the house. The air was filled with violet odors and the scent of the flowers carried by the old servant. She passed into the house and up a broad stair common to the three stories, until she reached the apartment under the roof. At the threshold a man met her, gently drew off her vail and mantle, and, encircling her with his arm, led her out on the veranda into the moonlight.

"At last, dear one!" It was Paul Drayton's voice. "You are mine! The stage, the footlights, the garishness and noise will never come between us again." He placed her in a great straw chair near the hanging lamp, and threw himself on a stool at her feet. Their dark heads stood in relief against the soft bright furnishings of the room behind.

"I do not know, Paul," returned the girl, "I have felt always that there was a curse upon our love. Ever since that strange note reached me in the knot of violets so like those you have always thrown me, I have known scarcely a moment's peace. That threat of a sudden and mysterious death if I did not cease my endeavors to entangle Paul Drayton into a marriage with a nameless actress, cannot be lightly forgotten. I love you, Paul, madly, as only a Roman can love. I have loved you for ten years, since the night I sang before you in the Caffè Greco among the artists. Your love was my shield in the years I passed on the stage in my own country, and when last year we met again and you bade me follow you across the ocean, and spoke of making me your wife, I could not refuse, although I knew the wrong I was doing you. Even now, Paul, it is not too late. If you regret the step you are taking leave me. I will go back to my own country, and the world need never know that La Marina might have been Paul Drayton's wife. I feel so strangely to-night—I scarcely know what it is—the air is so oppressive, my head aches, my sight is dim, and, worse than all, some strange cloud of fatality seems hanging over me. I wish I knew who it was that discovered that secret of your violets. They were such a sweet token to me—their breath awoke me to life and passion on the stage, for I knew that your lips had touched them, that your eyes were watching me when I pressed them to mine. But since that night I have never dared touch them not knowing which were yours and which my enemy's."

"But now it is all over. You will leave this place to-morrow; the world thinks you are going to an engagement in the North. In a week's time I shall follow you, or sooner, if possible, and then we will be married at once, sail for Italy, and die to the world here. We will renew our beautiful days of the Eternal City which smiled upon the budding, as now upon the fruition, of our love. The only obstacle in the way of my union with you has been my mother. By the terms of my father's will, I have all these years been dependent on her caprice, and in the contingency of my marriage without her consent, I should be beggared. But I have plead long with her, and she has consented to my wishes. She will allow me to take what belongs to me from my father's estate, and be happy with you in Italy. I have tried to bring her to an affection for you, *ben mio*, but she refuses even to see you."

"She was in the theatre to-night. I saw you with her. I am afraid of her, *Paolo mio*, though she be your mother. She is not like you, gentle and noble. She has a face like the Borgia. Can it be she who sends the violets? Can it be that they conceal some snare, some trap for me?"

Paul laughed and took the fair woman in his arms.

"In this country, dear one, there are no such romances of knives and daggers and poison as in yours. You are an Italian, and consequently superstitious and fearful. I am an American, used to the broad open daylight of common sense, and I have no belief in the abnormal powers of darkness, or in the stealthy step of the assassin. Some jealous actress sent you that letter, sends you the flowers, some one who has watched you to and fro from here, and wonders why La Marina should have a finer lover than she herself."

A strange contraction overspread the girl's features. She lifted her head from Paul's breast.

"What strange thoughts pass through my head, Paul, to-night; and one moment I am chilled with frost, the next I am burning with fever."

"It is the night air," said her lover. "We are foolish to sit here. I, too, feel strange shudders pass over me. You are excited because you have played *Adrienne* to-night. That death-scene is magnificent, but it exhausts you fearfully. Do you regret that you have left your art for ever, dear one?"

"It may not be for ever," replied the girl, with a wan smile. "Perhaps in Italy——" She started with a faint cry. "I cannot tell, there is something gnawing at my heart. Put me on the couch, Paul."

She clung to him like a child, and he led her across the room to a low divan. She fell back among the cushions like a broken, drooping lily, among her black drapings.

"I am better now," she said. "Come near me, Paul." He knelt beside her and gathered her in his arms, pillowing his face on her breast. A moment later he raised his head.

"These violets have a strange, sickly odor. Where did you get them? Are they mine?"

"They were in the poisoned flowers on the stage to-night. I thought you had perhaps put them there, and I took them." He bent his head over them. "A strange odor—like the narcissus or some Eastern drug. I did not send them."

"Then who did?" The girl lifted her head, while a fierce light beamed in her eyes. Her features were distorted with fear and pain. "Paul, I am accursed. It is the fate hanging over me. Can it be the violets were poisoned?"

"Poisoned!" He snatched them from her bosom and threw them from him and strove to rise and call assistance, but his limbs seemed weighted with iron, his tongue refused to utter a sound, a terrible numbness held him fast, his heavy hand dropped by the side of the girl over whose face a fearful vail of apathy had fallen. Her eyes were closing in death, her lips framed the one word—"Paul," and then there was silence. Once more he strove to rise and shriek for help. The old servant was gone—the house was empty. Why must they die there alone?

Suddenly a tall, sinuous figure emerged from a side-door and hurried to him. "Oh! Paul, my boy, I did not mean—oh! God, this is cruel, indeed, that you—oh! heavens, how am I punished!"

The dying man's lips formed the word "mother," and with a look that seemed to summon her before the judgment-seat, his soul left him. The woman glided from the room and out into the night, disappearing through the shadows, like a condemned soul into the place of its torture.

On the morrow, the lovers were found lying dead together. The actress's old servant, whom she had dismissed for the night, was held until the cause of the death should be proven. But the crime could not be traced. The air about the lovers was heavy with a strange, exquisite perfume, and the flowers from the theatre rendered it faint and stifling. They might literally have been smothered with roses.

Only Ernest Walworth divined the truth. On his dead friend's face, a stony horror, an infinite despair, was stamped that told of some awful sight passing before the dying soul. He knew that Paul himself would have spared the guilty; he knew that the honor of his name was dearer to him than life, and he was content to leave the punishment to heaven. But when Paul's mother would have separated the lovers, leaving La Marina's fair body to be buried where the people choose, he went to her and said, "Madam, if you do not bury them together, the world may perhaps trace some connection between the strange death of to-day and the strange death of Marie Beauville, your rival in your husband's affections, thirty odd years ago." And she left him to do as he would.

And he covered their grave with violets—nothing more save a cypress-tree for old Rome's sake.

He made no threats—he had no proofs; but when two years later Paul's mother was found dead among the flowers of her conservatory and they said that heart disease, brought on by her son's cruel and mysterious death, had claimed her for its victim, he knew that his prayer for retribution had not been in vain.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. JAMES E. ENGLISH, OF CONNECTICUT.

HON. JAMES E. ENGLISH, of New Haven, Conn., was born in that city March 13th, 1812. He comes of a sturdy, long-lived race, and is still in the full vigor of manhood, having at no previous period of his life been more actively and successfully employed in his business operations than during the last two years and a half, or since his retirement from the United States Senate. He has been more extensively engaged in building than ever before, having erected in that time several large blocks of buildings on the principal business streets of New Haven, and otherwise contributed to the improvement and adornment of his native city. In business, as in finance, he rarely makes a mistake, and in his energetic efforts to advance his own extended and widely diversified enterprises, the public good is in no way lost sight of.

Governor English's grandfather upon the paternal side was one of twenty-seven prisoners killed by the British troops on the invasion of New Haven by General Tryon in 1779, and it may be added that the ancestors of the subject of this sketch were all active and earnest patriots during the Revolution. He exhibited marked characteristics from his early boyhood—those of independence, self-reliance and individual energy being altogether remarkable for his years. While at school he evinced a strong natural gift in mechanical and architectural drawing, and drew several plans of buildings for the old master mechanics of the city, to one of whom he apprenticed himself to learn the carpenter and jobber's trade. At the age of twenty-one he started in business for himself, and during the next two or three years erected several handsome buildings, drawing his own plans, purchasing his own materials and personally supervising his own work. But the field was not sufficiently ample, and he engaged

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in the lumber business. His purchases were so judiciously made and his business so admirably conducted that he soon commanded an extensive trade and laid the foundation of the ample fortune he now possesses. His great business sagacity and excellent judgment were speedily recognized by his fellow-townsmen, and for twelve years he was elected a member of the Board of Selectmen, and he also served in the city Board of Common Council, being chosen by the votes of both Whigs and Democrats, his public services being as highly valued by one party as the other. In 1855 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and during the three years succeeding served as State Senator. In 1859 he was again nominated for State Senator, but declined in consequence of important business which called him to Europe.

In 1861 he was chosen a member of Congress, and, being re-elected in 1863, served in that body during the four years of the war. In the Thirty-seventh Congress he served on the Committee on Naval Affairs, and, so valuable were his services, that on the organization of that committee in the Thirty-eighth Congress, Secretary Welles especially urged his retention, on the ground that he was too important a member of the Administration to dispense with in the then critical condition of affairs.

Speaking of his career in Congress, the late T. N. Parmalee, for many years the secretary and confidential adviser of Dean Richmond, whose knowledge of the public men of this country was unsurpassed by any living contemporary, said: "Although an earnest Democrat in principle and from conviction, he zealously supported the war measures of the Administration, voting for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the National Emancipation Act. He, however, opposed the Legal Tender Bill and the national bank system. He foresaw the pernicious tendency of those measures, and the arguments by which he resisted their passage have never been answered, while their disastrous effect upon the industrial and commercial interests of the country attests the soundness of his reasoning. Although possessing large manufacturing interests to be benefited by class legislation, he has ever been a strenuous opponent of protection for the sake of protection, and a warm advocate of all measures of revenue reform."

He was elected Governor in 1867, at a time when every gubernatorial chair in the North was filled by a Republican, and all the States of the South were under Republican domination. His great personal popularity secured his election over General Joseph R. Hawley, with all that gentleman's war-laurels and acknowledged ability as an orator and civilian. He was re-elected in 1868 by an increased majority, and in the same year his name was brought prominently before the country as a candidate for the Presidency by the Democratic National Convention held in New York. This distinction was, no doubt, accorded him from the marked ability displayed in his annual messages and other State papers, conceded even by his political opponents to be among the ablest ever emanating from a chief magistrate of the commonwealth. In these messages he took a bold stand against what he considered the "radical" course of the Federal Government in time of peace. The Democratic and Independent press of the country freely quoted his remarks as embodying the true principles of sound government. Subsequent events verified his utterances in many essential particulars.

On the death of Senator O. S. Ferry, in 1875, Governor English was appointed to fill the vacancy, and took his seat at the commencement of the second term of the Forty-fourth Congress, filling the position with the same ability that characterized his four years' service in the popular branch of that body.

During the thirty years of Governor English's public services in town, city, State and national councils, he has been largely engaged in promoting the manufacturing interests of the State, there being at one time not less than fifteen manufacturing establishments in which he was interested and to which he was giving more or less time and personal attention. Throughout the war and ever since he has been the principal business manager of the New Haven Clock Company, the largest concern of the kind in the world. He is also President of the Goodyear Metallic Rubber Shoe Company, one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in the United States, and is an active director in several other large and flourishing manufacturing companies, all well-managed and successfully conducted. His entire wealth has been acquired in prosecuting legitimate business transactions; he has never been a "speculator" in the technical sense of the term. As a man of practical good sense and sound political wisdom, he has, in the opinion of those who know him, no superior in New England, and very few, if any, in the whole country. He has fine executive abilities, a quick mind, clear perception and appreciation of the force of an argument, is a ready reasoner, and conducts a controversial discussion with skill, clearness and ability. He is philanthropic, public-spirited, and gives liberally of his means to all deserving and well-directed public and private charities. To a sound and vigorous constitution he adds regularity and abstemiousness of habits, and no person of his age in the State gives promise of a longer or more useful and blameless life than this honored citizen of Connecticut. There are many shrewd political observers and students of the drift of popular opinion who believe that he would prove the strongest Presidential candidate whom his party could place in the field.

A Primitive Community.

THE smallest Protestant commune probably in Europe, and certainly the most primitive, is that of Ablandchenen, Canton Berne. Ablandchenen, a word literally signifying "a little outlying place," is situated in a remote mountain valley, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and its unsophisticated inhabitants contrive to dispense with most of the appendages which are considered inseparable from modern civilization. They do not possess a single public-house. There is no doctor in the place; but there has not been a death for many years. Commerce and handicrafts are conspicuous by their absence; there is neither blacksmith, baker, wheelwright, nor shopkeeper in the commune; and the people, being all honest and peaceable, require neither notary, lawyer, nor policeman. Every fortnight a pedlar with a van goes the round of the commune and supplies the housewives with all they want in the shape of crockery, drapery, thread, needles and sundries. Food is provided by their own flocks, herds and poultry. They have a tiny church, with a single bell, and it is a standing joke in the place that when a girl is born they ring a peal, but on the birth of a lad they ring only one bell. A correspondent, writing thence to a Zurich paper, says that they enjoy a far larger measure of happiness than falls to the lot of most men, and have no desire to exchange their Alpine home for the life of cities.

Decrease of Population in France.

THE observations of statisticians have been of late directed to the serious but steady decrease in the population of France, as evinced by the gradual lessening of the birth rate. In 1878 the number of births was 937,211, a lower average than that of the last four years. In 1861 the average was 2.69 per cent., in 1862 it was 2.65, in 1863 it rose again to 2.69, but between 1864 and 1868 it sank to 2.63. From 1874 to 1878 it further declined to 2.56, and in the latter year it was only 2.53. There are two causes for this decrease, viz., the fewer number of marriages, and, what is far more important, a great decline in the number of children resulting from these marriages. In the period between 1864 and 1868 the average of marriages was 0.79 per cent., which declined in the corresponding years of the next decade to 0.78, and is now only at the rate of 0.75. The proportion of children to each marriage is dwindling more and more, with the exception of Brittany and some of the departments in the centre and the south, where the agricultural population is under the system of co-operative farming. In the class composed of petty tradesmen or the well-to-do peasants there is seldom more than one child per marriage, and M. Baudrillart has stated that in one of the rural communes in Picardy he ascertained the number of children among the best off of the peasants to be thirty-seven for thirty-five families. The illegitimate births in 1878 numbered 67,912, being 1,000 over and above that of the preceding year.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Royal Betrothal at Brussels.

The formal engagement and betrothal of the Archduke Rodolph, Crown Prince of the Empire of Austria and Kingdom of Hungary, to Princess Stéphanie, second daughter of the King of the Belgians, is an event of interest among European Courts. The Archduke Rodolph "proposed" in person to Princess Stéphanie of Belgium at an evening party given in his honor at the Château de Laeken, on March 7th. Among the amusements provided for their Majesties' guests was a concert in the magnificent conservatory attached to the palace. Matters had been so arranged that, when the company were conducted from the saloon to the Winter Garden, the Archduke and the Princess were left together *tête à tête* for a few minutes. As soon as they were alone the Crown Prince approached her Royal Highness with a low and formal obeisance, saying, "Madame, will you take me for a husband?" to which plain question the Princess simply replied, courtesying deeply, "Yes, your Imperial Highness." "Your Royal Highness's answer makes me supremely happy," observed the Archduke. "And I," rejoined Princess Stéphanie, "promise that I will do my duty towards you under all circumstances." The youthful pair, arm-in-arm, joined the royal circle in the Winter Garden; and the Archduke, leading his fair companion up to her father, addressed King Leopold as follows: "Sire, I have, with your Majesty's permission, begged Princess Stéphanie to bestow her hand upon me. It is my happy privilege to inform you that my petition has been granted." "I rejoice, Monseigneur," replied the King, "to greet you as my son-in-law." The Princess embraced her mother, and immediately afterwards the betrothal was announced to the assembled company.

The Italians in Africa.

Spurred on by the achievements of Livingstone, Stanley and others in exploring Africa, and by the contributions of Italian missionaries, several of whom have penetrated far into the interior, giving martyrs to science and religion, the Italian Geographical Society has sent a deputation for scientific exploration. Our illustration shows them waiting upon their countryman, Monsignor Massaja, a bishop in Abyssinia, well acquainted with all parts of that strange kingdom. He is at present an exile at Cairo, the present ruler, King John of Abyssinia, having cruelly imprisoned him for a long time and then banished him.

Verdi and "Aida."

The production of Verdi's "Aida" at the Grand Opera House, Paris, sent a thrill of ecstasy through the musical world of the glittering capital, especially as the gifted maestro conducted in person. The magnificent house was literally crammed to suffocation, and every seat was sold weeks in advance and re-sold at fabulous prices. The opera was superbly mounted, the most scrupulous care being paid to every detail of the mise en scène. The procession was one of the most marvelous pageants that ever swept across any stage, while the tomb scene was almost ghastly in its realism. Patti was at her best, and Nicolini surpassed himself.

The Exhibition Hall in the New Conservatory of Music, Madrid.

The Exhibition Hall of the Conservatory of Music and Declamation was destroyed some years ago with the adjacent portions of the Academy, but has been rebuilt in much finer style. It was opened in December last with a magnificent concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in Murcia and Almeria, which must still be fresh in our readers' minds, as we fully illustrated the occurrence. The new hall is a spacious saloon, richly decorated with paintings and gilt moldings, imitating the Pompeiian style. The stage is spacious, and at the back of it is an organ of great power and sweetness of tone. It was erected under the direction of Dr. Emilio Arrieta, the worthy president of this musical school, himself a composer of great merit.

Ball at the Chinese Embassy, Kleber Avenue, Paris.

The Marquis Tseng, Chinese Ambassador to France, gave a ball at the Embassy on the 15th of March, which was peculiar enough to deserve more than passing notice. It was preceded by a dinner, where, of course, bird's nest soup and shark's fins figured. The guests began to arrive for the ball at half-past nine. The door of the Embassy—one of the largest mansions in Paris—was brilliantly lighted. Chinese servants, in picturesque costume, lined the staircase leading up. At the head, by the door of the main saloon, the Marquis—in a grayish-blue robe, yellow cloak, and black hat with peacock feather, the ensign of his rank, and two ox-tails to show his nobility—received each guest with a friendly grasp of the hand, but in silence, as none of the embassy speak French. If the guest was accompanied by a lady, the Ambassador motioned to one of his attendant mandarins, who immediately offered his arm to the lady and escorted her to Madame Tseng, which Chinese etiquette requires to be done before the sexes mingle on the floor. The Ambassadress, in red and black and a profusion of jewelry, was seated, with her son beside her, in one corner, surrounded by a bevy of ladies. At each presentation she rose, bowed and seated herself. The ladies remained in this part for about an hour listening to the music; and at about eleven the Chinese lady rose and retired, which was the signal for the commencement of dancing. Marquis Tseng, whose portrait we give, with that of his lady, is the son of the general who put down the famous Taeping insurrection some fifteen years ago.

The English Elections.

Our illustration of the scene at reading the result of the polling in one of the metropolitan elections may be regarded as generally characteristic of the manner in which the decision is made known to the candidates themselves, and to their most intimate political associates, who are admitted to the presence of the returning officer for this purpose. During the campaign and on election day there was a profuse display of the chosen symbolic colors, orange for the Conservatives and blue for the Liberals, in banners and streamers, in placards on the walls and in windows, and in ribbons worn by thousands of men, women and children, as well as by the horses drawing cabs and other vehicles hired by the rival committees, the carriages likewise bearing papers of their respective party colors. At each of the polling stations, all day long, crowds of both parties assembled, watching the voters as they entered or departed, greeting them with humorous solicitations, inquiries, or reproaches, and ever ready to indulge in a satirical or combative disposition by taunting and defying one another.

NOTES OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

TRACK-LAYING on the Texas and Pacific Railroad is progressing at the rate of 4,000 feet per day.

A CHICAGO wholesale house is having a car constructed to carry its salesmen and a stock of goods over various Western railways. The car is to be sixty feet long and arranged with sleeping apartments and kitchen, whereby these fortunate drummers can live in luxury, independent of country hotels and their horrors.

THE present wheat crop in Texas will probably be the largest ever grown in that State.

INQUIRY among men heavily interested in Lake Superior iron mines shows that the season's contracts call for 1,650,000 tons of ore from that region.

MR. H. E. SARGENT, the general manager of the Northern Pacific, describes the emigration to the Northwest and especially along the line of this road as beyond anything ever seen. It looks as if all of Michigan and Canada were on the move to locate in the country through which the road runs. The emigrants were of the best class, mostly old wheat-growers and good farmers.

THE value of the live stock in Georgia is about $21,017,436.

NEW steel works are to be erected in Chicago at a cost, including seventy-five acres of land, of $2,000,000. They are to be completed within a year, and will consist of four blast furnaces, Bessemer converting works, and steel-rail mills. They will employ 2,000 men, consume 250,000 tons of ore yearly, and turn out 30,000 tons of rails.

THE fifteen car-manufacturing establishments of the United States turned out last year 37,350 pieces of rolling stock.

BOTH hull and cargo insurance on the Lakes are lower than at any time last year.

IN many portions of Missouri the cane sugar industry is being vigorously worked up, and several syrup and sugar factories, some of them on a large scale, are being prepared for work in the Fall. A great many farmers will plant the best varieties of sorghum, intending to raise their own sweetening hereafter.

RICHMOND is about to invest $400,000 in waterworks.

THE flax industry of New Jersey, which has been lagging for some time past, is again reviving under the nourishment which the State is giving it by means of bounties offered for its culture and improved processes of manufacture. It has been mainly cultivated thus far for its seed, which possesses medicinal qualities of a very high order, and also for its oil. The flax is now worth $100 per ton.

THIRTY-FOUR factories in Georgia are exempted from taxation. They own property worth $4,136,373.

SUGAR-CANE is tasselling in Louisiana for the first time since 1853. This is said to indicate an enormous yield.

CALIFORNIA contains about 100,000,000 acres of land, of which about 43,000,000 acres are unsurveyed. The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that there is not much exceeding 4,000,000 acres under cultivation, although something more than 6,000,000 acres are inclosed with fences, and that there are in the State 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 acres, more or less, which can be bought from $1.25 an acre up to $7.

AN ice-manufactory will be placed in operation at Tallahassee, Fla., this Summer.

THE fruit and vegetable business from Florida to Northern and Western cities has grown from about 25,000 boxes in 1874 to 900,000 in 1880.

THE Charleston *News* says that in South Carolina farming is being done more extensively, more industriously and more intelligently than ever before known by the oldest inhabitant. Men are working with all their might, and with cheerfulness, thereby raising agriculture from the previous status of an isolated and plodding calling to that of a live, hopeful business, in which an enlightened and economical consideration is given to surroundings and their bearings.

THIRTY-ONE railroads intersect Georgia and contribute to the State Treasury.

THERE is being shipped from a quarry near the Hot Springs, Ark., a stone of the finest quality for house and wheelstones. A large shipment has been made direct to Sorgues, near Marseilles, France.

A VESSEL is loading at San Francisco with 100,000 gallons of wine for the German market. It is the first large shipment of the kind ever made thither.

THE following is a statement of the number and capacity of iron and steel manufactories of the country at the present time: Number of completed blast furnaces March 1st, 1880, 697; number building, 44; annual capacity of completed furnaces, in pig iron, net tons, 6,860,000; number of completed rolling-mills and steel works, 382; number building, 10; number of single puddling furnaces, 4,467; number of heating furnaces, 2,419; number of trains of rolls, 1,397; annual capacity of rolling-mills in finished iron, net tons, 4,000,000; annual capacity of rail-mills in heavy rails, net tons, 2,150,000.

DURING the Winter 870,000 tons of ice have been cut from the Kennebec River, Me., and all but 100,000 tons have been sold, the prices ranging from $1.75 to $4 per ton, and averaging $2.50. The value of this year's ice crop of the State of Maine is estimated at $4,000,000.

THE rolling-mills of Chicago now employ about 6,000 men.

NEW ORLEANS is rapidly rising to prominence as a shipping point for early fruit and vegetables, as is evident from the fact that during the last commercial year the shipments of this class of freight alone over the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans Railroad amounted to 13,306 tons, equal to 1,330 carloads, worth at least $800,000. It is calculated that the stations along the road ship about as much more.

A STEAMSHIP company of Genoa has started a regular line of steamers between that city and the United States for freight and emigrants.

THE successful growing of the coffee plant in South Florida seems to be now established beyond question, and the Commissioner of Agriculture has awarded the premium offered some time since for the first pound of coffee grown in the open air. The Agricultural Bureau furnishes plants already started to those who wish to give it a trial, and it is thought that the Florida planters will cultivate coffee quite extensively next season.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE total number of emigrants from Germany in 1879 was 33,327, of whom 30,958 came to the United States.

—THE Town Commissioners of Queenstown have decided to give a banquet to the officers of the United States frigate *Constellation*.

—THE Legislature of Mississippi has passed a law obliging all railway companies in the State to fence their roads under a heavy penalty for failing so to do.

—A GOVERNMENT Bill has been submitted to the German Bundesrath to increase, by 3 per cent., the income tax of the parents of men exempted from military service.

—ABOUT $1,000,000 have already been expended upon Boston's new sewer system, and it will take over $2,000,000 more to complete it with all its appointments.

—MUCH excitement prevails at Ashland, Wis., over the reported discovery of gold and silver, in paying quantities, at Bronsehwiller and Silver Creek, fourteen miles south of Ashland.

—FOUR years ago, between the 1st of January and the middle of April, there were 12,000 immigrants who landed at this port. This year, in the corresponding period, the number of immigrants has been 49,566.

—THE cultivation and protection of timber is considered so important in Australia that a college has been established in which young men will be especially trained in woodcraft, forestry and agricultural chemistry.

—THE world-renowned shorthorn cow, the first Duchess of Cowslip, by the tenth Duke of Thorndale, belonging to Lord Skelmersdale, is dead. She died of congestion of the liver. She was bought by Lord Skelmersdale in 1873 for $20,000.

—DURING the past week thirteen large steamships have left the Mersey for North American ports with a great number of passengers and considerable general cargoes. Most of them are bound for the United States. This is believed to be unprecedented.

—A DUNDEE correspondent says that a part of the lattice-work of the Tay Bridge has been recovered which bears marks tending to sustain the theory of Sir Thomas Bouch, chief engineer and projector of the bridge, that the train went off the track before the bridge fell.

—PRESIDENT DIAZ has granted a concession to Robert R. Symon, who represents a Boston company, for the construction of a railway to Leon, with one branch to the Pacific coast and another to the Rio Grande. The concession is made subject to the approval of Congress.

—A MEMORIAL to Congress has been adopted by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco in regard to the defenseless state of the harbor, and asking that forty or fifty heavy modern "rifles" be placed in position, and that at least two turreted ironclads be maintained in the harbor.

—THE German Empire has now twenty universities, all having essentially the same constitution. As they are partially supported by the State, it claims a general right of control. But at present each university virtually manages its own affairs, even the appointments of the professors depending in the main on faculties to which they belong.

—POLITICAL agitation in France does not interfere with national prosperity, which continues to exhibit an extraordinary development. The first fortnight of March showed a surplus of fourteen millions on the estimated provision from indirect taxes. It is said this handsome balance will be applied to the reduction of certain taxes which press unequally on classes, and to the opening up of new lines of railways.

—THE attitude of the Turkish Government respecting the Greek question is not reassuring. Several new battalions were hurried away by steamer last week to Salonica, and others are preparing to follow. The Porte is showing itself more and more incapable of governing the Empire. The general feeling, even among a large section of the Turks, is that the sooner the great Powers take the power out of the present hands the better for every one.

—THE railway system is extending rapidly in Japan, two lines having been recently completed in the island of Nipbon and a third in the island of Yesso, the most northerly of the Japanese group. The rails are of English make, but the rolling stock and engines have been ordered in America. The two first engines are to be named Benkei and Yoshitsune, after two celebrated early Japanese heroes. It is the first order of the kind that has been given by Japan to American houses.

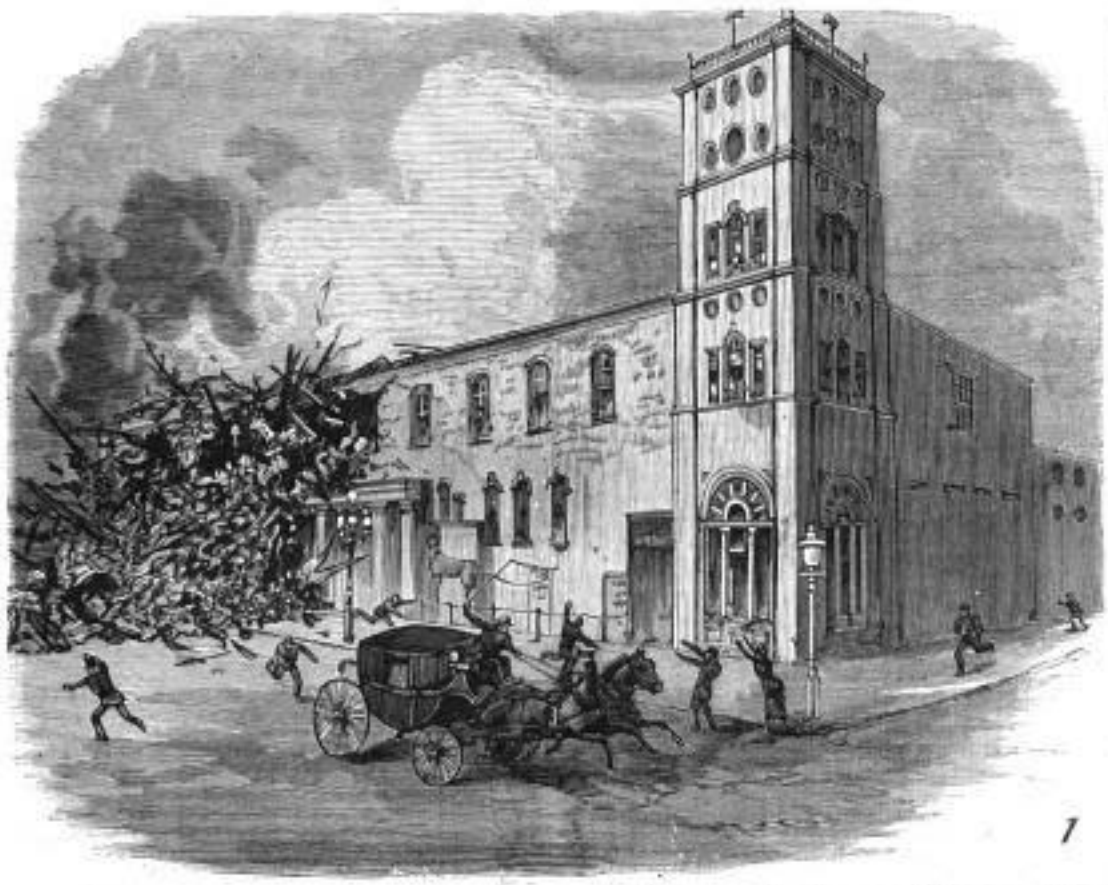
—A CIRCULAR from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Greece calls attention to the increase of brigandage in Thessaly. According to reports of the Greek consuls and consular agents, there is great danger that the whole country will be overrun. There are 500 brigands about Mount Olympus, and the districts of Tirkhala, Karditza, Pharsalis and Cassia are also infested. New murders and abductions are reported daily. People are afraid to leave the towns. Trade is stopped, and the civil and military authorities are powerless.

—ON April 22d the side of the Nail Creek Culvert in the Erie Canal, just east of the guard lock in West Utica, gave way. The Utica and Frankfort Level was emptied within two hours. The bed of the canal for a distance of 150 feet and a depth of four or five feet, and the towpath for from 50 to 100 feet, with its vertical wall, are washed out. Edward Bonner's lumber-yard is afloat, Curtis's boiler-shop is submerged, and cellars and first floors of thirty or forty houses are flooded. Several families were forced to run to the upper stories. It is now estimated that it will require from two to four weeks to fix the break securely.

—FIVE persons at Stuttgart, Germany, are expected to come into possession of an inheritance of $10,000,000 in America, left by their great-great uncle, named Springer, who emigrated to New York 150 years ago and died without heirs. The estate is situated in Williamsburg, Jersey City and Brooklyn, and meetings of the American claimants have been held in various cities. In August of last year there was a private conference at the house of Mr. William P. Springer, in Oswego, where several of the heirs now live. The object of the conference was to obtain information as to the situation of the real property and to arrange some plan of action. The value of the estate has been estimated at not less than $20,000,000.

—AN extraordinary tale of martyrdom in the Russian Church is told by *Figaro*. In 1853 the steward of a Russian landowner was murdered in the district of Kieff. A priest named Kobylowiez was accused of the deed, and, in spite of his protests of innocence, he was transported to Siberia, where he was forgotten. The other day an old peasant admitted on his death bed that he was the murderer, that he had confessed the crime to the priest in question, and obtained his absolution. The priest, however, having received the confession under the usual seal of secrecy, could not divulge it, and preferred to undergo the terrible punishment in the mines of Siberia to departing from his duty. The authorities at once sought for the priest among the prisoners, but he had died a few months before the disclosure.

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1. THE CRASH AS SEEN FROM THE CORNER OF EAST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE. 2. THE RUSH FROM THE ART GALLERY. 3. THE RUINS AS SEEN FROM 7. THE ART GALLERY ON THE FOLLOWI

NEW YORK CITY.—FATAL TERMINATION OF THE HAHNEMANN I

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2.



3





6



7

TH STREET. 4. REMOVING THE WOUNDED TO THE AMBULANCE. 5. EXTRICATING MRS. HEGEMAN FROM THE DEBRIS. 6. CARRYING THE WOUNDED DOWN THE STAIRS.
8. THE PANIC IN THE BALL-ROOM.

FAIR, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, APRIL 21ST.—SEE PAGE 159.

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A DEAD SECRET.

INTO the room she made her way—
The room was darkened and sweet and chill—
And quiet the folded linen lay
Over his heart, for his heart was still.

One sat weeping beside the bed,
A mourner who held a child's soft hand,
And both were gazing upon the dead—
The dead, so stately, so white and grand.

All without bidding she entered there,
And no hand hindered, for where Death is
None are strangers, no kindly care,
Nor fear, nor tenderness, seems amiss.

Uncalled, ungreeted, she paused and stood
By the dead man's side, with dry stern eyes,
As eyes must be when the heart weeps blood,
Gazing down in a pained surprise—

As if she had thought some light must break
Under the closed lids when she came,
Or the cold shut lips must stir and make
A last faint whisper to name her name.

What was it all? His widow wept,
His child's bright tears fell quick as rain,
But the stranger woman turned and crept
Out from the darkened room again.

Calmly as one might come and go
Who had no errand beyond good will
And common pity for mourner's woe,
So came and went she, and all was still.

But was it fancy, or had there crept
O'er the dead man's features a tender smile,
As if, like a tired child, he slept
With beautiful heart-warm dreams the while?

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DEMITRY.

CHAPTER XIII.—REGINALD ENTERS ON THE SEARCH FOR THE UNKNOWN PUEBLO.

WHEN Reginald landed at New York and reached his home he found a note from Manuela awaiting him. It was very brief and was written a few days after his departure for Europe. In it she informed him that, after paying a visit to some friends in one of the Western States, she would proceed to Albuquerque. It closed with an invitation to him—if he should still feel sufficiently interested in her to do so—to visit her there on his return from abroad.

As he read what she had written, his mind reverted to his last interview with her. The events of the past few weeks, important as they had been in shaping his destiny, had greatly changed his character. He no longer was the careless young man, aimless in purpose and indifferent in his plans of life that he had been before his journey to Italy.

If he ever had had any doubts regarding the true state of his feelings for Manuela, all those doubts had disappeared, and his mind for some time past had been perplexed with fears lest, at the critical moment, she should prove indifferent to his suit and should decline, in the end, his proposal of marriage.

In all his feelings, as he thus thought of her, were mingled other sentiments that had not had existence previous to his meeting with Melchior. These sentiments he could scarcely analyze. He only knew that he loved him with more than a brother's affection and that he felt drawn to him by a powerful impulse of sympathy. As he thought of this impulse it seemed to him that he loved Melchior for the sake of Manuela, and that since he had known the former, he loved Manuela still more fervently for the sake of her brother.

Before reaching New York he had mapped out his plan of action in his search for the pueblo. After making such preparations as might be necessary in view of his long absence, he would set out on his journey to Durango.

The route he had determined on was by way of Denver to Pueblo, where railroad communication with the South ceased; thence he would proceed to Santa Fé, and then down the Rio Grande to Paso-del-Norte, where he would cross the river into Mexico on his way through Chihuahua to Durango. By taking this route, from the North downward, instead of crossing Texas, he would have the coveted opportunity to see Manuela once more, at her *hacienda*, near Albuquerque.

Two weeks elapsed before he had so arranged his affairs as to enable him to set out on the long journey that lay before him.

While undoubtedly the dazzling vision of the vast riches secreted somewhere in the region of the Rio Grande lured him on and strengthened his purpose to undertake the uncertain adventure, still he felt drawn to that distant country by even a stronger attraction when he thought of Manuela as expecting him in her new Mexican home.

As he reflected on the treasure that only awaited the grasp of his outstretched hand to become his own, how tantalizing to him was the thought that but a single obstacle lay between him and the almost fabulous riches that would be his—his and Manuela's—if that obstacle were but removed!

He thought of these things on his journey through the West to Denver. As he saw himself approaching the spot where he hoped to meet Manuela—in that half-way locality on the route to Durango—he felt his spirits rise in proportion as he left behind him the old formal life of the civilization of the Atlantic slope and the Valley of the Mississippi, and entered that stranger, newer existence of the Valley of the Rio Grande.

He remained in Denver only a day or two and then took the train for Pueblo, which town at that period was the terminus of the projected railroad from Denver to the Rio Grande.

It was but half a day's journey between the two localities. The route lay through the melancholy region of reddish plains which border the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, the monotony of which is varied only by the prevailing perspective of pale-leafed sage-bushes, mingled with occasional tufts of starved-out grass and the more vigorous growths of the cactus and the Spanish bayonet. There were glimpses, it is true, of Nature in a less uninviting aspect, as when the train passed amid the low hills which skirt the lofty range like steps leading to the rugged summits; for then the wooded eminences afforded some relief to the eye, wearied with the painful sameness of the sage plains and their desolate uniformity of lifeless expression.

At Pueblo, while awaiting the departure of the stage the next morning, Reginald found the bustle of progress blended with the rudeness of frontier life and the slothful indolence of existence in a Mexican village. The workshops erected by the artisans of the railroad, preparatory to laying the rails to El Moro, one stage further towards Santa Fé, seemed to stare with a sort of crude and brand-new air of curiosity at the ancient adobe houses of the village, in the shade of which their occupants lay at full length lazily smoking cigarettes and gazing apathetically at the engine and the cars and the other evidences of innovation that met their eyes.

But Reginald scarcely had time to notice these things when the stage-driver blew his horn as a notification that he was about to start, and he took his seat in the vehicle.

On leaving Denver he had not failed to provide himself with arms to be used in case of emergency.

He knew that at any moment he might need to have recourse to his weapons to repel violence, for, in the hundreds of miles that lay before him, the occasional meeting with desperate characters was to be expected.

His companions in the stage were four in number. One was a priest, who had charge of a church in Santa Fé, and who was returning hither after a visit to the East; another was a soldier on his way to one of the American forts on the Rio Grande; the third was a rich Mexican ranchero journeying to El Paso, and the fourth was this Mexican's wife.

Don Tomas, the priest, a cheerful little man, announced himself to Reginald, who chanced to be seated next to him, as a native of Santa Fé. Before many hours of the journey had passed, they had become very well acquainted, for the padre spoke English fluently. He was well-informed in regard to the country through which they were traveling, and he instructed Reginald in the history and traditions of New Mexico and Arizona, and the customs and peculiarities of their people.

"Wait," he said, "until we reach Santa Fé. In my library you can read of all these things from the period of the Conquest. It will interest you, my son, for the story of these people is different from all others in the history of Mexico. You will, of course, stop at Santa Fé?"

"I am on my way to Durango," replied Reginald, "and I expect to continue my journey from Santa Fé until I reach Albuquerque, near which town a friend of mine resides."

"Durango?" said Don Tomas, thoughtfully. "A long journey."

"Yes; nearly a thousand miles from Santa Fé."

"Are you going to Durango on business—or, perhaps you think me too curious?"

The priest spoke these last words with a smile, as if apologizing for the question.

"I am going to Durango to examine certain old records that I expect to find there," returned Reginald, who did not feel at liberty to tell Don Tomas, however agreeable and friendly a companion he had proved himself to be, the entire truth regarding his purpose in seeking that distant Mexican city.

Don Tomas asked no more questions on this subject, but, changing the topic of conversation, said:

"You will at least stop with me a day or two when we reach Santa Fé? That will not detain you long from your friends."

Reginald endeavored as skilfully as possible, and so as not to hurt the feelings of the hospitable old gentleman, to evade giving any definite promise. When asked, Did his friend at Albuquerque expect him by a certain day, or know that he was coming? Was it absolutely necessary that he should not delay on the road for even forty-eight hours?—all these interrogations having been put to him rapidly by the good-natured priest—he was forced to give a negative to the questions.

"In that case," exclaimed Don Tomas, triumphantly, "you will take up your abode with me for a week!"

"No," replied Reginald, with a laugh; "not for a week. But, since you are good enough to insist on my remaining with you for a time, I will accept your invitation. Don Tomas, and stay for a day or two."

"*Bueno! bueno!*" ejaculated the padre, rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

The first day's journey passed without the occurrence of any exciting event. Reginald and his companions lodged at night at a wretched little inn situated in the poverty-stricken village that was their first halting-place.

Here they received intelligence which caused some uneasiness, for they were told by the individual who acted as mayor of the town that certain cattle-drivers from a point about forty miles south, who had arrived in the village the day before, had seen ten or twelve Indians, mounted and in their war-trappings, about a mile from the road, galloping their ponies across a small plain that led from one mountain defile to another.

At this announcement a council was held, and the question of continuing their journey or remaining in the village until more definite advices of the movements of the Indians should be received, was argued. The result of the consultation was that Don Tomas and the Mexican ranchero and his wife determined to remain where they were and await developments, while Reginald—mainly inspired with a spirit of adventure—and the soldier, whose leave-of-absence would not permit him to delay his arrival at the fort, resolved to continue their journey and take the chances of meeting the Indians.

The stage-driver, who assumed charge of the vehicle at this point, a rough but honest fellow, who was known throughout all that region by the sobriquet of "Denver Jack," sat in one corner of the public room of the inn in which the passengers were consulting, silently listening to what each one had to say.

When the matter was settled he rose from his seat.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing Reginald and the soldier, "if you've a mind to go on to Santa Fé, why I'm the man to drive you there. My business is to take that stage out there from this place to Santa Fé, and I'm a-going through, 'Pachys or no 'Pachys. That's all I've got to say on this subject." And having thus delivered himself, he sauntered out leisurely to attend to the stabling of his horses for the night.

Early the next morning, when the lofty summits of the Sierra Blanca range were tinged with the reddish light from the rising sun, Reginald and the soldier resumed their seats in the stage with Jack on the box. Their fellow-passengers of the previous day gathered about them, wishing them, in the most melancholy tones, good luck on their journey, Don Tomas, especially, imploring heaven's protection on the travelers' heads.

Before their departure the worthy priest slipped a letter into Reginald's hand.

"Here," he said, "is a note to my nephew in Santa Fé, introducing you and instructing him to show you every attention at my house. Make yourself at home, Don Reinaldo, and if you should decide to remain until I shall reach Santa Fé, so much the better. If not, then God have you in His keeping and bring you success in all your enterprises!"

Reginald was touched by the friendly sympathy manifested by the priest. He thanked him warmly and told him that if he should not await his coming at Santa Fé it would be only because he was pressed for time, but that on his return from Durango he would see him again. Then, with another clasp of the hand, they parted, as Jack whirled his long whip around his head and cracked it over the horses with a brisk snap, causing them to set off at a lively pace, while a volley of "*Adios*" followed the stage as it rolled away rapidly in the direction of the lofty hills that bordered the road ten miles in their front.

For several hours the route lay alternately among hills and along sterile plains, which stretched away to the eastward from the base of the mountains. As they progressed, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the journey. The afternoon lengthened into evening, and with the approach of the stage to Las Vegas, where they were to pass the night, the travelers felt that all fear of an attack, if any had been contemplated, was over.

As night came on and the tall mountains that stretched away to the north and south on the right of them began to darken along their slopes, while above their crests the sky was still reddened with the reflection of the setting sun, Jack struck up a wild frontier ballad, which cheered their lonely way.

At last lights twinkled in the distance, and as darkness shut in the scene, the stage entered the village of Las Vegas.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN SANTA FÉ.

THE next morning early Reginald and his companions resumed their journey, and they reached their halting-place at San José without any misadventure.

On the following day they set out for Santa Fé. As they drew near the ancient town, the capital of New Mexico, the country began to present evidences of a larger population. In front of the adobe houses, most of which were one story high, and with their fronts strung, as is customary with the dwellings of the country, with strings of red peppers, they saw gayly-dressed rancheros, some lounging at their doors and some mounted on their horses, whose saddles and bridles flashed with silver ornaments. They passed, too, by ranchos, cornfields and vineyards, and at intervals they were approached by Indians and Mexicans, who offered for sale wine, fruit, tortillas and poultry.

The approach of sunset found them at their journey's end, and as the stage, dusty with travel, entered Santa Fé accompanied by a loud cracking of Jack's whip and followed by the youthful rabble of the place, attired commonly in a single cotton garment which floated in the wind as the wearers ran beside the vehicle, the arrival partook of the character of a sensation which stirred the dull existence of the isolated town.

Reginald's first act was to seek the residence of Don Tomas, with the view of presenting the letter of introduction to the padre's nephew. He had no difficulty in finding the place, for the priest's house was as familiar to the inhabitants as the old church, which it adjoined.

The house was situated within view of the plaza. A tall, grave-looking, middle-aged man was sitting in the doorway smoking a cigarette as Reginald approached. He rose to his feet with a questioning expression on his face as Reginald said:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Don Manuel Rivas?"

"That is my name, señor. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" was the reply, uttered in very good English.

"Your uncle, Don Tomas Rivas, was good enough to give me a letter of introduction to be presented to you on my arrival in Santa Fé," replied Reginald. "I have just reached here, Don Manuel, and I hasten to bring it to you."

Don Manuel, receiving the note from Reginald's hand, glanced at the latter's name on the envelope, pointed to the chair from which he had risen a moment before, and begged his guest to be seated.

During this interval he read the padre's letter, and, having finished its perusal, said:

"In the name of my uncle, Señor Grey, I make you welcome to this house. He tells me that he probably will leave Cimarron to-day, and in that case we may expect him here to-morrow. Again, señor, let me assure you that this house is at your service as long as you may choose to honor us with your presence."

"Thanks, Don Manuel. I shall avail myself of your kind permission and remain your guest for a day or two. To tell the truth, I feel somewhat fatigued with my journey from Pueblo."

"My uncle," resumed Don Manuel, seating himself by Reginald's side, "makes mention in his letter of Indians on the road, and explains his failure to come on with you to an apprehension of an attack. Did you meet with any trouble on the way?"

Reginald told his host of the fears that had been entertained and of how they had finally come to naught; and the conversation thus begun was continued until a message came to Don Manuel, brought by a servant, that supper was ready. Don Manuel invited Reginald to follow him, and conducted him to a veranda in the rear of the house, where, amid trailing vines and sweet-smelling jasmines and roses which grew clinging to the lattice-work, the table was spread for three, to-wit, himself, Reginald, and Pepita, his daughter, a charming young girl of sixteen, with flashing black eyes.

The day had been warm, but the night was cool and pleasant. The air was redolent of the perfume of fragrant flowers, the odor of which came to Reginald as he sat, after supper, under the front veranda and conversed with his host.

After a while, Pepita appeared and took a seat in the shadow of the doorway.

"Do you play on the guitar, señorita?" asked Reginald, whose glance had fallen on a guitar which hung on the wall.

"Oh, yes, señor," was the reply, given with an arch laugh and the merest suggestion of a slight shrug of the shoulders, as if in deprecation of her musical powers.

"Then, will you not favor me with some of your Mexican songs?"

"If it pleases you, señor, I will do my best. But my songs are very simple. They are only the old ballads of the people about here. I am afraid that they will disappoint you."

She took the guitar from the wall and ran her fingers over the strings in a light prelude.

"I will sing you," she said, "the song we call 'La Noche Triste'—the sad night. It is known to all our people. It is melancholy, but it is true, for it tells of one who fled from the massacre of 1680, when the Indians of New Mexico rose against the Spaniards and killed them all."

Reginald listened with a sudden interest. The date, 1680—the massacre of the Spaniards in that year—recalled to him strangely the story of St. Evremond Deville and the unfortunate Fra Pablo, his friend and companion.

As Pepita, in a low, melodious voice, sang the mournful ballad, with its plaintive accompaniment, which recorded the rising of the New Mexican Indians against the oppressing Spaniards, he sat absorbed in thought. The words portrayed the experiences of one who had escaped the sudden vengeance that fell on priest and layman alike in the fatal year 1680, and expressed the singer's grief for the death of his friends and companions.

Reginald understood enough of Spanish to follow the meaning of the song, and when Pepita ceased he thanked her for the pleasure her singing of the old ditty had given him.

"Your uncle," he said, turning to Don Manuel, "told me that in his library are many works that give the history and chronicles of New Mexico. With your permission I shall examine them to-morrow. The song that Señorita Pepita has just sung has aroused my interest in the annals of your country."

"You will find in the library much to interest you," replied his host, "and to-morrow you can look at the books at your leisure. There are several old manuscripts there also—one in particular, written more than a hundred years ago by a certain reverend father of great learning, Fray Gregorio by name, one of my uncle's early predecessors in Santa Fé, who had charge of the very church which you see near us."

"These books are all in the Spanish language, I presume?"

"Yes. You are familiar with Spanish?"

"I have a fair knowledge of the language, but I doubt whether it is sufficient to enable me to cope successfully with an old manuscript, certainly very dingy and most probably in some places almost illegible. But if Señorita Pepita would act as my assistant——"

"It will give me pleasure to do so," said the young girl, "if you should meet with any difficulty in reading the manuscript."

"And if I were to ask you to read it to me and translate as you read?"

Pepita smiled coquettishly.

"Perhaps my English may fail me," she said.

"There is no danger of that I am sure. But I fear you may think me very troublesome."

"Oh, it will be no trouble! I will read to you from Fray Gregorio's manuscript how the holy Father Marco de Nizza discovered in the time of Don Antonio de Mendoza the Seven Cities of Cibola, now known as the country of the Zuñi Indians, and how Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, the next year, marched

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with an army from the Mexican province of which he was governor and made himself master of the Seven Cities. It is almost a romance, I assure you!"

"You will have an attentive listener. And now will you sing another of your charming songs, or will you sing again the ballad of 'La Noche Triste'?"

She took her guitar, and for an hour or more, in the intervals of conversation, she sang the strange, weird songs that she had heard from her infancy, and which had been current for generations on the Rio Grande and in Chihuahua in Mexico. The tones of her voice were as sweet as the notes of a flute, and her gestures were so expressive that, but for his steadfast devotion to the absent Manuela, Reginald might have yielded himself a willing captive at the shrine of his graceful hostess, whose sylph-like shape and dark eyes that night haunted his dreams, mingled with vague visions that her songs had evoked—visions in which figured the shape of the prisoner of San Juan de Ulua, and which never left him until the moment when the voice of Don Manuel was heard calling him from his sleep to see the sun rise above the summit of the Sierra Madre.

(*To be continued.*)

DEATH AT A CHARITY FAIR.

EXCITING SCENES AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

THE Madison Square Garden building was the scene, on the evening of Wednesday, April 21st, of a disaster which resulted in the instant death or fatal wounding of four persons and the infliction of injuries more or less severe upon eighteen others.

The building was occupied by a fair for the benefit of the Hahnemann Hospital, and was especially well filled on this particular evening. The moment before the disaster the interior of the Garden presented a brilliant scene. There was a great throng walking up and down the avenue formed by the rows of booths and stands of flowers which stretched from the main entrance at Madison Avenue to the further end of the immense hall. Around the different tables were clusters of people admiring the articles offered for sale by the ladies in attendance, who were gratified by the large number of customers among the visitors. The Ninth Regiment Band—which had occupied the balcony just above the entrance at the Madison Square side since the opening of the fair—was enlivening the evening with music. All of the attractions of the fair, excepting the art gallery, were open and drawing their share of patronage. The art gallery had been closed a few minutes before.

Five minutes later the people who were in that part of the Garden nearest Madison Avenue had their attention attracted to a noise proceeding from the direction of the balcony occupied by the musicians. In the second story at this end of the building there were three apartments occupied by the fair, all three entered from the balcony. At the south-west corner of the Garden was a large room used for a restaurant. This was conducted by Mrs. Dr. Helmuth. A portion of this apartment had been partitioned off with a curtain to form a dancing hall, and was entered by a door situated near the centre of the balcony. North of this was a door leading into the room which had been used as an art gallery since the opening of the fair. At first the impression was received that there was no occasion for alarm, and that nothing more serious had happened than the fall of some plaster from the ceiling, and, indeed, this impression prevailed for some time after the fatal crash came. The noise rapidly grew louder until it resembled a succession of explosions. Immediately the scene became one of indescribable confusion. A white cloud of dust rolled out through the doors of the restaurant and dancing-hall. Then through the enveloping dust came young men and women from the middle door. They had been sitting about the dance-hall or engaged in dancing. Men and women also rushed in terror from the restaurant—those who had been in attendance and those who had been sitting at the tables enjoying the refreshments before them. Many of the young women fainted and were carried down the stairs in the arms of the men who accompanied them. Their faces, pale with fright, were made ghastly by the lime-dust which had covered them from head to foot. Many women in the west part of the Garden, who were not near the immediate scene of danger, shrieked and fell fainting upon the floor. The musicians, who had stopped playing at the first sign of peril, hastily gathered up their instruments and fled down the stairs leading down on either side.

As yet no person outside the three rooms on the second floor had realized what had happened within the rooms. Soon the final appalling crash came, and a volume of dust rolled out through the building that partially obscured the brilliant lights which illuminated the interior. A murmur of terror ran through the crowd. By this time every face was turned towards the scene of the disaster. Several began to speak of fire, but were instantly hushed. Women shrieked in different parts of the house; the gentlemen present engaged themselves in trying to quiet their fears. Here and there a man had presence of mind enough to call out that nothing was the matter, and that all was over. Otherwise a panic might have seized the people that would have resulted in great loss of life. One of the managers quickly sought the leader of the band and had him call the musicians together, and soon they were playing in their places on the balcony. The effect of the music was instantaneous, and helped greatly to reassure the ladies who had been seized with fright.

A large force of police and firemen was soon employed in extricating the dead and wounded from the *débris* of the upper portion of the Madison Avenue wall, which had fallen outward to the street. One of the first victims reached was Mrs. W. A. Ogden Hegeman, wife of a prominent lawyer of this city. Mrs. Hegeman had just left the dancing-room when the wall fell out, and was found by a fireman hanging with her head caught between two timbers. She was taken down alive, but died on the way to Bellevue Hospital. Mrs. Annie Willetts, of Bayside, L. I., a visitor at the house of ex-Collector Smythe, was taken out dead, as was also Mary Ann Connolly, maid of Mrs. Hegeman, whose body was found near that of her mistress.

Colonel William M. Tileston, one of the editors of *Forest and Stream*, was found partly buried under the ruins, terribly injured about both legs and with a compound fracture of the left arm. He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where, after six hours of terrible suffering, he died at four o'clock Thursday morning.

Gladstone's Victory in Midlothian.

VOTERS came from far and wide in order to record their votes for Mr. Gladstone, and it is mentioned that a doctor well-known in Edinburgh had traveled all the way from Algiers so that he might give his vote for Mr. Gladstone. At one station an old man gave his vote who had not been out of his house since the last election. At Gore Bridge an old Liberal farmer drove up to the booth muffled with flannel and well-nigh smothered with wraps. He had risen from a sick bed determined, as he said, "to vote for Gladstone though it should be the last act of his life." Literally, the halt, the lame and the blind found their way to the polling places. Everybody who was at all physically capable of giving a vote seems to have been at the polling booths. The numbers evince that the poll was by far the largest ever recorded in the county. When the result was declared, showing that Mr. Gladstone had the substantial majority of 211 over the son of the Duke of Buccleugh, not to mention 200 fagot votes faithfully given for Lord Dalkeith, tremendous cheering ensued on the part of the crowd who had confidently and partially awaited the issue. They waited for nearly two hours to learn the result, and when it was finally made known they rushed off to George Street, where Mr. Gladstone was known to be a guest at Lord Rosebery's town house. Here an immense multitude was already assembled. There were loud cries for Mr. Gladstone, at every mention of whose name the cheering broke forth afresh. When the member for Midlothian presented himself in the balcony of the House, accompanied by Lord Rosebery, the enthusiasm of the multitude was unbounded. Mr. Gladstone said they had been engaged in an arduous struggle, which had been carried on by the strength of that sentiment expressed in the County of Midlothian, which they then knew to be the sentiment of the nation. They had now to show that they could use the strength which they had shown themselves to possess, and turn the victory the Liberals had obtained both there and elsewhere to good account for the common and universal benefit of the country. The right honorable gentleman added: "God prosper England, Scotland and Ireland, and all who dwell in them, be they Liberals or be they Tories! For us who are Liberals, may we be enabled to persevere in bearing what your forefathers would have called a firm testimony to our cause through evil report, as it has been for the last few years, and through good report, as we trust it will now be. Your opponents we heartily wish the benefit of reflection. Our desire is that they should be opponents no longer, but that we should all, with one heart and one mind, devote ourselves to the performance of our public duties in the maintenance of the interests, the honor, and the high character and repute of a great and glorious empire."

The World's Steel Production.

THE total capacity of the steel mills at the present time throughout the world is estimated at about 3,900,000 tons for the year's production. In the United Kingdom there are 120 Bessemer converters built, of which over 80 are at work, and the annual yield from these is considered as from 750,000 to 800,000 tons. The American make is estimated at 750,000 tons, the next largest producer being Germany, which is considered by many to be capable of the greatest expansion among all the steel-making countries. Less than two years ago there were 25 converters in Prussia working, out of 30 built, and turning out 275,000 tons, which was increased by the works in Saxony and the Palatinate to 400,000; and since the revival of trade fresh converters have been put into operation. The estimate of the French steel manufacture is about 275,000 tons; that of Belgium, 150,000; of Austria, with 32 converters, 250,000, and of Sweden and Russia, 150,000. Of the Bessemer converters in England, the largest are two 10-ton ones at Sir John Brown & Co.'s works, in Sheffield, the others varying between three and eight tons in capacity, and out of the 54 British steel works 17 only have rail mills. Looking at the probable extension of railways for the next twelve months, it is difficult to see how all this large output of steel rails is to be utilized.

Grain Prospects of the Summer.

THE great grain-producing districts of the United States have entered upon the growing season with excellent prospects for good crops. An analysis of the Signal Service Weather Reports from December 1st, 1879, to March 1st, 1880, shows that all these districts, except California and the Upper Missouri Valley, have received an abundance of water from the Winter rains and snows. The excess of water over the average for the Winter months was as follows: Upper Mississippi Valley, 1.05 inches; in the States bordering on the upper lakes, 3.65 inches; Minnesota, 1.74 inches; Lower Missouri Valley, 0.72 of an inch; Lower Mississippi Valley, 0.88 of an inch; Ohio Valley, 5.51 inches; Tennessee, 8.61 inches; in the States bordering on the lower lakes, 2.44 inches; Oregon, 2.89 inches; and New England, 0.93 of an inch. In the other districts the deficiencies were as follows: Middle States, 0.47 of an inch; Upper Missouri Valley, about one inch; California Coast, 2.30 inches; Eastern Gulf States (including Florida, where the excess was 0.62 of an inch), 2.85 inches; and Western Gulf States, 3.02 inches.

Public Education in Wisconsin.

WISCONSIN, during the past year, has expended $2,513,301.83 upon her public schools, which have been largely increased both in number and efficiency. The State has 5,868 school districts, not including the independent cities, which number twenty-seven. The school population is 483,453; the attendance during the year was 293,296. Adding to this the number of children attending other schools, the total number receiving instruction proves to be 324,582. There are 6,844 teachers employed, the male teachers receiving in the country districts $37.75 per month, and the female teachers $25.72. The average salary paid to male teachers in the independent cities was $628.51 per annum, and to the female teachers $341.89—a decrease of 5.15. The highest yearly salaries paid to male teachers are: In Racine, $1,500; in Mineral Point and Oshkosh, $1,200; in Madison, $1,000, and in Milwaukee, $3,300. Female teachers received in nine cities $500 and upwards; in Racine, $800, and in Milwaukee $1,200. Superintendent Whitford mentions the need of better qualified and more permanent teachers, the grading of the country schools and the general institution of the township system in place of the district system.

What is Lawful on Sunday.

THE law prohibiting the transaction of business on Sunday has lately been interpreted in two rather curious cases, one being decided by the Supreme Court of Michigan, and the other by the Supreme Court of Maine. In the former case, a Methodist preacher had made an appeal to his congregation during the usual Sunday services for money and subscriptions for the purchase of a church building. The defendant in this action subscribed $25, but afterwards refused to pay it, and when suit was brought against him, he pleaded that the subscription or promise, being made on Sunday, was illegal, and therefore could not be enforced. The statutes of Michigan prohibit, under penalty of a fine, every person from doing on Sunday "any manner of labor, business, or work, except only works of necessity or charity." The Supreme Court says, that taking subscriptions on Sunday is not a work of necessity, for the reason that it can be done at another time. There is no doubt, says the court, that this is the most convenient time to attend to the matter, but it might for the same reason have been the most convenient time for doing other business, such as the trading of horses, the hiring of laborers, and the general settlement of accounts, had the persons present been disposed to engage in such transactions. But the taking of subscriptions, as the court holds, is a work of charity, which comes within the exception made by the statute. All the necessary or usual work, says the opinion, connected with religious worship is work of charity. Otherwise the preacher, the organist, and the sexton would violate the law whenever they performed their church duties on Sunday. The subscription was, therefore, held to be lawful, and the defendant was bound to pay it. In the Maine case, the pivotal question was whether it is lawful to walk on Sunday in the highways for exercise. The plaintiff had sued the City of Portland to recover damages for injuries received by reason of a defective sidewalk. He had gone out one Sunday afternoon to take a walk for recreation; he stopped in a saloon and got a glass of beer, and on his return home fell on the sidewalk and broke his leg. The statute of Maine is substantially the same as that of Michigan, already quoted. It makes work, labor, or business on Sunday unlawful, but except works of charity or necessity. Under the facts which have been cited, the city claimed that even if the highway were defective, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover. The Supreme Court holds otherwise. Walking on Sunday for exercise in the open air, it says, is not unlawful. Stopping for a glass of beer may have been a violation of the statute; but unless it contributed to the accident it was no excuse for a defective highway, and could not exempt the city from liability.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Curtius, accompanied by a Government land surveyor, has gone to Greece to complete the archæological exploration at Olympia. For this purpose the Emperor William has granted the sum of $20,000.

The Russian Geographical Society contemplates issuing, in concert with the other scientific societies of Russia, a descriptive work on Siberia, in view of the approaching tercentenary of the occupation of that country by the Russians.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from Professor Foerster, of Berlin, the announcement of the discovery by Palisa, at Pola, on April 10th, 1880, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude, in 13h. 0m. right ascension, and 12 degrees 8 minutes south declination, with a daily motion of 7 minutes north.

There has long been considerable difference of opinion among the geologists as to whether or not coal existed under the City of London or in its vicinity. This question has been set at rest by the deep boring recently made at MEUX Brewery, on the Tottenham Court Road. Not a trace of the coal measures was found.

The Exploration of the Sahara Desert with a view to the construction of a railway across it has now fairly begun. Colonel Flatter's expedition left Wargla on the 6th ult. on their southward march. In addition to the leader, the party comprises nine scientific officers and twelve French soldiers, besides numerous camel-drivers, chiefly belonging to the Chambaas tribe.

In a Recent Note to the Vienna Academy Herr Selzer offers an estimate (based on numeration) of the probable number of optic nerve-fibres and of retinal cones in the human eye. The number of the former he supposes to be about 438,000, that of the latter 3,360,000. This gives seven or eight cones for each nerve-fibre, supposing all fibres of the optic nerve to be connected with cones, all equally distributed among them.

The German Chemical Society, in entering upon its thirteenth year, has elected as president Professor H. Kopp, of Heidelberg, who for some time past has devoted himself almost exclusively to the chronicling of the history of chemistry. At the same time Professor Roscoe, of Manchester, and Professor Marignac, of Geneva, who was compelled a year since, by advanced age, to relinquish active professional duties, were elected to honorary membership.

A Singular Discovery was recently made in Syria. Some woodcutters felled a venerable oak in the forest of Defennileg. It was found to be hollow and was soon brought to the ground with a crash. A human skeleton, in excellent preservation, was disclosed. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hooting, he climbed the tree for some purpose and slipped incautiously into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.

News Just Received announces the arrival at Kassala of the two German African travelers, Dr. Nook and Baron Holshausen. They crossed the desert from Suakin to Kassala in fourteen days. Kassala, the residence of a pasha, is the centre of the German dealers in wild beasts. Many German travelers originally started from here on their tours, such as Florian, Werner, Cohn, Dr. Schweinfurth, Heuglin. Dr. Nook and Baron Holshausen intend to move in a southeasterly direction towards the Habat and Dinder.

Herr Dahlstrom has prepared plans for the proposed ship canal from the Baltic to the North Sea. Its course will be from the Bay of Kiel to Brunsbuttel, in the estuary of the Elbe. Its uniform depth will be 29 feet 9 inches; its width at the surface of the water, 160 feet; at the bottom, 64 feet. By a peculiar system of reservoirs and locks the depth can be increased to 25 or 26 feet, which will even float the *König Wilhelm*, the largest German ironclad. The canal can be completed in six years, and will cost $18,750,000.

The New Railway which ascends to the old crater of Vesuvius is constructed on the American double iron-rope system. There are two lines of rails, each provided with a car divided into two compartments and capable of holding six persons. While one car goes up, the other comes down, thus establishing a counterpoise which considerably economizes the steam of the stationary traction engine. The incline is extremely steep, commencing at forty degrees, increasing to sixty-three degrees, and continuing at fifty degrees to the summit. Every possible precaution has been taken against accident, and the railway itself is protected against possible flows of lava by an enormous wall. The ascent will be made in about ten minutes, while before it required from one to two hours.

The Report of Professor Cook, State Geologist of New Jersey, is one of the most interesting documents bearing the imprint of official sanction, and will be eagerly sought for by all who are interested in the vast and varied mineral resources of the State. New Jersey contains to-day nearly 300 miles of cro-openings of iron. Of the 200 mines in operation in 1873, when the financial panic prostrated the iron interest, only 30 kept in operation throughout the full period of depression. The gradual decline from 1873 to 1878 was from 665,000 tons to 390,000 tons, while in 1876 and 1877 it was reduced to so low a minimum as to be scarcely worth counting. In 1878 it partially revived, and the product reached 410,000 tons, and in 1879 it again came into full activity, a new impetus being given to the work of prospecting and exploration. Wages are 35 *per cent.* above that of 1876 and 1877, with such increasing demand for labor that men are returning from the West and from the coal mines elsewhere to their old homes. The report devotes considerable space to the proper drainage of lands, the constitution of soils in different parts of the State with a view to their adaptability to special crops, the large and growing pottery interest, the marls, etc.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE assures his friends that he will return to Paris in October.

SARAH BERNHARDT has withdrawn from the Théâtre Français in consequence of her failure in the "Aventurière."

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL has sailed for Canada to visit his brother, Lord Lorne, Governor-General of the Dominion.

THE obelisk which was ordered by Queen Victoria to be erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial fell in Zululand has been put in position.

IT is understood that Mr. John Bright desires to re-enter the British Ministry because he has work to perform with reference to the Irish land question.

A MONUMENT to Couture, the artist, has just been erected at Père-la-Chaise. It is a pedestal of black marble, bearing a bust of the painter executed in 1848 by Cleesinger.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, on his arrival in Canada about May 9th, will be welcomed not only by his sister and brother-in-law, but also by Sir Edward Thornton, who will go from Washington for the purpose.

MR. HINDEN CLUBB'S bride is to receive from the House Committee on Appropriations a handsome marriage gift bearing the names of the members of the committee. Mr. Blackburn will select the gift.

GENERAL GARIBALDI is to have a charming gift from the Italian colony at Montevideo, in the shape of a miniature steamer of ten tons burden, fitted up elegantly and luxuriantly, and called the *Lion of Caprera*.

COLONEL JOHN BODINE, who has been a competitor in several International rifle matches, has been selected captain of the American Team which is to go to Ireland to shoot the return match with the Irish Team.

ALL difficulties have now been removed, and the appointment of Sir A. T. Galt, K. C. M. G., as Minister Resident for Canada, has been unconditionally approved. Sir Alexander Galt is in London to take up his official duties.

THE appointment of M. John Lemoinne to be French Minister to Belgium has been gazetted. The appointment of Count Duchâtel to be Minister at Vienna, in the place of M. Teisserenc De Bort, resigned, is also gazetted.

THE eccentric King of Bavaria is to marry his cousin, Princess Isabella, daughter of the late Prince Adalbert and the Princess Amelie Philippine Polar, Infanta of Spain. The King is now thirty-five years old and his future wife is seventeen.

THE Queen has appointed Rev. John Charles Ryle Bishop of the newly-constituted See of Liverpool. By the founding of this new bishopric, according to the provisions of an Act of 1848, Liverpool is entitled to be called a city. This is an honor which it has long coveted.

A GRAND philological *fête*, or polyglot Academy, was held at the Vatican on April 18th, in honor of the exaltation to the throne of Pope Leo XIII. The diplomatic body, nobility, archbishops, etc., were present. The scholars of the Propaganda recited poems, in forty-nine different languages, extolling the Pope.

HON. LEVI PARSONS, of New York City, a former resident of Kingsboro, Fulton County, N. Y., has given $50,000 to establish a public library for Gloversville and Kingsboro. The citizens have held a meeting, and voted to name it the "Parsons Library," and have promptly subscribed nearly $5,000 for a building lot.

AT the meeting of the Privy Council of Great Britain, April 20th, Lord John Manners, Mr. Assheton Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote were invested with the Order of the Bath and Lord Cranbrook with the Star of India. Mr. Borthwick was knighted, and Mr. H. S. Northcote, member-elect for Exeter, was created a Companion of the Bath.

MADAME LIN-FU-JEU, the wife of the Chinese Minister in Berlin, gave her first entertainment the other evening. Everybody went expecting to see something new and original, but there was nothing unlike the *soirées* usually given in court circles, with the exception of the one peculiarity that the hostess was unable to converse in any European language with her guests.

JOHN EAKIN, a recent graduate of Washington College, Pennsylvania, has sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong, on his way to Siam to assume the Professorship of English Language and Literature in the Royal College at Bangkok. His engagement is for four years, at a salary of $1,800, with the prospect of permanence and higher pay. He has the strongest recommendations for capacity and scholarship from the Faculty, whose members selected him for the place at the earnest recommendation of the Rev. Dr. McFarland, formerly a Presbyterian missionary, and now President of the Royal College.

THE obituary record of the past week contained the names of General Joseph W. Revere, grandson of Paul Revere of Revolutionary fame, Hoboken, aged 68; Captain Joseph Ansteen, United States Revenue Marine Service, Portsmouth; Edward A. Locker, editor of the Hartford *Post*, Hartford, aged 44; E. L. Potter, merchant, New York, aged 50; Charles Lennox, senior partner of the old shipping-house of Charles H. Marshall & Co., the proprietors of the famous Black Ball Line of Liverpool packet-ships, New York, aged 68, and the Hon. George A. Braylon, who was for many years Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, at East Greenwich, aged 77.

NORDENSKJÖLD and his lieutenant, Palander, during their last week's stay in Paris, had only twenty-two hours' sleep. While at the French capital they were present at twenty-nine banquets and lunches, and listened to one hundred and forty-seven speeches and three hundred and seventy-eight toasts, to which they replied in twenty-four speeches, of which twenty were made by Nordenskjöld and four by his lieutenant. The statistician who is responsible for these figures very wisely abstains from any attempt to compute the number of well-meaning Parisians who shook hands with the couple, saying, "Well, I suppose you find this climate more agreeable than that at the North Pole?"

EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, D. D., the Protestant divine and well-known writer on theological subjects, has been appointed Secretary of the French Legation at Washington. M. de Pressensé is well known as a writer in this country. Many of his works have been translated into English, and he has been a frequent contributor of articles on current French literature to the *International Review*. After the establishment of the French Republic he became a member of the Assembly, and was a strong supporter of Thiers. In 1849, when twenty-five years of age, he published his first theological work, and since that time his energies have been devoted to the maintenance of the freedom of the Church from State interference and aid as the means of solving important moral and social questions. His wife, a Swiss lady, has written several religious and educational works.

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MARYLAND.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—ATTRACTIONS IN DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE.—From Sketches by Walter Goater.—See Page 166.

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CHARLES G. FAIRMAN, NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.—FROM A PHOTO. BY VAN AKEN, ELMIRA.

CHARLES G. FAIRMAN,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

CHARLES G. FAIRMAN, editor of the Elmira *Advertiser*, was appointed, by Governor Cornell, Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York on the 14th of April, and was unanimously confirmed by the Senate on the following day. Mr. Fairman was born in Niagara County, N. Y., in October, 1825, making him now in his fifty-fifth year. He learned his trade as printer in the county of his birth, and removed to Elmira about the time that he attained his majority, in 1846. He began the publication of a weekly newspaper there, at that time named the *Republican*, and remained with it until it suspended. A brother started the *Advertiser* as a small daily sheet about 1856, and soon after Mr. Fairman joined him in its publication. He has since continued his connection with it, except at intervals, up to the present time. He was a Whig after the manner of Thurlow Weed and Seward, when there were such persons as Whigs, and has been a "Conkling Republican" since there were Republicans. The only elective office ever held by him was as Alderman of Elmira for one term. He served as Postmaster of the city from 1869 to 1877, and was Deputy Clerk of the Assembly in 1864-'5. He has always been a public-spirited citizen, and extremely active and bitterly partisan in his politics. He is one of the representative country journalists of the State, and is to deliver the annual address before the New York State Press Association in Troy next June. His appointment gives great satisfaction to all persons in the neighborhood of his home, where he is known as a thoroughly upright and honest man.

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM H. ELDER,

COADJUTOR TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

THIS prelate of the Roman Catholic Church in this country was born and educated in Baltimore. Resolved to enter the ministry, he pursued his divinity course at Mount St. Mary's, and at the College of the Propaganda at Rome, where he was ordained in 1846. After being one of the professors and president of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, he was appointed Bishop of Natchez, and consecrated May 31, 1857. His diocese embraced the State of Mississippi, the comparatively small number of Catholics scattered through the State making this position one of great labor and trial. Emigration rarely turned to the States where slave labor alone was used, and though the Catholic services were offered within the limits of Mississippi before an English settler had landed on the Atlantic coast, the Old Church found few adherents, and its progress was slow, making the career of bishop and clergy one of great self-denial and sacrifice. During the late war a colonel commanding at Natchez issued an order directing all clergymen to pray for the President of the United States. This Bishop Elder and his clergy declined to obey, on the ground that a colonel in the United States army had no right to introduce new forms of prayers into the liturgy of the Church. He appealed to his labors among the sick and wounded of both armies, to the death of one of his priests in their service; but Bishop Elder was arrested, and conveyed to Vidalia, La.

A few years ago, in an accident on the Mississippi, the Bishop risked his life to save a person, showing throughout the disaster the greatest coolness and courage.

The thoughtfulness for others there evinced was made more strikingly manifest during the visitation of the yellow fever in the Summer of 1878. He was in constant attendance on the sick till he was himself prostrated, and the report of his death reached all the Eastern papers, and he was entered among the deceased in the official list published annually at Rome.

He fortunately escaped with his life. Shortly after, he was appointed by the Pope coadjutor, with the right of succession, to Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco, but declined the honor, preferring to remain at his post at Natchez. In March last he was appointed coadjutor to the embarrassed Archbishop of Cincinnati, Dr. Purcell, also with the right of succession, and, accepting the high office, he entered upon his new duties on Sunday morning, April 18th, attending Mass at the cathedral, where he preached, and afterwards confirmed a class of children. In a few days he will visit the archbishop in his retreat in Brown County, at the Ursuline Convent, before assuming the duties of unparalleled difficulty with which he is compelled to cope.



RT. REV. WILLIAM H. ELDER, COADJUTOR TO ARCHBISHOP PURCELL OF CINCINNATI.

A CURIOUS MIRAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT at Memphis, Tenn., writes as follows: "A singular spectacle was witnessed by the officers of the steamer *Shields* a few nights ago, as she lay at what is known as Commerce Landing, on the Mississippi River, forty miles below this city. The boat was landed by Mr. Elisha Evans, the pilot on watch, for the purpose of taking on freight and passengers for Memphis. The night was dark and very misty or foggy. The boat laid with her starboard side against the bank, and a bright pine torch hung over her starboard bow. As Mr. Evans came down out of the pilot-house he looked up towards the heavens, and, lo! the scene which the illustration represents met his bewildered gaze. He says he was slightly scared at first, thinking it was some descending steamer running in the fog and headed square at them, and he was listening breathlessly for the crashing sounds which would attend the expected collision; but as no crash came he remembered reading in books of mirages at sea, which reflect the shadow of ships in an inverted position, and his fright passed quickly away. In this instance, however, the shadow of the steamer on the fog did not show the boat in an inverted position, but as represented in this sketch. Mr. Evans says he awakened his partner, Mr. Wilbur, and told him to look up in the clouds. He gazed upwards, half-asleep, and bewilderingly exclaimed: 'Great God, there's a steamboat coming down at us from out of the air!'"

GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA YNIGUEZ.

THE leader of the present Cuban revolution was born in the City of Holguin, Cuba, in 1842, of native parents, who were moderately well off in country property, and who educated him for a profession, which, however, he did not follow. On the demise of his father, yielding to his naturally retiring disposition, he contented himself with assuming management of his own and his mother's estate as a planter, harboring in his youthful mind an inveterate dislike to the colonial rule of Spain. When the stalwart patriots, Cespedes and Aguilera, gathered a few followers at the small town of Baire, on the 10th of October, 1868, and raised the standard of rebellion against Spain, swearing to conquer Cuba's independence or perish in the attempt, the subject of this sketch was enrolled among the first, being given the command of a company as captain, and assigned to his own district to raise material, both men and means, among the yeomanry for the then infant republican army of Cuba. In this duty he succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations, and, as a reward, was subsequently given the command of the contingent, which rose in the course of a year to over one thousand men. He received about this time his brevet rank as colonel, for gallantry in sundry preliminary encounters with the Spanish regulars.

On the 9th of March, 1870, he met the Spanish forces at Masio, under the command of Colonel Gomez Dieguez, numbering six hundred men, gave them battle and routed them, killing and wounding two hundred of the enemy and capturing the balance of four hundred, with all the arms, munitions and train. For this gallant exploit he was promoted to brigadier-general, and, later on, was created major-general after sundry victories plucked from his superior enemies.

Through a private personal act in 1874, involving imprudence on his part, he was surprised and captured by a raiding Spanish party while temporarily spending the night outside of his headquarters in a small contiguous settlement. Upon being taken, his first impulse was to draw his revolver, and, before his captors could prevent it, he fired a bullet through the roof of his mouth, penetrating the nasal organ, the parietal bone, and coming out on his forehead between the eyebrows, leaving a peculiar hollow scar for life. Contrary to their sanguinary practice, the Spanish Government, represented by General Concha, spared his life, and he was cured in their own camp hospital, and then removed to Cabañas Fort, in Havana Harbor, being afterwards transferred as a prisoner to Spain, in 1875, and immured within a dungeon in the famous and ancient Castle of Santoña, located in the north of Spain. Here he languished during three weary years, being supported from the generous voluntary contributions of sundry wealthy Cubans, until his release, which occurred in 1878, when the peace negotiations were entered into in Cuba.

Meanwhile his family had left the island, finding a friendly refuge in New York, where his grateful countrymen contributed to their support. Here he joined them just after the Zanjon peace, against which he protested as being contrary to his solemn oath taken in 1868. Other stalwart spirits joined him in this manly course, and a revolutionary committee was formed to devise plans and means to prosecute the war for independence against Spain. The magnitude of the undertaking bade fair for a time to baffle his projects, but by dint of untiring perseverance order gradually came out of chaos, and sundry clubs were formed in this and other cities of the Union, as well as in Europe, Cuba, and others of the West Indies.

All this has culminated in the present formidable movement for the prosecution of the war, it having been renewed with increased vigor in the Eastern Province in September of 1879 by Generals Moncada, Maceo, Jr., and others, under the auspices of General Garcia, as the master-spirit of the movement. Several successful landings have since been effected on the island despite the Spanish cruisers, and, lately, General Garcia, in person, has led one expedition to land in the "ever faithful isle," to assume the general direction of the war and form a provisional revolutionary government, to issue a public manifesto to all nations, setting forth the facts and grievances thereof, out of a due sense of regard for public opinion and to subserve ultimate ends in the course of the struggle.

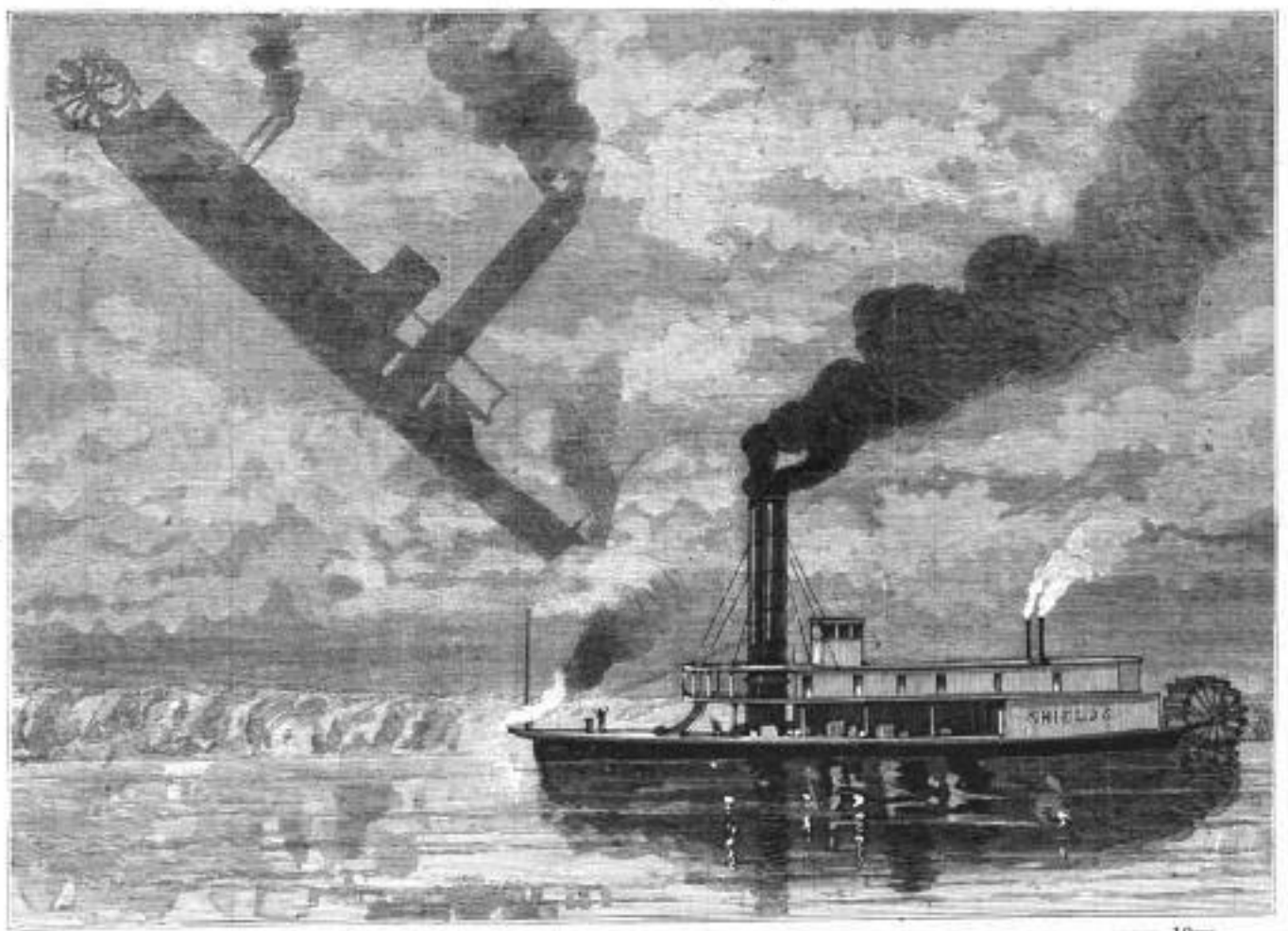
Señor Lamadriz being at Key West during his absence, Señor José Martí has taken the Presidency of the Revolutionary Committee.

General Carlos Rolloff—a Pole—left for Jamaica on the 13th of April to lead another expedition to Cuba.

The one conducted by General Garcia succeeded in eluding the pursuit of the Spaniards,



CALIXTO GARCIA YNIGUEZ, LEADER OF THE NEW CUBAN INSURRECTION.



TENNESSEE.—SINGULAR MIRAGE WITNESSED AT COMMERCE LANDING, ON THE MISSISSIPPI, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 10TH. FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. CHINN.

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and is reported to have made a successful landing near Guantanamo, the extreme southeastern coast of Cuba.

Prime Ministers of England.

THE following is a list of the Prime Ministers of England since 1762, which is worth preservation for reference. The resignation of the Duke of Newcastle in 1762 ended the long rule of the Whig Party, which had continued uninterruptedly from the death of Queen Anne:

1762—Earl of Bute.
1763—George Grenville.
1765—Marquis of Rockingham.
1766—Duke of Grafton.
1770—Lord North.
April, 1782—Marquis of Rockingham—died in office.
June, 1782—Earl of Shelburne.
March, 1783—Duke of Portland.
Dec., 1783—William Pitt.
1801—Henry Addington.
1804—William Pitt—died in office, January 23d, 1806.
1806—Lord Grenville.
1807—Duke of Portland.
1809—Mr. Percival—assassinated.
1812—Earl of Liverpool.
April, 1827—Mr. Canning—died.
Aug., 1827—Viscount Goderich.
1828—Duke of Wellington.
1830—Earl Grey.
May, 1834—Viscount Melbourne.
Nov., 1834—Duke of Wellington (temporary appointment).
Dec., 1834—Sir Robert Peel.
1835—Viscount Melbourne.
1841—Sir Robert Peel.
1846—Lord John Russell.
Feb., 1852—Earl of Derby.
Dec., 1852—Earl of Aberdeen.
1855—Viscount Palmerston.
1858—Earl of Derby.
1859—Viscount Palmerston — died October 18th, 1865.
Oct., 1865—Earl Russell (Lord John).
1866—Earl of Derby.
Feb., 1868—Benjamin Disraeli—resigned December 3d, 1868.
Dec., 1868—William E. Gladstone.
Feb., 1874—Earl of Beaconsfield (Disraeli).

OUR THEATRES.

AT the Fifth Avenue Theatre "Hearts of Oak" is followed by a new play by Mr. George H. Jessup, entitled "A Gentleman from Nevada," in which that versatile actor, Mr. J. B. Polk, will sustain the principal character.

Miss Annie Pixley has been replaced at the Standard by the Weathersby Goodwin Frolicques.

The *Widow Bedott* still fascinates her numerous admirers—drawing them to Haverly's; while the "Mastodon Minstrels" are filling Niblo's, and Lotta is charming Brooklyn.

Daly's announces the "Brook."

At the Union Square "My Partner," considerably crisped, bids fair to hold the boards.

The Bijou Opera House, Broadway, should be better known. It is a charming little theatre, exquisitely gotten up, and the performances, which consist of Opera di Camera, are veritable bon bons in their way. It is just the place of amusement to lounge into when one is in the happiest vein.

FUN.

MAUD (an aristocratic child): "How pretty and clever you are, mother! I'm so glad you married into our family!"

"WHAT pretty children, and how much they look alike," says C., during a first visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What both of 'em?" exclaims C., greatly interested.

A FRENCH artist gave his last work to a porter to convey to the Salon. "Be careful, be careful," said he, "the picture is scarcely dry." "Oh never mind," exclaimed the porter, "my clothes are old."

MINNIE, aged four (her kitten being dead): "Has pussy gone to heaven, papa?" *P.*: "No, darling." *M.*: "Why not?" *P.*: "They don't want cats in heaven." *M.*: "Would they scratch the angels?"

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—*She*—"But do not you think that too much smoke is injurious to the mind?" *He*—"I cannot say I do. In my own case I have found it rather to increase than lessen the mental vigor." *She*—"Oh!"

A CLASS of little "primary" children were busily engaged in their reading-lessons. They read in order something like the following: "The hat is in the box." "The man is in the box." "The rat is in the box." "The cat is in the box." When suddenly up came a little chubby hand, the signal for permission to speak. "Well, what is it, Mattie?" said the teacher. "I should fink 'e box 'ood be full after a while."

A LITTLE five-year-old boy in Essex was riding out with his mother a few days since when they were overtaken by a thunder-shower. After a sharp flash of lightning the little fellow looked up into his mother's face, saying with a serious air, and with head turned on one side, "Mamma, I guess God scratched a pretty big match that time, don't you?"

DR. HENDERSON, of Galashiels, in the course of one of his pastoral calls, came to the house of a woman who had lost her husband a short time before, and had been left with a large and non-productive family; naturally the minister inquired after the health of the household. "Weel," said the woman, "we're all richt, except puir Davie; he's sair troubled wi' a bad leg, and not fit for wark." The doctor could not recollect who Davie was, but, as in duty bound, he prayed that Davie's affliction might be blessed to him, and also that it might not be of long duration. But going home and consulting his wife, he said, "Davie, Davie! which of the boys is Davie?" "Hoot, hoot! you ought to ken who Davie is," she replied. "Davie is nae son, Davie is just the cuddy" (donkey).

PHILANTHROPIST AND POOR WIDOW.—"Kind gracious, sir, I am the most unfortunate creature in the world. I want to get my baby christened, but the pope demands two rubles, and I have not ruble note, go straight to the pope, pay him his single copeck." "Is that all? Take this five-christening fee, and bring me out three rubles change." With joyful promptitude the recipient of bounty entered the church, whence she presently emerged with three silver rubles, which she handed over to her benefactor, expressing her heartfelt gratitude for his timely succor, and her surprise at his apparently disinterested kindness. "My good woman," answered the philanthropist, with a beaming smile, "your astonishment is uncalled for. You see, I am one of those people who cannot bear to contemplate the unhappiness of their fellow-creatures. I must always see joyous faces around me. Besides, everybody concerned in this transaction has profited by it. The pope has got his fee; your child will be christened; your mind is at ease; and I have derived three good silver rubles from a benevolent action and—a bad five-ruble note!"

AROUND THE WORLD.

A FAME that is world-wide and acquired in the short space of a few years, must have true merit for its support. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines have gained such fame, and the foreign orders for his Golden Medical Discovery (the greatest blood purifier of the age), for his Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little sugar-coated pills), his Favorite Prescription (woman's best friend) and other remedies became so great, that a branch of the World's Dispensary has been established in London, England, for their manufacture. From this depot they are shipped to every part of Europe, and to the East Indies, China, Japan and other countries. Their sale in both North and South America is perfectly enormous, and increases yearly. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

ROYAL CENTRE, Cass Co., Ind., Feb. 26th, 1879.
DR. R. V. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—I take pleasure in writing my testimony with others in regard to your valuable medicine. For a long time I have suffered from disease of the lungs, and, until I used your Discovery, found nothing that did me any good. Thanks to it, I am relieved, and recommend it to all. Yours truly,
MARY KENNEL.

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HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, of Washington, N. J., comes to the front with what we consider the greatest offer ever made on first-class pianos and organs. The celebrated instruments of his manufacture have attained a world-wide celebrity for purity of tone, excellency of workmanship, and every quality that can make instruments *desirable* and *durable*. A fairer or more liberal offer was never made, for if in any particular the description of instrument differs from the advertisement, MAYOR BEATTY will take it back and pay all freight charges both ways. As an evidence of his immense popularity among those who know him best, we mention the fact of his re-election last week as Mayor of his city by an overwhelming majority. Any one contemplating the purchase of an organ or piano should send for his latest illustrated circular, which is complete in every detail.

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IT is a very old bit of philosophy which declares stagnation to be an impossibility. Things which do not improve must deteriorate. Perhaps this is why Mr. Welch, of the ST. NICHOLAS, so assiduously watches his house, perfecting carefully every arrangement in his seemingly perfect hostelry. The guests of the ST. NICHOLAS are made so comfortable that they might almost imagine they were in their own palatial residences. The ST. NICHOLAS has had a very large list of arrivals this week, and it looks as if the Spring trade had already commenced.—*Boston Home Journal.*

HOW HAPPY one feels when laid up by an accident if he is only insured in THE TRAVELERS.

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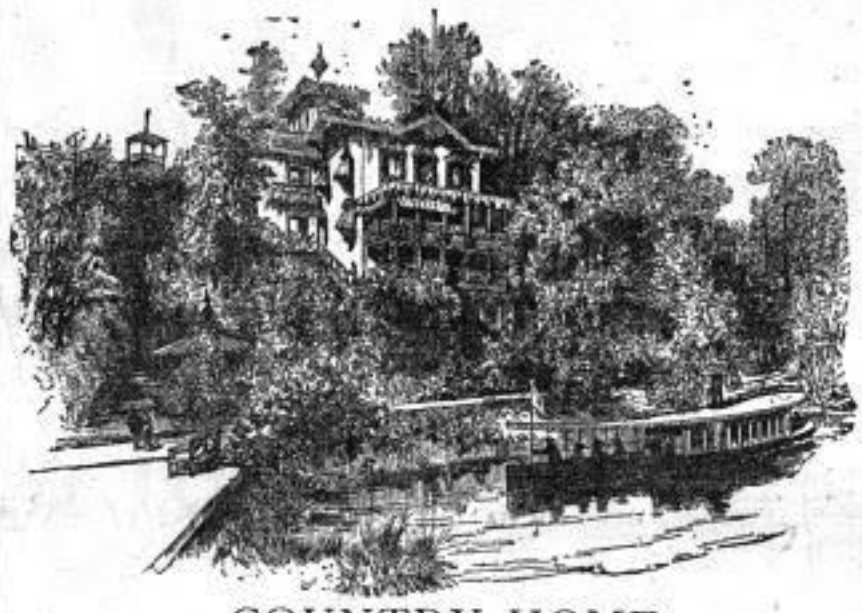
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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., is *en fête*. She is wearing her holiday garb, and her good, honest and true citizens are engaged in celebrating no less an important event than her one hundredth anniversary. Nashville, now a hundred years old, is a splendid specimen of a city that has grown to large proportions in a brief but eventful thirty years. Situated on the Cumberland River, about two hundred miles from its junction with the Ohio, Nashville sits like a queen on her throne of bluffs. The land on which the city is built is picturesquely irregular, and the Capitol Hill, which resembles an Indian mound, stands out in the boldest relief. The Capitol is designed after the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens; its dimensions being 239 by 138 feet, while its cost was nearly $1,000,000. Nashville, in addition to this magnificent building, boasts numerous other public institutions, all more or less in the most refined and elegant taste, while amongst her most remarkable private dwellings is the Hermitage, the residence of Andrew Jackson, which lies a little east of the city. Nashville contains over 33,000 inhabitants. She taps the great Appalachian coal-fields, and by means of her iron railroad bridge, with its great draw of 280 feet, communicates by iron road with Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, Chattanooga, and other points, by the Louisville, Great Southern, the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, the St. Louis and Southeastern and the Tennessee and Pacific lines.

The idea of a centennial birthday celebration was suggested by the Tennessee Historical Society, and was promptly taken up by the citizens. An Exposition Building was erected, which for beauty of design and extent of space could scarcely be excelled. It is centrally located on the corner of Broad and Spruce Streets, and is immediately opposite the new Custom-house, now in a state of completion. The length of the building is 189 by 159 feet. It is formed like a parallelogram, with projections at the corners and at the centre of each side. Above the second floor the form is of a Greek cross with dome at the intersection. The dome is supported by twenty-four columns, in clusters of three, having bolts and bands of wrought-iron. The building is two stories high, with the centre of the second floor immediately under the dome left open, making a gallery or rotunda. The ventilation and lighting are excellent. The height of each story is 16 feet; height to the top of the dome is 100 feet; diameter of the dome, 50 feet; area of first floor, 25,393 feet; area of second floor, 20,468 feet; wall space, 24,000 feet. The building has been erected within the last six weeks, and is both substantial and admirably fitted for its purpose. From the centre under the dome four grand staircases lead to the second story. Upon the columns of the rotunda are two electric lights. Within the arches of the building are thirty-six panels, bearing the coat-of-arms of each State. Pictures of important events of Nashville history are conspicuous.

The Nashville Centennial Commission is presided over by Mr. T. A. Atchison, and the corresponding secretary is Mr. R. A. Campbell, the board being composed of the most prominent and respected citizens. The grand opening, April 24th, of the Centennial Exposition came off with every possible *éclat*. The public square was one mass of bunting, flags and evergreens. Ingenuity had been exhausted on the suggestion of designs. Four arches, wrapped with bunting looking like rainbows, spanned the various sides, bearing upon them flags, evergreens and mottoes and devices. A feature was the grand procession, under the charge of General B. F. Cheatham, of local military tradesmen and societies, State, county and city officers, schools and colleges, colored societies, Veterans of the War of 1812, Creek Campaign War, Mexican War, etc., etc. The oration was delivered by the Hon. John M. Bright, the subject chosen being "Donelson and the Pioneers of Tennessee." The prize centennial ode was read by Dr. Blackie, after which a spirited sketch of the history of Nashville by Mr. Anson Nelson was read by Mr. W. E. McAllister, Jr. On the night of the 28th a grand display of fireworks at the Exposition was promised, while papers on "Tennessee in the Revolutionary Period," "Andrew Jackson," "John Overton and the Settlement of West Tennessee," "The Educational Pioneers of Tennessee," and others equally interesting, were delivered daily, while others are to come, as the celebration will last until nearly the end of May. From May 17th to 22d there will be a grand military display—infantry, cavalry and artillery will take part—while cash premiums to the amount of $2,500 will be awarded. There will also be drills, sham-battles and tournaments.

On May 20th the event of the celebration comes off, in the unveiling of the bronze statue of Andrew Jackson by Clark Mills. The unveiling will take place on the eastern side of the Capitol with suitable imposing ceremonies and orations. Nashville is having a gala time, and the occasion fully justifies her great rejoicement.



STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON, TO BE UNVAILED MAY 20TH.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY QUESTION.

A DISPATCH from London says that the long negotiations between the United States and Great Britain relating to the Fortune Bay (Newfoundland) attacks on American fishermen ended a few days ago in the refusal of the British Government to recognize the justice of the American claims. Lord Salisbury replies to the demand of the United States for $103,803 damages by a positive refusal to pay or to recognize the justice of the claims. He takes the ground that the United States fishermen, in drawing their seines from the shore, were transgressing the privileges granted them under the treaty, which, Lord Salisbury holds, does not include in the term "shore fishing" the right to land for the purpose of drawing seines from the shore. He also holds that in fishing with seines the American fishermen were violating local laws which were in existence when the treaty was concluded, and which, therefore, marked the conditions subject to which the Americans received their rights and privileges. Under the treaty he admits that no local act regulating the fisheries which was passed subsequent to the treaty would affect the treaty rights of the United States, but insists that the United States accepted the fishery rights subject to all local acts and regulations in force at the time. Lord Salisbury's answer containing this refusal was forwarded to the United States Government some days ago. It leaves at least one troublesome question open for his successor to settle.

EDUCATION ABROAD.

GERMANY, with a population of 42,000,000 has 60,000 schools and an attendance of 6,000,000 pupils; Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 34,000,000, have 58,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; Austria-Hungary, with a population of 37,000,000, has 30,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; France, with a population of 37,000,000, has 71,000 schools and 4,300,000 pupils; Spain, with a population of 17,000,000, has 20,000 schools and 1,500,000 pupils; Italy, with a population of 28,000,000, has 47,000 schools and 1,900,000 pupils; and Russia, with a population of 78,000,000, has 32,000 schools and 1,100,000 pupils.



THE NEW EXPOSITION BUILDING ON THE CORNER OF BROAD AND SPRUCE STREETS.

TENNESSEE.—THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY OF NASHVILLE.

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THE SOUTH IN 1880.

VIEWS IN DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE.

THE City of Baltimore—which, in population and commerce, ranks as one of the most important in the Union, and which, in its public institutions, its charities, its libraries and academies, the massiveness and splendor of its houses and industrial establishments, ranks almost equal to any—is particularly fortunate in the possession of public parks of great attractiveness and beauty. The principal one of these—Druid Hill Park—is pleasantly situated in the northern suburbs of the city, and contains in all 680 acres. The surface of the park is gently undulating for the most part, but occasionally rises into bold eminences, from which fine views of the city or of the surrounding country may be had. Excellent drives and walks and bridle-paths have been laid out through the woods and grassy interspaces, and ornamental shrubs and evergreens have been planted to give variety to the lawn-like grounds.

But the chief attraction of the park is its natural beauty. It is charmingly sylvan, rustic, home-like, and no touch of the landscape-gardener could add a grace to the fresh negligence of its glades and dells, and little trickling springs, and cool, secluded nooks. Many of the trees are among the oldest and finest found in any public park in this country. The larger portion of the land now constituting the Park was originally a private estate, the owner of which had beautified it on an extensive scale, so that when it came into the possession of the public it was already partially parked out and ornamented.

A favorite place of resort among Baltimoreans, in the pleasant seasons of the year, is Fort McHenry, at the entrance of the harbor, three miles from the city. This is especially the case on Spring and Summer Sabbath afternoons, when visitors flock to this point in large numbers to enjoy the refreshing breezes and the attractive views. We illustrate both the Park and the scene at Fort McHenry from sketches by our special artist.

The Peabody Institute of the City of Baltimore is a marble structure in the Grecian style of architecture, standing on the southeast corner of Monument and Charles Streets, having a frontage of 174 feet on Monument Street and 152 feet on Charles Street. The eastern half of the building, which is occupied by the library, was begun in April, 1875, and completed in July, 1878. The books, numbering about 65,000, were removed from their quarters in the other portion of the building during the early part of the Summer, and the new library was opened to the public on Monday, September 30th, 1878.

Entering through the portico on the Monument Street front, the vestibule, 22 feet square, is reached; this leads to the reading-room 72 by 36 feet, and 26 feet high, and back of this room, connected with it by a door, is the library, 84 by 62 feet and 56 feet high. The library contains six stories of alcoves, ranged seven on each side, making 84 alcoves altogether. Each alcove is 12 by 18 feet, those on the first floor being 9 feet high, and the others 8 feet. The first floor is paved with marble, except where the pipes for heating the room are placed. The floors of the other alcoves, the staircases, the columns and the railings are all of iron. Tables surround the central hall of the library, and are intended for students who require a large number of books, or who wish to pursue their investigations undisturbed by the business of the general reading-room. Most of the conveniences known to modern libraries, such as waiters, call-bells, speaking tubes, etc., have been introduced. The library is lighted by a skylight over the whole central hall and by 140 windows in the alcoves. South of the library, and opening into it by three beautiful arches, is the work-room, where the new books are catalogued before being placed on the shelves.

The reading-room is a wide, spacious apartment, with numerous seats and tables for the convenience of readers. Around the room are cases containing the best dictionaries, encyclopedias, gazetteers and atlases, always at the disposal and free use of any who may wish to consult them. The delivery-desk is constructed with a view to secure the greatest convenience to the attendants and the quickest delivery to the reader of the books called for. Along its front are 80 drawers, in which the catalogue of cards is placed ready for those who wish to use it. Behind this desk is a large case containing 260 pigeon-holes, and in these are placed the most important and interesting magazines of the day.

The Peabody Library is a reference or students' library. The books do not circulate outside the building, but any person can come and consult them in their beautiful home every day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. It is the aim of this library to furnish all that is best in thought, literature and science, and gradually there has been brought together in Baltimore one of the finest collections of books to be found in the country—free to all!



NEW LIBRARY OF THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, AT BALTIMORE.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BACHRACH.

MORE KENTUCKY WONDERS.

ANOTHER marvelous cave has been discovered near Hopkinsville, Ky., which is deserving of special mention as a great geological curiosity, inasmuch as it contains a beautiful fossil forest of gigantic lepidodendrons, in connection with numerous species of tree ferns, club mosses, equisetums and other cryptogamic plants, all in an excellent state of preservation and in their natural positions. The gigantic lepidodendrons tower in some instances forty feet in height, and vary at the base from twelve feet in diameter to lesser proportions. They form beautiful columns similar to the columns of Fingal's Cave at Staffa, only spherical in form. Many beautiful translucent and transparent stalactites and stalagmites also abound in the cave, as does also many other beautiful formations. The main avenue has an average width of about sixty feet, and in height is about forty feet. There are numerous dangerous pits and yawning chasms along the route, and great danger exists also in falling rocks, which render cave explorations a dangerous occupation.

To the scientist this cave is of the most profound interest, as it is an open book, printed in language most plain, of the many unsolved mysteries of the carboniferous period. Here we have a lepidodendron forest resting upon coal measures, its roots firmly imbedded in and forming a part of the same; the bark of the trees is a glistening bituminous coal, while the interior structure is a soft quartzose sandstone. Imagine hundreds of these glistening pillars of black diamonds, interspersed with beautiful transparent and translucent stalagmites and stalactites, and the effect you will readily perceive is perfectly indescribable. Marine shells and other aquatic exuviæ abound in the argillaceous calcareous component parts of the cave, and the fossil remains of animals resembling somewhat the monkey of the present age were also discovered therein.

ALLEGED MS. BY ST. PETER.

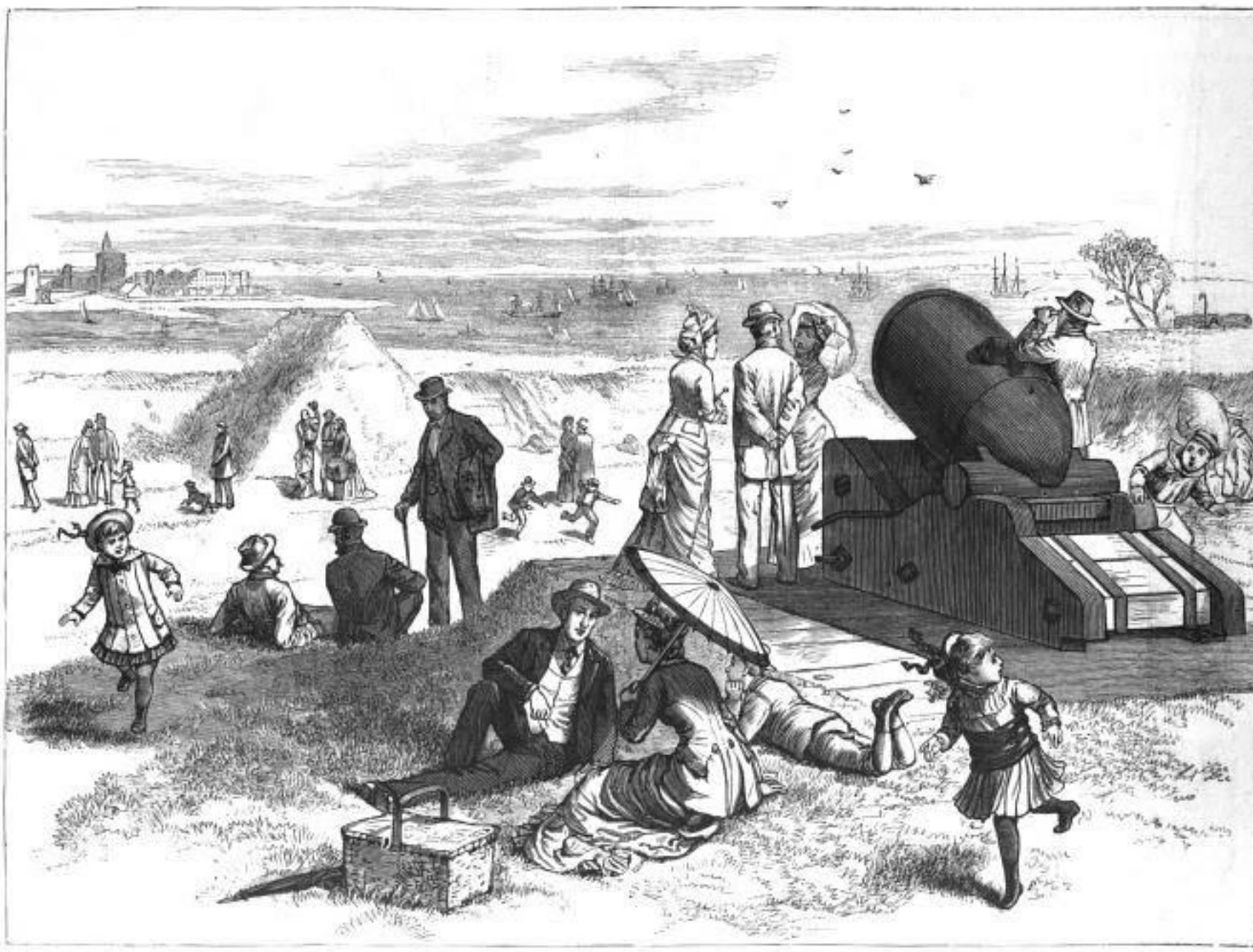
A CURIOUS story comes from Jerusalem, by way of Rome, of the finding, in a hermit's grotto at the foot of the hill of Gethsemane, of a manuscript in the handwriting of the Apostle Peter.

Publicity was first given to it by a newspaper organ of the Jewish community at Jerusalem. Last July a man named Core, who was believed to be very poor, died at Jerusalem in the one hundred and tenth year of his age, after leading a hermit's life for half a century, and having among Christians a reputation for rare saintliness. He left no kinsfolk, and the authorities taking possession of the grotto found it luxuriantly furnished, with magnificent tiger-skins on the floor, and the costliest furs composing the bed. Beneath the floor, in an underground room, an iron-bound oaken chest was found, which, on being opened, was seen to contain gold and silver of a total value of $40,000—supposed to be the total alms and oblations which he had received from the credulous people who listened to his appeals.

In the bottom of this chest the manuscript was discovered. This inscription was upon it:

"I, Peter the fisherman, in the name of God, finished the writing of the word of love in the fiftieth year of my age, the third Easter after the death of my Saviour and Master, Jesus Christ, son of Mary, in the house of Beliori, the scribe, near the temple of the Lord."

The papyrus of the manuscript is described as strong and flexible, while the ink is very black. Scholars who have seen it say that no man of this age could write Hebrew of such pure style and with such knowledge of the meaning of many obsolete words and forms which belong to the period in which the epistle purports to have been written. On the other hand, it is held out against the genuineness of the document that the miserly Core would not have hid away a thing which, if genuine, would have brought him more money than he could get in a century of begging. Further, that the language of the superscription and subscription of the papyrus throws grave doubt on its pretensions to antiquity. There is no proof that the church festival of Easter had come into existence so early as the year 80, while the description of Peter as "the fisherman" (not simply as "a fisherman"), and of Christ as "the Son of Mary," are thought to be sufficient to betray the modern origin of the pretended epistle.



MARYLAND.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.

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THE REGULAR CONVENTION IN THE WIETING OPERA HOUSE.

THE DUAL DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTIONS.

THE Democracy of New York held two State Conventions in Syracuse on Tuesday, April 20th, and delegates to the National Convention in Cincinnati were selected by both. The Tammany Hall Democrats assembled in Shakespeare Hall, and the Tilden Democrats in the Wieting Opera House. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer was made chairman of the former body, and, in his speech declaring it to be the duty of every Democrat to do all in his power to promote harmony in the party, was vociferously cheered, as was his further declaration that the nominee of the National Convention should be one who could command the united suffrages of the Democratic Party, and thus insure a Democratic victory. A little later his mention of the name of Horatio Seymour, as one who would fulfill all the requirements demanded of a candidate, was received with a storm of cheers.

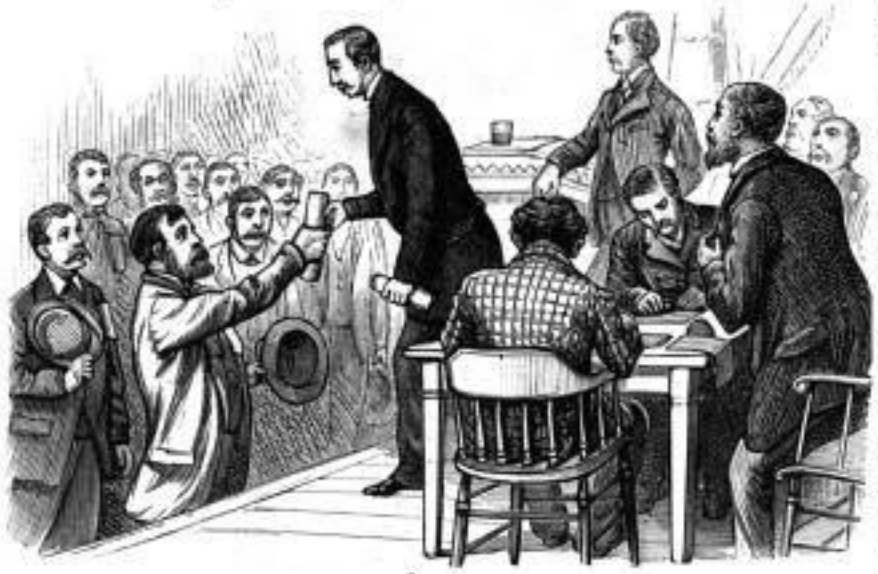
A resolution was passed unanimously, providing for the appointment of a committee of sixteen to meet with a like committee from the other Convention for the purpose of harmonizing the differences between the two Conventions, so that a united delegation might be sent to Cincinnati, and thus insure the election of the Democratic nominee. Messrs. Haskin and Purroy left the Hall to present the resolution to the "Tilden" Convention, and an adjournment was taken. On reassembling, Mr. Haskin reported the manner in which the overtures for peace had been received by the other Convention, and said he feared that this tender of the olive branch would be received in the same manner as was the offer of one year ago.

While the Committee on Permanent Organization were preparing their report, Mr. John Kelly addressed the delegates. In the evening the delegates at large, the electors at large, the district electors, and delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, were chosen, and the Convention adjourned on adopting the following:

"*Resolved*, That the delegates of this Convention to the National Democratic Convention to be held at Cincinnati on June 22d, 1880, are hereby instructed that it is the desire of the Democracy of this State that the National Convention shall enforce, as heretofore, the two-thirds rule in the nomination of the candidate for the Presidency."

In the meantime the regular convention was transacting about the same business in the Opera House. It was called to order at noon by Lester B. Faulkner, Chairman of the State Central Committee, and soon after a temporary organization was effected, with John C. Jacobs as chairman. A scene of confusion arose in the calling of the roll, when, New York being called, Mr. Dupignac, of the Ninth District, presented a list of seventy-two contesting delegates. Contesting credentials were also presented and referred from the Fourth and Twenty-second Districts, New York, and Second District, Niagara. Also from the Second District of Wayne, and from Cortland County.

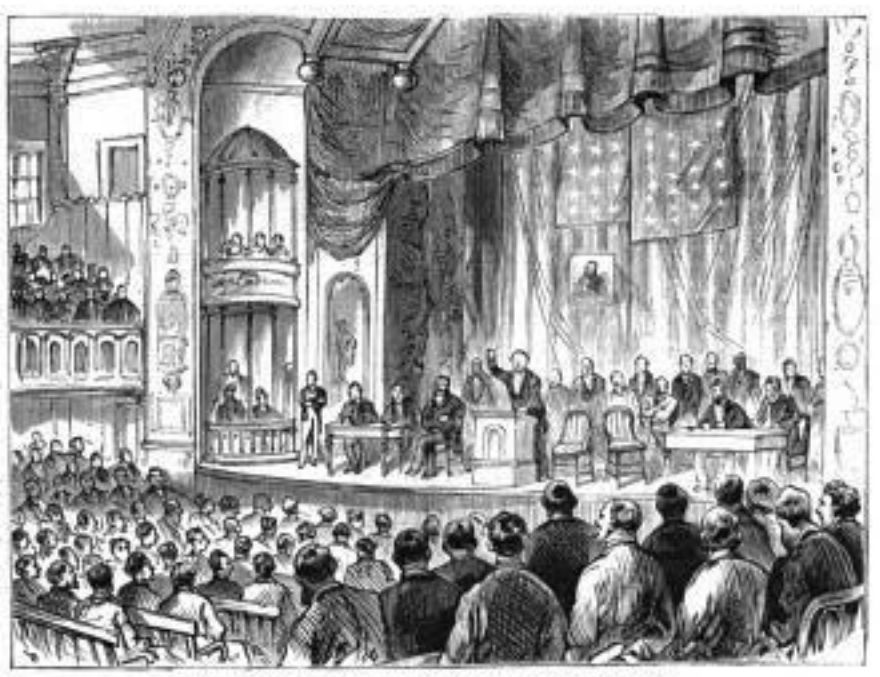
The papers were referred to the Committee on Credentials, and while the delegates were debating excitedly methods of arranging the cases of contest, Mr. Haskin appeared with the resolutions from the Tammany Convention. Almost simultaneously with his appearance, a call for the yeas and nays was made. After he had interrupted the proceedings and presented the resolutions with a few explanatory words, he was kept waiting until the roll had been called on the order for yeas and nays on an amendment, and a second time on the original motion. The chair then announced the receipt of



TAMMANY MAKING OVERTURES FOR HARMONY TO THE REGULAR CONVENTION.



AFTER THE CONVENTIONS—RETURN OF THE TAMMANY LEADERS.



THE TAMMANY CONVENTION IN SHAKESPEARE HALL.

NEW YORK.—THE DUAL DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTIONS AT SYRACUSE, APRIL 20TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.

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a communication from "another body in session in this city," and said he would refer it to the Committee on Resolutions. The reading of the paper was called for, and, although protests were made, the document was referred. In the evening session the Convention adopted this resolution, submitted by the committee:

"*Resolved*, That the President of the Convention be requested to reply to the communication received signed Jno. B. Haskin, and to assure him that this Convention reciprocates every expression of a desire for the union of the Democratic Party, and are persuaded that the deliberative wisdom of the National Convention will result in such action as will secure the triumph of the Democratic Party in the State of New York and in the Union in the ensuing Presidential election."

This was the last of the "olive branch" business in both bodies.

In the formal platform and resolutions the charge of fraud in the Electoral count was reiterated, and Samuel J. Tilden was named as the choice for Presidential candidate. The usual delegates and electors were appointed, and shortly before one o'clock on Wednesday morning this Convention adjourned.

The Tammany Convention chose for delegates at large to Cincinnati: Amasa J. Parker, of Albany; William Dorsheimer, of New York; Jeremiah McGuire, of Chemung; George C. Green, of Niagara. The regular Convention selected Lucius Robinson, Calvin E. Pratt, Rufus W. Peckham, and Lester W. Faulkner.

DECORATIONS IN GERMANY.

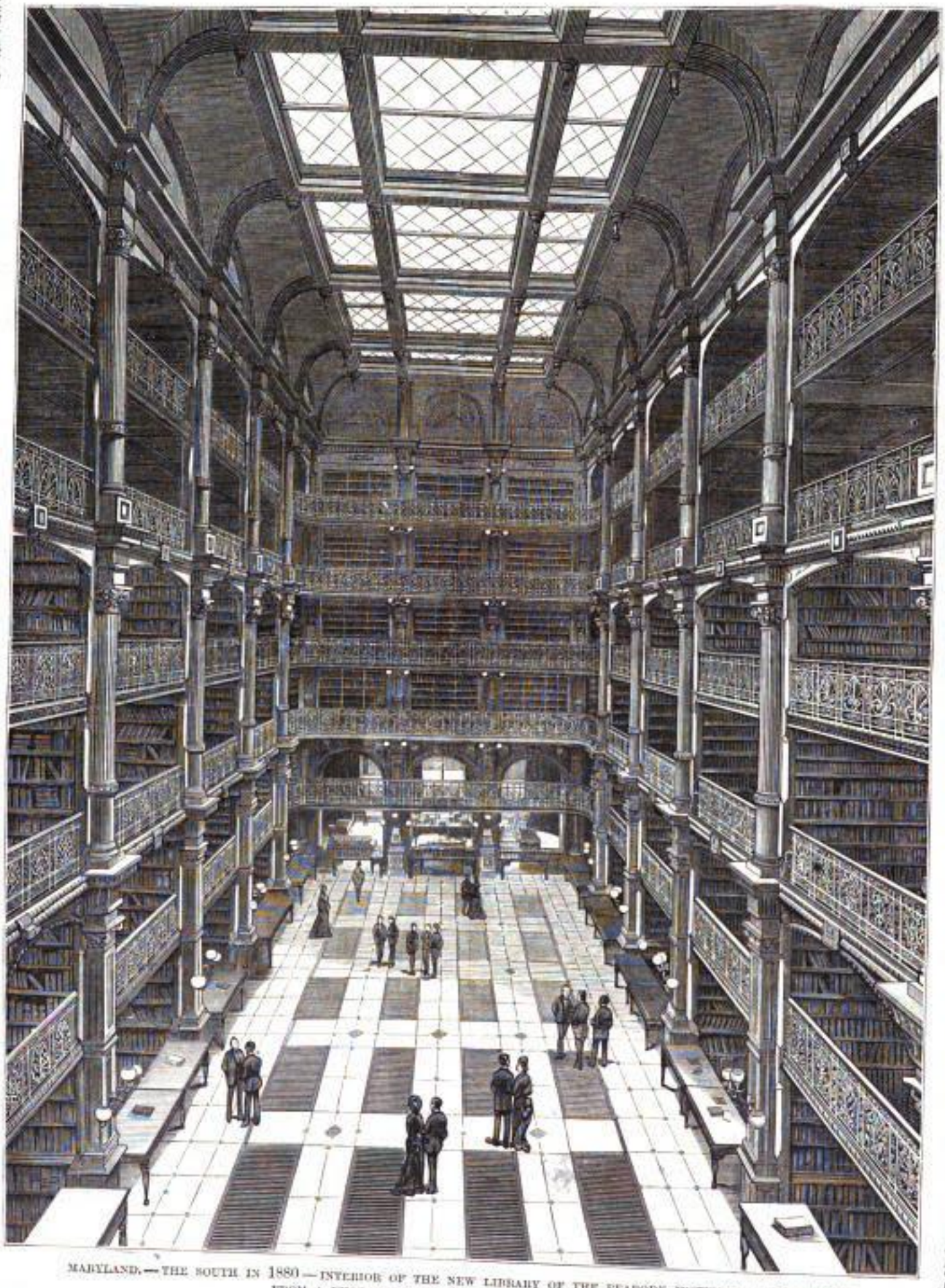
ACCORDING to Professor von Schulte, Germany has more decorations and confers more upon individuals than all the rest of the world. All other countries of the globe have 100 orders, with not more than 200 variations; of these, about 75 orders, with perhaps 170 variations, are found in Europe outside of Germany. In the German States there are nearly 50 orders, with more than 300 degrees, variations, decorations, etc. Prussia has 9 or 10 orders; Bavaria, 9; Saxony, 5; Wurtemberg, 4; Baden, 3; Hesse, 3; Reuss, 2; and several other States 1 each. The number of decorations yearly conferred on Prussian subjects is enormous. They are given out by the hundred at the annual *Ordensfest*, held on the 18th of January, and sometimes as many as 1,000 are conferred on this occasion. The expenses of the order commission in 1879 amounted to 170,000 marks, of which 120,000 marks were spent for decorations. It has been estimated that not fewer than 100,000 Prussian subjects have been decorated, of whom about 30,000 have received orders. This would make one decorated person for every twenty-five inhabitants, and one knight of an order in every ninety of the population. Military officers seem to be specially favored in the distribution of these honors. It is said to be exceptional to find an officer, unless very young, who has not received a decoration of some kind. But the honors are scattered among civilians with scarcely less prodigality. They are conferred, almost as a matter of course, upon ministers, high court functionaries, diplomats, presidents of Government boards, etc. When a public functionary has successfully carried out any important national business, or when he celebrates his jubilee of long public service, he is decorated. Distinguished scholars also come in for their share. When a sovereign goes to a foreign watering place he decorates the physician, the chief of police, and a number of railway officers. When a prince lodges with a private person or reviews troops, decorations are sure to follow. When a prince leaves the university, the professors whose lectures he attended, the rector, the curator, and intimate family friends, receive orders. The physician is rewarded with a decoration, as well as a fee, for curing a member of the royal family. The fellow-travelers of princes share in these honors, and when a foreign sovereign visits the country his entire suite is remembered. After a war—as in the case of the Franco-German war—it fairly rains decorations, not only upon military officers, but upon medical men and those who have distinguished themselves by gifts, subscriptions, caring for the wounded, etc. In fact, pretty much everything in the way of distinction is rewarded with a decoration. Austria, also, has a number of orders and decorations, and confers a good many, but not nearly so many in proportion to the population as Germany. The number of Austrian subjects who possess orders is about 6,300.

SECRETS OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

STATISTICAL returns of the Dead Letter office of the Post Office Department afford a singular commentary upon the intelligence, from an epistolary standpoint, of a large portion of our population who use the mails. It appears that during the past year no less than 13,000 dead letters were received at the Post Office Department each day from the 30,000 post-offices throughout the country. The principal reason why these letters are not forwarded to their destination is that the addresses are incorrectly given, or so badly written as to be undecipherable. It is remarkable in this connection that New England, with her comprehensive system of public schools, which are supposed to diffuse knowledge among all classes and conditions of her population, furnishes the largest proportion of these letters, the West standing next in point of numbers. Although popular education is considered to be at a very low ebb in the South, the use of the mails by the people of that section is so limited, comparatively, that the number of dead letters received from this direction is smaller than from any other portion of the country. As the letters are received at the department from the various post-offices they are placed in the hands of a corps of openers, which is at present composed of about half a dozen superannuated preachers, chiefly of the Methodist denomination. During the past year these openers have turned over to the proper officer no less than $35,000 in currency and $1,500,000 in drafts found in these letters. Through the very efficient system which has worked up in this division of the Post Office Department, and owing to the parties having properly signed their addresses, ninety-five per cent. of the currency and ninety-seven per cent. of the drafts have been returned to their proper owners. The returns of the work of the office also show that upward of 50,000 packages of merchandise have been sent in as undeliverable on account of insufficient postage or address. These packages include interesting souvenirs of affection and other articles of more or less value to their owners, together with that class of matter which is diverted from delivery through the exertions of Anthony Comstock. The first are kept for two years and then sold at auction and the proceeds are covered into the Treasury, and the last furnishes material for a monthly bonfire. The letters received at the Dead Letter Office, after going through a course of routine, are sent to a corps of ladies, whose duties are to read them carefully and to ascertain whether of any importance, and, if so, whether it is possible to return them to the writers. As this correspondence covers a wide range, and is usually from persons in the lower walks of life, these ladies are frequently compelled to peruse a class of epistolary literature which would not be considered exactly profitable or agreeable reading for persons of refined morals and cultivated tastes, and which presents a deplorable phase of human life. There are also some communications from an entirely different stratum of society that drift into this morgue of the mails, as is learned from the general conversations of these ladies, who, occupying confidential positions, are not at liberty to go into details, and many rich developments pass under their notice which would afford food for gossip and scandal to the outside world. In many cases letters of this class involve the names of gentlemen and ladies holding high positions in society in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and the other larger cities of the country, and have found their way to the Dead Letter Office through the obscurities of the addresses and the devices used by the correspondents to avoid detection. If some of these letters should be published they would make some very curious reading.

ELECTION CARICATURES IN LONDON.

THE election has brought out the usual harvest of caricatures and satirical poetry, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield serving as the principal targets. Mr. Gladstone's love for forestry furnishes the chief *motif* of the attacks on him. In one cartoon he is seen sitting astride of a bough and vigorously hacking away at it between himself and the trunk. Another cartoon depicts him hewing away at the root of a rotten and tottering monarch of the forest, whose branches bear a strong resemblance to the Hebraic countenance of the Prime Minister. Another makes him swing his ax with much more endeavoring to destroy. Another Conservative placard dresses Lord Hartington, Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone as the three witches in "Macbeth," pointing their skinny fingers at some invisible Banquo. A Liberal artist returns the compliment by representing Beaconsfield as half-man and half-tree, surrounded by corpses slain by the depression of trade and taxation, with the inevitable Gladstone and his little hatchet advancing from the background. This is named "The Deadly Upas Tree." "The Jug-or-naught" satirizes the supposed alliance of conservatism with the brewing interest. The death-dealing car is constructed of beer barrels, and is being driven by Beaconsfield over the prostrate bodies of the workingmen. The Conservative artists offset this by depicting Mr. Lowe on his favorite bicycle, riding over another workingman. Lord Derby is represented as a jubilable share, gazing with longing eyes at some second-hand clothes lately cast off by the Liberal party. Mr. Bright, in a broad-brimmed hat, sits on the touch-hole of a cannon, defying Beaconsfield to fire it off. Sir Charles Dilke wheels along a barrow-load of dynamite, with the avowed intention of destroying everything. Mr. Gladstone is also represented as walking across Hyde Park arm-in-arm with the Russian Bear.



MARYLAND.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—INTERIOR OF THE NEW LIBRARY OF THE PEABODY INSTITUTE AT BALTIMORE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH.—SEE PAGE 166.

REVENUE OF THE RUSSIAN HEADSMAN.

IN all Russia there is but one state executioner, and he is a pardoned malefactor named Froloff, who in the good old pre-Nihilistic days, when the abolition of capital punishment was still maintained in Muscovy, committed three successive murders and was condemned to penal servitude for life. When, however, revolutionary successes rendered the services of an imperial hangman indispensable to the Ministry of Justice, Froloff volunteered for the office on condition that an amnesty for his past misdeeds should be granted to him. His offer was accepted, and for some time past he has been a busy man. For every "function" he receives 40 silver rubles—about thirty dollars—from the Russian exchequer; but that official fee by no means represents the total emolument he derives from the practice of his gruesome handicraft, for he is permitted to trade upon the superstition still current in Russian society respecting the luck conferred upon gamesters by the possession of a morsel of the rope with which a human being has been strangled, either by the hand of justice or by his own. Immediately after young Mladetsky had been hanged, only the other day, Froloff was surrounded by members of the Russian *jeunesse dorée* eager to purchase scraps of the fatal noose; and he disposed of several dozen such talismans at from three to five rubles apiece, observing, with cynical complacency, when he had sold off his last remnant, that "he hoped that the Nihilists would yet bring him in plenty of money." There is, indeed, every prospect, if the Melikoff *régime* only last long enough, that Froloff will speedily become a wealthy man.

THE MEMORY.

A MEETING has been held at Bombay in honor of a blind pandit, named Gattu-Lalaji. Addresses have been delivered in his praise, and a sum of 18,310 rupees presented to him as a reward for his zeal in the cause of religion, his success "in purifying men's minds," and his "attractive genius for making extempore poems." Pandit Gattu-Lalaji was born at Kotah in 1845, while his parents were on a pilgrimage. He lost the sight of both eyes, through smallpox, at the age of eight. He is chiefly celebrated for his power of composing impromptu Sanskrit verses, in which no Italian *improvisatore* has ever displayed equal talent. During one of my visits to Bombay he called on me, accompanied by three amanuenses, and requested a trial of his powers, declaring himself capable of composing six sets of extemporaneous verses simultaneously, on any six subjects and in any six metres I liked to select. I proposed three subjects—a description of Bombay, the advantage of Sanskrit learning, and the advent of the prince of Wales to India—naming at the same time three of the most difficult metres I could remember. Without a moment's delay the pandit dictated the required verses to his scribes with wonderful precision and rapidity. He also conversed fluently in Sanskrit, and impressed me very favorably with his finished scholarship and the extent of his literary acquirements.

Impromptu versifiers of this kind are called Sighra-Kavis or Asu-Kavis. The blind pandit's successful *tour de force* in my presence was doubtless more due to great powers of memory than to poetical genius. A Hindoo's capacity for keeping a number of different subjects in his recollection at one time, and yet abstracting his mind so as to concentrate his attention on each one separately and consecutively, is surprising. In this respect he far outdoes Europeans. While I was traveling in the south of India, I was visited by a S'atavadhani—that is to say, a man who could attend to one hundred things at once. He could play several games of chess, write and repeat poetry, work out problems and make calculations of all kinds simultaneously. I also heard of a Trins'adavadhani, or man who could attend to thirty subjects. Ashtavadhanis, or persons capable of attending to eight subjects simultaneously, are by no means uncommon throughout all parts of India.

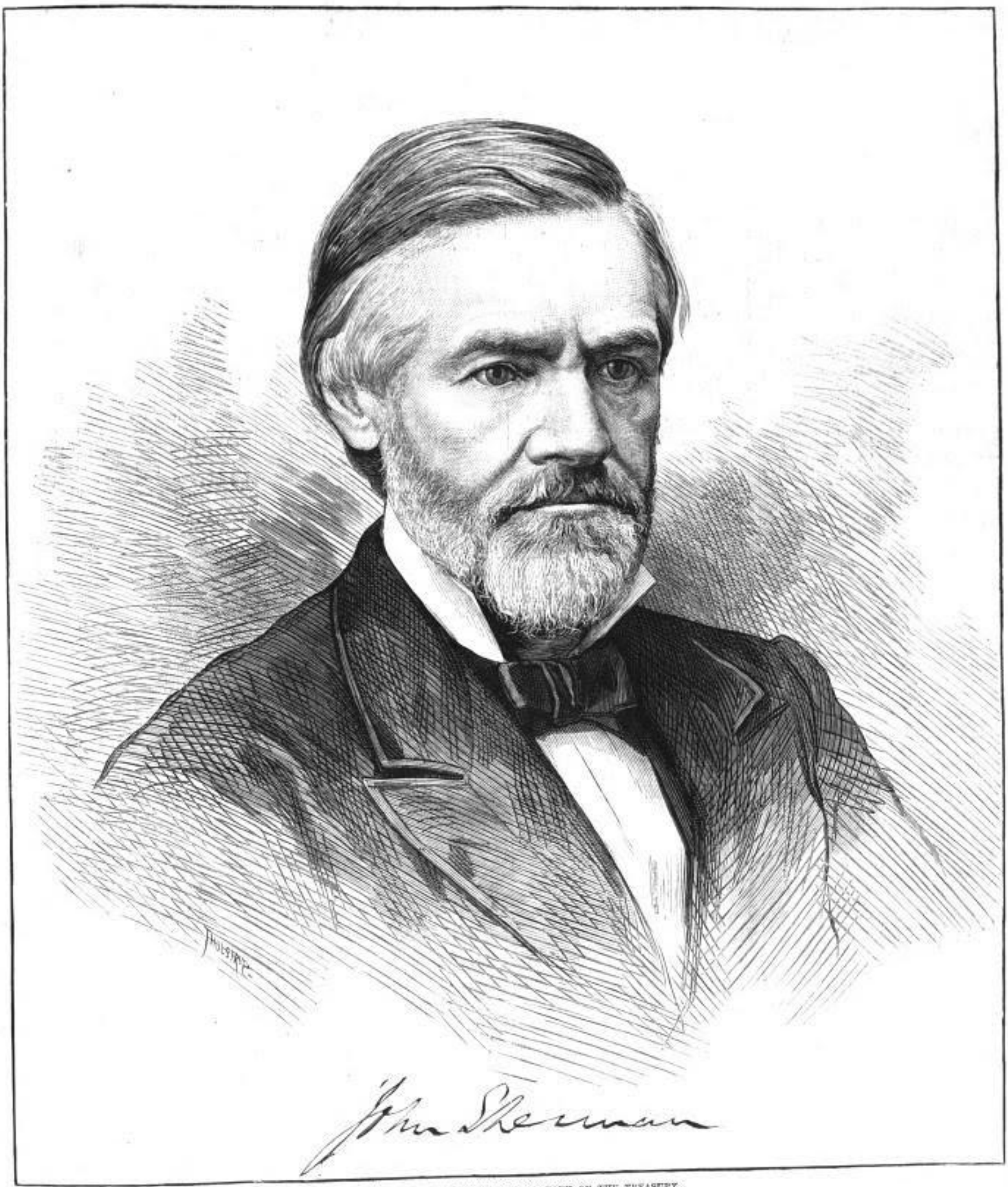
A man whose powers of attention are of this more limited calibre displays his skill by asking eight persons, entire strangers to himself, who speak eight different dialects, to repeat the first word of eight different sentences, and then the second, and so on consecutively, till every word of the eight sentences has been repeated. Thereupon, without a moment's hesitation, the Ashtavadhani reproduces all the eight sentences, separately and continuously, with each word in proper order, though the utterance of each has been interrupted by the interpolation of seven other words in different languages.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 5.—Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—See Page 175.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1880.

CAUTION.

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A NEW SERIAL.

IN No. 1,287 of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we shall commence the publication of a powerful serial story, entitled, "The Schaffuskie Lands," written expressly for our columns by the author of "In the Meshes." The scene of the story is laid in Russia, and is crowded with pictures of Russian life and vivid descriptions, also, of the terrors of Siberia. The story is in every respect one of the most effective and striking we have ever published, and will, we are sure, command the admiration of the most critical readers.

PARTIES AND THEIR MISSION.

IN a recent lecture delivered in this city, on "Freedom in Politics," Mr. Charles Francis Adams, *Jr.*, called attention to the fact that the foundation of all popular government, and the real motive power of political progress, reside in the party of the Opposition. Under the theory of free discussion and of free elections, a victorious party, when it displaces the administration, is simply called to "put into practice the principles and ideas to which, while in the opposition, it had educated a majority of the people." It is in the reciprocal action and reaction of an administration party and of an opposition party that we see an illustration of that general principle which a British writer on the philosophy of history has defined as the law of "progress by antagonism"—that progress which is the resultant of a composition of antagonist forces in the sphere of society and the state.

It is to the absence of this wholesome action and reaction that the immobility of the Chinese civilization must be ascribed, and it is to the presence of these forces that the civilization of Europe owes its pre-eminence over the civilization of Asia. By parity of reasoning it follows that the country of Europe in which the relation of these political forces is most clearly defined should be the country which stands at the head of the European nations in all that pertains to constitutional government, to progress in free ideas and progress in economical reform. And of this political headship, as well as the source to which it is due, England has just given to the world a fresh illustration in the result of the recent elections, which has called the party of "Her Majesty's Opposition" to resume the political control from which it was displaced in the year 1874.

The basis of all political confederation must be found in a theory of government, and in practical or administrative measures designed to give to that theory a due development. Without an underlying theory of government a party has no right to permanent existence. Without practical measures giving to this theory a new extension and a normal projection, no party can expect, in a free country, to retain its hold on power, and just as little can it expect to retain that hold if it gives a too great extension or an abnormal projection to the measures and policies of which it is the peculiar exponent. Hence it is that in England the Tory Party is the traditional defender of the Royal prerogatives—the aristocratic and conservative side of the British Constitution—while the Liberal Party, in its several sections and in its different degrees, espouses the rights of the people as far as they seem antagonistic to the pretensions of royalty or aristocracy—the popular and progressive side of the British Constitution.

In our own country the Democratic Party has always accepted as its favorite slogan the "rights of the States" as against the pretensions of the Federal Government, and the rights of the individual citizen as against the dominion of corporate interests. It has been the general aim of its statesmen to minimize the sphere of government, and to leave the largest possible room for the free development of an untrammeled individualism in point of civil liberty and of business activity. On the other hand, the rivals of the Democratic Party, whether known as Federalists, as Whigs, or as Republicans, have elected to be the defenders of the federative or national principle in our system, and have inclined to that theory of government which looks to the protection of civil rights and the protection of business interests by the agency of the Federal Government. And so it comes to pass that the forces in our politics have alternately swayed between an excessive federalism and an excessive separatism. When the former culminated under John Adams in the tyranny of the Alien and Sedition Laws, it was displaced by the political separatism of Thomas Jefferson. When political separatism culminated in secession and civil war in 1860, it was superseded by an intensified and belligerent nationalism as the natural and necessary antitheels of an intensified and belligerent theory of State Rights. As the champions and exponents of this militant nationalism, the statesmen and leaders of the Republican Party have been intrusted with the Chief Executive control of the country since the year 1861, and with both legislative and executive control down to a recent day. Hurled from power in the popular branch of Congress in 1874, it was displaced rather by its own excesses than by the prospect of any particular reforms to the attainment of which the country had been educated by the Democratic opposition. As the Republican Party failed to fulfill its mission by giving to the country a wise and honest and constitutional Administration under President Grant, so the Democratic Party failed to fulfill its mission as an intelligent opposition by neither educating itself nor educating a majority of the people into a readiness for the civil, financial and economical reforms which had been made necessary by the centralism, the extravagance and the protectionism of the Republican Party.

The country, therefore, is called to witness to-day the extraordinary spectacle of an Administration party which has lost the art of administering free government by the methods which commend themselves to the popular approval, and of an Opposition party which has lost the art of educating the people into a ripeness for the measures seen to be essential for a restoration of civil concord, of financial security and of economical justice. On the one hand we have an Administration party confessing to the decadence of political ideas and of constitutional policies in its inspiration and management by clamoring for the government of "a strong man"; and on the other, we have an Opposition party which does not know how to oppose error in the best of all possible ways, by teaching a body of truth that is antagonistic to it. Hence it is that the politics of the hour revolve so largely in the sphere of negations, and that "men of light and leading" are neither wanted by the managers of the Republican "machine," nor can find their way to the front through the confusion which prevails in the Democratic ranks.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

WHEN New Yorkers go abroad and take apartments in Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, or Rome, and find, as a rule, neither hot nor cold water running to their rooms, but only a lonely and inadequate washbowl and pitcher, they feel, perhaps for the first time, how inferior are other cities to their own beloved mart. But when they are home again, instead of appreciating and wisely conserving the blessed Croton supply, they waste it wantonly, and then pay out other millions for new reservoirs and mains to bring water that is not needed.

The question now immediately before the people is whether New York City shall spend $20,000,000 for a new aqueduct. The present aqueduct brings to the city no less than 93,000,000 gallons a day, which is at least ninety-three gallons for every man, woman and child on the island. Who uses ninety-three gallons of water? It is enough to enable each person to wash his hands and face nine times, bathe all over in a bath-tub twice, and drink ten gallons, and then there would be sufficient left for ten gallons more for each horse, dog and cat on the island. Of course, as a matter of fact, much water goes to manufactories, livery-stables, etc.; but it would be absurd to argue seriously that far less water than the present supply would suffice. It has been found, by actual experiment, that fifteen gallons a day for each inhabitant is enough for all uses in a city with such a sewage system as ours; and it is estimated by competent engineers that twenty gallons to the inhabitant would abundantly supply all the people and all the manufactories and other large consumers on Manhattan Island, if it were used economically—in other words, that more than three-fourths of our whole supply is utterly wasted. In the face of this showing, it would be no less than plunder for the Board of Public Works to tax the people for an enlargement of the Croton system.

An able engineer, who has been investigating this matter, has decided that at least one-third of the water that comes to the city (30,000,000 gallons a day) is never delivered at all, but runs to waste through defective piping and fittings; and that the remainder of the lost water, say 30,000,000 gallons more, is wasted by the recklessness and improvidence of the people themselves. If this double waste can be stopped the aqueducts at present in use will be sufficient for the next half-century, and water will flow to the upper floors; if it goes on, faucets will soon cease to run above first floors, and a supply of 200 gallons a day per head would not prove sufficient. To remedy the great loss through defective pipes, we may take a lesson from Liverpool. That city, about three-fourths as large as this, was recently confronted with the same evil. The city was divided into 230 districts, in each of which the consumption of water was measured by meters at the confluence of mains. The wasteful districts were overhauled. In some districts it was found that five-sixths of the water was wasted. Leaks were found in this way and stopped, and the evil was remedied at a very small expense. The city has now a great surplus of water by the same system, where before the supply was altogether inadequate. The amount of water now used is only twenty-one gallons a head daily.

Wastefulness on the part of the people can be prevented by applying the meter system to all manufactories, livery-stables, hotels, publishing-houses and other large consumers, and compelling payment for all water used in excess of a specified amount. This measure has been partially adopted in Worcester, Providence and other cities with the most excellent results. There might be sanitary objections to limiting the amount of water used in tenement-houses; but if there is any reason why the ordinary profligate consumer of water should not pay for the luxury of extravagance, it is not obvious. No increase in the aqueduct capacity will remedy the evil as long as the tremendous waste under ground continues unabated, and reckless consumers are free to turn their faucets and leave the water running without restraint. Where waste is unchecked there can never be "enough."

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE Liberal Party of Great Britain is pledged to extend household suffrage to the counties, and to redress, as far as possible, the existing inequalities in the distribution of political power. There can be no two opinions as to the desirableness of action in this direction. It is simply impossible to conceive of any valid reason why the present differences in the county and borough suffrage should be maintained, or why, as the *Nineteenth Century* states it, "political power should be so unequally distributed that 47,000 people in ten small English and Irish boroughs should return ten members to the House of Commons, while only nine members are returned by Liverpool, Glasgow and Manchester with a population of 1,349,000, and only eight are returned by four metropolitan constituencies with a population of 1,671,000." But while the continuance of these inequalities cannot be defended, the settlement of the precise principles on which the new distribution of seats should be based will be found no easy matter. Complete symmetry, perfect equality, cannot possibly be obtained without a wholesale demolition of existing constituencies, and for this the English mind is as yet obviously unprepared. The most that will probably be attempted will be the attainment of an approximation to equality sufficient to satisfy all reasonable demands. Possibly some of the smaller boroughs may be grouped together, as has been done in Scotland and Wales since 1832, thus forming constituencies of adequate size, and providing a sufficient number of seats to meet the wants of the large constituencies, which are now either inadequately represented or not represented at all. As to the extension of household suffrage to the counties, no mere general Act will be satisfactory. As is generally known, the borough and county suffrage at the present time rests on entirely different bases. Residence is an indispensable qualification for the exercise of a borough vote, whereas a man may vote for a county, and, except on the day of election, never spend a single hour within its borders. A man may own half a borough, and, if he does not reside within seven miles of it, he cannot obtain a vote; but however far away a man resides from a county, if he owns within it a freehold or rent charge of the annual value of forty shillings, or a copyhold or leasehold, either during the life of one person or for a period of not less than sixty years, of the annual value of five pounds, he obtains a vote for the county. Obviously, simply passing a Bill to extend household suffrage to the counties would by no means secure equality between the franchise in boroughs and counties; on the contrary, the suffrage in the counties would be much less restricted than in the boroughs. Resident householders would be able to vote on the same conditions in boroughs and counties; but in addition, the non-resident freeholder or householder would be able to vote for counties, whereas he would be precluded from voting for a borough. How to secure equality in this direction will be one of the problems which the new Government must solve in dealing with this general subject, and so far there are no intimations of any plan which would probably command a majority vote.

The latest announcement in connection with this whole subject is to the effect that the Government will not introduce a Bill for the redistribution of Parliamentary seats until the result of the census of 1881 is ascertained. If action shall thus be postponed, time will be afforded and data supplied for more mature and careful judgment than may now be possible, and, besides, a coherency and unity of sentiment may be reached among the Liberals which will constitute a safer and more secure foundation for the Reform structure than it seems possible to lay in the existing conditions of doubt and uncertainty.

THE GREENBACK HERESY.

TO suppose that the Greenback idea is dead, or even in the last throes of dissolution, is to commit an egregious blunder. Although the advocates of that idea are not so blatant as formerly, the heresy still lives, and possesses vitality enough to work mischief should the opportunity offer. As an independent movement, Greenbackism has undoubtedly attained the maximum of its success, but it cannot be ignored for the reason, as a contemporary remarks, that "a situation is quite possible within the next six months in which it can make its indirect influence very distinctly felt, and in which that influence may have a decided, and even a disastrous, effect upon the country."

However blindly ignorant the following of that party may be with reference to finance, it cannot be denied that the leaders are well educated in all the quips and quirks of political chicanery. It is not for a principle, or a well-founded idea, that they contend, but for place, power, and bread and butter. They well understand that the Greenback Party, acting without special reference to other parties, would amount to little more than a pinch of snuff in effectiveness. It might bring about an explosive sneeze, but the effect would be harmless. The Greenbackers, then, knowing their own party weakness, will seek to obtain recognition of their "idea" in the platforms of the two great political parties, and more particularly in that of the Democracy. With a paper show of strength they will court alliances in the nomination of Representatives and State officers, and compel the candidates of such a coalition to express views favorable to their ideas of finance.

That the Greenbackers can expect little or nothing from the Republican Party is quite evident. That party must stand by its record made through resumption, and its defense of sound money principles in the Congressional canvass of last year. The drift of Greenbackers must, in such a case, be towards an alliance with the Democracy. Already in Maine and Iowa there are signs of a Greenback-Democratic combination in the coming elections. The danger of such co operation is not to be apprehended in the choice of national candidates. It is in the Congressional districts that Greenbackism will seek to do its work. There the restraining considerations existing in such pivotal States as New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, will not be felt. The mass of Democratic Congressmen, to secure re-election, will scarcely hesitate to make such a bargain as the Greenbackers will be ready to dictate. In this manner, and by this means, the Greenback sentiment in the next Congress may be greatly strengthened. We do not mean to say that Republicans, under like circumstances, would not adopt the same tactics, but it so happens that Republican candidates are under no necessity to hitch horses with the Greenback jockeys.

If the elections of last year are to be accepted as a criterion by which we may measure the present strength of parties, then we may assume that the Democrats will find hot work in preserving their majority in the next House. There can scarcely be a doubt that if Representatives to the Forty-seventh Congress had been chosen last year the Democrats would have suffered defeat. Their conduct during the late extra session did not tend to commend them to the country, as the minor and local elections since held very plainly show. Since then they have avoided giving new cause of offense, and particularly on this Greenback question. When, in a series of resolutions, Mr. Weaver endeavored to get before the House the extreme doctrines of the Greenbackers, the Democratic members sought to prevent, and Speaker Randall exercised a power almost despotic to suppress, the Greenback leader and his avowals. But when at last no further cause for repression could be found, and the resolutions were admitted to a vote, they received the joint support, with two exceptions, of Democrats and Greenbackers. The moral of this is that, the two elements, at a pinch, will run together like two drops of water.

There are obvious reasons why the people should not permit the Greenback idea to gather strength in the way and manner to which we have called attention, or, for that matter, in any other way. The country has suffered from the curse of long unredeemed government paper issues, and the people have tasted the dregs of poverty

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through a depreciated currency. Should the Greenback element be so strengthened in the next House as to hold the balance of power, and should circumstances arise causing a reversal in the balance of trade, a stringency in the money market, a decline in prices, and a stagnation in business, there would doubtless be a cry raised for new issues of paper by the Government. It will be wise to make the success of such a scheme impossible by securing in the next House a clean majority of members in favor of an honest currency and a safe financial policy.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE composition of the new English Ministry has been decided upon. Parliament has met and adjourned to allow the members of the House of Commons who have accepted office to be re-elected, the acceptance of office in England necessitating a new appeal to a member's constituency. The most notable feature in the composition of the Liberal Ministry is the entire absence of any members of the extreme Liberal, or Radical, Party, and there will be probably a good deal of discontent at this failure to recognize the undoubted claims of a certain division of the party. It is not unlikely that one of the most serious difficulties the new Ministry will be called upon to face will be the proposed disestablishment of the Anglican Church and the Scotch kirk. Both Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone have intimated their willingness to consider the feasibility of the abolition of the Scotch kirk, but it is certain that any attempt to disestablish the Anglican Church would at once alienate the High Church Party which were detached from the Conservative side by Lord Beaconsfield when he supported the Public Worship Regulation Act. With disestablishment, disendowment must also come, for no party would sanction the application of the enormous revenues of the church to what would be sectarian uses.

Another probable element of disunion among the Liberals will be the extension of suffrage to women. Mr. Gladstone is scarcely less opposed to it than was Lord Beaconsfield, and many Liberals think that it would be a conservative measure. At the same time it is likely that the women's supporters will be well represented in the new Parliament. In the majority of English constituencies the topics here alluded to, and such others as the sale of beer, for instance, are of far greater importance than the maintenance of England's prestige on the Continent or in India. And this tendency of a Liberal Government is well understood in Europe, where there is a good deal of dissatisfaction at the result of the election.

The election of M. Beauquier, a Red Radical and disciple of M. Clémenceau, as Deputy from the Department of Doubs, in France, is fraught with significance. The election was to fill the seat vacated by Albert Grévy—a brother of the President—just appointed Governor-General of Algeria. It was, no doubt, partly owing to personal influence that the more moderate M. Ordinaire, the representative of Gambetta and Freycinet, was beaten by his Radical opponent, but still the strength of Clémenceau and his party is evidently increasing. Clémenceau is now the rising man in France, and the elections next year will be a struggle between the Republicans of Gambetta's color and the pupils of Clémenceau's school. The latter is not an orator like the President of the Chamber of Deputies, but his logic is of that trenchant, incisive kind that is especially dangerous nowadays, when a speech is multiplied a thousand times by the power of the Press.

Colonel Synge, who was captured by some Greek and Wallachian brigands last January and ransomed by the English Government, has returned to Salonica, and the tale that he tells is like a leaf from the "Roi des Montagnes." The brigands laid siege to his house in the most systematic fashion, having first given some meat to his dogs to keep them quiet. He attempted to defend his house, but the brigands got possession of some hay, which they set on fire, and threatened to burn him out. They succeeded in making him surrender at discretion, and Nico, the leader of the band, a young man of twenty-five, but possessed of much intelligence, and the idol of the band, tied Synge at the two elbows, the rope passing across his neck. Thus bound, his eyes were bandaged and he was taken, by a long detour, into the mountains, where he was given a bed of leaves to rest on, and bread and goats' flesh for food. Otherwise he does not appear to have suffered any harsh treatment, except that on one occasion the brigands threatened to flay him alive, cover him with petroleum and then roast him over a slow fire. When the ransom-money was being counted out, Nico examined each piece carefully lest it should be marked, and insisted upon a delay of twenty-four hours before allowing the colonel to go free, so that he and his band might leave the neighborhood, having from the first refused an amnesty.

The racing season has opened with considerable brilliancy in England, and, although the American contingent has not quite walked away with everything, as was the case last year, still there is no reason to complain. The victory of Mr. Lorillard's Wallenstein in the New Market Handicap—the race in which Parole made his *début* last year—was complete. He cantered easily away from his horses and won, hands down. Indeed, as a discontented Englishman remarked, "If this sort of thing goes on, the name of the race had better be changed to the 'New York' Handicap."

In yachting great things are promised. Two new sloops, or, rather, cutters, have been built, and it is expected that they will revolutionize the yacht-building of the future. One has been built on the Clyde, in Scotland, and the other at Lymington, in the south of England. Like the new Cunarder, which is to be soon launched, the Scotch vessel is built of steel, while the other is of oak. In both, the present system of yacht-building has been carried almost to its furthest point of development: both are very narrow and deep, and both carry an enormous amount of lead ballast on the keel. The contest between these yachts and other English boats is looked forward to with great interest, and perhaps a struggle with one of our own speedy ships may be possible.

The fate of the English Government training-ship, the *Atalanta*, which has for some time been the cause of much uneasiness, has, perhaps, been settled by the reported finding of a bottle containing a paper stating that the *Atalanta* was dismasted and in immediate danger of foundering as long ago as March 16th. The *Atalanta* was cruising in the West Indies, with orders to return home about April 4th. Yellow fever broke out, and the captain resolved to return at once. This was on January 31st, when she sailed from Bermuda, and nothing has been heard of her since then.

Prince Bismarck is suffering intensely from neuralgia, and is only remaining in Berlin for the passing by the Reichstag of some important Government measures. As soon as he has finished this business he will retire to Lauenberg until Autumn, and Count von Hatzfelt will take his place at the Foreign Office. In a letter that the Prince has lately addressed to a member of the Reichstag, he does not believe that he shall see a day of peace, and thinks that it is quite useless to bother about it, as it is outside the region of practical politics. The Parliament has had a full discussion of the various clauses of the Army Bill, and so warlike was the feeling that a motion to exempt the clergy from liability to military service was almost unanimously rejected. At the same time the military aspect of the recent legislation by which the Government becomes possessor of the railways of the kingdom, is most important. The Prussian State not only purchases several of the largest lines, but it is empowered to build several new ones, some of which will be of the highest strategic importance. The policy of Prussia is still that of the dominant state; the railways at present in her possession and those in course of construction will enable her to crush any rebellion of the smaller States against the empire, and in this the cause of the opposition of the smaller States to Bismarck's schemes for a union of the German lines is to be found.

One of the most interesting events of the coming Summer in Europe will be the renewal of the "Passion Play," at Ober-Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria. It has been customary since the year 1634 to give a decennial representation of the passion and death of Christ in this little Tyrolese village. In 1870 there was no performance, for many of the actors were serving in the field during the Franco-Prussian war. But in the following year the play was acted and drew enormous crowds of spectators from all parts of Europe and the United States. Since then a permanent theatre has been built to hold 4,500 spectators, and the railroad from Munich, which used to run only to Wellheim, is now continued to Murnau. There will be twenty-four performances, beginning on Whitsun-Monday, May 17th, and ending on September 26th. Most of the performers will be the same as those who supported the different characters in 1871. Although few strangers visit the "Passion Play" from religious motives, it must not be supposed that the peasants, who take part in it, are not influenced by a certain superstitious feeling, for it is in accordance with a vow taken in the time of a plague that these representations are still given.

Theatrical and musical affairs have been rather dull. In London revivals of old pieces are to be found at almost all the theatres, and Joaquin Miller's "The Danites," with an American company, has met with a fair success at Sadler's Wells Theatre. The Royal Italian opera season was opened with a performance of "The King of Lahore," but neither the artists nor the operas have yet given call for special mention. A rather interesting revival is to take place at the Gaiety Theatre, where a series of *matinées* is to be given, at each of which one of the works of the old half-forgotten dramatists will be acted. The first play will be Lillo's "George Barnwell," and the list includes such antiquated productions as Steele's "Tender Husband," Rowe's "Jane Shore" and "Fair Penitent," Cibber's "Lady's Last Stake," Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's "Pizarro," and many others. The difference between these plays and the fashionable drama of to day is very striking, and it will be curious to observe what the result will be.

THE New York Assembly has passed the Bill prohibiting discriminations by railroad corporations in charges for freight transportation. The Bill is in every way just and proper, and there ought to be no doubt of its passage by the Senate. But it would be unsafe to conclude that that body will pass the measure because it is meritorious and demanded by the public.

THE supporters of General Grant set out with the exultant prophecy that the ex-President would be nominated by acclamation. Now a good many of them are content to boast of his strength as "a good second choice." And none pretend that his nomination will be possible without a sharp struggle. Not one of the strongly Republican Northern States will give him anything like a unanimous support in the National Convention, if the real sentiment of the party is consulted.

THE action of the Pennsylvania Court of Pardons in recommending the pardon of Wm. H. Kemble and others, who had been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for the attempted bribery of members of the Legislature, is very justly and generally condemned outside of "Ring" circles in that State. The offenders, who are now at liberty, were guilty of a deliberate and shameless crime, and to set them free within five days of their sentence is simply to put contempt upon the law and invite a wholesale defiance of its penalties by lobbyists intent on debauching the legislation of the State.

RECENT disclosures as to the operations of Superintendent of Insurance Smyth during the closing hours of his administration justify the severest criticisms which have been leveled against him. Correspondence submitted to the Legislature present him in the character of a "striker," seeking to levy tribute upon the leading insurance corporations of the metropolis, and so satisfy his spite because of their refusal to urge his retention in office. A more flagrant exhibition of official impropriety can scarcely be conceived of than this last exhibit of the superintendent whom the Governor of the State has persisted in keeping in position until public opinion compelled his removal.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY having accepted the appointment to the United States District Judgeship of Tennessee, made vacant by the death of Judge Trigg, it is said that Postmaster James of this city will be strongly urged for the position of chief of the Postal Department. Certainly no better selection could possibly be made by the President. Mr. James has exhibited a competency and fidelity in the position he now fills which place him at the head of all officials connected with this particular service, and should he be made Postmaster-General, doubtless there would be introduced into the methods and administration of that department a coherency and efficiency which have heretofore been conspicuously lacking.

A NOTABLE incident in financial circles last week was the action of the foreign banks in calling in their loans, owing to the passage by the New York Legislature of a Bill to tax the foreign capital employed in the State. Several millions of dollars were thus called in by Canadian banks, and as a result the money and stock markets were much disturbed. That the Act passed by the Legislature is a piece of downright stupidity scarcely admits of a doubt. A tax on profits of capital employed here would not perhaps be objectionable, but the effect of the present Bill will be, necessarily, to drive away foreign bankers, and possibly merchants, together with the capital of insurance and other companies and commercial enterprises which have their headquarters outside of the State.

ANOTHER illustration of Turkish perfidy is afforded in the matter of the Montenegrin frontier. The convention between Turkey and Montenegro provided that certain frontier territory should be evacuated by the Turks, and that the fortified positions in the ceded territory should be handed over directly to the Montenegrins, so as to admit of no interval between the evacuation and the new occupation. Instead of complying with this agreement, the Turks have winked at the occupation of the strategic points of the new territory by the Albanians; and now, although the Powers have interposed in her behalf, Montenegro will be pretty certainly, for a time at least, defrauded of her rights. The new British Government may, perhaps, be relied upon to act in the matter with a decision befitting the gravity of the offense against treaty stipulations.

THE annual report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, shows very clearly the heroic work done by its employés. The statistics of the disasters which have occurred within the scope of life-saving operations, from November 1st, 1871 (date of introduction of present system), to close of the last fiscal year, are as follows: Total number of disasters, 797; value of vessels, $10,722,733; value of cargoes, $5,923,294; total value of property saved, $9,510,408; value of property lost, $7,099,619; total number of persons on vessels, 8,392; number of persons saved, 8,030; total number of lives lost, 362; number of persons sheltered, 1,753; number of days' shelter afforded, 4,790. The mortuary record of the year is happily free from any fatality of great magnitude like that of the *Circassian*, the *Metropolis*, or the *Huron*, and the individual groups of the lost are comparatively small. The report shows the efficiency of this valuable service under a bright light.

THE sentiment is growing that the country can well afford to dispense with the services of the officers now in charge of the Military Academy at West Point. It is quite obvious from the incidents of the Whittaker investigation that some of these officers have no sort of sympathy with the law which admits colored cadets to that institution, and not only fail to do anything to secure these unfortunates proper treatment, but sometimes actually go out of their way to aggravate the color prejudice in the minds of the white cadets. General Schofield's recent order, in which the cadets were held up as models of chivalry, right in face of the fact that they had been shown to have treated Whittaker with cruel contempt and injustice, was a marked specimen of this official tendency, and we are not surprised that his superiors have felt called upon to avow their dissatisfaction with a proceeding so utterly unjustifiable. The Government should either place the West Point Academy in charge of men who are abreast of the spirit of the times, abolish it altogether, or, as the *Times* suggests, "break down the aristocracy of place by making scholarships so numerous that, instead of creating a narrow caste, the Academy will turn out a thousand or more of graduates each year."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Howgate Arctic Expedition Bill has passed both Houses of Congress.

A TORNADO, which passed over Macon, Miss., April 25th, killed 17 persons and injured 22 others.

FIVE Chinamen, last week, applied for naturalization papers in the Court of Common Pleas in New York.

EX-POSTMASTER MCARTHUR, of Chicago, has been convicted of embezzling $50,000 of Government funds.

IN two days last week 6,274 immigrants landed at this port. The total arrivals for the week were some 47,000.

GOVERNOR STONE of Mississippi has appointed Philip H. Gully, the indicted murderer of Judge Chisolm, to an office.

THE two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston will be celebrated on the 17th of September next.

A REPORT in favor of finishing the three monitors at Philadelphia has been made by the Board appointed to examine them.

THE coroner's jury in the De Young case, at San Francisco, last week, rendered a verdict charging Kalloch with the murder.

THE Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals has declared the McCulloch debt law to be constitutional, thus aiming a blow at repudiation.

ABRAHAM COAKLEY and Peter Ellis, who are suspected of complicity in the Manhattan Bank burglary, have been arrested in Philadelphia.

THE father of Senator Thomas Francis Bayard died April 30th, in the eighty-first year of his age, at Wilmington, Del., which was his birthplace.

MR. JOHN A. JENKS was nominated for Supreme Court Judge, and Colonel Dechert for Auditor-General, of Pennsylvania, by the Democratic State Convention, April 29th.

EUGENE FAIRFAX WILLIAMSON, "Gentleman Jo," the prosecutor of Rev. Dr. DIX, was last week sentenced to three and a half years' imprisonment for uttering a forged check.

A BILL providing that telegraph messages shall be treated sacredly and protected from seizure and use as evidence in judicial proceedings the same as mail letters, has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives.

THE investigation of the alleged outrage upon Cadet Whittaker was continued through the past week at West Point, and a large amount of testimony was offered by officers and others proving the high character and good standing of the cadet.

THE report that General Grant would not be a candidate before the Chicago Convention is denied upon what seems to be good authority. He will not attend the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Burlington, Vt., in June next.

RESOLUTIONS were last week reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs to the House of Representatives, requesting the President to take steps to secure indemnity for the sufferers by the Fortune Bay outrage and for the early abrogation of the fishery treaty of 1871.

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE, Salter, Crawford, Rumberger and Petroff, convicted of corruptly soliciting members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, were sentenced, April 26th, to a fine of $1,000 each and solitary confinement at hard labor in the Penitentiary for one year. Four days afterwards they were pardoned and set at liberty.

A VIGOROUS investigation of the fatal disaster at the Madison Square Garden is being made by the coroner. One of the builders of the wall that gave way admitted that he violated the law in doing the work as he did, but asserted that he had followed the contract and his instructions.

MR. DAVIS, of West Virginia, last week submitted to the Senate his report on the investigation of the Treasury accounts, charging great discrepancies, missing vouchers, etc. Senator Ingalls presented a minority report, and stated that the investigation had been a waste of public money, not developing a single new fact, and that the statements of Mr. Davis were misleading and unwarranted. Mr. Ingalls subsequently introduced a Bill to provide for Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner of Accounts in the Treasury Department. These officials are to prepare a system of accounts for the entire Government service.

A NUMBER of political conventions were held last week. The Democratic Convention at Hartford, Conn., passed resolutions in favor of the two thirds rule in the National Convention, but left the delegates to vote as they saw fit. Three of the four delegates at-large are opposed to the nomination of Mr. Tilden. The Ohio Republicans elected a Sherman delegation to Chicago and instructed for Sherman. Blaine has ten of the delegates. The South Carolina Republicans instructed for General Grant. The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, after considerable debate, resolved, April 29th, to oppose the abrogation of the two-thirds rule in the National Convention. Of the delegates elected to Cincinnati thirty-nine are said to be opposed to Mr. Tilden's nomination, and nineteen are supposed to favor him. Two delegates-at-large were chosen from Mr. Wallace's friends and two from Mr. Randall's. The California Republicans instructed their delegates for Blaine, while in Arkansas the same party elected a Grant delegation. The Indiana Greenbackers met at Indianapolis April 29th, and elected delegates to their National Convention, among whom is a woman.

Foreign.

THE new British Parliament was formally opened on April 29th.

DIPLOMATIC relations between France and Mexico are to be resumed.

THE Italian Cabinet has resigned on account of an adverse vote in the Chambers.

THE Czar of Russia celebrated his sixty-second birthday April 29th, and a large number of prisoners were set at liberty.

THE Porte's inability to carry out its promises to the Montenegrins will, it is said, likely cause the re-opening of the entire frontier question.

IT is unofficially reported that a workman named Sherlitch has been arrested and has confessed having caused the explosion in the Russian Winter Palace last February.

A STEAMER containing a large amount of war material is reported to have started for the Island of Crete, where a revolution, according to the story, is to break out early in May.

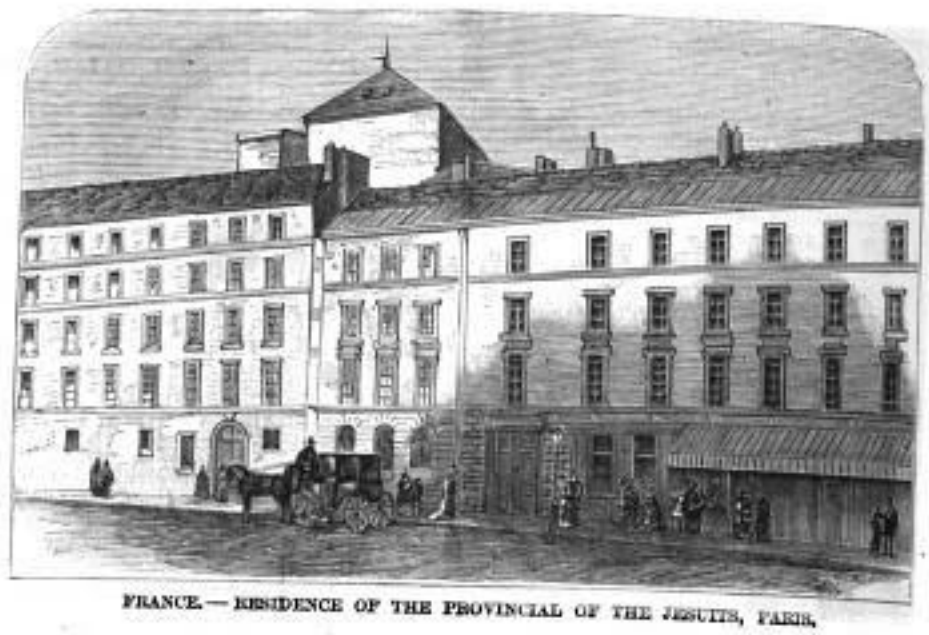
THE British are not yet out of the woods in Afghanistan. A battle is reported to have occurred at Hydrabad on the 25th ult, between General Ross and the mixed tribes men, in which the enemy was defeated with a loss of 1,200. The British loss is unknown. Another report is that communications are cut off between General Ross and Cabul.

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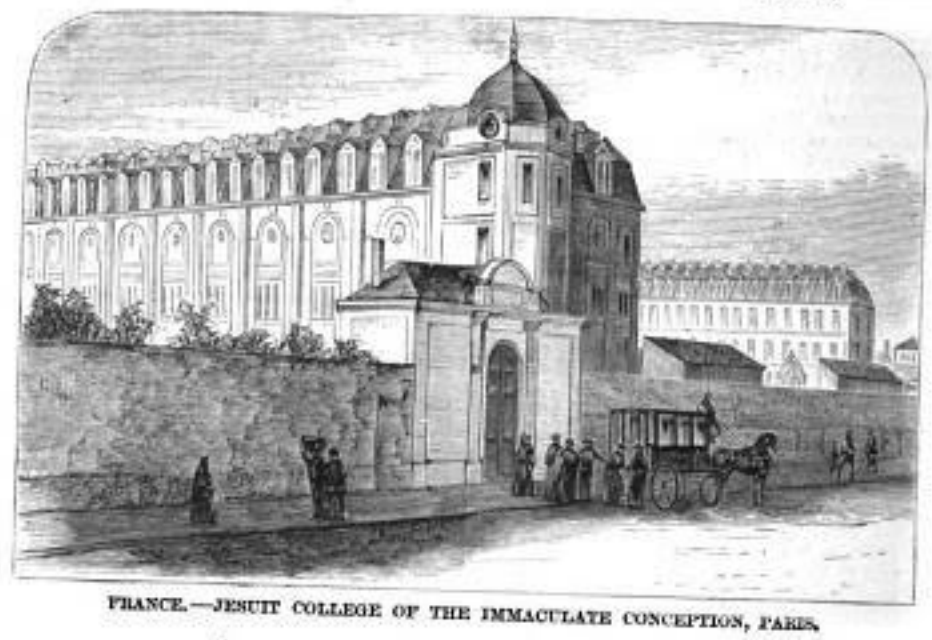
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 175.



SCOTLAND.—PROCESSION OF FAGOT VOTERS AT PEEBLES.



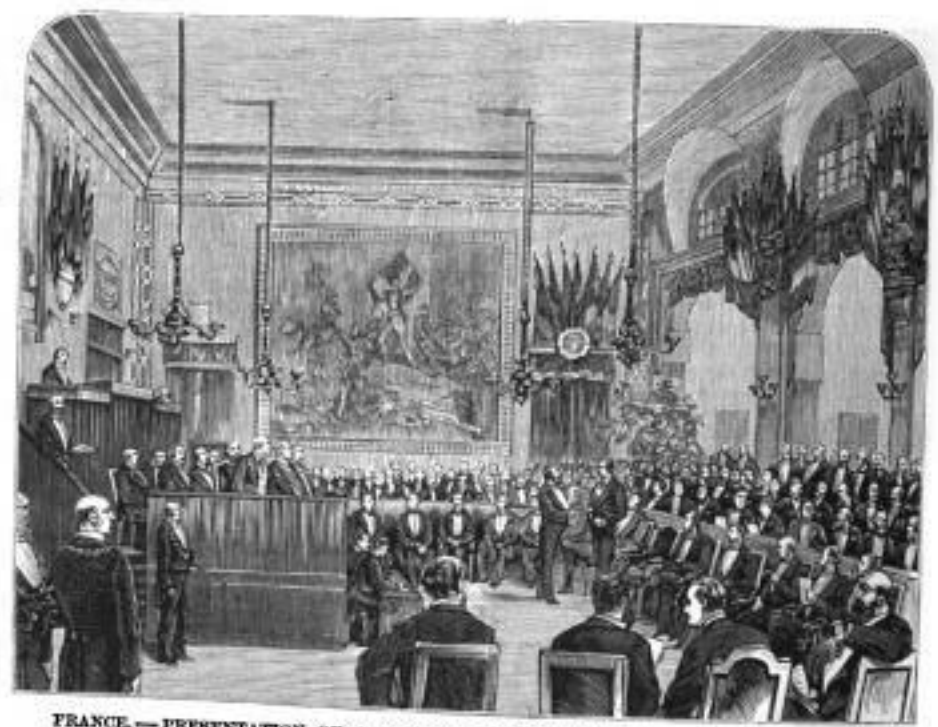
FRANCE.—RESIDENCE OF THE PROVINCIAL OF THE JESUITS, PARIS.



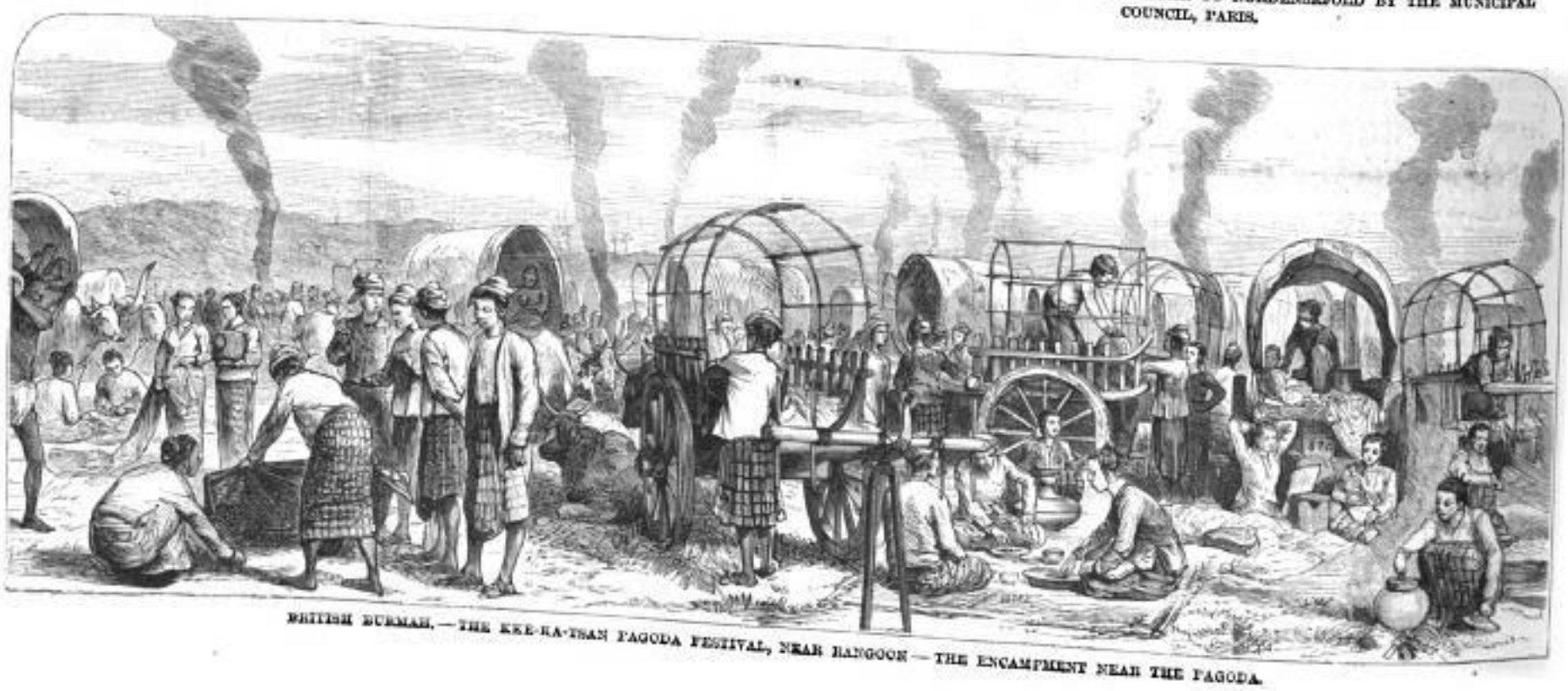
FRANCE.—JESUIT COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, PARIS.



BADEN-BADEN.—THE PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE CONVERSATION HAUS DURING THE QUEEN'S VISIT.



FRANCE.—PRESENTATION OF A DIPLOMA TO NORDENSKJOLD BY THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, PARIS.



BRITISH BURMAH.—THE KEE-KA-TSAN PAGODA FESTIVAL, NEAR RANGOON—THE ENCAMPMENT NEAR THE PAGODA.

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EXTERIOR OF WESLEY CHAPEL.



INTERIOR OF WESLEY CHAPEL.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

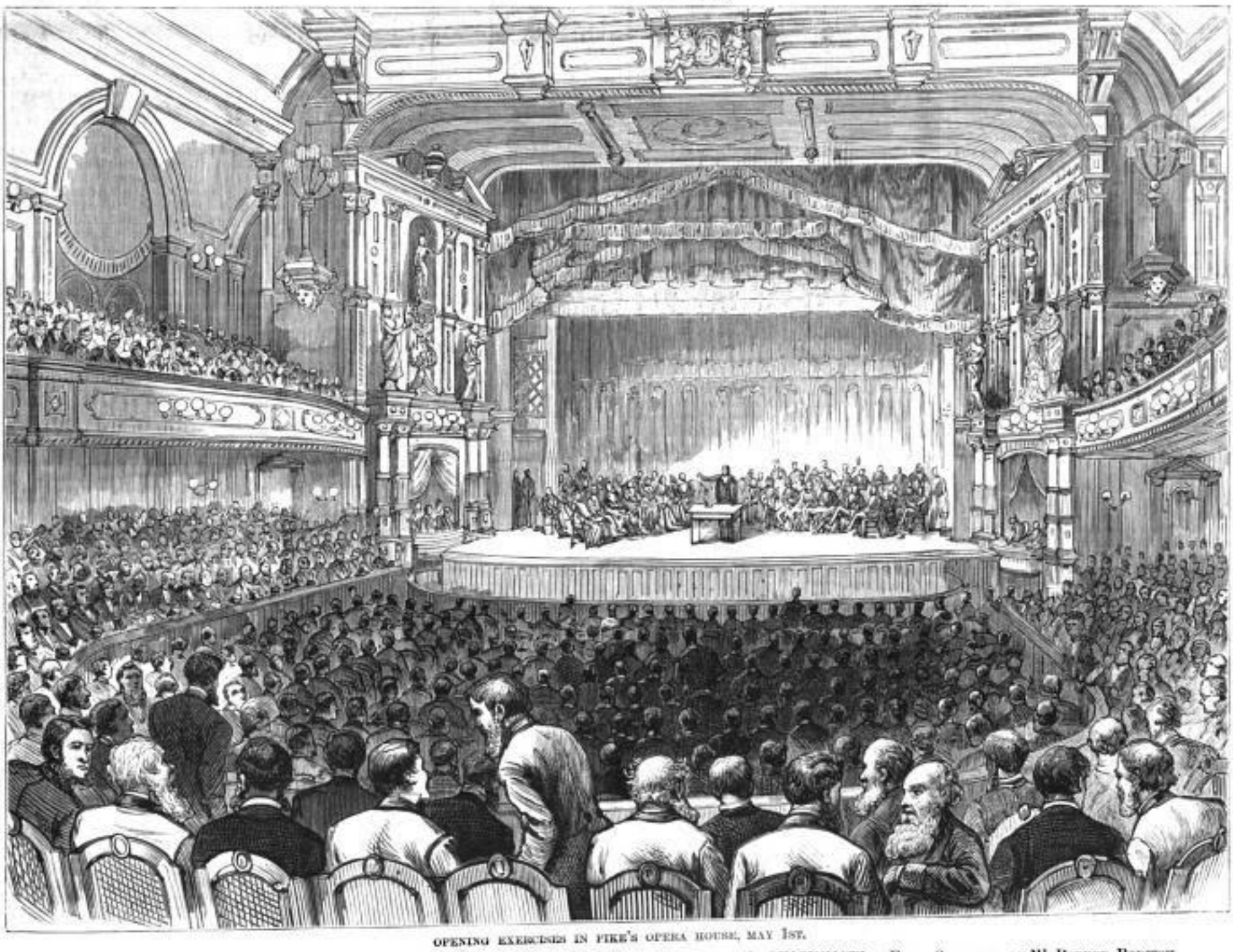
THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which convened in Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, May 1st, is expected to prove one of the most important in the history of the Church. It will include many of the most distinguished men of the denomination, and will deal with several questions of commanding interest. One of the principal subjects which will occupy attention will be the preparation of a uniform order of worship. A strong effort will also be made to bring about some modification in the Presiding-Eldership system. Another measure which will elicit discussion is that which looks towards the introduction of lay representation into the Annual Conferences. The lay delegates to the General Conference will, of course, favor this measure, but by many of the ministers it will be bitterly opposed. One thing that has rendered lay representation rather unpopular than otherwise with ministers is the fact that the greater voice laymen have in the councils of the Church the more influence they will necessarily have with the bishops when the appointments are made. Their influence at this point is supposed by many to be already much greater than it ought to be.

Still another important proposition that will be brought before the Conference will be one providing for the extension of the limit of the pastoral term. At present the longest period a Methodist minister can have one charge is three years. This is felt by many to be not long enough. Those favoring an extension say that it takes about three years for a minister to get thoroughly acquainted with his flock, and that to arbitrarily remove him after so short a pastorate is to deprive him of the privilege of building upon his own patiently-laid foundations. The disadvantages of the three years' system are, it is claimed, especially felt in cities, where churches having a settled pastorate get a firmer hold upon the general public, and are, in consequence, more influential and prosperous. There is, however, doubtless something to be said on the other side of this question, and it is thought to be certain that the limit will not be entirely removed, equally certain that it will not be very much extended, while the probabilities are that the little extension that is made will be limited in its application to large cities. Another thing which makes the General Conference of this Church a very important gathering is the fact that it has at its disposal a large number of influential and remunerative offices. It is generally believed that the Conference will make several additions to the episcopate. By some it is thought that there will be four new bishops created; others put the number at six; others, again, at eight. Other offices to be filled are two missionary secretaryships, four book agencies, and several editorial chairs.

In connection with our illustration of the Conference, we give a picture of Wesley Chapel, the mother church of Methodism in Cincinnati. The first class was organized in 1804, and consisted of only eight persons; but so rapid was the growth of the church, that in less than two years the leaders of the society determined to secure a lot and erect upon it a house of worship. They accordingly purchased a site on the northwest corner of Fifth Street and Broadway, at that time in the midst of open fields. A small stone house was put up in 1805; and when this became too small, a brick addition was built in the rear. In process of time, even this was outgrown, and in 1829 the present building was erected.

HEATING RAILROAD CARRIAGES.

A FRENCH railway company is trying a new method of heating express trains. The method consists simply in the use of acetate of soda in the foot-warmers in common use on French trains. The substance has considerable latent heat; dissolving at a certain temperature, it thus absorbs a large quantity of heat, which becomes sensible during crystallization in cooling. All that is required is to fill the ordinary cases with a sufficient quantity of the acetate, close them and place them in a stove at about 300 degrees. The cooling of a case thus charged and heated takes from twelve to fifteen hours. The warmers are thereafter taken from the compartments and placed in a stove (where the crystals of soda acetate are redissolved); they are then ready for fresh use. The advantages of such a system are obvious—no necessity of



OPENING EXERCISES IN PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, MAY 1ST.

OHIO.—GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CINCINNATI.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BOUFFIER.

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changing warmers every two or three hours, or of maintaining a numerous body of men at stations to attend to them; economy in cost of heating, etc. Moreover, most of the existing foot-warmers can be utilized. Acetate of soda is not very expensive, and it could easily be manufactured in much larger quantities than at present if the demand required. The new system has been tried on an express train leaving Paris at 7:15 and reaching Perrache at 4:31. The compartments were each supplied at starting with two warmers containing acetate of soda. At Perrache most of the warmers were still so hot that one could not apply the back of the hand to them.

FOR PASTIME.

"WHAT on airth, Jerushy Ann Brooks! be you goin' clean daft? Ef you hevn't sizzled off half yer front hair!" And Mrs. Brooks, a gaunt, raw-boned woman, pale of face, hollow-eyed, with the worn out, over-worked look of a farmer's wife, gazed at her sixteen year old daughter with decided disfavor.

Jerusha, a lank, tall girl, who seemed all made up of loosely-hung joints, was staring into the glass with a pair of lack-lustre blue eyes, vainly trying to coax her stiff, ash-colored hair into a becoming friz over her forehead.

She looked rather abashed and turned a sheepish glance upon her mother. "It's the style," she muttered.

"Lor's a massy! Ef that ar Miss Ogden's goin' to turn yer head to that extent, yer par will rue the time he ever took Summer boarders. That woman's furbelows and flounces and vanities will send her soul to hell! Hain't ye heard in the Bible what becomes of the women folks that paints their face and tires their hair? I guess that means the frizzes and bangs and puffs and crimps. They're tiring enough in all conscience! Jerusha Ann, consider 'the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit,' and jest skim off them milk-pans and pick over the strawberries, and slap up a cake for tea, and git out the sheets for the supply's bed, and slick up his room. He'll be here to tea, and I want him to see we're scrumptious, not as I suppose he's any great shucks. Widow Leith's son, of Summerville—poor as Job she was, I heerd, but so ambitious, and slaved and slaved to edicate him. I hope he'll reward her. Children don't very often! I hope she'll never know 'how much worse than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child,' as Shakspeare says. There, go!"

Jerusha Ann turned sulkily away, and Mrs. Brooks faced about suddenly to see a graceful, slender figure standing in the doorway—a woman of perhaps thirty, but looking as if every year had bestowed upon her some new beauty and grace. The hair, brown, yet lit with sunlight as it were, was like a crown to the well poised head. Its ripples and curls looked as fitting as the moss to a moss-rose. The eyes were bluish-gray, dark, beautiful, cold and pitiless, beneath straight, delicate eyebrows. The nose was perfect, the mouth good, but not sweet or tender, though the lips were ripe and red, and perhaps a little voluptuous in expression. The lady wore some wonderful combination of *batiste* and lace, such as had never dawned upon the natives before—indeed all her dresses made Jerusha gasp with envy and admiration. She had careless-looking knots of pale-pink ribbon over it here and there. Her throat was round and white; her hands wonderful white, rose-lined and dimpled, every pink nail a study. Miss Ogden devoted an hour a day to her hands! Just now the high-bred face was languid, the dark eyes a trifle heavy. There was a dullness in the active brain, a torpor in the system. The past Winter had overtaxed her, so the obsequious city doctor had said, and so she had been banished to some out of the way spot—any place where mountain air and perfect quiet could be obtained—that was her sentence. Miss Ogden had breathed mountain air for two weeks, and had tested the pleasures of solitude for the same time, and she began to groan in spirit. Good Mrs. Brooks colored up a little. "The cat," she thought, "comin' up in them slippers so a body never hears her. I wonder how long she's been there now."

But she tried to compose her face to a pleasant expression. This woman, so fair and gracious to behold, who looked like the lilies of the field that toil not neither do they spin, somehow roused the lurking devil of envy that was generally deeply buried in good Mrs. Brooks's heart. When she looked up at her she had some sort of that feeling that maddened the Republicans of old France and impelled them to tear off crowns and send the heads of the languid and beautiful aristocrats rolling in the dust. She would have been frightened at her own sentiments if she had read them aright, but she called them righteous indignation against seeing an immortal soul wholly given over to the pomps and vanities of life.

"Did I hear you say you expected a new boarder to-night?" asked Miss Ogden, in her sweet, low voice, with a languid stir of interest in her heart.

"Yes. Old Mr. Putnam has a leave of absence for his health. He's got confluence of the liver awful, and they've got a young man from Summerville to dispense the gospel; 'twon't make much difference to you, 'cos you don't attend meetin' I believe."

"I'm an Episcopalian," said Miss Ogden, smiling; "that is, I go there. I'm not a member."

"Oh, they're high-flyers and very fashionable, I know," answered Mrs. Brooks, with a slight sniff; "it's easy to be 'Piscopal pious. You kin go right on with theatres and parties and dancing; 'taint no sort of interruption. Yes; the young man who's a supply will stay here, and I must go and look after things, if you'll excuse me!"

Genevieve Ogden laughed—a low laugh that had an unsympathetic ring to it—lifted her pretty draperies and went out into the garden. It was nearly time for the sunset of a long, fragrant June day. The skies already were kindling with flame, though overhead cool, pale-green tints were still lingering. All the world was fresh and green and beautiful. The softest haze rested over the mountains, pale-purple, soft-gray, filmy as a bridal vail. All about her flowers were blooming, and the roses were in full beauty—pale ones of creamy tints and subtle fragrance; great, dark, crimson ones, with heavy, musky odors; soft, blushing ones like a young girl's cheek, and some regal-looking ones, perfect in form, matchless in coloring, but with the fragrance which is the soul of the flower wanting. These were like Genevieve Ogden.

She picked one idly as she passed, held it carelessly in her hand and plucked the leaves from it one by one, dropping them on the green grass, where they lay like little pink shells. She was not thinking of them, but of the dreariness of the place.

"Two weeks without a single ray of man on my benighted pathway," she said, with a laugh.

The gate clicked at that very moment, and one entered—a tall young man, well-made, handsome, though rather too pale and sallow, with somewhat heavy, slumbrous black eyes, crisp, black, curly hair, a silky mustache and a sensitive mouth. He had a worn expression, perhaps from over-study, was somewhat haggard and sad, as if life were too hard for him, and he had scarcely the strength to conquer it.

Of course Genevieve Ogden did not see all of this at once while the young man opened the gate and walked up to the house. She had leisure to examine him thoroughly at tea that evening, at which she brightened up considerably, and said that the air of the place was beginning to do her good. Ambrose Leith opened his slumbrous eyes with new lights kindled in them when he saw her sitting at that table, in pale-blue silk and Breton lace. She seemed to bring with her an atmosphere he had never known. She was to him the champagne, the flower, the sparkle of another life; so unlike his prosy work-day world, that he breathed the faint fragrance of it with enchantment. What soul so saintly that it cannot be tempted by the world, the flesh and the devil? To Ambrose Leith this fair woman was a trinity of the three, and he did not know it.

He only knew that she soothed him and yet roused him at the same time. She was clothed in wonder to him—the delicate, beautiful fabrics, the diamonds that glittered at the lace knotted so carelessly about her throat, or that shone in her ears and on her round, white fingers, the fall of her drapery on the humble floor, the glimpse of her perfect foot in its pale-blue silk stocking and tiny slipper, were all a beauty and a mystery. He knew something of hard-working, unlovely womanhood, full of the graces of the spirit. He had, of course, seen something of rustic beauty in his time, but this—ah! this was something ethereal, yet glowing, a living poem that a man might long to learn by heart.

Genevieve, leaning back idly in an easy-chair on the little porch that sweet June evening, watched the young clergyman pacing the garden walks with an odd sensation.

"He is a new type," she thought. "It will pass the time away to study him a little. He is rustic, shy and morbid, but I think I could find the key-note of his nature if it were worth the trouble."

Ambrose Leith cast many a glance at her as he paced the walks. He scarcely knew how to talk to her. He felt that her world was so different, her thoughts so unlike. There seemed no plane upon which they could meet.

Mrs. Brooks, sitting at the kitchen-door shelling peas, and thus taking time by the forelock for another day, or Jerusha washing the tea-dishes with a rattle and bang that displayed a good deal of temper—a sort of crockery drama—seemed more approachable. The young girl was engaged in a wrathful inward rebellion against fate while she slammed about the blue-and-white cups and saucers. Why would not her hair wave and droop over her forehead? How would her hands look, if she had not wrestled with hard work all her life? The instincts of her sex were budding in her heart. She had put on her best dress—a white one—and had a blue ribbon at her neck, and now ma had given her a scolding and made her lay aside the holiday attire and don her work-day clothes. She was beginning to feel that her life was all drudgery, now that she had seen Genevieve Ogden. She knew the young minister had scarcely looked at her.

Farmer Brooks, tilted back in a chair under one of the trees, with a pipe in his mouth, was the most serene of the party. He, too, found Miss Ogden gracious to look upon, and he voted between the whiffs that she was a "reg'lar thoroughbred."

After a time the soft, June twilight deepened; the air grew heavier with fragrance; the sky, all wide, blue azure, lit up its golden lamps; the moon set sail its silver boat, and, in the pale radiance, the figure on the porch, with the dim-blue, glistening draperies, seemed more unreal. Mrs. Brooks finished the peas and went in to rest; Jerusha sat up in her bare little room trying to plait up some lace, in imitation of Miss Ogden's ruchings; the farmer went in to doze over his newspaper, and then the young minister came and sat down on the low steps near Genevieve.

"Do you not find it very lonely here?" he asked.

"I did," she answered, with a subtle flattery in her tone.

"Yet for a little time it must interest you, I should think. You can study the aborigines"—a little bitterly.

"Why do you take that tone?"—this in a very bland and caressing voice. "Why should I not love Nature and enjoy and commune with her?"

"Do you?"—with a laugh.

"I would if I had some one to whom I could say 'How lovely!' That is what young ladies always say; or, 'How *perfectly* lovely?' English girls vary it by saying 'It's too awfully jolly!'" But she added, with a sudden recollection of the person to whom she was talking: "I shall have a new pleasure now—I shall hear you preach."

The young man flushed a little.

"I try to make my sermons short—they have that merit."

"After all," said Genevieve, with just a little sigh, "I am glad to get out of the old life for a while. This is Arcadia, you know. It's like Marie Antoinette playing at dairymaid. There! that will sound conceited to you, but I only mean it's something of that sort. I am as tired of my state life as she was. I will forget the forms and conventionalities of the society I have left. But I need a pilot on this untried sea. I must find the channel—I must avoid the quicksands."

And Ambrose Leith, looking up into the eloquent eyes, just suffused with a tender melancholy, as if life had somehow been a failure with her, offered his services in any way.

"Thank you. Every one here seems to have too much work on hand to think of pleasure. I am somewhat run down—so my doctor says—and I have come here to be wound up again. Do you know how it feels to be run down—as if the sky had grown a little clouded—as if the pulse was too tired to beat—as if life were scarcely worth the trouble of living?"

"I have felt that," answered the young man, with a sudden keen pang piercing his heart—"and as if I would be satisfied to let it all ebb away from me for ever."

"He has had some bitter heart experience," thought Genevieve, as she put up her bright hair that night. "He looks as if some sort of stupor had seized him. It would be a good work to rouse him from it.

And it was with this laudable effort, perhaps, that she bestowed so much of her society upon him. For they walked together, rode together and talked together in the long, fragrant June evenings without stint. The mountain air, the cream, and the stimulus of hunting her prey, brought newer bloom to the young woman's cheek. She found herself really interested in this morbid devotee, who, unconsciously to even himself, lavished more worship at her shrine than before his Maker's. She saw his heart in his eyes—in his devotion, but he had never put it into words. He had times of moodiness, when some secret sorrow preyed upon his soul, and times of exhilaration, when it seemed supreme happiness to be near her—times when he absented himself for a day or two. Yet he spoke not.

Genevieve, who had been accustomed to having her lovers open their inmost souls to her, that she might read "motives, conditions, means, appliances," did not understand this reticence. Why would he not talk of his life to her? Why did he not talk of his love to her? She had a morbid hunger for passionate speeches. She loved to read her power in a man's agony, to see her victim writhe and suffer for her. She had so far failed with Ambrose Leith, and it was a mystery she longed to solve. Mrs. Brooks was glad the young man took her lady boarder and her amusement off her hands.

"He's a pious critter—one of the salt of the airth," she said to Jerusha, as that young lady was savagely cutting out cookies with a heart-shaped cutter, "and that woman needs sermonin' some, you bet! There ain't no limit to the grace of God, and who knows but he may bring her round in time. I'm sure he's a wrastlin' fur her at the throne o' grace, for I heerd him gin two or three heartbreakin' groans last night when he was goin' to bed."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the skeptical Jerusha, stabbing the sugar hearts with a fork as fiercely as if they had been Miss Ogden's and Ambrose Leith's. "He's dead in love with her; anybody kin see that with half an eye."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks. "If he was a permanency here instead of a temporary, I'd git the elders to visit him. That woman a minister's wife!"

"Lor," cried Jerusha, with a sniff, "*she's* a playing with him. He's in earnest and she ain't—that's the difference."

The young girl's own feelings towards the minister had sharpened her vision.

Miss Ogden came down-stairs the next morning in the palest of crisp pink muslins, frilled with lace. Not a rose in the garden looked fresher or sweeter. It was a hot day, but she was cool and placid and serene. The most fervid sunlight only brought out the pearl tints of her skin and the gold gleams of her hair.

"Let us have a long drive to-day," she said to the young man, as they rose from the breakfast-table.

She spoke with an air of proprietorship that made Jerusha writhe with envy.

"I feel like flying away on the wings of the wind somewhere," added Miss Ogden.

"If we can find the wind," laughed Ambrose, "It's a dead calm, not enough to fill the sails of Pleasure's sail-boat."

"Well, we must raise a breeze somehow!"

"She kin do that if any woman could," muttered Mrs. Brooks to Jerusha.

"I wish I could take the wind out of her sails," answered the girl, spitefully. "*She* has a good time drivin' round and dressin', while I've got pots and pans to wash, this meltin' day. I'm just about tired of pot-wrastlin', ma. 'Tain't no use o' living—I wish I was dead."

"Jerusha Ann, I'm surprised at you. I shouldn't wonder if some visitation would happen to you a-flyin' in the face o' Providence this way, after all yer blessin's—of pious parents and good bringin' up. Where'd you be if it warn't for me and yer pa?"

"I wouldn't be washin' dishes. I wouldn't be livin', and perhaps that would be better," said Jerusha, in wrath.

"Lor's a massy! Miss Ogden's turned your head," sighed good Mrs. Brooks, leaving her moody daughter alone and going up to make the beds.

In the meantime the two sources of Jerusha's discontent were spinning merrily along the road. The motion of the carriage made a gentle breeze. The country all about was dewy bright; the distant mountain-tops, with a tremulous golden haze over them, seemed to heave and throb away

> "At the sight of the great sky,
> And the silence as it stood,
> In the glory's golden flood,
> Audibly did bud and bud."

"Let us take this road," said Genevieve, suddenly; "we have never been over it."

"There is a romantic cave to be seen down this way," said Ambrose, with hesitation, "and a wishing-spring."

"No; I like the looks of this. There is a wood just before us and a gleam of water. I don't care for the wishing-well just now," with a dangerous glance. "I have nothing to wish for!"

Ambrose raised his dreamy black eyes to that lovely face, and a sudden passion leaped into them, but he only answered, quietly, "Nor I!"

"What book have you there?" she asked.

"Coleridge," he answered. "You always like to have a little reading."

"Yes; I feel I am improving my mind and having a good time all at once. What a pleasant scene! Strange we've never came this way before."

"It's tamer than the other roads."

"But sweet, smiling, innocent and rustic-looking. You can't fancy any tragedies in these white houses, nothing but content and—and *ennui*," and she laughed.

"But the human heart is the same everywhere," he answered, moodily. "Where that beats with its strange freaks of passion, its wayward will, there will be the same tragedies, the same pangs, the same tortures, the same unutterable happiness."

"What is your favorite in Coleridge?"

> "'Few sorrows hath she of her own,
> My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,'"

he recited, in a low, intense way, to which she certainly

> "Listened with a flitting blush,
> With downcast eyes and modest grace."

Suddenly he took her hand.

"I would give all I hope for in this world or—heaven forgive me!—in the next, to be able to say 'my Genevieve.'"

The sudden passion of his words really stirred her. She lifted to his eyes in which an answering love seemed to dawn. She faltered one word, "Ambrose!"

But he dropped her hand as suddenly as he had taken it.

"Forgive me!" he muttered, and did not say another word.

And Genevieve, quivering in every nerve, leaned back in silence, wondering and half-indignant that he had checked the passionate outburst she expected. The sun began to be very fervid, the silence more oppressive still.

"I see an old-fashioned well there," she said, glancing out. "What a queer old brown cottage! It looks like the one Anderson tells about in the 'Ugly Duck,' that was so old it was ready to fall, but did not know which side to fall on, and so stood up. Mr. Leith, I have a sudden longing for a draught from the 'iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket.'"

The young man looked about in a bewildered way, then appeared to wake with a start. He grew pale and his hands trembled, but he gave her the reins and got out, and went through the little gate between tall ranks of hollyhocks into the garden.

Genevieve looked after him. There was an old woman washing at the back of the house, and a younger woman, with a calico sunbonnet on, picking beans. She could not hear what was said, but Ambrose soon appeared bearing a goblet of clear cold water.

While she drank, the young woman came to the fence and seemed to watch her curiously.

"I thought you'd bring a tin dipper," Genevieve said smiling; "you destroy the unities."

Ambrose bit his lip and glanced towards the young woman. Genevieve gave her a passing look, and saw that she had a pale, worn, spiritless face, straight dark hair, and strange, sad, wistful eyes.

"Poor thing! She's worked to death, evidently," she said, as they drove away; "with a husband that beats her, I dare say."

"Why this rash conclusion?" he asked, with an effort.

"Oh, she has an oppressed, unhappy look," answered Genevieve, carelessly. "I'm sure her husband is a brute. Poverty is a brutalizer!"

"Do you think so?" asked the young minister; "and yet our Saviour chose it for His portion. He was worse off than the people you are pitying, for He had not where to lay His head."

Somehow the rest of the ride was singularly silent. It was afternoon of the next day. The house was remarkably quiet, for both Mrs. Brooks and Jerusha were away at a quilting. The farmer, of course, was absent; the minister was making pastoral calls. The sheep under his charge were growing mutinous over the time spent with the city belle. Genevieve found the back porch shaded and cool. She had taken a book and was giving herself over to a good read. She wore a dress of *écru* grenadine, filmy and cool, save where knots of scarlet ribbon glowed. In her hair and at her breast she had clusters of jacquiminot roses. The lace falling back from her arms showed all their rounded whiteness. She was dreaming a sort of waking dream, when a shadow came between her and the light. Looking up, she did not at first recognize her visitor.

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A young woman stood there, dressed in rusty black, with a large-figured printed shawl, with gay palms over it. Her hat, of coarse straw, was tied down by a faded blue ribbon. She wore white cotton gloves on her hand, and stood nervously twisting her fingers together as the looked into Genevieve's face.

"I—I saw you yesterday," she said, in a faint voice, and her face was very pale and wan.

"Oh, yes. I recollect," answered Genevieve, graciously. "Won't you sit down? You look pale and sick. Can I do anything for you?"

"No. I won't sit down!" she burst forth, passionately. "You can do everything for me if you will—if you choose. You can save my life—for if it goes on I will die; I know it. Yes, I am sick in body as you see—sick at heart, too. Mebby you never felt that. They say fine city ladies don't have hearts."

It would be impossible to depict Genevieve's astonishment. She began to look around in alarm. The woman was surely crazy.

"You are takin' him away from me. Perhaps you don't mean it. It's second nature, perhaps, for you to make eyes at the men."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Genevieve, in an insulted tone. "What do you mean? I am taking some one away from you?"

"Yes, my husband—Ambrose Leith."

"Your husband?"—the words seemed to drop from her lips in a dazed way.

"Oh, perhaps I'm not grand enough for his wife," said the young person, coloring. "But he did love me once. He belongs to plain folks, and so do I. It's education makes the difference, and I'm sure"—with a burst of tears—"I wish he was a poor farmer's boy if he only cared for me—and—and the child that's coming—as he did once. But—excuse me, ma'am—since you've come he dreams of you. He is changed to me. I heard him say a name once in his sleep, and it was yours, of course; and people are talking. Oh, it will kill me if it goes on!"

"Talking of *me!*" exclaimed Genevieve, with superb disdain. "Make yourself easy, good woman. *I* have no wish to estrange your husband. I did not even know our young parson was married. Here he comes now. I will congratulate him."

The young woman turned white and sick, and put her arm about one of the pillars for support.

Leith came up to the piazza with great, angry strides, and stared at her with blazing eyes.

"What does this mean?" he asked, in a choked voice.

"You did not tell me you were married!" said Genevieve, softly.

"Could I think you would care?" he answered. "Go home, Letty. You have done all the mischief you could, and scenes are vulgar."

"That is what you always say," she sobbed out. "I am vulgar. All I do is vulgar; but to go flirting with other women and making love to them. Oh, that's not vulgar, I suppose!"

"Go, go?" he answered, between his set teeth. "There is no need for insults. I think Farmer Stone is waiting for you."

"Will you come?" asked the girl, with imploring eyes.

"No!"

She tottered down the steps in a weak, uncertain way, but he did not look at her. His eyes were fixed upon Genevieve's face. The blaze of passion frightened her.

"You should have gone," she said, quietly.

"Will you forgive her insults," he asked.

"Certainly; she is your wife. I shall leave here to-morrow."

He dropped on his knees at her side. "I love you—I love you," he cried; "if you care for me I can find a way out of this. Have you not seen how this passion has taken possession of me? Having known you, how can I ever think of *her* again? My marriage was a mistake."

"People have to suffer for mistakes," answered Genevieve, drawing herself away from him. "I must remind you now, Mr. Leith that your love is an insult to me."

"You do not care for me?"

"Only as a friend."

He had risen to his feet. His face was sahen, but his eyes gleamed like coals.

"You could not love me under any circumstances?"

"Under no circumstances."

"Then, good by; you have a sweet gracious manner, Miss Ogden. You remember Lady Clara Vere de Vere:

> "Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies,
> A great enchantress you may be;
> But there was that across his throat,
> That you had hardly cared to see."

Genevieve had risen. "Good-by, Mr. Leith; since I must go to-morrow, I must pack. I think your wife is waiting for you at the gate." As she turned a sudden report stunned her. At the same moment the young man fell heavily on the ground, and dropped a pistol from his nerveless hand.

"I have sinned," he groaned. "God forgive me, I am not worthy to live. I am not fit to die, but I love you, Genevieve. Take my hand, hold it to the last—give me one kiss. I have been starving for one kiss—you will not mind, now that I am dying."

But it was not Genevieve who bent over him, but a pale, wild-eyed woman, who kissed him amid convulsive sobs, who forgot her own agony or the death-throes that racked her body with pain in watching that dear face grow pale and cold. Then when the death-shadows gathered on it, the young wife sank into forgetfulness.

"What a horrible tragedy!" said Genevieve Ogden to herself, as she gathered her pretty traveling-dress about her in the carriage the next day. "It is well I am going, for this has quite destroyed the good effect of the air. I will never have a rustic lover again, they are so horribly in earnest."

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

NEW ENGLAND may well be proud of her children. From the hardy men and women who drew a scant subsistence from the sterile rocks of the Northeast have sprung a race which the world may well be challenged to equal for enterprise, courage, genius and patriotism. They are scattered in all parts of the Union, and wherever they have lived they have left their impress. Thoughtful, studious, patient and enduring, it seems that no problem has ever been submitted to them too difficult for their solving. If any part of our country is entitled to feel a sectional pride, New England certainly is.

The subject of our sketch, John Sherman, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury and a prominent candidate for President, was born of New England parentage. His father, Charles R. Sherman, removed from Connecticut to Ohio in 1810, where, a successful lawyer, he became one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of that State, which office he held until the time of his death in 1829. Charles Sherman, the grandfather of John Sherman, adorned the bench in Connecticut for many years. The old historical figure, Roger Sherman, came from the same English ancestry as John Sherman, and the peculiar and admirable traits of the old patriot have characterized the children of both branches of the family. The old saying that "blood will tell" never received a better exemplification than in the case of the family which produced such brothers as John Sherman, William T. Sherman, the General of the Army, and the late Charles R. Sherman, for many years Judge of the United States Court for the Northern District of Ohio.

John Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1823, and is, consequently, about fifty-seven years old. When he was six years old his father died, leaving his mother with but a moderate provision for eleven children. The late Thomas Ewing assumed the guardianship of William T. Sherman, and had him educated at West Point. John was put to such superior schools as were available in that section at that day, and at the age of fifteen he struck boldly out into the world to work out his own future. His life began as a subordinate on a public work of his native State, known as the Muskingum improvement, in the capacity of a junior rod-man; afterwards he was put in entire charge of the work, which presented problems of engineering skill that must have fully tested the capacity of the beardless youth. He succeeded, however, and here, doubtless, his character, formed by previous buffetings with fates more or less adverse, became dignified and solidified. Later in life he studied law, and was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one. After ten years of steady, profitable practice, "riding the circuit," as well as appearing before the highest courts of the State, he was elected, at the early age of thirty-one, to Congress, and began that remarkable career which has made him for a quarter of a century one of the most conspicuous figures in our national history, and which may possibly be crowned by his election to the Presidency.

From his entry into public life John Sherman took a commanding position. He was born a Whig, and he never lost sight of the teachings of that great party. He steadily grew with events—indeed, his growth was beyond them—so that in all the startling changes which the nation has witnessed in the last two or three decades, no one of them found him undecided or unprepared. In his first term he was made the prominent figure in the committee sent to investigate the Kansas troubles. In all the discussions upon questions growing out of slavery—the efforts to extend it to the Territories, the efforts on the other hand to abolish it, the Lecompton compromise—he took an earnest part and unhesitatingly identified himself with the Free Soil and Abolition parties. At the age of thirty-five years he was the candidate of his party for Speaker of the national House of Representatives, but being too advanced for some of those whose votes were necessary to elect, he retired from the contest after seven weeks of steady balloting, and Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, was chosen. He was recognized as a leader, however, and at the same session was made Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, where his natural taste for dealing with questions of finance and economy had full sway, and where he demonstrated even more fully than before that he was a man born for the emergency. In 1861 he was elected to the Senate, which he left only to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury upon the inauguration of General Hayes in 1877.

In the Senate he was at once placed upon the Finance Committee, becoming subsequently the chairman. His labors here gave the country the national banking system, which has been pronounced the most perfect in the world; and eventually, after years of trial and discouragement, at the close of which he was called upon as the executive officer to carry into effect the law which as a legislator he had devised, he succeeded in securing for the nation the blessings of the resumption of specie payments, which have brought in their train the wonderful revival of business prosperity to-day felt in all channels of trade and commerce. It cannot be disputed that to Mr. Sherman, more than any other one man, is due the success of resumption.

During the war Mr. Sherman was an unswerving supporter of the cause of the Union. He not only supported the cause in his place in the Senate, but he raised a brigade of troops, volunteered and served for a time in 1861 with the veteran General Patterson, and at one time was only dissuaded from resigning his place in the Senate to go into the military service by the earnest solicitations of President Lincoln and Secretary Chase. They were wise in this, for, while he might, and probably would, have made a successful soldier, his place in the national councils would not have been easily filled. His public as well as private life has been without blemish. While his position as a bold and uncompromising party leader has brought him under the animadversions of his political opponents, the fiercest criticism, the most searching investigation, has left him with a spotless reputation. By the exercise in his private affairs of the same skill by which he contributed in so marked a degree to the success of resumption, he has acquired a modest private fortune adequate to the requirements of his tastes, which are simple; but even political malignity has failed to find a hook in all his record upon which to hang the charge of peculation or dishonesty of any sort.

It is not remarkable that the friends of such a man should be enthusiastic in his support for the Presidency. Of a pure and unassailable private character, a public record of, perhaps, unequaled usefulness, and a long training in the school of statesmanship, which would peculiarly fit him for the duties of the Chief Magistracy, it would certainly appear that the party which can present such a candidate is exceptionally fortunate.

Time's Revenges.

AMONG the strangest of time's revenges is the reappearance upon Count Mellkoff's commission of the Count Von Pahlen, a historic name in Russia. Eighty years ago the tyranny of the weak and cruel Paul had reached such a pitch that it became necessary to strangle him, and the man who undertook to see the job done was Count Peter Von Pahlen, called Peter the Ready, grandfather of the Count of to-day. Pahlen, Beningsen and two others went to the palace, now the Riding School, and represented to the heir-apparent, Alexander, that his father had to sign a liberal constitution. Under this plea they were admitted to the Emperor's apartments, Beningsen keeping guard at the door while the other three fell on the Czar, got him down, strangled him, and made sure of their work with the knife. It was a desperate vengeance, as the Czar's apartment communicated by a subterranean passage under the Neva with an island fortress, from which he could have defied all St. Petersburg, but he was caught unaware. The trifling odium of murder did not prevent either Pahlen or Beningsen from rising to high honors in the Russian service. It is said that the present Count is a chip of the old block, as ready as his illustrious grandsire, but it is certainly a curious incident to find the especial guardianship of the Czar's safety confided to the grandson of one who showed so little compunction about strangling a Czar.

Foreign Decorations for Americans.

THE Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has reported a Bill permitting a large number of office-holders to accept titles, gifts and decorations from foreign potentates. Mr. F. A. Walker, the Census Superintendent, will become a Knight Commander of the Swedish Order of Wasa, and also a Commander of the Spanish Order of Isabella; Mr. Irish, a marine, is to have the second-class Spanish Grand Cross of Naval Merit; Lieutenant B. H. Buckingham will receive the French Cross of the Legion of Honor; Lieutenant Metcalfe is to be raised to the Turkish Order of Osmanie; Admiral Almy to the Hawaiian Order of Kamehameha; Lieutenant Tahner is allowed to take a lacquered box and a pair of vases from the Japanese Government; Lieutenant F. V. Greene is to have Russian decorations of the third-class of the Order of St. Anne and of the fourth-class of the Order of St. Vladimir; Surgeon Wilson will be made a member of the Egyptian Order of Nejidieh; Commander Nicholson will receive the Spanish Grand Cross of Naval Merit, with a White badge.

These titles, gifts and decorations are conferred for various services; in one or two instances for humane and gallant conduct in rescuing the distressed; in some, apparently, for showing foreign potentates and their families polite attentions on shipboard; in one case for services as chief of awards in the Centennial show, and in another for inspecting Connecticut firearms for Turkish buyers, and seeing that no Quaker guns were slipped in among them.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The General Election in Scotland.

Our illustration represents the mobbing and pelting of the fagot voters at Peebles, Scotland, and the carrying of two absurd made-up figures, supposed to bear a droll resemblance to gentlemen connected with the less popular party. The polling at this place was for the joint counties of Peeblesshire and Selkirkshire, where some riotous behavior was displayed. The election was severely contested between Sir Graham Montgomery, the late Conservative member, and Mr. C. Tennant, the Liberal candidate. A party of seventy alleged fagot voters, who arrived by special train from Edinburgh and Glasgow, were ill treated by a large mob, although escorted by a numerous body of policemen. There had been a shower of rain previously to the arrival of the train, and the unfortunate "fagots" had a great deal of mud thrown at them. Sir Graham Montgomery and his two sons were also mobbed and bespattered with dirt, but although stones were freely thrown about, no serious injuries to persons were reported.

The Jesuits in Paris.

The adoption of Clause Seven of the Ferry Educational Bill has created much excitement throughout France. The restrictions against the Jesuits have had the effect already of driving thousands of them from the country, and it now looks as if there would be a general exodus of this class of people, either to Spain or Portugal. The Jesuits of Paris have many valuable institutions and hitherto have been exceedingly powerful. Their colleges have attained considerable renown, and their influence has occasioned alarm in many official quarters. Our views of the residence of the Provincial and the College of the Immaculate Conception are from recent photographs.

Professor Nordenskjold in Paris.

In every city where Professor Nordenskjöld stopped on his homeward voyage after the memorable navigation of the Northwest Passage, extraordinary honors were paid to him and his intrepid associates. In Paris, particularly, the heroes of the Vega created a decided sensation. The Municipal Council gave the explorer a grand reception, during which the President presented him with a diploma and a commemorative medal, and learned societies strove to outdo each other in the brilliancy and heartiness of their congratulations. Unusual honors now await the traveler at the hands of his sovereign.

The Conversation Haus, Baden-Baden.

The Conversation Haus is the general rendezvous of all visitors at Baden-Baden. In olden days it contained the gambling saloons; now, however, the building is devoted to various reading and smoking-rooms, and a very handsome concert hall. Outside there is a long terrace, beneath which is the fashionable promenade. The company is thoroughly international, and the exquisitely played waltzes of Strauss—played as only South Germans or Austrians know how to play them—are sometimes almost overwhelmed by the Babel of tongues that arises around the orchestra. Three times a day does this promenade teem with its motley throng—at 7:30 A.M., when "invalid" Baden turns out to take the waters at the Trinkhalle; again about four in the afternoon, when "fashionable" Baden takes its seat on the comfortable chairs, and gossips uncomfortable things about its dearest friends and neighbors; and, finally, in the evening after dinner. This is its prettiest time, especially on a moonlight night, when the dark masses of the surrounding pine-clad hills are bathed in a flow of silver light, and the walls of the Alte Schloss may be dimly distinguished peeping out from their mantle of fire.

A Pagoda Festival in Burmah.

Kke-ka-taza Pagoda is situated about five miles from Rangoon, and in the midst of a paddy-cultivated district. After the harvest is gathered in, the rural population of Kke-ka-taza hold their annual religious festival—a species of harvest thanksgiving—which consists in various religious ceremonies, and in the offering of numerous gifts, such as cakes, sweets, scents, oranges, rice, plants, flowers, etc. Owing to the close proximity of the Pagoda to Rangoon, the festival is also largely patronized by the city folk, though in this case more for amusement than for any religious purpose, as the chief incident of the festival is a Puppet Poozy, or play, performed at night. The whole scene resembles a vast picnic, and thousands of people, with carts laden with refreshments, begin to arrive on the spot early in the evening, and to encamp round the puppet stage, which is erected at some 300 yards' distance from the pagoda. The carts and oxen are so placed as to form a large ring, and the inclosed space is left for the accommodation of the spectators who have come to see the Poozy. As soon as each party have settled themselves, the evening meal is prepared and cooked on the spot, and at seven the puppet performance begins, lasting until five in the morning.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY left Durban, South Africa, April 27th, on his return to England.

—IN the Greek Chamber of Deputies a Bill for the loan of 21,000,000 drachmas has passed.

—THE introduction of grain into China from Eastern Siberia has been prohibited by an Imperial decree.

—THE new code of Mississippi allows a married woman to convey her property without the consent of her husband.

—MR. MACKENZIE has informally announced his resignation as leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament.

—THE Board of Public Works of Mississippi have decided to lease out the penitentiary and convicts to the highest bidder.

—THE first barrel of Georgia flour was shipped from Macon April 29th. The wheat was cut on April 10th, four and a half months after it was sown.

—IT is reported that Joseph Brown, ex-Mayor of St. Louis, and a party from that city, were murdered by Indians at or near White Oaks, N. M., April 25th.

—THE Indian Committee of the House of Representatives has reported favorably the Bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

—THE Secretary of the Interior has addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House, urging an appropriation of $20,000 for the continuation of improvements in Yellow Stone Park.

—THE churches of the Old Believers, in Russia, which have been closed for forty years, will be now opened, in pursuance of the measure recently adopted by the committee of Ministers.

—EARL COWPER has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord O'Hagan has been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Dr. Hugh Law, Attorney General for Ireland.

—THE German Government, in making extradition treaties with foreign countries, has resolved to insist on the inclusion of regicides among offenders liable to expulsion and surrender.

—HALTEN, a little Prussian town, has just celebrated the fact that the city receipts are so much larger than its expenditure that a dividend has been declared for the past year among the burghers.

—SOME idea of the thrifty habits of the French may be gathered from the fact that the sum of $153,800,000 was deposited in savings banks in France during the last year, and that the number of depositors exceeded 3,600,000 persons.

—GENERAL NIMMO reports an excess of exports of merchandise in March amounting to $6,447,362 against $24,228,134 a year ago. For the nine months, ended March 31st the excess has been $150,075,533, against $229,272,002 a year ago.

—A RUSSIAN paper states that, according to intelligence from Shanghai, war preparations on a large scale are making in China. Also, that Chinese robbers have appeared at Vladivostock, and several murderous attacks have been made by them on the inhabitants.

—TWENTY-SIX thousand weavers, employed in 118 mills in the Blackburn District, in England, have given notice of their intention to strike a fortnight hence unless their wages are advanced in the same proportion as was recently conceded to the spinners and card-room hands.

—THE Island of Jersey has been under the dominion of England for 600 years, and yet a petition was lately rejected by the insular Parliament, called the "States," because it was couched in the English language, so strong is the love of the people for the French tongue.

—THE Young Men's Library Association of Atlanta is thirteen years old, has 8,500 volumes, $6,000 worth of paintings and other property, and has contracted for a three-story brick building, with Mansard roof, to cost $21,000. The current expenses per annum are $4,000.

—A NEW Bourse was opened in Zurich on April 1st. The hall is the largest in Switzerland, 60 feet in width, 120 in length, and 60 in height. The building is looked upon as a masterpiece of architecture; its construction presented great difficulties, the ceiling being hung from the roof.

—HON. JOSEPH E. SLOAN, of Virginia, arbitrator before the American and Spanish Claims Commission, dropped dead while on his way from Norfolk, Va., to Washington, on Thursday night, April 29th, in the steamer *George Leary*. He was born in King William County, Va., June 1st, 1804.

—A BILL now before the Legislature of Massachusetts provides a penalty of a fine of not more than $200 and an imprisonment in jail not exceeding three months for offering for sale, or having in possession with intent to sell, any wall-papers, wrapping paper, or cardboard, or any article intended for wearing apparel, furniture, or domestic use, containing a perceptible trace of arsenic or any arsenical substance.

—AT the meeting of the British House of Commons, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who was returned as a member from Northampton, refused to take the oath on the ground that, as he does not believe in God, it would be a mockery for him to call upon God to witness his declaration, and that as he did not believe in the monarchy, it would be dishonest in him to declare that he would support it. It is believed that Mr. Bradlaugh's seat will be declared vacant.

—THE Canadians, swamped in debt though they be, are making most strenuous exertions to grasp a controlling interest in the transportation business between the centre of the continent and the seaboard. The latest plan is to tunnel the St. Lawrence near Montreal for railroad purposes, and it is said that a syndicate is on the eve of formation, with a capital of $1,000,000 and borrowing powers up to $3,000,000. The tunnel will be sufficiently broad to accommodate a double track, and is estimated to cost $3,000,000.

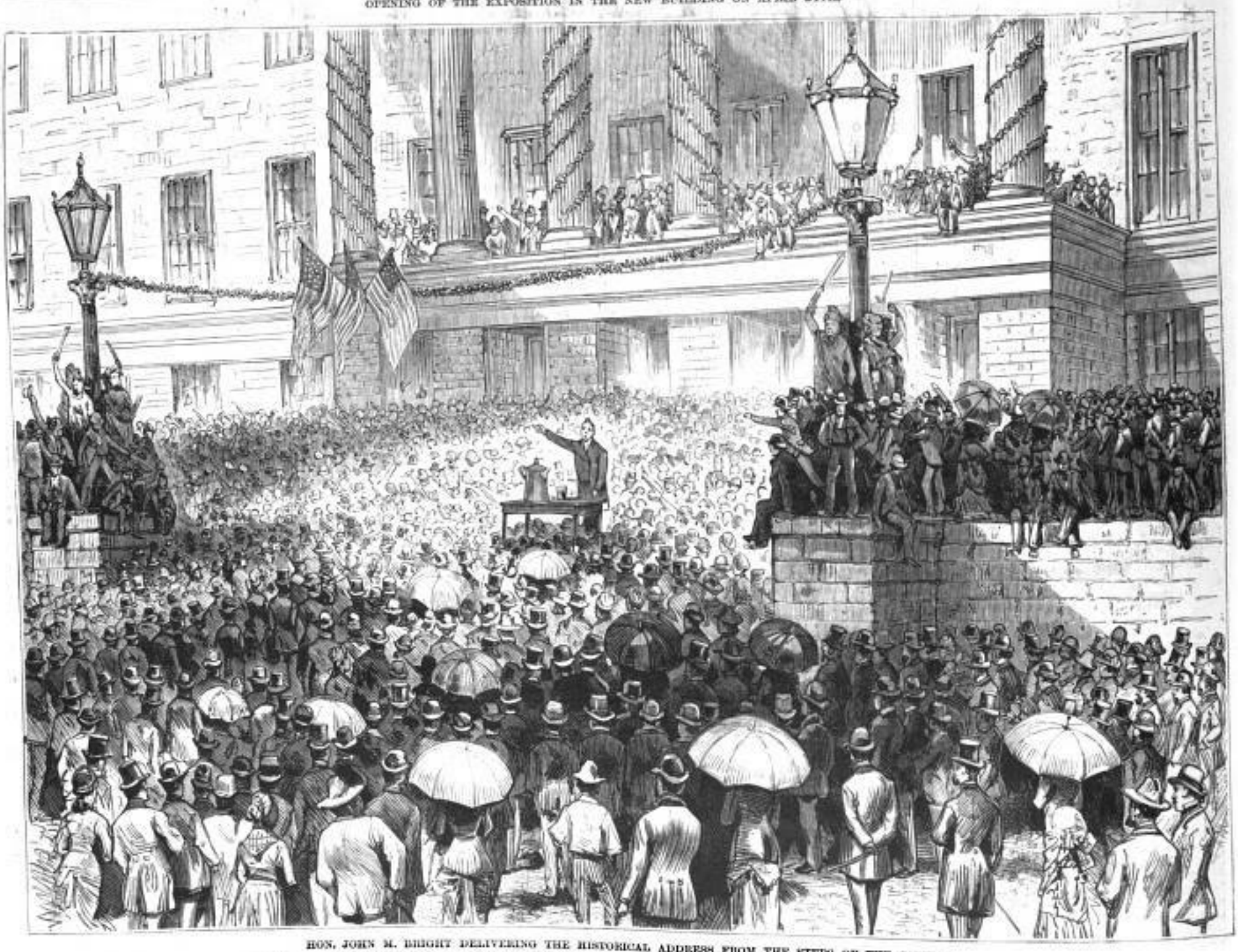
—GENERAL MCCOOK, in charge of education in the army, in his report for the month of February shows that there was an attendance of 990 enlisted men during the month at the various schools, being a gain of ninety-six over the previous month; of 882 children of enlisted men, a gain of thirty-seven over January; of 243 children of officers, a gain of twenty; and of 225 children of civilians. The total attendance during the month was 2,343. At Fort Clark, Texas, thirty-eight children of the Seminole Indian scouts attend post schools.

—THE special school for idiots, which has been in existence at The Hague, in Holland, for now just a quarter of a century, points in its annual reports to very cheering results. From May, 1855, till March, 1880, the register of The Hague School for Idiots has borne the names of 417 pupils, of whom 146 were boarding out. Of the entire number, 43 have gone directly into service or adopted a regular trade, while 25, greatly restored to health, have been discharged from the institution. The school has at present 64 pupils, of whom 43 are boarders; but the total number of minor idiots in Holland is estimated at 3,000, one-third of whom are held to be capable of education.

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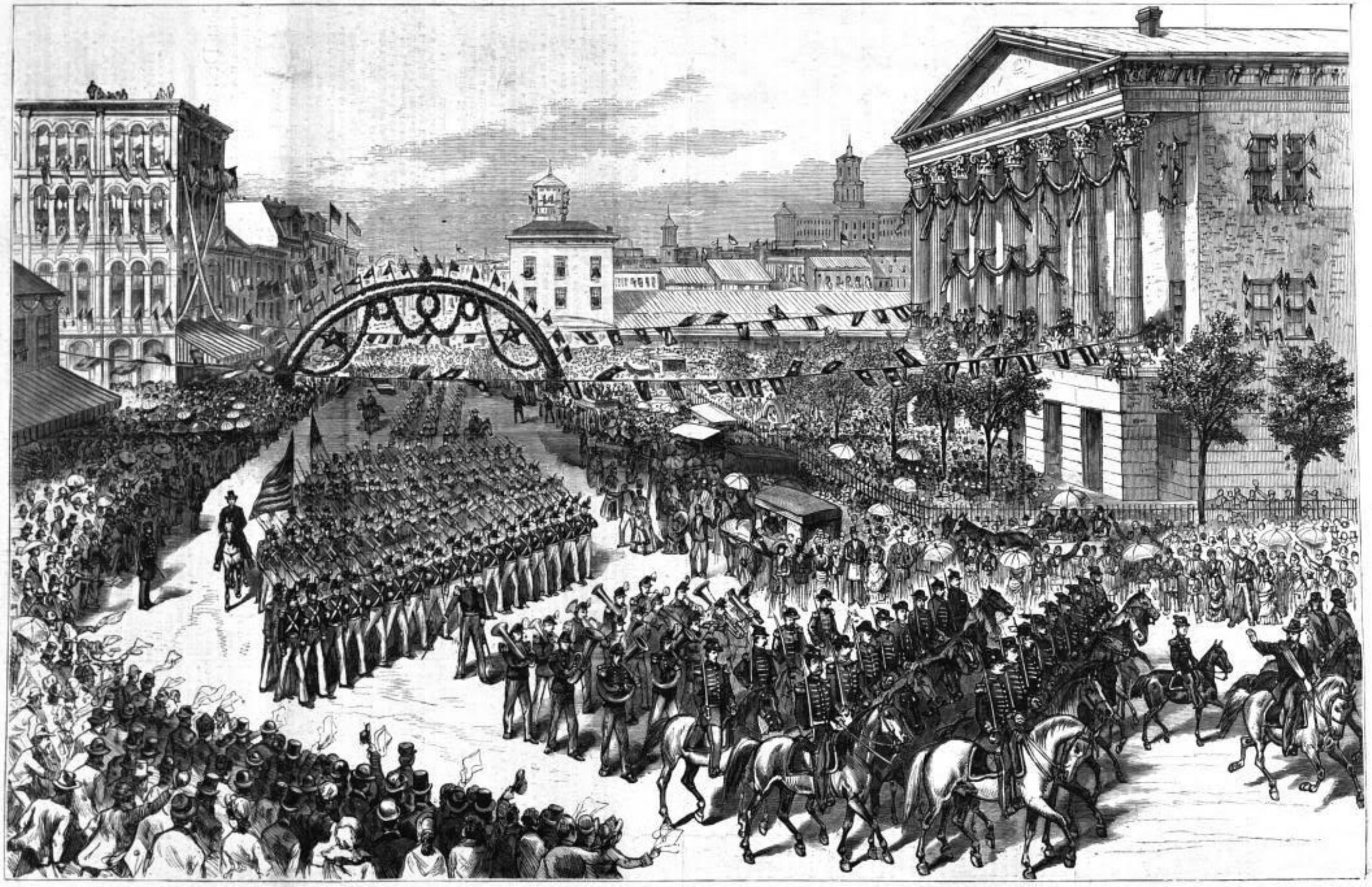
OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION IN THE NEW BUILDING ON APRIL 24TH.



HON. JOHN M. BRIGHT DELIVERING THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS FROM THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

TENNESSEE.—CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NASHVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 172.

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TENNESSEE.—CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NASHVILLE—THE GRAND MILITARY AND INDUSTRIAL PROCESSION, APRIL 24TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 173.

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MY LADY'S CHARM.

LET Petrarch sing his lady's clinging hand;
And Dante tell of calm, angelic eyes,
Holding the faultless color of clear skies;
Let Shakespeare chant, in numbers sweet and grand,
Of hair that shone like sunlight in the land;
And Spenser, of a voice whose low replies
Made souls all armed to dare some great emprise,
Its melody to hold in sweet command.
Yet even these, though mighty singers all,
Are not the lords to say whose grace is best.
Nor with their judgment my love's charms eclipse.
Ah, but her mouth so dainty is and small,
That I, secure in this one thing, can rest,
No kiss can match the one given by her lips.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER XV.—REGINALD DISCOVERS THE NAME OF THE PUEBLO.

WHEN the sun had ceased to be an object of admiration to Don Manuel and his guest, the two returned to the house from the plaza, whither they had gone to witness the spectacle of the orb of day rising slowly into view above the mountain-tops.

Pepita had breakfast awaiting them, and they at once sat down to enjoy the meal. When breakfast was over, Don Manuel excused himself to Reginald, telling him that he had business which required his presence a mile or two out of town, mounted his horse and rode away.

After his departure, Reginald lit a cigar and sauntered into the library. The room was a small one, with two windows framed in roses looking out on the front veranda and on the street. The furniture of the apartment was old-fashioned, and was covered with a material resembling nankeen, while on the walls hung two or three ancient portraits of Don Tomas's ancestors, and as many pictures of saints. On the library-shelves, which occupied one side of the room, were ranged four or five hundred volumes, whose venerable appearance, many of them being bound in vellum, testified to their antiquity.

While he was engaged in reading the titles of the books, the door opened and Pepita entered.

"Have you come to read to me, señorita?" he asked.

"Yes, señor. When you are ready to listen, I am ready to begin."

"I am ready now," he replied. "What book shall I get you?"

She pointed to a bulky, vellum-bound volume on the second shelf.

"That is Fray Gregorio's manuscript 'Chronicle of New Mexico,'" she said. "We shall read from that, if you have no objection. It contains all that is most interesting in the history of our ancient province."

Reginald reached for the volume, a manuscript work of some two hundred pages, brushed the dust from it, and presented it to Pepita. Then he drew up a chair for her, near one of the windows, and seated himself, half-reclining, on a lounge opposite, which stood beside the other window.

Pepita spread a handkerchief on her lap, opened the book, and placed it on the handkerchief.

"And now, señor," she said, "where shall I begin?"

"Oh, at the beginning," replied Reginald, with a laugh

"At the beginning of the 'Relation of the Reverend Father Friar de Nizza, Touching his Discovery of the Kingdom of Cibola'? Shall I commence there?"

"If you please, señorita."

She turned the leaves for a few moments, and then, having found the page she was searching for, read how, as is shown in the relation of Father Marco de Nizza, that missionary in the year 1539, under instructions from the Emperor's Viceroy and Captain-General in Mexico, Don Antonio de Mendoza, journeyed into those unknown countries lying to the west and east of the headwaters of the Rio Grande, in the region now known as Arizona and New Mexico; how, returning to the viceroy, after many months of absence, he reported what had befallen him in his journey and of the discoveries he had made; how, then, Mendoza dispatched an expedition under Francisco Vasquez de Coronado to search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, the chief of which is now called the Pueblo of Zuñi, in Arizona, whereof Father Marco had spoken; and how Coronado departed from Culiacan, of which province he was governor, and discovered the Kingdom of Cibola.

Having read of these things, and of how other Spaniards, priests and soldiers followed in the footsteps of the earlier discoverers at various periods, Pepita continued:

"'It was given to the holy order of the Franciscans in later years to plant the Cross among these people and to bring them within the fold of Mother Church. All went well with them until that most calamitous year, 1680, when the Pueblo Indians became apostate to the faith, rose in insurrection against their spiritual guides and the other Spaniards in the province, and massacred all who fell within their power. In this revolt also joined the pueblo of Pecos, not many miles distant from where Santa Fé now stands, and one of the chief Indian towns of the province. It was in that most horrid martyrdom that the faithful and devout Fra Pablo, of the Order of St. Francis, was slain, while endeavoring to escape from the Pecos church, as is recorded in the archives of the Franciscan Monastery of Durango on the authority of a certain Chevalier St. Evremond Deville, a French adventurer of that period, who fled from the church with Fra Pablo, and who escaped the fate that afterwards befell his companion.'"

For the first time since she had begun her reading from Fray Gregorio's manuscript, Pepita paused and looked up. The noise of something fallen to the floor attracted her attention to Reginald, and she saw that the cigar which he had been been smoking had dropped from his hand and was lying at his feet.

The expression of his countenance puzzled her.

"Señor Grey," she said, rising and closing the volume. "You are not well. Your face——"

"It is nothing, señorita," he replied, controlling himself with a strong effort. "It is the heat, I think. Thanks for your kindness and sympathy. I will not trouble you to read any more to-day."

"But still, if you are ill——"

He left his seat with a smile.

"It was only for a moment," he said, as he bent and kissed her hand. "I have been very much interested in what you have read to me and I thank you. Now, with your kind permission, I will walk out in the air a while."

"Then you are only faint—that is all?"

"Yes. A breath of fresh air will be my best medicine."

"In that case let me not detain you."

He bowed to his charming hostess and left the library, on his way to the plaza, where, seating himself in the shade of the trees, he reflected on the strange chance that had revealed to him the missing clew to the last mystery involved in the old manuscript.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE TREASURE OF ST. EVREMOND DEVILLE.

THE pueblo was discovered at last; it was the pueblo of Pecos, and the long journey to Durango was now unnecessary. But one doubt remained in Reginald's mind, and that was whether the church were still standing, or had undergone any repairs which might have resulted in the discovery of the box. That doubt, however, could easily be solved by questioning Don Manuel on the subject of the church, for certainly if so great a treasure ever had been found in its walls, the intelligence of so unusual an event would have reached Santa Fé.

On the other hand, it was possible that the people of Pecos, at some time in the past, by an accident, may have found the box, and, not knowing the value of what it contained, may have scattered and dispersed its contents. In that case, probably, no knowledge of its discovery had ever reached the settlements of the Rio Grande.

As Reginald reflected on the subject, he was disposed rather to accept the view that the box was still reposing in the wall where St. Evremond Deville and Fra Pablo had placed it.

"I understand now," he said to himself, "how Melchior could so easily fill up the blanks left in the manuscript by the ravages of the moths. This tradition of the death of Fra Pablo and the escape of Deville is probably an old one in New Mexico and Melchior has undoubtedly heard the story related in his youth so often that he had no difficulty in recognizing the writer of the manuscript as the St. Evremond Deville of the tradition. But why he should have made a mystery of this to me I cannot understand. There was nothing about it to be concealed, and certainly his noble and honest conduct in giving me the clew, which, by keeping to himself, he could have used to his own advantage, could not have been made more meritorious by imparting to me the source of his knowledge of the subject."

In his thoughts he already saw himself the possessor of the immense riches that the old church held in its moldering walls, and he resolved in his mind that Pepita should not be forgotten in the distribution of his gifts. Then, too, as his thoughts reverted to the lonely man who had died in the gloomy dungeon of San Juan de Ulua, far away from kindred, friends and country, he felt an imperative duty on him, if he should recover the treasure, to endeavor to obtain some clew to the descendants of St. Evremond's brother, if any were living, and to give them at least a part of their kinsman's legacy. The wealth that he would derive from it would be great enough to enable him to be both generous and just and yet to remain a rich man.

He lingered in the plaza until he saw Don Manuel riding up on his return from his visit to the country, and joining him, together they went to the house.

When his host had alighted and delivered his horse to a servant and was seated with Reginald in the little parlor, the latter, broaching the subject of Fray Gregorio's chronicle, brought the conversation round to the pueblo of Pecos.

"Are you familiar, Don Manuel," he said, "with the history of Pecos?"

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"Have you ever visited the place?"

"Yes."

"And the old Pecos church, is that still standing?"

"It is, but in a dilapidated condition. Its adobe walls, nearly seven feet in thickness, still survive the shocks of more than two hundred years."

"It was built, then, before the rising of 1680?" asked Reginald, who became more interested in proportion as Don Manuel's words confirmed the truth of the declarations of St. Evremond Deville.

"So says tradition. You passed it in the stage on your way to this place."

"Indeed, Don Manuel!" exclaimed Reginald, in a tone of genuine surprise. "I have no recollection of having seen it."

"Did you not notice, after the departure of the stage from the village of San José on the Pecos River, certain ruins on the roadside—among them the remains of a large adobe structure with walls of immense thickness?"

Reginald reflected for a moment.

"Now that you recall these ruins to my mind," he said, "I remember them. In 1680, as Señorita Pepita read to me to-day in Fray Gregorio's chronicle, occurred the rising of the pueblo Indians against the Spaniards. A missionary priest, Fra Pablo by name, was killed by the inhabitants of Pecos."

"Yes; such an event really occurred in the massacre of 1680, and this ancient church, built by the Franciscans, to which Order Fra Pablo belonged, is still there to attest to the presence and the martyrdom of the ministers of Mother Church in those remote days of the history of our country. You must know that Santa Fé was not founded until two years after the revolt and massacre of 1680. When the Spaniards, under Don Antonio de Otermin, who was the Governor of New Mexico at the time, were driven out by the Indians, they retired to the southward to the site of the present town El Paso, on the Rio Grande, where they were saved from destruction by some friendly Indians whom they met there. After laying the foundation of El Paso, Don Antonio marched again to the north, and in 1682 founded Santa Fé. A hard struggle ensued with the natives, whose final subjugation was not accomplished until 1690."

"Then the Pecos church referred to in the chronicle is Fra Pablo's church—the same church? Are you sure, Don Manuel?"

"I am very sure."

"And there has been no change in it—it has never been added to or altered?"

"We have no record of any change in its architecture. It is to-day, with the exception of the ravages of time, as it was in the beginning, and it certainly is more than two hundred years old. Thus, it is one of the most interesting memorials of the early Europeans on this continent. The old Pecos village, which is now in ruins, having been deserted by its inhabitants in 1840, was founded by Montezuma. It contains the ruins of a temple erected by him, and in its subterranean chambers he built a fire, which, on leaving the pueblo on his way to Mexico, he told the people to keep alive until he should return."

"A beautiful tradition, Don Manuel."

"Beautiful indeed, señor. The unfortunate monarch never came back, but the faithful Indians maintained the sacred flame for three hundred years, still expecting the coming of their emperor, until their numbers had become so decreased that they abandoned their village and sought refuge in the neighboring Indian pueblo of San Domingo, where each morning, at sunrise, a sentinel still ascends to his housetop and looks towards the east, watching for the return of Montezuma. Montezuma, it is said, found the tribe without shelter and with no other homes than certain caves on the Rio Grande, which still remain. Among other things, he planted a tall tree in an inverted position in the pueblo, telling the people that when he should disappear from among them a strange and foreign race should invade them and overcome them, and there would be no rain, but that they should guard the sacred fire until that tree should fall, at which time white men journeying from the east would come and drive out their oppressors. He also promised that when that should happen he would return and restore his kingdom—rain should fall and silver and gold be found in the mountains. Curiously enough, as the Indians relate, the tree planted by Montezuma fell as the American army marched into Santa Fé."

While Don Manuel was speaking, Reginald was rapidly making up his mind as to what his immediate course of action in regard to his search for the treasure should be. Should he start at once for Albuquerque to see if Manuela had returned to her home, or should he undertake the brief journey to the church and solve the doubt that agitated his mind?

Now that he had his hand, as it were, upon the box, he began to experience a restlessness lest its existence in the wall of the church should come to the knowledge of some one who would be in advance of him in recovering it. He even saw in imagination the form of Vellani, as he had once before seen it in a day-dream, digging into the adobe with frenzied eagerness in his search for the treasure. It needed but this to induce him to come to a decision, and before his companion had finished his remarks he had determined to proceed immediately to the church.

"What you have just told me, Don Manuel," he said, as his host ceased speaking, "has aroused my curiosity. The Pecos church is but a few hours' journey from Santa Fé, and as I should like to visit it before leaving for Albuquerque, I think I shall go there to-morrow."

"The visit will repay you, I am sure, Don Reinaldo," replied his host, "and I would offer to accompany you had I not already made a pressing engagement for to-morrow."

"Thanks, señor," returned Reginald, thinking more of St. Evremond Deville's treasure than of the exact import of Don Manuel's words.

In order that he might be free to return at any time from his visit to the church, without depending on the movements of the stage between San José and Santa Fé, he resolved to engage a horse on which to ride to the latter place. He mentioned his desire to Don Manuel who at once offered him the use of his own horse. For a long time the two continued to converse on the subject of the Pecos church and the pueblo. But as Reginald did not wish that Don Manuel should have any reason for supposing that his interest in the church was due to anything more than a natural curiosity in regard to a structure so venerable in years and so invested with a romantic history, he limited his inquiries to such guarded questions as might satisfy his mind on the point of the discovery or non-discovery of the concealed treasure. From what his host told him, he inferred that no hand had ever disturbed the legacy left to the safekeeping of the adobe by Fra Pablo and St. Evremond Deville.

With this knowledge to inspire and encourage him, early next morning he bade his host and Pepita farewell, promising to return in a day or two, and to remain another day with them before proceeding on his journey to Albuquerque.

Before entering the stage he provided himself with a pick and a large, strong knife, which implements, he thought, would be needed in operating on the wall. He had with him, moreover, his pistols and his valise, and was provided with sufficient luncheon for two days; but his rifle he left behind in charge of Don Manuel. Thus prepared for his important mission, he took his seat in the vehicle, after attaching his horse by a strong rope to the rear of the stage, and, with his heart beating high with hope, swept through the narrow street that led out into the San José road.

He was too much absorbed in his thoughts to give much heed to his three or four fellow-passengers, and when, to while away the tedium of the journey, they endeavored to engage him in conversation, he contented himself with polite but brief replies to their questions, and was soon left alone to his musings.

When the stage left the mountainous country to the eastward of Santa Fé and entered the pleasant valley of the Pecos River, he aroused himself and, looking out, caught the first glimpse of the church.

"Driver," he said, as he pointed to the ruin, "is that the Pecos church?"

The man replied in the affirmative.

"Then I will descend here. You need not wait for me."

The stage stopped. He alighted and untied the horse, and, as the vehicle moved off briskly, he sauntered slowly towards the ruin, leading the horse by the bridle.

While walking, his mind insensibly reverted to the day when, in a somewhat similar manner, he had approached the Palazzo Albergati to await the coming of Vellani. The trains of ideas that connected the two localities in his mind, and which associated Vellani with his present mission, were so identical, that almost involuntarily he looked up the road expecting to discern the figure of the Italian approaching him.

In a few minutes he stood before the doorless portal. Except in places here and there, the walls, as he could see in the rapid glances he cast around the interior, had not fallen in at the rear of the church to such an extent as to suggest the belief that the box had been disturbed.

Tying his horse to a small cedar-tree, he looked around him. As at the Palazzo Albergati, the distant mountains, clothed in their garb of pine and cedar-trees, or with frosty summits, stretched away dimly to the right and the left of him. The sun, already sloping in the western sky, and approaching the line of the lofty heights towards Santa Fé, threw its golden rays on the landscape and bathed the church in a flood of yellow light. Swallows twitted merrily as they darted swiftly by him from their nests in the crevices of the walls, and, like passing shoots of flame, red-plumaged humming-birds flashed in the sunlight, speeding from flower to flower, or hung poised in the air.

He entered the church, and, stepping across the obstacles that impeded his path, he walked towards the opposite end of the structure. The unexpected visitation of his presence frightened from their repose certain yellow-spotted lizards that were lying asleep upon fragments of the fallen wall, and aroused from slumber an owl which, leaving its nook above a moldering window, flapped about the inclosure wildly for a minute or two until it found another resting place.

Making his way to the rear wall, he proceeded at once to examine it. The wall was intact, but the ravages of years had seamed it with great gaps and scars which destroyed its symmetry. Rain and dust and the natural disintegration of the adobe had so discolored and eaten into the surface, that only a bleak, uneven blank, relieved by an occasional patch of whitewash, was left where once, possibly, had been gildings and ornamentation.

A subdued light, more mystical than that of burning wax-tapers, filled the ruin with half-shadows. He held his face close to the wall and scrutinized it closely, walking slowly along its length as he did so. As he thus peered, he passed his hand over the adobe. In this way he went back and forth for a distance of some twenty feet, two or three times. Finally, he paused, and a look of disappointment spread over his countenance.

"Where can it be?" he said, thoughtfully. "The inscription which served as a guide to the box has disappeared."

He sat down on a small mound of earth and gazed contemplatively at the wall, seeking from that little distance to discern any fragmentary outlining of the inscription, "*Justo infra muros*," that might still remain, and which might be more apparent to his eye from where he sat than from a point nearer to it. For several minutes he thus endeavored to trace the vanished legend, but in vain. The holes and broken places in the wall baffled his search.

"I must dig for the box," he said, finally, as he rose and began to unwrap the covering of his pick. "Let's see; here's a good place at which to begin operations—'a man's height from the ground,' as the old manuscript says."

As he spoke, he lifted the pick above his head, poised it for a moment, and fixed his eye on the wall, selecting a spot at which to strike. But the intended blow was not given, and for several seconds he gazed intently at

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the wall, still holding the pick with both hands above his head. His look had fallen on a minute object that was different from anything that he had yet seen in the wall, something of a dull, bluish color, resembling metal, which faintly appeared, imbedded in the adobe, in the hollow of a large space from which the clay had fallen.

He lowered the pick and bent forward the better to examine it. Then he put forth his finger and touched it, tapping it lightly with his nail. When he had done this, with an eager haste he drew his knife from its belt and passed the point across its surface. The knife-point left a bright, silvery line in its passage.

"The box!" he exclaimed, as he struck the knife into the surrounding adobe.

Gradually, as he excavated, the outlines of the object became more apparent. First, a corner, and then an entire side of it, was exposed; and at last it stood revealed, lying free of its adobe sepulchre, a leaden box about eight inches square, with the edges securely soldered.

As Reginald appreciated the fact that the treasure of St. Evremond Deville lay before him, only awaiting the grasp of his hand to become his own, a countless throng of fancies passed with the rapidity of thought through his mind. The old church was again peopled with worshipers. He saw, in imagination, the forms of Fra Pablo and St. Evremond Deville, and the crowd of wondering natives, looking on with half-pious and half-reluctant eyes. He heard, as in a dream, the chanting and the hymns, and the sweet smell of frankincense came to his nostrils from unseen, swaying censers. In a vision, he crossed the bridge between the present and two hundred years ago.

It was with a feeling akin to reverence that he held the box with both hands and slowly drew it from its resting-place. In doing so, however, he miscalculated its weight, for when it had reached the edge of the hole it slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground with a dull sound. Then he remembered the gold-dust that it contained, and he understood the cause of its heaviness.

He bent down and lifted it. No slight exertion of strength was necessary to do this, for the gold in it weighed nearly a hundred pounds.

He had determined to defer the examination of its contents until he should see Manuela and Melchior, for he wished them to be present at its opening.

Wrapping the pick in its covering, he restored the knife to its sheath, and, placing the box in the valise, walked with his burden towards the entrance.

As he advanced slowly, picking his way amid the *débris*, and with his eyes fixed on the ground at his feet, a shadow suddenly fell across his path.

He looked up quickly, thinking that his horse had broken his bridle and had wandered to the entrance of the church and was thus intercepting the sunlight. But the spectacle that met his gaze caused him to pause in astonishment. It was not the horse that stood in the doorway, but as he looked he saw that the day-dream, which twice had come before his mind, was realized.

The object standing there, blocking his passage, was a man whose face wore a dangerous scowl, not unmingled with an astonishment as genuine as his own.

This man was Vellani.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NASHVILLE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE incidents attending the celebration of the centennial of Nashville, Tenn., have possessed throughout more than ordinary interest. The procession on April 24th is described by all observers as the most imposing street pageant ever witnessed in the State. The display of bunting was profuse and the decoration of stores and residences was general. The principal thoroughfares were spanned by arches of evergreens, flowers and flags, and emblems illustrating the industrial and intellectual progress of the past hundred years were everywhere manifest. The old landmarks about the city and historic spots made memorable by encounters with the Indians in the days of early settlement were indicated by placards. The decorations on the Public Square were especially fine.

The procession was one hour in passing a given point. The military display was a brilliant one, the turnout of colored orders of various societies making a pleasing variety. The industrial arts were emblematically illustrated everywhere in the procession. A company of soldiers in old Continental uniform and veterans of the Florida and Mexican wars, with battle-torn flags, were greeted with cheers all along the line of march. The procession, which included the Fire Department and local societies, and 204 wagons representing the industries of the city, halted in Capitol Square at noon, where an address was delivered by Governor Marks, followed by an oration from Mr. John M. Bright, on "The Pioneers of Tennessee." The prize centennial ode was read, and also a sketch of the history of Nashville. A speech was also made by Rev. Nelson Merry, colored.

While the procession was passing the residence of Mrs. Polk, the widow of President Polk, who was standing at the gate, two hundred pupils of the High School, under Professor A. D. Wharton, stationed in her yard, sang a Centennial Hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. Anson Nelson, and the music of which was composed by Professor J. E. Bailey. The division of veterans then marched into the yard of the mansion with uncovered heads and formed a circle around the tomb of the deceased President. After a brief halt here, the veterans marched into the mansion, where General W. B. Bate, on the part of the company, made a brief address to Mrs. Polk, expressive of the esteem in which she, as well as the memory of her husband, is held by the people of Tennessee. This was one of the most gratifying of the many pleasant incidents of the day. It is estimated that the procession was interviewed by 60,000 people, 20,000 of whom were visitors.

On the evening of the 24th, the Centennial Industrial Exposition was formally opened in the building erected for the purpose. From an early hour the building was thronged with visitors, who manifested the greatest delight in the brilliant effects presented. Rows of lighted gas-jets on the balconies exhibited the symmetrical and graceful outlines of the roof and dome, while from the inside of the dome was suspended a powerful electric jet which shed a light over the entire building as bright as sunshine, yet as soft as the rays of the moon.

The opening exercises consisted of addresses by Mayor Kercheval, W. G. Brien, of the Independent Order of Foresters; Governor Williams, of Indiana; Captain William Stockell, President of the Centennial Exposition Managers, and Dr. T. A. Atchison, President of the Board of Centennial Directors, all of which appropriately referred to the prosperous growth and development of Nashville, and the bright prospects of the beautiful and enterprising city.

The exhibition of articles in some departments of the Exposition was, at the opening, somewhat incomplete, but the display was quite sufficient to justify the belief that the Exposition would far eclipse any ever held in Nashville, and this belief has been fully justified by the additions subsequently made.

THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY.

(*Continued from page 182.*)

The new War Secretary, Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, has been for twenty years prominent in the House of Commons as member for Pontefract. Born in London, June 25th, 1827, he graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1850, and sailed the same year for Australia. He settled in the new colony of Victoria, took an active part in politics, was speedily elected to the Colonial Parliament for the town of Portland, and filled the post of Commissioner of Trade and Customs in the first Government of that colony. Returning to England as Agent-General for Victoria in 1857, he was elected to Parliament in 1860, made his mark at once in the House, and was influential in putting an end to the system of penal transportation to Australia. He acted as Lord of the Admiralty in 1864-66, was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1865-66, and was a Royal Commissioner on the law courts in 1867. In the Gladstone Cabinet of 1868, Mr. Childers held the post of First Lord of the Admiralty until March, 1871, and effected important changes in the administration of naval affairs. In 1872 he again became Agent-General of Victoria and also Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His re-election to Parliament on that occasion was memorable as the first instance in England of a political election by ballot. Mr. Childers is author of pamphlets on free trade, railway policy and national education, is Chairman of the Indian Peninsula Railway Company, and a director of many banking, steamship and railway enterprises. He visited the United States and Canada in 1873.

Lord Selborne (Sir Roundell Palmer), the new Lord High Chancellor, was born in 1812, and educated at Oxford, where he carried off several prizes, a fellowship, a law scholarship and a Chancellor's prize. He was called to the Bar in 1837, and was made Queen's Counsel in 1849. He entered Parliament in 1847, was defeated in 1852, and re-elected several times. In 1861 he entered office as Attorney-General, and went out with the Russell Ministry in 1866. Mr. Gladstone offered him the Chancellorship in 1868, but he declined it on the ground that he could not support the Premier on the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. His disinterestedness in resigning a great prize which might never again come within his grasp gave him the reputation of a statesman of high principle, for few men in English public life would have declined the office under the same circumstances. In 1872 he was counsel for the British Government at the Geneva Court of Arbitration, and was subsequently raised to the peerage under his present title. The physical infirmities of Lord Hatherley created a vacancy in the Chancellorship, and Lord Selborne was offered the Great Seal under conditions which precluded a second declination. He remained in office until the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. He is a man of unblemished character, a devoted churchman, and a compiler of a Book of Praise from the best English hymn-writers.

Few British statesmen are more heartily appreciated in the United States than the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, and well-known as the most outspoken friend of the Union cause in Parliament during the war of the rebellion. His father, a member of the Society of Friends, died in Tennessee many years ago, while on an anti-slavery mission to this country, and his mother was a sister of the eminent philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. Born at Bradpole, Dorsetshire, July 11th, 1818, Mr. Forster was educated at the Friends' School, Tottenham; became a worsted manufacturer at Bradford, distributed in Ireland in 1846-47 the famine relief fund raised by the English Quakers, and married in 1850 the eldest daughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He first entered Parliament in 1861, and at once took a prominent position. He was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1865-66, entered the Privy Council as Vice-President of the Committee on Education in 1868, was admitted as a member of the Cabinet in 1870, passed the Education Bill through Parliament in that year, and was the principal sponsor of the Ballot Act, passed in 1872. He was spoken of for the Liberal leadership on Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1875, but declined that post in advance. He was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1875, and received the doctorate of laws from that institution in 1876. He was received with honor in the United States on his visit here in 1874.

Right Hon. John Wodehouse, first Earl Kimberley, Secretary for the Colonies, has had an experience of many years in diplomatic affairs. Born January 7th, 1826, he studied at Eton and graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, with classical honors, in 1847. He succeeded to the barony of Wodehouse in 1846, became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1852, was appointed Ambassador to Russia in 1856, was again Under Secretary 1859-61, was Commissioner of Schleswig-Holstein in 1863, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1864-66, being raised to the Earldom of Kimberley June 1st, 1866. He was Lord Privy Seal under Mr. Gladstone 1868-70, and Secretary of State for the Colonies 1870-74. He has had recent experience in diplomacy relative to the Eastern question, and is thoroughly familiar with Colonial affairs.

John Bright, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is better known in America than almost any other Englishman as the typical friend of our country and our institutions. It is, therefore, only necessary to state that he was born at Rochdale, November 16th, 1811, took part in the reform agitation of 1831-32, was the principal associate of Cobden in the long agitation for the repeal of the Corn laws, entered Parliament in 1843, and was the principal author of the electoral reforms in England. He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the former administration of Mr. Gladstone, a post chiefly valuable as conferring a seat in the Cabinet.

Mr. Stansfeld, M. P. for Halifax, President of the Local Government Board, was born in 1820, graduated at University College, London, was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1849, entered Parliament in 1859, and was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1863 until April, 1864, when he resigned on account of difficulties arising from his intimacy with Mazzini. He was Under Secretary of State in 1866, Third Lord of the Treasury 1868-69, Joint Secretary to the Treasury 1869-71, President of the Poor Law Board 1871, and President of the new Local Government Board 1871-74. He now returns to that post, for which he has eminent qualifications.

The Right Hon. Earl Spencer, K. G., the Lord President of the Council, was born October 27th, 1835, and married, in 1858, Charlotte Frances Frederica, third daughter of Frederick Seymour, fifth son of Lord Hugh Seymour. In 1868 he was appointed by the Liberal Cabinet Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

A Religious Power in Scotland.

THE Episcopal Church of Scotland is now a power in that land, and numbers among its adherents the bulk of the Scottish aristocracy, but up to forty years ago it was a much-enduring body. Being devoted to the Stuarts, an Act was passed in 1719 by which every clergyman who had not taken the oath to King George, and who did not pray for him by name, should suffer six months' imprisonment for performing divine service in any meeting house: the presence of nine persons, beyond the resident household, constituted a meeting-house. In 1748 it was enacted that no ordinations should be valid unless granted in England or Ireland. Even as late as 1822, when George IV. visited Scotland, it is related in the highly interesting memoir, lately published, of Bishop Jolly, that the visit threw the whole House of Bishops into a state of much anxiety, between their own loyalty, their knowledge of lingering Jacobitism, doubts whether they would be received if they came forward, and the certainty that they ought not to hang back. The primate wrote at this time: "There is another thing about which Bishop Sandford (of Edinburgh) is distressing himself exceedingly. It is Bishop Jolly's wig. He alleges that the King will not be able to stand the sight of it, and assures Lord Russell it would convulse the whole court." The wig is described as snow-white, and standing out behind his head in enormous curls of six or eight inches in depth. The episcopal agitation was allayed, however, by the discovery that a nobleman had given the bishop a splendid modern wig, which he donned on that occasion. Bishop Hobart, for many years bishop of New York, once said, "If I had gone from America to Aberdeen, and seen nothing but Bishop Jolly, as I saw him for two days, I should hold myself greatly rewarded."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Stated that a new Belgian expedition is to leave this month for the purpose of establishing commercial stations along the Congo.

The French Committee of the International African Association have dispatched M. Binyet to Zanzibar to undertake the formation of their station in Usagara.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, F. R. S., of Owens College, Manchester, Eng., has accepted an invitation to give a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass., in October and November of this year.

The Italian Minister of Agriculture and Commerce has decided to present to Parliament a project for executing a great geological map of the kingdom. The expense is calculated at 6,000,000 francs.

The Caravan which went on a preliminary survey for the proposed Sahara Railway has returned to Algeria. They thoroughly explored the country between Quendrim and Elegolah, to the south of which they perceived passes through the great sand-banks barring the Insalah route. They were unmolested.

The Huston Self-leveling Berth, by which sea-sickness is averted, is proving a practical success, and has been introduced on several of the most important lines plying from this port. A perfectly level berth, no matter at what angle the ship may pitch or roll, is always obtained by the application of the universal joint and of spiral springs. An illustration of this berth will probably appear in this paper later in the season.

At the Recent Meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, England, Admiral Selwyn recommended every one to study Professor Rankine's admirable paper on "Combustion," when they would know the exact amount of oxygen necessary to burn the different varieties of coal with the greatest advantage. The student would learn, he said, that the British were far behind in what has been done in America with anthracite.

Baumgartner, the inventor of a navigable balloon, having three cars attached, each with ten or twelve wings, set in motion by a crank, has attempted an ascent at Leipsic. On the rope being cut the balloon rose very slowly, skimming the house-tops, whereupon the two assistants jumped out of the centre car in alarm. The balloon shot up to a great height, then burst and fell. Baumgartner was not seriously hurt, and is resolved on a second experiment.

M. Slatin, an Austrian traveler, is about to visit Dara, in Darfur, and proposes to explore the country to the south of Hoirat-el-Nahas and Kalaka. MM. de Müller-Captiany and De Lacken have recently left Cairo for Massowah, whence they intend to visit the region bordering on Northern Abyssinia. After spending a year there they will direct their course to Fazokl, by way of Valkait and Gallabat, and they will then endeavor to penetrate southwards into the Galla country.

MM. Popelin and Carter, with the second Belgian Expedition, have arrived at Karema, M. Cambier's station on Lake Tanganyika, but it is said that only one elephant has survived the journey. Under the auspices of the King of the Belgians an establishment is to be formed in Eastern Africa for the capture and training of elephants. A further Belgian expedition is to be dispatched to Karema under Captain Hennekens and his brother, who will take with them three artisans and also a small steamer for use on Lake Tanganyika.

Count d'Ursel, in a recently published work on South America, asserts that in Bolivia, Peru, Chili, La Plata and Brazil, he has met with an insect which after its death is transformed into a plant. He describes and figures this creature as a thick, hard grub, with distinct articulations. When about to die it buries itself some centimetres deep in the earth, and there gradually increases in circumference till it presents an appearance very like that of a potato. A stem is then put forth, which in the Spring months bears a crop of blue flowers.

The University of Buda-Pesth, which was founded in 1635, intends to celebrate, on May 13th, the hundredth year since its revival and development by Maria Theresa. There will be a thanksgiving service in the morning and a grand academical and civic procession through the streets. An oration will be delivered and an ode recited, and there will be a banquet, to be followed by a grand ball. In honor of the occasion medals will be struck, honorary degrees will be conferred on distinguished men, and a work by the Hungarian Minister of Justice, Pauler, describing the work of the University during the last one hundred years, will be published.

Colonel Gordon-Pasha has recently informed the Church Missionary Society that the Egyptian military station on the Uganda frontier had been moved back, and that consequently the country between Egypt and Mtesa's kingdom is in an unsettled and insecure state, being overrun by Kaba Rega's men. The road to the Victoria Nyanza by way of the Nile is therefore not now practicable. The two members of the Nyanza Expedition, the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. Felkin, with three Waganda chiefs, are expected to arrive in England during the present month, as they had reached Suakim on March 16th. Mr. Wilson will thus be the first Englishman, since Speke and Grant, who has traversed Africa from Zanzibar to Uganda, and thence down the Nile.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, January 23d, maintained, in accordance with Professor Geikie, that the present Continental ridges have probably always existed in some form, and that the present deep ocean-basins likewise date from the remotest geological antiquity. He considers it, however, possible that at some period a band of connection may have existed between Europe and America, and that New Zealand, Tasmania and South America may have been linked together by ridges of dry land, whilst Madagascar may have been joined in a similar manner to the African continent, and even with Asia. He does not consider that there is satisfactory evidence for the supposed continent Atlantis being between Africa and America.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE wife of Minister Lowell is worse, and her condition is considered critical.

M. NARCISSE FOURNIER, French dramatic author and novelist, is dead, at the age of seventy-one.

JUDGE SPOFFORD, the contestant for Kellogg's seat in the Senate, is lying very ill at his home in New Orleans.

PRINCE BISMARCK is still suffering from ill-health. His neuralgic pains have returned, and it is said that the attack is an especially severe one.

MRS. HEPWORTH DIXON is to receive from Queen Victoria a grant of $500 a year from the Civil List in consideration of her husband's services to literature.

OF the three brothers of the late William Cullen Bryant, who are farmers in Princeton, Ill., only one has any literary taste, and he has published a number of poems.

THE King of Sweden has decided to create Nordenskjöld a baronet and present him the Grand Cross of the Order of the North Star, in diamonds, valued at $3,000.

PROFESSOR C. H. HITCHCOCK, of Dartmouth College, has been visiting Minnesota and gathering points for a geological map of the United States for the use of his classes.

MASTER FRANK GUERTIN, U. S. N., was recently married according to the rites of the Greek Catholic Church, to Miss Nina Kashrometeriuff, a Russian lady, a resident of Sitka, Alaska.

GENERAL S. D. LEE has accepted the Presidency of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, and says that he will endeavor to make it conform to its name in its strictest acceptation.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PAUL BARTLETT has sent a bust of his grandmother to the Paris Salon. The jury of nine of the most eminent sculptors of France accepted it, and sent to the boy their personal felicitations.

MISS MARY SPRAGUE, the young woman who wrote "An Earnest Trifler," is described as twenty-six, a modest, dainty, enthusiastic and very pretty girl. Her father is a prosperous lawyer at Newark, Ohio.

IT now turns out that King Theebaw was only in a three-days' trance, to which he is occasionally subject. During this time the priests burned twenty-seven virgins each day as a sacrifice and propitiatory offering.

MISS LOUISA ALCOTT has no "study," or regular writing-place. She uses whatever pen, ink or paper is nearest, composes rapidly, and writes in a free, back-sloping hand, never copying her manuscript, and rarely going back to make alterations.

PARIS journals assert that a fresh attempt is to be made by the Count de Chambord and the Orleans Princes to devise some acceptable mode of united action. The Count de Paris is said to be endeavoring to raise a loan of $4,000,000 for the good of the cause of the white flag.

AFTER all, the M. de Pressensé, who has recently been appointed Secretary of the French Legation at Washington, is not the well-known Protestant theologian of that name in Paris, but his nephew. The new Secretary is about fifty years of age, and has grown up in the French diplomatic service.

MR. D. W. MIDDLETON, clerk of the United States Supreme Court, died, April 27th, from gout in the stomach. He had been connected with the Supreme Court for over fifty-five years, and was its clerk for nearly twenty years. It is remarked that he was never suspected of using his office in the interest of political partisanship or favoritism.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL said, in a recent sermon at Cincinnati: "I now solemnly declare before Almighty God and this congregation that not one dollar of the money that was intrusted to my care was lavished in luxury by myself or agents, or expended in any manner for our personal benefit, and, no matter how unworthily I may appear in your eyes, I humbly ask that you pray to Almighty God for me." His health has been very bad since the financial disaster to his diocese.

TEWFIK, the new Khédive, is as economical as his sire was extravagant. He is correcting that sire's tendencies as much as possible. He discovered not long ago that the venerable gentleman had carried off a certain collection of coins valued at $80,000, which had been purchased with the state money, and which should rightly have been left in Egypt. It is asserted that the Khédive intends to rebuke this want of ceremony by quietly subtracting the item from his father's allowance during the next twelve months.

THE Princess Metternich is a clever actress. The Sunday night that the news of the Crown Prince's betrothal came to Vienna she was just about to go on the stage erected in her own palace for private theatricals, to sing a ballad adapted to her part, and ending with the refrain, "To that we'll all say hurrah!" On she went, according to Octavia Hensel, but not a word of the original song did she sing. With her charming talent for improvisation she made up some pretty verses announcing the engagement of Prince Rudolf to the lovely young Princess Stephanie of Belgium, and when the refrain came, more than one voice joined in the "hurrah!"

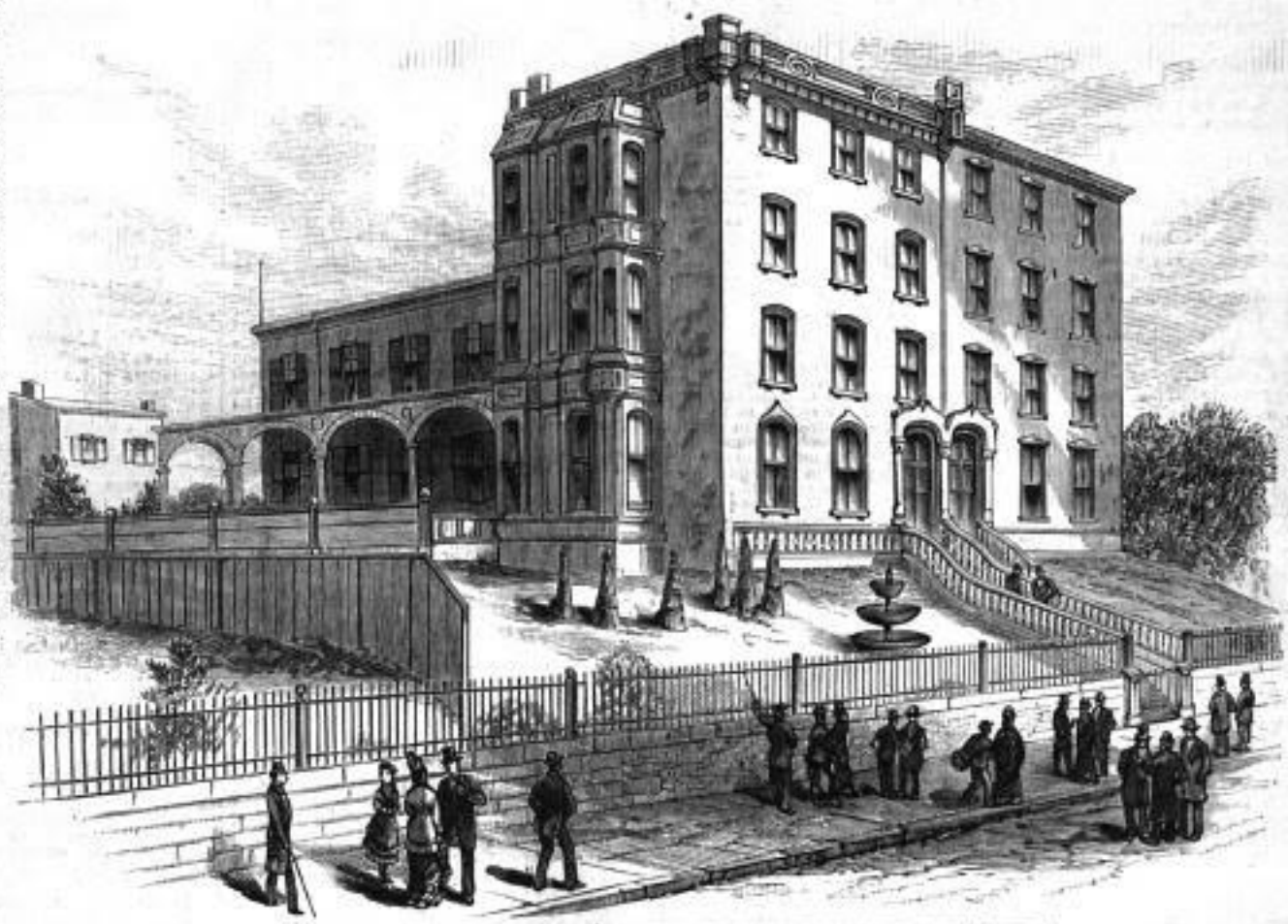
MLLE. CROSNETTE, who has taken Sarah Bernhardt's place at the Theatre Français, is an artist of robust rather than delicate intelligence. Her physique as a woman seems to reveal her temperament as an artist. Whether in the smoothest passages or in the difficult moments that mark the crisis of a drama, her intelligence is to be counted on; but you cannot count as surely on her sympathetic power; not surely on her aptitude to win laughter; still less surely on a capacity to provoke tears. But she can plant her dialogue brilliantly. She can be always audacious or good-natured; if not often refined nor often distinguished. Her individuality is not wholly French.

AN approaching marriage is announced between Count Herman de Merode and Mlle. Amelie de la Rochefoucauld d'Estissac. This union will connect two of the greatest houses in Europe. The count is the son of Count de Merode, Senator for the Deuhs. His grandfather, Count Felix de Merode, was on the point, in 1830, of being elected King of the Belgians. The family of Merode is allied to those of Arenberg, Monaco, Montalembert, Nouilles, Gramont, the Cisterns, and by them to the Italian dynasty. The ancient seigniorial residence of Ireion, in the Department of the Nord, belonging to them, is surrounded by an immense extent of land and forests. Count Herman is the nephew of Mgr. de Merode, who was Minister of War to Pius IX. As to the Rochefoucauld family, no occasion exists in France to speak of its eminence, so mixed up is its history with that of the country. All the eldest sons of the line bear the name of François, since a certain François de la Rochefoucauld, who held François I. at the baptismal font. The Rochefoucauld who wrote the "Maximes" bears the name of François II. in the series of family portraits. The future Countess de Merode is the third daughter of the Duke d'Estissac.

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WM. H. KEMBLE'S RESIDENCE.

WE illustrate on this page the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Kemble, ex-State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, who was last week sentenced to one year's imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of $1,000, for the attempted bribery of members of the Legislature of that State. Mr. Kemble's residence, of brown stone, is located on Green Street, near Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, and is one of the finest in the street. The grounds are neatly terraced, and a fountain adds to their attractiveness. Mr. Kemble, who is wealthy, and has hitherto occupied a conspicuous position in the politics and business of Philadelphia, was surrounded in his home by everything necessary to a life of elegance and comfort; and although already pardoned, he now probably regrets as keenly as his friends can do that he ever permitted himself to hazard his reputation and his domestic happiness by practices so criminal as the corrupt solicitation of the votes of sworn legislators.



PENNSYLVANIA.—WILLIAM H. KEMBLE'S RESIDENCE, ON GREEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

THE Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., took formal possession, April 26th, of its new armory at Fourth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, New York, being escorted from its old quarters by the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Regiments and its own Veteran Corps. The parade attracted a good deal of attention from the populace. All the way up Fifth Avenue crowds lined the sidewalks and filled the stoops, and in the neighborhood of the armory there was a veritable crush. When the right of the column reached Sixty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue, the different commands wheeled into line and presented arms, while the Seventh marched past, and, entering the building, took formal possession. In the neighborhood flags waved from private residences and hotels, which were thronged with spectators.

In the armory and near the main entrance there was such a throng that it was some time before the escorting organizations could enter. Tables were spread the length of the large drill-room, and after a collation and inspection of the armory, amid numerous cheers, the escorting bodies marched away, the Sixty-ninth to take possession of the old armory over Tompkins Market. After the pressure to enter had subsided with the departure of the military, hundreds went in and out throughout the evening, inspecting what is said to be the finest armory in the world.

The armory, of handsome brick with stone facings, occupies the whole block between Fourth and Lexington Avenues and Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets. Since the fair, last Fall, much had been done, though the inside will not be entirely finished until next October. On the Fourth Avenue side is the administration building, three stories tall, 200 by 100 feet. It contains company rooms, field and staff and non-commissioned staff quarters, small squad drill-rooms, band and drum corps rooms, a gymnasium, the Veterans' room, Board of Officers' room, etc. The company rooms are in the second story. There is a kitchen in which rations for 1,000 men may be cooked. The main drill room is 300 by 200 feet, and the ceiling is nearly 100 feet high. The room is neatly decorated, and has galleries for spectators. In the basement are the rifle range, furnaces, and all the necessary interior appliances. The company rooms are being fitted up lavishly, at a cost ranging from $11,000 down to $7,000. Outside of $150,000 raised on bonds and about $25,000 from the city, the entire cost of the building (nearly $600,000) has been raised by subscription among the active and veteran members and residents. The New York public, which has always felt a just pride in the character and history of this regiment, may well felicitate its members upon their occupation of quarters creditable in every way to the city and the "noble Seventh."

THE CHINESE ARMY AND NAVY.

SEVERAL Russian newspapers, in view of the contingency of a war with China, give some particulars of the military and naval forces of that country. The chief portion of the Chinese Army consists of "the First Army Corps," composed of eight Manchou, eight Tartar, and eight Chinese corps, and the garrison of Pekin. The soldiers of "the First Army Corps" are seldom drilled, and are mostly armed with old swords, bows, spears, and other antiquated weapons. Being badly paid, they earn their living by working at all sorts of trades, and are of but little use as soldiers. Their total strength, exclusive of officers, is about 105,000 men. The garrison of Pekin, also badly armed, consists of 17,500 men. Besides these there are two corps 16,500 strong, which form the Emperor's bodyguard, and a division of infantry of 20,000 men, whose duty it is to keep order in the capital and its suburbs. There is also a third army, which during the present century has been almost exclusively employed in time of war.

This is the so-called "Green-banner Army," which is composed of eighteen army corps, in correspondence with the eighteen provinces of the Empire. Each army corps has five divisions, and each division five camps. A General commands each division, and the civil Governors are the Commanders-in-Chief of the troops stationed in their respective districts.

The strength of the "Green-banner Army" on paper is about 651,000 men, with 7,000 officers, but it is probable that not more than one-half of this force could be brought into the field. Barely 50,000 of them are armed with European weapons and drilled according to the principles of European tactics; the remainder still carry spears, matchlocks and short swords. Finally, there is a kind of irregular volunteer corps, which is called in when the regular army has proved incapable of suppressing an insurrection or putting down brigandage. This corps is even worse armed than the others, possesses but little training and is scarcely amenable to discipline. As for the Chinese Navy, its ships are for the most part badly constructed and insufficiently manned. There are a few European officers, but the majority of the naval officers are Chinese, who are very ignorant and inefficient. The fleet is divided into three groups, those of Canton, Fukien, and Kiang-su. The Canton division consists of twelve vessels, three of which are screw junks, two English gunboats and seven steamers, also purchased in England, and commanded by foreign officers. The ships of the Fukien fleet were built at the docks of Foochoo, under the direction of a French lieutenant of the navy in the Chinese service. These ships are provided with good engines, and are armed with French naval guns; among them are a corvette with thirteen guns, six gunboats, and eight transport ships. The Kiang-su division consists of two frigates, nine gunboats, and a few transports, badly built and manned.

It is said that the Chinese Government is now prepared to reorganize its army and navy, and some Chinese officers have been attached to a Prussian regiment with this object.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., TAKING FORMAL POSSESSION OF THE NEW ARMORY, APRIL 26TH.

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THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY.

THE new English Premier has been successful in calling to his aid men at once strong and well-known in public life. With a few exceptions, his Cabinet of 1880 is identical with that of 1874, as far as the members are concerned; there has simply been a rearrangement of the various portfolios. We gave so recently an eminently characterisic portrait of the Liberal Premier, that we now omit his familiar face, and present our readers with portraits of the leading men he has placed in the Ministry.



EARL OF KIMBERLEY, COLONIAL SECRETARY.

His Grace George Douglas Campbell, K. T., Duke of Argyll, Lord of the Privy Seal, was born at Ardencaple Castle, Dumbartonshire, in 1823, and succeeded to the dukedom in 1847. At an early age he entered Parliament, and has had large experience of public life. He was Lord Privy Seal under the Aberdeen and Palmerston ministries, Postmaster-General in 1860, and Secretary of State for India 1868-74. He became Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews in 1851, Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1854, was President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1855, and has been President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh since 1861. He has taken an active part in debate and committee work in the House of Lords, has written much on ecclesiastical subjects, and is the author of learned philosophical works on "The Reign of Law" (1866) and "Primeval Man" (1869). He is the father of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, and visited New York City last year.



EARL SPENCER, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT, CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

Lord Granville, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is one of the veterans in English public life. He had sat in the Commons ten years when he succeeded to the peerage in 1846, so that, although he is now in his sixty-sixth year, he has been in politics forty-four years. He served an early apprenticeship in diplomacy as attaché in Paris during his father's Embassy there, and was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs for a few months before the downfall of the Melbourne Government. His reputation as a courtier statesman may be traced to his official relations with the Royal Household, where he held the office of Master of the Buckhounds during the first two years of Lord John Russell's first administration. In 1848 he was transferred to the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade—an appointment ridiculed by John Bright at the time, but fully justified by subsequent service. The expulsion of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office in 1851 enabled Lord Granville for a few months to fill the post which he subsequently occupied during Mr. Gladstone's administration. In the administrations of Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell he was President of the Council, and occupied subordinate positions, accommodating himself to the political exigencies of his party chiefs. In 1859 he narrowly escaped being made Premier, when the Queen found it difficult to choose between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Under Mr. Gladstone's administration he was Colonial, and subsequently Foreign, Secretary, and the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords. Lord Granville's conduct in office and as the leader of the minority in the Upper House during the last six years has been characterized by self-possession, moderation, patience and good temper.



LORD NORTHBROOK, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



RT. HON. J. STANSFELD, PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.



HON. HUGH CHILDERS, SECRETARY FOR WAR.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, LORD OF THE PRIVY SEAL.

Right Honorable Spencer Compton Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington, M. P. for Northeast Lancashire, and leader of the House of Commons, Secretary of State for India, is the heir-apparent to the great whig dukedom of Devonshire, to which he will probably soon succeed, his father being now in his seventies. He is a cousin of Earl Granville, and on the mother's side is descended from the Howards, Earls of Carlisle. Born July 23d, 1833, he graduated at



EARL GRANVILLE, SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, SECRETARY FOR INDIA.



HON. WM. E. FORSTER, SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.—LEADING MEMBERS OF THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY.

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Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1854, and accompanied his cousin Granville on his special mission to St. Petersburg to attend the coronation of Alexander II., in 1856. Entering Parliament for North Lancashire in 1857, he moved in 1859 the vote of no confidence which overthrew the Derby Ministry in 1859. He became a Lord of the Admiralty and Under Secretary for War in 1863, and was Secretary of War four months in 1866. He lost his seat in the elections of December, 1868, but was immediately elected for the Radnor boroughs, was Postmaster-General 1868-71, and Chief Secretary for Ireland 1871-74. On the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the Liberal leadership in 1875 the cousins Granville and Hartington divided the succession, the first in the Lords, the second in the Commons. His leadership of the House of Commons has been marked by wisdom and moderation, and his conduct during the late elections has greatly strengthened him in popular estimation.

(Continued on page 179.)

What Emigrants are Bringing to this Country.

THE average amount of cash brought by emigrants during the present year, Superintendent Jackson estimates, is at least $60 per head, and, taking the total of 400,000 emigrants this year, it will thus be seen that here is at once an addition of about $25,000,000 to the ready cash of this country. This $25,000,000 of ready hard cash brought into the country is, of course, but a very small proportion of the actual and immediate addition of our production and wealth which the present flood-tide of emigration supplies, for Mr. Jackson estimates that nearly one half of the total, or about 200,000 of the emigrants this year, will be male adults, who will sustain themselves by their own labor, and directly add to the production of the country. The statistics of the Custom House for the year ending June 30th, 1879, show a total of 177,000 emigrants who arrived during that period, and 111,000 of these, or about two thirds, were males, while only 65,000 were females. Again, out of the 111,000 males, only a very small proportion—17,000—were under the age of fifteen, while of the females only 16,000 were under that age; but not only was the proportion of those who were of too tender an age to make themselves useful to the labor and production of their new Fatherland very small, but also the number of those too feeble and aged to work was infinitesimal. Out of these 111,000 males, only 13,000 were over forty years of age, so that it is clearly shown, as ex-Governor Tilden has so ably pointed out, that emigrants come at a time of life when their labor is likely to be the most useful and the most highly productive. Railroads are at first the greatest beneficiaries of the present emigration, for about sixty per cent. of the emigrants arriving here leave at once for the Western States, and Mr. Jackson estimates that out of the average $60 cash they each bring over, probably $30 of it goes for railroad passage. This money, though immediately spent, still remains in the country, and is not, therefore, to be regarded as lost.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

THE June number of FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE will contain, among other important articles, an interesting paper on "The Gospel in Africa," by the Rev. Daniel Edwards; an article on "Moses," being a continuation of the series of Old Testament Portraits; "Drachenfels, a Legend of the Rhine," a poem by Alfreton Hervey; "The Little Maid of Syria," being No. 5 of the Children of the Bible; an appreciative and well-written paper on "Ignatius Loyola," the celebrated founder of the Jesuit Order, by Principal Tulloch, and a companion sketch of "Francesco de Paula Rued, a Spanish Protestant"; an article on "Ahasuerus," by Herbert Lee, in the series of Gentile Rulers mentioned in Scripture; a sketch of "Philip Melancthon and his Influence in the Reformation"; a short paper on the "Channing Centenary," by Alfred H. Guernsey; besides the usual amount of poetry, fiction and the editorial departments.

FUN.

A NEW YORK man who was troubled with insomnia took a situation as night watchman, and was asleep half an hour after he went on duty the first time.

A NEGRO, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said: "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color of de black folks?"

IT is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this has proved to be a mistake. As an old Philadelphian lifted his hat to a young lady the wind carried away his wig.

"YES, yer riverence, all thim names he called me, an', sis I, 'I wouldn't demane meself to lose me timper wid such a low blackguard,' so I just knocked him over wid a stick and come away."

AN Illinois youth, husking corn in a field near the railroad, saw a new locomotive, with a red smokestack. He became frightened, and ran to the house crying: "That 'ere engine is going to bust, sure; it's red hot clean to the top of the stove-pipe."

HUSBAND OF PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY: "Another casualty! More poor widows and orphans!" *Professional Beauty*: "How awful! And of course there'll be another fancy fair, and I shall have a stall, and wear my new 'confection' from Madame Labinsky's. Poor creatures!"

ADJUTANT (referring to young militia officer attached for instruction): "Sergeant, Mr. Skipling doesn't seem to be getting on fast enough." *Sergeant Drill Instructor*: "It's not my fault, sir, whatever! You cannot expect it when his eyes is constantly a-riveted on all the young ladies as passes!"

A STORY is told of General Butler's sarcastic retort upon a Massachusetts judge, whom he was teasing for a ruling favorable to a cause he was defending in court. The judge got out of patience at last, and somewhat testily exclaimed: "Mr. Butler, what do you think I sit here for?" The General quietly shrugged his shoulders and replied: "The Court has got me now."

NEAR Cape Town a polyglot innkeeper has suspended over his door a gayly-painted sign, bearing the following quaint inscription: "Multum in parvo, pro bono publico—Entertainment for man and beast, all of a row. Lecker Kost, as much as you please; excellent beds without any fleas. Nos patriam fugimus—now we are here; Vivamus, let us live by selling good beer. On donne à boire et a manger ici; Come in and try it, whoever you be!"

ONE very hot day a case was being tried in a court of law in one of the Western States. The council for the plaintiff had been speaking at great length, and, after referring to numerous authorities, was about to produce another imposing volume, when the judge inquired what was the amount in dispute. On being informed that it was two dollars, "Well," said he, "the weather is very hot, I am very old, and also feeble—I'll pay the amount myself."

A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.—*The Dean*: "Mr. Snipe, I want you to make my son a hunting-suit; just what you used to make for me, you know." *Clerical Tailor*: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean. May I inquire if the young gentleman is in holy orders?" *The Dean*: "No." *Clerical Tailor*: "Ah! to be ordained shortly, I suppose?" *The Dean*: "No, no; he's not thinking of anything of the kind." *Clerical Tailor*: "Then, I'm sorry to say I must decline the order, Mr. Dean."

NOT A DRUG.

THE public have suffered long enough from drug poisoning, and have become afraid of pill and potion. "COMPOUND OXYGEN" is not a drug, and does not cure by the substitution of one disease for another, as when drugs are taken, *but by an orderly process of reestablishment*. See what has been said before in this paper, and send for our Treatise giving full information. It will be mailed free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

"WHY do you keep all the caramels yourself, Johnny?" asked a West Philadelphia mother of her son; "why not give Lucy half of them?" "Oh, because," said Johnny. "Because what?" "Just because I'm a monopolist. Didn't you say the other day that if papa hadn't been a monopolist he couldn't a succeeded so well?"

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[*From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.*]

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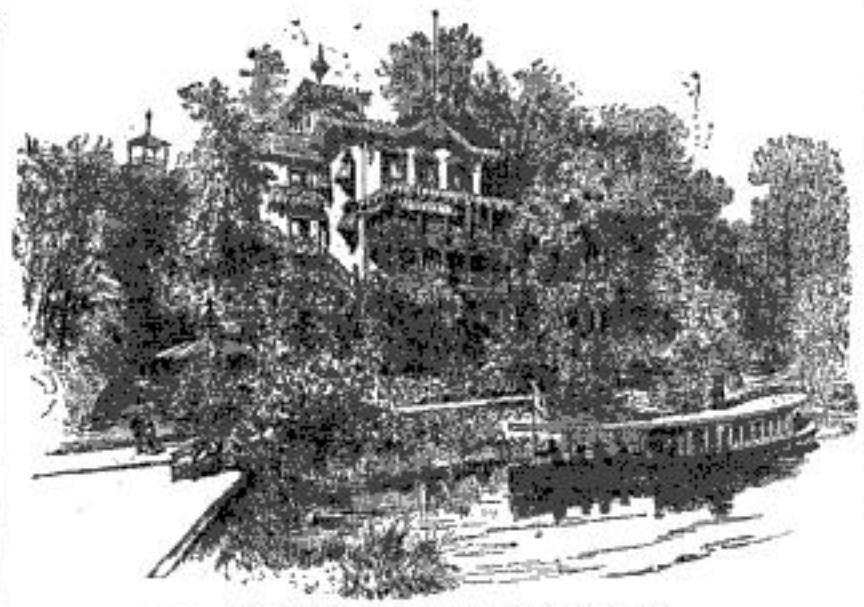
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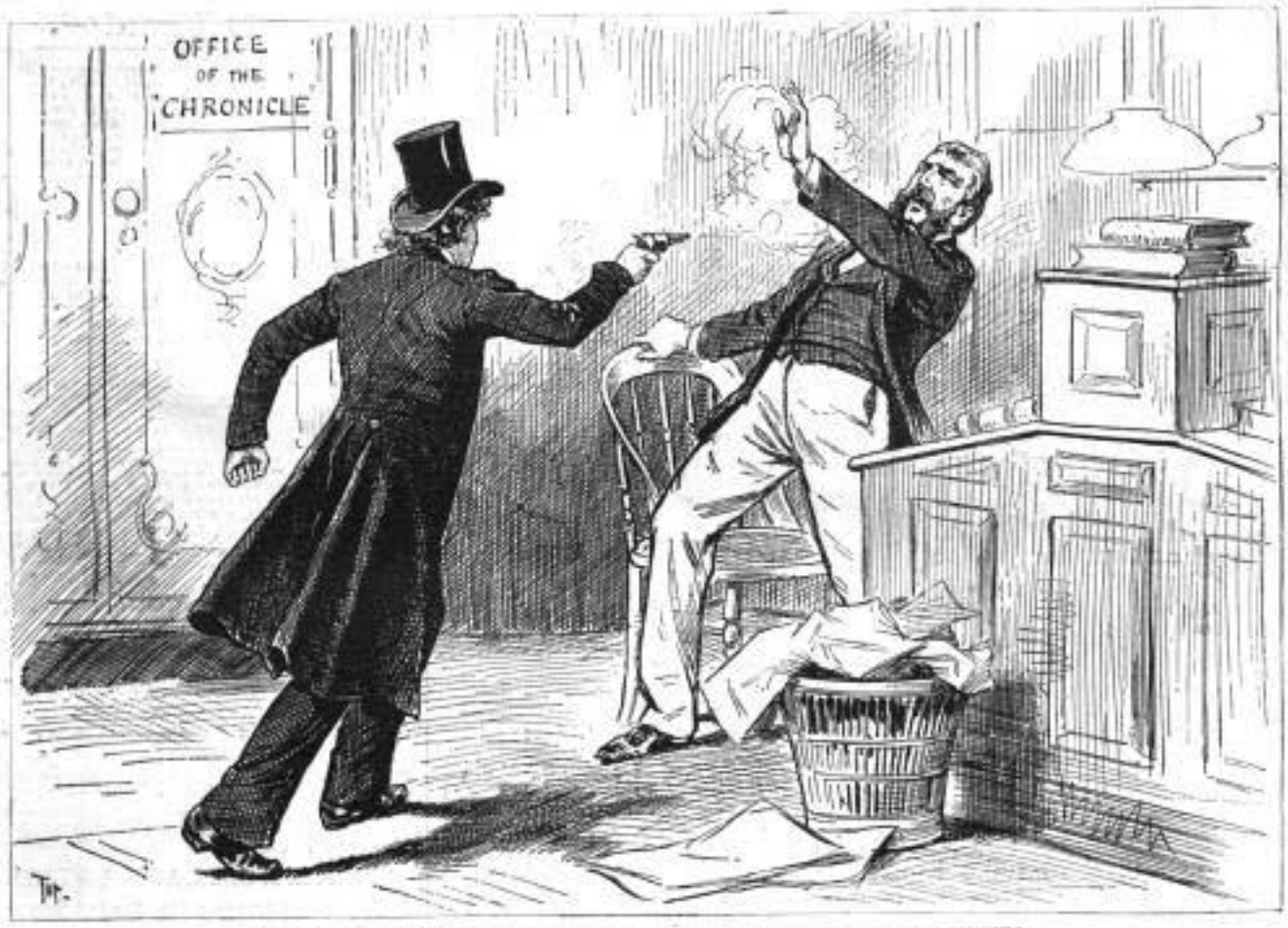
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No. 1,286.—VOL. L. NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1880. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, $1.00.



NO. 6.—MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U. S. A.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—SEE PAGE 191.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1880.

NOTICE.

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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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A NEW SERIAL.

IN No. 1,287 of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we shall commence the publication of a powerful serial story, entitled, "The Schaffuskie Lands," written expressly for our columns by the author of "In the Meshes." The scene of the story is laid in Russia, and is crowded with pictures of Russian life and vivid descriptions, also, of the terrors of Siberia. The story is in every respect one of the most effective and striking we have ever published, and will, we are sure, command the admiration of the most critical readers.

THE NEW VETO.

THE Deficiency Bill making appropriations, among other objects, for the salaries of United States Marshals and their deputies employed in the enforcement of the Federal election laws, has encountered a veto at the hands of President Hayes. It will be remembered that the Bill contained a proviso (originally draughted by Mr. Garfield), according to which the appointment of such deputies is vested in the Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the district in which such marshals are to perform their duties, or in the District Judge when the Circuit Judge is absent. It is further provided that the deputy election marshals shall be appointed in equal numbers from the different political parties, and shall be persons of good moral character, besides being well-known residents of the voting precinct in which they are to act.

The President bases his avowed objection to the Bill simply and solely on the ground that it is loaded with this "rider." He does not enter into any criticism of the proviso in point of its contents, but protests against its place in an Appropriation Bill, and repeats, in almost identical terms, the objections which he formulated against "riders" in his veto message of April 29th, 1879. He then called attention to the fact that the practice of tacking to Appropriation Bills measures not pertinent to them did not prevail until more than forty years after the adoption of the Constitution, that the enlightened public opinion of the country was opposed to the practice, that the Constitutions of more than half of the States contained a prohibition against it in matters of State legislation, and that the whole theory and policy of such legislation tended to hamper the Executive in the discharge of his constitutional functions as an integral part of the legislative power when giving effect to new legislation. In his present veto message the President does but repeat the substance of those statements as a sufficient reason for withholding his signature from the Deficiency Bill which contains this proviso modifying the Federal election laws.

In the general justice of these representations we entirely concur; and when the President's veto message of April 29th, 1879, was addressed to an *Army* Appropriation Bill containing a "rider" designed to nullify the Federal election laws without undertaking to repeal them, it seemed to us that his exceptions were well taken on both particular and general grounds. And we still admit the force of these objections, while not seeing that they lie quite so conclusively against a proviso which, whatever may be its incongruity in point of form and place, does not seem objectionable in point of legislative force and effect, being, in fact, designed to correct admitted evils and abuses in the present administration of the Federal election laws.

In commenting on the policy of the Bill at the time of its passage we referred to the objection which might be brought against it on the score of this alleged "rider," and intimated the opinion that such an objection was scarcely tenable in view of the fact that a "rider in the true acceptation of that term is always something straddled upon an Appropriation Bill *because it has not merit enough of its own to procure for it the honor of an independent passage.*" It then seemed to us that an amendment drawn by a distinguished Republican leader in the House of Representatives, and accepted as a "compromise" by the more moderate of the Democrats, had the appearance of being something better than a "rider" in the objectionable sense of that term, though even then we expressed a wish that the Democratic majority, instead of aiming a blow at the most flagrant defects of the present Federal election laws, "had addressed themselves to the task of digesting a well-considered measure under this head, in the shape of a separate Bill designed to correct *all* the 'oppression' and 'partiality' of the existing statutes."

Now that the President has set his face like a flint against the modification of these statutes by any provisoes, which have the form of "riders" because they are attached to Appropriation Bills, it is to be hoped that there is enough of statesmanship in the Democratic majority of both Houses to mature such a well-considered measure as we have indicated. As President Hayes has, on several occasions, avowed his willingness to co-operate with the majority of Congress in correcting "any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the existing laws" under this head, and as it is a matter of notoriety that "the existing laws," in the hands of Republican marshals and their deputies, have been grossly abused to the "oppression" of voters, and are always liable to the charge of "partisan partiality" in their present administration, it is at once the dictate of political prudence and of constitutional duty that the Democratic majority should meet the President on the high public ground to which he summons them. This can be done only by digesting a Bill designed to correct the inequality and injustice of the present statutes. Such a Bill, when sent to the President, will test the sincerity of his public professions, and the debate had on its passage would enable the people to weigh the real motives of the Republican opposition in the balances of public scrutiny. The present laws, under the guise of protecting the purity of Federal elections, place a large corruption fund and a body of political "strikers" at the command of the Republican Party for the purpose of "carrying elections." The deputy marshals are elected with the power of making arbitrary arrests not only on voting-days but during the whole period of registration, and the appointees, being selected by a partisan official, and responsible to him alone for the administration of their high trust, have often been men of depraved character and infamous antecedents. We have before us the records of an official inquiry into the character and conduct of some of these deputy marshals at the election of 1876, in which "convicted thieves," "habitual drunkards" and professional "repeaters" figure as custodians of the purity of our Federal elections. It is high time that a law subject to such maladministration should be amended, but it should be amended by the regular processes of direct legislation, and not by the piecemeal and patchwork methods of parties "manœuvring for a position" in the small strategy of political warfare. Let the whole question be advanced at once to a field in which the larger strategy of a comprehensive statesmanship shall set clearly before the people which of the two great parties is the more honest in its professed desire to secure a free and fair election in the coming contest. The attitude of the President and of his supporters in Congress does not call for idle vaporing or for fluent and angry inculpation of motives. It calls for firm and decided action in the open and manly paths of legislative procedure, and if such action shall encounter the banded opposition of the Republican minority in Congress, the Democrats will have succeeded in procuring for themselves the best of all possible "political cries" by the simple expedient of doing their plain constitutional duty in the premises. In the game of politics, as in the game of war, according to the dictum of the Duke of Wellington, that party succeeds which commits the fewest blunders of its own, and knows how best to profit by the blunders of its adversary.

A BRIGHT AND DARK SIDE.

OUR financial situation has both its bright and dark side, and this we shall endeavor to make apparent. The Treasury statement for April is pleasant reading because of the announcement that the net public debt has been reduced to the extent of $12,078,070. This, taken by itself, is inspiriting, and gives a hopeful hue to the national prospects. With the exception of March, there has been no monthly reduction to equal it since April, 1872. True, a cancellation of Alabama bonds in February, 1877, showed a reduction of $14,107,016, but as those bonds, principal and interest, amounted to $9,550,000, the real debt reduction was only $4,557,016. The reduction during the past two months has been $26,797,467, and with the exception of February and March, 1872, no two consecutive months has shown a like reduction since the Summer of 1870. Although the present rapid debt reduction is largely due to an increasing volume of imports, yet it must not be supposed that the imports begin to equal those of 1872. This may appear strange to many, but the reduction, in fact, owes somewhat to the previous payment of bonds, the successful refunding operations of the country, and a diminution of the monthly interest charge. In March, 1872, this charge was $9,015,000. Now it is only $6,747,171. The difference is $2,357,828, and this difference saved counts $2,357,828 in favor of reduction. The revenue for the month of April was as follows:

From Customs	$17,566,540
From Internal Revenue	10,747,748
Total	$28,314,288

For the corresponding month of last year the receipts from customs were $11,940,052, and from internal revenue $7,846,513, the aggregate being more than eight and one half millions less than now. The figures show a gain in customs equal to forty-seven per cent., and thirty-seven per cent. in internal revenue. This exhibit is quite satisfactory and represents the bright side of the matter.

With all its seeming brightness, the account has its dark side. The available cash in the Treasury, as it appears, only increased to the extent of $64,000 during the past month, while the gold reserve decreased $5,227,111. At the same time the amount of silver dollars increased in the sum of $1,631,331—the coinage having been $2,300,000—and fractional silver to the amount of $777,867. According to this showing, the Treasury continues to coin nearly four times as many silver dollars as it can, by any device, put into circulation, and only succeeded in getting rid of about $668,669 at the expense of taking into its own vaults a larger sum in fractional coins. This is in nowise encouraging. In fact, there is quite enough in the dark side of the account to excite apprehension as to the final ability of the Government to meet its obligations in gold coin. Within the past four months the gold reserve has been reduced about $19,000,000. Should Congress adjourn without considering this matter, before the next session the reserve will be cut down to less than $100,000,000. In the meantime the silver in the Treasury, now amounting to $68,186,677, will be greatly enlarged by new coinage, which, at the present rate, will run the amount up to at least $86,000,000 by the close of the present calendar year. In these several facts we have the dark side of the account, and it cannot be held to be reassuring.

Let the Treasury be depleted of gold and loaded with silver, and all that has been done towards putting the country on its business legs, all that has been done towards placing the currency and the credit of the Government on a firmer basis, will have been undone. Exports remain stationary while imports are on the increase. A little prosperity seems to have turned the American head, and the old shadow of extravagance appears to be returning. With the changing state of the Treasury, and the former order of things as to an adverse balance of trade restored, the country can only look forward to new financial perils and another era of business depression, attended with the usual bankruptcy and suffering. As yet we are only sailing in the outer circles of the vortex. If the present tendency be allowed to drift on unchecked, it will be found that the circles will grow less, and that each contraction hastens the approach to ruin. It behooves both Congress and people to look at the dark side as well as the bright one, and to act promptly and with wise precaution.

LIBEL AND THE LAW.

IT is not surprising that with the immense increase of newspapers and other publications, and the present facilities for distribution, malicious libels should also have increased, but it is at least discreditable to the spirit and intelligence of the age that no adequate steps have been taken either for the suppression or the punishment of the evil. Indeed, although the law offers its promise of redress to those who have suffered in this respect, yet it is only in rare cases that any punishment is meted out for the offense, while he who seeks pecuniary compensation for an injury to his character is generally laughed at for his pains. Hence it is not unnatural that parties smarting under an injury of this character, incensed beyond control and feeling that the law will afford them no satisfaction, frequently take the law into their own hands, and practically attempt to avenge one crime by the perpetration of a greater one. This weakness of human nature is recognized to a certain extent by the law, since one of the reasons given by the old English judges why a libel is of a higher degree of criminality than mere slander is that the former naturally incites to a breach of the peace. And how the matter is regarded by juries may be ascertained by the acquittal of Landis, of Vineland, even at the hands of a New Jersey jury, after killing the editor who had made some reflections on his domestic relations.

The recent Kalloch and De Young vendetta, with its present horrible and fatal results, and the end of which, perhaps, has not yet been reached, affords a proper text for a few remarks on the general subject referred to. Without attempting to excuse or even to palliate the conduct of any of the actors in that terrible drama, may we not reasonably inquire whether it is probable that they would have resorted to acts of violence if the law had afforded them a sure, speedy and adequate remedy for their supposed wrongs? And here it is safe to say that, in this State at least, the punishment for the most malicious, unfounded and damaging libel is absolutely insignificant. The pickpocket who filches a trifling amount from your person is branded as a felon, and is consigned to hard labor in State Prison for a number of years at the discretion of the Judge. The trite quotation of Shakespeare, "Who steals my purse steals trash, etc.," is on every one's lip and is cited with universal approval, and yet the man who deliberately, maliciously and falsely composes, and secretly disseminates, beyond the power of recall, a libel which causes you to lose the esteem of your fellow-men, which may blast your life and even follow your memory beyond the grave, is guilty only of a misdemeanor, and the utmost punishment he can be made to suffer, and which is rarely inflicted, is imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding one year, and a fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars.

Now this is manifestly wrong. There should be vested either in the court or jury a wide discretion both as to the nature and extent of the punishment dependent upon the facts and circumstances surrounding each particular case. The publisher of a great newspaper, with a number of subordinates upon whose judgment and fidelity he relies, and who is guilty, if at all, of negligence, and not of malice, should be credited with all such matters of extenuation; while he who with malice and deliberation attempts to injure character by the circulation of unfounded and unjustifiable accusations should be made to suffer proportionately, and certainly should not fare better than the petty thief who steals from necessity.

The method adopted for the circulation of a libel should also have great weight in determining the extent of punishment. And here it may be remarked that the vilest form of attack, and which should be most severely punished, is that of an anonymous pamphlet. A moment's reflection will prove this. A newspaper, especially a daily, has generally the same readers. If an article appears on one day injurious to personal character, it is within the power of the publisher to atone for the offense by repeated publication of explanation or apology. The newspaper is rarely preserved in permanent form except in great libraries, and its contents are soon forgotten except in special cases. In the case of the anonymous pamphlet it is in a form most likely to be preserved and to pass from one hand to another than a newspaper. As it is distributed secretly, no one but the libeler himself can tell to whom it was at first sent, and it would be almost an impossibility to reach all its readers with a contradiction or retraction. Its anonymous character, too, greatly aggravates the offense, not only from the difficulty and expense attending detection, and the meanness of the mode of attack, but also for the reason that it is likely to make innocent persons the objects of suspicion or resentment of the injured party while the author remains concealed.

Much more could be said in confirmation of these views, and we may recur to the subject hereafter. For the present it will suffice if the attention of the public is directed to what we believe to be a much needed reform.

THE BARON OF TONSORIA.

THE question, "Is a baron necessarily any more worthy than a barber in this free country?" is one which is just now agitating New York society quite profoundly. And accompanying it is the collateral question, "If a baron is superior to a barber, how is an innocent American to know which is the baron and which is the barber?"

These conundrums have been suddenly inflicted upon the society of the metropolis by the death, from pneumonia, of a person who was widely known as Doctor Hector Carlos, the Baron de Maincy. He chiefly preferred the society of artists and literary people, musicians, journalists and professional men and fashionable women, and is reputed to have made over a hundred calls at the residences of such last New Year's Day. That he could live in New York for fifteen years as the Baron de Maincy, not tolerated but petted and made much of by what may properly call itself good society; that he could attend hundreds of receptions a year as an illustrious bachelor from France and have his name in the society papers every week; that he could borrow thousands and probably tens of thousands of dollars from fashionable and respectable ladies, and that, finally, after his death, it should be discovered that he was not Baron de Maincy, "head of the great Bourbon family"—not any baron at all, not a titled person, not a Frenchman, not even a bachelor, alas!—but only a German barber, with

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three wives! This is astounding, and this is the whole of the curious revelation that is making a very reputable segment of metropolitan society blush scarlet. The proof was found in his trunk; and it would certainly have been better for the peace of mind of the acquaintances of the ambitious hair-dresser if that trunk had been committed to the flames, with its queer contents, without exposure. But in that case a grave duty to the public would have been left unperformed; the French wife of the barber would never have been able to prove that her husband, Horace Carlos d'Arget de Fouget, as he called himself to her, who ran away six weeks after marriage, carrying the whole of her little fortune, $10,000, was really dead; the little German wife would never have known of the death of her faithless lord, Carl Haase, and so could not have inherited the property that has been left her; and well-to-do married ladies of New York would have gone on giving to distressed noblemen their husbands' money, while unmarried ladies would have gone on accepting the flattering homage of pretenders, and inviting them to their houses, and thinking them "so *distingué*." No; it is well that the lion's pelt has been taken off and hung up to dry.

Probably Carl Haase was a skillful and faithful barber before the bee of nobility got in his bonnet; and the question should recur to his late victims, who now probably mourn for him for one reason or another, whether a good barber is not better than any sort of a baron who will borrow money from ladies. This, by-the-way, is a good place to draw the line. It is really not of much consequence to others whether a man be actually a baron or a barber, or both; but if there are Mrs. Leo Hunters in society who think it important to have a test, it will be financially safe to assume that any man is a nobleman if he is able and willing to lend money to you, and that a pretended nobleman is a fraud if he wants to borrow money of you. For this is a country where honest manual labor is rewarded; and a nobleman, if he be really noble, will go to building fences, felling trees, or working on a railroad, before he will ask a loan of money from newly-made acquaintances. A nobleman may actually be in distress, but there is no excuse for his being, in this country, a beggar—well fed and well clad, living on money that he has "borrowed." A baron who "has seen better days" is not a pleasant sight; and he is a very suspicious character if he seeks for a precarious livelihood as a professional nobleman, when clearly he ought to hide his rank even from his best friends and go before the world as an industrious citizen to take his chances with the rest. A baron who lives upon his friends, on his elegant manners and *distingué* air, and distributes his baronial card on New Year's Day bearing his coronet with the lion couchant and the intrepid motto of "the family," would seem to be too transparent an impostor to gull any intelligent people. The rule is, Never believe in a foreign nobleman in America unless he obviously have a fortune, for, if he be impecunious, he will hide his rank and take honest care that it be not discovered. There are some such in this country, and they are respected, not for the factitious and unimportant title that is buried in oblivion, but for the true nobility within them that causes them to fall back on the domain their right hand can win.

"You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!"

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THERE has been a lull in European affairs after the excitement caused by the English elections, and the only important political event has been the defeat of the Cairoli Ministry in Italy and the subsequent dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. Cairoli in Italy is now the leader of the Left, and owing to a coalition between the Right and certain portions of the Left the Ministry was defeated. The King, however, refused the resignation which Signor Cairoli tendered and immediately after issued a decree dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. The election is to take place upon the 16th instant, and the Chamber will meet upon the 28th.

It is probable that the Liberal majority, which was unwieldy from its very strength, will be reduced, but the chances of defeat are infinitesimal. Still the ecclesiastical party is very powerful in Italy, and it is understood that the present Pope will not pursue the policy of his predecessor in advising his party neither to vote nor to run as candidates. In a speech which Signor Cairoli recently made in the Chamber of Deputies, he explained at considerable length the foreign policy of Italy. He said that her relations with all foreign powers were excellent; that the greater number of the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin had been carried into effect; that Italy had assented to the British proposal for an International Commission to settle the confines of Turkey and Greece, and he assured his hearers that the Government would forbid and punish any act that might compromise Italy's international relations.

The distribution of food, clothes and seed potatoes still goes on among the Irish sufferers from their so-called famine, but there is a growing dissatisfaction both there and in England at the shiftless manner in which the Irish live. Some writers have lately gone as far as to suggest that the magnificent help given by America and England has been lavished upon a lot of people too lazy to work, but not too proud to beg. The Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the late Lord Lieutenant, whom it is customary to abuse in the Emerald Isle as a purse-proud Saxon, collected in England the munificient sum of $560,000, a large part of which has not yet been expended. Yet there does not seem to be the slightest gratitude, and the elections that have just taken place have returned the men of promises and not the men of deeds. One thing is really remarkable in the composition of the contingent members of Parliament from Ireland, and that is the great number of journalists who have succeeded in obtaining seats. As a witty Englishman lately remarked, "The Irish Distress Fund has been such a success that it is contemplated to make it an annual affair. One beneficial result is already evident to any tourist or visitor—you can have a game of cards with the parish priest for ready money."

The famous Bagot will case has just been privately arranged. It will be remembered that a wealthy Irishman, Mr. Neville Bagot, amassed a large fortune in Australia, and, having returned to England, married a young lady of very high family. The evidence that was given at the trial after his death exposed a most extraordinary manner of life among the British aristocracy, and was much commented on at the time. Mr. Bagot denied that the child which his wife bore was his, and he left all his property to his brother. A lawsuit ensued, but the decision was appealed from, and the case has now been compromised by an agreement stipulating that the child shall receive $125,000 on coming of age, that Mrs. Bagot shall have $40,000 in addition to her jointure of $5,000 a year, that the brother shall take the estates, worth about $30,000 a year and the personal property, and that the enormous costs shall be paid out of the estates.

The English Conservative Ministry, before going out of power, presented themselves with all sorts of honors. It is, of course, all nonsense to think that the Queen has any personal desire to decorate an outgoing Ministry, and the honors that have been appropriated by them are very amusing. Mr. Disraeli, not content with making himself an Earl, conferred the Order of the Garter upon both himself and Lord Salisbury, when they came bringing "peace with honor" from Berlin. And now he has made two Earls, a Baron, and given away a host of orders and baronetcies. It is well for the English people that these honors do not entail any expense to the nation at large, and that the Ministry did not think of pensioning each other.

The part played by the Clerical Party in the English elections is a decidedly curious one. The High Church Party was, to a certain extent, alienated from the Conservatives on account of the Public Worship Act, but it is now asserted that a great part of the Liberal triumph is due to the canvassing of the parsons. They say that the Conservatives put law above the Church, and that the Anglican Church is the Church of no party. As Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Church in Ireland, almost certainly will do so in Scotland, and probably will do so in England, their action is at least curious. One clergyman who is very well known has, for some reason or other, resigned his emoluments. This is Mr. Duckworth, who was formerly tutor to Prince Leopold, and to whom the Princess Louise, the present Marchioness of Lorne, used to write love-letters. Mr. Duckworth was a good-looking, black-whiskered young graduate, but he had a sensible head on his shoulders, and he handed the amatory epistles to the royal mother of his pupil. Shortly afterwards he was given an important parish in London, and, when the illustrious Kinsley died, he succeeded to the vacant canonry at Westminster. Rumor is, of course, making very free with his name, and suggesting all sorts of scandalous reasons, but nothing is known positively as yet why he should resign a living of $5,000 a year.

Richard Wagner's music—the music of the future—has always been sneered at in Italy, but now it is proposed to play "Lohengrin" at Rome. An Italian deputation was sent to Wagner asking him to conduct the first performance, but he has sturdily refused. His wife, Madame Cosima Wagner, who is remarkable for the want of a sweet temper, met the Italians, refused to allow them to even see her husband, and told them that they might have played it any time these thirty years, and that it was now too late for Herr Wagner either to conduct it or to be present at the performance in the Holy City. Wagner is, however, to lead the orchestra at the performance of "Tristan and Iseult," at Leipsic.

The only new operas to be given at Covent Garden this year are Hérold's "Pré aux Clercs," with Madame Albani, and the "Bluets," with Adelina Patti, who is still in Paris.

One of the principal events of social life in Paris this year is the marriage of Baron Frank Sellière with Mlle. Diane Gallifet. The bridegroom is one of the millionaire Parisian bankers, and brother of the famous Princesse de Sagan, whose house is the headquarters of the Prince of Wales when he is in Paris. Mlle. de Gallifet is daughter of the famous General de Gallifet, of Third Empire fame, and of Madame de Gallifet; the daughter of Charles Laffite. To Americans the marriage is one of special interest, for the nephew of the bridegroom is engaged to a young lady well known in New York society, while the bridegroom himself paid us a visit in his yacht during the Centenial Exhibition; and Miss Slidell, daughter of the Slidell of the *Trent* notoriety, is married to Baron Erlanger, the divorced husband of Madame de Gallifet's sister. The bride is only eighteen years old, has been well educated in a convent, is pretty, but rather stout, and is exceedingly good-humored. The Prince of Wales is one of the witnesses to the wedding contract, and all Paris is excited at this important social event.

THE big Brooklyn Bridge has already cost $11,557,087, and $1,250,000 has just been called for, to be used in the completion of the structure. Taxpayers will rejoice that the limit of expenditure is about reached.

IT is now believed that Congress will not be able to adjourn on the first of June, as some of the members have proposed. A great deal of important business remains to be considered; but partisan discussions absorb so large a part of the daily sessions that measures of real public importance fail to receive the careful attention they deserve. The session is quite as likely to continue until the middle of June as to terminate on the first of the month.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has very wisely vetoed the Bill providing for the taxation of foreign capital employed in this State. While desiring to co-operate with the Legislature in maturing any measure which will insure a more equitable distribution of the burden of taxation, he objects to the present Bill on the ground that it would fail to produce any material revenue, and would tend to drive from the State a large amount of capital which in times of financial stress is sent here for temporary use.

THE city of Memphis, in Tennessee, profiting by the terrible yellow fever experiences of the past two years, is adopting thorough sanitary precautions, in the hope of averting future epidemics. During the past few months, nearly fifteen miles of new sewers have been laid in the business and thickly-settled portion of the city, and it is intended to extend the system until the entire city area is supplied with the facilities heretofore lacking. There can be no doubt that the liability to disease and contagion will be greatly diminished by this introduction of an adequate sewerage system.

MR. WASHBURNE has again announced that the various movements looking to his nomination for the Presidency are without his approval, and that under no circumstances will he be a candidate. His "desire is that every true friend of his shall support General Grant, and he expresses himself as entirely out of patience with the men who are parading his name against his will." On the other hand, it is charged that, while making this declaration publicly, he has been secretly at work to secure the nomination. Such a course would be altogether inconsistent with his record for honesty and candor, and for the present we must doubt the truth of this damaging charge.

AN illustration of the disturbed condition of Russia is afforded by the fact, stated in the recent returns of the provincial authorities, that the prisons of Russia, constructed to hold 46,000 inmates, at present contain 63,000 individuals of both sexes. The *Examiner* calls attention to the fact that concurrently with the growth of Nihilism has been an alarming development of crime, which, in certain districts, has assumed proportions needing the constant employment of the military. In South Russia, where a few years ago the traveler could journey for days along the most unfrequented roads without any fear of attack, bands of masked men, armed with breech-loaders and revolvers, scour the country and strike terror into the hearts of the population.

WHILE the members of the new British Cabinet carefully refrain from indicating the probable policy of the Government as to foreign matters, there are intimations from unofficial sources which quite likely reflect the views of the prominent ministerial minds. Thus Lord Derby, in a recent interview, while declaring that all treaties must be carried out, adds that England cannot afford to enter into any alliances that would impair her independence. As to Austria, he thinks that any close understanding would be altogether unwise. As to Turkey, he is of the opinion that "she cannot be saved. The sooner her end comes the better for the world. Cyprus must remain under English protection. If Turkey will not fulfill her duties in Asia Minor, England will leave her to herself." This is just what England should have done years ago, and if it shall be done now, the "sick man" will very speedily cease to trouble European politics.

THE formidable character of the Republican opposition to the renomination of General Grant for President is shown by the election, from all the Assembly districts of this city, of delegations to the Chicago Convention, with instructions to do everything in their power to defeat the third-term project. Among the delegates are some of the most prominent Republicans of New York, the list including Thurlow Weed, Frederick W. Seward, General Francis C. Barlow, Sheridan Shook, Freeman J. Fithian, Felix Adler, A. Dittenhoffer and Benj. F. Manierre. These gentlemen will speak at Chicago for tens of thousands of Republicans who, in the event of General Grant's nomination, will be compelled, conscientiously, either to refrain from all participation in the canvass, or to oppose the party with which they have been identified. It is simply amazing that, in the face of this attitude of a large element of the party, the managers still persist in their effort to force upon it a nomination and policy which must provoke certain defeat.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Ways and Means Committee of the House is engaged on a Bill to revise the tariff laws.

THE commemoration of "Decoration Day" in this city will be marked by more than ordinary spirit and display

THE New York Assembly has passed the constitutional amendment providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature.

THE Board of Supervisors of San Francisco has authorized the Finance Committee to institute judicial proceedings against Mayor Kalloch.

FRESH Indian raids in New Mexico are reported. Several settlers have been killed. Troops have been sent in pursuit of the marauders.

A FIRE among the oil wells of the Bradford (Pa.) district last week, destroyed the village of "New City" and 800 wells, involving a heavy loss.

GENERAL GRANT last week visited Springfield, Ill., where he had a formal reception, and made a speech expressing his wish for the cessation of sectional strife.

A BILL to amend the New York City charter so as to deprive Mayor Cooper, for partisan ends, of certain powers to which he is entitled, has been introduced in the State Legislature.

THE House Committee on Indian Affairs has agreed upon a Bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, but it is not believed that any action will be reached on it at this session.

IN the Senate, Mr. Bayard has offered a Bill containing, with some modifications, the provisions of the vetoed Deficiency Bill in regard to the manner of appointing marshals' deputies, but making no appropriation.

IN the New York Senate, May 7th, Messrs. Woodin, Sessions and Birdsall declared that they would not, as delegates to Chicago, be bound by the unit rule. Senator Robertson, who is also a delegate, declares that he will vote for Blaine.

A VERDICT censuring the owners of the Madison Square Garden and the Building Department, and recommending the demolition of the building, was rendered last week by the coroner's jury charged with the investigation of the recent disaster at the Garden.

THE Department of State has received official information that the Ottoman Government has abolished several of its missions abroad, including those to Washington, Brussels, Stockholm, and The Hague; their abolition is for economical reasons.

SIX of Brigham Young's daughters have been excommunicated from the Mormon Church for entering and prosecuting a suit charging their father's executors and the authorities of the Church with defrauding the heirs of the late President Young out of $1,000,000, and for causing the imprisonment in the penitentiary of the executors.

IN the Methodist General Conference at Cincinnati last week, the bishops communicated to the Committee on Episcopacy that they consider it desirable to elect three additional bishops. As it has been customary in previous conferences to elect more than the bishops suggest, it is thought that the number will be fixed at four. Of the candidates named, Dr. C. W. Foss is conceded to be certain of election.

IN a recent conversation with a friend, Mr. Tilden is asserted to have said that he would be a candidate before the Democratic Convention, no matter who might be named at Chicago by the Republican Party; that while he had not formerly intended to be a candidate, except in case of the nomination of General Grant at Chicago, he had now resolved to be one in any event, and that Mr. Payne, of Ohio, would be his choice for Vice-President.

THE Republican Conventions of New Jersey, New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Delaware, last week, elected Blaine delegates to Chicago. In Tennessee and Mississippi a majority of the delegates elected are for General Grant. The Ohio Democratic Convention indorsed Senator Thurman, and instructed the delegation to vote as a unit. An Anti-Third-Term Convention held at St. Louis, May 6th, adopted resolutions protesting against the nomination of General Grant. A committee was appointed to take further action in the event of his nomination at Chicago.

Foreign.

THE Dominion Parliament was prorogued May 7th.

UPWARDS of 7,000 iron-workers are on a strike in the North of England.

MISS MARIAN EVANS (George Eliot), the English novelist, was married May 6th to a Mr. Cross.

THE distress in Ireland is said to be increasing, owing to the falling off of subscriptions to the relief fund.

THE new British Cabinet will insist upon the enforcement of all the unfulfilled parts of the Berlin Treaty.

THE King of Siam has sent a message to London saying that his journey abroad has been abandoned for the present on account of ill-health.

ADVICES from Shanghai state that the treaty with Russia has been rejected by China, and that Japan would probably assist China in the event of war.

A DISPATCH from Cabul announces that Mahomed Jan, the leader of the Afghan insurgents, has surrendered. General Stewart has arrived at Cabul and assumed supreme command.

PRINCE BISMARCK has introduced certain restrictions concerning the importation of cattle, which are a drawback to the trade of Hamburg, and against which the citizens vehemently protest.

EIGHT members-elect of the House of Commons, who received Government appointments, have been re-elected without opposition. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has also been elected without opposition for Leeds.

THE trial of the directors of the West of England and South Wales Bank—which suspended in December, 1878—who were charged with falsifying the accounts of the bank and conspiring to defraud, has resulted in their acquittal.

THE Prince of Montenegro is inclined to hold the Turkish Government responsible for the recent invasion of the evacuated territory, as Turkish officers seem to be the real authors of the resistance to the execution of the convention.

IT is said that forty-two persons, who were prominently concerned in a conspiracy in one of the central provinces of Cuba, have been arrested and will be tried by court-martial. Captain-General Blanco has been instructed to use the utmost energy in dealing with the new revolutionary movement.

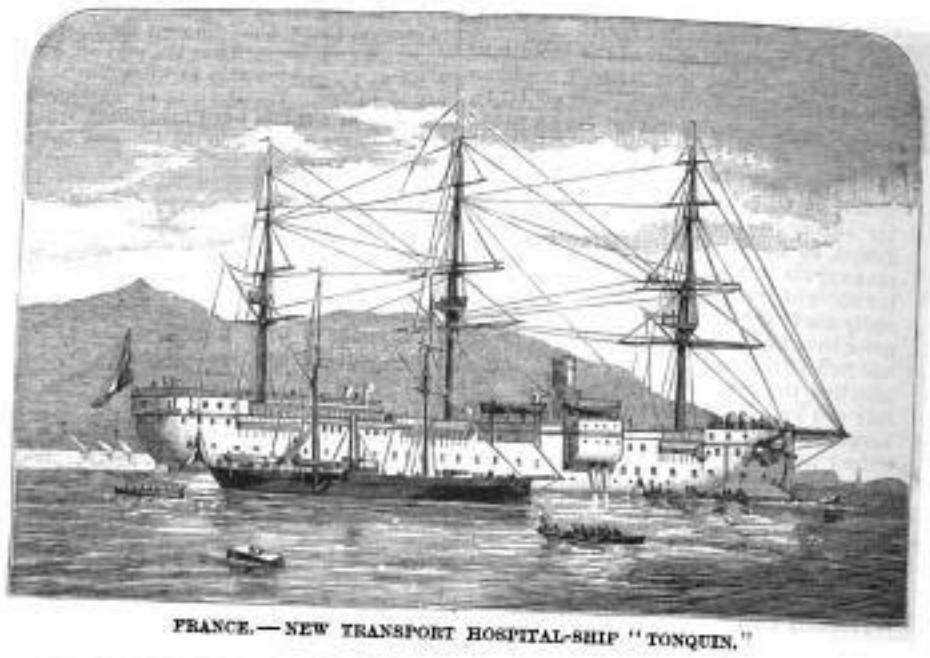
THE Emperor opened the Brazilian Chambers on May 3d. In his speech from the throne he said the relations of Brazil with the foreign powers were friendly. He hoped the Budget would allow the execution of extensive railway works and the development of navigation on the great water-ways of Brazil. He also announced the disappearance of yellow fever from Rio and the cessation of the drought in the provinces.

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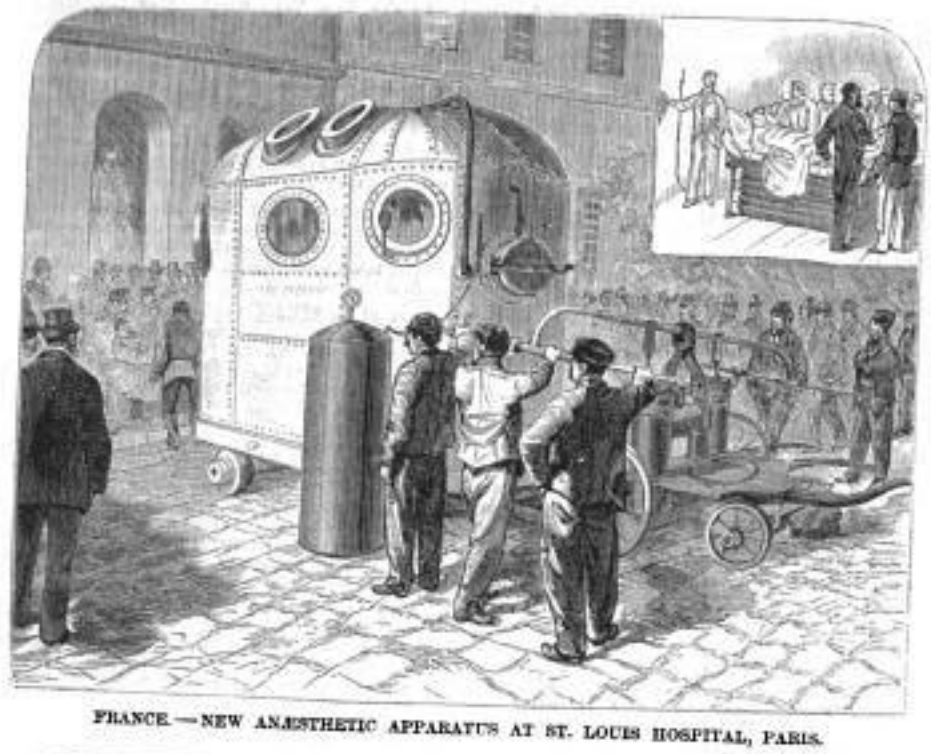
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 191.



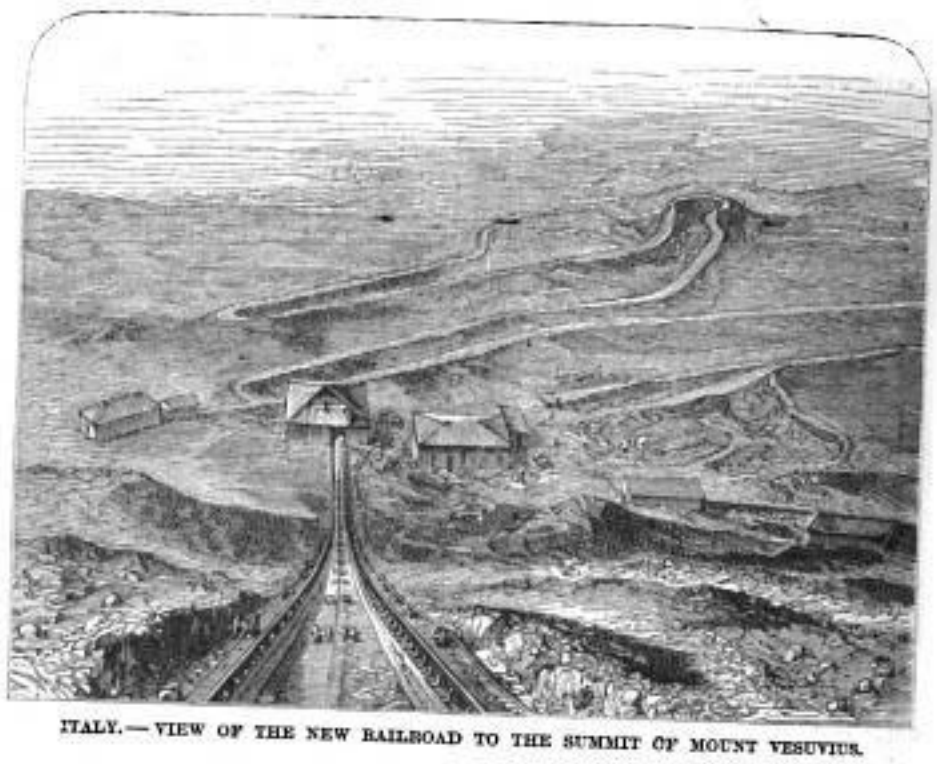
ENGLAND — THE MISSING TRAINING-SHIP "ATALANTA."



FRANCE.—NEW TRANSPORT HOSPITAL-SHIP "TONQUIN."



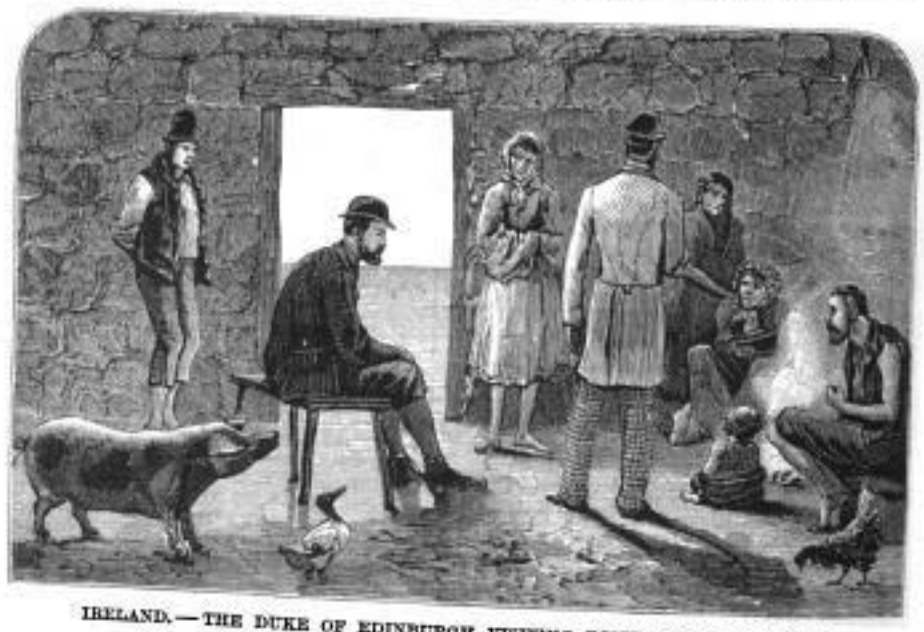
FRANCE.—NEW ANÆSTHETIC APPARATUS AT ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL, PARIS.



ITALY.—VIEW OF THE NEW RAILROAD TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.



IRELAND.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DISTRIBUTING CLOTHING ON THE "LIVELY."

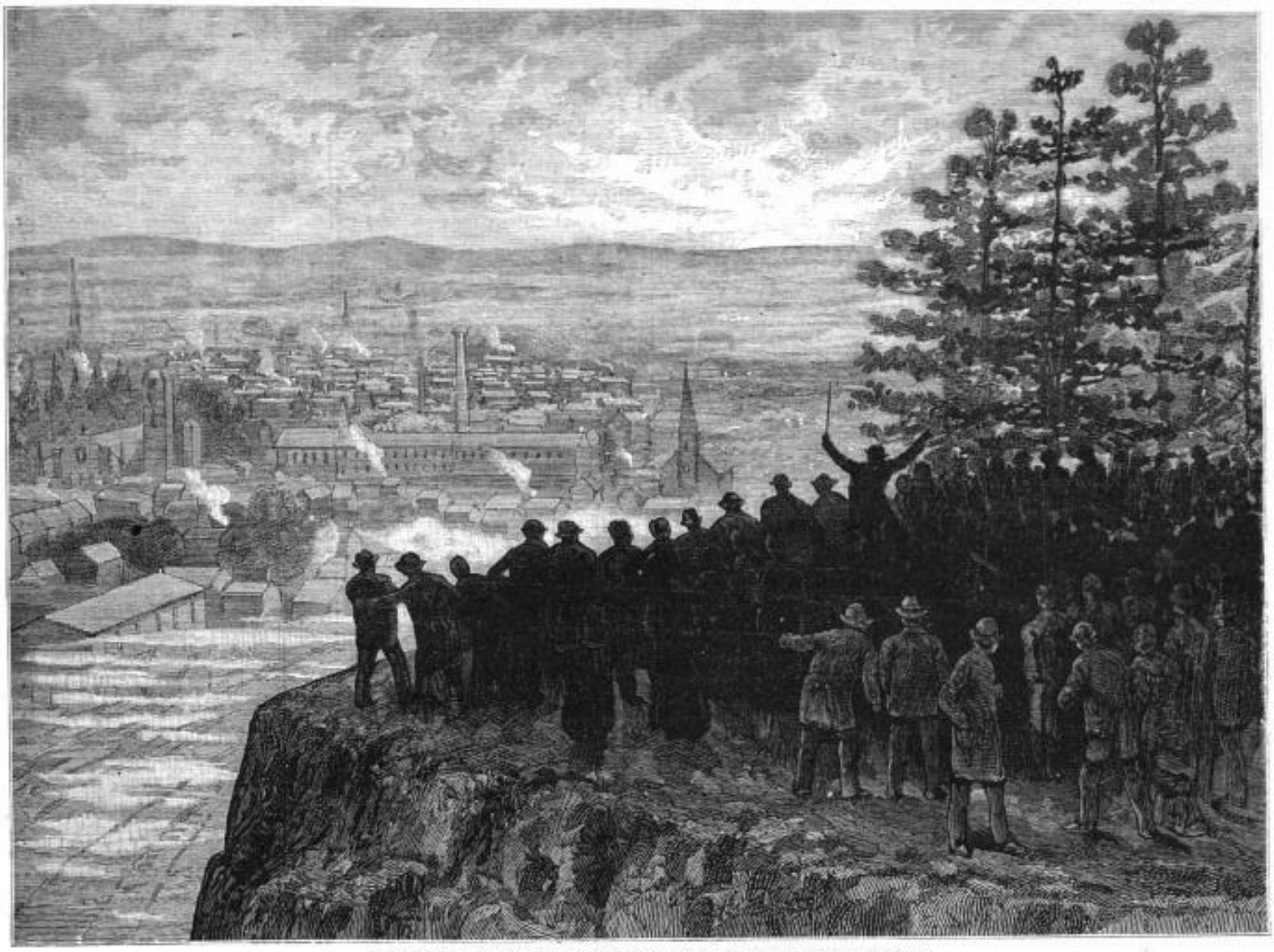


IRELAND.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITING DISTRESSED COTTAGERS.



SPAIN.—THE KING OF SPAIN WASHING THE FEET OF THE POOR IN THE SALOON OF COLUMNS, ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

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THE SOCIETIES GREETING THE RISING SUN WITH SONGS ON GARRET MOUNTAIN.



DALZELL FIRING UPON THE BESIEGING RIOTERS AT HIS DWELLING, AFTER THEY HAD FIRED HIS BARN.

NEW JERSEY.—AN OLD GERMAN MAY-DAY CUSTOM AT PATERSON, AND ITS TRAGIC INCIDENTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY CH. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 191.

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LOYALTY.

WHEN in our strong youth Love's fashion is
now to us,
Royal in purple and crowned with fine gold,
Question we never if passion be true to us,
Dream not that years can bring cypress and rue
to us;
Poppies and roses around us unfold
In a glamour untold.

Warm is our blood and our manhood the knightliest,
Loyal our service and gracious our quest.
How should we doubt when the sunlight falls
brightliest?
How should we fear when time's yoke presses
lightliest?
What should we see but the glow of the West
In the eyes we love best?

Shall it be so when Love sets his hard tasks for us,
Time brings us burdens and fate brings us loss?
No sweet desire at the heart's gate then asks for us;
No dancing fawn in the sunny glade basks for us;
Laurel and roses and myrtle seem dross,
And a twig makes a cross!

Worthily wait, if it may not be cheerily;
Serve Love as erst ere the heyday was done;
Lay the wan ghosts of a past that looms drearily;
Live our lives straightly, although it be wearily,
And when his kingdom past death is begun
The crown is well won!

JOHN MOHAN.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LILIES.

BY ESTHER SEARLE KENNETH.

WHY, that year, Henry Gayhart chose to occupy himself with teaching, I cannot say. Perhaps it was a mere fancy; perhaps because he decidedly preferred occupation to idleness. Then he had a decided talent for it, which had no scope until he went to The Lilies.

Fate had ever been kind to him. From boyhood legacies had showered upon him. He had a charming personal presence, agreeable manners. His intimates said that he was restless and fickle; if so, these were his only faults.

He chose to present himself at The Lilies unauthorized save by his talents. Having come, it was no wonder, we think, that he staid, such a paradise of fragrance and color as he encountered when he emerged from the winding avenue upon the mansion to which he had been directed! The owner had evidently chosen

"Lilies,
Which bloom the whole Summer through"

for her favorite flower. The wide garden lying under the sun was filled with them, in all varieties and shades. Dazzling with whiteness, gleaming with gold and scarlet, or glowing with azure and purple, their rainbow brightness was dazzling, while the incense floating upon the air became almost overpowering. Gayhart involuntarily took off his hat as he looked about him, then glancing up at the long windows overlooking the grounds he replaced it and walked on.

The structure was large, irregular, built of cream-colored stone, with a variety of entrances, windows, balconies and adornments decidedly handsome and picturesque. Gayhart, looking at it critically, saw how the architectural effects had been heightened by the foliage of vines and trees which surrounded it, and pronounced it, outwardly, the most beautiful residence he had ever seen in his native country.

His ring at the wide portals brought a mulatto servant, who showed him into an exquisite little ante-room and took up his card. As Gayhart looked about him, he decided that the style of the interior at The Lilies corresponded with the exterior. But in a very few moments a lady entered the room.

She was dressed from head to foot in white. She was young, she was graceful. That she was mistress of herself, her tone and the first penetrating glance of her blue eyes confirmed.

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. Gayhart. I am Mrs. Lorne. Will you be seated?"

He was a well-bred man and could not conceal his surprise that this slight young creature could be the mistress of this large establishment.

"I have presented myself in person, Mrs. Lorne, as an applicant for the position of teacher to your son," he said, and as briefly as possible he set forth his claims and qualifications.

"And you think you will like teaching!" she said, at last.

It amused Gayhart faintly to see, in the exquisite gentleness of her manner, that she considered him impecunious and forced to turn his talents to the earning of his daily bread.

"I am quite sure of that," he answered.

"Your personal appearance, Mr. Gayhart, and the references you offer, make it impossible that I can have any hesitation in wishing to come to terms," said Mrs. Lorne. "But I must warn you that life here is most secluded and uneventful. I never entertain company. Yours is the first face outside the family that I have seen for many a year. In view of this you will, perhaps, wish to reconsider the matter. Not that I do not like social life or shall be indifferent as to how the time passes with you, but circumstances over which I have no control, compel me to live a life of retirement. To me it is not unpleasant; and perhaps you may come to think that there are some advantages here. The climate is fine, my garden blooms nearly all the year through. I am very fond of music, and my library is quite a good one. There is some very nice boating on the lake, and you will find a good horse always at your disposal at the stables."

Her evident earnest wish that he should accept the situation surprised him. Certain that it was a most exceptional one, and peculiarly fitted to his taste, he hastened to assure the lady that he was not only willing but decidedly wished to remain at The Lilies.

"In that case," she said, with a dazzling smile, "I will show you your pupil."

She rang a bell. "Send Arthur down," she said.

A moment after a manly little fellow of seven years, showing exquisite training, was in the room. The child manifested a grace and dignity which surprised and charmed Gayhart.

"You may go, Arthur," said his mother, after a few moments. "I have taught and disciplined him almost alone so far," she said, turning to Gayhart, when the boy had passed out of the long French window into the garden. "But he has been without a father's influence, and I have feared that I have been at fault in training him, and decided to put him in a man's care as soon as I could meet with a suitable person." In a few moments she rose. "Come up to the music-room, if you please; it is the hour for Arthur's lesson. I would like your judgment on his receptive faculties. It seems to me that he is singularly apt; but perhaps I am too partial."

Gayhart obeyed. Mrs. Lorne gave the lesson herself. It was evident that the boy was unusually intelligent, and, also, that he was his mother's idol. When not referring to Arthur, her manner betrayed a slight weariness and sadness. Gayhart could not but look at her critically. She was exquisitely feminine, almost beautiful. In age she could not have been more than twenty-three. Her delicacy and fairness of complexion, however, generally gave her a look of being much younger. It was the quality and thrill of her voice which conveyed the certainty of experience and character; and he found himself generally regarding her as a person much older than she was.

It was evident to him that she thought him poor, but he said to himself that he could scarcely be so while in Mrs. Lorne's service. His salary was princely. The circumstances combined to make him a wonderfully good teacher. Arthur learned rapidly, admired, loved him, and in two months Henry Gayhart found himself a very happy man at The Lilies.

The habits of the house were very regular; the attendance, it seemed to him, large for the size and character of the family. There was Mrs. Dorothy, the housekeeper; two housemaids, butler, Arthur's nurse, a lad who waited on table, coachman and hostler; and, besides these, two large, powerfully-built, civil-spoken men, whose office Gayhart could not determine. He often puzzled over this, because he frequently observed Mrs. Lorne in close conversation with them, and her manner at these times betrayed an unusual seriousness. But she never spoke of them to Gayhart, and he never thought of questioning the other servants.

Whatever her perplexities, she never spoke of any grievance or trouble. With Gayhart and Arthur she was ever gracious, affable; ready to join in conversation, or to play or sing for them. Usually she went to drive with them, often upon the lake. Arthur being unusually well-grown for his years, Gayhart taught him to row, drive and ride. Mrs. Lorne never rode, but it pleased her extremely to be rowed across the water by Arthur.

It was a little cushioned, canopied boat, gay with flags and pennons. The surface of the lake was usually smooth as glass. No influence could be sweeter or more peaceful than that which surrounded them one Summer evening as they floated on the limpid tide.

Mrs. Lorne reclined among the blue cushions; Arthur was gently rowing, carefully observed by his tutor. On, on they floated, as the sunset faded and the twilight gathered, until the terraced walls, bowery trees and twinkling lights of The Lilies were far in the distance.

"See, mamma," said Arthur—"see how far we are from home!"

"Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes and looking shorewards. "Ah! how happy I should be to float on and on like this, and never go back again!"

Gayhart was too surprised to attempt an answer. Evidently she expected or wished none, and scarcely realized what she had said. She shivered soon, drew a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders, and requested Arthur to row ashore.

As Gayhart took the oars to bring the boat safely to the steps, he took advantage of the half-light to look critically at this woman's slight figure and half-averted face.

"She is very lovesome," he said to himself. "May I not love her?"

Suddenly she leaned forward and grasped Arthur's arm.

"There is some one waiting on the bank. Do you see who it is?"

"It is Dave. No, it is Jake," answered Arthur. The men were evidently brothers, and looked much alike. Mrs. Lorne rose hastily as the boat touched the bank. In the half-darkness she stumbled, and Gayhart, catching her in his arms, thrilled with the contact of her sweet person and magnetism. Apparently heedless that she had fallen, and that he had caught her, she sprang ashore. Jake, the mysterious attendant at The Lilies, came quickly to her side, and, listening closely to some communication he had to make, she passed with him out of sight.

When Gayhart had fastened the boat he came ashore, leading Arthur, and listening absently to his artless talk. As they emerged from the trees they observed lights moving rapidly through a wing of the mansion, where they were generally stationary and inconspicuous. It occurred to him that something unusual had happened, and, fearing some disaster, he quickened his pace.

On reaching the house, Mrs. Lorne was not to be seen; but in the course of half an hour she came quietly into the parlor and sat down to the piano. A white ribbon which bound her hair seemed to make her face white, too.

"Are you sick, mamma?" asked Arthur.

"I am very chilly. I think we were too long on the water," she answered, and began playing quietly, though she did not sing that night.

When Gayhart had gone to his chamber he could not sleep. The weight of that slight form seemed still upon his heart.

"She is rarely sweet and wise. I love her. Why should I not tell her all, and ask her to marry me? Could not her lovely friendliness for me deepen into something warmer?"

The sweet, daring thought prevented his closing his eyes until nearly morning. But the next day Mrs. Lorne was not visible. Only a little lace handkerchief, marked "Genevieve," substituted her graceful presence in the silent parlor. She was confined to her room by an indisposition.

When Gayhart had parted from Arthur that evening he shut himself up in his room, and again gave way to his thoughts. As he sat by the window, he became conscious of distant sounds exceedingly strange—mingled shouting and yelling. He recollected that he had often heard it as he sat there listening; but he had never given the matter any attention. Now his attention was held by the impression that the sounds were within the house, and, as they were unpleasant and intimidating in character, he leaned from the window and located them at the west wing of the house, where he had lately seen the moving lights. It was an entirely unknown part of the house to him; but he knew that it was not occupied by the family, and was not the servants' quarters.

"Some one must be mad or drunk there," he said, to himself, in considerable wonder, which increased until he decided that the male servants must be engaged in orgies unknown to their mistress. Indignant that her kindness should be imposed upon, he decided to investigate the matter on his own responsibility in the morning. But the following day no opportunity occurred, and to his surprise he again, on listening at the window in the evening, heard the hideous sounds which had now grown familiar and were more quickly detected.

But on this evening they were soon discontinued. The moonlight faded; all was soon dark and silent.

During the night a chilly Fall storm set in which continued for several days. But to a man of Gayhart's quiet tastes the confinement was not irksome. Arthur's lessons were given during the early part of the day. During the afternoon and evening Mrs. Lorne, in the most gracious and charming mood, gave him her company. As they sat together around the light blaze behind the network of the brass fenders, Gayhart chatting of his travels, or lunched impromptu, or closed an evening by singing in company, no wonder the sweetness and peace of these home comforts determined Gayhart to make an effort to secure them forever.

One evening Arthur having a headache had gone up-stairs with his nurse. Gayhart was alone in the parlor, looking absently from the window out upon the hardy lilies which had survived the storm. Mrs. Lorne entered, more than usually gentle and sweet.

"I am afraid you are getting homesick, Mr. Gayhart. What can I do to make the evening pass pleasantly to you?"

He turned and led her to a seat.

"Listen to me," he said.

Then he told her all. That he was in no sense a poor or dependent man, and that he loved her.

"Love me—love me!" she repeated, half-starting up, a flush staining her face, then leaving her very pale. "What can you mean? Do you not know——"

He stood looking at her in wonder, unable to account for her extreme agitation. She rose and stood before him.

"How you have misunderstood me!" she cried. "I have tried to please you, to win your esteem and regard; but—but do you not know that I have a husband under this roof a raving maniac?"

"Good heavens!"

The words broke in a low, involuntary cry from Gayhart, who in turn stood trembling before her.

"You did not know?" she asked. "I thought you must have learned long before this from the servants."

"I never gossip with servants," Gayhart said, scarcely knowing that he spoke.

She sank into her seat with such a look of trouble and despair that he was recalled from his tumult of emotion. She, in turn, looking up, saw his extreme pain and pallor.

"Surely I have not been to blame, Mr. Gayhart. Believe me, I never once thought it possible that you could think of this," she said. "I live only for Arthur. I never think of myself. And I have long been a wife. How could I dream——"

He started to see that she was bitterly crying.

"Oh, do not," he pleaded. "Genevieve—let me call you so once—I would not give you a moment's pain."

"Let me weep," she answered. "It is so seldom that I can shed tears." But her streaming eyes wrung his heart.

"Forgive me. I will go away and never trouble you again," he said.

"Yes; you must go away," she answered. "But let me tell you first my story. At sixteen I was a timid, yielding girl, entirely controlled by my mother. She made my marriage for me with Mordaunt Lorne, a fierce, high-tempered, tyrannical man, twice my years, and very wealthy. He simply married me; I never had any rights as his wife. When he was good-natured he called me Pussy, and I had no more influence or authority in his household than if I had been the kitten upon the rug. I never loved him, and he soon made me unhappy by his unkindness. Soon he would leave me for months and months together—I having no knowledge of where he was. I had a vague notion that he gambled, drank, wasted money, even then. My mother died and my child was born while he was absent. When Arthur was two months old he saw him for the first time, and seemed pleased, was a little kinder to me for a brief time. He remained at home a few months, but acted strangely, ordered unnecessary outbuildings erected, removed valuable trees and hedges. The family physician warned me that there was insanity in the Lorne family, and he considered his mind affected. Finally he went away, was absent a few days, and came back a raving maniac—struck at me, abused the servants, would have killed the child. The male servants restrained him, generally considering him under the influence of liquor. But the physician, declaring that the malady of his race had been brought upon him by the excesses in which he had indulged, ordered him closely and permanently confined. The doctor was right. My husband has never in the slightest degree recovered his mind. He is either sullen and silent, apparently uncomprehending, or, on moonlight nights, raving crazy. His shouts and maledictions so frequently fill the midnight air that I never invite visitors to The Lilies; though as much as possible he is restrained by his attendants, Jake and Dave, and the room in which he is confined is situated in the remote west wing of the house. Sometimes he makes a great deal of mischief, destroying clothing and furniture. On the night we came from boating last, Jake came to tell me that he had broken down a door which communicated with the hall, and that he would be obliged to keep him confined to his bed until the necessary repairs could be made. But for the physical strength and faithfulness of those men, this house would be destroyed and every inmate driven off. Nor would man, woman or child, encountering him, be safe. He is a being utterly destructive and brutal, and—he is my husband."

She rose then, and walked back and forth across the room.

If for a moment he were tempted to remain near her, to watch over her, to bless himself with the daily sight of her, the desolation of his look, as she stood in her robe of glistening silk upon the velvet carpet, forbade the possibility of his bringing upon her any further woe. But he came close to her side, with a look of love there was no mistaking, and gently raised her hands to his lips.

"Genevieve, you are not sorry that I love you?"

"I am sorry to give you pain, because you must see how utterly hopeless your loving me is," she answered, leaning wearily against a chair for support.

"Genevieve, I am going away. To-morrow we shall be parted probably for ever. Tell me this, if you had been free would you have married me?"

"Yes," she said, simply.

He looked once into her pure eyes, turned and left the room.

* * * * * *

Out of a dream of pain, Henry Gayhart started, battling with a strange oppression which made him strive for breath. The chamber was full of smoke. The room, the house was on fire!

Springing up, he opened the door upon a sheet of flame. Closing it, he hurriedly dressed, secured his valuables, and let himself lightly to the ground by the trellis which covered the window. Seeking an entrance again to the house, some of the servants rushed against him.

"The master has set the house on fire! It's all going! Nothing can save it!" they shouted.

Then he met Genevieve Lorne and Arthur coming out. Dave grasped her shoulder.

"The good Lord save us, Mrs. Lorne! We can't get him out!"

Slowly her eyes dilated with horror as she looked up at the man. Gayhart understood.

"Come back with me. Which way?" he said.

Dave plunged again into the smoke, and led the way to the west wing. Insane laughter and shouts greeted them. A horrible creature, with bloodshot eyes, turned threateningly as they stepped into the room. Before the madman could be made aware of his purpose, Gayhart, with the single, low word of "Quick" to the attendant, had thrown himself upon the prisoner, and threw him, face downwards, upon the ground. The men tried to secure his hands at the back, but the rope slipping, the chance was lost. Writhing from beneath Gayhart, Lorne raised a hand to the windowsill near which he lay, and, dragging himself up, suddenly forced himself from Gayhart's hold and went headlong out.

"Lord!" breathed Jake. "It's twenty feet to the ground!"

With a sickening feeling, Gayhart turned from the room. When he reached the lawn below the window of the west wing, the servants were lifting up a motionless body.

"Quite dead!" they said.

Gayhart went down the avenue and found Genevieve and Arthur sitting upon one of the rustic benches.

"Is he out?" she asked, anxiously.

He nodded.

Sitting beside her, he watched the beautiful mansion of The Lilies, the scene of her sorrow, burn to the ground. As the last wall fell she burst into tears.

"Where shall I go now?" she sobbed.

"With me—to joy and happiness. For, oh, Genevieve, you are free! He is dead!" Gayhart said.

She trembled, and fell fainting.

Wrapped from the chill night-air, he bore her, in a close carriage, citywards. Arthur and his nurse accompanied them. And for weeks Genevieve Lorne lay very ill, but luxuriously cared for, at a hotel.

The fire had been set by the madman him-

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self, cunningly contrived with odds and ends, which he had secreted from his attendants, highly inflammable. As soon as ignited the case was almost hopeless, for the west wing was not supplied with water, and the open doors fanned the flames very soon to a furious height. No sufficient alarm could be given to the town, which was four miles distant, and so the mansion of The Lilies was lost.

When Gayhart erected another and even more beautiful home for his wife, he desired to know if she wished it in that beauteous garden of lilies. But she silently shook her head. Every tree and shrub, every turn of the grounds and glimmer of water, was associated with the sorrows of her wronged and blighted youth. So Gayhart bore his bride away to a home by the sea, where the bright waves, with their myriad voices, called sweet promises of peace and happiness which time fulfilled.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

General Winfield Scott Hancock.

THERE are very many Democrats who believe that their party could not nominate a stronger candidate for President than General Winfield Scott Hancock, the ranking Major-General of the Army. He possesses the advantages of undoubted ability, of a conspicuously distinguished record, and almost unbounded popularity wherever he is known. He is prudent, sincere, conservative and inflexible in his loyalty to principles approved by his judgment. In any position to which he might be called he would do his whole duty.

General Hancock is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Montgomery County, in that State, on the 14th of February, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1844, and served mainly on frontier duty until 1846, and afterwards in the war with Mexico, being brevetted as first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. From 1848 to 1855 he was again employed in frontier duty, and from 1855 to 1861 was quartermaster of the southern district of California. In August of the latter year he was recalled to Washington, and when the Army of the Potomac was transferred to the Peninsula in 1862, he was already a brigadier-general, with the appropriate command, in the Fourth Corps. His first opportunity to make a mark occurred at Williamsburg, and he made a brilliant one. He next distinguished himself in the Battle of Fraser's Farm, and subsequently took an active part in the campaign in Maryland, at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Being made a major-general, he commanded a division at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he did magnificent work. On the first day of the battle, July 1st, 1863, he was sent by General Meade to decide whether a decisive battle should be given, or whether the army should fall back. He reported that Gettysburg was the place to fight, and took immediate command until the arrival of Meade. In the decisive action of July 3d he commanded on the left centre, sustaining the terrific onset of Longstreet's Confederates, and being severely wounded. The thanks of Congress were formally tendered him for his conduct in these engagements. Being disabled by his wounds, he was on sick leave until March, 1864, being meanwhile engaged in recruiting the Second Army Corps, which was placed under his command. At the opening of the campaign of that year under General Grant, he took the active command of this corps, and bore a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and North Anna, the second battle of Cold Harbor, and the operations around Petersburg, until June 19th, when, his wound breaking out afresh, he was for a short time on sick leave. He afterwards resumed command, and participated in several actions, until November 26th, when he was called to Washington to organize the first corps of veterans.

The name of every great battle in the East is inscribed on Hancock's flags. After the close of the war he was placed successively in command of the Middle Department, the Department of Missouri, of Louisiana and Texas, of Dakota, and of the Department of the East. He has his headquarters on Governor's Island. In the Democratic National Convention of 1868 he received 144½ votes for the Presidential nomination. In 1876, in the National Convention of the same party, he received 75 votes for the same nomination. He is now supported by the Democrats of Pennsylvania, Texas and some Eastern States, and will be strongly urged in the Cincinnati Convention next month.

General Hancock has uniformly maintained the doctrine that the military power should in time of peace be subordinated to the civil law. This was particularly shown in his address to the court of inquiry constituted to try General Babcock, in 1875, in which he urged that that officer having been formally indicted at St. Louis, it was right and proper that the military inquiry should be adjourned in order that the ordinary civil processes might take their course—which suggestion was duly adopted. In 1868, while in command of the Fifth Military District, General Hancock, in a letter to Governor Pease, said: "On them (the laws of Texas and Louisiana), as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire structure of social order in these two States. Annul this code of laws, and there would be no longer any rights, either of persons or property, here. I say, unhesitatingly, if it were possible that Congress should pass an act abolishing the local codes for Louisiana and Texas, which I do not believe, and it should fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting wherein they shall relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles, of justice; these will live in spite even of the sword."

General Hancock is a man of handsome presence and most agreeable manners. He is perfectly straight; a blonde, with a rich skin and blue eyes, and light hair, now turning gray; and his address is both courtly and simple.

General Hancock, while a citizen of Pennsylvania, is in almost all respects of fellowship and association a New Yorker. He is on excellent terms with the leading volunteer officers of the New York Militia, and co-operates with them in their parades, shooting-matches, etc. He is a favored guest at the houses of some of the best people in New York, but makes no pretension to wealth or style. The regard of his men for him is boundless. While he would, perhaps, draw as many votes in New York as any Democrat, he would poll an immense vote in Pennsylvania, for he is not repugnant to the good sense and feeling of the Republican soldiery, having never stepped out of the course of conviction to recommend himself to one party or the other. As to the imputation that he hanged Mrs. Surratt, it will be of no effect except among the most ignorant and unreasoning. When the Commander-in-chief of the Military and Naval Forces had been assassinated by persons living within the military lines of the United States, it would scarcely have been a gallant example for General Hancock to have pulled off his sword in deference to such objects, instead of carrying out the orders of the Tribunal, imposed on him by his oath and by President Johnson.

Our picture of General Hancock is from a photograph by F. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia.

A MAY-DAY RIOT IN PATERSON.

THE annual greeting to the rising sun by the German singing societies at Paterson, N. J., on the first Sunday of May, was this year accompanied by a riotous demonstration of the gravest character. About five o'clock in the morning the societies formed in procession and marched, accompanied by a large crowd, to Garret Rock, where for many years they have assembled to celebrate this festival. The societies present were the Germania, Arion, Double Quartet, Schillerbund Quartet Club, Gruetli Maennerchor, Lasalle Maennerchor and Wohlrab's orchestral band. Garret Rock is a large plateau on the summit of Garret Mountain, and is situated south of the business part of the city and within its limits. It slopes up sharply from the city streets, but the other side is as steep as the front of the Palisades. Forming a line along the edge of this precipice, the singers, many of whom wore garlands of flowers, sang their opening chorus to the rising sun. There were then nearly two thousand persons present.

While the people of Paterson were on their way to the rock one party of about a dozen persons endeavored to take a short course to the park by crossing a pasture which was leased this year by William Dalzell, a butcher and grocer in Paterson, who occupies a little farm of which this field is a part. He had been heard to swear that nobody should cross this field at the time of the May-day Festival, and he went out in the morning armed with a shotgun, with the avowed intention of resisting any trespass upon his land. While the singers were occupied with their choruses the little party just referred to approached this field for the purpose of crossing it. This was about eight o'clock. One of the party, a young man named Joseph Van Houten, nineteen years of age, and a stepson of ex-Alderman Swift, came up to the fence and lifted a little girl over it. Then he stepped over himself, and the rest were following, when a son of Dalzell's ran up and ordered them to go back. The result was a struggle between the two young men, and both fell to the ground together. Dalzell the elder then appeared on the scene, and he shot Van Houten in the abdomen as he rose from the ground. In a few seconds he was dead.

The two Dalzells, seeing a crowd of people hurrying down the mountain, retreated to a barn where a constable arrested the murderer; but before he could get him from the building the mob, for such the crowd had then become, began storming the building and crying for the murderer to lynch him. Dalzell fired deliberately into the crowd, wounding a little boy and a girl. At this the crowd set fire to the barn, and the murderer and his son rushed from the building to the dwelling, and took refuge in the attic. Officers arrested both father and son, but the mob set fire to this building also, and, driven out by the flames and smoke, the officers, with their prisoners, sought safety in a house some two hundred yards away. This building was quickly surrounded, and the storming with stones resumed.

Various officers of the city government attempted to quell the riot, but without success. At length Father McNulty was induced to address the crowd, and, while he did so from the seat of a coach, the murderer, with a guard, was thrust into the vehicle, and, with the priest sitting beside the driver, the horses were whipped into a gallop, while the mob followed, pelting the coach with stones. Driving towards the jail, the officers had the coach turn a corner suddenly, where a second vehicle was in waiting, and, thrusting the prisoner into this, he was driven to Newark, while the first driver went direct to the jail. It was by this strategy that Dalzell escaped with his life. He remained in one of the station-houses at Newark until the following day, when he was driven in a roundabout way to Paterson and locked up.

Rumors that a riot was in progress in Paterson beyond the control of the authorities reached Jersey City and Newark, and Governor McClellan ordered General Plume to get troops in readiness to go to the city if desired. A special train was made up in Jersey City, where one regiment was under arms all day, but later dispatches showed there was no need of their extreme services.

At the funeral of young Van Houten all the singing societies which had greeted the rising sun turned out in a procession and sang at his grave.

British Decorations.

THERE are now in existence seven British Orders available for the sterner sex, both civil and military—namely, the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, the St. Patrick, the Michael and George, the Star of India and the Indian Empire; and to these we may add the Guelphic Hanoverian Order. For the softer sex there are the English Maids of Honor, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India and the St. Katharine for nurses—the last named, by-the-way, being jet black, a color which we should have thought more suggestive than appropriate in a hospital. Of purely military decorations awarded for various campaigns or wars there are fifteen—namely, the military war medals for services between 1793 and 1814, the gold medal and the gold cross for certain battles in the Peninsular war, and the following medals—The Waterloo, the South Africa (three wars, exclusive of the Zulu war), the China (three wars), the Afghan, Scinde and Gwalior; the Sutlej, the New Zealand (three wars), the Punjab, the Indian or Frontier medal (which includes one Persian, three Burmese and endless little wars, such as the Umbeyla, Hazara, Looshai, Jowaki and Perak campaigns), the Crimean, the Mutiny, the Abyssinian and the Ashantee medals.

In addition to the above there are various military decorations for exceptional or gallant services, such as the Order of British India for native officers, the Indian Order of Merit for native soldiers, the Long Service and Good Conduct medal, the Distinguished Service medal, the Victoria Cross, the Empress of India Commemoration medals and the Best Shot of the Army medal. There are also eight different decorations awarded at various times by foreign potentates, such as the Legion of Honor and the Turkish and Sardinian medals. Of purely naval decorations there are eight—namely, the Naval War medal, 1793 to 1840; the Naval Gold Medal, 1794 to 1815, for superior officers; the Arctic Discoveries, the Good Conduct, the Baltic, the Conspicuous Gallantry, the Arctic medal, 1818-55, and the Victoria Cross, which in the navy is suspended by a blue ribbon, whereas red is worn by the army. Wherever the land and sea forces co-operated, as in the Crimea, China, etc., the navy received a medal similar to that awarded to the army. Lastly, there are sundry medals open to all classes, such as the Royal Humane Society, the Royal Lifeboat Institution, the Shipwrecked Mariners, the Tayleur medal for saving life at sea, the Albert medal for saving life by land and by sea (two classes), and the St. John Ambulance Order.

Semi-centenarian Officeholders.

THE eldest officer in the Government service is a venerable gentleman of Tompkins County, New York—Roswell Beardsley—who was appointed postmaster at North Lansing in that State on June 28th, 1828, during the Administration of John Quincy Adams, and John McLean, of Ohio, was Postmaster-General. This ancient official has been in active service ever since, and the returns of his postal accounts to-day indicate vigorous health and a close attention to business.

William Hunter of Rhode Island, second assistant secretary of state, was appointed a clerk in that department, May 22d, 1829, by Martin Van Buren, then Secretary of State, and has passed through all those intermediate positions and administrations since that period.

On December 14th, 1830, Edward Stabler was appointed postmaster at Sandy Springs, Montgomery County, Md., by Postmaster-General W. T. Barry, of Kentucky. In a recent letter, Mr. Stabler says that he is still enjoying vigorous health, and during the past Winter was able to indulge in his favorite sport of deer-hunting.

The oldest official in the legislative branch of the Government is Captain Isaac Bassett, of Massachusetts, who was appointed a page in the Senate by Daniel Webster in 1831, Mr. Webster then being a Senator from that State. Captain Bassett is now the doorkeeper of the Senate, and occupies confidential relations with that body, both among Democrats and Republicans, and possesses a vast fund of interesting reminiscences of the great Senators of the past half-century, and of the exciting scenes and debates in that body. Captain Bassett is preparing a book covering the recollections of his connection with the Senate for fifty years.

In the Post Office Department, James H. Marr entered the service, June 1st, 1831, by appointment from Postmaster-General Barry, and from clerk in charge of the letter-book, at a salary of $600 per annum, has risen to the position of chief clerk to the first assistant postmaster-general.

Next to these veterans in official longevity is Daniel B. Grim, postmaster at Grimville, Berks County, Pennsylvania, who was appointed in 1834 by Amos Kendall; and John Woodbridge, postmaster of North Edgecomb, Me., who was appointed by Mr. Kendall in 1839.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The French Transport, the "Tonquin."

This new addition to the French navy has been specially constructed for the conveyance of troops, invalids and material of war between France and the French colony at Cochin China. She was launched on the 14th of October, 1879. The *Tonquin* is in reality a very large packet boat, and is designed to perform her long journeys with exceptional speed. She is fitted with twin screw propellers, which are driven by engines of 2,600 nominal horse power. This steam power is supplemented by her canvas, as she is fully rigged as a frigate, and can be worked either as a sailing vessel, a steamer, or sail and steam together. The internal arrangements of the *Tonquin* allow for the conveyance of from 1,500 to 2,000 men. The large dimensions of the *Tonquin* in her breadth of beam and depth have enabled her constructors to fit up large and comfortable cabins for the officers, and extensive dormitories or barracks destined for the soldiers and sailors, and, above all, ample accommodation for the hospital.

Compressed Air Employed in Surgical Operations, St. Louis Hospital, Paris.

Paul Bert, whose researches as to the tension and pressure of gas obtained the great prize some years since, has made a discovery which is likely to prove of great value. Laughing gas has its dangers, producing not only insensibility but asphyxia. A mixture of oxygen deprives it of both powers. Mr. Bert has discovered that by subjecting the mixture to atmospheric pressure it regains its anæsthetic power, free from all danger of asphyxia. Successful experiments on animals in the physiological laboratory of the Sorbonne establish the value of his discovery. Dr. Peau and other surgeons have since tested it fully and find that this new anæsthetic is harmless, brief in its effects, and does not disorder the stomach. A large pneumatic bell that will hold fifty or twenty persons is used; an indiarubber bag containing the mixture is placed under the operating bed. The pressure is produced by pumps and the force regulated by a key. Our illustration shows experiments in the court of St. Louis Hospital.

The Relief Squadron off the West Coast of Ireland.

The officers and crews of the vessels composing the Relief Squadron had already been diligently engaged in distributing seed potatoes, and in visiting the numerous islands which stud the coasts of Mayo and Galway, when Rear-Admiral His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who was making his official tour round the coast inspecting coastguards, offered his services, which were gladly accepted. The Duke of Edinburgh did a great deal of the visiting himself. One sketch shows him sitting down in one of the cottages interrogating the inmates and distributing tickets which, upon presentation on board the *Lively*, were exchanged for blankets or articles of clothing. The other sketch shows His Royal Highness, who here appears in uniform, distributing the gifts.

H. M. S. "Atalanta."

The *Atalanta* was built at Pembroke in 1844, and, after service as a man-of-war, was used as a water-police hulk in Portsmouth Harbor till 1877, when the police went into barracks. After the foundering of the *Eurydice* she was converted at Pembroke into a training-ship, and to increase her stability her masts and some of her spars were shortened. On the 7th of November last the *Atalanta*, with 300 young seamen on board, sailed from Portsmouth for the West Indies on her third cruise of instruction, with orders to return home about April 4th. In consequence of two cases of yellow fever occurring on board, Captain Stirling determined at once to proceed to Bermuda, where he arrived on January 29th, and left on the 31st for England. The crew were then in good health. No tidings of the *Atalanta* have been received since that date; consequently, uneasiness has gradually changed to alarm, and alarm, it may be almost said, to despair, especially as fierce gales prevailed in the Atlantic at that time.

The Railroad up Mount Vesuvius.

To climb Vesuvius travelers had to start from Resina west of the volcano and not far from the Portici station on the Salerno Railroad, or from Pompeii and Torre dell' Annunziata on the southeast. But now the former will alone be taken, as a railroad is just completed up the great cone of the mountain. Tourists will now take the carriage-road from Resina to the Hermitage of San Salvatore and the Observatory, but instead of getting out of the vehicles as formerly, continue, by a new road, to the foot of the cone. Then the inclined railroad is taken, and the cars are drawn up in eight minutes by ropes to the summit of Vesuvius, a great improvement over the old system of being carried in litters. At the railroad station are a convenient café and restaurant, a cistern to supply the stationary engine with water, and a house for the railroad people. The road is about 900 yards in length, and ascends at an angle of fifty degrees. The rails are laid on a heavy plank bed, and, for greater safety, two cables are used. The plan is that of Engineer Olivieri.

The King of Spain Washing the Feet of Poor Men on Maundy Thursday.

The injunction of Christ to His disciples to follow the example He gave them after the Last Supper is followed out in the ritual of the Catholic Church on Maundy Thursday, and was at one time followed by all the kings and princes of Europe. The custom is still maintained in Austria, Belgium, Bavaria, Spain and Portugal, the only countries in Europe now where prince and people alike adhere to the old faith. Our picture will give an idea of the ceremony as performed in the royal palace at Madrid.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE reduction of the public debt during the month of April was $12,078,076.

—UP to the middle of April only forty-three bodies of the victims of the Tay Bridge disaster had been recovered.

—UPWARD of 7,000 iron-workers are on strike in the North of England against a five per cent. reduction of wages awarded by arbitrators.

—THE Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has presented to the Senate a Bill authorizing the ratification of a treaty between Spain and Annam.

—THE new leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, since the resignation of Mr. McKenzie, is Mr. Blake, a forcible speaker and a shrewd politician.

—THE Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has denied the appeal of Mrs. Oliver from the rulings of Justice Carter in her case against ex-Senator Cameron. Notice of appeal to the United States Supreme Court was given.

—AT the request of Henry G. Stebbins, the Park Commissioners have given a site for the Egyptian obelisk that is soon to arrive here. The column will stand in front of the Metropolitan Museum building in Central Park.

—THE report of the Canadian Government Superintendent of Railways shows that, including 945 miles under construction, there are now 8,022 miles of railway in that country, with an invested capital of $362,000,000.

—A LARGE number of valuable war relics were lost in a recent fire in the Dayton (O.) Soldiers' Home, among them flags and the uniform of General Thomas, recently placed there for safe keeping by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

—IN all the Roman Catholic churches in Quebec, May 2d, a pastoral was read from the Archbishop of Quebec against all excursions and pleasure parties, evening walks and drives on Sundays and feast days, under pain of committing a very grievous sin.

—A BERLIN journal publishes a list of Russian ladies who occupy unofficial diplomatic positions, some of them receiving as much as $65,000 annually for entertaining, bribery and other secret service expenses, and what is known as *frais de représentation*.

—Regulations have been issued in Japan for the control of public meetings, in view of the agitations by demagogues for a representative assembly of people uninterested. The Government is working gradually toward granting a constitution, which will be established when the nation is ripe.

—THE Sunday-school system was organized in England in 1780, by Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, and the Foreign Sunday-school Association of New York held a meeting in Madison Square Presbyterian Church on May 5th to celebrate the past century of Sunday-school work, and to take measures for its wider extension.

—FROM the statement of the New York City debt issued by the Comptroller May 1st, it appears that the total amount is $136,693,350.66 less $33,489,957.74 in the sinking fund, leaving the net debt $103,143,592.92. Bonds to the amount of $7,929,950 have been issued since the beginning of the year.

—IN Great Britain last year $3,000,000 was contributed by private donors for church education. Three hundred and seventy-eight new church schools were opened and there was an addition of 53,472 to the number of children in average attendance. The Board schools opened did not equal by fifty-five those started by volunteer agency.

—IN the Canadian House of Commons the Bill regulating the fire-test of petroleum has been read the second and third times and passed after a debate, in the course of which several members contended that there was no ground for discrimination in favor of Canadian oil. As passed, the Bill makes the fire-test on Canadian oil 115 degrees, and on American oil 120 degrees.

—THE Persians are actively competing with the Indian Government for the opium supply to China. Seven thousand chests have been embarked from the Gulf ports during the last season. The manufacture in Shiraz, Yezd and Ispahan has been steadily increasing, and great care is being exercised to maintain a high quality. It is expected that the season from May to April 1880 will supply 10,000 chests.

—GERMANY continues to fortify herself on her eastern frontier. Not content with strategic railways and intrenched camps, she is building forts around the largest fortresses. For instance, in the present year around Königsberg, in Prussia Proper, ten forts will be completed; and an eleventh at Neuendorf will be begun. Three are already in working order, and thus the whole system of defense against an attack from Russia will be strengthened.

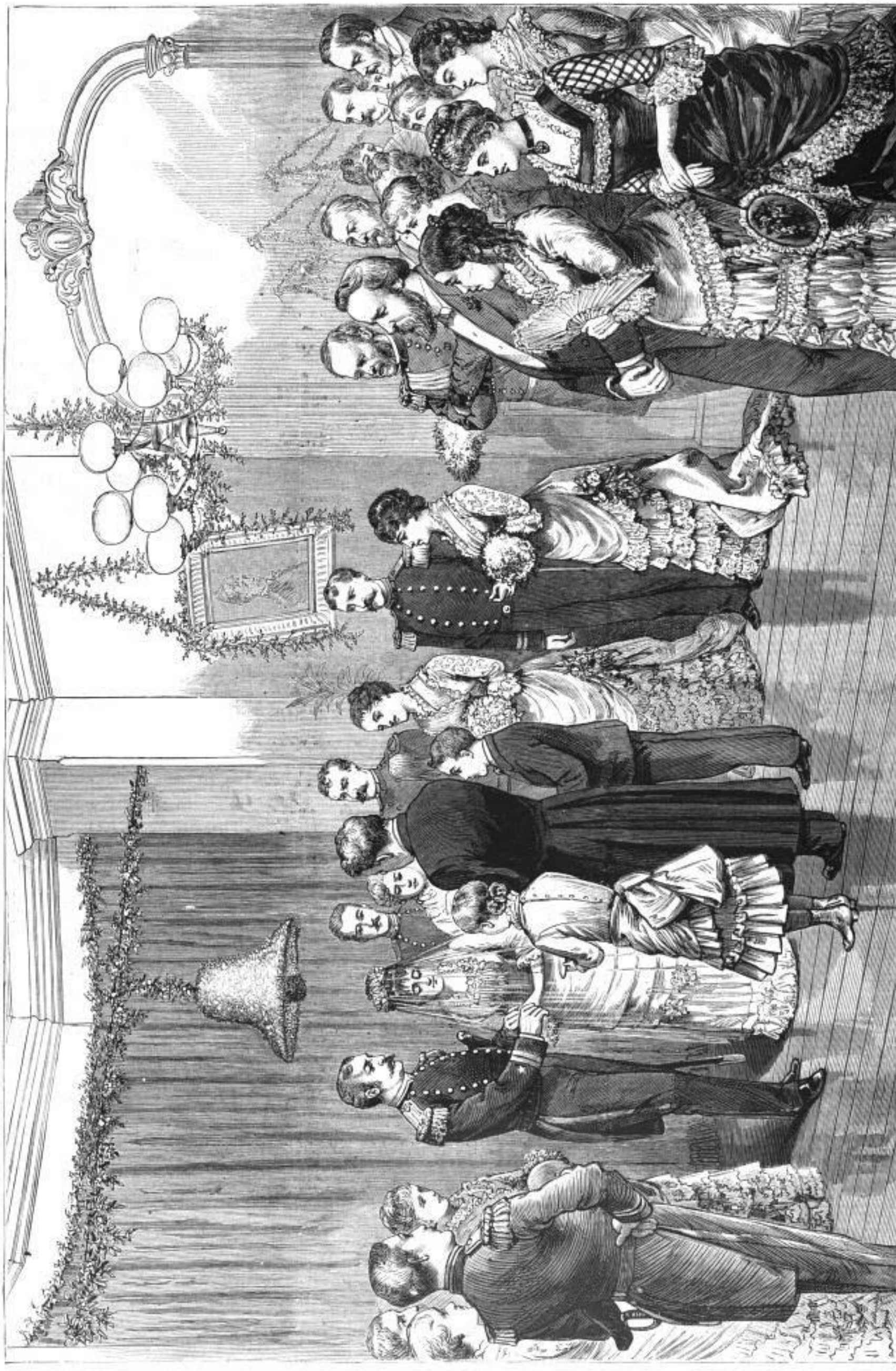
—THE *Standard*, of London, in an editorial article admits the truth of the rumors for some time current that a glaring discrepancy exists between the financial results actually realized in India and those promised in the budget statements published in February. The difference is variously estimated at from £3,000,000 to £5,000,000, originating in the fact that the financial member of the Viceroy's council grossly under-estimated the expenses of the Afghan war.

—LORD MAYOR GRAY, in presenting the freedom of the City of Dublin to Captain Potter, of the United States ship *Constellation* on May 4th, said it was an honor of which the corporation was jealous, and that only three names had preceded that of Captain Potter upon the Burgesses' Roll, the first being that of the late Dr. Isaac Butt, the next Mr. Gladstone, and the third ex-President Grant. The certificate of freedom was inclosed in a casket of bog-wood and oak elaborately carved and adorned with Irish emblems.

—THE Pine Tree State is prosperous, for the Maine Valuation Commission reports that the present valuation of the State is about $228,433,592, against $224,811,400, in 1870, when a dollar represented no more than 85 cents does now. An unlooked for increase of population is claimed on the strength of an increase of the poll list in every county. The railroad companies of the State are assessed $55,250 on property valued at $5,525,000, and the telegraph companies are asked to pay a tax of $3,875 on a valuation of $235,000.

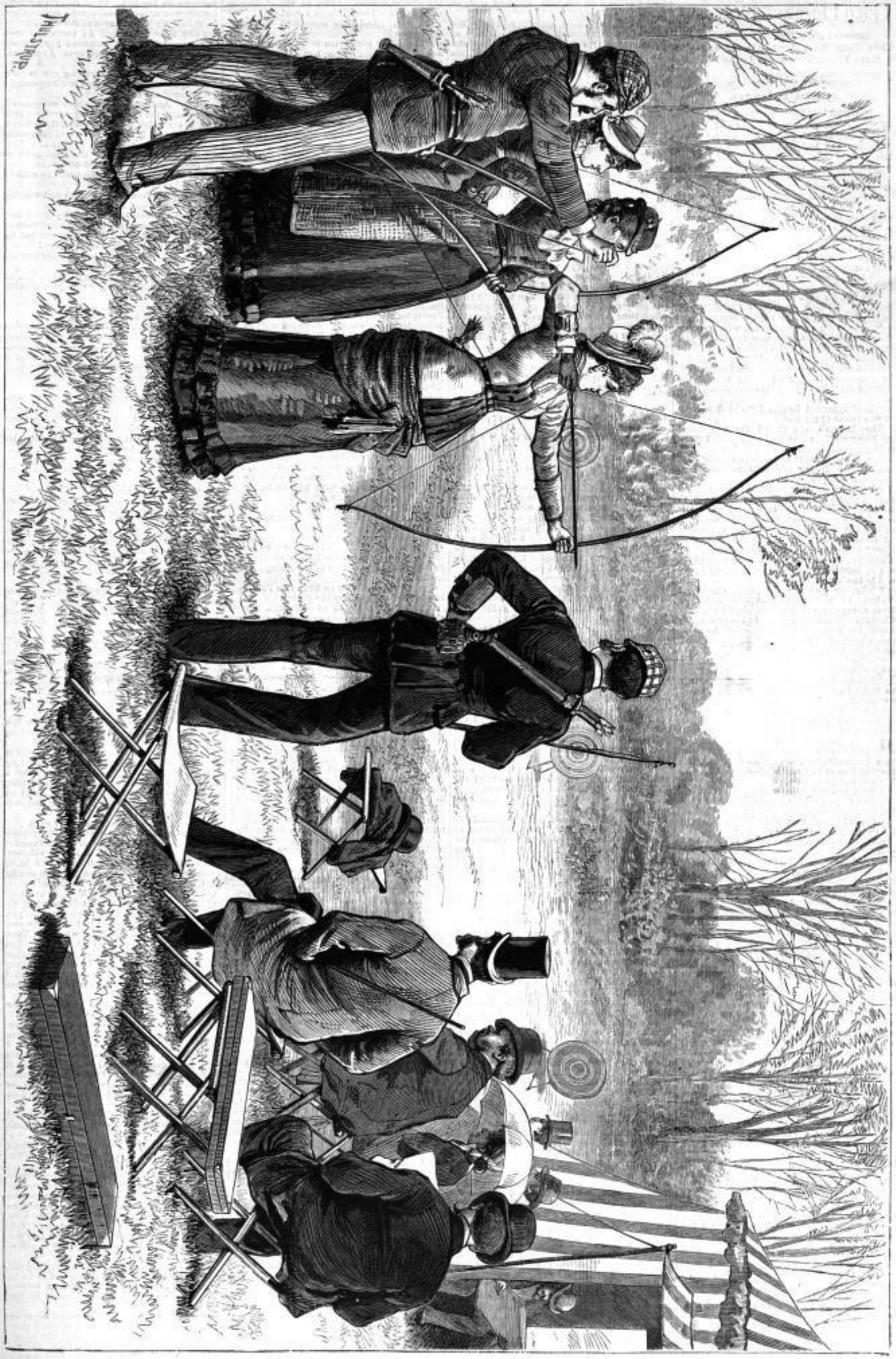
—A STONE from the tomb of Napoleon the First at St. Helena, intended for the Washington Monument, was presented to the Washington Monument Society with the appropriate documents at its regular meeting at the Federal capital on May 7th. It was only recently found after it had been lost sight of for nineteen years. When our naval vessels were ordered home from foreign waters at the opening of the civil war in 1861, the man-of-war *Mystic*, in sailing from the East Indies, stopped at St. Helena, and some one proposed bringing home a stone for the Washington Monument from Napoleon's tomb, which was done. The stone was landed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and then forgotten. Recently Admiral Powell began making inquiries, and it was found stowed away at the Washington Navy Yard, and is reported by Commodore Fabiger to be in good condition.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—MARRIAGE OF LIEUTENANT A. M. THACKARA, U. S. N., TO MISS ELEANOR M. SHERMAN, AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY, MAY 5TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. ORDE.—SEE PAGE 195.

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NEW YORK CITY.—FIRST SPRING MEETING OF THE NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB, IN CENTRAL PARK, MAY 1st.—SEE PAGE 195.

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GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE PISTOL SHOT.

FOR a few seconds Reginald and Vellani gazed at each other in silence, for if the one had had no expectation of finding the other in the old church, the other had entertained as little expectation of meeting the apparition which now stared at him gloomily from the doorway.

The silence was broken by Reginald.

"So," he said, slowly, laying the valise and pick at his feet, "you are here, Signor Vellani?"

"As you see," said the Italian, replying in the same tone.

"What brings you here?"

Vellani laughed slightly, but with a saturnine expression of countenance.

"What brings you here, Signor Grey?" he said.

"My mission here is legitimate. Yours is an intrusion. If you come to seek, with any hopes of obtaining, the buried treasure referred to in the old manuscript, which you or the Marchesa di Lupo stole from me, you come as an intruder and a robber."

Vellani shrugged his shoulders.

"You are beforehand with me, I perceive," he remarked, leaning carelessly against the cedar-wood doorway. "Have you found the box?"

"Yes," returned Reginald, "and it is here in this valise at my feet."

The Italian's eye rested for a moment longingly on the valise, and as he gazed, Reginald inspected him more closely. In the glance Reginald noticed that Vellani's right arm hung limp and apparently useless at his side. Perceiving this, Reginald said:

"You are scarcely in a condition, sir, if I may judge by the appearance of your arm, to make an issue on this matter. I need not assure you, when you recall the circumstances of our last meeting, and when you remember by what fraud and insolence you became possessed of the secret that was mine alone, that I can regard your presence here only as an act of dishonesty which I am prepared to resist to the last extremity."

"Why, sir, you surprise me!" ejaculated Vellani, in well-feigned astonishment. "I have always regarded myself, since I read the Chevalier Deville's manuscript—you see I know the name of the writer—as being as much entitled to the treasure, if any existed, as any man living."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Reginald. "And for what reason?"

"Because it belongs to no one living, except to him who may have obtained knowledge of its existence. In that view, I have always been willing to admit that you, as one of the sharers in the secret, possessed equal rights with myself to the possession of the treasure."

"You flatter yourself, then, with the idea of a division?" said Reginald, endeavoring to retain his self-control which, he felt, was fast leaving him at the cool audacity of Vellani's bearing and proposition.

"Since you put it that way—yes."

"And do you think me capable of considering for a moment so absurd a proposition?"

"Absurd or not, that is the proposition that I have the honor to make to you."

"That I divide the contents of the box with you?"

"Precisely. To make the matter clearer to you, when I first read the manuscript which, by chance the Marchesa di Lupo had carried away with her—" Reginald smiled incredulously—"I understood very well that one man had as much right as another to the treasure of which it makes mention. Therefore, supposing that you might take steps to begin a search for it, I resolved to endeavor to discover the missing clews and to act on them if I could obtain them."

"Well," said Reginald, as Vellani paused for a moment.

"After you and your friend, Mr. Waring, left Milan, I went, as soon as the wound in my arm permitted, to Madrid, with a copy of the manuscript that I had made. Assisted by friends in that city, I searched the old archives of the former American colonies of Spain, and before two days had elapsed, I was in possession of all the facts and rumors in the case of the career and arrest in Mexico of the French Chevalier St. Evremond Deville."

"Your industry is to be commended, Signor Vellani!" exclaimed Reginald, with a sarcastic smile, which seemed to be lost on the Italian.

"Among the names of those connected with the massacres of 1680—a full account of which I found in the archives—was that of Fra Pablo, the Franciscan, who perished while endeavoring to escape from his church of the pueblo of Pecos—this very church, Mr. Grey—in company with the Chevalier Deville. The mention of the fort of San Juan del Ulua, at Vera Cruz, as the place of M. Deville's imprisonment satisfied me that I was on the right track."

"Your story, sir, is very interesting. What did you do next?"

"You are easily pleased—what did I do next? I familiarized myself, by reading from the best authorities, with the past and present condition of the pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley, the region chiefly exposed to the fury of the Indians in 1680, and I gained all the necessary knowledge that enabled me to come here to this spot, direct from Madrid. I arrived in New York ten days ago—almost on your heels—and this forenoon I reached San José from Pueblo—I heard of you on the way, sir—and now, as you see, I am here!"

"To return, I hope, quietly, and with the satisfaction of knowing that the treasure of St. Evremond Deville is discovered at last, and is in the hands of him to whom it of right belongs!"

"To demand of you, since you are here before me, my share of the spoils, Mr. Grey."

"The spoils, eh! And when I tell you that for more than one reason I absolutely refuse to entertain any proposition from you, what then?"

"Then, sir, you will only enjoy this treasure when you shall have earned it at the sacrifice of my life!

"Are you so desperate as that?"

"I am. Will you consent to divide with me?"

"No."

"Will you give me a third of the contents of the box?"

"No; not a third."

"One-fourth?"

"You have already had my answer. You make a mistake in threatening me, Signor Vellani! Had you come, even on this quest, prepared to ask my pardon and that of Mr. Melchior Waring, for your ungentlemanly and cowardly conduct to both of us, or, rather, your ungentlemanly conduct to me and your cowardly conduct to him, I might have recognized your penitence and regrets and repaid you somewhat for your long journeys in the pursuit of this treasure. But, as it is, I must end this interview, for I propose to take my departure."

As he spoke Vellani moved from the side of the doorway swiftly, and planted himself squarely in the middle of the entrance. Then Reginald perceived for the first time that Vellani's right hand, which Reginald had deemed, a moment before, helpless, held a pistol.

With one foot on his valise, Reginald thrust his hand in his belt and drew thence his revolver. He was in good time, for as he cocked the weapon, even while drawing it, Vellani, with a frantic desperation that admitted of no delay, leveled his pistol and fired.

It needed only this to exasperate Reginald to a pitch of anger which, up to this moment, he had not been able to feel against the miserable man before him; but, being conscious that Vellani's purpose was simply one of assassination, he turned the muzzle of his pistol, even while the revolver was still at his side, towards his enemy, standing in the full light of the portal, and discharged the weapon.

As he pulled the trigger, another report sounded in his ear, and the puff of smoke that arose from where Vellani stood, made him aware that the Italian had fired at the same moment.

For a second or two Reginald held his weapon irresolutely in his hand, doubting whether to fire again; but as the smoke from the other's pistol floated away into the peaceful atmosphere without, he saw, with a start that he could not repress, his wretched antagonist clutching feebly at the side of the doorway, as, with head bent, he gradually sank to the earth. The passion by which Reginald had been controlled when he had discharged the pistol passed away at this spectacle, and, forgetful of the evil conduct of the Italian, he hastened towards him to learn the extent of his injury.

Vellani's pale face was turned towards him, and from a wound in the side of his head the blood was slowly dripping to the ground.

His eyes were closed, but he was conscious.

Reginald bound his handkerchief around Vellani's forehead, and then, drawing him out of the sun into the building, placed him in an easy position, and went to where his valise was lying and took thence a canteen of water.

With this he returned to Vellani, who, after he had drunk from it, opened his eyes and fixed them on him.

"You alone are responsible for this," said Reginald. "I would have avoided it."

Vellani muttered a few unintelligible words in Italian and nodded his head once or twice.

Reginald surmised, from the fact that his mind seemed to be clear enough to comprehend what was said to him, that the bullet had not penetrated the skull into the brain.

Hoping that this might prove to be the case—for his was not a nature to desire the death of even so malicious an enemy as Vellani had shown himself to be—he said, as he bent over him:

"Can you see clearly, and do you understand what I say to you?"

Again the Italian nodded, as if in answer to the question; and Reginald continued:

"Be patient for a little while. I will summon assistance and endeavor to obtain a doctor's services. I shall show more regard for your reputation than you did for my life, and I will tell the people that you were wounded in a duel with me. Do you prefer that, or shall I let them know the truth?"

"Let them believe that we have fought a duel," returned Vellani, feebly closing his eyes as if wearied with the effort to keep them open.

Placing the canteen of water at his side, and taking with him his valise, Reginald hastened from the church, mounted his horse, and rode rapidly towards a house which stood a few hundred yards on the other side of the road and about a quarter of a mile from the ruin.

As he reached the road he met a man, evidently a Mexican and a native of the country, riding towards him from the direction of the house. He was dressed gayly in the fashion of the country.

The stranger lifted his hat gracefully as he joined Reginald, whose agitated features probably afforded him a clew to what had happened.

"Pardon, señor," he said, "but I heard pistol shots a few minutes ago. The sounds seemed to proceed from the church."

"You are right," replied Reginald, returning the salutation. "One of the shots was fired by me. I have fought a duel."

"A duel! And your antagonist—the other gentleman?"

"The other gentleman is wounded. Can I ask your hospitality for him—I suppose that is your house yonder? Whatever trouble you may be put to shall be amply recompensed."

"My house is at your command," replied the stranger. "As to recompense, do not mention it again."

"You are very kind. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Pedro Guzman, at your service."

"And my name is Reginald Grey. And now, señor, where can I obtain a surgeon?"

"Leave that to me," replied the Mexican. "Let us first take the wounded gentleman to the house."

Together they repaired to the ruin. Vellani had so far recovered his strength as to be able to raise himself from the recumbent position in which Reginald had left him, and, when they entered the inclosure, they found him seated, with his elbows leaning on his knees and holding his head between his hands.

Reginald's first act was to saturate his handkerchief with water and wash the blood from his face. Then, having helped him to his feet, he supported him, aided by Don Pedro, to the Mexican's horse, where he was assisted into the saddle. Reginald walked on one side of him, and Don Pedro on the other, and, in this order, the party moved slowly towards the Mexican's dwelling.

Here Vellani was made as comfortable as possible, while Don Pedro went in search of a doctor who lived in the vicinity.

Reginald, during the absence of the owner of the house, contented himself with sitting on the veranda and awaiting the doctor's arrival. His mind having been relieved on the subject of his late antagonist's condition—for he was satisfied from the Italian's restored strength and general favorable symptoms that the bullet had inflicted merely a flesh wound and that his life was not in danger—he had no inclination to converse with him or hold any further communication with him. Vellani grievously, perhaps fatally wounded, and Vellani only slightly injured, were two very different individuals; for while in the former case he would have felt his sympathy aroused in behalf of his enemy, in the latter he entertained for him the same feeling of aversion that he had felt previous to the attempt on his life in the ruin.

In the course of half an hour Don Pedro returned, accompanied by the doctor.

A brief examination of Vellani's wound showed that, with proper care, no danger was to be apprehended from it. The bullet had glanced from the skull and had plowed its way through the scalp, issuing at the back of the head. This was the report made to Reginald by the doctor when the latter joined him on the veranda.

Reginald expressed his gratification, and offered to defray any expense entailed by the doctor's attendance.

"It is not necessary for you to trouble yourself on that score," replied the doctor. "I have already settled that matter with the gentleman himself. He is an Italian, I perceive."

"Yes, señor," said Reginald, briefly, in a tone which the medical man understood to debar further questioning on the subject of Vellani's identity; and as the doctor appeared to have nothing further to say, he bowed to Reginald, chatted for a minute or two with Don Pedro, and mounted his horse, which trotted off at an easy-going professional gait.

In a conversation that ensued between Reginald and Don Pedro, the former told the latter that he proposed to return to Santa Fé, whence he had come that morning. As to Vellani, he merely explained that, meeting accidentally in the church, they had settled an old quarrel by a recourse to their weapons.

"It is a subject on which I should prefer not to converse, señor," he concluded, "and I am sure that you will permit me to dispense with details."

Don Pedro politely declared that he respected his wishes too much to desire to hear any further on the subject of the rencontre. "But," he added, "since you cannot reach Santa Fé before midnight, if you should set out on your journey this evening, do me the pleasure to remain here until the stage passes to-morrow. In that way you will have company on your return."

Reginald very gladly accepted the invitation as, under the circumstances, it would be more agreeable to have an escort to Santa Fé than to travel thither alone.

Before the coming on of night he left the house and went to the church. He wished to obliterate all evidences of the discovery of the box, so that no curious visitor, seeing the traces of the removed adobe, should be led to make inquiries. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he returned to the rancho, on the veranda of which he found Don Pedro awaiting him with the information that Vellani was sleeping soundly and apparently free from pain.

CHAPTER XIX.—MARRIAGE BELLS.

THE next morning, accompanied by his host, Reginald rode down to await the coming of the stage from San José. He had refrained, sedulously, from approaching Vellani's bedside, although had his enemy expressed any wish to see him he would have responded promptly. But as no message came to him, he contented himself with the knowledge—derived from the doctor, who had called during the night—that the patient was progressing favorably.

As the stage drew up he glanced through the open window into the vehicle, and his gaze rested on the face of Manuela. There was no other passenger, and for a moment they looked at each other in silence—she with a smile of welcome on her lips. Then, recovering from his surprise at thus unexpectedly meeting her, he moved his horse nearer to the window.

"You here, Manuela!" he exclaimed, in a low tone, taking her extended hand in his. "What an unexpected pleasure! I am back, you see, from Europe."

"You found my note awaiting you in New York, and you are on your way to Albuquerque, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes. And now for a great surprise. I have found the box of the manuscript. It is here in my valise. Look through the window at that ruin. It is the old church of the pueblo of Pecos. It was there that I found it."

"It seems like a dream," she murmured, as she contemplated the ancient structure.

"Would not you like to visit it?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

Leading his horse by the bridle and walking by her side, he said:

"I have a great deal to tell you. I met Melchior in Paris and a duel with Vellani was fought, but it was fought not by me but by Melchior, who, happily, was uninjured."

In a few words he told her of what had occurred in Milan.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, when he had finished his recital, "that this trouble with Vellani is over!"

"It is not over yet," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"It will astonish you, Manuela, to know that he obtained the clew to the place of concealment of the treasure, and as I was leaving the church with the box, after having removed it from the wall, I met him at the doorway, prepared to dispute my passage."

"And then?"

"He demanded that I should share with him, and, when I refused, he drew his pistol suddenly and fired at me. I returned the shot and fortunately disabled him—not, however, until he had fired at me the second time. He evidently was bent on taking my life."

"Where is he now?"

"In that house over there among the cedars."

"How did he find his way to the church?"

"That is a long story. Of course he saw the manuscript in the hands of the Marchesa di Lupo. He went to Madrid after the duel with Melchior, and there learned from the archives the whole history of the writer of the manuscript and of Fra Pablo, which included the identification of this church, which had been under the Franciscan's charge."

"Is his wound serious?"

"Not necessarily. The wound is a flesh-wound."

While Reginald was speaking Manuela seemed to have become abstracted. Her gaze was fixed on the church.

"We cannot remain long here," she said. "Let us hasten to the church."

They walked in silence towards the ruin, and when they had entered it he led her to the rear of the structure and pointed out to her the excavation in the wall.

"Where is the inscription?" she said. "I do not see it."

"It has disappeared. I discovered the box by mere accident. Any one else looking closely might have detected it."

For a little while she stood gazing silently at the spot where the treasure had lain so long in the adobe. Then, as if actuated by a sudden impulse—an impulse which, at first, Reginald failed to comprehend—she knelt on the ground in the attitude of prayer, and covered her face with her hands.

When she arose a mist was in her eyes.

"I was praying," she said, "for the repose of the soul of the poor prisoner of San Juan del Ulua. I am a Catholic, and in our religion, you know, we are taught that God will listen even to the unworthy who may pray earnestly for the repose of the souls of the dead."

Reginald took her hand in his.

"Manuela," he said, "you told me when we parted, before my journey to Europe, that you preferred to await the test of time before you should give a decided answer to my suit. Time has only strengthened my love for you. Let me lay at your feet the riches that a strange chance has put into my hands, and, in making you my wife, let me feel the consciousness that I gain in you a greater treasure than any that fortune could bestow."

"Are you very sure that you know your own mind, Reginald?" she asked.

"My mind was made up long ago," he replied, earnestly. "Now that the treasure which I so largely owe to Melchior—how, I will tell you presently—is mine, I could not be satisfied unless you and he should share it with me. The thought of you and your participation in the pleasures it would bring us both has been the great impulse that led me on in my search for it."

Her hand still lay in his, and, as he ceased speaking, she put her disengaged arm around his neck and kissed him.

"Let that be my answer," she said. "Does it not suffice? Come now, let us return to the stage."

He fain would have lingered a little longer in the old church, so that he might consecrate a few more blissful minutes to solitude and his new-born happiness; but, finally yielding to her solicitations, he led her out of the ruin on their way back to the stage—not, however, without obtaining from her a promise that she would return with him to New York in a few days as his bride.

It need scarcely be said that Reginald did not ride his horse, as he had intended to do, to Santa Fé, but he tied the animal, as before, behind the stage, and seated himself by the side of Manuela.

In their conversation he rehearsed the story of all that had happened to him since they parted, including Melchior's completion of the manuscript; and when, at last, from the top of the hills overlooking Santa Fé, they saw the houses of the town ranged beneath them, there

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was nothing more to tell Manuela concerning his trip to Europe and his journey to New Mexico, which had so auspiciously ended.

During the ride the valise, with its precious contents, lay in the stage at their feet.

The box was undisturbed, for, by mutual consent, they had agreed to defer the examination of it until they should reach Albuquerque and the home of Manuela.

"Ah!" said Reginald, "if Melchior could only be present when we open the box for the first time!"

In Santa Fé, after seeing Manuela suitably lodged at the hotel, he repaired to the residence of Don Manuel, where he had the pleasure of greeting his hospitable acquaintance of the stage-ride from Pueblo, the good padre, Don Tomas, who had arrived safely the day before, and whom, without having been aware of the fact, he had passed on the way to San José.

Great was the astonishment of the worthy priest when he imparted to him the information that he was to be married in a very few days, and greater still was his surprise when he learned that Manuela Waring was the prospective bride. Colonel Waring had been an old friend of his, and, like every one in that part of New Mexico, he felt a lively interest in the cavalry officer's daughter, of whom he had often heard.

When the padre knew that Manuela was at that moment at the hotel, he insisted that, if agreeable to her, she should come to his house and be Pepita's guest for the night. A deputation consisting of Don Tomas himself, Pepita and Reginald, therefore went immediately to the hotel and laid the matter before Manuela, who accepted the invitation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE THACKARA-SHERMAN WEDDING.

THE third daughter of General Wm. T. Sherman, Miss Eleanor Mary, was married on Wednesday evening, May 5th, at her father's residence in Washington, to Alexander M. Thackara, a lieutenant in the United States Navy. The ceremony was witnessed by the relatives, intimate friends, and the President, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, but the reception which followed was attended by a large number of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the country. The bride is a rosy-cheeked, brown-haired lady, twenty years of age, a little below medium height, with charming freshness and vivacity. She was educated at the Georgetown Convent. The bride was dressed in white satin and brocade, trimmed with seed pearls on lace. Her ornaments were simple pearls. None of the daughters of the General wore on this occasion the costly diamonds presented by the Khédive, though both Mrs. Fitch and Miss Sherman wore less elaborate ornaments of the same kind. The bouquet carried by the bride was of orange blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley.

The bridegroom is thirty-one years of age, was graduated at the Annapolis Academy in the Class of 1869, and is the son of the senior member of the firm of Thackara, Buck & Co., of Philadelphia.

The bridesmaids, five in number, wore white crêpe de chine, with sleeves of Spanish lace, and broad sashes of brocaded ribbon. They were: Miss May Ewing, a cousin of the bride and daughter of Representative Thomas Ewing; Miss Rachel Sherman, the General's youngest daughter; Miss Marion Whipple, daughter of one of his staff officers, stationed at Chicago; Miss Mary Lochland, of St. Louis, and Miss Addie Slack, of Washington. Each carried bouquets of some favorite flower. The groomsmen were Lieutenants Berry, Bradbury and Coffin, of the Navy, and Lieutenants Augur and Cherry of the Army.

Mrs. Sherman wore a handsome dress of pearl-colored silk and satin. Mrs. Fitch, of St. Louis, formerly Miss Minnie Sherman, wore a toilet of old gold satin. Miss Lizzie Sherman wore pink crêpe de chine, with puffed front of pink satin. Among the very elegantly attired ladies present were the wives of two of the General's aides, Mrs. Audenreid and Mrs. Bacon, and Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Madame Outrey, both of whom were escorted by Mr. Morton in the absence from the city of M. Outrey, the French Minister.

The bridal party was preceded by little Miss Florence Audenreid, escorted by Master Tecumseh Sherman. The General wore full uniform, as did also the bridegroom, the attendants and the many military guests present. Representative Anson G. McCook was accompanied by Miss Hettie McCook, of Chillicothe, Ohio. Many of the leading officers of the Government, the Army and the Navy were present, noticeable among whom was Master Lucien Young, the hero of the *Huron* disaster.

General Grant sent a letter of greeting and congratulation, and General Sheridan a *tête-à-tête* set of silver. The presents were of great number and value, but were not ostentatiously displayed. Senator Blaine sent a Berry set of silver and gold, with a card bearing an inscription expressive of the same regard for the daughter which he had always cherished for the mother, his cousin. Representative McCook's gift was of elegant silverware in Olympian design. Touching mementoes were sent by the Sisters in the Georgetown Convent.

ARCHERY IN CENTRAL PARK.

ARCHERY is rapidly growing in popularity in this city, as elsewhere. The club formed in October last already numbers nearly fifty members, many of whom have developed a good deal of skill in the use of the string and bow. With a view of encouraging the sport, the Park Commissioners have set apart the lawn formerly known as the lower ball ground, in Central Park, about a furlong away from the Eighth Avenue entrance, for the use of the club on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays during the season. At the first meet, May 1st, pretty tents and a dozen targets, with the ladies' toilets and the green foliage, supplied a most attractive scene, the paths surrounding the grounds and the rocks at the lower end being covered with a concourse of interested spectators. The brightly-painted targets, on iron easels, were arranged in two lines facing each other, at a distance of sixty yards. On a line with the targets of the New York Club, but nearer to the north border of the meadow, were the targets of the Manhattan Bowmen, six indefatigable archers. Between the two camps, in the centre of the field, a tall, bright-red flag-pole, with a very large flag at its top, contributed to the general picturesqueness.

Pennants flying from short staves driven into the sward marked off the ground for the archers. First, a line of all the members who chose toeshoot stood just in front of the southwest row of targets. Each then fired three arrows sixty yards with the wind to the targets opposite. Each target was forty-eight inches in diameter. Then walking across the field, they withdrew their arrows from the targets or picked them up from the grass. They then fired back the same distance in the face of the wind. This was repeated until each had shot thirty arrows. Next, thirty arrows were shot by each in the same manner at a distance of fifty yards, and, to close the round, the same number of arrows were fired at a distance of forty yards. An arrow that transfixed the gilt bull's-eye counted nine. The surrounding circles were, in order, red, drab, black and white, and counted respectively seven, five, three and one. The bows, six feet long, are of lancewood, hickory and yew. The steel-tipped arrows are marked with two numbers, as "4-6." An arrow so marked would weigh as much as four English shillings and six English pence.

Several ladies participated in the sport, and, it is said, drove their arrows with more accurate aim than some of the gentlemen archers. The games will continue throughout the Summer months on three days of each week. The officers of the club are: Dr. A. B. DeLuna, President; James W. Auten, Jr., Secretary; George D. Pond, treasurer; and John W. Sutton, Field Captain. Prominent in the contests were Mrs. James W. Auten, Miss E. T. Morton, Miss Fannie Wren, Miss Belle Howell, Miss A. M. Ashman, the Misses Mauger, George H. Sheldon, S. S. Roper and Dr. J. E. Whitehead.

POLICE-INSPECTOR BYRNES.

THE new inspector appointed by the Police Commissioners to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Inspector McDermott, Thomas Byrnes, is the well-known Chief of the Detective Bureau, who, during the past two years, has made a most enviable record by his marvelous detective service. He has already seen seventeen years' service on the police force of New York, having been appointed a patrolman in 1863. He attained his captaincy in 1870, and, after brief terms in several precincts, he was given command of the Fifteenth. During the Orange riot of July 12th, 1871, he held the Orange Lodge against the assaults of the mob from daylight until the procession began to move, when, being in command of the right of the column, he forced the passage down Eighth Avenue. When the attack was made on the military, he kept the head of the column clear, and afterwards led the way to Cooper Institute, where the procession was dismissed. While his record embraces the saving of lives at fires, the capture of "The Bastile," a notorious negro gambling house in Bleeker Street, the running down of numerous thieves of distinction, and the breaking up of strongholds of crime, Inspector Byrnes's greatest achievement consists in his patient pursuit and capture of the Manhattan Savings Bank robbers from the faintest of clews. Three are now in service in the State Prison, and two more, captured but a few days ago in Philadelphia, to the intense dismay of the local police, are now awaiting trial and sentence.

Inspector Byrnes's record is singularly clear from blemish of any kind. He is active, sagacious, indefatigable, honest, and, because he is so, he has the friendship and backing of the most substantial and reputable gentlemen of the city.

CINCINNATI EXCURSIONISTS IN GEORGIA.

THE excursion of several hundred Southern citizens to Cincinnati in connection with the opening of the Cincinnati Southern Railway was followed last month by a "return visit," which has attracted a good deal of attention. This latter excursion consisted of a party of 160 of the leading business men of Cincinnati, besides about forty ladies. The party was in charge of Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, and visited the principal cities in Georgia, South Carolina, and other States. Returning, the excursionists left Savannah on April 21st, via Atlanta and Chattanooga. While at Savannah the excursionists were entertained by a trip in the steamer *Florida* down the river to Tybee Bar, during which they inspected the city wharves, the works of the Central Railroad Company, and other points of interest. Our illustration shows the steamer passing down the river, her decks crowded with excursionists. The visitors were also complimented by a grand ball and banquet in Savannah, which was attended by the *élite* of the city. The influence of these interchanges of hospitality between the representative business men of the North and the South is in every way salutary, and they cannot be too often repeated at this particular time, when partisan and sectional passions and resentments are being appealed to by politicians intent only on personal or party aggrandizement.

A French Crystal Palace.

AMONG the many grand schemes that have of late years haunted the minds of French speculators, the idea of constructing a national pendant to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has had prominent place. This ambitious project may soon be realized. A certain M. Nicolle has applied to the Government for permission to construct what he calls "*Le Palais de Crystal Français*" in the private park of St. Cloud. In that charming resort of Parisian holiday-makers he intends—always presupposing that he obtains the necessary permission and capital—to erect an immense building of glass, iron and stone, about the same size as the Sydenham structure, but organized on a more serious and scientific principle. Skating rinks are, at least for the present, to be excluded from its list of attractions on which the French Sydenham will depend for its success, and in their place there will be supplied the soberer pleasures of an anthropological museum, industrial exhibitions and model farms. The Sydenham enterprise was started with the same virtuous intentions, and we know what indifferent success has, financially speaking, attended it.

Churches in New York.

IT is said that there are at present 427 churches, chapels, and missions of all denominations in the metropolis—a gain of 26 in the last ten years. Of these churches and the like, 402 are set down as Protestant, with accommodations for 285,000 persons. The Episcopalians have the most of all the Protestant churches—88, with 52,896 sittings. The Presbyterians have 69 churches, with 42,341 sittings. The Methodists have 61 churches, with 30,786 sittings. The Baptists have 48 churches, with 26,912 sittings. The Reformed Dutch have 28 churches, with 14,986 sittings; the Lutherans 23, with 8,891 sittings. The Roman Catholics have 57 churches, with 71,784 sittings, the largest number of any sect in the city. As it is estimated that the present population of New York proper is from 1,250,000 to 1,300,000, more than three-quarters of the inhabitants could not get into church if they wanted to. But they do not want to, obviously. If they did, plenty of accommodation would be pretty sure to be furnished. It is asserted that not much over half the seating capacity of the city churches is generally needed. Many of the churches are never half filled except on special occasions. Only the Roman Catholic edifices are likely to be thronged at any time.

Our Mineral Wealth.

IN the opinion of some experts, the production of precious metals in the United States is but just beginning. In the last ten years we have advanced from $17,220,000 in silver and $33,750,000 in gold to $45,846,100 in silver and $44,880,225 in gold, but it is said that the next census (ten years) will more than quadruple this production. During the first seven years from 1850 to 1877 the production of gold exceeded that of silver in our country, but since then the production of silver has exceeded that of gold $5,561,925. This was caused in part by the discovery of the great silver mines at Leadville, Colorado, and in part by the decrease of the gold production of the Comstock lode in Nevada. It is a fact not generally known that in the production of the Comstock lode 41 20-100 is gold. The decrease of yield in Comstock was $13,464,481 in silver and gold during 1878-1879, while the increase of silver production in Colorado was $8,000,000. The production of gold and silver during the last census, as near as it can be ascertained, was as follows:

Year.	Silver.	Gold.
1870	$17,220,000	$33,750,000
1871	19,290,000	34,200,000
1872	19,954,429	38,177,395
1873	27,483,302	39,206,658
1874	29,699,123	38,466,488
1875	31,638,239	39,968,194
1876	39,289,934	42,926,935
1877	45,846,100	44,880,225
1878	37,348,137	37,576,030
1879	37,032,857	31,470,362

In this country $6,000,000 is annually consumed in making jewelry and for the arts. Last year about $14,700,000 in gold was imported to America, and this added to the home production gives an increase of $108,170,262. If we add still further the $37,032,857 in silver produced, we have $143,202,119 of a monetary increase to our national wealth. Large as this increase may appear, it is as nothing when compared with our future possibilities. The sudden influx of Eastern capital to the trans-Missouri country will meet a want long felt and cause the great mineral wealth of the West to be rapidly developed. The rich deposits of gold and silver there hidden in the earth will now be brought forth, converted into money and made to administer to the wants and conveniences of mankind. America will astonish the world in the next ten years, and perhaps shake the value of precious metals by her enormous production of them. General Ericsbin, of the United States Army, says: "I have lived ten years in the West, and I sincerely believe 1880 will not pass without giving us an unusual production of $400,000,000 of gold and silver in these United States."

What Causes Gray Hair.

THE turning gray of the hair is due to the destruction of the top of the papillæ, or life and color-giving bulb at the root of the hair. The sudden blanching of a head of hair is frequently caused by great nervous shocks, and many historical and traditional cases are handed down, in which sudden fear or overwhelming news has chilled even the roots of the hair and turned it white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching on record, for in a single night her rich, dark hair was changed to silvery-gray. Some hair, however, manages to withstand the blandishments of age, as notably the case of Mrs. Sally Davis, of Kentucky, now over seventy years of age, whose hair is a soft, silky brown, falling in luxuriant profusion to her waist, and with no suspicion of silver among the glistening threads. Gray hair has been known to become dark without the chemist's aid. Nazarella, a man 105 years old, was in 1774 at Vienna presented by nature with a new set of teeth and a restoration of the black hair of his youth. John Weeks died aged 114, and was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death, and Sir John Sinclair, a Scotchman, dying at 110, rejoiced in a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. Dr. Richards reports the case of a man who had three changes of his hair, from black to white, during his life, the first taking place when he was about thirty-five years of age.

"Variegated hair," which is alternately banded black-and-white, is noted among the hirsute curiosities of nature, and green and blue hair have been described by some authorities; but these colors owe their production to the influence of surroundings in which their subjects live, the green hair belonging to those who work in copper mines, and blue to those whose occupation is cobalt mining. Workers in indigo also have blue hair. In Tripoli and Turkey the ladies paint the hair of their children a vermilion color.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

On April 1st the Geological Society of France celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation.

The City Guilds of London have subscribed a sum of £450 as a donation to the building fund of the Technical Institute, and have promised an annual sum of £300 for three years, to provide suitable practical instruction at the Horological Institute for apprentices and improvers.

Two Secretaries of the Royal Society have passed away within a few weeks. Mr. T. Bell, who died March 13th, was Junior Secretary of the Society from 1848 to 1853, Mr. Christie being then the Senior. Dr. Sharpey, whose death occurred in April, succeeded Mr. Bell in 1853, became Senior in the following year, and held the post until his resignation in 1872.

M. J. Palmaerts has published at Brussels a pamphlet entitled "Projet d'Exploration au Pole Nord," in which, after a preliminary disquisition of a general nature, he expounds his plan for the construction of a submarine apparatus to attain the object in view. The *Times'* Naples correspondent states that the *Cristoforo Colombo* is now in course of preparation for an exploring voyage in the North Seas.

An Attempt is about to made by Queen's College, London, to overcome the difficulties incident to systematic lectures to ladies upon geological science, by organizing week by week excursions to the chief geological localities which are easy of access, where the strata and their fossils may be practically studied. Excellent results have attended the visits of these ladies to the museums of London during the past term, and it is anticipated that an aptitude may thus be acquired for geological field work, which will open up to them a new branch of scientific education.

According to the Kansas City *Review*, remains of a gigantic race of men, considerably advanced in civilization, have been discovered in a cave on the old Smith farm in Tiffin Township, Adams County, Ohio. The cavern had at one time been a burial-place, and contained many tombs adorned with bas-reliefs of a very high artistic character. One of the tombs, when broken open, was found to contain the mummy of a man nine feet one inch in length. Several tools and weapons of copper were found in the tomb, hardened to such a degree that a file will barely scratch the lance. It is to be hoped that further examinations will be undertaken by fully qualified persons. Perhaps at last a light will be thrown on the early history of the western hemisphere.

A Russian Paper, the *Kievlianin*, reports that in the latter part of 1879, in the province of Poltava, the cattle plague carried away from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of all the cattle affected by it. A Russian who saw no escape for his cattle resorted to the dangerous experiment of inoculating his healthy beasts with the virus taken from the diseased ones. All the cattle experimented upon were taken ill upon the tenth day after the operation, and about eighteen per cent. of them perished, leaving eighty-two per cent. safe from the epidemic. The inoculated animals lived with impunity even through the repeated epidemics that afterwards ravaged the same region. The result of this experiment has proved so satisfactory that inoculation for the plague is to be tried on an extensive scale in a number of Russian provinces.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RIGHT HON. GEO. J. GOSCHEN has been appointed as British Ambassador to Russia.

THE condition of the Empress of Russia remains about the same as it was last week.

MISS SUSIE LOUD, of Sherman, TEXAS, is making quite a reputation in her State as a historical painter.

QUEEN VICTORIA intends to decorate Frances Anne, Duchess of Marlborough, upon her return to England, with the royal order of Victoria and Albert.

BENJAMIN P. CHENEY, of Boston, a member of the United States and Canada Express Company, has paid into the treasury of the Dartmouth College $50,000 by his check.

THE French Academy of Sciences has awarded to Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, the Lalande prize for the discovery of forty-three asteroids, eight of them in 1879.

MR. GEORGE B. ROBERTS has been elected President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in the place of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, whose resignation takes effect June 1st.

MLLE. BARTET had a great success in Sarah Bernhardt's part in "Ruy Blas." Victor Hugo, the author of the play, who was behind the scenes, fervently congratulated her.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has so won upon the Irish heart that she leaves the country with the title of "the Lady Lieutenant," given to her for affection's sake by the people she has done so much to help.

GENERAL BEN. LE FEVRE, Representative in Congress from the Fifth Ohio District, and whose portrait lately appeared in this paper, has been renominated by an overwhelming majority, and is practically certain of re-election.

THE Mormon Church has excommunicated six daughters of Brigham Young. They were plaintiffs in the recent suit against the Church, and the executors of Brigham's estate, which put Delegate Cannon and others in jail for contempt.

LUTHER WHITING MASON, of Boston, has entered upon his duties as a professor of music in the Tokio normal schools, and is assisted in the Japanese literary branch of the work by one of his most successful pupils, Mr. Isawa.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY embarked for England on the 4th inst. Before leaving Natal he had an interview with John Dunn, who reported that throughout Zululand the feeling regarding the settlement of the affairs there is satisfactory.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL, whose coming visit to this country has been already announced, is the daughter of a clergyman, and is forty-five years of age. She at one time enjoyed the pleasures of fashionable life, but soon became devoted to improving the condition of working-women. She is a favorite of the Queen Victoria.

PROFESSOR GEORGE L. VOSE, of Bowdoin College, Maine, who is regarded as an authority upon such subjects, says that over 200 railroad bridges have fallen within the past ten years. He attributes these "accidents" either to the selection of bad materials, faulty construction and imperfect supervision, or all of these causes combined.

THE son of the Burmese King, Theeban, for whom, last year, a cradle of gold was made, incrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds of incredible value, has just died of smallpox. Vast sums were spent upon the little fellow, and all the people living round the palace stockade had to buy new cooking-kettles, lest the smell of rancid oil from the old ones might offend his tender little nose.

MADEMOISELLE NEVADA, who is becoming so famous abroad as a singer, is Miss Wixom, the daughter of a California hotel-keeper. She early showed great taste and capacity for music. While yet a mere child her parents moved to Nevada, where her mother died. The father sent her to Mill's Seminary, Nevada City. Her age is twenty-three, and she has been studying vocal music for some time abroad.

ALMOST the whole of the vast estate of the Duke of Portland, in which was included more than $7,000,000 of personal property, passes under the will to the fortunate youth who is now Duke of Portland, although he was only second cousin to the testator, who had numbers of nearer relatives. A vast Scotch property, which came to the late Duke through his maternal grandfather, who was in nowise related to the present Duke, is nevertheless bequeathed to him.

THE silver service presented to Mr. Maurice Delfosse by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, in recognition of his work as president of of the fishery commission, is kept locked up in the State Department at Washington. Mr. Delfosse preferred to have the service in lieu of the money which it is customary to present to an umpire in an international arbitration. It is a full dinner-service, made by Tiffany, of massive silver. There are sixty pieces, including eighteen soup plates.

WILLIAM P. DAINGERFIELD, presiding Justice of the California Superior Court, dropped dead on the bench at San Francisco, May 5th. He was engaged in hearing a case when he suddenly threw up his hands, gasped once or twice, and expired instantly. He had been in infirm health for some months past. His death is attributed to heart disease. Justice Daingerfield was a native of Virginia, and was fifty-six years of age. He was Judge of the Twelfth District Court previous to the reorganization of the Judiciary under the new Constitution.

THE ball given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin on Tuesday night, May 4th, seems to have been a gay affair. The Mansion House was lighted and decorated without regard to expense; the dancing places were marked off with silken cords; flowers bloomed everywhere; two bands discoursed music; Commander Foster, U.S.N., had the honor of opening the ball with the Lady Mayoress, whose husband later on presented him the freedom of the city in a box of costly workmanship; the other officers of the *Constellation* were treated civilly by the lords and ladies present, and the supper left nothing to be desired.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, at Cincinnati, was the presence of a native East Indian. This gentleman, Babu Ram Chunder Bose, represents the native Methodists of India, and is the first Hindoo delegate ever sent to a General Conference. He is a resident of Lucknow, where he is head master of two schools. He is a pure-blooded Hindoo, but speaks the English language with an accuracy of pronunciation and grammatical construction that would put to shame many native-born Americans. His present work is to preach to the educated English-speaking natives, whom he visits in their homes, and to whom, when opportunity offers, he lectures or talks in English or the vernacular. He also writes pamphlets in English for the benefit of educated Hindoos, and several of them have been published in book-form by the Methodist press at Lucknow.

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INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER.

AUSTIN, THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS.

ONE of the brightest and whitest of cities is Austin, the capital of the State of Texas. It is situated upon the Colorado River, about 160 miles from its mouth, and 200 miles northwest of Galveston. The river up to Austin is navigable in Winter only for small steamboats. The city is built upon an amphitheatre of hills, and overlooks the lovely valley of the Colorado and the rich rolling prairies beyond. The public buildings are of a white stone called marble, which is too soft to admit of polish. As I approached Austin—I struck the capital by way of Houston—the glare from these buildings almost blinded me, and it was some hours ere my eyes became toned down to their radiant whiteness. The number of church spires, too, recalled the grave old towns of New England. The main street is singularly picturesque in its wideness, its steepness, the variety of its bordering architecture, from the shanty, almost Mexican in its rude simplicity, to the lordly State House that crowns the hill. There is a *soupçon* of Mexico about Austin, from the *sombreros* and mustangs to the ragged and jagged cacti. A portion of the city, close to the railway depot, is known as Little Mexico, and inhabited solely by natives of the country of the Montezumas. My first visit was to the State House, which is approached by several flights of marble steps. In the vestibule stands the monument of Bonham, Crockett, Bowie and Travis, which is built from the ruins of the Alamo. Upon the side of Crockett is the following inscription: "To the God of the fearless and the free



THE STATE CAPITOL, AT AUSTIN.

is dedicated this altar made from the ruins of the Alamo." Upon the side of Travis: "Be they enrolled with Leonidas, the host of the mighty dead." Upon the side of Bowie: "Thermopylæ had her messengers of defeat, but the Alamo had none." Santa Anna captured the entire place, and these heroes died at their guns.

The museum attached to the State House contains some Mexican curiosities in the shape of weapons, Indian gongs and a tunic attributed to Hernando Cortez. The Legislature was in session on the occasion of my visit, and the representatives of both houses were at it "hammer and tongs." In the House of Representatives are two well-executed oil paintings, and, as I was informed, admirable likenesses, of Houston and Armstrong. They hang at either side of the chair. There is also a spirited picture of the Battle of the Wilderness. There were five colored representatives present, each of whom seemed up to his very eyes in business. I crossed the corridor to the Senate Chamber. This is a well-proportioned apartment, and decorated after a sober, but nevertheless tasteful, fashion. The door-keeper is colored, and they tell that when he was ordered to turn over his wagon at Richmond, he declared that the order was "a darned foolish one." Portraits of Washington and Houston adorn the walls, also that of General Tom Greene. Senator Burton, colored, is highly respected both for his eloquence and his nobility of nature, and his influence with both the white and colored population is the mere outcome of his merits as a man.

The Austinites are very proud of the view from Mount



A SESSION OF THE LOWER HOUSE.

TEXAS.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—THE STATE CAPITOL AND LEGISLATIVE HALLS.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.

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REV. ISAAC M. KALLOCH, MURDERER OF CHARLES DE YOUNG.
FROM A PHOTO. BY THE IMPERIAL GALLERY.



REV. I. S. KALLOCH, FATHER OF THE MURDERER, AND MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.



THOMAS BYRNES, THE NEW INSPECTOR OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 195.

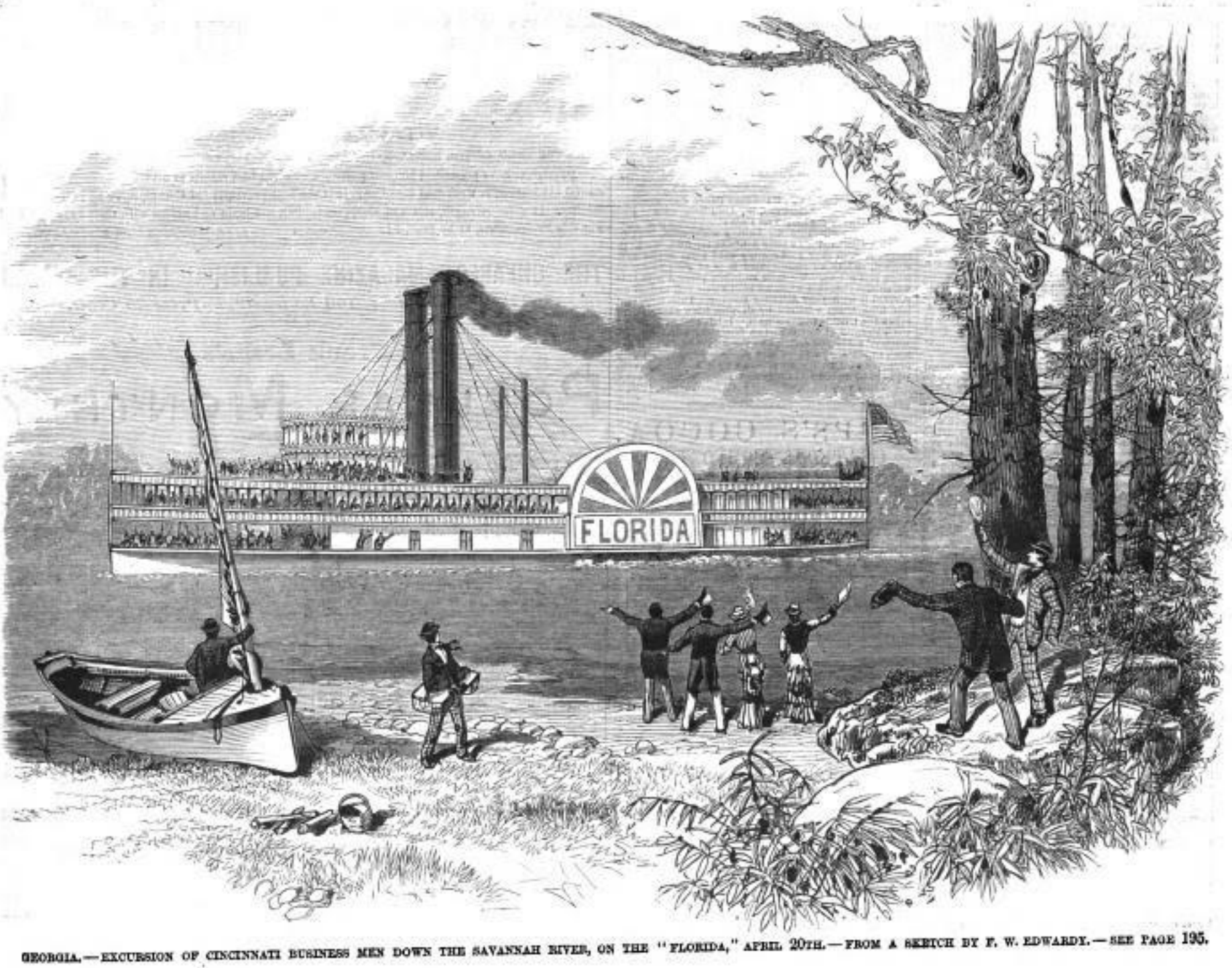
Bonmell, which is situated about five miles from the city, and to Mount Bonmell repair picnickers, and lovers, and those to whom the beauty of nature are a joy forever. The saloons are very numerous in Austin, and very well appointed. Gambling is not unknown to the city, and the hall of a noted individual who never yet was known to miss his man stands on the main street. I stood at street-corners in waiting to see some *ranchero*, or farmer, emerge from a saloon and vault clean into the saddle of his patient mustang. This feat is thoroughly Texan, and should be seen to be appreciated. The drama is relegated to a very handsome concert-hall, and is extensively patronized. During my visit the Emma Abbott troupe was drawing immense houses, "honest, little Emma" being very popular all over the length and breadth of the Lone Star State. Austin boasts some first-class stores, and the banks and insurance offices are very charming specimens of architecture. The Odd Fellow's Hall cost $100,000, the schools $150,000. Austin is about to treat herself to a new Capitol, and, in order to raise funds for its erection, has voted three million five hundred thousand acres of land, for which she will receive $1,000,000. A few years ago Austin consisted of a couple of log cabins. Now she has a population of 16,000; in 1870 her population was but 4,428; in 1860, 3,494. An artesian well has been sunk north of the Capitol to the depth of 1,300 feet, from which a small stream constantly issues. One of the many picturesque sights to be seen in Austin is the arrival and departure of the diligences for San Antonio and other places, drawn by gayly attired and be belled mules. Austin has a good career before her the capital of a State which is larger than the Empire of Germany, and which every hour is increasing in material wealth and prosperity. Like a queen she sits on her throne by the Colorado, the richest land in the wide world surrounding her—land that loudly calls for every immigrant arriving at Castle Garden.

THE KALLOCH-DE YOUNG FEUD.

THE murder of Charles De Young, senior proprietor of the *Chronicle*, by the Rev. I. M. Kalloch, son of the Mayor of San Francisco, continues to be the grand sensation of California. The prisoner refuses to make any statement, acting on the advice of his counsel. Public attention is about evenly divided between the father and the son, for, while the people were considering the horrors of the son's crime, the Board of Supervisors were considering the recent utterances and addresses of his father, the Mayor. The Judiciary Committee, instructed to inquire how far the actions of Mayor Kalloch had tended to create a feverish excitement, and to report the proper action to be taken by the Board in the premises, filed a long report on May 3d, reviewing the history of the labor agitation and the part taken in it by Kalloch, finding that he has encouraged the lawless and discontented workmen, advised them to parade the streets, and endeavored to keep them in such a disposition and temperament as to commit an outbreak whenever it should suit his purposes; that he has impeached the honesty of the whole community, accused various branches of the City Government of corruption and dereliction of duty, and, under pretense of counseling the mob against violence, insidiously advised it to be in readiness for bloodshed and the overthrow of the authorities. The committee expressed the opinion that Kalloch was unscrupulous, unprincipled, and devoid of integrity and of fidelity to the public interests, and that the time had arrived for the people to express their condemnation of his acts. It recommended that prompt action be taken to vindicate the fair fame of the municipality by a judicial inquiry into Kalloch's case.

The motion to adopt the report was put by Mayor Kalloch, who announced that by the *casting* vote it was carried. The roll was then called, resulting in a unanimous vote for its adoption. A resolution was then adopted authorizing the Finance Committee to cause judicial proceedings to be instituted against the Mayor for his removal from office, and empowering it to employ counsel and prosecute the matter to a speedy termination. Throughout the reading of the report and resolution, Kalloch appeared cool and unmoved.

The vendetta between the De Young and the Kalloch families, which so far has been emphasized by the shooting of the Mayor by Charles De Young, and the wanton murder of the latter by the Mayor's son, is likely to be followed by a civil prosecution of the present executive and his removal from office. Should the impending



GEORGIA.—EXCURSION OF CINCINNATI BUSINESS MEN DOWN THE SAVANNAH RIVER, ON THE "FLORIDA," APRIL 20TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. W. EDWARDY.—SEE PAGE 195.

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impeachment prove successful it will hardly balance the surprise felt all over the country that the conservative people of California allowed themselves to be controlled so effectively by the Kearney fanatics. That Kalloch desired to be Mayor is not to be wondered at, but that the people should elect him has proved more than a nine days' wonder.

A Remarkable Race.

IT is said that Major Biddulph, stationed on the Cashmere boundary, has prepared a report upon the customs, the languages and the folklore of the singular community among whom he has been residing for a long time. From Major Biddulph's peculiar advantages and opportunities may be expected says the Calcutta *Pioneer*, a complete account of people who are a survival of the old Aryans from whom all civilized mankind of the present day is probably descended. Surgeon Major Bellew, meanwhile, has been examining a few men from the cantons on the southwest of Dardistan, peopled by a similar race, who in one respect are still more interesting, for their country has never yet been visited by a civilized traveler. But in appearance and language they closely resemble the Bards, and, unlike them, have not embraced the creed of their Mohammedan neighbors. The tongues spoken in all these hills are, for the most part, Aryan, not descended from Sanskrit, and, indeed, of earlier origin than that classical language. On the northern slopes of the mountains Parsee words prevail; in the southern cantons some of the words resemble Greek, some Latin, some those of modern Europe. They make (and freely consume) grape wine, something like a crude Burgundy. Those who are not Mussulmans believe in one God, but employ the intercession of minor powers, represented by images. They also occasionally canonize great men whom they have lost by death. They are usually monogamous opposed to divorce and strict defenders of the chastity of their unmarried girls. These latter have blue, gray or hazel eyes; black hair is the exception among them, and, when young, they are of such remarkable comeliness as to be in great demand in the slave markets of adjacent countries. Authentic information concerning these interesting races cannot but be anxiously awaited by all who realize the nature of the questions involved.

FUN.

THE man who exploded with laughter probably didn't know it was loaded.

NEVER cry over spilt milk. Ten to one there's water enough in it already.

THE statesman who dreamed he was a dark horse found it to be a case of nightmare.

AN exchange has an article on "Broadstuff." Well, it may be. Now give us an article on "Meat's tuff."

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, John," said Jerusha, as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage. "Waal, yes," said John; "but then he's dreffully freckled, ain't he?"

CUSTOMER: "Dear me, Mr. Puddifoot, why your fourpenny pork pies are but a very little larger than those at twopence." *Puddifoot*: "That's quite true, and I o'ten hear the same remark. I see how it is; I shall have to make them twopenny pies smaller."

HE was charged with being drunk. "No, your Honor, I was not." He was tried and found guilty; in fact, he was scarcely sober then. "I'll give you ten days or ten dollars," said the Judge, as he tossed the papers aside. "Then, your Honor," said Pat, "give me the tin dollars."

MINISTER TO CANDIDATE FOR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP—"Of course, Dugald, you have read the Confession of Faith?" *Dugald*—"No, indeed, sorr, I naffer do read ta last dying speeches of condemt creeminals, naffer intest; and I do hope you do not think me so depaased as to read ta one you hav shust mentioned."

"DON'T waste your time chipping off the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then went a-fishing. Truly, there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience?

A NEW HAMPSHIRE woman has a husband who is addicted to joining secret societies. One of her exasperated outbursts is thus reported by the Manchester *Mirror*: "Jine! He'd jine anything. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in he'd quall the suddener."

A SCOTCHMAN in Brechin, after having spent a year or two in the married state, had the misfortune to lose his wife. No sooner was he bereft of the partner of his cares than he consoled himself with a review of his worldly circumstances. "I had," said he, "but a shilling in my pocket when I was married, and now that my wife is dead I have ninepence, so that I have only lost threepence."

DEACON B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One Monday morning the deacon and his wife were alone, and as was his usual custom after breakfast, a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milk-pail and started for the barn. His wife being very deaf did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as if nothing had happened.

THERE has just been enacted near Salonica a drama, the hero of which is a colonel who was captured by brigands and held until an enormous ransom was paid for his release. This recalls the case of a Greek officer who was taken captive under precisely similar circumstances. While in the hands of the bandits he wrote to his wife, saying: "My ransom is 1,000 drachmas. If it is not paid by the 15th my captors will cut off my nose; the 16th, my ears; the 17th, my upper lip; the 18th, my lower lip; the 19th, death awaits me." The weeping wife set about raising the money; by the 15th she had raised only 300 drachmas, the 16th, 400; the 17th, 600. She had only secured the 1,000 on the 18th. The agonized woman, reflecting, said to her neighbor: "My husband must be a frightful sight by this time. I shall save my 1,000 drachmas for a second marriage with a whole man."

THE AGE OF MIRACLES

is past, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, or your system sinking under cancerous disease. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe disease of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, thus curing pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causing even great eating ulcers to heal. Sold by druggists.

FOR restoring color and natural beauty to the Hair, nothing is so certain as MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Every Druggist sells it.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES IN AUSTRALIA.

THE latest Australian mail received contains the following from the Sydney *Evening News* of March 17th:

The firm of Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., of New York and London, have taken all before them with their collective exhibits of scales. The judges state that, in view of the many practical advantages which these scales possess over any and all exhibited, and as collective exhibits showing the perfection now arrived at by the inventive genius of one family, they recommend a distinctive diploma or medal to that firm in addition to what would be simply a first-class award.

At this Exposition, Fairbanks & Co. met in competition scale manufacturers from the United States, Great Britain and France, and the testimonial received by them is an honor conferred on no other scale manufacturer.

NEPTUNITE.

THE International Chemical Company, of which ex-Secretary McCulloch is President, has now on exhibition at its rooms, 28 West Fourteenth Street, New York, a large quantity of goods, which, by the new process controlled by the company, have been made absolutely impervious to water, and absolutely proof against moth and mildew. Mr. D. M. Lamb, inventor of the preparation, which is a transparent liquid having the odor of benzine, says that its principal ingredient is India-rubber. The compound penetrates the fabrics, leaving a deposit of gum around each fibre, which successfully resists water, the attacks of moths and all ordinary acids. After the application of the preparation the fabrics are subjected to a temperature of from 160 to 180 degrees. After the gummy substance has thus been set, not even boiling removes it. At a recent public exhibition in this city, the tests consisted in hanging various kinds of goods in turn on a rack and deluging each with water from a hose. To the lower end of each piece of cloth which had been treated with the preparation was pinned a piece of the same kind of cloth not treated. Ladies present said there was no difference in appearance or touch between the pieces so pinned together.

BUSINESS men have always favored the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York, with good reason. Its convenient location is often money in one's pocket if he has no time to spare in riding up or down town. It should be borne in mind by all visitors to New York that while the great hotels up town are so crowded that the best rooms can only be obtained by telegraphing in advance, the ST. NICHOLAS reserves all its "best rooms" for transient guests, so that persons there for the day only are as delightfully situated as though their stay was to be more prolonged. Four hundred people have been the average daily come and go at this favorite hotel the past Winter in consequence of this admirable arrangement.

FOR Coughs, Colds, Catarrh and Throat Disorders, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.—A genuine relish exactly suited to all tastes and all conditions of people.

ONE hundred thousand gallons of California wine, the first shipment of the kind ever made, is now on its way from San Francisco to Germany. No better evidence could be desired of the merit of the pure California wines, offered in this market by Messrs. A. WERNER & CO., 308 Broadway, than this exportation to Germany. To the best classes of American consumers they have become thoroughly familiar, and they will doubtless attain equal popularity in Europe. The fame of Werner & Co.'s "THE AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne will ere long become world-wide.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is especially serviceable in dyspepsia and all diseases following therefrom.

THE NEW YORK, WOODHAVEN AND ROCKAWAY RAILROAD, whose first mortgage bonds Fisk & Hatch are selling rapidly, and which will connect the new mammoth hotel at Rockaway Beach—lately illustrated in this paper—with the rest of the world, will be opened for business within a month or six weeks. Travel over this new and short route to the beach will be very heavy.

LIKE a ship without an anchor is a working man without an Accident Policy in THE TRAVELERS.

OFFICE OF THE HALDEMAN PAPER COMPANY,
LOCKLAND, O., April 30th, 1880.

H. W. Johns M'f'g Co., New York:

GENTLEMEN—In 1876 we built a warehouse, 30x100, which we covered with your Asbestos Roofing. We have coated it with your roof-coating once since it was first applied, and to all appearances it is as good to-day as when first put on. We were so much pleased with this warehouse roof that when we built a new mill in 1877 we covered it with your Asbestos Roofing. This mill roof has been much admired by all who have seen it and taken the trouble to examine it. It has stood the test of the extremes of weather—two Summers' heat and two Winters' cold—and resisted all the storms to which it has been exposed. To-day it is in prime condition, and with ordinary care we see no reason why it should not continue to be a good roof for twenty years.

Yours very truly, J. C. RICHARDSON, Pres.

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Which will begin in
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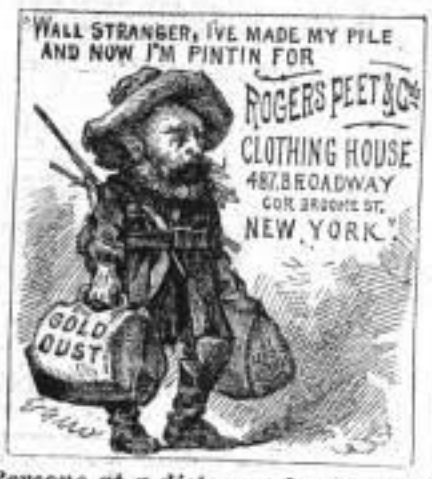
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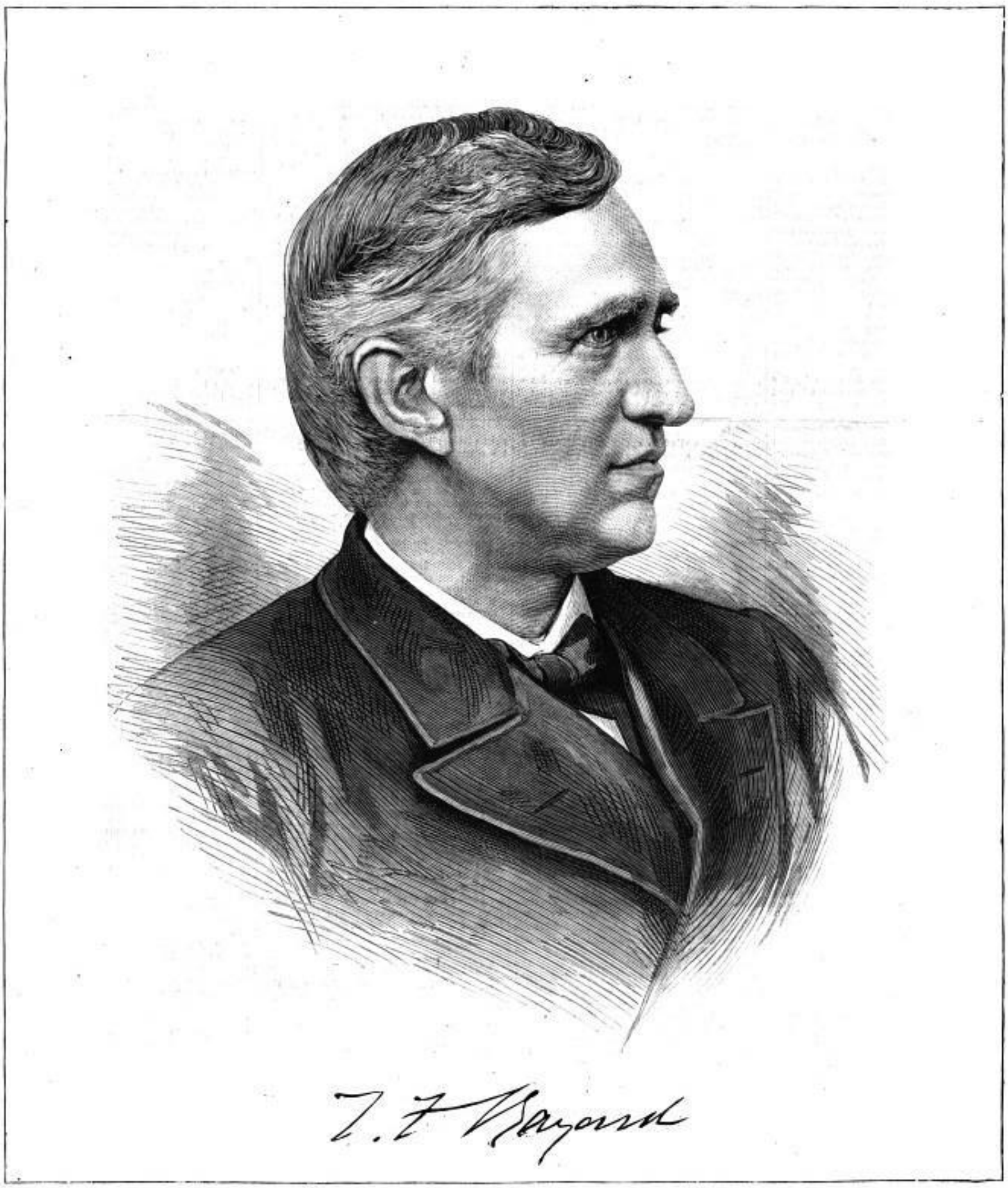
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NO. 7 — HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—See Page 207.

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THE POLITICAL TUMULT.

THE master of the political clans in the several States for the appointment of delegates to the National Convention of the Republican Party, which is to take place at Chicago on the 2d of June, has been attended with "faction fights" and with acrimonious charges of "fraud" which are, we believe, almost without precedent in the ranks of any of the great historical parties which have hitherto divided the country. And the acrimony of this contest within the bosom of the same political organization is emphasized by the fact that it is not inspired by any grave or overmastering *public* interest supposed to be represented by one wing or section of the party in a higher degree than another, but revolves almost entirely in the sphere of "*personal*" politics.

It ought to have been foreseen by the managers of the "third term idea" that the intrusion of such a novelty in the politics of the country would produce an effervescence at once deep and widespread. And that the agitation should take the form of personal controversy was inevitable from the consideration that the candidature of General Grant could not be championed on other than grounds personal to him, either by way of exalting him above his rivals for the Republican nomination, or by way of disparaging the claims and pretensions of his rivals in comparison with those of the ex-President. It was in flagrant provocation of this invidious spirit that ex-Senator Howe struck the keynote of the pending preliminary campaign when, in his zeal for General Grant, he warned the Republicans against "putting lighted candles into their caps, after the manner of miners, and going down into subterranean depths to quarry out a President, while the foremost man of his age stands upon the mountain-top, upon whom the eager world has set the seal of primacy."

There is an invincible repugnance in the breast of all free and democratic communities to the claim of "primacy" when arrogated, on personal grounds, in behalf of any single individual however illustrious. It was in this sentiment that the political institute of "ostracism" planted its roots among the Athenians, and it is because of the legitimate place which this sentiment has in the working of popular institutions that Grote has not scrupled, in his "History of Greece," to defend the Athenian custom as "a salutary and protective institution." To this effect he writes:

"When two party leaders, in the early stages of the Athenian democracy, each powerful in adherents and influence, had become passionately embarked in a bitter and prolonged opposition to each other, such opposition was likely to conduct one or other to violent measures. Over and above the hopes of party triumph, each might well fear that if he continued within the bounds of legality, he might fall a victim to aggressive proceedings on the part of his antagonists. To ward off this formidable danger a public vote was called for to determine which of the two should go into temporary banishment."

Republics no longer impose the penalties of a penal ostracism. But when in a republic like ours the candidature of an eminent citizen is advocated in defiance of political traditions which date from the administration of Washington; when it is advocated in the name of "a strong government" as distinct from the government defined by the Constitution and the laws, and, finally, when it is advocated on the ground of a personal "primacy" to which the world has "set the seal," it is but natural that the political jealousy which expressed itself by the institutes of democratic Athens should find expression in our country according to the institutes of democratic America.

Not by ostracism but by open debate and by confederated opposition do the people of America resist the pretensions of any citizen who is commended to them as a natural-born ruler. It would have been a sad day for the Republican Party if it had accepted with patience and resignation the humiliating position assigned to it by the champions of the ex-President's "primacy." There was something almost cynical in the assertion that the party had nothing better to offer the country than four more years of such civil administration as well-nigh ruined the party during the eight years' rule with which he has been already intrusted. The assertion was nothing less than an insult to the statesmen whom the Republican Party has reared during the long period of its supremacy, and how the insult has been resented we may read in the exciting records of the Republican State conventions, in the embittered columns of the Republican newspaper press, and in the charges of fraud, of duress and of prevarication which are so freely exchanged among the patrons and abettors of the respective candidates.

Smarting under a sense of the surprise and coercion alleged to have been practiced by the management of Senator Cameron in Pennsylvania and of Senator Conkling in New York, a portion of the delegates from these States have openly revolted against the third term programme, and thus exposed themselves to the counter-charges of "duplicity" and "dishonor." The force of the Republican sentiment, which feels itself aggrieved by the *finesse* and tactics of the third term managers, may be measured by the fact that men are found willing to brave the resentment of powerful partisan leaders and to incur the odium of broken pledges rather than lend themselves to the consummation of what they regard as a fatal policy for their party. And that it *was* unfair to suppress the proportional representation of Mr. Blaine in the delegations from Pennsylvania and New York by the adoption of "the unit rule" is made clear by the outcry of the Grant managers in Illinois, where the "Blaine and Washburn combination" has essayed to do on a small scale what the ex-President's supporters attempted to do on a large scale in the States we have named.

And it is out of such a hurly-burly as this that the Chicago Convention is expected to elicit and express the clear voice and the calm judgment of the Republican Party! A body of men who have exchanged among themselves the most injurious accusations, affecting a portion at least of their constituents, are called to speak with all the authority of a canonical and ecumenical council in matters pertaining to the welfare of the country! And when we remember that the Democratic Party—what with its Kelly and Tilden feuds in New York, its hard-money wing in the East and its soft-money wing in the West; its debt-payers and its open repudiators in States like Virginia and Tennessee—is not in a much better case, who can wonder that "Scratchers" and "Independents" should thrive on a spectacle like this, or that sedate men in both parties should be looking around for the "dark horse," on whose back they may hope to escape from the machinations of the men who are seeking to jockey the Presidential race?

THE DRIFT OF TRADE.

IT is not wise to ignore the fact that the foreign commerce of the country is in a much less satisfactory condition than it was one year ago. It is not long since that the precious metals were pouring into our coffers to the extent of millions every month. But matters are changing. The trade report of the Bureau of Statistics for March, recently made public, shows that the imports of coin and bullion only exceeded the exports in the sum of $7,599. From this it would appear that flood tide has been passed and that the ebb has actually commenced.

The report of the Bureau is both interesting and instructive, and deserves more than a passing notice. Touching the precious metals, it shows that the imports for March amounted to $1,181,782, and the exports $1,874,183. This is a better showing than that for March, 1879, at which time the excess of exports over imports was about $1,876,090. But at that time the tide which poured nearly $80,000,000 into our treasuries had not commenced running. Turning to the strictly commercial portion of the statement, we discover that the imports of merchandise amounted to $70,992,969. For the same month in 1879 the importations amounted to $41,856,611. On the other hand, the exports for the month were $77,350,331, as against $66,154,745 for March, 1879. Comparing March, 1880, with the same month of last year, it will be seen that while imports have increased $29,136,351, the increase in exports has only amounted to $11,289,087. This difference in growth reaches the very large sum of $17,847,264. In March, 1879, the exports exceeded imports by $24,208,134. For the same month of the present year there was an excess of exports over imports of only $6,357,362. The exhibit is not a flattering one, but then it might be even worse.

It was apprehended in some quarters that the March return would show an unfavorable balance against this country in its foreign trade account. This apprehension, however, appears to have been based upon the fact that the imports at the port of New York exceeded the exports by nearly $16,000,000. But the heavy exports of cotton from Southern cities more than counterbalanced this excess of imports, and left a balance in our favor, as stated, of $6,357,362. Should this ratio of excess be kept up for the twelve months ending February 28th, 1881, the balance on the home side of the ledger will amount to more than $76,000,000. But we can have no assurance that such will be the case.

In considering this trade statement it should not be forgotten that the heavy imports in March were due in a large degree to the high price of iron. The heavy advance in the price of that article enable British iron-masters to ship their surplus stock to this country. During the first quarter of the present year the foreign iron landed in our ports amounted to 467,000 tons. This activity in the iron trade led to a general quickening of business, the result of which was to create a sudden increased demand for European goods. But it is to be hoped that this call for foreign manufactures will be but temporary, and that the balance of trade, as well as of profit, at the close of the year, will be in our favor. If this hope is not to be realized, and the importations attain to a volume greater than our exports, and beyond the surplus yield of our precious metals, then the country may expect a panic and another long season of business depression. If determined to live beyond our means we must pay the bankrupt's penalty.

The total trade with foreign countries during March amounted to $148,343,300. The same ratio for a year would show a grand aggregate of nearly $1,800,000,000. There is no good reason why the profits of such a trade should not inure to the benefit of our own people. With the exception of raw material and such productions as are not grown or manufactured in the country, the United States requires but little from abroad. On the other hand, foreign nations actually need the products of our soil and workshops. It is our business, then, to sell all that we can find a market for, and to purchase as little as possible. It is only in this way that we can establish permanent prosperity and build up the wealth of the country.

It is time that the nonsense concerning foreign manufactures were done away with. American cotton, woolen and worsted goods are not inferior to those of British manufacture—our cotton goods are admittedly superior—and yet, as shown by the Bureau of Statistics, our importation of such articles from Great Britain for the month of March, 1880, and the corresponding month of last year, compared as follows:

Articles.	Quantities, 1880.	1879.
Cotton goods, yards	26,525,400	18,165,600
Woolen cloths, yards	1,593,300	872,000
Worsted stuffs, yards	11,583,300	7,917,200

The United States is the great cotton-growing district of the world. American manufacturers are admittedly superior to those of England, or any other country. Notwithstanding all this, a certain class of our people prefer to use an imported article, and, as the above figures show, purchased 8,359,800 yards more of cotton goods in March, 1880, than in the corresponding month of last year.

So, too, with reference to other matters. Our fields of coal and iron ore are almost inexhaustible, but the importations of pig-iron increased from 9,792 tons in March, 1879, to 232,523 tons in March of the present year; bar, angle, rod and bolt iron increased from 715 to 23,827 tons; railroad iron from 1,184 to 43,367 tons; and unwrought steel from 1,432 tons to 11,125 tons. This is not the part of wisdom. Let an increase of this character be continued for a series of years, and it will require no prophet to foretell the end.

JUDICIAL JUDGMENT ON CRIME.

IN his address to the Grand Jury in this city, recently, Recorder Smyth made these remarks:

"At the outset of your labors, gentlemen, it is a gratification for me to be able to say to you, upon the authority of my own observation and that of other officers of this court, that there has been a steady decrease in the amount of crime committed in this city and county within the past six months. I believe, and officials of larger experience in the administration of the criminal law share my belief, that men are not naturally wicked, and that the larger part of the alarming increase of wrong-doing in this city and county during several years, ending with last Fall, was mainly due to the depression in the mercantile community and the great difficulty, often the impossibility, of securing honest employment. Want, in my opinion, rather than a natural disposition to do evil, is responsible for most of the crimes that darken the records of our criminal courts. During the last six or eight months there has been, as all of us know, a revival in every industry, and honest men are no longer tempted, in an hour of necessity, to steal. This marked decrease in the amount of crime, of late, is certainly a matter of rejoicing to right-thinking men who have not only charity for their fellow creatures, but the fair fame of the community, at heart; and I repeat that it gratifies me to be able to congratulate you, as important representatives of your fellow-citizens, thereon."

To the student of Social Science there will be two suggestions in the above remarks, and, indeed, nearly the whole philosophy of reform is comprehended in their discussion. A mercantile depression begets want and suffering, and want and suffering beget crime. It is the wretchedness of the community then that, in the opinion of the Recorder and of others, who, like him, are placed at the best points for observation, builds and tenants our prisons, and brings to the gallows a large percentage of its victims. It is beggary, starvation and crime which are too frequently offered to men as their only alternatives; and if they accept the last it is only because they have too much strength of character to practice the first, or submit to the second. The Recorder is quite right. Ignorance, want of *savoir faire*, and a morbid tendency to crime may be important auxiliaries of want, and a few men possess criminal propensities as their inheritance; but we should have little trouble with that handful of evildoers could we reform all those whom poverty has made, either directly or indirectly, criminals.

But if commercial depressions are the cause of such frightful consequences, why do we submit to their occurrence? And if there is a class in the community to whom honesty seems to be a necessity, why do not those who are especially liable to suffer look to some more practical methods for ameliorating their condition than any yet attempted? We are very certain that commercial panics are among the most stupid and criminal follies in the history of trade, and we are about equally sure that there is a simple means of removing the main disadvantages of poverty, and bringing intelligence, contentment and virtue where there are now only ignorance, wretchedness and crime.

But we shall be asked to locate this divine Arcadia, and to indicate the road by which it may be reached. The task will not be difficult. The location is not far from our present social order, and it will be found in the simple, talismanic word—organization. The road that will carry us more directly to our objective point is only the road which is already being so happily trod by that large number of men who have learned that masses can easily accomplish results that individuals are unable to reach. Every corporation is a prophecy of the good time coming. All associations of men who, in the pursuit of some industrial or financial object and with certain chartered rights, have made themselves an aggregation of new units in the community, are teaching the principle on which the whole fabric of society must eventually rest. The "scalping process" among men must be abandoned, and give way to co-operation. We must learn that we do not enhance the value of our own estates by keeping that of our neighbor a field of sedge grass and poisonous exhalations.

There will be no occasion for panics when business men learn to support each other by the application of an easily perfected system of co-operation, and there will be no room for almshouses if the working-classes and others can be brought to discover that the best way to tax the community for charitable objects is in the first case of production. In a strictly economical point of view, it will be better to pay a little higher for the necessaries and luxuries of life when the increased cost will enable us to reduce the taxes for the support of a police force by one-half or two-thirds, and abolish our institutions of charity altogether. It is very extravagant to pay out so much money as we are annually called upon to disburse for the support of paupers, the sick, the lame and the afflicted in all ways, when the only result of our sacrifice is the perpetuation of a system which fosters crime. It is worse than extravagant, too, to permit the constantly recurring checks to our material progress when, at the end of every few years, we see the almost total prostration of our industrial interests in a general panic ruin.

The world is not far from a social system as nearly perfect as the present condition of the race will permit. Let us only build upon the foundations already laid, and we shall see an edifice strong enough to defy adversity, and capacious enough to embrace within its shelter nearly all those who are now outcast and proscribed from the rolls of honorable citizenship.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE new Liberal Ministry has already succeeded in getting into trouble through the imprudence of Mr. Gladstone. In one of his electioneering speeches it will be remembered that he made some remarks about the Austrian Government which excited considerable indignation at Vienna. After the Conservatives were defeated and Gladstone had accepted the Premiership, Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador in London, thought proper to remonstrate with Lord Granville, the new Secretary for Foreign Affairs, over those utterances of

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Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville thereupon assured the Count that England was most cordially disposed towards Austria, and Mr. Gladstone, not satisfied with this, sat down and wrote an apologetic letter to Count Karolyi, withdrawing or modifying all his former statements. Of course it was quite right that Mr. Gladstone should correct rash statements made in the heat of an election, and before he had any Government appointment; but England has become accustomed to a different sort of foreign policy under the Conservatives, and the Liberal Government has already suffered in the popular estimation from this retraction.

One of the first signs of this rising discontent, and an excellent example of how easily public opinion changes in England, is to be found in the defeat of Sir William Vernon Harcourt at Oxford. Vernon Harcourt, who is a prominent lawyer, and was Attorney-General under Mr. Gladstone's last administration, is well known here as the author of the famous letter signed "Historicus," and published in the London *Times*. He was elected for Oxford at the late general election, and was appointed Home Secretary by Mr. Gladstone. Acceptance of office in England necessitates a further appeal to one's constituents, and when Sir William ran again for Oxford he was defeated by fifty-four votes by a Mr. Hall, a Conservative, who at the general election was defeated by one hundred and twelve votes. The loss of Harcourt's debating powers in the House of Commons is a matter of little moment, for the Liberals are very strong in this respect; but the blow to the "great Liberal victory" is a severe one. He will probably stand before long for some other constituency where his election will be certain.

The affairs of the Land Leaguers and Home Rulers in Ireland are becoming more and more troublesome, and the factions into which the Irish politicians have split threaten to cause infinite annoyance in Parliament. Mr. Parnell has struck out a new programme for himself and his five-and-twenty irreconcilables. He will oppose all Governments until the entire land of Ireland is taken away from those to whom it belongs and handed over to those who wish to take it from them. He is no believer in the Tenant Right that the ordinary Home Rulers desire. There must be no need for Tenant Right, for there must be no tenants, no landlords. Strange to say, the very strength of Mr. Parnell is due to the absurdity of his proposals, for the other Irish party which has been beaten by the Parnellites was afraid to formulate this programme in its absurd enormity. Mr. Shaw, the leader of the Home Rulers, lately made a speech at Cork, in which he said that if the Liberals would make certain concessions to the Irish party, he would support all the Government measures. Until the rise of Parnell and his party, the Roman Catholic clergy gave their support to the so-called National party, but since the new crusade has been preached they have denounced Parnell and his motley crew of Communists and Fenians.

The Spanish Government is busily engaged with the affairs of Cuba. A number of persons who were formerly engaged in other rebellions have taken up arms and landed in Cuba, near Santiago, under the leadership of Calixto Garcia. Rumors of armed ships starting from the United States add to the embarrassment of the Government at Madrid, and a long, tedious and bloody struggle will most likely convulse the "Pearl of the Antilles." It was feared that the promulgation of the law giving the slaves their freedom might cause some disturbance among the negroes, but it seems to have passed off quietly. The large plantation owners do not care, as they have for a long time paid their slaves more than the law requires them to do; but persons with small incomes in the towns will suffer considerably, as they were accustomed to let out their slave service.

The outlook in Russia is daily becoming darker and less promising. The Czar, since the late attempt to blow up the Winter Palace, is in a constant state of nervous excitement, and the health of the Empress, always bad, is now so poor that her death may occur at any moment. Negotiations have been entered into with the Pope, and his Nuncio and the Russian representative are at present engaged at Vienna in discussing some arrangement. Even the army has become an object of suspicion, and Count Loris Melikoff has ordered a Cossack regiment from Moscow to St. Petersburg to do guard duty in the Palace, as the regiment which had been on service there could no longer be trusted. Meanwhile the Nihilists are unceasing in their efforts to gain their ends. The platform, which has just been published by the *Narodnaja Wola* states that, among other things, the object of the Nihilists is to wrench power from the existing Government and to give it to an Assembly elected by the freely expressed voice of the people; to obtain a radical reform of the land tenure in favor of the peasantry; to acquire universal suffrage and entire freedom of conscience, of speech, of publication, of meeting, and of electorial agitation. By themselves these objects are in no respect wrong, but so much cannot be said for the means by which it is proposed to attain them. Among the latter are to be found active propaganda and agitation; active destruction and terror; the organization of secret societies; the organization and development of rebellion. With energetic adversaries to carry out this programme, it is scarcely possible that the Czar will spend the remainder of his life in ease.

A curious performance was lately given in London when Emil Augier's drama, "l'Aventurière," was played in French by an English company. The principal female part was taken by an American, Miss Genevieve Ward. The attempt to give plays in French with an English company is ridiculous. In the first place there is no audience even in London to support a real French company, and in the next place there are no English artists who speak French without a certain accent and awkwardness of expression. It is to be hoped that this new idea will not spread to us.

A good story is told about the Prince of Wales during his last visit to Paris. The Prince had just taken a Turkish bath, and was waiting for some of the employés to rub him down. Seeing a tall, dark man standing by, and thinking that it was one of the servants, he tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "If you are the shampooer, I am your man!" The other naked man turned angrily round, and the Prince found himself face-to-face with Don Carlos.

The revolt of the Albanians against the Turkish authority is becoming a serious matter. Albania has a population of from a million and a half to two million souls, the males being fierce and warlike, and all entertaining a deadly hatred of the Turks. They now threaten to invade Montenegro, having flatly refused to surrender to the latter the strip of territory ceded by the Berlin Congress, and the indications are that a collision cannot be avoided. If the Turkish power over the province shall be finally and utterly broken, the result will be only a just punishment of the treachery of that worst of modern Governments.

A CITY paper, which strongly favors the nomination of General Grant for President, objects to Secretary Sherman on the ground that he has a discreditable brother-in-law. One would suppose that, judged by that standard, Grant is about the most objectionable candidate who could possibly be named.

THE unit-rule delegations to the Chicago Convention are compared, not inaptly, to a choice lot of live eels, so hopelessly tangled that nobody can determine which is the head and which the tail of the same eel. And it may be added that all are so slippery, it would be impossible to hold any one of them even if the head and tail question could be satisfactorily settled.

THE French Government adheres to its purpose to expel all unauthorized religious confraternities. Instructions which it is now privately imparting to provincial prefects contemplate a strict compliance with the law, but no unnecessary harshness will be permitted in their enforcement. The confraternities are preparing to test the validity of the Act, and in this course they have the approval of the Catholic bishops.

THE indications are that the coming season will be one of general and marked prosperity at all our prominent Summer resorts. At Long Branch, the demand for cottage and hotel accommodations is without precedent in recent years, while at other New Jersey coast resorts the promise of an increased number of visitors is especially encouraging. From Newport, Saratoga and elsewhere similarly cheering reports are made, and it is quite apparent that, with returning business prosperity, our people are disposed to enjoy themselves freely in leisurely Summer recreation.

ACCORDING to a statement recently communicated to Congress, the number of Army officers on the retired list is 397, of whom 5 are major-generals, 18 brigadier-generals, 59 colonels, 49 majors, and 132 captains. The aggregate amount paid to officers on the retired list, in service on the 31st of December last, is $5,910,378, and the amount paid officers formerly on the retired list, but not in service, on the same date, is $1,639,323, making the aggregate paid retired officers since the creation of the retired list $7,549,701. Of this amount $241,572 is paid to major-generals.

THE United States District Attorney for this District has made complaint, at the instance of Collector Merritt, against fifteen steamships for carrying passengers in excess of the number allowed by law. The overcrowding of vessels carrying immigrants has been especially notable during the present season, the excess in some cases amounting to nearly 300 persons, in a total of from 1,200 to 1,500 passengers. Where it shall appear that the law has been deliberately and recklessly violated, the penalty, which is a fine of fifty dollars for each passenger, and imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months, should be promptly enforced.

THE failure of Congress to provide for the maintenance of the United States Courts is already producing serious embarrassment. In this city Judge Benedict, last week, discharged the United States Court jurors, saying there was no money to pay them for further services. The District Attorney had fifty-five cases on the calendar, none of which, of course, could be called. The fund for the support of Government prisoners is exhausted, and the keepers of jails must, therefore, board them at their own present expense or turn them loose upon the community. As to the Federal marshals, they have had no pay for eleven months. The failure of Congress to act in the matter is the more inexcusable from the fact that it was officially informed two months ago of the practical exhaustion of the funds.

THE returns to the British Board of Trade show that during last year 1,032 lives were lost through railroad accidents in Great Britain. The most prolific cause of accidents was that of collisions between passenger and freight trains, of which 95 were reported. In 71 cases accidents were caused by trains leaving the track. The loss of life from causes other than accidents to trains was surprisingly large. Under this head we find that 504 people were killed, 85 of whom were passengers. This leaves a balance of 419 railway servants who were killed whilst they were pursuing their ordinary duties. Certainly these statistics cannot be said to show that English railway management is in anywise safer or more prudent and efficient than our own, with which it is so often favorably contrasted.

THE third-term managers in Chicago were badly beaten in the election of delegates to the Republican State Convention, and thereupon withdrew from the Cook County Convention and set up on their own account. They still pretend that Grant will secure the State delegation, but should he do so, his opponents will carry the question into the National Convention, and disintegration and discord in the party canvass will be inevitable. It is a notable incident of the struggle that Grant was defeated in his own Congressional district, which will send Blaine delegates to the National Convention, and Senator Logan, the chief of the third-term faction, was defeated in his own ward in Chicago. The vote of the latter at the primaries was 314 for a third term and 468 against it. The effect of the Grant bolt in Illinois is already felt in other States, where defections from his ranks are reported daily. His nomination now would mean positive defeat, and possibly the loss of his own State to the Republicans.

AMERICAN manufacturers have many reasons to be gratified with the results of the recent International Exhibition in Sydney, Australia. In a number of classes the highest awards were taken by the American exhibitors, and in one instance, that of Fairbanks & Co., scale manufacturers, a special distinction, in addition to the first prize, was recommended—a triumph which will be better appreciated when it is known that nearly all the other scale manufacturers of the world were competitors. Among the other American exhibitors who won first prizes at Sydney are William Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia, for railway turn-tables; H. Disston & Sons, Philadelphia, saws; R. Hoe & Co., of New York, printing presses; Russell & Erwin, of this city, bronze goods, and the Wamsutta Cotton Mills, of New Bedford. The H. W. Johns manufacturing company, of this city, were also awarded a prize for their asbestos felting and boiler-covering.

THE belief that there is an alarming and progressive increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors in England, is not sustained by recent statistics. These statistics, supplied by an advocate of teetotalism, show that while in 1878 £142,188,900 were spent in drink, in 1879 the sum debited to the national tippling account was only £128,143,864. Thus in one year there has been a falling-off in the consumption of beer, wine, and spirits represented by £14,045,036, or, to put it in another way, the nation drank in 1879 9·8 per cent. less than it did in 1878. And this diminution does not appear to have been caused by bad trade and the reduced means of the people. The returns show that in spite of bad trade there is no decline in the consumption of other articles which are just as much "luxuries" as beer or whisky. In fact, an increase in the consumption of non-intoxicating luxuries has been going on side by side with the decrease in the use of intoxicants.

THE work which is being done for the reformation of the sea-going classes by the American Seamen's Friend Society is strikingly exhibited in the last annual report of that organization. The special effort of the society is to reach and influence seamen, not only in port, but abroad upon the seas, wherever wind and wave may carry them. To this end, they are liberally supplied with reading matter of a useful and entertaining character. Last year, 866 libraries were sent out on vessels carrying 12,171 men, making the total number of new libraries sent out since the work was begun, twenty-two years ago, 6,799, containing 376,472 volumes, and accessible through frequent reshipments to 266,466 men. The libraries shipped in the United States Navy have reached the number of 913, and these have been accessible on different vessels to 104,058 men. The sailor, exposed to peculiar hazards and temptations, has special need of the sympathy and help which this Society seems to afford, and the statement of the results of its labors should command for it a larger interest than has been heretofore manifested in commercial quarters.

THE progress already made by the Metropolitan Museum of Art may fairly be accepted as prophetic of greater achievements still to come. In the brief period of ten years the Museum has acquired a size and character which many older institutions were five times as long in attaining; it has a building thoroughly furnished and equipped, and is so rapidly growing that, liberal as is the space at its command, thousands of interesting objects are necessarily stored away out of sight for want of room properly to display them. Its possessions include the second Cesnola collection, the Avery collection of Oriental porcelain, and a choice collection of old Venetian glass presented by Mr. Henry G. Marquand. The latter is the first collection of the kind ever made in America, and it is hoped that it will form the nucleus for an exceedingly valuable exhibit. The same gentleman has also presented the Museum with a collection of ancient American pottery vases from the homes of the mound-builders. There are now two art-schools in connection with the Museum—one of general drawing and one in metal-work. A building to be used as an art-school will be erected on First Avenue by Mr. Richard T. Auchmutz, who will also for three years defray the expenses of a technical school, all under the direction of the trustees of the Museum. The running expenses of the Museum last year were $20,503.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Columbia College Law School last week graduated 175 students.

FIVE steamers landed 4,836 immigrants at Castle Garden, May 12th.

THE Government receipts during May have averaged over $1,000,000 daily.

AT the term of the United States Supreme Court just closed 404 cases were disposed of.

POSTMASTER JAMES, of this city, has declined to have his name presented for the Postmaster-Generalship.

THE village of Stuyvesant, New York, was entirely destroyed by fire May 13th. The loss is stated at $300,000.

A STRONG organization has been formed, with headquarters in Denver, for the purpose of invading the Ute Indian Reservation.

FOUR men were killed and six others seriously injured by the explosion of a boiler in an iron mill at Rome, New York, May 10th.

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE still insists that he is for Grant for President. His friends in Chicago evidently have other information.

THE Florida Republicans have nominated ex-Senator S. B. Conover for Governor and William M. Ledwith for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, and rejected a proposition looking to the introduction of a Bill for tariff reform.

THE Michigan, West Virginia and Nevada Republicans have elected Blaine delegations to the Chicago Convention. The Florida delegates are instructed for Grant.

A TOTAL of 11,628 petitions have been presented Congress during the present session. Of these, 3,515 are in favor of tariff reform, and 1,755 relate to commerce.

THE Vermont Greenbackers held a convention of fifty delegates last week, elected ten delegates to the Greenback National Convention, and passed resolutions of the usual tenor.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, last week, made an able argument in the Senate against the reopening of the Kellogg case. Senator Pendleton spoke on the same side.

THE General Term of New York has decided unanimously that burial cannot be claimed for Denis Coppen in his plot in Cavalry Cemetery (Catholic) because he was a Freemason.

THE contested election case of Curtin against Yocum was settled by the House, May 11th, by a vote declaring Yocum entitled to the seat—twenty-two Democrats voting with the Republicans.

THE Rev. Drs. J. M. Reid and C. H. Fowler have been elected missionary secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. A. J. Kynett has been re-elected corresponding secretary of the Church Extension Society.

THE Donovan-Rocke prize-fighters and their followers attempted to land at Port Dover, Ont., on May 11th, but were prevented by the Canadian authorities, both military and civil. They, therefore, returned to Buffalo.

THE constitutional amendment extending the suffrage to women has passed the New York Senate. The Schroeder charter for Brooklyn has been recommitted, with instructions to amend it in a manner which destroys all its intended effect.

A PRIVATE letter received at Washington from Nicaragua says the Congress of that country has been called to meet to ratify articles granting concessions to a canal company organized under the plan described by Admiral Ammen some months since.

THE town of Milton, Pa., was nearly destroyed by fire on May 14th. It is estimated that 400 buildings were destroyed, including all the churches. Three thousand people are homeless. Governor Hoyt has appealed for aid. The loss to property is estimated at between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000.

THE Methodist General Conference, in session at Cincinnati, last week, adopted a resolution approving the conduct of Mrs. Hayes in upholding temperance principles in the Presidential household. The Conference also adopted a resolution approving the project of holding an ecumenical council in London in August, 1881.

ON the night of May 12th a shaft of the Lumberman Mining Company's Ludington Iron Mine, eight miles from Norway, Mich., caved in, burying alive sixteen miners. The shaft was fifty deep, and contained five feet of water. Three miners who were working directly at the bottom of the shaft were taken out dead. The others, who were working in drifts, were taken out alive.

AN infernal machine, sent by mail from Philadelphia, exploded May 12th in the hands of Mr. Hipolito de Uriarte, the Spanish Consul-General at New York. Fortunately it had been clumsily constructed, and inflicted merely a severe wound on his left hand, in which Mr. de Uriarte held it. He ascribes the attempt on his life to some Spanish criminal whom he has prosecuted officially.

THE 112th anniversary dinner of the Chamber of Commerce was served at Delmonico's May 11th. Secretary Sherman, Mayor Cooper, Judge Davis, Dr. Storrs, the Rev. Mr. Collyer, Congressman Wood, Mr. Seth Low, Alderman Marshall and others made speeches. President Babcock, who is ill, sent a pleasant letter. The annual report of the Chamber is just published. Its statistics show the unparalleled prosperity of the country and the report discusses the danger arising with that prosperity.

Foreign.

MR. PARNELL is to have a reception by the Irish organizations in London.

THE Marquis of Ripon, the new Viceroy, and his staff left London for India May 13th.

THE condition of the Czarina is reported to be much less hopeful, and she is greatly prostrated.

M. ROUSSE, a member of the Paris Bar, has been elected to the chair in the Academy made vacant by the death of M. Jules Favre.

ENGLISH reports state that the volume of immigration for May will exceed that of April, when 29,401 passengers left Liverpool.

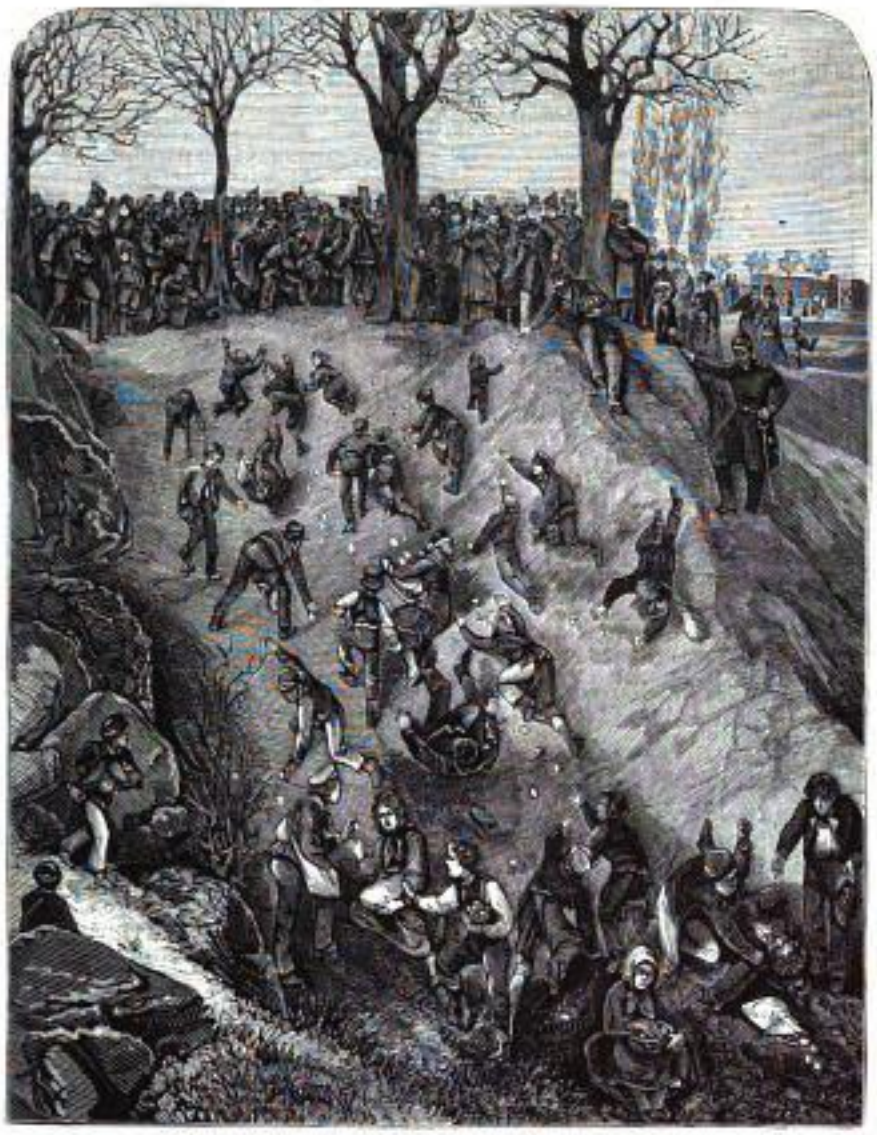
THE committee of the House of Commons, to whom was reported the case of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, will report adversely on his claim to affirm instead of taking oath.

FIFTEEN acres of fire in the Forest of Fontainebleau have been burned. The fire was caused by the carelessness of a smoker. None of the old picturesque trees suffered.

ABOUT 12,000 factory operatives of Blackburn, England, are on strike. In all 43,807 looms are stopped and there is a good deal of alarm as to the probable results of the strike.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 207.



GERMANY.—AN EASTER EGG FROLIC AT BAUTZEN.



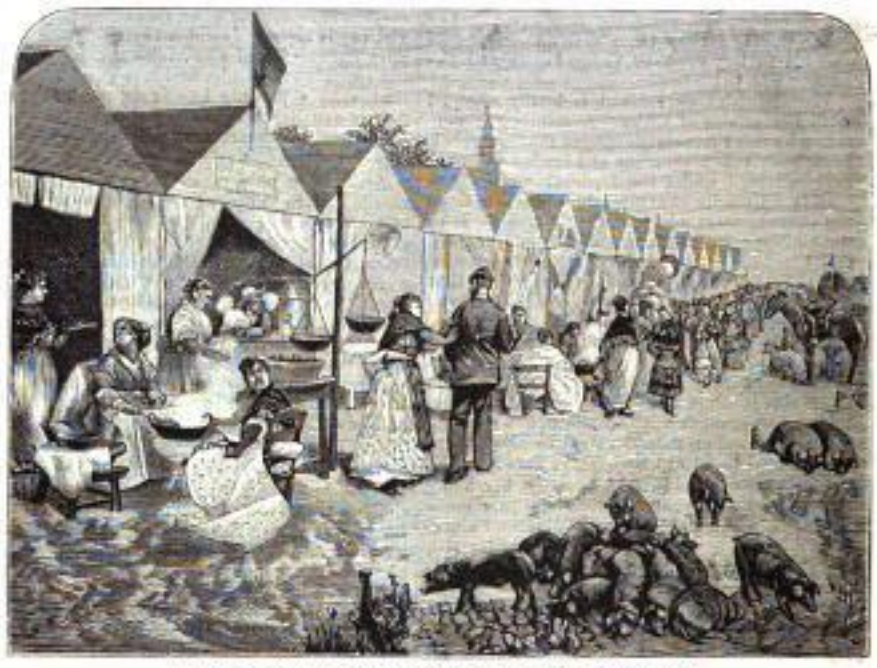
IRELAND.—THE U. S. S. "CONSTELLATION" OFF HAULBOWLINE, CORK HARBOR.



SWEDEN.—PASSAGE OF THE "VEGA" THROUGH THE SOUND TOWARDS STOCKHOLM.



SPAIN.—PRISONERS CHANTING THE LAST PRAYERS BEFORE THE EXECUTION OF OTERO.



SPAIN.—VIEW OF THE VILLAGE FAIR NEAR SEVILLE.



ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER TO BARON VON PAWEL-RAMMINGEN, IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

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OUR APPROACHING ROYAL GUEST — H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, K. G., K. T., YOUNGEST SON OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



GEO. B. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD. FROM A PHOTO. BY F. GUTEKUNST. — SEE PAGE 207.

H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

LEOPOLD GEORGE DUNCAN ALBERT, K. G., K. T., Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, who is now on his way for a visit to Canada and the United States, was born April 7th, 1853. Owing to feeble health, Prince Leopold has been unable to win popularity by frequent appearances in public, but nature, as if to compensate him for bodily weakness, endowed him, more than any of his brothers, with his father's thoughtful and scholarly habits of mind, and the modified form of university life which he passed at Oxford seemed exactly suited to his genius and temperament. His slight form was constantly seen in the lecture-hall, at the debating club, and at the musical gathering, in the last of which, whether as an instrumentalist or vocalist, he was, like his late father, qualified to render no mean assistance. Should his life be spared, and should improved health accompany the full attainment of manhood, it seems highly probable that the peculiar excellences of Prince Albert's career will be reproduced in that of his youngest son.

The young Prince will be accompanied on his travels by his constant friend and confidant, Hon. Alec Yorke, and his private medical attendant, Mr. Rhyl. The party will first go to Canada, staying for a short time with the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. Prince Leopold has often promised the Princess to pay her a visit at her Canadian home, but he has not hitherto been able to carry out his wishes. Since the accident to the Princess, Prince Leopold has become anxious about his favorite sister's health, and is more than ever desirous of seeing her. From Ottawa the Prince and



NEW JERSEY. — A SCENE ON OYSTER CREEK DURING THE RECENT FIRE IN THE PINE AND CEDAR FORESTS. — FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES L. DARBY. — SEE PAGE 211.

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his suite, as at present arranged, will come to the United States; go West, touching at St. Louis, Chicago; and then to Cincinnati, returning by way of Washington to New York, which city His Royal Highness is particularly eager to see. The Prince will reach Newport in the season. It has been resolved to abandon the original intention of visiting California. It was the first intention of Prince Leopold to be away on this tour some twelve months, but he has limited the duration of his absence to about four months. Much will depend upon the condition of his health, which the tour will, it is hoped, materially strengthen. Prince Leopold, in undertaking this tour, is actuated by no other desire than that of seeing the New World and gathering fresh experiences by the way.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

Author of "IN THE MESHES," etc.

CHAPTER I.—A CHILD OF FATE.

OUR scene is that most fashionable of English watering places — Brighton Beach. The tranquil waters of the Channel stretch afar off and meet the distance; along the beach stroll a few stolid Britons—it is an unfashionable hour; overhead glimmers the sunny radiance of a Summer day, though in the west are gathering dark clouds that will soon vanquish the treacherous sun. But madly indifferent to these tokens of approaching storm, a man stands motionless upon the sands—a man with a slim, courtly figure. His face is peculiarly striking, strong, dark, powerful, with a chill, haughty beauty that has been detrimental to the heart of more than one court belle; features straight and dusk, eyes black as sloes, and mouth with deep, firm lines—a mouth that can grow cold and pitiless in a desperate resolve, a brutal lust, or smile with the sunny, sensuous sweetness of a woman. It is a face filled with ice and hauteur, yet one that bespeaks fierce, swift passions beneath the frigid exterior—the face of a man whose mistress is Power, who disdains love as the plaything of fools; who looks upon all men as clay to be fashioned to his purpose—strong, dominant, unyielding.

He stands now motionless as a bronze statue, his gaze fixed upon a French *bonne* and her charge, who, a short distance off, are engaged in a fierce altercation. It has been waging for an hour, and for that same length of time has he stood and watched. He sees that the child is the incarnation of human stubbornness. She stands firmly in the sands like a small rock, a cool, resolute, disdainful light in her small face, while her French enemy threatens, expostulates and beseeches. Somehow his sympathies have gone over to the woman; the child's attitude is aggressive and rouses in him a corresponding spirit of determination. There is something in his nature to which triumph and power are essential, and he is keenly alive to an insane desire to subdue the steady will, the tempestuous spirit of the small foe. The rain, now commencing to fall—the clouds having by this time obscured the sun—gives him a pretense for interfering. With tightly-closed lips he joins his belligerent companions. The Frenchwoman, almost reduced to tears, breaks into a long harangue, assisted by a vigorous pantomime which is intended to petition his assistance. The child stands mute and defiant, a dogged pride, a spirit of fierce rebellion in her countenance, while the *bonne* continues to traduce her.

The truth of the matter is, they are both to blame—perhaps the woman is a trifle more in fault. Yet, despite the keen, subtle intellect of the statesman, the man is firmly persuaded that the *bonne* is the one who, by right of the injured party, should demand his sympathy.

"Will you give me your version of the story?" he says, at last turning to the child. But the thin, beautifully-shaped lips are mute as stone, thereby ratifying the bond of silent enmity that has come between them.

Into the stormy nature of the small culprit with its hidden intricacies has entered a sudden fierce hatred of this man, who confronts her in his superior calm; her tiny hands clinch and her breast heaves. This may be caused by that swift, keen instinct—possessed to a remarkable degree in one so young—which apprizes her of his unfriendly judgment. For himself, he is remarkably influenced by so trifling a circumstance. He tells himself that for him, with his worldly distinction and in the full crown of a free and haughty manhood, there should be nothing attractive in the dispute of a tyrannical nursemaid and an ungovernable child. Yet in some strange, unaccountable way he is attracted, and in his breast are sown the bitter seeds of a weary, life-long feud. And as she stands before him now in her brief years, so may there come a time in the distant future when she shall again confront him, awaiting his judgment. And as he renders it now unjustly, trifling as is the circumstance, so may he also, in that greater matter which shall govern their lives, again condemn her in injustice.

There are times in every life when the higher, finer portion of its nature asserts itself through a vague consciousness of things to come, as if the impenetrable curtain of the future were rolled briefly aside; but such glimpses, such convictions, are invariably attended with indefinable forebodings. Something of this peculiar sensation has fastened upon the man as he studies the child. She is, he should judge, between eight and ten years old. Her head is beautifully shaped; her hair wondrous long, silken, and of a peculiar dead-gold hue; her features straight and perfect like chiseled stone, her limbs lithe and replete with a stag-like grace. But it is her eyes that startle him, holding him almost powerless in his wondering admiration. They are dark, deep and lustrous, with the liquid beauty of a beast, irradiated with the proud, grand, fearless soul of a martyr. Large and mysterious, they yet hold a spirit which, at the completion of its strength, could go through flames to attain its goal. In that small, fierce, upturned face misfortune is written plainly; he sees it even while that spirit of strife and a half-brutal thirst for power—not over the child, but that *spirit* that shines forth through her eyes—fasten upon him never to be appeased.

The rain increases. In the face of the *bonne* is a terror of anxiety for her smart attire. She looks beseechingly at her adversary.

"Come, mademoiselle," she says, relaxing into a tone of treacherous sweetness, "come, *ma chère, bon enfant*, we shall go now, *chère*; it do rain so!"

"That's very well done—*very* well," sneers the relentless enemy; "but a moment ago, before *he* came," jerking her head towards the motionless man, "I was a *beast*, a little *devil!*" It is the first time that she has spoken. Her voice is clear, sharp, defiant, yet even now through it vibrates a flute-like Grecian sweetness that, as her years increase, may develop into a melody more alluring than the siren on her Caprian shore.

"It is raining, and the shower has but begun," he says, in that chill, powerful voice that few have ever had the courage to resist, "You must either permit me to call a carriage or seek shelter for you around here."

She deigns no reply; but with one swift, defiant flash from her half closed, treacherously-indifferent eyes, she deliberately sinks down upon the sands, and in a thousand little ways signifies her intention of making a prolonged stay.

The thunder and lightning are intense—the heavens threatening a deluge. The Frenchwoman bursts into tears—only partly genuine—and the man looks undecided. But it is a situation that demands speedy action. A short distance off is an ornamental beach-house; to this edifice he turns his hopes of refuge. Glancing towards it, he says to the maid: "Run!" and she does run, with a swiftness that for a moment holds him amazed. Then he turns to that mite of rebellion in the sands. Without one word, and to her everlasting mortification, he gathers her up as if she were a wet rag, and with almost as great a display of undignified haste as the woman, speeds to the shelter. When he gains the refuge he places his burden upon a bench with an amused smile, which, it is needless to say, in her present white heat she fails to return.

Time passes. A supreme silence inwraps them. The maid stands in one corner, in a thoroughly damp and degenerate condition, for, although shielded from the full force of the rain, a stiff breeze blows from the sea, bearing with it an unpleasant and detrimental moisture to those prizing outward adornment. The child sits mute and motionless as stone, never by any chance permitting her gaze to rest upon the man whom she considers her mortal enemy. Regarding her closely, he observes that a bluish tinge is creeping around her lips, and that a shiver occasionally convulses her small form.

If her straight and perfect features had allowed any doubt as to her extraction, he would have confirmation strong as to her nationality in this marked susceptibility to the slight chill in the atmosphere brought with the rain. Her Greek blood speaks out in this as in her perfect loveliness. This delicate organization is incomprehensible to him, with his knowledge of Russian Winters and icy climates, yet he takes off his coat and folds it around her. She submits, but never deigns to notice him.

And now the strength of the shower is spent. The rain begins to show some indecision: the clouds hurry across the heavens, as though to get out of sight, and the sun condescends to show itself. So, after all this row, the elements subside and nature adjusts herself, and the second deluge is still in the future. But the amount of mischief it has done the poor, drenched Frenchwoman is appalling, and she gazes in despair at her washed-out condition.

The man regards his charges in some perplexity. Just then, coming adown the beach-track which leads by their retreat, he sees a carriage. The horses step daintily on the wet sand, the harness gleaming proudly in the friendly sun. The coachman sits erect in an aggravating state of dryness, so does and is the footman. The top of the carriage is thrown far back, and upon the soft cushions reclines a lady in the daintiest of *dry* attire, holding above her head a costly trifle of a parasol.

Coming as it does after this severe wetting, it is a sight calculated to inspire envy in the soul of a saint—*provided* that saint stood in very moist garments, with streams of water that claimed their source from the dripping crown of his degenerate hat, terminating in ornamental pools at his heels. And in gloomy discontent—for once united in one common cause—the trio regard this peculiarly exasperating spectacle as it advances with stately precision. As it reaches them his companions suddenly become galvanized, and, rushing out, intercepts the carriage. Then follows a shrill war of words from the maid, while the lady leans forward in her carriage attentive and contemplative, anon giving vent to feminine exclamations of horror at the moist condition of her companion. Again the Frenchwoman is evidently successful, for that lovely apparition in silk and lace grows more and more shocked, and a perfect shower of reproachful glances are directed to the child.

"What is to become of you?" she gasps, raising her jeweled vinaigrette. "You are a very, very naughty girl not to obey Celeste;" and, conscious that she has discharged her duty, she sinks back in the carriage, motioning the pedestrians to enter.

"Celeste is a nasty, vile thing," cries the child, in a sudden, stormy burst of passion. "She tells lies—you *know* she does, Gypsy—yet you believe her against me."

Without the slightest attention to the child, the maid resumes her narrative in an undertone, at the termination of which the soft, blue eyes of "Gypsy" are raised to contemplate the slightly embarrassed and wholly uncomfortable stranger.

"So kind of you," says the sweetest voice in the world. "This naughty girl gets us into so much trouble. Celeste has explained, and I never can thank you. Won't you let me pick you up and drive you home? It would be such a pleasure. And are you not very uncomfortable?"

This last remark, made with an innocent expansion of the blue eyes, does not tend to soothe the ruffled temper of the coatless stranger. To the contrary, he is instantly seized with the conviction that he is looking infinitely worse than is the actual case. Battling with a fierce desire to wipe away a huge drop of water which, with offensive familiarity, persists in adorning his nose, he manages to lift his wet and limp hat—does it, too, with such a courtly grace, despite the depressing influence of his surroundings, as to complete his captivation of the lovely woman.

He thanks her in a few words, declining her kindness, and the observant woman speedily notes that his speech is broken with a charming accent; then, as they drive off, gets into his discarded coat with something like a curse, and starts down the beach towards his hotel.

CHAPTER II.—"A WOMAN WITHOUT VICES."

"WHO is that lady?" The somewhat eager question comes from the Russian Ambassador as he and his friend, a young English lord, stand viewing the brilliant spectacle presented by the ballroom of the most fashionable hotel of Brighton. The interest in the usually cold, inflexible tones causes the Englishman to crane his neck and gaze in the direction indicated. Then he says, with a start:

"*That?* Why—well, upon my soul! Have you been in England two weeks and don't know *her* yet? Why, man, that's *Jack Ashhurst's wife.*"

"Still, after this very lucid explanation," says the Russian, "I am bound to say that I have no more knowledge of Jack Ashhurst and his wife than I have of the man in the moon."

"And been in Brighton four days," ejaculates the astounded Briton. "By gad! I thought I introduced you long ago. Lady Ashhurst is the greatest belle of the season. She took the world by storm five years ago, when Jack brought her home his wife, and has never relinquished her throne. Never knew much about her antecedents, but a beauty like hers is a more powerful backer than fifty grandfathers. Jack used to travel a good deal, and he picked her up abroad somewhere. She is the loveliest creature alive. Not a man in the set but has been dead gone on her, and is even now her slave," the faintest shadow crosses the fine frank visage of the speaker, showing that he is one of the slain of Jack Ashhurst's wife. "She's fashionable but not heartless, good-natured but not a fool; her greatest enemy could never call her a prude, yet in the five years that she has queened it over society, against her a word of scandal has never been whispered. She's a wonderful woman."

"Truly, most wonderful," remarks he who has listened to this category of virtues, and his voice holds a suspicion of chill sarcasm. "But she would be much more interesting—more on a level with us, you know—if of her you had a few vices to relate."

"Sorry I can't oblige you," says Chetewood, nonchalantly, all traces of that deeper feeling which still clungs to him amid his worldliness vanished. "She's not a woman with vices—is Jack Ashhurst's wife."

"Then she deserves extinction," observes the foreigner. "A woman with an exemplary (outward) life, with an unimpeachable character, is fit to be translated. Another thing, my dear fellow, you will generally find such people hypocrites and terribly disagreeable!"

In a moment Lord Chetewood is a lively purple, and his eyes flash with genuine indignation.

"*Disagreeable*—Lady Ashhurst!" he cries, wrathfully. Then overcome with the idea he throws back his handsome blonde head and bursts into a laugh. "What rank heresy!" he says, when he can speak; "but you will be punished for it. I give you one week to be *madly, desperately in love with Lady Ashhurst.* It is the fate of every man who goes near her:" unconsciously Chetewood's tones grow gloomy. "*Disagreeable!* She is ravishing, entrancing, that is all!"

The thin lips of the "heretic" curl in just the slightest sneer, while his eyes grow chill and contemptuous. Strong, indeed, must be that emotion kindled by a woman that can thaw the icy barriers that this man has set up in his soul between himself and all semblance of weakness.

"And what of *Jack* Ashhurst?" he says, refraining, through some unaccountable cause, to mention his meeting with Lady Ashhurst upon the beach in the morning, when he endeavored to save her child and her maid from a wetting.

"Jack is a peer; but, Lord! nobody ever thinks of giving him his titles, though they are the proudest in the land. He's no end of a good fellow. If it were anybody else, the husband of Lady Ashhurst would have been killed long ago; but, gad! one *couldn't* hate Jack. To save his soul he couldn't scare up an enemy. He's got lots of money—one of the biggest fortunes in England; but he don't go in much for society, though the freedom he allows his wife is simply marvelous. *She* has *her* house in London; *he* his shooting boxes all over the country, and everybody's welcome. His wine-cellar—there isn't its equal in England; and his horses are known pretty much all over the continent. He is a handsome, jolly, hail-fellow-well met sort of a dog, with a heart as big as his purse. But——"

"Well," says the foreigner, questioningly.

"To his intimate friends," continues Chetewood, slowly, "it is pretty well known that Jack is growing too fond of his cups. Pity! He's the most enviable man I know; lives on the best terms with his wife, whom he is a deal fonder of than his best horse, which is saying a good deal. And she's as fond of him as he is of her, though he's old enough to be her father. *She* isn't a day over twenty."

Again that chill cynicism flashes into the deep eyes of the foreigner, but he is silent, looking steadily at the object of their discussion. The dance has ceased, and she stands but a short distance removed from him. In stature she is slender and exceedingly graceful. She is beautiful, radiant! Her hair is soft brown, rich; complexion dazzlingly white, with a rare, deep color in her cheeks that her bitterest enemy could never call artificial; eyes long, almond-shaped, but unlike eyes of that characteristic, a wondrous azure, like the blue skies above; mouth full, beautiful, with a suggestion of sensuality in the ripe, red lips, around which are also lines that, to this man, with his almost unnatural swiftness in reading human nature, indicate weakness of some kind in the hidden and unknown soul of this woman.

Yes, she is beautiful—dangerously so; with a soft, slumbering, sensuous grace that he well knows must be maddening to the unhappy rivals of Jack Ashhurst. Yet it is not a beauty that could imprison *his* soul in its thraldom. Despite the eulogies lavished upon her by her admirers, the lady does not impress him favorably. She *may* be fascinating and irreproachable; she may be *perfection*, as was so recently ardently affirmed, still, there is that line of weakness in her face, now partially concealed by the matchless witcheries of youth, which he would not have in the face of any woman he would make his wife. He looks at the soft shining of her azure eyes, at the full, rich lips, at the sweeping, sensuous *contour* of her rounded throat. Yes, she is ravishingly beautiful; but as she is now set apart from other women by right of her matchless loveliness, so may there come a time when she will be distinguished from others by a deeper, deadlier brand than the mere title of her transcendent beauty. Then, too, he does not, as a rule, like women without origin.

As he gazes at her, standing in her shining robes and youthful witchery, slowly but surely deepens upon him the conviction that, though she is beautiful as an angel, she is totally lacking in moral grandeur; that there is in her nature no standard of high principle, no upreaching of the spirit, no wonderful capabilities of soul-power; but, to the contrary, a moral cowardice—as yet, perhaps, undeveloped—united to that terrible weakness—the hidden phase of her character of which he has that great and nameless horror.

Then, in sudden contrast to her own, flashes across his memory the vision of a pair of eyes, deep with the glory of martyrdom, the spirit of abnegation, the strength of a wondrous power, though still slumbering. Suddenly he turns to his companion.

"Is there not a child connected with them?" he says, carelessly.

"Yes. Lady Ashhurst, or Gypsy, as her intimate friends are permitted to call her, adopted one soon after her marriage, I believe. She is very fond of her and couldn't treat her differently if she were her own by blood instead of law."

After this they both wander off, and it is noticeable that the foreigner makes no request for an introduction to Clair, Lady of Ashhurst.

CHAPTER III.—HE IS INTRODUCED TO JACK ASHHURST'S WIFE.

"LORD CHETEWOOD, who is that gentleman whom I saw you talking to a little while ago?" says Jack Ashhurst's wife to the young peer, whom she has made superlatively happy by consenting to dance with him twice in succession.

"That," says Chetewood, airily, "oh—he's the great Russian lion, Toboskie."

Gypsy gives a start and her eyes sparkle.

"What! *that* Count Toboskie, the Russian Ambassador?" she says, with the most lively accents.

"The same."

"Oh, Dredmond!" It is an unwonted condescension to have Jack Ashhurst's wife call a man by his Christian name, and under this rare favor Dredmond Chetewood pales perceptibly, so hopelessly passionate is this young lord. "Oh, Dredmond, *couldn't* you get me an introduction? He is an elegant-looking man. Look, Dred, don't you think there is something positively regal in the way he carries his head?"

This, of course, is exceedingly cheerful for Lord Chetewood. His feelings sink to zero, and he is instantly plunged in one of his choicest tempers. As may be supposed, he is not in a mood to look with favor upon a man praised by the woman he hopelessly loves, notwithstanding that man is his oldest friend. The consequence is, he glares at Toboskie in anything but tender admiration.

"Can't say that I see anything remarkable," he says, and his voice is even more disparaging than his words.

"Then I think you must be blind," says Lady Ashhurst, with what, to Lord Chetewood, is unnecessary warmth. "*I* think him the handsomest man I ever saw—*quite!*"

Silence.

"*Could* you, now, Dredie, get me an introduction?" this with the faintest suspicion of coaxing in the sweet tones.

"I suppose I might," says Lord Chetewood, sulkily; "don't see any earthly reason why I shouldn't, since his father and mine are oldest friends, and Toboskie and I spent five years together at a German university."

"No!" she cries, in delight, totally ignoring his ungraciousness. Then rewards him for his

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proffered kindness with a little gush of confidence, in which she relates the adventure upon the beach. But Lord Chetewood fails to see anything remarkably funny in the recital, and absolutely refuses to smile, much to his companion's disgust.

When she is through, he cannot forbear a dirty fling.

"Toboskie," he says, with suspicious carelessness, "is not of the sort to be soft on women."

"No?" smoothly.

"We were talking of you when you observed us. I gave him every chance to ask for an introduction, but he wouldn't take it."

"I know I shall like that man," says Jack Ashhurst's wife, with offensive cheerfulness. "I always *adore* those kind of men! There is something so undignified, so *little*, in a man trotting all over a ballroom begging for introductions to every woman he sees." Lady Ashhurst now speaks severely, and is flagrantly unjust in her insinuation. Unhappy Lord Chetewood grows black with rage.

"Am I to understand——" he begins, wrathfully, when Jack Ashhurst's wife lays her small hand upon his arm.

"There, Dredie," she says, in a whisper. "Now is your chance: beckon him over!"

Thus commanded, Chetewood nods rather curtly, it must be confessed, to Toboskie, who stands a short distance off, and intimates to him that he may join them. Thus besieged, the ambassador has no alternative but to obey.

"Lady Ashhurst, my friend, Count Toboskie."

It is a very brief introduction that Chetewood gets through, but it suffices.

Gypsy smiles adorably at the courtly man towering above her, with just a shy consciousness of the past to complete her fascination. The ambassador bows low over the hand which Chetewood remembers with a pang she gives to very few people, and tells her how happy he is to make her acquaintance.

Savage and disconsolate, Dredmond takes himself off. The two thus left together drift into a gay conversation. Both are witty, brilliant and intelligent. Finally, leaving brighter and heavier topics, they come back to that meeting upon the beach.

"That child is sure to get every one in trouble who goes near her," says Gypsy, with a laugh.

"She is a very lovely child, and very like her mother," says Toboskie, with treacherous carelessness.

Jack Ashhurst's wife gives a convulsive little start and stares at her companion, then breaks into a gay laugh.

"Did you think *I* was her mother?"

"Are you not?" with disgraceful duplicity.

"No!"

"You amaze me!"

Gypsy laughs. "She is only *my adopted* child, but, of course, that makes no difference," she says, and settles herself for a long speech. "You must know I was nothing but a child when Jack married me," this is not said with any pretensions to youth. He knows, suspicious as he is of her, that she has spoken truly. Looking steadily downwards into that upturned countenance, with its matchless loveliness, he sees that there is not the slightest trace of age—nothing but a wondrous, lovely youth, more radiant than the blossoms of Spring. "I was nothing but a child, and I shall always suspect that poor, dear Jack was afraid to take me home to England, after defying all the conventional rules of his country by marrying a baby, and a foreign one, too; for, although my parents were English, I was born in Cuba, where Jack found me. So we traveled for a couple of years. And when we were in Greece we stumbled upon this lovely child. She was then about two years old and a born Greek. Jack was seized with a violent fancy for her, so was I. She being friendless and living upon charity, there was nothing to prevent our legally adopting her, which we did. Now you have her history, which I felt bound to give you, because you were so kind to her that day of the rain." She smiles up at him, a wondrous, dazzling smile, and through his veins shoots one swift flame of fire as he looks down in the alluring eyes, and his breath comes sharply.

(*To be continued.*)

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, OF DELAWARE.

WHILE the State of Delaware is territorially inconsiderable in extent, it has for many years outweighed many of the largest and most populous commonwealths in the councils of the nation. This circumstance, at once so creditable and universal, is due entirely to the personal character, ability and force of the men who have represented the State in the United States Senate, among whom the subject of this sketch is confessedly conspicuous. The present Senator, Thomas F. Bayard, is the grandson of James Ashton Bayard, whose father was John Bayard, distinguished in the Revolutionary period as a patriot of singular purity and disinterestedness. It was with James Ashton Bayard that the senatorial line of his family commenced. He was chosen to Congress in 1796, and served until 1803 as an acknowledged leader of the old Federal party. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1806, and served there until 1813. He declined the mission to France offered to him by Mr. Adams in 1801 and confirmed to him by the Senate, but served as a joint commissioner with Adams, Clay, Gallatin and Russell in negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, which was concluded in December, 1814. He was then appointed Minister to Russia, but declined that office also; and while busy with the details of a commercial treaty with Great Britain was taken sick, and returned home in a national vessel to die in sight of his native shores. The public place held by him was next filled by his son, Richard H. Bayard, who was chosen Senator in 1836 and again in 1841, and who was sent as Minister to Belgium in 1850. The third Senator in the line was James A. Bayard, father of the present Senator. He represented Delaware in the Senate from 1851 to 1864, when he resigned, although he had just been elected to serve for a third term. Nevertheless, in 1867, he was appointed by the Governor of Delaware to fill the unexpired term of Senator Riddle, and, retiring finally in 1869, was succeeded by his son, Thomas Francis Bayard, in whom the courtesy and integrity of the father and the political genius of the grandfather are united with the disinterested chivalry and high courage characteristic of all the race.

Thomas Francis Bayard was born in Wilmington, Del., October 29th, 1828. He was educated mainly at the celebrated Flushing School established by Dr. E. L. Hawks, of New York. He selected commerce as his pursuit in life, and entered a counting-house in this city, where his father was then practicing law. After the family returned to Delaware he removed to Philadelphia, and was engaged in the great West India house of Morris Wain & Co., where he acquired a thorough business training and such an insight into the mysteries of trade as in latter years the Custom House plunderers of New York found it impossible to escape. In 1848 his elder brother died, where upon he abandoned mercantile pursuits and took up the study of law, under the feeling that the Bayards ought always to have a representative of the family in that profession. He studied in his father's office and was admitted to practice in 1851. With his advantages of training and his natural abilities success was a matter of course. In 1853 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware, but resigned the position in the following year. With the exception of two years spent in Philadelphia, he practiced steadily in his native city until his election, in 1869, to the United States Senate. This election was attended by the curious coincidence that at the same time his father was named for the fragment of an unexpired term.

In the Senate, Mr. Bayard's career has been marked from the outset by industry, conscientiousness and the highest order of ability. One of his most conspicuous achievements was the investigation, exposure and correction of the corrupt and dishonest methods which for a time marked the management of the Custom House, and outraged and embarrassed commerce, in New York. The reform which liberated our merchants from spies, blackmailers and an insolent inquisition is due more to Senator Bayard's efforts than to those of any other public man. As to the Southern question, he has been foremost among the leaders of his party in insisting upon the maintenance of the constitutional rights of the States, and opposing the imposition upon them of laws and rulers by means of military power. Some of his public utterances as to questions growing out of the rebellion have been sharply criticised by his political antagonists, but his most advanced avowals were certainly more moderate than those of many other Democratic statesmen now and formerly in public life.

Senator Bayard has served upon the Finance Committee since entering the Senate, being now its Chairman, and has been a consistent advocate of the Democratic doctrines about tariff, currency and taxation. As early as February, 1872, he expressed himself thus strongly on the subject of a return to specie payments:

"In the consideration of our national finances the chief and ruling object in view should be the return to specie payments, not so much as affecting the conscience of the moneyed classes of the country as affecting the morals of the entire country. A return to specie payments should be held a return to honesty in individual dealings, and the sooner an honest currency, a currency of intrinsic value, is restored to the people of this country the better, because until that is done we cannot hope for a discontinuance of those practices of bad faith and illegitimate speculation which are the natural result and outgrowth of paper money. I say, therefore, that a return to honest money is a crying demand of the present hour. A departure from the currency of honest money, from money of value, was a cardinal error, a vast blunder, in my opinion, originally."

In the later legislation upon the financial question, Senator Bayard has steadily adhered to the principles here laid down. His firmness at the last session of Congress in resisting the schemes of the silver maniacs prevented the passage of the Bill providing for the exchange of trade-dollars for legal tender silver dollars at par, and his inflexible hostility to the greenback delusion in all its forms has contributed largely, during the whole period of contention over that subject, to the preservation of the sound national policy which has made resumption possible.

Mr. Bayard's nomination for the Presidency, should that honor be bestowed upon him, would everywhere unite the Democracy, and enlist the heartiest and most enthusiastic support. Identified as he has been with every important question of national legislation during the crucial decade of our history, with a record without spot or blemish, and an independence of cliques and cabals which would assure an upright and cleanly administration, no right-thinking member of his party could refuse to follow his standard in a struggle which, in the opinion of many, is to determine the fate of the Democratic organization for a long time to come.

MR. GEO. B. ROBERTS,

PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

MR. GEORGE B. ROBERTS, recently elected as President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, graduated at the Engineering and Scientific School at Troy, N. Y., in 1850, and in the following year entered the service of the railroad company, as a roadman in the engineer corps. During the Summer following he became assistant engineer in charge of the division on the summit that included the great tunnel. In the Fall of 1852 he left the Pennsylvania to become assistant engineer of the Philadelphia and Erie, and during the ten years that followed he was actively employed in building railroads. He was an engineer on the North Pennsylvania, which was opened in 1855, and on the Northwestern. On the Allentown, the Mahanoy and Broad Mountain, and the West Jersey he was chief engineer, and filled that office when they were completed. In May, 1862, he was called to the position of assistant to the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, on account of his engineering skill and ability as an administrative officer. Seven years later, on May 30, 1869, he was made Fourth Vice President, and March 26th, 1874, Second Vice-President. When Colonel Scott was elected President, June 30, 1874, Mr. Roberts succeeded him as First Vice-President, and during Colonel Scott's absence in Europe for a year and a half Mr. Roberts was acting President. He has for many years occupied a prominent position in the boards of roads controlled by the Pennsylvania, and brings to the discharge of the duties devolving upon him, as Colonel Scott's successor, not only a mature experience but thorough familiarity with all the conditions and peculiar relations of the great railway system which he will henceforth manage. In attaining the Presidency of the Pennsylvania Company, he has simply realized the ambition of his early manhood, when he heard to have declared that he would rather be president of that corporation than of the United States. The Philadelphia *Press* says of his promotion: "The Pennsylvania road has substantially achieved its work of development. It remains now to make the most of its marvelous growth. It passes from the epoch of expansive energies to the era of consolidated strength and conservative force. In this grand progress of recuperative energy and healthy vitality, Mr. Roberts is admirably qualified to guide it. He is prudent, sagacious and practical, a master of details and of organization, thoroughly familiar with the progressive policy of the corporation and combining with it the wisest principles of conservative management. He enters upon his trust with the unbounded confidence of the company and of the public."

How an Arab Lady Perfumes Herself.

IN the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne-bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "tope" which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and, the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and her robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

An Easter Festival at Bautzen, on the Spree.

The egg as a symbol of resurrection, of a life hidden in a marble tomb coming forth again to the light, has been from an early period associated with the joys of Easter Sunday and the Resurrection of Christ. We have our Easter eggs, and French taste and skill have been almost exhausted in investing forms in which the egg will appear in confectionery or glass and gilt-work. The egg for a fashionable lady will be a work of art, a little casket in which a precious rag or pin reposes on its little cushion; the egg for a child will be a frailer structure filled with sweets, itself to be consumed after being emptied. A German Easter egg amusement is seen in our illustration, and must afford no little sport. It requires a smooth, grassy slope, down which eggs are rolled, to be scrambled for by merry youngsters below. Wisdom would dictate that the eggs should be boiled hard, to prevent accidents, before they are thus sent to make their way in the world, and this is doubtless done. The number engaged in sending off the white globes and of the expectant throng who are grasping at them shows that at Bautzen Pass is a day of merry-making.

The United States Ship "Constellation" at Ireland.

The United States frigate *Constellation* left New York on March 20th, and cast anchor at Queenstown twenty days later. She took 500 tons of provisions and clothing for the relief of Irish distress, the cargo being made up as follows: 1,346 barrels potatoes, 675 barrels flour, 1,144 barrels corn meal, and 150 barrels oatmeal. Besides these she carried 59 cases canned meats and 7 packages of clothing and shoes. As has been before stated, the work of transferring this cargo to British vessels for transportation to convenient Irish ports was superintended by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The officers of the *Constellation* were handsomely feted in Dublin, and the freedom of the city was presented to Captain Potter, the commander.

The Swedish Arctic Exploration.

Professor Nordenskjöld's recent grand achievement of navigating the Arctic Seas north of Asia, and passing eastward through Behring's Strait down into the Pacific Ocean, has been crowned with a triumphal welcome at his arrival home. After receiving, since the entrance of his vessel through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean, the congratulations of different Governments and nations in Western Europe, he has reached the capital of Sweden, and has been duly honored by the King and the country. The *Vega* was met outside by about 200 steamers, which escorted her into the harbor. The adjacent coasts were lit up for a distance of many miles, and the city itself was splendidly illuminated. Professor Nordenskjöld and his companions were received on landing by the municipal authorities, and proceeded immediately afterwards to the Royal Castle, where they were welcomed by the King. Professor Nordenskjöld has been created a Baron, and Captain Palander and Mr. Oscar Dickson have received patents of nobility.

Prisoners Chanting Prayers for Otero.

The night before the execution of Otero, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain, a singular service was held in the prison. Priests visited the place, and while one remained with the condemned in the little chapel, several others led a party of prisoners in chanting the prayers for those about to die that are customary in Roman Catholic communities. The condemned preserved the utmost coolness while on his way to the place of execution, and the day after his death an alleged confession was published which, however, did not show as was expected, that he was the emissary of any socialist organization.

Scenes at a Village Fair near Seville, Spain.

The Spanish people still keep up their *ferias* and *romerias*, but whether trade or religion is the pretext, enjoyment is the real object, and all enter into the spirit of the amusements with zest. Spain, and above all Seville, has been, from the days of the old Romans the chosen land of dancing, and not even France can vie with Spain in the number, grace and charm of its native dances. In fact, Seville still retains this favorite national motion in the services of religion and of mourning, and a solemn dance is performed before the altar on Corpus Christi, and the corpse of a child has in many a home a funereal dance around its little flower-covered bier. The *feria* as represented by our artist needs no detail; it tells its own story of enjoyment.

The Royal Marriage at Windsor.

The marriage of the Princess Frederica, daughter of the late King of Hanover and great granddaughter of King George III, with Baron von Pawel-Rammingen took place in the private chapel of Windsor Castle. Although, officially speaking, the ceremony was of a private nature, a very large number of royal and other guests were present, and amongst them Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz. At the station royal carriages were in waiting to convey the guests to the Castle, where they were at once conducted to the chapel, where shortly afterwards the bridegroom, supported by Prince Leopold, took his place by the altar. After all the guests had assembled, the Queen and the Princess Frederica entered. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Oxford, assisted by the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty gave away the bride, while Prince Leopold acted as best man to the bridegroom. After the ceremony the Royal party went to the Green Drawing room, where the register was signed by Her Majesty and numerous other witnesses; and then Her Majesty and the Royal Family lunched in the White Drawing room, the other guests being served in the Waterloo Chamber.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NEARLY 2,000 workmen are employed upon new buildings now going up in Atlanta.

—DURING this year 400,000 bushels of corn have been shipped to Europe from Richmond, Va.

—NEW ORLEANS has shipped to France and Italy within a year 2,400,000 gallons of cotton-seed oil.

—MR. GREENWOOD, within forty-eight hours after his retirement from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, received offers exceeding half a million dollars to establish a new journal.

—MINISTER WHITE reports that the German Government is about to increase the circulation of silver coin twenty per cent.—that is, from 10 marks per head to 12 marks.

—WHEN all the new formations, planned and worked out in their minutest details by the German War Ministry, are completed, the total strength of the army will exceed 2,600,000 men.

—A PARIS dispatch says that the commission on the question of restoring the Palace of the Tuileries, after consulting two architects, have decided to restore the palace and convert it into a museum.

—THE Bibles issued by the American Bible Society for sixty-four years amount to 37,408,208 copies. In the last year the managers issued from the Bible House 1,123,078. Of these 45,218 copies were sent to foreign lands.

—THE latest plan for crossing the English Channel is embodied in a model now before the British Admiralty for a monster floating railway station, which is to carry trains holding 2,000 passengers across at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

—IT has been announced in the Spanish Congress that the Government proposes soon to introduce a reform system of education in Cuba, and to establish agricultural schools there, but that it is impossible, for the present, to create periodical and ecclesiastical reforms.

—THE exports of domestic produce from this port for the week ending May 8th amounted to $7,704,922, against $5,208,190 corresponding period last year. The total from the commencement of the year is $131,534,856, against $115,426,303 same period of 1879, and $119,683,613 the year previous.

—THE Minister of Justice has submitted to the Czar for his approval a new law directing that executions shall hereafter take place in the prisons and in the presence of certain officials, instead of in public places and in the presence of the populace. It is reported that the Czar is disposed to acquiesce in this change.

—THE Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels have adopted the principal features contained in the draft of the Bill submitted by the New York ferry companies. The most important clause of the Bill as adopted permits the carrying of distinctive signal lights for the purpose of indicating the particular ferry to which each boat belongs.

—IT is stated that the Carthusian monks, the manufacturers of the famous Chartreuse *liqueur*, have determined to follow the example of other congregations and refuse to conform to the religious decrees. They threaten to remove the manufacture to England. They pay the State 1,000,000 francs a year taxes, and divide 5,000,000 francs among the poor.

—MR. AUGUSTUS MORRIS, one of the Commissioners at the Sydney Exhibition, reports that our exhibitors have been very successful in obtaining awards. In all cases our manufacturers have either excelled all others or stood in the first rank. The result will be a large sale of American articles of several kinds that have heretofore been unknown in Australia.

EMILE AUGIER'S play of "L'Aventuriere," in which Sarah Bernhardt makes her appearance in London, was first produced during the revolutionary year of 1848, and was rewritten ten years later for the Théâtre Français. It is well known here by the adaptation made by Mr. Robertson under the title of "Home," and has had more than one long run at Wallack's.

—A CAIRO dispatch says that in consequence of the recent arrival of a slave caravan at Siout, the Governor of the Province and other officers have been dismissed, and will be court martialed. A special European slave commission has been appointed on the recommendation of the British Consul-General, to secure the execution of the Anglo-Egyptian convention for the suppression of the slave trade.

—IT is announced that the President of the Nicaraguan Government has made a very liberal concession to a number of American capitalists to undertake the construction of a canal across any portion of the territory of that country, which may seem most advantageous. This concession is likely to be the basis of an important movement in the interest of a canal under control of American capitalists, and it is understood that an organization will soon be effected in direct antagonism to De Lesseps's scheme.

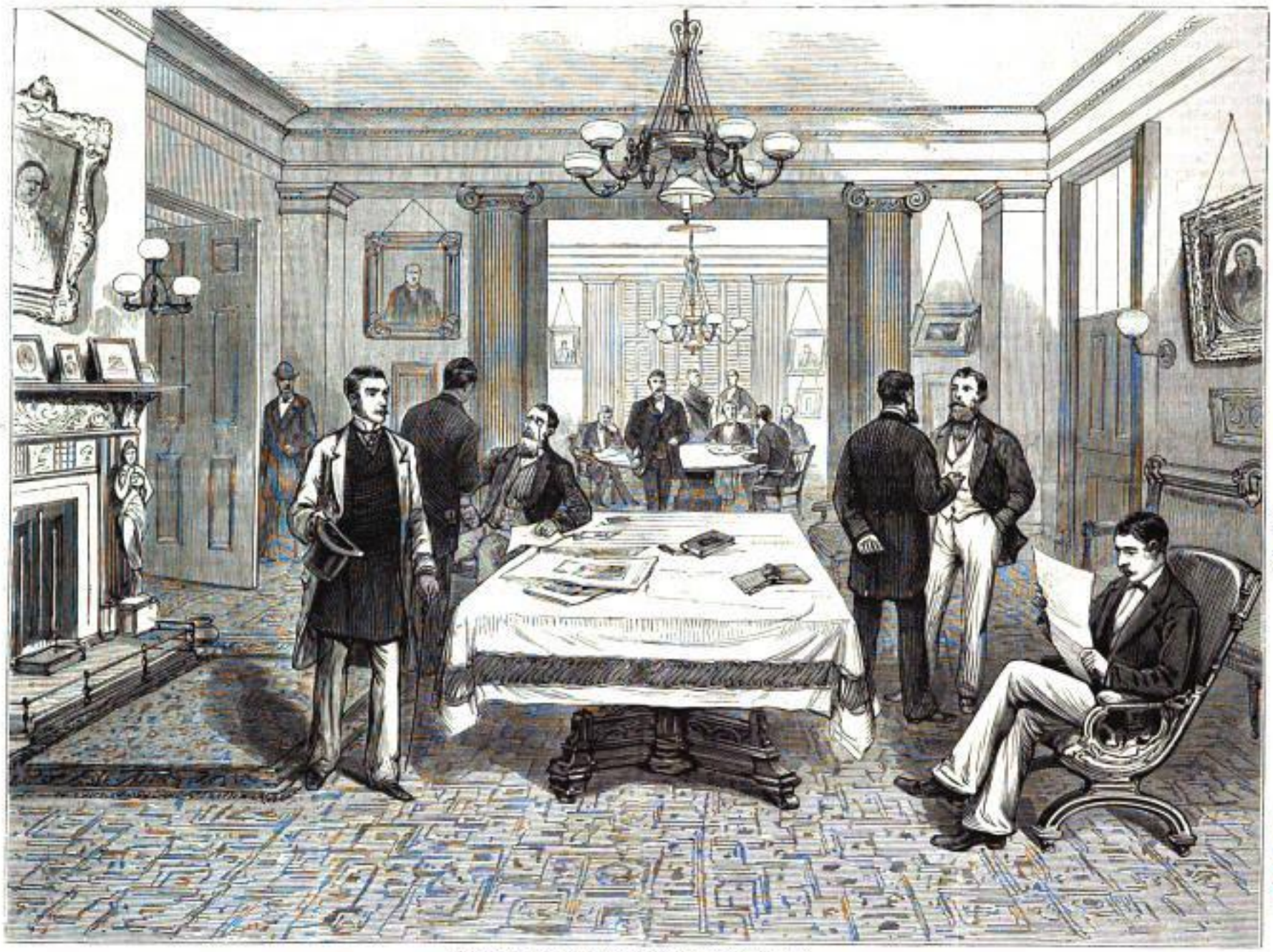
—THE temperance party in England claims that there are 315 members of the new Parliament favorable to "local option." Of these, 148 voted or paired in favor of Sir Wilfred Lawson's motion; 57, while declining to commit themselves to details, have expressed themselves as favorable to popular control over the issue of licenses. This list includes Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington. If this estimate be anything like correct, there will undoubtedly soon be some legislation in the way of restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors.

—THE receipts of grain at this port were unusually heavy on May 10th, particularly by canal, the latter amounting to 1,063,253 bushels. Of these, 765,753 bushels were wheat, 297,900 corn, 81,300 oats and 8,300 rye. In addition to these there arrived another large tow of canal boats in the afternoon too late to have the quantity posted on 'Change. The arrivals of wheat by rail and coastwise footed up to 794,753 bushels. The market for breadstuffs was generally higher and fairly active, with the exception of oats, which broke down two cents a bushel.

—FOR the first time for several years the Russian Opera at St. Petersburg shows a large profit. Upwards of 120 representations were given during the season just ended; 69 being the works of Russian composers and 62 of foreigners. The favorite operas were "Life for the Czar," "Faust," "Rogneda," "Russlan and Ludmila," "Demon" and "Aida," each being performed ten times. The average receipts were $1,200 a night; the singers cost during the season $70,000, and the orchestra 88 performers...$16,000. The total expenditure, vocal and instrumental was $85,000; the entire receipts, $165,000; balance, $80,000, of which one third was net profit.

THE names of racehorses are literally a commentary upon the history of the world. In 1813 the 2,000 guineas were won by Sir Charles Banbury's Smolensko, suggestive of the retreat of Moscow. There has never been a decade since 1800 in which Marengo has not been commemorated by a great racer. Waterloo, Salamanca, Victoria, and Blenheim are all represented in the racing calendar. Wellington, Nelson and Collingwood adorn the patriotism of British racing men. Blucher won the Derby in 1814, and distinguished matrimonial alliances have been celebrated, as in the case of Prince Leopold, who won the Derby in 1816. So with us, we have had General Grant, Commodore Vanderbilt and Edwin Forrest.

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RECEPTION PARLORS OF THE WESTMORELAND CLUB.



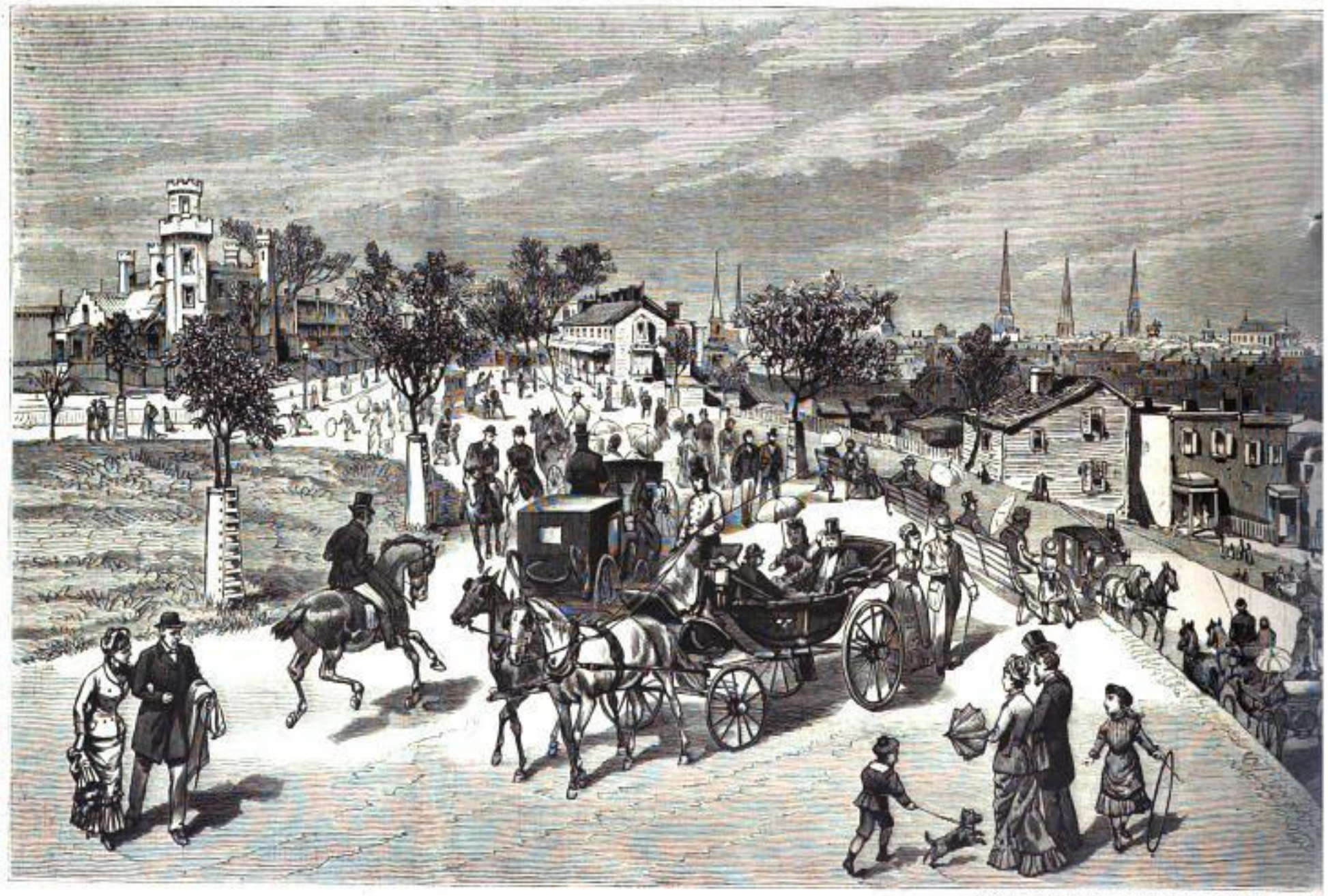
MONUM



GOVER



STAT



VIEW OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND

VIRGINIA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—A GLIMPSE OF RICHMOND

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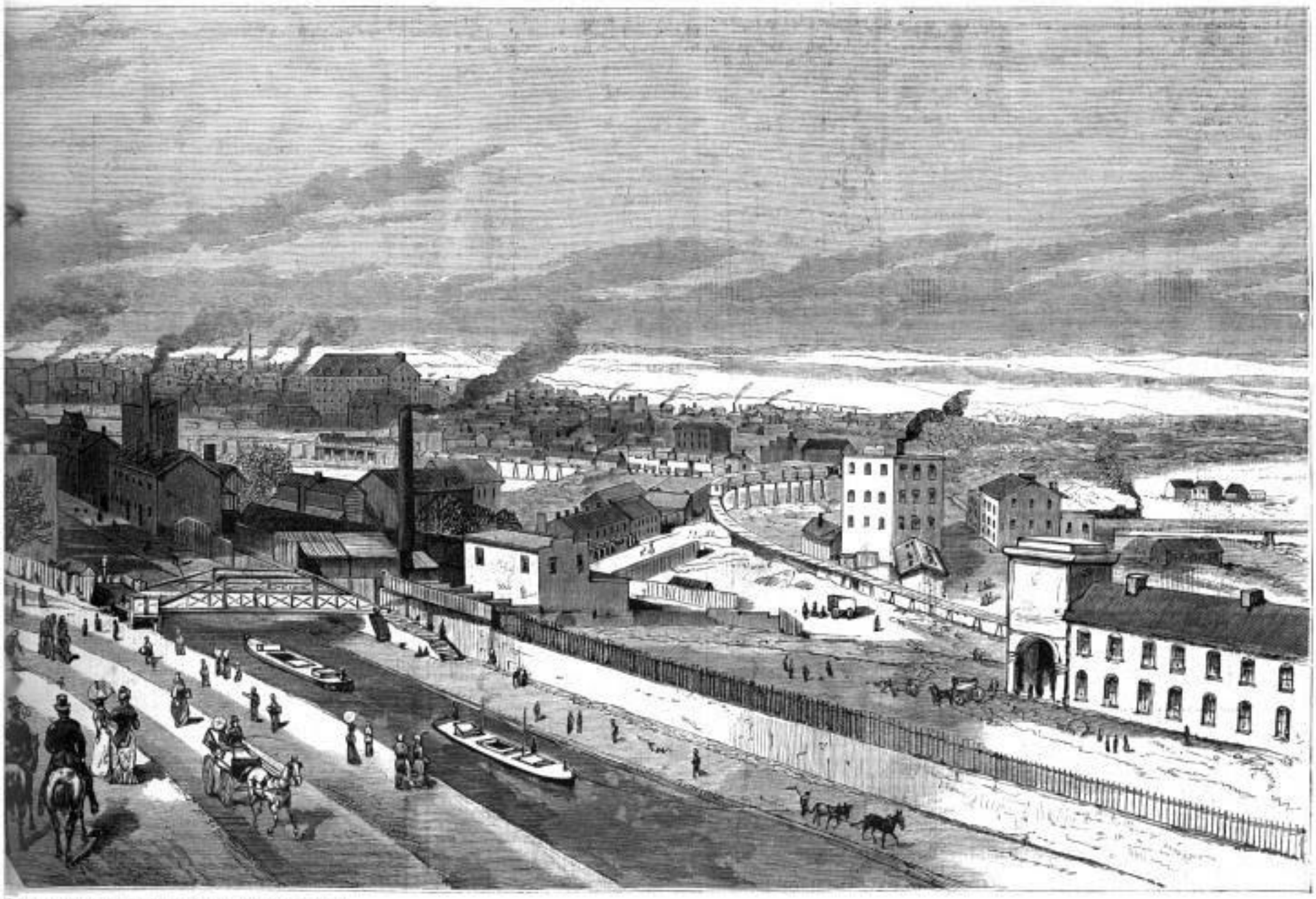


SION.





CHILDREN FEEDING SQUIRRELS IN CAPITOL SQUARE.



HE DRIVE OVERLOOKING THE CITY.

) ITS ATTRACTIONS.—From Sketches by Walter Goater.—See Page 210.

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EYES.

SERENE blue eyes,
Seraphic, calm and limpid eyes,
Reflection of a Paradise!
I gaze within their sapphire depths and think
How like a bark my love might float or sink,
If they should will it in such wise—
And their chaste beauty seems to me,
Like some great, dreamy, treacherous sea!

Thoughtful gray eyes,
Crepuscular, grave, gloomy eyes,
Pale as the mistless Northern skies!
I gaze within their cloudy depths and see
How all my love might wrecked and shattered be,
If they should will it in such wise—
Cold and transparent as the ice,
They feel no passion, know no vice.

Radiant black eyes,
Wonderful, scintillant black eyes,
Love's magnetizing, burning prize!
I gaze within their flashing depths and find
The dainty, languid temptress of my mind,
If they should will it in such wise—
But their effulgence murmureth
Of strange, mad passions, bringing death!

Winsome brown eyes,
Light, laughing, innocent brown eyes,
Wherein a woodland idyl lies!
I gaze within their lucid depths and mark
The light that from my soul may chase the dark
If they should will it in such wise—
The soul of some Greek dryad fair
Has surely found its Eden there!

Sombre green eyes,
Strange, haunting, mystic, siren eyes,
Teeming with promise and surprise!
I gaze within their misty depths and see
The eyes of Messalina dark on me,
Whene'er they will it in such wise—
Snake-like, intolerant and warm,
They seem to hiss with passion's storm!

Colorful eyes,
Weird, variable, wonder eyes,
Wherein a shadowy rainbow flies!
I gaze within their dazzling depths and love
The sacred mutability thereof,
And they have willed it in such wise—
Ah, emblems of my soul divine,
Only in dreams I see them shine!

F. R. SALTUS.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND, HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

THE next morning Manuela and Reginald set out in the stage for Albuquerque, having previously exacted a promise from Don Tomas and the other members of his family to attend the wedding, which was fixed for that day week. In consenting to become Reginald's wife, Manuela already felt that sense of familiarity with him which impelled her to dispense with ceremony in her bearing towards him; and hence—partly because of her nature and of the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves, and partly because of the nearness of their marriage day—she allowed him to accompany her to her destination.

The servants from Manuela's *hacienda* were awaiting her with a carriage in Albuquerque on the entrance of the stage, their mistress having written to them a few days before of her probable arrival on that day.

The *hacienda*, which for six generations had been the home of the family of Manuela's mother, was situated about two miles from the town, and as she took her seat in the vehicle she bade Reginald farewell, telling him that she would expect him on the morrow.

After her departure, Reginald proceeded to the hotel, and, having deposited his valise in the office-safe, he went out to supply some deficiencies in his wardrobe, which, however adapted it may have been to the necessities of the long and rough journey to Durango which he had contemplated, was scarcely suitable for the requirements of a gentleman who was about to abandon the rôle of treasure-seeker and traveler for that of bridegroom. He laid the shops of Albuquerque under contribution, and, though his outfit was possibly not as complete or splendid as one that he might have procured in a more pretentious locality, still it answered well enough to enable him to make so presentable an appearance the next day at the *hacienda* that Manuela expressed herself highly pleased with the change.

On the occasion of this visit he brought the precious box with him. With the doors discreetly closed, and secure from interruption, he and Manuela opened it.

Imbedded as it were in the gold dust that mainly filled it, appeared to their vision, as they spread its contents on the table, a multitude of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The first, however, predominated in number, and as of these more than twenty were of enormous size, they could well understand how the Chevalier Deville had estimated the value of his buried riches at three hundred thousand louis d'ors, or a million and a half of dollars. Most of the diamonds, and many of the less valuable stones, were cut, and, as the light fell on them through the lowered curtain, they flashed and glowed like coals of fire.

For a long time the two contemplated in silence the treasure that lay before them. Each seemed lost in thought. Perhaps they were both thinking that, great in value as was the fortune that had come into their possession, its acquisition had been made not without some sacrifice.

Finally the gold dust and stones were returned to the box, which, after having been carefully wrapped in a cloth, was put in a secure place; and for the twentieth time Reginald exclaimed:

"Would that Melchior were here!"

As he spoke, Manuela put her hand on his shoulder and looked with a tender expression in his face.

"*Caro mio*," she said, with a smile, "your wish has been gratified unaware to you. Melchior is here!"

He gazed at her fixedly and like one bewildered, for there was that in her voice that recalled the journey to Milan and the memory of the Palazzo Albergati.

"Here!" he repeated. "Where!"

She dropped her face on his breast, and a vivid color swept from her forehead to her neck.

"There is no Melchior," she said, softly. "Oh, my dearest Reginald, the Melchior of your imagination was only Manuela who loves you and who would have died to save your life! Forgive me if this confession makes me seem bold; but if I assumed an unwomanly part, it was in order that you might avoid the danger of an encounter with Vellani."

He held her close to him in a silence that was far more eloquent than any language could have been. His eyes were moist with tears as he remembered how the brave heart that was beating against his breast had been made the target of the Italian's assassinating steel. And all, too, for his sake—for the sake of the love that, like some great light rising gradually out of the darkness, for the first time began to dawn on him in all its luminous completeness.

"Noble, generous, devoted Manuela!" he exclaimed at last. "You have taught me that of which I have been ignorant—that true love means self-sacrifice!"

Her tears were falling silently, although he could not see them.

"It was because I felt this," she replied, "that, when I knew you were determined to proceed to Europe and meet Vellani, I resolved to present myself before you in the character of my brother, who died when a child and is buried out there in the garden, and so conduct your relations with your enemy that he should meet me in a duel instead of you. I was confident of my skill with either sword or pistol and I distrusted yours. It made me so happy to think that you never suspected that under the guise of Melchior it was your own Manuela who met you in Paris and accompanied you to Milan on your mission of danger!"

"The past cannot be recalled," he said, in a self-reproachful tone; but had I only known——"

"What, Reginald?"

"I would not have spared the life of the villain in the old church! I never can forget, now, that it was at your gentle bosom he aimed his sword-thrust in the courtyard of the Palazzo Albergati!"

"Ah, Reginald, let us be charitable even to him. Think no more of the past, dearest. There is no obstacle now between us and happiness. In four days more I will be your wife. I have given you my promise. Let us remember only that!"

The four days of which Manuela had spoken passed away—as if on leaden wings to the lovers. The marriage took place at the *hacienda*, only a few intimate friends of Manuela's family being present in the ancient dwelling. It was at the *hacienda*, too, the home of Manuela's childhood, that the honeymoon was to be passed; and when that blissful interval was over, the house and lands were to be left in charge of an agent and they were to take up their journey for their new home in the East.

CHAPTER XX.—THE HEIR OF ST. EVREMOND DEVILLE.

WHEN the ceremony that made the two man and wife was concluded, and the latest lingering guest had departed, Manuela said to Reginald:

"You have asked me, dear, how I knew of St. Evremond Deville, and his treasure. Follow me and you shall know."

She led him into a room along the walls of which were ranged the portraits of several generations of the Davilas, and pointing to one of these, the likeness of a martial-looking man in armor, said:

"Look at that picture. It is the portrait of him whose name has been so often on our lips of late, the Chevalier Deville—the brother of my ancestor, Claude Deville, to whom was addressed the old letter written in the dungeon of the fortress of Vera Cruz, and which so singularly fell into your hands."

Surprise for a moment kept Reginald silent.

"You, the descendant of St. Evremond Deville's brother, Manuela?" he ejaculated, finally.

"Yes. My mother—her family name had gradually undergone the change from Deville to Davila—was her father's only heir, and since my brother Melchior's death I am the sole survivor of the blood of all those whose faces look down upon us from the wall."

"And the only surviving inheritor of St. Evremond's treasure?"

"It is even so, Reginald."

"Why did you keep this a secret from me?"

"Because," she answered, "I preferred to tell you of this as your wife. I did not wish that the question of this treasure or of my inheritance should influence your action towards me. Had you forgotten me—had time proved you false to your professions of love—I still would have kept the secret. I have an ample fortune in my own right, and I loved you too much to wish to deprive you of the riches which in one sense are justly yours."

"How fortunate then for me that my love could know no change!" exclaimed Reginald, as he pressed her to his breast. "For, had I changed, I would have retained the gold and precious stones, it is true, but how infinitely more precious a treasure would I have lost in losing you for a wife, my darling!"

"Fate," she answered, "seems to have destined us for each other. Now let me tell you something of my ancestor Claude Deville and his brother St. Evremond. The Devilles were a family of Brittany, in France. St. Evremond, the elder of the two brothers, after serving as an officer in the armies of Louis XIV., led by a spirit of adventure, left France and went to the newly settled country of Brazil, about the year 1676. He remained there, as he says in the old manuscript, which was in reality a letter written from his prison to my ancestor Claude, until 1678, when the animosity of the Viceroy Oliveira compelled him to leave Brazil.

"Claude Deville, at the time this letter, which never reached his hands, and which first saw the light through your discovery of it, was written, still lived in Brittany. Other letters, however, some written in Brazil and some after the arrival of St. Evremond in this part of Mexico, and his incarceration in San Juan de Ulua, were received by Claude. My ancestor knew, as I shall show you presently, that his brother had acquired great riches in Brazil, and it was partly to endeavor to learn something of the fate of this wealth that, after receiving the intelligence of St. Evremond's death in prison, he departed from France and came to Mexico.

"While pursuing his investigations—which, however, proved fruitless—along the Rio Grande, he met a lady of the country of whom he became enamored and whom he eventually married. This alliance induced him to settle here, and this *hacienda*, which has been the residence of so many generations of his descendants, was a part of his original purchase. Nothing, of course, was ever known concerning St. Evremond's lost treasure, but the fact that such a treasure had existed remained a tradition in our family.

"You understand, now, how easy a thing it was for me, knowing all these previous circumstances of the family history, to complete the text of the mutilated manuscript. The only point on which I was ignorant was the locality of the church, and that by a strange chance you discovered in Fra Gregorio's chronicle."

"It is all clear to me now, Manuela," said Reginald, "but I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary coincidence whereby you, I and the manuscript were thrown together."

"It was indeed a singular combination of circumstances," she replied, "and it only proves that truth, sometimes at least, is stranger than fiction. Here," she added, as she walked to a secretary that stood in a corner of the room, "is a number of letters from the Chevalier Deville to my ancestor Claude, written at various times after his departure from France. In one, written after his arrival in Vera Cruz from South America, he speaks of his treasure and tells how he had acquired it. Look, the handwriting is the same as that of the manuscript found by you."

He inspected the dingy sheet of paper.

"The same," he said; "there can be no mistaking it. Read it, Manuela."

Like the manuscript, it was written in French, and Manuela read aloud in English, translating from the original as she went on:

"VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, *August*, 1678.

"I have but lately arrived here, my dear Claude, from Brazil with considerable treasure in my possession which I hope some day to share with thee. This treasure consists chiefly of diamonds, though I have a great store of gold dust and also divers precious stones of value and rarity. I have had several of the diamonds cut here by a skillful lapidary, and they prove to be of the first water. I was compelled to depart from Brazil because of the persecutions of the Portuguese authorities in that country, and I have but time—since the galleon which is to bear this letter leaves for Seville within the hour—to relate to thee briefly how I discovered the localities in Brazil in which the diamonds abound.

"The streams that contain them were pointed out to me by a friendly native, who, of course, was ignorant of their value, although he had brought a few to me as curiosities. I had done this man some service and it was through him also that I became aware of the existence of gold in the rivers. Scarcely had I began to reap the benefits arising from these discoveries, the knowledge of which I kept a profound secret, when intelligence reached me that my liberty of person was threatened by the Viceroy Oliveira—why, I know not. Collecting my gold in two leather bags and secreting the diamonds about my person, and accompanied by my faithful Indian friend as a guide, I traveled southward to the Missions of the Jesuit Fathers in Paraguay. The holy men received me kindly and assisted me on my journey to Buenos Ayres, where I found a brigantine in the roads about to sail for Havana. I embarked on board this vessel. At Havana I again embarked for this place.

"I hear of rich gold and topaz and emerald mines far in the north of Mexico among the mountains that hold the headwaters of the great river of the north. Thither shall I adventure soon, hoping to add to my store of wealth. When I shall have sufficiently seen the world in this quarter I shall return to France. I will write again at the first opportunity. Adieu. Thy brother,

"ST. EVREMOND DEVILLE."

For a long time Reginald and Manuela, after reading this letter, conversed on the future and their plans of life. They both agreed that, inasmuch as Vellani might still linger in the vicinity, it would be unwise, with the vast treasure in their possession, and not knowing what course he might pursue, to defer their departure for the East. Hence was it that, a few days after their marriage, they started from Albuquerque on their journey towards the Atlantic seaboard. Manuela had selected from her household effects those articles which she wished to remove to her new home, and these, with the family portraits and other relics which were endeared to her by association, were stored in Albuquerque, there to remain until they should be sent for.

At Santa Fe they remained a night with Don Tomas and his family. Before leaving these friends (for Reginald had not forgotten the promise he had made to himself that Pepita, to whom so much was due, should be remembered when the treasure should come into his possession), Manuela, taking the priest aside, gave into his hands a small box carefully sealed, in which reposed on soft folds of pink cotton a large and brilliant diamond of many thousand dollars value.

"This," she said, "my good friend, is a present from my husband and myself for Pepita. Let it be considered her wedding gift from us. Do not open the box, I beg you, until three days shall have passed away."

"I promise to do as you wish, señora," said Don Tomas, with a perplexed countenance. "Pepita will feel grateful to you and Mr. Grey for this remembrance of her. In her name, therefore, I thank you for the gift contained in this box."

As the stage approached San José, Manuela expressed a desire to revisit the old church before leaving it behind them on their journey. They entered the melancholy inclosure. A man seated near the entrance, with his head buried in his hands, looked up at the sound of their footsteps. In the pale, haggard face that was turned towards them they recognized Vellani. His head was still bandaged, and his whole bearing was that of one who had lost all courage and all hope.

Reginald's first impulse was to pass him by coldly, but a word from Manuela led him to change his purpose.

"He looks so unhappy," she whispered. "If he will accept our forgiveness, let us grant it. Go and speak to him."

He went up to the Italian.

"Signor Vellani," he said, controlling himself sufficiently to utter words calmly, "we meet probably for the last time. To prove to you that I have no hatred, notwithstanding the events of the past, I now ask you if you feel regret for the course that you have pursued towards me?"

Vellani turned his head away for a moment.

"Say that you regret your conduct," continued Reginald, "and all will be forgotten."

Whatever may have been the Italian's thoughts, he manifested no contrition and no softening of the heart in the expression of his countenance; for, rising from his seat, and without pausing to look at Reginald or Manuela, he walked slowly from the ruin with feeble steps that indicated the weakness of the invalid.

"He is implacable," said Reginald, as he watched his retreating figure.

Manuela cast a long, lingering look around her as if to imprint on her mind the picture of the moldering walls; and then, taking her husband's arm, they went out into the sunlight from the gloom and decay that surrounded them.

From the stage they saw Vellani in the distance as, with head bent and hands crossed behind him, he walked slowly on the veranda of Don Pedro's dwelling. To their eyes, as the distance between them increased, the figure of this man and the outlines of the old church filled in the receding landscape, to the exclusion of all surrounding features, with a strange significance.

When the two objects, animate and inanimate, had passed beyond their vision, Manuela, holding Reginald's hand in her own, leaned back in her seat and gazed dreamily on the distant mountains.

"Of what are you thinking, Manuela?" said Reginald, at last, interrupting her reverie.

"I am thinking, dear, how happy I am to be your wife," she replied.

THE END.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

RICHMOND, THE CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA.

THE City of Richmond, aside from the historical interest which attaches to it as the theatre of most important events in the struggle of the Southern States for independence and a separate nationality, possesses attractions in the natural beauty of its situation and surroundings, in its sanitary and manufacturing advantages, and in the elegance and intelligence of its society, which must always give it pre-eminence among the cities of the Union. It is situated on the north side of the river James, at and around the falls, at the head of tide-water, having an altitude above sea level of 20 to 180 feet. Its site is quite picturesque, built as it is upon a series of hills that afford ample natural drainage. As a class its buildings are good, especially the private residences and the churches. On the principal business streets some of the stores are patterns of elegance, and, taken all in all, Richmond compares favorably with other cities of equal size and population. To a stranger there are many points well worthy of a visit. In its vicinity was fought some of the most sanguinary battles of the war, of which traces still exist. The Federal soldiers have a small but beautiful cemetery east of the town, while Hollywood Cemetery, on the west, is one of the most beautiful burying-places in the country. Here a portion of the grounds were set apart for the reception of the remains of the dead Confederate soldiers, and they have been tenderly gathered from the different battle-fields in the vicinity and buried there under the shadow of an Egyptian pyramid erected by the ladies in commemoration of their devotion to the cause that was lost, and to stand sentinel over their last long sleep.

The Capitol is a huge pile of brick and stone, without peculiar attraction, except its historical association; but in its rotunda stands the best statue of Washington in existence—cut after a model taken from the original during his life, and therefore a perfect likeness. In the upper story of the building is the State Library, in which may be seen some fine paintings of Virginia's Governors and other notables connected with her history, besides many Indian relics, battle-flags, old books and other curiosities. The library contains 30,000 volumes.

The Capitol building stands in the centre of a tenacre park upon the top of one of the highest hills in Richmond, and from its roof may be had a superb view of the city and its surroundings. The park is tastefully laid off in walks that traverse it in every direction, while in the northwest corner stands a magnificent equestrian statue of Washington whose base is decorated with statues, in bronze, of Patrick Henry, and others of revolutionary fame, while midway between that and the south line a dome has been erected, and under it stands a marble statue of Kentucky's great statesman, Henry Clay. In the city may also be seen the famous Libby prison, Castle Thunder and the house occupied by Jefferson Davis.

The Executive Mansion, in the northeast corner of the Capitol grounds, is an unpretending brick building, and is in its appointments marked by republican simplicity. Among other objects of special interest in the city is St. John's Church, in which, on the 20th of March, 1775, the second Patriot Convention of Virginia was held, and where, three

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years later, the Virginia Convention formally ratified the Federal Constitution. The building, which was erected in 1740 upon land then known as Indian Hill, is of wood, with belfry and spire, and yet contains the quaint, high pulpit, with sounding board overhead, of olden time. It is embosomed in a beautiful grove of varied growth. The yard, which is inclosed with a substantial brick wall, is ridged with the little hillocks and thickly studded with the moss-grown monuments of the dead for more than a century past. Here have been buried a number of distinguished men, among them, it is claimed, Chancellor George Wythe.

The water-power furnished by the James River, at Richmond, is one of the finest in the Union. It is of sufficient capacity to run all the manufactories in the South were they concentrated here. The stream is at this point at least one-fourth of a mile in width, with an average of twelve inches of water at its lowest season, while from the top of the rapids, or falls, to the bottom it is nearly, if not quite, seventy-five feet, giving an opportunity for the water to be used over and over again several times before it is discharged again into the river at the bottom of the falls.

The commerce of Richmond is steadily recovering from the effects of its nearly total suspension from 1861 to 1865. During the year 1878, the harbor-master reported the arrival of 829 sailing vessels and 300 steamers, with a total tonnage of 695,000 tons, being about 2 8-10 per cent. increase over 1877. This aggregate includes 191,333 barrels of flour for Brazil—an increase of 32 per cent. over the shipments of 1877. Regular lines of steamers ply between Richmond and the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk. There is an extensive trade with the West Indies and South America, the return cargoes being respectively sugar and coffee.

According to a table recently published there were in the city on the 1st of January last, 565 manufactories, employing 14,193 hands, and having tools and machinery valued at $2,342,981. The amount of sales is stated at $23,486,640. Of the factories, 64 are engaged in the preparation of tobacco and 78 in the manufacture of boots, shoes, leather and leather goods.

The population of Richmond is now about 80,000. The value of real and personal property returned ten years ago was $36,559,566. The city is well supplied with educational facilities, and possesses all other advantages incident to the highest forms of civilization.

Among the clubs of the city, the Westmoreland ranks first and foremost. This club was organized February 12th, 1877. General Henry Heth was the first President, being succeeded by Colonel W. H. Palmer, and then by Dr. J. S. D. Cullen, the present incumbent. It first occupied the house on Franklin Street in which General R. E. Lee's family were lodged during the war, but purchased last Summer the house (where now located) on the corner of Sixth and Grace Streets. This house was owned, in succession, by Robert Stanard, William H. Macfarland and James Lyons, who, in their day, dispensed a magnificent hospitality, entertaining every distinguished stranger who visited Richmond, among them the Prince of Wales, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. The membership is 160 resident and 60 non-resident, and is composed of the best citizens of the city and elsewhere in the State and outside of it. Among the non-resident members are ex-Governor Theodore F. Randolph, of New Jersey; Charles M. Fry, Francis O. French, William P. Clyde, A. S. Hatch and N. L. McCready, of New York; J. N. Du Barry, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; A. S. Biddle and Charles Chauncey, of Philadelphia; Douglas Gordon, of Baltimore; W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, and General W. H. F. Lee and General G. W. C. Lee, of Virginia. To use the language of the charter of the club, it was organized "for the promotion of social intercourse and for the purpose of maintaining a library and reading-room." It subserves a perfect end in the entertainment of strangers in the city who are deserving of attention.

The Virginia Historical Society is located in the Club House, where its whole collection is lodged. The walls of the Club House are adorned mainly with the historical portraits and other pictures belonging to the Virginia Historical Society. From ten till two o'clock on Saturdays the Club House is open to the possession of the ladies of the members of the club. Recently the ladies entertained Mrs. General Bradley Johnson, of Baltimore, and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington. The affairs of the club are very prosperous, and its appointments are in keeping with the character of its select membership.

THE NEW JERSEY FOREST FIRES.

FOR more than a month fires have raged fiercely in the pine and cedar forests of the lower counties of New Jersey, destroying a vast amount of valuable timber and cranberry bog, seriously threatening railroad communication, and, at times, hovering about small cities with alarming pertinacity. On Monday, May 3d, a large fire broke out on the line of the West Jersey Railroad, between Mount Pleasant Station and Woodbine, and by the time of its discovery it was quite beyond control, and at almost racehorse speed it ran seven miles to the village of Tuckahoe, which was barely saved by the herculean exertions of its inhabitants. From Tuckahoe the fire swept on down to Petersburg and Middletown, destroying five humble dwellings in the forest on its way, and driving the affrighted inhabitants before it in a mad race for life.

Two weeks previous a fire was started in the neighborhood of Manumuskin Station, which did some $100,000 damage to timber lands in that part of the country, destroying among others an exceptionally valuable tract belonging to Charles Colville, near Tuckahoe. The second fire was, however, the closest call that the village had, and, but for the heroic and indefatigable exertions of the people, continued all night long, would have been the last Tuckahoe would have had to fear before being rebuilt.

On Wednesday two small fires were discovered in Atlantic and Burlington Counties, but neither reached such magnitude as to be worthy of especial mention.

Thursday was a memorable day for the frequency and seriousness of these conflagrations. One occurred near Tuckerton, the chief damage done by which was the entire destruction of a natural cranberry bog, of an estimated value of $15,000, and the ruin of a very promising cedar swamp. A second, starting five miles above Egg Harbor City, spread so far as to seriously threaten the villages of Gloucester and Port Republic, but it was, fortunately, confined in its ravages mainly to the uplands, where the timber was of less value.

The greatest fire of the week was the third of Thursday, which, starting a little south of the South Branch switch on the line of the Tuckerton Railroad, and pursuing a general east-southeast direction until it reached the bay, with spurs and laps and spreads on each side, swept over a territory at least seven miles long by one and a half to three miles in width. It came near destroying Waretown, and at one time it was advancing directly towards Barnegat, when a change of the wind veered it off to the direction upon which it finally ran its course. At one point between the Stuyvesant estate and Brown's farm on the Lacy road, a little beyond the intersection of the Cedar Creek road, a check was given in the upland pine woods by "back-firing." But as the fire swept down into the great cedar swamp on Oyster Creek, the brave men who tried a similar experiment there were compelled to fly for their lives, and the device entirely failed.

As the conflagration made its way down into the cedar swamps on Oyster Creek it became more and more terrific. It roared with the noise of many railway trains, and stirred up by its heat a fierce wind that reacted upon and stimulated its force, and hurled masses of flame like luminous clouds towards the zenith.

The railroad bridge across Oyster Creek was on fire three times, but it was saved. All the other bridges in the track of the fire were destroyed together with a number of yachts and other boats. Before the bay, four miles in width, the conflagration stopped, but stopped so close that plants growing in the water had their tops burned off.

Reports of Wednesday, May 12th, showed that the fire was doing much damage in and around Wheatland, Landisville and the neighborhood of Maurice River, and that it had already caused damage to timber land in the Mount Pleasant district of over $200,000; and those of the 13th announced a new outbreak between Farmingdale and Squankum, the partial destruction of Port Republic, and the exhaustion of the fire in the woods along the railroad in telegraphic communication with Manchester. These destructive fires have not been confined to New Jersey alone, as there have been many serious ones in Northern Pennsylvania and on Long Island.

A GREAT PIGEON ROOST.

FOR some weeks past the great pigeon-nesting of Forest County, Pa., has been the scene of extraordinary interest to sportsmen. The nesting covers twenty square miles, and includes myriads upon myriads of pigeons, who are attracted to that locality by the beech-nuts with which the woods abound. This year the birds began to arrive in February, coming in flocks that almost obscured the light of the sun, and filling the forests with a clamor that is described as deafening. At night, according to one account, five square miles of trees were loaded with roosting birds. The fowlers begin netting the pigeons while they are forming a roost. The nets resemble common fish-nets, and are usually sixteen feet wide and thirty feet long. They are spread in an open place over which the birds fly while in search of food. The net is set near a covert made of thick hemlock-boughs. It is strung on a rope tied at either end to green hickory saplings bent parallel to the ground. The ground is sprinkled with buckwheat or other grain, and in some cases stool-pigeons are used. Attracted by the motions of the latter, and then by the grain, the flock settle near the trap, which is quickly sprung. Sometimes hundreds of birds will be caught in one netting.

A party of sportsmen from this city who recently visited the nesting, found in the woods some three hundred others equally intent as themselves in shooting and trapping the birds. A participant in the expedition says: "The wet trees were literally loaded with nests. The hens lay close in their homes, and darted out their heads like snakes, watching our movements with evident curiosity. A steady stream of toms was pouring in, laden with food. Their cries were harsh and unpleasant. At the report of a gun the birds arose in a cloud, and circled over the trees, crying with redoubled energy. They settled on branches so thickly that five or six were killed at a shot. Scores of dead birds were found between moss-grown logs and in thickets where they had fluttered and died after being wounded. They were shot by preceding hunting parties. In one spot thirty feet square seven dead birds were counted. On the second night several bushels of dead birds were heaped in camp. Red-breasted toms and lustrous-necked hens reflected the tints of a glowing camp-fire. The hunters, filled with pork and potatoes and smoking fragrant cigars, sat cross-legged around the cover of a cracker box, immersed in the mysteries of a game of even greater interest than the capture of pigeons. The next day a thousand or more dead birds were shipped by the fowlers." The same writer adds that, "Man is not the only agent in destroying these immense flocks of pigeons. Crows break their eggs and beat out the brains of their young; an army of hawks hangs around the nesting like wolves, and snatches the unwary birds; owls prowl among them at night and destroy untold numbers; twelve years ago a snap of cold weather froze millions of squabs in their nests; vast numbers are drowned in the lakes, and gales and snow-storms break their nests and kill thousands at their roosts. So far as is known, they escape the ravages of pestilence. They are clean and trim birds, and are rarely troubled with vermin. They are strict vegetarians, and never devour a worm nor an insect. They are the sheep of the air. More innocent birds never fluttered a wing; but, like all innocent breathing things, they are a prey to the cruel and the rapacious. Of all their enemies man is the worst; for the hawk, crow and owl raid upon them for sustenance, while man too often kills them in wanton sport."

THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL FIRES.

ON Sunday afternoon, May 2d, the explosion of gas in a stove set fire to the house of Justice Cline, at Rixford, a town eleven miles southeast of Bradford, Pa., and the flames immediately communicated to the adjoining buildings, which being light frame structures, the fire spread rapidly, and before its fury was spent eighty buildings were laid in ashes. The list embraces the principal hotels, stores and business places, including the Kendall and Eldred Railroad Depot. A sudden change of the wind drove the flames to the pump station of the United Pipe Lines, which was soon consumed, and thence to the enormous wooden and iron tanks filled with oil. One 9,000 barrel iron tank of McLeod & Morrison and a 35,000 barrel iron tank of the United Pipe Lines at Rixford were destroyed. During the fire, one tank boiled over and set a second 35,000 barrel iron tank of the United Lines in flames. There were two other tanks of similar dimensions belonging to the Tide Water Pipe Line Company at a place a short distance further down the valley, which were in danger. In and around Rixford were forty derricks, which were also consumed. Several woods fires were reported, which added much to the general alarm, particularly as a high wind prevailed, but a heavy rain on Monday afternoon removed all immediate danger from forest fires. While the heat was too intense to permit a direct attack on the fire, large gangs of men were set at work digging trenches and building dams to divert the course of the running streams of boiling oil.

At about noon on Wednesday, May 12th, fire again started in Timberland, at the head of Foster Brook Valley, eight miles from Bradford. That section is thickly studded with derricks and tanks. The wind was blowing a gale and the fire swept over the ridge, consuming everything like so many reeds. Continuing, the fire swept down Tram Hollow, the prolific portion of the oil field, burning rigs, small tanks and buildings. During the day twelve miles were burned over. The Hollow was thickly lined with rigs and tanks, including several large iron tanks, each with a capacity of 25,000 barrels. The settlements of Oil Centre, Otto City, Morrisburg and Middaughville, located in the valley, were speedily reduced to ashes, the inhabitants fleeing for their lives and leaving their all behind.

Duke Centre, the second largest oil town in the district, was threatened with destruction, several houses in the outskirts being burned. In and around Duke Centre are located twenty-one large tanks, and had the fire got in among them the loss would have been almost incalculable. The Bradford Fire Department was sent for, and staid at Duke Centre all night fighting the flames, returning Thursday morning. The fire cut a swath four miles in width, extending through the valley for nine miles. For several hours Duke Centre was envel oped in darkness. The inhabitants all moved out, abandoning the place. The wind changing, the town was saved. On Wednesday and Thursday fully 250 well and 90,000 barrels of oil were burned. During the seven days ending on the 13th over 350,000 barrels of crude oil had been consumed, including about 700 rigs.

The loss on the oil does not fall on any individual or corporation; but is borne by a general average assessment on all the patrons of the pipe lines.

An Island Prison.

ONE of the first problems forced upon the attention of General Melikoff was the providing of fresh facilities for confining the Czar's disaffected subjects. For several years past the prisons of European Russia have been crowded to overflowing, and the same thing is true of Siberia. It appears that the practical mind of the new ruler has already hit upon a satisfactory solution of this problem. He is going to make the prisoners house themselves and feed themselves. They are to till the soil, to raise cattle, and to become a profit to the State instead of a burden; and they are to do all of this on the Island of Saghalien.

For ten years the Government had been unsuccessfully trying to colonize this island. The great difficulty has been to get the prisoners there and to supply them with food and clothing after they got there. Last Summer the experiment was tried for the first time of transporting them by sea in convict ships, and the authorities were so well pleased with the result that the work of colonization is henceforth to be steadily pushed.

At present there are on this island a little more than two thousand prisoners, all condemned to hard labor for long terms. Six hundred of them are employed in the coal mines at the post of Dua, and the rest are making roads and otherwise preparing for the arrival of the newcomers. Besides the post of Dua, there are three more to be established—one in the Valley of the Alexandrovsk, one in that of the Tymovsk, and the Korsakoff post. This will give three posts in the central part of the island, and one at its southern end. The large farms are to be established at the posts of Alexandrovsk and Tymovsk. It is said that the Government has already appropriated the money necessary for carrying out these plans.

Saghalien is to have an administration of its own. Besides several companies of soldiers, who will perform guard duty, there will be a surveyor, an agriculturist and an architect to direct and supervise the prisoners at their work. Two surgeons are already on the island. This new scheme of colonization is not popular. The Nihilists don't like it; for, once transported to that distant island, they will be practically cut off from the people among whom they desire to propagate their doctrines. The peasants, who have become accustomed to the terrors of Siberia, are awe-struck at the thought of a long voyage in the dreadful floating prison, over unknown seas, to a rocky island that is further than even far-off Siberia, and that lies by the side of heathen Japan. One point troubles the Government. The chances are that escapes will be more frequent than in Siberia. It is known that a large number of those transported to Saghalien last Summer have already got away.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

English Scientists have bought the 500 pound fragment of the meteor which fell in Iowa some months ago, for $6,000.

Remains of Lake Dwellings have been discovered in a peat bog near Milan, and, in a street in Milan, excavations for a house have brought to light what are believed to be vestiges of the old Roman theatre.

A Tessellated Pavement and walls colored with fresco have been discovered in excavating for a cistern at Chieti. A coin of Tiberius which was found indicates that the building dates from that emperor's reign.

The International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology holds its next meeting at Lisbon, from September 20th to 29th, this year. Several important questions concerning the prehistoric archæology of Portugal will be discussed. Excursions will be made to several places of archæological interest.

A Universal Exhibition of prehistoric German anthropology will take place at Berlin in August. All the German States have been invited to join in this exhibition, which will comprise objects chosen from every museum in Germany. Professor Virchow is at the head of the committee appointed to organize the necessary details.

The Introduction into this country of the Australian acacia is deprecated by Professor Dwinelle, of the University of California, who says the handsome foliage and sweet flowers of the acacias will prove to be expensive luxuries. Those planted at San Rafael, California, have been nurseries for the breeding of a large white "mealy bug," or "scale," which has spread to orchards and gardens, and is proving a great plague.

Professor Pro-dochani, of the Erie (France) Museum, who discovered a prehistoric cemetery on the slope of the hills overlooking that town, has unearthed in the same vicinity eighty-two tombs—forty-four of them violated, apparently during the Roman period; the rest untouched, with all their pottery and bronzes. The urns are of three periods; some colored black, with linear ornamentation; others adorned with circles and wavy lines; others with alternate bands of red and black. The bronze ornaments are also very interesting, and a bronze chest bears three designs, comprising in all seventeen warriors and a priest, seven animals (horses, oxen, stags, birds and a dog), several plants, and a kind of chariot with a man seated in it. The professor considers these the finest prehistoric remains in Italy.

A Prize of $100 is offered by the Royal College of Physicians, London, for the most valuable essay on hydrophobia. The questions which are thought by the college specially to require investigation are: The origin and history of outbreaks of rabies; the best mode of prevention of rabies; the characteristics of rabies during life, and the anatomical and chemical changes which are associated with the disease in its successive stages, particularly in its commencement; the origin of hydrophobia in man; the chemical and anatomical morbid changes observed in the subjects of the disease, with special reference to those having their seat in the organs of the nervous system, and in the salivary glands; the symptoms of the disease in well observed cases; the diagnosis of the disease in doubtful cases; the efficacy of the various remedies and modes of prevention.

The Sums placed at the disposal of the French Minister of Agriculture and Commerce for the purpose of encouraging research and experiments as to the best way of dealing with the phylloxera, amounted, in 1879, to 500,000 francs, and this will be increased during the present year by supplementary grants to 969,750 francs. Of this amount 200,000 francs are devoted to the treatment of diseased vines in the districts specified by the superior commission, while 250,000 francs will be given to doubling the grants voted by the various departmental and municipal bodies. Societies and companies formed for the investigation of the disease will also be assisted by bounties to the aggregate amount of 300,000 francs. A further sum of 100,000 francs is set aside towards encouraging the propagation of American vine stocks and the distribution of new plants and cuttings. Rewards to the amount of 100,000 francs will be given for furthering microscopic researches, while 50,000 francs are left for dealing with individual cases.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES will visit the United States this Summer.

MR. TENNYSON has been nominated to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.

AT the Cabinet meeting May 11th it was announced that the proposed visit of the King of Siam has been postponed.

THE Emperor of Russia will not pay his usual visit to Ems, but will go to some other German watering-place during the Summer.

M. ROUHER, a well-known member of the Bar, has been elected to the chair in the French Academy made vacant by the death of M. Jules Favre.

LETTERS just received in this city mention that Mme. Gernier Gardini was at Bologna on the 25th of April. The condition of her health is highly satisfactory, and there is a beautiful little girl.

HON. SANFORD E. CHURCH, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York, died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence in Albion, N. Y., on May 14th. He was in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

M. BISCHOFFSHEIM, the well-known Paris banker, a native of Amsterdam, is to be naturalized, without being subjected to the usual formalities, as a compliment for his munificence towards scientific and other objects.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT is reported to have applied to the Sultan for a grant of the Valley of the Jordan for purposes of colonization on a new and improved model; but his Majesty did not approve the proposal.

M. JEAN BAPTISTE LÉON SAY, the new French Ambassador to England, is now fifty-five years old. He is married to the daughter of M. Bertin, principal proprietor of the *Débats*, of which journal M. Say has been an editor.

MISS MARY FLORENCE BARING, said now to be the *fiancée* of Prince Leopold, of England, is a granddaughter of the first Lord Ashburton by his wife, Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, who was a daughter of Senator William Bingham.

CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, is seventy years old. Until his fortieth year he was a plasterer, and never had any idea of becoming a sculptor. At the time he undertook his first equestrian statue of Jackson he had never seen the General nor an equestrian statue.

THE Right Hon. Robert Lowe and the Right Hon. E. K. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who were returned to the House of Commons for London University and Sandwich, respectively, have taken leave of their constituencies, preparatory to entering the peerage.

MARIO, once the most charming of tenors, is now a white-haired, white-bearded old man, whose placid expression conveys no suggestion of regret for the lyric triumphs left so far behind. He has fine, dark eyes and fresh complexion, with a little tinge of color on his cheeks, and a quiet and courteous manner.

GOVERNOR HOYT of Pennsylvania has appointed Edgar Paschal, a leading member of the Republican Party in Pike County, Associate Judge, to fill the vacancy caused by the death, on May 10th, of George F. Heller. The Judiciary Board is now composed entirely of Republicans, for the first time in the history of Pike County.

MISS LILY LYTLE MACALESTER, granddaughter of Mr. Charles Macalester, of Philadelphia, has just been married at Rome to Signor Feichi Vici, a member of a distinguished old Italian family. The young lady is a recent convert to the Catholic Church. Princess Massimo, the half-sister of the Comte de Chambord, having been her godmother.

ITALY is jealous of the honors that France has recently paid to Verdi. King Humbert has decorated the composer with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus. A gold medal is being coined in his honor at Naples, and Milan has opened a subscription, which is fast filling up, for the erection of a colossal statue representing the composer in the attitude of an orchestra leader.

ON the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Francis Joseph of Austria, the City of Spalato, Dalmatia, celebrated the reopening of the aqueduct which brings water from Salona to the city, and which was built by the Dalmatian Emperor Diocletian. The curious feature about the affair is that, notwithstanding the sure need of water under which the city has always labored, the aqueduct had never been repaired, and had therefore been unavailable for fourteen centuries.

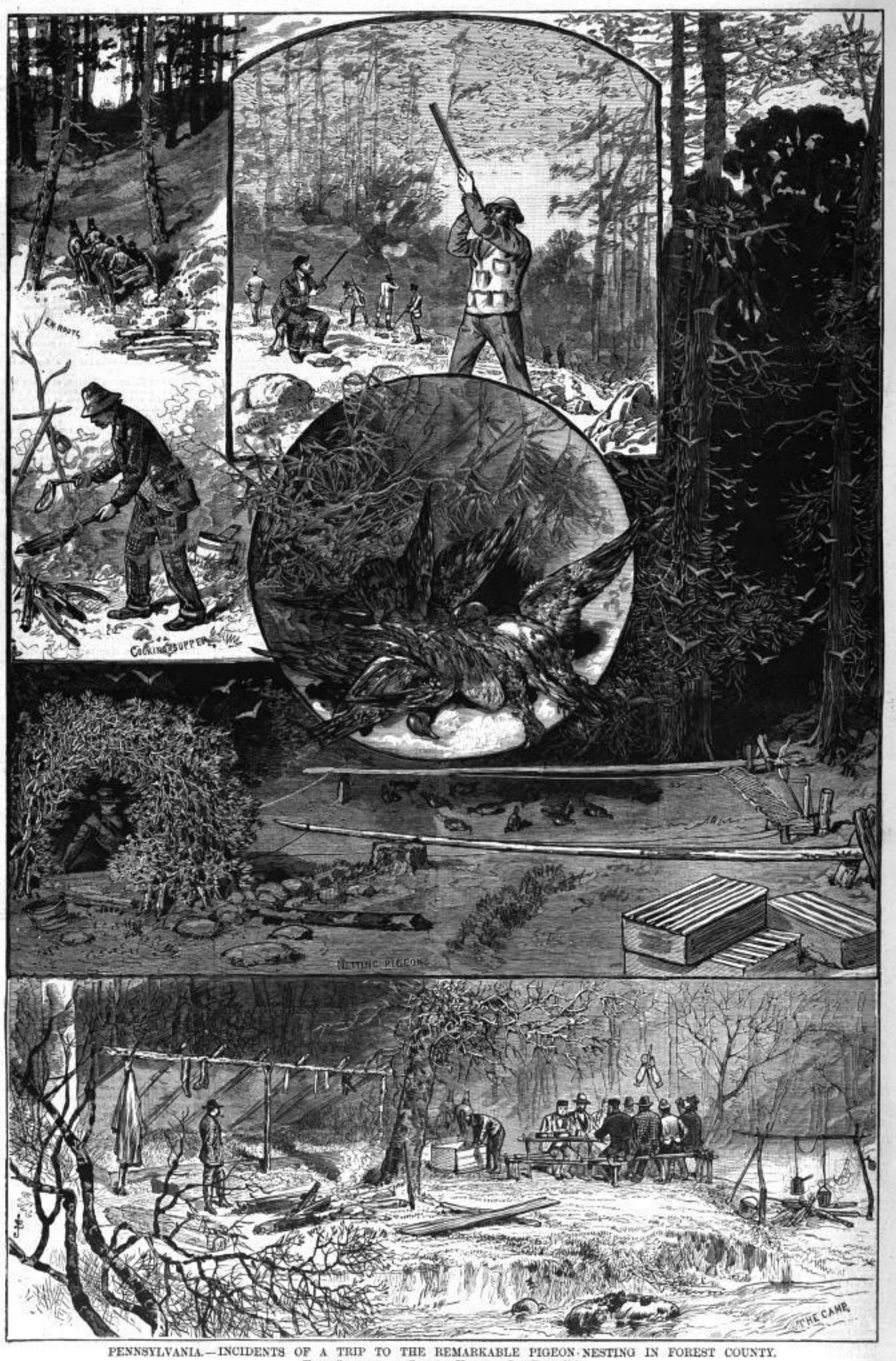
AT the funeral service of Wieniawski, at Warsaw, his violin was placed on a cushion of violet velvet at the foot of the bier, and was environed with crowns of laurels presented by his brother-artists. Speaking of Wieniawski, it may be stated as a fact known to but a few persons, that when in this country he and Rubenstine had a serious quarrel, and did not exchange a word for many months. They were forced to meet "officially" for rehearsal and performance, but never talked together.

THE German Empire has commissioned Baron Max Maria von Weber, son of the composer, Carl Maria von Weber, to visit the United States this Summer and report upon our system of internal navigation and our cheaper railroads, as the construction of a great system of local railroads and canal and river improvements is contemplated in Germany. Baron Weber was for years manager of the Saxon State railroads, afterwards consulting railroad engineer of the Austrian Government, and latterly has been attached to the Prussian Ministry of Public Works.

IT was at the meeting of the Cabinet held in Lord Salisbury's bedroom on the day after his return from Hatfield House, after his long illness, that the question of immediate dissolution was decided. The idea was strenuously opposed by the Premier, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Salisbury, and they stated reasons for their views which turned out to be thoroughly well founded. On the other side they found arrayed against them the Home Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the War Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who were no less energetic in declaring their conviction that an immediate dissolution, following on the Liverpool and Southwark elections, would give the Government a new lease of power. The question was then put to the vote, and the Premier found himself in a decided minority.

MR. GLADSTONE'S religious opinions are those of the High Church Party, of which he is the most distinguished lay champion. He belongs to what in his remarkable paper on the "Courses of Religious Thought" he calls the Historical School—believing in a divinely established visible church, with a ministry descended in perpetual succession from the apostles, not infallible, but teaching *ex cathedra*, and the repository of the faith, of which the essential articles are contained in the ancient creeds, and shown by the consensus of Christendom. He feels a warm sympathy for the oppressed churches of the East, as well as for the Old Catholics of the Continent. He has always had a sympathy for free thought and free investigation, for the deep piety and devout life exhibited in the Evangelical or Calvinistic denominations have constantly called forth from him expressions of admiration.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE REMARKABLE PIGEON-NESTING IN FOREST COUNTY.
FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 211.

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THE REV. DR. CYRUS D. FOSS, OF MIDDLETOWN, CONN., NEWLY-ELECTED BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.



THE REV. DR. HENRY W. WARREN, OF PHILADELPHIA, NEWLY-ELECTED BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.



THE REV. DR. JOHN F. HURST, OF MADISON, N. J., NEWLY-ELECTED BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

NEW BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ON Wednesday, May 12th, the Methodist General Conference, in session at Cincinnati, elected four Bishops to fill vacancies caused by death. The new dignitaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church are: The Rev. Henry W. Warren, of Philadelphia; Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL.D., President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; John F. Hurst, President of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.; and Dr. E. O. Haven, Chancellor of the Syracuse University. The election occupied the entire day and created much local interest.

The Rev. Dr. Foss is a native of Kingston, Ulster County, in this State, where he was born January 17th, 1834. He entered the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., as a student in 1850, after having pursued a preparatory course of study at Amenia Seminary. He was graduated in 1854, and passed the succeeding three years at Amenia Seminary as Professor and Principal of the preparatory school. On May 6th, 1857, he was received into the New York Conference at Newburg. His first charge was Chester, N. Y., a post which he held with satisfaction to himself and the Society until 1859, when he was transferred to First Street, Brooklyn. After serving the two years allotted by the rules of the Church, he was advanced, in 1861, to Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn. In 1863-4 he officiated in St. John's Church, Williamsburg; in 1865-7, at St. Paul's, in this city; in 1868-70, at Trinity, in this city; and in 1871-3, a second time at St. Paul's. In 1873 he was appointed to the pastorate of St. James's Church, Harlem; and on July 28th, 1875, he was elected President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. He was installed in his seat on October 26th of the same year, and has since filled that responsible position with satisfaction to his pupils as well as the trustees. His degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts were all conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. He was one of the delegates from this city to the General Conference, held at Brooklyn, at which he received eighty-five votes for Bishop.

The Rev. Dr. John F. Hurst was born near Salem, Md., August 17th, 1834. He pursued a preparatory course of instruction at Cambridge Academy, and was graduated with honors in 1854. After teaching ancient languages for two years at Hedding Institute, New York, he went to Germany, and continued his theological studies at Halle and Heidelberg Universities. Returning to this country in 1858, he entered the Newark Conference, where he continued for some time in the itinerant work. He was next appointed Principal of the Theological Department of the Mission Institute of the Methodist Church in Bremen, where he remained for three years. He was appointed Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Institute, in Madison, N. J., and was elevated to the Presidency of the Institute in 1873. He is a distinguished writer, and the author of many theological works.

The Rev. Henry W. Warren is a native of Massachusetts, and was graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1853. For two years after being graduated Dr. Warren taught the ancient languages at Wilbraham Seminary, and in 1855 he joined the New England Conference, filling the pulpits of various churches. The Massachusetts State Senate appointed him to preach the election sermon in 1864. In 1871 he became a member of the Philadelphia Conference, and was assigned to the Arch Street Church. He was transferred to the New York East Conference in 1874, and remained there three years. Then he returned to the Philadelphia Conference, and resumed the pulpit of the Arch Street Church. Dr. Warren has traveled extensively in Europe and the East. He has written many prominent articles for the Church periodicals, and is the author of a popular work called "Sights and Insights," and a treatise on astronomy. He is highly esteemed in Philadelphia.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE OIL FIRES IN THE PETROLEUM REGION—BUILDING BARRIERS TO CHECK THE SPREAD OF THE FLAMES.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. WILSON.—SEE PAGE 211.

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The Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven is Chancellor of the Syracuse University. He was born in Boston, November 1st, 1820, and is a graduate of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. He held a professor's chair at Amenia Seminary for two years, and was engaged in pastoral work from 1848 to 1853, when he accepted a position in the University of Michigan. While there he was Professor of Latin and of Rhetoric and English Literature for two years. He became the editor of *Zion's Herald*, in Boston, in 1856, and left it in 1863 to become President of the University of Michigan. He resigned that office to accept a similar position in the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., in 1869, and remained there for three years. In 1870 he was elected Chancellor of the Syracuse University. He is also Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church. Dr. Haven has been a member of five General Conferences. He is the author of several works, chief among them being Haven's "Rhetoric." As a preacher and lecturer he is able and eloquent.

FUN.

TEACHER (to pupil)—"How old are you?" *Pupil*—"Six years." *Teacher*—"When were you six years old?" *Pupil*—"On my birthday."

WHEN a man's wife comes in and sees him razor in hand and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing in him to answer, "No; I'm blacking the stove."

TALK about the sincerity of poets! Tennyson thinks there is nothing so good as American navy plug tobacco, and yet he writes his poems about modest violets and blushing roses. When has he ever hauled out an ode to navy plug?

"MY boys," said a kind Old City teacher, "if you would be President of the United States you must be good and studious." "Who wants to be President?" yelled out a young chap from a back seat. "I'd ruther be Buffler Bill, and shoot an Injun." And the boys all chorused: "Them's our sentiments."

A POOR fellow up-town fairly danced with joy when the doctor told him he had Bright's disease. "What will the Smith girl say now?" he exclaimed triumphantly. "She always said there was nothing bright about me! Oh, I guess not; but the doctor's certificate will show what kind of a hair-pin I am."

A TEACHER, trying to impress on the youthful mind the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked him if they did not tell him in Sunday-school where bad boys went to who told falsehoods. Choking with sobs, he said: "Yes, marm; it's a place where there is a fire, but I don't remember the name of the town."

SCENE: A Country Road. *Squire* (who is a candidate for the representation in Parliament of his county): "Well, John, and what do you think of my chances for a seat in Parliament?" *John* (a canny-going countryman): "Well, Squire, a really dinna like to say, but sin' ye've pit a strecht question, an' a'm thinkin' a should but add an honest answer, a'm thinking you should staun as lang as ye can, for a doot if ye'll ever sit."

IN a house occupied by two families, in this city, there recently died an old gentleman. As the time for the funeral approached, the widow of the deceased applied to her neighbor occupant for the use of a large front room for funeral purposes. The gentleman appealed to hesitated slightly, but quickly assented when his thirteen-year-old daughter spoke and said: "Father, what's the odds, as long as the neighbors furnish the corpse?"

"OH, indeed, it is a very busy time with us," said charming Miss Fizzjoy. "There are a great many services to attend, and then we have so much shopping to do just now." "Pardon me, but is not this the season of humiliation—" "Why, certainly, John, you darling; but you see if we should fail to come out on Easter in the new styles, the season of humiliation you speak of would continue longer and be much more dreadful."

AN agent of an accident insurance company entered a smoking-car on a Western railroad train a few days ago, and approaching an exceedingly gruff old man, asked him if he did not want to take out a policy. He was told to get out with his policy, and passed on. A few minutes afterwards an accident occurred to the train, causing a fearful shaking of the cars. The old man jumped up, and seizing a book at the side of the car to steady himself, called out, "Where is that insurance man?"

M. BERTRAND, the director of the Paris Varieties Theatre, was once considerably bothered by a young author, who insisted on reading a play to him. Pushed at last into a corner, Bertrand appoints a day, and the young man presents himself. "Read away, my friend," he says, in his kindest manner. The young man begins in a trembling voice. "Stop," says Bertrand, "you shiver; are you cold?" Glad of an excuse to cover his timidity, the trembling author confesses that he is cold. Bertrand rings the bell. "Madeline," he says, to the servant, "put a few plays into the fire." Madeline goes to a big chest and brings out an armful of manuscripts which she tumbles into the grate. Bertrand's kindness was warm, but scarcely encouraging.

SCENE FROM A POLICE COURT IN SACRAMENTO: *The Judge*—"Bill Sheets, you are charged with burglary. Are you guilty?" "Sure, yer 'onor, an' if it's goolthy I am, do yes thinks I be afther tellin' yes ov it? I pleads not goolthy," was the response of Bill. "All right," said the Judge, and turning to one of the most eminent members of the bar, said: "You will please act as counsel for the defendant." At this the prisoner turned and calmly surveyed the placid countenance of his champion, and then addressed the Court as follows: "Sure, an' if it's that yes afther givin' me fur a lofyer, I pleads goolthy, and be done with it at once." Then as he turned and pointed to the robust form of a youthful member of the bar, he continued: "But if yel'll give me him, as what is a foine lofyer, I'll plade not goolthy." The prisoner was allowed his choice of counsel.

LOOK AT THE EVIDENCE.

A RETIRED physician in the State of New York says: "I have read with care your Brochure and many of the cases given and treated by the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' and freely say the testimony from so many persons of reputation and character, and your reasonings and facts, ought to influence the most incredulous to take the treatment—in such cases, at least, as have baffled long perseverance and skill." Brochure sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A CAPITAL anecdote is told of a little fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then with a grave, sagacious look at me, slowly remarked, 'They came out 'cos they was afraid of being bothed.'"

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AMERICAN MANUFACTURES IN AUSTRALIA.

[From the Report of Judges at the Sydney International Exposition, 1879-1880.]

IN the examination of scales exhibited, the jury find as follows:

MESSRS. FAIRBANKS & CO., New York and London, are adjudged to have exhibited the largest and most complete assortment of scales for all purposes, from heavy track scales to the delicate chemist's scales, shown at the Exhibition. We find the same uniformity of skillful manufacture in all their scales and the same sensibility of balance. The most severe tests to the qualities of the materials employed prove the uniformity and excellence of the same in every part. The variety of manufacture and modification of form and adaptability of the scales of this firm exceed all others combined exhibited, all the designs being original with the firm. They show over thirty patents for improvements made in the manufacture since the establishment of the factory.

The levers being all in a direct line and free from torsion, with a simple beam combination, make them less liable to error than any scale we examined. By a new process of surface carbonization the pivots and bearings, made from the toughest Bessemer steel, are rendered hard as agate without destroying to any appreciable extent their tensile strength, and by scientific and practically tested distribution of weight and strength the scales are lighter than any other of equal capacity. The system of suspending the weighbridge platforms on swivels, with corner lockings, is specially to be commended, as there can be no unequal settling or strain upon the levers, and the transmission of the strain in a vertical line prevents any cramp of the levers. By the system of levers shown there is practically no limit to the modification of forms of platforms and adaptability to every conceivable want, of which there are already over 800 modifications now in use, including the balance and trip scales. The different parts being made by machinery and first tested to standard gauge, are all interchangeable, the beam of any ten-ton scale being equally serviceable for any other scales of the same capacity. Check-rods are used on all platform scales the same as corner lockings upon the weighbridges, which prevents any oscillation upon the knife-edges of the pivots, which must necessarily greatly increase the longevity of the scale and preserve the sensibility of the balance.

In view of the many practical advantages which this scale possesses over any and all exhibited, and as a collective exhibit, showing the perfection now arrived at by the genius of one family, your jury recommend a *special distinctive diploma or award to Messrs. Fairbanks*, in addition to what would be simply a first-class award.

[Signed] J. M. SMITH, F. E. BOUND, E. BECKMAN, G. F. HARTE. } Judges, Class 309.

Scales Examined.

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[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.]

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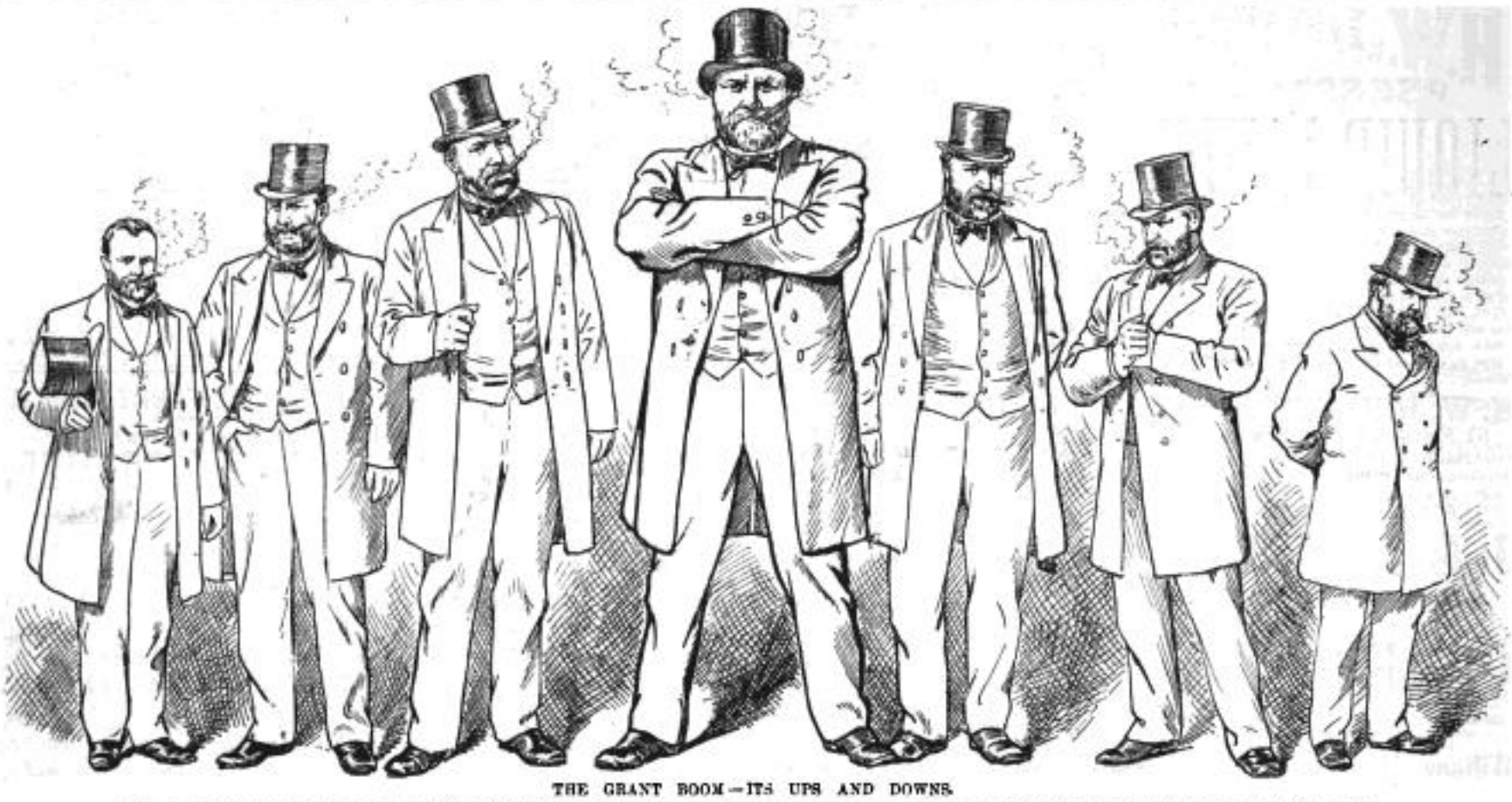
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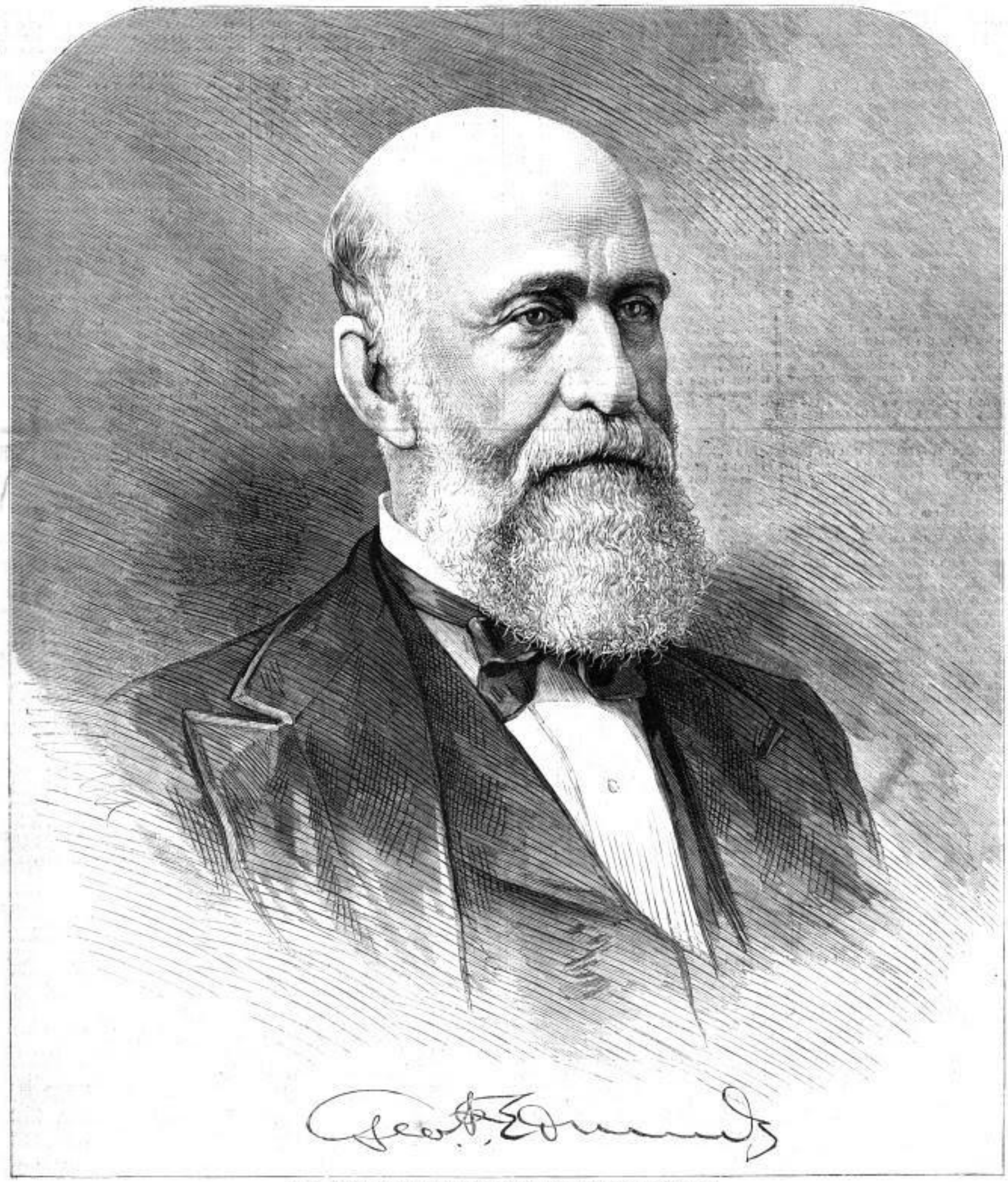
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NO. 8.—HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—See Page 222.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 17TH, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE NEXT ISSUE of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be accompanied with a supplement, and will contain illustrations of the Millers' International Convention at Cincinnati, of the preliminary scenes of the National Republican Convention at Chicago, of the Decoration Day observances in New York, etc.

Our Illustrations of "The South in 1880" will be continued during the Summer, depicting Atlanta, Charleston, Augusta, Columbus, and other points of interest, and exhibiting especially the industrial features of Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia and the Carolinas.

THE UNIT RULE.

THE New York *Times* has recently called the attention of its political friends to some grave defects in that part of the Republican organization which presides over the constitution of its national conventions held every four years for the selection of candidates for the two highest offices in the people's gift. The system of such nominating conventions dates from the days of "Jackeonism" in our Federal politics, and was originally devised for the avowed purpose of bringing the choice of candidates more nearly home to the business and bosoms of the people than had been common under the preceding dominion of the "Congressional Caucus." It was charged, moreover, that much of bargaining and corruption was incident to the methods of the latter, and the strain put upon it by the Presidential "scrub race" of 1824 was so great that the whole machinery of the Congressional Caucus fell into a confusion and wreck from which it has never recovered.

And yet when we compare the Presidential line which owed its selection to this caucus with the line of Presidents which dates from the beginning of the modern system, it is safe to say that the names of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe and of John Quincy Adams have nothing to fear from being placed in competition with their more modern successors in the Presidential office. And in point of intrigue, of *finesse* and of management, it is now painfully evident that the existing system is no improvement on the system which it superseded, with this element of danger superadded—that the members of a National Convention act with a much less vivid and tangible sense of personal responsibility than did the members of a Congressional Caucus. The members of the old Congressional Caucus had this at least to be said in favor of the prerogative which they assumed—that they were the *élite* of their party in the nation, and that they could always be held by their constituents to a rigid responsibility for the selections they might make; while the members of a national nominating convention come like shadows, and like shadows depart after their work has been ended.

And instead of bringing the choice of a Presidential candidate more directly home to the people, the modern system has come of late years to be worked by managers who studiously devise ways and means for the suppression of any political sentiment, within their own party, which is antagonistic to the dynastic schemes they have elected to favor.

Prominent among these devices for the suppression of a free and a proportional representation of political sentiment is "the unit rule," according to which the delegates appointed by a State convention to participate in a national convention may be bound to vote as an unit in obedience to the instructions of the State convention. In this way the wishes and preferences of large masses of voters are entirely overslaughed by the vote of a small majority, and the national convention, instead of being a reflex and representative of the real composite sense of the party, becomes the reflex and representative of the slightly dominant preference which has prevailed, it may be, by the arts of trickery and coercion, in a few of the most populous and influential States. That such is the working of "the unit rule," and that it was devised for the purpose of forestalling a given result, is apparent to all who have watched the proceedings of the Republican State Conventions in Pennsylvania, in New York and elsewhere—Indeed, wherever the "Third Term managers" have felt that it was in their power to accomplish by the coercive force of a resolution what they could not hope to accomplish by the free and unfettered expression of public sentiment.

In this way the political centre of gravity within the Republican organization has been violently wrested from its true and natural position, and has been placed in the hands of a few adroit manipulators of the political machine. And all this has been done in the face of the precedent set by the last nominating convention of the Republican Party, which expressly voted to release certain members of the Pennsylvania delegation from the obligation with which the State convention had endeavored to bind them.

And the injustice of "the unit rule" is exceeded by its futility. Invented for the purpose of solidifying the Grant sentiment in the Republican ranks, it has proved the fruitful source of sects and schisms, of reactions and defections. As the old Congressional Caucus broke down under the strain put upon it by the political hurly-burly of 1824, it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the wreck and *débris* of the present political machinery will be removed for repairs. The present method has come to minimize the share which the people should legitimately take in the selection of the nation's Chief Magistrate, and the mournful prophecy of Mr. Jefferson, that the President of the United States, considered in the mode of his election, "would be a poor edition of a Polish King," has received more confirmation than it is pleasant to contemplate. Our Presidential "campaigns" illustrate the strategy and ferocity of actual warfare, without its generosity, and without its chivalry. The nobility of Poland electing a king in the open air, seated in the saddle and with arms in their hands, were scarcely a more tumultuous body than the members of a modern national convention, with its belligerent clansmen following the beck of some feudal chieftain.

We have reason to tremble for the stability as well as the beauty of our political system in the presence of such disorders. For the strength of any system is always equal to the strength of its weakest part, and the part of our system is weakness itself. What should be the highest exercise of the intelligent choice of a great and magnanimous people has come to be a mere scramble for place and spoils, in which the victory is won not by the most deserving, but by the most impudent and the most grasping.

DECORATION DAY.

DECORATION DAY, sacred to the memory of the dead who died for the Republic, comes on apace. The indications are that it will be observed with unusual honors. The instinct of patriotism in the souls of the people impels them more and more, every year, to emphasize with conspicuous marks of appreciation the heroism and valor which welcomed wounds, disease and death for the nation's sake. Just as kindly nature has healed the scars of our rent and ghastly battle-fields, so sectional animosities and party hates are cooled with the lapse of years, and we are able to measure with judicial clearness the real value of the service which the wearers of the blue performed for their country and mankind, and our memorial tributes have all the greater meaning because they are offered soberly and in a deliberate persuasion of their justice, rather than under the impulse of frenzy and passion.

Decoration Day ought to be, and may be, the general Sabbath of the nation. Then, if ever, all animosities should be hushed, all old feuds forgotten, all jealousies and contentions silenced. The one lesson of the day should be, everywhere, that the maintenance of peace and fraternity is the supreme duty of all good citizens, and that gratitude for past deliverances should beget a closer unity and kindlier forbearance in all the future. That was a beautiful incident, illustrative of the fraternal spirit which should characterize all our people, which happened the other day in Tennessee. General Joseph E. Johnson, a distinguished Confederate general, while on his way with a large escort of ex-Confederates to Nashville to witness the unveiling of the Jackson equestrian statue, passed through the National Cemetery of Murfreesboro. As the train reached the sacred limits, the Confederates uncovered, and the band struck up a dirge, in token of respect to the Union dead. It was the tribute of brave men to the memory of others no less brave; but it was more than this: it was an expression of the growing and deepening sentiment of brotherhood in the hearts of the true men of all sections and all parties—a proof that we are outgrowing the hates of the past and falling into line, elbow touching elbow, as one people, having a common country and a common destiny.

We cannot recall the dead. No drum-beat can awaken them out of their sleep. No bugle-call can ever summon them again to the serried ranks from which they fell out. But, strewing their graves with flowers, we may at least emulate their patriotism, and faithfully carry forward to coming generations the principles and the ideas for which they died. Profiting by their example, we may make our lives, as were theirs, grand and noble in their allegiance to duty, and so prove ourselves worthy to enjoy the blessings and the opportunities which their royal sacrifice secured to us and our children.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

THE scheme to give Congress absolute control over the electoral system to the country should be stoutly resisted. To permit that body to become the sole judge of the qualifications and acts of State electors, and to exercise the power of rejecting the votes of any or all of them, as contemplated by Senator Morgan's Bill, is simply to sanction a violation of the Constitution and the overthrow of a well-defined right pertaining to the several States.

The Constitution is explicit in its details and free from all obscurities. Its language is never susceptible of double interpretation. In no one thing is it more definite than with reference to the method of electing the chief administrative officer of the country. It leaves nothing to Congress except to witness the opening of the certificates transmitted by the Electoral Colleges to the President of the Senate, and the counting of the votes by, or under the direction of, that officer.

The third paragraph of Section I., Article II., permits Congress to determine the time of choosing electors and the day on which such electors shall give their votes; but each State is made the sole arbiter of the qualifications of its electors, subject only to the following constitutional formula:

"Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress: but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector. . . .

"The Electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President. . . . They shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted."

From first to last the matter of electors is made a State affair. Each State by and for itself must choose a certain number of electors, in the way and manner prescribed by its own legislative body. It is an exercise of sovereignty with which the organic law permits no interference. It is a right which cannot be infringed save through usurpation. The electors, when chosen, must meet in their own States and consummate the work assigned them by the Constitution. The two Houses, acting within the limits of the law, are permitted to judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of their own members, but the States, individually, are to exercise full supervisory power over the elections, returns and qualifications of members of their Electoral Colleges. To maintain, then, that Congress may clothe itself, or a majority thereof, with power to decide all matters pertaining to the counting of the electoral votes of the States, and to reject such votes in whole or in part, is simply to promote a monstrous pretense. If the President were to disperse Congress at the point of the bayonet, the act would be no more of an usurpation than that contemplated by the Morgan Bill.

It is a noteworthy fact that the convention which framed the Constitution voted three several times—and once by a unanimous vote of all the States represented in that body—to make the President elective by the two Houses of Congress. Each time the vote was reconsidered and, after a four months' continuous session, it was finally decided to place the power of election with the States and thus prevent the Executive from becoming the mere creature of Congress.

So carefully did the convention choose to guard the electoral system against usurpation that it made the President of the Senate—Vice-President of the United States—sole guardian of the electoral certificates forwarded from the States. Furthermore, the Constitution declares that he, "the President of the Senate," the constitutionally appointed custodian of the returns, with the Senate and House of Representatives witnessing his action, shall open the certificates and declare their contents, or, in other words, announce the number of electoral votes of each State, and for whom cast. The work is purely ministerial and calls for no aid from Senators or Representatives. If there be no choice either of President or Vice-President, then each House, acting by itself, has a duty to perform. The Constitution determines that in that event—namely, if no candidate for these offices shall have received a majority of the votes set forth in the certificates—then the House shall choose a President and the Senate a Vice-President from among the candidates voted for by the States. The fact that such a duty may devolve upon them doubtless had weight with the framers of the Constitution, and led them to confide the opening of certificates and the counting of votes to the President of the Senate.

It is scarcely possible that Congress will pass the Bill of Senator Morgan during the present session, but its very introduction should serve to put the American people on their guard, to the end that they may prevent legislation hostile to their rights and to the supreme law of the land.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

THE Queen's Speech, read at the opening of the British Parliament last week, proposes but few measures of legislation, but these are of real importance. They include a Bill relative to burials, the renewal of the Ballot Act, and Bills for giving more effectual protection to the occupiers of land against injury from ground game; for determining on just principles the liabilities of employers for accidents sustained by workmen, and for the extension of the borough franchise in Ireland. The Peace Preservation Act for Ireland will not be renewed. As to the foreign policy of the Government, the address says its present and chief aim will be to promote, in concert with the other powers of Europe, "the early and complete fulfillment of the treaty of Berlin with respect to effectual reforms and equal laws in Turkey, as well as such territorial questions as are not yet settled in conformity with the provisions of the treaty."

In discussing this part of the address in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone said that the appointment of Mr. Goschen as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Porte was specifically designed to clear up the misapprehensions entertained by Turkey as to the attitude and purpose of Great Britain touching the literal execution of the Berlin Treaty. "The Government," Mr. Gladstone said, "viewed the Greek and Montenegrin questions as pressing. It was desirable to disabuse the minds of the Turkish people of the notion that England had a special, separate interest in the maintenance of Turkey. It was also desirable to remove from the mind of the Porte the idea that England was disposed to trespass upon their rights in Asia. All that the Government desired, he said, was to see the obligations of Turkey faithfully fulfilled. They had no desire to reduce the limits of Turkish territory in any direction."

There can be no doubt that the purpose here announced will be vigorously prosecuted. Mr. Goschen has already had interviews on the subject with the Premiers of France and Austria, and there is every reason to believe that Turkey will soon be summoned to give a categorical reply to the collective demands of representatives of the signatory powers. Among the measures which will probably be imposed on Turkey is the establishment of the International Administration Commission stipulated by the treaty. If Mr. Gladstone shall succeed in bringing the perfidious Turk to an honest performance of his obligations, or, failing in that, shall array against him the conscience and power of civilized Europe, he will, in one act, render a service to the cause of good government greater than Beaconsfield, with all his pomp and pretense of statesmanship, has ever, in a long lifetime, performed.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE meeting of the British Parliament is referred to elsewhere. The two appointments made by Mr. Gladstone that have drawn upon him the most severe criticism and abuse are those of the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy of India and of Sir Charles Dilke as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The appointment of the Marquis of Ripon was a surprising one to most people. In the first place, every one believed that Lord Northbrook, the former Liberal Viceroy, would again be appointed; and, in the second place, the Marquis of Ripon is a convert to Roman Catholicism. It will be remembered that, according to English law, the Viceroy of Ireland cannot be a Catholic, and it was considered a maxim of unwritten law—something like our third term tradition—that the Viceroy of India, representing as he does the person of the Queen, must be a member of the State Church. So, when his appointment was announced, there was a general howl of dismay from the Anglicans and Nonconformists. A society calling itself the British Reformation Society drew up a series of resolutions objecting to his appointment, and quoted with considerable force Mr. Gladstone's own pamphlet against Vaticanism, in which he points out that no statesman being a good Catholic can be also a true patriot. Gladstone has gone to the trouble of writing an explanatory letter in which he says that he is convinced that the Marquis will allow nothing to interfere with the conscientious performance of his duty towards the Queen. Had the appointment been made before Mr. Gladstone's election for Midlothian, it is more than probable that it would have caused his defeat at the hands of the Scotch Nonconformists. The whole matter is curious as illustrating the feeling in England against Rome.

When the Marquis of Ripon joined the "Mother Church," it was in every way detrimental to his position, and he by his own act disqualified himself for high Government appointment. At the instance of the Church he

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resigned his high Masonic position, but when called upon to join the Conservative ranks, he sternly refused, and would not allow any priestly dictation upon political subjects. As to his fitness for the post there cannot be the slightest doubt, for he is a man of considerable ability, and has been Secretary of State for India. London club gossip has it that the Queen approves of the appointment, not because of its propriety, but as an *amende honorable* for not having honored another Catholic, the Duke of Norfolk, by presenting his Duchess with a shawl upon her marriage, as is generally her wont.

The appointment of Sir Charles Dilke to the under Secretaryship of the Foreign Office also deserves a few words. Dilke is the son of a man who owed everything he had to the late Prince Consort. When, therefore, the present Baronet was first elected a Member of Parliament, and began his career by pitching into the Queen and her civil list, there was a general uproar. Mr. Gladstone gravely rebuked him, while the Conservative members of the House hooted and jeered. His advanced Liberal opinions were almost unanimously denounced, and he was relegated to the society of the Bradlaughs and Odgers. Since then, however, Sir Charles has pursued a most diplomatic course, and although always fearlessly advancing his own ideas, he has done so with so much tact that he has not alarmed the prejudices of the English people. As Under Secretary, Sir Charles will be the representative of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons, for Lord Granville, the Foreign Secretary, is a member of the House of Peers.

In one of the clubs a gentleman lately offered to bet $50,000 to $2,500 that Dilke will be either Prime Minister or a leading statesman within five years, and he found no one willing to take the wager.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the Government came very near being defeated upon a clause in the Bill regulating public meetings. It was proposed by the Government that the police should be allowed to interfere in all meetings at which the chairman had allowed any remarks instigating to revolt, or armed demonstration, to be made. An amendment conferring this power upon the mayors, who have enjoyed it since 1790, would have been passed through a coalition of the right and the extreme left had not Gambetta, the President of the Chamber, suggested the recommittal of the clause. This saved the Ministry from defeat, but not without injuring the prestige of M. de Freycinet and necessitating the resignation of M. Lepère, the Minister of Justice.

M. Lemoinne, the famous writer in the *Journal des Débats*, who was lately appointed Minister at Brussels, has thrown up his high office without a word of public excuse. It is said that at the last moment he became afraid that the gay routine of balls and dinners that he would be obliged to undergo in order to keep up the traditions of the diplomatic service, would ill suit his habits as a journalist and man of letters. It is rumored that Léon Say, the present French representative at London, may possibly resign, and that Lemoinne will take his place.

The Ultramontane party in Germany is once more in arms. A great meeting was held at Dortmund, in Westphalia, and resolutions were passed urging the Catholic party in the Reichstag to bring in a Bill making the Government responsible for their acts and calling for the entire abrogation of the May laws. Delegates have been sent to Rome to consult upon the best course for future action, and the fight promises to be protracted and severe. Meantime, the presence of Prince Hohenlohe in the Foreign Office is beginning to make itself felt. His predecessor, Von Bülow, always supported the Emperor against Bismarck in Russian affairs. It was customary to "knuckle under" in all things to Russia, and as long as that country was conciliated nothing was too servile. But Hohenlohe is a Bavarian, does not hold the docile Prussian views regarding Russia, and some very stringent measures are to be adopted in regard to Russian steamers in German waters. Hitherto the reciprocity on the frontier rivers was all on one side, the side of Russia, but now there is a better tone at the German Foreign Office.

The result of the elections in Italy is not yet fully known, but there has been a formidable reaction against the Cairoli ministry. The enormous majority that the ministry had in the last Parliament has dwindled down almost to nothing, and it is more than doubtful whether it can continue in power.

The health of the Pope is reported as not very good, and it is not surprising that this should be so after the extraordinary entertainment given in his honor some time ago by the Propaganda presided over by Cardinal Simeon. The programme consisted of a series of recitations in forty-nine European, Asiatic, and African languages, in each of which His Holiness was lauded. A native of Nova Scotia celebrated in Celtic verse the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland; Mr. Martin Kehoe, of the United States, recited a poem entitled, "Leo and Newman," in English; Mr. Fox, of Creggan, sang the "Restoration of St. John Lateran," in Irish, and Mr. William O'Reilly recited a poem in Italian, the subject of which was the Propaganda at the feet of the Pontiff. After this performance it is not to be wondered at that His Holiness should feel unwell and wish for change of air.

The varnishing-day at the Paris Salon will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. All the fashion, the talent and the notoriety of Paris were there, for certain of the queens of Parisian society have this year resolved to patronize art. As a display of pictures, this year's Salon is a success in quantity, but sadly deficient in quality. Neither Gerôme nor Meissonnier is represented; the much talked-of "Phædra" of Cabanel is said to be utterly beneath him. Bouguereau's two paintings are incomprehensively bad, and the "Joan of Arc listening to the voices of the Angels," of which so much was expected, is a sad disappointment. But the interest on varnishing day was in the people and not in the pictures. Sarah Bernhardt was the cynosure of all eyes, and as she wandered from room to room, accompanied by a tall youth of some fifteen Summers, she was followed by a crowd of three or four hundred admirers. Her famous part of the *Queen Marie de Neubourg* in "Ruy Blas" has been taken with great success by Mlle. Bartel, and many of the Parisian critics prefer her performance to that of the divine Sarah. The latter is engaged to play in London, where a German company is also to appear during the Summer vacation. This company is called the Grand Ducal Company of Saxe-Meimengen, and it is said that a large part of the Grand Duke's income is derived from starring this company through the various cities of the Continent.

THE exports of domestic breadstuffs from thirteen American ports during the month of April last amounted to $21,679,115 against $14,168,630 for the same month last year. The exports from New York alone amounted to $11,122,131. For the ten months ending with April, the exports from the same ports were $207,306,615, being $58,221,349 in excess of the corresponding period in 1879.

THE delay of Congress in the matter of the Bill ratifying the agreement with the Ute Indians may have unpleasant results. While Congress hesitates, thousands of settlers are preparing to invade the agricultural portions of the Indian lands, and the Indians having become suspicious of the good faith of the Government, a collision will almost certainly follow any serious attempt to occupy the reservation prior to the formal ratification of the agreement under which the owners were to be paid for the land surrendered.

SENATOR BUTLER of South Carolina made a very effective speech last week in support of Senator Kellogg's right to retain his seat. He was especially severe in his comments on the course of Mr. Hill, whose right "to sit in judgment on others" he indignantly denied. Mr. Hill's "intellectual atmosphere," he said, "does not occupy a plane so far above that of ordinary individuals as to give him the right to denounce them as being influenced by unworthy motives." It may be regarded as settled that Mr. Kellogg will retain his seat.

FOUR harbor thieves who made an assault on the crew of a vessel in Flushing Bay, and were captured on Monday of last week, were indicted, arraigned and sentenced to ten years imprisonment before sunset of the day after the crime. Such prompt punishment is rare, but it shows what can be done by our courts in the way of the speedy administration of justice when there is an honest disposition to avoid delay. But suppose these criminals had been able to command counsel with "political influence," would they have thus promptly got their deserts?

THE *Commercial Bulletin* groups the statistics of recent fires, showing that the destruction of property has been much greater than is generally supposed. During the first three months of the year, the losses by fire in this country and Canada amounted to $17,586,900. From the first of April down to the present time, the figures show the annihilation of over $13,000,000 worth of property, of which over $1,000,000 was consumed by the forest fires in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Thus the total losses from January first to date amount to nearly, if not quite, $31,000,000. It is to be hoped that the experiences of the year may induce greater caution in our towns and cities as to the character of their structures, and the provision of water supply and necessary facilities for suppressing fires.

IT will strike fair-minded people as somewhat extraordinary that while Congress does not hesitate to appropriate over eight millions of dollars on river and harbor jobs, it cannot find time to provide for the payment of the money due to United States Marshals, or to start the machinery of the Federal courts, now stopped for want of funds, and at the same time acts reluctantly for the relief of the needy pensioners of the United States, to whom the Government is in debt, and many of whom are suffering for the necessities of life. One paper says that dangerous criminals are out on small bail because Congress has failed to supply the means necessary to bring them to trial, and it is not at all improbable that some offenders against the laws will altogether escape the punishment they deserve, unless the majority in Congress shall speedily make up their minds that they cannot afford to trifle any longer with important public interests.

THE annual steal, otherwise known as the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, was put through the House of Representatives last week by an overwhelming vote. The committee which framed the Bill seem to have first taken good care of their own individual districts, and then added such further appropriations as were necessary to secure sufficient votes to pass the measure, and on that basis its defeat was of course out of the question. The Bill appropriates $8,523,000, and this sum is distributed not with reference to the demands of the internal commerce of the United States, but with a view of silencing the opposition of influential members. The largest appropriations are made for the rivers and harbors of Texas, New Jersey, West Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland and Virginia, all of which States are represented on the Committee of Commerce; while the Mississippi River, the great artery of internal communication, is comparatively neglected. The *Tribune* tells the whole story when it says on this matter: "As long as it is possible to purchase the votes of the members of Congress by dividing the public money among their districts, for the nominal purpose of digging out creeks on which it is now impossible to float a flat-boat, just so long Bills of this kind will be passed." The fact is by no means creditable to the average Representative, but then the average Representative is never too careful of his reputation.

THERE are some signs of awakening enterprise in Mexico. A steamer which sailed from this port last week carried out to Vera Cruz 400 tons of rails and tools for 2,000 workmen, which, with ten flat cars and a locomotive which will go by the next steamer, are for the Mexican Central Railroad Company, limited, which is about to build a railroad from the Mexican capital to the American frontier. It is intended to build the first section of this line—from Mexico to Leon—in eighteen months. The distance is 262 miles. Another road has been commenced at Guaymas, and will be built to Hermosillo—86 miles—by next February. Both these enterprises are backed by American capital, and they will have an important bearing on the development of the resources of the country.

THE publication of Secretary Evarts's correspondence in regard to the injuries inflicted upon American fishermen at Fortune Bay has been followed by the introduction of a Bill in the House of Representatives which proposes to abrogate that clause of the fishery articles of the Treaty of Washington which remits to British fishermen the duties on fish and fish oil brought by them into the United States, and provides that duties upon fish and fish oil so imported shall hereafter be collected. The Bill further provides that out of the duties so collected $125,000 shall be retained for the payment of claims of American fishermen for losses at Fortune Bay. Some of the Canadian papers strongly condemn the attitude of our Government on this question, but the London *Times* says that the situation is altogether unsatisfactory, and adds that "the agreement suggested by Secretary Evarts that the contracting parties should, by some joint action, adopt regulations protecting the fisheries, would, at any rate, prevent further disputes. Nor need there be," it thinks, "any insuperable obstacle to an amicable adjustment of the present dispute."

WE do not wonder that British critics, almost without exception, "make all sorts of fun" of Mr. Tennyson's last poetical effort, "De Profundis." The poem is unmitigated bosh and nonsense throughout; there isn't so much as a glimmer of real poetic thought, or even a suggestion of genuine rhythm, in any one of its sixty-five lines. If any unknown versifier had offered such trash as this to the *Nineteenth Century*, or any other reputable magazine, it would have been declined with derision and contempt; but being Mr. Tennyson's it was worth a guinea a line at least. What shall be thought of the intellectual condition of a poet laureate who felicitates a new-born child in this:

"That thou art thou—who wailest being born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite time——"

And then concludes with this amazing chaos of meaningless words:

"HALLOWED be Thy name—Hallelujah!—
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!
We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee:
We feel we are something—that also has come from Thee:
We are nothing, O Thou—but Thou wilt help us to be,
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!"

THE expedition of General Garcia, of which we recently gave some account in our news columns, is reported to have landed safely in Cuba, where a Provisional Government has already been set up. The expedition consisted of seventy-four men and eight officers of high rank, who carried with them 1,000 rifles, a large supply of ammunition, and a quantity of stores. General Garcia, after a conference with all the insurgent chiefs, issued a proclamation to the Cuban people, urging them to renew the struggle for independence, and subsequently published an address also to the Cuban army. In the first of these proclamations, General Garcia says:

"It is not hate which guides me to war, although hate would be justifiable on our side. The wish for peace leads us to war; the needs of securing our property in the future compels us to destroy the same at present—to deprive Spain of this revenue, which would enable her to carry on the war for some time to come. We combat for the freedom of the white and the negro. Spain steals from you the earnings that provided your children bread, and those are spent not for plows to cultivate your land, but for muskets to slaughter your own offspring. The warriors of to-day shall not cease this war until the Cuban flag of revolution shall float over the Spanish fortresses. But they will tear the revolutionary flag to pieces before the sacred altar of the law when we shall have redressed our wrongs. The country is helping us. Thousands of men are swelling our ranks, and the gates of the cities shall be open to our armies because the people hate the Spanish tyranny. If they are not, we propose to wade through them in blood."

Many of the Cubans in New York entertain high expectations as to the result of the new revolutionary project; others regard it as untimely and as almost certain to fail, retarding rather than promoting the final deliverance of Cuba from the Spanish yoke. The result will in all probability justify this latter apprehension of the cooler and more prudent observers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FOUR steamships landed 4,225 immigrants at Castle Garden one day last week.

THE Alabama Republican Convention has instructed its delegates to vote for General Grant.

THE continued dry weather has seriously affected the crops in Virginia, Maryland and New York.

MR. TILDEN'S chances for the Democratic Presidential nomination are thought by his friends to be improving.

THE Methodist General Conference indefinitely postponed, May 20th, the whole matter of the election of a colored bishop.

THE Senate passed, May 21st, Mr. Bayard's Bill relative to Deputy United States Marshals. It was strongly opposed by the Republicans.

ASBURY PARK, a Summer resort on the New Jersey coast, narrowly escaped destruction last week by a fire which broke out in a lumber yard.

THE New York Senate has confirmed the nomination of Charles J. Folger as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, and Francis M. French as Associate Judge.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has granted the negro murderer Cox a respite until July 16th, and Balbo, the Italian who murdered his wife, a respite until the 6th of August.

GENERAL POPE has arrested a number of persons for violating the President's recent proclamation against the invasion of the Indian Territory for mining purposes.

GENERAL SHERMAN and Secretary of War Ramsey last week made an official inspection of the fortifications in New York Harbor, and of the engineering operations in the East River.

AT Richmond, Va., May 19th, Confederate Memorial day was observed. The graves of thousands of Confederate dead were decorated with flowers. Business was suspended and the schools closed.

THE Agricultural Appropriation Bill, which passed the House of Representatives last week, has a clause appropriating $20,000 for the sinking of two artesian wells on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains.

THE fourth musical festival of Cincinnati was a great success. The opening concert was given by a chorus of 620 voices and an orchestra of 156 pieces. The sale of seats aggregated $50,000.

THE Irish Land League of America was recently organized in New York. Its objects is to assist the Irish in obtaining from the British Government such a reform of the laws relating to land tenure in Ireland as will enable the tenants to live on the fruits of their labor.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill authorizing the Secretary of War to have prepared a bronze statue of General Daniel Morgan, at a cost not exceeding $20,000, to be placed on the memorial column to be erected in commemoration of the battle of Cowpens.

THE American Rifle Team selected to go to Ireland is composed of Colonel Bodine, captain, and Wm. H. Jackson, W. M. Farrow, Homer Fisher, Colonel H. F. Clark, J. F. Brown, R. Rathbone and Dr. S. J. Scott. Of these seven, six will be selected the day before the match for the shooting team.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South, convened at Charleston, N.C., May 20th. One hundred and eight commissioners, representing twelve Synods and fifty-three Presbyteries, were present. The Reformed Presbyterian Synod met at Pittsburgh, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, North, at Madison, Wisconsin, on the same day, six hundred clergymen being present.

THE Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company suspended payments May 21st, and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company was thereby compelled to suspend. President Gowen announces that the business of the companies will be continued to keep the property intact, and that its daily revenues will be used as far as may be necessary in paying wages and for supplies. The loss by the operation of the coal company forced the suspension.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Pension Deficiency Bill. The Senate has passed the Bill to establish a retired list for non-commissioned officers. Amendments to this Bill respectively requiring the President to appoint yearly five cadets at large to West Point; to appoint yearly two colored cadets, and to see, in the appointment of cadets, that no undue preference is given to any class of citizens on account of race, were rejected by a party vote. The Senate has laid over temporarily the Kellogg election case.

Foreign.

THE French National Assembly will be prorogued July 15th.

PRUSSIA and Hamburg have come to terms regarding the customs line.

INDICATIONS favor the election of General Gonzales as President of Mexico.

THERE is apparently but little prospect of a new commercial treaty between France and England.

A PORTION of a vessel's stern, supposed to belong to the missing *Atalanta*, has been picked up on the Irish coast.

THE famine in the north of Hungary is increasing, and the Government has been compelled to stop the emigration which the famine has caused.

MR. BRADLAUGH offered to take the oath in the British House of Commons May 21st, but objection was made, and the matter was referred to a committee.

THE divisions of the Irish Home Rule party are increasing in gravity and intensity. Five Irish Home Rulers have refused to sit on the Opposition benches in Parliament.

MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL has offered to resign his seat for Derby in favor of Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, and that constituency has invited the latter to become its candidate.

IT is stated that Prince Bismarck has resolved to coerce the Vatican to an open declaration, and is therefore anxious for the introduction of the Bill reviving the Church laws.

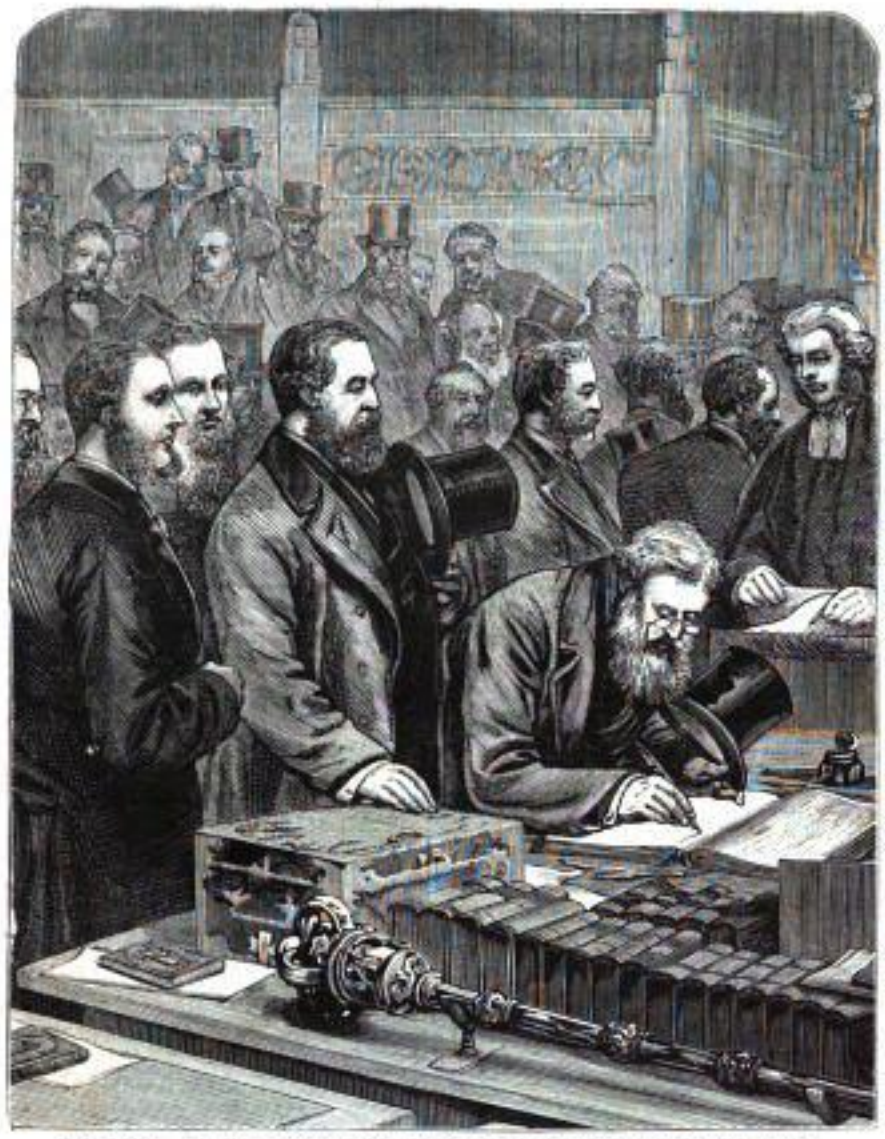
THE confirmation of the report of the sentence of Ching How has decided Russia to recall her Chargé d'Affaires from Pekin and place her subjects under the protection of the United States.

FRESH disorders are reported in Afghanistan. The hostile Afghans are again concentrating for renewed operations against the British. Twenty-eight shops in Cabul have been destroyed by a gunpowder explosion.

THE Palm House at Potsdam, Prussia, a favorite Summer residence of the Emperor, has been destroyed by fire. It shared with the well-known conservatory at Kew, England, the reputation of containing the largest specimens of plants in the world.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 223.



ENGLAND.—MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS SIGNING THE ROLL.



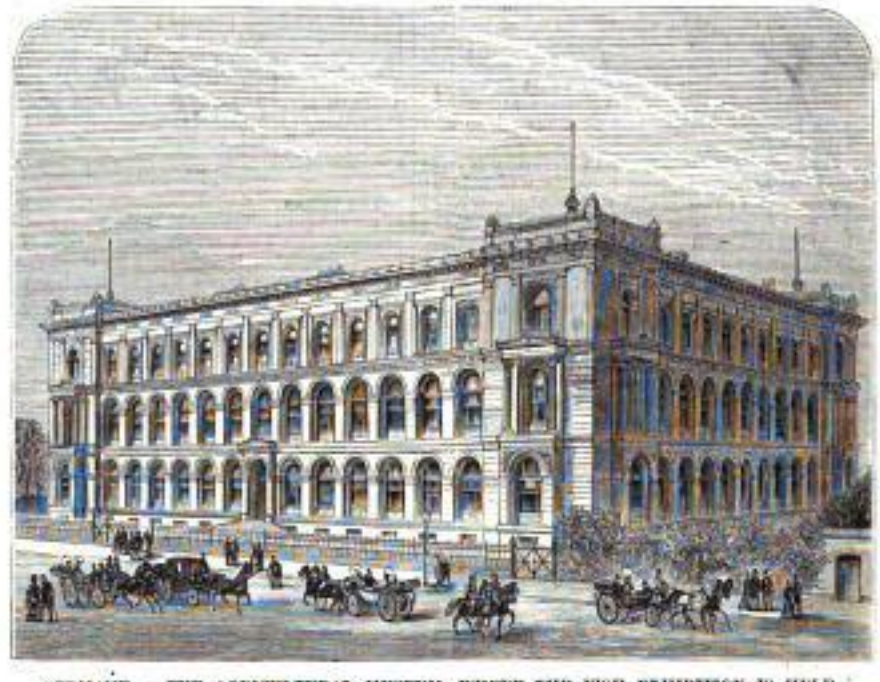
IRELAND.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITING THE U. S. S. "CONSTELLATION."



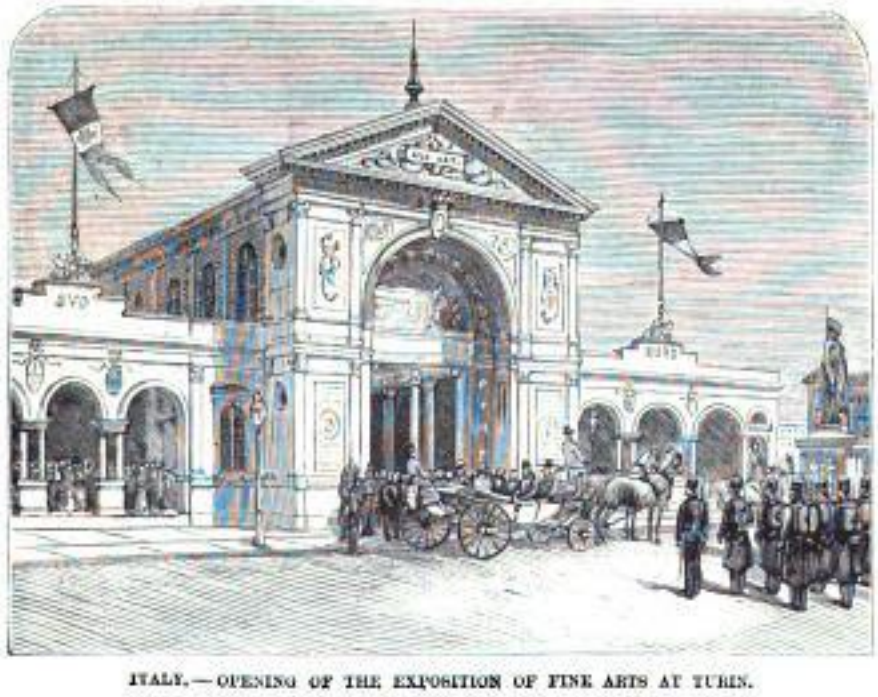
IRELAND.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING CAPTAIN POTTER AT QUEENSTOWN.



SWEDEN.—RECEPTION OF PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD AT STOCKHOLM.



GERMANY.—THE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, WHERE THE FISH EXHIBITION IS HELD.

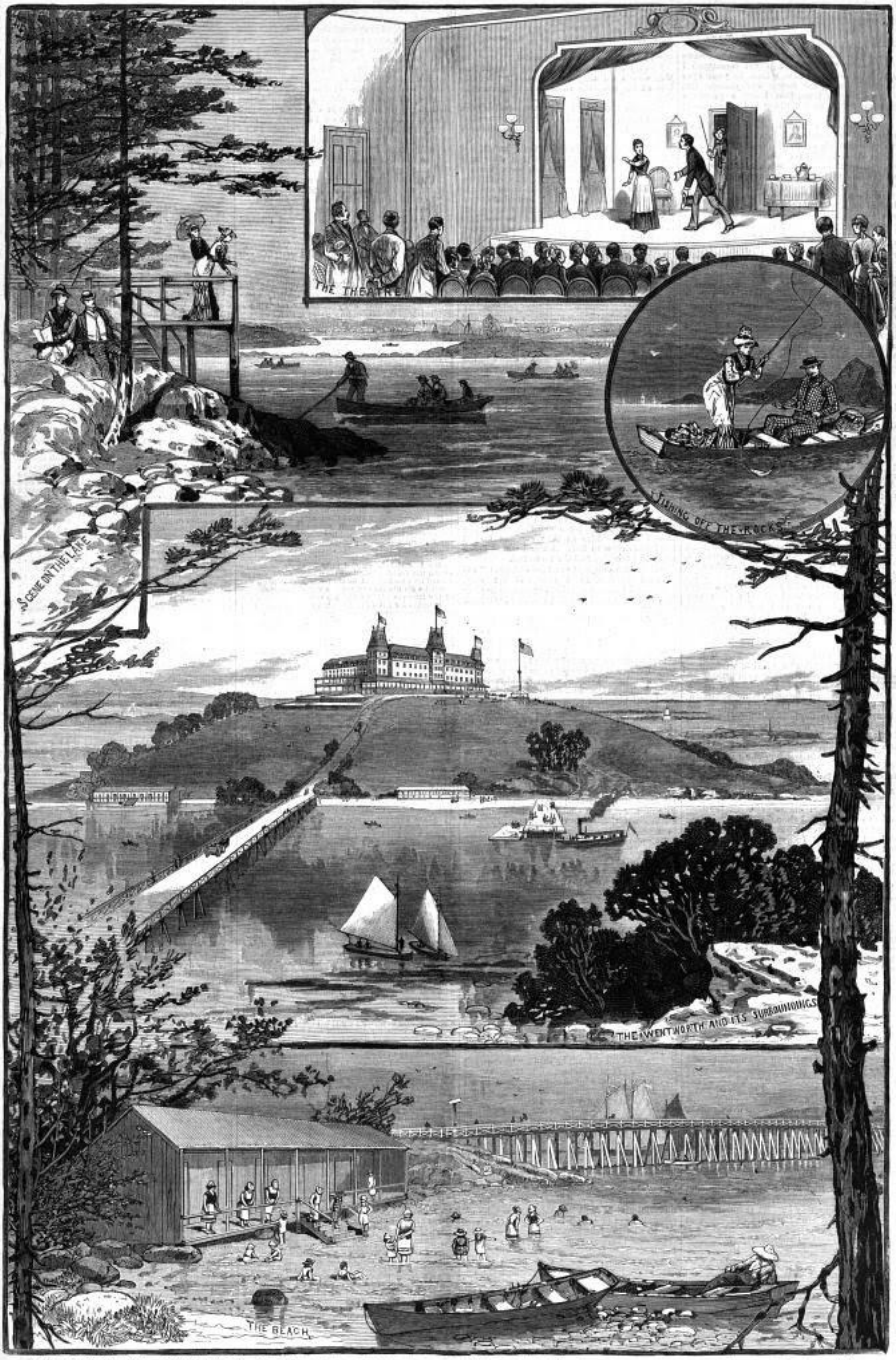


ITALY.—OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION OF FINE ARTS AT TURIN.



FRANCE.—NEW BUILDING OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT AT PARIS.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.—NEWCASTLE AND ITS ATTRACTIONS AS A SUMMER RESORT.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 223.

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IN A STUDIO.

"I AM mad to speak of love to you," he said, with a sad, womanish smile on his handsome mouth; "no one knows that better than I do, and yet sometimes I have fancied that I saw a look in your eyes that has made me forget everything. Oh, Francia, it is true that I am a penniless painter, a man with nothing but aspirations; but——"

"But people cannot live on aspirations," answered the young girl, in a clear, composed voice, singularly cold and calm.

She stood in the soft Spring sunshine, the embodiment of the day, as it were, lovely, full of promise and budding beauty, a little chilly out of the sunshine of her favor, with a warmth that was not to be trusted, as it was liable to cloud over and die away into a stormy coldness at any time. She was young, slender, yet softly rounded as to form, with a proud head, crowned by soft masses of blonde hair, very low on the brow, very light and fluffy and curling in sunshiny tendrils about her face. The eyes were bluish-gray, like a cold morning sky, but the face was full enough of warmth and rose-tints. She wore a dress of some soft clinging material, a dark blue in color, that pleased Herbert Wayne's artistic fancy well. She had indeed a natural artistic taste in dress that had first touched him, and he had painted eagerly and by stealth a picture of her in that very costume, over which he was wont to gloat in the hours, the long hours, when he could not see her.

"I know it," he said, simply, but with a sort of heartbreak in his voice.

"You said," the young girl went on, "that you had sometimes fancied you saw a look in my eyes that made you forget everything. What did you mean?"

The young man hesitated. "As if—mind I say I fancied—as if you cared for me——"

"It was fancy," Francia said, looking down. "I do care for you, but not in the way you want—I care for other things more."

"You are frank," said the other, in a pained voice.

"It is best. I would not mislead you."

The man's face—a handsome face, tender but not strong—with dark, passionate eyes, changed and quivered with intense emotion. He would not charge this girl with leading him on; he had too much nobility to recall her wiles, "her sweet eyes, her low replies," or the hundred subtle nothings that had forged his chains. It was not in his nature to say a harsh word to her now, when he stood there madly longing to touch one of the slender girlish hands, feeling that he could give his life for one moment's happiness—if she loved him. Yet he had never really hoped. He knew what things Francia cared for more than any man's love—pretty toilets, flashing jewels, praise and flattery, and a whirl of excitement—and yet it was true that the vain little heart had been more fluttered by his love than ever before. It was an uncomfortable sensation, and Francia hastened to get rid of it, as she always did with unpleasant things; and the knowledge that he might have really read the heart tumult in her eyes made her more cold and decisive.

"Well, my dream is over," he said, with a sudden effort. "Spring, you know, is a time when, as Tennyson says:

> 'A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

So, let the season excuse me. Everything looks so promising. I thought the year might have something for me, but it's all over now. I will get used to it, I suppose, and learn content. Good-by, Miss Francia."

"Are you going?" she said, looking into his changed face with an uncomfortable twinge.

"Yes; I must go and work," he said, in an absent way, his glowing eyes fixed upon the young girl's face with a devouring glance, as if taking farewell of it.

She held out her hand with an impulse of kindness. He seized it, half-raised it to his lips, then dropped it. He could not trust himself, but turned swiftly and went away along the road under the fresh green branches that made a verdant arch over it. Francia stood watching him with absent eyes.

"If he were rich," she said, with a little sigh; and then she began to dream of a lover who could give her all she longed for—a man who had lately singled her out for marked attention. Her fancy rioted in a succession of Worth's toilets, billows of gleaming satin with foam of lace, ropes of pearls and the glitter of diamonds and the red span of rubies, turned before her vision like the confused figures of a kaleidoscope; and yet, after all, she found herself walking somewhat slowly and sadly home, seeing only a quivering face, pale as ashes, a pair of dark, eloquent eyes full of passionate pain, and her heart seemed to be stirred with a dull pain that would not be stilled.

"I believe I love the man," she said, with a petulant laugh.

The sunshine struck athwart the trees and kindled the vivid greens of some, the dark-red buds of others, into new brightness, the next afternoon, as two people strayed in a lingering and lover-like way beneath them. Francia paused suddenly, with the prick of memory at her heart, and said:

"Let us go home; I am tired."

The gentleman laughed.

"You are frank, at least. Suppose we go into Wayne's studio. He has wanted me to look at his pictures. I think it would encourage him to buy one, poor fellow! I am afraid he has a hard time of it. Will you go with me? I should like to have your taste in selecting."

Francia hesitated a moment. If she could be of any use materially to this man whose hopes she had slain, why not do it? She had some kindly feeling, and she knew the sale might depend on a word from her. Perhaps the artist might kindle to new enthusiasm over his work, if success smiled on him, and so lose that other maddening dream that had blighted his life.

"Yes; let us go," she answered.

So they mounted up the stairs without further words till they stood somewhat breathless at the top—the rooms were nearest the sky.

"Artists like to get above the small affairs of our lower life," said Mr. Thorne, somewhat pompously—"near the stars and comets, I suppose."

There was no answer to their knock, but Chester Thorne pushed open the door and went in. Palette and brushes were thrown about in that disorder that seems somehow fitting to a man of dreams. The place seemed filled and permeated with the immediate presence of the owner, so that Francia looked about for him, and rather expected to see him emerge from a dim alcove before which hung a faded bit of rare Gobelin tapestry. There seemed some sort of figure there; but, then, the room was full of phantoms. A woman's form here, with classic Greek drapery; a wooden model there, with an ancient toga about it; plaster hands, a foot, a face, old armor, a Malay creese, a carven chair, a faded shawl.

Francia looked about curiously enough, and then started back with a cry. She was looking at—herself!

The artist had not expected such a visitor, or he would have turned that picture to the wall. It was Francia in the dim-blue dress, but he had painted her as *Juliet* in the balcony. About her round, young neck were three strings of pearls. The blue silk was cut square in the neck, and some sort of white under-robe came up to the throat, and was puffed with blue bands across the rounded, plump young arms, which were covered to the wrist with tightly-fitting blue sleeves. Through the masses of blonde hair a blue ribbon was carelessly drawn. She leaned her elbows on the gray stone of the balcony and rested her cheek against her two slender clasped hands. Her face was pale, and there was an inexpressible sadness about the small mouth, and unshed tears in the eyes, over which the lids drooped heavily. You could see she thought of her absent lover. Life at that moment looked hard and drear to her. A word would make those lips tremble and the tears fall.

"How like you, and yet how different!" exclaimed Thorne, in a matter-of-fact way. "How did he ever see that expression in your face? How could he paint such a heartbreak there!"

"I don't know. I do not see how he painted me at all, as I never sat to him," Francia said, staring at the picture in an uncomfortable way. It was so like that it seemed to her as if some time that look must come to her, as if she would verify it by having some heartbreak to complete the likeness. Francia shivered a little with apprehension and turned away.

"I will buy that picture," Thorne was saying in the assured way in which millionaires are wont to speak. "Here is something he spoke to me about the other day," continued Thorne, "and I said I would come and look at it. Do you know I have found a change in him lately. There was something curious, vague, and drear in his eyes. I wonder if he was not in want? I know there came a very eager look in his eyes when I spoke as if I might possibly buy his picture. Poor fellow! I don't know much about these things, but it strikes me there are elements of greatness in it."

The picture was a large one of Prometheus. Bare, cold rocks uplifted high and above a heaven full of thunderous glooms. A desolate sky above a desolate sea, as if both were in league with fate, and in this atmosphere of doom lay that awful figure chained to the barren rocks—that face of untold agony, yet contemptuous, scornful, bold—those awful eyes turned to the unrelenting heaven, those wordless lips eloquent with despair.

"I will take it," said Mr. Thorne, after a pause. "It is not to say cheerful, but I feel that it is great. Yes; I will take this struggling young fellow by the hand. I will foster his genius; he shall go to Rome for a couple of years, if he likes. He can repay me with his painting. When I get a home of my own I shall need a good many."

"It would be a noble work to help him," said Francia, with a pretty blush, which made her companion look at her instead of at any other picture.

"He does not come," he said; "he does not know what good fortune awaits him. Let us sit down; you are looking tired. Why may I not say here some words that I have been longing to say for a week or two?"

Francia flushed still more, but did not object.

"These shadowy people will not interrupt us," said Thorne, with a comprehensive gesture towards the pictures. "When I think of a future home, I think of you, Francia. You would grace any home, however stately. Will you share mine?"

It was an odd sort of love-making, the girl thought, and yet she had dwelt so much on material things, why should they not be offered, instead of hearts and undying love and sighs and vows?

Chester Thorne came nearer, and took her hand.

"You would make me very happy if you could care for me in that way," he went on, some eagerness coming into his tone. "I have money, as you know, but that is not everything. I want you. I cannot be happy without you."

Well, that was something, Francia thought, with a stir of gratified vanity at her heart. She wished Mr. Thorne had chosen some other place, for it still seemed as if the artist's presence was there. The room must be full of his aspirations, as he had called them, his dreams, his soul.

Perhaps that prevented the answer that rose to her ready lips; or was it the sudden gleam of the afternoon sun that seemed to push through the dim curtains and irradiate the room. It fell on the old china, the armor and the lace on the stiff wooden model; on the faded Gobelin tapestry of the alcove; on the strange effigy within, hanging from a beam. Ah! the light sought that out with terrible power. The smile froze on Francia's lip! A horror sprang into her eyes! Her face paled as she pointed with a trembling hand to the strange spectre!

"He has hung himself!" she moaned, with stiffening lips.

Thorne sprang forward, gave one glance of horror, and then took her hand.

"Come," he said, "it is no place for you."

She shivered. She did not look back.

"He is dead," she muttered; "and I loved him!"

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, OF VERMONT.

HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, United States Senator from Vermont, was born in Richmond, Vt., February 1st, 1828. After receiving a public school education, he studied law and was admitted to practice. When twenty-six years of age, he was elected a member of the Legislature, and was returned four times, acting as Speaker three years during this service. In 1851 he was elected to the State Senate, and was its President a portion of the term. Upon the death of Hon. Solomon Foot, Mr. Edmunds was appointed his successor, taking the seat in April, 1866, and his first public remarks were made on the occasion of the delivery of the eulogies on that venerated and popular man. He began immediately to take part in the discussions of the Senate, in which Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull and Wade were then the Republican leaders. Chandler, Sherman, Sprague, Wilson, Grimes, Dixon, Pomeroy, Ramsay and Doolittle were chairmen of committees. Beverly Johnson, Hendricks, Buckalew and Saulsbury were the leading Democrats in the chamber. At the time when Mr. Edmunds took the oath of office the principal measure before the Senate was the Bill for the protection of United States officers in the South. It was a Bill designed to save from prosecution under the State laws men who had committed acts, while under military authority, which might be actionable under civil laws. It aimed to extend the mantle of the Federal authority and protection over all the military agents of the Government in the rebellious States. Mr. Edmunds thought that the provisions of the Bill should extend only to those States in which the *habeas corpus* had been suspended, and he moved an amendment to that effect, which he defended with ability against the vigorous opposition of the framers of the Bill. He voted alone with the Democrats for his amendment. Sumner, Trumbull and all the others went solidly against him. But in the light of the political history of fifteen years Mr. Edmunds can safely appeal to this record as more creditable than that of his then more distinguished compeers.

When the Republicans in Congress came into collision with President Johnson, Mr. Edmunds was charged with the care of the Tenure-of-Office Act, which he reported to the Senate and advocated till it was passed. Mr. Edmunds was now a member of the Judiciary Committee, of which he has always since continued to be a member, and for several years was the chairman before the Democrats obtained the majority. As a member of this committee he has had a leading part in shaping all the more important legislation of Congress for the past thirteen years. With the reconstruction legislation no man had more to do. The records of Congress show his careful attention to, and earnest discussion of, every detail of the great measures of the Republican Party which were designed to garner up and preserve "the fruits of the war."

In the long contest over the State Government of Louisiana, Mr. Edmunds was always an earnest advocate of his party's claims and a supporter of the Administration, but he never went as far as Morton and other extremists, and when Morton undertook to seat the pretender Pinchback, it was Mr. Edmunds who put his foot down and blocked the audacious scheme. On the financial question no man now in Congress has a more admirable record than Mr. Edmunds. From the beginning of his term of service he was a vigorous advocate of measures for the return to specie payment. He believed that this object could not be obtained without the adoption of a definite policy for years before it was adopted. When the reaction from the inflation movement occurred, after the panic of 1873 and the veto by Grant of the "four hundred million Bill," it was largely Edmunds who forced the Republican Senators in caucus to agree upon the Resumption Act. More recently his great achievement in originating the Electoral Commission Act, through which Mr. Hayes was peacefully seated in the White House, has won for him no little party prestige, and it is a curious testimony to his courage and ability that while no other man had so much to do with the great settlement of 1876, no other man on the Republican side, who had any share in it at all, has been so little abused by his political opponents. On the 13th of December, 1878, Senator Edmunds's Bill to amend sundry provisions of the law relating to Presidential elections, and to provide for and regulate the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, and the decision of questions arising thereon, was passed in the Senate by a vote of 35 to 26. That Bill having failed in the House, Mr. Edmunds, in March last, introduced another in the Senate embodying "the simple proposition of providing that the meeting of the electors shall be on the second Monday of January, instead of the second Wednesday in December. He also modified it so as to give time for such States as have any existing laws adequate to the purpose to determine for themselves and according to the Constitution, which they have the sole right to do, who their electors are. This Bill, therefore, makes the simple provision for a State disposition of any controversy under such laws as it may have in existence prior to date of choosing electors. It provides for a later meeting of electors in order that each State may dispose of any controversy that may arise, and then provides, as the Bill of the last session did, for the meeting of the two Houses and proceeding in conformity with the decisions reached in the respective States in any case of dispute. The Bill was referred to the select committee on the subject, but as yet has not been finally acted upon.

One of the greatest public services ever rendered by Mr. Edmunds was the Pacific Railroad Funding Act, originated and carried through the Senate by himself and Mr. Thurman against the opposition of jobbers in and out of that body. By this Act millions of dollars have been saved to the Government, and the relations of the Pacific railroads to the Government definitely established. As a Senator, Mr. Edmunds is noted for his strict adherence to all the rules of the Senate. He is almost a stickler for the observance of the strictest etiquette. He is a ready and brilliant debater, seldom failing to get the better of an opponent, and is equally ready to knock him down with a quotation from a weighty authority, thrust him through with the lance of his sarcasm, or cross swords with him in fair discussion. His hair is white, and what little skin his thick beard and mustache reveals is of a parchment color. He wears spectacles, and stoops a good deal. But his eyes are young and full of fire.

As representing the best element of his party, Mr. Edmunds would undoubtedly prove a strong candidate before the people, should he be nominated for the Presidential office. There is absolutely not a single point in his whole career against which successful assault could be directed. Pure, upright, the inveterate foe of all forms of dishonesty and jobbery, and possessing a courage and independence of opinion amounting almost to audacity, he would, as President, give the country an Administration at once robust and manly; and while he might, of course, commit mistakes, they would be mistakes proceeding from honest convictions, and, therefore, capable of defense. More than all, the Administration of such a man would never be open to the suspicion of being "run" by other than its legitimate head; and there are not a few who would like to welcome such an era in our politics—an era marked by a rule absolutely pure, unselfish, and wholly independent of control by unworthy partisan influences.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, or the "Falls City," situated at the Falls of the Ohio, and distant from New York by railroad averages about 1,000 miles, is one of the four great cities of the West which chiefly control the collection and distribution of the produce of the soil and the mine, and the counter-movement of merchandise from the East and from foreign countries. Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville, each the centre of an extended area of production and consumption, control in the aggregate the commerce of the West. According to the census of 1870, the population of Louisville was, in round numbers, 100,000, and the local estimates of the present population range from 160,000 to 175,000. The larger of these estimates, based on a popular method of computation on premises furnished by the city directory, may not be too liberal, as the ratio of growth in previous decades is a fact in its favor. However, this is a question which will soon be put at rest by the enumeration of the census taken.

THE RATIO OF GROWTH.

The "Falls City" has not claimed heretofore any special distinction as a peculiarly progressive city; but a comparison of its ratio of growth with that of the other old cities of the United States reveals a very remarkable fact. Taking the census of 1840 as a starting-point, and comparing with 1870, we find that in ratio of increase Louisville has surpassed every city in the entire catalogue, with the solitary exception of Brooklyn. It is to be remarked, in respect to Brooklyn, too, that a large proportion of its population might be designated as nocturnal—New York business men who lodge in Brooklyn—and who, in consequence of cheaper rents and lower taxes, select Brooklyn as their legal domicile. What special offset is to be charged to this peculiar circumstance it is not necessary to the purposes of this article to investigate. But a fact of such interest is worthy of proof, and, for the purpose of stating the matter clearly, a table is subjoined, showing the population of every city of the United States which in 1840 boasted of 21,000 inhabitants or more, in contrast with their respective populations in 1870:

Cities.	*Pop. in 1840.*	*Pop. in 1870.*	*Per Cent. of Increase.*
Louisville.....	21,210	100,753	375
Cincinnati.....	46,338	216,239	366
New Orleans.....102,193		191,418	86
New York.....312,710		942,292	201
Pittsburgh	21,115	86,076	307
Philadelphia....258,037		674,022	161
Boston.....	93,383	250,526	168
Brooklyn	36,233	396,099	1,010
Albany	33,721	75,216	123
Providence.....	23,171	68,904	198
Baltimore 102,313		267,354	161
Washington	23,364	109,199	368

In 1840 several of the big cities of the West, such as Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, were insignificant, but the contrasts of all the older cities shows that Louisville may claim a very exceptional distinction—a multiple of growth which, if it be sustained, will ultimately change her place in the list of great cities. This development seems to have occurred without the aid of forcing measures of any kind, and without such special exertions applied to the movements of immigration or other like factors of development as would accord either with Western ideas of enterprise, or even with a prudent regard to protection from the aggressive policy of her rivals.

COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.

There are numerous evidences that a more ambitious and progressive spirit is pervading the community. Within the last twelve months the solid men of Louisville have succeeded for the first time, after many attempts and failures, in establishing on a secure basis a Board of Trade. The present organization has given pledges of its faith and determination by purchasing a fine building, which in 1873 cost $217,000. The 301 firm memberships, representing about 300 members, are all interested in the stock, and the property is paid for in full. In the same period a cotton compress, with a capacity of 300 bales per day, has been established here, with the view of controlling a large proportion of the 300,000 bales of cotton which annually pass through this port. Attached to the compress is a warehouse of commensurate proportions. A grain elevator was erected here a year or two ago, and subscriptions are now being taken to the stock of an additional elevator of greater capacity. There are also numerous private enterprises, some of considerable magnitude, which testify to the presence among the population of a spirit which promises well for the future.

RAILROAD EXTENSIONS.

Simultaneously with these developments the railroad situation at Louisville has been simply revolutionized. A year ago the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, whose home office is located here—the president and a majority of the directors residing here—was a line of about 700 miles. The Louisville and Great Southern system of to-day either owns or controls over 4,000 miles of railway. This system extended a year ago to Montgomery, Memphis and Nashville, as its southern termini. It controls to-day every route to every part of the southeastern seaboard except Charleston; every route to Mobile and Pensacola on the Gulf, and every Ohio-Mississippi route to New Orleans, except one. It also owns the only Ohio-Mississippi routes from St. Louis to the south and southeast. Within the last twelve months Louisville capitalists have also purchased the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad. An unfinished railroad, the St. Louis Air Line, has been reorganized and put under construction between Louisville and St. Louis in the same time. Within the year the Chesapeake and Ohio has commenced active operations to connect the Louisville Short Line with that route to the harbors of Virginia. A few weeks ago a company of Boston capitalists obtained charters for a railroad to connect Louisville with Richmond and Norfolk on a line further to the southward, passing through Emory Gap in the Cumberland mountains. Altogether there is no doubt that Louisville has been the centre of a greater railroad development in the last twelve months, or since the commercial revival manifested itself, than any other city in the United States. It is for the future to determine how far the sequel of these movements will justify the preamble; but if, as there seems to be ample reason to conclude, the commercial spirit of the city should prove equal to its enlarged opportunities, the results are not doubtful.

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SOCIAL STATISTICS.

On May 1st, 1880, Louisville entered upon the second century of its legal or chartered existence—the charter being granted on May 1st, 1780, by the Virginia Legislature. At that time Kentucky was a part of a Virginian county. At the first census the population was 1,357; in 1820, 4,012; in 1830, 10,352; in 1840, 21,210; in 1850, 43,194; in 1860, 68,033, and in 1870, 100,753. There are 25,000 houses in the city limits to-day, and a hundred years ago, according to contemporary history, there were 63 finished houses, 37 in process of erection, and about 100 cabins.

The early settlers were all Virginians, and the descendants of Virginians are a very large and influential element of the present population. The later additions to the population are from all sections of the Union, especially from the Eastern States and from foreign countries. The German population is very strong numerically and financially, as a proof of which it may be noticed that German influence is powerful enough to retain their language as a branch of the regular curriculum of the public schools, despite the protests of the remainder of the population. The Jewish race is well represented in numbers and respectability, many of whom have attained distinction in trade, banking, and the learned professions.

In the last century the location of Louisville was considered very unhealthy. There were also occasional outbreaks of an exceedingly fatal fever. Of the period covered by authentic and intelligent history, the records are highly favorable in sanitary averages; but it is very probable that great improvement has been made in sanitation by means of drainage and otherwise. If the accepted estimate of the present population be true, the ratio of mortality is as favorable as in any city of the United States without any exception; and if that estimate be reduced by 25,000, the ratio would still be better than the average of American cities. Louisville has never been visited by any epidemic disease except cholera and small-pox—diseases to which all climates, latitudes and elevations are subject.

There are 119 churches in the city, exclusive of 12 Catholic convents and societies with foundations. The Catholic element is large and influential, but is greatly surpassed in weight and numbers by the Protestant population. There are thirty public and private hospitals and benevolent institutions, several of which are very extensive establishments. Journalism of all types and grades is represented in Louisville by about thirty newspapers. The dailies are the *Courier-Journal* (Democratic); the *Commercial* (Republican); the *Ancsager* (Democratic); the *Volksblatt* (Republican), and the *Evening Post* (Democratic). There are nineteen incorporated banks, State and national, with an aggregate capital of eight and a half million dollars. The transactions of the banks of the Clearing House Association footed up in 1879 $215,706,075, an increase of $39,266,148, or about twenty per cent. as compared with the exchanges of 1878. The largest bank has a capital of $1,645,100, and the capital of five others ranges from $500,000 to $800,000.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

The more important branches of trade are, in order of precedence, the following: Leaf-tobacco, whisky, dry-goods, hog products, live stock, agricultural implements, groceries, manufactured tobacco, grain and flour, leather, iron and hardware, furniture, malting and brewing, drugs, oils and chemicals, cotton, boots and shoes, clothing, lumber, wool, hides, skins and poltry, etc.

There is only one important trade in which Louisville takes precedence over all other cities, either of America or Europe. The quantity of leaf-tobacco sold there annually is greater than in New York, Baltimore, Richmond, Cincinnati, or any other market. The sales after good crop years run from 60,000 to 70,000 hogsheads per annum, and the hogshead is also a heavier average in weight than in any other important market. New York receives a larger quantity of tobacco in most years, but a considerable percentage of this is merchandise in transit at Louisville, and is not sold here, a considerable percentage having been bought in Louisville and shipped to foreign destinations on through bills of lading. Usually the purchases for foreign consumption do not vary far from sixty per cent. of the whole amount handled, but all the large American manufacturers are represented by resident agents or brokers. The method of sale is by public auctions, which are held every day. Each of the thirteen warehouses is visited in turn by the inspectors of the Board of Trade, every package to be offered is uncovered and sampled, and the cups of buyers proceed in stated order of rotation from one warehouse to another, until all the day's offerings have been cried off by the auctioneer. The bidding is always upon guaranteed samples, as well as upon exposed packages. Our artist has taken a very life-like sketch of one of such daily auctions, the scene being laid in a Louisville warehouse. The daily sales very rarely fall as low as 150 hogsheads, and sometimes exceed 500.

The tobacco-manufacturing industry is not so large an interest as the superior conditions of supply and distribution should have created, but in the last decade the progress of growth has been rapid. The value of the annual product is now 400 per cent. greater than in 1870. The capacity of one establishment exceeds 5,000 pounds per day, and another is being extended to equal proportions.

Of Bourbon whisky, otherwise known as fine Kentucky whisky, Louisville claims to be headquarters. The largest distilling interest in the State is owned by Louisville houses, and the major part of the whole Kentucky product is handled here. The whisky of Kentucky sells, tax paid, at $1.75-6 per gallon, while the staple whisky of most other Western centres, technically known as high wines, sells at $1.16 to $1.08. These two classes of "goods" are adapted to different classes of trade and use, and the differences in value are due to varying conditions of cost which it is unnecessary to explain.

The internal revenue receipts in the district in 1879, derived chiefly from tobacco, whisky and beer, amounted to $3,300,411, against $1,300,174 in 1870.

There are numerous industrial interests which present evidences of marked prosperity, among which may be mentioned prominently the manufacture of agricultural implements, leather, plate glass, furniture, iron ware, woolen cloths, etc. Louisville boasts the largest plow factory in the United States.

It is to be observed, on the other hand, that the expansion and development of both industrial and commercial activity have not been forwarded and encouraged by the money class in Louisville in as liberal a spirit as would have been dictated by a wise forecasting enterprise. Real-estate owners and capitalists have been prone to "let things rack along," the one class relying upon the ventures and labors of others to make increasing values for their lands and improvements, the other awaiting the recurrence of dividend and interest days to take their tolls upon the grist of commercial risk and industrial toil. Against both these classes lies "a true bill," in that they have failed to take measures specifically directed to extending the activities upon which their incomes directly depend, a class of effort especially addressed to immigration, skilled labor, foreign industrial enterprise, etc.

PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

A very notable feature of the Falls City is the elegance of the private residences of her more substantial citizens, and the beauty of the principal streets occupied by residences. Broadway and Fourth and Chestnut Streets are the most fashionable thoroughfares, though a very promising competition is appearing on several streets in the newer precincts of the city. Gray Street is a short but charming avenue, shut off from the invasions of trade and travel, lined by handsome residences, and in the Summer season under the almost unbroken shade of overarching trees. The floral display in private lawns on Fourth Street are of remarkable beauty; and this brings up a frequent explanation or excuse for a very singular hiatus in the city's harmonies—there is no public park. The apology is that wayfarers, as well as the owners of the pretty private grounds abounding on the fashionable streets, are so surrounded by arboral and floral wealth that a public park is scarcely needed.

Private dwellings have received a disproportioned share of the capital and taste applied to building and architectural ornamentation, and public buildings have been noticeably silusted.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The architectural achievements of Louisville in the way of public edifices are not above the average to be found in American cities of the third-class, and of works of eminent merit there are absolutely none. There is not a public structure in the city as imposing in appearance or as costly as the *Courier-Journal* building. The most ambitious municipal building is the City Hall, completed about seven years ago. This building has a frontage of 200 feet on Sixth Street, and 100 on Jefferson Street, connecting with the jail. The Sixth Street façade consists of a central portico with curtains extending to blocks or wings at each lateral street, one of which is surmounted by a clock-tower. The central portico presents two successive orders or architecture, the lower being the Roman Doric and the upper the Corinthian. The third story recedes, and is decorated with a full composite entablature. Opposite the City Hall is the Court House, in the centre of the public square. This is a very heavy, massive structure of gray stone, and is the best specimen of the Grecian Doric order in the city—exceedingly sober and dignified in its aspect, and sufficiently commodious. The City Hospital is a large and very creditable pile of stone and brick, with an occasional glimpse of Corinthian ambition, graceful enough in outline, ample in dimensions, and located in the centre of the prettiest open square in the city. There are received and treated here about 2,500 patients per annum. Uncle Sam is represented by the Custom House—a solemn, heavy building, constructed of Quincy granite in the severest mood of Grecian art, and as barren of ornament as a rough-hewn ashlar. The Custom House was erected to accommodate the needs and tastes of a community less than half as large as the Louisville of 1880, and measures are on foot looking to the erection of a building which will compare favorably with the operations and requirements of the times. There is very little doubt that these efforts will succeed, as the Custom House is entirely inadequate to the accommodation of the many departments of the public service which are confined within its walls. The Marine Hospital is an extensive and conveniently constructed pile, which presents no points of special interest.

Our special artist presents an excellent sketch of the city from a point of view looking to the south-west. Partly on account of the merits of the point of observation selected, the sketch will probably be recognized as one of the best ever taken. Many objects of interest will be readily recognized by those acquainted with the subject of the sketch. We also give sketches of the Board of Trade rooms, and will in a future number present views of the objects of interest.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Minnesota and New Jersey Democrats last week elected uninstructed delegations to the Cincinnati Convention.

THE Virginia Conservatives in State Convention last week, elected delegates to the Cincinnati Convention favorable to the nomination of Judge Field.

IN the California Democratic Convention a vote on Presidential preferences resulted: Thurman, 173; Tilden, 76; Seymour, 75. An unpledged delegation was elected.

THE Mississippi Greenbackers have selected delegates to the National Greenback Labor Convention, which meets at Chicago on June 9th. The delegates were authorized to select electors.

THE Pennsylvania State Prohibition Convention last week nominated George F. Turner for Auditor-General, and elected a list of delegates to the National Convention which meets in Cleveland, June 17th.

THE Minnesota delegates to the Republican National Convention are instructed to support Senator Windom for President, but seven of the ten delegates are for Blaine. Nebraska has elected a solid Blaine delegation. Dakota has chosen delegates favorable to Windom or Blaine.

SENATOR GORDON of Georgia has resigned his seat and ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown has been appointed to succeeded him. The more radical portion of the Democracy of Georgia strongly denounced Governor Brown's appointment on the ground that he does not truly represent the party sentiment.

THE ILLINOIS REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Illinois Republican Convention, which is likely to be historic because of its important bearing upon the struggle for the Presidential nomination, was in session three days. On the second day the Committee on Credentials submitted three reports, one in favor of admitting a full Grant delegation from Cook County, one in favor of a full Blaine-Washburne delegation, and one in favor of a compromise delegation numbering thirty-six Grant and fifty-six anti-Grant delegates. The last one was adopted by a vote of 241 to 261. The convention finally passed a resolution declaring Grant to be the choice of the Republicans of Illinois by a vote of 386 to 307, and then referred the selection of the delegates to the National Convention to a committee, thus usurping the rights of the district caucuses, many of which had already chosen Blaine delegates. On the third day the committee reported a list of delegates, all of whom are pledged to Grant, and the convention thereupon passed a resolution directing the delegation to vote as a unit for him, eight of the disfranchised districts entering a formal protest against the whole proceeding. Governor Cullom was nominated for re-election, with George M. Hamilton for Lieutenant-Governor. The convention was marked throughout by great excitement, and while the result was in every way favorable to the Grant managers, the effect upon the party fortunes may prove otherwise than gratifying in the canvass for State officers.

SOME GOVERNMENT APPROPRIATIONS.

THE Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, which was reported to the House May 21st, appropriates in the aggregate $20,729,987. The estimates aggregated $24,374,026.41. The Bill exceeds last year's by $1,256,963.49. Among the new items are: $130,169 to continue the work on the Washington monument; $150,000 for the Mississippi River Commission; $10,000 for the purchase of the Confederate Post Office records; $2,846,543 for public buildings. Still other items are: For taking the tenth census, $2,825,000; for public printing, $1,600,000; for the lighthouse establishment, $1,274,000, including $150,000 for lights and buoys on the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri rivers; for the Signal Service, $375,000 are appropriated.

Lima, Peru.

A CORRESPONDENT traveling in Peru says that Lima now has about 150,000 inhabitants, and looks like a European city. It is lighted by gas, and it has water-works, street-cars, hacks and all the modern improvements. The stores, nearly all owned by foreigners, are many of them, magnificent. But the greatest financial depression now exists. The currency is sufficiently inflated to suit the most extravagant Greenbacker. Although a silver-producing country, there is no silver. The metallic currency is nickel, the largest piece being a real, one-tenth of a dollar, and it is about the size of our five-cent nickel coin. The medio, or half-real, one-twentieth of a dollar, is only one-third the size of their real. There are no silver dollars—no silver of any denomination. It has crawled away to hide. But they have plenty of paper money. The price of paper is exorbitantly high. Eggs are four reals—forty cents—apiece; beefsteak, eight reals—eighty cents—a pound; butter that comes over the mountains and is good, $1.50 a pound.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New House of Commons.

The new English Parliament assembled on Thursday, April 29th, for organization. On the morrow the ceremony of taking the oath of allegiance to the Queen and signing the roll was begun by the Speaker. But first the right honorable gentleman was summoned by "Black Rod" to the House of Lords. There he was graciously assured by the Lord Chancellor that her Majesty had "most readily" approved and confirmed him as Speaker. Safe in the haven of his own Chair again, the Speaker duly informed honorable members that he had in the Upper House "laid claim to all your ancient rights and privileges—freedom of speech in debate, freedom of arrest for your persons and servants, freedom of access to her Majesty the Queen whenever occasion may require, and that the most favorable construction may be placed upon all your proceedings." Throughout the afternoon the example set by the Speaker was expeditiously followed, and a goodly number of Commoners took the usual simple oath of allegiance, standing round the two additional tables placed for their convenience as they read the words from the tables each held. One by one—the new members instructed by the Clerk—they thereafter pass down on the Ministerial side of the Treasury table, and subscribed their names in the book in the manner illustrated. On Thursday, May 20th, Parliament re-assembled. The Queen's Speech was read by Lord Selborne, Lord High Chancellor. The House of Commons was crowded, but the attendance in the House of Peers was meagre.

The United States Ship "Constellation."

The United States Relief Ship *Constellation* reached Queenstown, in Cork Harbor, on April 26th, and a few days afterwards His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Rear Admiral R. N., commanding the reserve, officially received the American naval commander, Captain E. Potter, on board H. M. S. *Lively*, dispatch-vessel, and bade him welcome to Great Britain's shores, heartily thanking him and the United States Government and people for their signal act of kindness to a portion of the Queen's subjects. After the exchange of friendly civilities, his Royal Highness speedily arranged with Captain Potter the manner in which the stores brought by the *Constellation* were to be transhipped to the flotilla of gunboats which were to convey them to different parts along the west coast of Ireland. On the 24th the Duke with his staff returned the visit. He was received by Captain Potter and all the officers, also Colonel King Harman, Rev. Dr. Hepworth (the Commissioner of the New York *Herald* Relief Fund), Major Gaskill, and others. The utmost good feeling prevailed, but as the practical work was of the first importance, the visit was not prolonged. The Stars and Stripes, in honor of the United States, were displayed from the fore of all Her Majesty's ships of the Relief Squadron.

The Return of the "Vega" to Stockholm.

Nordenskjöld, on the 24th of April, completed his famous voyage, having on that day reached Stockholm in the *Vega*, Captain Palander, after sailing past the north of Europe and Asia, descending around the latter continent and passing through the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean, Atlantic and Baltic to Stockholm. Our illustration shows the grand reception that awaited him. The hills were all lighted up, a guard of steamers gay with bunting escorted him up to the landing where the hereditary Prince of Sweden, with a host of civil and military authorities, awaited him in the midst of a countless multitude of the people. The whole city was lighted up, and the fireworks made it look like a scene in fairy-land. The next day a solemn service of thanksgiving was offered up in the Castle chapel, and in the evening a grand banquet was given to all the members of the expedition.

International Fisheries Exhibition.

This exhibition was opened on April 28th by the Crown Prince of Prussia and Germany, in the Agricultural Museum at Berlin, of which we give an illustration. It is very extensive and various, both as regards the interesting collection of living fish, and that of many descriptions of fishing-tackle, which have been gathered from all parts of the world, and the great variety of smoked, preserved and tinned fish. China, Japan, Holland, Germany, America, England, Russia, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Austria Hungary are all more or less represented. It is, in fact, as the Commissioner of the United States remarked, "a union of all nations of the earth in a comparative and competitive display of the wealth of their rivers, lakes and seas, and the ingenuity with which the inhabitants of the waters are laid under contribution to furnish food, clothing and ornament for mankind."

Fine Arts Exposition, Turin.

This Exposition was opened on the 25th of April by King Humbert, attended by Cairoli, President of the Council and Vile Minister of the Interior. As all the artists of Italy responded to the call, the Exhibition, in the number and value of the paintings, is worthy of the palace. This stands in one of the finest quarters of Turin, that of the old Parade. It is a quadrilateral about 600 feet long by 200 feet deep, fronting on Sicmarn Street. The façade comprises a pavilion with an attic, and on either side porches with three arcades. The interior is divided into three galleries, that in the centre devoted to sculpture, those at the sides to paintings. There is an annex set apart for industrial art products. The ceremony of inauguration took place in the vestibule and grand saloon at the entrance of the palace.

The New Hotel des Postes, Paris.

The post-office at Paris is a series of buildings successfully added to an old historic edifice now black and tottering with age, the Hotel Fleurand Armenonville. It once belonged to the family of Paul de Gondy, then to Harvart, a great financier, but since 1750 has been the post office. Additions were made from time to time in different directions requiring a perfect labyrinth of corridors and staircases, which rendered the whole as unfitted as possible for the immense postal service of the French capital. The Government has now resolved to demolish it and erect an edifice worthy of the country. Meanwhile the postal business will be transferred to the Place du Carrousel and the wing of the buildings in the Rue de Rivoli. The streets adjoining the site of the new post-office will be widened and the new building will occupy a whole block facing on the Rue aux Ours, Rue du Louvre, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, and a new street not yet named. The public will enter on the Rue du Louvre, the mail wagons on Rue aux Ours. The building will be solid and commodious without pretensions to architectural elegance and will cost eight and a half millions of francs.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A DISPLAY of American plants is to be held annually in Hyde Park, London.

—MANY Jesuits will leave France for this country when the decrees against them are enforced.

—RUSSIAN students are now forbidden to marry, and those who violate this rule are to be expelled from the university.

—THE Literary Congress at Lisbon, which was to have been held in June during the festivities in honor of the poet De Camoens, has been postponed to September 15th.

—THREE-FOURTHS of all the Baptist churches in the country are in the South. The membership of this denomination in the Southern States is 1,500,000, of whom 900,000 are colored.

—A FURTHER concession is said to have been granted to the Old Believers in Russia. The churches from which they were violently excluded forty years ago are to be restored to them.

—A TELEGRAM from Jackson, Tenn., says the Supreme Court has decided that the taxing district of Memphis is the successor of the City of Memphis, and is therefore liable for its contracts.

—THE persons who wrecked a train on the Andalusian Railway, in Spain, recently, have been court-martialed. Thirteen of them were sentenced to death and thirteen to imprisonment for twenty years.

—A SUPPOSED relic of Sir John Franklin's expedition has been pulled up off Shearness by a fisherman. It is a large wooden-stocked anchor marked *Terror*, and is believed to have belonged to the unfortunate vessel lost with the *Erebus* in 1845-46.

—THE losses by the recent fire which destroyed the town of Milton, Pa., amounted to $1,100,000. Over 600 houses were burned. For some days after the fire, hundreds of homeless people lived in tents. All the surrounding towns contributed liberally to the relief of the sufferers.

—THE engine of the train which went down with the Tay Bridge has been raised, and the reversing-bar shows that the engineer had not time to reverse the engine before he went over. The recent evidence shows that the train and bridge fell together, and before the former left the track.

—APPLICATIONS for space at the Melbourne Exhibition are pouring in, especially from the United States and France. The Exhibition at Sydney closed on April 20th. The exhibits numbered 14,000 and the awards 7,370. The number of admissions was 1,020,000, and the receipts were $225,000.

—THE Caucasian authorities hope to complete the military road connecting Alexandropol with Kars by the beginning of June. The road was begun last year, and is calculated to have cost upwards of $6,000 a mile, though the ground is singularly easy. The military road joining Kars with Batoum is already finished.

—GERMANY continues to fortify herself on her eastern frontier. Not content with strategic railways and intrenched camps, she is building forts around the largest fortresses. For instance, in the present year around Königsberg, in Prussia proper, ten forts will be completed, and an eleventh at Neuendorf will be begun.

—THE following operas have been prohibited by the Government of St. Petersburg: "Boris Godunow," by M. Mussogorski; "The Death of Ivan the Terrible" (English type not available for the original Russian title), by M. Tolstoi; and "Wassiliesa Melentjewa," by M. Ostrowski. It has been stated that the prohibition is attributable to political fears.

—IN Belgium there are 40,000 persons engaged in braiding straw hats, and 6,000 in sewing hats. The yearly income accruing to these workers is 4,000,000 francs. The greater part of this amount represents labor, the value of the raw material being very small. The larger portion of the material is wheat straw, cut before it is quite ripe and bleached in the sun.

—"THE Temple of Glory of Russia" is the name of the building which it is proposed to erect in St. Petersburg, on Vasilievsky Island, just opposite the Winter Palace. The form of the building will be similar to that of the crown of Vladimir Monomach, a brave prince of the eleventh century, and the internal arrangements are to represent the history of Russia.

—THE workingmen of California have adopted a comprehensive platform. It is anti-Chinese, anti-subsidy, anti-national banks, anti-monopoly, and favoring greenbacks, Government control of corporations, female enfranchisement, compulsory education, the creating by tax of a fund to be used in assisting heads of families in settling on public lands, and the election of President and Vice-President of the United States and Postmasters by a direct vote of the people.

—PARIS has 365 miles of paved streets. Stone blocks are used on 264 miles, macadam on 82 miles, and asphalt on 19 miles. The macadam has been abandoned on account of the expense of maintaining it in good order and the impossibility of keeping it free from mud or dust. The cost in Paris for stone-block pavement has been $2.99 the square yard, against $2.10 for the asphalt. In Washington the new stone block pavements have cost on an average only $1.30, and the asphalt $1.47.

—BULGARIA is a nice kind of a place to live in. A resident says that when three or four armed Bulgarians meet an unarmed Turk alone, they generally cut off his head; and when three or four Turks meet a Bulgarian under similar circumstances, they generally cut off his head. When the Turk loses his head the case is ended, but when the dead Bulgarian is found there is an inquiry. Turks are arrested and examined, and encouraged to speak the truth by the application of red-hot irons to the soles of their feet.

—THE grand opening musical festival took place at the London Crystal Palace on May 1st, and was an immense success. The prima donna, Mme. Marie Roze, met a most enthusiastic reception upon making her appearance, and at the conclusion of each of her pieces received a perfect ovation. The other artists were Mme. Trebelli, Miss Patey, Mr. Lloyd and Signor Foli, and all met with deserved success. At the conclusion of the festival there was a grand Venetian *fête* in the gardens, which were magnificently illuminated, while the united bands of Her Majesty's Guards played. Over twenty thousand people were present.

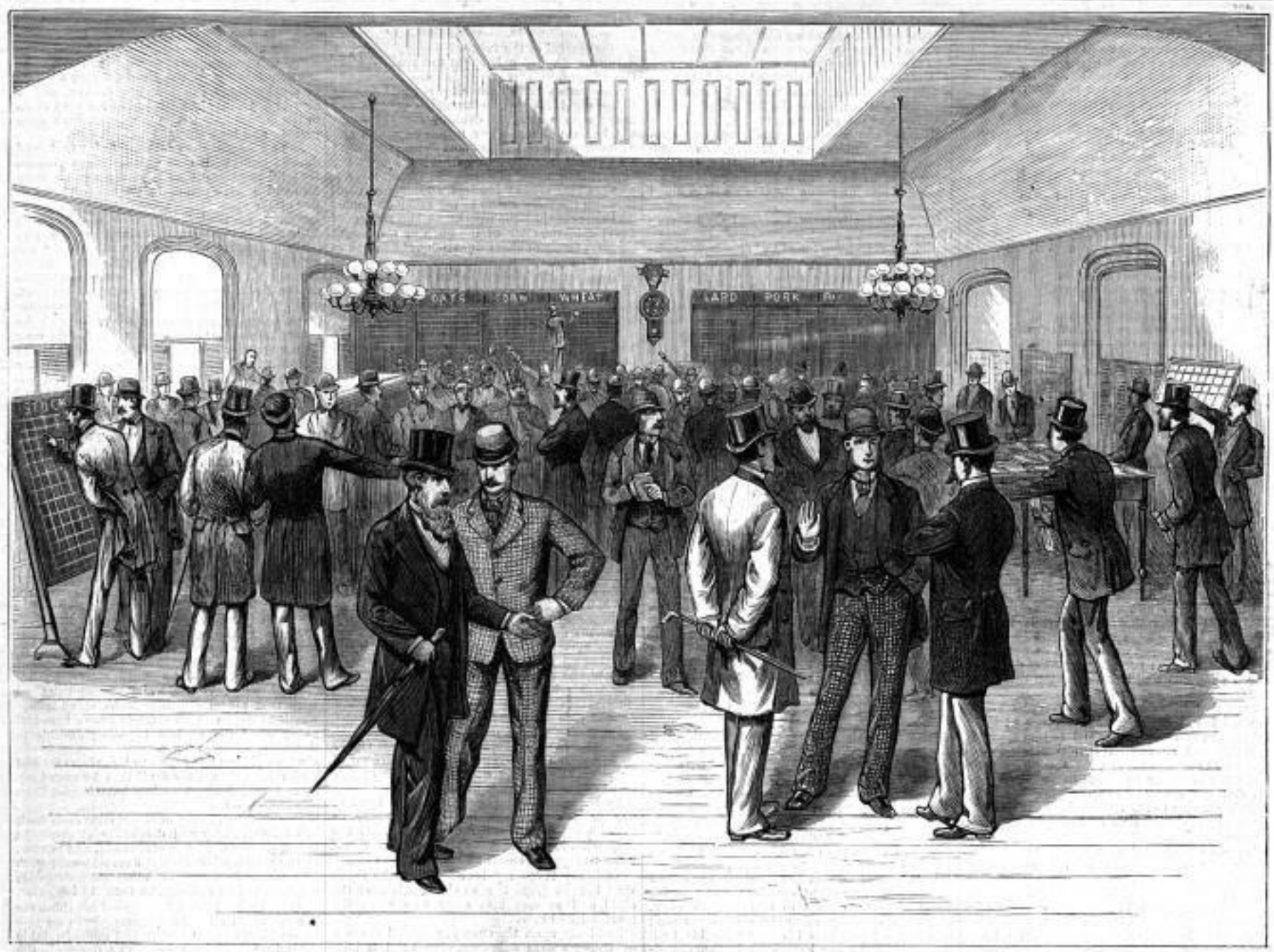
—THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session at Madison, Wis., embraces nearly 300 delegates, ministers and elders from the thirty-eight Synods in this country, which include 170 Presbyteries. The strength of the denomination is shown by a few figures. In 1879 there were 5,415 churches, 4,938 ministers, 574,486 communicants and 614,774 Sunday-school members. To support these churches $6,311,765 was contributed by their congregations, while to Home Missions $190,683 was given, and to Foreign Missions $261,658. For all purposes the amount of money raised aggregated $8,298,013. In the care of the denomination are thirteen theological seminaries, with 534 students for the year, and 161 were graduated. The consideration of all these interests come within the scope of the General Assembly.

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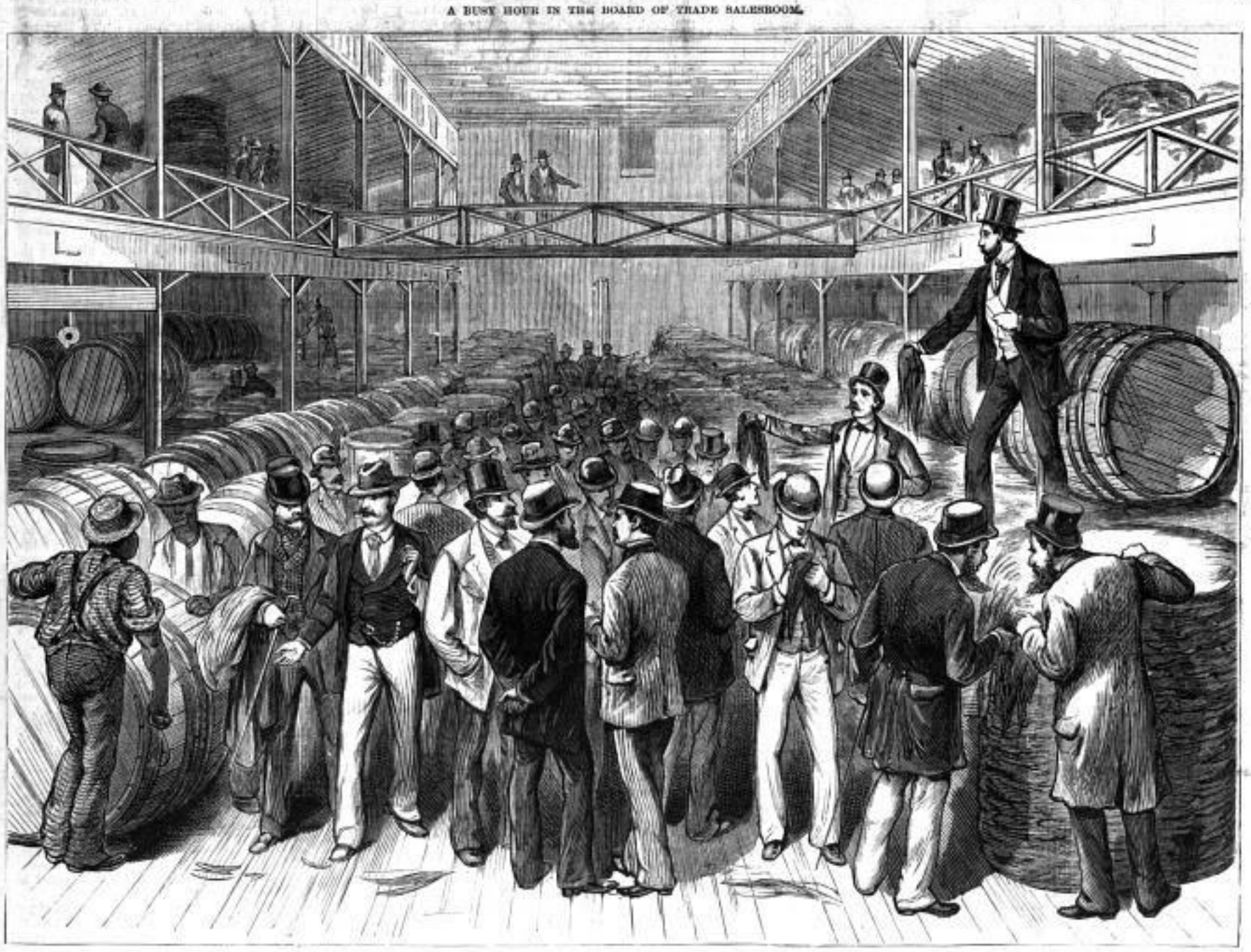


KENTUCKY.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—VIEW OF THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE, FROM THE DOME OF THE INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 222.

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A BUSY HOUR IN THE BOARD OF TRADE SALESROOM.



THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY.—A SALE OF TOBACCO AT AUCTION IN THE LOUISVILLE WAREHOUSE.

KENTUCKY.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—THE TOBACCO AND GRAIN INTERESTS OF LOUISVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 222.

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THE YOUNG LOVE AND THE OLD.

OH, the young love was sweet, dear,
The dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in Spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions best, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
Oh, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sere and silent ways,
When earth has lost its glory,
And heav'n has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
That gilds the Autumn day!

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

Author of "IN THE MEADS," etc.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

IN Toboskie's soul is a great doubt of this woman, over whom more than one man has well nigh gone mad. She confronts him in her sunny *insouciant* youth, with a dazzling smile upon her perfect lips, and her eyes shining like Summer seas. Still his keen instincts, swifter and more unerring than an Indian's, tell him that something is lacking in her soul. She has spoken carelessly, naturally; she, this queen of fashion, this pet of the high-bred throng; yet that growing doubt of her is upon him, and he tells himself that Jack Ashhurst's wife has lied to him.

Still, though his soul is for ever above and beyond her, though in all the years of their future she can never awaken in him that immutable and reverential love that is characteristic of the men of his race, though he feels her utter falsity and want of soul, still, despite all this, the sensuous grace of her Southern beauty appeals to his senses. He feels a blind, dizzy passion seize him as her eyes and lips smile up at him.

To his eyes, dazed as they are by passion, there is a vast invitation in her manner. Their surroundings fade away; he sees only that dazzling face, and bends lower and lower above it, while his breath breaks from him heavily.

Then suddenly his senses return—they have been literally swept away in that swift gust of passion—and he straightens himself, while his eyes flash. In this moment an utter hatred of himself rushes into his soul; he knows how near he has been to weakness, how nearly this woman has swept away that haughty self-containment which has been his pride, and a loathing both of her and himself deepens upon him.

And she has seen that sudden, irresistible, bending towards her, and is well pleased. She vows to have this man at her feet. She believes that it can be done by that swift weakness that so nearly overpowered him. Gypsy is not a bad woman; perhaps in all that throng there is no truer wife than Jack Ashhurst's. Between themselves there is a perfect understanding, and in Jack's breast confidence unlimited.

It pleases him that she is admired, and all her conquests are known to him. Never has she deceived him in any point, never could she be prouder of her triumphs than is he.

Now a deliberate resolution has fastened upon her to win this man's love. He is different from her past victims. Quite possibly she has seen handsomer men—in fact, she is sure that she has—but never one so haughty and regal, so proudly unapproachable. His general appearance is that of ice. His eyes are dark and keen as an eagle's, and flash at times like sun's rays upon an iceberg; his features straight and clear; his lips being thin and tightly compressed, and holding around them deep lines that tell of a dominant will. He is a man born to command, and although yet young, being not over thirty, has already celebrated himself in his own country as a powerful statesman, a just ruler and a man invulnerable to the charms of women, though always treating them with the courtliest deference, and never by any means shunning their society. Jack Ashhurst's wife, young and *insouciant* as she is, has a native ability for reading countenances. And, looking up now into the dark and icy visage of her companion, she knows that fierce passions slumber in his nature, or are restrained by an iron hand. She knows that some day he will awaken to love—a love that shall possess him like a mighty tempest—that shall smite his pride and self-security to the dust; that shall call crime holy, guilt sacred, if they but gain him the object of his incomputable passion.

It is something new, this wild, fierce, but suppressed nature of the man, and again she vows that for *her* this new life of love shall be awakened, that upon *her* shall centre all the overwhelming force of that passionate and dominant soul.

And at the same time, he, too, is busy with his thoughts. He is well aware that her beauty for an instant enthralled him as with a sorceress's spell. Yet he swears that never again, whatever the future may hold for him, shall he be betrayed into such weakness—weakness born of her. And he will keep his vow; in that wild, swift gust of passion, Clair Ashhurst's power over him began and ended. There is nothing in her antagonistic to him; it cannot be dignified by that title. But he has a terrible shrinking of her. There is in her nature something lacking that places an insurmountable barrier between them—that lifts him forever above her power.

A strange silence has come between them—a silence which he now breaks by resuming the conversation where she left off.

"And had she no friends?"

"None; she was the granddaughter of an impoverished nobleman, I believe. Jack collected all he could about her history, and has it saved in writing. Strange to say, although she was born in Greece, there is Russian blood in her."

Toboskie looks interested, and Gypsy continues:

"There is Russian blood in her—Jack ascertained to a certainty. And there is a lot of property somewhere around St. Petersburg that is hers by law. When Jack and Maize and I spend all our money, we are going to emigrate to Russia and pick up the stray wealth around there," she speaks, laughingly, and he sees that her eyes always brighten when she mentions the child. That she is sincerely attached to it he cannot doubt.

"And when am I to see 'Jack?'" says Toboskie, with a smile.

"Poor, dear Jack," ejaculates Gypsy, and the corners of her mouth go down. "He is laid up with the gout. And the *best* husband;" beyond doubt these are Gypsy's honest sentiments; still, she shoots a little upward glance at her companion. As a usual thing men do not accept this unqualified praise of their rival with cheerfulness, but in that dark, clear-cut face she can trace no signs of disquiet. "He *would* make me come down to-night; he is so unselfish. But I run up every hour and see him. By the way, it is time that I should go now. Won't you go with me? It would cheer Jack up so. And it's only a step." The great, azure eyes are turned fully upon him, and he cannot refuse without rudeness.

Accordingly, he professes his delight at the prospect of "cheering up Jack," and, giving her his arm, they leave the ballroom.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RESCUE.

THROUGH the hall, up the broad stairs, and then through another hall, they go, Jack Ashhurst's wife talking blithely as they leisurely proceed. Finally, they pause at the commencement of a suite of rooms, and, throwing open the door, Gypsy ushers her companion into her private parlor, wherein sits great, honest, handsome Jack Ashhurst, reading the *Turf and Farm*, with his unruly foot propped upon a chair.

It is not often that Lord Toboskie is seized with sudden or violent emotions, but now his heart instantly warms to this English peer, and they speedily enter into conversation; and, while he charms his host with his brilliancy, his eyes are busy with his surroundings. There is nothing of the "hotel" about this apartment. It is airy, home-like and daintily perfect. Upon the walls hang paintings by Murillo, Carracci and Guido. *Bric-à-brac* is strewn promiscuously around, and here, too, are memories of Rome, Venice and Dresden. Suddenly the door of the apartment opens, and a lady enters. She is tall, above the average height of women, and extremely slender. Her hair is black, with that soft, purple darkness seen only in Spaniards; her eyes are of the same hue, deep-set, and born with a peculiar magnetic fire; her complexion is dark, amounting almost to swarthiness, and her lips are thin and straightly shaped; her brow, broad and denoting a powerful intellect, though one, he is inclined to think, wasted. She wears her hair drawn straight back from her forehead, and is dressed plainly in black, though in good taste. She is, he should think, thirty years old.

She advances with ease and dignity, and is introduced by Gypsy as "My dear friend and companion, Mrs. Gabaudie."

The conversation now becomes general; and during a lull, Gypsy turns to her companion with the question:

"Is Maize abed?"

"Yes. She was not well, and I sent her to her room quite early," answers the dark lady.

Lady Ashhurst starts in some alarm.

"Not well?" she says. "I must see her," and crosses the room. Lord Toboskie's gaze follows her as she passes into the next apartment, which she also crosses, and opens the door of the chamber beyond.

He sees her stand for an instant as though petrified, then recoil and fling up her soft, jeweled hands with a sharp cry of horror. Then from the opened door rushes a flood of smoke, before which Lady Ashhurst turns and speeds back to the parlor. Her face is blanched to the hue of marble, and she runs straight to the Russian.

"Fire! Save her!—oh, *save her!*" The words break from her in a hoarse, choked cry, and every one springs to his feet.

In an instant Toboskie has rushed through the long suite, and stands upon the threshold of the furthest chamber. The windows being up, the smoke principally escapes into the outer air; only the red flames of the fire fill the room—the pitiless fire that leaps and sparkles and fastens on all the soft drapery of the chamber.

And through the flames and heat, standing in the centre of the burning circle, he sees a small white-robed figure. All the long mass of golden hair falls down over her snowy robe; and through the fire her great solemn eyes meet his in that strong mysterious expression, now intensified, that holds him for an instant entranced.

A great shudder creeps through all the length and breadth of his magnificent frame, and his eyes are fastened upon her. He has seen all this before—in fancy. Her eyes have haunted him, and always with them has come this picture—the fire, the spirit and martyrdom—the soul struggling upwards to its high attainments through the purification of the flames.

Is it typical of the future?

But he is speedily brought to a realization of the present.

The flames have drawn nearer and nearer to the child. A swift convulsion crosses her face; with a gasping, choking cry she flings out her small arms, her form sways and she drops downward to the floor. With one bound he gains her side, and, gathering her in his arms, flings over her face and shoulders a blanket that lays at his feet, and speeds back through the fiery circle to the outer chamber. At the same time the watchman and assistants burst open the door of the burning room, and the fire, being of short duration, is soon under their control.

Everything has been done quietly, and below the gay throngs dance on unconscious of the hair's-breadth that separated them from a tragedy.

In the parlor of the Ashhursts' Jack's wife wrings her hands, and alternately cries and laughs in a most hysterical manner. Her face is pallid, her eyes wild and still terrified. Jack himself is somewhat pale, as he hobbles across to his darling, whom the Russian still holds tightly in his arms.

Only the dark lady has any semblance of composure, and she, too, crosses to the child, evidently with the intention of ascertaining the extent of her injury, which is comparatively slight. She lies pale and apparently lifeless in his arms, her head thrown backwards against his breast, the straight, clear-cut features gleaming like a cameo, and all the long flood of golden hair sweeping downwards over his arm.

"Maize, my darling!" Honest Jack Ashhurst's voice quivers and is husky, as he bends over the child just plucked from death. "Oh, Maize; oh, my sweet love! oh, my dear—my dear!" Like a rush of south wind Gypsy springs from a couch upon which she has thrown herself in her frantic terror, and flies to the child. She bends low above her, and winds her lovely white arm around the small form that the ambassador still holds. All the rich color has faded from her cheeks, leaving her pale but beautiful as an angel. Around her slight form sweep the soft riches of her silken robes, and in the nut-brown of her hair and around the rich contour of her throat gleam diamonds fit for a princess.

By her side is stationed the sable form of her dark companion, her swarthy face as emotionless as stone, her eyes bent upon the lady who, in a perfect abandonment of weakness, wrings her hands and sobs like a child.

"Oh, my love—my love!" again the shrill wail breaks from her, as she bends over the child, and presses kiss after kiss upon the marble-like brow.

Suddenly upon the snowy, rounded surface of Gypsy's arm a brown, slim hand is lain. Toboskie notices this without raising his eyes, and also observes how the four dark fingers press tighter and tighter upon the soft flesh.

Involuntarily glancing at Gypsy's face he sees the lips quiver convulsively, and a frown creases the smooth beauty of her brow. At first he is sure that she makes an effort to withdraw from that powerful touch; then her arm lies passively, while gradually her sobs cease; and with one final convulsion in her pallid face, as if occasioned by actual pain, she slowly withdraws her gaze from the child and fastens it upon her companion.

Toboskie also glances at the woman. In her eyes is a chill, powerful gleam that dazzles like lightning—a gleam that reveals to him the wonderful mesmeric power of this soul.

"Well?" Jack Ashhurst's wife puts the question, looking helplessly into the fathomless eyes of her companion.

"You are excited, Lady Ashhurst, and can do no good. Don't you think it would be better for you to sit down and leave me to attend to this?" Her voice is smooth and natural and honest. Unsuspicious Jack has observed nothing unusual in this circumstance; but Toboskie notices the dog-like humility with which Gypsy obeys the unspoken command and sinks in a chair.

Then her companion turns to him:

"Give me the child, my lord, if you please." The words are simple, but they rouse a fierce wrath in him.

"I will hold her myself if Lord Jack does not object," he says, calmly.

"Certainly not. Shall be delighted if you will be so kind," replies Jack, who, between his recent excitement and the pangs of his abused member, is well-nigh destracted.

The woman fastens the full light of her fathomless eyes upon Toboskie in a steady and peculiar gaze; but his own never waver. He sees the gathering, scintillating gleams, and the red light that speaks of wrath as well as power. He sees her take a step nearer him, while her eyes deepen in their mysterious splendor. He knows how terrible must be this will that he is combatting to a weaker spirit, but the haughty supremacy of his own matchless strength never wavers. Between them is that steady, continued stare while two powerful wills struggle for ascendency.

Finally the woman sees how useless are her efforts to subdue the mighty force of this man's icy and immovable character, and, dropping her arms, turns away. For the first time her peculiar power has been resisted successfully, but Toboskie knows that in her he has made a bitter and implacable enemy for all eternity.

"Is she burnt much?" groans Jack, struggling with his own pangs.

"Comparatively very little; one poor little arm is considerably blistered, and must necessarily be very painful, but not serious," says Toboskie, gently lifting the injured member, he having lain Maize upon a sofa and seated himself beside her.

The Dark Lady, as he always designates her in his mind, now returns with lint and washes, and places them upon a stand by his side. There is something amounting almost to stolidity in her excessive calm as she stands silently above him. Gypsy lies, motionless as a statue, upon a distant divan. And now over the countenance of the child flickers a gleam of awakening life. The lips quiver, and a scarlet flush creeps upwards to the very roots of the golden hair; then the great, dark eyes unclose and look straight into his own.

For an instant she continues to lay mute and dazed; then, with that quick, defiant gesture that he remembers so well, she recoils from him and a flash comes in the shadowy splendor of her eyes.

"Jack, oh, *Jack!*" There is a convulsive little ring in the voice that started so bravely, and the faintest auspicion of a sob, as the excruciating pain of the burnt flesh shoots through all her frame. With a mad disregard of the gout, Jack hastily gets upon his feet, and again valiantly hobbles across the room.

"What is it, my darling, my little pet?" he cries, bending above her. "Oh, Lord! look at her arm!" recoiling suddenly at sight of the red, blistered flesh, where the sleeve of her nightgown hangs in black and charred remains. "Good mercy! what a —— shame! I'll have every man arrested in this house. I'll make somebody pay dear for this heathenish carelessness. Tell me, darling, if you can, who set the room on fire? Only let me find out and I'll—— There, then, dear, *don't* cry!"

"*Dear* Jack, I am not going to cry," murmurs the child, and a ghastly attempt at a smile flits athwart her pallid lips. "But Jack, *couldn't* you do something for my arm? And take *him* away!" She jerks her golden head in the direction of the Russian, who has given way to his host.

Honest, tender-hearted Jack is instantly plunged in the direst confusion at this last request, and bends over her in alarm.

"Don't be uncivil, Maize," he begs, in an undertone. "Why, good fathers, child! *he* saved your life, in all probability!"

Jack and the ambassador stand alone now beside the child—the Dark Lady having crossed to Gypsy—and Maize, raising her head with that proud uplifting, looks steadily upwards at the two men bending above her, and every word, though low, is plainly audible to them.

"I would not have gone to him; he came and took me. It is not my fault that he saved my life. I would much rather have burned than had *him* save me!"

During the delivery of this civil speech Jack has made sundry and desperate attempts to check the flood of her eloquence, and is now, at the termination, almost overwhelmed with confusion. Feeling that the occasion demands some sort of an apology, he turns to his guest.

"Don't mind her—I hope you don't think for a moment," he begins, vaguely. "Maize is—er—subject to most violent and unaccountable prejudices. In fact, there isn't a person in the world that she doesn't detest," he tells this lie unblushingly, and continues with a long preamble, with the laudable intention of preventing any tender speech Miss Maize may have in waiting.

"My dear sir, I don't 'mind' in the least," cheerfully affirms the hero of the evening; "to the contrary, I am very fond of this sort of thing." The fervency with which he attests to this falsehood causes Jack to look at him dubiously. "It is but natural that Miss Maize should detest me; twice I have been unfortunate enough to do the young lady a favor—once I rescued her from a wetting, and to-night I saved her from the flames. Since the world stood, that has been sufficient cause for enmity on the side of the favored."

A queer, half-abashed look steals over the child's face, which also shows plainly the tokens of a desperate struggle. Then suddenly it ceases, and propping herself up with her well arm, she lifts its burnt and aching fellow-member and extends it to Toboskie.

There is something inestimably touching in the simple gesture, telling that even her pride and enmity shall be sacrificed to justice; and he looks first at the small quivering hand and then at the pallid face. It must be confessed that there is nothing nearly so amicable as the gesture in the gaze that meets his. There is a suppressed hostile gleam still in those splendid eyes that shows him her flag of truce is raised under decided protest.

Jack, just made aware of the absence of his wife, has hopped over to ascertain the extent of Gypsy's ailments, and Toboskie and the child are briefly alone.

"I am sure," she says, stiffly, and he sees it is with difficulty that she can force her lips to frame the words, so great is the growing pain of her burns—"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," and she furthermore humbles herself by pressing her hand upon him in the form of a vicious little thrust.

But he refuses to take it, and bends above her.

"No," he says, half-laughing. "Let it be an even warfare between us. As you justly say, you did not *ask* me to rescue you, and I should have done the same for any chambermaid in the house; you are under no obligations. If you were hostile to me an hour ago, there is no earthly reason why you should deny yourself that pleasure now."

The little hand drops, and she sinks back upon the pillows with signs of evident relief, that can be anything but flattering to her rescuer.

Jack and his wife now come to Maize, both suggesting a thousand impossible remedies that would be of no earthly use to the sufferer, and wildly impatient for the arrival of the doctor, for whom every available servant in the house has been dispatched.

The consequences are that in five minutes one after another of the reports are sent in, to the effect that not a doctor can be procured for love or money.

Jack immediately launches forth into vindictive abuse of the whole medical profession,

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while Gypsy, again bathed in tears, persecutes the sufferer with constant inquiries as to "How she feels," "And if it hurts her much," and "If she won't have her arm bathed in lavender-water." The child bears her pain with a Spartan heroism, but her face blanches more and more, and her eyes are a trifle wild and agonized.

"What *shall* we do?" groans distracted Jack.

"I have had some slight experience in surgical matters," begins his guest, stiffly, perfectly conscious that if the child have her own way his services will be promptly declined, "and if——"

"Oh! I should be *so* thankful!" interrupts Gypsy, frantically. "*Do*—do something for her, Lord Toboskie! Oh, the poor child! *See* how she suffers!"

He sees a fierce objection in the pain-filled eyes of the child; but with a manner that announces his determination of taking the case wholly in his own hands, he kneels beside the couch and examines the injured arm. Then he calls for scissors, which are speedily supplied him, and, without one glance at the little white face, but with inestimable gentleness, proceeds to cut away the burnt skin and growing blisters.

It is an agonizing operation for the child, and as she lies back upon the couch with closed eyes, anon a suppressed groan breaks from her twitching lips. Finally, he has the torn and useless flesh removed, then proceeds, somewhat awkwardly, it is true, to bind the arm in a simple ointment, the ingredients of which have been supplied him by Mrs. Gabaudie, who now stands beside him.

"In knowledge you are irreproachable, but in practice a trifle *maussir*," she says, courteously. "Perhaps *I* can be of some service in bandaging."

He bows and politely gives way. She kneels beside Maize, and softly taking up her arm, proceeds to bind it up. Toboskie watches her, unconsciously interested. All her gestures are slow and graceful and full of magnetic rest. There is about her, in moments of tranquillity, a soothing, slumberous influence that makes itself conscious to those in her vicinity. There is an inestimable ease in all her manners.

Until this moment he has seen in her nothing positively beautiful, though no one could doubt her refined extraction. Now, as he watches her hands, he is struck with their beauty. They are more perfect than sculptured marble, because they possess wondrous character. In shade, like her face, they are a rich olive, interlaced with just a suggestion of dark-blue veins. In the palms a pink flush, heart-shaped, breaks through the darker shade, across which lead straight and perfect lines. The fingers are slender and exceedingly tapering, with rounded, delicate nails, through which breaks faintly that same soft tint of the palms.

It is a wondrous delicate hand, softer than satin, he knows, yet as it trifles in its idle, slumberous grace over the details of the bandaging, there is in it an *expression*—I use the word advisedly—of marvelous and incomputable power—a power that would surmount every earthly obstacle, and even cope with heaven for a coveted boon. All the hidden, mysterious soul of this woman, all the strength and fire and passion repressed from the icy exterior, claim existence in her hands.

And he sees, too, that her touch is soothing to the sufferer. She lies more quietly, and her eyes close, but not with that spasmodic compression borne of great agony.

The bandaging is accomplished, still those dark hands with their sensitive beauty flit around the child, brushing like the breath of a zephyr the pallid cheek, the closed eyes, the still twitching lips, and lingering longer than elsewhere upon the heaving chest.

Minutes pass.

Finally the lips and breast grow motionless, and the soft, regular breathing denotes slumber.

Maize is actually asleep!

He is amazed at this proof of the mesmeric power of the woman, and glances at his companions. But they apparently perceive nothing remarkable in the occurrence. Feeling that he can be of no further service, but proffering his assistance whenever they shall honor him by calling upon him should occasion demand it, he makes his adieus in a low voice, and, after a superfluity of thanks, takes his departure with the growing conviction upon him that, altogether, Jack Ashhurst's household is, to say the least, a trifle peculiar.

(*To be continued.*)

HANLAN AGAIN WINS THE $6,000 PURSE.

THE long-talked-of meeting between Edward Hanlan, of Canada, and Charles Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., took place at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, May 19th. It was scarcely more than a meeting, for, with the exception of a few strokes by Courtney at the start, the Canadian oarsman had the race entirely to himself. Although falling somewhat behind his previous record, he retains the championship and secures the purse of $6,000 which he fairly earned last year.

The conditions for a great aquatic contest were never better. The water was admirable, the weather fresh, the spectators numerous and encouragingly demonstrative.

By 4 o'clock the aqueduct bridge, which spans the Potomac a few yards above the starting-point of the race, swarmed with people. The housetops and windows which overlooked the course, the decks of the vessels in port, the stands which had been erected for the accommodation of spectators—all were alive with a perspiring mass of humanity. Thousands of people who would be ill-natured and impatient on any other occasion, sat three, four, five hours to-day without a murmur, waiting for the race to begin. It is no exaggeration to say that when the starting-gun was fired at nine minutes past six o'clock at least 50,000 spectators had their eyes bent upon the course.

At a quarter to six o'clock Hanlan and Courtney both appeared on the river, paddling leisurely towards the starting-point. Their appearance was the signal for enthusiastic cheering from the thousands of spectators. Hanlan appeared in good form, and seemed to watch Courtney's rather deliberate movements with languid curiosity. Courtney stopped once or twice to adjust some of his tackle. As he passed up to take his place his face wore a downcast look, which was ascribed to sullenness by some, and by some to illness. Courtney's lack of hope and spirit was apparent before he had gone a hundred yards in the race. At the first quarter of a mile he had lost nearly two boat-lengths. At the end of half a mile he stopped rowing, and bathed his head, and from that moment he was virtually out of the race. Hanlan continued to draw away from him without any apparent exertion, and at the end of the first mile was one-eighth of a mile ahead. After this he stopped rowing several times to bathe his head and sponge the water out of his boat, as he did in the famous race on the Tyne last year.

Courtney plodded on, steering wild, and running afoul of the flags placed to mark the course. As he arrived opposite his headquarters at the Potomac Club house, he appeared to be on the point of leaving the course, but did not. He paddled leisurely along, occasionally resting to bathe his head, until he had made about two miles, when he gave up altogether. After resting a short time, he turned about and paddled back to the boat-house.

Hanlan rowed over the course, but apparently without an effort to make a quick record, on account of time. He finished the race in 36 minutes and 46 seconds.

Pulling up to the referee's boat, Hanlan was awarded the race by the referee, and was cordially congratulated by Mr. Soule. Hanlan then picked his way through the scores of steamers and river craft of every description, and reached his quarters at the Analostan boat house, where he was received with the wildest demonstrations of delight, lifted bodily from his boat, and carried upon the shoulders of his enthusiastic friends into the boat-house.

In the evening the winner was serenaded at his quarters in Willard's Hotel, and made a short speech, in which he thanked the people of Washington for the courtesy that had been shown him. He said that he came intending to row a race, and was sorry that he had been disappointed. During his sojourn in Washington the corridor of the hotel was crowded with people anxious to obtain a view of the Canadian oarsman.

HON. HENRY WATTERSON,

EDITOR OF THE LOUISVILLE "COURIER-JOURNAL."

HON. HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has just attained the fortieth year of his age. Barely in the prime of life, he is already recognized by the public, as well as in newspaper circles, as one of the most distinct personalities in American journalism. His name is familiar to the reading public of all sections, and his editorial character is very strongly individualized in the popular conception. Like Horace Greeley, he presents an image *sui generis*, though in most respects the two differ from each other in their professional traits quite as widely as they differed on many political issues.

Mr. Watterson entered upon his career as a journalist in the nineteenth year of his age, serving his apprenticeship, figuratively speaking, on the Washington *Star*. After the outbreak of the civil war he assumed editorial control of the Nashville *Banner*, succeeding the brilliant Confederate General Zollicoffer. He afterwards became a cavalry soldier in the Southern Army, commanded by the Episcopal bishop, General Polk. He filled an interlude of his military career by editing the *Rebel* in Chattanooga, Tenn., a sheet of which no relic survives except the name. The United States received his surrender at Atlanta in due course of time, and his next appearance in his chosen profession was on the staff of the Cincinnati *Times*. Subsequently he returned to the Nashville *Banner*, and in 1866 abandoned this to locate himself in Louisville, the theatre of his true journalistic career. Becoming an associate of the gifted Prentice in editing the Louisville *Journal*, in which he had purchased an interest, he extended his fame as his opportunities developed, and at once began to be recognized as the appropriate heir to the honors and responsibilities which the failing veteran must soon be forced by his infirmities to lay down. He subsequently became, with one or two others, an associate with Mr. Walter N. Haldeman in purchasing and consolidating the *Journal* with the *Courier*, and mounted the tripod as editor of the *Courier-Journal*. For thirteen years he has held this position. That period constitutes the finished portion of his public career. At the date of the consolidation his reputation was purely local, but now he is one of the best known editors in the United States, his influence in the Southwest equals that of any other man, and the newspaper which he edits is one of the greater powers of the land.

Mr. Watterson had been actively instrumental in bringing forward Mr. Tilden's candidacy in 1876, and the Democratic Party generally admitted his leadership in that movement. He was elected temporary chairman of the St. Louis Convention, and, though destitute of parliamentary practice and training, he brought to bear upon the task before him a surprising readiness and tact contributing materially to the results of the convention's labors, its debates, its diplomatic tactics, and its final harmonious action.

In the Summer of 1876 he was elected to fill an unexpired term as a representative of the Louisville district in Congress, by a vote of 14,000 to 500. The attention of Congress was immediately absorbed at the beginning of the session by the Presidential election muddle. For weeks and months the country was on the verge of an internecine war, and all other questions sunk out of sight. Mr. Watterson, actuated by his devotion to Tilden's cause, and by the natural ardor of his convictions, was a leader of the more aggressive wing of the Democratic Representatives, and favored strong measures. It was in this connection that his rather vague but threatening allusion to "100,000 unarmed Kentuckians" as arbitrators became a text for newspaper articles and public comment. He and his associates were soon convinced by the tone of the Press, the appeals of commercial associations, and the arguments of the veteran leaders of the Democratic Party, that the country desired peace at whatever cost. He accepted the verdict of the Electoral tribunal, and with characteristic zeal distinguished himself as an opponent of the obstructionists, both in and out of Congress. In a public speech he reasoned as follows: "The battle was really lost before we passed the Electoral Bill. It provided for but one out of two contingencies—Hayes or Tilden. What could be thought of a man who, having voted for it in his full senses, and referred his case to the commission named under it, should, of his own motion, turn about when it decided against him and try to evade it? Bear in mind that it was a Democratic, not a Republican, measure, passed by Democratic votes, opposed by a majority of Republican votes."

Controlled by such sentiments, Mr. Watterson, while persistently denying the legality and justice of the settlement of that great and perilous issue, resumed his editorial pen after the decision to urge upon the people of his section to give Mr. Hayes "a gentleman's chance," and to respond generously to his efforts to reverse the civil policy of his predecessor in office. Mr. Watterson is now the most strenuous and prominent advocate of Mr. Tilden's claims to the Democratic nomination. This is for the nonce his chief ambition.

A man of robust constitution, quick and impetuous in his movements, with a good liver and a clear brain, he has a remarkable capacity for hard work; at the same time, for the drudging and plodding branch of newspaper work he has but little liking. He has in a marked degree the professional intuitions of the home journalist, with a rare tact in creating opinions and carrying with him the sympathies of his constituency. Socially, Mr. Watterson is genial and companionable, and has hosts of personal friends.

Belgium's National Festival.

IN common with the old Flemish cities of Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, Liege, Verviers, Mons and Charleroi, and all other cities, towns and hamlets, great and small, within the dominions of Leopold II., Brussels, the elegant capital of this kingdom, is now preparing with almost feverish activity for the commencement of the jubilee of the foundation of the Belgian monarchy and of Belgian independence. On the 15th of June, King Leopold, surrounded by all the notabilities of the kingdom, will in person open the Great National Palace on the Champs des Manœuvres, which is now rapidly approaching completion. The Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Austria, many German Princes, and members of the Russian Imperial family, are expected to visit Brussels in the course of the Summer. It is reported, too, that the Emperor of Austria has also been invited.

Both political parties are entering with great enthusiasm into the preparations for the great celebration, which is to commence on the 15th of June, and during the jubilee *fêtes* there will be but one party—the nation. There will be interminable processions and cavalcades, representing every constituted body, national and municipal, in the kingdom. A grand banquet will be given, presided over by the King in person, and attended by the representatives of the Legislature and the leading men of the country, whether connected with the State, with the municipalities, or with commerce, industry, literature, or art.

But the great centre of the celebration will be the exposition in the Palace on the Champs des Manœuvres. In this structure, occupying independently of various annexes for exhibitions of domestic animals and other objects, nearly 70,000 square metres, there will be the most comprehensive show of Belgian industry ever brought together. Every kind of object produced by manufacturing, mining and agricultural industry within the temperate zone will there be presented, with the sole qualification that everything from beginning to end will be of Belgian production.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Estimated that seventy years and $1,000,000 will be required to complete the excavations at Pompeii.

Professor Baldwin is about to retire on a well-earned pension from the appointment he has so ably filled for many years as the Superintendent of the Agricultural Department of the National Board, Dublin.

The Portuguese Naturalist, Anchieta, has recently sent from Africa 2,000 specimens of birds and 1,000 reptiles, fishes, insects, and other animals, besides numerous specimens of plants and rare minerals. They are intended for the Polytechnic Museum of Lisbon.

The Persians are actively competing with the Indian Government for the opium supply to China. Seven thousand chests have been embarked from the Gulf ports during the last season. The manufacture in Shiraz, Yezd and Ispahan has been steadily increasing, and great care is being exercised to maintain a high quality.

One of the Coaches on the Great Western Railroad of England has been painted with Professor Balmain's luminous paint. It is in appearance very little different from ordinary paint, but during the time the carriage is exposed to the light the paint is rapidly absorbing the daylight, and when night comes it throws out a mild radiance. It has been employed on life-buoys, rendering them visible from a long distance.

A Few Days Ago, as some laborers were making an excavation at Iwano, a village on the Nidan, near the Lake of Biwano, they came on a magnificent lacustrine canoe, in an excellent state of preservation. The vessel, oak built, was 30 feet long and 2 feet 6 inches wide. Dr. Goss, a local antiquary, purchased it from the owner of the land where it was found, and superintended its removal to the Museum of Neuveville, whither it was transported without injury.

The Inoculation of cattle as a preventive of pleuro-pneumonia, which began in Australia, has been successfully introduced on a large scale into Edinburgh, Scotland. During the past three years about five thousand cattle have been inoculated in that city and its vicinity, reducing the mortality from seventy-five to about five per cent. It has been estimated by a competent authority that the loss in England from this disease was not less than one million head of cattle in the six years ending with 1860, and the loss in Australia a few years ago was thirty to forty per cent. of the whole.

According to Mr. Potter, United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, the number of beet-sugar mills in Germany is 229; in 1850, 154. Pounds of sugar made in 1878, 850,000,000; in 1850, 113,000,000. About twelve pounds of beets make one pound of sugar. The total product of beet sugar in all Europe is 3,600,000,000 pounds. Mr. Potter submits a variety of suggestions to American producers. The territory in the United States best suited to the beet is in New England, the vicinity of the great lakes, and in the same lines westward. The United States have many advantages favoring the production of beet-root sugar. No industry, he thinks, could be introduced into our country yielding more wealth and contentment to the people than this.

The Long-expected Map of Palestine, drawn in twenty-six sheets, on a scale of one inch to the mile, after the surveys of Lieutenants Conder and Kitchener, R. E., is now reported as complete and ready for publication. It has been photozincographed, under the superintendence of Colonel Cooke, R. E., the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, for the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The first issue will be to the two hundred and fifty holders of the special edition of the memoirs and map, as a first instalment of that work. It will afterwards be forwarded to the general subscribers of this fund, and will then be issued to the public. The survey of the country was accomplished between January, 1872, and September, 1877, since which time the maps have been laid down, the memoirs written, the observations calculated, the hills drawn, and the sheets lithographed. The whole of the work, except the coloring, has been executed by officers and men of the Royal Engineers.

The Excavations in the garden of the Villa Farnesina, Rome, for widening the bed of the Tiber have again yielded several interesting archæological results. A statue of a Roman matron, one metre seventy centimetres high, and perfect except for the loss of the left hand, was found recently, and close by another statue of Tiberius, which was, however, in many fragments. Near these a sepulchrum containing several urns was discovered, four of which were of the finest workmanship, decorated with reliefs of fruits and flowers; in the other two, besides the ashes and calcined bones found in all, there were two gold rings, with onyx stones, somewhat damaged by fire, but still perfect enough to show an intaglio—one of a lion sleeping, the other of three children chasing a bear. It is conjectured that the urns had been previously discovered in the building of the Aurelian wall, which passes by a few steps off, and that the finer urns had been robbed of anything of value, while the plain ones escaped notice. On one of the latter is an inscription, "Minati A. Pollæ."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE portrait of every Governor of Tennessee but that of Brownlow is exhibited at the Nashville centennial.

MLLE. HEILBRONN, the prima donna, is about to be married to Marquis de la Panouse, a wealthy Frenchman.

THE death is announced of Cardinal Louis François Désiré Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, and of Joseph Adrien, the eminent French jurisconsult.

THE selection of Max Brüch by the committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, as conductor, has raised a number of vigorous protests in English journals.

MARIO has resumed his own name of Marquis of Candia. He lives in Rome, holding a post at court with a salary of $2,000. He is still active and lively, although seventy-two years old.

THE Pope, who has recently undergone successfully a painful operation, has been advised by his physicians that to remain in Rome all Summer is perhaps to run an immediate risk of his life, and certainly to shorten it.

MR. TENNYSON consents to be nominated to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University on condition that he is not considered the candidate of either political party, and that if elected he is not expected to appear in Glasgow for installation. His supporters call him a "Constitutionalist."

THE late Joseph Seligman, of this city, bequeathed $30,000 to charitable and educational institutions, including $5,000 for the Society of Ethical Culture. He had already, shortly before his decease, given the sum of $10,000 for kindergarten and industrial schools for the poor, established by that society.

THE Emperor William and the Empress Augusta will attend the unveiling of the Goethe monument at Berlin, June 1st. They both knew Goethe intimately, the Empress being a daughter of Karl Augusta, Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, the patron and friend of the poet. It was during his latter years at Weimar that the courtship and marriage of William and Augusta occurred.

THE appointment of Lieutenant-General Ernrot, of the Russian Army, as Minister of War to Prince Alexander, gives Russia another hold upon the principality of Bulgaria. Already most of the principal appointments in connection with the Bulgarian Army are in the hands of Russians, while as many as seven hundred non-commissioned officers of Russian nationality are engaged in drilling the troops.

THE Council Chamber at Charleston, S. C., is ornamented with full-length portraits of George Washington, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson and John Caldwell Calhoun; portraits of Zachary Taylor, Wade Hampton and General Moultrie, and marble busts of Robert Fulton and Senator Calhoun. The portrait of Washington is by Trumbull, and is valued very highly. The bust of Calhoun is by Clark Mills.

THE late Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone's favorite author was Homer. The present Lord Derby said recently of his father, that "the only thing he knew precisely was Homer, and even at that Mr. Gladstone beat him." Mr. Bright's favorite author is Milton, a copy of which he always carries in his pocket. Mr. Lowe, in his great speeches on the reform debates of 1866, laid Virgil and Ovid heavily under contribution.

THE African Methodist Conference in St. Louis has appointed the following-named a committee to call an ecumenical council to unite all the colored branches of the Methodist Church in the world: Rev. A. A. Williams, T. H. Jackson, H. M. Turner, C. T. Shaffer, R. H. Cain, R. W. Arnett, W. H. Hunter. The Conference elected the following-named additional bishops: H. M. Turner, of Georgia; William F. Dickerson, of New York, and R. H. Cain, of South Carolina.

MR. GLADSTONE, in taking upon himself the duties and responsibilities of the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, follows an example set by several of his predecessors in Downing Street. The two posts were held simultaneously by Walpole, Stanhope, Pelham, Grenville, Pitt, Addington, Percival, Canning, and by Peel in 1834 and 1835. Mr. Gladstone himself also, at the close of his last administration, acted as his own Chancellor of the Exchequer.

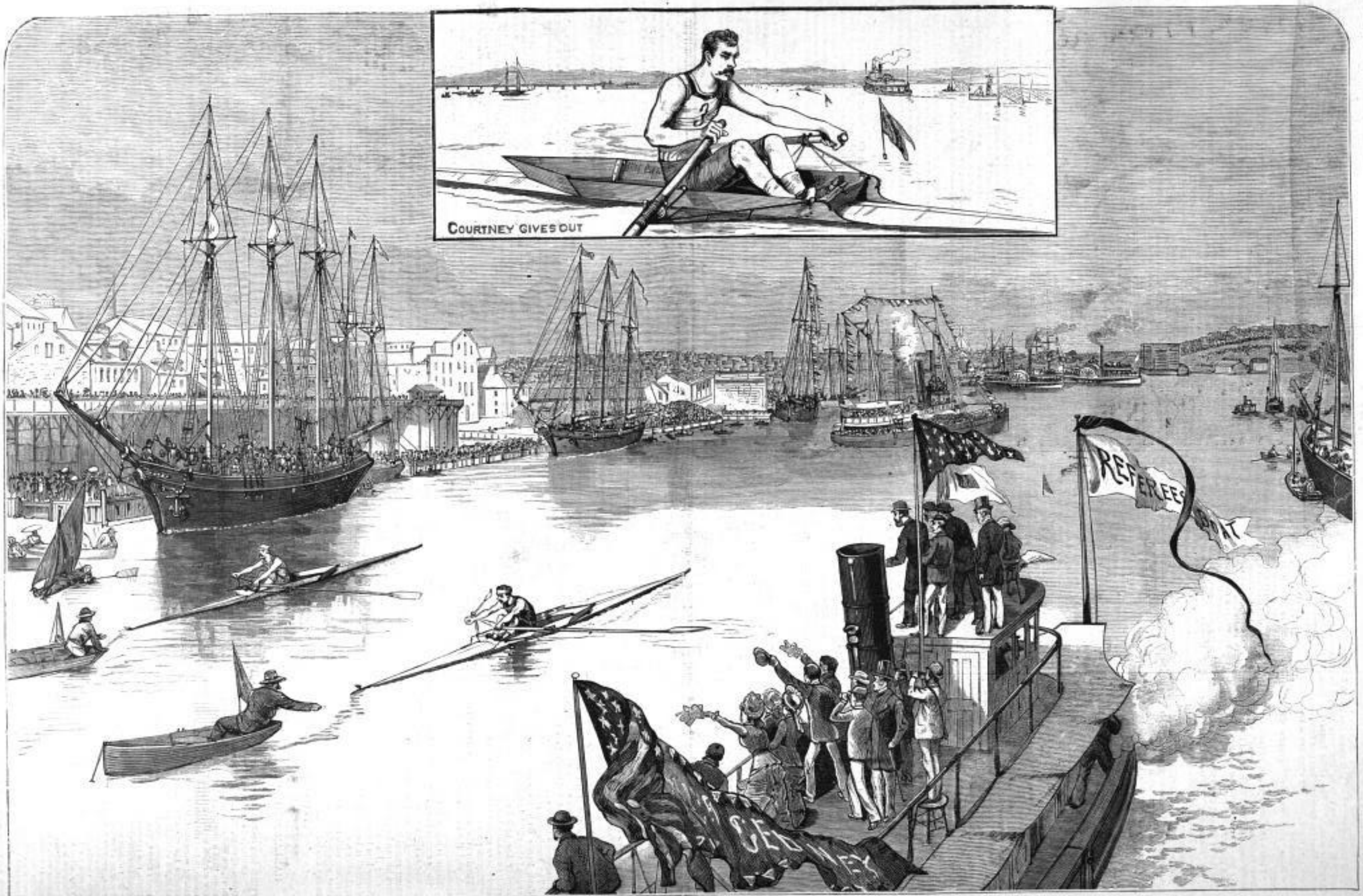
HON. HENRY S. FOOTE, Superintendent of the Mint at New Orleans, and a former United States Senator from Mississippi, died May 19th, aged 80; Paul de Musset, French novelist, and eldest brother of the more famous Alfred de Musset, in Paris, 19th, aged 76; Caleb Barstow, another of the "old merchants," in Brooklyn, 20th, aged 85; Captain Thomas W. Wilcox, one of the oldest and best known ship-masters, in Brooklyn, 20th, aged 66; Horace J. Moody, President of the Pacific Mutual Insurance Company, in Yonkers, 20th, aged 50; S. S. Williams, for thirty years treasurer of Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y., 20th, aged 66.

SIX black envoys have arrived in London from Mtesa, monarch of a wide region in the dark continent, of which Stanley has so much to say. They come with the king's compliments to Queen Victoria, requesting her to express through her envoy her desire as to the status of missionaries in his kingdom. They had also orders to request a supply of rum and rifles, and, as an inducement to their request being granted, to announce their master's wish to embrace the Christian religion, provided he is permitted to retain the worship of his idols—the great snake, the lord lion, and the strong elephant. The Queen was to give audience to the six envoys, who stay at the Charing Cross Hotel.

A FEW weeks ago President and Mrs. Hayes went to Mount Vernon, and passed the night there, sleeping in the bed formerly used by George and Martha Washington. A good deal of fun was had when the fact got out, but the custodian of the property at Mount Vernon says that it is the usual thing for Presidents to do. Lincoln, Grant, Johnson, Buchanan, Pierce, Fillmore and Tyler, he says, have all slept in Washington's bed, and he supposes that other Presidents have, too, that is as far as his memory runs. Some of the Presidents named occupied the bed several nights during their term of office, and President Pierce was in the habit of going to Mount Vernon to pass the night very often during the Summer.

M. JEAN BAPTISTE LÉON SAY, who has recently been made Ambassador at the Court of St. James, is the third in descent of what may almost be called a race of political economists. His father was Horace Emile Say, author of "Studies on the Administration of the Town of Paris and of the Department of the Seine" (1846), and a leading contributor to the *Journal des Economistes*, the "Dictionnaire de l'Economie Politique," and works of a kindred nature. The grandfather of the new ambassador was the celebrated Jean Baptiste Say, whose "Decade Philosophique, Politique et Littéraire" is one of the most remarkable products of the Revolutionary period. Jean Baptiste Say is also known by a treatise on political economy, and by a history of what Mr. Carlyle calls the doleful science. The M. Say of the moment had, however, a great-uncle, Louis Auguste Say, who was a distinguished political economist, and brother to the illustrious Jean Baptiste. Louis Auguste Say is chiefly known by a work on the wealth and poverty of nations.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE HANLAN-COURTNEY CONTEST ON THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON, MAY 19TH—THE START OF THE OARSMEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 227.

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GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, NOMINATED FOR UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY.



HON. HENRY WATTERSON, EDITOR OF THE "COURIER-JOURNAL," LOUISVILLE, KY. SEE PAGE 227.

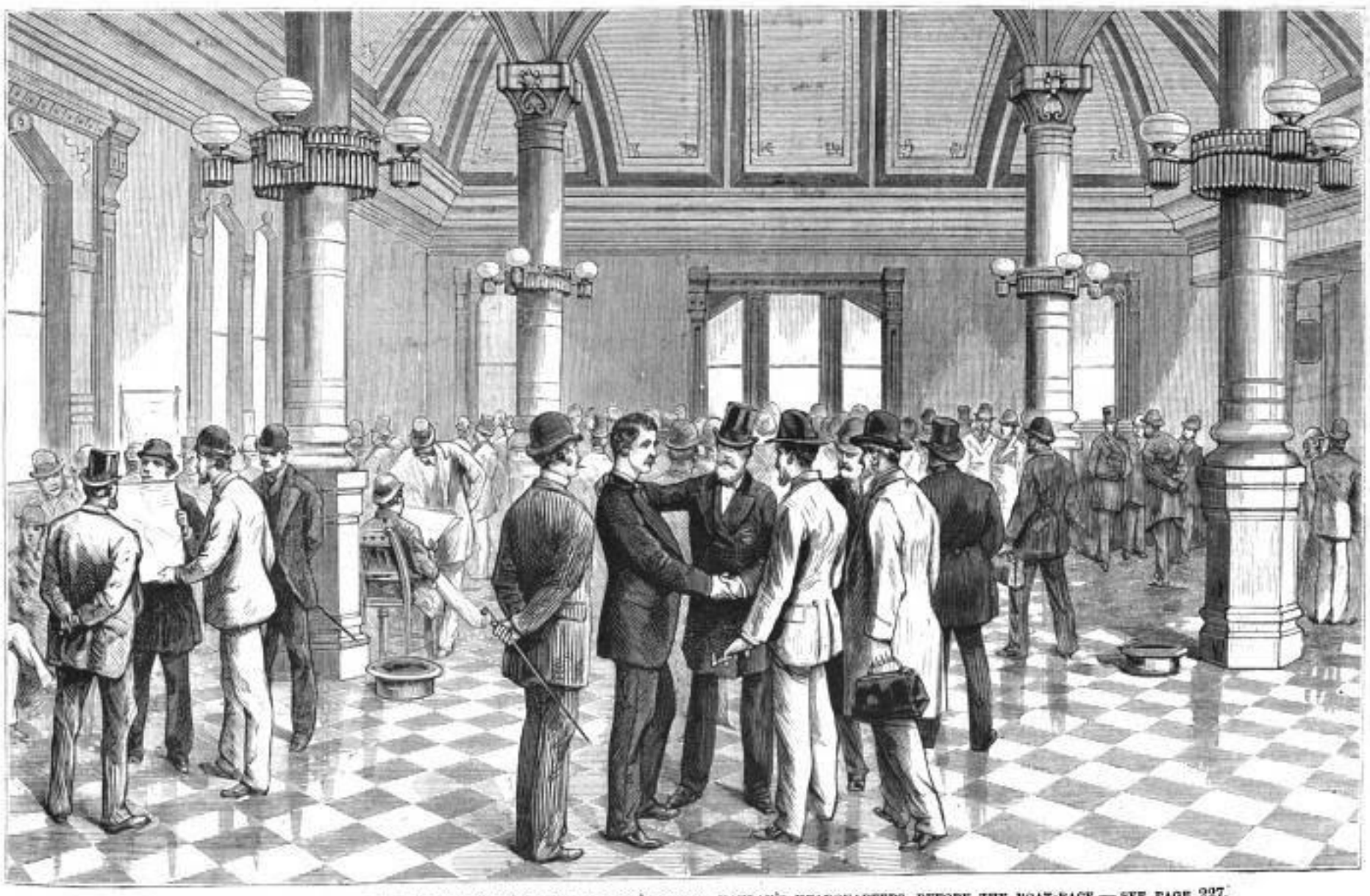
GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

JAMES LONGSTREET, who was nominated on May 19th to be United States Minister to Turkey, in place of Hon. Horace Maynard, at the same time nominated to be Postmaster-General in succession to Hon. David M. Key, now a United States District Judge, is the well-known Lieutenant-General of the Confederate Army. He was born in South Carolina about 1820, but became a resident of Alabama while very young. In 1838 he was appointed a cadet from that State in the West Point Military Academy, whence he was graduated July 1st, 1842. Having been assigned to the infantry, he served on garrison duty and on the frontier in the South and in Texas, until the outbreak of the war with Mexico. He took part with distinction in the principal battles of that war, and was severely wounded in an assault upon a fortified convent at Chapultepec. For his gallantry in action he was successively brevetted as captain and major. After the Mexican war he was on frontier duty in Texas until 1858, having been promoted captain in 1852. In the former year he became paymaster, with the rank of major of staff, and served at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

At the opening of the rebellion in 1861, Longstreet cast his lot with the South, and was made a brigadier-general under Beauregard. After taking an active part in the first battle of Bull Run he was advanced to the rank of major-general. When the Confederates abandoned Yorktown, General Longstreet commanded the rear guard, and fought the battle of Williamsburg. His division did most of the fighting at Seven Pines in May, 1862, and later in the engagements at Cold Harbor and Frazier's Farm, losing 4,292 killed and wounded out of 10,000 men in the division. When the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia was formed into two corps, General Longstreet was given command of one, General Jackson commanding the other. The second battle of Bull Run was won through Longstreet's successful effort to join Jackson. After fighting at South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg, Longstreet was detached for special duty in North Carolina, but was recalled after Chancellorville, and made lieutenant-general. A part of his corps fought at Gettysburg. At the battle of the Wilderness he was mistaken by his own men for a Union officer, and was severely wounded. On resuming service he was placed in command of the forces east of the James River, and took part in the final engagement at Petersburg which enabled Lee to escape from that city. General Longstreet was a member of the last council of war held by Lee in the woods, on the night of April 8th, 1865. General Longstreet is one of the very few Confederate generals who has thoroughly acquiesced in the results of the war, and was one of the first to avail himself of the proffered amnesty. He has been known for a number of years as a sincere and earnest Republican, but never intruded his political opinions upon his neighbors. He has served as Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans, and was one of the School Commissioners in 1874. During the war he was constantly exposing himself in a reckless manner, and became known as "the bull-dog."

NEWCASTLE AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

AMONG the New England Summer resorts which are rapidly growing in popularity is Newcastle, in New Hampshire, which, in point of healthfulness and attractiveness of surroundings, may fairly be said to be entitled to the eminence it enjoys. A description of the place necessarily includes prominent reference to the attractive Summer hotel, the "Wentworth," which, built in 1875, and recently purchased by Hon. Frank Jones and Frank W. Hilton, of Portsmouth, has been subjected to so many improvements during the past year that it is now not only the largest Summer resort on the New England coast, but the most complete in all of its appointments. Situated seventy-five feet above the sea level, in decidedly the most romantic as well as healthful spot on the shores of the Atlantic, it affords more than ever a delightful Summer home for tourist as well as invalid. Every one of the rooms for 400 guests has a frontage—not a single apartment looking towards the rear—and all are



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—A SCENE IN THE ROTUNDA OF WILLARD'S HOTEL, HANLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, BEFORE THE BOAT-RACE.—SEE PAGE 227.

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thoroughly ventilated, high studded, and completely furnished in black walnut. A steam passenger elevator leaves no choice in the matter of location, accessibility being easily obtained to all apartments. In these respects, the "Wentworth" stands unequaled.

Other attractions of its interior, from which can be gained some idea of the resources of the hotel, are a dining-room, 140 by 45 feet; parlor, 42 by 80 feet; amusement hall, 42 by 65 feet, spacious corridors, reading, writing and toilet-rooms, billiards, bowling and all other accompaniments of a thoroughly first-class home. Steam heat is supplied in ample quantity for the corridors and all the public rooms, the internal arrangements being as nearly perfect as it is possible for skill and ingenuity, with the advantage of experience, to make them.

The enlargement of the "Wentworth" naturally brought with it an extension of facilities for amusement within as well as without doors. An orchestra of twenty first-class musicians will furnish morning and evening concerts, besides affording music for hops, theatrical performances, concerts, etc., in the amusement hall in the evening. The electric light is to be used from the verandas—which measure 800 feet in length—to illuminate the grounds and sea beyond: and every possible method of enjoyment will be brought into requisition.

The sea prospect from the veranda has nothing but the picturesque Isles of Shoals to obstruct the view between the New and Old England shores. From Massachusetts to Maine the twinkling beacons of half a dozen lighthouses can be plainly seen, extending from Thatcher's Island, off the extreme point of Cape Ann, along the shore of New Hampshire, to Cape Porpoise, on the Maine coast. The spectacle is limitless in its beauty. Sauntering to another side, charming landscape pictures are to be enjoyed. From the southwest stretch the shores of Rye and Hampton Beaches, shrouded in green foliage, through which run narrow roadways so canopied by trees that they seem in the Summer-heated days more like tunnels than New Hampshire turnpikes. At the north the aroma of fragrant pines just tempers the atmosphere which comes landwards from the historic "Old Strawberry Bank"—in modern parlance, Portsmouth. These views present a beautiful and most unique contrast. At no other Summer resort can there be witnessed, simultaneously, day dawn on the sea and on the land, gilding water and rocks on one side, and brightening and adorning lake, steeple, grove and shrub on the other.

On the north side is also a lagoon or inland pond of fifty acres, only 200 feet from the house, sheltered by trees, shallow and perfectly safe for ladies and children to indulge in aquatic sports. It is very easily reached from the hotel, and boats are always in readiness under the supervision of men of experience in such matters.

Towards the east by a winding way through beautiful grounds, abounding with bowers and rural retreats, ramblers on the three-mile road to Portsmouth pass through Newcastle, a quaint old town, full of curiosities for the careless as well as the scholarly tourist. Its houses are moss-grown, and the streets, narrow enough to be called lanes, are like pastures. Old Fort William and Mary, which, seventy-two years ago, was christened Fort Constitution, in its decadence frowns at Whaleback Light on one side and respectfully bows its head but snarls at Kittery Navy Yard on the other. Up and down the Piscataqua River views of surpassing delight are obtained, and no more pleasant hour can be spent than, lazily, upon the used-to-be ramparts of Fort Constitution.

Altogether, therefore, nowhere else on the coast has nature done so much for Summer wanderers as at Newcastle, N. H., and her work has been fittingly supplemented by Messrs. F. W. Hilton & Co. Telegraph and telephone, steam and sailing yachts, boats and boatmen for deep sea or off-shore fishing, bathing facilities, livery, etc., etc., are provided in abundance.

The "Wentworth" can be reached in two hours from Boston or Portland by the Eastern Railroad, and is only four hours' ride from the Fabyan or Twin Mountain Houses in the Ammonoosuc Valley, through the grand White Mountain Notch, North Conway and the beautiful valley of the Saco.

The Victoria Docks in London.

SOMEWHERE about 3,000 workmen, 600 or 700 wagons, 17 or 18 locomotive engines, 3 steam "navvies" and a great quantity of minor machinery of various kinds have been engaged since 1875 at the southeast end of London in a work compared with which the building of the pyramids—with modern appliances—would have been no very signal feat. Hitherto the one entrance to the Victoria Docks from the Thames had been at Blackwall Point, but now there is a dock capable of receiving all vessels, no matter what they may be. Three and a half miles of walls have been built, inclosing ninety acres of water. These "walls" are 40 feet high, 5 feet thick at the top, and 18 feet to 19 feet thick at the bottom, the whole of this enormous mass being composed of solid concrete, for which 80,000 tons of Portland cement have been used. Some 4,000,000 cubic feet of earth have been dug out. It may assist the imagination somewhat to state that if it were filled into ordinary carts the vehicles would form an unbroken line 7,000 miles long. The excavations have gone through a submerged forest, and among other curiosities dug out have been a reindeer's horn, a Roman vase, and what is supposed to be an ancient British canoe carved out of solid oak. The latter is now in the British Museum. The new entrance below Woolwich will save about 5¼ miles of river navigation, which, in the case of vessels of heavy draught, is of course a matter of very great importance. The London and St. Katharine's and Victoria Docks Company are now prepared for vessels of all kinds, not excluding the largest ironclads of the British navy. The cost has been estimated roundly at £1,000,000. It is expected that all will be in readiness for the admission of the water about the end of May. The docks will take about a fortnight to fill, and the ceremonial opening will be celebrated some time early in June.

A PLEASANT BOOK.

"MRS. BEAUCHAMP BROWN," the last of the "No Name Series" of American novels, issued by Roberts Brothers, is one of the best and most enjoyable so far published. The story is exquisitely told, and there are bits of dialogue and description which would do no discredit to any of the masters of fiction. Some of the characters—notably of Mrs. Beauchamp Brown, Margaret, Castilla, Rochfort and Paul—are drawn with a vigor and clearness which give them a strikingly distinctive individuality; they stand out, indeed, in the story like the central figures in a picture, full of rare and beautiful effects. The heroine of the story, the scene of which is mainly laid on a breezy island off the coast of Maine, is a typical society-woman of Beacon Street—one who, after playing for years the part of a soulless coquette, ravaging men's hearts with cruel indifference of consequences, and repeatedly, in her lust for conquest, exposing her reputation to suspicion, is herself caught in the meshes of a genuine affection for a strong and lordly nature. How contact with that nature finally purifies her own; how she comes to comprehend the worthlessness and waste of the old life; and how she is led, step by step, up "the radiant stairs of Love" to the shining heights of Duty and Content—all this is told so enchantingly as to hold the attention closely to the very end. The worldliness of the genuine votaries of fashion has seldom been more strikingly portrayed than in this little volume, whose author certainly must have had more than a passing glimpse of the sort of life she describes. The book, too, deals with some religious problems in a most effective way, dealing telling blows at certain conspicuous shams as to doctrine and system, which strut in gilt and feathers in only too many fashionable churches. In every way the volume is fresh, bracing and uplifting, and there can be no doubt that it will command a wide circle of delighted readers.

FUN.

"WHAT would we do if it wasn't for Sunday?" asks a Boston paper. Guess you wouldn't catch any fish.

"THIS farm for sale, subject to mortgages and cyclones," is the way they now hang out signs in the Southwest.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON keeps two cows and milks them himself. Some of his brightest thoughts have come to him while being kicked half-way across the stable.

COMELY Lancashire Widow (to zealous curate, who is constantly haunting her tenant offspring into the board school): "I tell ye what 'tis, ye noan coom arter t' chibber, ye coom arter me!"

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."—*Artist:* "Oh, so you think the background's beastly, do you? Perhaps the cattle are beastly, too, though I flatter myself——" *Friendly Critic:* "Oh, no, my dear fellow; that's just what they should be!"

"NO, PARSON, I probly never git courage to jine the church. When a poor darkey's spiritual 'viser takes him down to de ribber and says: 'I capsize thee,' and then ducks him under, it's time dat darkey looks after himself. You don't play none ob dem games on me, old man."

MISS JONES was about to marry a military officer much to her mother's displeasure. "Why, my child," said the latter, "don't you know that war may be declared at any moment, and a bullet take him away forever?" "Very well," was the answer, "a widow of seventeen, what could be more poetic?"

A BOHEMIAN of the first water was recently turned out of his lodgings and installed in a miserable little room absolutely without furniture. He met a friend and said to him, "Lend me a chair?" "What for?" was the answer. "My dear sir, I should be so ashamed if burglars should come into my room?"

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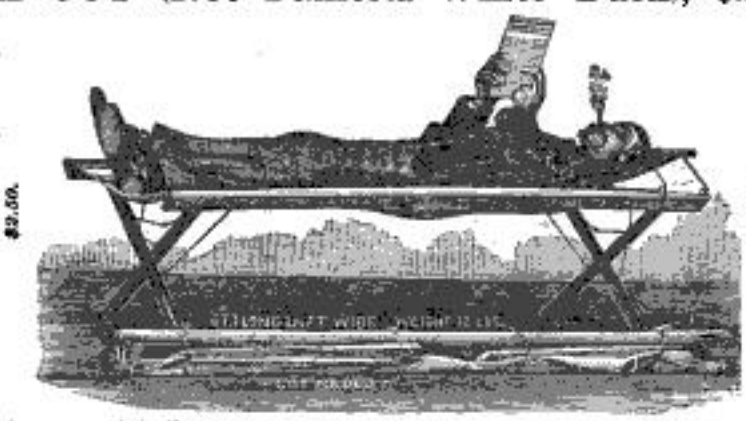
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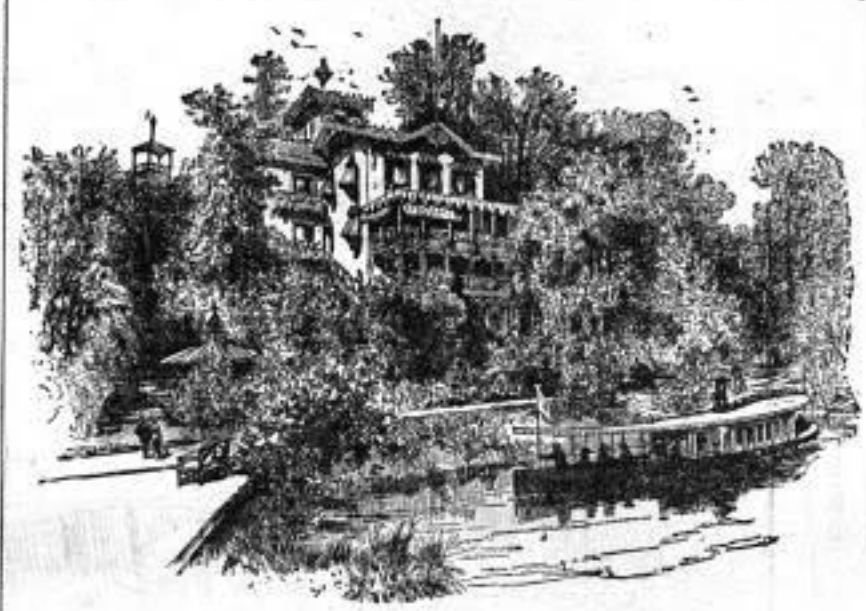
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THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE.—THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF.



THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE.—THE PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF BELGIUM.

THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL WEDDING.

FEW even amongst royal betrothals have been hailed with such complete satisfaction by the countries to which the two betrothed respectively belong as that of the Archduke Rudolf, the heir to the Austrian Empire, with the Princess Stéphanie, second daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians. This is especially the case in Austro-Hungary, where for some time past there has been much speculation respecting the choice of a wife that Prince Rudolf would sooner or later have to make, though the fact of the selection being practically confined to reigning Catholic houses somewhat narrowed the field for conjecture. The Princess Stéphanie, however, is singularly acceptable to Austro-Hungarians, owing to the fact that she is a granddaughter of the late Archduke Joseph, for more than half a century the Palatine of Hungary, and whose memory is warmly cherished throughout that kingdom. In Belgium also the betrothal is eminently popular.

The Archduke Rudolf is the only son of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and is twenty-one years of age, having been born on August 21st, 1858. Great care and pains have been bestowed upon his education, and antiquated traditions and rules have been broken through so as to develop as far as possible that sound judgment and intellect which is so necessary to one destined to rule a great empire. The result is said to be eminently successful, and those who have had opportunities of knowing the Prince intimately find that in spite of his youth he possesses a rare quickness of understanding and independence of judgment and character. These good qualities have strengthened the attachment the people of the Empire bear towards him as their sovereign's son. The Prince has, of course, gone through the military curriculum considered so necessary to all princes of a European Empire, and, as a rule, he resides with his regiment at Prague, where, it is said, he intends to make his home after his marriage.

The Princess Stéphanie is the second daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and is only sixteen, having been born on May 21st, 1864. Owing to her extreme youth, the Princess never appeared, previous to her betrothal, at any state festivities, and has only been seen in public driving with the Queen, and once at a representation at a circus, this strict domestic education being carried out with the junior members of the Belgium Royal family. The Princess is said to be as tall as her mother, with golden hair and blue eyes, and bearing in general a striking resemblance to the Orleans family. She has been very highly educated, particularly in the classics, and of late the King has been instructing her in political matters.

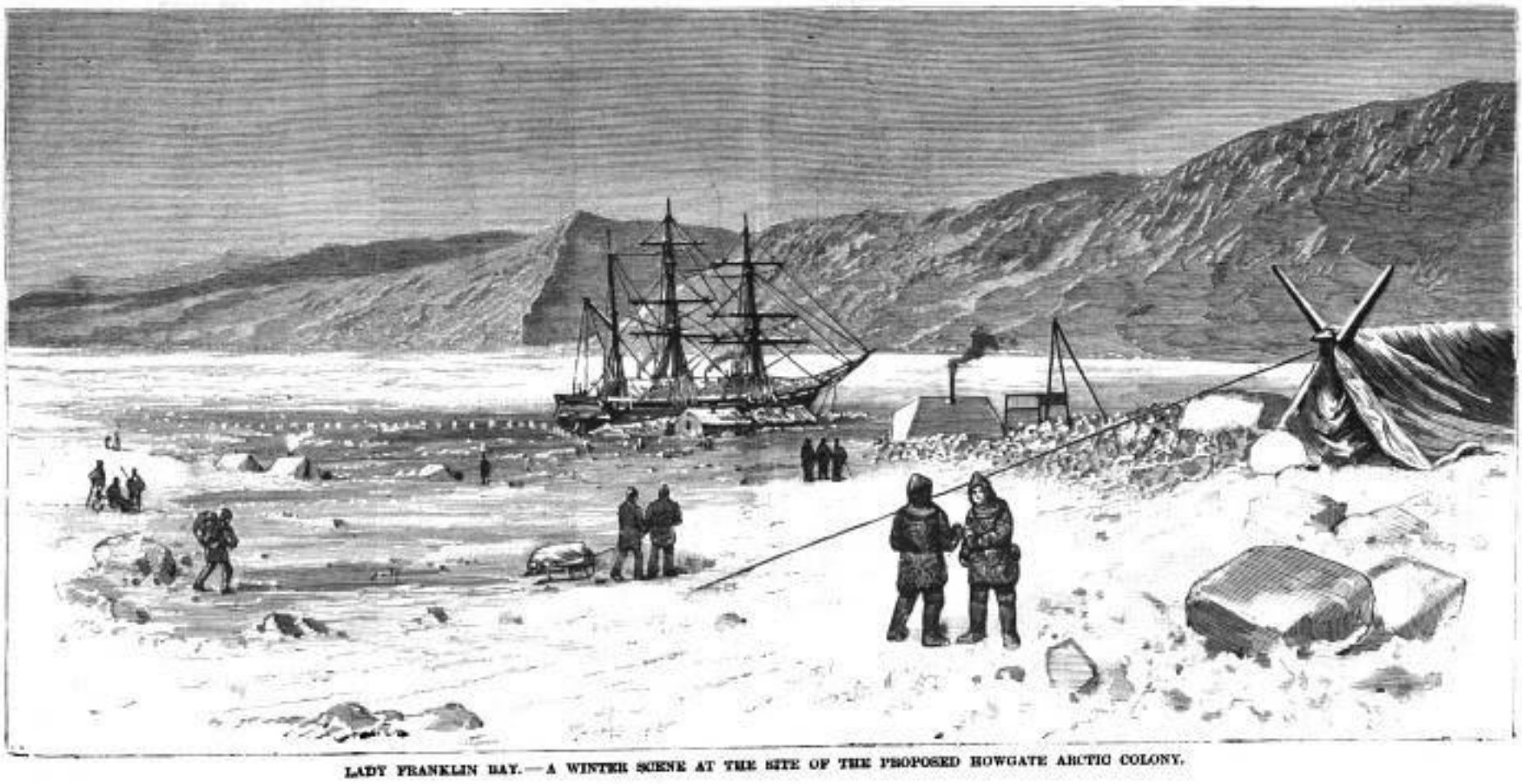


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HOWGATE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

OF the many scientific expeditions sent out towards the North Pole within the last century or so—from the time of Captain John Constantine Phipps downwards—that of Captain H. W. Howgate, which is soon to sail, seems to promise the best results. Captain Howgate has been wise enough to accept the fact that ships cannot be forced beyond the 84th parallel of north latitude, and to frame his plans accordingly. He intends simply to pass as far north as is compatible with a safe return in the present season, and to found at the highest point reached an observatory which will also be a base of supplies for sledge expeditions northward.

The expedition will be made in the steamer *Gulnare*, purchased by Captain Howgate for the purpose. She is 247 tons in measurement; 137 7-12 feet in length; 21 8-12 feet beam; 11 1-12 feet depth of hold; half-brig rigged; furnished with a pair of compound engines, and was built in Glasgow, April, 1878. The hull is of oak planking over an iron



LADY FRANKLIN BAY.—A WINTER SCENE AT THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED HOWGATE ARCTIC COLONY.

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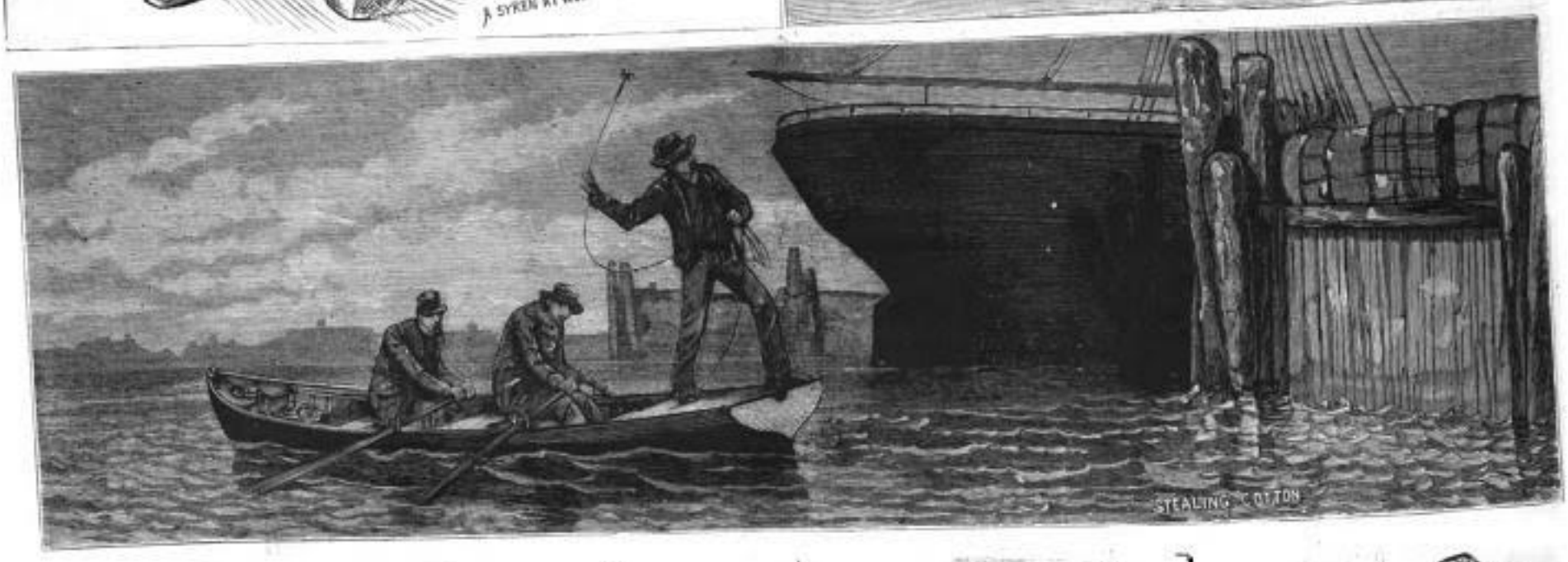
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE MERCHANTS' POLICE SERVICE IN THE HARBOR AND ALONG THE DOCKS.

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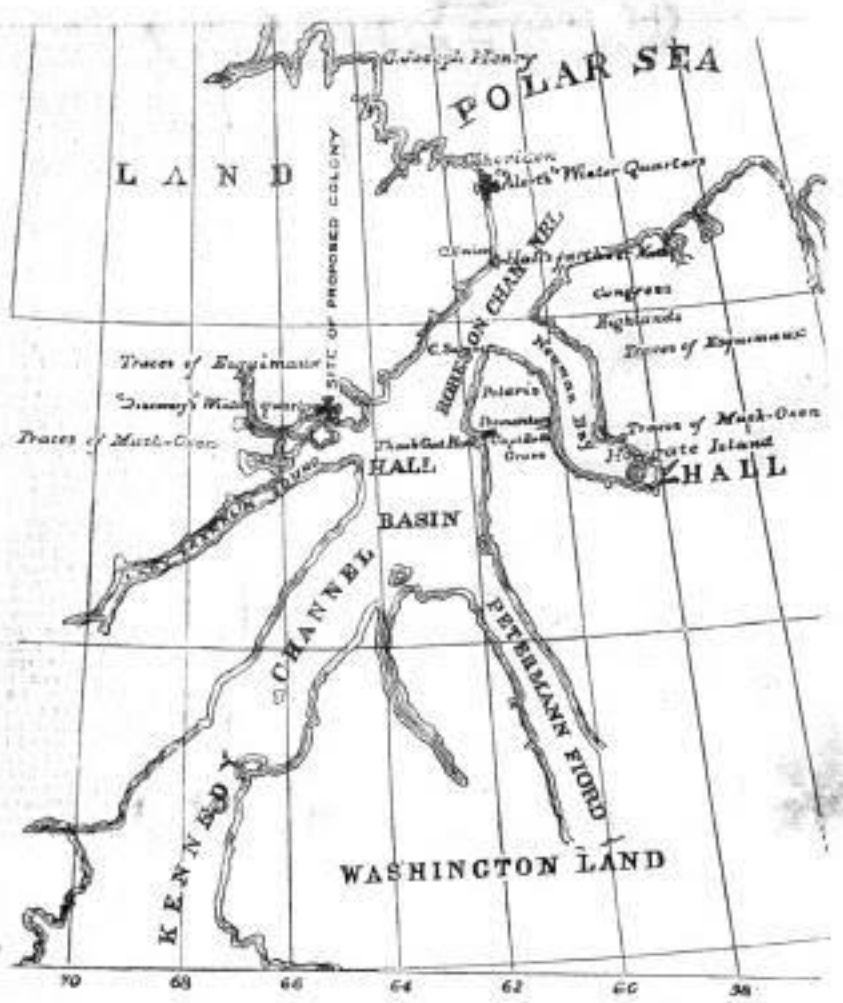
frame, and the vessel has been especially fitted for the hazards of exploration in the Arctic seas. On the sides above the water-line are placed wedge-shaped timbers, calculated to ease the vessel up in a pinch of ice. Every available inch of room in the vessel will be packed with supplies and men. The Navy Department is to man the vessel, and the War Department is to furnish recruits who are to be stationed at the proposed post.

The expedition, which will consist of about twenty-five persons, including a corps of scientific observers, is expected to sail within a fortnight, and, after touching at various points on the coast of Labrador and Greenland, it is intended to proceed to the west coast of Smith's Sound at latitude 81 deg. 40 min., where the first permanent depot for supplies will be made. Landing the men and supplies, the vessel will return in the Fall. Captain Howgate's plan of reaching the Pole, as already intimated, is by a system of slow but continuous advances, made in several successive seasons, pushing his camps further and further northward as rapidly as may be found practicable, establishing a sure basis of supplies, and replacing with fresh recruits each year men who may become disabled or disheartened. The expedition will not be forced to return as far south as Newfoundland for coal supplies, but will probably avail itself of the "Eureka" coal mine, discovered and worked by one of the officers and a detail of men from the United States steamer *Juniata*, when attached to the Polaris Search Expedition in 1873. This mine is on the Island of Disco, about ninety miles distant from Godhaven, in the Waigat Straits. It was readily worked, and proved to be an excellent quality of bituminous coal. A portable house, built of heavy timber and joined by sections, will be carried out to be used as a depot.

The expedition commends itself to all thoughtful people on the ground that it aims to accomplish nothing more than is plainly possible. Even if the sledge parties are not successful in getting beyond the hitherto impassable 84th deg., it is certain that a large store of useful information will be secured as to the most effective provisions and methods for traveling by land in these high latitudes; and information of this sort is precisely what is most required if the mystery of the Pole ever is to be solved.



CHINA.—NEW MASONIC HALL AT KOOLANGSEE, HARBOR OF AMOY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY ST. J. H. EDWARDS.



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF PROPOSED COLONY IN LADY FRANKLIN BAY.
SEE PAGE 233.

NEW MASONIC HALL AT KOOLANGSEE, CHINA.

SOME of our readers may possibly be ignorant of the situation, if not of the very existence, of Koolangsee. It is a small island in the harbor of Amoy, one of five ports thrown open to trade by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, and is now chiefly occupied by the private residences of the various officials, merchants and missionaries, who make up the total foreign community, all business being transacted upon the other side of the water in close proximity to the native city of Amoy. Our illustration, taken from a photograph by Mr. St. J. H. Edwards, of the American Consulate, shows the new Masonic Hall, recently erected to accommodate the members of the Ionic and Corinthian lodges. It was designed by Mr. W. Danby, of Hongkong, and contains a spacious hall of 50 feet in length by 25 in breadth.

The officers for the present year are as follows:

IONIC.—*Worshipful Master*, Herbert A. Giles, District Grand Senior Warden, Hongkong; *First Past Master*, T. D. Boyd, Past District Grand Junior Deacon; *Senior Warden*, Randall H. Pyo; *Junior Warden*, J. J. Henningsen; *Treasurer*, A. W. Bain, District Grand A. Director of Ceremonies; *Secretary*, T. G. Harkness; *Senior Deacon*, James Bruce; *Junior Deacon*, Captain A. J. Booth; *Organist*, Oct. Johnson; *Steward*, N. Moalle; *Inner Guard*, De Westley Layton; *Tyler*, C. Killeen.

CORINTHIAN.—*Worshipful Master*, W. C. Howard, District Grand Junior Deacon; *First Past Master*, A. Leigh, Past District Grand Director of Ceremonies; *Senior Warden*, A. W. Bain; *Junior Warden*, J. Grafton Cass; *Treasurer*, H. A. Sidford, P. M.; *Secretary*, F. McQuire; *Senior Deacon*, B. Nicholls; *Junior Deacon*, A. Liddell; *Director of Ceremonies*, C. O. Kopp; *Organist*, Oct. Johnson; *Steward*, W. Wilson; *Inner Guard*, J. Meany; *Tyler*, C. Killeen.

A NEW HOME FOR POOR BOYS.

THE East Side Boys' Lodging-house and Industrial School, on the corner of East Broadway and Gouverneur Street, was formally opened on Thursday, May 20th, by the Children's Aid Society, to which it belongs. This building has been erected as a substitute for the lodging-house the Society has maintained in Rivington Street for twelve years. The house is old and rickety, and has become too small to accommodate all who seek shelter and food within it. Another reason for abandoning it is the fact that within three or four years fifteen tenement-houses have been erected in its vicinity, and the atmosphere has become impregnated with pernicious gases, inducing malarial fevers among the boys.

Friends of the Society were fortunate enough to obtain for its work the sympathy of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York City, who contributed $40,000 for the construction of the new building. The Society purchased the site for $24,000. This sum was partly obtained from subscriptions and partly taken from the funds of the Society. The edifice is of Gothic architecture, is built in the most substantial manner, and is five stories high. It will be capable of accommodating 300 boys comfortably. It is 65 feet in length by 40 feet in width, and is built of Philadelphia pressed bricks with Nova Scotia stone trimmings, and an iron roof and staircases. In the basement story is a gymnasium, a boiler-room, water-closets, and a warm room for forcing house-plants and nourishing them until they can be placed in a conservatory on one of the upper floors. When these plants have attained a proper growth they are distributed among the poor. During the past year this Society cultivated and distributed about 25,000 plants. It also distributed 85,000 bouquets, which were sent to it from various parts of this State. A steam wash-room and drying-room, and a bath-room are also on this basement floor. On the first floor is the dining-room, 65 by 40 feet. This room will be used during the day as an infant-class room. Opening out of it is a sick-mission room, in which are to be kept, for indigent children, supplies which will be issued on prescriptions from physicians. The second floor is taken up with an audience-room and a conservatory. The audience-room will seat comfortably 450 people. In it are two platforms, one at each end. Here the names of the boys will be taken every night as they enter to receive checks entitling them to lodgings and meals. A savings bank will be opened for them in this room, and each regular lodger will be allotted one of a number of small closets, built in the room, the key to which he may keep, and in which he can put whatever personal property he has. This room is divided by folding-doors, and will be used as two school-rooms during the day. In the evening it will be a sitting-room, library, and reading-room. The dormitories are on the third and fourth floors. The sum of six cents will be charged for a night's lodging in cases where the boys have the money. When they are destitute they will be fed and lodged free. In order to cultivate a spirit of pride and emulation among the boys, a part of each dormitory is to be provided with single beds and superior accommodations, for which the sum of ten cents will be charged.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE EAST SIDE BOYS' LODGING HOUSE AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, EAST BROADWAY AND GOUVERNEUR STREET.

THE MERCHANTS' POLICE.

EARLY on the morning of May 17th a boat, with five men on board, rowed silently over Flushing bay towards the schooner *Victor*, lying at anchor off College Point. Four of the men climbed up its sides and walked towards the cabin, while the fifth remained in the boat. The schooner's crew were asleep in their bunks. Williams, the mate, was roused by the trampling of feet overhead. Believing the visitors to be pirates, he sprang from his berth and ran to meet them, seizing as he did so his own and shipmate's pistol lying near. As he sprang upon the deck he saw the four men standing at the companionway. He shouted to them, leveling both pistols as he spoke. In reply three pistol bullets whistled past his head. The mate discharged both his weapons at the men and ran forward to grapple with the thieves. They retreated, firing as they went, but doing no harm. The sailor, who made a dash at them as they sprang into their boat, reached the side of the vessel just in time to see the boat upset and hear a cry of "Save me! I am drowning." The crew and mate, Williams, lowered the ship's boat and rowed out to where the forms of three men could be seen clinging to the gunwales of the boat. They were taken off one by one and securely bound hand and foot, and were laid on the deck of the *Victor*. Three hours later the watch on board the schooner *Eliza and Rebecca*, lying at anchor in the bay half a mile from the *Victor*, reported a boat adrift with a man clinging to it, and Captain Price at once rowed out after him. He found a young man, hatless and almost exhausted, clinging to the side of the skiff, which was on its keel, but full of water. Near by a

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hat was picked up, but much too large for the man. He was taken on board the Fiste and lashed to the other three. They admitted that there had been five of them, and that one of them had either lost his grip on the boat and been drowned, or been shot dead.

On the following day the men were arraigned, tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each, the mate of the schooner receiving the thanks of the Court for his prompt and courageous defense and capture.

Thirty years ago the docks of this city swarmed with thieves of every grade, from the murderous pirate to the young children who supported drunken parents by their pilferings. The ship-owners were at their wits' ends to protect themselves, and watchmen without number were employed to patrol the wharves and arrest suspicious characters; but the ranks of the petty thieves increased rather than diminished. Early in the year 1850 a small, wiry man, who had gone into the watching service independently, attracted the attention of some of the prominent ship-owners by his vigilance, courage and energy. He was a terror to the small fry, and hated by the experts of the thieving fraternity. His name was Pierre D. Van Riesen, the founder of the Merchants' Police Service, an organization at the present day numbering 100 trained men, who are detailed to watch the docks and the shipping.

The organization was formed in June, 1850, and at once received the patronage and co-operation of such old firms as A. A. Low & Co., Grinnell, Minturn & Co., Charles H. Marshall & Co., and others. Their object was to concentrate the watch system into one firm, who would employ trustworthy men, be responsible for all property left in their charge, and who would make good all losses. The firm as then organized grew in importance until the present day, when it is recognized by ship-owners and captains as well systematized and trustworthy in every respect.

At one time dock thieves were about as plentiful as rats, and a thousand times more destructive and dangerous. They were of every grade, and worked their schemes in every conceivable manner; but the hardest of the lot, and the worst to contend with, were the women. In those days, twenty years ago, the women worked what was known as the "molasses racket." A crowd of them, provided with pails and other vessels, would surround a hogshead of syrup, and, watching their opportunity, would remove the bung, tilt the hogshead and fill their pails. The operation would be repeated until their vessels were filled. Another class were known as "borers," who confined their operations to rice, coffee and goods of that description.

They would locate the docks wherever such property was stored, row under them at night, and with an auger bore holes through the dock into the sacks containing the booty. Another favorite scheme of these boatmen was to row alongside of a dock where cotton, wool or other bale goods was stowed; throw up a grapnel, a five-pronged hook, making fast to a bale, which they would tow to their dens. Property of this nature, after being stripped of its coverings, could never be identified, and captures of it were sure to be the harvest for the thieves.

Since Mr. Van Riesen has been in the business he has captured and helped to convict 3,000 thieves, noted and otherwise, and during the time twelve of the men have been killed while in the discharge of their duties.

UNITED STATES PATENT-OFFICE.

THE destruction, in September, 1877, of two of the four model-halls of the Patent Office Building, in Washington, together with their valuable contents, was justly regarded as a public calamity. The Government, however, has been prompt to repair, so far as possible, the mischief done, by adopting the plans of Messrs. Cluss & Schulze, architects, under whose superintendence the work has been practically completed. In the construction of the building absolute fireproof work is believed to have been secured. To obviate the injurious effects of expansion and contraction, experienced with metal roofs of wide span, during the high temperature of a conflagration, the halls have been arranged for a centre nave and two aisles, by two rows of solid piers which are carried up for support of the roofs. These piers are spaced transversely, as well as longitudinally, to suit the *points d'appui* in the lower stories, and are built of bonded brick-work laid in Portland cement, as the most suitable material for fireproof construction. They form a prominent part in a marked style, the outgrowth of a modern system of construction. The piers are tied, in pairs, by fireproof wrought iron girders stretched across the centre nave; these are surmounted by decorated gables which subdivide the inner skylights rhythmically into compartments, and establish a counterpoise to the pressure exerted on the centre by the inclined planes of the roofs over the aisles. The wide spaces between the piers of each row are subdivided by double-wrought and cast-iron columns, with intermediate fireproof filling; these support the galleries which are constructed of rolled-iron beams with ceilings formed of hollow, fireproof blocks, and floors of huge slabs of slate. In order to retain the entire space between the saddle piers and outside walls for the fireproof model-cases, balconies, or baskets, were designed on the first gallery, which project into the centre nave. By this means the comparatively great height of the centre nave is subdued, and brought in sympathy with the lower masses by its sides. The outlines of these balconies are arranged so as to break the formal monotony of the almost endless repetition of straight architectural lines by the contrast of graceful curves in floors and balustrades.

The interior architecture of the model-rooms is in modern Renaissance, a style which admits of doing full justice to all that is essential for the future occupation of the building, without requiring any concessions to the classical traditions of which this style is an organic reproduction. In the details all unnecessary decoration has been avoided, and a severe but pleasing dignity secured by well-proportioned old masses, superior material, harmony and chaste contrast of colors.

The floors of the centre naves and communicating passages are laid with marble tiles, in panels of white and black, within borders of red and French gray. The ceilings of the galleries are plain, since the model-cases abut against them, and all the spaces between the cases are again relieved by the light wells.

Style is imparted to the piers along both sides of the centre nave by facings of marble cement. Substantial pilasters with raised work are formed of Egyptian and Vert antique marble under the first gallery. Upon the floor of the first gallery a tier of lighter and more elaborate pilasters is raised with pedestals of Vert antique, fluted shafts of polished Sienna marble, and capitals with superincumbent consoles of milk-white (Parian) marble, the effect of which is enhanced by a moderate amount of gilding for the prominent parts. The superior merits of Keene's cement have induced an extensive use of it for plastering and floors under the model-cases.

The ceilings of the halls rest upon coved cornices, and mark the rafter construction of the roof by sunk compartments between molded styles. The whole architecture of the halls, with the exception of the prominent features in polished and plain marble, is kept in gray; the ceilings in shades of cold gray, the side walls and plain parts of piers in greenish grays, and the architecture of windows, doors and galleries in warm grays, all with sparse applications of gold. The balustrades around the galleries on the sides and ends of the lofty middle naves, as well as the railings of the numerous well-holes and stairs, are bronze. The outside window-sash—the only wood in the halls—is of mahogany. It is characteristic of this public work that no carpenter was on the pay-rolls, nor was any carpenters' work furnished under contract up to the time of hanging the sash.

The funds appropriated for this reconstruction amounted to $348,300. Nearly 1,100 tons of iron have been consumed. It required twenty-two tons of copper to cover the roofs; the skylights require about 21,000 square feet of hammered or fluted heavy glass. The galleries are floored with 40,000 square feet of rubbed slate-slabs, and the main floor with 33,000 square feet of rubbed slate-slabs.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE RECONSTRUCTED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

JAPANESE SINGING GIRLS.

AMONG the queer callings in Japan is that of the "Geysha," or singing and dancing-girl. Geyshas may be hired at a few minutes' notice in all the great towns of the empire. As a rule they are comely, modest damsels, although in obedience to the refined taste of a certain class of foreigners, a school possessing as little of one quality as of the other has sprung up. To the ceremonial feasts of rich men singing and dancing girls are the invariable appendages, and are not unfrequently treated rather as guests than as hired servants. As a rule they perform in pairs; one playing the guitar while the other sings or dances, but quartets and choruses may be had for payment. It is never etiquette to treat them as professionals; the hint for performing should be given incidentally, and on no account is the payment for their services to be made openly, but is to be pushed under their rice-bowl in a piece of paper, so that it is discovered as it were by accident. With the Geyshas proper often come the dancing-girls so-called, although "posturers" would be a more correct expression, inasmuch as Japanese dancing consists entirely of a series of graceful ankle-and-hand-twisting positions, quite independent of any musical accompaniment. Good singing and dancing girls earn large sums of money, and famous ones must be booked beforehand; but in their performances, whether of singing or posturing, there is very little to charm the European sense, and a very few minutes suffices to render the performance a bore.

THE COTTON-SPINNING INDUSTRY.

THE cotton-spinning industry, one of the great industries of the world, is continually increasing, especially in this country. The total number of spindles on the globe is, according to the latest returns, 71,250,000, of which Britain has 39,500,000. Switzerland has, contrary to general opinion, more spindles, proportionately to its population, than any other Continental State, ranking in Europe immediately after England. The United States have 10,050,000 spindles; France has 5,000,000; Germany, 4,800,000; Russia, 2,800,000; Switzerland, 1,870,000; Austria, 1,800,000; Spain, 1,775,000; Italy, 900,000; Belgium, 800,000; India, 1,275,000; Sweden and Norway, 310,000; Holland, 220,000; Greece, 36,000, and other countries (including Denmark and Portugal), 44,000 spindles. Britain has, to every 1,000 of its inhabitants, 1,180 spindles; Switzerland, 675; United States, 218; France, 135; Germany, 108; Spain, 103; Holland, 87; Sweden and Norway, 68; Austria, 42; Russia, 30; Italy, 29. Fall River is by large odds the greatest cotton spinning centre in the Republic. It now has 1,364,191 spindles and 32,621 looms; uses 162,475 bales of cotton annually, and manufactures every year about 400,000,000 yards of cloth. All of its fifty mills are now very prosperous, and producing each week 150,000 pieces of printing-cloths, not to speak of sheetings, silesias, white fine goods, fancy cottons, etc. Their operatives number near 16,000, and the weekly pay-roll reaches some $400,000. The corporations have suffered much from dull times, dishonest treasurers, and other causes; but they have come bravely out of their troubles, and their future looks radiant.

A NEW ELECTRIC WONDER.

A FRENCH engineer named Parodi claims to have discovered a method of conveying large quantities of electricity over long distances and distributing it at any number of points on the way, exactly like gas or water. Electricity of sufficient tension is produced in the ordinary manner, but instead of transmitting it by the usual wires or cables, it is conveyed through immense continuous truncated pipes, having the same qualities as Leyden jars. The tension is uniform throughout, and it is thus possible to divert the fluid as may be required at different points for various industrial purposes. The invention dispenses with steam-engines. Steam may be replaced by waterfalls, and great economy in the production of electricity is effected. The inventor believes that Niagara might be utilized and electricity transmitted from the Horse Shoe Falls to New York or Boston.

MOVEMENTS OF JUPITER.

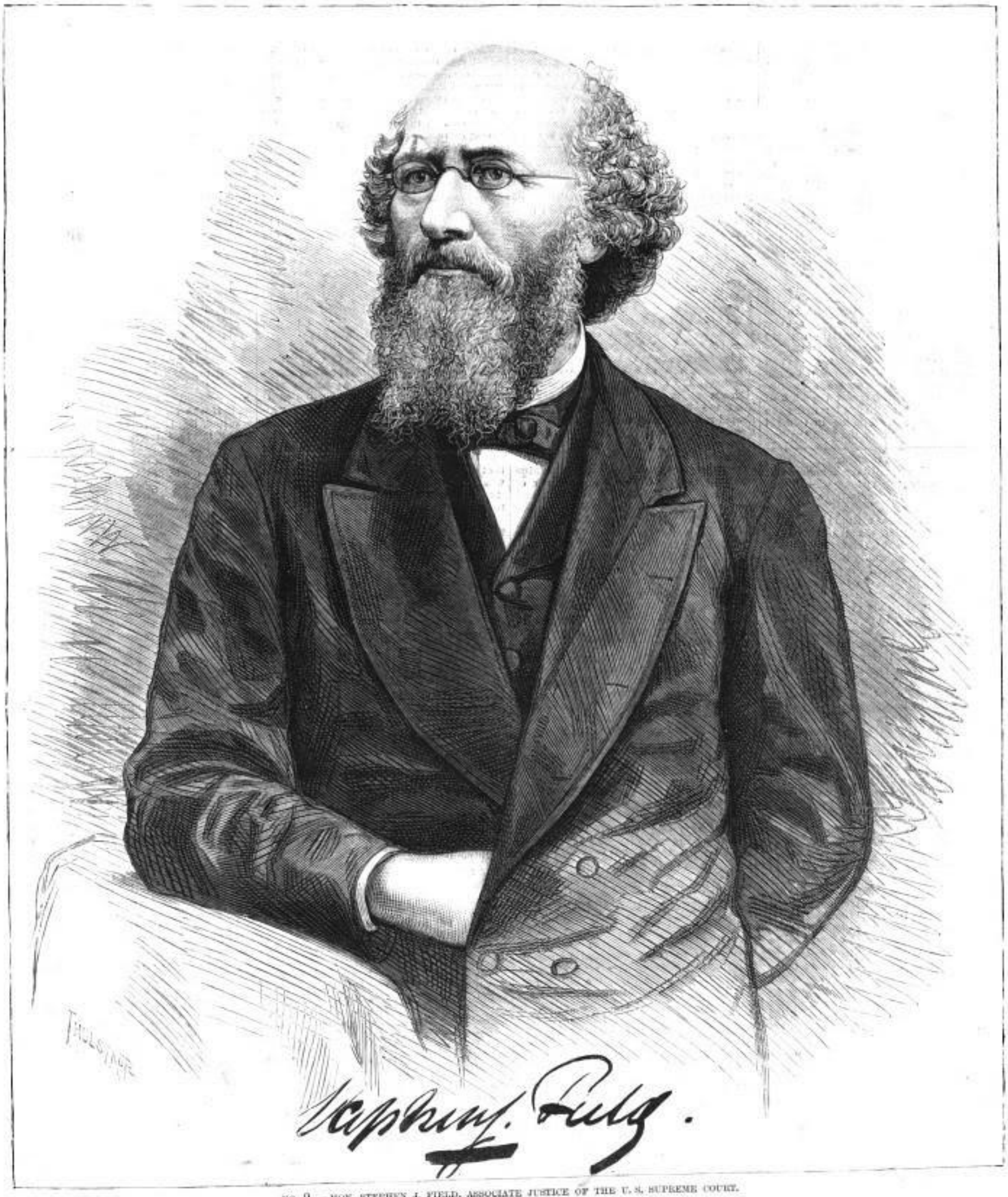
JUPITER is morning star, and by far the most important object for observation among the planets during this month. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of students of the stars, that the four great planets are all approaching their perihelia, and bring about a condition of planetary affairs that has not occurred for 2,000 years. Jupiter reaches the goal first, arriving at perihelion on the 28th of September. Such is the eccentricity of his orbit that he will then be 46,000,000 of miles, or about half of the whole distance of the earth from the sun, nearer to the great central fire than when furthest away. He is also at that time almost at his nearest point to the earth, coming into opposition with the sun eleven days after perihelion. The earth is then directly between him and the sun; but the earth is furthest from the sun in July, and will be at considerably more than her mean distance in September, when Jupiter is 46,000,000 miles nearer. It may be easily seen that when at opposition the earth is at or near her greatest distance, and Jupiter at his least distance, from the sun, the two planets will be almost as near together as they can be. Such will be the case next October, and the giant of the system will soon give evidence of the fact in his increasing size and brilliancy, being brighter than he has been for nearly twelve years. The difference will not be so marked as in the case of Mars under the same conditions, for nearly 400,000,000 miles of space intervene between the earth and the huge planet even when nearest. Jupiter, therefore, will be a source of intense interest during the coming months as he approaches and recedes from his perihelion and opposition. The great problem of the effect of his approach upon the mysterious spot-period of the sun will be first in importance. Many astronomers scout the idea of such an influence. Many more find nothing improbable in the theory that the approach of a huge mass to the sun should produce disturbance in his blazing elements, evidently in commotion from some cause, while the near correspondence in time between the maximum of the spot-period and the revolution of Jupiter favors the argument. No one doubts that the disturbed condition of the sun will be reflected on the earth in waves of intense heat, severe storms, and auroral displays, or that the same influence will be felt in the same way to the system's remotest bounds. Gigantic Jupiter, as his mighty mass plunges towards the sun, gives evidences of mighty forces at work among the chaotic elements of his cloud-surface. A spot has been seen on his disk for nearly a year, elliptical in form, red in color, and with a diameter of 20,000 miles. No observer understands the cause of this huge rift. It may be an opening in the cloud atmosphere disclosing the more solid matter beneath, and it may be something beyond human ken. About the 22d, it is hoped that the planet will be again in favorable position for the observation of the red spot, and patient investigators will not be wanting to make the best of the opportunity. This beautiful planet may now be seen in the eastern sky, serenely unconscious of the excitement induced by his movements, rising at 3:45; at the end of a month he rises at 2 o'clock, nearly two hours and a half before the sun.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 9.—Hon. Stephen J. Field, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—See Page 242.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
55, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
52, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, *57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

TRUE POLITICAL JOURNALISM.

OUR enterprising contemporary, the New York *Herald*, announces that it will no longer oppose the third-term candidature of General Grant. Having been, four years ago, the foremost American journal to lift up its voice against the "third term" as a portent of "Cæsarism," and, during the present preliminary canvass for the Republican nomination, having earnestly warned the Republican Party and the country against the perils of such a step, it declares, since the Republican Convention of Illinois has pronounced for the "third term," that it will bow henceforth to the decree of destiny and kick no longer against the pricks. It believes that the drift of Republican sentiment is setting irresistibly towards the ex-President's nomination; and arguing that his nomination will be followed by his probable election, the *Herald* has already begun to forecast the kind of Administration we may hope for under the third term auspices. Finding in General Grant some traits in common with General Washington, our contemporary hopes that the military savior of the country, in being honored above its military founder, will seek to emulate the virtues which have heretofore given to the latter a peerless fame.

In taking this new attitude the *Herald* repels the supposition that it is practicing anything like political tergiversation. It is simply acting in conformity with the theory of public journalism which it prescribes for its conduct. It likens the function of the journalist to the function of the photographer. It is the duty of the former, as of the latter, simply to represent the forms and phases of things as they appear for the time being, without seeking to alter, to amend, or to color them. The folio of a wide-awake journal presents itself to the eye of our versatile *confrère* as a vast sensitized plate, on which "the age and body of the time" are to be depicted in daily editions, each complete in itself, though each may differ from the other in value and in significance.

In so arguing, it seems to us that the *Herald* falls into a confusion of ideas with regard to two very distinct spheres of political journalism—the sphere in which the journalist deals with facts, and the sphere in which he deals with ideas and with moral forces. In the sphere of facts we agree with our contemporary that the journalist should seek to imitate the fidelity of the photographer, bringing his camera to bear on all the fluctuations in the vast tide of human affairs, and setting before the observer a picture of the living time which shall be at once true, vivid and complete. But these pictures of the living age are in order to the higher purposes which may be subserved by their portrayal. The scheme of human life is a stage of action, not a spectacular drama, and the journal which is true to its highest function cannot degenerate into a flat and idle mirror of the passing times. It has truths to teach and morals to draw, as well as pictures to exhibit. In a world which is governed by ideas, it cannot be without ideas of its own. In a world which is swayed by moral forces, it must make an election among the forces which it holds best adapted to impress a right direction on the progress of the State. Independent in all things, neutral in nothing which concerns the welfare of the people, the enlightened political journalist may be called, in a day of popular giddiness and innovation, to stand in a breach without counting the numerical odds that seem to be against him, with as much of steadiness and intrepidity as Leonidas and his Spartan band standing in the pass of Thermopylæ—because they remembered that they were standing there in defense of their homes, and because they remembered, too, that the best service a man can sometimes render to his country is to die for it. The cause of human liberty would have been weak and pitiable to-day if nobody had ever adventured to fight a losing battle for it; and the wholesome moral forces which to-day give strength and beauty to the pillars of our civil government are forces which have sprung from the souls of men who knew their rights and who had courage enough to maintain them against all comers.

It is true that in our political struggles there is much of simulated virtue and of spurious patriotism. There is much adjuration in behalf of "imperiled rights" and "imperiled liberties" where there is no sense of peril at all. In such panic cries the honest public journalist can take no share, for they tend to defeat the legitimate ends of candid and manly discussion. But between the panic clamors of the man who cries "Wolf!" when there is no wolf, and the delusive speech of the man who cries "peace, when there is no peace," there is nothing to choose in point of either honor or sincerity.

That there are good citizens who have convinced themselves that the elevation of General Grant to the Presidency for a third time may be effected without damage to our public liberties and without detriment to our public interests, we do not for a moment question. We cheerfully concede to them not only the right to hold, but the right to propagate, this opinion by all the resources of fair and open discussion. But there are others among us who believe that his candidature for the third term involves a serious innovation on the traditions of the Republic; that there is no present public exigency calling for such an innovation; that the methods by which his candidature has been engineered smack of "the machine" and involve a direct encroachment on the freedom of political initiative—the most precious of popular rights in a country like ours; that his past record as a civil ruler affords no guarantee that his third term will be better than his second, as his second term was certainly worse than his first; and, finally, that the political leaders foremost in the advocacy of his pretensions are men who have won distinction in the art of "practical politics" rather than in the field of statesmanship. That the men who hold *these* opinions should resist his nomination and his election is not only a right but a solemn public duty.

And with this right and duty the success or the failure of his aspirations has nothing whatever to do. Cato did not despair of the Roman Republic until it was lost, and even after it had been lost he kept the steadfastness of his faith by declaring that though the conquering cause of the Empire had pleased the gods, it was still the conquered cause of the Republic that was pleasing to Cato. It is not the province of the public journalist to foretell events, but it is his duty to do all that lies in his power to guide the currents of political thought to those issues which may seem best adapted to promote the welfare of the people.

The New York *Herald*, in predicting the nomination and the election of General Grant, has slightly exceeded its task and function as a photographic newspaper. We believe the photographer confines himself to the images of things that are present and visible, and does not work his camera according to that faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. And in thus bringing the weights of prophecy into the quivering scales of the pending Republican nomination, our contemporary has shown by its own practice how little foundation there is in any theory of journalism which would strip the journalist's office of the intellectual dignity and the moral sanctions which give pith and purpose to his pen.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY FOR MURDERERS.

GOVERNOR CORNELL, in granting a respite to the condemned murderer, Chastine Cox, assigns as a reason for his action that his other executive duties prevent him from considering the application for a commutation of sentence until after the day fixed for execution. This undoubtedly would seem to be a sufficient reason for a short respite, but the length of time granted, about two months, may be regarded as unfortunate for several reasons.

The rapidity with which punishment follows crime is an element almost as important as certainty. Delays, especially in capital cases, naturally excite hopes, either well-founded or delusive, in the mind of the criminal of escaping the extreme penalty, which hopes, in mercy as well as in justice, he should not be suffered to entertain. In a few months the revolting circumstances of the crime are almost forgotten; not a thought is given to those who have been bereaved by it; while a host of kind-hearted but weak-minded people indulge in maudlin sentimentality over the hard lot of the murderer, weeping friends swarm around his cell, poets write verses for him, he is petted and pampered like the prodigal son, his Christian virtues are proclaimed by his interviewers, until he comes to be regarded by many as almost a martyr, if not a hero; and the punishment, if inflicted, is deprived of the greater part of its effect as a lesson and a warning.

The way in which they manage executions in France is decidedly the better plan. There the criminal is kept in blissful ignorance of the result of any application for mercy, and even of the time appointed for his execution. At daybreak the executioner enters his cell, generally finds him asleep, rouses him and informs him that his time has come. He is hurriedly dressed, taken quickly to the scaffold, and within a very few minutes from the time of his awakening his head rolls in the basket.

Now, if capital punishment is to be kept up, and if we cannot equal our French neighbors in their swift and orderly methods of inflicting it, let us at least be able to claim that when a brutal murder is committed, is detected, is clearly proved against, and confessed by, the murderer, such a crime cannot escape the extreme penalty of the law. In the case of Cox, it is impossible to imagine a single extenuating circumstance which should entitle him to clemency. His victim was a lady who had befriended him. He entered her house in the dead of the night with the deliberate intent of robbing her. A midnight robber or burglar is always ready and willing to murder if necessary to accomplish his object. Hence those crimes were, up to a comparatively recent period, punishable with death, and in view of the great increase of the so-called "masked burglaries," it may be doubted whether it would not be well to revive that law. The pretense that he did not intend to kill her amounts to nothing, even if true. The law presumes that a man intends what will be the natural consequences of his act, and when a strong man violently presses upon the throat or face of an elderly woman until she gives no sign of life, what intent can be attributed to him except that he intended to kill her?

But this question of intent is not material. The crime of which Cox was convicted does not include the intent to kill as one of its ingredients. The statute makes his offense murder, being perpetrated while engaged in the commission of a felony, "although without any design to effect death." Of the wisdom of this provision there can be no doubt, and such being the law, and Cox having openly confessed his guilt of that offense, it will be interesting to see what mitigating circumstances the ingenuity of his counsel and friends can suggest to the Governor in aid of his application.

Crimes of this character have increased to an alarming extent within a few years, and the Governor will add greatly to the present sense of insecurity as to life and property, now so prevalent throughout the community, if he suffers himself to be cajoled or misled into a mistaken exercise of clemency.

NOTABLE FEATURES IN CURRENT TRADE.

NEXT in importance to the collapse of the "boom" in iron, which some months ago was such an important feature of trade, is the present depression in other articles. Last August, and during all September and October, the transactions in tea in this market reached an enormous aggregate, speculators and dealers vieing with each other in "loading up," in the phraseology of the street, and prices went up even more rapidly than a few years ago, when the proposal in the Committee of Ways and Means to put on a duty of fifteen cents per pound encouraged much reckless speculation. But for the last six months there has been noticeable that inevitable reaction which must follow, as night does the day, a season of undue excitement and feverish inflation of values. The downward movement has been gradual, but none the less certain, and to-day prices in the wholesale market are fully ten cents per pound lower than at the beginning of the year. Next to the falling off in the demand, a steady increase in the importations has most affected prices. Then, again, importers have thrown large quantities on the market at regular auction sales, which, being unreserved, have reflected the actual state of affairs far more accurately than the nominal quotations of the brokers in the lower part of Wall Street. It is, however, a fact that admits of no dispute that the general public has gained very little by the very marked decline. Some of the larger retail establishments on the west side of the city and in Brooklyn have undoubtedly given their patrons the benefit of the reduction to a considerable extent; but the fact remains that most of the small dealers, from whom the masses are apt to secure their supply of that which "cheers but not inebriates," have continued to exact prices about as high as ever. It is, moreover, a fact, not without its humorous side, that the average "green" grocer is invariably voluble on the subject of a "rise" in tea, but preserves the silence of the mute and innocent oyster when prices are on the decline. Or, if it is so, he has yet to hear of it. If one were desirous of buying a large lot of tea from one of the numerous brokers of this city, the quotations—at which jobbers purchase at the present time—would range from 16 to 62 cents per pound for green, the most of the transactions being in the neighborhood of 30 to 35 cents; Japan, 16 to 38 cents; Souchong and Congou, 14 to 45 cents; and Oolong, 13 to 40 cents; and some fancy grades sell above the highest prices given. Considering the enormous quantity consumed annually, a profit of five cents per pound ought to be sufficient; but it is well known that the average retailer is not satisfied with this.

It may not be uninteresting to those unacquainted with the subject to note the magnitude of the tea trade of New York. During the last seven years the importations at this port have approximated 400,000,000 pounds, and the records show a steady increase for several years past. For instance, in 1877 the total was 48,400,000 pounds; in 1878, 52,500,000 pounds, and last year close to 60,000,000 pounds. It is well known that this country takes almost all the Japan tea that is exported, the quantity received here last season being a little under 35,000,000 pounds, Canada during the same time taking 3,800,000 pounds. Considerably more than half of our importations are, therefore, what is known as "uncolored" Japan, the remainder being "Mayune" and "Ping-suey" green, "Formosa" and "Amoy" Oolong, Congou and Souchong. Our English cousins prefer black tea, and will, as a rule, refuse to drink green. This preference is illustrated by the fact that a recent statement of the supply of tea in the warehouses of London placed the quantity of black at 77,180,000 pounds, and of green at about 3,230,000 pounds. New York controls the tea trade of this country, as London does that of Great Britain.

Another notable feature of trade recently was the "corner" in wheat, by which prices for May delivery were advanced twelve cents per bushel within two days. Of course this was ruinous to the unlucky speculators who, imagining that the bottom was out of the market, had gone heavily "short" for May delivery. Mr. James R. Keene is said to be a large holder of wheat, and, if the gossip of the Street is to be credited, has latterly revenged himself for heavy losses, through the almost uninterrupted decline of some months past, by turning like a lion at bay and severely punishing the operators on the "wrong" side of the market. The worst of it is that the May "corner" is likely to be repeated this month unless the "shorts," warned by their last unhappy experience, have already secured sufficient wheat to meet their June contracts.

The coffee trade just now is in rather an anomalous condition, in that prices, notwithstanding that the supplies here have been unusually large for some time past, are an important item higher than at this time last year. It is not very generally known that most of the coffee consumed in this country is "Rio," so named from being shipped from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Last year the imports of "Rio" coffee into the United States was no less than 2,560,000 bags, averaging 133 pounds each—New York, which has the bulk of the trade, receiving 1,720,000 bags of this enormous total. The present prices are largely the result of speculation in which the Brazilian Government has engaged, it is stated, the proceeds going to help pay the interest on its bonds. "Fair" cargoes of Brazil coffee have recently been quoted at 14¼ cents per pound, against 13 cents at the same time last year; yet it is a fact that at the time of writing the quantity held by importers here closely approximates 200,000 bags, against a total of less than 50,000 bags at this date last year; and there is, moreover, a considerable quantity on the way to our markets. Recently the Brazilian Government had fully 60,000 bags in our warehouses and about 20,000 bags in Baltimore. Most of our Java coffee comes by way of Holland, as that Government controls most of the plantations in Java. Every month there is an auction sale in Amsterdam—and has been from time unmemorial—at which fully 100,000 mats of about 133 pounds each are sold. England controls to a great extent the crop of Ceylon coffee, and the United States purchase the bulk of the Brazil crop; and we also import largely of Maracaibo, Laguayra, Costa Rica, Savanilla, a very little Mocha, and a respectable quantity of Java. The imports of coffee into the United States last year—principally at New York—reached the imposing aggregate of 360,000,000 pounds.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE political atmosphere of Europe is at the moment remarkably calm. Even in France, where there are usually some fermenting influences at work, the only thing to disturb the general serenity is an abortive attempt to hold a communistic meeting. Emboldened by

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the non-interference of the Government in the celebration of the anniversary of Gustave Flouren's death, the Communists resolved to hold a meeting to celebrate the heroes of the Commune. To have allowed such a celebration would have been a public avowal that the insurgents who fell fighting against the troops of the nation in May, 1870, were justified in their resistance. The prompt action of the Government in arresting the two or three uneasy spirits who attempted to create an excitement by appearing in the Place de la Bastille wearing red scarfs has effectually ended the movement.

The English people had scarcely ceased congratulating themselves upon the appointment of M. Léon Say as Ambassador near the Court of St. James, and upon the renewal of the friendship which was supposed to have been destroyed by the refusal of England to aid the French during the Franco-Prussian War, than the action of the Left in choosing that distinguished politician as President of the Senate obliged him to resign his embassy. His successor will probably be M. Waddington, who, besides his English name, was educated at Cambridge University, and has shown his good taste by choosing an American as his wife. His appointment is merely important as showing the desire of the present French Ministry to cement the renewed bonds of friendship between England and France.

The number of sovereigns who have been turned out of their kingdoms and have taken refuge in Paris is almost a byword, and Dandeh has not exaggerated their number in his "*Rois en Exil.*" The last sprig of royalty to join the ranks is the Princess of Asturias, sister of the young King of Spain. She was married to Count Girgenti, brother of the ex-King of Naples, and is by far the most intelligent of her family. Since King Alfonso came to the throne his sister has ruled supreme, much to the disgust of the Duke of Sesto. But now the confinement of the young Queen of Spain is expected, and the Comtesse Girgenti has thought fit to get out of the way. She has two sisters, and she purposes making a tour through Europe to look for husbands for them.

The King of Italy has opened Parliament with a speech that deals almost entirely with home affairs. He promises to support the other Powers in their efforts to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, and to help in the settlement of the Greek boundary question. Garibaldi, who is member for Rome, invited all his political friends to join the party of Nicotera, and only to support candidates in favor of an active and energetic foreign policy. He also stated that he intends to visit Paris and London in order to concert measures with Gambetta, Gladstone and Dilke about Italian affairs! Since then he has written a letter abusing the House of Savoy, recommending the dissolution of the army—a curious way of beginning an energetic foreign policy—and that nothing be given to the priests.

The change of policy at the German Foreign Office since Prince Hohenlohe has taken charge, and which was alluded to in this column last week, will probably lead to a treaty of reciprocity between Germany and Russia. The dispute began last Autumn, when a German shipowner applied to the river authorities for leave to run his steamer on the Russian part of the River Niemen. As there was some hesitation on the part of the Russian Government, the Prussians withdrew the permission they had formerly given to Russian shipowners to ply on the German part of the river. How the wind blows can often be discerned by a straw, and it is not altogether unworthy of attention that a move is made in Russia against the Germans. It has always been customary for the Russian Governors to address the German cities, like Riga in the Russian Baltic provinces, in the German language. Some time ago they ceased to do so, and there was a fierce Teutonic outbreak, the mayor and aldermen refusing to receive any communications which were not in German. The Russian Government, however, now intends to pass a law making it compulsory upon the Baltic Germans not only to receive these communications, but also to reply in in Russ. Meanwhile, Prince Gortschakoff is almost quite recovered from his severe illness. All Russia is delighted at the result of the English elections, and the accession to power of the Liberals is said to be the cause of the Chancellor's recovery.

The conduct of the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent to the British throne, is giving great satisfaction to the English people. Unlike former Princes of Wales, who gloried in giving as much annoyance as possible to the Ministry for the time being, he has shown himself always ready to accept the politics that commend themselves to the nation. It is a well-known fact that Lord Beaconsfield is more agreeable as a Prime Minister to both the Queen and the Prince of Wales than is Mr. Gladstone. But as soon as the nation declared, by the late overwhelming vote in favor of the Liberal Party, that it was tired of Lord Beaconsfield, the Prince gave his social approval by inviting not only the purely liberal members of the Government, but also such radicals as Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain, to a quiet little dinner at Marlborough House. Such an invitation has not as much significance in England as it would have in other monarchical countries, but it shows how ready His Royal Highness is to adapt himself to the force of circumstances. It was a curious sight to see the Prince taking the oath of allegiance to his mother, himself and his young sons, who, by-the-way, have returned untattooed from their long sea voyage. This occurred lately in the House of Lords, of which the Prince as Duke of Cornwall is a member. This willingness to advance with the times is the cause of much joy in England, and great things are expected of him when, as must soon happen, he ascends the throwne of his ancestors.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has been blackballed at the English Jockey Club, and many unpleasant remarks are being made anent it. Mr. Rothschild was proposed by Lord Rosebery, who is well known in this country, and was seconded by Lord Falmouth. The reason of his black-balling is said to be due to the choice of his proposer, for Lord Rosebery had taken an active part in the election of Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, and the Jockey Club is a very Conservative institution. Whatever the cause may be, the action of the club has been subjected to very severe censure, for Mr. Rothschild is a large owner of racehorses, and the club list contains the names of many far more objectionable members.

THE receipts of internal revenue for the first ten months of the current fiscal year show a large increase as compared with those of a like period last year. From spirits there was an increase of $7,388,846; from tobacco, $1,823,967, and from fermented liquors, $1,612,790. The total aggregate receipts show an increase in favor of the present year of $11,603,471. During April, 1880, there was a total increase from all sources of $2,860,384 over April, 1879.

A PROPOSITION has been started in Congress looking to the pensioning of the surviving widows, and children under sixteen years of age, of such members of the life-saving crews on our coasts as may lose their lives while in the performance of their duty. Such a measure could scarcely fail to command a hearty support, since it would involve only a just and proper recognition of a service which is every year illustrated by examples of the loftiest heroism and self-sacrifice.

WE shall conclude our series of "Possible Presidential Candidates" in the next number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We have not included in our gallery the portraits of General Grant and Mr. Tilden for the reason that both have repeatedly appeared in our columns, and not at all because we have regarded the nomination of either as impossible. Just now, it looks indeed as if these gentlemen may be the opposing candidates in the great national struggle.

THE majority in the House of Representatives has determined to appropriate a sufficient sum for the payment of United States Marshals and their General Deputies for the fiscal year beginning July 4th, 1880, and to prohibit payment of Special Deputies commissioned under the Federal Election laws to serve during the Presidential election. This will at least put an end to the injustice of refusing to pay public officials for services already performed.

THE Secretary of the Navy has sent a communication to Congress advocating the completion of the four unfinished monitors—the *Terror*, *Amphitrite*, *Puritan* and the *Monadnock*. To complete the vessels according to the modifications recommended will require $2,847,836 for construction, and $1,251,000 for steam-engineering expenses, a total of $4,098,836. It would be a good deal wiser to expend this sum in encouraging American commerce than to waste it in the manner proposed.

THE Louisiana "carpet-baggers" whom General Grant so greatly befriended during his Administration, have been guilty of conspicuous ingratitude. In the State Convention, last week, to elect delegates to the Chicago Convention, they deliberately sacrificed the interests of their illustrious patron, and permitted Sherman and Blaine to secure a majority of the delegation. The ex-President, however, may felicitate himself upon the pleasing fact that the virtuous Pinchback remained true to his fortunes and engineered a small bolt in his interest.

SOME important modifications in the election laws, looking to more honest elections, were made by the New York Legislature at its recent session. By one Bill all towns abutting upon places having over 16,000 inhabitants are to have their voters registered, as in the cities. This Bill will prevent much double voting in country towns near the great cities. By another law every candidate for office is secured the legal right of having a representative present when the ballots are counted at a polling-place hereafter. By still another law all the ballots are to be of a uniform size, and made of plain white paper. This law is intended to prevent the issue of tissue ballots.

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS has written a letter to a friend in Illinois, in which he gives his views upon public questions at some length. He opposes the third-term idea, favors reform in the civil service, a revision of the tariff, the utmost economy in expenditures, with a view to a rapid extinction of the public debt, the curtailment of corporate power, and the protection of the ballot-box so as to secure absolutely free elections. In a word, the distinguished Senator declares himself in sympathy with the body of doctrine held by the better portion of the Democracy, and the letter was probably written with a view of conciliating the good will of that element in the Cincinnati Convention.

A TABLE published by one of the London journals shows that out of about 2,500,000 electors who had the opportunity of voting in the general election—that is, the constituencies where contests occurred—more than 2,000 000 actually voted, leaving less than half a million who abstained. Of these, over 1,140,000 voted for the Liberals, over 800,000 for the Tories, and over 58,000 for the Home Rulers. Thus the popular majority of Liberals over Tories was about a quarter of a million, on a total vote of over 2,000,000, showing that the present electoral arrangements may magnify considerably the effect of a majority, when they translate it into the number of the representatives. In 1874, however, the paradox was much greater, and in quite the other direction, as on that occasion the popular majority was on the Liberal side, while the large majority of representatives was on the side of the Tories.

IT is intimated that the exportation of gold will begin during the present week, and that during the Summer the balance of coin will be against us. We have been so long accustomed to a balance of trade in our favor that a contrary condition seems surprising. But it cannot be expected that crops will fail in Europe every year, and, now that peace prevails, the granaries of the Old World may be able to furnish food enough for Europe and its dependencies without drawing upon us as heavily as heretofore. The purchase of bonds at the rate of $12,000,000 a month means necessarily gold to England, and, as business is dull during the Summer months, bullion will necessarily go abroad.

THE House of Representatives last week injected into the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill a provision requiring all the appropriations authorized by the Bill to be paid in silver. These appropriations amount to $21,000,000, equal in weight to 1,000 tons, which, under this provision, are to be distributed over the country in silver dollars. The absurdity of the proposition is only equaled by its stupidity. For, even should the amendment be accepted by the Senate, it would amount to nothing practically, since every dollar of these twenty-one millions, received at one window of the Treasury, would be instantly exchanged at another window for a silver certificate, to redeem which the Treasury would be compelled to retain the silver constantly in its possession.

KALLOCH, the reverend Mayor of San Francisco, is hurling defiance at his clerical critics who recently proposed in the California Baptist Convention to demand an investigation of the charges against his son and himself. He tells them that he means to preach the Gospel; that he cares nothing for "the brutality, ferocity and hideousness of their attacks"; that he defies them, and will never submit to their authority. Here is a sample of the sort of talk in which he indulges from his pulpit:

"They say they are going to try me before an ecclesiastical council; but I want to say now, here, publicly, that no number of Baptist ministers, no long-horned Baptist deacons, are going to try me until I am ready for them. I will plead no statute of limitations, plead no ba by act; I do not care how far back they go or how wide a swath they cut. The people may speculate on me and what I intend to do, but as long as I live nothing will ever deter me from preaching to them the glad tidings of God's salvation."

Truly here is the very excess of impudence. Better the drivel of Ingersoll, hideous as it is, than the gospel of hypocrisy, lust and vindictiveness preached by such a man as Kalloch.

THE vicious system pursued in Congress in the matter of appropriations for the erection of public buildings, was very properly rebuked by Mr. Chittenden, of this State, in the course of a short speech on the Sundry Civil Bill last week. There were then on the calendar of the House forty-five Bills to authorize the commencement of new buildings, at a cost of some $10,000,000. The expenditure of this sum would, of course, commit the Government to continued yearly appropriations for the prosecution of the work until the final completion of the buildings, the aggregate greatly exceeding, no doubt, any present expectation of the real cost. Mr. Chittenden, in his remarks, mentioned that last year a log rolling scheme was brought before the House, by which it was proposed to erect sixteen or eighteen public buildings in one Bill, and added that, as to one of them, it was known by those advocating it that even the site could not be bought for the sum appropriated. But arguments and facts of this sort amount to nothing against a combination of members making common cause in support of such appropriations as they individually desire; and if the present system shall continue, we may justly expect to see millions of dollars wasted every year in providing for public buildings in country towns where they are in no sense needed.

IN the Senate debate, last week, on Mr. Morgan's resolution governing the electoral count, Mr. Edmunds made the point insisted upon by us in a recent article, that each State should be given the power to settle all disputes concerning its electoral votes, and that Congress should have power only formally to count what the States might send to it. The Constitution directed that the vote of every State should be counted. In face of this command it was proposed to exercise the opinion or judgment of Senators and Representatives as to whether the vote of a State should be counted or not. He held this to be a plain violation of the Constitution. The States must decide for themselves who they have voted for. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Edmunds indicated his opinion that the duty of ascertaining what was the official return of a State "was purely ministerial, not judicial in any sense, and, like all ministerial acts, the determination of whoever decided upon that question was not final, any more than the act of a sheriff who had arrested a wrong man, thinking in perfect good faith that he was arresting the man named in his warrant. Discretion must be exercised by somebody, and when exercised by the person competent to decide, the two Houses had no power to go behind that decision." The Senate passed the resolution by a strictly party vote.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE ocean pier at Long Branch has been lengthened by 200 feet.

THE Methodist General Conference at Cincinnati adjourned May 28th, having been in session four weeks.

OVER thirty persons were poisoned in Brooklyn last week by eating lemon meringue pie purchased of a baker.

THE Nevada Democratic Convention has elected delegates favorable to the nomination of Mr. Tilden for President.

MR. JOEL W. MASON was last week confirmed as a Police Commissioner of this city in place of DeWitt C. Wheeler.

EX-GOVERNOR BROWN of Georgia was sworn in as the successor of General Gordon in the United States Senate, May 26th.

THE exodus for Europe has commenced in good earnest, 600 cabin passengers sailing from this port in one day last week.

FIFTEEN persons were killed and some forty others badly injured by a railroad accident near Santa Cruz, California, May 23d.

THE Whittaker investigation at West Point terminated last week, when the findings were made up and communicated to General Schofield.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, Edwin M. Lewis and Stephen A. Caldwell have been appointed receivers of the Reading Railroad and Canal Companies.

THE bust of Thomas Moore, erected by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, was unveiled in Central Park, May 28th, with appropriate ceremonies.

A STRIKE of 5,000 miners in the Leadville mining region has compelled several of the principal mines to shut down, cutting off an output of about $35,000 a day.

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company passed formally into the hands of Jay Gould and the Union Pacific Railway Company at the annual meeting held May 26th.

IN the race on the Potomac, May 26th, between Hanlan and Riley, the former won by nearly a quarter of a mile. Hanlan's time was 26 min. 2 4-10 sec.; Riley's, 27 min. 21 5-8 sec.

THE exceptionally hot weather last week was attended by serious results. On May 27th there were forty-two cases of sunstroke in and about New York, eleven of which were fatal.

THE California Supreme Court has released Denis Kearney from imprisonment, and the Superior Court at San Francisco has dismissed the impeachment case against Mayor Kalloch.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY'S nomination as a United States District Judge has been confirmed, but some opposition is displayed to Mr. Maynard's appointment as Postmaster-General.

THE New York Legislature adjourned *sine die* May 27th. The State Tax Bill was passed; it provides for a tax of 2½ mills on the assessed value of property, as against 2 86-100 mills last year.

THE degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred, May 27th, upon nine ladies who have just completed the requisite course of training in the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly in session at Madison, Wisconsin, last week, adopted a resolution commending President and Mrs. Hayes for the "heroic stand taken by them in regard to Sabbath observance and total abstinence."

MAYOR COOPER has given notice to Superintendent Dudley, of the Department of Buildings, that he will have an opportunity to be heard this week upon charges of incompetency and willful and corrupt malfeasance in office, constituting cause of removal from office.

BY a strict party vote, the Democrats of the Senate passed, May 26th, the Bill changing the mode of appointing the Chief Supervisors of Election. The Bill places the appointments in the hands of the President, subject to the consent of the Senate, and makes the term of office two years.

THE twenty-sixth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars was held in this city last week, 250 delegates being present from thirty-seven States and Territories, with visitors from Great Britain, Canada and Nova Scotia. The Order, which is devoted to temperance, was reported to be prosperous.

THE faculty of Princeton College have resolved that, in view of the state of the college in consequence of recent cases of sickness and death among the students, the college will take a recess till the Saturday before Commencement. It is understood that the Commencement exercises will take place as usual.

THE hostile Indians under Chief Victorio, who have been committing depredations in New Mexico, were overtaken, May 24th, by General Hatch's troops, and a battle ensued, in which the savages were beaten. Thirty dead Indians are reported by the native scouts, while the soldiers claim that they killed about twice as many.

Foreign.

A MASS-MEETING was held in Montreal last week in favor of commercial union with the United States.

THERE were eight deaths in Havana from yellow fever and seventeen from smallpox during the first week in May.

THE receipts of the Suez Canal last year were $6,189,629, leaving a net profit of $548,674 after paying a dividend of 5% per cent.

A FIGHT between the Chilian cavalry and Peruvian cavalry and infantry forces is reported to have taken place near Tacna, Chili, in which the Peruvians lost 100 men killed, while many were made prisoners.

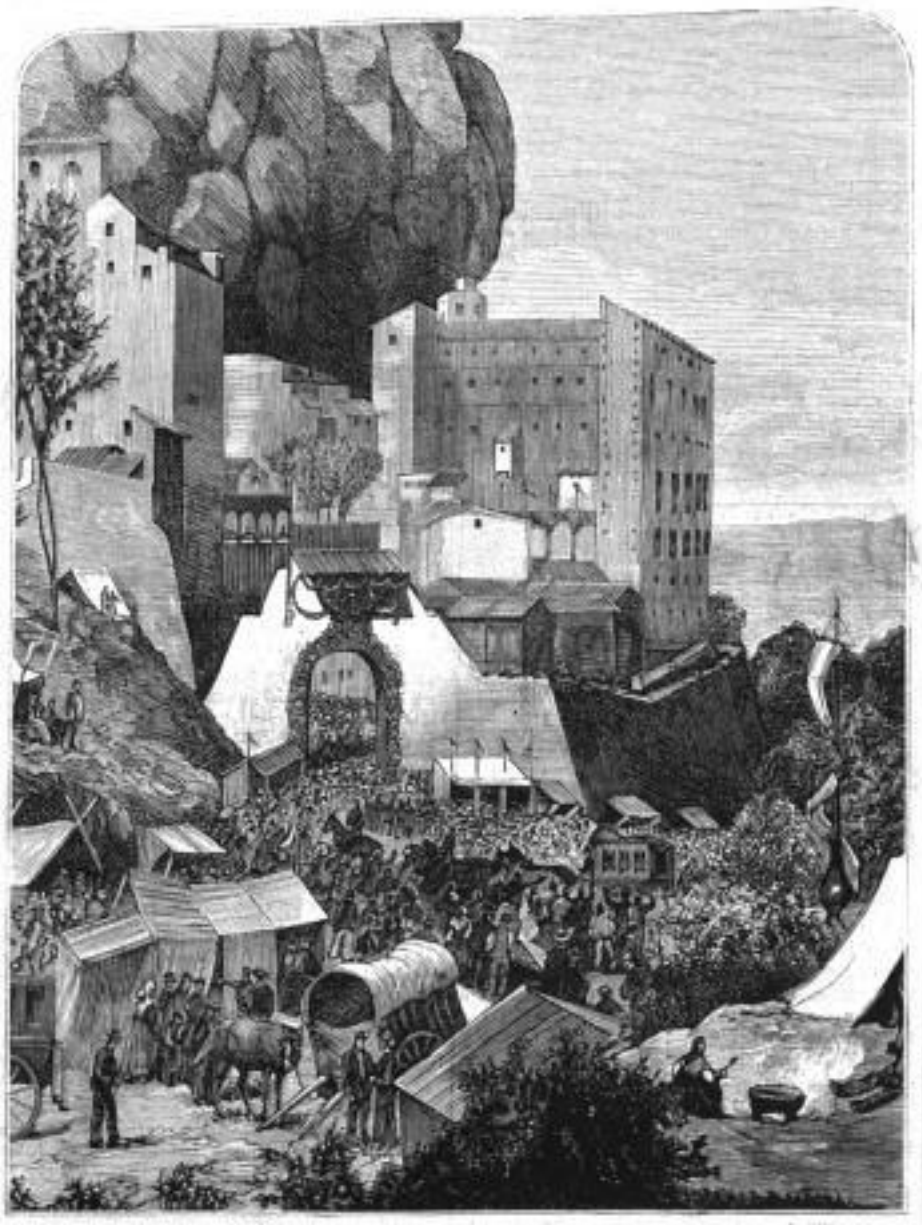
THE Burials Bill, promised in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament, permitting the burial of Dissenters in all churchyards and cemeteries without the Church of England service, was read for the first time in the House of Lords, May 28th.

REPORTS from Rangoon report disturbances in upper Burmah, close to the British frontier. A village on the Burmese frontier was burned and the governor killed. The insurgents crossed the border, and in a pitched battle are reported to have been victorious.

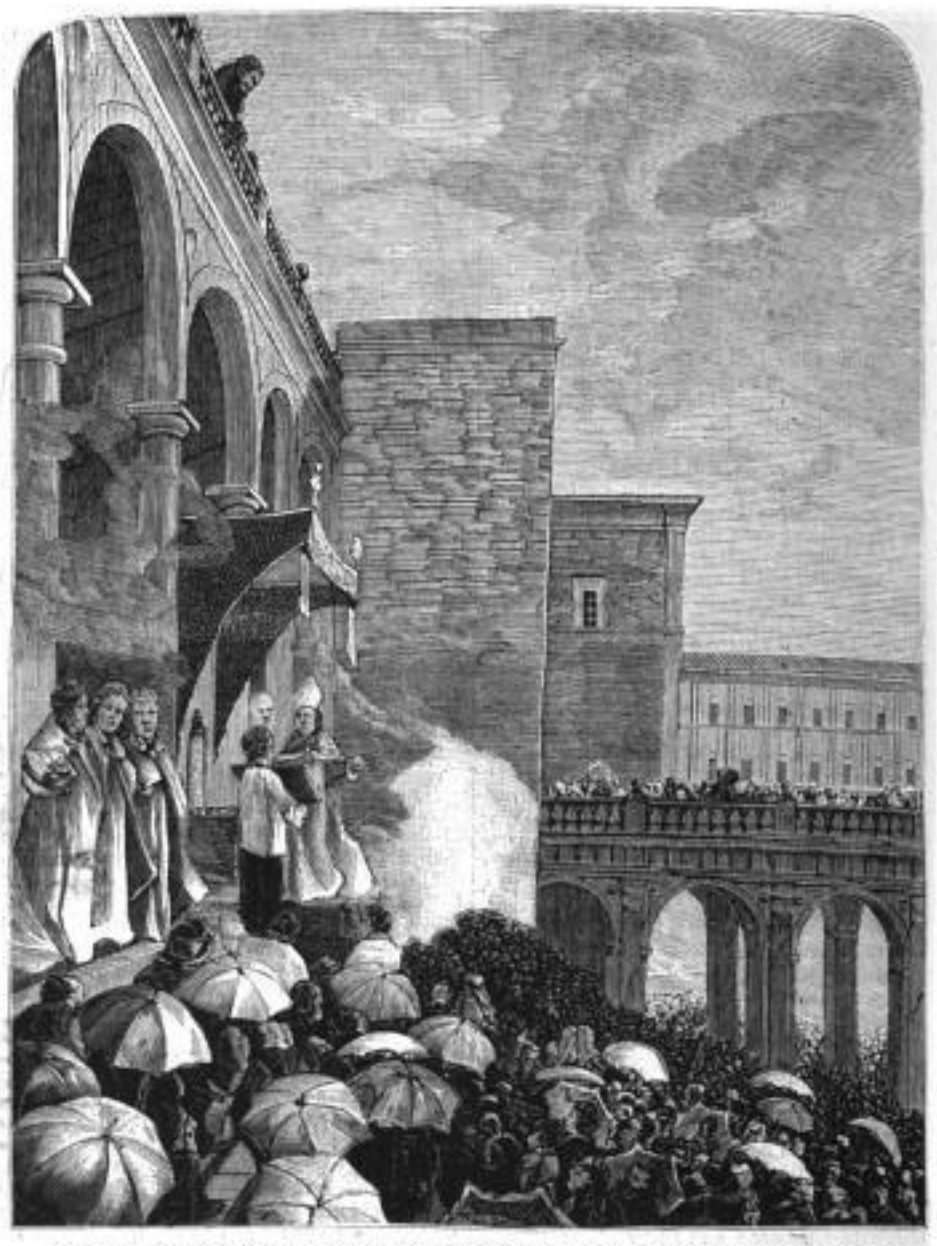
PRINCE BISMARCK has sent a confidential dispatch to the German Ambassador at Vienna on the retrogression of the negotiations with the Vatican, intimating that it was due to the overwrought expectations of the Catholic prelates and their ignorance of the real state of affairs. It is considered certain that the new Church Bill will pass the Prussian Diet.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 243.



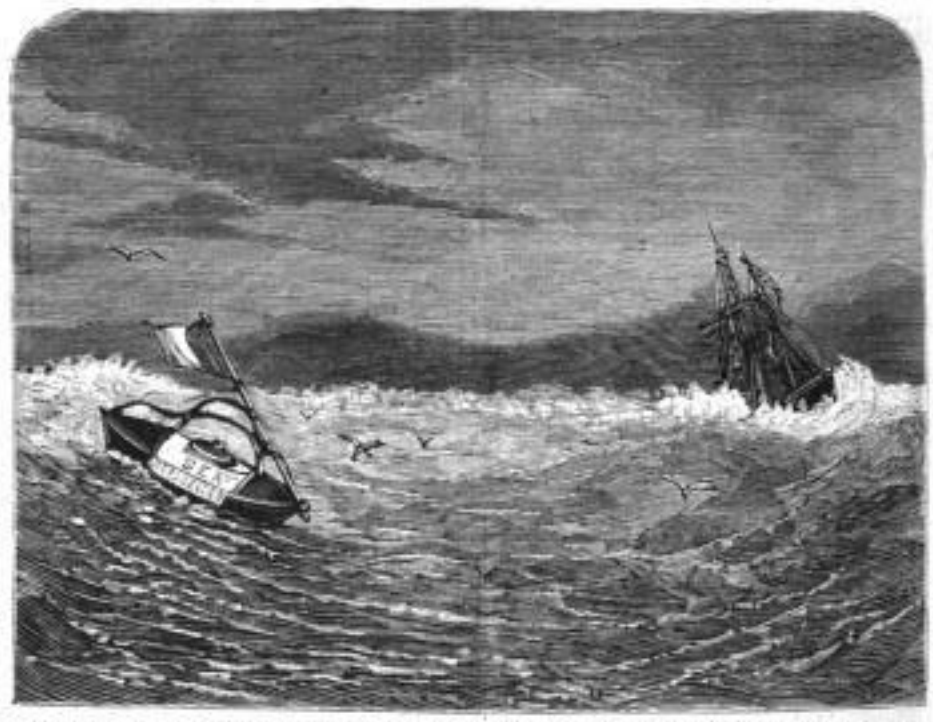
SPAIN.—THE MILLENNIAL FETES AT THE MONASTERY OF MONSERRAT.



ITALY.—PAPAL BENEDICTION AT THE MONTE CASSINO CENTENARY, NEAR ROME.



ITALY.—THE MILITARY CARROUSEL AT MANTUA.



ENGLAND.—THE "SEA MESSENGER" FOR CONVEYING NEWS OF A WRECK TO THE SHORE.

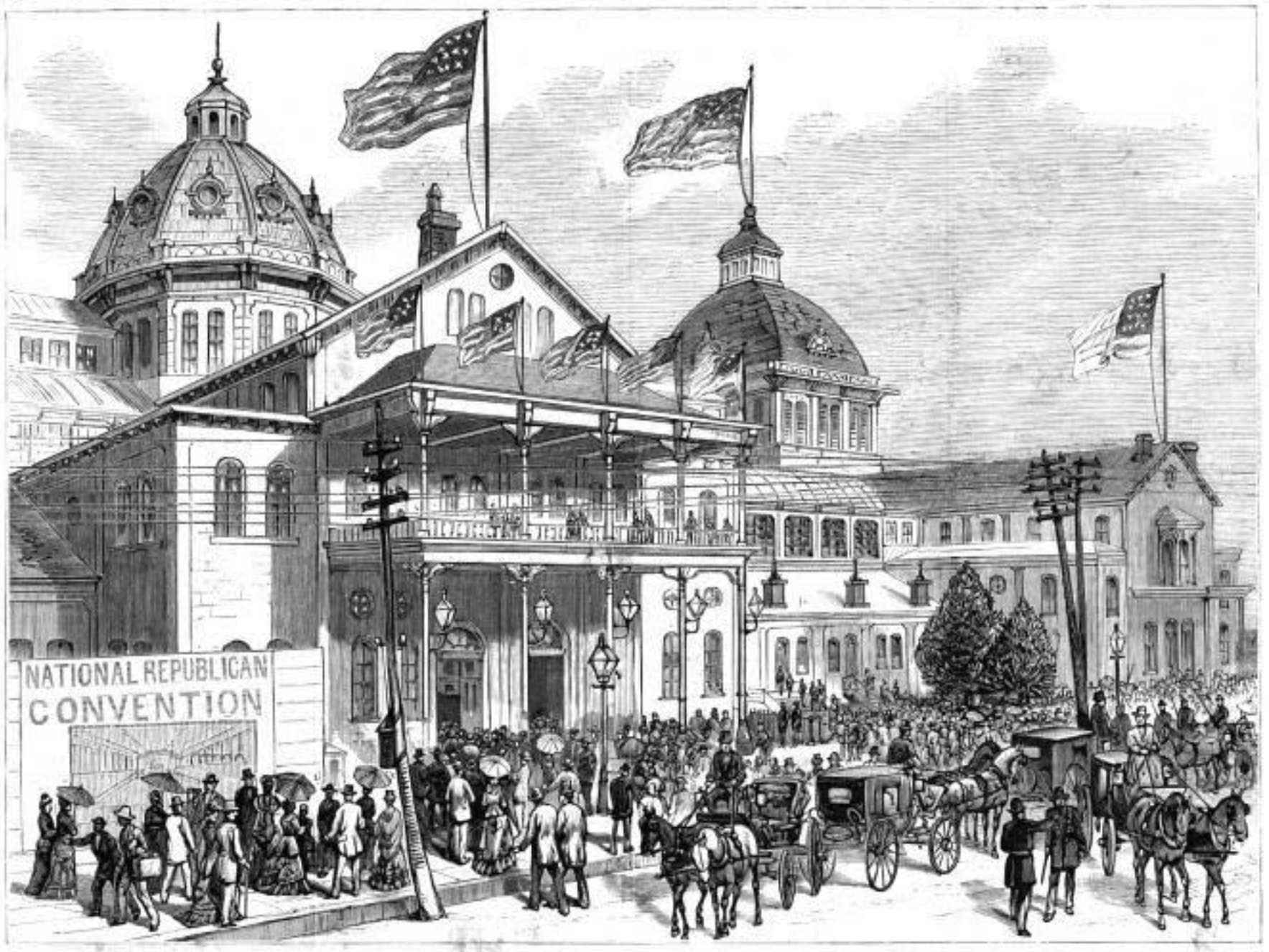


AFGHANISTAN.—TOBOGGANING AT CABUL.

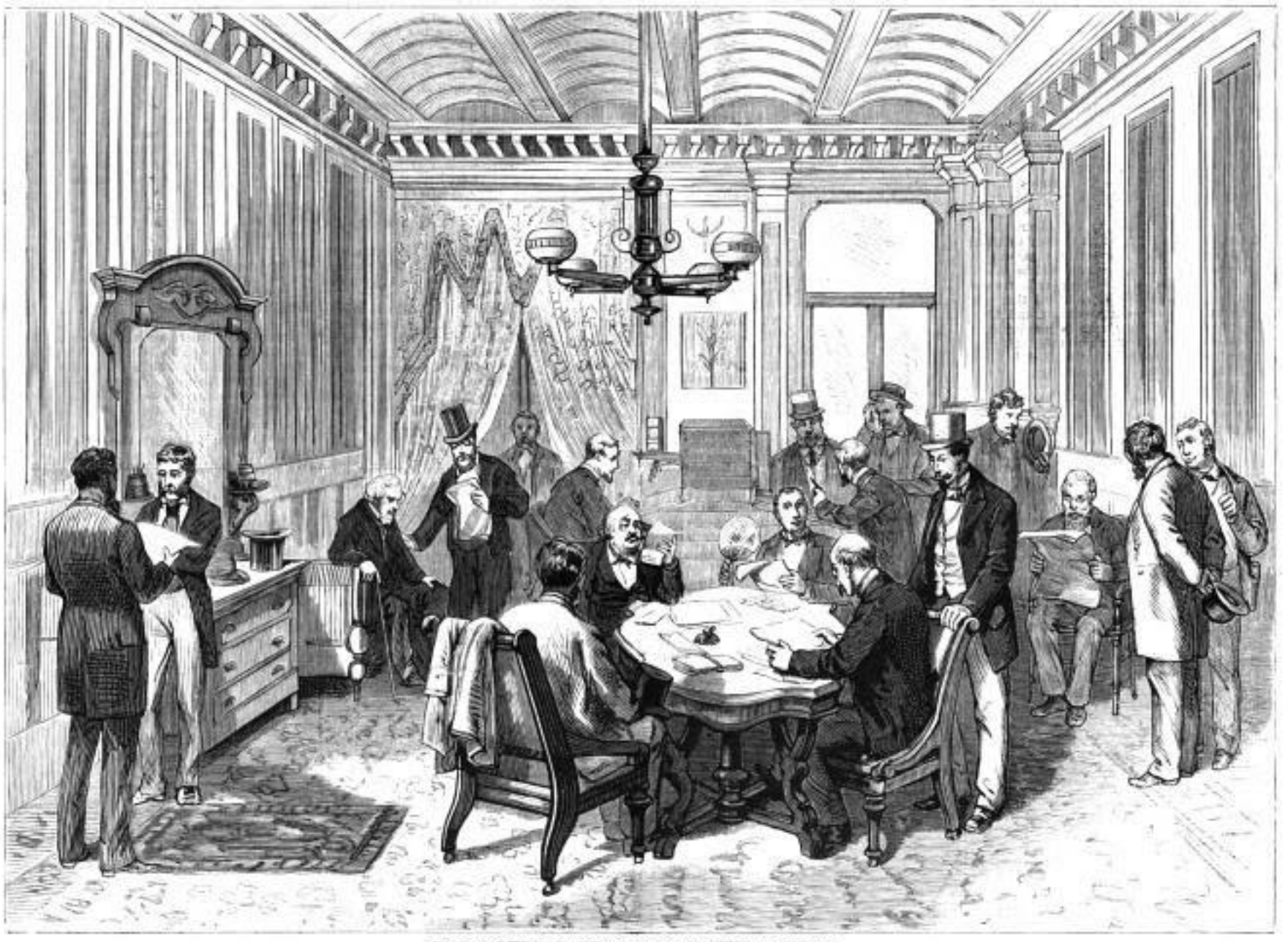


IRELAND.—ARRIVAL OF RELIEF STORES OFF THE WEST COAST.

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EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ILLINOIS.—THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, HELD IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, CHICAGO.
FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 243.

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SLANDER.

A STEALTHY creeping thing that thrives
In fetid swamps and glooms of thought,
And issues forth to prey on lives
That in some cleanlier way are wrought.

A hybrid vampire, owing birth
To venomed spleen and coward hate;
A pestilence that walks the earth,
In darkness ever laying wait.

It sucks the blood of age and youth;
It seeks to taint the tairest fame;
Sets snares for honor, virtue, truth,
And drags them to the slums of shame.

So all who find it where they tread
(And many know it overwell)
Should plant their feet upon its head
And crush a growth so foul and fell.

JOHN MORAN.

A REGIMENTAL ROMANCE.

CAPTAIN RUTHVEN had put the last careless touches to his toilet, and stood leaning on his elbow and looking at himself in the glass with a handsome and insolent smile.

"I don't know, Ayres; I sometimes wish we had remained in the West. Awful climate! See how they are dying. Facing bullets is one thing; facing Yellow Jack quite another. We shall be ordered to New Orleans next week—mark it."

Lieutenant Ayres stood up and glanced at his watch.

"It is quite nine. Are you ready? The dancing has begun long since."

So the two officers set out for the ball. The lieutenant's conjecture proved correct; the festivities were in full progress, and, as they entered the room, the dancers were whirling through a Strauss waltz.

"Who would imagine the fever only a few hundred miles away!" murmured Ruthven, with his satirical smile, as he watched the scene. "But it is for the benefit of the sufferers."

And he, also, was watched. More than one dark-eyed Southern beauty noted his arrival and thought of the vacancies still on her card. The Fifth was noted for its handsome officers, and not unjustly, as one might see by glancing through the room; but Ruthven was the peer of them all. There was something wild and fierce, almost cruel, in the splendor of his features—proud and sad and sarcastic.

He looks on dreamily, and you would not suppose he cares for the scene or any one figuring in it; but a faint flush has risen to his olive cheek, and his heart has thrilled within him.

The dance ends, and he crosses the room to where sits the famous beauty and heiress of the Ravieres plantation, Miss Douglas, who is fanning herself, a little exhausted. The little dried-up old lady beside her is in a great flutter, and smirks and fans herself violently. It is Madame Noiret, the governess.

Miss Douglas receives the handsome soldier haughtily, and he begins talking about the ball.

"Many more than I thought there would be. The dread is growing, and I do not wonder. How many new cases yesterday?"

"Are you afraid of the fever, captain?" asks Madame Noiret.

"I am—frankly," he laughs. "I can scarcely conceive a more miserable fate. We are expecting to be ordered to New Orleans, and you can fancy my sensations over the prospect."

"I am so accustomed to the fever," says madame, with a shrug, "that I never think of it. This season is no worse than some others I have passed through. You would be much regretted, captain, if anything unfortunate should happen to you. I have heard that you are the favorite of your regiment, and they tell me that one of your men is passionately attached to you. He was pointed out to us on parade this morning—the drill, I believe you call it. A fine fellow, whose life, they tell me, you saved—O'Leary."

"Yes, I did O'Leary a service, and he has been much attached to me ever since; it is quite true. Miss Douglas, may I have this quadrille?"

Miss Douglas danced with Captain Ruthven half a dozen times that evening, and they had several quiet and doubtless romantic talks together in out-of-the-way places. This, however, surprised no one; the beautiful heiress had shown something of a preference weeks before.

Ruthven was in great spirits; and yet was there not an odd sort of turbulence in his gayety, such as people show who would drown a secret care? Now and then he sighed heavily, and more than once glanced stealthily at his watch.

Ayres caught him in the dressing-room leaning on his hand and in a dark reverie, so that he did not even hear the lieutenant as he entered, nor until he had touched him on the shoulder, when he started and flamed up savagely. But it was only the ebullition of a second.

"What are you doing here?"

"Is it you, Ayres? I was just debating whether I should go out and have a smoke," and he got up. "If any one asks for me, make an excuse."

They chatted a little longer—the ball, the ladies, the prospect of these gayeties ending very shortly—and Ayres went away again. Ruthven watched him to the door, and, having made sure that he was really gone, took a note from his pocket and crossed over to the light. The message was written on pretty and perfumed paper, but in a curious scrawl, and began thus:

"DEAREST CAPTAIN RUTHVEN—Meet me to-night before twelve, at the usual place, or you will be sorry. I have made up my mind at last about what I shall do—it is——"

He suddenly crunched the paper in his fingers and thrust it into his pocket, and, with a pale imprecation, murmured:

"She would dare anything—it is the Creole blood. I must see her"—he strode to the door and a fierce and ill-boding frown lit up his dark features—"and have it over." And with this he went out.

It was a lovely Southern night—a brilliant moon and hosts of stars—and the air was heavy with sweet odors. Even in his black and bitter mood, Ruthven felt something of the languor and poetry of the hour and scene. A beautiful world—why should so many hearts in it ache? A bird was singing in the silent canebrake, and he stopped to listen for a minute, and then glided on again; and at length getting off the high-road, entered a clump of timber.

This thicket was darker, and he felt his way more cautiously, and once put his hand within his breast and touched something there, and so got on and on, until at length he re-emerged into the moonlight and found himself beside a stream of dark and sluggish water.

Here he was met—a very handsome creole girl, who had been standing on the bank, in some reverie of her own, turned and seemed doubtful whether to advance. Ruthven stopped short, with a sour and sarcastic smile.

"So, Miss Cora, you see I had your note and have complied with your request."

Her large dark eyes searched his face anxiously; but at the same time there was a sort of defiance in them, and she tapped her little foot nervously.

"You did well to come, sir. I am almost heartbroken, Captain Ruthven, and I wish to know what you are going to do. I am a desperate girl, and that note only said what I meant."

"I sent you word by O'Leary what *I* meant. I have no idea of being annoyed further. I will give you money, Cora—I have already said so. You can't have been fool enough to think I would marry you. I intend to marry Miss Douglas—and now you know it."

She uttered a little cry and placed her hand to her side.

"Rather than see it I'll do what I wrote in the note," she said, passionately.

And Ruthven instantly stepped towards her.

An hour later the captain was dancing again with Miss Douglas, of Revières, and when the waltz was over he went out and hunted up his orderly, O'Leary, and they rode to the barracks together.

Captain Ruthven was oddly gay; he sang—a sweet and melancholy tenor—and after a while bethought him of the soldier in the rear.

"O'Leary, are you asleep? Come here. Dull work, I dare say, you found it waiting for me. How did you pass the time?"

The man, who had ambled up, muttered something, but so indistinctly that the captain gave a quick, surprised glance at him.

"I see," said Ruthven, gravely, "how you passed the time;" and his high spirits subsided, and he sang and talked no more. His faithful O'Leary was grossly unsober, and could scarcely keep his seat—the first occurrence of the kind in his history.

And now in the next four or five days it got pretty well about that the handsome Captain Ruthven and the beautiful heiress of Ravieres were to be married. It was a great match for the penniless soldier, and he should have been very happy; but he was not. He was *distrait* and anxious, and the more so as news came of the spread of the fever. And, indeed, the whole regiment had its secret anxiety on this point, no one knowing what minute orders might come for a movement to New Orleans, where people were dying like sheep. The men had been through Western campaigns, but here was another sort of foe, more treacherous than the Indians—an invisible enemy whose very breath was poison and whose touch was certain death. And a little demoralization followed, whisky was smuggled into the barracks, and some of the best men were occasionally fuddled, and, strangest of all, it became pretty well known that the captain's favorite and the regimental paragon, Charley O'Leary, was drunk every day, and cared no longer for himself or for what his comrades thought of him.

Such was the situation when, one evening, Captain Ruthven, walking into the barracks, was stopped by Major Poindexter, an old Regular, with a pink face and snow-white hair and mustache.

"Captain Ruthven, I have been waiting for you," he said, nervously; and some others came up, all with grave looks, and even the sentinel at the gate, forgetting his duty, halted and listened. "There is some bad news. A Creole girl named Cora Vaudray has been foully murdered. Her body was washed ashore last night, and—and—— In fact, sir, lately, people have connected your name with hers. I am sure there can be nothing in the story: but, sir, they say you had an assignation with her on the night of the ball. If it be true, you are ruined, for that was the night she was killed. You did not have a meeting with her, captain?"

Ruthven was pale as death—but only as any man might be on hearing such intelligence. His looks did not falter in the least, as he answered:

"It is, unfortunately, true that I did have a meeting with her on that very night, and a bitter quarrel. The unfortunate creature was infatuated with me, and when I told her of my intended marriage, she reproached me bitterly."

"Great heavens, sir! in that case you will surely be held for murder, and what will you do?"

"I will show that she took her own life," returned Ruthven, with a stern and pallid smile; "and for proof will produce—*this!*"

He drew forth Cora Vaudrey's last note to him, a part of which the reader has already perused; and the remainder ran thus: "I have made up my mind at last about what I shall do—it is to kill myself; but before I take that last desperate step, I shall have arranged for a revenge most pitiless. Nevertheless, I love you—it is love that is relentless, and not thy poor CORA." The last few words were in French.

"I met her," pursued Ruthven, "and she upbraided me bitterly. I asked her what revenge she meditated. She said that she would inform Miss Douglas of our intimacy; I replied that I had already done so. She felt then that she was powerless, I suppose; I offered her money, which she refused, and we parted. I do not feel myself to blame. She was infatuated with me to the point of insanity; but I did not encourage it."

The inquest followed, and the same testimony. Cora Vaudray had been well known; also something of the extravagance of her passion for the handsome captain; and, considering all things, an end of this sort was quite in keeping with her previous history.

Ruthven appeared on parade next morning, looking pale and moody. A far larger crowd than usual had assembled to see the soldiers go through their drill, and every eye was fixed on the captain as the regiment drew up, his company at the head.

It was a brilliant and stirring scene—the waspish rattle of the drums, the shrill melody of the fife, the stern cries of command, the shifting evolutions of the ranks. But in a very few moments it became apparent that, as the foremost lines marched, wheeled and countermarched, something disordered the harmony of their movements. Ruthven issued his orders in a sharp and savage undertone, chafing with impatience; and those who followed the lurid gleam of his eye saw that it took always the one course, and suddenly the cry of "Halt!" rang out and passed down the lines, and an instant stoppage and stillness followed. Something was wrong—what was it? Ruthven, pale as death, and with wild and savage rage, with his drawn sword quivering in his angry clutch, thrust himself among his men and struck one of them two or three times across the head with its broad blade. The soldier fell back a few steps—it was O'Leary, red-faced and unsober. But the next instant his powerful arm lunged forth, and he struck Captain Ruthven in the face, cutting his cheek open and staggering him.

The man was seized, but not before he had made an attempt to shoot himself with a revolver which he had about him.

A great deal of surmise and comment, of course, followed. O'Leary had been noted for his dog-like attachment to Ruthven, who had saved his life once in the West at the risk of his own. The only plausible explanation was that the man must have been insane from drink.

O'Leary's fate was already settled, the penalty being death, and in this case there was no mitigation. The sentinel on guard over him reported that he had not spoken, but sat crying violently. A great hush hung over the barracks, and the men lounging about their quarters talked in undertones, uttering a short laugh at some sally, as people will do under the gravest circumstances, but growing still as death, and a little paler, when an officer passed.

And about four o'clock that afternoon Captain Ruthven visited the prisoner. As he entered the guardhouse he closed the door behind him, and when O'Leary heard the footsteps he turned round. It was the saddest face that Ruthven had ever looked upon. The two watched each other in silence for about a moment, and then said the officer:

"O'Leary, what has been the matter with you lately?"

"You know, sir. I followed ye that night, Captain Ruthven, and saw all that passed. Something told me, when you went from the ballroom, where it was you were going, and, as you stood by the water and spoke to her in the moonlight, I was watchin' and listenin' and heard every word. Oh, I loved her dearly, Captain Ruthven!" and he clasped his hands in wild agony. "And I loved you, sir, and to have saved you the crime o' that night it would have been happiness to die. I saw her pitiful face turned up from the water to the sky, and you a-standin' over her wid no look o' mercy in yours. Oh, sir, I've been mad ever since, and ye cannot blame me."

"Hush!" said Ruthven, awfully white, and shaking like a man with the ague as the dreadful scene was again conjured up. "You had no business to strike me, O'Leary; there is not a hope for you."

"There is one, captain, dear," and he lowered his voice; "ye can bring me that as will make the court-martial unnecessary, and no one would suspect you. Jist a little vial, sir, and in a few minutes all's done and troubles over."

"I could not do it, O'Leary. I have enough on my soul already," and Ruthven shuddered and threw a haggard glance at the door, outside which the sentinel was mechanically pacing.

"What matters it, captain, dear? At the court-martial you must appear agin me, and it will be your words that will sind me to my death. Sorry I am I raised my hand agin ye, sir; but I was mad when you disgraced me before them all, knowin' about you what I did. I wish to heaven you had run me through;" and the wretched man leaned with his face to the wall and wept bitterly.

Ruthven looked at him a moment or two with a dismal gaze, the beauty of his countenance taking strange and weird lights from the tragedy of the situation; on his exquisitely-molded features the intermingled tints of pride and remorse, fury and despair—a fallen angel.

"I will do what I can, O'Leary," he said at last, his voice more saddened and subdued; and, turning suddenly, he went out.

That evening he appeared as usual at the Ravieres Plantation. The parlors were crowded and Miss Douglas radiant. The affair of the morning was discussed a little, and then some one mentioned the rumors, current to-day, on apparently better authority than ever, that the regiment must move to New Orleans.

"Are you sure of this?" said Ruthven, sharply, from his place at the piano, and bending a rather stern and anxious gaze on young Delaney, who had promulgated the report.

"One is never sure of a rumor; but this arose, I believe, from a remark dropped by the colonel of your regiment, Captain Ruthven."

Ruthven turned away with a troubled expression, and some of the people in the room smiled and exchanged glances. Ruthven's dread of the fever was well-known.

After a while he was missed from the room, but no one remembered seeing him go out.

About ten he returned, and, music being in progress, no inquiries were made; and when the song was over, Lieutenant Ayres appeared and was warmly greeted.

"It is hail and farewell, ladies and gentlemen," said the lieutenant, laughing, "for marching orders have been received. The colonel announced the fact publicly to-night."

"Where do we go, Rogers?" asked Ruthven.

"To New Orleans—or, rather, to the grave, most of us, I fear. The telegraph declares a startling increase of mortality since the last two days."

Ruthven dropped into his seat with a singular gesture, noticed by every one.

Miss Douglas flushed and trifled nervously with her fan.

"I suppose you do not *fear* the fever, Captain Ruthven, although one might prefer not to die of it."

He looked up with a pallid smile.

"It does not matter much to me where the regiment goes," he said; "because this afternoon I resigned my position."

"Resigned!" murmured all, thunderstruck.

"I resigned undoubtedly, and my letter is in the colonel's hands."

Miss Douglas was transfixed.

"I suppose you are jesting, captain. No soldier was ever known to resign on the eve of battle," and she laughed a musical but nervous little roulade.

"I am afraid of the yellow fever," he said, with a sort of dogged defiance of shame itself, "and I confess it. It has been my resolution from the first not to go to New Orleans. My courage has been tested in battle, but this—this is a foe against whom one has no chance."

Miss Douglas turned away, almost fainting. Little Madame Noiret sprang up and ran to her, and caught her arm. Amid a breathless and dismal silence they left the room.

Ruthven looked round awkwardly, with a shamefaced laugh, but Ayres and the others turned their backs on him. He walked to the door, and there paused and looked round again. His face was ghastly white—the apotheosis of misery; and so he went out, and no one there ever saw him again from that night.

About four or five weeks after this a strange nurse at Granada, who had been remarkable for his devotion to the sick, was taken ill and at once pronounced a hopeless case. No one knew anything about him except that his name was Bennett, and that he had been sent to Granada by the Howards. He said that he had had the fever before, but the physicians who examined him after he was taken down pronounced it impossible. Even in that dreadful season of excitement and despair, Bennett's extraordinary beauty was noticed, as well as his fearless devotion to duty. He was very gentle and patient with the sick, but had a stern way and a sharp tone of command with the nurses when they grew negligent which seemed to show a man accustomed to be obeyed at a word. His erect and soldierly bearing was also remarked, and many conjectured that he had seen long service in the civil war.

He died delirious; but the Sister of Mercy found a package in his bosom, which she carefully fumigated and then transmitted to the United States War Department.

Outside certain persons in authority at the seat of government, no one ever learned what was in this package; but some time afterward, Private O'Leary, of the Fifth Regiment, United States Regulars, who had been condemned to death for striking his superior officer, had his sentence commuted to imprisonment.

If the vanished Captain Ruthven had any other motive for resigning, on the eve of the departure for New Orleans, than a fear of taking the yellow fever there, his comrades never learned the fact. Although his testimony at the court-martial of O'Leary was missed, that of the other witnesses was quite sufficient to insure the condemnation which followed. Why the sentence was commuted is one of the many secrets of the War Department.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

JUDGE STEPHEN J. FIELD, OF THE SUPREME COURT.

STEPHEN J. FIELD comes of Revolutionary stock, and belongs to a family which has achieved a conspicuous place in American annals. His father was an eminent Congregational divine of New England, and his grandfather was a captain in the war of the Revolution. His brothers, David Dudley Field, Cyrus W. Field and Henry M. Field, have all made their mark on the literature, law and scientific record of their time.

The subject of this sketch was born in Haddam, Connecticut, November 4th, 1816, and, after attending a country school, at the age of thirteen years went to Asia Minor with his sister and her husband, Rev. Jonah Brewer, who visited that country in a missionary capacity, locating in Smyrna. After a stay of two years in the East, during which he acquired the Turkish, Greek, Italian and French languages, young Field returned to this country in 1833, and entered Williams College. He took the highest honors in the junior and senior classes, de-

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livering the Greek oration and the valedictory, and graduated in 1837. Soon after he commenced the study of law in this city, and in 1841 was admitted to the Bar and became the partner of his brother, David Dudley Field.

In 1848 Mr. Field made a second visit to Europe, and, upon his return, being caught by the gold excitement, he went to California, sharing the rough experiences of the adventurers of that period of discovery and transition in the history of the Golden State. Remaining a short time in San Francisco, he next proceeded to Nye's Ranche, then the theatre of a good deal of excitement. Here he was soon elected alcalde, or mayor, and by the influence of cool judgment and a natural sense of justice taught that wild camp of desperate men the necessities and advantages of law and order. The city was christened Marysville, in honor of Madame Covilland, the only lady in the corporation, and the mayor continued to develop its civilization and respectability until superseded by the State authorities, meanwhile acquiring a modest fortune from the emoluments of his office, which, however, he soon after lost in the mutations of a speculative career.

In 1850 he became a candidate for the Legislature from Yuba County, and was elected after a vigorous canvass. As Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee he drew up and secured the passage of a Bill creating eleven judicial districts in the State, and defining the judicial powers of every officer from Supreme Judge to Justice of the Peace. Most of the provisions of this Act are still retained in the code. He also prepared and introduced Bills to regulate proceedings in civil and criminal cases. These Bills were remodeled from the proposed codes of New York as reported by the Commissioners of that State. But it was in the development of his ideas of pure justice in the conflicts between land claimants, whose Mexican grants and Government rights to mining property opposed the rights of the settlers, that Mr. Field chiefly displayed the bold, practical character and clear intellect that have characterized him as politician and jurist. He cleared away the chaos of legal rubbish with the assertion of the principle that "usage and customs which necessity had established must be law, except when in conflict with the Constitution of the State;" and this became the corner-stone of the new system.

On returning to Marysville, Mr. Field renewed the practice of the law, and soon had all the business he could possibly desire. In 1857 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of California, by 20,000 majority. The term for which he was chosen began in January, 1858. Meantime a vacancy occurred, and he was appointed, by a Governor politically opposed to him, to fill it. He took his seat in October, 1857. On September 13th, 1859, David C. Broderick was killed in a duel by David S. Terry, who had resigned the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court before the meeting. Mr. Field succeeded him as Chief Justice.

When Mr. Field came to the bench the calendar was crowded with cases involving immense interests, the most important questions, and various and peculiar litigation. The State was developing her multiform physical resources. The Judges were as much the pioneers of law as the people of settlement. Something had been done, but much had yet to be done, and something had to be undone which had been done in the anomalous period that was passing. There was no general or common source of jurisprudence. Law was to be administered almost without a standard. The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo bound the United States to recognize Mexican titles, by which immense tracts of land were held against the claims of settlers, and the courts had held that the gold in the earth belonged to the State. Judge Field reversed this in 1861 with the assertion that neither the sovereignty of the State nor of the United States extended to the minerals of the country. Another decision established the principle that rights to mining and water privileges and the like must come from the first possessor, who is supposed to have a grant from the Government by right of his occupation of the land. His opinions in regard to mortgages are held as decisive of true principles in all the courts of the country, and his definitions of the obligations of corporations and the rules by which they are bound are equally orthodox. To his character and ability as the Chief Justice of California, as much as to his fealty to the Union, he owed his appointment to the Supreme Bench of the United States and the unanimous approval of the Senate in 1863.

When, in 1861, the Southern Rebellion was instituted, the Secessionists in California almost equaled the Unionists in number, and were peculiarly aggressive. Judge Field warmly espoused the Union cause, and the Union League, of which he was a leading member, decided the policy of the State by dexterously getting possession of the Government arms that were stored at Benicia. Mr. Field and the League kept themselves in constant communication with President Lincoln by post riders on the Plains. They asked that an officer of unquestioned loyalty should be placed in command on the Pacific Coast. General Albert Sidney Johnson was relieved from the command of the United States forces, and General E. V. Sumner put in his place. Judge Field had been a crescant Democrat, and now, upon the delicate line between his belief in State's Rights and his devotion to the Union, he maintained himself with the courage and consistency that made him a model War Democrat, who never voted the Republican ticket, but received from President Lincoln the highest compliment due to patriotism. At the resignation, in 1863, of Judge McAllister, the Special United States Justice assigned to the Pacific Coast, Judge Field was about to be appointed to the vacancy, when Mr. Lincoln, to use his own words, "made a real Judge of the Supreme Court out of Stephen."

As to his career upon the Bench, one who has studied it closely writes: "It has been said that the most dangerous assaults on liberty have been by a partisan Bench, and its greatest defenders pure and brave judges. After the war, the test oath in Missouri debarred from all privileges of office all who had ever felt a symptom of sympathy with the Rebellion, and in 1865 the iron-clad oath of 1862 was extended to embrace lawyers practicing in the United States Courts. In the cases of Father Cummings and of Garland, now Senator from Arkansas, Justice Field set up a barrier against the political persecution of these acts, and in the confiscation cases was equally courageous in asserting the principle that proof of treason was as necessary as proof of any other crime before penalty could be inflicted. In the famous legal-tender cases his dissenting opinions concluded with the simple and expressive sentence: 'The only loyalty which I can admit consists in obedience to the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance of it.' In the New Orleans slaughter-house case, involving the construction of the Fourteenth Amendment, he held that Congress could not punish a State officer for the manner in which he discharged duties imposed on him by the State, nor make the exercise of its punitive power dependent on State legislation."

Judge Field is now named in connection with the Democratic nomination for President. It is not impossible that he may be the party standard bearer in the coming national conflict. That he would lead the party worthily, and command the hearty support of all its members, there can be no doubt whatever.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE preparations for the Republican National Convention at Chicago were completed last week by the National Republican Sub-committee. It had been originally intended to decorate the Exposition building in which the convention is held on an extensive scale, but this design was abandoned, owing to the expense involved in the construction of the merely necessary alterations in the building. Still, it compares favorably with any hall in which a great National Convention was ever held. The roof of the building, which has been painted in white and blue, forms a covering for the hall, and one that admits of easy decoration. An immense canvas, made of stripes and colors, to represent the national flag, is stretched from over the speaker's stand to the rear of the hall, and draped down to the back of the rear seats. Around the sides of the building, suspended between the arches of the roof and surrounded with flags and evergreens, are all the State coats-of-arms. Between every third arch north of the speaker and on each side of the hall are oil-paintings of prominent Republicans. On the speaker's right, at the south end, the portraits are hung in the following order: Dix, Lovejoy, Giddings, Chase and Sumner; on his left, Morton, Wade, Andrews, Yates, Fessenden and Seward. In the rear, against the wall, is a portrait of Lincoln, and the motto from his Gettysburg speech, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Hanging from the centre arches, in the middle of the hall, is a double portrait of Washington. The only other large picture is one of the late Senator Chandler. This is suspended over the speaker's stand and draped in mourning. The others are wound with the national flags. It is 10 by 8 feet in size, and all the others are 9 by 6.

The building has a capacity of 10,400 persons. The seats are numbered, with tickets to correspond. The delegates and alternates will occupy seats in the main auditorium, and ample provision is made for the accommodation of the Press.

Delegates arrived in the city as early as Tuesday of last week, all the candidates being represented by confidential managers. The Grant headquarters were located at the Palmer House, where the National Committee also had rooms. Mr. Blaine's supporters rallied at the Grand Pacific, the Matteson and the Burdick Houses. Secretary Sherman's friends also concentrated at the Grand Pacific. General Grant's interests were in special charge of General Logan, Senator Cameron and others. Ex-Congressman Hale of Maine, Senator Hamlin and William E. Chandler represented Mr. Blaine. Secretary Sherman is represented by ex-Governor Dennison, Governor Foster, General Warner M. Bateman, of Ohio; Thomas M. Nichol, Secretary of the National Hard Money League, and some others. The delegation of New York Republicans who oppose the nomination of General Grant have quarters at the Palmer House. The National Republican League sends twenty delegates under instructions to oppose Grant's nomination. At last accounts the contest had become very bitter, and a stormy convention was anticipated.

FLOWERS FOR DECORATION DAY.

THE great demand for flowers occasioned by the annual tribute to the memory of the dead of the rebellion taxes the hot-houses and nurseries of the florists to their utmost. Although the extreme hot weather in the neighborhood of New York has been severe upon budding and blooming plants, the skill of the gardener is now so scientifically displayed that he is able to provide against the usual run of adverse circumstances.

New York florists obtain their supplies almost entirely from New Jersey and Long Island. The sales of growing plants are practically crowded into the few weeks of Spring and early Summer. The centre of one branch of this trade is Clinton Market, and since the warm days have come, nearly a hundred loaded wagons can be seen every morning near the small park at the foot of Canal Street, and when the season is at its best, one hundred and fifty wagons will empty their floral treasures upon the sidewalk. The stock brought here is sold to grocers and small city dealers, who in turn dispose of them to chance customers; or lots of considerable size are taken to country towns near by, and occasionally gentlemen load a truck full and carry them off to their private grounds. The plants here are all brought into flower, so that they can advertise themselves, and are delivered in large pots. The masses of lilies, calias, geraniums, fuchsias, pansies, double daisies, polyanthus, and, as the weather warrants it, of asters, balsams, nasturtiums and other bedding-plants, make up a wealth of bloom which cannot be equaled in any market in the world, except, perhaps at Covent Garden, when the season is at its best. From $3,000 to $6,000 are realized here every day by the wholesale dealers.

The headquarters of another and entirely distinct branch of the trade are in Cortlandt Street, where plants in quantity are sold at auction every Tuesday and Friday. These auctions were first established thirty-five years ago for the sale of foreign roses, and to this day European dealers have frequent sales of imported nursery and plant stock. Occasionally, too, is seen some large collection of lily bulbs from Japan, of orchids gathered in the tropics, or of agaves from Mexico and the West Indies. The sales mainly consist, however, of plants grown at the large establishments near the city, and, as a matter of fact, the entire treasures of the greenhouse are brought here, ready packed for removal in such quantities and of such selections as buyers demand.

The following are the average prices charged by florists for the various kinds of bedding plants: Verbenas, in baskets containing a dozen each, 60 cents; bovardias, 25 cents to 40 cents apiece; cantanea, $1 to $1.50 per dozen, according to size; geranis, $1.25 to $2 per dozen; heliotrope, $1.50 per dozen; rose geranis, $1.50 per dozen; petunia, $1.25 per dozen; coleus, $1 to $1.50 per dozen; lemon verbenas, $1.50 to $2.50 per dozen; Lady Washingtons, 30 cents to 50 cents apiece; good calla lilies, 50 cents apiece; fuschsias, 30 to 40 cents each; spirea Japonica, 40 cents to 75 cents apiece. Bleeding hearts have nearly done flowering. Small quantities may still be had, however, from many dealers at prices ranging from 25 cents to 30 cents each. The dentata gracilis has also arrived near the end of its blooming period, and the few specimens still to be had sold at from 25 cents to 50 cents each. Some florists still have a few Siberian lilies (*Lilium tryfolium*) in bloom, but they cost from $1 to $1.25 apiece. Phlox sells at $1.50 a dozen and oxalis 20 cents each. Lobelia compacta may be had for $1.25 a dozen, while mignionettes are sold for $1.50 a dozen. The artillery plant, a handsome creeper, of purplish-green hue, may be had for $1.50 a dozen; as also the centaurea candida, the most beautiful white foliage plant. Pansies sell for from 75 cents to $1 a dozen. Roses range from 35 cents to 50 cents apiece.

DECORATION DAY IN NEW YORK.

A PARTICULAR zest was given the impressive ceremonies of Decoration Day this year by the appearance of the various posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in their new parade uniform. According to the custom observed since the institution of the memorial ceremonies, there was a parade of the State militia, local and visiting posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and battalions of the Fire Department. The military stations were decorated with flowers, the graves of the dead soldiers and sailors in the city cemeteries were appropriately honored, and detachments of the veteran organizations visited the suburban cemeteries, and rendered the annual tribute to the commanders and comrades long since laid away.

The early procession of the active and veteran soldiery on Monday, May 31st, deserved the hearty commendation it received. In the right of the column were placed the Old Guard of New York City, between the Citizens' Corps of Troy and the famous State Fencibles of Philadelphia. As Decoration Day was celebrated in Philadelphia on Sunday, the Philadelphia soldiers accepted invitations to participate in the parade here on the 31st. The uniforms of these bodies displayed the colors red, white and blue. After the Chief Marshal and his aides came the Division Commander of the G. A. R., with his staff, and, following, the drum corps of Post No. 2 of Philadelphia. Between the drummers and the post were the colors of No. 2, while in the midst of the veterans were borne the twenty-two old battle-flags under which the comrades had fought. After Dahlgren Post of New York and Rose Post No. 94 was a fine representation of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, the First Regiment of Philadelphia, consisting of seventy ranks of sixteen men each.

The First and Second battalions of the Fire Department participated in the parade. The former battalion was under command of Chief of Battalion Rhodes, the latter under Chief of Battalion Reilly, and Assistant Chief of Department Charles Shay directed the movements of the entire force. The First battalion consisted of engine companies Nos. 4, 9, 17 and 33, and hook-and-ladder company No. 3; the second battalion was composed of engine companies Nos. 14, 19, 27 and 35, and hook-and-ladder company No. 13.

Brief services were held at the principal monuments; the flag on the red fort in Central Park was hoisted at sunrise by Adjutant Warner of the veterans of 1812; Trinity's chimes rang out upon the clear air their appropriate salutes to the dead and the day; while in the evening the visiting posts and troops from Philadelphia were entertained by their respective hosts.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Benedictine Millenary at Monserrat, Spain.

Though the Benedictines are not what they once were in Europe, they still linger in some abbeys of almost fabulous date. Among these is Monserrat, in the Spanish province of Catalonia, a shrine where centuries ago the founder of the Jesuits hung up his sword on renouncing the career of arms. The anniversary of St. Benedict was this year the occasion of an immense pilgrimage to this shrine in the rugged mountains. One of the great features of the day was the processional transfer of a famous statue of the Madonna from a cave where it was found to the great church. At night there were illuminations and music by the band of the Engineer Regiment. On Sunday, April 25th, there were Mass-es in the Cave of Juan Garea, and in the Abbey Church, where the papal nuncio, Monsignor Bianchin, fiunited, assisted by the Bishops of Barcelona, Gerona, Lerida, Vich, Tortosa, Minorca and Urgel. The festival attracted no fewer than 25,000 pilgrims to the bare, steep cliffs of Monserrat.

The Carrousel at Mantua.

This brilliant display took place on Sunday, April 18th, at Mantua, in the old gardens extending from the great Atrio di Davide to the Viale di Cerese. It was attended by at least 8,000 persons, and opened with a grand equestrian *entrée*, the riders attired in blue, red and violet. Then followed combats on horseback, two against two; then two against one. Riding at the ring by red knights was succeeded by the Carrousel, properly so called, a kind of contre dance of intricate figures, which reminded one of the lancers. Riding at heads, which were of paper full of red dust, excited much merriment, and, after the blues had shown their skill at the bar, the ceremonies concluded with the salute to Mantua. Those engaged belonged to the Fourteenth Alessandria Cavalry, now stationed at Mantua, and the proceeds, 14,000 lire, were given to charitable institutions.

The Benedictine Centenary at Monte Cassino.

Monte Cassino is in some sort the cradle of the ancient Order of Benedict monks, who in the old time bore Christianity to Saxon England, and to Germany and the north of Europe. In April this year they celebrated the thirteen hundredth anniversary of their founder's passage to a better life, and all was conducted with the greatest pomp. Benedictine abbots and bishops who had risen from their Order went from America, Austria, England, Germany and France to gather at Monte Cassino, between Rome and Naples, where St. Benedict founded an abbey in 529 on the site of a temple of Apollo. The interior of the church surpasses in elegance and costly decoration every other church in Italy, except St. Peter's, while its library and archives are rich in manuscript treasures. It was at this ancient shrine that thousands of pilgrims gathered to receive, at the close of the ceremonies, the papal benediction at the hands of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, the moment taken by the artist for his illustration.

Tobogganing at Cabul.

Englishmen are proverbial for carrying their own sports with them to every quarter of the globe in which they may be residing, and moreover are particularly fond of learning the sports of other nations, and imparting them into whatever countries their line of life may lead them. Thus old Indians have brought polo and tent-pegging into fashion in England, and that exhilarating pastime of "Tobogganing," in which the Canadians in common with the Russians are such proficients, would doubtless have long ago become a popular sport in England were it not for the fact that the snow is not deep or hard enough for the purpose on their Gulf Stream warmed shores. At Cabul, however, where so many British troops have been spending the past Winter, the snows which lay on the hills inspired the idea of attempting the sport there, and, as our picture depicts, tobogganing speedily became a favorite institution in camp.

A New Sea Messenger.

Besides the shipping disasters of which intelligence is received, either because they take place within sight of land, or because some persons escape to tell the tale, there are every year a number of ships which, together with their inmates, disappear as utterly as if they had vanished into space. Shipwrecked men, on the brink of eternity, have often in the last extremity cast overboard bottles containing some hastily scrawled record of their desperate condition. Sometimes these missives are found and read, more often they are dashed against rocks, or the water gets in and sinks them. Besides, silly and mischievous persons throw sham messages into the sea, and it is difficult to distinguish between the false and the true, and hence much anxiety and misery has been caused. The newly invented Sea Messenger is free from the defects of the improvised bottle. Its appearance is so conspicuous that it would be visible at a considerable distance; and the list of persons on board, etc., would be placed in it before beginning the voyage in case of emergency. As it is capable of carrying sixty pounds weight, valuables could be inclosed in it, and thus money, jewels, etc., could be preserved for the friends of those wrecked, instead of being irreparably sunk at the bottom of the sea. In each messenger a printed sheet is inclosed, giving instructions (in seven languages) to the finders; and at foot, as on a telegraph form, is a space for the final message to be written.

Relief Stores for Ireland.

Ships-of-war have so often crossed stormy seas and encountered all kinds of perils for the sake of carrying death and destruction, that it is quite a pleasure, by way of contrast, to watch the proceedings of H.M.S. *Garnet*. She goes to fire broadsides at those Western islanders; but the broadsides consist of potatoes and clothing, shipped from the United States, so that the inhabitants are content to be shot at as often as possible, and, instead of keeping out of range of fire, they crowd round the *Garnet* in their boats. These outlying people are especially to be pitied at a time of scarcity, as they lie so far from the main track of affairs, and, but for the visits of vessels laden with such welcome ammunition as this, they would run great risk of perishing from famine.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE last Mississippi Legislature passed 700 pages of new laws.

—THERE have been six Administrations in Italy during the last four years.

—THE sea fisheries of Europe are said to employ a quarter of a million of people.

—THE international rifle match between Ireland and America, at Dublin, is fixed for the 29th of June.

—IT is estimated that the total catch of the Newfoundland seal fishery will not exceed 280,000 seals.

—THE British Government will, at the first favorable opportunity, endeavor to bring about mediation between Chili and Peru.

—THE net earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad, east of Pittsburgh and Erie, for April, were $464,554 larger than in April, 1879.

—THE Pope has disapproved of the new Prussian Religious Bill, and has withdrawn the concession in regard to the clergy in Prussia.

—THE Governor and Board of Education of Texas will attend the annual examinations of the leading educational institutions of the State.

—SEVENTY buildings in the town of Edenberg, Pa., were destroyed by fire, May 23d. This is the third time that the town has been completely devastated.

—THERE has been a great increase of late years in wheat cultivation in British India, and it is estimated that India now ranks fourth among wheat-producing countries.

—THE French Society for the Encouragement of National Industries offers a prize of 1,000 francs for an essay on the tools employed in America in the manufacture of watches.

—CAPTAIN EBENEZER MORGAN, of Connecticut, has offered $25,000 for Bible translation work. Dr. T. J. Conant is engaged to complete his translation under the auspices of the American and Foreign Bible Society.

—A DESPATCH has been received in Washington from Consul-General Farman, announcing that the Alexandrian obelisk has been placed on board of the steamer designed for it, and that the voyage to New York will begin in two weeks.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies has passed, by a vote of 355 to 165, a Bill abolishing the certificates granted by bishops to monks and nuns, which have hitherto served the same purpose as the Government examination diploma required of lay teachers.

—THE Senate has passed a Bill authorizing the regents of the Smithsonian Institution to contract with W. W. Story, sculptor, for a statue in bronze of Joseph Henry, to be erected on the grounds of the Institution, and appropriating for this purpose $15,000.

—AN exhibition of German prehistoric anthropology will be held at Berlin in August next. It will comprise objects selected from all the museums of Germany, and will be under the superintendence of a committee, with Professor Virchow for president.

—THE committee appointed in the House of Commons upon Mr. Bradlaugh's case has been instructed to inquire into the facts and circumstances of Mr. Bradlaugh's claims as well as into the law applicable thereto, and the jurisdiction of the House in the matter.

—AN asylum for aged domestic animals has just been opened at Gobesse in France. There are already a cow thirty-six years of age, a hog aged twenty-five, and an eighteen-year-old goat. The senior member of the happy family, however, is a mule forty years of age.

—A THOUSAND cotton-spinners wrecked and set fire to a mill at Barcelona, Spain, May 22d, but the police and military quenched the flames and arrested the leaders of the mob, when order was restored. The prefect has issued a decree to dissolve every trade-union in Catalonia.

—THE British Ambassador Extraordinary to Turkey has been instructed to confer with the representatives of other Powers to obtain the exact facts relative to the outrages perpetrated upon Mohammedans, and to obtain from Bulgaria and Roumelia the punishment of the offenders.

—THE trial of Dr. Weimer and other Nihilists at St. Petersburg has ended in their conviction. Two were sentenced to be hanged, and the remainder, including four women, were condemned to various terms of imprisonment or exile. All the sentences were subsequently commuted.

—IN Paris, on Sunday, May 23d, a procession of 600 people, many of whom carried red wreaths, marched to the wall where the Communists were shot in 1871, and placed flowers there. A number of arrests were made during the day, and many of the prisoners proved to be foreigners.

—IN a recent communication to the Secretary of the Treasury, Assistant-Treasurer Hillhouse stated that the silver dollars now in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury in this city weigh over 500 tons. If the coinage of silver shall continue at the rate of $2,000,000 a month, the question as to how it can be disposed of with the present facilities will be a serious one.

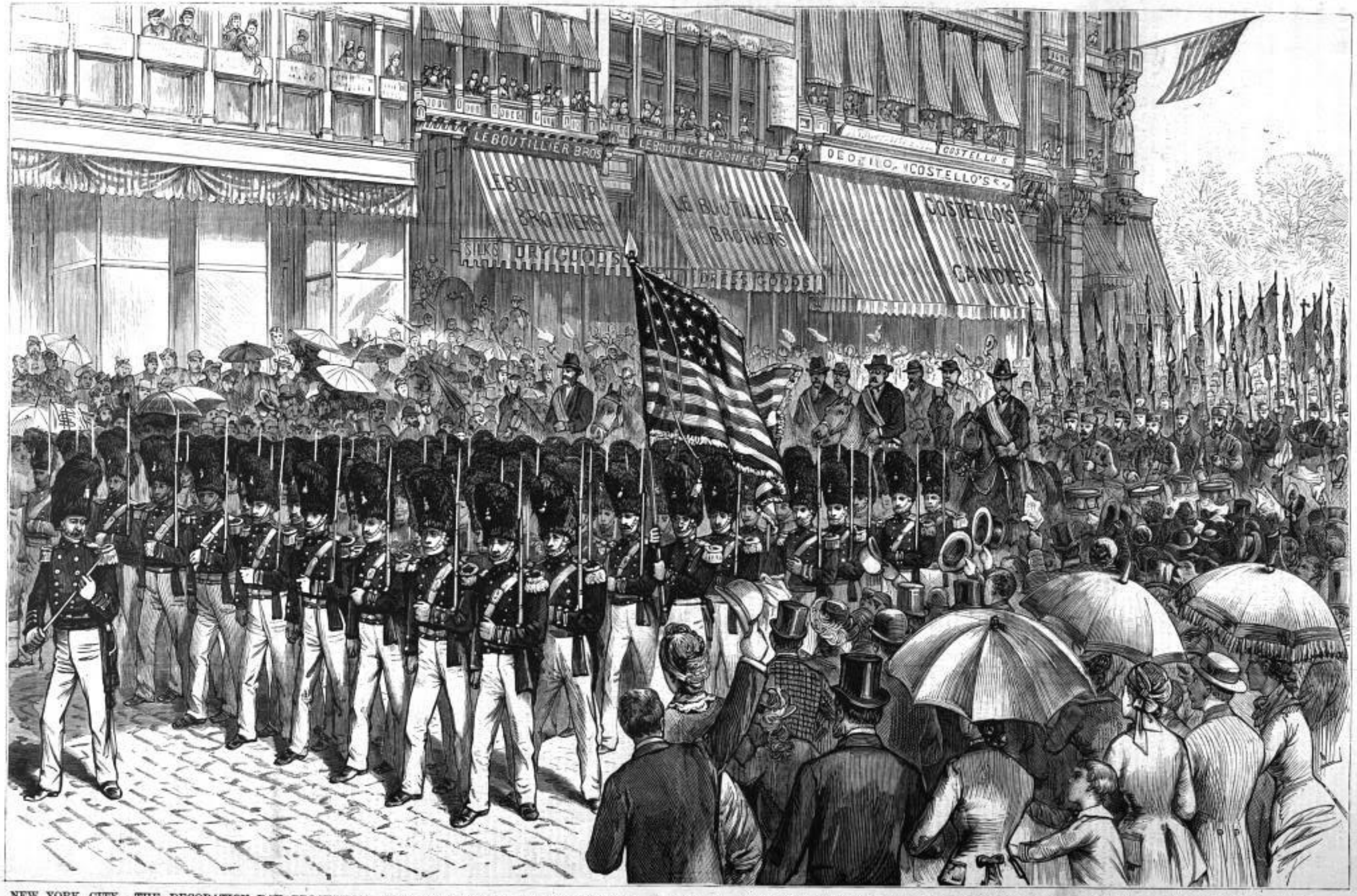
—IT is asserted that Cardinal Jacobini has been instructed by the Curia to inform Prussia that the Pope disapproves the permissive system in the bill amending the May laws, and withdraws the concession made in the brief to the Archbishop of Cologne, regarding the notification to be made to the Prussian Government of the appointment of priests, declaring it void.

—SEMI-OFFICIAL reports from Black Sea coast districts of Bulgaria give accounts of the recent outbreak in the Balkan villages bordering on the above-mentioned territory. A dozen villages were destroyed by the Bulgarians. The depredating forces numbered 2,000 men, composed of police, gymnastic societies, militia, armed villagers, and brigands of all nationalities.

—A PANAMA paper says that a contract has been made between Mr. A. G. Menocal, on the part of an American company, and the Government of Nicaragua, for the construction of a canal across Nicaraguan territory. It awaits only the approval of the Legislative Congress, which has been convened for that purpose, to become a law of the land. The terms of the contract have not been made public, but it is said that they are extremely liberal on the part of the Government.

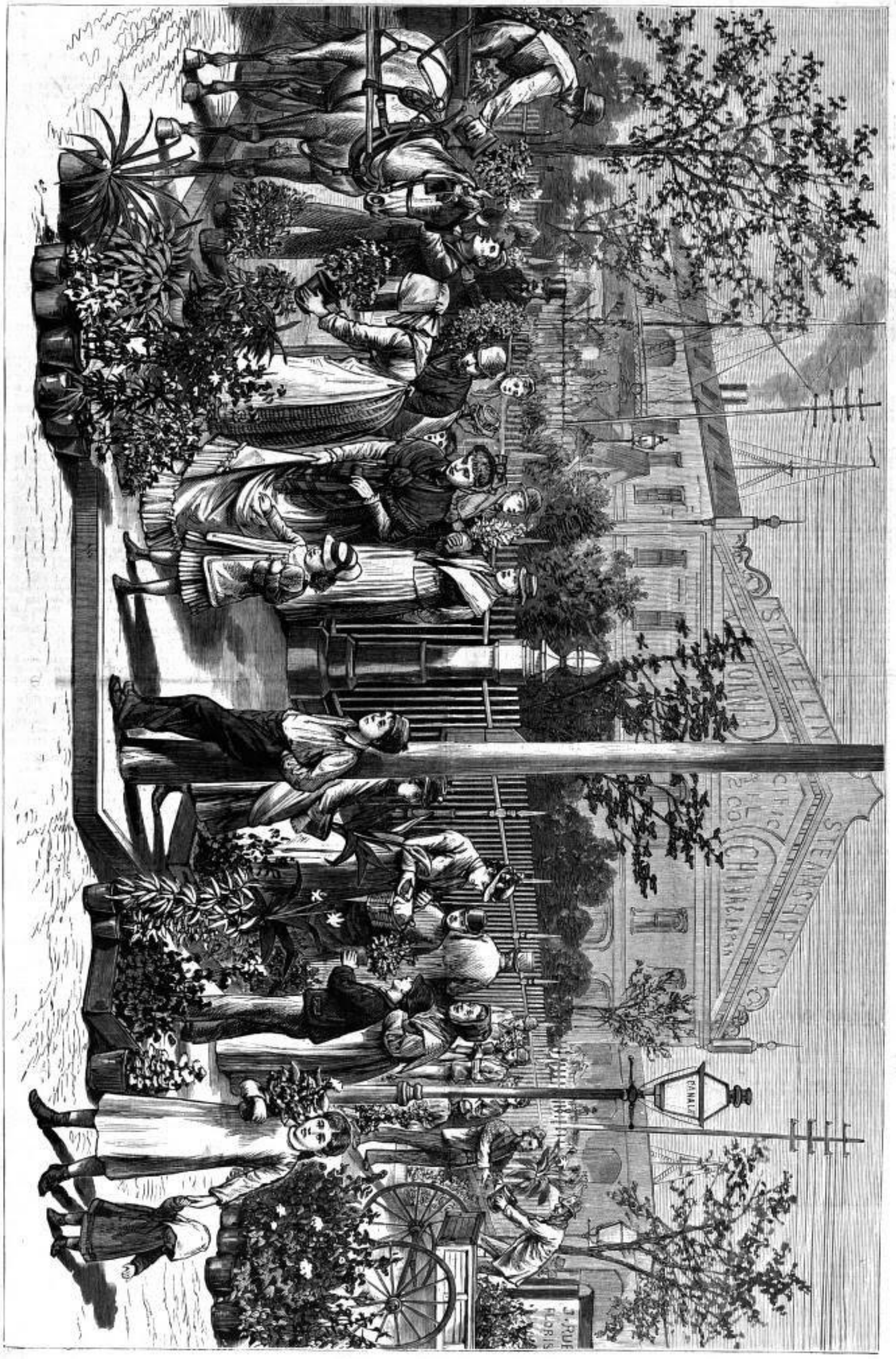
—THE New England Woman Suffrage Association, in annual session last week, adopted a series of resolutions, declaring that the disfranchisement of one-half the people on account of sex is a grevious political injustice; that agitation is the only way by which to awaken the people to a proper appreciation of the fact; that a Suffrage Convention shall be held in each New England State during the ensuing year; and that the granting of school suffrage to women is a concession of the whole principle of woman suffrage.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE DECORATION-DAY PROCESSION—THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FENCIBLES AND G. A. R. POSTS, WITH BATTLE-FLAGS, TURNING FROM UNION SQUARE INTO BROADWAY.—SEE PAGE 243.

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NEW YORK CITY.—PREPARING FOR DECORATION-DAY CEREMONIES—EARLY MORNING SCENE AT THE FLOWER MARKET ON CANAL STREET.—See Page 243.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE MARSES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—TOBOSKIE RECEIVES A LETTER.

"SEEMS to me, Toboskie, you have been seized with a sudden and violent friendship for the Ashhursts. How often a day do you visit them?" Chetewood looks suspiciously at his friend, whom he has collared with a desperate grip as he was about to ascend the grand staircase of the hotel.

"My visits do not exceed one in twenty-four hours, and will not average *that*," replies the Russian, calmly.

"'Pon my soul! never would have believed it." Chetewood's laugh is immoderate, but a trifle bitter, though he has assumed a miraculous air of enjoyment. "Oh, come, now, Toboskie"—his manner is even more facetious—"have the grace to confess your weakness; the two weeks I gave you are not yet up, and you——" Toboskie looks straight at his friend with a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

"Well, proceed, and you——"

"Are in love with Jack Ashhurst's wife."

Count Toboskie's hands clinch, and a dark flush slowly mounts upwards to the very roots of his hair. It is a savage impulse that first seizes him; but he notices the dry, unnatural glitter of Chetewood's eyes, the haggard face, the air altogether miserable that characterizes him. Suddenly all that fierce, desperate wrath dies out, and he lays his hand, with the tenderness of a woman, upon Dredmond's shoulder.

"Chetewood," he says—and his tones hold a sweetness that few women have ever heard—for between these men is a friendship firm and true—"Chetewood, I don't mind this from you, but if any other man had said it, it would have gone ill with him. For, however my morals may degenerate, I will never love another man's wife." A painful flush stains the frank Saxon face of the English peer. "Mind you," continues Toboskie, "I am speaking strictly of *myself*, and with not the slightest insinuation for any one else. I would never love another man's wife, for the simple reason that *when* I love, the woman *must* be mine, and I would not sink any woman to trouble and degradation. But if Clair Ashhurst were single, I don't mind telling you that never in my weakest moment could she wield the slightest power over me. Love her I never could, if she were the last woman upon earth."

Chetewood so far forgets himself as to allow his face to become irradiated with a bright glow, and, with the quick, graceful impulse that Toboskie remembers so well of his youth, he seizes the hand of his friend in a warm clasp. Now, what there is in the very proper avowal of the Russian to cause the eyes of this foolish young man to brighten, and his whole appearance to be indicative of insane delight is altogether a mystery. Certain it is, he wrings the hand he has grasped, as if quite of the determination to rid his friend of that very useful appendage, and his words are hasty and somewhat incoherent.

"Thanks, awfully," he murmurs, rapturously, and with vague gratitude; "you always were so good to me, Raoul; I am sure it is very kind of you——?"

Toboskie stares.

"My *dear* fellow, don't you think you are a little mad?" he says.

Chetewood passes his hand before his eyes with a weary, wrathful gesture; but it is noticeable that his appearance of insanity lessens.

"Yes," he says, lowly, and a dreary bitterness is in his tones, "I think I am. But on one point I am quite sane: I owe you much for your forbearance."

"Don't mention it," replies Toboskie, gently. "Between you and me let no woman ever step. After all, friendship is more faithful and of more value than love." He speaks carelessly; but there comes a time in the future when his words return to both in bitter significance.

"I confess," he resumes after a silence, "I am interested in the *child*; she is a very remarkable one. And as I happened to rescue her from the flames, they are kind enough to think it entitles me to unusual consideration and all that, though honor compels me to acknowledge that Maize shows anything but an inclination for my society. Then, too, I like Jack Ashhurst; there is about him a candor and nobility that I have observed but in few men, and this is how our intimacy has come about. Now you have the whole facts of the case."

Still Chetewood's madness clings to him.

"And yet Gypsy is not by any means so indifferent to *you*," he speaks, absently, and forgets the insinuation his words cast upon the lady of his thoughts.

Again Raoul flushes—that dark, swarthy flush—and, as before, he lays his hand upon the arm of his friend, and glances hastily around before speaking.

"Dredmond," he says, oh, so gravely—for there is a native chivalry in this man's soul, despite the lust and excesses of a worldly career—"Dredmond, remember you are speaking of a lady. You are not quite yourself, else you would not be so reckless of any woman's honor, much less a woman whom, be it said to your shame, *you love*. No, no, my friend," as Dredmond starts violently and clinches his hands, "between you and me, for to-day, at least, hard words shall not come. I have spoken plainly, because I think the years of our friendship give me the title. Chetewood, not even your father has your good more at heart than I, and none so well as I know that you are too noble to be made the victim of a woman's caprice."

A hard, white look gathers about the sensitively shaped mouth of Lord Chetewood, and his lips move stiffly.

"I forgot where I was and what I was saying. No one would sooner protect Lady Ashhurst's honor than I; yet my carelessness—unpardonable as it is—is safe with you, Toboskie."

"Perfectly." Count Toboskie sees that Chetewood ignores the latter part of his rebuke, and is quick to take the hint. "But before dropping this subject, I must say a word in vindication of Lady Ashhurst and myself." Again that painful flush suffuses his dark visage; there is just enough truth in Chetewood's remark about the partiality of Gypsy, to make him feel uncomfortable, and he steadies himself before speaking. "I think you have grossly misunderstood the lady's position towards me. For two weeks, owing to the kindness of society, we have been constantly thrown together, and when I have not met her in the world, it has been in her husband's house; and I hope you do not think after *that*—after all the hospitality shown me by Jack Ashhurst—I would make love to his wife." The flush has died away now, and a grand pride and indignation stamp the straight, dark features. "Being thrown so much together, and knowing her husband's partiality for me, it is quite natural that Lady's Ashhurst should consider me in the light of a friend, and, following her husband's example, testify her friendship for me."

Chetewood, suddenly struggling upwards from his gloomy despair, now comes to the front with valiant cheerfulness:

"All right, old fellow, and thanks, awfully, for the homily. But I've made an appointment with De Monague, which will prevent me from listening to the 'secondly.' Thank you, kindly, all the same. See you to-night at the French Ambassador's. By-by."

When Toboskie enters the parlors of his friends, the radiant smile with which Gypsy greets him is not conducive to restoring his equanimity.

Jack and his wife gather around him. Valentine—or Mrs. Gabaudie—recognizes his presence by a quiet bow. At a distant window sits Maize, her arm bound up in a sling.

They have not yet got thoroughly launched in their conversation when Toboskie's servant knocks at the door, with his master's mail, upon a portion of which is written, "Important."

Being granted permission by his hostess, he speedily tears open this letter, and commences its perusal. Then, to the surprise of all, a hoarse exclamation breaks from him, and the sheet drops to the floor. Excessively vexed at betraying his emotion, he gathers up the letter and resumes his reading; but Gypsy, glancing furtively at him, sees that a heavy frown crosses his brow, and that his face wears a positive scowl.

"Bad news?" asks Jack, in something like a roar, and offensively cheerful.

"*Very*," says Toboskie, briefly, and his lips are shut tightly.

Instantly Jack's handsome, ruddy visage assumes a properly forlorn expression, and he looks askance at his guest.

"Dear fathers! and that race was coming off to-morrow," again mutters Lord Ashhurst under his breath, as the ambassador is silent.

"My friends," and at last Toboskie speaks, but his tones sound a trifle unnatural, "I have received the worst possible news."

Lord Jack looks at his wife, somewhat dubious as to what is demanded of him under the circumstances, and altogether uncomfortable. It is well known that Lord Jack has a nervous horror of trouble.

"I am so sorry; and, of course, we can in no way comfort you." This, it is needless to say, from Gypsy.

"No, madame," says Toboskie, mournfully, "no one can comfort me; yet I thank you for your sympathy." Jack, with lively signs of evident depression, shuffles from one foot to the other. Both Valentine and Maize regard the foreigner, curiously. "But I will tell you my trouble, and to do that you will pardon me if I go back a little in the past," he says—and now his voice is clear and steady. "You must know that, although lenient in the extreme in some matters, my country is very rigid in maintaining its political discipline; and among its most rigorously enforced laws is that no language but Russian shall be spoken in the palace of the Czar, or in dealing in political matters, save by foreign ambassadors. I have a friend—my dearest friend on earth, save one—who is confidential secretary to the Czar. He comes of an old and noble family—a family that has given Russia her truest patriots. But, like all such, doomed—for I sometimes think it is more a curse than a blessing—like all doomed to distinction and prosperity, my friend has his enemies, who, through the means of anonymous communications, were constantly insinuating things derogatory to his fidelity to his country. One year ago, suspicion was rife against him in St. Petersburg—— But surely, madame," turning to Gypsy, "the history of my unfortunate friend can be of no interest to you?"

"Pray go on?" cries Gypsy, breathlessly—"about a year ago in St. Petersburg suspicion——"

"Well, at the time I mention, as I say, suspicion was strong against him. At that fatal epoch the Czarina had a Polish visitor of great rank. The Empress, being wholly ignorant of the language of her guest, sent for the secretary to interpret. News spread soon. When my friend left the chamber of the Czarina, at the expiration of the visit, he was seized and put under arrest as a traitor."

"Great heavens!" ejaculates Gypsy.

"He sent for me immediately. I could not think that anything serious would amount from it, relying upon the favor always shown him by his sovereign. Besides, it was such a trifling offense, and one under the circumstances unavoidable, unless, indeed, he had refused to obey the Empress. But his enemies fastened upon him like vultures, and every action of his life was perverted and misconstrued. He was accused of having intercourse with Polish enemies, and of being a renegade to his country. The Czar, though fond of the accused, dare not go contrary to the most powerful portion of this court, with whom, through jealousy, my friend had become unpopular. His statesmen held him to the *letter* and not the *spirit* of the law. It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to say that I have done all in my power for the unfortunate man. During the most critical part of his trial I was suddenly dispatched here as ambassador, and you can, I think, imagine, my distress at leaving my oldest friend in such exigency as this. But a mutual friend has advised me regularly of the progress of the case; and to-day the final intelligence has arrived."

"Oh, *what* is it?" gasps Gypsy, while Jack's wide eyes bespeak his breathless interest.

"As bad as possible. He, a royal count, with heart and soul as noble as a god's and an intellect to govern nations, *he is exiled for life!* My friend, Lagors, has just written it." Slowly as he speaks Toboskie tears the fatal sheet into fragments and scatters them absently on the floor, while his eyes are fierce with rage and pain.

With a snort like a war-horse Jack springs to his feet, his honest face flushed with wrath.

"What an infamous law, what an execrable country!" he shouts. "Such rulers are a disgrace to the name and deserve extinction. By Jove, sir, before I would claim such a country as mine I would shoot myself, I *would*, by gad! I beg your pardon if you don't like it, but—to exile him for life! I——"

"Jack," says Gypsy, blandly, though her eyes are suspiciously pink. "Jack, we are none of us deaf!"

Thus recalled to himself, Jack, perspiring copiously, and a trifle ashamed of his vehemence, sinks in a chair still muttering invectives against the Russian Government.

"I never want to go to Russia," says Gypsy, decisively. "Jack, if we lose our money we will revel in our poverty and safety, and stay in England. I wouldn't go to Russia if Maize had a *thousand* fortunes."

But Toboskie's attention is riveted, and has been for some time, upon the child. During the recital she has drawn nearer and nearer as if influenced by some irresistible attraction, and her eyes blaze with contending emotions. Now they flash up at his in fierce scorn and indignation, and her lips are pale and drawn. He sees that she wishes to speak.

"Well?" he says, encouragingly.

"*Did* you say he was as noble as a god?" she speaks slowly, and they are the first civil words that she has ever addressed him.

"A nobler man never lived."

"And he is innocent?"

"Innocent as you or I."

It seems as if the wrath of an avenging and outraged God is flashing in the blazing eyes of the child; her hands clinch fiercely.

"I would rather be *him* than *they!*" she says, passionately. "God will avenge him."

Her head is thrown backwards, and the small Greek face gleams white under the burning passion. She has listened with no thought that the turbulent ocean of life may toss her across the wrecked, shattered existence of this ruined noble; that to that life, smitten in its grandeur and supremacy, stricken to the core, she may be sent its heaviest cross and fiercest agony, an agony compared with which the weary travail of the exile, the exhausted torture of endless years, will be as ease.

The sunlight gleams in the apartment; side by side stand the woman, lovely in her radiant youth, and the child, with her future splendor dawning in her face; and Toboskie looks at them—this woman who loves him, and Maize, type of the womanhood he shall some day adore. Still no presentiment of the tragedy of the future has touched him. He sees the eyes of the child deepen in their haunting, shadowy splendor, and to his fancy they hold the cry of a great supplication—sad, distant and yearning; that is all!

CHAPTER VI.—LAGORS.

THE parlor is deserted. Jack and Toboskie have gone out, while Gypsy and Maize have repaired to the former's chamber.

Valentine Gabaudie sits alone by a distant window. In the events of the past hour she has been comparatively unnoticed. She sits now as motionless as stone, and over her face a gray shadow has stolen: in her eye gleams a peculiar expression, not the look of old—that powerful flash of magnetism—but a shrinking, fearful light, like a hunted beast's, and as if she had been struck a fierce blow. Her straight black brows are contracted as though in severe bodily pain, and a quiver, almost piteous in its mute anguish, convulses her thin lips; also a spasmodic twitching occasionally seizes her delicate shoulders. Her beautiful hands are locked firmly in her lap.

She looks struck with lightning—that same dazed light of the eyes, that rigid, corpse-like look about the face, that sharp, still outline of figure. She sits there for an hour as rigid and motionless as stone. Then a child's voice floats up to her from the street below. Turning slowly, stiffly, as if every motion costs her torture, she looks out of the window and sees Maize walking with her *home*.

Catching a glimpse of a figure in the window of their rooms, the child throws far back her head and looks upwards. Her eyes, ever varying in their expression, are gay, dazzling, and sensuously beautiful.

A sharp, gasping cry breaks from the working lips of Valentine, and a swift convulsion of agony breaks up the stony, frozen misery of her face.

After that her stupor is entirely vanished. She rises and crosses the room to the table; at its feet are strewn the fragments of Toboskie's letter; these she picks up slowly, carefully, while her wax-like fingers quiver piteously as she touches each small fragment. When she has collected all of the pieces and placed them in her handkerchief, she goes to her room and locks herself in.

Going to a window, she kneels before a chair, and, emptying the fragments of the torn letter in her lap, commences her arduous work.

To any one but a woman instigated by a desperate purpose, this would be a hopeless task. But in Valentine's manner there are no indications of weariness or despair. With slow, accurate calculation, and a sleuth-hound's perseverance, her chiseled hands flit over the torn paper, while her swift, star-like eyes measure and study the shapes and sizes.

Hours pass; still she never falters in her weary task, and is at last rewarded. Before her, reduced to their original shape, though pieced together with infinitesimal fragments, and crossed with many zig-zag lines, are the two first lines of Toboskie's letter.

Judging by the time it has taken her to accomplish this, she has fully a night's work before her ere she completes the whole. Yet she never wavers, never even pauses to read the words, but works on, her eyes cool and steady, her face still gray, but holding a sullen, icy determination. Only once she rises from her position, and that is to procure a light, as the gray dusk settles in the chamber and the night comes speedily on.

All night long she toils on, with her entire being centred in her work; and as the first streaks of dawn appear in the east, she picks up from the few remaining pieces a square bit, and her hands tremble more violently. Turning it over she sees written upon it a single letter—L. At last she is nearing her goal.

A feverish flush stains the swarthy hue of her countenance, and afar back in her eyes gathers a red scintillating glow, while the pupils expand and protrude. Still she works on firmly and patiently.

At last her work is through! The final corner has been placed, and before her are six letters—the half dozen carelessly penned letters that she has toiled so hard to procure.

She struggles to her feet. She is stiff and sore in every joint, and the weary, exhausted weakness of mental and bodily suffering is heavy upon her. In the past hours her nerves have sustained a trial that was sufficient to madden an intellect as powerful as her own. Her eyes are dry and glittering; her face pallid as the dead.

She looks at the sheet spread upon the chair. Every one of the closely-written words represents a pang; and, even as she stands, a deadly, exquisite torture shoots through her brain and blinds her with agony.

When her eyes clear she is staring down at the letter. The fresh light of the new day steals in her chamber, and a full flood of the rising sun streams upon that name that she has traced out in travail and bitterness. Still brighter and brighter grows the glow until the word seems written in gold.

"Lagors"—she sees the name glitter and scintillate in the morning sun; the letters flash with a light unearthly; they catch all the pure, sweet glow of heaven, and dazzle and blind her weary, aching eyes with their great and wondrous glory.

She gazes at it as if confronted by a phantom, while down through the hoary vistas of the past stalk spectres of her lost youth to torture and madden her, and all the while deepens that soft, unearthly lustre.

"Oh, my God! what a mockery—what a mockery!" The words break from her in a low, hoarse whisper, and in her eyes gathers a great horror. "*Light*, light on *that* name! Oh, gracious heaven!" her face is a mass of moving muscles, and holds an agony appalling, her hands clinch and straighten alternately. "Written by *his hand!*" and again her lips move with a stiff, frozen action and no volition of her own. "By *his* hand, and I thought him dead! Oh, my God, avenge us!" She looks across the room either with intention or accident to a painting of Gypsy, and all the time in her eyes gathers a great misery. But the royal loveliness, the laughing eyes of Jack Ashhurst's wife smile down at her unmoved.

With a gasping, choking cry Valentine flings up her arms and drops downwards to the floor.

(*To be continued.*)

PROGRESS IN MILLING.

SIMPSON & GAULT'S EXHIBIT AT CINCINNATI.

OF the recent rapid advancements in milling, nothing will give a better idea than the international exhibition elsewhere referred to. Since Oliver Evans, nearly a century ago, built the old Brandywine Mills, some of which are still in existence, there was scarcely any improvement in milling until, within the past ten years, the wide extensions of our agricultural interests compelled inventors and millwrights to meet the heavy demand for milling machinery to grind the vast grain crops of the West and Northwest; and to-day, though Oliver Evans is still honored as a pioneer in American milling, his plans of mills have been entirely superseded by the new processes. In the presence of the giant mills of to-day, there is a curious interest in recalling the growth of human inventive genius. The primitive methods of the ancients seem now almost a part of the history of prehistoric man. We have some knowledge of the mills employed by the ancients, and from the hollow stone used, with another stone as a pestle, by Sarah, Abraham's wife, in grinding wheat that she might "prepare quickly three measures of fine meal for the strangers," we can trace the gradual advancement down to the wonderful machines of to-day. The first step from Sarah's mill was to the round, hollow stone, with an inside revolving stone—the latter supplied with upright handles, and turned by two women, who passed the upright handle one to the other. Then followed the "quern" made of flat stones, the lower one stationary, the other revolving on an upright spindle, and turned by men as they walked around like sailors around a capstan. The progress of invention towards the gradual use of animal power, wind-power, water-power and finally steam-power, is part of the history of the human race.

For our illustrations of the processes of the

modern millwright, we are indebted to Messrs. Simpson & Gault, whose factory, at the corner of Front and John Streets, Cincinnati, is said to be one of the most complete in the world. The firm claims to manufacture the largest possible line of milling machinery, and its works consequently afford our artist an excellent opportunity for illustrating the latest methods of the millwright. The firm is the successor of Isaac Straub & Co., the Straub Mill Company and the Peerless Wringer Company, and its career, dating back nearly forty years, covers the entire period of the recent improvements. The factories occupy six floors, each 40 by 80 feet, at the corner of John and Front streets; two floors, each 40 by 200 feet, on John Street, and additional buildings, Nos. 57, 59 and 61 Elm Street, of four floors 40 by 80 feet each. Besides the main offices at Front and John streets, Cincinnati, the firm has offices at 8 Place Vendôme, Paris; No. 7 Poultry, London, and No. 79 Chambers Street, New York. Of the two members of the firm, Messrs. Robert Simpson and George E. Gault, the former has been actively interested in the company for the past fifteen years, while Mr. Gault, now President of the Millers' Exhibition, has also been in the business during the same length of time, first as employé and now as a member of the firm.

In the illustrations, the centre-piece shows the very handsome exhibit of the firm at the Millers' International Exhibition, the firm taking pride in the claim that the display will be the finest ever made in the world in the way of flour-mill machinery. The exhibit is a remarkably complete one, showing the entire process from the grain to the bread, the firm having placed its own baking-stove to give the public a taste of its product. The exhibit has four mill-runs, with a six-reel bolting-chest, and all the minor machinery needed for the work that has been laid out. The cost of putting up the exhibit was $6,000.

The other four views in the engraving show the finishing-shop, where the iron-work is put into shape for the various machines made by the firm; the millwright shop, where the woodwork is made for the machines; the burr-shop, where the burr-stones are taken in the rough, just as imported from the French quarries, and formed into mill-stones of different sizes; and, finally, the Elm Street factory, where the wheat-cleaning machinery is made. Many of the men employed in the factory have been with the concern fifteen or twenty years. In the line of hardware specialties, the firm manufactures clothes-wringers, fluting-machines, and the standard automatic scale, for weighing grain, flour, bran, etc., in transit. The factory is said to be the only one in the world which manufactures every machine used in a flour-mill.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Colorado delegates to the Chicago Convention favor the nomination of Grant.

THE Delaware Democratic Convention has instructed its delegates to vote for Bayard for President.

THERE is a strong feeling among Kentucky Democrats in favor of Judge Field's nomination for President.

THE Kansas and Mississippi Democrats have elected uninstructed delegations to the Cincinnati Convention.

THE West Virginia Greenbackers have nominated a full State ticket, composed mainly of Democratic-Greenbackers.

THE Louisiana Republican Convention last week elected 7 Grant and 7 Sherman delegates. A small Grant faction bolted and elected a solid Grant delegation.

THE Wisconsin and Minnesota Greenbackers have elected delegates to the National Greenback Convention, some of whom favor Solon Chase, of Maine, for President.

IN the Eighth Illinois District Mr. L. E. Payson has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans, in place of Representative Fort, who declined a renomination.

THE Republicans of Louisiana have nominated Congressmen as follows: Third District, Taylor Beattie; Fourth, George Williamson; Fifth, James S. Mathews; Sixth, Charles E. Anderson.

THE Missouri delegation to the National Democratic Convention, though uninstructed, stands 18 against Mr. Tilden and 12 for him. The resolutions in his favor were killed in the committee.

A MEETING of Democratic members of Congress from the Southern States was held last week to promote the claims of W. R. Morrison, of Illinois, for the Presidential nomination at Cincinnati.

The Moss Industry in Louisiana.

THE Louisiana moss industry is one of the important industries of New Orleans. In common with all Southern manufacturing interests, it has its days of flush and its days of gloom in business. At present, however, the depression seems about over, and the trade is attaining its former respectable proportions. The history of the manipulation of moss is very simple. It is gathered mostly by negroes, who devote a spare hour of the day to such work. After a tree is stripped it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which period of time the moss renews itself. Cypress moss is preferred, as it is the longest and most tenacious of all the varieties. After the moss is gathered, it is placed on a sunny spot, and left a month to the action of wind and weather. At the end of that time the grayish bark peels off, leaving the hair almost clean. Some of the moss requires no manipulation, while other accruments are, in weight, more than half dirt. After being thus dried, the material is sold to the plantation storekeeper or to the cross-roads grocery-man, and the gatherer receives from one to two cents a pound for it, according to its quality. The stuff is baled and taken to New Orleans for manufacture. After the moss reaches the factory it is subjected to the action of the washer, which is a large cylindrical arrangement with a wheel inside, which pulls the moss hither and thither, and dashes it through a vat of boiling water and soap, until the stuff is cleaned. Then it is hung out upon the racks to dry. This done, it is put into the duster, a fan mill, which entirely removes all the dust that may have survived the washing process. As a result, the moss comes into the factory yellow in color and goes out inky black. The article is then made up into bales according to quality, and lettered with single, double, treble and quadruple X's. The highest grade, XXXX, can scarcely be distinguished from the finest and choicest horse-hair. The other grades are consumed mostly in Louisiana.

The Condition of Russia.

THERE can be scarcely a doubt that Russia is gradually drifting into a condition fraught with the gravest danger to the stability of the existing régime. For several years past nothing has been done by the Government to ameliorate the internal condition of the country, and in the meanwhile a number of evils have cropped up, enhancing the peril already existing before them. We refer especially to the misery produced among the masses by the repeated failure of harvests, the ravages of the cattle plague, the rampant condition of many epidemic diseases, and the unsettled character of the land question, together with the evils inflicted by the corruption of Government officials, the dishonesty of municipal, local and commercial functionaries, and an inflated system of foreign trade. At this moment hundreds of peasants are dying of hunger in the district bordering upon the mouth of the Volga, and epidemic diseases are carrying off thousands of victims in Pultowa, Saratoff and Koursk. It was known during the Winter that a scarcity existed in the South Volga provinces, but nothing was done to dispatch food to the afflicted districts, and now that the roads are broken up by the thawing of the snow, it is impossible to convey succor to the starving peasantry. Within recent years the death rate in many villages in Russia has been higher than at Sierra Leone, owing to the enormous spread of diphtheria and typhus, and the scarcity of doctors, brought about by the dispatch of so many medical men to the seat of war and the exiling of discontented students. As to the cattle plague, its ravages have been such that in many provinces scarcely a village has remained unvisited by it, and the annual loss sustained by the peasants is calculated to reach many millions.

During the last decade bad harvests have become a permanent feature in South Russia, and although it is known that they are partly due to the reckless destruction of forests in the North, and the exhaustive system—or want of system—of farming in vogue among the peasants, nothing has been done to check either the one or the other evil. The corruption of the officials is nothing new, it may be asserted; but it is certainly fresh that the Emperor, by his want of determination in dealing with army frauds in Bulgaria, has stimulated Government functionaries to greater boldness; while the leniency with which the Administration treats dishonest bank-directors and financial swindlers is rotting the commercial fabric of Russia to the very core. A not unimportant factor in mercantile fraud is the existing subsidy system for promoting native manufactures and trade. Every week sees some fresh mushroom company springing into existence, whose only object is to fill the pockets of the directors—mostly public officials—with the rubles of gullible shareholders and the subsidies of the State.

The World's Coffee Production.

IT is estimated that the total production of coffee throughout the world in 1878 amounted to about 1,080,075,000 pounds, the proportion yielded by the principal coffee-growing countries being as follows: Brazil, 490,100,000 pounds; the Dutch Indies, 201,090,560 pounds; Ceylon and British India, 117,529,280 pounds; West Indies, 91,960,000 pounds; South Africa, 79,178,000 pounds; Central America, 71,500,000 pounds; West Africa, 8,8 0,000 pounds; the Philippines, 7,472,960 pounds; Arabia, 6,114,000 pounds; South Sea Islands, 330,000 pounds. The greatest consumption of coffee is believed to take place in Holland, where nearly 18 pounds per head of the population are consumed every year. Belgium comes next, taking 9 pounds per head per annum; Norway consumes 8½ pounds; the United States, 8¼ pounds; France, 6¼; Germany, 5, and England only 1 pound.

Manners of German Officers.

GERMAN officers are undoubtedly the most highly educated in the world. They can only get promotion by assiduous study, and they take a professional pride in a culture which places them immeasurably above their men. In this respect they truly form an aristocracy. Again, they have a strict code of honor which is kept in force by dueling, and which lays upon them the necessity of being very correct in their behavior not only towards each other but towards civilians. A German officer can only fight a duel with a man who is socially his equal, and he is expected to fight whenever he is insulted, so that if he gets dragged into a disreputable brawl with an inferior, he finds himself in a dilemma from which there is no escape except by throwing up his commission. Some years ago a Prussian officer had his face slapped in the streets of Coblentz by a baker: he drew out his sword and cut down his aggressor like a dog, there and then. Public opinion took his side, for, had he let the affront pass, he must have left the army; as it was, he got tried by court-martial, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment—not for killing a baker, but for having a street quarrel with such a person.

Lord Dufferin's Strange Uniform.

I CANNOT resist going a long way out of my "beat" to reproduce a capital and most characteristic story told of Lord Dufferin in a St. Petersburg letter which I have before me. His lordship, it seems, has made himself a great favorite in the Russian capital by the charm of his manner, by his good humor, and especially by his droll originality, which is not at all in keeping with the ideas that have hitherto obtained in Russia relative to the stiffness of high diplomacy. At the *fête* of the regiments of the guard the other day, which the Emperor, the Czarowitz and the members of the imperial family always attend, and to which most of the political notabilities and all the diplomatic body were invited this year, the British Ambassador appeared in a uniform that attracted general attention, for nothing so singular had ever before been seen in St. Petersburg. The writer says, indeed, that his Excellency's arrival created a "sensation." He wore a thick cloth jerkin confined at the waist by a belt, and on his head a helmet in polished leather, his appearance being half Chinese mandarin, half London policeman. Everybody was asking his neighbor to what peculiar corps in the British army such paraphernalia could possibly belong; and, at last, after considerable circumlocution, a high official personage ventured to ask his lordship for a solution of the delicate question that had created so much curiosity among all the old generals and military men present. To the utter amazement of his interlocutor, Lord Dufferin replied, with his usual smile, that he thought it would be appropriate if he donned his uniform as honorary member of the Quebec Fire Brigade for the occasion; and from that moment forth the proceedings which, until then had been rather dull, were the gayest possible. The fun of the idea put everybody in good humor.

Exiles in Siberia.

THE popular idea of the fate of prisoners sentenced to hard labor in the mines of Siberia is a somewhat exaggerated one. It is generally believed that a man condemned to work in the Siberian mines is virtually condemned to death; that when he descends into his mine he says good-by to the light of heaven for ever, being kept underground until he dies; and that living as he thus does, amid unhealthy fumes, death is not long in coming. The correspondent of the London *Times*, having heard these statements before he went to Siberia, appears to have taken some trouble to ascertain whether they are true or not, and, after many inquiries, "Common fairness," he writes, "compels me to say that every one denied that there was any foundation for them. Even," he continues, "the few Poles who spoke so bitterly of the Government, did not bring this to their charge; nor did I meet any of the convicts who said as much." On the contrary the silver mines were, so far as he could learn, worked on the twelve-and sometimes even on the eight-hour system; while in the gold mines, which he himself visited, the men worked in Summer from six in the morning till seven at night, with intervals of rest for meals. In the coal mines also the men only work for twelve hours a day, and an officer informed the writer that the amount of work alloted to each man per day ought to be got through by an energetic workman in about two hours. On the other hand, it appears that flogging is not infrequently inflicted in a barbarous manner in Siberia. At three stations, but apparently at three stations only—at Kara, Nicolaievsk and Saghalien—an instrument called the "troichatka," or plait, is used. From twenty to fifty stripes are usually administered, though the number may be made a hundred; and the writer adds that "when the heavy numbers are inflicted, the punishment must be little short of an execution. Sometimes, in fact, the convicts do not recover from its effects."

A Valuable Gem.

THE Berlin *Börsen Zeitung* says that the Prussian capital has long contained a jewel of quite fabulous value, the news of whose existence was first made known to the general public by the reports of the last session of the Polytechnic Society. This noble stone is a sapphire, and is the property of one of the members of that learned body. It weighs "12½ loth"—a little more than six ounces. The jury of the Polytechnic Society, on grounds stated in full at their discussion, have settled its value at the frightful sum of 64,000,000 of marks, or £3,200,000 of English money. It need scarcely be said that such a treasure is not very likely to find a purchaser at such a price.

It is contended by some of the adepts that the stone is not perfectly pure, so that its price may, perhaps, be reduced; but it can never be so far lowered as to tempt the richest and most eccentric collector in the world to give anything like the sum which must be asked for it. In the year 1872 a Berlin mineralogist offered to go as far as 67,500 marks, but in vain, as the unique jewel had already been refused in 1860 to a German Prince who had offered a far larger price. Its present possessor has placed his treasure in State custody for the sake of his heir, as the *Börsen Zeitung* says; though we imagine that its future owner will not find it easy to realize anything more solid than distinction out of this very exceptional piece of property. All the experts who have scrutinized the sapphire agree that it is a genuine corundum. The "sappir" of the books of Exodus and Ezekiel, like the "sapphires" of Pliny, were probably our lapis-lazuli.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Exhibition of apparatus and products relating to bee-culture will be held at Schwerin on August 28th to 30th next.

Professor Huxley will deliver the inaugural address at the opening of the Science College at Birmingham on October 1st.

It is Stated that the Comte de Semellé is about to return to Africa in order to undertake an exploring expedition up the river Ruvuma.

Professor Henry J. S. Smith, F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, has been made a Corresponding Member of the Academy of Science of Berlin.

The Emperor of Austria has presented the large gold medal "for arts and sciences" to Dr. Karl Ritter von Scherzer in recognition of his latest work, "Die britischen Welt-Industrien."

The Russian Geographical Society will receive from the Government a subsidy of 14,000 rubles yearly, to found and maintain meteorological stations at the mouth of the Lena and on the islands of New Siberia.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh has awarded the Keith Medal for the biennial period 1877-79 to Professor Fleeming Jenkin for his paper on the application of graphic methods to the determination of the efficiency of machinery.

The "Bulletino" of the Italian Geographical Society for April contains full details of the proposed Arctic Expedition under Lieutenant Bove, with a carefully compiled map of the south polar regions so far as these have been hitherto explored.

Professor Henry Tanner, F.C.S., Senior Member of the Royal Agricultural College, and Examiner in the Principles of Agriculture under the Government Department of Science, has been appointed Professor of the Principles of Agriculture in the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

The Phylloxera has made its appearance in the vineyards on Vesuvius and the opposite part of the Gulf at Portici and Pianura. Much alarm prevails. Precautionary measures are being taken. In Sicily the phylloxera, till now confined to Catania, is likewise reported near Messina.

A Large and influential committee of shipbuilders and marine engineers has been formed in Glasgow for the purpose of promoting an exhibition of naval and marine engineering models in Glasgow. It is proposed that the exhibition shall be opened in the Corporation Galleries in November and remain open for six months.

The Municipal Council of Paris have visited the peninsula of Gennevilliers, to ascertain the results of irrigation with the discharge from the sewers. These have been found splendid, and the agricultural population of the district is very well satisfied with them. Other lands are to be found for utilizing the remaining part of the sewage of Paris. The city engineers proposed to irrigate land in the vicinity of the forest of St. Germain, but the inhabitants have sent petitions against the project, and deputations have met the Municipal Council. At all events, it is supposed the opposition will be overruled by the city authorities, unless Parliament vetoes the further extension of sewage irrigation.

The German Paper-makers have found another use for paper. They manufacture stoves of that material, in which the fire blazes cheerfully without inflicting the slightest damage to the paper that incases it. Paper blankets are made that are as warm as their woolen prototypes and very much cheaper, but, of course, not durable. They are peculiarly adapted to the use of hospitals in regions smitten with infectious diseases, because of the facility with which they can be destroyed, and thus avoid the spread of contagion. Poor people intrusted with the task of destroying infected bed clothing prefer to preserve them by washing, and thus propagate disease. Pasteboard shutters, in imitation of wood, are another novelty. The varied uses to which paper is now applied, from car-wheels to water-buckets and flour-barrels, may account in a measure for the advance in price that presses so hard upon newspaper publishers.

Dr. Nils Johann Andersson, the celebrated Swedish botanist and traveler, died after long suffering on March 27th at Stockholm. Andersson was born on February 20th, 1821, studied at Upsal, graduated as Doctor of Philosophy in 1845, and resided at the University as Assistant Professor of Botany. Afterwards he took part in the expedition of the frigate *Eugénie* round the world, 1851-1853, the result of which he published in several treatises, which were translated into various foreign languages. In 1855 he became Demonstrator of Botany at Lund, and in the following year was appointed permanent Professor of Botany, Director of the Bergianska Trädgården and Superintendent of the botanical division of the Royal Museum. There he worked with great success till the beginning of 1873. From here Andersson undertook numerous journeys in the cause of science to Lapland, Norway, Germany, France, England, etc. He also acquired scientific renown through his various treatises, books of travel and text-books.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. LÉON SAY has been elected President of the French Senate.

IT is said that Signor Ostiani will be sent to Washington as the Italian Minister.

CLARK MILLS proposes to undertake an equestrian statue of General Joseph E. Johnston.

FRIENDS of Governor Wiltz of Louisiana have paid $16,000 for a house in New Orleans and will present it to his wife.

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON has just received at Nashville a beautiful gold-mounted cane, inscribed, "From the Boys."

MR. SHELBY M. CULLOM, who has been renominated by the Illinois Republicans to the office of Governor, is a native of Kentucky.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S fortune is estimated at $500,000, outside of his art-collection, worth nearly as much. Every penny of it he has derived from his literary labors.

THE Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the English Masons, laid the foundation-stone of Truro Cathedral on May 23d, it being the first cathedral erected in England since the Reformation.

EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY will entertain at the coming Yale Commencement the Class of 1820, of which he was a member. Only eight or nine of the fifty-eight members of that class are now living.

MLLE. CHOISEUTH, after only three weeks' study under Mme. Plessy, the creator of the part, made a most successful appearance at the Français in Sarah Bernhardt's abandoned *rôle* of the *Admirable Crichton*.

THE South Carolina Legislature has appropriated $15,000 for a bronze statue of General Daniel Morgan, the hero of Cowpens. The committee of arrangements are anxious that Mr. J. Q. A. Ward should do the work.

THEODORE THOMAS sailed for Europe, May 26th, on a pleasure trip of three or four months. On the same day Capoul, Angèle, Paola Marié, and the other members of Maurice Grau's French Opera Troupe, left our shores.

MR. HENRY WINKLER, of Philadelphia, has recently sent a check for $20,000 to be added to the permanent fund of Dartmouth College. A short time ago he also sent the sum of $5,000 to the Daniel Webster professorship of that institution.

THE President and Mrs. Hayes will remain at the White House until the last of next month, and will then go out as usual to the Soldiers' Home. Mrs. Hayes has isolated herself in a great measure since her brother's death, receiving only intimate friends.

LADY COWPER, the wife of the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is described as an accomplished sportswoman, few men being able to throw a trout or salmon fly with more dexterity; and, Henry rifle in hand, she has proved herself an excellent huntress.

GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY and staff have arrived in England from South Africa. Sir Bartle Frere has not been recalled from South Africa because he is engaged in arranging a scheme of colonial confederation which must be given a fair chance.

MRS. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT lives in a large and pretty house in South Kensington, within a few doors of Mme. Albani. It is surrounded by trees and flowers, and furnished with the modern art draperies and quantities of pictures and old China.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR delivered 136 lectures from the time he arrived in the United States, last October, to the date of his sailing from San Francisco to Australia, the 12th of May. The gross receipts were $10,000, with a clear profit to Proctor of some $15,000.

MRS. TYLER, the widow of the ex-President, lives at Sherwood Forest, the Tyler estate on the James River, not having retired, as was reported, to a convent, nor to the Louise Home. Her daughter, her little granddaughter and herself have all been received into the Catholic Church.

MR. CHARLES READE, since his reported conversion to Congregationalism, is said to be a most diligent student of the Bible, the whole bent of his mind being now towards attaining Christian knowledge and doing Christian work. It is said, further, that he is meditating upon a delineation of Scripture characters and events.

MR. JAMES D. PUTNAM, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was last week nominated for Minister to Belgium in place of R. C. Goodloe, resigned, has been a life-long friend of Secretary Evarts. He was formerly a member of the New York Senate. He is a lawyer by profession, but has of late years devoted his attention mainly to classical works.

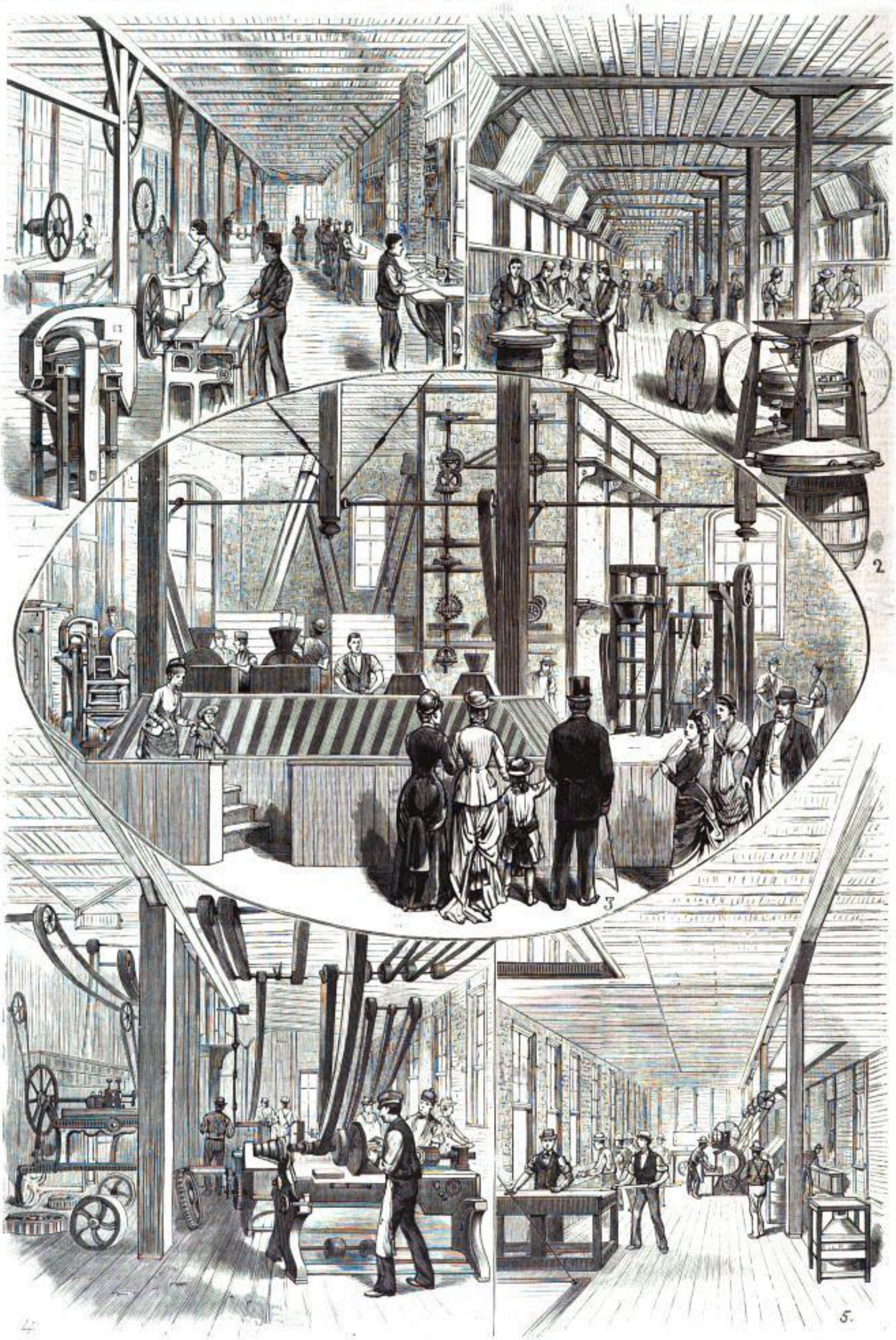
THE father of the House of Commons has again been returned to it in the person of Mr. Mansel-Talbot, who has sat for Glamorganshire since 1830. The fact that a man of seventy-seven should have refused a peerage and sought re-election is significant of the fascinations which the House, reputed "the pleasantest club in London," exercises over its members.

CAPTAIN HOWGATE, the Arctic explorer, has just given a quaint water party near Washington. He engaged a packet of the Chesapeake and Cumberland Canal, and with three horses attached he conveyed his guests through some of the most romantic scenery in the country. Striped awnings protected them from the glare, and a table full of good things helped to brighten the novel expedition to the Great Falls of the Potomac.

THE death is noted of James H. Fyfe, the Scottish journalist; Andrew Findley, Jr., a prominent member of the New York Stock Exchange and the Union League Club; John Curwen, the English writer on music and promoter of singing in Sunday schools; James Booth, C.B., the veteran English statesman; Giuseppe Mazzoni, Senator of the Italian Kingdom, Grand Master of Italian Freemasons, and formerly Triumvir in Tuscany; John Murphy, the veteran Catholic publisher of Baltimore.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, at a magnificent dinner-party given in honor of her birthday in one of the finest mansions of this city, announced herself as seventy years of age. This would place her among the oldest lady authors of the country, and might well entitle her to retirement from a long and prosperous literary career; but this thought does not seem to present itself to her mind—her popularity is rooted too deep for change. She never wrote more or better than she does now, never commanded higher prices, or gave more promise of professional usefulness. Socially Mrs. Stephens has been for years a feature in our metropolitan society, and those who have enjoyed her hospitality in the pretty *bijou* of a house which she occupies with her daughter, up-town, find her full of rare conversational brilliancy, of energy and cheerfulness, and surrounded by pictures, books and rare objets d'art collected during her foreign travels, and enjoying, to the utmost, all that is artistic and beautiful in life. Those who meet Mrs. Stephens almost daily in her drive to the Park, accompanied by her daughter, in her well appointed brougham, will find it difficult to realize that she has not claimed fifteen or twenty years more than really belong to her.

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1. The Millwright Shop. 2. The Burr Shop. 3. View of the Exhibit. 4. The Finishing Shop. 5. Wheat-cleaning Machinery Shop.

OHIO.—THE MILLERS' FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT CINCINNATI—EXHIBIT AND WORKS OF SIMPSON & GAULT.
FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 246.

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WISCONSIN.—NEW BUILDING OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AT MILWAUKEE.

NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE new building for the Chamber of Commerce, now in process of erection in Milwaukee, Wis., will rank, when completed, with the most beautiful structures ever put up in the interests of commerce. Conspicuously it stands at the corner of Broadway and Michigan Street. Its style is the modern conventional Italian, devoid of excessive ornamentation, the grandest effect being given by bold handling of the parts, substantiality of material, and thoroughness of structural detail. It will cover half the block. The principal façade is on Michigan Street, the most striking feature of the building being the grand entrance and a campanile rising above it to the height of 160 feet. The new structure is expected to cost in the neighborhood of $500,000.

The St. Louis Merchants' Exchange Building is said to be larger, cost $2,000,000, and is of classic design of great elegance. With this exception, possibly, there is not a similar structure in any American city that will compare in size and beauty with the Milwaukee Chamber. It is expected that the building will be ready for occupation by October 1st. We are indebted to E. P. Bacon & Co. for the view from which our engraving is made.

MR. GEORGE E. GAULT.

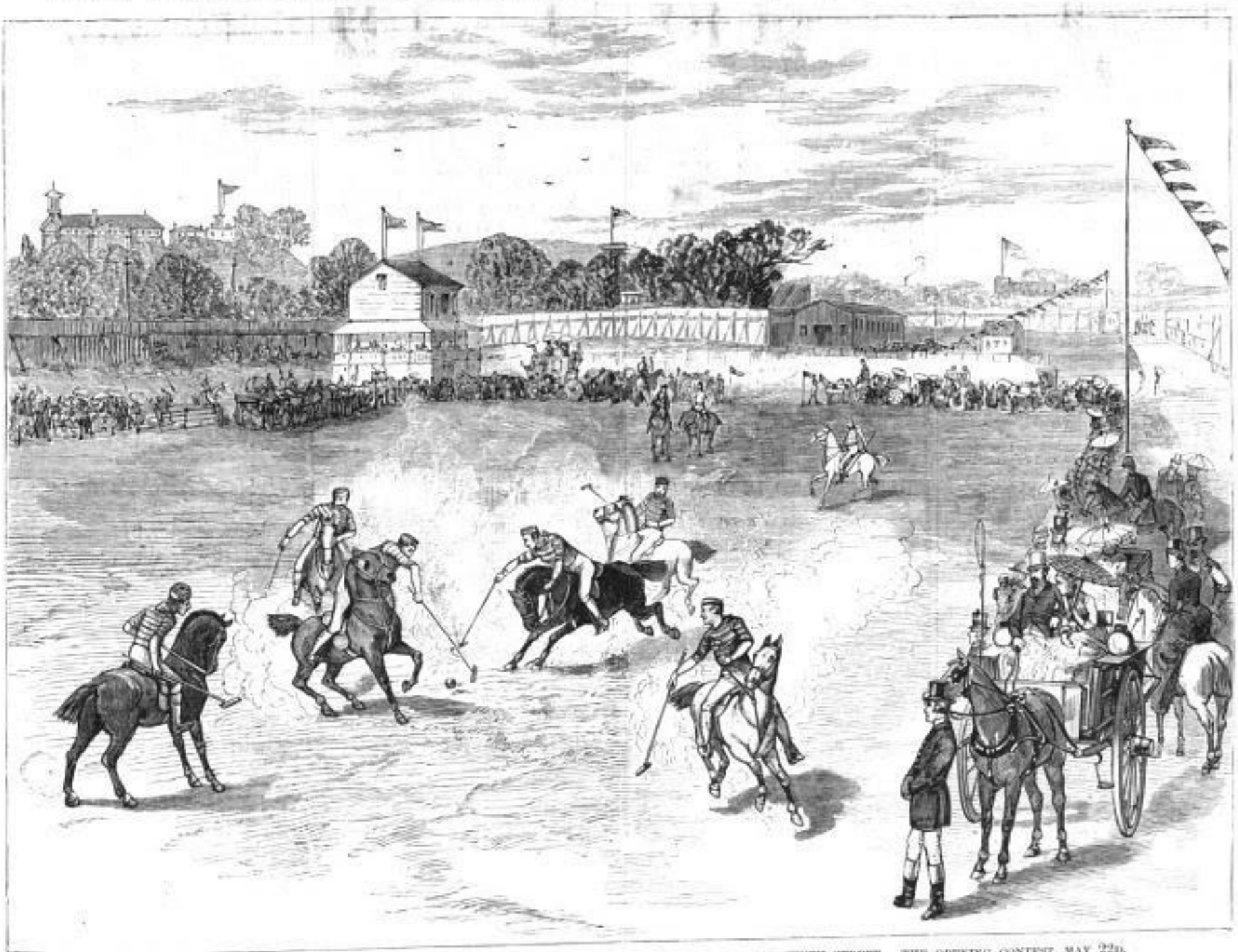
MR. GEORGE E. GAULT, who was elected President of the Millers' International Exhibition by the joint committees appointed by the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati to conduct the business of the Exposition, is of the firm of Simpson & Gault, manufacturers of milling machinery. The choice was a happy one, as, by his long experience with the branch of industry which forms the nucleus of the exhibition, Mr. Gault has been enabled to bring to bear a positive knowledge of the needs of such an exhibition, and to foresee, in a large measure, its results. Mr. Gault's wide business acquaintance, too, has done much towards insuring the success of the Exhibition now in progress, and especially in securing representations from abroad.



GEO. E. GAULT, PRESIDENT OF THE MILLERS' INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.—FROM A PHOTO. BY HOWLAND.

THE NEW POLO GROUNDS.

THE new grounds of the Manhattan Polo Association, between One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twelfth Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, were opened on Saturday, May 22d, in handsome style, although the ground had been hastily put in condition for the inaugural contest. The polo ground runs east and west, and on the south and west sides are graveled walks and flower-beds. An unfinished club-house stands in the southwest corner of the grounds, and some distance to the north of it are the stables for the ponies. To the south of the centre of the field is the "garden," a reserved inclosure grassed over and filled with campstools. Here Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band was placed during the afternoon,



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW GROUNDS OF THE MANHATTAN POLO ASSOCIATION, AT ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET—THE OPENING CONTEST, MAY 22D.

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and furnished enjoyable music before and during the games.

The game on Saturday as well as that on the Wednesday following was witnessed by a large and appreciative company, and the new venture may be said to be a success from the start. Even to those not specially interested in polo these games offer attractions as a pleasant way of passing a few hours after a day's business down-town. By taking the elevated train to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, and thence a cab (for which five cents fare will be charged) to the grounds, a sight may be had of the field, the players and the visitors, while listening to a good concert led by Grafulla, for the nominal admission fee of twenty-five cents, a sum much less than that charged by any similar association. The admission fee has been fixed at a low figure in order to place within the means of every one a visit to these and to all games that may be contested on the polo grounds.

A REVITALIZER.

THIS you will find in the new "COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT," which is now attracting such universal attention. It is especially valuable where from any cause there exists great physical and nervous exhaustion. All convalescents will find in it just the help they need for full and quick recovery, because it acts as a revitalizer. A Treatise on "COMPOUND OXYGEN," containing a large number of testimonials to most remarkable cures, will be sent free by mail. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

PROFESSOR—"Which is the more delicate of the senses?" *Sophomore*—"The touch." *Professor*—"Prove it." *Sophomore*—"When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you don't taste it; you can't smell it; but it's there."

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

FAULT-FINDING is so seldom indulged in by those who use the medicines manufactured by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, that the President of that corporation, the Hon. R. V. Pierce, M.D., has issued a special request or proclamation to any and all persons, if there be any such, who may have taken or shall hereafter use any of the family medicines now made and sold by the said Association, in all the countries of the world, and who have not derived full benefit from said medicines, that if they will write the said Association a description of their maladies, the Faculty of the Dispensary will advise them with respect to the successful treatment of their diseases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all humors, from the common blotch, pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula or king's evil, and those virulent poisons that lurk in the system as a sequel or secondary affection resulting from badly treated or neglected primary diseases. It also cures bronchial, throat and lung diseases. Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to cure female weaknesses and kindred affections. Extract of Smart-Weed cures bowel affections, colds, and all painful, rheumatic and neuralgic affections. Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little sugar-coated pills) are the little giant cathartic. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

BEATTY'S PIANOS AND ORGANS.

WE are reliably informed that the sales of Mayor Beatty's Pianos and Organs were never larger than now. He is receiving thousands of testimonials in favor of his celebrated instruments, and we take pleasure in publishing the following:

F. M. Webster, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Newport, Ky., after purchasing three of Beatty's celebrated Pianos, writes as follows: "I deem it perhaps due to you to say that the Beatty Piano I purchased from you last Summer has greatly improved in tone, and we are highly pleased with it. The two Pianos I purchased previously for my daughters continue to give entire satisfaction."

Rev. Chas. Wheeler Dennison, Washington, D. C., and husband of the famous authoress, Mrs. M. A. Dennison, writes: "I have great pleasure in informing you that the Beatty Piano and Organ have been received, and that they both give us the highest satisfaction. Allow me to refer you to the accompanying note from Mrs. Dennison, which, I will add for your information, is entirely a voluntary testimony on her part. Anything further I can do to serve you shall be cheerfully and promptly done by your obedient servant,

"CHARLES WHEELER DENNISON.

"To Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J."

AWARDS AT SYDNEY, N. S. W.,

TO PHILADELPHIA BOOK PUBLISHERS.

AS INCOMPLETE lists of the awards to American exhibitors at the International Exhibition held at Sydney, N. S. W., have been published in some papers, we take pleasure in saying that the Official Book of Awards has just come to hand, and that PORTER & COATES, the well-known publishers, have received a first award for "Books with splendidly-engraved pictures, especially the 'Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry,' and the pictures of 'American Industries' show a high standard of artistic merit."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE should be taken when suffering with headache.

A QUARTER of a dollar can scarcely be more wisely expended than in a year's subscription to the *American Garden*, by B. K. Bliss & Sons, of this city. Every line of its handsome pages is of substantial value to the intelligent gardener who desires to make the most of his land and labor.

LOOK out for falling bricks, runaway teams, careless people, etc., and insure in THE TRAVELERS.

"THE FOOL'S ERRAND" is the most conspicuous success of the day in books, and the political campaign now opening will greatly increase its sale and popularity. Its studies and character-sketches of Southern life and politics are at once accurate and masterly, commanding universal attention as the most truthful portrayal ever given of some of the gravest political and social problems of the times.

A COMBINED LAWN, Beach and Boat Canopy called the "Oriental Sunshade" is for sale and manufactured by Messrs. PECK & SNYDER of this city. It makes a perfect shield from the sun's rays for ten persons. Can be adjusted in a few minutes and tilted to any pitch. It is well worth five dollars.

A HOUSEHOLD word. The best, the only reliable, the cheapest. Try it. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Every Druggist sells it.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.—Best relish in use for family use. Preferable to all others.

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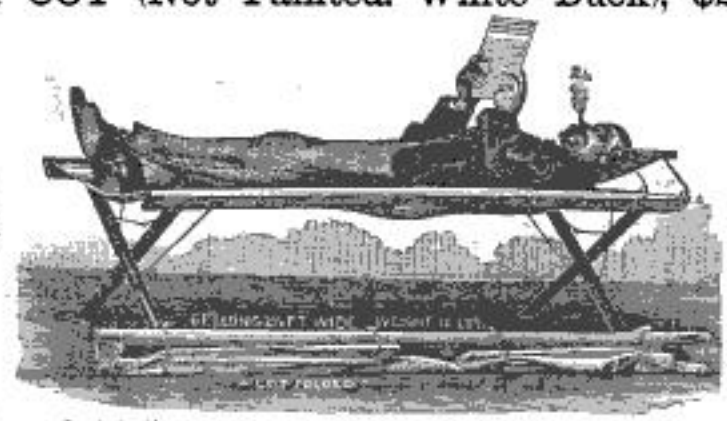
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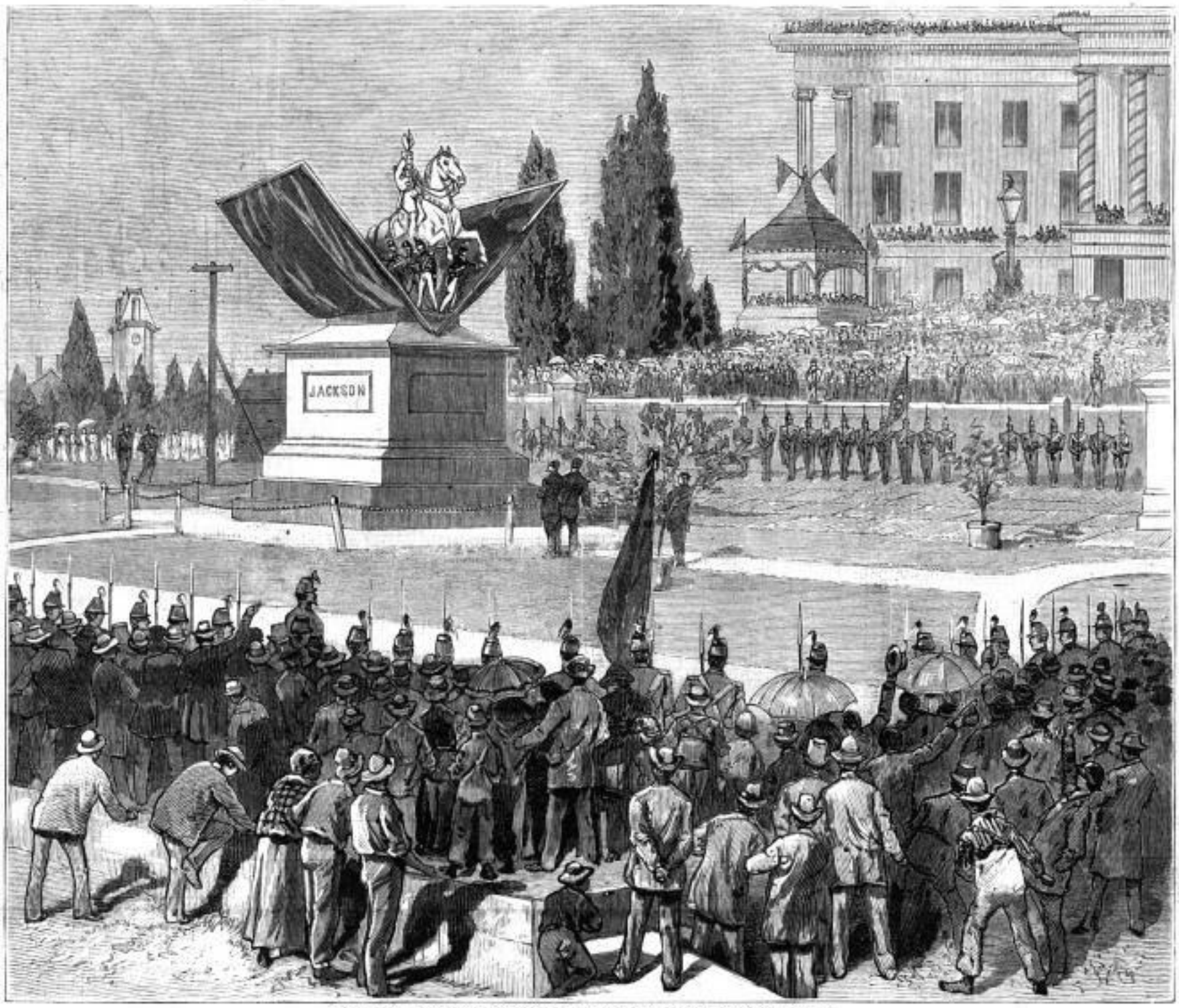
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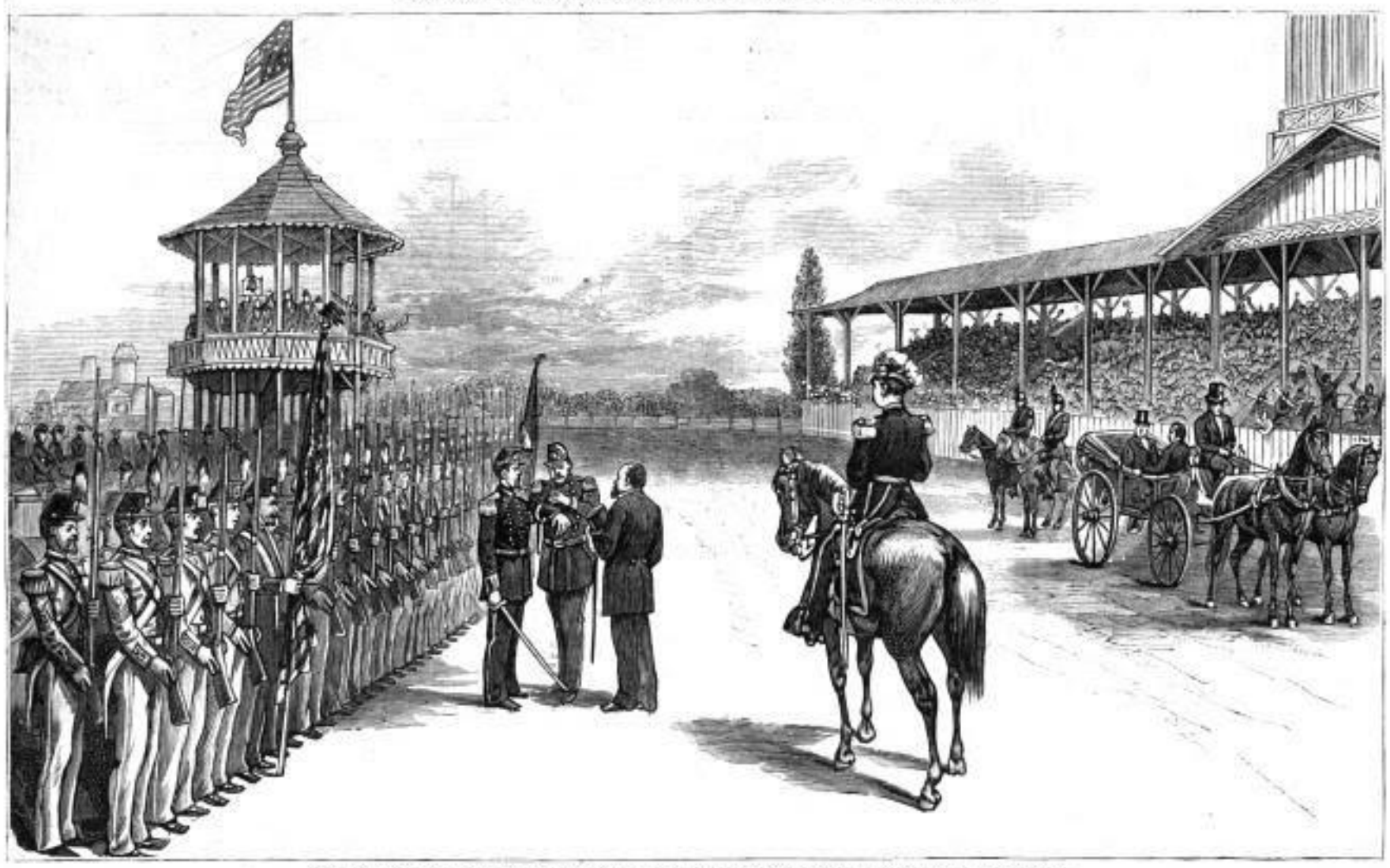
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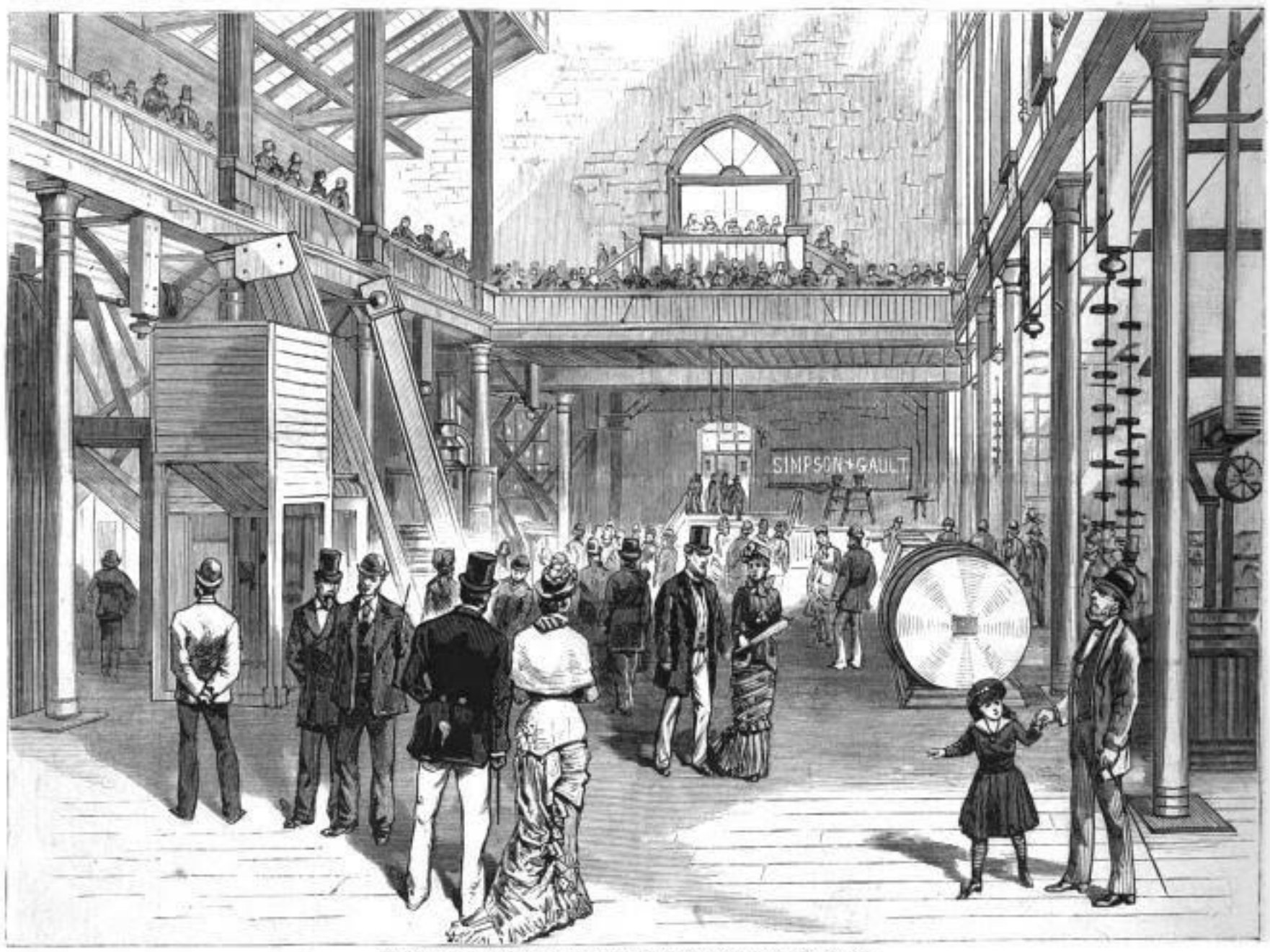
UNVEILING THE STATUE OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON ON CAPITOL SQUARE.



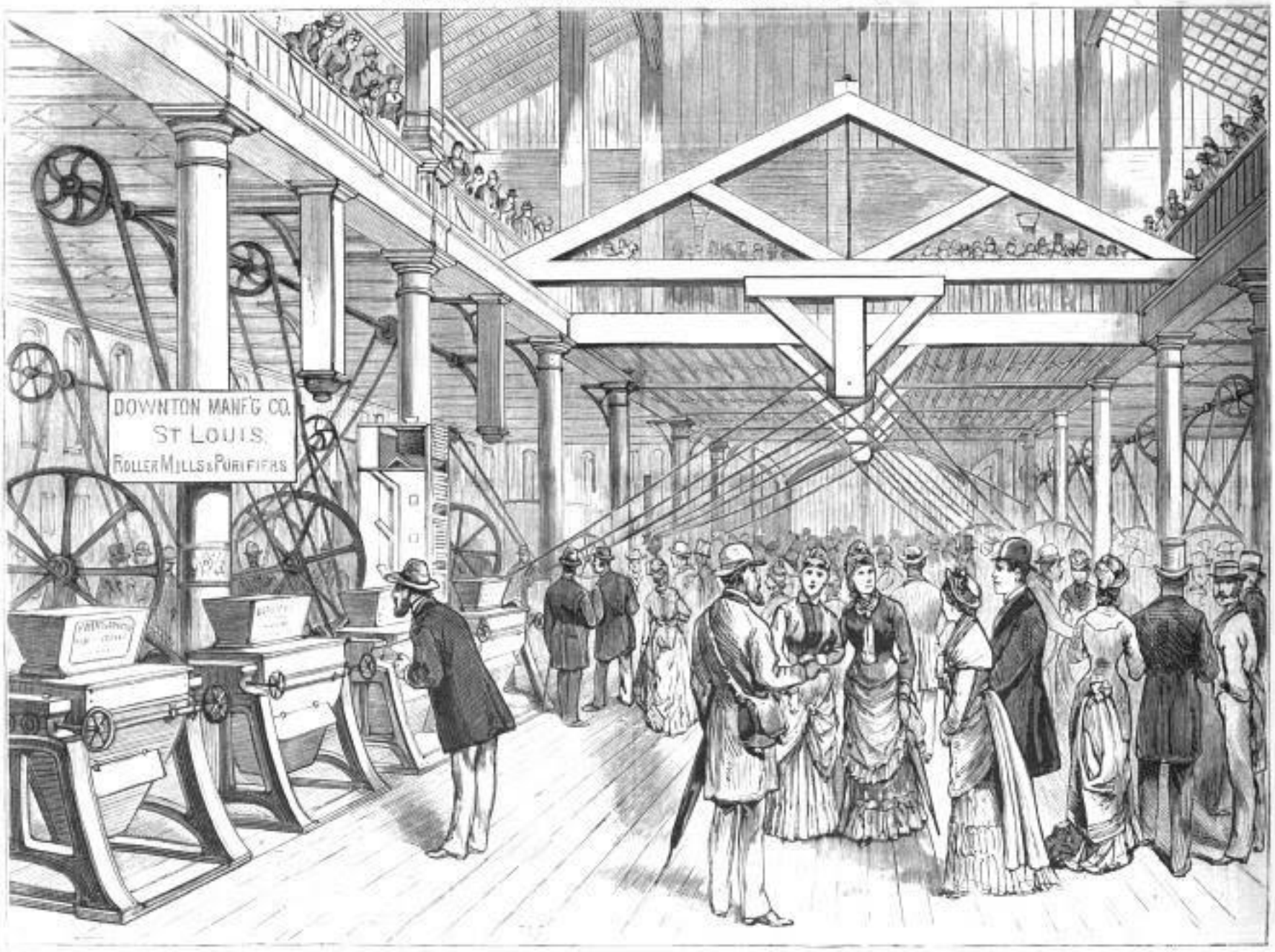
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES TO THE VICTORS IN THE MILITARY COMPETITION ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.

TENNESSEE.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NASHVILLE.
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VIEW OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, LOOKING EAST.

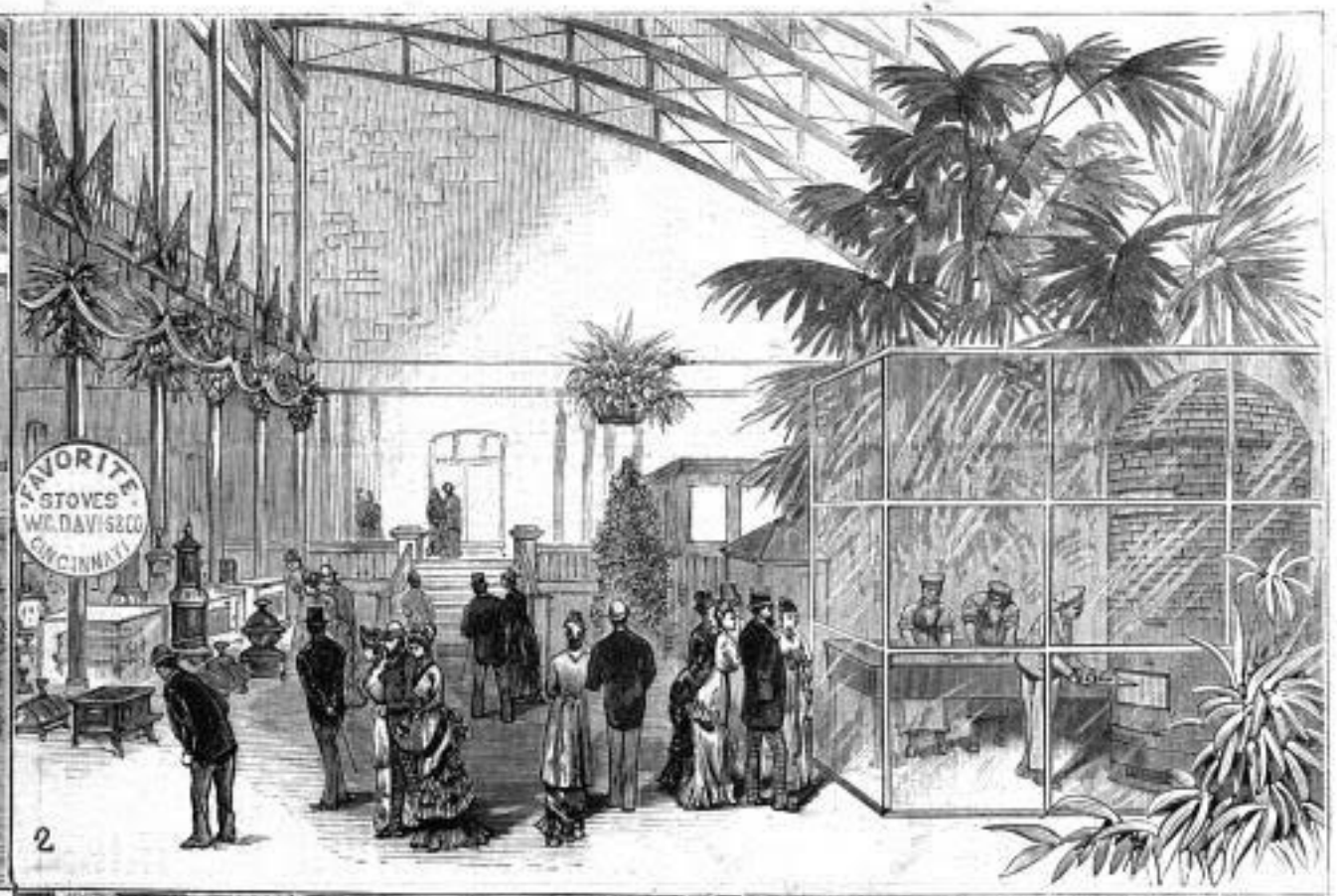


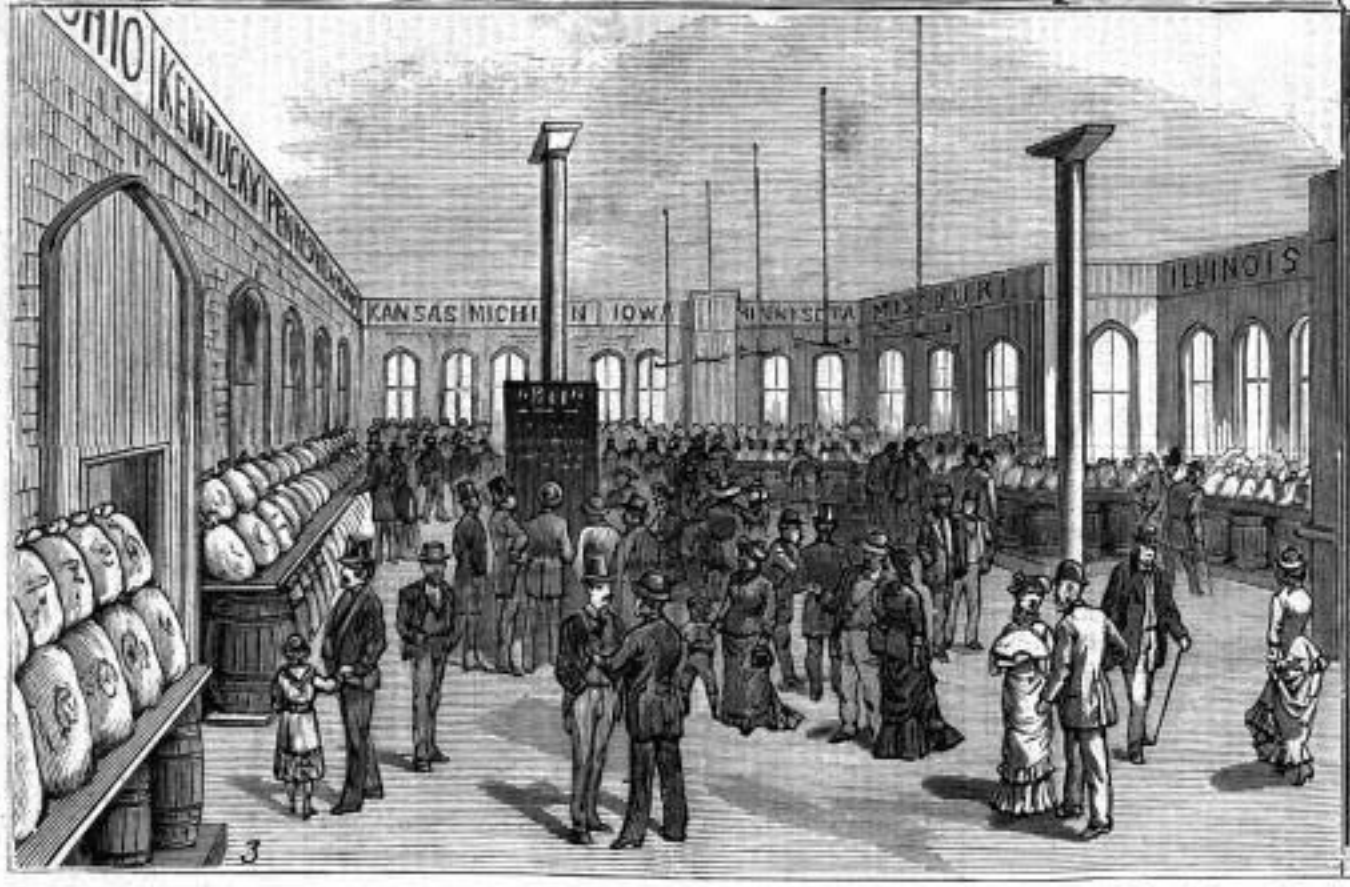
VIEW OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, LOOKING WEST.

OHIO.—THE MILLERS' FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN CINCINNATI.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 256.

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1. View from the Gallery of Tower Hall. 2. Lower Floor, South Hall. 3. The Grain Room. 4. Exhibits in the Annex.

OHIO.—THE MILLERS' FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN CINCINNATI.—From Sketches by W. Parker Boudish.—See Page 256.

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THE NASHVILLE CENTENNIAL.

UNVAILING THE STATUE OF JACKSON.

THE crowning event of the Nashville Centennial was the unveiling, March 30th, of the equestrian statue of General Jackson, erected by the people of Tennessee on the beautiful grounds surrounding the Capitol. The day was a delightful one, and the city was crowded with visitors, at least 30,000 persons witnessing the ceremonies, while perhaps 50,000 more thronged the streets. The city was dressed in holiday attire, flags and bunting streaming from every building. The display of the Stars and Stripes—the flag of the nation—was conspicuously remarkable. The principal streets were spanned by beautiful arches handsomely decorated with evergreen. Tributes of the floral kingdom were in profusion on every side, and every window and balcony was adorned with belles of handsome women.

The procession included military companies from New Orleans, Atlanta, Memphis, Nashville, and other cities, and was headed by carriages containing the Governors of Tennessee and Kentucky, Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Buell, E. Kirby Smith, and many other distinguished guests. Five veterans of Jackson's campaigns also rode in the line. The procession was everywhere greeted with cheers, and as a spectacular display fairly deserved the applause which it received. On Capitol Hill, to which the procession made its way, the formal ceremonies were opened by music, followed by an address of welcome from DR. T. A. Atchison, President of the Centennial Board of Directors. Prayer was then offered, after which the oration of the day was delivered by Hon. John F. House, who ably reviewed the life and exploits of the grand old patriot whose achievements contributed so largely to make our country what it is. Mr. House's portraiture of his courage and fidelity to conscience was especially admirable: "He was as near the master of every situation of danger and responsibility in which he was placed as any man who was ever called upon to face the one or assume the other. He never lost the courage of his convictions in any presence. The supreme hour, the crucial test, always found him self-poised, like the magnificent war-horse on which the genius of the sculptor has mounted his martial form to ride through the future ages. The mingled blood of two races ran through his veins and imparted to his nature some of the best characteristics of both. When aroused he was as terrible as a tornado, but in the social circle with his friends as mild and gentle as a woman. His devotion and fidelity to his wife comes out as a rainbow, to span with its beauty and promise every storm cloud that rises on the horizon of his life. He was a man of strong passions, and when acting under their impulse not, perhaps, always just—no man is. But it was not in his nature to do conscious or intentional injustice to any one.

In concluding his address, Mr. House closed with these words, which elicited loud applause: "Tennessee has no future, no aspirations, no hopes save in a restored Union, and to-day, within the shadow of Jackson's statue, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion, but in sincerity and truth, she can repeat to her sister States the immortal words of her immortal son—*'The Federal Union, it must be preserved!'*"

Mr. Clark Mills, the sculptor, briefly explained the incidents connected with the origin of the statue, which was followed by the singing of an ode written for the occasion by Rev. F. W. Peschau. At its conclusion, Mr. Enoch Jones, an old soldier under Jackson, drew the cord and the canvas fell on either side, displaying the statue and a member from each military company present, who added, with their bright uniforms, greatly to the beauty of the scene presented. As the statue was thus unveiled, the vast multitude broke into shouts of applause, which was taken up and echoed by the rapid discharge of cannon by the Burns Tennessee Light Artillery. The military companies then moved out from the plazza, around which they had taken position, and a dense throng collected about the statue to give it a close inspection. All were enthusiastic in praise of the great work of art.

The temporary pedestal of the statue, although made of wood, is of unique pattern and does credit to the good taste of General G. P. Thurston, who drew the design and saw it executed. It is painted a stone-color and is weather-proof. On the western and eastern sides appears the words "Jackson." The statue fronts to the northward, with the head of the horse turned towards the Capitol.

In the afternoon of the day there was a grand review of the military in the fair grounds by Governor Marks, Governor Hendricks, General Joseph E. Johnston, General G. Pennypacker, U.S.A.; General Don Carlos Buell, Major Generals Behan, Bate, Cheatham, Anderson, Palmer, Kirby Smith, and other distinguished gentlemen, in the presence of 20,000 persons. On the previous day there had been a competitive artillery and military drill of the visiting companies, and after the review the first prize ($1,000) was awarded to the Chickasaw Guards, of Memphis, and the second ($500) to Company K, St. Louis National Guards. The Porter Rifles, of Nashville, was the third. In conferring the prizes General Wheless, chairman of the Military Committee, tied upon the arm of the commander of the St. Louis Battery the blue ribbon, the signal of victory. Then Governor Marks, standing in front of the infantry, addressed them in a few words, saying that, while the highest competition had been from abroad, yet he was glad to see that Tennessee had remembered the event of her centennial year, and had determined to retain the military honor it had so often won. He concluded, after speaking of the manly and soldierly bearing of the troops, and the remarkable excellence of the drill, and walking to the front of the Chickasaw Guards, tied the blue ribbon upon the arm of Captain Caruss. The prizes for the infantry drill were $1,000 for the first and $500 for the second.

After the award of prizes the line was broken into a marching column, and, under the command of General Squires, began the march of review past the carriage containing General Johnston and the other distinguished gentlemen. As the venerable soldier arose from his seat, raised his hat, and exchanged salutes with the troops, the whole amphitheatre of people rose to their feet and cheered him *en masse*, with hats off and waving. And so ended a military pageant which will long be remembered by the people of Tennessee.

The festival was marked throughout by extraordinary good order; indeed, the absence of all confusion and tumult elicited special remark from all visitors. It may be said, with entire truth, that the centennial celebration has been carried out, from first to last, with the strictest fidelity to the programme announced, and upon a scale of enterprise which no other city has equaled. The Exposition proper has proved in every way a great success, and must result in largely promoting the industrial interests of the city and State. An exhibit of fifteen hundred specimens of fruits, vegetables, cereals, sugars, syrups, building stones of the finest quality, marbles and useful woods, as well as the soils in which the articles are grown, from Texas, attract especial attention. The Nashville *Banner* says, with perfect truth: "The attractions are all first-class, while the general display is without a rival in the entire South. We have had several expositions before, and the management seem to have profited by their experience, for this present one far surpasses all previous efforts. We are satisfied that, so far as it goes, the Philadelphia Exposition was in no respect superior to this. Of course, that was far more extensive and embraced a greater range of articles, but those now exhibited here are as good as any of the same class there. Nashville may justly be proud at the developments of her products."

THE MILLERS' FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CINCINNATI.

THE fame which Cincinnati has already won by such successful enterprises as her May Musical Festivals and her Industrial Exhibitions will be augmented by one of the most unique displays ever made—the Millers' First International Exhibition, which opened May 31st. The name of the display is at first deceptive, but the public will arrive at a true knowledge of the interesting character of the enterprise by the illustrations we give of it in this number. While it is under the auspices of the Millers' National Association, represented at Cincinnati by a local Board of Commissioners, appointed by the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade of that city, it will yet go beyond the interests of milling, as it promises to be a complete exhibition of all the processes by which the berry of the grain is converted into bread. It is not millers alone, therefore, who will find attractions at the Exhibition, but every one who uses machinery of any description, and, more than that, every consumer of bread, cakes and pastry, and that class is as large as the world itself.

Our illustrations cover all of the processes, showing the various departments—from the grain-room to the bakers' ovens. The large Exposition buildings erected at Cincinnati by the munificence of Reuben E. Springer and other wealthy citizens, are by this time well known to the people of the country. The main building, or the Music Hall proper, will be used during the Exhibition for the meetings of the Millers' Association, and later by the Democratic National Convention. The machinery, displays and ovens are in the Exposition buildings, north and south of the main building.

The grain displays are on the second floor of the south hall, the apartment being set aside for that purpose exclusively. There are State displays from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and Iowa, each State showing samples of its best grain and flour products. The importance of this grain exhibition is indicated by the fact that the occasion has been chosen for the annual meeting of the National Grain Congress, to which from five to ten delegates will be sent by each of the large cities of this country and the Dominion, delegates having already been chosen by Toronto, Detroit, New York, Rochester, Nashville, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, San Francisco, Leavenworth, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Peoria, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston. So widespread has been the attention bestowed on this grain display, that it will unquestionably be one of the completest ever made in the world. In the line of the grain exhibit comes the display of grain and flour scales of all kinds.

Passing from the grain-room to the first process, that of grinding the grain into flour, the visitor will enter the north building, known as Power Hall. In addition to the shafting of the Industrial Exposition, the Milling Commissioners have put in two new lines of shafting to supply the increased demand for steam-power. The power is supplied by six automatic cut-off engines, of which five are entered for competition—the Harris Corliss, the Reynolds Corliss, the Buckeye, the Wheelock and the Brown. This test of the Corliss type of engines will be of considerable interest to the engineering world, as never before has there been so complete an expert test. The Paris Exhibition had but one of these engines, and the Centennial Exhibition but three, and these all of varied powers. At the Millers' Exhibition all the engines are of two hundred horse-power, and each will, in turn, be employed in running the gearing, under the supervision of Mr. John W. Hill, the engineering expert who is to make the test, the cost of the testing apparatus being $5,000. The report of the test will be printed, and will, it is estimated, make a pamphlet of two hundred pages, which will supersede the report of Mr. Hill's former test, now used as a text-book in Harvard and other colleges. Indeed, while ten thousand copies of that report have been printed, the demand has been such that, while requests for copies continue to come in, none of the requests can be met, the edition having been exhausted, largely by the foreign demand. This new test, therefore, needs no further recommendation than that statement of fact. To run the machinery, E. F. Bradford & Co. have gratuitously supplied the necessary 1,500 feet of belting.

Of mills, technically known as "mill jobs," there will be ten complete sets on the ground floor of Power Hall. Of these, half a dozen are shown by American firms, all of them stone runs. One American firm shows roller mills. But Europe comes in courageously to give the exhibition a truly international character. A Liverpool firm displays a complete set of roller mills, of which there will also be sets from North and South Germany, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland. These foreign exhibits will be of surpassing interest on account of the rapid development in milling machinery during the past decade, America and Europe having been swift competitors in the manifold improvements.

The grinding of the grain, of course, presupposes the divers apparatus for scouring and cleaning the wheat, as also the giant machines for purifying middlings under the new process, and the machinery for dressing millstones. All of these details are shown in the operations of Power Hall and its adjacent apartments. One of these apartments is devoted to what has been called a "passive" display, including the milling machinery used in special processes and not here in active operation. One firm decorates the entire Power Hall with curious designs and forms of flour-sacks.

Having ground the grain into flour, the exhibition carries the visitor to a practical acquaintance with flour, of which there are samples not only from all parts of the United States, but also from Canada and Europe. In the lot there will be samples of the famous brands of Buda-Pest and full lines of English flour. The flour entered for competition will be used for baking in the bakers' department of the exhibition, the premiums covering all the kinds of patent, straight and clear flour from the divers kinds of Winter and Spring wheat.

The baking department, which will have universal attraction for the general public, is in the south hall, on the ground floor. The Vienna Bakery has ovens erected, at a cost of $3,500, which will be fired but twice during the exhibition, each fire giving the oven-walls heat sufficient to bake for eighteen days continuously, so that two firings will suffice for the month. The bakers have been brought from Vienna by the same firm which had charge of that department at the Centennial, and the baking will in every respect follow the Vienna methods in bread, cake and pastry. There will also be a large number of American bake-ovens, and every kind of fine breads, biscuits and cakes will be furnished hot to the public.

In the hall where the baking will be done the esthetic additions to the exhibition are placed. Music is furnished by the Cincinnati Orchestra; there is a cascade, with an antiquated overshot watermill; and there will be frequent flower displays, the floral designs being such as millstones, hoppers, flour-barrels, and other things touching milling. In different parts of the halls there are also antique mills, going back as far as the rude attempts of the patriarchs.

How Germany used the French War Indemnity.

TEN years having elapsed since peace was definitively concluded between France and Germany, the Imperial Chancery has submitted to the Federal Council of the German Empire a final report upon the manner in which the French war indemnity has been disposed of. The total sum exacted from France by her conquerors as the price of peace amounted, as will be remembered, to considerably more than $1,000,000,000, every penny of which had been expended, distributed to the several German States or invested in newly created imperial institutions by its official administrators before the conclusion of the financial year 1877-8. It would appear from the report in question that nearly the whole of this vast treasure—above fourfold the national debt of Prussia—has been devoted to purposes directly or indirectly connected with the development of Germany's military defenses. The imperial share of the indemnity is set down at about $257,500,000, $30,000,000 of which, in coined gold, lie deposited in the Julius Tower, at Spandau, and constitute a fund wherewith the preliminary expenses of Germany's next war may be paid in hard cash. "Other $140,000,000 have been employed in founding the imperial military invalid fund, while the remaining $83,000,000 odd were spent in strengthening the defenses of Elsass-Lothringen, and in remedying the damage done to property in those Provinces during the war of 1870-71. The balance of the indemnity, between $800,000,000 and $850,000,000 was divided, in exact proportion to the respective numbers of their several populations, among the German States which had participated in the Franco-German struggle, namely, the former North German Confederation, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, and Hesse. The portion allotted to the North German Confederation was dedicated by Act of Parliament, July 8th, 1873, to the liquidation of the war loans, the re-armament of the imperial forces, and the augmentation of the latter's numerical strength and fighting capacity. Similar dispositions of their shares in the mighty spoil were made by the minor German States. Prussia spent her surplus in constructing strategical railways and in fortifying her eastern frontier. Thus the colossal sums wrung from France in the hour of defeat and humiliation may be said to have been entirely absorbed by warlike preparations and to have increased, rather than diminished, the burden of military harness hitherto so manfully and patiently borne by the long-suffering German people.

Whitewashed Babies.

A MISSIONARY stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a dash of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened, and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

The Trade of Japan.

THE trade of Japan has increased wonderfully within the last ten years. In 1870 the number of steamers in Japan was thirty-five, with a tonnage of 13,642,970 kokus (4·27 of a ton), and of sailing vessels 10, with a tonnage of 2,059,610 kokus. In 1878 the number of steamers had increased to 188, with a tonnage of 56,391,120, and of sailing vessels to 143, with a tonnage of 30,734,310 kokus. Of these, 97 sailing vessels and 33 steamers were of native build. In addition to the above list of sailing vessels and steamers there were 10,416 junks with a tonnage exceeding 50 kokus each, besides a large number of smaller junks.

The first railroad opened in Japan was that from Yokohama to Tokio, completed in 1875. Since then this railroad has been extended from Hiogo to Osaka, from Osaka to Kioto, and from Kioto to Otsu. Another railroad from Tokio to Myabasi will soon be opened. Telegraph lines run along the railroads, and cables connect the several islands of which the empire is composed. There is now in process of construction a cable to the Island of Loo-Choo, the island the ownership of which is disputed between China and Japan.

Progress in Japan.

IN a recent address to the governors of the several provinces, the Emperor of Japan spoke of the political future of the country as follows: "Reforms prudently introduced, either in the Government or its administration, lead us surely towards improvement, and I trust I may soon be enabled to grant to my people the benefit of a constitutional rule. But much needs yet to be done; the people, disturbed by internal disorders, have had but seldom the opportunity to enjoy the advantages of peace. The nobility is becoming instructed, but its members are mostly poor, and even the wealthy are for the most part, to the great misfortune of the country, still ignorant. I wish to see this deplorable condition improved, and I hope that my officers will assist me with all their intellect and power to accomplish that difficult task. You, the governors of the provinces, are well aware of the needs and wants of your districts, and I wish that you should apply yourself to follow my instructions, and to carry out my schemes for the benefit of the whole country. If there are in your localities some noblemen, well instructed but without the means to take advantage of their knowledge, you will have to assist them; and, if required, appoint them to suitable offices. Those who are wanting in knowledge you will persuade to take advantage of the various means of instruction at their disposal."

How the Russians Keep Warm.

THE Russians have a great knack of making their Winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly-built houses where all the doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russian can afford to run no risks of exposure when he leaves his house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots, lined with wool or fur, which are drawn on over the ordinary boots and trousers and reach up to the knees.

He next cloaks himself in an ample top-coat with fur collar, lining and cuffs, and he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear-skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all around so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air, and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger, who is apt to forget that precaution, would often get his nose frozen, if it were not for the courtesy of the Russian, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow. In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during Winter, but scarcely so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee-boots; those of the shop-keeping classes seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. These sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize; but persons not destitute of pluck and their motion most enjoyable.

Methodist Receipts.

THE Conference in the Methodist Church which makes the largest contribution to the general church fund is that of Philadelphia, which contributed last year $34,135 against $28,232 by the New York Conference, $24,063 by the New York East, $21,934 by the Baltimore, and $13,099 by the Illinois. The Philadelphia Conference gave a larger sum in 1878 than in 1879, its total being $44,484 for that year. In 1877 its contributions made a still larger sum—$45,000. The total of all the Conferences last year was $480,428 against $478,021 for 1878, and $566,765 for 1877. The total for the four years since the last Conference met is $2,038,810.

The First Public Hospital.

THE first hospital of celebrity was established at Cæsarea by the Emperor Valens between 370 and 380. St. Ephraim, who died in 381, or St. Fabiola, in 400, is the reputed founder of infirmaries supported by voluntary contributions. It is related in the life of St. Ephraim that in the year 380 a terrible famine occurred in the city of Edessa and that hundreds died of starvation. St. Ephraim left his cell in the mountains and betook himself to the afflicted city, where he publicly upbraided the wealthy for permitting the poor to die for want of food. They replied that though they were inclined to assist the sufferers, yet they had no person in whom they might place confidence sufficient to intrust with the work. St. Ephraim undertook the task, and by means of the assistance furnished him, he erected 300 beds in a public gallery and transported to it for care and treatment the many sufferers. This is claimed to have been the first infirmary extant. Ancient Rome had no houses for the care of the sick; diseased persons were carried to the temple of Æsculapius for cure. Grecian history records the same thing and states that it was customary to carry the sick to a certain temple where Hippocrates would examine them and prescribe for their recovery. The first infirmaries or hospitals were built close to cathedrals and monasteries.

A Monk with a Fortune.

A SUIT at law respecting property left by a monk named Agostino, whose home was at Malta, has recently been tried at Constantinople before the Supreme Consular Court of the English Government. Agostino was a Capuchin and a member of the monastery of that Order at Malta. Like his brothers, he had voluntarily imposed upon himself the vow of poverty, but in spite of this he accepted a salaried appointment at Tunis charged by the British Government with the care of the British Roman Catholics at that place. He lived some years in office and prospered the while, leaving a handsome collection of savings when he died. A large number of competitors came up to contest their right to the money. First the convent put in its claim as entitled to all things acquired by the individual members of the society, but it was met with the objection that the vow of poverty applied to the community as well as to each of its members. Then a claim came from the Pope as head of the Propaganda Fidei, and finally the collateral relatives of the deceased insisted that the property should go to them. After admitting as valid the objections made to the claims of the convent and refusing to allow that the Pope had any right to the fortune, the Consul decided that it must be disposed of according to the Malta laws and as if Agostino had not been a monk. At the same time he added that if the English Government had claimed the property, it would have been very difficult to withstand the argument in its favor.

The Paris Police.

THE Prefect of Police of Paris commands an army of nearly 50,000 men and disposes of an annual budget of 20,000,000 francs. He is assisted by the Chief of the Municipal Police and a force of nearly 8,000, including 38 peace officers, 25 inspectors, 100 brigadiers, 700 sub-brigadiers and 7,000 policemen, and to them must be added an unknown number of detectives. The budget of the Municipal Police amounts to 14,000,000 francs; that of the Central Administration to 1,500,000, and that of the Paris Commissariat at 1,300,000 francs.

Influx of Skilled Artisans.

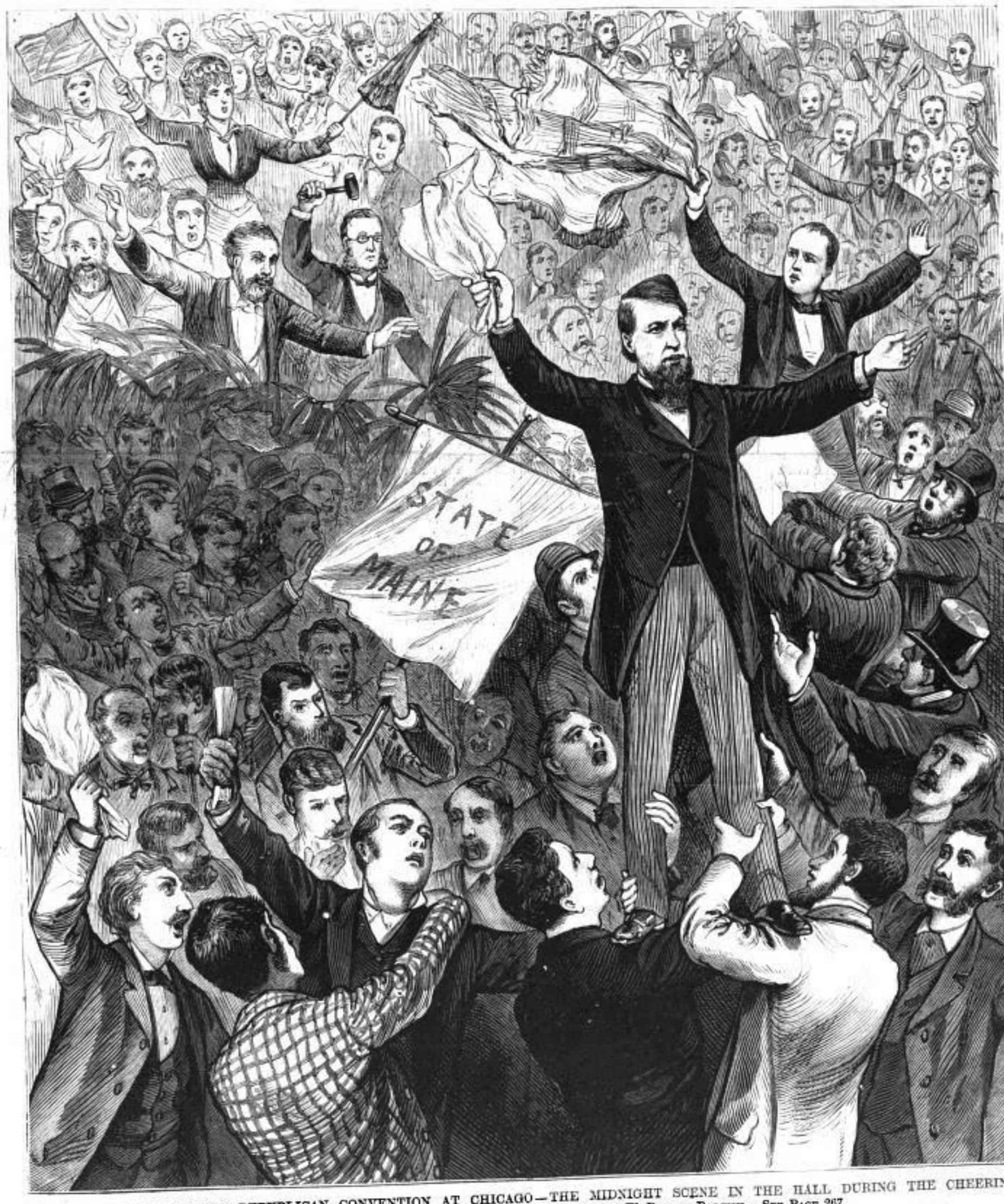
A GRATIFYING feature of the present large immigration is the large number of skilled artisans who of late have been coming to these shores, such as silk-weavers, glass-blowers and makers. English cutlers and French glove-makers, who will enable the country to excel in industries in which hitherto America has been unable to cope with Europe. It was thought at one time that European emigration was recruited from the very lowest classes of agricultural laborers and mechanics. There is now no longer room for this idea, for, with the exception of some bodies of very destitute Hungarian Slovaks who have recently arrived here, the emigration appears to be recruited from the very best of the agricultural and working classes of Europe. Even the energy and financial resources necessary to a transatlantic venture betoken a higher spirit of pluck and enterprise than is common with the lowest types of European fleet laborers or workingmen. The slovenly, the inert, the idle, the indolent, do not possess sufficient courage and energy to struggle out of the deep slough of despond in which they are plunged at home, and to undertake a journey involving a railroad trip of hundreds or perhaps thousands of miles even to the Atlantic steamer, and they necessarily remain behind. In Mr. Jackson's opinion (and other competent judges of the facts with whom the writer conversed coincide in this view), this country gets the very pick and flower of the productive labor, excepting, possibly, that of the most high-priced fancy work of certain industries of luxury, which have not as yet sufficiently developed here, owing to the predominance of Europe in certain well known classes of manufactures; but, even in this respect, as has been stated above, there is an improvement, and the skilled artisans who are now beginning to come here in considerable numbers promise to add a very useful contingent to the higher manufacturing interests of this country. What appears to be most needed, however, to the development of this country, in the opinion of those who have studied the question of emigration, is agricultural labor, and of that this country gets the very best that Europe can afford. The emigrants arriving here at the present time, who appear to be best situated as regards the possession of worldly goods, are the North Germans and the Russians. Of the latter, more especially among the Mennonites, it has been not uncommon to find many individuals bringing drafts of $1,000. Twenty of these Mennonite families last Fall brought the considerable amount of $85,000.

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ILLINOIS.—THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—THE MIDNIGHT SCENE IN THE HALL DURING THE CHEERING FOR SENATOR BLAINE, JUNE 4TH-5TH.—From a Sketch by W. Parker Bodfish.—See Page 207.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

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THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE Republican National Convention which convened at Chicago on Wednesday last will possess a historic character, not only because of the important issues which it was called to decide, but also for the unusual length of its session. At this writing, Monday, June 7th, the question of the nomination for President is still undecided, and nothing can be safely predicted as to the actual result. The indications seem to point to the defeat of the managers, who have staked everything upon the nomination of General Grant; but conventions are proverbially capricious, and that which now seems improbable may yet become reality. If the third-term party shall be beaten, it will be due to the stubborn opposition of the friends of Mr. Blaine and Secretary Sherman; if it shall prevail, the victory will be the result of a policy of intimidation, audacity and arrogance wholly unprecedented in the annals of American politics. As the case now stands, the nomination of Mr. Washburne, General Garfield, Senator Windom, Ben. Harrison, or some other candidate who may be personally unobjectionable, but has not yet developed any compact or formidable strength, would seem to afford the only reasonable chance of escape from the embarrassments and perils which the prolonged struggle in the Convention has certainly provoked.

MINING EAST AND WEST.

NEW YORK is destined hereafter to be the centre for the ownership of mines in this country. San Francisco deserves the credit of being the first city in the Union to demonstrate the wealth of the United States in gold and silver mines. The capitalists of California profited largely by this industry. Some of the richest men in this country are citizens of the Golden State, and they owe their immense accumulations to their skillful manipulation of mining properties on the Pacific Coast. But circumstances have recently diverted this profitable industry from the West to the East. The failure of the Comstock Lode to produce a bonanza for the last two years; the impoverishment of the mass of the community from dealing in unprofitable and assessable mines, led to a discontent which resulted in communistic agitation, and ultimately in a new organic law for California, which has had the effect of driving the bulk of the mining business to New York City.

For some time past it has been foreseen that New York would eventually become the centre of the mining industry. All great speculative enterprises are naturally promoted and kept alive wherever money is cheapest and most abundant. Whenever New York was ready to pay more for mines than did the local capitalists of San Francisco, the ownership naturally tended to this city. This is what has occurred during the past year. But this general tendency has been helped by special causes. The new Constitution of California, with its provisions directed against incorporated wealth, has had the effect of transferring literally thousands of California operators, with their money and experience, to the metropolis. Then it happened that the great wealth of Leadville was first developed by Eastern capital. The Black Hills mines also are now mainly held in New York. The principal dividend-paying bullion properties are now owned in the East, and our public is fast getting educated to speculate in "fancies."

And here let us remark that the Eastern prejudice against "prospects," or "wild cats," as they are termed, is not shared by the experienced California operator. He says, and with some show of fairness, that all good dividend-paying mines were at one time "prospects"—mere holes in the ground—and if people were not willing to take risks, mines would never become dividend-paying. Hence the Pacific Coast speculator prefers to invest in low-priced shares of non-dividend-paying stocks rather than the high-priced securities of mines which pay dividends. So far, however, the Eastern public have preferred the stocks which have paid the heaviest interest on the investment.

It is predicted that mining will be the next great craze in the speculative world. In prosperous times there is always some lunacy which affects people engaged in making money. It was the petroleum excitement, just after the close of the Civil War. There was a Colorado mining excitement raging about the same time. Just before the panic of 1873 extravagant railroad-building was the order of the day; some time in the not distant future speculation will run to land, especially eligibly-located real estate in and near large cities. It may be before this comes about that we may have a widespread mining excitement. There are great prizes as well as heavy disappointments for those who deal in mining securities, and in the prosperous era which is now upon us, it may be that some of the surplus profits will be used both in developing mines and in dealing in their shares on this market. We have an immense mineral territory. We already produce more gold and silver than all the rest of the world put together. If there are large investments in the development of mining properties, individuals may suffer, but the community will profit by the utilization of our vast mineral resources in the way of gold, silver, copper and lead mines.

THE DEMOCRATIC ATTITUDE.

IN determining to hold their convention after the Republicans had selected their nominees for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency, the Democratic leaders assumed an attitude of expectation which, it cannot be denied, gives them some very appreciable advantages, if they shall prove themselves endowed with wisdom enough to profit by the opportunities of their position. Holding the final decisions of their National Convention in a prudent reserve, they have avoided, in large measure, the "faction fights" by which the Republicans have sought to forestall the choice of some particular favorite as their standard-bearer; and thus the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention may be expected to enter on their labors without the criminations and recriminations which have produced so many antagonisms in the bosom of the Republican organization.

And, besides this moderation of temper, the Democratic delegates are in a position to profit by the lessons of prudence that shall be taught by the outcome of the Chicago Convention. It is a rare advantage, in making up the order of a battle, to know the order of battle chosen by the enemy. This advantage is conceded by the Republicans to their Democratic antagonists. The issues on which they elect to go before the American people, and the candidates selected to be the exponents and representatives of those issues, will be announced by the Republicans in advance of the wager of battle offered to the Democrats. It will be the defiance of men assured by their position, or of men who have that audacity which never simulates the assurance of success more boldly than when it exhibits the pride that goes before destruction.

But while this expectant attitude of the Democrats has its advantages, it also has its perils. The party which does not know its own mind until it knows the mind of its rival does not give any very strong assurance of the definite opinions and robust convictions which are the true bond of political confederation. It has long been known that the Democrats are weak as an "Opposition Party," because there are so many diversities of opinion comprised in their own ranks, especially on the "currency question," which, in spite of the acquired fact of resumption, still threatens to be an issue in the coming canvass. Political Turveydrops, who wait for "something to turn up" before they screw their energy up to the working point, are little likely to be the projectors of a successful Presidential campaign. In the stern conflicts of life men may often deserve success by the earnestness of their convictions without commanding it, but it is very seldom that they are allowed to command success in the absence of the qualities that deserve it. Every good cause must gain the momentum impressed by the zeal and resolution of its advocates before it can hope to make much headway in the world.

The Republican Party has, for twenty years, intrenched itself in the high places of the land. Intrusted with a measure of power far exceeding that which has ever before been lodged in the hands of any party, it has committed excesses and errors which have greatly weakened its hold on the popular confidence. And nothing has saved it from utter wreck and overthrow except the fact that the Democratic Party has not offered to the people a strong rock and tower of defense for their protection from the extravagancies of the Republican domination. And in so speaking we refer, of course, to the conduct of the party under the Administrations of President Johnson and of President Grant, rather than to the conduct of the party under the Administration of President Hayes. It is unfortunate for the repute of the Republicans that the present Administration has been rather regarded as an interregnum in their annals than as an integral part of their political history. The scant support and meagre sympathy which President Hayes and his Cabinet have received from the Republican leaders afford a convincing proof that the latter have not been converted in the spirit and temper of their minds. They still sigh for the fleshpots of the Grant Administration.

But it is more than the savor of fleshpots which should give zest to the Democratic "still hunt" for the Presidency, if they would make their calling and election sure as against the Republicans. In a contest between spoilsmen and spoilsmen the advantages of the position are with the Republicans, for they are in possession of place and power. It is the fervent hope of every good citizen that the coming contest may be lifted out of the mud and mire of "personal politics" into the high plane of an earnest and manly contention for principles of government and measures of public policy that shall be intelligible to the people, and which shall at the same time offer to them the conditions of an eligible choice among the contestants.

TRANSFER OF POLITICAL POWER.

OUR Eastern statesmen have brought themselves with reluctance to recognize the fact of Western preponderance in the halls of national legislation. They have been willing enough to point out that "Westward the star of Empire holds its way," so long as the balance of power rested with the East; but it was not in the power of human nature to rejoice over the transfer of the legislative power to new and less experienced hands. The time was when New England furnished schoolmasters and Congressmen to the Western States and Territories, but now they have raised a generation of their own representatives. The West has learned to look at matters from its own standpoint, and can almost dictate the policy it desires the nation to pursue. The East is strong in counsel; the West steadily increases in the number and aggressive weight of its votes.

There is nothing necessarily antagonistic, however, in this change of the centre of population and power. On the contrary, it has its compensations for the older and more settled communities. The East creates, for instance, the literature and civilization of the whole country. The metropolitan newspaper, magazine and book have the stamp that makes them pass current everywhere. The manners, fashions and opinions of the people who inhabit the great cities of the Atlantic carry authority everywhere and are quoted with emphasis. Our educational institutions are known, approved and patronized by the entire nation. Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Princeton are shrines of learning held in as great honor on the Mississippi as on the Hudson. These forces of civilization are the fruit of more than two centuries of diligent cultivation. The work of the pioneer was slow and laborious. When the colonial period had ended and the time for self-government came, the foundation of a national civilization had been deeply and securely laid, but nothing had been builded thereon. Since then the superstructure has been reared, and it now serves as a model to others. The culture of the East is something that is fixed and permanent. It already bears the stamp of age, and for this quality, as well as for its real worth, commands respect. Not only does the ambitious youth who finds the East too crowded for his plans go forth from his home to help in building up Western States, but he takes his social, educational and religious ideas with him and plants them in the new soil in which he strikes his stake. He is a colonizer of ideas as well as a builder of homes. He goes forth to his pioneer work filled with the traditions and wisdom of gathered generations, and the mark he leaves on the new land is not so much his own as that of his ancestors. From his inherited riches of civilization spring his knowledge and culture which are to make his adopted home vigorous and filled with prosperity.

Many persons will be amazed to learn that the State of Texas claims a population of 1,800,000, and that its people have ground for the expectation that by the coming census they will be conceded a register of nearly two millions. This is two-thirds the total population of the original thirteen States a hundred years ago, and fully equal to the patriot portion of the population in the struggle for independence. Perhaps these figures better than any other will give a true idea of the rapid increase of centres of population, and the capabilities of our land in the way of growth. The virgin State that can give support to a community almost large enough to be called a nation has naturally its right to an authoritative vote in deliberation. Yet, while its plans and policy for the future generally must be its own, and adapted exclusively to its necessities, it is the civilization of the East that builds the towns, erects churches, opens the schools, and lays down the laws that hold society together and weld the heterogeneous masses of a new emigration into a stable and prosperous State.

This is the law of recompense which holds our federation of States into an interdepending union. The East really loses nothing through the increase of population and growth of power at the West. If the Western commonwealths were separate and detached communities the case might be different; but living under a common government, and connected by internal commerce, as well as by laws made for their mutual welfare, the States have grown up under a natural system of supply and demand, the necessities of each being supplied from within our own borders. We must deprecate, therefore, anything like a feeling of jealousy at the possible transfer of the legislative power to Western hands.

In the rapid and prosperous growth of the great West there is room for all to rejoice. The son of the New England farmer exchanges his few acres of rocky soil for the teeming section of Western land, and there works after the hardy fashion of his fathers, leaving the broad impress of his civilization wherever he steps. The son of the Southern planter leaves the worn fields he has inherited on the seacoast, and in a great State like Texas finds room for his ambition and energies, carrying with him the best of the ideas that experience has commended to him. With such good material as this, the foundations of national unity are strengthened more and more every day, and the people grow daily into a feeling that there is, after all, an actual community of interest regardless of geographical lines. This is the true theory of our national life. There is neither reason nor room for sectional jealousies. Our East and West are common ground, on which the glory of the nation is to be builded through a unison of ideas and unity of labor.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

THE public debt statement for May shows a reduction during the month of $15,928,033, and a decrease during the eleven months ending June 1st of about $74,820,536. Of the interest-bearing debt the reduction in May amounted to about $12,000,000, of which nearly $8,000,000 is in 6 per cent. bonds, and over $4,000,000 in 5 per cents. The net amount of silver dollars owned by the Treasury, deducting silver certificates outstanding, is about $36,726,651, being an increase for the month of $3,000,000. Of fractional silver coin, the Treasurer has now on hand over $25,500,000, which is an increase of $1,000,000 for the month. The customs receipts for May were $15,027,254, an increase of $3,799,876 over the corresponding month last year, while the receipts from internal revenue were $13,063,776 against $15,341,991 for May, 1879. For the eleven months ending June 1st, the increase in customs receipts over the corresponding eleven months of the preceding fiscal year is $44,930,782, and from internal revenue, $9,481,631, making an aggregate increase from these two sources in favor of the eleven months just ended of $54,500,000. These figures tell their own story of prosperity in business, and show that upon the whole the condition of the national revenues is encouraging and satisfactory.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE circular which England has addressed to the other Powers represented at the Berlin Congress requires the Porte to fulfill its obligations under the Berlin Treaty with regard especially to Greece, to Armenia and to Montenegro.

Mr. Goschen, who was First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone's former administration, is now a special Ambassador at Constantinople to arrange and insist upon the execution of the provisions of the treaty, and Sir Austin Layard, the former Ambassador has returned to England. In Russia, Lord Granville's note has been exceedingly well received, and the leading journals in St. Petersburg consider the English initiative important as representing the commencement of united action on the part of Europe—an action at once resolute and founded upon the mutual confidence of the Powers. But it is difficult to see how the Porte is to be coerced into obedience. Mr. Gladstone lately stated in the House of Commons that he is too sensible of the gravity of a resolution to employ force to come to any such conclusion. But should the Porte, as it probably will, plead that it is most willing to perform all the requirements of the treaty,

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but that it is really unable from want of money, what course will Mr. Gladstone's Government take?

The most difficult question at the present moment is to be found in the position of Albania and the rectification of the Greek frontier. According to the latest advices, reaction is making huge strides amongst the Albanians, and the party opposed to offensive action is now in the ascendency. The formation of a feudatory Albanian principality between Greece, Eastern Roumelia, Montenegro and Bosnia is favored by Turkey, and is not badly received in other countries. But it is scarcely likely that the Hellenes would accept any such proposition, for it would at once put an end to an extension of the frontier. The King of Greece is at present in Paris "lobbying" for the aid of France in forcing the concession of Zanina. After the famous recommendation of the Berlin Congress about the "rectified frontier," both Greece and Turkey proposed boundary lines. These lines form the basis of mediation for the Powers. Greece, however, insists upon the concession of Zanina, and it is likely that she will not be satisfied without it. Zanina is the capital of Epirus, and is a town of some 36,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Greeks. It is to the Greeks a sacred place, for it was there that the first movement which resulted in the autocracy of Greece took place. It is the birthplace of modern Hellenism, and both King George and his people have set their hearts upon its possession.

The first of June was the anniversary of the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand. The ex-Empress, who left England some time ago so as to visit the place where her son was killed upon the anniversary day, arrived there in time after a very pleasant voyage. She was received by Sir Bartle Frere at Cape Town, and was treated with the greatest respect and sympathy by the inhabitants, who vied with each other in showing their grief at her great loss. Queen Victoria has ordered a monument to be erected upon the spot where the ill-fated young Prince fell. It was finished some time ago, and Major Stabb, under whose supervision it was built, has confided it to the care of a neighboring tribe of Zulus, very probably to the very one which killed the Prince. When the monument was unveiled, Gabousas, the chief of the tribe, raised his hand towards heaven and solemnly swore that the spot should never be violated, and that it should always be to both himself and people an object of respect and veneration.

The Church Bill in Germany has been referred to a committee, which has already thrown out the first clause. It seems that Prince Bismarck underrated the powers of his opponent when he launched the May Laws against the Pope. Since that day the Roman Catholic party has been increasing in strength and numbers. The German Chancellor has been obliged again and again to make concessions to the Centre, but all has been of no avail, and it seems certain that he will be obliged to meet the Pope half way. The Hamburg trouble still goes on, and Prussia has proposed in the Bundesrath that the lower Elbe be included within the customs' territory. This would imply the transfer of the customs' frontier to Cuxhaven, and the good people of Hamburg are up in arms. The Bavarian Minister at Berlin was accused by Bismarck of conspiring with "those Hamburg Jews," and immediately went to Munich to ask his sovereign's leave to resign. The King treated the whole matter as a joke, and it afterwards turned out that Bismarck has secretly secured his support in taking from Hamburg part of its rights as a free port!

The operatic season is in full swing in London. Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has opened with "Faust." Christine Nilsson being the *Marguerite*, and Mr. Joseph Maas, who was formerly a member of the Carl Rosa company, appearing in the title rôle. The entrance to the theatre presented a lovely scene, the doorways and staircases being masses of palms, rhododendrons, ferns, and azaleas, artistically arranged. Madame Nilsson's voice, about which several sinister reports were spread, is said to be as good as ever, and her performance to have been quite up to her former representations of Goethe's heroine, which, of course, means that it was perfect.

At Covent Garden Adelina Patti is once more to the front, her voice fresh and her acting better than ever. She made her first appearance, not as she usually does as *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere," but as *Giulietta* in Gounod's opera on the subject of "Romeo and Juliet." The sweet-voiced Nicolini is, of course, with her, but he does not receive as unalloyed praise as does *la diva*.

A young American lady has made a successful *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre in "Somnambula." She appeared under the name of Mlle. Nevadi, but her real name is Wixen, her father being a doctor at Austen in Nevada, from which State she takes her stage name. She is only eighteen years old, but gives many signs of being in time a welcome addition to the list of *prima donnas*.

The walking mania has died out and has been followed by a swimming mania. Captain Webb swam in a tank at the Westminster Aquarium for sixty hours, thereby filling his pockets with shillings but entirely denuding himself of skin. He was succeeded by a Miss Beckwith, who swam for two days and a night and attracted large audiences, probably by the suggestion of impropriety which such a performance necessarily entails. It is said that she received two offers of marriage after she left the tank, and before she had time to change her tight and soaked costume.

THE House of Representatives last week passed a joint resolution appropriating $30,000 for the erection of a monument to mark the birthplace of George Washington. This action is eminently proper; but wouldn't it be well for our Representatives to show their appreciation of the Father of his Country in a more practical form by occasionally emulating his virtues?

THE American Rifle Team sailed last week for Ireland, where they will participate on the 29th inst. in the international rifle match at Dollymount. It is to be hoped that they may be able to maintain the reputation which Americans have already achieved as marksmen.

THE Democrats of Maine have again capitulated to the Greenbackers, having accepted their candidate for Governor, and voted to cooperate with them in the selection of Presidential Electors. Undoubtedly a desperate effort will be made to carry the State for the Fusion nominees; but we are scarcely prepared to believe that the honest, hard-money Democrats of Maine will consent to be again delivered into the hands of a faction which has already brought disaster upon the party and dishonor upon the State.

THE confirmation of Hon. Horace Maynard as Postmaster-General is a gratifying proof of the subsidence of the violent partisan feeling which, for a time, pervaded the Southern States. Mr. Maynard's confirmation was strongly urged by both the Senators from his own State, who, while opposed to him politically, testified in the highest terms to the ability and purity of his personal character, and, on the final vote, only thirteen Senators recorded themselves against him. There can be no doubt that Mr. Maynard will direct the affairs of the Postal Department with efficiency and integrity.

SENATOR DON CAMERON is reported to have declared that he is "disgusted with politics." We think it quite likely. The unceremonious way in which the National Republican Committee "sat down" upon him when he attempted to play the dictator and stifle the voice of the majority, would probably have "disgusted" even a more arrogant "boss" than the Pennsylvania Senator. Then, too, the development of the fact that he didn't carry his State delegation in his pocket, and could not control the better portion of it, must have added very sensibly to the poignancy of his "disgust."

THE war upon Mayor Kalloch has been renewed in San Francisco by the publication of a scurrilous pamphlet giving his history from the date of his expulsion from college until now. The pamphlet is said to have emanated from William M. Neilson, a well-known journalist, who, in reply to a note of warning from Kalloch, replied that he shrank from no responsibility as to anything he might choose to say truthfully of any man's career. The publication has had a wide sale, and produced a genuine sensation. But this style of warfare, if anonymously conducted, has nothing to commend it, and, in the best aspect of the case, can scarcely be regarded as serving any really useful end.

"HE was unfaithful to important public trusts, he plundered the people, debauched the politics of his time, accumulated a colossal fortune, was detected in his crimes and compelled to fly his country, and he died in exile, abhorred of men." This is the story of the life of Richard B. Connolly, once a chief of the Tweed Tammany Ring, who died the other day in France. The life of the humblest toiler, living in obscurity and poverty, who does his duty conscientiously and bravely, has in it more of real sublimity, is intrinsically a more potent moral force, than such a life as this—a life which, shining once with the tinsel of wealth and bedecked with the badges of power, had passed into hopeless eclipse even before the shadow of the grave fell across it.

PENNSYLVANIA has an old law, passed in 1794, against profanity. Recently a Schuylkill County Justice enforced its provisions by imposing a fine upon a particularly profane citizen who had exploded, on one occasion, a volley of twenty-three separate and distinct oaths. The offender refused to pay the fine, and the case was carried to a higher court, where the decision below was reversed on account of a defect in the proceedings. The Judge, however, sustained the propriety of the action, using the following language:

"The general prevalence of profane swearing indicates that the statute under which this defendant was convicted had long been buried out of sight. Perhaps its resurrection in this case may accomplish some good by showing those who have no regard for the law of God that the law of the land imposes on them a penalty of from forty to sixty-seven cents, to be followed by imprisonment, accompanied with a diet of bread and water, on refusal to pay for each and every time they pollute the atmosphere with their profanity."

SOME interesting figures are published in reference to the colored exodus to Kansas and other Northwestern States. It appears that since the 13th of October last fully 20,000 suffering freedmen have been cared for by the Kansas Relief Association, which has provided for nearly all of them good locations where they are now self-sustaining. There are as yet no indications of an abatement of the exodus from the South. The refugees are still arriving as heretofore. At the same time there are increasing calls upon the association from Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico and California for large numbers, with assurances of good opportunities, steady employment and good pay. An increasingly large proportion of those who now arrive are being sent on to those places, and good reports are received from those who have already reached these destinations. The association is now considering the propriety of purchasing unoccupied land in some locality on which to establish a new colony of the refugees, as necessity and wisdom may suggest. One of the settlements already established in Kansas consists of 105 families who have taken up land, built a church and established a Sunday School, and are doing well in every respect. Another colony has thirty-one families, with 1,280 acres of land. While thirty families have forty acres each, one of these families has eighty acres.

THE London *Whitehall Review* of May 22d has the following:

"It seems that we have a new composer among us—Mr. William Fullerton, an American. As his songs are sung by Mrs. Bonnida and Miss Friedlander, they will probably become very popular. Anyway, the composer gives evidence that he possesses real talent, and, perhaps, something more."

Mr. Fullerton, who is here so pleasantly referred to, is the son of ex-Judge Fullerton, of this city, and will be remembered by hosts of friends both on account of his genial social qualities and his marked musical tendencies. His gifts in this direction have been cultivated by two years of study abroad, and some of his songs, of which he has produced a number, of conspicuous excellence, have attracted not only the warmest appreciation of critics but the attention of royalty itself. Undoubtedly, with the ripening of his taste, the deepening of his culture and the practical utilization of his admitted talent, he will attain that eminence in the musical world which his present achievements seem to clearly foreshadow.

WHATEVER General Sheridan may think or say to the contrary, it is quite obvious that the Confederates who fought at Five Forks are entirely satisfied that General Warren's part in that battle was creditable alike to himself and the old Fifth Corps. General Fitz Hugh Lee, who commanded the Confederate cavalry at Five Forks, testified last week that the advance of General Warren's corps compelled the Confederates to withdraw and abandon a combined attack which they had proposed to make on Sheridan's forces on the second day of the fight, and that the success of the Federals was mainly due to this derangement of the plans of the enemy. It is a little curious that a Federal commander of such approved courage and ability as General Warren should consider it necessary to invoke the testimony of Confederates in defense of his own reputation against the hostile intimations of his own superior officer, but it cannot but be gratifying to him that the evidence of nearly all the subordinate Federal officers who participated in the battle tallies exactly with that of the Confederates who have so far spoken.

A PAPER read before the American Medical Association at its meeting in this city last week presented some interesting statistics as to the literary activity of physicians. The literature of medical jurisprudence alone amounted to 15 books and reports, and 223 articles in periodicals, making a total of 238 during the last year. On psychology, exclusive of writings intended for popular perusal, the number of books that had been published was 81, and of articles in periodicals 367, making a total of 448. The department of state medicine presented a list of 114 books and pamphlets and 380 articles in journals—total, 494. That of public hygiene supplied 220 books and reports and 811 articles in journals. Without taking into account the literature of chemistry, which was so commingled with general physics as to be inseparable from it, there was thus presented a grand total of 2,211 treatises of more or less length, all of which must be examined in order to give a *résumé* of the intellectual work for the last year of that section of the association devoted to medical jurisprudence, psychology, chemistry, state medicine and public hygiene.

THE forcible removal of the Ponca Indians from their reservation by the authority of the Government was one of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated. An investigation of the subject by a Senate Committee shows that the Poncas were one of the most peaceable of all the Indian tribes; "that they were dwelling upon a reservation which they had occupied since they were known as a tribe, under words of absolute grant from the United States, accompanied by a covenant of peaceable enjoyment during their good behavior; that, without their knowledge and without compensation, and without a shade of complaint against them as a tribe, the United States removed them by force and without their consent to the Indian territory, leaving their houses and all other property which they were unable to take with them, and lodging them in a hot and, to them, an inhospitable climate." The committee declares truly that this proceeding on the part of the United States was without justification, and demands at the hands of the Government speedy and full redress. The redress proposed by the Senate is the passage of a Bill requiring the Secretary of the Interior to cause the Poncas to be returned without delay to their Dakota reservation, and providing that their title to the same shall be deemed valid, anything in the Sioux treaty to the contrary notwithstanding. The Bill also requires the Secretary of the Interior to restore to the Poncas' "use and enjoyment, in the same condition, as nearly as may be when left by them, all houses and other improvements and personal property belonging to the tribe when removed from Dakota." Congress should make haste to clear the nation's skirts of the foul wrong done this peaceful tribe of Indians by passing unhesitatingly the Bill here referred to.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MR. JAMES O. PUTNAM, of this State, has been confirmed as Minister to Belgium.

THE Arkansas Democrats have nominated Thomas J. Churchhill for Governor.

THE United States Senate has ordered an inquiry into the constitutionality of consular courts.

THE annual session of the General Synod of the Reformed Church was opened in Brooklyn, June 2d.

THE Union Congregational Church in Brooklyn was destroyed by fire June 3d, involving a loss of $50,000.

THE Democratic and Greenback State Convention of Maine have nominated General H. M. Plaisted for Governor.

THE Colorado Democratic Convention has elected an uninstructed delegation to Cincinnati. The delegates are said for Judge Field.

THE free baths of New York were formally opened June 1st, when over 20,000 persons availed themselves of the privilege they afforded.

THE United States Senate has passed Mr. Eaton's Bill providing for a commission to investigate the question of the tariff and report thereon in January next.

DISPATCHES from New Mexico state that Cook's Cañon is full of Indians, and a number of massacres are reported. Five bodies have already been found in the cañon.

THE steamer *Golden Eagle* was burned on the Mississippi River, near Alton, Ill., June 1st. The passengers are missing, and it is supposed that they were drowned.

THE South Carolina Democratic Convention last week nominated General Johnson Hagood for Governor, and elected delegates to the Cincinnati Convention who are said to favor Mr. Bayard for President.

THE twentieth annual congress of the United States Brewers' Association was held in Buffalo last week. A resolution was adopted asking for the passage of the proposed law for a specific duty on foreign malt of twenty-five cents on thirty-four pounds.

THE iron-importing house of Herman Lissberger, of this city, suspended last week with liabilities of over $2,000,000. Charles W. Scofield, an operator in iron at No. 115 Broadway, has also suspended payment, with liabilities of $200,000; his assets are large.

GOVERNOR COBB has been nominated for re-election by the Democratic Convention of Alabama. The delegation to the National Democratic Convention is divided between Bayard, Field, Thurman and Hancock. None of the delegates are for Tilden.

THE United States Senate has passed the House Bill allowing goods imported at New York, Philadelphia, Boston and certain other ports to be shipped immediately after entry, the duties to be collected at the point of destination instead of at the port of entry.

ADMIRAL AMMEN has received a cable message from Engineer Menocal stating that the Nicaraguan Congress has confirmed the concession recently made by the President of that Republic to an American company for the construction of an interoceanic ship-canal across the Isthmus.

THE Senate has adopted a resolution continuing the Wallace Committee on Election Frauds, and authorizing it to sit during the vacation. The House Bill authorizing the appointment of an officer of the navy or marine corps as Solicitor and Judge Advocate-General with the rank and pay of a captain in the navy or a colonel in the marine corps has been passed.

JOHN G. THOMPSON, JR., a son of John G. Thompson, of Columbus, O., Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, was shot by Beaumont Buck, a young Texan, at Colonel Reese's Preparatory School at Highland Falls, adjoining the West Point grounds, June 4th. Both were preparing to enter the Academy, and Buck had been hazed and was angry at his tormentors.

THE American Medical Society held its thirty-first annual session in this city last week. A large number of interesting papers were read. Dr. John T. Hodges, of St. Louis, was elected President for the ensuing year. Annual meetings of the Association of Medical Editors and the American College Medical Association were also held, and a National Association of Surgeons was organized.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs last week made two reports on the Fortune Bay and fisheries questions. The majority report proposes that the President shall announce by proclamation an imposition of the duties on fish and fish-oil imported from the British Provinces. It also authorizes the President, upon the conclusion of a satisfactory arrangement between Great Britain and the United States, to revoke this action and again enforce the provision of the fisheries article remitting the duty on Canadian fish and fish-oil. The minority holds that this action is inexpedient at this time. They are in favor of attempting further negotiation with the present English Government before abrogating the treaty, and the taking of more decided action only if redress is refused.

Foreign.

THE English bondholders of the Reading Railway have appointed a protective committee, with Lord Cairns as chairman.

THE Liberal memorial asking for the recall of Sir Bartle Frere from the Cape has been sent to Mr. Gladstone. Eighty-six members of Parliament have signed it.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK (Liberal) has been elected a member of Parliament for the London University, without opposition, in the place of Right Hon. Robert Lowe, raised to the peerage.

TELEGRAMS referring to the famine in Armenia and Western Persia say that 40,000 persons must be fed for two months or they will die. Several hundreds of persons have already perished.

IN a duel in Switzerland, June 3d, between M. Henri Rochefort and M. Koechlin, the former was wounded in the stomach. M. Meyer, editor of the *Gaulois*, has also challenged M. Rochefort.

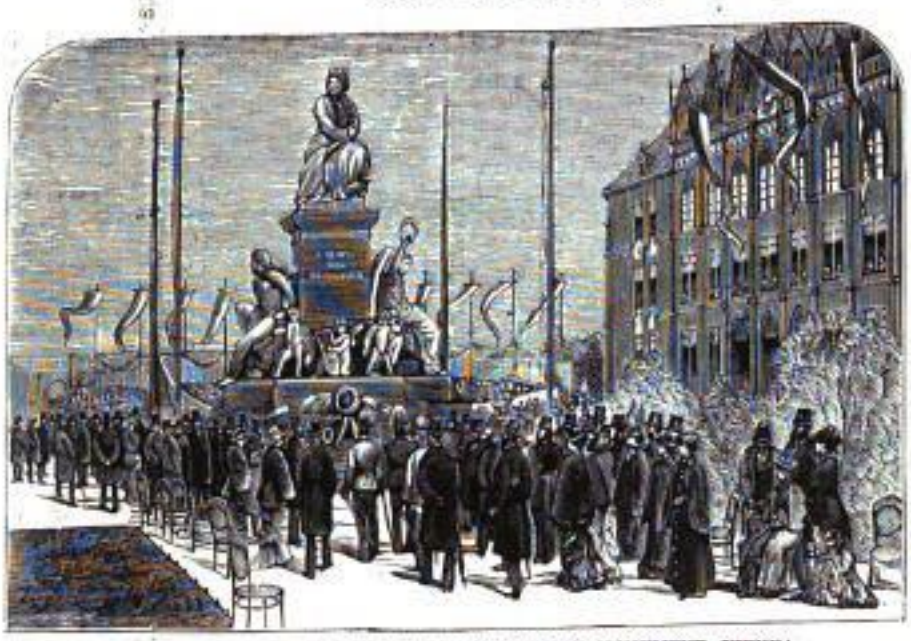
THE ravages of the phylloxera in France have increased so that 40,000 acres of land have been devastated since last July. It was estimated then that one-third of the total surface devoted to wine-growing had been lost.

SUBSCRIPTIONS amounting to 250,000,000 rubles have been received to the new Russian loan. As bonds amounting to only 150,000,000 rubles were offered, the subscribers received only sixty-six percentage of the amount applied for.

THE Turkish Cabinet has resolved to make liberal promises in reply to the note of the Powers, but not to make further concessions. Mr Goschen, the British Ambassador, presented his credentials to the Sultan on Thursday last.

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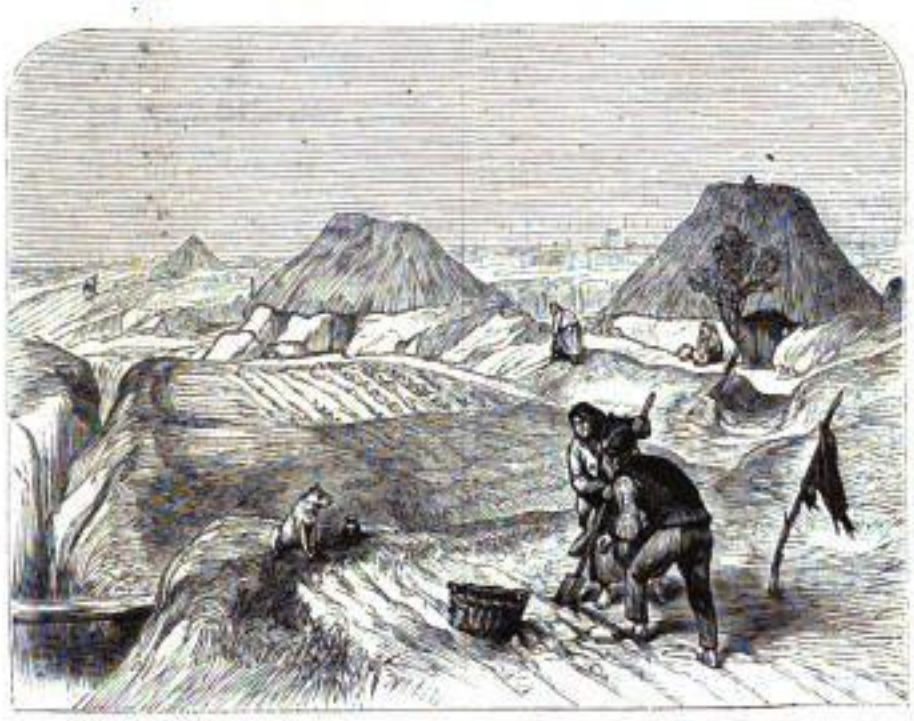
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 263.



AUSTRIA.—INAUGURATION OF THE BEETHOVEN MONUMENT, VIENNA.



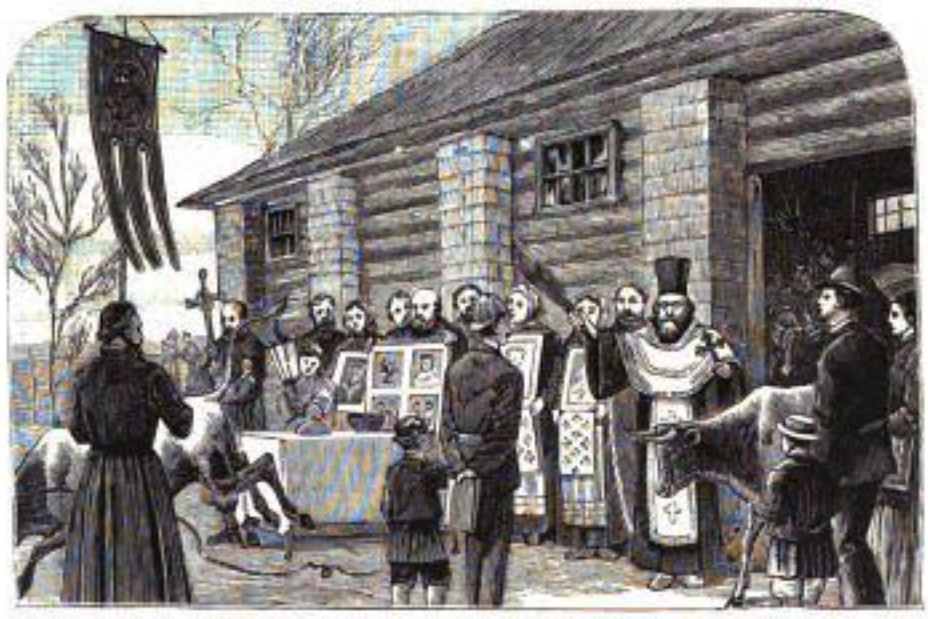
AUSTRIA.—THE NEW BAZAR ERECTED BY THE EMPEROR, BUDA-PESTH.



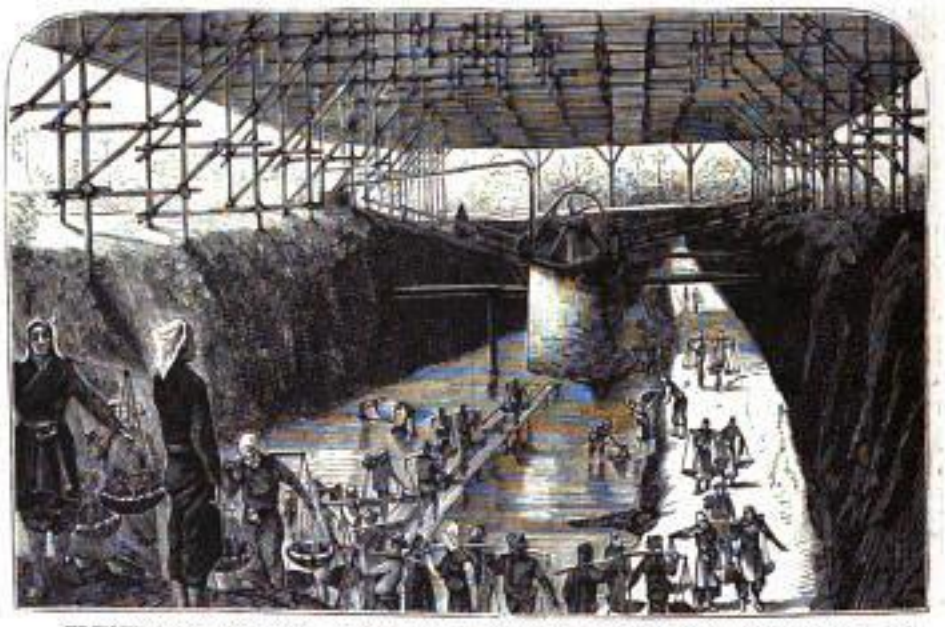
IRELAND.—A BOG VILLAGE IN COUNTY ROSCOMMON.



AUSTRALIA.—HOP-PICKING NEAR BAIRNSDALE, VICTORIA.



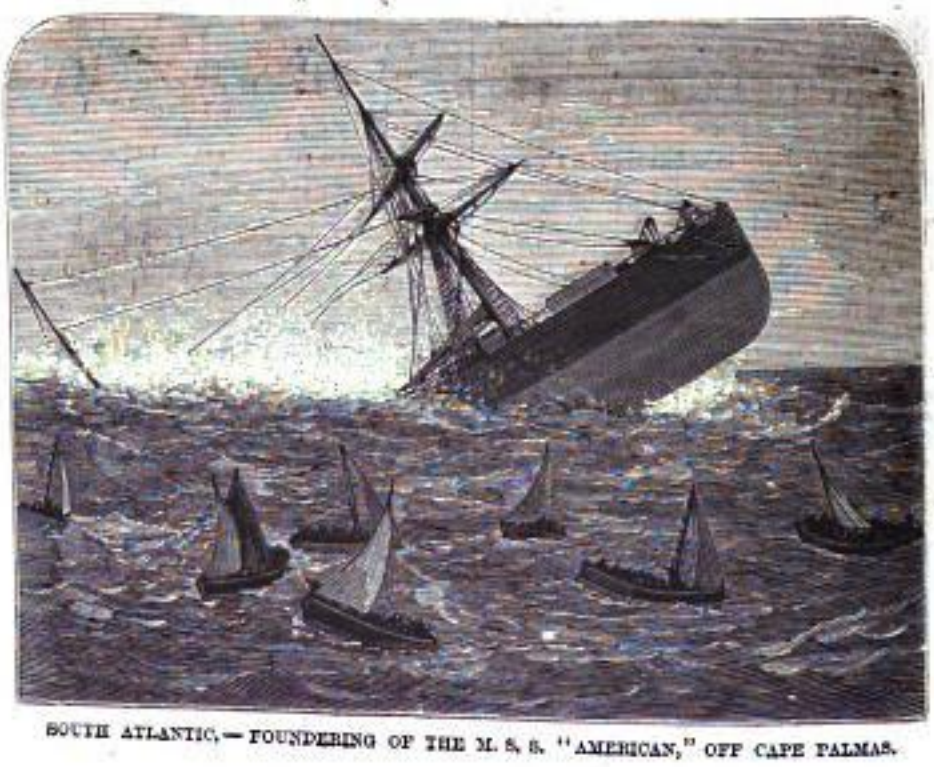
RUSSIA.—THE RELEASE AND BLESSING OF COWS ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



FRENCH COCHIN CHINA.—DIGGING A BASIN TO SUPPLY SAIGON WITH WATER.



ENGLAND.—PLAN OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF TRURO.

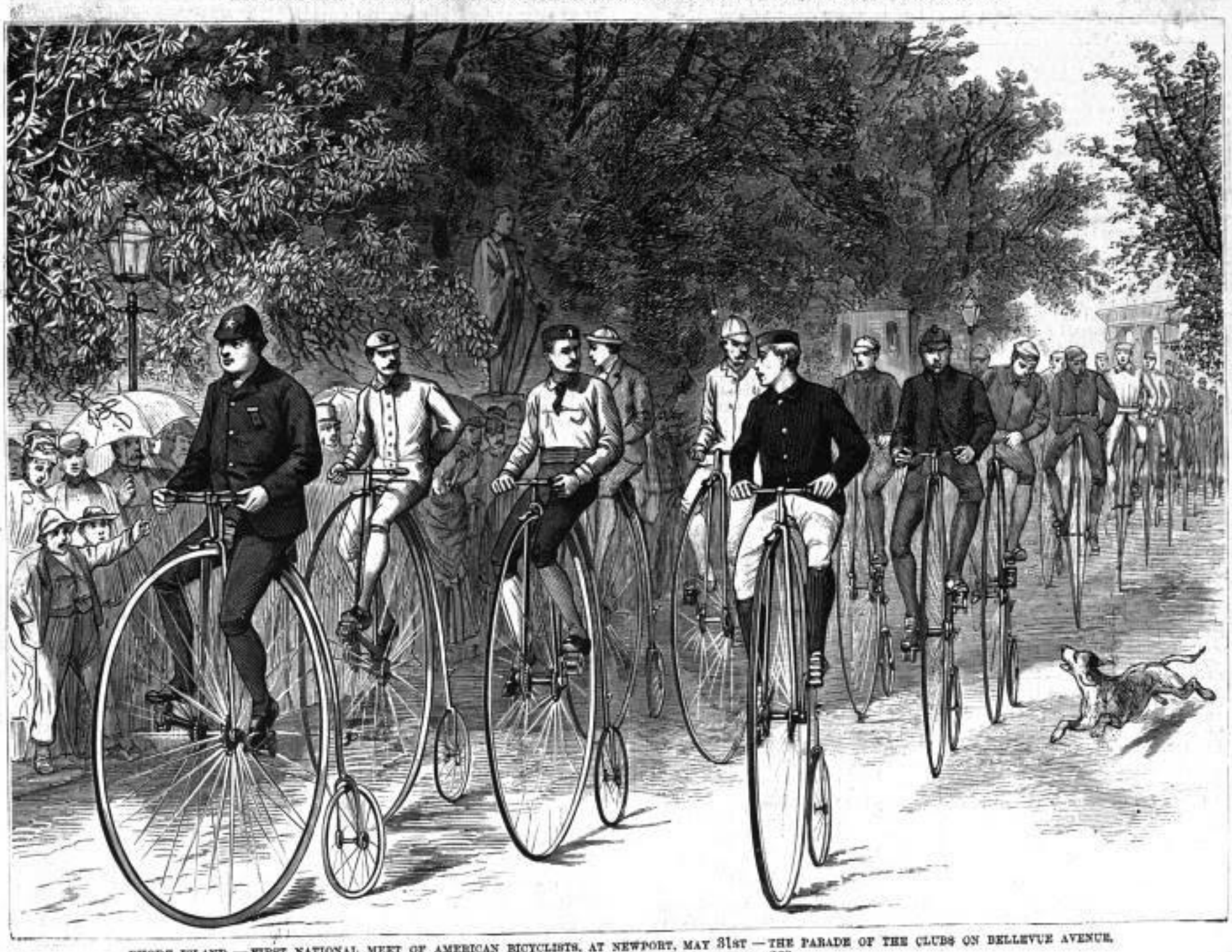


SOUTH ATLANTIC.—FOUNDERING OF THE M. S. S. "AMERICAN," OFF CAPE PALMAS.

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NEW YORK CITY.—INAUGURATION OF A BUST OF THOMAS MOORE IN CENTRAL PARK, MAY 28TH.—SEE PAGE 263.



RHODE ISLAND.—FIRST NATIONAL MEET OF AMERICAN BICYCLISTS, AT NEWPORT, MAY 31ST.—THE PARADE OF THE CLUBS ON BELLEVUE AVENUE. FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 263.

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HOW HE PAID HIS DEBT.

IT wasn't at all his way to loll about in the public squares waiting for something to turn up. But he had wandered away from the business heart of the town, and, finding himself in the vicinity of Logan Square, concluded to rest a bit under the shade of its splendid trees and forget himself and his condition, if possible, in watching the pranks of the sparrows and the gambols of the children. It was noon of a sultry August day. In the last three weeks he had earned but little more than twice as many dollars, and in the last three or four days literally nothing. What to do he did not know. His circumstances, like himself, were getting desperate. The "want columns" of the newspaper had become his daily study, and these he diligently conned every morning so soon as he could lay hands on copies of them, on the principle that it is the early bird that gets the worm. Though unincumbered with wife or children, he was already in very close quarters, and found himself face to face with actual destitution. He had about concluded that he was incapable of getting his own living. He had been bred to no trade and was without any profession. Cradled in luxury, he had never known until within three years what it is to want money, and it was a serious question with him whether even now, after the miserable straits in which he had frequently found himself of late, he knew the value of it. Never a spendthrift, gambler, nor debauchee, he had spent his money freely, and, to a practical knowledge of every section of his own country gained by travel, he had added no inconsiderable an acquaintance with many of the Old World countries. How he became bankrupt and penniless does not concern us now.

He had been seated in the square an hour perhaps, and, on getting up, his eyes suddenly encountered those of a lady intently fixed upon him. She was dressed in deep mourning, stood but a few feet distant, and was advancing with the evident intention of speaking to him. In the same instant he recognized her, but, with an air of apparent unconcern, he turned and walked quietly away and out through one of the gates without daring to venture a look behind. Turning to go down Race Street, congratulating himself the while upon his escape, he presently found himself confronted by the figure from which he had fled.

"Why, Mr. Watson!" exclaimed a mellow, musical voice, with just a touch of reproach in its tones. "I mean to speak to you even though you do seem determined to avoid or ignore me. I am heartily glad to see you!" And in the frankest and most cordial manner she held out the elegant hand she had uncovered.

He winced a little, did this proud, high-strung, poorly-clad fellow, at being gotten the better of by a woman; but there was no retreat now, and, lifting his hat, he grasped the extended hand.

"Thank you. You are very kind and—very courageous."

"Courageous! What can you mean?"

"Why, to insist upon recognizing and greeting so shabby a fellow as I am."

"Oh! Excuse me, Mr. Watson," she answered, a little haughtily, "none of my friends ever before gave me the credit of addressing myself to a man's clothes. Really, I had not noticed yours, but was observing your face and thinking of the great service you so bravely did papa and me in a London street five years ago, and of how suddenly and strangely you finally took your leave of us."

"Service! Never mind that. Which way were you going?"

"I am going home to lunch and I want you to go with me."

"Thank you very much, but I cannot. I ought to be down-town now. Some other time, if you please."

"But I don't please," she said. "I expected you would refuse; but as I did not ask you out of mere compliment, I propose that you shall comply with my invitation.

"But——"

"I know what you are thinking of, and why you refuse. You need not feel in the least embarrassed. There is nobody in the house who will evince any particular desire to—examine your clothes. You will see only your humble servant. Father, mother and Bess have gone to the Gap for a few days, and have left me to keep house with the cook and the coachman."

Arriving home, she let herself in with a latch-key, and showed her guest into the library, knowing that he would feel at home among books. But he didn't feel at all at home. He moved about like a beast in a cage, and fancied that he felt like one. He called himself all sorts of uncivil names, and recklessly consigned himself to regions unmentionable to ears polite. He looked vacantly at the titles of the books that lined the walls, carelessly turned the leaves of the magazines that lay upon the table, and paced to and fro across the floor, heaping imprecations upon his own head for allowing himself to be entrapped by a woman. Presently appeared his fair jailer, who intimated that he would find a room at the top of the staircase if he wished to bathe his hands and face. Returning, he was conducted to the dining-room, where lunch was served. After the fashion of the Eastern prince whose piety increased as he ate, Watson recovered some of his equanimity over this repast, and considerably thawed in the warmth of this woman's smiles. Before lunch was finished, he had unwittingly given her an outline of his history since his unceremonious departure from the London hotel, several years agone.

"You spoke of your father and mother and Bess," he had said. "For whom are you in mourning?"

"For my husband," she answered, simply. "Mr. Lawton and I were married a few months after you left us. He died very suddenly two years ago while conducting an engineering expedition in South America. You knew that I was engaged when you were with us in England," she added, rather than asked.

"Yes."

"Where are you staying?" she inquired, as he was taking his leave.

He evaded the question, and was in the act of saying Good-by when she told him that on the day after the next she expected to join her parents at Cape May, and could he not find time to call upon her to-morrow after twelve o'clock, as she would have something to say to him.

"Thanks. Very likely I will;" though the ungrateful wretch had made up his mind that, once out of this house, he would take care not to enter it again.

Instantly he was gone this brave, big-hearted little woman gave herself up to the clubbing of what she was pleased to deem her conscience, and made herself fairly miserable over a sense of her unwomanly boldness and independence. What had she done? What could he think of her?

"How did he lose his money, I wonder, and where are his friends that they do not help him? He is poor enough now, at all events; I suppose he would have felt dreadfully insulted had I offered him the loan of a little money. Why shouldn't a woman help a man in that way if he needs help, and that is the only way to give it? That is what he was afraid of, I suppose. Men are such fools! Vanity! Nothing can approximate the vanity of men when they are down in the world. They think it is pride, but it isn't; it's nothing in the world but the silliest sort of vanity." And so she went on to herself, and after a while sought to dissipate her vexation with him and herself at the piano.

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Five years previous to this incident Watson had made the acquaintance of this woman, who was then Miss Bradshaw, in England. He had been traveling through Ireland for a couple of months, and was spending a few days in London debating whether he would take a run up into Scotland. Hurrying along the Strand one day to keep an appointment, his attention was arrested by an unusual commotion in the roadway, and, turning, he saw a horse attached to a hansom, from which the driver had been thrown, plunging madly along. Rushing into the street, he seized the frightened brute by the check-strap, and, after being dragged twenty feet or thereabouts at the imminent peril of life and limb, succeeded in bringing him up to the curb. A middle-aged gentleman instantly leaped from the vehicle and proceeded to help therefrom a young lady eighteen or nineteen years of age, very pale and much frightened. Before they could speak their thanks he was off, a glance having convinced him that they were unharmed. The next morning, while enjoying his after-breakfast cigar in the smoking-room of the Langham, he was accosted by a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Bradshaw, of Philadelphia, and overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude for his brave kindness of the preceding day. "And you, too, are an American?"

"Oh, yes; my name is Watson."

"Of New York?"

"No. I don't know where I ought to hail from; I was born in the South and educated in Germany."

"And are you traveling alone?"

"Yes; I have but recently returned from a two months' jaunt in Ireland, and am undecided whether to make a trip into the Highlands or take the next steamer for New York."

"Why, we are contemplating Scotland. My eldest daughter has quite set her heart upon the North, and declares she will not go home until she has seen the Hebrides. By-the-way, she will be delighted to make your acquaintance and thank you in person for yesterday's rescue."

Cigars finished, the gentlemen went up into the parlor, where Watson was introduced to Mrs. Bradshaw and her daughters, by whom he was most graciously and warmly received. A pleasant dish of chat followed, and before parting with his newly-made acquaintances he had volunteered to be their guide to several places of interest in and about London they had not yet visited.

"Come, Watson," said Mr. Bradshaw, one day, "we can't do without you up in Scotland, and since you confess that there is no pressing reason to compel your presence in America just now, why not make one of our party, and we can have a right jolly time of it for the next six or eight weeks. What do you say?"

"Well, I'll do it," answered the younger man. "'Tis ten years since I've been further north than Edinburgh, and shall enjoy seeing the country again."

He was thoroughly honest and candid about it, and hadn't the least idea then—though it dawned upon him painfully enough before he saw London again—of the actual incentive that prompted him.

Forty-eight hours afterwards the little party set out. Precisely where they went and what they saw is of no special moment to us who did not go with them. Sufficient that they enjoyed themselves immensely, and no one of them more than Watson. Miss Bradshaw and he were thrown very much together, and, somehow, the care of her seemed to devolve particularly upon him—a responsibility, by-the-way, which he was not disinclined to accept. Before a week passed he had concluded that she was one of the very brightest and most sensible young women of the many he had known. Of a somewhat critical turn, he could not pronounce her a handsome woman, though there was a nameless something in her face, form and manner, that separated her from all women of his acquaintance. Her voice was clearly not the least of her charms, while her frankness, her continual good nature and her quick and keen enjoyment of the beautiful in art and nature held an irresistible fascination over everybody with whom she came in contact. Watson was conquered; the heart that had successfully resisted so many sieges by coy maidens and plotting mammas, surrendered at discretion. He awoke one morning and found himself, not immortal, but—in love. Strange to say, he didn't know what to make of it; he was surprised and alarmed, exactly why he could not tell. The idea of loving her had never occurred to him in his intercourse with her. He had simply given himself up to the charm of her presence, knowing, indeed, that it was a new delight, and this is what had come of it. There had never been any love-making between them; no gazing into each other's eyes, no soft hand-pressures, no intentional stealings away by themselves of moonlight nights, no whispering of those sweet nothings which, in lovers' ears, translate themselves into significant somethings. On her part she had made no secret of her great liking and admiration for him, but she would have been surprised and shocked had he told her what she had so unconsciously done.

But he did not tell her, nor did he suffer his love to make any sign.

Back to their old quarters in London came the party, and almost the first person to greet the Bradshaws was a commercial-looking gentleman, unmistakably an American, who was introduced to Watson as Mr. Lawton. It required no special astuteness to determine the relationship he sustained to Miss Bradshaw, for he took particular pains to show his ownership of that precious piece of goods. The next morning when Mr. Bradshaw came down the hotel clerk handed him a note which proved to be from Watson, who requested farewells to the family, and accounted for his sudden departure on the ground of urgent business in Liverpool, to which place he had been summoned by telegraph.

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The circumstances under which he next met Miss Bradshaw—or Mrs. Lawton, rather—have been told. Two days after this meeting she joined her parents and sister at Cape May. Watson had not called again, an omission which the kindly-intentioned little woman was inclined to resent as a deliberate slight, though in her heart she forgave him freely enough. She was very solicitous about him—though she informed no one of having seen him—so much so that the irrepressible Bess rallied her on her absent-mindedness, volunteered the information that she wasn't a bit like most widows whom she had known, and added some remarks not entirely respectful to the late Mr. L., whom, by-the-way, she had never liked. Indeed, on one occasion, not a great while after her sister's marriage, she confided to the latter her opinion—that Mr. Watson would have made a much more agreeable brother-in-law. Several days went by, and other members of the family observed that Mrs. Lawton was preoccupied and uneasy. The shore had evidently lost its attractions for her, and the fact that she had told not even her father of her late adventure somehow made her feel a trifle guilty.

Early the next week she made some excuse and went up to Philadelphia, having concluded upon a bold piece of business. She went straight to her Uncle Philip's office.

Watson, meanwhile, had gone to New York City in pursuit of work. Walking up-town one day, three weeks after his arrival, he strolled into the reading-room of the St. Nicholas to have a look at the newspapers. Turning over a file of Philadelphia papers, this is what he read in one of them:

"If Mr. Richard Watson will call upon, or communicate with, Philip Bingham, Esq., No. 228 South —— Street, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Who the deuce is Philip Bingham," he said, half aloud, "and what can he have of advantage to me? Call! Well, that is out of the question, but I'll write him."

The second morning thereafter he received a note requesting him to call upon Mr. Bingham at the Brevoort House between twelve and one o'clock on the following day. At this interview he was informed, in the most business-like manner possible, that he—Mr. B.—had one thousand dollars that had been put into his hands some two weeks previously for the purpose of being handed to Watson as a loan for an indefinite period—indeed, until he should be in a condition to repay it.

Too astonished to say anything for a minute or two, he then asked:

"Who is it that wishes to lend me the money?"

"My dear sir, that is none of your business. I——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Bingham, but it is very much my business. I don't know that I could accept the loan in any event, but certainly not unless you give me the name of the gentleman who wishes to do me so great a kindness."

"Now, young man, I am a deal older than you, and let me beg of you not to make a mule of yourself out of idle curiosity. I can tell you nothing further than this: I've got this money for you, and am charged to insist on your acceptance of it; if you refuse, all the blame of your refusal will fall upon me. And, more than that, I am not at all certain but that the loss of one of my most valuable and profitable clients would ensue if I am compelled to return home with this money in my possession."

And more of the same sort. The men were together for a half-hour, Watson vainly trying to get some clew to the identity of his benefactor, and trying all the harder because he could not help surmising the source of this generosity. Finally he said:

"Mr. Bingham, I'll take $100 of that money."

"Oh, let us have no half-work about it—take the whole and clean up the matter like a man."

"Like a beggar, you mean!" was the reply—the first bitter remark he had made.

Mr. Bingham was obliged to give up the contest and content himself with his visitor's receipt for just one-tenth of the money he had hoped to dispose of. Watson went to his lodgings. He knew exactly what he would do, for he had concluded months before that if he ever got ahead $75 or $100, he would turn his back upon cities. By daylight of the next morning he was a hundred miles beyond New York City, whirling westward.

Reaching Denver, he let himself out as sheep-herder—or as a kind of overseer, rather, for he had two Mexican "greasers" under him whom he was expected to keep to their work. He was fortunate in his employer, who took a fancy to him and fitted him out with a rifle, a buckskin suit and a mule, and the next day they went down to the ranche, two days' travel southeast from the young metropolis of the Centennial State.

"You won't get much society here," said the proprietor, over their first meal; "but you'll find enough of that at the 'Springs' to keep you from turning into a Ute. That is your nearest town, by-the-way; you will get your supplies there, and my banker will introduce you to all the people worth knowing. I shall expect you, however, to spend the greater part of your time here for the next six months, so these Mexicans can fully understand that they are under the hand of somebody who will brook none of their tricks and treachery. After that you can run off for several weeks, or even a month or two at a time if you are inclined; and if you are bright, as I think you are, and watch your chances, you may be able to make a stake down in the San Juan. But don't let any sharpers trick you, and don't lose your head over any big mining stories. The atmosphere of this latitude has a wonderful effect upon the imagination. I am going back to England, and shall not see you again for a year, but shall write you every month, and shall expect to hear from you as often."

And thus it was that Watson made a new start in life.

* * * * * *

Two years later, in the Autumn, a family party was leisurely traveling in Colorado. Intent upon two or three days' camping out, they were driving up over the plains towards the magnificent pine forests that cover the "Divide." The afternoon was wearing rapidly towards sundown, but there was promise of a splendid moon, and so no one took thought for the evening, even though their driver-guide had said they were still some fifteen miles distant from their destination. Not a cloud was to be seen in the wonderful blue of the sky as they looked out through the face of their homely-covered wagon. Presently, however, the sun ceased to shine, and far behind them they beheld thick clouds covering the tops and banking the sides of the rugged line of mountains. The air became suddenly cool, and gusts of wind swept upon them, dropping specks of snow.

"Driver, it isn't possible that we are going to have a snowstorm so early in the season as this?" said the elder gentleman.

"Looks very like it now, sir; frequently happens about this time, and then like as not we won't get another one till New Year's. But we're only five or six miles from Russell's ranche, so I guess we sha'n't come to any harm."

And with this he pulled down the curtains of the wagon and sent on the mules at a quicker pace. But every moment the storm increased, and so thickly did the snow fill the air that nothing thirty feet from the wagon could be seen. Before they had gone a mile further on, the short grass on either side of them was literally buried from sight, and, in another half-hour the darkness and the snow made it impossible to follow the road with anything like certainty.

"Well, driver, and what are we to do now?"

"Stay where we are a while, sir. This kind of storm is never a long one; we shall have a fine moon when it breaks up, and I reckon we can get shelter at Russell's for to-night, and go on to the pines in the morning."

"Go on to the pines! Why we can't camp out on the snow, man."

"Oh, the snow'll be all gone by to-morrow noon, sir, except what'll be left on the mountains, and by nightfall the ground'll be as dry as an old sermon."

So the mules were unhitched and tethered to stakes, and the driver managed to get together brush enough to build a fire, over which coffee was made. The party were settling themselves to their novel situation, when they were startled by a loud, cheery voice:

"Snow-bound, eh?"

And looking out they saw what the youngest member of them afterwards said looked like "death on a pale horse," but what was in fact a man on a mule.

"Come, driver, put-to your cattle, and we'll go on to Russell's," continued the same voice; "your party can't stay here all night."

"But we can't make out the road," protested that worthy.

"No, I dare say not; but my mule can, even though it were under a foot of snow instead of only a few inches. You keep your team in my wake, and in less than an hour we will make better quarters than this spot."

And on they went.

"We haven't many of the appointments considered essential to fashionable life, but you will be more comfortable here than in a wagon out-of-doors such a night as this," said their host, as he ushered them into a low, oblong log-house of two rooms.

The ladies were shown into the inner one, while a fire was being built in the huge fire-place, and preparations were made for supper. The rough table was laid, and his host was about to place thereon a steaming dish of venison, when the elder gentleman of the party, who had been eagerly watching him for the

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last half-hour, suddenly seized him by the shoulders, and, turning his face full to the fire-light, exclaimed:

"Bless my soul! Watson, it *is* you, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, Bradshaw. I'm anybody you please, if only you won't make me drop this venison," said he, with a smile running over all that portion of his browned face which was not covered with hair.

And then he was surrounded by everybody except Mrs. Belle Lawton, who waited a bit, and, without saying a word, gave him her hand and looked full and searching into his great brown eyes. And she was the only one who did not eat heartily.

"Madam," said Watson, in a mock serious tone, "the last time I had the pleasure of sitting at table with you I did much better justice to your fare than you have done to mine."

"Perhaps——"

"I was hungrier then than you are now."

"You are cruel," she answered.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Lawton, you are the last woman in the world I would be cruel to."

The next day at noon the snow had disappeared, and they all went on to Bijou—Watson with them.

Seated around the camp-fire on the following evening, Miss Bess, who sat next him, broke in:

"Oh, Mr. Watson, you must have had lots of adventures out in this country. Do tell us a story—a true one, I mean."

"Well, I'll tell you a story, though there isn't much adventure in it, for I had it all from the fellow himself, who is a neighbor of mine. Several years ago he lived in the East and was very poor; he had had money but lost it in a bunch. For three years he knocked about from one city to another trying to earn his living, and had a rather sorry time of it. One day a gentleman, whom he had never seen, came to him with a large sum of money which somebody, who kept in the background, insisted on loaning him. He took $100 of it and came to Colorado, where he got a situation as manager of a sheep farm at the munificent salary of $35 a month and found. He very soon had that amount of money in hand intending to send it East to the gentleman from whom he had received it, but had lost his address. A year ago last Summer he made a trip down to Leadville, to get a sight of the mines and of mining life, and, while there, came upon a couple of old prospectors who had taken up a claim and partially opened it, but were about to abandon it because they were 'dead broke.' They would give one-half to any man who would advance the money to keep them in provisions for a few weeks. So he lodged that amount with a storekeeper in the place, who also promised to see that the miners did the square thing by him. The find proved to be a rich one, and in three months was sold for $120,000—he consenting to take $60,000 for his share, only on condition that he should retain a one-tenth interest with the purchasers, which the latter were glad enough to agree to. The new owners went to work with a will, and, for the last six months, Fenwick has regularly drawn between $1,000 and $1,200 every month as his share. He persists in thinking that the $60,000 he got for his half-interest is the direct product of the $100 that properly belonged to his unknown benefactor, and is going East next month to find him out and hand it over to him. With an income of more than $1,000 a month, and a standing offer from his partners of $150,000 for his one-tenth interest, he feels rich enough without the other plum. More than that, he has bought a one-half interest in the flock of five thousand sheep he has the charge of, and thinks he may be well enough to do in a few years to venture upon marriage."

"Now, if Mr.—Fenwick—is that his name?—was only in love with some nice girl, who had been waiting for him all these years and clung to him through his poverty, what a complete little romance it would be, wouldn't it?" This from the wise Miss Bess.

The next morning two members of the party were missing, and many were the inquiries and surmises respecting their absence. Breakfast was nearly over when they made their appearance, walking leisurely over the carpet of fine reeds—Mrs. Belle Lawton leaning upon Watson's arm, her face radiant as the morning and her eyes brighter than the wood-crystals she carried in her hands, while her escort looked as though he had recently come into possession of the entire mining-region of the State.

"Here they are, the truants!" exclaimed Miss Bess, running toward them. "And when is it to be? I'm so glad, you dear old shepherd," turning to Watson; "I've always wanted you for a brother-in-law ever since our journey in the Highlands."

THE MOORE MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE bust of Thomas Moore, erected in Central Park by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and which was formally unveiled May 28th, is three feet high, and rests upon a pedestal nine feet four inches in height, bearing the simple word, "Moore." The attitude is that of poetic reverie, the head turned towards the right shoulder, and the eyes gazing placidly upon the little sheet of water which nestles in the southeast corner of the Park, near the Scholars' Gate. The sculptor, Mr. Denis B. Sheehan, has caught the familiar expression of the poet's face, and transferred it to the bronze with grace and fidelity. The whole pose is expressive of the dignity, the warmth of heart and the geniality of manner and bearing for which Moore was noted. The bust was generally pronounced to be equal to anything of the kind in the Park, not excluding J. Q. A. Ward's Shakespeare.

The ceremony of unveiling the bust was attended by some 1,000 persons. Mr. John Savage opened the proceedings in a brief and appropriate address, in which he said that the bust itself was the best report of the committee having charge of the matter. He then introduced Mr. Sheehan, the artist, who was received with applause. The ceremony of presenting the monument to the city was officially performed by Judge Shea, who spoke at length of Moore's merits as a lyric poet, and set him down as of more account to Ireland than Burns to Scotland or Beranger to France.

In acknowledging the gift to the city, Mayor Cooper said that America, in her large hospitality, not only welcomed the men of every nation to her shores, but that she embraced the representative celebrities of every nation in her sympathies. Standing as she did by her principles and institutions for the broadest humanity, whatever illustrated the elevation and grandeur of that humanity, whatever had won the homage or kindled the love of whole nations, touched a responsive chord in her breast, and she received and adopted it as her own. Thus she had given recognition to a master spirit of England—nay, should he not say of the world?—in her Shakespeare; to a master-spirit of Scotland in her Scott, so long the Wizard of the North, but now of mankind; to Germany in her Humboldt; and now she gave recognition to another master-spirit from the Green Island, which had been called the Mother of Saints and of Singers. Famous for the number and the distinction of her men of genius, no one had more brilliantly illustrated her peculiar qualities of wit and fancy; no one was more dear to the hearts of her impulsive people than the author of those Irish melodies which had been sung in every homestead where their language was known, and which had drawn tears to the eyes of the men and women of almost every clime.

The site selected for the monument is eminently in keeping with the poet's gentle fancies and his great love for the beautiful in nature. It stands on rising ground to the right of the Fifth Avenue entrance, backed by a grassy bank, spreading elms and other shade-trees, and bounded on the southwest with an added fringe of green, through which the glimmer of the water in the little lake is visible. It will be, undoubtedly, an object of very general interest to visitors.

NATIONAL BICYCLE MEET.

THE growing popularity of bicycling in this country was well illustrated by the large attendance and the brilliant success which marked the first national meet and convention at Newport, R. I., on May 31st. The convention, held at the Skating Rink, embraced some 160 wheelmen, representing 31 clubs. A constitution was adopted which provides that the name of the league shall be the "League of American Wheelmen," and states that its object is to promote the general interest of bicycling, to ascertain and protect the rights of wheelmen and to encourage touring. The following officers were elected: *President*, C. E. Pratt, of Boston; *Vice-President*, T. K. Longstreth, of Philadelphia; *Corresponding Secretary*, A. S. Parsons, of Cambridge; *Recording Secretary*, J. Frank Burrell, of the Manhattan Club; *Treasurer*, Hugh L. Willoughby, of Saratoga. The convention also elected a Board of Directors, giving, under the rule, representation to every State where there is an organized club.

The parade of wheelmen, which took place on Bellevue Avenue, attracted a large concourse of spectators. There were in all 116 machines in the regular line, divided into four divisions. Besides these, there was a division of unattached riders with 29 machines. The *cortège* was led by Mr. C. E. Hodges, of Boston, accompanied by Mr. Nellson Howard, of Newport, who acted as guide. The first club in the line was the New York, in soldierly-looking gray suits, and riding in beautiful style. Then came the Boston boys, in brown, and the Massachusetts Club, in gray. The Providence Club made a brilliant appearance in their white suits. The Manhattans wore a quiet uniform of blue with black braid. The red stockings of the Yonkers boys were greatly admired, as were the picturesque wheelmen of the Crescent Club. The route was along Bellevue Avenue to the boathouse, where the party was photographed, and thence back to the New Casino, in front of which an exhibition drill was given by the New York Club. After this a short spin through some of the principal streets was enjoyed alike by riders and spectators, and at five o'clock the wheelmen dismounted at their hotel, in time for the bicycling dinner, which was served half an hour later, and at which speeches were made and a song indulged in.

Old residents of Newport declare that, with the exception of the athletic games of 1878 and 1879, no event of the past decade has awakened such wide-spread interest and been so thoroughly enjoyed by all classes of people as was this bicycle meet.

An Earth-rock Avalanche

THE sand-storms through the great Colorado Desert are as obstructive to the Southern Pacific Railway as the snow is to the Central Pacific Road on the Nevada summits. Instead of snow-sheds, the Southern Pacific is putting up sand-fences for many miles, which will greatly lessen the evil. Never in the history of the Central Pacific Road has travel been interrupted for a week before this Winter. Snow-sheds have been destroyed and tracks buried beneath landslides of great extent. The company has given proof of being prepared for the emergency. Snow-plows and working brigades swarmed on 200 miles of track. They seemed to spring out of the ground. But near Alta, on the California slope of the Nevadas, an earth-and-rock avalanche occurred of such magnitude that the army of shovelmen stood aghast at the month's job before them. But a hydraulic gold gravel sluicer smiled at it. "In forty-eight hours, without a pick, a shovel, or a barrow, or a man to wield them, I will say to yon mountain mass, Begone, and it will vanish and leave no sign!" And it was so. It was but an hour's work to make a flume of boards and tap a mountain-stream 150 feet overhead, and lead it to the spot. Then, borrowing some hydraulic hose and three-inch nozzles from gravel miners close by, he had quickly several such streams, under 180 feet pressure, playing with nitro-glycerine powder on the mass. Down came rocks, boulders, trees, stones, and earth; 100 tons at a roll tumbled down the steep declivity, and, good as his word, there remained in forty-eight hours not a hillock to bear record of the wondrous achievement. Quick almost as thought the track was replaced; the cars and engine appeared; glad passengers, released from bondage, made the welkin echo with joyous cheers, and the next train wonders where was the obstruction!

The New Palestine.

THE progress which has been made in Palestine during the last twenty-five years is especially evident in the erection of many new buildings. In Jerusalem, inside the town, ruined houses have been restored or rebuilt. Outside the old town are entirely new suburbs, the extension being made especially towards the west. The Jews have formed among themselves building societies, which have erected long barrack-like buildings adapted for several families. The number of dwellings during the last twenty-five years has been trebled. Bethlehem conveys the impression of a newly built town. In Jaffa the town wall has been demolished, the ditch filled up, and a number of new houses and magazines, even palatial buildings, have been erected. So also in the gardens of Jaffa many new houses have been erected, and to the south and north of the town complete Arabic suburbs, mostly by soldiers from Egypt. In Ramleh, also, new houses are seen, still more in Kaifa. Nazareth has increased in size, and looks as if it had been rebuilt. Tiberias also has its new houses; in Jenin a new military arsenal has been erected, as also in Nablus, along with a fine new barrack. In the latter place the once lonely valley towards the east has assumed quite a homely aspect, and in the town are many new private buildings and also a new khan; there are also the new school, a Roman monastery, and the buildings of the Protestant mission. In Bethlehem a new barrack and arsenal have been erected. Through the schools and the increasing trade the workingpeople have acquired greater style and taste, and the newer houses are thus mostly a great improvement on the old—not the oldest, which, as a rule, are well built. Nearly all the houses have now glass windows, a rare thing twenty years ago.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Beethoven Monument at Vienna.

The great composer was already honored with a statue at Bonn, where he was born December 17th, 1770. Vienna, where he died March 26th, 1827, now honors him in a similar way. He studied under Mozart, and, after ten years of study at Cologne, whose Elector gave him a yearly pension, he began his career in troublous times. Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, desired to secure him as chapel master, but to prevent his leaving Austria the Archduke Rodolph, Prince Lobkowitz and Count Kinsky gave him a salary of 4,000 florins. Beethoven was melancholy, suspicious and distrustful. In symphonies he was unrivaled. The monument, by Zumbusch, was inaugurated May 1st, and faces the Academic Gymnasium. He is represented sitting. The only inscription is, "Ludwig von Beethoven." The base is adorned by figures of dancing genii and larger figures of Prometheus and Liberty.

St. George's Day in Russia.

In the northern parts of Russia, not far from St. Petersburg, it is the custom of the villages to send out the cattle, both cows and sheep, into the fields every Spring on the 23d of April, St. George's Day—St. George being the patron saint of the Muscovites. This is done with no little ceremony, the priest of the town taking a prominent part. Bread, water and eggs are put on the table, covered with a white tablecloth, and placed before the stables where the beasts are confined, and round the table stand the peasants, holding the portraits of different saints, brought from the village church for this occasion. One man is holding with a white cloth the chief Ikon, four pictures painted on one board, in the corner of which may be seen St. George, riding on a white horse, killing the dragon. The women are holding smaller Ikons with cloths, decorated with crosses. After having preached a long sermon, the priest drops the cross three times into the water (which is consecrated), and then, as the cows are let out, he stands at the door, sprinkling them with a brush containing holy water. The cows in Russia are kept indoors from November up to St. George's Day.

New Bazaar at Buda-Pesth.

The new bazaar erected at Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, by the Emperor Francis Joseph, forms a most picturesque illustration of a decidedly picturesque country. The buildings, perched upon the rocks, running down their side and nestling at their base, are attractive enough to render the bazaar a most popular resort in seasons of fairs and expositions. There is much beauty in the rugged strength of the place, besides much of that element which both the inexperienced and the traveled reader would term romantic.

Hop-Picking near Hairnsdale, Victoria.

The culture of the hop is one of the most picturesque shapes which agriculture takes in this colony. A hop-garden in the middle of Summer is a pleasing sight, with its straight rows of the rich, green plants luxuriantly climbing the poles, and their long tendrils gracefully waving and floating in the breeze. A month later it is the scene of great life and bustle as the work of picking is going on. The manner in which this is done is shown in the cut. The poles, with their leafy surroundings, are brought by men to the women and children engaged picking the flowers off into great canvas bins stretched on sticks, and the hops are thence placed in bags and carried off to the drying house, which can be seen in the back of the picture. The chief, indeed almost the only, district of Victoria in which hop growing is carried on is around Bairnsdale. The soil and climate in that part are found very well suited to the culture, and the numerous hop gardens add a beauty and interest to the landscape offered to the view of the passenger on board the steamer plying up and down the River Mitchell.

The Truro Cathedral.

The new Cathedral at Truro, the corner-stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales with elaborate Masonic ceremonies on May 21th, is said to be the first English edifice of the kind that has been begun since some centuries before the Reformation. The structure will be Early English in style, with characteristics of the early part of the thirteenth century. It will consist of choir, nave, north and south transept and crypt. It is estimated that £92,000 is needed to complete the shell of the Cathedral, for the ornamental carving will have to be done by succeeding generations, as will also the completion of the western towers.

An Irish Bog Village.

The County of Roscommon is bounded on the north by Sligo and Leitrim; on the east and south by Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath, King's County and Galway; and on the west by Galway and Mayo. Its greatest length is sixty miles, and the greatest breadth forty miles; comprising an area of 607,691 acres, of which 440,522 are arable, 130,299 uncultivated, 6,732 in plantations, 186 in towns, and 29,370 under water. Peat bogs, however, cover a considerable portion of the plains in this region of Ireland. The average depth of these bogs is commonly from sixteen to twenty-five feet, but some reach thirty to thirty-five feet, and the extreme depth observed is forty-seven feet. More than two-thirds of the space occupied by these bogs is at the west side of the River Shannon, while those which lie to the eastward of the great river are generally known under the name of the Bog of Allen.

The New Water Supply for Saigon.

Some years ago France occupied part of the Empire of Anam, and has been building up her colony of Cochin China. The capital, Saigon, is in the delta of the Cambodia, on the Donnai branch. As the tide ascends beyond this point, the river water is not fit to drink. By sounding in the earth it was found that the alluvion lay on a sandy bed containing excellent water. Pumps failed, however, to obtain a supply, as the clay sank into the quicksands when disturbed. Engineer Thiers set proposed to excavate a basin down to the water. At thirty-six feet excellent water was obtained, free from impurities, but it will be sunk six feet below the lowest tide. It will then be walled in and vaulted, and the water will be pumped up to a reservoir about one hundred feet above the level of the surface.

Foundering of the M.S.S. "American."

The Union mail steamship *American*, on her voyage from Southampton to the Cape of Good Hope, foundered at sea off Cape Palmas on April 23d. The shaft broke at 5 A.M., and the rush of water was so great that the pumps were of little use. At 8 o'clock the passengers, at the commander's request, sat down to breakfast in the saloon. The water still gained, although coals and cargo were thrown overboard, and at 11:30 the word was given to take to the boats. This was done without the least flurry or haste, the captain himself being the last to leave the vessel, which went down soon afterwards, stern foremost, the eight boats laying by to see the last of her. The little fleet then made all sail, steering for Cape Palmas, 210 miles distant.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Chilian army has captured the Peruvian town of Tacna and is advancing on Arica.

—THE Bahama Islands (British) will enter the International Postal Union after the 1st of July next.

—A LEADING hotel in Dundee, Scotland, is furnished throughout with furniture made in Grand Rapids, Mich.

—IT has been arranged that the banquet of the Third Army Corps Union shall be had at Cape May on the 8th of July.

—IT is stated that the Czar continues his policy of conciliating the Poles, and intends to abolish the oppressive tax on landed proprietors.

—THE Spanish Government has authorized its representative at Montevideo to sign a treaty of peace and friendship between Spain and the Republic of Paraguay.

—A NOTICE of an appeal to the Supreme Court has been filed from the order of the Superior Court dismissing the proceedings to remove Mayor Kalloch from office.

—THERE were coined at the Philadelphia Mint during May coins to the value of $3,278,903. Of this sum there was in gold $2,242,500; in silver, $1,100,000, and in base coin, $34,100.

—DURING the month of MAY 6,912 head of cattle and 1,539 head of sheep were shipped from Montreal to Great Britain, an increase of 700 per cent. over any previous month since the exporting of cattle began.

—THE Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, will introduce a Bill in the House of Commons to provide another three-quarters of a million, or a million and a half altogether, from the surplus of the church fund for relief of the distress in Ireland.

—ON the 1st of May a new telegraphic rule went into operation in Switzerland. At the request of the sender, the message must be delivered open at the designated domicile, so that, in the absence of the person for whom it is intended, immediate attention may be given to the matter.

—THE Great Council of Geneva has adopted a project of law, according to which, after a given time, the State and Communes will grant no subsidies for religious purposes. This resolution involves the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant as well as the Catholic Church of this Canton.

—IN the course of the discussion of the Church Bill, June 3d, by the committee of the Prussian Parliament charged with the examination of that measure, it was stated that more than a thousand parishes in Germany, mostly in the provinces on the Rhine, have suffered for the want of proper religious services in consequence of the operation of the Falk laws.

—M. DE LESSEPS, in a speech before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce last week, expressed himself as being very confident in the success of the Panama Canal enterprise. He said he proposed to offer to the British public £166,000 worth of shares of the stock, but did not care whether they were taken or not, as he could get plenty of funds; that he was not asking for money, but offering it.

—ACCORDING to the United States Consul at Birmingham, England, the exports of hardware thence to this country for the quarter ending March 31st were $686,880, against $15,020 in the same period of last year, an increase of $530,960. Of metal sheathing, nearly $50,000 worth has been dispatched, against $225 last year, and more than $15,000 of anvils and vises in excess of last year.

—A TON of gold or silver contains 29,166·66 ounces. A ton of gold is worth $602,875. A ton of silver, at the present rate per ounce, is worth about $32,000. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,203 pounds, and is worth nearly $300,000. A cubic foot of silver weighs 600 pounds, and is worth about $18,000. The value of gold coin, bars and bullion, in circulation in the world, is estimated at $3,500,000,000. This would make in a mass a twenty-five foot cube.

—THE annual report of the New York Cotton Exchange shows that the number of bales sold for future delivery from June 1st, 1879, to May 29th, 1880, was 36,728,200; for export, 155,894; for spinning, 169,202; for speculation, 14,502; for transit, 1,150. These figures do not include shipments to mills by commission merchants without the intervention of brokers, which are estimated at about 1,000 a week. The deliveries on contract amounted to 256,800 bales, making the gross handling of cotton for twelve months 680,248 bales.

—THE declaration of the suffrage women, made in a National Convention at Indianapolis a few days ago, under the direction of Susan B. Anthony, is as follows: "In this year of Presidential nominations, of political campaigns, we announce our determination to support no party, by whatever name called, unless such party shall in its platform first emphatically indorse and support our demand for a recognition of the exact and permanent political equality of woman with man, and we hereby declare that we shall hold any party as an enemy that does not make woman suffrage a permanent and immediate demand in its platform of principles."

—PREPARATIONS are making at Atlanta, Ga., to receive the Seventh Regiment of New York and other organizations next October. The citizen soldiery from the other Southern cities will be present to meet the Northern organizations and lay the corner-stone of the Memorial Armory to be erected by the Gate City Guard of Atalanta to commemorate the reunion of the States and return of peace. The friendly meeting of the Northern and Southern soldiers on the battlefields of Atalanta will be the first and most important event of the kind that ever occurred in the South. Transportation for the soldiers and citizens from all parts of the country is being arranged.

—THE Comptroller of the Currency reports the additional national bank circulation issued during the month of May to be $626,100; the amount surrendered or destroyed, $369,187, leaving the net increase $256,913. The net increase of national bank notes during the year ending June 1st, 1880, is $15,761,432. The increase of legal tender notes on deposit for the purpose of retiring circulation during the month of May is $294,983; increase during the year ending June 1st, 1880, $6,558,581; amount of legal tender notes now on deposit, $19,521,725. The total amount of national bank notes outstanding June 1st, 1880, is $343,836,243, not including national gold bank notes, amounting to $1,347,490.

—THE Whittaker Court of Inquiry made a final report May 29th, finding that the colored cadet wrote the "note of warning" himself, and that he "is not ignorant of the person or persons engaged in the affair" of the night of April 5th. The court is also of the opinion that "the imputation upon the character of Cadet Whittaker referred to in the order convening the court" is fully sustained. The report was signed by all the members of the court. Whittaker was placed under arrest to await the decision of the authorities at Washington. Professor Greener, who has been in attendance at the Court of Inquiry, has obtained a promise from the Secretary of War that he shall be heard in Whittaker's defense before action is taken upon the report of the court.

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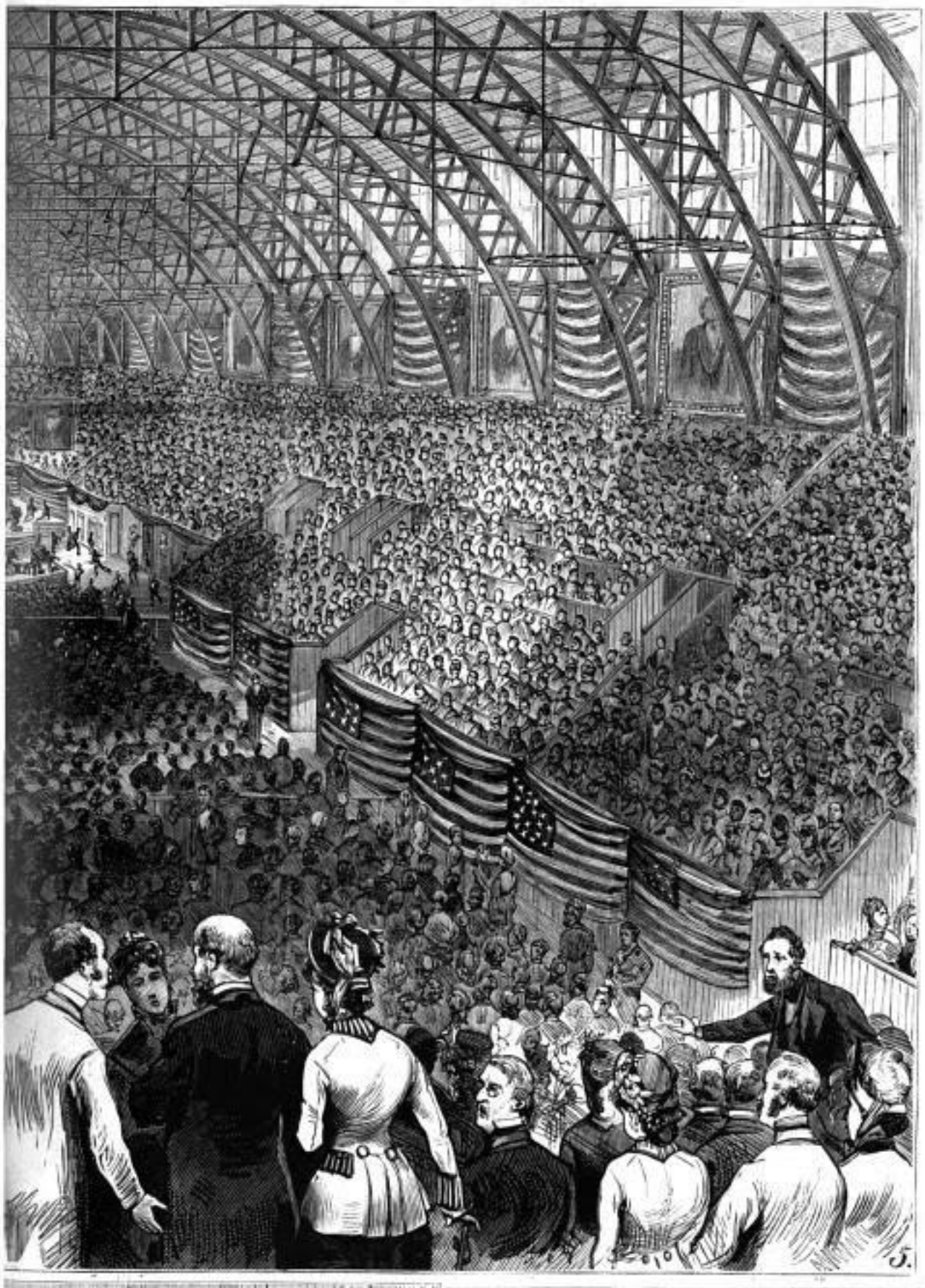




1. SPECTATORS' ENTRANCE TO THE HALL. 2. A COMMITTEE-ROOM IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING. 3. DELEGATES' ENTRANCE TO THE HALL. 4. THE SHERMAN HEADQUARTERS [illegible] BY SPECIAL TRAIN. 7. COLORED DELEGATES DISCUSSING THE SITUATION IN THE LOBBY OF THE PALMER HOUSE.

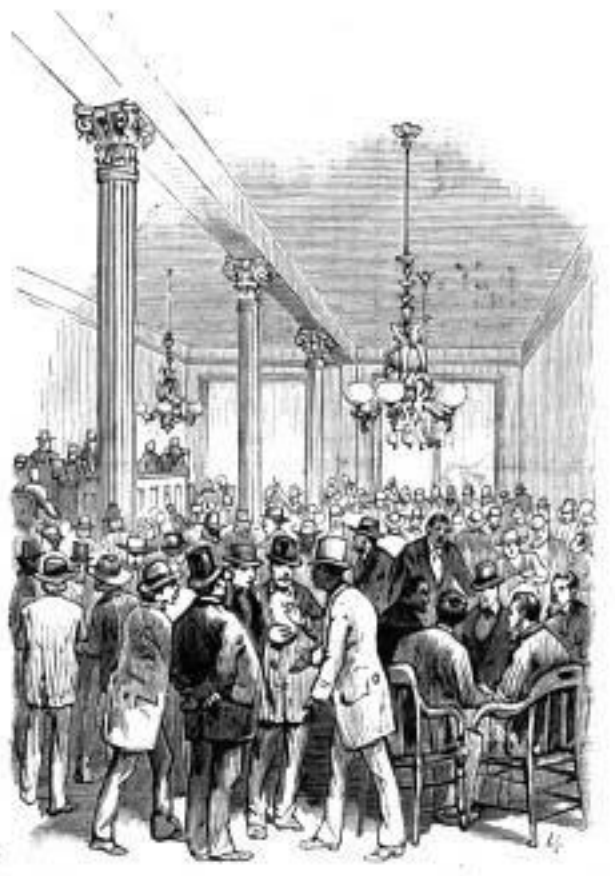
ILLINOIS.—OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—INCIDENTS OF THE NATIONA

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GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL. 5. HON. GEO. F. HOAR, TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN, ADDRESSING THE DELEGATES, JUNE 2D. 6. ARRIVAL OF THE MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE DELEGATIONS
MEETING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION AT FARWELL HALL, JUNE 1ST.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 267.

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A SUMMER DAY.

THE flowers lay sleeping beneath the dew,
But the mother had watched the whole night through.

The wild sweet carol of one small bird
Was the sound that the weary watcher heard.

And the Summer dawn grew into the morn,
But still she sat weeping beside her first-born.

Life was fading from cheek and brow,
And the mother's heart was hopeless now.

Not one sound in the chamber of death
Was heard—save the maiden's laboring breath;

No word of murmur the mother spake;
Silent and calm are the hearts that break.

Morning passed, and the noon so still
Bathed in warm loveliness wood and hill.

Slumbrous airs from the west went by,
And the mother watched for her child to die.

Afternoon came, and the maiden lay
Lifeless and soulless—a mold of clay!

Rain came down as from eyes that wept,
Watching was over—the maiden slept.

Through the quiet falling of evening rain
The bird's soft carol stole in again:

Then the mother said, "'Tis a message for me
To tell me, O child, that 'tis well with thee!"

And the Summer day ended, for "late or long,
Every day weareth to even-song."

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IS THE MARRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. TIPPINGS IS VANQUISHED.

A FEW hours later Valentine emerges from her chamber and walks swiftly to the beach. Like many another, the rich promise of the early morning has given way to darkness and menace of storm.

She stands motionless upon the beach, her dreary eyes turned outward to the gray sea that comes heaving and tumbling in at her feet.

A short distance away sit Toboskie and Jack Ashhurst, idly lounging upon the sands. The eyes of the former light upon Valentine, and he watches her in fascination. She stands sidewise to the Channel, and he sees that her eyes burn with an unnatural lustre, and are rimmed around with heavy, dark circles, extending downwards into the swarthy cheek. Aside from that, there are no signs of that inestimable agony that smote her as she stood in the fresh light of the young day.

Still Toboskie regards her. Her countenance is an icy blank, and the straight outlines of face and figure are sharply defined against the cold, gray mass of heaving sea.

A stiff breeze comes up from the water, driving clouds of mist before it, and fluttering the sable garments of that tall, slim form, that seems cast in iron; the sea, dark and angry, breaks roughly at her feet.

Suddenly Toboskie turns to his companion:

"Queer woman," he says, lowly, "that companion of your wife's."

"Valentine!" says Jack, heartily. "Give you my word, one of the best women ever lived. She is a trifle reserved in her manners, and the least bit melancholy in appearance," gazing with slight dissatisfaction at her sable robes; "but it doesn't signify," with cheerful allegiance to Valentine's cause. "'The rank is but——' What's that Burns says about the 'guinea stamp'?"

"Known her long?" asks the Ambassador, disgracefully invulnerable to Jack's poetic effusion.

"Known her long!" he reiterates, amazed. "Why, I thought you knew that she has been life-long companion to my wife—her second mother—and all that. Gypsy's parents died when she was a baby, and left her entirely to the care of Valentine, who is a distant relative."

No more is said on that subject; and they soon stroll away; but all the morning the Ambassador carries with him a vision of that stony figure as it stood upon the beach.

At dinner—their seats are all together—Jack is silent and a trifle *distrait*.

"Got the blues, Jack?" asks Chetewood, cheerfully.

"No." There is a suspicion of crossness in Jack's voice.

"What's up, then?"

"Thinking."

Chetewood sinks back in his chair with amazement.

"Didn't know you ever thought," he says, with unbecoming impudence.

"Don't usually," confesses Jack, frankly; "but the races come off to-morrow."

"Jack's horsey to-day," says Gypsy, with an adorable little sniff of her dainty nose.

"Good cause to be," says Chetewood, instantly sympathetic. "He makes or loses a cool hundred thousand to-morrow."

"More than that," corrects Jack, dismally.

Toboskie looks at him in surprise.

"Is there any doubt," he inquires, "of your horse winning?"

"Lord, no!" cries Jack, overwhelmed with contrition at his apprehension of his favorite thoroughbred—even though that apprehension lasted but a moment. "Her equal isn't in this country," this with pardonable pride.

"A better horse never made tracks," assents Chetewood, with a growing air of conviction. "I have a few thousands staked on her, myself; but I don't feel very apprehensive. I was down at the stables this morning; Tippings is sure of her; says she never was in better order in her life."

Toboskie is innocent of any knowledge whatever of horseflesh; but he is not so ignorant of humanity. Turning to Jack, he says, carelessly:

"Are you sure of your trainer?"

Jack stares.

"Sure of Tippings!" he repeats, as if doubting his senses; "what do you mean, man?"

"I mean that I don't like that man's face," says the Ambassador, emphatically; "he is treacherous."

"Treacherous—*Tippings!* Good gracious! I have had him for three years, and he came with the best of credentials. He's won more races than any trainer in England. His *whole life* has been spent with horses." Jack's manner announces that it is a moral impossibility for a man of such advantageous rearing to embrace a sin as glaring as treachery.

"Nevertheless, I am suspicious of Mr. Tippings, despite his early advantages," says Toboskie, dryly.

"Oh, come, now! Tippings is no end of a good fellow—honest as the day," says Chetewood, flinging in his mite in favor of the abused Tippings.

"It seems to me," says Gypsy, with a laudable desire to be mixed up in everything—"it seems to me that in a race the rider is as important as the horse."

"You're right there," says her husband, approvingly, "and you may be sure that I would not rest well if I had the slightest doubt of my jockey. I have risked more on that race than I ever did before in my life; and, although to lose would not be to break me, it would make a pretty good hole in our spare money, Gyp."

Valentine, as usual, has listened to the conversation in silence, and an hour later may be seen advancing towards Jack Ashhurst's stables, which are under the dominion of the reliable Mr. Tippings. At the door she is met by that dignitary himself, who touches his hat and makes his best bow. He is not at all surprised at this visit, as both Gypsy and Valentine, having weaknesses for horseflesh, are in the habit of occasionally visiting him in his dominion.

"I called to see Flotsome," says Valentine, carelessly. "She runs to-morrow, don't she?"

"That she does, ma'am; and I never see 'er promise fairer," says the honorable Tippings, who is a person of incredibly diminutive stature, with a meagre, starved look that instantly proclaims his vocation. He has a shock of sandy hair, but black eyes, small and twinkling like a rat's. Long before Toboskie announced his opinion of this individual, her shrewd, keen instincts had apprised Valentine of the crafty, treacherous nature of this necessary appendage to Lord Jack's stables. He is dressed now in a suit of broadcloth, irreproachably black, while in his shirt-front sparkles a huge stone of suspicious dimension and brilliancy. His resolute assumption to gentility is simply sickening. Valentine, for an instant, closes her eyes upon the harrowing spectacle of Mr. Tippings standing bowing and smirking in the door, while from every portion of his painfully respectable attire comes a stanch aroma of the stables. "She's *sure* to win," continues Mr. Tippings, flushed with his approaching success. "Lud, ma'am, the labor I've spent on that 'orse! As I tells Lord Jack this morning, says I, 'Lord Jack, the race is the easiest part, after all; it's the practice, and training and sweating.'" Mr. Tippings is very careful to give the *ing* its proper emphasis, "'that is killing. The duties of a statesman is nothing to the cares that rest upon the shoulders of a 'ead trainer.' Why, will you believe it, ma'am? me and Flotsome has actually sweated off *three* pound the day for a fortnight. It is a feat, ma'am, unequaled in the annals of 'istory." With a bosom swelling with conscious pride, the gallant Tippings leads the way down the entry to the stall wherein stands the dainty queen of the stables. She is a pretty beast enough—that is, judging by the small portion unconcealed by the jealous blanket—with a delicate head and neck, and smooth, clean legs, that represents a fortune.

"How long has Lord Jack had her?" asks Valentine; "not over two years, has he?"

"Two years, coming the fifth of next month," says the condescending Tippings, "and there's a deal 'o money in 'er—too much to put on one piece of flesh. Not but what the creetur"—Valentine shudders—"is worth her weight in gold."

"And there is no doubt of her winning?"

"Not the slightest." Mr. Tippings grows an inch taller, while his diamond sparkles bravely.

"It would be a great loss all around if she were to fail," observes Valentine. "I suppose Lord Jack will make you a handsome present, if she wins."

"I don't know: Lord Jack may present me with a few 'undred, in testimony of 'is gratitude for my unvaluable services. Not that money can pay me, 'owever," says the head-trainer, with refreshing modesty.

"I desire you to tell me, immediately, how much Lord Ashhurst will probably give you for winning this race for him?" in a voice suddenly changed to haughty command. Valentine addresses the astonished trainer.

He stares hard, then evidently thinks it prudent to obey.

"Fifty pounds, more or less," he says, briefly.

"Very well." The visitor fixes her steady eyes directly upon her companion, and under that stare Mr. Tippings's back breaks into goose-flesh. "You once lost a very important race, if you remember, Mr. Tippings. How was that done?"

This is a random shot of Valentine's, but it strikes home. Jack Ashhurst's head-trainer grows a lively purple, and his rat-like eyes take on a look of dread and fear.

"Really, ma'am," he stammers. "I 'ope you don't think—that is to say—I—if you 'ave ever 'eard—er—any base calumny——"

"I have heard some very strange stories, Mr. Tippings," says Valentine, severely, and the wretched trainer trembles in his boots. "But it is not my intention of disclosing what I know of you," continues the lady, with laudable generosity. "I have no desire to get you into trouble, Mr. Tippings."

The three years of the trainer's servitude to Lord Jack present a clean record, and beyond this Valentine has not the slightest knowledge of her victim. Still the baleful shadow of some dirty trick of the past causes the unhappy Tippings to shudder with the liveliest apprehension.

"What—what do you know?" he stammers, quaking in his brave attire.

"Do you wish me to tell?"

Again Valentine fixes the full gaze of her mysterious eyes upon the trainer.

"Oh, no; don't trouble yourself—I wouldn't think of putting you out——"

"Very well. And now I will tell you my business. Mr. Tippings, *Flotsome must lose that race to-morrow!*"

The head-trainer stares at her as if she had gone mad.

"Eh—what?" he mutters, perceptibly increasing the distance between himself and this remarkable woman.

"I want you to lose this race," she reiterates, slowly. "Can it be done?"

"It can be done, foul," says the trainer, unconscious that he is entirely under the magnetic influence of the other.

"Then it must be done; you cannot be backward in devising some little plan to that effect. You know it will not be the first time, Mr. Tippings, that you have done this sort of thing."

Visions of sorceresses and witchcraft float before the excited fancy of the wretched Tippings, and a great gulp breaks in his throat; but he is speechless.

"If Flotsome loses the race to-morrow you make two hundred pounds, *and are safe*. If she does *not*, I shall feel it my duty, Mr. Tippings, to put in possession of the English Jockey Club the facts I know concerning you. What do you say?"

What can he say, poor Tippings, with every vein tingling under the mesmeric fire of those powerful eyes, and the consciousness of past guilt heavy upon him? But he makes one faint effort to resist.

"But consider," he falters, "my reputation as a jockey will be ruined, ma'am, and the finger of scorn pointed at me wherever I go. I sha'n't be able to look Flotsome in the face, nor any other 'orse!"

Valentine says not a word, only transfixes him with her powerful eyes. He stands motionless as stone, his gaze fixed helplessly on her. Then his lips move slowly, stiffly, and his words are low, but distinct:

"I'll do as you say, ma'am."

Valentine withdraws her gaze, and with a shudder the trainer reels back against the partition.

"I will bid you good-morning," she says, quietly.

Tippings's eyes follow her in fear and horror, then from his pale lips breaks forth an emphatic declaration.

"She's the devil!" says Tippings, wrathfully.

As Valentine enters the hotel she meets Lord Ashhurst. As she passes him a ray of feeling, for the first time since reading the fatal letter, breaks up the icy blank of her countenance.

"Poor Jack!" she mutters; "poor fellow! It will nearly kill him; and he is the only true friend I ever found, *yet it has to be!*"

CHAPTER VIII.—FLOTSOME'S DEFEAT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

LATE next day—the day of the biggest race in England, and which has determined the championship between the two most famous horses in the country—Jack comes staggering in his wife's room like a drunken man. He has had a terrible blow, and, true to the simple instincts of his nature, comes home for comfort. True, later he may go down-stairs and invite all his friends in to a champagne supper and grow a trifle convivial, or, as his man delicately expresses it, "get beastly drunk." Still, now, poor Jack, with his great "spirit" and "weak flesh," comes home to Gypsy like a home-sick child, at present only desiring to get entirely away from the world, and very sick at heart.

His ruddy visage is blanched to a dull gray, and his eyes are sunken and hollow. At his heels follows the faithful Tippings, his smart jockey suit covered with dirt, one arm bound in a sling, and his nose bearing the evidence of recent blood—and blood that flowed generously. Supremely indifferent to propriety, Mr. Tippings, in a very dilapidated condition, carefully seats himself sideways upon a blue satin chair in Gypsy's bedroom, the painful solicitude with which he accomplishes this feat showing that his injuries are not confined to outward view.

Gypsy starts up at the entrance, and looks in alarm at her husband's wild eyes and haggard face: nor does the presence of the head-trainer in her bed-chamber cause less consternation. Still, at present, Gypsy loyally confines her attention to her husband, who, with a heartrending groan, sinks in a chair opposite to his trainer.

"Good gracious! Jack, what is the matter?" cries Gypsy, not over particular as to the elegance of her language in this exigency.

Jack, in a state of utter collapse, refuses to speak.

"Jack, for mercy's sake, tell me what has happened?" urges his wife, her voice unconsciously running the gamut.

Still her husband maintains that terrifying silence, and she glances for explanation at his companion. Mr. Tippings, motionless as stone, still poises himself in that uncomfortable attitude upon the edge of the chair, and has fixed his eyes in mournful contemplation upon his employer, it thereby being impossible for him to perceive that beseeching glance of the lady.

"Jack"—Lady Ashhurst possesses herself of her husband's broad shoulder, which she shakes vigorously—"Jack, if you don't tell me what is the matter, I'll—I'll—*Tell me what is the matter!*"

Under this final, fierce command, Jack raises his haggard eyes, and Gypsy recoils.

"It's no use, Gyp," he says, vaguely, though in tones of deepest despair. "It's all up."

"*What* is all up?"

Jack relapses into silence, and again his wife looks across at Mr. Tippings, who shakes his head in mournful corroboration.

"Jack, you terrify me!" cries poor Gypsy, wringing her hands. "Will you tell me what dreadful thing has happened?"

Again Lord Ashhurst lifts his head with that weary, impatient gesture, and regards his wife in dreary wonder.

"Is it possible you don't know?" he says.

"I don't know *any* thing, only that you are very brutal to keep me in suspense!"

There is a suspicion of tears in Gypsy's voice which instantly has the effect to bring Jack to his senses.

"I have lost the race, Gypsy," he says, quietly; but his face grows positively ghastly as, for the first time, he puts into words the terrible loss that will soon be published all over the country.

Gypsy stands as if stunned. A minute of supreme silence comes in the chamber. Then all the good and loyal instincts of her nature come to the front. The future evil, which in the past few weeks has just begun to dawn upon her, is entirely vanquished for the time being, and she gets further away from the precipice upon which she has stood. To this man, who has been a faithful and indulgent husband, she takes up her woman's mission of comforter and sustainer for, perhaps, the first and the last time. Against Jack's rough cheek she lays her rose-leaf of a face, and throws her slim white arms around his neck.

"Poor Jack! *dear* Jack!" she whispers, and he feels a rain of tears upon his clinched hands. "Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry!"

"I know you are, little woman!" His voice is resolutely steady.

"How did it happen? I thought Flotsome was *sure* of the race!"

Jack flinches every time the mare is mentioned; nevertheless, he commences a full explanation, while his trainer sits by in dismal silence.

"I saw," says he, "as soon as she came on the field that she wasn't in prime condition; still, even then I hadn't any doubt of her, though she made a bad start and carried her legs stiff. But before she had made two bouts I saw how it would be! She wasn't far behind—not a length—and all the men thought Tip was holding her in to save her for the last round, but I knew the poor little mare was doing her level best. It was the first time she ever was led, and, Lord! how hard it went with her! She felt it as bad as I did, and I saw by her eyes, when she passed the stand, that she couldn't understand it. I whistled to her as she went by, and if you could have seen how she turned her head and looked at me, and then leaped again to her work! She did bravely; not another horse in the country would have kept up as she did. But it was no use; she was beat dead. And just as the other horse drew up to the goal on the last round, Flotsome stumbled and fell. I reached her in a minute; her flanks were steaming and the blood spurting from her mouth and nose. It was sickening—never was so cut up in my life—couldn't do a thing but stand and look at her, while she rolled her great eyes up at me and bit the earth. Do you mean to tell me," and Jack's voice rises excitedly—"do you mean to tell me that horses don't know—that they have no intelligence? Flotsome knew as well as *I* did that she had lost the race; and the last thing she did before she died was to beg my pardon with her poor dumb eyes."

Gypsy bursts into a flood of tears.

"Oh, poor, dear Flotsome!" she sobs. "*Dead!* What a sin! I wish there never had been a race-course in the world. Oh, poor little Flotsome!"

"It was a most haffecting sight," says Tippings, mournfully wiping his eyes. "I never expected I was saving 'er for this! And for two weeks past we've sweated off three pounds the day."

"How was it done?" asks Gypsy, in a tearful voice from behind her handkerchief.

"We blanketed 'eavily, and took pow'ful hexercise," promptly responds Mr. Tippings, in lachrymose tones.

Gypsy flashes one indignant glance upon the unconscious trainer, and turns to her husband.

"How did the tragedy occur?" she repeats, in tones that would wither any one but the irrepressible Tippings.

"I can't understand it," says poor Jack. "Everybody was wild with excitement, and not a man on the ground had ever seen a case like it before. There *is* one upon record, I believe"—the trainer starts sharply, but in the next instant his countenance regains its former expression of acute suffering—"but in that case the horse lived, though unable to track a course for months. Probably Flotsome would have got over it if she had not thrown herself; it was that that broke the blood-vessel, though she was all racked to pieces before she came on the track."

After the first shock of grief, Gypsy's woman's nature asserts itself.

"And to think of all the money you lose!" she exclaims, dismally.

"Money!" cries Jack. "I don't care a —— for my money. It's the other fellows and the shame of being beat, and—and poor, dead Flotsome!"

"You look as if you were suffering, Mr. Tippings," observes Gypsy, now turning to the trainer.

"Never were so knocked up in my life," affirms that individual, looking wofully at his

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patched up condition. "Two cuts on the 'end, shoulder dislocated, arm broke, and the bridge of my nose knocked into a cocked 'at. To say nothing of bruises elsewhere!" concludes Tippings, with praiseworthy reticence, refraining to locate his other injuries.

"Really, that is very bad," commiserates Gypsy, but it must be confessed that her tones are a trifle indifferent.

"Here, Tippings," says Jack, "take that and invest in court-plaster," tossing him some gold.

"And I 'ope, my lud, begins the trainer, deprecatingly, "I 'ope as you won't be a-treasuring this up against me. You can't feel more cut up about it than me," concludes Tippings, with watery eyes and villainous grammer.

"Oh, Tippings, that's all right," says Jack, absently. "I have no cause to treasure anything against you. You couldn't help it. You may go now."

With the liveliest signs of suffering, the battered trainer raises upon his feet and gets into locomotion.

"It's very kind of you indeed, my lud," he says at the door, and overwhelmed with emotion, "very kind! Not but wot I'm as blameless as a babe unborn; but it ain't allus as we gets our just deserts in this world. But one thing I can say, an' with truth, I 'ave bit the dust *this* day!"

With which flight of eloquence, Tippings bows and closes the door, and upon the outside triumphantly rattles his two hundred pounds which repose safely in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

THE National Republican Convention assembled at Chicago on Wednesday, June 2d. The hotels of the city, which seemed packed to their utmost capacity before the opening day, were literally jammed. There was unprecedented trouble and confusion over the distribution of tickets, and only a small portion of them had been distributed at the hour of meeting. Many prominent persons were unable to obtain admission. Otherwise the arrangements were as near perfect as need be; the seating the various divisions, the location of entry and exit, provisions to insure order, and the decorations, were all such as to reflect credit on all concerned. The hall, as prepared, was four hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide. At one end was the presiding officer's platform, elegantly furnished and decorated with flags and flowers. Back of the speaker were the invited guests; in front of him, a little below, was the press platform, and below this the main floor of the convention. The galleries rise on all sides to the spring of the roof arches. There were great and small festoons of flags, State seals and huge portraits of such leaders as Lincoln, Sumner, Ben Wade, Thaddeus Stevens and Morton.

After a series of caucuses and a protracted contest between the Grant and anti-Grant men of the National Committee, during which Senator Cameron refused to accede to the will of the members, and was threatened with deposition from the chairmanship of the committee if he did not yield, a compromise arrangement was finally reached, by which it was agreed, on the part of the Grant men, that Senator Hoar should be reported as temporary chairman, without opposition, and that the Convention should be organized without any attempt to enforce the unit rule, leaving the question for after consideration and decision. On the basis of this understanding, Mr. Cameron was left to act as chairman of the committee. The effect of this arrangement was to tide over what seemed a very threatening point. It at least postponed, and, perhaps, wholly averted, a rupture.

At one o'clock, sharp, Senator Cameron called the delegates to order, and after prayer had been offered, he carried out the agreement by nominating Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, for temporary chairman.

Mr. Hale, of Maine, to expedite business, moved that the roll of States and Territories be called, and the chairman of each delegation shall name its members of committees in the following order: On Permanent Organization, on Rules and Order of Business, on Credentials and on Resolutions. It was adopted, without objections. The roll was accordingly called and the committees named.

The Committee on Credentials organized in the afternoon and adjourned until 8 P.M. The Grant men moved that B. F. Tracy, of New York, be made chairman. Chandler, of Maine, moved to substitute the name of Conger, of Michigan, which was agreed to—20 to 11.

The Committee on Rules and Order of Business organized with James A. Garfield as chairman and Thomas W. Chase, of Rhode Island, secretary.

The Committee on Resolutions organized with Edwards Pierrepont, of New York, as chairman, and T. D. Edwards, of Nevada, secretary. After hearing delegates from the National Woman's Suffrage Convention in favor of a resolution in the national platform favoring woman suffrage, the committee took a recess until evening.

After a number of credentials and protests had been presented and referred to the committee, an adjournment was taken until 11 A.M. on the 3d. Caucuses of the recognized leaders were held in the evening, and few of the active delegates got a wink of sleep during the night.

On Thursday, the second day of the Convention, little progress was made beyond the completion of the permanent organization, Mr. Hoar being continued as President. One or two passages-at-arms occurred between Messrs. Hale and Frye, representing the Blaine interest, and Senator Conkling, representing the friends of General Grant—in all of which the latter were worsted. At the afternoon session, a motion that the Committee on Credentials be requested to report—the same being a substitute for a resolution directing that the report of the Committee on Rules be presented—was rejected, after debate, by a vote of 318 yeas to 406 nays. This was regarded as a victory for the anti Grant party. After this action the Convention adjourned until Friday.

On Friday the Convention received the reports of the Committees on Rules and Credentials, did not discuss the former, which forbade the unit rule, and spent the day and night discussing the latter, which maintained and applied the principle of Congressional district representation as against State Convention instructions. Senator Conkling met a defeat at the beginning of the morning session on a proposition to forfeit the seats of three West Virginians who had voted "no" on a resolution he had offered to bind all the delegates to the nominee of the Convention. The vote was so overwhelming against the Senator that between the yeas and the nays he withdrew his resolution. It was decided to take up the contested States separately. A proposition to substitute the minority or Grant report on Alabama was negatived by 449 nays to 306 yeas.

The case of Illinois was then taken up, and an hour was allowed for the presentation of arguments on both sides. The majority report was admirably read by Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut.

In the course of his remarks Senator Logan made a direct assault on California and said: "I am told that the California delegation could not obtain their certificates until they had pledged themselves to vote for a certain candidate. Am I right or not?"

Up jumped Mr. Pixley, the spokesman of California, and in an impassioned retort narrated the steps by which his delegation was appointed, and concluded as follows:

"And, Mr. Chairman, we were instructed first, last and all the time for the distinguished Senator from Maine," and then sat down. Talk about the applause for the "old soldier?" It was like a zephyr's breath compared to a tornado. Hats, canes, umbrellas, arms, heads, coats, were waved. The air was packed with Blaine. The great place was a thunderclap of Blaine. Logan stood and sweated profusely. Conkling turned from white to red. Cameron pulled his mustache and wiped his glasses. Hale sat nervous, but permeated by one vast tickle. Frye laughed till tears rolled down his cheeks. Fred Douglass pulled his long white beard. Hoar forgot to play with his gavel. The New York delegation grew dark and saturnine, but the ladies were ecstatic and their escorts were wild with delight.

Cheers for Grant and Blaine alternated during the debate, and, after an allusion by Mr. Storrs to the superior trustworthiness as workers of the followers of the ex-President, Mr. Conkling led the cheering, waving a flag, while somebody started the cry, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and the convention sang. Then followed cheers for Blaine and Grant inextricably mixed.

Nearly every person within the hall was on his feet, each cheering for his own favorite. Flags, shawls, parasols, hats and all other movable things within reach were swung furiously to and fro. Bob Ingersoll, seizing a lady's shawl, waved it frantically from the platform. In the centre of the stage, just back of the Chair, a woman, with a flag in one hand and a parasol in the other, swung them to and fro time and again, crying "Hurrah for Blaine!" She stood directly in front of Governor Jewell, of Connecticut. Finally she obtained two flags, and, with one in each hand, continued her enthusiastic efforts as long as the uproar lasted.

Half an hour elapsed before the Chair made any effort to recall the house to order. At this time Mr. Hale, of Maine, was seen standing above the surging crowd upon the shoulders of some friends, waving the banner of Maine, and with the banners of the Blaine States grouped closely about him.

At half-past 1 o'clock, when the vote on Illinois was reached, Senator Clayton offered a resolution to adopt the minority report instead of the majority report. The contest in the First Congressional District was first voted on separately. The Convention unseated the sitting Grant delegates by 387 to 332, thus defeating Clayton's motion. At 2 o'clock Senator Logan insisted upon a vote by States upon the adoption of the majority report upon the First Illinois District, which had been virtually decided by vote to reject the minority report. The majority report was adopted by 384 to 356, and the Grant delegates were unseated.

At 2:30 on Saturday morning the Convention adjourned until 11 o'clock. Upon reassembling at that hour, the Convention decided the contests for seats in the Kansas, West Virginia and Utah cases, after which, having first negatived, by 479 to 276, a motion to proceed to the nomination of candidates, the rules reported by the committee were adopted, the so-called "unit rule" being nullified. The Platform, as reported by the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, with the addition of a Civil Service plank proposed by Mr. Barker, of Massachusetts, was next adopted. Then the candidates were formally presented. Mr. James F. Joy, of Michigan, nominated Mr. Blaine, Mr. Pixley, of California, and Mr. Frye, of Maine, seconding the nomination. General Grant was nominated by Senator Conkling; Secretary Sherman, by General Garfield; Mr. Windom, by E. F. Drake, of Minnesota; Mr. Edmunds, by Mr. Billings, of Vermont; Mr. Washburne, by Mr. Cassidy, of Wisconsin. The speeches of Senator Conkling, Mr. Frye and General Garfield were especially eloquent, and elicited the wildest applause, the scenes of enthusiasm even eclipsing those of the previous night. At 11:50 P. M. the Convention adjourned until Monday, June 7th.

The Platform rehearses the great benefits of Republican rule to the country, which has restored solidity to national finances, lifted the credit of the country and insured the prosperity of the future; it advocates popular education, adherence to the Constitution, prohibition of the use of public funds for sectarian schools; favors protection of American labor, commerce and industries; denounces polygamy, and renews the obligations of the country to the Union soldiers. The Platform opposes unlimited Chinese immigration, and suggests Congressional modification of existing treaties to remedy the evil; commends the Hayes Administration; arraigns the Democratic Party, and holds it to be the duty of the Republicans to harmonize the whole country.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE KENTUCKY INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.

THE finest view of the three cities about the Falls of the Ohio may be had from the dome of the Kentucky Institute for the Blind. From its height, on the very beginning of the great bend of the Ohio in which Louisville lies, may be seen this largest city of the Southwest, extending along a river-front of seven miles, while on the northern (or Indiana) shore are Jeffersonville and New Albany, separated in the view by the magnificent bridge of a mile in length, as by a line.

But if the view from the dome awakens feelings of delight, the scenes presented to a visitor in the building itself impress him with deeper feelings of wonder and admiration. The South has been marvelously prompt to establish and maintain the various charities for the defective classes. Her schools for the deaf and dumb and those for the blind stand in every Southern State, with the single exception of Florida, monuments of the wise philanthropy of her people. Our correspondent was assured at the Kentucky School for the Blind that it was but a type of what was going on all through the South. The building is palatial in size, beautifully located in a grove of ten acres, and contains about seventy pupils. The instruction appears exactly like that of any well-endowed boarding-school, with the addition of industrial training given to both sexes.

The girls, in one room visited by our artist, were busily engaged at sewing-machines and knitting-machines, which they managed in all their details with the facility of persons with perfect sight, threading their needles by means of a thin wire as rapidly and dexterously as some persons with sight could have done it. Other girls in this room were sewing by hand, and all the older girls learn to cut out their own garments by means of stiff paper patterns, put them together and make them. Some of their crochet-work was beautiful and perfect; and even in the homely art of darning stockings not a few were proficient. Some little blind children, fresh arrivals in the school, illustrated the first steps in educating the blind. One little girl was taking lessons in developing her sense of touch by putting together some of Crandall's building blocks; another was putting embossed words, like her copy, into a reading frame, made with parallel grooves just fitted to hold the little slips of pasteboard on which the words were pasted; another was learning to distinguish by touch the various common objects of the household, such as coffee, tea, rice, starch, hominy and beans, while others were piecing the little triangles of the kindergarten into the various shapes devised for them in their tablets. The scroll-saw had evidently been at work for their benefit, for in one room a number of children were putting together a dissected county-map of the State, naming each county by its shape with unerring precision of touch. In fact, this sense was made to minister to the cause of education in a wonderful way. A large supply of tangible models gave them ideas of natural history and elementary physiology. Our artist saw a totally blind lad of fourteen dissect and put together a manikin, or model of the human body, naming each part correctly, and describing the circulation of the blood and the action of the heart with as complete a knowledge as that of any seeing child of his age.

Their pencil-writing was peculiar but legible, and written on squares of pasteboard the size of a letter-sheet, with narrow grooves in it to enable them to keep the line. A simple device of a tablet, with an awl and a guide, gave them means for writing and reading their own exercises and compositions.

At the hour set apart for systematic exercise, the pupils were seen in the grand gymnasium hall—70 feet long, 30 feet wide and 24 feet high—going through the various movements of calisthenics, according to Dr. Dio Lewis's system of light gymnastics. Here, also, was placed a beautiful pipe-organ of twenty stops with a double row of keys, upon which some of the advanced pupils gave an exhibition of their skill. In fact, the instruction in music in all schools for the blind is made especially prominent, as it is a branch in which the blind can compete with the seeing at less disadvantage than in any other. Their singing and pianoforte playing is often of artistic merit, and in their band and orchestral music they do well.

The industrial department for the boys is necessarily limited. Broom-making, simple upholstery (like mattress and lounge-making), the various styles of cane-work, and, in some schools, willow-work, brush-making and pianoforte-tuning are taught with more or less success, according to the natural aptitude of the pupils. This, indeed, seems to be the only limit to the education of a blind child.

Under the same roof is located the American Printing House for the Blind, the largest establishment of the kind in the world, and now receiving a subsidy of $10,000 a year from the general Government. Every superintendent of a State school for the blind is, *ex-officio*, a member of its board of trustees, and receives for his school, books and tangible apparatus according to its number of pupils. The new devices here, in respect to cheap stereotyping, were wonderful. By their process the stereotype plates of a volume of 150 pages of the size of Webster's dictionary could be easily carried under a man's arm. Under the ordinary system these would fill a cart and be a load for a horse.

In this well-appointed school, of which B. B. Huntoon is superintendent, with its abundant evidence of thoroughness and efficiency, its spotless cleanliness, the cheerfulness and proficiency of its pupils, its numerous and ingeniously devised apparatus fitted to assist the sense of touch to supply, to a remarkable extent, the lack of sight, and in the printing for the blind done here for the whole country, one may recognize the fact that even in the loftiest fields of Christian philanthropy the South stands in the first rank of earnest workers.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It has been resolved to establish a Museum of Science and Art in Aberdeen.

Dr. M. Treub has been appointed director of the Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg, Java.

In the vicinity of Milan pile-dwellings have been discovered in a peat-moor, and the foundations of a Roman theatre in the city itself.

The Collections from Socotra, which Professor Bayley Balfour was compelled to send by sea from Bristol, have arrived safely at Kew Gardens.

The Municipality of Rome has just erected on the promenade of the *Pincio* a statue in honor of Father Secchi. The statue represents the great astronomer in the attire of a member of the Company of Jesus.

The Late Joshua Jeans, of Philadelphia, bequeathed $20,000 to the Academy of Natural Sciences in that city in a codicil to his will, but did not sign it. His sons, the executors, however, have paid the sum to the Academy.

Mr. W. Chandler Roberts, F.R.S., Chemist of the British Mint, has been appointed to the Lectureship of Metallurgy in the Royal School of Mines, rendered vacant by the resignation of Dr. Percy, F.R.S. Mr. Roberts will continue to hold his appointment at the Mint.

England has a new pest, the tipula grub, which ultimately blossoms into a Daddy Longlegs. It goes to the root of every green thing with amazing appetite, and so serious are its ravages that the Royal Agricultural Society has issued an elaborate description of it and its little ways.

The Archæological Society of Athens has purchased about half the village which stands upon the ruins of the Temple of Eleusis. The Society intends building new dwelling-houses in another part, and to begin with excavations as soon as the present inmates of the village have moved.

The Astronomer, Herr Rudolf Falb, well-known through his theory of earthquakes, has returned from his South American exploring tour, which extended over a period of more than two years. In his researches he was led in the direction of ethnography and linguistics, and believes that he has made interesting discoveries regarding "the original language of the human race."

Mr. J. P. Lesley, of Philadelphia, has shown that Dr John L. Le Conte, of the same city, anticipated by several years the suggestion attributed to Professor Metschinkoff that a fungus which would destroy insects should be deliberately cultivated and applied in quantity to places infested by noxious insects. At the Portland meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in August, 1873, Dr. Le Conte delivered an address in which he recommended, among other things, "careful study of epidemic diseases of insects, especially those of a fungoid nature, and experiments on the most effective means of introducing and communicating such diseases at pleasure."

It is Reported in the *Moniteur Scientifique* that Dr. G. Schmitz's hypodermic injections of pilocarpine in certain diseases of the eye had not only the effect of curing the diseases, but of restoring the hair on the heads of the patients. One man, aged sixty, was quite bald, and was suffering from double cataract. Three injections of the pilocarpine were performed in fourteen days. The membrane over the pupil of the eye disappeared, and the head first I. rame covered with a thick down and then with an abundant crop of partly white and partly black hair. Another patient, aged thirty-four, had detachment of the retina, and was bald on the top of his head. Two injections cured his eye and reproduced his hair.

Under their present government the French are multiplying the statues erected to their men of science by means of public subscription. Not less than three new schemes are on foot for that purpose in several parts of the country. A committee has been established at Montpellier for Auguste Comte; another at Blois, in honor of Denis Papin, a rival of the Marquis of Worcester, who, according to the French notion, invented the steam engine; and a third at Bar-le-Duc, on behalf of François Cugnot, an engineer born in the vicinity of that city, who in 1770 constructed a road locomotive. This rudimentary steam-engine, which is exhibited just now at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, was tried officially but unsuccessfully in the arsenal of Paris more than a century ago.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISMARCK does not make his continuance in office dependent upon the passage of the Church Bill.

STRAUSS, the musical composer, who now lives in Paris and is 74 years old, has a passion for bric-à-brac.

A STATUE of Goethe was unveiled at Berlin June 24, in the presence of the Emperor and a large concourse of people.

HELEN E. COOLIDGE is a partner with her father, an ex-judge, at Niles, Mich. The firm name is Coolidge & Daughter.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE arrived on the 28th of May at Durnford, Zululand, near the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed.

THE only foreigner who has gained honorable mention in the French Salon this year is Mr. W. L. Picknell, an American.

ROBERT W. BOYD, the English oarsman, who is to row against Hanlan at Seekonk in a few weeks, arrived at this port June 3d.

CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, has been presented by the Tennessee Historical Society with a beautiful gold-headed cane made of hickory-wood from the "Hermitage." This is the first testimonial ever given to any one by this society.

GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE'S Summer house at Newport, R. I., has cost about half a million dollars. The cost of the main staircase alone was $40,000. The wood is all imported, and the carving was done abroad in the Florentine style.

PRESIDENT JOHN W. GARRETT, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, intends to sail for Europe on June 19th. He will be absent from two to three months. His visit is understood to be entirely for rest from the cares of his office.

THE President has nominated Eugene Schuyler, of New York, now Consul-General at Rome, to be Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent of the United States at Bucharest; and William N. Pethe, now Vice-Consul at Tientsin, to be Secretary of the Commission to China.

MRS. SENATOR HAYARD is a graceful, polished, attractive, dark-eyed lady, too busy with her many children to devote much time to society. It is understood that Mrs. Bayard inherited great wealth. The two elder daughters are in society, graceful and accomplished young ladies.

A PARIS dispatch states that Sarah Bernhardt has accepted an offer of an engagement in the United States for 60 nights, the season to begin in November next. She is to receive 3,000 francs for each night. Two hundred thousand francs are deposited as security in the Bank of France.

BESIDES the $100,000 which Wellesley Female College received from Mrs. Stone for the erection of a new hall, the corner-stone of which was laid May 27th, the college has lately received $15,000 from Mr. M. H. Simpson, of Boston, to be used in erecting another dormitory, and a $5,000 scholarship, for which preference is to be given to the daughters of foreign missionaries.

MR. STRAHAN, the well-known London publisher, has sailed for the United States. It is said that one of the objects of his visit is to ascertain whether American publishers are not willing to agree to some better compromise than any of the many which have been suggested in America relative to international copyright. It is hoped that at the next session a successful attempt will be made to settle this vexed question.

AMONG recent deaths we note that of Richard B. Connolly, the ex-Comptroller of New York, who fled to Europe on the breaking up of the Tweed Ring, at Marseilles, on May 30th, aged 70; M. Passy, the venerable French statesman, at Paris; William Scott Murray, who had been a merchant of New York for 45 years, on June 2d, aged 77; the Empress of Russia, at St. Petersburg, June 3d, aged 56; Colonel J. C. Audenried, U.S.A., of General Sherman's staff, June 3d.

THE wife of the Hon. William R. Morrison, of Illinois, is plump and rosy, with dark hair and animated countenance. This lady is gifted with that rare, precious quality which enables its possessor to put every person around her at ease, diffusing sunshine and blessing wherever she moves. This talent would be most available in shaking hands with a thousand strangers, what no queen, except an American queen, is expected to do. Mr. Morrison's many friends rejoice in the acquaintance of his affable and admirable wife.

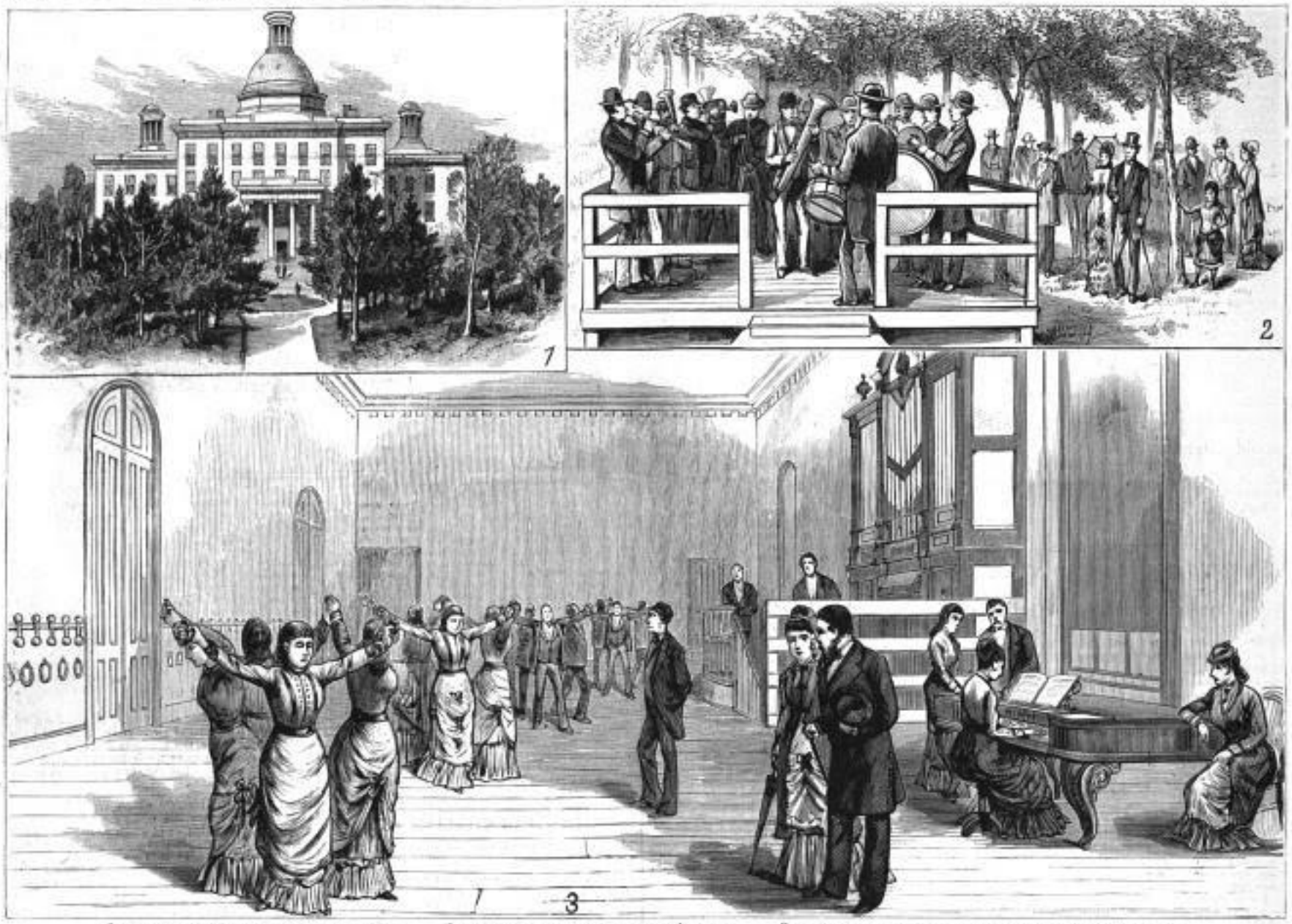
MRS. JUSTICE FIELD is fine-looking, many years the junior of her husband, brilliant in conversation, though often reticent. The Fields, as sons of a clergyman, have survived the popular notion that the sons of ministers are sure to go to the bad. Cyrus W., the cable man; David Dudley, the noted lawyer; Henry M., the editor of the *Evangelist*; as well as the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, all live to prove that ministers' sons have only to do good and be good, and their chances to life are fully equal to those of other men's sons.

MRS. SENATOR WINDOM is one of those sprightly women whose brilliancy attracts. Tall and graceful, with an animated face that lights up in conversation, an easy, affable and engaging manner—the unbridled expression of a warm heart—it is no marvel that callers at Senator Windom's carry long, thus virtually crowning the hostess queen. The school where Mrs. Windom educates her children is their own home, and she herself is their sole teacher. What is of rare occurrence, both Senator Windom and his gifted wife are blessed with that indefinable quality we call magnetism, rendering their society most attractive.

MRS. E. B. WASHBURNE is described as petite, dark-eyed, emotional, a fine conversationalist, an enthusiastic, warm-hearted friend. As mistress of a household she is alert, a faithful mother of numerous children, yet ever ready to entertain, on short notice, Mr. Washburne's constituents—and not only so, but to enter with zeal into their plans. Her spontaneous benevolence found ample scope when, as Minister to France, Mr. Washburne, through the terrible siege of Paris, found his hands and heart full, in relieving suffering. In this way the Washburnes became endeared to many who cherish for them profound esteem and gratitude.

MRS. JUDGE EDMUNDS is a person of fine culture. The first impression is that of repose and gentleness and quiet dignity, with a soft manner not in the least self-assertive. Of medium figure and brunette complexion, the arched eyebrows remind one of those French beauties such as the old masters were fond of delineating as expressive of devotional spirit. At once, as you enter Mrs. Edmonds's drawing-room, you perceive an air of refined domestic culture such as pertains to a New England home. There are books and music, pictures and embroidery—all bespeaking not only the taste, but the talent, of the gentle hostess. The eldest daughter, Miss Mary, endowed with the taste and talent, both artistic and literary, of both the parents, does the honors of the house, and takes her place beside her father in society during the absence of the mother and younger sister in Europe. Mr. Edmunds lives in his own modest house on the heights, near the Thomas statue, when in Washington.

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1. EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE INSTITUTION. 2. A CONCERT BY THE STUDENTS' BAND. 3. AN EXERCISE IN THE GYMNASIUM AND ORGAN ROOM.



A BLIND TEACHER GIVING A LESSON TO THE ALPHABET CLASS.



THE CLASS IN SEWING AND KNITTING.



A YOUNG ANATOMICAL DEMONSTRATOR.



UPHOLSTERY, BROOM-MAKING AND CHAIR-CANING IN THE WORKSHOP.

KENTUCKY.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—THE KENTUCKY INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND, AT LOUISVILLE.

FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 267.

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TESTIMONIAL TO MR. BERGH.

AN elegant gold badge, set with diamonds, is now on exhibition at Tiffany's, which has been presented to Henry Bergh as "a mark of the personal esteem and friendship" of the following gentlemen, comprising the Executive Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: N. M. Beckwith, James M. Brown, Nathan C. Ely, Frederick Gallatin, Elbridge T. Gerry, John P. Haines, Benjamin D. Hicks, John Taylor Johnston, Charles Lanier, Royal Phelps, Frederick W. Stevens, James Stokes, Sinclair Tousey and Charles L. Tiffany. Accompanying the badge is a beautifully-illuminated scroll, to which is appended the signatures of the above-named gentlemen.

THE HOWGATE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE Howgate Arctic Expedition is expected to sail for its destination during the present week. The expedition vessel, the *Galatea*, has been fitted up to accommodate comfortably forty persons—twenty-five constituting the permanent or station party and fifteen the officers and crew of the vessel. The crew are supplied with rations for sixteen months. The officers and men of the crew are detailed from those now in service.

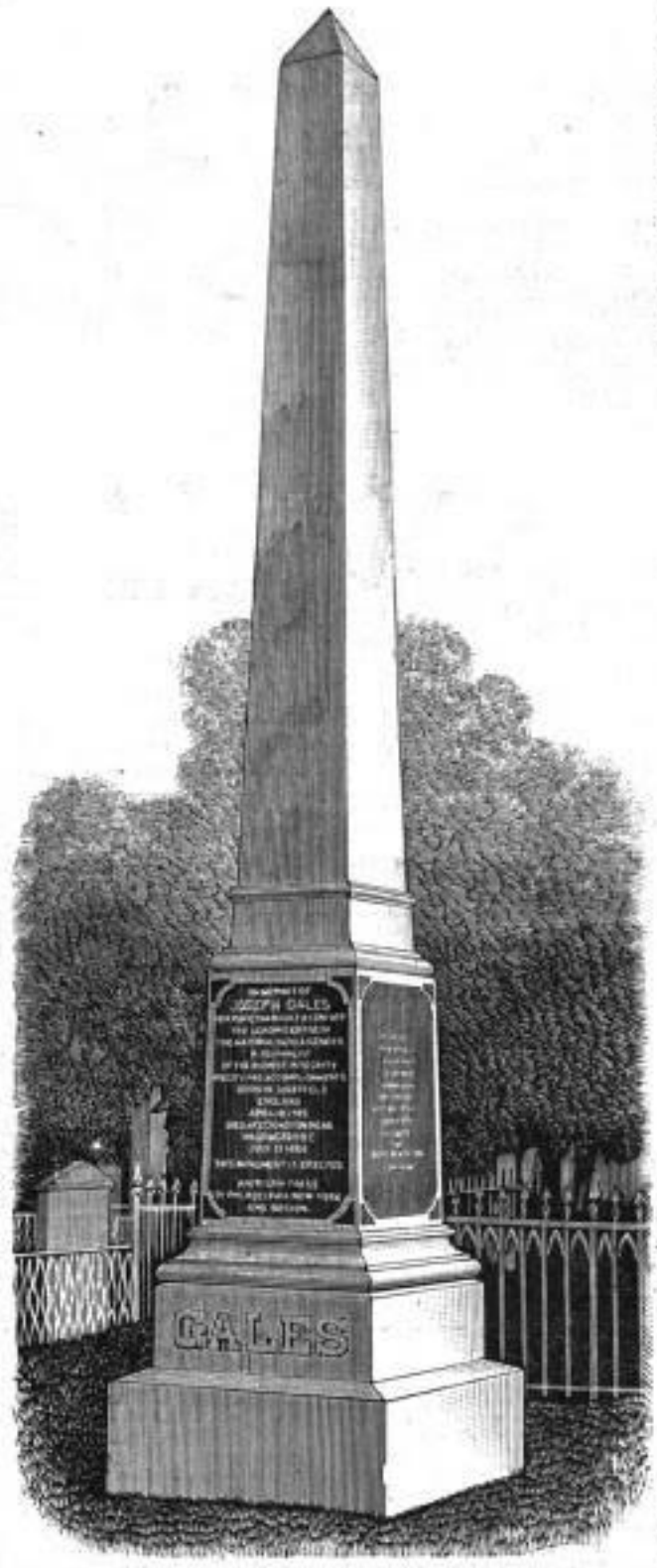


DIAMOND BADGE PRESENTED TO HENRY BERGH, ESQ.

The station or permanent party consists of Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth United States Cavalry, commander, with, as assistants, Lieutenant G. C. Doane, Second United States Cavalry; Lieutenant W. H. Low, Twentieth United States Infantry; Henry Clay, Volunteer Aid; Astronomer—Orray Taft Sherman, who was connected with the Florence Expedition, and, as assistants, George H. Roble, W. S. Jewell and O. Aldrich, of the Signal Corps, United States Army; Surgeon and Naturalist, Dr. Octave Pavy; Photographer, J. W. Rice, and fourteen enlisted men as a working party. In addition to these, two half-breeds have been engaged as dog-drivers, and will join the vessel at a place called Rigolet, on the coast of Labrador.

Dr. Octave Pavy, the surgeon and naturalist, is a native of France, thirty-five years of age, and graduated in art and science at the University of Paris, where he also spent several years in the study of medicine. In 1868, Dr. Pavy became attached as secretary to the organization of the proposed French Arctic Expedition, under the command of M. Gustave Lambert. This expedition failed through the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, during which M. Lambert was killed. Dr. Pavy commanded a company of guerrillas during that war, and did some excellent service with his troop. At the termination of hostilities he came to America for the purpose of prosecuting, on his own account, an expedition to the Arctic, *via* Behring's Strait, in continuation of the original plans of M. Lambert. The sudden death in San Francisco of the person who was to provide the necessary funds for the expedition brought the enterprise to an untimely end, but failed to quench the desire of Dr. Pavy to ultimately reach the far North. For several years he has been practicing medicine in the West, and devoting his spare time to the study and advocacy of Arctic enterprise. His selection by Captain Howgate for the position he occupies on the present expedition will give him the long-hoped-for opportunity of battling with the Frost King in his own chosen stronghold.

"Harry" Clay, as he is familiarly called in Kentucky, is a grandson of the great statesman of that name, and is a man of varied accomplishments. He has a sanguine temperament, expressive gray eyes, and is light both in weight and complexion. He is twenty-nine years of age, and has traveled extensively in Europe. He was born in Lisbon, Portugal, where his father was the American Minister, and was christened on board the U. S. man-of-war *Independence*. He has for a number of years been a practicing lawyer in Louisville, Ky., and has made a fine reputation in his profession. He now fills the position of Prosecuting Attorney for the city, to which office he was elected in 1878. He goes with the expedition in the capacity of Volunteer Aid to the commanding officer.



D. C.—MONUMENT ERECTED OVER THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH GALES, IN THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON.

GENERAL FRANCIS WALKER.

GENERAL FRANCIS WALKER, the Superintendent of the Census of 1880, the taking of which began simultaneously in every city, town and village of the United States on Tuesday morning, June 1st, was born in Boston, July 3d, 1840. In 1860 he graduated at Amherst College with high honors, and had just entered upon the study of law when the war broke out, and he promptly volunteered for service. He remained in the field until 1865, having served on the staffs of Generals Couch, Warren and Hancock, and passing the last two years as Assistant Adjutant-General. In 1869 he was appointed to the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, and in February, 1870, was made Superintendent of the Census. A year later he was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, holding that office for a year in addition to the Superintendency of the Census, and resigning it to accept the Professorship of Political Economy and History in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College.

Early in 1876 he was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Awards in the Centennial Exposition, a jury composed of two hundred and twenty-five gentlemen, half American and half European.

His official report upon the Ninth Census (1870) was embraced in three quarto volumes, published in 1872. By reason of the extreme laborious and painstaking manner of compilation, writing and indexing exhibited in this work, the report has been praised at home and abroad as the most complete statistical document of a public character extant. Besides this, he has produced more or less elaborate papers on "The Indian Question" (1873), and "The Wages Question" (1876), and a most comprehensive "Statistical Atlas of the United States" (1874).

He has been honored with the medal of the first-class by the Geographical Congress at Paris, 1875, with the degree of M. A. from both Amherst and Yale, and that of Ph. D. from Amherst. The taking, compiling and reporting the Tenth Census could not have been confided to abler hands.



FRANCIS A. WALKER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CENSUS OF 1880.

HISTORIC DOUBTS.

IT has been strongly doubted whether Joan of Arc ever suffered the punishment that has made her a martyr, though details of her execution and last moments grace the civic records of Rouen. Several books have been published discussing the question. A Belgian lawyer is the author of one of these. He contends that the historians—who have done nothing but copy each other in the narratives of her death—err exceedingly in saying that it took place on the last day of May, 1473, the fact being that she was alive and well many years after that date. There are good grounds, too, for believing that the pretty tale of "Abelard and Heloise" is a pure fiction. Nobody has yet unriddled the mystery of the "Man in the Iron Mask," and nobody seems likely to do so, while the identity of the writer of the "Junius" letters is as far from being settled as ever. These are two insoluble enigmas, impenetrable mysteries that baffle solution, and about which, perhaps, the public has become tired of surmises.

An extremely witty and characteristic anecdote, told of Lord Beaconsfield, will bear repetition. An admirer from a distant country brought his two sons to the then Mr. Disraeli and asked him to give

MONUMENTAL HONOR TO A VETERAN EDITOR.

SOME time ago the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, called attention to the fact that the grave of Joseph Gales, for fifty years editor of the *National Intelligencer*, had remained unmarked since the interment. Mr. Winthrop inaugurated an effort to procure a suitable monument in memory of the once famous editor, and was ably seconded by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who offered, with a liberality entirely characteristic of him, to defray the whole expense himself. It was thought best, however, to solicit contributions from other sources as well. The sum of $700 was quickly raised, being contributed by Mr. George W. Childs, by Mr. Goddard, of the Boston *Advertiser*, and other editors in Boston, and by Mr. Robert Bonner and Mr. George Jones, of New York City; and the monument, of which we give an illustration, has been erected over the grave in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, D. C.

The following inscription, prepared by Mr. Winthrop, appears on the face of the monument:

In Memory of
JOSEPH GALES,
For more than Half a Century
the leading Editor of
the *National Intelligencer*,
A Journalist
of the highest integrity,
ability and accomplishments.
Born in Sheffield,
England,
April 10th, 1786,
Died at Eckington, near
Washington, D. C.,
July 21st, 1860.

This Monument is erected
by Representatives of the
American Press
in Philadelphia, New York
and Boston."

Upon the side appears the following:

Here also Repose
the Remains of
SARAH JULIANA MARIA,
the Wife of
JOSEPH GALES,
and Daughter of
Theodoric Lee, of Virginia.
Born Dec. 8th, 1798,
Died Oct. 15th, 1879.
"Blessed are the dead who
die in the Lord."



HENRY CLAY, VOLUNTEER AID TO COMMANDER OF THE HOWGATE EXPEDITION.



DR. OCTAVE PAVY, SURGEON AND NATURALIST OF THE HOWGATE EXPEDITION.

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them a word of advice on their introduction into life. "Never try to ascertain," said the illustrious statesman to the elder boy, "who was the man who wore the iron mask, or you will be thought a terrible bore. Nor do you," turning to the second, "ask who was the author of 'Junius,' or you will be thought a bigger bore than your brother."

Walpole wrote an ingenious work to show—taking for his base the conflicting statements in history and biography—that no such person as Richard III. ever existed, or that if he did he could have been neither a tyrant nor a hunchback. "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte" was published in London in 1810, and created widespread amusement because of its amazing cleverness. Napoleon, who was at the time a captive at St. Helena, admired the composition greatly. Archbishop Whately and Sydney Smith were both reputed to be the author. Since the publication of that skit numerous imitations have been issued, but none have shown much originality or literary skill, and have therefore vanished into the darkness of merited oblivion.

THE "SUNDAY MAGAZINE" FOR JULY, 1880,

BEGINNING a new volume, will contain, among other important articles, a comprehensive paper, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, on the Church of the Bay Colony, New England, entitled "A Quarter-millennium"; a biographical and critical sketch, by Alfreton Hervey, of Franz Liszt, the pianist and composer; a sketch of the Emperor Tiberius, by Herbert Lee, being in continuation of the series of Gentile rulers mentioned in Scripture; No. 6 of "The Children of the Bible—The Widow's Son"; "Aaron, the High Priest," another of the series of Old Testament characters; an interesting paper on "Modern Jewish Life"; and other entertaining articles, all fully and beautifully illustrated. Will be issued Thursday, JUNE 24th.

The Japanese Treaty.

THE Japanese evidently prefer the draft of a new commercial treaty between Japan and the Western powers, but threats of England, through diplomatic agents, prevent such presumption. Japan, being under the unwholesome fear of exciting British animosity, Minister Bingham strongly protests, not only in the maintenance of American interests, but for the sake of Japanese liberties, which are menaced by constant European interference. He expresses himself unreservedly in reprobation of the reprehensible methods employed to advance English projects at the cost of Japanese integrity, and regardless of American privileges, but nothing can dispel the terror with which English officials inspire Japan whenever so disposed. The execution of a new treaty appears remote, as every question of the restoration of the Simonoseki indemnity to Japan is complicated by claimants on the Japanese treasury residing in this country and elsewhere. Though not pretending to the slightest connection with the Simonoseki business, they allege that, being Americans, their demands should be satisfied out of moneys recurred by America, and threaten to retard the passage of refunding Bills, by means of friends in Washington, in case of refusal. The Japanese Government appears unaccountably embarrassed by these alleged claims, notwithstanding they receive no support from the United States Legation.

FUN.

"OUR new Constitution has one very weak spot," said Denis Kearney. "It should have provided a Board of Pardons."

ATMOSPHERICAL knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."

MAMMA seeks to console her crying child: "Why do you cry, John? What has hurt you?" "Mamma," and he bawls more lustily than ever, "yesterday I fell down and hurt myself." "Yesterday! Then why do you cry to-day?" "Oh, because you were not at home yesterday."

A BOY can imagine almost anything; he can lug an old shot-gun about all day without firing at a living thing and be under the impression that he is having a howling good time. But all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he's killing Indians, when he is sawing wood, have proved futile.

TO GRATIFY his wife's persistent demand for a Summer in the country, Smith hired a suburban villa of which, however, the garden was so small that one could scarcely turn in it. "But how do you get the air in such a tiny garden?" one of her friends asked of Mrs. Smith. "Oh, it is easy enough," answered that lady. "We have only to open the dining-room window."

B, who has conceived quite a liking for C, invites him occasionally to his house. He met him the other day. "Come and dine with me this evening?" "No," responded C, hesitatingly. "Oh, come along." "Well. But lend me a louis." "A louis?" "Yes," replied the modest C. "I have dined at your house a dozen times, and I have never yet presented a bouquet to your wife."

SECOND THOUGHTS.—*Candidate*: "How many cabs and conveyances do you say there are in town, Smithers, and how much do they ask for election day?" *Steward*: "About five hundred, Sir Henry—they want five pounds each for the day—and they've nearly all of 'em votes—" *Sir Henry*: "Hum—hum"—(does mental sum)—"Bless my soul! that's two thousand five hundred pounds! Do you know, Smithers, I begin to have very grave doubts whether I'm a 'fit an' proper person' to represent this borough!"

ON THE EVE OF ST. VALENTINE.—*Squire* (who will have his joke): "I hear they're getting up a subscription for poor old Walter Chalks, the postman. He's almost past his work." *Dear Girls* (both together): "Poor, dear old man. I am sure he deserves a pension." *Squire*: "That he does. He's ill in bed to-day with acute rheumatism; and so to-morrow I suppose we must do without our letters the best way we can. Can't expect him to come out, you know, this awful weather." *Dear Girls* (under their breath): "Bother his rheumatism! The old stupid!"

JOHN WILLIAMS, merchant of Rutledge, Ga., sued a desperado. The defendant, in a furious passion, entered the store, held out the summons in one hand, clutched a long knife in the other, and said, "Williams, have you sued me?" Williams knew that an immediate "Yes" would make him sure of a stab. "Let me get my spectacles, so that I can read the paper," he said. He went behind the counter and came back, not with his glasses, but with an ax across his shoulder. "Yes," he said, "I have sued you." "All right," remarked the desperado, "I guess I'll pay the bill."

A LITTLE washing-soda was wanted for cleansing purposes; so George was given a dime and dispatched to the apothecary's at the corner to get it. George soon returns, but no soda. "Why didn't you get the soda, George?" chorused the family. "I did." "Where is it, then?" "I drank it." "Drank it!" "Yes; the man said it wouldn't keep to bring home." A light dawns on the family's mind. It asks eagerly, "What did you ask for?" "Soda." "Didn't you say washing-soda?" "Washing-soda? No; only soda." Family laughs as though it were crazy. George doesn't know what all the fun's about, but he is subsequently heard to say, "That was a boss drink!"

$500 REWARD—CATARRH CURE.

SOME people would rather be humbugged than to get "value received" for their money. Hence it is that such persons run after this and that pretended cure for catarrh, forgetting that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is so positive in its effects that its former proprietor advertised it for years throughout the United States under a positive guarantee, offering $500 reward for an incurable case, and was never called upon to pay this reward except in two cases. This remedy has acquired such a fame that a branch office has been established in London, England, to supply the foreign demand for it. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

UNABLE TO BREATHE THROUGH NOSE.

PORTLANDVILLE, Iowa, March 11th, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Some time ago I bought a Douche, some of your Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Golden Medical Discovery, and commenced to use them. The aches and pains, as well as sore throat and catarrh from which I have been for so long a time a sufferer, have entirely left me with their use. I feel like a new man as well as look like one. For four years I was unable to breathe through my nose. From the use of the Catarrh Remedy I can now do so freely. Your medicines I know to be all that they are represented. Long live Dr. Pierce and the gentlemen connected with him.

Gratefully yours, WATSON SMITH.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.

I HAVE used HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in several cases of dyspepsia to my general satisfaction; and also have tried it in two consumption cases where I think it has done them a service.

MIDDLETOWN, O. J. H. FORESTER, M.D.

THE ambition of the American people leads them to overtax their strength and completely break down their nervous systems, impoverish their blood, and almost destroy their constitutions. Recover your constitution immediately, before it is too late, by taking DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE, the great Blood Purifier and Blood Maker. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M.D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

NO ONE ever stopped at the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL and left dissatisfied. With a capacity that has few equals among the hotels in this city, and a location which places it in the vicinity of both social and business portions, the ST. NICHOLAS is still further advanced in value by the excellent fare provided for its guests. Especial pains are taken to make transient patrons happy, and people passing through New York on their way to Summer resorts will find the ST. NICHOLAS just the place for a rest, while their baggage can be checked to any point in the United States. The ST. NICHOLAS still further saves the traveler care and annoyance by providing messengers on the trains who attend to the baggage of passengers coming to that house.

A NATIONAL TICKET on which men of all parties win—an Accident Ticket in THE TRAVELERS.

RADICAL restoration. Its good effects are permanent. It not only restores the color of the hair, but the quality and natural glossiness. This is said by every one using MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Every Druggist sells it.

HALFORD SAUCE.—Unrivaled by any relish. Intended for family use. Recommended by the best families.

"AN ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"; therefore, it is cheaper and better during these Summer months to keep well than to pay doctors' bills. WERNER'S "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne is recognized and prescribed by many leading physicians of all schools as one of the safest and most satisfactory sanitary agents. It sustains the tone of the whole system, enabling it to withstand sudden changes of temperature and other attacks frequent in Summer, and maintains all the while sound, vigorous health. As a medicine or as a beverage, WERNER'S "AMERICA EXTRA DRY" is not excelled by any home or foreign wines.

THE New Jersey Central Railroad has issued a guide-book showing the attractions of the large number of Summer resorts reached by the roads of that company, together with the distance, fare, etc., from New York to each important point. To persons contemplating Summer tours, the little volume will be found of peculiar interest.

GEM CITY TOBACCO WORKS, QUINCY, Ill., May 21, 1880.

H. W. Johns Mfg. Co. 87 Maiden Lane, New York:

DEAR SIR: Please give us lowest figures on Asbestos Roofing. We bought, several years ago, 200 squares. . . . We are looking up your roofing wherever we have a chance. (Signed) M. GOLDMAN, Secretary.

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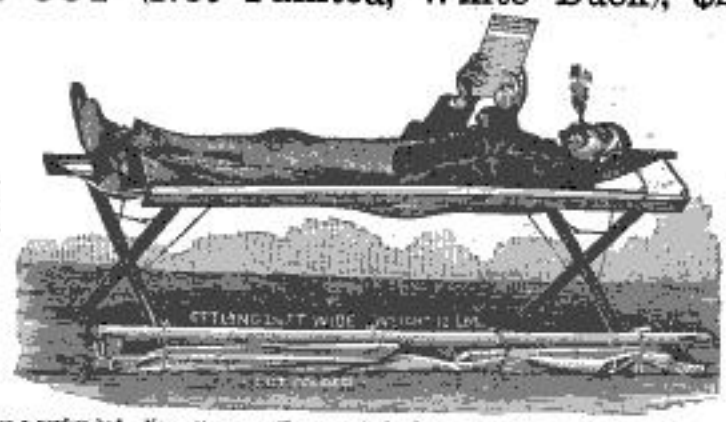
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VIA BAY RIDGE,

The steamer D. R. MARTIN will leave Pier No. 1, foot of Whitehall Street (terminus of the Elevated Railroads), connecting at BAY RIDGE with Trains for Manhattan Beach as follows: 9:25, 10:25, 11:25 A.M.; 12:23, 1:20, 2:22, 3:25, 4:20, 5:25, 6:23 and 7:25 P.M. Returning, leave MANHATTAN BEACH at 8:20, 10:20, 11:20 A.M.; 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20 and 8:20 P.M.

VIA GREENPOINT.

By steamer SYLVAN GROVE, from foot of 23d Street, E. R.: 9:45, 10:45, 11:45 A.M.; 12:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45, 6:45 P.M. Returning, leave MANHATTAN BEACH at 7:35, 11:05 A.M.; 12:05, 1:05, 2:05, 3:05, 4:05, 5:05, 6:05, 7:05, 8:05 P.M.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

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BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS.

In accordance with the desire frequently expressed, both in the United States and abroad, these Bitters, so long and justly celebrated for their fineness as a cordial, and for their medicinal virtues against all disease of, or arising from, the digestive organs, will henceforth be put up and sold not only in quart, but

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MANMARIAL BALM restores and develops the beard. Warranted sure and safe. Price, $1. NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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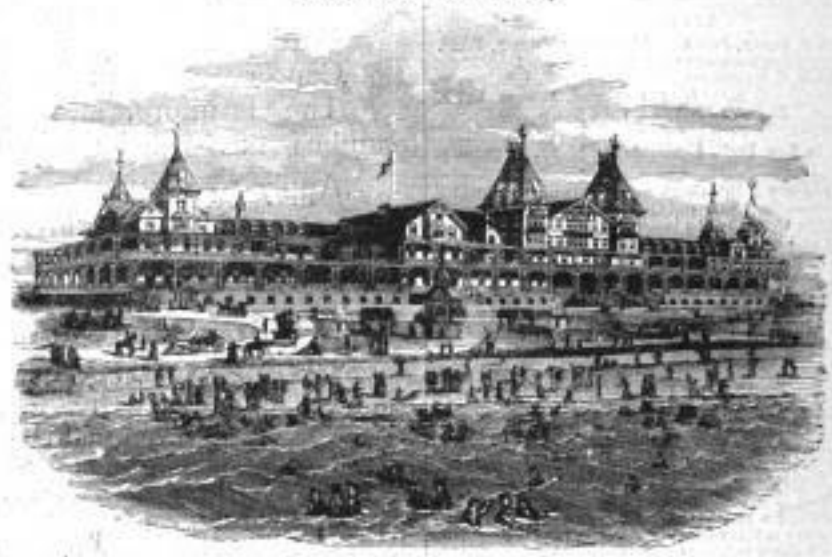
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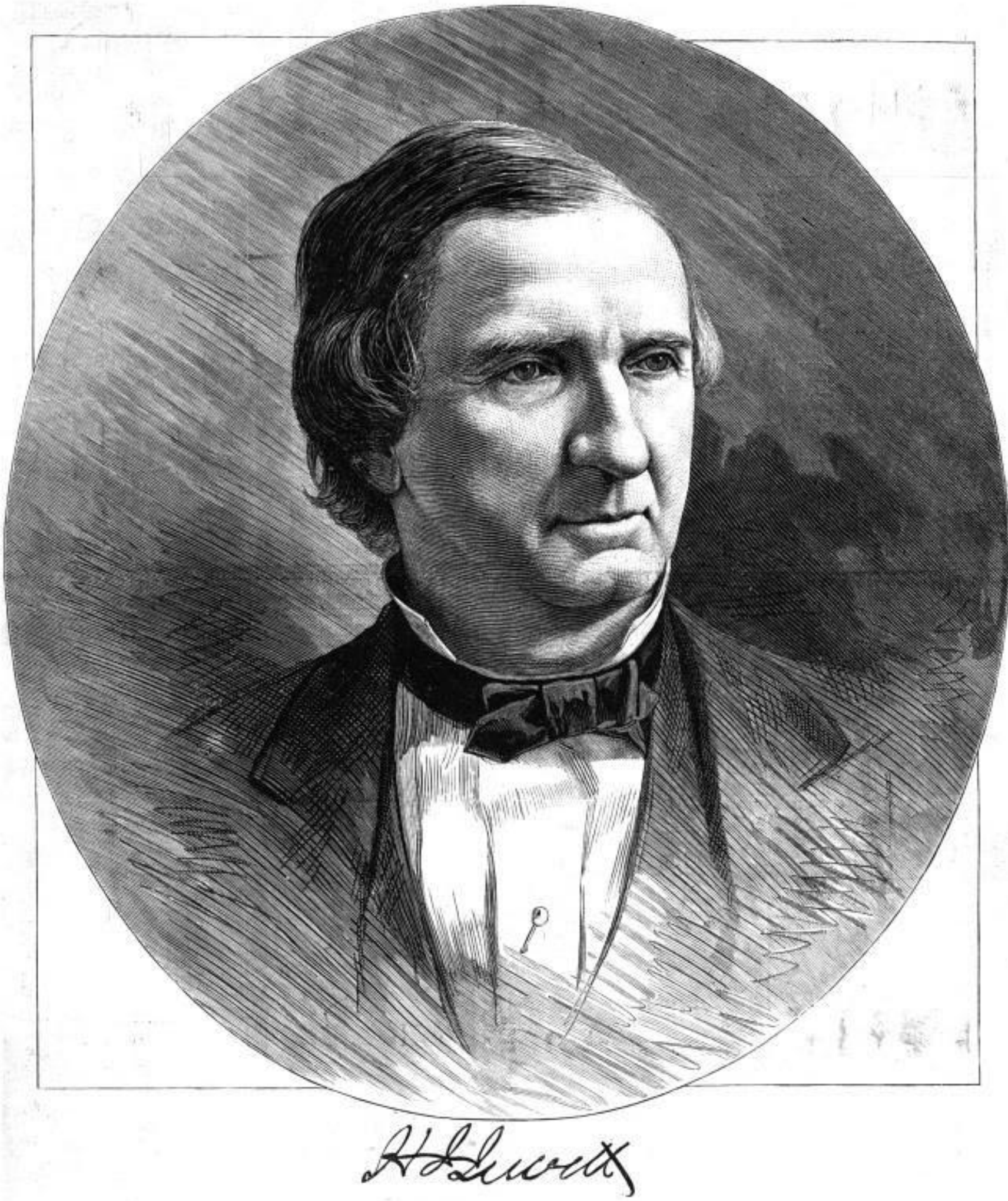
Mr. Jewett's rare judgment and his natural aptitude for cases involving financial questions gave him a lucrative commercial practice and led to his election, in 1852, as President of the Muskingum branch of the Ohio State Bank. He had, also, the tastes and aptitudes of a statesman, and was in 1852 a Presidential Elector; in 1853 was elected to the State Senate, and soon after was appointed United States District Attorney for the southern district of Ohio.

But he also took a great interest in railway matters, and his ability in this line was recognized by his election, in 1858, as a director of the Central Ohio Railroad Company. Here he found a field of labor so congenial and so well fitted to draw out his faculties, that, in 1866, he was elected vice-president and general manager, and in 1867 was made president. When the panic of that year and the resulting difficulties compelled resort to a receivership, the confidence in his integrity and management was shown by his appointment as receiver in 1869.

In 1860 he was nominated for Congress, but he was defeated, the district being very strongly Republican, although he greatly reduced the Republican majority. In 1861 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, and in 1863 was nominated for the United States Senate. In 1867 he was returned to the State Legislature, and in 1872 he was elected to Congress, where his remarkable grasp of the financial questions gave him at once a very high standing. During all this period of his political career Mr. Jewett's position was that of a man whose candidacy was a compliment from his own party to his superior personal strength, which, it was hoped, might secure for his party a victory otherwise hopeless.

In 1869 his success as a railway-manager having been altogether exceptional, he was elected President of the Little Miami and Columbus and Xenia Railroad, and shortly after was elected President also of the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley Railroad. After a short residence in Cincinnati he removed to Columbus and was chosen Vice President of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad. In 1871 he retired from active railway management and became General Counsel for the Pennsylvania Company, but three years later was again called to the personal direction of a great railway property—the Erie—then discredited and bankrupted. His achievements in connection with the restoration of this important property are well known to the public, and need not be dwelt upon here. Suffice it to say that he has extricated the road from its multiform embarrassments, has re-established it in the confidence of the people, and has shown himself to be, in every respect, a man of the highest executive powers, as well as of indomitable courage in facing difficulties, and of the sternest integrity in the management of a great trust.

He is now named in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, especially as representing the solid conservative element of the party. He has done nothing in his own behalf, and will not consent to go into any scramble for the nomination; but should it, by any possibility, come to him, there can be no doubt that he would lead his party skillfully and acceptably.



NO. 10.—HON. HUGH J. JEWETT, OF OHIO.

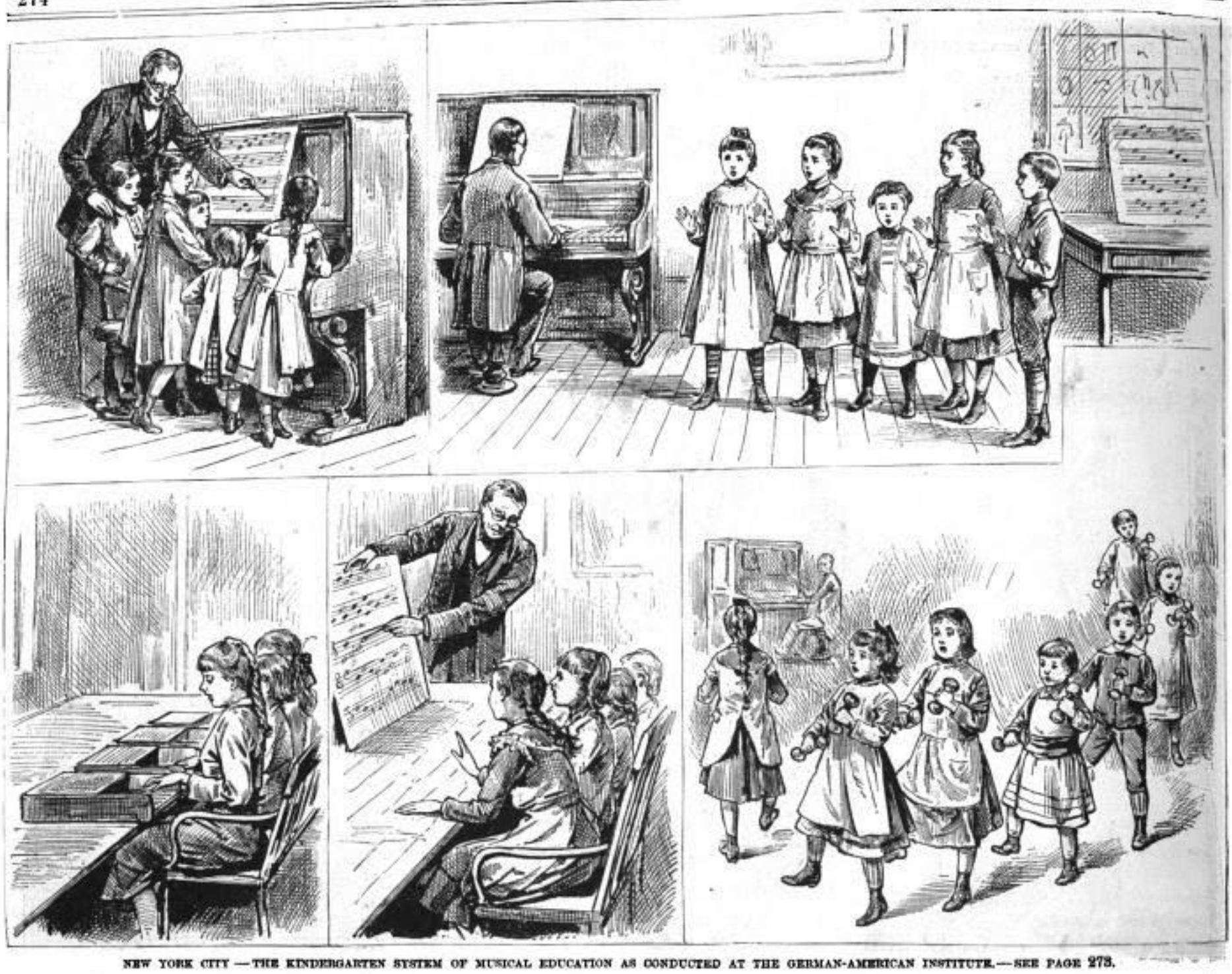
GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM IN MUSIC.

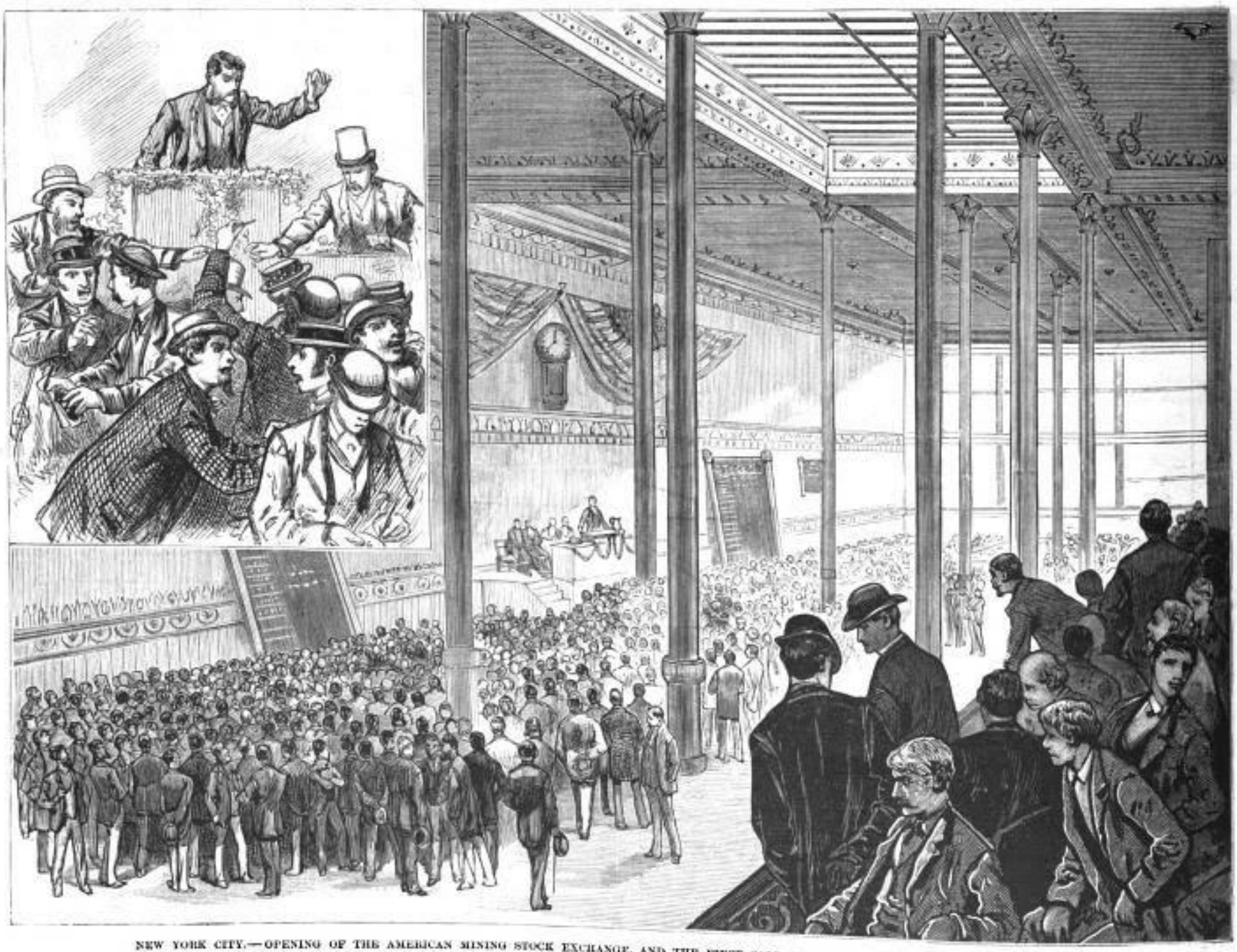
ANY one who has ever painfully accompanied a young beginner on the pianoforte through the early stages of finger exercises and "practicing"—word of horror to how many a parental ear!—must hail with joy a new era in musical instruction. A class has been held during the past Winter at the German-American Institute, in Fifty-second Street, by Professor S. M. Wolfsheim, where children of all ages, from four to ten or twelve, have been thoroughly taught the rudimentary steps, according to his original and very simple method, and young ladies, qualifying themselves for Kindergarten teaching, have received the necessary instruction in this new branch. Looking in at one of these classes in full progress, we were practically shown the advantages of Professor Wolfsheim's system, which may be described in a very few words.

The first step is, of course, to make acquaintance with the keys and notes. The teacher, seated at the piano with the class gathered around, strikes the notes as indicated on a large sheet of card before him, and names each one in succession until the children have become so far familiarized with them as to be able to pick them out with their own little fingers, striking correctly each note on the key-board as the teacher points it out upon the printed sheet. Then come the finger-gymnastics which help to give flexibility to those stubborn members, and impart the correct movements of the hand and wrist; the class standing in a row and counting in time to a simple accompaniment played by the teacher, while they go through with the exercise in concert. The third lesson brings into play dumb key-boards, at which the children sit, striking and calling off the names of the notes as the teacher points to them on his large card. This gives the necessary finger-exercise, and the proper positions

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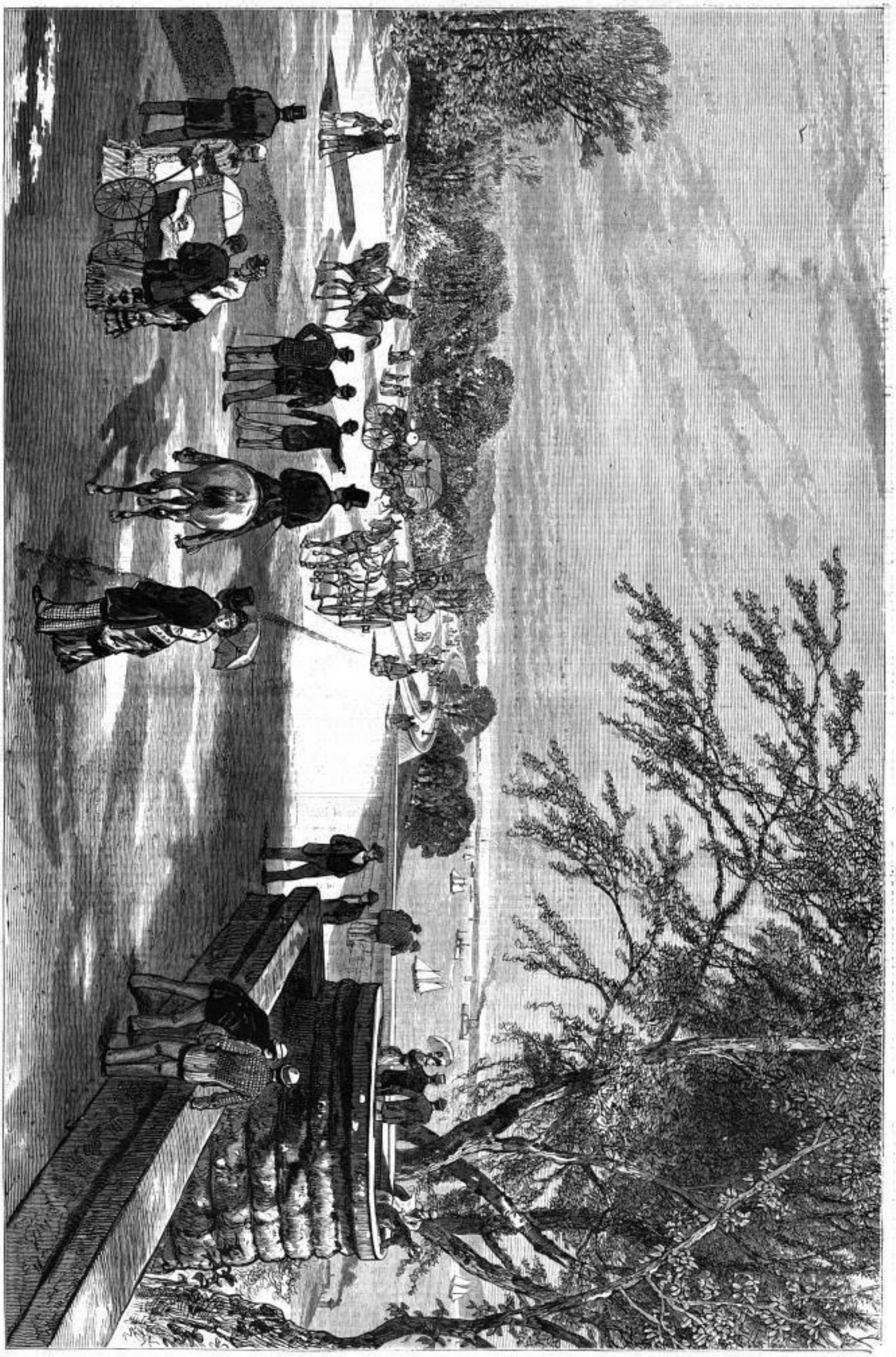


NEW YORK CITY.—THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM OF MUSICAL EDUCATION AS CONDUCTED AT THE GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—SEE PAGE 273.



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE AMERICAN MINING STOCK EXCHANGE, AND THE FIRST CALL OF THE CHAIRMAN, JUNE 1ST.—SEE PAGE 276.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW RIVERSIDE DRIVE ALONG THE HUDSON, AT ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.—SEE PAGE 276.

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of the wrist, elbow, etc. Fourthly, the key-boards are removed and the pupils take their first lesson in marking time, which is done with the two hands, alternately and together, upon the desk or table—and done, like all the other exercises, *con amore*. Lastly comes a march to some lively air played by the teacher, the children marking time with the feet and by striking dumbbells, while they count aloud, alternately, two, four, three and six.

It will be seen how readily, by these simple exercises, the youngest or the dullest child can master unconsciously those rudiments which, by the old method, are only imparted at the cost of trouble and disgust to the teacher and weariness to the pupil. To each step, taken separately, the little beginner is able to bring undivided interest, and when the time comes for combining and utilizing the knowledge and facility acquired, half the battle is already won. The child almost without knowing it has gained a correct touch, ease and freedom in the use of the hands, and is thoroughly drilled in time-keeping.

At this point, reached with one-half the usual expense of music lessons according to the old method, the child is ready for a second course, comprising the knowledge of the ledger-notes, a more complicated drill in time-keeping, and simple four-hand exercises on the piano, the children taking *primo* and *secondo* parts alternately. A bright and apt pupil, however, may be prepared by the first course for the lessons of a regular teacher, after the orthodox method.

OPENING OF A NEW EXCHANGE.

THE American Mining Stock Exchange, organized under the auspices of the Mining Trust Company, was formally opened for business on June 1st. The Board room of the Exchange is in the rear basement of the building, No. 63 Broadway, with large windows opening on New Church Street. It is 120 feet in length by 38 feet in width, and its height is that of two stories, the basement and first floor having been thrown into one. In the centre of the ceiling is a large skylight, extending to the roof, which, with the rear windows, affords light and ventilation. On the northern side of the room, and directly in line with the main entrance, which is reached by broad stairs from the Broadway hallway, is a gallery with two rows of chairs. This is intended for the use of brokers and dealers, and is separated from the main floor by an iron railing. Over this is the public gallery, which is on a level with the Broadway street floor. It contains also two rows of comfortable chairs upholstered in red leather. On the opposite side of the room is the rostrum, which is flanked on each side with large bulletin boards for the business of the Exchange. The walls and ceiling are decorated in gold and neutral colors picked out with brown and red. The space of the main floor is broken by twelve tall pillars which support the beams of the ceiling. They are painted a dark color. In honor of the opening ceremonies the rostrum had been decked with festoons of smilax, and on each side were baskets of cut flowers. Looped in graceful folds on the wall back of the chairman's desk hung American flags.

The initial ceremonies were attended by an immense throng. Mr. George W. Smiley, the chairman, delivered the inaugural address. He said that within thirty years the production of precious metals had added over $1,000,000,000 to the wealth of the country. Within two years upwards of $70,000,000 of Eastern capital had been invested in mines and mining properties. The total amount of dividends disbursed to shareholders in the mines west of the Sierra Nevada Mountains since 1859 was, in round numbers, $136,825,600. Of this the Comstock Lode furnished $120,229,400. During the same period the assessments levied on the same mines aggregated $73,070,000, leaving a profit of $63,755,500 above all expenses. The mines of Leadville yielded within two years over $13,000,000. One mine in the Bodie District distributed among the stockholders nearly $1,750,000, without one dollar having been levied in assessments.

The regular list was then called for the first time. It includes thirty-two stocks, and the bidding on some of these was very lively. Subsequently speeches were made by Hon. Milton S. Latham and C. T. Christensen. Mr. Latham, in the course of his remarks, said: "In this city alone the several mining companies are disbursing over $1,000,000 monthly in the way of dividends. In less than a year from to-day there will be disbursed in this city $25,000,000 per annum in the way of dividends." The exercises of the occasion terminated with an enjoyable lunch.

THE NEW RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

THE newly-opened Riverside Drive, running on the crest of the hill overlooking the Hudson River, from Seventy-second to One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, is the most beautiful of all the admirable drives around New York City. The city acquired the right to the land in 1872, and in the following year the Legislature gave the necessary authority for laying out the drive and the contiguous parks. Although the drive south of One Hundred and Twenty-second Street was completed some months ago, and the finished work had been accepted by the Department of Public Works, the contractors claimed that they had received no payments on account. Unwilling that the city should enjoy the work it had ordered, but had not paid for, the contractors erected and maintained at the intersection of all the graded streets connecting with the drive substantial barriers of wood and stone, being careful, however, that no excavations or other dangerous places existed. Early on the morning of May 7th every obstruction on the line of the drive was removed, the occasion for the haste being an injunction granted by Judge Lawrence restraining the city and the contractors from erecting or maintaining any of the obstructions alluded to.

The contractors for this splendid work are Messrs. Decker & Quintard, and they have certainly reason to be proud of their achievement.

Turkish Harem Life.

EVERY Turkish house is divided into two distinct parts, the selamlik and the harem, the former being reserved for the men, the latter for the women. This division exists in the palaces of the sultan as well as in the houses of the simple artisan. In public carriages, tramways or trains, women have their reserved places, protected by a curtain from the gaze of the people. The thousands of women who are in the harems of the sultan and of the princes of the imperial family are all slaves. There is not a single rich or well-to-do family in Turkey that does not possess a certain number of women and girl slaves. There are black and white slaves: the former, from Central Africa and Nubia; the latter, are Circassians, sold by their parents. This latter commerce is altogether free. As to the commerce of negresses, it is under the surveillance of the different consulates, and more especially of that of England.

The white slaves were formerly bought in Georgia and Circassia. Russia since she has conquered Circassia has prohibited this commerce; but many families have emigrated to Turkey, and they bring up several young girls to sell them as slaves. There are no longer public markets of slaves, and young girls are no longer bought as formerly at the bazaar, but there are houses known by the authorities where they are exposed for sale. Children of some years old are sold by Circassian families; the price varies according to the beauty of the children, from some hundreds to thousands of piastres. In an ordinary time girls of fifteen to sixteen, and who are really beautiful, are sold for about a hundred thousand piastres, over a thousand pounds. The ugly women are employed for domestic work, while those who are pretty are taught to sing, dance and write.

The question of slavery is well understood by the different embassies at Constantinople. Ambassadors' wives visit the harems of the sultan, of pashas and beys. They pass a whole day there sometimes, breakfasting and dining in the harems, being waited upon by slaves. Often on the very day that their wives are visiting the harems, the ambassadors send in a protest against slavery, having noted the arrival of a ship full of black slaves from Africa. As to the hundreds of thousands of white slaves who make up the harems, nothing is said of these. This slavery is one of the sources of the decline of Turkey. The law authorizes every Turk to marry four wives, and to have as many concubines as his purse will allow him. The sultans, having renounced political marriages with Christians and with daughters of their subjects, only live with slaves. Those slaves who become mothers are raised to the rank of cadine, but never to the rank of wife, for the sultan does not marry. In his quality of khalife, he is too much above a slave to contract a marriage with her. Abdul Hamid has four cadines. Besides, the Sultan Abdul Hamid has, according to custom, for his attendants, forty young girls chosen from among the most beautiful. They dress and undress him and accompany him to the bath; the cadine who displeases most is deposed. These ladies-maids bear the name of "odalisques," or "odaleuk" in Turkish. Those that become favorites with the sultan are called "ikbal." The other slaves of the palace perform all interior duty; some are trained to dance and form a *corps de ballet*; others to sing, who are kept for that purpose only. Cooking is generally performed by men in Turkey, at the palace as well as in private houses the cooks are for the most part Armenians. The Sultan Abdul Hamid is too fond of the harem, like his brother the ex-Sultan Mourad, and like his father the late Sultan Abdul Medjid.

As to the princesses of the imperial family, custom gives them the power of choosing their own husbands. They often go out in carriages and walk out; they thus have every opportunity of selecting a husband, who is, generally speaking, a young "bey" of good family. Very often the youth learns his fate when it is decided that he is to marry a princess. When the princess has selected some one she informs the mother of the sultan, and the latter informs her son. The young "bey" is not always pleased, but he must pretend to be so; if he shows any signs of displeasure, he is exiled and his family ruined. From the very moment that a young man is selected by a princess, his life cannot be called his own. He is raised to a high rank, in the army generally, as Turkish princesses have a weakness for uniforms; but he must be very careful in his behavior, for all his actions are noticed up to his marriage, which takes place several months, sometimes two years, afterwards. A young man of seventeen was chosen by a princess, and he was made a General of Division. Three days after he paid too much attention to a young girl, and for having done so he was degraded. He left the country and lived in Paris. On his return to Constantinople he was so badly received by every one that he started for Egypt, and would not now return to Constantinople for worlds.

The gardens of the harems are protected by walls raised to a great height. The doors of the harem, as well as those of the selamlik, are never locked. In the daytime no beds are to be seen; they are only got ready at night. The bed is most simple—a mattress laid on the floor, and two sheets and a pillow. The next morning these things are placed in a room on purpose; there are no cupboards of any sort. The general aspect of the harem is *triste*, there being nothing to relieve the eye. The sons of pashas, beys and effendis marry young. Living in the harem in their infancy, when they are fourteen years old they demand an odalisque, who is, generally speaking, a slave from the harem of their father. The young girl at once is freed from all want, dressed in the choicest of dresses, and, should she later on give birth to a child, she becomes a "hamoum." If, on the contrary, she has no child, she is sold again at a loss to the original owner. The young man takes another slave, and continues doing so till he becomes a father. The wife of a pasha has the title of hamoum effendi; her authority in the harem is great, almost absolute. The master of a house, pasha, bey or effendi, and his children are, like the sultan, served by slaves, who attend them while they take their baths, and render all manner of other service.

The child of a slave has a share in the fortune of its father. Infanticide is in no way punished in Turkey, though there are thousands of cases in the country. Out of twenty marriages in Turkey fourteen are made with slaves, and the other six with free daughters of Mussulmans. It is somewhat rare to find a hamoum who is able to read well; they, for the most part, know only how to sing, dance, and play on some instrument. They only really care about their toilet.

The lower classes alone in Turkey have preserved their virtues; the upper classes are all more or less depraved. The Vizir Fuad Pasha once said, in pointing to the wall of a harem, "As long as that wall lasts we shall remain unfitted for modern progress." What is too true unfortunately in all this is, that neither the sultan, pashas, beys nor effendis have the desire or the wish to accomplish this reform, for they are too fond of the harems.

A Prophetic Dream.

THIS story of a prophetic dream comes from California: Amasa Wilsey, of Petaluma, dreamed last Autumn that he would die on the 1st of May, 1880. The occurrence oppressed him, although he affected to attach no importance to it, and he took out policies in three insurance companies so as to leave his wife provided for in case of his death. On the 1st of May he was apparently in perfect health, and preparations were made to give a dinner to his friends in the evening, to celebrate his escape from the fulfillment of his vision. The party had just gathered, however, when he fell from his chair, stricken with heart disease, and died in a few minutes.

The Slave Trade in Egypt

A LETTER from Cairo, under date of May 30, says: "The slave trade in Egypt has lately been 'booming.' Within the past three weeks no less than five convoys of slaves have arrived from Kordofan, Sennar and Darfour. On April 20th, a caravan openly entered Assiout—a town of 80,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Nile, some two hundred and fifty miles south of Cairo. Assiout is the metropolis of Upper Egypt—the Thebaid—and is the southern terminus of the railway connecting that region with Alexandria. This caravan was the property of about fifty different slave dealers, and was composed of 500 camels and upwards of nine hundred slaves. By far the greater number of these slaves were girls and boys between the ages of seven and eighteen years. The more youthful and promising of the boys narrowly escaped being mutilated by the Coptic priests and barbers of Assiout, whom long experience in former years has rendered expert in the performance of the surgical operation necessary to create eunuchs—that neutral sex who are at once the guardians and indispensable parasites of the Oriental harem. The arrival of convoys of slaves has recently become a matter of common notoriety here. There are five bureaus established in Egypt for the suppression of slavery, but it should be remembered that slavery is regarded by the entire population as an institution sanctioned by immemorial custom and by the Koran. In some quarters of Cairo no one can hire a house who does not possess at least one female slave; this fact at once gives a color of "respectability" to the proposed lessee. Some strong motive power is required to cause the Egyptian officers to interfere with an institution so inwrought in the domestic and social life of the country. The consular agents of the foreign Powers south of Cairo are, moreover, with but one or two exceptions, Copts, who often have family ties with the slave-dealers or priests, who formerly enjoyed the monopoly of creating eunuchs. These consular agents are consequently of a most passive nature. To put in motion the slave suppressing machinery of Egypt some eager enthusiast is required. Such a man has come to the front in the person of Mr. Roth, a Swiss subject, and teacher in the American mission school established at Assiout. When the slave caravan arrived at Assiout on April 20th, Mr. Roth not only reported the fact to the Egyptian authorities, but laid information before the French and English Consuls-General. The result was, that on April 25th the Egyptian Government sent Ahmed Pasha Deremelly and Hussein Pasha Sirri to Assiout, for the purpose of investigating the matter and bringing the slave-dealers to punishment. These pashas were accompanied by the First Dragoman of the British Consulate and a company of infantry. Late at night, after the arrival of the troops, the camp of the slave-dealers was surrounded. Only sixty-eight slaves were found—thirty nine girls and twenty-nine boys. The dealers had made the most of their time, for the rest of the 900 slaves had already been disposed of in Cairo and elsewhere. Only fifty-seven of the slaves could be proved to have been sold. In one of the tents of a dealer two slaves were found buried in the ground, with only the mouth and nostrils exposed to the air to enable them to support life. Thirty-six slave-dealers were captured, and are now in Cairo undergoing trial."

Railways of the World.

IN a recently published technical work a table is quoted from Professor Sturmer, of Bromberg, which shows the length of railway in several of the chief countries of the world and its proportion to the population. The original tables give the length of line in kilometres, and it may be as well to preserve this, as the proportion is the most interesting point in the table. In Europe it appears that, on the average, there are 4.9 kilometres of railway to every 10,000 inhabitants; Greece has the least proportion to the population, having only 0.08 kilometre to every 10,000 of the population; next comes Turkey, with 1.6; Portugal, 2.3; Roumania, 2.4; Russia, 2.8; Italy, 2.9; and so upwards in the scale, France having 6.3; Germany, 7.1; Great Britain, 8.1; and Sweden heading the list with 19.8, though its total mileage is not a fifth of that of Great Britain; in Asia it appears that only 0.16 kilometre is averaged to every 10,000 inhabitants; and in Africa the proportion is only 0.17; in the United States the proportion is heavy—32.9 to every 10,000 of the people; while the whole of America has the average of 17.2; and in Australia the proportion is already 10.6. The thinly peopled countries necessarily come to the front in this instance; but the table is of some interest as showing the effect of a large or small length of line in effecting comparisons of this nature, and also of indicating the comparative density of population to that of the facilities for its conveyance by rail.

The Tide of Immigration.

THE arrivals of immigrants at this port during May, according to the official returns, aggregated 55,083 persons. The largest previous month on record was May, 1873, when 51,317 were landed. The total arrivals between January 1st and May 31st, inclusive, were 135,336, against 40,569 during the corresponding period in 1879, 27,148 in 1878, 24,268 in 1877, and 118,382 in 1876. The last-mentioned year was the heaviest of the past 25 years. The arrivals aggregated 294,581. The total arrivals from May 1st, 1847, when Castle Garden was opened as an immigration depot, to January 1st, 1880, were 5,857,025, of whom 2,196,398 were from Germany, 2,042,046 from Ireland, and 1,619,581 from all other countries.

Dense Population of Interior Africa.

ALTHOUGH we have not, nor are we likely to have for years, any accurate statistics of the population of the interior of Africa, there is very little doubt that we have greatly underrated it. Much important information has lately been gathered on the subject, especially concerning the distribution and density of the inhabitants of that far-off land. In the great lake district, for instance, there are territories as thickly settled as many European states, relatively small areas possessing millions of people. The negro regions are by far the most populous, while the desert portions are the reverse. A French geographical society gives the estimated figures of various subdivisions of that Continent as follows: In the Soudan the population is 80,000,000, or about fifty-three persons per square mile. The town of Bida, on the Niger, for example, contains fully 80,000 inhabitants. East Africa is rated at 30,000,000, and equatorial Africa at some 40,000,000 souls. A late authority on ethnology sets down the negroes as numerically 130,000,000; the Hamites, 30,000,000; the Bantus, 13,000,000; the Foulah, 8,000,000; the Nubians, 1,500,000; the Hottentots, 80,000—making a total of 172,580,000. These figures—only approximate, of course—are considered too low by both German and British geographers, the former estimating the population as high as 200,000,000. Much hope has been repeatedly expressed of the future of Africa, which is rich in mineral products, and capable of maintaining a prosperous commerce with other parts of the globe. Along the coasts and caravan roads the chief trade has been, and continues to be, in slaves. It is thought that recent effort will yet do much toward abating the odious traffic, as the natives are capable of something better. Many of the tribes are above the condition of savages. They have fixed habitations, though merely mud huts, defended by stockades, and have some laws or customs favorable to commerce. Among several tribes the native merchant is greatly esteemed, and his property is safe even during war. The land is cultivated, the inhabitants wear dyed cotton clothes; gold and iron are ingeniously manufactured, and a certain kind of intelligence seems to be slowly spreading. What Africa most needs is free commercial intercourse with the outer world, and that must arrive. Who knows but that, in the coming cycles, the highest civilization may be found where the first civilization arose.

Pneumatic Clocks in Cities.

THE latest Parisian novelty is the introduction of arrangements for obtaining exactly uniform time through every part of the city. Passing along the boulevards, you see, at brief distances from each other, huge clocks planted in the centre of the street, facing in four directions, and brilliantly lit up after sunset with gas. These boulevard "horologes" are specimen arms of a new system of pneumatic clocks which are rapidly finding their way into the public offices, the stores, the banks and mercantile offices, and the hotels and private dwellings of Paris.

The clocks are worked from a common centre, and give the same identical time in all parts of the city, being regulated from the Public Observatory. To supply the whole of Paris three or four central clocks are required, designated "Directing Normal Clocks." These are placed at convenient centres, and connect with the ordinary or "Reception Clocks" of their system or district. Each of these central clocks is connected with a system of pipes, including, first, those running through principal streets; next those branching therefrom into the minor streets; next, those running from the streets into the buildings; and, finally, smaller ones running as required in the interior of the buildings.

The central clocks are provided with a small engine, worked by steam or gas, which every minute sends a pulsation of compressed air through the entire system of pipes, and acts upon every clock in the circuit, advancing the hands on the dial of the clock by one minute. The clocks are of the simplest construction possible. They cost but a trifle; and the company either furnish them free of charge, got up in a variety of handsome designs, or place their own works in clocks already owned by those who desire the service. The pipe attachments are got up in good taste, and their introduction into buildings involves no more inconvenience or disfigurement than does that of an ordinary telegraph wire, being of about the same calibre.

The system has also been established on a large scale in Vienna, where it appears to have proved as great a financial success as in Paris. A London banker recently bought the rights from the Paris company to use the patent in England, paying for it $250,000. The patent is also in process of introduction in Brussels, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and in cities in Italy and Spain; so that it bids fair to be generally adopted in the large cities of the world.

Sanskrit for Harvard.

HARVARD COLLEGE has established a full and permanent professorship of Sanskrit, and called thereto Professor Charles R. Lanman, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The honor has been accepted. Professor Lanman is a native of Norwich, Conn. He was graduated at Yale in 1871, took a postgraduate course at the same university for two years more, and spent three years at German universities at Berlin, Tubingen, and Leipsig, giving particular attention to Sanskrit. In 1876 he became a Fellow of, and a year later was chosen assistant professor of this tongue at, Johns Hopkins University. Since that time he has written several papers, which have been read at various meetings of philological societies, and published a work on "Noun Inflections in the Vedas." He is also preparing a reader, to be used as a text-book. Although Professor Lanman has barely finished his thirtieth year, it is believed that Professor Whitney, of Yale, whose health is greatly impaired, is his only equal among American scholars in this particular department of philology.

Facts as to Yellow Fever.

AT the meeting of the American Medical Association in this city last week, a paper was read by Dr. J. S. Lynch, of Baltimore, in which the important facts established by experience with yellow fever in Memphis, in 1879, were rehearsed at some length. Observation, he said, had punctured many unfounded theories, hitherto accepted as true by members of the profession, and given the color of probability to views which not long since would have been considered wild and improbable. The facts that he considered so fully established at date were: First, that yellow fever germs may lie dormant for many months during the cold weather, to be reawakened to destructive vitality by the recurrence of the temperature at which they flourished best; and, secondly, that the lowest temperature which prevails in the South is incapable of completely destroying them. The fact that the fever broke out in foci which it had established the preceding season, and radiated from such foci as centres of infection, he regarded as tending to substantiate the view that the germs of the disease, while rendered inactive by the temperature of frost, were by no means permanently disabled by a degree of cold which had been heretofore reckoned destructive of their virulence.

Dr. Lynch cited the case of the *Plymouth* as a classical illustration of the point he wished to impress upon the minds of the Fellows of the association—that yellow fever germs may have their activity stated, but are not destroyed, by low temperatures. Built in 1868, on a cruise in sub-tropical and tropical waters, the disease broke out among the crew and raged with violence, notwithstanding hygienic regulations. The vessel proceeded to Boston for repairs, and lay in that port during an extremely severe Winter—severe even for Boston, for the mercury fell to 17 deg. below zero Centigrade. Having been overhauled and repaired, she shipped a new crew from Boston near the end of the Winter, and started again upon a cruise in Southern waters. Only a few days after her departure from a non-infected port—having been subjected for some weeks to a temperature supposed to be destructive of bacteria, and having stopped at no port where the disease prevailed—and while upon the high sea, leagues from any possible centre of infection, the fever broke out on board and raged with great severity. Was not this, asked the speaker, an unquestionable proof that, while cold might suspend the vitality of disease germs, freezing was by no means synonymous with disinfection?

Another case which Dr. Lynch cited was, he thought, equally as conclusive respecting the germ propagation of yellow fever as the case of the *Plymouth* was of the inutility of low temperatures for disinfection. In 1877 a family, formerly resident in Augusta, Ga., removed to Fernandina, Fla., where the fever had never prevailed. They took with them a trunk in which clothing was packed. They were free from the disease, and were presumably safe from the destroyer. Some time after their removal, the trunk was opened, and, strange to say, after this event, in due season, but with a period of incubation unusually prolonged, the members of the family were attacked with yellow fever, marked as such by the unfailing phenomenon of black vomit. From this and other cases which the doctor cited, the inference was drawn that yellow fever poison may be transported from one point to another like any other physical entity, retaining its potency for evil and manifesting it even in climates in which the disease seldom or never appears, and which are unfavorable to its development in the epidemic form.

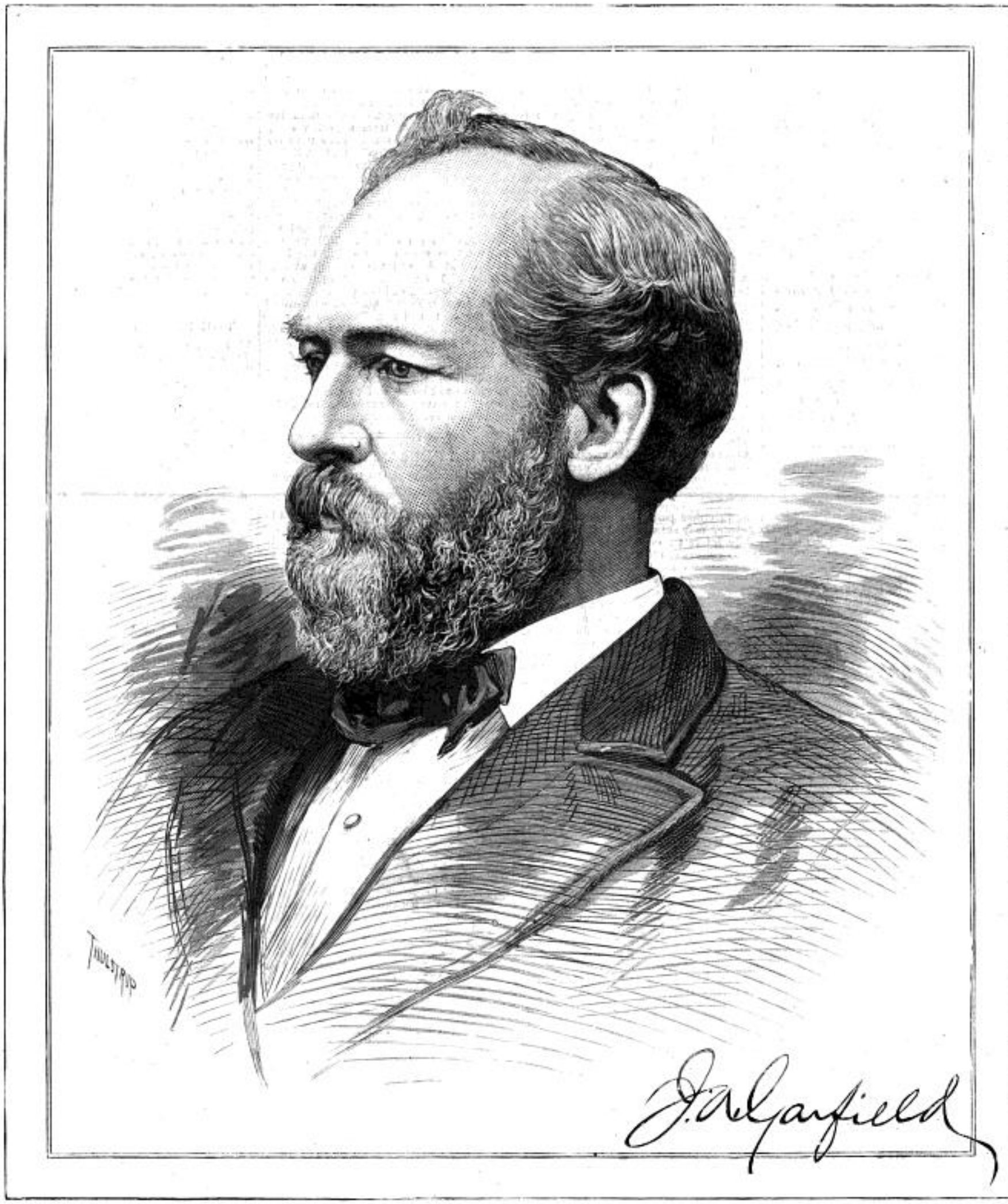
The next point advanced, as a necessary conclusion from the facts furnished by the recent epidemics, was that yellow fever is essentially an infectious, but not, in the proper acceptation of the term, a contagious disease. It may be transported hundreds of miles in clothing, or other vehicles capable of subsisting it, to develop its own inherent virulence in a new centre, but it is not communicable from person to person, as small-pox and measles are. Contact with yellow fever patients was not, the reader of the paper argued, perilous, but rather the reverse. The germs, whatever they were, must undulate under favorable circumstances for a certain length of time before their virulence was developed. They did not constitute in themselves a dangerous contagion, but were susceptible of development into an infection.

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
From a Photograph by M. B. Brady.—See Page 293.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, *57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.*

We give this week copious illustrations of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, from sketches by our own artist, accompanied by a vivid description of the initial performance, from the pen of a staff correspondent, who is now in Europe for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *While the entire description of the incidents of the Play is full of interest, the sketches of the principal actors given by our correspondent are especially entertaining, and will be read with genuine pleasure by all whose attention has been drawn to this great religious drama.*

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

THE nomination of General James A. Garfield as the Republican candidate for President affords another proof that the people are stronger than the politicians. It postpones, too, if it does not entirely avert, a disaster which at one time seemed certain to overtake the party. Admitting all that may be said for General Grant, it still remains true that his nomination would have invited sure defeat. He was not in any true sense the choice of the Republican masses, or of the great body of independent voters. He was the candidate, distinctively and conspicuously, of the machine politicians—of a class of men whose counsels and influence in his previous administrations were altogether pernicious, and who, having the party organization largely in their hands, sought his renomination now, not for any high purposes of patriotism, but in order that they might again wield, for selfish ends, the enormous power and patronage of the Government. His rejection by the Chicago Convention, notwithstanding the splendor of his military record and the popular confidence in his personal integrity of character, puts an effective end to the dominance of these influences in the public administration, and for all time establishes, on foundations so strong that it will never again be assailed, the unwritten law of the Republic that no man, however colossal may be his renown, shall be permitted to occupy the Executive office in practical perpetuity; that, in other words, "what sufficed for George Washington must suffice for the greatest of his successors."

Of General Garfield, summoned so unexpectedly to the leadership, it can be said with entire truth that he represents the best impulses of his party. A Republican all his life, his career has never been marked by that excessive partisanship which too often impairs the legitimate influence of great minds; indeed, his peculiarly judicial temper has more than once betrayed him into attitudes which the party "whips" have condemned; but it is precisely this quality of independence which will most commend him to the popular confidence. In Congress he has always kept fully abreast of public opinion as to all questions of national importance. Born poor, he has remained so, comparatively, amid all the temptations of public life; possessing in his early childhood only the slenderest educational opportunities, he has come, by his own efforts and the closest study, to rank as the most scholarly of our statesmen; he is, in a word, a self-made man, in every respect a typical product of our free institutions.

Will he be elected? That will depend largely upon the action of the Democratic Convention. That Convention has a great opportunity. It is possible for it to nominate a candidate who would command success. It is also possible for it to select a nominee who would be more objectionable than General Garfield to the moral sense of the country, and to place him upon a platform still less satisfactory than that laid down at Chicago. The one overshadowing issue is that of the national finances and the maintenance of the national faith. Upon that question the Republicans have, in the main, occupied no uncertain attitude. To them we owe the policy of Resumption, with all its beneficent results, and the defeat of all the perilous schemes for the debasement of the currency and the unsettling of the foundations of the public credit. In the struggle in Congress over this issue, General Garfield has been foremost in resisting the paper money delusions which for a time flourished so luxuriantly, and in urging specie payments and the exact fulfillment of the nation's obligations to its creditors. If, as to this paramount question, the Democracy shall assume a position of antagonism to the existing order of things, and so imperil the results already achieved in the direction of financial and industrial rehabilitation, then the canvass for General Garfield may be crowned with success. Another urgent and important question is that of the preservation and enforcement, without limitation as to State lines, of the rightful constitutional authority of the Federal Government, touching every subject whatsoever which is national in character, and analogously of the prerogatives of the Executive, as clearly settled and defined in law. Upon this question the Republicans occupy ground which the judgment of the country has repeatedly approved. If the Democracy shall continue to insist upon the doctrine they have heretofore maintained on this and relative issues, and their candidate shall represent the so-called Bourbon element of the party, then disaster may again overtake them. The country demands stability in finance as necessary to prosperity in business, and faithful adherence to the Constitution and the laws enacted under it, as essential to tranquillity and progress in the State; and it might even choose rather to face the consequences of continued Republican supremacy than to brave the risks involved in the success of a reactionary candidate and a revolutionary policy.

As for ourselves, wearing no man's collar, we shall follow no party flag, except as it may represent principles and ideas essential to the maintenance of the national unity and honor. Whatever may be commendable in either party, we shall commend; whatever may seem to us to threaten vital public interests, or tend to rekindle the fading embers of old animosities and exasperations, we shall condemn, no matter where it may be found, or in what guise it may be presented. Having no partisan entanglements, we desire that the country shall be placed before and above mere party, and we shall be on the side always of those men and measures which seem to propose the highest safety to social order, and the protection, under the sway of law, of the persons and liberties of all the people without doing violence to the rights of any.

THE EXODUS FROM EUROPE.

AT no period has the tide of European immigration ran so high as at present. This port is the chief receptacle for foreigners seeking a home in the United States. The official returns of the Bureau of Emigration, at Castle Garden, show that from January of the present year to the close of May, the arrivals have numbered 135,336 persons of both sexes and all ages. For the corresponding period in 1879 the number was 40,589; only 27,145 in 1878, and 24,293 in 1877. During the first four months of 1872, 118,382 immigrants landed at the Garden, and 294,581 during the year. The total of immigrants arriving at all the ports in that year aggregated 449,483. The nearest approach to this at any preceding period was in 1854, when the number reached 427,833. In 1873 the total arrivals were 437,004, and this stands second in rank to 1872. But the present year bids fair to surpass all that have gone before. The number landed at this port in the month of May was 55,317, and from present indications, no less than 50,000 will arrive during the present month. It is more than probable that from now until cold weather begins this remarkable exodus from Europe will be kept up, and that the accession to population from this source will equal, if it does not exceed, half a million of souls.

English, Irish, Germans and Scandinavians, make up this moving tide to this country. The narrow limits and depression of agriculture in England have been productive of widespread discontent; in Ireland the sufferings begotten by the famine have furnished an additional stimulus to the migratory movement; the Germans have a growing distaste for the military system of their country, and so hasten to get beyond its reach. As for the inhabitants of Scandinavia, an irresistible impulse to try their fortunes in a new land seems to have seized upon them in masses. It may be said, further, that the facilities for crossing the Atlantic are constantly improving and increasing, while those who find comfortable homes in this country almost uniformly urge their friends and relatives, whom they have left behind, to follow their example. The immigration of one single member of a family generally ends by the transfer of the remainder to our shores.

The Government records furnish no accurate statistics of European immigration to this country until the year 1820. It is estimated, however, that from 1790 to 1820 the immigrants numbered about 250,000. During the succeeding thirty years, ending with 1850, the number was 2,464,200. If we estimate the number to be returned the present year at 500,000, the total from 1850 to 1880, the latter inclusive, will be 7,873,082. The foreign immigration, then, for a period of ninety years, exceeds 10,587,000 souls, which, at this time, represents an aggregate in excess of one-fifth of our whole population. Of the entire number landed upon our shores, 5,857,025 have disembarked at Castle Garden since May 1st, 1847. Of this latter number 2,195,398 were from Germany, 2,042,046 from Ireland, and 1,619,581 from all other countries. In 1870 the census gave the number of persons of foreign birth, then living, as 5,767,229. The present census will probably show an addition to that number of at least one and one-quarter millions.

From official sources we learn, looking to the entire immigration, that up to 1850 the Irish contributed 43.5 per cent. and the Germans 26.4 per cent. In 1870 the two nationalities were nearly equal, the Irish standing at 33.3 and the Germans at 30.4 per cent. The percentage of English was only 13.9 in 1850, and but 11.2 in 1870. In the latter year British-Americans furnished 8.9 per cent. and Scandinavians only 4.4 per cent. But the census of 1880 will add materially to the Scandinavian percentage. A century hence the population of this country will doubtless exceed that of Europe, and in the meantime the ethnologist may speculate as to what will be the characteristics of the composite race which will then inhabit our broad domain.

LIFE INSURANCE FIGURES.

THE magnitude of the life insurance interest of the country is scarcely appreciated by the general public. Statistics show that the life companies authorized to do business in New York had, on the 1st of January last, assets amounting to $401,527,059, with total liabilities of $336,174,206, showing a surplus for policyholders of $65,352,853. The total income of these thirty-one companies for the year 1879 was $76,170,953, while the amount paid to policy-holders for losses by death, etc., reached a total of $55,744,326. The benefits conferred by the diffusion of this vast sum in the various channels which received it cannot well be over-estimated. The total amount of insurance carried by the companies in question at the date named was $1,439,961,165. Since the beginning of the year thirty-two companies, according to a table in the *Underwriter*, have paid death claims amounting to $6,210,652, and endowments amounting to $2,504,225. These figures, it should be added, do not include the payments of several important companies, whose payments would swell the total by several millions. The *Commercial Bulletin* assumes, in view of these figures, that "the regular life companies of the country are, this very year, sheltering from poverty a large body of widows and orphans at a rate which involves the distribution among them of some $30,000,000 to $35,000,000." Certainly a business that can exhibit such colossal results as are here specified may fairly be regarded as resting upon solid and substantial foundations, and as fully deserving of the popular confidence which it increasingly enjoys.

SHOOTING AND HAZING.

THE Texas schoolboy who shot the Ohio schoolboy at Highland Falls some days since, has, doubtless, heartily repented by this time of his hasty act. A prison-cell has something in its atmosphere which induces to serious meditation. As the practice of schoolboys using revolvers on one another is not viewed with favor in this part of the country, the chances are that Master Buck, of Texas, may pass the next few years of his life under a discipline more rigorous even than that of the Military Academy which he was expecting to enter, and amid much less agreeable surroundings. Should Thompson, the Ohio boy, die of his wound, it will be likely to go hard with young Buck.

Yet there are several things to be taken into consideration. The Texas boy had heard and read of the hazing practiced at the Point, and had come North resolved to defend himself against it to the last extremity. The Principal of the Highland Falls school thinks that Buck had an "exaggerated idea" of the nature of this hazing. We don't know about that. While hazing is sometimes merely silly and harmless, it is not seldom something very different. A party of half-drunken boys, egging one another on, will sometimes do things that they do not find pleasant to remember the next day or on any future day. Whether his notions of hazing were exaggerated or not, this young fellow had made up his mind, it appears, that he would not be hazed if he could help it. He presented himself at the Highland Falls school, a feeder of the Military Academy. He was poor, indifferently dressed probably, rough in manners certainly. He talked loudly, bragged, swore, and ate with his knife. He was insulted at the school table, as appears from the principal's statement; at least one attempt was made to play what the principal considers "a harmless practical joke" upon him in his sleep; his fellow-students opened his trunk in his absence and took from it a pistol, which they gave the principal and which he still retains. None of these things were likely to improve the Texas boy's temper, naturally none too amiable, or to make him less distrustful of the other boys. When one of these used language to him which in Texas would have meant either humiliation or fight, he seems to have put the Texas construction upon it, and to have replied, Texas fashion, with a pistol-ball.

We are not belittling young Buck's crime. Having committed it, he must take the consequences of it. We merely point out the fact that the fault is not all on the one side, and that this homicidal schoolboy—oaths, brags, hot temper, revolver and all—is such as his training has made him under the stimulus of real or supposed provocation.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

WHILE members of our Congress are discussing the question of the abrogation of the fisheries clause of the Treaty of Washington, and the adoption of measures to secure indemnity to our citizens for the Fortune Bay outrage, the British Government has taken an important step towards preventing future collisions in the Newfoundland waters. Three British war-vessels are now actively patrolling the fishing banks off the Dominion coast, the commanders being temporarily invested with judicial powers, to be exercised in the same manner and to the same extent as by regularly constituted justices of the peace. These vessels will continue, during the whole of the fishing season, to cruise around the coasts, paying especial attention to those parts of the shore where differences have arisen from time to time among rival fishermen, and where future troubles might at any time assume serious proportions. The presence of the ships-of-war will, no doubt, be beneficial in subduing the warlike propensities of the pugnacious fishermen, and in amicably adjusting quarrels arising out of intense competition in the prosecution of concurrent rights of fishery. Had like precautions been adopted earlier the outrages which have occasioned so much feeling in this country would no doubt have been prevented.

This display of vigilance, however, on the part of the British Government will not cause a suspension of the negotiations which contemplate the settlement of this whole question on a new basis. The American sentiment on the subject is too strong to admit of any mere shilly-shallying. That sentiment is well expressed in a report recently submitted to the House of Representatives, in which it is declared that at best "we got but little by the Washington Treaty, and that little is taken from us by unlawful violence, apparently sustained by the British Government. We gave a great deal in return, part of which has already been finally paid and is beyond our recall; but a portion of the consideration is in the opening of our markets to the Canadian fishermen free of duty; that privilege they are still enjoying to their great gain and our great loss," and the treaty should, therefore, be abrogated as the only course consistent with proper national respect.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Liberal Ministry in England is already plunged in numerous difficulties. Not only have the members of the Cabinet who sought re-election been defeated, thus showing the discontent of the nation with the first acts of the Administration, but even the Liberal press is attacking their policy. The principal charge that is brought against Mr. Gladstone refers to the retention in office and to the support granted to Sir Bartle Frere. The part which he took in bringing about the Zulu war, the difficulties which he contrived in the South African colonies, and his violence and imperialism, were constant topics for denunciation by

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the Liberals while in opposition. The Conservative Government even went so far as to defend its policy by stating that Sir Bartle Frere had exceeded his authority. It is possible that Mr. Gladstone may have found that this was not altogether true, and that Sir Bartle was obliged to plunge into the war with Cetewayo and the horrible mess made of the Transvaal annexation. However this may be, there can be no doubt that Frere was a willing agent, and his continuance in office is loudly blamed by even Mr. Gladstone's own followers. Nor is it likely that the new financial policy will be a popular one. It is found that the estimated surplus left by Sir Stafford Northcote, the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been swallowed up by the supplementary estimates, and it is proposed to add a penny to the income tax. Such an addition is always most unpopular in England where people will stand any amount of indirect taxation without complaining, but at once are indignant when their purses are directly taxed. It is also proposed to reduce the tax on wine, in accordance with the negotiations which have been in progress between France and England for a reciprocity treaty. The tax on malt is to be taken off, and instead of it a tax is to be levied directly on beer. None of these measures are likely to increase the popularity of Mr. Gladstone, and some of his other measures will probably stir up a good deal of ill-feeling. The Burial Act, which proposes to do away with the difference between consecrated and unconsecrated ground in churchyards, will, no doubt, be pleasing to the Nonconformists; but they are always Liberals in politics, while it will probably alienate the High Church Party which gave the Liberals much useful support in the late campaign. Again, the wisdom of allowing the Peace Preservation Act in Ireland to lapse is very doubtful. Ireland is evidently in not a very peaceful condition, and law is often opposed by force. Shillelaghs and stones may break bones and crack skulls, but firearms will do much more mischief and will not tend to improve the condition of the Irish peasant.

Some time ago Blanqui, the Communist, received a plurality of votes for the Assembly from the good people of Lyons. Fortunately, according to French law, a majority is necessary to elect a candidate, and on the second ballot a Conservative Republican beat Blanqui badly. As Lyons is one of the greatest strongholds of Communistic principles this defeat is of great political importance. The Communistic meeting in Paris was quickly suppressed, and the strikers at Roubaise and Rheims were at once kept in order by the interference of the military. The Government seems determined to enforce law and order and procure the respect of all classes for the republic.

The decrees against the Jesuits and other religious communities are not likely to be submitted to without a struggle. The Society of Jesus pretends, whether justly or unjustly remains to be seen, that it has acquired a vested interest in its churches and houses, that successive governments have acknowledged the legality of its tenure by the visits of official inspectors, and that the laws under which the present decrees have been issued are obsolete. The Society proposes to try the legality of these decrees in the courts of law, and will not give up without a fierce attempt to hold its own. At the same time there are some Republicans—not many it is true, but still some—who are opposed to the decrees. They say, with some justice, that when the number of captains to instruct young soldiers is insufficient, the sergeants must be employed, and the present movement is to suppress the sergeants without having a sufficient complement of captains to instruct the youth of France. Whatever harm education in Jesuit establishments may have done, it is certain that the education they give is better than none at all.

While the religious party is being thus "bulldozed" in France, Prince Bismarck has received a most decided check in Prussia by the rejection of the Church Bill by the committee of the Prussian Landtag to whom it had been submitted. Bismarck has now been defeated upon the Budget, the Army Bill, the Socialistic question, and the Church Bill, and his influence must be somewhat on the wane. Prince Hohenlohe has adopted a new policy at the Foreign Office, and the meeting of the Congress at Berlin takes place under very different auspices to those under which it met some years ago.

Mrs. Gladstone has held her first large reception at her husband's official residence in Downing Street, and all the Liberals in town loyally flocked thither. Lord Granville has given a number of small dinners, but none as yet of any public significance. It is generally expected that Lord Hartington will renew the famous festivities at Devonshire House, where a reception used to mean an assembly of all the wit, beauty and rank of London. The Duchess of Norfolk gave a grand reception in honor of Cardinal Newman, who happened to pay London a flying visit. It was very magnificent, and a large crowd, mostly women, was present. The fair sex were very effusive in their worshiping of the saintly man, and a cynical bystander remarked that most of them kissed the hand instead of the ring of the Cardinal. Another fashionable amusement is amateur musical performances. The musical tastes of the late Prince Consort have been bequeathed to the Duke of Edinburgh, the great friend and patron of Arthur Sullivan, of "Pinafore" notoriety. His Royal Highness plays the violin with considerable skill, and accompanied Marie Roze in a violin obligato in a selection from Gounod. At another concert his sister, the Princess Christian, played a pianoforte solo and a duet with Mr. Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind. They both showed a little nervousness at first, but soon warmed to the work and became quite self-possessed. The Queen herself is contributing some drawings to a monthly magazine, and the Princess Louise and several other members of the royal family are conspicuous for their artistic ability.

DENIS KEARNEY was one of the shining lights of the National Greenback Convention held at Chicago last week. A body of men who can find satisfaction in the drivel of this arrant demagogue can never possibly achieve any higher result than the demoralization of our politics.

THE feeling in favor of the nomination of Horatio Seymour as the Democratic candidate for President appears to be growing. The party could not have a better candidate, and it ought to be wise enough to seize its opportunity, notwithstanding Mr. Seymour's disinclination to accept a nomination.

THE friends of tariff reform will be disappointed by the failure of Congress to act upon the revenue measures brought before it. The efforts of the high tariff lobby, together with the desire of a good many members to escape a vote on the question in the present posture of political affairs, have proved more than a match for the reformers, who, it must be added, have at no time managed their case with the highest wisdom.

IT is stated on good authority that the cotton crop in the South this year will amount to 5,600,000 bales, valued at $300,000,000, which is much the largest crop ever raised. If the Southern States will now extend the cotton manufacture already so prosperously begun, and so retain in its own hands the full advantages of the great production of which it is capable, its industrial and commercial future will be unquestionably assured.

THERE are intimations that Mr. Tilden may decline the Democratic nomination for President in favor of Henry B Payne of Ohio. Possibly this may prove to be the fact, but Mr. Tilden is not in the habit of abandoning a purpose once formed, and it can scarcely be doubted that, believing himself to have been really elected four years ago, he has a desire to vindicate his claim by again trying conclusions with the enemy.

THE Chinese Minister to the United States, who has just returned from a visit to Europe, proposes shortly to visit Peru for the purpose of establishing an embassy for the protection of Chinamen in that country. As to the Chinese in the United States, he thinks the whole number does not exceed 120,000, over half of whom are in California. He says that the contract system has been entirely broken up, and that the few Chinamen who now come here come in the same way as other immigrants.

GOVERNOR CORNELL of this State has entitled himself to public approval by striking out of the annual Supply Bill, items amounting to $948,036. He has also vetoed all of the special appropriations in the Canal Bill, of which there are thirteen, amounting in all to $75,735. The Supply Bill is only too frequently a cover for wasteful extravagance, and this wholesale application of the pruning-knife can scarcely fail to be productive of good in arresting the tendency to reckless appropriations on the part of legislators.

THE Chinese plank of the Republican platform, designed to catch votes on the Pacific slope, does not seem to afford any greater satisfaction in that section than in the East. All the leading San Francisco journals characterize it as failing altogether to come up to the demands of the situation, and the indications are that it will alienate rather than attract votes to the Chicago nominees. As a piece of unmitigated demagoguery, that is precisely the verdict which ought to be passed upon the schemers who perpetrated it.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr Cox, of this city, which will scarcely command the approval of M. de Lesseps. The resolution recites the statement that $40,000,000 are alleged to have been offered by the citizens of the United States to foreign parties to assist them in carrying out the scheme of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and declares that any attempt on the part of such citizens to prejudge the question by extending the assistance of their capital to any such foreign undertaking is unpatriotic and unwise.

THE General Synod of the Reformed Church, after a debate of nearly a week, finally decided last week that a Freemason may be a Christian, and that the church cannot apply as a test of membership that a person seeking admission shall not belong to a secret order. The debate on the subject showed that many of the Reformed clergymen are members of the Masonic order. Masons generally will view with deserved contempt the effort of a few narrow and bigoted minds in the pulpit to array the church against an order which is everywhere the efficient ally of Christian brotherhood and personal morality.

THE crop prospects in the Pacific States are said to be full of promise. It is estimated that the acreage sown to wheat this season will aggregate 2,500,000 acres, and that the average yield per acre will be not less than 14 bushels. The barley and corn crops also promise well, while the hop crop will be fifty per cent. greater this year than last. As to the business outlook, it is said to be improving every day, the demands for wares and merchandise being notably large from the adjoining Territories, where the railroads are constantly opening up new markets for home products as well as an increased requirement for imports of all descriptions.

THE railroads of the country are annihilating both time and distance. The other day an express train on the New (Bound Brook) Line, between New York and Philadelphia, made the distance of 89½ miles in just 97 minutes, and it is said that this extraordinary time will be made regularly after the completion of certain arrangements now in progress. Some time ago the Fort Wayne and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads put on fast trains between Chicago and New York, and it is now understood that both the Lake Shore and Michigan Central will follow suit, running trains from city to city in twenty-eight hours and a half, a gain of seven hours and a half over the ordinary schedule time. But even this time will, no doubt, be eclipsed after a while, in obedience to the clamor of travelers, who consider thirty-five miles an hour entirely too slow for this fast age.

TELEGRAPHY pays. The report of the Western Union Telegraph Company shows that the net profits of the fiscal year will amount to about $5,300,000, or over 11¼ per cent. on the capital stock, after deducting fixed charges for interest and the sinking fund. Out of this, 8 per cent. in cash dividends will have been paid to the stockholders, and $1,543,000 invested in new property. Extensive constructions and purchases of telephone exchange properties have been made during the year, and of 3,500 miles of new pole lines, and 24,500 miles of additional wires of a larger size than ever before used in this country, especially adapted to quadruplex use, have been constructed.

THE French Government adheres tenaciously to its anti-Jesuit policy. The prefects of departments in which Jesuit establishments are situated have been instructed that they must make a clear distinction between Jesuit and other unauthorized orders. Jesuits are not to be invited, like others, to have themselves authorized, but are ordered to dissolve, and on the 30th of June the Company of Jesus must disappear and evacuate the establishments it now occupies. For teaching establishments, however, the respite is prolonged till the 31st of August. The other unauthorized orders will be officially required during this month to declare whether they intend submitting to the decrees, and the test of strength will come, as elsewhere stated, when they shall refuse, as they are expected to do, to comply with the Government demands.

THE country owes a debt of gratitude to Senator Blaine and Secretary Sherman for their sturdy fight against the third-term idea. Their motive may have been a selfish one, but the result is none the less gratifying to the great body of the people. As to Mr. Blaine, while he has failed in his ambition to be President, an analysis of the votes in the Chicago Convention shows very conclusively that he was the really first choice of the distinctively Republican States. Of General Grant's votes during the first day's balloting, 177 came from the Southern Democratic States, 52 from the Northern Democratic States, and 70 from the Republican States. Blaine had 35 votes from the Southern Democratic States, 62 from the Northern Democratic States, and 182 from the Republican States; Sherman had 47 from the Southern States, 9 from the Northern Democratic States, and 40 from the Republican States.

THE Chicago Convention so far recognized the demand for reform in the Civil Service as to adopt a resolution calling for the co-operation to that end of the Legislative with the Executive departments of the Government, and demanding that "Congress shall so legislate that fitness, ascertained by proper practical tests, shall admit to the public service." This is all very good as far as it goes, but it has no more significance than other declarations, equally as strong and explicit, which have been wholly disregarded by the party making them. Civil Service Reform under the present Administration has been the veriest farce, and yet President Hayes was, no doubt, at the outset honestly desirous of elevating and purifying all branches of the public service. He failed, because the influential political managers and some members of his own Cabinet were against him, and so every other President will fail, no matter what or how many laws may be passed by Congress, so long as partisanship is stronger than patriotism in our politics.

A PECULIAR sort of balloon was seen soaring over Lake Michigan last week, just after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention. It was labeled "Third Term," and was in a very dilapidated condition. The basket was occupied by a person who seemed overcome by some peculiar sensation, either of disappointment, chagrin or grief; even the insignia of "imperialism" which surrounded him did not seem to afford any real consolation. The cable of the balloon, which was marked by some legend about a "unit rule," seems to have been prematurely broken near the ground, and there is a rumor that at the time the balloon "went up" three distinguished Senators were seen to be making frantic efforts to clutch the vagrant rope. Some say, indeed, that they were left with the small end of it in their hands, and that they consider the ascension to have been entirely too "spontaneous." If the stray balloon shall not be heard of speedily, the country will be likely to conclude that it has started on a "trip around the world." At any rate, it is certain it will never come down.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FIVE duels were fought in Camden County, South Carolina, during the last month.

GENERAL BURNSIDE was last week re-elected as United States Senator from Rhode Island.

THE River and Harbor Bill, as finally passed by Congress, appropriates nearly $19,000,000.

THE Bill ratifying the agreement with the Ute Indians has passed both Houses of Congress.

GENERAL GRANT attended a reunion of 10,000 war veterans at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on June 10th.

A TORNADO in Iowa on June 9th, lasting fifteen minutes, killed and injured twenty persons and destroyed a number of dwellings.

A BILL appropriating $40,000 to aid in building a monument on the Revolutionary battle-field of Bennington has passed the Senate.

THE Congressional committee of conference on the Post Office Appropriation Bill have fixed the amount for railroad mail transportation at $9,665,000.

THE twenty-sixth annual commencement of Columbia College, in this city, was held June 9th. The graduating class consisted of fifty-eight students.

THE Illinois Democratic State Convention last week nominated Lyman Trumbull for Governor, and indicated a preference for Horatio Seymour for President.

THE Board of Park Commissioners have at last ordered the New York Elevated Railroad Company to remove their unsightly structure from Battery Park within six months.

THE official statement just submitted to Congress shows that the expenses of the war of the rebellion from July 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1879, amounted to $6,187,243,365.

IN the Greenback-Labor Convention, at Chicago, on June 11th, James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was nominated for President, and J. B. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice-President.

RED CLOUD and Spotted Tail, with their troop of Sioux Indians, who have been on a visit to Washington last week, spent some days inspecting the Indian school at Hampton, Va.

THE First National Bank of Newark, N. J., suspended June 11th. It is believed that the stockholders will lose everything, although the depositors may recover their money.

THE delegates from Tennessee to the Democratic National Convention favor Bayard, Thurman, Seymour or Field for President. The Michigan Democratic Convention elected an anti-Tilden delegation to Cincinnati.

THE annual meeting of the National Association of Survivors of Southern Military Prisons was held in this city last week, eight States being represented. J. W. Merrill, of New York, was elected president for the ensuing year.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club sailed its annual regatta on June 9th, under very unfavorable circumstances; but for the Spring dash of the New York Club on the 10th everything was propitious. Prizes were won by the locky *Tidal Wave*, *Clio*, *Mischief*, *Vixen* and *Volante*.

A DISPATCH from Portland, Oregon, says M. C. George, Republican, for Congress, is elected by from 1,000 to 1,500 majority. Three Republican Supreme Court Judges have average majorities of over 1,000. The Legislature is doubtful, with the chances in favor of the Republicans.

THE President has nominated ex-Governor John F. Hartranft, to be Collector of Customs at Philadelphia; Virgil D. Stockbridge, as Assistant Commissioner of Patents; Robert G. Dyrenforth, Examiner-in-Chief in the Patent Office; Lewis Thompson, Collector of Customs for the District of Delaware; William G. Ritch, Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico.

THROUGH the efforts of the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record* the bogus medical colleges in that city are likely to be broken up. A person acting as head of five of these colleges has already been arrested. The police captured, with him, about half a ton of bogus diplomas, with a mass of correspondence showing the traffic in diplomas and the sale of about three thousand sheepskins.

THE Maryland Democratic Conservative Convention, held last week, adopted resolutions expressing confidence in Senator Bayard. The Georgia Democratic Convention elected a delegation solid for Judge Field, with the exception of a delegate each for Bayard and Tilden. The Indiana Democratic Convention, over which ex-Governor Thomas A. Hendricks presided, elected delegates to Cincinnati favorable to him. Franklin Landers was nominated for Governor.

Foreign.

THE Chilians are reported to have captured Arica, Peru.

THE difficulties between Roumania and Bulgaria are virtually settled.

THE Czar formally received the new United States Minister, Hon. John W. Foster, on June 11th.

THE recent Belgian elections have resulted in a Liberal majority of twelve in the Chamber of Deputies.

THE Jesuits of Poictiers, France, have purchased a building on the island of Jersey for a boys' seminary.

CARDINAL NINA has tendered his resignation as Papal Secretary of State, but the Pope refuses to accept it.

THE proposal to incorporate the Lower Elbe in the Zollverein has been agreed to in the German Bundesrath.

THE Prussian Parliamentary committee, on a final vote on the Church Bill, has rejected the whole measure by a vote of thirteen to eight.

THE British trade returns for May show that the business has sunk almost to last year's level, showing the late revivals to have been merely speculative.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin has telegraphed to the mayor of every town in the United States and Canada, asking for more money to relieve the distress in Ireland.

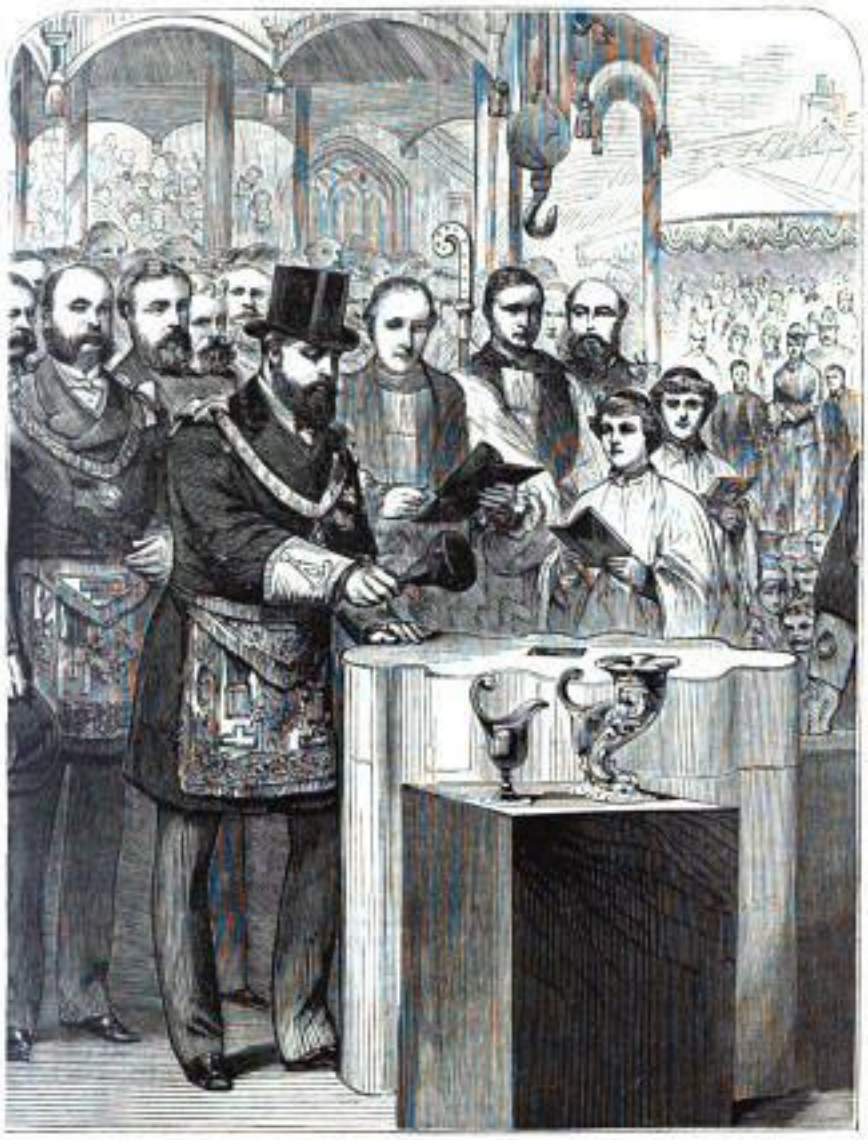
TELEGRAMS have been received in Liverpool announcing that the port of Buenos Ayres had closed, which is supposed to mean that the gunboats of the National Government have blockaded the harbor.

ADVICES from Constantinople represent the change in the Turkish Ministry as a step in the direction of the proposed reforms. Aleddin Pasha, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, has a good reputation in that respect.

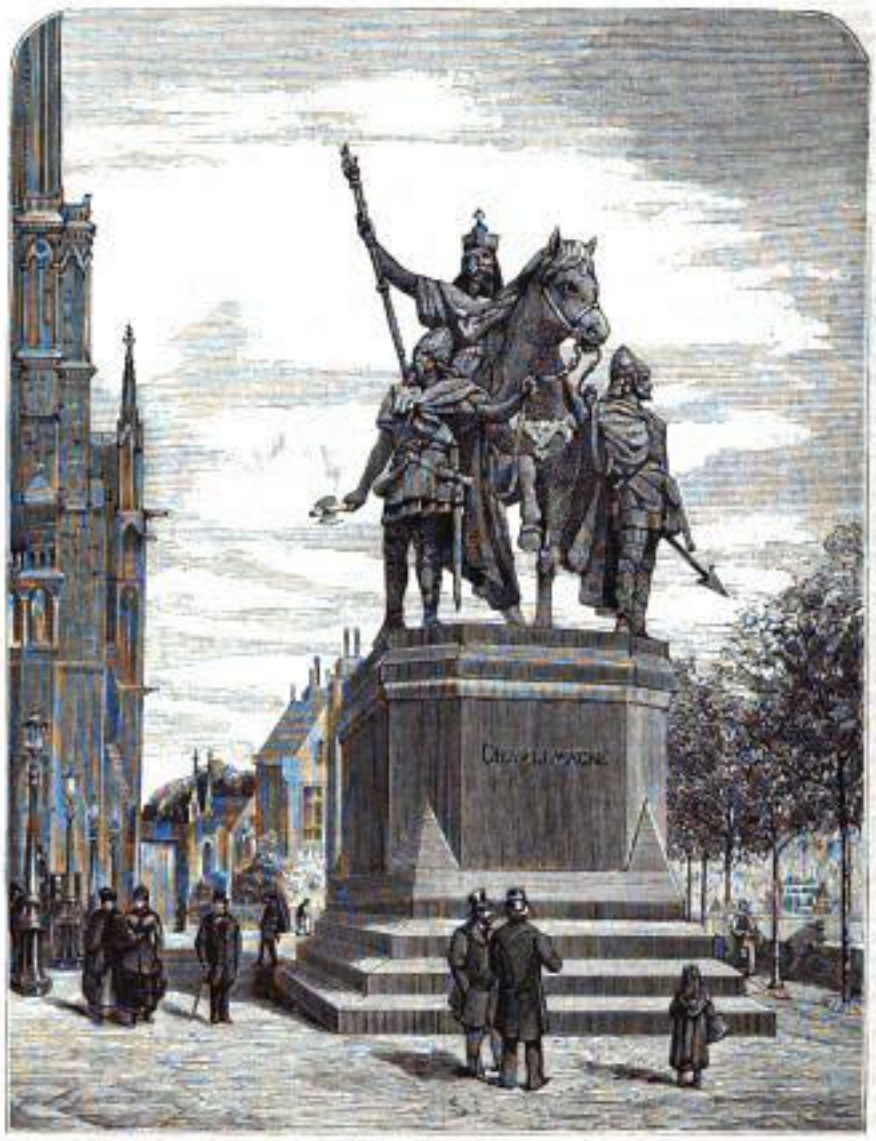
IT is understood that the question of general amnesty has been raised in the French Cabinet Council by M. Constans proposing to bring the matter before the Chambers. The proposition was almost unanimously adopted. M. de Freycinet will probably bring the matter forward.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 283.



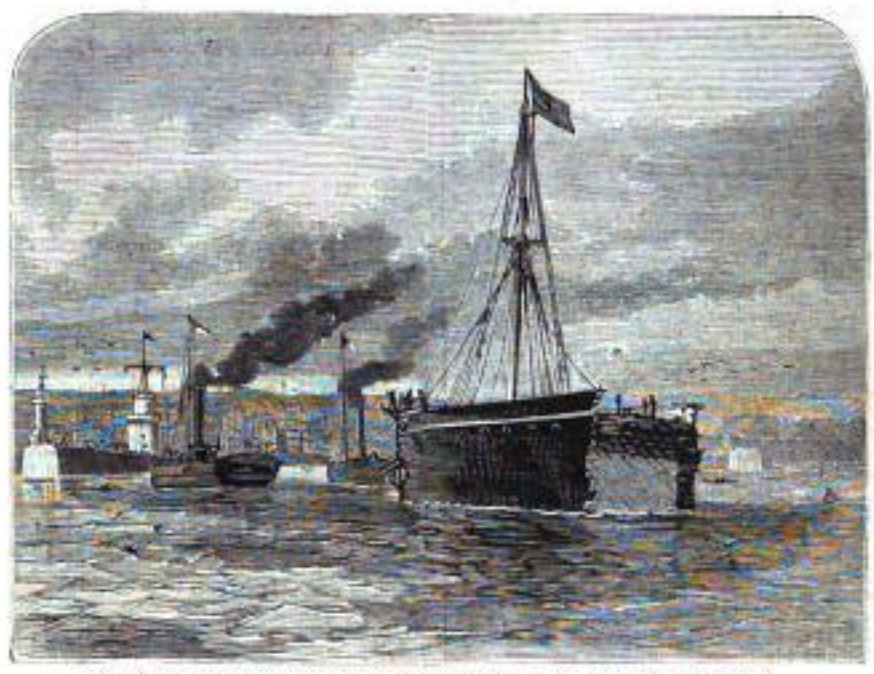
ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE TRURO CATHEDRAL.



FRANCE.—STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE, TO BE ERECTED IN THE COURT OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.



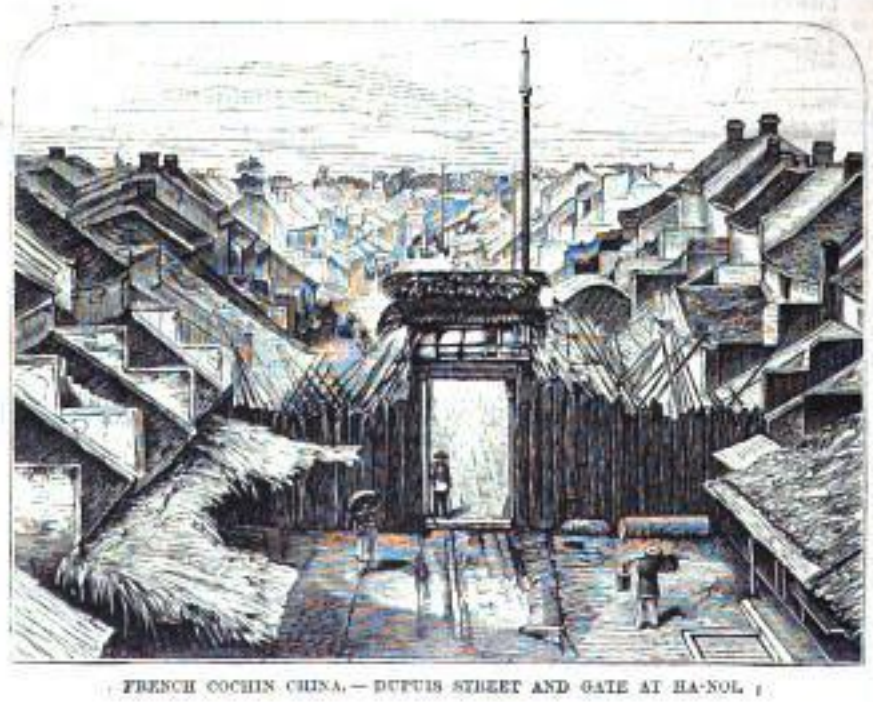
FRANCE.—BREAKING OF THE ENGLISH PACKET "ALABAMA" ON THE DYKE AT BERVILLE.



FRANCE.—TOWING THE BOW PART OF THE "ALABAMA" INTO HAVRE.

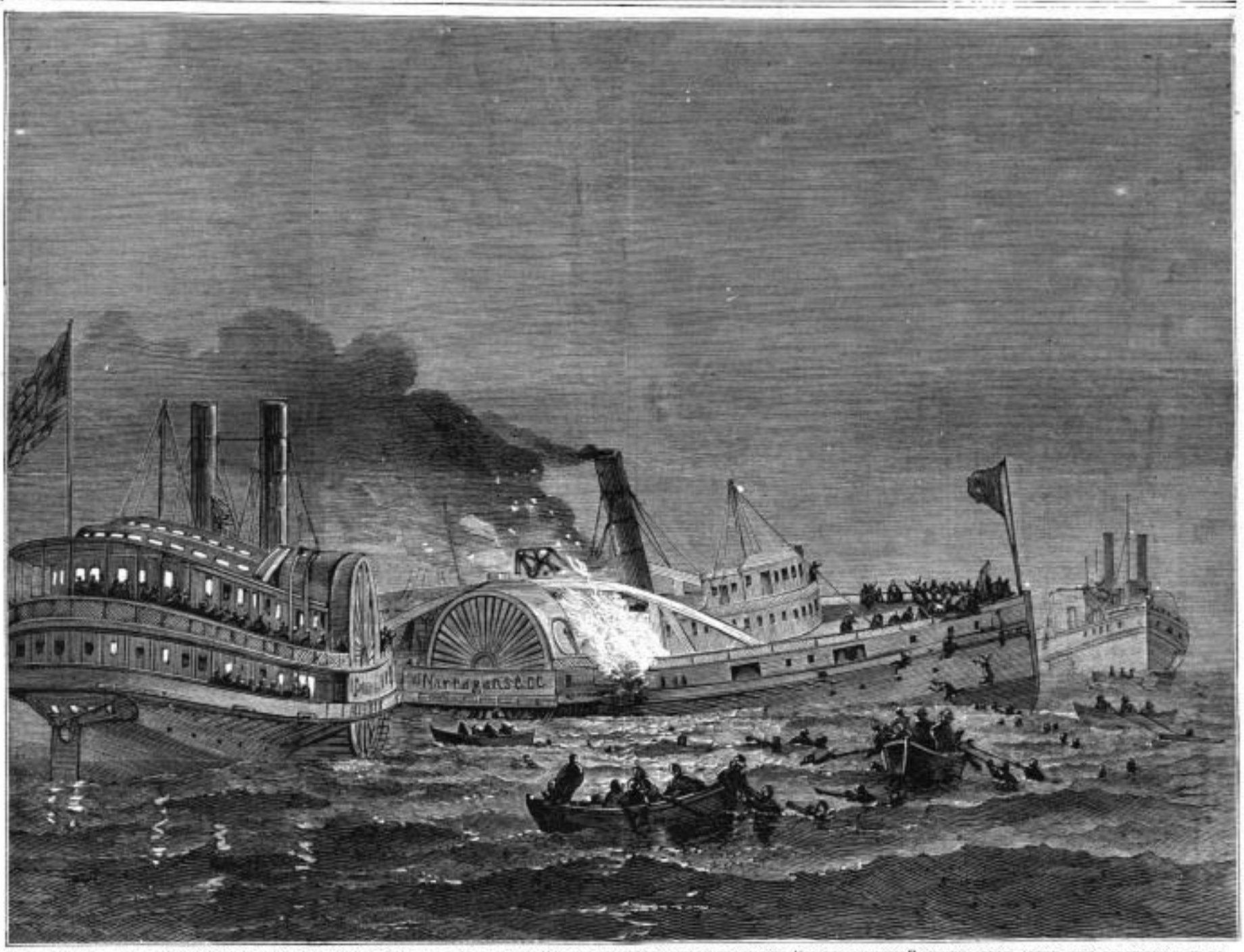


ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF KING MTESA'S AMBASSADORS TO THE QUEEN.



FRENCH COCHIN CHINA.—DUPUIS STREET AND GATE AT HA-NOI.

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NEW YORK.—FATAL COLLISION ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, JUNE 11TH—THE "STONINGTON" BACKING FROM THE "NARRAGANSETT" IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLISION—SMALL BOATS RESCUING PASSENGERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 287.



NEW YORK CITY.—INCIDENTS OF THE EXCURSION OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION TO BRIGHTON BEACH, JUNE 4TH.—SEE PAGE 283.

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EL VAQUERO.

"AVE MARIA," a herder said,
One eve in sight of Santa Fé,
Where ground and blanket were his bed
And all around his cattle lay.

"Ave Maria, full of grace—"
How strangely solemn were the words,
In such a wild and dreary place,
Beneath the stars, among the herds.

"Santa Maria, Mother of God,"
Angel-like breezes came to take
The words thus spoken from the sod
To yonder sky while yet he spake.

"Pray for us sinners now," said he,
With earnest hope to be forgiven;
While distant hills all seemed to be
Steps leading from the plains to heaven.

"Pray for us in the hour of death,"
And softly still the murmuring came,
Until at last the lisping breath
Ceased with the sweet and holy name.

"Ave Maria" no more he said,
That eve in sight of Santa Fé;
When morning came a herder dead
Was found there where his cattle lay.

J. C. BURNETT.

WINIFRED'S FLOTSAM.

IT was not because he was a woman-hater that Guy Averill, at seven-and-twenty, was still a bachelor and heart-whole. Until this Summer he had never been rich enough to support a wife; it was almost more than he could do to take care of himself, so he did not feel justified in paying attentions to any lady seriously.

Although he was industrious and talented, clients were few and far between—were almost unknown to the deserving young lawyer until he did not so sorely need them. One week—such is the perversity of fate—after he got news that an uncle had died and left him his sole heir, and found that he was sure of an income of nearly two thousand a year, then the world suddenly realized that young Averill was a very promising lawyer!

Having a good income and prospects of plenty of remunerative work, Guy Averill began to think seriously of matrimony, and rather eagerly accepted an invitation to accompany his chum, Cassius Barclay, to the little town of New Myrtle, where said chum's *fiancée* lived.

For this *fiancée*, Helen Tremaine, had two sisters, and Mrs. Averill agreed with Cassius Barclay that there were not three such girls in the world as the three Tremaines. Mrs. Averill had met them one Winter in Washington and afterwards had spent six weeks at their house; hence Guy's invitation, though he had never seen one of the family.

He knew them all by description. Helen was not pretty, but was domestic, accomplished and very charming; the next one, Winifred, was a great rider, swimmer, skater, archer—in fact, "awfully fast," though magnificently beautiful; so Guy felt a strong presentiment that while he would like Helen, and tolerate Winifred for her sake, he would be very sure to fall captive to the charms of nineteen-year-old Marcia, the gentle, fair, lovable girl whose picture he had so admired.

When he first saw Marcia he was a little disappointed; her picture flattered her; but he soon forgot that in contemplation of her graceful figure, her gentle voice and her quiet womanly ways. He loved to see a woman all womanly, thought a needle and not a pen should be her tool, believed that the fireside was woman's sphere, and so on; all of which conditions Marcia filled.

"Your sister rides beautifully!" exclaimed Guy, a few hours after his arrival at Mrs. Tremaine's.

"Yes," answered Marcia, sweetly. "She ought to, she spends hours on her horse."

"Do you ride?"

"Not much. I don't care for such—such violent exercise. In fact, I don't have much time for it. I have a good deal of sewing to do, and—" Marcia hesitated and shook out her work rather ostentatiously.

"I didn't know you had any little folks in the house," said Guy, his attention thus drawn to the small apron in her hand.

"Oh, we haven't! This is for some of our poor Sunday-school children. When I am at a loss for employment I always know where to turn, in a manufacturing town like this there is so much suffering."

"Do your sisters aid you?"

"Helen can't, her *trousseau* keeps her busy now; and Winifred—well, I'd laugh to see *her* doing such work."

"As what?" asked Winifred, who had just entered.

"Sewing or embroidering," answered Marcia, not quite truthfully; but Guy, not knowing the difference between embroidery and plain sewing, was none the wiser.

"What is absurdly known as 'fancy' work I utterly abominate! It seems to me a great waste of time to pass hours and hours in making hideous tidies and mats, or high art curtains out of ticking and such stuff."

"Don't you ever sew?"

"Not if I can avoid it; certainly not for amusement."

"Not for the poor?"

"The poor?"

"Yes, as Miss Marcia does."

"O—h! No, I don't work for the poor—as Marcia does," was Winifred's contemptuous reply.

And Guy was disgusted. How was he to know that the little apron in Marcia's hands would never have been thought of if Guy Averill (whose mother had written of his love for womanly women) had not been there to see and hear of it?

But though he was disgusted with this athletic young woman's sentiments, he was by no means so with her. Her dark-blue riding-habit showed her supple form to perfection, her soft brown hair was ruffled by the wind, and her cheeks with health and vigor, and she was a great contrast to her pale home-keeping sister.

And as the days passed, Guy was compelled to change his first opinions of the sisters. Winifred's health, spirits and temper seemed to be perfect; Marcia, on the other hand, sometimes forgot her would-be gentleness and showed a snappish petulance that amazed Guy.

"What a helpful, cheery woman she would be!" meditated Guy, but not of Marcia. "No headaches, no sulks, no sharp speeches! But there, in a wife one needs domestic virtues as well as a good disposition; her ability to dance and ride, skate and swim, shoot and drive, will not keep my clothes in order, will not direct the household. Fancy this lovely young Amazon trying to cook a steak if there should be a rebellion in the kitchen!"

But though Guy thought he was fully determined to marry some one more like Marcia, yet Winifred ruled his dreams by day and night. At last he got to this pass:

"Will such a girl ever consent to settle down to domestic life? Will she not laugh at me if I dare to speak of love?"

One day Helen and Cassius went to a neighboring town on business, and Marcia, Winifred and Guy went rowing on the river, a narrow, deep and rapid stream. Just after the girls had landed, Marcia spied an empty basket floating down the stream and declared that she wanted it, so Guy rowed out alone to get it.

Suddenly, they never knew why, the boat capsized, and Guy in trying to regain it was carried yet further down the stream.

"Never mind the boat!" shouted Winifred. "Swim ashore, the current is very strong."

Which Guy at last concluded to do. When nearly in-shore he was suddenly seized with cramps and could swim no further. Marcia shrieked and wrung her hands, and cried:

"Oh, he'll drown—he'll drown!"

"Hold your tongue! Run to Patterson's for help," cried Winifred, peremptorily, and at the same time sprang into the river herself.

In a few seconds she was beside the sinking man, clutching him firmly by the arm with one of her strong hands she struck out slowly but surely for the shore. Guy was tall and well proportioned, and it took all her strength to get him to land, but she did it and none too soon, for her own strength was giving out.

"The heavens be praised!" cried Jim Patterson. "It is lucky for poor Mr. Averill that he wasn't alone with Miss Marcia! It's a strong arm and a courageous heart you've got, Miss Winifred! Come, Joe, lend a hand and we'll carry him home. Faith, but he's heavy."

The doctor was summoned, and Guy's inopportune cramp proved to have been caused by a disordered system, consequently he was quite ill for some days.

His mother was sent for, and he had the best of care, though he would rather have had Winifred with him more. It was always Marcia who fanned him and read to him in his mother's absence, though Winifred always brought him his meals, and somehow the heretofore-admired sweetness began to pall. He sighed for a little breezy chat, as on a warm Summer afternoon one will sigh for an invigorating sea-breeze.

"Mother," said he, suddenly, the first day he was able to sit up, "which do you like best, Winifred or Marcia?"

"Just the question I have intended to ask you," was Mrs. Averill's diplomatic reply.

"Marcia is very gentle."

"Very; and so quiet."

"Winifred is strong, mentally as well as physically."

"She is an admirable girl."

Clearly he would get no decided opinion from his mother. He began again:

"The fellow that gets either of them for a wife will be lucky!"

"Very true. Is there any prospect that my boy will be so lucky?"

"I wish there was"—with a sigh. "But I fear not; she is so—so strong-minded."

"Thank fortune, it is Winifred!" thought Mrs. Averill. But she said: "Who? Marcia?"

"Marcia! Oh, mother," he laughed. "I never thought you'd be so sarcastic! No, I mean Winifred, of course. Dear, courageous girl! I owe my life to her bravery!"

"Indeed you do."

"What I fear is that so grand, so large-hearted a girl—one so full of vigorous life—will never consent to settle down in the quiet way in which my wife may have to live for a little while, for two thousand a year is not limitless. Fancy Winifred pottering over domestic details, regulating the servants and ordering the dinners! Fancy my queen in a dark, dirty kitchen!"

"Winifred Tremaine will never permit her kitchen to be dirty! Guy, who do you suppose has prepared your tea and toast, your beef-tea and toast, your *blancmange* and wine-jelly, your dropped eggs, your little dainties of all sorts, these three weeks past?"

"Why, the cook, of course!"

"By no means. Winifred has herself prepared every mouthful she has brought you; she makes every loaf of bread and cake, every pudding and pie, that is eaten in this house."

"You amaze me!"

"Why? Because she don't make a show of her work? Because she enjoys out-door life after attending to her domestic duties? She is not only a good rider and all that, but she is thoroughly and practically domestic."

Guy didn't say any more then, but he did considerable thinking. A week later he said to Winifred:

"I have never yet thanked you for saving my life, Miss Tremaine——"

"Please say no more!" she cried, hastily. "What else could I have done?"

"And I am not going to thank you until I know whether my rescued life is to be one of happiness or misery. Winifred, I love you very dearly! Can you love me a little? Can you consent to be my wife? If not, if you give me no hope, I shall blame you for not letting me drown that day. Just one word, darling!"

"I—I—I don't like to be blamed."

And Guy didn't blame her.

Cassius Barclay always calls his wife's brother-in-law, "Winifred's flotsam," and says: "Helen, your sister's flotsam really is a little too good to have been left as food for the fishes."

THE PASSION PLAY IN 1880.

OBERAMMERGAU AND ITS ATTRACTIONS—THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, ETC.

OBERAMMERGAU, *May 17th, 1880.*

THE curtain has descended upon the awful realism of the piteous Passion Play, the tragedy of tragedies, and I feel as though I had just returned from "the blood-stained Hill of the Cross," outside the walls of Jerusalem. I am awed, bewildered, dazed! Have I gone back eighteen hundred years, and has my life with its paltry gleanings been but a dream? Am I now only awakened? Do Mary, and Magdalene, and St. John, and the disciples mourn beside me? Is the blood shed for the redemption of man not yet dry upon the wood of that ghastly cross? Are the footsteps of Christ, as he staggered beneath the weight of his unendurable burden, still fresh on the Via Dolorosa? I ask myself all these things as I sit pondering over the strangest, most marvelous and the most awe-inspiring and most gruesome sight it is possible for man to gaze upon. I have been to Calvary. *Satis est!*

Before describing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the first representation of which I have this day witnessed, I shall briefly state that I left New York on the 30th of April in the good ship *Herder*, of the Hamburg line, in command of the lynx-eyed Captain Brandt; that we reached Hamburg on the 12th of May; that I went thence by train *via* Berlin to Dresden and Munich, where I encountered the first evidences of the forthcoming Passion Play in the enormous posters announcing special trains, etc. From the Bavarian capital I took the route by rail to Murnau, the nearest station to Oberammergau, reaching the latter place by a carriage, drive of a few hours. The road among the mountains was enlivened with vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions.

The village, which I approached on foot, I found to be rich in deep-eaved houses, all-unexpected galleries and gables, and coignes of cupid, and brave and coquettish in new coats of paint, whitewash and varnish. Reaching it, I sought the Burgomaster, and in him I found a—donkey. Armed with a brief authority, he railed and ranted at the pressure put upon him to find shelter for the incoming pilgrims, as though rehearsing the part of Caiaphas, which, to do him justice, he acted "excellent well" upon the following day. I quitted him in disgust, and proceeded to work out my own pattern within my own rights and privileges. I repaired to the house of *Herod*, but he wouldn't listen to me. *St. Peter* denied me admittance. *Judas* refused my pieces of silver. *Pilate* washed his hands of me. *Joseph of Arimathea* was three deep, and, after a weary searching, I found sanctuary in the house of the worthy Frau Krach, to whose daughter Anastasia was cast the part of the *Virgin Mother* in the coming play. My apartment I could not whip a cat in. It was only to be reached by passing up a ladder through a hole in the ceiling of the principal sitting-room. My bed—ah, that bed! Talk of the rack of the Inquisition! of the instruments of torture exhibited to awe-stricken visitors to the Tower of London! and yet I slept on it—not much though—and it was neat as the collar of any Puritan maiden ever put on canvas by Boughton. My pillows were square, and flat, and hard as cricket-balls, while my quilt was of balloon shape and inflated by feathers. It lay on my chest like a warm plaster, but at every movement of my tortured frame, it rolled or floated to the floor. Then, uttering full-flavored language, I was compelled to fish for it in the darkness, to clap it on my chest only to insure its instant removal. Around the apartment hung representations of the supreme moments in the agonies of the personages mentioned in Fox's Book of Martyrs, and, in one corner—oh, Chickering! oh, Erard!—a piano—yes, a piano with wooden keys, with strings to operate the pedal, and which, when played upon, emitted a gasping, wheezing jingle, suggestive of music in its very last throes. The ceiling was low, and if my head—I am six feet in my stockings—were to be examined by a skilful phrenologist at this blessed moment, I have little doubt but that he would endow me with every development, abnormally extensive, known to his mysterious and yet unsatisfactory science. What did I pay for this accommodation? Please to remember that the village was swarming with tourists to whom reckless expenditure upon creature comfort had developed into a necessity. Two marks! Fifty cents! If Frau Krach had demanded as many marks as Judas received from the Sanhedrim, I would have paid them over without a murmur. I was in a Christian country at last.

Having deposited my *impedimenta*, I sallied forth to satisfy the inner man, and repaired to the Gasthof Stern, where I partook of a liver soup and a veal cutlet worthy of Delmonico, washing them down with copious libations to Gambrinus. Let me advise Americans about to visit Oberammergau to try this hostelry. I heard many murmurings against the fare in other hotels; none against the Stern. Tourists everywhere, from the Vienna swell to the London 'Arry; from the meek Irish priest to the port-wine-nosed Anglican prelate, endeavoring to conceal the "fat living" behind a giddy Tweed suit and a disreputable wide-awake. Vainly did I seek for piquant and perfect toilets from Fifth Avenue, and for the dainty *chaussure* which distinguishes the daughters of America wherever they set their tiny feet; vainly for the irrepressible "down-Easter," or the rough-and ready representative of the West. Not yet. There were not half a dozen Americans at the first representation of the "Passion Play." The French element was conspicuous by its absence, and, with the exception of the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, the land of the Gaul was unrepresented. Of English there were about one thousand. They did not seem to fraternize, and the Browns kept haughtily aloof from the Joneses, while the Robinsons gazed stonily at both. Peasants from the Tyrol, from the neighboring villages, came flocking into the village, attired in quaint and picturesque dresses; but, alas! that I have to write it, the tide of progress is washing away national costume all over the world, and a great wave would seem to have swept over Bavaria. Few were the men in short jackets and knee-breeches and elaborate gaiters and conical hats; fewer still the women in black satin corsets, scarlet skirts, vivid hose, pointed shoes and gold-bedecked headdresses. The large earrings still remain; but one might as well be in a village on the Hudson as on the Ammer, so far as similarity of costume is concerned. The Bedouin Arab will soon change his burnoose for an ulster, and the ladies of a Coptic harem their yashmaks for hats and Gainsborough.

What a quantity of beer was consumed on that Saturday night! but all in good humor and good fellowship. What a number of Brat-Wurst—those dumpy, dyspeptic-looking sausages which the Bavarians love not wisely but too well! Every long-haired man was treated with marked respect, as he represented some character in the Passion Play, while all hats were raised whenever Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*, passed on his way. The Great Tragedy was the one universal theme, and tiny children lurked in quiet corners rehearsing their parts for the coming tableaux.

On Sunday morning I repaired to the church and assisted at a High Mass magnificently sung. Colonel Mapleson should hear the soprano. The manner in which the acolytes served the Mass gave me a foretaste of the exquisite grace of the actors in the play, while the mode of the responses to a litany by the congregation evinced a superb and faultless training. In the churchyard I encountered Anastasia Krach, the *Madonna*, and accompanied her home. Up to two months ago she was a domestic servant in the village. She is a modest, starry-eyed girl of eighteen, with a bright sweet smile, and a general I know not what of guilelessness about her that eminently fits her for the high rôle she has been selected to play.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I love the part. I feel so holy, so good when I am acting, it seems as if I was in the House of God and before the altar. I cry very much at the Calvary—I cannot help it. The tears are in my eyes all the time I am playing. I am utterly exhausted when it is over, but I feel—oh, I cannot tell how I feel." I had many conversations with this girl, and her whole soul seemed wrapped up in the glorification of being elected to play the *Madonna*. I may say that she is a very poor actress, and her voice is far from being musical. The theatre is close to the village, and is a structure of very unpretending exterior. It is built entirely of boards, and is partly open to the sky. Considered in its relation to architectural beauty the interior presents nothing of importance except its simplicity. The auditorium has in width 118 feet, and in depth 168. It occupies an area of nearly 20,000 square feet, and is capable of conveniently seating an audience of from five to six thousand people. The stage has been treated at considerable length by most writers on the Passion Play. Some have found in it traces of the ancient classic theatre of Greece. To others, again, it presents traces and a more perfect form of the mystery theatre of the Middle Ages. The spectator sees, in all, five distinct places of action for the players—first, the proscenium for the chorus, for processions and the like; second, the central stage for the tableaux *vivants* and the usual dramatic scenes; third, the Palace of Pilate; fourth, the Palace of Annas; fifth, the streets of Jerusalem. But, oh, the background, did any theatre ever possess the like? That glorious wall of softest green towering to the sky, the pines standing like needles against the azure! That green plush mantle fringed with foliage which Nature has hung out to be kissed by the sun. On the left the vale of Ammergau, with its flower-dappled meads and its solemn stream stretching away in the distance; behind, the cross-crowned Kofel two thousand feet sheer above the nestling village.

It was while I was engaged in inspecting the theatre, that I met Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*. He was smoking a very bad cigar. Having replaced it by a genuine Victoria Regina, I entered into conversation with him. He is tall, slight, graceful, humble, and very civil. His eyes are not as large as I could wish them to be, nor as sweet, and his hair and beard are almost black. Now the wine-color that Guido loved to paint has ever been branded in my imagination as the true Nazarene, consequently I felt disappointed in Meyer's general appearance. He is supremely but calmly elated at being permitted to play the leading rôle. He performed it in 1870 and 1871, and the King, in order to save Meyer's hair during the Franco-German war, ordered him to be detailed on orderly duty in Munich instead of being sent to the front, as was poor *Simon of Cyrene*, who was killed at Sedan.

"I feel as if I should like to die on the cross like my Lord and Master," said Meyer. "I feel as if the bloody sweat was pouring from me when I kneel in the Garden of Gethsemane, and I wish that I were really scourged. I feel faint when I bear the cross to Calvary; and when I utter the last words of Him, it is as if my soul was going away from me." Becoming more natural, and in reply to an inquiry of mine: "I remain twenty minutes on the cross. I am sustained by a loop attached to a pair of corsets, just like a woman's; my left heel rests on an iron step on the cross. Come with me and I'll show you the cross."

I went behind the scenes and examined the mechanism by which the cross is elevated, and the other appliances and "properties" connected with the drama. I may mention that when I met Meyer this evening, after his eight long hours of masterful performance, he was the same humble, retiring individual, and was nowise elated at his supreme success. The English ladies surround him, nay, absolutely mob him, and one enthusiastic dame, although she dropped her h's, could not be induced to drop his hands, to which she clung with the tenacity of a cupping-glass. *Magdalene* I found, like Werther's "Charlotte," engaged in cutting bread and butter. She is a bright, intelligent, laughing girl, not by any means pretty, who takes a childish delight in talking about the forthcoming performance.

"Won't you watch me when I pour the ointment on His head," she exclaimed, "and on His feet. That is the part of the play I feel most inspired in."

Magdalene lives at home and takes care of her brothers and sisters. The father is a musician, and sub-leader of the church choir. My last visit was to Gregor Lechner, the *Judas*. He has played this part since 1850. He is considered the best actor in the drama. Like Meyer, he is a carver in wood. The former excels in crucifixes, the latter in groups. I found him posing opposite a very fair copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the "Last Supper." He is a man of sixty, with a low, cunning expression and a restless, furtive eye. He had dyed his hair and beard to a rich purple, which seemed to render his appearance even more repulsive to me.

"I am the shadow, as Christ is light in the play," he said. "I feel myself to be the veriest wretch and traitor all through the piece. I loathe, abhor myself; and when I kiss my Master I am ready to hang myself. The kiss is my great point; I threw all my dramatic talent—for I do possess dramatic talent—into that action. See," he added, pointing to the *Judas* in the "Last Supper," "look at that pose, that expression! Watch me see," and Lechner in a second assumed the hideous, anxious cunning, as depicted by Da Vinci on the face of *the* traitor of traitors.

A Church of England service was announced for eleven o'clock at a *gasthof*, the entire *façade* of which was concealed behind the enormous posters of an enterprising excursionizing firm, to the great disgust of the inhabitants. The congregation numbered forty, and the collection, a very generous one, was handed to the curé of the village for distribution amongst the poorest of his flock. Having gladly accepted the invitation to dinner from the Graf von Pappenheim, I walked out to Ettal. The road was literally blocked by incoming vehicles, while the sidewalk was equally crowded. That delightful evening at the monastery will live in the very heart of my brightest recollections. The high-bred courtesy of the Grand Marschal, the winsome grace of the countess, who is a sister of Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and the supreme beauty and elegance of the ladies Katrina, Anastasia and Edith, daughters of a hundred—nay, a thousand earls. That wondrous old dinner-room, with its oak panelling and emblazoned trophies, wax-lighted, the charming heads of the young countesses in delicate relief against the grim, dark wainscot. The post-prandial promenade in the red brick-paved cloister, lighted by a few quaint oil-lamps and the tender beams of the young May moon, and the Alps, like giant phan-

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tions, over-leaning all. The music in the salon—zither and piano; the recitations by the Lady Katrina; the wondrous old tunes and priceless *bric-a-brac*; the wild student songs of the counts, Max and Ludwig, up in an apartment once the cell of a bloodless Benedictine! What a picture to frame in one's memory!

I could have slept on Sunday night, and slept soundly to boot, but for the chattering of a bevy of "strapping wenches," who had anchored their long, white canvas-roofed wagon—a prairie-ship—right beneath my window. These damsels laughed and chatted all through the short night, and I was just on the threshold of my forty winks when, boom went the first gun, announcing that the performance of the Passion Play of 1880 would commence in three hours—namely, at eight o'clock. Masses were celebrated in the church from midnight, and a procession, with a band—headed by the fire brigade, five in number, very brassy as to helmet—marched bravely through the village at six o'clock. Everybody was up, and everybody looked fresh, rosy and expectant. By half-past seven every available place in the theatre claimed its occupant to the number of six thousand, while upwards of three thousand Passion pilgrims failed to obtain admittance. In order to foil the artful designs of certain speculators, it has been ordered that no person can obtain a ticket for the performance until he has registered as a lodger in the village, his landlord standing sponsor. This should be borne in mind by such Americans as resolve to "take in" Oberammergau during their Summer wanderings.

One word about the origin of the play ere the curtain rings up. In the year 1633 a fearful pestilence broke out in the neighboring villages; so fearful, indeed, it was thought everybody would die. In Kohlgrub, distant three hours from Ammergau, so great was the ravages made by the disease that only two married couples were left in the village. Notwithstanding the strict measures taken by the people of Ammergau to prevent the plague being introduced into this village, a day laborer named Caspar Schuecher, who had been working at Eschenlohe, where the plague prevailed, succeeded in entering the village, where he wished to visit his wife and children. In a day or two he was a corpse; he had brought with him the germs of the disease, which spread with such fearful rapidity that within the following thirty-three days eighty-four persons belonging to the village died. Then the villagers in this sad trial assembled and solemnly vowed that if God would remove the pestilence they would perform the Passion tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year. In 1634 the first play was performed. The decaded period was chosen for 1681, and the Passion Play has been performed every tenth year with various interruptions since that time. The great training-school for the Passion Play has been all along the village church, with its purely Catholic ceremonies, its processions, its music and its song. To the *Gemeinster*—Rath Daisenberger—the play at Oberammergau owes its supreme success. This venerable man—he is now eighty-five years of age, formerly a monk at the Monastery of Ettal—has for the last fifty years educated his flock for the performance. He has rewritten the play and some of the score. The addresses of the Choregus are written by him after the Greek model of Strophe and Antistrophe. He was present to-day and announced himself as thoroughly delighted with the acting of the *corps de ballet*. A dead silence fell upon the vast audience as the third cannon boomed, and the chorus of *Schutzgeister* or Guardian Angels stepped slowly and solemnly forward from recesses on either side of the proscenium, taking up their position across the whole extent of the theatre and forming a slightly concave line. They number nineteen, ten of whom are women. Each is dressed in a white robe with a flowing mantle of rich color, save immediately before the Crucifixion, when they assume black. A golden tiara is worn on the head. The play is in eighteen acts, each act containing a series of dramatic scenes complete in itself, prepared by one or more *tableaux vivants*, the subject of which is taken from the Old Testament. These tableaux stand in the closest connection with the dramatic part of the performance, being so many symbols and prophecies of the scenes from the life of Christ, which they are intended to illuminate. After the chorus has assumed its position, the *Chorypæus* or Prologue gives out in a melodramatic manner the opening address, or prologue, which introduces each act: the tone is immediately taken up by the whole chorus, which continues either in solo, alternately, or in chorus, until the curtain is raised in order to reveal a *tableau vivant*. At this moment the Chorypæus retires a few steps backwards, and forms, with one-half of the band, a division on the left of the stage; while the other half withdraws in a like manner to the right. Thus they leave the centre of the stage completely free, and the spectators have a full view of the tableau which is thus revealed. These spirit-singers prepare the audience for the approaching scenes, and, while gratifying the ear by delicious harmonies, they explain and interpret the relation which shadow bears to substance, the connection between the type and its fulfillment, and, as the name implies, they must ever be present as guardian spirits, as heavenly monitors, during the entire performance. The main object, the whole extent and scope of the Passion Play, is exhibited in two tableaux. The first type represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden—symbolical of the fall; the second, the Adoration of the Cross—typical of Redemption. The first verse of the intoned prologue fell with powerful intensity upon the ear, and the silence was almost painful. The sun shone upon the mountains and valley and river; upon the streets of Jerusalem; upon the homes of *Annas* and *Caiaphas*; and, to add to the realism, birds flew swiftly about, blithely twittering upon the house-tops. A tiny child, clad in dead green, bare legged and shading its eyes with its hands, came suddenly into the blazing daylight from out a house in Jerusalem. This was the first performer who appeared in the Passion Play of 1880. I can but refer briefly to the performance of the action of the Passion. The first dramatic act is Christ's entry into Jerusalem. From the distance beyond the city, as it were, sounds of rejoicing, of glad shouting, of singing, are heard. Down the slope of Olivet comes the Messianic procession, and we hear the singing and rejoicing of the crowds of Passion pilgrims, and the people of Jerusalem, who welcome *Jesus* to the Holy City. From the side streets bands of Hebrew children, led by their parents, come forth to join the throng that has already collected about *Christ*. The crowd opens, and *Christ* appears seated on an ass, His disciples immediately following. When *Christ* appeared, the audience uttered a murmur, which died as quietly as it was born. There was over five hundred persons on the stage, each waving a palm-branch. Such a combination of color I have never seen—such sage greens, and dead yellows and blues and purples!—such artistic groupings, such realism! The bare-legged, bare-footed children, frisking as children frisk, everybody gazing at *Christ* and not at the audience. The *Saviour* was attired in a dove-colored flowing robe, with a reddish-purple mantle. The portrait was intensely Nazarene, and seemingly transferred from the canvas of an old master. Yet no painting ever brought to my mind so complete a realization of my ideal as this dramatic delineator, whose life has been one of years of preparation for his task. No spectator could have gazed upon the *Saviour* as represented by Meyer and remain untouched by the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. Meyer's action was full of marvelous grace, while all through the performance his exquisite humility was painfully sympathetic. *St. John* was a vivid and beautiful picture in his green and red, as was also *Peter* in blue and yellow. *Judas* wore a gaberdine of pale yellow, with a mantle of reddish brick color.

Next followed the scene in the Temple, where *Christ* drives out the money-changers, overturning the table. Here we had a number of real doves let loose, while jars were smashed and coins plentifully scattered on the ground. In this act of the Passion Play we see the germ of the conspiracy that leads to the final catastrophe. The second act reveals the High Council, or scene in the Jewish Sanhedrim. The priests composing the assembly are seated on benches about the room, *Caiaphas* and *Annas* presiding, the former impersonated by the Burgomaster, whose breast is graced with the most sublime of all Jewish decorations—namely, the shield or breastplate containing twelve precious stones, with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. *Caiaphas* was so energetic in this scene that he subsequently became as hoarse as a raven. The third act, fearfully realistic, represents the anointment. It is the house of *Simon* in Bethany. *Christ* and His disciples take places at the table, and *Martha* waits upon the guests. *Magdalene* enters, and, casting herself at the *Saviour's* feet, anoints them. The waste of this precious salve disturbs *Judas*, and his role now commences. This entire act is one of supreme interest and importance in the Passion Play. In act fourth we have *Christ's* last journey to Jerusalem. The *Saviour*, with His disciples, pass before us on the brow of Olivet. Before them lies the Holy City. *Christ* weeps over its doom. The second scene is the temptation of *Judas*. The next act, the fifth, was devoted to the Last Supper, preceded by the fableau of the rain of manna in the wilderness. Leonardo da Vinci's picture was represented in the most minute details—the positions taken at the table by the *Lord* and the twelve, the grouping—all, everything. *Jesus* proceeds to wash the feet of His disciples. The acting here was wonderfully impressive and realistic, as the *Saviour*, ewer in hand, attended by a servant with an earthen pitcher, bent over each foot, unwillingly unsandaled by the disciples, and gently laved it. After this followed the institution of the Holy Sacrament. *Christ* here broke the bread, and gave a portion to each of His disciples in turn. *Judas* shrinks as he receives his. Then the *Saviour* raises the cup, uttering the words of eternal life. At *John* presses his Master to tell who it is that will betray him; to which the *Saviour* replies, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." The moment the *Lord* gives the sop to *Judas*, the latter rushes from the apartment. In act sixth *Judas* appears before the Sanhedrim and consents to betray his Master. When the blood-money—the thirty pieces of silver—come to be counted out to the base traitor, he chinks them one by one to test them, and here, for the first time, the vast audience gave expression to their wrought-up feelings by laughter—yes, laughter! and it grated horribly on the ear. In fact, *Judas* is regarded by the Bavarians as the comic man of the piece, and even when he retires to hang himself, his exit is followed by laughter. Act seven brings us to the Garden at Gethsemane. *Jesus* enters, followed by His disciples. He prays while the others sleep, and, when He raised himself from the ground, a bloody sweat was on his forehead. A murmur ran through the entire audience at this piteous sight. A laugh was raised when *Peter*, drawing his sword, cuts off the ear of *Malchus*; but this was instantly repressed by an indignant "Hush!" Meyer's acting in this scene was perfect. When the act concluded—at twelve o'clock—the Burgomaster stepped forward in plain attire and announced a recess of one hour and a half. A vast majority of the audience retained their seats, while the remainder repaired to the village for dinner. Those who remained picnicked, the sausage and white wine *de pays* serving as the *al fresco* meal.

Precisely at half-past one the second division of the Passion Play commenced, which comprises from the captivity in Gethsemane to the Resurrection and Ascension. It was in act eight, when *Jesus* appeared on the balcony of the house of *Annas* that occurred a weird and wondrous and awful scene. *Christ* was standing before *Annas* and had just been struck on the face by *Malkus*, when suddenly the heavens became black as ink—"a noonday night"—causing the gigantic mountains to stand out in horrid distinctness, and a flash of the most blinding lightning blazed across the glorious face of the man-God. Then came a clap of thunder that crashed with the crack of doom among the Alps, followed by the rolling of heaven's artillery, the artillery of the Great Captain! It was a moment of paramount grandeur. An awful accessory to the awful tragedy, an awful setting to an awful picture! In act nine *Christ* is led before *Caiaphas*, looking divinely beautiful. In this act *Peter* denies his Master, and the performer to whom was intrusted the crowing of the cock acquitted himself so admirably that all the roosters in the village seemed instantly to reply. Act ten is devoted to the despair of *Judas*, who utters his unendurable torture in masterly words and with superb action. On the stage is the elder-tree on "the field of blood," and as the arch-traitor flies to it to fling away his accursed life, the audience, I regret to write it, burst into loud and continued laughter. *Christ* is led before *Pilate* in act eleven. In act twelve the *Man of Sorrows* is brought before *Herod*, and in act thirteen takes place the scourging and crowning. This was horribly realistic, and as the great gouts of blood slowly trickled down the divine forehead after the crown of thorns had been pressed upon His head, a thrill of awe vibrated through the spectators as if on the same heart beat. The resignation in the scene was a marvel of acting. Meyer never allows the dignity of *Christ* to suffer, and when pushed off the stool to the ground, he falls so as not to detract from His dignity, and the intended degradation of maltreatment reflects upon His accusers. In act fourteen *Christ* is sentenced to death. Even the *rôle* of *Barabbas*, who held the stage for a brief moment, was admirably impersonated. The bearing of the cross to Golgotha, after the picture of Paul Veronese, in act fifteen, is one of the most marvelous scenes of this most marvelous and piteous spectacle. Over six hundred people come upon the stage—a very magic of color combination. *Christ*, meekly bearing His unendurable burden, appears in the street to the right, followed by the Roman soldiers and the populace. On the left, *Mary* and *Magdalene* and *John* stand in the street, unconscious that the *Man of Sorrow* approaches. The captain of the guard is mounted. *Jesus* stops opposite a house the owner whereof tantalizingly bids him press on to Calvary. The *Saviour* regards him for one second. That man is doomed *forever* to walk the earth as the Wandering Jew. *St. Veronika* meets the Lord and offers him a linen cloth. He wipes the bloody sweat from his brow and hands the cloth to her. It is impressed with his divine image. *Simeon of Cyrene* takes the cross upon his stalwart shoulders. Never shall I forget the expression of *Christ* as he turned to the poor carpenter, uttering the "glad tidings of great joy." "The blessing of God be upon thee and thine." The sobbing of the spectators was the only sound now to be heard as the procession wended its way along the Via Dolorosa. The Crucifixion was a ghastly, a terrible, an awful realism. The curtain rose to the hideous sound of the hammer, and the three crosses lay upon the ground, each laden with its victim. Those of the two thieves were first set on high, then came that of *Christ*, the inscription having been nailed on at the last moment. I dare not attempt to describe this scene. Any words that I could pen would fail to afford the faintest idea of the soul-awing spectacle. *Jesus*, as in Rubens's great picture, hangs suspended before you, the divine head gently reclining on the naked breast, the hands pinioned and bloody, the feet lacerated and bloody. When the soldier pierces His side with a lance, and the blood gushes forth, a short, sharp cry of agony came from the spectators, and a thousand faces paled. The whole scene of that bloody sacrifice is enacted, even to the breaking of the limbs of the malefactors. The Descent from the Cross was a marvel of affectionate reverence. Never did the real personages in the Great Tragedy perform the harrowing office with more pious care, more delicate handling. It was an exact copy of the great painting at Antwerp of Rubens. In act seventeen we had the Resurrection, and in the last act the Ascension.

Having witnessed the Passion Play, I believe it to be the outcome of the pure enthusiasm of believing minds. I no longer look upon it as an interesting relic of the past, long distant, out of keeping with the times, lingering on a threatened existence; but as upon the most marvelous and elevated dramatic exhibition of our epoch, and the perfection of the religious drama. I quitted that rude theatre awed, bewildered, subdued, and I pray that the impressions left by the play, so simple, so powerful, so grand, may be never erased from my heart.

NUGENT ROBINSON.

AN EXCURSION OF PHYSICIANS.

THE convention of the American Medical Association, which closed its session in this city June 4th, was an occasion of great interest to the profession generally, and to the participants was most enjoyable throughout. Not only were members of the convention—some 1,200 in all—formally received and entertained by Mayor Cooper and others, but, after the adjournment, they were given an excursion on the steamer *Grand Republic* up the North River to the Palisades, up the East River to Long Island City and thence to West Brighton Beach. It was estimated that there were 1,800 people on the boat. Many of them, particularly the ladies, soon became hungry under the invigorating influence of the sea air. No provision had been made for feeding the excursionists on the boat, but two reporters, having discovered a barrel of "hard tack" in the steward's room, the steward soon found himself overrun with customers, who bought the crackers at five cents each. At West Brighton Beach the excursionists fared somewhat better. Apart from the drawbacks attending the feeding of such a multitude, the excursion was very enjoyable, and, during the home trip, a meeting was held and a vote of thanks was tendered to William Wood & Co., who paid the expenses of the entertainment. We illustrate some of the incidents of the trip on page 281.

Gladstone and his Physician.

IT is stated that Mr. Gladstone has taken office in direct opposition to the advice of his medical advisers. This is probably the case. Other men have been Prime Ministers when past seventy, but they have not combined the functions of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that, too, after such a terrific strain as the Midlothian campaign. Lord Palmerston only worked hard at very long intervals, and took excellent care of himself. Lord Russell had a wife who kept him in cotton-wool, nor did he, after he was sixty, do any very exhaustive work. Had Mr. Gladstone been content to take office as Premier, with a seat in the Lords, there is no saying how long he might not have held the position so far as health is concerned, but it is highly improbable that he will now be able to do so. About seventeen years ago he broke down in a manner which for a brief while occasioned great alarm to his friends, and although very little was publicly said about it, he showed one evening painful symptoms of an overwrought brain. Many of his friends hope, for the interest of himself and his party, that after this session he will be induced to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Prince of Wales at Truro.

It was in the double capacity of Duke of Cornwall and Grand Master of the English Freemasons that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new cathedral of Truro. The proceedings were conducted with magnificent pomp and splendor, and the day being gloriously fine, the term of thousands of visitors who flocked into the town from near and far throughout the country were amply gratified with the spectacle afforded them, and the festivities in which they took part. The bishop commenced the ceremony with the religious service ordained for such occasions; and then the Prince, advancing, went through the imposing rites of the Masonic ceremony, speaking the solemn words and performing the semi-mysterious rites of the craft with a dignity befitting the occasion. He used the mallet belonging to Old St. Paul's Lodge, to whom it was presented by Sir Christopher Wren, and which was handed by Charles II. when laying the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Charlemagne Statue at Paris.

The equestrian statue of Charlemagne which is to be erected in the court of the Church of Our Lady in Paris is the work of the Rochet Brothers. One of them, Louis, died from the effects of a too severe application to the modeling of the statue and the preparations for the casting. The Rochet Brothers had previously designed and cast the equestrian statue of William the Conqueror, erected at Falaise, and that of Dom Pedro at Rio de Janeiro. But Charlemagne is considered the greatest of all their works. The pedestal which is to support the magnificent sculpture was designed by Viollet Leduc a short time before his death.

The Wreck of the "Alabama."

One of the most curious naval accidents on record recently occurred to the English steamer *Alabama*, which sailed from this country with a load of grain for Havre. She ran upon the breakwater at the mouth of the Seine at high tide, and, as the tide fell; no precaution having been taken to prevent the strain, she parted in the middle just in front of the smoke-stack. Brown Brothers, English engineers, undertook, with the aid of M. Letellier, a French engineer, to transport the parts of the *Alabama* to Havre and solder her together. This bold project has been carried out, and we show the arrival of the bow at Havre. The stern is there long before this. The cargo was, of course, easily removed, and the opening temporarily covered with diagonal planking.

African Chiefs in Buckingham Palace.

On Friday, May 14th, Queen Victoria gave an audience to three Uganda chiefs, special ambassadors of King Mtesa. The object of their visit is to see England and the English in order to carry back a report to their sovereign, who is undoubtedly the most enlightened monarch in Central Africa, of the power of England and the friendliness of its people. They are also bearers of a message of good will from King Mtesa to England, and are sent to bear testimony to the progress of Christianity in the centre of Africa. These chiefs were received by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace in order to present a letter from King Mtesa, being introduced to the Queen by General Sir Francis Seymour, K. C. B., the Master of Ceremonies.

Dupuis Street and Gate, Ha-Noi.

France acquired a foothold in Cochin China in 1861, and in 1874, by the treaty of Saigon, obtained from Tu Duc, Emperor of Anam, the cities of Ha-Noi and Hai-Phong in Tonquin. The people of this latter province wish to throw off the yoke of Anam and restore their kingly line under French protection. The street and gate at Ha-Noi are constantly called by the people the Dupuis Street and gate, to honor a French officer of the name, who did much to secure their liberty. At this gate Dupuis barricaded himself when the brave Frenchman Garnier was massacred here by the Annamites. The picture gives an idea of the difference between China and Tonquin. The houses, as roof and arrangement, are more European, although the gates and sheds and verandas, as well as the dress of the people, remind us of China.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Nihilist agitation in Russia is said to be declining.

—THE army-worm is causing great destruction to the crops in New Jersey and on Long Island.

—ACCOUNTS from all parts of Ireland regarding the state of the crops give the highest promise of abundance.

—THE Greek Government is collecting war material and preparing, when the right time arrives, to occupy the new territory claimed by Greece.

—PRINCE RATTAZ has delivered to Austria an invitation to send a representative to the Berlin Conference, which is to meet on the 16th of July.

—COLONEL PASHKOFF, the leader of the new evangelical movement in Russia, has, at the instance of the Holy Synod, been ordered to quit Russia forthwith.

—THE London *Standard* confirms the report of a civil war in the Argentine Confederation, and that Buenos Ayres is in the hands of a provisional government.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies has fixed as the national *fête day* the 14th of July—the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile—instead of the Imperial day, the 15th of August.

—THE gavel used by the presiding officer at the Chicago Convention is made from wood taken from Lincoln's home, the handle being a cane grown on the Mount Vernon estate. It was a handsome souvenir for Senator Hoar to carry home with him.

—THE German Technical Naval Commission have decided almost unanimously against making any alterations in the steering orders for mercantile ships, in consequence of the new regulations on the subject issued by the Admiralty for the Imperial Navy.

—THE opening of the Mount Vesuvius Railway took place on June 6th, and was celebrated by a splendid *fête*. Several successful ascents were made. The time occupied in the journey from the foot of the mountain to the terminus of the railway was eight minutes.

—THE German defense tax Bill, which is estimated to yield $3,000,000, provides that those in receipt of an income under $250 shall pay $1 a year, while those having $250 to $1,500 will be subject to an additional tax of from $2.50 to $25. The tax on incomes from $1,200 and upward will be at the rate of three per cent. for every $250 of income.

—THE English torpedo ship *Hecla* has been ordered to Bantry Bay to carry out, with the ships at the Channel Squadron, an extensive series of experiments in submarine mining and torpedo attack. A new system of defense is to be tried, and in choosing Bantry Bay as the scene of these experiments the Admiralty desire to keep it from being made known.

—IN case of the mobilization of the German army, each soldier receives two salicylic acid plugs of different dimensions, which he may, if wounded, himself introduce into his wounds. These plugs consist of a piece of gauze 15 to 16 square ctm., in which is rolled one or two grammes of a salicylicial wadding. They are made loose so as to take any form.

—EAST of the River Jordan there is an Arab tribe which has embraced the Catholic faith, and is ministered unto by a native Italian priest. These Arabs wander about from place to place with their flocks of sheep, and when their tent is pitched in any place a temporary building to serve as a church is put up. Other Arab tribes, it is said, are disposed to follow this example.

—PETROLEUM is now used for the illumination of all except three of the lighthouses of the coast of France. A portion of the money saved by this change has been expended in augmenting the illuminating power of the lanterns. Experiments have lately shown that petroleum may safely be employed for floating lights also, and a light of this kind in the Bay of Biscay is now maintained by it.

—ORDERS have been sent to General Sir Donald Stewart, the British commander at Cabul, to withdraw his forces with the least delay compatible with the health of the troops. Cabul is to be evacuated by the end of October. The surplus members of General Stewart's staff and the surplus war material are to be returned to India forthwith. It is believed that Gandamuk and the Shutargardan Pass will be the extreme points of the British occupation.

—THE Prussian Parliamentary Committee on the Church Bill is gradually approaching the end of its labors. The positive result of its deliberations hitherto is not very gratifying to the Government, and when the Bill comes again before the House it can only present the appearance of a legislative torso. Whether Prince Bismarck will acquiesce in the changes suggested by the committee is very doubtful. Meanwhile he seems to take a most gloomy view of the internal situation.

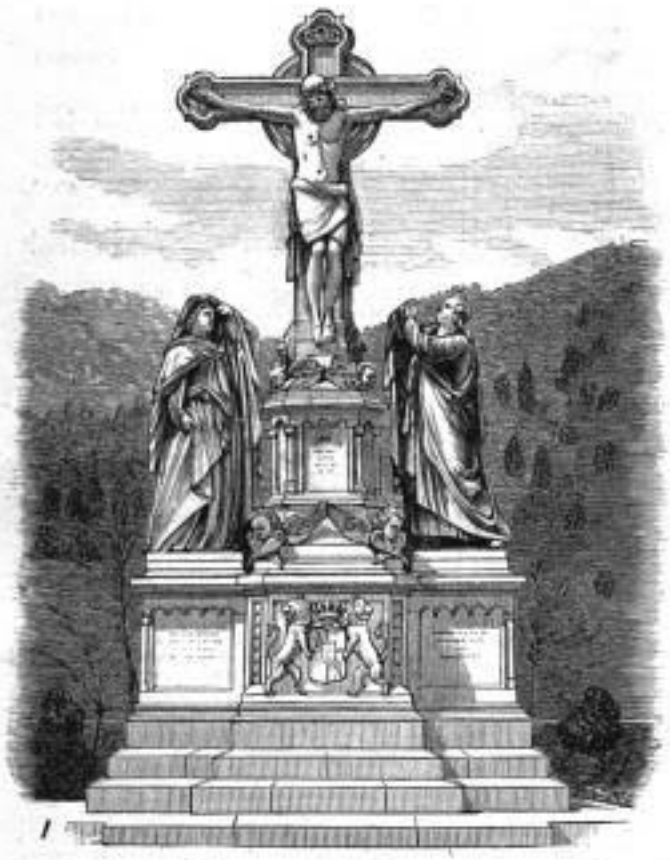
—THE American trotters now being imported into England are attracting much attention among stud-masters on the other side. This new revelation in the science of horse-breeding will, it is anticipated, be likely to create a change in the attributes of English sport. The Prince of Wales is said to express the greatest interest in this new breed, and has become the purchaser of one or two of the fastest horses brought over, one of them being able, the *Court Chronicler* says, "to cover a mile in 2 minutes 13¼ seconds."

—THE freight agents of the various ocean steamship lines at this port report that there is no falling off in business, but that on the contrary all the room at their disposal is fully taken up. In many instances the offerings have to be refused for want of space. The different dairy products are going abroad in quantities, and there is a noticeable increase in the movement of cheese. The fresh meat and live stock traffic keeps up on a liberal scale, and nearly all the steamers leaving for European ports have more or less of either kind on board.

—A SINGULAR recommendation is made by the Philadelphia *Grand Jury*. It is the re-establishment of the whipping post. The local prisons are overcrowded with an idle, shiftless class of inmates, who persist in committing minor offenses in order to get a comfortable lodging and tolerably wholesome food without being obliged to do any work. Wherefore the Grand Jury would have them soundly whipped, and not lodged and fed at the public expense. We should be sorry to accept this recommendation as indicative of the real standard of enlightenment in that community.

—TOM DALE, Captain of the Canadian Cricket Club, who has been arrested for desertion from the British army on his arrival, with his team, in England, owes his trouble to too much matrimony. He left a wife in England when he came to America, but soon afterwards married a woman of Natchez, Miss. The English wife followed him across the ocean, and had him arrested for bigamy; but she succeeded, for pay, to his getting a divorce from her and marrying the Natchez wife over again. She secured him, also, that she had obtained a promise from Sir Garnet Wolseley that he could visit England without danger of punishment for desertion. This representation seems to have been false.

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1. MEMORIAL CROSS ERECTED BY THE KING OF BAVARIA. 2. "CHRIST." 3. VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU.

THE GREAT PASSION PLAY, PERFORMED EVERY TENTH YEAR AT OBERAMMERGAU.

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"MARY." 5. THE MONASTERY AT ETAL. 6. THE SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION AS REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE OF THE THEATRE.

BAVARIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY OUR SPECIAL ART CORRESPONDENT, N. ROBINSON.—SEE PAGE 282.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—A MAD ACT.

TWO o'clock in the morning, and Gypsy, decidedly cross, waits up in her parlor for Jack. Just as her fierce impatience has culminated in a fierce resolve to lock him out, a knock sounds at the door. Having long ago dismissed the servants, she responds herself, and is confronted by Toboskie and Chetewood, who recoil in dismay at sight of her, while between them, and requiring all of their assistance to keep in a perpendicular position, is poor Jack. It is the first time that Gypsy has ever seen him in such a state of hopeless intoxication, and at first she is startled.

"What is the matter?" she says, sharply.

Chetewood, overwhelmed with confusion, maintains unbroken silence; therefore upon Toboskie devolves the necessity of replying.

"Your husband is not very well, Lady Ashhurst," he says. "The events of the day have been too much for him."

"Never—hic—felt better—hic—in my life," affirms that individual, with startling pronunciation. "*Wasn't* too much for me—hic—at all. 'Bookie, you mistake—hic. Could take three—hic—more, straight as a die."

Lady Ashhurst recoils in horror from him. Before this, Jack's man has always taken charge of him when in this condition, and by dint of exercise sobered him down, so as to present a decent appearance before his wife. But Mr. Tompkins, having unfortunately seized this evening to indulge in some sensuous peccadillo of his own, Chetewood and Toboskie, with the best intentions in the world, have fetched Jack up to his chambers, not dreaming of any possibility of being confronted by his wife.

In supreme silence, and feeling almost as guilty as their charge, they march him across the room, singing as he goes, to his bedchamber, and place him upon the couch.

"I'll try and find his man," says Chetewood, and, glancing sympathetically at Gypsy, leaves the room.

But Jack makes an affectionate lunge for Toboskie, and utterly refuses to permit him to leave. Thus pinioned, the ambassador seats himself upon the bed, and Jack soon drops into a deep sleep. In the meantime Chetewood thrusts his head in at the parlor door wherein sits Gypsy, with the information that the faithless Tompkins is still invisible.

An hour later Toboskie emerges from the bedchamber, where Jack is sleeping the sleep of the innocent. From the distant shadows Gypsy comes forth, all the soft peach bloom faded from her cheeks, and under her eyes dark circles; but never has she looked more lovely. Her long, loose robe, opening far down at the throat, is a marvel of beauty, and shows to advantage every perfect line of her beautiful figure.

It is just such a loveliness that would appeal to a man's senses, even were he the famous Joseph. But Toboskie steadies himself as she comes forward with clasped hands and upraised face.

"Is he sleeping?" she says, with a shudder.

"Yes, madam. And it is needless to assure you that I regret exceedingly having been the means of disclosing your husband's condition to you."

Gypsy makes an angry, petulant little gesture like an irritable child.

"If Jack makes a beast of himself," she says, while her eyes flash mutinously, "why shouldn't I know it?"

Toboskie is silent, and, when finally he speaks, it is on a different subject.

"Do you join the excursionists to-morrow?" he says.

"Yes, I suppose so"—carelessly.

"Then, madam," Toboskie's tones are clear and distinct, and every word falls like ice upon her heart—"then, madam, I will make my adieus to night."

Gypsy grows even paler and puts out one small, jeweled hand as if to ward off some blow.

"Make your adieus?" she says, and her voice quivers piteously.

"Yes, madam, I start to-morrow for Liverpool, whence I shall sail in a few days for Russia. I would like to tell you how much I appreciate your own and your husband's kindness to me, coming as I did in your midst a stranger. I am very grateful and regret that I cannot bear more substantial evidence of my gratitude than mere words. But if ever you come to my country you will find me and all I possess at your command."

Gypsy has not heard a word that he says; a great, blinding pain has seized her, and in mute agony her azure eyes look up at him with a gleam in their soft depths like unto some dumb thing wounded to the heart.

There is in her nature no strength or endurance to brace her up under suffering and temptation. In this moment her pride and womanly dignity—her husband's honor—are furthest from her thoughts. She only knows that he is going away from her—this princely man with a front like ice and passions of fire—this man whom she has grown to love in the short days of their acquaintance with all the strength of her nature, which, in reality, has but one strength, and that the power of loving.

Never in her life has she exercised the slightest control or self-denial. Therefore, she is the less prepared to battle with this fierce pain and passion that have assailed her.

"And you will never come back?" her pallid lips scarcely move as the words break from her. "*Never* come back?" There is a rising inflection in her voice that shows how intense is the excitement under which she labors.

"Possibly, madam, unless my country may again see fit to send mean a representative to your sovereign," he speaks with studied coldness, for he sees her emotion, and is bitterly conscious that her ravishing loveliness is again firing in his veins a weak emotional sentiment for which he despises himself.

"But what makes you go so soon?" she mutters.

"It *is* rather earlier than I expected, but circumstances have changed. I must see my friend who is condemned to exile. I may yet be able to serve him in some way, and if I do not hasten it will be too late."

She takes a step nearer him; the sweetest, dearest selfishness ever witnessed in mortal being sits in her face with its dazzling loveliness.

"Do not mind for him," she says, and her old graceful tyranny stamps her manner. "He is a man, strong and powerful; he is already condemned, therefore, what can you do? You, yourself said you 'had done all that was possible.' Then why should you hasten? *I* am a woman, and I bid you stay!" It is the most adorable sophistry man ever listened to, still Toboskie makes a desperate effort to keep his senses.

"You honor me, madam," he says, icily, "but it is impossible!"

"It is not impossible if you have the inclination to remain. Stay but one week—only seven little days!" she pleads, and draws still nearer him. Her eyes burn with a passionate light; her full, rich lips are parted; through the loose robe, intended to be donned only in her chamber, he sees her white breast heaving like an unquiet sea.

He feels a fierce, mighty gust of passion sweep over him, showing how dangerous this will be when combined with love. Still he struggles with his weakness.

"I will bid you good-night," he says, still sensible enough to know that his only safety lies in flight.

But before he can execute his intentions, there is a flutter of dainty garments, and in the next moment Gypsy has thrown herself upon his breast, and her bare arms are wound around the brown column of his haughty throat.

For an instant he is sobered and positively appalled. The silence around is oppressive. In the next chamber lies the man whose wife he holds—that man, whose hand he has taken in friendship and at whose table he has broken bread. Never, through all the excesses of a necessarily worldly career, has he sullied his honor. Against that, hitherto, his bitterest enemy could breathe no word of reproach. Now, the shame of his position smites him with a sudden horror, and he vainly essays to unclasp those clinging arms, while every touch of the soft, warm flesh but deepens the passion that runs rife in his being.

"Madam——"

The woman, literally mad, buries her face upon his shoulder.

"I will not listen!" she cries. "I will not hear you while that ice is in your tones!"

"But for heaven's sake, consider! Madam, that——"

"Ah! madam—madam!" moans poor Gypsy, bitterly. "Do I not tell you I will not have you call me by that? Is it possible that you have no feeling for me?"

"Quite possible," he says, desperately. "Madam—Gypsy, if you will!—for heaven's sake compose yourself! Consider; I am your husband's friend—this is dishonor! This——"

"*Honor!*" cries Gypsy, "it is a bauble; it is not honor I want, it is happiness! I will not allow a myth to wreck my life, and I cannot be happy away from you!"

"You are mad, Lady Ashhurst; you do not know what you are saying! You honor me, but for heaven's sake do not detain me!"

"I *will* detain you—I will not let you go!"

"But consider for one moment; if you should be seen thus, your good name would be ruined for ever!"

"I do not care!"

"But you should care for your husband's sake, and also your own. Think of your reputation. Not a lady in your order has a more unblemished character than you. I am amazed that a lady of your standing will give way to such madness."

"I do not care," again reiterates Gypsy. "In the past I have been all that is right because I have had no temptation," and she speaks an ungarnished truth. "It has always been amusement; I never cared for any man more than I cared for Jack. Now it is different. I never loved before—really loved—and I would risk anything rather than be separated. Is it a sin? I do not think it a sin to love. This may be wrong in the sight of the English whose veins are ice; but I am not English, I am of the South. I was born under warm suns, where love was an honor and a pride. My nature has never troubled me before; now it cries out against our being separated. If you *must* go to your own country take me with you." The words break from her rapidly, and all the soft rich color has flown back to her face; her eyes, lustrous with a maddening passion, look straight in his own with a piteous prayer; her ripe, red lips are parted and over them comes her warm breath in soft gusts, which smite his swarthy cheeks; he feels the rapid beating of her heart against his own, and the quivering of her form as she offers her great love into his keeping. Her ardent Creole nature speaks in every word, in every glance and gesture.

He were more than mortal to withstand this woman in such a moment.

With a reckless abandonment to the delirious passion that fires his every vein, he wraps his arms around her slight form and crushes her to his heart. Again she holds his strong and haughty soul fast bound in the manacles of passion. And while he holds her to his heart with fierce strength, she throws far back her head and looks him in the face. She sees that his eyes burn with a lurid glow, and that his breath breaks from him in labored gasps. Over her countenance flashes the sweetest light that ever shone in mortal face, and her eyes burn with the triumph of love. With a low, glad cry she lays her cheek back against his breast, and with a mighty impulse he bends his regal head, and his lips, dry and scorching, meet hers in a burning kiss, the first and the last that ever comes between them.

"*Ah, you do love me!*" she whispers.

Her voice breaks the spell that binds him in the thraldom of her beauty. With all his force he flings her from him and she reels and falls upon a divan. With eyes flashing with something akin to positive hatred, he glowers at the soft dazzling loveliness that has betrayed him. He has sold his honor for a woman's kiss. And in that moment an utter loathing of her fastens upon him, equaled only by his bitter hatred of himself.

"No," he says, and his voice is clear and sharp. "I do *not* love you, Lady Ashhurst. For a moment, be it said to my eternal shame, you held me fast in the chains of a passion which is not love. To an honest man's soul there is something deeper and grander than mere sensuous animal life. The higher and baser instincts of a man's nature may be in direct variance, and a sensuous emotion may briefly fasten upon him in which his nobler instincts may have no sympathy. And, again I say, madam, such an emotion is not love. After what has passed to-night it will be better if we never meet again. Once more I bid you adieu!"

Despite his brave words, something in the stricken, white face of Gypsy holds him motionless. She lays like a beautiful statue upon the silken couch, her gaze fastened upon him and her small hands locked tightly in her lap.

Then into the beautiful eyes fastened upon him Toboskie sees a shrinking pain and terror gather. There is such a marked change in their expression that he is amazed. Not a particle of the sensual fire remains, and, though still fastened upon him, they seem to be looking far beyond—into another world. Then, apparently without any volition of her own, her head turns slowly, steadily towards the door. He is himself aware of some new and powerful element introduced, and, following the direction of Gypsy's glance, he sees Valentine standing in the doorway, her eyes, filled with magnetism, fixed upon Lady Ashhurst.

With a haughty bow he turns and leaves the room, knowing that no word that he can say will lessen the shame of their position, which Valentine reads at a glance.

CHAPTER X.—A FRIENDLY PARTING.

TOBOSKIE has made his adieus to all of his friends; still he hangs aimlessly around the doors and open windows. He has assured Jack, who is to accompany him to London, that he is not in the slightest hurry—that if they miss one train they can, without difficulty, take another. In consequence of which, Jack, with not the slightest trace of the dissipation of the previous night, loiters over his breakfast, he having risen late, probably owing to his recent debaucheries. Still, an idly-eaten breakfast cannot last all the morning, and to Toboskie's dissatisfaction, he sees that Jack's will soon draw to an end.

Be it said to his eternal shame, the Russian ambassador has wasted this morning which he had intended to devote to travel—wasted it ignominiously for a child! With a half-angry, disappointed gleam in his eyes, he turns, and, in gloomy contemplation, looks away to the Channel. Suddenly across his cold face breaks an expression of doubt and joy commingled; then, thrusting his head in at the dining-room window, he tells Jack that he will be back in a moment, and starts across the sands at a breakneck speed. In a few moments he comes up to Maize, who stands alone upon the beach, her impressionable maid having given over her heart into the keeping of a tall and melancholy footman, with whom she is now in sweet converse a short distance off.

Maize is not aware of his approach until he stands before her, then she looks up with a start.

"Does Gypsy want me?" she says, and starts towards the hotel. But he puts out his hand and detains her, and, for the first time, she fails to resent his friendly overture. There is an expression in his eyes—a mighty will—that masters even her indomitable spirit.

"No," he says. "Gypsy does not want you, that I know. I have not seen her this morning. Still I have had the courage to seek you, even after my experience with your temper."

He speaks slowly, banteringly, and looks down in her eyes, which surely hold a shadow of graciousness. And as the pastaweeps back to her, around her mouth quiver certain lines which one is sure are the forerunners of laughter. He looks at her silently, and somehow a feeling of rest steals over him. After the madness and shame and duplicity of the night before, it is an inestimable blessing to stand surrounded by the purity of a child. Finally he again speaks.

"I am going away," he says, slowly.

"Yes. Gypsy is, too," replies Maize, placidly. "That is," bethinking herself, "if she is able."

"If she is able?" he says, questioningly.

"She was not well this morning."

Toboskie is guiltily silent.

"Where is Lady Ashhurst going?" he inquires, after a pause.

Maize looks up in surprise.

"On the excursion," she says.

Then Toboskie is suddenly struck with their position. Even though he has come to say good-by, her reception, which shows such a marked cessation of hostilities on her part, has roused in him a sense of elation equal to a boy's. He regards her in comical anxiety.

"Are you quite well?" he says, seriously, but with a wicked gleam in his magnificent eyes.

"Eh?" says Maize, slightly bewildered by this sudden solicitude.

"Are you *sure* that you are not sick?"

"Yes, I am!" a trifle cross. It is not a pleasant sensation to feel that one is being laughed at.

"Ah! I am glad to hear it," with evident relief. "I was afraid this sudden civility of yours might indicate approaching illness or even dissolution. If you will consider for a moment—I think you have actually spoken a dozen civil words to me."

Maize draws herself erect and looks severely dignified, though seized with a violent and disgraceful desire to laugh; disgraceful, considering her sworn hostility to this man.

"You said you were going away," she suggests, freezingly.

A cloud passes over the dark, delicate face of the ambassador.

"I had actually forgotten," he says, with a forced smile. "Yes, I am going away for good, and I came to see if you would bid me 'God speed!'"

"Are you going to Russia?" she inquires, calmly.

He curses himself for a fool; still a wave of inestimable disappointment sweeps over him at her manifest indifference. He asks himself what more he would have of a child; yet all the same he is mortally wounded.

"Yes," he says, quietly, while he looks steadily, almost yearningly, downwards in her glorious eyes. "Yes; I am going to Russia. I suppose I shall never come back to England; or, if I do, it will be many, many years hence, and then you will be a young lady," he speaks slowly to occupy time, and all the while his dark eyes, at times partially fierce, study every line of the small, Greek face. She stands as when he first saw her, her small feet buried deep in the sand, and back of her glinting the smooth waters of the channel. The full flood of the morning sun streams in her countenance, but all the damaging and inquisitive light cannot reveal the slightest blemish. It is dazzlingly perfect, and in the glimmer of her golden hair that shines like the sun looks unearthly beautiful. Yet it is a face that bears misfortune in its loveliness.

He can never disabuse his mind of the impression that for her the future holds its mystery and its pain. There is a spirit in her eyes that must be drawn forth through martyrdom—a pure and priceless metal to be purged through fire. He knows that there is a royal heroism in her nature, though it now may be slumbering—that she could gird her soul with a lofty endurance though assailed by injustice and calumny, or made to suffer the torments of the rack. And he knows, too, that such strength will not go untried.

Yet he never dreams that through *him* shall fall the sword that shall cleave her haughty womanhood—that through *him* shall be swept upon her the direst wrong that ever mortal man did woman!

Not a shadow of the miserable future comes between them, as they stand there upon the beach, gazing steadfastly into one another's eyes. Suddenly his mind reverts to their first meeting upon the strands.

"Will you tell me," he says, abruptly, "what was the matter between you and the woman that first day? and will you tell me why it is that you have always hated me?"

Again, and for the last time in many years, he sees that proud uplifting of the golden-head—that same head that he shall some day look upon in the gloom and shadows of the dungeon, whither he has sent her—and her face flushes, while in her eyes gather that old, defiant light.

"Yes; I will tell you, since you are going away," she says, proudly. "Celeste was angry because I played with some tradesmen's children; but they were very nice children, and I gave them some money as I did not think they had much for themselves and I had more than I wanted. Celeste treated them very impudently, and it made me very angry. She wanted to compel me to go home and I would not go. That was all!"

Looking down in her proud eyes that are calm and steady as a saint's, he knows that she has spoken truly, and an utter shame sweeps over him as he remembers how mercilessly and unjustly he judged her. And, now, too late, he has found his error. It is a trifling thing, but it pains him strangely. In his haughty supremacy, in his world-wide distinction he has grown to believe himself omnipotent, his judgment infallible, and yet in that trifling thing has he erred.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he says, lowly.

She lifts her calm and haughty eyes to his disquieted face.

"Why *should* I have told you? You were nothing to me!"

He is staggered.

"Besides," she continues, "you doubted me from the first; you took sides with Celeste. After that I would not trouble you with an explanation. If you believed her lies it was all well. But that is the reason why I hated you, and why I would not be friends with you. You doubted me, and I was innocent; and I never will be friends with one who does not trust me."

Important words from a child of tender years, no doubt. Yet they come very naturally from her, and it never occurs to him that there is anything in their conversation bordering on the ludicrous. Never in all the years of his haughty and perfect manhood has he felt so near the level of the general standard as now. With a strange humility he, the Russian courtier, reaches out his hand to the small form planted like a rock before him, and his voice is low and humble, for it is the spirit always that he sees, and not its form.

"Will you forgive me?"

She looks up in his dark face and sees in it shame and pain and humility; then, without a word, she lays her hand in his. In these

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few last moments peace has come between them—peace, when it is too late. Yet through all the future he knows he shall carry with him her picture as she stands now upon the beach.

CHAPTER XI.—IN WHICH WE ARE IN RUSSIA.

THE sun, low in the west, streams upon the gilded roofs of St. Petersburg, where the palaces of the noble tower in palatial contrast to the hovels of the serf, and where reigns the bitterest tyranny, under the guise of royalty, that ever existed on the face of the earth.

From the arched and deep-set doorway of the group of massive buildings in whose sacred depths are projected the mysteries and intrigues of the Russian Government—where the wily statesmen of the Emperor mingle in deep and secret conclave, holding the helpless populace in the palms of their hands, that have known no touch of labor, no deflation of toil—step two men; and the rays of the setting sun stream fair in their dark and high-bred faces, as they pause for a moment in deep converse under the shadow of the projecting doorway, before descending the long flight of stone steps leading to the street.

One we will instantly recognize as Count Raoul Toboskie, despite the fact that ten years have intervened since last he was presented to the reader upon Brighton Beach. Time has been lenient with him, and, so far from deteriorating his personal appearance, has increased his attractiveness. As he stands wrapped to the chin in his heavy furs, one could pronounce him a royal-looking man, without being accused of exaggeration. His face, dark and swarthy as a Moor's, is cold and haughty, and holds deep lines of a powerful will. His eyes are even keener than of old, and scintillate with a steely light. It is a countenance far removed from all semblance of earthly weakness—strong, proud, dominant. And as in person he has improved, so has he ascended the ladder of fame and distinction, until at forty he is the confidential friend and adviser of his sovereign, and the most powerful statesman of his country.

By his side stands his friend, Count Nicholas Lagors, who once held a commission in the body-guard of his sovereign. The count is tall and slender, with something of the subtle grace of his youth still clinging to his slight figure. He is a man fifty years of age, with a thin, dark face, bearing deep lines of passion, and eyes that burn with a repressed but never-dying fire.

His appearance is indicative of extreme melancholy, which, however, may not reach further than the skin, and to which is added a gloomy discontent and cynicism. His fiery eyes are ever restless, and it would seem impossible that a smile had ever broken up the moody severity of his dark countenance.

Yet, despite all this, and a shadowy reputation in younger days, Count Nicholas, like his present companion, is, and always has been, one of the most popular and courted nobles in the Russian capital. Count Lagors is also fabulously wealthy, being the possessor of three hundred thousand heads of cattle, an hundred thousand acres of corn-land, and as much wheat, besides innumerable well-trained serfs.

The two nobles descend the steps, at whose foot are crouched a few miserable, down-trodden members of the people, who, exorted by years of injury and oppression, have dragged themselves hither to present their humble petitions, and sue for rescue from their tyrannical masters—their only opportunity being in intercepting the statesmen as they leave the palace.

As Toboskie and Lagors reach the pavement they cluster around them, and, falling upon their knees, petition their assistance.

Lagors looks angry and disgusted. Toboskie, too, is somewhat annoyed, though a certain rough pity shines briefly in his eyes.

"My friends," he says, resolutely, "I can do nothing for you."

A howl like that of a pack of hunted, starved wolves, breaks from the poor, abject, friendless creatures. And one, bolder than the rest, whose hollow cheeks and burning eyes tell their own story, clutches the furs of Toboskie and half raises himself, where he kneels upon the ice-bound stones.

"My lord," he says—and his tones hold a shrill wail—"my lord, help, help! They say you are good and merciful, and have power with the Czar; in the name of mercy, beseech him to give me aid. I will be your lowest servant; I will slave for you night and day. But in the name of the holy Mother! take me from the man who is starving us to death, and living on our heart's blood."

Toboskie's pity and annoyance increase; he pushes the miserable wretch aside with his foot; but the action is destitute of the slightest roughness.

"I have told you that I can do nothing for you," he says, sternly.

Still the trembling, bony hands retain their desperate clutch upon the priceless furs of the noble, and the great, hollow eyes stare up with a piteous prayer.

"Help!" he cries in a hoarse voice; "oh, help, for the love of God! My wife and little ones are down with a fever; they have come to this through labor and starvation. Yet the lord will give me no rest, no food, no medicine. Buy me from him; set us free."

"It is the estate into which you have been born. I cannot aid you," replies Toboskie. And as he speaks he takes from his pocket a handful of coins and scatters it among them, which they pounce upon like vultures, and the peers make their way on.

"Poor devils!" says Toboskie, with a shudder. It is the only comment upon the painful scene just past.

"Are you going out this evening?" asks Lagors, after a brief silence.

"Yes," is the brief reply.

"Is the engagement imperative?"

"It is, unfortunately. The day has been unusually busy, and I confess I am not in the mood for visiting: but an hour hence must see me at Lord Ashhurst's."

"Your English friends?" inquires Lagors, with polite interest.

"Yes. By-the-way, you must know them. Lord Jack is one of the finest fellows that ever lived, if adversity has not soured his disposition."

The count gives a yawn.

"Men!" he says, with a shrug. "My friend, I do not care much for men."

"Of that I am aware," replies Toboskie, with a smile, "and, as an inducement, I have two of the most beautiful women in the world to offer; provided——"

"Always a proviso!" interrupts Lagors, who nevertheless is brightening.

"Provided Jack Ashhurst's wife is as lovely as once she was, and the child has developed all the rare promises of womanhood. Will you go with me this evening?"

"With greatest pleasure," promptly replies Lagors, who, despite his moroseness and melancholy, is noted for his fondness for women. "And now, since you promise me two lovely women, who *are* these people?"

"These 'people,'" says Toboskie, quietly, "are members of the English aristocracy. Jack Ashhurst owns one of the proudest, and, once, the *richest* peerdoms in England. But since I first met him he has been terribly unfortunate. In the first place, he has no idea of proper management, and, I suppose, has been reckless and extravagant. In the second, he has had an uncontrollable fondness for drink, in which, I am happy to hear, he is reforming. In the third, his money losses made him wild and reckless, and he made no effort at retrenchment, which, of course, but added to his misfortune. From his immense fortune he has still a considerable remainder; but to him, with his extravagant habits, it is but a drop, though it insures them from want, it being tied up so that he can spend nothing but the income, which is sufficient to maintain them in a quiet, and to some extent, luxurious manner. But this sort of thing will not suit Jack. So they, having tired of England, have come to Russia to claim an estate bequeathed them by some of their family, which, added to the remainder of their former fortune, will restore Jack's checkbook to its pristine power."

"And his wife is a beauty, eh?" observes Lagors, with his palpable weakness.

"Ten years ago she was considered the most beautiful woman in England."

Lagors looks up in obvious alarm.

"Ten years," he says. "Why, man, ten years is an eternity for a woman. If *madame la peeress*——"

"According to my reckoning," interrupts Toboskie, "Lady Ashhurst is just thirty years old."

The count appears relieved.

"I was afraid she was old. Thirty years! Why, she must have been a bride when you first met her?"

"To the contrary, she had been married five years."

"And the daughter?"

"Must be to-day one of the most magnificent women in Russia."

"I must see these English beauties. At what hour do you go?"

"An hour hence, or, if that does not give you time for your toilet, say an hour and a half sharp. I will call around at your place and pick you up, and we will go together."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

CONFERENCE OF THE GERMAN TUNKERS AT LANARK, ILL.

THE German Baptist Association, known in ecclesiastical history as the Tunkers, from *tunken*, "to dip," and colloquially as the Church of the Brethren, originated in 1708. Driven by the hand of religious persecution from their homes in the Palatinate, other parts of Germany and from Switzerland, they found a brief resting-place in Holland and Friesland, and finally, about 1719, emigrated to these shores in the hope of practicing religion according to their own peculiar tenets. They were a mere handful then, and came here in scattered groups. The doctrine of Seventh-day worship did not obtain among them until many years later, when the pioneer, Conrad Beissel, effected the change. For years he lived a recluse, inhabiting a cave on the banks of the Cocalico. His leadership was soon acknowledged, and one by one the members of the faithful flocked to his standard. They at first settled at Ephrata, Pa., where they founded a temle or saal for public worship. Almost a century and a half has passed over its peaked gables, but it still stands a marvel of quaintness, ingenuity, and strength. It occupies a bit of picturesque ground on the banks of the Cocalico, surrounded by a hundred acres of fertile land, from the cultivation of which nearly all the necessaries of life were obtained. To it is attached a large four-storied structure, known as the Sister House, which, as its name implies, was devoted to the exclusive use of the females.

By 1729, it is believed the entire church had been transferred to the United States. At the present day they are found in large numbers in Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and are supposed to aggregate 250,000 souls. The principal features of their discipline are: Baptism, by trine immersion, administered only to believers; Foot-washing, the Lord's Supper, and the "Communion," celebrated in the evening. The kiss of charity is given. There is also the laying on of hands and the anointing of sick with oil, when desired. Ministers are chosen from the deacons and laity. No special training is prescribed, and no fixed salaries are paid: but the ministers are supported and the poor provided for. The annual conference of the church at Lanark, Ill., called to consider questions relative to doctrine and church government, was opened June 1st.

About 6,000 members were present from various parts of the United States, besides 600 ministers; but as the principle of equality in doctrine and privileges is adhered to, Lay members participated as freely in the discussions as ministers.

A standing committee consisting of twenty-seven members prepare the work of conference; and questions are decided by a majority of members present. Among the most prominent questions before the meeting were those of granting divorce, church support, and missionary work. A board of foreign and domestic missions was created, and the members of the church requested to contribute to the support of the work of Evangelism. They have at present a mission in Denmark and a church of about forty members.

The denomination is composed for the most part of well-to-do farmers, who spend but little money injudiciously.

They build plain but substantial churches, and pay no salary to ministers. If what they save in costly buildings and salaries were invested in missionary work they would, no doubt, become a positive power in the broad field of religious labor. The members are tenacious of their church principles and adhere to them as firmly as the Catholics.

This gives strength and unity. It is probable that from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, west, between parallels 36 and 44, no religious denomination is gaining so much strength.

The tabernacle in which the conference was held was 100 feet in diameter, and had a seating capacity of 2,500. The dining-tent was 62 by 130 feet, and afforded room for 1,000 guests. Seventy waiters were in attendance, and so perfect was the system that in less than two minutes the tables were filled. Thirteen thousand pounds of beef, 1,000 pounds of bread, 4,000 gallons of coffee, and 400 gallons of tea were consumed; besides, butter, milk, etc.

It is estimated that 13,000 pepie were in attendance on the second day. The meeting closed the 4th inst., being regarded as one of the most successful conferences ever held by this people.

Perfect quiet and order prevailed. The Tunkers are generally known as an honest, industrious and harmless people, and though often unjustly regarded as ignorant and superstitious, seldom fail to win the praise of the civil authorities and the respect of those who know them best.

Until within a recent date not much progress was made by them as a church in educational matters. Their children being educated in other schools, turned much promising talent into other channels. They have recognized lately the importance of educational work, and now have three established colleges.

They have seven weekly and four monthly papers. Several religious works of considerable merit have been written by members, and the dissemination of tracts is becoming a work of recognized importance.

Our illustrations will give the reader, who may never have come into contact with the quaint communities of these people, a clear idea of their quiet, unassuming manners, even when engaged in the greatest of their church works—the annual conference.

THE FATAL COLLISION ON THE SOUND.

ON Saturday morning, June 12th, New York City was startled by the report that a collision had occurred between the Sound steamers *Stonington* and *Narragansett* the night previous, that the latter vessel had either sunk or been burned to the water's edge, and that a large number of lives had been lost. Later in the day the details of the disaster were received.

It appears that at about half-past eleven o'clock on Friday night the steamer *Stonington*, on her way to New York, sighted the *Narragansett*, of the Stonington line, close upon her starboard bow. In spite of all endeavors to prevent a collision, the stem of the *Stonington* completely crushed in the port side of the *Narragansett*, carrying away the wheelhouse, breaking the boiler and upsetting the furnace, thereby setting fire to the boat. The recoil caused the *Stonington* to fall back several hundred feet.

In the meantime the headway of the *Narragansett* carried her about a quarter of a mile from the *Stonington*, by which time she was enveloped in a complete mass of flame. As soon as possible under the circumstances the boats of the *Stonington* were lowered and sent to the rescue. Meanwhile the steamer *City of New York*, of the Norwich Line, bound for New York, came up and sent six boats to the burning vessel.

In an incredibly short space of time the *Narragansett* was burned to the water's edge. Owing to a lack of proper organization of the forces of the *Stonington*, much confusion existed, and an unreasonable time elapsed before the boats were lowered.

Owing to the dense fog scarcely anything could be seen except the burning wreck. The cries and shrieks of the affrighted passengers could be heard for a great distance. All the water surrounding the *Stonington* appeared to be black with drowning persons.

Upwards of 200 people are known to have been rescued. The purser of the *Narragansett* stated there were not more than 300 passengers on his boat, and that the loss cannot exceed fifty, as it is known that more than 200 were brought to New York in the steamer *City of New York* on Saturday morning, and large numbers were taken back to Stonington on the steamer *Stonington*. A great many women and children were aboard the *Narragansett*, and all might have been saved had not that vessel taken fire and sunk.

The *City of Boston*, of the Norwich line, took a portion of the surviving passengers of the *Narragansett* aboard on its up-trip, and the *City of New York*, of the same line, brought to her pier, No. 40 North River, over one hundred others. When she arrived her decks and cabins were filled with men, women and children, who had been taken from the ill-fated steamer, or picked up from the water. The interior of the steamer had the appearance of a hospital, and as the rescued began leaving the steamer, the dock was quickly crowded with people, who showed eager inquiries after relatives and friends believed to have been on board the *Narragansett*. It will be some days before the exact number of lives lost can be ascertained.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Dutch ship *Willem Barendz* is being equipped for a third North Polar Expedition.

An Observer of Vesuvius notes an increased activity in the crater at the time of each full moon.

The Oldest Librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin, Dr. Brachmann, died recently at the advanced age of seventy-five years.

In Prussia one person to every 450 is insane. A Berlin scientist attributes this large proportion to intemperance and educational cramming.

The Municipal Corporation of Berlin has permitted the construction of the Siemens Electrical Elevated Railway, between Wedding Place and Belle Alliance Place.

An Analysis has been made of the soil of a cemetery in which no interment has been made for thirty years, and the products of animal decomposition are found to be still present.

The Researches of Dr. Bollinger shows that the milk of cows suffering from tubercular disease may communicate the affection to human beings. As five per cent. of cows advanced in life suffer from this disease, the doctor believes the danger to be considerable. Boiling the milk is for a safeguard.

At a Recent Meeting of the Court of Common Council, at which the Lord Mayor presided, it was resolved that the freedom of the City of London, in a suitable gold casket, be presented to Sir Henry Bessemer, F. R. S., M. I. C. E., in recognition of his valuable discoveries, which have so largely benefited the iron industries of the country, and of his scientific attainments, which are well-known and appreciated throughout the world.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. CHALLOMEL-LACOUR has accepted the post of French Ambassador to London.

WILLIAM M. SPRINGER has been renominated for Congress by acclamation by the Democratic Congressional Convention of the Twelfth Illinois District.

MR. THOMAS MAGUIRE, LL.D., was a fortnight ago elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Maguire is the first Roman Catholic Fellow of the college.

NOTICE will be given in the House of Commons shortly of a motion condemnatory of the proposed monument in Westminster Abbey to the late Prince Imperial, Eugène Louis Napoleon.

E. E. ELAM, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, was shot in a duel with Colonel Thomas Smith near Richmond, Va., on June 6th. The duel grew out of certain political allusions in the columns of the *Whig*.

PORTUGAL honors literature as highly as France or the United States. Senhor Queroz, a leading writer in the Lisbon *Farpas*, and a novelist of ability, has just been appointed Portuguese Consul at Bristol in England.

THE motion for the recall of Sir Bartle Frere from the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope will not be proceeded with in the House of Commons, but his case will be discussed when the vote for his salary comes up.

MR. T. H. BROSNAN, for several years manager of the United States Life Insurance Company of this city, has been elected its president in place of Mr. James Buell, resigned on account of ill-health. Mr. Brosnan's election was by the unanimous vote of the directors.

IT has been decided to appoint Mr. M. V. Davis Superintendent of the United States Mint at New Orleans, vice Foute, deceased. Mr. Davis is the present coiner of the New Orleans Mint, and has been connected with the different minting establishments of the Government for a number of years.

MR. RANDOLPH ROGERS, the American sculptor, has attained the high honor of being made a professor in the Accademia di San Luca, the Royal Arts of Rome, and his portrait, vigorously painted by Vannutelli, has been added to the long array of celebrated members placed around the walls of this famous academy.

THE Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary, has sent instructions to Sir Frederic Colley, the new High Commissioner in South Africa, to avoid extending the British jurisdiction in South Africa, on the plea of complications between the colonists and the native tribes, and to abstain from interference with independent tribes.

THE Methodist Bishops will have their residence as follows: Scott, at Odessa, Del.; Simpson, at Philadelphia; Wiley, at Cincinnati; Harris, at New York; Foster, at Boston; Peck, at Syracuse; Bowman, at St. Louis; Merrill, at Chicago; Andrews, at Washington City; Warren, at Atlanta; Hurst, at Des Moines; Fowler, at St. Paul, and Haven, at San Francisco.

AMONG recent deaths were those of Cyprien M. Tessé du Motay, a well known French chemist and inventor, residing in New York City, on June 6th; Karl Friedrich Lessing, the German painter, aged 73; John Brougham, the favorite actor and playwright, in New York, on June 7th, aged 72; General Frederick Vollmar, commanding the Second Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., in New York City, June 7th, aged 52; the Rt. Hon. Sir Stephen Cave, Bart., M. P., June 7th, aged 60; Lucius Osgood, author of a series of school reading-books, at Newcastle, Pa., June 7th, aged 57.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, of New York, who has been appointed the first representative of the United States to the new independent principality of Roumania, has been in the consular service since 1863, having held the positions successively of Consul at Moscow, Consul at Revel, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople, Consul at Birmingham, England, and Consul General at Rome, from which post he now goes to Bucharest, "The City of Pleasure." Mr. Schuyler is married to a sister of Miss Waddington, the American wife of the late French Foreign Minister.

A CHICAGO correspondent thus describes Senator Conkling's studied entrance into the hall of the National Convention at the early session: "Still later—very much later—Conkling made his awfully nice *entrée*, alone and unprotected for the space of twenty feet or more, where behind him followed a staunch and valiant guard. Mr. Conkling's gait, as pretty much everybody around New York knows, is suggestive of light boots and bamboo. When he advances up the aisle at the rate of about four steps a minute, with a fine rolling tread, accompanied by a shifting of the shoulders and swinging of the body, the galleries become very much elated, and the show of dignity and graciousness with which he favors them fully repays them, evidently, in amusement for the labor that their demonstrations cost."

PRINCESS MARIE of Hanover, youngest sister of Princess Frederica, intends, it is rumored, to follow her sister's example, and be married to a commoner; the fortunate man is Lieutenant-Colonel Vegeler. Herr Vegeler, like Baron Rammingen, was a friend and companion of the late King, the princesses' father. Princess Marie is said to have been secretly attached for some years to this gentleman, who did not hope to aspire to her hand until the example of Frederica, her elder sister, emboldened the two publicly to announce their engagement. The Duke of Cumberland, who, as chief of the House of Hanover, vainly protested against the misalliance of his elder sister, will be still more infuriated at the proposed union of Princess Marie with an untitled officer. The duke, who is now staying in Italy, has become so embittered by his continuous ill-fortune that intercourse with him is anything but agreeable. His wife has left him and returned with her infant to her parents at Copenhagen. People assert that the duchess will not return to her husband for some time.

THE Marquis Tseng, Chinese Minister to England, has started a drag, which he drives at afternoons to the amazement and admiration of the outside barbarian. Tseng is scarcely the Chinaman of the tea chest or the romance of travel. He speaks five European languages, plays the piano like Haïz, would hold his own at billiards with the best amateur, has contributed an article on Confucius to a London magazine, and takes to Western liquors as one to the manner born. Madame sits beside him. The Chinese coaching custom being blue and yellow satin to the principal articles of dress, with stuff of all the other shades in the accessories, it is a highly picturesque turnout. The Marquis is entertaining splendidly at the Chinese Legation at Portland Place, London. Three-fourths of the dining-out section of the London high world have already had a chance at his magnificent mahogany. His pay as ambassador is only $20,000 a year, but he has one of the largest incomes in the middle kingdom, his annual revenue being $500,000. The famous birds'-nests are invariably served at his table, and by no skill of a *chef* that they promise to become as fashionable a delicacy in London as they are in Paris, where another Oriental holds even more glittering state than his colleague in London. The Marchioness Tseng is a very beautiful woman for a Chinese, and looks quite fascinating in the gala costume of a grand lady of Pekin.

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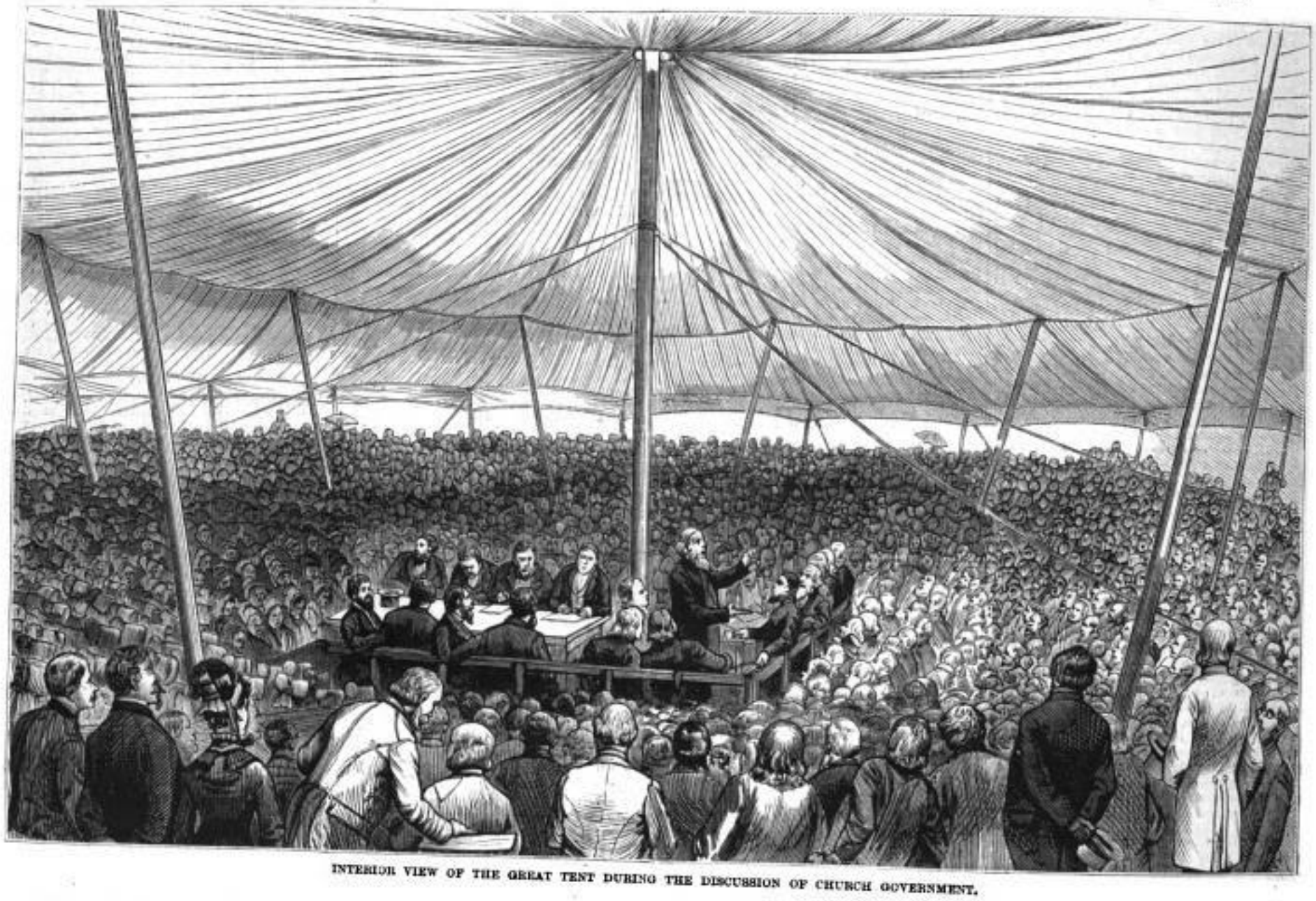
A TUNKER SISTER.



THE CHURCH.



A TUNKER BROTHER.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GREAT TENT DURING THE DISCUSSION OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT.



PREACHING IN THE ORCHARD.



THE BOARDING-TENT.



THE DINING-HALL.

ILLINOIS.—CONFERENCE OF THE GERMAN BAPTIST TUNKERS, AT LANARK, JUNE 1ST TO 4TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY D. EMMERT.—SEE PAGE 287.

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THE MARQUIS OF TSENG,

CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO PARIS AND LONDON.

IT is no trifling matter to be an Ambassador from the Celestial Empire, as is evinced by the case of the late Chinese Ambassador to St. Petersburg, who has been condemned to death for signing a treaty already injurious to the interests of China. The Marquis of Tseng-Y-Yong, known in Chinese literature as Kie-Kang, was born on the 2d day of the eleventh moon of the nineteenth year of the reign of Tao-Kwang (1838), in Chiang Siang, province of Hoopé. He passed the examinations admitting him to high dignities in the ninth year of the Emperor Tong Tché, and was appointed to a directorship in the Ministry of Finance. His father, Tseng-Wen-Tchang was President of the Council of State, Viceroy of the two Kiangs, and was the Minister who crushed the Taiping revolt and recaptured Nankin. He was made by the Emperor hereditary Marquis of Y Yong (brave and valiant), and on his death every province was ordered to erect a temple in his honor. His son, Tseng-Kie-Kang inherited the title, and after three years' mourning, was made honorary president of the ministries of the fourth order and decorated with the peacock feather. He arrived in Europe January 1st, 1879, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the two great powers, England and France. During the last year he was made President of the Tribunal of Rites, and has recently been appointed to the difficult post of Ambassador to Russia.



THE MARQUIS OF TSENG, CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

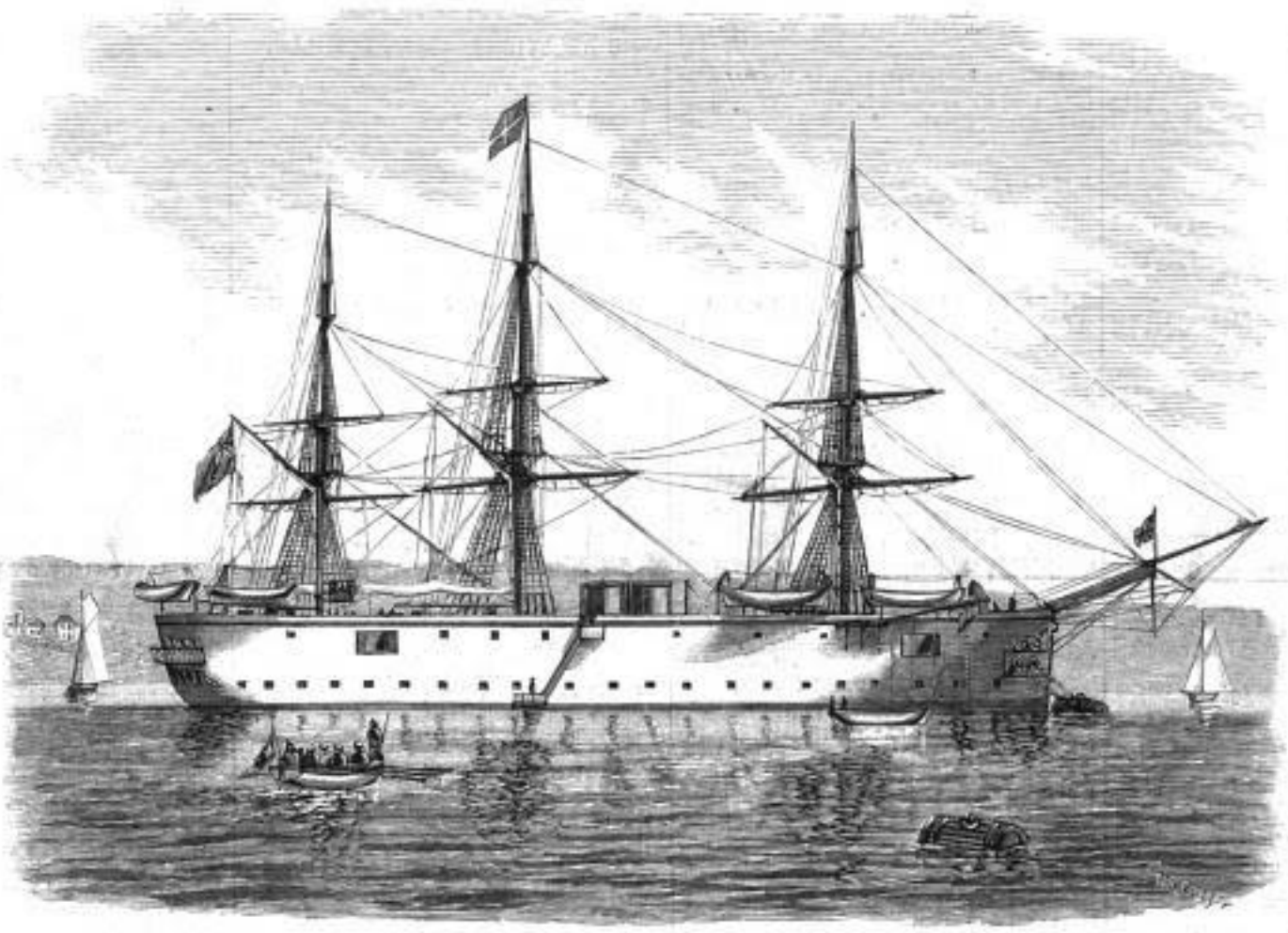
THE NEW BRITISH FLAGSHIP AT HALIFAX.

HER MAJESTY'S ship "Northampton," bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, Knight, F. R. S., commander of the North American and West Indian Navy, arrived at Halifax, N. S., on May 15th, from England via Bermuda. The *Northampton* is the largest modern battle-ship which ever visited this side of the Atlantic, and is one of the finest in the British Navy, being lighted with patent electric lights, while bells and telephones communicate with all parts of the ship, and her compasses, steering gear and rigging are all of the most improved character.

The vessel is of strange appearance, certainly not handsome, but imposing, being painted white, and the hull standing over twenty feet out of water. Her portholes are so arranged that guns can be fired ahead, astern or abeam. The admiral's apartments are furnished with regal magnificence. The vessel is fitted with two engines of 6,000-horse-power, working twin screws, that give a maximum speed of fourteen knots. Her sail area is 24,166 square feet. She is armed with four eighteen-ton guns, eight twelve-ton broadside guns, six twenty-pounders, three nine-pounders, two Gatlings and six Nordenfeldts, being heavily armor-plated, and is divided into watertight compartments, carries 600 men, and is commanded by Captain Fisher.

Sir Leopold McClintock is a world-famed man, as being prominent in several Arctic expeditions. In 1857, when Lady Franklin and friends, unable to obtain any further aid from the Government of the day in what it considered fruitless search, determined at their own expense to fitout another expedition and make a final effort to obtain some tidings of the fate of the brave Sir John Franklin and his expedition dispatched by the Government twelve years previously, he was chosen as the most suitable officer to command the expedition, sailing from Aberdeen, September 1st, 1857, in the steam-yacht *Fox*.

His three years' absence resulted in a solution of the mystery so long surrounding the lost crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. For his service he was knighted, made an LL. D. of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Cambridge, D.C.L. of Oxford, and was presented with the freedom of the City of London. He is a good specimen of the old-fashioned British seadog, but very affable withal.



NOVA SCOTIA.—H. M. S. "NORTHAMPTON," FLAGSHIP OF THE NORTH AMERICAN AND WEST INDIAN NAVY, NOW AT HALIFAX. FROM A SKETCH BY H. E. TWINING.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT.

ALTHOUGH the leaders of the Liberal Party in England are pledged not to disturb the relations of the Colonies with the Mother Country, it is said at Ottawa, Canada, on the best authority, that within a year or two the incoming administration will alter the status of that country in some respects. The changes, which will be made with the full consent of the Dominion Parliament, will embrace the simplification of the present system and the appointment of the Governor-general from the ranks of Canadian politicians.

The appointment of a Canadian statesman to the Governor-generalship will enable the Dominion Parliament to cut down the salary of that office from $50,000 to $15,000 or $20,000 a year, to effect a large saving in the maintenance of Rideau Hall and in the general expenses connected with the vice-regal establishment. It is also proposed to reduce the militia expenditure, to form one of two skeleton corps of regulars, and disband the rest of the force. This will save close upon a million a year. These changes will be made gradually. The Marquis of Lorne will probably retire at the end of 1880, when his term of office is half completed, and his Canadian successor will be chosen by the Imperial Government. When Sir John Macdonald and other Dominion ministers were in England last year, this reorganization was discussed not only with Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues, but also with Lord Hartington, Earl Granville, Mr. Forster, and other leading Liberals. The appointment of Sir Alexander Galt as Canadian High Commissioner in England, with official residence in London, was the direct result of these conversations.

Sir Alexander is well-known in the United States. He was selected by the late English administration to preside over the Halifax Fisheries Conference. The present mission he divides into three parts: financial, immigration and diplomatic.

With regard to the first, it is intended that the Dominion should take charge of its own finances in London.

The settlement of the Northwest, which is now regarded as the most vital of all points of policy, can only be carried through at a very considerable expense, and, to be successful, that expense has to be incurred at a very early date. Sir Alexander declares that it is only through railways that this immigration can be furthered, and that unless those railways are built through Canadian territory before the opportune moment passes away, all the emigration, which is certain to leave the British Isles, will be diverted to a foreign country, instead of being utilized and brought to strengthen Canada. Sir Alexander holds that, by the Confederation Act, the Canadians are now placed with reference to commercial questions on the same footing in respect to the Imperial Government as towards any foreign government.

In regard to any Canadian negotiations with foreign countries, it is believed that England will assist the Colonists with her good will and all the ability of her trained diplomatic staff. It is not proposed to attempt any independent negotiation, but the Canadians will have the Foreign Office to assist and support them in case they should.



SIR ALEXANDER GALT, CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER TO ENGLAND.

HON. JAMES O. PUTNAM.

JAMES O. PUTNAM, who was nominated on May 24th to the office of United States Minister to Belgium, in place of Hon. William E. Goodloe, of Kentucky, resigned, was born in Attica, Wyoming County, State of New York, July 4th, 1818. His father, the late Hon. Harvey Putnam, was a leading lawyer of Western New York, and for many years a member of the State Senate, and served his district in the Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second Congresses.

James O. Putnam entered Hamilton College in 1834. At the end of his sophomore year he visited the South, and was principal of the academy in Florence, Alabama, during the Winter of 1836-37. He entered the Junior Class of Yale College—the class of '39. He was admitted to the Bar in 1841, and has practiced his profession in the City of Buffalo. He was of the Henry Clay school in politics, and was appointed Postmaster of Buffalo by President Fillmore. In 1854 he was elected to the State Senate, and in the divisions of the Whig Party was known as a "Silver Gray." But during the struggle over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he made a speech in the Senate in favor of instructing the New York Senators to oppose the repeal. His Senatorial career is best remembered by his Bill, and speech in support of it, on ecclesiastical tenures, requiring all church property to be vested in trustees under the Act relating to religious corporations. Mr. Putnam's speech is said by the papers of that day to have attracted very general attention throughout the country. He acted with the American Party in the canvass of 1856, and was the American candidate for Secretary of State in 1857. He took a leading part in effecting the union of the American and Republican parties in Western New York, which was consummated in his own city and county in the elections of 1858.

In 1860 Mr. Putnam was one of the two State Lincoln electors at large, the late William Cullen Bryant being his colleague.

He was appointed to the Havre Consulate by President Lincoln. While so abroad, he prepared the address of American citizens in Paris on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln. He also delivered the oration on the 22d of February, 1866, in Paris, at the first general celebration of Washington's Birthday in Europe after the opening of the war in 1861.

Since Mr. Putnam's return, in 1867, he has devoted his life principally to literary studies. A volume of his orations and speeches was published at the beginning of the present year.

The following is an extract from an article in the Buffalo *Courier*, the Democratic organ, commenting on his appointment: "Our citizens, without distinction of party, will be gratified to learn that the President has sent to the Senate the name of Hon. James O. Putnam, of Buffalo, to be Minister Resident at the court of Belgium, vice William C. Goodloe, of Kentucky, resigned. It is no flattery to Mr. Putnam to say that he is eminently fitted for this position, and would do honor to his country in the highest of the diplomatic places abroad. A gentleman of brilliant natural gifts and of liberal



HON. JAS. O. PUTNAM, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM. FROM A PHOTO. BY MORSE.

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culture, yet withal a thorough American, he is just the kind of man by whom the American people should wish to be represented in foreign lands. We happen to know that he has not sought for office at the hands of the present Administration, and it is therefore all the more creditable to his old college friend, Secretary Evarts, as well as to Mr. Hayes, that they should have determined to draw him out of private life and into a branch of the public service for which he is so admirably adapted."

Joseph Meyer's Acting.

A CORRESPONDENT at Oberammergau writes as follows of the actor who essays the *rôle* of *Christ* in the Passion Play: "Joseph Meyer portrayed his sacred original with what seemed to be to the spectators a wonderful degree of verisimilitude; and, indeed, no one could have seen him hanging on the cross without being fairly amazed at the accuracy with which the traditional likeness in all things had been copied to the very life; but, nevertheless, there was a decided want of some element in his speech and demeanor which a bolder and more intellectual actor would essay to supply. At the second representation Joseph Meyer, if anything, had rather improved in his high part, every action in particular requiring the accompaniment of few or no words being executed with great ease and the proper degree of dignity. The washing of his disciples' feet, his agony in the garden, his meek submission to stripes and insults, his look and attitude before his accusers, the forcible expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple, and his bearing of the cross, as well as his pendent attitude thereon, were all exceedingly well performed in a way which, while proper in the dignity of the character, could not offend the most sensitive religious feeling. The taking down from the cross, on the other hand, is no inconsiderable triumph of what might almost be called engineering skill, nothing being wanting to invest the scene with vivid realism, though a sense of decided relief is felt when the central figure, with the flanking malefactors, is safely brought to the ground. The sound of a hammer behind the curtain is all that assists the fancy to realize the nailing to the cross. Probably the only marked instance in which Meyer successfully aims at dramatic effect is when, with a deep and agonized sigh, distinctly audible by all the audience, he drops his head and dies; and then his rigid suspension for about twenty minutes is admitted by all to be a masterpiece of gymnastic art, nor does the stiffness of his limbs relax while he is being wrapped in the costly linen cloth by *Joseph of Arimathea*—a well-played character—and carried to the sepulchre."

FUN.

CONGRESS keeps all its gas to itself, and will give none to the post offices.

IF you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.

PATRICK ON THE ZEBRA—"That kind of a baste is that—the mule wid his ribs on the outside of his shkin entoirely?"

DISHONEST physicians, like some dishonest bootblacks, do not pay much attention to the heels so long as they get their fees.

IN ancient Mexico it was the custom to sacrifice human beings to the gods. This was a case where several wrongs made a rite.

"HERE'S a letter," said Pat Maloney, "from me gurrl, and would ye please be readin' it to me wid yer ine shut, that ye can't be a-larnin my secrets."

MISS H. (who has chosen medicine as a profession) to professor, who has given the class an ox's head to dissect: "Oh! professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"

THE NEW SLEEVE. *Grocer* (from the country)—"But why do they all show the tops of their arms in that ridiculous manner?" *Fastidious Youth:* "The fact is, grandma, they're all going to be vaccinated after supper!"

"BY Geowge," said Mr. Topleftv, as he twirled his light-complexioned little cane about his fingers, "That girl is as good as an awtificial ice machine, AW! I inquired if my company would be, aw, acceptable, and, by Geowge, she simply looked at me. AW! I felt very queeah."

SHE (newly married, and doing wonders in the housekeeping department): "And do you know why the tea is so good? Because I put a tiny pinch of soda in the pot. Pray, sir, before you were married, did you ever put anything in your tea?" *He:* "Yes; I used to put a little brandy." (Violence.)

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"THERE is no doubt," says the *Boston Journal of Commerce*, "as to the genuineness and positive results of the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment.' From what we learn of this new cure, we are well satisfied that its general use would annually save thousands from untimely graves, and give back to full or comparative health tens of thousands of weary or suffering invalids to whom life is now a burden." Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

YOUNG ladies have received an unusually intelligent direction from guileless peasant youth. *First Young Lady:* "Thank you, my lad, you are a very sharp boy." *G. P. Y.:* "Ees, but ol'd be a dearned solight sharper with the application of a little blunt." The little dears did not understand slang, so the hint was thrown away.

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[*From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.*]
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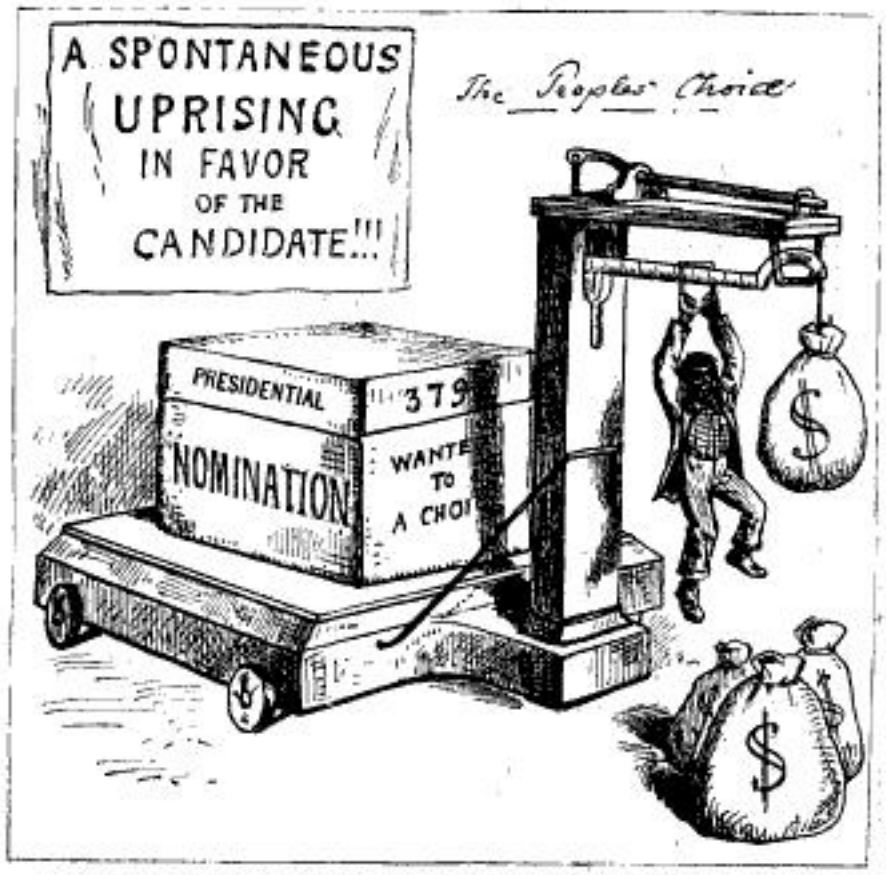
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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

JAMES A. GARFIELD FOR PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE National Republican Convention concluded its six days' session on June 8th by the nomination of General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President, and the Hon. Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President. The contest over the Presidential nomination was marked by unusual interest and intensity, the partisans of General Grant especially displaying an obstinacy of purpose and an audacious confidence which has rarely been matched. The supporters of Mr. Blaine apparently addressed their efforts to the one object of defeating Grant if they could not nominate their favorite, and, in the end, victory was to this extent theirs.

In the initial ballot on June 7th, the vote for the several candidates was as follows: Grant, 304; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 34; Washburne, 30; Windom, 10. The balloting continued during the day and evening without any material changes, closing at 10 P. M. (on the 28th ballot) with 307 for Grant, 279 for Blaine, 91 for Sherman, 33 for Edmunds, 35 for Washburne, 10 for Windom, and 2 for Garfield. At that hour the Convention adjourned until the morning of the 8th, when it reassembled at 10:30, a conference having been meanwhile held by the friends of Mr. Blaine and Secretary Sherman. Balloting was promptly resumed. The first ballot (the 29th) of the Convention showed that each candidate had substantially the same strength as when the voting ended, the night before. Grant had 305 votes and Blaine 278. Sherman, however, had 116. The contest then went forward without the change of more than a dozen votes, until the thirty-fourth ballot was reached. On the thirty-fourth ballot Garfield, who had had one vote, suddenly received 17. On the next he received 50.

When the roll was called for the thirty-sixth ballot, the Blaine and Sherman States began to cast their votes for General Garfield from the beginning of the call. When Wisconsin was reached he had 361 votes. Three hundred and seventy-nine were necessary to a choice, and Wisconsin's 20 would send him before the country. The excitement was intense. Half the Convention rose to its feet, and the occupants of the galleries seemed wild with enthusiasm.

Leaders of all factions ran hurriedly hither and thither through the Convention; and, while the building was resounding with loud cheers for Garfield, there was a cluster of excited delegates about the General himself, who sat quiet and cool in his ordinary place at the end of one of the rows of seats in the Ohio delegation, having his own seat in the middle aisle near the very rear of the Convention. He wore the white badge of an Ohio delegate on his coat, and held his massive head steadily immovable. But for an appearance of extra resoluteness on his face, as that of a man who was repressing internal excitement, he might have been supposed to have as little interest in the proceedings as any other delegate on the floor of the Convention. There has been no such dramatic incident in politics, for a great many years at least, except possibly the nomination of Horatio Seymour in 1868. Entirely apart from all political considerations, it was an extraordinary and impressive incident to see this quiet man suddenly wheeled by a popular sentiment into the position of standard-bearer to the Republican Party, and possibly into the Presidency itself, with its great power and world-wide fame. All this while the crowd had been cheering, and the elements of the Convention were dissolving and crystallizing in an instant of time.



GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTO. BY SARONY.

When Wisconsin gave her vote for Garfield, a tornado swept over the Convention. Delegates ran up the aisles with the banners of the States and Territories, and grouped themselves around Garfield. He sat beneath a forest of waving guidons, and received the congratulations of his friends. A uniformed sergeant of United States Artillery climbed out of a window from the gallery back of the platform, and the roar of artillery added to the great uproar. Men tied their handkerchiefs to their canes, and waved them over the heads of the excited delegates. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the booming of cannon swelled the chorus. A Japanese flag floated from the northern gallery. The notes of "Yankee Doodle" were tooted on the cornets, and were followed by the music of "Rally Round the Flag." All joined in the chorus of

"Freedom for ever, hurrah, boys! hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the Stars,
And we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

The bannerets danced time to music, and the effect was electric. It was a second edition of the Boston Jubilee. Garfield's friends swarmed about him, and nearly pulled his shoulder from its socket. For twenty minutes the uproar continued. Then the stage gubbins were again planted along the aisle, and the monotonous calling of the roll was resumed. The ballot resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes	755
Necessary to a choice	378
Grant	306
Blaine	42
Sherman	3
Washburne	5
Garfield	399

Upon the announcement of the result, congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. Conkling, Logan, Beaver, Hale, Pleasants and others, and the nomination was made unanimous. After a brief adjournment the Convention reassembled, and nominations were made for Vice-President, the name of Chester A. Arthur being presented by General Woodford. One ballot was taken, resulting as follows:

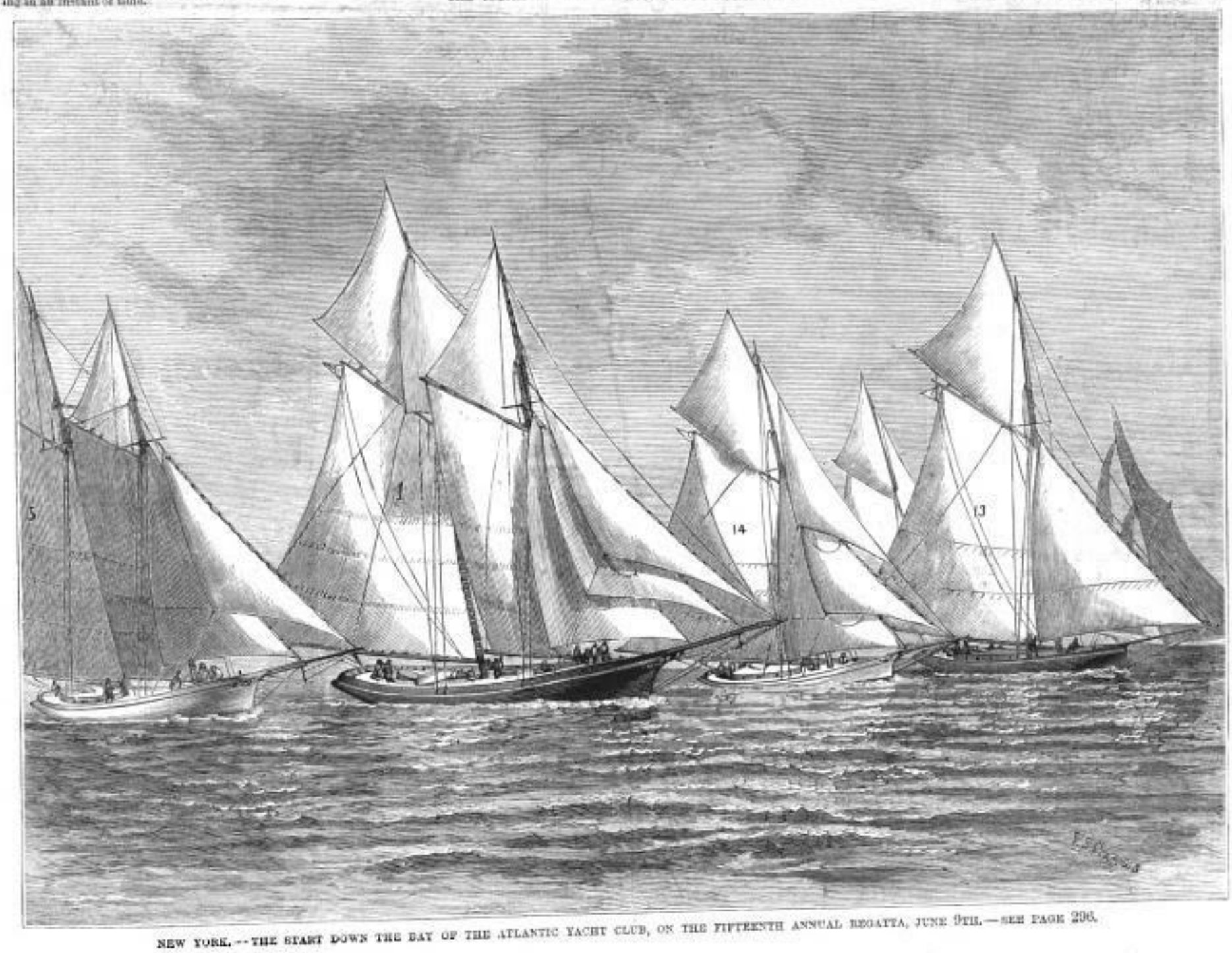
Whole number of votes	743
Necessary to a choice	373
Washburne	193
Jewell	44
Maynard	30
Arthur	468
Bruce	8

The nomination was made unanimous. At 7:25 P. M. the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

General Garfield was officially informed of his nomination on the night following the adjournment of the Convention, and the next morning, with a number of friends, left for his home in Ohio. Crowds, with flags, cannon and bands of music, greeted him at several towns. At Toledo Junction and Cleveland the public receptions were on a large scale. At his home at Mentor his reception was peculiarly enthusiastic and gratifying.

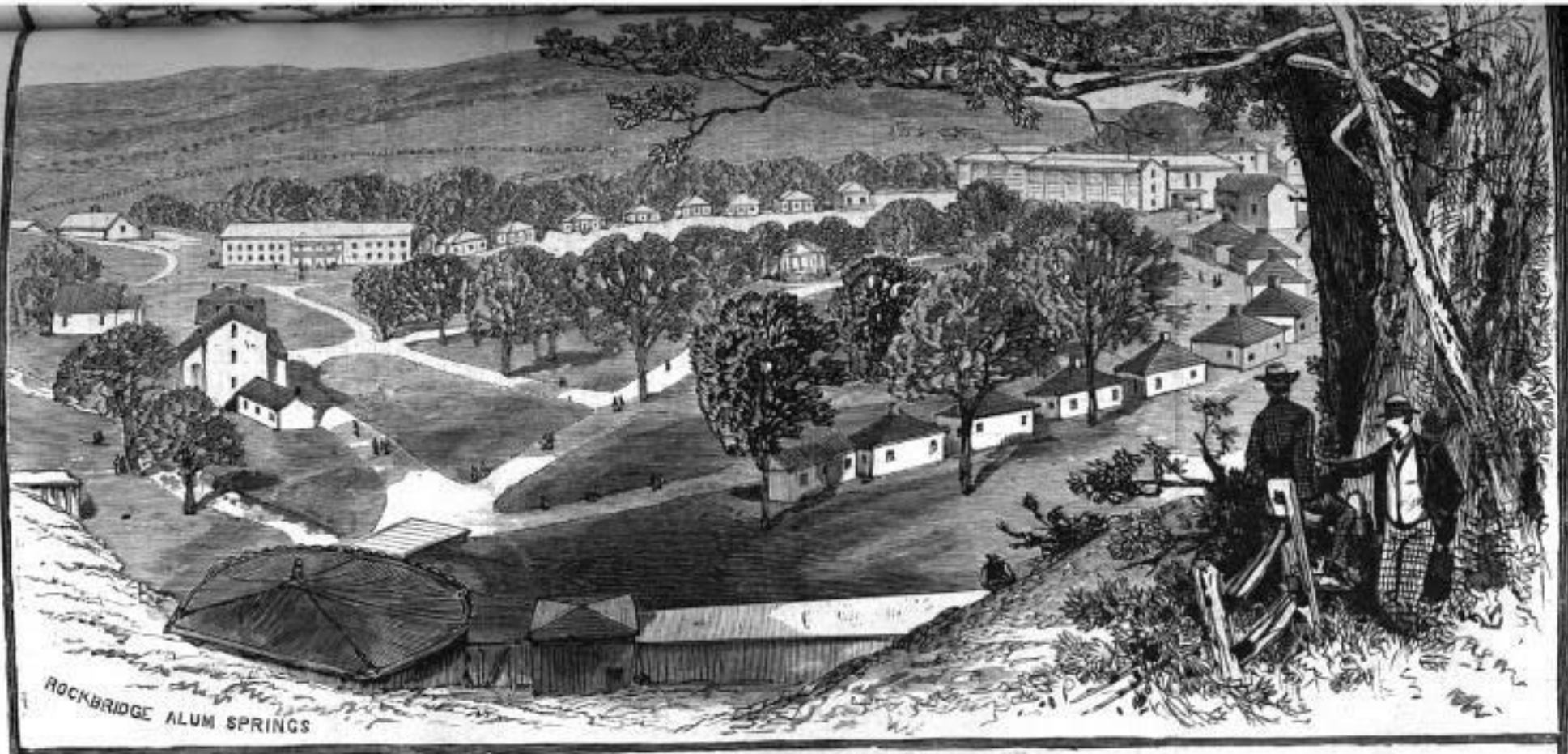
THE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

James Abraham Garfield was born November 19th, 1831, in the town of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. His father, who came from New York, was of New England stock. James was the youngest of four children, who were left fatherless when he was but two years of age. Mrs. Garfield was a woman of remarkable business qualities, and, with the aid of her three older boys, she managed to support herself and the family on the little farm left by her husband. James from his earliest years was obliged to aid to the extent of his ability in the general work about his home in the Summer, while

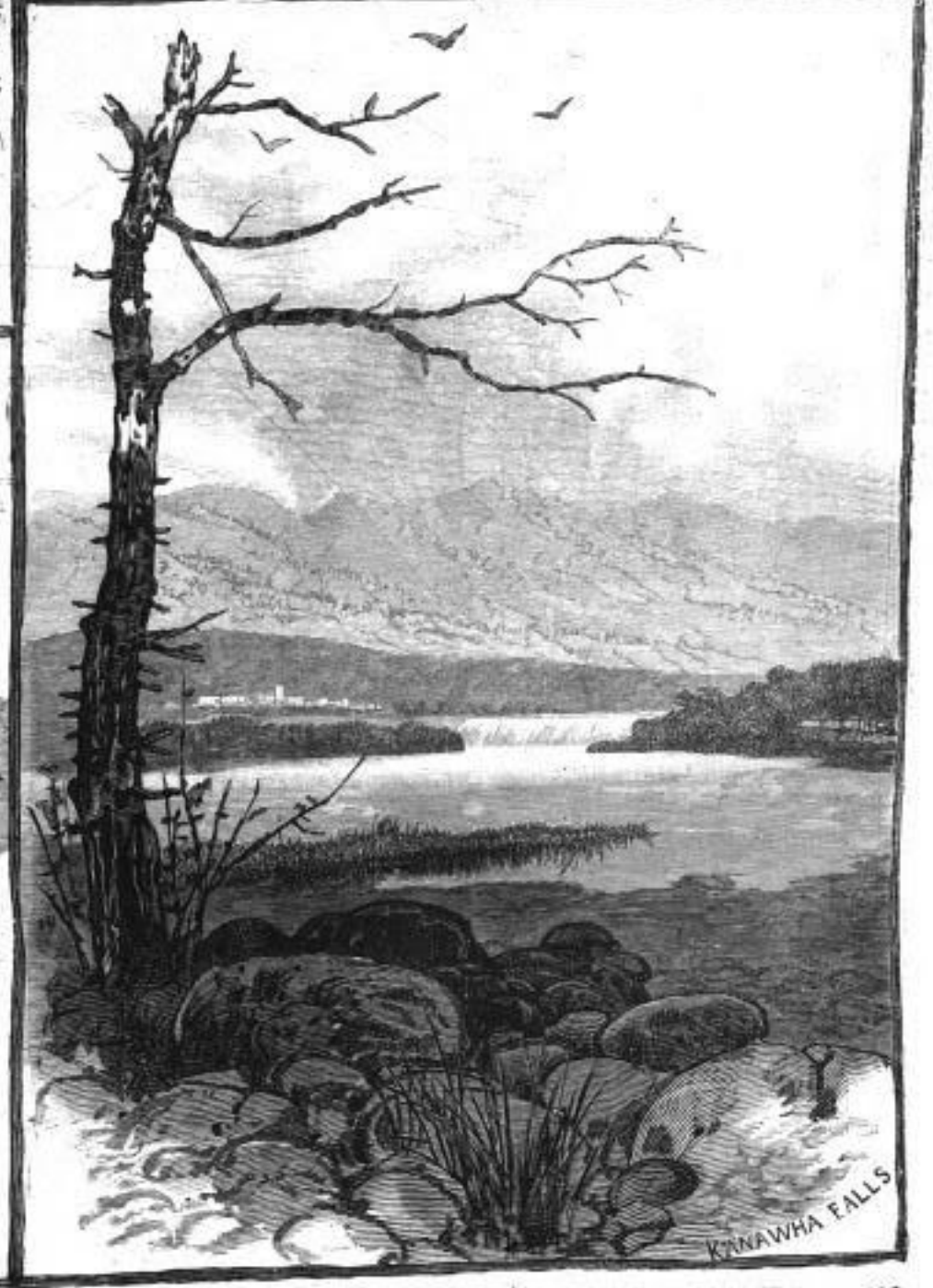


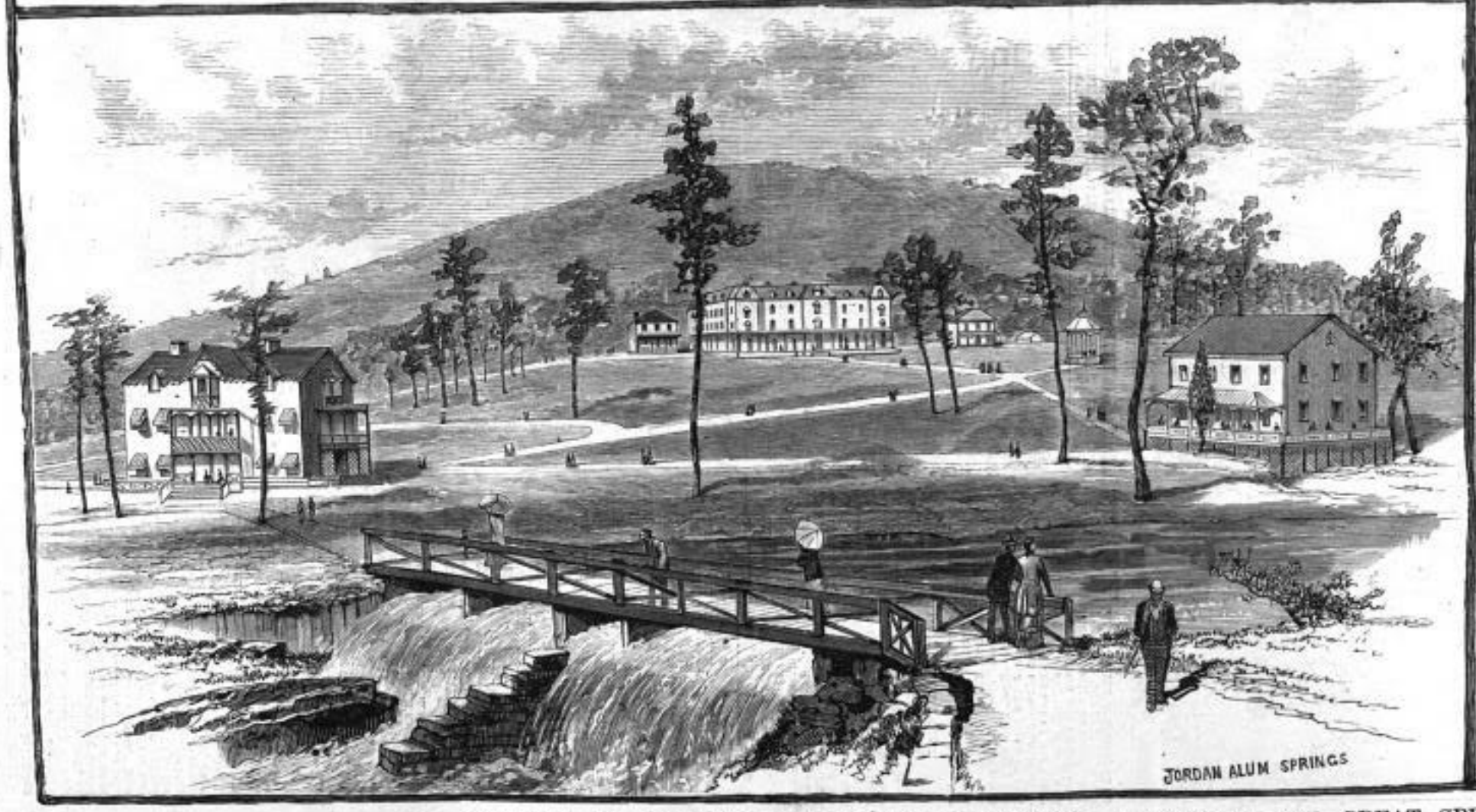
NEW YORK.—THE START DOWN THE BAY OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB, ON THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 9TH.—SEE PAGE 296.

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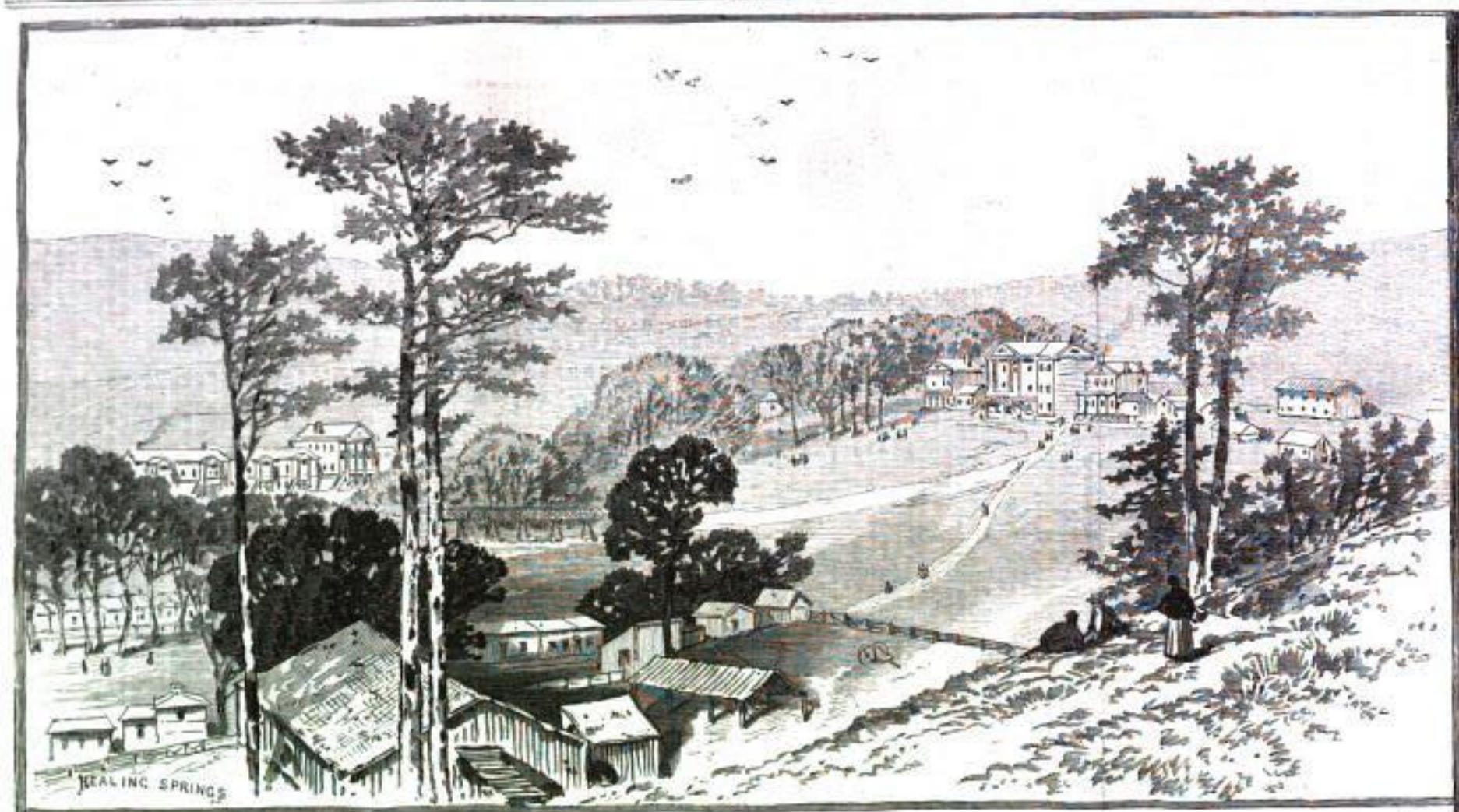


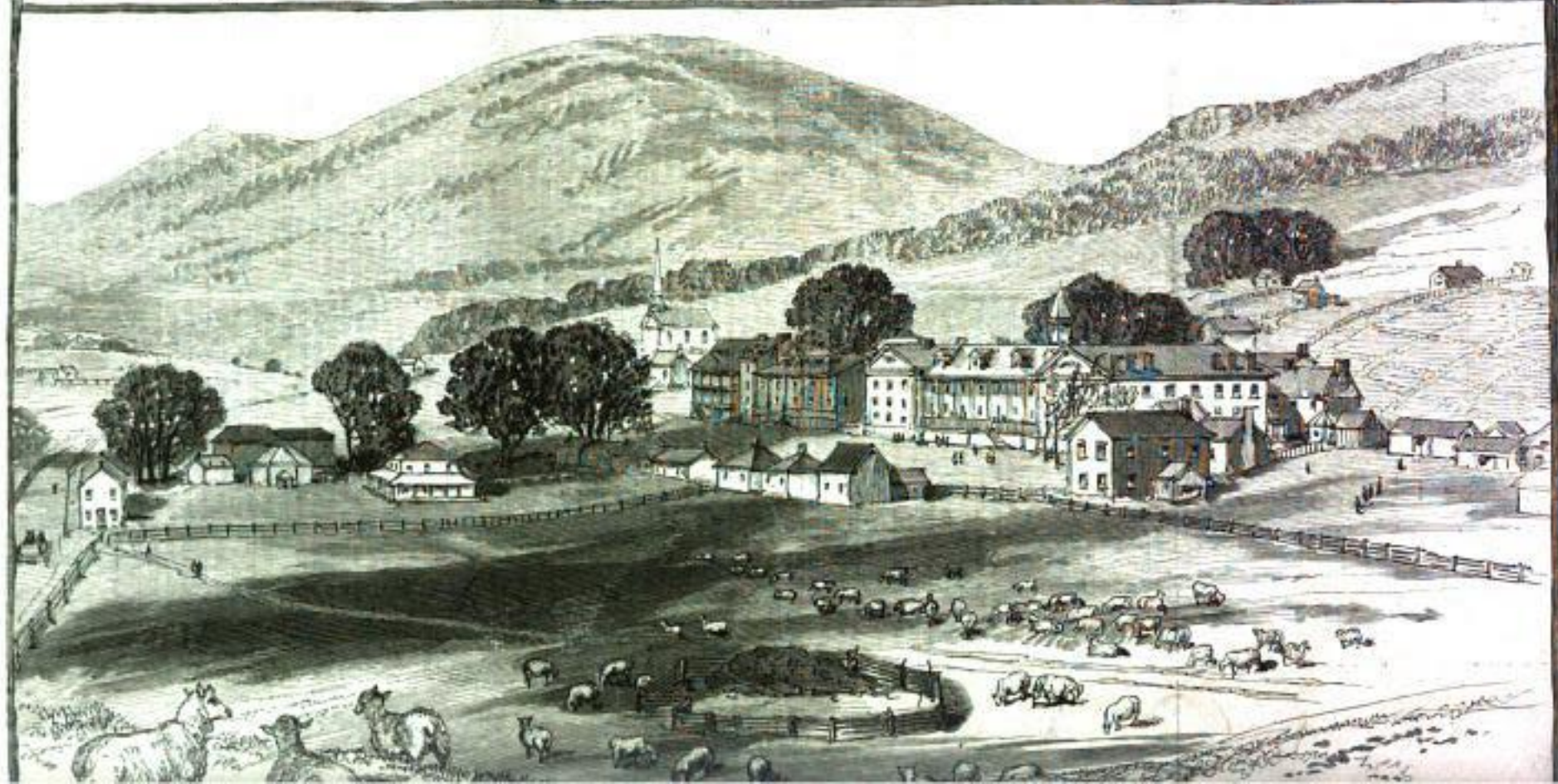


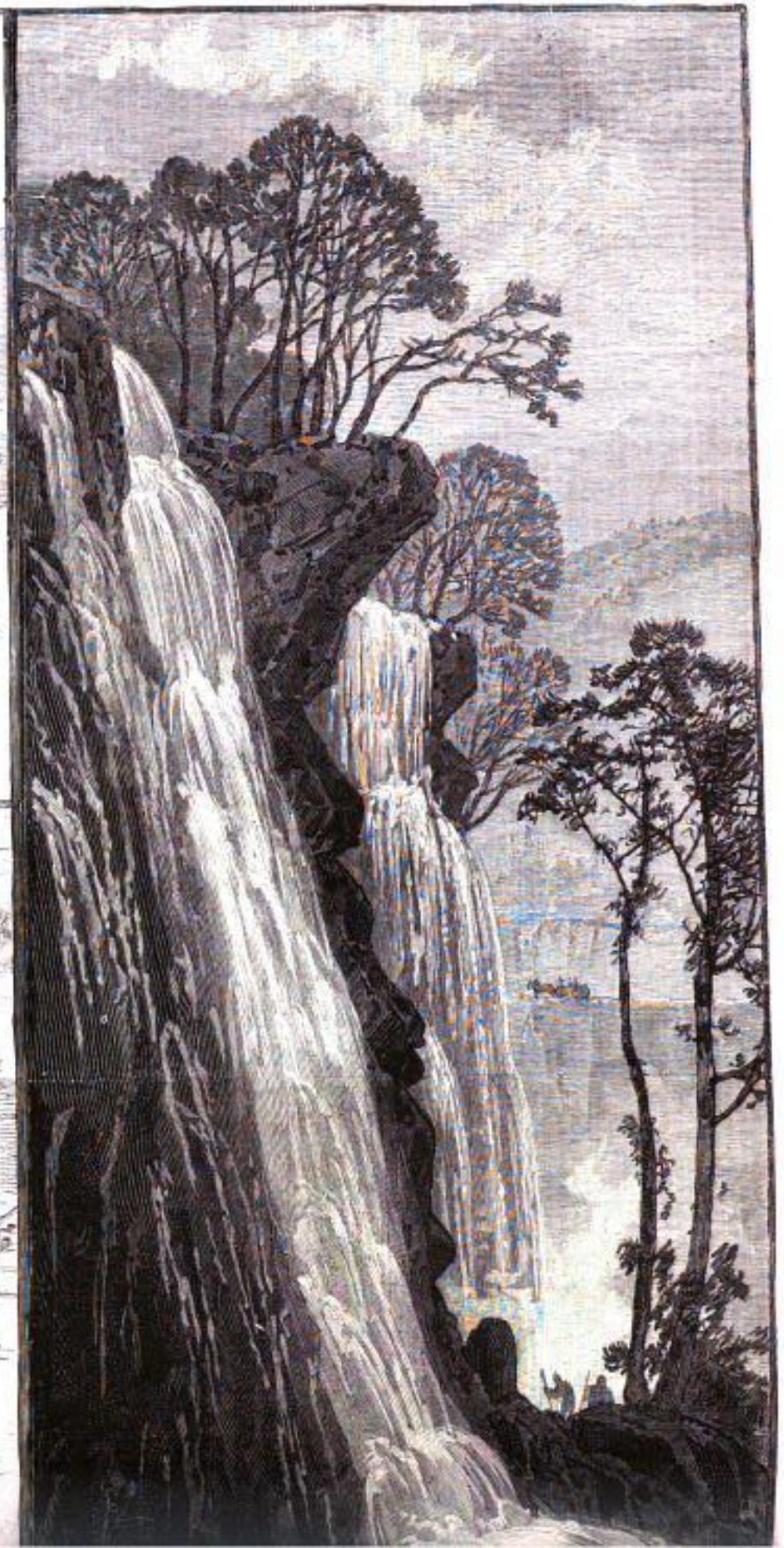


VIRGINIA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—OPENING OF THE SUMMER TRAVELING SEASON—A VISIT TO THE GREAT SPRINGS REGION.—From Sketches by Walter Goater.—See Page 296.

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during the Winter he worked at a carpenter's bench, using such opportunities for study as he could command. In his seventeenth year, wishing to earn larger wages, he determined to become a canal-man, and secured a position as driver of one of the boats on the Ohio Canal. His care and attention to his humble business attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was soon promoted to the more dignified post of holding the tiller of the boat. He continued in this business, saving what little of his earnings he could, for about eighteen months, when he entered the Geauga Seminary. His mother had some small savings, which she gave him, together with a few cooking utensils and a stock of provisions. He hired a small room and cooked his own food, to make expenses as light as possible. By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and at vacation times, and teaching country scholars in Winter, he managed to go through the academy, and saved some funds with which to make his way through college. He entered Williams College in 1854, and graduated in 1856, bearing off the metaphysical honor of his class, which is esteemed at Williams as among the highest within the gift of the institution to the graduating members.

Before going to college, he had joined the sect of the "Disciples," better known as "Campbellites," from their founder, Alexander Campbell. This sect had a numerous membership in Ohio, and all the Garfield family were connected with it. The "Eclectic Institute," in Hiram, was the college of this sect, and here Mr. Garfield became professor of Latin and Greek. During his professorship he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph. Two years later his political life began. His sermons had attracted attention to him, and in 1859 he was brought forward by the anti-slavery people of Portage and Summit Counties as their candidate for State Senator. He was elected by a large majority, and, young as he was, he at once took high rank in the Ohio Legislature, as a man unusually well informed on the subjects of legislation, and effective and powerful in debate. He seemed always prepared to speak, and always spoke fluently and well. When the secession of the Southern States began, Mr. Garfield's course was manly and outspoken, and he was among the foremost to maintain the right of the National Government to coerce seceded States. Early in the Summer of 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Forty second Ohio Volunteers, and took the field in Eastern Kentucky, and was soon placed in command of a brigade, and, by making one of the hardest marches ever made by recruits, surprised and routed the rebel forces, under Humphrey Marshall, at Piketon. He took part in all the operations of the army in the Southwest, his last conspicuous military service being at the battle of Chickamauga. For his services there he was made a major-general. It is said that he wrote all the orders given to the army that day, and submitted them all to General Rosecranz, save one. The one he did not write was the fatal order to General Wood, which was so worded as not to correctly convey the meaning of the commanding general, which caused the destruction of the right wing of the army.

The Congressional District in which Garfield lived was the one long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings. While Garfield was in the field in 1862 he was nominated for Congress in that district. He accepted the nomination, believing that the war would end before he entered Congress, but continued his military service until 1863. He first served on the Committee on Military Affairs, where, by his activity, industry, and familiarity with the wants of the army, he did as signal service as he could have done in the field. He soon became known as a powerful speaker, remarkably ready, and always effective in debate, while in the committees he proved himself an invaluable worker. His party redomi nated him by acclamation on the expiration of his term, and on his return to the House he was given a leading place on its leading committee—on Ways and Means. Here he soon rose to great influence. He studied the whole range of financial questions with the assiduity of his college days, so that he is looked upon to-day as one of the ablest of our national financiers. He stood by his party, and his party stood by him, re-electing him successively to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty second, Forty third, Forty-fourth, Forty fifth, and Forty-sixth Congresses. During these several terms he has served as the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Appropriations Committee. This last chairmanship he held until 1875, when the Democrats came into power. Two years later, when James G. Blaine went to the Senate, General Garfield became by common consent the Republican leader in the House, a position which he has maintained ever since. In January last he was elected to the Senate to fill the seat of Allen G. Thurman, who retires on the 4th of next March. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for this position, an honor never conferred before on any man by any party in the State of Ohio.

In appearance, General Garfield is very commanding and impressive. He stands six feet high, and is broad-shouldered and strongly built. His head is unusually large, and his forehead remarkably high. He wears light-brown hair and beard, and has light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He usually wears a slouch hat, and always dresses plainly. He is temperate in all things except brain work, and is devoted to his wife and children, of whom he has five living, two having died in infancy. The two older boys, Harry and James, are attending school in New Hampshire; while the two younger, Irwin and Abram, live with their parents. His only daughter, Mary, is a handsome, rosy cheeked girl of about twelve. His mother is still living, and forms one of his family. General Garfield has a house in Washington, where he spends his Winters, and a farm in Mentor, Lake County, Ohio, where he spends all his time when not engaged at the capital. His farm comprises 125 acres of land, which is highly cultivated, and here the General finds a recreation of which he never tires, in directing the field work and making improvements in the buildings, fences, and orchards.

THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

Chester A. Arthur, the candidate for Vice-President, is a native of Franklin County, Vt., and is in the fiftieth year of his age. He received his education in Union College, Schenectady, being graduated when eighteen years of age in the Class of '48. Immediately after graduating he came to New York City to live, and prepared himself for the Bar. After being admitted to the Bar, he practiced both alone and with others as members of a law firm.

In 1852 Jonathan and Juliet Lemmon, Virginian slaveholders, intending to emigrate to Texas, came to this city to await the sailing of a steamer, bringing eight slaves with them. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained from Judge Paine to test the question whether the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law were in force in this State. Judge Paine rendered a decision holding that they were not, and ordering the Lemmon slaves to be liberated. Henry L. Clinton was one of the counsel for the slaveholders. A howl of rage went up from the South, and the Virginia Legislature authorized the Attorney-General of that State to assist in taking an appeal. William M. Evarts and Chester A. Arthur were employed to represent the people, and they won their case, which then went to the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles O'Conor here espoused the cause of the slaveholders; but he, too, was beaten by Messrs. Evarts and Arthur, and a long step was taken toward the emancipation of the black race. Another great service was rendered by General Arthur in the same cause in 1856. Lizzie Jennings, a respectable colored woman, was put off a Fourth Avenue car with violence, after she had paid her fare. General Arthur sued on her behalf, and secured a verdict of $500 damages. The next day the company issued an order to permit colored persons to ride on their cars, and the other car companies quickly followed their example. Before that the Sixth Avenue company ran a few special cars for colored persons, and the other lines refused to let them ride at all.

On January 1st, 1861, General Arthur was appointed Engineer-in-Chief by Governor Morgan of this State. In this office he did very valuable service in the equipment of the volunteers of this State for the war, and on January 27th, 1862, in honor of these services, he was appointed Quartermaster-General on Governor Morgan's staff. Here he again worked with great energy to forward troops to the seat of war. He took great interest in politics, and gradually became one of the leaders of the Republican Party in this State. Upon November 20th, 1871, he was appointed Collector of the Port by President Grant to succeed Thomas Murphy. Upon the expiration of his four years' term, so acceptably had he filled the post, that he was reappointed in December, 1875. The nomination this time was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference to a committee as usual. This was a high compliment, usually reserved for ex-Senators. On July 21st, 1878, he was removed by President Hayes, and was succeeded by Collector Merritt.

Upon September 18th, 1879, he was elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee. It was largely due to his skilful management that the campaign was such a successful one—all the Republican candidates for State officers being elected.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE FAMOUS SPRINGS REGION IN VIRGINIA.

THE Summer season is now open. The yachts have taken on their spotless canvas attire, and careen saucily in the wind. The first dip in the ocean has been taken, the first stroll on the warm, white sand. Stout shoes press the mountain side. Faces are already bronzed. The delicious season of rest—so they call it—has come. What a misnomer is that word, rest! People tell us that after the laborious work of the Winter, after the fatigue of the ball, the opera, the theatre, the reception, they must seek the seaside, the mountain top, the health resort—for what? For recreation and rest. And how hard they do rest! No clerk at his desk, no financier in the money-mart, no woman of society, erasing one by one the engagements on her list, work half as hard as while seeking and participating in this popular recreation and rest. If man earns bread by the sweat of his brow, so society gains rest by exhilarating, but nevertheless hard, work. Still, it is the proper thing to undergo a vast amount of fatigue in the name of pleasure and health, and away we go with the earliest votaries of Summer travel.

That we may withstand the wear of a long season, a flitting to this resort, and a loitering at that, we propose to start out with the best equipment of physical energy, and to secure this we make our first trip to the wonderful region of springs in Virginia.

The chief points of departure after reaching the State line are Staunton and Lynchburg, because these cities are on extremities of a fork of railroads—the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Washington City, Virginia, Midland and Great Southern, dividing from the main stem of travel at Charlottesville; and it is this angle—one line running through Staunton towards the Ohio, the other through Lynchburg, Tennessee—which measures the Spring Region, and that section of the great mountain belt of the State most interesting in its display of scenery.

The Summer resorts on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway comprise every variety, from the famous "Mecca," where Fashion's votaries make their yearly pilgrimage, to the quiet retreat where families find Summer homes. The ballroom, music, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, croquet grounds, and all of the many appliances to furnish pastimes to the pleasure-seeker, as well as waters which possess healing efficacy for every infirmity to which the human frame is subject, are found at Virginia Springs; and last, not least, for invalid and pleasure-seeker, at every fashionable watering-place and every quiet retreat, scenery of rare beauty and air unsurpassed for healthfulness are found.

The Warm Springs are situated in Bath County, and are reached by stages from Covington or Millboro' Stations, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. The road from Covington passes in view of the cataract of the Falling Springs, where a foaming mountain brook tumbles over a rocky ledge two hundred feet high; while on the Millboro' route, only fifteen miles from the springs, the traveler will be charmed by the magnificent view from the top of Warm Spring Mountain, and of the curious Blowing Cave, situated near the banks of the Cow-Pasture River. Of the many health-giving fountains in this region, the Warm Springs were the first utilized by invalids, the curative properties of the water having been discovered by the Indians. The water is very abundant, and is used both for drinking and bathing. There are two large baths, to which are attached private and smaller ones, both warm and cold.

The Gentleman's Bath is an octagon, about forty feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty in circumference. It is ninety-eight degrees in temperature, and is supplied with water, of which it holds forty three thousand gallons, by springs pouring forth one thousand gallons per minute. The Ladies' Bath is a circular bath fifty feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty in circumference. As a swimming pool it is very attractive, and many ladies learn to swim. The temperature, perhaps, is a little less than ninety-eight degrees, and is supplied with water, of which it holds sixty thousand gallons, by springs entirely distinct from any other bath, pouring forth fully twelve hundred gallons per minute. It has attached a handsome reception-room, twenty private dressing-rooms, private baths of the same temperature of the main bath—douche or spout baths, and cold water plunge or shower baths.

The best times for bathing are in the morning before breakfast, and on an empty stomach before dinner. Bathers usually go in twice a day, and remain in the water from twelve to twenty minutes at a time.

The Drinking Spring, as it is called, is near the baths. It is a very bold stream, as clear as a crystal, and its use materially assists the action of the baths in the treatment of most of the diseases for which they are employed.

The Healing Springs are fifteen miles from Covington, on the Chesapeake and Ohio road, and eight from the Warm Springs. There is a fine cascade in the vicinity of the buildings, which constitute quite a village. The waters of this spring are said to be almost identical in their chemical analysis with the famous Schlangenbad and Ems waters of Germany.

The supply of water is abundant, being derived from four springs of essentially the same character, each of which affords a large volume of water. The water is beautifully bright and crystalline, and the ever-bursting bubbles of gas that escape with the water and float in myriads of vesicles upon its surface impart to it a peculiar, sparkling appearance. Its temperature is uniformly eighty-five and eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Ladies say that this water possesses the virtue of softening and beautifying the skin. It produces the most delightful satin-like feeling, and renders the complexion peculiarly clear and transparent; gives to the cheek a new tint, and makes one fancy the wrinkles are smoothed away.

There is every accommodation for tourists to enjoy hot and cold baths and those of the natural temperature. The Rockbridge Alum Springs began to attract attention about the year 1830. Persons from the adjacent country were in the habit of visiting them and camping out, sleeping for weeks in their wagons and rude huts, that they might avail themselves of the virtue of these waters in the cure of eruptive and cutaneous disease.

The Springs, four in number, are basins hollowed out at the base of the ledge of shales lying at the foot of Mill Mountain, and these waters, which are of different degrees of strength, may be administered fresh from the fountains to the patients in various stages of disease. About 350 yards southeast of the hotel, there is also a chalybeate spring, which issues from a hill on the North Mountain side of the valley.

There are accommodations for five or six hundred guests, on the cottage and hotel plan, which seems so popular in the Virginia mountains; nor are the pleasures of this Summer resort neglected, as the means of ministering to gayety and cheerfulness have been provided on a liberal scale. The mountains abound with game and the streams with trout.

The Jordan Alum Springs are but a short distance from and adjacent to the Rockbridge Alum; they have more lately come into public notice, but have attained no small share of popularity for the remedial virtues of their waters and the attractiveness of their grounds as a place of resort during the Summer months.

The accommodations are all modern, consisting of a "Grand Hotel," containing spacious halls and parlors, the handsomest and largest ballroom in the mountains, well ventilated dining and lodging rooms, lighted with gas; hot and cold baths on every floor, and double cottages near the hotel, which, with the exception of gas, are furnished in every respect like the main building. The means for amusement are such as are usually provided at the Virginia Springs, and in addition, is the delightful drive and visit to the Natural Bridge.

All the above resorts of mountain and spring are reached by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway through a charming and picturesque region. Tourists may go all rail by the Pennsylvania Railroad via Gordonsville, or by the Baltimore and Ohio via Harper's Ferry and Staunton. Or those who like a breath of the sea *en route* for the mountains may go by the well appointed steamers of the Old Dominion Steamship Company to Richmond, and thence by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

Northern visitors who go to these Springs by way of Alexandria will have an opportunity for going over Bull Run and the historic battle-field of Manassas, and through Culpepper, Orange, Gordonsville and Charlottesville. Between the latter places a fine view is had of "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, while at Charlottesville the University of Virginia, founded by the author of the Declaration of Independence, can be seen. Between this point and Staunton, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery is almost unrivaled. At Staunton the State has her asylums for the deaf, dumb, blind and insane.

If the Summer tourist expects to make the round of the resorts that fashion has made popular, nothing can be more sensible than to take what is true rest for a week in this region, and then, properly fortified, the subsequent recreation will be neither wearisome nor unduly fatiguing.

REGATTA OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club opened the season on June 9th by sailing their fifteenth annual regatta. The conditions were by no means favorable. In the Bay there was almost no wind, while outside Sandy Hook there was so much that but few yachts ventured out. The yachts were divided into seven classes, Class A being for schooners of 70 feet and over; Class B, for schooners under 70 feet; Class C, for cabin sloops of 55 feet and over; Class D, for cabin sloops of 43 feet and under 55 feet; Class E, for cabin sloops of 38 feet and under 43 feet; Class F, for cabin sloops under 38 feet, and Class G, for open sloops. There were two entries in Class A, the *Cruiser* and the *Cynic*; two in Class B, the *Agnes* and the *Triton*; four in Class C, the *Fawn*, *Comet*, *Fenian* and *Mischief*; four in Class D, the *Regina*, *Dolphin*, *Fanita* and *Sadie*; three in Class E, the *Stella*, *Pirate* and *Lizzie L.*; five in Class F, the *Gem*, *Schemer*, *Caprice*, *Flying Cloud* and *Elephant*, and two in Class G, the *Corinne* and the *Pilot*. The start was from the club's new anchorage, near Bay Ridge. The course was, for the first four classes, including all the larger boats, down through the Narrows, to and around the stake-boat at Buoy 8½, on Southwest Spit, thence to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, rounding the same by the eastward and southward, thence home, going south and west of the beacon on Romer Shoal. For Classes E and F the course was the same, to and around the stake-boat, near a buoy in Gedney Channel, rounding the same from the southward; thence home, passing to the westward of the beacon on Romer Shoal. For Class G, the course was the same, to and around the stake boat at Buoy 8½, on Southwest Spit, rounding the buoy from the west and south, thence home. All yachts were required to pass to the westward of Fort Lafayette, both going and returning. The course for Classes A, B, C and D was estimated at 40 miles; for Class E and F at 32 miles, and for Class G at 24 miles. There was one prize for each class, and a Livingston Memorial Prize, to be awarded to the first sloop of Class D in at the home stake-boat, without time allowance. The winners in the several classes and the corrected time of reaching the home stake-boats, were as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Class A—*Cruiser*	10	06	10
Class B—*Triton*	9	49	10
Class C—*Fawn*	8	28	19
Class D—*Regina*	8	24	19
Class E—*Lizzie L.*	6	46	30
Class F—*Elephant*	6	44	16
Class G—*Corinne*	7	10	02

The *Regina* also took the Livingston Memorial Prize.

Afloat on the Mississippi.

ON the 21st day of December, 1877, Captain W. P. Hall, of Davenport, Iowa, left that city in a skiff, bound on an exploring expedition for the Davenport Academy of Science, a volunteer venture on his part, incited by his love of archæological study and scientific research. His craft was a skiff, twenty one feet long and over five feet wide at the oar locks, and it bore a small frame house which was to be his lodging-place when he tied up for the night. And now, after an absence of two years and five months, he has returned to his home. The captain looks well, is straight and hearty as he was ten years ago, and though he looks weather-beaten indeed, he has an athletic appearance which most men would be proud of. In giving an account of his tour, he said he set out with the special purpose of exploring among the mounds of the South for relics of the predecessors of the Indian. He floated down the Mississippi to Morganzie, Crevasse and Grand Rivers, and rowed through the lakes, bayous, rivers, creeks, bays, and every body of water navigable with his craft, stopping from one to three days at points of interest. He dug in the mounds of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas. The reporters got to heralding him as "The Old Man in the Skiff." At a point a few miles below Sepleville, Tenn., a couple of young men, who supposed he had money in his boat, opened fire on him one evening with lead slugs, and several of the slugs inflicted flesh wounds. He crawled into his cabin, got his shot-gun, and when they got near he blazed away at them, and off they ran. He was laid up about a month by his wounds. He has been "ship-wrecked" several times, and by two of these mishaps lost valuable relics. His journeyings have comprised a tour of at least 18,000 miles in his skiff. He has sent boxes of great value in ancient implements and utensils to the academy, and he says he has many buried because he could not send them or bring them. He says he shall remain at home a few weeks, and then carry out a long-cherished design of making an exploration of the Lake Superior region in pursuit of his favorite science.

First Gold-find in Nevada.

NEVADA'S first nugget was mined with a butcher's knife. John Orr started across the plains in 1849. The roads were bad, the weather was worse, and he was obliged to remain through the Winter at Salt Lake. In April he resumed his journey. He had a partner named Nick Kelly, after whom Kelly's Ravine was named, and in the company was William Prouse, now living in Nurb City, about forty miles southwest of Salt Lake. Prouse had worked in mines before gold was discovered in Coloma, and was a good prospector. One day the train stopped on the edge of what is now known as Gold Cañon, near the Carson River, to let the animals feed on some bunch grass found growing among the sage brush. Prouse at noontime took a milk-pan, and going down to the gulch began washing dirt, in a few minutes getting color to the value of a few cents. Orr then named the place Gold Cañon.

The train soon after resumed travel, going to the head of the Carson Valley. There they met a party of seven who had left the train at the sink of the Humboldt, intending to go in advance to California and select good locations for the remainder of the party. They had been unable to cross the country, and had been lost in the snow four or five days, unable to find the divide to Hangtown. A stay in Carson for three weeks followed, when Orr, Kelly and several others returned to Gold Cañon, and resumed prospecting. Kelly and Orr went up the cañon until a little fork was reached, when work was begun.

The party had few tools, and Orr had nothing but a knife. While Kelly was working he noticed a very narrow place at the fork, where the water barely covered a slab of slate rock. Idly he examined it, and noticing a small crevice near the edge, drove the knife into it, breaking out a piece. The water running over it washed away the underlying dirt, and in a few seconds he discovered a gold nugget where the rock had covered it. It was quickly removed, and afterward found to weigh $8.25. This was on the 1st of June, 1850, thirty years ago. Prospecting was continued, and though gold dust was found in several places throughout the cañon, Orr's was the only nugget. He still has it in his possession, the first ever found in Nevada.

Visiting in Afghanistan.

AFGHAN etiquette forbids paying visits in the off-hand and unceremonious way usual in Europe, and it is customary, and also convenient in many ways, to send at least a few hours' notice of the intention to call upon an Afghan. The visitor is received at the door by some confidential retainer or retainers, and conducted through an open court-yard to the foot of a rude, winding staircase, which leads first to an uncovered landing, and thence to the ordinary reception-room or balcony of the proprietor. Here he is received by the host in person, and conducted with every mark of courtesy and respect to a small row of chairs, the use of which article of furniture seems to be general in good society in Cabul, and to have quite superseded the carpets and felts which satisfied an older generation. After a few words of welcome and inquiries in a set formula after health on both sides, a tray of fruits usually appears, and is placed upon the carpet at the feet of the visitors. The fruits are followed by the tea-tray, and a cup of highly-sweetened green tea, without milk, is placed before the visitor. The conversation is then carried on with more or less spirit on the ordinary topics of the day, and here, if the visit is a merely formal one, the interview comes to an end, and the visitor is conducted to the door with the same formality and courtesy with which he was received. It is not, however, unusual for the host to ask if the attendants, who have been seated at a respectful distance all this time, shall withdraw in view to the introduction of more confidential topics. Those who look for more than the mere interchange of civilities at these meetings will gladly accede to this proposal, and it is then that the conversation often becomes deeply important and interesting.

Lightning and Trees.

PROFESSOR COLLADON, of Geneva, has made some interesting observations on the course of lightning when it strikes trees and houses. He holds that the great discharges which injure trees and houses seldom or never happen while the lightning has an unobstructed course—which it has along the thin upper branches of trees, where birds and their nests are often left quite uninjured by its descent. But it is where the electric current reaches the thick stem that the tree becomes a worse and worse conductor, and it is here, therefore, that the tree is what is called *struck*—*i. e.*, here that the electricity, failing to find an unobstructed channel to the earth, accumulates in masses, and gives out shocks which rend the tree. And the same is true of houses whose lightning conductors stop short of the ground. Professor Colladon has also shown that the close neighborhood of a pool of water is a great attraction to the electric current, and that the electricity often passes down a house or tree till it is near enough to dart straight across to the water; and he thinks that where possible, lightning conductors should end in a spring or pool of water. Professor Colladon believes that lightning descends rather in a shower—through a multitude of vines, for instance, in the same vineyard—than in a single main stream. It divides itself among all the upper branches of a tree, and is received from hundreds of atmospheric points at once, instead of, as has been usually supposed, from one. Electricity is a rain, a number of tributaries from a wide surface, not a single torrent.

Icebergs in Mid-ocean.

ALL the steamships arriving at this port from Europe during the last month have reported encountering icebergs on the passage across the ocean. One captain who arrived last week reported: "In all my ocean experience I never saw so many. At five o'clock on the morning of June 3d, we first sighted them. We were then about one hundred and eighty miles southeast of Cape Race. At first there seemed to be but three of them. As we drew nearer the number marvelously increased. By seven o'clock we were in the midst of a crowd of them, perhaps a hundred. They were of all sizes and shapes. Many rose over five hundred feet above the water, and the forms of some were very pretty and fantastic. One had two pinnacles and from the centre of another there rose a high steeple. They looked like villages. The most singular feature of the whole thing is that there were two lines of them, and our steamer passed through the intervening channel, a wall of ice rising on either side. We did not have to move the helm but once on account of them. This was to avoid the last one, which seemed to be a straggler from one of the two main bodies. But it would have been dangerous to have encountered them in a dense fog or on a dark night."

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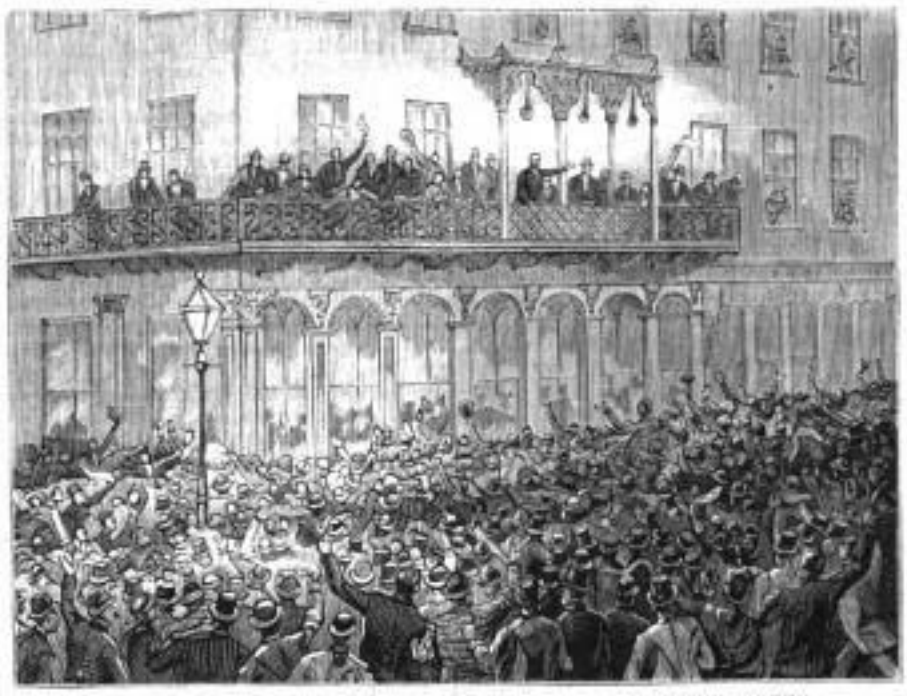
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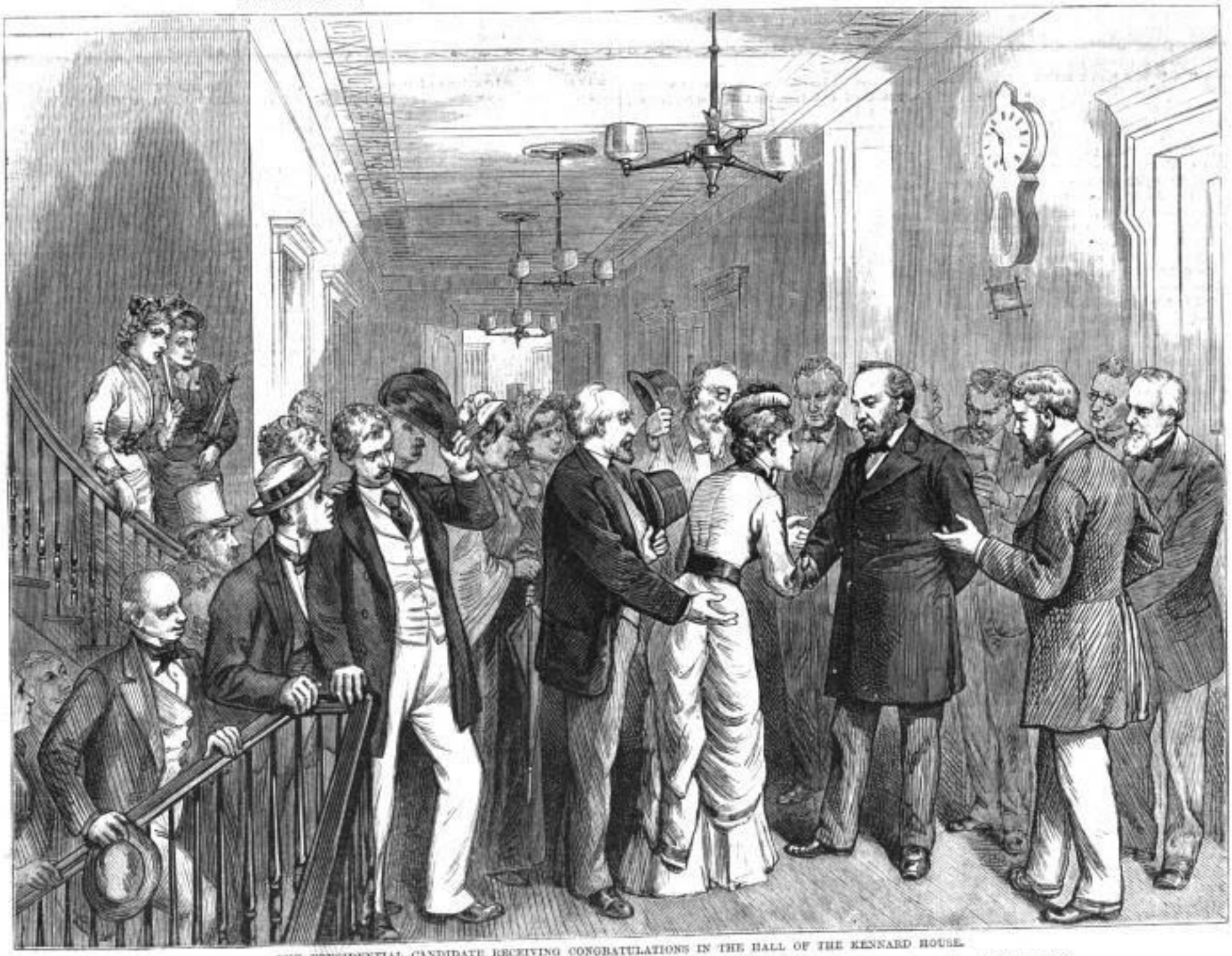
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THE RECEPTION OF THE GENERAL ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT.



GEN. GARFIELD ADDRESSING THE PUBLIC FROM THE BALCONY OF THE KENNARD HOUSE.



THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS IN THE HALL OF THE KENNARD HOUSE.

OHIO.—AFTER THE CONVENTION—POPULAR RECEPTIONS TO GENERAL GARFIELD AT CLEVELAND.

From Sketches by Jos. B. Beale.—See Page 302.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

J. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

WE publish in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER an able and highly interesting article on the present condition and prospects of South Carolina, from the pen of Hon. F. W. Dawson, the well-known editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*. This valuable paper will be followed by others, from prominent resident writers, on the condition and outlook of other Southern States, it being our purpose to present to the country, so far as possible, an accurate and exhaustive exhibit of the "South in 1880," to the end that its great advantages may be more generally and truly understood than they can be so long as partisan journals are the only sources of public information.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

ONE of the most important questions brought to the attention of Congress at its recent session was that of providing for the regulation of the count of the electoral vote, or, rather, for the appointment of an umpire competent to decide, constitutionally, in case any State shall next Winter send in two or more sets of Presidential electors. That such an emergency will arise is more than probable; it is nearly certain. True, this is not Spain or Mexico, and our citizens appear to possess a degree of self-denial, self-restraint and self-poise, which will make partisan revolutions infrequent. Unlike tropical nations, we are cool, patient and forbearing, and either party is above resorting to the sword merely because it is outvoted; but it is equally true that we are quick to resent injustice and to repel any invasion of our political rights. The imminent danger is that one party or the other, when next February comes, may imagine that it is being cheated out of its President, and unless there shall exist a constitutional, non-partisan tribunal competent to decide the question, a spark may light the fierce fires of sectional and partisan strife.

It will not be safe to have such an uncertainty occur in two successive Presidential elections. Three and a half years ago we were face to face with this peril, and civil war was averted only by the conciliatory spirit of the Republican Party and the Anglo-Saxon forbearance of the Democratic Party. Can we safely calculate on the same result following the same dilemma again? There are laws of disorder as well as laws of order, and it is not by any means certain that either of the two great parties would again permit itself to be deprived of a President whom it believed it had elected. A majority of the Republican Party is convinced that very many of the black voters of the South are ostracised, persecuted, intimidated and prevented from voting, and that Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina can be carried for the Democratic candidate only by fraud; and a majority of the Democratic Party as sincerely believes that Mr. Tilden was honestly elected President in 1876, and was cheated out of his rights. Will either of these great parties quietly take a back seat for the sake of peace next Winter, if there shall be a contest about who has been elected? Especially, we may ask, will the same party be likely to surrender now that surrendered before?

The joint resolution proposed by Mr. Morgan, and passed by the Senate, proposing in effect that the party majority in Congress should be the final judge of everything connected with the electoral count—the qualifications of Electors, the regularity of elections, the correctness of certificates, and any objection, direct or indirect, which might be brought to their notice touching any vote or votes of any State—was defeated in the House by the filibustering of the Republicans. The resolution was no doubt objectionable, being of doubtful constitutionality, and as likely to aggravate as to avert the grave misunderstandings which may possibly arise; but it should have been met in a manly way, and not killed as it was by indirection. As the case now stands, the Republicans are justly liable to the charge of obstructing, for partisan reasons, necessary legislation on a subject of supreme national importance. It is true, indeed, that there still will be time after the meeting next December to pass this or some other measure for the regulation of the electoral count, but the difficulties in the way of definite action then will be quite as great and serious as they have been hitherto; and specific legislation, in the event of a close election, will scarcely be possible, and even if had, will be dictated by inflamed partisan feeling, and therefore little likely to command that popular sanction which, in a less excited state of the public temper, it might be expected to receive. Are the Republicans prepared to assume the responsibility for an infraction of the public peace should it come as the result of their policy of obstruction?

Undoubtedly capital is conservative and prosperity is quieting. The fact that business is thriving will disincline men to break the peace whatever may be the partisan provocation. But even avarice is relative, and to prevent what they regard as the outrage of the ballot-box angry men might break its restraints. There is only one way to be certain that the next election will not be followed by a widespread catastrophe, and that is for Congress to agree, immediately upon reassembling in December, upon some ultimate umpire in case of disagreement. He is no alarmist who tells of real danger; nor is he a prudent man who hides his head from it like an ostrich in the sand. All sober, right-thinking citizens unite in demanding that Congress shall make amends for its present recreancy to duty by providing, at the earliest possible opportunity, that the results of the next Presidential election may be declared in peace, and within the scope of just constitutional limitations.

THE RECENT COLLISIONS.

OUR readers have been so fully informed as to the sickening details of the disastrous collision between the *Narragansett* and *Stonington*, that it is not our purpose now to dwell upon them. A few words of comment on the general subject, however, seem appropriate, if not necessary.

A more inexcusable calamity, can scarcely be imagined. The collision itself would have been avoided by the slightest exercise of prudence or caution on the part of those in command, while, having occurred, it was shameful and even criminal that under the circumstances a single life should have been sacrificed. Incompetency, recklessness and brutality seemed to reign supreme. The most simple appliances for saving life in such an emergency were either wanting, out of gear or useless, and such as could be made available were only made so through the energy of others than the officers and crew.

Notwithstanding the many homes made desolate by this calamity, we are a patient community; we have become accustomed to such matters, and after a few days our indignation will subside, the guilty will go unpunished, and the event will be forgotten, or only brought to mind by some fresh atrocity of a similar nature.

It has happened, however (it might be said providentially), as if to impress the guilt indelibly upon the authors of this disaster, that within a few days another similar accident occurred, under much more unfavorable circumstances, where not a life was lost, and a most striking contrast was presented. The ocean steamers, the *Queen* and the *Anchoria*, collided in a fog three hundred miles from land, and although some one must be held to blame for the fact of the collision, still the highest praise is due to the officers and crew of the *Queen* for what then took place, not for brilliant ingenuity or unusual daring, but simply for performing the duties which reason and their stations imposed upon them with the most thorough skill, discipline and precision. And how was this brought about? Simply by keeping the crew in constant training to meet and provide against just such accidents, though they might never occur. Even an hour before the collision the regular routine exercise of this character in the way of manning and lowering the boats had taken place. Thus, when a real crisis came they were fully prepared for it, and instead of a panic-stricken mob cutting away boats with holes in their bottoms, without thole-pins or oars, the work of transferring the passengers of the supposed sinking vessel was effected with as much coolness and method as if there were no danger.

Again, what a contrast is presented in the construction of the vessels with a view to the protection of life. Both these ocean steamers were built with separate air-tight compartments which enabled them not only to keep afloat, but, although so seriously damaged, to bring vessel, passengers and cargo safely into port.

Of the lessons to be learned from these occurrences little need be said. They speak strongly for themselves. Various suggestions have appeared in the Press with a view to prevent their repetition, some in the nature of new legislation, others in the way of improved mechanical contrivances. If our present laws are not stringent enough, let them be amended so as to compel at least an apparent regard for human life under similar circumstances. But, after all, the law is comparatively a slight protection. It may command certain preventive measures to be taken, and may prohibit the use of dangerous agencies. But who is to enforce these provisions? If intrusted to a few officials, we know by sad experience how far they can be relied upon, and we might refer as an illustration to the recent Madison Square Garden calamity.

As suggestions are in order, here is one of a practical character. We have seen how beneficial and efficient have been the operations of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the kindred Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. When kind-hearted people organize under the inspiration of some great principle, and are endowed by law with the necessary powers to effect their purpose, experience has shown that they are far more efficient than the ordinary officers of the law. Why not, then, organize the Society for the Protection of Human Life? If even the brute creation can find such kind and gallant champions as Mr. Bergh and his associates, are there not philanthropists ready and willing to extend similar protection to poor humanity? Such a society, properly organized and with suitable powers conferred upon it, would be a blessing to the community. Its agents might prevent places of amusement from being constructed as traps to crush or roast the audience, boilers from being made only to explode, compel railroad engineers to look out for misplaced switches, steamboat owners to provide ordinary life saving apparatus, and generally to compel a full observance of the law on all matters where human safety is concerned.

If philanthropy or public spirit is not a sufficient motive for the foundation of such a society, would it not be a valuable auxiliary in a pecuniary point of view to our Life and Accident Insurance Companies? Who will start the movement?

FRESH SPANISH OUTRAGES.

TWO further "Spanish outrages upon the American flag" call for prompt and decisive action on the part of our Government. On the 30th of May the schooner *Ethel A. Merrill*, bound from Boston for Jamaica for a cargo of fruit, was fired at, brought-to and searched by a Spanish man-of-war, some six miles from the coast of Cuba. On the same day the schooner *Eunice P. Newcomb*, bound from Port Antonio for Boston, was overhauled by a Spanish cruiser on the Cuban coast, having been first twice fired at. In both cases the traders carried the American flag and were sailing in their proper courses. Their stoppage and search on the high seas were wholly unwarrantable, and it is to be hoped that Secretary Evarts will at once carry out the instructions of the President and demand an explanation of the outrage from the Spanish Government. If this explanation is not at once given, with instant and full reparation, if the circumstances shall require, then more vigorous measures should be immediately adopted. Our carrying trade is not so prosperous that we can afford to have our ships, engaged in their lawful pursuit, stopped or sunk at the will and caprice of Spanish cruisers. There has been entirely two much paltering with previous offenses of this sort from the same quarter, and Secretary Evarts may be assured that a failure now to assert with emphasis and decision the demands of the Government against these marauders of the seas will provoke the indignation of all who believe that the American flag should protect American citizens and interests wherever it may float.

OUR EXAMPLE.

THE world has recently enjoyed the spectacle of the two English-speaking nations in the process of changing their government—one involving a complete change of rulers and consequently of policy, and the other a mere change in the chief magistracy. This must have been an edifying sight to the clumsy despotisms of Europe, which never accomplish these feats without a revolution, with its accompanying bloodshed.

The ease with which the British people have superseded the captain of the ship, and his chief officers, must astonish those rulers who think they own the vessel of State with all its crew and passengers.

The particular element in the constitutional system is its unexpectedness. When Mr. Gladstone dissolved the British Parliament in 1874 he had a working majority in the House of Commons, a committee of which heterogeneous assembly governs the empire, and he, no doubt, calculated upon a larger one in the next. He was miserably disappointed, for the new House made Disraeli Lord of the Ascendant. In like manner when three months ago Lord Beaconsfield—the Ben Disraeli of 1874—appealed to the country, the tables were turned, and Gladstone once more reigned supreme. The people's breath had blown away the filigree of Jingoism, without respecting Queen Victoria's fancy for her pet Minister. She was obliged to dismiss him, and install as virtual ruler of the British Empire the necetic man she would not invite to her daughter's wedding.

The political history of England for the last fifty years shows how deeply our institutions have reacted upon that solid and slow-moving nation, and every year increases this positive influence. Take the cases of Disraeli and Gladstone—the two men who have for the past twenty years wielded more power in that land of steady habits than any statesmen of their time—the one an obscure Jew, the son of a Jewish *littérateur*, without one drop of British blood in his veins; an alien in everything, even to his idiosyncracies, which were entirely Eastern; who openly proclaimed, both in his writings and his speeches, his admiration of everything Oriental, even to the ignoring of England as a European power, declaring her to be an Asiatic Empire. It was the reaction of our democratic influence upon our aristocratic ancestor which enabled this ignoter of British individuality to override the oligarchical feeling of the most firmly established monarchy in the world. Nor is the case of Mr. Gladstone, the present ruler of the British Empire, less an instance of the power of our Republican example. The son of a Scotch shopkeeper, he has, like his Jewish predecessor, shouldered aside the highborn nobles of England and forced himself, despite the silent hostility of the Queen and Court, into the first position in the councils of the nation, and that with such an emphasis that Lords Hartington and Granville when offered the Premiership are compelled to decline it, and place the virtual crown on the head of the low born commoner. Truly, the leaven of our Revolution is permeating the whole mass of despotism.

The examples of Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, of Andrew Johnson, the tailor, and of Grant, the tanner, have not been lost upon the descendants of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. Even in that stronghold of ancestral abuses, how steadily, though slowly, our example is sapping the foundations of the olden times is apparent—in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the vote by ballot, and numerous other innovations upon the sacred precincts of divine right. Truly, the whirligig of time has brought about its revenge, and George Washington, the rebel of 1776, has been very instrumental in revising the institutions of the nation whose most eloquent advocate once declared them, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, to be immutable.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

IT has for some years past been a subject of undisguised regret to the admirers of constitutional government that the dignity of debates which has always characterized the proceedings of the British House of Commons—the greatest deliberative assembly in the world—has been sadly impaired. The Irish members, who acquired some notoriety last year by their so-called obstructionist policy, are no doubt responsible for most of this degeneracy; and when one of them, Mr. O'Donnell, rose in the House lately and made a personal attack upon M. Challemel Lacour, the newly-appointed French Ambassador in London, he was very frequently called to order by Mr. Gladstone. It appears that M. Challemel Lacour, during the Commune, had sent a dispatch in answer to an appeal for mercy from some Mobiles in the laconic form of "*Fusillez moi ces gens-là.*" The dispatch was, however, never forthcoming, and the whole subject had been consigned to oblivion until Mr. O'Donnell thought fit to question the Government about it. M. Challemel Lacour is an intimate friend and, to a certain extent, a *protégé* of Gambetta, upon whose newspaper—*La République Française*—he is supposed to have been the managing editor. Mr. O'Donnell's proceeding of trying to make the House of Commons a place for discussing the record of ambassadors was indefensible; but the English people is generally opposed to him upon other grounds—namely, the looseness of his private life and his connection with the Communists.

The refusal of Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath of allegiance, which is administered to every member of the House of Commons, and his subsequent request to be allowed to make it, have also given rise to a grave scandal. Mr. Bradlaugh at first stated that he was an atheist, and that he was opposed to the monarchy in England; that, consequently, an oath would not be binding upon his conscience. He then asked to make an affirmation instead of the usual oath. This request was referred to a select committee, which decided that he could not be allowed to do so. Then he denied that he had refused to take the oath, and another committee was appointed to inquire into the question whether a man who stated that the oath would not bind his conscience should be allowed to make it. This committee has decided that he cannot be allowed to take the Parliamentary oath, but that he may make affirmation of allegiance at his own risk. This matter of swearing a religious allegiance has been on several occasions the subject of discussion. The famous Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, declined to take the old form of the oath, and desired to take a new one under the Catholic Relief Act, but the House refused to allow him to do so. On another occasion Baron Rothschild was kept out of his seat under somewhat similar circumstances, and it now looks as if some Act will have to be passed which will provide an oath broad enough to bind the most elastic conscience.

The Supplementary Conference has met at Berlin, and is engaged in discussing the Greek

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frontier and the affairs of the Porte. The Turkish Government is not officially represented, and it is more than likely that it will refuse to accept the decision of the Conference should it be unfavorable to Ottoman interests. If this happens, a war between Turkey and Greece will be the probable result; and the King of Greece, who is now in England seems to be trying to enlist the sympathies of Western Europe on his side against the Turks. Meantime the other European powers are busy strengthening their armaments, and a review which the German Emperor held at Berlin has attracted considerable attention from the increased number of troops upon the field. The war strength of the German army is now 2,000,000 men, and the foreign military authorities who were present at the review are ready to admit that the army has reached the highest point of effectiveness. Some idea may be formed of the fearful drag the military establishments of European countries are upon the people by a comparison of the amount spent merely upon the soldiers with the whole budget. For the support of the army in England and her colonies the proportion is 14 per cent., and in Italy the percentage is the same. Austria comes next with 19 per cent., and France and Germany are equal with a total of 21 per cent. Russia is the most extravagant of all, and spends 29 per cent. of her revenue upon her military establishment.

Massenet's oratorio, "La Légende Sacrée," is now complete and has been performed in Paris. It is divided into three parts, "Marie Magdeleine," "Eve," and "La Vierge." The immaculate character of the Virgin Mother is said to be depicted with great ability and with an austere simplicity which reminded the hearer of the primitive pictures of the Virgin, in which earnestness of religious feeling atones for a want of artistic skill. In the first part the Angel Gabriel crosses the star lit plain on his way to the humble dwelling of Mary, and the announcement of the visit is deliciously rendered by a chorus of children's voices, with a harp accompaniment. Then there is a chorus of the guests at the marriage at Cana, a Galilean dance, and an air of the Virgin when she entreats Jesus not to leave her. The oratorio ends with the arrival of Mary in the abode of the blessed amid a grand chorus, in which voices, instruments and organ combine in a magnificent *ensemble*.

Madame Marcella Sembrich, the new prima donna, who has made a great success at the Covent Garden Opera House as *Lucia*, comes from Dresden. She sang there at the Imperial Opera House, and her fame quickly spread to London. Mr. Gye, the proprietor of the Covent Garden Opera House, being unable to go himself to Dresden, at once sent for her, and as soon as he heard her sing a few bars he engaged her for five years. Besides her vocalistic acquirements she is a remarkable musician. The success of another American lady has to be chronicled. A Miss Gertrude Kellogg has been giving readings at Willis's Rooms, and the London Press speaks of her as possessing "very many claims to be considered the legitimate successor of the late Mr. Bellew."

THE opposition to the confirmation of General Longstreet as United States Minister to Turkey proved altogether insignificant when a vote was finally reached. Thirty nine Senators recorded themselves in favor of confirmation and only three against it. The new Minister will represent his country worthily and honorably at the court to which he is accredited, and his fame as a soldier will secure him a cordial welcome abroad.

THE young State of Minnesota is receiving a large proportion of the volume of emigration flowing westward. The newcomers are for the most part Germans and Scandinavians, destined for Fergus Fall, Alexandria and other points where farming lands are cheap, with no lack of transportation facilities. These contributions to the population of States possessing almost unlimited agricultural and mineral resources will both accelerate and add immensely to the prosperity and wealth of the country.

THE dullness in the iron market still continues. The demand having been more than met, an enormous surplus is accumulating from importations, and as a result furnaces in Pennsylvania and elsewhere are shutting down, with little prospect of renewing operations for some months. The dealers who for a time "rushed the market" at so vigorous a pace, are probably persuaded by this time that a policy of quick sales and moderate profits would have been preferable to that which they pursued.

AT the Cleveland reception of General Garfield, a transparency was displayed bearing the sentence:

"He who steered a canal-boat at sixteen will steer the ship of State at fifty."

It will scarcely be safe for the Republicans to base their hopes of success in the Presidential canvass on the record of their candidate as a sailor. General Garfield says himself, that, "by actual count, during his first trip as bowsman on a canal-boat, he fell overboard fourteen times."

THE net result of the partisan struggle in Congress over the Bill relative to the supervision of elections appears to be this: The Republicans have succeeded in maintaining the integrity of the Federal election laws, while the Democrats have succeeded in withholding the appropriation necessary to pay Deputy Marshals who may be employed in the Fall contest. If it shall be deemed desirable by either party to have a Federal supervision of the elections, the officials must either be paid out of the partisan campaign funds or agree to wait for their pay until such time as Congress shall make provision for their claims.

THE Turk again defies Europe. It is plain that the Porte will not carry out the decisions of the Supplementary Berlin Conference, except upon the compulsion of main force. As stated by Minister Layard, "The Sultan always replies with a promise which he does not fulfill. The policy of the Sultan and his advisers is to act entirely without Europe and defy her." The only remedy for the existing condition of things lies in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, or in a supervisory commission of the Great Powers.

THE exports of domestic products from this port week before last are said to have been the heaviest on record. They amounted to $10,802,522, the excess over any previous total being $819,914. While the greater part of our shipment goes to British and continental ports, American products are coming more steadily and extensively into request in other countries than ever before. The increase in the exportation of butter, cheese, and general merchandise is especially notable. The total shipments from New York from the 1st of January to June 12th, were $177,662,246, against $145,144,191 for the same period last year—an increase in five and one half months of $32,518,055, or over twenty two per cent.

THERE are some indications that the nomination of Mr. Arthur as the Republican candidate for Vice-President will repel from that party the support of a considerable number of voters who would have favored it had Mr. Washburne or some equally well-known statesman been named for the second place on the ticket. It is Mr. Arthur's misfortune that he is regarded as a representative of the "Ring" methods in politics, which have become so odious to the independent class of voters: and, should the Democracy put in the field a ticket representing other than the machine element of the party, the objection to the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency would be found assuming a very positive and formidable shape.

AMONG the immigrants arriving at this port last week, were 330 Mormons, gathered by eleven missionaries in England, Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, Schleswig-Holstein and the northern part of Germany. All are destined for Utah, where they expect, no doubt, to find a paradise. The credulity of these people is only equaled by their perversity in holding fast to the polygamous relation. Meanwhile, the hostility to the peculiar institution is deepening in all the Territories, and it cannot much longer withstand the assaults upon it. The Utah Territorial Democratic Committee have adopted a resolution "that it is the solemn duty of the Government to provide a suitable law for suppressing the practice of polygamy in the Territories, and proper officers to enforce it," and an effort will be made to have the Cincinnati Convention insert this or some equivalent declaration in the national platform of the party.

GENERAL GORDON, whose resignation as United States Senator from Georgia was criticised by some politicians in that State as the result of some sort of an unworthy "bargain" looking to the promotion of ex-Governor Brown to the vacant seat, has met his accusers face to face in large public assemblages at Atlanta and elsewhere, and by his outspoken statements has not only vindicated his reputation, but deepened his hold upon public confidence. In an address at Atlanta he said he had resigned his place in the Senate solely in order to better his fortune. A lucrative position was offered him on the Pacific coast, but he had concluded to accept that of counsel of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, as this would enable him to remain in Georgia. General Gordon, whose Senatorial career has been in every way honorable, is to be congratulated that he has found refuge from the annoyances and thanklessness of political life in a position suited both to his talents and tastes.

THE whole number of electoral votes is 369, of which 185 are necessary to elect a President. The "Solid South" has in all 138 votes, and these will in all probability be given to the Democratic candidate. The doubtful Northern States are New York with 35 votes, Indiana with 15, New Jersey with 9, and Connecticut with 6. To these may be added California with 6 votes, and Oregon with 3. If the Democrats can hold the South and carry New York and Indiana their nominees will be elected, or, if they can add to the Southern vote those of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, victory will crown their standard. But if they should lose New York and carry all the other doubtful States, they would still be 12 votes short of a majority in the electoral college. These figures show the importance of the vote of New York to the general canvass, and account fully for the conviction that the contest here will be marked by a vigor and desperation wholly without precedent in recent years

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THE statistics gathered by the census enumerators show very strikingly the crowded condition of some of the tenement-houses of the city. One enumerator reports that in one house he took down 137 names, in the next house 107, in another 96, and in another 94. In one five story building in Baxter Street, an enumerator found eight families, numbering from seven to fourteen persons, all living in the utmost squalor. In one case two families occupied one small room. The rooms were generally destitute of furniture, and, in some cases the children were almost naked. The enumerators discovered some curious juxtapositions in these crowded tenements. In one he found a mission house, and, right behind it, a low opium den, governed by six Chinamen. Also, in the rear of the mission-house, was a colored boarding-house, managed by a person whose mother was of the Delaware tribe of Indians, and whose father was a Spaniard. With him lives an insane Indian; while close at hand is another collection of black men and white women, who did not hesitate to say that they were married to each other. It is quite obvious that the legislation looking to an improvement of our tenement-house system has not as yet produced any really practical results.

THE next election for Representatives in Congress will possess unusual importance, from the fact that the character of our national legislation for years to come may depend upon the result. In the present House, which has a small Democratic majority, sixty-seven Republicans and forty-eight Democrats hold their seats by pluralities or by slender majorities. Here is a total of 115 districts which may be turned one way or the other by the drift of the canvass and by the character of the rival nominees. In some of the districts a change of only fifty votes will change the character of the representation politically. In the growing independence of voters, the party which makes the best nominations will be likely to succeed in these and all closely balanced districts; but the struggle, in view of the important interests at stake, will undoubtedly be one of extraordinary intensity and vigor. It would not, perhaps, be a serious misfortune if the President should be chosen by one party, while a majority in Congress should be secured by the other.

Two national banks—one in New Jersey and one in Vermont—have recently been bankrupted, one by the rascality or stupidity of its officers, and the other by the dishonesty of its president, who forged its paper to the extent of $250,000, and made away with nearly its entire capital. It is practically impossible that either of these institution could have been wrecked had their directors attended intelligently and faithfully to the duties imposed upon them. In the case of the New Jersey bank, where a loss of $400,000 is reported, all the directors express immense astonishment at the discovery of the deficit. They appear to have permitted the cashier to run the bank just about as he pleased, and he is conveniently absent in Europe. The stockholders and depositors of both these banks owe it to themselves and to the public to hold the directors to the full measure of their responsibility under the law, to the end that other disasters of a like nature may be averted. Where ordinary supervisory vigilance would prevent frauds and thefts in any institution, the negligence which makes either possible is positively criminal, and ought to be pitilessly punished.

WHILE Congress failed to do a good many things which it ought to have done, it is entitled to credit for having passed all the Appropriation Bills and prevented the passage in the last hours of the session of any of that class of questionable Bills which are only too often crowded through in the excitement and confusion preceding the final adjournment. So far as appears, no "jobs" of any sort were sanctioned by either House in the closing hours. The total appropriations made during the session for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1881, exclusive of miscellaneous items but including the Agricultural and River and Harbor Appropriation Bills amount to $184,405,180, as against $192,860,237 appropriated for the fiscal year ending on the 30th instant. From this aggregate there should be deducted, in order to show the actual ordinary expenses of the Government, the sum of $14,000,000 for payment of arrears of pensions, $2,875,000 for the census, $300,000 paid to the Cherokee Indians, and $2,998,741, being an excess granted by the Committee on Commerce in the River and Harbor Bill over the average amounts appropriated for rivers and harbors in 1875 and 1876. Making these deductions for extraordinary expenditures, the sum of the ordinary appropriations is reduced to $164,000,000.

IF President Hayes does not mean that the country shall brand all his professions of sympathy with the cause of Civil Service Reform as wholly insincere, he will at once remove the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, General Raum. That gentleman has violated the civil service order of the Executive in the most flagrant manner, going out of his way to emphasize his contempt for the whole system of reform. Requested to abstain from any participation in the Illinois controversy, he abandoned his official duties, went to that State, served as chairman of the Republican Convention, and played throughout the part of a violent partisan. If the head of one of the most important departments of the Government can thus impudently defy the commands of his superior and the rules to which his own subordinates are required to conform, then a reform of the civil service will not only be impossible, but its debasement will be made both easy and inevitable. In saying this, we by no means impugn General Raum's character as a public official, or deny his right to hold any political opinions he may please. It rests with President Hayes to determine whether he shall be held responsible in history for acquiescing in the insolent nullification of his authority in the one effort for administrative reform to which he is conspicuously and peculiarly pledged.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

IT is believed that the census returns will show the population of New York City to be nearly 1,500,000.

THE Greenback State Convention of Arkansas has nominated a ticket, with William F. Parks, of Lafayette, for Governor.

THE Louisiana Supreme Court has decided that the State law taxing commercial travelers from other States is unconstitutional.

GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER, the discoverer of gold in California, and one of the earliest pioneers on that coast, died in Washington, June 18th.

THE census shows a total population in Philadelphia of 842,428. The population of Chicago is stated at 475,000, and of Brooklyn at 554,696.

THE agricultural appropriation Bill passed by Congress applies $7,500 for experiments in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum and cornstalks.

THE Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that the Western Union Telegraph Company has no exclusive rights to erect telegraph poles in that State.

THE American Institute of Homeopathy held its annual session at Milwaukee, Wis., last week. Dr. J. W. Dowling, of New York, was elected President for the ensuing year.

THE Democrats of the Third Maryland Congressional District have nominated Fecter S. Hobbinel for Congress. In the Fourth District, R. M. McLane was renominated.

THE Long Branch steamer *Adelaide* was run down in the North River, June 18th, by the excursion steamer *Grand Republic*, broken in two and sunk. No lives were lost.

THE annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac was held at Burlington, Vt., on June 16th. General Horatio G. Wright was elected President for the ensuing year.

THE Supreme Court of Indiana has declared the constitutional amendments providing that the State election shall be held in November instead of October, etc., to be unconstitutional.

EX-GOVERNOR HARTRANFT of Pennsylvania, nominated for Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, having failed of confirmation by the Senate, has been again nominated by the President.

A MEETING of survivors of the *Narragansett* steamship disaster was held in Boston last week, at which a committee was appointed to examine into the company's legal liability for losses.

THE Democrats of the Thirteenth Ohio District have renominated Gibson Atherton for Congress. William McKinley has been renominated by the Republicans of the Seventeenth District of Ohio.

AT the annual Commencement of Cornell University, June 17th, a class of '78, including ten ladies, were graduated. Addresses were delivered by General Stewart L. Woodford and Acting President Russell.

FIVE hundred of Sitting Bull's band from the other side of the international boundary have come in and surrendered to the United States forces. The Indians were in a starving condition. It is said more are about to come in.

MEMBERS of the Cabinet are about to start on their Summer vacations. Secretary Ramsey goes to Kansas, Secretary Thompson to the Pacific coast, and Secretary Sherman to Ohio. The President will probably visit the Pacific coast during the Summer.

PRESIDENT HAYES vetoed the Deputy Marshals Bill passed by Congress on the ground that, while it recognizes the power and duty of the United States to provide officers to guard and scrutinize the Congressional elections, it fails to adapt its provisions to the existing laws so as to secure efficient supervision and protection. Congress adjourned without acting on the veto.

HON. A. G. PORTER, First Comptroller of the Treasury, has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana. A National Convention of Prohibitionists, held at Cleveland last week, nominated Neal Dow, of Maine, for President, and A. M. Thompson, of Ohio, for Vice-President. The Democrats of North Carolina have nominated Thomas J. Jarvis for Governor.

Foreign.

ACTIVE military preparations are said to be going on in Greece.

THE Lower House of the Prussian Diet has rejected the first clause of the Church Bill.

THE French Cabinet has decided to propose that amnesty shall be plenary, except as regards crimes against the common law prior to 1871.

THE American Rifle Team began practice at Dollymount, Ireland, on June 16th. The team has been most cordially received by the Irish marksmen.

THE Spanish Government has forbidden religious Orders expelled from France to establish themselves near the frontier or anywhere else in Spain, except by special permission.

THE Liberal Party in Mexico has convoked a National Convention to assemble at the capital on October 15th, each State sending one delegate, the object being to insure free suffrage to the people.

CHILI is reported to demand the cession of the whole coast line of Bolivia as one of the terms of peace. The Colombian Government is taking steps towards a consolidation with Venezuela and Ecuador. The withdrawal of Buenos Ayres from the Argentine Republic is threatened.

THE Canadian Government has decided to issue a royal commission to inquire into the affairs of the Pacific Railway from its inception. A commission will also be appointed to confer with the New York and Ontario Governments with reference to the proposed improvements at Niagara.

THE British House of Commons last week adopted a resolution urging the Government to recommend to foreign Governments a reduction of European armaments. The Commons has passed the Irish Relief Bill to a second reading, and has also adopted a Local Option resolution, giving to the inhabitants of any district the right of determining whether licenses to public houses shall be renewed.

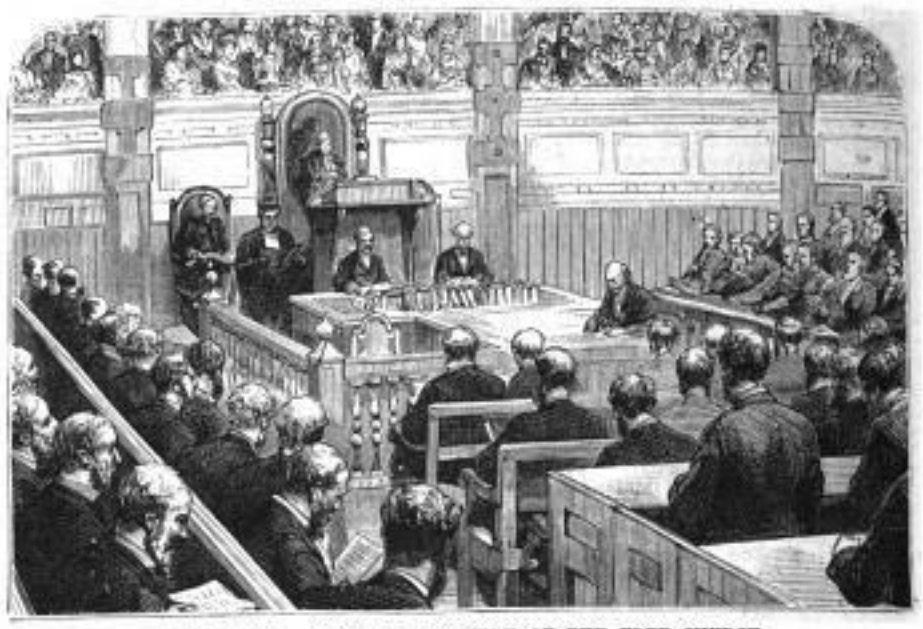
THE Supplementary Berlin Conference convened last week to consider the Greek frontier and other questions. There are conflicting reports regarding the amount of territory which will be probably ceded to Greece, but both Greece and Turkey are said to be preparing to fight. It has been proposed to give Montenegro territory on the coast in lieu of that now in contest. The Eastern correspondence of the new English Government is published, including a letter from Sir Austen Layard saying that if England is in earnest she must be prepared to go further than mere menace with the Fleet.

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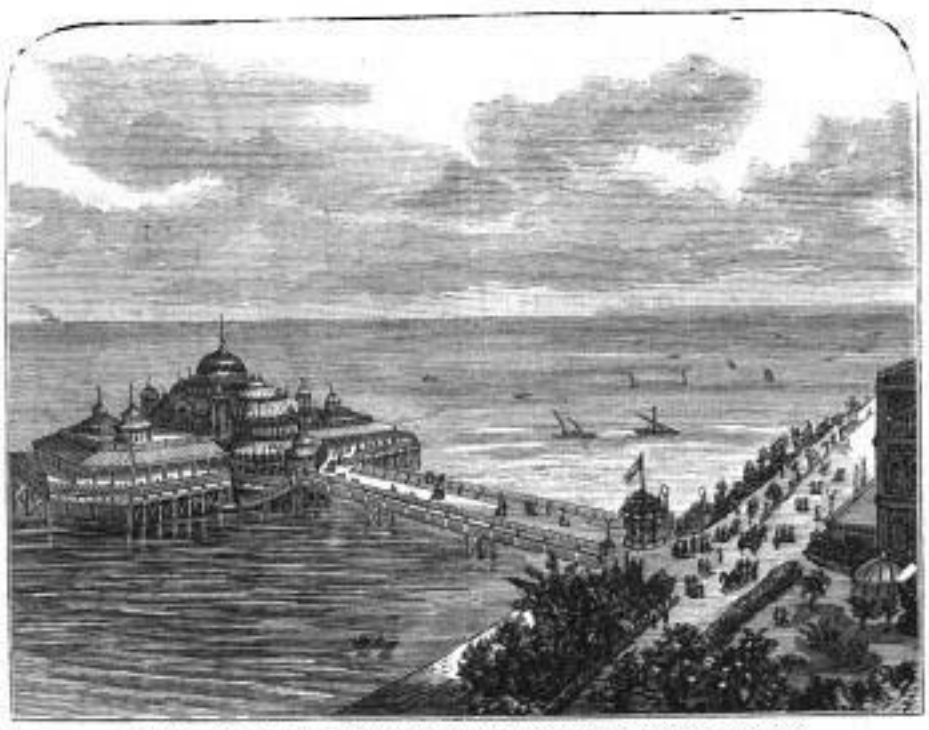
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 303.



SCOTLAND.—GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.



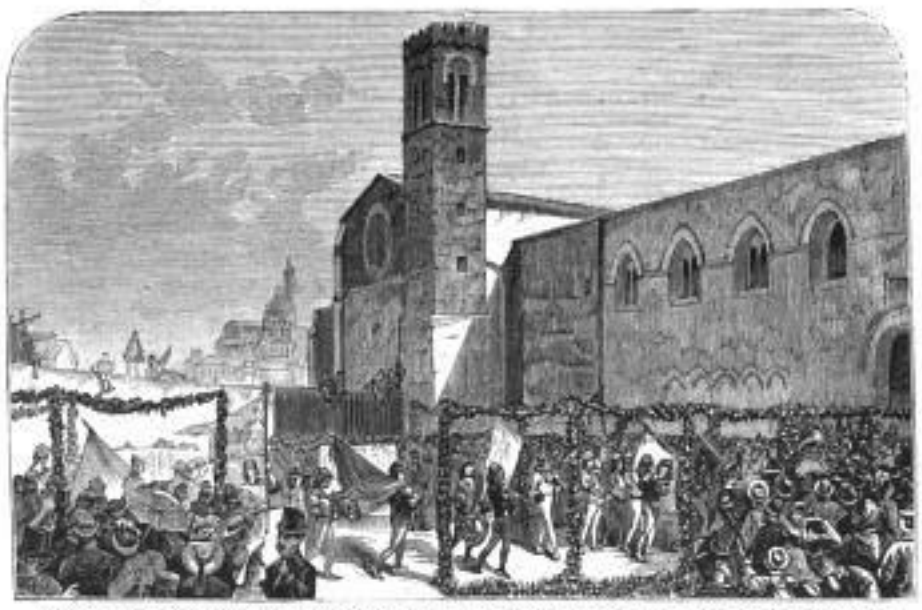
SCOTLAND.—GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH.



ITALY.—PROJECTED PROMENADE AND CONCERT GARDENS AT NICE.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—THE NEW VICEREGAL RESIDENCE, MARBLE HILL.



ITALY.—PROCESSION OF STUDENTS AT THE CENTENARY OF ST. CATHARINE, AT SIENA.



FRANCE.—HISTORICAL CAVALCADE AND ROMAN FÊTE, AT RENNES.

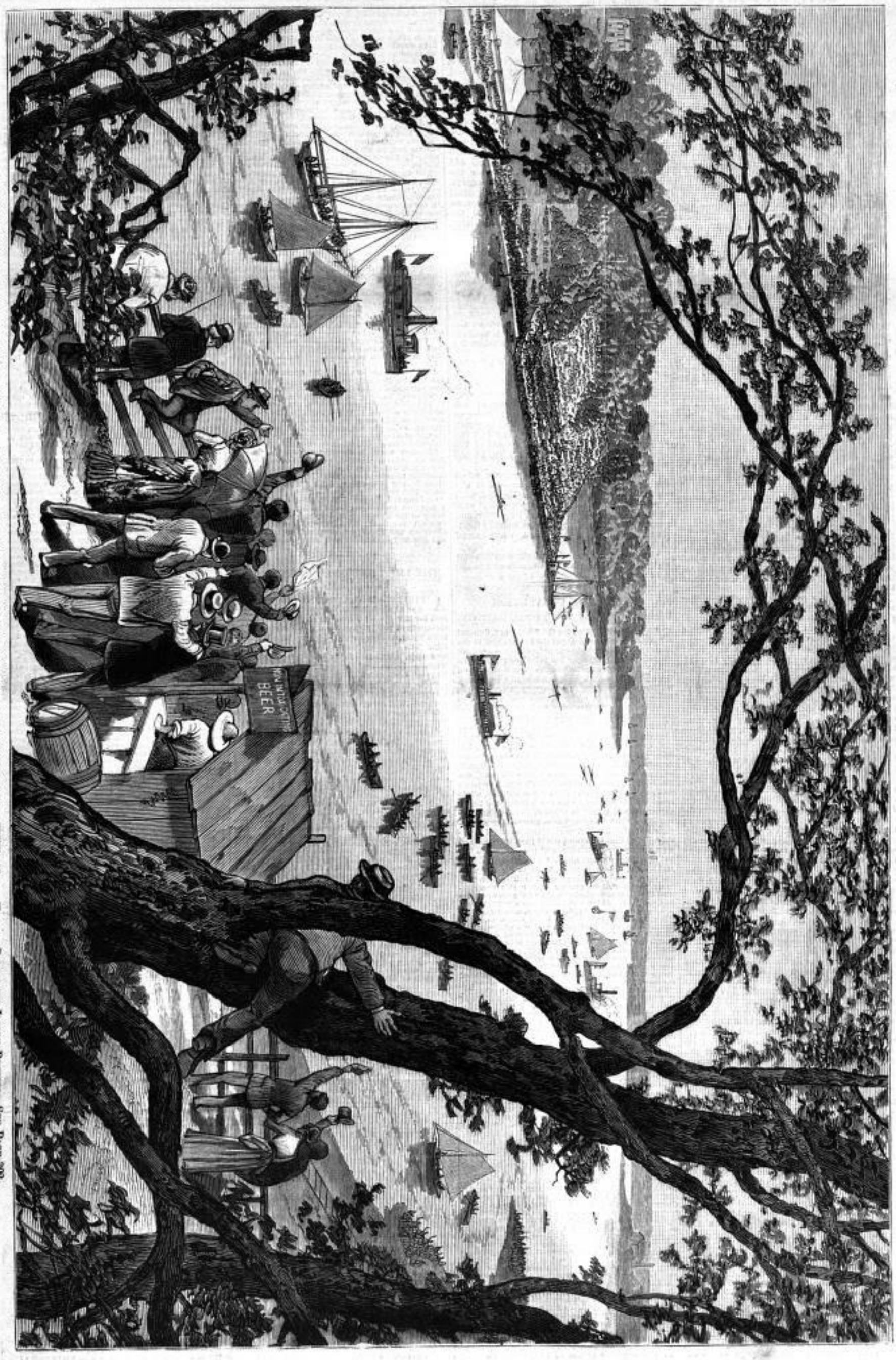


BELGIUM.—BLESSING HORSES AT ANDERLECHT, ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



POLAND.—RETURN OF A VILLAGE BRIDE TO THE ENVIRONS OF CRACOW.

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RHODE ISLAND.—THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA ON THE SEEKONK RIVER, AT PROVIDENCE, JUNE 17TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 302.

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BETH'S STORY.

"WHAT an awfully lovely ghost story! I never heard one which made me shiver so deliciously!" cried Beth Aldrige, who was seated with a party of girl friends around a blazing wood fire, on the last night of the old year.

"No, nor I," rejoined another, who actually looked as if she had really been a participator in the ghastly tale just narrated.

"Oh, girls," she added, "just listen to the wind and the rain; was there ever such a sweet night for ghost stories?"

It was truly a pretty picture which the ruddy glow of the fire revealed, as it played now on the grim old armor or the forbidding features of some stern forefather which adorned the walls, and now on the group of heads, blacks, golds and brown, clustered closely together.

The night itself was in accordance with their pastime, for as the wind shrieked and moaned through the leafless branches of the trees, it seemed as if the old year, who was dying to-night, was weeping and wailing, not only for his lost youth and the brightness of his departed glories, but that he would so soon pass from the memory of man who was even now waiting breathlessly to welcome in with joyous peals of merry music his successor.

Ah, well, old year, yours is but the fate of the many who have gone before you, and there are hearts which beat with you, and for you to-night. *Requiescat in pace!*

"Now, nut-brown maid, it is your turn!" cried Meg Morton, whose face was all aglow with excitement when the exquisite thrills of horror, which had been caused by the last recital, had somewhat subsided.

"I don't remember any ghost story exactly," replied Beth Aldrige, a tall, brown-haired, soft-eyed girl, to whom her companions had given this sobriquet; "but I can tell you a tale which will curdle your blood, and make each individual hair to stand, etc., as effectually as any of that description. Besides," she continued, "it is a *bona-fide* account of as thrilling and a much sadder event than any which has been told to-night."

After a little pause, during which the group by the fire waited impatiently for the anticipated pleasure, she began:

"It had always been the custom for the Dudleys to invite a large party of young folks to pass the Christmas holidays with them, in their old homestead at Longville, which was in a ruinous condition, but to which the family regularly repaired to eat their Christmas dinner.

"This year the gathering was larger than usual in honor of Minna Field, a bright, pretty girl, who was engaged to Jack Dudley.

"Well, as I said before, the house was a very ancient affair, having been built by some pilgrim ancestor of the Dudleys, and it, of course, had a haunted room, as every respectable old family mansion should. As the guests were so very numerous, it became necessary for some one to occupy this apartment. There was a good deal of joking and laughter about it, and Harry Field, Minna's brother, said, 'Of course one of us fellows will have to sleep there, for the girls would be frightened to death at the mere thought of a ghost.'

"'You may be sure,' Jack Dudley replied. "I never knew a girl yet who wasn't afraid of the dark.'

"'That is the last time you shall ever make a speech so derogatory to my sex, Master Jack!' exclaimed pretty Minna, excitedly, 'for *I* am going to sleep in the haunted room to-night,' she added, with a triumphant glance at the discomfited males of the party, while the girls crowded around her with an air as if each one of them had made, and was willing to abide by, the heroic choice.

"'Oho! little championess of the gentle sex, so you want to frighten yourself to death with imaginary horrors! No, indeed, my child, I really won't allow it,' said Jack, with an exasperating assumption of authority.

"'Oh, fudge!' exclaimed Harry, with the scornful tone of a younger brother. 'She wouldn't put her nose inside that door for a fortune. I know her.'

"'You do, do you!' returned Minna, with a determined expression in her pretty face. 'Well, you'll see.'

"After this, some encouraged her in her resolution, and others endeavored to dissuade, urging her at least to accept one of the girls as a companion; but to advice of all kind she turned a deaf ear, and when it was time to retire, only allowed the procession which attended her to accompany her as far as the haunted portal. Here she bade them good-night, and, opening the door, entered—alone!

"The candle which she carried in her hand flickered and almost went out in the draft caused by opening the door, and she laughed to herself as she thought of the derisive shouts which would have met her had she been obliged to call for another light.

"She placed her burden on the dressing-table, over which hung a long glass, then turned and surveyed her chosen quarters.

"'Well, I don't see why they should have set this room apart for a ghostly visitant,' she thought. 'What quaint old furniture! That huge, carved wardrobe, and that long, low bed, make quite a picture. Why, I feel as if I were a princess in some old castle on the Rhine.'

"She let down the braids of her sunny hair, and slowly prepared for the night; then, according to a very bad habit which she had contracted during her school-days, she placed the candle on a little table near, and, jumping into bed, opened a book and began to read.

"Somehow or other, she could not fix her attention on the book: thoughts of the triumph she would have at the breakfast table next morning, and the laugh which would be turned against the boys, would thrust themselves between her and the page she was reading, until, finally, breaking out into a little rippling laugh at the anticipated merriment, she glanced into the mirror, which hung directly opposite her. The laugh froze on her lips, for there, under the low bed, was the figure of a man stealthily thrusting out his head.

"She lay still for an instant in an agony of terror, and then slipped quietly out of bed, never removing her gaze from the glass, to which her eyes seemed glued by a terrible fascination, and in which she saw the man crouch further back into his old position.

"She reached the door—after a lapse of hours, it seemed to her overwrought mind—and tried it, but—oh! girls, pity her!—it was fastened on the outside by an old forgotten spring-lock, placed there by some dead and gone Dudley, who had been wont to use the haunted room as a repository for his treasures.

"When at last the full horror of her situation entered her mind, she flew to the bell-rope, an antiquated affair, and pulled with all the strength of despair. The bell gave a faint, ghostly tinkle, and the rope which depended from it gave way from the ceiling.

"Almost beside herself with terror, she turned and saw the robber crawling out from his hiding-place. His head was entirely out, and he had a wicked, jeering smile on his lips, but the bedstead was so low that it was with great difficulty he could move at all.

"Quicker than thought, Minna sprang on the bed and flung the bell-rope, of which she had retained hold, around the man's neck, at the same time pressing him back against the hard, sharp edge.

"The hours wore on and still she kept her awful vigil, until, when the Winter sun shone full in the room upon the rigid, distorted features of the man, and the wild frenzied eyes of the girl, her joyous companions of the previous night came to rouse her, eager to hear of her adventure with the Dudley ghost. They found a raving maniac, holding fast the rope round a dead man's neck, instead of the bright, courageous young girl they had parted with but so few hours before."

There was a long, shivering silence when Beth finished her tale, and then—"Did she ever recover?" asked little May Sheldon, with a white face, and tearful eyes. "No," said Beth, sadly, "she died not very long after, and poor Jack Dudley changed from a merry light-hearted young fellow to a sad, white-haired man.

"That was the last of the festive gatherings at Longville, the house was torn down and the land sold."

AFTER THE CONVENTION.

POPULAR OVATIONS TO GENERAL GARFIELD.

SINCE his nomination for the Presidency, General Garfield has been one of the busiest men in the country. Wherever he has appeared the masses have flocked to see him, hear his voice, and shake his hand. From Chicago he went to Cleveland, and on the night of June 9th he was tendered a reception. Owing to his fatigue this was very brief. On the following day full amends were made, when, in obedience to a general desire, he held a levee in the Kennard House. The committee arranged to have it begin at half past nine o'clock, but long before that time the crowd began to assemble, and when the General arrived, accompanied by his host, Mr. Everett, and his friend, Major D. J. Swaim, Judge-Advocate of the United States Army and formerly adjutant-general on General Garfield's staff, the hands of the clock pointed to nearly ten. The party was greeted with cheers from the multitude, while from the surrounding windows hundreds of handkerchiefs were waved in token of welcome and admiration. The General was conducted by a committee into the hotel. The reception was held in the corridor, so that the crowd could pass up one stairway, gratify their curiosity, and pass down another out into the street and away. On General Garfield's right stood Mayor Harrick, while to his left were the members of the Reception Committee, who had their hands full in getting each man's name, so that the General might know the strangers whom he was saluting. At ten o'clock the doors were thrown open and the crowd began to move, and from that time until half-past eleven there was a constant stream of people passing in and out of the hotel. Shortly after the reception commenced Governor Foster arrived and took a place beside General Garfield, and continued to shake hands, smile and nod during the remainder of the morning. The streets about the Kennard were thickly parked, and hundreds failed to get even within hearing distance of the building.

On June 11th he went to Hiram, Portage County, to preside at the Alumni reunion of the college of which he was formerly president. He did not attend the early forenoon society gathering, but at half-past ten o'clock, with Dr. J. P. Robeson, Captain G. E. Henry, President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, and Mr. William Robeson—all old friends—he entered the Reunion Hall. There were loud cheers as the General assumed his place on the platform. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Knight, of Wilmington, Ohio, and President Hinsdale arose and introduced General Garfield as chairman, with explanatory remarks as to why it had been arranged to have the reunion. The preparations, Mr. Hinsdale said, were made before the nomination of General Garfield, and he had accepted an invitation to preside over the reunion meeting two months ago. He delivered an address, giving a history of the college, and early in the evening, amid loud cheers, bid adieu to Hiram and drove to his home in Mentor, where he was accorded a rousing reception by the farmers.

The new residence, about which there has been much pleasant gossip, was built almost entirely from plans drawn by Mrs. Garfield.

The Garfield farmhouse is not grand in any sense of the word, but will be a pleasant, very convenient country house, superior to the majority along that section of the ridge road. It is of the Gothic style of architecture, mingled, however, with other styles, so as to form what the contractor calls a mixture. A roomy porch extends along the front and part of the side towards Cleveland, affording opportunities for enjoyment in the fresh air and out of the way of the heat of the sun. Lattice-work has been arranged in front for training vines. Sixty feet front by fifty deep is the size, and the structure is two stories and one half high. The apartments are all roomy for a country house, and the wide hallway attracts attention the first thing on entering. General Garfield has marked that section of the plan where the pantry is located, "Plenty of shelves and drawers," and in the rear part of the second floor is written "Snuggery for General." The last mentioned room is rather small, measuring only 13½ x 14 feet. It is to be fitted up with book-shelves, but Garfield will still continue to use as his library the detached building erected a year or two since in the yard, northeast of the house. Two of the best apartments in the eastern and front part of the edifice are being especially fixed up for the occupancy of Mrs. Garfield, the mother of the General. The front room has a large, old-fashioned fireplace, and the pains being taken to make everything comfortable here shows the tender feelings that General Garfield bears towards her who gave him birth. There are very few of the timbers of the old house, over which the new has been constructed, visible at this time, and there will be none in sight when the carpets are put down. The cost of the structure will be, when finished, but between $3,500 and $4,000, which will be remarkably slight when the expense of securing such workmen as were wanted, so far away from the city, is considered.

Our artist was accompanied to the residence by Major Swaim and William N. Hudson, of the Detroit *Post and Tribune*, and the three were most hospitably entertained, in the absence of the General and his wife, by his venerable mother and his daughter Mollie.

The Garfield family consists of the General, his wife, five children and his mother, for whom he has always shown filial care and the tenderest affection. His two oldest sons, Harry, aged 16, and James, aged 14, are at school at Concord, New Hampshire. Next comes his daughter Mary, a charming girl of 13; then Irwin McDowell, a boy of 9, named after the well-known general, and with all his godfather's spirit and pugnacity; and then the youngest, Abram, 7 years old, named from the General's father. His wife, who was Miss Lucretia Rudolph in her maidenhood, was a farmer's daughter, and is a lady of singularly sweet and refined disposition, fond of study and reading. Last, but not least, in the family is the General's mother, now 79 years old, but hale and vigorous; small in stature, with clear eyes and clearer memory, shrewd sense and pointed and pleasant speech.

After dinner and a season of enjoyable conversation, Mr. Avery, of the Lake View House, on Little Mountain, five miles from the Mentor dwelling, sent Mr. R. P. Briggs, of the Little Mountain House, with a carriage after our artist and Mr. Hudson, and they were driven over beautiful roads to Painesville.

On Wednesday, June 16th, General Garfield reached the National Capital, and in the evening was serenaded at the Riggs House by the National Veterans of Washington, accompanied by a number of Republican organizations. A temporary stand had been erected at the G Street entrance to the hotel, and had been gayly decorated with flags, streamers and gas-jets, and a calcium lamp, placed on the portico of the Treasury building near by, lighted up the street, the crowd and the platform.

Speeches were delivered by Attorney-General Devens, General Garfield, Senator Logan, General Anson McCook, of New York; Mr. Palgner, of South Carolina, and Representatives Haskell, Henderson, Shallenberger and others, after which the assemblage dispersed.

On June 17th General Garefild was entertained at a banquet by the members of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, residing in Washington. General Sherman, Secretaries Schurz, Ramsey, Sherman and Thompson, Postmaster-General Key and Attorney-General Devens were present.

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A FIRST-CLASS day, an immense audience, worthy competitors, a splendid start, and defeat for the plucky Canadian oarsman—such is a summary of the International Regatta on the Seekonk River, at Providence, R. I., on Thursday, June 17th. The great contest was preceded by an amateur race, in which there were seven starters: William Murray, of Portsmouth, Va.; Timothy Murphy, of Norwich, Conn.; Frank E. Holmes, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Edward Hayden, of Boston; George Gaisel, of New York; Jno. Buckley, of Portland, Me., and Joseph Laing, of Montreal.

The official time for the three miles, as given by D. H. Morrissey and Captain Gorman, the timekeepers, was as follows: Holmes, 22m. 44s.; Gaisel, 22m. 58s.; Laing, 23m. 10s.; Murray, 23m. 16½s.; Buckley, 23m. 36s.; Hayden, 23m. 48s.; Murphy not timed. Through this race Mr. Frank Holmes, of the Pawtucket Club, who is a well-made young man of twenty-seven or eight, not only lays very good claim upon the much-disputed title of "amateur single-sculls champion," but secures a really desirable trophy in the shape of an immense silver cup, said to be worth $1,000.

The professional race, in accordance with the prescribed limitations, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, was next in order, and the oarsmen were called out. Ten starters took positions at the post, numbering from the bank as follows: Wallace Ross, St. John, N. B., 1; George W. Lee, Newark, N. J., 2; James Riley, Saratoga, N. Y., 3; Horatio Delano, Chelsea, Mass., 4; James A. Ten Eyck, Peekskill, N. Y., 5; Fred. A. Plaisted, Boston, Mass., 6; Jacob Gaudier, Toronto, Canada, 7; James A. Dempsey, Geneva, N. Y., 8; Robert W. Boyd, Middleboro, England, 9; Edward Hanlan, Toronto, Canada, 10.

At the signal Hanlan rushed to the front, and was followed by Boyd and Riley. After a time Ross pushed ahead of Boyd, and they fought steadily for the third position beyond the half mile. Finally Ross passed the Englishman and sped for Hanlan, passing him before reaching the turning-point by three or four lengths, with Riley second and Hanlan third. Gaudier and Boyd fouled their buoys. Ross maintained his lead. About half a mile from the turn, Hanlan was observed to stop rowing and rest on his oars. When asked what was the matter he placed his hand on his chest as though experiencing pain. At this time Ross was several lengths in advance, with Riley second. The water was exceedingly rough, and one of the oarsmen fell out of his boat. Ross kept his lead easily, and at the finish had a lead of 26 seconds, with Riley second, and Ten Eyck third. The following is the official time of the three winners, that of the others not being taken: Ross, 29m., 54s.; Riley, 30m., 30½s.; Ten Eyck, 30m., 5s.

The prizes amounted to $5,000, and were divided as follows: $3,000 to first, $1,500 to second, and $500 to third.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *June 7th, 1880.*

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

TO appreciate what has been accomplished since 1865, and to understand how well grounded are the present anticipations of continued progress and increasing prosperity, it is necessary to describe briefly the losses the State has sustained and the gigantic difficulties which have been already overcome.

The value of the real and personal property in South Carolina in 1860, according to the United States Census, was $907,816,288. In 1869 only nine years later, the entire value of the real and personal property, as assessed for taxation by the State Government, was $168,434,553. At this time gold was at thirty premium, so that the gold value of the entire taxable property of South Carolina was less than $130,000,000. The loss in nine years in actual money value reached, therefore, the enormous sum of $437,816,288. In this is included, of course, the loss by the emancipation of the slaves; but there was a depreciation of over $120,000,000 in the value of real estate alone. The banks were insolvent; the railroads were worn out; little remained save the land and such buildings as had escaped the torch of invading armies.

It is doubtful that the extent of their disaster was realized by the people of the State. The negroes were still here, and excluding the value of their increment as property from the account, it was evidently cheaper to hire negroes than to own them. In hiring free negroes the whole expense is for wages and food. There are no women or children or aged persons to support. There are no doctors' bills to pay. If the laborer dies there is no loss of capital on the part of his employer. These things, no doubt, encouraged the people to resume their agricultural operations, with no other change than was involved in having freedmen instead of slaves to work their crops. The high price of cotton was a great temptation. They who had sold their cotton satisfactorily five or six years before in slave times at six or seven cents a pound, saw no difficulty in quickly realizing a fortune when the staple was selling at thirty and forty cents. The mistake was in not taking into account the difference in the efficiency of the labor, the disturbances caused by political agitation, the inflated price of provisions, the high rate of interest and the onerous commissions and expenses charged by those who made advances to planters.

Year by year, with occasional fluctuations, cotton steadily fell in price, and the result of the agricultural operations of the six or seven years from 1866 to 1873 was widespread failure and embarrassment both for the farmers and planters, and for those who had provided capital for them.

It should be noted that the difficulties of the agricultural as well as the mercantile classes were aggravated by the intolerance and extravagance of the State Government. For the ten years prior to 1860 the annual expenses of conducting the State Government was $400,000. In the year 1872 the Legislative expenses and the salaries of State officers alone amounted to over $800,000, and in 1873 the cost of the public printing was $331,000. Otherwise stated, the expenditures for salaries, public printing, public asylums and sundries, were $261,000 in 1865, the last year of the old State Government, and in 1872 amounted to $1,358,000. Five years of Republican rule cost South Carolina over $22,000,000, including taxes amounting to $8,825,000. Is it not strange, therefore, that the number of delinquents was enormous. In the years 1873 and 1874 no less than 868,657 acres of land, equal to 1,326 square miles, were sold by, or forfeited to, the State on account of unpaid taxes. This, too, was in only twenty-two of the thirty-two counties in the State. One acre in every nineteen acres of land in the State was in these two years confiscated under the guise of taxation!

The State could go no lower. The people in 1874 touched bottom. They had learned by experience that they must keep within their means; that they must pay attention to making their own provisions; that they must diversify their crops and redouble their efforts to raise live-stock. The rule had been to raise cotton to the practical exclusion of everything else. Inexorable necessity had now taught the people that their maxim must be to "make bread and meat first and cotton last." They were encouraged, likewise, by a decided improvement in the tendencies of the State Government, and were inspired with new hope by the promise of reform under the administration of Governor Chamberlain. Additional help was given them by the circumstance that the decline in the price of provisions far exceeded the decline in the price of cotton. In January, 1868, middling cotton was quoted in Charleston at 15 cents; corn, $1.20 a bushel; flour, (N. and W. super.) $11 per barrel; Western rib sides 13½ and 14 cents a pound. In January, 1874, cotton was still quoted at 15 cents, while corn had fallen to 90 cents, flour to $6.50 a barrel, and bacon to 9 cents a pound.

From 1874 to 1876 the State at least held its own, and the result of the State election in the Fall of the last named year gave a fresh start to every industry. It gave the people as well the assurance of just and equal government as of security for person and property. There was likewise an instant decrease in taxation. Comparing the expenses of the State Government as met by taxation for the years 1876-7 and 1877-8 with the four previous years under Republican rule, it is calculated that the saving to the people amounted to nearly one million and a half dollars a year, as the first result of the election of a Democratic State Government. Indeed, in 1877-8 the whole expense of the State Government in every branch—exclusive of the interest on the public debt and the appropriation for public schools—was $363,723, which is less than the average annual expense under the same head from 1850 to the breaking out of the war. It was shown also by reports of the judges and the State solicitors that in the years 1877 and 1878 there were only two cases of crime committed by white persons against colored persons. The records of every county showed that crimes had decreased both in number and degree. Punishment swiftly and surely followed every offense. The pardoning power was no longer a shield to the criminal classes. Justice still was blind, but Mercy saw extenuating circumstances, which gave an opportunity for a judicious display of Executive clemency. In 1877 and 1878, of eighty-one persons who were pardoned by Governor Hampton sixty-two were colored persons.

From 1876 to the present time lands in the State have slowly but steadily improved in value. The people as a whole are better off than at any previous time since 1865. They are generally out of debt. They know how to work successfully under the new condition, and they have learned how to take advantage of new opportunities. Two examples will illustrate the progress which has been made:

1. There are in South Carolina seventeen cotton factories with 26,928 spindles and 1,983 looms. They produce 103,336 yards of cloth and 17,438 pounds of yarn for each working day, and consume for each such day 34,704 pounds of cotton. They employ 2,612 operatives, who support 6,143 persons. The capital employed amounts to $2,250,000. The profits range from 18 to 50 per cent on the capital invested. For those who believe in the economic principle of "bringing the mills to the cotton," there are opportunities in South Carolina that cannot be surpassed in any other State of the Union. The water-power in the middle and upper counties of the State is immense—enough to turn the spindles of all the cotton mills in the United States. At Trotter's Shoals, on the Savannah River, Abbeville County, there are twenty-one miles of water-power, with only a single ancient grist and saw mill! At Mountain Shoals, on Enoree River, Spartanburg County, there is a fall in the river of 155 feet in the distance of one mile. At this point there is only one grist and flouring mill. All through the State there is abundant water-power, with available sites for the establishment of cotton manufactories, offering an open field to the enterprise and capital of the world.

2. The Sea Islands of South Carolina, which appeared to be ruined beyond redemption, are so improved by the new system of subsoil drainage and heavy manuring that lands on the Islands range in value from $40 to $200 an acre. On James Island, near Charleston, last year one planter realized a net profit of $100 an acre, after expending $80 an acre for fertilizers, labor and ginning.

This will give an idea of what has been done, and is at the same time a happy omen of the future.

South Carolina abounds in timber. There is an almost inexhaustible supply of pine, hickory, walnut, maple, cedar, poplar and other woods, valuable for use and ornament. The forests abound in game. Fish are found in all the streams of the interior, and are brought in regular supply from the rivers and banks near the sea. Pisciculture is receiving systematic attention, and young salmon, shad and other fish are being distributed by the Commissioner of Agriculture. The climate corresponds with that of the south of France and of Italy, and even in the low country perfect health may be enjoyed with proper care for personal cleanliness and regular living. The climate, too, is strikingly uniform, being neither so hot nor so cold as in the North and West. Cotton is grown in every part of

the State up to the very slopes of the mountains on the borders of the State. The yield ranges from 200 to 400 pounds of ginned or commercial cotton an acre. South Carolina rice is the finest known in commerce, and its culture is exceedingly profitable. The prairies of the Great West do not give a larger yield of corn than can be obtained in South Carolina. Over 100 bushels of corn to the acre have frequently been raised, and as much as 200 bushels have been made. The average is 25 bushels of corn per acre, 15 bushels of wheat, 20 bushels of oats or rye, and 40 bushels of barley.

Scientific farming is largely increasing the average crop. For instance, it has been established that on the light, sandy lands of the lower part of the State, which sell for four or five dollars an acre, there can be made from 40 to 60 bushels of oats to the acre, from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat or two crops of fine hay. This is effected by fertilizing with the cow-pea and a mixture of phosphate of lime and calcined marl. The cost does not exceed $15 an acre, and the average net profit will run from $20 to $16. It is easy to see that there is no need to "go West" when so large and sure returns can be made in a State like South Carolina, where the markets are within easy reach, and the new-comer enjoys advantages which cannot be had in newly-settled States.

Besides cotton and rice, the usual productions are tobacco, sorghum, hemp, flax, indigo, hops and all kinds of small grain and peas. The grape grows luxuriantly, and excellent wine is made in Darlington, Aiken and other counties. Fruits of every kind reach a high state of perfection. On the coast near Charleston the cultivation of the strawberry is an important branch of trade, as well as the growth of potatoes, peas, cucumbers, tomatoes, beans, asparagus and garden vegetables generally. The value of the fruits and vegetables raised around Charleston every year is about $800,000. Experiments show that the tea plant can be grown successfully, also the olive. In vegetables South Carolina can grow almost whatever can be grown in any garden in the world.

The mineral wealth of the State even now is not fully appreciated. Iron is found in Union, Spartanburg, Greenville and Pickens counties. There is gold in these same counties, and also in Abbeville, Lancaster, and York. Several gold mines are in successful operation. Lead is found in Pickens County and copper in York, Spartanburg and Pickens. Besides these, South Carolina has manganese, bismuth, plumbago, soapstone, coal, black lead and asbestos. There is also granite of the finest grain, as well as sandstone, burr-stone, flag stone and materials for pottery and porcelain clay.

The discovery of the value of the phosphatic rock or nodules as a fertilizer took place in 1866, and was of vast benefit to the low country directly and to the whole State indirectly. The total production so far is 1,500,000 tons, worth $9,000,000. The accessible deposits cover 10,000 acres, estimated to contain 5,000,000 tons of rock, worth at about the present prices, $30,000,000. The yield to the acre is at least 500 tons, making lands which were almost worthless for agricultural purposes command what would have been deemed a fabulous price. The rock is found in the beds of the rivers as well as on land, and the State Government has received as royalty on the rock mined in rivers and navigable streams over half a million dollars. The exports of phosphate rock amounted last year to 210,394 tons, and 40,000 tons of commercial fertilizers, with Carolina rock as the basis, were manufactured last year by the factories around Charleston. These factories have a capital of between $600,000 and $800,000.

The railroads, which were in a terribly dilapidated condition ten or twelve years ago, are now in good order and projecting western connections that will cheapen breadstuffs and provisions and pour new life through the arteries of the State.

Foremost among the public works is the grand system of jetties in Charleston Harbor, undertaken by the National Government, and confidently expected by the Government engineers to increase the depth of water on the bar to twenty-five or twenty-six feet, making Charleston the finest harbor on the South Atlantic coast.

Renewed attention is given to manufactures since the profitable character of cotton spinning in the State has been generally known. Three or four large factories have been organized within the last two months, and Columbia, the capital of the State, is now looking forward to the speedy commencement of operations by a company of Northern capitalists, who, under a grant from the State, propose to put up factories with 36,312 spindles on the long-neglected water-power of the Columbia Canal.

The public schools of Charleston will compare most favorably with similar institutions in the larger Northern cities, and afford thorough instruction in the lower and middle branches to nearly 7,000 pupils. The Charleston College furnishes the means of higher education. The last Legislature provided for the opening, in October, of the State Agricultural College, a branch of the State University. Claflin University, at Orangeburg, is also a branch of this institution, and is devoted exclusively to the education of the colored people. In addition to these colleges there are a number of denominational institutions in the State—Erskine College, at Due West, Associate Reformed Presbyterian; Newberry College, at Newberry, Lutheran; Wofford College, at Spartanburg, Methodist; Furman University, at Greenville, Baptist; Adger College, at Walhalla, Presbyterian. There are also female colleges at Williamston, Greenville, Due West and Columbia. Military academies are in active operation at Yorkville and Greenville. All of these schools are under the control of able and experienced professors, and maintain a high standard of scholarship. The total attendance in the public schools of the State last year was 122,483—White, 58,368; colored, 64,095.

It would take more time than I can give, and more space than you can spare, to describe fully the valid and cogent reasons for my unshaken faith in the future of South Carolina. I have said enough, I trust, to show that the State has overcome difficulties which seemed to be insurmountable. That she has largely improved her position in every department of agriculture and manufactures, the cornerstone of the social and industrial fabric; and that, with the assurance of just, equal and economical government and low taxation—with the public debt settled in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court of the State; with the public school system enlarged and improved, and an increase of 40 per cent. in the average attendance of the pupils; with the peaceful and contented disposition of the colored people and the determination of the whites to command success—there is nothing to prevent South Carolina from becoming a powerful and wealthy State; not growing up in a night like Jonah's gourd, but built up stone by stone and course by course, solid, massive and enduring.

I am yours, very truly,

F. W. DAWSON.

Uses of the Telephone.

THE practical uses of the telephone are being constantly extended. It now appears as the means by which an important improvement in British journalism has just been made by the London *Times*, namely, the reporting of the late after-midnight debates in the House of Commons. It seems that the many prominent men — those whose speeches in Parliament are most widely read—are in the habit of speaking at very late hours. Owing to this fact, and to the further fact that the leading morning trains start an hour earlier than formerly, it has always been difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the great morning dailies to give a satisfactory report of what was said in the House the night of going to press. It has been scarcely practicable to give a full report of a speech made after one o'clock, and only a mere abstract of what was said or done after two o'clock was possible. The reports of late speeches, necessarily imperfect, have given rise to complaints on the part of members of Parliament, and even to suggestions that some more satisfactory means of publishing the Parliamentary debates be provided. To overcome these difficulties the London *Times* has called the telephone to its aid. It has made telephonic communication between its office and the House of Commons, in each of which is placed one of Edison's loud-speaking telephones. Instead of writing out his notes and transmitting them by telegraph or otherwise—a proceeding which has heretofore consumed a good deal of precious time—the reporter, or, if he is busy, some other person, reads the report in the telephone receiver placed in a room adjoining the gallery. At the receiver at the other end in the printing-office is the compositor. The disk of the telephone is placed above and behind him. Two tubes, with trumpet shaped ends, are so arranged that one end of each is at the telephone disk and the other ends at the ears of the compositor. In this way all distracting noises are shut off. There is speaking and bell communication with a system of signals between the compositor and the reporter so as to secure a perfect understanding and harmony of operation. As the reporter in Parliament reads, the compositor in the printing-office sets the type. Still greater rapidity is secured by the use of the machine by which the type are brought down and placed in position by manipulating keys resembling those of a piano. With this machine it is stated that a printer, working from dictation, can set up nearly two hundred lines an hour, or about one hundred lines from manuscript, whereas, from forty to fifty lines an hour are said to be the limit of type-setting by hand. By the use of the telephone and the type-setting machine, the Parliamentary debates are now brought down by the London *Times* from one half to three-quarters of an hour later than they were reported a few weeks ago, and it is believed that a higher degree of accuracy is attained. The method is regarded as a great practical success even now, and it will doubtless be much improved in the course of time.

Restoring the Jews to Palestine.

"SIXTY years ago," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "Mordecai M. Noah built a monument on Grand Island upon which was inscribed: 'Ararat, a City of Refuge for the Jews.' It was the dream of his life to restore the Kingdom of Israel at that place, but it came to the end of all dreams. It has recently been rumored that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, that world-wide traveler and accomplished man of the world, had, at the instigation of Sir Moses Montefiore, at last gained a concession of certain districts in Palestine, where the oft-attempted project of that venerable philanthropist is to be carried out. It is now stated semi-authoritatively in the English press that among the projects which Mr. Goschen will present to the Sultan is that of forming into a united Jewish colony the districts of Galaad and Moab, which are at present inhabited only by a few nomad tribes. The Ottoman Government would retain its suzerain rights over this territory, which was formerly the part of the Promised Land set aside for the tribes of Gad, Reuben and Manasseh, and would receive in return for its concession, in other respects, a respectable number of millions from certain capitalists, who have undertaken that they shall be forthcoming. The new colony would be subjected to the authority of a prince of Jewish race and religion and would serve as the nucleus of a second Kingdom of Israel."

Bismarck's Big Dog.

ONE of the most important and generally respected members of Prince Bismarck's household is a huge hound, popularly designated "The Realm Dog." This animal, his mighty master's inseparable companion, is stern of aspect and wrathful in disposition. He inspires fear, rather than love, in all men save one, and has acquired a somewhat formidable renown for having "collared" several eminent personages—among them Prince Gortschakoff—whose appearance inspired him with distrust, or in whom his instincts revealed to him the entertainment of hostile purpose towards his lord. For his extraordinary intelligence in this respect he is highly prized by the Chancellor, who is known to entertain considerable faith in the accuracy of the Realm Dog's judgment of human character. The other day two delegates from Altona, charged with the presentation of a petition from that town to his Highness, were received by Prince Bismarck in special audience. The Chancellor sat in his comfortable rocking chair, the Realm Dog stretched on the carpet by his side, while the delegates, Messrs. Nothnagel and Semper, took their seats on a leathern couch facing his Highness. Mr. Nothnagel held a roll of paper in his right hand, and, being an energetic speaker, accustomed to emphasize his arguments by gesticulation, he waved his scroll about while addressing the Chancellor, disregardful of the fact that his movements elicited several successive disapproving utterances from the watchful hound. Presently the dog rose with a fierce growl, whereupon Prince Bismarck, hastily interrupting his interlocutor's remarks, exclaimed: "Do put down that scroll, I beg of you. My dog, like myself, entertains a profound aversion to every kind of paper. He believes it to be a weapon!" It is needless to add that Mr. Nothnagel promptly complied with his request, obviously to the satisfaction of the Realm Dog, who forthwith subsided into his former peaceful attitude.

History of the Drum.

DRUMMERS and their drums are to be eliminated from the French army by the reforming zeal of General Farre, and that the infantry soldier will not march better in consequence of this latest innovation may be safely predicted, for any attempt he may have made hitherto to keep step has been mainly due to the rataplan. Comparatively little importance, however is attached in France to regularity of step, though a regiment which makes any show of it is invariably the most cheered at reviews, this being one of the inconsistencies prevalent there which it would be vain to attempt explaining. The Minister of War explained before the Budget Committee that his reason for adopting the change is because drummers are not combatants, so he proposes to replace them by trumpeters, who do come under that category. Like the white leather aprons of the sappers, which have disappeared for some time, the little parchment covered cylinders are henceforth doomed. We do not know whether the origin of the drum has ever been traced by some patient inquirer. We have been told that it comes to us from the East, and that the Moors first brought it into Europe. Certain is the fact that the most savage races have always rejoiced in their tamtams, and, as the pleasure of making a noise is inherent in human nature, perhaps this most effective way of creating a din was invented by Adam's sons or grandsons. But the drum does not appear to have been used in the French army until towards the close of the fourteenth century, and its introduction is attributed to the English invasion under Edward III.; its general adoption by the infantry dates back to the time of Louis XI., when the Swiss element was largely infused into the royal forces. The drum at that epoch was a shapeless instrument, and served more for rallying the troops or for the conveyance of the word of command than for regulating the step, which was far from being as measured as it is now. Each captain had a drummer in his private livery, and he employed him to carry his orders or his instructions as much as for beating the word of command: the drummer in those days appears to have been a kind of aide-de-camp. The covering was usually made from the hide of some animal—generally of an ass—though if it be true that John Ziska, the avenger of Huss, bequeathed his skin to his gallant companions-in-arms to form the covering of a drum which was to summon them in case of danger, material more noble was at least once made to serve the purpose. The drum was not used for drilling infantry to keep step until the middle of the eighteenth century, and the roll, such as we now know it, was only regulated some hundred years ago. The drummer's art then became more difficult, and to perfect it regimental schools were established, the master of which was the drum major, who in recent times was still such a prominent and popular personage in each French regiment. The period of his greatest glory was the First Empire, when the drum-major of the Grenadiers of the Guard had rank as a captain and wore a uniform which cost Napoleon $600. Under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July drum-majors were given to the regiments of firemen, and even to those of the National Guard; but of late years their prestige has diminished in a great extent, and also their stature; they are no longer such imposing clothes-horses, all lace and feathers, towering above ordinary mortals; the race has, in fact, been visibly deteriorating. Such as they are, however, they will now disappear from the head of French regiments, with their drums.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Annual Assemblies of the Scottish Churches.

On Thursday, May 20th, the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland commenced its annual sittings in Edinburgh. In the morning a levee was held in Holyrood House, and at noon the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord High Commissioner, accompanied by the Countess of Rosslyn, went in procession to St. Giles's Cathedral, where divine service was conducted by the Rev. J. Chrystal, of Auchtinlech, the retiring Moderator. They afterwards went to General Assembly Hall, where the Assembly was constituted, the new Moderator, Dr. Archibald Watson, of St. Mary's, Dundee, was chosen, a committee was appointed to answer Her Majesty's letter, and a variety of reports and motions were considered. The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland commenced its sittings on the same date, but it was not until the following Thursday that the case of Professor Robertson Smith was considered. On that day the galleries of the Free Assembly Hall were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the sitting lasted from 10 A.M. until after midnight. There were originally no fewer than twenty-four distinct charges against the Professor, but practically they were all included in the accusation that his views with regard to the historical authority of the Book of Deuteronomy were contradictory of the Confession of Faith. The proceedings commenced against him some three years ago. After an animated debate a motion to admonish the Professor, but leave him in possession of the chair, was carried.

The Projected Jetty Promenade at Nice.

The pleasure and health-seekers at Nice have long felt the want of a proper building for balls, exhibitions, shooting-matches and the like. Mr. James Bruniess, an English engineer, has proposed a jetty promenade, running out like our long piers and with a Summer palace at the seaward end, which will afford halls for all the desired objects, with restaurants, saloons, and rooms for those who habitually will stroll out on the jetty to enjoy the sea air, and sit down to chat and enjoy fruits or ices or cool Summer drinks. The project has been adopted with enthusiasm, so that its erection is assured.

New Viceregal Residence, South Australia.

Marble Hill, Adelaide, one of the highest and most picturesque peaks of the Mount Lofty Range, is the site of the new viceregal residence. It is a splendid building, worthy of the colony and of Her British Majesty's representative there, and has been erected at a total cost of $100,000. Marble-hill is about four miles beyond Norton's Summit, and therefore about twelve and a half miles from the city. The viceregal residence is erected on the top of the hill, fully 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The building is of two stories, with a square prospect-tower rising to a height of about seventy feet, and surrounded by battlements which struck many of the visitors as a little more suitable to an ancient castle where cannon might have to be used than to a mere view-tower on a mountain in peace-loving South Australia. There are twenty-six rooms in the house, which is fitted up with everything likely to be required for the comfort and convenience of those who may hereafter live in it. A veranda and balcony ten feet wide extend round three sides of the building.

Centenary of St. Catharine at Siena.

"Great citizen, great soul, great writer, and in the opinion of her contemporaries, which subsequent ages ratify, sublime in sanctity," are the epithets applied to St. Catharine of Siena, daughter of James Benincasa, a dyer, whose shop still exists. The procession was historical, representing costumes of various districts in Italy in the fifteenth century, with their appropriate banners. St. Catharine of Siena was born in Siena, Italy, and took an active part in arresting the civil wars of her time and restoring peace and concord. She exerted all her influence to recall the Popes from Avignon to Italy, and her writings, from the eloquence and beauty of their style, have become "standards" for the purest Italian.

The Great Cavalcade at Rennes.

Several departments of Brittany concurred in a provincial festival at Rennes on the 23d of May. The *cortège* was prepared to represent the old Roman days, and our illustration shows it passing the square of the Palace of Justice. The catapult on a car manned by Roman soldiers, and that of vestals carrying the high priest's throne, with the priestesses of Vesta surrounding the altar of the sacred fire, attracted general attention. These were designed by Laloy after ancient monuments. In the line were centurions, lictors, senators, athletes, retiarii, gladiators of various kinds, horse and foot soldiers, all true to the latter in costume. It was a perfect reproduction of old Roman times, and was not only instructive but useful, as the proceeds of the day were devoted to charity.

Blessing Horses in Belgium.

In a recent issue we published an illustration of the blessing of cows in Russia, an interesting feature of St. George's Day. At Anderlecht, in Belgium, horses are blessed by the clergy on the same day and with equal ceremony. The day is devoted to *fêtes*, in which the horses, oddly caparisoned, perform an important part, and every possible respect to the memory of the patron saint is paid.

A Polish Wedding Party near Cracow Returning Home.

Wedding festivities are the great public rejoicings in the old rural parts of Europe. In great cities the festivities are confined to the house and to a stately reception, but in village life all take part in the general merry-making, all being equal and all the villagers being in some way related by blood or consanguinity, or friendship with the bridegroom or the bride. Our picture shows such a scene in Poland, near the city of Cracow, where the bride and her bridesmaids, all crowned with flowers, have reached her new home amid a gay escort of friends.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—IT is denied that China is making preparations for war.

—TRADE in India is greatly depressed, and it is feared that a crisis is at hand.

—BETWEEN 300 and 400 Hindoo families in Balasore, India, have recently abjured heathenism.

—THE party in Afghanistan opposed to the English is gathering men, and there is talk of a holy war.

—THE King and Queen of Belgium, on June 15th, opened the Brussels Exhibition with much ceremony.

—THE plague, said to be the black quarter, which has broken out among the cattle in Winnipeg, Manitoba, carries off its victims in twelve hours.

—THE Berlin Statistical Bureau publishes a return showing that 12,888 emigrants from Germany came to the United States during the first quarter of the current year.

—THE French Government, to oblige the Emperor of Germany, has refused to authorize the sale of the French translation of "The Political Comedy of Europe" at the railway stations.

—THE conference in Madrid to determine the status of foreigners in Morocco is at a dead lock over the question of the right of protection to foreigners which may be exercised by consuls.

—THE first honorary prize at the Berlin Fish Exhibition was awarded to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, and a large number of medals were given to other Americans.

—THE Great Council of the Canton of Geneva has passed to a second reading a Bill for the separation of Church and State by a vote of 50 to 42. The Old Catholics regard the measure with favor.

—THE issue price of the £15,000,000 worth of Cuban mortgage bonds at six per cent., redeemable in twenty years by quarterly drawings, is fixed at eighty-three. Two thirds of the loan will be offered on June 30th.

—STATISTICS of the foreign commerce of Calcutta show that for the last few years the proportion of the whole trade absorbed by England has been slowly decreasing, while that of America and China has been increasing.

—THE returns to the Agricultural Department indicate an increase of seven per cent. in the acreage of the cotton crop. Winter wheat is in remarkably good condition. There is a slight increase in the acreage of Spring wheat.

—IT is believed that a general amnesty will be proclaimed in France on the national *fête* day, which, by a recent decree of the Chamber of Deputies, is now fixed for the 14th of July—the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile—instead of the 15th of August, the imperial *fête* day.

—M. JULES FERRY, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, has appointed Messrs. Gaston L. Feurdant and H. de Morgan, of New York, agents of the French Government for the United States, to facilitate scientific expeditions and effect exchanges with American museums.

—THE members of the harem of the ex-Khédive of Egypt have embarked on a steamer of the Rubbattino Company for Stamboul, despite the dispatch from the Porte disclaiming that they could not be received. Redif Pasha accompanies them. If they land neither in Turkey nor Egypt they will return to Naples.

—THE Paris *Figaro* prints an account of a Legitimist conspiracy, to which the Count of Chambord is said to be privy. A number of French Senators and Deputies have had a conference on the amnesty question, and it is now thought that the whole strength of the Ministry will be thrown in support of a Plenary Amnesty Bill in the hope that the Senate will yield.

—THE rumors regarding the insolvency of the First National Bank of Bentleboro, Vt., have been more than realized. Enough is already known to warrant the statement that the loss will reach upwards of $400,000 mainly through the forgeries of the president, S. M. Wait, who has undoubtedly left the country, and, as the directors believe, taken with him a large sum of money.

—A DISPATCH from Alexandria says that the trial of Mirzan before Minister Maynard, and his sentence to death for the murder of Dubun Pasha, occupied several days. Great crowds of people were present. Dubun Pasha was a Syrian, who occupied the position of legal adviser to the Egyptian Minister of Finance under the ex-Khédive. The fact of a man being tried by a single individual on a charge of murder is much criticised. Yet as it appears to be American law in the East, there is nothing said against it.

—MR. WHARTON BARKER, the banker, who acted as the agent of the Russian Government in the construction of the Russian cruisers at Cramp's, has had certain concessions made to him by that Government for the development of the natural resources of Russia. This includes the opening up of coal mines in Southern Russia, the construction of a railway system from Southern Russia to the Sea of Azov, the establishment of a vast shipping port on that sea, the erection of works for the manufacturing of Bessemer steel rails, etc.

—THE Moorish Envoy has absolutely refused to accept the proposals of Austria and Italy at the Conference. The results have been reached, and, after an animated discussion, the Conference adjourned *sine die*. It is reported that the Moorish Envoy will denounce the French Treaty of 1843, which forms the basis of the present difficulty. The dead lock was caused by the resistance of the Moorish and French Envoys to the conciliating proposal of the Austrian Plenipotentiary to establish some recognized principles to regulate the protection of consuls over the natives of Morocco.

—THERE is much excitement among the European and Arab population at Cairo because Chachin Pasha, formerly Minister of War and Marine, has obtained naturalization as an Italian subject without the permission of the Egyptian Government or the Porte, thus placing under the protection of the Italian Government his immense property, which is generally supposed really belongs to the ex-Khédive. Chachin Pasha has left Egypt without having a passport from the Egyptian Government. The Khédive has ordered his degradation and dismissal, and forbidden his return to Egypt.

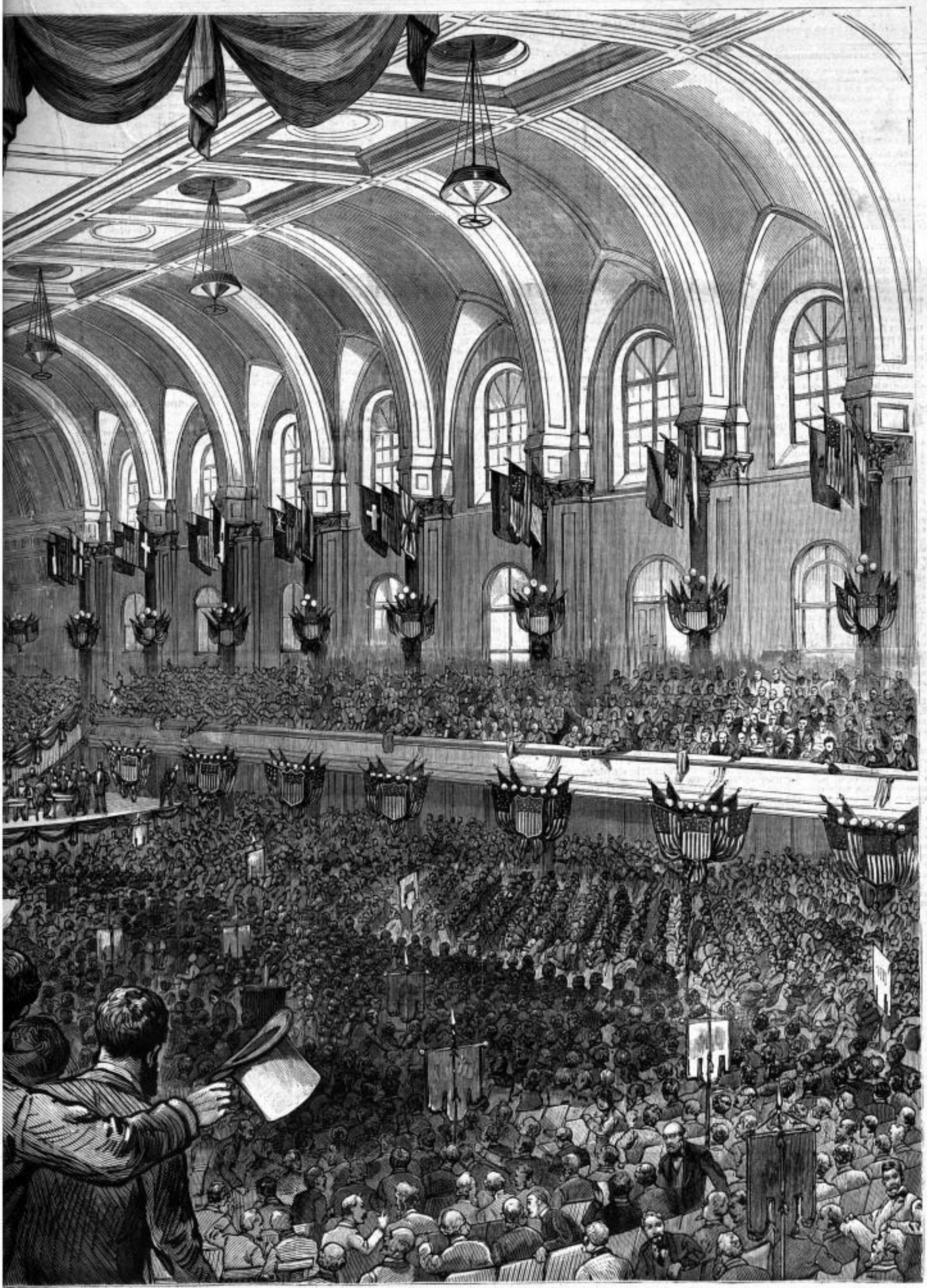
—THE National Line steamer *Queen*, bound in from London, and the Anchor Line steamer *Anchoria*, bound out from New York, were in collision in a fog on June 13th, 312 miles east of Sandy Hook, and both were seriously damaged. The *Anchoria* suffered most and her passengers were transferred to the *Queen* very expeditiously, the *Queen's* boats being readiest in that service. The steamers then returned to New York together, reaching the city June 15th. The officers and agents here reserve their reports on the collision for the British authorities and courts, but it is gathered that the *Queen* observed the rule of the road, and that the *Anchoria* apparently did not, having gone to port when the rule said starboard.

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OHIO.—OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CO

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GON IN SESSION IN MUSIC HALL, CINCINNATI.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 307.

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THE KINGCRAFT OF LOVE.

A KING would try his servants on a day,
And, none suspecting, in the street was seen
A mendicant of most unroyal mien,
Who with no empty wallet passed away.

One, offering all he had, went poor for him:
One gave him silver, though he carried gold;
One gave him a godspeed; and one was told
To throw him coins debased and clipped of rim.

But when the king returned in robe and crown,
He that went poor was only poor a day,
But whose stinted him, or said him nay,
He entered knight, but left the presence clown.

Love leaves his court to look for lovers true,
And, masked himself, unmasks his retinue.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

COUNT NICHOLAS LAGORS lives in the ancient castle which for generations has been the proud abode of his haughty ancestors. Nicholas is the last living representative of his family, and lives alone amidst his gloomy splendor.

Viewing the castle in the last grim light of the fast fading day, truthfully speaking it cannot be pronounced especially attractive, though its size and solidity may well be considered a marvel. It is a colossal mass of frowning masonry, wholly guileless of any prescribed shape or form ever yet known, save at each corner, where massive towers rear upwards, and in the dusk of the Russian night seem to lose themselves in the cold, gray sky above.

Although the dusk is fast deepening, not a glimmer of light shines forth from the walls, apparently fierce and uncompromising, and as the noble ascends the massive steps and pauses for a moment beneath the arched and deep set doorway, above which, carved deep in the stone, is the stainless escutcheon of the haughty and powerful Lagors, his tall, slim form seems part and parcel of the surrounding gloom.

Entering the vestibule, if a frowning dungeon like apartment looking quite capable of springing fatal trap-doors for unwary occupants can be designated by such an inoffensive appellation, the count makes his way into the central hall, which also, to a timorous guest, might hold unpleasant suggestions of dark mysteries and darker deeds. This apartment is a wonder; its length is simply marvelous, and gives rise to the pardonable suspicion that it leads to the opposite quarter of the globe. The floor is paved with rare mosaics, and its ceiling richly frescoed. It is draped in dark masses of shadow save at the entrance, close to which depends an ungodly-looking lamp in the shape of a ghastly dragon from whose vicious eyes gleam two jets of greenish light, which but imperfectly illuminate the vicinity and terrify the unaccustomed observer.

It is a weird frowning interior of Castle Lagors, and its owner makes his way up the broad flight of stairs through endless corridors, and finally enters an immense chamber somewhere in the centre of the castle.

This apartment, destitute of the slightest pretense of a window, is brilliantly lighted and furnished with sybaritic luxury. Soft Persian carpets, Indian hangings, couches of eider and marabout, paintings from ancient masters, statues, malachite and buhl—everything bespeaks unlimited wealth and glory.

As Count Lagors enters his chamber, a man comes forward from the fire—a man with iron-gray hair and iron-gray clothes. A short, slender figure, and smooth gray face, and eminently respectful in appearance. This is the count's body servant, confidential friend and general factotum. He is looked upon with awe in the establishment of the Lagors, as being the inseparable companion of the count, and is altogether a host within himself. But inside of this chamber, over whose threshold no one ever steps but the count, his man, and one or two intimate friends, his position altogether depends upon the moods of his master. At one moment he is the victim of the count's temper, which is villainous, and at such times is abused, slandered and sometimes kicked. At others, and fortunately these are the most numerous, he is treated with a degree of friendliness and equality that is sufficient to turn the brain of any one but the shrewd and sensible Peter. In Peter's faithful breast there is but one God and one religion—his master, or patron, as the case may be. He is honest and faithful, and attached to Lagors with a boundless affection which robs his submission of the slightest servility. All of Peter's ancestors have been respected servants in the Lagors family, of which fact he is unquestionably proud, and to the allusions of which he must plead guilty to a trifling weakness.

"Peter, I am going out. Hurry and bring my things." The first words betoken fair weather, and, nodding his gray head, which, after all, holds a deal of wisdom, Peter prepares himself to array his master for the evening.

"And now," says Lagors, getting into his dress coat, which finishes his dressing, "ring the bell and order up something to eat. We will dine here to-night. I am in a hurry."

"I have been looking over those papers," says Peter presently, over their impromptu dinner, "and I find that we have the deeds safe and sound. Now let them try all they want to."

"Very good," observes Lagors, a trifle absently.

Peter's remark refers to a track of corn-land over which there has been some litigation with a rival noble, rather ill-disposed to the Lagors.

"I went to see Moskowa to-day"—their lawyer—"and he is very busy attending to some English people," proceeds Peter, complacently.

"English people, eh?" feigning interest, which, however, is a dead failure.

"Yes. They have put in a claim for the Schaffuskie lands."

"*Eh!*"

Fortunately for Peter, he is never surprised out of his presence of mind. He calmly proceeds with his dinner on the present occasion, especially helping himself to *mafon*, for which he has suddenly been seized with a suspicious weakness. All the same, he has noticed that sharp, quick cry of inquiry, which held an intonation so new from anything that he has ever before heard from his master, that Peter's steady-going soul is a chaotic whirl of consternation and amazement.

"Eh? What did you say, you idiot?" thunders the count.

"Yes, sir," says Peter, meekly, who is not without his innocent little artifices at such times as this, and who has purposely misunderstood that he may gain time for deliberation in the alarming turn the conversation has taken.

"Repeat what you said, you fiend!" commands the count, glaring murderously at his perplexed and irresolute factotum.

"I said some strangers were putting in claims for Russian lands," says Peter, discreetly non-committal.

"Peter," says Lagors, with sudden and menacing calm—"Peter, I never have killed you, but I'll be the death of you now if you don't tell me all you started to."

"That is all I started to say, my lord," says Peter, still valiantly reticent.

"You lie!"

Silence on Peter's part.

"Look here!"

"Yes, sir."

"What lands are being claimed?"

"The Schaffuskie lands," replies Peter, reluctantly succumbing.

Peter is the possessor of an amazing faculty; he positively can tell what is transpiring around him, though his eyes at the same time may be turned in a diametrically opposite direction. At present his attention is apparently undividedly bestowed upon his plate; all the same he is perfectly conscious that Lagors's face is suffused with an ashen-gray shadow, and that his hand shakes as he lifts an unusually heavy draught of wine, and gazes into its crystal depths with his fiery eyes, as though he saw a phantom of the past.

"And who are claiming them? Mind you, Peter, no lies now."

"English people, I heard. But I dare say it is all a pack of stories. I don't believe——"

"And why the deuce should you believe it a pack of stories?" interrupts the count, fiercely; and, rising from the table with a force that is quite damaging to his companion's equilibrium, he commences pacing back and forth. "And why should you think *me* interested in the Schaffuskie lands, or these English people? What business have you with any opinion of *all*, sir?"

Peter has actually devoured his third breast of fowl, and is intent upon the fourth and last, which obviates a reply.

"What are the names of these people?"

"Lord Ashhurst."

Lagors stops in his rapid walk, surprised out of his ill-humor.

"The deuce!" he ejaculates. "Why, Peter, that is where I am going to night."

"Well, really," says that injured individual, cheerfully accepting the flag of truce, which, however, is soon withdrawn. "I hope you will have a pleasant——"

"*Silence!*" shouts the count, again commencing his promenade.

In a few minutes he pauses in front of the table, and picking up one of the heavy silver forks, handles it absently. That grayish shadow still bleaches his thin, dark face; his brow is creased with deep lines, and around his mouth certain fine muscles occasionally twitch convulsively.

"Peter," he says, after a pause, "who last occupied those lands?"

"That, sir, I cannot tell," replies Peter, with miraculous good humor.

"Why not, sir?"

"Because they have not been tenanted within the range of my memory."

Peter is actually under the delusion that he is speaking the truth. Lagors promptly undeceives him.

"There again you lie!" he says. "They have been lying idle between fifteen and twenty years, sir! Do you know, Peter, who last owned them?"

"Indeed I do not, my lord," says patient Peter; "but I might find out."

"Fool!" snorts the count, quick to resent any offer of his companion, yet fully resolved to sift the matter to the bottom. "Of what consequence is it to me?" Then he again relapses into that moody silence, while over his visage slowly struggles an expression half-remorseful and very bitter, the first that it has ever been seen to wear. His eyes burn with a deeper fire, and his long, dark fingers work restlessly. His brows are drawn close together in deep thought, and he seems to be forcing his mind back through the hoary vistas of a not too pleasant past. His appearance is bitter, perplexed and slightly alarmed.

"What did he say?" He raises his hand with a bewildered gesture and passes it several times across his eyes. 'Members of the English aristocracy.' 'Possessor of one of the proudest, and, once, the richest, peerdoms in England.' That is the man. But the woman—— It is impossible! Who is claiming these lands?" He ceases and buries his face in his hands; and as he stands with his head bent down, his tall, slim figure looks weak and shrunken.

All this time Peter has been minutely studying the fire, apparently utterly unconscious of the existence of a second person.

"*Peter!*" shouts Lagors, suddenly straightening himself and glaring at his innocent companion.

"Yes, sir," and Peter gets upon his feet with marvelous velocity.

"Go out and find who the deuce Jack Ashhurst's wife is!"

Peter for once manifests the liveliest bewilderment, and stares at his companion as if that individual had betrayed signs of dangerous lunacy.

"Are you mad, you stupid idiot!" cries the count. "Obey me this instant!"

"But——"

"There are no 'buts' about it. Start!"

"But, my lord——"

"*Leave!*"

Thus admonished, Peter starts towards the door.

"What are you going for?" inquires the count, as he is about to disappear.

"My lord," says Peter, "I haven't the slightest idea!"

"You are to find out who Lord Ashhurst's wife is. Do you understand?" The count's tones suggest a grievous wrong on Peter's part. "Whether she be tall and dark or short and light; and who she was before she married."

Angelic Peter nods his head comprehensively.

"And mind," continues Lagors, "you are not to be absent over half an hour."

It is almost a hopeless task, yet upon rare occasions Peter has crowded as much business as this in thirty minutes. So, drawing himself erect, he starts upon his mission.

Precisely as the clock chimes the half-hour he reappears before his master, his countenance beaming with conscious triumph.

"Well?" Lagors fixes his sunken, fiery eyes upon his faithful servitor, and were it any one but Peter he would surely give a start at the great alteration in his master. A change like unto that of death has come over the haughty countenance of the count.

"I find," begins Peter, triumphantly, "that Lady Ashhurst is a very beautiful woman of thirty, and a decided blonde. Her husband is devotedly attached to her, as is also she to him. They are members of the English aristocracy; but I could not ascertain the lady's name before she married."

All the time he has been speaking the count's eyes, half-shrinking and fearful, have been fastened upon his companion. As he ceases he makes no comment, and a silence comes over them.

"Peter," says Lagors at last, "sit down and write a letter to Toboskie, and tell him that sudden sickness prevents me from having the pleasure of accompanying him this evening, and have a servant take it to him immediately; and, Peter, pour me a glass of brandy. I am freezing."

CHAPTER XIII.—ONLY A SLIPPER.

TOBOSKIE finds that his English friends have taken a castle which is the remains of an ancient and extinct family, whose last living representative died a few months ago impoverished and in debt.

A well-appointed footman shows him into a richly furnished, brilliantly lighted reception-room. Despite its sybaritic luxury there is that home-like, free-and-easy air about this apartment which he remembers characterized the abode of the Ashhursts when he was in England. They have brought it with them here to Russia, that restful, comforting atmosphere all their own—that sweet harmony of soft, beautiful women, dainty luxury, and high-tone ease and idleness.

While waiting for the appearance of the family he glances around him. Upon the centre table, where a golden lamp sends forth its mellow flame, lie a few dainty shreds of linen and a malachite work-box. Close to this reposed a man's riding glove, and—shall I record it?—the stump of a cigar! Albeit a short distance off is a silver deposit for such worthless remains. On the floor a villainous, ugly pug, of unquestionable English extraction, is wound up in a mass of gray zephyr, which he has evidently appropriated for his own amusement.

"Poverty!" thinks Toboskie, with a smile, and looking around upon the surrounding splendor, "where do I see any traces of it?"

Suddenly in his examining gaze he observes a tiny object suspiciously close to the pug—so close as to arouse the belief that it is a discarded toy. Approaching he stoops, and, with impudent deliberation, is about to possess himself of this object, when the small canine interferes with a vicious snarl.

For a moment Toboskie is intimidated and hesitates. In the next his inherent and unconquerable weakness for victory asserts itself. He gazes sternly at the dog; it lies motionless as a stone, his vicious, bead-like eyes twinkling through the tangled yarn. It surely does not present an amiable appearance, and judging from his present aspect he pronounces it of a beastly temper.

With his gaze fixed severely on his adversary, he again essays to become possessor of the bone of contention, which has resolved itself into a small, silken sandal of exquisite shape, and looking as if it were still warm from the dainty foot of the owner. Again the pug testifies his readiness for battle with a fierce growl, and stirs threateningly, though his ugly black nose still rests between his forepaws and is pressed close to the carpet.

"You brute!" says Toboskie, in his sternest tones. "You vile, ill tempered cur!"

Being a very intelligent dog the pug's temper is not improved by this abuse. Though as he remains silent Toboskie is mad enough to seize the slipper. In another moment he is conscious of a sharp, stinging sensation, and both his hand and the slipper are in the mouth of his enemy, which is of frightful dimensions—in fact, he thinks, by far the greater part of him.

It is not a pleasant sensation, nor an agreeable position. And the horrors of his situation are increased tenfold when, attracted by soft breathing, he glances up to see stretched upon a tiger-rug before the fire a long, lithe woman-form.

He is petrified. In the heat of battle he has not before observed that he is not the only occupant of the room, and a couch drawn up to the grate shielded her from his former point of observation. But now he is kneeling but a few steps from her in disgraceful dispute with a dog.

And he is a prisoner, too; for, dishonorably pursuing his advantage, the pug testifies in sundry ways his intentions of maintaining his hold on the hand of his noble adversary. Actually fearing to breathe lest he shall awake his companion, this fallen statesman resigns himself unconditionally, and stares at the figure. He sees a face that Guido might have painted for his angels—grand, pure, holy, now in its slumber, albeit it may change in consciousness; yet a face bearing the impress of that sin by which angels may fall—pride unconquerable and never dying. It sits upon the snowy majesty of the broad brow, in the arched nostrils of the straight, Greek nose, in the haughty curving of the perfect lips.

Her form is tall and perfectly molded, as he plainly sees, where the dress is drawn tightly around her in her careless attitude. One arm lies by her side upon the tiger-rug, the other is thrown across the chest, and her face and full, rounded throat gleam white in the firelight, while around her form, reaching to her knees, sweeps a flood of golden hair of incredible length and thickness. In all his life he has never seen anything so lovely as this sleeping woman in the gleam of the fire.

He looks at her and then at the dog. At a glance he sees that his enemy is still savage and uncompromising. Still, he tries the effect of a gentle withdrawing motion, which is hailed with renewed signs of wrath, and a fierce wagging of the tail, particularly obnoxious to the prisoner. It is truly an appalling position.

He showers glances at once indignant, appealing, reproachful upon the conqueror, but he is invulnerable. He tells him as plainly as eyes can speak, that he will be his eternal debtor, his slave for life, if he will but release him; he tries to throw a subduing amount of affection in his glance, and even raises his hand for an affectionate and conciliating pat, which last advance being received in the light of an attack, the proffered hand is speedily withdrawn. His blandishments are of no avail; the dog positively refuses to be bribed or flattered. He glances again at that form by the fire—that picture fit for a painter's dream! To his consternation he meets the full gaze of a pair of magic eyes.

In an instant he recognizes her. Ah, yes, it is the eyes of old—those dark, powerful, soul-stirring eyes, with their hidden wells of strength and fire and passion! For one blissful moment he forgets the ignominy of his position. The spirit proud, lofty, unconquerable, now verging into its full development—that spirit that is to rouse his best and earliest attributes—is once again with him. Then a look steals into those glorious eyes, a look mirthful, amazed, and full of a sweet wild shame that arouses him.

Their positions, to say the least, are somewhat peculiar, and stealthily, consciously, they stare at one another—the girl prostrate upon the rug, and the Russian statesman kneeling perforce close beside her.

Then the girl springs lightly to her feet and all her hair falls down around her. In all the miserable future he never forgets her as he sees her now! She stands above him in the full glow of her haughty and perfect womanhood—in the rich glory of her matchless splendor! He is stunned, crushed by the force of her dazzling beauty and stares at her in stupid silence, while the fiendish pug, upon whom the presence of his mistress acts as an incentive, renews his zeal in clinging to the imprisoned hand.

The glorious eyes of his companion regard him gravely, but around the sweet proud mouth certain lines twitch showing that the gravity is forced.

Perhaps in this astounding moment the vision of an angry, untrained child flashes across her brain—a child maligned by her nurse, and sat in judgment upon by this man at her feet, and afterwards subjected to mortifications innumerable and none the less great because of her youth—but, if so, she magnanimously conceals all evidences of it.

"What is the meaning of this conduct, sir?" her tones are severe to suit the occasion, and Toboskie starts guiltily, being conscious that if they are addressed to the dog, they are also quite applicable to himself. "How dare you! Release this gentleman immediately!"

With every sign of great reluctance the dog obeys, and, feeling himself in disgrace, has the wisdom to take himself off.

In some way Toboskie gets upon his feet. Then they again stare at one another; then, from the woman breaks a sweet, wild peal of laughter—there is still girl enough in her to enjoy their position—laughter, which to his ears sounds like the murmur of Summer seas, and in which he joins.

"I have been out this afternoon," she says, "and got chilled through, and I was imprudent enough to throw myself before the grate. I must have fallen asleep. But will you tell me, Count Toboskie, for I suppose it is he, how it is I find you a prisoner to my dog?"

Her coolness and address in some way pique him. This spirit has a strange influence over him; that old thirst for dominion is instantly aroused in his breast. But it is still new enough for him to conceal it. His stately composure is fully restored. At this moment, glancing down, he spies the toe of a

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silken stocking peeping out from beneath her dress. With courtly grace he stoops and picks up the slipper.

"This," he says, tragically, "is the cause of my disgrace."

"Impossible!" exclaims the young lady, though she has the grace to blush slightly.

"It is only too true," he affirms. "My eagerness to possess this slipper betrayed me into the clutches of that miserable cur. Will you tell me," he continues, with a suspicious thirst for information, "the species of that dog?"

"Certainly," replies the young lady, promptly and with unimpaired composure. "He is an English pug, and a very good dog indeed."

"Ah!" the tone betrays a trifling skepticism.

"Yes. And it is only upon rare occasions —for instance, when dealing with dishonest people—that I have ever found him to manifest any unpleasant traits."

"If you consider," says Lord Toboskie, reproachfully, "the cause in which I fell victim to your vigilant attendant I think that last remark of yours just a trifle ungenerous in its insinuation."

She bends upon him the full fire of her magnificent eyes. They are sunny, mocking and filled with a sweet, wild laughter; yet star back in their shadowy depths he sees a gleam of topaz which he thinks betokens partial anger, and, as he looks, they grow more weird and vicious, yet more beautiful than a dream.

"At least," she says, and there is a ring of mirth in her tones. "Count Toboskie, I am more generous, you must confess to your bondage, than was a certain Russian ambassador many, many years ago, whose bad luck it was to fall in with a very naughty child. My lord," continues this amiable young lady, with unpleasant enthusiasm, "the deepest admiration of my soul is always challenged when I think of the nobility with which that man indorsed the cause of the poor, victimized nurse."

A dark flush actually mounts to the swarthy, proud face of Toboskie at her merry bantering, and involuntarily he throws out one hand in a gesture peculiarly his own.

"Do not remind me of a mortifying mistake which has always been a thorn to me," he says, earnestly; then adds more lightly, "You will cause me to think you are revengeful if you continue to make me the victim of your crushing sarcasm."

"You do not deserve leniency," retorts the young lady, severely. "Will you tell me, if you can, in what way I have been sarcastic? Can it be possible that you knew anything about that wicked little girl whom the great ambassador punished in his righteous wrath?"

"Ah, you *are* revengeful," he murmurs, while, helplessly fascinated, he gazes at her proud young loveliness.

"And would I be worth anything if I were not?" she says, with a bewildering little laugh. "But I assure you you are safe. I do not consider you my enemy. Though I am free to confess that if any one had ever done me or mine a bitter, grievous wrong, there is savage enough in my nature to make me cry for revenge."

Light words, spoken recklessly, and in the midst of a senseless badinage, yet in the future they weigh heavily against her in a matter more vital than death.

"Then I hope I may never injure you," he says, devoutly.

Then a silence comes between them, and the young lady looks reflectively at the slipper, which he still holds carefully in his hand.

"If you are quite through with it——" she suggests, mildly.

"Thank you; but I am not," he replies, and with calm audacity places the dainty shoe in his pocket. "Anything that has been the cause of so much trouble to me as this, I claim as my own. I have earned the bitter right to it in the mortification it has occasioned me."

"Keep it by all possible means," assents the young lady, with surprising generosity. "Yours is a precarious profession, and attended with great risk. Persons who go about awaiting opportunities of surreptitiously forcing their way into people's parlors, and surprising young ladies asleep—persons who furthermore add to their guilt by purloining those young ladies' shoes—deserve *some* recompense for their trouble. Nevertheless, it is a comfort to feel that one has the protection of a pug against such adventurers."

"That is a blow that staggers my fortitude," says Toboskie, while a broad smile breaks athwart his face. This bandinage is new to him, though he enjoys it foolishly. In society he is stern and unapproachable. "In your romance, fabricated for the occasion, I will pass over the discrepancy of young ladies sleeping on parlor floors, guarded by malignant and disreputable pugs, and inquire if I really have the pleasure of addressing my former friend—Maize, the incorrigible?"

"Your former victim, my Lord Toboskie." She shoots him a wicked glance, looking back over her shoulder as she crosses the room with an adorable little limp, the effect of her missing slipper, and in the next moment he is alone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE National Democratic Convention, which assembled at Music Hall, Cincinnati, June 22d, embraces some of the ablest representatives of that party in the Union, and the results of its action will be awaited everywhere with profound solicitude. The contest for the Presidential nomination up to this time has been marked by less excitement than that of the Republicans before the Chicago Convention, but the masses of the Democratic Party have been keenly alive to the importance of securing candidates upon whom all factions can unite, and at this writing the indications are that the Convention will be governed by a determination to wisely utilize the opportunity which is offered to make a winning ticket. The prominent candidates are Senator Bayard, ex-Governor Seymour and S. J. Tilden, with General Hancock, Henry B. Payne, Judge Field, Hugh J. Jewett, and some others showing more or less of strength. Mr. Tilden's nomination is strongly opposed by the delegations from some of the Southern States, while Mr. Bayard seems to be the favorite, especially of the hard-money wing of the party. Ex-Gov. Seymour is by many regarded as the most available candidate; but the prize may after all be carried off by some "dark horse."

The hall in which the Convention assembled is admirably adapted for the purpose to which it is devoted. The decorations and designs in the interior, arranged by Mr. F. T. Foster, are elaborate, and finished with exquisite taste. The chorus seats are entirely reserved for distinguished ladies who are present by invitation, hemmed in by a light framework guard, handsomely decorated with flags and lit-colored bunting. The two doors back of these seats are ensconced in a tower of tricolors, mottoes and national flags, each constituting a large six-foot shield, gayly ornamented. The Chairman's desk is raised on a dais—on a little jutting platform—so that the presiding officer stands fully nine feet above the delegates, and should be able to direct their movements with ease. Besides the profuse decorations of the platform and dais, the centre of attraction has in the background a magnificent escutcheon, eight by fifteen feet in dimensions, which above represents in oil-colors a life-like picture of General Jackson—"Old Hickory"—from whose illuminated countenance are reflected the rays of the sun, with the word "Democracy" in large letters thrown forward. Immediately below the picture are two bands carpet, with bunches of flags radiating from them. Light, decoy clouds, scattered below, finish the fine effect of the whole, which is oval-shaped and tastily decorated with evergreens and flags. The whole front of the immense platform is covered with tricolors and national flags, and that part of it immediately in front of the ladies' stand is occupied by members and officers of the National Committee, besides other Democratic celebrities.

An immense American flag, forty feet long, sweeps from under the roof over the top gallery with the word "Welcome" on it in large gold letters. The tops of all the columns are emblazoned with flags of different nationalities. The seats for the different delegations are designated by mounted banners of blue satin, tinged with bullion, and bearing the names of the several States inscribed with gold letters. Two-thirds of the hall is inclosed by a frame guard, decorated with tricolors and flags for the sole use of the delegates. The railing extends over the passages and doorways, so that there is no possibility of an intrusion on the part of the strangers. Delegates pass in and out by the special passage reserved for their use. In the centre of this railing a handsome blue silk banner is mounted with bullion fringe, and bearing on it, in characters of gold, the inscription, "For delegates only."

The whole number of delegates in the Convention is 738. Under the two-thirds rule, 492 are necessary to a choice. The latest fact in connection with the Convention is the publication of a letter from Mr. Tilden withdrawing from the contest.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT TITUSVILLE, PA.

ON the morning of June 11th, lightning struck a 20,000-barrel iron tank of oil located on an eminence above Titusville, Pa. The oil immediately took fire, and in a few minutes the flames were communicated to another tank of the same size. About noon the burning oil overflowed, and, running down the hillside, consumed everything in its course. By five o'clock in the afternoon the flames had reached Franklin and Washington streets, and were threatening the destruction of the railroad bridge, and by seven o'clock the buildings along both sides of Bread Street were burning, besides about 100,000 barrels of oil. Fire companies from Corry, Oil City and Warren, were sent to the city in response to the Mayor's appeal for assistance, and co-operated with the Titusville force. At 10 P. M. another tank burst and set fire to the Franklin Street bridge, and the Octave Refinery soon caught. At 2:30 on the following morning the fire was under control, although the oil-tanks were still blazing; but in the afternoon a 5,000-barrel tank exploded with terrible force. The firemen, exhausted by their long labors, were obliged to leave the scene, and citizens were summoned to take their places. In the afternoon the fire was entirely under control, and no further danger was apprehended. The losses were set down as aggregating $1,500,000.

The Work of Congress.

CONGRESS adjourned on June 16th until the first Monday in December. The joint resolution to enforce the eight-hour law, passed by the House, failed in the Senate. None of the tariff Bills were passed. During the session 1,197 Bills and joint resolutions were introduced in the Senate and 4,288 Bills and joint resolutions in the House of Representatives. At the adjournment, besides the great number of measures not yet reported from the committees, there remained about 800 Bills and joint resolutions on the Senate calendar, and about 1,400 Bills and joint resolutions on the House calendar, including about 900 pension and other private Bills.

Mr. Gladstone's Budget.

MR. GLADSTONE'S supplementary budget constitutes the great political event of the day in England. Nearly everybody admits the extraordinary ingenuity displayed in the new financial proposals. Every essential feature in the scheme surprised alike the Liberals and Tories. The secret was perfectly kept, Cabinet Ministers themselves being scarcely aware of Mr. Gladstone's intentions till the eve of the delivery of his speech. It was supposed hitherto that the negotiations with France for the reduction of wine duties had failed, and the French Tories alleged this failure to be the real reason for M. Say's resignation as Ambassador. Nobody dreamed that Mr. Gladstone contemplated to abolish the malt tax. This tax has been for a generation one of the chief grievances of the farmers. The Tories, always assuming the attitude of the farmers' friends, repeatedly promised to abolish or modify the tax, but never found a financier in their own ranks capable of dealing with the question, which involves an immediate loss to the revenue of over £1,000,000. Hence Mr. Gladstone's bold project destroys at one stroke a large share of the Tory political capital, insures large accessions to the Liberal party from the farmers, and encourages agriculturists at a moment of the deepest depression. The brewers are equally delighted because they will be relieved of much vexatious interference. The business classes who pay income tax will endure the additional penny cheerfully, confident that the burden is only temporary. The country generally relies implicitly on Mr. Gladstone's financial genius to equalize the fiscal impositions next year. Beer-drinkers hail the prospect of cheaper and better beer.

Interesting Fossil in Saratoga.

ANOTHER wonderful fossil is now being excavated from the Trenton lime rock formation, at Rowland's quarries, four miles west of Saratoga Springs, and the same distance from Ballston Spa. About seven feet in length has been found, extending in a serpentine form, from the extremity of the tail to a well-defined leg or flipper. At that point the body is about three feet in circumference, and the flipper is about fourteen inches in length from the body. Mr. James Lee, the proprietor of the quarries in which these fossils have been found, has made the science of fossil remains a study for the past five years, since his attention was first drawn to this deposit of what appears to be the remains of an ante-Noachian menagerie, and he believes that the specimen now being unearthed is what is known to geologists as a Pterodactyl, a sort of pre-Adamite flying dragon. If so, the percentage of fossil now recovered would indicate its full length to be about forty feet. The deposits seem to be casts of limestone in the molds left in the rock, after the decay of the animal's substance, rather than petrifactions, and to have been formed by the stalactite process observed in caverns. They are apparently of the same nature of rocks as that in which they are imbedded, and comprise specimens of the smallest trilobite to the unknown fossils now being brought to light. The deposit is well worthy of scientific exploration.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Death is announced of Dr. J. G. Mulder, Professor of Chemistry at Utrecht University. Dr. Mulder's name was well known in the scientific world; he died at the age of seventy-seven years.

The Iron and Steel Institute holds its Autumn meeting this year at Düsseldorf, by invitation of the German iron trade, on August 25th and four following days. An extremely interesting programme of excursions and meetings has been arranged.

A Scientific Examination of the Ibaraki mountain range in Japan has resulted in the discovery of marble of different colors. One mountain is believed to be a mass of white statuary marble, and in another place black marble of the finest description was found.

The French Academy of Sciences has awarded a prize of 2,500 francs to Boutmy & Foucher for their improved and safe method of manufacturing nitro glycerine. For the past six years there has been no death in making nitro-glycerine at the factory at Vonges, and the health of the employés has been excellent.

Dr. Holub, the well-known African traveler, has opened an interesting exhibition at Vienna, which contains thousands of objects brought by him from the South African tribes. They are arranged in various groups, and are classified as zoological, botanical, mineralogical, archæological, ethnographical and commercial objects.

At Dorpat a monument is about to be erected to the memory of the celebrated naturalist, Karl Ernst von Baer, who died at Dorpat on November 28th, 1876. The funds will be supplied by the Dorpat University and the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. The eminent sculptor, Herr Franz von Villebois, has made two excellent sketches for the monument.

The Lisbon Academy has decided to ask the consent of the Government to transfer the bones of Vasco da Gama from Vidigueira Alemtejo to the church of the Jeronimites, Belem. It is proposed that a deputation of the Academy should accompany the remains of Vasco da Gama, and a war-ship convey them from Barcira, on the banks of the Tagus, to the Lisbon Arsenal.

An Important Discovery is stated to have been made in the neighborhood of Sydney, New South Wales. Boring for coal has been going on in Moore Park for ten months, and about the middle of March a quantity of oily matter was observed to come up, one gush lasting half an hour. This liquid is believed to be crude kerosene, but the analysis was not complete when the last mail left.

On August 5th the exhibition of anthropological and prehistoric objects found in Germany will be opened at Berlin. At the same time the general meeting of the German Anthropological Society will take place. No less than 114 archæological, eight palæontological, and sixteen craniological museums will send objects to this exhibition. The objects found in the Loess strata will be particularly interesting, and besides these we may point to the objects found in caves and in moors.

Admiral Mouchez, the Director of the Paris Observatory, has published a pamphlet on the work executed in this establishment during the year 1879. A new decree quoted by M. Mouchez arranges that the several employés of the Observatory, when not too old, can be admitted to follow the course of lectures given at the School of Astronomy recently created, and are fit to be appointed astronomers if successful in their examinations. The establishment is to be enlarged in the vicinity of Boulevard Arago, the admission of the public to be more frequent, and the magnetical observations to be resumed.

Lieutenant A. Louis Palander, of the Swedish Royal Navy, has been elected a corresponding member of the French Geographical Society, in acknowledgment of his brilliant services to geography as commander of the *Vega* during the late Arctic Expedition. The Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences has just caused a handsome bronze medal to be struck in commemoration of the successful accomplishment of this enterprise. This medal shows on one side the heads of Professor Nordenskjöld and Lieutenant Palander, and on the other a well-executed representation of the *Vega* surrounded by ice.

Dr. Werner Siemens, the well-known German electrician, had been instructed, a few years ago, to manufacture a series of standard weights on behalf of the Egyptian Government, which wished to adopt the German system; but as the Egyptian Government did not fulfill its financial obligations, Dr. Siemens kept the set of weights in his workshop, where they were used for various purposes. On the occasion of the visit of the weights and measures inspector these weights were discovered, and Dr. Siemens summoned before the police. The case has been tried with some solemnity, and Dr. Siemens fined two marks.

General Myer has sent a letter to his numerous correspondents, requesting, on behalf of the United States that the hour for taking the simultaneous meteorological observations, from which are constructed the United States Weather Maps, be changed to a time thirty-five minutes earlier than at present; in other words, as regards the British Islands, that the observations be made at 0h. 5m. P.M., instead of 0h. 43m. P.M. Greenwich mean time, and that the change be made to take effect on September 1st, 1880. The proposed changes being rendered necessary by the exigencies of the Signal Office, the request will doubtless be gladly acceded to.

A Beginning is about to be made to carry out Lieutenant Weyprecht's proposal for a circle of observing stations around the North Pole region. The Danish Government has resolved to establish a station at Upernavik, in West Greenland; the Russian Government has granted a subsidy for an observatory at the mouth of the Lena, and another on the Siberian Islands; Count Wilczek is to defray the expenses of a station on Novaya Zemlya, under the direction of Lieutenant Weyprecht; the United States Signal Service, under General Myer, has received permission to plant an observatory at Point Barrow, in Alaska; and it is expected that Canada will have a similar establishment on some point of her Arctic coast. At the Hamburg Conference it was announced that Holland would furnish the funds for a station in Spitzbergen; and it is expected that Norway will have an observing post on the extremity of the Province of Finmark.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD DUNMORE, the musical earl, is coming to America to stay a month.

THE Emperor William has just given Professor Nordenskjöld a decoration.

THE new Commission to China, headed by James B. Angell, United States Minister, sailed from San Francisco, June 17th, for Pekin.

THE Rev. Mr. Deziel, the parish priest of Notre Dame de Levis, at Quebec, has received from Pope Leo the title of Chamberlain to his Holiness.

MR. J. H. SHORNBERGER, the Pittsburg iron manufacturer, has just settled $1,000,000 upon his new-made bride, who was Miss Alice Taylor, of this city.

GEORGE D. VITTUM, of Concord, N. H., left an estate of $50,000, of which his adopted daughter has the income of $7,500 until her death, when the principal goes to Bates College.

MR. PHILIP R. ALGER, the young man who has just been graduated at the head of his class in the Naval Academy, is the son of the Rev. W. R. Alger, late of the Church of the Messiah.

HERBERT REEVES, son of Sims Reeves, the famous English tenor, has been received at St. James's Hall, London, with great favor. According to a cable dispatch he sings marvelously like his father.

KING GEORGE of Greece is said to be a charming person, bright, liberal-minded and witty. He is an excellent husband, and a judicious father to his young sons, the Dukes of Athens, Sparta and Corinth.

AMONG recent deaths were those of ex-Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware; ex-Mayor George Opdyke, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Boardman, of Philadelphia, and ex-Senator A. G. Brown, of Mississippi.

MR. HENRY BERGH has just come into possession of the sum of $250,000 bequeathed to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by the late Mrs. Catharine Radcliff, a former resident of Poughkeepsie.

JAMES B. COLGATE, of New York, has given $50,000—one half to the Madison University and one-half to the Colgate Academy. This makes $260,000 he has given the University, and he increases the endowment of the institution to $500,000.

THE many friends of the Harper family throughout the country will be grieved to learn of the recent affliction sustained by John W. Harper, in the loss of his wife, who was a daughter of the late Joseph Wesley Harper, and who died on June 11th.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is reported to have made a marvelous recovery, and is in Baden full of health and spirits. He will spend the Summer there, and next Winter in Paris. Before he left St. Petersburg, he published a newspaper card offering the assurance of his "heartfelt gratitude" to those who had given him "token of their affectionate sympathy."

IN our issue of June 19th we stated that the late Joshua James, of Philadelphia, had bequeathed $20,000 to the Academy of Natural Sciences in that city in a codicil to his will, which sum, although the codicil was not signed, had been paid over by the executors, his sons. We have since been informed that the deceased was a bachelor, and the sum of money was paid to the Academy in his name by his two brothers, also unmarried.

GENERAL GIBBON, the old commander of the famous Iron Brigade of Wisconsin, attended, with his wife, the recent soldiers' meeting at Milwaukee. Mrs. Gibbon, who had accompanied her husband throughout his campaigning and who was almost worshiped by the command, rode with him in the procession. The wildest cheers greeted General Grant and General Gibbon, but when the soldiers caught sight of Mrs. Gibbon there was a greater uproar, and they pressed forward, eager even to touch the hem of her dress, many of them breaking into tears and sobs.

AMONG the passengers of the ill-fated *Narragansett* who were lost was Mrs. William Stevens and her four-years old son. This lady was the only daughter of Mr. Joseph Lejeune, for the past twelve years connected with the composing room of this establishment. With her child Mrs. Stevens had been paying a brief visit to her parents in Hoboken, and was on the way to her Boston home at the time of the disaster. Both bodies were recovered, and funeral services were held in her father's residence on June 15th. Mrs. Stevens was only twenty-six years old. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Lejeune by his friends in this establishment.

PRINCE WILLIAM, the eldest son of the Prussian Crown Prince, has just been solemnly betrothed to Princess Augusta Victoria. The aged Emperor brought in the bride, and beamed with gratification as he presented Bismarck and other guests to her. She has great personal attractions, and is in her twenty-second year, nearly the same age as Prince William. She wore a white silk dress and a hat trimmed with May-flowers, with white veil. A bouquet of tea-roses rested on her breast, and in her hand the Princess held one of white roses and May-flowers. A six-fold string of pearls, with a golden medallion, was round her neck. The match is said to be one of mutual affection rather than of State arrangement.

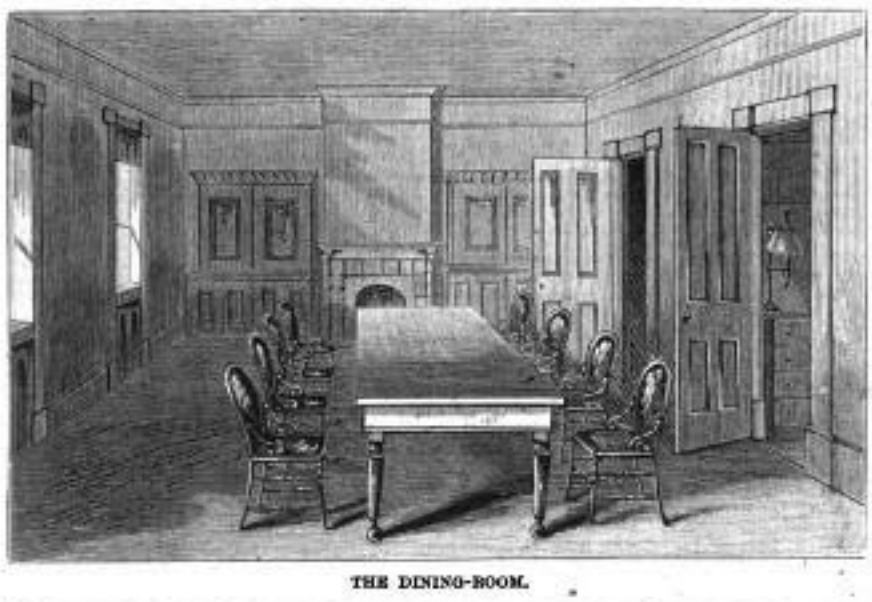
LETTERS received in New York City from M. Charnay, in charge of the Lorillard antiquarian expedition to Mexico, state that he has already obtained from the Mexican Minister of Public Instruction a "provisional" authorization to proceed with his excavations and researches, which, however, must be ratified before it can take full effect by the Congress of the republic. He has submitted a plan to the Government, which he hopes may eventually be adopted, but the leading feature of this plan is an agreement on his part to give up one-third of all the discoveries he may make to the Mexican authorities. Between the French Government, which under the original understanding was to take all the originals of any objects found by M. Charnay, and the Mexican Government, to which M. Charnay now offers to cede one-third of these objects, the museums of the United States will fare rather poorly.

ON Tuesday morning, June 15th, a farewell breakfast was given to Edwin Booth, the distinguished tragedian, prior to his departure for England, by his friends in many professions. Among the gentlemen present were the Rev. Drs. Robert Collyer and F. C. Ewer, W. H. Beard, J. Q. A. Ward, Sanford R. Gifford, E. C. Stedman, Cyrus W. Field, Parke Godwin, Noah Brooks, General Horace Porter, Constant Mayer, Algernon S. Sullivan, Judge Hilton, James R. Osgood, G. E. Church, Judge John K. Brady, John T. Weir, Frederick S. Wards, W. S. Andrews, Judge C. P. Daly, George Edgar, William Warren, Joseph Jefferson, Lester Wallack, Lawrence Barrett, Dr. Austin Flint, Dr. Charles Phelps, William Winter, General Adam Badeau, T. Bolton, Dudley Buck, Edgar Fawcett, Charles Roberts, Jr., Albert M. Palmer, Lawrence Hutton, G. W. Carleton, L. Clark Davis, F. C. Bangs, W. H. Floyd, H. L. Cott, Judge Gedney, Whitelaw Reid, A. W. Sandford, General L. P. Di Cesnola, James Steele Mackaye, Chief-Justice Shea, Joel B. Erhardt, District-Attorney Phelps, Rufus Hatch, S. E. Woolf, Judge Donohoe and P. T. Barnum.

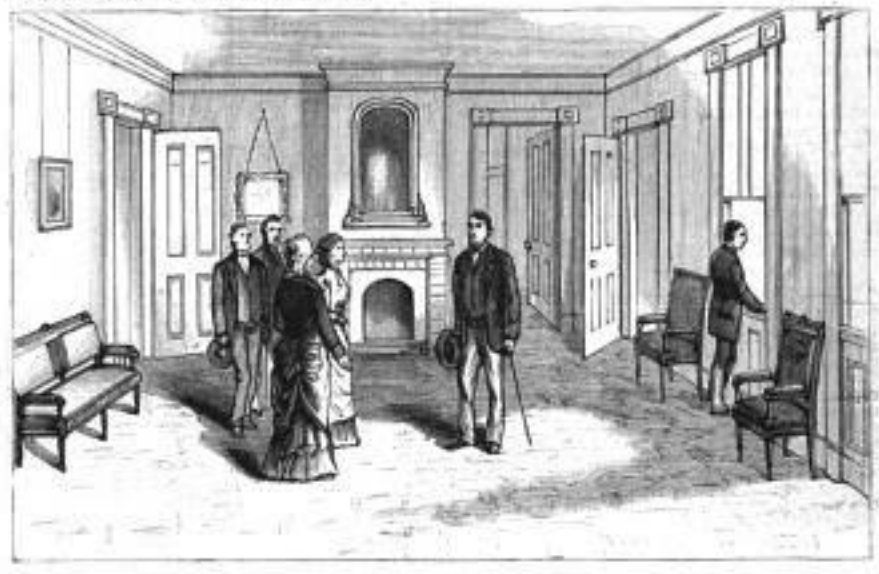
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AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER OF GENERAL GARFIELD.



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE PARLOR.



THE NEW RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GARFIELD.

OHIO.—HOME-LIFE OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, AT MENTOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 302.

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HENRY M. DOAK, EDITOR OF THE "AMERICAN," NASHVILLE, TENN.
FROM A PHOTO. BY CORMAR.

REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHERN JOURNALISTS.

HENRY MELVILLE DOAK, OF THE NASHVILLE "AMERICAN."

THE present editor of the Nashville *American*, Henry M. Doak, was born August 3d, 1841, coming from a line of teachers—his grandfather having been one of the pioneer educators of Tennessee, and his father a distinguished college professor up to the time of his death, a short time subsequent to the late war. His education, therefore, was obtained at home and under the eye of his father, who was his chief instructor. He was being prepared for the Bar at the time of the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted as a volunteer in the Confederate service with Cummin's regiment, organized in East Tennessee, to which part of the State his father removed, from Clarksville, just before the commencement of hostilities. In the earlier part of the war he served with Zollicoffer's brigade in Eastern Kentucky, but later was attached to the naval service of the Confederacy. At the close of the war he married and settled at Clarksville, where he began the practice of the law. He soon after became editor of the Clarksville *Tobacco-Leaf*—a weekly Democratic newspaper—and rapidly acquired reputation as a vigorous and practical political journalist. In 1872, during the memorable triangular contest for member of Congress from the State at large, between Horace Maynard (Republican), General B. F. Cheatham (Democrat) and the late Andrew Johnson (Independent), he wrote and published over the *nom de plume* of "Montgomery," a political brochure—a scathing review of the record of the late ex-President, and a merciless criticism of his public career, and especially of his administration, which attracted attention even beyond the State, and gave prominence to its author as one of the rising political journalists of his section. In 1876 he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Nashville *American*, the leading Democratic newspaper in Tennessee, and, in this field, as chief political writer on the paper, soon took rank among the foremost journalists of the West and South, and gave to the *American* a character for candor, political precedence and independence previously attained by but few Southern political newspapers. The tone and dignity, the influence and progressive leadership of the *American*, which began to be generally recognized shortly after his connection with it, was in a good measure due to the daily contributions from his industrious pen. Descended from an ancient East Tennessee and North Carolina Whig family, he, no doubt, inherited some of its political philosophy, while in practical politics rather a progressive Democrat of the new school—living in and for the present and future while drawing wisdom from the past. A classical scholar and close student, of extended general reading and information, well versed in ancient and modern current literature, thoroughly up with the political history of the country, the subjects that come under his treatment are handled intelligently and with the discretion of an evidently well-balanced and thoroughly disciplined mind. The genuineness of a frank, earnest nature impresses itself through his writings, and the healthful and elevated tone of his political utterances, and his catholic and calm discussion of other themes, would seem to be inspired of a clean conscience and sturdy sense of duty. While not a churchman in the orthodox sense, he is profoundly religious in sentiment, and the purity of his private life is as marked as that indicated in his professional work and public expressions through the columns of the *American*. Mr. Doak is happily married to a lady of culture and varied accomplishments, and has an interesting family of four children, to whom he is devoted.

M. W. WILBUR FISK FOSTER,

GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN TENNESSEE.

ONE of the most prominent citizens of Tennessee is Mr. Wilbur Fisk Foster, M. W. Grand Master of Masons in that State. He was born in Springfield, Mass., April 13th, 1834, and first saw Masonic light in Cumberland Lodge No. 8, in Nashville, having been made an E. A. Mason January 31, 1857, F. C. February 23d, 1857, and Master Mason March 26th, 1857. He received his Chapter Degrees in Lafayette Chapter No. 4, Columbia, Tenn., in 1859, the Council Degrees in Nashville Council No. 1, in 1861, and was dubbed a Knight by St. Omer Commandery, Macon, Ga., in March, 1865. He has served as Master in Cumberland Lodge No. 8, and was for four years Master of Corinthian Lodge No. 414, Nashville, Tenn.

In the Grand Council he was elected Deputy Grand Master in 1868, and Thrice Illustrious Grand Master in 1869; in the Grand Chapter he was elected Grand King in 1870; Deputy Grand High Priest, 1873, and Grand High Priest in 1874. In 1871 he was elected Grand High President of the Order of High Priesthood. In the Grand Commandery he was elected Grand Generalissimo in 1876; Deputy Grand Commander in 1877, and Most Eminent Grand Commander in 1878. In the Grand Lodge he was elected Deputy Grand Master in 1878, and Most Worshipful Grand Master in November, 1879.

From this record it will be seen that Mr. Foster has presided over all the Grand Masonic bodies in Tennessee. He has filled all these offices with credit to himself and honor to the fraternity, and fairly deserves the confidence and esteem in which he is held by the craft. In his private life he exemplifies the teachings of the Order he so much loves. There are in Tennessee about four hundred chartered lodges, with a membership of 16,000. If to these we add non-affiliated Masons, and those who are members of lodges in other jurisdictions, it is safe to say that there are 25,000 Masons in the State of Tennessee.

During the Centennial month the Masons of Nashville had a spacious and elegantly fitted-up room for Masonic headquarters, which was visited by thousands of the fraternity from all parts of the Union, and formed a pleasant feature of the Centennial.

Grand Master Foster entered the Confederate Army as a private in Company C, Rock City Guards, First Tennessee Regiment, and was several times promoted, so that at the close of the war he was a Major of Engineers, and Chief Engineer of Stewart's Corps. He is at present, and has been for many years, City Engineer of the City of Nashville.



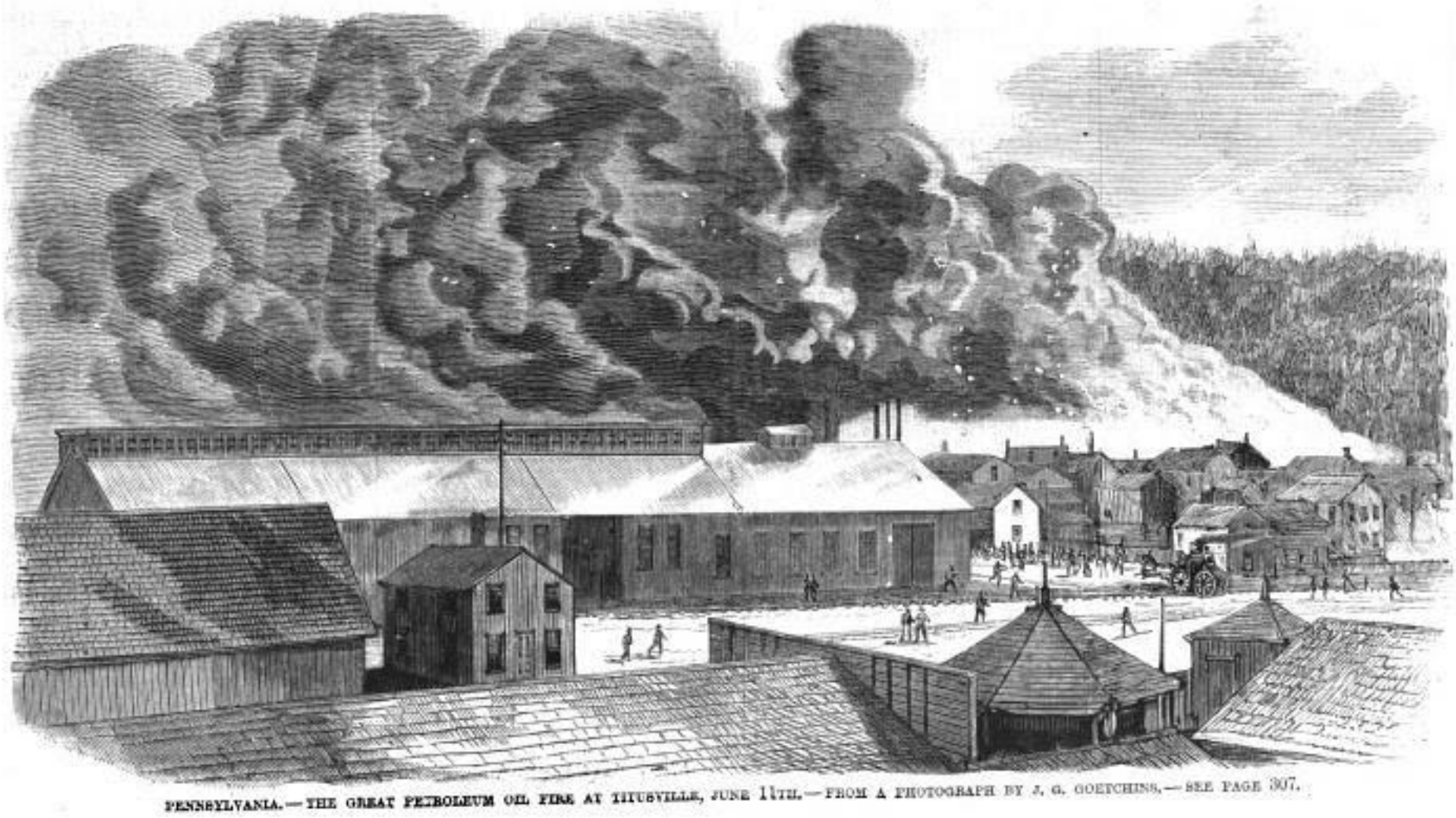
WILBUR F. FOSTER, GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN TENNESSEE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY POOLE.



VERY REV. FATHER BECKX, GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

FATHER BECKX.

PETER JOHN BECKX, General of the Jesuits, was born at Sichem, in Belgium, February 8th, 1796, and educated for the priesthood. Shortly after receiving priest's orders he was admitted into the Society of Jesus, at Hildesheim, in October, 1819. His superiors soon perceived that he possessed rare abilities, and employed him on several delicate missions. When the Duke Ferdinand of Anhalt-Kothen became a convert to the Catholic religion, young Beckx was appointed his confessor, and he officiated for some years as priest of the new Catholic church which was built at Kothen. After the decease of the duke he continued at the court with his widow, the Countess Julia, whom, at a later period, he accompanied to Vienna. In 1847 he was appointed procurator for the province of Austria, and in this capacity he went to the College of Procurators at Rome. In the following year the Jesuits were temporarily driven from Austria, and consequently Father Beckx, being unable to return to that country, repaired to Belgium, and was nominated rector of the college belonging to his Order at Louvain. When the Jesuits were re-established in Austria, he zealously supported



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE GREAT PETROLEUM OIL FIRE AT TITUSVILLE, JUNE 11TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. GOETCHINS.—SEE PAGE 307.

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the projects of the Government, which were highly favorable to the interests of the Church. He lent his powerful aid to the Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Scitowsky, who succeeded in obtaining the reinstatement of the Jesuits in that portion of the empire, and founding the noviciate at Tyrnau. Being sent to the assembly summoned at Rome in 1853, to choose a successor to Father Roothan, he was elected Superior of the Order. The success of the Jesuits since that time, especially in non-Catholic countries, is due, in no slight degree, to the ability and foresight of Father Beckx. Besides some minor writings and occasional discourses, he has published a "Month of Mary" (Vienna, 1853), which has passed through numerous editions, and been translated into many languages.

On the occupation of Rome by the late Victor Emmanuel, Father Beckx retired to Florence, whence he has since directed the movements of the Jesuit leaders.

The Wife of General Garfield.

MRS. GARFIELD is a lady who would honor the White House by her gentle presence. She is a woman of a sweet and winning spirit, and of bright and cultivated mind. As Miss Lucretia Rudolph she was an exceedingly pretty and interesting girl, and her marriage with the General was on both sides one of ideal affection. Her intellect has kept pace with her husband's; she has studied the books he studied, taken up languages with him, and has so trained herself as to fit her boys for college in the most thorough manner. She is an excellent Latin scholar, and is also proficient in several modern languages. She is a little lady, graceful in carriage, and having most frank and charming manners.

Jerusalem for the Jews.

ONCE more the project of gathering the Jews into Jerusalem is revived. There are rumors in London that among the projects which Mr. Goschen is to recommend for the Sultan's acceptance is that of forming into a united Jewish colony the districts of Gilead and Moab, which extend to about 600,000 hectares, and are at present inhabited only by a few nomad tribes. The Ottoman Government would retain its suzerain rights over this territory, which was formerly a part of the Promised Land set aside for the tribes of Gad, Reuben and Manasseh, and would receive in return for its concession a number of millions from certain capitalists, who have undertaken that they shall be forthcoming. Sir Moses Montefiore and several other wealthy Israelites favor this plan. The new colony would be subjected to the authority of a prince of Jewish race and religion, and would serve as the nucleus of a second kingdom of Israel.

The Army-worm.

THE army-worm which has been devastating parts of Long Island and New Jersey, is so called because it appears in such large numbers, and because, like others of its species, it moves in columns and follows a leader. It is a caterpillar, the larva of a moth, and is noted for its voracity, as it well may be, since it can eat, it is said, more than double its own weight in twenty-four hours. Although less gluttonous, as a rule, it is more destructive than the locust, from its greater fecundity and wider distribution over the vegetable world. It feeds on leaves, flowers, roots, buds, seeds, even the wool of plants; indeed, it is nearly omnivorous. The worm is asserted to march in regular and exact order; it lives in society, and moves in procession either in single file, or two, three, and four abreast, the line being so perfect in the columns that the head of one is never beyond the head of another in the row. It follows the leader, stopping when the leader stops, making journeys from plant to plant or from tree to tree in quest of food, and returning to its nest in the same order. The worms form ranks, march and halt with the precision of soldiers. When several nests are in the same neighborhood, the going forth and coming back of the creeping battalions at the same hour, commonly called nightfall, is very curious and interesting. Caterpillars include more than 1,000 varieties, there being 700 in New England alone. They all have thirteen segments; the first consisting of jaw and mouth; the second, third and fourth of the thorax of the future insect, and the other segments of the abdomen. Their rapid growth and extraordinary consumption are shown by the common silk worm, which, according to Vincenzo Dandolo's treatise on silk, increases, during the thirty days necessary to its full growth, from one to forty lines in length, and from 1-100 to about 95 grains in weight. In that time, therefore, it increases its weight 9,500 times, and eats 50,000 times its weight of food. In the Northern States there are about 1,000 kinds of butterflies and moths. As each female lays from 200 to 500 eggs, the-e species would produce, on an average, from each single female 300,000 caterpillars in a year. If one-half of these were females, the second generation would be 45,000,000, and the third 6,750,000,000. With such fertility, it is easy to see that the destructive power of caterpillars, particularly of the army-worm, must be prodigious.

NEW BOOKS.

REMINISCENCES OF AN IDLER. By HENRY WIKOFF, author of "My Courtship and its Consequences," "Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist." New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert, 1880.

This book will win many suffrages. It is ably written, and moreover it bears the impress of that open confession which never yet failed to interest, if not to charm. It is full of fine touches of observation and description, while a certain amiability of tone in dealing with the many men and women whom Mr. Wikoff has jostled against, from a stage-coach journey of fifty years ago to a soirée at Lord Brougham's, proves that even in his gossiping he is invariably bon garçon. Mr. Wikoff is an admirable story-teller, his voice is never raised above the ordinary conversational pitch, and he talks to his readers as if he were leaning back in his easy-chair and recalling half a century ago, under the influence of a precious bottle of Clos Vougeot. One listens to his college career, his chat about President Jackson, the American stage of forty years ago, his adventures in Paris, Turin, Pisa, Genoa, Rome, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Sebastopol, Constantinople, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam and a hundred other places, with thorough pleasure. His vivid descriptions of Talleyrand, Soult, Sydney Smith, Thiers, Guizot, the poet Rogers, Count Dorsay, Byron, the Guiccioli and Louis Napoleon, are as so many portraits in pen and ink; while the many startling incidents in his roving career are presented in language as telling as it is powerful. Seldom have we taken up a more thoroughly enjoyable book, or one that we can so confidently recommend to our readers.

FETES & LAURIAT, of Boston, have issued in popular form, with large, clear type, a number of strikingly original and fascinating stories by the famous detective novelist, Emile Gaboriau, including "The Widow Lerouge," "File No. 113," "Monsieur Lecoq," "The Clique of Gold" and "Other People's Money." M. Gaboriau has done the reading public a service in supplying a series of stories that are wonderfully exciting without being cursed with rude sensationalism.

FUN.

THE schoolchildren are opposed to a third term this spring.

JUDGE TO PRISONER—"You hear what the witness says?" "What signifies, *mon juge*, one of the population of thirty-six millions?"

AN ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, oh, Nature!

A HOUSEHOLDER in Troy, in filling up his census schedule, under the column "where born," described one of his children "born in the parlor," and the other "up-stairs."

WHEN you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat, you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER—"Janet, are you never going to leave off that unbecoming old bonnet?" *Aged Pilliger:* "Well, miss, I've wore it for thirty years, and the vicar says I may be took any hour!"

A CONTEMPORARY prints a poem called "Gather Ripe Fruits, Oh, Death!" And that would be best. It is so now that the small boy gathers the fruits before they are ripe, and Oh Death gathers the small boy.

"WHY is it you never go to see old Drinkhard any more?" "Oh, the road home is so abominably long." "It isn't any longer than the road there." "Oh, but it is—the road there is straight, coming home it is crookeder'n a ram's horn."

A YOUNG wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, for his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

A WORTHY banker has separated from his wife who is recklessly extravagant. Presently he falls ill and she sends to inquire after his health. The maid is ushered into the dying man's chamber and begins her message: "My mistress has sent me to ask"——"For how much?" says the dying man with a sigh.

A LITTLE boy in a Sunday-school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born of each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively. At the proper interval he mildly inquired: "What would God have done if there had been twins."

LITTLE MARY had listened attentively to the exhortations of the revivalist. "And is it true, mamma," she asked after getting home, "that I can't go to heaven unless I am born again?" "Yes, darling: you must be born again, as the good man said," replied her mother. Mary looked thoughtful, but said nothing for some minutes. Finally, drawing a long sigh, and with resignation pictured on her face, she said, "I am afraid I can't go to heaven." "Why, what do you mean?" "I was thinking, mamma, that I shouldn't want to be a baby again, to be tossed up till I was all out of breath, as little Tommy is by every lady that comes into the house, you know."

FALSE REASONING.

SUPPOSE a machine should fail to perform its work, and the owner, instead of trying to ascertain the cause of failure and remedy it, should conclude to run right along, and argue that as the machine had heretofore come around all right it would soon be so again. If a general and permanent breakdown ensues, could anybody be blamed but himself? Now, precisely this way do people act and argue when the "human machine" is out of order. When the liver is torpid and bowels constipated, every one knows that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets afford prompt and permanent relief. Yet some *guess* the "machine" will come around all right, and do nothing. Could any system of false reasoning be more pernicious? Suppose the blood be out of order, and there be pimples, ulcers or running sores, with scrofulous tumors, swellings and general debility, and those thus affected should refuse to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, *guessing* that the blood would purify itself, could anybody be blamed but themselves if a general and permanent break-down of health ensued? No remedy yet known equals the Discovery in curing all scrofulous, throat, bronchial and lung diseases. Sold by druggists.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

HAVING used it very considerably, I can testify to its great value in functional derangements of the secretory and nervous systems.

BUTLAND, VT. CHAS. WOODHOUSE, M.D.

SUMMER time brings Summer accidents. Keep an Accident Policy in THE TRAVELERS.

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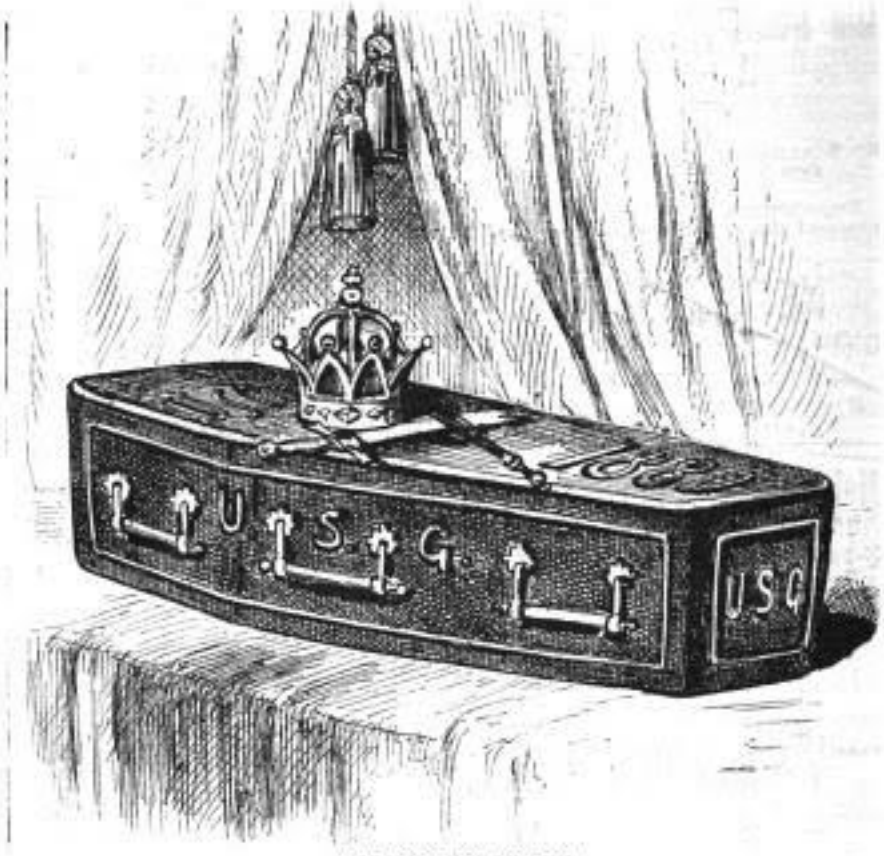
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OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.—THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.
MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U.S.A., AND HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA.
From Photographs by Gutekunst and Judkins.—See Page 318.

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THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

THE Democratic Party, in the nomination of General Hancock for President, has abandoned the one paramount issue upon which for nearly four years it has rallied its supporters in every State of the Union. Of that issue Mr. Tilden has been the absolute embodiment, and a profound conviction has pervaded the masses of his party that the wrong believed to have been done to him and it in the seating of President Hayes ought to be righted by his renomination and election. That conviction, reinforcing the popular appreciation of Mr. Tilden's ability and experience as a publicist, would have given an immense impetus to the Democratic canvass, and in all probability would have placed the party success beyond a peradventure. There is in the American mind a pronounced abhorrence of injustice and an honest, controlling love of fair play; and this sentiment, once definitely appealed to and fully aroused, is practically invincible, no matter by what or whom antagonized.

General Hancock, to whom the leadership of the Democracy of the Union has been intrusted, is in all respects a worthy type of the best American character. His patriotism is unquestioned, his ability beyond dispute. The one has been tried in the crucial tests of internecine war, while the other has been illustrated in the loftiest spheres of public duty. In point of integrity and purity of character, he is the peer of any man named before the Convention which made him the party standard-bearer. It is true that he has had little experience in civil life, and is unfamiliar with the responsibilities of civic administration. He would not bring to the discharge of the duties of the Executive office that thorough and practical knowledge of purely civil affairs which is possessed by General Garfield; but if elected, there can be no question that he would perform these duties conscientiously and with reference to the highest welfare of the people. While a soldier by education and profession, it is to be remembered that General Hancock has always, so far as he could do so consistently with the public interests, subordinated the military to the civil authority, holding that the rights of the citizen should never be invaded by sumptuary processes unless the highest considerations of public safety demanded the suspension of ordinary and constitutional prerogatives. While in command in the South during the critical period of reconstruction, General Hancock displayed a moderation and magnanimity which elicited the warmest approval of all right-thinking citizens. Probably his influence while commanding the Department of Louisiana contributed as largely as that of any man in public life to recall the country to a proper appreciation of the principles of constitutional government, then so seriously menaced by the irresponsible administrations of the Southern States. The support that he received in the Cincinnati Convention from the section whose armed attempt against the Union he so bravely resisted not only shows that his integrity of purpose as a soldier, while thus in command with really absolute powers, is appreciated, but affords a ground of positive hope for the future in the proof which it gives of the abatement of resentments once as bitter and as strong as death. When Confederates urge the nomination and give their support to a Union General as a candidate for the highest office in the land, we may conclude that "the bloody chasm" is, indeed, pretty effectually closed.

There is, it is true, something inconsistent in the nomination, by the Democracy, of a soldier for the Presidency. That party has for ten years or more vehemently opposed the selection of military Presidents as contrary to sound policy and as dangerous to the liberties of the people. To set up in business now as a soldier's party is, on the face of it, an abandonment of a cardinal tenet of the party faith. But the logic of events is stronger than the prejudices of partisans, and the Democracy shows a higher wisdom in confessing that it has given an exaggerated importance to an idea possibly right in itself, than in adhering stolidly to a fictitious issue, and so endangering the advantages offered by a great historic opportunity.

Upon one question of conspicuous concern, that of the finances, General Hancock's position, owing probably to his careful abstinence from political controversies, is not defined with the clearness which will be necessary to secure for him the support of the great financial interests of the country. So, too, his opinions about the tariff, Civil Service reform, State sovereignty, are unknown. But his views on these questions will, no doubt, be definitely stated in his letter of acceptance, and it is only fair that he shall have full opportunity to satisfy the public anxiety as to these and all cognate matters.

One thing, at least, is assured by General Hancock's nomination. It gives the leadership, in both parties, to the more conservative elements, and secures a cleanly, decent canvass, in which there will be no excuse for the brutalities which have only too often characterized our campaigns. That will be a gain of vast significance and value in its relations to the politics of the present and the future. That is the safest administration, always and everywhere, which is based upon character, ability and conscientiousness, and a contest which assures the triumph of these qualities, and the incarnation of these elements in the governmental policy, can have in it nothing to appeal to prejudice or passion—nothing to excite alarm or anxiety in the mind of the most sensitive or timid.

COMMERCIAL CO-OPERATION.

THE masses of the American people earn their bread, as scripturally enjoined to do, by the sweat of the brow. As the country has grown, and competition has been sharpened, the difficulties of obtaining an equitable share of the comforts and necessities of life have been increased to the many. Wealth in an organized capacity, and with a greed natural to riches, steps in to grasp the lion's share of whatever labor produces. Everywhere it resists wholesome regulation, evades its just share of the public burdens, multiplies its profits by fictitious representations of expenditure, and sacrifices the claims of labor to the increase of dividends. Great corporations and manufacturing establishments too often treat men, with their wants and feelings, with the same consideration that they bestow upon raw material and machinery.

The tendency of all this is to create unrest in the country, to provoke a struggle which from time to time brings disastrous consequences to individuals and communities. The great railroad strike which occurred in 1877 cost the country, in its several interests, not less than ninety millions of dollars; and this, perhaps, is a low estimate. To labor, the result of a strike is simply disastrous. If workingmen should now come to the belief that a strike for the next three months would end in securing an advance of twenty per cent. on their wages, the whole body of labor would be ready to co-operate. But here comes in this important fact: They would be obliged to work nearly one year before the increase could make good the amount of money lost during the continuance of the strike.

Angry contention now, and revolution and bloodshed in the future, will not bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth. The solution of that question must come through peaceful methods and practical means. Those who seek to improve their condition must respect the invested rights of property, for it is only by the enforcement of those rights that they hold the little wealth they now have, or may expect to gain in the future.

Capital alone is incompetent to the production of wealth. To be of use, it requires the assistance of both labor and consumption. To carry on wealth-producing operations there must necessarily be an investment of capital, the employment of labor, and the demand of a consumer. Each needs the assistance of the other, and each is entitled to an equitable share of the profit arising from the transactions in which they have mutual interests.

Commercial co-operation offers itself as an agent to secure even-handed justice. It says to capitalists, You shall have employment and receive a stipulated price for the use of your wealth; to laborers, You shall have work and be paid an agreed-upon price for your services, whether rendered by the strength of muscle or intelligence; to consumers, You shall have all articles or goods at market price and without misrepresentation. If there be a profit after capital has received its wages—interest dividend—and labor has been paid as agreed, it shall be fairly divided between the three—capital, labor and custom. It is the policy of commercial co-operation that all parties assisting in production shall participate in the distribution of profits they have jointly helped to create. In this it does no injustice to individuals or communities.

Commercial co-operation is no untried experiment. Pioneered by the Englishmen of Rochdale, it has, in that country, for the past forty years, been engaged in solving the vital problem of the age. The Rochdale store, on the co-operative plan, was opened in 1844 with a capital of only $33.97. The purchases for two weeks from the opening amounted to $123.64. This was, to be sure, an humble beginning. But mark the growth of the enterprise in the course of twenty-two years:

	Weekly Sales, 1844.	*Weekly Sales, 1866.*
Butter	60 lbs.	220 firkins, or 15,400 lbs.
Sugar	40 lbs.	170 cwts., or 19,040 lbs.
Flour	2 sacks	468 sacks
Soap	56 lbs.	2 tons, 13 cwt., or 5,936 lbs.

The weekly receipts during the first fortnight of the society's operations did not average $50. In 1866 the average weekly sales amounted to $24,110, and the total for the year to $1,253,720.

Unheralded by pomp or show, unsupported by titled names or by men of commercial or social distinction, co-operation has gone far towards effecting radical changes in the condition of England's working classes. That a just idea may be formed of the magnitude to which commercial co-operation has attained in England, we call attention to the following return made to Parliament in 1879:

Number of societies in operation	1,381
Number of members	851,364
Funds invested, share capital	$27,439,790
Funds invested, loan capital	5,366,325
Total investment	$32,806,115
Total sales, wholesale and retail	$106,870,663
Total profits	$9,333,555
Total retail distribution, sales	$77,845,280
Total retail distribution, profits	$8,480,533

The per centage of profit on the amount invested in the wholesale and retail business equaled twenty-eight per cent., and these profits have gone to the benefit of workingmen and their families.

The workingmen of this country are no less intelligent or energetic than those of England. Both have wrongs to right and grievances to redress; but while the former hope to find relief through some sort of political machinery or governmental action, the latter, with a firm reliance on their own efforts, are attaining to a higher and better condition. Just what co-operation is doing for the operatives of England it is capable of doing for the workingmen of the United States. We commend the system to the earnest consideration of the more intelligent and thoughtful among our industrial classes.

THE CANDIDATES FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE tendency of our politics in recent years has been to belittle the office of Vice-President. The standards of capacity by which nominees for that office are measured have been steadily lowered until now the politicians hold anybody who can control votes to be "good enough for Vice-President." There could be no more grievous mistake. The office is, in point of fact, one of vast importance. The incumbent is liable at any moment, in the hazards of human life, to be called to the Chief Magistracy, and he should be equipped in the largest sense for that possible exigency. Under the present method of counting the Electoral vote, he exercises an authority and influence as to the determination of the Presidential issue which are practically absolute. In an evenly balanced Senate, his vote may finally decide questions affecting the interests of millions of people. Surely, no man without experience in affairs, or destitute of capacity to grapple with the broadest and weightiest issues, should occupy a place at once so dignified and so important.

Of the candidates now in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. English, the Democratic nominee, is unquestionably the more worthy of support. He has ability, experience and marked independence of character; he is without unsavory partisan entanglements, and he is more truly abreast of the dominant opinions of the country than the great majority of the Democratic leaders. When during his Congressional career he was called to face the question of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which did not prohibit slavery, he courageously opposed the policy of his party, and finally, by his resolution, secured the passage of a Bill under which the people of the Territory, to whom the whole subject was referred, voted to assure its broad acres to freedom for ever. During the recent war, Mr. English was thoroughly loyal to the Union, and it may be said, comprehensively, that his public career has been in every way honorable, exhibiting throughout high statesmanlike qualities.

It will not be pretended by the most pronounced partisan that Mr. Arthur, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, has any claim to public support based on considerations of peculiar fitness, experience or sympathy with the higher politics of the time. He is, undoubtedly, a gentleman of capacity and integrity of character, but he represents influences which have debauched our political life and is, admittedly, the candidate of "a machine" which has nothing whatever to recommend it. Personally, we believe him to be a better man than he is considered to be in the general conception of him, but he certainly would not bring to the office for which he is named either that acquaintance with affairs or that freedom from questionable alliances which must be regarded as essential to a proper discharge of its duties. To transfer the methods of the New York "machine" to the theatre of the national Senate, would be to invite the derision of all intelligent observers everywhere, and the country cannot afford thus to confess to a degeneracy of character which does not really exist.

We speak on this subject, as on all others of a political nature, from a purely non-partisan standpoint, and with no other motive than a desire to see the Vice-Presidential office restored, in the popular appreciation, to the high place which it should legitimately occupy. Let us elevate rather than degrade it, increase rather than diminish its dignities, making qualifications and character the controlling considerations in determining all our action concerning it.

OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

WHEN the people of a great city like New York adopt the happy-go-lucky plan in the conduct of their affairs, they must not be surprised if the experiment turns out badly. It never yet turned out well. It is of a piece with the folly of the man who brags of his contempt for the laws of health. Yet it seems a hopeless task to wake up the men who have a stake in this city to any adequate sense of the risks they are running and the calamities they are inviting. In vain the newspapers warn and exhort and scold; vainly a public-spirited citizen here and there lifts up his voice in the streets. Like Wisdom, he cries, and no man regards him. New Yorkers of intelligence and influence, of property and standing in the community, are too busy, apparently, too much absorbed in their private affairs, to have any time to spare for the affairs of the public, for looking after the common welfare and the common safety.

Take a single matter of vital importance—the preservation of the harbor. What does not New York owe to this harbor? What would she be without it? To it she is indebted for her position as the commercial capital of the Union, and one of the great trading cities of the world. Its hurt is her hurt; its destruction would be her destruction. For years, under the happy-go-lucky plan, ignorance and recklessness have been at work upon this harbor. The refuse of the city has been dumped into it, or just outside of it, to be washed in by the next flood tide. Shoals are found now where once was deep water. Year after year this work of destruction and ruin has been going on. How many New Yorkers, of the class we are referring to, have done anything towards stopping it? How many have given more than a passing thought to it?

Take another matter—our seaside resorts. New York is fortunate in having several fine ocean beaches almost at her doors. Millions of dollars have been invested in them. Some of the largest hotels in the world line them. If they are properly cared for—if due regard is had to sanitary laws—they will give pleasure and health to millions of people yet unborn. But if sewerage is neglected, if the filth of the city is dumped where it will drift in upon the beaches, if the excursion steamboats have to go on running the gantlet of the pestiferous stenches of Barren Island, which poison the air for miles around, the prosperity of these resorts will be as brief as it is phenomenal.

Take a more important matter—the condition of the streets, especially in those sections the city where the population is densest. If any New Yorker does not know what this condition is, let him take a walk through the heart of the East side. So many years have passed now since the pestilence was here that it has become to most of us as unreal as an ugly dream. But what assurance have we that this immunity will last? Even during this respite, rich New York is paying dearer than it has any notion of for its neglect of poor New York. The night-winds are no respecters of persons. They gather up the poisons that reek and seethe in these uncared-for tenement-house streets, and carry them far—as far as Murray Hill, as far as the furthest stately mansion on Fifth Avenue. Yet

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Summer follows Summer, and the streets are not cleaned, and New York grumbles and does nothing!

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

ALTHOUGH almost ten years have passed since the crimes committed by the French Commune brought down the general denunciation of mankind, there are many persons who still believe that those engaged in it should not be amnestied. Even since that time the French Ministry has always been opposed to a complete amnesty, and M. Gambetta, who is in many ways the foremost man in France, was strongly against it. The rapid spread of radical opinions in France has now made these statesmen change their views, and the Chamber of Deputies has granted a full pardon to all the persons engaged in the Commune. Gambetta, in a speech of wonderful power, supported the side of the Communists, and it must have been a bitter pill for the great orator to be obliged to take up the cause so long identified with his rival Clémenceau, and to vote for the return of such a man as Rochefort. The principal immediate cause of the granting of the amnesty is the growing political sagacity which the extreme Radicals have shown. At Lyons, Blanqui received a plurality of votes but not a sufficient majority to return him. He was opposed by two other candidates, one an Ultra-radical, the other a radical Opportunist, supported by Gambetta and the Government. When it appeared that Blanqui could not beat these two candidates, they were withdrawn, and Ballue was nominated and elected. Ballue is the President of the Lyons Municipal Council, a body rivaling the similar councils of Paris and Marseilles in the intensity of the socialistic sentiments of its members. The new deputy is as irreconcilable a Radical as Blanqui himself, but he is a believer in diplomacy instead of barricades. His election at once opened the eyes of the Government to the advanced political sagacity of their opponents, and the plenary amnesty has been the outcome of the election at Lyons.

Another reason why the granting of the amnesty was hurried forward was to enable the exiled Communists to be in Paris upon the 14th of July—the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille—which day has been made a national holiday. Upon that day a political oath is to be imposed upon the whole army, and flags will be distributed. The choice of the day for the military performance is criticised as a particularly unfortunate one. The part which the army took upon that day was certainly not that of freedom, as the massacre of Sombreuil and his soldiers proves. These, no matter what we may think of the cause they defended, at least died in the performance of their duty. The distribution of flags on a national holiday seems to be in even worse taste. While France is recruiting her forces after the terrible disasters which befell her arms in the Franco-Prussian war, it would have been wise to have avoided all mention of the flags which were so gallantly carried through the Crimea, Italy and Algeria. Those flags are now in Berlin, and the presentation of new colors upon the first national holiday can do nothing but stir up unpleasant memories of the past and make July 14th a day of sorrow and fasting rather than a holiday.

In England the Bradlaugh case, as elsewhere shown, still continues to excite great interest. It is not as yet certain what course Mr. Bradlaugh will pursue, but there is little chance of his retiring quietly from the field. Meantime, Mr. Gladstone has injured himself by the vacillation of his conduct and by the lukewarm support which he gave Mr. Bradlaugh. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Opposition, was obliged to take the initiative and to ask the House to deal with the case. This was properly Mr. Gladstone's duty as Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons, and his failure to act decisively is very severely commented upon.

The scandalous Tichborne case has been raked up once more. It will be remembered that a butcher named Arthur Orton came to England and represented himself as Roger Tichborne, the heir to the great Tichborne estates, who was supposed to have been lost at sea many years before. This person began a lawsuit in which he laid claim to the estates, and after a trial, which for duration and exciting incidents has never been equaled, a verdict was given against him. The claimant's perjury was so flagrant that the judge who presided ordered him to be tried on the criminal charge of perjury. There were three separate charges of perjury in the indictment, and he was found guilty upon them all. The Chief Justice of England, before whom the trial took place, sentenced him to two consecutive terms of imprisonment of seven years—one for each of two of the charges. The first seven years has now expired, and an attempt has been made to show that it is illegal to sentence a man twice for what was absolutely the same offense. On the other hand, it was pointed out that the two charges referred to two entirely different things, and that because a man has been punished once for perjury he has not a consequent right to commit perjury for the remainder of his days. The Court of Appeals, on June 26th, gave judgment denying the application of the claimant to have the two sentences passed upon him made concurrent instead of consecutive.

The Jesuits who have been expelled from France are seeking homes in other countries. Many of them have gone to Spain, and King Alfonso has issued a circular to the governors of different provinces ordering them to prevent any Jesuits expelled from France from establishing colleges or houses near the French frontier. In the other provinces the Government reserves to itself the right to inquire into their claims and to authorize them to establish themselves if everything is satisfactory. The crusade against religion in France is by no means over, and Monseigneur Freppel, who has just been elected a Deputy from Brest, is exactly the kind of man to stir up more trouble. He is one of the most combative members of the Church Militant, and his presence in an Assembly where there is an overwhelmingly Republican majority will probably lead to anything rather than to inspire moderation among the enemies of the Church.

THE tide of immigration continues to pour in with unabated volume. In one day last week, 2,715 immigrants landed at this port, the majority being Germans, Swedes and Scandinavians.

NOW THAT both political parties have pledged themselves to maintain "a free ballot in every part of the United States" may we expect that rifle-clubs shot guns, etc., will no longer be employed as electioneering arguments in the South, and that factory operatives in Massachusetts will be permitted to vote as they please and not as their employers command?

THE census returns for this city, now complete as to a few small districts, place the total population at 1,207,215. This is a gain in ten years of 264,973, and of 691,668 since 1850. In other words, the population of the metropolis has doubled within thirty years. The population of Brooklyn is stated at 560,000, a gain of 78,000 since 1875. Counting the population of all our suburbs, it may fairly be said that our metropolitan supremacy is in no danger whatever of successful rivalry.

JULES VERNE'S "Around the World in Eighty Days" has been outdone by Mr. Ismay, of the White Star Line, who, leaving Liverpool March 13th, reached this city by way of Egypt, India, China and Japan on June 19th, having traveled 22,320 miles in sixty-six days, exclusive of stoppages at different points. After allowing for nine days' passage to Liverpool, the total time required for the trip around the world would be seventy-five days, or five days less than the time required by the traveler in Verne's story.

THE Democratic platform declares for "honest money, consisting of gold and silver and paper, convertible to coin on demand." Down in Maine, where the party has surrendered to the Greenbackers, this declaration will scarcely awaken a very cordial response. The truth is that, on the financial question, the Democratic Party occupies a position which, so long as the votes of its Representatives in Congress contravene its declarations, must repel the sympathy of the real friends of a sound financial policy.

FEDERAL office-holders in this city are already being assessed for campaign purposes by the Republican Congressional Committee. The rate of contribution demanded is two per cent. on the salaries of officials. The circulars issued by the committee say that it is "authorized to state that such voluntary contribution from persons employed in the service of the United States will not be objected to in any official quarter." This probably means that the President and heads of departments have made up their minds to ignore all Civil Service promises and regulations in order to "save the party."

THE steamer *Gulnare*, which is to convey the Howgate expedition party to the Polar regions, sailed from Washington, June 21st. She will touch at Halifax and St. Johns, and then proceed directly to Greenland. After landing the permanent colony on Lady Franklin Bay, the steamer will return to the United States and be loaded with supplies and such other articles as may be needed, and will then sail again for the Bay with another land party to take the place of the one now sent out, which will explore the interior of the Arctic country. An abundance of dogs and sleighs have been provided, together with experienced guides, who will be employed in the advance towards the Pole.

THE Cobden Club of London has undertaken to enlighten American farmers as to the evils of the protective system. To this end the Club is publishing pamphlets for distribution throughout the West in which the advantages of free trade are set forth in glowing terms. In one of these pamphlets, the writer estimates that the farmers of the great Central and Western States expend annually $1,400,000,000 in manufactured goods; and these our British cousins would, of course, be only too happy to supply. We suspect that it is not so much solicitude for the American farmer as anxiety to build up British manufactures that impels the Cobden Club to engage in the distribution of its pamphlets on this side of the water.

THE United States Minister at Madrid has been instructed to make an energetic protest against the conduct of the Spanish gunboats and revenue cutters in Spanish waters in molesting and otherwise interfering with American vessels. The case of the *Ellen Merrill*, referred to by us last week, is not the first instance in which foreign ships have been fired into, chased and stopped by Spanish war cruisers even outside the waters over which Spain has jurisdiction. Within a period of less than eighteen months Spain has had to pay $10,000 for a similar aggression on an English steamer, $23,000 for aggressions on German vessels, and one heavy fine for having stopped an American ship. It has now been determined by the Governments of the United States, Great Britain and Germany that these repeated aggressions by the Spanish cruisers shall come to an end, and it is said that those Powers will, in the event of a repetition of the outrages, insist not only on the payment of damages, but also on the punishment of the Spanish officers by whom the offenses may be committed.

THERE are a good many people who believe that the Grant managers are not particularly solicitous for the success of General Garfield in the coming canvass. It is said, indeed, that Senator Cameron may consent to serve as Chairman of the National Republican Committee; but he may do so rather to retain his hold upon the "machine" than from a desire to promote the fortunes of the party candidates. Garfield's defeat would enable the "triumvirate" to exclaim: "We told you so; if you had rallied on Grant, we could have won"; and this would prove a perfect solace for all the woes suffered at Chicago. Conkling, Logan and Cameron still believe in Grant for 1884, and any disaster that would reconcile the party to his nomination then would be welcome to them.

MANY of the excursion boats running to the seaside resorts within reach of the city are utterly unfit for the service in which they are employed. Some of them are old and are run in utter violation of the laws of safety. Inquiry by a *World* reporter seems to establish the fact that when a boat has grown too old and unseaworthy to be employed in any regular service, she is turned into an excursion boat. Many of the steamers now advertised for excursion boats are running without having obtained the permit required by law from the United States Inspector of Steamboats, and none of them ever pretends to comply with the State laws in all respects. One of these days there will be a wholesale disaster on one of these overloaded and dilapidated "rattle-traps," and then the authorities will wake up for a time and demand that the laws shall be complied with, only to lapse again into indifference when the public excitement has subsided. Individual citizens can do a good deal to compel obedience to the requirements of law by prosecuting the owners and managers of steamers which habitually disregard them, and disagreeable as the work may be, it should be taken up and carried forward in the interests of public safety now so generally endangered.

THE Cincinnati Convention snuffed out a good many burning ambitions. The most conspicuous victim was, perhaps, Senator Thurman, whose public career may now be considered at an end. The fate of this distinguished gentleman is certainly lamentable. One of the ablest men of his party, and representing its best impulses as to every question except one, he has gone into eclipse because, as to that one issue of supreme importance, he permitted his ambition to lead him astray, and sacrifice both his own record and the traditional principles of the party faith. Had Mr. Thurman vigorously resisted the financial craze which for a time swept over the country, menacing every great public interest, he would stand to-day among our foremost and most influential statesmen, and, even in retirement, would be remembered with gratitude and profound respect. But he subordinated principle to expediency, and he is to-day, with all his commanding intellectual ability and his admitted personal purity, a completely baffled and disappointed man. That a career which promised such grand results should have this termination is pitiable indeed.

THE survey of the proposed ship canal across the Florida peninsula has just been completed by General Gilmore and his corps of engineers. The official report estimates the cost of the work at $50,000,000, and says that, with the canal dues fixed at twenty-eight cents per ton of registered tonnage, the tolls on a little more than two-thirds of the amount of tonnage which passed through the Straits of Florida during the last fiscal year would enable the canal to pay its current expenses. It is added, however, that in order to pay, besides five per cent. interest on the construction capital, four times the tonnage of last year must pass through the canal. It is very doubtful whether, under the most favorable circumstances, the canal tonnage can be thus quadrupled, and at any rate it is quite safe to conclude that the Government cannot afford at this time to invest $50,000,000 of the people's money in any such enterprise as is here proposed.

THE recent Commencement exercises at Princeton College were saddened by the fact of the death of six students, and the sickness of fifteen others from malarial fever, arising from the defective drainage of the college buildings. Friends of the institution, however, will be gratified to learn that efficient measures have been taken to remove the causes of disease, and that by the opening of the Autumn term all the buildings will be placed in a perfectly healthy condition. The finances of the college are reported to be on a sound basis. During the past year gifts have been received amounting to $200,000, and there is no debt. A new telescope has been ordered at a cost of $30,000. Plans have been prepared for a new chapel, the gift of Mr. Henry Marquand, and work is to be begun upon it immediately. Anglo-Saxon has been added to the curriculum, and new courses for past graduates will be established. The influence which Princeton has exerted upon the thought and culture of the country has been very great, and the fact that its future promises to be no less brilliant than its past is full of encouragement for all who understand the intimate relation between the highest education and the development of the best forms of national life.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

TWENTY-FIVE buildings at Kendall, Pa., were destroyed by fire on June 25th.

THE army-worm has appeared in some parts of of New York and New Hampshire.

THE wheat crop now being harvested in Ohio will, without doubt, be the largest one ever raised in the State.

THE census makes the population of Boston about 352,000. In 1870 that of the same territory was 295,599.

THE ship *Constellation*, which carried American bounty to Ireland, arrived at this port June 25th, from Queenstown.

PRESIDENT HAYES attended the Commencement exercises at Kenyon College, Ohio, on June 23d, and made a brief address.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Christian Brothers was celebrated in Baltimore on June 24th.

THE combined anthracite coal interests have decided to continue the present plan of working three days alternately in each week during July.

THE Republicans of the Second Maine District have nominated W. P. Frye for Congress, and those of the Fourth have nominated Captain C. A. Boutelle.

THE Greenback-Labor Party of Vermont has nominated M. O. Heath for Governor. In Texas the Greenback candidate for Governor is W. H. Hammon.

OUR Consul-General at Shanghai reports that an American manufacturing company has met with remarkable success in the introduction of clocks into China.

THE Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New York reports that he has already taken steps to ascertain whether the inspections of the *Narragansett* were properly made by the local board.

THE report of the West Point examinations recommends the dismissal of Whittaker. It has not yet been acted on at Washington. Whittaker may be granted a court-martial on the subject of his mutilation.

NEARLY 600 passengers for Europe sailed from this port on Saturday last. Among them was Receiver Jewett, of the Erie Railway, and family. The tide of European travel has scarcely ever been greater than now.

THE Mexican authorities declined to sanction the request of the United States that General Hatch be permitted to follow Victoria's band of hostile Apaches across the border into Mexico, where they have taken refuge.

GOVERNOR DAVIS has been nominated for re-election by the Republicans of Maine. In Vermont the Republicans have nominated Colonel Roswell Farnham for Governor, and John L. Barstow for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE Democracy in all parts of the country manifest great enthusiasm over the nomination of General Hancock, and have overwhelmed him with congratulations. Ratification meetings have already been held in several cities.

OUR Minister at Vienna reports that the large and increasing emigration among the Hungarians is attracting public attention, and that the advisability of checking it by granting public lands in Hungary to the destitute is under discussion.

THE Grand Jury of this city has indicted Henry J. Dudley, Superintendent of the Department of Public Buildings, for alleged persistent violation of the laws of the State in allowing buildings to be erected in such a manner as to endanger the lives of the citizens.

THE steamboat *City of New York*, of the Alexandre line, between New York and Mexico, took fire on June 23d at Roberts's wharves, Brooklyn, and was towed into the stream, where she and what cargo she had on board were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

AT an Emigration Convention held in Iowa last week it was shown that there are hundreds of thousands of acres of choice lands still open to settlement which may be had at $3 to $10 an acre, and that the immigration of thrifty settlers to Northwestern Iowa was never so large as now.

Foreign.

THE Spanish Cortes was prorogued April 22d.

THE Burial Bill has passed the British House of Lords.

M. BILLE has been appointed Danish Minister to the United States.

THE American colony in Paris will celebrate the Fourth of July as usual.

THE murderer of Hon. George Brown, at Toronto, has been sentenced to death.

THE Spanish Council of State has adopted a Bill forbidding the corporal punishment of negroes in Cuba.

HENRI ROCHEFORT will establish a radical newspaper in Paris if the amnesty proposition shall prevail in the Senate.

REPORTS from Ireland assert that eight months of severe distress remain to be faced, and that contributions have greatly fallen off.

THE triumph of the Italian Clericals in the late municipal elections was overwhelming and was due to a coalition with the Conservatives.

ADVICES have been received at the Department of State that the Egyptian obelisk is expected to reach New York about the 15th of July.

THE news from Buenos Ayres is that the Federals won a victory on June 22d, but were repulsed in an attempt to enter the city on the 24th.

THE Supplementary Berlin Conference has practically concluded its labors by adopting a new frontier line for Greece, which the Powers will require Turkey to carry into effect.

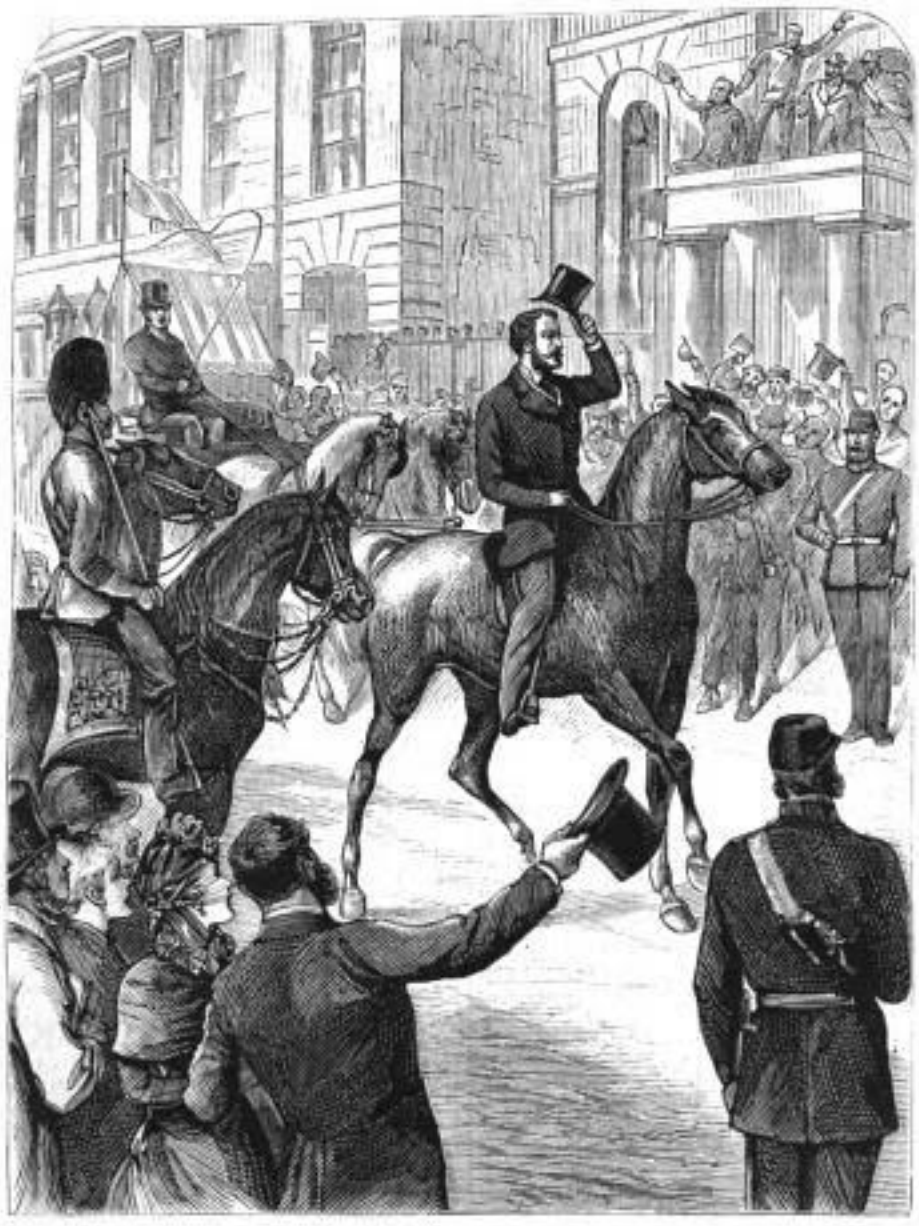
FRESH labor troubles are imminent in the north and northwest Lancashire districts of England, where a promised advance of five per cent. in the wages of the operatives is insisted upon.

THE House of Lords has rejected by 101 to 90 the Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The House of Commons has passed the Bill for closing public houses on Sunday in England and Wales.

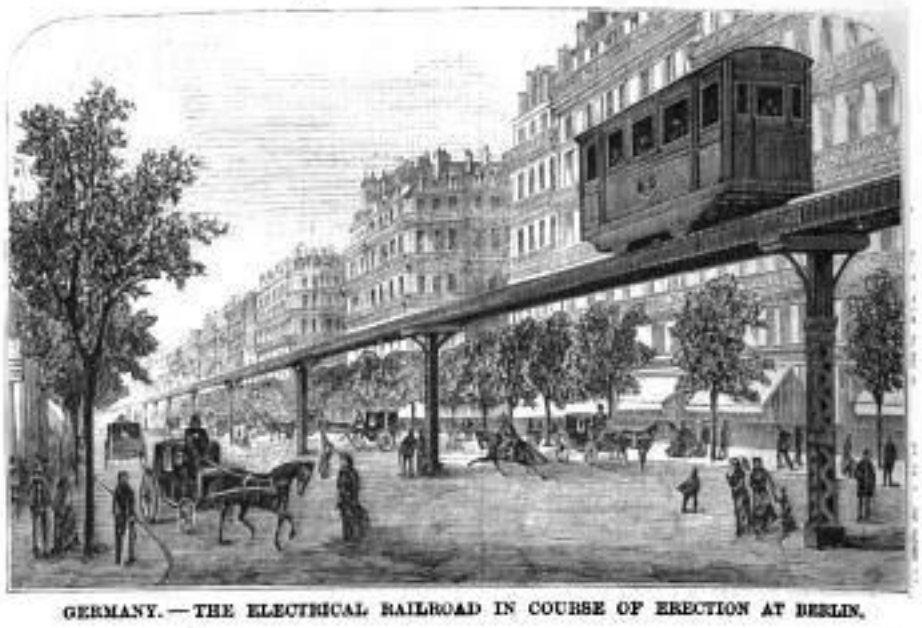
IT is believed that Gambetta's action on the amnesty question will hasten a general election in France. All the judicial officers of the court of Versailles have resigned to avoid carrying into effect the decree concerning religious societies.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 319.



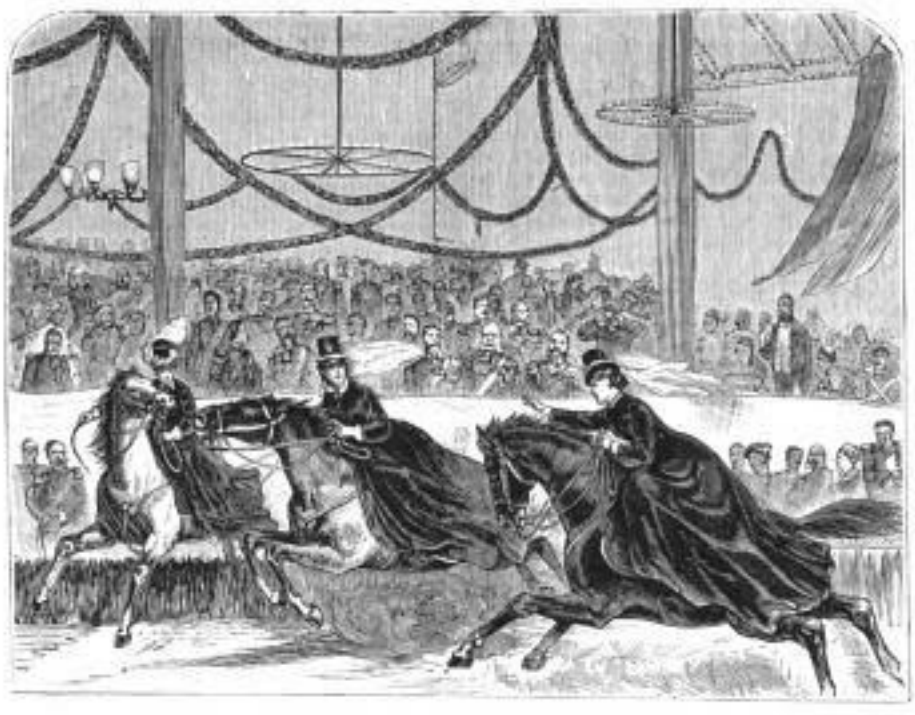
IRELAND.—FORMAL ENTRY OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT INTO DUBLIN.



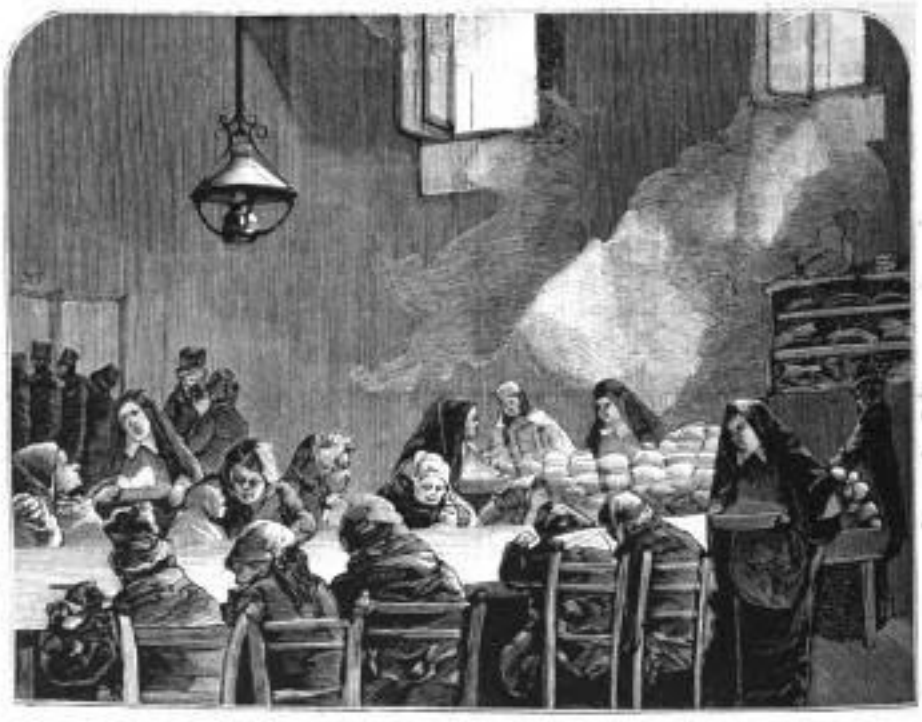
GERMANY.—THE ELECTRICAL RAILROAD IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT BERLIN.



ENGLAND.—OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS, LONDON.



GERMANY.—A CHASE FOR A KNOT BEFORE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.



ITALY.—FEEDING THE POOR IN THE SAN LORENZO DISTRICT, NAPLES.

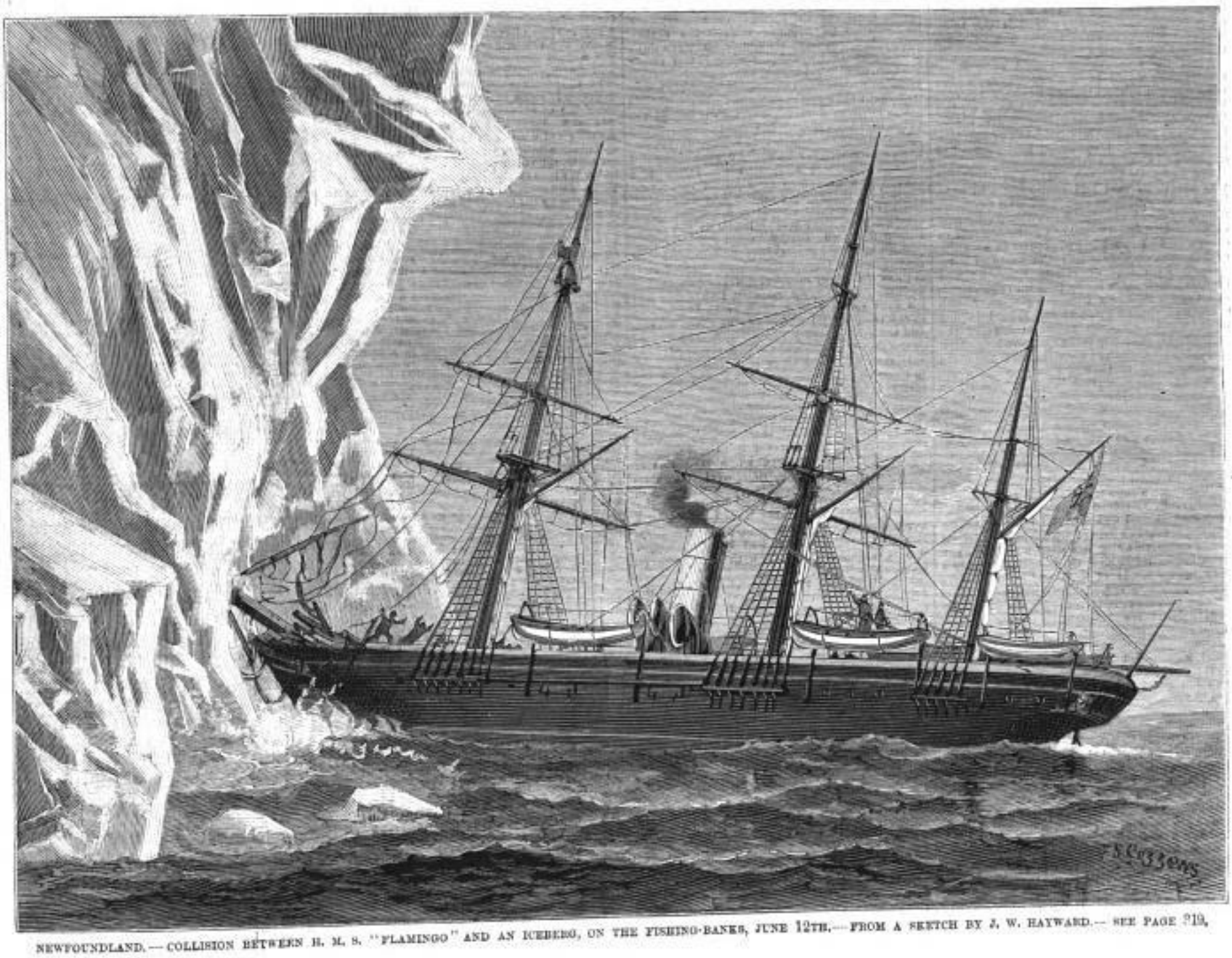


BELGIUM.—THE JUBILEE OF INDEPENDENCE—THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT BRUSSELS.

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RHODE ISLAND.—THE CHILDREN'S NEW DIVERTISEMENT—PAYING HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN IN A PRIVATE GARDEN AT NEWPORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMATEUR ARTIST.
SEE PAGE 319.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—COLLISION BETWEEN H. M. S. "FLAMINGO" AND AN ICEBERG, ON THE FISHING-BANKS, JUNE 12TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD.—SEE PAGE 319.

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ONLY FRIENDS.

"I TELL you, Rita, this is nothing more nor less than a flirtation!"

It was a very decided voice that gave utterance to this sweeping assertion, and the lady who possessed it was one of those bright, up-and-down girls, essentially American, who, having an immensity of "go" in them, have nevertheless hearts in the right places; but for once it would seem that she had allowed sincerity to push discretion to its limits, for a flush of anger came into the clear white cheeks of her companion, and a steely gleam of indignation flashed into the generous blue eyes confronting her as their owner answered:

"You should be well assured of your position to bring such an accusation against me, Annah!"

"There is not the slightest occasion to put yourself in a rage, Rita. You have all our lives given the freest expression of your opinions in the matter of such 'goings on' of mine as did not quite suit your exalted ideas of propriety, and I have every right to hold my tongue and be happy when, for once in a way, I see you stepping a trifle down from your immaculate position in imitation of the prevailing fashion of this naughty world. But, Rita, I know you in and out too well to believe you capable of coming comfortably through an 'affair' as another woman would. Your ideal views of men and things are sure to bring you to grief when you undertake to put them into effect in real life, and—and—well, the truth is, I cannot afford to lose faith in everything, nor am I so shallow a friend as to be able to look calmly on and see you play with a fire that I know will end in burning you!"

This was a long and a surprisingly serious speech for impulsive, volatile Annah Clare, and before it was finished something like tears trembled in the eyes of both speaker and listener. All resentment had faded out of the face of Rita Anstice, but there was a shadow of nervous impatience disturbing her voice when after a moment she spoke.

"I do not think you quite comprehend, Annah, that my relations with Ernest Forsyth hold nothing that you could condemn. We are simply and only the most congenial and best of friends, and it is absurd that you who know me so well should imagine anything else possible."

"If you for a moment believe that I think you capable of willfully trifling with your own honor or Ernest Forsyth's happiness, you do me a wrong. You are a much wiser woman than I, Rita, but for once I think my practical knowledge of life more to be relied upon than your beliefs. Depend upon it, there is no such thing as friendship between a man and woman unless youth has passed for one or the other, and you will come to my way of thinking when some morning you awaken to find that society has transformed your tame cat into a lover!"

"Annah!"

"Rita! You are shocked and indignant at the idea, and, perhaps, I have wounded you to no purpose—needlessly, even—but the thing was on my conscience and must out. Let me make my peace now and go."

Then the two friends kissed each other amicably as might be, the one having tested her devotion to the uttermost in thus braving the displeasure of the woman whom of all her friends she most valued; the other sorely touched in her pride and tried in her patience that any one had so dared to become her censor, and so they parted.

The thing that Annah Clare had predicted was the thing that had really come to pass. One of those stinging creatures who purchase immunity from the world's criticisms by constituting themselves judge of the morals of others had elevated her eyebrows in a significant manner in coupling the name of Mrs. Anstice with that of Ernest Forsyth; and knowing how such looks pass into assertions, and these assertions into allegations, Annah Clare had rushed away to her friend, hoping by a word in season to warn Rita of the danger and save her from all knowledge that slander had threatened. Alas, as is too often the fortune of these well meaning, but overdirect people, she had only succeeded in touching the pride of Rita Anstice, making what had before been but the simple, natural indulgence of congeniality a matter of principle to be defended and vindicated at any cost or pains.

And Miss Clare must have met the object of contention upon the disputed ground had she waited there a moment longer, since she had scarcely left the door before Ernest Forsyth rang its bell, and was ushered into the pretty Egyptian boudoir where Rita Anstice still sat in her chair, thinking intently—a little shaken from her usual calm it may be, but making a very pretty study of light and shadow, with her clear white complexion, golden hair and clinging white garments, defining exquisite outlines against the black satin lining of her *chaise longue*.

Something in the young man's face as he stood a moment regarding her from the *portière*, or something, perhaps, in the young man himself, further disturbed the current of Mrs. Anstice's meditation, because a flush of color which she angrily tried to control surged up under her milk-white skin, and there was more of constraint in her greeting than she would have willed had she full control of her faculties at the moment.

"This is the effect of Annah Clare's absurd gossip!" she told herself, resentfully, and straightway rushed to the other extreme, proudly confident of herself, of her motives and her friend.

Such a pleasant afternoon as these two human creatures passed together comes rarely to the highly organized of earth, because the true charm of all thoughtful intercourse lies in that near approach to the inexpressible in which two minds attain the power of filling in the blanks for which language has furnished us no adequate forms of expression.

Inheriting a nature at once poetic, imaginative and thoroughly true, Rita Anstice half married her direct opposite in all these things simply and solely for the incomprehensible reason that she loved him.

Her husband was eminently a good fellow—honest, downright and correct of habit; handsome, too, and strong, but—

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him!"

and, while she had known this to be true of him, Rita entertained some utterly impossible views in regard to the growing together of husband and wife, which the first few years of her married life had made holocaust of.

At first this task of disillusionment had filled her with dread of the future, and given her an ache of heart; but her natural good sense had lifted her over this slough. Reason taught her that all the qualities by which Harry Anstice won her love he still possessed; therefore she could but go on loving him, which she did with such satisfaction to either party as brought them to the consideration of themselves and their friends a model pair.

Nevertheless, it is in us to long to talk our hearts out to some one who comprehends and who also sees more of life than its chrysalis, if we chance to be of the spiritual rather than the material order of beings; consequently when chance, or whatever it may be called, threw Rita Anstice and Ernest Forsyth together in a crowd, out of the multitude each singled the other by some subtle unseen sympathy, and immediately they were friends.

No one was more bitter against the species of woman denominated as married flirts than Rita Anstice; no man held in such utter detestation those creatures who think no game worth pursuing unless the marriage bond proscribe it as Ernest Forsyth; and yet at receptions where Rita did not dance because, forsooth, her husband was not a dancing man, Ernest invariably sat the German out with her, absorbed in conversations in which they found so much in common. Was there a picture incomprehensible to everyday minds they must see it together, and each day brought some new mutual interest in the world of books, music and speculation, that they must discuss until the pair had become the shadows of each other, foolishly confident in their own irreproachable souls and ignoring the eyes of the outer world most completely.

And who will say that big, self-sufficient Harry Anstice was not somewhat to blame for this state of affairs. He had never taken the trouble to interest himself in the things that interested his wife, and which appeared to him marvelously like nonsense. Proud of her high-bred grace, her winning face, charming manner and cleverness, and assured of her affection, he could see no reason why these qualifications in themselves should not make and keep her happy. Therefore, the days when her head was in the clouds, and her arms outstretched themselves eagerly for human help to reconcile with it the earthy where her feet were stumbling on, were days which he rather avoided, finding better cheer with those other fellows who talked of such tangible matters as the four-in-hand club, the last yacht race and the stock market.

His position demanded it, and it suited his pride that his wife should shine in society; yet he hated balls and high teas with equal heartiness, and whenever he could escape them did so, and Rita was altogether too young and agreeable a woman to be allowed to confine herself to the elderly among her associates, however correctly chaperoned. The wonder was, said the dear world, that she got on so long without an "*affaire*" upon her hands.

Without knowing it, Rita had drifted into revealing her inmost thoughts to Ernest Forsyth as she never could and never had to her husband, and surely no man had ever laid his soul so bare to woman as he to her. In every trouble and perplexity he came to her, and the strength of his claim upon her rested in the fact that she had found him one of those rare men who hold their own purity as vital to their moral health as in the religion of women it is made imperative.

"Assuredly two people so rigid in principle and so faithful in practice might trust each other to do no wrong," thought Rita, and yet she experienced a certain self-consciousness under her husband's eye when they met at dinner after her long, delightful afternoon with Ernest Forsyth, and a certain sense of reassurance in his presence which led her weakly to beg him to spend the evening with her, recalling with some little self-commiseration that such evenings had been some ages ago—evenings in which both had believed themselves happy.

But blundering Harry felt something in the atmosphere that was foggy—he felt it to be his duty to get out among the "bulls and bears" in order to get the tone of the "market." Forsyth, or some one else, would be in, he thought, and he would make a point of coming in early.

A species of desperation seized hold upon Rita when she could no longer hear her husband's footfall upon the stairs. "It was all that nasty preachment of Annah's," she told herself; but all the same she was miserable, and for the first time shivered in her soul, assailed by doubts of herself, of Ernest—even of her husband, whose love seemed grown lukewarm in these latter days.

Forsyth would undoubtedly be in, and for a moment she was coward enough to think of denying herself to him. But, if she did this to-night, to-morrow would come when she must inevitably meet him, and it were better to see him now, in some way to rest her of these miserable doubts, and be at peace.

"If he were only married," she thought; then, "Why is he not—why should he not be?" And then he came, unannounced, unceremoniously, as was his habit, into the room.

Heavens! how horrible were the blanks to be filled in to-night. She wondered in dismay if, as so often had been the case, his thought were following her own. At last, with a courage born of desperation, she said:

"Ernest, why is it that you do not marry?"

It was a fatal question. He had never asked it of himself, but a reckless, aimless hand had broken through the crust of his inner consciousness, smothering the words upon his lips, but drawing his eyes resistlessly to the face before him whereon his answer was written.

"Is it that you have never loved any one?" asked she, with maddest persistence, doing the very thing she was trying to escape in her frantic eagerness to get on and over that awful first blunder, the full mischievousness of which had flashed upon her intelligence, even as the gates were unlocked.

How terrible the moment that followed! Crouching low in her chair, Rita lifted two piteous hands as if to ward off a mortal danger, while Ernest Forsyth, white as if death had suddenly smitten him, withdrew himself a pace, and, shivering in all his frame, pressed one hand tightly upon his eyelids as though a sudden light had blinded him.

It was an awful silence in which those two met and drew back from a chasm yawning black at their feet; but no unseemly word was spoken—nothing that careless Harry would have been hurt to hear, or that the Recording Angel might blush to write. Presently Ernest Forsyth got unsteadily upon his feet, and, with his hat in his hand, said in a voice that no effort could make clear:

"I am going to California immediately. No one will be surprised that I start precipitately, since the journey has been long in contemplation. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" a whisper echoes, and the door is shut. They have not spoken each other's name, nor trusted nature with a handclasp, and there is no particular damage done, perhaps; but Harry, notwithsanding that he made a point of doing otherwise, is unavoidably late upon this particular night, and is rather rejoiced to find the lights burning low and Rita silent upon her pillow, while Annah Clare, who watches the course of events narrowly for some days, concludes that she was wrong in all but her hypothesis, and is happy that circumstances prevented a scandal. And, how wise we all are, to be sure!

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

RESULTS OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE National Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati last week, was marked by a degree of confidence and enthusiasm not at all unnatural in view of the grand opportunity which the present condition of our politics affords that party for the recovery of power in the nation. The Convention was fairly representative of the best and highest character of the party, including among its members many persons of conspicuous ability and prominence. The preliminary canvassing of the delegates was a good deal confused by the letter of Mr. Tilden withdrawing from the contest, many regarding it as sincere in its expressions, while others interpreted it as an appeal to the sympathy of delegates and as an artful bid for the nomination on that basis. Difficulties in the Ohio delegation as to the claims of Senator Thurman and Mr. Payne respectively also aggravated the confusion and uncertainty, the smaller States naturally inclining to follow the lead of the great States of Ohio and New York. Encouraged by the collisions and disagreements among the friends of the leading candidates, the supporters of less prominent aspirants labored vigorously to boost their favorites into prominence, and the result was that when the Convention met at noon, on June 22d, the prize was open to the field, no candidate apparently having a sufficiently formidable vote to justify a belief in his success.

The work of the first day's session was devoted simply to the completion of the temporary organization. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Barnum, Chairman of the National Convention, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Charles A. Wendte, of Cincinnati. Hon. George J. Hoadly, of Ohio, was then made temporary chairman, and made a brief speech. He said that he had his favorite for the nomination, but while in the chair he should be neither the friend nor the foe of any candidate; he lauded the National Democratic Party, which, if again successful, could not again be defrauded, and when he referred to Mr. Tilden, there was a great demonstration of enthusiasm. He declared that the delegates were there, not as representing Congressional Districts, but indestructible States—a sentiment which provoked further applause.

F. O. Prince, of Massachusetts, was then made temporary secretary, with six assistants. The rules of the last Convention of the party were adopted *pro tem.*, and the roll was then called for the appointment of the regular committees. When the State of New York was called, John Kelly rose from a seat back of the delegates, and asked that he might be heard. At this there was a great deal of confusion. Cheers and hisses broke out all over the hall, and there were shouts of "Regular order," "Sit down," "Put him out." The chairman refused to recognize Mr. Kelly, and said the call must proceed. John B. Haskin also tried to be heard, but, like Mr. Kelly, was not permitted to speak. Mr. Kelly stood up until after the call of New York was completed, when he sat down. At a subsequent meeting of the Committee on Credentials the demand of the Tammany Hall delegation for one-half of the vote of New York was rejected by the decisive vote of 32 to 4. Having completed its organization, the Convention adjourned until 10 A. M. on Wednesday.

The second day's session opened with prayer, which was followed by the presentation of the majority report of the Committee on Credentials. This report advised that both delegations from Massachusetts be seated, and that the sitting delegates from the Twenty-sixth District of Pennsylvania and from the State of New York be allowed to retain their places. A minority report was read by Mr. Carroll, of Kansas, advising that Tammany Hall be allowed to have twenty seats. Arguments in behalf of each of the reports were made. Mr. John Kelly was asked to present the case of Tammany, but he was not present, and the argument on that side was made by Geo. W. Miller, ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas, and Judge Amasa J. Parker, who declared that he and his associates from the rural districts would support any ticket that might be nominated. The Tammany report was opposed, in behalf of the regular delegation, by several speakers, among whom was Mr. John B. Fellows, of this city, who declared that Mr. Kelly had publicly threatened to bolt and put up a separate electoral ticket if Mr. Tilden were nominated. The conclusion of the whole matter was that the regular majority report was adopted, the regular delegation was admitted, and Tammany was excluded—permission being accorded, however, to the Tammany contestants to occupy seats on the floor. The vote to substitute the minority for the majority report was lost by 265½ to 457.

The report of the Committee on Permanent Organization was next adopted, ex-Governor Stevenson, of Kentucky, being made permanent chairman. Colonel Stevenson urged the selection of the strongest possible candidates, closing his speech as follows: "The people want a change. They are tired of misrule. They are tired of interference with the popular right of suffrage. They are sickened and disgusted with the military which attempt to coerce them. They are tired of onerous taxation, and all that you have to do, my friends, gentlemen of the Democratic Party, is to nominate two tried, enlightened, pure and experienced Democrats who every inch shall be patriots worthy of the support of yourselves, and worthy of the support of the country. That I know you will do. Not attempting to delay you longer, I close with a simple appeal to let your nominees demand your support, and there will be triumphal joy from every delegate and from every Democrat.

The Committee on Resolutions not being ready to report, the roll of States was called for the presentation of names of candidates. Judge Field was nominated by California; Senator Bayard, by Delaware; Mr. Morrison, by Illinois; Mr. Hendricks, by Indiana; Mr. Thurman, by Ohio; and General Hancock by Pennsylvania. The names of Mr. Tilden and Mr. Payne were not formally presented. One ballot was taken, resulting as follows:

Whole vote cast	738½
Bayard	153½
Field	65
Morrison	62
Hendricks	69½
Hancock	171
Thurman	68½
Seymour	8
Loveland	5
Payne	81
McDonald	3
Randall	6
Tilden	38
Lothrop	1
McClellan	2½
Black	1
English	1
Parker	1
Jewett	1
Ewing	10

Not being prepared for a second ballot, the Convention then adjourned until 10 A. M. on Thursday.

The third day's session opened with a statement from Mr. Peckham, of New York, that Mr. Tilden's withdrawal was absolute, and that the New York delegation would, therefore, support Mr. Randall. The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a nomination, with the following result:

Whole number of votes	738
Necessary to a choice	493
Hancock	319
Randall	129½
Bayard	113
Field	65½
Thurman	80
Hendricks	31
English	19
Tilden	6
Scattering	3

Before the vote was announced officially, Wisconsin asked permission to change and cast her 20 ballots for Hancock. The Convention was instantly in a state of great excitement and confusion. New Jersey next gave her 18 votes to Hancock, and Pennsylvania, following, cast her vote for him solid also. The excitement was now intense. The Hancock banner was advanced to the front; the band played "Dixie" and "Hail to the Chief," and the delegates cheered with wildest enthusiasm. A New York delegate changed the 70 votes of that State to Hancock. Rapid succession followed, no man knowing how the vote stood exactly. When Ohio cast her vote for Hancock, the General had two-thirds of the Convention and the nomination.

The confusion was at this time of the wildest kind. All the State banners were waving and being massed in front. There was continuous shouting and cheering, and the band and great organ were adding to the din. The chairman, after vainly trying to restore order, refused to recognize anybody until the confusion had been subdued. The clerks being unable to make up the lists, the roll was called a second time. The result was as follows:

Whole number of votes	738
Necessary to a choice	492
Hancock	705
Hendricks	30
Tilden	1
Bayard	2

Mr. Mack, of Indiana, moved to make the nomination unanimous. Speaker Randall and Senator Wallace appeared together on the platform and seconded the motion. Wade Hampton pledged the support of the solid South. Others seconded the nomination, and it was made unanimous amid great cheering by the entire Convention, the band meanwhile playing "Dixie." John Kelly and Colonel Fellows, of this State, made speeches and shook hands. The band played "St. Patrick's Day" when Mr. Kelly appeared, and "Auld Lang Syne" after the reconciliation.

Kelly's pledge that Tammany would do everything in its power for the ticket, and that all controversies in New York were now ended, contributed greatly to the prevalent enthusiasm. When the result was announced the Tammany flag, back of the Convention, was waved in the air, and a Massachusetts delegate got possession of the Virginia and Massachusetts flags, and, standing on his chair, held one in each hand, turning them slowly about so that the whole Convention might read the names of those historic foes united for Hancock. Several of the State banners were caught up into the galleries and waved there until the cheering had ceased, when they were handed down to the floor below.

The excitement having in a measure subsided, the Convention proceeded to select a candidate for Vice-President. Hon. W. H. English, of Indiana, was nominated by acclamation, on the motion of Alabama, seconded by a large number of States.

The platform, reported by Henry Watterson, was then adopted. It repeats the cry of fraud in 1876-'77; it denounces the Government of President Hayes; it opposes Chinese immigration and sumptuary laws; and it calls for free trade, free ships, a free ballot, home rule and "honest money, consisting of gold, silver and paper, convertible in coin on demand." It also expresses regret at Mr. Tilden's withdrawal.

After appointing a committee of one from each State to notify the candidates of their nomination, the Convention, at 3 o'clock P. M., adjourned *sine die*.

THE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock was No. 6 in our Gallery of Possible Presidential Candidates in the issue of May 22d. From the biographical sketch which then accompanied the portrait we extract the subjoined summary of an eventful and honorable career: General Hancock is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Montgomery County, in that State, on the 14th of February, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1844, and served mainly on frontier duty until 1846, and afterwards in the war with Mexico, being brevetted as first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. From 1848 to 1855 he was again employed in frontier duty, and from 1858 to 1861 was quartermaster of the southern district of California. In August of the latter year he was recalled to Washington, and when the Army of the Potomac was transferred to the Peninsula in 1862, he was already a brigadier-general with the appropriate command, in the Fourth Corps. His first opportunity to make a mark occurred at Williamsburg, and he made a brilliant one. He next distinguished himself in the Battle of Fraser's Farm, and subsequently took an active part in the campaign in Maryland, at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Being made a major-general, he commanded a division at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he did magnificent work. On the first day of the battle, July 1st, 1863, he was sent by General Meade to decide whether a decisive battle should be given, or whether the army should fall back. He

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reported that Gettysburg was the place to fight, and took immediate command until the arrival of Meade. In the decisive action of July 3d he commanded on the left centre, sustaining the terrific onset of Longstreet's Confederates, and being severely wounded.

The thanks of Congress were formally tendered him for his conduct in these engagements. Being disabled by his wounds, he was on sick leave until March, 1864, being meanwhile engaged in recruiting the Second Army Corps, which was placed under his command. At the opening of the campaign of that year under General Grant, he took the active command of this corps, and bore a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and North Anna, the second battle of Cold Harbor, and the operations around Petersburg until June 19th, when, his wound breaking out afresh, he was for a short time on sick leave. He afterwards resumed command, and participated in several actions, until November 26th, when he was called to Washington to organize the first corps of veterans.

The names of every great battle in the East is inscribed on Hancock's flags. After the close of the war he was placed successively in command of the Middle Department, the Department of Missouri, of Louisiana and Texas, of Dakota, and of the Department of the East. He has his headquarters on Governor's Island. In the Democratic National Convention of 1868 he received 144½ votes for the Presidential nomination. In 1876, in the National Convention of the same party, he received 75 votes for the same nomination.

General Hancock has uniformly maintained the doctrine that the military power should in time of peace be subordinated to the civil law. This was particularly shown in his address to the court of inquiry constituted to try General Babcock, in 1875, in which he urged that that officer having been formally indicted at St. Louis, it was right and proper that the military inquiry should be adjourned in order that the ordinary civil processes might take their course—which suggestion was duly adopted. In 1864, while in command of the Fifth Military District, General Hancock, in a letter to Governor Pease, said: "On them (the laws of Texas and Louisiana), as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire structure of social order in these two States. Annul this code of laws, and there would be no longer any rights, either of persons or property, here. I say, unhesitatingly, if it were possible that Congress should pass an Act abolishing the local codes for Louisiana and Texas, which I do not believe, and should it fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting wherein they shall relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles, of justice; these will live in spite even of the sword."

General Hancock is a man of handsome presence and most agreeable manners. He is perfectly straight; a blonde, with a rich skin and blue eyes, and light hair, now turning gray; and his address is both courtly and simple.

THE CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

William H. English, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, was born in Lexington, Scott County, Ind., August 27th, 1822, and commenced his political career before he had attained his majority as a delegate from Scott County to the Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, by which General T. A. Howard was nominated for Governor of Indiana. Mr. English's father, Major Elisha English, was a native of Kentucky, as was his mother, *née* Mahala Austin, a descendant of Lieutenant Phillip Austin, who served in the Fourth Virginia Regiment during the war of the Revolution. His early education was only such as could be picked up in the common schools in the vicinity, supplemented by a course of three years at the South Hanover College. At 18 years of age, having studied law at odd times, he was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of his native State. He was subsequently admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana, and at the age of 21 he made his first appearance before the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. English began his official career, shortly after attaining his majority, as Postmaster of Lexington, his native village. In 1843, while only 21 years old, he was elected principal clerk of the Indiana House of Representatives. The young Democrat threw himself into the political canvass of 1844 with energy, and was rewarded with an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. Here he remained for four years, resigning his office when Taylor was inaugurated President, because, having supported Cass in the National Convention, he could not, he said, consistently hold office under his successful rival. In the Democratic National Convention of 1848, Mr. English made the acquaintance of Samuel J. Tilden; in 1850 he was Clerk of the Claims Committee of the United States Senate, and secretary of the convention which met at Indianapolis to revise the Constitution of the State of Indiana. In 1851 he was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1852 he took his seat in Congress as a supporter of Franklin Pierce. Mr. English was a member of the House Committee on Territories, and as such participated in the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. It is claimed that he, not Senator Douglas, was the first to enunciate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. He was elected to Congress a second term, against the Whig and Know-Nothing candidate, Judge Thomas C. Slaughter, and continued to support the political measures of Mr. Pierce during the Thirty-fourth Congress. His third term covered the period of the controversy respecting the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which he opposed until that Constitution (which did not prohibit slavery) had been ratified by the people. In 1858 he was elected to Congress for the fourth time, retiring in 1860, just as the secession movement assumed menacing proportions. Understood to support the Union, he was offered the command of a regiment by Governor Morton, but preferred to start the First National Bank of Indianapolis, which went into business in 1863 under the national banking law. In 1877 he resigned his presidency of the bank on account of his health and retired from business.

THE WELSH EISTEDDVOD.

THE Welsh National Eisteddvod was held at Hyde Park, near Scranton, Pa., on June 23d and 24th. The opening exercises were attended by large audiences, no fewer than five thousand persons being present at the afternoon and evening sessions. Hyde Park, the scene of the great musical and literary tournament, was gay with banners and bunting, and all business in mines and stores was stopped at noon to give the masses an opportunity of attending and taking part in the festival. The mammoth pavilion erected for the Eisteddvod was gayly adorned with flags and flowers, while numerous mottoes adorned the walls and clustered around the extensive platform on which the exercises were held. The opening session was conducted by H. M. Edwards, of Scranton, and the exercises were preceded by a choice bit of favorite airs played by a full military band. The feature of the forenoon, however, was the choral competition on Handel's "Hound about the Starry Throne," by four choirs, of about fifty voices each, namely, the Bellevue, Taylorville, Fourth Ward and Wilkesbarre Choirs. The adjudicators, Dudley Buck, George Simpson, of New York, and Carlyle Petersilea, of Boston, awarded the palm and the prize to the Taylorville Choir.

The conductor then invited Mrs. Davis, wife of David H. Davis, of the Philadelphia Custom House, on the platform, and she presented Reese Price, the conductor of the Taylorville choir, with the prize, a purse containing seventy five dollars in gold. For the metrical poem, in Welsh, the feature of which was its alliterative qualities, the adjudicator awarded the prize of twenty dollars in gold to Rev. G. H. Humphreys, A. M., of New York City. There were a number of competitors entered under *nom de plume*, that of Mr. Humphreys being "Karuney," and the subject of the poem was "The Artist."

The afternoon session was presided over by Senator Horatio Gates Jones, of Philadelphia, Rev. Fred. Evans, of Franklin, Pa., acting as conductor of the exercises. Senator Jones delivered a happy speech, in which he claimed a pride in his Welsh lineage, and expressed his great pleasure at meeting such a vast and intellectual gathering of his kinsmen. Bardic addresses, in which several participated, came next, followed by competitive English speeches on the subject of "National Characteristics of the Welsh People." The prize was awarded to John E. Richards, of Hyde Park. Miss Lizzie Harris, of Hyde Park, took the prize for a Welsh recitation, "The Drowning of Pharaoh," participated in by a large number, and Benjamin Thomas, of Taylorsville, a miner, who had been working all the forenoon in the mines, took the prize of forty dollars for an essay, entitled, "The Influence of the Greatest Scientific Discovery on Theology." Miss Josephine Rogers won the prize for a soprano solo.

The feature of the afternoon was the band competition for a prize of one hundred dollars, offered for the best rendition of "The Heavens are Telling." Four organizations competed, and the prize was awarded to Bauer's Band, of Hyde Park. Dudley Buck then led the four bands of one hundred pieces, and elicited great enthusiasm in the performance of the prize piece. The pavilion was again crowded in the evening, and many were unable to gain admittance. The united choirs of 300 voices sang "Ye Haf" (" The Summer ") with fine effect, and George Simpson, the well-known New York tenor, gave a recitative and air from "The Creation;" also Braham's ballad, "The Anchor's Weighed," and was enthusiastically received. Carlyle Petersilea, of Boston, and Dudley Buck and J. Parsons Price, of New York, also took part in the performance. The piano-playing of Petersilea created a perfect furore.

On the 24th the choral prizes were awarded. No. 3, or the winning choir, is the Hyde Park Choral Society, and takes a prize of $300, while No. 2, or the Wilkesbarre Choir, takes second prize of $125. The proceeds of the Eisteddvod will be applied, by the Welsh Philosophical Society, to the founding of a free library in Hyde Park.

A CHILDREN'S GARDEN FETE AT NEWPORT.

TENDER little maidens in all the glories of brand-new toilets, befrilled and bedounced like fairy princesses! Bright-eyed little boys putting on the airs of very daring men, and leading it over the little ladies! Here is true love. Here are flirtations with a vengeance. Here is the heartless coquette and the wanton lady-killer! Joy beams upon every face save, perhaps, on one or two, for ice-cream has its limits, and too many strawberries have been known to disagree with the inner little man! What games they have had! What dancing, and kiss in the ring, and marching in two's to pull the cracker *bonbons* at a given signal! What mob-caps and night-caps and jockey-caps, and aprons and collars and capes and sacques come forth at a pop! What ringing of silvery laughter as Maudie does her headgear the wrong side foremost, and Ernest invests his curly head in an infant's cowl! Ere the sun sets those two ruddy boys will have thrown down gage of battle for the sake of the bright eyes of yonder fairy queen. That romantic-looking youth in the corner will have proposed to the tiny maiden by his side to fly with him, and, alas for the days of chivalry! that other little lad now so demure will have deserted his companion! What a picture of life in miniature, with the master passions all in the bud! Give the little ones their bright hours; let the background of their lives be happy, for behind the curtain of the future lie many shadows!

ANOTHER COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.

HER MAJESTY'S ship *Plumper* left St. John, Newfoundland, at 6 A. M. on Saturday, June 12th, bound for her cruise on fishery protection service on the coast of Newfoundland, intending to anchor at Trepassey, eighty-eight miles from St. John, that night. Outside a dense fog was experienced, requiring an extra lookout. Men were accordingly placed on the fore yard-arm and jibboom. The ship was making six to seven knots an hour, so as to make her anchorage before dark the same evening. Suddenly an iceberg, computed to be 200 feet high by 600 broad, was sighted right ahead. The engines were immediately ordered to be put full speed astern, and the water-tight compartments to be closed. The size of the berg was such as to prevent any turn of the helm to port or starboard being of any use to prevent a collision. The engines had just begun to move astern when the bowsprit struck the mass. Little or no effect was felt by those on board. She rebounded from the icy mass, and backed out. Upon the fore part being cleared away, she was found to be making no water, but had sustained serious injury. She returned to St. John for repairs. Although the accident was similar to that which befell the *Arctic*, it was not so damaging.

The "Dark Horse" in Politics.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Tennessee an old chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in horses and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two, which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a "soft match" during his travels. The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion named Dusky Pete, who was almost a thoroughbred, and able to go in the best of company. Flynn was accustomed to saddle Pete when approaching a town and ride him into it to give the impression that the animal was merely "a likely hoss," and not a flyer. One day he came to a town where a country race-meeting was being held, and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and, not being over impressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. Flynn moved quietly among the crowd, and took all the bets offered against his nag. Just as the "flyers" were being saddled for the race old Judge McMinnimee, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place in the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his "plug" so heavily. Running his eye over the ruck, the judge instantly recognized Pete, and he said: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you smell h— before supper." The judge was right. Pete, the "dark horse," lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front and won the purse and Flynn's bets with the greatest ease.

The English Franking Privilege.

AS TO the question of the privileges of members of Parliament, it may be observed that one of them, now extinct, that of franking, dated from the commencement of the reign of Charles II. The House conferred the revenues of the Post Office on the Duke of York, or, to put it more exactly, gave his Royal Highness a monopoly of the letter-carrying trade. At the same time they claimed that letters sent by members of either House should go free. Chief-Justice Abbott, on being raised to the peerage, naturally received the congratulations of the Bar. The new Lord (Tenterden), in returning thanks, observed that nothing in his elevation gave him greater pleasure than the privilege of being able to frank the letters of his friends of the legal profession. Members of the junior Bar soon availed themselves of his lordship's kindness in a way that grieved him much. It was not the number of franks he minded, but the remarkable addresses to which the signature "Tenterden" found itself appended. A few years later, Macaulay, giving his sister an account of how he spent the day, mentions that he regularly devoted a portion of his time to franking letters. The system was at length abolished in 1840, with the introduction of the penny post.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Earl Cowper made his state entry into Dublin on May 27th. The day being a holiday, large crowds had assembled at every place along the route by which the cavalcade passed, and greeted the arrival of the Viceregal visitors. At noon His Excellency landed, and there was a salute of twenty-one guns fired by the battery on the East Pier. Alderman Tarpey, Mayor of Dublin, who was unwell, received the Lord Lieutenant on the platform, and the customary ceremony of presenting the keys of the city was performed. At Westland Row a guard of honor was drawn up, which was furnished by the Fifty-seventh Regiment and a field officer's escort of one squadron of the Scots Greys, and the bands of both the cavalry regiments in Dublin. Earl Cowper mounted a beautiful black horse which was in waiting, and the carriage for the Countess Cowper was then drawn up. She was received with another hearty cheer, the bands of the two cavalry regiments struck up "God Save the Queen" and then "Patrick's Day," and the procession started. The route taken was the old one which has grown time honored in Viceregal displays, through Westland Row, Nassau Street, College Green and Dame Street, to the Castle. When the procession arrived at the Castle the troops drawn up in the square saluted, and the bands again struck up "God Save the Queen" and "Patrick's Day," and amidst the storring scenes the new Chief Governor of Ireland and Countess Cowper entered their official residence in the Irish capital.

The Electrical Railroad in Berlin.

During the past Winter an experimental line was built in Berlin to test the practicability of adapting electricity to the propulsion of passenger cars. This enterprise was received with so much favor that the projectors were induced to form a company for the purpose of constructing a roadway around the city, after the elevated pattern. We give an illustration of a section of the road now in process of construction, showing the car containing the electrical apparatus and the general style of the raised track-bed.

New Barracks at Knightsbridge.

The buildings for the Household Cavalry which have been constructed on the site of the old barracks at Knightsbridge have been occupied by the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), under Colonel Owen Williams, removed from the Albany Street Barracks, Regent's Park. They have been erected under the direction of the War Department, and for architectural features and completeness of design are the best in the United Kingdom. Built of red brick and stone, the new quarters form an irregular oblong, the quadrangle for the troops on one side, the married soldiers' quarters on the other, the riding-school and other buildings further on towards the Albert Memorial, and then the officers' quarters and stables. The principal feature of the officers' quarters is the mess-room, the frontage of which is to the Exhibition ground in Hyde Park—a handsome apartment, 56 feet long by 24 feet wide. Over the principal window are busts of former commanders, including Wellington, Marlborough, Anglesea, Combermere, Oxford, Raglan and Hill; and the principal entrance to the barracks, also facing Hyde Park, contains representations in stone of troopers of the past and present times.

A Chase for the Knot.

One of the oldest and most famous regiments in the Prussian Army—the Ziethen Hussars—celebrated recently the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its formation. Among the items of the equestrian performance, which, as will be seen, was witnessed by the Emperor and Court, was a race of ladies for a knot, lightly attached to the shoulder of one of them. Two of the competitors in the present instance are the daughters of Colonel Rosenberg, a gentleman well-known in the sporting world—Frau von Rydow and Fraulein von Rosenberg—and the third is Fraulein von Bredow, the representative of an old and very wealthy family.

Feeding the Poor at Naples.

To those of our readers who remember the illustrations we gave of Mr. Bennett's soup kitchens, or who for any cause visited them during that Winter of suffering, the engraving of the scene in the San Lorenzo district of Naples, where cooked food is supplied to the poor, will have quite a familiar look. There is no evidence of a liberal supply, and there is also an evidence of appreciation and satisfaction. Tottering, wrinkled age and leaping youth are gathered to partake of the physical nourishments, while the good Sisters do Cid's service in feeding His lambs.

The Brussels National Exhibition.

There are to be great festivities this year in Belgium to commemorate the jubilee of Belgian independence, it being just fifty years since the good citizens of Brussels raised the standard of revolt against Holland, and driving Prince Frederic, the King's son, who commanded the troops, from the city, declared their country independent, and elected a Provisional Government. The festivities will last for some months, and were inaugurated on June 15th by the opening by the King and Queen of a grand National Exhibition, a handsome structure, which has been built on the Champs des Manoeuvres, and which will contain chiefly exhibits of what Belgium and the Belgians have produced, either in the way of manufacture or of inventions or of art, since 1830. The *façade* of the building, as may be seen in our sketch, chiefly consists of two pavilions, united by a semi-circular colonnade, in the centre of which stands a triumphal arch. In these pavilions, amongst other things, there will be a curious exhibition of specimens of the manufactures and art products of bygone ages—such as jewelry, furniture, costumes, porcelain, carpets, armor, coins, etc., all of which will be curious and interesting to compare with similar articles of the present day. Foremost amongst modern exhibits will be objects relating to education, and in these at least we moderns may boast of having achieved a vast improvement. Behind the pavilions and the arcade are numerous temporary buildings containing exhibits and collections of various kinds, ranging from leather and pottery to railway carriages and fruit and vegetables. The applications for space have been great, and there are no fewer than 7,000 exhibitors. The gardens are prettily laid out, and, together with the buildings, occupy an area of some 70,000 square metres.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE population of the District of Columbia is shown to be 175,000, a gain of 43,000 since 1870.

—IT is said that the famine fever has appeared in some parts of the West and South of Ireland.

—THE Jesuits expelled from France have purchased a house at Prague, Bohemia, at a cost of $25,000.

—THE unofficial census returns of Rochester show the population to be 87,057. In 1875 it was 81,722, and in 1870, 62,386.

—ABOUT 20,000,000 shad have been hatched at the hatching establishment of the American Fish Commission at Washington this year.

—THE total amount of appropriations made by Congress for the next fiscal year is $186,805,058, being some $6,000,000 less than last year.

—THE Wesleyan Chapel in City Road, London, founded by John Wesley, which was partly destroyed by fire in December last, has been restored, and was re-opened on Sunday.

—FROM the first of July foreign vessels entering the port of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, will be charged six cents per ton, and Haytian vessels three cents per ton, the receipts to be used towards sustaining two light-houses at the entrance of the port.

—DEAN STANLEY is said to be willing to withdraw his permission for the erection of a memorial of the late Prince Imperial of France in Westminster Abbey, if anything like a general expression of opinion in favor of that course is elicited in the House of Commons.

—RED CLOUD and Spotted Tail were so well pleased with what they saw at the Indian schools at Hampton and Carlisle that, before leaving Washington, they earnestly requested Secretary Schurz to enlarge the school facilities so that more of their children may be accommodated.

—THE Greek Government is taking measures to increase the army from 12,000 to 40,000 men. A number of officers have gone to France, Italy, Hungary, Algiers and Syria, to purchase horses, ammunition and clothing. The infantry are to be provided with 1,500 cartridges apiece.

—SERIOUS negotiations are proceeding between the Albanian League and the Debri and Tirana tribes. The latter are willing to send to Thy 8,000 men, all armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and undertake to furnish the tribes with provisions and munitions of war for two months, but only on condition that Hodo Bey will attack Podgoritza at the earliest opportunity.

—AN interesting series of documents connected with William Cobbett have been added to the British Museum. Among them are contributions to the Political Register, public addresses and notes for speeches in Parliament, letters of Cobbett to J. Wright, his publisher, with a statement of the lawsuit between them, 1807-1811, and letters to his children and others in America, 1820-1827.

—THE export of champagne to foreign countries has greatly increased of late. According to an official return, the champagne stored in the cellars of Rheims amounted on the 1st of last April to 68,649,668 bottles. From the 1st of April, 1879, to the 1st of April, 1880, 19,171,254 bottles were sent out, of which 16,050,000 were for foreign countries—1,750,617 more than in the corresponding period from 1878 to 1879.

—ROOKS in the Orkney Islands were only imported a year or two ago, but have taken so kindly to their new quarters as to form a colony of some thirty nests in one garden. What a fine home the magnificent elms of New Haven would make for them! Canterbury, New Zealand, imported them to found a colony around the cathedral precincts. They are a regular feature of "the stately homes of England," and the surroundings of ancient lanes.

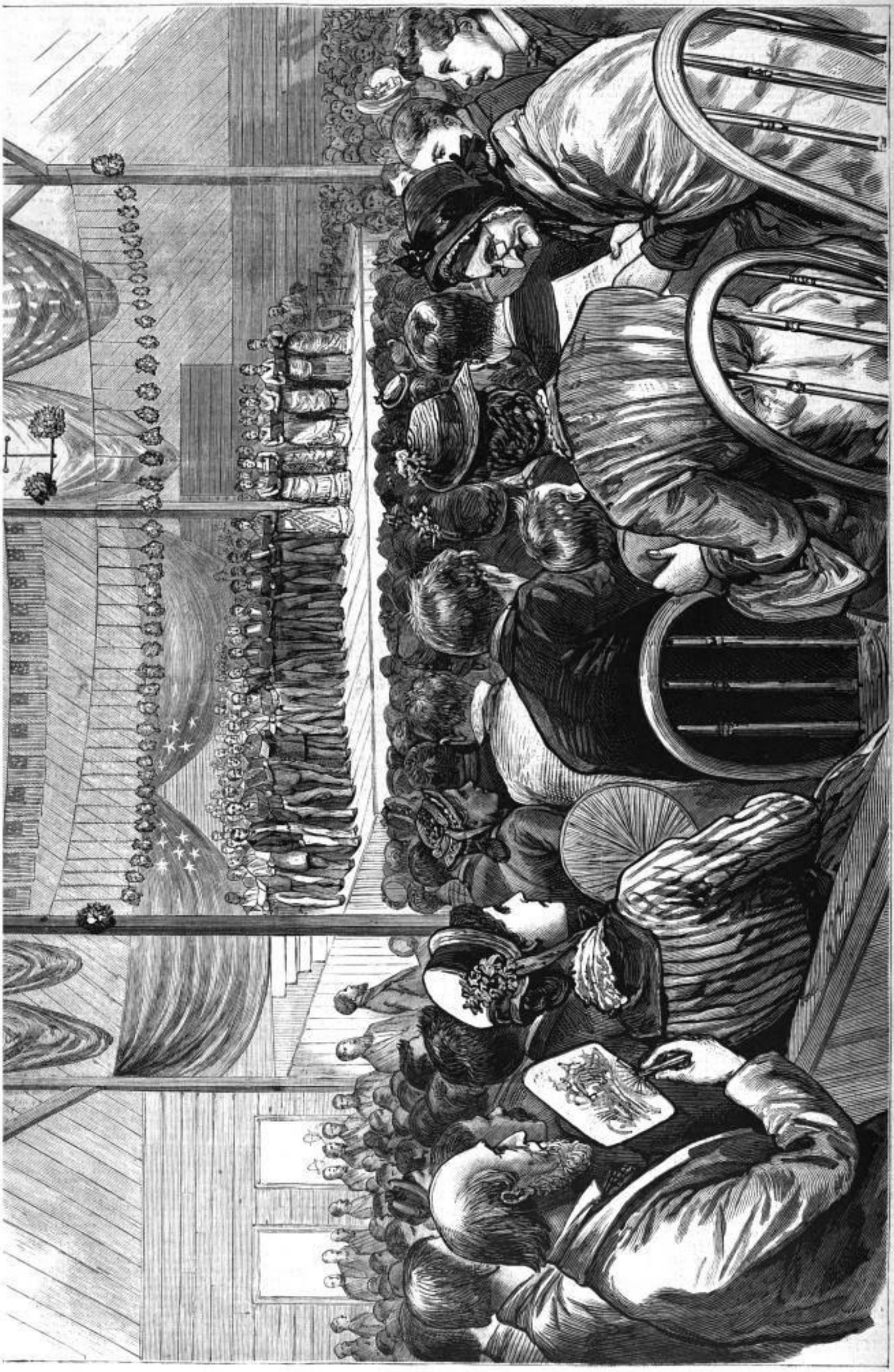
—NOTWITHSTANDING the increase in the clerical force of the Pension Bureau, the claims which are presented far exceed those disposed of. In the division of Illinois alone the accumulation of cases over and above those acted upon amounts to 950 a month. During the session of Congress just closed this increase has amounted to over 6,000. It is reasonable to suppose that the increase in the other divisions is in the same proportion. The Commissioner of Pensions says that with the present force it is physically impossible to prevent this large piling up of business before the department.

—LEADVILLE now has a population of from 25,000 to 30,000, and with regular streets and substantial buildings. The city government was organized April 14th, 1879. Already it has established a fire department, introducing a fire-alarm telegraph, and created a good police force. A system of graded schools has been adopted, affording instruction for about 1,500 pupils; and a new school house, to cost $30,000, is soon to be built. There are thirty-two street lamps lighted by gas, and the principal public and many private edifices have the luxury of gaslight. The city, in its work, has gone on the pay-as-you go principle. The rate of taxation has been two cents on a dollar.

—A VERY valuable library of Methodist books, being the entire collection gathered by the Rev. Dr. George Osborn, author of "Bibliography of Methodism," of Richmond, near London, has just been presented to the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey. All the works relate to the history of Methodism either directly or indirectly, and many of them have long been out of the market, and are the only copies existing. A number of works in the collection were Wesley's private property. The collection was examined last Summer at Richmond by Bishop Hurst, and, on his return to the United States, Mr. Anderson Fowler, of New York, entered into negotiations for its purchase as a gift by him to the Drew Theological Seminary. The books arrived in good condition, and, by the action of the Trustees of the Seminary, will be called the Fowler Collection of Methodist Literature.

—GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, where General Hancock's headquarters are, is one of the pleasantest places in the neighborhood of New York. It is only ten minutes' ride from the city by the Government cutter *Atlantic*, which makes about a dozen round trips daily. From the city the island can be seen plainly—a shady, grassy spot, with a few frame buildings at the northern end, and old Castle William at the southern extremity. The boat landing is at the northern end of the island and faces Brooklyn. From the landing a wide avenue extends southward, to the right of which are rows of cannon and cannon balls. An avenue leading from the left of this winds through a delightful grassy lawn, made shady by many trees, fronting upon which are a dozen or more plain but roomy frame dwellings occupied by the various officers quartered on the island. The General's headquarters are in a building near the lower end of this avenue. General Hancock's house is a large, pleasant frame building, situated about midway between the general headquarters and the boat landing. It has a wide piazza extending along the front, a wide hall, to the right of which are double parlors and to the left the dining room, with General Hancock's private sitting-room in its rear. The house is handsomely furnished; in the parlor is an excellent painting of Mrs. Hancock.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDVOD, AT HYDE PARK, SCRANTON.—THE CHORAL COMPETITION, JUNE 23D.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 319.

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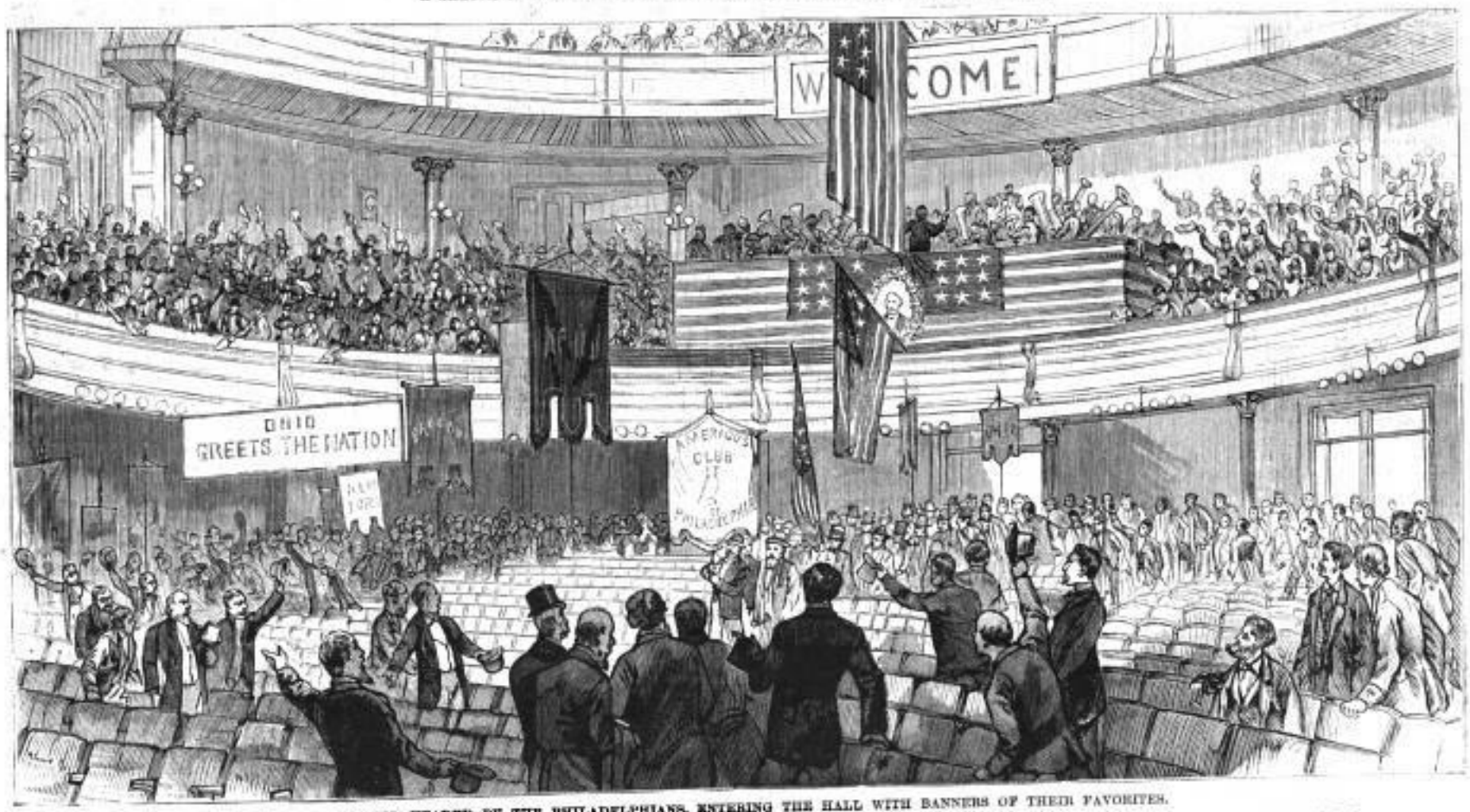
THE RANDALL CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE HOTELS.



PRESS REPORTERS WAITING FOR TICKETS OF ADMISSION TO THE HALL.



A SKETCH IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE GRAND HOTEL, AFTER THE FIRST BALLOT.



DELEGATES, HEADED BY THE PHILADELPHIANS, ENTERING THE HALL WITH BANNERS OF THEIR FAVORITES.

OHIO.—OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.

FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 318.

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A DEAD FRIEND.

THIS dead man, soon to seek oblivions earth,
Was loyally my firm friend, and loved me well.
For him no shadow of blame that could repel
His reverence in my honored life had birth.
Like some famed knight, admired for brawn and girth
By the young warrior, eager to excel,
Ideal in his fond heart I seemed to dwell,
The exemplar and high paragon of worth!

Now deeply, while I linger where he lies,
A burdening shame upon my bosom weighs.
Perchance he watches me, in calm surprise,
Far from the turmoil of terrestrial days—
Piercing my faulty spirit with the gaze
Of supernatural and clairvoyant eyes!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—GYPSY'S BONDAGE.

THEY are all together an hour later—Jack, Gypsy, Valentine, Maize and Toboskie. You never could believe that ten years had gone since last they sat thus together, and you *could* fancy that they were all back in England, save for the absence of Chetewood, and the presence of a certain young lady who, in those days—construing it the most charitably—was a troublesome child.

Time, with his havoc, seems to have made exception in all their favor. Gypsy, he could swear, is not a day older than when in the madness of a weak moment, she precipitated herself into his—giving him his due—unwilling arms. She was sweet, charming, beautiful as ever, and nothing in her greeting of him—of which he has had secret misgivings—bears a shadow of that past folly.

Jack is hale, handsome and jolly as of old, though a trifle stouter; and in his eye Toboskie is pained to observe a fishy, film-like thickness, that bears silent but incontrovertible evidence of his dissipation.

Valentine is as dark and silent as when first he met her. Her hands, as they lie idly in her lap, or toy over some wool, are, he remarks, more waxen, more delicate and beautiful than of old.

She is very silent, though the rest talk incessantly, and occasionally all at once. Jack and Toboskie are installed in huge armchairs, while Maize and Gypsy occupy smaller ones at a proximity very comforting to the Russian, whose gaze seldom leaves the proud face of the girl. He is very pleasantly placed, and altogether is insanely glad that Jack Ashhurst has come to Petersburg.

"We are invited to the English Consul's to-morrow," says Gypsy, in a brief lull, "and the next day to Count Moskowa's. Invitations are just *pouring* upon us. I suppose it is due to the fact that the English Ambassador is Jack's friend."

"I had hoped to have brought a celebrity with me this evening," says Toboskie, rather aimlessly.

"Who?" inquires Gypsy, with interest.

"Count Nicholas Lagors."

"And he did not deign to honor us?"

"He was compelled to remain at home through sudden illness. He is of one of our oldest and wealthiest families, and altogether a lion in Russia."

He looks up as he speaks, and by accident meets the full gaze of Valentine's eyes. They are cold, and gleam with a peculiar light like that bluish shadow of ice. He is not weak, nor is he impressionable, yet that look strikes a cold chill to his vitals. Though she is full of a magnetic power that is, to some extent, marvelous, he is conscious that he is for ever above and beyond that power; that *his* will, which controls a nation, makes powerless hers, though in her he comes nearer finding his equal than ever before; yet in some vague way, and for some indefinable reason, he dreads her. He is conscious that a woman possessing the peculiar attribute that characterizes her, holds in her hand an almost limitless power for evil. He does not believe her vulgarly sinful or meanly malicious; she would not descend to petty vileness; she is elevated, refined, elegant. Yet the germ of a great crime is in her nature, which holds no shadow of weakness. She could slay ruthlessly and without mercy.

Though there is that in her that would cry out against a blow in the dark, dealt even to an adversary, she would not hesitate to trample upon the hearts of a nation slain by her hand, if any great aim exhorted her to the crime.

Though she would scorn to steal a crust even in starvation, without the slightest remorse, the smallest pang, she could rob a world of its honor, its pride and its birthright.

Something of this swift conviction settles upon Toboskie, while he also realizes that for him she has her hatred

"Lagors!" says Jack, musingly, "Lagors! seems to me I have heard that name somewhere before."

"And he is a lion," observes Gypsy, with pleasurable interest. "Handsome!"

"Rather, distinguished."

"At what an inopportune time his illness seized him," she continues, with a pout. "Now, could it have been feigned? What a brute he must be!" the conviction of Count Lagors's duplicity being by this time fully established. "At least he shall not escape in that way. I will avenge us! Count Toboskie, bring—your—friend——"

She ceases, and, quick and suspicious, Toboskie gazes swiftly at Valentine. At a glance he reads the cause. Valentine's eyes are fixed steadily and in that peculiar light upon Gypsy. Though unnoticed by the others, it is clear as day to him that Lagors's presence is not desired by this woman; and that by bringing the mighty force of her brain to bear upon the weaker nature, she has thus prevented the invitation that was about to be extended.

He also, with that swift intuition, has divined that she is agitated—though her agitation is restrained by a powerful hand. Looking at her keenly, he is forced to confess that her face is an icy blank. Yet it is not to her face that he looks for emotion, but always to her hands; and these latter, though lying carelessly upon her lap, shiver occasionally like wind-tossed leaves.

"Yes, fetch him along by all means," says Jack, heartily, unconscious that he is finishing his wife's sentence, so well aware was he of the spirit of hospitality to which she had intended to give expression.

"Have you taken any measures towards claiming your estate?" inquires Toboskie, after a pause.

"Not decided ones," replies Jack. "You know it is Maize's property, and the English Consul tells me that she will have to formally become a citizen of Russia before she can claim the estate, which is really very fine, though it has almost gone to wreck and ruin. It has been shamefully neglected. The corn and wheat have not been gathered for years, but were principally allowed to rot on the grounds. The serfs were idle and thriftless. After innovations innumerable and incomputable trouble, persons who are judges say it will make very fine land. Years ago it was noted for its richness. Of course all this will incur both time and expense. And I believe I regret the former more than the latter, as this girl of ours"—he looks at Maize with a glance that bears testimony to that quiet and strong abiding love that exists between them—"this foolish girl is so susceptible to the cold. Your icy climate, Toboskie, is an abomination to Maize."

"Not only an abomination," says Maize, with a dainty shiver, "but positively a source of suffering. I cannot endure cold, it strikes me with actual pain."

As she speaks, she rises and hands Jack a chart of the lands that he has motioned for. Toboskie looks at her. She stands before him in the full glow of her matchless loveliness. Her figure is tall and drawn haughtily erect. She looks like a dream of Titians, clad as she is in some rich stuff of dull Venetian red, deeply embroidered with gold, while around her perfect figure falls her robe in straight, severe folds, peculiarly adapted to her Grecian beauty. Her head is small and regally poised; and beneath the crown of her matchless hair her proud young face gleams brightly in the wax-light.

He sees that she always has near her some article of fur to furthermore protect her delicate organization from the chill that will creep in, even with the heat of the fire. Gypsy and Valentine are busy over some dainty pretense of wool-work; but Maize makes no feign of employment. He sees that she is idle, with that sweet graceful idleness born in her—that dainty luxuriousness, the keen instincts of her Greek nature.

And as she stands thus, almost in the shadow of her eventful destiny, and he sees her small hands that are like twin rose-leaves, and her proud, rich loveliness, he wonders if any shadow of evil can ever touch her; if the proud spirit that rears her head can be broken—the steady fire in her eyes quenched! When he goes away late in the night he carries with him two convictions—that she has entered into his heart for all eternity, whatever the future may hold, and that Jack Ashhurst's wife is in a bondage worse than death.

CHAPTER XV.—A PICTURE.

"PETER," says Count Lagors, as he rises from his dinner-table. "Peter, to-night I am going to that cursed rascally Englishman's—Lord Jack Ashhurst!"

"Well, really!" says Peter, displaying signs of lively amazement.

Count Lagors is in one of his choicest tempers.

"What the deuce do you mean by presuming to comment upon my actions?" he shouts amiably. "Come and dress me, and see that you make me look as hideous as possible. Get me an olive-color coat, and mind that the gloves and cravat match. I always look beastly in olive." This address has its proper effect upon the faithful Peter; he understands at once that his master has motives for looking exceedingly well this particular evening, and, destitute of the remotest idea of obeying him, forthwith lays out from the luxurious wardrobe a suit of uncompromising black, conscious that the slightest suggestion of green upon his part would be at the risk of his life. No amount of madness on Peter's part would ever betray him into the indiscretion of adopting such reckless suggestions of his master.

When he is dressed Lagors surveys himself with pardonable satisfaction. His tall, slim figure is elegant in its fastidious attire. His dark and high-bred face is even more attractive than in its youth, and in his deep-set eyes is that fierce, fickle, half-passionate glow that burns like a volcano.

As he stands thus a knock sounds at the door, and Peter hastens to attend, opening the door narrowly as though he guarded the sacred precincts of some idol-god. In a moment he returns with a card which he gives his master.

"Ah!" murmurs that individual, turning from the glass. "Toboskie has come; he said he would call for me. He is a trifle early. Tell him to come up here."

"Be ready in a moment, Raoul," he continues, as the guest is admitted a few moments later.

"Had to come early," explains Toboskie, sinking in a chair, with a quiet adaptation of the surrounding luxury that bespeaks his own familiarity with such sybaritic ease, "because the Ashhursts go to the ambassador's to night, and our call will necessarily be short."

"Glad of it," says Lagors, crossly, whose existing mood never lasts a moment, and who is now intent upon examining a handkerchief of finest texture. "Peter, you rascal!" he finally shouts, "you have given me a soiled handkerchief! Do you presume so far upon my forbearance—which I confess has been limitless—that you expect me to carry about with me soiled handkerchiefs?" Under the nose of the suffering Peter he thrusts the obnoxious linen, which bears the slightest suggestion of a spot, and glares at that individual murderously.

Peter, guilt-stricken, turns away to remedy the mistake; he proceeds leisurely to the costly trifle of a box in whose sacred depths usually reposes these very necessary appendages to his master's toilet; it is empty. With a slight acceleration of speed he next investigates a certain drawer in the wardrobe which has never been known to be without its dozen scented, dainty squares of linen; not a handkerchief is visible!

It is the first time that such carelessness has ever been chronicled of Peter; nevertheless, upon the present occasion it must be confessed that amidst all that wealth and extravagance not a pocket-handkerchief can be produced! For a moment he stands aghast. Then his leisurely-conducted search resolves itself into a desperate exploration. He investigates every cranny of the various wardrobes; he explores every similar receptacle that graces the chamber; he reverses that treacherous box where his search had ought to have been but is not, and gives it two or three smart blows with the vain hope of dislodging a handkerchief from some hidden depths; he scrutinizes the walls, the ceilings, the floor, while the count stands by storming like a madman.

"He is the most reckless, careless, dishonest man that ever cursed a master," affirms Lagors, to his friend, who is too used to these scenes to be anything but amused. "He is a thorough and unscrupulous villain! The money I have squandered through his carelessness! I have wasted half of my fortune upon handkerchiefs, yet never have one! I never have *anything* that he can possibly take from me. See here, you villain!" addressing himself to Peter's heels, which is the only part of him visible as he frantically dives into an enormous chest, still bent upon his hopeless search, "in the lower drawer of that secretary yonder, is a box of handkerchiefs. There are six of them—all there are left of a collection of forty years. I locked them up to keep them from your thieving fingers. Here, take the key and be quick, or I'll make you suffer yet for your dishonesty."

Peter speedily emerges from the cavernous depths of the chest, his sedate gray hair in a state of wild disorder and turns his attention to the secretary, the anxiety with which he pursues his last hope plainly visible in his respectable face. He turns out the contents promiscuously, is seized with a panic as his search appears to be fruitless, then with a face beaming with triumph fastens upon a handkerchief box, and, while he approaches his master, frantically wrests off the fastening and raises the lid.

He stands directly before the two men, but presents it to Lagors. Toboskie's eyes idly fasten upon the box. Then he realizes that the troubles of the indefatigable factotum are not yet over. He has evidently got the wrong box, and there, bared to their vision, instead of the smooth surface of the expected linen is a sight that, for the instant, so sudden has been its appearance, startles him.

It is the picture of a girl—scarcely more than a child—and taken in an attitude wildly beautiful, yet with an almost too great exposure of limb and form to suit the taste of a particularly fastidious observer.

She is beautiful, with something of the wild native grace of the jungle clinging to her, as she lies in a mass of crushed grass and nodding ferns. It is evidently a warm climate in which she is represented, for her form is clad in some thin, short garment that does not conceal the perfect curves and soft roundness of her figure. Her limbs are rounded and as beautifully shaped as marble fresh from the sculptor's chisel. From her small, perfectly-shaped feet, in themselves a marvel, to her dimpled knees not the faintest suspicion of clothing intercepts the view, and the arms and full white throat are as bare. Her face is a picture of lovely, defiant, passionate youth, holding a dash of sweet, shy shame, while from the tangled mass of hair, held back by one little, strong hand, gleam up two dark-blue eyes, bold with the sunny, sensuous *insouciance* of her nature, yet holding a half-abashed light, that bears weak testimony to her womanly dignity.

The whole affair is almost as quick as a flash of lightning, yet Toboskie has noticed every point in the picture, with its soft sensuous beauty; then from Peter's nerveless fingers drops the fatal box, and the contents fall on the floor, the picture dropping face downwards. Then he perceives that the portrait is fastened to the back of a legal-looking document, now clearly revealed, across which, written in a clear, firm hand, he read "*The Schaffuskie Lands!*"

He looks first at the paper, then at Lagors, who stands white as death, his lips drawn tightly across his teeth, his eyes literally blazing with a lurid flame and his hands clinched. Peter confronts him, his face bleached to the hue of his master's, and in his eyes a great shrinking pain and prayer.

Then, maddened with pain or memories of an unpleasant past, without a word, Lagors lifts his clinched hand and strikes Peter square in the temple.

It is a cruel blow, and its object drops to the floor without so much as a groan. And, suddenly sobered by his act, Lagors stands for an instant appalled, then, stooping, lifts the head of the prostrate man and rests it upon his knee.

All the fierceness and wrath of his peculiar nature are swept aside, and in this moment the pure affection for this man shines forth—this man, faithful through abuse and neglect, returning blows with caresses, and bitterness with love.

Nicholas Lagors is, perhaps, a man wrecked, soul and body; yet through all the incontinencies and excesses of the past has burned the sincere tenderness for Peter, the faithful—Peter who, when love and pleasure and lust failed him, remained stanch and true. He lifts his head and brushes back the coarse gray hair, while his remorse and horror stupefy him. Toboskie, however, is more collected; and, hastening to a dressing-table, returns with a bottle of scented water, with which he copiously dampens the withered, gray face resting on the count's arm.

Under this treatment the sturdy life in Peter asserts itself, and his eyes unfasten and fix upon his master, but with a shudder speedily reclose, and his head moves wearily to and fro.

Across the prostrate figure of the man whom his ungovernable fury has stricken down, Count Lagors looks at Toboskie with eyes weary with a ghastly, haunting pain, and bitter memories raked up from the past. With trembling fingers he touches the gray hair, the gray face, the gray clothes, and his lips quiver. He is almost childish in his misery and repentance.

"Grown gray in service—in my service!" he says, hoarsely. "Raoul, those words ring in my ears! Oh, God! what a brute I am! This man has worked for me, sinned for me, and would die for me if I wished it. Yet how have I returned his fidelity? Peter—poor, miserable, abused man! After all the past," he shudders as he speaks, "after all the past, I strike him down like a dog!"

Toboskie cannot refrain from gazing at the dark, wretched face of his friend as he speaks, and, slowly as he gazes fastens upon him the conviction that the hidden life of this man is branded with its secret guilt and its pain. And all this time the picture, with its sensuous, Southern grace, lies hid upon the floor, while staring at the miserable man like things of life are those three magic words, destined to work so much misery, "The Schaffuskie Lands!"

"We must get him up," observes Toboskie, prosaically enough. "He may die! It was a frightful blow, Lagors."

"It was; I wish you would shoot me for it," groans Lagors, in his new-born humility. "And yet of what avail is my repentance? To-morrow, before the sun rises, I shall have been in a rage with him a dozen times, and without the slightest provocation."

"Help me lift him."

Together they carry Peter to a divan piled high with silken cushions, upon which they place him, and again he looks up, and this time in a feeble, groping way, takes his master's hand. It is a simple gesture, yet replete with an humble fidelity—a love that will outlive death.

"Are you better, Peter?" asks Lagors, in an unsteady voice.

"All right—nothing in the world is the matter with me," cheerfully affirms that individual. There is still a dazed look in his eyes, yet his instincts of fealty are stronger than pain.

"Peter, I was a brute!" exclaims Lagors, vehemently.

"My lord, you were not," contradicts Peter, promptly. "But you must not be late. I will look for the handkerchiefs." His master groans as his factotum gets upon his feet. In passing, Peter stoops and picks up the package. He does it quickly and passes on, taking with him the picture and papers, but Toboskie sees that there is an inestimable pain and sadness in his face as he locks them away in a drawer.

Lagors follows his companion and bends above him as he is deep in the recesses of the secretary.

"Peter," he says, almost gently. "Peter, are you really better, or have I killed you?"

"I am better, sir," says Peter, frantically rumaging amidst the contents of the drawers. "I'd be well if I could only find those cursed handker——"

"Never mind, Peter," interrupts his master, wearily. "I will go now. But, mind you, I would not leave if you were sick. I have been a brute, but you will have your revenge. Peter, I am going to see *her*—Jack Ashhurst's wife!"

CHAPTER XVI.—A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

TOBOSKIE and Lagors gain the house of the English peer in silence. As they come in the light of the vestibule, the former looks in keen scrutiny at his companion; he sees that his face is pale and a trifle hard, but perfectly composed, though his eyes are fiery and restless. As they are admitted to the hall, which is dimly lighted, they hear a flutter as of woman's garments; something brushes swiftly past them, they both turn quickly and see a woman rush past—a woman with a hard, drawn, white face and hands locked tightly before her. Toboskie sees that it is Valentine.

A moment later Gypsy, who is standing by her toilet-table, is startled by her door being suddenly thrown open. She looks up; upon the threshold stands Valentine—Valentine like a phantom, her eyes filled with a fierce pain and a bitter, shrinking fear, her face ghastly and piteous in its misery, and her hands stretched out in front of her like a person blind—her beautiful hands, now flushed until they seem to have concentrated all the blood in her body, and quivering and twitching as though seized with a mortal pain.

At this sight Gypsy drops the cut-glass bottle she has raised to her nostrils and stares in horror at her friend.

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THE LATE GENERAL SUTTER.

GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER, the California pioneer, upon whose land, on American River, D. W. Marshall discovered the first beads of virgin gold, died in Washington D. C., on June 18th. He had been sick about a week with inflammation of the kidneys. He was born in Switzerland in March, 1803, and came to the United States in 1834. On landing at New York he started on an overland journey, striking the Pacific coast at Oregon, and thence going to San Francisco. Remaining there but a short time, he set sail for the Sandwich Islands; thence he went in turn to Vancouver's Island, Alaska, and back to California, landing at what was then known as Yerba Buena, and "dropping my anchor on the same spot which is now well known as the corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, City of San Francisco."



THE LATE GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.—FROM A PHOTO. BY ULKE.

His first appointment was as a kind of Indian agent, ranking as a captain, and bearing a commission from the Mexican Government, which at that time held possession of California proper, with its capital at Monterey. He erected a fort at Sacramento, supplying it with cannon at his own expense, and, while regarding that town as his headquarters, he went into the interior, began farming on a large scale, and gradually created a strong desire for agricultural pursuits among the Indians he expected to fight.

In 1845, as commander of a brigade of four hundred men, he marched from Sacramento down to Monterey to aid in quelling the Revolution. The insurgents were pursued to San Fernando, where they turned and defeated the regular troops, taking Sutter prisoner, and deciding to shoot him the next day. His life was saved, however, through the intercession of an American gentleman—Stearnes by name—and Sutter returned to his headquarters. His Government positions were retained, notwithstanding there was a change of administration, and again he turned his sword into a ploughshare and his spear into a pruning hook. Later on, he saved Fremont's hardy explorers from starvation, sending a vessel down to Yerba Buena, and providing an abundance of clothing, food and other requisites. On General Kearney's arrival, Sutter was appointed Indian Agent; shortly after, Commodore Stockton made him Alcalde, and Colonel Montgomery invested him with the military command of the district.

The General's troubles began with the discovery of gold. All his misery has been crowded into his life since that day—to him, most unlucky; to the world, most fortunate. He had in his employ a man named D. W. Marshall, who, one day, seeing small yellow lumps in the race near the spot where they were building a mill, gathered a quantity, and seeking the General, made him enter a room and lock the door, and there displaying his little beads which had been wrapped in a piece of dirty paper, said he believed they were gold.

General Sutter entered quite heartily into Marshall's excitement, as much to please the man by a sign of sympathy as from sheer curiosity. He applied all the tests he could think of, ending with that of *aqua fortis*, and assured Marshall that the lumps were indeed pure gold. An attempt was then made by the two to keep the matter a secret at least for a couple of months, at the expiration of which time the General hoped to have his mills finished. But the secret leaked out—through an old woman, of course—and, as Sutter said: "The scum of the world came. They cared nothing for law, property, or anything. They took from me what they wanted, and I was powerless. After a year or so civil authority was established, but in the meantime my stock had all been taken, and my land occupied by squatters."

Neither Mexico nor the United States disputed his proprietorship before this event. Afterwards the United States tribunals decided in his favor when he laid claim to his own property; but when the case was taken to the Supreme Court, the squatters won. He maintained the contest for his rights up to the time of his death, living in Washington while Congress was in session, and at Lititz, Pa., the remainder of the year. He was buried on the 24th by his old comrades, the pioneers.

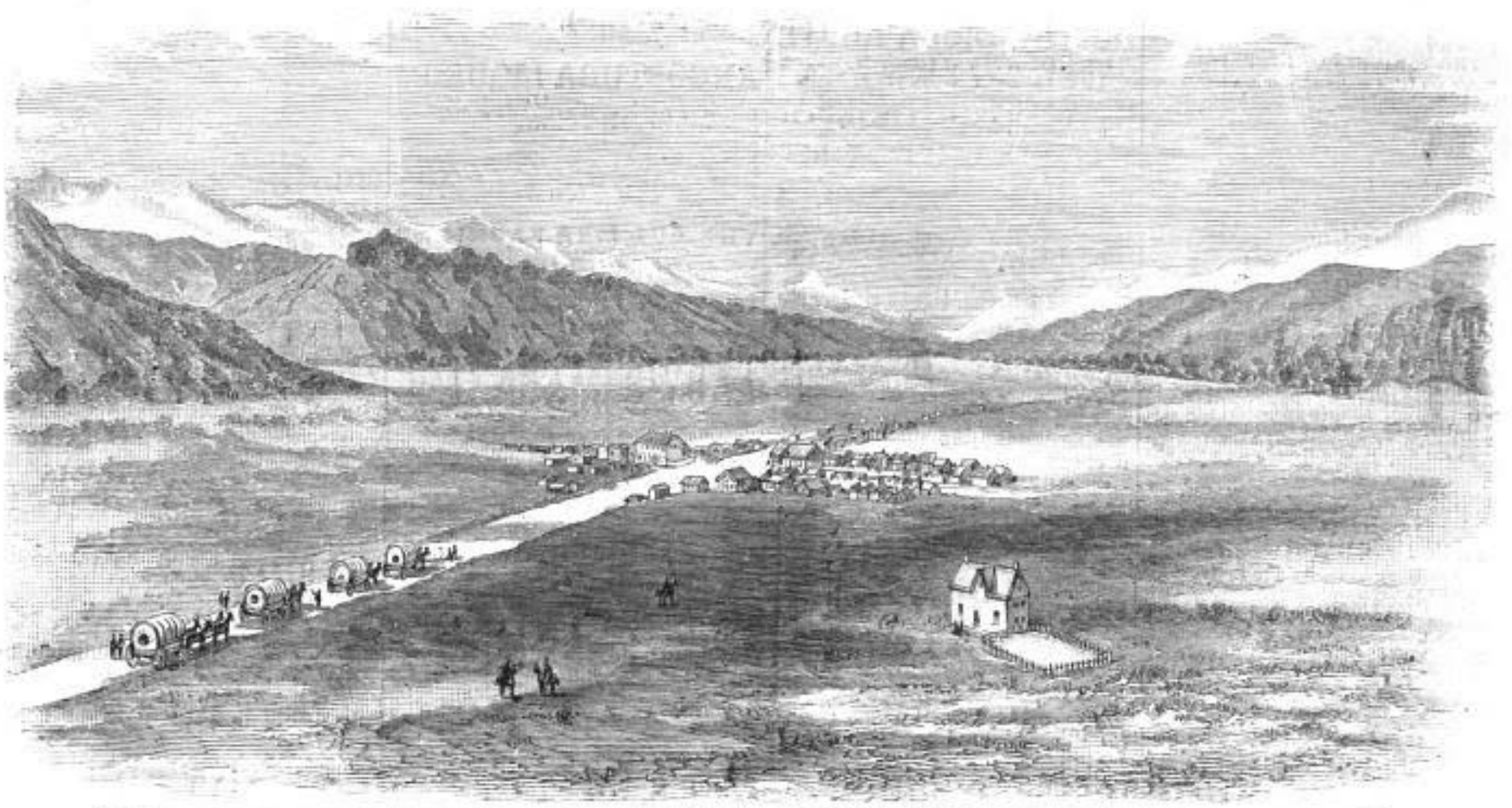
CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



CHARLES BRADLAUGH, who just now occupies so conspicuous a place in the attention of Englishmen, was born forty-seven years ago, the son of a solicitor's clerk, at Hoxton. In his early years he was an errand-boy, a clerk to a coal merchant, a teetotaller and a Sunday-school teacher. But at the early age of sixteen he discovered in himself certain atheistical and revolutionary opinions, together with a certain sense of power, which led to his becoming the man he is to-day. He enlisted as a soldier and nearly revolutionized the Seventh Dragoon Guards; but he purchased his discharge and became clerk to a solicitor, writer and lecturer under the name of "Iconoclast." The creed he has developed during his career is that of Atheism, "Malthusianism" and Republicanism. He has, in the advocacy of this creed, said and published much that is shocking and unsavory to the least squeamish, and he is at this moment the leader of all the strongest and most irreconcilable forces in Great Britain.

Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of great physical strength, of very considerable ability, and of inordinate boldness. He is not by any means a statesman, but he has made himself into a very good lawyer, and he is a powerful speaker and a fearless advocate of the most nauseous opinions. His influence, which is great with the lower classes of the populace, arises partly from his audacity and partly from an unlimited belief in himself, which he has communicated to many others. At the last election he was chosen to represent Northampton in the House of Commons. Upon the meeting of Parliament he declined to take the oath, proposing to affirm. This proposition encountered strong opposition; and on a motion that he be not received, the matter was referred to a committee. Upon the case coming up for action in the House, it was moved that Bradlaugh be permitted to affirm. Sir Harding Gifford moved an amendment forbidding him either to take oath or make affirmation. This was adopted by a vote of 275 to 230. On the announcement of the vote, which has the effect of unseating Mr. Bradlaugh, there was an extraordinary scene of excitement, the Opposition cheering tremendously and waving their hats. Sixty-five Liberals, including Home Rulers, voted against Bradlaugh's right to affirm. One Conservative and ten Home Rulers voted with the minority. On June 23d Mr. Bradlaugh was called on to hear the decision of the House, and, taking his place at the bar, eloquently combatted the resolution arrived at against him. He said it was unprecedented to condemn any one unheard. He argued against being accused of atheism. He said he would not forego either his opinions or his claims to his seat. The House might afterwards expel him, but until he had taken his seat it had no jurisdiction over him. The House could not override the law which permitted him to take the oath. If an appeal should be necessary, as he hoped it would not be, it must be made. He asked the House to give him the justice which the judges would give him if appealed to. He was loudly cheered.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh's speech the Speaker demanded that he should withdraw; but he replied: "I insist, respectfully, on my right, as a duly elected member for Northampton, to take the oath, and I respectfully refuse to withdraw." To a second request he made a like response. Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the Speaker be authorized to enforce his withdrawal, and the motion was adopted by a vote of 326 to 36. Mr. Bradlaugh refused positively to obey. He was thereupon removed beyond the bar. He returned twice, declaring that the House had no right to exclude him; that it could only imprison him. Finally the



COLORADO.—VIEW OF GUNNISON CITY, THE NEW MINING RENDEZVOUS ON THE GUNNISON RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. H. GOESSING.—SEE PAGE 323.

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Speaker called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove Mr. Bradlaugh below the bar. The Sergeant-at-Arms approached and touched Mr. Bradlaugh on the shoulder. Mr. Bradlaugh moved away, but turned back and shouted, "I claim my right as a member of this House." The Sergeant-at-Arms took more forcible possession of the prisoner, and moved him to the bar, from which Mr. Bradlaugh again advanced, reiterating his claim. At last he was forcibly removed and locked up in the prison under the Clock Tower, being followed by three policemen and a procession of members of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh stated to friends that he did not yet contemplate legal proceedings, though he had received numerous offers of aid.

On the 24th, in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the House, having asserted its authority, orders Mr. Bradlaugh's release. Mr. Labouchère said that Mr. Bradlaugh, when released, would reassert his legal right.

Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was adopted unanimously, and Mr Bradlaugh was released. In the evening he was present in the House, but sat under the gallery, outside the bar. Mr Bradlaugh has received a message from many of his Northampton friends sympathizing with him, and assuring him of their undiminished determination to support him. A petition to the House of Commons will be largely circulated, and signatures invited praying that he be allowed to take his seat in the House. It is thought by some that he will eventually obtain his seat now denied him.

FUN.

FLATTERY.—*Artful Tailor* (after measuring customer's arm): "Dear me! Very, sing'lar sit!—Ex; act' the measurement of the 'Apollier Belvidere,' sir!" Customer orders a second suit.

ONE day during an eclipse of the sun a boy sold smoked glasses at six cents apiece. "You ought to make money," said a purchaser. "Yes," said the young merchant, "ours would be a good business if the dull season were not so long."

"I AM an independent voter, and I can't support you until I've seen your platform," she said as he finished proposing. A couple of hours later it dawned upon the young man's mind that she wanted to know the amount of his salary.

AT a camp-meeting lately a venerable sister began the hymn: "My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

AN Irishman once said to another: "And ye have taken the temoral pledge, have ye?" "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his sodmach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

VERY LIKELY.—"Good-morning, Betty. Fine morning. Father pretty well?" "No, sir. I'm sorry to say he ain't at all the thing." "Sorry, indeed, to hear that. What's the matter with him?" "Well, sir, the fact is, he and Master Revill drav over to Canterbury the other day, and the trap got turned clean over, and I thing that upset him."

TENDER WIFE.—"Say, look here! I've got to have a new velvet skirt right off. Got to have it. This old thing is all worn out—actually threadbare down the front." *Bride of a Husband.* "Just the thing, my dear. All the rage. Fashion item says velvet skirts will be very much worn this season. Sand-paper the back of your dress and you're setting the style.

PROFESSOR GEIGER sat in an easy-chair on the deck, looking very pale. The compassionate captain asked how he felt. "Miserable, miserable; I'm sick, captain, I'm sick. I have paid tribute to Neptune till I have lost everything." "But," said the captain, "I see you still have your boots left." "Yes," said the professor, faintly, "but they were on the outside."

AN AN innocent-looking old man was going up a Vicksburg street, a draytman nodded at him and asked, "Want a dray, mister?" "No-o, I guess not," replied the old man; "I'm too fur from home, and can't pay freight on it. Much obleeged, though. Vicksburg is a powerful nice town. A fellow back there asked me if I didn't want a coat; a nocher inquired if I wanted a hack, and now you offer me a dray. I wish I lived here."

F "WILLIAM, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide; "no, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."

THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA.

THESE are being mitigated, and in a large number of cases wholly removed, by the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," the new revitalizing agent which is now attracting such wide attention. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IT was a colored preacher who said to his flock: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of Heaven whichever of you stole Mr. Jones's turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed nigger in de church came down wid de rocks."

THE PREMIER SHOT GUN.

WE wish to call special attention to the advertisement of the PREMIER SHOT GUN. We have personally examined and own one of these guns; it is the handsomest and best single breech-loading shot gun in the market, equal in all particulars to high-priced double guns, and much better than a cheap double barrel. They are exactly as represented in the advertisement in every particular, and are well worth $18 to $20. No sportsman should neglect to purchase one, for, at the advertised price, they are a rare bargain. The advertisers are one of the best known and most reliable firms in the trade, and manufacture the PREMIER GUN themselves. They are offered at the wholesale price, to reduce a very large stock during the Summer months.

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THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Broadway, New York, so long the leading hotel of the great city, fully maintains its high standard of excellence, and in comfort and luxury has no superior in this country or in Europe. Its location, for healthfulness and the convenience of travelers, is the very best. On account of its thorough good order, safety and superior rooms, it is especially adapted for families and ladies traveling without escort, who are treated with every respect and consideration. The proprietor, with his family, resides in the Hotel, giving to it his constant personal supervision; the result is that the ST. NICHOLAS is, in every respect, the Model Hotel.

A BUSY LIFE.

THE World's Dispensary at Buffalo, N. Y., is a great institution, having its auxiliary Invalids' Hotel for accommodation of patients, costing its founder nearly half a million dollars, and its branch in London, England, of similar proportions, where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets and other remedies are manufactured for the foreign trade, which extends to the East Indies, China and other far-distant countries. All this mammoth business has been organized, systemized and built up by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has associated with himself as a Faculty, under the name of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a most competent staff of physicians and surgeons, who annually treat many thousands of cases of chronic diseases, not by prescribing any set lot of remedies, but by using all such specific remedies as have, in a large experience, been found most efficacious. Besides organizing and directing this mammoth business of world-wide proportions, Dr. Pierce has found time to write a work on domestic medicine, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," 1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, selling at $1.50; and also to serve a term as State Senator, and later as Member of Congress. Surely he must be competent, if he were to take the lecture platform, to discourse upon "the recollections of a busy life."—*National Republican.*

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A SURE sign of approaching Baldness is an abnormal amount of Dandruff, accompanied or followed by "falling hair." When these unmistakable signs manifest themselves, immediate action should be taken to restore the normal functions of the scalp and glands, as that is the first stage at which these symptoms yield most readily. Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH immediately vitalizes the decaying glands or follicles, and produces a rapid and long growth of hair. It is *positively guaranteed* to cure nervous or bilious headache in five minutes, and the price, $3, will be refunded if not as represented. Its sale is wonderful. See testimonials and advertisement on sixteenth page.

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[*From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.*]

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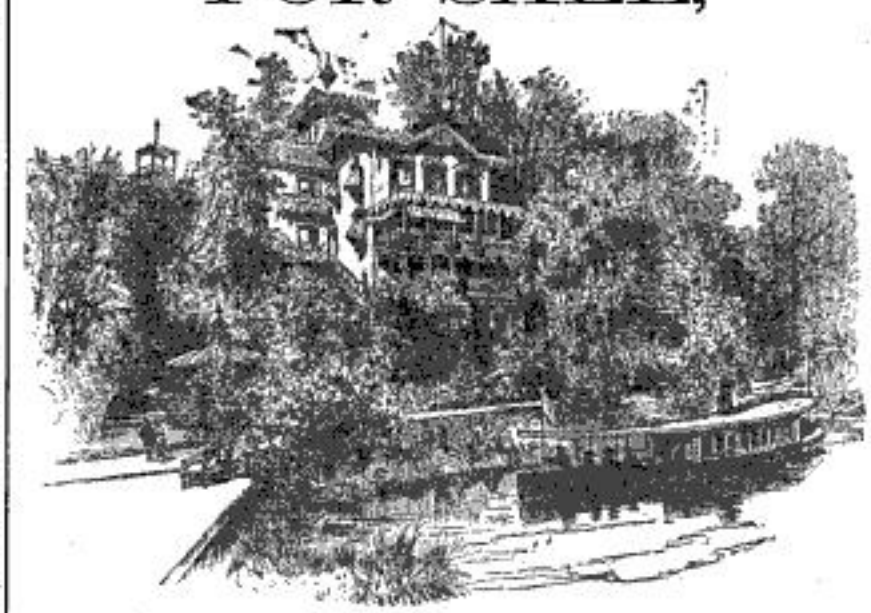
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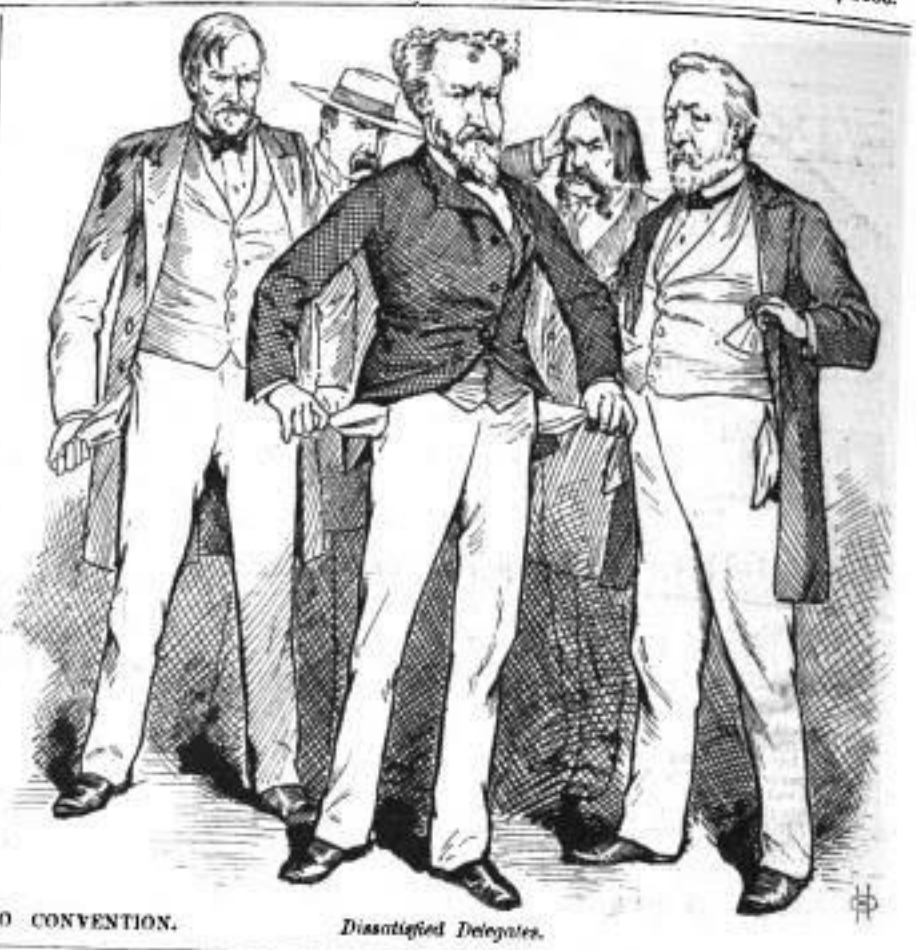
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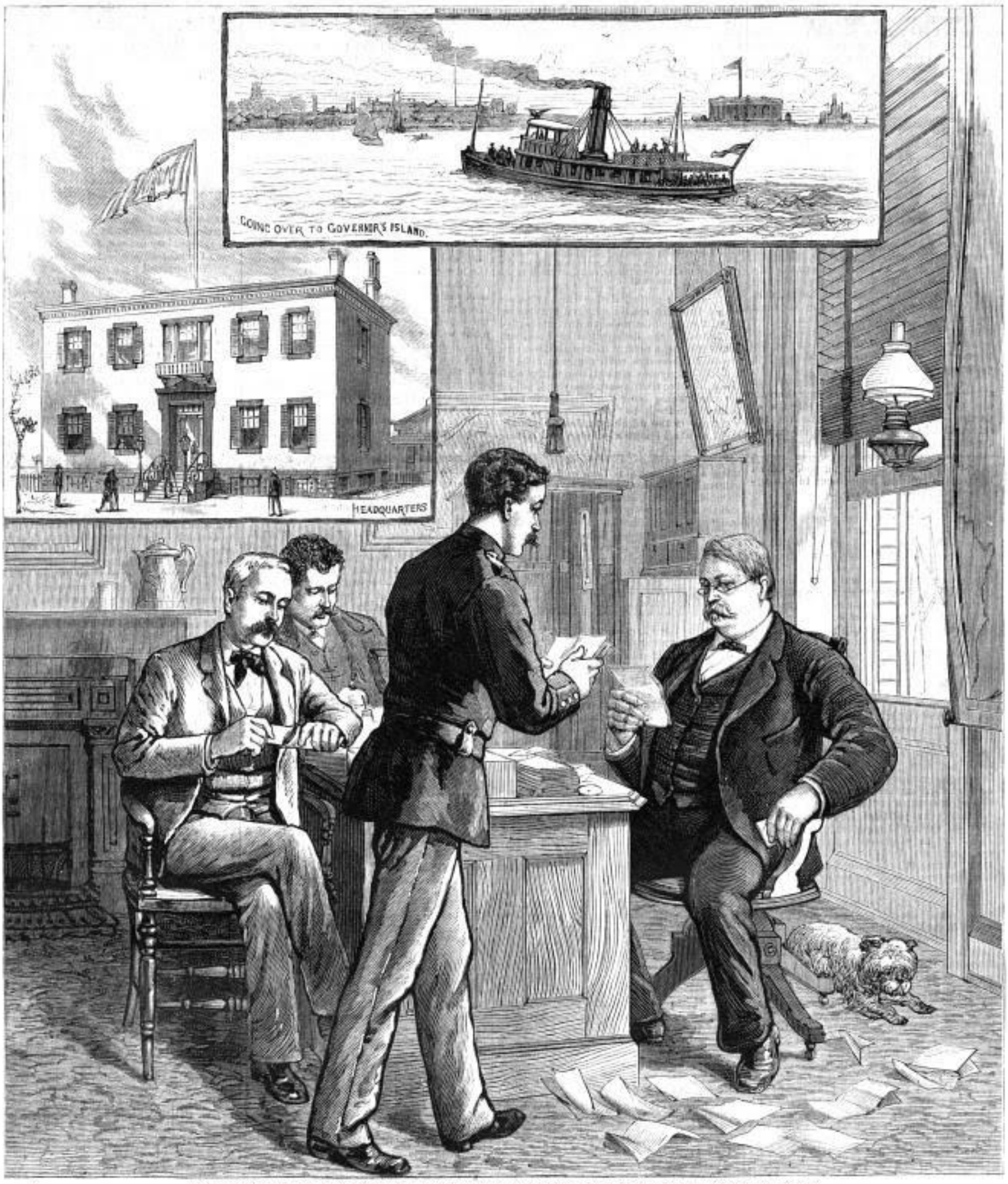
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No. 1,294.—Vol. L. NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1880. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly; 13 Weeks $1 00.



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS IN HIS OFFICE.

NEW YORK.—OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—GENERAL HANCOCK AT HIS MILITARY HEADQUARTERS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.—See Page 335.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.,
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

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THE TWO PLATFORMS.

THE modern political "platform" is a political manifesto in which each party puts its best foot forward, and makes its highest bid for the popular confidence and support. Generally speaking, we may say that the promises of a platform are a good deal broader than the performance of the party which has carried the election on it, and the principles of a platform are a good deal narrower than the real principles and conduct of the party supposed to be covered by it. For instance, the performance of the Republican Party under the pure and generally excellent administra- of President Hayes has fallen, in the single matter of civil service reform, very far behind the promises of the Republican platform of 1876; and that the principles of a party platform are always narrower than the real opinions and tendencies of the men who stand on it, was made apparent by the recent public confession of Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, when, in submitting to the late Chicago Convention the platform adopted by that party, he stated that its framers had endeavored to put nothing in their resolutions on which they could not agree among themselves, and "nothing that would tend to disturb the harmony of the Convention, or awaken angry debate, or cause long delay."

It is in this view that political platforms afford us a good standard by which to measure the strength and the weakness of parties—the strength which results from the fairness and breadth of their promises, and the weakness which results from an obvious compromise of principles and opinions—a compromise made for the purposes of an immediate political expediency in the approaching Presidential election.

The chief points upon which accuracy and precision of definition were to be desired in the coming Presidential contest seem to us to be these: the currency question, the tariff, civil service reform, and the perennial issue raised in our politics by the relation of the Federal Government to the States; and on each of these points it seems to us that the platform-makers of both parties have fallen somewhat below the measure of their duties and of their opportunities. The question of the currency is relegated by the Republican platform to the domain of history, as if it were no longer a "living issue." The only references made to this vital subject is as follows, found in what purports to be a "brief report" of the administration of the Republican Party during the last twenty years: "It has restored upon a solid basis a payment in coin for all the national obligations, and has given us a currency absolutely good and equal in every part of the country." How far this statement falls below the truth is known to all who do not wear political blinders on both of their eyes. The present basis of resumption in coin is *not* a solid one, so long as it is menaced by more than three thousand millions of dollars in uncanceled greenbacks, retained in circulation against the solemn promise of the Republican Party as made when it first issued them; and our present currency is *not* "absolutely good and equal in every part of the country," for the Secretary of the Treasury finds it impossible to keep the depreciated silver dollar in circulation, and that impossibility results from its depreciation alone, and from the superadded threat which its mere coinage and its accumulation in the vaults of the Treasury at Washington are seen to suspend over the solidity of the basis on which resumption rests.

And the deliverance of the Democrats on this subject has been adroitly framed, we fear, to keep the word of promise to the ear and to break it to the hopes of the people. It professes to favor "honest money, consisting of gold and silver and paper convertible in coin on demand." This would be an excellent test if it only were accompanied by a commentary which should indicate that by "*honest* money" the Democrats mean something better than the money promised by the Republicans; but everybody knows that they do *not* mean any such thing. The whole phrase is little more than a "glittering generality," unless, in pledging itself "anew to the constitutional doctrines and traditions of the Democratic Party, as illustrated by the teaching and example of a long line of Democratic statesmen," the Cincinnati Convention has openly recanted the financial heresies with which the Democrats of the West and South have been infected for the last decade or longer. And such a recantation should be made in express terms, and not by implication.

On the question of the tariff the advantage seems clearly to rest with the Democratic platform. It pledged the party to "a tariff for revenue only," and to "free ships," with "a living chance for Americans on the seas and the land," while the Republican platform clings to the exploded dogma of protection — that "the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should be so discriminated as to favor American labor." As such "discriminations" in the nominal favor of American labor are really taxes on one kind of American labor for the profit and advantage of some other kind, we see that in this specious declaration the Republicans commit themselves to a perpetuation of the class legislation embodied in our present revenue system—a system which works private injustice and public detriment in a thousand directions.

On the subject of civil service reform there is little to choose between the two platforms. The framers of the Republican Platform had purposed to ignore the topic entirely as one of the things they could not agree about among themselves, but a member from Massachusetts, having insisted on thrusting the disagreeable matter before the faces of the Chicago Convention, a declaration on the subject was finally adopted, *with this clause stricken out:*

"That the tenure of administrative offices (except those through which the distinctive policy of the party in power shall be carried out) shall be permanent during good behavior, and that the power of removal for cause, with due responsibility for the good conduct of subordinates, shall accompany the power of appointment."

After having excluded this vital principle of all true and consistent civil service reform, the Republican Convention proceeded to indorse "the declaration of President Hayes that the reform in the civil service should be thorough, radical and complete," and that Congress should co-operate with the Executive to this end.

On this same score the Democratic Platform limits itself to "the promise of such a change in the administration of government as shall insure a genuine and lasting reform in every department of the public service." That is, the Republicans promise a "thorough, radical and complete reform" of the civil service by continuing to hold all the offices of the Government, and the Democrats promise "a genuine and lasting reform" in the same service, by turning all the present incumbents out and putting Democrats in their places! Each of the parties has only juggled with the question in its platform.

THE FUTURE OF BUSINESS.

IT is in the experience of many a man that, convalescing after a prolonged illness, and rejoicing in his returning strength, he has over-exerted himself, bringing on a relapse, which, if it had no other effect, admonished him that he must be more prudent, and probably not expect an early return to his original strength. Nations are composed of individuals, and often exhibit the characteristics of individuals. The experience of the imprudent convalescent has been the history of the business of the United States in the past two years.

Following the panic of 1873, there were nearly five years of as severe commercial depression as was ever suffered by any people at any time when no active and continuing causes of disaster existed. There were no bad failures of crops, no widespread epidemics, no general wars, and yet trade was everywhere suffering. Business men were ruined in hundreds. There had been overwork in building railways, and the credits of railway corporations had been unduly extended, and the result was a panic, which was followed by stagnation.

But our business men suddenly awoke, during the Spring of 1878, to the fact that a slow process of recuperation had been going on, and that the movements of great crops of cotton, breadstuffs, provisions, and other staples of agriculture, were bringing about a better state of affairs. An active speculation began, which was carried to its height in the Autumn of 1879. It was most active in iron, some descriptions of which tripled in price. It extended to railway stocks and bonds of little or no value. It became rampant in wheat, based on the failure of the crops in Western Europe.

Then came the conviction in many minds that we had been going a little too fast. A halt was called. To pause at such a crisis is to recede. There has been a severe shrinkage of values of merchandise and securities in the past few months, and much money lost.

Yet all is well. The convalescent is in good heart. The business of the country is on a sounder basis than it has been in twenty years. There has been a sharp lesson given against excessive speculation. We are admonished that we are on a specie basis, and inflated prices cannot be maintained. We are promised large crops, and, if prices are somewhat lower than they have been, they are not ruinously depressed. If obstacles are interposed to a general or important advance in wages, the cost of living promises to continue low. Food and clothing will not be dear. Manufacturers are fully employed, and are generally making money. So long as this is true, there can be no lack of employment.

The reverses of the past few months are in some respects a blessing. Our exports again exceed our imports. The advance in iron had been so great as to threaten to put a check upon railway building, so necessary to the development of the resources of our country. The return of iron to a moderate price will reduce the current expenses of railroads in operation, thus swelling their net earnings. It will also encourage the building of new roads as well as the extension of old lines. A serious burden has been removed from those employing all kinds of machinery.

Those who would get rich rapidly must be content with a slower and safer progress. We have but to look about to note how promising is the general position. We must, therefore, work out the elements of prosperity spread before us with renewed energy and confidence, but in a more sober mood, in the full assurance that a new career of business activity is before us, more solid, if less brilliant, than the history of the past years affords, yet in all respects the subject, justly, of assurance and congratulations.

THE BRADLAUGH CASE.

TO an American, at first thought, it seems altogether strange that a gentleman, the legality of whose election to the British Parliament is unquestioned, should, on account of his religious opinions, be debarred from taking his seat. The strangeness of this phenomenon, however, passes instantly away when we remember that in England the State is wedded to the Church, and that in a time not far remote from the present, no man in that country could hold any important office without avowing his belief in the creed of the national Church. We may well remind ourselves, also, that in several of the American colonies, before the Revolution, no man could be either a legislator or a magistrate who was not a communicant of the Church. A provision better calculated to destroy both Church and State by the dry-rot of insincerity could scarcely be devised. It inevitably brings Christianity into reproach as leading to proscription and persecution, when in fact everything of this sort is wholly foreign to its spirit.

The ancient English rule has been much relaxed within the last century, but it is still held by conservatives to be rigid enough to exclude an open and avowed atheist from a seat in Parliament. The terms of the oath prescribed for members of that body are indeed such that we do not see how an atheist can take it without stultifying himself; while the form of affirmation, provided for Quakers like John Bright, is thought by many to be inapplicable to Mr. Bradlaugh's case. The course of the latter in first boggling at the terms of the oath, and then offering to take it without modification, was a very stupid blunder on his part, not only because it brought his own sincerity into doubt, but because it greatly embarrassed the party to which he belongs. He ought to have determined from the first whether he would take the oath or not, and to have stood firmly by his position when once taken. If, upon conscientious grounds, he had firmly refused to take it, his appeal to Parliament for relief would have rested upon very strong grounds. Or if, when he first presented himself to be qualified, he had quietly, without a word of explanation or protest, offered to take the affirmation provided for the relief of those unwilling to take the oath, he would probably have been admitted without serious objection.

A conservative Englishman is a natural stickler for ancient forms and precedents, and apt to think the bottom of things must drop out if they are disregarded. And so Mr. Bradlaugh found his way to the seat he was chosen by the electors of Northampton to fill closed and barred before him, and for a time it seemed to be doubtful whether the barriers would be broken down. But the final issue has been in harmony with the spirit of the age. The Christian Church is rapidly outgrowing the old notion that heresy of religious opinion is a crime to be repressed by civil penalties and deprivations, and coming to regard it rather as a misfortune and a calamity, to be overcome by the spirit of kindness and good-will. There is no more sense in persecuting a man for his lack of faith in spiritual things than for being born deaf or blind, or for having lost a leg or an arm. Our feeling towards such a man should be those of compassion rather than of indignation. The whole system of religious persecution has been a direful mistake from first to last. It is contrary to the very genius as well as to the precepts of Christianity to force it upon men's acceptance by pains and penalties. Of all the hindrances to the growth and extension of our religion over the whole earth, this is the greatest, the most inexcusable.

It does not surprise us to be told that Mr. Bradlaugh, standing at the bar of the House and pleading for his own rights and those of his constituency, "is considered to have made a splendid effort of oratory." He is, no doubt, a man of exceptional ability, and he certainly represents a great principle, that of religious liberty. There is no reason to suppose that the electors of Northampton are atheists. They probably chose Mr. Bradlaugh as their representative, not because they sympathized with his religious opinions, but rather because, in spite of them, they thought him well qualified to serve them, and the country as well, as a legislator; and in this they are probably not mistaken. His very heresies create a presumption in his favor, so far as ability and character are concerned. A bad man, holding popular opinions, might easily be elected to Parliament; but in Christian England an atheist could not well be chosen unless his qualifications were of a high order. Mr. Bradlaugh represents a vital principle, and one that is sure to prevail, if not now, in the near future in England, as it has already prevailed in the United States. Individual voters must, of course, be at liberty to withhold their suffrages from a man whose religious opinions are odious to them. Others may think them narrow and bigoted for so doing, but their right to act even upon their prejudices is unquestioned. But when a constituency deliberately chooses a heretic for its representative, there can be no reasonable excuse for excluding him from his seat on account of his opinion. If Robert Ingersoll were nominated for a seat in Congress in almost any district of the United States, many Christian voters, in the exercise of their unquestioned right as citizens, would, no doubt, refuse to support him; but, if in spite of this opposition, he should be elected, there is not a Christian in the land who would seek to prevent him from taking his seat—nay, not one who would not contend to the last for his right to do so. As Christians we should be grateful to the Fathers of the Republic for establishing this as a fundamental principle of our Constitution.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

THE gross receipts from internal revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30th, amounted to $123,623,251, an increase of $12,000,000 over last year. This increase is derived from whisky, cigars and cigarettes, and would have been greater but for the reduction of the tax on tobacco, which is said to have caused a falling off of $12,000,000. The growing prosperity of the country is very clearly shown by this gratifying statement. The customs receipts for the fiscal year were $185,108,611, an increase over last year of $10,061,640.

The total amount of United States currency outstanding on June 30th was $362,659,008. The total number of national banks organized during the fiscal year was sixty-one, with a capital of $7,352,070. The total number of banks which have gone into voluntary liquidation during the same period is twenty, with a capital of $2,601,000. No national banks failed from July 23d of last year until June 9th, 1880, since which time three banks have failed, with a capital of $700,000, all of which, it is believed will pay their creditors in full. The net increase of national bank notes during the year was $14,933,740. The amount of legal-tender notes now on deposit for the purpose of retiring national bank circulation is $19,782,387. The total amount of national bank notes outstanding June 30th was $343,157,937, not including national gold banks, amounting to $1,347,490.

The decrease of the public debt during the month of June was $10,214,424. The decrease during the year ending on the 1st instant was $85,034,961. This, considering the extraordinary expenditure for pensions and on other accounts, is certainly an excellent showing.

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.

CERTAINLY it ought to be possible to prevent disasters like that which occurred last week to the passenger steamboat *Seawanhaka*. Within a month seven "accidents" have happened within three hundred miles of this port to vessels plying in our waters. Others may occur, and will occur, unless something effective shall be done to insure a better class of vessels, greater caution in their navigation, and a more rigid enforcement of the laws regulating their inspection. In the case of the *Seawanhaka*, the officers seem to have done their duty bravely to the very last, and apparently all proper precautions against fire and other casualties had been adopted.

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The captain especially displayed a heroic steadfastness and presence of mind in the face of extremest peril, which have justly elicited the hearty commendation of the Press and public. In the matter of the inspection of steamboats, it is now said that the local board is overworked, and is unable to make as thorough examination of vessels as the law contemplates. As an evidence of the pressure of work, it is stated that in one month recently two men inspected 165 vessels, working Sundays as well as other days, and yet were behindhand in their duties. The department, it is added, is now contemplating a reorganization of the steamboat inspectors' service in the Eastern districts, and steps in that direction are likely to be taken so soon as the *Narragansett* case is reported upon. Possibly something may be gained by this reconstruction of the system of inspection, but the inspection itself, to be effective, must be in the hands of honest, efficient men, who cannot be either bribed or intimidated. The law on the subject is explicit as to the criminality of "accidents," reading as follows:

"Every captain, engineer, pilot, or other person employed on any steamboat or vessel, by whose misconduct, negligence, or inattention to his duties on such vessel the life of any person is destroyed, and every owner, inspector, or other public officer through whose fraud, connivance, misconduct, or violation of law the life of any person is destroyed, shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter, and upon conviction thereof before any Circuit Court of the United States, shall be sentenced to confinement at hard labor for a period of not more than ten years."

Under this law, it would seem that in very many cases, like that of the *Narragansett*, the conviction of officers and owners notoriously guilty of negligence ought not to be difficult, and it is to be hoped that a speedy test may be made of the exact measure of responsibility, in the interest both of the public safety and of the substantial business interests of the metropolis.

THE FATE OF TURKEY.

THE question as to what shall be done to secure the performance by Turkey of the engagements entered into under the Berlin Treaty is awakening increased attention among European statesmen. There are many who believe that the only way in which the will of Europe can be enforced, in the event that the Porte shall refuse to execute the desired reforms, is by the appointment of a commission representing all the Great Powers, which shall be charged with the full enforcement of the Berlin Treaty and the control of the finances, and the summoning of a new Turkish Parliament, fairly representing all the nationalities of the Empire, to carry out the principle of secularization and decentralization. It is certain that no hesitating policy, no half-measure, will be of any avail. The Powers must act together, and they must act with decision and force. It will be a slow and tedious process after Europe has done her utmost. It will be the work of years to restore peace, order, and such a degree of prosperity as will enable the people to pay the ordinary expenses of a peaceful and well-organized Government. It will take a generation to fairly start the work of the moral and intellectual elevation of the masses of the people. But it is a work that must be done, and in this work England must lead. A writer in the *Contemporary Review* says truly:

"England has shrunk from this responsibility too long already. It is a work which ought to have been completed at the close of the Crimean War, which was complicated throughout the long years up to 1876, during which time England upheld Turkey without attempting to reform the Government, and it has been still more complicated by the long series of mistakes made by the late Government, especially by the loss of those two golden opportunities—the Conference of Constantinople and the Congress of Berlin. A serious threat of coercion at either of these times would have settled everything and saved Turkey from untold misery. It is more difficult now, but this is probably the last chance, and it should not be the fault of England if Europe fails to improve it. If the other Powers refuse to unite in this work, nothing will remain for England to do but to make the best terms she can with Russia and France for a division of the Empire. What these three Powers agree to can be done, and there is no reason why the plan of division should not be made satisfactory to Germany and Italy. Austria will oppose any possible settlement. But why should not the great Powers agree to a united intervention, which will be exactly in the line of the Andrassy Note, the Berlin Memorandum, the Conference of Constantinople and the Berlin Treaty, and only one step in advance of the latter?"

The latest reports indicate that the mediatorial advice of the Powers as to the rectification of the Greek boundary will be met by the Porte by dogged and defiant disregard, a state of siege having already been proclaimed on the frontier. Meanwhile Greece is arming and evidently means to fight, if necessary, for her rights. But her struggle will be vain so long as Europe shall decline to act aggressively against the Turkish Government. It is five centuries and a quarter since the Turk landed in Europe and started on his career of conquest. If he shall, a quarter of a century hence, still remain on the shores he has desolated, England, the one Power which has done most to bolster his monstrous rule, will be justly held responsible at the bar of history for any added atrocities which he may perpetrate.

POLITICAL COMPLICATIONS ABROAD.

IT is an old proverb that one man can lead a horse to the water but fifty cannot make him drink. The truth of this saying is exemplified in the present state of affairs in Turkey. The conference at Berlin has decided that a large tract of country around Zanina shall be ceded to Greece, and that certain parts of Albania shall be made over to Montenegro. Now Albania is a long, wide strip of land stretching along the Adriatic Sea. In its midst lies Montenegro. The Montenegrins are a wild people, in the habit of raiding upon the Albanian valleys. The Albanians, on the other hand, are not more under the sway of Turkey than the Indians are under the rule of the Government at Washington. So it was that when Turkey agreed to cede part of Albania to Montenegro the Porte was perfectly aware that the cession could not be enforced except by force of arms. Another difficulty which lies in the way of any cession of Albanian territory is the difference in race and creed which exists in these countries. In Albania there are several separate nationalities divided up into clans, among which there are Roman Catholics, members of the Greek Church and Mohammedans. The latter have, however, only adopted Mohammedanism to show their dislike to some neighboring clan, and are ready to change again at a moment's notice. The Montenegrins, on the other hand, all belong to the Greek Church, and the Mohammedans and Catholic Albanians object to be transferred to Montenegro. According to the latest news both Montenegrins and Albanians are up in arms, and the Porte informs the other Powers that everything possible has been done to carry out the cession as ordered by the Berlin Conference, but that the people refuse to accept the interference of the Sultan. It now remains to be seen what action England and France will take. Obviously they must do something.

France and Germany are still in hot water with the Jesuits and the Pope. In Prussia the Church Bill is being manœuvred through the Assembly, but it is shorn of most of the features which were so objectionable to Rome. But in France the governmental decrees against the Jesuits have been carried out with unflinching severity. At several places the fathers refused to move, and loudly asserted that the colleges and establishments were their own property, either by purchase or by the gift of some benefactor. But the Government was deaf to their complaints; the doors were forced open, the police entered and the followers of Ignatius Loyola were ejected. The total number of religious establishments broken up so far is thirty-nine, with 475 members. There remain about thirty, which, being educational institutions, are allowed to exist until August 31st. It is expected that the Jesuits will immediately apply to the judges, complaining of the violation of their rights of property and domicile, and praying for an order of reinstatement pending the trial of the case.

From England there is but little new. The Bradlaugh excitement still continues. Fifteen thousand persons attended a sympathy meeting in London, June 28th. It is urged that a decision in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh would have an injurious effect upon the cause of Christianity in India, whither, it is said, he has been sending anti-religious books. The House of Commons, however, on July 1st adopted Mr. Gladstone's resolution allowing such members as choose to affirm instead of taking the oath, an adverse motion having been rejected by 303 to 249. This will enable Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat, and remove an issue from British politics which should never have been raised.

THE proposition of Mr. Cyrus W. Field to introduce five-cent fares on the elevated railways of this city has been rejected by the directors of the Manhattan Company. It will be renewed, however, at an early day, and considerations of sound policy will ultimately, no doubt, lead to its adoption.

THE State election in Indiana does not take place until October, but the Republicans, if their organs are to be believed, have already carried it. So Pennsylvania, which does not vote until November, is already secured for Hancock, as we learn from leading Democratic journals. Perhaps both sides may be disappointed. It will be just as well for all concerned to wait until the votes are counted.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND has never been regarded as possessing peculiar attractions, but it just now promises to become the most popular Summer resort of the country—for Democrats, at least. Prominent members of that party are now swarming to the island in shoals, and the tide is likely to increase as the Summer goes on. General Hancock is, of course, the magnet which draws the multitude of adoring politicians to the green island's shores.

THE principal Summer resorts are already filling up, and a season of unusual prosperity is anticipated by their proprietors. The tide of pleasure travel is especially great in the direction of the New Jersey coast resorts, and it is said that there is not a vacant or unlet cottage anywhere from Sandy Hook to Point Pleasant. The development of the shore region south of Long Branch is one of the marvels of recent enterprise, there being now seven or eight resorts, with a Summer population of at least 35,000, scattered along a beach which seven years ago was inhabited only by a few wreckers and fishermen.

THE nomination of General Hancock has certainly been received by the Democrats with greater enthusiasm than the nomination of General Garfield has awakened among the Republicans. There is an obvious coolness toward the Chicago ticket in many Republican circles, and there are not a few members of that party who will vote for General Hancock. It is Garfield's misfortune that he is handicapped by a machine candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and has, besides, been less positively partisan on some leading questions than the party managers wished him to be. The Republican ticket would have been much stronger had some such man as Hon. Levi P. Morton been named for Vice-President; and just this consummation would have been reached had it not been for the interference of Mr. Conkling—Mr. Morton having been definitely offered the support of the delegations of several leading States.

THE spectacle of Mr. John Kelly forgiving the regular Democracy of New York after he had beaten them at the Cincinnati Convention, was, to say the least of it, edifying. When the Tammany braves were refused admittance to the convention as delegates, a great many people declared that Mr. Kelly was dead—that he had been "sat upon and mashed"; but, in view of later events, he may be regarded as about the liveliest corpse of the season. If he shall now act with discretion, his power and influence in his party will be greater than ever before, and, being in "the odor of sanctity" once more, he is not likely to throw away his opportunity.

THE Democracy of Indiana will find it difficult to reconcile the views of their candidate for Vice-President and their candidate for Governor on the financial question. The latter, Mr. Landers, holds ultra soft-money sentiments, while the former has been conspicuous as a supporter of hard-money doctrines. Both are now compelled to stand for the same party, and, as either one or the other must be wrong, it is difficult to see how their leadership can produce anything but confusion and disorder. At all events, both cannot be consistently advocated from the same platform by anybody whose opinions on the financial question are at all pronounced.

THE young Texan, R. B. Buck, who shot the son of Hon. John G. Thompson, at Highland Falls, near West Point, some weeks since, has been indicted, and will be tried in due time. The Dallas (Texas) *Herald*, of a recent date, says that Buck was always regarded as a young man of gentle manners, and is neither a braggart nor given to oaths. It adds: "If he has changed since he left this section, it must be due to something, perhaps, contagious and peculiar to the atmosphere to which he has been transferred." It must be admitted that the West Point atmosphere has not seemed of late to be particularly favorable to the development of the gentler side of human nature, and it is certainly to be hoped that this young Texan may be able to show that his offense was the outcome rather of sudden provocation than of a passionate and vicious temper.

THE amount of capital which has been sunk in the business of fire insurance is much greater than is generally supposed. The *Commercial Bulletin*, which has just investigated the mortality experience of the joint stock fire insurance of twenty-six States, shows in a published table that within ten years the withdrawals have reached the large number of three hundred companies, representing assets estimated as aggregating some $87,400,000. Of these withdrawals, fifty-two were New York companies, with assets of $18,000,000. Of the total number of companies, one hundred—or just one-third—were swept out of existence by the Chicago and Boston fires of 1871 and 1872—leaving two hundred companies whose withdrawals cannot be charged to any exceptional disaster, but must be accounted for upon the obvious general principle that their business did not pay for the cost of doing it.

THE interoceanic canal concession which has been granted by Nicaragua to the American Provisional Society is one of great value, conferring, as it does, the exclusive privilege to construct a ship-canal across the territory of Nicaragua. The canal is to be of sufficient dimensions to accommodate steamers of the largest class used between Europe and America, and the locks are to be not less than five hundred feet long and twenty-eight feet deep. The concession is for ninety-nine years from the date of the opening of the canal for general traffic, and at the expiration of that period the Nicaraguan Government is to take possession of the canal in perpetuity, with the right reserved to the company to lease it for another ninety-nine years. During the period of the concession the company is to have the privilege of constructing a railway along the whole or any part of the canal, also such telegraph lines as it deems necessary for the construction and working of the canal, and these lines shall transmit public messages free of charge. The Government of Nicaragua will declare the terminal ports and the canal itself, throughout its length, to be neutral, and that the transit, in case of war between other powers and Nicaragua, shall be uninterrupted. In general, the canal shall be open to free navigation of all vessels, provided they pay the dues and observe the regulations of the company. An effort will be made to secure a guarantee from all Powers of the neutrality of the canal, and of a zone along it, and of the sea in the vicinity of the terminal ports where dimensions will be defined. It remains to be seen whether any immediate and practical result will come from this concession.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL GRANT started last week on an excursion through Kansas and Colorado.

A TOTAL of 8,056 applications for pensions were filed at the Pension Office in one day last week.

THE National Board of Health announces that there is not a case of yellow fever in the country.

THE indications point to a thorough union of the Democrats of this city and State in support of Hancock and English.

THE Kentucky Court of Appeals has decided that no person can be lawfully excluded from any jury on account of his race or color.

TWO PERSONS were killed and several injured by the explosion of the boiler of a pleasure steamboat at Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 1st.

THERE is a Republican majority of twenty-two on joint ballot in the new Legislature of Oregon, against a Democratic majority of six last year.

GENERAL HANCOCK is said to feel embarrassed by his official position, as he cannot give the campaign the personal attention he desires to do.

UNDER a decision of the Supreme Court of the State, General W. F. Smith has been reinstated as one of the Police Commissioners of this city.

THERE were 553 people killed and 1,581 injured in Pennsylvania last year by the railroads. The horses cars killed seven and injured twenty-two.

AN insane mother, named Mary O'Connor, cut the throats of her three children at Jersey City, N. J., July 1st, in order that "they might go to heaven before her."

IT is said that Special Deputy Marshals of Elections will be appointed this year as usual, notwithstanding the refusal of Congress to provide for the pay of such officials.

HON. MARSHALL JEWELL, of Connecticut, has been elected chairman of the National Republican Committee which organized last week. Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, is secretary.

THE annual eight-oared race between Yale and Harvard on the Thames, at New London, Conn., July 1st, was won by Yale by ten lengths, Harvard having closely pushed the winning boat for the first three miles only.

THE Lutheran churches of St. Louis with their Sunday-schools and a number of church societies from adjacent towns, on June 28th, celebrated the 350th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession and the 300th anniversary of the acceptance of the Concordat.

A BREAK occurred in the Mississippi levee below Quincy, Ill., June 30th, resulting in the inundation of a large extent of farming land, and enormous damage to the growing crops and to live stock. Many families narrowly escaped drowning by the sudden rise of the waters.

THE extreme hot weather of last week greatly increased the death rate in this city. On June 28th there were 42 cases of prostration by heat, of which 30 were fatal. The total number of deaths reported for the day was 186. The deaths on the day following numbered 212.

THE pleasure of regatta day at New London, Conn., last week, was marred by a painful accident which happened on the Northern Railroad and which resulted in the death of President F. W. Lincoln, of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and Mrs. Dr. William Appleton, of Boston.

THE forty-ninth exhibition of the American Institute will open on the 15th of September next, and close on the 27th of the following November. The work of amateurs and apprentices in all branches of mechanical, industrial and decorative art will be admitted for exhibition and competition free of charge.

PRESIDENT HAYES last week attended the commencement exercises of Yale College, and was the recipient of the hospitalities of some of the leading citizens of New Haven. In a speech at the Alumni banquet he attributed the method in which he had carried out his Southern policy to the advice of ex-President Woolsey.

A GALVESTON paper says that trouble is brewing on the Rio Grande, consequent upon the erection of dams on the Texas side near Brownsville. The Mexican authorities desire their removal, alleging that the current will be forced to the Mexican side and do great damage. Governor Roberts has referred the matter to the authorities at Washington.

AMONG recent nominations for Congress are the following: Hon. Joseph Jorgensen, Republican, in the Fourth Virginia District; Hon. Morgan R. Wise, Democrat, Twenty-first Pennsylvania District; Charles H. Joyce, Republican, First Vermont District; Hon. M. E. Cutts, Republican, Sixth Iowa District; G. H. Owry, Democrat, for Arizona Territory. Mr. George C. Sturgis has been nominated for Governor by the Republicans of West Virginia.

THE imports into the United States for the past eleven months of the fiscal year, including specie, amounted to $669,314,664, against $425,606,675 for the like period of the year preceding—showing an increase of $273,407,989, or at the rate of 64 per cent. The exports for the same period, including specie, show an increase of $91,277,323, amounting in all to $779,260,196. Thus there is a surplus of exports over imports of $80,265,532. For the same period of the fiscal year preceding the excess of exports was $261,696,188. For the month of May last, the returns show an excess of exports over imports of $1,290,312.

Foreign.

IT is reported that peace has been concluded at Buenos Ayres.

THE Belgian Government has given notice that diplomatic relations with the Vatican have ceased.

REPORTS from Turkestan state that the Russians have been twice defeated by the Tekke Turcomans.

IT is said the Pope has decided to accept the Prussian Church law and nominate bishops under it.

IT is estimated that the territory given Greece by the Supplementary Berlin Conference will include 300 square miles.

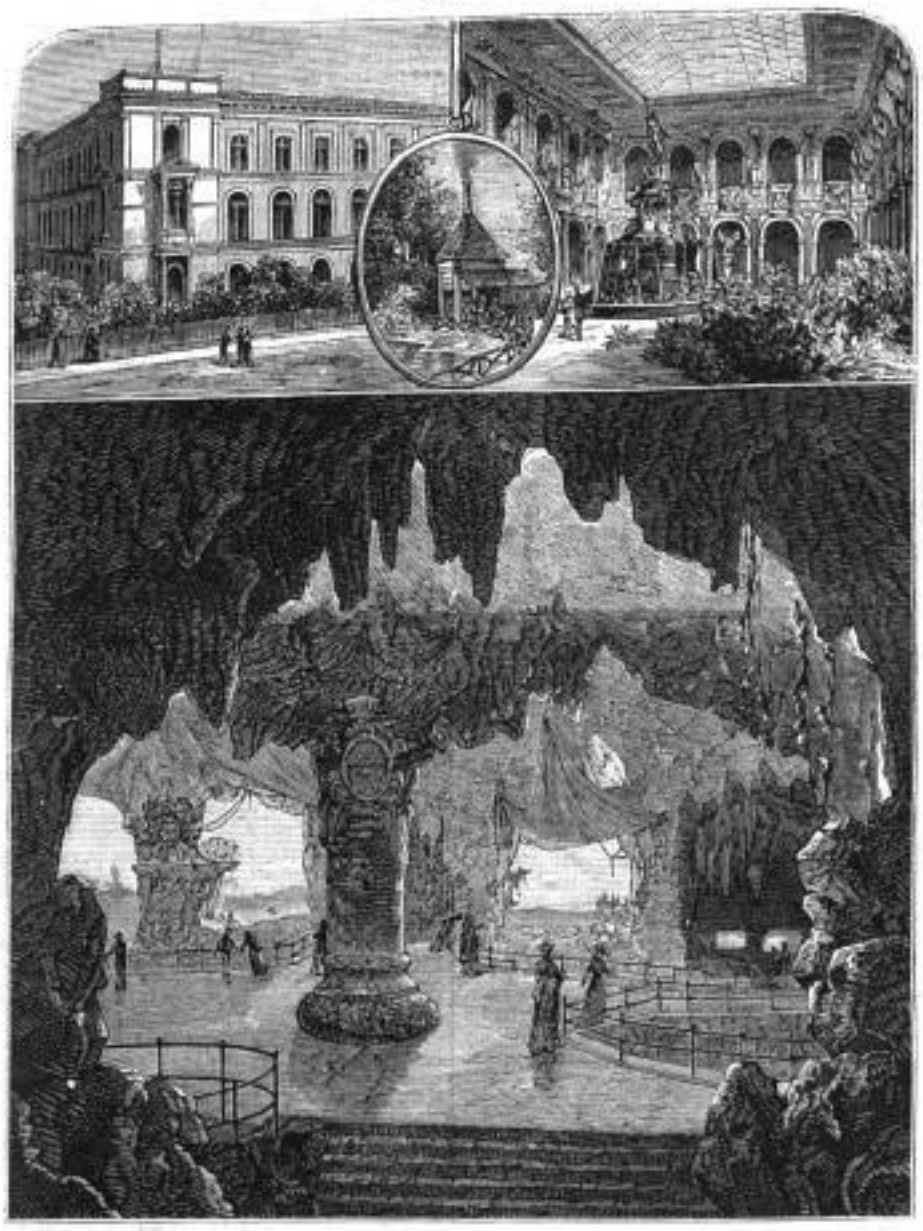
IN the House of Commons, July 1st, Mr. Gladstone said the time had not yet come for permitting exiled Fenians to return.

A PARIS dispatch says it is reported that the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, manufacturers of the famous Chartreuse liqueur, will not be interfered with under the anti-Jesuit decrees.

THE Envoy of Morocco has annexed to the protocol of the Morocco Conference a letter from the Sultan commanding him to denounce and punish the natives—officers, judges and other authorities—who may have refused justice and protection to the Hebrews.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 335.



GERMANY.—THE INTERNATIONAL FISH EXPOSITION AT BERLIN.



BELGIUM.—THE APPROACHING JUBILEE—THE ART PAVILION.



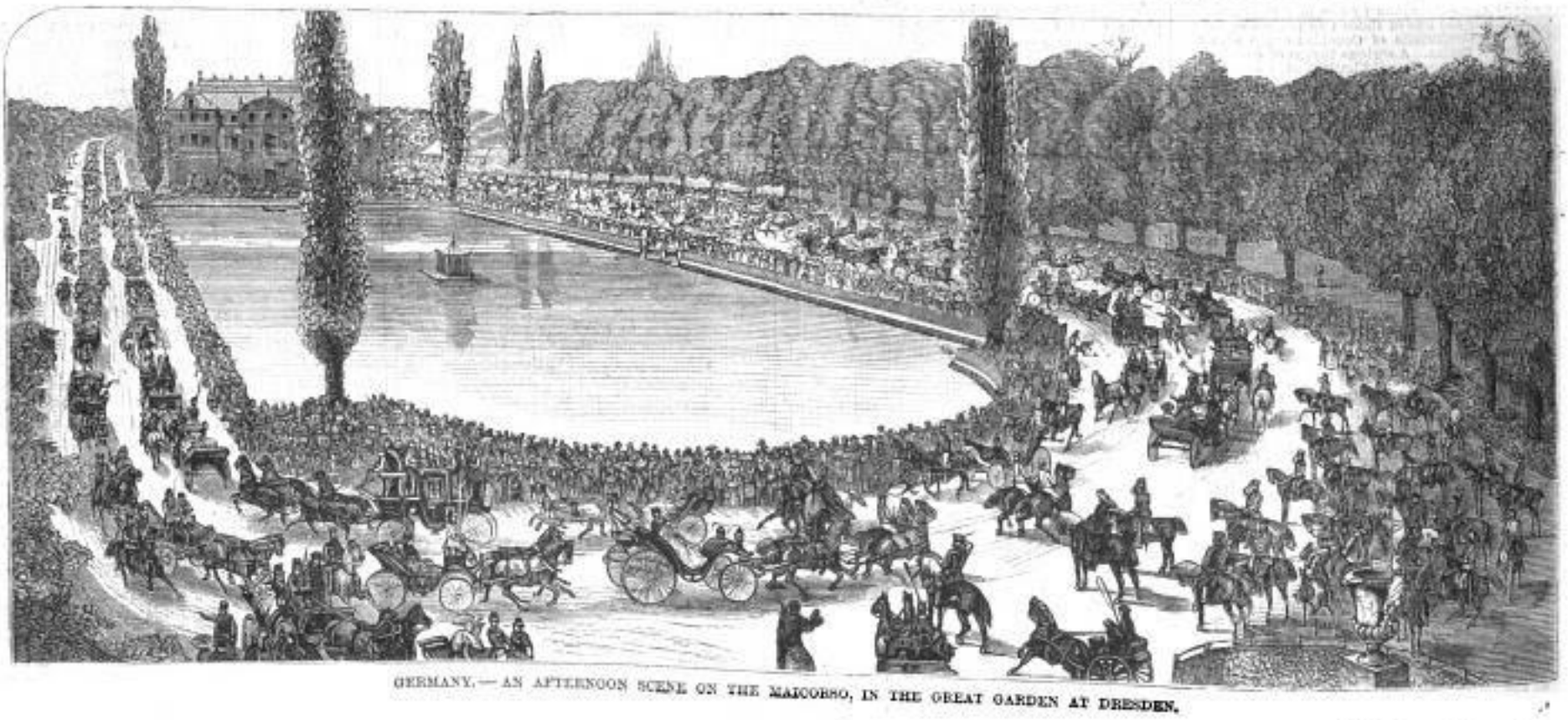
BELGIUM.—THE APPROACHING JUBILEE—THE HORTICULTURAL PAVILION.



FRANCE.—THE SOCIÉTAIRES OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

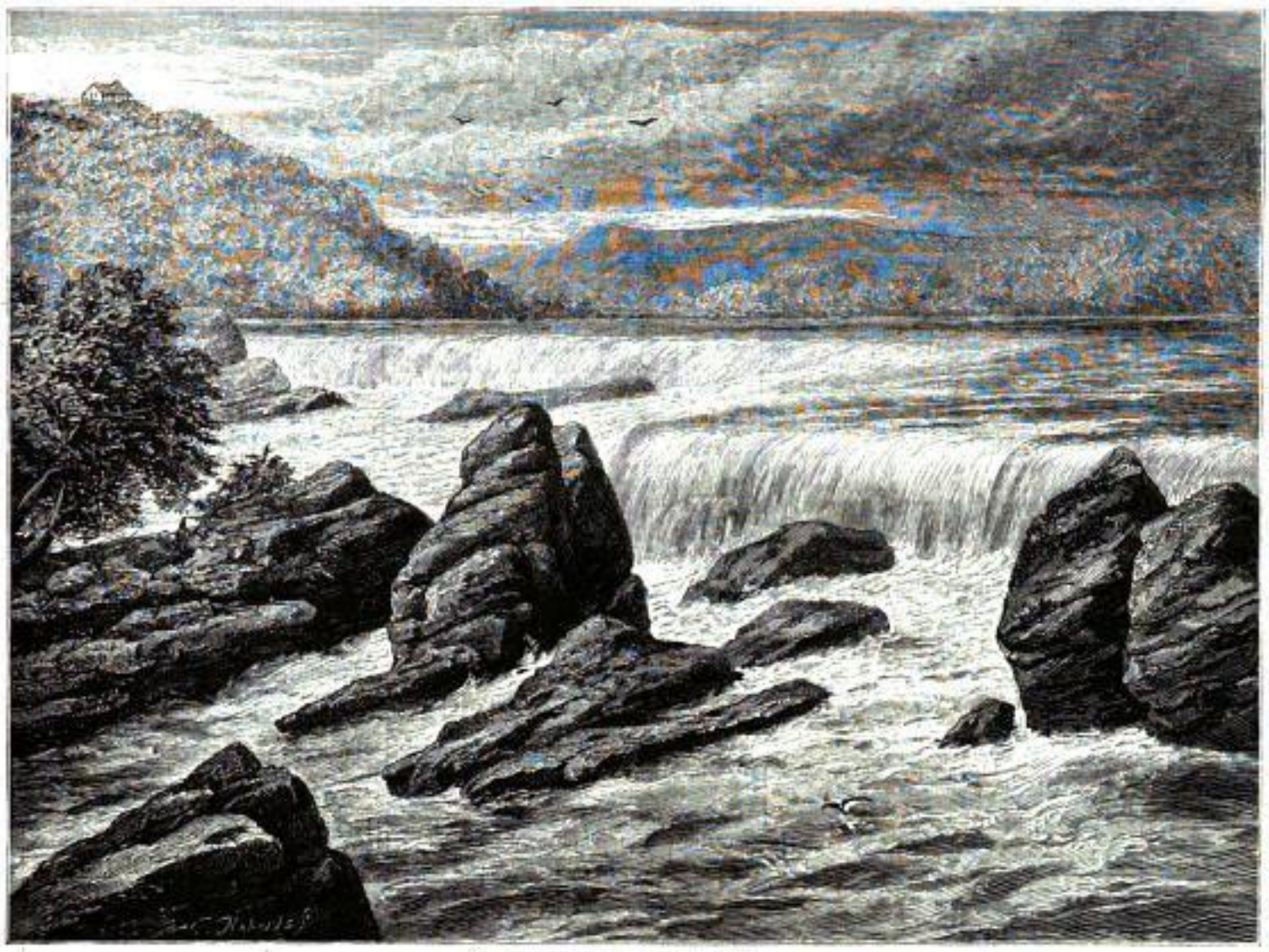


AFRICA.—ZULUS SWEARING TO PROTECT THE NAPOLEON MEMORIAL.



GERMANY.—AN AFTERNOON SCENE ON THE MAICORSO, IN THE GREAT GARDEN AT DRESDEN.

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THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY AND THEIR BICENTENARY.

THE Minnesota Historical Society commemorated at Minneapolis, on July 3d, the discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony by the adventurous Franciscan friar, Louis Hennepin, the first of white men known to have navigated the upper waters of the Mississippi to the cataract which for the first time interrupts its navigation. He was a native of Hainaut, in Belgium, one of the provinces which Louis XIV. wrested from the Spaniards. He was vivacious, more fond of travel than the cloister, with an observing eye, courage and a spirit of adventure. An offer to serve as a missionary was readily accepted, and in 1678 he was attached to the expedition of Robert Cavelier de la Salle. That ambitious man, hoping to find a river running to the Pacific, if the Mississippi did not, and thus open a way to enrich himself by capturing some rich Spanish mines, had rebuilt Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario, and built a little vessel, the *Griffin*, above the Falls of Niagara, to convey his party Westward, and began a direct trade with Canada. Leaving his vessel at Green Bay he went on in canoes through the St. Joseph's to the Illinois River. Here he waited for news of the *Griffin*, which he had sent back to Niagara with a load of furs. When time passed and fears were entertained that she had been wrecked, he set out for Niagara and Frontenac, and dispatched Father Hennepin down the Illinois in a canoe with two companions, to visit the Sioux who had sent him messengers, and explore the river. For a month the canoe loitered on the Mississippi, making its way slowly up, when one day they saw an immense flotilla of Sioux canoes bearing down on them. They tried to elude observation, but were discovered, and were soon surrounded by yelling savages. Little respect was paid to any right of property. The goods La Salle had given the party to trade with soon found their way to Indian hands; but no equivalent found its way to the hands of Hennepin and his companions, whom their captors carried back in triumph to their country. In this way Hennepin reached the Falls, which he named in honor of St. Anthony, of Padua, next to St. Francis himself, the most honored saint of his Order. Two centuries have respected the name he bestowed, and it is still retained.

No cruelties were inflicted on the prisoners, but their position was irksome and humiliating. Hennepin, with ready cheerfulness, making the best of the situation and studying the country, the buffalo and other game, and testing the fertility of the soil by planting European seeds.

Fortunately aid was at hand. Greysolon du Lhut, a French officer, with a party, had reached the Sioux country from Lake Superior, and had wintered in or near it. Hearing of the position of his countrymen he struck across by river and portage, and, descending the Mississippi to the hunting grounds of the tribe, found Hennepin and one of his companions, whom he took away with him, and, following the Wisconsin to its head, reached the French post at Green Bay in safety.

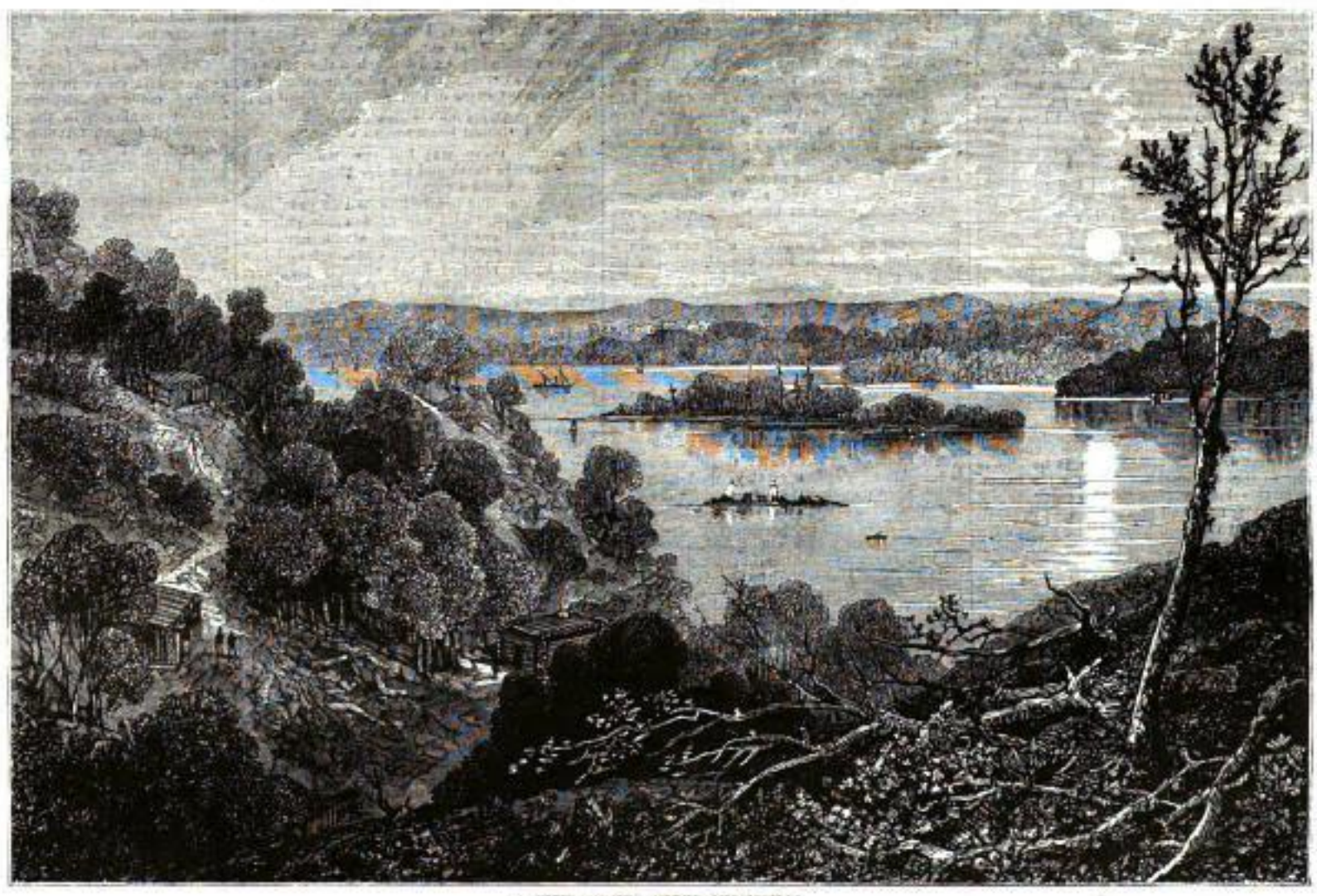
Hennepin published in 1681 an account of his experiences in America, a book full of life, and movement, and picturesque in its description of the West.

We illustrate, in view of the occasion, the Falls of St. Anthony and a scene on the river.

CASTE PROPERTY IN INDIA.

JUDGMENT has been rendered in the celebrated Kapol Bania pot case. The trial of this suit lasted twelve days in February of this year, and excited great agitation and interest in the Banian and other Gujarathi sections of the community. The value of the pots in dispute is insignificant, being not more than a few hundred rupees; but the interests involved in the decision are considered by the Hindoo community of vital importance. For on the decision depends the solution of the question whether the Gujarathi Hindoos, who consist of about one thousand castes in Bombay and Gujarat, and constitute the wealthiest portion of the population of the Presidency, shall in future continue under the arbitrary power of their respective headmen, called shetts, who claim to have the sole control with respect to the property which in common belongs to each separate caste. The constitution of the Kapol Bania caste, as well as that of every other Gujarathi Hindoo caste, may be likened to the constitution of English clubs. As at the head of a club there is a president, so at the head of each of the castes there is a president called shett. When there are divisions in a caste on account of some dispute, each division has its own shett. The duties of a shett are to convene and preside over meetings of the caste whenever any dispute affecting the interests of the caste arises, to collect subscriptions from the members of the caste for caste purposes, and in general to do everything necessary for the welfare of the caste. Each Gujarathi Hindoo caste has its own funds and other property, more or less, according to the number and means of its members. The funds were raised originally for the purpose of assisting needy and invalid members, but owing to the apathy and indolence of the general body of caste men these funds have in most cases virtually become the private property of the shetts and their heirs. With the one exception of the Bhatia and Kapol castes, whose funds and other property have of late come under the management of Mr. Lakhmidas Khimjee and Sir Munguldas Nathubhoy respectively, the shetti of no other caste has ever rendered an account of the caste funds or applied them to the objects for which they were originally provided. The more enlightened and liberal-minded among the members of these several castes are dissatisfied with the conduct of their respective shetts, but lack the means or the energy required to face a tedious and expensive lawsuit for a matter in which they have, after all, little personal interest.

The office of shett in the Kapol Bania caste in Bombay has hitherto been filled by the members of a well-known family—that of Ruplee Dhunjee; and it appears that no account of the income and expenditure of the caste funds was ever rendered by any shett till Sir Munguldas Nathubhoy assumed the shettship in 1874. The Kapol caste has been in Bombay for the last two hundred years or thereabouts, and calculating the caste income on an average of only three hundred rupees per annum, the caste funds would have, at only 4 per cent. per annum, amounted during this period to several lakhs, but nobody can now say what has become of all this money. Mr. Gopaldas, however, admits in his evidence that he at present holds about 53,000 rupees on account of the caste. If all the former shetts of the caste had been conscientious in their stewardship an incalculable amount of good could have been done in the caste. During the shettship of Mr. Gopaldas, the caste became quite tired of the evils they had to bear, and at last the bulk of them appealed to Sir Munguldas to relieve them from their distress by consenting to accept the shettship. Sir Munguldas complied with their request in 1874, simply with a view to regain for them their just rights. Since his appointment he has conducted the affairs of the caste on enlightened



A VIEW ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

MINNESOTA.—CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNEAPOLIS, JULY 3D.

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principles, and the members of the caste are now allowed full and free voice—a privilege formerly denied to them—in all matters that concern their interests. Sir Mungaldas involved himself in this suit, and voluntarily undertook to bear all expenses that might be incurred in respect thereto, though the caste was willing to contribute, his object being to obtain a judicial declaration of the rights and privileges of the caste in regard to the disposition of their common property. The court has not thought proper to allow costs to the defendant, but the latter will not consider that of much consequence, seeing that he has obtained an authoritative decision as to the rights of the caste in regard to their property. The moral effect of the decision of the High Court will extend far beyond the limits of the Kapol Bania caste, whose pots and pans furnished the required cause of action.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

JUDGE WARBURTON felt young, sentimental and romantic. The night was to blame for it, perhaps; the soft Spring air, with the faint odor of violets or a breath of the first wild roses, whose delicate blushes he could see among the thickest of the green at the wayside. The cool, soft plash of a stream near by added to the charm, and now and then a glitter of water shone between tall trees. But more than balmy airs and languorous perfumes were the delicious sensations that filled the judge's heart and thrilled his senses. There is nothing like a real absorbing, entrancing love to regenerate a man, and the judge was unmistakably in love.

Not that he was a fossil by any means. A handsome, well-preserved man of forty, who had earned his laurels young, had surely a good chance in the field even with younger suitors, and yet he had felt a strange timidity in showing his feelings—that sense of unworthiness that comes with all true love had come to him. We idealize the objects of our adoration, and then we abase ourselves and worship. If we did not worship so abjectly how often would we discover sooner that our idols are clay!

Somehow the judge's walks had lately led in one direction. The stream was running the same way, and, perhaps, he was following that—it is so easy to go with the tide, they say. But this road led past an old peach-orchard that was all covered now with drifts of rosy snow, and was really a charming sight. It might be the judge enjoyed watching the soft flakes of this Summer-snow drifting over the long grass. He used to stop often, and seem lost in thought as he gazed at it.

As he did so this night, a low laugh smote upon his ear. Unconsciously he stepped behind a great tree and stood still. He knew that laugh, for of course the peach-orchard belonged to a house, and the house belonged to a woman who owned his jewel—that is, she was the girl's godmother. It was very late—at least, eleven o'clock—and the laughter struck his heart with a dull pain. What was Gwen doing in the orchard so late? Miss Tabitha Dormer was as precise and methodical as a spinster of a certain age is wont to be. One hour ago she had tied her night-cap under her withered chin and said good-night to Gwen. The prim old dame was over-rigid with the young girl, having certain old-fashioned views of natural depravity quite out of vogue now. Yes, the judge knew the habits of the family perfectly, for he had been Miss Tabitha's legal adviser for years. He knew that Gwen had kissed her godmother good-night and gone up to her room in the most innocent way, and here she was galivanting in the peach-orchard with—yes, absolutely with a young man!

The delicious dreams and hopes that had been nestling in the judge's heart seemed struck dead at a single blow when he heard the low voice of Gwen's companion. He felt suddenly old and cold, then a great heat went over him. He could not hear a word, but he could see a slim, straight, girlish figure in white, with a sort of pale-blue cloud floating about her. Her head was bare, and the moonlight showed the bronze hair blown about by the soft air, and the outline of her girlish face with its soft outlines. Then the two parted and a hurried step came crashing by.

The young man was not long in passing, but the judge saw his face distinctly—a good-looking face, to be sure—even a rival must admit that—without much beyond regular features, and well-opened blue eyes, and blonde mustache, and short-cropped hair with a dash of red gold in it. There was little purpose or energy in the face, a good deal of jollity and self-pleasing and youthful folly, perhaps, if not anything worse.

"Ah, Rob Stirling!" said the judge, "if Miss Tabitha could see this, her dreams would not be so placid. Poor Gwen! can it be she is going to throw away her chances for happiness on this shallow, good-looking scapegrace."

The young man had no suspicion of the jealous eyes that watched him, and he whistled a strain from an opera as he disappeared under the trees.

As for the judge, something had gone out of the night, some subtle incense or influence. The stream dashed on as bravely as before, as soft an air touched the blushing cheeks of the wild roses, or sent showers of pale pink peach-blossoms over the green grass, as faint entrancing odors stole from dim nooks, purple with violets; but to the judge all had

"Suffered a sea change,
Into something new and strange."

He had walked home as one carrying a heavy burden, the burden of disappointed hopes. His heart was heavy as lead in his bosom.

"Miss Tabitha will never consent," he thought, gloomily; "the fellow has nothing but expectations from that old aunt who makes a new will every three months, and will probably leave her money to found an asylum for cats. There were ten caterwauling on the fence as I passed the other night. Poor Gwen, I am sure I could make her happy." And with these thoughts worrying his brain like tiger-cats, the judge passed a very restless night.

He woke to hear the early sparrows—those detestable birds who are always after the early worm, and whose notes resemble the whetting of a knife on a stone, and set one's teeth on edge. They were all astir in the dim light, and talking noisily of the promise of the worm-crop for the season.

He lay for a moment half-bewildered at the vociferation and seeming profanity of the creatures, when a human voice broke in, which he recognized as the milkman's.

"Be the howly poker, it's not joking I am, Mary Mahoney. She's kilt an' murdered!"

"Och hone!"—it was the cook's voice that wailed out this—"and sure it's like 'The Green-eyed Monster; or, The Secrit Murder,' that I was a-readin' Biddy last night. Och! ye make me blood run cowld intirely. Did ye git a sight av her, Misther O'Dowd?"

"Faith an' I didn't, wid the crowner to the fore, but I was after spakin' wid the dacint woman who does the wurruk—they only kape an up-stairs gurrul besides. Sure Miss Stirling give them both the lave to go to a weddin' last night, and said she wouldn't be afeared, as Misther Rob would be home. But when they got back at eleven o'clock, they see the light a burnin' yet in the library, and so they looked in the door, and sure there was the poor owld crature a-lyin' cowld and stark, an' finger-marks like a black necklace on her poor owld wizent throat; but who the villain was that did it no one can guess."

"And where was Mr. Rob, at all at all?"

"Oh, he come walkin' in quite surprised, while they were a moanin' and cryin', and they do say he tuk it cool, and some thinks he——"

The rest of the words were said in a very low growl, and the judge felt as if he had had a sudden shower-bath.

Did suspicion really point to the young man? It was known that the two had frequent squabbles, and Miss Sterling was always threatening to cut him off for some other object. Could it be possible that, knowing the last will was in his favor, sick with impatience and longing to be able to make the beautiful Gwen his own, he had taken matters in his own hands and—— But suddenly the scene of the last evening came back to the judge's mind. At the time the poor old lady was in the death-grip of some villain, Rob was sweetly billing and cooing under the peach-trees five miles away. The judge set his teeth as he thought of it, and began dressing himself rapidly.

"He is the only person who had any real interest in her death," he said, musingly. "Suspicion will point to him, and then Gwen—it will make it possible. If I had not walked that way! If I had not met him! Good God! how my mind is traveling; and the poor fellow scarcely suspected yet!"

The judge was too restless to go to his law papers after he had swallowed his hasty breakfast. "I cannot be hard-hearted enough to sit quietly down to work while a neighbor has been killed in cold blood. I must see whether the man's story was correct."

But in his heart the judge longed to hear more about the case in its relation to the young man, and he rode over to the pleasant country house where Miss Stirling had presided, in somewhat feverish haste. It was wonderful how hot the blood still was that leaped through his veins although the chill of forty Winters had fallen upon it.

The house stood back from the road and hidden from it by an avenue of trees, but before the building was in view the judge saw the marks and tokens of an unusual stir and tumult about the grounds. A flower-bed had been trampled carelessly, roses had been plucked as if by children's hands and thrown over the path, a rabble of curious visitors had apparently already been there. A young man stood now alone at the open door. He had evidently ordered away intruders, and was looking about at his aunt's pet flowers with a somewhat melancholy glance. He did not appear so happy and debonair as when the judge had seen him last, but there was no look of guilt on the somewhat haggard young face.

He nodded in a friendly way as the judge approached, saying: "The bad news has reached you, I suppose?"

"Yes; somewhat indefinitely, but I see by your face it is true!"

"Too true! Poor Aunt Janet! It is too horrible," and there was a genuine ring of horror in the young man voice.

"Was the object plunder, do you think?"

"It does not seem so, for the silver is not touched nor my aunt's jewelry; the fellow may have taken money. Of course, I can't say how much of that may have been in the house."

"You were out, I suppose?"

"Yes," there was a slight embarrassment, "I was—over in your neighborhood."

"I suppose you would have no difficulty in proving that?" asked the judge, with sudden curiosity.

Rob Stirling hesitated and his eye did not meet that of his questioner.

"I don't know as that is any one's concern but mine," he answered.

"No, I suppose not, but in affairs of this sort one must be prepared for everything."

"Would you—would you care to look at the poor old lady?" asked the young man, with some hesitation.

"I would, indeed; poor Miss Stirling! I had a great respect for her. How very mysterious it seems that one who led so quiet a life should have so shocking and violent a death!"

The young man led the way to the door of a small sitting-room.

"Excuse me from going in," he said. "I have had so much of it, I am quite knocked up."

The judge looked at him curiously, but could read nothing in that boyish face save that its natural jollity was clouded over. He turned the knob softly, as one does everything in the house of death, and went in.

A stout lady was in waiting, whom he recognized as one who did the last offices for the dead in that neighborhood. There was one other occupant of course—one who lay upon a couch and made no sign, not so much as the trembling of an eyelid to greet him. Her face looked strangely calm for one whose last moment must have been a ghastly struggle of horror and amaze. Prim, straight and stiff, Miss Stirling had always been—she was scarcely primer, straighter or stiffer at this moment. There was, indeed, something like peace in her face spite of the ghastly marks at her throat that surprised the judge.

"I think, sir, as she died of fright before the willin had time to choke her," said the stout lady, bustling forward; "which she hasn't none of the signs of stranglin', poor dear! Her heart just busted moe'n likely at the fust sight of the wretch—she'd been a havin' palpitations lately, as I do myself, sir; and thought I would have died only last week when a white cat walked in in the dead o' night, which I thought was Gallus's ghost, as was a man made to torment folks, and would do it if allowed after death; and don't she look quite nateral, poor lamb?"

The judge bowed and hurried away from the garrulous female, feeling much more comfortable when he got out into the air again. Rob was pacing the garden-walk gloomily.

"You have offered a reward, I presume?" said the judge.

Rob started.

"Why, no. I never thought of that."

"That will be the right thing to do at once," answered the other. "If I can serve you in any way, call on me."

"Thanks! A fellow is all adrift at such a time."

The judge shook hands with the young man and rode away. His feelings were hard to define. He thought he would not decide just then upon any course of action, but stand aside and let events march on.

He rode that way a couple of days afterwards to the funeral of the murdered lady. There was a crowd, of course; the multitude who are always curious about crime. Standing among them after the clods had fallen with that dread sound upon the coffin-lid—that knell that goes to every heart—the judge heard various whispers and nods and cautious hints. He saw that the tide was setting against Rob Sterling. The servants had left him in the house when they went out. He had a night-key, of course, and went and came at will; but Miss Sterling was timid about burglars, and kept all doors locked when alone. How did any suspicious character get in, then? The young man knew that he might lose all by his aunt's whim on any day. He was hasty, and she was—some one whispered it very low out of respect to the dead—"a cantankerous old cat!" So, so; we would see when the will was read, and so on.

The ball was rolling, and the judge did not speak. It was none of his business, he said, and at the same time some words of Holy Writ echoed unpleasantly through his mind: "Am I my brother's keeper?" He heard in the course of a day or two that Miss Sterling had left a will—supposed to be her last; she was always making wills—and Rob was to have everything. The next was the news of his arrest.

This last came to him as follows: He was musing somewhat sombrely over his after-dinner smoke in his garden, when the rustle of a woman's dress, that soft, peculiar swish of a silk garment, came to him, and it seemed as if

"Suddenly the air grew denser,
Perfumed by an unseen censer."

Of course there was but one woman who could change earth and air for him, and so it scarcely seemed a surprise to see Gwendoline Dormer standing before him, with a pale face that her dark, violet silk dress made paler, a shawl carelessly wrapped about her, her broad Rembrandt hat very one-sided, and her bare hands clasped quite pitifully together.

"Oh, Judge Warburton!" she cried, "have you heard the charge against poor Rob?—so absurd, so cruel! Rob wouldn't hurt a fly—and they have known him from a boy. You must help him! You will, for my sake, won't you?"

She had laid one slender white hand on his, little knowing how his pulse leaped under that cool touch. Her face had flushed with her appeal, and her sweet eyes looked up to him with an imploring glance that maddened him.

"I—I scarcely understand yet. You said Rob was arrested. Some one, I suppose, who is Rob to you—but to the rest of the world——"

"Oh, you must know; Rob Sterling. They accuse him of murdering his aunt because the poor old lady left her money to him. To whom else could she leave it? And, besides, I know—I know he did not do it!"

"Ah, and how do you know?" asked the judge, with a dull heart-throb. He did not feel like sparing her just then. It was, indeed, something of a relief to his tortured heart to torture hers.

Gwen blushed beautifully. The judge felt that he would have given a year of his life to be the happy man who brought that lovely rosy tide to her face.

"I know it—because—remember, judge, I am making you my father confessor." The judge winced. How old he must seem to her, but he did not speak. "And the secrets of the confessional are never revealed. It was impossible for Rob to have killed his aunt, even if he had been hardened villain enough to have done the deed, for he spent the hour between ten and eleven with me."

"Ah!" a quick, short exclamation, that sounded like surprise, but was only pain.

"Yes; I do not usually meet young gentlemen at that hour in the peach-orchard," she went on, with evident embarrassment, "but in this case it was—I might as well tell you that Miss Tab has taken a violent dislike to Rob, and if she knew of this meeting she would turn me out of the house."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the judge, with some bitterness. "It seems you were ready to risk considerable for the young man."

"Of course. I could not imagine that my sin would find me out in this way," she answered, with a forced laugh, "and you see how cruelly I am situated. My word would clear Rob and I am afraid to do it. He, poor fellow, has made me swear I will not, for he knows Miss Tab's venom, and that I should be cast out at once. You see, the doctor who examined the body at half-past eleven, gave it as his opinion that the poor woman had been dead about an hour, the very time that Rob was talking to me peacefully under the peach-trees."

"Well, my dear Miss Gwen, if you cannot or will not give in this very conclusive testimony, and Mr. Stirling maintains the same silence, I don't see that I can do anything."

"Oh, yes, you can. Because, now that you know positively of Rob's innocence, you can conduct the case so as to favor him as much as possible, and, at any rate, there cannot be much in the way of evidence against him. He is quite confident there will be no case made out. There was a tramp stopped at the house that day."

"Oh, my dear young lady, tramps stop at our houses every day."

Gwen looked very anxious. "Rob is confident, but I cannot help being terribly alarmed. But I feel better now that I have told you all. You are such an old friend."

The judge imagined an emphasis on the old.

"I will certainly do what I can for your sake," he said, and, musing on these words afterwards, he felt that if his course were not straightforward and honest he would perjure himself horribly.

All his life honor had been his watchword. He was a man who was very hard on a criminal. The people said he did not believe in the power of temptation because he had always been delivered from it. To his mind there was no excuse for crime, no palliation whatever. He had believed that he would lose his right arm rather than tell a lie. And now here before him, directly in his path, was a fiery temptation. He felt its lurid breath upon his cheek; it poisoned all the sweet, clear atmosphere of his life. If he won Gwen by means of such dishonor would life ever be sweet and pure and of good report again. And yet when he thought of her he understood how men rush madly into sin. He knew, for the first time, the deadly power of temptation. He felt that he was mortal like other men—that it was possible for him to fall like other men, or, rather, like Lucifer, son of the morning, from those mountain-heights of truth sublime in which he had dwelt.

And the evil one, who is so near us every moment, whispered:

"You need not speak; you will not tell a lie. You need only keep silence."

But the judge said, angrily:

"But I shall live a lie; and my brother's blood will cry out against me from the ground, as did the blood of martyred Abel!"

All that night the contest went on, and Herman Warburton fathomed depths of being in the darkness at which he had never guessed before. He fought the battle against self and sin, and the pure gold of his nature came out brighter from the furnace fire of that secret struggle.

Rob Stirling looked ten years older when he appeared in court to answer to the terrible charge made against him. There was an earnest manliness in the face that had only expressed boyish frivolity before. He made his statement in a clear, manly way, that gained him friends at once. He never hesitated till questioned concerning his whereabouts at the time of the murder.

"You say you were absent at the time the deed was done?" asked the lawyer, who was cross-examining the prisoner; "you will then be able to prove an alibi?"

"No, I cannot," answered Rob, hastily.

"You were then alone all that time?"

"I decline to answer."

"You must be aware that this course criminates you?"

"So be it," answered Rob, energetically. Gwen started and quivered from head to foot. She longed to rush forward and tell the whole story.

Miss Tabitha gave a sniff of disapproval. "He was after no good, you see. I always told you, Gwen, he was a no'er-do-well. A young man who cannot account properly for every minute of his time isn't fit for Christian society."

The judge glanced involuntarily at Gwen during this examination, and saw the pallor settling upon her face. When the witnesses for the defense were called she brightened again visibly. The judge wrote a few lines on a paper and handed it to the counsel for the prisoner.

That gentleman arose with a triumphant face. "I will open the defense," he said, by reading the following communication that has just been handed me:

"I wish to state now, and have only waited to this time to give proper effect to my words, that on the evening of the murder, I met Mr. Robert Stirling about five minutes after eleven o'clock, in the vicinity of Miss Tabitha Dorman's peach-orchard. The gentleman was absorbed in his own thoughts, and I was somewhat hidden from him in the shadow, but I trust this will prove a complete alibi, by showing that at the time the deed was committed he was five miles away from the spot. HERMAN WARBURTON."

A loud cheer greeted the news. Every one had been sure, of course, that Rob was innocent all the time. The most venomous turned to their neighbors and said, "I told you so." Friends crowded around the prisoner to congratulate him.

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Coming out the judge felt his hand seized in a very soft, warm little clasp.

"You knew all the time!" whispered Gwen.

"Yes; may you both be happy!" answered the judge, with a weary smile. "You will never know what those few lines cost me."

Gwen flushed.

"I—I think you are making a mistake," she said. "I suppose you must have seen us that night and thought we were lovers?"

"Well, that would be natural," said the judge, with a forced smile. "You are both in life's golden prime!"

"Oh, he is only a boy!" said Gwen, grandly. "I used to like him. We played at being sweethearts when we were babies, and he had a lot of foolish letters and my picture that I wanted to get back. Miss Tab watches me like a hawk, and I could never get a chance for a word. So I wrote him a line fixing that time for him to bring all my belongings to me. He is a little sentimental yet, but he will get over it."

"Do you think it so easy for a man to get over loving you?" asked the judge, with an eloquent glance.

Then Gwen blushed again and her eyes dropped.

"But he is a *boy!*" she murmured, and she turned and disappeared.

"He is a boy, and it takes a man to win her!" murmured the judge, his heart throbbing with a delicious hope once more. The burden was lifted, the trial was over, and the way lay open before him to love and happiness.

Years after he had won his bride, a tramp died of a stab received in a drunken brawl. At the last moment he confessed having entered Miss Sterling's house for purposes of plunder. The old lady discovered him, gave one scream, and he sprang at her throat—with no idea of murdering her. The fright had killed her, however, for she dropped dead, he said, as if struck by lightning. And so ended what Judge Warburton called his most difficult case.

GENERAL HANCOCK AT HOME.

I WAS not alone on board of the Government steam-launch that plies between New York and Governor's Island on Friday morning last. Not a bit of it. The trim-built wherry conveyed about a dozen Cæsars and their fortunes, men who were able to take time by the forelock, and to offer worship to the rising sun in the burly person of General Hancock. The restless glance, the impatient movement, the numberless references to carefully folded papers, the brand-new garments, bespoke the office-seekers. They were already on the warpath. We had a fair sprinkling of the military element, too—a couple of stiff-backed veterans, with grizzly mustaches, neat as new pins, and two or three youngsters revelling in mufti, so soon to be exchanged for the grilling uniform. The island, as everybody does not know, lies right in the entrance to the East River, and is a mile in circumference. It contains Castle William, a fortress which would crumble to dust under the fire of the "infants" of the present day, Fort Columbus and South Battery, the latter commanding the entrance to Buttermilk Channel, at the other side of which lies Brooklyn.

A couple of sentries grimly gazed at us from beneath their white helmets as we sprang to land, and, devoted pilgrims that we were, strode forward in the blaze of a blistering sunlight to the Mecca whither we were all bound.

Governor's Island boasts of very green grass, broken by walks in red brick, and a fair sprinkling of shade-giving trees. The forts, departmental buildings and staff-quarters serve as a sort of irregular bordering. On the occasion of my visit, a croquet party lazily performed the sluggish evolutions of that Sleepy Hollow game, while at a little distance a bevy of fair ladies, attended by a single cavalier bearing a blood-red plume in his helmet, practiced the acrobatic intricacies of the five-step waltz. A detachment of "the regular army O" suddenly debouched from a sallyport of the fort, and the glitter of their arms as they marched through the trees was singularly effective. From the island can be seen any vessel that passes to or from the port of New York, and woe to the war craft of a hostile nation that might venture within range of the bite of the guns now so listlessly yawning in the sun. I sought General Hancock at headquarters, and found him in his private bureau engaged in conferring with the adjutant general and one of his aides-de-camp.

He is tall and of herculean mold, and although fleshy is by no means heavy-looking. His florid face is oval, the expressive forehead swept by a wave of yellow hair slightly tinged with white and worn full behind the shapely head. His eyes are soft and expressive, and when interested become aroused, sharp as those of a falcon's. His nose is delicately chiseled, and his mouth concealed beneath a tufted tawny mustache. You perceive that he is a man firm even to sternness, in moral uprightness in all matters of duty. A phrenologist would say that he was possessed of the power to combine means, to plan, arrange and organize; that if brought up to business he would have been keen as the keenest and upright to the last degree—a man whose word would be his bond. He was attired in a blue flannel suit, and wore a turn-down collar and a black tie of the pattern known as the butterfly. Of jewelry there was none.

The official sanctum is a well-lighted, airy apartment in the back, on the second floor, of the building, which was once the hospital, now used as headquarters. The house is two-storied, with basement. It is of brick, painted yellow, while the blinds are of vivid green. The approach is by a flight of granite steps. The lower floor is occupied by the offices of the adjutant-general, while the upper is devoted to those of the general commanding in chief, his aides-de camp and the judge-advocate general.

General Hancock's office is carpeted in Brussels of a gay and lively pattern. It contains one table-desk, which was literally piled with letters, and as for newspapers yet in the fold, they kept tumbling over one another at intervals like acrobats in a circus. At either hand of the chief stood two boxes, labeled A. D. C. and A. G. O. respectively, while dispatch-bags and other impedimenta block the entire table, just leaving the General a small open square wherein to manœuvre his pen and ink. The furniture is of walnut, plain and unpretentious. On the walls are a colossal plan of the Battle of Gettysburg, of which the famous soldier who is now engaged in perusing a paper just handed him by the nattiest of adjutant-generals could tell us the bloody story; a map of the Mackinaw Reservation and a plate of the badges of army corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The General, having, in a few quick words, disposed of the immediate business in hand, rose and led the way to his private dwelling, which is so situated that, from the piazza at the rear, one obtains an admirable view of New York from the Post Office to the East River, of the busy river itself, of the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, and of the City of Churches. The house is of an old-fashioned pattern, and is covered with creeping plants, while in front, on the lawn, some rare flowers hang in festoons from caldrons, painted crimson. The stereotyped rockers and cane-bottomed chairs occupy the stoop. The hall is spacious, and on the right, in a superb frame, hangs the illuminated address to General Hancock presented to him by the Common Council of the Quaker City. The drawing-rooms are quietly but richly furnished, and contain portraits in oil of Mrs. Hancock, of the General's father, his son, his daughter, deceased, and of himself in uniform.

"I must be getting old," he laughed, "for this morning a gray-haired orderly-sergeant reminded me that he served in my company with me at the battle of Molino del Rey and the capture of Mexico. I was in command, for my senior was disabled early in the fight."

The General is very proud of his grandchildren, two chubby little darlings of three and five years, and it is not difficult to perceive that his home is a thoroughly happy one. His library is a snug little apartment in the rear, giving upon the piazza, and entered through a semi-official working room. He is a hard worker, and, as one of his aides said to me, with the suspicion of a sigh, "Always on deck." The office-seekers now descended upon him, and I left him to deal with them as he listed.

THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER "SEAWANHAKA."

THE record of the marine disasters for the past two months is an unusually sad one. The horrors of the collision between the *Stonington* and the *Narragansett*, in the Sound, never to be forgotten, were followed by an intense excitement, though fortunate escape without loss of life, caused by a collision between the ocean steamships the *Queen* and *Anchoria*. Then came the running down of a row boat by the *Elbe Hoacuz*, and the loss of two lives; next, the running down of the *Adelaide* by the *Grand Republic*, and shortly after the burning of the *City of New York*, and the threatened destruction of the Charleston steamship *George W. Clyde* by fire at her New York dock. As people began to talk of the epidemic of marine disasters word was received of the destruction of the *Seawanhaka* by fire in Hell Gate, and of the collision between the steamer *Long Branch*, bearing a Brooklyn Sunday-school on its annual excursion, and a barge in the wake of a towboat.

The most painful of these disasters were the burning of the *Narragansett* and the *Seawanhaka*. The former has been illustrated in this paper, and this week we devote a double-page to the destruction of the latter.

The *Seawanhaka* was one of the fastest and handsomest steamboats plying our harbor. Her course was between this city and the villages and Summer resorts on the north shore of Long Island. She left her dock at New York at 4:30 on Monday afternoon with some 250 passengers.

The boat was running at the usual speed. Captain Smith was in the pilot-house with his nephew, Stephen Vernon, who was assisting at the wheel while running through Hell Gate. Everything on board was going along as usual, when, at 4:50, the captain heard a heavy thud and shock, which shook the vessel from stem to stern. The report was a dull one, but it was heavy enough to make him fear its result. The boat was then just off Nigger Point.

In an instant a huge volume of fire enveloped the forward part of the boat. Captain Smith realized the danger at once, but was unable to turn either to the right or left for several minutes on account of the steamer *Grenada State*, which was running outside of her, and several schooners which were between her and the shore. Jets of flame darted up the chain-holes, cutting off communication with the engineer, and burning the helmsman's hands so that he was compelled to make quick snatches at the spokes of the wheel, being forced to drop them instantly again. With consummate bravery he held the burning vessel on her course between the obstructing vessels, while his hands and face slowly blistered, and, when he had succeeded in passing them, turned her nose sharply about and headed her direct for the Sunken Meadow that lies between Ward's and Randall's Islands. The spot was admirably chosen. On both islands were large hospitals, whose medical staffs could be counted on in an emergency like the present one; the distance from shore was not great, and there were ample means of succor in every direction. Taking into consideration the fact that the wind was blowing across the water, Captain Smith so steered his boat that when she struck she would lie broadside to the breeze. This was for the purpose of keeping the fire as much as possible on one side of the boat and giving those on board a better opportunity to save themselves. Had it been allowed to sweep from stem to stern, the disaster would undoubtedly have been much greater. The *Seawanhaka* ran with such force upon the meadow that forty feet of her lay high and dry before she stopped, and she was less than 100 feet from the main shore.

As soon as the boat reached the shore of the Sunken Meadow, the persons on the bow jumped into the marsh and most of them waded to dry land. A few who escaped alive from the steamboat, within a few feet of the land, were trampled down to perish in the weeds at the water's edge. No choice was left to the passengers in the stern of the boat except to jump into the water or be burned alive. Hundreds of persons were seen struggling in the water. Those who were able to swim made their way to the shore and many others were rescued by boats. Assistance was given to the helpless as soon as possible. The burning steamer had been sighted by the inmates of the Insane Asylum, the Homœopathic Hospital and the Emigration Hospital on Ward's Island, and by persons on Randall's Island. Boats from the two islands were dispatched quickly. Several rowboats were near the meadow when the *Seawanhaka* was run ashore, and one or two Sound steamers stopped to lend assistance. The rescuers worked with a will, and boatloads of men, women and children were soon on their way to the Homœopathic Hospital on Ward's Island and to the House of Refuge on Randall's Island.

Dr. A. E. McDonald, medical superintendent of the Insane Asylum, had been lying ill all day from an attack of cholera morbus, but when news of the disaster reached him he put on his clothes and hastened to the burning boat. He ordered out supplies and apparatus for saving life, and saw all the boats belonging to the Island properly manned for the rescue. He then examined the persons who were picked up from the water, and worked hard to restore consciousness to them. He was assisted in this work by Dr. Williamson, of the Homœopathic Hospital Department, and his staff, and Dr. Seaman, of the Emigration Department. Many of the rescued persons were suffering from exhaustion or severe burns, and they were sent to the Homœopathic Hospital.

Most of the survivors who escaped without injury were taken to Ward's Island, and thence to the city. Others crossed to the city from Randall's Island in small boats. No record or count of the persons saved could be made, and it was impossible to estimate the number of those who perished. It was believed, however, that more than fifty persons were either drowned or burned to death. The steamboat was burned to the water's edge, the flames from the hulk continuing to light up the water for miles around until nearly midnight.

Instances of the greatest heroism were displayed by both sexes. Nothing could exceed the Spartan bravery of Captain Smith, and those accustomed to traveling on the *Seawanhaka* for years pay the highest tribute to the coolness and proficiency of all the other officers. John Henry Bush, an East River boatman, saved some twenty-two lives from the stern of the burning boat as well as from the water; Patrick Doran, also a boatman, saved twenty, and W. Milliner, Jr., Nicholas Conrad and Patrick Gillon performed gallant service in the work of rescue. Mention should be made of the officers of the *Grenada State*, *Osseo*, the *Massachusetts*, General Newton's Hell Gate tug, and the *Refuge*, who promptly joined in the work. Too much praise cannot be given to the physicians and nurses attached to the institutions on Ward's and Randall's Islands for their prompt care of the rescued and injured.

The Distance of the Heavens.

THE methods of finding the distances of the stars of stellar parallax is one of the interesting problems of modern astronomy. In the days of old the stars were supposed to hold the same position in regard to each other from age to age, and were therefore called fixed stars, to distinguish them from the planets. Nothing, as the *Providence Journal* remarks, can be further from the truth. The telescope shows that the stars are in constant motion, but that the rate of motion is so slow that thousands of years must elapse before the eye can perceive any change. Some stars are coming towards us and some are receding from us. The sun, which is only a star, is moving, with all the planets in its train. Our earth, which is but an atom among atoms, is whirling, no one knows whither, through illimitable space. Even the serene heavens above us is this same space pervaded by an infinitely subtle ether, whose particles are seething and surging like the waves of a stormy sea. The motion of the stars once established, it must follow that some of them are nearer to us than others, and very persistent and painstaking have been the efforts to find out which of the shining suns of space are our nearest neighbors.

Success has, however, crowned patient labor. Among the 50,000,000 stars that glimmer in the firmament, there are about a dozen stars visible in our latitude that have a parallax ranging from a tenth to a half-second. It would be natural to suppose that the brightest stars are the nearest, but this is far from being the case. The nearest star in the northern heavens is a double star of the fifth magnitude in the Swan, known as 61 Cygni. The brilliant Sirius is nearly twice as far away. The nearest star in the whole heavens is Alpha Centauri, a bright star near the south pole. This has a parallax of nine-tenths of a second, and is twice as near as any other star. Its distance is computed as more than 200,000 times our distance from the sun, or nearly 20,000,000 of millions of miles. If such be the inconceivable distance separating us from the nearest star, what idea can the finite mind form of the immensity of space intervening between us and the more remote?

Vigorous work is now being done in stellar parallax by what is called Bessell's method. A star with proper motion, or one that has been found to approach or recede from the sun, is selected, and its position is compared night after night, by means of the micrometer, with other small stars in the vicinity having one proper motion, and therefore presumed to be further away. The star with proper motion will change its position in regard to the more remote ones when observed from different parts of the earth's orbit. Some interesting and intricate work of this kind has been successfully completed at Mr. Seagrave's private observatory by Mr. Waldo and Mr. Seagrave. The problem was to determine the parallax of a star called Theta Cassiopeia. This, by measuring its position and distance from two small stars in the vicinity, was found to be less than one-tenth of a second. These enthusiastic astronomers worked upon the problem from the first of September, 1878, to the first of November, 1879. During that time they made measurements of each star on 120 nights. A trained eye, keen perception and mathematical precision, as well as patience and perseverence, were involved in the solution of this delicate and intricate problem. These are the means by which astronomy has won its most brilliant triumphs, and those who would become practical astronomers must give their nights to observation and their days to study.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Berlin Fish Exposition.

The International Fisheries Exposition at Berlin has proved the most successful enterprise of its character ever attempted at that capital. The daily attendance has averaged 5,000, and on some days has reached as high a figure as 15,000. Our engraving represents several features, notably the Grotto of Neptune, with which our readers have already been made familiar.

The Belgian Jubilee.

Work is so far advanced upon the cluster of buildings required for the *fêtes* and exhibits that are to be prepared for the grand Belgian jubilee, that we are enabled to present views of the art and horticultural pavilions now completed at Brussels. The jubilee, being a celebration of the independence of Belgium, cannot fail to arouse all the patriotic ardor of the people, besides attracting thousands of tourists to the grand city.

The Green-room of the Comedie Francaise.

So much has of late been said about the Comédie Française, of France, in connection with the sudden secession of Mlle. Bernhardt and the imposition of a heavy fine upon her for that action, that a glance at a portrait group of the *sociétaires*, as the members of the company are known, in the famous Green-room at Paris, will no doubt prove an interesting diversion. The society is quite a close corporation, paying its members large salaries, dividing among them a goodly portion of the receipts and bestowing liberal pensions after a certain length of continuous service. It is, too, controlled by rules, so strict that they are seldom broken, and this fact makes Mlle. Bernhardt's action appear all the more striking amid her other eccentricities.

The Prince Imperial Monument in Zululand.

This memorial cross was sent out by Her Majesty the Queen as a token of her sympathy with the bereaved mother of the late Prince Louis Napoleon. It marks the exact spot upon which he fell when surprised and attacked by a party of Zulus who had been lying in ambush. The cross, which is of plain marble, bearing a simple inscription, is surrounded by a dwarf wall of rough stones, which also incloses the graves of the two troopers who were killed at the same time as the prince. Shrubs and violets (the Napoleonic emblem) are planted about the place, which thus becomes a kind of miniature cemetery. After the erection of the cross the Zulu chief, Gebeodo, and the chief men of his tribe, to which the party who attacked the prince belonged, assembled at the place, and, standing with their right hands uplifted, solemnly declared that the memorial and the graves should never be desecrated, a pledge which is likely to be faithfully observed, as the Zulus entertain a deeply-felt superstition regarding the spirits of the dead.

The Great Garden at Dresden.

One of the most attractive spots that Dresden possesses is the Grosser Garten, a well arranged and carefully preserved breathing place just outside the city proper. In the centre is an artificial lake, a broad and finely ballasted roadway skirts this, while surrounding the garden are a number of buildings more attractive and striking, architecturally, than imposing. Take roadway as the most popular of all the pleasant drives in the city, and is generally well covered Winter and Summer with gayly dressed officers, rich equipages and a cosmopolitan throng of pedestrians.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE strike of 10,000 Staffordshire potters has collapsed.

—THE wheat crop in the interior of Russia has been greatly injured by locusts.

—THE population of Louisville, Ky., is stated to be 126,556, a gain of over twenty-five per cent. in ten years.

—A DISPATCH from Vienna says that all the Powers have consented to the establishment of religious freedom in Morocco.

—OF the eleven iron furnaces in the Hocking and Shawnee region of Ohio, all but two have stopped on account of the high price of mining.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies passed the Amnesty Bill by a vote of 333 to 140, June 21st, after an eloquent speech by Gambetta in its favor.

—THE coinage at the Philadelphia Mint for the fiscal year ending June 30th, amounted to 43,845,070 pieces, of which 15,185,750 were in silver dollars.

—AN order of Prince Bismarck is published, prohibiting the importation of sausages and pork from the United States. The prohibition does not include hams, sides and bacon.

—IT is understood that both the President and the Secretary of War are dissatisfied with the administration of affairs at West Point, and have determined to reorganize the personnel.

—SOME of the residents of La Seur, Minn., believing a spiritual medium's prediction of a tremendous tornado, dug holes in the ground for refuge, and spent the whole of an unusually calm day in them.

—ST. LOUIS had in 1879 fifty-three flourishing kindergartens, with about 4,000 pupils, 130 paid teachers and sixty-five volunteer assistants. The entire cost for the year was a little over $20,000, $5.70 for each pupil.

—INTELLIGENCE has been received from Buenos Ayres that a treaty of peace has been signed. Tejedos has withdrawn as a candidate for the Presidency. The provincial forces have laid down their arms in Buenos Ayres.

—A FINANCIAL article in a San Francisco paper, referring to the newly-enacted law of New York taxing foreign bank capital, says: "We understand that the Nevada Bank balance at New York, from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000, will be ordered to London."

—THE Methodist ministers of Boston have formally requested the city authorities to cease giving free concerts on Sunday in the public parks for the reason that such music is "promotive of Sabbath desecration and injurious to public morals."

—THE Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has decided that solvent shareholders of national banks, which have gone into liquidation, cannot be assessed to make good any deficiency arising from inability to collect from other shareholders on account of their insolvency.

—THE census in California indicates an increase of 250,000 in the aggregate population of the State. The population of San Francisco will be brought far below the estimates of the directories. The number of Chinese in that city has also been greatly overestimated. Some of the interior towns, such as Stockton, have receded in population during the decade.

—THE quarterly return just published shows that the gross revenue of the United Kingdom for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1880, was $409,810,315, against $416,101,655 last year, and for the last quarter of the present year, $98,095,290, against $94,610,250 for the same period of the previous year. There is thus a net decrease in the year of $6,291,320, and a net increase in the quarter of $3,484,040.

—THE positive denial of the Spanish Government that there was a vessel in its service by the name of *Nancis*, which was charged with firing on the American schooner *Ethel Merritt*, and the probability that the same vessel fired on the Boston schooner *Eunice P. Newcombe*, has caused the State Department to take steps to ascertain whether the *Nancis* was a privateer or really belonged to the Spanish navy.

—THE receipts of flour, wheat and corn at the seven Atlantic ports—New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Montreal and Portland—for the week ending June 26th are the largest on record—being of wheat, 4,045,572 bushels; corn, 6,009,620 bushels; flour, 183,893 barrels. The exports from the same ports for the week and during the past eight weeks are also the largest on record, being for eight weeks, 19,678,555 bushels of wheat; 28,240,992 bushels of corn, and 649,933 barrels of flour.

—THE arrivals of immigrants at Castle Garden during the month of June aggregated 42,026, an increase of more than 26,000 over the corresponding month of 1879. For the six months of the present year, the number of immigrants who arrived at this port was 177,362, against 45,919 for the first six months of 1879. The aggregate arrivals thus far this year have been the largest for over twenty-five years past, the nearest approach to those figures being the arrival of 158,187 immigrants in the first six months of 1872.

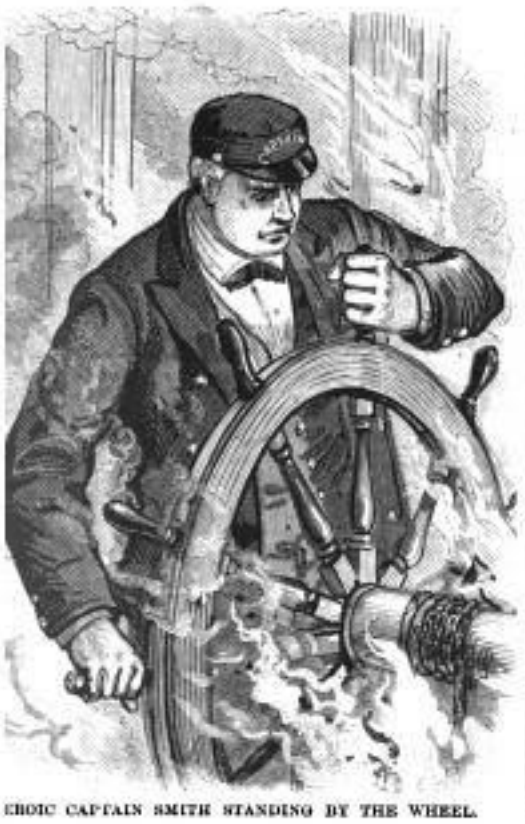
—EVER since the Papal States were made a part of United Italy the ultra-Clerical party has refrained by directions of the Pope from taking any part in elections. This policy is now to be abandoned. Seeing how successful the Clericals were in the recent municipal election in Rome, Pope Leo has decided to advise them to enter the field of general politics. This decision is a practical recognition of the Italian Government by the Vatican. At the same time it makes a fresh complication in Italian politics by introducing a powerful element which has hitherto held itself aloof.

—M. LEPINAY has drawn up his report regarding the canal to connect the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean. He proposes that the canal start from Bordeaux, and, after traversing 252 miles, terminate at Narbonne. The number of locks would be sixty-two, and long enough to admit vessels of 439 feet in length. The depth would be twenty-seven feet nine inches, and the breadth at the surface, where the canal is to be of single width, 184 feet, and where it is to be of "double" width, 262 feet. The estimated cost is $110,000,000. By means of this canal ships using steam can go from sea to sea in fifty-four hours.

—A FRENCH paper points out that amnesty is more restricted than is imagined. Six thousand Communists who were transported in 1871 have already returned, and those of them who are free from criminal antecedents have resumed their full political rights. Scarcely 500 remain in New Caledonia, and no amnesty will only restore them to the status they held before the Commune such of them as had previously incurred forfeiture for life of their political rights will still be under disabilities. Scarcely 200 will be able to aspire to seats in the Chambers or local bodies, and only twenty of these are actually notorious, namely: MM. Rochefort, Félix Pyat, Jules Vallès, Blanqui, Trinquet, and others.

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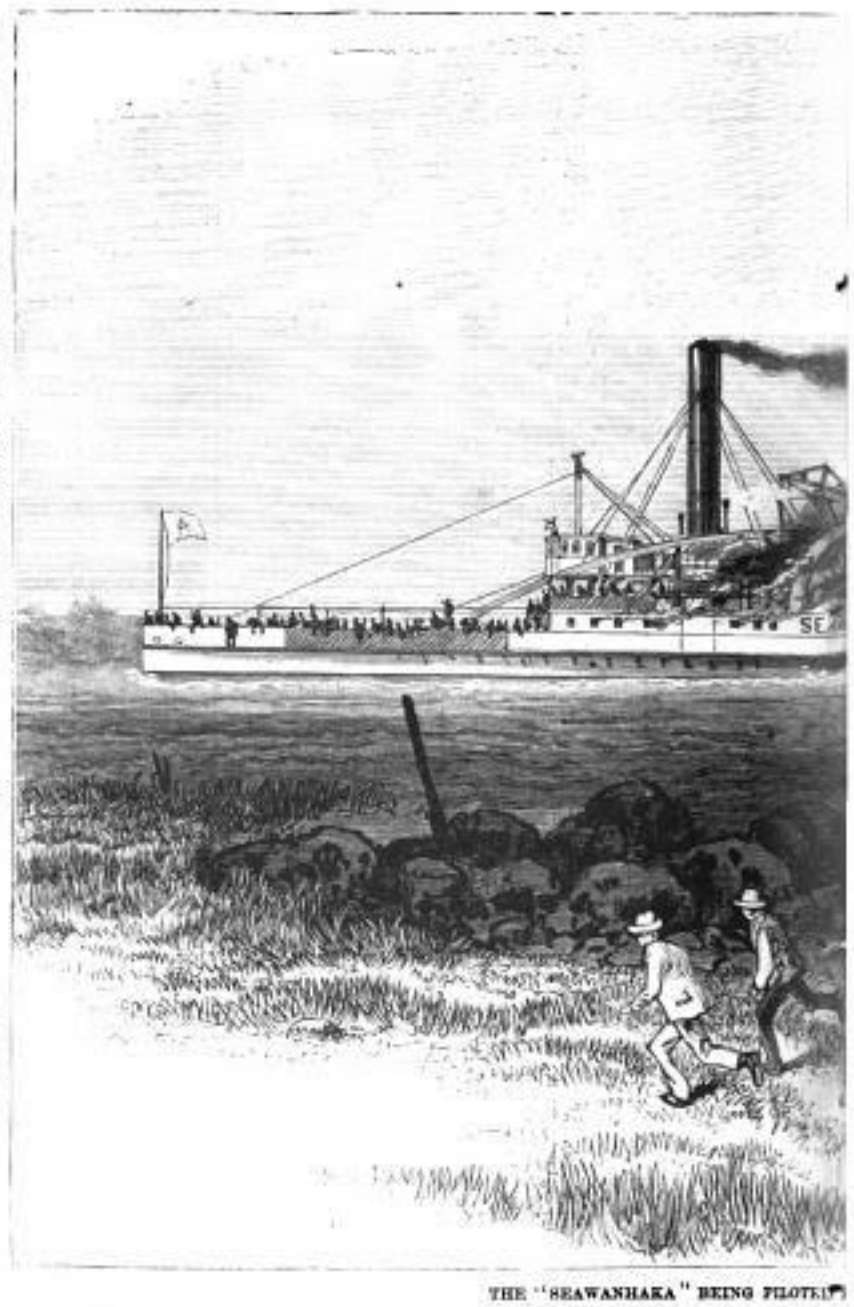
SCENE ON THE SHORE OF RANDALL'S ISLAND, AFTER THE BEACHING OF THE BURNING STEAMER — THE PHYSICIANS



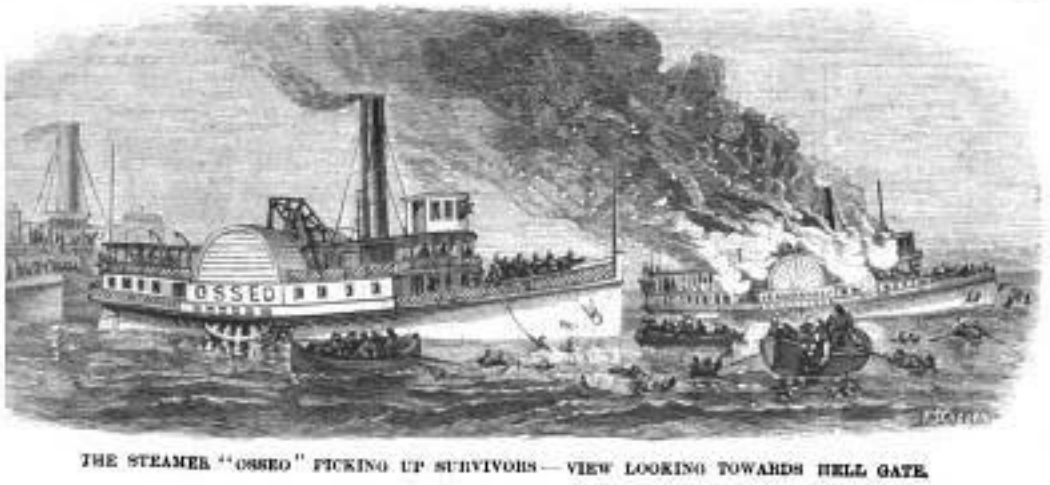
HEROIC CAPTAIN SMITH STANDING BY THE WHEEL.



JOHN W. BUSH TAKING OFF PASSENGERS INTO HIS BOAT.



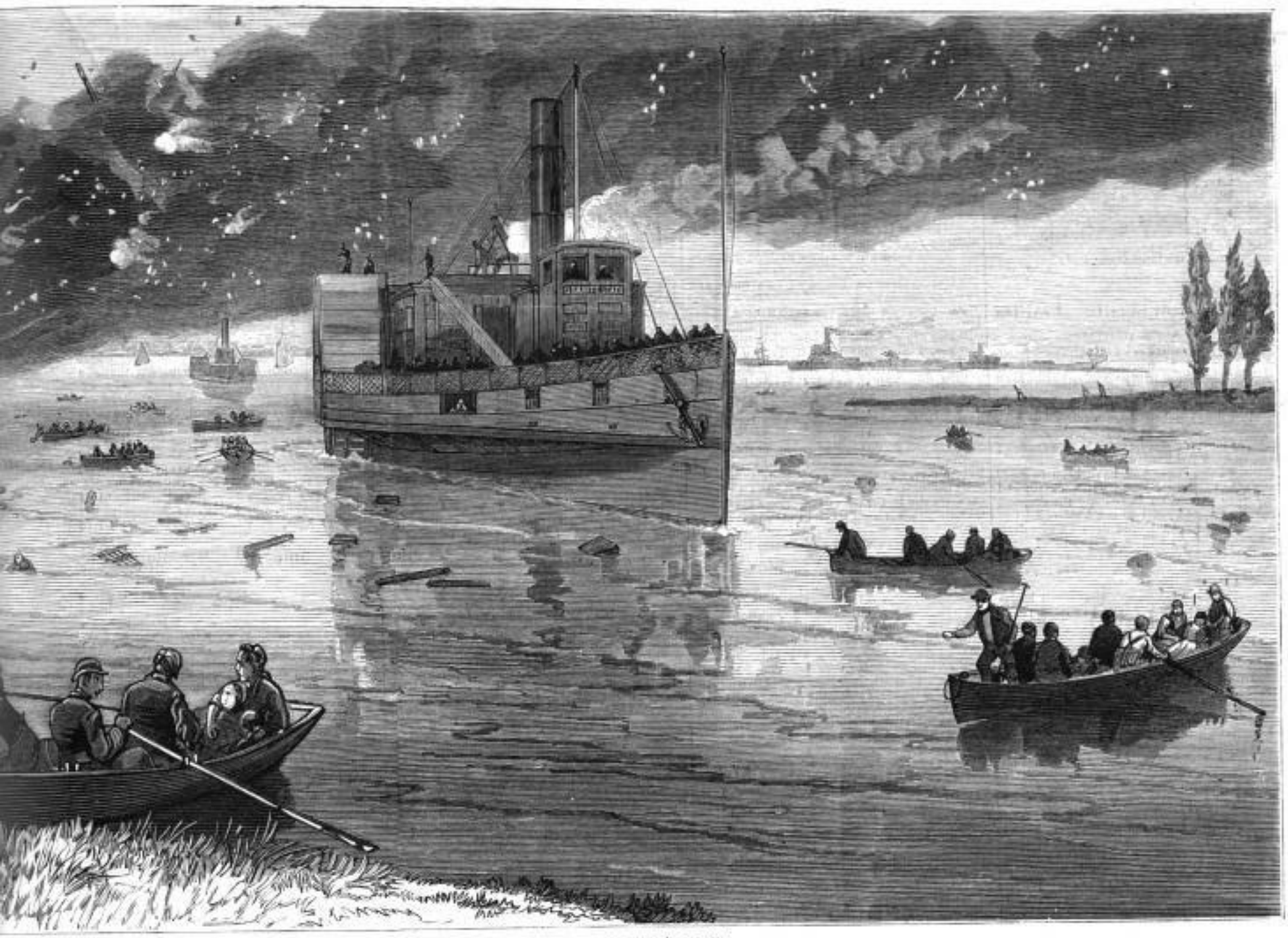
THE "SEAWANHAKA" BEING PILOTED



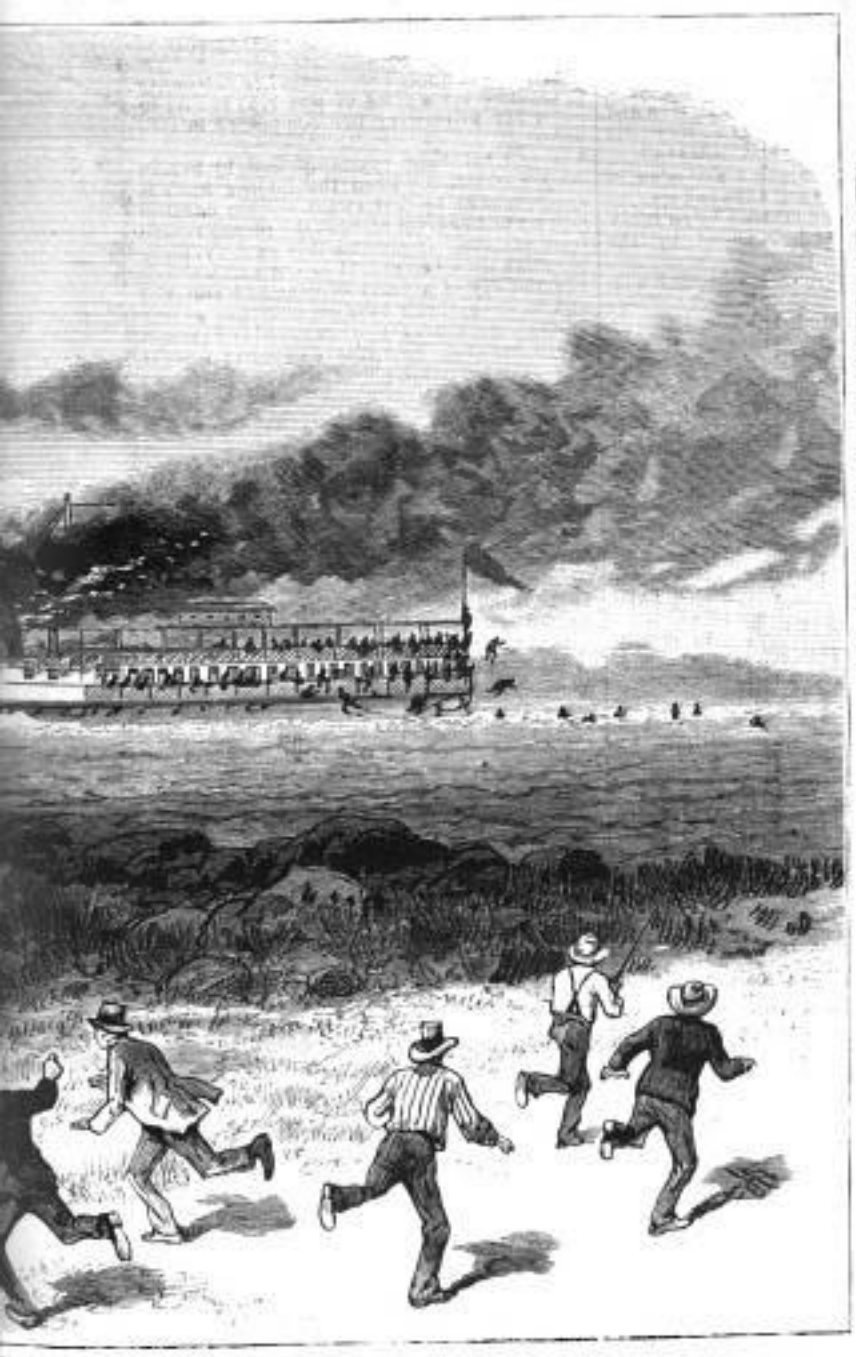
THE STEAMER "OSSEO" PICKING UP SURVIVORS — VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS HELL GATE.

NEW YORK.—BURNING OF THE STEAMER "SEAWANHAKA," OFF WARD'S ISLAND.

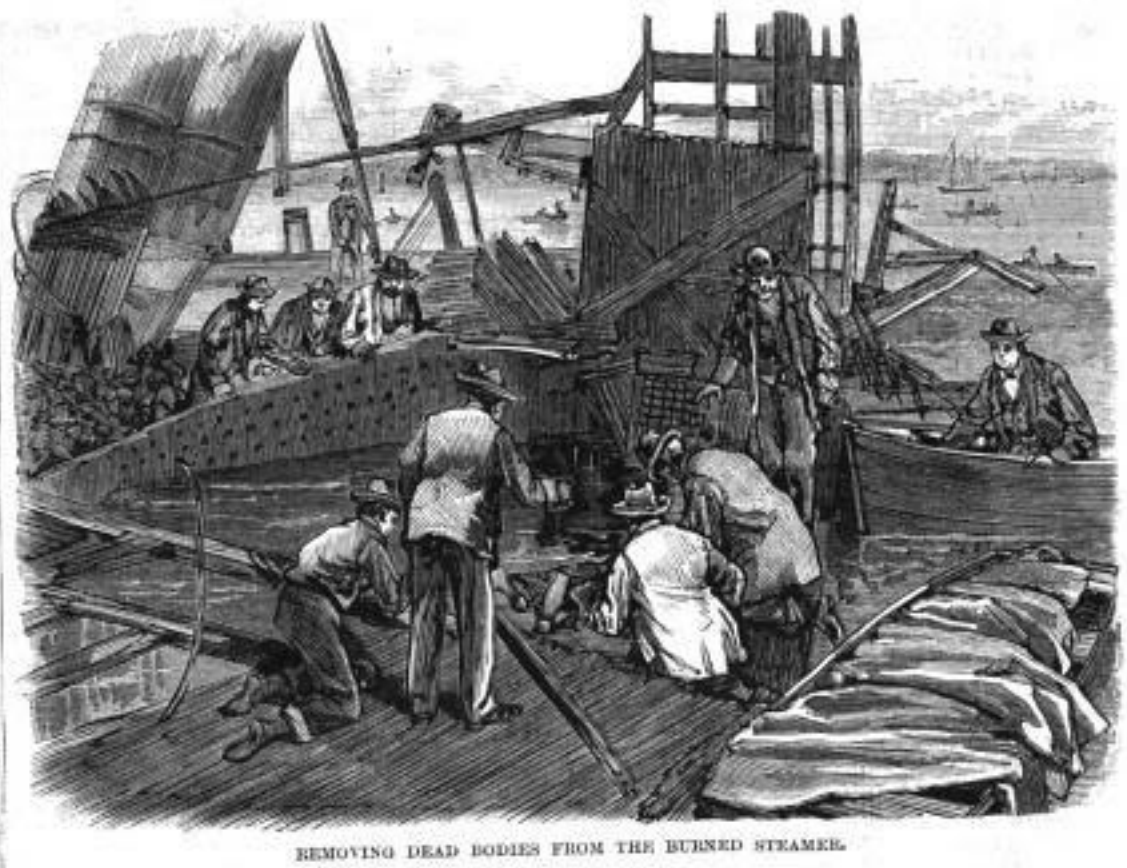
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BLIC INSTITUTIONS RESCUING THE PASSENGERS AND CARING FOR THE INJURED — VIEW FROM WARD'S ISLAND.



UNKEN MEADOW TO BE REACHED.



REMOVING DEAD BODIES FROM THE BURNED STEAMER.



THE SEARCH AT THE MORGUE FOR MISSING FRIENDS.

THE AFTERNOON OF JUNE 28TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 335.

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WITH THE GIFT OF AN ASH-RECEIVER.

IS little basket, dear, is meant for you;
A very trifle, with its tender hue,
wers know that color true, they say,
cannot have forgotten, sir, to-day.

sentiment go by, and learn its use,
ile effect for a great abuse,
sold the ashes of cremated joys,
en naught is left but ashes of such toys.

ow in the ashes, then, as they appear,
y the baser things leave ashes here;
higher joys mount up like flames of fire,
I make no ashes for a heathen pyre.

row in the ashes of your cigarette,
row in, besides, what's left of vain regret,
d may the perfume, incense like, become
offering to the lares of our home.

J. W. W.

HE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

By ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED).

JOST a moment Valentine stands silent, then that mad eloquence again seizes her. She reaches down and touches the nut-brown nds of hair, the soft-tinted face, the rounded ms, of Jack Ashhurst's wife.

"Oh, what a curse you have been to me!" e says, passionately—"what a curse, and et I love you. You have done the greatest rong to me, and yet I do not hate you. Oh, aven, if the past would drift away—drift ar away from me and leave me alone! It is nly to be alone that I pray for—to be freed rom the memories and phantoms of the dead ast that torture me to death."

Gypsy is a pitiful sight. Her small hands are locked tightly in her lap; her form rocks to and fro, and down over the peach-bloom of her cheeks rolls a flood of tears.

"I thought you had forgotten," she says, sobbing. "It has been so long since last we talked of this, that I had no idea you still treasured it up. Oh, I thought you had forgotten!"

Again Valentine raises her face. It is wild and haggard. Again that dry, hollow laugh breaks from her.

"*Forgotten!*" she says. "For me there is no forgetfulness, no comfort. I have suffered—I do suffer—the tortures of a prolonged and endless death! Do you think the poor wretch, with his flesh pierced and wounded and torn by the rack, can *forget* the engine of torture? No more can *I* lose sight of my misery!"

Faster and heavier splash the tears down Gypsy's drenched face; yet through all her woe she glances resentfully at her companion.

"At least," she says, while her sobs increase and a perfect torrent pours down her cheeks—"at least there is one thing you find it very easy to forget, that *I* have also suffered."

Valentine looks at her, a perfect madness of pain and torture in her flashing eyes, whose pupils distend, while her dilated nostrils quiver like a wounded brute's.

"Suffer—you suffer!" she mutters, while her lips writhe as in bodily torment. "Oh, my God! In the sight of my blinding, endless torture; in the face of my ruined, shattered life, she dares mention her paltry grievances! It was nothing to you—I shielded you. I suffered and bore for you! I stood between you and the fire. It was nothing at all for you. It rolled away from you like oil from water. But for me—it has clung to me for ever and ever. *I* was the burnt one—the one ruined, scathed and slaughtered!"

"You are killing me!" moans Gypsy, wringing her hands. "Why must you go and rake up the past. It is lived and gone; let it be. If you intend to behave this way all the time; if you are going to entertain me with recounting those detested things that are gone, why, you had better kill me and have done with it. It would be kinder than to harass and shake my nerves in this manner."

This display of Gypsy's nature, whose weakness Valentine had for the moment forgotten—this utter incapability for any deep and lasting emotion, brings the agitated woman back to herself.

She straightens herself and her brows contract heavily, though she lays her hand upon her companion's arm and looks at her pityingly.

"Gypsy," she says, softly.

Lady Ashhurst's sobs increase, and, like a pettish child, she shakes off the hand.

"Gypsy," repeats Valentine.

The whole chamber becomes filled with the mournful sounds of Gypsy's vehement woe.

"Gypsy," continues Valentine, "listen to me; this must be stopped——"

"You have been cruel and wicked to me," interrupts Gypsy, raising her moist and crumpled handkerchief. "Just when I was expecting a pleasant evening, when I had got all dressed and the guests had arrived, you must needs raise such a row as this! Look at me! What a fright I am! Valentine, I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

Valentine is silent under these crushing reproaches, though the moving muscles of her countenance still testifies to poignant anguish.

"They have come, haven't they?" continues Gypsy, in mournful inquiry.

Valentine looks dazed.

"Who?" she says.

"Why, Count Toboskie and his friend, Lagors."

A brief, swift spasm shoots athwart Valentine's face.

"Yes, they are come," she answers, calmly.

"Oh, and how frightful I look! Valentine, I will never forgive you! Won't you fix my hair? It is coming down, and I have dismissed Lizette for the evening."

But Valentine stands motionless; she pays no regard to the disarranged tresses of that lovely head, but stares at its owner in a wondering, absent way, quite puzzling. At last she rouses herself, and a quick, searching gleam comes in her eyes.

"Gypsy," she says, and her voice is thoroughly cold and calm, as of old, "who do you expect this evening?"

"I have told you," replies Gypsy, testily, struggling desperately with an unruly braid.

"Have you ever seen Count Lagors?" continues Valentine.

"Never!"

"Ever heard of him before?"

"*Often!*" ungraciously.

Valentine pales.

"Where?" she says, and her recent agitation shows signs of returning.

"Count Toboskie has done nothing but talk about him; besides, he is a lion in Petersburg."

"Have you never heard of him until you came to Russia?"

"Never knew there was such a man in existence!"

"You are *sure*?"

"Yes, I am. But what difference does it make?"

"No difference. Had we better go down now?"

Gypsy looks up in delight. Valentine does not often frequent the parlors when visitors are present.

"*Will* you go down?" she says, eagerly.

"Yes," replies Valentine, carelessly. "I have a desire to see this great Russian lion."

Gypsy hastily bathes her eyes, and thus obliterates the last trace of her recent grief, and then, together, they descend to the parlors.

The introductions are got through with in the usual manner. Toboskie, naturally swift and suspicious, regards every one present with a keen eye. He sees that Valentine is a trifle paler than is even her wont, that she keeps close by Gypsy's side; also that in her eye is a strengthening, encouraging light, though what in the world there is in this meeting between Lady Ashhurst and Count Lagors to demand encouragement for the lady, is more than he can tell. He sees, too, that Gypsy is unconscious, that she is upon dangerous ground. Whatever be the secret mystery that he has grown to suspect, he believes that his hostess, it matters not how closely she may be connected and involved in it, is for the present in ignorance.

She is beautiful and charming as ever, and Count Lagors has succumbed to her witchery without a struggle. His eyes follow her, wherever she goes; he is hopelessly, palpably fascinated.

That night, when he reaches his castle, he staggers up to Peter like a drunken man. His face is haggard, his eyes wild, and his hands are clinched tightly.

"Peter," he says—and his voice is hoarse and unnatural—"Peter, I love Jack Ashhurst's wife. Oh, my God! I love her; it is my punishment."

And, with a great cry, faithful Peter flings his hands over his gray face, and sobs like a child.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE ABBOT OF ST. MICHAEL'S.

OUT of St. Petersburg a short distance, and crowning the summit of a steep hill, is the ancient monastery of the holy Order of St. Michael. It is an old and time-stained mass of masonry, grim and strong, like the nature of these holy recluses—high up above the surrounding country, even as they, themselves, have reared upwards above the lust and weaknesses of the world. Here, solitary and almost unknown, communing with God and His saints, they lead their simple, monastic life—these men who, through the agony of exquisite torture, have attained the highest pinnacle of earthly purity—struggling upwards through the weary, exhausted pain of temptation and self-denial, rigorously withholding from themselves all pleasures of the world, all comforts of the flesh.

The monastery is beautifully situated, and is certainly picturesque despite its hoary grimness. It covers the entire top of the hill, and is a long, low, broad structure, save directly in the centre, where the chapel rears its square and unpretentious tower. It is grim and dark, and bears the impress of the fierce Russian Winters, which for centuries have swept storm and wind upon the sturdy and massive walls. Lining the hill, and stretched far below, is a thick forest of fir and pine, through which the snow and the light struggle with resolute perseverance, and the latter with but poor success, though nearly at all times the ground beneath has a thick sheeting of snow. Through these trees the Winter winds sweep upwards to the monastery above—sweep with weird, strange calls as though from weary, sin-tossed souls in torment, petitioning aid from the monks who know no touch of guile, no thoughts of evil. And when the Winter deepens, and the storm and hurricane sweep down from above, these sighs and low calls give place to loud wailings, with something of melody, as if the elements were sounding requiems over the dead hopes and crushed ambitions of these holy fanatics—as if they were mourning for the life crushed down in its narrow but sacred groove, and the torture and trial and self-denial that have triumphed over the flesh.

A solitude intense enwraps the forest and the monastery—a solitude filled with the sanctity of the place, and the sweet, still peace of heaven.

Far below stretches the white, level country of this snow-girt land, and from the point of observation in the forest, not a sign of human life is visible; only that a wide, solemn expanse, white like the souls of those monastic saints above, whose world is comprised within the rugged walls of their sacred home. Afar off, the shadows of the on coming night are settling on the silent country, and in the opposite direction a few red lights begin to gleam, showing where the city lies.

And from the West comes the last crimson glow ere the darkness falls. It gilds the top of the chapel-tower; it rests upon the hoary walls as in a benediction; it lingers lovingly around the spot in a tender glow that speaks of the purity within; it touches the tops of the forest, until the pine needles gleam like a halo of glory. The whole country becomes bathed in a transcendent light, while from the tower sweeps the sweet, solemn chiming of the monastery-bells.

And now upon the scene appear a couple of figures. It is Maize and Toboskie; they are come upon a visit to the monastery, and, leaving the horses and sleigh below with the servants, they walk up the hill—walk slowly, side by side, with the awe and sanctity of the place shining in their faces.

When they stand almost in the shadow of the building, she turns to him, and so deeply is she impressed with the sublimity of their surroundings, that her voice is almost a whisper.

"Do you think they will admit us?"

"I have no doubt; several of my race have patronized this institution—in fact, have lived and died here. The Toboskies and the monks of St. Michael's have always been specially favorable to one another, in consequence of which I and any of my friends are always welcome." He does not tell her that he, himself, is in the habit of making generous donations to the institution; that at times it has been his charity alone that has kept them from hunger and cold.

She looks at him curiously—at the cold, haughty, majestic face, at the proud lips with their dominant will, at the broad brow with its grandeur and pride. He looks a king among men—haughty, commanding, unbending; and she doubts not that he is but a type of his predecessors. Therefore it must have been a power almost beyond earth that could bend their haughty spirits to the humility of a monastic existence, that could smite them in the supremacy of their glory, that could deaden life to them until, sickened with their exhausted torture, they turned to this living death—this refuge among the monks of St. Michael.

He divines her thoughts and almost pauses under the deepening shadows of the forest. Through the falling gloom he looks at her wondrous face with its pride and humility, its sin and martyrdom; he catches the full glory of her eyes that are wide, solemn, and filled with a boundless awe; he sees the shining of her golden hair, which gleams, he believes, like the glory of heaven. A momentary weakness seizes him to take her in his arms and tell her this great love that is the growth of years; but in another moment he conquers it, and brushes his hand across his brow; he feels weary, disturbed, oppressed.

"You see," he says, with a forced smile, "that we are not a fortunate race: in fact, I think we are rather noted for misfortune, and when any great calamity befell my ancestors, they always retired to the monastery of St. Michael. It is quite possible that I, myself, may immure myself within its sacred arms some day. No one can read the future."

He speaks lightly, but a shudder seizes her; she realizes how this haughty manhood must be smitten ere it could sink to the life of a monk—how the proud spirit must be torn and riven before, in sheer weakness, it would seek this shelter from earth and its travail.

But they stand now beneath the shadow of the portal; and the girl's soft silks and trailing furs brush the threshold crossed by so many weary feet, bruised and wounded by the rough hills of life.

The door is opened by a lay brother who affectionately greets Toboskie, but who stares at the girl, dazed and bewildered, and shades his eyes with his hands.

"It is a dear saint of God," he mutters, and stares after her, stricken by her splendor.

And down the hall she goes, chilled almost to the heart by the cold stones her feet press, making greater the coldness and severity of the atmosphere by contrast of her own rich, warm splendor that breathes of the South. She has brought her magnificence here, this child of Greece—here, where the floors are trod by the weary, naked feet of these righteous men; where the partitions have echoed to the bitter cries that none but God have heard; where, in the four walls of their humble cell, they have struggled in deadly conflict with their carnal natures, and tortured the spirit into agonized submission; here, where the atmosphere is fraught with fasting and prayer and sacrifice, and the very stones have become sanctified through the travail of their occupants.

And she realizes it as she walks silently beside her conductor, and feels her unworthiness.

"It is the hour for vespers," he says, in an undertone; "we will go right to the chapel."

Through many long, winding passages, bare and prison-like, he conducts her, until finally, opening a massive door, they stand in the chapel.

She glances quickly around and in the vast expanse feels her littleness. All the ease and comfort they have denied themselves, keeping their natures down with an iron hand and a merciless vow, these devotees have showered upon their religion, intensified to glory. The floor is richly inlaid with marble. The ceiling a frescoed heaven, with God and His saints. On the walls rare paintings show dimly through the accumulated darkness of age, while at every few steps shines forth those dear faces, ever grand and new, ever old and dear, of Mary and her Son.

Over the sacred interior hovers a purple dusk, pierced at intervals by the soft flame of a burning taper as it glistens before some favorite saint. From afar the altar gleams in iridescent beauty, and the smell of the burning incense is sweet upon the air; while in front of the Christ-head kneels the dark and solitary figure of a priest in prayer.

An intense silence reigns through the church, upon which silence at last breaks a sobbing distant murmur like the chant of a far off sea. Toboskie hears and draws her aside; they stand together in a niche, while nearer and nearer draw those wondrous sounds—sounds that seem to come from heaven down through vistas that send back ten thousand echoes of the seraphic music.

She is amazed, bewildered, enchanted. It seems as though the gates of heaven had opened wide and let forth the melody of its hosts of archangels.

"It is the monks," whispers Toboskie, noticing her agitation.

Never in all her life does she forget that scene and those sounds. Down the aisles, heralded by a lay brother swinging censers, tread the monks, one after the other, their long, dark gowns brushing the floor, their hands meeting upon their breasts, their calm, penitent faces stamped with the peace of heaven, looking whiter and holier in the black shadow of their cowls.

And as they come they sing, and the whole church becomes filled with a melody that she has never before heard, that she never expects again to hear until she stands before the white throne of the Lord. It is sweeter than the triumphant notes of an hundred organs—this sound of many and perfect voices—and floats through the shadow-draped church until it seems as if every human and heavenly thing had risen in praise to God.

Her very soul is roused and lifted out of itself. It yearns to burst its confines—to get away to a life in which this hour shall live eternal.

And all the while that rich, solemn, sacred singing floats through the air. It rises like the vast supplication of a multitude; it floats through the air like the voice of God; it gives life to the marble and the paintings, it robs her of utterance, of strength—it loses her in a transport of ecstasy, of admiration, of holy awe, and at last dies away—far away in the distance which sends back in a whisper the echoes of the final "Amen."

Through a mist of tears—and seldom do her eyes know weeping—she looks at the monks as they kneel in devotion at the altar rail—these men whose souls know no stain of lust, no shadow of evil; and she sighs for the simple, pure, devout faith that lifts them so far above the danger of sophistry, the darkness and misery of perfidious doubt. A great, vast, aching pain seizes upon her—a hopeless yearning for this same purity; and Toboskie, who watches her every glance and gesture, sees that she is deeply agitated and a trifle faint.

With inestimable tenderness he takes her hand and, placing it upon his arm, leads her out of the church into an outer hall far away, and seats her upon a stone bench.

"The walk up the hill has exhausted you," he says, and, despite his pride and strength, his tone vibrates with a tenderness to which no other woman has ever listened.

"I shall be stronger in a moment," she replies, smiling faintly. "It is very silly of me."

He excuses himself and leaves her, ostensibly to procure her a glass of water, in reality to allow her to recover her composure in solitude.

A full half-hour passes—passed by her in deep meditation. Then the intense hush is again broken by that sweet, solemn cadence coming to her from afar, as the monks return from vespers. If possible it is sweeter, more plaintive than before. It is sad and wailing, like the cry of a great supplication, softened and made pathetic by distance. But as the monks draw nearer it bursts grand and powerful on her ear. Now it is the song of a great victory—the triumph of a host moved to religious enthusiasm, and filled with a grand thanksgiving, a tumult of rejoicing, all mingled in one clear, sweet voice.

Louder, clearer, sweeter swells that divine song of the invisible singers, and she half springs to her feet. A vast yearning is upon her to join these righteous men—to adopt the simple purity of their lives. Her cheeks flush, her eyes sparkle, her lips quiver with emotion. She has caught the enthusiasm. There is in her nature a sublimity of sacrifice, a steadfastness of purpose that claims affinity with the rigor and self-sacrifice of their lives.

But even as she half-rises, the full, resonant triumphant shouts of victory die away into a softer cadence, as the monks pass down the hall. The rich and splendid sounds—the power and majesty of those wondrous voices, soften into a wail. The air changes; it has in it a ring of victory, yet a victory blood-purchased despite the devotional exaltation—a low, wailing, piteous cry of the wounded soul, weary with its struggle and its pain—of the altar and its sacrifice, the flame and the rack. All the pain, the torture, the patience; all the grandeur of purpose, the immolation of self, that mark the hidden lives of these men these last wailing notes hold a memory of. They speak to her soul as nothing else has ever done, and while she sits trembling with emotion she hears the loud and final "Amen!" It echoes through the silent air, and she hears it in her soul long after the monks have locked themselves in the gloom and stillness of their cells, in which to continue their fasting and prayer through the dark and silence of the night. Then upon her ear smites another sound—the tread of feet—and, looking up, she sees coming towards her Toboskie and a monk. This latter instantly rivets her attention, and involuntarily she rises. He is a man of immense stature and impressive appearance, dressed in the customary long, black robe of his Order; but there is a dignity, and even pride, in his bearing that, try as he may to suppress it, is in ill accordance with the gloom and severity of a monastic abode. His head is

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unusually massive, but even the tight-fitting cowl cannot conceal the perfectness of its shape. His brow is low and broad, denoting intellect of the highest order; his features modeled after the Greek statues of old. The expression of his countenance is grave, amounting almost to severity; yet when he smiles, which he can do with the sweetness of a woman, the gravity is put to flight, and the face is winning, with a purity and beauty almost divine. He is, judging from appearance, sixty years of age. Such is Father Salvatori, the Abbot of St. Michael.

Maize looks at him in awe, as his massive figure rears beside Toboskie. They are very like, yet very dissimilar these two men—the one clad in the gloomy, severe garb of his Order, the other well wrapped in his priceless furs; yet there is a certain similarity between them—a certain bearing of hauteur and dignity that claims kindredship.

"This is the young lady, father," says Toboskie, by way of introduction—"the English young lady—my friend."

The abbot reaches out and takes the small, jewel-flashing hand the girl extends, and his manner is stately and composed, like one used to the world and its ways. Indeed, his appearance is much more suggestive of a throne than a monastery.

"You are welcome, daughter," he says, and that warm radiant smile lights up the severity of his face, "quite welcome; but I fear that the gloom and lowly surroundings of our abode will find but little favor in the eyes of one so used to worldly ease and comfort as your appearance denotes you to be. Yet such hospitality as is ours we freely offer to you. It is the soul and not the body that finds comfort here."

"I have been pleased more than I can tell you, father, with my visit here. The sight of the monks at vespers roused in me a desire for emulation, hopeless as it is. Father, I wished I could stay here always!"

She raises her eyes wet with the tears; they are glorious with that outpouring of the soul, with that heroism of sacrifice, that grandeur of martyrdom! And above all is that great yearning, aching pain, that vast discontent with self, that wondrous uprising of the spirit in its sudden aim to step upwards unto that high pinnacle of saintliness!

In that one glance the abbot reads aright this peculiar nature that has come under his knowledge—this soul with its wondrous capabilities of good and evil, its heights of light, its depths of darkness. And he shudders for the unlived life of this girl which stretches far away into the mystic future.

A silence falls upon them, as these three, bound together with an invisible chain, stand side by side in the gloom of the monastery, and the priest studies the face that just now shines like the Madonna's in the chapel. It may be that the sight of this warm, rich loveliness, these dazzling, gorgeous robes of this offspring of Greece, rouse memories of the past—that past that crushed the soul and spirit of this man and sent him to his living death. It may be that the sudden sight of this girl has awakened a maddened regret for that world he has for ever forsworn, outcryings of that nature which, through the pain and torture of years, he has struggled to renounce. It is often thus that a woman's face destroys the work of years, yet if so, his stern, serious countenance gives no tokens of it.

He studies her face, it is true, but only with a vast anxiety for her future—that future which he knows will hold for her a great struggle between right and wrong, and which may bend her haughty spirit to the dust, may rob her of her proud omnipotence, her haughty supremacy. Ah! he has seen so many shipwrecks—this man weary and wounded with the world—what wonder that he, with his inner knowledge and swiftness in reading human nature, what wonder that he shudders for this girl who bears misfortune in her face.

"I am glad that you were pleased," he says, slowly, "yet I fear that you would soon weary with the strictness of the monastery. Daughter, our life embraces sacrifice!"

And where she stands in the shadow of the grim stone walls, the girl looks steadily at the abbot; her eyes are firm and lustrous.

"And if ever I was at that point where I sought refuge in the arms of the Church," she says, quietly, "I would not fear the sacrifice."

"I believe you; there is in your nature the groundwork of great devotional exaltation. Yet the work of God must pursue its own course; the spirit must be bent and purified through tears, the metal scourged through the furnace; then, when the fire and the spirit have done their work, you will be prepared to accept the sacrifice; you will come home to the Church like a desolate child!"

"Then I hope she may never trouble you, Father Abbot," says Toboskie, almost fiercely. Something in the words of the monk have struck a cold chill to his vitals.

"Heaven cannot be gained without the cross, my son," replies Father Salvatori, solemnly "The experience of your own proud race must confirm this. And I would that she be saved."

Those words awaken the Russian to a knowledge of himself. There is a fierce and undying love in his soul that cries out for this woman with all the madness of passion—all the purity and steadfastness of true affection. It is the first time in all the years of his life that love has ever touched him. Now, for all the future, he loves this woman by his side!—loves her with that fierce, immutable affection that more often brings shipwreck than aught else, whose very intensity insures misery and ruin for its object. It is not love, it is a fierce Pagan worship, that craves her at the expense of all earthly things—that would trample upon the mandates of heaven to call her his own.

I would that she be saved! These words ring persistently in his soul. He looks first at the dazzling loveliness of this matchless woman, for whose sake he is ready to forswear his salvation, and then at the calm and patient face of the monk, and before God he cannot echo that wish. No! better eternal perdition for her and for him than that she be saved and taken from him.

(*To be continued.*)

PSI UPSILON CHAPTER HOUSE AT ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

WE give elsewhere an illustration of the new Chapter House of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at the University of Michigan, recently completed and dedicated at the forty-seventh general convention of the Fraternity at Ann Arbor last month. The building is the largest and best adapted to its purpose of all the many edifices of the sort connected with various American colleges. The house faces the college campus, having a double front upon West and South University Avenues, and stands upon a lot 196 feet long by 66 feet wide, having itself an average length of 65 feet, with width varying from 35 to 56 feet. The material is pressed brick, the foundation being of blue stone, with water table of light sandstone; the trimmings are of terra cotta, with bands of black brick. The roof is of slate. Above each window in the second story is the chapter letter, and in the gable facing the north a shield, bearing the fraternity symbols and surrounded by an owl and faces, rests upon an ornamental ground of terra cotta. The interior is finished in natural woods. A large dining-hall, kitchen, janitor's rooms, furnace-room, etc., are in the basement. Upon the first floor are the reception-room, library, two other rooms for guests and for general purposes, and several smaller apartments. Seven rooms for students are on the second floor, with bath-rooms and closets, and on the third floor are three more rooms for students, besides a large and elegant chapter lodge-room. The tower is eighty feet high, and from its windows a fine view of the city and surrounding country may be obtained. From the flagstaff above floats the garnet-and-gold banner presented to the Chapter by the Psi Upsilon ladies of Detroit. The building has been carefully built, and contains every convenience for the comfort of its occupants. The total cost, inclusive of ground and furniture, is $15,000. The Psi Upsilon Fraternity also owns costly buildings at Yale, Wesleyan and Amherst, and similar ones will soon be erected at Cornell, Dartmouth, Union, Columbia, and other chapters. The society is to be congratulated upon the successful completion of the first building of the sort at the great university of the West, in which its members hold, as elsewhere, a leading place.

The American Riflemen at Dollymount.

OUR American riflemen have achieved another victory abroad. In the match at Dollymount, Ireland, on June 29th, the American team defeated the Irish team by twelve points. At the 800 yards range, the record showed a tie—each side scoring 456. In the contest at the 900-yard range, the Americans scored 436 and the Irishmen 428. The firing at the 1,000-yards range resulted in a score of 420 for the Americans and 416 for the Irish team.

It is now twenty years since Queen Victoria inaugurated a series of contests in long-range shooting with her personal attendance on Wimbledon Common, where, by means of a silken string, she fired the first rifle-shot ever fired there. The gallant and accomplished Lord Elcho, the founder of the British volunteer system, originated these contests. But is only within the last seven years that rifle contests at any range have been frequent or popular in this country. In 1873 an Irish team won the Elcho Shield in a contest with English and Scotch teams. During 1874 the Irish team had a close contest at Creedmoor with an American team, in which the Hibernians were beaten by three points. In 1875 the American team visited Ireland, where it was again victorious. In 1876 occurred the centennial contest open to all nations. From this the English team was absent because it could not separately recognize the Scotch and Irish teams in an international match. This centennial contest also resulted in our favor. In 1877 Sir Henry Halford's Imperial British team came here to meet an American team, and was defeated. During the two following years there was no crack of friendly rifles between contesting teams. This year's contest came about upon an Irish invitation.

It was not only one of good headwork and cool nerve, demanding an exercise of judgment which requires the marksmen "to see the wind—like a pig," as the Irish proverb runs. It was also a trial of the quality of rifles. All of the Irish team save one member shot with breech-loading rifles adapted by Rigby, one of the Dublin contestants. One of the team who persisted in using a muzzle-loader shot only one point below his next highest comrade, who used a breech-loader. The members of the American team used breech loaders of three different patterns and won by twelve points. The official scores seem to indicate that the highest average shooting was done by the American rifles. There were 12 times 45 shots at ranges of 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, and only one of the shots missed the target! This is as much as to say that if the twelve marksmen had successively emptied their rifles from rifle-pits with those ranges at 540 hostile military officers they would have killed or wounded 539 of those officers.

Raising Peanuts.

PEANUTS are not as delicious eating as the nuts that are produced on trees and bushes. They have, however, their advantages. A crop of them may be harvested the Fall after the seed is planted, while it is necessary to wait many years for a crop of those kinds of nuts that are produced on trees. A large proportion of the peanut is meat, while the larger portion of most nuts is a hard substance that can not be eaten. Most nuts are hard to crack, but the thin, soft shell of the peanut is very easily removed. They require to be roasted before they are in a condition to be eaten, but this operation is easily performed in a common corn-popper.

The peanut is of tropical origin, but by slow degrees it found its way into semi-tropical and temperate portions of the globe. It was brought from Africa to the Southern States, and was cultivated there many years before the civil war, which was the means of popularizing it in all parts of the Union. During the past few years peanuts have been extensively raised for the market in North and South Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee. Their cultivation on a limited scale has extended throughout all the Southern States and into most of the States bordering on the Ohio River. Within the past two years they have been raised, more for curiosity than for profit, in nearly all the Western and Middle States.

It seems certain that the peanut, like the sweet-potato, will become acclimated to a northern latitude. The plant is hardy and is easily raised. It has a long tap-root that enables it to grow in times of severe drought. A soil that is somewhat sandy is best adapted to its growth. If it contains considerable iron or dark-colored vegetable matter the pods will have a bad appearance. It should be moderately rich and well pulverized. In raising peanuts on a small scale it is customary to throw up small ridges about two and a half feet apart. In the tops of these the nuts are placed two inches deep and eighteen inches apart. It is best to remove the pods from the nuts before planting them, care being taken not to break the skin that surrounds them. Four seeds are usually dropped in a hill, but only two plants should be allowed to grow.

The general culture of peanuts is substantially the same as that generally given to sweet-potatoes. The ground must be kept free from weeds and grass during the entire season. If the patch is small, all the work should be done with a hand-hoe. If it is large, the cultivator may be used between the rows. The blossoms proceed from branches near the ground, and as soon as pods are formed, the flower-stems turn toward the earth, and the pods are buried beneath it. The pods will mature better if some light earth is drawn over them with a hoe as soon as they begin to form. The entire season is required for the pods to mature. Late in the Fall the plants are pulled with the roots and pods that are attached to them. They are cured in the sun a few days, when the pods are picked off and stored in a dry place.

The World's Productions.

A TABLE has been carefully compiled, which gives an estimate of the world's annual production of leading articles in 1780 and at the present time. It furnishes a key to the great changes which have occurred during the last century in the producing and consuming power of mankind. The increase in the production of wine and tea is but little greater than the increase of population, which is estimated to be not more than two hundred per cent. in Europe, nor more than fifty per cent. in the entire world. Of iron, 15,000,000 tons are now produced, against 180,000 tons in 1780. The increase in the production of steel is almost equally remarkable, as it has risen from 40,000 tons in 1780 to 2,000,000 tons in 1880. Of printing paper, the estimated annual product of a century ago was 10,000 tons, against 500,000 tons at the present day; and about the same advance has been made in the number of watches manufactured. The production of coal has increased from 10,000,000 tons to 300,000,000 tons per annum, and the production of cotton in the same proportion, rising from 60,000 bales in 1780 to 150,000 bales in 1880. The two other leading articles in which production has increased with remarkable rapidity are sugar and beer, the product of sugar increasing from 100,000 tons in 1780 to 2,000,000 tons in 1880, and the product of beer from 2,000,000,000 gallons in 1780 to 30,000,000,000 gallons in 1880.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Aberdare, it is understood, will succeed the Earl of Northbrook as President of the London Geographical Society.

Twelve Miles south of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily, an exceedingly rich bank of corals has been discovered, which is even more important than the one found in 1876 in the same waters.

The Nights of May 18th and 19th were fatal to almost all vineyards on the banks of the Rhine and its tributaries. The young shoots on most of the vines were killed by the frost, which was intense.

A Large German Horticultural Exhibition is planned for the Summer of 1882. It will be held at Bremen in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Horticultural Society of that city.

Experience has shown at the Petroleum Iron Works, Titusville, Pa., that a barrel of petroleum will generate heat sufficient for making a ton of iron, while a ton and a quarter of coal would be required for the same result.

The Twelfth Meeting of the Scandinavian Naturalists and Physicians will take place at Stockholm on July 7th to 14th inclusive. A numerous attendance is expected from Denmark and Norway, as well as from other countries.

M. Hu'sens, of Paris, recommends, for the protection of workmen handling lead and mercury compounds, small daily doses of iodide of potassium. This salt, he says, dissolves the lead or mercurial compounds and effects their removal.

A Test for the discovery of adulterated sugar is to place a pinch of pure sugar in the mouth and when it is dissolved a pinch of suspected sugar. If this contains starch, glucose or chloride of tin a distinctly bitter taste will be present.

M. Marche has invented in Paris a telephone, which he calls electrophone, and which works with an induction coil. The induction current is sent from a distance which is said to be very long, and the hearing is said to be satisfactory.

On May 11th last the statue of the late M. Quetelet was unveiled in the gardens of the Brussels Academy buildings. He is represented in a sitting posture, his left hand rests upon a large celestial globe, and he holds a pen in his right.

On the Schleswig Coast in the Little Belt the establishment of oyster beds is engaging the active attention of the authorities. One million and a half of small oysters have been "sown out" between the Glenner Bay and the Danish frontier near Hollenlade.

A Prospecting Party, dispatched by the Queensland Government, is stated to have discovered a very rich gold-field on the Selton River in the north of the colony. An examination of the country along the east coast of Cape York Peninsula has not, however, proved successful.

On the Shores of the Lake of Constance the rare phenomenon of a perfect solar halo was noticed on May 4th at noon. The large ring, which from time to time assumed splendid rainbow tints, remained visible for more than two hours. At Berlin the phenomenon of mock suns was observed on June 9th inst. at 5 A. M.

It is Stated that at Wickham, about 120 miles south of Sydney, New South Wales, two surface beds of metallic stone of considerable width have just been discovered. On analysis it is found that there is a large amount of gold and silver in one of these, while the other contains over 60 per cent. of iron with traces only of gold. A large and enormously valuable diamond is also said to have been discovered in the same locality.

The Swiss Naturalists Association have decided to erect the Meteorological Observatory, the establishment of which was recommended to them by the International Meteorological Congress which met at Rome last year, upon the Saentis Mountain, in the canton of Appenzell. This peak is better adapted for the purposes of meteorological observation than any other one in Switzerland, on account of its comparatively isolated position. The observatory will cost about $1,600, besides which $1,800 will be spent annually for its maintenance and staff.

A New Skating Surface, called "crystal ice," has been invented by Dr. Calantariente, of Scarborough. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, and that there is no lack of substances that are crystalline at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantariente experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid as a floor by his plan, can be skated on with ordinary ice-skates; the resistance of the surface is just equal to that of ice, it looks like ice, and indeed, when it has been skated on and got "cut up" a little the deception is quite astonishing.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BARON VON CALICE has been nominated Austrian Ambassador to Turkey.

CARL PETERSEN, the celebrated Danish explorer of the Arctic regions, is dead.

THE wife of Governor Williams of Indiana died June 27th, after a long illness.

THE Rev. Mr. Mackenochie, the famous ritualist, is about to visit America for his health.

TWENTY-THREE American clergymen sailed from this port for Europe in one day week before last.

SENATOR WALLACE, of Pennsylvania, is named for Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, the newly-appointed French Ambassador to England, has arrived in London.

GENERAL HANCOCK has been relieved, at his own request, from further service on the Warren Court of Inquiry.

JOHN A. KASSON, United States Minister at Vienna, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fifth Iowa District.

REV. DR. GEORGE R. CROOKS, late editor of the *Methodist*, succeeds Bishop Hurst as professor of historical theology at Drew Seminary.

AT the late Harvard Commencement the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Oliver Wendell Holmes and Governor Long of Massachusetts.

IT is announced that the Emperor of Japan has conferred upon the Austrian monarch the highest decoration of the Order of the Chrysanthemum.

THE Marquis of Anglesey married, June 26th, at the British Embassy, Paris, the widow of Hon. Henry Woodhouse, formerly Miss Minnie King, of Georgia.

M. GAMBETTA will again advocate in the Chamber of Deputies the *scrutin de liste* system of voting. It is believed this system will be adopted, and that M. Gambetta will be the next President of France.

THE foundation of a monument in memory of Benedict Spinoza, the greatest of modern pantheistic philosophers, was laid at the Hague on June 7th. The monument will be set up early in September.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the landing of William Penn on the soil of Pennsylvania is to be celebrated in 1882. An association, with Colonel John W. Forney at its head, has the matter in charge.

SECRETARY THOMPSON left Washington last week for the Pacific coast by way of his home in Terre Haute, Ind. Commodore Jeffers has been designated as Acting Secretary of the Navy during his absence.

REV. DR. EDWARD WILSON, formerly pastor of St. James's Church, New Brunswick, N. J., and at present the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Montreal, has been elected Bishop of the Synod of Canada.

SECRETARY SCHURZ purposes leaving Washington about the middle of July. He will go to the Pacific coast, visiting various Indian reservations on his way there and back, also passing through the Yellowstone National Park.

THERE are now three Hebrews in Congress—Messrs. Jonas, Morse and Einstein. In the House there are six German Representatives, among whom are Hellman, of Indiana; Poehler, of Minnesota; Muller, of New York, and Deuster, of Wisconsin.

MR. W. H. VANDERBILT has created some excitement in Paris art circles by paying M. Villegas $20,000 for the latter's new large painting, "A Baptism in the Cathedral of Seville." There are a multitude of figures and a rich variety of bright costumes.

DR. THOMAS S. LAMBERT, president of the defunct American Popular Life Insurance Company, who was sentenced to five years in State Prison for perjury in swearing to a false statement of the condition of the company, has been released from legal constraint under a decision of the District Attorney.

KING POMARE V., of the Society Islands, has of late years been a ruler in name rather than in fact. The natives regard him as their rightful sovereign, but the German and French traders have acquired control of affairs. Pomare has now abdicated in favor of Governor Chesse, the French representative.

THE Duke of Buckingham intends soon to resign the Governorship of Madras. He is a widower with daughters only, and if he does not marry and have a son his dukedom will be extinct. His father collapsed financially, but the duke inherited a great sum from an uncle, has been very prudent, and is well to do.

PRINCE ORLOFF, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, has been requested by President Grévy to transmit to the Grand Duke Nicholas the highest French military order, which has never been given to any foreigner except Victor Emmanuel, and was refused to the Prince of Wales, who sought it after the Crimean campaign.

TEXAS JACK, as fierce and dashing a scout as ever "made up" in the dressing-room of a theatre, died in Leadville, Colorado, last week, and was buried with military honors. Texas Jack's real name was J. B. Omohundro, and he was descended from the first (Indian) families of Virginia. His wife was a Morlacchi, the famous dancer.

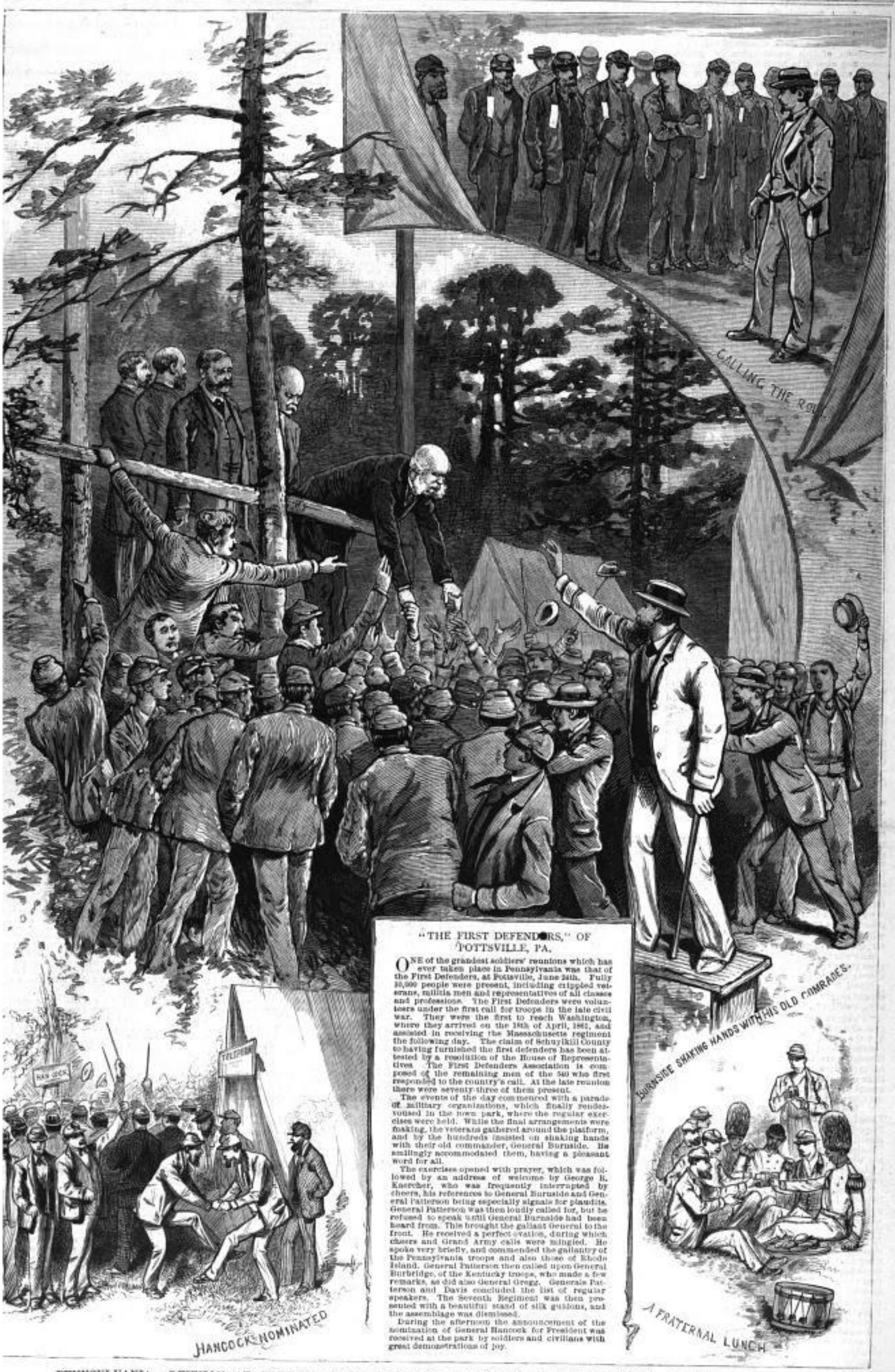
GEORGE, King of Greece, received as the inclosure of the address of the London Corporation a casket of eighteen-carat gold, designed in the Greek style and decorated with the Greek arms, the jeweled crown, and tablets bearing the names of Greek poets, philosophers and orators. The box rests upon a blue velvet cushion ornamented with gold roses.

MINISTER MAYNARD is expected to return from Turkey about the middle of July, to immediately enter upon his duties as Postmaster-General. Judge Key will then receive his commission as District Judge for Tennessee and will leave for his home at once. General Longstreet will at the same time give up the post office at Gainesville, Ga., and sail for Turkey to take Mr. Maynard's place.

JUDGE JAMES GARLAND, of Lynchburg, Va., has just completed his eighty-eighth year. Of him a paper in that city says: "He practiced law fifty-eight years, for ten years was Judge of the Corporation Court of this city, and for eleven years was in public life as a member of the Legislature or of Congress. To-day he is sitting and patiently trying cases and delivering opinions, showing great vigor of mind and considerable physical force.

A HANDSOME fountain has just been erected as a memorial of General Sir Thomas Biddulph. It is placed between the Victoria and chain bridges at Balmoral, and bears this inscription: "To the honored memory of General Sir Thomas Middleton Biddulph, K.C.B., P.C., this fountain is erected by Queen Victoria in grateful and affectionate remembrance of his faithful services to the Queen and royal family for twenty seven years. Born July 27th, 1809, died September 25th, 1875."

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"THE FIRST DEFENDERS," OF POTTSVILLE, PA.

ONE of the grandest soldiers' reunions which has ever taken place in Pennsylvania was that of the First Defenders, at Pottsville, June 24th. Fully 30,000 people were present, including crippled veterans, militia men and representatives of all classes and professions. The First Defenders were volunteers under the first call for troops in the late civil war. They were the first to reach Washington, where they arrived on the 18th of April, 1861, and assisted in receiving the Massachusetts regiment the following day. The claim of Schuylkill County to having furnished the first defenders has been attested by a resolution of the House of Representatives. The First Defenders Association is composed of the remaining men of the 340 who first responded to the country's call. At the late reunion there were seventy-three of them present.

The events of the day commenced with a parade of military organizations, which finally rendezvoused in the town park, where the regular exercises were held. While the final arrangements were making, the veterans gathered around the platform, and by the hundreds insisted on shaking hands with their old commander, General Burnside. He smilingly accommodated them, having a pleasant word for all.

The exercises opened with prayer, which was followed by an address of welcome by George R. Knercher, who was frequently interrupted by cheers, his references to General Burnside and General Patterson being especially signals for plaudits. General Patterson was then loudly called for, but he refused to speak until General Burnside had been heard from. This brought the gallant General to the front. He received a perfect ovation, during which cheers and Grand Army calls were mingled. He spoke very briefly, and commended the gallantry of the Pennsylvania troops and also those of Rhode Island. General Patterson then called upon General Burbridge, of the Kentucky troops, who made a few remarks, as did also General Gregg. Generals Patterson and Davis concluded the list of regular speakers. The Seventh Regiment was then presented with a beautiful stand of silk guidons, and the assemblage was dismissed.

During the afternoon the announcement of the nomination of General Hancock for President was received at the park by soldiers and civilians with great demonstrations of joy.

PENNSYLVANIA.—REUNION AT POTTSVILLE OF THE FIRST DEFENDERS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL, JUNE 24TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.

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KENTUCKY.—THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON.
FROM A PHOTO. BY W. E. JOHNS.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON, KY.

LEXINGTON, Kentucky, is a city which no one "doing the grand tour" of the South can afford to neglect. There the stranger can see the great distilleries where the notable "Bourbon" whisky is made; enormous "horse hotels," where board the world-famous racers of that region; the blue-grass plantation where Henry Clay used to rest during the recesses of Congress; the college which is pointed out as the place "where Jeff. Davis went to school," and, in addition to other features, a cemetery remarkable for its natural beauty, for the number of its distinguished dead, for a lofty column erected in honor of Clay, and for a monument which marks the spot where a number of Confederate soldiers are buried.

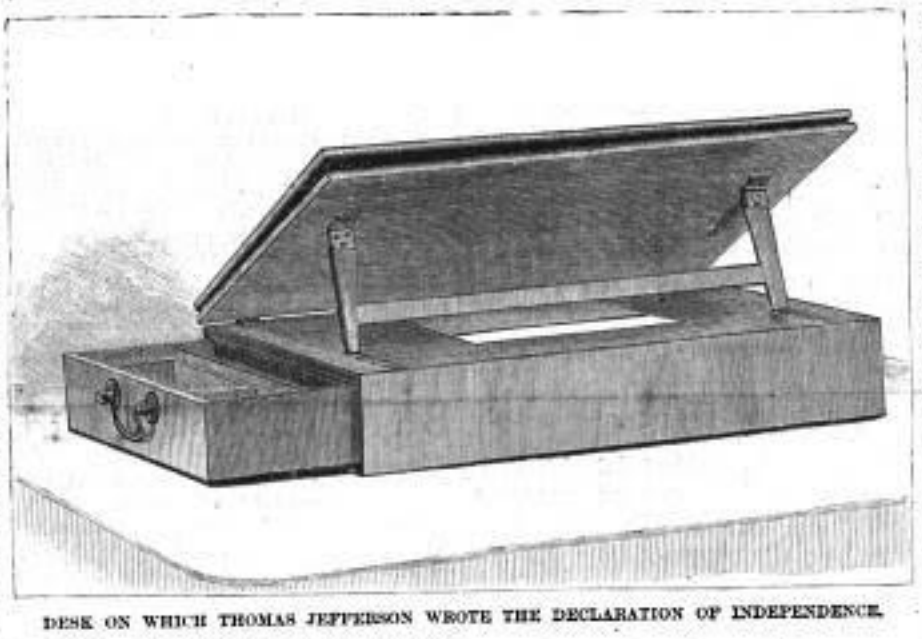
This last-named monument, an illustration of which we present, though excelled by others in size, is probably the most perfect thing of its kind in the South, and owes its existence to the devoted energy of an association of Southern ladies of Lexington and vicinity, under the presidency of Mrs. General Breckinridge. Viewed under the influence of its surroundings and associations, it presents a picture which challenges criticism. In the midst of several concentric circles of soldiers' graves rises a rocky mound, upon which, represented in pure Carara marble, stands the solitary trunk of a blasted tree which, with its two naked arms, booms boldly up against a background of green elms and pines in the form of a natural cross. Resting against the rugged base is a nameless scroll and a broken sword, and clustered about them are luxuriant Southern foliage and vines. Planted at the foot of the cross is the shivered staff which once upheld the Conquered Banner, but the flag has fallen to rise no more, and its stricken folds, caught by the arms of the cross, but with the stars and bars still showing, droop as lifeless as the martial forms which are moldering around.

This monument exhibits in its design one of the highest qualities of true art, for it tells its own story—the tragic story of the Lost Cause—without the use of a single word upon its front. The conception of this exquisite poem in stone is the result, strange to say, of a purely amateur effort, and originated with George W. Hanck, of Lexington, well known as a brilliant writer, but who neither claims nor attempts anything in the line of art. The design was admirably carried out by Muldoon & Co., of Louisville, Ky. At the dedication of the monument General William Preston delivered an eloquent and impressive address, and H. T. Stanton, of Frankfort, Ky., read a poem of rare beauty.

JEFFERSON'S WRITING-DESK.

ON the 13th of April last, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop delivered to President Hayes, as a gift to the United States, the mahogany writing-desk upon which the Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson. It was given in the name of the children of the late Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, to whom it was given by Jefferson himself in 1825, whose granddaughter Mr. Coolidge had married. The desk was transmitted to the House of Representatives by the President, with a message stating that the owners were anxious to present it to the Government that it might have a place among the archives of the Department of State, and on the 22d of April interesting proceedings were had in both houses of Congress in connection with the presentation. In the House, Mr. Crapo, of Massachusetts, offered a joint resolution of acceptance, and he and Mr. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, delivered appropriate speeches. That of Mr. Tucker was especially fitting and altogether worthy to be handed down with the history of the causes which led to the revolt of the colonies. The galleries were so crowded that Mrs. Hayes, who came with a party from the White House, was unable to reach the seat usually reserved for the President's family. In the Diplomatic Gallery Secretary Evarts occupied a front seat with Mrs. Evarts and Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister. The latter was an attentive listener, especially to Mr. Tucker's defense of the colonies for revolting against English oppression. Both orations were loudly applauded, after which the members crowded about the Speaker's platform to examine the historic desk, which is not more than eighteen inches long and is of the simplest construction. Subsequently the resolution and desk were sent to the Senate. Senators Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Johnston, of Virginia, made speeches, and the House resolution of acceptance was concurred in.

We are indebted to Mr. Winthrop for the photographs of the desk and Jefferson's autograph inscription. We agree fully with that distinguished citizen of Massachusetts that this precious heirloom has its fit and final place among the choicest and most cherished treasures of the nation, with the title deeds of independence it so proudly asserted.



DESK ON WHICH THOMAS JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Th: Jefferson gives this Writing desk to Joseph Coolidge Junr as a Memorial of affection. it was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben Randall cabinet maker of Philadelphia with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that city in May 1776 and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Politics as well as Religion has it's superstitions these gaining strength with time may, one day, give imaginary values to this relic, for it's association with the birth of the Great charter of our Independence.

Monticello. Nov. 18. 1825.

FAC-SIMILE OF JEFFERSON'S LETTER PRESENTING HIS WRITING-DESK TO JOSEPH COOLIDGE.

HON. JOSEPH E. BROWN,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.

JOSEPH E. BROWN, ex-Governor of Georgia, who was appointed United States Senator by Governor Colquitt in May last to succeed General Gordon, resigned, is a native of South Carolina, having been born in Pickens County, April 15th, 1821. He moved to Georgia when quite a young man, and commenced life in Canton, Ga., as a lawyer, in 1845. He was elected to the State Senate in 1849, and served with credit to himself in the Legislature. In 1855 he was elected judge of the Blue Ridge circuit, having defeated one of the most popular men in the circuit, Judge David Irwin, by over three thousand majority. In 1857 he was nominated by the Democratic Convention at Milledgeville as a candidate for Governor. Hons. John H. Lumpkin, H. G. Lamar and James Gardner were prominent candidates before the Convention, but the friends of each seemed determined that neither could get sufficient votes to nominate,—and Judge Brown was selected by a committee of conference. Hon. B. H. Hill was Mr. Brown's opponent in this election, Mr. Hill being the nominee of the American or Know-Nothing Party. Judge Brown was elected Governor by over 10,000 majority. The Democratic Convention unanimously nominated him again in 1859, and he defeated the Hon. Warren Aiken, who was his opponent, and was elected by over 20,000 majority. He was again elected Governor for the third term in 1861 over his opponent, Hon. E. A. Nisbet. Mr Brown remained Governor of Georgia during the war. When the war ended he was arrested and carried to Washington and incarcerated in Carroll Prison. After his release by President Johnson he returned to Georgia and resigned his office as Governor. In February, 1866, he visited Washington City with the view of ascertaining the true situation of affairs. On his return to Atlanta a number of citizens asked his advice on the situation, and in compliance with their request he prepared a letter for publication advising the people of the South to accept the situation, comply with the terms of reconstruction, and obtain representation in Congress again as soon as possible. He was opposed by a large majority of the people of the State, and for a time acted with the Republican Party. He was in favor of the Constitutional Convention of 1868, and was appointed in 1868, by Governor Bullock, as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He resigned his place as Chief Justice in 1870, and on the organization of the company that leased the Western and Atlantic road, he was made president of that company. He is president of the Dade Coal Company, president of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, and president of the Board of Education of Atlanta. He has held the office of president in each of these companies ever since their organization.

His life has been a remarkable one. He has been always aggressive. He fought the banks when first elected Governor, fought the Legislature, fought the enforcement and conscript Acts of the Confederate Government, and fought for reconstruction. Before and during the war he was very popular with the people. During the reconstruction period he was very unpopular, but even then he was a power in the State. He was defeated but one time in his life, and this was the result of great bitterness towards him on account of his reconstruction record—when he ran for United States Senator in 1868, and was defeated by Hon. Joshua Hill by a very small majority. He supported Horace Greeley for President in 1872, and has since acted entirely with the Democratic Party.



HON. JOSEPH E. BROWN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.
FROM A PHOTO. BY MORTON.



MICHIGAN.—NEW CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE PSI UPSILON, AT ANN ARBOR.—SEE PAGE 339.

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A Veteran Transport.

A BOMBAY correspondent gives the following history of a little steam vessel which, after half a century's vicissitudes, is being broken up. Built in 1836, or thereabouts, and christened the *Snake*, she was the first steam vessel on the Indus, or, in fact, on any river in India. Returning to Bombay, she towing boats and barges) carried out the whole of the embarkation of troops, stores, etc., sent from there during the first Burmese war, and the expedition to the Persian Gulf from 1823 to 1826. Her services were again similarly utilized in the China war of 1841-2, Burmese war of 1852, Persian war of 1856, mutiny of 1857, China expedition of 1859, and she also assisted in the Abyssinian and Malta expeditions. Her engines were designed and built by a Parsee, and were the first ever manufactured in India. How well they were constructed is evidenced by their lasting powers. She was twice wrecked: once, in a hurricane of 1837; and again, in the cyclone of 1854, when the gunner, who was in charge, ran her ashore as close as he could, opened the cocks in the bottom of the vessel, and escaped up the funnel, where he sat till rescued. She has carried in her day most of the notabilities that have arrived in India via Bombay. She was a wonderful little craft, and has done right good service during an eventful and checkered career.

Philadelphia Street Railways.

IT appears from the official reports that the passenger railways of Philadelphia carried, during the year 1879, an aggregate of 90,822,855 passengers. These passengers paid the companies $4,694,903, an average of something over five cents apiece, including transfers and half-fares. It cost the companies to transport these passengers, with all other expenses of maintenance, $3,134,903, or something less than three and one-half cents apiece. The excess of the aggregate receipts over expenses was $1,813,964, about one-half of which, or $963,534, was distributed in dividends to the stockholders. The paid-in capital of all the companies amounts to something over $6,000,000, so that the dividends average about sixteen per cent. In some cases they are as high as forty-five and even fifty-two per cent., and only in the case of two small roads, and one new one which is still expanding, did they fall below ten per cent.

FUN.

GREAT LIARS IN SCOTLAND.—The first river you come to they will tell you is the Forth. Yes, and they'll tell you that a mountain's Ben Snow'd on, when there isn't a flake of snow within a thousand miles of it.

A "CAPITAL" PUNISHMENT.—*Landlady:* "Lor' a mussy, Mr Brown, what's the matter, sir?" *Master Brown* (with lively demonstrations of delight): "Glorious news—I'm going to be hung at last. Hooray!" But he only meant his picture was going to be hung at the Academy.

MISTRESS: "Who were you talking to, Jane?" *Cook:* "Only my eldest brother, mum. He's—he's in the parlor." *Mistress:* "Indeed! What is his name?" *Cook:* "John Smith, mum." *Mistress:* "But your name is not Smith." *Cook:* "No, mum; but, you see, he's—he's bin married!"

"AH! my darling wife," said George, the week after his marriage, "if your husband were to die what would you do?" "I don't know, I am sure, George," said the wife, reflectively; "I never thought of that. I must look in my 'Book of Etiquette' and read the rules for young widows."

A (K)NEEDED CURE.—*Mick:* "Well, Pat, an' what are ye standing gaping at now?" *Pat:* "The legs of the shindleman as just passed, Mick. An' wasn't I thinking how much better would it be for him to tuck up his trousers and let them fight it out. ("The shindleman as just passed" was badly knock-knee'd.)

THE Rev. Mr. A. was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed: "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and, springing to his feet, he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

AN inebriated Texan—presumably a ranger—being at the theatre at Austin the other night when McCullough was acting Othello, and F. B. Warde *Iago*, became so incensed with *Iago* that he produced his pistol and declared that he would "shoot the scoundrel." "He must, anyway, be a villain," this practical critic remarked, "and if he don't stop abusing that woman, *Iaccho*, I'll shoot him anyhow."

ONE of those characteristic Nevada stories is thus briefly told by the Virginia *Enterprise*: "Recently, during a gale, while boulders as big as pumpkins were flying through the air and water-pipes were being ripped out of the ground, an old Chinaman, with spectacles on his nose, was observed in the eastern part of the town, seated on a knoll, calmly flying his kite—an iron shutter, with a log-chain for a tail."

A NORWICH photographer was perambulating a "machine" the other day when he was hailed by a housekeeper from her doorstep: "Hev yer got enny hot cakes?" "When do you want 'em?" rejoined the broad-brimmed artist. "Right off." "Well, you'll have to wait till they are done. I had to refuse a woman ice-cream a house or two back." Just then the woman took in the situation. "Go on with your old by-sickle," said she, "I thought you was the baker."

WHEN a man in a Vermont grocery store was sitting upon the edge of the counter, and his feet slipped and he raked the whole length of his back on the counter's edge and sat square down in a bushel-basket of eggs which stood right where he couldn't miss it, the grocer was horrified, and exclaimed: "Was it an accident?" and the victim replied: "By crimus, sir, if you insinuate that I skun my back and got myself into this mess on purpose, I'll jam your head into the remains of those eggs!"

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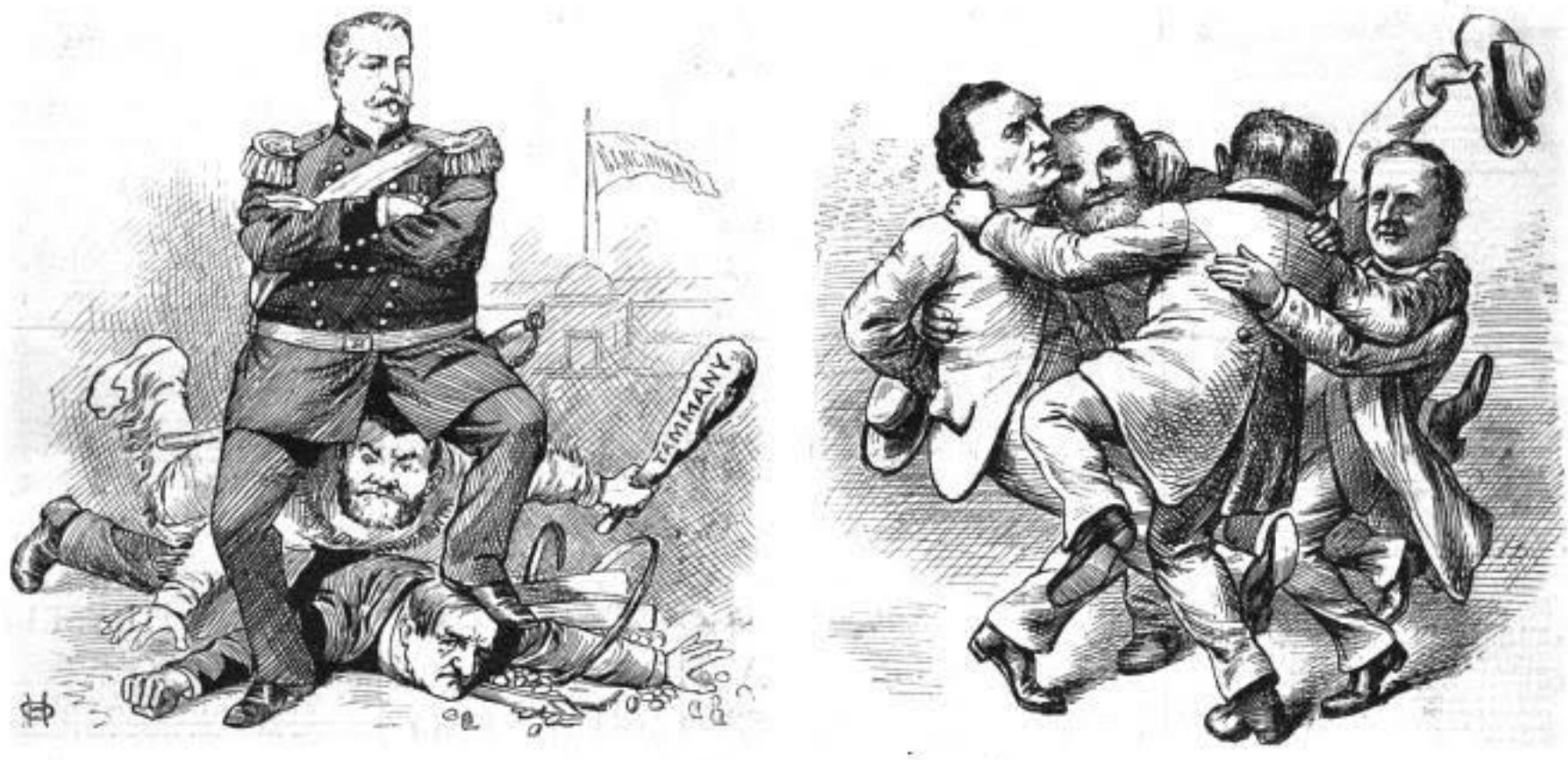
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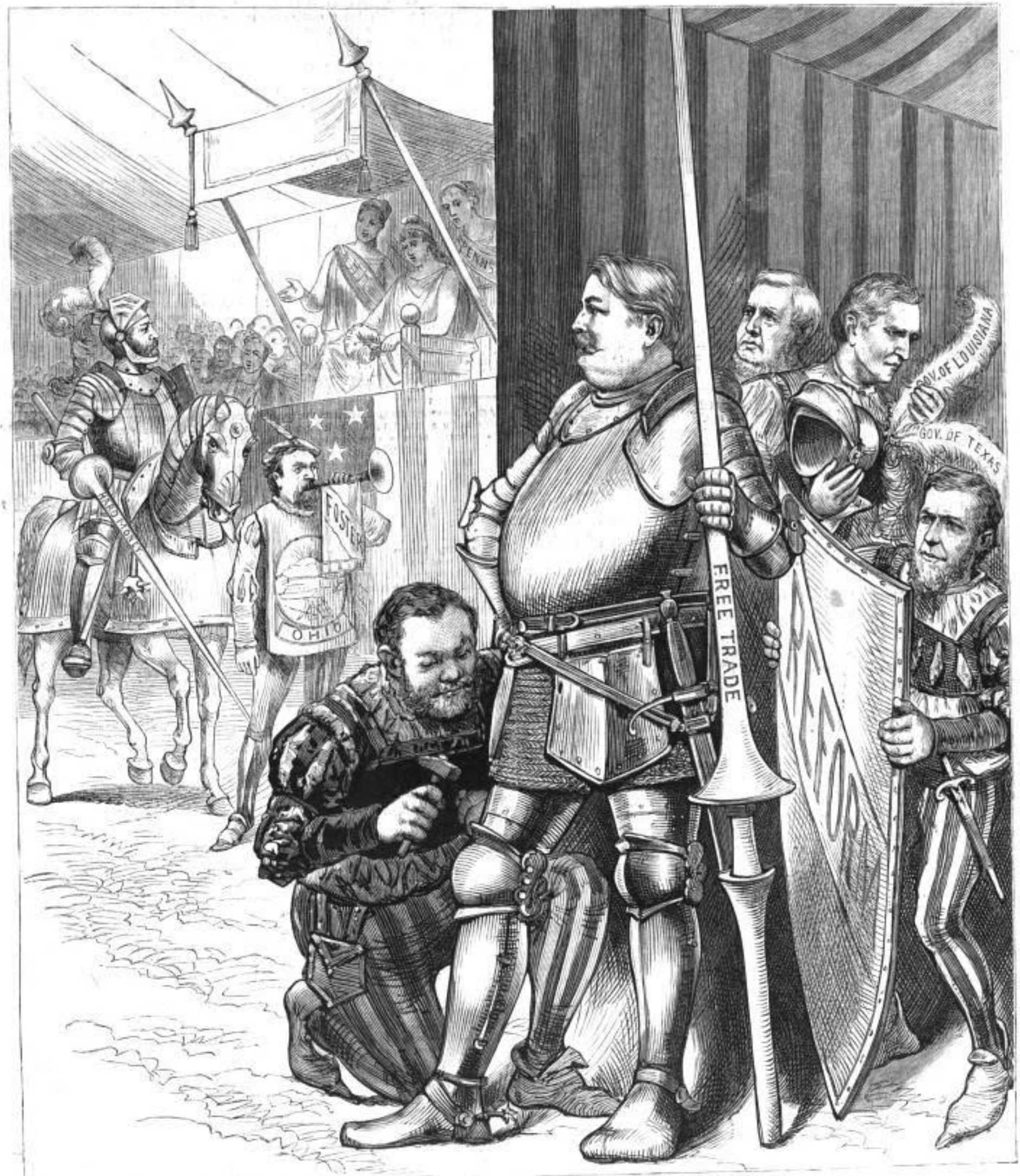
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THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE.

IT is a just remark of Dr. Von Holst, in his "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," that Calhoun and his disciples were not the authors of the doctrines and tendencies which finally culminated in nullification and secession. "The States' Rights question," he adds, "is as old as the Constitution itself, and has always been a living one, even when it has not been one of life and death." Sometimes this question of "life and death" has been precipitated on the country by the encroachments of the Federal Government on the rights of the States, as under the administration of John Adams, when the Alien and Sedition laws provoked a great popular reaction, and as under the Administration of General Grant, when State Legislatures were organized in Louisiana and South Carolina at the will and pleasure of the Federal Executive. Sometimes this question of "life and death" has been precipitated by the encroachments of the States on the just prerogatives of the Federal Government, as in the days of the Hartford Convention, of South Carolina nullification in 1832, and of the secession revolt in the year 1860. And in the intervals between these grand crises, the question raised concerning the comparative rights of the States and of the Federal Government under our compound polity has still been a living one, giving shape and direction to the organization of parties, and determining, in part at least, the nature of the issues on which they have divided.

Happily for the country this question of secular controversy in our political annals is not one of "life and death" to day, but none the less is it a living one in the elements of party formation, in the dialect of political discussion and in the divergent drift of public opinion on measures of special legislation and of general public policy. We need but glance at the two platforms erected respectively by the Republican and Democratic parties as recently assembled in national convention, in order to discern in them the traces of this perennial conflict. In the Republican Platform we read as follows:

"The Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract; out of confederated States it made a sovereign nation. Some powers are denied to the nation, while others are denied to the States; but the boundary between the powers delegated and those reserved is to be determined by the national, and not by the State, tribunals."

In the Democratic Platform this declaration is met by a counter-declaration pledging:

"Opposition to centralization, and that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the powers of all departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the form of government, a real despotism."

Each of these declarations, separately considered, contains nothing to which a just and candid criticism can object, but, on a comparative view, they reveal the contrary tendencies and the conflicting predilections of the two historical parties which are in presence of each other before the American people to day. It is entirely true, as the Republican Platform affirms, that "the Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract"; that out of "confederated States" it has made "a sovereign nation" for the purposes specified in the Constitution; and that the boundary line between the disputed jurisdictions of the State and of the Federal Governments is to be "determined by the national, and not by the State, tribunals"—at least until three-fourths of the States shall counteract the decision of a national tribunal by an amendment to the Constitution, as they did in the celebrated case of Chisholm *vs.* the State of Georgia. But it is equally true, as the Democratic Platform affirms, that "opposition to centralization" is among the political duties of the American citizen, for if there be danger in the centrifugal tendencies of an exaggerated self-assertion on the part of the States, there is also danger in the "spirit of encroachment, which tends to consolidate the powers of all departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the forms of government, a real despotism."

No candid Democrat will to-day deny that in the year 1860 it was the first and highest duty of the American citizen to resist the encroachments of the States on the lawful prerogatives of the Federal Government. No candid Republican will to-day deny that under the Administration of President Johnson, and especially at the crisis of his attempted impeachment, it was the first and highest duty of the American citizen to resist the encroachments of a Republican Congress on the rights of the States and on the rights vested by the Constitution in the co-ordinate departments of the Government. The political tendencies respectively represented under this head by each of the great parties of the country are equally wholesome if kept within the limits of reason and law, and equally perilous if allowed, under the stress of party passion, to transgress the boundaries prescribed by moderation and justice. And the duty of a good citizen, at any given period in our political history, so far as this constitutional issue is concerned, must be ascertained by marking the signs of the times. If there are portents of danger from an exaggeration of "State Rights," so called, he should set his face like a flint against the party from which such danger proceeds. If there are portents of danger from an exaggerated centralism, he should set his face like a flint against the party from which *that* peril proceeds. If there be no crisis in either direction, and if the question be a living one only because it is permanently rooted in the fundamental structure of our institutions, he may decide his present political affiliations according to what he deems the preponderance of public policy in the matter of other questions which must needs come to the front as soon as this overmastering issue has been placed in abeyance by some accepted equipoise of the forces embodied in our composite polity.

In order to perceive how much of this conflict is sometimes factitious and how much of it is real, we have but to note the remarkable fact that the party in power always tends to exalt the prerogatives of the Federal Government, and the party in opposition always tends to exalt the rights of the States. The Democratic Party, though nominally "a State Rights Party," was extreme at the height of its predominance in the assertion of Federal prerogatives for the protection of slavery, and the Republican Party, before its accession to power, was fluent in the championship of "State Rights"—even giving them a prominent place in its platform of the year 1860. But since that date the Republicans, partly from the force of circumstances and partly from the natural drift of opinion, have been the exemplars of Federal prerogative in its extremest forms, until, in the end, they so far roused the conservative spirit of the country that even such an eminent Republican as our present enlightened Secretary of State did not hesitate to preside over a public meeting called in this city for the purpose of rebuking the centralizing tendencies of the Grant Administration, as illustrated in the organization of the Louisiana Legislature at the point of the bayonet.

And each of the two parties is swift to change sides on this question at the impulse of party necessity or at the promise of party advantage. The Republicans in Congress did not hesitate to espouse the doctrine of "State rights" in its boldest form when, in counting the Presidential ballots cast in the Electoral College of 1876, they denied to Congress the right of going "behind the returns" even for the purpose of correcting a return which had been pronounced invalid by the Supreme Court of Florida. And now that a Democratic majority prevails in both Houses of Congress, we may be sure that they will exercise the full prerogatives of Congress on counting the electoral ballot cast for the next President and Vice-President of the United States, as was done by the Republicans in the days of their supremacy. When the necessities of party and the ambiguities of political discussion are seen to land the adherents of the same organization sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other of the same dividing line, it is obvious that the intelligent voter cannot safely surrender his opinions under this head to the control of either Republican or Democratic managers, but must make for himself the wise choice dictated by the emergencies of each living issue as it rises to the surface of public discussion. For this never-ending question of constitutional limitations is a question in which each party is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. It is the source, and the proximity of the peril arising from that source, that must decide the attitude of the citizen in each Presidential contest.

OUR GOLD AND SILVER MINING INTERESTS.

THAT investments in gold and silver mining stocks in this country are regarded by many persons as so dangerous as to be avoided under any and all circumstances is a fact that requires no demonstration. The heavy men of Wall Street, who, without a second thought, would include coal stocks among their collaterals for a loan, would not jeopardize their credit by including among the securities offered by them a single share of stock of the best and most secure dividend-paying gold or silver mine in the country.

That this feeling of distrust in mining securities in general is alike illogical, unjust and unwise, is easily demonstrable. A cursory retrospect of what has been done in this country during the very limited period of, say, the last thirty years, will convince the greatest skeptic that, directly and indirectly, the development of our gold and silver mines has exercised a more potent influence in populating and building up all of this country west of the Missouri River than any other factor could possibly have done.

When gold was discovered on the late General Sutter's farm, in 1848, people rushed to the newly-acquired territory of California from every section of what then practically comprised this country. No hazards were sufficient to stay the migration. The placer gold mines of California peopled the then territory, and, but for those diggings, the prosperous Eureka State of to-day would be but a cattle-grazing ranche. In time, as the placers gave out and capital became indispensable for large mining enterprises, the miners turned their attention to agriculture, and were agreeably surprised to find land whose richness is unsurpassed in any part of the earth's surface. Up to 1855 California imported all her cereals.

As in the course of time the placer mines of California ceased to offer a remunerative field to the miners, many of these hardy pioneers struck out in search of fresh fields of mineral industry, and successfully discovered and commenced to develop the boundless mineral veins and deposits of Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Utah, Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico. The mineral wealth of that section of the continent first drew the people to it. It kept them there. It built up our marvelous system of trans-continental railroads. It converted sterile deserts into blooming farms, and has within a limited space of thirty years settled thirty millions of human beings, with all their wants and all their producing capabilities, in a section of country that, but for the gold and silver discovered in it, would, possibly for centuries, certainly for scores of years, have remained, if not a barren waste, at best a cattle-grazing region of not the most desirable conditions.

Apart, however, from the indirect benefits which have accrued to every industry in this country by the development of our gold and silver mines, the yield of bullion itself has "made all the world wonder" and promises, in the near future, to surpass in value that of any other of our industries, agricultural or mineral.

What has been done in the way of extracting gold from the placers and quartz veins of California, or the $300,000,000 of bullion from the veins of the world-renowned Comstock lode, are but as drops of water in the ocean compared to the boundless and absolutely incalculable wealth lying in the hills and gulches of the as yet comparatively virgin fields of our Western and Southwestern States and Territories. The State of Colorado and the Territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico on the southwest, and of Idaho, Montana and Dakota on the northwest, bid fair to surpass in their yield of gold and silver even the astounding wealth extracted from the soil of California and Nevada.

The mineral riches of these districts is to-day populating them as California was populated in 1850 and Nevada in 1859. Railroads are stretching out their lines to-day almost exclusively to mineral sections of the country, and all the benefits of civilization follow close upon the trail of the iron horse. In fact, the history of California and Nevada is repeating itself in the North, West and Southwest to the letter.

That we owe the unrivaled increase of our wealth and prosperity during the last thirty years in a very great degree to the development of our mineral resources is unquestionable. The causes, not always irrational, which induce many to avoid investments in stocks of gold and silver mines, and which tend to disparage this, one of our most valuable industries, will be discussed in a future article.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

IN such a climate as ours the science of living becomes a much more complicated matter than in more fortunate countries, which possess meteorological conditions that can be depended upon. But the American climate is the climate of extremes. In the Winter we are subjected to the rigors of the most nipping, freezing cold, and the whole duty of man is to know how to keep warm. In the Summer we are suddenly projected into the temperature of the tropics, and the one sole study of our lives becomes the question of how to keep cool. These sudden plunges of the thermometer bring about a whole series of new physical and mental ills to which the American has fallen heir. Of all men, he is the most nervously organized—sensitive, susceptible, restless, variable. Physically, he is more acutely sensitive to cold than his European brother, and in Winter lives in houses heated to a temperature the Englishman or German could not endure. In Summer, having had no preparation for the sudden leap of the weather from the severe cold of our late Winter to the ardent heat of our intensely hot July and August, he falls a prey to sunstrokes and other Summer fatalities that an Italian never knows. Under such climatic conditions, the true problem of life becomes a hygienic one, and the wise American is he who works this problem out. It is, at least, possible of solution.

The true secret of bodily health for an American is to be found in suiting the occupations and method of his life to the season. In the Winter there should be work and plenty of athletic exercise if he can secure it. In Summer let him preach himself a gospel of leisure, taking for a text the righteousness of the sin of laziness. Happy the man who can thus, in scientific phraseology, adapt himself to his environments. But in our eager, busy career there are, unfortunately, comparatively few who can make a study of how best to secure the highest pleasure and comforts of life. For most of us, it is a question whether we can live at all. But even those who work hardest could greatly add to their pleasure and secure an exemption from many of their physical ills by a little painstaking in the way of recreation and amusement.

A celebrated divine has told us that our amusements should be exactly opposite in their nature to our occupations. And this is sound wisdom. Of all men, the American needs most such amusements as shall bring into play none of the faculties which have been strained during the long day's work. And this is especially the season for applying the remedy. The harder a man works during days of torrid heat, the more he should seek either such amusement, diversion or recreation as shall be of a light, restful peaceful nature.

Nature herself is the best, the healthfulest, and least tiresome of all the forms of Summer recreation. An hour's stroll over green fields; an evening spent in breathing the wholesome sea-breeze; an afternoon given up to lolling under green trees in the rich, fragrant grass, or along the sands of the ocean—it is such recreations as these that make the heated season endurable and give some play of variety to the dull Summer life.

Almost all of our larger cities afford ample facilities for such excursions. As for the time they take, an hour or two stolen from the heavy sleep of torpor in close, ill-ventilated rooms is just so much gained in the added strength and health breathed in with the fresh, invigorating breezes of the open country or the ocean shore.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE recent imprisonment of Mr. Bradlaugh by the Speaker of the House of Commons recalls a case which happened some years ago. The facts are briefly these: A well-known member of the *demi-monde*, of great beauty and conversational charms, Harriet Wilson, who had been on terms of intimacy with many persons of distinction, published her memoirs, in which she made many revelations which were considered by the Anthony Comstock of that day, Sir Andrew Agnew—a Scotch member of the House of Commons—as highly injurious to good morals. As there had been several volumes of a similar class published about that time, the Scotch moralist moved for a committee of the House to inquire into immoral publications. When the committee printed the result of its labors, Mr. Stockdale, the publisher of Harriet Wilson's memoirs, commenced an action for libel against Luke Hansard, the Printer of the House of Commons' Blue Books. Hansard applied to the Speaker of the House for instructions. He was told not to notice the affair at all. The case was tried before Lord Campbell, the Chief-Justice, and by his ruling the jury found a verdict in favor of Stockdale, assessing the damages at £2,000. Luke Hansard again applied to the Speaker of the House of Commons for further instructions. He was told to disregard the verdict, and not to pay the money. Thus the House and the law were in conflict. Chief-Justice Campbell then issued a warrant for the arrest of Hansard for contempt of court. This, of course, was given to the High-Sheriff of London to enforce; he consequently arrested Hansard, and imprisoned him in Newgate. Thereupon the Speaker of the House of Commons issued his warrant for the arrest of the Sheriff. He was accordingly taken to the lock-up room of the House. Thus the Lord Chief-Justice imprisoned the printer for obeying the House of Commons, and the House of Commons imprisoned the Sheriff for obeying the law. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "It was a very pretty quarrel."

Public opinion was much divided. The adherents of the Commons maintained that the Commons were above all law—that they could depose their sovereign—indeed, that they were omnipotent. Their opponents argued that they were only a part of the nation, and could not override the law unless they had the concurrence of the Lords and the Crown. Party spirit ran high. The leaders of *both* parties in the House for once agreed, and decided that the Commons were supreme.

Lord Palmerston said, in a very powerful

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speech, that the history of the past demonstrated the supremacy of the Commons. They were the people of England, and not a coördinate branch of the Constitution. Did the Commons of England, under the leadership of Cromwell, ask the consent of the Peers and that of the Crown when they tried and executed Charles I.?

Meanwhile there was the curious spectacle of Luke Hansard in prison for obeying the Speaker, and the Sheriff was in prison for obeying the Lord Chief-Justice. Neither party would give way. This dead-lock lasted for over three months, when Parliament was prorogued. This restored liberty to the Sheriff, and the Lord Chief-Justice then ordered the release of Hansard, but the judgment was never paid, and the law and equity of the case are still unsettled.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

IT is a curious and noteworthy fact that, even in this second last decade of the nineteenth century, when religious intolerance is hooted at as a relic of barbarism, almost every great nation in Europe is more or less disturbed by religious strife. In England the Burials Bill, the Bill for legalizing a marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the probable action of the Roman Catholic and Nonconformist parties in attempting to disestablish the English Church, are all bones of contention. In France the expulsion of the Jesuits has caused much bitterness of feeling. In Germany the fight between Prince Bismarck and the Pope still goes on. In Belgium the anti-Ultramontanists are so strong that the Belgian Minister has been withdrawn from Rome. In Italy the triumph of the Clerical Party in Rome has made a new complication. In Turkey the differences of creeds promise to disturb the peace of Europe. The present position in Turkey is a most difficult one not only for diplomatists to deal with, but even for foreigners to understand. Albania and Montenegro, although at times recognizing a suzerainty of the Sultan, are practically free and independent States. They have all the instincts of predatory tribes, and, like the old Highlanders, are divided up into innumerable clans. As these clans are mostly at enmity with each other, either from some life-feud or from a difference in religious belief, there is constant warfare, and an amalgamation of the Roman Catholic, Greek Church and Mahommedan Albanians seems almost impossible. When, then, the Supplementary Congress gave a portion of Albania to Montenegro every one recognized the absurdity of the decision of Count Corti, the Italian Ambassador, to whom the arrangement was left. In the case of the Greek frontier line, however, the concession was generally approved, probably from sentimental motives, such as induced Lord Byron and his friends to espouse the Hellenic cause. But a more close investigation of the nationality and feelings of the Epirote Albanians, who are to become Greek subjects according to the new boundary decision, is already making many thinking persons change their minds. The Greek-speaking population of Greece is very small. Up almost to the very gates of Athens the only language spoken or understood by the peasantry is the Albanese. An enormous pressure is constantly being brought upon the Hellenic frontier by the various Slav tribes, and the narrow belt inhabited by hardy Albanian mountaineers, between the Slavs and the Hellenes, has always been a protection to Greece against Slav aggression. But these very Albanians, or Arnaouts, who seemed to Lord Byron to be the "Scot of the South," are deeply imbued with the spirit of the past, and, although small in numbers, are remarkable for their martial prowess. Consequently, if Greece should propose, as is likely from the mobilization of her army, to lay violent hands upon the ceded territory, she will probably be obliged to fight both Turkey and the Epirote Albanians. Such an attempt might be successful, but her new subjects would never amalgamate with the conquerors, and she would deprive herself of the present line of guard for her frontier. Turkey's intentions are as yet unknown, and until the Porte takes some action the Powers who were present at Berlin cannot interfere. It can scarcely be doubted that a reopening of the Eastern question by war will certainly end in total destruction of the Turkish Empire in Europe; and this certainly could not be regarded as a public calamity. The latest reports are by no means pacific.

Since the Liberal ministry under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone has come into power, the policy of the Government has been a huge mass of mistakes. The Bartle Frere, Bradlaugh and Challemel-Lacour affairs are now too well-known to allude to further, but a few explanatory words regarding the various Government measures will not be uninteresting. In the first place the supplementary budget, a department in which Mr. Gladstone has always been considered *facile princeps*, has been shown to be a mixture of assumptions, probably baseless, and of injuries to trade and sound policy certainly possible if not inevitable. The Irish policy has raised up a host of enemies even among the stanchest supporters of the ministry, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, a large Irish land-owner, has resigned his office as Under-Secretary for India. It is now a famous maxim that "property has its obligations as well as its rights," but the communistic Bill which is before Parliament takes away all the rights of the landlord, and leaves him at the mercy of his tenant, who need not pay rent except it seems fit to him. Then the Hares and Rabbits Bill interferes with the free right of contract in a way which makes a lawyer's hair stand on end. These Bills are intended to cure undoubted evils, but they are so clumsily drawn that even many Liberals will be forced to vote against them. It is almost certain that the Lords will throw them out when they come to the Upper House, and the Government, no doubt, hopes to place the odium of the rejection of these measures upon the more aristocratic assembly.

How little the French Republic is republican is daily becoming more and more evident. The total amnesty which passed the Assembly, after Gambetta's great speech, has been negatived by the Senate; and the reasons given for so doing are at all events weighty. The crimes for which many of the Communists were banished were by no means merely political offenses. The murders, incendiary fires and robberies of the Commune were deserving of coërcion punishment, and, although political outrages are often to be forgiven, there seems no just reason to pardon murderers and thieves merely because they were subsequently implicated in a political rising. The Senate was willing to grant an amnesty to all purely political outlaws, but wished to draw a line between them and criminals. The Bill was accordingly sent back to the Assembly, which body passed another, granting amnesty to all persons whom the Government should pardon before the 14th of July. As the Government intends to grant a general pardon, this Bill was, of course, of exactly the same effect as the former one. The Senate has therefore amended it, so as to exclude incendiaries and murderers condemned after trial, and in this shape it will go back to the Chamber of Deputies. A large part of the Press criticises very severely the conduct of a Government which, while pardoning the murderers of the good Archbishop of Paris, drives the Jesuits and many other religious communities out of France. That religious establishments, where instruction is provided for Roman Catholic children, should be closed according to the fancies of a Minister of Public Instruction, seems to many unjust, and contrary to the true spirit of republican institutions.

GOVERNOR MURRAY of Utah seems to be the right man in the right place. In a Fourth of July address at Salt Lake City, he told the Mormons that the laws of the country must be obeyed. "The country," he said, "is rich in timber for scaffolds for those who conspire to break down our Constitution and who violate our written laws."

SPITE of the dismal predictions of the early Spring, the Delaware peach crop promises to be an immense one. It is believed by some that it will surpass that of 1875, the great peach year; but more moderate estimates place the yield between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 baskets. Even this will insure a bountiful supply, and the outlook is that the fruit will be good and cheap. It is now rapidly ripening and is in superb condition.

COMPLAINTS were last week filed against nine steamboats which were plying in the waters around New York without certificates, showing that they had been inspected by the officers of the Government as to the condition of their hulls and boilers and their carrying capacity. One of these steamers had been running for a year without any inspection. The owners or agents of every one of these vessels should be made to pay the heaviest penalties authorized by law.

THE Philadelphia *Record* claims that the census just taken will show that city to be the greatest manufacturing centre of the world. The value of manufactured products in that city is expected to reach a grand total of $625,000,000 this year, and to this vast sum the textile manufacturers of Philadelphia and outlying districts will probably contribute more than $150,000,000. It is estimated that the production in that city, this year, of woolens and cottons of the general table, will aggregate $48,500,000; of carpets, $23,000,000; of hosiery and knit goods, $23,000,000; of worsted yarns, $12,500,000, and of silks and mixed goods, $7,000,000.

IT is stated that the mammoth steamship *Great Eastern* is likely to again visit American waters. The persons who control her are anxious to employ her in the American cattle trade, and are in communication with the authorities of Texas with a view of ascertaining whether 20,000 head of cattle can be at once supplied at Galveston for the English market. The ship will carry that number each voyage, and the owners say they expect to make four voyages per year. The Texas papers are greatly excited over the prospect of having the monster ship employed in furthering the interests of their State, but they do not tell us whether she will be able, with her great draught, to reach either of their important ports.

NEW YORK city tax list for the year 1880, as returned to the Board of Aldermen, shows an increase in real and personal estate valuations of $49,696,392. The increase in the valuation of real estate alone is $24,437,310, which is mainly due to the appreciation of property in the upper portion of Manhattan Island during the past year, consequent upon the development of the elevated railway system, and the general revival of business activities. The increase in valuation of personal estate property has been $25,259,082, and this is said to be largely due to the efforts of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments, who are determined, if possible, to compel corporations and individuals to pay the proper tax. The total valuation for 1880 is $1,143,765,727.

THE cotton planters of the Mississippi Valley are thoroughly revolutionizing the system of Southern labor by the general introduction of improved implements and cultivation. An organization formed a little over a year ago has brought about a system of co-operation, under which it is now proposed to arrange a permanent series of interior State fairs and competitive trials for machinery, with a view of enlisting the energy and capital of the entire South in the promotion of the best processes and forms of material development. Facts like these are full of encouragement as to the future of the South, and, indeed, of the country. Where the people become really interested in the utilization of material resources and opportunities, the clamor and contentions of politicians cease to become a ground for alarm.

FIDELITY and efficiency in a public official are qualities so rare that when displayed they deserve cordial recognition. For this reason we refer in terms of commendation to the record of Mr. L. H. Cramer, the Saratoga receiver of taxes and assessments, who, taking office at a time of peculiar difficulty, when taxes were sadly in arrears and the laws seriously defective in essential particulars, has not only collected sufficient back taxes to pay current town obligations, but has accumulated a surplus of cash which is available for the liquidation of claims resulting from extravagance on the part of previous local administrations. As a result of this efficiency in the performance of duty, the county will escape the necessity, at one time apparently unavoidable, of borrowing money to carry on its operations for the year, and taxpayers may look to the future with a degree of confidence to which they have latterly been unaccustomed. It pays always, as this illustration shows, to elect the best men to office.

DENNIS KEARNEY has been repudiated by a strong body of his former supporters, who now follow the lead of Wellock, his old-time lieutenant. At a recent mass meeting at the "Sand Lots," Wellock designated his former chief as the iron-jawed hoodlum, on whose tombstone would be written, "Liar, coward and traitor!" He affirmed that Kearney had property in Marblehead, Mass., to the amount of $60,000, which he had accumulated from the rich while pretending to the workingmen that he is poor. He added that he would bury the agitator so deep that Gabriel's trumpet would never wake him up, and then the crowd, by way of practically fulfilling the menace, "went for" Kearney with such savage brutality that nothing but the presence of the police saved him from being torn to pieces or hanged. It is plain that the power of the foul-mouthed demagogue is effectually broken, and the result may well provoke lively satisfaction in the community which has only too long tolerated his insolent authority.

GENERAL WEAVER, the Greenback candidate for President, is a gentleman of large expectations. He expresses the utmost confidence that he will carry Alabama, Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas, with a chance for Louisiana and the Carolinas. The theory of his campaign is that the Greenbackers will secure sufficient strength to throw the election of President into the House of Representatives, where Congressman De La Matyr holds the balance of power as between the Democrats and Republicans, having the controlling vote in the Indiana delegation, and that in this way both the old parties may be baffled and compelled to make terms with the despised inflationists. There is not the slightest probability that the Greenback Party will be able to bring about the complication they desire, but it will not do to despise them altogether, since they will undoubtedly make a vigorous fight in several States and may endanger the success of sound money candidates for Congress in certain close districts. It is of the highest importance that the next Congress should be thoroughly right on the financial question, and there should be no coquetting by either of the great parties with any faction which opposes the existing national policy on this subject.

IT is announced that the Republicans propose to make a thorough canvass of the Southern States, instead of abandoning them as was practically done in the last national campaign. This is as it should be. It is claimed by that party that in several of these States a majority of the voters are in favor of Republican principles, while many others might be won by a proper presentation of the issues involved in the election. Whether this is the fact or not can only be decided by an actual canvass, and there could be no better opportunity for such a canvass than the present. Let the Republicans send their ablest men into all the Southern States, and discuss before the people, freely and fully, the questions which are to be decided in November. Such men will be sure of a respectful hearing, and if the voters shall then, acting with absolute freedom, declare for the Democracy, their opponents will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the result has been honestly achieved, while the victors can no longer be charged with maintaining a monstrous terrorism over those politically opposed to them. By all means let us have a fair, free and exhaustive canvass in every State and county of the Union, so that the verdict when rendered shall really speak the voice of the whole people.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is now, as it long has been, one of the best and brightest of the pictorial papers published in this country. In addition to many pleasing illustrations that relate only to the most interesting passing events, timely editorials, entertaining stories, and well-prepared miscellaneous matter may be confidently expected in every issue.—*Great Barrington (Mass.) Courier.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE completed census gives Chicago a population of 501,979.

THE population of San Francisco is 233,056, including 20,549 Chinese.

GENERAL GARFIELD has been elected a trustee of Williams College.

SEVERAL French communists sailed from this city for their native land, July 7th.

FAVORABLE reports of the cotton crop have been received from nearly all the Southern States.

FIVE steamships, with 500 cabin passengers for Europe, sailed from this port, Saturday, July 10th.

A VAULT is to be constructed at the Philadelphia Mint for the storage of accumulated silver coin.

GENERAL GRANT recently visited New Mexico, having public receptions at Santa Fé and elsewhere.

THE United States war steamer *Alliance* is engaged in surveying the fishing banks of Newfoundland.

THE Readjusters of Virginia have nominated an electoral ticket independently of the regular Democracy.

GENERAL SHERMAN is on a visit to Manitoba, where he has been cordially received and hospitably entertained.

THE white Republicans of Georgia have organized independently of the blacks, and a split in the party is anticipated.

REPORTS from Minnesota and Illinois say the wheat crop is in excellent condition, but the outlook in Iowa is not promising.

THE revenue-cutter *Corwin*, which sailed to rescue whalers imprisoned in the ice above Behring's Straits, has been spoken.

THE exhibit of the receivers states the indebtedness of the Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron Companies at $200,027,914.

NINE persons were killed and six others injured by the explosion of the boiler of a threshing machine at Deshler, Ohio, July 6th.

THERE was an increase of $3,500,000 in the postal revenue for the last fiscal year, the total receipts amounting to $31,932,519.

IN Tyrone, Pa., thirty buildings, including the post-office, the theatre and all the courts, were destroyed by fire, July 8th. Loss, $150,000.

THERE are 1,900 Government prisoners confined in various prisons, and the expense of maintaining them is to be reduced by letting their labor to the prison authorities.

THE Indian Territory is reported to have been invaded by 300 men from Kansas for the purpose of establishing a colony in defiance of the authority of the Government.

JUDGE RALPH P. BUXTON has been nominated for Governor by the Republicans of North Carolina, with General Rufus Barringer, an ex-Confederate, for Lieutenant-Governor.

IT is said that a committee of the English bondholders of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company are in favor of reconstructing the company under a foreclosure sale.

AFTER a finely-contested race on the Thames at New London, July 7th, the Harvard eight-oared Freshman crew defeated a similar crew from Columbia College by a little over a length.

COLONEL W. M. SHANNON, a prominent lawyer of Camden, S. C., was shot and killed in a duel last week by Colonel E. B. C. Cash. None of the participants in the murderous affair have been arrested.

THE American Institute of Instruction met at Saratoga last week and celebrated the fiftieth year of its existence. Mr. William A. Mowry, of Rhode Island, was elected president for the ensuing year.

THE annual meeting of the National Temperance Society was held at Asbury Park, N. J., last week. A week's session of the Women's Christian Temperance Union commenced at the same place, July 12th.

CHICAGO has made arrangements to receive 20,000 knights and 12,000 ladies at the triennial conclave of the Knights Templar next month. One hundred thousand other visitors are also expected.

THE Attorney-General of the United States has given an opinion that the President has power to fill vacancies occurring either during the recess or during the session of the Senate, and appointments for which the Senate may have failed to confirm.

Foreign.

THE King of Greece has arrived in Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg.

THE Rev. Fernando A. Merino has been chosen President of San Domingo.

THE crop prospects in Germany are unfavorable. The corn harvest will be very small.

IT is announced that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty for New York will be finished in 1883.

ONE hundred and ten French magistrates have resigned rather than enforce the religious decrees.

IT is reported that the Chinese Government has officially notified Russia that she does not wish to go to war.

THERE were fifty deaths from yellow fever and eleven from small pox in Havana, Cuba, during the week ended July 24.

THE colliers' strike in Leicestershire has ended. Three thousand strikers have returned to work, having accepted five per cent. reduction in their wages.

IN the British House of Lords the Elementary Education Bill, rendering school attendance compulsory throughout the country, has been read a second time without a division.

THE deficit in the Indian finances is $16,535,000—not a pleasant legacy of the Disraeli administration. The excess of the Afghan war expenditure over the estimates is $45,000,000.

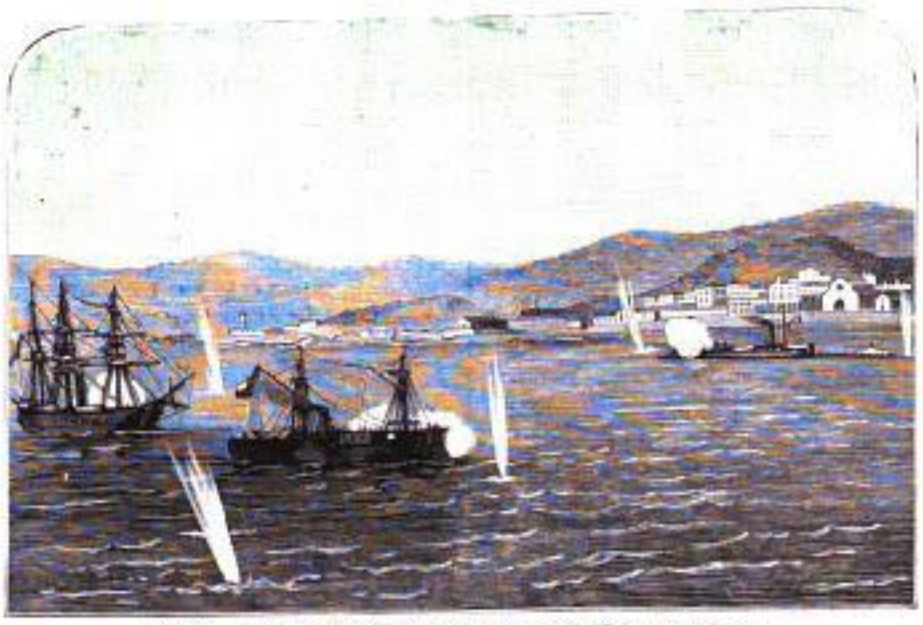
NEWS from the Azores represents that an earthquake at the Island of St. George, one of the Azores group, resulted in the formation of another island, 600 yards distant, about 18,000 yards in extent.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER has been invited to preside over a movement to obtain unconditional amnesty for all Irish political exiles. It is intended to extend the movement throughout Great Britain, Ireland, the colonies and the United States.

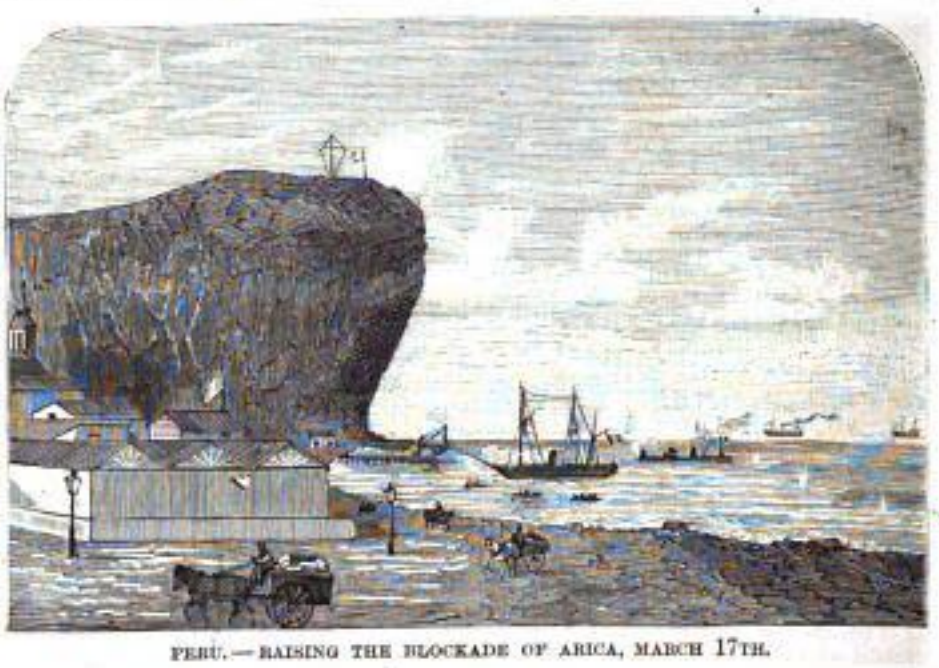
IT is said that when the question comes up, Mr. Gladstone will express his regret that permission was given to erect a monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey, and will say that the Government cannot interfere in the matter.

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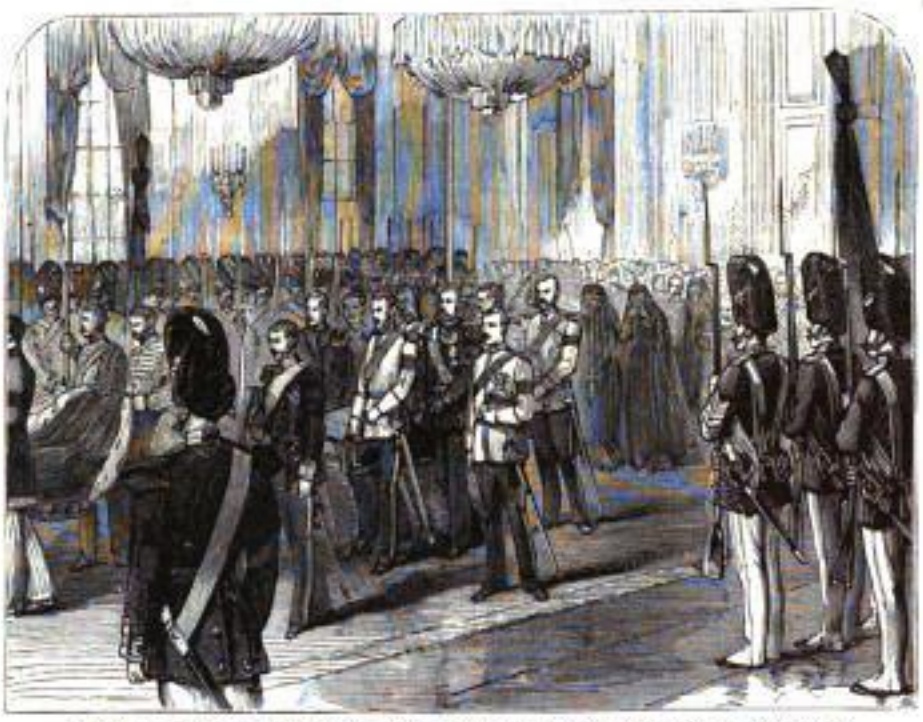
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 351.



PERU.—THE ENGAGEMENT OF FEBRUARY 27TH AT ARICA.



PERU.—RAISING THE BLOCKADE OF ARICA, MARCH 17TH.



RUSSIA.—THE LATE EMPRESS—REMOVING THE REMAINS FROM THE PALACE.



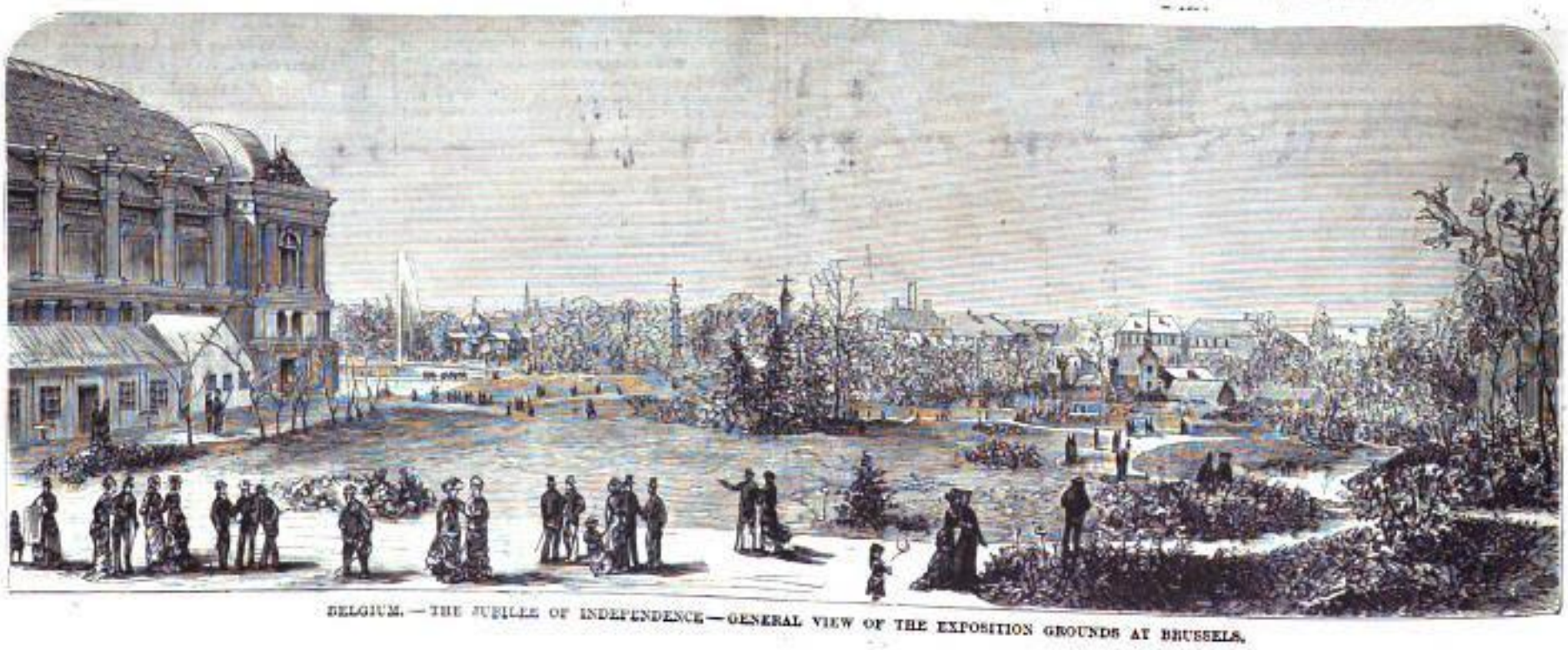
RUSSIA.—THE LATE EMPRESS—THE LYING-IN-STATE.



ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF THE CIVIC ADDRESS TO THE KING OF GREECE.



ENGLAND.—THE LAST SCENE IN "AGAMEMNON," AT BALLIOL COLLEGE.



BELGIUM.—THE JUBILEE OF INDEPENDENCE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS AT BRUSSELS.

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VISITORS TO THE RACES ARRIVING AT THE PIER.

LAYING WAGERS ON THE RACES AT THE OCEAN HOTEL

STEEPLE CHASE

POOL SELLING

FINISH OF THE RACE FOR THE "WELTER CUP"

JUDITH

TRAMP

NEW JERSEY.—HOW INDEPENDENCE DAY WAS CELEBRATED AT LONG BRANCH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 351.

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MARGIE.

EDWARD STAVEDALE was a painter—an artist in the fullest and completest sense of the word, for he lived, as it were, in the centre of a circle of art, and it was through this medium that the perception of outward things came to him. It was under the influence of this atmosphere that all thoughts were presented to him. He lived, therefore, in a world of his own; realities were to him the things the most unreal. He mixed as little as possible in the society of other men because he found their presence and conversation disturbed the beautiful phantoms that, when he was alone, held him such sweet and genial company.

In Summer time, with a knapsack, a staff and a sketch-book, he would wander forth wherever the fancy led him, now over the mountains, now by the seashore, now through woods and valleys, collecting everywhere fresh ideas, fresh experiences of that nature without which true art cannot exist.

To Edward Stavedale sensation was a word that conveyed no meaning. He had passed through the stages of youth and early manhood untempted by any of the desires or ambitions, natural or artificial, that seem almost inseparable from man's career in society. He worshiped beauty in whatever form it came to him, but only through the soul, and in its purest sense.

Now that his life was midway spent, there were moments when a vague want was felt, hints that came he knew not whence, of a yearning for some more warm and real sympathy than the shadows of great men and women could afford him, wearing a void in his heart which grew wider and deeper each day.

One lovely evening in the Fall Ed was pursuing his desultory rambles, and had struck the wood which skirts the road between the Mountain House on the Palisades and Fort Lee, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the voice of a woman, harsh and shrill. Advancing further, he found he was approaching a bivouac of strollers, half-actors, half-conjurers, of the lower order, that wandered about the States, stopping to display their performances at out-of-the-way villages and remote farm-houses. All the strollers were absent with the exception of the woman—the speaker—whose hardened features and unsympathetic aspect kept the promise given by the voice, and a little girl of about thirteen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp-featured, but with limbs fine and faultless in their slight proportions, and wondrous, wild, dark eyes, almost excessive in size, flashing from beneath the waves of black hair that overhung her face. To her the woman was addressing herself in harsh and bitter reproaches, to which the child listened in the silence that becomes almost apathy in children who, from their infancy, are little used to any other tone.

The woman, finding how slight had been the effect of her words, raised a great heavy stick which was about to descend on the girl's naked shoulders, when Stavedale sprung forward, and, clutching the upraised arm, prevented the cruel blow from being delivered, while he admonished the woman in terms so severe that she actually quailed beneath his flashing eye.

Ed Stavedale having discharged what he considered his duty, threw a glance of pity and a word of sympathy to the sobbing child, whose slight form still quivered with excitement, and turned away. He strode down the road to a small inn overlooking the Hudson, and, having dined, lighted his pipe and repaired to the stoop to enjoy his accustomed reveries. But the shapes he was wont to invoke came not; one face—a wild elfin face, with heavy black hair and great lustrous eyes; one form—a slight, agile, nervous one—always stood before him. He took a pencil and sketched them in various positions and attitudes, and formed plans of pictures in which this little figure was to form the conspicuous object.

"I must get the child to sit to me," he said, to himself; and he resolved to start back to the strollers' bivouac in the wood, and to offer the virago a dollar to achieve this purpose.

As he was about to set forth, the girl, accompanied by a raw youth, the virago bringing up the rear, passed beneath the stoop on which he sat, the woman entering the hotel.

The child suddenly looked up. What a change came over that listless face; every feature became instinct with earnest life; the eyes gleamed, the lips broke into a radiant smile over dazzling little teeth, and a warm glow spread itself beneath the dark, sallow, but transparent skin.

It was very pleasant, Stavedale thought, to see any face light up so in his presence.

"You are glad to see me?" he said

"Glad—yes."

"What is your name?"

"Margie, sir."

"Should you like me to make a portrait of you?"

"Of me, sir?" with a blush and a smile.

"Yes; if you will sit I will give you half a dollar."

A pained expression stole around the child's face.

"Yes; only——"

"Only what? You won't? Why not?"

"Because mother——"

"If I ask *her* leave, and give her something?"

"Ah, then, perhaps."

A bargain was soon made with the old hag, and she readily consented to Margie's giving as many sittings to the artist as might be required, during her sojourn in the neighborhood.

The girl was to Ed Stavedale a curious study, in her moral as well as in her physical nature. Vicious example, uncontrolled passions of every bad sort, brutal usage, fraud, force, the absence of all manliness, of all womanliness in those she lived with—such was the moral atmosphere in which she had grown to girlhood, such was the soil in which was sown a heart, an intense sensibility, a bright intelligence, and keen sense of all grace and beauty. Not a taint of vulgarity was in the child's nature; not a word passed her lips that had not a meaning, not a movement of her limbs but was replete with a strange, peculiar grace.

Ed was fascinated by the elfin child, who, as she sat or stood before him, seemed not only to guess all his slightest intentions, but constantly suggested new ideas of form and symmetry, beautiful beyond description. He sketched her in every attitude; he sometimes feared to weary her, but when he expressed the fear, she shook her head with one of her bright smiles and an emphatic "Never"; so he went on painting, sometimes talking to her, sometimes in a silence which lasted for hours, and which she never attempted to break. At length—it was the second day—the strollers struck their camp, and Stavedale started on the road to New York. His way lay through Pleasant Valley and Sunnyside, and as he strode along he thought of the pictures he would paint, in all of which some hint, some movement, some expression taken from her, could be introduced with precious effect. He opened his sketch-book, and as he walked slowly on he contemplated the innumerable studies of her with which it was filled. He looked up at last—before him stood the original—trembling, her great eyes riveted on his face, with a look at once fearful, so earnest, so beseeching.

"You, Margie!"

The breath came thick and fast, and her voice was scarcely intelligible; but as she went on it strengthened.

"Yes, it is me. Let me go with you—anywhere. I will be your servant; I'll do anything on earth for you. Don't be angry. I couldn't stay with them any longer; they treat me worse than ever, because they know I was happy with you and you were kind to me. Do let me go with you. Let me go with you!"

"But, child, your mother? I have no right to take you from her."

"She's not my mother, she's only my stepmother; and my father is dead. I belong to nobody—nobody cares for me. Even what I do for them they only curse me for, and beat me when I can't do the work they put me to. Do let me go with you—let me go with you!"

Stavedale's hesitation was gone, and, taking her little trembling hand in his, he led her on.

Arrived at his *atelier*—he lived in a little top flat on Twenty-third Street—he gave Margie money to go out and buy herself some clothes, and in half an hour she reappeared, all traces of poverty, fatigue and emotion vanished. Her neat dress fitted her so gracefully, her wild hair parted in shiny, wavy *bandeaux*, her little Arab feet and fine slender ankles, so symmetrical in high shoes and well-drawn striped stockings, and, above all, her oval face so radiant with beautiful joy and gratitude.

Stavedale felt very proud and happy.

"How smart you look!" he said.

She stood before him smiling, holding out her skirts as children do when their dress is admired. She broke into a short gleeful laugh of joy and triumph.

"So you are happy now, Margie?"

"Oh, sir!" and she seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

The tears sprang to Stavedale's eyes. He drew her towards him, and, resting his chin on her head, he began in a voice of deep and quiet emotion:

"Margie, I do not know if I have done right in taking you. At all events it is done. Never, child, give me cause to think I have acted wrongly—even foolishly, and, with God's help, I will be a father and a protector to you as long as I live. Kiss me, my child!"

She flung her arms round his neck and clung to him long and in silence, and he felt it was very sweet to hold such communion—to claim such love and trust and gratitude from a human creature; sweeter than to hold imaginary, unloving converse with the shadows of dead heroes and heroines.

Ed Stavedale was once more installed in his painting-room. As of old, he dreamed and painted—painted and dreamed. But when the shadowy company was not sufficient to fill his heart and brain, he would wake up from his reverie, would go to the little sitting-room at the back, where he relighted his pipe, and, half-dreaming, half-listening, heard the prattle, childish, yet strangely wise, of Margie, who, as she fluttered about or sat on a stool at his feet, thought aloud in her own wild, suggestive, conjectural way, hitting on singular glimpses of great truths that could only come to her intuitively.

By degrees Ed began to dream less and think more. Margie was now fifteen. He felt that she had become more than a child and a plaything, and that a certain responsibility weighed on him in the care of her, in the provision for her future. She had learned to read and write, and one day when he entered the little sitting-room he found Margie with a book on her knees.

"What are you reading there, child?" he inquired, carelessly.

She held up the book. It was a trashy French novel. He snatched it from her and flung it beneath the stove.

"Mind this; when you want to read anything, you must show it to me first. Do you hear, little one?"

She arranged his chair, lighted his pipe and sat down at his feet in silence. Stavedale's eyes were wide open and full of earnest reflection. Once or twice she looked up timidly, but meeting no reply to her glance, she dropped her eyes again.

She said at last: "You are not angry with me?"

"With you? Never!"

"You see I am afraid of nothing on earth but vexing you. I care for nothing on earth but pleasing you. Between these two thoughts lie all the cares of my life."

Strange, the pain and pleasure Stavedale felt. He stroked her shining hair, kissed her forehead, and fell to thinking harder than ever.

Next day instead of putting on his dressing-gown, cap and slippers, and retiring to his *atelier*, he, for the first time for many a long year, at such an hour, donned coat, boots and hat, sallied forth and returned with a small library—books of history, biography, religion and some poetry; all works the most perfectly suited to the purpose they were intended for.

For months, between her light household duties, so quickly and happily performed, and the frequent sittings she still continued to give him, the books were studied with earnest attention. Some of them Ed already knew; the rest he now read, and constantly of an evening questioned his pupil, drawing out and correcting her impressions with a pride and interest strangely new and pleasant to him.

As he had anticipated, Margie grew before his eyes with striking and remarkable beauty. He noticed the progress with a mingling of pleasure and uneasiness, and watched over her with a jealous care. Few visitors came to his painting-room, but at the sound of a strange footstep a look warned Margie to retreat and she fled through a back-door like a mouse into its hole.

Another year and another passed by and Margie was sweet seventeen.

"It is certain," said Stavedale to himself, "that this cannot go on for ever. I am not immortal, and if some day I go suddenly off, what becomes of Margie? We must endeavor to get a husband for her. And yet who would marry her? An artist would for her face and form. But what artist?"

He knew nobody who in the least degree suited his notions of the sort of husband to whom he would confide the happiness of his adopted child. He had a vague consciousness that, in matrimonial affairs, there were troublesome details of money matters to be gone through, and on this part of the question he felt dreadfully incompetent to enter. He was quite willing to give Margie anything and everything he possessed; but how much that might be, or how he was to find it out and put it in train, and what was likely to be the pretensions or arrangements on the other side, it put him into a state of hopeless desperation to think of. All this he admitted to himself; but he did not admit—for the thing was too vague and indistinct for admission or actual contemplation—that a little aching jealousy, a numb pain, lay at the bottom of his heart, when he thought of giving to another the treasure that for four years had lightened his life and given him new and human feelings, and a hitherto unknown love and sympathy with his race.

Margie is eighteen, and still Stavedale had found no husband for her. Hitherto he had worked alone; now, the thought and the care of her, the time he devoted to her education and her amusement—for he took her to the theatre and to Coney Island and up the glorious Hudson—rendered it impossible for him to do all he had been wont to do in his painting-room. He resolved, therefore, to look out for a student, a good student, who might never in word or deed break on the cloistered strictness and purity with which Stavedale's jealous care had surrounded his pet.

After a search the wonderful student was discovered and installed in the painting-room—Obadiah Sugden, the son of a New England oyster farmer; was tall and thin and dyspeptic looking. He was bashful and silent, and worked all day long without so much as even opening his lips. But his great brown eyes were open and they saw Margie, and, with the usual result, he fell madly in love with her; but it was that bubbledehoy love that never displays itself save in some awkwardness. One day Stavedale caught his pupil gazing with all his might and main at Margie—gazing his whole soul out.

"What if——"

A thought for the first time struck Stavedale—flashed across him with a thrill of such strange, mingled, contradictory sensations that he passed his hand across his head and felt as though some one had given him a blow.

But the thought that had struck into his brain staid there, and he took it and handled and examined it and familiarized himself with it. Strange! It had never presented itself to him before! There was the husband he had been looking for for Margie, two, three years—there, under his hand. Yes, it was the thing of all others to suit. If the oysterman would but approve, he saw no obstacle.

The oyster farmer, upon receipt of a letter from Stavedale, came to New York, saw Margie, and regretted that his son was first in the field, for he himself was a widower and of an amorous temperament.

"Square it between 'em, friend Stavedale," said Sugden, senior, "and I'll not go back on you."

Stavedale was alone in the studio with Obadiah, when he opens the matter lying heavily at his heart.

"You have never thought of marrying, Obadiah?"

His pupil shifted his position a little, colored very violently, and replied that he never had seriously.

"You ought to think of it, however, my good boy; why not now?"

Obadiah replied: "That's true."

There was a pause. Stavedale cleared his throat.

"If I found you a wife—a good, nice, charming little wife, that your father thinks well of, would that suit you?"

"Down to the ground, sir."

"Do you know any one you would like?"

Obadiah looked very sheepish, as, pointing at a crayon portrait of Margie, he exclaimed:

"He! he! That's her!"

"And do you think she likes you?"

"That's what I'd give my bottom dollar to find out."

"We'll find out, my lad."

Stavedale that very evening broached the subject to Margie.

"My child, I have been thinking a great deal about you," he said.

She looked up hastily.

"Do you know that you are of an age to think about being married?"

Heedless of the start she gave, for Stavedale's speech was all made up, and he feared that if he stopped it might stick in his throat, and he would break down. So he went on.

He told her how long he had thought of this; how he felt the loneliness of the life she led; how little a man like him was fitted to be the sole instructor and protector of a young girl; but he dreaded that a day might come—must come—when, if she were not married, he would have to leave her alone and unprotected in the wide, wide world; how dreadfully the thought weighed on him; how, until she was thus provided for, he never could feel happy or assured concerning her. Then he spoke of Obadiah; of his affection for her, of all his good qualities, of what peace and joy he would feel in seeing her united to him; and then, feeling he could not wait for her answer, he took her to his heart, kissed her, bid her think of all he had said, and took refuge in his painting-room, where he smoked five pipes without stopping.

"The sooner it's over the better," murmured the painter, and he urged on the wedding with a sort of feverish impatience.

It was the night before the wedding and Stavedale had been out, occupied with the last arrangements, and returned home towards eleven o'clock.

As he mounted the stairs to his studio his heart was leaden, and as he opened the door of his flat and entered the quiet little art home, the silence struck him with a chill of disappointment, for he had secretly hoped that Margie would have been up to greet him, after the occupations of his busy day.

He listened, but there was no quick, light step, no sound to indicate her consciousness of his entrance. Stavedale sighed, took up the dim light that had been left burning against his arrival, and instead of going to his room turned into his studio.

How deadly still it was! How deserted! The wan quivering flare of the little lamp only made the gloom it could not pierce more heavy, and as its wavering light flashed and paled over the faces of the pictures, they seemed to shudder on him while he passed.

And so it was all over and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless life was to be begun again, now that he was so much less able and fitted to lead it than formerly. Art is just and noble and elevated, and he who pursues it with all his energies cannot fail to profit thereby. But art is not able to fill man's life alone. Art will be worshiped as a sovereign, and, if courted in earnest, sometimes condescends to let the votary kiss the hem of her garment, and now and then bestow upon him a smile. But she gives no more than this, and thus for a time it may satisfy him; then comes a day when he would resign all the fame she ever accorded him for a little human love and a little human sympathy. Stavedale had felt thus before he had them. Now he had known them and was about to lose them for ever.

The perfume of flowers—the flowers she had placed there that morning before he went out—drew him to the table. A note lay on it—a note in her handwriting and directed to himself.

A mist passed over his eyes as he opened and sought to read the contents, written in a trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotched; how?—he knew.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND, MY ONLY FRIEND: Forgive me if you can for the pain I am causing you and, above all, oh, above all! do not think your poor child ungrateful. But I cannot marry Mr. Sugden; my heart revolts from it. Indeed, indeed I have done everything I could to reconcile myself to it because you wished it, and I know he deserves a better wife than I could make him. It is not any foolish wicked pride or self-conceit on my part that turns me from him, but I cannot love him, and when he knows this he will learn to forget me and marry some one better worthy of him. So I am going away. However, I know all the anxiety you have concerning me, feeling how little I am now fit for any other life than the happy one I have led with you these last years. Do not be afraid for me; I am young and strong, and able and willing to work, and God will not desert me.

"And later, when I am quite a woman and have got used to make my own way in the world, at least to obtain a living, I will come back to you, and we will be happy again in the old way; and you will see that your poor child only left you for a while, because she loved you so dearly that she could make this great and terrible sacrifice now to insure your future comfort. I am going into service, and when I have got fixed I will write to you, but I will not tell you where I am for fear you should come to take me back again, and if you did I know I am not strong enough to refuse to go with you.

"God bless you! and oh, my dear, best, only friend, believe that I love you, now I am leaving you, better than ever I did in all my life, and that the only happiness I look to on earth is the idea of coming back to you.

"And I will come back to you before long. God will bless my work, and we shall meet again and forget this heavy trial. I am sure of it.

"Your poor child, MARGIE."

His heart then had not misgiven him in vain. She was gone, actually and positively. Whither and to what? The thought nearly drove him wild. That little, young, helpless, beautiful creature, unsuspicious and inexperienced as an infant, gone out alone into that great wide world of guile and sin, and suffering, and temptation under every form and every treacherous disguise.

He knew her courage, her resolution, her light heart; but were these enough to guard her alone against the dangers whose name is legion?

And now where to look for her?

For three days Obadiah Sugden sought her sorrowing through every part of not alone New York, but Brooklyn and Hoboken. The fourth, Obadiah proceeded on his mission alone, for Stavedale lay on his sick-bed, racked

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with pain and grief and fever, but insisting on remaining alone that the quest might not be for a day interrupted.

Slowly the evening reddened and paled, and the hush and dimness of the light that precedes the departing day fell upon the sick room, and for the first time since Margie's departure, Ed Stavedale slept.

Presently the door opened, and a shadow stood on the threshold—noiseless and breathless as shadows are—then it glided across the room, paused, stood, and finally kneeled beside the bed. The sleeper's labored breathing stopped suddenly. He was not yet awake, and still he was listening. Something—a consciousness, a hope—was rising in him combatting the numbness of slumber. He started, stretching out his arms and pronouncing Margie's name.

It was Margie's voice that answered him; they were Margie's tears that fell on him; Margie's kisses that pressed his hot brow. Long and silently he held her close in his embrace.

"You will never leave me again!"

"Never, never, never! Oh, forgive me! If you knew one half of what I have suffered—not of hardship or misery. I have means to secure me from that, but from the separation from you! Oh, I could not live longer without seeing you. I thought just to steal back, have one glance, at you and then—then I knew not, cared not, what might become of me! And I find you thus!"

"Margie, tell me what was the reason you would not marry Sugden. You did not love him. Did you—do you—love any other?"

She clung to him, hiding her face and weeping silently.

"You will not tell me?"

"I cannot."

A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed the obscurity of Stavedale's brain

"Is it—I?"

"Who could it be but you?"

And so Margie was married—but not to Obadiah Sugden.

"INDEPENDENCE DAY" AT LONG BRANCH.

THE popularity of Long Branch as a Summer resort has never been so great as at this moment. The crowd of visitors already exceeds the most sanguine expectations. During the first week of the present month every hotel was packed with guests, while on the opening days of the Summer races the influx of excursionists was altogether unprecedented. The races, which opened on the 3d, were exceptionally brilliant. On the 5th the attendance amounted to some 10,000 persons, including shoals of well-dressed, handsome ladies, representing the fashionable circles of New York and other cities. The grand stand was a very gallery of beautiful faces and elegant toilets. One of the most interesting races of the day was the contest for the Weller Cup, worth $125, for gentlemen riders, three-quarters of a mile. Mr. Townsend bestrode Baronet; Mr. St. James, Odd Fellow; Mr. Price, Tramp; Mr. Purdy, Momentum; Mr. Hunter, Vanderdecken and; Mr. Alexander, Judith. Judith was the favorite in the betting. The flag fell to a bad send-off, Vanderdecken being in the lead, and Judith a long way behind. The mare quickly ran past them all, however, and at the upper turn had a lead of several lengths. She came home under a strong pull an easy winner in 1:22¼. Tramp, under the stimulus of a sound lashing, was second, and Odd Fellow third.

The last event of the day was a handicap steeplechase between Problem, Disturbance and Bertha, for a purse of $600, of which $200 went to second horse. Probably no finer race of the kind was ever seen anywhere. The course has been changed since last season, and is now a very long one, circling the ground two and one-half times, and including eighteen jumps, the water jump being counted twice. Disturbance was over the first hurdle, slightly in advance of Problem. Bertha refused it at the first offer and thereby lost her chances. The other two kept together nearly all the way. Problem was the better jumper and gained every time while in the air, but Disturbance seemed to run faster between jumps, so that now one was ahead and now the other. The last few jumps they rose and fell together. They came down the track linked, and went over the last hurdle at the same instant. When half way to the string Disturbance suddenly quit, dead beat, and Problem floundered home a very tired winner in 5:43. Bertha, who had jumped prettily after her first fluke, was too far behind to catch up. We illustrate both of these races, together with the pool selling at the hotels, etc.

The great iron pier at Long Branch now extends into the ocean a distance of 960 feet. It is covered with an awning, and is now lighted at night from end to end, producing a very beautiful effect. It is a favorite resort.

A MORNING AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

"THE object of the Soldiers' Home," so reads the first article of its "Rules and Regulations"—"is to provide a comfortable home for old soldiers of twenty or more years' service, and for invalid and disabled or discharged soldiers, who, having served honestly and faithfully in the Army of the United States, shall be entitled to the benefits of the institution."

Not only gray-headed veterans, therefore, but those who are, so to speak, babes in the service, are to be met by the curious visitor as he traverses the cool stone halls of the Home, or the shady walks that wind through its beautiful grounds. Old and young, straight and strong, and bowed and crippled, every age and type has a representative—I had almost said every color, but here the emphatic statement of the sergeant of the day, who did the honors of the institution for us, returns to remind me that here, at least, in Washington the good-humored African face is conspicuous for its absence. Nothing can be lovelier than the park-like grounds, with their rolling undulations, the smooth lawns and shady nooks, and the fine old trees grouped and scattered everywhere. Far away one can see the city, and the Potomac glimmering in a mist of sunshine; and framed in the "Capitol Vista," a green, shady walk completely roofed with arching trees, there is the dome itself rising out of a sea of roofs clear and pale against the sky. Within the grounds stand not only the Home itself, but the hospital, the chapel and library, and the pretty stone cottage half-covered with vines, whose hospitality is every Summer offered by the Home to the Presidential family. Our sergeant, pointing it out to us, spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of its latest inmates, Mrs. Hayes having very evidently won the hearts of all the veterans during her Summer's sojourn among them.

The Home was founded by General Winfield Scott with prize money from the Mexican campaign, amounting to $150,000. As an institution it is completely independent of the Government, which fact its inmates state with considerable pride, but it derives from the Army a yearly income of $30,000, each soldier in the United States service contributing twelve and a half cents monthly for its support. Its internal rules and regulations are very few and simple; it is in the fullest sense of the word a home, whose benefits are extended both to temporary and permanent inmates, and where each one is free to come and go, remaining as long as he pleases and returning after any length of time spent outside. Soldiers drawing pensions from the Government are required to turn these into the general fund of the institution, from which each man, in consideration of orderly conduct and general good behavior, is allowed to draw monthly one dollar and one pound of tobacco, or its equivalent in money. The younger men, who may wish to work on the grounds and farm, are employed there at the rate of about eight dollars per month, and besides this optional labor, each man is required to perform such small services about the grounds and buildings as the discretion of the governor may impose. Drunkenness, fighting and insubordinate conduct, are punished by the curtailment of rations and the stoppage of pocket-money, confinement to the building or grounds, or in aggravated cases by total dismissal.

Inside the great stone building everything is delightfully cool and orderly. The wide, airy halls and massive stone staircase swarmed with blue undress uniforms as the sergeant led us through, for it was nearly noon, and in a few moments the bugle call, announcing dinner, would be sounded from the porch. We took a peep into the immense dining-hall before the meal was served, and saw the rows of long tables ready set, a vast perspective of plates and glasses and casters repeating themselves with accurate regularity. As the artist rapidly sketched, our guide betrayed a nervous anxiety lest any detail should be disrespectfully slurred over. "Be sure there's seven chairs to each table," he repeated, feelingly. "Every man here'll see the picture, and count 'em up to see if they're all right. You can't make any mistake but what they'll hit on it."

With the fear of these merciless critics before our eyes, we proceeded through the other departments. The reading-room, or, rather, rooms—two connected with a great archway—whose long tables were well covered with scattered papers and magazines, representing all the best weekly and monthly publications of the day; the lavatory, irreproachable in the cleanliness of its well-scrubbed floor and cool, gray paint; and the bedrooms, which presented every variety of study of bachelor-quarters. Each of the larger rooms contained four neat little white beds, a fireplace and some simple furniture; the quantity and quality of the decoration varied with the taste of the inmates. In one room we found a perfect gallery of photographs, prints and wood-cuts, framed and unframed, with vases of dried grasses on the mantel and table, and a tiny cross of evergreens conspicuously placed; while on the wall over one of the beds was a wreath of white flowers, a mortuary relic, carefully preserved under glass, and flanked by a photograph of the deceased.

We passed out just as the crippled veteran on the porch was hanging his bugle on its nail after sounding the call to dinner. Groups of bluecoats were coming in from the little arbors and rustic seats around the lawns, where they sit in knots and smoke and gossip—it being a generally known, if not admitted, fact that men do gossip—and in a few moments not one was to be seen under the trees on our way to the library. This building, whose importance as a subject for a sketch seemed, in our sergeant's mind, to rank next to that of the dining-room, is a little gem in its way. It was built originally for a bowling alley, but has lately been converted to its present and nobler use, and is furnished with handsome oak tables and bookcases, the latter fully stocked with standard books. It is of that nondescript but highly decorative style of architecture conveniently known as "Queen Anne," with a most pleasing combination of color in the oak carvings and arched beams of the ceiling, and the low arch of red brickwork, picked out with cool white marble, which separates the library proper—formerly the bowling-alley—from a square ante-chamber rich in carved woodwork. Here the artist became rapturous over a most beautiful tiled mantelpiece, and the rest of the party interviewed the librarian, a stiff old soldier, who received us first with freezing severity, but gradually thawed into a conversational state, though evidently suspicious of the artist to the last.

Passing the pretty Presidential cottage—first occupied by President Pierce, and since by Buchanan, Lincoln and Hayes, who last week removed thither with his family—we go on to the hospital, and there, under the guidance of the steward, look in at the dispensary, the little library, and the wards, with their seemingly endless rows of patients. The light and ventilation of the wards are perfect, and the rows of little iron bedsteads, with their spotless white covers, and the small tables beside them with their array of glasses and bottles, look comfortable enough and are neatness itself; but the distressing sameness of the great sweep of white wall makes our eyes ache. A picture or two would be a blessed break in their monotony—even one of the much despised "mottoes," dear to the eyes of the uncultivated, would be positively refreshing here.

Some of the beds are empty, the men sitting in comfortable chairs beside them; in some they lie propped up on pillows, reading newspapers or staring lolly about. This is in the lower wards. As we go higher up, where the cases are more serious, we pass rows of motionless figures and pale faces, with closed eyes, like sleep or death. Here and there a visitor—generally in army-blue—stands by one of the beds; but nobody speaks, and there is not a sound to be heard in the long rooms. One veteran in the consumption ward solemnly retires under the blankets as soon as we enter, and remains with his head covered during our stay.

"*He* died the other day," whispers our guide, indicating with his thumb the mound of bedclothes. "They were just laying him out, when he opened one eye and called for his pipe, and now he's just as hearty as ever again."

So we look through ward after ward—a painful sight, in spite of the order and quiet that reign everywhere.

"Not much to sketch," remarks the steward, evidently considering that architectural proportions and the patterns of bedsteads are all which the artist can wish to fix on paper. "One room is pretty much like the other. No, the men don't mind you," he adds, in reply to a question; "it's something for them to look at and talk about after you're gone; and they'll see the pictures when they come out, and if there's a pencil-stroke out of the way in the leg of a table, they'll know it," he warns the artist, cheerfully.

So we depart, conscious of a body of stern censors who are ready to pounce on our notes and sketches as soon as they see the light in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

We drive through the beautiful grounds, past the little cemetery where the dead soldiers sleep—a smaller edition of the vast encampment on Arlington Heights—and through the suburbs back to the City of Washington again, and the shadow of the Dome.

Luxury in Chili.

A SANTIAGO correspondent writes: "The wealthy landowners, hacindados, or possessors of very large farms in Chili, are, as a rule, mere absentees, having little more than *pied-a-terre* on their estates, which they only visit for a month or two in the year, and scarcely ever else leaving their homes in the capital, to which political or social duties are supposed to bind them, except for a short residence at Valparaiso or some other watering-place on the sea or inland. The extravagance of this gentry is described as boundless. More than $8,000,000 has been spent in house-building in the period of four years (1873-6), some of these private houses at a cost of $100,000 to $250,000 each, and "the carriage licenses taken out in the latter year show that there were altogether 1,294 private carriages, besides 471 public conveyances and 2,750 carts and drays." This will appear somewhat considerable if we reflect that it refers to a town mustering a population of 130,000. The luxury in which these Chilian magnates so liberally indulge has the effect of raising the price of all commodities and especially of all articles imported from abroad to an enormous extent. A book or an almanac charged 25 cents in London at shop price cannot be purchased in Chile for less than 80 cents; a pair of kid gloves is not to be had for less than $2.50; and, as a rule, a dollar, a silver dollar, the value of which varies from $1 to $1.25, will go no further than 25 cents would do in the old countries. The charge for hair-cutting in Valparaiso is $1.50; an eighty-cent Lesle's diary costs $2.50; a tall hat (chimney pot) costs $15; you must pay 12 cents each for parchment luggage labels, 6 cents apiece for quill pens, $1 for a quire of common note paper, and so on in proportion. The Chilians seem to value things rather from their cost than from their actual worth. The extravagance of all Americans is something that far transcends the limits of Old World comprehension. At Guayaquil, the shabby seaport of the "one-horse republic" of Ecuador, I have seen a toy-shop where the price of German wax dolls varied from twenty to eighty silver dollars. A Panama hat would be charged from $300 to $350, and prices of the same enormity are charged for a guanaco coat or a vicun rug, an ostrich feather wrapper, or a poncho, and other luxuries of local manufacture.

Sale of Flowers in New York.

IN 1844 the sale of flowers for New Year's Day in what then was the largest store in New York City amounted only to $200, and probably for the whole City of New York it did not exceed $1,000. Now the amount spent for floral decorations on that day probably reaches $50,000, while for the whole year the money spent in these perishable ornaments probably amounts to millions. It is estimated that there are 600 florists' establishments within a radius of ten miles of New York City, and the capital invested in land, structures and stock is not less than $8,000,000, the product of which is mainly for the metropolis.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Chili-Peruvian War.

The long protracted war is a series of successes for Chili. Bolivia has been virtually driven from the field. Peru has been defeated on land and sea. Her most valuable provinces are in the hands of the Chilians, and her ports are all blockaded. Our illustrations show a naval engagement off Arica on the 27th of February, when the Chilian monitor *Huascar* and the corvette *Magallanes* opened fire on the Peruvian batteries; the Peruvian monitor *Manco Capac* at last steamed out to repel them, and a sharp engagement ensued, in which the *Huascar* lost her commander (Thompson), killed on the same spot where the former Peruvian commander fell. Our other illustration shows the corvette *Union*, Captain Villavicencio, running the blockade of Arica, under fire of the Chilian squadron, the *Manco Capac* covering her daring and successful attempt. The *Union* was badly hulled, but reached Callao safely.

The Empress of Russia's Funeral.

The ceremonies attending the funeral of the late Empress at St. Petersburg, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June, are the subject of two illustrations. At noon on Monday, the 7th, the body was removed from the Winter Palace, where she died, to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which is a Cathedral Church dedicated to those saints. It was conveyed in a superb gilded car, with a canopy of white and gold, followed by the Emperor Alexander II., on horseback, in military uniform, with his sons and other Princes, amongst whom was the Crown Prince of Germany, some of the foreign Ambassadors, and the chief dignitaries of the Court and State. The Duchess of Edinburgh was one of the ladies who followed in mourning carriages. Next day the public were admitted—in the morning by ticket, in the evening quite freely and indiscriminately—to the Cathedral Church, where they saw the body of the Empress lying in state. It was in the centre, beneath the dome, upon a raised platform covered with red cloth. The coffin was partially covered with a pall of cloth-of-gold, but the face and hand of the Empress were exposed to view. On Wednesday morning the Emperor, with his family and suite, was met at the door of the cathedral by high dignitaries of the Church. As soon as the Mass was over, the Emperor, with the other members of the Imperial family, approached the coffin and kissed the dead. Four Chamberlains then removed the pall, placed it on the altar, and four Gentlemen of the Chamber brought forward the lid of the coffin. The Emperor himself placed the train of the Imperial robes in the coffin, which was then sunk in the floor of the church. When the coffin had been lowered, the Metropolitan handed the Emperor a silver plate with sand and a small gold shovel, and the formula of "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" was gone through by his Majesty and his sons. At this moment there was a roll of musketry-fire from the infantry under arms outside, and the report of the fortress guns and of the artillery posted on the opposite side of the river, each gun firing six rounds.

The King of Greece in London.

King George of Greece arrived at London on June 2d and has been the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. As usual when crowned heads visit England, he was presented with an address of welcome by the Corporation of the City of London. The ceremony took place in the Guildhall on June 16th, and was followed by a luncheon to which 1,000 persons were invited, and at which addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered.

The Drama of "Agamemnon."

The recent performance of the "Agamemnon" of *Æschylus*, at Balliol College, Oxford, was a bold experiment—one that has seldom been attempted since Dr. Parr's pupils were wont to act the plays of Sophocles at Stanmore. In their programme two scenes disclaimed any intention of producing a *fac simile* of a Greek drama, but stated that they had been guided throughout by the one desire of giving the work the best dramatic expression in their power. Thus, there were no masks, and the drama was curtailed, Hermann's text being adopted. Our illustration shows the last scene, when, after the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, she turns to *Ægisthus*, and speaks the final words:

"Heed not their idle barking; thou and I
Ruling the palace, fitly will ordain."

The Belgian Jubilee.

In our last issue we gave views of the art and horticultural pavilions in course of erection in Brussels for the approaching jubilee of Belgian independence. This week our illustration depicts the landscape features of the grounds upon which the exhibition buildings will stand. Vast preparations are being made for a proper display of the art, scientific, industrial and manufacturing progress of the kingdom; and while the jubilee will be a distinctly national one, the beauty of the city, the spirit of the occasion and the value of the material resources, will attract large audiences from all parts of the world during the continuance of the jubilee.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Greenbackers of Connecticut have nominated Henry C. Baldwin for Governor, with a full ticket for other State officers.

—IT is reported at Constantinople that Mr. Goschen, the British Ambassador, will call for the dismissal of Aleddin Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on account of his complicity in the Albanian movement against Greece.

—DURING the week from May 9th to 15th not a single death occurred at St. Petersburg, while the mortality of London for the corresponding period was 19.8 per 1,000; at Berlin, 25.1; at Rome, 22.0; at Vienna, 23.5; and at Paris, 27.4.

—AT St. Petersburg the reports of Chinese victories are described in official circles as mere gossip of the Eastern bazaars. Fifteen hundred volunteers will go to the Pacific to strengthen the cadres in the Amoor district. The Czar has inspected at Cronstadt the vessels for the Pacific.

—AT Rome, July 4th, the Pope gave audience to the Sacred Orators who came on a pilgrimage from all parts of the world, including the United States. The Pope, replying to their address, urged the expediency of simplicity and humility in preaching, and recommended that they study the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

—THE record and findings in the case of Mirzan, the naturalized citizen of the United States recently tried for murder and condemned to death by Minister Maynard in Turkey, are expected soon to reach the State Department. The general impression seems to be at the State Department that the sentence will be commuted.

—ON July 3d Lord Shaftesbury unveiled the statue on the Thames embankment to Robert Raikes, the originator of Sunday-schools in England. Dr. Vincent was present on behalf of the Sunday-schools of the United States. Dr. Murphy, of New York, read a portion of the Scriptures, and Dr. Todd, of New York, offered prayer.

—THE total receipts of all kinds of grain by canal and rail at New York from January 1st to June 20th last were 56,554,004 bushels against 47,188,289 bushels for the corresponding period in 1879. Of the amount received this year 19,522,476 bushels were by canal against 8,297,452 bushels by canal during the same period last year.

—THE *Standard*'s Berlin correspondent, discussing the relations between China and Russia, says there seems to have been an idea of purchasing ships and cannon in America and putting American seamen against the drilled land lubbers, forming the bulk of the Russian crews, but there is little prospect of the scheme being carried out before the war is over.

—A DISPATCH from Rome says it is stated in the clerical circles that the rupture of relations between Belgium and the Vatican may possibly lead to the resignation of Cardinal Nina as Secretary of State to the Holy See, as the Pope allowed himself to be influenced as regards his attitude towards the Belgian bishops, in a sense opposed to the policy originally determined upon with Cardinal Nina.

—AN Ottawa paper says the Dominion Government has been in treaty with representatives of a syndicate of English capitalists with a view to forming a company with $100,000,000 capital to build the Pacific Railway, the Government giving a land subsidy of 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 acres and taking no further responsibility. The negotiations are said to be very nearly completed.

—A *Times* Paris dispatch says that the amendment to the Plenary Amnesty Bill, pardoning all Communists except assassins and incendiaries, which passed the Senate by a vote of 143 to 138, would not have been carried but for the vote of five Ministers. Under these circumstances the Cabinet cannot ask the Chamber of Deputies to disagree to the awarded Bill. It will exercise no influence either way.

—THE honors accorded to the American exhibitors at the Pottery Exhibition at Berlin were quite numerous. They were as follows: Address of thanks and a gold medal, one honorary prize, a gold medal with special honorary diploma, nine gold medals, exclusive of the special ones before mentioned, fourteen silver medals, twelve bronze medals and seventeen honorable mentions—in all sixty-nine awards to the United States.

—A DISPATCH from Constantinople says enlistment of volunteers for Albania is publicly proceeding in Constantinople. The Government is giving Albanian chiefs money and free passage for all Albanians desirous to fight the Greeks and Montenegrins. Albanian chiefs frequently visit Aleddin Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Minister of War has sent orders to the provinces to hasten the dispatch of troops to Constantinople. The Sultan has drawn up a secret proclamation inviting the Albanians to resist the Greeks.

—AT Atlanta, Ga., on July 7th, and in the Superior Court the first negro juror was called. He served with eleven well-known white citizens, was made foreman of the jury, and brought in a verdict of guilty against a colored man charged with burglary. In the next case he was refused by Asa Gunn, colored, charged with murder, who said he wanted no nigger to try him for his life. The selection of the colored juror caused much comment, and the addition of the names of people of his race to jury-rolls in the State Courts is generally approved.

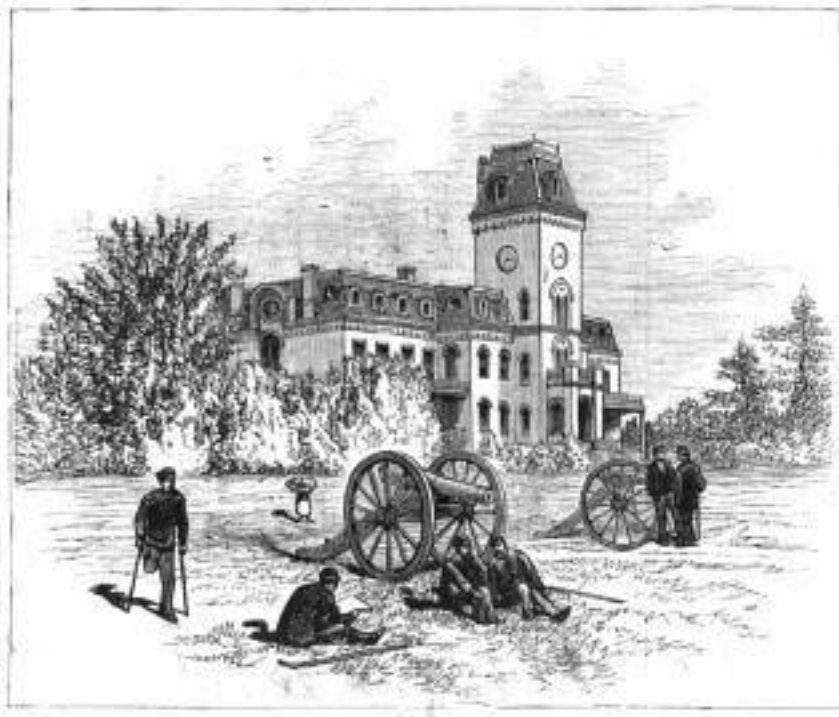
—WORK has been begun at Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York City, upon the foundation for a house which is designed to be the home of Cardinal McCloskey. The building is to front on Madison Avenue, and is to have four stories. It will be a handsomely ornamented and commodious structure, with parlors and reception-rooms, a study, library and private chapel for the Cardinal and bedrooms for the guests. It is expected that the Cardinal's new home will be ready for occupation by December, 1881. The building, it is understood, will cost $75,000.

—JERUSALEM will soon be the centre of Winter fashion if matters go on as they are going. Not only has it now a German sanitary inspector and other officials to attend to the supply of water, street cleaning, etc., with a view to making it a pleasant abode, but it is announced that Lothair, otherwise the Marquis of Bute, has bought a villa near the Mount of Olives. "The Wizard Beaconsfield," as *Punch* called him some thirty years ago, proved his prophetic soul when he concluded "Tancred" with the announcement that "the Duke and Duchess of Bellismont had arrived at Jerusalem."

—THE Committee of the Franco-American Union gave a banquet at Paris on July 7th, to celebrate the official notification to the United States of the secured completion of the monument commemorative of the independence of the United States, which will be inaugurated in 1883. Henri Martin, the historian; Senator Bezertan; MM. Oscar de Lafayette and Laboulaye; the Count de Lesseps; Governor Noyes, the American Minister; General Pittl, representing President Grévy; M. Dietz-Monin; Mr. Walker, the Consul-General of the United States; General Noyes; Messrs. Henry Wood, Detmold and Ryan; and M. Bartholdi, the sculptor of the monument, and a large number of journalists, were present.



STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE DORMITORY.



THE SOLDIERS' HOME BUILDING.



VIEW



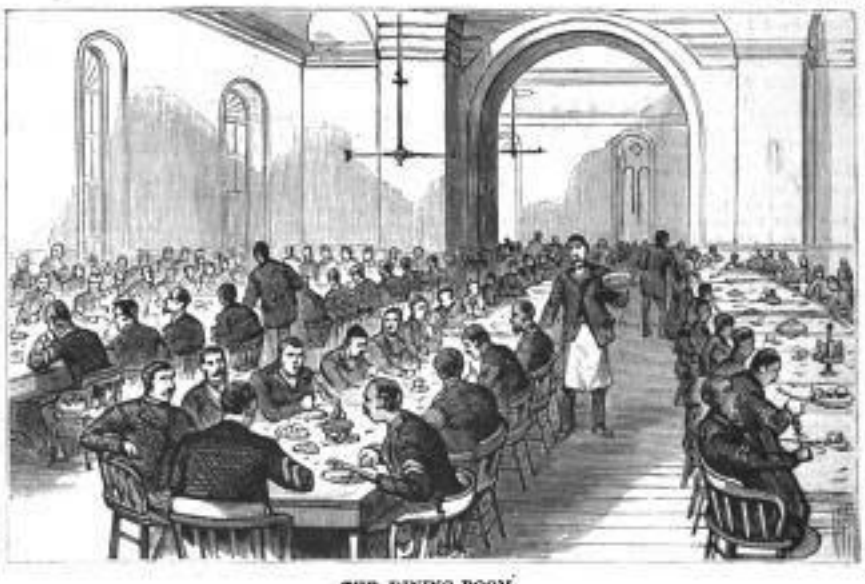
THE "HOME" HOSPITAL.



GROUP OF DISABLED SOLD



THE READING-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, AND SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE

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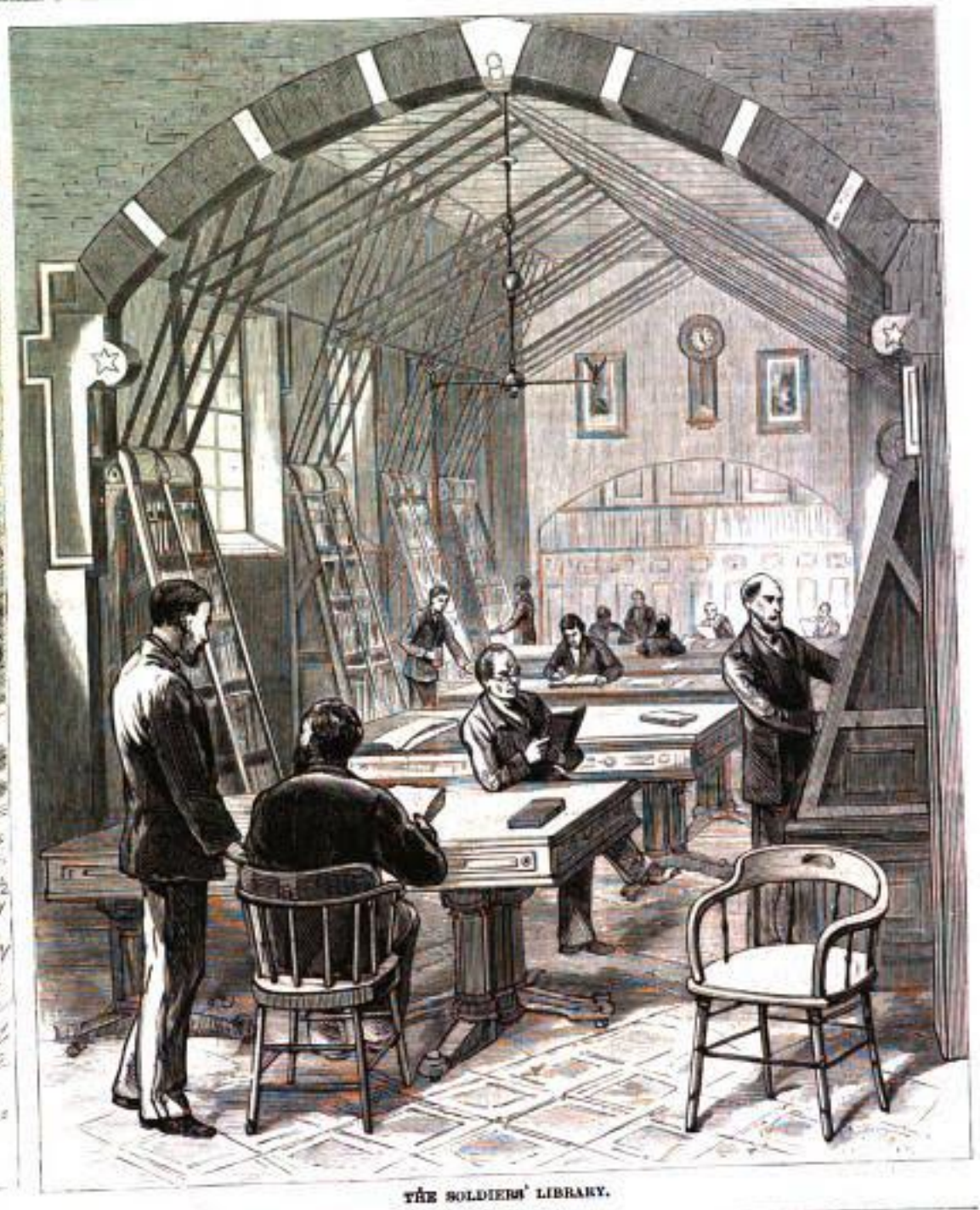


THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER DWELLING.



THE LABORATORY AND DRUG-STORE.

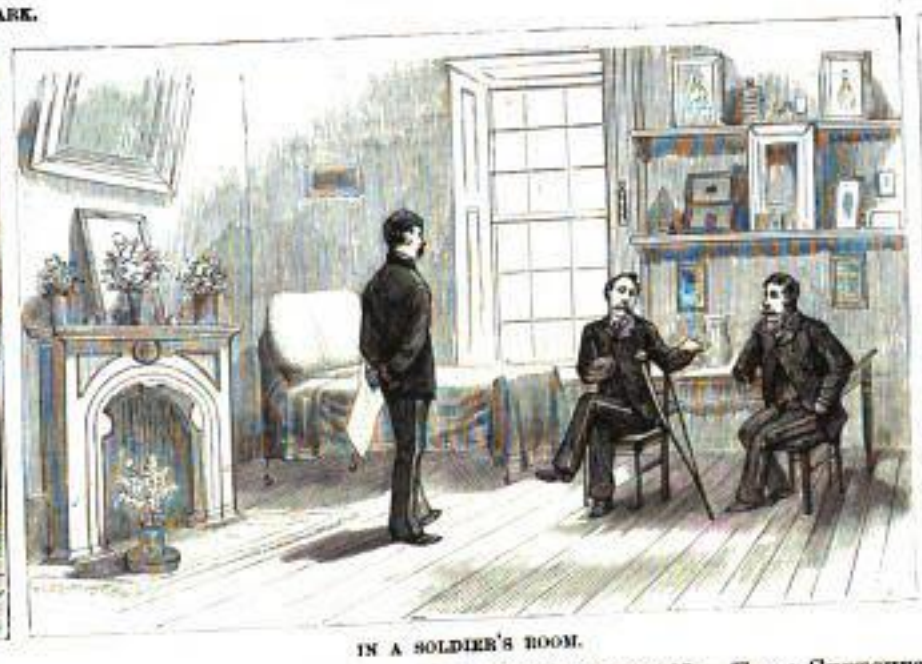




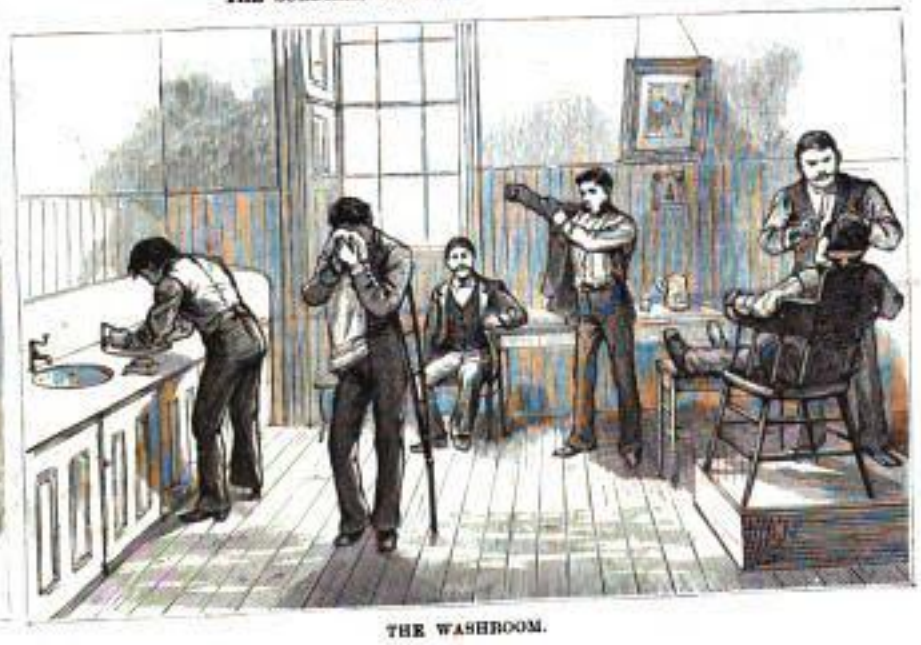
THE SOLDIERS' LIBRARY.

GOING IN THE PARK.





IN A SOLDIER'S ROOM.



THE WASHROOM.

R.

DENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT WASHINGTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 351.

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IN ABSENCE.

AWAY from thee, sweetheart, away from thee!
The hours wing slowly down the slope of day.
The sunlight lingers on the restless sea,
And time makes lazy stay.

The tyrant that once sped so fiercely by,
Hurrying the sun towards the flaming west,
Now lies supine along the purple sky,
In listless, dreamy rest.

But slow or fast, sweetheart, the fleeting hours
Bear one bright legend on their ceaseless flow,
The story of a love, whose kindly powers
And sacredness we know.

No year can dim the glory of its strength,
No century can fold its joy from sight;
Born in earth's darkness, it will reach at length
God's everlasting light.

Parted to-day, the meeting-time will come,
And so I win my gladness, dear, from this—
Each throb of time brings me more near to home,
And nearer to thy kiss!

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

A PERFECT madness of jealousy and agony seizes Toboskie. It is with the utmost effort that he restrains himself from taking her in his arms, and giving vent to this fierce wrath that has suddenly fastened upon him for this righteous man—from crying, "Your religion shall not touch her, she is mine—mine for all eternity!"

From henceforth he will be jealous of all things; he is even jealous now of the purity and religion with which this man would enwrap her, as in a mantle. And it is a peculiar love this that has fastened upon him—a love that would bend her proud spirit to the haughty supremacy of his will—that would make her know no law save in him! Even this affection, grand and entire, but for this, is subservient to his thirst for victory, his lust for power. Yet even while he craves it and looks in the steady, glorious eyes, something in his soul whispers that never in all the years of his life will this hungry desire for dominion over her be satiated.

He knows well the haughty supremacy of her will—the quiet, but unalterable firmness of her nature. In her soul there is no plastic clay ready for the potter's hand, but granite, hard and immovable as his own, and with which he may forever contend but never triumph over. A gloomy conviction is upon him that for them the future holds but little happiness, that their natures are too closely alike, too haughty, dominant and unbending. And he knows that this will be a strife, a flaming sword, between them for ever.

Still, despite this thirst for dominion, his whole life and soul are merged in this one fierce passion she has enkindled—a passion that could taste shame, poverty and death for her, but never lessen. He would give her his life; his honor, which he prizes more; his happiness; but he must struggle through seas of trouble that will bend and shatter his pride and smite his haughty manhood to the dust ere he can acknowledge the superiority of her matchless womanhood. As surely as these three stand now together the day will come when he shall yield to her the palm of the conqueror—when he shall kneel at her feet the conquered, and acknowledge his error—yet, God pity them! At what a price must her victory be gained!

"The hour is growing late," he says, and his voice is a trifle harsh. "We will not further trespass upon your hospitality. Miss Ashhurst, are you ready?"

"Not ready," replies Maize, smiling at the abbot; "but if we are trespassing we have staid too long already."

"Daughter, you are most welcome." The monk's voice is grave and sincere. "No friend of Lord Toboskie's could intrude at St. Michael's. My son," turning genially to the Russian noble, "if it be agreeable, I should be pleased to show your friend over the monastery."

The kind words, the delicate compliment, the intrinsic value of this man for the first time are unappreciated by Toboskie. Under the fires of his fierce passion that is jealous even of this simple religion his entire nature has become changed. A savage resentment fills his breast for both his companions, and with all his proud breeding and haughty composure he cannot prevent his voice from being cold and a trifle dictatorial.

"You are kind, father, but we will go. The hour is growing late."

Miss Ashhurst's quick ear catches that commanding inflection in her companion's tones, and her sudden humility vanishes, her pride rises in alarm. A haughty, amazed light creeps into those glorious eyes that flash beneath the crown of her golden hair. It is the first time that any one has presumed to dictate to her, and in that glance that calmly meets his hot and angry eyes he reads rebellion, defiance and a proud challenge. It is the spirit of old—that spirit that defied him long years ago when she was so small that he could almost have crushed her in his powerful hands, and now, as then, it rouses a savage wrath in him.

"Surely Lord Toboskie is not such a victim to propriety that he fears to remain in my society an hour after sunset."

Her voice is low and even in its wondrous melody; her great eyes are filled with scorn and defiance, yet also with a sweet, sunny, mocking laughter that maddens him.

"I think it better to go," he says, coldly, and standing hat in hand.

As a natural consequence this perverse young lady is seized with a more violent desire to remain. She turns to the monk with her sweetest, sunniest smile:

"I could not think of missing such an opportunity as this. Many thanks for your kindness, father. I shall be delighted to accept it. Will you accompany us, my lord?"

One glance, like sheet lightning, shoots from the piercing eyes of Toboskie, but he gives no further token of his rage. With a courteous bow he seats himself upon the stone bench, and Maize, looking at him with that laughing, exasperating devil in her eyes, sees no change in his appearance save a slightly ashen hue that suffuses his haughty face that looks cut in gray stone.

"Thank you, madame. But with your permission I will await you here."

She makes him a low, sweeping bow that holds all the studied art of the English capital, all the undulating, sensuous grace of her Greek nature; and, turning with a smile to the abbot, whose position is not altogether an enviable one, she accompanies him out of the hall.

Toboskie is alone with his thoughts, his bitter rage and fatal, undying love. This is the first dispute between them, but it arouses the old strife, it defines their position, it shows him that the hostility of old is to mark their future intercourse. A dreary pain is upon him. Despite his anger he suffers as in all the years of his life he has never before suffered, and he wonders what freak of God or nature has made her so antagonistic to him, yet so dear, so wildly precious! When she finally condescends to return, he is haughty and unyielding; she, sunny, mocking, indifferent. And in this mood they bid adieu to the abbot, who stands at the door and watches them as they walk slowly, and some distance apart, down the hill. Before entirely disappearing, Maize turns and looks back at the monastery upon the hill. She can just discern the massive figure of the abbot as he stands motionless as a statue in the doorway, his black-draped frame outlined against the dim light of the hall. She stands for a moment as though fascinated, then the large and handsome head bends in a final, stately farewell, and the Abbot of St. Michael's has disappeared.

As he draws the bolts and locks the door for the night, a shadow rests upon his brow. He is more than interested in this proud scion of Russian nobility, whose royal bounty has been limitless with this religious community; he is strongly attached to him, and knowing the haughty, swift, dominant nature of the men of his race, looking ahead in the future he foresees a tragedy that no mortal hand can avert.

That night he says an extra prayer—a prayer for the man and the woman just gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TOBOSKIE IS SUSPICIOUS.

LAGORS and Toboskie sit in the private apartment of the former six months after the arrival of Lord Ashhurst and his family.

"Are you going out?" inquired the latter, as his host begins preparations for dressing.

"I am invited to Lord Ashhurst's. Her ladyship is alone this evening, and I am designated by her husband to entertain her." Count Lagors speaks carelessly, but Toboskie regards him sharply. Engrossed as he has been with the history of his own life—with its pain, and hope, and despair—he has had but little time to attend to his friend. But now, looking at him in this keen, sudden scrutiny, he sees how thin and haggard he has grown in the months that are gone. His eyes at times are wild, and always filled with that lurid flame, their peculiar characteristic. He looks like a man haunted, lost—beyond all redemption.

"Nicholas," says Toboskie, and his voice is very gentle—"Nicholas, something has gone wrong. Will you not confide in me?"

Count Lagors starts convulsively, and a spasm of actual fear crosses his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaims in the next moment, with a laugh that one would be mad not to see is forced. "Don't look so sentimental. Confide in you! Certainly, my dear fellow. I tell you confidentially—my liver is out of order."

That chill, haughty shadow falls over the proud face of the Minister. The Russian statesman is not a man to offer his friendship and sympathy where it is undesired or unappreciated. He rises deliberately and carelessly takes out his watch. The acquaintance between these two men has been too long for Lagors not to see and understand that cold, steady light in his friend's eyes. And of a sudden that forced composure, that feigned carelessness, deserts him. He stands shivering as with cold; his eyes, wild and wretched, staring beseechingly at his companion. Toboskie would be worse than a brute to maintain his anger in the face of such woe as this. He is melted at the sight of it—he, the icy statesman, naturally implacable and relentless as fate.

"My God!" he says, and his voice vibrates with horror—"my God! what is the matter?"

For all answer Lagors, with a deep groan, sinks in a chair and covers his face with his hands, while his slender frame shakes with dry, suffocating sobs. Toboskie is appalled. Never before has he witnessed such agony as this, and, through sheer sympathy, the perspiration starts out upon his brow. But he sees the necessity of composing his agitated companion. He approaches him and lays his hand firmly upon his shoulder.

"Lagors, you must control yourself; this is folly, madness!"

Lagors lifts his haggard, sunken face; his eyes are dry and burning luridly, his breast heaves with voiceless sobs. In the words of Valentine Gabaudie, he gives vent to his agony:

"Mad! My God, I wish I were mad!"

Toboskie looks troubled and uncertain. Then a peculiar resolution fastens upon his countenance and banishes his indecision.

"It is useless," he says, in that steady, strengthening voice of his that has more influence with his emperor than any other earthly thing. "It is useless for me to say that I sympathize with you; it is also as useless for me to deny that I have seen there is mystery abroad somewhere. I am under the impression that we are all surrounded by a network of evil or intrigue; your manner shows me that it is drawn very tightly, indeed, around you. Perhaps I can aid you in some way; if possible, I will, provided you have confidence enough in me to give an entire explanation of your case."

Lagors lifts his haggard, weary eyes; in their depths is a shrinking pain and fear.

"What has roused your suspicions?" he says, lowly.

Toboskie looks at him steadily.

"Do you wish me to tell?"

"Yes!" the voice now is almost inaudible.

Toboskie seats himself in front of his host.

"Very well," he says, calmly, "since it is your desire I will proceed, but this will take me back to a past period. In the first place, years ago I met two women in England. I am naturally cynical and suspicious, having but little faith in any one. It is my unfortunate characteristic, but never in all my life have I ever doubted any human being—and I have been thrown with all classes—as I doubted, and still doubt, those two women. Shall I tell you who they were?"

The great, staring, sunken eyes of the wretched auditor are fastened upon the speaker, and in them he reads assent.

"They were Jack Ashhurst's wife and Valentine Gabaudie."

At those names a vast, dry choking sob breaks heavily in Lagors's throat, and his long, slim fingers spasmodically clutch the arms of his chair.

"As I say, I doubted them, and still doubt them. Understand, however, I do not suspect Lord Ashhurst or his daughter; I believe if ever mortal man and woman were held unconscious in a network of machinations, were bound in a nest of moral vampires, were fed upon by human ghouls, it is this man and woman. They are victims of a terrible deception or conspiracy, and God knows how my heart goes out in sympathy to them. Years ago I had Lady Ashhurst's history from her own lips; but before that, that great conviction of her falsity had settled upon me, and I knew that she lied to me. She told me that this Valentine was an old and valued relative; she lied. She told me that Maize was found in Greece, the impoverished and desolate child of decayed nobility; it was false. It is a hard and a bold thing to say of a woman like Lady Ashhurst, and you may call me harsh, but I would stake my soul upon it, that Claire Ashhurst, with her angelic beauty, is one mass of vile deception, one foul and hideous lie. Yet I pity her, for she is expiating her sin in a bondage bitterer than death—she is under the control of Valentine Gabaudie, who is a woman unknown to kindness or mercy. Of course, I am liable to be mistaken, but I have summed them up, and I believe it is right."

"But how do you connect these people with me?" murmurs Lagors.

"I *don't* connect them with you; I am merely stating facts. But I will tell what has aroused my suspicions. In the first place, Lagors, you are a changed man; in the last six months you have aged more than in all the years of your life put together. In the second, I *know* you are, or *have* been, connected in some way with the estate to which Jack Ashhurst has succeeded in establishing his title. But where does this land come from? Not from the Ashhurst side of the house; if so, the very name would establish it and make everything clear and right. England's proudest peers and truest patriots were Ashhursts. Jack Ashhurst, with all his past extravagance and dissipation, is above suspicion. But these Schaffuskie Lands emanate, it appears, from the other side of the family, where, I believe, a shadow and mystery lingers. This property is said to have been bequeathed to Maize. It is a lie! It belongs to one of those two women, and through some unknown fear, some dread of the past, they have not dared to acknowledge their title, but have thrown the responsibility upon Maize, which will lull some suspicion that they fear. And I believe that it is in these lands that the mystery lies. And, as I have once before said, I believe that you are, or have been, connected in some way with the Schaffuskie estate. But I think that if you have ever in any way been allied with these women, Lady Ashhurst is at present unconscious of it; in other words, she does not recognize you. In one sense, Claire Ashhurst is as much a victim as her husband and adopted daughter. It is that woman, that spirit of evil, Valentine Gabaudie, who is the controlling element in this unfortunate family, and who will bring them, for some hidden purpose of her own, to wreck and ruin! And now, last of all, my friend, I will give you my final reason. One night, a few weeks ago, I was restless, and could not remain at home. Although it was late then, well on to twelve o'clock, I decided to call on you, knowing that you seldom retire before the early hours of the morning. I came alone, without servant or carriage, and just as I was about to ascend your steps the hall-door opened, and a woman stepped out. The light of the street-lamp fell straight upon her, and revealed the face of Valentine Gabaudie—but it was not the countenance of a mistress returning from midnight revels with her lover, but the face of a devil incarnate, stamped with hatred and vengeance."

He pauses, and there is an intense silence in the chamber while the two men gaze steadily at one another. Then the ashen lips of Count Lagors move, and he speaks feebly.

"To-morrow, or soon," he says, and he struggles hard for breath, "I will tell you all. I am too weak to explain to-night."

With closed eyes, he lies back in his chair, and Toboskie sees that a shadow like that of death hovers over his sunken features.

"You are too ill to go out to-night," he says.

"I shall not leave my room before to-morrow," is the weary reply.

Then a transformation is wrought. He leaps to his feet and commences pacing the floor. His eyes burn with a passionate, angry fire, and a hectic flush stamps his cheek, and, as he speaks, he flings his hands around with the wildness of a maniac.

"Oh, that fiend incarnate!" he cries, while his eyes deepen in a murderous rage and his voice is low with concentrated passion. "Oh, that she-devil! My God, give me the chance of dealing with her as I would like! Toboskie, I could see Valentine Gabaudie strung to the rack and never pity her! I could see her burnt at the stake and not raise a finger to save her. But, have mercy on me! I love the other one—I love Claire, that sweet, dazzling, maddening woman that Jack Ashhurst claims for his own. Oh, if I had not been mad, if I had not been a fool in those other days. Oh, Claire, Claire!"—he stops, and down his sunken cheeks roll a flood of tears, evidence of a strong man's incomputable woe. His long, thin fingers are locked tightly before him; his eyes, staring and horror-filled, are fixed upon vacancy; his slim figure shivers as with mortal cold. He is a wreck soul and body, but whatever of sin his past may hold, he has atoned for it in this hour.

"You must compose yourself, Nicholas," says Toboskie, who really fears for his friend's reason. "Nothing can be gained by this. I will leave you, for I believe you will do better alone."

Count Lagors turns to his friend and upon his shoulder lays his hand that shivers like a leaf.

"I must warn you," he says, hoarsely, "against that woman. In Valentine you have a bitter and implacable enemy—a woman who will soon or late be revenged upon all she hates."

"I know it," says Toboskie, calmly, though a hand of ice seizes his vitals.

"And if ever she can do you an injury she will do it."

"I know that, too."

"How have you gained her enmity?"

"It was long ago in England. You must know that she is the possessor of a remarkable power, the gift of magnetism."

"Know it!" cries Lagors, excitedly. "My God, I should *think* I knew it!"

"Well, that power was utterly useless with me, for the simple reason that my will was stronger than *hers*. She attempted to influence me once, years ago in England, but failed. From that moment she has been my enemy. And now she has me in her power."

"How?"

"She can injure me, kill me, through Maize." Toboskie's voice is low and husky, showing how mighty is the love wherewith he loves this girl.

And over Count Lagors's countenance falls a whiteness and a horror appalling to witness. He lifts his ghastly, stricken face, and Toboskie shudders and shades his eyes with his hands. He essays to speak, but his tongue seems paralyzed, himself turned to marble; he only stares at Toboskie in that blind, stricken, terrified way that would move a heart of stone.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter now?" cries Toboskie, who is also pale to the lips.

But Count Lagors takes no notice of the question. His eyes are fastened upon his companion in that dumb and appalling horror. His lips move, and finally, in a halting, feeble way, shape the words:

"And you love the girl?"

"I do!"

"God have mercy on us!" It is all he says, but Toboskie again shudders at the depth of agony the exclamation holds, as he obeys Lagors's motion and leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIX.—ANOTHER CONTEST.

"JACK, dear, old father, Jack!" the lusty shout, denoting a bronchial organization in the highest state of soundness, floats down the street on the crisp, frosty air, something like a clear, sharp clash of silvern bells. It is Maize; she stands under the arched doorway of the gray old castle where they live—a sight, upon the early Russian morning, that would do a soul good. Never was her rich, royal beauty more apparent. She is evidently in great haste, for down over the fur cloak that she has hastily thrown around her falls a vail that seems to have concentrated all the brightness of the sun. It gleams and flashes in the morning light; it glides around her proud figure like a thing of life; it even brushes—this wondrous diadem of hair—it even brushes the old gray stones upon which she stands. Her face, haughty and grand in its perfect loveliness, is set towards a certain broad masculine back that, with a velocity unusual to it, is steadily receding down the street.

"Jack! Jack! you stupid man, can you hear nothing?"

Still the figure proceeds on its way with a calmness and decision particularly exasperating to the young lady.

"*Jack!*" this time the shout, rendered desperate, reaches the gentleman. He stops precipitately, glances to his right and left, then turns slowly and sees the young lady gesticulating upon the step.

"Bless my soul!" he mutters, and starts hastily towards her.

"I want you," says Maize, when he reaches her, quite out of breath from his unusual speed, "I want you to buy me some of those chocolate caramels. There is only one place in St. Petersburg where you can get them, and

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they have them exactly like those we get at Simpson's, in London."

"Well, upon my soul!" splutters Jack, in eminent danger of choking in his indignation, "is that what you called me back for, and disturbed the peace in general, may I inquire?"

"It is partly what I called you back for. Mercy on us! Jack, don't blow so."

"Young lady," says Jack, with sudden and crushing dignity, "let me tell you there are limits to my endurance. You shout after me down the street until I am in danger of being arrested for harboring a lunatic, and by a thousand ways of contemptible artifice. Yes, madam, *contemptible* artifice. You insinuate that there are urgent and imperative reasons for my immediate return, and then, when you have succeeded in deluding me, you have the audacity to tell me you want some sugar-plums, and—to blow me up for blowing." After which villainous pun Jack ceases, with a broad grin, feeling that he has amply avenged himself.

Maize reels back against the door.

"Jack," she says, faintly, "Jack, I'm sick."

"Very well," promptly responds Jack, and with a display of malice that is an outrage—"very well, here is Toboskie; send him for a doctor."

Maize's embarrassment threatens for the moment to leave nothing to be desired on Jack's part, as she glances hastily up, and sees Count Toboskie standing a few steps away, with a look of enjoyment upon his face, that speedily awakens in the breast of this savage young lady a strong desire to murder him. She looks down at her *robe de chambre*, at her small, bare feet—positively *bare*—thrust in the fur-lined sandals. True, the dress is of the richest texture, but open very low at the throat, and her sandals are altogether irreproachable; still she has the vague impression that her toilet is not altogether suitable for the street.

Toboskie, on his part, thinks it the most delightful, bewitching costume he has ever beheld; wonders why in the world she doesn't always wear it, and swears, silently, that a wife dressed always in this style would be a heaven too great for earth.

Maize positively glares at Jack as if that injured individual were the cause of her mortification, and for a moment looks as if she were about to beat a retreat.

"You are better, my dear?" inquires Jack, with suspicious solicitude.

"You, men," says the young lady, without deigning to notice this disgraceful thrust, "must be possessed with the demon of early-rising."

"I confess, it is something unusual for me," laughs Toboskie; "but I had a vague idea that there was something said last night about an early gallop over the country for you and me. Was I correct?"

"I believe you asked me if I would go out riding this morning," replies Maize, ungraciously. And shooting him a side-long glance, is delighted to see that it takes effect. The Russian straightens his magnificent form, and his eyes flash.

Jack takes out his watch; it is evident that he is growing impatient.

"If you will have the kindness—" he begins.

"Oh, yes," promptly responds his obedient daughter, "I called you back to tell you that, in a moment of madness, I was betrayed into making an engagement to go out riding this morning. But, since I *have* made it, I want to tell you that I will not ride that nasty beast you bought yesterday."

"Eh?" Jack is the picture of idiotic bewilderment. Toboskie stands by, black as a thundercloud.

"I thought I spoke plainly."

"You won't ride him, eh?"

"No, I won't."

"He is the best saddle-horse for a lady I could find in Russia." Jack's tones are a trifle indignant now, as befits the occasion.

"Oh, no, he isn't," respectfully contradicts Maize. "The horse you bought to take back to England—if ever we go—is the best horse in Russia, and he it is I will ride."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT WESTERN FLOODS.

NEVER has the "Father of Streams" raised his waters so high as in June, 1880. The great rain on the tributaries of the Upper Mississippi, particularly the Chippewa River in Wisconsin, caused the water to rise six feet within twenty-four hours, and at St. Paul, Dubuque and other cities on the Upper Mississippi, there was an immense inundation. This was in the first week in June. On the 11th of June the water of the Mississippi began to rise at Rock Island, Moline and Davenport. Of these three cities Rock Island suffered the most. The dam of the Pacific and Rock Island Railroad embankment broke and the water inundated all that lower part of Rock Island generally known as the "Big Slough," and the city authorities were compelled to build a dam to prevent the water from inundating the upper part of the city. Sacks filled with sand were heaped together and two hundred loads of clay were carried down from the bluffs to fortify the dam. But, spite of these preventive measures, much valuable property was destroyed. Houses were set afloat, and whole rows of buildings were so damaged that it will be necessary to rebuild them. From June 11th to the 28th the water rose eighteen and a half feet above low-water mark. The region around the public square and all of the levee were overflowed, so that the city urchins sailed about in skiffs and on pieces of the sidewalks, which the flood had broken up, while adults drove to and fro in carriages through the surging waters.

In Moline and Davenport the flood was also unprecedented, but Davenport suffered less than either of the other cities. The levee was submerged, and the depot of the C. M. and St. P. R. R. was totally surrounded by water. Cellars along Front Street were filled with water, and the ferry company had to build a bridge to the sidewalk on Front Street. The upper saw mills were all surrounded by water, and had to stop work for more than a week. The flood has now subsided, but it is feared that sickness will follow. Colonel Flagler, the commandant of Rock Island Arsenal, will cause flags to be put up on the pillars of the bridge over the Mississippi to show how high the river raised its waters in the great flood of 1880.

Our artist, recently with General Miles's expedition, writes us:

"In coming down on the *Diamond Jo* from St. Paul to St. Louis I noticed the fearful destruction done by the high water in the Mississippi. All the lowland farms are entirely under water, and the crops certainly ruined. In some places the river now is from four to five miles wide. Several railroads lying on the banks are completely under water. A great many cities remind one of Venice. Some towns are completely surrounded by water. In some places it is impossible to land. In going down now the scenery is very wild and romantic."

ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE NEWS-BOYS OF NEW YORK CITY.

ON July 1st Hon. John Starin provided his fourth excursion and picnic for the newsboys of New York, sending some 1,500 of them on his barges to Alpine Grove. Just before the boats started each boy was given a bag containing two sandwiches, two cakes and a piece of pie. A few minutes before the destination was reached the second meal was given out. The boys were all driven to the upper deck of the barge, and a barricade was built of gang-planks and boxes below, with a space just wide enough for one boy to go through at a time. As each boy went through he was given another paper bag containing two more sandwiches, two more cakes, and another piece of pie. There was such a crowding for the narrow space that the police had to do more than threaten the boys with their rattans, and rap a few eager and bony knuckles. The boys emptied their bags, climbed the posts to the upper deck again, and innocently received another supply. It was about 2 o'clock when the barge was made fast at Alpine Grove. It was about 2:20 when about fifty newsboys had reached the swimming place, undressing as they ran, and plunged into the water. Two minutes later, and not more than fifty of the boys had their clothes on. Fourteen hundred boys in the water all at once, and a novel sight it was. It was no place for anybody whose constitution was too weak to bear the sight of a naked boy. Fourteen hundred boys, half naked when dressed, nearly all good swimmers, all bunched together in the water.

The beach at Alpine Grove gave the boys a grand chance to bathe. There was deep water and shallow, and plenty of nice black mud on the bottom, that they delighted in painting themselves with, and throwing, in big handfuls, at one another. It was no uncommon thing for a boy, on coming up after a dive, to get a choice morsel of a pint or so of this mud straight over his mouth. The few who did not go in to swim climbed the steep hill and hunted snakes. After a while they found one, and killed him. It would be a bright snake that could dodge fifty newsboys. At the end of about an hour the steamer's whistle blew, and some of the boys went on board. The great majority, however, staid on shore as coolly as though they had their own private carriages waiting to take them home in case they missed the boat. It took two or three false starts to get them all together again; and then the policemen had to go out with their switches and drive them aboard like sheep. The homeward trip was made without accident, and the boys were landed in New York in time to secure lodgings in their favorite hotel in New Chambers Street.

A FORTY DAYS' FAST.

AT noon, on Monday, June 28th, Dr. Henry S. Tanner, of Minneapolis, Minn., began an attempt to abstain from food and drink for forty days and nights, in a hall in New York City. He claims to have fasted for a period of forty-two days, but as almost everybody discredited him, he made up his mind to prove his assertion by repeating the experiment, subject to the constant surveillance of watchers, those watchers to be medical men. Each watcher is obliged to make oath that he watched diligently, and that the fasting man took no food during his (the watcher's) vigil. The watchers are under the supervision of the New York Neurological Society.

At present the faster is wearing a cool suit of dark clothes, white socks and slippers. He carries a fan, but uses it very little. Since the beginning of the present fast his keen gray eyes have become slightly dimmed, the top of his head, which is thinly covered with gray hair, has become as white as milk, and he has lost ten and a half pounds in weight. The outlines of his regular, well-cut features stand out more clearly, and his firm lips close more tightly.

During the first two days Dr. Tanner drank eighty ounces of water, in doses ranging from six to eight ounces each. Since then, in lieu of drinking, he simply gargles his mouth about once an hour with a couple of ounces of water, which he then ejects into a spittoon. He spends the time reclining on his cot, or sitting up in a chair, or coming forward to the border of his inclosure and talking intelligently and earnestly with his watchers. He reads the newspapers morning and evening, and is very fond of sitting on a chair and elevating his feet to the top of his little writing-table. At bedtime he takes a sponge bath. He is then rubbed down with coarse towels, after which he puts on his night dress and gets between the sheets. Before he dresses in the morning, his clothes are examined to ascertain that there is no food concealed in them. His pulse and temperature are frequently taken, and his weight every day. He has already passed the time when, according to medical opinion, he should exhibit delirium and other evidences of insanity, but as yet no dangerous symptoms have been observed.

A New House for the British Commons.

SHOULD the House of Commons agree to vote the money for a new chamber, it is believed that it can be constructed within twelve months, and that, too, without interfering with the public business now conducted in the old. The new chamber, as recommended by the Select Committee of 1868, could be built across what is termed the Commons Court, and the present House of Commons could be converted into a spacious lobby, the want of which is now much felt. The insufficiency of the present arrangements for the accommodation of members of the House is so annoying that Mr. Sergeant Simon proposes to suggest the repeal of the standing order made so long ago as 1835 with respect to members' places, and to move in substitution of it another, to the effect that any member may secure a seat by affixing his name himself thereto, and not otherwise, at 3:30 o'clock, and not earlier or afterwards, but before the House meets at the usual hour, and not earlier than half an hour before the hour of meeting when the House meets for a morning sitting, providing that the member so affixing his name be present at prayers, and that Mr. Speaker do give directions to the doorkeepers accordingly. The present House of Commons was planned by the late Sir Charles Barry, under the erroneous impression that it could seat at least three-fourths of the members, and that its acoustic properties would be perfect. In both these respects he was deceived. An artificial ceiling has been constructed which cuts the windows in two, thus destroying the architectural features of the building, while the benches from which honorable members can see, hear and, if so minded, speak, are not calculated to accommodate more than 300 persons. The result is that when the attendance of members is large and "big divisions" are pending the greatest confusion prevails, much dissatisfaction is expressed and discomfort experienced. In the event of a "call of the House" the spectacle to be presented would be in the last degree undignified. It is almost a reproach that the present house has so long been tolerated, for it is little more than a makeshift. So difficult was it, for instance, for Mr. Mitchell Henry on a recent evening to find a place from which to give notice of his intention to put a question on the subject of a new house that he was obliged to go up to the gallery to the right of the Speaker, from which position he addressed the right honorable gentleman. The question now to be put in issue affects constituencies quite as much as representatives, as no member of Parliament can be expected to discharge his functions in the House of Commons unless provided with a place from which he can hear, see and speak.

Another Anglo-Prussian Alliance.

THE influence of England at the Berlin Court is very strong, and the betrothal of Prince William of Prussia, the future heir apparent to the throne, and the Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, is looked upon as a triumph of the English party. The young Prince is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the heir apparent, and his mother was the Princess Royal of England, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. In appearance he is rather thick-set and heavy, without much intelligence in the expression of his face. At the time of his birth the doctors wrenched his left arm so severely that it has hung palsied ever since. He consequently cannot take much part in manly exercises, but he is a good whist-player and waltzer. The young lady is a person of decided character. She objects to tight-lacing, and will not be photographed and stuck up in the shop windows. She is not remarkable for the classical beauty of her features, but large blue eyes, lots of fair hair and a lovely complexion, make up for the irregularity of her face. The old Empress is very indignant at the match, and positively refused to be present at the dinner given to celebrate the betrothal, and at which the Emperor made a gushing speech. Indeed, her opposition is so strong that she would only see the Crown Princess for a few moments after the latter's stay of eight months in Italy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The General Meeting of the German Geometrical Society will be held at Cassel on July 4th to 7th next.

The University of Oxford has conferred the degree of D.C.L. on Professor Sylvester and Mr. Lister, the eminent surgeon.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed Professor Baron von Nordenskjöld a foreign Knight of the Ordre pour le Mérite for Arts and Sciences.

M. Breuse has been elected to fill the place vacated by the death of General Morin in the Section of Mechanics of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

Dr. H. Trautschold, of Moscow, maintains that the level of the ocean is getting lower, and the total quantity of water on the surface of the globe diminishing.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Stanislaus upon Dr. Hermann Obst, the director of the Ethnographical Museum of Leipzig.

An Exhibition, illustrative of prehistoric German anthropology, will be opened at Berlin in August. Professor Virchow is president of the committee of arrangements.

The Swiss Natural History Society will hold its general meeting on September 12th to 15th next, in the small town of Brieg, in the canton Vaud, at the foot of the Simplon.

During 1881 no less than five exhibitions will be held at Frankfort-on-the-Main, viz., a patent exhibition, a horticultural, a balneological, an industrial, and a tanner's and farrier's, exhibition.

The French Government has taken an important step in the education of the people: a course of teaching in agriculture has been ordered to be introduced into every primary school in the country.

On Sunday, May 23d, M. Dumas was presented by the Société d'Encouragement with a civic crown, in acknowledgment of the services rendered to science and to France during more than half a century.

It is stated that M Coggia, astronomer to the Marseilles Observatory, will be appointed Director of the Algiers Observatory, where no observations at all have been made since its erection in 1864 by Marshal Pelissier.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has awarded the Montyon Prize to M. Camille Flammarion for his new work entitled "Astronomie Populaire." It is a large quarto volume, with magnificent engravings, which was sold in 100 penny parts. The sale in the first year of publication reached 40,000 copies.

It Appears that, with few exceptions, Australian trees flourish as well in California as in their native country. It is hence, conversely, to be expected that the native vegetation of California can be successfully acclimatized in Australia, and that the crops which succeed in the one country are likely to do well in the other.

Negotiations are in progress for the transfer of the Museum Godeffroy to the City of Hamburg. In it are to be found by far the finest series of the zoological and ethnographical products of the Pacific Islands yet assembled together, including all the types of the new species described in the thirteen "Hefts" of the Journal des *Museum Godeffroy*.

On Saturday, May 5th, the local committee of the French Association for the Advancement of Science met at Rheims, where the next meeting is to be held in August. An exposition of local industry and archæology will be held. Arrangements have been made for excursions connected with the congress, the most notable of which will be to the Han Grottoes, which are situated in Belgium.

The Funds for the erection of a monument in memory of the great philosopher, Leibnitz, at Leipzig, have now reached the sum considered necessary, and Professor Hänel, of Dresden, is about to execute the monument. It will be erected on the southern side of the St. Thomas Churchyard. The statue of Leibnitz will be of bronze, and will measure 3½ metres in height. The pedestal will have the same height, and will be adorned by four bas reliefs.

A Difficulty has supervened in the St. Gothard tunnel, which threatens seriously to retard the completion of the undertaking. In the part of it where the formation is of porous white stone, the vaulting has already given way two or three times, and it has required the greatest care and constant staying with timber to prevent the passage thereabouts from completely collapsing. It was thought, however, that a granite wall six feet thick would be sufficiently strong to support the superincumbent mass of white stone and keep the tunnel permanently open. A wall of this thickness has just been finished, but it, too, has begun to give way, and the engineers are at their wits' end how to overcome the difficulty.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN WELSH has been made Doctor of Laws by Washington and Lee University.

THE German Academy of Naturalists has created Henry W. Stanley a Doctor of Philosophy for his African explorations.

MISS NELLIE PRATT, granddaughter of Rufus Choate, is soon to be married to Mr. Charles A. Prince, eldest son of Mayor Prince of Boston.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is building in Washington, near his present residence, a substantial red brick house which is to cost about $25,000.

IOWA COLLEGE on June 30th conferred the degree of LL.D. on ex-Secretary McCrary, of Iowa, and on James A. Whitney, of New York City.

WHEN nominated to the Vice-Presidency Mr. Colfax was a widower. So were Henry Wilson and Mr. Wheeler. Both Mr. English and Mr. Arthur are widowers.

MR. BISCHOFFSHEIM, the British banker, lives and entertains in the "Old Palace" on Richmond Green. It was in this house that Anne Boleyn lived and Queen Elizabeth died.

A BRONZE statue of Samuel Adams, by Miss Whitney, was informally unveiled in Dock Square, Boston, July 4th. The name of the square has been changed to Adams Square.

THE Maharajah of Cashmere is said to have vigorously set to work to introduce much needed reforms. He is trying to establish a State Council armed with the most complete powers for the suppression of abuses.

MISS FRANCES EVELYN MAYNARD, the beautiful young English heiress, to whom Prince Leopold was at one time reported to be engaged, is shortly to be married to Lord Brooke, heir to the historic earldom of Warwick.

THE New Testament Company of Bible Revisers will hold a long and final meeting at New Haven, Conn., in July, and it is expected that their completed work will be issued by the University Presses in October or November.

MR. A. G. PORTER, Republican nominee for Governor of Indiana, began life as a young ferryman on the Ohio River, opposite Lawrenceburg. When he had reached the age of fifteen he had saved enough money at this work to carry him partly through a college course.

THE first prize of honor given by the Emperor at the Berlin Fishery Exposition to Professor Spencer J. Baird, of the United States Fishery Commission at Gloucester, Mass., consists of a beautiful crystal epergne, elaborately ornamented with gold, silver, pearls and precious stones, and is valued at $2,000.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to pride herself exceedingly upon her beautiful collection of miniatures, and she is accustomed to boast with a laugh that in this respect she has only one rival in Great Britain, and that is the Duke of Buccleuch. The Queen manifests her fondness for art, and though now over sixty, still sketches from nature with much skill and taste.

DR. CAIRNS, now considered the head of Scotch Presbyterianism, and principal of the Theological Seminary in Edinburgh, is in this country. He is a tall and slender man, of nearly three score years. He has a ruddy complexion, a prominent nose, a firm mouth and a square chin. His hair and whiskers are snow-white. He has a strong Scotch accent, and is a speaker of rugged eloquence.

MISS MAUD BANKS, the youngest daughter of the General, will shortly sail for Europe with her mother, with the intention of studying with M. Delsarte, in Paris. The young lady has not finally determined to go upon the stage, but will at any rate thoroughly prepare herself for the work. She has already made some progress in dramatic study. Her elder sister, Miss Blanche Banks, is to be married next month.

BISHOP SIMPSON has been obliged to give up his journey to China and Japan. He had got as far as San Francisco, with his wife and daughters, when Mrs. Simpson, who was not well when they started, became so ill that they were unable to proceed. They will return to Philadelphia as soon as the invalid can travel. It was impossible to substitute another bishop, as the time before the steamer sailed was too short, and the Conference in China and Japan will have to be held without a bishop.

THE death-roll of the past few days embraced the following names: George Ripley, the literary editor of the New York *Tribune* for many years, July 4th, aged 78; ex-Lieutenant Governor Sexton, of Indiana, 4th, aged 53; Hon. William E. Curtis, Chief-Justice of the Superior Court of New York, 6th, aged 58; Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., LL.D., agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, 6th, aged 77; Pierce Egan, the well-known English story-writer, 7th, aged 66; General William L. Morris, the senior member of the metropolitan bar, 7th, aged 86; Col. William T. Pelton, nephew of Samuel J. Tilden, July 8th, aged 42.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, the French Ambassador to Great Britain, was exiled from France in 1852, and was for some years professor of French literature at Zurich. He returned to France on the occasion of the amnesty promulgated by the Imperial French Government in 1859. M. Challemel-Lacour's political career commenced in 1870, when he was installed by the Republican Government as prefect of the Rhone. After the Franco-German war he resigned his appointment and was elected a Deputy to the National Assembly. Previous to receiving the London embassy, M. Challemel-Lacour was Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Berne.

THE author of the decrees against the Jesuits is the grandson of a brother of Charles Dominique Ferry, a poor brother who was in the College of Vesoul when the Society of Jesus was suppressed by the Pope in 1763. On being released from his vows by the brief "Dominus ac Redemptor," he studied Latin and theology, and was ordained by the Archbishop of Besançon. When the Republic was proclaimed he refused to take the oath, and his life was so exemplary that he was guillotined. Shortly before his execution he had induced one of his brothers, an innkeeper, to leave his native land of Monaco, and to settle in France, and this brother of the ex-Jesuit who perished on the scaffold at Lyons was the grandfather of Jules Ferry, the present Minister of Public Instruction.

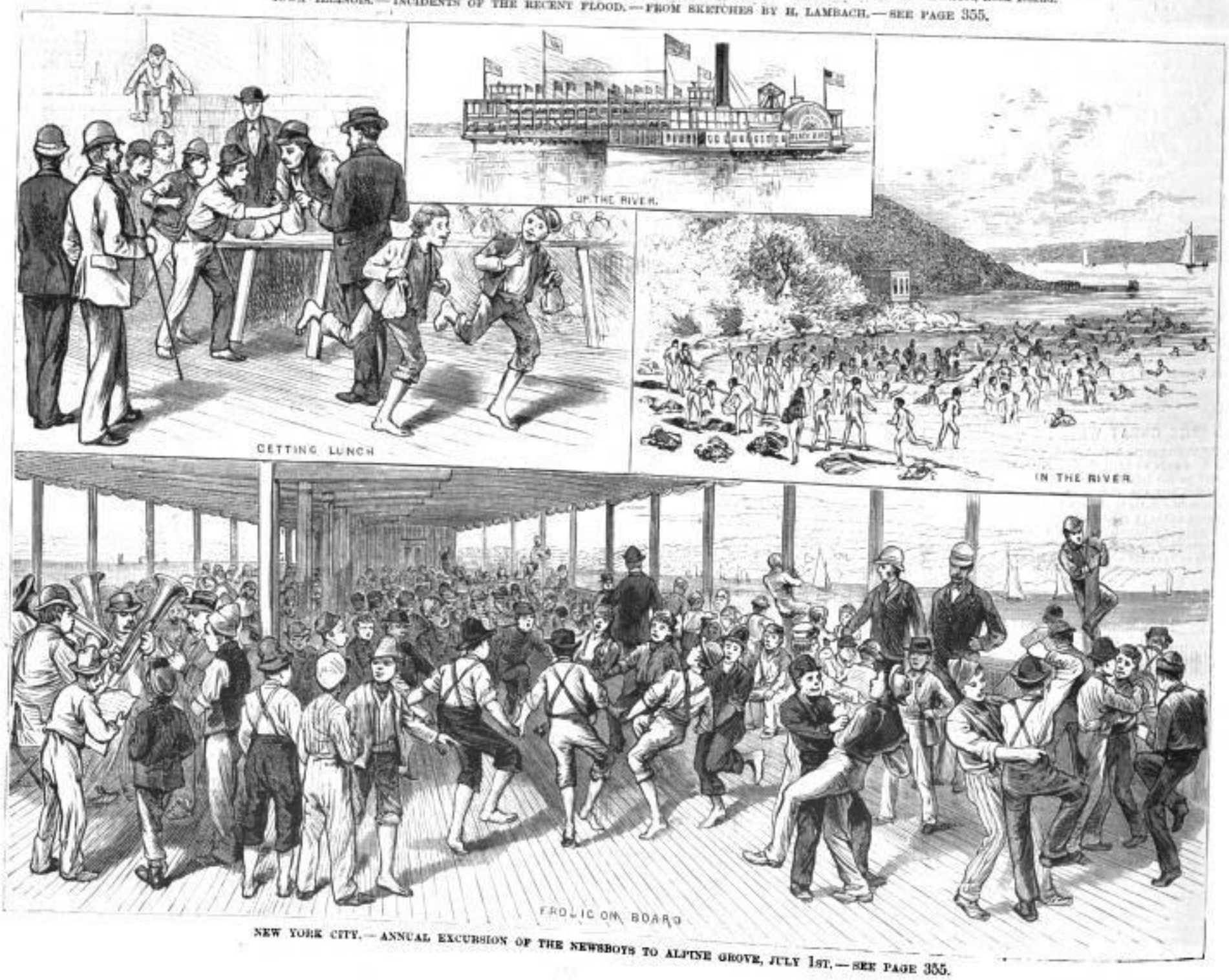
MRS. TOM THUMB is described by a correspondent as she appeared recently in the surf. She is now a perfect matron in miniature. Her face, though still pretty, shows her age, and has a quaint, motherly expression. She is a realization, in a small way, of fair, fat and forty. She wore a suit of blue-gray flannel, which was jaunty and coquettish before it got wet. Her arms were bare to the tops of her shoulders, in each of which was a pretty little dimple, and there was a shapely taper down to her wrists. Her small feet were uncovered. She had a comically dignified air, and stepped into the surf with the air of a knee-high queen. She waded boldly until she met the first high wave, which soused her, flopped her down, rolled her over and over, and finally threw her up on the sand. All the style had been instantaneously drenched out of her clothes, but, "take her altogether, she looked better after the ordeal than did most of the bigger women."

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1. View of the Public Square, Rock Island. 2. Ferry Landing and Depot, Davenport. 3. The Flood at Ninth Street, Rock Island.

IOWA-ILLINOIS.—INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT FLOOD.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. LAMBACH.—SEE PAGE 355.



NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE NEWSBOYS TO ALPINE GROVE, JULY 1ST.—SEE PAGE 355.

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NEW YORK CITY.—ICE FOUNTAIN SET UP IN THE POST-OFFICE BY THE MODERATION SOCIETY.

A PUBLIC ICE FOUNTAIN.

THE Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation have established a fresh claim to public appreciation by setting up an ice fountain in an embrasure of the City Post-office on the Park Row side. The fountain measures five feet in length, three feet in width and nearly three feet in depth. It holds four barrels, and has four silver-plated filter-furnished faucets. It is in light wood, ornamented with red. The fountain is constantly surrounded by thirsty drinkers. It is to be hoped that some hundreds of similar fountains may be speedily erected throughout the city.

A NAPOLEONIC VETERAN.

VERY few soldiers of the Napoleonic wars now survive. Of these few there is one, at least, in St. Louis, Mo., Christian Bechtold, who was born in the circuit of Alsfeldt, in the village of Romrad, Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. On the 1st of June, 1812, he entered the army of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was then an ally of Napoleon Bonaparte. Bechtold belonged to the Second Guard Regiment, in which he served until 1821. His discharge, dated nearly sixty years ago, is written in German, and the following is a translation:

DISCHARGE.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hessen, etc., commissioned colonel and commander of the Second Guard Regiment, attests and acknowledges herewith: The Guardist, Christian Bechtold, born at Romrad, twenty-seven years of age, five feet six inches and one line high (about five feet eleven inches, English measure), blonde hair and gray eyes, who has served, as becomes an honorable soldier, eight years and nine months in the company of Captain Wachter, of the Second Battalion, Second Guard Regiment, and having applied for his discharge, which, by reason of the expiration of his term of service, cannot be refused him, therefore, I hereby grant him his discharge, and request all military and civil persons to whom these presents shall come to allow said discharged Christian Bechtold, who is of the Lutheran religion, and by occupation a linen-weaver, to pass everywhere safe and unmolested, and grant him all necessary advances. This done at the Garrison of Darmstadt, on the 19th day of March, 1821, under mine and the battalion commander's own signatures, and affixing of the regimental and battalion seals.

The above named never received a regimental punishment, and engaged in the campaigns of 1813, 1814 and 1815.

The Battalion Commander.
{ Battalion Seal. } LYNKER, Major.
{ Regimental Seal. } V. BOUCHENROEDER, Colonel.

It was only during the first eighteen months of his service that Bechtold's regiment formed a part of the Emperor's army. It was attached to Marshal Ney's corps, which accompanied Napoleon at all times, so that Bechtold saw him nearly every day. He says, whenever Napoleon moved among the troops, they made the air ring with the cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, but that Napoleon, even in the midst of the wildest enthusiasm produced by his presence, always kept his face steadily to the front, and appeared to take no more notice of his shouting soldiery than if they had been so many croaking frogs.

Bechtold participated in the following memorable battles under Napoleon: Lutzen, in Saxony, May 2d, 1813; Bautzen, in Saxony, May 22d, 1813; Dresden, August 27th, 1813; and Leipzig, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, 1813.

On the 1st of January, 1814, his regiment was joined to the army of the Allies operating against Napoleon, and in one of the battles of "The hundred days" Bechtold so distinguished himself as to receive the silver medal for bravery from Francis, Emperor of Austria. Of this medal Bechtold is even more proud than of the honorable mention made of him in his discharge. It is of pure silver, about two inches in diameter, showing on one side the likeness of Francis of Austria, surrounded by his name and title. On the reverse side is a wreath of bays, supported on stands of colors encircling the legend, "Der Tapperkeit" (for bravery). The medal is attached to a silk ribbon showing the Austrian colors.

In 1840 Bechtold went to St. Louis and bought a few acres of ground in the brush, at the present junction of Meramec Street and Grand Avenue. He is always in the best of health, and, notwithstanding his eighty-six years, walks around with the sprightliness of a boy. His memory is accurate and his mind clear.



MISSOURI.—CHRISTIAN BECHTOLD, A NAPOLEONIC VETERAN OF ST. LOUIS.—FROM A PHOTO. BY CRAMER, GROSS & CO.

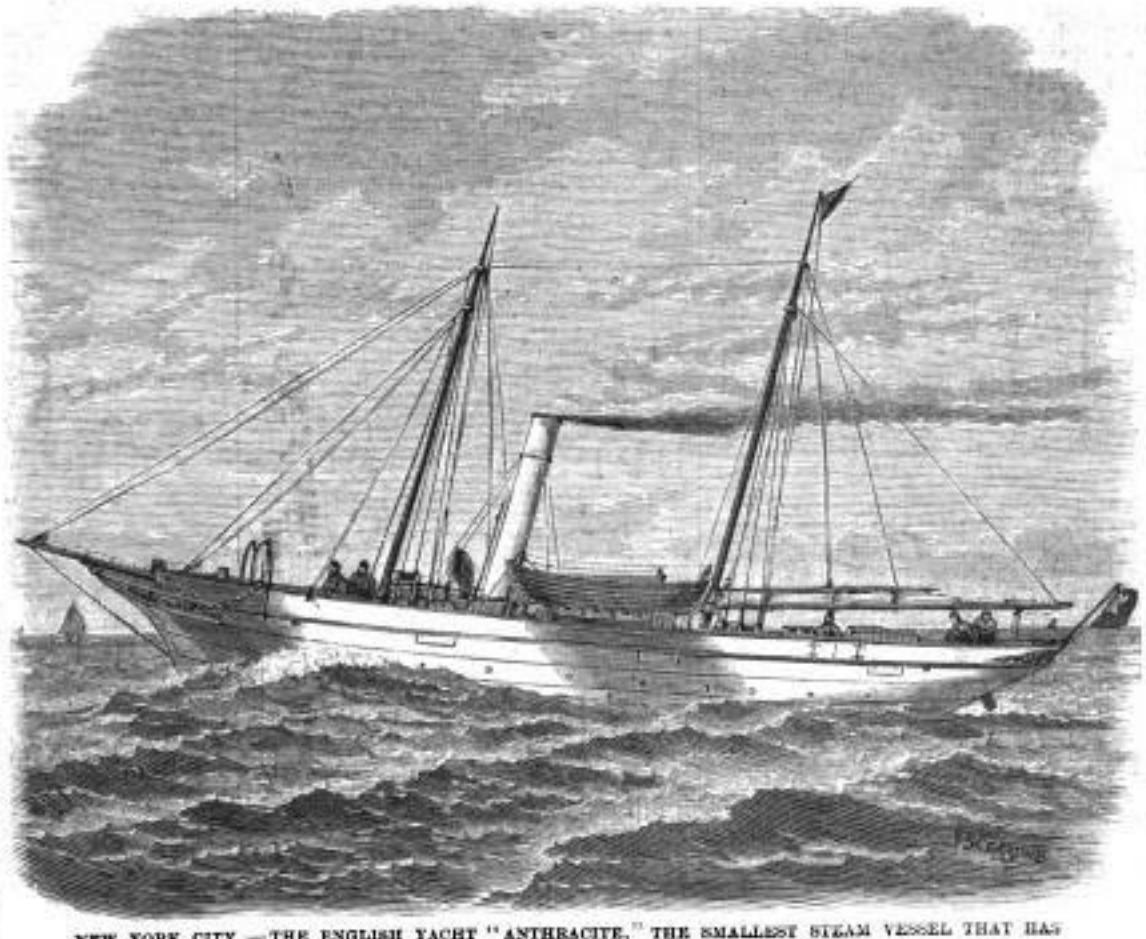


NEW YORK CITY.—DR. TANNER AS HE APPEARED IN THE SECOND WEEK OF HIS ATTEMPTED FAST OF FORTY DAYS.—SEE PAGE 355.

A NOVEL OCEAN CRAFT.

A NOVEL craft, the English steam-yacht *Anthracite*, arrived at this port on July 31, having left the Lizard, June 30, arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on the 20th, and left for New York on the 24th. The *Anthracite*, while of the ordinary type of the English steam yacht, differs in the motive power which, it is expected, will make a revolution in the steam traffic of the world. In crossing the Atlantic, she consumed about a ton of coal a day, at a pressure of 300 to 400 pounds, with an average rate of speed of eight knots. Only twenty-one tons of coal were in her bunkers, of which one was for the cook's use. The expense was only a penny a mile. She uses Welsh coal, but her furnaces are made to use American anthracite. Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the system, is an American. The advantages claimed for the invention are: A consumption of coal at less than half that now used, giving greatly increased carrying capacity as well as a corresponding lessening expense; absolute safety from explosion; disuse of lubricants; great reduction in weight and space of boilers and machinery. The officers and engineers claim that the success of the system was fully demonstrated on the voyage. The *Anthracite* has a patent tubular boiler and compound high-pressure engines of peculiar type. She has two high-pressure cylinders, one fifteen, the other sixteen inches, the steam expanding from one to the other, virtually forming one cylinder on one crank, with a low-pressure cylinder on another crank. With a pressure of 500 pounds, this admits of nearly forty expansions at the termination of the stroke in the third cylinder. The small amount of water converted into steam is again condensed and re-used, and, if joints and valves were perfect, would last the whole voyage. Fresh water from England still remained on board on the arrival of the vessel here. The boiler occupies a very small space, as, in fact, do the engines and machinery.

The *Anthracite* is 82 feet long between perpendiculars, 16 feet beam, 10 feet 4 inches depth of hold, with a tonnage of 72 tons, gross, 27 tons builder's measurement, English. She is built of iron, painted



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ENGLISH YACHT "ANTHRACITE," THE SMALLEST STEAM VESSEL THAT HAS CROSSED THE OCEAN.

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white, with one funnel, also painted white; flush deck, except companionway and hatch over engine-room. She has commodious accommodations below, with plenty of head room. *Captain*, E. G. Dent; *Mate*, George Denny; *Chief Engineer*, J. McInnis; *Second Engineer*, D. Cunningham, and eight men compose the crew. She belongs to Mr Richard Power, of Frank Hall, Farmington, Kent, a wealthy Englishman, who lent her to Mr. Perkins for the experiment. Everything is as perfect as when she started, and she will shortly make a trip with prominent American engineers and steamship builders to demonstrate the success of Mr. Perkins's principle.

Club Life in England and France.

THE modern London club life is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable, and one of the most distinctively English characteristics of modern English social life. The club is an institution indigenous to the soil, and one which it seems to be impossible to transplant into other countries without losing the greater part, if not all, of its best features. In Paris, for instance, we hear of the Jockey Club, L'Union, Le Cercle Agricole, Le Petit Cercle and others less famous, and those who know nothing whatever about them may fancy that they have a good deal in common with the London palaces in Pall Mall and St. James's Street. As a matter of fact, they resemble their English prototype in little more than in name. As far as ninety-nine out of every hundred of their members are concerned, they are little more than gambling establishments. They are almost untenanted by day, and are chiefly frequented by their habitués in the small hours between midnight and six o'clock in the morning. A steady married man in Paris rarely belongs to a club at all, and no bachelor, however wild, would dream of making a home of his *cercle*, as men do in London. A Paris club is a midnight lounge for aristocratic gamblers; while a London club is the daily resort of every Londoner who is in any kind of society, and the constant meeting-place of country gentlemen—a rendezvous for old friends and new acquaintances. A Frenchman very seldom even takes his meals at his club, and he would as soon think of doing any serious work in the club room as in the *foyer* of the Folies Bergères. The libraries of the Athenæum and Carlton, for instance, would be as much out of place in a Paris club as married bishops and judges with salaries at $25,000 a year. And we are not aware that in any country in Europe there is a club system more nearly resembling the English than that which is accepted in Paris.

Mr. Gladstone's Financial Policy.

MR. GLADSTONE'S recent speech on the financial policy of the new Government is regarded, even by so hostile a critic as the *Saturday Review*, as a masterly statement—a great intellectual treat, which no other statesman could have offered to Parliament. "Novelties assumed the air of indisputable truths, and complicated figures were woven into the thread of an easy and intelligible narrative, in a manner new to this generation, and reminding the older members of the House of the days when Mr. Gladstone first soared above the level of ordinary financiers. In two hours Mr. Gladstone rearranged the wine duties, abolished the malt tax, put a heavy penalty on the publicans, and added a penny to the income tax." In the course of the speech he referred to the fact that in 1853 he had listened to an address in the House on the malt tax. That was forty-seven years ago. At the close of the two hours which his speech occupied in delivery the aged Premier resumed his seat, apparently as fresh as when he rose. He is always in his place, ready, alert and sufficient for any emergency. He is on hand at four o'clock, when the Speaker takes the chair, and he was there at three o'clock the other morning discussing the constitution of the Water Committee with inquiring members. Occasionally he permits himself the luxury of a dinner party at home, but otherwise is content with a hurried meal, often taken in the members' dining room. It is one of the unwritten rules of the House that the leader shall never appear in evening dress. While in opposition, Mr. Gladstone dined out a good deal, and was accustomed to turn up late at night, in regulation dinner dress—oftener than not with his white necktie all awry. These joys are now past, and he has settled down to his work.

FUN.

PROFESSOR: "What are the constituents of quartz?" *Student*: "Pints." A bland smile creeps over the class.

GROWING UNCERTAINTY.—*Squire*: "Fine weather like this, farmer, will raise things nicely." *Farmer*: "'Ees, squire, but I hopes so be as it won't raise the rents again."

A YOUNGSTER joyfully assured his mother the other day that he had found out where they made horses; he had seen a man finishing one—"He was just nailing on his last foot."

"WHEN I was your age," said old Mr. Tret, "I rose with the lark." "I beat you clear out of sight, then," said Tom, wearily and triumphantly, "I've been up all night with him."

AUNTY (reading): "There is no little room in the House that members will have to sit on each other's knees." *Nephew*: "Oh, crikey! Won't the women try to get into Parliament now!"

A FRENCH actress, who was graduated from the laundry, asked an old manager what he thought was her "best line of business." Glancing at her sumptuous wardrobe, he replied: "The clothes line still, mademoiselle."

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy in the bad class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said: "Their scarcity." And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing "Don't be weary, children."

A SACRAMENTO girl was guilty of a mean trick the other day, the relation of which will cause the blood of every mother in the land to curdle with horror. She eloped with her objectionable lover the same day her mother was enameled, and as the latter was compelled to remain shut up three days or else crack all over, the couple managed to get away without pursuit.

SERVANT: "Are yees going to be at home this evening?" *Mistress* (looking at her with a dignified expression): "No, I shall not be at home this evening." *Servant*: "Oh! it is too bad. I wanted to go to a concert this evening." *Mistress*: "But, Bridget, you have your regular evening out." *Servant*: "Well, I think you might let me have this evening out, this is the first time I have asked you to stay at home for me."

A SCULPTOR'S wife had her husband arrested in Cincinnati the other day for assault and battery, because, as she testified, on the occasion of her going to his studio to inform him that the woman across the way had eloped, he struck her in the face with a huge mass of mud. The sculptor explained that the occasion referred to was the first time for years he had seen a pleasant look on his wife's face, and therefore he hastened to take a clay cast of her features, so as to catch the expression for use on a bust he intended to model. The court dismissed the case.

EARLY STAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

IF taken in their earlier stages, the progress of pulmonary affections can almost always be arrested by the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," which gives a higher degree of vitality and enables Nature to contend successfully with disease. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," in which numerous cases of relief and cure are cited, is sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"ONE of the bores at card-playing," says "Cavendish," the great whist authority, "is the 'If you had' partner, who constantly greets you with 'If you had only done so-and-so, we should have made so-and so.' My favorite retort to him is to ask if he has ever heard the story of 'your uncle and your aunt.' If he has, he does not want to hear it again, and is silent. If he has not, and innocently falls into the trap by expressing a desire to hear it, I say, in a solemn voice, 'If your aunt had been a man, she would have been your uncle.'"

HE STILL LIVES.

SOME years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., and London, was sent for to examine a terrible disease of the knee-joint, resulting in ulceration and extensive sloughing of the bone and tissues. The man's life had been despaired of by the previous attendants. Amputation at the thigh was promptly decided upon and skillfully performed by Dr. Pierce; and as after-treatment, to purify the blood and prevent a recurrence of the malady, the Doctor's Golden Medical Discovery was freely prescribed. The man's system was thoroughly purified and strengthened; he rapidly gained his health, the stump healing nicely; and he is to day a happy man. This case was among the first in which this wonderful blood-purifier was tested. It has since manifested its wonderful power over the worst scrofulous and other blood diseases. Taken for a time, it so purifies and strengthens the system as to strongly fortify it against the encroachments of diseases. Sold by druggists.

MIDDLEVILLE, Mich., Feb. 15th, 1879.

HON. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—I would say that I have sold your medicines for seven years. The Golden Medical Discovery is the best cough remedy I have ever used, and in every case where I have recommended it, it has cured. I have used it in my family for my children. It cures their colds and coughs in a day or two. My wife has used it several times when down sick. It invariably gives immediate relief. Its sale increases daily. J. B. KESTER, Druggist.

NEW YORK IN SUMMER.

TO MANY people who are not enforced residents of this city for the greater part of the year New York offers many attractions as a Summer resort. Not to speak of the cool sea-breeze it enjoys almost every Summer afternoon, nor of its parks and other attractions, it may be chosen as a central point from which to make many delightful excursions—up the Hudson, up the Sound, down the Bay, along the New Jersey shore, to the various Long Island Beaches, etc., etc. And in New York no more central house may be selected than the well-known ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, in Broadway. The rooms, single and en suite, are comfortable and elegant. The house is famous, too, for its excellent cookery.—*Home Journal*.

MR. P. T. BARNUM, in a letter of the 9th inst., published elsewhere in this paper, announces his acceptance of the permanent general management of the business of the new BARNUM'S MUSEUM COMPANY, of this city, to which he will give his entire personal attention. The veteran showman, whose judgment in matters of this kind is rarely at fault, predicts a great success for the Company, and that its stock will soon command a handsome premium. The subscriptions to the capital stock, of which Mr. William H. Vanderbilt has taken a quarter of a million dollars, are coming in rapidly.

THE semi-annual statement of the TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, published in this paper, assumes new and practical interest from the recent and numerous casualties to travelers on land and sea. A trifling investment in the Travelers' may make the difference to one's family and friends between comfort and penury; and when a protection against fate may be had so cheaply, to neglect it is inexcusable. The financial condition of the Travelers' is thoroughly sound, and its methods of business have proved for many years always satisfactory to its numerous patrons in all parts of the country.

THOUSANDS are now feeling the effects of this depressing weather, and experience a loss of appetite, loss of red blood, have become pale, and are very languid. We advise them to resort immediately to the great Blood Purifier, Blood Enricher, and Perfect Health Giver, DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by its author and sole proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M.D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

A POOR MAN avoids calling on his neighbors for help in case of accident by insuring in THE TRAVELERS.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE produces most excellent results in the prostration and nervous derangement consequent upon sunstroke.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition. It is filled in elegant bottles—glass and cork stoppered, and basket covered—and is for sale by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

PROOF of superiority. Sales immense through England and France of MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold by Druggists.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE—a genuine relish, exactly suited to all tastes and all conditions of people.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to Starnes & Co., Box 2236, New York.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, ¼ and lb., labeled:

JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*, London, Eng.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail sample box, etc., by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

55 ASSORTED Perfumed Cards, with name, 10c. SHANNONVILLE CARD CO., 21st Ward, Cincinnati, O.



LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE.

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1780 — 1880

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In their best and purest form, contain every ingredient that is needful for the sustenance and growth of the human system, being composed, as determined by chemical analysis, of starch, gum, gluten, oil, and a white crystallizable substance called theobromine, similar to theine in tea, but containing more nitrogen and being an important adjunct to nutrition.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Our Book of Choice Chocolate Receipts will be sent free to any address.

33d Semi-Annual

STATEMENT

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL, $600,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate	$346,172.00
Cash on hand and in Bank	253,312.58
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, Real Estate	1,926,397.87
Interest on Loans, accrued but not due	47,712.20
Loans on Collateral Security	68,000.00
Deferred Life Premiums	61,001.36
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies	37,208.94
United States Government Bonds	290,150.00
State, County and Municipal Bonds	396,411.00
Railroad Stocks and Bonds	602,788.00
Bank Stocks	663,234.00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. Stock	19,200.00
Total Assets	$5,171,875.01

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent., Life Department	$3,321,531.59
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident Dep't	320,291.82
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities	250,000.00
Total Liabilities	$3,842,023.40
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	$1,329,851.61

STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.

Whole number Accident Policies written	605,000
Whole number Accident Claims paid	40,890
Total amount Accident Claims paid	$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department	$1,525,000

A GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICY,

Which any Agent will furnish at short notice and trifling cost, covers the risk of such disasters as those on the

SEAWANHAKA

AND THE

NARRAGANSETT.

Every one can afford it, and it is folly to go uninsured in these times of peril to life and limb.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary

NEW YORK OFFICE,

Tribune Building.

R. M. JOHNSON, Manager.



Bouquetiere.

The Bouquetiere is the Acme of Perfection for securing the Bouquet to Coat, Dress, Belt or Hair. Simple and durable, as Gift or Trouse. Mailed free on receipt of price, 25 cents each. Five for $1; or per dozen, $2.

GEORGE D. COUPER (Sole Agent), No. 27 Union Square, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR

The *Finest* and *Purest Sweet Cordial* in existence. Prepared by *DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS*, the manufacturers of the world renowned

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

J. W. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, New York.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

AGENTS AND CLUBS, SEND FOR SAMPLES.

"WE'LL RALLY ONCE AGAIN!" (Garfield's Portrait.)
"SAVE THE UNION!" (Hancock's Portrait.)

Both rattling songs and good portraits. Imclose 10 cts. for samples; $5 per hundred.

H. W. HITCHCOCK, 24 Park Row, N. Y.

FISK & HATCH, Bankers,

And DEALERS in GOVERNMENT BONDS and other DESIRABLE INVESTMENT SECURITIES,

No. 5 Nassau St., New York.

Buy and sell all issues of Government Bonds, in large or small amounts, at current market prices, and will be pleased to furnish information in reference to all matters connected with investments in Government Bonds. We are prepared to give information in regard to first-class Railway Securities and to execute orders for the same. Buy and sell all marketable Stocks and Bonds on commission, at the Stock Exchange or in the open market. Receive accounts of Banks, Bankers, Merchants and others, and allow interest on daily balances; and for those keeping accounts with us we collect U. S. coupons and registered interest, and other coupons, dividends, etc., and credit without charge. ☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks, and other securities. We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

To New York.
BOUND BROOK ROUTE
The Pioneer 2-hour Route.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.25 A.M.; 12.10, 2, 3.30, 3.45, 5.40, 7.15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE at NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 9.30, 11, 11.50 A.M.; 1, 2.45, 4.35, 6.30, 6.17, 8.20, 10.20 P.M.; and 4.50 A.M.

LEAVE NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 6.45, 7.45, 9, 11.15 A.M.; 1.30, 4, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 7.15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE at PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9.25, 10.10, 11.30 A.M.; 1.40, 4, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 10.05 P.M.; and 4.50 A.M.

To Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9.30, 10.25 A.M.; 2, 3.30 and 3.45 P.M.

LEAVE OCEAN GROVE: 6.12, 6.27 and 7.28 A.M.; 3.57, 4.13 and 6.07 P.M.

Trains connect at Jersey City by Annex Boat for Brooklyn, where a connection in addition to that from New York is made with steamers for Rockaway, Brighton and Manhattan Beaches.

H. P. BALDWIN, *G. P. A., New York.* C. G. HANCOCK, *G. P. & T. A., Phila.*

Starin's Glen Island.

NEW ROCHELLE HARBOR, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE ELEGANT STEAMERS

Laura M. Starin and St. Nicholas,

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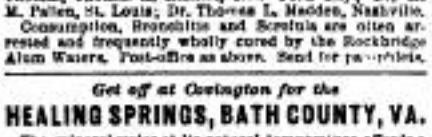
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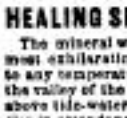
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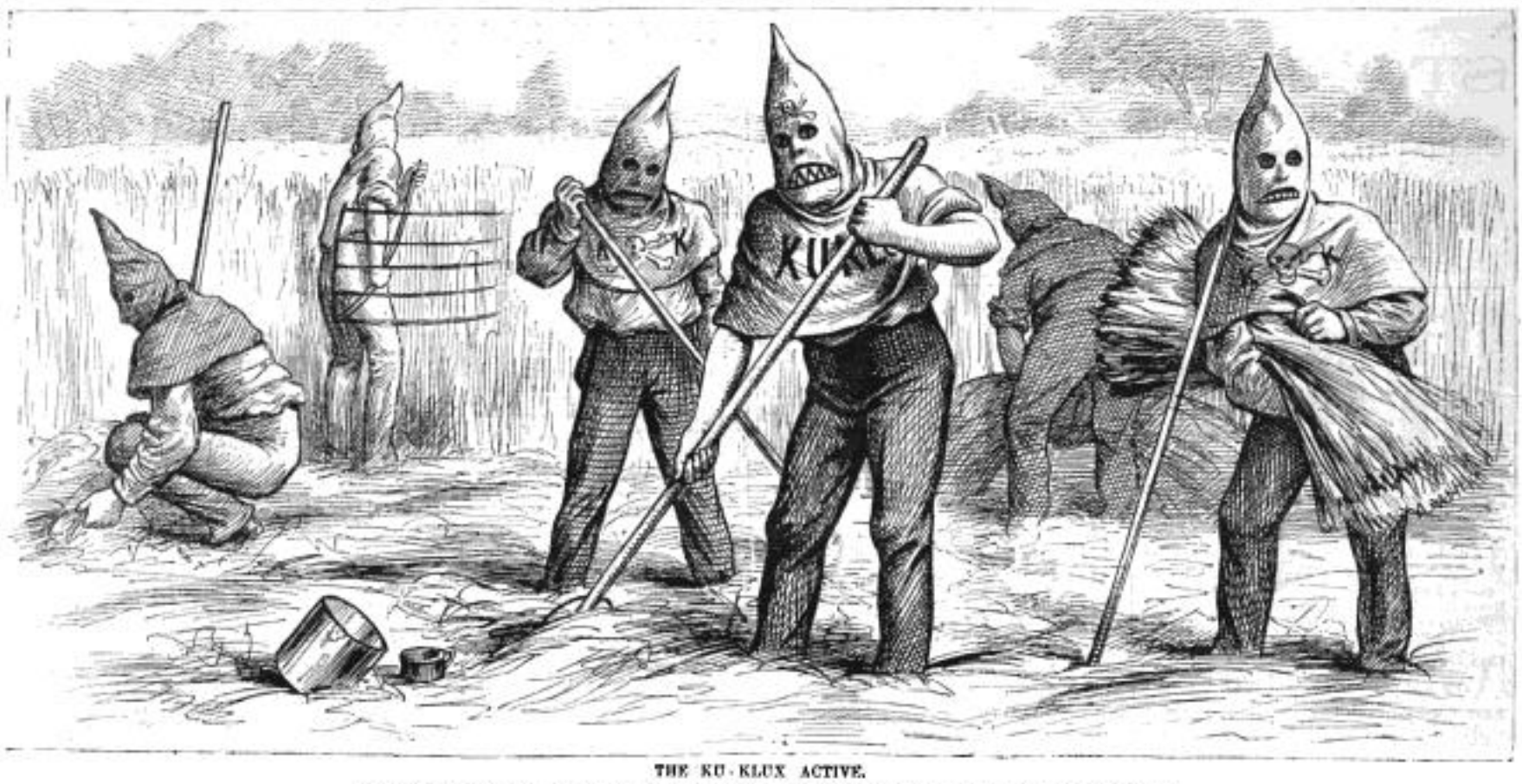
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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1880.

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GENERAL GARFIELD'S ACCEPTANCE.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S "letter of acceptance" is an ample and well-considered paper, covering the whole ground of current political discussions and "cordially indorsing" the principles set forth in the Chicago platform, without materially adding to them either in number or preciseness of definition. Indeed, the document is much more remarkable for the moderation and prudence of its statements than for the full utterance and ringing emphasis of a party leader who is bent on vindicating the courage of his own opinions rather than on conciliating the average sentiment of his party followers. By the tone and tenor of his letter, Mr. Garfield makes it evident that he fully realizes the representative position in which he has been placed by the National Republican Convention, and that in speaking for his party, rather than for himself, he must impose on his pen a constraint and a reticence which he has not always practiced when mingling in the debates of Congress.

In the matter of "the Constitutional issue," which forms the permanent basis of party organization in this country, General Garfield is explicit in affirming the national prerogatives secured to the Federal Government under the Constitution, while claiming that the Republicans "fully recognize and will strenuously defend all the rights retained by the people and all the rights reserved to the States." Committing himself, therefore, although parenthetically, to the doctrine of the reserved rights of the States, he proceeds to enforce the nature and the obligations of the United States, considered as "a nation," and finds a current illustration of these obligations in the duty of the Federal Government to uphold and execute "the national laws relating to the election of Representatives in Congress." But while thus indorsing these laws, Mr. Garfield does not reaffirm, as a Presidential candidate, the opinion he is known to have expressed as a Representative, with regard to the injustice and oppression which may sometimes be attendant on the practical execution of these laws in their present shape.

On the right of any citizen to cast his lawful ballot "freely and without intimidation," and on the evils resulting from political intolerance at the South, the declarations of the letter are clear and logical; but, while affirming that "the National Government should exercise all its constitutional authority to put an end to these evils," he is utterly silent as to the nature, extent and limitations of that authority—the only points on which there is room for a difference of opinion, and therefore the very points on which precision of statement was most necessary.

In regard to the currency question, the most exigent of all the questions immediately pending before the people, the letter of Mr. Garfield halts and hesitates where it should have held the banner of an enlightened public opinion "full high advanced." Congratulating the country on a "paper currency as national as the flag," and on a "circulating medium" rendered by resumption "more abundant than ever before," he says not a word about the duty of gradually withdrawing the greenbacks, or of suspending the coinage of the depreciated silver dollar. On the contrary, he writes as if he was satisfied with the present financial situation, protesting, as he does, against "doubtful financial experiments," and proposing "to maintain the equality of all our dollars," without once adverting to the fact that, in the presence of the depreciated silver dollar, that equality has been already lost, and threatens the currency with a growing confusion. In writing with such "bated breath," it seems to us that Mr. Garfield has lost a great opportunity for himself, for his party and for sound finance.

On the subject of the tariff he reiterates the doctrines of the platform, and avows himself a protectionist, not perhaps for "protection's sake," but for the sake of enabling "our great industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labor and capital of foreign countries." As all taxation is a burden, it would have been well for Mr. Garfield to explain how the imposition of burdens on one great industry in favor of another great industry can add to the national wealth of production; and as in another part of his letter he speaks of agriculture as the greatest of all our industries, "comprising seven-twelfths of our population," it would have been useful to show how the farmers of the country are advantaged by being taxed for the emolument of the manufacturing classes.

In regard to civil service reform, Mr. Garfield recognizes the importance of the subject, but seems embarrassed by the difficulty of suggesting any practical measure for realizing the hopes of reformers. He shrinks from advocating for the incumbents of civil service a stability of tenure accorded by law and custom to officers in the military and naval service of the country, though why such a tenure should not be awarded to the subordinates of the civil administration we fail to see. And until the great mass of the public offices are placed on *this* footing it will be idle to talk of a reform in the civil service which shall be "thorough, radical and complete." It is true, as Mr. Garfield says, that in making appointments the President must seek and receive information from others, but if character and qualifications, instead of partisan service, were made the sole criterion of appointments, the evils of this dependence would be reduced to a minimum. Until the ministerial offices of the country are taken as completely out of "politics" as appointments in the army and navy, there will be a public scramble for them at every Presidential election.

On the minor issues of the time—the immigration of Chinese laborers, the support of common schools, the improvement of our rivers and watercourses—the declarations of Mr. Garfield are at once moderate and judicious. He recognizes the evils incident to an immigration which abstains from assimilation with our people, and proposes to deal with them by legislation if they should not yield to diplomatic negotiations. In the matter of internal improvements, he deems it fortunate that there is no longer any opposition to appropriations which are national in their scope and bearing.

NOTABLE PHASES OF OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

THE statistics of the foreign commerce of New York for the month of June have been published, and from these an estimate closely approximating the official figures may be made of the foreign commerce of the United States for the fiscal year ending the 1st of July. The figures are truly colossal in their proportions. The exports may be set down at $850,000,000, against about $735,500,000 for the year ending July 1st, 1879, an increase of $114,500,000. The value of imports shows, however, the most extraordinary increase. They amounted to about $760,000,000 for the year ending July 1st, 1880, against about $466,000,000 for the year ending 1879, an increase of $214,000,000 or about forty per cent., while the exports increased only a little more than fifteen per cent. The balance of trade in our favor was, for the year ending July 1st, 1879, about $269,500,000—that is, our exports exceeded our imports to that amount—while the balance in our favor for the fiscal year ending July 1st, 1880, was only about $90,000,000, a decrease of $179,500,000, or about two-thirds. That the decrease has been no greater, even to the extent of turning the scale against us, may be ascribed to the collapse of the speculative "boom" which, during the Autumn and early Winter months, had extended to nearly every article of merchandise, stimulating our imports unduly, and imposing a serious check upon our exports.

The effect of the recent decline in values is seen in the statistics of the commerce of the port of New York for the past few months. Our exports in January last, when we had enormous stocks of grain, cotton, provisions, etc., and when prices were relatively high, were valued at only $26,236,500. These had increased in April, when speculators had begun to "let go," to about $34,846,200; but in June, when to sell was the great impulse of holders, without much regard to price, our exports were increased to the unprecedented amount of $43,084,600. We see a somewhat similar effect upon the imports. The total of $51,493,800 last November, and $47,704,700 in April, was reduced to $40,512,400 in June, 1880. Still, the excess of imports over last year is very large, amounting to $17,000,000 for June, and more than $100,000,000 for the first half of the calendar year. That they are still excessive, notwithstanding the recent decrease, is shown by the fact that in June, 1880, the value of foreign merchandise in bond at this port increased nearly $6,000,000.

One effect of the recent increase in our exports and decrease in our imports has been to put a check upon the advance in foreign exchange, and the consequent export of gold, which seemed to be imminent in May. It is now more probable that we shall import gold in considerable amounts, for we are about entering upon a new crop year, with every prospect of a large surplus of the products of agriculture to go forward to foreign markets, and with very little inclination to put speculative values upon anything. The absence of speculation will also reduce imports. Hence the balance of trade, now turned in our favor, will probably continue so for some months to come.

THE COMMON SCHOOL QUESTION.

THE recent attacks from certain not very liberal nor enlightened men on the higher grades of our public school system, together with the act of the Brooklyn authorities in withholding appropriations from their high schools, compel a further consideration of the whole philosophy of popular education and the theories on which State institutions are maintained. Those who denounce the academic and collegiate grades do so in the name of economy, and ostensibly for the purpose of extending the facilities for primary tuition; but they misconceive the whole subject in a manner not at all creditable to their intelligence. They seem to think that the purposes of popular education are limited to the lowest pursuits in life; that the State has performed its highest duty when it has fitted the pupil to become an accomplished grocers' clerk, or to handle his mother tongue without unnecessary violence to its parts of speech. After having taught the prospective citizen to combine his alphabet, and to read the Constitution of the United States, they never think it worth while to inquire if he will ever take the trouble of reading that important instrument, or find instruction on even the most elementary principles of government. These men would do well to enlarge their conceptions of education. What are the purposes of State instruction, and what portion of the curriculum of the schools is best calculated to promote the objects in view? Is it the primary or the academic and collegiate studies? These are the questions that must be met when we undertake to estimate the benefits of popular education to society.

The only sensible advocates of the public school system base their claims for its utility mainly on moral grounds. The State has no more right to educate boys for the ordinary duties of life than it has to pay the expenses of their apprenticeship at a trade. Constitutionally, it can become an agent in the management of educational institutions only when the instruction given so strengthens the mind, enlarges the understanding and elevates the aspirations of the pupil, that he will be better prepared for his eventual duties as a citizen and a member of society. But it cannot be claimed that a merely rudimentary education accomplishes this result in a very appreciable degree. No high order of mental training is secured by cramming a boy's head with reading, writing and arithmetic. These studies are but the foundation on which the whole superstructure is to be reared, and the work of the State properly begins just where the champions of illiteracy would have it finish. Our public school system, as a moral and reformatory agent, would be next to valueless were it to offer no mental diet of a more sustaining quality than it is possible to obtain in the lower departments.

It is a favorite method of the opponents of education, as a moral force, to look up statistics which seem to show that the possession of a public school education is not a preventive to crime. Three-fourths of the criminals in the State Prisons, they say, have been pupils in the public schools; and here is the end of all their careful training. This is not true in fact; but if it were true, it would only indicate that the education of all those convicts should have been made more complete. On this point, it will be better to inquire what proportion of the convicts in prison have passed through the higher grades, and received graduate's diplomas in the academic and collegiate departments. The discovery of the exact number will supply the only figures that can be brought to bear on the arguments of those who believe in education as an incalculable moral force in the community.

There is another point of view, too, from which this subject should be considered. When you lower the grade of the public schools you strike a blow at their very existence as anything better than the resource of the most indigent members of the community. The rich and independent in life would have but little use for institutions from which a child could glean nothing but the most rudimentary knowledge. Indeed, this whole attack on the higher education of the public schools may be suspected as a device of their enemies, made for the purpose of destroying their usefulness. A successful attempt at lowering their standard would finally render the public indifferent to their prosperity or decline.

When intelligently studied, the public school system is to be considered as only in its infancy, and the work of the future will be in the creation of means for securing a thoroughly good education from the State in all sections of the country. It will be only when this most desirable progress has been made that all the advantages of popular education can be realized; and it will then be seen that crime and intelligence do not move hand in hand, and that public-school children are not being especially trained for the penitentiary.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

THE statement of the Receivers of the Reading Railroad and of the Coal and Iron Company exhibits a condition of affairs which is well calculated to shock public confidence in the integrity and wisdom of railway management. The total indebtedness of the railroad, exclusive of stock, amounts to $92,851,321. Of this sum $13,564,381 consists of floating indebtedness, $3,309,515 of which is wholly unsecured, the balance being covered by the company's bonds. The indebtedness of the Coal and Iron Company, exclusive of stock, which is practically a part of the general property, is stated at $64,878,417. Included in this is $3,516,638 on account of floating debt, exclusive of $6,358,519 specifically charged as due to the loan account of the railroad. Thus the floating debt of the two companies aggregates $17,080,980, while their total indebtedness amounts to $200,007,914. The value of the assets, in offset of this colossal total, is not stated, the receivers not having yet been able to determine it; but there is little in the facts so far known to encourage the creditors of the corporation. Among the items of railroad indebtedness is one of $793,638 for unpaid wages, one of $81,214 taxes due the State of Pennsylvania, and another of $739,273 due for materials, etc.

It is impossible to mistake the meaning of figures so expressive as these. They show that the management of this great property has been unbusiness-like and monstrously inefficient. More than that, they prove conclusively that public confidence in its integrity has been based upon deceptions and prevarications altogether indefensible. The corporation has been managed by theorists, who, without special business training, have stubbornly rejected the lessons of business experience and the counsel of prudent business men. The president, educated for the legal profession, in which he had acquired eminence, managed the railway and coal and iron interests intrusted to him as he would have tried a case in court, subordinating everything to his own theory as to what ought to be, with stolid indifference to the actualities of the case. Events are stronger than all theories, and rates of transportation, the wages of labor, the laws of supply and demand in iron and coal, are not to be regulated by any man's whim. So it happened that Mr. Gowan, refusing to learn from observation and experience, and persisting in his effort to run his great business in the grooves of his own conceit, found himself at last, baffled and broken, standing amid the wreck of a property which ordinary wisdom might have made remunerative and prosperous. The lesson should not be lost upon those men in professional life who imagine that because they have succeeded in a speciality, they can fill any and all other spheres, however different or remote from that in which they have achieved success, nor upon that class of stockholders in corporations of one sort and another who fancy that a shining figurehead is the only thing necessary to insure them good round dividends.

A SIGN OF PROMISE.

YEAR by year the people of the Southern States are celebrating the Fourth of July more generally, spontaneously and heartily. At no time since Lee's surrender has the old national holiday been so welcomed and honored in that section of the country as this Summer. Almost every Southern city, village and cross-roads blossomed with flags; the air pulsated again with the strains of familiar national airs; the citizen soldiery paraded in honor of the Union's birthday; eloquent orators touched and swept with practiced skill the chords of patriotic feeling. "This is a glorious day for America!" wrote John Adams on the first Independence Day. We may say the same of this latest Independence Day. It has been a glorious day for America.

Why? Because it marks the continued rise of the tide that is washing out and effacing, year after year, the rancors and distrusts left by civil strife. Because it demonstrates to all who have eyes to see that the people are turning their backs on the past, with all its misunderstandings and estrangements, its blunders and follies, and are setting their faces towards the future, wisely resolute to leave the dead bury their dead. Because it says to all who have ears to hear that henceforth the people will not view with patience or tolerance any attempt to tear open healing wounds, to set reconciled brethren again at variance in order to make votes for a party.

Think of it: Barely sixteen years ago

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the flag which now floats all over the South was in Southern eyes the flag of an enemy. Sixteen years ago a bar of "Yankee Doodle" or of "Hail Columbia" would have announced to Southern ears the proximity of a hostile force, to be killed or captured if possible; in any event, to be hated and fought to the last extremity. Sixteen years ago any man down South rash enough to openly celebrate the Fourth of July, without Federal troops to protect him, would infallibly have been mobbed, and would have stood an uncommonly good chance of being lynched. What a change since then! Remembering that time, so recent yet so remote, what we now see appears almost a miracle. We can scarcely believe our eyes.

Of course, such a tempest of civil war as fell upon us in 1861-65 always leaves an ugly groundswell. That is in the nature of things. But even this has now subsided, and the haven of perfect reconciliation is plain before us. "*Fortiter occupa portum!*" Let us sail bravely into port

THE MODERN HERODS.

THE anomaly presented by great cities is nowhere more startling than in New York. While it is the most lavishly charitable of American cities, there are daily perpetrated in it the most heartless and persistent cruelties, and on so gigantic a scale as to almost stagger belief. The most perfect code of laws guarding against every evil is so flagrantly disregarded as to endanger life in every possible shape. And it is only when some ghastly catastrophe happens that public attention is called to the terrible audacity with which essential statutes are outraged if not openly defied

Despite the terrible accidents of the *Narragansett* and the *Seawanhaka*, it has been discovered that nine large steamers were running without a license, and that others were, to a most dangerous extent, daily overcrowded. Vessels only calculated to carry 1,500 persons were constantly carrying 2,700, and sailing without pilots in a perilous channel

But the particular evil to which we now call the attention of our readers is the wholesale slaughter of little children, as chronicled day by day in the health reports. Since the commencement of the present heated term, as it is styled, the average number of children's deaths in New York alone has been over eighty a day. The most careful inquiries justify us in ascribing this frightful mortality chiefly to the infamous manner in which our tenement-houses are built and conducted. The *Herald* sent a reporter to one special locality, where several cases of infantile mortality had occurred, and his account reveals a state of affairs equally disgraceful to the owners of the houses and to the Board of Health, both having been notified of the horrible condition of the premises, but without securing any attention to the complaints. In one house eight children were all down with malarial fever of the worst type, the cause being defective drainage. A woman informed the reporter that, having lost two children out of four, she was told by the physician who attended them that the only chance was to move away from the house if she wished to save the others. She did so, and they rapidly recovered.

Judge Oakley ruled, twenty years ago, that a tenant had good grounds of action for damages against his landlord for the illness of his family, if it proceeded from any defect in the construction of the house. But construed as the law now is, the advantages are all on the side of the wealthy landlord. If some public-spirited men were to found a society for the protection of poor tenants, it would work a cure in this tenement-house nuisance, and save the lives of thousands of poor children who are now sacrificed to the greed of the landlord and the supineness of the authorities.

This is a question that intimately concerns also the wealthier classes, for many a petted child is snatched away from the palace of the millionaire by the disease which takes its rise in the squalid home of some dweller in a tenement-house.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation in Turkey, Greece and Albania remains almost unchanged. In spite of all the protestations of the Porte that every assistance would be given to Greece and Montenegro to take possession of the territory granted to them by the Berlin Conference, there is a general belief that the Sultan is not sincere. The hardy Albanian mountaineers refuse to be transferred as so many chattels, and it seems too much to ask Turkey to part with some of her territory, and then because her subjects are not willing to change their allegiance, to insist that Turkey should make war upon her own people whose only fault is fidelity to the Porte. Meantime, several slight engagements have taken place between the Albanians and the Montenegrins, and there is an unauthenticated rumor that the Turks have attacked the Montenegrin outposts on the Zem and routed them. Several prisoners were made and sixteen of them were beheaded. Mr. Goschen's mission to Constantinople seems to be a failure, and the Sultan has applied to Germany for certain German officials to straighten out the tangled finances of the Porte. These officials have already appeared at Constantinople and their presence is thought by some persons to foreshadow a Turco-Prussian alliance, which, of course, would be to cast a slur upon the English Ambassador.

The proposal to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the late Prince Imperial received a check on the 16th of July. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and some other members of Parliament had held a meeting in St. James's Hall, at which a loud protest was made against the so-called desecration, and Mr. Swinburne has written some verses, more remarkable for their melody and vigor than for their sense. Victor Hugo also writes that he disapproves of the proposed testimonial. Dean Stanley, of Westminster, the Queen and Royal family, and, it may be added, a large portion of the English people, are in favor of the monument; and as the necessary funds have long since been subscribed and the statue almost finished, it was deemed improbable that any protest would avail. But in the House of Commons, on a motion of Mr. Briggs that the erection of a statue to the late Prince Louis Napoleon in Westminster Abbey is inconsistent with the national character of the edifice, and is calculated to impair the good feeling between England and France, 147 votes favored the project, while 161 opposed it. The motion thus prevailed, despite Mr. Gladstone's declaration that, excepting certain royal chapels, the Dean's authority over Westminster Abbey was absolute, and his advice that the House should not interfere in the matter of the Dean's right.

The English world of fashion has experienced a new sensation in the arrival in London of some eighty blind girls and youths from the French National Institution for the Youthful Blind. They were brought over, after permission obtained from the French Government, by the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson-Gardner, who are trying to direct the investment of a large bequest left by a relative to the establishment of a musical college for the education of the blind. The performances of these unfortunate young people were not only very interesting but quite wonderful, as showing the extraordinary perfection to which musical talent may be brought even in persons deprived of sight. Their performances began with a French version of "God Save the Queen," which closely follows the original of the national anthem, and was sung with great verve and spirit. After many concerted pieces and solos, the closing piece was the "Marseillaise," splendidly rendered. These novel entertainments have attracted all Mayfair, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and may have a further result of interesting thinking people in the great question of the education of the blind.

The differences in the English Cabinet still continue, and the principal stumbling-blocks in the way of their unity and comfort are Sir Bartle Frere and the Irish Compensation Act. During the Conservative Government the Liberals were incessantly clamoring for the removal of Sir Bartle Frere, on the ground of the mischief done by his disastrous policy. With the coming into power of Mr Gladstone's Government it was assumed that the High Commissioner would at once be recalled from the Cape; but the Premier has stated to the House of Commons that he must be kept in office because of his special fitness for working out the miserable scheme of confederation which is to be forced upon South Africa. Sir Bartle Frere is somewhat of a heavy load upon the colonial funds, for by the civil service revised estimates just printed it appears that he receives $30,000 a year from the colonial fund, an annuity of $5,000 a year from Indian revenues, and a pension of $2,500 a year as a retired member of the Council of India. Besides this, he had $12,500 last year and $2,500 this year as High Commissioner. Thus a grateful Government rewards an officer objected to by both parties with from $40,000 to $50,000 a year.

The European crops are now a matter of supreme interest to Americans. A good harvest abroad means a poor market for the crops of the Great West, although, no matter how plentiful wheat and other produce in Europe may be, the great manufacturing countries cannot possibly produce enough to feed their overflowing population. England is our best customer, and there the crops have looked remarkably well up to the end of June. Since then, however, there has been very heavy rains, and much damage has been done to the hay and other crops. In Ireland, where, until quite recently, there was every expectation of a year of plenty to succeed the famine year, a constant downpour of rain has threatened the harvest. In France, Germany, Hungary and Italy the prospects are excellent. In Austria the wet weather has done much harm, and from Russia come stories of fearful ravages by enormous flocks of locusts and other insects. The Government has been taking active steps to stamp out this plague, but owing to the insufficiency of hands it has done so without success. In the neighborhood of Odessa alone fourteen detachments of soldiers are engaged in an effort to exterminate one species of bug known as the *Aninopla Austriaca*.

THE Democracy of Maine illustrate their fidelity to sound financial doctrine by giving the Greenbackers four out of the seven electors to be chosen by the State. Honest members of the party will scarcely look with favor upon a capitulation so utterly dishonorable.

THE Tennessee Board of Health is adopting timely precautions against the introduction of yellow fever into Memphis and other cities. It has, among other steps taken, enacted an ordinance which prohibits the entry into the State of articles of merchandise shipped as freight from New Orleans liable to transport the germ of fever. Officers of the Board will be stationed on the railroads at the State line, and wharf masters at river towns, to enforce this order.

MEXICO has passed the ordeal of another Presidential election without revolution or serious disorder. The returns indicate the election of General Gonzales as President, a result which assures a continuance of the wise and pacific policy of Diaz, of whose Cabinet he was for some time a conspicuous member. Meanwhile, the work of internal improvement and industrial development appears to be making satisfactory progress. Over 800 miles of railway have been completed and are now in operation, and three important roads—one over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, another from Guaymas to El Paso, and a central road from the capital to the City of Leon,—a distance of 262 miles—are in course of construction.

SHOULD the reports in reference to the failure of the grain crop in Russia prove to be correct, we may reasonably expect that a new impulse will be given to our prosperity as a people. It is said that the returns show a deficit of grain of at least 9,761,510 bushels, and the anxiety is so great that it is already proposed to forbid the exportation of wheat in order that the necessities of home consumption may be met. Such a restriction would be a very serious matter for Germany, where the rye crops are poor, and that country, as the case stands, will certainly require large quantities of our American grain. Fortunately, our harvest will be so ample that we can supply any demand which may be made upon us.

IN a speech in Indiana the other day, Secretary Thompson, referring to the intimation that the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, if elected, will take their seats, said: "This means, if it means anything at all, that Tilden and Hendricks, who, according to the Democratic theory, were elected, did not take their seats because they were cowards. If General Hancock is elected fairly and honestly, of course he will take his seat, but if he is not fairly and honestly elected, he will not take his seat." He further said that the right and privilege of every citizen to vote as he pleased in the coming contest would be secured, if necessary, by the exercise of all the power of the Administration, and supported, if need be, by the Army and Navy. This is certainly plain and positive, but is it not a trifle more vehement than called for by the facts of the case?

IT is to be lamented that men of practical business ability and experience are so generally indisposed to serve in Congress. Here, for instance, is Hon. John H. Starin, of New York State, who, after a service of two terms, positively declines to be a candidate for re election, and his district will now probably be represented by some professional politician without any real qualification for legislative work. Mr. Starin is no doubt persuaded to this course by considerations satisfactory to himself, but men of his class owe the State a service which should not be lightly regarded, and their withdrawal from public life, so long as they are needed by their constituencies, must always be matter for regret. The legislation of Congress will never be what it should be in its comprehension of, and relation to, the great business interests of the country while the professional and political elements so largely outweigh the practical.

THE next exhibition of the American Institute, which will open on the 15th of September, will possess unusual interest on account of a new and unique feature which will then be introduced. The managers, desiring to encourage a full and complete exhibit of work produced by amateurs and apprentices, will admit, without charge, all such work in all branches of mechanical, industrial and decorative art which may be offered and approved, and will award premiums to those who may excel in the arts named. It is the intention of the Institute to have ladies as well as gentlemen judges, who shall be proficient in art-work. This will embrace sculpture, painting, drawing, *bric-a-brac*, fancy-work, embroidery, decorated china, wood-carving, sawing and all other artistic hand work, calculated to adorn American homes. Amateur workers will be thus stimulated to earnest competitive efforts, and the result must be in every way salutary in developing the practical and useful arts.

THE number of business failures reported in the United States during the last three months is 1,065, with liabilities of $20,111,689. For the first half of the present year the failures numbered 2,497, with liabilities amounting to $32,888,743. In the first half of last year there were reported 4,058 failures, with liabilities amounting to $45,779,390. This seemed like a wonderful reduction when compared with the first six months of the year previous, 1878, when the liabilities reached $130,000,000 in round numbers, or nearly twice as great a sum as 1879, but the present year shows thus far a ratio of reduction over 1879 fully as great as that year did over the preceding year. The circular of Dun, Barlow & Co., from which we gather these statistics, says:

"The foregoing figures are a fresh illustration of the healthy condition of business which is almost universally supposed to prevail. If, during such years as 1878, when the losses by bad debts equaled $5,000,000 per week, the failures illustrated a very disastrous condition of affairs, surely no better sign of the general prosperity than now prevails is needed than the tables for the first half of 1880, in which the losses from this source are shown to be rather less than one and a quarter millions per week. So that not only are the figures in themselves evidence of prosperity, but the absence of loss which they imply is a part of the existing favorable condition of business. It is evident that so far as credits are concerned the risks of business in the last six months have been reduced to a minimum. It is to be remembered, too, that the volume of business transactions has increased enormously over that of preceding years. Taken in their broadest sense, the statistics of failures here given imply a condition of prosperity and a safety in granting credits which has not been equaled heretofore in the history of the country."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

CADET WHITTAKER'S case is still before the War Department.

THE Government blue-book contains the names of 97,800 public officials.

THE official census returns of Detroit show the population to be 116,027.

CHANTINE COX, the negro murderer of Mrs. Dr. Hall, was hanged July 16th.

THE wrecked steamer *Narragansett* has been successfully raised and towed to Noank, Conn.

PRINCE LEOPOLD of England will sail from this port, on his homeward voyage, July 24th.

THE Receiver of the First National Bank of Newark, N.J., reports a deficiency of $200,000.

THE Missouri Greenbackers have nominated a full State ticket, with Lyman A. Brown for Governor.

GENERAL POPE says there is no invasion of the Indian Territory, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

PRINCE LEOPOLD has canceled all his Newport engagements owing to an injury received while salmon fishing.

SECRETARY SHERMAN recently visited New Bedford, Newport, and other points on the New England coast.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY has been elected captain of the American rifle team which is to shoot at Wimbledon.

AN Irish Republican National Convention, composed of delegates from twelve States, has been held in Indianapolis.

INFORMATION has been received of the arrest of Captain Payne, the Indian Territory raider, and his party, near Fort Reno.

THE Department of Agriculture reports the prospects for cotton, corn and wheat crops as more favorable than for several years past.

IT is thought that Chili and Peru will accept the offer of the United States Government as mediator, with a view to a settlement of their controversy.

NEARLY all the members of the Cabinet will take part in the coming political campaign. Secretary Schurz will address meetings in Indiana.

IT is announced that Captain Phelps, the commissioner sent to Paris in the interest of the Nicaragua Canal, has been very successful and will soon return.

THE intercollegiate boat-race at Lake George, on July 16th, was won by the Cornell four, the University of Pennsylvania was second, and Columbia third.

SEVERE damage was wrought in the southeastern portion of Chester County, Pa., and in Greenville County, Va., on July 16th, by violent hail and wind storms.

THE Republican National Committee claims to have encouraging reports from all parts of the country. The Democratic Committee expresses equal satisfaction with the campaign prospects.

THE second annual convention of the National Rabbinical Association was held at Detroit last week. The association numbers fifty-six rabbis, and proposes to establish a new Jewish quarterly as its organ.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGE WOODS, of Alabama, has decided that the cases of the thirteen revenue officers arrested by the State authorities for homicide in killing certain whisky distillers are transferable at once to the Federal Courts.

A MOB of rioters in East Atchison, Missouri, on July 14th, attacked and drove out all the colored workmen employed there in various capacities, and afterwards took possession of the town, defying the law and the militia. Its ringleaders will be arrested.

INSTEAD of dying or becoming insane, Dr. Tanner, on completing the eighteenth day of his abstinence from food, showed a gain in weight, a clear eye and a cheerful temper. He now drinks considerable water, and is sanguine of finishing the forty days' fast.

TWENTY-SEVEN Italian laborers, on a gravel train on the Long Beach branch of the South-side Railroad, were swept from the cars, July 14th, by a heavy wire derrick guy which hung too low across the track. All were more or less hurt, and three will probably die.

GENERAL SHERMAN denied that he ever received a letter from General Hancock to the effect that if Mr. Tilden should be declared elected by the House of Representatives, he would obey his order without reference to any other decision or the commands of the Government.

REPRESENTATIVE WHITEHOUSE has been nominated for re-election by the Democrats of the Seventh Congressional District of Tennessee. In the Ninth Indiana District, Judge G. S. Orth has been re-nominated by the Republicans. In the Sixth Mississippi District, General J. R. Chalmers is again the Democratic candidate.

Foreign.

FRANCE will redeem 167,000,000 francs worth of Treasury bonds this year.

THE Albanians have begun the threatened war, attacking the Montenegrins on the morning of July 12th.

SIR CHARLES DILKE says, on behalf of the British Government, that the Powers are acting in concert in regard to Russia.

THE ritualist, Rev. A. Mackonochie, has appealed to the British House of Lords against the order suspending him for three years.

REPORTS from Cuba, not yet confirmed, state that seven prominent Cuban prisoners were recently massacred by the Spanish authorities.

BECAUSE the Catholic priest in Constantinople refused to sing a *Te Deum* in honor of the French *fete*, the Greek clergy celebrated the occasion, and Greek merchants made an enthusiastic demonstration in favor of France.

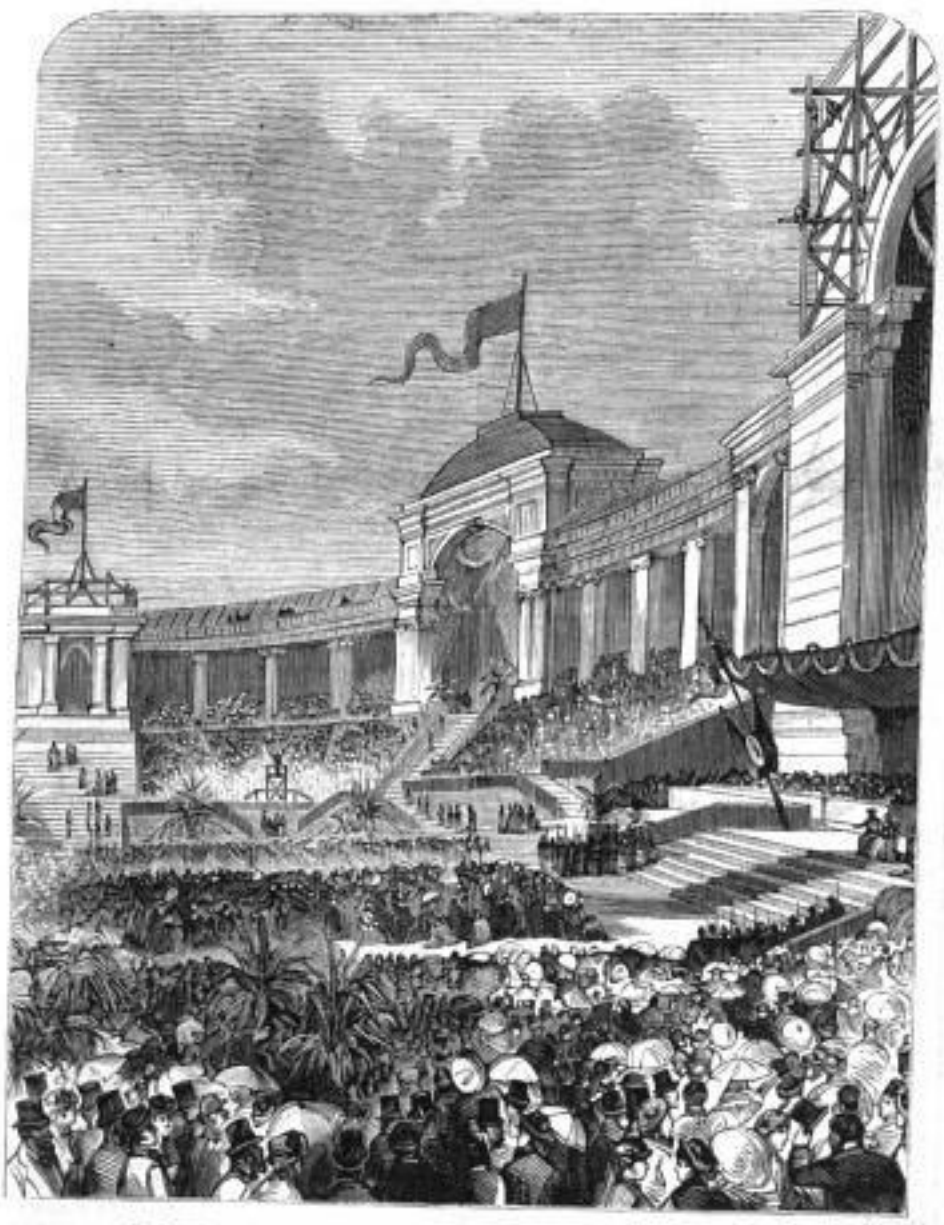
A TERRIBLE colliery explosion occurred near Newport, Wales, on July 15th, by which 120 men who were working in the mine are reported to have lost their lives. The exploring parties say there is little or no hope of finding any of the men alive.

THE weather throughout England, especially in the Midland Counties, is causing serious anxiety regarding the crops on account of heavy rainfall. The harvest in France has begun and promises to be satisfactory.

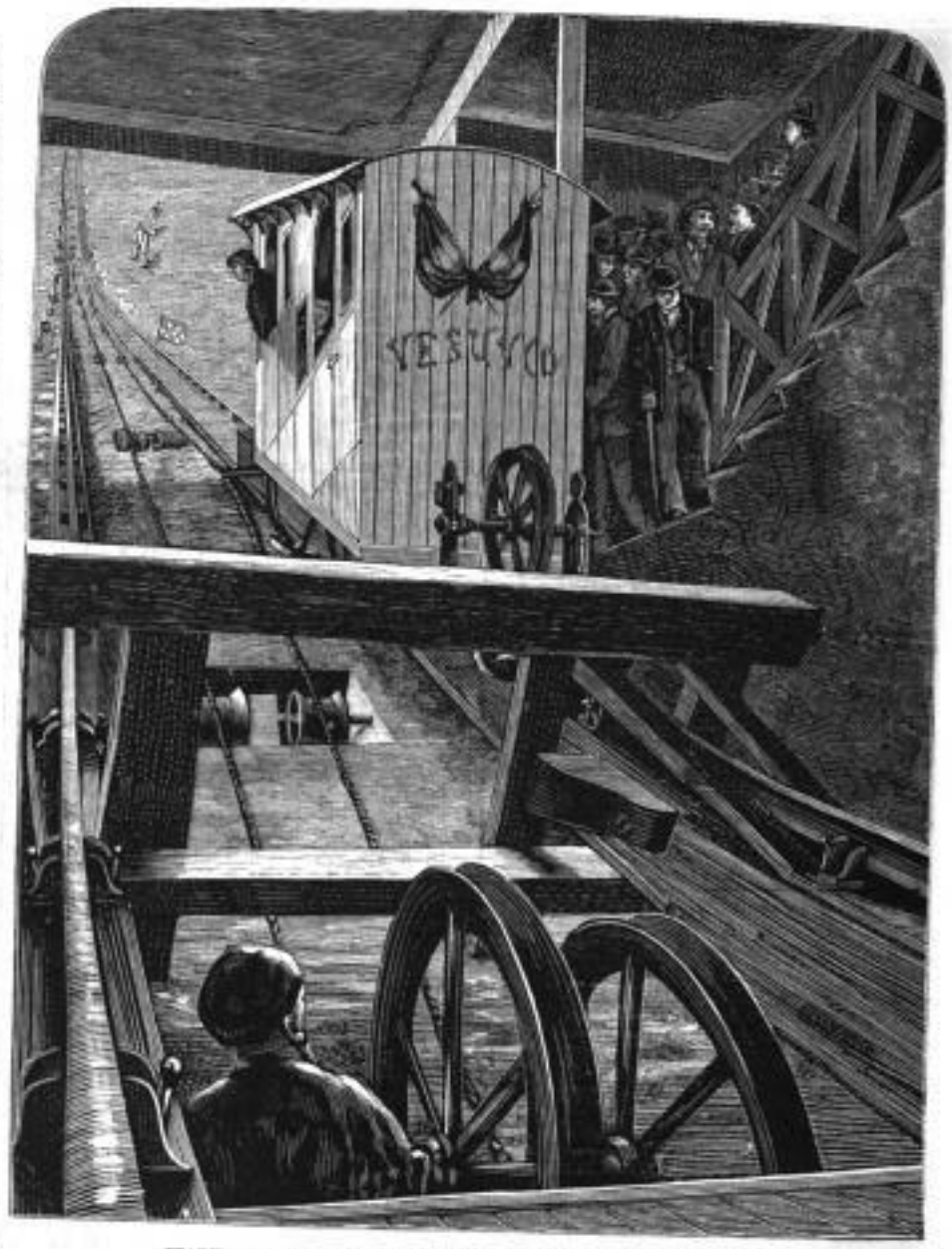
IT is said that Count Hatzfeld, with the consent of the German Cabinet, has secretly arranged for a Turco-German alliance. The announcement has caused some excitement in Europe. The collective note of the Powers as to the Greek boundary has been presented to the Porte.

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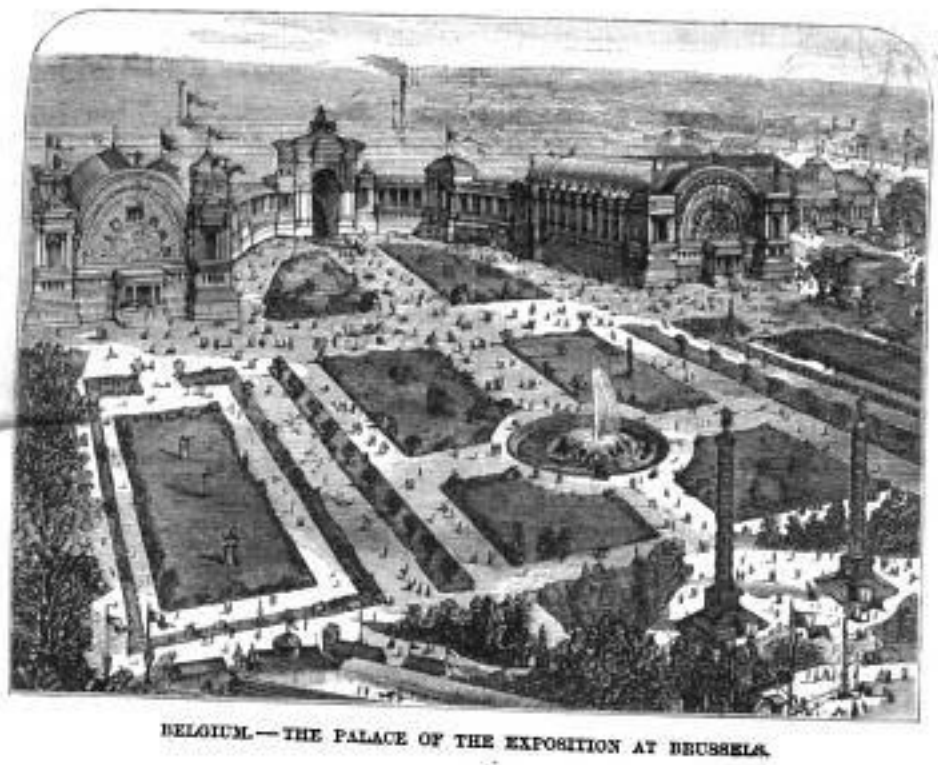
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 367.



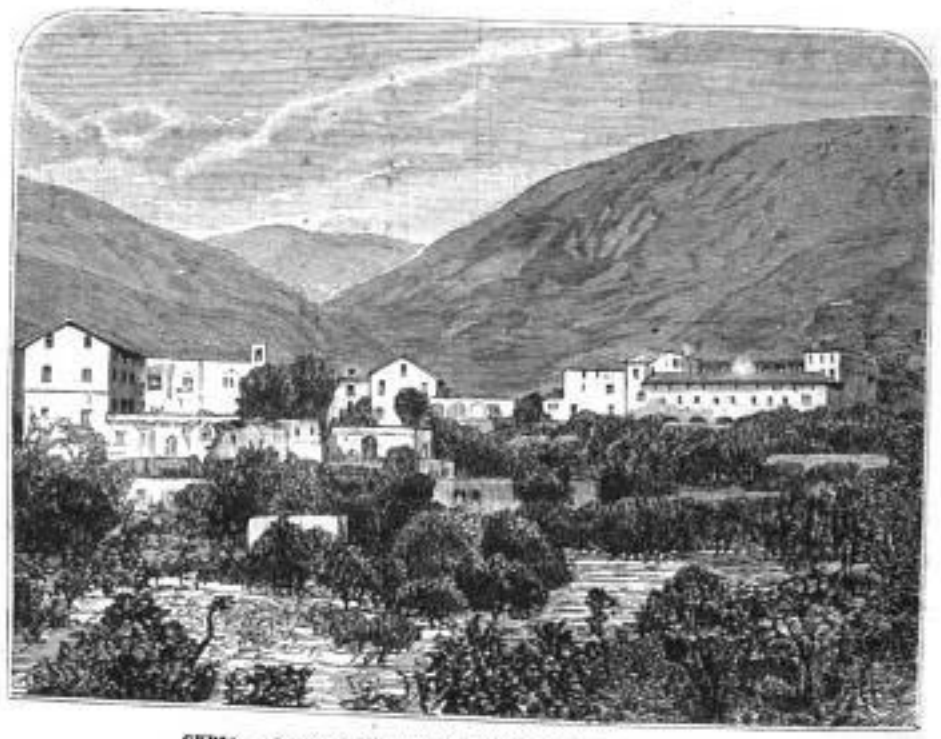
BELGIUM.—OPENING OF THE JUBILEE EXPOSITION, JUNE 16TH.



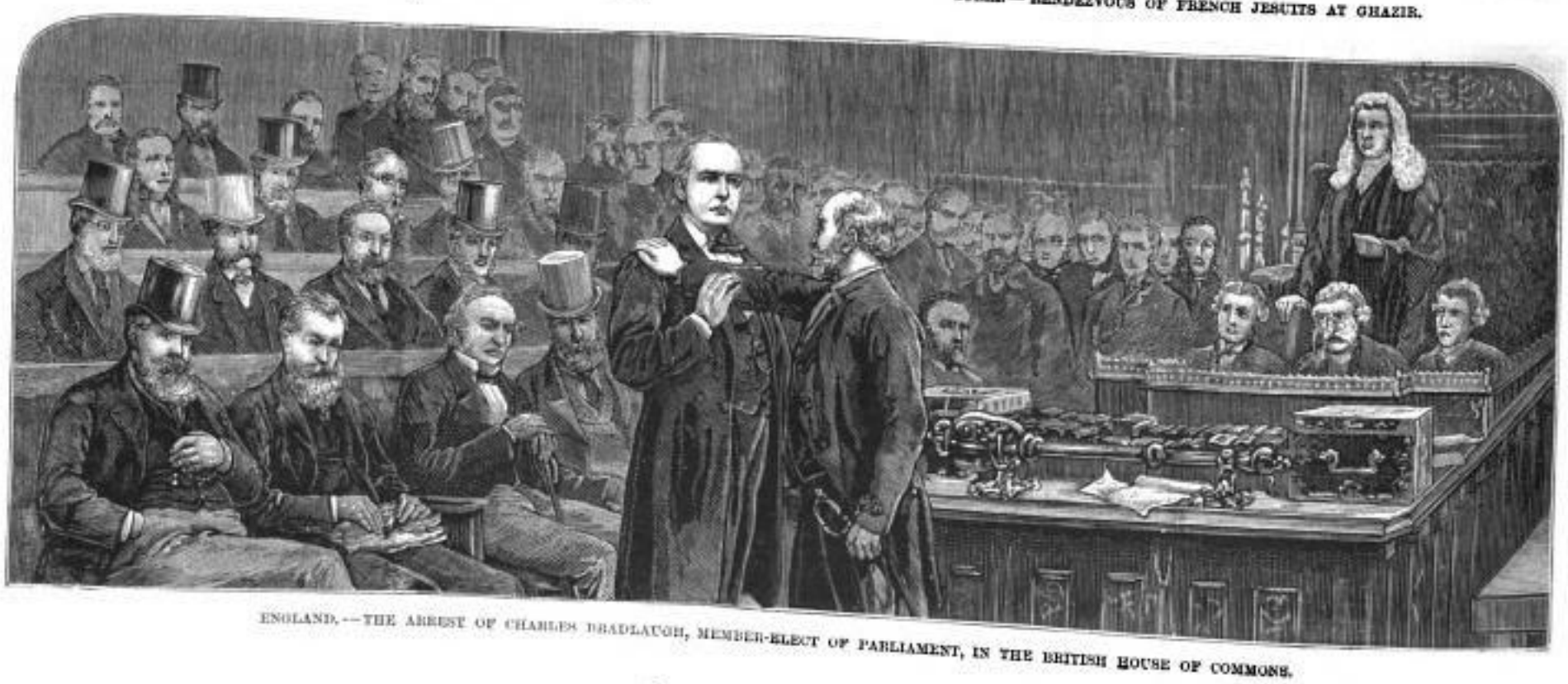
ITALY.—INAUGURATION OF THE MOUNT VESUVIUS RAILWAY.



BELGIUM.—THE PALACE OF THE EXPOSITION AT BRUSSELS.

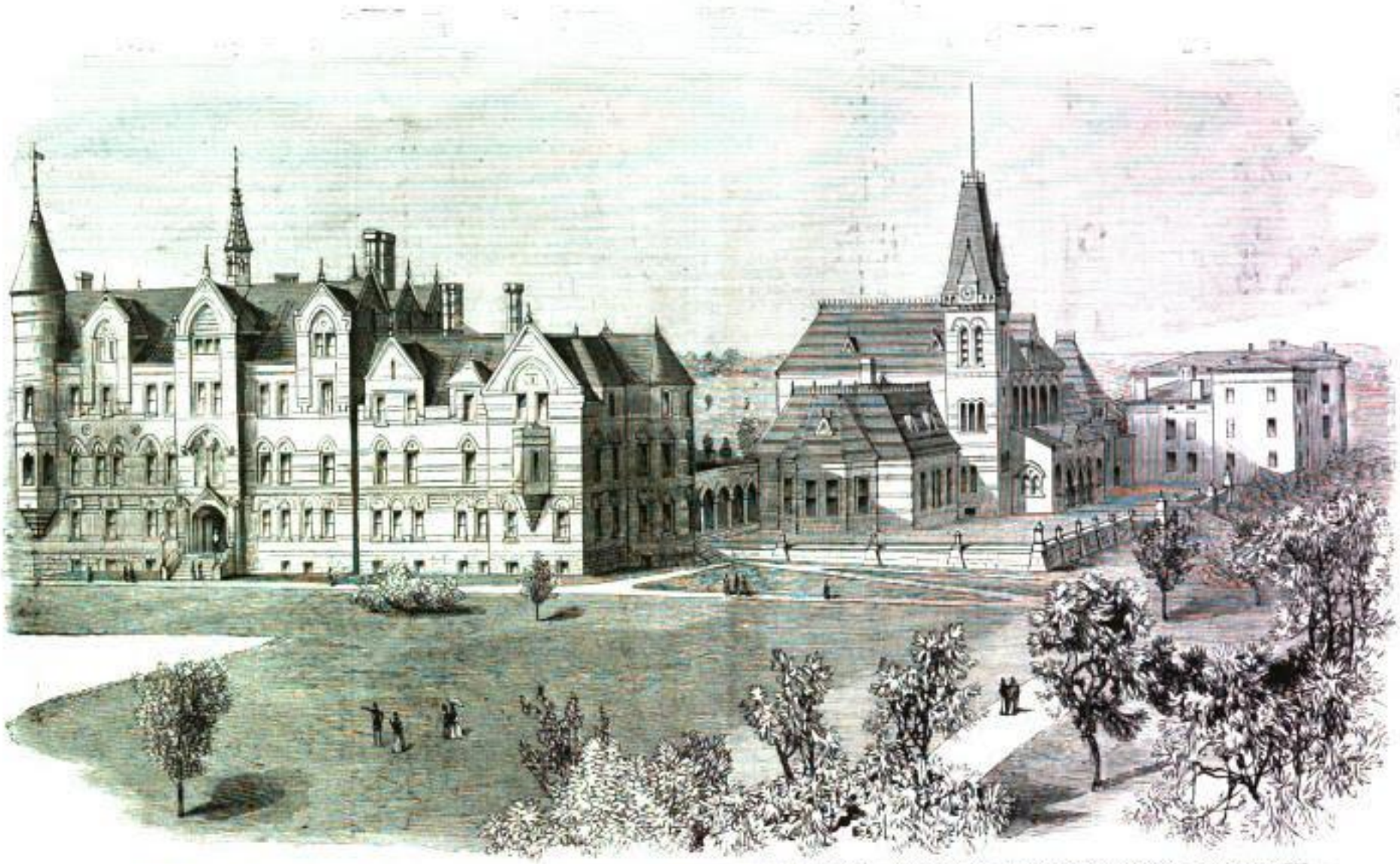


SYRIA.—RENDEZVOUS OF FRENCH JESUITS AT GHAZIR.

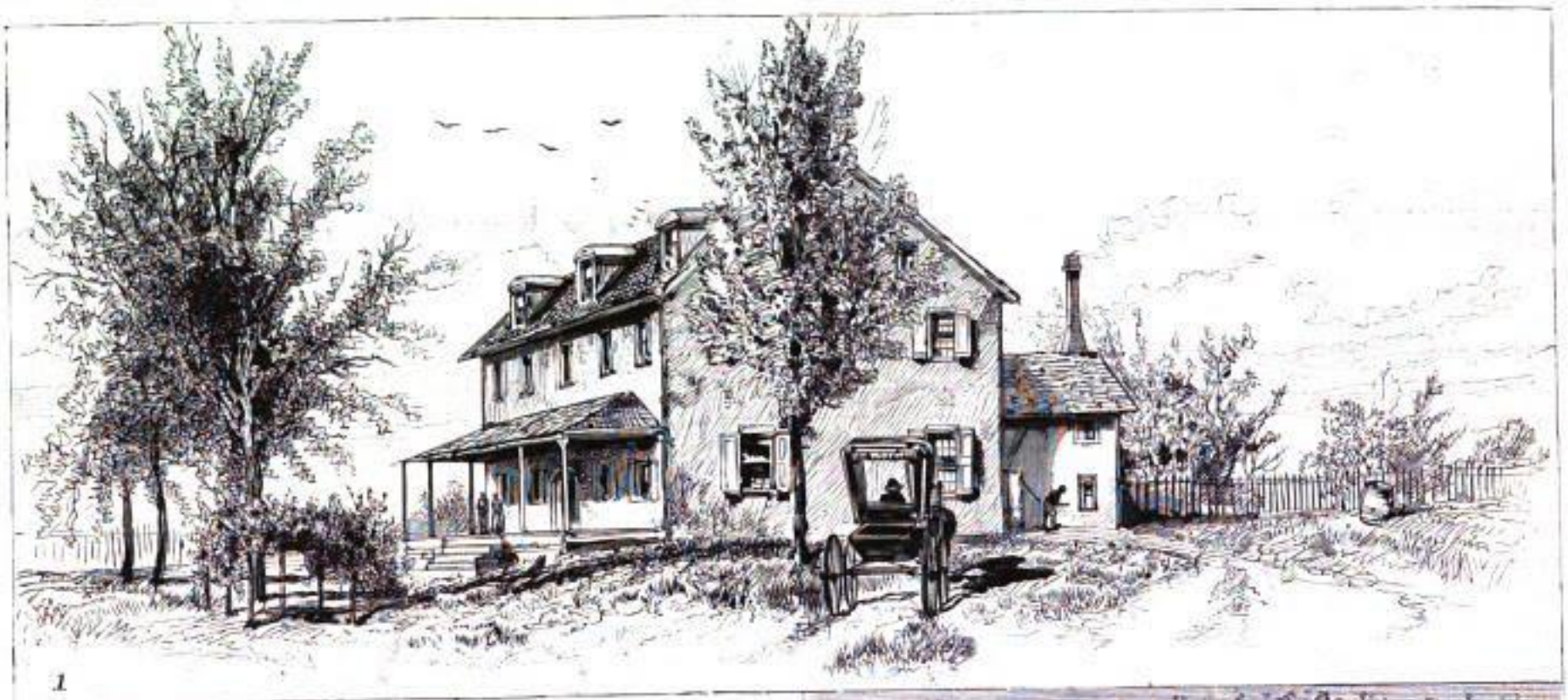


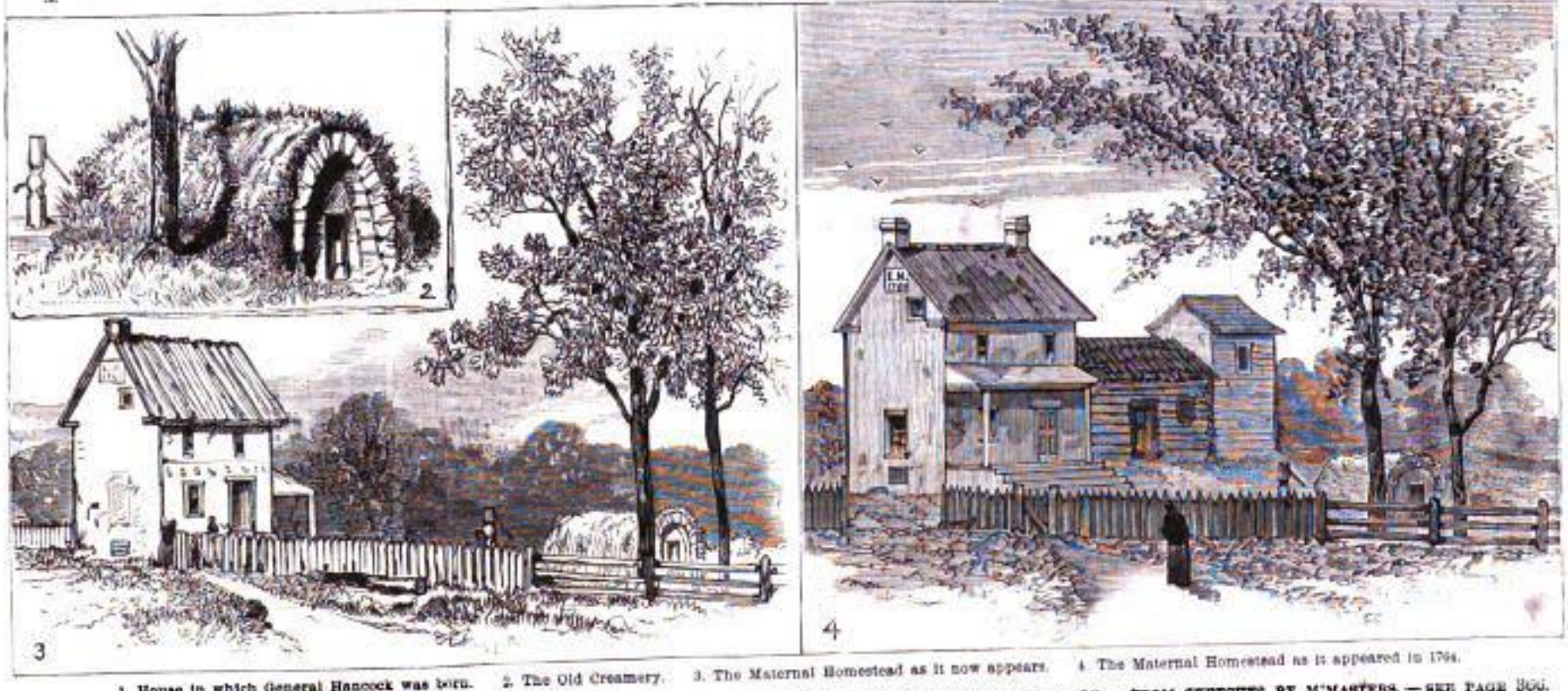
ENGLAND.—THE ARREST OF CHARLES BRADLAUGH, MEMBER-ELECT OF PARLIAMENT, IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES KERNEY.—SEE PAGE 366.





1. House in which General Hancock was born. 2. The Old Creamery. 3. The Maternal Homestead as it now appears. 4. The Maternal Homestead as it appeared in 1764.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE ANCESTRAL HOMESTEAD AND BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, NEAR LANDSDALE.—FROM SKETCHES BY M'MASTERS.—SEE PAGE 366.

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THE VILLAGE POETESS.

HER gifted pen, that never flags,
Writes not for pay but pleasure;
She is the *Weekly Carpetbag's*
Most valuable treasure.
A prodigy, beyond all doubt,
Adoring friends affirm her;
And little children point her out
With reverential murmur.

Although her age is not a girl's,
But forty-five and older,
She wears her hair in falling curls
That nearly reach her shoulder.
Her maiden heart, she loves to hint,
Was stormed by early pillage;
A fact which frequently in print
She tells her native village.

Within her plenteous lines, we meet
With kisses most galvanic;
Their "sighs" would help to sail a fleet,
Their "tears" are oceanic.
The local press has christened her
Apollo's favorite daughter;
Yet certain folk have dared aver
She's Tennyson-and-water.

As even the grandest mortal known
Will sometimes frisk and romp, too,
Occasionally she is prone
To shine amid impromptu.
How fleetly, in a bride's behalf,
Her willing rhymes are mustered!
She'll knock you off an epitaph
As though it were a custard!

We see at home her talent rare
Its rightful guerdon reaping;
For needlework she does not care;
She deigns to do no sweeping.
And surely people can't expect—
Indeed, no mortal wishes—
That such a massive intellect
Should ever wash the dishes!

The contents of her mother's purse
Are slight, report discloses,
Yet, ah! should genius bear the curse
That hateful toil imposes?
And so she dwells apart, 'tis said,
In lofty isolation,
And lets herself be clothed and fed
With gentle resignation!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE GHOST OF THE LABURNUMS.

"WHY do you not invite me to the Laburnums, Fan?"

"Because it is so lonely there, Rae."

"For that reason I shall come," said pretty Raphaella Fairlie. "I shall come and keep you company for a whole week, just as soon as I can get away from the city. I knew you and Phil were moping," nodding her curly head sagaciously.

A sudden gravity went over Fannie Brudenel's gentle countenance, yet her eyes brightened expectantly.

"I should love to have you there, of course," was all she said.

When train time came and Fannie had left Rae's pretty studio and the city, the little *artiste* still sat daintily touching the photograph she was coloring, and evidently closely thinking of something else. She was not sure that Doctor Philip Brudenel would exactly approve of her going to the Laburnums, but she meant to go, for all that, for she loved him, and she could plainly see that he had cares and perplexities of which she knew nothing. And though they had been engaged over a year, he made no proposal of marrying soon, only looked moodily when the subject was approached. Rae so enjoyed his company that she could live with him in the black hole of Calcutta, she declared to herself, but probably Philip did not think so. Anyway, she was going to the Laburnums, his home at Lowshore, because she felt that her love gave her a right to know what was troubling him.

Ten days later she locked her studio-door and steamed away to Lowshore, and soon the depot-carriage had set her down at the door of a tiny cottage hid in laburnum-trees.

Fannie kissed her affectionately.

"What a delightful apparition you are, Rae," she said, and led her into a little sitting-room.

Everything was very plain, and very, very tiny, Rae thought, accustomed to spacious city apartments; and when Fannie had taken her hat and traveling-satchel, and gone to spread a lunch for her, Rae looked around and saw that the carpet was threadbare and the furniture extremely old fashioned.

Suddenly a door opened, and an old lady, leaning on a cane, tottered into the room. Her face, bordered by a snowy cap, had a strange, white, puffy look, but she yet showed signs of having been very pretty in youth.

"What are you?" she asked Rae, "a fairy? Do you think you can better our fallen fortunes? No, no! that can never be."

Rae's cheek burned under the strangely significant words, but she guessed immediately that the old lady's mind was wandering; then Fannie entered the room.

"Come, mother, come and rest now," she said, gently, and drew her from the room. She came back, saying to Rae: "My mother is demented. Do not be troubled by anything she says."

It was evening when Doctor Philip brought his fine presence into the tiny home. His start of delight on beholding Rae was succeeded by a rather sad smile.

"What pleasure did you expect to find here, child?" he asked, holding her hand.

"Perhaps I did not come for pleasure, Philip."

"For what then?"

"Profit."

"I find very little of that here."

Two days passed. Rae saw plainly what the life was at the Laburnums—monotonous, meagre; but ever since Philip had first brought his sister to her studio, Rae had loved Fannie, who was older than herself, and patiently becoming one of the sweetest of old maids. So she enjoyed sisterly talks with Fannie. Philip was absent most of the time.

In one of these confidential chats Fannie said:

"You ought to have come in the early Autumn, Rae—it is prettier here then. In November we have nothing attractive—literally nothing. I have often expressed the wish to Philip to have you visit us; but he always speaks of the contrast between your life and ours—you in the city, with access to so much that is entertaining, and we so shut out from the world. But because it is you, I think, Rae, that I will show you the house in the Hollow."

"The house in the Hollow, Fan?"

"Yes, our ancestral home; for Philip and I came of a prosperous race, poor as we now are, and the old house is full of what is beautiful and rare. Get your hat and we will go now."

Through long lines of laburnums, across a tiny kitchen-garden, along a decaying orchard into a slope still green in the November sunshine. At one end of the valley which opened towards the sea, where white sails were noiselessly flitting, stood a large and handsome house of painted brick, with oriel windows and other picturesque effects.

"It is not an old house," said Fannie. "It was built by my grandfather, in his last days, as a wedding present to my mother. The old house which had formerly stood here he had pulled down and this built. He intended to reside with his only daughter when she married Israel Beaumaire, a French Jew, whom he had chosen for her. But my mother fell in love with her music-teacher, Rosa Brudenel, and eloped with him, and grandfather wrote and bade her never to come back. But when Philip and I were fatherless, my mother came, in her great extremity, and begged her father's assistance. Grandfather gave her the cottage we now have, and allowed her a small income with which to bring us up, but never forgave her. At last he died, willing all his property to a distant cousin in India, who has never come for it. The house stands empty, with all its beautiful furniture, and the rich fields lie fallow, while Philip barely supports us with his small practice. Lowshore is a distressingly healthy place," with a faint smile.

The interior of the house was finished in rich foreign woods, the floors polished like glass and laid with costly rugs and tapestries. The furniture was of mahogany and velvet, long mirrors and dark paintings adorned the the walls. It was indeed a handsome house, speaking of almost limitless wealth.

"There are thousands of dollars worth of silver in the bank at Shoreborough," said Fannie, "and rents accumulating there which will be a small fortune in itself. But we have nothing."

"How hard! how cruel!" cried Rae. "I should not think your grandfather could rest in his grave to have you and Philip, with all your refinement and culture, spending your lives in a hand-to-hand scramble for bread."

"They say he does come back and wander uneasily about here," said Fannie, carefully closing shutters and doors and coming out into the sunshine. "But, of course, such stories are told of all such places. Philip says *he* does not believe a word of it," with a marked emphasis which made Rae turn and look at her.

"But you do, Fan."

"Twice people have tried to sleep there and declared that grandfather appeared to them. I should not dare to try it, for I am a timorous thing at best, and——"

The intensity of Rae's thoughts made her quite deaf to what further her companion was saying. This fortune was Philip's right. No wonder he was sad, moody and hopeless of their marriage as he was situated and seemed fated to continue to be.

"The will was made immediately after mamma's marriage," said Fannie, standing under the laburnums and looking up at the great house. "Poor mother says that he told *her* on his deathbed that he made another will—perhaps in her favor. But what she says goes for little. Her state is very strange since a fever she had just after Philip came of age—her talk so wild and foolish—and yet she seems to understand some things in our affairs that we do not see till afterwards. It is almost uncanny to think over the strange knowledge she has had during these past years," and Fannie fell into a fit of musing.

They walked back to the tiny cottage. Rae's veins thrilled with excitement, but Fannie went soberly about getting tea. They kept no maid, this poor disinherited family, and Rae learned that Philip's own hands tilled the little kitchen-garden, while every labor of the household was performed by Fannie.

She could not sleep that night after she had gone to her tiny bedroom. The moonlight seemed to disturb her and make her brain wildly active. What influence strung her nerves?—for when all was still and the night far advanced she rose, and, dressing, donned her warm sealskin sacque and cap, and came out into the hall. She took a bunch of keys from their nail there, and, selecting one which she had seen Fannie take, held it tightly in her slim, white fingers as she went out into the night.

In the moon's white light she went steadily through the long lines of laburnums, across the tiny kitchen-garden, along the decaying orchard, into the Hollow. She stood a moment before the great still house, listening to the roar of the sea. Strangely enough, she did not feel afraid. If she thought of the presence of an unseen spirit, it was to appeal to it prayerfully for help.

Another will. It must be. At least it would do no harm to search, and that is what she had come for.

She left the hall-door wide open and let the moonlight flood the tiled hall. It streamed through the chinks of the shutters, which she opened, one by one, as she fitted keys to drawers of all kinds. The task was no light one, for in every niche was cabinet or escritoire. But there were no papers anywhere. Many things which must have been the personal property of old Squire Brudenel she found, but nowhere his will.

"Oh, if I only could—if I only could!" she said, sadly, "and it would restore Philip to his rights!"

Rat, tat, tat—the sound of a cane on the tiled floor. Rae turned for the first time, her eyes wide with fright. The enthusiasm with which she had entertained her generous purpose had made her utterly forgetful of herself. Now some one was coming.

The door swung slowly on its tarnished silver hinges. A quaint, bent little figure, leaning on a cane, advanced into the room and paused beside a handsome carved armchair which stood before a table. Lifting the cane, the bent little old woman knocked smartly thrice on the seat of this chair, filling the room with a hollow sound, then, resuming her feeble walk, she passed out of the apartment by another door.

Tremblingly, doubtlingly, Rae curiously approached the chair. The blows of the cane seemed to have disturbed or broken the seat, for it was awry, plainly revealing a cavity beneath. Turning the chair to the light, Rae looked within and saw distinctly a folded paper.

It was a large sheet, yellow and thick as vellum. Her hands trembled as she unfolded it and read, "My last will and testament, Paul Brudenel," and it dropped to the floor.

Snatching it up she ran—ran swiftly out of the house, and flew noiselessly and shaking to Fannie's door.

"I have found it—I have found it!" she cried, flinging her arms around the amazed, white-robed figure who admitted her to Fannie's chamber.

"Found what? Are you sick? Are you crazy?" asked gentle Fannie Brudenel.

"The other will—within a chair—an old armchair in the house in the Hollow. A ghost showed it to me!" answered Rae, holding the paper aloft.

There was a knock at the chamber-door.

"Sister, what is the matter? What disturbs the house?"

It was Philip's voice.

"I have found the will! Come in and read it!" cried Rae, dragging him in.

She gave him the paper; she lighted a lamp. He was forced to read. Struggling for calmness as he proceeded, he read to the end. Yes, late, but not too late, the precious document was found—the second will of Paul Brudenel, unconditionally bequeathing all he possessed to these two, his grandchildren.

In the exciting talk which followed, no one heard a slender cane go rat-tat tat past the door, but when the blue morning light dawned and Fannie bestirred herself to get breakfast, she went first to her mother's room.

"Philip," she said, coming back, "mother has had one of her bad nights again. She has been up and away. I must have slept very much more soundly than usual; she never eluded me before. She is very much exhausted."

Philip went instantly to attend his mother. When, the next day, she seemed restored to her wonted condition, and Rae had minutely told her story, they closely questioned Mrs. Brudenel as to her visit to the house in the Hollow, and tried to discover if she had any knowledge of the hiding-place of the will. But nothing could be gained from her disordered mind. She would only shake her head and smile.

"How dared you go on such an expedition to that lonely place at such an uncanny hour, Rae?" asked Philip, the next evening, when, embraced by his arm, they had talked over the happy prospect of their immediate union.

"I was inspired," she answered, laughing, but with a look of awe creeping into her beautiful eyes. Then, as she reconsidered that strange night, she gently embraced him:

"All for love, Philip. It was done all for love."

GENERAL HANCOCK'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE ancestral homestead of General Hancock, on the maternal side, stands in Montgomery County, Pa., half a mile east of Lansdale and about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. The old portion of the house was erected in 1728, and the new portion in 1764. In this house the mother of General Hancock resided at the time of her marriage to the General's father. The county in which this historic homestead stands was named after General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, and whose monument stands in St. Paul's Churchyard, in this city. At the time of his marriage, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Hancock—father of General Hancock—was living in the family of John Roberts, Esq., at Montgomery Square, and in Mr. Roberts's house General Winfield S. Hancock was born. This house, the birthplace of General Hancock, is some three miles east of Lansdale. It stands about half a mile east of the Square, and it is a solid, well-preserved building, of fine appearance.

When young Hancock was a year old, his father removed from this old mansion to a house of less pretensions, somewhat nearer to Montgomery Square, where he resided and taught school under the same roof. The schoolhouse residence is still standing, but greatly altered in appearance. Two years later, young Hancock's father removed to Norristown, some twelve miles distant, and there taught school and practiced law till he died, at the age of sixty-seven years.

The ancestors of General Hancock, on both sides, belonged to families of revolutionary fame, and were engaged in all the wars from the French and Indian, before the Revolution, down to the war of 1812.

The father of General Hancock married against the will of his guardian, who was a Quaker, and joined the Baptists, to whom his wife belonged, and became a deacon in the Baptist church at Norristown. He was a constitutional man and a Democrat, but not a politician, and never sought or held any political office. When his son, the present General Hancock, at the age of sixteen, went to West Point, the Quakers attempted to induce the sister of his father's guardian, Miss Polly Roberts, to cut off young Winfield in her will, as the profession of a soldier, educated as a man of war, was not to be encouraged. She remained steadfast, however, until General Hancock had graduated and gone to Mexico and become engaged with the enemy, and, as she supposed, had "killed people." Then the "Friends" said it was impossible she could bestow a legacy upon a person who was killing men by wholesale, and this prevailed. Winfield was cut off in the will. But, as she suspected that the "Friends" wanted her money, she provided for the younger brother in place of Winfield.

It was said of the General's grandfather on the maternal side, that, though a man of small stature, he could jump over a horse or cast a stone across a ten-acre lot.

In this old homestead his grandfather died, at 84, and was buried in the churchyard at Montgomery Square, and his father before him died in the same house. This very house was attacked by the Indians, and defended by the women, who fled to the attic after chopping the hands of the savages as they attempted to force an entrance. The patriotism of the family is shown by the fact that, although but a lad of fifteen years, at the close of the war of 1812 and 1814, the father of General Hancock shouldered his shotgun and went to Red Bank to meet the British, being too young to be enlisted.

THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

TWO miles northeast of the United States Capitol there rises a beautiful eminence, which affords a commanding view of Washington City and the country for miles around. On this elevation is situated a group of buildings which constitute the National Deaf-Mute College, said to be the only deaf-mute college in the world. The site is what is known as Kendall Green, and the institution is supported by Congress, which, with liberal views and commendable philanthropy, has built the college for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among the silent students. The inception of this enterprise is due to the generosity of Hon. Amos Kendall, and to the influence of Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL.D., the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first institution for the deaf and dumb in America, at Hartford, Conn. Though the institution has gradually grown with the natural increase in the number of students demanding admittance, and with an eye to future enlargements, and as yet seems rather small, yet it is considered to possess one of the finest college buildings in the country. Its architecture is varied, the main hall and chapel being of red sandstone, with white stone trimmings, and the others of brick with white Ohio sandstone ornamentations, and it is thus a fine addition to the public buildings of Washington.

In 1857 the Columbia Institution for the deaf-mute children of the District of Columbia and of the army and navy was incorporated at Washington, D. C., and Dr. E. M. Gallaudet was called to take charge. This institution was erected on a prominent site containing 100 acres, thirty acres of which are richly covered with grass and young maple-trees, while the remainder is wild forest land, and adjoins the National Fair Grounds. The lands were, by Congress, purchased from Amos Kendall, who had already donated a portion of land, with a number of small frame cottages, to the Columbia Institution. In April, 1864, Dr. Gallaudet, with the directors, determined to organize a collegiate department, and Congress agreed to an amendatory act authorizing the Institute to confer collegiate degrees. Soon afterwards the range of study was extended so as to embrace a college course, and the institution was therefore divided into two departments, the advanced department receiving the name of the National Deaf-Mute College.

The objects of the directors in establishing this college was in part to prove, what had been doubted by some, that deaf-mutes could, in spite of their disability through the loss of hearing and speech, engage successfully in the advanced studies pursued in colleges for persons not so disabled. The more important end in view, however, was to afford to a class of persons in the community, already numerous and increasing steadily with the population, an opportunity to secure the advantages of a rigid and thorough course of intellectual training in the higher walks of literature and the liberal arts. The experience of nearly sixteen years in the progress of the college has fully satisfied those familiar with its workings that their confidence as to the ability of deaf-mutes to master the arts and sciences was well-founded, while at the same time the expressions of interest which the enterprise has called forth from instructors of youth, from deaf-mutes and their friends, and from the public journals in Europe, as well as America, may be taken as evidence that the world approves the undertaking.

Beginning with five students and one professor, and occupying a small frame house, the college has progressed so remarkably that it has received 308 students, representing thirty-one different States and the District of Columbia. Of this number New England claims thirty-seven; the Middle States, thirty-seven; the South, forty-seven, and the West, eighty-seven. The college has at present sixty students and seven professors, who are E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, D. C.; Samuel Porter, the brother of the President of Yale College; E. A. Fay, of New York; Rev. J. W. Chickering, Jr., of New Hampshire; J. C. Gordon, of Indiana; J. R. Hotchkiss, of Connecticut, and A. G. Draper, of Illinois. The professors are men of high culture and real Christian character. The students are given a course of instruction which is the equivalent of that afforded in the best American colleges, with the exception of Greek, more attention being given to the French and German languages.

Since the establishment of the college forty-two graduates with degrees have gone forth from its walls. Of this number the New England States claim thirteen; Ohio, eight; Pennsylvania, three; New York, three; Wisconsin, three; Indiana, two; Illinois, two; Michigan, 2; Iowa, two; Kentucky, England, the District of Columbia, and Georgia one each. Thirty-two students, who have been at this college, have engaged in teaching in every part of the world; two have become editors and publishers of newspapers; three others have taken positions connected with journalism; three have entered the civil service of the Government; one, by sheer force of his talent, literally pushed his way into the high position of Chief Examiner of Patents in the United States Patent Office, but has recently resigned to enter upon the practice of law in patent cases in Cincinnati; one, while filling a position as instructor in a Western institution, has rendered important service to the Coast Survey as a microscopist; one has become an accomplished draughtsman in the office of a New York architect; one has filled the position of recorder's clerk in Chicago; two have taken places in the faculty of their *Alma Mater*, and become instructors where they were students. Some have gone into mercantile and other offices; some have undertaken business on their own accounts; while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits, in which the advantages of thorough mental training will give them a superiority. Of those alluded to as having engaged in teaching, one is the principal of a flourishing institution in Pennsylvania, another has charge of a day school in Cincinnati, and a third has charge of a day school in St. Louis.

The college library consists of about 2,000 volumes, to which a small collection is annually added; the Literary Society has a library of 300 well-selected books for its members, and collected at its own expense; and the Congressional Library is accessible to students for any special line of research. The college has a handsome museum, with mineral and zoological collections, and, besides, the extensive collections of the Smithsonian Institute, the Agricultural Department and the Army Medical Museum are easily reached. The Corcoran Gallery

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of the Fine Arts, and others in Washington, present great and inestimable opportunities to the students who are anxious to make the fine arts a special study. The Students' Literary Society holds semi-monthly meetings for the delivery of essays, debates, declarations and dialogues. A Reading Club supplies a selection from the publications of the day. The students' rooms have a unique arrangement for knockers—the mutes' door-bell. A six-pound weight is attached to a bell-pull, and when it is raised by the pull, it drops on the door, causing a jar that attracts the attention of the deafest of the deaf.

The officers of the college are as follows: Ruther ford B. Hayes, President of the United States, is the *Patron*; Edward M. Gallaudet Ph.D., LL.D., the *President*; Hon. William Stickney, the *Secretary*; George W. Riggs, Esq., the *Treasurer*; and the *Directors* are Hons. T. F. Bayard, J. T. Harris, William Claflin, H. S. Dawes, W. E. Niblack, H. D. Cooke, Rev. B. Sunderland and J. C. McGuire, Esq.

American and foreign travelers are always deeply interested in this noble college. When Don Pedro II., the Emperor of Brazil, visited our country in 1876, he paid a visit to the college and planted in its yard a beautiful ivy from his country with his own hands. Christian IX., King of Denmark, recently, in a letter, requested Dr. Gallaudet to send him the cost, schemes and specifications of the college with a view to the establishment of a similar college in his kingdom.

THE "CHILDREN'S HOUR" AT SWAMPSCOTT.

THE quaint little bathing-place known as Swampscott or "Broken Waters," is a favorite Summer resort of the overheated Bostonians, who are enabled to strike it by rail in twenty minutes, as it lies about twelve miles to the northeast of the Hub. It boasts of 450 dwelling-houses and a normal population of 2,000 inhabitants. The people are for the most part engaged in cod and mackerel-fishing, and go down to the sea in twenty sturdy fishing-boats. These boats start at early morn, cast their nets, draw, and return in the evening. Fish wagons await the arrival of the fleet, and thrifty matrons dispute the right of way in a frugal desire to make a haul of the fresh glittering fish for the "old man's supper." Occasionally the Swampscott fishermen make for Labrador. They come back to be re-hersed by their townsfolk. The fish-houses are marked with the names of the boats which they send forth, such as *Gipsy Girl*, *Minnehaha*, etc. The small boats, or dorys, are painted red, blue, green and purple, and present a most picturesque appearance as they bake on the tawny sands. The first tannery in New England was established here in 1629 by one Francis Ingalls—peace be to his ashes! There are beaches and beaches at Swampscott. Philips Beach is one mile and a half long, and shaped like a scimitar. Great gray bluffs, covered with vegetation to the water's edge, overhang it; and every where that a dwelling will fit, there a dwelling clings on. Villas, from the pattern of the Norwegian satyr and Swiss chalet, to the tasteless thing in stone and expressionless frame-house, are dotted all over the bluffs. On the edge of the foam are the quaint habitations of the fisher-folk, mixed up in a tangle of oars, brown cordage, tackle and nets. Gayly-painted catboats rock themselves to sleep at their moorings. There is a perfect eruption of flowers at Swampscott. Flowers in gardens, in windows, on stoops, on slope, suspended from piazzas, springing out of the trunks of old trees—yes, even on chimney-pots do the flowers bloom; and with the flowers are canary birds. How many cages did the artist and I make count of!—and such cages! Mosques, marquees, cupolas, cottages, castles, towers, all in glittering brass wire yellower than the plumage of the imprisoned songsters. The Swampscottonians are æsthetic. Why shouldn't they be—are they not Bostonians undergoing a temporary transplanting?—and the selection of color is chosen with artistic skill. Blood-red geraniums stand up against white walls; tender blues tone with gray rocks, and even claret-color is made to do æsthetic service. At the left extremity of Philips Beach, opposite to where Nahant lies dreaming in the dayshine, is a rocky promontory. Upon this promontory flourishes the greenest of grass—grass like velvet—and the most umbrageous of lordly old trees. Here do the daintily dressed children of the sojourners disport themselves from rosy morn to dewy eve. Here, too, Normandy-capped nurses compare notes as to their respective conquests during the season at the Hub. Here does baby inhale life giving ozone, and here is croquet done to death. Boston affects Beverly at this hour of writing; why turn its back upon so quaint, so picturesque and so unique a colgne of vantage as Swampscott?

HANCOCK AND ENGLISH.

THE OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION OF THEIR NOMINATION.

ON Tuesday, the 13th instant, General Hancock and William H. English, the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, were officially informed of their nominations by the committee appointed for that purpose. The committee, of which ex-Senator John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, was chairman, had invited the members of the National Committee to accompany them to Governor's Island, and, shortly after noon, the party landed at the steamboat dock on the island and marched to General Hancock's house in orderly procession, Governor Stevenson and Senator Stockton heading the line. General Hancock was at home, but in great sorrow at the death of his favorite grandchild, Winfield Scott Hancock, four months old, who had received that name the night before at the hands of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Trinity Church. The child had died at six in the morning, and General Hancock had watched with it most of the night. The ceremony was made as brief as possible. The General met the delegation as it entered the house with a "Good-morning, gentlemen," and led the way to the back parlor. This apartment was soon filled, and standing before a dark bookcase at the east end of the room, General Hancock listened to the formal announcement of his nomination. Senator Stockton, who stood beside Mr. Stevenson, introduced that gentleman and the committee in some remarks, after which the secretary read the formal letter of notification. General Hancock, who stood with his hands clasped behind him, was dressed in a dark mourning suit and white tie, and, during the reading of the letter looked very grave. When the reading was finished, he bowed to the committee and said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled in Cincinnati, and I thank you for your courtesy in making known that honor to me. As soon as time permits me to give to the subject that careful attention belonging to it I shall prepare and shall send you a reply of a formal nature accepting the nomination tendered me by the Democratic Party for the office of President of the United States." (Applause.)

Then General Hancock stepped forward and began shaking hands with the various members of the committee who were known to him, and receiving introductions to others. After a few minutes he retired into the front parlor, and many of the delegates sought, at the front and rear of the house, the cool piazzas overlooking—one, the greensward; and the other, the Buttermilk Channel. Presently Senator Stockton asked for Mr. English, and that gentleman, who had been standing among the delegation, took the place recently occupied by General Hancock and was in turn formally notified of his nomination by the reading of a letter by the secretary. This letter, like the letter to General Hancock, was accompanied by an engrossed copy of the platform of the Convention, arranged to fold with the letter into a red Russia case. Upon receiving the packet Mr. English bowed and said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—As a practical business man, not much accustomed to indirection of action or circumlocution of speech, I will say briefly and in a few words that I accept the high trust which you have tendered me, with feelings of profound gratitude, and that I will at an early date formally and in writing make the acceptance which I am informed is usual on such occasions. In doing this, I fully realize the great responsibility of the situation, the care, the turmoil, the anxiety, the misrepresentation and the abuse which are certain to follow, and I understand thoroughly that all the resources and power of our political foes from all parts of the land will be concentrated against us in Indiana, my native State, where the first grand battle—and probably the most important of all—is to be fought. But these are great occasions where the discharge of high patriotic duties are to be considered above all personal considerations, and I shall not disregard the unanimous voice of the representatives of a majority of the American people which you speak here to day. (Applause.) I am profoundly grateful for the high honor which has been conferred upon me, and I have an abiding faith that, with the favor of God and of the people, we shall succeed in this conflict." (Applause.)

This terminated the ceremony, at which about 120 persons were present, and shortly after the visitors took their departure.

The National Democratic Committee has organized, with Senator W. H. Barnum as *Chairman*, and Mr. F. O. Prince as *Secretary*. The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has selected Senator William A. Wallace as *Chairman*, and resolved to co-operate with the National Committee in the work of the canvass.

The National and Congressional Committees and the committee appointed to notify General Hancock and Mr. English of their nomination visited Mr. Tilden's house together on July 14th, where Chairman Stevenson, of the National Convention, presented to Mr. Tilden, in a brief speech, a copy of the resolution complimenting him and passed by the Convention. Mr. Tilden replied as follows:

"MR. STEVENSON, PRESIDENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION: I thank you for the kind terms in which you have expressed the communication you make to me. A solution which enables the Democratic Party of the United States to vindicate effectually the right of the people to choose their Chief Magistrate—a right violated in 1876—and at the same time relieves me from the burdens of a canvass and four years of administration, is most agreeable to me. My sincere good wishes and cordial co-operation as a private citizen attend the illustrious soldier whom the Democracy have designated as their standard-bearer in the Presidential canvass. I congratulate you on the favorable prospects with which that canvass has been commenced and the promise it affords of complete and final success."

The French Fete Day.

THE French National Festival, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, July 14th, was celebrated with great splendor and patriotic ardor in Paris. The grand opening ceremony took place in the Hippodrome at Longchamps in the afternoon. President Grévy, accompanied by a brilliant staff, reviewed the troops and delivered the new colors to the regiments in the presence of 100,000 people. President Grévy, in presenting the flags, said the Army had become to France a guarantee for the respect due her, and for the peace which she desired to preserve. At the conclusion of his speech, which occupied only a few minutes, there were enthusiastic cheers and shouts of "Vive la République!" "Vive l'Armée!" "Vive Grévy!" amid a scene of patriotic enthusiasm.

The weather was superb. The streets were all decorated with flags and garlands. There was an enormous crowd, but perfect order was maintained. Very few police were seen in the streets.

The illuminations at night were very brilliant, and the streets were thronged. Petards were let off in all directions. M. Gambetta made a tour through the central quarters and was received with immense enthusiasm wherever he appeared. The Place de la Bastille was in a blaze of many-colored lights, and the avenues and streets near it were lighted like the day. In all the quarters of the city the principal buildings and squares were illuminated, and many beautiful and artistic transparencies were displayed.

Besides the grand concert at the Trocadero, which was attended by from 15,000 to 20,000 people, musical performances on a grand scale took place in the different districts of the city.

The illumination of the Cathedral of Notre Dame was very grand. The whole building was overspread with electric lamps, concealed in such a way as to throw their light upon the Cathedral without the spectators observing its source. The whole building was thrown into bright relief and looked like a vast structure of porcelain.

The French residents of New York city kept the day with due honor. The two French frigates in the harbor were bedecked with bunting, and there were games and other festivities on board. A general reception was held at Washington Park, where twenty-three French societies made holiday.

Progress and Civilization in Hawaii.

REMEMBERING that in the history of the Sandwich Islands only one hundred years ago their barbarian inhabitants clubbed Captain Cook to death, the sight of a well-printed "Hawaiian Almanac and Annual for 1880," with many pages of smart advertisements, and a complete Court Calendar, gives rise to very strange feelings. Neither the Australian colonies nor the United States afford any parallel to the progress of the Sandwich Islands. In the former cases the civilization is simply an offshoot and continuation of that of England; in the latter, it is the natives themselves who in the short space of a century have advanced from primitive barbarism to the necessity for an almanac. This almanac covers seventy six pages besides advertisements, the latter affording a pretty fair criterion of the staged civilization already attained in these islands. Here the attractions of a variety of restaurants, refreshment, coffee and billiard saloons are set forth; the "Palace Ice Cream Parlors," in Honolulu, seem to be rather an inviting resort in a place where the weather is always hot; watches and clocks have always become a necessity, and the latest things in upholstery and household furniture have found their way to Honolulu, which also boasts of at least one wagon and carriage-builder. One confectioner and pastrycook vaunts the richness and flavor of his wedding cakes, while appropriately in the next page we are told where a plentiful supply of drugs, medicines, and Havana cigars may be obtained. The cards of attorneys-at-law and stock brokers give evidence of the complexity of Hawaiian civilization, and the tourist need be at no loss for hotels and "pleasant furnished rooms." A reading-room gives access to the principal periodicals of the world, upwards of one hundred of which are set down in a news agent's book as being regularly supplied to his customers. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any article in demand in civilized society that could not be supplied at one or other of the various stores and warehouses in Honolulu. When we look at the almanac itself we find it contains pretty much the same kind of information to be found in the almanacs of countries where civilization began 1,000 or more years ago. Hawaii has a fair supply of public holidays, including, characteristically, the Chinese New Year and the birthday of Queen Victoria. A full list of the church days and movable feasts is given, a list of the Kings of Hawaii, their birth, accession, etc., from Kamehameha I., who began to reign in 1782. There is a complete court calendar, as minute as any of the court lists in the "Gotha Almanac," with the king, queen, princes and princesses, ministers, law dignitaries, governors, etc. There is, moreover, much useful information as to population, inter-island and inland distances, heights of mountains, imports and exports, shipping, and other statistics. The regulations for car fares and rates of fares are quite as minute and as hard on the "cabbies" as those of London or Paris. All this, with some especial articles relating to the islands, the royal family and Hawaiian folklore, renders the "Hawaiian Almanac" of peculiarly suggestive interest. It is sad to think that a people who have shown themselves capable of such marvelously rapid progress should be rapidly dying out. That this is so the various censuses give unmistakable evidence. At the census of 1832 the total population was 130,313; in 1878 it had dwindled down to 57,985, and of this number only 44,088 were native, and 3,420 half-caste, the remainder being foreigners. Of the foreigners, the Chinese are by far the most numerous, numbering 5,916.

Suffrage in Italy.

ITALY is in the throes of a Reform Bill movement. A measure of this kind has been promised by successive Cabinets, the universal feeling being that the existing state of things has become untenable; but the frequency of governmental changes always prevented the introduction of a Bill. At present the suffrage in Italy stands on the narrowest basis in all Europe. Out of 28,000,000 to 30,000,000 inhabitants, among whom there are about 8,000,000 adult men, only 600,000 have the right of vote. The new Bill just brought in by the Cabinet is in the nature of a compromise between two factions. An educational test is the main feature of the new proposal. As before, the complete age of twenty-one is fixed for the exercise of suffrage. The elector must be able to read and write. The minimum of the property qualification is either the annual payment of direct imposts to the amount of forty lire; or, in proportion to the number of inhabitants of a town or village, a rent of 300 to 600 lire from houses or business places; or a rent of 600 lire from stocks; or the annual payment of 800 lire for a farm. In the absence of property qualification, the proof that a man has the knowledge required in an examination of the fourth elementary class of public schools, will confer the vote. Commissions before which such proof is to be given are to be instituted, but the technical and somewhat complicated details we readily omit. Soldiers and non-commissioned officers in active service, custom-house officers, policemen and gendarmes, are not to have the suffrage. Indeed, a great deal of indue influence had hitherto been exercised by the latter in the elections for Parliament. The electoral registers are to be under the supervision of a committee composed of a magistrate, three members of the Provincial Council, and a prefect as chairman. So far as we can judge at present, the measure would considerably widen the franchise, but would still fall far short of universal suffrage. In the different groups of the Left there are great divergences of opinion: and altogether this Reform Bill movement will probably lead to a vast deal of excitement, the very constitution of the Italian nation being, so to say, about to be put on its trial.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Vesuvius Railway.

The ascent of Mount Vesuvius up to within about a mile of the cone is not particularly difficult, and has indeed been hitherto usually accomplished by carriage as far as the inn below Professor Palmieri's Observatory, as there is a capital road all the way from Naples. Close by the observatory, however, the road ended, and from thence the would-be ascenders walked over a footpath cut in the streams of hardened lava to the foot of the cone, where they would begin their three hours' zigzag climb of a slope that rarely takes seven minutes to descend, shin deep in loose ashes and crumbling scoriæ. Now, however, the whole ascent can be made by rail. The carriage-road has been extended to the foot of the cone, and there is situated the lower station, from which the train starts for the summit, a distance, as the crow flies, of a little over a thousand yards. The line is worked on what is termed the "funicular" system, the carriages not being propelled by a locomotive, but being drawn up and lowered by means of two endless steel ropes and a windlass, which, set in motion by a steam-engine, is placed in the lower station. The line has been constructed with great care upon a solid pavement, is planked throughout, and is believed to be secure from all incursions of lava.

The Belgian Exposition.

The Belgian National Exposition of art, industry and agriculture was opened on Wednesday, June 16th, by the King, surrounded by the members of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors and the high dignitaries of State. The occasion being a holiday, the opening was witnessed by an immense crowd, and a very enthusiastic one. Brussels was in gala garb, public and private decorations being very extensive and brilliant. Before declaring the Exposition open, the King congratulated the Minister of the Interior and the Mayor upon the interesting display. After the declaration the royal family promenaded the various pavilions, and the King reviewed the troops, while many bands discoursed enlivening music.

Jesuits in Syria.

The Society of Jesus is about to establish hostilities in England and in Jersey. The Dominicans and a portion of the Franciscans are going to settle in the Tyrol, the Carthusians and Trappists proceed to England; the Recollets and Franciscans of the Observance, who devote themselves chiefly to missionary work in the Holy Land, intend to ask a refuge in the Levant, transferring their novitiates to the Tyrol. Many of them have been offered a temporary home by the bishops and secular clergy. Some few, the Oratorians, for instance, assume lay attire. We have already published views of some of the buildings in Paris occupied by the members of the religious Order of the Society of Jesus, and this week we supplement them with one of the Jesuit College at Ghazir, in the district of Kesrawan, six hours' march from Beyrouth, Syria.

Charles Bradlaugh's Arrest.

In a late issue we gave, with a portrait of Charles Bradlaugh and sketch of his career, an account of his appearance before the bar of the House of Commons to make affirmation prior to taking his seat as a member, and of his formal arrest by order of the Speaker. Our present illustration shows this scene. It was soon followed, as people generally imagined it would be, by another spectacle—of Mr. Bradlaugh's triumph. Since taking his seat he has been served with several writs for exercising the voting privilege, and it is understood that he will make answer to the first writ, that the entire question may be determined according to the laws of the United Kingdom.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A NUMBER of exiled French Jesuits have arrived in Canada.

—SOUTH AUSTRALIA has had thirty-one ministries in twenty-one years.

—A PLEA has been applied for to carry the Tichborne case into the House of Lords.

—OVER $10,000,000 a year are expended in private horticulture in Great Britain and Ireland.

—AFTER October 1st advertising cards bearing one-cent stamps will cease to be mailable matter.

—THE Commissioner of Agriculture of Virginia reports the wheat, tobacco and oat crops all below the average in quality.

—THE Russian General, Kaufman, has been ordered to Eastern Siberia with 14,000 men to clear the district infested by brigand Chinese immigrants.

—THE report that Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has been seriously ill is denied. The Senator will take an active part in the campaign in his State.

—IT is stated that the Jesuits expelled from France intend to settle in Wales, and have leased a house at Aberdovey, in Merionethshire, for twenty-one years.

—DISPATCHES from Pekin announce that Chung How's sentence has been remitted, and that the Government has abandoned the idea of going to war with Russia.

—ONE lady was killed and eight others injured by the tipping over of a wagon on the descent of Mount Washington, N. H., July 12th. The driver of the team was drunk.

—THE President has ordered troops to the Indian Territory with orders to repel all invaders, and Secretary Schurz says that those captured will be dealt with according to law.

—IT is stated that the Pope intends to issue an encyclical to the Belgian Bishops, approving their course and encouraging them to persevere in defending the rights of the Church.

—THE Chilian fleet has arrived off Callao on the Peruvian coast, and if the terms of peace offered by Chili are not accepted it will proceed to invest Lima, the capital of Peru.

—THE National Temperance Camp Meeting will be held this Summer in Spencer, Tioga County, August 4th. Hon. Neal Dow; Rev. Albert G. Lawson, of Brooklyn; Rev. M. E. Dunham, Gloversville, and others have been engaged to speak.

—THE British Museum has purchased a vaulted wooden Egyptian coffin, well preserved, and a gilded mask and mummy of a lady named Tahuiiea or Thothei, one of the court or family of the Queen of Amasis I., of the eighteenth dynasty.

—THE Turkish Porte seems to recognize the possibility that its domination in Europe is nearly terminated, and is selling large quantities of ecclesiastical property and crown lands in the European Provinces, especially in Thessaly and Epirus.

—THE National Educational Association, held at Chatauqua, N. Y., last week, perfected the organization of a permanent National Council for educational publication and work, consisting of fifty-one leading educators. A committee was appointed to secure an educational exhibition at the International Exhibition to be held in New York City in 1883.

—PRESIDENT GRÉVY, by decrees dated July 6th, granted pardons and commutations of sentence to more than 1,200 common law criminals undergoing punishment in home and colonial penal establishments. The Minister of Marine has ordered a large transport ship to be immediately prepared to bring home 314 amnestied Communists from New Caledonia. About 480 Communists living in different parts of Europe will be entitled to return.

—THE Musical Phalanx, which promises to be the largest concert troupe in the world, is now being organized, with Henry C. Jarrett as business manager and David B. Gulick as musical director. Mr. Jarrett has spent three months in Europe securing talent, and expects to begin the tour of the United States and the Canadas early in September, with eight vocal soloists and four instrumental, besides a chorus of fifty voices and a well sustained orchestra.

—THE Treasury Department has prepared a statement showing in detail the operations connected with the retirement and refunding of the United States bonds and the amount of interest saved by the transaction. The entire amount saved by the refunding from December 1st, 1871, to July 1st, 1880, was the very large sum of $58,289,168. The percentage saved ranged from one to two per cent. The total amount of bonds refunded is $1,395,341,950.

—IN Afghanistan events are proceeding fairly towards a final settlement. Probably, if Abdurrahman Khan fails to come to an agreement with the British, he will sell the large quantities of goods he has seized from Turkestan traders to raise funds for a holy war. There is great distress in Cabul owing to the scarcity and high prices of provisions, but the harvest is nearly gathered, and should bring relief. It is understood that on the withdrawal of the troops from Cabul the defenses will be demolished.

—AMERICAN enterprise is beginning to turn the immense natural resources of Russia to account. Mr. Barker, the American who procured the first four cruisers of the Russian volunteer fleet when war with England was apprehended, has established a joint stock company, with a capital of $5,000,000, to work the South Russian coal mines. Mr Twedal, of New York, has set to working the naphtha fields of the Kuban. If they can obtain a sufficiency of hands, which is always a difficult matter in a lazy land, these companies are pretty sure to prosper.

—A SELECT COMMITTEE of the British House of Commons on the law of libel, has agreed to recommend that in future no criminal proceedings for libel be allowed to begin without the fiat of the Attorney-General being first obtained. The Committee will also recommend that fair, accurate reports of the proceedings of public meetings, published without malice, be privileged; but the plea of privilege shall not be allowed as a defense to any action where the defendant refused to insert a reasonable letter or statement, in explanation or contradiction of the report.

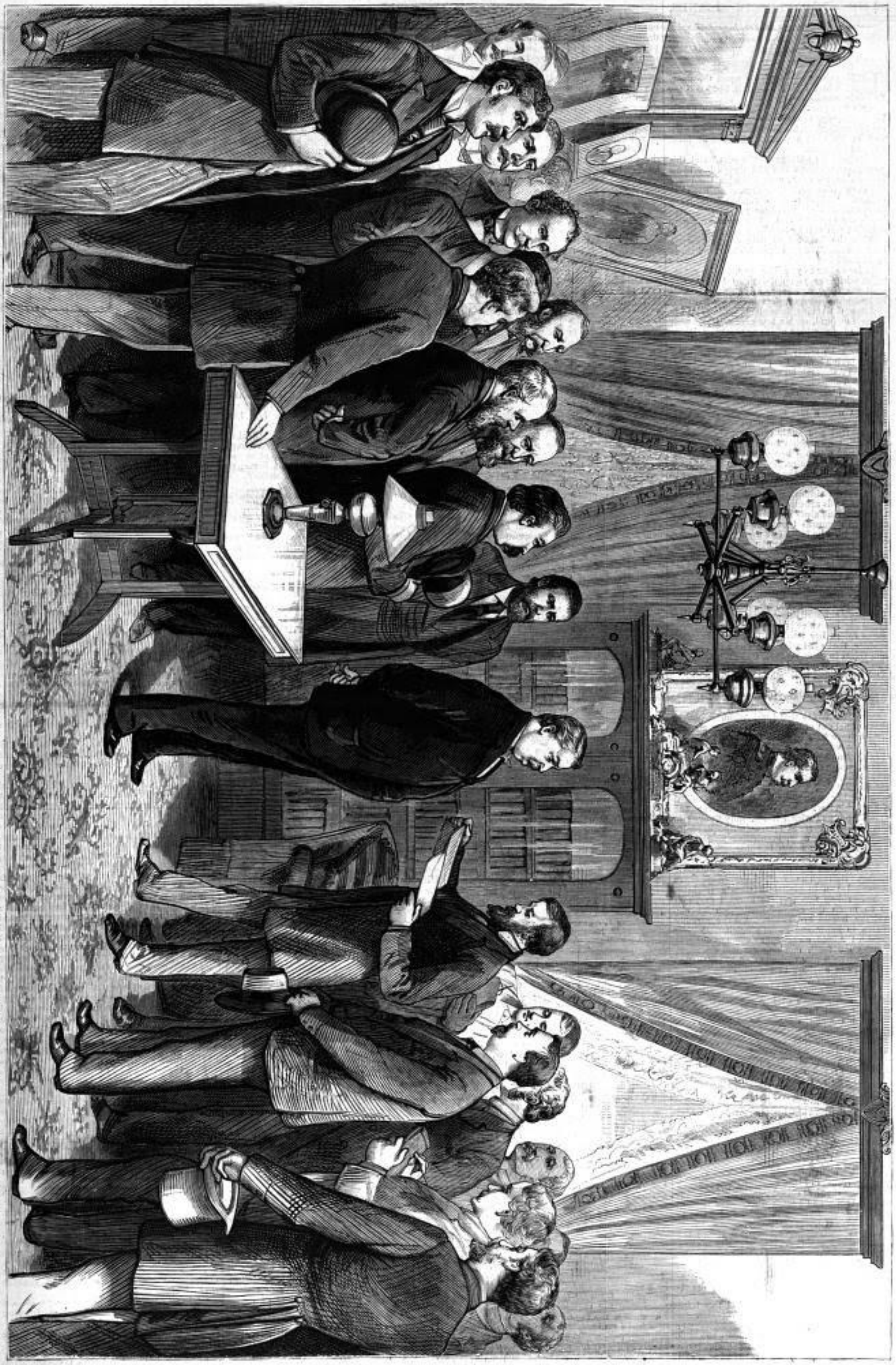
—DURING June more than 48,000 applications for pensions were filed with the Pension Bureau, some for arrears alone, and some being entirely new claims. The work of settling pension cases becomes more difficult as the date when the claimant was disabled becomes more distant. The work is much slower than it was some years ago. In the four years—1863 to 1867—there were allowed 164,456 pensions, and the clerical force was not more than one-third of the size of that now employed. In the years 1867 to 1871 only 85,386 were allowed, although the amount expended for clerical work was increased by $400,000. Since that time the same peculiarities have marked the work of the Bureau, the work becoming much slower and the working force larger as the necessary testimony becomes more inaccessible.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AT SWAMPSCOTT.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 367.

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NEW YORK—GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK RECEIVING THE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF HIS NOMINATION FROM THE COMMITTEE OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION, AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, JULY 13TH.—SEE PAGE 367.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

JACK calmly sinks down upon the door-step where he seats himself, but his is the calmness of despair.

"He will break your neck," he says, glancing helplessly at Toboskie. That gentleman stands motionless, his gaze fixed upon the girl, and in his eyes a perfect madness of love, rage and passion.

"He will do nothing of the sort," and this young siren stoops low and wraps her arms around Jack's neck, who, knowing the effect of such blandishments, struggles hard to escape. "There now, dear, good Jack! don't be disagreeable! It is time you were going; leave me to settle this. You must go immediately; you will be late."

With the liveliest despair depicted upon his features, Jack gets upon his feet, and turns to Toboskie.

"I leave her to you," he says, with a groan. "But whatever you do, *don't let her ride that devil of a horse*, or as sure as you live she will be brought back a corpse."

After delivering himself thus Jack takes himself off, and, with a low gracious bow that holds in it something of sunny mockery, Maize invites Toboskie in the house.

"I will be ready in a few moments," she says, leaving him at the parlor door.

"Miss Ashhurst, let me beseech you," commences Toboskie. But "Miss Ashhurst" interrupts him with a delicious little smile, holding in it a spice of wickedness.

"Just wait a few moments, my lord," she says, sweetly, "and when we are mounted and started you shall talk as much as you please." With another smile she turns, and he stands and watches her as she flits down the hall and up the stairs.

In a few minutes she returns—a transformation has been wrought—she is dressed in a plain velvet riding-habit, which falls in long straight folds around her perfect figure; all that glittering glory of sweeping hair is folded away in decorous braids at the back of her regal head. She looks like a young Diana, and in her eyes he sees that challenging, mocking gleam that past experience tells him means war to the knife.

As she stands like a vision in the door, he goes to her, and his teeth are set tight, while his eyes blaze—that fierce, savage wrath of his nature is now at its worst.

"Miss Ashhurst, do you propose riding that horse?" His voice is very chill and low.

She raises her head with that old, haughty gesture, that even when she was a child made him thirst to conquer her. Her eyes, tranquil, steady, defiant, meet his in a vast challenge.

"I am *resolved* to ride him, count," she says, calmly.

He takes a step nearer her, and his hands clinch.

"Are you aware that Lord Ashhurst bought that animal out of my stables?" he inquires.

"I believe I heard something to that effect."

"Very well. Then you must know that I speak from experience, and I tell you, madam, that no woman has ever touched the back of that horse, and but very few men that he has not killed."

Upon her arm hangs her jewel-studded riding-whip; with this she stoops over and touches the pug which has already figured in this history—touches him daintily, playfully right upon his ugly, inquisitive nose. And while she thus amuses her dog, she slowly, lightly, answers her companion:

"Thank you, my Lord Toboskie, for your candor. Riding The Fiend—by-the-way, what possessed you to give him such a frightful name?—riding this terrible horse. I say, will be so much the greater distinction for me. Ah, the horses are ready. I have already grown to know The Fiend's neigh." As she speaks, the loud, clear, angry snort of a horse cleaves the fresh morning air and comes to these two belligerent people as they stand confronting one another in the rich shadows of the ancient castle.

"I am ready, my lord." Maize straightens herself and glances at her companion. He stands rooted to the spot—his magnificent figure, his stern, dark face, seem cast in bronze.

"Is it possible that you will persist in this madness?" he inquires.

"Yes, if you allude to my riding that horse," is the calm response.

Then clear and startling distinct comes his answer:

"I will not allow it."

Almost delirious in his passion, he yet sees the stately uplifting of that golden head with its proud majesty, the sudden, dangerous flash of those haughty eyes.

"By what right do you presume to control my actions?"

"By the right that any man has to save a woman from her madness, Miss Ashhurst. This fancy that has seized you is a mere braggadocio spirit, and I think if you take time to consider your action you will be ashamed of it." His tones are provokingly cool, and hold a certain contemptuous ring that lashes the girl's proud spirit to fury, though never for a moment does she lose that proud self control.

"I shall ride the horse," she says, calmly, "unless you resort to personal violence to prevent me. Are you prepared to carry your interference to that extent?"

He looks at her in indecision. In this long, vaulted old apartment of the Russian castle the light of the young day has not yet pierced; only a gray, faint light hovers around the stained windows, and further down the room hang rich masses of dusky shadow, and through this gloom he sees the proud, white majesty of her wondrous face, the steady gleaming of her eyes, the marvelous shining of her golden hair. He notes all the proud, rich curves of her majestic figure, all the soft, dazzling beauty of her face, and a passion, a perfect madness of intoxication, born of his great love, sweeps over him, accompanied always with that vast thirst to subdue and conquer her, to compel her to know no law save his will, no happiness but in his love! Even while this insane desire grows and deepens in his breast, he sees her turn and walk towards the door, with a resolution in her countenance that he knows no earthly power can lessen.

Without a word he follows. When they gain the street the horses stand in waiting in the hands of their grooms. Toboskie's mare is a beautiful thoroughbred, showing good speed and proper spirit, and a coat as white as snow. The other is a vicious looking brute, handsome, powerfully built, with a black, sleek coat, smooth limbs and a clear head, delicate, pointed ears, broad, dilated nostrils, and eyes full, lustrous, wicked, and showing that dangerous crescent of white. If anything, he stands more docile than his companion, but he looks every inch a dangerous, wicked brute, with a tigerish treachery in his present composure.

Without a shadow of fear upon her countenance, Maize advances to The Fiend and places her hand upon the broad, thick neck. The beast hails this overture with a wicked laying back of the pointed, sensitive ears, and his eyes roll fiercely.

The groom stares in affright at the young lady, and his stolid, pale face actually pales.

"For the love of God, miladie," he cries, "get away! He hates women! It is what your life is worth to go near him!"

Maize looks at the man and laughs.

"My good man," she says, calmly, "I ride this horse this morning."

In a stupor of horror and amazement the groom stares first at her and then at Toboskie, who stands pale to the lips—an agony that she cannot fail to see shining in his eyes. In this perilous moment his love has stepped upwards above every other emotion; even his thirst for victory is vanquished, and in his soul is only one aim—care for her safety. He goes to her and lays his hand upon her arm—the arm that rests upon the powerful neck of The Fiend—and his voice is gentle, pleading, humble:

"For God's sake listen to me; do not ride this horse. I acknowledge your power; I beg, I beseech of you not to ride him!"

Mortal man can say no more, she has conquered him for the moment, yet it does not suffice. She raises her eyes and in them he sees that cold, unconquerable light that he knows no pain or menace or earthly peril can vanquish; and even before she opens her lips, his sudden and unusual humility has fled, and that old, fierce passionate strife has again fastened upon him.

She does not rush into danger blindfold. She knows the madness of her resolution, is fully conscious that it may cost her her life; yet, were she sure she would be brought home a corpse, she tells herself, with a savage closing of her lips, she would ride this horse after what has passed between them. It is not foolish to say that to some natures pride is stronger than the love of life, and this woman is of that unfortunate order.

"Are we not wasting time?" she says, calmly. He is maddened beyond all semblance of control. A fierce Russian oath breaks hoarsely in his throat as he gathers her in his arms, and his eyes, hot and savage like a tiger's, gleam down in the lustrous beauty of her own. He is literally mad or he would see that he is crushing her to his breast so fiercely that her soft flesh is bruised by his roughness. For an instant, not longer, he holds her thus, and she feels the rapid pulsation of his heart; then, without an effort, so powerful is he in his magnificent manhood, he lifts her upwards and places her in the saddle.

"*There!*" he says, and he is panting with passion, "*die* if you will, but better for me if it had been long ago!" He crushes her hand in his own and then steps back. The groom, with wisdom unusual in one of his station, retains his hold upon the bit. The horse, feeling the weight of its rider, stands for an instant motionless, then slowly spreads out its great fore-legs and lowers himself with that slow, crouching motion of a tiger until its stomach almost touches the ground. Then he deliberately straightens himself and every muscle in the great body quivers, and with sheer passion, as he feels the firm, steady grasp upon the rein.

Toboskie tightens his grip upon his riding whip, and, ready for action, stands watching the brute with a falcon eye. But as it shows no further signs of evil, he mounts his own steed, the groom releases The Fiend's bridle, they start on a smart trot down the street, the two horses side by side.

So long as they remain in the city The Fiend is irreproachable in conduct, and Toboskie begins to breath freer. But when they reach the open country the devil crops forth in his every motion; he rears, he plunges, he goes in every possible direction but the proper one, absolutely refusing to advance straight forward. In a hundred fiendish antics he endeavors to free himself of his rider, who keeps a steady seat under what is sufficient to throw the best rider in Europe.

A savage, reluctant admiration is wrung from Toboskie's soul at her fearlessness. Yet he fears for her—he, the haughty and indomitable noble, fears for this brave, dauntless, exasperating life that is to lay waste his own. But what is the use of prolonging this history of a girl's madness? There could be but one possible result. Weary with his ineffectual efforts to unseat his rider, and driven furious by a stinging, but imprudent, blow from Maize, whose soul possesses but little patience, The Fiend, with a savage snort, throws himself with all his force sidewise in the path.

A dizzy, blinding faintness seizes Toboskie. He expects she is crushed to death—all that soft, dazzling, wondrous beauty mangled in the dust. And God knows what saved her! When the mist clears from his eyes he sees that The Fiend is already upon his feet some distance off, standing viewing his prostrate rider. He springs from his saddle and staggers to her, prepared for a ghastly spectacle. To his surprise he meets her eyes, filled with consciousness and a glad, wild light unmistakable—pure love of life, sheer glory in existence. Then it slowly dawns upon him that this life, so precious to him, has not been cut off—has not been blotted out from the living.

"I felt him going and jumped," she explains, coolly; "consequently he only fell upon my arm."

Without a word—he cannot yet speak—he stoops and raises her. Then he sees that she is pale and faint, and one arm hangs limp by her side, though that great, glad light still shines in her eyes. He glares murderously at The Fiend.

"Don't blame him," she says, and tries to laugh. "He has treated me much better than I expected. I am thankful for my escape. I must confess I fully expected to be taken back a corpse. As it is, only my arm is broken."

Still Toboskie is silent, and again he glances at the horse with a menace of vengeance. And again Maize says:

"Don't blame him——"

"*I shall kill him!*" he interrupts her, and even his lips are pale with passion.

"Then that would be unjust, and I hate injustice," she cries. "I do not profess to be angelic. You know that a Greek could be nothing but swift and revengeful where vengeance is righteous." She lifts her head proudly at these miserable, fatal words, and he realizes that from her race it is natural for her to have inherited a peculiar temperament; "but in this case vengeance would not be just, for I, knowing the nature of this horse, deliberately ran the risk of riding him."

He looks at her curiously.

"Perhaps," he says, "you feel more inclined to kill *me*?"

"No," she replies, quietly. "I have a horror of bloodshed."

"I have a horror of *murder*," he observes, "but of bloodshed none. You know my race have all been rather desperate dare-devils. I believe that there are often insults offered, wrong done, that only blood can wipe away; it is the creed of our family, and I see no harm in an open warfare. But for the coward—be it man or woman—who would steal unawares to his victim and strike the fatal blow in secret, who would show his adversary no mercy, no chance for life, for such a dastard the ax is too good! But what a remarkable conversation," he continues. "You are suffering intensely. My God! what tempted you to ride the brute?"

"Perhaps you will never know," she replies, lowly, so low that he fails to catch her words.

"If you will sit here and wait for me, I will tie the horses and search for help. There must be a cottage around here somewhere."

She nods her head and he soon disappears. She is growing faint with pain when he returns with the information that his search has been successful.

All day long she stays in the cottage, and Toboskie never leaves her side. He is gentle, reverential, tender; she sees him in an entirely new phase, while through all his quiet and unobtrusive devotion runs a vein of passionate, immutable love.

A doctor comes out from Petersburg whence he has been summoned and sets her arm. The family have been duly notified of the accident, which notification brings Jack post-haste to the cottage nearly frantic with fright. And in the sunset Maize and Toboskie are driven back to Petersburg. Jack rides his friend's horse, while a servant follows in the rear leading The Fiend.

Just as they are about to enter the city Maize touches Toboskie's arm and points to the west, which is suffused with an angry crimson glow.

"What does it look like?" he murmurs, after a moment's silent contemplation.

And she shudders as she answers, "Blood!"

CHAPTER XX.—THE SECRET OF THE PAST.

"AND now," says Lagors, who reclines upon a divan, his haggard face looking more shrunken and wretched in the light of the burning tapers, and turning his weary, restless eyes upon Count Toboskie, "and now you have my history. Can you ever again take me by the hand?"

For an instant Toboskie is strongly tempted to answer "No." There is a strong, fierce passion in his eyes for this man—this self-confessed sensualist—and every nerve in his magnificent frame quivers with rage and excitement. But his thoughts are all of her—this soft, dazzling, wondrous woman, who has entered into his heart for all eternity, and an agony of horror and pity seizes him, not for himself but for her.

He thinks of the gay, royal, haughty life of this girl, by nature and rearing a passionate aristocrat. Yet this life, for the vile lust, the sensual weakness of a rotten and dead-and-gone passion, is branded with illegitimacy—is the price of sin, the offspring of hazard.

A shudder seizes him and he is weak and faint even in his magnificent manhood. For himself it matters not: he comes of the haughtiest and most powerful line of noblemen in his country, yet all the same he would take this girl, all stricken with shame and shorn of the proud purple of aristocracy—he would take her to his breast, shielding her with his love, protecting her with the proud name he bears. It is always for *her* that he grieves.

"Can you still claim me as your friend? Oh, my God! you can't loath me more than I loath myself!"

The hoarse, unsteady voice breaks in upon his meditation, and rouses him from his stupor of horror and amazement. His eyes, with their shrinking pain and hatred, fasten upon that miserable wreck—this man, for whom, through many years, has burned a steady friendship—and that fierce, murderous rage, that savage thirst for his blood, dies quickly out. He sees that remorse has taken vengeance out of his hand, that the wrongs of the helpless are being avenged by that most relentless of all avengers—the consciousness of guilt.

"It is not for me to sit in judgment upon the actions of my fellows. I am not free from guilt myself."

His voice is quiet, but he cannot yet, with the fierce pangs of this revelation so new, force it to be friendly. And in his soul is a consciousness that, with all the lust and excesses that necessarily mark his life, spent as it has been in a gay and sensual court, he could never allow his honor to be stained as in *his* eyes the honor of this man is shadowed.

Lagors raises his thin hand and brushes back from his brow the heavy locks whose lustrous black is speedily changing to gray.

"But I am being punished," he says, and his voice is dry and hard. "For all my wrongs I am being punished. I love Claire Ashhurst—love her as never man loved woman before. I cannot live without her! and I will not!"

He rises and paces the floor, his hands locked upon his brow.

Then into the eyes of Toboskie sweeps a lion's wrath, not so much for this man as for that soulless, brainless thing, all bright brown hair and smiling lips, and sunny eyes, and soft, white limbs—that sensual, foul, rotten thing that Jack Ashhurst has made his wife!

"Have you told Maize yet?" he asks.

Lagors stops with a start of terror.

"No!" he cries, "and do you never mention it. I would not have told you if I thought you would not keep my confidence sacred." He catches Toboskie by the hand, and his restless, fiery eyes hold a great prayer. "Swear," he says, "swear by your hopes of heaven never to breathe this subject to any living creature!"

Toboskie rises haughtily; in his eyes is a cold and dangerous gleam, though his voice is chill and quiet.

"You have known me long enough to know that my word is sacred, and I pledge it that I will not betray your confidence."

"Thank you." Lagors's voice is husky in its emotion. "I would sooner lose my right hand than injure or offend Gypsy."

A hard, bitter smile flits over the fine, satirical lips of the statesman, but he is silent. It is always of her that Lagors thinks—that treacherous, faithless, brainless creature, with her angel face and soul of hideous blackness—but never of that strong, free, spotless soul that sooner or later must be crushed by their guilt, or of that proud English nobleman who, in all faith and love, has taken that viper to his breast.

"Raoul, speak to me—advise me. I believe I am going mad!"

Lagors's miserable voice again rouses Toboskie. He raises his dark, stormy face, and looks at the stricken wreck of a man before him.

"I can advise you in no way," he says, and his voice is chill with a mortal coldness. A bitterness worse than death has fastened upon him. Despite this mutual strife between them, all the faith, the loyalty, the grandeur of his soul have centred in his love for this girl. He adores her with a strength of passion that has never touched the mad, fleeting, sensual lust of Lagors for that wanton creature. Maize's cause is his, always must be, though she deny him the right—that holy right for which he yearns—of protecting her. And he knows that the bitterest wrong has been done her that can be done by human agency, and that savage lust of his race still struggles hard in his breast—that race that ever spilled blood as quickly as water if it were to avenge the cause of the helpless, or to wipe out a wrong done to the women of their love. "I can advise you in no way. It seems to me it is not a question of advice or indecision, but of honor. This woman is the wife of one of England's proudest peers, a man who has opened his doors to you, and whose hospitality you have accepted. His wife should be sacred to you!"

A delirous madness fills Lagors's eyes, though his voice is calmer than it has been during this fatal interview—calm with a hard, dogged resolution that amazes Toboskie, whose own honor is dearer to him than his life.

"See here, Toboskie," he says, and his tones are low, "a man who is dying with love for a woman, who would give that woman his life, his soul, his earthly all—such a man is mad; and honor does not count much with fools and madmen!"

His hand falls heavily upon Toboskie's shoulder, and his breath breaks from him in great, labored gasps.

"I believe you *are* mad," says Toboskie, looking at him steadily.

"I am!—mad for her—that soft, dazzling, maddening creature who does not care one sou whether I live or die."

Again he tosses the damp hair from his brow with that weary, despairing gesture, and paces the floor with a staggering, uncertain step. In a few moments he again pauses before his companion; his eyes are brighter, madder than before.

"I have brought trouble," he says, in that hard, drawn voice, "to many a trusting woman. I have been a curse, a misery, a darkness on their lives for ever. But for all that I have ever done I am being repaid in this hour. I suffer as the damned cannot suffer!"

"I should advise you," says Toboskie, after a pause, "to get away from Russia as soon as

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possible. When a man knows where danger lies, it is best for him to shun it. The only course left for you is to get away from this woman and never look upon her fatal face again."

"You conjure me to do this—you, who know what love is?" cries Lagors, and there is a shrill ring of pain in his voice. The steady, fine muscles about Toboskie's lips relax slightly.

"Yes," he says, "I know what love is, but, as God is my judge, I would not buy it with my honor," and he believes that he speaks the truth.

"Honor!" cries Lagors, "what is honor to love? I tell you that Claire Ashhurst shall be mine!"

Toboskie is a thorough man of the world. He has had his own liaisons, and known of them in others, but he has never injured any man whose hand he has taken in friendship. Therefore, he recoils from Lagors as if he had been stung.

"What!" he mutters. "You would win her from her husband!"

"I would and I will, if possible!" is the steady answer.

"Then I have taken your hand for the last time."

They stood confronting one another like wild brutes, a dogged, sullen resolution in the eyes of one, a fiery scorn and indignation in the other.

"So be it," says Lagors, after a long silence. "I have sold my honor. I am willing to lose my friend for Jack Ashhurst's wife. It is not the first time that a man has staked his all for a woman!"

"Then it only remains for me to bid you good-by." They bow coldly to one another—these men between whom has been a friendship firm and true—and in the next moment a distance and silence comes between them that never again will be abridged or broken.

In the evening Toboskie takes Maize to a state ball. He is weary with state cares, oppressed with dim forbodings of the future, and a recollection of that revelation so recent, regretful of the friendship broken. Yet above every other emotion rises that fierce and torturing jealousy as he sees the ardent glances of admiration elicited by the rich and wondrous loveliness of this girl whom he has constituted his idol.

She is courted, pampered, worshiped by that throng of Russian nobles, and it maddens him; and he swears that this night shall not pass without his telling his love, and gaining that right of cherishing her for himself, of claiming her before the world; or, if he is destined to be refused, of knowing and accepting his fate. In that case, he will go far away where the sight of her wondrous glory will never dazzle and madden him more.

As he wraps the royal ermine around her tall, proud form, and hands her to the carriage in the "wee sma' hours" of the night, he looks piteously, almost beseechingly in her eyes. Through the gloom she sees the feverish fire of that strange glance, and a half-terror of what she feels is to come seizes her.

"May I ride home with you?" His voice is low and a trifle hoarse, as he bends eagerly forward awaiting her answer.

She is silent; that demon of pride and perversity has seized her, and she looks down at him with a sunny, alluring light in her wondrous eyes, though her lips resolutely remain closed.

Over the dark, haughty face of the Russian statesman sweeps a swift pallor; always this strife between them; almost he wearies of it, even though at this moment that swift rage fills his breast, and mingles with that fierce and passionate love for this woman.

He reaches further over, and his grasp falls with unconscious force upon the small, bare hand that lies in her lap, while his eyes, darkening with passion, look upwards into the rich, Greek beauty of her dazzling face.

"May I ride home with you?" The words are still couched in the form of a request, but the spirit of a fiery command rings out in his voice and shows in his pallid countenance.

"*No!*" The single word is launched forth in unconscious scorn and disdain, as the proud spirit of the girl rises in arms at his tone.

He stands for a moment in silence, his eyes, hot and lurid, like a tiger's, fastened upon her face, and fearless as she is by nature, upon her briefly fastens a sudden dread of the mad passion she has enkindled. Then, in the delirious excitement of the moment, he gives way to a weakness, which, an hour afterwards, he blushes for—he, this polished courtier, this haughty statesman, deliberately enters her carriage, closes the door, and commands the coachman to drive home.

For a moment the girl is too amazed to speak, and stares at him silently. Then into her eyes flashes the fiercest scorn that he has ever seen even in her. She settles herself back in the carriage and devotes herself to looking out in the dark, damp streets where the rain is falling fast. And all the while the man's great, angry, passion-lit eyes devour her as she sits in her calm, cold contempt. At last his low, intense voice rouses her and compels her attention.

"I had no right to do what I did. You are a woman; but if you were a man, by heaven I would have killed you ere this!"

She smiles, a slow, mocking smile, even while yet through the carriage floats his voice with its fierce, passionate pain. Oh, she can be very pitiless, this girl, with her soft, Grecian loveliness.

"You drive me to it," he continues, in that swift, panting tone—"you drive me to it with your mockery and defiance, with you sorceress's beauty, that has made me drunk like wine! I sought you to-night as any man would seek the woman he loves. I begged your permission to accompany you home. Why did you refuse? It would have cost you nothing!"

"I refused, Count Toboskie, because in my country, women have that right, which is also a sufficient reason," she answers, haughtily.

"And men have rights," he retorts, fiercely, "one of which is to plead their cause and to be treated, at least, with consideration from the women they love. I sought you to-night to tell you my love——"

His whole being runs rife with passion. Yet there is something in her eyes and in the gesture, as she raises her hand, that stops his passionate utterance.

"Count Toboskie," she says, and her voice is like steel, "you have forced your society upon me after I gave you every reason to know that it was objectionable. If I had any way of ridding myself of it, believe me, I should have done so long ago. Do you furthermore intend to distinguish yourself by compelling me to listen to a subject that is distasteful, and, under the circumstances, an insult?"

He falls back as if he was shot, and in his eyes comes a great, shrinking pain and fear. She has dealt him a mortal blow now.

"Is it true," he mutters, and a blinding, dizzy pain is upon him—"is it true that my love is distasteful to you?" Looking at her sharply, breathlessly, he sees the steady glory of her eyes falter, and a rosy flush steal upwards over her countenance, and his steady, despairing torture lessens. She sees the brightness that sweeps like a vail of glory over his dark and majestic face, and that accursed pride takes root again. She lifts her head with that haughty, stag-like grace, and the flush dies slowly off her face.

"We will not discuss the subject if I still have any control over myself, though it is scarcely to be supposed that a prisoner will be allowed such a liberty—by the captor." Her tones are haughty and arrogant. He looks at her in all her insolent young beauty, and again that desperate, murderous wrath runs rife in his being. Then, turning away and opening the carriage door, he leaps out in the street. For a moment she sees his burning, lurid eyes—sees them through the storm and wind and darkness, then the carriage whirls on, and, faint and exhausted, she sinks back in the seat.

(*To be continued.*)

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

THE University of the South is situated upon the western brow of the Cumberland tableland, in Middle Tennessee. Buried in the mountain forest, and without the usual surroundings of an institution of learning, to the careless observer its existance is an enigma. To the thoughtful, however, its isolation will indicate a wise purpose, and in its existence will be exemplified the truth that a great conception embodying the aspirations of a people though long unrealized, can never perish.

The motive of the institution can be explained only by its history. As a clearly defined idea, the University had its birth in the year 1857; at that time the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the ten States south of Virginia met and gave the conception form. Realizing the necessity for a great centre of learning in their midst, where, under Christian guidance, the highest and most liberal education could be offered to the young of the South, they projected a scheme as magnificent in its proportions as it was lofty in its aims. Recognizing in the rapid growth of physical science the source of new modes of thought against which Christian truth must be maintained, they determined to meet the issue by offering the most thorough education in every branch of science. Abiding in the faith of an eternal harmony between the spiritual and physical manifestations of God to man, they judged that erroneous thought could best be met by widest knowledge. For the execution of this design their preparations were ample. It was determined that at once an endowment of $3,000,000 should be raised for the establishment of a great university, and that, if necessary, this sum should be ultimately increased. In order that a perfect organization should be attained, every university, European or American, was scrutinized and measured; and, as the result of much thought and investigation, an outline was finally adopted for the organization of the University of the South.

In this plan thirty separate schools were completed, each with its own corps of professors, and in each school preparation was made for thorough instruction and original research. By the laity of the church the plan was heartily indorsed, and a few months saw subscriptions to the amount of $600,000 placed at the disposal of the trustees. In the selection of a site for the University three considerations guided the founders: First, the position must be central and easily accessible; secondly, it must have pure air and water and perfect health; thirdly, it must be remote from city or town, and be situated upon its own domain where it could mold its own surroundings and be itself the centre of influence. These several requisites were adjudged as best fulfilled by a site upon the western brow of the Cumberland plateau in Tennessee. Here, two thousand feet above the sea, in direct railroad communication with all parts of the country, was found a spot equi-distant from the cities of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and the trans-Mississippi States. In this region, above malarial influences, abounding in pure freestone water and bathed in a bracing atmosphere, a domain of ten thousand acres was offered and accepted, and in the then mountain wilderness the University of the South was founded to create for itself a habitation and a name. Before a large concourse of prominent citizens, assembled from every quarter of the South, the corner-stone of the University was laid, with imposing ceremonies, in the Autumn of 1860. So far had the undertaking progressed when it was arrested by the war. If at the beginning of the war the necessity for such an institution was apparent, it was seen to be doubly so at its close. Although all endowment had been swept away, the original domain was still available, and the conception still lived. By the survivors of the original Board of Trustees steps were immediately taken to re-establish the institution. In the year 1868 a beginning was made, which, though humble in its pretensions, yet served to reawaken in the minds of churchmen their duty to the cause of Christian education. This was made possible through the personal efforts of the Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard, in England; by this devoted churchman sufficient money was raised to warrant the organization of a corps of instructors and the beginning of instruction. Since that date to the present time the progress of the University has been uninterrupted; 1,994 students have matriculated in its schools, while its numbers have averaged over 200 per annum; its corps of instructors has strengthened, and its degrees are valued throughout the South as warrants of sound and thorough education.

Resting upon the carboniferous conglomerate and sandstones which cap the Cumberland tableland, the health of the University site is perfect. Its supply of cold, freestone water is abundant, and chalybeate and mineral water add to its attractions as a resort for health during the heats of Summer.

But two permanent University buildings have as yet been completed: the one, St. Luke's Memorial Hall, a fine stone building, erected through a donation of $30,000 for that purpose by Mrs. Louis Malingault, of South Carolina; the other, the Hodgson Library, the gift of the present Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, D. D. The other buildings are temporary structures, in use until returning prosperity shall enable the friends of Christian education to express their zeal in works.

Access to Sewanee—the post-office village that has sprung up around the University—is had by the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, to Cowan, from which station the road of the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company passes through Sewanee on the University domain.

SURRENDER OF HOSTILE SIOUX.

ON Monday, June 14th, a body of five hundred of Sitting Bull's Sioux surrendered at Fort Keogh to General Miles. They came from the British possessions, where starvation for the tribe seems impending. These are the results of General Miles's work for the past four years. He has fought them when necessary, has avoided it when unnecessary, treating them humanely when they had surrendered—a fact which the Sioux now appreciate. They declined to surrender except to his force at Keogh. The Sioux who surrendered in 1877 under his terms, and who have been under his supervision since, are prosperous and contented. Their fair treatment no doubt led to the latter surrender, and will probably tend to the ultimate surrender to him of thousands of the once hostile Sioux.

Our illustration represents this band crossing the Yellowstone previous to the surrender. The cluster of tents is General Miles's village of Indian scouts, situated some two miles above Fort Keogh.

HON. ALBERT G. PORTER.

ALBERT G. PORTER, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, was born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., April 26th, 1824, at which place he lived until over twenty years of age. He attended college at Hanover, and afterwards at Asbury University, Greencastle, where he graduated in 1843, during the presidency of Bishop Simpson. He studied law at Lawrenceburg, and afterwards went to Indianapolis, where he has ever since resided. He was admitted to the Bar in 1845, and began the practice of law. He was chosen city attorney, and for several years was a member of the Common Council of Indianapolis. He was appointed reporter of the Supreme Court in Judge Blackford's time, and published five volumes of reports. His first law partner was his father-in-law, Hiram Brown, one of the pioneers of the Bar in Central Indiana. Afterwards he was a partner of Hon. Lucian Barbour, of that city, and this connection continued until the election of Mr. Barbour to Congress in 1854. Mr. Porter then became a partner of Hon. David McDonald, and this connection continued until the election of Mr. Porter to Congress in 1858, when he defeated Hon. Martin M. Ray, of Shelbyville, Democrat, by 10,776 votes to 9,736; was re-elected to Congress in 1860 over Robert L. Walpole, Democrat, receiving 13,029 votes to Mr. Walpole's 11,877, and served in Congress during the stormy period of the first months of the civil war. The interests of his family required him to decline the proposition of a renomination for Congress, and, coming home, Judge McDonald invited him to renew the law partnership, an invitation which Mr. Porter esteemed a genuine compliment and gladly accepted. This partnership continued until the appointment, by President Lincoln, of Judge McDonald to the position of United States District Judge of Indiana. Mr. Porter was afterwards in partnership with Mr. W. P. Fishback; and when General Ben Harrison returned home after service in the army, he became a member of the firm, which existed for a number years. He was afterwards a member of the law firm of Porter, Harrison & Hines, and continued in active practice until he was appointed to the position he now holds. Mr. Porter was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the Hayes ticket in 1876, and in March, 1878, he was appointed by President Hayes First Comptroller of the Treasury, which position he has ever since held. He has been continuously engaged in the practice of the law up to the time of the appointment last mentioned, except when this practice was interrupted by his two terms in Congress. He has been an active member of the Republican Party since its organization, having cast his lot with it primarily on account of his emphatic opposition to the extension of slavery.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Frank Buckland has been awarded a gold medal and a decorated diploma of honor by the authorities of the Berlin International Fishery Exhibition.

The Climate of North Africa might, thinks Dr. Theobald Fischer, be more easily improved by the planting of forests than by forming an inland sea.

After Careful Examination Dr. Trautmann arrives at the conclusion that no process hitherto invented will keep iron effectively and durably from rust.

The Constructors of the railway up Mount Vesuvius have adopted the American double iron rope system as the best means for raising and lowering the trains.

There can no longer be any doubt that the alligator does exist in the Old World, as two fine specimens taken from the Yang-tse-kiang are now in the Berlin Zoological Museum.

Mr. Carl Bock has lately returned to London after his journeys in Borneo, bringing with him a magnificent series of portraits of the native tribes of that island—both Dyaks and forest people—taken in water colors. These are to be reproduced, at the expense of the Dutch Government, by chromolithography, and will illustrate his report on the journey, which is to be read in the first instance before the Royal Geographical and Anthropological Society of Holland. Pending the publication of this report, Mr. Bock refrains, at the desire of the Dutch Government, from anticipating it in England even by a preliminary sketch.

Amongst the peculiar institutions of Paris are the street astronomers, who exhibit through their telescopes the moon, sun-spots, comets' tails, and other celestial objects, according to circumstances. The charges vary from two cents in the suburbs to ten cents on the Place de la Concorde or the Place Vendôme, where the instruments are not unworthy of a regular observatory. At the last monthly meeting of the scientific journalists, M. Flammarion read an address sent to him by these itinerant teachers of the marvels of the heavens. They state that from the beginning of the publication of the *Astronomie Populaire* the number of their customers has more than doubled.

Signor Cristoforo Negri, President of the Italian Geographical Society, and member of the Geographical Society of London, has just published an interesting pamphlet at Genoa, in which he warmly advocates the proposed Italian Antarctic expedition. He demonstrates the importance not only to science, but probably also to trade, of such an expedition. A special circumstance increases the desirability of this Italian Antarctic expedition. In 1882 the transit of Venus will again occur, but after that not again for a hundred years. The Italian expedition, therefore, finding itself in 1882 at some point of the Antarctic circle, would be able to observe this phenomenon under favorable conditions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. TENNYSON is taking a long journey through Italy and Switzerland.

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS is now at his home in Illinois, and is said to be seriously ill.

THE REV. DR. C. H. TOY has been appointed Hancock Professor of Oriental Languages at Harvard.

MR. CORCORAN, of Washington, and Peter Cooper, of New York, both of whom have been very ill of late, are believed to have fully recovered.

THE will of General John Alfred Hazard, admitted to probate at Newport, R. I., on July 12th, leaves an estate of over $200,000, almost wholly to the Newport Hospital.

THE President has appointed Orange Judd, of New York, and of the *American Agriculturist*, to be a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, vice Barstow, resigned.

GENERAL HANCOCK is reported to be a rich man. Besides all his other property in Missouri, he has some excellent coal mines, which he refuses to sell, and does not at present care to open.

PRESIDENT HAYES has signed the commission of John B. Neil, of Salt Lake City, Utah, as Governor of the Territory of Idaho, vice Mason Brayman, whose commission will expire July 23d.

PROFESSOR S. F. BAIRD, of the United States Fish Commission, is to commence work at Newport, R. I., at once. Articles used in scientific research have arrived, and the necessary buildings have been rented.

THE sureties of General Hartranft justified in the required sum before the United States Commissioner on July 12th, and subsequently General Hartranft took the oath of office as Collector of the Port of Philadelphia.

NAIB MAHOMET, bearer of a letter from Queen Victoria to King John, has returned to Cairo, and reports that he was well received. The king informed him that he was desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Egypt.

JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE, ex-member of Congress from the Fourth District of Ohio, has accepted the position of First Comptroller of the Treasury, made vacant by Judge Porter, the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana.

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS V. GREEN, of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, who was the American military attaché with the Grand Duke Nicholas during the late Russo-Turkish war, and author of the work entitled "The Russian Army and its Late Campaign in Turkey," has been decorated with the Order of the Star of Roumania.

REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON has been climbing Alpine passes in company with his daughters and Professor Northrop of Geneva, the son of Mr. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Board of Education of Connecticut; and Dr. Eggleston's friends will be glad to know that his health is greatly improved, so greatly, indeed, that he has recently been able to do some literary work.

HENRI ROCHEFORT arrived in Paris on July 12th. Six thousand persons welcomed him and cheered him enthusiastically. He was escorted to his hotel by crowds singing the "Marseillaise" and shouting "Long live Rochefort!" His new journal, *L'Intransigeant*, sold 198,000 copies the first day of its publication. Rochefort declares that he intends to demolish M. Gambetta.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has presented to the City of New Orleans, in compliance with the request of the late Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, who left him her estate, a painting representing Anne of Austria exhibiting the portrait of her son, Louis XIV., to the French people. The artist was Pierre Mignard, court painter of Louis XIV. The State of Louisiana was named after "La Grand Monarque."

THE Marquis of Ripon, the new Viceroy of India, reached Bombay on the 31st of May, and was heartily welcomed. In reply to an address from the Municipal Corporation he made a brief speech, in which he expressed the hope that God would grant India a respite from the famines from which of late years she has suffered so heavily, and said also that he would use his best endeavors to bring the Afghan war to an early and honorable end.

CAPTAIN EADS, California's new Consulting Engineer, has gone to that State, and will begin his work by making a thorough examination of the Sacramento River. He has declined the proposition of Dom Pedro to accept the charge of the Brazilian Engineering Department, recommending, however, an American engineer, who has been appointed. Captain Eads expects to return from California in August, and will possibly go to his work in Portugal in the Autumn.

THE total destruction of the private library at Berlin of Professor Christian Matthias Theodor Mommsen, must be regarded as a serious loss to the world of letters. The library of the great historian of Rome, although it contained 40,000 volumes, was not numerically as large as some other private libraries in Germany—notably that of the Prince von Oettingen, at Wallerstein, in Bavaria, which contains over 160,000 volumes, or of Prince Thurn, at Hallsbon, which has nearly the same number; but it was unusually rich in rare editions, and it possessed the exceptional value which attaches to all special collections made by men of erudition for a special purpose.

AMONG recent deaths we note those of Professor John C. Bull, for twenty five years an instructor in the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, on July 11th; the Rev. John Cole Miller, D. D., select preacher to the University of Oxford, July 11th, aged 65; David L. Seymour, a prominent manufacturer of Peekskill, N. Y., and at one time warden of Sing Sing Prison, 11th, aged 75; Pierre Paul de Pommayrac, celebrated French painter, 11th, aged 62; Isaac Pereire, the French banker, 11th, aged 74; Tom Taylor, the popular English dramatist, 12th, aged 63; General Nelson Sheerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., 12th, aged 60; Andrew T. Pillot, one of the oldest members of the New York Cotton Exchange, 12th, aged 84; General John A. Campbell, a veteran of the war, ex-Governor of Wyoming, and one of the Assistant Secretaries of State at Washington, 14th, aged 46; the Rev. William C. Wisner, D. D., long a prominent clergyman in Western New York, at Lockport, 14th; Herman Grotta, for fifty one years an active bookbinder of New York City, 12th, aged 75.

PROFESSOR WALTER Q. SCOTT, of the Wooster University at Ohio, who has been obliged to resign his chair on account of accumulations of heresy, was formerly pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. Before settling in that city he was a professor in Lafayette College, where he was universally liked by the faculty and students. He is a man of great physical courage, as well as moral courage, as an accident which happened in a coal mine near Easton several years ago illustrates. There had been an explosion of fire-damp at the foot of the shaft when the first car was lowered in the morning. Those who had gone down in the car were in great danger of their lives, and not one of the miners assembled at the mouth of the shaft could be induced to go to their rescue. Professor Scott, who was passing by at the time, learned of the accident, and himself went to the rescue. He descended the shaft, filled the men into the car, and was then pulled up, all the men being unconscious, and Professor Scott himself nearly overcome by the gas.

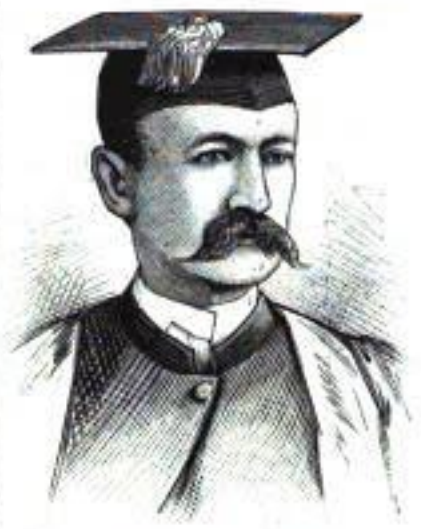
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GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.



VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.



VICE-CHANCELLOR HODGSON.



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP QUINTARD.



THE HODGSON LIBRARY.



RESIDENCE OF REV. MR. HODGSON.



THE CLASS UNIFORM.



ST. LUKE'S HALL.



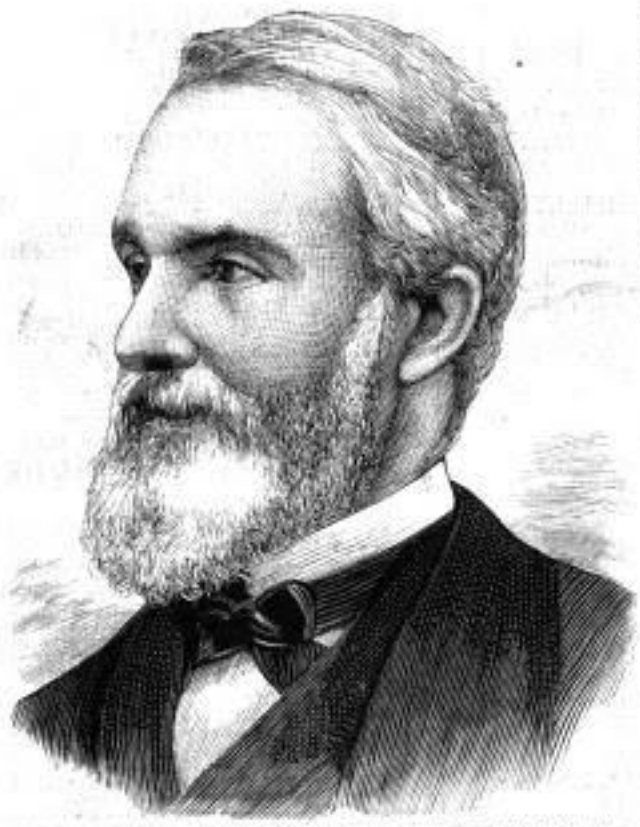
THE CADET UNIFORM.



VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AROUND THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

TENNESSEE.—THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, AT SEWANEE, FRANKLIN COUNTY.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. S. JUDD.—SEE PAGE 371.

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M. PAUL ARMAND CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, NEW FRENCH MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR.

CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, the new French Ambassador to Great Britain, is said to be one of the most erudite gentlemen in Europe. In a country where scholarship is somewhat high, he has attained a reputation for his acquirements which would place him in the front rank among any community of learned men whatsoever. He was one of the first of the many brilliant scholars sent forth by the Lycée St. Louis, and became professor of philosophy at the famous school of Pau when only twenty-two years old. Here, and afterwards at Limoges, whither he was transferred in 1851, he became noted for his Republican opinions, and few young men could clothe the doctrines which have been popular in France for three generations in more forcible and academic language. His patriotism and eloquence, and also, it may be added, his youth and inexperience, brought down upon him their natural consequences, and he was one of the first of that band of eminent men who incurred the displeasure of the desperate and adventurous intriguers who planned the Second Empire. A man who was so active and so able with his pen could not expect to escape annoyance from his political opponents, and in 1868 Challemel-Lacour was again prosecuted for the part he took in the Baudin subscription business. Still, nothing could daunt his courage or obscure his talents. Whenever his work as a journalist grew slack, he was busy with something else, and though the range of his capabilities extended over the arts, theatrical criticisms, foreign literature and political philosophy, there were times when leisure was enforced upon him. In such spare hours he wrote his fine essay on Humboldt, and his correct and admirable translation of Ritter's "History of Philosophy." He also edited the works of Mme. d'Epinay. At last there came a time when the genius, wit and fortitude of this brilliant gentleman and scholar were publicly acknowledged. Within a few days after the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, he was named Prefect of the Rhone and Commissioner Extraordinary for the Republic. He filled these difficult and important functions during the whole of the remaining time that the war lasted; and he did so in such a manner as to win the warm regard and personal friendship of Gambetta. It was he and M. Allain Targé, and M. Banc, who were the original founders and editors of the *République Française*, which has certainly done more than any other journal to secure the signal triumph of the Liberal cause. It was the unvarying sympathy and support which Gambetta received from these invincible champions of his policy which enabled the present President of the Chamber to hold his own against the tremendous attacks of M. de Fourtou and M. de Broglie.

THE LATE PHELIM TOOLE.

IT has been a very long time since any passing event has created so profound an impression in St. Louis as the death of Phelim Toole, the captain of the Pompier corps of the Fire Department. He was the hero of a hundred reckless exploits, which had made him famous far and near. There was no dizzy height between heaven and earth within the limits reached by modern architecture at which he had not saved human life; yet the hero perished ignobly July 6th, his life being literally jolted out of him by the explosion of an infernal machine in a smoky cellar. Fire had been discovered in the block next to No. 6 engine house, where the Pompier corps is stationed, and as soon as word was sent, Austin Shea, of the hook and ladder boys,

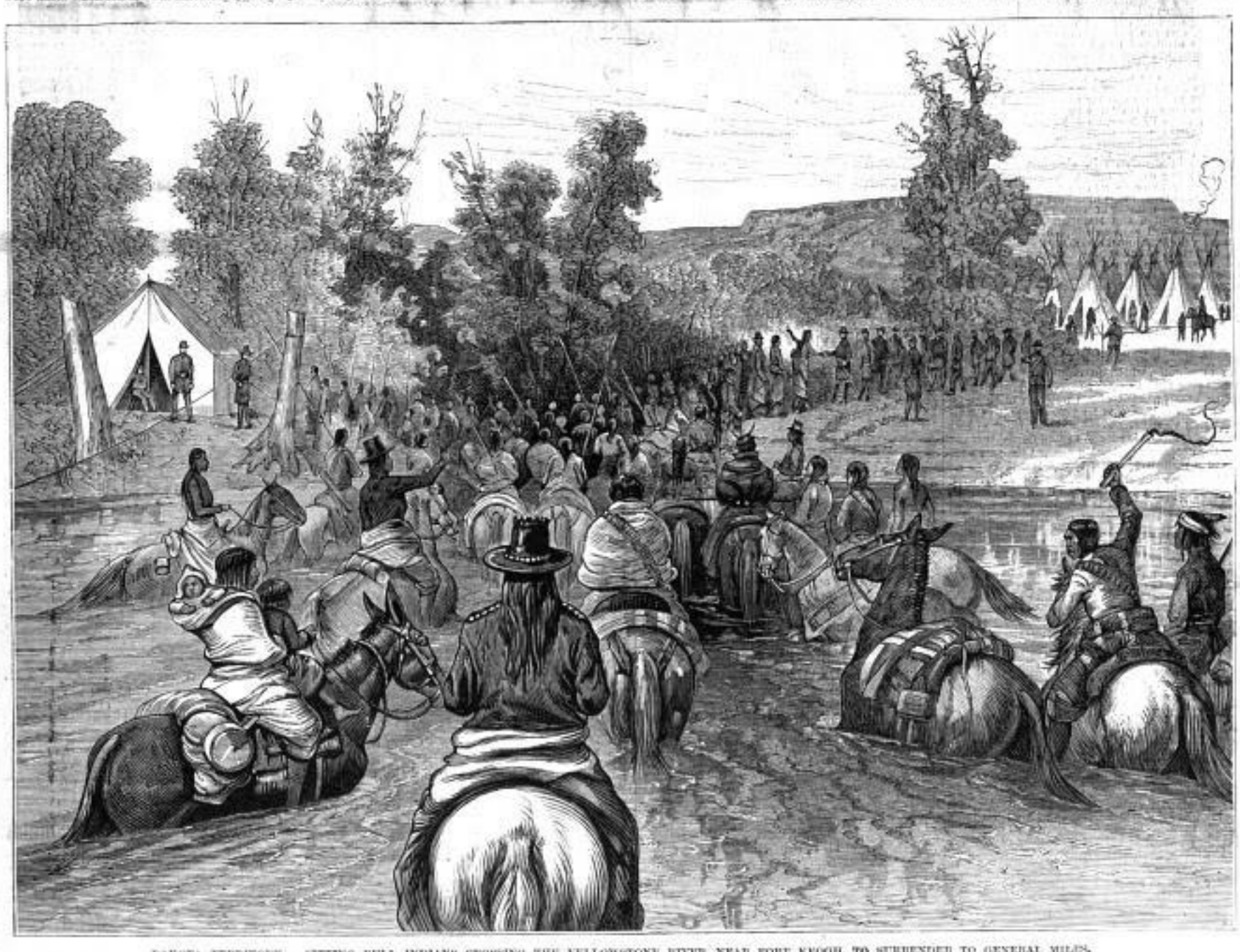


THE LATE PHELIM TOOLE, OF THE ST. LOUIS FIRE DEPARTMENT.



HON. ALBERT G. PORTER, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.—SEE PAGE 371.

picked up a Holloway extinguisher, and, followed by Phelim Toole, Assistant Chief John Lindsay and Tom Finnerty, ran through the alley to the rear of the house. Shea prepared the extinguisher for use, while Phelim and Finnerty ran down into the cellar, which was full of smoke. Shea then handed the extinguisher to Toole, who, to avoid the smoke, ran in a stooping position until he got to the centre. He then stooped still further to put the machine on the ground, when it exploded almost in his arms. The gas blew out the bottom of the cylinder, and then reacted by making the whole of the heavy machine raise and strike him in the chest. Toole was bent over it, and the brass cock on the top of the extinguisher crushed in a section of the breastbone, breaking the ribs just over the heart. He uttered a cry, and was almost instantly dragged out by his comrades, but died while being carried into a neighboring warehouse. The soldering in the extinguisher was found to have been defective. The fire amounted to nothing. Toole was thirty-two years old. He was born in the parish of Annamulla, townland of Fakle, in the County Armagh, and adjacent to the City of Newry, in the County of Down, Ireland. He took to the sea when young, and sailed before the mast for many years. Going to St. Louis thirteen or fourteen years ago, he sought employment at labor congenial to his first vocation, worked on steamboats, sewed tarpaulins and tents, made sails, and eight years ago, prior to his entering the service of the Fire Department, was engaged in spreading and repairing tarpaulins on the Levee. The last eight years of his life had been passed in the Fire Department, where he was a general favorite with officers and men.



DAKOTA TERRITORY.—SITTING BULL INDIANS CROSSING THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER, NEAR FORT KEOGH, TO SURRENDER TO GENERAL MILES. FROM A SKETCH BY HOLTES.—SEE PAGE 371.

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He was five feet ten inches in height, had dark hair and mustache, dark hazel eyes, and weighed about 160 pounds. He was married in Ireland, and had a loving and faithful wife and two children, a boy of fourteen and a little girl aged six. As father, husband, friend and fireman, he has a bright record, for he was as tender-hearted, kind and true as he was brave. At the great Southern Hotel fire, some years ago, he saved the lives of 13 persons. On that occasion, when the guests and servants in the sixth and seventh stories were cut off, he ran up a high ladder, stood recklessly upon the top round, tied a rope to a sheet that was thrown from one of the windows, and when the rope was secured above, swung off the ladder and climbed to the point, where he shared the danger with the others. A subscription has already been started for his family, and so highly was he thought of, there is no doubt a handsome sum will be realized.

Our Wheat Product.

THE wheat crop reported by the Government for the fiscal year 1878-9 (grown principally during the calendar year 1878) was, as is generally known, the largest but one ever produced in this country, being 422,122,000 bushels, an increase of about sixty-five per cent. over that of 1870, 163 per cent. increase over that of 1860, and more than four times that of 1850. The quantity retained for home consumption has risen from 100,331,000 bushels in 1850 to 189,000,000 in 1860, 224,000,000 in 1870, and 266,000,000 in 1879; the quantity exported (both domestic and foreign) from 792,768 bushels in 1850 to 4,155,000 in 1860, 37,000,000 in 1870, and 124,000,000 in 1879, having nearly doubled in the last year, as compared with 1878. Relatively, though not absolutely, the increase in exports is vastly greater than in home consumption. Consumption per head shows no very marked increase: it was 4.35 bushels in 1850, 5.37 in 1860, 5.81 in 1870, 6.03 in 1879. The percentage of crop sent abroad, on the other hand, was but 0.779 in 1850, was 2.40 in 1860, 14.18 in 1870, and 29.41 in 1879. In corn, production is more than three times that of wheat, but has not quite trebled since 1850; its consumption per capita is four times that of wheat, showing that we are a corn-eating people. Wheat exports during 1879 were not very much larger to Great Britain than in 1878, but those to France increased from 4,237,000 bushels to 45,147,000, this increase being the more notable in contrast with the fact that for some years previous our wheat exports to France had scarcely averaged a million bushels.

Torture of Criminals in France.

THE sickening accounts of the tortures inflicted on the French convicts, political or otherwise, expatriated to New Caledonia, affords, in one particular, a remarkable proof of what may be termed the conservations of cruelty. Flogging, it was stated in evidence before the Committee of Inquiry, was frequently inflicted with great violence and on very slight provocation. Now, flogging, it has been repeatedly asserted by the opponents of corporal punishment, has long since been abolished in France, both for civil and for military offences. Prior to the first revolution, the cat-o'-nine-tails, or, rather, of twelve-tails—the invention of the French General Martinet, whose name, in France, has come down to posterity in conjunction with the instrument of torture which he invented—was extensively used in the French Army; but its application was prohibited by a sensitively humane convention when the Reign of Terror was at its height. Jean Jacques Rousseau did really succeed in banishing the rod from French schools; but in the navy the cat, or "garcette," lingered until 1848, when naval flogging, and the punishment of keel-hauling to boot, was abolished by a decree of the Provisional Government of February. On the other hand, merciless flagellation has never ceased to prevail in the French bagnes or convict prisons. The wretched exiles in New Caledonia are scourged with an instrument precisely similar to that with which the "Forçats pour la Foi" (the French Huguenots sent to the galleys by Mme. de Maintenon and Père la Chaise at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) were tortured. This implement of flagellation was and is a thick cord, strongly twisted, attached to a short handle, and with its lash rendered additionally hard by being closely tarred. The punishment is traditionally know as "la bastonnade," or bastinado, for the reason that in the old times there were always a large number of Turkish prisoners in the galleys at Toulon and Marseilles, and a Turkish convict, assumed to be an adept in the art of castigation in the Ottoman fashion, was selected to flog the unfortunate Huguenots. Occasionally a cowhide, resembling the Turkish "kourbash," was substituted for the tarred rope. In the old French bagnes, when there were no more Turkish prisoners to act as lictors, the strongest, wickedest and most ferocious among the convicts were appointed to act as executioners.

Burmese Umbrellas.

THE umbrella, which the Englishman under his threatening climate wisely considers an indispensable accompaniment of his toilet as often as he breathes the outer air, is for very different reasons in the East a necessity to the native. In Siam and Burmah, China, Annam and Cochin China, it is not only the necessary protection against the intrusive rays of a vertical sun, but it has functions of its own to discharge which are quite foreign to it even in those countries where it is, as it was, intended to be, a "little shade." It is a distinctive feature in the lives and characters of the natives of those parts, and their Kings and Emperors, when writing to one another, to allude to their subjects as "wearers of the umbrella" in contradistinction to the ignorant and misguided people of other climes. Thus we find an Emperor of China writing to a King of Burmah: "From the royal elder brother, Tan-kwang, Emperor of China, who rules over a multitude of umbrella-wearing chiefs in the Great Eastern Empire," to "his royal younger brother, sun-descended King, lord of the golden palace, who rules over a multitude of umbrella-wearing chiefs in the Great Western Empire." In Burmah especially the umbrella has a deep and secret meaning to convey what is as double-Dutch at first to the foreigner's ear. It is, it need scarcely be said, the necessary finish to the out-of-door toilet of a Peguan or Burmese fashionable, but it is much more. It has very delicate duties to perform which could not so well be allotted in Burmah to any other instrument. Gold or gilded umbrellas, which in the Provinces may be carried by any nobody, are reserved in the capital for Princes of the blood alone; and red umbrellas are affected by the gay sparks of Burmese society as being the next thing most gaudy in appearance. Etiquette has also fixed the exact number of umbrellas that Burmese nobles may display when they approach the "lord of the golden palace"; and it has now been settled by the Mandelay Herald's office beyond possibility of dispute that no one but the Ein-Shé-Men, or heir apparent, is entitled to have borne over his litter the full complement of eight golden umbrellas. To carry a letter under an umbrella is to accord to it royal honors in Burmah. Eight golden umbrellas are properly carried over a King's letter, and when the Burmese authorities would not permit the umbrellas to be carried over the Governor-General's letter, according to custom, Major Phayre, the British envoy to Burmah in 1855, insisted upon the Union Jack being waved over it on its way from the Residency to the palace.

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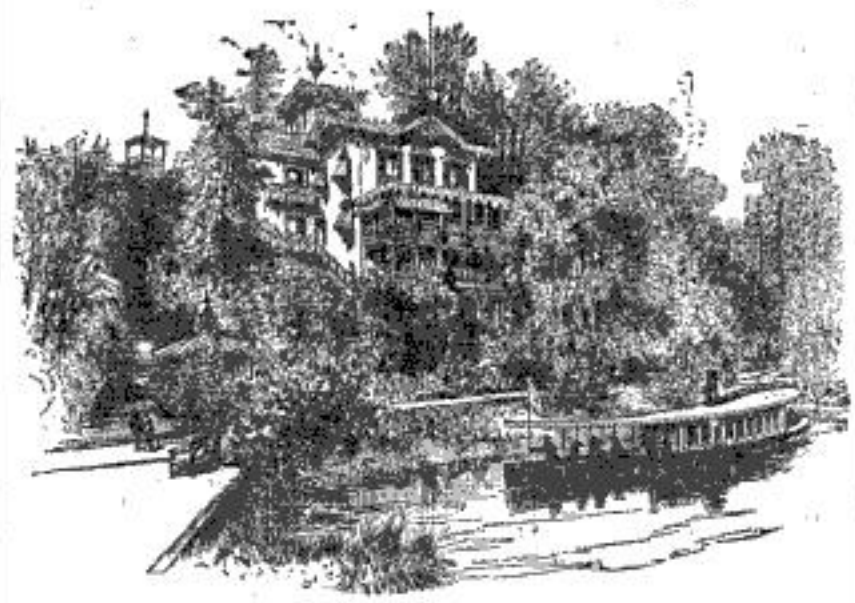
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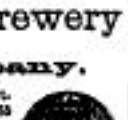
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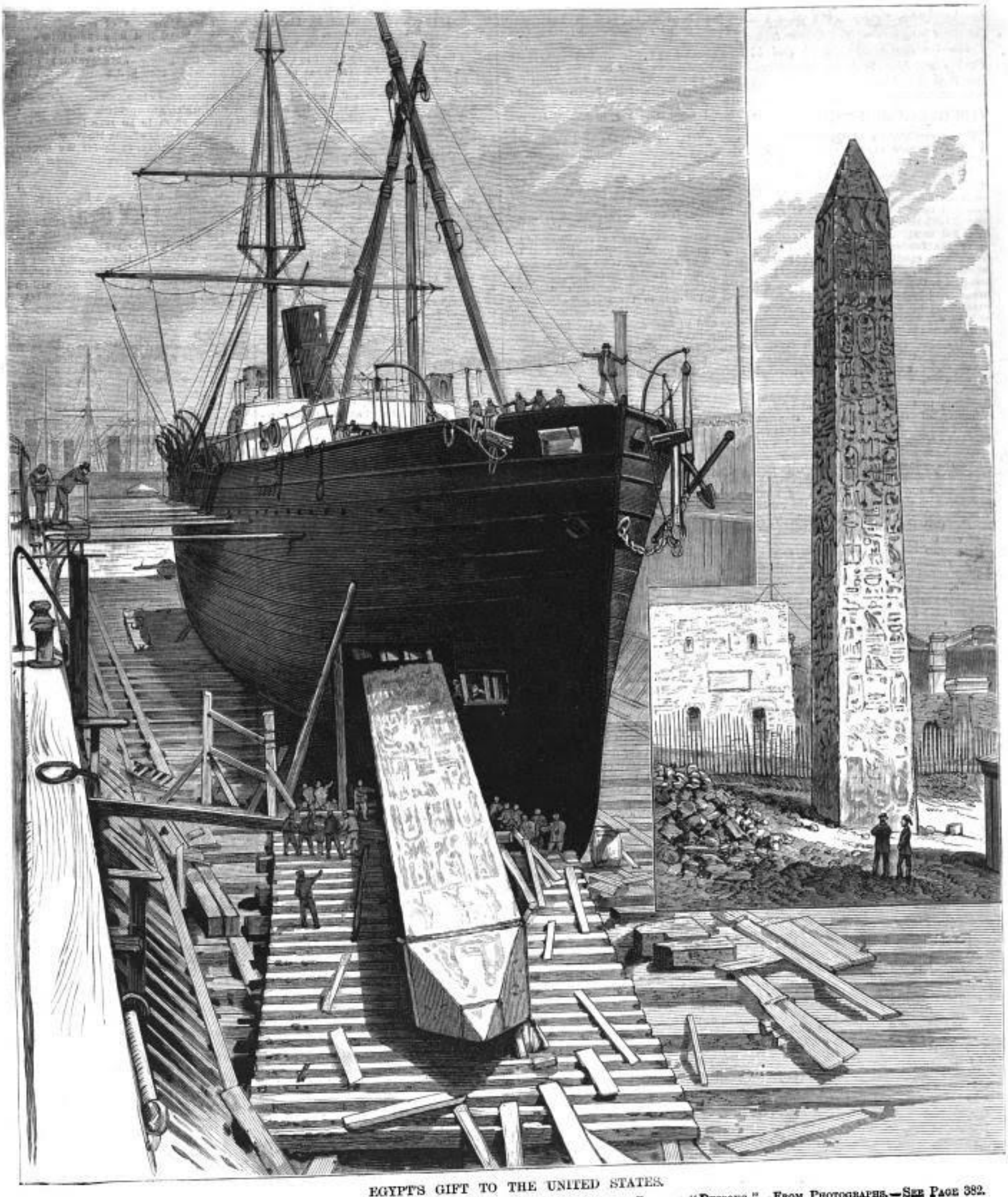
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EGYPT'S GIFT TO THE UNITED STATES.

The Obelisk as it Stood on the Bank of the Nile, and as it was Placed in the Hold of the Steamer "Dessoug."—From Photographs.—See Page 382.

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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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THE GREENBACK "SIDE-SHOW."

IF the candidature of General Weaver, the nominee of the Greenback and Labor Party for the Presidency of the United States, shall have no other effect, it will at least serve, during the present canvass, to accentuate those phases of the financial issue which the political managers of both the two great historical parties seem not unwilling to shuffle out of sight. It is the fundamental principle of the Greenback candidate that "all money, whether gold, silver or paper, should be issued by the supreme authority of the nation, and be made a full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private," and, as a necessary corollary of this doctrine, he holds that "both patriotism and sound statesmanship loudly call for the abolition of banks of issue," as now established under authority of the National Government.

But while thus pleading for the issue of all money by the immediate act and direct authority of the Government, General Weaver has been careful to explain that he does not advocate an unlimited emission of irredeemable paper money, and instead of believing any longer in the *fiat* power of the Government to make money by imprinting its stamp on a piece of paper, he now favors us with the doctrine that "the value of money consists in its limitation," only insisting that this "limitation" should be "fixed by Congress."

It is some concession, doubtless, to the laws of reason and to the force of a public opinion enlightened by recent discussions, that the standard-bearer of the Greenback and Labor Party has been brought to abjure the nonsense of the *fiat* money theorists, but the concession is not as great as it seems when it comes to be critically scanned. It is, indeed, rather theoretical than practical, for, reposing as he does in the wisdom and discretion of Congress—a changing body of men—the whole power to regulate the amount of paper money to be put in circulation, what guarantee can he give that this circulation will always be kept within the limits of redeemability in gold?

Under our present national bank system, with the freedom of its operations restrained by nothing but the imperious laws of trade and commerce, there *is* a check put upon the volume of the currency, but no check except that which is prescribed by the nature of things and the necessities of the financial situation at any given epoch. It has been well said by Mr. Gallatin (that master of finance under the administrations of Madison and Monroe), that "the Government has no means to ascertain whether its issues are too contracted or too large till after the evil has actually taken place; whilst banks, obliged to pay their notes in specie, and skillfully directed, are constantly employed in preventing its occurrence." It passes our comprehension to understand how the Greenback financiers can, in one breath, inveigh against the "double profits" reaped by the national banks on their issues, and, in the next breath, can charge that these institutions, by controlling the volume of the currency, may fix, at their mere will and pleasure, "the price of all labor and property." If the "profits" of the national banks are in proportion to their "issues," does not Mr. Weaver see that they are under a constant pressure of self-interest to keep these issues at the highest possible point? To suppose that they would place any arbitrary limit on the volume of the currency is to suppose that they would put an arbitrary restriction on their own profits; but, called as they are to watch the currents of trade and the tendencies of productive industry, as well in their own interest as in the interest of the public, they must watch intelligently for the prevention of panics on the one hand and of overtrading on the other, for the occurrence of either will prove a source of damage to them in common with the country at large. The interests of these banks are bound up in the same bundle as the industrial and manufacturing interests of the nation, and to intimate that they would fain put the latter in "circumscription and confine," is to intimate that they would fain lessen the "double profits" about which Mr. Weaver discourses so fluently.

We observe that some of the Greenback orators are pressing the great name and authority of Mr. Webster into the support of their doctrine concerning the duty of the Government as regards the currency. It is true that in the financial crisis of 1837 this statesman avowed the opinion that it is "the constitutional duty of the Government to see that a proper currency, suitable to the circumstances of the times and the wants of trade and business, as well as to the payment of debts due to Government, be maintained and preserved—a currency of general credit, and capable of aiding the operations of exchange, so far as those operations may be conducted by means of the circulating medium." But in so arguing Mr. Webster was very far from giving the slightest countenance to the financial doctrines of the Greenback Party in regard to the *source* from which this national currency should emanate. For, in immediate connection with the foregoing statement, he was careful to add that, in so saying he does not say "by what instrument or agent Congress ought to perform this duty." The idea that Congress should perform the duty directly without the intervention of any "instrument or agent," was as foreign from his thoughts as from the thoughts of Mr. Gallatin when the latter commented on the evils of remitting to the Government an immediate control over the volume of currency. One great national bank seemed to Mr. Webster a fitting instrument for the performance of the Government's duty in the matter of a paper currency needed for the purposes of business and of exchange, but the whole tenor of his remarks applies with much more pertinency to the system of national banks which has been established in the recent legislation of the country.

FEATS IN FASTING.

THE craving of the public appetite for spiced and piquant food is being abnormally pandered to by the insane desire for publicity which has taken possession of the now notorious Dr. Tanner. This individual's fast, even if it ceases ere the expiration of the time named by him for its continuance, has already lasted to a period which strikes the uninitiated with awe and bewilderment, the profession with astonishment and perplexity. We believe this to be a *bona fide* fast, nor do we in any way discredit the warranty of the gentlemen who keep "ghostly and dismal watch" over the eccentric and chameleon-like physician. We do not envy Dr. Tanner, and we have no sympathy with his devoted body-guard, even though their self-imposed labors be in the interests of science.

In the belief of Dr. Tanner's honesty, we are more or less fortified by cases of wonderful fasts that have from time to time occurred, and all of which, during their continuance, excited sensations akin to that which now engrosses public attention. If we go back to the Middle Ages, we have Joseph of Copertino, who for five years neither ate of bread nor drank of wine, but subsisted upon dried fruits and bitter herbs, and who was wont to fast for forty days seven times in every year. Nicolas of Flue abstained from food altogether, and when compelled to swallow a morsel of bread his stomach rejected it. Liduine of Schiedam fell ill in 1395, and remained in that state for thirty-three years, or to her death. During the first nine years she partook of nothing daily but a single wafer of apple and one mouthful of beer or milk. Later on, she rejected the apple in favor of water, and after nineteen years she refused even the water. According to her own confession, for eight years her lips were sealed to food and drink. The case of Eve Filegen, of Meurs, excited considerable attention. It is stated that for the space of fourteen consecutive years—from the twenty-second to the thirty-sixth year of her age—she refused nourishment of every description, "and this we have confirmed by the magistrates of the town of Meurs, as also by the minister, who made trial of her in his house thirteen days together by all the means he could devise, but could detect no imposition." The Welsh fasting girl, Sarah Jacob, is a very familiar case of modern abstention. At the age of ten, this girl suffered from spasms, attended with loss of consciousness, loss of muscular power and other symptoms of an hysterical character. She frequently vomited her food, which was taken in continually decreasing quantities. By the beginning of October, 1867, her daily food was a pill of bread administered by a teaspoon; on the 10th of October, a solemn declaration was made that she ceased to partake of any food whatsoever. This absolute fast, it is alleged, continued until December 17th, 1869, the day upon which she died, or a period of two years, two months and one week. This case so excited the public mind that four nurses from Guy's Hospital, in London, were sent down to watch the girl. The watch commenced on the 9th of December. On the 16th, "she was looking very pale and anxious, her eyes were sunk and her nose was pinched," and the "starvation smell" told the nurses that she was sinking. She died on the 17th. In Philadelphia an insane Irishman in the Pennsylvania Asylum refused all food and drink for forty-six days, because his daily allowance of food, which was four times in excess of that allowed to any other patient, was cut short. On the forty-sixth day of his self-imposed fast he was asked if he would have something to eat—every stratagem had been used to compel him to partake of food, but without success—"Give me something to eat," he said. Meat was given to him, but his stomach was too weak to hold food, and he died two days afterwards, his fast having lasted forty-eight days.

Numerous other cases of wonderful fasts might be cited to prop up belief in this unwise effort of Dr. Tanner. That he may accomplish his test is within the bounds of possibility, that he will aid science is open to a question, but that he is playing a very desperate game goes without saying.

MINING PROPERTIES AND STOCKS.

PARADOXICAL as the case may appear to the casual observer, the fact is patent, that, while on one hand capitalists and miners alike are scouring the country, from Maine to Arizona, in search of hitherto undiscovered deposits of the precious metals, on the other, the decrease in the value of shares in organized mining companies now aggregates millions of dollars per week. Nor is this decadence a matter of yesterday. It has been going on for months, and the end of the decline is, apparently, as far off as ever.

The solution, however, is most simple. Mining properties and mining stocks have long since parted company. It is scarcely too much to say that a mining property ceases to be a property the moment it is represented by shares of an organized company. The truth is that the mines, as such, have, in ninety-nine cases in every hundred, paid enormous dividends, not only to the miner or miners who originally discovered them, but to the second-hand owners who, purchasing them from first hands at comparatively insignificant figures, although such figures paid enormous profits to the sellers, have managed to delude the public into investing in the shares of such enterprises at rates which, on the most cursory investigation, are clearly preposterous. Thus, a hole in the ground which proves the existence of a more or less extensive vein or deposit of the precious metals, and which would pay highly remunerative interest on any reasonable amount of capital invested in its development, is organized into a company with a nominal capital of millions of dollars, divided into hundreds of thousands of shares, and this swindle is palmed off on a confiding public at a figure per share which leaves to the "promoters" far more enormous profits than the mine can ever earn or divide in the form of dividends.

In this purchasing of shares in mining companies at prices which the deluded victims fondly believed to be "bed-rock" figures, all rules which would govern the same purchasers in any other financial operation or investment are disregarded, if not set at defiance. No sane man would invest his capital in an interest in a farm, a mill or a bank, without previously ascertaining, to the best of his ability, the interest he could reasonably expect to derive from his investment, whether the figure at which the enterprise was valued was a fair one, and the more important of all considerations to him would be the percentage of the whole which his money purchased.

In mining stocks the opposite rules would seem to obtain. Not one man in a hundred, who has been induced to buy mining stocks, knows the first rudiments of geology or metallurgy; not one seemingly cares as to the amount at which the property he invests in is capitalized; and thousands of people who to-day are holders of mining stocks do not know whether their money has bought a thousandth, a ten-thousandth, a hundredth-thousandth, or a five hundred-thousandth part of a property which they have been induced to believe a valuable one. The purchasers in the majority of instances are deluded by eulogistic reports of the mine by the celebrated Professors Smith, Jones, of Robinson, many of whom are far from being morally or scientifically immaculate, and by lists of "Directors" or "Trustees," the antecedents of many of whom would scarcely bear close investigation, while others, previously regarded as highly respectable members of the community, are induced apparently to lend, but in reality to sell, their good names for a mess of potage in the shape of a gratuity of a few hundreds or thousands of shares.

Some eighteen or twenty months ago this community was invaded by a swarm of pseudo-capitalists from San Francisco, who, after having fattened on the people of the Pacific Slope, found their occupation gone because they had left only the bleached skeletons of their victims. A good many of these men had, previous to their advent among us, been gradually paving the way for their intended operations here, by unloading, or, as they called it, interesting the Eastern public in their Pacific mines. About that time Colorado loomed up as the coming remunerative field of mining industry. It more than verified, by its wonderful productions, all that had been predicted of it. Instantly mining schemes were promoted by the hundreds. The names of apparently respectable directors or trustees were obtained for a consideration; the shares were launched and floated; they were kept in a state of buoyancy by clever manipulations of the market, and were sustained just long enough to enable the respectable promoters and trustees to saddle the public, at exorbitant prices, with stocks which had cost them but little or nothing.

If credence can be given to one tithe of the reports which are openly bruited about, the instances seem to be rare in which there was even "honor among thieves." The result is that to-day, in by far the majority of cases, the promoters own none of the stock of the very enterprises which they promoted, because they have, in a few months, made more than all the dividends which the mine could reasonably be expected to earn in years, and the public own the stock, hoping anxiously for dividends which they will never realize.

The result of all the rascality that has been practiced in this matter of organizing, floating and selling mining stocks will not, however, either paralyze, hamper or retard the industry of gold and silver mining in this country; and, if it teach our people to exert as much caution in any future investments in mining properties as they would in any other money-making branch of business, the dose, bitter as it has doubtless been to many, may yet prove of a very salutary nature.

GERMANY AND TURKEY.

THE various nations which were represented at the Conference of Berlin are far from being in accord at the present moment. Of course, it was scarcely to be expected that Austria and Russia would be influenced by the same feelings in the consideration of Panslavism. The interests of these countries are widely different in the settlement of the Bulgarian affairs, and it is a matter of notoriety that English and Russian sentiments are widely at variance. The insulting remarks of Mr. Gladstone, and his subsequent apology to Count Karolyi, are still fresh in the minds of our readers; and the appointment of Mr. Goschen as an extraordinary ambassador to the Porte has by no means settled this troublesome question. But, in addition to all the other complications which beset the Eastern question, the present attitude of Germany adds another element of alarm. In spite of all the protestations of affection of the German Government towards Russia, there is not much love lost between the two countries. On the other hand, Austria and Prussia, although for a long time influenced by a most intense jealousy of each other, can meet upon the common ground of dislike to any Russian aggression. Turkey has been desired by the Conference of Berlin to hand over certain portions of Albania and Thessaly to the Montenegrins and Greeks, but the inhabitants of these border lands refuse to be transferred like so many chattels. The English and French special ambassadors, Mr. Goschen and M. Tissot, have tried to coerce the Porte, but that power has simply said, "We will do all in our power to carry out the articles of the Berlin Congress, but you must not expect us to make war upon our own people because they object to change their nationality."

Nor is it possible for the Porte to entertain any doubts as to the part which Russia wishes to enact. To establish Panslavism in Bulgaria is certainly one of the aims of the Autocrat of the Russias. This would entail the destruction of Turkey and the banishment of the followers of Mohammed from Europe. If Greece is obliged to fight in order to obtain possession of the parts of Epirus and Thessaly ceded to her, Bulgaria will probably follow in order to obtain Eastern Roumelia. Austria, then, in order to protect herself against Slavism in Bulgaria, will seize some material guarantee, and would probably advance towards Salonica. Here Russian and Austrian interests would at once clash, and Prussia, in order to protect herself against the aggrandizement of her powerful neighbor and the waving of the Russian flag over the Bosphorus, which would proh-

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ably follow, will join her arms with those of Austria. The latter country is said to have instructed her ambassadors to inform the Porte that strict compliance with the articles of the Berlin Conference will be insisted upon, and it is supposed that Germany is so far in entire accord with Austria and the other signatories. But at the same time Austria and Germany will insist upon the other articles which are in favor of Turkey being carried into execution, and will take every care of the interests of the Porte. That the Sultan has asked for and obtained the assistance of certain members of the Prussian Civil Service to aid in reforming the Turkish administration is beyond doubt, and the slight which is contained in this demand to England and France, whose representatives are on the spot ready to undertake such a duty, is probably intentional. Even the English new-papers allow that there is something in this new and strange fellowship, but they deny that there can be any alliance which will threaten the peace of Europe.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE long-threatened rupture between Rome and Belgium has at length taken place. The Belgian Minister has been withdrawn from Rome and the Nuncio has left Brussels. The Nuncio in the letter in which he demanded his passports brought an accusation against the Belgian Prime Minister. He says the Premier, in explaining the course of the negotiations to the Chamber, "knew that the consequences attributed by him to the words of the Cardinal Secretary of State answered neither to the thoughts nor to the intentions of the Vatican." M. Frère-Orban, the Prime Minister, thereupon replied that as long as the Pope remains neutral in the conflict between the Church and State in Belgium, so long was the maintenance of diplomatic relations possible; but as soon as the Vatican supported the bishops in their opposition to the laws of the State, the Legation became useless, and it only remained to withdraw the representatives of either Government. The bishops have announced that they will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence by singing a *Te Deum*, but that they cannot take any other part in the ceremonies.

In France the strict Catholics are so indignant at the expulsion of the Jesuits, and so fearful lest the anger of heaven may be called down upon the evil-doers, that a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial has been arranged. A large party of pilgrims have joined the expedition, and the French authorities feared some disturbance, which, however, did not take place.

In England politics, both home and foreign, have lost all their interest before the discussion of the great problem whether Bend Or, the winner of the Derby, is Bend Or or not. In entering a horse for a race, it is necessary to state his pedigree correctly, and any mistake in the sire or dam would disqualify him were he to come in first. So when a discharged stud groom of the Duke of Westminster, the owner of Bend Or, came forward and said that Bend Or was not the son of Doncaster and Rouge Rose, but the produce of Doncaster and Clemence, all England was shaken to its centre. Both foals were born at Eaton, the duke's seat in Cheshire, and it is supposed that while being removed to Russley, where they were trained, they became mixed up. As the duke's stud book ought to describe the exact markings of both colts, it has been referred to, but hitherto without any satisfactory issue. The whole matter seems somewhat puerile here, but the interest which the Derby excites in England is something marvelous. To most Englishmen it is as great a day as the Fourth of July is to a citizen of these United States.

The Empress Eugenie is daily expected in England. Her trip to Zululand has been—if such a term may be used—very successful, and the poor mother has gratified her morbid desire to see the spot where her only son was killed. It is believed that the hot, fever-breeding climate of Southern Africa has told upon the Empress's health, but not to any dangerous extent. Her ex-Majesty was accompanied by Sir Evelyn Wood, and she visited the scene of his great victory at Kambula, where she planted several trees and a wreath of bulbs, and erected a cross upon the graves of some of the heroes who fell on that field. On her way back from Cape Town the Empress stopped at St. Helena, the island fortress where the first and great Bonaparte died. Longwood, the house where Napoleon was imprisoned, was originally a farmhouse and settlement belonging to the East India Company, and was used prior to Napoleon's imprisonment as the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the island. Since the death of the Emperor the house has been allowed to fall into disrepair, and the former drawing and dining rooms, the library and bathroom, which had been inhabited by the ruler of Europe, have passed through the various stages of stables, granaries, barns and threshing-floors.

IF the French people have entertained any doubts as to the advantages of a republican form of government, the statement just made by the Minister of Finance must tend greatly to dissipate them—at least so far as material results are concerned. This statement shows that since 1872 the remissions of taxation have amounted to $61,400,000, more than one half of which was taken off last year, and that if the reductions shall continue at the present rate, all the increase of taxation entailed by the war with Germany will be cleared off in three years. This is certainly a highly gratifying statement, and presents, in a striking light, the wise and prudent financial policy under the Republic as contrasted with the extravagance and waste which marked the Second Empire. It is to be remembered, too, that all this has been achieved without any sacrifice of any great public interest or of the efficiency of any branch of the public service, which is indeed, as a whole, on a stronger and more satisfactory basis than it has been for a quarter of a century.

THE Democrats of the Seventh Congressional District of Indiana have refused to indorse De la Matyr, the Greenback candidate, and nominated a candidate of their own. If they shall adhere to this position, they will very effectually eliminate the reverend Greenbacker from the politics of the State and country, while at the same time demonstrating a fidelity to sound financial principles which can scarcely fail to strengthen them with the people.

THE Government vaults now contain about $70,000,000 in silver coin, of which $45,500,000 are in dollars, and the remainder in smaller pieces. The Government also has on hand $5,000,000 worth of silver bullion. It is estimated that the silver of the United States, which is either in circulation or in the vaults of the Government, amounts to about $127,000,000, of which $64,000,000 are in dollars and $50,000,000 in smaller coins, made since 1875. There is still storage capacity for about $5,000,000, but this will soon be exhausted, and the Treasury officials are inquiring with some concern as to what they will then do with the coin, as it comes in at the rate of $2,000,000 a month. One thing is certain, and that is, that the people will not hold and use it as currency.

A STATEMENT just issued by the Treasury Department shows that by the refunding transactions under the Acts of 1870 and 1871, there has been effected an annual saving in interest charges of $19,900,883, the total amount of bonds refunded being $1,295,347,800. The statement also shows, in addition, that there have been bonds sold for resumption purposes since March 1st, 1877, amounting to about $90,000,000, the interest upon which amounts to $3,925,600. This latter sum represents the annual cost of the coin reserve held for the security of circulation. The net annual saving through resumption and refunding operations since the date last named is $10,365,453. In addition to the bonds referred to, there were issued in 1878, to replace coin used in payment of the Halifax award, four per cents. of 1907, amounting to $5,500,000.

THE improvement in the general condition of business is very clearly shown by the increase of the volume of railway traffic during the first six months of the present year as compared with the corresponding period last year. Taking the reports of thirty-four companies, we find that their receipts this year have been $83,326,895, as against $65,908,736, an increase of $17,418,159. The New York Central, a representative line, shows an advance of $2,584,510, the receipts this year being $15,742,478, as against $13,157,968 last year. During the month of June last the total receipts of forty-two railroads amounted to $18,164,772, being an increase of $4,915,378, or about 37 per cent. of the earnings of the same month in 1879. As bearing upon the commercial movement of the country these figures are certainly suggestive.

THE returns made to the Department of Agriculture for the month of April last, show that the farmers of the country will this year be favored, not only by bounteous crops, but also by an increase of eight per cent., taking the average for the entire Union, in the price of farm lands, as compared with the prices one year earlier. In Florida the average increase in value of cleared and timbered lands reaches 28 per cent.; in Nebraska it is 15.3 per cent.; in Missouri it is 12.5 per cent., and so on down to New York, where the increase is only 1.7 per cent. A gratifying fact exhibited by the returns is that all the Southern States showed a marked increase in the value of cleared lands. The average value per acre of cleared lands is $85 in Massachusets, $82.42 in New Jersey, $58.48 in New York, $45.75 in Pennsylvania, $47.53 in Ohio, etc., the lowest valuation per acre being $6.53 in Alabama.

THEY do some things well and thoroughly over in New Jersey. Here, for instance, is the case of the broken First National Bank at Newark, the stockholders of which have been imperatively required by the Receiver to pay over at once one hundred per cent. on the stock held by them in order to make good the deficiencies. No doubt this requirement will operate severely on some of the small stockholders, but they understood their responsibility under the law when they purchased their stock, and they have no right to complain when called upon to pay the penalty of their own negligence in the selection of incompetent directors. It is understood that actions may be brought against some of the latter for criminal inattention to their duties, but however this may be, the action of the Receiver will be almost universally commended as tending to beget greater care and fidelity in the management of financial institutions generally.

GENERAL ARTHUR'S letter of acceptance is in some respects a more creditable production than that of General Garfield. As to the financial question, he is more explicit, while as to the question of the authority of the National Government to maintain free elections in every State, he speaks with an emphasis which will elevate him in the opinion even of those who disagree with him. As to the civil service, he says, with some truth: "The efficiency of certain proposed regulations governing appointments to public office has been distrusted, mainly because they have seemed to exalt mere educational and abstract tests above general business capacity, and even special fitness for the particular work in hand. It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform, in the main, to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business." And he adds this criticism which, while it will not be appreciated by President Hayes, will be assented to as entirely just: "By the acceptance of public office, whether high or low, one does not, in my judgment, escape any of his responsibilities as a citizen, or lose or impair any of his rights as a citizen, and he should enjoy absolute liberty to think and speak and act in political matters according to his own will and conscience, provided only that he honorably, faithfully and fully discharges all his official duties."

THE letter of Senator Butler of South Carolina, in reference to the recent murderous duel in that State, will command the hearty approval of all right thinking citizens everywhere. The Senator says emphatically that the law must be rigorously enforced against all who pursue this murderous method of "vindicating their honor," and then adds:

"It will be a sad day for South Carolina when a gentleman, who feels it to be his personal or professional duty to vindicate private rights in our courts, is first to be insulted, pursued, vilified, and goaded to desperation and then shot. If that is to be the plane which our civilization is to occupy, we shall all be sleeping on our arms. And there must be something radically wrong in a public sentiment which can force a man of Shannon's high character and acknowledged courage to fight a duel under the circumstances which surrounded him. It is about time we were finding out where we are, and ascertaining whether "border ruffianism" is to govern this country, or whether civilized institutions shall be maintained."

It is gratifying to observe that the press of South Carolina sustains the views expressed by Senator Butler, and it is to be hoped that the agitation of the subject may result in the formation of a public opinion which will henceforth make dueling practically impossible.

THE *Commercial Bulletin* estimates that the wheat crop of the present year will exceed that of 1879, when it amounted to 449,000,000 bushels, by about ten per cent., while the crop in all other countries will amount to an average one. During the latest four years of ordinary crops in other countries, the export from the United States averaged 73,000,000 bushels. If the growing crop should reach the aggregate of 494,000,000, as estimated, the case of supply and demand would then stand:

	Bush'ls.
United States crop	494,000,000
For seed and home consumption	260,000,000
Surplus	344,000,000
Ordinary export requirements	73,000,000
Balance remaining	171,000,000

In the event of the crop, here or in other countries, encountering adverse conditions between now and the ingathering of the harvest, the supply would be so far reduced below the above figures; but the *Bulletin* believes that, in any case, we shall have a surplus of 100,000,000 bushels, and it regards the prospects of our farmers, therefore, as rather discouraging than otherwise, since with an oversupply extraordinarily low prices for wheat seem inevitable. There is, however, this consolation, that what is a calamity to the farmer will be a blessing to every other class of the community.

AN important co-operative colonization movement has recently been started in this city, which, if carried out according to the intentions of its originators, cannot fail to be of great benefit to the working classes. It is known as the Grand Co-operative Brotherhood, and it already numbers over fifty members, each of whom is charged an admission fee of $100. As a member pays this amount in weekly installments, he waits his turn on the list of names, and is then sent out to the colony with his family and settled on land. Women are admitted the same as men. If a member fails to pay the weekly installment of his fee he is temporarily suspended, but does not lose his money. He receives seven per centum on his money paid in, and can pay the rest of the fee ten years afterwards, or whenever he is able to do so. The first colony will be located in Texas, where lands can be obtained from the State at one dollar an acre, payable in ten years. The colony will begin with thirty acres to a family. It is believed that the enterprise can be made in every way successful, and it certainly will have the good wishes of all who are interested in improving the condition of the working classes. The President of the brotherhood, Mr. H. E. Sharpe, in a recent interview, referred as follows to the purpose and scope of the scheme:

"Consider our condition as workingmen to-day. We use all our energy to earn bread, and never know whether we will eat to-morrow or not. When we get old we have the poorhouse only to go to. Necessity commands us to do something for ourselves. Under present conditions of society in large cities like New York the workingmen have no opportunity to gain wealth and better their condition. Land and labor make wealth. We purpose to buy land, go away from the city, and by labor on our land acquire wealth. We are dissatisfied. We want to help ourselves. We have no faith in political help, and we believe that, except by colonizing, we cannot help ourselves. Look at the colonies which exist to-day in this country. The community is rich in every case, but they die out because of special mistakes. We have studied their histories and will avoid their mistakes."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

A BATCH of 758 Mormons, bound for Utah, arrived here from Europe last week.

SENATOR LAMAR is so ill that he has been forbidden to make any speeches at present.

THE report that Collector Merritt of this port was to be removed is authoritatively denied.

THE thirty-fifth annual convention of the New York Teachers' Association was held at Canandaigua last week.

GENERAL NEAL DOW has accepted the nomination for the Presidency by the national prohibitory party.

SECRETARY CARL SCHURZ opened the Republican campaign in Indiana last week by a speech at Indianapolis.

THE Summer Sunday-school Assembly at Round Lake, New York, opened on July 20th, with a large attendance.

IT is stated that General Grant has accepted a business position which will make it necessary for him to reside in this city.

HORACE RUSSELL, Assistant District-Attorney, has been appointed Justice of the Superior Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Curtis.

SPOTTED TAIL, the Indian chief, has removed his children from the training-school, and the tribe have asked the President to depose him and appoint a new chief.

A DISPATCH from Minister Fairchild at Madrid puts it beyond doubt that it was a Spanish naval vessel that recently fired on two American schooners off the coast of Cuba.

EX-MINISTER WASHBURNE sailed for Europe on Saturday last. He goes abroad for his health, having been annoyed by the bronchitis for the past two years. He will try the waters at Ems, and hopes to return early in October.

THE Democratic National Executive Committee has established its headquarters at No. 138 Fifth Avenue, in this city. The Congressional Democratic Campaign Committee has been asked to appoint an auxiliary committee of five members.

MOLLY MAGUIRISM has revived in the mining region of Tamaqua, Pa., where an engineer of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company was murdered by masked men on July 21st. Disorders and acts of violence have greatly multiplied in that vicinity within a few weeks past.

THE investigation into the fatal collision of the steamers *Narragansett* and *Stonington* has developed a great deal of conflicting testimony, and the exact measure of responsibility cannot be easily fixed. Suits have been commenced against the Stonington company by survivors of the disaster who lost friends and themselves sustained injuries.

THE steam yacht *Mamie* was run down and cut in two by the excursion steamer *Garland* on the Detroit River on Thursday, July 22d. Of the passengers on the yacht sixteen were lost, many of them being altar boys in a Detroit church. The night was clear and moonlit, and the vessels were seen a long way apart. It is said that the *Garland* was racing at the time with another steamer. None of the bodies have been recovered.

RECENT enlargements of the postal service include, in addition to what was in successful operation last year, an improved fast mail service from New York to the West, which places some of the most important Eastern cities in closer mail connection by twenty-four hours than heretofore with Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Indianapolis and St. Louis. It is proposed to extend the fast mail system from New York via Washington along the coast to Jacksonville, Fla., and from Washington via Lynchburg and Atlanta to New Orleans.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention last week nominated Judge Wm. Lang for Secretary of State, with a full ticket for other State officers. In Missouri the Democrats have nominated Thomas T. Crittenden for Governor. In Vermont the Democratic candidate for Governor is Edward J. Phelps. A Greenback State Convention in California has nominated candidates for Congress in the Third and Fourth Districts. In the Eighth Ohio District Rev. J. W. Keifer has been renominated for Congress by the Republicans. General Tom Browne has been renominated by the Republicans of the Fifth Indiana District.

Foreign.

THE crop reports in England are more favorable.

THE Spanish Queen's confinement is expected to take place next month.

THE grist tax in Italy has been abolished, greatly to the relief of the agricultural classes.

DIPLOMATIC relations between France and Mexico will be resumed in October next.

THE village of Remus, Switzerland, has suffered a loss of ninety-eight houses by fire.

IT has been decided to erect the memorial to the French Prince Imperial in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

GENERAL THOMASSIN and other French officers will soon proceed to Greece for the purpose of reorganizing the Greek army.

IT is reported that the Turcomans have captured and beheaded the Russian General Skobeleff, whose mother was recently murdered by highway robbers.

IT is alleged that the real aim of Germany in sending certain officials to Constantinople was to hinder any of the Powers from forming a coalition against herself.

THE Governor-General of Canada will, it is thought, resign his post, in order to be separated less from his wife, who, after visiting a German watering-place, will return to England.

THERE are signs of a restoration of good feeling between the Prussian Government and the Catholics, who are well satisfied with the measures recently passed, and hope soon again to have divine service in the churches.

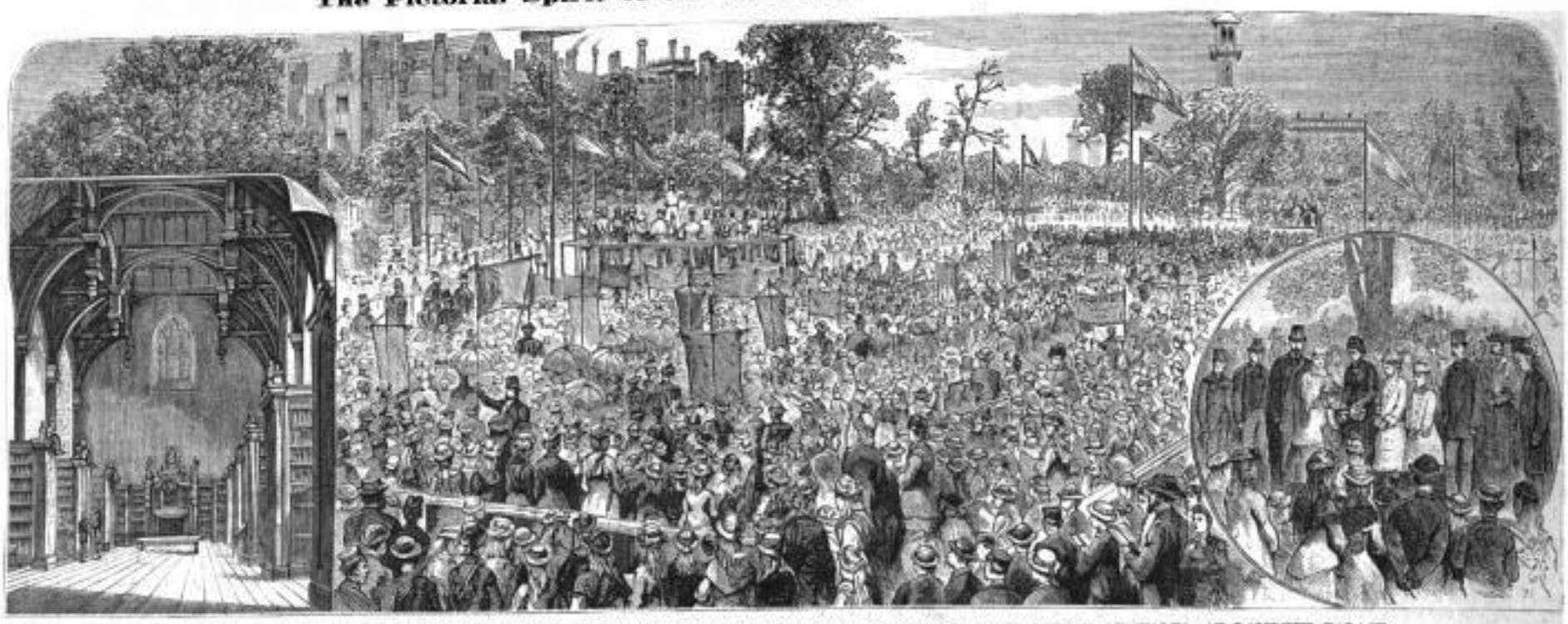
GEORGE BENNET, alias Dickson, who was convicted of the murder of the Hon. George Brown, the Canadian statesman and journalist, who had discharged him from his service, was executed at the jail-yard in Toronto on the 22d.

AN official dispatch, dated at Manila, Spain, July 21st, says there was another shock of earthquake at that place which lasted fifty-five seconds. Not a single public edifice was spared. The Convent of Guadeloup, which had lasted three centuries, was destroyed. Nobody was killed. The inhabitants encamped outside the town.

THE Turkish Council of Ministers has decided upon a reply to the collective note of the Powers. The reply asks the Powers to agree in principle that Janina, Larissa and Metzovo shall remain in Turkish possession, and proposes that the Porte shall reopen negotiations with Greece on this basis. This is substantially a rejection of the decisions of the Berlin Conference.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 383.



ENGLAND.—THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CENTENARY—REVIEW OF TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT LAMBETH PALACE.



FRANCE.—EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS—THE POLICE OPENING THE CELLS.



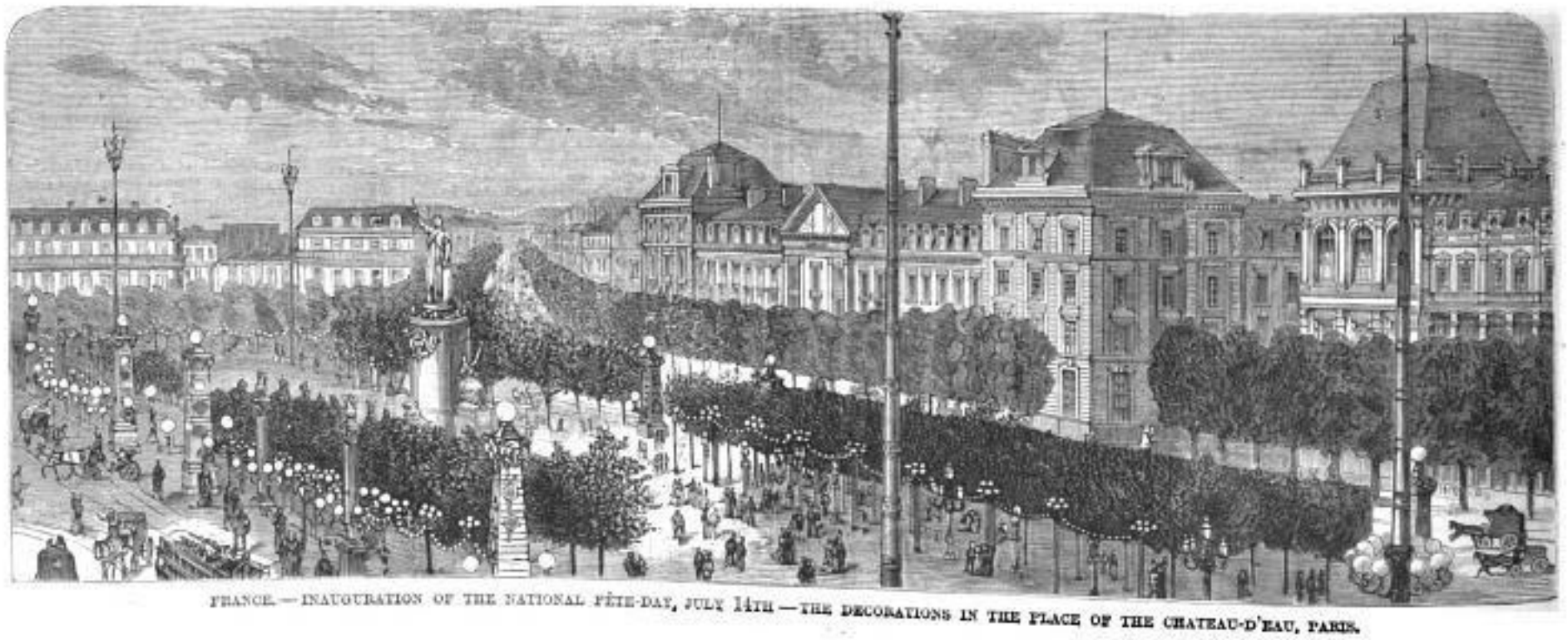
FRANCE.—EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS—ARREST OF THE FATHERS IN THEIR CELLS.



GERMANY.—NORTH FRONT OF THE DUSSELDORF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

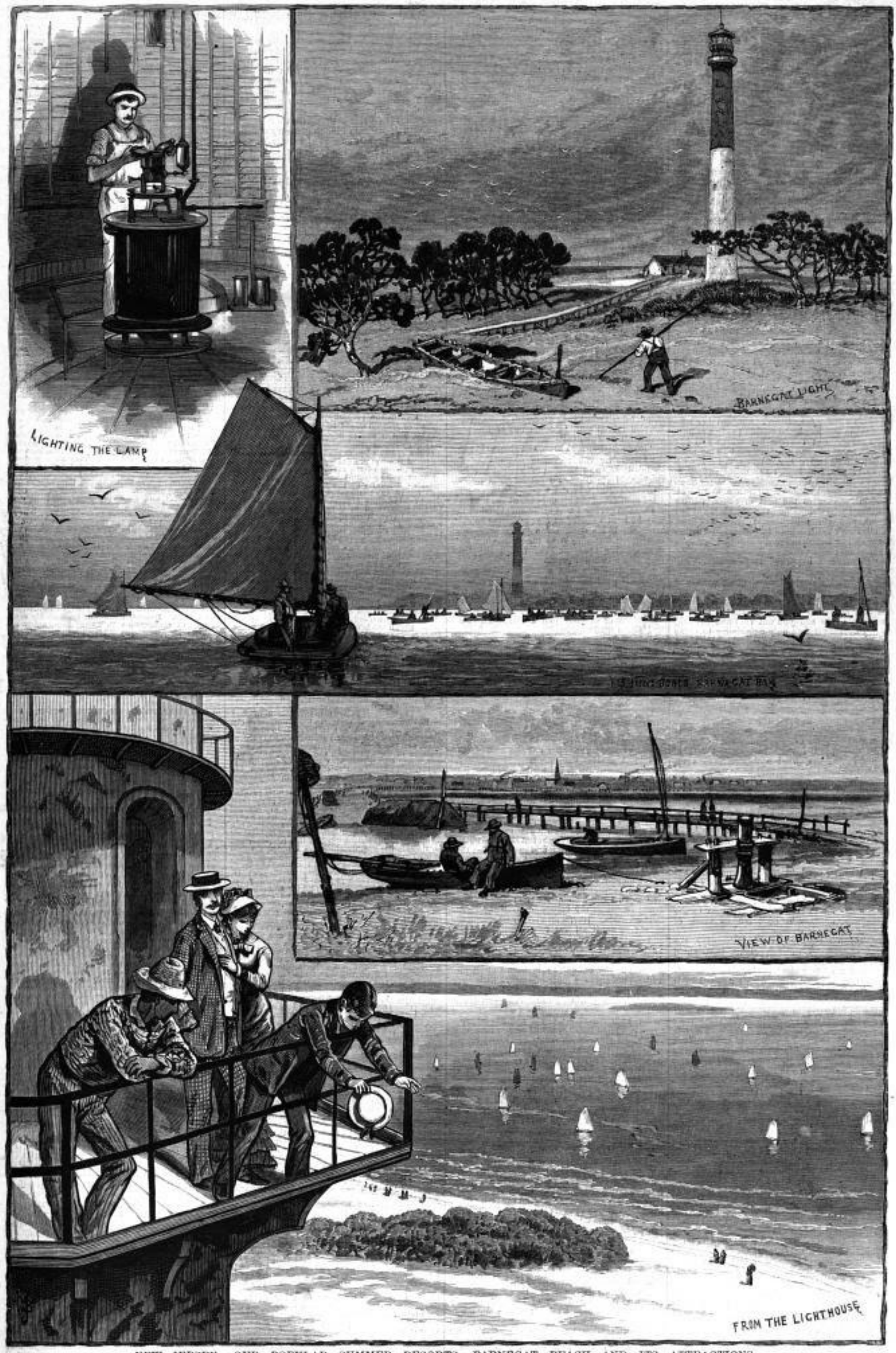


ASIA.—A CANOE REGATTA ON THE MEKONG RIVER, CAMBODIA.



FRANCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE NATIONAL FÊTE-DAY, JULY 14TH—THE DECORATIONS IN THE PLACE OF THE CHATEAU-D'EAU, PARIS.

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NEW JERSEY.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—BARNEGAT BEACH AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.
From Sketches by Walter Goater.—See Page 382.

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A QUEER CRAZE.

"WAL, 'twas curus the way it happened, and I ain't got tired tellin' about it yet. It was swelterin' hot that day, the sort of weather when folks would be glad to take off their flesh and sit down in their bones. There hadn't been a drop of rain for four weeks, and everything looked thirsty. I went about in the afternoon very sorrowful-like, sprinklin' the flowers and thinkin' that the time soon was a-comin' when some one else would be watchin' 'em. Things had been gettin' harder ever since brother Reuben was lost on his last voyage, and I hadn't been able to pay the mortgage interest, and old Squire Jones was gone, and everything in the hands of that wild son; and I'd got notice if the money wasn't paid by the 30th of June everything would be seized. I didn't rightly know how I was goin' to make a livin' either. I was gittin' elderly—nigh sixty—and when folks are as old as that they're like cats, and don't care about new homes. So I sat down very melancholy at the window, and looked out at the little scrap of a garden where I'd worked for years, and began to think of the time when I was a slip of a girl and not so bad-looking, and Pollonius Sawyer used to come and see me and bring me a momentum, as he called it, from every voyage. Lor', the house was just cluttered up with queer old things that Rube and he brought, that wouldn't bring a sixpence at a vandoo. Poor Pollonius! He was wrecked on a strange coast, and no one knows where his grave is. I reckon he had a present for me with him; but I'll never get that one. Ah, me!

"I was a settin' very retrospective-like when I see Miss Vanburen a-comin' in the gate. No hot weather could quench that woman's ardor for visitin'. She had her sunbonnet in her hand, and couldn't stay a minute of course. But I knew her tricks and her manners, and begun a-turnin' over in my mind what I could give her. You see, I'd been a savin' lately, and hadn't the usual supply in the house, but I wasn't goin' to demean myself before Hetty Vanburen. She's a mournful-lookin' woman at the best of times, with a husband who drinks and throws plates at her head, and six rollicking, roaring children. Well, that's neither here nor there. She comes in with her mouth drawed down and her eyes turned up; and I sez:

"'Wotever's happened to you, Mrs. Van,' says I.

"'Why, I thought I must come over and condole with you,' she says, a-turnin' over the word 'condole' with a sort o' relish. 'He says as how he heard down-town that Life Jones was a-goin' to sell you out root and branch, and I thought it was only neighborly to come over and see ef 'twas true. He don't get things straight more'n half the time, 'cos he "sees through a glass darkly," as the minister says.'

"I own I was took a-back at havin' the affair published afore I had time to think it over, as you might say.

"'It's real neighborly,' sez I, kind o' bitter, 'to come over and take tea with me once more; for you see yer opportunities in that line will be nipped in the bud if it's all true.'

"'Then it is true?'

"'Yes?' I sez, kind a desperate; 'very soon, I a'pose, the place that knows me so well will know me no more;' and the tears come into my eyes. 'I'm a lone, lone woman, and where I'll drift to I don't know.'

"'Twouldn't bring much at a vandoo,' she says, lookin' round very keen like.

"'No, I a'pose not; rubbish most of it.'

"'But you've got some good linen as I'd like,' she says, in a manner I considered unfeelin, 'and this ere armcheer's comfortable. I'm sort o' used to this armcheer, and I wouldn't mind biddin' it in at private sale if you'd wait a bit for the money.'

"I was sort o' disgusted at her selfishness—never seemin' to feel how used I was to the armchair, or how it hurt me to think of partin' with the things.

"'It's a melancholy world,' she says, the next minute. 'I think, perhaps, that she'd forgot about the condolin'. 'A pilgrim's progress of a male, and blessed be them what's got nothin'. I sometimes wish I was out of it all when he gets the tantrums and sends the plates flying at my head. I give you my word we ain't got a whole plate in the house, and we wouldn't have a thing to eat off it it wasn't for that cement they call stratena, as I mends 'em with continual. And abuse—you wouldn't believe it, Miss Haddock; a-tellin' me to go to —devilish place, you know. Says I, you'd better be wishin' me in heaven, says I, cos I'd be more out of your way.'

"'Every one's got their cross,' I sez, sighing. 'I've got more'n my share,' she sez, drawin' down the corners of her mouth. 'Sararann Haddock, you was a wise woman never to tie yourself to any male critter. Why it seems more like heaven to git over here to a little peace and quietness; and wotever I'm goin' to do when you're gone——?'

"'I ain't gone yet,' sez I, sort o' snappish—cos I couldn't bear her takin' it for granted that there wasn't a chance for me. We're such curus critters, you see! I kept a clingin' to the hope that God was goin' to work some miracle for me. Now He did, and this is how it came about. I excused myself to go and put on the tea-kettle, and then I found I hadn't a blessed thing for tea. I had milk in the house, but nary an egg, and what kin a body do without eggs. I only had a couple of hens, and they was a-setting and steadily purposed to bring up a family. So, thinks I, I'll just throw on a sun-bonnet and step over to Neighbor Parker's and git some, and Miss Van will never surmise the state of my larder. Lor, I wouldn't a-had the neighbors know that I hadn't a bit of chipped beef in the house for a fortune.

"So I picks up a plate—a queer looking thing, a monstrosity I calls it—that Rube had brung home once. It had a snake like life curled up in the middle of it, and for fear it wouldn't be natural enough it was riz on the stuff, looked as if you could knock it off most, and I often wished I could, for I couldn't stomach the thought of eatin' off it while that varmint was coiled up there: an' as if that wasn't enough, there was snails all around it, and on the border two lizards and beetles and various bugs colored like life, looking as if they'd just lighted there, and, more curious still, if there wasn't two fish laid out with their scales a-shinin'. I never set much store by the thing, but grandma had a great liking for crockery, and she had a pitcher that matched it, so on her account I had never given it away. 'One good of the vandoo,' I sez, with a sigh, 'will be clearin' out all this rubbidge as I suppose will go for a song.'

"Well, I hurried over the track and caught Miss Parker skimmin' her milk, and she was very accommodating about the eggs. When I got to the road again there was a great train stoppin' the way. It was so long, thinks I, I'll never take the time to go round, but just step up the steps and down on t'other side. I was up without givin' it a second thought, when, Lor'! if the pesky thing didn't give a start like it was shakin' itself and the most diabolical snort ye ever heard, and was off like the wind! And I was so skeered I tilted that there plate till the eggs rolled off and lay all smashed about my feet. I could have cried. I hadn't any money to pay for the ride, and I stood starin' about me in a daft way, wonderin' what Miss Van was a thinkin', when the conductor came along.

"'You can't stand on the platform, my good woman,' sez he—'not allowed.'

"'I'm lost! I'm on the wrong train—I mean, I don't want to be on no train at all!' sez I, quite mixed up. 'Put me out at the next station, if you please!'

"He looked at me sharp, and then said:

"'Well, we won't charge you nothin' for sittin' down,' and he sort of pushed me into the car. I stood, after I got in, for a minute scarcely seeing where I was, when a middle-aged gentleman got up and offered me his seat. He was so perlite I was quite surprised at the way he kept a starin' at me; and then he says somethin' to his daughter, a young woman in sage green, sittin' next to me—somethin' that sounded like 'real palacy,' and I supposed they was a-talkin' French.

"The daughter was a good-lookin' young woman if she hadn't had her hair like a Skye-terrier, and a large sunflower in her bonnet, and she talked to me very friendly like. And at last I made bold to say:

"'Wotever is your pah a starin' at. Do I look like a madwoman?'

"'He's a-lookin at that plate,' says she. 'Would you like to sell it?'

"'Lor, I might as well,' sez I, sighin'; and my heart was so full I up and tells them strangers somethin' of my troubles.

"'I have a fancy for that plate,' sez the gentleman, with a real feelin' manner, "and perhaps you've got other things like it at home. We may find a way to help you; who knows?"

"Lor! thinks I, here's another man who likes rubbidge as well as Rube did. So, of course, I invites 'em cordial. It would be nice to have a little money ef I did have to turn out on the cold world. And, bless us, before we stopped at Langley, ef he hadn't given me his card and a hundred dollars for the plate with all them reptiles a-coilin' and squirmin' over it. I couldn't believe my eyes, and took the up-train and got back home in a perfectly dazed manner. Miss Vanburen had gone home in a huff, and I sat down and counted out that money, and looked at it as if it was fairy gold. I most 'spected it would be nothin' but leaves in the mornin'; but there it was, just the same, and then I remembered the visit they had promised, and I hunted about for the truck that had always been in my way, and so troublesome to keep clean. It was all about and lots in the garret. I set it all out on the kitchen-table, and couldn't help laughin' when I looked at it. There was the queerest-looking monsters, dragons and such, rearin' up on their tails with gapin' mouths, enough to frighten a child into a fit. There was a pair of square little pots, lookin' like they was shakin' their fat sides laughin'. They was dull gray, and had Adam and Eve on 'em a shakin' an apple-tree. I never had 'em about, cos I thought 'em improper. Then there was one plate of a greenish-yellow glaze, with sober black-and-brown figures on it. Wal, nothin' very takin' about it, you would say; but that ere gentleman—Mr. Brumbold the card called him—took it up in his hands with a worshipin' look.

"'It's a Henry-Doo!' sez he, most in a whisper, with a look on his face like a fellow who's been to the anxious seat and got religion—sort of a rapt look as if the world might wag on; he was happy whatever came.

"'Never knowed if it's called a honry-do or a honry-don't,' sez I. 'Rube brought it home once, and seems as if it might be more useful than the kind with critters sprawlin' over it.'

"Well, if he didn't up and offer me three hundred dollars for that plate. Sez he, 'I won't take advantage of you, for you don't know the valley of the things, an' you've told me yer in a fix. But what you've got on that table's worth more than your house and lot, and I'm ready to pay the money down!'

"I looked at the young gal to see how she took her pa's speech, but she seemed as pleased as Punch, and was a-exclaimin' over this and screamin' fairly over that, till I began to think I was dreamin' and I'd soon see them go up in smoke as smelt of brimstone like a fairy story I'd heard on. It wasn't for me to refuse this offer under the circumstances, you see. But my heart misgave me as it wasn't doing right. Would you believe it, he'd paid me fifteen hundred dollars for the stuff I would have sold to a ragman only for the sake of Rube and my old lover! Why, I was set up. I only owed Life Jones five hundred, and there was a cool thousand to put in the bank!

"The young lady was so friendly when I was hustlin' around gettin' an empty box and straw for the packin' that I made bold to ask her a question. Her pa was a-fixin' the things in the box careful as if they'd bin live babies.

"'He isn't just all right here, is he?' sez I, touching my forehead. 'I see you indulge him, as I s'pose he has got plenty of money to pay for it, but it's a sort o' craze, isn't it?'

"Well, if she didn't laugh in a very confeelin' manner. 'Yes, it is a sort of a craze,' she sez, 'it's called the Keeramic craze.'"

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE NILE TO THE HUDSON.

THE great historic obelisk of Alexandria, known as Cleopatra's Needle, and for the immediate acquisition of which this city is indebted to the liberality of Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, has at length reached our shores—the steamer *Dessoug* in which it was brought across the ocean having reached here on July 19th. The history of the negotiations which resulted in its embarkation is interesting, from the part taken in them respectively by the Khédive of Egypt, Mr. Dixon, Consul-General Farman, and Commander Gorringe. The first practical steps towards bringing Cleopatra's Needle to New York were taken early in October, 1877. Mr. John Dixon, of England, was then transporting to London the prostrate obelisk of Alexandria, which now stands on the Thames Embankment in that city. Ismail Pasha, then Khédive of Egypt, expressed a desire to present the standing obelisk to the United States, with which country he wished Egypt to be on more intimate relations. This becoming known in New York, several prominent gentlemen at once became interested in the project. It was estimated that $75,000 or $100,000 would be required to remove the Needle, and it was at first proposed to raise the money by subscription. When Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt was called upon in regard to the affair by the editor of the *Ward*, he at once offered to defray the entire expense of the removal, $75,000 being then considered the amount necessary. Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, formerly of the Park Commission, who was active in the matter from the first, laid the project before Secretary Evarts, who at once became interested in it and had Consul-General Farman immediately open negotiations with the Khédive for receiving the obelisk. Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, United States Navy, was selected to superintend the transportation.

The negotiations with the Egyptian Government from that time forward were conducted entirely by Mr. Farman, and extended over several months. Mr. Farman met with obstacles at every step, especially from the opposition on the part of a portion of the officials to parting with any more of the monuments of the past, which was sedulously fanned by the English representative at Cairo. But he finally succeeded in overcoming this, and procured the written order giving it to the City of New York. Had it not been for the general popularity of Mr. Farman with the officers of the Egyptian Government the consent for the removal of the obelisk would never have been given. New York is, therefore, indebted to him more than any one else for the fact that it was procured.

The removal and transfer of the obelisk was intrusted to Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who set about his enterprise on October 23d, 1879. During the whole of the Autumn of that year and the Winter of 1879-80 Gorringe was occupied with overcoming the severe material difficulties involved in the task he had undertaken. Owing to the condition of our own steam marine, it was impossible to obtain an American vessel for the service, excepting at ruinous rates, and the obelisk was shipped, therefore, on a steamer of English build, the *Dessoug*, which was purchased by Lieutenant Commander Gorringe in Egypt, and altered and modified there to suit his plans. In this vessel he sailed from Alexandria June 12th.

The obelisk is a single block of red sienitic granite, nearly 70 feet in height and 7 feet square at the base, and weighs 200 tons. Its four sides are covered with deeply cut hieroglyphics that at one time were filled with gold; and the top, which terminates in a pyramidal point, was once incased by a metal hood or plate. The inscriptions show that it was erected on its original site, by Thothmes III., the greatest of the Egyptian princes of the eighteenth dynasty, nearly sixteen centuries before the birth of Christ. The other inscriptions are those of Ramses II. (Sesostris), who lived over three centuries later.

When the earth and rubbish that surrounded the base of Cleopatra's Needle was removed to the depth of about sixteen feet below the surface, the column, which is not flat at the bottom, but rounded, as though it may have been broken, was found supported at opposite corners by two copper crabs, about 12 inches long, 18 inches broad and 8 inches thick, weighing 300 pounds each. These crabs are attached to the obelisk above, and to the pedestal below, by bars of the same metal, cemented firmly with lead, into mortises cut into the stone. A third corner rested upon stone, and the fourth had no support at all; but it appeared that both these corners had at one time been sustained by crabs like the others. The crabs were found badly mutilated, all the claws and legs of one were broken, and the other had only a claw and a leg remaining, which was broken in turning the obelisk to a horizontal position. The method of supporting the column by these crabs seems to have been adopted to avoid shortening the obelisk, which may have been broken in its removal, though more probably during the ravages of Cambyses in his conquest of Egypt, when, as a translation from Strabo tells us, he "ravished the holy buildings, mutilating them by iron and by fire."

In June, 1877, an excavation was made sufficient to discover the crab with the remaining claw, on the outside of which was found a Greek inscription telling when and by whom the monument had been placed where it then stood. On the inside of the same claw was the same inscription in Latin. At this time both the inscriptions were perfectly legible, but the Latin is now somewhat defaced. Translated they read: "In the eighth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar, Barbarus, Prefect of Egypt, erected this monument by the Architect Pontius." Augustus Cæsar reigned from 29 B.C. to 14 A.D. The eighth year of his reign therefore corresponds to the year 22 B.C., which is the date of the erection before the Cæsareum, or temple of Cæsar, at Alexandria, of this obelisk and its companion now in London. It was generally believed before the discovery of these inscriptions that these monoliths had been brought from Heliopolis during the time of Tiberius, who reigned from 14 to 37, B.C., but it now appears that they were erected thirty-six years before the commencement of that reign, and about eight years after the death of Cleopatra. The temple was probably completed and dedicated by Tiberius, but it is not improbable that it was commenced by Cleopatra in honor of her son Cæsareum, and that the obelisks were brought from Heliopolis during her life. This is the only explanation that may be given of the origin of the name Cleopatra's Needle. The Cæsareum was also called the Sebastenium, a Greek word meaning august, majestic.

This great shaft was lifted and swung into a horizontal position by means of hydraulic machinery, and supported by nests of plank 38 feet in height that had been prepared for it. The pedestal, a block of red granite like the obelisk, nine feet square and six feet in height, weighing 43 tons, the existence of which was unknown until the excavations of Commander Gorringe revealed it, was removed into a side pit. Below the pedestal were three steps leading up to it composed of blocks of white sandstone with a polish like marble. These steps, or layers of blocks, were firmly fastened together by iron dogs three-quarters by one-quarter inches in size, and from one to two feet in length. The iron was protected with a covering of lead, in the same manner as it would be at the present day. Directly under the place occupied by the obelisk, and in this foundation, were found blocks of stone that are unmistakable Masonic emblems, among which is a mason's square, cut in relief on a slab of red granite; and adhering to one of the blocks of sandstone was a mason's trowel of iron, somewhat corroded.

The obelisk was slowly and successfully lowered nearly to the level of the sea, by removing one at a time the planks that supported it. The gigantic iron framework used in raising the obelisk and carrying it down to the vessel was constructed by Roebling Sons, of Trenton, N. J. The total weight of the machinery was 228,000 pounds. The obelisk, which was twenty feet from the shore, was first raised from its foundations by means of heavy trunnions, bolted at the centre of gravity, and iron bars secured at the base and connected to the trunnions with strong iron braces. Digging in the sand to the level of the water, the workmen constructed a pontoon, and lowered the obelisk upon a crib-work built upon the boat. Meanwhile the *Dessoug* had been placed in a dry-dock. The pontoon was launched on ways and floated to the dry-dock opposite the bow of the steamship. Then a hole was cut in the starboard bow of the *Dessoug*, thirty feet in length and twelve in height, and somewhat below the water-line. The crib-work on which the obelisk rested was just high enough to bring the obelisk level with the line on which it was intended to be moved into the ship. A track was then constructed of channel iron bars. The obelisk rested on the flat side of two lines of channel iron, and two corresponding lines were laid from the pontoon to the ship. Between these bars, in the grooves, iron cannon balls were placed, and when all things were ready it was an easy matter to roll the great shaft into the hull of the steamer, swing it into its place, and shore it securely in position.

The voyage of the *Dessoug* was interrupted only by one accident—a broken shaft. This fortunately was easily replaced. While at Gibraltar, the vessel was visited by persons of all classes. Commander Gorringe says: "Lord Napier, the Governor-General of Gibraltar, and his staff, and nearly all the ladies of the garrison, came on board. They all went down into the hold—not a very easy task for the ladies—and examined the obelisk. Lord Ripon, who was at Gibraltar on his way home from India, also called on us. They all seemed surprised that we had been so successful, and were very hearty in their congratulations."

The obelisk will be set up in Central Park, but at what precise point is not yet determined. A dry-dock will be located as near the point where the obelisk is to be raised as possible to it—somewhere about Eightieth Street. The bow of the *Dessoug* will be opened as it was opened before, the channel irons and cannon-balls will be brought into use, and the obelisk rolled from its place upon a pontoon or dock. Then a roadway will be prepared of heavy planks placed lengthwise on sleepers, and it can be drawn gradually, by the use of a steam-winch, to its place in the Central Park. The same machinery used in raising it at Alexandria will be brought into requisition here. Possibly there will be Masonic ceremonies in connection with its erection, many regarding the inscriptions as Masonic in character.

Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, of the United States Navy, commanding the *Dessoug*, is about forty years old, apparently, five feet eleven inches in height, having a frank and open manner. The other officers were as follows: *First Officer*, John Bliss; *Second Officer*, James Cowell; *Chief Engineer*, John McIntyre; *Second Engineer*, John Much; *Third Engineer*, Angus McInnes. In addition to these there were four quartermasters, two boatswains, one carpenter, two stewards, twelve firemen, twelve seamen, two cooks and three waiters. All the money so far expended has been advanced by Commander Gorringe.

Our illustrations show the obelisk as it stood on the Nile, and as it was put aboard the *Dessoug* for transportation, the "crabs" discovered at its base, the square stones on which emblems, supposed to be Masonic in character, are inscribed, and incidents connected with the inspection of the obelisk by visitors in the hold of the vessel after its arrival here.

BARNEGAT AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

AMONG the many attractive points on the New Jersey coast few have greater charms for sportsmen and persons in quest of recreation than Barnegat, lying on Double Creek, one mile from Barnegat Bay, in the southerly part of Ocean County. The locality has excellent sea-bathing, is famous for its fishing and great abundance of wild fowl, and has the additional advantage that so far it has not been invaded by the swarms of Summer dwellers who have so completely modernized other points on the coast, as to leave none of the primitive features which, in the eyes of so many, constitute in themselves a chief attraction. To visitors, one of the most interesting objects is the Barnegat Light, which towers majestically from a bed of sand and throws its beams twenty miles seaward, warning vessels against the dangers of the inhospitable coast. During the blue-fishing season Barnegat Bay is usually thronged with sportsmen from New York and elsewhere, who find there the amplest opportunities for testing their skill and experience in capturing this gamey fish.

It is every year becoming more generally known that few parts of the Atlantic coast are as popular with food-fishers as New Jersey. Some nineteen different species are caught in abundance, and over $1,000,000 worth is sold annually. In a single day recently, at one point on the coast, 40,000 pounds of weak, blue and other fish were secured from the "pound" owned by half a dozen fishermen. Persons who desire to enjoy themselves to the top of their bent in genuine sport, free from all restraints of society and fashion, cannot do better than run down to Barnegat for a week or month. The place is some eighty miles from New York, and is reached by the New Jersey Southern Railway.

AN EVENING ON MOUNT ADAMS, CINCINNATI.

WHILE there are a thousand and one attractions in Cincinnati, appealing to the favor of every conceivable taste, no tourist should leave the busy city without passing at least one evening "over the Rhine." Of all the picturesque suburbs, the section north of the canal is the most distinct and unique. It is, in a word, Germany condensed and transplanted thither. German population, German costumes, German diversions, German Mecca in the journey of life, prevail in all heartiness.

Mount Adams, overlooking the southeast corner of the plateau on which the city is built, has streets thickly lined with dwellings on its summit and the western and southern slopes. An inclined railway for passengers, by a plane of about 800 feet in depth and operated by steam, makes an ascent of 275 feet from the bottom to the top of the mount. Formerly the apparatus of the Cincinnati Observatory was erected on Mount Adams, but the property has been transferred to the university, and a site of four acres for a new observatory has been donated at Mount Lookout, some six miles from the city. But

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there is sufficient mirth, good feeling and attractions to compensate for the absence of scientific properties, and the Mount Adams of to-day is one of the choicest pleasure resorts of the West. The views from the point where our sketch was taken are unsurpassed on this continent. The Ohio River, spanned by three magnificent bridges, the romantic beauty of the Kentucky hills, the picturesque scenery of the Licking Valley, the charming landscape of Eden Park, together with a full view of the Queen City and her sister cities, Covington and Newport, form a panorama of the grandest and most varied character. If the reader has any affinity with the Germans he will not fail of pleasure during an evening on Mount Adams.

Bismarck at Home.

As all the world knows, when Prince Bismarck has fretted himself weary of life in Berlin he goes to evacuate at his country house near the village at Varzin. "Don't send me a secretary," he shouts out when leaving the Chancellory, and a secretary is seldom seen at Varzin. The Prince is generally accompanied by Privy Councillor Lothar Bucher, one of his intimate friends, who reads telegrams and letters and writes what instructions are necessary during the absence from the capital. Prince Bismarck goes as the country squire. When a railway journey of some hundred and seventy miles, and an hour's drive through a quiet, well-wooded, undulating country, has brought him to the seventeenth century mansion, purchased in 1867 with the money voted him by Parliament, the transformation is complete, and he is the country gentleman, surrounded by farmers, woodmen, builders, gardeners, shepherds and the large-boned peasantry of Pomerania, who swear by God and cold iron. The house, which he has greatly improved since 1870, is very unpretentious; it has two stories, and is furnished entirely with oak in the style of the early Renaissance. It is simple, massive and strong. The hall is decorated with trophies of the chase, and to its left is the Prince's workroom or study. A large sofa, an equally large table, a Luther's arm-chair, pictures of the war of 1866, busts of the Emperor and Crown Prince, a piece of Gobelin tapestry representing Henry IV. doing penance at Canossa, and a few chairs, comprise the furniture. Here Bismarck, the squire, plans improvements of his estate, drafts regulations for the local Anti-Poaching Game-Preserving Society, of which he is the founder, soundly rates any drunken lease-holder who may be behind with the rent, checks the accounts of the paper mills which he has established on the adjacent river, and drives bargains for the sale of timber and the carting of brushwood. He was sitting in this room in the Summer of 1870 consulting his gardener as to the best kind of onion for planting just then, when a telegram brought in caused him to exclaim, "One moment! I must give instructions in that Spanish business," and the instructions which led to war were given.

No one can make more desperate efforts than Bismarck to be let alone, and were he not Chancellor of the German Empire he would be "the playfullest man" in Europe. None but the members of his family and such friends as Bucher and Von Kendell, now the German Ambassador at Rome, and his cousin, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, are ever at Varzin. Yet the house is large enough to entertain half a company of dragoons, the woods are well-stocked with deer and the rivers and lakes with trout—the Prince's favorite dish. But let there be what visitors there may, the Prince rises at seven, dons a broad-brimmed soft felt hat and a light green coat with horn buttons, calls his dog and strolls about the fields and woods. The family assemble at breakfast at ten o'clock. This meal is served in the English style and consists of tea, cold meat and eggs. At eleven the Prince is usually to be found in his study, the table of which is by this time covered with dispatches, letters and newspapers. These occupy his attention until one o'clock, when the dog, who understands 200 words of German and who generally lies at his master's feet, reminds him that it is time for a drive or a ride. When the Countess Marie, the Prince's only daughter, now Countess von Rantzau, is at home, she never fails to be her father's companion, and he is naturally delighted at the expression of admiration which her horsemanship always elicits. On these afternoon excursions the Prince looks about to discover bold uplands where he may have trees planted, for he is a great lover of the woods, and speaks with enthusiasm of the magnificent oaks and elms he saw in England. These trips also serve as tours of inspection; unscientific farmers are advised as to rotation of crops, and the depredations of poachers are noted.

Five o'clock is Bismarck's dinner-hour, and this is not departed from even in Berlin when he gives the diplomatic dinner on the Emperor's birthday. Four plain courses are served. Bismarck was once a lover of light clarets; lately he has taken nothing but old, heavy wines and whisky. Beer and champagne he eschews altogether, but his guests can select from a large and varied wine-cellar. The Princess does the honors of the table. The Prince leads the conversation and is particularly animated when strangers are present. Should he, on graver thoughts intent, wander from the subject, the Princess recalls him by word or look, though she, for her part, is so busied with the cares of the household that she has been known to drop her knife, and run into the kitchen to scold the servants. When she returns the thread of the story is taken up where she left it. The Prince is never weary of descanting on the exploits of his youth, of which the neighborhood of Varzin was the scene. Touching upon this subject one evening, when he had taken his long patriarchal porcelain pipe to smoke upon the veranda, he said:—"I sometimes wish my father had carried out his idea of making a parson of me. It was very nearly done, too. One of his relatives had already a place in sight where I should at the end of the first year have had an income of at least $750 a year. Something unexpected, however, occurred, and the plan was frustrated; but," said the Chancellor, "I would have been a much better man had I turned parson." To this the Princess refused to agree, and the Prince went off into the laudation of England, which he said was like a garden where he could have lived quietly and happily.

John Sherman's Home Life.

Nothing can be simpler than the home life of this great worker. At home he is not the Secretary of the Treasury nor the Senator in Congress. He works hard, earnestly and to good advantage, in order that he may get through his task and leave his work behind him. When he leaves his office at night he leaves his table clear, and he begins the next day with a blank sheet of paper. Nothing is carried forward. At home he is the most domestic of men. He is demonstrative, he is considerate, he is thoughtful and affectionate. As he does not take his home life to the department, so he does not take his business to his home.

His home in Washington is on the most fashionable street in the city. It fronts on Franklin Square, one of the loveliest little parks in the world, and adjoins the old double mansion of the late Secretary Stanton. It is of brick, painted brown, with brown stone facings and basement. The windows are round and old-fashioned and the steps to the front door are winding from the side, with iron railings. Inside, the house is very comfortably and simply furnished. A few pictures, some pretty ornaments and the usual tables, sofas, chairs, etc., are in the parlor. The dining-room, running across the end of the house, is in the rear. The house would be considered small for a Secretary of the Treasury, but admirable management and clever housekeeping make the Sherman house a pleasant one to visit. The hospitalities are mostly confined to small receptions and dinner parties. Mr. Sherman's family is small, and, to use the language of a friend, "select." It consists of his wife, a lady universally popular here for her gentleness, culture and sincerity, and an adopted daughter.

Mr. Sherman's habits are remarkable for their regularity and method. He spends most of his evenings at home, and, with his wife, pursues his reading. He is a great reader. He takes a great many papers and keeps well up with current events, and he is by no means ill-informed of current literature. Everything new on finance he grasps eagerly, but his great passion seems to be the autobiographies of great men and the lives of those who have made a stir in the world. He often sits up late, but is always the first man in his office. He takes a little package of lunch with him in the morning, and never leaves his room until 4 o'clock, unless business calls him to the Capitol or to the White House. He leaves the office promptly at four, when he generally takes a drive in his "Victoria," behind an ordinary pair of black horses.

Mr. Sherman's house in Mansfield, Ohio, is more pretentious. It is of brick, three stories high, with porches, gables, balconies and creeping vines. It is in the midst of beautifully laid grounds, well kept and picturesque, and no comfort is lacking. Here are most of Mr. Sherman's books and all his private papers. He has twenty acres of land, which furnish him ample diversion when at home. It is here he "fixes his fences." When here, he spends much of his time in his favorite amusement of driving. He has a number of horses, and he makes them earn their living. He is not a lover of horses except for their use, and never owned a fast or a very valuable horse in his life.

It is not generally known that Mr. Sherman came near being the General Sherman of the family. His father died when he was six years of age—the youngest of eight children. Thomas Ewing, great in name and honored in memory, knew the family and offered to adopt one of the boys, either John or "Cumpy," whichever one was "the smartest and the best." After a consultation between the mother and the eldest daughter it was decided that "Cumpy" should be the one. Subsequently he was sent to West Point, and he is now the General of the American army. John went to law, and thence to politics, and it is hard to tell which of the brothers has achieved the greatest distinction. The two boys have always been bound together by a love that is seldom seen. It has never been broken nor disturbed by the slightest cloud. The two brothers have corresponded from the time they were little boys, and John has every letter that "Cumpy" ever wrote to him. They number thousands and make three huge volumes. These letters were written from every place under the sun, from school, from West Point, from the Plains, from California, from abroad, from headquarters in the saddle, in camp, on drum heads and from every place a soldier is likely to be—written, too, with all the honest outpourings of an anxious or a joyful heart, not for the public, but for a second self.

Models in Paris.

The number of models employed in Paris by painters, sculptors and photographers is 671. Italy comes first with a total of 230, or more than a third of the whole list. France is next with 120; but the test as regards France is of little value, considering that the natives of the place would naturally enjoy a greater chance of being engaged. The third and fourth places in order are occupied by nations which might, perhaps, fairly be expected to stand much lower down—by Germany, which provides 80, and by Switzerland, which provides 66. Belgium is represented by 49, and England by 45 models, while the Americans send a contingent of 30. Ireland, which has furnished so many English painters with models of the brunette type, boasts a solitary representative in Paris; Portugal, 2; and Austria-Hungary, 3; but Spain is unaccountably omitted from the list. Out of the whole 671, a great majority are between the ages of sixteen and twenty one. In fact, there are only 130 who are above the last-mentioned age. The professions from which they are taken are the dramatic, furnishing 60 models; the dress making class, 40; flower girls, 35; and workers with the needle, 30.

Burial of English Dissenters.

The burial of Dissenters is a matter that is now receiving much public attention in England. In bringing forward a new Bill on the subject, the Lord Chancellor very truly said that the present law of burials is anomalous and unnatural, and should not be allowed to remain longer in force. He claimed that all persons have a civil right of burial, and yet, as a matter of fact, a large number of Englishmen are denied burial in the parochial graveyards unless there be performed the burial service of the Church of England, and a very considerable number are wholly excluded. Thus, by the ecclesiastical law of the country, the burial service of the Church of England cannot be read over the bodies of those who have died without being baptized, nor over the bodies of those who have died by their own hands. The unbaptized are by no means few in number, since within this class are the children of Baptists, who do not perform the rite of baptism until maturity has been reached. This state of things, as the Lord Chancellor pointed out, shows a denial, not only of religious liberty, but also of a civil right. Efforts to bring about a reform are not made now for the first time. The subject has been repeatedly agitated in recent years, but without overcoming the opposition to a change in the existing law. One of the compromises that have been proposed is silent burial. But what right, it has been asked, has the Established Church to say that all persons who do not accept its burial service shall be interred without any religious ceremony? The Bill offered by the Lord Chancellor provides that on giving twenty-four hours' notice to the rector or person in charge of the parish church, the relatives or friends of any deceased person may have the body buried in the parochial graveyard without the service required by the Church of England. The friends of the deceased are allowed to have either no exercises, or services of their own choice, provided they are orderly and Christian. The Bill prohibits any proceedings which shall tend to "bring into contempt or obloquy the Christian religion, or the belief or worship of any Church or denomination of Christians"; and also the delivery of any address which is not a part of, or incidental to, a Christian religious service. Unitarians, Jews, Turks, heathens and agnostics are thus excluded.

How it is Pronounced.

As the query how Lord Beaconsfield's name should be pronounced occurs from time to time in the American press, the following anecdote may prove useful: When Mr. Disraeli chose his title, he chose a name of which the local pronunciation is beyond doubt "Beckonsfield." Nobody in Buckinghamshire, where this quiet village is situated, ever thinks of pronouncing the word otherwise. But it happened that when the new peer had his first audience of the Queen, her Majesty, in addressing him by his title, pronounced it Beeconsfield. From that moment local usage and immemorial custom went for nothing. Lord Beaconsfield gave it to be understood that her Majesty had settled the matter once for all. He was too good a courtier to dispute the royal orthoepy. If Louis XIV.'s blunder sufficed to change the gender of *cerveau*, the Queen's ignorance of Buckingham's speech was an equally good reason for metamorphosing the sound of a syllable. And since Beaconsfield as sounded of old is associated with Burke, it is well that a new enunciation should be invented for the title of Mr. Disraeli. Among his near associates his will is always followed. In society the pronunciation varies. On the platform in Midlothian last November, Mr. Gladstone invariably pronounced Beeconsfield.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Sunday-school Children at Lambeth Palace.

The great gathering of scholars and teachers at Lambeth Palace in celebration of the Sunday-school Centenary, was sadly marred by the unpropitious weather. The children, numbering about 20,000, and representing 320 Church of England Sunday schools, were brought from all parts of London, either by road or rail, and marched into the grounds during a drenching torrent of rain. The weather, however, suddenly changed, and the programme of the proceedings was gone through in lovely sunshine. The ceremony commenced with the singing of a hymn by the whole assembly, whose voices were accompanied by the band of the Grenadier Guards. Prayer was then offered by the Primate's chaplain, and this was followed by the reading of a long address to the Archbishop by Mr. Kitto, of the Sunday-school Institute, who presented His Grace with a golden medal commemorative of the centenary. After replying to this address the Primate inspected some of the schools, and presented each of the Superintendents with a copy of the "Teacher's Bible." This had scarcely been done when the shouts of the children announced the arrival of the royal party, which consisted of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of the Hellenes, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George Frederick, and the three Princesses Victoria, Louise, and Maud. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck, with her children, arrived somewhat later. As soon as the royal party had taken their places on the dais a bouquet of roses was presented to the Princess of Wales, whose children received handsomely bound Bibles and prayer-books, presented by a deputation of children, one from each school. Another hymn was sung by the children, after which the march-past commenced, enlivened at times by the drum and fife bands of the schools, and at others by the voices of the children singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War." After passing the dais the schools marched out of the grounds.

The Expulsion of the Jesuits from France.

The three months' term of grace accorded to the French Jesuits to leave their establishments having expired on the 30th of June, the Government lost no time in fulfilling their threat of putting the decree of expulsion into force. On the morning of the 1st instant every Jesuit convent throughout France was forcibly entered by police agents, and their inmates compelled to quit the building. In Paris the chief interest was centred in the headquarters of the Jesuit contraternity in the Rue de Sèvres, where, at 4 A.M., M. Clement, a judicial functionary, and M. Dulot, a police commissary, duly presented themselves at the door and requested admittance in the name of the law. The outer door was opened, and the two officials found themselves in the lobby before the porter a little glass retreat, where the Superior of the convent, Père Pitot, was sitting, with one or two of his friends. The police agents read the decree ordaining the closing of the convent, and requested the inner doors to be opened. This was refused by both Père Pitot and Baron de Havignan, the latter as director of the lay society owning the premises, who protested against the action of the police as an illegal violation of that right of domicile enjoyed by all Frenchmen, and declared that they would only yield to compulsion. M. Clement accordingly sent for a locksmith, who broke open the inner door, and then M. de Havignan, calling attention to the fact that force had been employed, said that it was useless to waste any more time, and volunteered to guide the police to the various cells. At each cell the police halted, and summoned its inmate to quit the building; and as one and all refused to comply, the police took each brother gently by the shoulder in turn; and this being regarded as sufficient compulsion, he then shouldered his packet of clothing and left, being generally accompanied by some Deputy or Senator of the Right, of whom several were present during the proceedings.

New Exhibition Building at Dusseldorf.

The ancient city of Dusseldorf, famous for its art treasures and its art schools, has just added another to its many attractions in this line. The new Exhibition Building, of which we present a view of the north front, is an edifice of magnificent proportions, harmonizing well with the other grand structures in this purely art city. Landscape gardening can show no more beautiful effects than are seen about the grounds surrounding the building. In every particular the structure is an ornament to the city, and a rich offering to art.

Canoe Regatta in Cambodia.

In other lands than ours the Summer sports that have given us so much delight are being introduced from day to day. Perhaps the truth is that, if we knew more about faraway peoples, we would become convinced that in many respects they are ahead of us. Athletic exercises are commonly believed to be an essential part of savage and semi-savage life, but the citizens of the Occident would scarcely credit their brothers of the far East with a knowledge or experience of the more polite sports. And still, so far distant as the Further Indian Kingdom of Cambodia, bounded by Siam, Annam and French Cochin China, the aquatic instinct is strong. The artist, in his sketch of the canoe regatta on the Mekong River, has given us an interesting picture, deserving of being hung beside those of memorable struggles on the Thames, Lake George, the Potomac, the Passaic and the Connecticut.

The French Fêtes.

The *fêtes* which took place in Paris upon the 14th of July—the new national holiday—were fairly successful. The 14th was fixed upon as the most appropriate day for a national Republican festival, for that day is the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille. The morning was ushered in with salvoes of artillery and the music of military bands. A grand military review was held at Longchamps, where new flags, instead of the ones which were captured by the Prussians in the last war, were presented to the 436 deputations from the various regiments. The tribune from which the presentation was made was occupied by the members of the Senate, the Assembly and the Diplomatic Corps. President Grévy was supported on the right by Léon Say, the President of the Senate, and on the left by Gambetta, the President of the House of Deputies. The city was finely decorated with flags, bunting, statues and arches, but the too frequent appearance of the red, white and blue, without any relief from other colors, is said to have caused a tiresome similarity between the different streets and squares. At night Paris was magnificently illuminated, and military bands played selections from various operas and all the patriotic airs, among which the Marseillaise created a perfect tempest of applause.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The latest news from Afghanistan seems to point to the early evacuation of Cabul by the British.

—The Austrian Government will send an ironclad to participate in a naval demonstration in Turkish waters.

—The French revenue of $600,000,000 is asserted to be the largest ever received from a population of thirty-six millions.

—This year's yield of tea in India is estimated at 70,000,000 pounds, nearly double that of 1878. Ten years ago it was under 14,000,000.

—The London Home Hospitals Association for paying patients has opened its first establishment. Every patient will be attended by his own doctor.

—There was a violent earthquake at Manila on July 18th. The Governor's residence and many other houses were destroyed, and several natives were killed.

—By the terms of a treaty between Hayti and Santo Domingo all Dominicans hostile to the latter country were notified to leave Haytien territory by July 19th.

—The livery stable in Washington in which John Wilkes Booth hired the horse on which he rode out of the city after shooting President Lincoln was burned July 22d.

—The chairman, manager and auditor of an English insurance company have been sentenced to hard labor for periods varying from six to eighteen months for falsifying the company's accounts.

—The so-called Bad Lands of Minnesota turn out to be very good land, and settlers are raising first-rate crops this season. A branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad is penetrating the region, which is being rapidly settled.

—At Wimbledon Camp the Americans have won the "Wimbledon Cup" and the "Albert Jewel." In the competition for the Elcho Shield, from which the Americans were excluded, the Irish team was again successful.

—The effect of the expulsion of the Jesuits from France is likely to promote their influence, inasmuch as it will so widely distribute them. Scarcely a day passes but we read that a detachment of them has settled in some new field.

—It is stated that the Prussian Government is shocked at the wide and rapid spread of irreligion throughout the Empire, and seriously contemplates the abolition of civil marriages as a means of recalling the people to a sense of their religious duties.

—The French Government apparently intends to leave the religious orders undisturbed until after the dispersion of the Jesuit schools on August 31st. Between forty and fifty novices from the Jesuit monastery at Argers, France, have left Dieppe for England. Numbers of Jesuits expelled from France are daily arriving at Rome.

—The War Department, on July 19th, ordered 1,500 tents, along with a supply of cannon and flags, turned over to the committee in charge of the arrangements for the coming soldiers' reunion at Columbus, Ohio, August 10th, 11th and 12th. The President, General Sherman, and a number of prominent army and navy officers are making arrangements to attend.

—The Russian Consul at Alexandria has given notice of the adhesion of Russia to the International Committee of Liquidation. The acceptance of the Committee by the United States—the only Government which has not yet given its adhesion—is expected soon, the Egyptian Government having agreed to the conditions on which the United States made its assent depend.

—It is stated that Dean Stanley has formally communicated the resolution of the House of Commons to the Memorial Committee, under whose orders the Napoleon statue was executed, as an indication that they must find some other destination for it. The chapels at Windsor and Christ Church are spoken of. In Paris the Republican papers express approval of the Parliamentary resolution on the subject.

—The festivities of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence began on Sunday, July 18th, with a grand review of the royal army and the civic guard. The Belgian press entertained that of the world in general on the same day, upward of 150 journalists meeting at a splendid banquet, with the President of the Chamber of Representatives in the chair. Europe, America and India were represented.

—Greece will acquire a considerable addition to her population by the readjustment of the boundary line between herself and Turkey, but not so large a one as she expected. According to the Greek line she would have had an accession in all of 434,365 inhabitants, while now she will have an accession of 490,865 inhabitants. As regards the extent of territory, according to the Greek proposal, there would have been an accession of 24,237 square kilometres, while, according to the line accepted, there is an accession of 22,075 kilometres.

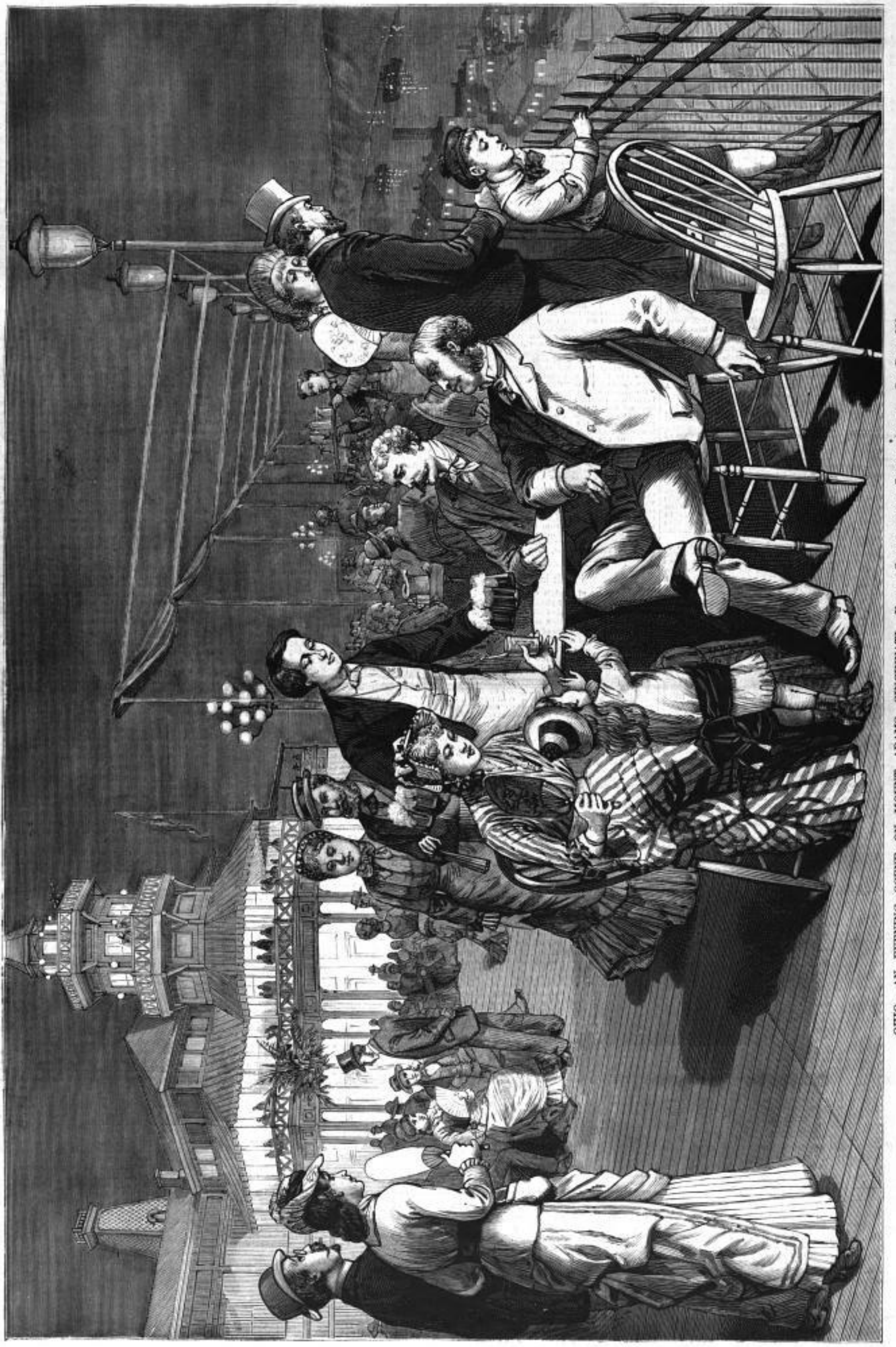
—The scare of famine fever in the West of Ireland is rapidly dying out, official investigations having proved that the first reports were exaggerated, and that where fever existed it was not from starvation, but ordinary typhus, to which the bad sanitary condition of their dwellings constantly predispose the people. From all parts of the country come the most cheering accounts of the condition of the crops, which are only darkened by reports of the appearance of potato-blight in some districts in parts of Counties Dublin, Sligo, Cork and Mayo.

—The Consul of the United States at Havre, France, has transmitted to the Department of State a decision by the French Court of Appeal, Civil Chamber, with reference to the entrance of foreign vessels into French ports and brokerage fees. It would appear from the Consul's dispatch that under this ruling ships can be entered by consignees without the employment of brokers, and our shippers be thus relieved of onerous brokers' fees, which amount to ten cents per ton on French tonnage, reaching in many instances as high as $250.

—The Empire of Austria is composed to-day of the following countries, all of which have at some time enjoyed corporate existence: Archduchy of Austria, duchy of Salzburg, duchy of Styria, principality of the Tyrol, Trent and the Trentine, kingdom of Bohemia, margravate of Moravia, duchy of Silesia, kingdom of Gallicia and Lodomeria, kingdom of Illyria, kingdom of Dalmatia, republic of Ragusa, Bocche di Cattaro and the Primorie, kingdom of Croatia and Slavonia, the Military Confines, the Voivodina and Banat, kingdom of Hungary proper, principality of Transylvania, Sandjaks of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Novi-Bazar (Raschia).

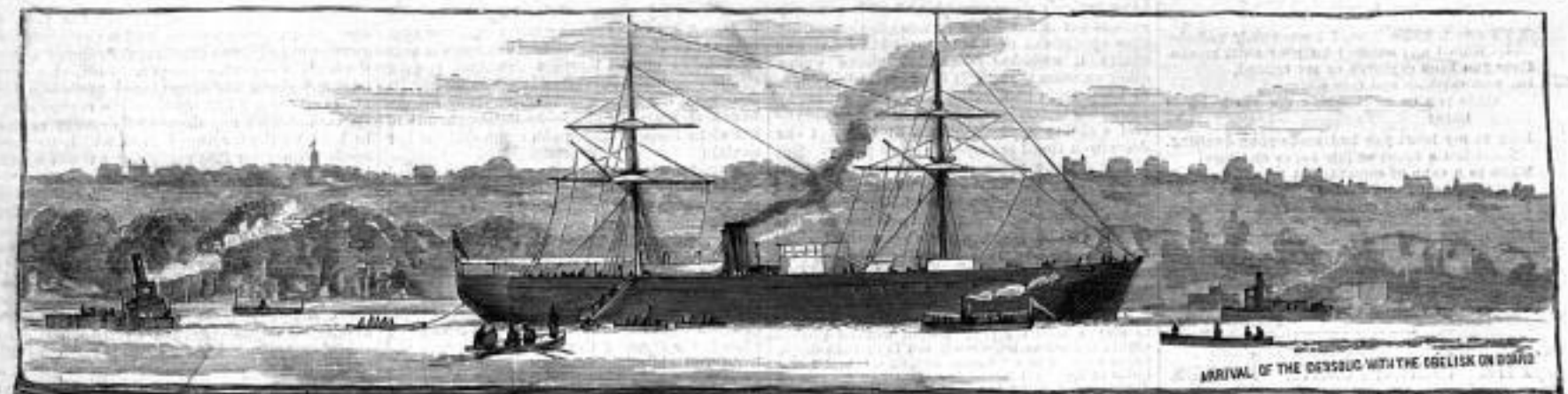
—Of the $677,000 necessary to complete the Washington Monument, $250,000 has been appropriated by Congress; $92,000 has been expended on the foundation, $20,000 for an elevator capable of hoisting ten tons, which has been erected within the shaft and is run by a fifty horse-power engine to carry the blocks to the top. An iron staircase has also been erected at a cost of $10,000. Both will be permanent. The base of the monument is fifty-five feet square, which will be gradually reduced to thirty-four feet six inches at the top. The monument, a simple obelisk, is to be 550 feet high and surmounted with a pyramidion roof, 50 feet high.

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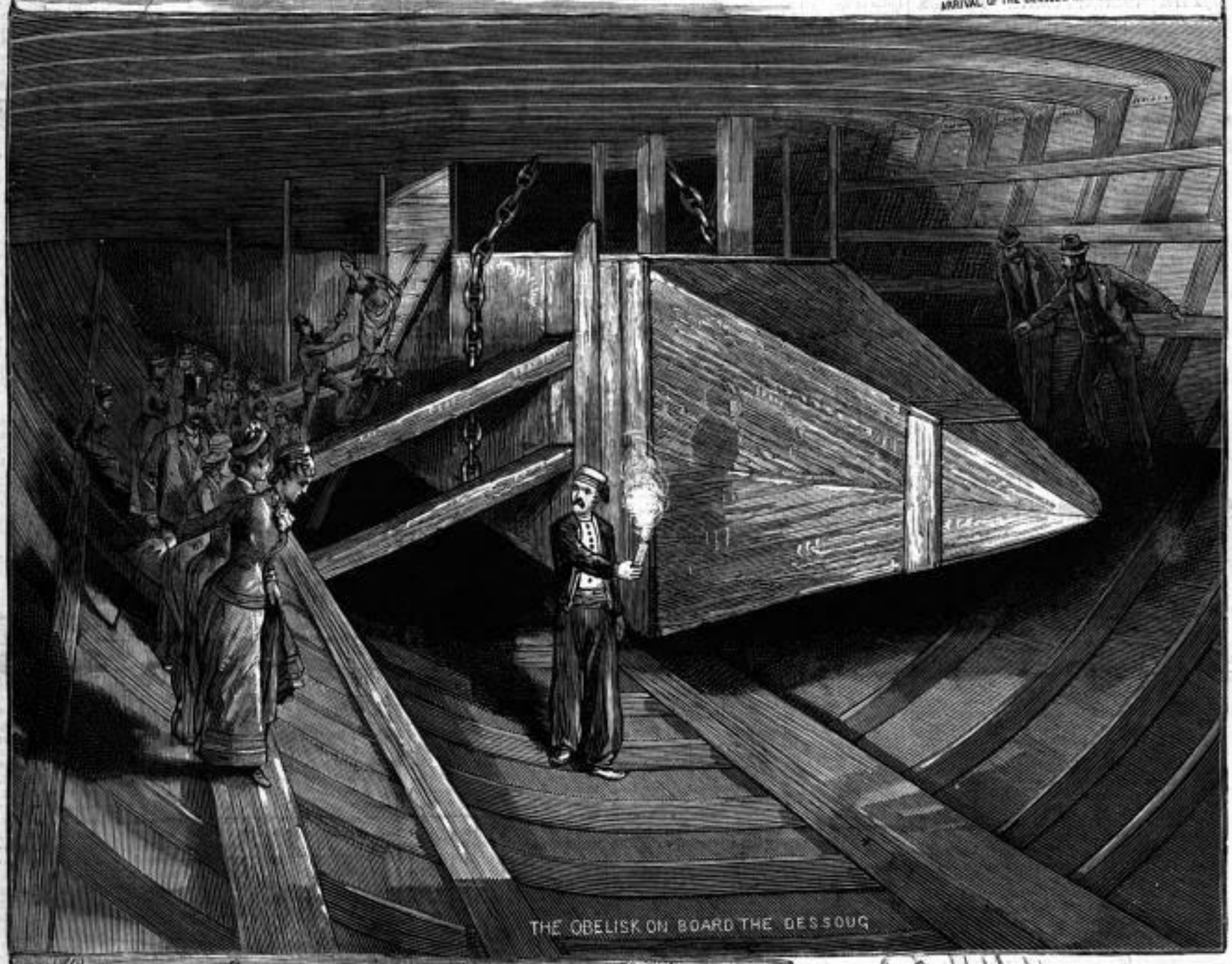


OHIO.—AN EVENING SCENE ON MOUNT ADAMS, CINCINNATI.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 392.

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ARRIVAL OF THE DESSOUG WITH THE OBELISK ON BOARD



THE OBELISK ON BOARD THE DESSOUG



SUPPOSED MASONIC EMBLEMS FOUND WITH OBELISK



METAL CRABS FOUND WITH OBELISK

NEW YORK CITY.—EGYPT'S GIFT TO THE UNITED STATES—SCENES ON BOARD THE OBELISK STEAMER "DESSOUG," OFF TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—SEE PAGE 382.

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LOST.

My sweet, white dove, I have vainly waited—
Waited and watched for your swift return.
Have you been captured or yet belated,
Or, with caresses and care o'ersated,
Come you no more where the watch-lights burn?

Deep in my heart you had made your dwelling,
Nourished a brood of fair hopes and joys;
While in a calm of content past telling,
Sunlight glowing and bird-songs swelling,
I had no dread of the world's decoys.

Folly to love what a cage must stifle!
Folly to hold what would fly away!
Treasures of time are for change to rifle,
Life but a toy wherewith death does trifle,
Love is as long as a Summer day!

JOHN MORAN.

The Schaffuskie Lands.

By Annie Duffell,

Author of "Is the Measure," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE TRAGEDY.

When Maize enters the castle she goes, as is her custom, directly to Gypsy's boudoir, but the fairy nest of gold and white is empty. She is somewhat surprised, as Gypsy has told her that she will wait up until her return, and gently opens the door of the sleeping apartment. By the faint light from the night-lamp she traces a single form under the downy counterpane—a form from whose dimensions and certain particles of masculine attire tossed carelessly around the room, she instantly concludes is Jack's.

Hastily withdrawing into the outer apartment, she pulls the bell-rope, and a sleepy-looking servant responds.

"Where is Lady Ashhurst?" inquires the young lady, abruptly.

"I thought she was here. She dismissed Lizette in the early part of the evening, and said she was going to bed," is the half-sullen response, as the dark-faced functionary thinks of the sound sleep from which she has been awakened.

"Oh, very well. I expected to find her up, but I will not disturb her. You may go."

Maize speaks carelessly; but when the servant has disappeared a pallor sweeps over her face, and a nameless dread and pain settles upon her heart.

Never in all the years that have since come to her—those bright, triumphant years that have brought to her a beauty and glory that seldom comes to one woman—has she been able to efface from her memory one scene that was branded upon her brain as with a red-hot iron—a scene that shattered the sweet, holy faith of her childhood, and swept upon her a horror from which she never could quite free herself—and that was the sight of Gypsy in Toboskie's arms. She was awakened that night by Jack's drunken frolic, and had rushed to the parlor in time to witness husshame, though she herself was unnoticed. Stricken with a grief and agony that had never before touched her, she sank down in a stupor of misery behind the nearest divan, and received the second blow in beholding Gypsy's madness and sin.

And all this time she has carried about with her the rankling, festering memory of that hour. It has worn down into her heart like a galling band of iron. It has shattered all her faith in womankind. It has secretly embittered her spirit; yet, above all, remembering the courage with which Toboskie put from him this great temptation, this soft, dazzling, lovely woman, it has elevated him above all others. Whatever the future may hold, whatever of strife and hatred shall come between them, no other man can ever stand quite in her eyes as he stands, by right of that steady honor, that matchless strength, that sustained him in that hour of temptation. It tells her that all honor is not a myth, that in the soul of this man, this member of a dissolute court, there was yet that steadfast purity that cried out against injuring the man whose hand he had taken in friendship. It was impossible, after that, that Toboskie could be entirely indifferent to her.

But all confidence in Gypsy was for ever shaken, and she has lived in a great dread; sooner or later she knew that hour of madness would again overwhelm her, and when the noble spirit of this man was not by to save. Therefore, upon *her*, she felt, must devolve the care of watching over this gay, thankless, brainless thing—this woman, beautiful as the dawn, but a trap of evil. And she has constituted it her sacred office; all through Gypsy's gay, heedless life has watched a fidelity exhaustless, unrepaid by recognition and free from one murmur of reproach or suspicion. And all this has been done for Jack's sake—Jack, between whom and herself is a love deathless and for ever abiding—a love whose depths can never be fathomed or put into words.

Now, as she stands in this bower of beauty, she feels that the hour for which she has been looking and faithfully striving to ward off, has at last arrived, and she does not feel equal to it.

But she rouses herself, and resolves to make a thorough search before accepting the worst. First of all, she seeks Valentine's chamber and gently tries the lock. It refusing to turn, she instantly concludes that its owner has retired for the night, and noiselessly continues her search. Not a chamber in this old castle—all heavily shadowed and draped; all filled with gloomy beds of state and darkness—does she fail to inspect, while the darkness seems to take shape and advance towards her as she stands upon the long disused threshold and peers in these apartments which the spirits of those dead nobles seem still to inhabit.

But not a trace of Gypsy can she discover. The childish, lovely Lady of Ashhurst seems to have entirely disappeared, and with a weary pain at her heart, Maize returns to that dainty *bijou* apartment that is Gypsy's boudoir. She enters it noiselessly—always above every other emotion that great desire to shield Jack, to keep from him, as long as possible, every knowledge of Gypsy's weakness and perfidy—and sinks in a chair. Then at her feet she descries a small crumpled roll of paper. Mechanically she picks it up, and almost unconsciously straightens it out upon her lap. Then she starts as though a bullet had pierced her, and a death-like pallor suffuses her countenance, as she bends over, and, with staring, half-blinded eyes, reads the words before her.

"Lady Ashhurst—The affection with which you must see you have inspired me, will, I trust, in a measure, excuse in your sight, the liberty of this note. Claire, come to me—for the love of God come to me! I *must* see you. I shall look for you to-night; not before ten o'clock, not later than three. Come directly to my castle, and, by the honor of a noble of Russia, I swear you shall run no risk of discovery. I know the past, with all its sin and weakness. I know of that Summer spent in Greece with Claudio Despucio! I tell you this, not to torture you, Claire, for God knows I would save you every pang, but to show you that you must come to-night, and if you obey me your secret is safe.

"L."

As she ceases reading, Maize leaps to her feet, and her hands clinch; all the soft, Southern langor, all the rich, voluptuous beauty, die out of her face, and it hardens until, in its stern, set grandeur, it looks carved in iron. There is no name to the note, but it bears evidence more indisputable than a signature—the haughty, peculiar crest of the powerful Lagors, that she has often seen upon his communications when he has sent invitations to the opera, etc., and which is carved deep in the gray stone above his palace door.

An agony of rage and horror is upon her, and a shame that she never thought could touch her, bends her proud spirit to the dust—shame for this fickle, faithless woman, whom she has been taught to consider a mother, and who is the wife of the man who has been to her more than a father. Standing there, in the dead silence of the night, confronted by the gold and glittering toys that surround this faithless wife, she is stricken with a horror of her sin that briefly robs her of all strength.

In her agony she does not notice that allusion to the past—that terrible menace that held such a horror for this poor, weak, erring one, that she braved all things to obey the summons of the man who ever after must be her master—she only knows that Gypsy is sunk, lost forever; that Jack is betrayed, his honor outraged, his proud name dragged in the dust. Gypsy has gone to this nobleman, this *roué*, this man without an atom of reputation!

A great, dry sob breaks chokingly in her throat; it is for Jack, always for Jack! the woman herself is not worth the saving. But she thinks of the husband sleeping in unconsciousness in the next chamber—that husband noble through debauchery—dignified in his weakness, faithful in dissipation, and with all the grand entire faith of his soul centred upon his wife, who never had but one rival—wine!

She is aroused from her weakness and horror; she will save Jack, if possible, from a knowledge of this inestimable perfidy that encompasses him. In her eyes deepens a grand purpose as her haughty spirit rises in all its strength and heroism to go forth to its mission—that mission that shall slaughter her life, perhaps, for all eternity—that shall lay it waste like a devastating flame, with only charred and worthless cinders to show where once the plain of her life stretched clear and sun-draped in its rich promise.

Without wasting to change the trailing silken robes of her ball costume, she catches up a cloak and, leaving the chamber, steals noiselessly down the great steps through the broad hall, and finally, opening the door, stands out in the night.

Without an instant's hesitation she descends the steps and commences her journey. It is a wretched night. The darkness is intense, pierced only at intervals by the flickering uncertain light from the street lamps; around the corners and down the level aisles of the streets the fierce Russian winds sweep with a force that nearly staggers her, and the rain falls in torrents, beating mercilessly in her fair face and freezing to sleet upon her soft and delicate flesh. It is her first bitter experience with life, yet she never hesitates in her course; her resolution is taken and no mortal power could swerve it. She is chilled to the heart; her delicate limbs beneath the priceless robes are numb with the fierce cold; the silken sandals in which she danced away the earlier hours of the night cling wet and soiled to her aching feet; her small, jewel-flashing hands grasp, wet and senseless, the cloak heavy with the rain and the sleet. In all her life she has known no want or hardship, has been pampered and caressed almost to ruination, and her delicate Grecian nature makes her peculiarly sensitive to this terrible cold; yet her courage never falters. In her eyes is that steady purpose that sustains her as she makes her way with slowness and difficulty through this night, from which even the hardened, sturdy natures of the natives would shrink.

The rain and the wind and the sleet come down, yet on and on she staggers, growing weary with the way, her feet blistered by the stones that have worn away the slippers; her eyes are almost blinded with the cruel sleet. Yet she never falters; it is for Jack's sake—to save him from a consciousness of his wife's guilt—that guilt that would surely kill him did it ever come to his knowledge. And she prays as never before in all the glad, triumphant years of her sovereignty, has she ever prayed that she may not be too late, that she may bring Gypsy back to outward honor—may bring her back before Jack knows—even though her soul be stained with a blackness that even the blood of Christ could scarcely wash clean. On and on she presses in her dreary way, never faltering; and now behind her she hears steps. Turning, she sees by the aid of the lamps a drunken, reeling figure which she perceives is pursuing her. It is one of the people returning from his debaucheries, and as she looks he shouts out to her some Russian oath and a command for her to stop.

Half-fainting with terror she turns, and summoning all her strength speeds down the street with a celerity lent by her fear. On and on she runs, the exercise quickening her pulse and warming her chilled blood, in which way it is beneficial and probably saves her life. But in turning the sharp angle of a street her foot slips upon a piece of ice, and she falls with all her force upon her injured arm. Still delicate from the accident, though weeks have passed, the force of the fall again shatters the bone, and a blinding, maddening torture fastens upon her whole system which for an instant holds her prostrate upon the ground.

Then recovering herself she struggles to her feet and staggers on, white to the lips and blinded with her great, exhausting agony, still adhering by instinct to the right course. At last before her looms up a dark mass of masonry; looking up, she sees it is the castle of Count Lagors—that fatal, accursed den of iniquity which she believes has swallowed up Gypsy.

With her teeth set tight and her eyes blazing, she ascends the steps and rings the bell with her well hand, her broken arm hanging limp beside her, and, in her agitation, unconscious of the striking spectacle she presents with her soaked garments, her flashing jewels, her lovely face and golden wind-tossed hair.

CHAPTER XXII.—PETER'S SERIOUS MISTAKE.

The door of Castle Lagors is opened by Peter. He looks out curiously and sees that wild and lovely apparition as she stands upon the threshold.

Without a word he steps aside for her to enter, and recloses the door. He is, as nearly as is possible for one of his staid and steady nature, overwhelmed with amazement at the condition of this fair visitor, who, seeing his curious regard, draws herself haughtily erect, and flashes upon him the full fire of her magnificent eyes.

"Is your master alone?"

Her voice is low and eager, and through it runs a ring of command, showing the discriminating Peter that she is one upon whom wealth and rank have set their seal.

"Yes, madam," is his perfectly polite reply.

"Quite alone! Are you sure that no lady has been here this evening?"

"I am positive, madam. No lady has been here, or is likely to be here, such a night as this. No one is expected but yourself, madam."

In her joy and thankfulness, Maize fails to perceive the rather doubtful insinuation of Peter's speech. Of one thing she is plainly aware: Peter has been apprised that his master expects a guest, and has quite naturally mistaken her for Gypsy. She does not correct the mistake.

"Take me to your master at once."

Peter is scandalized by this indecent haste; even among that style of women that he has been in the habit of admitting to midnight revels with his master; such indelicacy is unusual. With Peter the bump of self-consequence is fairly developed, and his high station is always properly regarded by these midnight visitants, and himself treated with flattering distinction.

But this insolent young person who confronts him in her wondrous and magnificent womanhood, who issues her commands like a court-lady, who looks in her dazzling loveliness like a sovereign, even while yet, to his near-sighted vision, the stamp of evil is upon her haughty brow—for *her* Peter is seized with a violent and fatal prejudice, a deep-rooted dislike, the secret of which is jealousy. The whole nature of this man has become entwined about his master. He loves him with a love passing that of woman, holding in it all the watchfulness and forbearance of a parent, all the tenderness and faith of a child. And with a pang of rage and jealousy he conducts her to Lagors's private chamber, into which she disappears, and, with a gloomy brow, he returns to the hall.

A restless anxiety is upon him; over the house rests a ghostly silence, upon which breaks only the sound of his footfall as he paces back and forth the long, tiled hall, with its gloom and gore-hued splendor. Time passes, and now through the sleeping city comes the chimes of its clocks striking the second hour of the morning.

Peter can no longer control his impatience. Up the grand staircase he goes slowly, and down the corridor, past that closed door of his master's chamber. Here he cannot forbear pausing a moment; and as he stops, upon the silence suddenly breaks the loud, angry voice of Count Lagors, followed by the cold, resolute tones of a woman—that woman whom he admitted so recently. Strive as he will he can catch no word, nothing but that deep swell of voices, showing that a contest is waging. Deeply mystified, and as greatly surprised, he once more turns and descends to the hall. When he has been here perhaps half an hour he sees the visitor coming down the staircase. In the gloom and shadows her face, filled with an exhausted pain, gleams forth transcendently beautiful. He sees that she staggers with the faintness of suffering, and that her eyes are wild and agonized.

As she reaches him she pauses and leans heavily against a piece of statuary, and he notices more distinctly that great, appealing pain in her eyes as she turns them upon him, and with a suppressed groan raises her suffering arm.

"It is broken," she says, faintly. "I fell. Will you bind it up? It pains me very much."

Peter is amazed. Surely there has been a desperate battle up-stairs, and a vague shame sweeps over him at this brutal evidence of his master's execrable temper. Still, this fact does not shake his deep-rooted prejudice for his companion; but, despite his repugnance, he cannot with any degree of decency refuse to bind up the fractured arm, which he proceeds to do, after first procuring a towel which he tears into strips.

This somewhat eases the pain, and Maize starts out in the storm and night. Her heart is lighter than when she came, though the rain and sleet and cold are as bitter and the night as dark. Still, Gypsy was not there. That is the greatest blessing, and upon further consideration she easily convinces herself that Lady Ashhurst must have been somewhere about the castle—perhaps even in her own chamber asleep. This is quite possible, as the light in the sleeping-room was dim, and Jack's sonorous snoring might easily have drowned the dainty sound of his wife's soft breathing. Besides this, after a stormy interview and she had convinced the count of her knowledge of his love for Gypsy, she had succeeded in getting a partial promise from him to withdraw his addresses, which were a crime and a disgrace. So she walks onward through the tempestuous night, all unconscious of the nearness of her miserable destiny, her heart light, but the ache of physical suffering still heavy upon her.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE WHILOM GUNSMITH.

"Henry Dornsdoff, Attorney of His Majesty's Law." These words are traced in gleaming letters upon a shingle tacked to one of the many broad doors similarly decorated that abound in the large public building situated close to the State houses in St. Petersburg.

If we step within we will see a large, square office, barren and devoid of all semblance of comfort, around which are strewn numerous high desks, above which crop up heads of every color, and belonging to the young aspirants of His Majesty's law, commonly known as "clerks." These miserable victims of necessity, at present in a relax state, are perched in a reckless manner upon high, three-legged stools, and with wild abandonment are devoting themselves to the enjoyment of the moment, which, for the oldest, consists in a few minutes silent rest from the wretched scribbling kept up from dawn until nightfall; for the next in age, in cracking stale jokes, some a trifle dark; and for the youngest, in firing sundry dilapidated and aged pen-wipers at their neighboring contemporaries.

But a step sounding from an inner chamber warns the idlers of the appearance of the enemy, and instantly every head is ducked, and every hand resumes its weary journey across the sheets of writing paper. A door opens disclosing an inner office comfortably and even luxuriously furnished, and now into the midst of his dominions steps Henry Dornsdoff, attorney-at-law.

He is a man of medium height, but thick set and powerfully built. His head is of immense size, with long bushy hair that looks like a bull's. Though his head and body are so massive, his face is thin, even cadaverous, giving him a startling appearance. His features are straight and well-shaped, his lips particularly being thin and evenly chiseled and firmly closed. His eyes are large and brilliant, shrewd, quick, suspicious, showing the keen and able nature of the man. The width of the head is startling, showing of what immense size is the brain. Henry Dornsdoff is a man of the people. The son of a clever gunsmith, at an early age he showed signs of an unusually powerful intellect and a great fondness for study. Being possessed of the same insatiable ambition that characterized his father, with that father's assistance and persistent toil, young Henry was given an education far beyond his station and finally sent to a law school. After that for for some years the world lost sight of him. Then one auspicious (for him) day, he reappeared before it, pleading the cause of the kingdom in a great criminal case then agitating the country. And he was successful. No one asked whither he had come—no one made unpleasant inquiries as to how and where his past had been spent, but the world accepted him. He had dropped among them as a thunderbolt, and from that day his fame and fortune were established. His indomitable perseverance and ambition, his powerful brain and energy, had cleaved their way to eminence.

To day if you were to say to the most ignorant of that great city, "My friend, who is the cleverest man in St. Petersburg?" the answer would be—"Henry Dornsdoff." His advice is solicited in all the most intricate and important cases of the day. He is freely acknowledged to be the greatest criminal lawyer of his age.

Yet this eminence has not been attained without bitter pangs of deadly struggle. Henry Dornsdoff, were he inclined, could tell a surprising story to the world; for, in his down-trodden, locked up heart he has kept a chronicle of all the ills of his life, which have neither been light nor few. The years that have hidden him from the sight of the world have been marked with the weary torture of struggle, poverty and ambition. Coming of that crushed and down trodden order, the people, every circumstance in his life was against him. Scorned and ignored by the aristocracy, gibed and ridiculed by his own order, those hidden, shut up years of the attorney's life hold an agony and torture inestimable.

Therefore it is, perhaps, not unnatural that in his heart should be a rancorous and implacable hatred for the nobility. This class has been his enemy; were it not for them he could have stepped upwards to his high goal with comparative ease. All that hidden torture of shame and poverty and neglect, of hours of endless labor and abuse, all the want and

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bitterness that set upon his life are due to the haughty and exclusive aristocrats.

From his station of obscurity and deadly want, as he struggled on to his high attainments of the future, he watched with a sort of envious and maddening fascination the career of one man his own age, and by whose castle he, in his boyhood, dwelt; watched as he, the young aristocrat, the son of a long line of haughty counts, glided on without the slightest knowledge of want or trial to his high distinction among the nobles of his land—this land that honored and courted the scion of nobility—that showered upon him its brightest smiles and choicest favors, while it oppressed, scorned and frowned upon the struggling son of the gunsmith.

Watching, as he did, the brilliant career of this favored individual, this pet of royalty and fortune, it was quite natural that the distinguished success that crowned his efforts should sow seeds of hatred and bitter hostility in the breast of this beggar, this wretch, standing outside of the heaven of fame and distinction, looking with weary, envious eyes at the station from which he was for ever debarred.

Therefore, to the soul of Henry Dornsdoff his career and that of that proud and powerful statesman, Count Raoul Tobolskie, are entertwined. And even now that he has attained his eminence, in his breast is that bitter strife, that envious, rancorous dislike that took root in his youth. Do all he can, struggle as he will, he tells himself he can never be this man's equal—this man, distinguished above all others by right of his haughty order, and shielded and sustained by the proud purple of aristocracy; this man, whose voice literally governs the kingdom, who makes the rules that he, the attorney, with all his brain and wealth, can but execute.

While one is the confidant of the Emperor and the Russian courtiers, the other is, in one sense, a slave to his laws and a member of the people.

It is this secret bitterness and strife that have won for him the reputation of a cold and unfeeling man; that have soured and embittered his nature; that gives to his emotionless countenance that cold and icy exterior. He is a man entirely alone. His father, not allowed to witness the triumph of his son, and the result of his sacrifice and toil, died of a malignant fever soon after his son graduated in his studies. Since then no human being has had any title upon the attorney. His existence is dull and solitary. Outside of his office he has no confidants, no friends, and would be happy if he could have no acquaintances.

Such a man is Henry Dornsdoff, and who will presently figure more largely in this history, but who we will now leave in his office surrounded by his satellites.

(*To be continued.*)

THREE NEW STEAM YACHTS.

THE progress and improvement made in marine architecture during the last few years are quite as remarkable as in any other department of invention and enterprise. Much of this improvement is, no doubt, due to the stimulus supplied to inventors and builders in the growth of the yachting spirit among men of wealth. Among the latest and most elegant additions to the yachting fleet of New York are the *Stranger*, built for Mr. George Osgood; the *Corsair*, built for Mr. C. J. Osborne, and the *Polaris*, built for James Gordon Bennett. The *Corsair* and the *Stranger* are practically sister ships. Their tonnage and dimensions are almost exactly the same, and their construction is on the same model. They are both schooner-rigged, with hulls remarkable for beauty, grace and delicacy of lines. They are 186 feet long, 24 feet beam, 11 feet hold, and of 247 60-100 tons measurement. The *Corsair's* engine is of 170 indicated horse-power. It is like an English compound engine with improvements, is very compact, and is a beautiful piece of machinery. The high pressure cylinder is of 24 inches diameter and has 24-inch stroke. The low-pressure cylinder is 44 inches in diameter. There are two tubular boilers of 11 feet diameter, 20½ feet long. There is one iron collision bulkhead and four water-tight compartments. The engines and boilers are cased in by iron bulkheads. She carries forty-four tons of coal, and will use about ten tons in twenty-four hours under full steam. A steam windlass, two steering apparatuses, electric bells and other modern improvements are part of her equipment. The propeller is a graduated screw of 11 feet diameter and 18 feet pitch. There are four boats on deck, three of wood, one of iron.

The hatch-coamings and joiner-work on deck are of mahogany, and the brass work is profuse and tasteful. Below everything is in mahogany and cherry, with tiled floorings, and ceilings picked out in exquisite taste in light, delicate colors and graceful designs. The interior decorations are extremely elegant. The main saloon is 10 by 18 feet. It is upholstered in raw silk and plush, with black and old gold as predominating colors. A handsome fireplace, with a mantel of odd design in Eastlake style, is opposite the companion way. A large sideboard is on each side, the two spaces between at each end being filled by divans richly covered. The principal stateroom is large and roomy. It is on the starboard side and is about twenty feet long, divided into two rooms by a crimson velvet plush curtain. There are three other staterooms of smaller size, a bathroom, closets and innumerable conveniences, such as steam-heaters and steam-ventilators, electric bells, etc. The forecastle has accommodation for fourteen men. Aft of this is the officers' messroom, with their staterooms opening off. Abaft of this again is a kitchen that is a model and a marvel of convenience. Under its tiled floor is a tank containing 2,000 gallons of water. The wine closet, refrigerator, staterooms and other auxiliaries are perfect, and space has been economized to a wonderful degree. There are two companionways connecting with the main saloon. The principal one opens upon a social hall and smoking room on a level with the quarter-deck. Both these yachts were built in Philadelphia, and on their trip from that city to New York made an average of fourteen knots an hour.

Mr. Bennett's yacht, the *Polaris* was built by Messrs. Ward, Stanton & Co., of Newburg, N. Y., and is a model in its way. The dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 157 feet; on deck, 152 feet; on water line, 146 feet; beam, 18 feet; depth of hold, 10 feet. The engines are of the compound style, one high-pressure cylinder and two low pressure cylinders. They are respectively 24 and 32 inches diameter, and 24 inches stroke, and will turn a propeller of 9 feet diameter and 14 feet pitch. Steam is supplied from two steel boilers, to carry a working pressure of 120 pounds. The yacht is exceptionally strong, being built of iron, according to Lloyd's rules. She has four bulkheads; the deck is flush, with the exception of an 18-inch break amidship, which is surrounded by netting and stanchions. The accommodations, which are aft, include a roomy saloon, the owner's stateroom and bathroom, storerooms, pantry, etc., and three staterooms for guests, all furnished in Eastlake style and chastely decorated. The kitchen and the quarters for the crew are under deck, forward, and the pilot-house and smoking or chartroom are around the foremast on the spar-deck.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HUDSON TUNNEL.

AT an early hour on Wednesday morning, July 21st, Jersey City and New York were thrown into intense excitement by the report of a caving-in of the tunnel now being constructed beneath the Hudson to connect the two cities. The scene of this disaster is but a short distance north of the Erie Railway yards. A working shaft 65 feet deep and 30 feet in diameter, walled with brick and with a bottom of concrete, affords the means of entering the tunnel at its western extremity, and into this the sand and silt from the excavation have been forced through pipes, to be afterwards drawn up to the surface. At a depth of 30 feet in this shaft is an air-lock, through which the tunnel itself is entered by way of a temporary tunnel 30 feet long running on a slight decline into the main tunnel, the arch of which at this point has a span of 40 feet. Just beyond, the tunnel divides into two tunnels, each 22 feet high and 20 feet broad, including the two-foot brick walls. The work in the northernmost of the tunnels has been finished to a bulkhead over 300 feet out under the water of the North River. The southern tunnel has been excavated a distance of 25 feet, and the iron shell has been laid and securely braced on all sides. The work here has been abandoned for the time, and the men were engaged in laying the iron shell in the temporary tunnel. The iron plates had been laid and bolted together up to within about a foot of the brick wall of the working shaft. The men must have been laying the last row of plates about the entrance to the air-lock at the time of the accident. These plates are about two and a half feet wide and four feet long, and are curved to fit the brick-work of the shaft. They are bolted together through the flanges on four sides.

A feature of the work has been the introduction of condensed air into the tunnel under a pressure of twenty pounds to the inch, to support the walls. Three large pumps have furnished this supply night and day. Its use was an experiment, and by the engineers it was considered most successful. This same pressure of air was also used to force the waste sand and earth out through pipes into the working shaft.

The air-lock is simply a heavy plate boiler 18 feet long by 6 feet in diameter, with large closely-fitting doors at each end. The door on the tunnel end opens into the tunnel, and is therefore held closed by the pressure of air. The air-lock, in fact, works exactly on the principle of a canal-lock. To enter the tunnel the workmen first enter the air-lock and close the outside door. Air from the tunnel is then admitted until the pressure from the tunnel on the inner door is relieved and the men can simply push the door open. To leave the tunnel this process is reversed. The men enter, closing the inner door behind them, and the compressed air in the air-lock is then allowed to escape until the pressure is relieved from the outer door.

By means of electric lights work has been continued night and day, each gang of from fifteen to twenty-eight or thirty men working eight hours at a time. The shifts were just changing for breakfast at 4:30 on Wednesday morning when the accident occurred. One set of the men had returned to their work from their morning lunch, and the others were about to leave the tunnel. They were, indeed, waiting at the door of the air-lock for those who were entering the tunnel to make way for them. At this instant a hissing noise as of escaping air was heard, and presently the loose earth directly overhead began to fall. The pressure of the air was so great that it forced its way up through the twenty feet of "made" ground overhead, with a puff, it is said, even throwing up fragments of earth a little way into the air. The whole surface over the leak then fell in, and the water, of which the loose soil was full, began to fall in until it reached the level of the river in a pool twenty feet across directly over the break. It also entered the working shaft through the air-lock, the pressure thereon being, of course, relieved at once by the break overhead. All of the tunnel as far as finished must also have filled with water.

Eight of them—Brady, Hansen, McGovern, Van Nostrand, Moline, Doyle, Hayes and Crimmins—had time to leap into the air-lock. A ninth, Foreman Frank Olson, passed his right arm through the open door, but before he could enter, the heavy iron of the roof fell against the door, swinging it partially to, and crushing him before the eyes of his companions. The other twenty men were now completely cut off from all escape, and were literally buried in the falling timbers, iron and mud. The men in the lock seemed doomed to almost certain death, for the compressed air, pushing against the door giving egress to the shaft prevented them from opening it, and the water of the river coming through the mud and loose soil, was rapidly pouring in, and threatened to drown them.

At the time of the accident Moses Pierson, the engineer, who was above ground, saw a stream of condensed air coming up on the outside of the shaft, and divining what had happened, rushed quickly to the mouth of the shaft. "Open the door!" came to him in stifled tones from the imprisoned men below. He sent a messenger for Michael Hurley, the day foreman, who lived but a short distance away, and also for J. H. Andersen, the general superintendent. Hurley reached the scene in a very short time, and clambered quickly down the shaft to the rescue. He was followed by Patrick Meehan, Michael Burchell and Thomas Anderson, and the four tried to force open the door of the air-lock, but without success, the pressure of the air against it from the inside being too great. Hurley then seized a crowbar and broke one of the bull's-eyes. At the same time Thomas Van Nostrand, one of the imprisoned men, broke the other. The compressed air rushed through the lock with a whizz, followed by a stream of water, and the pressure being thus removed, the door was forced open. The eight men rushed out and hurried across the shaft to the stairs leading to the surface, followed by a flood of water which threatened to engulf them. They escaped without injury, and at once went to work on the surface, digging for the purpose of rescuing their buried comrades. Among the dead was Peter Woodland, the assistant superintendent, of whom the survivors speak in the warmest terms for his courage and self-denial. When he saw that the other men were unable to get the door open so that the rest of the shift and Woodland, who was with them, might escape from the tunnel, and when the water began to rush into the tunnel and thence into the lock, he called to the others to save themselves. "Get into the shaft," he shouted, through the door of the lock; "get into the shaft and save yourselves. You can't do anything for us. Get out, and then, if you can, help to save us."

Immediately after the accident the officers of the company put the full force of men at work, in the hope that the bodies of the unfortunate men in the shaft might be speedily reached. The attempt to clear the shaft of water by pumping proved a failure, and a diver who was sent down to ascertain the cause discovered a leakage which, it is thought, will necessitate the sinking of a coffer-dam between the river bulkhead and the vertical shaft, before the bodies can be reached.

A Home for Aged Animals.

WITHIN the last few years "Homes for Lost Dogs" have been established in several European capitals, with excellent results, and are become familiar institutions; but a "Home for Aged Animals" is, so far as we know, an absolute novelty out of India, and, as such, deserves especial notice. It appears that a wealthy French gentleman, owning an estate at Gobesse, near Paris, has for some time past devoted his time, money and attention to soothing the declining years of superannuated beasts and birds by accommodating them with comfortable residence in his spacious park. He has already collected a strange assemblage of venerable creatures, duly provided with authenticated records of their respective ages and careers. The patriarch of this quaint community is a grizzled old mule, just entering his seventy-third year, between whom and an obese goose of thirty-seven an affectionate intimacy subsists. Mother Goose is beset by infirmities. Her legs are so distorted that she cannot waddle straight, and her webbed feet are studded with huge warts which sometimes disturb her temper, but, on the whole, she is cheerful and even sprightly for one of her years. Among the companions of this oddly-assorted pair of friends are a cow of thirty-six Summers and a hog who will never see his twenty-seventh birthday again. In an aviary overlooking the park, feebly pipe and twitter a bullfinch of twenty-eight and a sparrow hatched in the year 1862. Their acte de naissance and other unimpeachable documentary evidence of their antiquity, such as the French Civil Code prescribes, are in the possession of their benevolent host, who treats them with the assiduous consideration due to their great age and eminent respectability.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New Royal Irish University does not promise to become of great importance in science. The Senate consists of ecclesiastics, politicians and lawyers—classes of men seldom favorable to the investigations of nature.

By recent intelligence from New South Wales we learn that very rich silver lodes, with a large quantity of gold, had been discovered at the Nambucca River, and that gold had also been found near Moama, on the Murray.

T. A. Brecklebark estimates that in a single decade 500,000 persons engaged in industrial pursuits in Great Britain sustained personal injury or are killed; in mines, 300,000; in railways, 70,000; and in factories, 180,000.

Count Ludovig Krasenak is desirous of buying from the Russian Government the huge building at Warsaw known as the Brulof Palace, with a view to converting it into an industrial museum and presenting it to the town.

According to advices from Helsingfors, Professor Alkvist, the celebrated Finnish savant, will shortly set out for Siberia, to investigate the language and customs of the Ostiaks. Before leaving Finland he will publish his Ostiak dictionary.

The Geologists will be in force at the meeting of the British Association at Swansea, South Wales, which commences on August 25th, when Dr. Ramsay, director-general of the Geological Survey, and president elect, will deliver his address.

Pere Marc Decheverens, the Director of the Zikawei Observatory, near Shanghai, has lately published an important essay on the disastrous typhoon of July 31st, 1879, accompanied by remarks on other typhoons in the Autumn of the same year.

We notice some interesting geological researches by M. Koatkevatch on the eastern slopes of the Ural Mountains. They will be an important addition to the well known map of the western slope published some years ago by Professor Möller.

Among the statues which have been exhibited in the salon at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, two large monuments, to commemorate Denis Papin at Blois and Leverrier at Paris, have largely attracted public notice. The astronomer is represented erect, wearing his usual dress, and supporting in his left hand a celestial sphere; the right is pointing to the heavens.

M. Doubree, director of the French School of Mines, has published an essay on Descartes, in which he summarizes the services rendered by that philosopher to science. He reminds his readers that Descartes advocated the theory of an igneous origin for the earth, and he enters into a lengthened discussion of the objections which may be raised against the theory of actual causes, as advocated by Lyell.

The Establishment in Paris of a system of pneumatic clocks has not put a stop to the experiments for transmitting the observatory time by electricity not only to the several public clocks at Paris, but all over France, taking advantage of the telegraph wires. A commission has been appointed by the Municipal Council of Paris to select between the several systems which have been proposed on competition.

In the last aëronautical ascent which was made at Rouen on Monday, June 13th, by M. Jovis, M. Desmeret, one of the aëronauts, tried with success to take photographs of the land below. About fifteen different views were taken by him, and are wonderfully executed. The car had a hole in the centre, and the photographic apparatus was supplied with a patent obturator working in one hundredth of a second. The photographs were, of course, taken by instantaneous process.

The City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education has definitively accepted from Her Majesty's Commissioners for the exhibition of 1851 a site for the Central Institution on Exhibition Road. The site is 300 feet long, and is between the temporary French and Belgian Courts. The advantages of this site are its proximity to the museums and libraries, and science and art schools of South Kensington. The central institution, when erected, will be used for the training of teachers, and will provide the highest technical instruction to students who have already obtained such a knowledge of the elements of science as furnished by the School of Mines and other scientific institutions.

The First International Geological Congress having been held in Paris some two years ago, it was determined that a second meeting should take place at Bologna in 1881. The principal objects for which this association will meet will be the determination of two important questions—the unification of geographical figures, and the formation of some identical geological nomenclature. For the study of the first, two commissions were named who are to report at Bologna at the close of 1880, when such matter will be printed for the use of the congress. Aside from these reports, which will be of the most interesting character, the following programme has been determined upon for 1881: There will be a competition, having in view the establishment of an international system of colors and signs, adapted for the representation of geological maps. The method must be accompanied by an explanatory memoir, and with maps drawn and colored to the system proposed. The memoir is to be written, if possible, in French. All competitors must have their maps and explanations forwarded to the president, M. J. Capellini, president of the congress, at Bologna, on or before the 1st of May, 1881. The first prize will be 5,000 francs.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GUSTAV RICHTER, the celebrated German painter, is seriously ill with consumption.

MINISTER ZAMACONA will return no more to Washington, as he is hereafter to represent his country in France.

REV. W. H. MILBURN, the blind preacher, is in San Francisco, and will make a two months' visit on the Pacific Coast.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has written a Canadian National Hymn in D major, which he has just sent to the Marquis of Lorne.

HERR MARKART has completed his picture of "Diana at the Hunt," and has sold it to a firm of picture dealers for 100,000 marks.

THE Conservative Independent clubs have, with his consent, nominated Mr. Ruskin for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.

M. CHEVREUL, of Paris, is the oldest working scientist in the world, and now, in his ninety-fifth year, he has begun a course of lectures on chemistry.

MISS ROGERS, daughter of the sculptor, Randolph Rogers, has just been married at Rome to Signor Pio Santini, a handsome young Italian gentleman.

MRS. D. P. STONE, of Malden, offers to finish Memorial Hall at Bowdoin College, and will give $60,000 to endow the chair in mental and moral philosophy.

THE Portuguese Government wants Captain Reda to furnish plans and terms for the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the river Douro, at Oporto.

LADY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, the second daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who accompanied her father on his visit to this country, has just been married to a Commoner, Mr. Clough Taylor.

PRINCESS MARY of Hanover is not, it is now stated, about to follow the example of her sister, Frederica, and marry in a lower rank than her own. She has never thought of such a thing.

CARDINAL NINA, the Papal Secretary of State, has resigned. It is thought that negotiations for the renewal of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Belgium will shortly be opened.

YAN PHOW LEE, of China, gained the highest rank in this year's graduating class from the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven, Conn., and won the first prize in English composition.

MISS FRANCES EVELYN MAYNARD, the beautiful young English heiress, to whom Prince Leopold was at one time reported to be engaged, is shortly to be married to Lord Brooke, heir to the historic Earldom of Warwick.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar, weary of the mere work of reigning prince, has become a business man. He has bought a British steamer, and is running it at cheap rates for passengers and cargo between Zanzibar and Bombay.

THE German sculptor, Miller, whose magnificent statue of "Prometheus Bound" has just been bought for 60,000 marks by the Government and placed in the Berlin National Gallery, was, when a poor boy, a cook in a Munich hotel.

CHIEF JOSEPH, of the Oka (Canada) Indians, is quite a scholar. He has recently been ordained a clergyman. He has already translated the four gospels from the French into the Iroquois language, and hopes to complete the translation of the remainder of the New Testament during the year.

IT is reported from Newport that the marriage of George Cavendish Bentinck, eldest son of the Right Hon. George Cavendish Bentinck, M. P. for Whitehaven, and cousin of the Duke of Portland, to Miss Bessie Livingston, daughter of Mr. Maturin Livingston, of New York, will take place at Newport, August 12th.

REV. DR. J. T. CONANT, of Brooklyn, has accepted the offer of Captain Ebenezer Morgan, of Groton, Conn., to give $25,000 for a revised translation of the Bible, which shall give due prominence to the doctrine of immersion, and a contract has been executed. Dr. Conant has long been at the work, and expects to finish it in about four years.

MRS. FENIMORE A. SMITH is gathering folk lore among the Tuscarora Indians for a paper to be presented by her before a scientific society in the Fall. She is well treated by the Indians, and has received from them, after appropriate ceremonies, the name of "The Beautiful Flower of the White Bear of the Tuscaroras." She speaks of not having seen a pale-face for a fortnight, except in her mirror.

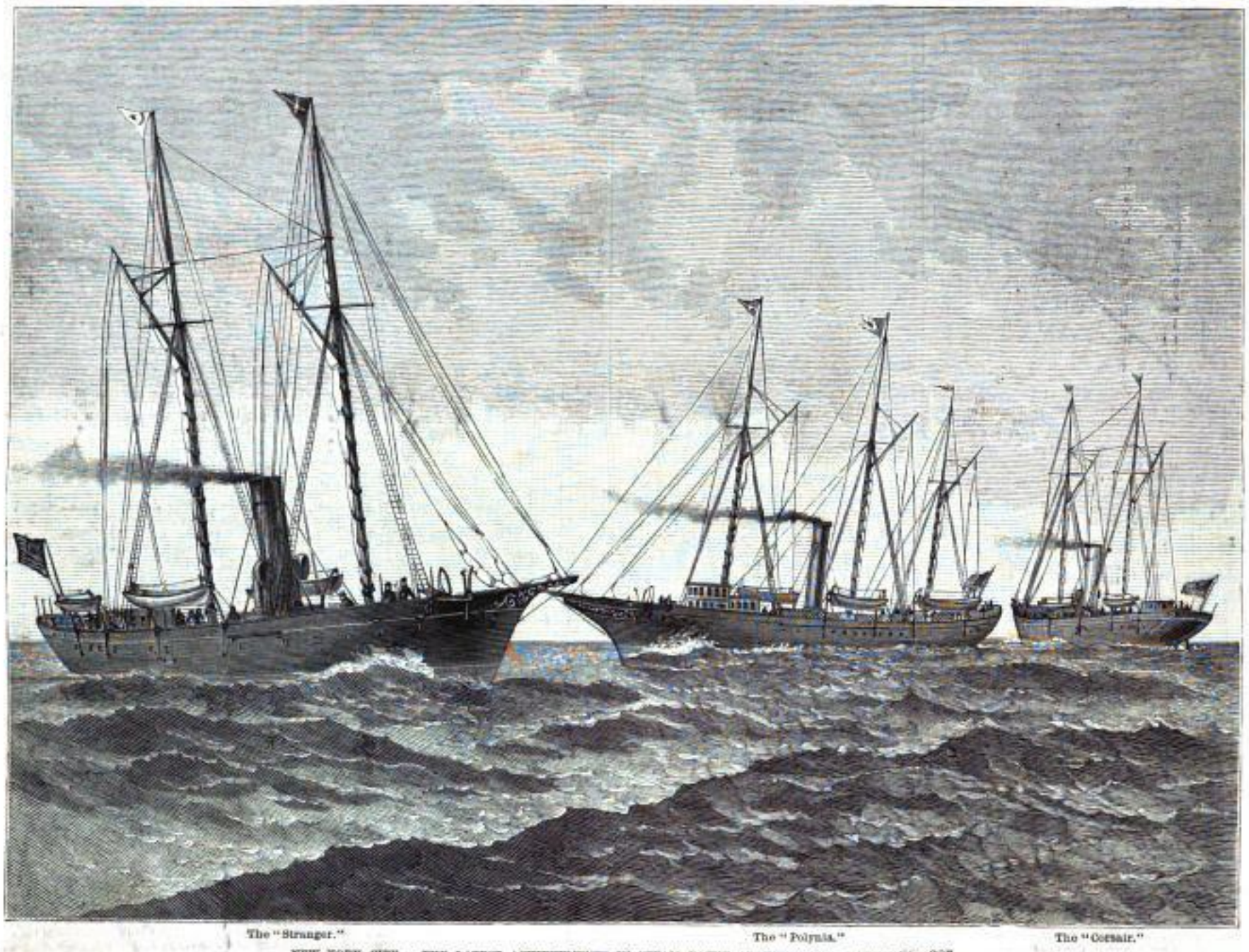
THE late celebrated painter of the Huss and Luther pictures, Herr Carl Friedrich Lessing, had at Carlsruhe a funeral as imposing almost as that of a sovereign. Thousands of people were present, including the Grand Duke of Baden, and the coffin was carried by artists wearing the mourning costumes of the sixteenth century. The dead painter lay in state in the Royal Gallery, whence he was borne to the sound of Beethoven's Funeral March, the music of which was accompanied by a majestic choir of more than a hundred voices.

THE following is a statement of the public bequests of the late Dr. Daniel T. Coit, of Norwich, Conn. To Yale College, subject to annuities of $1,000 each to his two sisters, $100,000; to Carleton College, Minnesota, $5,000; to Berea College, Kentucky, $2,500; to Oberlin College, Ohio, $2,500; to the Howard Benevolent Society of Boston, $1,000; to the Coit Library, Griswold, Conn., $3,000; to the Otis Library, Norwich, $5,000. The Otis Library and Carleton College, as residuary legatees, are likely to receive as much in addition to these bequests as the original amounts.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF'S mother left Constantinople on July 17th in a carriage for Tchirpan, with money and medical supplies for the hospital there. She was attacked when halfway on the road by armed men. Madame Skobeleff was killed, and a servant and steward were dangerously wounded. Considerable money was stolen. Gendarmerie were sent out in pursuit of the murderers. A later telegram reports that a Russian captain named Mussoff, who committed the crime, has been captured. When arrested he shot himself with a revolver, and is not expected to recover. The steward and coachman have since died. Madame Skobeleff had been in Constantinople for some time organizing schools and hospitals.

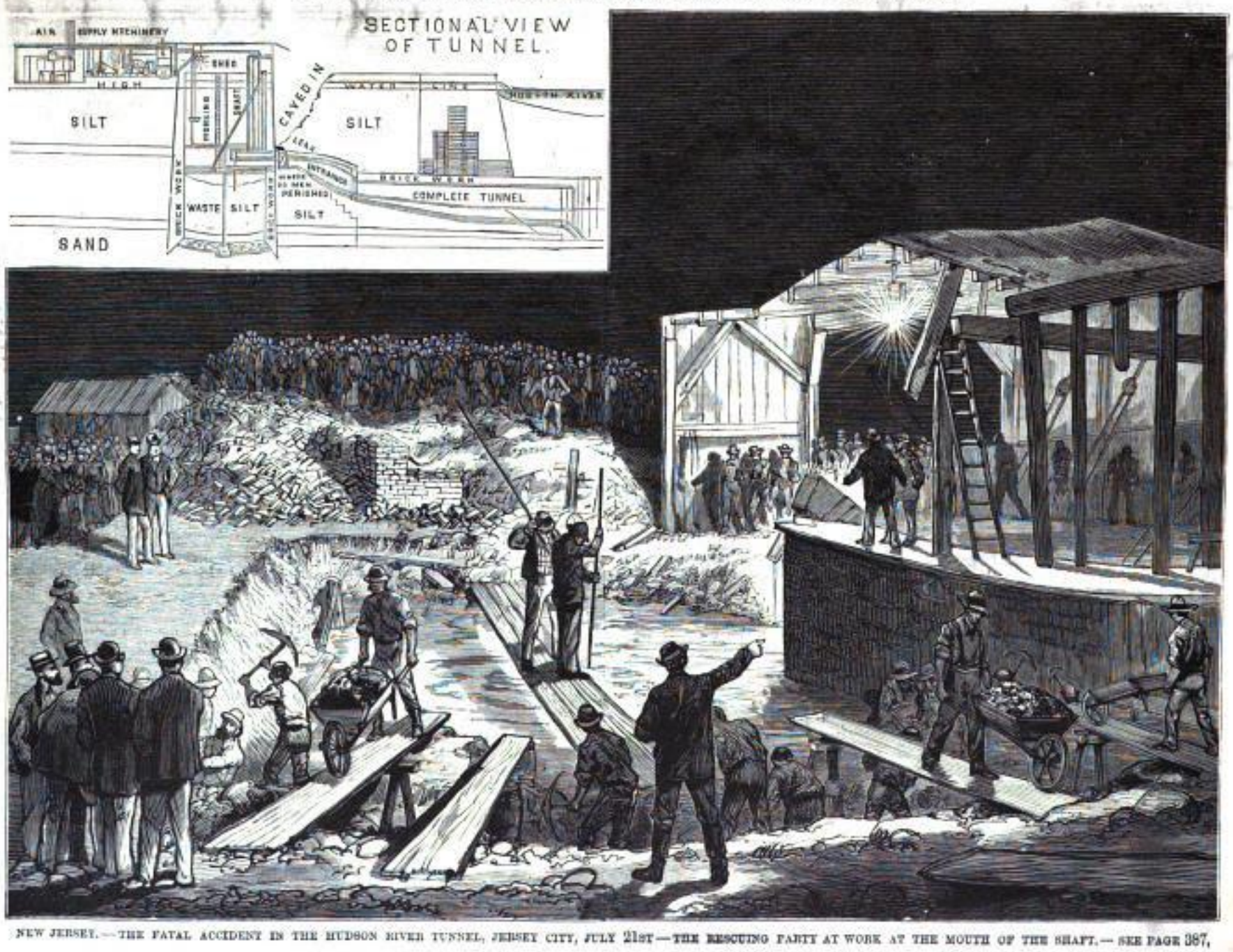
DR. YOUNG J. ALLEN, a missionary of the Methodist Church, South, now at Shanghai, has been made a Mandarin by the Chinese Government. He is the first foreigner who has received the distinguished honor. The position of Mandarin is a civil office of great dignity among the Chinese. The Emperor of China, to whom is vested the appointing power, never makes a Mandarin unless he is profoundly learned. Dr. Allen is a native of Georgia. He was born in Coweta County. He graduated at Emory College about the year 1858. Immediately after leaving college he went as missionary to China, where for twenty years he has done noble and devoted work among that people. So familiar is he with the Chinese tongue that for a number of years he has edited a literary review in that language. About two years ago he visited the United States. Before entering upon his missionary labors he joined the North Georgia Conference, and is still a member of that body.

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The "Stranger." The "Polynia." The "Corsair."

NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENTS IN STEAM YACHT ARCHITECTURE.—SEE PAGE 387.



NEW JERSEY.—THE FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL, JERSEY CITY, JULY 21ST—THE RESCUING PARTY AT WORK AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.—SEE PAGE 387.

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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

GENERAL MANUEL GONZALEZ, the President-elect of the Republic of Mexico, was one of Diaz's most devoted adherents, and events have proved that his choice of that side was a sagacious one. Before the fleet which, in 1862, conveyed the allied forces of France, England and Spain to Vera Cruz, Gonzalez, then a colonel, was politically opposed to the late Benito Juarez, then President of Mexico; but upon the arrival of the said fleet Gonzalez hastened to offer his services to the administration representing the national defense. His offer was at once accepted, and he was ordered to report in person to General Porfirio Diaz, then commanding a brigade in the Army of the East. General Diaz appointed Gonzalez chief of his staff, and afterwards, when the French army was before the gates of Puebla, he was given the command of three battalions, with which he defended that part of the city called Tecali, fighting gallantly and several times repulsing the assaults of the French. After the surrender of Puebla he was taken prisoner, but soon made his escape, bearing with him important dispatches from General Diaz to the Secretary of War. During the war, Gonzalez distinguished himself in Miahuatlan, Carbonera, Oaxaca, and again at Puebla, where he took by storm the strong position of San Marcos, converted by the enemy into a fortress, in which victorious assault he lost his right arm and two-thirds of the forces under his command. For this he was rewarded by a promotion to the rank of general of brigade. The sequel to San Marcos was the famous battle of the 2d of April, 1867, won by General Diaz, and which virtually terminated Maximilian's empire in Mexico.

In 1878 Gonzalez was made Minister of War in the Diaz Cabinet, in place of General Ogazon. The appointment was generally believed to be the fulfillment on the part of Diaz of a promise made to General Gonzalez on the battle-field of Tecoac. On that momentous occasion it was the timely arrival of Gonzalez that saved the day and secured the triumph of the Revolution, and Diaz, in his gratitude, clasped his friend and savior by the hand, and promised him the position he was afterwards called to fill. After the accession of Diaz to power, Gonzalez was engaged first in the pacification of the State of Michoacan, and next in organizing the Army of the West—that is, the Federal forces in Jalisco, Sinaloa and Sonora. On the 14th of November, 1879, a Ministerial crisis occurred, and Gonzalez retired from the War Office, Señor Carlos Pacheco succeeding him. On the 30th of the same month Gonzalez was arrested and placed in close confinement on the charge of conspiracy, the cause of this action, it is supposed, being the suspicion, or fact that he had secured in Pacheco a strong partisan, and had made the ministerial change for revolutionary purposes. A formidable coalition was formed between the partisans of Señores Benitez, Vallarta and Garcia Cardena, who favored Señor Zamacona, former Minister to the United States, as their candidate. General Gonzalez was favored by President Diaz. The canvass has been very bitter and exciting. The opponents of Gonzalez claimed that he is not a Mexican, but a Spaniard, and hence disqualified for the Presidency. Gonzalez was challenged to prove his nativity or produce records showing that he has one blood relation in Mexico. Despite all opposition, however, he appears to have made his way to the Chief Magistracy.



GENERAL MANUEL GONZALEZ, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF MEXICO.

THE NEW COLORS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

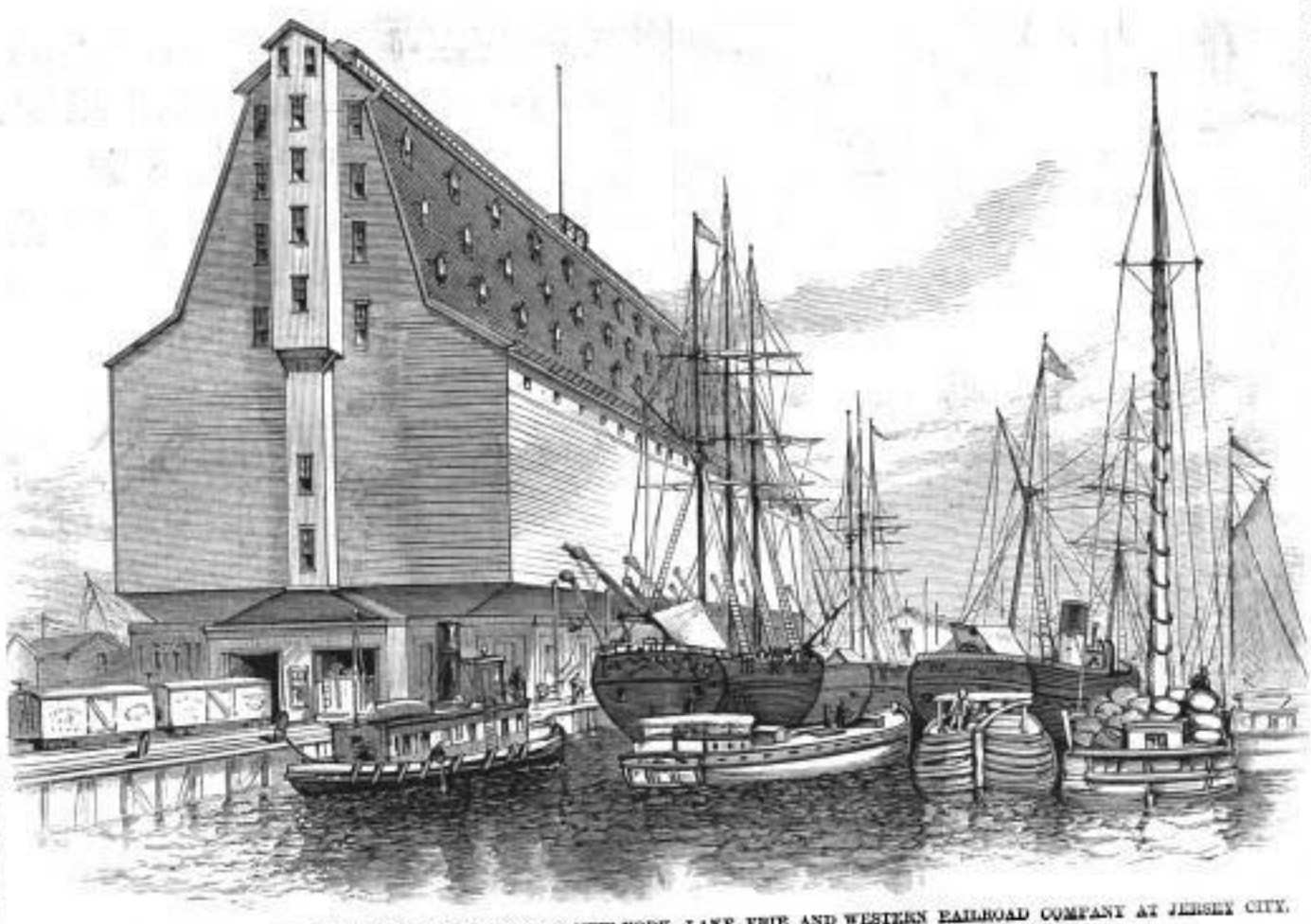
THE new colors lately presented to the French Army form the subject for conversation over all France. The staff to which the colors are attached, instead of being of gilded wood, bearing upon one side the number of the regiment, on the other a crown, and on top an iron lance with a gilt-bronze tip, is now replaced by a staff with the initials of the Republic and a simple iron spear-head. The appearance of the new colors is decidedly less rich than that of the former, but they are less heavy, both artistically as well as materially. This last detail is not unimportant when we reflect that at certain times, whether by the wind or by rain, or by the rapidity of the march, the weight of the colors is considerably augmented. The names of the battles are inscribed on the new colors, but not of mere engagements, as on the old. The colors as they now stand are composed of an oaken staff two yards and a half high, painted in blue, and terminated by a bronze ferrule. At the top of the staff, next to the spear-head commences the color, the material being that quality of silk known as *gros de Naples*. It is divided into three equal parts, red, white and blue, richly embroidered on their sides, and fringed with massive gold lace. On one side in gold characters is, "Honor and Country," surrounded with the names of former victories; on the other, "The Republic of France," and the number of the regiment. The value of the new color is 300 francs.



NEW FLAGS DISTRIBUTED TO THE FRENCH ARMY ON THE NATIONAL FÊTE-DAY.

ERIE RAILWAY ELEVATOR IN JERSEY CITY.

THE new elevator of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company, at the terminus of that road in Jersey City, which has just been completed and opened to business, is one of the largest structures of the kind in the country. It occupies an area, superficially, of 90 feet by 360. It has a total height of 156 feet, without including the lofty flagstaff on its roof, and the building is a conspicuous object to passengers by the Pavonia ferry. Its foundation rests on 6,000 piles driven into the water and the soft earth. This part of the structure was very difficult and costly, the greatest care being necessary to obtain a secure foundation for the great weight of the superstructure that rests upon it. The piles vary from 67 to 72 feet in length, and were driven as close to each other as possible, and cut off 4 feet below low water. Upon these is a grillage, or platform, of solid timber, 2 feet thick, upon which rest 248 stone piers 14 feet in height, 7½ feet square at the base and 3½ feet square at the top, and upon this stands the superstructure. The building contains 350 bins for the reception of the grain, each 60 feet deep. The bins are constructed of well-seasoned planking, 6 to 8 inches wide and 2 inches thick, spiked one on top of the other. The entire bin capacity is 1,450,000 bushels, but the convenient working capacity will be about 1,000,000 bushels. The house contains 20 lifters—as the machinery for carrying the grain is called—and there are 10 on each side of the building. These lifters are of an improved kind and will be used either for unloading cars or for delivering to vessels and barges. In all other elevators, it is said, this part of the machinery is not made to serve a double purpose, the pipes being either shippers or receivers. The hoisting power is supplied by two powerful engines, each of 600 nominal horse-power, but capable of being increased beyond this. In front of the elevator is a pier 1,000 feet long, and at each side of the house is a large and commodious basin. The one on the north side is for ships and larger vessels. It is from 175 to 210 feet wide by 1,604 feet in length, and has a uniform depth of water of 25 feet. The basin on the south side of the pier is 120 feet wide by 1,605 feet in length. It has a depth of water of 15 feet, and is intended for the use of canal-boats and light-draught craft.



NEW JERSEY.—NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR ERECTED BY THE NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY AT JERSEY CITY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ELBERT E. FARMAN,

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT CAIRO.

MR. ELBERT E. FARMAN, United States Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, Egypt, was born in Oswego County, N. Y., April 23d, 1833, and at the age of twenty entered Genesee College, whence he graduated with honor in 1855. In 1858 he was admitted to the Bar and secured a desirable practice, at the same time giving some time to journalism. In 1865, determined to enlarge his field of observation and extend his studies, he visited Europe, where he spent two years in travel, attending the universities of Heidelberg in Summer and Berlin in Winter, and listening to lectures on criminal, international and the civil law. In 1868, having returned to this country, he was appointed District Attorney of Wyoming County, in this State, to fill a vacancy, and was subsequently elected for three years. In May, 1876, he was confirmed as Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, and has since occupied this important position, the duties of which are chiefly diplomatic. His personal relations with the Khédive and the members of his Government have been eminently friendly, and he has been able to protect every interest confided to his care.

Among the negotiations successfully conducted by Mr. Farman are those for the increase of the number of American judges in the International Tribunal of Egypt, by and through which the United States was permitted to send a third judge. His official reports show that he has taken an active interest in the welfare of the people of the country to which he is accredited. His conviction of the divine equality of all men in privilege leads him naturally to help the oppressed. Eight slaves have been freed through his efforts. The first was a negro boy brought by a slave-dealer from Soudan. The slave was brutally treated, and an American lady brought him to the notice of the Consul-General. He at once interested himself in the case, and in June, 1877, secured an order from the Egyptian Government freeing the slave. He obtained another order freeing three slave girls.

This sketch would be incomplete without mention of Mr. Farman's services in securing the obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle, which has just been brought to this country. The City of New York is greatly indebted to Mr. Farman for this interesting monument of one of the oldest civilizations.

Mr. Farman's professional training is an important qualification for his present position, as the Consular Court over which he presides is the only tribunal in Egypt authorized to try an American citizen for crime committed in that country. Mirzan, an Armenian, naturalized in Boston, assassinated Dahan Bey, a legal adviser of the Khedive, in Alexandria, July 13th, 1879. He was arrested by the Egyptian officers, and turned over to our authorities for punishment. He can only be tried by the United States Consular Court of Egypt



HON. ELBERT E. FARMAN, U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL AT CAIRO, EGYPT.

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with the Consul-General as presiding judge. This court has also jurisdiction in other cases not infrequently arising there.

A Roll of Distinguished Writers.

THERE is not another roll of contributors to any publication in Europe like the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. It takes in almost every name that is distinguished in statesmanship, in eloquence and learning for a couple of generations. It includes a Prime Minister, Lord John Russell; a Chancellor, Lord Brougham; a Lord Chief Justice, Lord Denman; two Chancellors of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice and Sir G. C Lewis; two or three Lords of Session and puisne Judges on the English bench; a Secretary of War, Macaulay; a Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Lytton; metaphysicians like Sir William Hamilton; historians like Henry Hallam, Carlisle and Napier; politicians like Charles Buller and John Arthur Roebuck; political economists like John Stuart Mill and McCulloch; theologians like Henry Rogers and Dean Milman; almost all the poets who were invited to dine with Apollo, Tom Campbell, Tom Moore and Samuel Rogers; essayists like Sir James Stephen and Hazlett; and it was only by accident Charles Dickens was not enrolled among the contributors, with the greatest of his rivals and contemporaries—W. M. Thackeray.

Burying a Chinese Mason.

A SINGULAR ceremony took place recently at Virginia City, Nevada—the burial of a Chinaman who had been a Mason, as the Order exists in the Celestial Empire. A very noisy, discordant (native) brass band led the procession, made up of Mongolians, wearing badges and other insignia of the fraternity, followed by the hearse and a large covered wagon, in which were seated a number of feminine Chinese musicians. Their instruments consisted of fiddles, drums, guitars, cymbals, gongs, and each made as much racket as possible, without the least regard to harmony. The din was wellnigh deafening, and may have been intended to prove the actual death of the man in the hearse. If he had been in any ordinary trance he would certainly have revived in self-defense, as it is impossible to imagine that any sentient thing could remain unconscious of such an infernal clamor. Behind the Chinese musicians came a van loaded with roast pig and other delicacies, edible and potable, to be left at the grave for the benefit of the deceased. Strips of paper, pierced in three places with crescent-shaped holes, in rows of five, were strewed by thousands along the route—the custom under such circumstances—and the queer procession attracted a great deal of attention from the curious Nevadans, many of whom had never before seen anything like it. The next time a Chinese Mason is buried, the natives intend either to put cotton in their ears or to steal the roast pig as some compensation for auricular suffering.

The Use of Oaths.

APROPOS of the Bradlaugh affair, the London *Standard* publishes the following summary of the declarations of allegiance made by members of the Legislature of the countries mentioned: "In France, since the abolition of the Empire on the 4th of September, 1870, no oath or affirmation has been administered in any form to members of the Legislature of the Republic. Nor is there any formality which might be regarded as an equivalent. Under the Empire new members made a declaration to the following effect: 'I swear fidelity to the Emperor and the Constitution.' But the name of the Deity was not included.

"The members of the German Parliament take no oath, nor do they make any affirmation whatsoever. The members of the Prussian and most other State Parliaments, take an oath of loyalty, beginning with the words: 'I swear by God the Omnipotent and Omniscient,' and concluding with the words, 'So may God help me.' To this latter formula those who wish it may add, 'through Jesus Christ, to eternal bliss, Amen.' Any one refusing to take the oath, or commencing upon it, would undoubtedly be excluded from the Prussian and other State Parliaments. In conformity, however, with the laws regulating the administration of oaths in civil and criminal courts, an exception would be made in the case of persons belonging to recognized theistic religious communities, who, like certain Mennonite and Jewish sects, regard the name of the Deity as too awful to be invoked in the transaction of secular business. In these cases a simple affirmation would be regarded as equivalent to an oath. The omission of any oath in the German Parliament is occasioned by the wish to avoid the delicate question as to the amount of loyalty due to the Emperor, in contradistinction to State sovereigns.

"By the law passed on the 15th of May, 1868, Parliamentary oaths were abolished in Austria, and a simple affirmation was substituted. The first paragraph of the standing orders of the Austrian Reichsrath reads as follows: 'New members, on entering either of the two Houses, have, on the President's challenge, in place of taking an oath, to promise loyalty and obedience to the Emperor, inviolable observance of the Constitution, as well as of all other laws, and conscientious fulfillment of their duties.' Upon the President reading words to this effect, the new member simply replies, 'I promise.'

"Articles 37 and 38 of the Rules of the Spanish Congress say that Deputies, before they can take their seats, shall make the following oath, which is read aloud by the Secretary of the Congress, all present standing: 'Do you swear to observe and make others observe, the Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy? Do you swear fidelity and obedience to the legitimate King of Spain, Alfonso XII.? Do you swear well and truly to behave in the mission confided to you by the nation, always and in everything seeking the welfare of the nation?' The Deputies then, two at a time, approach the table of the President, and, kneeling on his right hand, he remaining sitting, they place their hands on the Gospels lying open before them, and say, 'Yes, I do swear'; and the President then answers, 'If you do so, may God reward you; and if not, may He call you to account.' This formula was re-established in 1876 in the Constitution voted by the First Cortes under the Restoration. It is copied from the Constitution in force during the reign of Queen Isabella. At the time of the Spanish Revolution, from 1868 to 1874, no oaths were required in the Cortes, and when the First Cortes of the Restoration met, in February, 1876, Señor Castelar protested against the oath, and at first refused to take it, but finally submitted. In the Second Cortes of the Restoration, in 1876, the Democratic and Radical minority of fifteen Deputies, under Castelar and Marios, again protested against the oath of allegiance. And took it after publicly stating their mental reservations, but no instance exists on the records of the House that a Deputy declined to take the oath on the ground of atheistic convictions. For such cases no rule has ever existed in the Spanish Cortes.

"The President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, seeing a new Deputy in his place, says: 'I invite the honorable gentleman to take the oath in the form following: "I swear to be faithful to the King, and to observe loyally the fundamental statute and the other laws of the State, with a single view to the inseparable welfare of the King and the country."' The new Deputy then, in his place, stretches out his right hand and pronounces the one word, 'Giuro' ('I swear')."

FUN.

TWO deaf mutes were married the other day in Chenango County, N. Y. It is pleasing to think that no harsh words will ever pass between them.

THE number of one-armed young men seen driving out with young ladies these Summer evenings is truly appalling. An old soldier at our elbow says that one arm is invariably lost during an engagement.

A COMMERCIAL editor, who was once a small boy with a mother who knew the value of a slipper in case of emergency, cannot to this day write about a "movement in leather" without hitching uneasily in his chair.

YOUNG men should take warning from the story of the watchful mother, who, thinking that her daughter's guests had staid long enough, walked out on the piazza and inquired if the morning paper had come.

GOVERNESS (to small boy): "Benny, I shall keep you in if you don't learn your lesson better to-morrow; I'm going to turn over a new leaf with you." *Small Boy*: "You can't turn over a new leaf; it's tear'd out."

"DO YOU believe in second love, Mr. McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love! Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it is gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that pound sweet, too? Truth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

A SMALL boy of Bath, Me., had just gone to bed the other night, when he began to dream about cows. Some slight noise woke him up and he said, "Mamma, I saw some cows." "Where?" she asked. "Up there," said he, pointing to the ceiling." His mother remarked that that was a queer place to see cows, and the little fellow got slightly angry and said, "Well, I guess they could be angel cows, couldn't they?"

TWO young men in light plaid clothes were riding down town on the Metropolitan "L" road, reading their papers, when one of them saw an item about a robbery in a boarding-house, in which it was said that the perpetrators of the crime took the jewelry of the landlady and of the three boarders. "It is funny, Billy," said the reader, "that they always get away with the jewelry in a boarding-house. They never steal anything to eat."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

"COMPOUND OXYGEN" is especially valuable where, from any cause, there exists great paleness or nervous exhaustion. Our Treatise will tell you all about it. It is mailed free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HE went into a prominent drug store, and said to the dentist: "You pulls out fifteet yaws for $5." "Certainly." "What does dat cost?" "One dollar." "Py shiminy—you dinks dat don't hurt none, py gracious."

"NEW-FANGLED NOTIONS"

May not work injury to people when they relate to matters of little consequence, but when entertained as to what we shall take when afflicted with serious disease they may lead to dear experience. Don't, therefore, trifle with diseases of the blood manifested by eruptions, blotches, scrofulous and other swellings and grave symptoms, but take that well-tested and efficacious remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the greatest blood-purifier of the age. If the bowels are very costive use also Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little sugar-coated pills).

CURES FEVER AND AGUE.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Jo Daviess Co., Ill., March 31st, 1879.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I write this to inform you that my child, one year old, has been permanently cured of the fever and ague in a week's time, and the use of but half a bottle of your Golden Medical Discovery. My wife, a long sufferer from liver complaint and biliousness, by the use of the Discovery and Pellets has been entirely relieved. The Discovery has never disappointed us for coughs and colds.

Yours truly, JAMES STRICKELL.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE restores enfeebled digestion, imparting vitality, and correcting the feeling of lassitude so common in midsummer.

AFTER years of travel to and from health resorts, and after a most careful trial of all the various prescriptions, ladies have given up in despair with an almost total loss of appetite, pale, bloodless, languid, and without ambition; finally, having learned of DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE, although having been sick for years, gain flesh and a fine constitution upon investing a small amount in it. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

THE ST. NICHOLAS, New York, is as fresh and youthful as in its earliest days, and well deserves the reputation it acquired years ago. Exquisite order and neatness, and a luxurious table, are attractions that experienced travelers always appreciate; and these are just the requisites which make the ST. NICHOLAS such a personal favorite.

PLEASURE travel over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is unusually large this season. All the old-time and favorite resorts among the Virginia mountains are filled with visitors, and many new and attractive places have been made available by the opening of the Chesapeake and Ohio road. Each season the patronage and appreciation of this line steadily increase.

SUCCESSFUL because of superior merit. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold by Druggists.

A HARVEST of broken bones, cuts, bruises, etc. Now is the harvest season. Insure in THE TRAVELERS.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.—Relish for soups, fish, steaks, chops, cold meats, gravies, etc.

OLD ORCHARD HOUSE, Me., June 18, 1880.

THE "HOUR."

THIS admirably edited weekly, which has now safely passed the very early stages of infancy, gives goodly promise of a vigorous future. The reading matter is varied as it is interesting, and the news is so artistically prepared as to suit the most fastidious taste. The colored portrait of a distinguished American accompanying each number is "true to the life," and fully equal to the best efforts of Fanny Fern. The breaking up of "Le Gossip" into paragraphs, after the fashion of the London society journals, induces the reader to skip "never a one," the arrangement being so grateful to the eye. The *Hour* does its spirting gently.

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☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and Investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks, and other securities.

We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

To the H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

The Old Orchard House having just been completed with two coats of Johns' Asbestos Paints in a manner perfectly satisfactory to me, I would inform them as being not only of the most wonderful covering capacity, but also on the point of economy and mildew of working under the brush. . . . Although two coats were called for under the contract, yet under the large piazza I found one coat was entirely sufficient.

(Signed) E. C. STAPLES, Proprietor.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to STAPLES & CO., Box 2230, New York.

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BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

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"A novel well worthy of the author of those popular feminine romances, 'Molly Bawn' and 'Phyllis,' and perhaps it may be more admired than either of them. The thread of the story is always visible, and no one can fail to follow it with pleasure."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail sample box, etc., by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago.

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THE ELEGANT STEAMERS
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Will leave for GLEN ISLAND daily and Sundays from Pier No. 18, N. R., Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn; Thirty-third Street, E. R. For time-tables see daily papers.

Grand Concert in Pavilion Daily.

A RHODE ISLAND CLAM-BAKE served daily from 12 M. to 6 P. M., for 75 cents, in the magnificent Dining-Hall of the Club-House, under the supervision of

HIRAM D. MAXFIELD,
The celebrated caterer.

MAMMOTH DANCING PAVILION, BILLIARDS, BOWLING ALLEYS, RIFLE RANGES, BOATING AND BATHING.

EXCURSION TICKETS (round trip), 40 cents; single, 25 cents. Clam-bake 75 cents.

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Steamer J. H. STARIN leaves pier No. 18, N. R., foot of Cortlandt Street, MONDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 9 P. M., for Shelter Island and New Haven. A sail of four hours by daylight across the Sound, after leaving the City of Elms. *Fare*, single, $1.25; excursion, $2.25.

STARIN'S EXCURSIONS.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

VIA GREENPOINT.

Steamer SYLVAN GROVE, from foot of Twenty-third Street, E. R., at 8.45, 9.45, 10.45, and half hourly to 8.45 P.M. Returning, leave Manhattan Beach at 7.35, 10, 11.05 A.M.; 12.05, 12.30, and every half-hour to 10.35 P.M.

VIA DAY RIDGE.

Steamers THOS. COLYER and MATTEAWAN from 23d St., N.R., at 9.10, 10.25 A.M., and hourly to 6.25 P.M.

Leaving LEROY STREET ten minutes and PIER No. 6 thirty minutes after leaving 23d St. The boats leaving 23d St. at 7.25 and 8.25 P.M. do not stop at Leroy and Pier 6.

The steamer D. R. MARTIN leaves foot of Whitehall Street at 9.25 A.M. hourly to 8.25 P.M. Trains from Manhattan Beach connecting with D. R. Martin for Whitehall Street, leave hourly from 8.20 A.M. to 11.20 P.M., 1.25 to 6.25 P.M., 7.10 to 9.20 P.M., and 10.40 P.M. Trains connecting with steamer for Pier 6, Leroy St. and 23d St. leave every hour from 11 A.M. to 9.55 P.M.

GILMORE'S FULL BAND and LEVY every afternoon and evening.

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BOUND BROOK ROUTE
The Pioneer 2-hour Route.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 7.0, 8.30, 9.20, 10.15 A.M.; 12.30, 2, 3.30, 3.45, 5.40, 7.15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE at NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 9.30, 11, 11.50 A.M.; 1, 2.45, 4.35, 6.10, 6.11, 8.20, 10, 10 P.M.; and 4.50 A.M.

LEAVE NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 6.45, 7.45, 9, 11.15 A.M.; 1.30, 4, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 7.15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE at PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9.25, 10.10, 11.30 A.M.; 1.40, 4, 6.10, 6.40, 7.20, 8.10, 10.05 P.M.; and 4.50 A.M.

To Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9.20, 10.15 A.M.; 2, 3.30 and 3.45 P.M.

LEAVE OCEAN GROVE: 6.32, 6.27 and 7.28 A.M.; 2.15, 4.13 and 6.07 P.M.

Trains connect at Jersey City by Annex Boat to Brooklyn, where a connection in addition to that from New York is made with steamers for Rockaway, Brighton and Manhattan Beaches.

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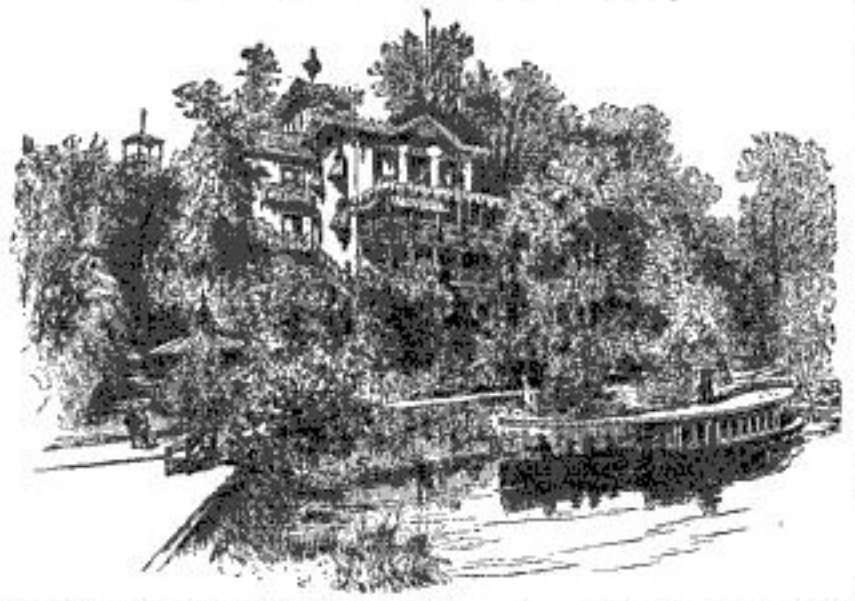
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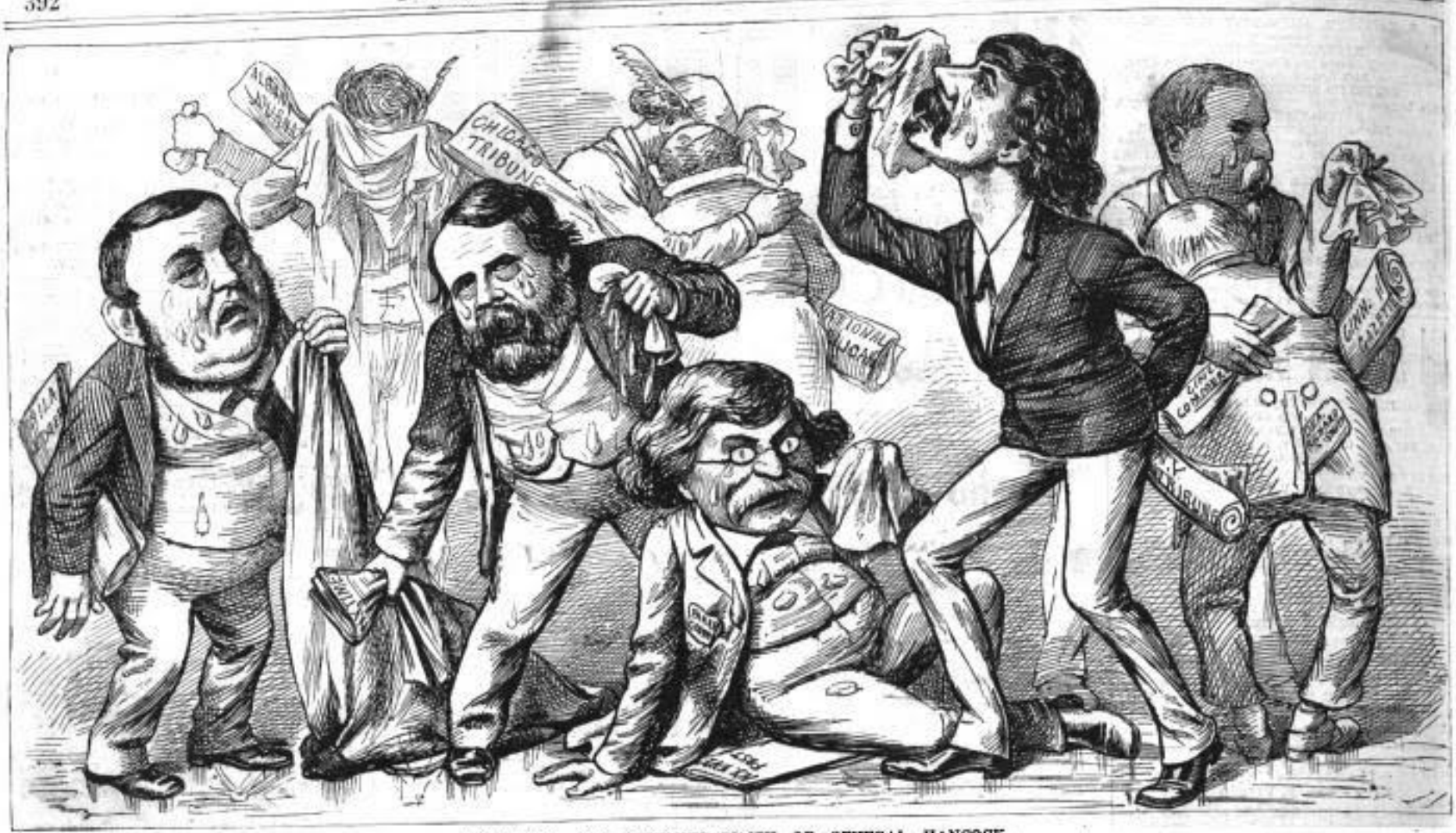
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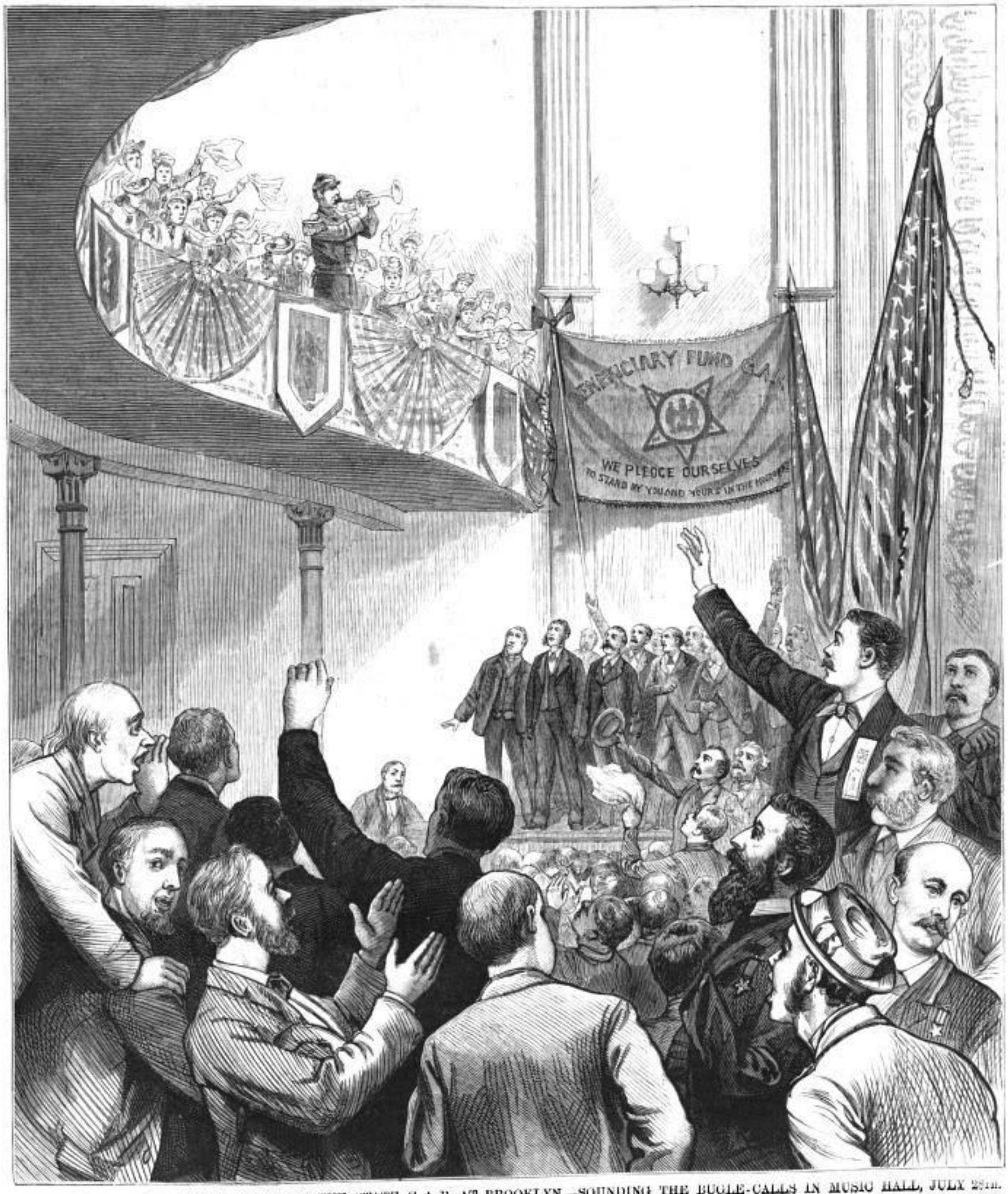
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NEW YORK.—SUMMER ENCAMPMENT OF THE STATE G. A. R. AT BROOKLYN—SOUNDING THE BUGLE-CALLS IN MUSIC HALL, JULY 29TH.
See Page 398.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4325.

NEW YORK, January 12th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4325, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

CAUTION.

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THE POLITICS OF BUSINESS.

IF we may judge from the present signs of the times, it would seem pretty clear that, in the pending Presidential campaign, the country may congratulate itself on the prospect of being spared the sound and fury of "a red-hot campaign." Many causes have conspired to produce this beneficent result. Prominent among these causes is the absence of "critical" issues, involving the life or death of the country; and the elimination of such issues may be said to date from the nominations made respectively by each of the great historical parties at Chicago and at Cincinnati. The nomination of General Grant for a third term would have opened the floodgates of an angry conflict, in which the charge of a meditated "imperialism" would have drowned, with its hoarse clamors, the still small voice of men pleading for economical policies and for administrative reforms; while the nomination of General Garfield offers to the country, in the case of his election, a reasonable ground for expecting that his administration, in its general methods and aims, would be at once a normal projection and lineal continuation of the administration of President Hayes. In like manner the nomination of General Hancock has wellnigh put an extinguisher on the fervid oratory by which, in former Presidental campaigns, the Republican canvassers have exhorted the soldier class "to vote as they shot." It is not easy to fan the smoldering embers of the late civil war, in the hope of making such a political bonfire out of them as shall light the way to a Republican victory, when it is a distinguished Union general who stands at the head of the Democratic forces, and when the Republican candidate has himself expressed the opinion, on a notable occasion, that the man who at this epoch "attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues will find himself without a party and without support."

And, then, the debatable territory in the present campaign is a comparatively narrow one. The Democratic Party enters into the conflict with the assumption (and almost with the admission of its adversary) that it may confidently count on the one hundred and thirty-eight votes of "the Solid South." The Republican Party enters into the conflict with the assurance that the great mass of the Northern States will adhere to its banner, leaving only a few "pivotal" States like New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana to bear the chief brunt of the campaign. There will be a strenuous canvass in States like Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Maine, Ohio, California and Oregon, but we presume that in these there is a reasonable preponderance of chances in favor of the Republicans.

While we do not look with complacency on this sectional preponderance of the Democrats at the South and of the Republicans at the North, we are glad to recognize the fact that this sectional political schism is stripped of nearly all significance in the present canvass. It is historical, and no longer vital. The "bloody chasm" was filled when President Hayes restored the States of Louisiana and South Carolina to their rightful autonomy under the Constitution; and there was a "shaking of hands" across the late chasm when "the Confederate Brigadiers" helped to nominate "the hero of Gettysburg" as their chosen candidate for the Presidency.

It is a matter of congratulation that neither considerations of public safety nor considerations appealing to the "sentiments" of the people, need any longer stand in the way of the serious and practical business which will be devolved on the administration of the Government during the next four years. General Garfield was entirely right when, in advance of his nomination, he held the following emphatic language: "The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money, and honest payment of all obligations." This, we are sure, is the direction in which "the leading thought" of the country is pointing to-day. The fervid Republicans who seek to place "the Southern issue" in the forefront of the campaign, and to fight the battles of the war over again in the lists of the Presidential canvass, are really contributing to the success of the Democratic candidate. The people see clearly enough that questions of public business and of civil administration cannot be safely intrusted to men whose minds are still saturated by the smoke and passion of the late civil war. And the people, too, see clearly enough that the election of General Hancock would put an end for ever to the hierarchical pretensions of the politicians who propose to rule the country simply by virtue of the war passions preserved in the bosom of peace.

And the Democrat who, in the presence of the mild and unostentatious administration of President Hayes, professes to be alarmed by the "centralizing tendencies" of the Republican Party, is likely to be suspected of raising a panic cry only because he fears to face the real issues which he knows to be on the country at the present juncture. It is a "bad year" for dealers in portents and spectres, whether they belong to the one party or to the other. And the party which shows itself the most willing and skillful to grapple with the real business problems of the present and the future is the party which is not only the most likely to deserve, but the most likely to receive, the suffrages of the people.

If the Democratic Party had maintained the purity and consistency of its ancient traditions in the matter of the currency, and if it could be trusted to reform the civil service by some agency a good deal more certain in its operation and more permanent in its effects than by a sweeping change in the mere incumbents of Federal place, we incline to think that its path to victory in the present campaign would be an open and easy one. Or if, with its comparative advantages under each of these heads, the Republican Party was not handicapped with obsolete notions of political economy in regard to the tariff, it might better hope for success by more clearly deserving it. Between the weakness and the strength of each of these two great parties, it seems to us that the independent and solid opinion of the country is likely to oscillate, until it shall finally gravitate to the one party or to the other, according to the conceived exigencies of the times and according to the tendencies which are likely to be most needed in the next Administration at Washington. What these tendencies are likely to be will become evident in the course of the impending canvass, and will call for further remark as soon as they shall be fully revealed.

OUR TRADE EXHIBIT.

THE trade exhibit of the United States for the fiscal year ending with the 30th of June, just made up by the Bureau of Statistics, shows that both the value of the imports of merchandise and the value of the exports of merchandise were larger than during any preceding year in the history of the country. The total exports for the year were $835,793,924, and the total imports, $667,885,565. In 1873, the next largest, the imports were $522,479,920, and the exports $642,136,210. For the year 1879 the exports were $710,439,441, and the imports $445,777,775. The value of the exports of merchandise during the last year exceeded the value of the exports of merchandise of the preceding year about $125,000,000, or eighteen per cent., while the value of the imports of merchandise during the last year exceeded the value of such imports during the preceding year about $222,000,000, or fifty per cent. The increase in the value of the imports of merchandise exceeded the increase in the value of the exports nearly $97,000,000. The value of the imports and exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed exceeded the value of such imports and exports during the preceding year about $347,000,000, an increase of thirty per cent. "The rapid growth of the foreign commerce of the country"—we use the language of the report—"is strikingly exhibited by the fact that the value of the imports and exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed amounted to $1,503,679,489, being about eighty-one per cent greater than the value of the imports and exports of 1870, and nearly one hundred and nineteen per cent. greater than the value of the imports and exports for 1860."

During the year just closed, for the first time since 1861, the imports of coin and bullion exceeded the exports of the same nearly $70,000,000. The fiscal year may fairly be regarded as the most prosperous the nation ever had. As illustrating, comprehensively, the value of our merchandise exports and imports for twenty years, from 1860 to 1880 inclusive, with the excess of exports over imports, or the excess of imports over exports, in each year, we subjoin an exhibit from the latest official report:

Year ended June 30	Total exports	Imports	Excess of exports over imports.	Excess of imp'ts over exports.
1860...	$333,576,057	$353,616,119	.....	$20,040,062
1861...	219,553,853	269,310,542	.....	49,756,709
1862...	310,463,501	189,596,677	$1,313,824	.....
1863...	333,964,447	242,243,813	.....	20,371,168
1864...	348,847,988	316,447,281	.....	157,000,595
1865...	260,020,303	328,145,540	.....	72,719,237
1866...	348,859,722	434,842,066	.....	85,957,344
1867...	294,566,141	395,761,686	.....	101,254,945
1868...	281,452,899	357,436,440	.....	78,483,545
1869...	284,117,627	417,506,379	.....	131,388,692
1870...	392,771,768	439,988,408	.....	48,186,640
1871...	442,820,178	520,2[illegible],684	.....	77,405,506
1872...	444,177,586	626,199,077	.....	182,417,491
1873...	522,479,920	642,136,210	.....	119,656,288
1874...	586,269,040	563,906,342	18,876,089	.....
1875...	513,842,731	533,989,490	.....	19,564,725
1876...	540,384,673	460,741,190	79,642,483	.....
1877...	602,475,223	491,323,1[illegible]6	111,152,494	.....
1878...	658,985,746	422,031,522	237,814,224	.....
1879...	710,439,442	445,777,775	264,661,666	.....
18 0...	85[illegible],793,924	667,885,565	167,908,359	.....

As to the bullion movement, taking the record of the last twenty years, the facts are both interesting and encouraging. From 1861 to 1879, there was a steady outflow of coin and bullion to Europe. Now, having become a creditor instead of a debtor nation, we are steadily adding to our store of the precious metals. In the year 1862 the excess of exports over imports was $20,472,588, and up to 1876 it was never less than $31,000,000 in any one year. In 1864 the exports exceeded the imports by $92,280,929; in 1866 by $75,343,979; in 1871 by $77,171,964, and so on. In 1879 the excess of exports over imports was $4,701,441. In 1880, as before stated, the tide turned and the imports exceeded the exports by $75,891,301. The large influx of gold during the last fiscal year began in August, while this year the movement begins nearly a month earlier, $800,000 gold from London and Havre having reached here last week.

THE COMPENSATION ACT.

THE Disturbance Compensation Bill, which has passed the British House of Commons by a decisive majority, has as its object the correction of abuses growing out of the ejectment of tenants for non-payment of rents in certain parts of Ireland. It provides, substantially, that no tenant shall be ejected between the passage of the Act and December, 1881, if it shall appear to the tribunal in which, under an Act passed some years ago, agrarian cases are decided, that such non-payment of rent is owing to the tenant's inability to pay; that the tenant is willing to continue in the occupation, often holding upon just and reasonable terms as to rent, arrears of rent and otherwise, and that such terms are unreasonably refused by the landlord. This provision, to say the least of it, is humane, and we can only account for it on the ground that the Irish tenant is still regarded by the landlord as a vassal who has no rights which the privileged classes are bound to respect. The Liverpool *Post*, in portraying the situation out of which the proposed legislation has arisen, says:

"Up to 1870 no compensation whatever upon disturbance was given to farmers for anything they put on or in the land. They were turned out at their landlords' pleasure without a farthing. From 1850 compensation was guaranteed by Mr. Gladstone's Act. But many landlords have largely recouped themselves by forcing up the rents—a process called rack rent, almost unknown in England. Tenants could have no benefit on disturbance under Mr. Gladstone's Act if they did not pay their rents. Three bad seasons in 1877, 1878 and 1879 rendered it impossible for many of them to pay their rents, and the farmers to a large extent had to live on charity from England and America. Thereupon the landlords virtually say to certain tenants, 'Out you go. We won't wait, and as you can't pay your rent we will turn you out without the compensation which the 1870 Land Act meant you to have, and which in Ulster you would have without any Act at all.' But Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster say, 'No. A temporary inability to pay rent arising from overwhelming calamity shall not deprive those tenants of the status which is permanently secured to them (rent being paid) by custom in Ulster, and by the statute of 1870 in the rest of Ireland.' How is it to be secured to them? Both parties shall go before a judge, and if he finds the landlord unreasonable, he shall make the landlord wait or give some just concession. The operation of the Act is strictly limited to a brief time, the probable duration of cruel distress, and thus resembles the grace given by special Acts to acceptors of bills whose acceptances fall due at a time of commercial crisis."

The Bill will be strongly opposed in the House of Lords, and its defeat is by no means impossible, several of the Liberal peers being violently hostile to its passage. Its rejection would undoubtedly be followed by a renewal of agitation, and a possible renewal of outrages, in Ireland; and in this view of the case—leaving out entirely the consideration of justice—the success of the measure will certainly be hoped for by all well-wishers of the Empire.

RIGHTS OF CITIZENSHIP.

THE doctrine of "once a citizen always a citizen" has recently been reasserted in a most offensive fashion by the German Government. The facts in the case are substantially these: Some years ago, A. C. Boisselier, who had emigrated from Germany to this country and settled in St. Louis, returned to the fatherland with his two sons, who were native Americans, born respectively in 1852 and 1854. The father became again a Prussian subject, but the sons before they became of age returned to the land of their birth, and are now living in St. Louis, where they exercise all the rights of American citizens. A year ago last November they were published as military fugitives by the Provincial Government of Eckernfoerde, in Sleswick, and in January, 1879, proceedings were commenced against them in the Royal Circuit Court under a statute which, if they had been convicted, would have confiscated the property coming to them as heirs of the elder Boisselier. The court, however, acquitted them very properly on the ground that the young men were not Prussian subjects but American citizens. The Boisselliers naturally supposed that this was the end of the matter; but it now appears that the father has received a letter from the President of the Royal Provincial Government at Sleswick, which takes the extraordinary ground that the court to which the Government itself had submitted the question did not possess jurisdiction; that its decision was based on an "erroneous presumption" that the sons were American citizens, and that orders have been given "to catch the sons as soon as they shall show themselves in Germany, and treat them as 'insecure military duty-bound fugitives,'" which means to put them into the military or send them as criminals into some penitentiary or fortress. The letter adds that the young men can evade such treatment only by making application to be dismissed from Prussian State allegiance before they enter the territory of the German Empire.

We can well understand the anxiety of the German Government to maintain its hold on persons of military age; but upon what ground it can claim the services of citizens of the United States, born here of naturalized parents, is, we must confess, entirely beyond our comprehension. It is stated that our Minister at Berlin will be instructed to institute inquiries and ask an explanation of the German authorities, and, if the facts shall prove to be as represented, we may hope that the State Department will assert the dignity and rights of American citizenship with an emphasis and clearness which will effectually deter Germany or any other European power from ever again asserting a doctrine so indefensible and a pretense so audacious.

MUNICIPAL INDEBTEDNESS.

THE investigation by the Census Bureau into the growth and character of municipal debts in the United States has developed an array of facts on this important subject which, to say the least, cannot be contemplated with satisfaction. The results, so far as determined, show that the local indebtedness of the State of New York is $224,079,859; of Pennsylvania, $128,000,000; of New Jersey, $47,314,802; of Illinois, $51,821,691; of Ohio, $41,490,574; of Massachusetts, $87,000,000; of Wisconsin, nearly $10,000,000; of Minnesota, over $5,000,000; of Kansas, $13,000,000; of Missouri, $40,000,000; of Connecticut, $17,000,000; of Rhode Island, $12,000,000; of New Hampshire, $5,500,000; of California, $11,000,000; of Tennessee, $10,000,000; of Iowa, $6,000,000; of Nevada, $900,000; of Indiana, $14,000,000; of Louisiana, $20,000,000, making a total of $764,206,926. The totals in round numbers in all the other States amount to $87,800,000. Thus the total local indebtedness of the United States, as computed for the census of 1880, appears to be $852,006,926. The total county, town, and city indebtedness, as given in the census of 1870, was about $515,000,000, of which $328,000,000 were assigned to town and city. The remainder, about $187,000,000, represented the debts contracted by the counties. The census officials believe that the census of 1880 will not reveal a large increase in this county debt, and will not be surprised to find that it is no larger than it was in 1870. The greater part of this debt was created by giving aid to railroads, and the counties have not invested their money in this way to any great extent since 1871. The increase in local indebtedness, therefore, which is exhibited, is due almost entirely to the action of cities and towns; it is municipal in character. The *Times* correspondent, who supplies these interesting details, adds that "there has been a remarkable change in the amount of State indebtedness. In 1839 the States owed only in the neighborhood of $13,000,000. In the era of prosperity which followed, the heads of the people were turned. The crash of 1837 came, but the States had caught the fever of creating debt, and statistics collected for the first time in 1840 showed that the total State indebtedness, almost entirely contracted between 1830 and 1837, was $188,610,000. The total had risen in 1870, according to the census, to $352,000,000." The statistics now gathered show that to-day the total State indebtedness is only $266,638,000, a

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falling off of one-quarter in ten years. This decrease is accounted for almost wholly by repudiation in certain States."

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE news from Turkey represents a most grave condition of affairs. The reply of the Porte to the collective note of the Powers objects to the cession of such an enormous slice of territory to Greece, and says that the conference of Berlin did not authorize the Powers to arbitrate between Greece and Turkey, but merely to offer their good services as mediators. Hence the Porte refuses to be bound by the action of the so-called arbitrators. As concerns Montenegro, the Sultan expresses his willingness to carry out, as far as he can, the required cession of Albanian territory, and promises to aid the Montenegrins in their efforts to take possession of the places ceded. It now depends upon the great Powers either to maintain peace by joining together in good faith and insisting upon Turkey carrying out to the letter the obligations which they have imposed upon her, or else to risk the probably universal war which will ensue upon a declaration of hostilities between Greece and Turkey.

About the time that General Burrows was flying, routed, before the pursuing Afghans a grand review was held in Windsor Park before the Queen. According to competent judges, the appearance, marching and drill of the forces on that occasion were almost perfect. The Queen, who was accompanied by several members of the Royal family, was very much pleased, and expressed her entire satisfaction with the manœuvres. A new feature was introduced into the usual evolutions which promises to be very popular at such displays. While the cavalry and horse artillery had been passing the Queen's carriage at a canter, the field batteries had been forming along the whole length of the front, and they now came forward at a trot, unlimbered, loaded and fired a round. Then limbering up again, they rode to the rear, while the first cavalry brigade advanced in a long line, performing the sword exercise. Then halting, the brigade retired, doing pursuing duty, and as the heavy cavalry passed the Hussars and Lancers, these also, advancing, performed the sword and lance exercise. Then all the cavalry on the field combined in one charge past the Queen, at racing speed. The effect of these manœuvres is said to have been remarkably fine; but how different was this mimic war in its results to that which was going on at about the same time on the banks of the Helmund! The principal musical event of the present London season was the production of Boito's "Mefistofele." This opera—of which the libretto and music are both by Boito—was composed several years ago, and at the time of its first production in Italy was a complete failure. Years passed by, and Boito made many changes, cutting and pruning, until he reproduced it in Italy, where it made a grand success. This year Mr. Mapleson has produced it in London, and the musical world is wild with excitement over the revolution in Italian music which it promises. The composer has not restricted himself—as Gounod did—to the episode of *Marguerite*, but he accompanies *Faust* through all his temptations to the end of his career. Of course, such a scheme gives a wonderful variety to the composer of dramatic music. He has borrowed from Goethe the Prologue in Heaven, Easter revel, the part between *Faust* and *Mephistopheles*, the garden scene, the witches' sabbat, *Marguerite's* death, the classical sabbat, and *Faust's* death. Every scene and situation of these is full of musical suggestions, and Boito has given them life with wonderful success. He has adopted Wagner's style to a certain extent, but at the same time he has preserved the peculiar properties of the Italian school. Verdi's "Aïda" showed that the great German's method could be imitated in its essence by an Italian composer, and Boito's "Mefistofele" shows that it can be surpassed. This new departure is considered to form a revolution in Italian composition, and Boito is recognized as the most rising composer of the day.

The vacillating conduct and character of the present Pope Leo XIII. is so strongly opposed to that of his predecessor, Pius IX., and the policy which is at present pursued by the Vatican is so much at variance with that of the immediate past, that it has become a subject of general interest. The policy which has been adopted with regard to Belgium has brought about a withdrawal of the Bolivian Legation from Rome. The Pope censured the Belgian bishops in public for "too much zeal," and approved of their conduct in private. Nor did he do this with any double-faced intention, but merely from his inability to say "No" to any one. In France it has been the same thing. He could not make up his mind to support the Jesuits whom he hates, and he could not urge upon them to conform to the laws of the land. The French Ambassador, after almost daily conferences with Cardinal Nina, said he could "come to no other conclusion whatsoever," and finally the Pope adopted the abject counsel of ordering the Papal Nuncio in Paris to take a month's furlough as soon as the decrees were promulgated. The Nuncio replied that it was his duty to remain at his post, and that he should do so—an act of disobedience scarcely ever equaled in the annals of the Vatican. In Germany the Pope's vacillation has been so great that Cardinal Jacobini has peremptorily refused to take any further part in the negotiations between Germany and Rome unless he is endowed with full plenipotentiary powers.

Up to Saturday morning (July 31) the British military authorities had had no further communication with Candahar. The country from Krojak to Candahar is greatly disturbed, and it is believed that ten days will elapse before the messengers sent out to ascertain the details of General Burrows's defeat will be heard from. In the meantime several tribes are reported to be collecting along the Bolan route, and General Phayre has been prevented marching to the rescue through lack of a proper force. It is admitted that Ayoob Khan's army was vastly under-estimated, and that the attack upon Burrows's brigade has produced a most serious condition of affairs in the Afghan country. Heavy reinforcements are being hastened from India, and 12,000 men will be sent from England within a fortnight. General Sir Garnet Wolseley is mentioned as the possible commander-in-chief.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has issued a circular requiring all supervising inspectors of steamboats to make daily reports, and directing that every passenger and ferry steamer shall be visited several times in the interval covered by its inspection certificate. This is an eminently timely order, but, unfortunately, there is no law under which it can be enforced if the inspectors choose to disregard it. The inspection service can never be made what it should be until the defects in the existing laws are positively remedied

THE Democratic managers are blundering again. The whole drift and tendency of their campaign policy seems to be to exalt Mr. Tilden as a patriot, a statesman, a martyr, etc., rather than to develop the great personal strength of General Hancock and utilize the opportunity to deepen and intensify the popular appreciation of his patriotic record as an element of power in the canvass. They ought to understand that if their candidate is to be handicapped with all the sins and blunders of the party for the last twenty years, and made to play second fiddle to Mr. Tilden or anybody else, he will be beaten, just as every other candidate whom they have treated in this fashion has been beaten during the whole oft hat period.

THE growth of railroad enterprise in this country is very clearly shown by the statistics embodied in Poor's Manual, advance sheets of which have just been given to the press. These statistics show that during 1879 the gross earnings of 86,497 miles of railroad amounted to $529,012,999, as against $490,103,351 in 1878, and $503,065,505 for 1875. The increase in the number of miles of road built during the year was 4,721. As the reports cover the operations of 84,232 miles out of the total of 86,497, it is probably safe to conclude that the total railroad earnings for 1879 amounted to nearly, if not quite, six millions of dollars. The total tonnage of the year was 67,092,549, as against 45,557,002 tons of freight carried in 1873, the year of the greatest prosperity to railroads prior to 1879.

THERE is said to be a decided improvement in the iron trade in Pennsylvania. Prices of pig-iron are stiffer and better, according to grade, by $1 and $2 than they were a few weeks ago. Old rails, that in the last two months were $22 and $23 a ton, are now in active demand at $26 and $27, and large quantities are not to be obtained even at higher figures, manufacturers holding off for better prices. Several large orders have been taken by manufacturers within the last few days for new railroad iron, and the mills controlled by them will at once go into active operation. This improvement in the iron trade, of course, affects the coal market favorably; but it is understood that the operators will continue the present system of half-weekly suspensions for another month, instead of removing the restrictions on production.

IT is intimated that suits may be brought against the directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company on behalf of the stockholders whose interests have been so injuriously affected by their mismanagement. The suits, it is said, will be brought under an Act of the Legislature which provides that every director voting for any division of profits not actually earned shall be personally liable for the amount so divided unless he enters a formal protest and causes his protest to be published in the daily newspapers. There certainly should be some way in which to protect stockholders against the criminal mismanagement of their property by boards of directors, and in this case it would seem that the simple enforcement of the law, upon proof of the facts in the case, would fully accomplish that result, if, indeed, the directors are not as bankrupt as the corporation they have wrecked.

THE last addition to the list of society insurance associations is the Beneficiary Fund of the Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of New York. This society was incorporated on the 11th of May last, and is designed to supply a fund for the benefit of families of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, and the sons of such, sixteen years of age and over, who may receive membership. The fee for membership is fixed at fifty cents, the death assessment at ten cents, and the death benefit at $500. Nearly every one of the benevolent societies in the United States which observe a certain amount of secrecy in their business has now in successful operation an enterprise for securing a gratuity to the families of deceased members more or less similar to the above plan. Under the general scheme, no large salaries and commissions are paid out of the assessments of the members, nor is the money devoted to the erection of costly buildings. Contests for the payment of claims after death are unknown, and no portion of the sum guaranteed in life is ever deducted on technical irregularities. The success of this feature of secret society life has led to the inception of quite a number of Orders in the United States during the past five years, for the express object of securing at least a burial fund for deceased members; and day after day, the clerks engaged in the drygoods business, in our bank, fire and marine insurance offices, the Post Office, Custom House, various departments of the City Government, and, in fact, employés of nearly every trade and profession, are organizing these simple, secure and practical associations.

THE bill for the Afghan war, so greatly in excess of all expectation, is giving John Bull a good deal of annoyance. The truth appears to be, that the Government of India, the heads of a military monarchy, after rushing into a needless war, failed to ascertain not only its probable cost, but the actual expenditure upon it month by month. The *Spectator* says it is a positive fact that no statement of the money paid monthly by the treasuries on military account was ever laid before Government. The war had been going on for two years before it was discovered that the sums expended in excess of the sums reckoned on were of a magnitude such as affects even the finance-managers of empires. It was no blunder of a few score thousands, or even of a million or so, such as has once or twice occurred before in Indian accounts, but of at least $18,000,000 a year. It was calculated that the war would cost $30,000,000, whereas it has already cost nearly $75,000,000, according to the confession of the Indian authorities. And the *Spectator* says: "If we get out of the war, an utterly purposeless war, begun in arrogance and ending in muddle, for about $100,000,000, we shall be surprised; and if it lasts another year, $125,000,000 will not pay the bill, even though we do not include in it the great and permanent addition which it will incidentally force us to make to the wages of the native Sepoys." If the latest news from Afghanistan is to be relied upon, and unfortunately there is no room to doubt it, it is quite obvious that the war is by no means over, and the estimate of the London journal may prove to be nearer the mark than seemed probable when it was made a fortnight ago. We can scarcely wonder, in the face of facts like these, that John Bull is rapidly losing his admiration for the "splendors" of the Beaconsfield foreign policy.

THE public will very generally approve the movement now making to put an end to the garbage-dumping nuisance in the Bay. Three civil suits for damages have been instituted against the head of the Street Cleaning Bureau, and it is understood that an injunction will be applied for to restrain the Police Board or any of its employés from dumping any of their garbage or street sweepings at sea excepting on the first of the ebb tide. Besides this, Mr. Corbin, who is interested in Manhattan Beach, has served a notice in writing upon the Comptroller of this city that he will begin a suit against the city for damages, a notice of thirty days being required by law before the city can be sued. With these suits and the criminal charges against such employés of the bureau as may be found hereafter violating the law, it may be said that the war is fairly inaugurated. Mr. Corbin declares that he will prosecute the struggle until the illegal dumping of garbage off Manhattan Beach is stopped, and he is not the man to recede from a position once assumed. As an illustration of the pernicious results of the present methods of dumping, it is mentioned that the shores of Governor's Island are frequently littered with garbage and dead animals floated in at flood tide. An official statement shows that during the last six months, just 500 animals have been washed ashore, and have been either buried or burned by workmen employed for the purpose. Unless the evil shall be abated, it will be necessary to construct a sea wall around the island for its protection. As a temporary remedy a cordon of logs is being built. By all means, let the courts intervene as speedily as possible for the protection of the harbor and of the public health, now so seriously endangered.

THE action of the Government in dragging the Ponca Indians from their homes, in defiance of every consideration of justice and fair play, is justly provoking the condemnation of all right-thinking citizens. A statement recently issued by Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska, and other members of the relief committee, states that some four hundred of the Poncas are still in the Indian Territory, whither they were forcibly removed, and where they are detained against their protest. Since their removal there, more than two hundred have died of malarious fever, and the survivors are dispirited and unhappy, regarding themselves, with too much truth, as the victims of Government rapacity and deceit. One hundred and fifteen members of the tribe have returned to their old reservation, and are diligently at work putting land under cultivation, and trying to recover what they lost by their removal from their farms. It is gratifying to observe that friends of the Poncas in Nebraska are preparing to test legally the question of the right of the Government to rob them of their property; and it is to be hoped that meanwhile the arbitrary and vindictive proceedings of the agents in charge of the reservation may be so held in check as to secure to the peaceable and law-abiding Indians exemption from further outrages and brutalities. As indicating the spirit in which the agency is conducted, we may cite the fact that one of the chiefs who disobeyed some command of the agent, was ordered by him to be taken to Fort Reno for imprisonment for life, and when the chief protested, was shot through the head in the agent's office, by his order. The white employés are constantly armed and form a military guard, and the Poncas, since this assassination, being unarmed, are of course utterly hopeless and helpless.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE cotton worm is doing some damage in the South.

WHEAT harvesting has begun in Wisconsin and Dakota, with very favorable weather.

THERE was a two hours' snow-storm on the summit of Mount Washington July 29th.

A FIRE in Buffalo, N. Y., July 29th, destroyed lumber-yards and sawmills valued at $225,000.

THE fusion of the Democrats and Greenbackers in Maine has been completed, the former securing four of the Presidential Electors.

GENERAL HANCOCK and Hon. William H. English have formally accepted the Democratic nominations in letters published on Saturday.

FORTY-EIGHT chiefs and headmen of the Uncompahgre Utes have signed the treaty, and Ouray assures the commission that the others will do so.

THE Massachusetts Republican Convention will meet, September 15th. It is thought that the whole State ticket, with probably one exception, will be renominated.

THE captain of the schooner *George Washington*, of Baltimore, has made affidavit that his vessel was boarded and searched by a Spanish war vessel on his homeward trip.

FOUR employés of the New York Street Cleaning Bureau, charged with illegally dumping refuse in the Bay, were last week sentenced to the penitentiary for sixty and ninety days.

A NATIONAL Labor Convention, held at Sharon, Pa., July 29th, indorsed the nominations of Garfield and Arthur for President and Vice-President. Fifteen States were represented.

SEVERAL vessels of the American whaling fleet in the Arctic regions have been seen by the revenue cutter Corwin, which, however, was unable to render assistance because of the ice.

GOVERNOR COLQUITT has ordered the militia to Jonesboro, Ga., in consequence of the killing of a colored man and his daughter by masked men, and the excitement prevailing therefrom.

POST-OFFICE Department officials estimate the total deficiency for the present fiscal year at $2,600,000, and if it is kept within this amount it will be less than for any previous year since 1863.

GEORGE M. BRANSCOM, of Jacksonville, Fla., has been committed for trial in New York on the charge of having forged and uttered bonds of the city of Jacksonville to the amount of from $135,000 to $160,000.

THE Kansas Greenbackers have nominated H. P. Vrooman for Governor. The Ohio Greenbackers have nominated a full State ticket. The New Jersey Democratic State Convention will be held September 1st.

THE Democratic campaign in this city was opened, July 28th, by a mass ratification meeting, at which Mr. Tilden presided, and speeches were made by Congressmen Randall, Ewing and Tucker, and Senator Jones and others.

THE total receipts of the Internal Revenue Department from all sources for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, were $123,981,919, against $113,449,621, in 1879, showing a total increase from internal revenue of $10,532,298.

WILLIAM H. CUSHMAN, formerly President of the First National Bank of Georgetown, Col., was arraigned in New York on July 30th, charged with having misappropriated and embezzled the funds of the bank to the amount of over $100,000.

THE Abbott and Butler Democrats in Massachusetts have agreed to call a joint Convention for September 1st. General Butler can have the regular nomination for Governor, if he insists, on condition that he accepts the Cincinnati platform.

DURING the triennial Templar Conclave at Chicago, commencing August 16th, $4,000 in prizes will be awarded for drilling. Over 150,000 invitations have been issued for the ball in the Exposition Building, and 1,389 tents that will hold 7,200 people have been erected.

THE jury on the *Seguranka* disaster have rendered a verdict that the loss of life was the result of a fire caused by the bursting of the clasping of one of the tubes in the starboard boiler, whereby the flames were driven under the grate-bars into the fire-room, thereby igniting the woodwork.

COLONEL VALLE, of the Mexican army, with 520 men, attacked Victoria's band of Apaches on July 21st, forty miles from Fort Quitman. The fight was indecisive. On the 25th the Mexicans again attacked the Indians, but they succeeded in escaping. In both fights the Mexicans lost nine men, and the Indians four. Colonel Grierson is waiting on this side the line to attack the Indians.

Foreign.

HOSTILITIES have been begun between the Albanians and Montenegrins. Serbia has ordered the mobilization of her army.

THE Master of the Rolls has granted a judgment against Albert Grant for £120,000 in favor of the Emma Silver Mining Company.

FRANCE and Mexico have agreed to resume diplomatic relations, and they will appoint their respective representatives on the 5th of October.

IT is reported that the figurehead of the missing training ship *Atalanta* was picked up at sea by a British bark which arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, July 29th.

ENGLISH Liberals, in view of a possible conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons over the Irish Compensation Bill, propose holding meetings in favor of abolishing the hereditary peerage and creating an elective Senate.

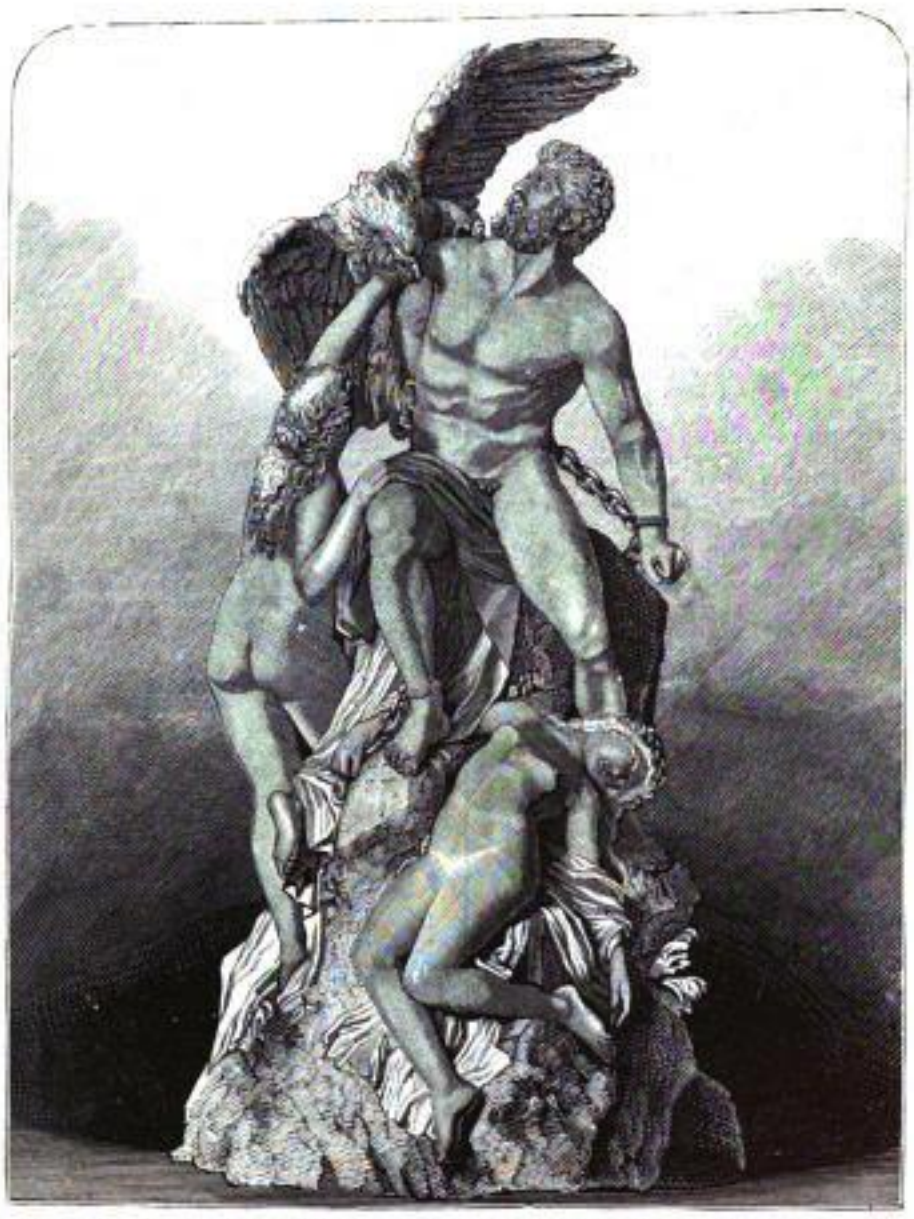
IT is believed in official circles that the Porte will come to a direct understanding with Montenegro and cede Dulcigno and the Bojana district. The Greek question will be reopened, at the request of the Sultan, on the ground that Turkey was not heard at the Berlin Conference.

IN accordance with the Convention between France and the United States instituting a Commission to adjudicate claims for private losses arising from the secession war and Franco-German war, France has appointed M. Geoffry, *Commissioner*; M. Lamen, *Agent*; and M. Chambrun, *Councilor*.

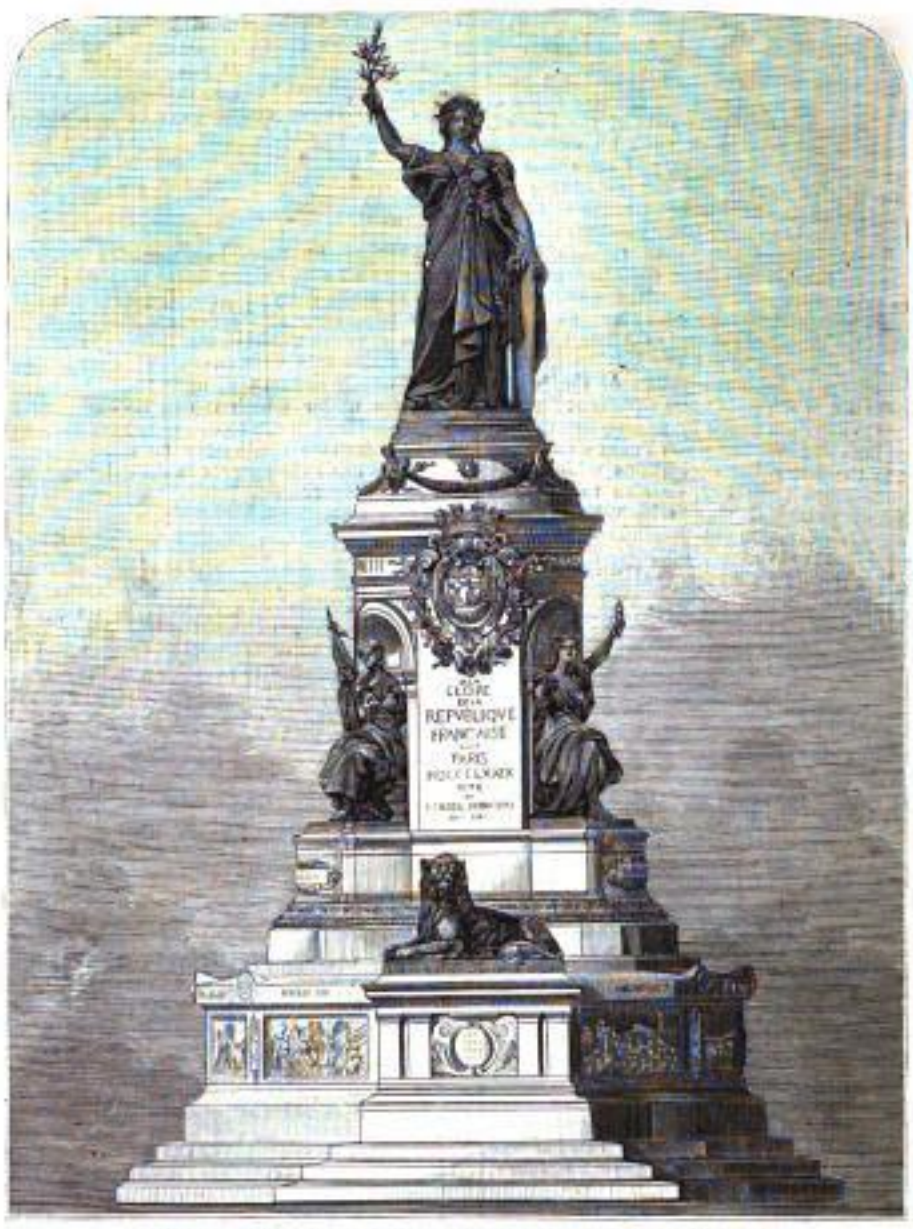
THE Constantinople papers have been threatened with suspension if they reproduce articles hostile to Turkey. The Sultan is continuing military preparations and endeavoring to obtain a small advance of money. It is said that the European Powers are determined to carry out to the last extremity the conditions of the Berlin Conference. A military paper says that the number of Turkish troops stationed on the Greek frontier is 24,000 foot, 1,440 horse, and 218 cannon, ready for active service.

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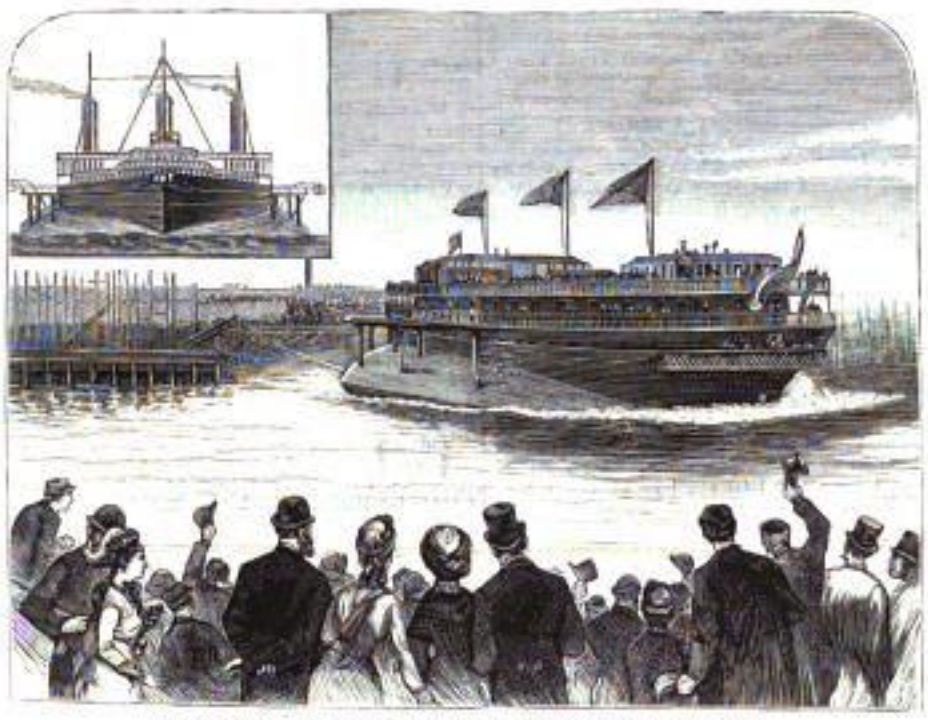
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 399.



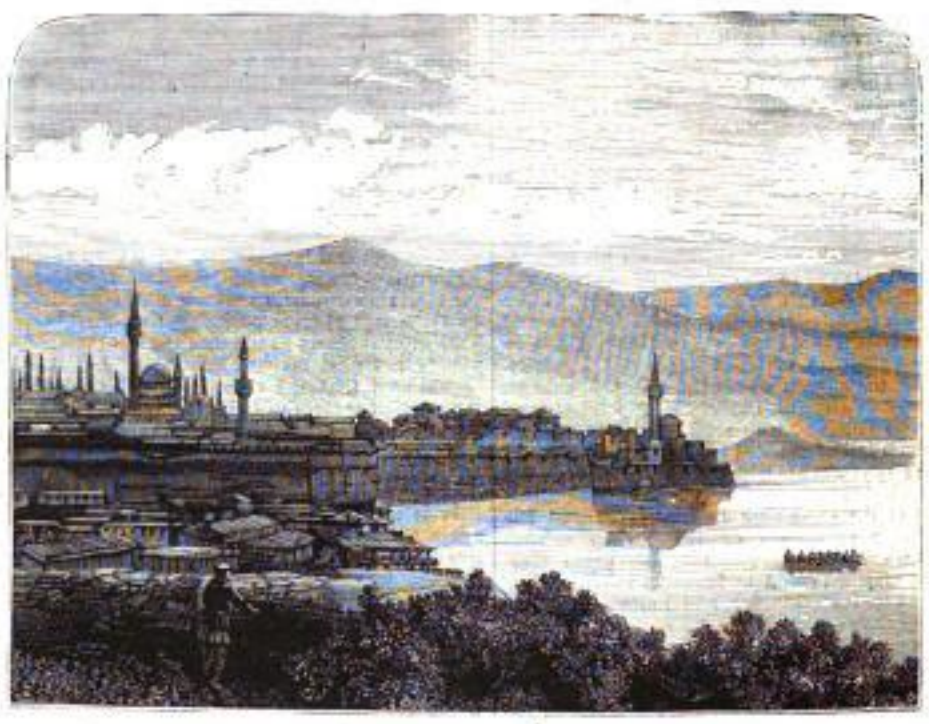
GERMANY.—MUELLER'S "PROMETHEUS" GROUP IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN.



FRANCE.—THE NEW MONUMENT TO THE REPUBLIC IN PARIS.



SCOTLAND.—LAUNCH OF THE CZAR'S YACHT AT GLASGOW.



GREECE.—JANNINA CITY CEDED TO GREECE BY THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.



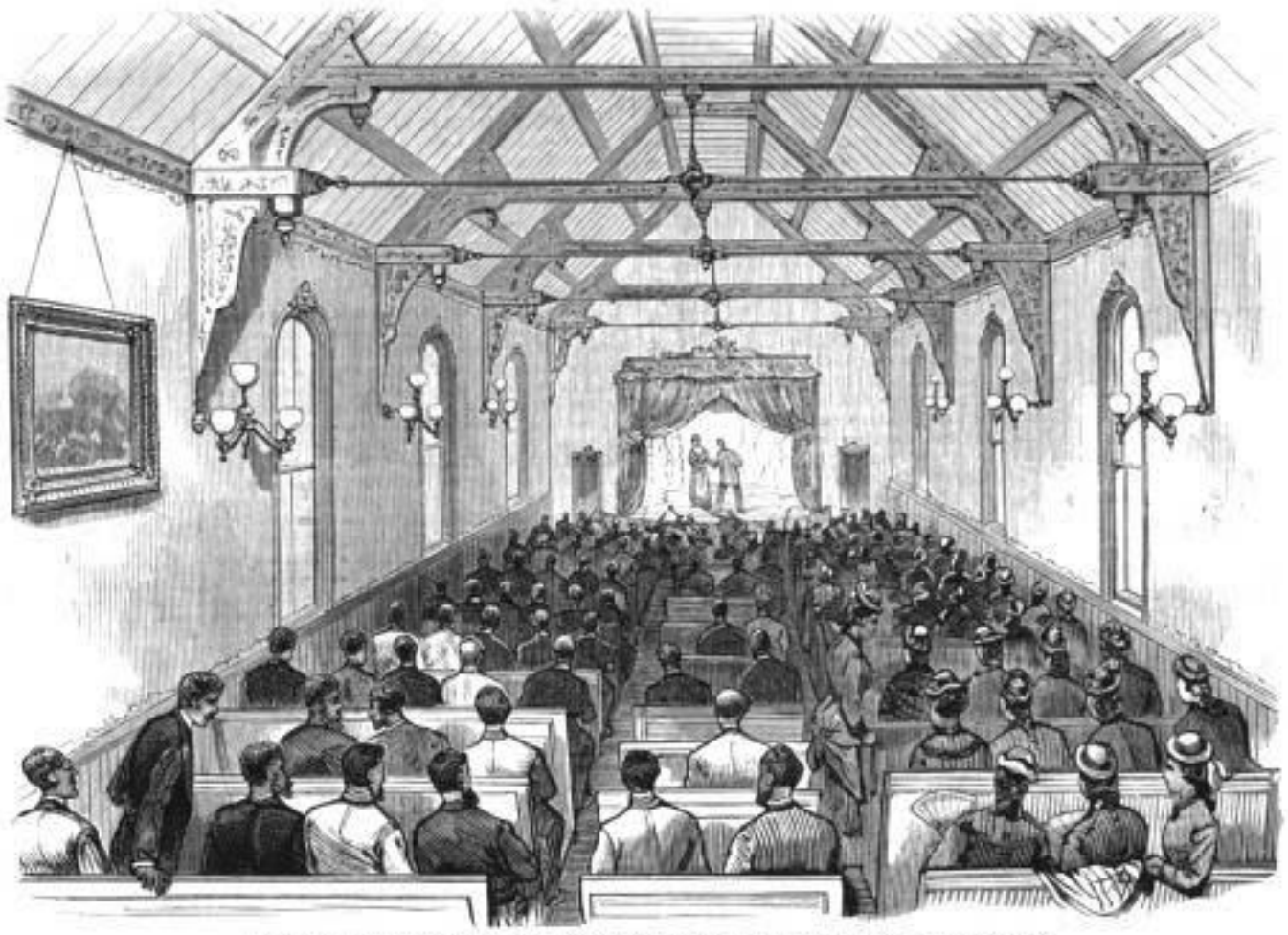
SPAIN.—A SESSION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CONFERENCE ON THE MOORISH QUESTION, IN THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENCY, MADRID.

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PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW INSANE HOSPITAL.

THE new Insane Hospital for the south-eastern district of Pennsylvania, located near Norristown, and formally opened on July 13th, has a capacity of 750 patients, with provisions for extension looking to the accommodation, if necessary, of 2,000. The origin of the institution may be briefly stated: Some years ago the insane wards of all, or nearly all, the State charitable institutions became so crowded, that serious thoughts were entertained of building an asylum for the insane alone, but it was finally determined to apply to the Legislature for an appropriation for the erection of a hospital. This application was favorably considered, an appropriation made, and in the Spring of 1877 the work of erection was commenced. On the 17th of February, 1880, the work was finished, and the institution was handed over to the commission appointed to take charge of it. The hospital occupies an elevated site on the north of Norristown, and overlooks the valleys of Stony Creek and the Schuylkill River. The main part faces the southeast, and the buildings are so placed that all parts of them have good ventilation, and are flooded by sunlight at some hour of the day.

The hospital consists of seven ward buildings (as shown on the extreme right and extreme left of our illustration), an administration building, amusement hall, chapel, kitchen, boiler-house and laundry—in all eleven distinct structures. The ground area of each ward building is 15,816 square feet. Each has four wards, all complete in themselves, with dining-room, washroom, bathroom, etc. The kitchen is furnished with a range thirty-two feet long, with a full complement of steam-kettles, boilers, and cooking apparatus of every description. The laundry contains eighteen steam wash-tubs, three washing-machines, a centrifugal wringer, steam mangles and all other necessary appliances. An engine propels all machinery connected with the place. There are also boiler-houses containing six boilers, with a capacity of 800 horse-power. These furnish steam to drive the engine and supply heat to the buildings by a system of indirect radiation. Underground air-ducts are used for ventilation. All the buildings are provided with fireproof stairways, and the grounds and buildings are provided with both water and gas brought from Norristown. The hospital and grounds cover about 265 acres. The cost of the institution was $500,000. All the buildings are of brick, the trimmings are of blue marble from quarries near Norristown; the interior finish is of Carolina pine, oiled. The architects, Messrs. Wilson Bros. & Co., of Philadelphia, have made no attempt at architectural display, their sole object having evidently been to construct a well-arranged and thoroughly-built institution.



INTERIOR OF THE HALL FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND AMUSEMENT OF PATIENTS.

SERVANTS' FEES IN EUROPE.

A PETTY but endless trouble of the traveler in Europe for the first time is the matter of gratuities. You give a trifle all the time to every one who does you the least service. Even for an apparently friendly word of information on the street you are expected to pay in this way. In England it is "a tip"; in France, the *pour-boire*; in Italy, *buona mano*, the good hand; in Germany it is *trinkgeld*, drink money. It is not much money in any one instance, but foots up pretty well after an active day's work. The practical trouble, however, is to know what to give. The inhabitants and the servants themselves know exactly what they are entitled to, for it is a matter of right, just as much as any other charge, although the amount is never fixed or published in any written form for the information of strangers. They must learn it by experience.

We, as a rule, to whom the European measures are new, give too much. Englishmen of rank and wealth complain that Americans raise the costs of travel wherever they go.

For the gratuity of cab-drivers, waiters at restaurants, etc., the recognised European usage is in England one penny for every shilling spent in fare or at the table, and in France and Italy two sous for every franc spent. This rule disposes of a large portion of the cases.

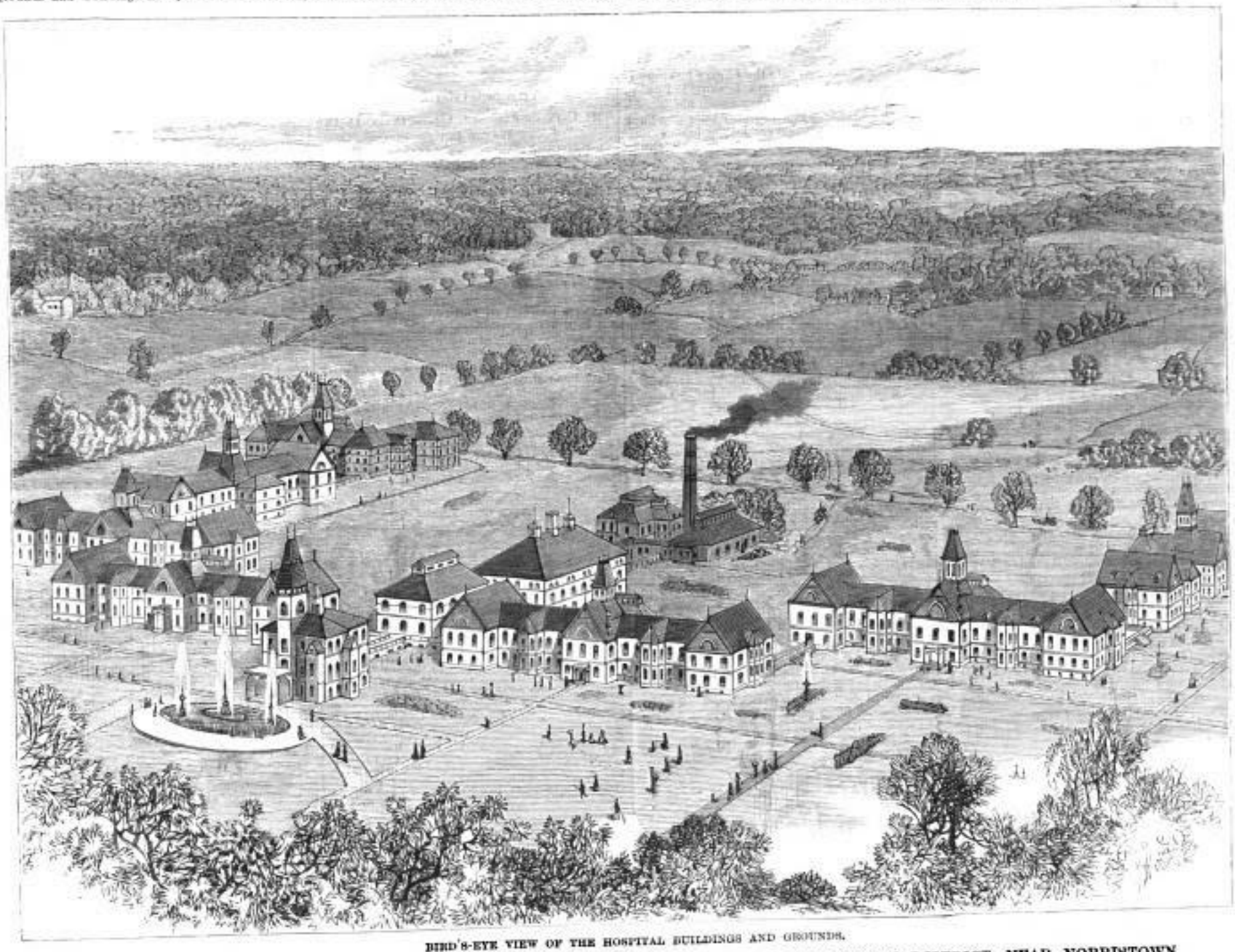
For porters, twopence in England and two sous on the Continent for every piece of luggage handled, if it is only to carry it across a pavement. An umbrella or a shawl is a piece as well as a trunk. The driver of an omnibus, cab or *fiacre*, as a point of etiquette and out of professional consideration for the porters, will refuse to touch a piece of luggage himself, even to lift it from three feet away into his vehicle.

Visiting at private houses of the upper classes in England, the servants expect their tips in gold coin if your stay is over a day or two. The smallest English gold coin is a ten-shilling piece—$2.50. You "see" the footman, who attends your bedroom; the maid, if you have ladies, who serves their chambers; the butler, who has charge of the dining-room and force of waiters; the keeper, if you hunt; the groom you use, if you ride, or the head of the stables if there are several, and generally any servant that you specially use. You will soon learn how to grade these fees according to the rank of the servant and the length of your visit.

On first-class ocean steamers the gratuities are much analogous to those in a gentleman's house. The steward who waits on you at the table, and the one who attends your stateroom, will each expect a fee in gold—ten shillings ($2.50 at least—from a single passenger; and $5 if you have baths brought into your room every morning, are particular about having your wines warmed or iced, or, in short, use the servants up to their full capacity. When the passage is $60 to $75 or less, these fees are less—about one-half of the figures above. The "boots" also looks to be remembered, about one-half the amount given the steward.

The expense of this gratuity business in ordinary travel is in general rather exaggerated. The sums given are very small, and you get a great deal for them—a willing, perfect, kindly service which you do not get in our country at all. To the traveler the custom is an annoyance rather than a burden.

The usage degrades and demoralizes and unmans him who takes the vail, or gift, or tip, or bounty, or whatever you please to call it; yet a great portion



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, FOR THE SOUTHEASTERN DISTRICT, NEAR NORRISTOWN.
FROM SKETCHES BY S. F. YEAGER.

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of the people of Great Britain and Europe do receive their wages in this way, look for it, and feel no humiliation in the transaction. You can scarcely insult anybody across the water by offering them anything, no matter what appears to be his or their official position. I have given a shilling in London to uniformed policemen, and a franc in Paris to magnificent-looking hotel managers. A Philadelphia acquaintance in London had several hundred dollars brought to him from his banking house, one of the largest there, by a clerk of the establishment, and the nattily-dressed young gentleman asked for a shilling for his services. Imagine the consequences of offering ten cents to a conductor of an American railway who had shown you to your seat in the car and given you information as to when to get out; yet this is done all over England every day, and the uniformed and respectable-looking guard hangs around stickily till he gets his sixpence.

LOTTA'S BURGLAR.

IT was unprecedented at Erlsham for the students to break out so late in the term. Still more unprecedented was it for a potent, grave and reverend senior to have any share in the mischief. Yet, only three nights before Commencement, the students "made things howl," and Tom Anstruther was head and front of the offending. They nailed up over the chapel-door the sign, "To Providence and way-stations," stolen from the railroad. They serenaded obnoxious members of the faculty in terms anything but flattering. They built a huge bonfire on the campus and indulged in a promiscuous song-and-dance performance around it.

In the midst of the uproar there was the cry of "Faculty! faculty!" followed by an instant hush. The students scattered in all directions, Anstruther as fast as any—faster, indeed, when he found himself closely followed. His particular pursuer appeared to be one of the younger and more active of the professors, who quite caught the spirit of the chase. Tom found it impossible to shake him off. Was the valedictorian of the graduating class to be caught thus ignominiously?

An open basement-window gave him an inspiration. He sped past it; then, doubling cleverly on his foe, sprang through it and laughed to hear his footsteps grow fainter in hot pursuit up the street.

Up-stairs Lotta Desmond was brushing out her pretty brown hair preparatory to retiring. On her daintily-frilled toilet-table, looking oddly out of place, lay Cousin Jim's revolver. There had been a great many jokes about that revolver. Her uncle and cousin had solemnly installed Lotta as man of the house during their absence. Jim had reminded her of the exploits of brave Mrs. Brown and plucky Mrs. Peters, as recorded by the *Daily Chronicle*. The first of these ladies had, alone and unarmed, held a burglar captive until help came. The second, under like circumstances, had completely routed two desperate villains.

And Lotta had demanded Jim's pistol and declared that she only longed for a chance to emulate their heroism. And Jim had promised to watch the papers for a similar mention of daring Miss Desmond.

So Lotta smiled when her eyes fell on the pistol, for as yet no opportunity for glory had come to her, and Jim would be home to-morrow.

Just then her aunt came into the room, fancying, as she had fancied every night since her husband's departure, that she "heard a noise, and would dear Lotta, who was *so* fearless, mind going down-stairs to investigate?"

So Lotta thrust her little bare feet into slippers, threw on a wrapper and sallied forth, pistol in hand.

Aunt Lucy detained her with a last word—in case it should be any one, to "let her know immediately, *immediately*; but otherwise not to disturb her, as she was extremely fatigued."

With a dim recollection that the dining-room window had not been closed, the young girl made her noiseless way thither at once. The gas had been put out and a miserable candle left burning. What Lotta saw by its dim light was a tall young man, rather roughly clad.

Alas! Tom, usually something of a dandy, had that night donned his poorest array, his hair disordered, his clothes grimed with dust and soot, from which not even his face had escaped, coolly examining her uncle's silver. Spirit of Mrs. Brown and Mrs.—the other lady—inspire her!

"Drop that or I fire!"

Tom turned with a start. What he saw was a pretty girl in a charming *négligé*, whose voice and hand both shook as she uttered this doughty threat, and in whose face a certain timid determination, a look of one frightened at her own daring, appealed to his sense of humor. But it would never do to laugh at her. Besides, that pistol in her uncertain, unfamiliar hand was no joke. So he said with due humility:

"I surrender. But for heaven's sake put up that revolver! You are as likely to shoot yourself as me."

"Not at all," evidently nettled. "I am perfectly accustomed to using it."

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him with much outward severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado he is painted. Still keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh-ho! Tom rapidly determined to see the adventure through. Time enough to make his escape should she call for help or should any fresh complication arise. He hoped she was not going to keep him standing all night. Presently he ventures to suggest that she could mount guard over him quite as well seated.

Lotta assented gladly. Her burglar was quite a model, she thought. And why should she incumber herself longer with that unnecessary pistol, of which, she acknowledged to herself, she was much more afraid than was her prisoner?

Accordingly she laid it carefully down within reach. Then, with what seemed to Tom a most amazing underrating of his strength, she announced her intention of holding him until assistance should arrive.

To him the situation was not without its charm. It does not often happen to any of us that a pretty girl will insist on sitting next us and holding our hands—and that she was pretty, exceedingly pretty, Anstruther managed to satisfy himself in spite of the stingy light.

Once or twice he addressed a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempt at conversation.

And so they sat in silence, while the candle burned low and finally went out, and the cold gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Lotta to change her position. And, looking curiously at her, the young man discovered that his stern guardian was asleep!

How long and dark were the lashes resting on the fair cheek, he thought, gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in its wealth of nut-brown hair. Surely none of the young lady's ball-dresses could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper.

Tom was strongly tempted, in his character of robber, to steal a kiss, but there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that kept him from taking any advantage of her unconsciousness. He withdrew his hands from hers without awakening her—such cold, little, soft hands! And no wonder. The chill breath of early morning made him shiver, although it was June.

He might as well make her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall. On the hat-stand lay a heavy shawl. In it he wrapped his unconscious captor as well as he could, then left through the still open window.

* * * * *

If Miss Desmond was not the belle of the college ball it was because, strictly speaking, there are no longer belles of balls. But, in the language of the other young ladies, she "received a great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther composedly requested the pleasure of a dance, and before she could collect herself sufficiently to refuse, his arm encircled her and they were gliding over the polished floor in perfect time and measure.

"You have my step exactly," said Miss Desmond, when they stopped.

"Have I? Then it must be by direct inspiration, for I never was known to keep time with any one before."

Now did ever a man waltz to perfection without knowing it? Lotta looked at him a little contemptuously. Her thought did him injustice. Tom was not affecting modesty, only making talk to keep off the question he expected.

"May I take you into the library? There is an anxious-looking youth I should like to avoid. I suspect that I have stolen his dance."

"If you have, you are only pursuing your profession as a robber," laughed Miss Desmond. "What were you doing that night in uncle's dining-room?"

Then it all came out, and Tom explained and apologized, seated in an alcove of the great college library.

"And how frightened you were when I and the pistol appeared on the scene!" said the young lady, maliciously.

"I was not!"—indignantly.

"You turned very pale."

"Then we must have been a well-matched pair for courage. The pistol shook so in your hand that I was afraid it would go off accidentally. That was the worst feature of the case, for I do not believe yet that you would have been bloodthirsty enough to shoot me."

"I am sure I would not. I was immensely relieved to wake up and find my captive fled.

"What did you do?"

"Counted the spoons and went to bed."

"The spoons were all right. There was but one thing stolen that night."

"Mercy! what was that?"

"Only the burglar's heart"—sentimentally.

Lotta looked at him and began to laugh. Then she said:

"You might advertise for it as people do for stolen articles. And you might say, 'Of no value to any one but the owner.'"

"Thank you, but I am not sure that I want it returned," said Anstruther, laughing too, but letting his eyes rest upon her fair face until the warm color surged up beneath his gaze.

"'Thou hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again,'"

he quoted, low.

Lotta was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared in the doorway.

"Before that fellow comes can't you promise me one more dance?" murmured Anstruther.

"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one if you are going to stay till the end."

How Miss Desmond contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner till the end of the evening, need not be told. It is certain that she enjoyed no dance as she did that last one with Tom. And then Tom's worst enemy could not criticise his dancing.

As he relinquished her to her cousin's care, Anstruther heaved a sigh of exaggerated but very real regret.

Then Lotta put out an impulsive little hand and said hastily:

"Mr. Burglar, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows enough to call in a more orthodox way, I shall be pleased to see you."

"Thank you," murmured Anstruther, pressing the soft warm hand with quick unnecessary warmth.

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with ardor. Lotta's burglar laid hot siege to her affections, and before long induced her to set up housekeeping—I had almost written housebreaking—with him.

PLEASURE ENCAMPMENT OF THE G. A. R. OF NEW YORK.

FOLLOWING its annual custom of having one encampment in Winter for business, and another in Summer for pleasure, the New York Division of the Grand Army of the Republic began a grand reunion in Brooklyn on July 28th. The members of the Brooklyn posts took charge of their visitors, and made an exceedingly lively and pleasant day for them.

The ferryboats from New York and Jersey City landed at the foot of Fulton Street in the morning the delegates and the visiting posts from this city. They were received by Rankin Post, of Brooklyn, and Lew Benedict Post, of Albany, and were conducted to the Pierrepont House, in Montague Street, where the headquarters were established. The line of the parade was formed in Montague Street. The members of the posts and the delegates were escorted by the Fourteenth Regiment, National Guard, of Brooklyn, under command of Colonel James McLeer, and a detachment of the Eighth Regiment of New York. The streets through which the parade moved were gay with flags and bunting, the public buildings and many private dwellings were finely decorated.

The line of march was as follows: Up Montague Street and along Court Street, Joralemon Street, Fulton Street, Smith Street, Schermerhorn Street, Lafayette Avenue, Clinton Avenue, Fulton Street, Hanson Place and Flatbush Avenue to the Music Hall at Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue. About 1,500 men were in line. The order was: Grand Marshal and staff, Fourteenth Regiment, Eighth Regiment, Grand Army posts, officers of Convention and delegates. Music was furnished by the Fourteenth Regiment Band. The march was begun at 10:45, and at 12:30 the hall was reached. Here the delegates were welcomed to Brooklyn by Corporation Counsel William C. De Witt. Allusions to Grant, Hancock, Sherman and other heroes of the war were received with enthusiasm.

The response on the part of the veterans was made by Department Commander L. Coe Young, of Binghamton. His references to the work done in Brooklyn for the Soldiers' Home were applauded, and three cheers were given for Henry Ward Beecher and Corporal Tanner for their work in behalf of that enterprise. Speeches were made by General Lewis A. Wagner, commander-in-chief, Henry A. Barnum, John F. Henry, of Brooklyn, and Corporal Tanner, who holds the office of Tax Collector in Brooklyn. A feature of the proceedings was the bugle-calls, which were given on opposite sides of the gallery, and which produced the utmost enthusiasm among the boys. After the public proceedings a secret session of the delegates was held. The body adjourned at 3 P. M., to go to Coney Island, taking a boat at the foot of Montague Street for the depot of the Sea Beach Railroad at Bay Ridge. There the train for the island was taken, and the delegates spent several hours in sight-seeing and partook of a liberal banquet. The bands of the Fourteenth and Forty-seventh Regiments, of Brooklyn, furnished an abundance of excellent music. On the 29th the soldiers indulged in an excursion to, and in an old-fashioned clam-bake on, Glen Island.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE CITY OF AUGUSTA, GA.—ITS CANAL AND WATER-POWER.

AUGUSTA is the third city in population and importance in Georgia, and the second in point of age. The town was laid out in the year 1735, under authority from the Government of Great Britain, and in the following year a British garrison was stationed in the place. A frontier outpost, it was the resort for scouts and trappers and Indian traders, who bartered with the savages. It is computed that over two thousand pack-horses and six hundred men visited the place annually. The town was the theatre of several severe struggles during the American Revolution. Three of the cannon that were mounted on Fort Cornwallis, the principal British work, are still in existence. One of them is in possession of a local military company, and is used in firing salutes.

The progress of the city up to the commencement of the late war was slow. The population in 1860 was 12,493. Since the war a spirit of enterprise has seized the people, particularly in regard to manufactures, and the advancement of the place has been something remarkable for an inland Southern city. The United States Census of 1870 showed a population of 15,389. A city census in 1872 placed the number at 19,163; another census in 1878 gave a result of 23,768, and still another, in 1879, showed that the population had increased to 27,012. There are at present not less than 30,000 inhabitants within the corporate limits of the city. This estimate does not include the population of the adjoining villages, which amounts to several thousand more.

Augusta is at the head of navigation of the Savannah River, and a considerable business is done by small steamboats plying between the city and Savannah.

The city is regularly laid off in squares, and its streets are wide and level. Broad and Green Streets are two of the finest boulevards in the Union. The width of the former is 247 feet, with substantial pavements on either side. Spacious and well-lighted stores line it for more than a mile. Among these are several wholesale establishments which carry on an extensive trade with the surrounding country. The volume of wholesale and retail trade amounts annually to many millions of dollars. The city is one of the most important of the Interior cotton ports, and receives every year from 160,000 to 200,000 bales of the great staple. This branch of business alone brings from ten to twelve millions of dollars into the city during the twelve months, and gives employment to a large number of people. Several large houses and manufactories of the North and in Europe have agents in Augusta, who purchase thousands of bales of cotton annually for their principals.

The total value of property in the city as indicated by the tax digest of 1880 is $14,039,067. The tax assessed is one and fifty-eight and one-third one-hundredths per cent. One quarter of one per cent. of this is paid over to the Sinking Fund Commission to be used in retiring city bonds. The bonds of the city are now selling at 105 for 6 per cents, and 107 to 109 for 7's. The Sinking Fund Commission was created for fifteen years, and it is computed that at the end of that time it will have retired more than a million dollars of the city's indebtedness, leaving less than a million in existence. The interest on the bonds is paid promptly and regularly, and the people are determined that the faith and credit of the corporation shall always be rigidly maintained.

The streets are kept in excellent condition, and several of them have been macadamized. The city is two miles and a half in length and one mile and a half in width. There are forty-four streets, all wide and generally bordered by trees. Green Street and the upper and lower portions of Broad, especially, are noted for their fine avenues of oaks and elms, and the stranger visiting the city never fails to speak of them in terms of admiration.

The chief pride of Augusta is its magnificent water-power, which cost the people from first to last nearly two millions of dollars. This power is furnished by means of the Augusta Canal, extending from the city to a point on the Savannah River seven miles above. In proportion to its length this canal is one of the greatest works of the kind in existence, and answers the twofold purpose of furnishing water to the city and turning the wheels of the cotton mills and manufactories of various descriptions which dot its banks. It was projected originally by several public-spirited citizens, who saw in it the germ of future prosperity for Augusta. The work was commenced in 1845 and completed early in 1847. The dimensions were forty feet surface width, twenty feet bottom, and five feet depth, affording a total mechanical effect of about 600 horses power. It soon became evident that the canal was too small to supply the demands for power and for water for fire, domestic and other purposes, consequent upon the growth of the city. Temporary expedients having failed, the enlargement of the canal was decided upon by the City Council, and in March, 1872, the work was commenced and in July, 1875 was completed. The dimensions and capacity of the canal are as follows: Length of main canal or first level, 7 miles, and including second and third levels, 9 miles. Minimum water way, 150 feet at surface, 106 feet at bottom, and 11 feet deep, making an area of cross section of 1,698 square feet. The bulkheads, locks, dam and other structures are composed of stone masonry, formed in granite rock, laid up in hydraulic cement mortar, and are of the most substantial character. The area of openings for the supply of the canal amounts to 1,463 square feet, and the entire waters of the Savannah River are made available for maintaining the supply. There are about 275 acres of reservoirs, exclusive of the canal proper and the pond above the bulkhead and dam. There is a bottom grade or descent in the main canal of one hundredth of a foot in 150 feet, giving a theoretical mean velocity of two and seventy-four one-hundredths feet per second, or a mechanical effect under the minimum fall between the first and third levels, or between the first level and the Savannah River of upwards of 14,000 horses power, not including available supply from the surface of the reservoirs. Of this immense power about 3,500 horses power have been contracted for, leaving, at least, 10,000 horses power to be disposed of. The present price for the water is five dollars and a half per water-power. The canal is owned by the City of Augusta and is under the immediate control of the City Council. The total cost of the canal enlargement was $822,864.63.

The people of Augusta very naturally expect great things from their canal, and their expectations bid fair to be fully realized in the near future. There are already in operation five cotton factories, one of which—the Augusta Factory—has a capacity of 24,000 spindles; another—the Enterprise Factory—has 15,000, and will increase the number in a short time to nearly 25,000; and a third—the Summerville Mills—has over 4,000. The latter, which has just been completed, and belongs to two enterprising citizens of the place, is the first experiment in the manufacture of colored goods, checks and plaids in Augusta. The product is equal to that of any other similar mill in the Union.

A new company has been organized with a capital of $600,000 to erect a large cotton factory on the canal, at the site of the old Confederate Powder Works. Two-thirds of the capital was subscribed by merchants of New York City. Work will be commenced at once, and the Sibley Mills—the name of the corporation—will be in operation in less than twelve months. The capacity of the factory will be 25,000 spindles, and it will manufacture principally colored goods. It will give employment to about 1,000 operatives, and add fully 5,000 people to the population of the city.

As an instance of how manufacturing pays in Augusta, it may be mentioned that the Augusta Factory has paid to its stockholders, in dividends, since the war, $1,350,000. The capital stock of the company is nominally $600,000, but it is really $1,000,000, as the property of the corporation is worth fully that amount. Of this the stockholders have only paid in $60,000. So great was the success of the factory from the very start that no more was required, and the property has gone on increasing from year to year until it has reached its present figure. For nine years the dividend was twenty per cent. per annum, and it is now paying a regular annual dividend of eight per cent.

The county of which Augusta is the seat has a public school board in active operation. It levies a tax annually of $25,000 on the people of the county for the support of the schools—white and colored. The colored schools are taught by colored teachers elected by the Board. The system is thoroughly graded.

The business outlook of the city is encouraging. Merchants anticipate a heavy volume of trade next Fall and Winter. A new railroad, extending from Augusta to Greenwood, in South Carolina, is in course of construction, and will, when completed, bring 25,000 bales of cotton additional to the city annually. Six railroads now terminate in Augusta.

The section of the State in the vicinity of Augusta is rich in copper, gold and coal, and is being extensively mined.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

THE Concord Summer School, which held its second term for lectures and conversations on philosophical subjects during the month of July, was founded by A. Bronson Alcott, and in its permanent establishment and the possession, through the munificence of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of a pretty chapel, the venerable philosopher sees the realization of the dreams of forty years or more.

Some forty-four years ago, before the great transcendental movement in New England began, he became widely known by conversations with his schoolchildren in Boston—conversations which Miss Peabody faithfully reported and embodied in a little volume entitled "Record of a School." Nearly the same time "Conversations with Children on the Gospels" was published, and it was this volume that the Legislature of Massachusetts branded as dangerous and heretical. But the worst thing that could be found in the book was in a familiar conversation about the Holy Ghost.

Long ago Mr. Alcott gave up formal conversations with children, and it is within five years that he has engaged regularly in conversations with professional and literary men. His conversations at Joseph Cook's parlors and at the Chestnut Street Club have been chiefly instrumental in giving him the unique reputation which of a sudden he has acquired in his old age.

In these "conversations" he was usually seated in a large armchair, his benignant face aglow with the *fes sacré*, opening a conversation with twenty-five or thirty friends gathered around him. The subject had just been chosen by the company, and, with a mind well stored by wide reading and deep meditation, the thoughts drop from his lips like honey from the honeycomb. From the first he spoke calmly but discinctly, and his melodious, captivating voice charmed the attention of the hearer. Even in the most abstract metaphysical reasoning he did not deviate for a moment from the uniform simplicity of his language, and, with occasionally a gesture, vividly pictured his thoughts in space, even the darkest thought was made clear. He is a venerable and striking figure. He looks like an ideal Egyptian. His eyes are clear, dark,

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luminous; his hair, which is now long, is fine and white, and his face full of gentleness, sympathy and benevolence. He was born at Wolcott, Conn., November 29th, 1799.

In the second term of the school, which opened July 12th, Mr. Alcott delivered the salutatory and valedictory, and had the general charge of the conversations of the school. His own special contribution were lectures on "Mysticism." Dr. H. K. Jones gave five lectures on "The Platonic Philosophy" and five on "Platonism in its Relation to Modern Civilization." Professor William T. Harris furnished five lectures on "Speculative Philosophy" and five on "The History of Philosophy," including Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. The Rev. Dr. J. Steinforth Kidney, of Minnesota, delivered three lectures on "The Philosophy of the Beautiful and the Sublime." Mr. Denton J. Snider gave five lectures on "Shakespeare," taking up the Philosophy of Shakespearean Criticism, the Shakespearean World, the Principles of Characterization in Shakespeare, and the Organism of the Individual and the Universal Drama. The Rev. William H. Channing instructed the pupils in "Oriental and Mystical Philosophy," his special subjects being Historical Mysticism, Man's Fourfold Being, True Buddhism, and Modern Pessimism. Mrs. Edna D. Cheny spoke on "Color" and "Early American Art." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on "Modern Society"; Mr. F. B. Sandborn on "The Philosophy of Charity," and Dr. Elisha Mulford on "The Personality of God" and "Precedent Relations of Religion and Philosophy to Christianity"; Mr. H. G. Blake contributed readings from Thoreau's manuscripts; the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol shed light upon "The Quandary"; Dr. Peabody, of Harvard University, read a lecture on "Conscience and Consciousness"; and Ralph Waldo Emerson, David A. Wasson, the Rev. Dr. F. D. Hedge, Professor Benjamin Pierce and Professor G. H. Howison were represented by single lectures.

FIGHTING SHARKS IN NEW YORK BAY.

SHARKS have been unusually plentiful in New York waters during the present Summer, and some exciting encounters have been had with them by fishermen and others. One of the most notable of these encounters was that of Captain Alexander Robertson, of Fort Hamilton, L. I. While sailing about the Narrows on the afternoon of July 25th, the captain noticed a dark object moving towards the Long Island shore, irritating the water meantime and tossing it into miniature bits of foam that flecked an acre of the water's surface. He sailed rapidly towards the spot, and almost the instant that he saw that the disturbance was caused by sharks his skiff ran into the school. The sharks snapped angrily at the boat's sides, and lashed the water into a foam. One fish, larger and uglier than the rest, leaped towards the stern and crushed the back strip and rudder between its jaws. It appeared to be fully ten feet in length. The water seemed alive with black fins, which darted in all directions. Robertson tore up one of the seats, with which the little craft was filled, and used it effectively on the hard black snouts of more than one of the sharks. The breeze filled the sails and carried the boat steadily through the danger; but not until Bay Cliff was reached did the boat get clear of its pursuers and rest safely on the beach.

On the same day, one Block, who was fishing in company with a friend off Bay Ridge, encountered stray portions of the school of sharks. They had then advanced a mile above the Narrows. His fishline was violently snapped, the bait, hook and all being carried away. The second line thrown out caught a young shark about four feet and a half long. After a struggle he landed his prize. Again and again his lines were broken, but he replaced them with the stout lines of the rigging, and caught four of the fish. They are all about the same length. Three "bites" got away, and one nearly dragged him overboard. The captured sharks were viewed by scores of South Brooklyn people.

A few days previously, Captain John Sanford, of Clifton, L. I., while fishing off Sandy Hook, was startled by seeing just in front of his boat what appeared to be an island, about a couple of acres in extent, and completely covered with sharp rocks. The boat was traveling slowly, and on coming up to the supposed island it was discovered that it was an immense school of sharks, whose big black fins over water looked like rocks in the distance. There were some thousands of the monsters, some of them of enormous size, and all of a grayish color. They moved along slowly, without seeming to mind the boat, and the water in their wake was somewhat discolored. Captain Sanford reports that, in his opinion, the monsters were genuine man-eaters, and that some of them would measure from twelve to fifteen feet in length.

New York Bay is now full of dogfish and sharks, and it is the general opinion of the pilots and fishermen that they are attracted here by the contributions of the Street Cleaning Bureau.

Site of the Obelisk.

THE Park Commissioners have decided that the Alexandrian obelisk shall be placed on the natural knoll in the Central Park, lying southwest of the Museum of Art building, and on the west side of the East Drive, and north of the Greyrock Arch. At this point the ground is about 117 feet above the level of the sea, and the top of the knoll is about thirty feet above the level of the drive. It is the intention of the Park Commissioners to cut away the uneven surface of the rock so that the knoll will be symmetrical. A carriage way and walk will be laid out around the base of the knoll, and footpaths will lead up to the base of the obelisk. Trees will be cut down in order that a good view of the monolith may be had from all points. When the obelisk is put in position there it will be formally presented to the city. Commander Gorringe, of the United States Navy, who brought it to this city in the *Dunoon*, will superintend the erection of the obelisk.

Our Educational Progress.

A PAPER by the late Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears on "Educational Progress in the United States during the last Fifty Years," read at the recent meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, furnishes some facts of general interest. Up to the time of the Revolution, schools were not very numerous except in Massachusetts. In 1633, the first public school was established in New York, 1635 in Boston, 1659 in New Haven, 1683 in Hartford. In Virginia the people petitioned for a school in 1660, and were refused. Grammar schools were established in Maryland in 1773. Girls were excluded from free schools as late as 1781, and not until after 1800 were free schools established in Boston where girls could learn to write. After 1820 public high schools began to be established. President Humphrey says the first school he attended, in about 1800, was kept in a barn. Robert Coram, who wrote in 1791, at Wilmington, Del., said the schools about the country were despicable. Dr. Sears gave his own experience as ten years a pupil and six years a teacher before 1830. The greater part of the whole performance in common schools was radically wrong or sadly defective. In academies the teachers, as a class, were better educated than in common schools. Colleges were few, and the officers and professors had small salaries. In the college where Dr. Sears was graduated the president had $1,200 and the professors from $500 to $800 a year. The year 1837, when the Massachusetts State Board of Education was formed, with Horace Mann as Secretary, may be looked upon as the beginning of the modern epoch of education in this country. This was seven years after the organization of this institute. The difficulties of procuring proper and preventing improper legislation were described in a feeling manner, and the advantages of a State Superintendent of Education were noted. The normal school opens a wide field of thought, entirely new to a majority of primary teachers, and ignorance regarding the points taught in the normal school is the source of most of the failures in primary schools. Teachers' Institutes, held under State auspices, give new views and new impulses, which act ever after. A visit to a City Superintendent of Education and the schools under his charge will show the great extent of the work now done in free schools. No public enterprise contributes so much to the progress of civilization as our schools—there every family is represented. The high school is especially large and important in its influence. There is no danger of tyranny or lawlessness where education is general. During the past 50 years the school system of New England has spread over all the Western States, and in the last ten years has made good progress South.

Mr. Bancroft's Workshop.

GEORGE BANCROFT'S Washington residence, where he does most of his literary work, is a spacious, double brick house, with a stuccoed front, in H Street, near Lafayette Square, and hard by the dwellings of General Beale, Bancroft Davis, and the bankers, Corcoran and Riggs. The residence is three stories, and has a hall in the centre, with large reception, dining and drawing-rooms on each side. These last are handsomely furnished, many mirrors and pictures hanging on the walls, the most conspicuous being a full length figure of the present Emperor of Germany, presented by him to Bancroft when in Berlin. The historian's workshop is on the second floor in a great square room facing the street. In the middle is a huge desk, with many willow and leather chairs of commodious pattern, and a vast number of books, ranged against the walls. There are three other rooms equally stocked with books—some 15,000 in all, remarkable for their selectness—and an ample collection of rare manuscripts. No other American has, it is said, so many valuable documents, military and political, relating to the United States. Bancroft may be seen at the desk from an early hour in the morning hard at work, opposite to a young secretary, copying, verifying and arranging numberless books and manuscripts. He began his history in 1825, and has been engaged on it ever since—a period of 55 years. He expects to finish it, too, though he will be 80 in October. Very few men of his age are so vigorous and capable of prolonged work. He ascribes his robustness to his regular habits, temperate mode of living, and continual outdoor exercise. He would readily pass for a man of 60.

The Banking System of Russia.

THE banking system of Russia is quite worthy of comparison with that of England, France, or the United States. At its head is the Bank of Russia, the magnitude of whose operations has but one or two parallels in the world. It was established soon after the Crimean war to replace the first two Banks of Russia—which were established by Catherine II., in 1769—and their successors. Its affairs are in the main managed by Government officers, but nobles and merchants sometimes give them advice. As the capital of the bank belongs to the State, there are no stockholders, and the profits accrue to the Russian Treasury. The capital is 28,000,000 rubles, and the profits of 1877 were 7,000,000 rubles, a ruble being equivalent to 66 9-10 cents, according to this year's valuation by the United States Treasurer. In 1877 its total operations reached 12,000,000,000 rubles. In 1862 the deposits were 160,000,000 rubles, and ten years later they were 277,000,000. It alone can issue paper money, the Government's currency issues being solely made by its aid, and in the form of bills drawn upon it. On August 27th, 1879, its total circulation consisted of 1,131,000,000 rubles, 794,000,000 issued on its own account, and 415,000,000 on account of its 57 branches. To secure this currency it had only 189,000,000 rubles in coin, and the bills were at a discount of 30 per cent. Besides the national bank there are local banks not less intimately connected with the Government. In 1877, 263 communal banks reported a total capital of 15,000,000 rubles, deposits of 130,000,000, and discounts of 250,000,000, and in 1874, 18 provincial banks made reports, of which particulars are not given. The communal banks are administered more or less directly by the communal Councils, and the provincial banks of the Zemstvo or provincial representative body. In each case the capital and profits are public funds. The Russian commercial banks number 38, with 80 branches, and answer to our joint stock corporations. In 1865 their total capital and reserves were 2,000,000 rubles, in 1870 they were 86,000,000; in 1865 their deposits were 1,450,000 rubles, and in 1879 256,650,000; in 1865 their discounts and advances were 2,300,000 rubles, and in 1879 they were 548,680,000. In 1877 the total operations of these banks reached 24,826,000,000 rubles, or about one-half more than that of the Bank of France in 1878. The profits were 9,600,000 rubles, and the dividends were at the rate of about 9 per cent.

There is also a class of institutions which do work similar to some corporations in our Eastern States which advance money on Western farms. Of these, 11 are joint stock companies, having a capital of 19,000,000 rubles and loans of 118,000,000 rubles on country property, and of 49,000,000 on city property. The other 17 banks of this class are mutual in their character. The largest of this class has a capital of 45,300,000 rubles, and loans in 45 provinces aggregating 746,000,000 rubles. The detailed statistics of this society would alone give a fair idea of the agricultural development and possibilities of no small fraction of the globe. To complete the scheme of banks there must be added 80 establishments which seem to do for personal property pretty much what the banks just spoken of do for real—that is, they are, in part at least, pawnbroker shops, carried on by societies numbering 4,764 members, and doing a business several times larger than their capital of 23,000,000 rubles. These figures are eloquent of a progress which is not usually associated with the Russian name, and afford no slight nor empty prophecy of what Russia might become if its rulers would only recognize the fact that a good small bank is equal to a regiment, and a great one to an army.

A New Anæsthetic.

THE new anæsthetic, bromide of ethyl, as to which such glowing reports have been published in the medical journals, has not altogether justified the sanguine predictions of its advocates. Not long ago, before the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. J. Marion Sims narrated a case in which this agent was employed in the performance of Battey's operation, and the patient died in 21 hours, apparently from the effects of the anæsthetic—the operation not being one of especial peril when performed by an expert surgeon. From his limited experience in the use of the drug, Dr. Sims expressed the opinion that it was not best to employ it in prolonged operations, or where there is organic renal disease. Dr. I. Ott, after a careful series of experiments with the bromide of ethyl, concludes that its anæsthetic effect is due to its action upon the gray matter of the nervous centres. It decreases the frequency of respiration, he thinks, by acting upon the central nervous system, while increasing the pulse-rate and augmenting the blood pressure by direct influence upon the heart. Dr. Sims spoke very cautiously respecting the physiological properties of the new anæsthetic, not having investigated the matter experimentally; but the lesson of a collapse under its use, or at least in probable consequence of it, is one that will deter medical men from acting upon the first enthusiastic statement of those whose reports have thus far governed the formation of medical opinion respecting it. It is claimed, on the other hand, by the advocates of the drug, that the preparation used by Dr. Sims was an extremely poor one, manufactured by inexpert chemists, and that the fatal result was probably due to this fact.

Progress in this Century.

AT the beginning of this century the manufactures of France were valued at $30,000,000, in 1876 at $3,080,000,000. The 15,000 watchmakers of Besançon and the 3,000 jewelers of Paris now turn out goods equal in value to the whole manufactures of the country when this century was born. In the last fifty years commerce has grown twelve times faster than population, having increased eight-fold. Shipping has trebled in fifty years. In forty years the number of lighthouses has more than doubled. Since 1839 the manufacture of wool has been quintupled. Nottingham now makes more lace than all the rest of Europe. The United States makes about 1,000,000 sewing-machines yearly, which can do as much as 12,000,000 women working by hand. The circulation of newspapers multiplied fourteen-fold in fourteen years; in 1840 the world had 3,658, today it has 17,348, requiring 1,470,000 tons of paper in the year. The exportation of books from England has increased tenfold in fifty years. At the beginning of this century there were no public libraries worth speaking of; in 1848 there were 536; since then the number has doubled.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The French Republican Monument on Fete Day.

A special splendor was reserved in the Paris *fêtes* for the Place de la République. The fountain of the Chateau d'Eau having been demolished, and the trees, which spoiled the perspective, uprooted, in the centre of the cleared space was erected a model in plaster, the idea of which had been adopted by the Municipal Council for the ornamentation of this site. This monument is the work of M. Leopold Morice, to whom has been awarded the statue, and M. Charles Morlo, the accompanying architecture. All around were trophies, Venetian masts, girandoles and illuminated borders, while two pyramids were erected at the entrance to La Rue du Temple.

Mueller's "Prometheus."

The German Government has recently purchased and had placed in the National Art Gallery at Berlin a remarkable piece of statuary. The subject is "Prometheus," and the sculptor is Mueller, who, when a boy, was a cook in a Munich hotel. From the size of the group and the sharpness of the outlines, as well as the high artistic merit displayed by the sculptor, the new attraction has become the object of much attention.

The Czar of Russia's New Yacht.

The new Russian Imperial yacht *Livadia*, may without exaggeration be called a floating palace. She is of huge proportions and entirely novel construction, having been designed by the great Russian Admiral Popoff, the inventor of the circular ironclads. The *Livadia* resembles an ordinary vessel, resting upon a substructure shaped like a turbot, the object of this peculiar formation being to render the vessel as steady as possible when at sea, and thus to guard against the horrors of *mal de mer*, against which even Imperial voyageurs are not always proof. The length of the vessel is 240 feet, breadth 150 feet, depth 50 feet, tonnage 11,510, and displacement 4,000, and she has three screws and three sets of engines, which it is expected will give her a speed of fourteen knots an hour. She will be manned by a crew of 260 men, and carry three swift steam launches, two lifeboats, and other boats, eleven in all. The apartments of the Emperor and the suite might compare with some palaces on land.

Jannina and the Greek Frontier.

The diplomatic conference of the six European Powers at Berlin has decided that the Sultan of Turkey shall cede nearly all Epirus and Thessaly to the Kingdom of Greece. Epirus and Thessaly, divided from each other by the Pindus mountain range, occupy that part of the southeastern European peninsula between the Adriatic and Ægean seas. Epirus is the southern portion of what has usually, in modern times, been called Albania, a province of the Turkish Empire. It is situated on the east coast of the Adriatic, just opposite Corfu, which, together with the more southerly Ionian Island, was given up to Greece by the British Protectorate some fifteen years ago. The town of Jannina, in Epirus, is the seat of Turkish provincial government for Epirus and Thessaly together. It owes this political supremacy partly to its central position, but far from the dividing range of mountains, and partly to the great influence and renown obtained early in this century by the famous Ali Pasha. It is in a fertile elevated plain, twenty miles long and seven miles broad, with a lake, the ancient Pambotis, at the foot of Mount Metzikeli, or Tomaros, which rises to 2,500 feet. The lake is six miles long and two miles wide. At its south end is Kastritza, which was the ancient Greek city of Dodona. But the classical temple, grove and seat of the renowned oracle of Dodona were on the western shore of this lake, probably just where the Castle of Jannina stands, upon a rocky peninsula jutting forth into the water. The town was probably of Byzantine foundation, but was of no great historical importance before Ali Pasha's time, from 1798 to 1822. The Porte says it will not surrender Jannina.

Diplomatic Conferences on the Moorish Question.

The diplomatic conferences which were inaugurated in Madrid on the 19th of May last, with the sanction of the Spanish Government, had their origin in a proposition made by Sidi Mohammed Vargas, Minister for Foreign Affairs for the Empire of Morocco, addressed to the consuls at Tangier representing the nations accredited to that empire. The object of this proposition was to determine the relations of Morocco with foreign powers, as marked out in the treaty entered into with Great Britain in 1856, and five years later with Spain, guaranteeing certain rights and protection to foreigners in the Empire of Morocco, and claiming similar privileges for Moorish subjects in strange countries. The representatives of the foreign powers at these recent conferences were: For Spain, His Excellency Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo, President of the Conference; for Austria and Hungary, Count de Ludolf; for the United States, General Fairchild; for Great Britain, Mr. Sackville West; for the Empire of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Vargas; for Portugal, Count Casal Ribiero; for Germany, Count de Solms Sonnenwilde; for Belgium, Mr. Anspach; for France, Admiral Jaurès; for Italy, Count Greppi; for the Low Countries, Mr. Liddewier; for Sweden and Norway, Mr. Ackerman. The proceedings of the Conference dealt with the question of guarantees and personal security, and in a memorandum presented by Count de Ludolf, representing Austria, protection and guarantee was demanded for the Catholic religion in Morocco. The question of the protection of the Jews was not discussed.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—BOSTON has a population of 363,565, an increase of 71,608 in ten years.

—THE decrease in the public debt since August, 1865, has amounted to $635,536,230.

—A LARGE number of emigrants from Germany are about to locate in the State of Georgia.

—THE Massachusetts Prohibitionists will hold a State Convention at Worcester, September 8th.

—A FRENCH sculptor named Emile Jeannin claims to have discovered that caffeine is admirably adapted for stereotyping.

—FRESH orders have been given to French Ambassadors and Consuls abroad to facilitate the return of amnestied Communists.

—THE city authorities of Natchez expect to realize enough money from the drummer tax to pay for the public cisterns recently built.

—THE German Government has expelled from the country some Mormon missionaries, who were making proselytes for their Society.

—A NEW weekly journal, to be called *Saturday Afternoon*, is about to appear in London under the editorship of Mr. Farjeon, the novelist.

—THE population of Oregon will foot up almost 170,000. It was 90,000 ten years ago. The increase is about ninety per cent. This is a remarkable gain.

—THE water in the Petersburg (Va.) reservoirs has become so impure that the Board of Health has warned citizens against using it for drinking purposes.

—A MOTION to reject the Government's proposal for an increase of the income tax was lost in the British Commons by 220 to 94, many Conservatives voting with the Government.

—ROCHESTER is to have a colossal tower surmounted by an enormous statue of Mercury. It will advertise a tobacco factory. The foot of the god is to be twenty-two inches long.

—A LETTER from Havana says the insurrection is virtually ended. The customs revenues during May fell off $1,224,406 as compared with May, 1879, and during June, 1880, $350,745.

—THE Roumanians desire a Minister from the United States, and are, therefore, delaying the acceptance of Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who is designated only as diplomatic agent and Consul-General.

—THE Canton of Schwyz, in Switzerland, has re-established capital punishment and has enacted that executions shall be public. This makes the fourth canton which has restored the punishment of death.

—WAR is threatened between Siam and Burmah over a strip of territory claimed by the latter. The Queen of Siam and her favorite child were drowned June 1st, being run down by a steam-launch in the River Menam.

—SPECIAL dispatches from Vienna state that the Powers will draw up an ultimatum summoning the Porte to fulfill within three weeks the Montenegrin Convention, and, in the event of refusal, a naval demonstration will take place.

—THE official census of the Second District of Kansas—comprising 50 western counties—gives a population of over 355,000; an increase of 275,000 since 1870. The census of the entire State will probably show a population of 1,000,000.

—A DISPATCH from Bucharest says the Turkish Ambassador has received information that Aleko Pasha, Governor of Eastern Roumelia, is treating with the Bulgarians for a union with Bulgaria with the object of dethroning Prince Alexander in his favor.

—CORRESPONDENTS state emphatically that there is no further need of American contributions for Ireland. The potato crop is ripe; blight appears occasionally, and mostly on fields planted with old seed in Southwestern Ireland. There is no apprehension of its spreading. Killarney hotel-keepers say that there are fewer American tourists this season than there have been for years.

—THE total losses by the national banks during the six months ending March 20th, 1880, amounted to $7,563,886. The losses for a corresponding period in 1879 were $10,238,324, and in 1878, $10,993,145. Of these losses during the last six months, $1,208,521.02 was on account of depreciation in the premium upon United States bonds held by the banks, chiefly bonds which were about to mature.

—GREAT interest is felt in China as to the object, scope and seriousness of the errand of the American commissioners now en route to that country, and an anxious feeling is expressed in consequence of their visit being coincident with those of the Spanish and Brazilian Envoys. A peculiar suspicion of joint operation prevails, and distrust of amicable intentions is said to be freely discussed in high quarters.

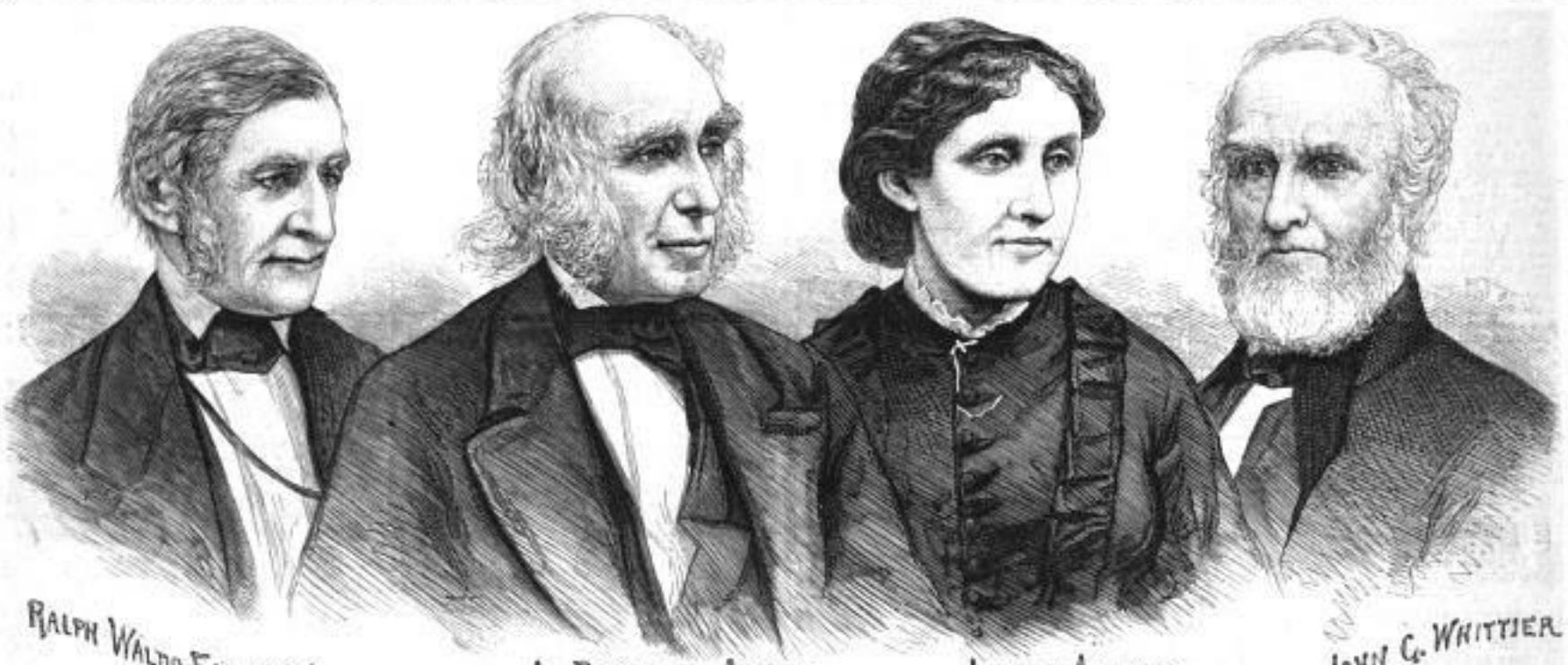
—THE highest percentage of municipal growth shown by the census is that of Denver, which has increased during the decade at the rate of 650 per cent. Minneapolis ranks second, with a rate of 400 per cent., and Oakland, Cal., third, with a rate of 233 per cent. St. Paul and Camden, N. J., share fourth place with the rate of 167 per cent. Grand Rapids, Mich., is credited with 93 per cent.; St. Joseph, Mo., with 87 per cent.; Omaha, Neb., with 79 per cent.; and Atlanta, Ga., with 78 per cent.

—THE year 1880 is destined, it is believed, to be very memorable in the ecclesiastical annals of Germany, inasmuch as not only is it to see Cologne Cathedral completed, but the venerable cathedral of Frankfort-on-Main, part of which was burnt in 1867, restored. Interest in this structure centres in the electoral chapel, in which the Archbishop of Mentz used to crown the German emperors, who were then anointed before the high altar. The first was thus crowned in 1562, the last in 1792.

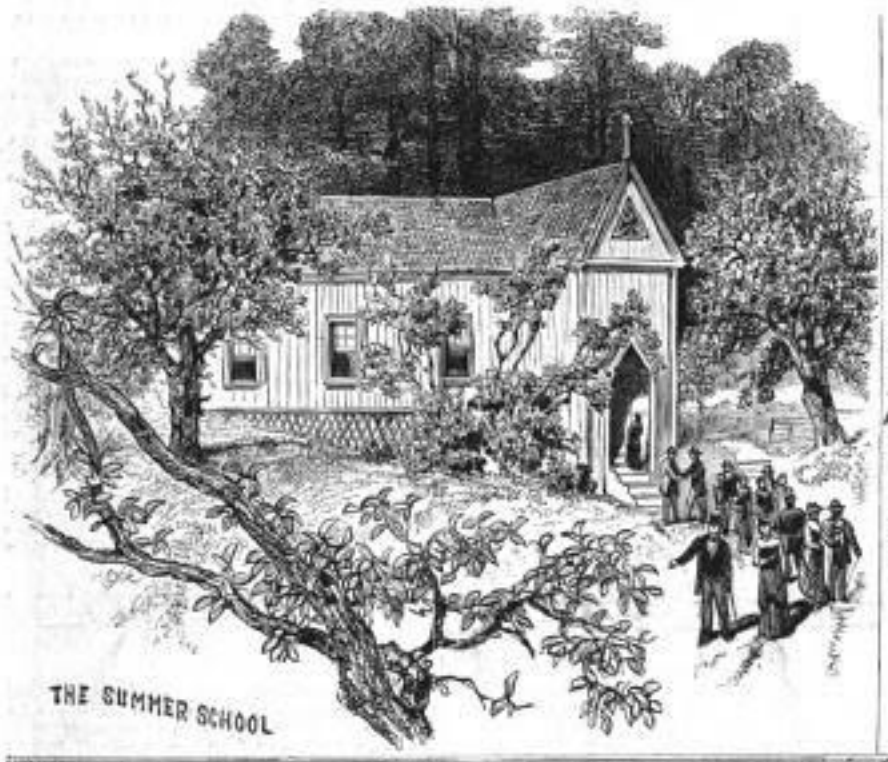
—THE Finance Ministers of the various German States have been in conference at Coburg in order to open up new sources of revenue. It appears that the new taxes and duties voted by Parliament in 1879 have deceived the expectations of the Government. The tobacco duties alone have shown a return of 20,000,000 marks less than was expected. It is, therefore, necessary to invent new means for increasing the revenues. It is believed that the Ministers will propose a tax on all transactions of the Stock Exchange, and increase the taxes on beer and spirits.

—FOR the second time within twenty years, the flourishing city of Manila has been laid in ruins. The total loss of life by recent earthquakes is about 320—a figure which falls a little short of that reached in the terrible earthquake of 1863, but the destruction of property, public and private, seems to have been as great now as then. When the Duke of Alencon visited the Philippines in 1866, he found the whole city temporarily constructed of wood, and, after this new experience, it is not likely that Spain will venture upon the use of any other material in rebuilding this so often devastated capital of her Asiatic empire.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON A. BRONSON ALCOTT LOUISE ALCOTT JOHN G. WHITTIER



THE SUMMER SCHOOL



THE HOME OF MISS ALCOTT.



SCENE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL DURING A LECTURE BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

MASSACHUSETTS.—SECOND TERM OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, IN THE CHAPEL ON THE ORCHARD GROUNDS, CONCORD

FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 398.

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NEW YORK.—A REMARKABLE SCHOOL OF SHARKS ENCOUNTERED IN THE UPPER BAY, OFF BAY RIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 390.

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INTENSE.

HOW could I help it, ma belle Cerise?
How could I stifle my love for you,
When you fixed your hair *à la marquise*
And smiled on me, as you always do,
To show on each dimple a jolly patch?
Such delicate rouge on your rounded cheek,
And your hair and eyebrows *poudrés* to match,
How could I help it? You are so "chic"!

A foot so fine that old Suckling would
Give you a place in a roundelay;
If *I* could write, I know *I* should—
I long to lie at your feet all day,
To touch the hem of your petticoat,
Made after the Flemish in dear Paris;
And on your delicate wrists to note
"Effects" in bangles from over the seas.

Yes, I've a taste for past fashions, you know;
I'd like to go back to Versailles of old,
When all the "unpleasant" passions, you know,
Wore point-de-Venise and filigreed gold.
Ah, you're the most perfect *bric-à-brac*,
You might have been made by *ce cher* Watteau,
On a Sèvres saucer you'd nothing lack!—
Piquante!—from your head to your pointed toe!

Louise, your cousin? Well, you *are* right;
She'd do, after Greuze, but she doesn't try;
She never poses in "chiaro" light,
She's out of drawing, I don't know why—
But if I might always look at you,
I'd not long for "les luxes" in this gray life;
You'd be my Whistler in gold-and-blue,
And I'd ask Louise to be my wife!

MAURICE F. EGAN.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUPPELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MAGUIS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—PETER'S DISCOVERY.

IT is a beautiful morning after the tempestuous night. Count Toboskie, fresh from the dressing-room and the hands of his valet, stands looking out of a window into the street. There is an absent, gloomy look in his eyes and a great ache in his heart; the last night's adventure with Maize has left its effect, and this morning he is restless and discontented. State cares press heavily upon him, and the nation demands his attention; but his mind being in such an unhealthy mood, he has sent word to the royal buildings that he will not be present during the day, and, immersed in bitter meditation, stands staring out of the window, looking but seeing nothing.

At last his mind is brought to his surrounding by strange sounds proceeding from the corridor. They attract his attention, and he turns. Surely there is some sort of a struggle in process, and occasionally he hears the loud, angry voice of his chamberlain in expostulation and command. Then the door of the outer apartment is thrown open and he hears sounds of another struggle as the outraged official of the bedchambers makes one final effort to prevent the intrusion.

"I tell you the count has given strict orders not to be disturbed. If you will persist in a hearing, tell me your business and I will lay it before him, though you don't deserve such consideration, you persevering, gray-headed villain!"

"I must see him myself. Let me go!" This in a dull, strained voice, utterly unfamiliar to the listening noble.

"But you can't see him, stupid fool!" cries the chamberlain. "Do you think I am put here for a farce? I tell you my word is law, and I have been given orders to admit no one. What is your business—official or private?"

Toboskie terminates the altercation by stepping to the door. In the outer chamber he sees in the hands of his chamberlain a man whom he at first takes to be a stranger—a man whose gray hair is in the utmost disorder, as is also his gray attire—and from whose ashen face twitching and quivering spasmodically, two wild, haggard eyes gleam forth filled with horror and misery. The second glance shows him that it is Peter, and he starts with surprise and apprehension.

"What is the matter?" he inquires, sharply.

At his voice Peter breaks from the relaxed grasp of the chamberlain and staggers to the count, while in his throat breaks a great, hoarse cry.

"What is the matter?" repeats Toboskie, and grasping Peter's arm shakes him violently. "Can't you speak? What are you here for?"

Peter essays to respond but his lips are voiceless, and only that vast, wordless cry again breaks from him.

"Fool!" and in a fury the noble shakes him as if he would shake his life out. "Can't you tell me what you are after? Do you come from your master?"

At that question Peter flings up his hands as if he had been stabbed, but has just strength to nod his head.

"Is there anything the matter with him?"

It requires several efforts before Peter can speak, then the words come from him in a shriek, so wild and ungovernable is his agitation:

"*He is dead!*"

For an instant a sensation of faintness sweeps over Toboskie, and he actually feels that he shall drop. Then, overcoming this weakness, he straightens himself and looks sternly at Peter, while his eyes are piercing and incredulous.

"Man, you are mad!"

Again the faithful servant flings up his arms in that gesture of inestimable suffering.

"Mad!" he cries, "oh, my God, I wish I was! but I am not. He is dead, dead, DEAD! Do you hear me? Dead this minute, now, while you and I stand here alive! He is gone—gone for ever. Oh, Lord, and I loved him so! If it had only been me—but to take *him*—him, the only one I had!" Burying his face in his hands Peter's form sways to and fro like a reed. That icy horror, that frozen grief are melted; all the magnitude, the horror, the poignancy of his loss and misery settle upon him, and through his quivering old hands that shield his face rushes a flood of tears.

Toboskie, driven almost wild with fear and suspense, still gives voice to his doubt, though he speaks now mechanically.

"It can't be; you must be mistaken!"

Peter turns like a brute maddened with his torture.

"Mistaken!" he cries, and his voice is shrill and changed. "*Mistaken*, when I saw him with my own eyes stiff and cold; mistaken, when I saw him stretched before me with the blood streaming from his heart! Come with me and see for yourself. *He* loved you, *he* would send for you if he could, but he can't! Oh, my darling, my poor murdered one; and I have held him in my arms oftener than his mother had, and it was for this—for this. Come with me—look at him—see that horrible sight, then tell me I am mistaken!" In his wild agony the old man's manner is really tragic as he staggers from the room; and, giving a few hasty directions to his servant, Toboskie speedily follows.

It is still early morning, none of the upper order being yet astir, and the laboring class busy at their duties; the count and his companion reach Castle Lagors unobserved. With a hand that trembles piteously, Peter inserts the key and opens the door. That supreme silence of the night before reigns over the castle; not a soul is stirring. If tragedy there is, it is evident that the alarm has not yet been given. With that sickening feeling again at his vitals, Toboskie hastens up the grand staircase and on to his friend's chamber, the old man staggering behind. Only an instant he hesitates, then, with a desperate courage, he flings open the door and steps into the chamber.

Ah! yes; death, dealt by crime, has been here. For a second Toboskie stands as if turned to stone, then he reels back as though himself death-smitten, and clutches a chair for support. Prostrate upon the floor is stretched the long, slim form of Count Lagors. He is attired in full dress, and from a spot above the left breast is the stain of the crimson tide that has welled forth and congregated in a dark and congealed pool upon the floor. The face, upturned to the light, is horrible in its purple hue, its contracted muscles, its wide-open, staring eyes filled with an agony and horror incomputable. The thin lips, so perfect in life, are drawn tightly, with hard lines around them, and disclose the teeth and a portion of the discolored tongue; while the hands, locked tightly, lie upon either side of the lifeless form.

It is death, but not in its mysterious majesty, its invincible grandeur; it has not come as the mighty Sovereign of all life; but it is death in its most frightful and ghastly aspect, death dealt by crime and stealth! That unfortunate life, thrust forth into eternity without a moment's warning, has left traces of its struggle and horror in that dark, stiff face; and the two men looking on shudder in mortal horror, and one, tottering across the floor, sinks down beside that ghastly spectacle, his gray hair bent in the blood.

Three times does Count Toboskie pass his hand before his eyes, his face more pallid than the dead; then he, too, staggers across and stands beside his murdered friend. All the friendship of old rises warm and faithful in his breast along with an agony and remorse that have never before touched him. He remembers that this man has been his life-long friend; he also remembers that the last speech between them were words hard and angry—words that now, standing above that lifeless form, he would give ten years of his life to recall.

Like a flash of lightning that last interview sweeps before him, and every circumstance, in his present agitated condition, assumes a different hue. He sees how this dead man came to him for comfort and advice, which he in his Pharisaical righteousness refused. He sees the quivering, sensitive lips of that mouth now set in death, the piteous expression of those eyes as he confessed to a love, which, though perhaps unsanctioned by the dictates of society, should have softened *his* wrath and appealed to *his* sympathy, since he, too, loved!

As he stands there in his rigorous self-examination, his bitter self-denunciation, and brought suddenly face to face with death, a groan is wrung from the breast of this cold and haughty statesman—a groan whose grief and remorse might almost rouse the dead; and for the first time in all the years of his magnificent manhood a mist of tears dims the proud brilliancy of that eagle eye. A self-condemnation fastens upon him for enjoying the blessing of existence while this man, this friend of his youth, stretches in eternal death at his feet.

He glances around the room; everywhere is life—in the cricket that sings in its concealed nook around the hearth—in the birds that have commenced their morning matins, as they swing in their golden cages; in the great Russian bear-hound that has slipped through the open door and crouches in one corner with his gaze fixed upon his master; in that old man kneeling, broken-hearted with his gray locks in the life-blood; in himself as he stands stricken with his horror and remorse—everything is reveling in the glories of existence, save that frozen, ghastly thing at his feet, from which the haughty, erring, luxurious life has been quenched for ever.

He is dead, Count Nicholas Lagors, and his illustrious family is at last extinct. This thought rouses the man who stands above the corpse like a block of marble, and, stooping, he places his hand upon the breast. A minute's waiting convinces him that all life is extinct, and this last hope fled, he lays his hand gently upon the bent, gray head of Count Lagors's faithful friend and servitor.

"Peter," he says, and his tones hold that wondrous sweetness which at rare intervals characterizes them. But the man lays motionless. "Peter, you must rouse yourself," continues Toboskie, and his voice is a trifle husky, "rouse yourself, my boy, and try to give me some coherent account of this horrible affair."

Still no sign or motion of life from that stiff, gray figure, and the noble is half-inclined to believe that *his* life has also fled. He moves his hand around to the brow that has suddenly grown aged and wrinkled, and finds that it is parched and burning with a raging fever. Thus assured, he continues:

"It does not need for me to be told how bitter and miserable is this blow that has fallen upon us. Did not I, too, love him?"

From that dead breast, with its life-gore, Peter lifts his head—lifts it with a slow, dazed gesture, though in his haggard eyes is a fierce light as he spreads his hands out over the dead in a peculiar, protecting way, as though even in death he was jealous of his idol, and still claimed him as his entire possession, and his *alone*.

"You may have loved him!" he cries, with a savage scorn and pain; "but what was your love to mine? Have you lived with him all your life? Have you worked and sinned for him, and hidden his evil away from the world as you would hide pestilence? Have you been beaten and kicked by him, and suffered all manner of abuse, yet known at the same time that you were all in all to him—that life would not be possible apart from you? Have you loved him with all your heart—you, who parted with him not a week ago in hard words and bitterness. Oh, my God!" he lifts his gray, agonized face, and shudders as the light of the day smites it. "I never gave him a hard word or a hasty one! I loved him—loved him always; as mothers love their children—as Christians their God. Yet he is gone—gone, and the sun shines and the flowers bloom, and the world moves *just* the same! I can't bear it—I *can't!*" Through the silence of that luxurious chamber floats the wailing cry of that breaking, crushed-out soul. Before such grief as this Count Toboskie stands silent. He knows that this man has loved the dead with a love of which he has known nothing—boundless in its might, grand in its patience and humility, and reaching to sublimity in its faithfulness.

He stands silent. He suddenly feels that he has no right to interfere with this man's woe. He has purchased his title to grief through a life-long fidelity and love, and his sorrow is sacred. At last Peter staggers to his feet and turns his heavy, haggard eyes upon Count Toboskie.

"What is to be done?" he says.

"First of all the authorities must be notified;" but as he speaks, Toboskie shudders. Not even the sanctity of death is allowed him—this poor murdered noble. All this horror must be dragged before the public—this purple, distorted corpse viewed by a hundred inquisitive eyes. He thinks of that long line of counts sleeping beneath their marble tablets; and yet what must this lifeless body—this ghastly thing that represents the last of the powerful and haughty Lagors—what humiliation must be swept upon it ere it, too, reposes among the honored remains of those illustrious noblemen.

He thinks of the haughty, unbending, sensual life of this dead man—that life entirely given over to pursuits of sin and pleasure, and upon his brow starts out dank dews of a painful horror as he realizes to what, in death, he is reduced—this noble, who has gone through existence like a conqueror; who has known no touch of want, or toil, or hardship; who has been far removed from all contamination of that class before which his dead body must be exposed.

Stronger than every other tie is that freemasonry of aristocrats, that bond that binds together the haughty conservatives of rank and power. Such a tie as this united Toboskie to this figure at his feet, and a shame and bitterness settle upon him as he realizes that the prestige and proud distinction of a state funeral—that honor and glory shown the dead of their rank—must be abandoned for the common court of justice.

In years gone by the Lagorses have been a numerous race, and have died many deaths. Their bones bleach upon battle-fields, and lie buried in ocean beds. Others, still further back and in times of war and rebellion, have with smiles laid their heads upon the block, rather than sacrifice their views of the kingdom. But this one at his feet, this poor, slaughtered noble, stricken down in the dark, murdered by some paltry enemy without sufficient courage to confess his vengeance—slain as shamefully as swine—he is the first to meet such a death. And it is well that he is the last of his race, that none survive him to bear the shame. With one final struggle with his clannish pride and fidelity that adheres to the noble even in death, Toboskie's resolution is taken.

"Peter," he says, and his tone is gloomy and bitter. "Peter, Count Lagors is ours no longer, he belongs to the people."

Again that cry of great pain escapes Peter, and again he spreads out his hands over the dead.

"He is *mine!* They shall not have him," he cries, fiercely. "He belongs to me and to no one else. When he was alive I was his all, even as he was mine. No one shall see him, no one touch him but me. Oh, my dear one, gone from me for ever, never to hear his voice, never again to feel his touch! Dead—dead, and what a death! stricken down as you would fell a brute, wounded, bleeding, dying, and I only a step away—slaughtered and left to die alone! And how he must have suffered! Look at this gash in his breast, see his eyes! Oh, God! if I could get that look out of them—that horrible, wild, agonized look! How he suffered!" In his delirious anguish the broken, almost incoherent, words break from him as he wrings his quivering hands and lives through that scene of horror of the night before.

"All you can say will make no difference, my poor man," says Toboskie, gently. "The remains of your master must be handed over to the authorities, that is the first step we can take. A foul and dastardly crime has been committed, but I pledge you my word that the perpetrator shall be brought to justice."

Once more Peter lifts his haggard, sunken face, filled with its passionate grief, its savage wrath, its desperate purpose.

"*I* will do that—*I* will avenge the slaughter of Count Nicholas Lagors." His voice is low and hoarse, while his sunken eyes gleam like a maddened brute's. "I know his murderess—God curse her! the white-faced, golden-haired sorceress! I would recognize her among ten thousand—this daughter of Satan, with her angel face. I felt that she brought evil when she came. Oh! my master, my master! Here, above his dead body, I swear to hunt his murderess to her death!"

His gray hair is stained with the blood, his face ashen as the dead; his eyes, sunken and fierce, gleam with a fire never again to be quenched, and his hands are locked upon that lifeless breast. As Toboskie hears his wild words and that solemn vow, which will be religiously kept by this poor, ignorant, faithful soul that knew but one god, his master, a shudder convulses him, and he remains silent a minute.

"If you have any knowledge or suspicion of the murderer," he says, finally, "keep it to yourself. Do not speak a word upon the subject. Your testimony, which I hope will be instrumental in convicting the guilty one, must be reserved for the court. Remain here while I seek some one to notify the authorities."

He goes out of the chamber of death, and as he steps into the corridor a speck of gleaming light attracts his attention to the floor. Stooping, he picks it up and sees that it is a corner of gold lace, rare and valuable, and of a peculiar pattern that he has never seen but once before—upon the ball-dress that Maize wore last night. For an instant he stands motionless; then under the smooth and dusky skin of his haughty face the proud blood comes and goes swiftly, and he staggers back and leans against the wall of the corridor for support. A horrible, deathly sickness is upon him, and his brain is in a chaotic mass. When it clears there rushes upon him the memory of that history imparted to him by that dead noble but a few weeks before his death—that history that gave a line of secret but invincible connection to his life and that of the woman of Toboskie's love.

Maize! Maize!

The name floats through his brain, and a mortal fear, a shuddering cowardice are upon him. A wild and almost uncontrollable impulse has seized him to flee from this terrible tragedy—to take his idol and himself far away from this crimson mystery that has struck him with a sudden terror and dread! Then his head clears. His strong and powerful brain asserts itself, and in his sudden composure that chill, proud smile sets upon his lips—that smile that bespeaks better than all else, the haughty supremacy, the cold dominance of this man's nature.

He looks at the lace, then places it calmly in his pocket. In no way, he tells himself, can the woman of his Pagan worship be connected with this tragedy. If she were—a brief spasm of pain flits athwart the stony composure of his dark face, and his breath breaks from him sharply—if by any possible means the guilt of this crime could be attached to her, well, it were right and proper that he and the world should know her sin.

Again he smiles, that cold, mirthless smile, as he thinks of the madness of this idea, and passes down the corridor intent upon his miserable duties.

CHAPTER XXV.—LADY JET.

AND now, in pursuing this narrative, and after begging the reader's indulgence, we must take him to new scenes and characters, which, though strange, are none the less necessary and important.

Our story being strictly Russia, we must not fail to present another well-known feature in Russian life—that of exiling unfortunates to Siberia. And to this land, amidst the horror and gloom of an eternal Winter, we invite the reader's attention.

The population of Siberia, it is well known, is about 4,000,000, mostly occupying the river valleys of the south. A large part of the inhabitants are exiles from Russia, whence 12,000 criminals are banished yearly. The worst are condemned to labor in the mines, while the others take their families with them and occupy small grants of land. In the east of Siberia are the famous gold mines, in the working of which thousands of exiles are employed. Here these miserable unfortunates, victims of the rigorous execution of the law, toil from dawn until nightfall, their lives passing in the gloom and bitterness of the mines. And it is a brutal, cruel punishment—worse than death—that dooms the hapless victims of Russia's severity to drag their lives through the endless torture of an existence like this. Here, in these mines, are found the proudest of the Russian aristocracy; nobles under the ban of royal displeasure; peers of all grades; statesmen accused of treason; warriors adhering to views prohibited by the Emperor; knights, earls and counts, chained in this horrible, common existence, to criminals of the deepest dye—human brutes, blood stained and sunk beyond redemption. Here all mingle in one miserable, revolting mass—monuments to that despotism that draws no line of distinction between the dissenting noble and the blood-dyed wretch of the slums. These gangs of exiles are presided over by officers appointed by the Russian Government, the superior official of all, in the settlement of which we are writing, being Count Karl Zickwoff.

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Upon the morning which we have selected to introduce him and his miserable colony, the count can be found in his domains, which are situated but a short distance from the mines. He is a tall, military man, and shows himself to a good advantage as he stands this morning in the breakfast-room, gazing absently out of the window at this frozen, ice-girt land of his adoption. He is a man perhaps sixty years of age, with a dark, stern face that shows no traces of sentiment of any kind. He was once, years ago, one of the most powerful rulers of his land; but in the height of his glory and supremacy he was smitten with a deadly blow in the death of his wife, the only being to whom he was ever sincerely attached, and, growing to loath the land where she died, he renounced his high order as a statesman, petitioned for this office, which was readily granted him, and, with his motherless child, came to this foreign land in the hope of forgetting his misery. Whether he has succeeded no one will ever know. His life is a shut-up book, which includes no weaknesses or confidents. He is a loyal subject to his Emperor and devoted to his cause.

As he stands now in moody contemplation a step sounds, and he looks up. Through the door comes a woman, evidently an upper servant. Her tall, slim form is clad in a plain cloth dress; her face is remarkable, not so much for its beauty as for the sadness and pathos that rests like a vail upon it; her features are small, dark, and straightly-shaped, her eyes large, pathetic, appealing, and hair once dark now plentifully strewn with gray. Her motions are easy and even graceful as she comes forward and arranges the breakfast-table with a few touches

"Where is your mistress, Phedora?" inquires the count.

"She has not yet come down, my lord," replies the woman, and her voice is low and sad, but sweet with a mournful melody.

The count frowns.

"Go at once and tell Lady Jet that breakfast waits," he commands, sternly.

The woman disappears from the dining-room and goes out to a long hall extending through the centre of the house, which is furnished with a degree of luxury surprising in this far-off land. Up the stairs she goes, passing down another hall, until she comes to a broad door, which she opens, and steps into a chamber elegantly appointed, and which is the commencement of a suite of apartments of similar elegance. It is a fairy bower, and over all is a soft, rich dusk, sweet with the rare perfume of many flowers. Hangings of amber satin richly embroidered adorn the walls, along with paintings from the oldest masters; in every available place are divans and easy-chairs, and the floor is a strange mixture of white and amber velvet carpets, fur and Turkish rugs; in every fireplace through the golden bars gleam the crimson coals, and through the purple scented dusk flashes the calm clear faces of rare statues.

The queen of this royal abode is not yet visible, and Phedora hesitates. Then from the inner apartment of all comes a sweet, sharp voice:

"Phedora!"

"Yes, my lady."

"Come here."

The woman obeys, and as she enters the apartment a small, brilliant figure rises from a couch where she has lain half buried in marabout, eider, and gold-hued cushions

(*To be continued.*)

HON. HORACE RUSSELL,

JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF NEW YORK.

HON. HORACE RUSSELL, recently appointed Judge of the Superior Court to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Chief-Justice Curtis, is still a young man, having been born in Franklin County, New York, on June 19th, 1843. His father was Charles Russell, a well-known merchant and farmer of that county, who represented his district in the Assembly in 1857 and 1858. Horace entered Dartmouth College in 1861, graduating with honors in 1865. He then entered the Law School of Harvard University, where he studied for a year under Governor Washburne, Chief-Justice Parker, and Theophilus Parsons. He next studied law in the office of ex-Judge William C. Brown, of Ogdensburg, and having been admitted to the Bar in October, 1866, commenced practice as partner of the Hon. H. H. Vary, then District-Attorney of St. Lawrence County. In 1869 he accepted a law partnership in this city with the Hon. William H. Waring, late member of Assembly from Kings County. On the accession of District-Attorney Phelps, in 1872, Mr. Russell was appointed one of the Assistant District Attorneys, and held that position until his appointment to the bench. During his career as Public Prosecutor he has tried a number of most important cases. In January last he was appointed Judge Advocate General on the staff of Governor Cornell, and in that position displayed marked ability in disposing of cases submitted to him for review. He is a stanch Republican in politics, and during the past ten years has taken an active part in the various campaigns. He is a member of the Union League Club, the University Club, the Young Men's Republican Club, and various other Republican organizations, and is an intimate friend of Vice-President Wheeler. The new Justice was married to a daughter of ex-Judge Hilton in 1868.

THE HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN MONUMENT.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the great Swedish story-teller, whose writings have delighted hundreds of thousands of children all over the world, has had a monument erected to his memory in Copenhagen. It was unveiled on June 26th, with services that were doubly appropriate by reason of the large number of children who participated. Andersen was born April 2d, 1805, and died in August, 1875. Although he had suffered many years from poverty, and in middle life had been enabled to travel considerably, the vast hold he had in his latter days on the heart of the public was due, not to the finished volumes he wrote for mature minds, but to the narratives he composed, such as "Fairy Tales," for the special interest of the little folks. His language was choice, picturesque, natural, and none of his adroit and absorbing stories are aught but pure, instructive and ennobling. His contributions to the mass of child's literature will last for generations; and doubtless many of the juveniles whose affections he held in his great heart will envy their fellow-readers of Denmark the privilege of visiting his last resting-place, of recalling again the delights of his tales beside the appropriate monument that a grateful people have erected to his memory.

BRITISH DISASTER IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE British army has met with another terrible disaster in Afghanistan, at a time when preparations were being hastened for the evacuation of that country. An Afghan army from Herat, led by Ayoob Khan, almost annihilated General Burrows's brigade near Candahar, and forced General Primrose to retire with his troops into the citadel of that city.

The intelligence was first announced in the British House of Commons on Wednesday, July 28th, by the Marquis of Hartington, the Secretary of State for India. After reading the dispatch from the Governor of Bombay, the marquis added that General Phayre had been instructed to collect all available forces and march at once to Candahar. Later in the day further telegrams were received which indicated that the disaster was but little worse than at first supposed. General Burrows's forces numbered between 2,000 and 3,000 men, and was composed of Horse Artillery I and E, a company of sappers, six companies of the Sixty-sixth, two squadrons of Scinde horse, one regiment of Bombay cavalry, and the First and Thirteenth Native Infantry. The army under Ayoob Khan was stronger than was expected, consisting of 12,000 men and 36 guns, well served.

General Burrows's brigade had been detached from the Candahar garrison to co-operate with Shere Ali, whom the British appointed Wali of Candahar, against Ayoob Khan, the aspirant to the Ameership. When Shere Ali ordered his forces to retire towards Girishk, his infantry deserted in a body, but were pursued by General Burrows, who recovered the guns and wagons they had carried off. Weakened by the desertion of Shere Ali's infantry, General Burrows effected a retrograde movement to Kushk-i-Nakud, thirteen miles nearer Candahar. Ayoob Khan's forces had reached the Helmund River above Girishk, and spies reported that he had crossed that river at Hyderabad, and that 4,000 Ghazis had joined him, while parties of his cavalry were foraging near the British camp. It would seem as if the Indian Government felt some misgiving with regard to General Burrows's position, for a fortnight ago a reserve division in Scinde was placed under orders for active service. The division comprises a battery of artillery, one battalion of British and two regiments of native infantry, and one regiment of native cavalry. By moving this force quickly to the front the Quettah and Pishoen contingents can be relieved for active duty under General Phayre. Ayoob Khan's forces will doubtless make a rush on Candahar, but as the recent crop reports are very satisfactory the garrison will probably be well provisioned.

How the Prince Imperial Died

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, who accompanied the ex-Empress Eugénie to Zululand, has sent to the papers a description of the death of the Prince Imperial, collected from the independent narratives of eighteen of the Zulus who participated in the attack upon the Prince's party, and showing that the attacking party numbered forty, twelve of whom followed the Prince, and eight being immediately concerned in his death. The Zulus, having nearly surrounded the Prince's party, fired, and rushed on them as they were mounting. The Prince not having succeeded in mounting, ran alongside his horse until it broke away. The Prince followed the horse into the donga, until, being closely pressed by his pursuers, he turned upon them—in the words of the Zulus—"like a lion at bay." Being struck by an assegai inside the left shoulder, he rushed at the nearest opponent, who fled. Another Zulu then fired at the Prince, when only ten yards from him. The Prince fired his pistol and faced his rapidly increasing foes, until, menaced from his right and rear, and struck by another assegai, he regained the level on which he had first stood in the donga, where he was speedily surrounded. He seized an assegai which had been thrown at him—in struggling with his terrified horse his sword had fallen from its scabbard—and thus defended himself against seven or eight Zulus, who state they did not dare to close in on him until he sank exhausted on his hips. The above facts were elicited from the Zulus, who were examined separately on the scene of the attack. It may be remarked that this is the first correct description of the affair that has yet been published.

A Priest's Timely Bequest.

THE will of the late Rev. Thomas Farrel, Pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, in this city, was offered for probate in the Surrogate's office yesterday. The testator died comparatively poor, owing to the largeness of his benevolence among the needy during his lifetime. Among his bequests is one of $3,000, in trust, to aid in the purchase or erection of a Catholic church in this city for the use of colored Catholics. He desires that this church shall be located in a part of the city convenient for the attendance of the colored people, and says:

"My motive in making a bequest for the benefit of the colored people is simply this: I believe that the white people of the United States have inflicted grievous wrong on the colored people of African descent; and I believe that Catholics have shamefully neglected to perform their duties towards them. I wish, then, as a white citizen of these United States and a Catholic, to make what reparation I can for that wrong and that neglect. I hope that God will accept the reparation, and avert from these United States, so dear to me, and from the Church of God I love so well, any punishment they may have deserved by their injustice and neglect. And I empower and command my executors, hereafter mentioned, if within three years after my death no steps shall have been taken by the Most Reverend Archbishop and the priests of this city for the purchase or erection of a Catholic church for the colored Catholics of New York, to hand over and pay the last above mentioned $5,000 Alabama State bonds to the asylum or home for colored people or children now located at One Hundred and Forty-third Street, Western Boulevard of this city, for their protection and support."

Excursion to Mount Vesuvius.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Naples: "Excursionists have now added to their Summer trips a visit to the summit of Vesuvius. Cheap trains have been arranged, and from Rome and elsewhere crowds come to run up the cone. On Saturday night it was brilliantly lit up with electric lights which dazzled all the bay, while from the crater, which is in a state of partial eruption, flames were shot up as if in resentment at the puny efforts of its rival. The exhibition continued till dawn. It is expected that these visits will be repeated during the Summer, and, leaving Rome in the middle of the day of Saturday, much may be done by the visitors before they get back to business on Monday morning. Vesuvius can be scaled on the night after their arrival. Then, on Sunday, excursion steamers will take them to Sorrento and on to the Blue Grotto of Capri for the price of about 40 cents, while another will carry off a portion of the crowd to Procida and Ischia, returning in ample time for the night train to Rome. Thirty years ago realities such as these would have been ridiculed as dreams. There are fifteen electric lights used for these night trips, each equal to about forty gaslights, the effulgence being extraordinary, but far eclipsed by that of the streams of lava, which can be seen and traced as they course madly down the mountain. A thousand objects of interest which in the olden time have fascinated the traveler have been missed; but who cares for them? The mountain has been seized, and that is enough to talk about. Vesuvius will, however, some day or other, have the last word." It is stated that an eruption commenced on July 25th.

Recent Discoveries at Babylon.

AMONG the antiquities recently received at the British Museum from the excavations at Babylon is a fine clay cylinder of Antiochus the Great, containing sixty lines of cuneiform writing in a perfect state of preservation. The inscription presents a good deal of variety from the alphabet of the same type which was used in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, but the language is to all intents and purposes the same that is found in Babylonian documents dating three centuries earlier; and the legend itself, recording the repairs by the king of the two great temples of Babylon, together with prayers for the royal protection of the tutelary divinities Nebo and Merodach, exhibits the stereotyped phrases with which all Assyriologists are familiar. The chief interest, therefore, of the document consists, not in any direct historical discovery, but in the evidence which is afforded that official records, of the same type as the early cylinders of Nineveh and Chaldæa, were deposited in the temples of Babylon long after the date of the Macedonian conquest, and in the hope which we are thus authorized to entertain that contemporary accounts of the campaigns of Alexander and his successors will be brought to light as excavations are continued in the mounds of Amran and Jamjameh, from whence, it is understood, all the recent relics, including the cylinders and tablet of Cyrus the Great, have been exhumed. At the personal solicitation of Sir Henry Layard before he left Constantinople, the Sultan was pleased to extend for another two years, dating from next Spring, the period during which the employés of the British Museum are to be permitted to continue their excavation of the mounds of Assyria and Babylonia.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. de Ujfalvy is to leave Paris at the end of the Summer on his new journey of exploration in Central Asia.

Dr. Hermann Muller's long-promised work on Alpine flowers is being printed, and will be published towards the end of the year.

The Museum at Toerzol, in Central Asia, has been enriched by several hundred specimens of birds obtained during a recent zoological survey of Küldja.

The Russian Government has granted a subsidy of 4,500 marks to Professor E. P. Aspelin, to enable him to undertake archæological investigations in Esthonia and Lithuania.

The Commission for the construction of the trans-Saharan Railway has determined that this great work shall be preceded by the establishment of a telegraphic line connecting Algiers with St. Louis in Senegal *via* Timbuctoo.

A Society for prosecuting the systematic excavation of ancient sites in Egypt is in process of formation. Several Egyptologists have promised their support. Miss Edwards is contemplating a lecture tour in the United States, with the object of assisting the fund.

Two Biological Expeditions are to be dispatched this Summer to the northern provinces of Russia. One will explore Lapland, the other the Mourman coast of the White Sea. To the former the St. Petersburg Society of Naturalists has allotted 1,000 roubles, and a similar sum to the latter.

The Collections in Natural History and ethnography brought home from the coasts of Siberia and Eastern Asia by the *Vega* are to be exhibited in the old hall of the Royal Library at the Palace, Stockholm. Baron Nordenskjöld invites naturalists and geographers to visit the collection.

Dr. M. C. Cooke, having been placed by the India Office at the disposal of the authorities of the Royal Gardens, Kew, has now entered upon his duties as cryptogamist attached to the Herbarium, and will for the present take charge of the collections of non-vascular cryptogams.

M. Ferry, French Minister of Public Instruction, presided at the first meeting of a commission established for the improvement of popular publications. It has been resolved that a sub-commission shall decide what works shall be rewarded and what subjects proposed by way of competition.

The Number of lions in Algeria is fast diminishing, and it is expected that the animals will soon be extirpated from the colony. As there is an increasing demand for public exhibitions at fairs and zoological gardens, an establishment has been formed at Bona, by a private individual, for lion-breeding.

Natural Caverns of enormous size—one being 600 feet long—has been discovered within the last few days in the neighborhood of West Harptree, near Wells, in Somerset, England. The investigations are still being carried on, and the discoveries have excited some interest among antiquaries and archæologists.

M. Tresca, whose name has been connected with the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers for about twenty-five years, no longer belongs to that establishment. His office has been suppressed by a recent decision of M. Tirard, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. This unexpected resolution has created some sensation in the Paris scientific world.

Mr. L. Fletcher, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford, has been appointed to succeed Professor Story Maskelyne as Keeper of the Mineral Department of the British Museum. Mr. Fletcher was appointed first assistant in the department a little over three years ago, and the energy and ability with which he discharged the duties of that appointment promise well for the future of the Mineral Department.

Two Important Accessions have recently been received by the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, Kew. The corporation of Carlisle has transferred to it the herbarium of Dr. Goodenough, who was formerly Bishop of the Diocese, and who died in 1827. This is rich in specimens of plants cultivated at Kew and Chelsea in the end of the last century, but which have hitherto been very imperfectly represented in the Kew Herbarium. The very extensive collections of mosses accumulated by the late Professor Schimper, of Strasburg, and upon which his well-known works upon this group of plants were based, has been purchased from Professor Schimper's family by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and also presented to Kew.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. ROEDERER, the head of the great champagne house, died at Rheims, France, July 28th.

GENERAL G. G. DIBRELL, Democrat, has been renominated for Congress in the Third Tennessee District.

GENERAL GRANT has been elected President of the San Pedro and Canon Del Agua Mining Company, the property of which is located in New Mexico.

SAMUEL MARLIN, a well-known resident of Kennett Square, Pa., recently deceased, has left by will $35,000 to various educational establishments in the State.

MRS. HAYES is soon going to Fremont to put her remodeled house in order for future residence. Her son, Webb Hayes, will, it is said, become a merchant in Toledo next Spring.

DR. MARION SIMS, Dr. Edward L. Keyes and Dr. Fordyce Barker are receiving, during their Summer vacation abroad, deserved attention in Paris from French surgeons and physicians.

PROFESSOR HENRY W. PAUL, a Dartmouth graduate, has gone to Tokio, Japan, to teach astronomy. He will receive $4,000 a year and house-rent free. His engagement is for three years.

QUEEN OLGA of Greece has a kitchen so admirable in all its appointments as to be the wonder of that classic land. It may be said that she has made cooking a fashionable accomplishment in Greece.

COLONEL J. L. YOUNG, of Union, S. C., has been appointed Deputy United States Commissioner to gather and arrange the products of that State for the great national exhibition in New York in 1883.

JUSTICE MILLER, of the United States Supreme Court, rests himself by reading novels. He is a great diner-out. He was thirty years old before he began to study law. Previously he was a physician.

GENERAL HANCOCK, in addition to his present duties, has been assigned to the command of the Department of the South, during the temporary absence of Brigadier-General C. C. Augur, United States Army, on detached service in Washington.

MR. WHITTENBAKER has been librarian of the University of Virginia fifty-four years. His commission was signed by Thomas Jefferson himself, January 30th, 1826, only a few months before his death and a year after the University was opened.

JOSEPH STRONG CURTIS, son of George Ticknor Curtis, of New York, who is a distinguished mineralogist and mining expert on the Pacific Coast, has been appointed Special Census Expert in connection with the Geological Survey of Nevada and California.

MRS. HARRIET GIRARD CLARK, the widow of the late Dr. John Tartley Clark and last surviving niece of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, died in Philadelphia July 26th. Her first husband was Baron Henry D'Allemand, a General of artillery under the first Napoleon.

MR. RUSKIN has consented to run against Mr. Bright as a Conservative candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. Mr. E. A. Freeman has been nominated by the Liberal students of St Andrew's University as their candidate for the Rectorship now held by Lord Selborne.

ON her return to England at the end of this month, the Empress Eugénie will only stay for a few days at Chiselhurst, as she intends to spend the Autumn at Arenenberg, her beautiful place on Lake Constance. Before going to Switzerland, the Empress will pay a visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne.

A PORTRAIT of ex-Governor A. H. Reeder, the first Territorial Governor of Kansas, is to be placed in the executive office at Topeka. The painting represents Governor Reeder in the guise of a deck-passenger escaping from Kansas City on the steamer *A. B. Chambers*, in 1856, when the armed invaders of the State sought to take his life on account of his devotion to freedom.

THE Orphans' Court of Philadelphia has finally settled up the estate of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, just seventy-four years after his death. The principal asset consisted of shares owned by the decedent in the North American Land Company, which by his will were left to his wife and her issue. The final settlement of the estate divides $19,385 between the Hepburn estate and Robert Morris, as next of kin.

MR. CARL PETERSON, whose name is connected with some of the most renowned Arctic explorations, died at Copenhagen on June 24th. Mr. Peterson was a born Dane, but had lived many years in Greenland, and had there acquired a perfect knowledge of the Esquimaux language, being at the same time a most skilled hunter and fisherman. At the age of thirty-seven he was engaged by Captain Penny as interpreter, and accompanied his expedition in the years 1850-'51. Some years later he followed Dr. Kane on his unfortunate expedition, when the vessel had to be left in the ice and the crew were nearly starved and frozen to death.

CONSTANTINE HERING, M. D., the founder of homeopathic practice in this country, and a physician of great eminence both here and in Europe, died suddenly in Philadelphia, July 23d. This famous physician was born in Oschatz, Saxony, January 1st, 1800. He was a student and an explorer of the realms of nature from his boyhood. From 1811 to 1817 he attended the classical school at Zittau, where he made some fine collections. Thence he went to Dresden and Leipsic to study medicine and surgery, and, picking up some of Hahnemann's books, was profoundly impressed with the maxim, "Similia similibus curantur." At his graduation his thesis was on "The Medicine of the Future," and on the 23d of March, 1826, he received his degree of M. D. from the University of Wurzburg. He came to this country in 1833. It is said that Dr. Hering, when a young man, was betrothed to a daughter of the poet Richter, but the engagement was broken off.

PRINCESS ZORKA, who, it is stated, is to be married to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, is the favorite child of the ruler of Montenegro. Krasjavy, the Croatian artist, describes her as a "charming, well-trained, sweet child, slender and agile as a roe, and with deep, soulful eyes." She was the only Montenegrin maiden whom the artist was permitted to paint. "When I showed her the finished portrait," he says, "she was so pleased that she asked, in the naivest manner possible, 'And am I, then, so beautiful?' To which I could only answer with the excuse that my work did not do justice to the original." She is not the first *fiancée* that rumor has given to Prince Alexander. It was said quite lately that he was to marry Miss Vesnpoff, the daughter and co-heiress, with her younger sister, of a Russian prince, who is popularly credited with being the Czar's wealthiest subject. The Muscovite millionaire's income is chiefly derived from house property in the Russian capital, and not very long ago he was prosecuted by the police authorities of St. Petersburg for allowing his tenements to fall into decay and to lack the commonest sanitary appliances prescribed by law, so that an epidemic broke out among his tenants. It appears, however, that his daughter was an amiable and clever young lady, who would have brought the ruler of Bulgaria a dowry of $10,000,000. The Emperor of Russia was believed to have arranged this match, but for some reason it was never brought to pass.

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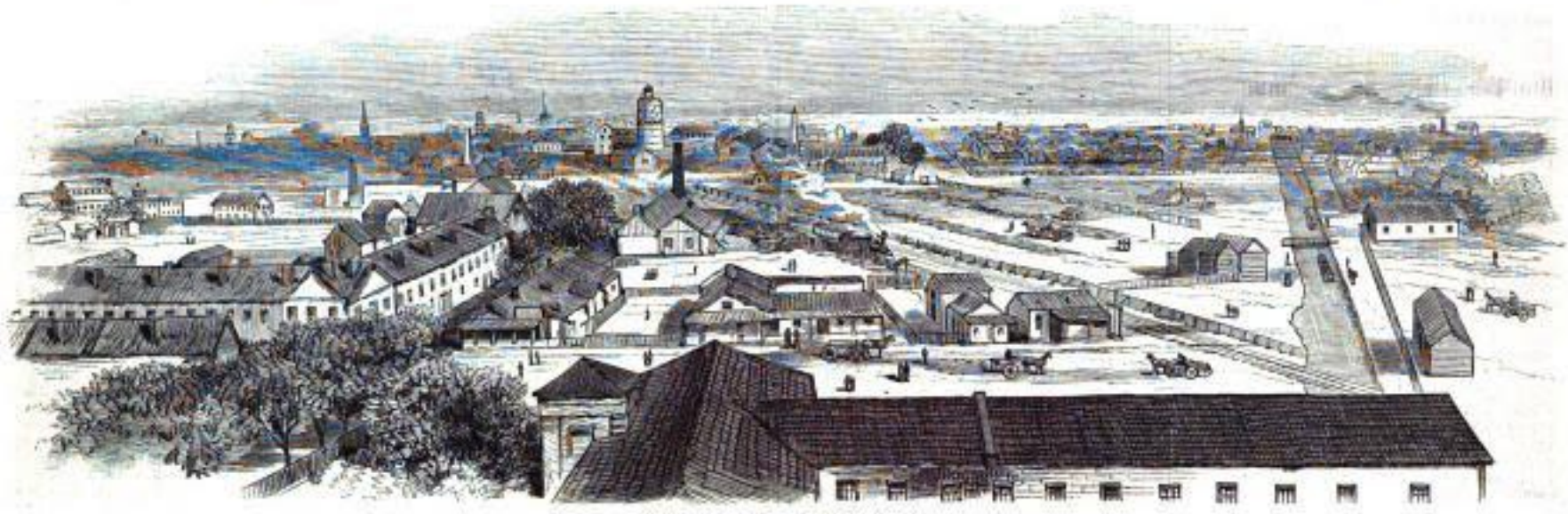
THE COURT HOUSE.



WHEELHOUSE OF THE CANAL.



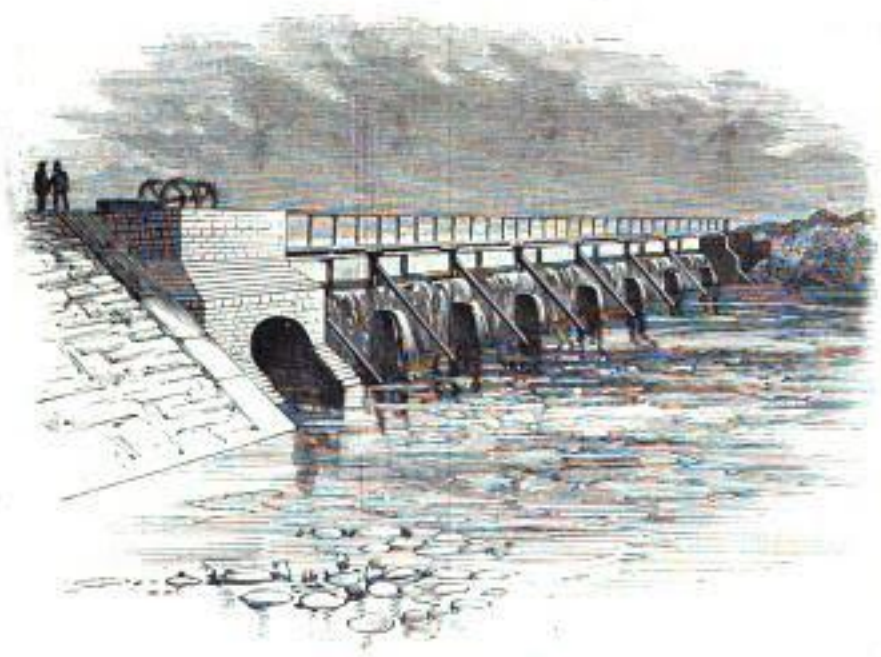
THE MASONIC TEMPLE.



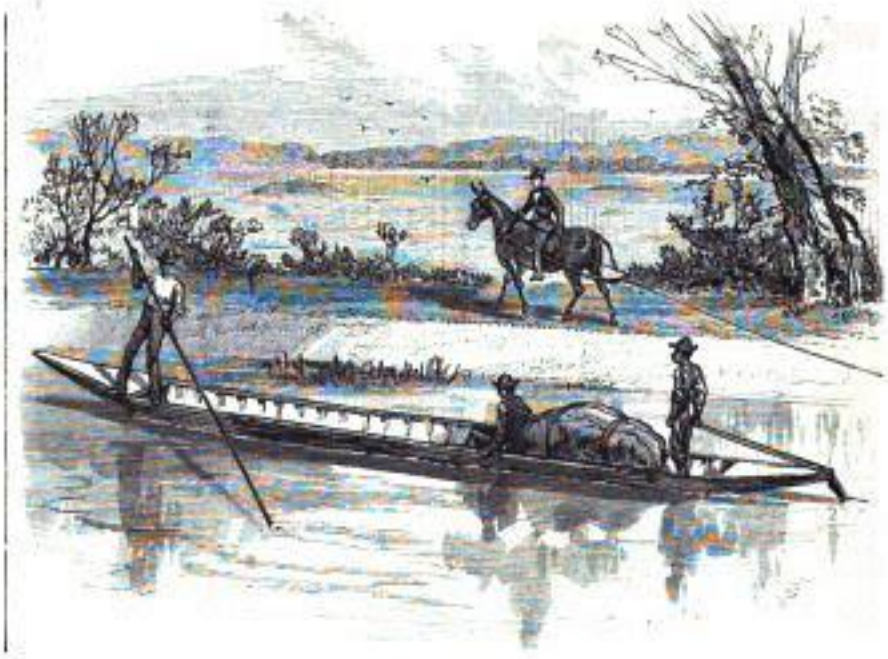
VIEW OF THE CITY OF AUGUSTA.



A VIEW OF THE CANAL.



WASTE GATES OF THE CANAL.



A SCENE ON THE CANAL.

GEORGIA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—THE CITY AND CANAL OF AUGUSTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 398.

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SIGNOR ARRIGO BOITO, COMPOSER.

SIGNOR ARRIGO BOITO.

SIGNOR ARRIGO BOITO was born in Padua in 1842. His father, a painter, was a Venetian, and his mother was a Polish lady of high birth and cultivation. He entered the Conservatoire at Milan in 1853, and remained there for nine years, until September, 1862. While here his teacher was Alberto Mazzucato, and his comrade Signor Faccio, the eminent conductor of La Scala. The first work in which he came before the public was an allegory entitled "Le Sorelle d'Italia," for which he wrote the libretto, and which he produced in collaboration with Faccio. The two coadjutors were subsequently sent by the Government to Paris, Vienna and Berlin. His most important composition "Mefistofele," which has just been received with so much applause at Her Majesty's Opera in London, was first performed at La Scala on the 6th of July, 1868. "Mefistofele was written before M. Gounod's "Faust," and was intended to be called by the latter title; but the name had to be altered and much of the libretto modified to avoid the suspicion of plagiarism. As *Faust* was transformed into *Mefistofele*, the title-part necessarily had to be developed very materially in the process. The critics were very severe upon it. Innovators are seldom received with favor. Boito had for a while to reconcile himself to reputed failure, but by degrees Bologna and other towns in Italy reversed the verdict of Milan. Boito has written an opera, "Ero e Leandro," and is engaged on two works—poems and music—"Nerone" and "Oreste." He is the author of several libretti, which are written with the hand of a dramatist and a musician. As a composer he is one of the great individualities of the time.

THE IRISH LOURDES.

THE little village of Knock, near Claremorris, County Mayo, Ireland, has lately become famous as the scene of several miraculous visions, and thousands of pilgrims are now flocking to it, some for devotional purposes only, and others in the hope of being cured of various diseases which afflict them. The first of the apparitions was seen on the night of August 21st, 1879, by about twenty persons, who remained watching it nearly three hours. They agree in describing it as a kind of raised picture or group of living statuary, standing out, so to speak, from one of the walls of the chapel, the figures being those of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. John, beside which there was the likeness of an altar and a lamb, with a crucifix in the background. On January 24 last, at noon, the parish priest, the Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, and some other persons, saw mysterious lights upon the gable and on the outside of a pillar, supporting a figure, which latter was, however, too indistinct for recognition, whilst on the outside were more pillars and some luminous scrolls. These supposed supernatural appearances have been repeated on several subsequent occasions, and are firmly believed in by thousands of the faithful, who travel from all parts of the United Kingdom to pray at the shrine. A great number of miraculous cures are also alleged to have been effected—lameness, blindness and deafness being cured by the eating or outward application of bits of the brickwork and cement from the wall, which has been so much picked and scraped away for this purpose that it has now been boarded over. More than 200 such cures are vouched for by those who have taken pains to investigate the cases. An inquiry into the alleged visions and cures has been made by a commission, consisting of learned priests and Church dignitaries, appointed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, and they have reported officially that the testimony is trustworthy and satisfactory. The Church has, however, as yet made no declaration concerning them, and even among Roman Catholics there are some who still have doubts. Suffice it to say that the place is now a centre of intense religious excitement, and will probably be for some time to come an Irish Lourdes.



GENERAL PIEROLA, DICTATOR OF PERU.



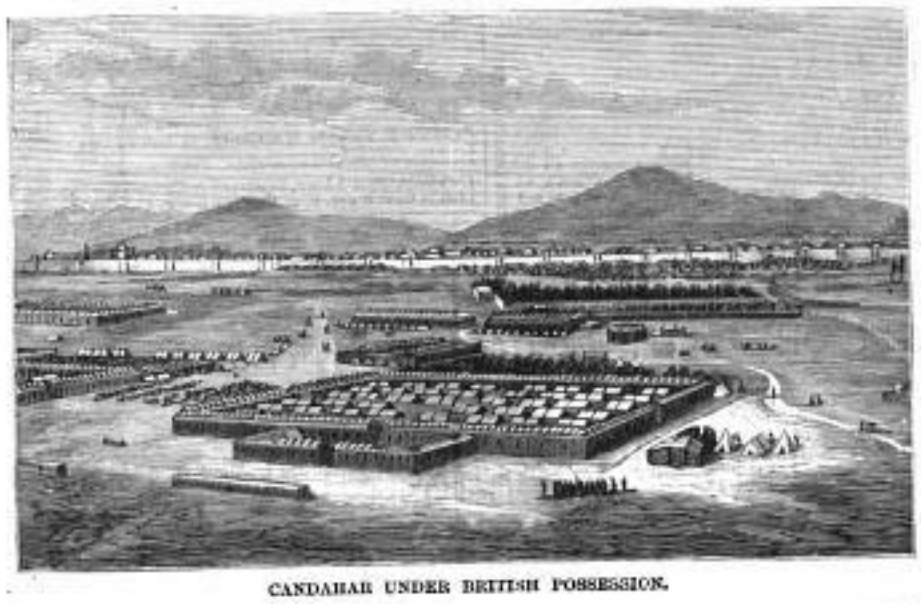
IRELAND.—GABLE END OF THE CHAPEL AT KNOCK, AGAINST WHICH THE APPARITIONS ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN SEEN.



HON. HORACE RUSSELL, NEW JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 403.

GENERAL PIEROLA AND THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

THE latest intelligence concerning the war between Chili, Peru and Bolivia is certainly of an exciting nature. The Chilian Admiral Riveros, it is said, has announced his intention to bombard Lima, and has notified the diplomatic body in that capital to that effect. The notification also conveyed to the Foreign Ministers the intimation that the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamers would be



CANDAHAR UNDER BRITISH POSSESSION.



THE BRITISH DISASTER IN AFGHANISTAN.—CANDAHAR AT THE TIME OF THE OCCUPATION. SEE PAGE 403.



STATUE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, THE WRITER OF CHILDREN'S STORIES, ERECTED AT COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.—SEE PAGE 403.

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permitted to enter Callao Harbor up to the 8th inst., and receive all foreign families, or women and children, who desired to fly from the doomed city. From certain portions of the adjacent coast, no doubt, Lima can be reached by the artillery of the Chilian fleet, the distance in a straight line not being more than four to four and a half miles from the centre of the city to a depth of ten fathoms of water. Its destruction is, therefore, a mere question of time, even without the assistance of a land force. The number of long-range guns which the Chilians have at command is small, however, and the work of seriously injuring the city at the distance stated will be exceedingly tedious. The Chilian admiral has already threatened that Lima, when taken, will be given up to destruction and the ravages of the Chilian troops, as were Moliendo and Arica, because, as he says, the Chilian officers cannot restrain their men. The Peruvians are preparing to give their women, children and household valuables an asylum. Tarma, a beautiful little town, situated beyond the impenetrable ramparts of the Cordilleras, has been selected as the place, and great activity is shown in its preparation for the large increase of population which it will doubtless soon receive.

In view of the critical state of affairs existing in Lima, the Dictator, Pierola, has decreed that every man between sixteen and sixty years of age, excepting the clergy and the medical profession, and a few employés of the Government offices, must present himself in uniform, and to drill every day from 11 o'clock until 1. To enable men to do this, all places of business are to be closed from 10 A. M. until 2 P. M. Those who do not comply with this order will immediately be sent to join the active army. All foreigners are invited to form themselves into corps to maintain order and protect property. In the event of the city being left at any time without the usual guardians of the peace. No inhabitant of the province of Lima is allowed to go beyond its limits without a passport. As an example of the spirit which animates the people, the Archbishop of Lima has placed the treasure of the church at the disposal of the Government, to be used in the service of the country.

The Dismal Swamp.

A VIRGINIA paper tells some things which are not generally known about the Dismal Swamp. It is not a vast hole sunk low in the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows. On the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir that, in its vast sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into the five different rivers which flow onwards to the sea. Any one would imagine that the Dismal was a veritable charnel-house that spreads it miasmas throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is entirely of green timber. There is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying around the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air or water for ages, perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the fragrance of the flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the ante-bellum days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its healthfulness. Mr. Reddick, a well known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew a death caused by miasma or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medical drink as is to be found at the famous watering-places of the Virginia mountain spas. It is often used by vessels going on a foreign cruise on account of its healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a pleasant taste.

The United States and Europe.

THE United States number now nearly or quite 50,000,000 people. A hundred millions could be sustained, without increasing the area of a single farm or adding one to their number, by merely bringing our product up to the average standard of reasonably good agriculture; and then there might remain for export twice the quantity we now send abroad to feed the hungry in foreign lands. No longer divided by the curse of slavery, this nation is now united by bonds of mutual interest and of common speech, tied by the iron band of 85,000 miles of railway, and is yet only beginning to feel the vital power and grandeur of a truly national existence. What may be the future of this land few can yet conceive. Texas alone comprises as much as the German Empire, England and Wales combined. Texas has now about 2,000,000 people within her boundaries: the Empire of Germany, England and Wales, about 67,000,000. The good land in Texas is equal in area to the good land in Germany and Great Britain. Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa combined more than equal France in area and possess more fertile land. Only 25 years ago John Brown and his companions redeemed Kansas from slavery: Nebraska was then indicated on our maps as a part of "The Great American Desert," and Iowa had scarcely become a State. Their population may now be 2,500,000. France has 37,000,000. The great middle section of Eastern Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Western Carolina, and Southern Virginia has been hemmed in by the curse of slavery, and is yet almost a *terra incognita*, but it is replete with wealth in minerals, in timber, and in fertile valleys of almost unequaled climate for health and vigor. This section is almost equal to the Austrian Empire in its area, and more than equal in resources. It has a sparse population of only one or two millions. The Austrian Empire has over 37,000,000. The healthy upland country of Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas contains vast areas of fertile woodland, which can be bought by the hundred thousand acres at half a dollar an acre, on which sheep and cotton thrive equally well. These sections are being slowly occupied by white farmers, and wait for immigrants who can bring them to use. In a few short years, sheep, fed mainly upon the kernel of the cotton-seed and upon the grasses that follow the cotton, will send to market from the same fields, alternately occupied, as much wool as cotton. This warm section is more than equal to Italy in area; it has perhaps 2,000,000 people. Italy contains 27,000,000. The fertile lands of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, and along the Potomac in Maryland, more than equal Belgium. They may contain half a million of people. Belgium has more than 5,000,000. In the consideration of this problem of productive capacity, there are other factors of the greatest importance. What are the burdens to be born by our people compared to others? What is the mortgage on this land that we possess?

BOOK NOTICE.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & Co's. American Newspaper Directory is one of the most complete works of the kind ever produced. It is copious, without being inflated, communicative without being verbose. It gives the essence, and in homeopathic but effective quantities. It contains what purports to be an accurate list of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Territories and the Dominion of Canada, together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published. Such a book is now an absolute requirement, and when we come to glance at the volume for 1880 before us, we feel that the herculean task has been performed exceptionally well.

FRANK LESLIE'S "SUNDAY MAGAZINE"

for September will contain the opening chapters of a new serial story, entitled "Hester Morgan's Husband," by L. T. Meade, a powerful and well-known writer, and the concluding chapters of the interesting serial, "Bo-bo, the Nailmaker's Daughter." An illustrated article on the "Benedictine Order" comes in *apropos* in view of the recent millennial celebration of the birth of the founder. "The Roman Breviary" is a valuable article, and "Peter Paul Rubens," "Florence the Beautiful" and "The Crusades," are interesting. "Timothy" is the subject of the Children of the Bible; "Balaam," the Old Testament portrait and sketch, and "The Pharaohs," are the Gentile rulers mentioned in the Scripture series. "Maid Marjory," the new juvenile serial, becomes more interesting as the story develops. The younger members of the family are well attended to, and the miscellaneous contributions are all valuable and interesting. The number is strong in poetry of a high order. In the editorial department some attention is given to the question, "Who was the Real Founder of Sunday Schools?"

FAIRBANKS SCALES IN RUSSIA.

EVERY ten years an agricultural exhibition is held at Riga, Russia, an important port on the Baltic. The exhibition which has just closed was the largest of its kind ever held in Russia. Fairbanks Scales were represented in large assortment, and carried off the highest prize, as they had done a few weeks before in the exhibit made before the Russian Imperial Technical Society at St. Petersburg.

FUN.

A YOUNG TURK.—*Governess:* "How dare you, Tommy? I shall tell your mamma!" *Tommy:* "Oh, I don't care what mamma says! She's too young!"

A CLEAN "CHEEK."—*Examiner:* "What is the meaning of the verb 'prepare'"? *Small Boy:* "Dunno, sir." *Examiner:* "What did you do before you came up for examination?" *Small Boy:* "Er—washed my face!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR (to the teacher): "Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered?" *Teacher:* "Yes, my dear." *Sunday-School Scholar:* "Well, then" (pulling out a hair and presenting it), "what's the number of that one?"

TEACHER: "What is a score? *Pupil:* "A baseball record." *Teacher:* "No, no; what I mean is, how much does a score signify numerically? What idea does it give you? That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses, what would you think?" *Pupil:* "Please, marm, I should think you was stuffin'."

"WILLIAM, you have again come up unprepared!" "Yes, sir." "But from what cause?" "Laziness, sir." "Johnson, give William a good mark for uprightness." "Bates, you proceed." "I have not prepared, too, sir." "But why not?" "From laziness, sir." "Johnson, give Bates a bad mark for plagiarism!"

A MERCHANT in a provincial town in Scotland had a habit of saying, "It might hae been waur" to everything that was told him, however sad the story might be. A neighbor, thinking that he would knock the wind out of him, one morning said, "Man, I had an awful dream last night." "Ay, what did ye dream?" "I dreamed that I was in hell." "It might hae been waur." "How could it hae been waur?" "If it had been a reality."

THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE MINERALOGIST—"Ton man gave me his bag to carry by a short cut across the hills to his inn, while he took the other road. Eh! It was dreadfully heavy, and, when I got out of his sight, I determined to see what was in it, for I wondered at the unco weight of the thing; and, man, it's no use for you to guess what was in that bag, for you'd ne'er find out. It was stones." "And did you carry it?" "Carry it! Man, did you think I was as mad as himself? Nae! nae! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the pile near the house, and I gave him good measure for his money."

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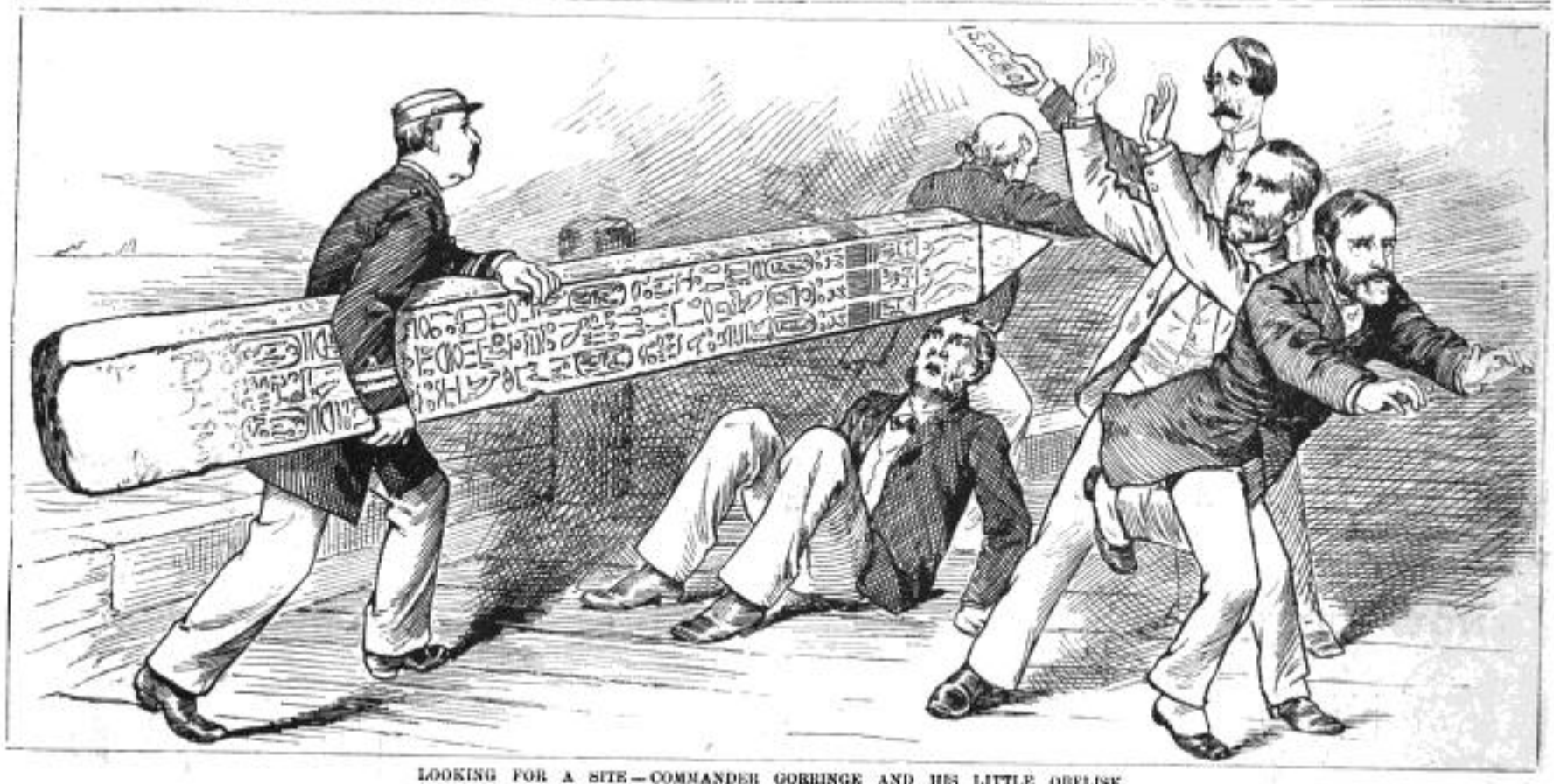
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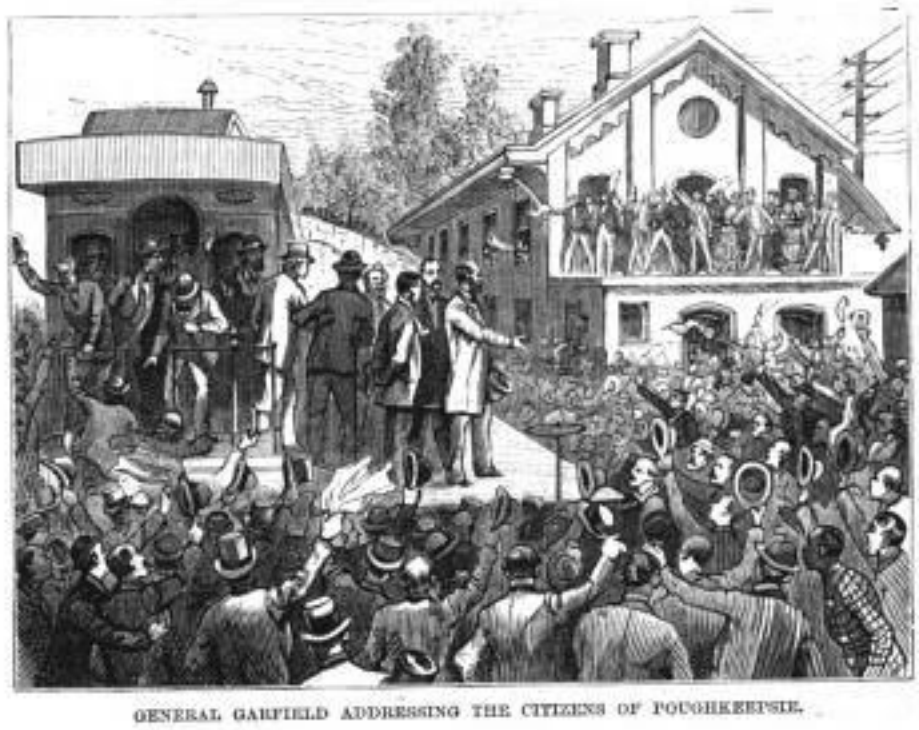
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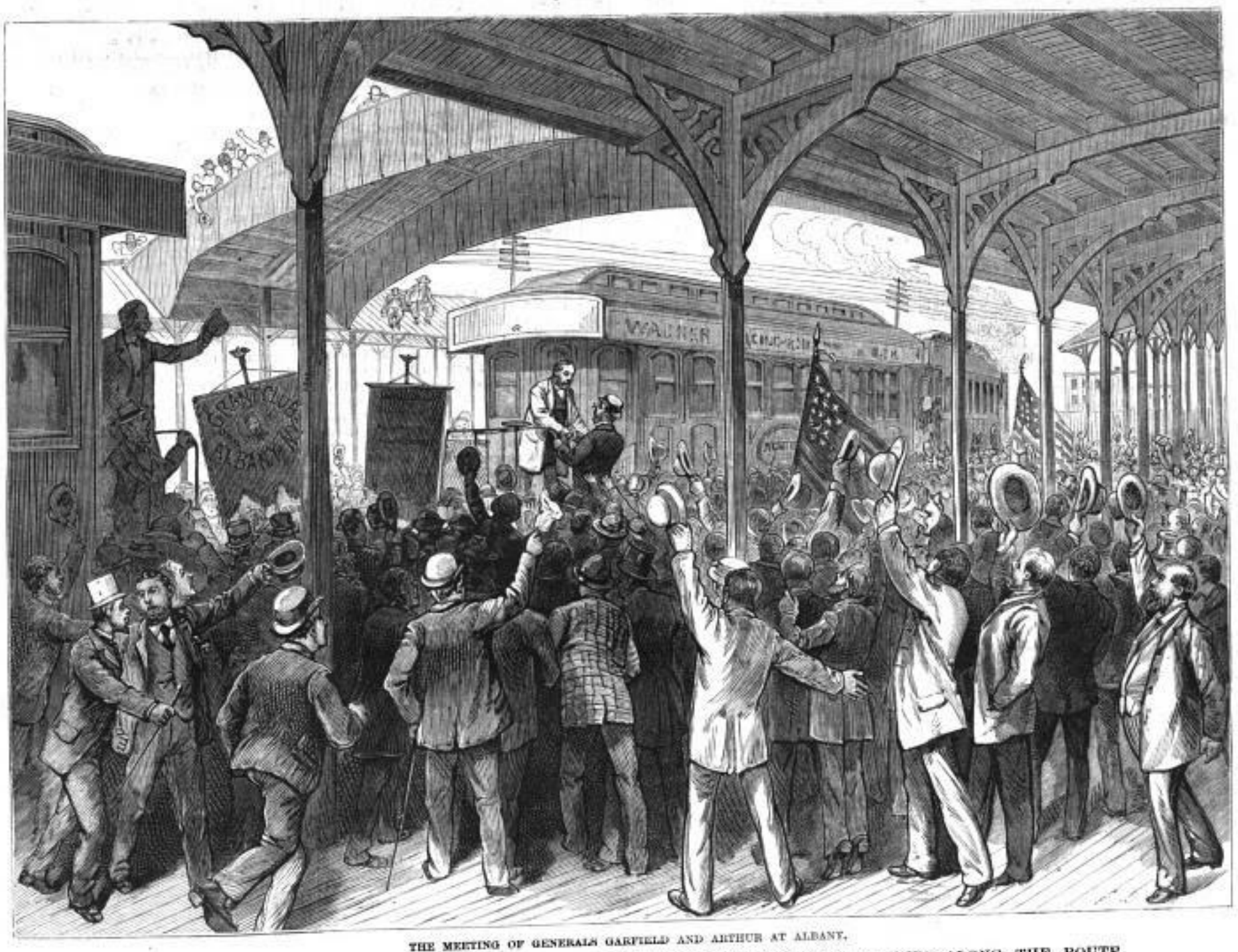
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VISIT OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT TO NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.
From Sketches by W. Parker Boyfish.—See Page 415.

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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

GENERAL HANCOCK'S LETTER.

THE letter of General Hancock, accepting the Democratic nomination to the Presidency, is a neat and terse document, which reads so well, as far as it goes, that one can scarcely fail to wish that it had gone a little further. He places at the forefront of his paper the emphatic declaration that "the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable." He next proceeds to remark on the supremacy of the Constitution within the sphere of its rightful jurisdiction, and repeats the language of the Constitution to the effect that powers not delegated to the United States belong to the States respectively or to the people. The views of the General under this head are so just and true that they may be regarded as truisms.

From these observations on the structure of our Government, he proceeds to enforce the necessity of its faithful and efficient administration. The noblest constitution and the wisest laws, he holds, are useless when fraud, violence or incompetence hold sway. "It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our Government." And it is in the high standard of qualifications that should be fixed by the people in their choice of legislative and executive officers that the writer finds the best security for attaining a substantial and practical civil service reform in the subordinate departments of the Government. Here, too, the principles enunciated by General Hancock are suited to command universal approval. It is only in point of their precise application and of the practical methods by which his high aims and patriotic inspirations are to be reached that he leaves us without any information.

On the sectional issue, however, his voice has the clear ring of a clarion. The war for the Union having been successfully closed more than fifteen years ago, he holds that the time has fully come when "all classes of the people should share alike in the blessings of the Union." "The time has come," he adds, "to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation." And in the restoration of civil harmony and in a generous rivalry among our own industries, he finds the presage of an impulse which shall "revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign nations, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast natural resources, and increase the prosperity and happiness of the people."

In the emphasis given to this part of his letter, and in the prominence given to the "war amendments" of the Constitution, we may, perhaps, find an explanation of General Hancock's reasons for omitting all reference to the "currency issue" and the "tariff issue," except as such latent reference may be vaguely implied in the general assent he formally gives to the principles enunciated by the Cincinnati Convention. We had hoped that, profiting by the failure of his Presidential competitor under each of these heads, he would breathe into both of these issues the breath of a new life; but instead of doing so, he leaves the tender foundlings where they were exposed on the Cincinnati Platform, liable to be claimed by hard-money nurses in New York and by soft-money nurses in Ohio; by high-tariff nurses in Pennsylvania, and revenue tariff nurses in South Carolina. This may be good military strategy, for the purpose of turning a position which it is dangerous to attack, but is it statesmanship in affairs of high civil administration?

It certainly is not statesmanship, if we have to-day reached that era of good feeling in which the passions engendered by the war are to be postponed to the discussion of business interests and administrative concerns. But if General Hancock is right in the assumption which lies at the basis of his letter, and which gives it form and color—if sentiments of animosity are still cherished against the whites of the South by the leaders of the Republican Party; if all classes of our people are not allowed to share alike in the blessings of the Union; if the time has come to enjoy the benefits of reconciliation, but those benefits are still withheld by reason of the hatreds and prejudices engendered in the late civil war—then it may be the part of statesmanship to postpone economical questions to the attainment of a solid and permanent pacification between the lately belligerent sections of the country.

In support of this sentiment, General Hancock may plead the opinion and conduct of President Hayes, who has stated, in a recent speech delivered at the last Yale College Commencement, that on succeeding to the Presidency in 1877 it then seemed to him that "the pacification of the country was the first duty," and that, desiring to give an earnest of this pacification "by some distinct, unmistakable and palpable fact," beyond and above "party platforms and letters of acceptance framed in high-sounding words and sentences," he determined to call into his Cabinet "some man of the South who had been against him in the long and bitter struggle of the war," and it was in pursuance of this purpose that General Key was made Postmaster-General. The step was taken, he adds, not at the suggestion of any great political leader in the Republican Party, but on the advice of a calm and contemplative patriot like ex-President Woolsey; and, while admitting that all had not followed and resulted as he could have wished, Mr. Hayes makes it clear that his judgment still approves the high and paramount aim he had then proposed to himself as the first necessity of a wise and comprehensive statesmanship.

But are we as far from the pacification of the country in the year 1880 as we were in the year 1876? The last Presidential campaign, we know, was mainly fought by the Republicans on the sectional line, and, conceiving that wager of battle as still offered by them on that line, General Hancock has determined to force the fighting at that point, where he knows himself to be strongest and believes the enemy to be weakest. It will be a great strategic blunder, in our opinion, as well as a great political anachronism, if the Republicans shall accept the order of battle prepared for them by some of their leaders in the present canvass. They are indebted to-day to the pacific policy of President Hayes for their best hopes of success in the pending Presidential struggle, and the sooner they accept the fruits of that policy and make it their own, the better it will be for their credit with the people. Indeed, until this is done, "the key of the situation," to use the language of President Hayes in his Yale College speech, is left in the hands of their adversary. If what is known in vulgar parlance as "the bloody shirt" is to be again the battle-flag of the Republican army—if frenzied appeals against the "Rebel South," if the historical atrocities of the Ku-Klux, if the political *exploits* of Mississippi, if panic cries about "Southern Claims," the "assumption of the Southern State debts," and the "payment for emancipated slaves," are to be again the stock in trade of the Republican managers—then, as we believe, they will play directly into the hands of the Democrats. But if, turning their backs on the smoke of a powder which has been thrice burned, they shall address themselves to the real and vital problems of public economy, of business and of administrative reform, they are likely to take their adversary at the points where he is weakest, and where, without being very strong themselves, they have at least the advantages of the position. It remains to be seen "what they will do with it."

GRAIN HARVESTS AND THE RAILROADS.

JUST now we are in the midst of unprecedentedly large harvests. The yield of wheat this year is expected to reach from 475,000,000 bushels to 490,000,000 bushels. Last year the crop of 449,000,000 bushels was the largest ever before known, and even the year before it was 420,000,000 bushels. The value of the crop of 1878 was officially estimated at $326,300,000; and the last yield easily exceeded $400,000,000. The corn crop has also steadily increased, and even the before-unprecedented yield of 1,600,000,000 bushels last year promises to be exceeded this year. The value of the crop of 1878—1,400,000,000 bushels—was estimated at $441,000,000, and at this rate last year's crop was worth considerably over $500,000,000. These two cereals alone are worth more to the country than all the gold and silver mines we have ever had, or probably ever will have; and yet, besides these we now raise large crops of oats, rye and barley. The income from one grain crop would make short work with the national debt as well as the debt of the different States and cities.

It is of interest to note the effect of the increased yield of cereals on those great grain-carriers known as the "Granger" roads. These are roads in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota and other Western States, which, through the influence and power of the Granger societies, are now subject, to a greater or less extent, to the control of those States. There are a number of these roads—such as the Chicago and Northwestern; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Illinois Central—which depend for their freight earnings almost entirely on grain. The price of "Northwest" stock, as the Chicago and Northwestern is called on the Stock Exchange, is always very susceptible to the reports about the grain crop, because grain comprises the bulk of its freight. Of course, the legitimate effect of good or bad crop advices is greatly exaggerated by the manipulations of the contending "bulls" and "bears"; yet the steadily increasing harvests of the last few seasons, and the payment of dividends by roads that had not done so before for a number of years, have been reflected with substantial truthfulness in the rise of the "Granger" stocks. One of the largest grain roads is the Chicago and Northwestern. At this time in 1877 its common stock sold at 22 3-8 and the preferred at 51 5-8, whereas at this writing the common is at 98 and the preferred at 115 1-2. This great railroad is one of the most important institutions of the Northwest. It is 2,100 miles long, counting the roads it leases, owns 2,225,000 acres of valuable land, which is being steadily sold and improved, and has in a single year earned over $10,000,000 on freights, mostly wheat. The "St. Paul" is another great "wheat" road, 1,500 miles long. In a single year its freight earnings, mainly from wheat, have reached about $5,750,000. Hogs and grain have brought the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road no less than $11,000,000 in one year, and the earnings of the Rock Island, Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, and their lateral roads, depend largely on the same fruitful source. The anecdote is recalled of old Commodore Vanderbilt, who, when he was upbraided by an acquaintance for maintaining such outrageously high passenger rates on the New York Central Road, replied to what was then a very just complaint, "Oh, I would rather carry pigs than men any day!"

All these roads are trunk lines to Chicago, the great distributing mart of the West, and thence the grain is forwarded to the seaboard by railroad, or else by way of the lakes and Erie Canal. The New York Central and the Erie roads bring about all that comes overland to New York, but an enormous quantity also comes through the Erie Canal.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad carries a large quantity of grain, especially corn, to Baltimore, and has hurt the trade of New York not a little through cheaper freight rates. The New York railroads charge thirty cents per hundred pounds for grain from Chicago to New York, whereas it can be sent to Baltimore for three cents a hundred pounds less, which is here a very important item. Why our railroads do not give New York the benefit of lower rates of freight is a conundrum; and there are able statisticians who maintain that if New York does not look more sharply after her interests, she will lose the bulk of her grain trade. Baltimore is contending valiantly for this great traffic, and there are projects to send the grain wanted for European markets down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

Our Erie Canal must not be left out of the calculations of those who would deprive New York of her grain trade, however; and if worse comes to worse, by making that free, we would neutralize in a large degree the effect of other adverse circumstances. Even now grain can be sent from Chicago to New York by way of the lakes and the canal for 12 cents per bushel; and, moreover, rates for ocean freight-room are apt to be cheaper here than at Baltimore, our main rival, and this tends to equalize the effect of more favorable railroad rates which that city enjoys.

Our exports of the coming harvest promise to be unusually large this year. In 1879 we exported 124,000,000 bushels, against only 73,000,000 bushels in 1878. Forty years ago we imported wheat from the Black Sea, while now we are gradually supplanting Russia, our only European rival, in the markets of both the United Kingdom and the Continent. We sent 86,000,000 bushels of corn abroad last year, and will send more this year. We have in this country 32,000,000 acres devoted to wheat, and 51,000,000 acres to corn, besides an acreage given up to other cereals, which makes, in round numbers, a total of 1,900,000,000 acres actually in use here for the culture of grain. And when we consider that this shows a marked increase within the last ten years, the predictions that this country will be the future granary of the world will appear by no means unreasonable.

THE VAGARIES OF LAW

OUR English, or, as a contemporary calls them, our "Old Country Cousins," must smile when they read that, a few days since, in that very State which threw all the tea overboard, a statute made in the days of Charles the First, who was beheaded in 1649, had power to override a Boston jury in a suit at law. It appears that a gentleman attended a funeral from Boston to Mount Auburn on a Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by a lady, but instead of returning to Boston by the same road, he, unfortunately, was gallant enough to drive around by the way of Charlestown to enable his fair companion to call on a friend in that city. Going through Somerville, their wagon was overturned, owing to the defective condition of the road, and the leg of the gentleman was broken. He consequently sued the town for damages, and received a verdict in his favor. This verdict the Supreme Court of Massachusetts now sets aside, maintaining that the plaintiff was traveling in violation of an old colonial statute, passed in the reign of Charles the First, which declares "that whosoever travels on the Lord's Day, except from necessity or charity, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten pounds for every offense." They do not hold him guilty of breaking the law by going to the funeral by the direct road, and he would have been legally justified in returning by the same route; but going a mile out of his way for the wicked purpose of calling on a friend placed him, in the eye of the Puritanical law, as committing an offense which deprived him of his rights as a citizen. A Boston paper sarcastically adds, "that had the learned Judges of the Supreme Court been less merciful, they might have turned the tables upon him, and mulcted him in the heaviest fine prescribed by the statute."

Almost a parallel case happened in New Jersey not long ago. A man hired a carriage of a livery-stable keeper, and through his reckless driving broke the vehicle and injured the horse. When the livery-stable keeper brought an action for damages, he was ruled out of court on the strength of some antiquated statute, which declared that the transaction was "illegal, being on the Lord's Day," and that he was consequently not entitled to compensation.

This anomaly in law seems to exist to a wide extent in our neighbor State across the Hudson. Now and then some statute starts up to the confusion of the most experienced counsel, and sometimes to the astonishment of the most learned judges. General Wright, who was for many years the Prosecuting Attorney for Hudson County, in that State, affirmed on the authority of an eminent lawyer, whose favorite pursuit was the "excavation" of these obsolete laws and enactments, that they were so many, far-searching and minute, that in a country walk he could render himself liable to a goodly list of pains and penalties. He could not look over a fence, cut a stick, or throw a stone, without breaking some law still in existence, but only known to a few antiquarian lawyers.

In England, not ten years ago, a man was tried for some misdemeanor and found guilty. As it was the first conviction under the Act, when the judge turned to see what the penalty was, he found it to be a public whipping—one-half to the Queen and one-half to the informer. It appears that, as drafted originally, it provided a fine of ten pounds—one-half to the Queen and one-half to the informer. When the punishment was altered from a fine to a flogging, it was forgotten to alter the distribution of the penalty. As a man cannot be tried twice for the same offense, the criminal escaped scot-free.

Instances of careless legislation on obsolete laws are much more common in the United States and England than in France or Germany, although from the character of the nations we should think the reverse. The sooner the States of Massachusetts, New Jersey and Maryland revise their code the better for common sense and justice.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE illness of Mr. Gladstone, which last week occupied public attention, was undoubtedly brought on by the worry and chagrin caused by the numerous defeats of his Ministry since the return of the Liberals to power. Mr. Gladstone is no longer a young man, and it is evident, from his conduct during the present session, that he no longer possesses the even temper which is so necessary to a skillful debater in the House of Commons. Every new member who attacked some Government measure was almost certain to rouse the Premier into action, and, instead of allowing his subordinates to respond to the questions referring to their particular departments, he foolishly undertook to answer everything himself. This constant excitement and the annoyance which the defeat of his Irish policy has caused him, have been quite sufficient to plunge the Premier into his present feverish condition. At last accounts he was steadily improving. The rejection of the Irish Disturbance Bill in the House of Lords by an overwhelming majority is a sad blow to the Liberals, or, rather, to the radical wing of that party. The vote against the Government was 282, while only 51 members were found to support the measure. Of course, this enormous majority removes any possibility of passing a similar one, for the favorite plan of creating new peers in order to gain a Governmental majority would necessitate in the present case the creation of 231 new peerages! Meanwhile, troops have been sent to Ireland in order to anticipate any disturbances which

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may occur, but it is most unlikely that there will be any trouble, for the agitators who generally cause the rows in Ireland are opposed to the Government upon this measure.

Further particulars of the battle of Kushk-i-Nakud, as the engagement in which Ayoob Khan defeated the English forces is now called, have been received. It appears that the first news but slightly exaggerated the gravity of the defeat, and that British prestige has received a severe blow. The total Afghan force seems to have been about 12,000. From nine until one o'clock the fight was mainly an artillery duel, in which the excellent practice made by the Afghans and the greater number of their guns gave them a decided advantage over the British. The Afghan infantry then advanced, and the Ghazis, or irregular cavalry, skirmished along the British line. The native troops under the English command at once gave way and fell back upon the Sixty-sixth English regiment, the Afghans following up their advantage. The formation of the British was thus lost, and, although General Burrows did all he could to rally his men, the flight became general. In fact, it seems to have been a perfect route, for the whole body of fugitives could not be turned from the main road, along which there is no water and where most of the casualties occurred from the men falling from thirst and exhaustion. The enemy pursued the English almost up to the gates of Candahar, but apparently in a rather unenergetic manner, for had they done otherwise there would have been but few left to tell the tale. General Burrows seems to have been to blame in abandoning his defensive position, and in supposing that the native infantry under his command was any match for the hardy Afghan mountaineers. These native foot-soldiers seem to have caused the whole catastrophe, and their disorganized retreat upon the Sixty-sixth—a veteran line regiment—caused the destruction of that corps. Reinforcements are now going forward to India from England.

The result of the elections for the Councils-General in France is most satisfactory. The French people have acted with remarkable restraint and excellent common sense. They have not allowed themselves to be carried away by the red Radicals on the one side or by the reactionary Monarchists or Bonapartists upon the other. Before the Departmental elections, the Republicans had a majority in fifty-five councils. They have now the control of at least seventy councils, most of the gain being in favor of Gambetta. When Rochefort returned from Geneva, after the passing of the Amnesty Bill, he immediately attacked Gambetta—the very man who had done more than any one else for the exiled Communists—in the most unmeasured terms. There was a general fear among the moderate Republicans that the people might return the radical candidates, and thus shake the conservative tendency of the present French Ministry, which has fully shown that it holds the broadest liberal principles consistent with true liberty. Five members of the Cabinet, who were candidates, were re-elected, and the Republic has indirectly gained stability. The departmental councils and the municipal delegates elect the Senators according to the present system, and although the former bodies have comparatively little influence in the election, yet their composition is most important, and the present election must be considered as a victory for Gambetta and a defeat for Clemenceau, Blanqui, Rochefort and the red Radicals. Another result of the elections has been a complete indorsement of the policy of the Government in the Jesuit affair, and the attempt to attack the Cabinet for their anti-clerical measures has been a dismal failure.

There is a lull in the storm brooding over Turkey. The great Powers proposed a naval demonstration in Turkish waters unless the Porte at once acceded to the terms imposed by the Supplementary Conference at Berlin. Meanwhile an ultimatum has been handed to the Porte which allows the Sultan either to accept Count Corti's compromise or else to cede Dulcigno to Montenegro. There is a report, as yet unsubstantiated, that the Porte will accept the ultimatum even before the three weeks which are allowed have expired, and that no interference will be necessary. But France, Austria and Germany are lukewarm, and it is quite possible that the two latter Powers may support the Albanians against the Montenegrins. Greece had resolved to mobilize her army, but at the instigation of England postponed any action. According, however, to the last news, England has withdrawn her objection, and the little army of Greece will immediately be placed upon a war footing.

Rochefort designates the French Assemblies as "parliamentary seraglios," and adds: "The Senate is a hospital for the incurables of reaction, and the Chamber of Deputies a *maison de santé* which most persons leave far worse than when they enter it." Possibly there is as much truth as poetry in this last statement.

It is stated that the Pension Office has now about twelve years' work on hand, and unless the bureau shall be reorganized so as to dispose more rapidly of the accumulated applications, it will be impossible to afford relief for a long time to come to the thousands of needy pensioners who are waiting for their money. Applications are still coming in in considerable numbers.

That is a good example which the Democrats of an Iowa judicial district have set the politicians of Congress. They have formally notified the Republicans that they will make no nomination for a certain judical office to be filled this year, but will support the present incumbent, who is a Republican, because they desire to keep the judgeship out of politics. The judiciary should everywhere be kept free from partisan entanglements, and it is a question whether judicial offices should not in all cases be appointive instead of elective.

The semi-annual reports of seven local institutions indicate an increase in deposits in all the savings banks of the city, during the last six months, of about $9,000,000. It is estimated that the increase of deposits in the State during the same period will approximate $17,000,000. These figures are eminently gratifying, as showing the greatly improved condition of the industrial classes.

Edison's electric light has been tested on a trip of the new steamer *Columbia* from New York to Portland, Oregon, and is reported to have worked, in all kinds of weather, to the entire satisfaction of the officers of the vessel. The simple opening of a steam valve was sufficient to light the ship, and the ordinary skill of the engine-room was sufficient to keep the lights in order. The result is of interest as pointing the way to the illumination, by the new light, of all sea-going vessels, and the diminution thereby of the chances of collisions in dark and foggy weather.

The State Department has now before it all the papers in reference to the recent Spanish insults to our flag, and it is probable that an early demand for reparation will be made. The Spaniards claim that they have in each case acted within their two-leagues' jurisdiction; but the affidavit of the captain of the schooner *George Washington*, recently overhauled by a Spanish cruiser, states that he was more than fifteen miles distant from the shore at the time of the insult. With a view of preventing further outrages to American vessels on the Cuban coast, the *Powhatan* has been ordered into Cuban waters to perform patrol duty there.

The disaster to the British arms in Afghanistan has been turned to a curious account in Constantinople. By way of diminishing the prestige of the British, printed accounts of the disaster, charging the troops with cowardice and their leaders with incapacity, are being distributed in Turkish military circles. The Turks are greatly incensed at the action of the British Government in insisting upon their performance of treaty obligations, but if matters should come to an issue requiring them to face British soldiers or sailors, they would very soon abandon their contemptuous notions of Anglo-Saxon prowess.

The Utes have at length been constrained, by menace and intimidation, to sign the treaty ratified at the last session of Congress, under which they are to be removed from their reservation to agricultural lands in Colorado and Utah. They have objected to the removal because they are essentially a mountain tribe and abhor agricultural pursuits, and for the further reason, as they allege, that the lands to which they are to be sent are worthless. But greedy speculators covet the rich lands the tribe now occupies, and so the Government compels compliance with its demands. It may yet find it necessary to send troops to kill off a portion of the Utes who still hold out, in order to make way for the prospectors whose lustful eyes are fixed on the White River country.

Statistics gathered by the *Railway Age* as to the mileage of new railways now under construction or projected in the United States, exhibit very clearly the rapid progress of the country in material development. During the last six months railway enterprises to the number of 287, and covering a contemplated mileage of over 20,000 miles, have been announced as either in process of construction or projected, and the list does not include a number of lines concerning which the precise facts are not known. With a few exceptions all the new enterprises are entirely legitimate and probable of completion. Indeed, it is a characteristic feature of railway projects at present that they are, as a rule, intended to develop new regions in urgent need of transportation facilities, and, moreover, that a large number of the new lines are being built by strong companies as feeders to their existing systems. The mileage of new roads is greater in Ohio than in any other State.

The visit of General Garfield to this city last week for the purpose of attending a conference of the Republican leaders is significant only as indicating the purpose of that party to make the strongest possible fight for the maintenance of its supremacy. Generals do not come together on the eve of battle for mere holiday purposes, and political strategists, convening for consultation at the beginning of a great national campaign, may be presumed to "mean business" in the fullest and broadest sense. The Republican managers have so long enjoyed the sweets of power that they will not surrender them without a desperate struggle; and if the Democrats would win in the coming contest they must understand that it will be necessary to get down to hard, real work without the least delay. To rely upon the distinguished record of their candidate alone will not insure them success; that is simply one of many factors, all of which must be utilized to baffle and defeat the well-disciplined legions of the adversary.

An official communication from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue states that during the past fiscal year $123,981,916 of internal revenue taxes have been collected, and the entire sum has been paid into the Treasury. During the past four fiscal years the total amount of taxes received by Collectors of Internal Revenue was $467,080,885, and this sum, without a dollar's loss, has been paid into the Treasury. The total expense of collecting this amount of revenue during the four years, including the salaries and expenses of the bureau, will be about $19,920,000, or but little more than 8½ per cent. upon the amount collected. In the disbursement of said sum of money the Government has incurred no loss. During the period named, 3,874 illicit stills have been seized, 7,708 persons arrested for illicit distilling, and 25 officers and employés have been killed and 55 wounded while enforcing the laws. The Commissioner states that the frauds upon the revenue have been greatly reduced, and that violent resistance to law has practically ceased in all of the districts except the Second District of Georgia.

According to testimony given before a United States Senate Committee, recently in session here, 155,936 persons were naturalized in this city from 1856 to 1876, both inclusive. The highest number of citizens made in any one year was 15,486. In 1876, a Presidential year, the number was 10,832. In the Supreme Court, in 1868, the fraudulent naturalizations amounted to thousands. Judge Barnard alone granting 18,824 in October of that year, while Judge McCunn, in the Superior Court, issued during the same month 18,053 certificates of citizenship. Judge McCunn testified, in a certain instance, that he had naturalized 200 persons in an hour, and Judge Barnard, as appears by the files of his court, naturalized 2,543 in about five hours on October 12th, 1868. The naturalizations in 1868 appear to have been mainly of alien minors, that form of admission being chosen because it saved the necessity of producing any proof of declaration of intentions having been previously made by the applicants, which proof could not, of course, under the circumstances, have been produced. In many cases certificates of naturalization were sent to persons through the mails without any application ever having been made for them. Shall we never be able to put an end to such atrocities as these, perpetrated by one party or another, upon the sanctity and value of the suffrage?

The apparently complete fusion of the Democrats and Greenbackers in Maine insures a campaign of unusual interest and vigor in that State. If the fusion can be maintained, it may give the Republicans a good deal of trouble, and there are some who believe that it may actually capture the electoral ticket from the party so long dominant in the State. The fusion candidate for Governor is a former Republican, widely and favorably known, and possesses rare qualities as an organizer which he is already actively applying to the work of the canvass. The Republican campaign is managed, as usual, by Senator Blaine, and it will be even more thorough, it is said, than it was one year ago. The opposition, however, has one obvious element of weakness. The Democrats, who have only three of the seven electors, are already beginning to doubt whether the Greenbackers will keep faith with them in supporting the Democratic electoral ticket in November, after they have succeeded in the September contest. They understand full well that the Greenbackers are only interested in capturing the State, and have little interest in the electoral ticket, and unless they can have some more satisfactory assurances than they now possess, possibly the existing distrust may flower into open revolt among the better portion of the Democratic voters. The combination, to say the least of it, is not an honorable one, but then, unfortunately, political parties are not governed by considerations of principle, and the degeneracy is no greater in Maine, perhaps, than elsewhere.

The Labor Party is again taking a hand in politics. The other day a National Labor Convention nominated candidates for President and Vice-President; and in some Pennsylvania districts we notice that they have brought out nominees for Congress on distinct labor platforms. We do not know that there can be any objection to workingmen organizing for political action if they choose to do so, but it is quite certain that their real interests cannot be best promoted by a policy which separates them from the general community on a specific class basis. The experiment has been tried, and has always resulted in failure. In Michigan, in Kentucky, and other States in which the Labor Party was at one time formidable, every seeming victory has resulted in positive damage to that particular interest. The great trouble with the labor question as it affects the ballot is that the platform on which it is placed is indefinite, and the men who seek to thrive by its agitation are altogether untrustworthy. With all that is said and done in labor meetings and by labor advocates, the unprejudiced reader finds it difficult to discover just what the workingman desires to abolish and what he proposes to construct by way of reform in politics and legislation. The simple truth is, that if there is to be any practical and successful union of labor and the ballot, the workingmen must begin by banishing the ambitious politicians who aspire to leadership, and by learning the principles of public economy—the laws which govern trade in other nations as well as our own. No President or Governor, no Congress or Legislature, can overturn the law of supply and demand, except by such arbitrary measures as would be promptly rejected by those they were designed to benefit. Better times are coming, but not through the agency of politics. If the ballot be kept pure, and official integrity untainted, the quiet march of commerce, stimulated by a sound financial policy and expanding agriculture, will spread contentment and prosperity through the land as no quack specifics of labor reformers can ever possibly do.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

Turning Bear, one of Spotted Tail's chiefs, is reported on the warpath.

The statue of the poet Burns in Central Park will be unveiled in September.

The valuation by the Boston assessors shows an increase of $25,786,500 over last year.

The National Sunday-school Assembly began its sessions at Chautauqua, August 4th.

Over $70,000,000 has been disbursed in the Navy Department since 1873 without a dollar's loss.

Further arrests have been made in Philadelphia of persons engaged in selling spurious medical diplomas.

President Hayes, General Garfield and others will attend the National Soldiers' Reunion at Columbus, on August 26th.

The Republicans of Michigan have nominated David H. Jerome for Governor, and Morgan B. Crosby for Lieutenant-Governor.

Colonel J. B. Chambers, the candidate of the Greenback Party for Vice-President, announces that he intends remaining on the ticket.

John Benden, the Kansas butcher, who is charged with over a score of atrocious murders, has been arrested, with his wife, in Nebraska.

At the election of the State and county officers in Alabama, August 2d, the Democrats were successful, securing 60,000 majority for their State ticket.

The reduction of the public debt during the month of July amounted to $5,576,013. The total debt, less cash in the Treasury, is now $1,836,596,241.

The New York Board of Aldermen has passed an ordinance authorizing the Mayor to provide for the capture and destruction of all cats found at large.

General Weaver, the Presidential candidate of the Greenback Party, appeals for contributions of $1 and upwards to defray expenses of the campaign.

The 43-ton pedestal of the Egyptian obelisk was taken out of the *Dressay* last week. Ground was broken at the site of the obelisk in Central Park on August 4th.

Governor Connell has called the attention of Mayor Cooper to the violation of the law prohibiting lotteries, and asks his co-operation in securing their efficient execution.

The third annual reunion of the soldiers of the Northwest was held last week at Galesburg, Ill. About 3,500 soldiers were present, and celebrated the opening day by a sham battle.

Six hundred clerks are engaged in tabulating the census returns. Each list of returns is counted eight times by as many clerks, in order that the totals may be absolutely accurate.

The American Dental Association, in session at Boston last week, passed a resolution discountenancing the practice of members allowing their names to appear in advertisements of compounds for filling teeth.

Fears are entertained in Texas that a body of men known as the Grand Army of Occupation contemplate an invasion of Mexico. It is said that if the Government does not interfere serious trouble will result.

An International Congress is to be held at Milan, Italy, from the 29th of August to the 4th of September, and the United States, through the State Department, has been invited to send one or more representatives.

Representatives Butterworth and Young of the First and Second Ohio Districts have been nominated for re-election by the Republicans. In the Third Ohio District the Democrats have nominated Hon. J. Dearborn Ward.

General William O. Butler died at Carrollton, Ky., August 6th, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was an officer in the Regular Army in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of New Orleans. Afterwards he served in Congress for two terms, and was the candidate for Vice President on the ticket with General Lewis Cass in 1848.

Foreign.

Russia is negotiating for a settlement with China.

The Irish harvest promises well, also that in Southern Russia.

The British Parliament will be prorogued about the 27th or 28th instant.

Floods in Austria have done immense damage to crops and movable property.

Sir Hercules Robinson has been appointed Governor of Cape Colony in place of Sir Bartle Frere.

One hundred and ten amnestied Communists reached Paris August 3d, but their arrival occasioned no excitement.

Great Britain has withdrawn her request that Greece should remain neutral, and the troops there are being mobilized.

The French Republicans intend to repeal a law of 1850 which measurably protects the Jesuits who desire to open schools.

The French revenue receipts from taxation during the month of July were nearly 17,000,000 francs more than for July, 1879.

The British House of Commons has rejected a resolution removing the present restrictions on the sale of American cattle in England.

It is again stated that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will marry her secretary, Ashmead Bartlett, a native American and a naturalized British subject.

During the late disorders at Mazatlan, in Mexico, a battle was fought at Villa Union in which 100 men were killed and the Government troops were victorious.

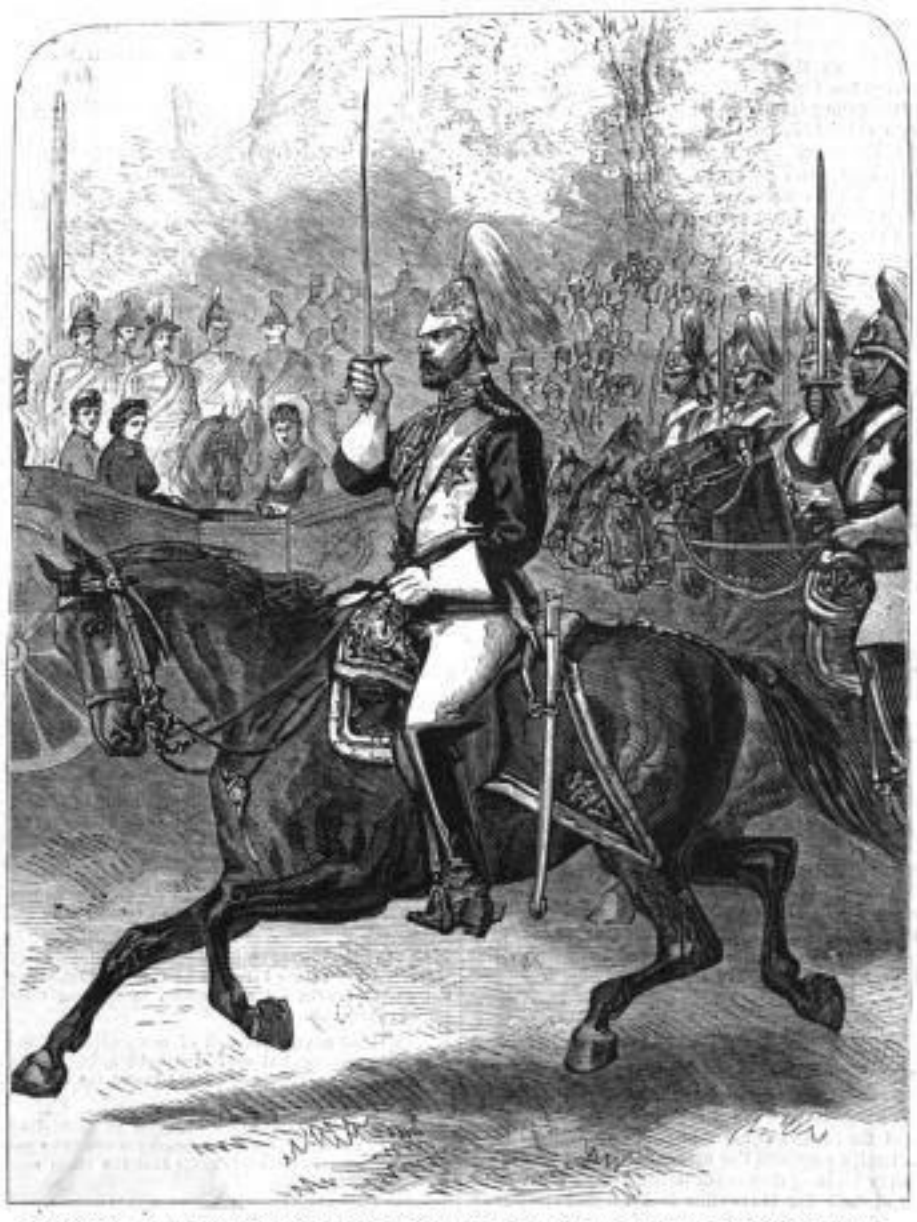
The London *Times* announces that Roumania is about to send Colonel Veterenco to Washington on a mission in connection with the recognition of Roumanian independence.

Insurrections are threatened in Mexico, owing to the election of General Gonzalez as President. The members of the last Mexican Congress who opposed the railroad Bills have all failed of re-election.

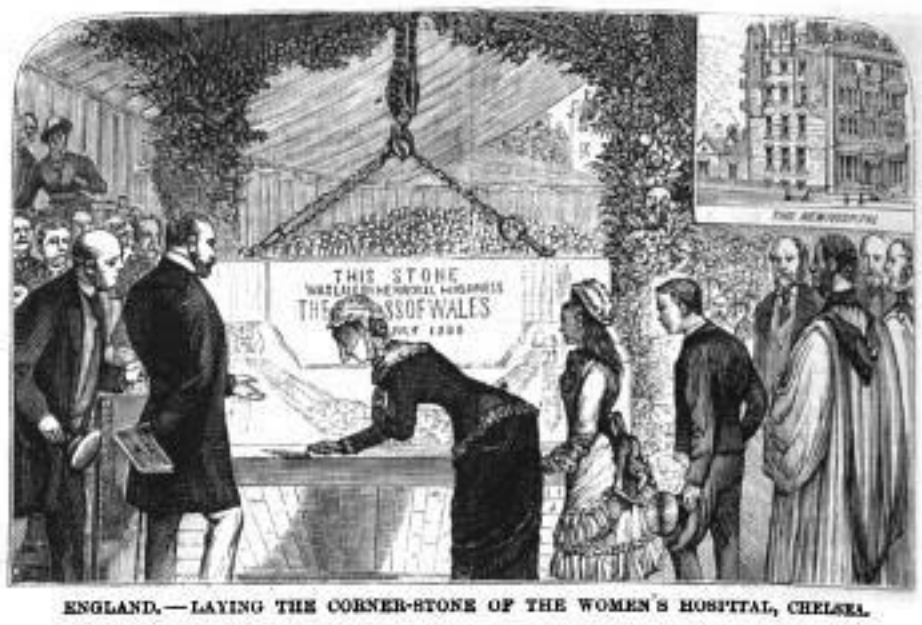
Ayoob Khan has retreated from the scene of his victory over General Burrows's troops in Southwestern Afghanistan. Both from England and India reinforcements are being energetically dispatched, and, besides, six battalions of infantry and three batteries of artillery will soon be passing through the Suez Canal. Without counting the recent additions, the total number of troops accepted by the Afghan war is 60,000, of whom 40,000 are within the frontier of Afghanistan.

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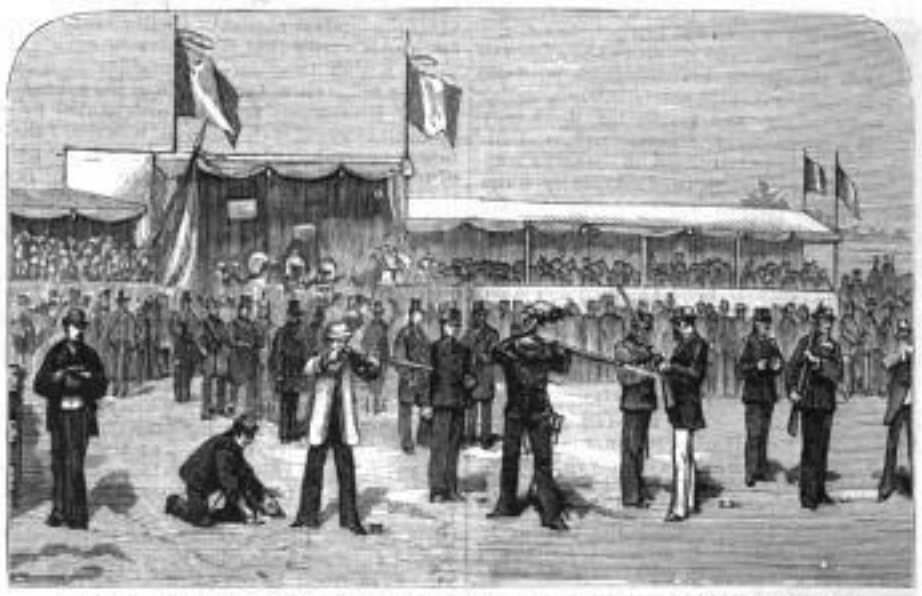
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 415.



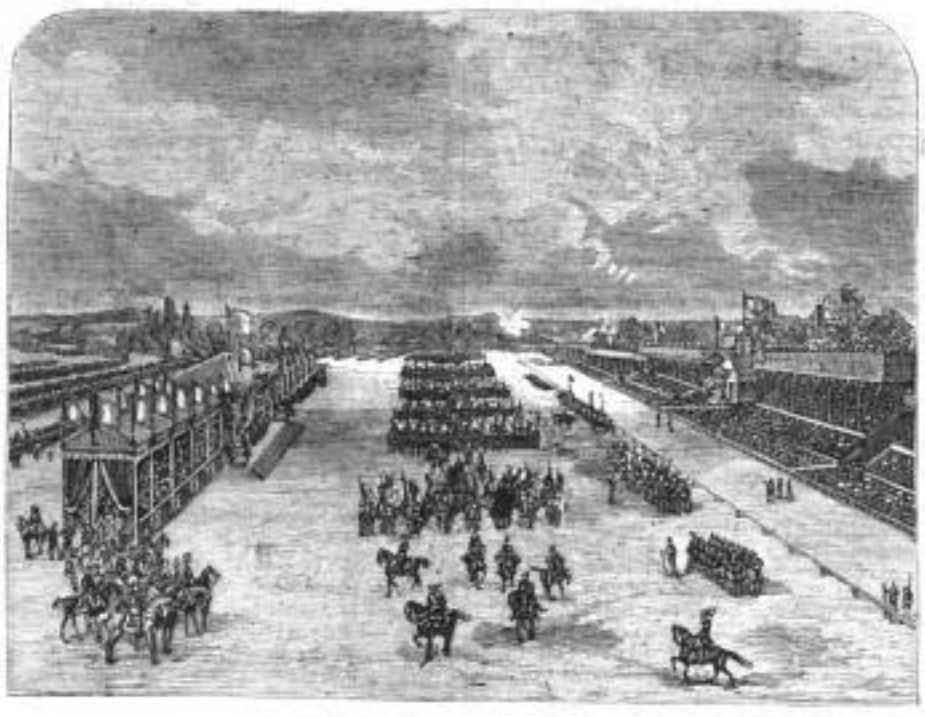
ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES SALUTING THE QUEEN AT THE GRAND REVIEW.



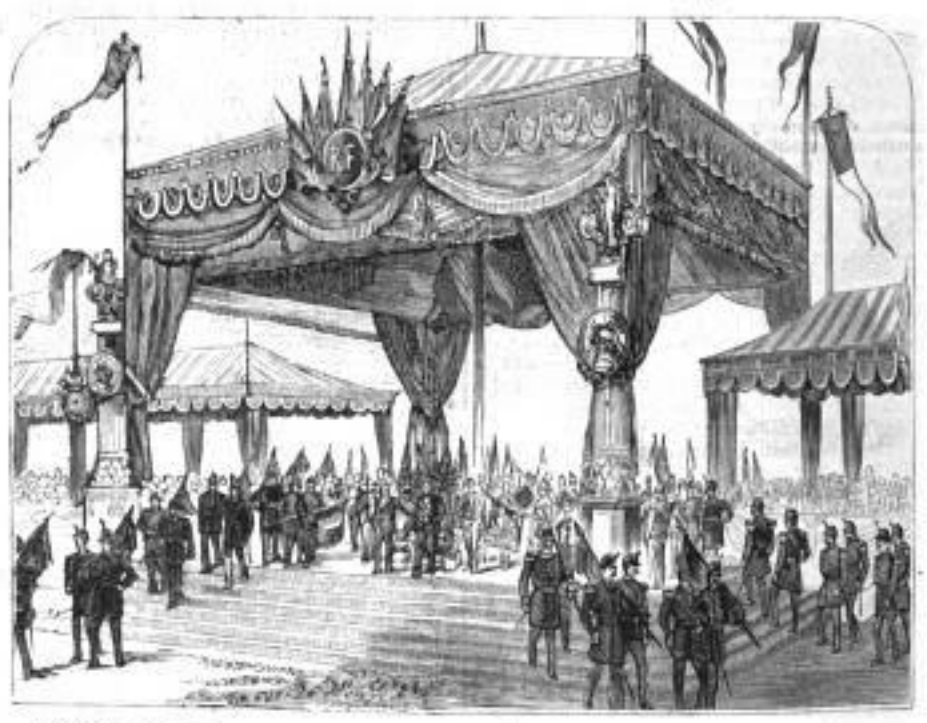
ENGLAND.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.



ITALY.—THE KING PARTICIPATING IN THE SHARPSHOOTING FESTIVAL, ROME.



FRANCE.—PRESENTATION OF THE NEW COLORS TO THE ARMY, JULY 14TH.



FRANCE.—THE COLOR-BEARERS PASSING THE PAVILION AFTER THE PRESENTATION.



FRANCE.—THE WEST AND SOUTH FRONTS OF THE NEW CITY HALL, PARIS.

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TOURIST LIFE ON NANTUCKET.

IN previous notices of this Summer resort, growing more popular every day, we have contrasted the Nantucket of the old whaling days with the Nantucket on which fashion has set her imprint. While the island is overflowing with attractions, it may be that the contrasts of a few years really form the most delightful feature of a sojourn. With a few steps the tourist passes from the Summer hotels to little clusters of ancient-looking, weather-beaten buildings, where the typical fisherman passes to and fro. Though he will tell you sadly that he never expects a return of the grand whaling enterprises of 1844, he still indulges in little fishing speculations. Save a certain sharpness in bargaining with the pleasure-seeker in search of facilities for fishing, he appears to take little interest in the steady development of the new order of things.

At the village of Siasconset—if village it may be called, which consists merely of a dozen or more quaint and ancient cottages, set down haphazard on the very edge of a steep cliff overhanging a narrow, sandy beach—the native quickens into considerable excitement when the mail-deliverer makes his periodical appearance. But once satisfied with the market success of his last venture, he relaxes into the apparently listless creature, caring naught for the loyings and glitter and extravagance of fashionable life. A little hotel brings yearly a few visitors to this sleepiest and most ancient hamlet, which lies about seven miles from Nantucket, at the southest extremity of the island; and very delightful to lovers of antiquity are the queer cottages, with their one or two "low-studded" rooms, their little, grassy dooryards, and the old figureheads—relics of whaling-ships long since gone down—which stand conspicuously before nearly every door. If a stronger contrast of the past and present of Nantucket life is desired, let the visitor betake himself to the old mill, and witness the original method of getting the huge fans into the current of the wind. Everything here looks ancient, even to the horse which slowly drags the long pole until the wind begins to attain a purchase on the fans, and slowly sets the venerable mechanism in motion.

From such spectacles relief may be obtained in the fine bathing-places on the western shore, under what is called the Cliff; or on the south shore, where the dangers of the surf and the tremendous undertow forbid bathing even to the most daring. Then, too, the Squantum should receive attention—that curious picnic on the level prairie-like plain, near the shore, with suitable provisions from the hotels and stores, but also with fish just out of the pond or sea, and with clams dug from the clean, gravelly sand. In the Athenæum, besides a worthy library, will be found a large number of curiosities deposited by the owners or masters of whaling-vessels, and relics associated with the past history of the island.

Whether in exploring the crooked, narrow streets of the town, or in straying over the pathless downs that lie beyond it, the days in Nantucket are only too quickly passed. Relic-hunters are made happy by such a surplus of old china and antique furniture as seldom meets the eye of dwellers on the mainland. Every shop has a corner of its window given up to "willow-pattern," wedgwood, and heaven knows what besides of the perishable, yet so lasting, ware; while almost every private house is open to callers with an eye to trade in brass candlesticks, old clocks, and the like. Unfortunately, the owners of these treasures are only too well "up" in their market value, and the delicious, trembling excitement of bagging a veritable bargain is not to be had. For the last four or five years this brisk yearly trade has been going on, yet the stock of china appears to suffer no diminution, and Summer visitors are still made happy with marvelous teapots, lovely cracked sugar-bowls, and mediæval dishes of gigantic size, which, in the strange revolution of things, may come from furnishing a Nantucket dinner-table to adorning the wall of a New York drawing-room.



GETTING THE VANE OF THE OLD MILL INTO THE WIND.

FARM LABOR AND WAGES.

THE annual report of the Agricultural Department gives the average of wages of farm-laborers, with and without board, as compared with the wages paid in several branches of skilled mechanical labor, and shows that in the Pacific and Mining States and Territories, the range of monthly wages for farm-laborers without board is between $30.75 in Montana and $22.50 in Washington Territory. Of the States east of the Mississippi, Minnesota pays her farm-laborers better than any other Northern State, the monthly wages with board being $16.33, while Vermont pays only $12.63. In the Southern States the prices paid range from $12.26 in Louisiana to $7.32 in South Carolina, the average being $9.60. The following are the most important portions of the report:

"The decline which had been steadily going on since 1873 till last year seems to have been arrested, and there is a decided advance in almost every section; the average wages of labor, engaged by the year or season, and which represents the steady and trustworthy force on the farms, was for the whole country last year $20.26 a month, without board. This year it is $21.75, being an increase of 7.35 per cent. . . . The cost of subsistence to the laborer for the average of the whole country in 1880 is $7.17 a month, against $7.54 in 1879.

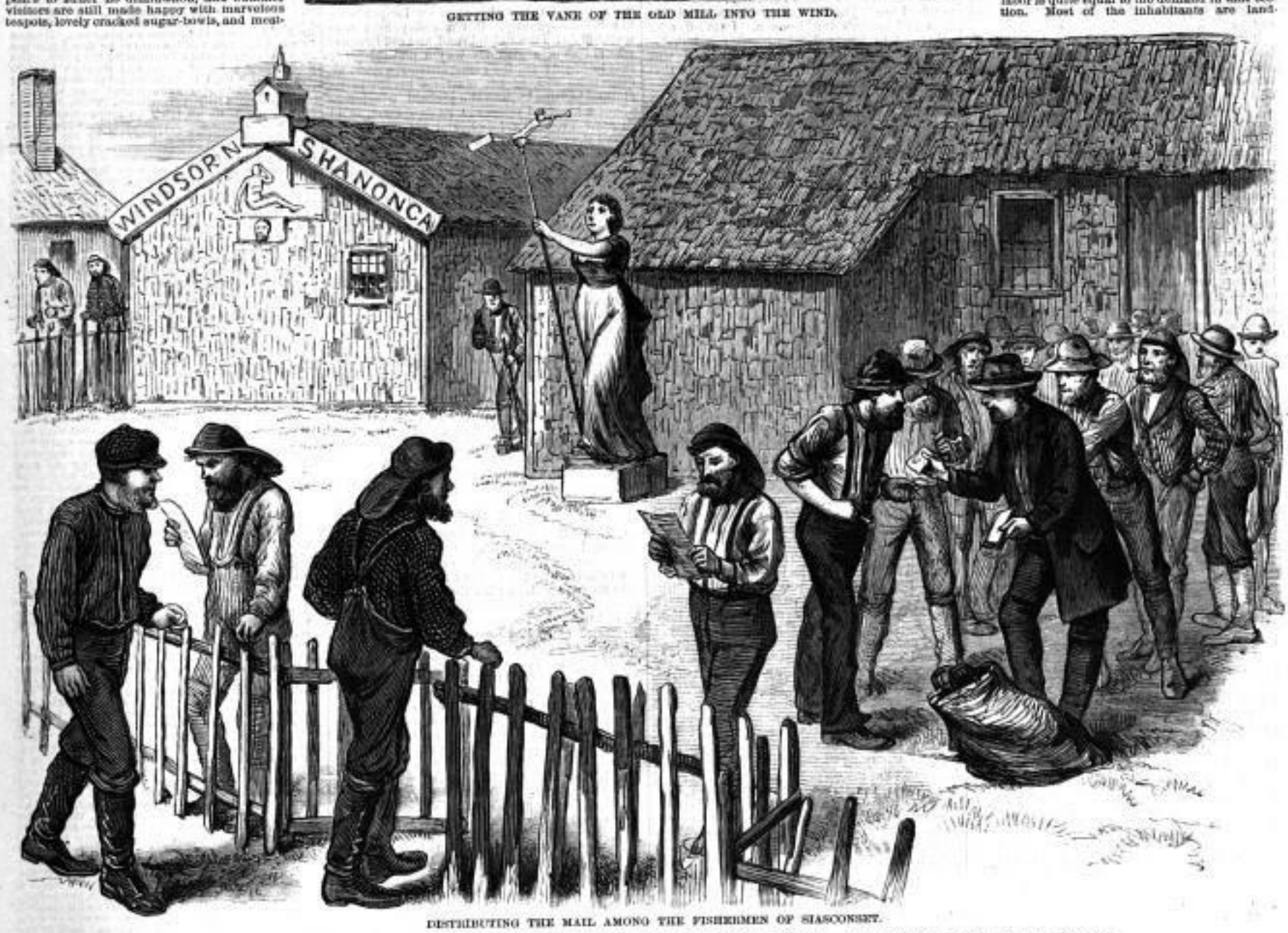
"Heretofore, in the decline of wages, the cost of subsistence declined in quite the same ratio, but for this year the proportion is largely in favor of the laborer, as the cost of subsistence remains nearly at the lowest rate, while the wages has materially advanced. The average price for labor with board is $14.56.

"An analysis of the figures of wages paid without board shows only three States reporting less than last year, namely, Texas, Minnesota and California; but a glance at the report of the wages paid with board shows a marked increase. It must be borne in mind, however, that in all these States the sparseness of population and absence of the facilities of the older States render it both necessary and convenient to lodge and feed the hired help. The price paid, therefore, with board, is the safest indication of the value of labor. As was to be expected, the greatest increase has been in those States where agriculture has been the most remunerative since last year. Thus in the West and those States bordering on the Ohio River, which were the most favored, the increase has been the largest. The same applies to the Cotton States. With the higher price for cotton the advance has been universal, and is in some as high as 8 or 10 per cent.

"The demand for labor is good in all sections of the country. In the New England and Middle States there is a steady and good demand for trustworthy men, and prices for that class have advanced very materially. The larger number of reports from those sections state that the usual custom is to hire with board and for the season.

"In the South Atlantic and Gulf States there is an active demand for all kinds of steady labor. Many correspondents report that the share system, or a division of the product in lieu of wages, is growing more unpopular daily, and that the freedmen are becoming more and more landholders. In Mississippi and Louisiana there are a few reports of scarcity of labor owing to the exodus to Kansas and the North, but in the same localities there is reported a good demand for trustworthy labor of all kinds.

"In the Northwestern States the supply of labor is quite equal to the demand in that section. Most of the inhabitants are land-



DISTRIBUTING THE MAIL AMONG THE FISHERMEN OF SIASCONSET.

MASSACHUSETTS.—SUMMER LIFE ON THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.

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owners, and only hire help at harvest time, but skilled labor is in good demand.

"In the Territories and on the Pacific Slope the demand is reported as good, except in New Mexico and Montana, where a surplus is noticed. In the first-named Territory the surplus is attributed to the opening of the railway from Kansas, and in the latter to the large number of young and unskilled laborers arriving.

HARRY HARTBUSH'S COB.

IT was really too aggravating to be detained three hours at a miserable country town, in a chill December day, because the directors of the Squash and Mudville Railway could not agree with the directors of the Grittington. Therefore, it was arranged that their respective trains, which appeared on the map to run continuously, should always set out two minutes before the passengers from either could cross the bridge which divided the camps of these iron Guelphs and Ghibellines.

In an ill-omened hour I had consented to assist at my niece Jessie's wedding, and found myself detained three hours, with eighty miles to travel after eight o'clock at night by rail, and one hour in any vehicle it might please her bride-electahip to send to the station for me.

A frame house, with a stereotyped piazza and a board with the word "hotel" in brazen letters inscribed thereon, large enough for the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor, intimated the propinquity of shelter and the possibility of food, and in a few minutes, from my first introduction to the landlord, a lantern-jawed rogue, who charged me two dollars for a chicken as tough as glue and "fixin's" that would have put a tenth-rate boarding-house to very shame, I was installed in the private room of the hostelry, and enjoying the distant prospect of a meal that was destined to prove but a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

As I flattened my nose against the window-pane and endeavored to exhaust my mind in speculating on the possible breeds of pigs of all sizes and colors that were luxuriantly rooting up a manure heap in the vacant lot fronting the parlor where I was a prisoner, a high-wheeled and mud-stained wagon, drawn by a spanking, smoking team, and occupied by a damp pair of nondescripts, buried under a Mont Blanc of Macintosh capes and Lorne rugs, dashed up to the door.

Tap, tap, tap! at my parlor door, and the landlord entered in a flurry, followed by the landlady, sharp and vinegary.

"Excuse me. Guess yer won't make no objection — only private room. Mr. Hartbush and his lady—a clever gentleman, large landowner, much obligated." Such was the disjointed sentences of the joint-stock message.

I am rather a shy man naturally, but on this day I was only too much pleased to have civilized society on any terms, so I retreated to the adjacent bedroom to give my hair a touch with the comb and returned to find the late occupants of the wagon in possession of my room, the lady settling her hair at the zig-zaggy green glass over the mantelpiece; the man, a tall, stout, broad-backed farmer, bending inquisitively over my satchel, apparently studying the name engraved under the lock, for he was saying:

"It's the same name, anyhow, but it can't be old Fred. It's too ridiculous."

He drew himself up as I entered with some formal apology on his lips, stared, paused, and then we cried out together:

"Fred Dormer!"

"Harry Hartbush!"

"I should never have known you!"

It was not likely we should. We might have passed each other a hundred times, and have never recognized old chums and college fellows in the two men whom fifteen years had separated, though the laughing gray eyes still unclouded by crowsfeet, and the smiling mouth of brilliant teeth were witnesses in favor of the identity of Harry. My last reports of Harry had been anything but satisfactory; but now, without asking any questions, I had only to take one glance at him and another at Mrs. Hartbush to learn that he was thriving, while a stealthy survey of Mrs. Harry during the process of introduction half-explained the secret. She was one of those little compact bodies, with clearly defined features, grave, piercing eyes, broad forehead, and fine chin, relieved in this instance by a good-tempered mouth, who seem born to manage husbands.

The first movement was a key to her character. After a burst of explanations and inquiries, Harry was proceeding to refer in general terms to the inadvisability of electing Grant for the third term, when Mrs. Harry, drawing a memorandum book from her pocket, lady-like in binding but business-like in size, and turning slowly over the leaves, exclaimed:

"Is there anything you could do before dinner, Mr. Hartbush?"—the Mr. in compliment to me—"We have two hours and twenty minutes to wait here."

She looked at her watch, none of your French jimcracks, but a solid time-keeper—a regular pocket chronometer.

Something indefinable in Hartbush's expression seemed to say that he would much sooner have deferred all business in favor of a chat with his old friend, for, turning to me with a very pleasant smile, Mrs. Hartbush continued:

"You will excuse Harry, I am sure, Mr. Dormer, for you are a man of business and can understand how necessary it is on a large farm like ours to see that every wheel is oiled and in working order. Harry is going to New York, and will be away quite two weeks, and there are always odds and ends to be arranged even at the last moment. And now that we have had the pleasure of meeting you so unexpectedly, you must arrange with Mr. Hartbush to pay us an early visit at Swamscon, where we shall be very pleased indeed to see you.

Mrs. Harry put her liege lord through his facings, who went through the affair in a manner quite amazing to me, who at first forgot what fifteen years will do. In fact, he appeared to understand his business perfectly. And although Mrs. H. made the notes which were to serve for leases, agreements, and the Lord knows what, and to refresh her husband's memory when he came to fill up his diary, and, although he sometimes referred to her for a figure or a fact, such as, "What did we allow old Thrustbeck for the bones?" it was plain that the lady was not anxious to show the doeskins which she had undoubtedly appropriated from Hartbush's wardrobe.

When Harry and I had settled down into our places in the cars—two swivel chairs in a drawing-room car—I could not help congratulating my old friend on his improved condition, delicately hinting a desire to be informed as to its immediate cause.

"You shall have the whole story, Dormer, and it's a pretty long one. I may as well go back to the time when we saw so much of each other in the fashionable whirl of New York life after we had quitted Yale. I'll spare you a bit of unpleasant misery about the busting of my father; it busted me. I was ruined. I paid what debts I was pressed to pay. I sold my T cart, my stable fixins', my guns, dressing cases, and accepted an invitation from Stedman Hoylde, went yachting to the Mediterranean, where, although I was Hoylde's guest and he did not wish me to be at any expense, I could not help getting rid of a certain share of what I now know as petty cash, and the result was that after a six months' cruise, I found myself back and stranded in London without a shilling. I could not ask Hoylde for money, not if I had been starving, so there I was, Dormer, in a real tight place, and no mistake.

"What I did, or how I lived for the next two years would be difficult for me to tell. I was reduced to the lowest ebb. I wouldn't come to New York, where I had been a swell, so I hung about London, that *refugium peccatorum*. I fiddled in a dancing orchestra, disguised in hair and mustache. One day I met Jacob Fisher, my father's old coachman. You recollect him?—a horsey-looking Englishman, with a half-moon collar—to be sure you do. Well, sir, Jacob Fisher had returned to London and set up as a job master. He asked me to his house, and, when I had no home, I became one of his "turn men," and drove night flys for six months. Through poor old Jacob's management I went to Russia, with a string of thoroughbred horses under my charge and two grooms. Thence I traveled through Hungary and Bohemia, and staid there a year with Baron Bondelbein as huntsman to a pack of hounds he had brought over.

"I knew little enough about hunting except riding straight; but, as he knew less, with the help of an English feeder, who brought over the dogs, I did pretty well. A scrap of the *Times*, which came with the Cheshire cheese—for my baron was an Anglo-maniac to the extent of cheese and beer, as well as fox-hounds and blood horses—requesting information concerning Harry Hartbush, son of Jones Hartbush, formerly of 598 Broadway, New York, reached me. This was signed by a solicitor's firm in Lincoln's Inn, London. I set off with all speed to England, where, after a terrible dose of the formalities of the law, I was enabled to handle five thousand dollars that had come too late to my poor old dad, and then to me; and to make the acquaintance of an aunt whom I had never seen, or, I may say, heard of—a Mrs. Bell, my poor father's sister, who had married an Englishman. He was in the army and was killed in the Crimea before Sebastopol. My aunt resided at Bath. She invited me to visit her, and to Bath I accordingly repaired. She remembered me as a six months' babe, and had, for a wonder, heard a favorable account of me from her maid, a niece of my patron, Jacob Fisher.

"Of course I ought to have been very prudent, and to have hugged my five thousand, but, somehow, as long as I was single, prudence and I never traveled long together on the same road. Bath is a place of considerable fashion, and I resolved to be in the fashion, and my first step was to purchase a stout, workmanlike cob. Why I bought that cob I cannot tell. It was on the day before I left London, and I turned into Tattersall's merely to kill time. I staid the sale out because it was raining. The last lot was a cob, handsome enough for the Park, and strong enough to carry the late Boss Tweed, but with a sore back. I hate cobs. I think them useless. But an auction has always had on me the same exciting effect that a game of chance has on some of my friends. I am fascinated, like a squirrel by a rattlesnake. My wife never lets me go near a sale since I purchased, without seeing them, three dozen broilers in one lot. Well, there were no bidders for the cob. The dealers were full. The cob-riders, if any, had no taste for a sore back. I have a famous receipt that never fails, taught me by a Texan cowboy. When I heard the animal, that would have fetched five hundred dollars in the Spring, hanging at eighty, I could not resist, but went in, and soon found Aurora Borealis knocked down to me at twenty guineas, a little over a hundred dollars.

"I sent the cob by the road to Bath, and I took the rail. At the first station I was joined by a gentleman of middle age, sallow countenance and a nervous manner, accompanied by his daughter, whose elegance of dress, and especially the tying of the vail, bespoke a country-woman of my own.

"They had a tremendous quantity of baggage, two saddles, and a remarkably stupid servant. I felt as though I had encountered an old friend when my eyes dropped on a Saratoga trunk.

"I have always found the fathers of families rather shy of me when they had their daughters with them, and this case proved no exception. By a happy accident Mr. Bristow—you grin, Dormer, I see you guess the best half of the story—agitated himself continually about his baggage, condemning the English system and lauding our own up to the skies. At the next station he insisted upon seeing that the baggage was all right. Thank heaven, it was all wrong! The stupid servant had left at least a moiety behind. Trains do not wait for raving passengers, and while Mr. Bristow was consigning his servant to the infernal gods, I telegraphed back to the station-master. By the time we had struck the branch line I had an answer, 'Luggage all right; will be sent by the next train.' This lucky hit on my part thawed the old gentleman a bit, and he condescended to talk enough to let me know that he was Robert Bristow, of the firm of Bristow, Tolt & Fidlem, of Wall Street, and, having destroyed his digestion and his nerves by over-work, and having tried ever so many springs in the States, was now resolved to see what the English spas could do for him, and was on his way to Bath to drink the water, take a course of cold baths and horseback exercise.

"He winced rather at horseback exercise. 'My daughter, also rather an invalid, and I am traveling under the advice of Doctor Blythebold, of Fifth Avenue, and Sir William Gull.'

"You may laugh as you please, Dormer, but I fell in love with the daughter at first sight, when I saw her so quietly and gently manage the angry head of the firm of Bristow, Tolt & Fidlem, and so very calmly and decidedly give the stupid, sleepy servant his discharge. Some men like a wife they can manage. I found one who can manage me, so I fell in love over ears in three hours' traveling with my Louey, for, of course, you have guessed that Mrs. H. is my railway angel.

"Well, although the respectable papa got on famously about horseflesh—he dreaded the ordeal of horseback exercise, not having ridden for fifteen years—he parted from me at the end of our journey with many formal, polite speeches, and a half-apology that the state of his health would prevent his receiving any company, not even that of my Aunt Bell, whom I pressed into the service.

"I entirely won my aunt's heart by confiding to her in a moment of weakness my adventure on the cars, and my love at first sight. She entered warmly into my interests, and, to make a long story short, old man, Louey and I met at balls, parties and picnics. My aunt made old Bristow's acquaintance, and Miss Bristow's, too, and gave me hopes when I was in despair.

"'Go in, my dear Harry,' she would say, 'I am sure she likes you. You have a square chance, because you are such a random goose, and she is so very sensible. Now I have always observed that sensible women prefer a man who is rather a goose.'

"Still the broker was obstinate. Louey was his right hand, read all his letters, made minutes of their contents and made his hominy. Then he was continually telling my aunt that if his daughter married at all she would choose a man of business, a person of common sense, etc.

"I'll be drawn and quartered, Dormer, if I can tell you how I became inspired, how I got the notion that proved of such vital importance to me subsequently. But one day, as I was walking down the Bristol road, and old Bristow was riding in a gingerly way a piebald pony that he hired from the riding-master, a servant, exercising one of his master's horses in its clothes, hustled by, and the piebald, which was about a hundred years old, gave a start. Old Bristow uttered a howl, and his arms were round the piebald's neck in no time.

"The very next day, and the subsequent days, I was astride Aurora Borealis, packed tight, and city banked on a soft, stuffed saddle, with a pad before my legs and behind my thighs, with my arm in a sling. In this guise I followed the respectable broker, at a long distance, up the green lanes, where he rode tremblingly under the fierce orders of his tyrant and physician, who had said:

"'Mr. Bristow, if you don't ride ten miles a day you won't live five years. If you don't choose to follow my prescription, go back to the United States; don't come to me.'

"So he rode daily in fear of his life.

"My groom was a character, and to be depended on. I have him still. You'll see him when you come down to stay with us. One evening as Bristow commenced his usual ride on the riding-master's piebald, Evans, my man, appeared at the end of the lane, at a gallop, on a horse loaned for the occasion, and, watching the invalid broker, stopped short, shouting some indistinct words as if addressed to Dandy Jim, on which the obedient piebald halted and sat down on his hind legs like a dog, while poor Mr. Bristow rolled on the turf.

"To canter up and address Evans in the most violent language, and discharge him on the spot—to pick up the broker, as if he had been my father—was the work of a minute, and this was no sooner done than the piebald gathered himself together, and set off towards town on a mild trot.

"Mr. Bristow had sustained no damage except a crack in his black trousers, which rendered walking three miles neither convenient or dignified. With many asseverations and assertions I persuaded him to mount Aurora Borealis, while I walked by his side for the first mile. In that ride, where he felt the difference between his smooth, slippery saddle and the closely-packed one for which, without his knowledge, he had been carefully measured, and between the elastic, well-trained pace of the king of cobs and the severe canter of the riding master's hack or of the ill-broken brute he had bought for himself off a client, his countenance relaxed. He insisted on my mounting the horse that Evans had been riding, while the latter trudged behind, apparently weeping, with the horse's clothes. That day Mr. Bristow asked me to dinner.

"On the following day he rode Aurora Borealis. On the following he offered me a hundred guineas for him, and I refused to sell him at any price, although willing to lend him. Within three months I was engaged to Louey Bristow with the consent of her father, and, within six months we were married; within the year my father-in-law put me into his place—about five miles from the station we started from, and I can tell you it is a place, with some two thousand acres to farm. My dear Louey has made me what you see—never idle and the happiest of men."

"And the cob?"

"Has a paddock all to himself. You'll see him when you come down to us."

BULL-FIGHTING IN NEW YORK, AND IN MEXICO.

THE long-talked of bull-fight came off on Saturday afternoon, July 31st, in the new amphitheatre on Seventh Avenue, after an unexpected legal fight for possession of the entrance money at the box-office. At about 5:30 the band struck up a march, and eight Spanish toreros, dressed in gaudy costumes, and with their richly-colored capes hanging on their shoulders, advanced into the arena. None of them seemed to be under forty or forty-five years of age. They were led by Señor Angel Valdemoro, the chief, and took off their curiously-shaped black hats when the crowd cheered them. The toreros separated in the centre of the ring, after the manner of opening the "grand cavalcade" of a circus, and selected their cloaks, which had been hanging on the inner barrier. The crowd became uneasy, and awaited anxiously the appearance of some savage animal, which was going to make havoc with the valiant-looking Spaniards.

Mr. Henry Bergh was the virtual manager of the performance. His tall figure was conspicuous during the exhibition at the opening where the animals were turned into the arena. He was surrounded by Spaniards and Cubans, police officials and newspaper reporters. The manager, Mr. Fernandez, opened the gate ten feet distant, and between him and Mr. Bergh stood Mr. Hatfield, Superintendent of the S. P. C. A., who formed a direct communication between Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Bergh. When Mr. Bergh had seen enough of one of the capering animals he raised his forefinger and looked at Mr. Hatfield. Then he would say that that was "enough," or "Take him out," and the animal was removed.

Two fences divided the arena from the spectators, the inner barrier being five feet high, and over this the toreros had frequently to leap as the wild, long-horned Texan steers came charging at them. The third and seventh steers afforded the most sport.

At three minutes to six o'clock the third steer came in. He shot, as if discharged from a cannon, and bounded along the ground, snorting with noises like explosions at every bound. The Spanish doorkeeper on the upper tier, where the private boxes were, said loudly, "That's a good bull." The other Spaniards nodded approvingly. The brute stopped in the middle of the ring, flung his head up, bellowed, snorted and dug trenches in the earth with his hoofs.

Valdemoro, recovering from his astonishment, walked towards the ferocious beast and deftly wiped the animal's forehead with his pink cloak. There was a snort, a cloud of dust, a lunge, a humped mass of steer in the air, and Valdemoro leaped backwards ten feet. Another torero faced the danger. The bull dashed at the newcomer, and the newcomer shot over the fence. In less time than it can be written every torero engaged the steer, and all retreated rapidly. The animal seemed infuriated. He sent up the earth from beneath his hoofs in clouds. He snorted at every bound. Suddenly, finding the road clear, he followed the example of the toreros, and endeavored to leap the fence. He did not clear it, but hung across it like a half-filled bag across a clothes-line. An instant later he fell between the fences on his head. He was driven back into the inclosure; he dived into the group of toreros, and all sprang for the fence. The steer made a better jump, and stood on his fore legs with his hind hoofs in the air above the top of the fence. The spectators roared with laughter, and the toreros looked crestfallen. When the brute found himself on all fours he plunged along between the fences and caught Manager Fernandez napping. The little Spaniard flew for his life and scrambled on to the covered entrance to the ring, trembling, pale and speechless.

Again the people roared with laughter. This third and most ferocious steer sprang on the fence in the same place and in the same manner five times. The toreros nearly all distinguished themselves in their combats with him. Several of them ran at him with round sticks two feet in length, upon the ends of which sticky streamers of ribbon were fixed. Watching their opportunity, they leaped between the animal's horns, distracted his attention with their cloaks, and succeeded in leaving the streamers hanging from his shoulders. When at last the steer saw the open gate and ran from his tormentors, the Spanish gentlemen, who had fatigued themselves with alternate fits of cheering and of laughter, rewarded the toreros with showers of cigars, which they tossed into the arena.

Steer number seven was full of fire and action. One of the most notable combats was that between this beast and the torero in red. The torero taunted the steer for ten minutes. Advancing towards the beast's lowered horns, with his cloak rolled up, but held by two upper corners, the red-coated fighter suddenly launched the cloak into the air so that it floated before the steer's eyes and moved with the motion of the steer's head. If the steer started to the right the cloak floated there, but the torero had leaped to the other side. In a twinkling the bull was where the torero had been, and the torero was on the other side, but the cloak still floated before the bull's eyes. If the bull dashed at the centre of the floating cloud of cotton it was only to find himself blinded; if he retreated, the cloak followed; if by a lucky chance he lunged directly at the discreet torero, the torero was gone. Once during this encounter, while Valdemoro hung upon the fence, the steer quitted the man in red and dashed at the champion. His horns struck the fence, but Valdemoro's legs were between them, and they escaped.

According to Señor Fernandez's programme there were to be two more exhibitions, but, on August 3d, Mr Bergh notified him that he would not permit a repetition.

During the visit of the Industrial Deputation to Mexico last year a bull-fight was held at a little village called Tlanapantla, situated about twelve miles from the City of Mexico, as the *corrida*, or bull-fight, is forbidden by law within the *cercuir* of the capital. This is an enactment of recent date for the bull-ring still exists, while in all the leading cities and towns of the country the Plaza de Toros is an institution, notably at Puebla. Señor Riva Pallacio, then Minister of Public Works, got up this bull-fight at his own expense at a cost of some $6,000. The American party was conveyed by special train to Tlanapantla, and at four o'clock the fight commenced. The ring was very large and laid down with sand. Instead of one continued barrier, as in Spain, there were recesses or stout barricades of wood behind which the toreros or bull-fighters leaped when occasion demanded. In the ring was a Merry Andrew, or clown, whose rôle was to play fantastic tricks with the bull, and to indulge in political and popular allusions. At a given signal—the "call" upon a trumpet—the toreros entered the ring in procession, followed by the picadors or men armed with blunted lances, riding the leanest horses, one eye of each horse being blindfolded, the flanks and back of the animal protected by a suit of sheet-iron cuirass.

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After the picadors marched the banderilleros, whose duty it is to plant darts in the shoulders of the bull; then came the chulos or men who flash their cloaks before the baited brute; then the espadas, out of whose ranks comes the matador, the man who slays the bull; then the muchachos, or attendants; and winding up the procession, the horses with the tiros, with showy trappings, destined to bear away the dead body of the slaughtered bull. Again the trumpet brayed forth, and the picadors, grasping lances, the chulos close to the barricades, prepared to receive the onslaught of the bull. There was a deathlike silence as the ponderous wooden gate was flung open and the bull darted forth, the divisa, or knot of ribbon denoting his breed, dangling from his shoulders. The glories of a Mexican sun shone down on 10,000 people seated in tiers, one above another, around this circular basin of yellow sand. The building had no roof.

Like an arrow from a bow darted the bull from the toril, excited to madness by the prick of the divisa dexterously plunged into his neck. The picador was at his post—that is, eight or nine yards from the door and two from the barrier. The bull bounded right into the centre of the arena, where he stood with head and tail erect, blinded by the sudden glare of the sun, and bewildered by the sight of the thousands of spectators; then, perceiving the picador, he lowered his head and charged at him full tilt. The lance, passing beneath the arm of the picador, arrested the furious animal for a second by striking him on the shoulder, from whence a bright stream of blood now began to trickle, but the iron, as was intended, had only entered skin-deep. The bull having made a movement to the right, the lance slipped upon him, and in an instant one of his long, sharp horns was deeply buried in the chest of the horse, from whence the blood commenced to spurt in great ghastly gouts. Again did the bull return to the charge, unmindful of the flashing cloaks of the chulos, and in the second rush the animal got beneath the picador's guard, hurling man and horse to the earth. Instantly the chulos flashed their capas before the bull and drew him off, while the picador was assisted from the ring. After two horses had been killed, the picadors quitted the ring, and the alcalde, or mayor, caused the trumpet to summon the banderilleros. The banderillas are little pieces of wood about half an inch in diameter and two feet long, ornamented for two-thirds of the length by gayly colored tissue-paper, till they resemble huge bonbons. At one end is a steel dart, shaped like a harpoon. They are used in pairs, and six pairs having been planted in the shoulders of the bull, the trumpet sounded for the espada. The matador stepped forth, bearing the muleta or blood-red cloak of office in his left, the long straight sword in his right hand. Flinging his montera or little hat in the air, he uttered *el brindis*, a short speech, declaring his intention of killing the bull or perishing in the attempt, and then stepped forth, and, after some preliminary skirmishing, plunged his sword through the shoulders of the bull right through its heart.

After this the mountebank played tricks with the slaughtered animal, which afforded the Mexicans the most exquisite delight. Then came the lassoing of the bull by caballeros on mustangs, the Merry Andrew riding the lassoed animal amid ten thousand runs, and, lastly, the sacrifice of another bull done to death as the first.

In Spain alone is bull-fighting to be seen. Everything else bearing the name is but a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY.

THE journey of General Garfield through New York State last week was made the occasion of enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President. From the time he reached Buffalo until he reached New York he was warmly greeted at every station, and his return trip was equally agreeable. A special train was made up for him by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and, through the admirable management of its authorities, halts were made at eighteen of the principal towns on the line of the road, to afford the people an opportunity for greeting the distinguished traveler.

The greater part of the evening and night of Tuesday, August 3d, was spent in receiving the citizens of Buffalo at the Palmer Hotel. Delegation followed delegation, serenade followed serenade, and the party had only three hours' sleep before being called up to take the special train. General Garfield was accompanied by a number of prominent citizens and Western friends. The party started at 6:30 o'clock, amid the cheers of a large crowd, who, despite the earliness of the hour, had gathered to bid them good-by.

Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, acting for Governor Cornell, took charge of the party, and introduced General Garfield to the people of the State at the several cities where halts were made. He was accompanied by the following members of the Governor's staff: Adjutant-General Frederick Townsend, General Charles P. Easton and Colonel John T. Mott. The train reached Batavia, the first stopping-place, at 7:33, and steamed into the station amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of a crowd of thousands of persons, many of whom were evidently workingmen. General Garfield stepped from the rear platform, and was briefly introduced by Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, both gentlemen making brief speeches. Cannon boomed, the bands played, the crowd cheered, and amid all this racket the train, with loud-clanging bell and piercing whistle, left Batavia. So good time was made between this and the next stop, Rochester, that the party arrived at the depot ahead of the bands and the members of the Lincoln Club, who, having obtained bright new uniforms for the occasion, had hoped to make quite an imposing appearance. The train was two minutes ahead of time. The first shot from the cannon, however, started the whole population for the station, and in a few seconds a crowd of over 8,000 people had collected around the rear of the car. As the second salute was fired, the Lincoln Club, with its band, came up, and owing to some little delay in the starting of the train, they had time to present General Garfield with an address.

The train arrived at Lyons at 9:32, punctually on time, and was received by a large crowd, a salute of cannon, and similar demonstrations of welcome to those which it had met with at the previous stopping-places.

At Syracuse, which was reached at 11 o'clock, there was a larger and more enthusiastic crowd awaiting General Garfield than had been met with anywhere on the line since leaving Buffalo. It began at the depot and extended as far as the Journal office, the balcony and windows of which were crowded with enthusiastic employés. It was evidently the belief that the train would stop at the station, instead of which it was slowly moved through the sea of upturned faces to the Central Square, as a place better suited to accommodate the multitude. It crossed Salina Street and came to a standstill opposite the Remington House, and was immediately surrounded by the cheering crowd. A drizzling rain was falling at the time. The Remington, Vanderbilt and the lesser hotels in the square were covered with flags and bunting, and a cannon placed in the centre of the square was fired repeatedly. The crowd, when compacted, filled up the whole square for more than a block, and when a portable platform came up, pushed by a locomotive, they with difficulty made way for it.

Short addresses were made at these places by General Garfield and the gentlemen of his company, and the same courtesies were observed at Rome, Utica, Little Falls, Palatine Bridge, Amsterdam and Schenectady. At Albany, General Arthur boarded the train, and a warm greeting took place between himself and General Garfield.

On the trip down the Hudson stoppages were made at Hudson, Fishkill, Garrison's, Peekskill and Yonkers.

At exactly 7:40 o'clock the train entered the Grand Union Depot in this city. Immediately loud explosions were heard sounding in the great building, like the firing of a battery of heavy artillery. Twenty-five signal torpedoes had been placed on the track, and as the cars moved towards the platform they were exploded in quick succession. This acted as a signal for the crowd, and a rush was made through the gate to the train. Before the train ceased moving the crowd had surrounded it, and cheers were given before General Garfield appeared. As he stepped from the platform the police order became completely broken, and he was surrounded and fairly besieged by the enthusiastic gathering. Hearty cheers filled the air, and hats were waved as he slowly made his way to the depot entrance. It was thought that over 2,000 persons were in the depot at this time. They crowded upon street-car platforms and car-steps, and pushed each other in all directions in order to get a sight at the Republican candidate for President.

General Garfield had a busy time on Thursday. From early morn to late at night his reception-room was a constant centre of interest to prominent members of the Republican Party, and the list of callers included some of the most distinguished names in that party. He received a committee from the Union League of America, and made some brief remarks in regard to the principles of that organization. In the evening General Fremont and the members of the Republican Central Campaign Club were received, but there were no speeches. On Friday evening there was a serenade on an extensive scale at the headquarters of the National Committee, and on Saturday the special train left Jersey City on the Erie Road. Stoppages were made at a number of cities, and the party stopped over Sunday at Chautauqua Lake.

The Distribution of Wealth in Paris.

THERE is little doubt that in a few years the City of New York will contain more wealthy people than any capital in the world. At present it is only exceeded in the number of its millionaires by London. Paris may glitter, but solid gold and substance is more plentifully distributed in the two capitals of commerce. A French writer has made an approximative calculation as to the incomes of the inhabitants of Paris. His conclusions are based on the house rents, and can scarcely be regarded as anything more than approximative. Making due allowance for the large rents, he finds that 421 individuals have incomes over $53,000; 1,413 possess incomes ranging from $53,000 to $26,600; 3,049 from $26,600 to $14,000; 9,985 from $14,000 to $6,400; 21,453 from $6,400 to $3,400; 16,198 from $3,400 to $2,000; 17,302 from $2,000 to $1,500; 21,147 from $1,500 to $1,200; 61,083 from $1,200 to $800; 74,360 from $800 to $480; and 468,841 individuals, judging from the house rents they pay, can have only incomes below the last figure.

And the calculation has been made based on the different styles of funerals. The Paris undertakers have accommodatingly classified funerals into nine sorts, and the Potter's Field interment comes in with a tenth division. Of 53,218 interments in 1879, 28,761 were of this tenth category—or 547 per thousand, taking the figures for four years. Thus, the annual number of Potters' Field interments in Paris is almost equal to the total number of funerals in our city. How can such a fact be reconciled with the reported prosperity and thrift of the Parisians? It might be said that the poorest families in the United States strain every nerve and often place an unnecessary amount of pride in providing for the last rites; but it also is proof that, despite the misery which undoubtedly exists in American cities, there is yet a wide difference between the condition of their working populations and those of European cities. They live better in one sense of the word; and when they die, they have infinitely more chances of a "decent" funeral.

Growth of Cities.

THE New England cities show large gains in population since 1870, as the following table indicates:

Names of Places.	1870.	1880.	*Increase Per ct.*
Boston	250,526	332,000	40
Cambridge	39,634	51,533	32
Fall River	26,766	47,883	80
Hartford	37,180	42,024	13
Lawrence	28,921	39,400	35
Lowell	40,928	61,200	50
Lynn	28,233	38,367	35
Manchester	23,536	32,473	37
New Haven	50,840	62,000	18
Portland	31,413	33,796	7
Providence	68,904	104,500	52
Springfield	26,703	33,149	18
Worcester	41,105	58,293	41

The highest percentage of municipal growth shown by the census is that of Denver, which has increased during the decade at the rate of 450 per cent. Minneapolis ranks second, with a rate of 400 per cent., and Oakland, Cal., third, with a rate of 223 per cent. St. Paul, Minn., and Camden, N. J., share the fourth place with a rate of 107 per cent. Grand Rapids, Mich., is credited with 93 per cent.; St. Joseph, Mo., with 87 per cent.; Omaha, Neb., with 72 per cent., and Atlanta, Ga., with 78 per cent.

The following table shows the growth in population of various cities of the Union outside of New England and the South, the great centres of population not being included:

Names of Places.	1870.	1880.	*Increase Per ct.*
Albany, N. Y.	69,422	90,713	30
Allegheny, Pa.	53,180	78 472	47
Buffalo, N. Y.	117,714	154,766	31
Cleveland, O.	92,829	159,464	72
Columbus, O.	31,274	51,337	64
Dayton, O.	30,473	39 000	28
Detroit, Mich.	79,577	116,027	46
Indianapolis, Ind.	48,244	75,031	55
Jersey City, N. J.	82,546	105,000	28
Kansas City, Mo.	32,260	56,946	77
Milwaukee, Wis.	71,440	115,480	61
Newark, N. J.	105,059	136 983	29
Paterson, N. J.	86,076	121,977	40
Pittsburgh, Pa.	38 930	43,239	14
Reading, Pa.	33,386	87,057	16
Rochester, N. Y.	35,093	48 756	39
Scranton, Pa.	43,051	52,210	21
Syracuse, N. Y.	33,584	53,635	59
Toledo, O.	66,465	56,594	23
Troy, N. Y.	28,804	38 925	35

Charms against Lightning.

SCIENCE, with all its confidence, has provided no safeguards against thunder-storms. It can warn, but it cannot protect. Conductors may happily carry off the electric current, but they cannot secure us from danger. The timid may be told emphatically to stand in the middle of the room, to avoid fireplaces and brass ornaments, or to roll themselves up in feather-beds or hearth-rugs; but these precautions will be of little avail if houses, as at Manchester, tumble down and bury all alike, the terrified and the bold, in a common ruin. There have been in all ages popular superstitions having for their object to avert the dangers of thunder and lightning. The Thracian soldiers took up their bows and arrows and fired into the clouds to drive away the storm, and it was considered necessary to erect a cross on St. Paul's steeple, in London, filled with the relics of saints, in order to free the city from all danger of destructive tempests. Constant on the belief that an evil spirit raged in the storm, it was a custom in old times, as well in England as in France and Germany, to ring church bells in order to protect the frightened inhabitants. When they rang out the great bell at the Abbey of St. Germain, in Paris, or chimes in the tower of St. Adelon, in Malmesbury Abbey, the faithful assisted the bell-ringers with their prayers, and helped to stay the storm. Many more homely charms against thunder and lightning exist to this day in some parts of England. The curious herb known as the house-leek, growing on the house-top of rustic cottages, is supposed to be as valuable a preservative as any scientific lightning-conductor of approved pattern. Peasants, true to the faith of their forefathers, still carry beneath their waistcoats scraps of bay leaf or laurel as an amulet—a custom as old as, if not older than, the days of Tiberius Cæsar. A London paper says: "We may have got beyond the superstition that allowed a dead man killed by a storm to lie where he fell, in order that the spot might be fenced about and a sheep promptly sacrificed on a rude altar; but it would be strange if country folk did not still place a cold iron bar on the beer barrels to prevent the liquor from turning sour during a thunder-storm; and that swans' eggs are only hatched during a loud peal of thunder is a belief yet cherished by those who watch this bird for signs of atmospherical electricity as closely and confidently as they listen for the scream of the peacock to betoken rain. Countless experiments have been tried to ascertain the scientific causes of a thunder-storm and to determine its proper meaning, from the time when Franklin sent up his silk kite attached to a dry hempen cord and narrowly escaped the danger of drawing fire from the heavens, until the days when electric researches were checked by the death of Professor Richmann, of St. Petersburg, who drew out so much electricity from the thunder-cloud that he was promptly killed on the spot. It is consolatory to reflect, however, that the chances of being personally injured by lightning are very much less than the risks involved in a thousand human inventions."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Review at Windsor.

On Wednesday, July 14th, Her Majesty reviewed in Windsor Great Park the Aldershot Army Corps, under the command of Sir Daniel Lysons, K.C.B. The troops numbered 10,000, and had marched over from Aldershot the previous day, having encamped for the night on Ascot Heath and Chobham. On Her Majesty's arrival a salute was fired, and the Queen, who was accompanied in her carriage by the Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian, the Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught and the two sons of the Prince of Wales being in a second carriage, drove up and down the line and took her station at the saluting point. Then the march-past commenced, the Royal Horse Artillery leading the way. Next came the Household Cavalry Brigade, led by the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief, and who, in this instance, wore both the helmet and cuirass of the Life Guards. After saluting Her Majesty, the Prince quitted his regiment and rode up by the side of the Royal carriage. Then followed in quick succession numerous cavalry and artillery regiments, the Grenadiers and Scots Guards, the Rifle Brigade, led by the Duke of Connaught, and subsequently the Light Cavalry, the Engineers, with telegraph apparatus and wagons, and the batteries of Field Artillery. The march past at an end, various manœuvres were executed by the different divisions.

The Princess of Wales and the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

The Chelsea Hospital for Women was founded in 1871 for the reception and treatment of gentlewomen in reduced circumstances and of respectable poor women, and was established in a building in the King's Road, Chelsea. The number of patients, however, increased so rapidly that it was felt necessary to secure further accommodation, and an appeal was sent forth for funds to build a new hospital. This being duly responded to, and a site having been obtained in the Fulham Road, the foundation-stone was laid by the Princess of Wales on July 16th. A large number of people were invited to witness the ceremony, and the Princess, who was accompanied by the Prince and two of her children, was received by the Bishop of London and the authorities of the hospital. A silver trowel was handed the Princess by the senior physician, with which she took mortar and plastered the stone. After it was lowered to its proper site, a number of ladies and children passed before the Princess, all bearing purses of money which they laid upon the stone, to the amount of $5,000.

King Humbert at the Shooting Festival.

Like his father, Victor Emmanuel, Humbert, the present King of Italy, is known throughout his kingdom as a Nimrod of considerable might. The late king usually sought relief from the cares of state in a hunting excursion or a rifle contest with his favorites, never disdaining to leave the pomp of his person and rank in his palace. Hut the present King and Queen have attained immense popularity by freely mingling with the people, and participating in their pleasures and sadnesses. It was not to be wondered at, then, that at the late festival of sharpshooters at Rome, King Humbert appeared with his rifle, and, begging the privilege of shooting with the marksmen, took his place on the range and fired away to his heart's content.

Distributing Flags to the French Army.

During the ceremony of presenting the new flags to the French army on July 14th, the four highest officers of state, M. Grevy, President of the Republic; M. Léon Say, President of the Senate; M. Gambetta, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Freycinet, President of the Council of Ministers, occupied the centre of a grand pavilion, with the members of the Senate on one hand and those of the Chamber on the other. The troops, having first saluted the President, were inspected by the Minister of War and the military attachés of the foreign ambassadors. The President then distributed the flags, bowing as an aide-de-camp handed the flag to an ensign, who handed it to the colonel, who, after saluting the President, returned it to the ensign.

The New Hotel de Ville, Paris.

As cities in the Middle Age purchased charters from the kings, they set up their city halls. That of Paris was for centuries a very modest structure, but on the 1st of July, 1533, the corner-stone of an imposing edifice was laid by Peter Viole, and the erection began under the direction of Dominic Boccador, of Cortona, as architect. Civil wars checked the progress, and the Hotel de Ville, begun under Francis I., was not completed till the year 1628, in the reign of Louis XIII. It was a very handsome edifice, but in time became too small. Napoleon proposed to enlarge it, but this was not actually done till 1837, when the architect Godde superintended the additions which took seven years to complete, and were in perfect harmony with the original structure. All was destroyed by the Commune in 1871. Two years after the city selected, from sixty-six plans submitted, that of Messrs. Ballu and Deperthes. The new City Hall stands on the old site and is nearly completed; it reproduces in general effect the old Hotel de Ville, and will be a remarkable restoration of old Paris. Our illustration shows the west and south fronts, which are more imposing than in the preceding buildings.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A NEW design for national bank notes is suggested, to make counterfeiting more difficult.

—A LARGE number of very rich silver mines have been discovered in the State of Guerrero, Mexico.

—THE Greek Government has abandoned the proposed mobilization of the army in deference to the advice of the Powers.

—THE Compensation for Disturbance in Ireland Bill was defeated in the House of Lords on August 2d, by a vote of 282 to 51.

—THE Chilian transport *Loa* was blown up by a torpedo in Callao Bay, July 2d. About 150 men, including most of the officers, perished.

—THE Government of Colombia has given permission to a company to lay a cable on the west coast of Panama, to connect with the United States.

—IT is estimated that the California wheat crop this year will amount to 47,500,000 bushels, the whole value of which will be close on $43,000,000.

—A BRITISH ship has sailed for TEXAS with 3,500 barrels of oil, made for the purpose of preserving railroad ties and bridge timbers under a new process.

—THE work of reconstruction upon the Washington Monument was commenced August 6th, and twenty feet will be added to the height before December.

—THE returns of the French elections for Conseils-Généraux show that 804 Republicans and 325 Conservatives were elected. The Republicans gain 189.

—BY a vote of 13 to 8 the Aldermen of New York have adopted a cat ordinance similar to that relating to dogs, and the Mayor is authorized to appoint official cat-catchers at once.

—DR. CHARLES H. KENNEDY and Rev. Thomas R. Miller, of Philadelphia, have been held for trial in connection with the issuing of spurious medical diplomas in that city.

—THE population of Maine, estimated from the returns already in, is 646,000, against 626,915 in 1870. The population of Vermont is 334,455, a gain of 3,904 over the census of 1870.

—THE railroad engineers, switchmen, gatemen, etc., in Connecticut, are protesting against the tests for the discovery of color blindness, which prevents their employment by the railroad companies.

—THE municipal governments of St. Petersburg and Moscow are on the eve of the verge of bankruptcy, trying to get off being compelled to contribute to the opera in those cities, but it is doubtful if they succeed.

—THE census returns from seventy-five counties in Missouri show an increase in the population of 225,449 since 1870, and if the other thirty-nine counties make as good a showing the population of the State will be over 2,200,000, an increase of half a million, or thirty per cent. in ten years.

—THE enormous public indebtedness of Canada excites grave apprehension in the minds of thoughtful men. The system of decentralization has acted largely to the cost of government, and this has been greatly felt in the recent period of depression. It is believed that the value of real estate in Montreal has declined more than $10,000,000 in the past ten years.

—THE Consul of the United States at Bremen reports that the total number of emigrants who have passed through that port *en route* to this country during the past quarter reaches the unprecedented figure of 31,971, being greater by 5,721 than the total number during the whole of the year 1879, and an increase of 22,051 over the first quarter of the current year.

—A COMMITTEE, including some of the leading members of the Roman aristocracy, has been formed to promote the holding of an international exhibition in Rome in 1885. The advocates of the scheme have received encouraging letters from the Duke d'Aosta, ex-King of Spain; Premier Gladstone, of England; and M. Gambetta, President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

—JUSTICE COOKE, of the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, rendered a decision in the contest between General James Jourdan and the old Commissioners of Police, John Tyburn and Oliver B. Leech, for the control of the Police Department, giving to General Jourdan the control of the department as Commissioner under the Single Head Bill passed by the Legislature last Winter.

—A STATUE to the memory of Rouget de L'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise," is about to be erected in France. The committee having the matter in charge reminds the public how one general in command of the Republican armies wrote, after a battle, "We were one against ten, but the 'Marseillaise' was on our side"; and how another, asking for reinforcements, wrote, "Send me a thousand men and a copy of the 'Marseillaise,' and I will answer for the victory."

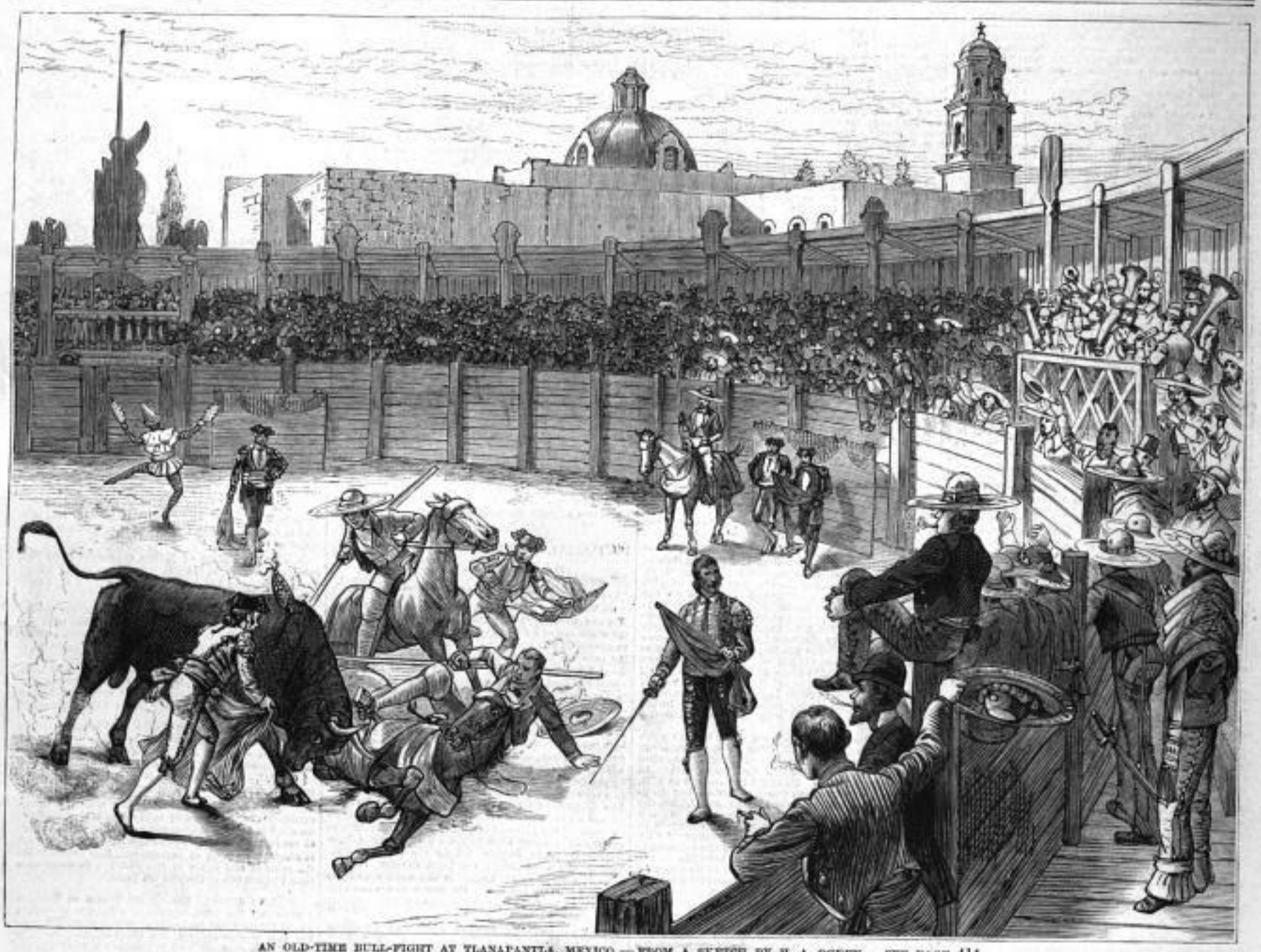
—IT is said that an Irish member intends to move a resolution in the House of Commons at the earliest opportunity declaring that the direct and indirect share of the peerage in legislation is far in excess of its legitimate interest in the government of the Empire, and that the time will come when, to redress this preponderance, the sons, brothers and heirs presumptive of members of the House of Lords will be declared incapable of sitting in the House of Commons.

—ADVICES from the City of Mexico are to July 27th. The disorders and revolts reported recently from various parts of the Republic, though inspiring no serious fears, continue, notwithstanding the assertion that all was quiet. The opposition, enraged at General Gonzalez's success, calls President Diaz a bloody despot, and predicts that Gonzalez will be a worse one. The situation of the country is confused and undefined. President Diaz has called General Gonzalez to the capital.

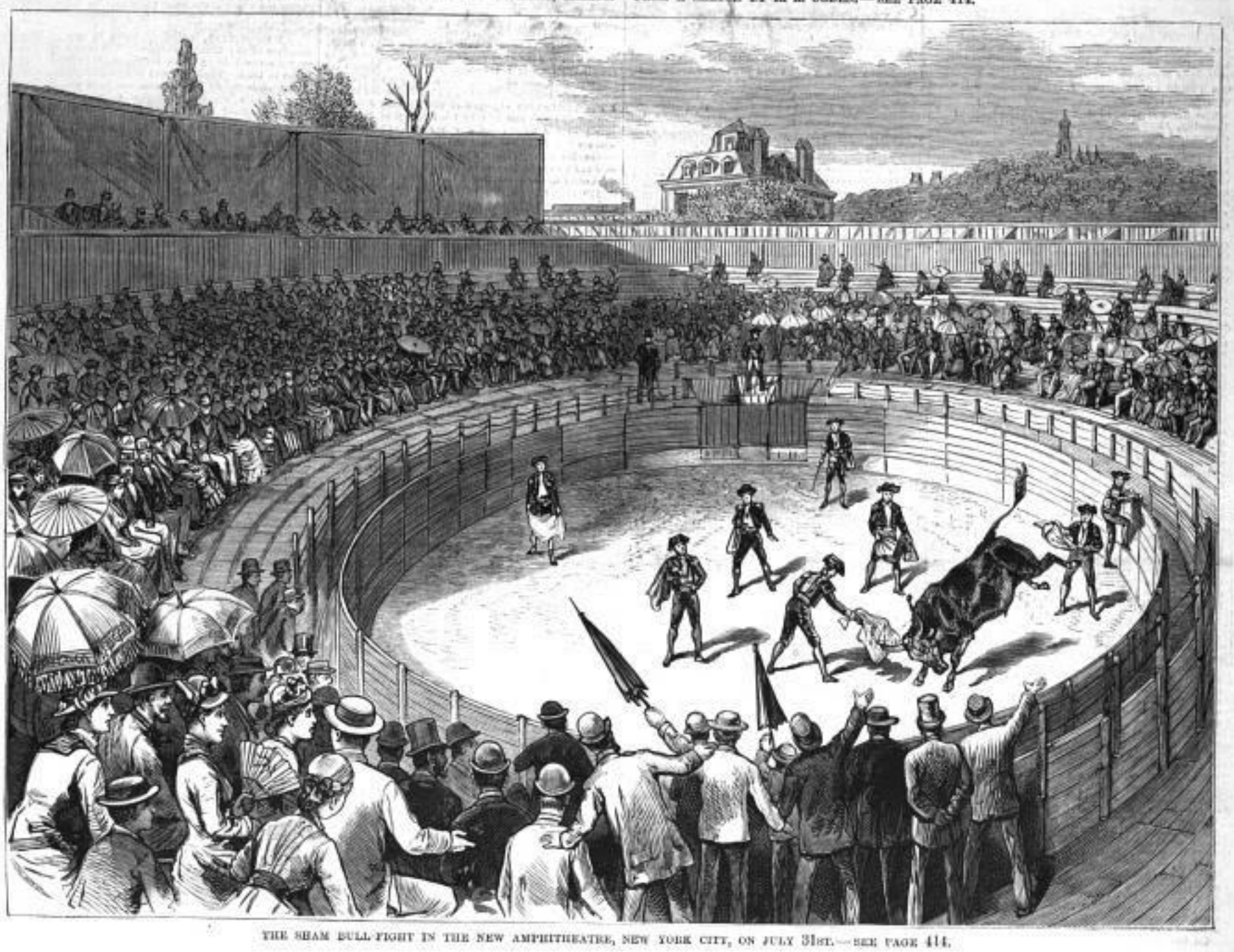
—A COMPANY, the capital stock of which is chiefly owned in Cincinnati, is negotiating with the cable companies for the lease of a line for eight days for the purpose of testing experiments for telephonic communication with Europe. It is believed that the new French line will be secured. The arrangements, it is thought, will be completed in a few days. The process upon which the proposed work is to be done is based upon the Orangbough invention of 1868, and the recent Klemm patents. Ample capital has already been raised for completing the plan. Several Eastern influential business men are associated with the enterprise. The tests will be made from New York City.

—JERUSALEM seems to be growing in favor as a place of residence for foreigners who find their native countries uncomfortable. The foreign Jewish population has, according to Consul Moore, increased considerably of late years. That community is now estimated at 15,000, including native Jews, against 10,000 in 1873. The desire to avoid compulsory military service now enforced in most European countries, and the right of holding real property in Turkey, probably account for the increased immigration. The German colony at Jerusalem now numbers nearly 400 persons, that at Jaffa about 300. There is a third German settlement at Caifa of about equal number with the last mentioned. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous.

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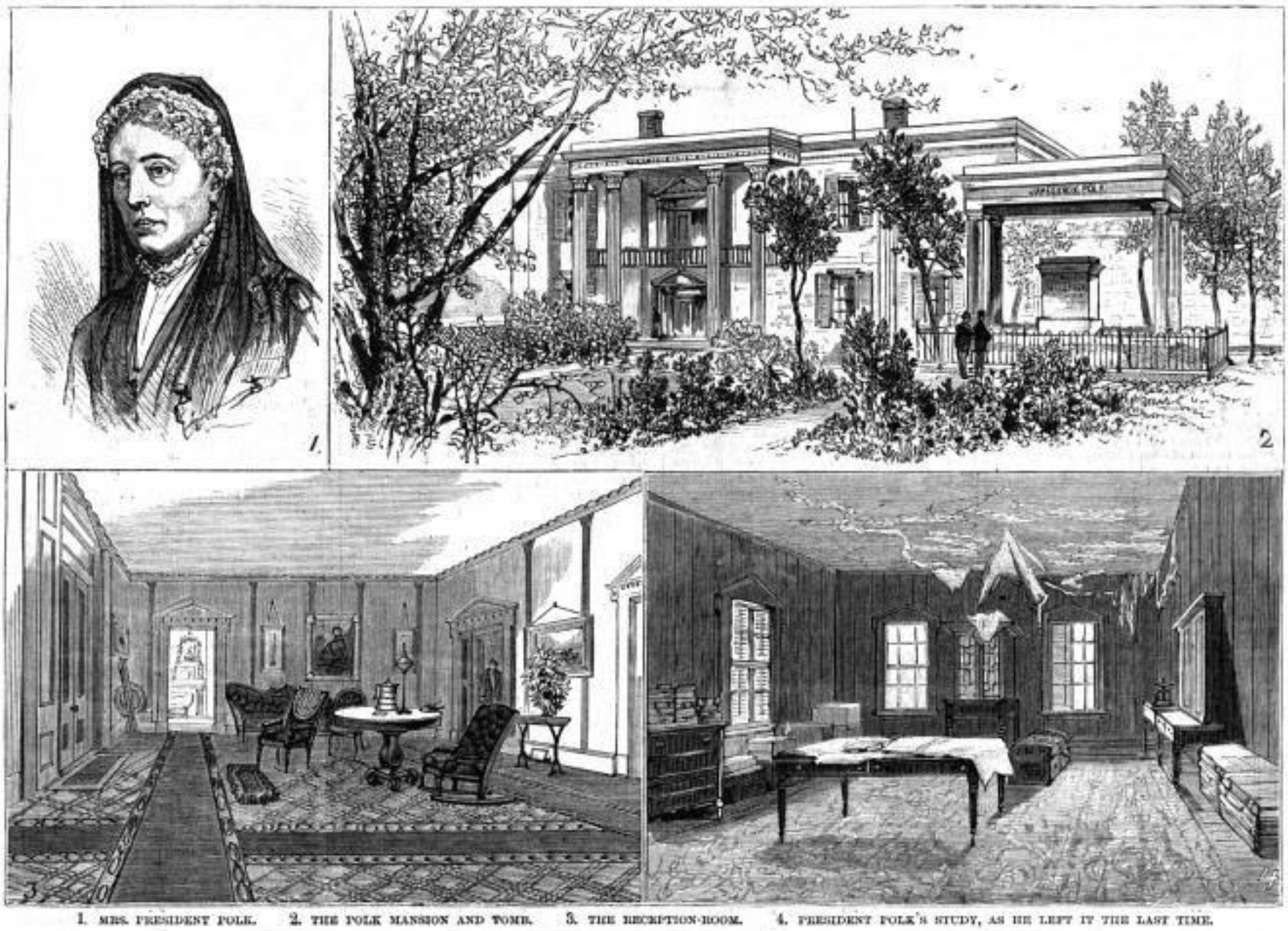


AN OLD-TIME BULL-FIGHT AT TLANAPANTLA, MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 414.

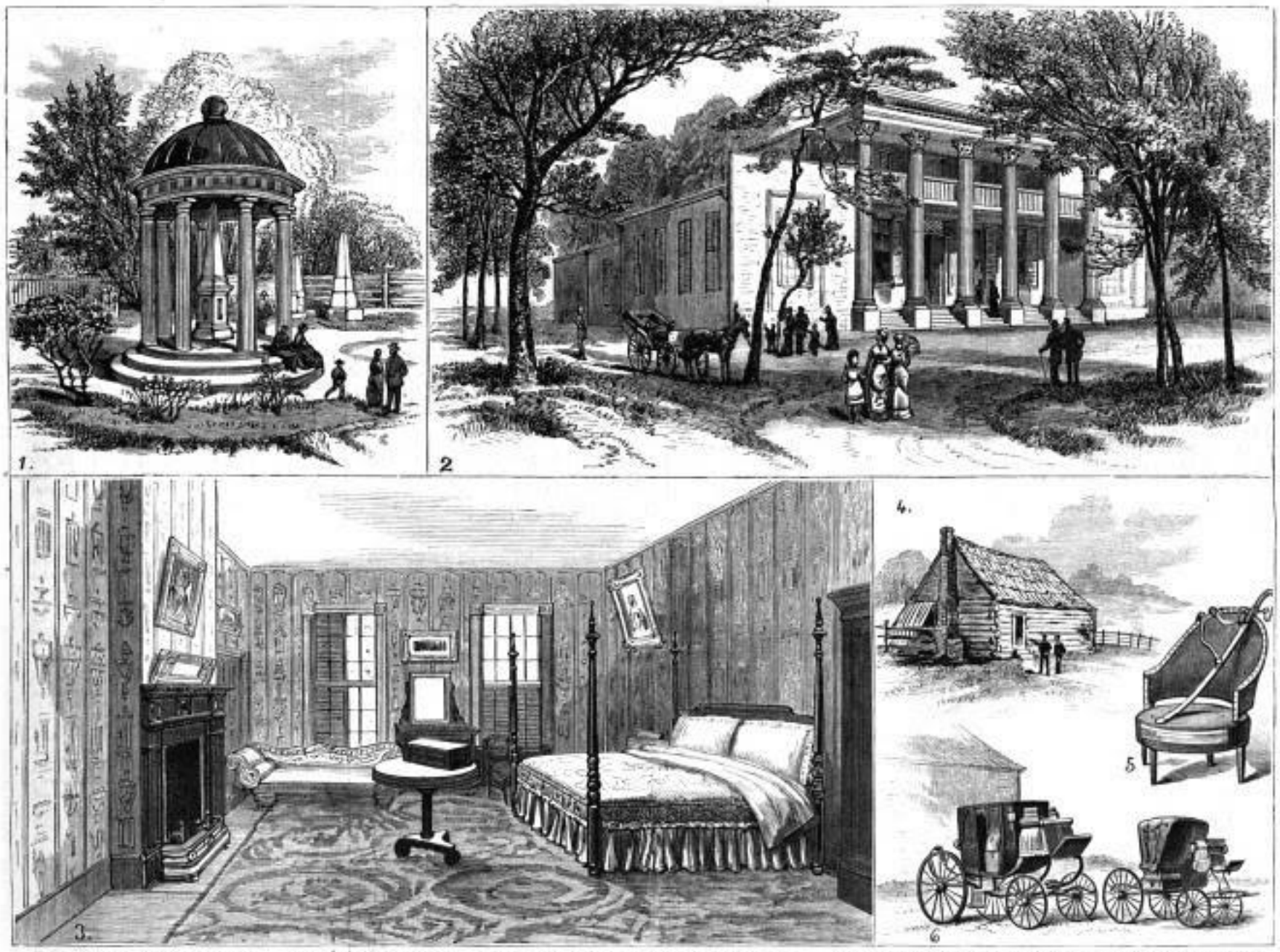


THE SHAM BULL-FIGHT IN THE NEW AMPHITHEATRE, NEW YORK CITY, ON JULY 31ST.—SEE PAGE 414.

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1. MRS. PRESIDENT POLK. 2. THE POLK MANSION AND TOMB. 3. THE RECEPTION-ROOM. 4. PRESIDENT POLK'S STUDY, AS HE LEFT IT THE LAST TIME.



1. TOMB OF PRESIDENT JACKSON. 2. THE "HERMITAGE." 3. ROOM IN WHICH PRESIDENT JACKSON DIED. 4. HOME OF THE GENERAL BEFORE HE BECAME PRESIDENT. 5. SWORD GIVEN THE GENERAL BY THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, AND CHAIR PRESENTED BY WASHINGTON. 6. CARRIAGE MADE OF TIMBERS FROM THE "CONSTITUTION," AND FAMILY CARRIAGE USED DURING HIS PRESIDENCY.

TENNESSEE.—A VISIT TO THE HOMES OF THE LATE PRESIDENTS POLK AND JACKSON, AT NASHVILLE.

FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 419.

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"THE WOOING O'T."

GIVE thrust, ye birds, with a fuller note!
Thrush, blackbird, robin, give songful throat,
For to you is the fairy credit
That my love—my love is in loaf at last;
Her soft consent to the air hath passed;
Her low, sweet tones have said it!
Coined by her lips was the golden "Yes"—
The wood and the winds all heard it!
Had it been aught other than just to-day,
With the birds at wooing on every spray,
She might have, perchance, deferred it.

For shy were we as we moved among
The budding trees, with our loves unsung,
And weary with over-waiting
For the hints that heaven at times lets fall
In the tongue-tied hush of a blissful thrall,
Till we marked some birds a-mating.
A blackbird-beau was a-tilt before
His flame in a bush adjacent;
Two robins billed at their plaited door,
While a thrush cock sang like a troubadour
To a mate not less complacent.

And feathered swains in all sorts of guise—
Red, brown and mottled—with dancing eyes,
Were wild at their Spring love-making,
When a sudden courage inspired my heart,
And I said, "Oh, love! shall we miss a part
Which the birds of the air are taking?
'Be mine, be mine! for I love but thee!'
Is the freight of each little confession.
Be mine, be mine! for I hold the dear,
My life, my love, and my queen!" And here
I took of her hand possession.

Throb, gush and warble, ye wildwood swarms!
She drooped, she blushed and she paled, as forms
A cloud in the sunrise burning;
Her low-breathed "Yes" to my ear stole up,
As the perfumed thrill from a lily-cup
In reply to a zephyr's yearning,
And then, as my arms she melted in,
The woods, with our bliss transported,
So pulsed with song that it seemed as though
All denizens of their depths, I trow,
Were courting or being courted.

Sing out, ye birds, till the wide air swoons!
At noon, at eve, in the deep, clear noons,
Be your voice like a rushing river!
For it all to ye I must ever owe
That my prayer was winged to her heart, as though
Fire-tipped from Love's own quiver.
She is mine, she is mine! She loves but me!
Her low, sweet tones have said it.
Coined by her lips was the golden "Yes"—
To you is owing that word's caress,
To you is the fairy credit!

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MEADES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED).

IT is Lady Jet, and surely she is the most beautiful object in all this bower of beauty. In stature she is small but exquisitely formed, and looks like a diminutive sovereign. She is dressed perfectly in a morning robe of amber satin, and the little foot that peeps from under her silken skirts is attired in a dainty sandal of the same hue. Her hair, of a rich, purple hue, is the color of an Italian night—soft, luxurious, lustrous; and looking at her, you would swear that her eyes are the most beautiful in all the world—large, dark, languid, with passionate depths that hold a suggestion of amber, that rare rich color that she loves.

Lady Jet is a wonder—so small, so dainty, so proud!

"What do you want, Phedora!" inquires this small sovereign of eighteen years.

"Your father sent for you, Lady Jet; breakfast is waiting."

The large, lustrous eyes of Lady Jet give a flash that is positively savage.

"*Breakfast!*" she cries, with a stamp of her tiny foot. "I don't want any breakfast. I won't have any! Nothing but eat and drink and sleep in this house! I am so sick of it. Tell the count to send my portion down to some one of those starving wretches in the mines."

"Won't you come down at all?" asks the gentle, patient voice of the companion.

"No! Tell my father so, and then come back. I can't bear to be alone."

Phedora retires, and this little brown berry of a peeress gives herself up to pacing the floor until her companion returns.

"Oh, Phedora!" she cries, "I am so sick, so tired of this life. My father had no right to doom me to it. He was selfish in his grief for mamma. He should have remembered her child—that this barren, hateful country is no place for a peeress of Russia. Look at me; here I am buried alive! Oh, if could only go to Petersburg! I think of that world that I am shut out from until I grow sick at heart. I have rank, youth, beauty, yet I had as well be dead! It is so hard—so hard!" The girl's eyes sparkle dangerously, and a feverish flush stains her usually colorless countenance.

"But you have also much to be thankful for, my dear. You——"

Lady Jet makes a moue, and shakes her small fist at her companion.

"If you go talking that way, Phedora," she says, "I will knock you down. What have I got to be thankful for? Nothing! I have not my rights! If I had I would be in the Russian capital, the belle of every ball. I would go to court, where I would be admired. I would go to the opera—I would be of the world. Instead of that—look at me! Was there ever such a dead, solitary existence as mine? For eighteen years I have been buried away here; no friends, no acquaintances, nothing in the world to kill the horrible monotony—nothing to do but to waste my time with Nick or over a novel, or spend it in trigging myself in this finery sent me from Petersburg. And I want something better, Phedora, I want something better! Do you suppose I have no mind? Do you think a little silk finery, a few jewels, will compensate for the loss of friends, society, the world? And, besides, it isn't so much the present, but the future; all my life has got to drag through this way; all my life I have got to be shut away from everything that I yearn for! I must stay here until I grow old and blow away. Oh! Phedora! I am so tired of it!"

She flings herself in the woman's arms, and, burying her face upon her breast, breaks into passionate sobs, which Phedora strives in vain to check.

"My darling," she says, at last, "it is no worse than it always has been."

"Yes, it *is* worse," replies Lady Jet, deluged in tears, "a *thousand* times worse! In the past I have been a child. I am a woman now, and know all that I miss, all that I want. And then, too, if I thought of the misery and woe down there in the mines I should go mad! Oh, Phedora! to think that our proudest, bravest nobles are doomed to it. To them, who come of the best of the land, life must be so horrible—to toil from dawn to nightfall, to be sunk lower than the brutes, to look ahead and see no rest, no light, nothing but this weary, endless torture—oh! my God! it drives me mad! And there is no help for it, is there, Phedora?—no rest, no succor for one doomed to exile?"

The piteous, tear-drenched eyes look eagerly at the sad, dark face of the woman.

"No," says Phedora, in that voice of inestimable sadness; "there is no help—no hope!"

A low cry breaks from the girl, and she again buries her face upon the breast that has stood to her in the stead of a mother's.

"Oh, it is so hard—so cruel," she cries. "The Czar is a dastard and a villain to permit such laws. It is unjust!"

Under the smooth, dark skin of Phedora's face, steals a pink flush, and her eyes, losing their mournfulness, flash with a righteous wrath.

"Unjust!" she repeats, and there is a rising inflection in her voice, showing that she is laboring under excitement. "Where is there justice in Russia? You say, look at you, when you think yours is the bitterest lot on earth; but *I* say, 'look at me,' if you would see a monument of tyranny and injustice. *I* was exiled for stealing a crust for my starving child—exiled by the man whose mistress I refused to be, who tried to steal me from my husband, and who, when I refused to go, hated me with a hatred bitterer than death. He persecuted me to death; he told lies of my husband, whom I loved as I loved my God; he put all labor out of his hands. And when we were starving and my husband sick, I stole a loaf of brown bread. He had his hounds watching me. I was seized, carried off, exiled after a farce of a hearing, and never from that day to this have seen or heard aught of my child or its father."

Lady Jet's tears had ceased to flow; she stands silent, appalled at this history of a broken heart, her eyes fastened upon the patient, weary face of this woman who has been more than a mother to her. Then her lips move slowly, and her eyes are dark with wrath.

"My God, if there *is* a God, how can He allow such wickedness!" Then she flings her arms around Phedora's neck and her sobs break out afresh, both in sympathy for herself and Phedora. "In the face of your broken, ruined life, I should be ashamed to mourn for my own lot; yet, Phedora, I am so wretched!"

"I know it, dear," says the woman, simply, but there is a great pity in her voice and manner as she smooths her hand across Lady Jet's rippling hair.

An intense silence reigns in the luxurious chamber; the costly trifle of a clock ticks softly upon the mantle; in front of the grate lies stretched a fierce Siberian blood-hound, the special favorite of his mistress. At last Lady Jet straightens herself.

"Phedora," she says, feverishly, "dress me, dear, quick." The great, wistful eyes of the woman look at her earnestly.

"Where are you going, Lady Jet?"

A faint flush mounts upwards to the dark, rich face of the girl, and into the tender, lustrous eyes flashes a look of defiance as she answers:

"To the mines!"

The wistful anxiety in the sad, eloquent face of Phedora deepens.

"I wish you would not go, dear," she says, lowly.

"Why do you wish I would not go?" inquires the girl, her eyes flashing.

"Because, dear, it is worse than madness. It may arouse remark among the officers; some suspicion may even float to your father's ears. Lady Jet, please, for my sake, don't go!" But this plea, usually all-powerful with the passionate nature of the girl, fails to touch her now. A determination that no mortal power can shake has fastened upon her and she only repeats her command to be dressed.

The naturally timid, shrinking nature of Phedora, increased by brutality and suffering, is no match to cope with the fiery impetuous temperament of her mistress. Without further comment, she proceeds to attire her in a suitable robe, but the fear and anxiety of her soul are painted upon her sensitive face. When she has accomplished her duty, she dons her own wraps, and mistress and companion leave the chamber, and are soon out in the air, chilled with the frigid breath of an eternal Winter.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE EXILED NOBLE.

AND now, in this history of Lady Jet, the reader must permit a slight retrospection. In this monotonous life to which, through the selfish grief of the count, she has been consigned, it is her custom to take long walks through the forests, accompanied by Phedora and Sphinx, her hound. Upon one of these occasions, when the dog, from some unprecedented reason, was absent, the young peeress was attacked by a half-starved wolf, who, driven thither by the severity of the Winter, which was even greater than usual, had stag gered down from the mountains.

Lady Jet would surely have fallen victim to this rapacious brute had not, at this critical moment, a saving hand been stretched forth in her behalf.

Unnoticed by her, further down the forest, a small gang of exiles were employed in boring for a new mine. One of these, seeing the peril of the ladies, with that instinct that had not yet been killed in him, despite the years of labor and degradation, rushed to the rescue.

Although the terrified women would have been no match for the maddened beast, in the hands of this man, whose muscles were hardened and strengthened by toil until they were like iron, the half-starved, attenuated enemy was comparatively harmless, and soon lay strangled at their feet—though the hands of their deliverer bore several marks of the poor brute's fangs, and from which they were bleeding profusely.

Lady Jet, thus delivered, looked up. She saw a man with a face like Guido painted for his St. Michael—grand, king-like, saintly, and stamped with the sublimity of suffering, the grandeur of a mighty strength. In that moment her soul recognized its master, and her heart went out to him for all eternity. She did not see his convict's garb, or the marks of toil upon the hands that had delivered her; all she saw was that grand and saintly face, with its infinite pathos and patience, and she stood staring at him in silence.

At last Phedora, recovering from her panic, thanked him for his invaluable services.

"It is of no consequence," he replied. "I am glad that I could serve you." His manner was stately and composed, and, as he turned to leave them, Lady Jet sprang forward.

"But you are wounded!" she cried, hastily. "See how your hands are bleeding. I cannot let you go until I have endeavored to alleviate your pain, of which I am the cause."

A smile of infinite pathos and gentleness crossed the wan face of the rescuee.

"It does not matter," he said. "I am an exile."

She looked up at him in his stricken and shattered manhood, as he stood before her with the block and chain—this man, so like a god—then into the lustrous, languid eyes of Lady Jet rushed a flood of tears. He looked at her dazed and bewildered—this sympathy was so new; then around the firm, closely-shut lips of the exile came a brief spasm of pain, as he bent over, and, almost unconsciously, laid his hand upon the small, proud head of his sympathizer.

"It is very kind," he said, and his voice was a trifle unsteady—"this sympathy. I had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as humanity. I have, of late years, been thrown with brutes," he motioned with his head towards the gang of convicts, and a shudder convulsed him. "Yet it is also cruel, as it shows me what is lost to me for ever."

And then the guard, having control of that gang, reach them—a coarse, brutal man, that showed the beast in his face. He approached the exile, who stood before the women with uncovered head, and laid his massive hand upon his arm.

"*What!*" he thundered, "talking to these women? You have transgressed the rules. You shall be punished, my lord. Come, away with you, or——"

Lady Jet stepped forward, her small figure was drawn erect, her head thrown back, her eyes flashed fire.

"Villain!" she cried. "How dare you interfere with this gentleman. Leave this spot this instant, and when he sees fit he will join you. *Go!* I have enough power to hurl you from your position and take the bread from your mouth. Know that I am Count Zickwoff's daughter, and if you presume to disobey I will report you to my father, and you shall be made to suffer for your insolence."

With one scowling, malignant glance at the exile, the guard slunk off like a whipped cur, and Lady Jet turned to her deliverer.

"I must bind up your hand," she said, gently, and, taking out her handkerchief, began tearing it in strips.

"I assure you it is not at all necessary," replied the exile. "I am very happy to have served you, and now, if you will permit me, I will bid you good-morning." He turned and walked away to resume his toil, and Lady Jet went home, but from that hour a bitter discontent, a weary restlessness, settled upon her that is destined never again to be banished.

On this morning she walks on to the mines, followed by her companion, and is lowered into the shaft to the scene of miserable labor. Greeted with respectful salutations on all sides from the officers, she makes her way along the tunnel-like excavation which is lined with laborers, until she comes to the extreme end of the mines. Here the principle portion of the exiles are employed in unearthing the precious metal. Despite the hundreds at work, a strange, ghastly silence of human noises pervades the place. Nothing is heard but the ring of the pick-ax and the shovel, the convicts not being allowed to speak under severe penalty, and the occasional fierce oath of the guards as they urge on some tardy laborer half-fainting with toil.

Lady Jet and her companion stand beside a gang of women engaged in washing the metal, but the gaze of the peeress is fixed upon the men. Chained to a huge brute in the guise of a man, delving in the hard rock, with hands worn and bruised, she sees the man who saved her life.

He is a man of majestic mien despite his terrible surroundings. His hair, cut short, is prematurely gray; his face, stamped with its travail and its patience, wondrous in its strength and grandeur, though deeply marked with lines of pain and toil. He is a wreck! Once the proudest of his land, he was stricken down in the rich promise of his haughty manhood, his might shattered, his fame gone. Through the endless torture of weary years he has known no life but this horrid existence that now claims him, the toil and suffering and want of which have driven from him all memory of that other time when fame and plenty were his. He is ruined, mind and body; his health gone, his intellect shattered; but as he labors there, with the sweat of torture heavy upon his brow, as he drags through the endless travail of this living death, there is yet that in him that bespeaks the Russian noble.

And as she watches him, in Lady Jet's eyes shines the light of a great love for this man, sunk lower than the brutes, and for whom all life is killed for ever. Her whole soul has gone over into his keeping, and as she looks at him in his bitter bondage a resolution fastens upon her to burst his chains—to free him from this living death. She comes of a race of warriors, and, despite the circumstances of her peculiar rearing, there is in her nature a Spartan heroism, an indomitable resolution, inherited from her famous ancestors. And all this inherent determination will be henceforth consecrated to this purpose, as is also her life given over to his service.

For an hour she remains in the mines, and not once during this time does the eye of the exiled noble rest upon that small, motionless figure standing in the dark shadow of the overhanging rocks; yet she is content to be near him even though he is unconscious of her devotion. But at last she leaves the mines.

When they are once more under the clear, pure light of the sky, far away from the stifling, fetid atmosphere of that scene of wretchedness they have just left, Lady Jet turns to Phedora.

"We will go now to the office," she says.

And the woman, awed by the stern, set face of her young mistress, dare offer no objection. The "office" is a large, square building, close to the house of the count, and in which is transacted all the official business. Here, too, in ponderous ledgers, is kept an account of every exile, consisting of the name, age, station and offense of the condemned. In this building Count Zickwoff passes the greater portion of his time. This morning a trifling indisposition has occasioned his absence, and as Lady Jet and her companion enter the office, only one official is present; this is Rudolph Poloskie, assistant and confidential secretary to the count, to whom he comes next in command.

Poloskie is a man thirty years of age, with a calm, cold, handsome face, and a physique that denotes an unusually powerful intellect. His manner is quiet, courteous and self-contained; but, despite his calm and refined appearance, a keen observer of human nature would be impressed with the conviction that there is much of the animal in his nature—that beneath the icy exterior slumber instincts of fierce passion. In the dark, delicate face are unmistakable lines of sensuality, and around the lips indications of a powerful will, which, combined with a certain selfishness, would make this man a dangerous adversary. One could imagine a tiger foregoing his greed, but never this man any resolution, any desperate purpose upon which he had fastened his determination. Sooner or later all things *must* yield to his ceaseless persistency, his indomitable will. Passion, selfishness and revenge are latent features in his nature, combined with a delicacy and refinement that but increase their danger.

As Lady Jet appears, he rises and advances to meet her, his manner, courteous, dignified and attractive. After the customary salutations are got through with, the young lady says, carelessly:

"I come to look over the ledgers. Several of the convicts have interested me, and I want to see their history."

The gentleman bows politely, arranges a comfortable position for the young lady before the desk, sees her seated, hands a chair to Phedora with as much deference as he attended her mistress, then returns to his writing, apparently unconscious of the presence of a second person.

In the meantime Lady Jet is poring over the massive books before her. She has been fortunate enough to procure the number of the man she loves, and up one column and down another of the small and tiresome figures she searches, until her eyes grow blinded and her brain aches. Still she never falters in her resolution; minutes drags into hours, and at last, when she has almost despaired, her efforts are rewarded.

"3,671—*Count Zeikel Smoloff, Tenth Count of the House of Smoloff. Condemned to exile in the year 18—, for speaking the Polish language in the palace of the Czar.*"

She shuts the book. It is enough.

Her eyes blaze with a grand wrath; her young face is stern and set. Yet in her soul is a madness of agony that drives her almost distracted. Ten years of shame and torture; ten weary, bitter, pain-filled years, shut off from all human companionship—sunk amidst criminals of the deepest dye, branded with the heaviest of earth's shame! She sets her teeth hard, and her breath breaks from her sharply—ten years in this living tomb, ten years in a bondage bitterer than death, while she——She thinks of the wealth and extravagance that have been hers—of every caprice gratified, and where she stands in the sunlight, her small jewel-flashing hand clutches the desk for support, as, with the most powerful effort in her life, she smothers a groan. Without a word to her companion, she hastens out of the office, followed by Phedora; in her eyes a wild, piteous misery too great for words.

Secretary Poloskie stares after her curi-

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ously; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, returns to his duties, while Lady Jet and Phedora walk slowly back to the mansion.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A DOWNFALL.

AS may have been anticipated, the murder of Count Lagore is fastened upon Maize, and through St. Petersburg the wildest excitement runs riot. In the palaces of the noble, in the cottages of the people, in the hovels of the serf—everywhere reaches this wave of agitation. Calm and unprejudiced deliberation is impossible; the aristocracy, influenced by that Freemasonry existing between them, pronounce the accused innocent; actuated by that same clannish prejudice, the people declare her guilty; for years public excitement has not been so great, and at the expiration of three weeks it has not abated in the least.

It is well known that both the State and the defendant have secured able counsel. Lord Ashhurst and his friends at once solicited Counselor Dornsdoff as their lawyer, but this was promptly declined, in which case overtures were made to, and accepted by, Lawyer Dornsdoff's rival, a man of fame and unquestionable ability, and fully equal to the whilom gunsmith, who represents the State.

Upon one morning, nearly four weeks after the murder, a close carriage drives up to the city prison of St. Petersburg—a carriage bearing the haughty crest of the Ashhursts—and a gentleman gets out, and, walking hastily up the long flight of steps, disappears in the gloomy building. In a few moments the door of one of the largest cells is opened, and Jack and Maize are together. As must be expected, the horror and shame of the past weeks could not but leave their trace in the unfortunate girl; there is a waxen tint in her face that was not there before this terrible trial, but her eyes are brave and fearless as of old, though encompassed with dark circles.

But the ghastly alteration in Jack is appalling, as he stands viewing this child of his love and adoption; in his eyes is an anguish that it seems impossible for any human being to endure. In the past weeks he has aged more than in all his life put together; his face is bleached to an ashen pallor, his cheeks are sunken, his eyes tired and haggard, and his hair thickly strewn with gray.

He stands for a moment staring at the girl in an agonized regard, then with a step gains her side, and she is folded away in his arms, while he caresses her with all the fondness of his great, tender nature, and from his eyes streams a flood of bitter, uncontrollable tears, and his form quivers with his terrible emotion.

The girl is by far the stronger and more composed of the two. The shame and affliction that have swept over her have developed all the grand and heroic traits of her character; that inherent spirit of courage and martyrdom has risen and gone forth to meet the conflict, and she awaits the result with an intrepid heart.

And yet she is but human; and it is very dear to her, this deathless love—this unfaltering faith that encompasses her; and as she lies in his arms, close to that great, faithful heart, her mind goes back to the past, and she almost fancies that she is a child again, far removed from this miserable present, with its peril and menace. As her thoughts thus suddenly revert to the past—that happy past, sun-draped and cloudless, and from which she is separated by a gulf that can never be crossed—for the first time since her confinement tears, great and blinding, rush to her eyes. Never did a life open brighter than hers; never was one shut in with darker clouds or greater shame. But, hating herself for her weakness, she forces back the tears, and, raising her hand, pats Jack's cheek. It is her old, childish caress of other days, and a spasm of agony contracts the man's face at the mute caress.

(*To be continued.*)

HOMES OF THE LATE PRESIDENTS POLK AND JACKSON, NASHVILLE.

ONE of the points of interest in Nashville, Tenn., to strangers as well as citizens, is the residence of Mrs. President James K. Polk. It is a noble edifice, on a commanding eminence in the heart of the city. Spacious lawns stretch on either side—in one direction reaching to Vine and Union Streets, and on the other to Polk Avenue, which leads to Church Street. From the porticoes of the residence an extensive view is afforded of the whole city. Immediately in front of the Church Street entrance, rising in its lofty height above the intervening buildings, is the new Custom House. On the right and left church spires and college towers rise into view. The building is a square edifice, with the porticoes on the two entrances, supported by immense columns extending the full height of the building. It was purchased by President Polk on his return from Washington, before being elected President, and was remodeled to suit his taste. Within the building transverse hallways lead to the various apartments. The reception-room proper is in the southeast corner of the building, separated from the other apartments by two halls of spacious dimensions. It is an elegant room, recently decorated with Eastlake colors, and carpeted with Brussels. Upon the mantel, in handsome frames, are the inaugural address of Governor Polk, the first Message and inaugural address of President Polk, and other interesting papers, standing just as the deceased President left them thirty years ago. A handsome cabinet contains many rare curiosities, and above this is a portrait of Mrs. Polk as she appeared years ago. Just opposite is one of her husband; both were painted by Earle, the favorite artist of General Jackson. Last of the many excellent portraits adorning the walls of the reception-room, that which now attracts the attention, in the most marked manner, is a beautiful counterpart of the aged lady, Mrs. James K. Polk, painted by George Dury. The figure is appareled in a dress of rich black silk; the silvery-gray curls peep out from beneath a becoming widow's cap; the expression is that which Mrs. Polk's friends know so well when she is engaged in animated conversation. This portrait is, at Mrs. Polk's death, to be the property of Mrs. G. W. Fall, the beloved niece, whose presence now gives life and animation to the household.

Situated immediately above the reception-room on the second floor is the former office of President Polk. When he returned home from Washington, and had concluded the arduous duties incumbent upon the Chief Executive of the nation, he busied himself setting his house in order for a long term, as he thought, of quiet life. All his official and State papers, and public and private documents, he arranged with order and method in cases prepared for them, each bearing a label indicating its purport. In the centre of the apartment is a long table, having upon it pen, ink and paper, as President Polk left them when stricken with his fatal illness. For thirty years the office has remained unchanged. It is now just as it was left then. Mrs. Polk spends hours in this room, occasionally, and she knows the locality of any desired paper, and, it is said, can even lay her hand upon them in the dark.

The monument, or mausoleum, is situated in the eastern lawn. It may be seen and the inscriptions read from the street. The material of which it is made is the Tennessee marble, of a grayish color. The architecture is simple and elegant. Two steps lead to a main flooring from the ground. In the centre of this is an altar-like centre-piece. Upon it are the inscriptions:

On the east side—"The mortal remains of James Knox Polk are resting in the vault beneath. He was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, and emigrated with his father, Samuel Polk, to Tennessee in 1806. The beauty of virtue was illustrated in his life. The excellence of Christianity was exemplified in his death."

On the south side—"By his public policy he defined, established and extended the boundaries of his country. He planted the laws of the American Union on the shores of the Pacific. His influence and his counsel tended to organize the National Treasury on the principles of the Constitution, and to apply the rule of freedom to navigation, trade and industry."

On the north side—"His life was devoted to the public service. He was elevated successively to the first places in the State and Federal Governments, a member of the General Assembly, a member of Congress, and Chairman of the most important Congressional Committees, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Governor of Tennessee and President of the United States."

Four columns support a canopy which surmounts the whole. Upon the cornice, fronting Vine Street, is the inscription:

"JAMES KNOX POLK,
Tenth President of the United States.
Born, November 2d, 1795;
Died, June 15th, 1849."

Visitors are frequent both at the residence and tomb, the latter being free to inspection at all times.

THE "HERMITAGE" AT NASHVILLE.

The "Hermitage" building is a large two-story brick edifice, containing seventeen rooms of ample dimensions and numerous hallways. A large two-story portico on the front entrance is supported by columns extending the full height of the house. Library or office rooms occupy opposite ends of the building, on the portico. The house was built for General Jackson previous to his return to private life. His friends superintended the work, and erected a mansion which they thought best suited to a retired President of the United States.

Within the building a large hall; frescoed with scenes from Telemachus, expands from the front to the rear door. Immediately opposite the parlor or reception-room is the chamber in which General Jackson breathed his last. Its appearance is but little changed, though it has been used for years by Colonel Andrew Jackson as a bedroom. The furniture is the same as when the General died. A massive, old-fashioned bedstead, bureau, wardrobe and washstand, with table, sofa and armchair, all of mahogany, comprise the furnishings. The large wood fireplace is unaltered. Two windows, facing the south on the front portico, give light and ventilation, and three doors give entrance, one of which leads to General Jackson's private library and office, where all books and papers were kept. The same portraits adorn the walls as in the General's day. One, of his wife, Mrs. Rachel Jackson, hangs over the mantelpiece, opposite the bed. Beneath it is a small one of General Jackson himself.

Located some two hundred yards from the present building is the log-cabin house in which General Jackson once lived. Seen as it is now, there appears to be two small log cabins. When the General occupied it the smaller formed the second story of the larger. For those days it was quite pretentious and roomy. After the erection of the new dwelling the upper story was torn off, and the timbers used in the manufacture of a separate cabin.

In the gardens near the dwelling is the tomb, surrounded by foliage from weeping-willows, magnolia and cedar-trees. It is circular in form, the dome, supported by six columns, rising to a majestic height. Two steps lead from the ground to the floor, upon which are the tablets bearing the inscriptions of General Jackson and his wife. Upon the former is simply "General Andrew Jackson. Born March 15th, 1767; died June 8th, 1845." Upon the other is the name of his wife, dates of birth and death, and a long eulogy, extolling her many virtues. Around the tomb are the graves of members of the family who have died at the Hermitage—the grave of his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., that of Mrs. Marian Adams, sister of his adopted son's wife, and several others.

The material used in the construction of the mausoleum is the Tennessee granite, and, after the years that have passed over, it still shows no signs of decay.

One of the most cherished relics at the Hermitage, preserved with a sacred care, is the old carriage, made in 1833 out of timbers of the old ship *Constitution*, for the especial use of General Jackson. The material used in the finishing is of the handsomest brocatelle, with brocaded velvet bordering. Time has changed the color, but it still shows for itself what it once was. Upon the panels is painted a ship in full sail.

The other carriage is one given by General Jackson to his adopted son's wife immediately after the marriage, and when she began her residence at the White House.

Another relic is the chair of General Washington, presented by him to General Jackson. It is cushioned with leather, which the relic-hunter has somewhat mutilated by snipping off pieces here and there. Along with the chair may be mentioned the magnificent sword presented by the City of Philadelphia to General Jackson. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, being ornamented from one end to the other of the scabbard with carved figures of men in battle, with cannon, guns, etc. On one side is a carved portrait of General Jackson and the words, "The Hero of New Orleans." The hilt is a horse's head inlaid with pearl.

Speaker Randall at Home.

MR. RANDALL'S habits and daily life are very simple. He is a great worker, and probably no man in either House of Congress works as many hours a day as he. He takes great care of himself, eats moderately and simply, uses no wines or liquors, retires early, sleeps long, and enjoys, as a consequence, perfect health. Mr. Randall goes little into society, and he entertains very little at home in consequence of his small house and limited means. He generally has two or three receptions during the Winter, and to these he invites a certain number of Congressmen, diplomats and other officials for one night and a different set for the next, until the list is exhausted. Mrs. Randall has her reception days every week, and is assisted by her daughter Anna, a well-balanced, accomplished girl, who has become a great favorite in society. The Speaker is not what may be called a bookish man. He is a man of affairs rather than books. But no man in Congress keeps a closer watch on its business. Mr. Randall masters every question that comes up, and when he became Chairman of the Appropriations Committee he surprised everybody with the business. He has few books in his house, but when a great question comes up he goes to the Congressional Library and has a great pile of books sent to his home, which he studies until he knows all about the subject. Every hour in the day is occupied, and his private correspondence is enormous. He writes most of his letters himself, and although he keeps a secretary, he is still the busiest man about the Capitol. The Speaker seems to prefer little rooms to work in. His workroom in his house is small and cramped, and in the Capitol he has the funniest little box down-stairs, which you could never find. When he is in this box nobody is supposed to know where he is. He goes there to work and he never leaves it two minutes before the hour for calling the House to order. Many, no doubt, suppose that the gilded, heavy, gaudy apartment called the "Speaker's Room," in the rear of the Speaker's lobby, is where he does his work. Nothing of the sort. The Speaker never goes into that room except by accident. It is his only in name, but the little room about the size of a squirrel's cage is his, sure enough, and in it he works like a squirrel—if a squirrel does work.

American Oysters Abroad.

NOT only is America supplying Europe with such sheer necessaries of life as beef and mutton, bread and cheese, hams and pickled pork, but her inexhaustible wealth in natural products enables her to furnish the tables of British and continental gourmets with certain luxuries, the sources of which in the Old World have been somewhat recklessly dealt with of late. Among these are oysters, an ever-increasing scarcity of which has made itself apparent on the English and German coasts for some years past, as is too significantly conveyed to the oyster lover by the melancholy fact that the price of natives has vastly increased within the last quarter of a century. It is worthy of notice that the Schleswig proprietors of oyster beds are laying down American oysters in immense numbers upon the coast of the Little Belt, from Gravenshoved to Holkhoved, as well as to the south of Faroe Island. A few days ago 1,250,000 small and 60,000 large oysters, fished in Newark, Cheapeake and Prince's Bays, were put down in the above-mentioned waters; and a company has been formed with the object of laying down from 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 more of American oysters upon the Schleswig and Holstein shores. The oysters just transferred to their new domicile will be taken up again in the Autumn of 1881, by which time their condition will demonstrate whether or not they are likely to thrive and multiply in German waters.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Stated that Colonel Prjevalsky and his party are prisoners in the hands of the Chinese, who, it will be remembered, prevented him from proceeding to Lhassa.

The French Government has allotted M. Pasteur the sum of 50,000 francs for the purpose of enabling him to carry out his researches on the contagious diseases of animals.

The Chinese consider the use of cows' milk, as an article of human diet, unnatural and immoral. It does not appear that this opinion is based on the comparative indigestibility of the milk of ruminant animals.

The Death is Announced, at the age of fifty-seven years, of Dr. Karl Neumann, Professor of History and Geography in the University of Breslau; his name is well known to students of historical geography.

Wishing to devote himself exclusively to scientific pursuits, Admiral Mouchez, Director of the Paris Observatory, has asked to be placed on the retirement list, a request which has been granted by the Ministry.

The Well-known Mathematician, Professor C. W. Borchardt, died at Rüdersdorf, near Berlin, on June 27th. He was formerly Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy, and of late years Professor in the University of Berlin. Since 1856 he was editor of the *Journal for Pure and Applied Mathematics*, the oldest of the existing mathematical periodicals.

Mr. J. W. Redhouse, in a communication to the Royal Society of Literature, combats the ordinary theory that the Aryan race of mankind originated in the Pamir highlands of Central Asia, spreading thence in a northwesterly direction into Europe, and southeasterly into India. He considers that the Polar regions, which at one time possessed a tropical temperature, were the original home of man.

The "Revue Internationale des Sciences Biologiques," gives an extensive memoir of Dr Carl Hoberland, on "Infanticide among Ancient and Modern Nations." He traces the origin of this custom to the difficulty of subsistence, the sacrifice being in the outset urged by the male parent, and opposed or reluctantly submitted to by the mother. (We observe a parallel case among certain of the lower animals, where the young are often destroyed by the father, and are defended against him and concealed by the mother).

Cultivation by Steam has been successfully accomplished in England with a steam-digger, a recent invention, which, worked by a single cylinder engine of eight horse-power, under seventy pounds pressure of steam, digs at the rate of ten acres per day long that takes three horses to plow an acre per day at the same depth. It is claimed, also, "that the digger, in penetrating the ground, case the weight of the engine to a considerable extent off the traveling wheels, and also by their back action drive the engine forward."

It Appears from the first report of the Central Sanitary Bureau of Japan, just issued, that they have established a public laboratory for the analysis of chemicals and patent medicines. The proprietors of patent medicines are bound to present a sample, with the name and proportion of the ingredients, directions for its use, and explanations of its supposed efficacy. During the year there were no fewer than 11,904 applicants for license to prepare and sell 148,091 patent and secret medicines. Permission for the preparation and sale of 58,638 different kinds was granted, 8,192 were prohibited, 2,913 were ordered to be discontinued, and 70,934 remained still to be reported on. If similar regulations were put in force in this country, it is probable that the sale of several patent medicines would be put a stop to.

The Several Improvements in the National Library of Paris have resulted in a large increase of the number of readers. In 1869, when the new hall was opened, the number of readers was 24,000, who used 71,000 volumes exclusive of the library of reference. In 1879 the number of readers was 63,000, and of volumes used 220,000. It must be added that other libraries are open to the public in Paris and largely frequented, such as the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers for mechanical science and physics, the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle for natural history; the Mazarin St. Geneviève, for general purposes; the Sorbonne, Ecole de Droits, Ecole de Médecine, etc., for the general public, as well as for students. Readers are admitted to the National Library reading hall only by tickets; a special room has been opened to the public, and is also largely frequented. The present hall is only provisional, and a new one, on a larger scale, will be opened very shortly.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE King of Siam has lately assured Admiral Patterson, during a friendly call, that he still intended to visit this country.

F. CHARLES MOON, rector of the Jesuit College at Innsbruck, died recently. With him ends the race of the Cosmo Moor immortalized by Schiller.

MR. WEBB HAYES is to become a member of the law firm of Swayne & Swayne, in Toledo. These gentlemen are sons of Associate-Justice Swayne.

THE new Webster mansion at Marshfield, Mass., on the site of the old and historic Webster mansion which was burned, is now almost completed. It will cost about $10,000.

IT is freely reported in Mexico City that President Diaz has sent a passport to ex-President Lerdo, who is invited to take the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Relations.

MR. D. O. MILLS, it is rumored, has bought a handsome house in San Francisco as a wedding gift to his niece, Miss Easton, who is about to become Mrs. Frederick Crocker.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of Concord, N. H., who has outlived nearly all of his old anti-slavery associates, is now about seventy-one years of age, but does not appear to be over fifty.

SIR HENRY ALLSOPP'S employés have presented that great brewer with a splendid plate on his being created a baronet. Meanwhile Mr Bass is only a squire; but Mr. Gladstone can set this right.

THE late M. Pereire, the financier, left a fortune amounting to $10,400,000. Of this sum Madame Pereire inherits $6,500,000—half of this absolutely and the other half for life; while each of the three children receives $1,300,000.

THE family jewels of the Empress of Russia are left to the Royal family of Darmstadt; but her splendid collection of diamonds, which are of great value, have been divided between the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Czarevna and the Grand Duchess Vladimir.

THE Princess of Wales, when she takes her little daughters into society, has a quaint fashion of dressing them in toilets harmonizing with her own. For instance, at a garden-party the other day she wore a costume of light blue and celadon green, and the young princesses followed her about in gowns of the like.

GENERAL BURNSIDE buries himself practically on his Rhode Island farm, and is growing sunburnt and hard-handed. The Boston *Herald* says that early in the morning he is to be seen in loose, easy dress and broad rustic hat, engaged in farm work and caring for the hundred and one details of agricultural life, and apparently enjoying the open air occupation to the fullest extent.

LONDON is wild over an American "professional beauty," Mrs. Cropper, who sells bouquets and things with immense success at royal *fêtes*, bazaars and fairs in company and in competition with Lady Waterford, Lady Hamilton, Lady Charles Beresford, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Samson, Lady Musgrave, Mrs. Langtry, Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Beclive and all the stars of the firmament.

THE Judges of the Superior Court of New York have chosen John Sedgwick to be Chief-Justice. Chief-Justice Sedgwick was elected in 1872 on the Republican ticket, at the same time as his predecessor, Judge Curtis, and has consequently been eight years on the bench. He was formerly a partner of Francis N. Bangs, and for a long time was Assistant District-Attorney. He is about fifty years of age.

IT is no secret in Germany that the engagement of Prince William has caused a considerable difference of opinion between the Empress and her relatives. The Emperor has been most anxious to overcome his wife's objections, and has so far succeeded during his recent residence with her, that her Majesty has invited the *fiancée* and her sister to pay her a visit at Coblenz prior to her approaching removal to Baden.

IN the House of Commons, on August the 2d, Marquis of Hartington, Secretary for India, announced the recall of Sir Bartle Frere from the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. Both the Marquis of Hartington and the Earl of Kimberley, in making the announcement, concluded by saying that the Government took this step with regret, because, while Sir Bartle Frere's views differ from the views of the Ministers on important questions, they fully recognize his high personal qualities and distinguished services.

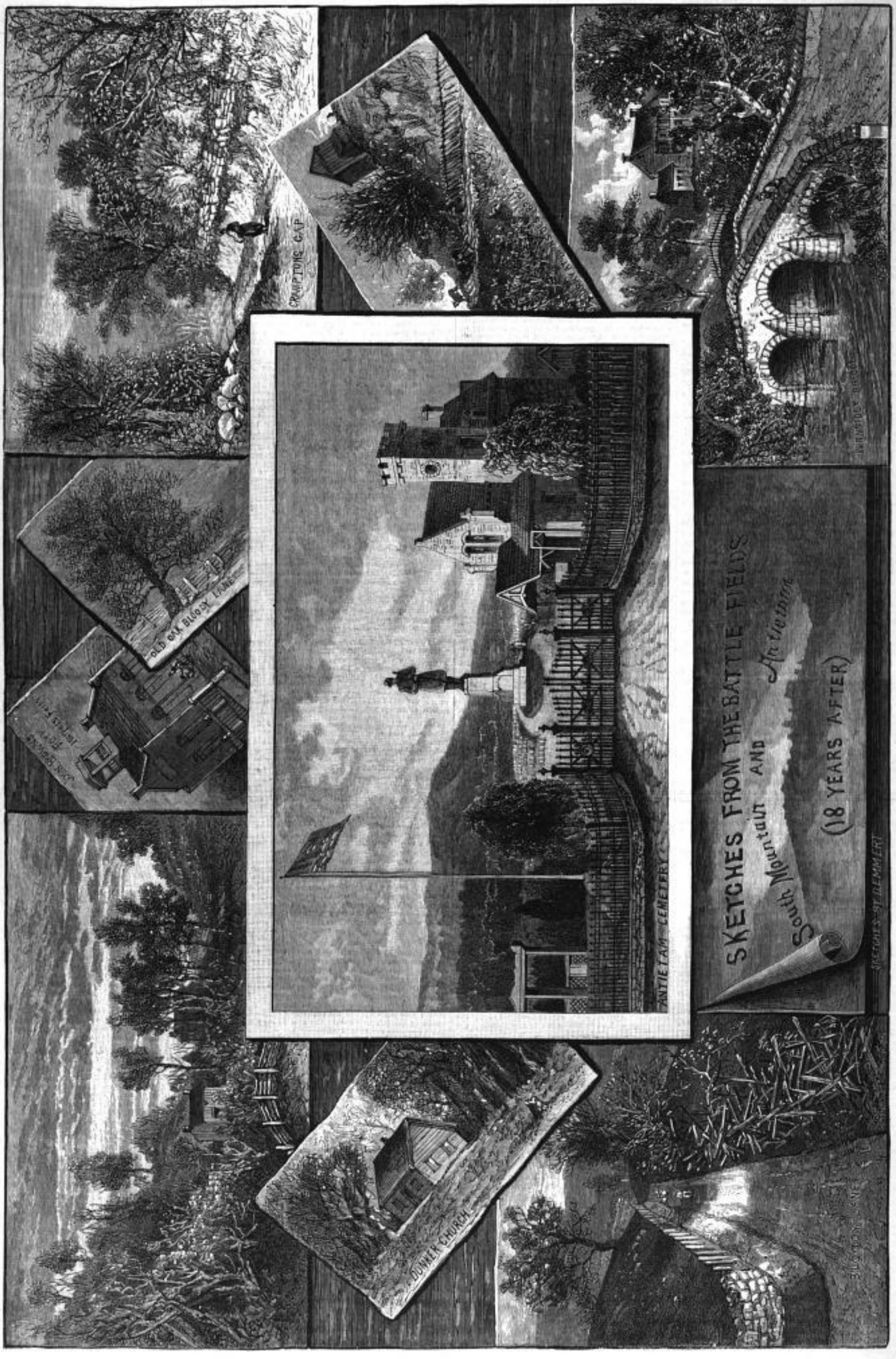
FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist, is suffering from dropsy and finds walking difficult. But notwithstanding these troubles, he is a delightful companion, and life is full of interest to him. At home he is surrounded by all his pets. He sits in John Hunter's chair, regardless of uncomfortable angles. They are convenient for the monkeys. They can sit aloft and pounce down on his proof-sheets at will. Mr. Jamrach, a retired organ monkey, is a great favorite, and shares with him the frugal meals to which physicians limit him, tasting everything in turn, even to the claret and water.

MR. GEO. W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is erecting a handsome residence at Bryn Mawr, a suburb of that city, where he has purchased a tract of fifty-seven acres, which is handsomely ornamented by landscape views of the most beautiful designs, by artists specially engaged for the purpose. The residence will have one hundred and ten feet frontage, with a depth of seventy-two feet; will be two stories high, with Swiss cottage roof; the foundation will be capped with blue stone, and the building will be of fine pressed brick laid in black mortar. There will be a number of short curves, sharp angles and pointed gables; handsome trimmings and beautifully carved ornaments, and novel designs of cornices and pinnas surrounding the structure.

THE Savage Club of London gave a breakfast on Friday, July 30th, to *American actors*. The affair attracted great attention. Over 100 persons sat down to the dinner, which lasted from 2:30 to 6:30. Barry Sullivan presided, having Mr. Lowell on his right and Mr. McCullough on his left. Raymond, Rankin, Florence and Sheridan sat at the same table, guests of the occasion. Others present included General J. E. Hawley, Charles Dickens, Clement Scott, Hatton, Toole, Charles Warner, Hollingshead, Joseph Knight, Bronson Howard and Julian Hawthorne. Many other actors, dramatists, critics, journalists and musicians were present. Every American actor was warmly greeted, and every allusion to America promptly and heartily applauded. President Hayes's health was drunk with great enthusiasm. Edwin Booth was absent in Scotland.

JUDGE HENRY HILTON and Mrs. Stewart, in administering the estate of the late Alexander T. Stewart, have caused endowments to be made that will aggregate probably $3,000,000, to be devoted to building, equipping and furnishing a collegiate building, where it is intended to educate both sexes for a charge less than $100 per year. The cost for instruction and traveling expenses from New York or Brooklyn will not average that sum. One building for this purpose is now nearly completed, which is said to be the finest structure of the kind in America, and will accommodate 500 students. Two other buildings of equal dimensions will be erected beside it. Sixty acres of land have been set apart for the buildings and the grounds, walks, groves or parks that will surround them. A building for females, to accommodate 200, occupying twenty-five acres, with annexes and surrounding grounds, will also be completed very soon.

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GEORGE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

SELDOM has a young King had so apparently difficult a task before him as young Prince William of Denmark when in 1863 he accepted the offer of the Crown of Greece. One foreign sovereign, Otho of Bavaria, had already been tried, and being found lamentably wanting, had been deposed by a revolution, of which the embers were still smouldering, when two European princes, Prince Alfred of England and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, had successively declined the honor of succeeding him and undertaking the weighty task of restoring order to a kingdom disorganized by the miscule of courtiers and favorites, and by financial entanglement, an inevitable consequence of bad government. Moreover, from the earliest period of their history, the Greeks have never been an easy people to govern, and when outside influences, such as the continual bickerings and quarrels with the Turkish Government, were taken in consideration, the task was somewhat formidable for a lad of seventeen. This task has been well fulfilled, and we doubt whether any sovereign in Europe is more popular with his subjects than George, King of the Hellenes. The King is now thirty-four years of age, having been born on December 24th, 1845. He is the second son of the King and Queen of Denmark, but on his acceptance of the Crown of Greece, June 6th, 1863, he renounced any rights that he might have to the Danish throne in favor of his younger brother. On the 27th of the same month the Greek Assembly declared him to be of full age to reign, and on October 30th, 1863, King George arrived in Athens. From that day His Majesty has devoted himself heart and soul to the benefit of his adopted country.

In 1865 he gave up a third of his Civil List in order to relieve the Treasury, and next year Greece became involved in the Cretan insurrection, with which his subjects openly sympathized, affording material assistance to the insurgents, until in 1868 diplomatic relations were broken off with Turkey, only to be resumed through the intervention of the Paris Congress in the following year.

During the Russo-Turkish war, King George had no little trouble in keeping his subjects quiet, so anxious were they to join in the fray, pay off old scores, and regain a further portion of their former territory now under the dominion of the hated Mussulman. The war over, the negotiations with the Porte for the extension of the frontier caused intense popular excitement, which at one time could only be calmed by the King's personal intervention.

King George, in 1867, was married to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, the daughter of the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, and has five children. The oldest boy, heir to the throne, is entitled the Duke of Sparta.

In June last he visited England, and designed paying his respects to the Czar in St. Petersburg, but the condition of affairs at home produced by results of the late Berlin Conference necessitated the curtailment of his combined business and pleasure trip.



GEORGE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM EIGHTEEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

WE give on the opposite page a group of combination views representing scenes and memorial incidents of the battle-field of Antietam, as pictured eighteen years after the occurrence of the terrible combat. The central picture shows the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg, Md., in which lie buried 4,900 Federal soldiers. This cemetery is situated on one of the most commanding points embraced in the battlefield of Antietam. Within this inclosure once stood a rock from which it was said General Lee viewed the battle. The rock is unfortunately removed. The cemetery is neatly kept, much time and money being spent in beautifying the grounds and keeping them in order. The general appearance was recently much improved by the erection of a colossal statue of a soldier standing sentinel over the grave of his fallen comrades. The monument cost $30,000. The figure is colossal in size, 22 feet high, surmounting a pedestal of about the same height. The whole is cut from gray granite. The pedestal bears the simple inscription:

"Not for themselves, but for their country.
September 17th, 1862."

The monument stands on an eminence in the centre of the cemetery, and can be seen from nearly every point of that hotly contested field.

It was to have been formally unveiled, May 30th, but by request of many, the ceremony has been deferred until September 17th, which will be the eighteenth anniversary of the battle.

Turner's Gap, through which passes the turnpike leading to Baltimore, was the most important point in the Battle of South Mountain. To secure it cost some of the most skilful manœuvring of the Federal forces. Prominently in the "gap" and on the pike stood, at that time, an old tavern which has since been converted into a Summer residence.

Crampton's Gap, a point somewhat similar in position and of scarcely less importance on that day, is situated further south on the same mountain. Through it passes the road leading from Burkettsville to Brownsville. Not much remains to mark the bloody combat which took place there save fragments of the rude breastworks of stone which extend along the crest of the mountain.

At Antietam the points that are referred to with most interest are the Dunker Church, Bloody Lane and Burnside's Bridge. Other places have preserved their freshness to some extent, but the gable over this field, whether professional or private, marks these places with double emphasis.

Less than two miles distant from Sharpsburg, on the Hagerstown pike, stands the little church which, to all who know anything of the field and the facts of the fight, is as familiar as the name Antietam. Under the destructive fire of that "bloodiest of bloody days," it was almost reduced to a heap of ruins. It has since been restored, but bears the scars of battle still.

Bloody Lane is appropriately so called from the fierce hand-to-hand fight which there ensued, in which the lane, simply a ditch from four to six feet in depth, and wide enough for a wagon road, was literally filled with dead, until the blood of friend and foe mingled and flowed in one common stream. Meeting the principal lane at right angles, is a shorter lane. Here stands the best way mark of the conflict—an "Old Oak Tree," bearing the scars of shot and shell on its rough, massive trunk, and in its shattered and broken limbs.

Burnside's Bridge is named from the general who, after several unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in effecting a passage and storming the heights commanding it. This bridge is the lower one of the three stone bridges spanning the Antietam within the limits of the battle, and in many ways was deemed the most essential crossing. Both parties were conscious of this fact, and this made the contest the more severe. The position held by the Confederates was strong and commanding. An old "quarry" immediately opposite the bridge, and high on the ridge, afforded them cover, from which they poured their fire with telling effect into the solid columns that advanced against them.

There is something impressive in the contemplation of places which, less than a score of years ago, were the scene of so much carnage and confusion. To the veterans who fought there, they have, of course, the greater interest. To many who survive the roll-call which has summoned their comrades to join the celestial ranks, there is still something sacred in the spot that has been consecrated by their own life-blood.

THE FAST OF FORTY DAYS.

AT noon on Saturday, August 7th, Dr. Tanner completed his feat of abstaining from food for a period of forty consecutive days. During the last week of his fast he took but little walking or carriage exercise, and experienced several severe attacks of sickness. Early on the thirty-eighth day he was taken violently ill, and declared that some unscrupulous person had tampered with his spring water. So strong was he in this belief that two of his watchers endeavored to prove his suspicions groundless by drinking of the water themselves. The result was that they, too, were taken similarly ill. One of them, Dr. Miller, gave it as his opinion that the water had been impregnated with tartar emetic. Besides exhibiting much irritability, Dr. Tanner at times acknowledged a feeling of extreme weakness, and yet at no time did he lose confidence in his ability to hold out to the last minute of the fortieth day. Music was his favorite diversion from the beginning of the fast. By it he seemed to become excited and animated. But on the thirty-ninth day he would allow no music, with one exception. Then the watchers began to realize how weak and worn the doctor was. Everything irritated him. If his attendants conversed in a whisper at the distance of the length of the gallery, he peevishly requested



NEW YORK CITY.—DR. TANNER'S FORTY DAYS' FAST—A SCENE IN THE HALL ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY.

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them to stop. Any noise or movement jarred upon his overstrained nerves. Visitors were almost unbearable. Nothing went right. Suffering terribly himself, he communicated his feelings of discomfort to those around him. His face revealed his condition more plainly than ever. It was pale and haggard, and seamed with deep lines. His fits of sickness have told upon him severely.

Additional interest was created in his case on Friday morning when a letter from Dr. William H. Hammond was published. This eminent physician expressed his belief that the watching had been honestly done, that the faster had faithfully abstained from all food but water, and that he had succeeded far better than the writer had thought he would. He thought that Dr. Tanner had not succeeded in showing that his organism is differently constituted from any other, for he has suffered as others would have suffered under like deprivations; and that he had shown that these alleged instances of fasting a month or more without symptoms of inanition being produced are fraudulent or otherwise deceptive. He concluded with the belief that the investigations made of Dr. Tanner during his fast have been superficial and restricted. The amount and character of the exhalations from the skin and lungs ought especially to have been analyzed. The weighing seems to have been very imperfectly performed. That, therefore, the scientific results are not what they should have been, but that, nevertheless, enough had been shown to cause us to modify our views in regard to the effects of inanition on the human body.

The fast attracted much interest in Paris and London, and bulletins of the doctor's condition were posted daily. The *Saturday Review* treats Dr Tanner with much severity. It condemns unsparingly an experiment conducted with circumstances of ridiculous vulgarity. It considers that Dr. Tanner is either practicing a coarse imposture in the midst of a crowd of silly busybodies, or he is being permitted to commit public suicide amidst the gabble of competitive quacks. It apprehends that it may be found necessary to pass a law which will check the suicidal mania which first showed itself in long-distance walking races, and which has now assumed an even more repulsive aspect. To lynch a few irregular and eclectic physicians, it argues, would be illegal, but natural.

MADAME GERSTER.

Madame Etelka Gerster, whom we shall have the pleasure of re-welcoming to this city in October, has been adding to her laurels. The London *Queen* of the 19th of July thus speaks of her impersonation of *Linda*:

"We have little room to speak of other performances, but reference must not be omitted to the production of "I Puritani" on Tuesday last, when Mme. Etelka Gerster undertook the rôle of *Elvira*. In no opera is Mme. Gerster heard to greater advantage. She displays in this assumption not only perfection and brilliancy of vocalization, but a high dramatic power not often met with on the operatic stage. The transitions from reason to madness were portrayed on Tuesday with a subtlety of art betraying much careful thought, and the impression the Hungarian vocalist made on her audience was of the most favorable character. Mme. Gerster is a true artiste, and as *Elvira* is unapproachable; we have no other singer, who, in this part, could hope to compete with her. The admiration she evoked on Tuesday amounted to enthusiasm, and Mme. Gerster was called again and again before the curtain to receive the applause of her delighted hearers."

Chinese Court Procedure.

At Shanghai, where certain European nations and the United States have establishments, native criminals are dealt with by what is called a "mixed court." It is so called, no doubt, because a European or American Consul or other resident sits with the Chinese judge; but in all other respects it has little pretension to its title, for its course of procedure and its punishments appear to be of Chinese barbarism, unmixed with the faintest trace of European sense of humanity. Thus, a prisoner who refuses to divulge the names of his accomplices is ordered to receive fifty blows on the face; and if these, administered apparently on the spot, fail to overcome his contumacy, another fifty may be ordered. Beating the ankles with hammers, and kneeling on chains with the feet braced up, are other methods of persuasion which are employed by this mixed tribunal, graced as it is by the countenance and sanction of an officer of some great Christian power. According to a tabulated report prepared by Mr. F. Farry for the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, the punishments consist of terrible floggings, or else of the *cangue*, or heavy table, in which the wearer's neck is inclosed, and which prevents him from lying down or from feeding himself. That such practices should go on from year's end to year's end with the placid acquiescence of influential European communities seems scarcely credible. It is to be hoped, at all events, that they will not long survive the publicity which Mr. Farry has given them. If the European Assessor is to sit on the judgment seat simply to give the countenance of civilization and Christianity to the stupid and horrible barbarities of the Chinese—to concur with a Mandarin in administering blows on the mouth or hammering the ankles of prisoners who refuse to confess or to "peach"—the sooner he is removed from so shameful a post the better for himself and the civilized power which he represents.

The Sultan of Turkey.

A correspondent who has just returned from Turkey, and who had occasion to be brought in contact with the Sultan and many of his Ministers, states that the Commander of the Faithful is, without exception, the most utterly faithless scamp in his dominions. Whenever he appoints a Minister, he says to him: "You must find means to resist all demands for reform, and your tenure of office will depend upon the length of time that you can do this without compromising me. Eventually, the Ambassadors will complain of you, when I shall pretend to be most indignant at your not having carried out my policy, and shall sacrifice you for having deceived me." The Sultan is the son of an Armenian mother, and it is generally supposed that his real father was also an Armenian. He is neither a drunkard nor a voluptuary, and although by no means an able man, he has a considerable amount of low cunning. He is believed to be accumulating a considerable fund, for, although the finances of his country are in a desperate condition, taxes do come in, and yet neither the army nor the civil employés are paid. The sole hold of the Sultan over his subjects is that he is the head of their religion. The only man who can compete with him for this position is the Shereef of Mecca. The last Shereef was an ambitious man, and it is believed that he was assassinated in consequence of orders received from Constantinople. The present Shereef is a young man, and the assassination of his predecessor has aroused much feeling in his behalf. Throughout Arabia, and in Syria the Turks of Constantinople are detested, and it would be a sound policy to encourage the separation of Arabia and Syria from Turkey. Were these two countries independent of the Turks, the Eastern Question would be solved, the inhabitants of Asia Minor would join the Arab kingdom, which would become England's firmest ally, while in Europe the Empire of the Sultan would collapse.

FUN.

Tanner is a great deal faster man on water than Hanlan.

Presidential candidates have as many lives as a cat, or will have before all their biographers get through.

He was from the mountain side, and was buying his first glass of soda. "I wish you'd skim off that scum, boss; I ain't payin' for no froth, you bet."

White neckties are so cheap this season that many a sad-faced man has secured a railroad ticket at half price on the strength of his throat gear.

"Does the cistern ever give out?" asked the gentleman who wanted to rent the house. "Never but once, and that was before they kept beer for sale in the corner grocery."

A Nice Distinction.—(Scene—French Restaurant.—*Customer*: "I see by the rules of the restaurant you are not permitted to take anything." *Waiter*: "Take. Oh, no, m'sieu. It is, *seulement*, what you shall please to give me!"

A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a mill-pond, and refused the offer of 25 cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he, "tain't worth it!" and he handed back 21 cents, saying calmly, as he pocketed four cents, "That's about right."

"I'll teach you to lie, and steal, and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate Galveston parent to his eldest offspring, at the same time swinging a good-sized sapling. "I'll teach you, you young scamp." "Never mind, father, I know all them branches already."

Simple Faith.—Exceedingly evangelical young lady: "Poor old Jones seems to suffer very much from rheumatism. Though rather late, I think if he were confirmed it might do him good; don't you, Mr. Trotter?" (But even the worthy little curate couldn't subscribe to this.)

The Latest Gush.—(Conversation on piazza, West End Hotel, Long Branch)—*Fashionable Young Man to Another Young Man not Fashionable*: "Is this chair taken?" *Ordinary Young Man*: "No, you can have it." *F. Y. M.*: "Thank you, awfully." *O. Y. M.*: "You're dreadfully welcome."

A Sheffield manufacturer is reported to have told his workmen to vote just as they pleased—"In fact, I shan't tell you how I am going to vote," he said. "After it is over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ("Hear, hear," shouted the men.) "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Wortley, the Tory candidate, gets in."

Said Angelina, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence. "Don't you feel afraid of the army worms, Theodore, that are coming so rapidly this way?" The question was such a strange one that Theodore's surprise caused him to look right at Angelina for the first time in his life. Why did she ask that, he wanted to know. "Oh, nothing," she replied, as she toyed with her fan; "only the papers say they eat every green thing wherever they go."

While Bishop Ames was presiding over a conference in the West a member began a tirade against universities, education, etc., thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes the bishop interrupted him with the question: "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it in that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said the bishop, in his sweet, musical tones, "is, that the brother has a great deal to thank God for."

THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

Without a question Buffalo, N. Y., can boast of the largest and most complete private Sanitarium in the world. The Invalids' Hotel was founded by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has represented his district as State Senator and in Congress, and is known throughout the United States as the originator of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, and who has also become widely celebrated in the treatment of chronic diseases. The erection of this mammoth home for invalids was made necessary by the large number of afflicted who flock to Buffalo from all parts of the United States to consult Dr. Pierce and the eminent medical gentlemen associated with him as the faculty of this celebrated institution. The establishment is said to have cost nearly a half million of dollars, and is furnished with every appliance and facility for the care of chronic ailments. A correspondingly large branch institution is located in London, England. The whole concern is owned and operated by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which the original Dr. Pierce is President—his brother and uncle, and other eminent medical gentlemen, taking part in the treatment of cases. In treating cases they are not at all confined to the narrow limits of prescribing the justly celebrated remedies, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or any other set remedies, however good, but have resort to the whole range of the *Materia Medica*, as well as to Turkish and other baths, Swedish movements and other approved remedies and methods of cure.

One of the greatest charms of Dr. Brownell's Tonic and Alterative is the small size of the dose. The various delicate combinations of drugs are concentrated in the most careful manner, and finally brought together by a series of original processes; consequently the dose is only one teaspoonful for an adult and smaller in proportion for children. It is taken once before each meal. Last but not least, a 50 cent bottle lasts ten days, while a $1 bottle lasts twenty four days. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

Burnett's Cologne is of the best quality, and is filled in elegant bottles of superior finish and beauty. It is offered to popular sizes and at popular prices. This refreshing perfume is thus brought within the reach of every one. It is prepared from the purest and best materials, and with the utmost care.

In Quarter and Half Pints, Pints, and Quarts. In Basket style, cork and glass stoppers.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate used habitually renders the system less liable to the attacks of sunstroke.

The palm of superiority is awarded to Mrs. H. A. Allen for her World's Hair Restorer, and a grateful public appreciates. Every Druggist sells it.

The St. Nicholas Hotel.—To many people who are not enforced residents of this city for the greater part of the year, New York offers many attractions as a Summer resort. Not to speak of the cool sea breeze which it enjoys almost every Summer afternoon, not to speak of its parks, etc., it may be chosen as a central point from which to make many delightful excursions. And in New York no more central house may be selected than the well-known St. Nicholas, in Broadway. It is not so many years ago that the St. Nicholas was visited by all strangers as illustrating the highest level of hotel luxury. It still holds its own in comparison with its later rivals. The rooms, single and en suite, are comfortable and elegant. The house is famous, too, for its excellent cookery.

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ARRIVE at NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 9.30, 11, 11.50 A.M.; 1, 2.45, 4.25, 6.10, 6.17, 8.20, 10.20 P.M., and 4.30 A.M.

LEAVE NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 6.45, 7.45, 9, 11.15 A.M.; 1.30, 4, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 7.15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

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[*From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.*]

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Only 18,000 Tickets Issued.
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532 Prizes, amounting to 1,350,000 Pesos.
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A Rhode Island Clam-Bake served daily from 12 M. to 6 P. M., for 75 cents, in the magnificent Dining-Hall of the Club-House, under the supervision of
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Mammoth Dancing Pavilion, Billiards, Bowling Alleys, Rifle Ranges, Boating and Bathing.
Excursion Tickets (round trip), 40 cents; single, 25 cents. Clam-bake 75 cents.
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Steamer J. H. Starin leaves Pier No. 18, N. R., foot of Cortlandt Street, Mondays and Fridays, at 9 P. M., for Shelter Island and New Haven. A sail of four hours by daylight across the Sound, after leaving the City of Elms. Fare, single $1.25; excursion, $2.25.
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Via Bay Ridge.
Steamers Thos. Collyer and Mattawan from 22d St., N.R., at 9.10, 10.25 A.M., and hourly to 8.25 P.M.
Leaving Leroy Street ten minutes and Pier No. 6 thirty minutes after leaving 22d St. The boats leaving 22d St. at 7.25 and 8.25 P.M. do not stop at Leroy and Pier 6.
The steamer D. R. Martin leaves foot of Whitehall Street at 9.25 A.M. hourly to 8.25 P.M. Trains from Manhattan Beach connecting with D. R. Martin for Whitehall Street, leave hourly from 8.20 A.M. to 12.20 P.M., 1.25 to 6.25 P.M., 7.20 to 9.20 P.M. Trains connecting with steamer for Pier 6, Leroy St. and 22d St. leave every hour from 11 A.M. to 9.55 and 10.40 P.M.
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Judge Brown, of the United States Circuit Court, on March 31st, made the following decisions:

1. That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.
2. That its drawings are fair.

The Postmaster-General has, therefore, rescinded his order against the delivery of mails to this company.

Registered letters will be delivered and postal-orders paid as formerly.

23d

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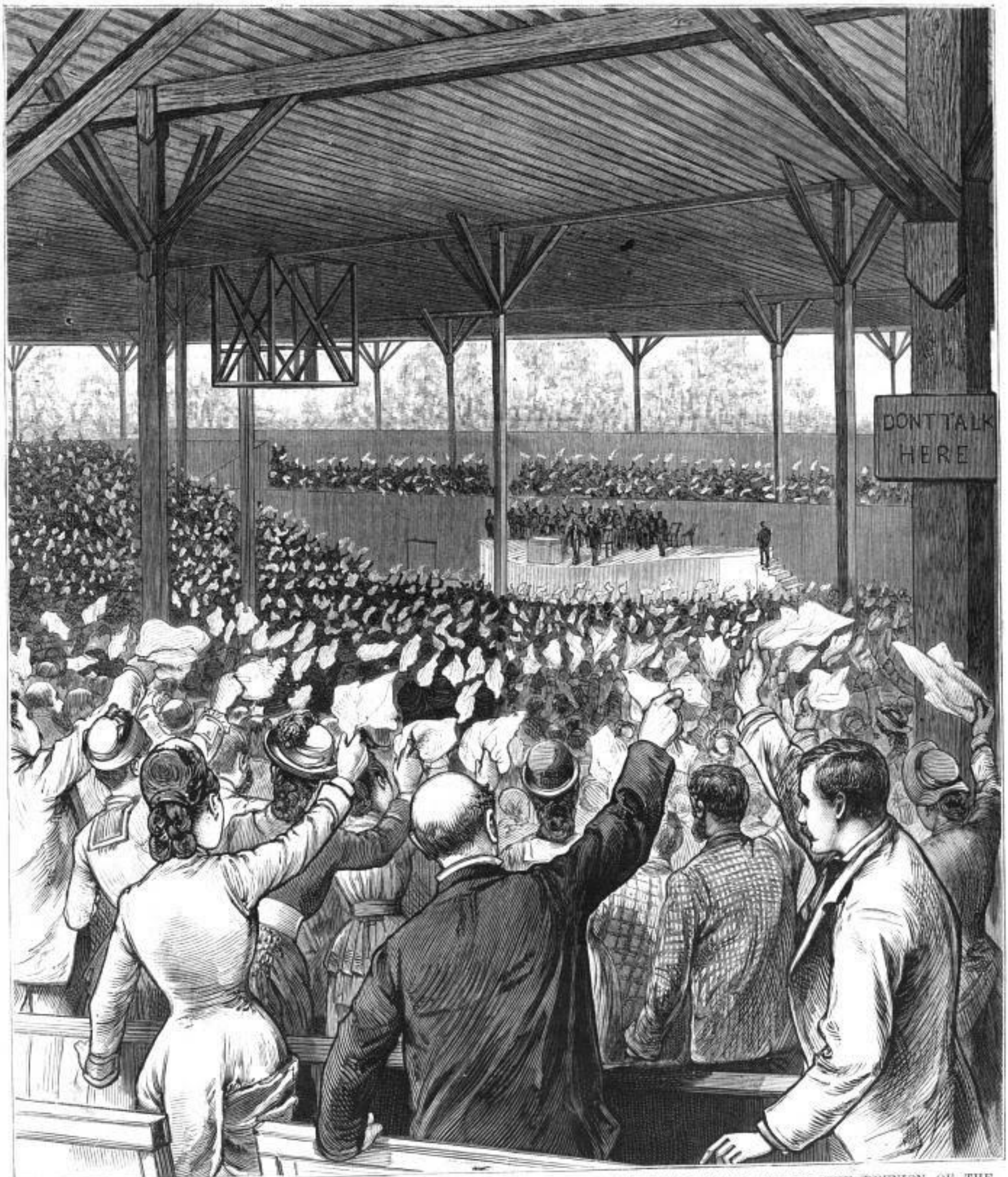
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NEW YORK.—THE SUMMER ENCAMPMENT AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE—THE "CHAUTAUQUA SALUTE" DURING THE REUNION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, AUGUST 8TH.—From a Sketch by Joseph Becker.—See Page 435.

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THE REPUBLICAN CONFERENCE.

THAT independent journal, the Springfield *Republican*, in analyzing, a few days ago, the elements of the present political situation, took occasion to remark that the Republicans at Chicago had ignored "their one great argument for a new lease of power" by deliberately ignoring, in their programme of future action, "the high aims and partial, but substantial, successes of the Hayes administration." It was in precise accordance with this same sentiment that we expressed the opinion, last week, that it is the record of the Hayes administration which to-day affords to the Republican Party its best hope of success in the pending Presidential election, by furnishing to the country some evidence of the party's power to work a reformation within itself.

In a case where, as our Springfield contemporary observes, the two historical parties of the country "enter the canvass with no matured plans for lifting any burdens from the people, literally promising nothing of relief or advance," it is inevitable that "the contest should be left to shape itself"—in the minds of those voters who hold the balance of power—"around the character and capacity of the candidates, *qualified and illuminated by the drift and tendencies behind them.*" In another part of the article already quoted, the *Republican* remarks:

"Almost in spite of himself, the Republican candidate stands for a continuance of the present administration. He has its cordial support, and is expected to call about him the influences which have inspired its success—to seek advice of the Woolseys, the Seelyes and the Schurzes, rather than become subservient to the "senatorial syndicate" which was overthrown by his triumph at Chicago. In the association with General Garfield of the most trusted reform elements of the country lies his hope of success. To alienate in any degree this backing by truckling to the managers and bosses at New York on Thursday will be a sad move for General Garfield."

That the managers of the Republican canvass are disposed to "alienate" the very support here referred to, scarcely admits of doubt. At the recent Fifth Avenue conference, embracing many of the leading men of the party, with whom General Garfield consulted freely as to the details of the campaign, these managers took special pains, in "illuminating" the drift and tendencies which they conceive to be behind their party at the present time, to break away from what President Hayes, at the very threshold of his administration, conceived to be the first and highest duty of American statesmanship—the pacification of the country. Not only were "the Woolseys, the Seelyes and the Schurzes," upon whom General Garfield was expected to lean for counsel and support in the present canvass, conspicuous by their absence, but the deliberations of the conference, instead of sympathizing with the spirit and aims of these men, were at the furthest possible remove from the pacific temper of ex-President Woolsey and from the enlightened statesmanship of Secretary Schurz. For, instead of holding with Doctor Woolsey that the pacification of the country is the first duty of the hour, the foremost speakers in this conference kindled the flame of their eloquence by fanning afresh the fires of the late civil war, and, instead of borrowing inspiration from the high themes discussed by Mr. Schurz at Indianapolis, the only participant in this discussion who made the slightest reference to the "currency issue" was Mr. Thurlow Weed, and he is known to favor the retention of the greenback circulation and the unlimited coinage of the depreciated silver dollar.

According to Mr. Blaine, the issue now presented to the country by the competing parties is "whether the men who fought the civil war shall surrender to the men who fought against the Union." According to General Logan, it is a question "whether the old Republican Party, which has honored the flag and carried it everywhere," should surrender to "General Hancock, whose forces, as they march past him in review, are led by the old Rebel army, and at the rear are guarded by the Copperheads of the North." According to Secretary Sherman (and he, too, a member of the Hayes administration!) the pending issue is not one of administrative or civil reform, but "whether the Republican Party shall resign to the solid South, headed by Wade Hampton and the Ku-klux-klan, and a little segment in the Northern States calling itself the Democratic Party." According to General Harrison, of Indiana, it is to-day, as during the war, a question "how we will defend Washington against the enemy that once opposed it in arms."

Now, without recalling again to the recollection of our readers the fact that, in so pitching the pending canvass, these managers are compelling General Garfield to accomplish the Irish feat of turning his back on himself (for did he not say that "the man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issue will find himself without a party and without support"?), we beg leave mildly to suggest that if the present campaign is to be conducted on *historical* issues, dating from the outbreak of the late war, then the Republicans, while saddling their rivals with the blunders and crimes committed by the Democrats during the last fifteen or twenty years, must also be content to see General Garfield saddled with the blunders and corruptions of the Republican Party during the administrations of President Johnson and President Grant. If the Democrats are to be reproached for the "these ballots" they are, it is said, "going to use" in the coming election, the Republicans must bear the reproach of being their inventors. If the charge of "false counts" is to be made a watchword of party against the Democrats of the South, it would be well for the Stalwarts to remember that they carried the last Presidental election by a "count" in Florida which the Supreme Court of that State pronounced to be false, and by a "count" in Louisiana of which the less that is said the better it will be for the Republican Party. In a word, if the Hayes administration is to be treated as a mere interregnum in the Republican dynasty; if the evil spirit of sectional hate, after being temporarily exorcised, is to return and torment the country with fresh displays of virulence and new paroxysms of violence, then there are many who, in standing by General Garfield, the conservative Republican Representative who spoke for peace in 1878, will stand aloof from General Garfield, the Republican standard-bearer of a sectional crusade in 1880.

For General Garfield, as much as his better nature may revolt against the Stalwart tactics, cannot escape responsibility for the spirit in which his canvass shall be conducted. The order of battle just concerted in New York was drawn up under his eyes. Whether the dispositions taken are of his suggestion or not, they must stand as his until he countermands them. If there be something unseemly in the sight of a Presidential candidate helping to lay the plans and concert the policies which, it is hoped, will promote his election, it is at the same time just to say that the frankness of the method has, as one of its compensations, the advantage of making the candidate publicly responsible for the plans and policies which his supporters are seen to adopt with his approval.

Meanwhile, candor compels us to add that, if the Stalwarts are saying and doing much to show General Garfield should not be elected if they are to control his administration, the Democratic leaders are neither saying nor doing anything to show why General Hancock should be elected, except that his election would possibly put a truce to sectionalism. Beyond this they seem to have no matured plans for helping themselves or helping the country. As to all the great economic and industrial questions which concern the public interest, they are absolutely silent, and their success, as the case now stands, would afford no guarantee of stability in finance or permanence in existing business conditions.

A NEW PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE annual report of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company, just submitted to the shareholders, possesses an extraordinary interest in the disclosure which it presents of one of the greatest railway schemes of the age. The facts it embodies are briefly these: The business of the Texas-Pacific last year shows a gain of $500,787 in net revenue, an increase of ninety per cent. over the year previous. The company has no floating debt, and not a note outstanding. It now operates 443 miles of road, well constructed and equipped, extending from Shreveport to Forth Worth, and has contracted for the completion of the line from the latter point to El Paso, seventy miles of which have already been constructed. Beyond El Paso, connection will ultimately be made with a road which is coming eastward from California. Meanwhile the New Orleans Pacific Railway Company have contracted for the completion of a road from Shreveport to New Orleans, the work upon which is expected to be finished so as to give the Texas-Pacific Company an all-rail connection from Shreveport *via* Alexandria to Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi River, and to New Orleans, within the next fifteen or eighteen months. The completion of this New Orleans-Pacific Railway will not only furnish a good connection to the Mississippi River and to New Orleans, but will make, *via* the Texas and Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas and Missouri-Pacific lines, the shortest all-rail connection between Kansas City and points west from there and New Orleans, and, what is yet more important, a new Pacific railway, extending from the Gulf of California and the metropolis of the Pacific to St. Louis and the mouth of the Mississippi.

The importance of these great enterprises in a commercial sense cannot be over-estimated. A line of railway stretching across Texas into Mexico and beyond will open new markets to the trade and commerce of the United States, and enable American merchants to compete for the trade and commerce of 10,000,000 people who are now almost entirely supplied by foreign merchants by way of the coast. The lines extending northward from the trunk railway will also bring a vast area of territory now isolated into direct business relations. The system of roads contemplated will, in fact, cover the whole territory east of the Rocky Mountains from Santa Fé to Denver, St. Louis and southward through Indian Territory, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana to New Orleans. Indeed, the scheme has a still wider scope. The men who direct the new consolidation of interests already control and operate east of St. Louis the Wabash and the Pennsylvania, and are likely to obtain possession of the Erie and its connections, if not of the New York Central. This practically covers all the ground worth covering in the United States. The probability that all the great trans-continental lines will be thus brought under one management, and that this management will enjoy a practical monopoly of the immense carrying business between the Atlantic and the Pacific, is, no doubt, calculated to excite some apprehension in the public mind; but the advantages that must result to the country at large will be so enormous as to outweigh any mere local or temporary mischief. We can afford, in view of all the facts, to contemplate their prosecution with real satisfaction and pride.

EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH.

IN his address at the great soldiers' reunion at Columbus, Ohio, last week, President Hayes set the partisan orators an excellent example by discussing questions of present and immediate interest instead of appealing to old animosities and prejudices by debating issues which the country has long ago finally determined. The theme of his address was the importance of the education of the masses, and his treatment of the subject was characteristically candid and moderate. We give a single extract as illustrating the spirit of the whole:

"To perpetuate the Union and to abolish slavery were the work of the war. To educate the uneducated is the appropriate work of peace. As long as any considerable number of our countrymen are uneducated, the citizenship of every American in every State is impaired in value, and is constantly imperilled. It is plain that at the end of the war the tremendous change in the labor and social systems of the Southern States, and the ravages and impoverishment of the conflict, added to the burden of their debts and the loss of their whole circulating medium, which died in their hands, left the people of those States in no condition to provide for universal popular education. In a recent memorial to Congress on this subject in behalf of the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, the Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, shows that '2,000,000 of children in the Southern States are without the means of instruction,' and adds, with great force: 'Where millions of citizens are growing up in the grossest ignorance, it is obvious that neither individual charity nor the resources of impoverished States will be sufficient to meet the emergency. Nothing short of the wealth and power of the Federal Government will suffice to overcome the evil.'

"The principle applied by general consent to works of public improvement is in point. That principle is, that wherever a public improvement is of national importance, and local and private enterprise are inadequate to its prosecution, the General Government should undertake it. On this principle I would deal with the question of education by the aid of the National Government. Wherever in the United States the local systems of popular education are inadequate, they should be supplemented by the General Government by devoting to the purpose, by suitable legislation and with proper safeguards, the public lands, or, if necessary, appropriations from the Treasury of the United States. The soldier of the Union has done his work, and has done it well. The work of the schoolmaster is now in order. Wherever his work shall be well done in all our borders, it will be found that there, also, the principles of the Declaration of Independence will be cherished, the sentiment of nationality will prevail, the equal rights amendments will be cheerfully obeyed, and there will be 'the home of freedom and the refuge of the oppressed of every race and of every clime.'"

The breadth of the President's statesmanship is very clearly exhibited in the suggestions here made. That the policy proposed by him is the true one there can be no question, and it is to be hoped that its adoption may not be long postponed. The South has already done a good deal in the direction of establishing a sound educational system; but there is still a great work to do, and that work can be successfully accomplished if our public men will only address themselves to its consideration and performance in the spirit and by the methods indicated by the President.

A TIMELY PRESENTMENT.

THE United States Grand Jury, after a thorough investigation into the *Seawanhaka* disaster, has made a presentment indicting for manslaughter the captain, engineer and owners of the boat as well as the United States inspectors of steamboats and boilers in this district, and setting forth, with startling clearness, the defects of the existing system for the protection of life on passenger steamers. The indictment against the Federal inspectors charges felonious carelessness and negligence in their annual inspection and examination of the boilers of the *Seawanhaka* on the 10th of May last, in that they did not ascertain that the boilers of the steamboat and the tubes and flues were in a bad condition and unsafe; that the steamer had failed to provide lifeboats, floats and life-preservers, and that no adequate provision had been made to prevent sparks from being driven back from the fire-doors of the boiler into the vessel. The engineer is charged with a want of care in the management of the boilers and machinery. Negligence to provide the means of preserving life required by law is made the basis of indictment against the captain and the owners and directors of the steamer. To these respective causes the jury attribute the great loss of life. As the United States is fully prepared for the trial of the indictments, they will be called at the next term of the Circuit Court, which opens on the second Wednesday of October, and will take precedence of all other bailable cases on the calendar. The case will undoubtedly attract wide attention, since it will help to determine definitely the question of the precise measure of responsibility for steamboat accidents, and possibly beget prompt and needed amendments of the present defective system of management.

It is certainly high time that something decisive should be done for the diminution of the perils of steam navigation. The recklessness of some of the pilots employed on river and harbor vessels is habitually deliberate and criminal. This was strikingly illustrated in one of the latest of the many "accidents." An excursion steamer spins down the North River, past the Battery, into the Bay. A sprinkle of rain is falling, but the morning is not a specially dark one. There is not the usual crowd of passengers on board; but of those who are, one is sitting on deck. Suddenly he finds himself sprawling, with a bruised leg. The steamboat has run into an anchored schooner, it appears, and it has been his ill luck to get a rap from the bowsprit. The pilot is "reticent," as the reporters duly note when the steamboat returns to her landing; but he says the accident was unavoidable. It is the peculiarity of these occurrences that they always are unavoidable, save in cases where it is clearly the other pilot's fault. Landsmen, however, who know nothing of the mysteries of navigation, may be pardoned for their failure to see the necessity of an excursion steamboat's running into a three-masted schooner lying at anchor. Such an event could never occur if vigilance and caution presided at the wheel, and that such events do occur shows conclusively the need of increased vigor in the enforcement of the law.

It is true that New York's bay and rivers are crowded with sailing craft of all sorts and sizes, as befits one of the great trading ports of the world. It is true, also, that the tides are strong, and the currents, especially in the East River, swift and heavy. But what are pilots for, if not to know all the ins and outs of these waters, and to take care of the lives and limbs of the rest of us who do not know? The very fact that these conditions exist constitutes an added reason for the utmost possible care in navigation.

It is not new laws or a new code of rules that is needed, though doubtless the present system of Federal inspection and the modes of signaling are susceptible of improvement. The rules, so far as they go, are well enough; they are the product of experience and common sense. What is really needed is intelligence, vigilance, prudence and conscience, among inspectors and owners, and at the wheel. But these qualities, as to pilots and officers generally, have a market value, and they cannot be had without paying for them. So long as boats are equipped, manned and run in the interests of the owners without any fear of or regard for the law and its officers, and with but little regard for the comfort and safety of the passengers—so long as human lives are intrusted to cheap, ignorant, careless, reckless pilots who like to see how near they can come to the other vessel without a crash and a smash, so

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long will these "unavoidable accidents" continue to enliven the columns of the newspapers—unless, indeed, in the trial of the persons just indicted such verdicts shall be given as will compel owners and managers of vessels to pursue some other policy than that so strongly condemned by the Grand Jury—a policy which, as it says, commits the passenger "to the care and protection of incompetent, thoughtless officers and a cowardly and worse than incompetent crew, employed because they are unfit for other work, and without regard to their character or qualifications."

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE rejection of the Bill for Compensation in case of eviction in Ireland by the House of Lords has been followed by a series of gross outrages in that country. The Government, fearing that the Fenian and other agitators might attempt to incite the peasantry to some active proceedings in order to show their indignation against the landlords, at once largely reinforced the military establishment in Ireland. How necessary such a step was is now proved by the cowardly attack upon Mr. Boyd, the Crown Solicitor for the County Tipperary, and his two sons, who, while quietly driving along the high road, were shot at, one of the sons being fatally wounded. From other parts of the country reports come of various agrarian outrages which are so utterly senseless that one wonders whether the perpetrators are sane or not. These outrages add neither to the prosperity nor the happiness of the Irish peasantry, and the persons who are attacked are, as a rule, not Englishmen, but resident Irish landlords.

There has been a very amusing complication in French politics. It was generally felt that the military review and the presentation of flags to the army upon the 14th of July, the new national holiday, was somewhat unkind to the navy, which was in no way represented upon that occasion. The first proposition was that M. Gambetta, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, should go to Cherbourg and there be present at a grand naval review. M. Grévy, the President of the Republic, upon whom the duty should have devolved, is a man of remarkably slothful habits, and spends the whole day in smoking and playing billiards. Consequently he refused to go. Arrangements were made for Gambetta's visit, but Henri Rochefort attacked the President of the Deputies so fiercely in his new journal *l'Intransigeante*, that Gambetta also declined to go alone, and Grévy was awakened to the danger of Gambetta's growing power. A compromise was accordingly made. Grévy, the President of the Republic, Léon Say, the President of the Senate, and Gambetta, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, went together, witnessed the review and took part in the *fêtes*. Admiral Ribourt, the Maritime Prefect at Cherbourg, who, being a fierce Bonapartist, had refused to take any part in the festivities upon the national holiday, had been expected to give further trouble at the naval review, but fortunately he behaved with more self-restraint, and, with the exception of snubbing the Mayor of the town, who is a Republican, did not show his proclivities in any objectionable manner.

The Royal Belgian Exploring Expedition has met with a sad loss in the death of Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead. Some time ago the King of the Belgians, who takes a great deal of interest in Central African exploration, fitted out an expedition under the leadership of Stanley, the famous explorer. This expedition was to proceed up the Congo from the west coast of Africa, thence up the Lualaba, which is the northern Congo, and thus settle definitely the questions still left undecided by Stanley and Cameron in their former travels. At the same time another expedition was to start from Zanzibar, on the east coast, and proceed to Unyanyembe, when a junction with Stanley would be made. It was this latter expedition that Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead were in charge of when they met their deaths. It appears that the robber chief Mercambo had already attacked the caravan, and that the leaders had refused to pay the blackmail usually extorted. The reason advanced by the Belgian Expedition was that several of their men had been robbed and killed, and it is now thought that the massacre was perpetrated as a revenge for this refusal. The caravan consisted of over 700 men.

The position of the Eastern Question remains unchanged. There are wild reports that Albania has determined to throw off the Turkish yoke, but they are more than doubtful. The Porte seems to be persuaded that the Great Powers will not make any interposition, and that even should England and France send their fleets into Turkish waters there would be no interference beyond the moral support of their presence to the Greeks and Montenegrins. It seems to be certain that Austria and Germany are not in accord with the other Powers, and that any Slav movement against the Porte would not be supported by those two Powers. The Sultan has apparently made up his mind that Dulcigno must be ceded to the Montenegrins, but if the last news be true—that Albania has thrown off the suzerainty of the Porte—there will be a serious difficulty in carrying out the terms of the Berlin Congress. As regards Greece, the boundary question is as far away from any settlement as ever, and the support of France, which was reckoned upon by the Hellenes after the visit of King George to Paris, has been withdrawn. England is so busy with her home affairs, with Ireland, Afghanistan and the Cape of Good Hope and other South African colonies, that it is highly improbable that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry will take any active part in the present complication. Greece is actively preparing for war, and all along the Greek frontier Turkey has massed large bodies of troops, and made every preparation for defense. A fresh encounter between Albanians and Montenegrins has occurred near Podgoritza, in which the Catrati tribe lost considerably. Servia has been officially informed that her explanation of the mobilization of the militia is unsatisfactory to the Porte. Meanwhile Russia is giving a quiet support to the Pan-Bulgarian movement, and Russian rifles are being sent into Bulgaria. Many young Bulgarians, who have been studying in the Russian military schools, are returning home. The Emperors of Germany and Austria met last week at Ischel upon the most friendly terms, each wearing the uniform of the other's service. At the present crisis the meeting is considered to be of great political significance, as possibly foreshadowing a new consolidation of the Austro-German alliance. There are strong reasons for believing that Ayoob Khan contemplates a speedy attack on Candahar, and that large numbers of tribesmen continue to flock to his standard.

THE amount of national bank notes presented for redemption during the past fiscal year was less than at any time since the passage of that Act, amounting to $61,000,000. Three years ago the redemption amounted to $240,000,000. This marked reduction is due to the fact that the growth of business activity has brought the great bulk of the notes into active circulation.

THE Greenbackers are discouraged by the result of the election in Alabama. They had expected to carry everything before them in that State, and behold, now that the contest is over, there isn't a fragment of the party left. The experience is likely to be repeated in other States. The people have had enough of the Greenback delusion, and the ranks of its followers will never again be as respectable in numbers as they were two years ago.

A PHYSICIAN at a seaside town in New Jersey, who, in making up a prescription, furnished a large dose of morphine in place of Epsom salts as directed, resulting in the death of the patient, has been held on a charge of manslaughter preferred against him by the coroner's jury. The fatal mistake appears to have been the result of haste and negligence, and the action of the authorities in the case, severe as it may seem, will be generally approved, especially if it shall beget greater caution among druggists whose business it is to compound prescriptions.

GENERAL BUTLER is just now afloat politically, and there are a good many Democrats in Massachusetts who would give a great deal to know where he will finally make a landing. They have no desire to launch their craft for the Autumn cruise while so desperate a buccaneer is roving the seas; and, unless he shall cast anchor in some port or other pretty speedily, possibly they may find it inexpedient to do anything more than to furl their sails and to invite him just to come in and take possession of their vessel, cargo and crew, to be disposed of in any way he may elect.

THE Mormons have adopted the political methods of Louisiana and Alabama. Their returning board in Beaver County have just thrown out the vote of four Gentile precincts, thereby defeating the sheriff-elect on the Gentile ticket. It is announced that the Gentile voters will refuse to pay their taxes because of this disfranchisement, but they will scarcely be able to maintain this position. Two wrongs do not make a right. The cure for Mormon intolerance lies in the introduction of a system of laws, in place of the present Territorial code, which shall not depend for their enforcement upon officials controlled by the Church of Latter-day Saints.

BOTH parties are claiming Indiana in the October election, but neither is, perhaps, as confident as it would like to be. It is well for all to remember that the State is close fighting ground, and that it has not been carried by either party by any considerable majority for several years past. The odds are slightly in favor of the Democrats, but they have some embarrassments in the present canvass which may operate seriously to their prejudice in the final voting. Should the State go Republican in October, the chances of General Hancock will be seriously endangered, while if it should go Democratic, the defeat of General Garfield in November will be practically assured.

OF 592 steamships engaged in the foreign trade of the United States on the 16th of June last, only sixty-one were American, and of these less than fifteen were employed in navigating the great oceans. The rest were little more than coasters. Of the whole number of vessels, 424 were English, and Belgium, a country but a little larger than New Jersey, had more steamers in our ocean trade than we had ourselves. Austria, with only one seaport, and that an obscure one, had 179 large-class sailing vessels in our trade. Surely it is time that something should be done, by legislation or otherwise, to build up an American merchant marine, and to secure in our own hands the control of the foreign trade now swelling to such vast proportions.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM has received another stab under the fifth rib. Some time ago certain internal revenue officials in Virginia were removed for participating conspicuously in partisan manipulations, in direct violation of civil service orders. Their offense was flagrant, and the action of the President in the case was in every way commendable. But now the services of the deposed officials are needed for the party machine, and they are accordingly restored to the places which they had dishonored. It is simply impossible to view a proceeding of this sort with any other feeling than contempt. President Hayes has been generally regarded as sincere in his purpose to reform the civil service, but the popular confidence cannot long withstand such shocks as it has received in this and some other recent instances.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON has not helped the Democratic cause by his recent speech in Virginia, in which he "waved the bloody shirt" and recalled the memories of the time when the people of that State plunged into revolt in defense of slavery and an "independent Confederacy." His statement that the principles now at stake "are the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought," has already been seized upon by every Republican journal at the North as a proof that the "old rebellious spirit" still dominates the South, and it will be used to the serious damage of that section and of the Democracy. Senator Hampton has exhibited such moderation of feeling as to many matters before the Senate that this late ebullition is as unexpected as it is unwise. It is to be hoped—and we are glad to believe—that he does not reflect the sentiments of any considerable body of Southern men.

A FEW nights since a bark, loaded with naphtha and blazing fiercely, was towed out into the East River, anchored, and left to its own devices. It burned away for thirty hours or so. Then it went to pieces, as burning ships usually do sooner or later, and the blazing naphtha started for the shore. It is scarcely necessary to say that it got there. The result was a fire that licked up a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property. Had a strong wind been blowing, Long Island City and half of Brooklyn might have been in ashes to-day. Who are responsible for the criminal folly of leaving that fireship for all those hours in a river crowded with shipping and lined with docks and warehouses, crammed with inflammable materials? It would be interesting to hear from the Harbor Commissioners on this point. Another question: This fire has naturally directed public attention, or at any rate the attention of the daily papers, anew to the fact that the oil factories are too near these very inflammable cities for either comfort or safety; and there is another spasm of talk on the subject of their removal. The question is, whether they shall be removed before they treat us to a blaze that will throw those of Chicago and Boston into the shade, or after.

THE campaign in Maine is already at white heat. The Republicans have many of their strongest men on the stump, and the Fusionists are everywhere active and enthusiastic. The Temperance party, who are dissatisfied with the Republican candidate, propose to set up another Republican who more nearly represents their views, and it is probable that 4,000 or 5,000 votes will in this way be drawn away from the regular ticket. Maine elections have always been noted for their warmth and intensity of feeling, almost the whole population usually abandoning ordinary pursuits to give attention to politics; and it is just as well, perhaps, that the present is the last annual election that is likely to set the State aflame for many years to come. Next year, in consequence of the adoption of a constitutional amendment, which was presented to the people in 1879, there will be no election at all, and the Governor and members of the Legislature chosen next month will hold their office for two years from the 1st of January, 1881. The first State election after next September will be in 1882, and the Legislature then to be chosen will meet in January, 1883. All county offices which become vacant next January will be filled by election in September—county commissioners to hold for six years from January; clerks of courts, judges and registers of probate and registers of deeds for four years, and sheriffs, county treasurers and county attorneys for two years.

THE annual report of the State Department on the commercial relations of the United States for the year 1879 affords a most encouraging exhibit of our agricultural and manufacturing condition. Summing up the statement of our enormous exportation of native products, Mr. Evarts declares that, upon the severest review, the "American agriculturist seems to hold the principal markets of the world under control, and that neither taxation of foreign breadstuffs, abatement of rents, lowering of taxes, etc., can enable Europe to raise food products as cheaply or of as good quality as can be done in the United States." The only danger to which the American producer is exposed is over-confidence and the carelessness to which it tends. As to our export of manufactures, the report says:

"Thus far, taking all things into account, our export trade in manufactures has been eminently successful. We have secured a firm footing in almost every market, and secured it not by any increase in the general volume of trade, but the displacement of so much of the established trade of other countries. It is but reasonable to assume that when the good times which we experience, and which are yet experienced nowhere else only so far as our purchases from other countries have contributed to their relief, shall radiate to all lands and enable the peoples to purchase their usual supplies of manufactures—for there has not been so much over-production, as some have assumed, as under-consumption through inability to purchase—we will find it easier to develop that foreign trade of which we have made the sure foundation in the darkest days of the world's commercial experience. It is, therefore, most satisfactory to be able to state that marked success has attended every determined and sensible effort which has been made for the development of our export trade, and that even under the many disadvantages against which this trade has to contend we may count upon a continued increase thereof in the various countries."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THERE were 2,134 new post-offices established during the last fiscal year.

THE official revision of the census returns of this city show a population of 1,208,823.

A REVISION of the St. Louis census returns makes the population of the city 333,517.

THE Democratic campaign in Indiana was opened on August 13th by 102 meetings, covering nearly the entire State.

THE Cincinnati Board of Commerce has appointed a committee to inquire into the census returns and demand a new count if necessary.

THE persons recently captured in Nebraska and taken to Kansas as the Bender murderers, have been discharged, not proving to be the guilty parties.

SENATOR CONKLIN is said to have come out of the cellar, and announced to make speeches in Indiana, Ohio and this State, in behalf of the Republican ticket.

CHINA has officially informed the United States Government of the removal of foreign trade restrictions upon her own subjects, and of her intention to push her enterprise to America.

THE President has commuted the sentences of the two American sailors, Ross and Diskella, convicted in an American Consular Court of Japan of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death.

THE annual session of the American Bankers' Association at Saratoga, last week, was attended by 300 persons representing the financial institutions of the country. A number of interesting papers were read by eminent financiers.

A WHITE juror in Henrico County, Va., who refused to serve on a jury with a negro, was fined $250 and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, the punishment being remitted, however, after the recreant had purged himself of his contempt of court.

AT the meeting of the American Dental Association in this city, last week, a large delegation of members of the Southern Dental Association were present, and with a view of more perfectly uniting the professions a new national association was organized.

ON August 12th, on the New York and New Jersey Railroad, near Spring Valley, the axle of a tender broke, and two cars rolled down an embankment a distance of thirty feet. Twelve persons received dislocations or bruises, but no one was killed.

THE reports of the condition of the cotton crop from the States of Virginia, Florida, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama are generally favorable, and show the plants to be up to the average of last year, and no serious damage is reported.

THE Tennessee Democrats have nominated General Luke E. Wright for Governor, and passed resolutions denouncing repudiation and favoring the development of the public school system. Two hundred bolting delegates withdrew and nominated Hon. S. F. Wilson for Governor.

A TERRIBLE catastrophe occurred on the West Jersey and Atlantic City Railway, on August 11th. A train bearing 1,200 excursionists was divided into two sections. The first section stopped upon a siding and the second came crashing into it. Some of the passengers in the rear car were crushed to death, some were killed by the escaping steam from the locomotive, and others, scarcely as fortunate as those who were instantly killed, were reduced to terrible agony from scalds and bruises. The total casualties were fifteen dead and fifty-five wounded, and three are missing.

SECRETARY SCHURZ last week visited Fort Hall Agency, Idaho, to consult with the Lemhi tribe of Indians relative to their removal to a new reservation. He will make a tour of inspection through the Yellowstone Park, visiting the Crow Reservation on its northern border. He will hold a council with the Crow Indians on the 28th inst., for the purpose of securing their consent to the ceding to the United States of that portion of their reservation which contains mineral lands. He will also go to Forts Custer and Keogh, and hold a conference with regard to the disposition of the 600 Sitting Bull prisoners at the latter place.

THE Soldiers' Reunion at Columbus, Ohio, last week, was an immense affair. On one day as many as 60,000 persons were on the camp-grounds and in the city. President Hayes, General Sherman, and many other notables were present. The President made a speech, taking immigration and education as his texts, and arguing that in sections where education is general the Constitutional Amendments and all the results of the war are respected, and second, that the great tide of immigration flows to those sections of the country, and to no others. On the last day of the reunion there was a procession of 15,000 men, viewed by 75,000 spectators.

Foreign.

THE British Parliament will not rise before September 11th.

MR. GOSCHEN has informed the Porte that the Powers will insist upon the Greek frontier as fixed by the Berlin Conference.

THE Mexican States Zacatecas, Leon, Jalisco, Sinaloa and Sonora have revolted against General Gonzales, the new Mexican President.

THE situation in Afghanistan is substantially unchanged. General Roberts is marching as rapidly as possible to the relief of Candahar.

VOLUNTEERS are enrolling and recruits are being enlisted everywhere for the Greek army. Greece has purchased 1,450 artillery horses in Hungary.

SPANISH Liberals complain of the impunity granted to the Carlists and Ultramontanes. Carlist candidates are for the first time in thirty years canvassing for election to the Spanish Councils-General.

THE Mexican Government has replied to the proposal of the Vatican for the re-establishment of diplomatic relations, and conciliatory instructions have been sent by the Vatican to the Mexican bishops.

THE citizens of Lima, Peru, now besieged by the Chilians, are all enrolled in the guards. The business places are closed every day to allow them to drill, the churches are filled and daily religious processions take place.

A CORK newspaper says Fenianism is again feeling its way in Limerick and illegal drillings are going on. Mysterious strangers from America are reported to be flitting to and fro. The Archbishop of Cashel has denounced the House of Lords for rejecting the Compensation Bill.

THE Norwegian ship *Juno*, *en route* for New York, undergoing repairs at Cork Harbor, was boarded on the night of August 12th by sixty men, and three cases of rifles were stolen. The crew of the vessel was driven into the forecastle, and kept there while the ruffians remained the ship.

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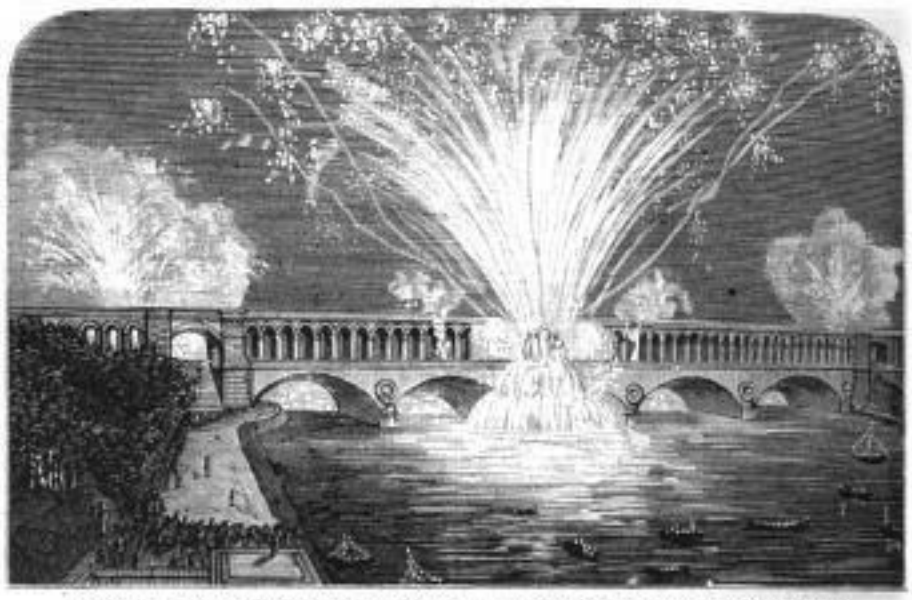
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 431.



BELGIUM.—INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO LEOPOLD I. AT LAEKEN.



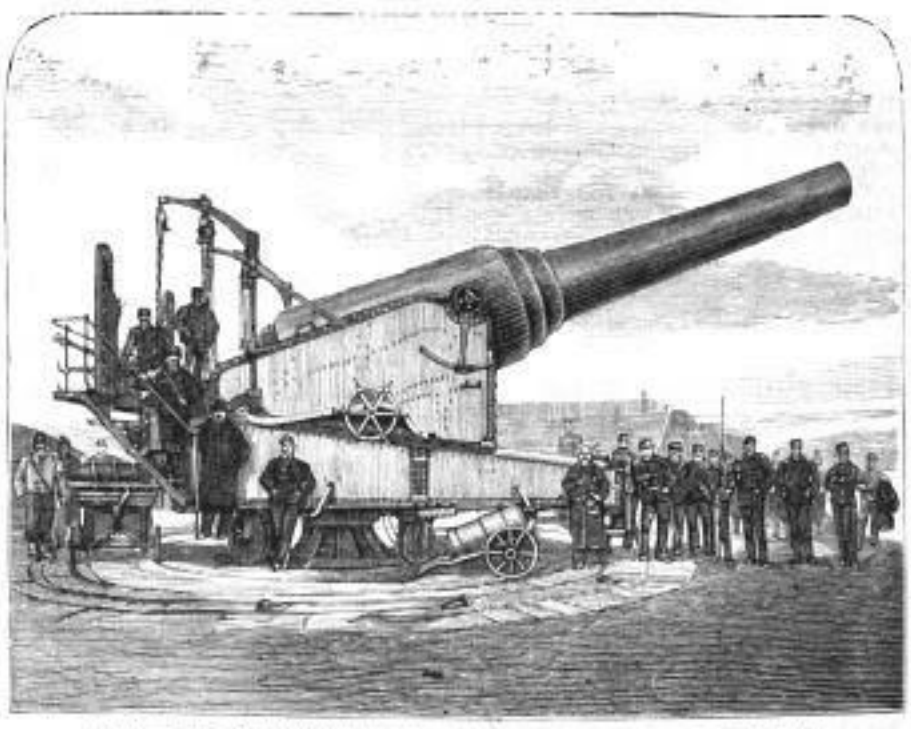
FRANCE.—THE FÊTE OF JULY 14TH—DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS.



FRANCE.—THE FÊTE OF JULY 14TH—FIREWORKS AT THE POINT-DU-JOUR.



SARDINIA.—OPENING OF THE RAILROAD CONNECTING CAGLIARI WITH SASSARI.



ITALY.—THE ONE HUNDRED-TON GUN JUST CAST FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.

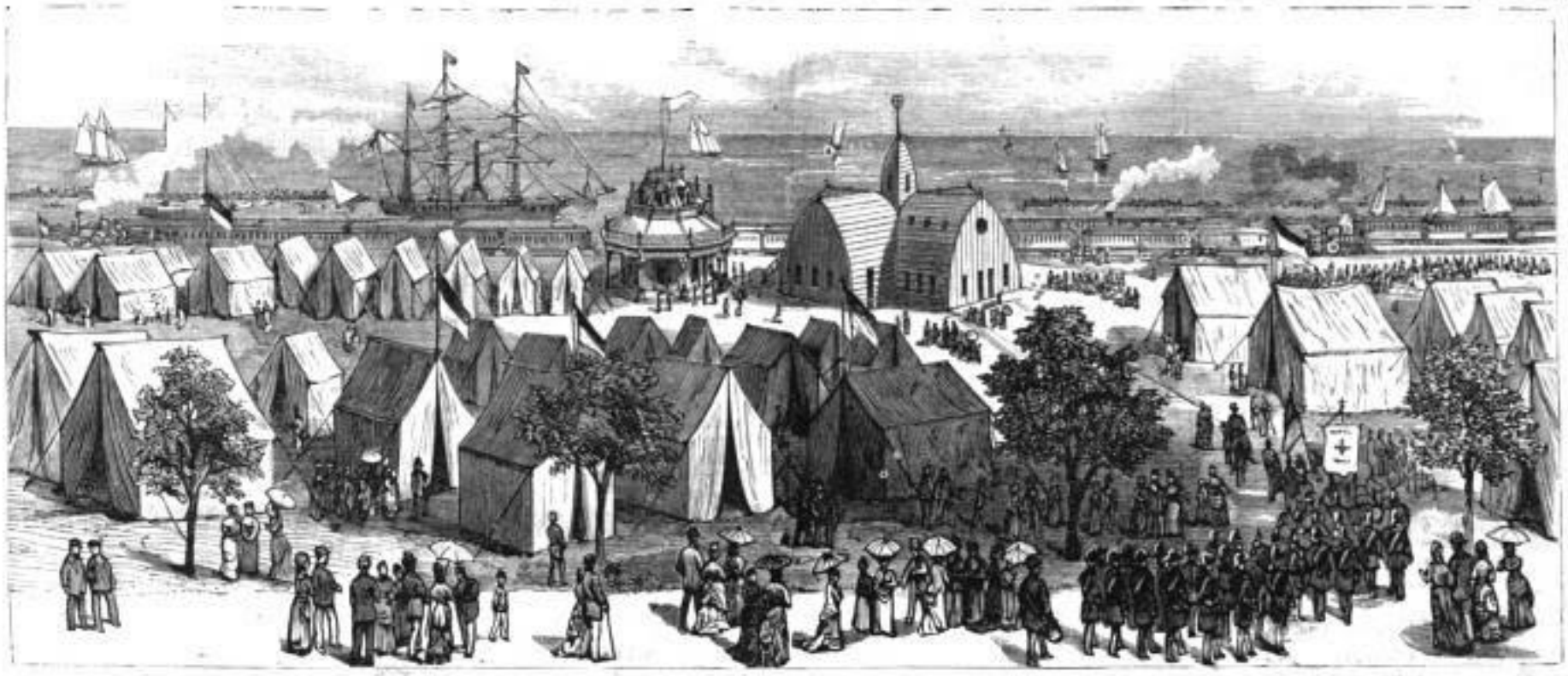


PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MANILA BEFORE THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.



ITALY.—A SCENE IN A PEARL-BEAD MANUFACTORY AT VENICE.

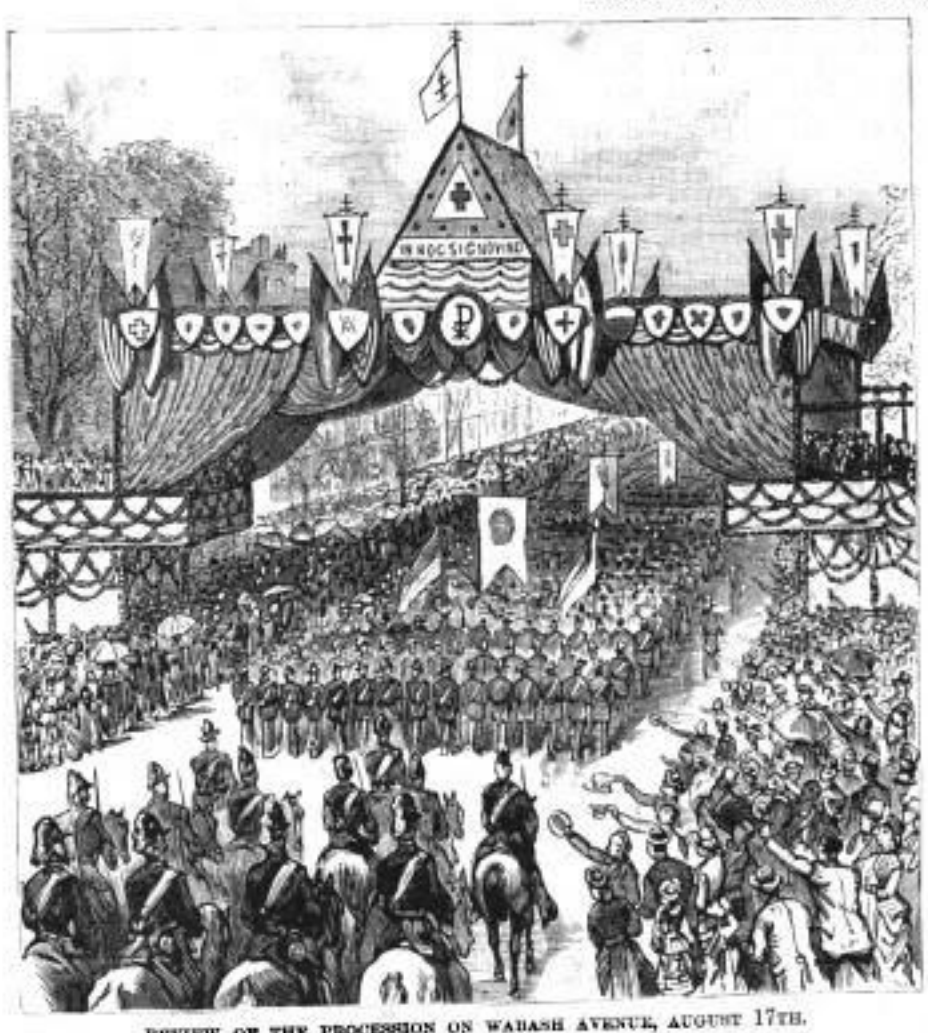
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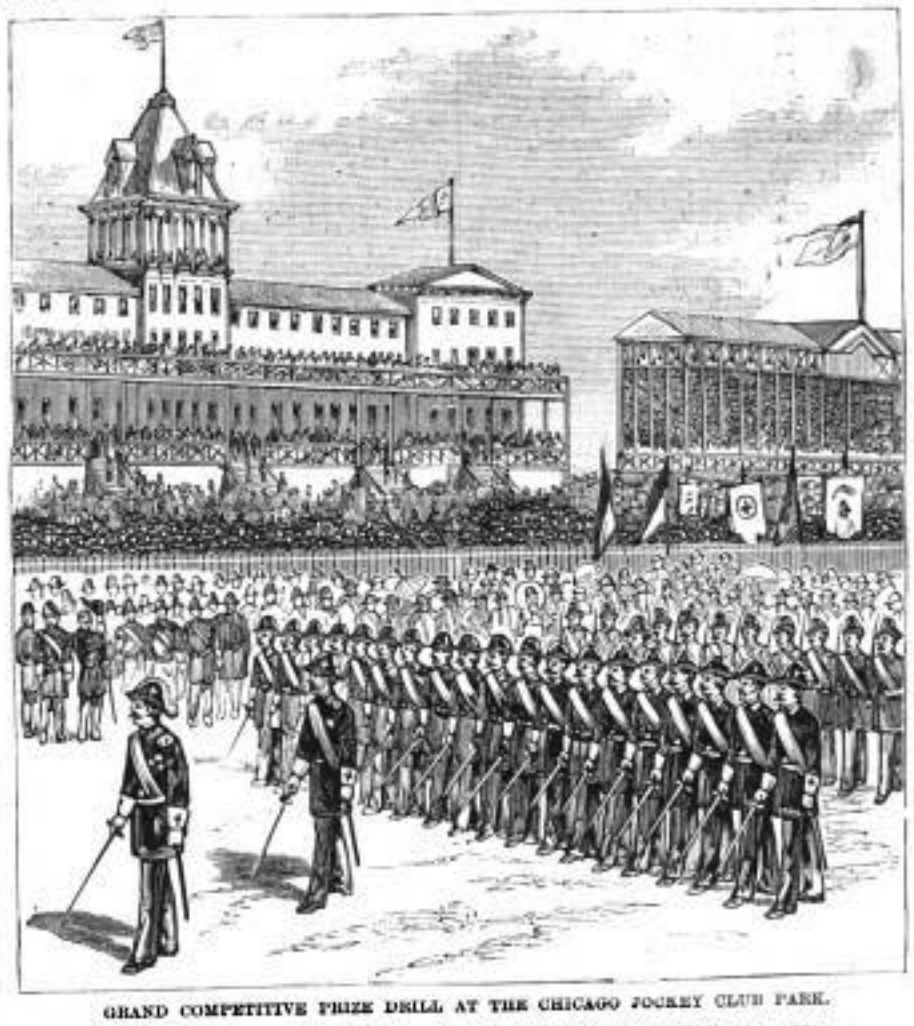
THE ASYLUM AND ENCAMPMENT ON LAKE FRONT PARK.



DINING THE KNIGHTS AND GUESTS IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.



REVIEW OF THE PROCESSION ON WABASH AVENUE, AUGUST 17TH.



GRAND COMPETITIVE PRIZE DRILL AT THE CHICAGO JOCKEY CLUB PARK.

ILLINOIS.—THE TWENTY-FIRST TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT, K. T., AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 16TH–19TH.
From Sketches by W. L. Chessey.—See Page 435.

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THE BRAHMIN'S "SONG OF NATURE."

'TIS I who formed the cosmic sphere—
All essences in me inhere—
Far as the starry orbs revolve,
I worlds create and worlds dissolve.

You shall find me in all moods,
I pass through strange vicissitudes;
Water that falls and light that shines,
Stream from me through endless lines.

I give the exhaustless seed and spore,
To sensual, super-sensual lore;
Freedom and bonds belong to me,
Existence and nonentity.

To every race and every name
Always I appear the same;
I animate all winds that blow—
I flame in flowers, I come in snow.

I tune the ocean's symphony,
The tiniest bird's song tells of me;
And, if my power the earthquake shows,
With no less force I paint the rose.

Though suns pass and faiths be brief,
All gods are props to my belief,
And wisely or unknowingly
Saints and the worshiped worship me.

In centre and circumference found,
Beyond my realm there is no bound;
Who serve me well need not repine,
For death and endless life are mine.

JOEL BENTON.

COUNT KRONSTEIN'S CHAMOIS HUNT.

COUNT CARYL KRONSTEIN could truthfully boast that he was a mighty hunter upon the face of the earth, for, having inherited from his father a large fortune and a natural love of sport, he had spent the greater part of his manhood in many different countries in the enjoyment of every variety of hunt or chase that could be offered to eager adventure. He had joined the red-coated followers of the fox in England, had chased the red deer in the Scotch Highlands, had hunted ferocious wolves in Russia, had gained more than one tiger skin in the jungles of India, had wandered all over the immense area of North America, and shot there all kinds of native game from elk to grizzly bear, and in his early youth had roamed the Tyrolese Mountains with expert chamois hunters, and in the difficult and dangerous pursuit of that keenest and fleetest of all animals amid the solitudes of great peaks, he had first acquired the strong sight, the sure aim, the hardy powers of endurance which had made his name celebrated and won him numberless tokens of his skill and prowess.

He had been indulging in quite a long respite of civilized life in Paris after one of his expeditions, and was beginning to debate in his own mind the choice of several new adventurous fields in which to pass the Summer, when a letter from his father's old friend, and who had been the guardian of his youth, Count Thüler, vividly recalled the ancient schloss, perched upon the giddy Alpine height, with a swift stream flowing below its massive walls, and the white glaciers glistening in the distance. It recalled to him also the playmate of his boyhood, pretty little Bertha, the count's only daughter, and at whose girlish feet he had proudly laid the richest prize of fearless and daring energy, his first chamois. He remembered too, with an ardor that made the blood tingle in his veins, the wild excitement of that lonely chase, the search in almost inaccessible ravines of the mighty mountains, the tremendous leaps from rock to rock, the cold nights passed amid fields of snow, the venturesome wadings through icy torrents, all the perils, the fatigues, the unflinching interest of this most fascinating pursuit. And in consequence of these youthful recollections he put aside the thought of all other enticements to his skill, and concluded to answer Count Thüler's epistle by accepting his invitation in person.

When Count Kronstein once more entered the long, narrow, up-hill street which composed the entire village of Thülerstan, it seemed that nothing had changed in the ten years since he had left it. The solid stone houses, with their quaint overhanging eaves and balconies, still stretched along the roughly paved space that had once been a Roman road, and were to be seen climbing the bare slopes, till those highest up had to be secured on their steep foundations by heavy chains passed around them and then fastened to a firm rock. The portly "wirth," or innkeeper of the village, with his tall figure and rosy but resolute face, still lounged in his doorway as of old; the fat priest, with the same shovel hat, was just entering the modest little Gothic church upon which time had made no mark; and far up, crawling slowly down the precipitous side of the mountain, with iron crampons on his feet, and an immense bundle on his back, the grass-gatherer was returning from his dizzy labor among the highest eminences. The schloss, too, when he reached it, was as gray, as massive, as imposing in its lofty position as when it loomed upon ancient enemies as the guardian fortress of the pass; and his old friend, Count Thüler himself, with his magnificent physique, his kindly face and white hair, had taken on no extra sign of age, while his jovial, hearty welcome made Kronstein feel as if he had come back to his real home; for though he had half a dozen castles of his own, he rarely inhabited any of them for more than a few occasional days. But when Bertha also came forward to greet him, no longer a slender, childish little maiden, but a stately and beautiful woman, with her grand head crowned with great plaits of shining golden hair, with large, clear blue eyes that were at once grave and glad, and her manner calm and gentle, but full of sweetness and grace, then he felt indeed that ten years had truly passed away while he had been going to and fro upon the earth, and this glorious creature had been growing up in the unaltered simplicity of her mountain life. In all his wanderings, and Count Kronstein had not missed his opportunities, he thought he had never seen a being so superbly handsome; she appeared to him more like a goddess than the Venus of Milo, and more queenly than any who bore a sceptre in Europe, and he could not realize that this was indeed the youthful playmate who had remained in his memory always as a child, or in the first stage of girlhood.

When they were seated round the immense carved terra cotta stove, for the air is chilly in these high regions even in Summer, the hours slipped swiftly by, with many a tale on both sides of forest and field, precipice and ravine, to which Bertha also listened with the calm eagerness of one used to hearing stories of daring and danger. Naturally the talk fell at length upon the national sport, and the young count expressed his desire to try his skill against the chamois once more on the familiar mountains.

"Ah!" replied Count Thüler, "the game is not so plenty now as it was ten years ago, and, if anything, is even more wary. It has been so thinned out by poachers that it takes a harder and longer chase than ever to bring down a fine buck. There has been actual war on the mountains between my keepers and these fellows, and more than one bloody scene: and the worst of it is the new men on the estate are not as expert as the old ones in your time—you remember Wagner?—and these rascals often give them the slip.

"And what has become of Wagner?" asked Count Kronstein, "and Johan, who had the deetest foot and sharpest eye in the country—many a good jaunt I had with them both."

"Wagner died," answered Count Thüler, "about two years ago, and the head-keeper in his place is not half his match. Johan long ago turned out the worst poacher of them all. After his old mother died, the young scamp could not be kept from the mountains. He got caught two or three times, and sold off his small patrimony from time to time to get himself out of prison, and immediately went back to his old haunts. If he killed for actual want, or entirely for food, we would not be so wroth about it; but he just follows his poaching for love of it, and many a fine chamois he has shot that has fallen where none can get at it. Now and then he will bring a buck down in the night, when he is sure of not being watched, and leave it at the priest's door. He has over and over again hung them on the outside of the keepers' huts, and so roused them to fresh fury and search for him, and he even left one once on the threshold of the schloss. There was a report that he had been seen a day or two ago, and the men are all out after him now."

"He was a fearless boy and a wonderful shot, I remember," said Kronstein, "and he seems to have kept the promise of his youth. And after all, count, to such sportsmen as you and I, it ought to seem hard that a man should be hunted down like a thief because he has the same tastes as ourselves; and it appears to me that one can well understand how such a one should come to think the custom of owning preserves was one to be honored more in the breach than the observance."

"Ah, my boy!" replied Count Thüler, "those are the notions you have brought across the sea. For much independence in that class leads to license; and I have no idea of letting my game be cleared off by any peasant that may take a fancy to the chase, and I would give something handsome to have this Johan disposed of."

This was rather a sore subject with the old count, and Bertha hastened to interpose.

"Father," she said, "you must give Count Caryl a written pass when he goes to hunt, for you know they are all new keepers since he was here, and none of them either have ever seen Johan close, and if he should meet them they might take him for the poacher, and involuntarily bring him to grief."

Kronstein's vanity was just a little touched at the idea of being mistaken for a peasant.

"Do I resemble Johan, then?" he asked, with the least inflexion of sarcasm in his voice; and Bertha answered, quite simply:

"He is just about your height and build, and"—here she blushed and looked down—"you might be taken for him, because he is very handsome for a peasant."

"Why, Bertha," exclaimed Count Thüler, "where have you seen Johan since he grew up?"

Bertha paused a minute before she answered; then she raised her eyes and looked her father fearlessly in the face.

"I happened not to be able to sleep, and was looking from my window the night he laid the chamois on the castle steps. It was bright moonlight, and I could see and recognize him plainly."

"You saw him—that poaching wretch!" cried her father, "and never gave warning. I would have given a hundred dollars to have caught him!"

"And I, father," frankly replied Bertha, "would not, for a hundred thousand, have had his blood on my head. A man's life is worth more than all the bucks he can kill."

A heavy frown gathered on Count Thüler's brow.

"You young people are all heretical," he said, "to the opinions of your seniors. Perhaps, Caryl, you may meet this Johan yourself and help to bring him in."

Kronstein thought in his inmost heart that he would be much more likely to fraternize with him as in the old days when they were boys together on the mountains; but he only asked:

"Suppose that instead of the poacher I meet your men, will not simply telling them who I am save all trouble?"

"Ah," returned his friend, "if it was Wagner now, that would be well enough, for Wagner would doubtless have remembered you; but these fellows, just as likely as not, would not believe you; and if they took it into their heads that you were Johan, they would make short work of ill-treating, or even shooting, you if you gave them the chance. Bertha is right about it; you must have a pass, though only two or three of them can read."

* * * * * *

A day or two after, equipped in full Tyrolese costume—short leather breeches, displaying the bare knees, a gray frieze jacket, and broad brimmed hat, adorned with the feather of the blackcock—Count Kronstein started for his chamois-stalking, carrying his heavy kit against the small of his back, containing bread, hard-boiled eggs, bacon, tea, sugar, iron crampons for the feet in slippery places, a small telescope and an iron pan; for, in ranging over the mountains the hunter finds an occasional empty hut, in whose substantial fireplace he can cook himself a comfortable meal; or, lacking such accommodation, he will know how to kindle a flame from bits of wood upon the bare rock. Two or three hours of hard climbing carried him to the top of an enormous crag, in the midst of snow-clad peaks, so lofty that it had almost seemed from the village below as if no human foot could gain them. Here, reconnoitring with his glass the neighboring precipitous slopes, he soon discovered a herd of chamois; but as the wind blew in their direction, in order to avoid their keen scent, he had to make a considerable round so as to get within range of the wary animals. He only could do this by creeping along a narrow ledge of rock, about two feet in width, that ran horizontally across the steep wall, at the other end of which the herd were browsing, and along which it was necessary to proceed slowly and carefully, as a slip would have been certain death. He had gone about half-way, when the accidental displacement of a small stone startled the sharp-eared creatures, that in another instant had bounded down the sides of the ravine with an unsurpassed agility. Thus disappointed at his first chance at the game, the count followed their traces with unwearied energy till night began to fall before he perceived that he had allowed the excitement of the chase to lead him into a very wilderness of peaks and gorges, amid which was no sign of shelter. Looking around for some spot in which to pass the night, for, with the darkness coming on, it would have been impossible for him to have continued his way in safety, he found at last a small cave in which he had barely room to turn, but which served to shield him from the icy cold winds that swept from vast and near snowfields. Gathering a few chips and cones scattered by the stunted and occasional trees, he managed to raise enough fire to prepare food, and, with the help of his cigars, and with his knapsack for a pillow, he contrived to get through the long hours till dawn. The next morning, while still in eager pursuit, he suddenly came upon a dangerous chasm, in whose midst fell in cascades over projecting rocks a bright stream, that then flowed swiftly down the deep ravine, the almost perpendicular sides of which were made doubly difficult of descent by a coating of snow; but there, about one hundred yards below him, he caught sight of a magnificent, tawny buck. But before he could raise his rifle, the graceful creature, always alert, with its wonderful blending of strength and agility, and its remarkable ability of balancing its body, had made a clear leap of twenty-five feet down a sheer precipice, lighting with its four hoofs close together upon a small pinnacle not broader than a man's hand, where it stood for an instant as if watching and gathering itself up for another jump. This was the count's opportunity, and he instantly fired. But simultaneously with the crack of his own rifle, another shot sounded in the ravine, and Kronstein, waiting only to see the chamois rise on his hind legs and fall over backwards into the gorge, glanced around for his rival sportsman; and on a projecting peak hanging over the abyss beheld a stalwart hunter leaning on his discharged rifle and evidently seeking eagerly also to discover who had fired the other shot. There was something familiar in the upturned face, bronzed by exposure, and in the piercing blue eyes that instantly caught his own: he knew that some of the keepers would be likely to shoot while on the hunt for the poacher, and he divined that this must be the veritable sinner himself. The man braced his back against a rock, sharply scanning what he could see of this newcomer as he leaned over the stony wall, and loading his rifle quickly without looking at it. "Johan, my boy," shouted the count, heartily, "is that buck yours or mine?"

"Who are you?" came back for answer from one always suspicious of his own kind to be met in the mountains.

"Kronstein, boy!" replied the count; "don't you remember your old comrade? Come up here, if you can. I swear no harm shall come to you through me."

In an instant, with the fleetness and sure-footedness only to be equaled by the chamois itself, he was clambering up the precipitous and glazed rocks; the count fairly held his breath till he saw him safely at his side, and with a cordial hand-shake had welcomed the hunted outlaw. They had stood leaning against the rocks talking together for some time, recalling boyish scrapes and exploits, when suddenly Johan asked the count if he was not, of course, staying at Schloss Thüler.

"Surely," replied Kronstein; "where else should I stay in this part of the world?"

The other clutched his rifle. The count had thrown his at his feet, and made no movement towards it at this action of his companion.

"See, here, Sir Count," said the poacher, his eyes gleaming like fire, "I live a hunted life, and am suspicious of every man not of my own class and ways. It may be that you are stanch and true as the boy whose sports I once shared in these same heights; but Count Thüler and his men hate me, and have sworn to take my life or liberty. Now, sir, swear to me that you are not leagued with these to betray me, or I will defend myself from you to the death."

Kronstein looked him steadily in the face. "Johan," he said, "when we were lads together did you ever know me to show any meanness of spirit, to take credit for shots not my own, to leave a comrade in a scrape, or do any sort of dirty work?"

"No, count, I will admit that you were always all right then; but men change in ten years—as I have done."

The count gave the rifle at his foot a lazy kick. "Look at that, my friend," he said, "and tell me what chance you would have had against it with that clumsy old stock of yours?"

Johan picked up the weapon and examined it, his eyes fairly dancing at handling so splendid an arm, for it was a fine seven shooting repeater, fully charged except for the shot fired at the chamois, and which had done good service over half the world.

"Carry it for me," said the count, carelessly, "till we come to another bit of game."

"No, count, you are the same old boy, and I will trust you," said Johan, with some feeling, offering the rifle to his comrade with one hand, and extending the other for a friendly grasp.

The count shook it warmly, and then quietly drawing the charges from his weapon, threw the empty gun over his shoulder. "Is there not a chalet somewhere about here?" he asked, as if nothing unusual had happened, "where we can prepare a breakfast?"

"There is one," was the answer, "some distance off, but we would earn an appetite getting to it." And they started for a long tramp over the rocks.

Johan walked for a while with his head hung down, like a man ashamed or depressed; the count was thinking, "If he had not such an honest eye, and if I did not know that the poachers of the Tyrol never kill for plunder, but only in self-defense, I might deem it foolhardy to take chances along with this powerful fellow," when his companion suddenly stopped.

"I must hear you say it, count," he broke out, "that you pardon my mistrust; but see, what would you? When a man is hunted down like an animal just because he cannot clear his blood of the chamois fever and the love of nature, and believe that God created the free wild creatures for a few rich noblemen, and feels that game sought at the risk of life should be his who has the courage and hardihood to win it, one grows bitter against the people that makes us outcasts and naturally suspicious of strangers."

"Well," replied the count, "in the same circumstances, I suppose I should feel as you do; but, after all, for the killing of a few chamois, do you think it worth while to live your whole life in this way, with so many men's hands against you, and yours against so many others?"

"Ah, count, you are a sportsman yourself—you must understand how it is. Have you not known times when you hunt in your very sleep—when even with your eyes open you have visions of rushing, leaping creatures, and your knees tremble and your feet dance for the chase—when such restlessness possesses you for the forest and the mountain that the days drag like years till you have your rifle in your hand, and the lightness of your heart comes back in the solitude and eagerness of the hunt?"

The count did know how it was himself, and could sympathize perfectly with such a state of mind; still he felt there should be a better fate for such a fine, stalwart, intelligent fellow as this than a poacher's death.

"What would induce you to change this sort of life?" he said.

"Well, I don't know of anything just now," replied Johan, and then added, with a shout of laughter at the humor of his own idea, "unless Count Thüler would make me his head-keeper."

Kronstein stopped short. "Look here, my boy, if the count would do that, will you promise me to give up poaching for the rest of your days?"

Johan laughed louder than ever. "Oh, it is about as likely that the count would set me over his preserves as that I should never shoot another chamois!"

"Will you promise, then?" persisted Kronstein.

"Surely, yes, count," answered Johan, still laughing, "I will promise that, without any trouble of mind."

They had now reached the chalet, which was a familiar haunt of Johan's. It was situated upon an elevated plateau, and commanded a clear view for a long distance round. Here they speedily cooked a comfortable breakfast from the count's kit, and when they had lighted the cigars which Kronstein produced, the latter remarked:

"Johan, I thought I would wait till you had a good meal before telling you, but you are in a bad fix just now. All Count Thüler's men are out after you, and I am surprised that you have hitherto escaped them, as they are in full force and determined to take you this time, dead or alive."

Johan dropped his cigar and seized his rifle.

"Sir Count, if I had not brought you here myself, I should suspect you had led me into this trap, after all. The smoke from this chimney can be seen for miles. If one of those chaps catch sight of it they will think I am here. I must be off while there is time."

"Wait a moment, my boy," said Kronstein, leisurely. "I reckon, as they say in America, it will take them some time to find you yet, and I have a scheme in my head to outwit them if they do—just such a prank as you would have delighted in a dozen years ago."

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Johan quietly resumed his seat.

"I will trust you, count," he said.

Kronstein took his telescope and stepped to the door of the hut, and turned the glass first upon the scenes directly in front and below it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, suddenly, and retreated a step; he then reconnoitred on the right. "Ah! ah!" he cried, and turned to the left. "Ah! ah! ah!" and drew a long breath.

"They are coming, then?" asked Johan, as he stepped to his side.

"We are surrounded," replied the count; "look for yourself."

Johan took the glass, and there, upon either hand, far down, but steadily creeping up like flies upon the sides of the mountain, were two men in each direction; he went round to the back of the hut and took a glance; there also were two approaching upwards.

"It is a small army," he said. "They must believe me to be rather formidable; but if they have the advantage of numbers, here is the advantage of situation. Count, lend me your repeater, and I will pick each pair off as they come within distance!"

"No," answered the count; "let us have no bloodshed. I told you I had a scheme to get you out of this; sit down here and listen. It will take those chaps nearly an hour to reach here yet, which will give us plenty of time to make our arrangements."

Johan sat calmly down.

"Comrade," he said, "you may know I trust you, since it is a matter of my life. I will never be again taken alive!"

"Now, my boy," said the count, "do you remember when, as a youngster, you took the *Archangel's* part in the Paradise Play at the wirth's in the village, you were well praised for your natural acting? Do you think you could do that sort of thing now, in order to circumvent your would-be captors?"

"What!" exclaimed the other, "do you think they will ever take me for an archangel up here?" and, in spite of the situation, Johan burst into a hearty peal of laughter. "A pretty cherub, with leather breeches and a rifle for a trumpet!"

"No," answered the count, echoing the laugh, "I do not think they would mistake you for an archangel, but they might, for me."

The count really enjoyed Johan's bewilderment, and then explained; the other, with the natural dramatic instinct of the Tyrolese peasant, seized and entered into the idea with the same zest as he would have taken a new part for the Christmas representation in the village. In a little while the count and he had entirely changed clothes, the former generously repressing an involuntary shudder as he got into the soiled and worn attire of the poacher, to which were ingeniously added a few more slashes and rents to give the appearance of struggle; the kit was slung upon Johan's back, and the repeater held in his hand. Then they sat down to wait. Suddenly the poacher exclaimed: "Count, your knees!" and for the first time Kronstein observed how fair and smooth were his exposed limbs beside the other's, which were a rich brown from exposure, and full of scars. The count ran quickly to a crevice in the rocks and scraped up some clay, which he rubbed well into his skin, and a little artistic manipulation added a good imitation of scars.

When the keepers arrived upon the scene, stealthily approaching the chalet with rifles ready to discharge in case of a rush by the poacher, they expected to find the heavy door securely closed and fastened with the massive iron bar with which these solitary mountain huts are always provided, and they anticipated not only great difficulty in obtaining an entrance, but a dangerous fight, in spite of their numbers, with one who had the reputation of being the most courageous desperado of the neighborhood. Therefore, great was their surprise to find the entrance open, and two men within in attitudes indicative of their different rôles—one, seated, sullen in expression, with hat pulled down over his eyes and an empty weapon at his feet; the other, standing, with a proud and contemptuous air, but with superb rifle presented at the apparent prisoner.

"Aha!" said this one, as the men entered the hut. "Here are enough to stir your obstinacy. You are Count Thüler's men, are you not?" loftily to the wondering keepers, who gave assent. "Well, you are just in time—here is a prize for you, your master will be glad to get. Do you not know that this is that rascal of a poacher he was telling me about a few nights ago? Wait. He said I would probably meet you in quest of this Johan, and I have a line from him somewhere to tell you who I am. Just take my gun, will you?" to the head keeper, "and keep an eye on that rogue till I look it up," and, fumbling in the knapsack, Count Thüler's pass was directly produced, and had its due effect in causing them to believe that this was Count Kronstein before them, who had been expected at the schloss when they left.

"May I ask you, sir," said the head keeper, as he handed back the weapon, "how you came to take this man alone?" and there was just a tinge of suspicion in his tone.

"This was what did it," answered the assumed count, patting his rifle. "You see, the count told me well enough about him, so I was on the lookout for him as well as for you. Last night, tired with the chase, I slept in a sort of cave in a gorge over there, and early this morning was wakened by a shot. I looked cautiously out and saw a chamois tumble over into the ravine, and this fellow, who had had the audacity to shoot it for sport and not for food, did not even take the trouble to go down after it, but after watching where it fell, clambered up the rocks. I followed some distance behind upon his tracks, and hid round here till he had cooked his meat and felt secure, then I rushed on him—you see he had discharged his rifle—and, though he tried to wrest my gun away from me without success, he soon saw he had no chance against my repeater, and had to surrender. It was all very simple, after all. But I have not been able to make him take up his march. All he has said since he gave up is, that I may kill him if I choose, but that one man shall never take him alive to prison."

"We will relieve you of that, count," said the head keeper.

The prisoner by this time had risen to his feet, and appeared as if he meant to take a flying leap through the collected forms that blocked up the door. He stooped and picked up his rifle, and, holding it club-fashion, made a sudden rush, but his foot caught, not quite accidentally perhaps, against the block of wood on which he had been sitting, and he pitched clumsily forward into the head keeper's arms. His rifle was quickly wrenched away from him, and he was placed in the midst of the whole company, who then took up their line of march, their well-watched captive having perforce to keep step with them. As they passed out of the hut the supposed count said, quietly:

"As I have caught other game than I came out for, and would like to take a fat buck back with me to the schloss, it is scarcely worth while for me, my men, to go on with you. I will finish up my hunt, and you will find me at Count Thüler's when you want me! By-the-way, as I have not been on these mountains for ten years, I am not quite sure of my way. In which direction is the Grontlan Gorge?"

The head keeper gave him minute directions—quite opposite to their own route—and, bidding them keep a careful lookout on their prisoner, the other turned carelessly off with his rifle over his shoulder, and began to descend the rocks, as they also, pressing close upon their captive as the nature of the ground would permit, commenced their downward climb; and on their way to the castle the count was regaled, much to his amusement, though he retained his surly air, with admiring remarks upon the appearance and bearing of the presumed nobleman, in uncomplimentary comparison with his own looks and manners.

When Kronstein was taken into Count Thüler's presence in the great hall of the castle, preparatory to being conveyed to jail in the next large town, the head keeper exultingly exclaimed:

"We have got him at last, count. Here is Johan, the poacher!" and as they pushed him forward, Kronstein tossed off his hat and laughed in his friend's face.

"Why, and—what, Caryl! What does this mean?" asked the astonished count.

"Only," replied Kronstein, "that your daughter was right when she said that these men of yours would not be able to distinguish a count from a poacher!"

"What do you mean, you rascals!" thundered Count Thüler, "by treating my friend and guest in this fashion?"

The keepers had shrunk back astounded and bewildered.

"Oh, don't blame them," interposed Kronstein, "for it was really my trick, after all! And see here, boys," continued the count, turning towards them, "you must not think too hard of me for it, when I tell you that Johan and I were comrades in our boyhood, and I could not see him taken while I could give him a helping hand. I will make it all right to you in another way."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Count Thüler, "that you have cheated my men out of catching that villain of a poacher?"

"Well, my friend," answered the count, quietly, "it was part of a bargain I had made with him, which I thought would be to your advantage, and which I will tell you presently." Count Thüler ordered the men to leave the hall, and they went out with hanging heads, and yet, too, with some sense of humor amid their anger and mortification at the cleverness with which they had been deceived.

"To think," said the head keeper, "of the rascal asking me the road to the Grontlan Gorge when he knows every crack and cranny of the mountains!"

"And I," groaned another, "told the young count that he looked like a jail-bird alongside of a noble like that other!"

"Now," said Count Thüler, severely, when they were alone, "explain this matter to me, Kronstein."

"Well, my dear old friend," answered the other, "it was only this. I met Johan quite accidentally, recognized him, found in talking with him that he had a reasonable comprehension of the perils of his career, and out of kindly feeling and the memories of our boyhood—for, believe me, there is much good in the fellow—promised him if he would give up his poaching that I would save him from capture—and—that you would make him your head keeper."

Count Thüler looked at his guest a moment in amazed silence.

"My head keeper!" he gasped at length, "that poacher. Caryl, you are mad!"

"Well, now," coolly replied Kronstein, "it struck me that it would be better to have such a capable, intelligent fellow keeping your preserves for you than robbing them, and I give you my word for it, in such a post he would be invaluable."

Here Bertha, who had heard something of the affair outside, came in. Kronstein blushed at being seen by her in such a plight; but her rather immediately cried out:

"What do you think of it, daughter? Caryl, here, has made Johan promise to give up poaching if I make him head keeper."

"Well," laughed Bertha, "if you can catch Johan, it might be a good thing, for you know, father, except for taking a chamois occasionally, we have always heard that Johan was honest."

But Count Thüler shook his head.

"There is my man here that suits me very well, though he has been so stupid as to be imposed on by a couple of youngsters. What is to be done with him? Turn him off into Johan's place, I suppose?"

"Oh, I will attend to him," said Kronstein, "He can have the head situation at Kronsteinheim."

But still the count shook his head.

When, however, the count had related all the particulars of the escapade, embellishing his account with inimitable wit and mimicry which made his old friend laugh himself into a good humor, Count Thüler returned to the subject of making Johan keeper.

"Daughter," he observed, "you have said that Johan is honest. Now a rifle like Caryl's is a great temptation and treasure to a fellow like this. If he returns the count's rifle I will give him the place."

"He will return it," replies Kronstein, confidently, though never a word had passed between Johan and himself on the subject.

"We will see," answered Count Thüler, still shaking his head dubiously.

And the next morning, as the old count stepped out of his castle gate, he found Kronstein's rifle leaning against the post, and all his clothes folded in a neat packet beside it. So that in a few months, when Count Kronstein returned to Schloss Thüler for his beautiful bride, no one gave him a more hearty greeting than the head keeper, who had been Johan, the poacher.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Belgium's Tribute to Leopold I.

The unveiling of the monument of Leopold I. in the new public park at Laeken, Belgium, took place on July 21st last. The monument is the result of a national subscription which was opened after the death of Leopold I. It is situated in the centre of the park, which was prepared specially for its reception, and is approached by an avenue from the monumental church at Laeken. Situated on a plateau eighty metres in diameter, at a considerable elevation, it commands a view over the capital and its neighborhood. The statue is of white marble, 5·50 metres in height, and is the work of the sculptor M. Geefs. The late King is represented in the uniform of a Belgian General, over which is worn the Royal mantle, which reaches to the ground. In rear of the monument is an open gallery, above the columns of which allegorical statues of the nine provinces are placed, under canopies surmounted by lions holding the armorial escutcheons of the nine provinces. The relief is surmounted by an open story, from which arises the pyramidal spire, 20·60 metres in height. The spire is surmounted by a metal globe, on which is placed a wrought copper statue, representing the Genius of Belgium, holding in one hand a civic crown and in the other the flag of Belgium. The architecture of the monument is in the fourteenth century style, while the statues are of modern character. On the pedestal of the statue are the inscriptions, in French and in Flemish, "To Leopold I. Grateful Belgium," and "Monument erected by national subscription."

The French Fete of July 14th.

The illuminations and fireworks at Paris on the occasion of the *fête* of the 14th of July were of the most gorgeous and startling splendor. Pyrotechnic skill and pyrotechnic daring would seem to have exhausted themselves on this memorable occasion, and never, in the history of "red fire" did such a display dazzle the eyes of expectant and enthusiastic beholders. The "piece" which was exhibited opposite the Observatoire was of surpassing magnificence. It represented the Bastille, and behind the fortress rose the column of July surmounted by the statue of Liberty. The marvelous beauty of the river display at Point du-Jour, where ten thousand rockets burst in the air, while a cascade of living fire flowed for upwards of half an hour, the statues of the Muses in blue flame standing forth in wondrous relief. The great feature of the day, after the presentation of the colors, was the delivery of the address from the base of the statue of Liberty at Chateau d'Eau. In the evening the statue was lighted by 6,000 jets of gas.

The Opening of the Sassari-Cagliari Railroad in the Island of Sardinia.

Railroads and modern improvements invade even the islands of the Mediterranean. On the 1st of July a railroad was solemnly inaugurated in the island of Sardinia. The people turned out as for a grand holiday—women in their richest costumes, with their traditional veil, their yellow cross on a blue ground; men in the queer white, baggy trousers or trunks. At Cagliari, the chief town of the island, the train, after felicitations all along the route, was received with all the honors of a triumph. The streets were a flood of light, the joy immense, the chorus incessant. Sassari, at the other extremity on the sea, is the progressive city, and rivals some of her sisters on the mainland.

Stringing Pearls in Venice.

Ever since the latter end of the fifteenth century the manufacture of pearl beads has been a favorite industry of the Venetians, and though the present form of bead owes its discovery to a Frenchman named Jacquin, Venice still holds her own in the production of these pretty bubbles. Formed of a thin kind of glass, so easily blown that a workman can turn out six thousand in his day's work, these beads are coated with a composition obtained from the scales of fish, and this gives them their glossy pearl-like appearance. They are then strung on long strings ready for the market by women, and it is this portion of industry, as the most picturesque, that has been chosen for our illustration. In this the artist has represented a group of laughing, black-eyed, lithe-lipped, scandal-loving Venetian damsels—all chattering vigorously over their work as Italian maidens only can laugh and chatter. The ungainly figure of the foreman, the padrone, sets off the graceful forms of her workgirls to perfection.

An Italian 100-Ton Gun.

For some years past the Italians have been experimenting with monster guns, and several 100 ton pieces have been cast in England for the Italian Government, who, moreover, have built two vessels, the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*, for the express purpose of carrying them. Now the Italians have succeeded in producing a 100-ton gun themselves, and one of these giants of modern war fare has just been cast at Turin. The gun is the invention of General Rossat, the Director General of Artillery, and is of cast-iron, the interior being lined with steel rings. The charge of powder is 450 pounds, and the manufacture of this is kept a secret by the Government. The total cost of the gun was $35,000; the projectiles cost $200 each.

Fatal Earthquake at Manila, Philippine Islands.

The Philippine Islands have of late been greatly disturbed by earthquakes and unusual volcanic action. An official dispatch from Manila, on the Island of Luzon, of July 20th, giving some additional particulars of the earthquake, states that the first shock lasted seventy seconds, and that nine of the native inhabitants were killed and eleven others injured. A second shock, lasting forty seconds, occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon. At Legazpi and Sabaran some of the public buildings were also thrown down. The earth opened in several places, and jets of boiling water and showers of ashes were ejected from the fissures. Another shock is stated to have occurred on the evening of the 24th. Other accounts received state that the period of seismic disturbance commenced on the 13th, and that repeated shocks have occurred since then, those of the 15th and 20th being the most violent. The cathedral and the barracks at Manila have fallen in, and the troops are encamped outside the city. Almost all the volcanoes of the Island of Luzon are in full activity.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—OWING to the increased trade relations, the German mission to Japan is to be made a regular embassy.

—HEAVY rains near Wilmington, N. C., are reported to have damaged the cotton crop in that region nearly 50 per cent.

—THREE-FOURTHS of the Parisians are poor. There are in the city 654,932 lodgings, of which 403,641 are let for less than $80.

—IT is reported that 10,000 negroes will leave Louisiana and Mississippi the next two months for Kansas and other Northern States.

—CALIXTO GARCIA AND MODESTA FONSECA, the captive Cuban chiefs, with three of their companions, have arrived at Havana en route to Spain.

—REPORTS from different parts of the Northwest represent many of the Indians as growing restless, and one or two small bands in open rebellion.

—THE Serbian Commissioners have been recalled from Vienna because of Austria's delay in proceeding with the treaty of commerce, and much anxiety is felt as to the result.

—HERE'S a hint for heirship seekers: The property standing in the name of the Accountant-General of the English Court of Chancery amounted in 1750 to £1,666,000, in 1840 to £41,000,000, and now reaches a far greater sum.

—CARDINAL MANNING has decided that the English pilgrims to Lourdes shall leave England in the first or second week in September, so as to arrive at the shrine on the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, which falls on the 8th of September or within its octave.

—THE Rev. Father Ouiel wears the shield of a police-sergeant when he officiates as priest in a St. Louis Catholic Church. His neighborhood is disreputable, and formerly his services were interrupted by roughs. So he obtained the police appointment in order to be qualified to make arrests.

—A RECENT London paper announces in one column the sale of some land in Nothing Lane, Tower Street, at the rate of £211,992 per acre, and of ten lots in Ely Place, Holborn, at the rate of £112,147 per acre, while in the next column is an announcement that the number of paupers in the metropolis, exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants, was 83,219.

—A NOCTURNAL sham sea-fight is shortly to be executed by the German navy off the coast at Rugen on a grand scale. It will be in the presence of the Crown Prince, who attends by a special command of his father, the Emperor. Electric lights are to be put in use, lighting up the sea for many miles round. The ironclad squadron will take part in the manœuvre.

—THE speculative builder is destroying another place of historic interest. The Manor House, Stoke Newington, where Edgar Poe and other celebrities went to school, and which tradition connects with the times of Queen Elizabeth and the Commonwealth, is being pulled down to make way for a row of shops. Of late years it has been a place of much interest for American travelers.

—FROM returns received at the Census Office it is learned positively that no State in the Union shows a decrease in population. Three counties in Vermont show a decrease, which gave rise to the report that the State had fallen behind; but full returns show the population to be 334,455, an increase of about 4,000 since 1870. This is the smallest per cent. of increase reported from any State.

—ATHENS, in Greece, which in 1870 had a population of 48,107, now has 48,077. The Piræus in the same time has increased from 11,047 to 21,418, and not many American cities have done better. Patras increased from 26,190 to 34,227; Corinth from 6,047 to 7,585; Sparta from 10,696 to 12,097; Thebes from 5,273 to 6,022; Laurium, or Ergasteria, the site of a mine somewhat famous in diplomatic history, had but a single hut in 1866; in 1876 it had a population of 3,800, which has now grown to 6,560. Greece is looking up in the world.

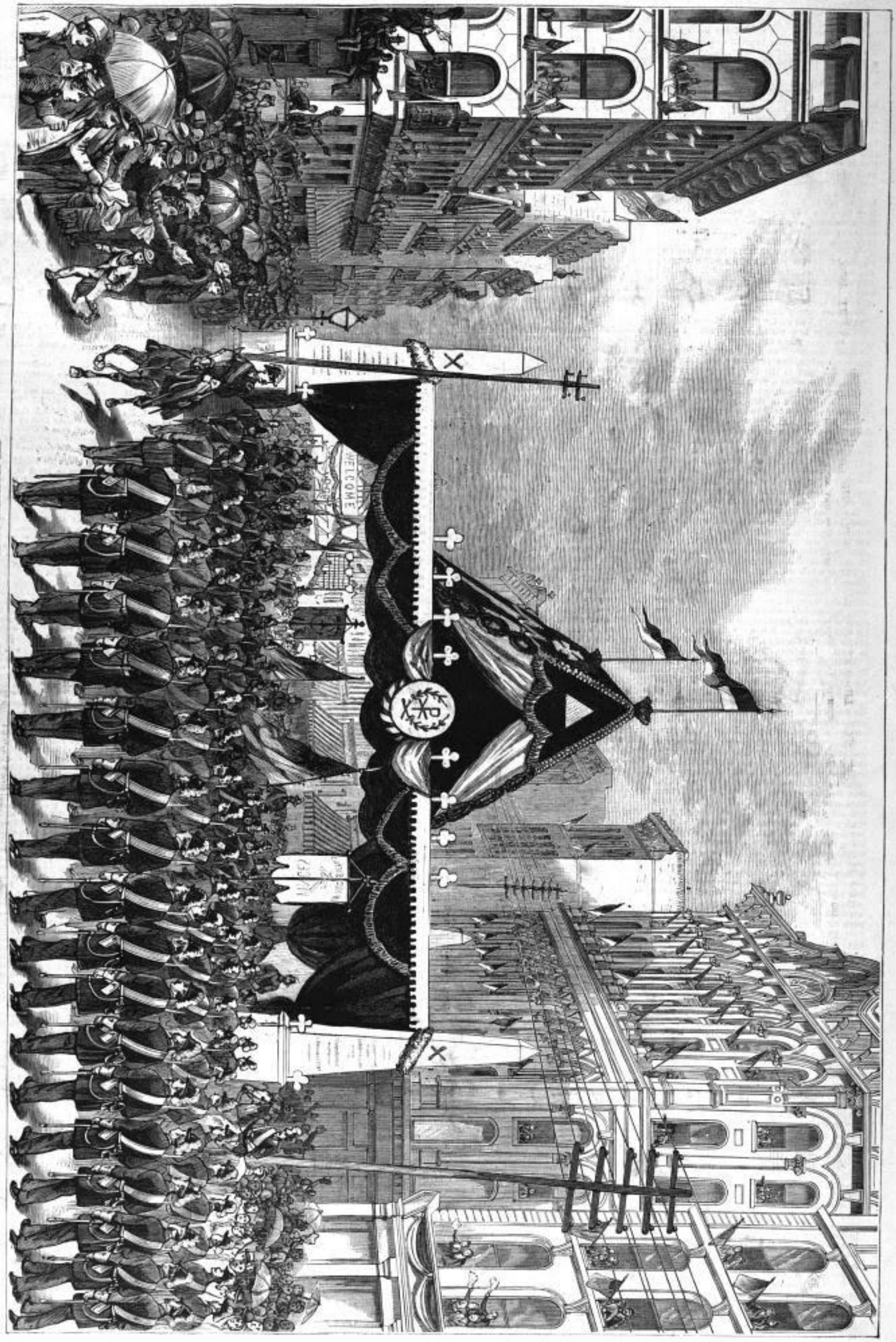
—THE last sewer explosion in London has shaken people's nerves considerably. "London has discovered," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "that it is undermined in every direction by a network of pipes filled with a gas which, when mixed in a certain well-known proportion with air, becomes at once terribly explosive; that this network is divided off according to the districts served by the different gas companies into special sections, and that each section is liable, from a single act of carelessness at any point within its area, to be suddenly involved in a common ruin.

—A NEW religious sect, known as the Kolikovskaya, has made its appearance in Russia. Its members hold that the Holy Church of Russia was taken to heaven three centuries ago, when the Patriarch Nikon made corrections in the Bible and other church books. Since then there have been only false priests and a false church. These secularists perform what is called "tearful purification" over infants instead of baptism; that is, the parents and friends shed tears over it for six weeks, and so purify it from original sin. They never assemble for common prayer, but everybody prays at home.

—A COMPANY has been formed recently for the purpose of building a line of railroad from New York to Albany and Schenectady. Beginning at the Harlem River at the terminus of the Second Avenue Elevated Railroad, the line of the projected railroad extends to Danbury, Conn., then up the Housatonic Valley, along the line of the Housatonic Road to Lebanon Springs, and from there west to Albany and Schenectady, connecting there with the Delaware and Hudson Canal, the Erie and the New York Central systems. The road will cross the river at Albany by a new bridge which was projected several years ago and the piers of which are already built. The entire line between New York and Schenectady will be new.

—THE returns made up to the end of June show that during that month 88 ships left the Mersey, with 29,757 emigrants. Of these 7,840 were English, 220 Scotch, 3,679 Irish, 8,852 foreign, and the nationalities of 146 were not known. Of the whole, 17,505 were bound for the United States, while 3,022 sailed for British North America, 100 for South America, 62 for the East Indies, 3 for West Indies, 6 for China, and 31 for the west coast of Africa. There is a decrease of 8,515 as compared with the previous month, but the emigrants were 9,206 more than in June last year. During the last three months the number of emigrants who left Liverpool was 70,540, being 40,600 more than left Liverpool in the second quarter of last year.

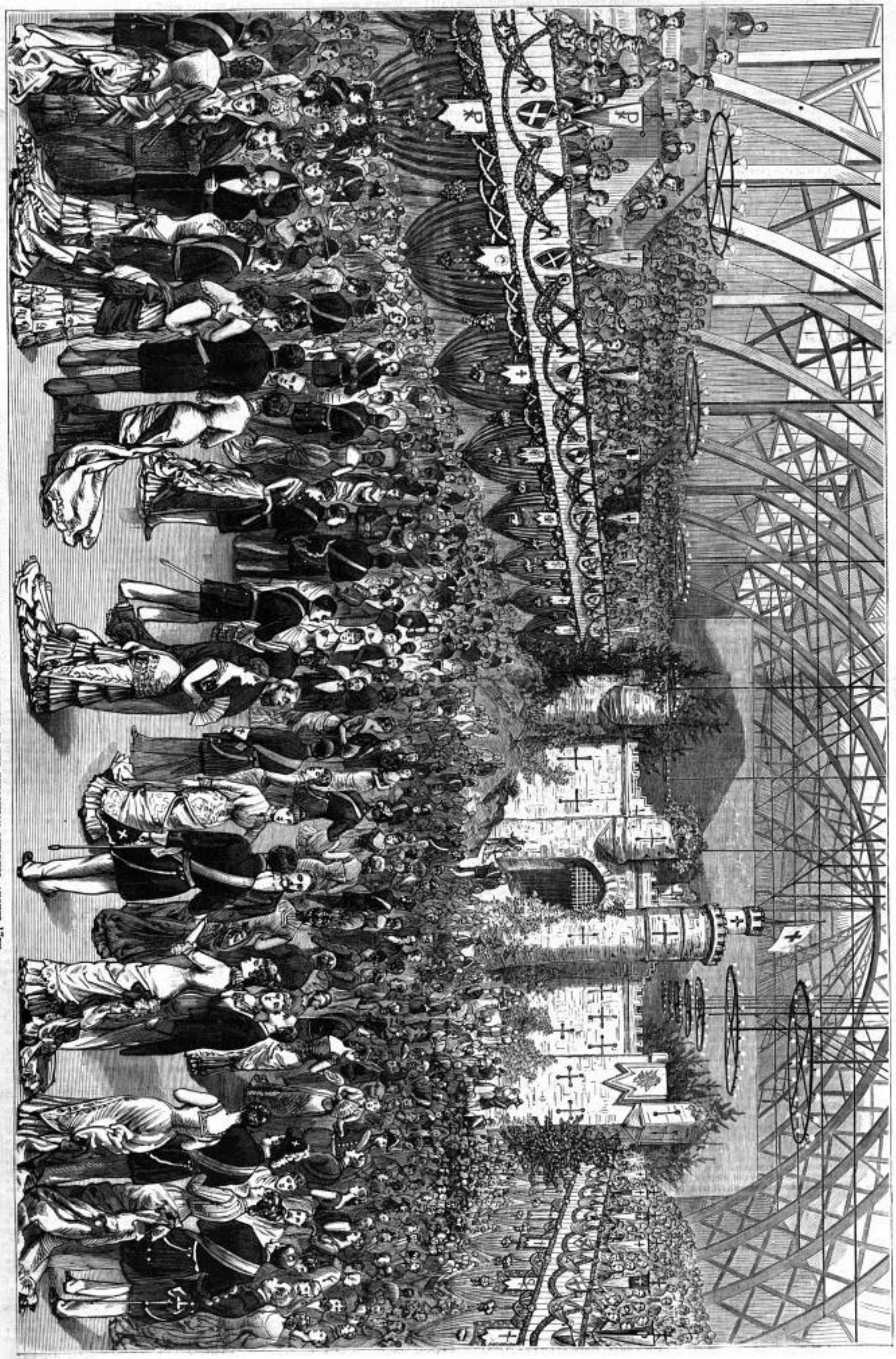
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THE PROCESSION PASSING BENEATH THE FUNERAL ARCH ON WABASH AVENUE, AUGUST 17TH.

ILLINOIS.—THE TWENTY-FIRST TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 16TH-19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 433

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THE RECEPTION AND BALL TENDERED BY LOCAL COMMANDERIES IN THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, AUGUST 17TH.

ILLINOIS.—THE TWENTY-FIRST TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 16TH-19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. CRISSEY.—SEE PAGE 435.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED).

THERE is a brief silence, during which Jack holds Maize off at arm's-length and scans her countenance in sharp, anxious, tender scrutiny, searching with all a mother's solicitude for the slightest trace of change or weakness.

"I look better than you do," says the girl, with a smile that is a trifle sad. "If you do not take better care of yourself and cease this trembling, I will stop your visiting me so often. It is too great a tax upon you, anyway, to spend so much of your time here. Why, you had as well be imprisoned yourself!"

"I wish I were. Oh, I wish to God it was me was here!"

"You promised me yesterday," she continues, taking no notice of his passionate outburst, though her eyes grow softer and more lustrously beautiful—"you promised me yesterday that you would try to brighten, and, above all, that you would take some exercise in the open air; yet here you are the first thing in the morning."

The murmur of her sweet, chiding voice fills the cell, and Jack sinks down upon the bed and looks up at her piteously.

"I couldn't help it, Maize," he says, and his tones are hoarse. "I must be with you. Even if my body were absent, my mind would be here, so where is the difference? I can't rest, and how could I with you *here*—you whom I have loved and cherished as the apple of my eye. How little I thought that I was rearing you for this. Oh, my God! if we had never come to this horrible land! Better had we staid in England and starved! Maize, do you know, sometimes I think I am going mad! Night or day I can find no rest; I am thinking thinking, thinking—always thinking. Sometimes it is of you when you were a little baby. I see you now, all yellow hair and satin skin, and soft, white limbs. And then again I behold such horrible sights, such dreadful possibilities! I see you stricken down in your beautiful womanhood, the helpless victim of a terrible fate. I see you dragged before the public; your beauty gloated over by the lowest of the people, yourself a feast for every wicked eye! I hear you tried, condemned, sentenced! I see you mount the scaffold, and hear the shouts of the populace as your throat is bared to the——"

Jack's broken, delirious utterance suddenly ceases, for the girl's proud face has blanched to the hue of marble, and her eyes are filled with a wild terror.

In Jack's throat breaks a great curse at his madness, as he leaps forward and catches her reeling figure.

"Maize! my love, my love! For God's sake don't think of it! I was mad, raving mad! Oh, what a fool, what a *fiend* I am! Can you ever forgive me? Have I killed you?"

But Maize's weakness lasts only a moment; in the next she straightens herself, and a faint shade of color steals back to her face.

"We are both very foolish, Jack," she says.

"Foolish? We are dolts, blockheads, *fools!*" cries poor Jack, eagerly, though his manner is still a trifle wild. "Why, heavens! everybody says this whole thing is a mad farce. Of course, there must necessarily be a trial, but it will be merely a form to which there can be but one result. The entire public, except, perhaps, the vilest of the rabble, sympathize with you. Both the English Consul and the Ambassador waited on the Czar yesterday, and with the most gratifying results. But even more powerful than the Emperor is Toboskie; his voice governs the Senate and the court, the nobles and the people; with all this influence even guilt would have no cause for fear, much less has innocence."

"Then, if this is all true, why is it that you trouble so, and are growing so thin and aged? Believe me, the greatest cross to me of this miserable affair is the shame and pain it occasions my family and friends."

"Don't think of that, my poor martyr." And there is the suspicion of a sob in Jack's voice. "What hurts *me* so is to have you here in this horrible den. If I could only take your place—if I could only put the shame and suspicion upon me!"

"Why, I am splendidly fixed in comparison to what it might be. True, I am not allowed to see my friends, but I daily, almost hourly, receive tokens of their sympathy and friendship. My cell"—her proud mouth twitches slightly as she speaks the word—"might be a conservatory, so filled is it with flowers. And never in any day of my life were there so many cards left at our door as were sent in to me in the last twenty-four hours."

"That may all be true," says Jack, mournfully, "but the flowers cannot hide the prison wall any more than your friends can restore your liberty." A brief silence follows, then his face brightens with that dogged, persistent hopefulness that has sustained him. It is seldom that he gives way to the gloomy forebodings to which he has recently given expression. Without sense or reason or knowledge, he affirms that Maize will be acquitted, and will listen to no other argument. "But you will soon be released, love. The trial commences to-morrow if it is not postponed, and as soon as it is over we will go away from this land. We will convert all our property into money and give ourselves up to the pleasures of a life of travel. We will make no country our home, but will visit all alike; unless, indeed, we should stay longer in Greece, that dear, sunny land where first we found you. Oh, the future will be bright yet as soon as these few clouds are brushed away."

Maize smiles but says nothing. She has not the courage to dash this poor, faithful soul from its pinnacle of hope and imagination; yet for her she knows that there is no hope, accused as she is under such powerful evidence. It does not matter that it is circumstantial. Owing to the efforts and advice of her lawyer but little is known of the murder, and absolutely nothing upon what grounds her accusation is based. But she knows that it only requires examination of the evidence and accusers to establish her guilt as a murderess before the public. She is hemmed in with a network of fate and evil, and from which there is no escape.

And it is all for Gypsy's sake—Gypsy, weak, erring, senseless. She would be more than human not to realize through whom her misery comes; and in her breast is a great and secret bitterness for this woman whose sin made necessary *her* sacrifice. Both their thoughts rest upon the same person, for Jack says, after a pause:

"Have you never thought it strange that Gypsy has not been to see you?"

"I thought it strange at first, but have grown accustomed to it now. I suppose her delicate constitution could not endure the gloom of a prison cell!

For the first time there is a ring of inestimable bitterness in the young voice; she cannot take with composure the desertion of this woman for whose sake she has been branded with the crime of Cain.

In Jack's worn face there comes a look of pain; the slightest approach to difference between these two women of his boundless love is always a source of suffering to him.

"Don't be hard on her, dear," he says, softly. "I see now what a mistake I have made, but I thought you had enough to bear; though I see it would have been better to have known the truth than to suffer from neglect. Maize, our poor Gypsy is at this moment prostrate with brain-fever, from which we have no assurance that she will ever recover."

Maize shrinks back shocked and appalled, and Jack continues:

"The first idea we had of her illness was *that morning*." Even yet he shudders as he recalls the horror and agony of that hour when the accusation of murder was fastened upon this child of his love. "After we went away she remained as if stunned, and nothing could rouse her. Finally she broke into wild shrieks and moans, and exhibited such dangerous symptoms that a doctor was summoned. He pronounced her in a very dangerous condition; the shock and grief occasioned by your misfortune had unsettled her reason, and towards night she sank into a stupor from which she awakened in raving delirium. For not a moment since has she been conscious. Oh, Maize! it is heart-breaking to hear her. Her mind constantly dwells upon you. At first she shrieked aloud for you, and demanded that you should be sent to her. 'She is innocent! she is innocent!' was all her cry. Now she has become so weakened and reduced that she can only whisper your name, and in her eyes is always a great, piteous prayer. This morning she was nearer rational than I have seen her at all. I was standing by her bed, when she took my hand, and, laying her poor, wasted cheek upon it, looked up in my eyes with that mute, eloquent look of a dog's. 'Oh, Jack!' she whispered, 'send her to me; she is innocent! Oh, Maize! my poor little baby! And she was so soft and white and pretty!'"

A great, dry sob breaks chokingly in Jack's throat, and he shades his eyes with his hands.

Maize sits stricken with sorrow and remorse. How heavy and severe she has been upon Gypsy. In her ignorance and unjust anger she has censured and condemned this poor, erring though faithful life, even while it hovered ready for flight upon the narrow confines of eternity. While that spirit, sinful through weakness and smitten by the agony of her misfortune, has been fighting that great conflict with death, she has been treasuring angry and bitter feelings against her.

Without a word she creeps close up to Jack, and, putting her arm around his neck, lays her head close to his. It is a simple, mute sympathy, yet very powerful, telling him that they are one in sorrow. She does not speak, for she knows that this man's trouble is too great for words—that this double blow that has fallen upon him through the two women of his great love has wounded him beyond all power of healing—that he is crushed, shattered, wrecked.

"How little we can read the future," says Jack, at last. "I used to think I had trouble, but looking back now I see no clouds at all. And once I nearly went mad over a horse—my God, a *dead horse!*" He lifts his haggard face as he wonders how even a pang could have touched him in that past that looks so bright and glorious compared with the horror and wretchedness of the present.

And thus the hours pass: true to his custom, he spends the principal part of the day with Maize. If no greater demand claimed him, every moment of his time would be passed with poor Gypsy, languishing on the bed of suffering. His love is equally divided between these two women; but he knows that for *her* hers is the more merciful fate. It is to this victim of fate or the devil that he turns—to this girl, smitten in her proud supremacy and haughty distinction—while he leaves to willing and capable hands the fate of his wife.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MR. DORNSDOFF'S THEORY.

IT is the third week of the trial. The immense court-house is thronged, and not by the usual spectators of such scenes, but by princes of the blood and all the nobles of the land. Through the vast assemblage can be traced the proud, delicate faces of royal peeresses who have never before brought their haughty presence anywhere save in castles and cathedrals, but now sit side by side with the rabble and the people. And over the house is murmur of expectancy like the chant of a far-off sea.

And over in the darkest corner, but close to the stand, where he can hear every word that is spoken, sits a man apparently unconscious of his surroundings, with his gaze fixed upon the door through which the prisoners are conducted to the court. It is Count Toboskie; he sits like a block of stone, his face colder and haughtier than ever, his eyes stern and repelling as fate. Whatever be the secret agony and bitterness of this man, he shows no tokens of weakness in his icy, immovable exterior.

At last the lawyers, the jurors and the witnesses arrange themselves; the door opens and the prisoner suddenly appears before them. Through the vast concourse runs a wave of wild excitement, and it is with difficulty that order can be maintained. Since the development of the trial, public opinion has undergone a thorough revulsion; suspicion is upon every face, while from the rabble come fierce hisses, indicative of their hatred and condemnation.

But that majestic figure stands as immovable as stone; her careless, imperial glance sweeping the throng; and under the fire of that scathing look a dead silence falls upon the court-room. For the moment her superior splendor, her radiant truth and honor, have subdued her enemies. She stands in their midst like a dethroned queen; her majestic figure simply clad in a rich dress of black velvet, whose long, straight folds show every perfect curve of her full and voluptuous form. Her face, stamped with its fearless truth and courage, is unearthly beautiful, and all the dim light that struggles in through the dingy, distant window centres upon the rich, burnished gold of her tresses.

For an instant that supreme silence rests over the assembly, then upon the hush breaks the deep, discordant voice of one of the people.

"She is a sorceress, a murderess! Must she be saved for her angel face? If she were one of us she had been condemned long ago; but she is an aristocrat. Give us justice!"

Electrified by this, the voice of their leader again from the rabble breaks that angry murmur like the cry of a pack of half-starved wolves. Still that majestic figure stands mute and composed, only the flashing of her glorious eyes showing that she is human. And where she stands in her dauntless womanhood, her matchless heroism, the hungry, bitter eyes of Count Toboskie study her every feature. He sees that the blood of her race is lashed into a wild, brave, untamable fury, though she controls it with that matchless self-government. He sees her proud purity as she faces the enemies thirsting for her blood, while a grandeur scarcely mortal sets upon her brow. Great God! and this is the woman of his worship—for he loves her yet with all that fierce, pagan passion that is characteristic of the men of his race—this woman, hunted and suspected, and for whose life the people cry as their rights. His soul is crushed and embittered; yet as he looks at this stricken woman whom he has loved with so great a love, for whom yet he would barter his soul's salvation, all the weakness, the tenderness of that love fastens upon him, and a fierce impulse possesses him to seize her and carry her far away from this misery, to rescue her from these human hounds who are thirsting for her blood.

Suddenly she turns, and where he sits in the shadow and darkness her glance searches him out, this man who has known her in the days of her glory and triumphs, and who has turned against her in her hour of deadly trial. She marks this agony of doubt and indecision, this struggle between loyalty and suspicion, and upon her lips sets the haughty grace of her imperial smile—a smile which tells him she flings back an allegiance so flattering and reluctant. For an instant a shame sweeps over him that has never before touched him—a shame that his love is so faithless and wavering—then it dies away and that old suspicion runs rife in his being; his face hardens, his eyes grow chill and wrathful. In his heart is a fierce rage both for himself and this woman. He curses the love that can live under the shame and guilt of its object; he hates himself for his madness even as in this moment he hates the woman for enthralling him with the spell of her sorceress beauty.

And looking at him in that brief, keen regard, she sees the instant when this brutal rage and suspicion re-fastens upon him, and into her eyes come an unutterable scorn, a speechless amaze that maddens him.

Stationed there, stricken with shame, hissed at by the mob—standing there, being tried for her life, she is yet above and beyond him, yet defiant of his power, indifferent to his opinion. She flings him back hatred for hatred, scorn for scorn, and tells him with her eyes that no position into which she could ever come would bend her proud spirit or give him aught of power over her.

The halter may be awaiting her; she has already drank to the dregs the bitter cup of shame and humiliation. Yet, standing there, confronting him with the shadow of the dungeon still upon her brow, he feels that *she* is the conqueror, that *he* is her slave and victim, since he loves her with all the madness of ripe passion, and for which, in his savage wrath, he could tear out his heart root and branch, for he firmly believes her guilty. His head sinks upon his breast, and he does not again look up until the first witness of the day is called, then motionless as stone and with bated breath he listens to the testimony. The witness is Peter, worn and changed and gray—Peter who, through the weeks of this long and weary trial, has been subject to the strain and languor of the witness-box.

The most powerful brains have been employed both by the state and the defendant, and the counselors have done nobly; but while the amount of material that Henry Dornsdoff has had to work upon is unusual and makes the ease of his inevitable victory a source of regret to him, the faint ground-work and the brilliant work of the opposing attorney is a wonder and an admiration. The shrewd and masterly manner in which he has conducted this case has gained for him a distinction even greater than his former fame.

On this particular morning, Peter, the principal witness, is up for a rigorous cross-examination; but he has but one story to tell. Through it all Peter has not varied one jot or tittle. His testimony is simple and straightforward.

"On the evening prior to the morning of the discovery of the murder, my master informed me that he expected a lady visitor, and commanded me to take particular care that no one should discover her. Later in the night the bell rang and I admitted the prisoner. She went directly to Count Lagors's chamber, and remained there, I should judge, an hour and a half. Once during the time I passed the door, and heard the sound of loud and angry voices. When the young lady joined me below in the hall her manner was wild and excited, and she seemed almost fainting with pain. She said that she had broken her arm, and requested me to bind it up, which I did. I did not go to my master's chamber that night, as, in the fore part of the evening, he had told me not to disturb him when he was alone. When I went in the morning I found him dead upon the floor."

Then followed hours of tiresome and rigorous questioning, after which the learned counsel for the state summed up the case. After a long and eloquent presentation of the subject in question, he said:

"After days of patient labor and examination; after the case has been laid so thoroughly, yet plainly, before the public, without desiring to damage the pathetic fiction of my learned and noble opponent, I must say that there is but one verdict on this subject even for a child. Let us view the case: On the night of —18-, Count Nicholas Lagors was foully murdered in the bedchamber of his own castle. Nearly two hours of that fatal night were spent by the prisoner in this chamber in the society of the count. The prisoner herself does not deny this fact, but fails to account for her presence. We will pass over the startling fact of a young lady paying midnight visits to a nobleman. While it is our desire to speak in terms of the utmost respect of the distinguished and lamented Count Lagors, justice demands truth and stops at no limit; therefore, to this end I am compelled to refer this learned and noble audience to the private character the deceased sustained. He was, I believe, what is styled a sensualist, putting it in its mildest form.

"Do not be weary. I beg your indulgence, and in a little while you will see to what end I am speaking. Therefore, when this young lady left the chamber of horror, her manner was very much agitated, her face flushed, her breath heavy with the fumes of liquor"—(weakened with the anguish of her fractured limb that fatal night, Maize had drunk one glass of wine which Peter detected upon her breath)—"*and her arm broken!* Now follow me, my learned hearers. First: On the next morning the count is found murdered: it is positively known that not a soul was with him upon that night save the prisoner. The witness, who was the only one in this portion of the castle, retired to his room immediately after the departure of the prisoner. Without his assistance entrance to the castle would be impossible.

"Secondly: The body of the lamented count was examined by competent and famous members of the medical profession, and they were all unanimous in their announcement that the wounds were of such shape and position as to at once prohibit any possibility of suicide. The lamented noble received two stabs in the left breast. The first and upper one was but a flesh wound, and was evidently dealt by a weak and timorous hand. But the second was a desperate wound; having gained a savage courage by the sight of the blood and the enormity of her sin, the murderess nerved herself, and, gathering all her strength, again plunged the fatal knife into the breast of the unfortunate nobleman. It is a fearful blow—a blow that pierces the heart and almost severs it in twain—*a blow that could not but have broken an arm already weakened by a fracture!* So say the doctors—you heard for yourself their evidence. Well, this young lady's arm was broken upon *that* night, in *that* chamber, and during *that* interview. *How* was it broken? There is but one answer.

"Now, then, I will endeavor to show a reason for this crime, the absence of which my distinguished opponent affirms to be the weak point in our evidence." All this while the girl has remained motionless in her chair, with a face set and stern like a Greek martyr's. "In the first place, without desiring to delve into private affairs, justice demands that I shall call attention to the embarrassed condition of Lord Ashhurst's financial affairs. It is well known that this English nobleman is comparatively a poor man, and possessed of little beyond his proud name and empty titles. From good authority I have ascertained that Lord Ashhurst's style of living has always been noted for its mad extravagance. The money that has been earned with the sweat of toil and the pangs of torture—that is, the price of some poor man's bread—*that* money has been squandered by these aristocrats like so much sand. Now, then, note these people since their stay in Russia; in no way has there been a semblance of retrenchment. The grandest castle in the land is their home. Still it is not of *them* that I would speak, but of this individual young lady. It is a conceded fact that Miss Ashhurst, since her arrival in St. Petersburg, has been noted for her elegant toilets—jewels, silks, velvets, lace and satin. Why, the price of one night's costume would have kept a poor man in bread for a lifetime. My honored lords and gentlemen, it takes *money* to sustain this magni-

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ficence, and I ask you, *Where did the money come from?*"

An intense silence reigns over that vast assembly. Every eye is fixed upon the prisoner and the speaker, while, for the first time, up over the cold stern face of the former sweeps a crimson tide, as her quick instincts apprise her of the shameful blow in store for her. But she makes a desperate effort to maintain her composure, though her teeth are set and her hands clinch.

"I will submit to you my theory," continues Dornsdoff, "and see if it is not a probable one. It is well known that the late Count Lagore was a frequent, nay, I might almost say, a constant visitor in Lord Ashhurst's family, and the great wealth of the deceased is too well known to require comment. *Therefore* I do affirm that, under the guise of friendship, and protected by the proud order of the aristocrat, there has existed that intimacy between the parties in question that results in pecuniary benefit to impoverished females—that the prisoner has been secretly carrying on a course——"

There is a buzz, a whirl, and a figure darts forward, and an iron hand clutches the throat of Henry Dornsdoff, attorney. It is Jack, who, with a face distorted with passion and eyes gleaming like a mad brute's, tightens his grip and shakes the lawyer until both are purple in the face. He is literally blinded with passion, and not a peer present but sympathizes with the maddened and outraged noble. For, whatever his daughter may become, Jack Ashhurst *himself* has endeared himself too closely to the high-bred world by his royal generosity, his stately courtesy and his intrinsic worth, to be repudiated now by his fellow nobles.

Probably there is not a soul present save himself but believes guilty this child of his adoption; also not a man in the room, thinking of his wife and his daughter, but sympathizes with this passionate vengeance that he would sweep upon the traducer of the helpless, however guilty she may be. In a trice there ensues a scene of wildest excitement. From the rabble come hoarse growls of rage and menace, interspersed with the shrill cry of women's voices. A dozen highbred gentlemen leap forward to the side of the maddened nobleman, reasoning and expostulating, but he is deaf. And not until Maize lays her hand upon his arm does his composure return. She stands before them with her haughty face the color of marble, but in her glorious eyes a lion's wrath and a fiery scorn.

"Do not soil yourself with him," she says, and there is a grand contempt in her manner, while Jack's vise-like grip falls from the bell-like throat of the choking attorney. "Let the creature be, Jack; such vileness is not for you nor me to resent."

Lord Ashhurst stands panting, wild-eyed, almost delirious in his wrath, while Henry Dornsdoff, Esquire, in a very collapsed and damaged condition, sinks into a chair.

"Go, Jack," whispers Maize; "go, dear; you can do no good."

Still Jack hesitates; then, obeying the gesture of his child, he turns, and, accompanied by the noblemen, allows himself to be mechanically led out by Tobaskie.

It is some time before the speaker resumes his address; but when he does, his manner is thoroughly composed, and himself apparently uninjured by Lord Ashhurst's fierce punishment.

"Little remains to be said," he continues. "I was merely about to remark that, under the protection of her proud order, the prisoner has availed herself of opportunities peculiar to herself, and that during one of her nightly visits to the count, and inflamed by wine, she gave way to the fit of passion that resulted so fatally. There are many causes that can be assigned for this outburst, two of which are jealousy or a threat of withdrawal of the generous recompense for her shame."

With a profound bow, Mr. Dornsdoff takes his seat, while an intense silence reigns over the court room.

(*To be continued.*)

SUMMER LIFE AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

"THIS is the highest navigable lake in the United States, sir. We are seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, sir. We are seven hundred and twenty feet above Lake Erie, and, ha! ha! Lake Erie is only six miles from us."

This is how the visitor to Chautauqua Lake is greeted upon his arrival, and if he remains more than a day the lake will have reached an altitude of 2,000 feet above sea level, 1,000 above Erie, while the distance between the inland ocean and the twenty-two-mile lake will have decreased in proportion.

Chautauqua Lake, the happy hunting-ground of Christian organizations of every conceivable denomination, is situated in Western New York. It is twenty miles long, and in its widest part four miles broad. In some portions it resembles the lordly Hudson. It lies 450 miles from New York City and 830 from Chicago. The waters of Chautauqua are plowed by a fleet of propellers, one of which, a three-decker, is registered to carry 2,500 people. The city known as Fair Point is not of marble, or granite, or brown-stone, or of bricks, it is of canvas, with here and there a pretentious-looking villa in wood, and not a few "Centennials," tiny frame dwellings composed of four pieces, cleated together in about thirty minutes. It boasts a large hotel—a portion of the dining-room being under canvas; a New England kitchen and many restaurants; an amphitheatre capable of seating 4,000 persons; a grove auditorium, with seat accommodation for 5,000; an imitation Jewish tabernacle, built in the exact style of the old Jewish house of worship, as described in Holy Writ; a pyramid—a children's temple, with a seating capacity of 1,500; a hall of philosophy after the dreck; an ark, a rustic building at which lecturers and speakers are entertained; a model Sea of Galilee and Mount Hermon with the Dead Sea; the River Jordan, Mount Tabor and the cities of Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethany, Capernaum, Bethlehem; and, above all, it boasts of Lewis Miller, the President of the Sunday-school Assembly, and of the Rev. H. J. Vincent, the organizer and adviser of the assembly.

Fair Point, one vast grove of immense and very high trees, is inclosed by a palisade on the land side, while the lake renders it inaccessible save by boat. No person, under any pretext whatever, is allowed to enter or leave on the Sabbath. This kills the ungodly Sunday excursion parties. No drink stronger than root-beer is permitted to be sold on the grounds, and everybody is expected to be canvassed by 10:30 P. M. Saturday night sees 10,000 people within the inclosure. Monday morning witnesses the departure of 8,000. From rosy morn to dewy eve the grove resounds with sacred melody, while its leafy labyrinths are trodden by grave men and earnest women, all bent upon obtaining knowledge based upon the Word. The Chautauqua literary circle is the best exponent of the Chautauqua idea. Its aim is to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life, especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited, so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking. Its methods are to encourage individual study in lines and text-books by local circles for mutual help and encouragement, and by Summer courses of lectures and students' sessions at Chautauqua. The course of study covers a period of four years, and for the books required, it is estimated that forty minutes' reading and study each week-day will be sufficient to complete it. The best preachers come here to expound the Word, the best lecturers to deliver lectures, the best thinkers to lead others to think in the right way. The institution is unique, and at once an achievement and a promise.

"I brought eight hundred Ohio schoolteachers here for a three-day trip," said a well-known, practical philanthropist to the writer. "They made some bones about quitting their own State, so I wrote to Governor Cornell to let me locate Chautauqua in Ohio for three days. They were amply repaid by their visit." General Garfield attended service in the amphitheatre on Sunday the 8th, and was received with what is known as the "Chautauqua salute." At a given signal, every man, woman and child of the 6,000 start to their feet, and like a flash 6,000 pocket-handkerchiefs are waved at the platform. The effect is both strange and startling.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE.

AS preparations had been in progress for more than a year, the twenty-first triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment, Knights Templar of the United States, which opened at Chicago on Monday, August 16th, was the occasion for demonstrations which have never been equaled in the history of secret societies in this country.

A synopsis of the programme for the week, together with our illustrations, will afford those of our readers who were unable to participate in the reviews, receptions and entertainments, a clear idea of their brilliancy and heartiness.

The encampment was located on Lake Park, and was seven-eighths of a mile long—extending from the Exposition building on the north to Park Place on the south—by three hundred and fifty feet wide, from Michigan Avenue to the railroad line. This entire space was occupied by a city of tents, erected at comfortable distance to admit free circulation of air and comfortable movements. There were 715 tents, 14x14 feet in dimensions, and capable each of accommodating seven persons; 360 tents, 9x9 feet each, designed to accommodate three persons; 10 headquarter tents, each 20 feet in diameter; 50 tents, 16x20 feet each, divided into four apartments, 26 tents, 9x18 feet, divided into two rooms each; 4 tents 16x45 feet, and various others of lesser dimensions, and designed for various purposes. These were arranged as far as practicable in the shape of crosses, triangles, hollow squares and circles, designed to represent knightly forms.

Monday, August 16th, was devoted to receiving and escorting of the visiting commanderies.

Three receptions were given at 8 o'clock in the evening, at each of which the Templar guests were welcomed. One took place at New Central Music Hall, another at McCormick Hall, and the third at Farwell Hall. At each of these receptions an interesting speaking and musical programme was observed.

At 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, August 17th, a salute was fired, and two hours later, 10 o'clock sharp, the grand parade and review by Most Eminent Grand Master Hurlbut and the officers of the Grand Encampment took place, followed by the escort of the Grand Encampment to the Asylum on Lake Front.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and hourly thereafter until 6 o'clock, there were boat excursions on the lake. At 8 o'clock in the evening a grand reception *en masque et dansante* was given under the auspices of Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard Commanderies of Chicago, in the Exposition building.

On Wednesday, August 18th, in the morning at 9:30 o'clock, the grand competitive prize drill took place at the Chicago Jockey Club Park, located some five miles westward from the grand Asylum. Preceding the drill exercises there was a fraternal park reception at the same place, conducted by the three commanderies of the city—Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard.

At 8 o'clock in the evening performances were provided at McVicker's, Haverly's, and Hooley's Theatres, and at other places of amusement for the gratuitous and complimentary entertainment of Templar guests and their ladies, under the direction of Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard Commanderies.

Thursday, August 19th, the last day proper of the conclave is to be devoted to such entertainment as the exigencies of the occasion may require.

Friday and Saturday, the remaining days of the week, although not included in the programme, will be gala days, and will be so observed as the dictate of the remaining guests and the citizens may suggest.

The effect of the fifteen arches on Wabash Avenue, together with the Grand Encampment Asylum and the Lake Park arch, were simply superb, the former presenting a vista of gorgeous ornamentations and embellishments almost as far as the eye can reach. The business houses and residences were decorated with corresponding taste and liberality, and presented a magnificent combination of color and display never before equaled in that or any other city. The Lake Park arch fronting the west of the Grand Encampment Asylum is 35 x 67 feet and some 60 feet high, built around a tree, whose green clad top and drooping branches are a fitting apex of the structure. On the east and west sides are balconies each with capacity for thirty musicians, who will give afternoon and evening concerts during the entire week. The roof is decked with flags and pennants while the four sides of the arch are beautifully ornamented with shields bearing the arms of the Grand Commandery of Illinois, the banners of the three Chicago Commanderies, and other knightly emblems.

The business proper of the conclave is being transacted in the Asylum, to which only those entitled by rank will be allowed admittance. The length of the nave is 102 feet and the width 35 feet, while the transepts are the same width and about 60 feet from end to end. The decorations of this important centering point are simple and confined to emblematical designs. Over the main entrance and encircled by a wreath of evergreens is a handsomely worked "C. H. R.," a design peculiarly emblematic of this exalted Order of Templarism. Immediately above the doorway is the motto "Rex Regum et Dominus Dominorum," in letters of black on a white ground, edged with garlands of red. The angle stones are figuratively decorated, on the right being the date "1880," and on the left "782," the latter block of figures representing the year of the Order's installation, having been founded, according to Masonic history, in 1118. Directly above the rostrum in the chancel are hung the banners of the Grand Encampment, the Grand Beauseant, and the banner of the Paschal lamb, concealed the three most august and directly appropriate emblems of the Templar Order. The Asylum has a seating capacity of about 250.

The work of decorating the interior of the Exposition Building for the ball was quite a stupendous affair. The whole centre portion of the vast floor surface was given up to terpsichorean enjoyment, while the entire space surrounding and under the galleries was used for promenading purposes. The vestibules, staircases, and promenades were elaborately decorated with shields, banners, evergreens, and floral displays, the latter in generous profusion.

The face of the galleries were covered first with red cloth, upon which, as a background, the decorations are worked. Surrounding this immense amphitheatre are suspended the armorial bearings of the various commanderies draped and festooned with garlands, the prevailing colors of which—red, black, white and green—are the colors of the Order. Raised aloft above the balcony rail are long banners bearing emblematic devices in colors, and edged with garlands in colors complimentary. At the base of each banner banks of flags are displayed, with garland festoons artistically looped back with Maltese crosses of variegated colors. From the lower edge of the gallery are suspended banners bearing the devices of the various grand commanderies of the States, edged with garlands and festooned with the same. At regular intervals around the entire face of the gallery are placed hanging-baskets filled with choicest flowers and trailing plants. Directly opposite the main entrance, and inclosing the band stand, a garlanded arcade is provided for, the arches carrying Templar mottoes, and supported by red and white pasteon crosses six feet high. On the crown of the central arch an immense "Chi rho," eight feet high, in blue and white, with red grices or base, is affixed. Emblematical devices crown the remaining arches, in the centre of each being large banks of beauseants and Templar flags. The gallery face has a background of green, and the rich and varied emblems wrought thereon will emphasize this portion, and fill it with a blaze of glory. Opposite this, and immediately over the main entrance, hiding the un-seemly dark corners and passage ways, are suspended six banners, each twelve feet square, edged with garlands and flanked with festoons. On these banners are painted three stalwart crusaders in heroic size.

The large fountain in the centre of the hall is bordered with ferns and lycopodiums, while the base of the statue, or foundation work, is a framed cruciform, with Templar emblems in immortelles. At the angles are placed baskets filled with flowers. Eight vases, filled with choice exotics surmount the balustrading at regular and effective intervals. The basin is filled with water, on which floats the beautiful pond lily, while the graceful swan disports and gives life to the ensemble. A fountain of cologne-water exhales its fragrance at the south end of the promenade. It is encircled in a bower of flowers, decorated with garlands and festoons. Fu-a-eu with this, at the north end, a magnificent decoration was unveiled during the evening. It was an immense representation of a castle half in ruins, and proved a most brilliant surprise to the participants.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Texas Democratic State Convention has renominated O. M. Roberts for Governor on the first ballot, and L. J. Story for Lieutenant-Governor by acclamation.

THE Connecticut Republicans have nominated H. B. Bigelow for Governor, and William H. Bulkeley for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE New Hampshire Democrats will meet in State Convention at Concord, September 16th.

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the National Liberal League will be held at Chicago, September 17th, 18th and 19th, for the purpose of selecting a Presidential candidate.

GENERAL H. B. BANNING, Democrat, has been nominated for Congress in the Second Ohio District. Representative O. D. Conger has been renominated by the Republicans of the Seventh Michigan District. The Michigan Democrats have nominated Hon. F. M. Holliday for Governor.

THE Georgian Democratic State Convention last week recommended to the people A. H. Colquitt for Governor, but did not regularly nominate him, owing to his inability to command a two-thirds vote. The minority subsequently organized and determined to nominate an independent candidate. The Republicans will hold a convention September 7th, and hope to make something out of the Democratic split.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We Regret to announce the death of Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who has done so much for the improvement of marine aquaria. Mr. Lloyd, it will be remembered, was for a long time connected with the London Crystal Palace Aquarium.

The Legislative Assembly of the Transvaal has before it a measure providing for a trigonometrical and geological survey of the country, in the course of which it is expected that abundant mineral wealth will be proved to exist in the colony.

A Violent shock of earthquake occurred at Manila and throughout the Island of Luzon on July 18th, which did immense damage, totally destroying several Government buildings and other houses. Some of the native inhabitants were killed, but no Europeans suffered injury.

A Committee, comprising some of the leading botanists and horticulturists of Berlin, has set on foot a project to erect a memorial stone on the grave of the late Karl Koch, and appeals through the press to his friends and admirers for subscriptions wherewith to carry out the project in a manner worthy of him whose memory it is desired to perpetuate.

At the Request of Professor Wild, of St. Petersburg, the date fixed by General Meyer for the time of taking the International Simultaneous Meteorological Observations is changed from September 1st, 1880, to January 1st, 1881, a change which the numerous observers over the world who make the observations from which the United States Weather Maps are constructed will doubtless concur.

The New Matriculation List of the London University bears ample evidence to the success of the step recently taken by the Council in admitting women to its degrees. In the Honors Division the third place is occupied by Edith Sophia Calliet, from the North London Collegiate School. Altogether about one sixth of the names on this division are those of girls, and the proportion on the other divisions is quite as great.

On July 14th the French Chamber of Deputies adopted a proposition of M. Lockroy, that a sum of 2,700,000 francs, originally intended to rebuild the Palace of the Tuileries, should be devoted to enlarge the national library, which will be quite isolated from other houses. The sanction of the Senate will be asked next session, but not a single representative having objected, the result is not dubious, and preparatory steps will be taken very shortly to execute this great measure of preservation and improvement.

The New South Wales Government have done a creditable thing in erecting an obelisk on the spot occupied by the transit instrument in the old observatory at Parramatta, established by Sir Thomas Mak Dougall Brisbane in 1822. The building has long been swept away; many valuable observations were made in it by Mr. Charles Rümker and Mr. James Dunlop, and it was only right that the exact position of the transit instrument should be permanently marked, so that, if necessary, future verification might be made.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. HORACE MAYNARD, late United States Minister Resident at Constantinople, sailed from Liverpool for Boston, August 11th.

BY the death of the Dowager Lady Cowper, Lord Cowper, the present Viceroy of Ireland, becomes one of the wealthiest men in England.

SENATOR WITHERS of Virginia is to be invited to take the Presidency of the Clarksburg College, Virginia, at the expiration of his term of office next month.

IT is believed that the Marquis Tseng, Chinese Envoy, went to St. Petersburg to assure Russia of the peaceful intentions of China, and to ask for the appointment of an Ambassador Extraordinary to Pekin.

A STATUE in white Westerly granite of Alexander Hamilton is to be given by his son, John C., to the City of New York for Central Park. It is eight feet high, and the first portrait ever made in granite.

LEXINGTON, Ky., has the oldest living graduate of West Point Military Academy in Wright Merrick, of the Class of 1822. He is a native of Massachusetts, is eighty-three years of age, and is the only survivor of his class.

CHARLOTTE'S CUSHMAN'S monument, about to be placed in Mount Auburn, is an obelisk of beautiful Hallowell granite—a copy in form of Cleopatra's Needle. The only inscription the monument will bear is the name, "Charlotte Cushman."

ERNEST RENAN'S promotion to the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor recalls to the Parisian the fact that Marshal MacMahon refused, in 1878, to sign the decree authorizing this distinction, which the author of the "Life of Jesus" had awaited for twenty years. The Marshal, it is said, also took care to see that M. Emile Zola did not get a cross.

MADAME PATTI'S recent arrival at Craigynos Castle, her new Welch home, was greeted with fireworks and popular rejoicings, which smacked somewhat of the taste of some carnival operatic manager. Crowds of people cheered the Roman candles, and about the castle, in conspicuous places, appeared the name of Patti's favorite operas, quantities of flags, and the inscription: "God bless Adelina Patti."

THE death is announced at Bologna of Nicola Ivanoff, the rival of Rubini, and one of the most celebrated tenors of his age. Ivanoff was born in 1810 at Pultowa, in lower Russia, and in 1830 he arrived at Milan to study singing under the celebrated master, Eliodora Bianchi. In 1834 he went to England, where he took part in the Handel Commemoration at Westminster Abbey, but about forty years ago his voice failed him.

KAISER WILHELM deserves well of all citizens of Berlin who long to see the German capital made more attractive. He took occasion recently to express his wish that the project of prolonging the street Unter den Linden should be carried out, and forthwith a long-standing and factious opposition on the part of the State disappeared as if by magic. The work is to be pushed rapidly forward, and the new thoroughfare is to be called Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse.

MISS GRISWOLD, the young American who is studying singing in the Paris Conservatoire, and who, feeling last year that she deserved a first prize, refused to take the inferior honor awarded her, has just received that coveted first prize. The quarrel was smoothed over, as the Conservatoire, it is hinted, did not care to lose so promising a pupil. Miss Griswold is said to be a niece of Bret Harte, and her voice and her face are described as beautiful. She is said, too, to have an elegant and noble presence, matching the dramatic expression of her tones.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN was, at last accounts, busily searching the débris of his burned library, hoping to find some books and MSS. not entirely destroyed. The ancient manuscripts from foreign libraries which were in his hands are partly damaged, no doubt; but it would seem that they may be regarded as having as a body been practically saved. Many steps are being taken to restore his library. The Berlin Academy of Sciences has decided to re-present him with the books which he received as a member. It has further been suggested that workers in his department should send him such of their writings as deal with subjects that interest the professor.

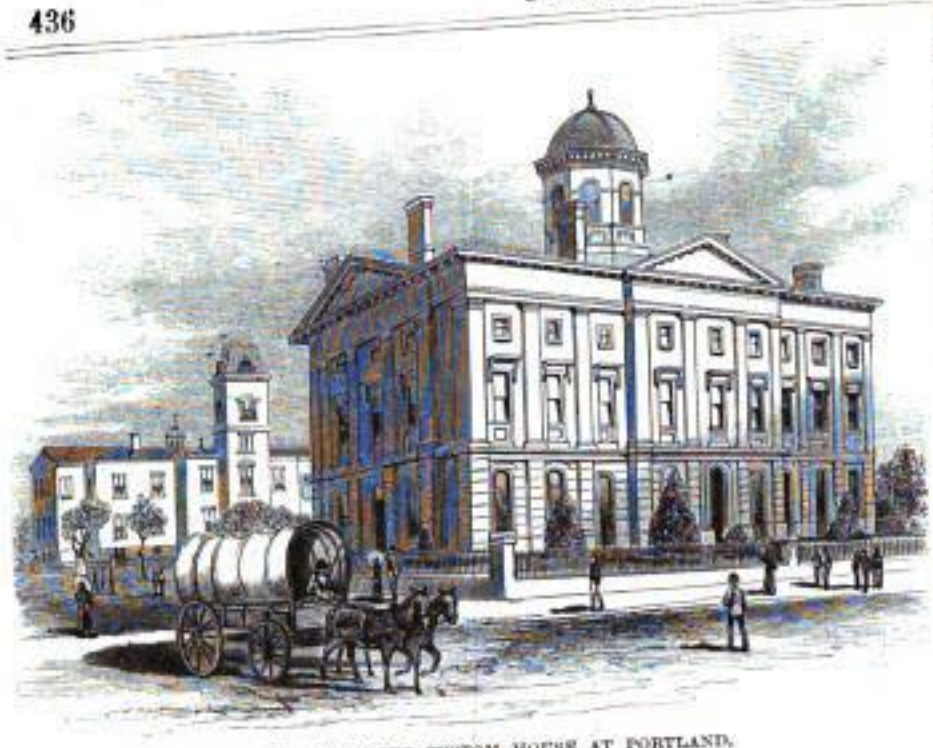
IN commemoration of the silver wedding of the Emperor of Austria, the Austrian Alpine Club is about to erect on the summit of the Gross Glockner a cross three and one half metres (nearly eleven feet six inches) high. For facility of transport, the pieces of which the cross is composed were not allowed to exceed twenty-five kilogrammes in weight (55lb. five pounds). The weight of the whole cross is three hundred kilogrammes (six hundred and sixty pounds). On two opposite sides of the pedestal, facing north and south, there will be two large reflectors, very solidly gilt, so that, it is expected, they will reflect the sun's rays to a great distance. A thermometer will also be attached to the cross.

A DISPATCH from Madrid to the *Times* says the Opposition press comment strongly upon a royal decree in the *Official Gazette*, stating that if a son is born to the Queen he will take the title of "Prince of Asturias," but if the expected heir be a girl, she will take the title of "Infanta of Spain." Before the birth of the present Princess of Asturias, a royal decree ordained that all direct successors to the crown should be denominated Princes or Princesses of Asturias. A similar decree, issued by King Alfonso shortly before his accession, declared that, there being no immediate successor to the throne, the eldest sister should bear the title and dignity of Princess of Asturias. This, if the heir be a female, will cause various complications, and reference is made to the old war of the succession.

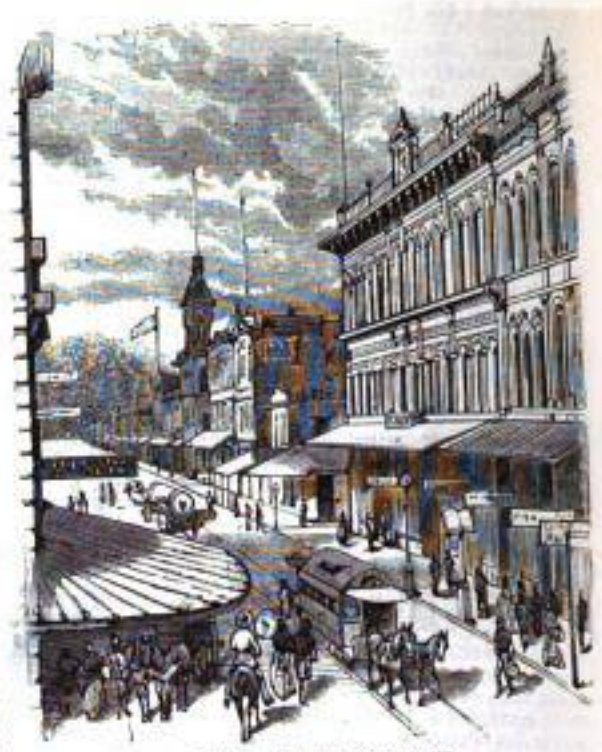
THE late Madame Skobeleff, whose death was so tragical, was well known and heartily liked in Paris, where she was one of the leaders of the Russian colony. Her house in the Rue Jean-Goujon was the rendezvous of the French and foreign aristocracy, and the hostess was renowned for her hospitality as well as for the talent she displayed in entertaining her guests. She superintended the education of her son, the general, and of her three daughters, all of whom made brilliant marriages. One of the young ladies became Princess Cheremeteff, wedding that soldier-artist whose oil-paintings have been so much admired at each succeeding Salon. Another is now known in society as Princess Belosselski; and the third, who was the belle of every party for many years, is now the Countess de Beauharnais.

ACCORDING to private advices received in St. Petersburg, from Pekin, Chung-How has not only been reapted but released from prison, though restored several grades in Mandarin dignity. There are still fears, however, that the dispute with China will not be arranged without war; for it is declared that the war party are still in the ascendant in Pekin, and bent upon reviving the military glory of China. It, however, Chung-How be really liberated, though degraded, the war party cannot yet be ruling unchecked, for had they had their will the ambassador who negotiated the Kuldja Treaty would certainly not have been liberated—more probably he would have been beheaded. It was the peace party who were favorable to his release, and, if he has been liberated, it must be regarded, in so far, as a triumph for them.

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THE UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE AT PORTLAND.



FIRST STREET, PORTLAND.

OREGON AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

THE Columbia River of the Northwest, flowing down from British America through Washington Territory and Oregon, into the Pacific, is in every sense one of the most majestic water ways of the continent. In passing up from its mouth, one of the first towns of importance encountered by the voyager is Astoria, where are located the most extensive fish canneries in the world, more than 8,000 men being employed in the industry. Astoria has forty-two canning establishments, each packing about 30,000 cases of salmon during the season (from April to August). As each case contains forty-eight pounds of fish, and sells for about $5 in market, it will be seen that the business is of enormous extent. The salmon are all caught at the mouth of the river, sometimes being so numerous that a boatload is obtained at each casting of the net.

With a view of keeping up the supply of fish, artificial means of propagation have been resorted to, some of the hatching-houses having 10,000,000 salmon eggs.

Between Astoria and Portland the scenery throughout is most beautiful, at times approaching the grand and sublime. High bluffs, spurs of the Coast or Cascade ranges, line the banks of the river, broken here and there by fine stretches of farming and grazing country. Vast forests cover the hills and valleys, with the exception now and then of a solitary clearing or farm. Occasionally a village sawmill or a salmon cannery is passed, and the windings of the river furnish a grand panorama of ever-changing scenery. Portions of the Coast or Cascade ranges are constantly in sight. As the steamer winds around some sharp turn in the river, or runs up beside a clear spot in the forest, the snow-white summits of Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson and Mount St. Helens, all over 10,000 feet in height, may be seen glistening high above the surrounding country. Although the river does not approach nearer than seventy miles to these peaks, their height is so great and the atmosphere so clear that they do not appear to be more than a few miles distant.

Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, is built on gently rising ground, is regularly laid out and contains many magnificent public buildings, business houses and dwellings. The business transacted is very large and represents more capital than any city of twice its size in the Union. We give views of the Custom House and one of the principal streets. One of the common boasts of the average Portlander is that his city has over twenty inhabitants worth more than $1,000,000. The city lies at the foot of the Willamette Valley, and is the centre of trade for that country, as well as a depot of supplies for the whole northwestern region. There is probably no more beautiful or productive valley in the world than the Willamette. Lying between the coast and Cascade Mountains, it is at once a magnificent farming, grazing, mining, manufacturing and milling country. The valley is splendidly watered by hundreds of mountain streams, most of which furnish the finest water-power. The soil is very fertile and nearly the whole valley is under cultivation.

One of the many points of interest in the region of the great cascades, further up the river, is "Cape Horn," a formation of concrete and sandstone rock rising perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of 250 feet, and extending along the shore for a distance of half a mile. The formation resembles large columns, pillars and immense cones welded together like a massive wall or barricade. The river-boats, in their passage, run within a stone's throw of it, and one here gets his first sense of inspiration of the region he is invading. Following for a distance of eight miles is a stretch of views positively marvelous in variety and extent. It would be hard to say how many waterfalls there are within this limit. One, the La Tourelle, makes a leap of about 300 feet before it mingles its waters with the Columbia in their rush to the sea. Coming from an overhanging wall projecting from the mainland, a distance of about fifty feet, the water is thrown in rainbow form far out from the precipice, and, falling through mid-air with great force, it dashes into foam and spray in a basin carved from the rock by its own power, and ornamented with wild flowers and vines in gorgeous profusion. Behind the fall the distance to the back wall is about eighty feet. This affords ample room for a driveway between the fall and the main wall. Further up the river the tourist comes face to face with an object which can be seen from the moment he enters this region of the cascades—"Castle Rock." This is a huge, isolated rock on the left, or Washington Territory side of the river. A thousand feet high and covering fifteen acres, it has discarded its relations with surrounding mountains and comes down to the water's edge to greet and introduce the traveler to the grand cascades above. It is estimated that four acres of perfectly level surface may be found on the top.



SALMON NET RACKS, ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1883.

THE first meeting of the Commissioners of the World's Fair of 1883 was held in New York on August 16th, in the Governor's Room in the City Hall. There was a full attendance, all the States being represented except Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada and Tennessee. Many of the Commissioners are well-known throughout the country. Addresses were made by Mayor Cooper, Henry G. Stebbins, Thurlow Weed; ex-Governor Patton, of Alabama; ex-Governor George A. Crawford, of Kansas; N. D. Sperry, of Connecticut; Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; Algernon S. Sullivan, and others. A temporary organization was effected, with Hon. H. G. Stebbins as chairman, and George W. Debevoise as treasurer. A report was presented from the Committee on Sites, setting forth the advantages of the numerous places proposed.

At the second day's session, five vice-presidents were elected, and the following gentlemen were appointed as the Executive Committee: Edward Cooper, Roswell G. Rolston, J. P. Morgan, George B. Blanchard, James Talcott, David Dows, William A. Cole, William B. Dinsmore, Samuel A. Haines, S. L. M. Barlow, Charles K. Graham, A. M. Hoyt, Charles L. Tiffany, N. K. Fairbanks, William H. Post; Professor Smart, of Indiana; Alex. C. Sands, of Ohio; George A. Crawford, Theo. Bates, of Massachusetts; Thomas McElrath, William O. Roberts, Rufus Hatch, Thomas Rutter, Lewis May, E. R. Dickerson, C. B. Fisk, L. A. Sullivan, John P. Townsend, Thomas Barbour, James F. Wenman and W. L. Strong.

The Executive Committee was instructed to report at the next meeting what legislation, State or National, is required in reference to the exhibition. A committee of five was appointed to prepare an address to the American people and the Governors of the various States and Territories, as follows: Henry G. Stebbins, New York; James H. Smart, Indiana; J. Henry Behan, Louisiana; Commissioner Le Duc, Minnesota, and the Rev. Dr. Newman, New York. The question of a site was referred to the Executive Committee, with the understanding that they should recommend three or four of the sites proposed, and leave the final selection to the Commissioners.

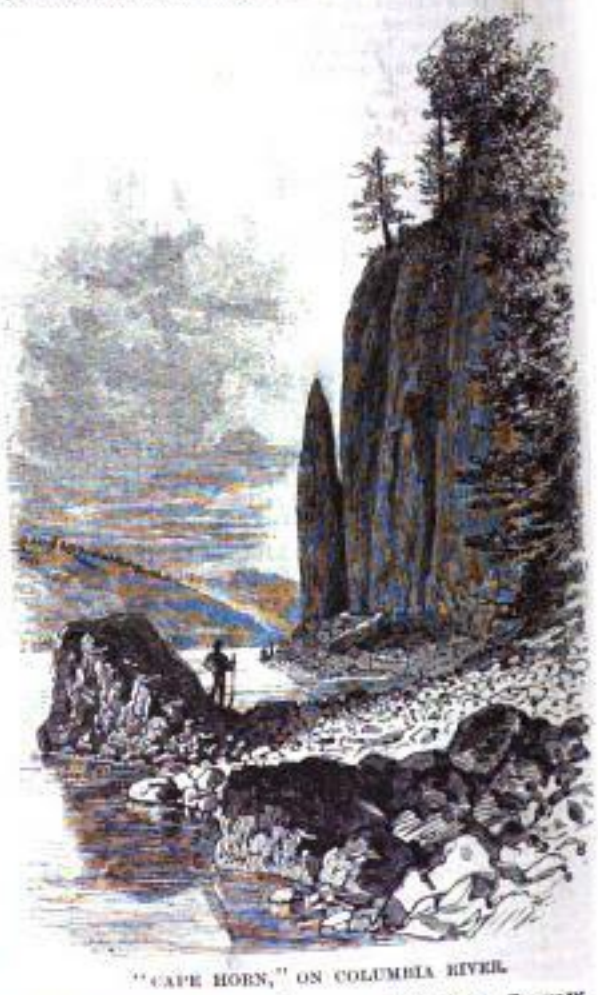
The Act of Congress under which the Commission exists was passed last April, after a preliminary committee had, in New York City, worked up the matter, and had prepared the way for the appointment of a Commission. The Act is entitled, "An Act to provide for celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the treaty of peace and the recognition of American independence by holding an international exhibition of arts, manufactures, and the products of the soil and mine, in the City of New York, in the State of New York, in the year 1883." The first section creates the United States International Commission. The second section says that the Commission shall consist of two Commissioners from each State, and one from each Territory, and one from the District of Columbia, together with the Committee of Finance, and about 125 New York gentlemen named in the Bill, who shall fix the precise date, and prepare for and superintend the holding of the exhibition upon a site within the corporate limits of the City of New York. In the third section it is provided that the Commission shall have a corporate existence, may sue and be sued, and may purchase, hold and sell property at will.



"CASTLE ROCK," ON COLUMBIA RIVER.



SALMON FISHERS' CAMP.



"CAPE HORN," ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

OREGON.—THE METROPOLIS, SCENERY AND CHIEF INDUSTRY OF THE EXTREME NORTHWEST STATE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. CONKLIN.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE OLD LYNDE MANSION, AT MELROSE.

The fourth section provides for the appointment of the Commissioners by the Governors of the States, within sixty days from the passage of the Act. In the remaining sections, it is provided that the Commission shall hold its sessions in New York City; that it shall submit to Congress, at the first session after the appointment of Commissioners, a suitable date for opening and closing the exhibition, a schedule of ceremonies, and the custom-house regulations; that the United States shall not be responsible for the debts of the Commission; that whenever the President shall be informed by the Governor of New York that provision has been made for the erection of suitable buildings, the President, if he deem the preparations adequate, shall, through the Department of State, make proclamation of the same, stating the time, place, etc.; authorizing the Commission to receive subscriptions of capital stock, not exceeding $12,000,000, to be divided into shares of $10 each, and that each subscriber shall pay not less than ten per cent. of his subscription at the time that he subscribes; that stock certificates shall be issued therefor, to be transferable, each share of stock to carry one vote in the election of a Finance Committee; that a Finance Committee shall take charge of the funds; that the Commission shall prepare a complete classification of exhibits; that it shall have authority to issue bonds not in excess of the amount actually paid in upon its capital stock, and secure the payment of the same, principal and interest, by a mortgage upon its property and income, present and prospective; that the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States shall prepare the certificates of stock, and that no shareholder or stockholder shall be personally liable for the debts of the Commission. Necessary action has also been taken by the Legislature of New York, and everything is now ready for the Commission to go to work.

REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHERN JOURNALISTS.

WM. RULE, OF THE KNOXVILLE "CHRONICLE."

WILLIAM RULE, the present editor-in-chief of the Knoxville *Daily Chronicle*, the only Republican daily published in the late insurgent States, and the weekly *Whig and Chronicle*, was born May 15th, 1839, on his father's farm, six miles south of Knoxville, where he lived until 1858. He obtained such education as the common schools of the locality afforded, attending school in Fall and Winter, and working on the farm during the Summer months—the schools not being the best by any means. In 1859 he entered the office of Brownlow's Knoxville *Whig* as mailing clerk, and remained in this position until that paper was closed out by the rebellion of 1861. In 1862 he fled from East Tennessee, then in possession of the Confederate forces, and under cover of the night made his way through the Cumberland Mountains into the Federal lines, where he at once enlisted as a private in the Sixth Tennessee Infantry of the Union army. He participated in the campaign of 1863 in Middle Tennessee, under Generals Rosecrans and Thomas, and was in the battle of Chickamauga. He went with Sherman's command to relieve Burnside at Knoxville, and was with Sherman on his march through Georgia to Atlanta in 1864, in General Schofield's command, having in the meantime been promoted to the position of adjutant of his regiment. He was with General Thomas at Nashville when General Hood's army was so signally defeated, after which, with his command, he was transferred to the eastern coast of North Carolina. The term of service of the regiment expired on the 31st of March, 1865, and it was relieved from duty at Goldsboro, N. C., and regularly mustered out of service at Nashville, Tenn., on the 27th of April, 1865, after the collapse of the rebellion. Mr. Rule was elected Clerk of the County Court of Knox County, Tennessee, in 1866, and re-elected in 1870. After one year of his second term he resigned to accept the position of special agent in the Post Office Department. He was connected with the editorial staff of the Knoxville *Whig* from 1867 to 1869, withdrawing from the same when, by some means, it fell into the hands of Democratic stockholders. In 1870 he founded the Knoxville Daily and weekly *Chronicle*, and has ever since been one of the editors and proprietors of that paper. Captain A. J. Ricks, now Clerk of the United States Circuit Court at Cleveland, Ohio, was for many years associated with him as equal partner in the paper, but, in 1875, he sold his interest to ex-Senator W. G. Brownlow, who, with Mr. Rule, continued the publication of the *Chronicle*, the weekly edition being called, as it still is, the *Whig and Chronicle*. In May, 1877, Senator Brownlow died, and in 1878 his interest was sold to R. H. Brown, who is now an equal partner, Mr. Rule being chief editor. Mr. Rule has been actively engaged in journalism almost constantly for twenty years, and has taken a leading part in politics ever since he was twenty one years old. He is now serving his second term as a member of the National Republican Committee. He has gained considerable reputation as a vigorous, truthful writer, always ready to vindicate the right and denounce the wrong, regardless of party. His private character is irreproachable, and he is the only Republican who has been able, during the last eight years, to carry Knoxville in a majorality contest, having been elected to that position several years ago, overcoming a handsome Democratic majority.

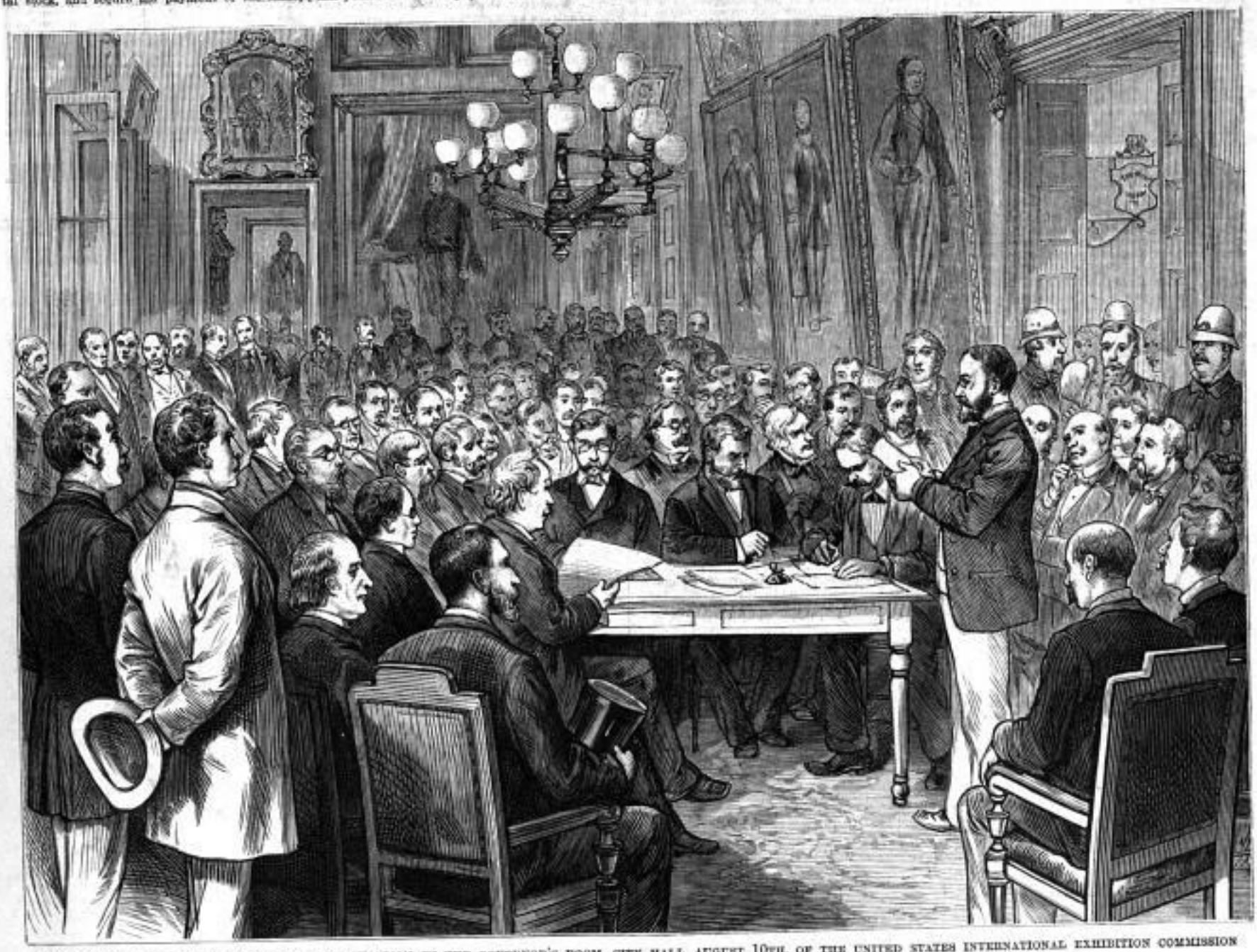


WILLIAM RULE, EDITOR OF THE KNOXVILLE "CHRONICLE."

THE OLD LYNDE HOUSE.

ONE of the most remarkable of the few and scattered relics of American antiquities—an example of the New England style of home architecture two hundred years ago—is the old Lynde House, in Melrose. Its situation is surprisingly beautiful and romantic. It stands on a gentle slope midway to the top of the hill that rises a little above it on the north, and is nearly in the centre of the farm that is connected with it. The farm is very uneven on its surface, inclosed by woods on two sides, and bounded on the south side by the old road from Malden to Stoneham, about a mile from Spot Pond.

This old house, including the farm—this venerable remnant of the earliest settlement of New



NEW YORK CITY.—FIRST MEETING AND ORGANIZATION, IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, AUGUST 10TH, OF THE UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION COMMISSION HAVING IN CHARGE THE WORLD'S FAIR TO BE HELD IN NEW YORK IN 1883.

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England, built more than a hundred years before Washington was born—this representative of the simple and humble but independent rural life of our ancestors—this heirloom from our Pilgrim Fathers to us and all future generations—this most ancient of the few remaining links that connect us with the heroic age of our native country, mutely unfolding to us many a romantic incident that happened before our national independence—this magnificent relic, consecrated by the lives and the heroism, the piety and self-sacrifice of our ancestors—is likely to be sold to make room for modern dwellings. An appeal has been made to the Massachusetts Historical Society to save this place by purchasing it as a noble and venerable relic, as valuable to the poet as to the painter, and especially to all who feel an interest in our national history.

If purchased and dedicated to the purposes of history, it would become one of the most interesting objects of national curiosity to the inhabitants of New England.

Mail Matter of the Last Fiscal Year.

ON August 15th, 1879, the Postmaster-General issued an order directing an actual count to be made on the first seven days of November, 1879, and annually thereafter, of the number of letters and postal-cards and of packages of miscellaneous printed matter and merchandise deposited for mailing in all the post-offices and postal-cars, and the number of newspapers and periodicals mailed during that time to subscribers and news agents, to be obtained from the publishers. The first week of November was chosen for the count, because it was thought the business of that week would be as near as possible a fair average upon which to estimate the annual work of the postal-service. Multiplying the results of the count by fifty-two, it is estimated that the domestic postal business of the last fiscal year was as follows:

Letters (all kinds)..	868,433,572
Postal-cards	276,446,711
Newspapers to subscribers and news agents	695,175,624
Magazines to subscribers and news agents	53,473,276
Books, circulars and miscellaneous printed matter	300,845,480
Articles of merchandise	22,634,456
Total	2,217,068,119

This count is of matter originating in this country only. The ten States in which the largest amount of mail matter originated are as follows: New York, 538,950,724; Pennsylvania, 207,196,080; Ohio, 168,564,800; Illinois, 167,944,868; Massachusetts, 145,973,464; Missouri, 93,037,680; Michigan, 64,753,264; Iowa, 57,227,656; Indiana, 51,922,208; Wisconsin, 47,943,664. These are the first reliable statistics ever obtained of the number of letters, etc, passing through the mails.

Reaching the Pole in a Balloon.

COMMANDER CHEYNE, of the British Navy, is still endeavoring to carry out his plan of reaching the North Pole by means of balloons. A London committee, consisting of the Dean of Westminster, the Master of the Temple, Dr. Vaughan, the Minister of Finance for Canada, and seventy members of Parliament and scientific men, has been formed, and over $7,000 collected towards the purpose of carrying out the new venture, the ultimate cost of which is estimated at $150,000. The proposition is to send out a ship to the furthest attainable point, then to form outside stations by the guidance of which the wind currents could be utilized at various heights as curves of sailing, by which the balloon might reach within more or less practicable distance of the Pole, and the completion of the journey made by such sledging arrangements as could be conveyed by the three or four balloons that would constitute the aerial fleet steering by trailing ropes. By abandoning some of the balloons and the stores, and using their remaining gas to fill completely the one or two balloons by which the return journey to the ship could be accomplished, the party, it is claimed, would be brought back in safety. Commander Cheyne recently laid his plans before the Aëronautical Society of London, and in the discussion which followed the project was supported by such practical aeronauts as Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Simmons.

A Dead Sea in California.

A WRITER in the San Francisco *Chronicle* tells the following: "The propeller *Rocket*, which will soon be placed on Mono Lake, will have no trouble about floating, as the density of the water is remarkable, being just the reverse of that of Lake Tahoe, in which the body of a drowned person never returns to the surface. An exchange says that for bitterness and promiscuous meanness the waters of Mono Lake surpass those of the Dead Sea. They contain so much alkali that in a windy day the lake is a regular tub of soapsuds. The writer has seen a wall of lather five feet high along the whole of that shore against which the waves were beating. Occasionally the wind would take up a bunch of this lather as big as a bushel-basket and carry it several hundred feet inland. So buoyant are the waters of the lake that quite a party of men may navigate them on a raft made of four or five dry cottonwood poles. Out in the lake are islands of rock lava-like concretions, through which streams of water boil up. The water of these springs is like that of the lake, but in one place is a large spring of fresh water. This is near the northwest corner of the lake, and at a point where there is a depth of eight or ten feet of water. It is a sort of fountain. A column of fresh water, some three feet in diameter, is projected upwards with such force that it rises to the height of at least two feet above the general level of the lake in the form of a mound or knoll, and makes a rippling noise that can be heard a considerable distance. But for the fact that this fountain has a depth of eight or ten feet of water to contend against, it would probably rise to a considerable height in the air.

THE "DAILY SARATOGIAN."

THAT the glittering Saratoga boasts of a newspaper of its own goes without saying, but that it boasts of a journal crisp, sparkling, and edited after the best fashion, is something to be proud of. The *Daily Saratogian* is an admirable illustration of what the organ of a place like Saratoga should be, and in the careful selection of its varied matter no small meed of praise is due to its able editor, Colonel Ritchie. It is a paper that exacts laudation on its merits alone.

FINE PASSENGER COACHES.

THE new passenger coaches soon to be placed on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads are different from those now in use. The seats are all finished in cane, none being upholstered, and they are arranged like those in the elevated railroad cars in New York, with the centre seats along the side of the cars. There are no panels between the windows except in the centre, where there are three wide ones, thus affording ample space for mirrors, which are placed inside. The central windows are very wide, which, together with the fact that there are only narrow strips of wood between them, makes the sides of the coaches appear to be nearly all glass. The cars are all supplied with the automatic air-brake of the latest pattern.

FUN.

DARWIN is still a bachelor. The linking missis what he needs.

WHAT a pity the census was not taken during melon season, when half our population is doubled up!

MAMMA: "When grandpa was your age, Effie, tea was two dollars a pound and bread twenty-five cents a loaf." *Effie:* "And is that why poor grandpa is so thin?"

THREE little girls had great fun in a neighbor's house at South Bend, Ind., during the absence of the family. They first broke all the window-panes. Then they poured several gallons of milk on the parlor carpet. Finally, they emptied six dozen cans of raspberries and huckleberries into a tub, and dyed all the fine dresses they could find in the juice.

MABEL: "Give us a cake, auntie. I know you've got one in your basket." *Auntie* (an early riser): "No, dear, they are roses I've been gathering, and they wouldn't like being given to a little girl who gets up so late in the morning." *Mabel:* "Go on, auntie, they wouldn't mind; they lays in their bed all day, when they gets a chance, and nobody don't pick them."

A TRIPLE FOR WIMBLEDON.—*She* (whispering): "Hush! Take it, darling! Your own heart will teach you to find out its use." *He:* "Kind, thoughtful girl! Any dainty is welcome in camp, and——" *She:* "Not a word. Papa is waking. Good-by!" (And she was gone.) And when he found she had given him a cat in the basket he waxed wroth, for—alas!—his heart did not teach him that when in camp, he should hide a billet under its collar, and let it loose, whereupon Tom would make his way straight back to his mistress—all as they do in Holland, where the cat is the lovers' postman!

"HOW is your son coming on?" "Oh, I am having a power of trouble with him." "What's the matter now?" "Well, you know, I couldn't send him to school, because, thanks to Governor Roberts, there are no free schools, and I couldn't afford to send him to a private school." "Yes, I know that is so." "Well, I sent him away from Galveston out to the frontier, and as luck would have it, he was convicted of horse-stealing and got five years in the penitentiary." "That was bad." "No, it wasn't, for you see at the penitentiary he could learn a trade and become a useful citizen." "Well, that's good." "No, it ain't; for Governor Roberts has pardoned him on account of his youth and ignorance."

HANS GROWTOOT, a worthy German farmer, who has been a life-long resident of Berks County, has a shrewish wife, who has long rendered his life anything but a couch of roses. One day not long ago she, in a fit of pique, picked up her duds and left him, vowing never to come back. The news went around among the neighbors—you know how intelligence of all kinds does travel in the country—and at night several of them, of whom I was one, went to condole with Hans. He sat on his front stoop puffing away at his pipe. "Hans," I remarked, "I pity you." "My boy," replied the honest Dutchman, as he disturbedly knocked out the ashes of his pipe, "you was right. She has shust come back!"

AN anecdote is told of a physician who was called to a family to prescribe for a case of incipient consumption. He gave them a prescription for pills, and wrote the direction: "One pill to be taken three times a day in any convenient vehicle." The family looked in the dictionary to get the meaning of the prescription. They got on well till they got to the word vehicle. They found "cart, wagon, carriage, buggy, wheelbarrow." After grave consideration they came to the conclusion that the doctor meant the patient should ride out, and while in the vehicle he should take the pill. He followed the advice to the letter, and in a few weeks the fresh air and exercise secured the advantage which otherwise might not have come.

RATIONAL TREATMENT AND POSITIVE CURES

Are what the afflicted seek for, and those who resort to Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines are not doomed to disappointment. So positively efficacious is his Favorite Prescription in all cases of female weaknesses, nervous and other derangements incident to the sex, that this potent remedy is sold under a positive guarantee. For particulars see Pierce's Memorandum Book (given away by druggists), or see the wrappers of the medicine. Sold by druggists.

WASECA, Minn., April 5th, 1879.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.:

Dear Sir—I feel that I should be neglecting my duty were I to fail in giving my testimony as to the value of your medicines. For years I have been a great sufferer from a complication of chronic diseases which our physicians treated in vain. I am now using your Favorite Prescription, and find myself almost well. Your medicines have done me more good than anything I have ever used.

I remain gratefully yours,

MRS. E. B. FARMALEE.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE doesn't pay for pain, but for loss of time; and time is money. Insure in THE TRAVELERS.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN INDIGESTION AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

I HAVE extensively used HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in my practice, in cases of Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, and kindred affections, and I have almost invariably obtained very good results.

PHILADELPHIA. A. TRAN, M.D.

THE ambition of the American people leads them to overtax their strength and completely break down their nervous systems, impoverish their blood, and almost destroy their constitutions. Recover your constitution immediately, before it is too late, by taking DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE, the great Blood Purifier and Blood-Maker. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M. D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

WHAT makes your hair so beautiful? MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Every Druggist sells it.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are used and indorsed by the best Hotels, Confectioners and Grocers throughout the country. They are perfectly pure and of great strength—at once the cheapest and best; and received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition.

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL in this city has all the advantages which it claims in its advertisement, and the fact that its management is the same as that of the Manhattan Beach and Oriental Hotels is sufficient guarantee that its promise to the public will be kept.

DR. FLAGG, for thirty years one of the most successful educators in the country, offers greatly reduced rates for board and tuition in our advertising columns. His school is located on the Hudson River and in the most healthy and beautiful location.

THE ST. NICHOLAS, of New York, is as fresh and youthful as in its earliest days, and well deserves the reputation it acquired years ago. Exquisite order and neatness, and a luxurious table, are attractions that experienced travelers always appreciate; and these are just the requisites which make the ST. NICHOLAS such a perennial favorite.

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers,

AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS,

And other desirable Investment Securities,

No. 5 Nassau St., New York,

Buy and sell all issues of Government Bonds, in large or small amounts, at current market prices, and will be pleased to furnish information in reference to all matters connected with investments in Government Bonds.

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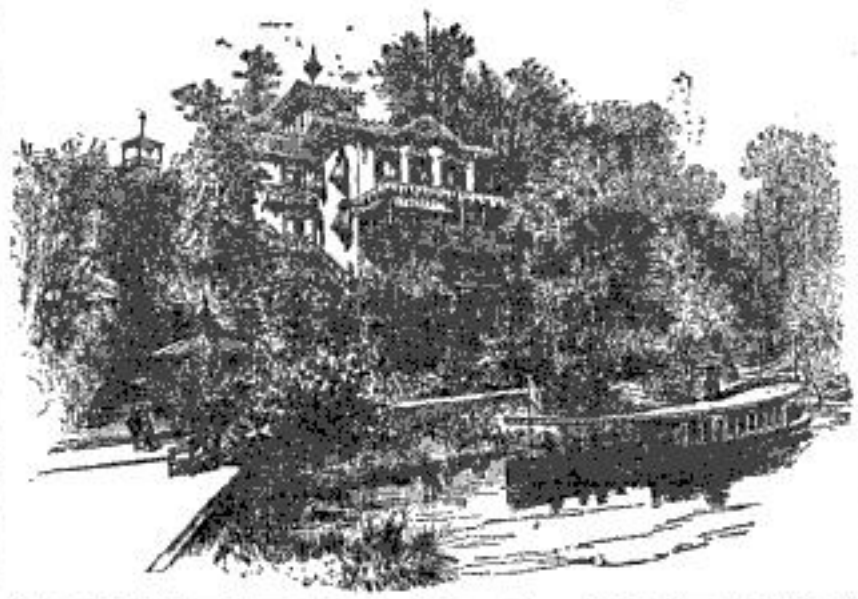
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ILLUSTRATED
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE STUDY OF BOTANY UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A SCENE ON A BY-PATH IN CENTRAL PARK.—See Page 6.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

SHAMS BROUGHT TO THE TEST.

ONE of our contemporaries in this city contained the other day the report of an "interview" with Mr. Secretary Evarts, in the course of which he is represented to have held the following language:

"If the supporters of the Republican Platform to-day had given the Administration their hearty support three years ago it would not be a question of doubt to-day as to which party will succeed in the coming election. The whole country would have rallied to the standard which proclaimed industry and prosperity to all sections of the land."

And while the Secretary of State was speaking in this wise in Washington, a company of bankers, assembled in public convention at Saratoga in this State, was discussing, with calmness and intelligence, some of the problems on which the "industry and prosperity" of the country, in all its sections, are seen to depend, but which the fugiemen of both the two great historical parties seem inclined, for the present, to hustle as far as possible out of sight under the smoke and dust of a vulgar political wrangle. That the Democratic leaders should "fight shy" of the pending financial issues may find its sufficient explanation, if not justification, in the fact that they labor under a conscious sense of inability to meet these issues in the present divided state of political sentiment within their ranks, on all questions relating to national banks, the greenback circulation, and the depreciated silver dollar. But that the Republican leaders, after the initiative they have taken in promoting the resumption of specie payments, should shrink from the logical consequences and concomitants of that initiative, if it was ever undertaken with sincerity and with earnestness, we find it difficult to explain on any theory that is easily consistent with the repute of its authors for intelligence or for courage. With Mr. Evarts, we feel inclined to exclaim, "What do the masses of the people care about the squabble of the politicians over troops at the polls, or other abstract points of a partisan nature," when there are real and vital questions impending over us which come home to the very business and bosoms of the people?

"Troops at the polls" would, indeed, be a good slogan if there were any danger that a single voter was likely to be intimidated by their presence at the polls in the coming Presidential election; and "the Solid South" might be a good battle-cry if it were not raised by men who clamor for a "Solid North," and who claim a vested right in the "solid" vote of the colored race, thus showing that it is not a sectional or political "solidity" which excites their indignation, but the side on which the "solidity" is found. And the impertinence of these "issues" is set in only a clearer light by the magnitude and importance of the questions which have been put by them in a temporary abeyance, as if, forsooth, the politics of the country could be divorced from the economical interests and business pursuits of the people.

Hence we cannot but consider it as a cause of gratulation that, while false cries and panic terrors are being sounded from a thousand political hustings in the land, a body of practical economists and of financial experts has come to remind the American people that the nominal resumption of specie payments is "not a final settlement of any of the great questions of finance which have agitated the country for so many years past, nor is it a demonstration of courage or of the highest financial wisdom on the part of the nation." It certainly was not a demonstration of courage or of financial wisdom on the part of our legislators, for the great majority of the Democrats in Congress sought to frustrate its accomplishment, and, beyond the passage of a resolution that a qualified resumption of specie payments should take place on the 1st of January, 1879, the Republicans in Congress did little or nothing to bring about the desired result. Abundant crops and a favorable balance of trade did greatly more to facilitate the resumption of specie payments than any wisdom of our rulers at Washington, though Mr. Secretary Sherman deserves all the credit that is due to the skillful administrative officer who knew how to take the tide of our prosperous fortunes at the flood. So true is it that our nominal resumption of specie payments resulted from a conjunction of fortuitous causes rather than from any determinate policy of statesmanship, that one of the bankers in the Saratoga Convention did not scruple to hold the following language:

"Resumption may come about and specie payments be for a long time maintained on an amount of specie wholly inadequate to the permanent maintenance of specie payments. This was the character of the resumption of January 1st, 1879, of which, as a people, we have little cause for boasting, though we have much cause to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune. The credit of resumption does not belong to us, for we did not bring it about by any intelligent act and did not purposely contribute anything towards its accomplishment. All that we did was to issue a resolution by Congress that we would resume on the 1st of January, 1879, but we did not take any steps to accomplish it. We only sat down and waited."

As the politicians "only sat down and waited" for the so-called resumption of specie payments in 1879, so in this year of grace 1880 they only "sit and wait" while the frail and unsteady basis of this resumption is being slowly but surely undermined before their eyes. The legal-tender notes, instead of being retired according to the solemn promise of the nation when it issued them, are retained to-day in circulation by the force of a statute of Congress, when the country has no need for them, but when their mere presence is a standing lure to monetary fanatics as well as a gross breach of public faith and of political morality. The depreciated silver dollar is still another standing menace to the stability of resumption. Two-fifths of the coin reserve of the Government is now held in this depreciated coin, and soon the proportion will be more than one-half, and then a slight disturbance either in our civil or commercial condition would precipitate the shipment of gold abroad, the collapse of resumption as it now stands, and the reduction of trade and commerce to a single silver standard, in common with Asiatic countries like India and China. Then would come another crash and another panic. The withdrawal of gold from circulation will make a "tight money market." The shock of the public credit will make it "tighter." Contracts between citizens will be disturbed, and contracts made with people abroad will be subject to all the hindrances and losses incident to computations made in two currencies, and one of these a currency of changing value.

And this preposterous policy is cherished by the Democrats of the South and West not only in spite of their ancient political traditions, but in spite of the dread of Federal "centralization" professed in the Cincinnati platform; but what Federal "centralization" can be more potent for evil than a policy which lodges in the Secretary of the Treasury a power to force a depreciated dollar on the people at any moment he may select? For the silver dollar must be *forced* on the people before they will take it, seeing as we do that only six millions of the sixty-five millions already coined can now be kept afloat in our general circulation, and that the discarded coin, as fast as it comes from the mint, is stowed away in vaults which have to be enlarged to hold it because the people will not use it.

And many Republicans, too, as if wishing to tide over the coming Presidential election without confessing the weakness of the claim they found on the "success of resumption," are now glorying in the shame of the silver dollar, and actually do homage to it as the keystone of the arch on which resumption rests. To this effect that organ of Stalwart Republicanism, the *National Republican* at Washington, reasons as follows:

"The silver dollar lies at the door of the Treasury and prevents a speculation in gold and the consequent depreciation of the greenback. Were the gold maniacs—the brokers of the country—at liberty to demand gold for their greenbacks at the Treasury, the fair fabric of resumption, the pride and glory of Mr. Sherman's record, would wither in a week. The broker knows that if he could corner a hundred millions of greenbacks—and such a scheme would be easy of accomplishment to the Goulds and Keenes of Wall Street—Mr. Sherman would hand him over bags of silver dollars, not the compact gold which he covets. This certainly has prevented and will prevent that raid upon the gold in the Treasury which was the dream of Wall Street before resumption. The bright silver in the Treasury is all that makes a Black Friday on Wall Street impossible."

Would it be possible to state in clearer terms the "scarecrow" quality of the silver dollar, the insecurity of resumption, and the political immorality which not only tolerates such a specious and delusive policy, but actually exults in it?

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE unexampled material prosperity of the United States is a subject of almost constant comment in the European press. The truth is that there is not a country in Europe which does not feel its social framework more or less shaken by the influence of our example—not one whose whole industrial and commercial system is not affected by our agricultural and manufacturing competition. This competition is, indeed, becoming practically destructive to some foreign productive interests. The London *Examiner*, in a recent article on this subject, sums up a statement of the vast advantages we enjoy agriculturally, in these words:

"The Americans appear to have at last discovered that, if they are to "whip creation" effectively, they must take their stand on their agricultural rather than on their manufacturing advantages. At the next census it is calculated that they will number 50,000,000 souls, the majority of whom will be breeders of cattle and growers of grain. And the ratio of increase of these formidable competitors is enormous. Four hundred thousand immigrants, it is estimated, will this year be landed on the shores of the United States, chiefly English, Irish, Germans and Scandinavians, of the best class and in the prime of life. The amount of ready money which they bring with them to their adopted country is not less than £12 per head, while the value of their industry is simply inestimable. They are admittedly the best bone and sinew of the Old World. Avoiding the mistake of the earlier immigrants, they no longer attempt to find a home in the Eastern States, but at once take train for the Far West, where at present, at all events, the demand for manual labor of all kinds is practically unlimited. Much has been said about the folly of labor combinations "driving capital out of the country." But here manifestly we have the converse process at work. The proletariat of Europe is being driven by the hundred thousand across the Atlantic to escape the dreaded conscription, and the crushing burdens imposed by the "bloated armaments" maintained by monarchical States. The New World is redressing the balance of the Old with a vengeance. Our agriculturists have been the first to feel the strain. They are face to face with a competition of ruinous severity. The gravity of the crisis cannot be exaggerated. Better harvests will avail them but little. To any one who has beheld with his own eyes "what is being done in those glorious, free United States," agriculturally speaking, the general insensibility of Englishmen to the imminent ruin with which our agricultural interest is menaced must appear to savor of absolute lunacy.

A FEW WORDS OF WARNING.

IN the belief that the present and still active depression in the value of the majority of gold and silver mining stocks will not hinder either the purchases of mines or the organization of such mines into joint-stock companies, we offer a few suggestions to our readers and the general public.

To the successful working of every gold and silver mine there are three essential pre-requisities: First, The existence of an ore body, which, after the most careful possible examination, promises to repay judicious and economic development. Second, Efficient management under and above ground. Third, Honest financial administration. When these three indispensable requisites can be reunited, profitable employment of capital in mining enterprises may ensue. Either of the three lacking, disaster is inevitable. And that it is not easy to reunite them is best proved by the very small number of mines paying regular and continuous dividends out of their earnings. They do not to-day amount to twenty.

The first pre-requisite—namely, the existence of an ore body—is not by any means the easiest of the three. More mistakes are probably made in this than in either of the other two which we have mentioned. In the first place, even the original purchaser of the mine and the organizers of the company, be they never so honest, may have been deceived. It is, of course, impossible for all intending investors in the stock to visit and inspect the mine. They are obliged, therefore, to rely mainly, if not entirely, upon reports, more or less trustworthy. Reports cannot be valuable or reliable except as made by honest, disinterested, experienced geologists, metallurgists and mining engineers. And again, such men are about as scarce as hens' teeth. Possibly the best plan is to obtain the services of the men whose reputations for honesty and experience stand, and have stood, the longest at the head of the list. But the best even of these must occasionally make mistakes. *Humanum est errare*, and in corroboration of this we remind our readers that very many of the districts which to-day are the leading fields of mining industry of the country have, at some preceding date, been abandoned as worthless by practical miners and declared valueless by the same eminent mining experts.

The second pre-requisite is efficient under and above ground management. This department is, in mining enterprises of any magnitude, in charge of a general superintendent. For the success of the enterprise this person must reunite honesty to a thorough knowledge of geology and metallurgy, and must be a thorough judge of every class of labor. He cannot efficiently direct the foreman of the under-ground work unless he possesses practical knowledge of every species of rock and every class of ore. He must be well up in all branches of practical philosophy, and competent to overcome unexpected obstacles and difficulties—social and physical. If these requirements are indispensable for the under-ground portion of his work, those for the treatment of the extracted ore are not less necessary and exacting. He must be a thorough analytical chemist. To disintegrate the bullion from the ore, he should be thoroughly versed in the laws of nature which had incorporated the bullion in the ore. Fortunes have been lost and good mines abandoned for lack of knowledge as to how to treat refractory ores. A competent man may make poor ore pay, and an incompetent one ruins a valuable mine. As a general rule, the best under-ground men are poor hands at treating ores, and the rule holds inversely. And inefficiency in either branch of the business converts what should be dividends into assessments or mortgage bonds.

The third pre-requisite is honest financial administration. On this point a very few words will suffice. The public has been of late so fearfully victimized by apparently respectable lists of directors and trustees, that without these words of warning it is improbable that any sane person will invest a dollar without having first learned, by close investigation, the antecedents of the persons to whom he intrusts it. Moreover, the "army-worm"—the name given in the Street to these sharks who have of late been feeding upon a credulous public—is gradually leaving. Men are returning to the Pacific Slope, because there is nothing green left here upon which they may browse.

THE MORALE OF AMUSEMENT.

A CONTEMPORARY, alluding to the fact that over 3,000 persons assembled to view the recent bull fight in this city, made the incident the text of a sermon on that love of cruelty which it said was inherent in the human race. This has always been a favorite topic with the cynical and morose, who delight in depreciating the masses for the purpose of elevating their own class to a moral platform higher than the rest. In his subtle and pseudo philosophical manner, Rochefoucauld sounded the first modern keynote of this shallow and cold hearted philosophy when he said, in one of those half-truth fallacies called moral reflections, "There is something in the misfortunes of our dearest friends not altogether displeasing to us."

We forbear to comment upon this libel on the human heart, leaving it to the judgment of our readers, who cannot but feel its subtle atrocity. The whole philosophy of that school of glittering eclectics is founded on a system utterly at variance with all logic and experience. It is a system where the exception is considered the rule. Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion-tamer, whose exhibitions were once so popular in England and America, used to relate an anecdote which illustrates how completely the love of excitement and craving for sensation operates upon the minds of all. In his various exhibitions he had noticed in the very front row of the parquet one particular old gentleman, who seemed never to miss an exhibition. One of the most startling of Van Amburgh's feats was to put his head into the mouth of his largest lion. Van Amburgh's curiosity was aroused, and he managed to get an interview with this constant spectator, who unblushingly confessed to the astonished lion-tamer that the sole object of his unvarying attendance was to see Van Amburgh put his head into the lion's mouth *once too often*—in point of fact, to see the brute bite his head off. If any one has built from this fact a theory of the natural cruelty of the human heart, he will perhaps be amazed to find that this votary of sensation was Allsopp, the humanitarian friend of Coleridge, and the founder of a refuge for orphans in his native town of Norwich.

It is a natural postulate in all things, of two evils to choose the least, and it is equally natural in all matters concerning mankind to choose the best of any two theories. In this view, we incline to the belief that the substratum of the community is not cruelty but thoughtlessness and that innate love of excitement and craving for sensation without which civilization would stagnate, and even Christianity pause in its heroic career of human improvement. It is this undying element in our nature that lends such attractions to those perilous acrobatic feats of the trapeze and the tight-rope. In addition to this is that instinctive admiration we all feel for those deeds of difficulty and daring which partake more or less of the heroic. It would be a libel upon humanity to say that the thousands who nightly visit the new pantomime at Wallack's, which is full of dangerous experiments in gravitation, are attracted by the forlorn hope of seeing some fatal catastrophe. In spite of the pessimists, we believe that a cruel heart is the exception, and not the rule, in human nature.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE illness of Mr. Gladstone, from which he has happily recovered, caused much excitement in London. It appears that his magnificent constitution has at last broken down, and that Mr. Gladstone at seventy-one cannot deliver addresses bareheaded under the falling snow, undergo all the worry and excitement of a general election and then carry on his shoulders the whole Government, without feeling the weight of his self-imposed task. During the few last debates in the House of Commons which he attended before his illness, Mr. Gladstone's fretfulness and excitability were very noticeable, and upon one occasion he went so far as to catch Sir Vernon Harcourt's coattails and pull him into his seat, saying that he had spoken long enough. A curious incident of the case, was that Dr. Andrew Clark, who was in attendance and who is one of the principal physicians in London, received numerous letters advising him how to treat his illustrious patient!

Since the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill by the Lords, there has been a fierce outcry among certain persons who are known as the Metropolitan Liberals—men who, although Members of Parliament, have no great standing. These persons, whenever the House of Lords throws out some foolish Bill, immediately begin to clamor for the abolition of the Upper House, forgetting that the influence which it exerts is generally a good one, and that when there is really a popular demand for the passing of any measure, the

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Lords seldom stand in the way. In Ireland this throwing out of the Bill has led to serious consequences. An attempt has been made to blow up the barracks at Cork. Two barrels of gunpowder were placed in a recess in the railroad tunnel which runs underneath the barracks. The commandant received timely warning and had the barrels removed and thereby saved the lives of a host of unoffending soldiers. At Dungannon there have been serious riots, and from the western parts of the island come reports of men drilling at night and of numerous threatening letters. The prosperity of the people in the North of Ireland is in striking contrast with the lazy misery of the inhabitants of the South and West. The flax crop is very promising and covers a wide area. Besides taking the lead with its linens, which are known all over the world, Belfast is now competing with Glasgow and the Clyde in shipbuilding, while in printing, this city has attained a proud position.

The financial positions of France and Germany are well worthy of consideration. After France had paid the enormous indemnity, in which she had been mulcted at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, the French people set themselves manfully to work in order that, by economy and hard work, they might recover the losses which they had suffered. Germany, on the other hand, elated by victory and feeling in her pockets that plentiful supply of ducats which she had received, became foolishly extravagant, and the natural consequence is that to-day Germany is almost bankrupt, and that France is rich and prosperous. Since the consummation of the unity of Germany there have been many Ministers of Finance, none of whose views, unfortunately, agreed with those of Prince Bismarck. The protective tariff does not supply sufficient funds, and Prince Bismarck now proposes to impose more indirect taxes, such as a brewers' malt tax, a tobacco monopoly and additional stamp duties. The young men are unwilling to serve as officers in the army, and their physique is said to have considerably deteriorated since the last war. This disinclination is shown by the number of young officers who are seeking employment in Turkey. Meanwhile, in France the army has reached a high state of perfection, and the Autumn manœuvres, which will soon be held, will undoubtedly show a high state of efficiency in the French ranks. The danger of general war which is caused by the Eastern question is thoroughly felt in France, and, indeed, all the Great Powers are anxiously awaiting the settlement of the present difficulty, which may result either in peace or war.

While all Europe is disturbed by wars and rumors of wars, it is pleasant to turn our attention to little Belgium, where a happy and prosperous people are now celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their independence. The ill feelings which exist in other monarchical countries between the rulers and the ruled find no resting-place in Belgium. The King is revered as the first citizen in the State; the royal family as the nation's head. Constitutional liberty is seen in that fortunate country at its very best. The people are contented and happy; wealth daily increases; political differences do not engage the entire attention of any class; art flourishes, and trade and manufacturing interests are at an acme of prosperity. When it is remembered that almost the whole civilized world has lately passed through an era of great depression, it is worth noting that Belgium, instead of suffering, has continuously increased in prosperity. In the matter of machinery the advance is prodigious. For many years Belgium looked to England and France for the greater part of her machinery, and several foreign houses had established themselves permanently in Belgium. Now, however, there is not a single foreign house, and machinery is exported at an annually increasing rate. Much assistance has been rendered by the Government towards fostering these industries, and the present annual value of Belgian exports in machines exceeds fifty millions of francs. One of the largest manufacturing industries which is not counted under the head of machinery, is the manufacture of firearms. In the town of Liège 30,000 persons are engaged in this branch, and they work, not in unhealthy factories, but in their own homes. Coal and other mining has also enormously increased, and the leather trade, for which Belgium was always famous, continues to thrive. At the present moment this country imports more skins from La Plata than either England, France or Germany. Enough cotton is annually imported and manufactured to supply all home wants, and strength, added to French elegance, makes Belgian furniture almost the best in the world. What this country has done and is doing in art is too well known to require any notice here, but it may be remarked that architecture has taken great strides under the patronage of the King, whose tastes in this line are so notorious that he goes by the name of "Leopold the Builder." Of late years Brussels has greatly improved in the architecture of her houses and public buildings; indeed, there are few cities that can compare in beauty with the modern metropolis of Belgium. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the Belgians should be proud of themselves, and that the Commissioners of the Exhibition should invite the representatives of the press of all countries to show them the proud position among nations which Belgium has acquired.

It is freely charged in responsible quarters that the present Democratic State Committee in this State is not heartily interested in the success of General Hancock, and that unless a new committee shall be constituted, the campaign will not be prosecuted with the energy and vigor necessary to success. This is a matter which concerns the Democracy of the whole country, and if the allegation of indifference on the part of the present committee should be true, it would seem that steps should be taken to lodge the conduct of the canvass in hands which will not hang listless in presence of the crisis which is now upon the party.

SEVERAL States have anti tramp laws. If they would only enforce them against the political vagrants who are now flitting to and fro as professional stump-speakers, and disgusting all decent people by harangues which are only too often as mischievous in tendency as they are indecent, a real service would be done to the cause of morality and honest politics.

THE State of Minnesota, only twenty three years old, will produce this year 45,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides an enormous yield of oats, corn and barley. The full acreage of wheat is 2,963,325 acres, an increase of 200,804 acres over last year. This is certainly a splendid exhibit for so young a State, and affords a striking proof of the growth, while it at the same time embodies a prophecy of the grand possibilities, of the great Northwest.

THE belief that the spirit of revolution in Mexico has been exterminated is not justified by late reports, which represent that in several localities gangs of marauders have risen in revolt and attempted to levy tribute from wealthy citizens. All the revolutionary movements appear to have been promptly suppressed, but the fact that they have been attempted indicate a want of stability and a prevalence of a rebellious temper which augur badly for the prosperity of the Republic.

THE great Southern fair to be held at Atlanta, Ga., next month, under the auspices of the Gate City Guard, promises to eclipse everything of the kind ever attempted in that section of the Union. During the fair there will be a grand reunion of Southern and Northern military bodies, the influence of which is expected to be eminently salutary in subduing sectional animosities. The proceeds of the fair will be applied to the erection of a memorial hall by the military organization already named, the cost of which will be over $50,000.

THE decline of the Greenback movement is very clearly illustrated by the insignificant character of the New York Greenback Convention held at Syracuse last week. The attendance did not at any time exceed over one hundred persons, and the proceedings lacked altogether the vim and enthusiasm which two or three years ago characterized conventions of this sort. The truth is that the Greenback Labor Party is now nothing more than a refuge for crippled and decayed politicians who cannot find harbor anywhere else. The managers have no other ambition than to trade upon the little capital they imagine themselves to possess; but they are not likely to find any bidders this year for wares which are of no real value to either party.

A STATEMENT issued by the Treasury Department shows that the net revenue of the Government from all sources for 1880 is $333,526,610, while in 1879 it amounted to $273,827,184, an increase of $59,699,426. The net ordinary expenditures of the Government for 1880 are shown to be $267,642,367, against $266,947,883 for 1879. A comparison of expenditures for interest on the public debt and for pensions for the years 1879 and 1880 shows a large increase in the one and a considerable reduction in the other. For 1879 the interest on the public debt amounted to $105,327,949, and for 1880 to $95,757,575, a decrease of $9,570,374. In 1879 there was expended on account of pensions $35,121,482, while for 1880 the expenditure for this account amounted to $56,737,174, an increase of $21,655,692 in one year.

AT a recent meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association ex-Governor Seymour, in urging our commemorating, as a people, of the deeds of our ancestors, said very truly that the mere ornamentation which is put on public buildings, and which disfigures rather than adorns, greatly exceeds in cost each year the expense of erecting suitable monuments to mark the scenes of great events in our history and the graves of men who sacrificed their lives in obtaining the independence of our country. He maintained that the public moneys in this particular were unwisely expended, and the Association, under the impulse of his suggestion, resolved to appeal directly to Congress for financial help. Meanwhile, the work of constructing the monument will go forward under the $10,000 appropriation made by the Legislature.

WEEK before last several persons were killed and a large number seriously injured by the second section of an excursion train on a New Jersey railroad running into the first section on a siding. It now turns out that the disaster was due to the fact that the engineer did not know how to use the automatic brake, being utterly ignorant of the principles upon which it is operated, and that as a result the only check upon the train, when he attempted to stop it, was the power-brake applied to the driver-wheels. Had he understood his business, he could have stopped his train in thrice its own length; as it was, he barely stopped it in a mile and a half. There must be something wrong in a system of management under which ignorant and incompetent men are thus permitted to operate the motive power of a railway carrying thousands of passengers daily. The incident will not be lost if it shall impress upon railway managers the absolute importance of employing none but capable and trustworthy men as engineers. As a step to this end they must pay such wages as the highest forms of intelligence and conscientiousness have a right to exact, and abandon the niggardly policy which, as a rule, sets a premium upon stupidity and carelessness.

A REPORT just made by a sanitary inspector appointed to inquire into the subject of the health of shop-girls, as affected by long continued standing, has some importance as dissipating a false impression now very generally prevalent. It has been believed that women cannot maintain the standing posture as long as men without rendering them liable to sickness, but the facts disclosed by this sanitary inquiry do not sustain this common opinion. One employer testified that out of an average of 250 girls only 7 had died within fifteen years, and that there was very little severe sickness among them. Saleswomen themselves complain of their long hours of work, but there seems to be no evidence that their health is seriously affected by occupying a standing rather than a sitting posture. Still, it would be well if employers would generally provide sitting accommodations for employés, to be occupied at their leisure intervals.

CONNECTICUT and New Jersey are pivotal States in the present political campaign, and both parties seem determined to bring their best men to the front. In the former State the Republican nominee for Governor, a gentleman of great popularity and unexceptional character, is antagonized by ex-Governor James E. English, the Democratic candidate. Mr. English has an unblemished record, is able and popular, and his nomination will not only lift the canvass to a high plane, but secure a square trial of strength on the broad ground of principle and character between the parties of the State. In New Jersey the Republicans have nominated Hon. F. A. Potts for Governor, and go into the canvass with a vigor and enthusiasm which they have not manifested for years. "Mr. Potts," as the *World* remarks, "is one of the strongest and cleanest Republican leaders" of the State—a gentleman who enjoys the cordial respect and confidence of the good men of all parties, and whose record, both in political and business life, has been always conspicuous for conscientiousness, ability and integrity. The Democrats have yet to nominate, and unless they shall select a candidate representing the best and highest element of the party, the election of Mr. Potts—as many of their party-leaders concede—will be something more than probable.

CENSUS estimates fix the total population of the United States at about 48,000,000. The Northern States, as estimated, will have a population of 30,763,820, and the Southern States 17,692,331, the average rate of growth of the South being slightly in excess of twenty-eight per cent., and that of the North being slightly below twenty-seven per cent. This alleged heavy increase in the South is believed in some quarters not to be genuine, and it is certainly, to say the least of it, very unexpected. If the figures from all the States are correct, or approximately so, then the gain of the North in members of Congress will not be at all what has been anticipated. The basis of representation is now 131,425, which gives 292 members of the House. If the membership of the House should now be fixed at 300, and the quota of population for each Representative fixed at (say) 163,000, then Alabama, Indiana, Maine, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Vermont would lose one member each, and New York two. On the other hand, Texas would gain four, Kansas three, Minnesota two, Nebraska two, and California, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Virginia and West Virginia, each one. On this showing the net gain in what are commonly called the Southern States would be five Representatives, and the gains in the Northwest being reduced by the losses in the East, the net gain of the North would be only two.

THE elimination of the carpet-bag element from Louisiana politics seems to have been followed by the intrusion upon the scene, especially in New Orleans, of a ruffianly Democratic element, which proposes to itself the absolute control of the party policy. This element has recently distinguished itself by outbreaks of hoodlumism which have not only provoked the severest censure of respectable citizens of both parties, but have induced the reputable Democratic journals to propose instant action for the expulsion of the offenders from all share in the party management. Thus the *Picayune* says:

> "The fact is that the Democracy of this State and city has fallen largely under the control of bad men, who are Democrats only in name, and who, by capturing the machinery of the regular organization, have secured many of the highest and most lucrative offices of the Government. The party can never be vindicated until these men have been expelled from the party, or at least until they have lost their hold upon it through the control of ward clubs, primaries and parochial committees. The way to reach that end is to ignore the authority and even the existence of their clubs and committees, and to effect a new and genuinely Democratic organization."

It is creditable to the men of character in the Democratic Party that they are meeting the evil with which they are confronted in this decisive way. To submit to the domination of the hoodlums would be to invite not only disaster within but reproach from without. It is certainly to be hoped that the victory may rest, decisively and speedily, with the law-abiding men of the city and State.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE Prohibitionists of Maine have nominated Joshua N. Osgood for Governor.

ONE hundred and thirty-seven hostile Sioux Indians have been captured and brought into Fort Keogh.

THE prices of September coal were advanced ten cents a ton for large size and twenty cents for domestic grades.

MANY of the department clerks in Washington have been granted leave of absence to go to Maine for campaign work.

PROPOSITIONS have been submitted to the Treasury Department for an issue of gold certificates, similar to those for silver.

GENERAL MILES reports that 800 hostile Sioux have surrendered to him, and that 1,000 more are en route for the same purpose.

FULTON MARKET has again been declared unsafe, this time by a board of examiners appointed by the Department of Public Works.

THE New York State Greenback Convention, last week, nominated Thomas C. Armstrong for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

SPOTTED TAIL is assisting Government officers at Rosebud Agency in suppressing the thievish operations of certain Indian marauders.

THE American Bar Association in session at Saratoga last week elected Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, as president for the ensuing year.

GENERAL GRANT has written another letter expressing his satisfaction with the Republican national ticket. He will come East the latter part of August.

IT is announced that General Butler will support General Hancock. He is likely to receive the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

THE Connecticut Democratic Convention, last week, nominated by acclamation James E. English for Governor and Charles M. Pond for Lieutenant Governor.

IT is intimated that the Democratic managers of Indiana propose to ask the Supreme Court to review and revise its opinion declaring that the State election must be held in October.

THE Secretary of War has granted Cadet Whittaker a furlough pending further proceedings, which are likely to end in a court martial, which has been demanded on his behalf.

THE State Department has instructed the United States Minister at Constantinople to lay the case of the murdered American missionary, the Rev. J. W. Parsons, before the Porte.

THE triennial conclave of Knights Templar at Chicago ended August 19th with the election of officers. Sir Knight Benjamin Dean, of Boston, was elected Grand Master. The next grand conclave will be held at San Francisco.

THE military reservations located on public lands of the United States embrace 2,629,580 acres in twenty-four States and Territories. The largest amount in any one is in Montana, where the reservations aggregate 830,905 acres.

AN order reducing the rate of postage on newspapers mailed to foreign countries belonging to the Universal Postal Union to one cent for each weight of two ounces or fraction of two ounces, has been issued by the Post Office Department.

THE Attorney-General has instructed United States Marshals to enforce the Federal laws in Alabama against persons charged with bulling and intimidating United States witnesses, and destroying processes from the United States Court.

A FIRE at St. Louis, August 17th, destroyed a flouring mill, a number of cars containing grain and other property worth $500,000. The town of Eureka, Nevada, was nearly destroyed by fire on the same day, 300 buildings being burned, involving a loss of $750,000.

THE Receivers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad are cutting down expenses by suspending trains, dismissing workmen, etc. They are hard pushed for money, the whole amount to be raised during the year being $11,856,912, and this does not include money for wages nor materials furnished.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, is reported to have been nearly destroyed by the storm which prevailed along the Texas coast on the 11th and 12th instants, and that many lives were lost. The telegraph wires being down, no communication can be had with the stricken city.

Foreign.

THE Porte has at length agreed to surrender Dulcigno to Montenegro.

THE Employers' Liability Bill has passed the British House of Commons.

DIPLOMATIC relations have been established between Roumania and the United States.

IN Mexico, the supporters of Lerdo and Gonzales are said to have combined for political objects.

NEGOTIATIONS are proceeding between the United States and Great Britain as to the Fortune Bay affair.

PAN-SLAVIST preparations are going on for the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria in case of war between Turkey and Greece.

SENOR EMILIO CASTELAR has issued a manifesto asking his adherents to participate in the Spanish elections to be held on September 5th.

CHILI is preparing to send a larger force northward for the capture of Lima. In Lima the paper dollar is worth ten cents, and in Valparaiso sixty cents.

FLOODS have destroyed the crops in Silesia and East and West Prussia and caused immense loss of life and property. It is feared the condition of the lands will prevent sowing this Fall.

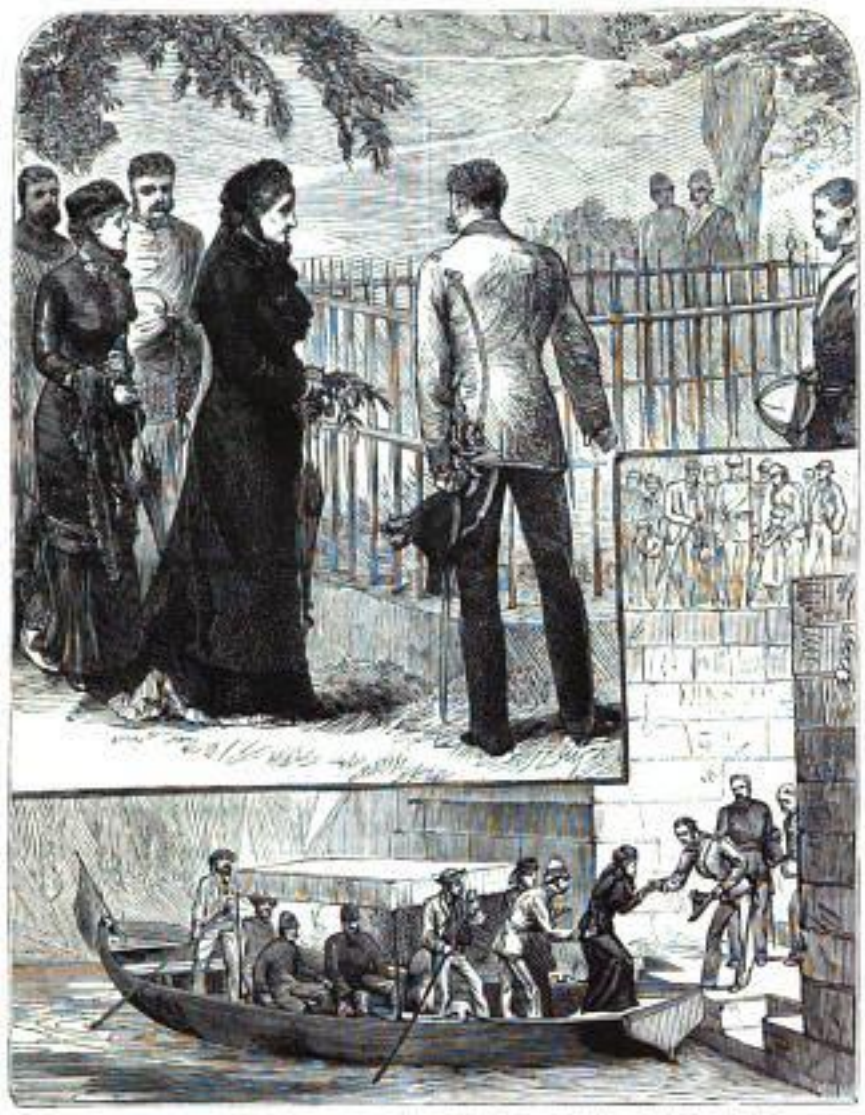
THE appointments of General Louis Melikoff as Minister of the Interior, and General Tchevrein, hitherto Director of the Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery, as his Under Secretary, are gazetted.

A BERLIN correspondent says he hears on good authority that the British proposal to enforce the decisions of the Berlin Conference by armed measures is coldly received by the Powers. Germany has already declined to participate in such intervention.

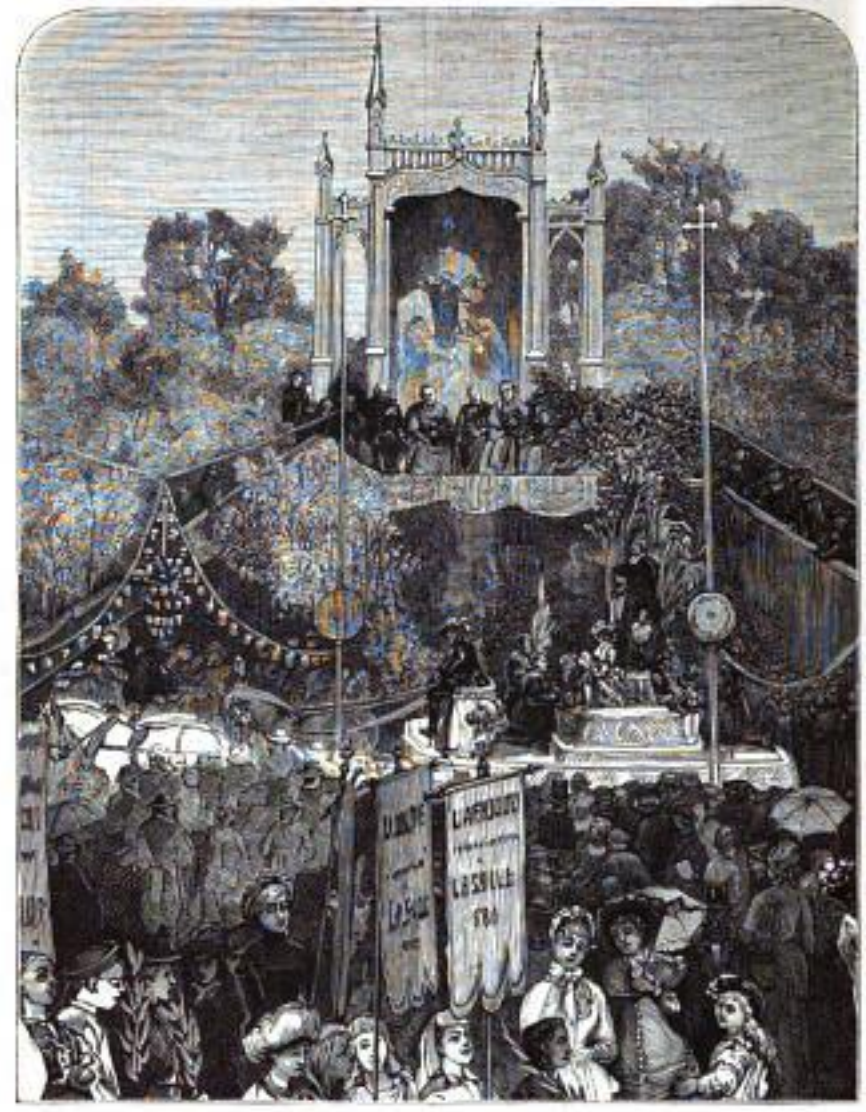
MR. ANGELL, the new United States Envoy to China, left Yokohama July 19th, in the United States ship *Ashuelot*, accompanied by his family. He proceeds first to Shanghai, thence northward, touching at various ports, proposing to reach Pekin about the end of August. Commissioners Swift and Trescott sail in the United States ship *Richmond*, intending to join Mr. Angell before arriving at Pekin.

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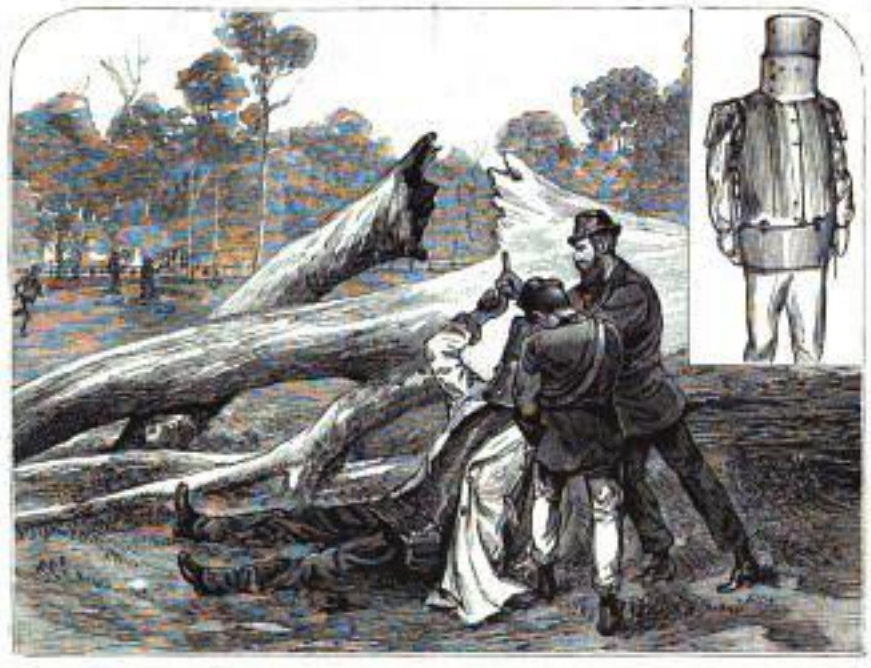
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



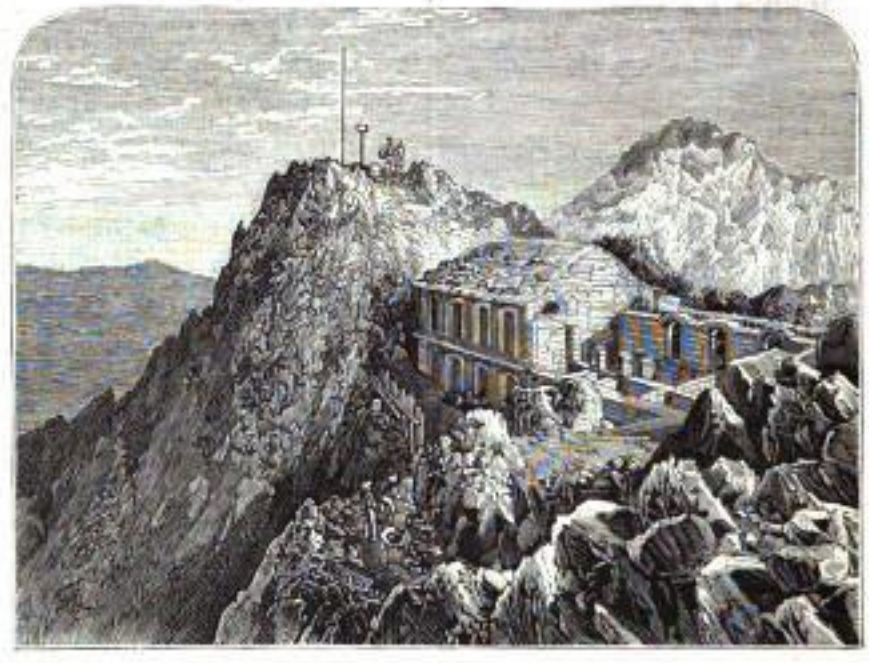
ST. HELENA.—VISIT OF THE EX-EMPRESS TO THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.



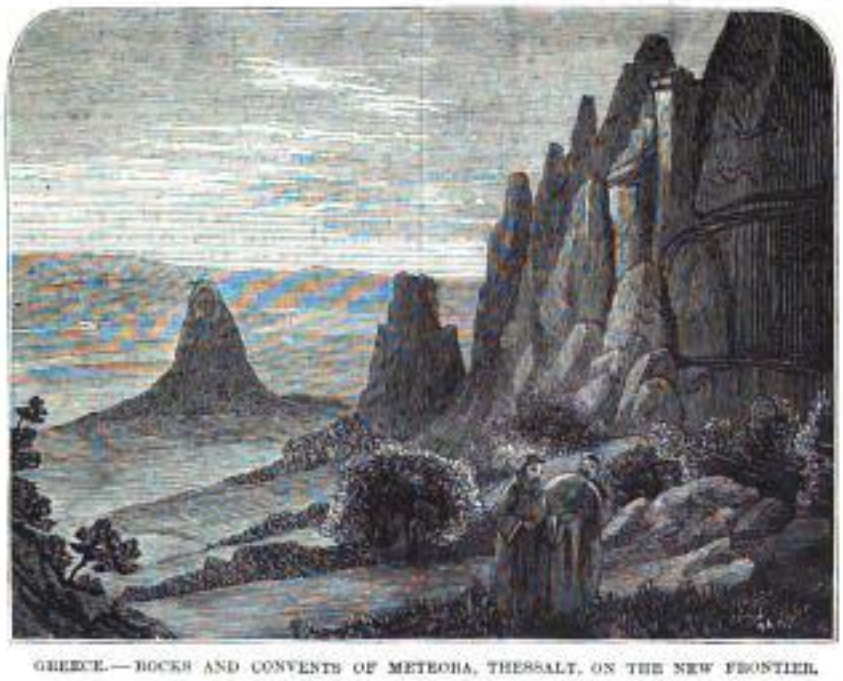
FRANCE.—THE SECOND CENTENARY OF LA SALLE, AT RHEIMS.



AUSTRALIA.—CAPTURE OF NED KELLY, NEAR GLENBOWAN, NEW SOUTH WALES.



FRANCE.—THE NEW OBSERVATORY AT THE PIC DU MIDI.



GREECE.—ROCKS AND CONVENTS OF METEORA, THESSALY, ON THE NEW FRONTIER.



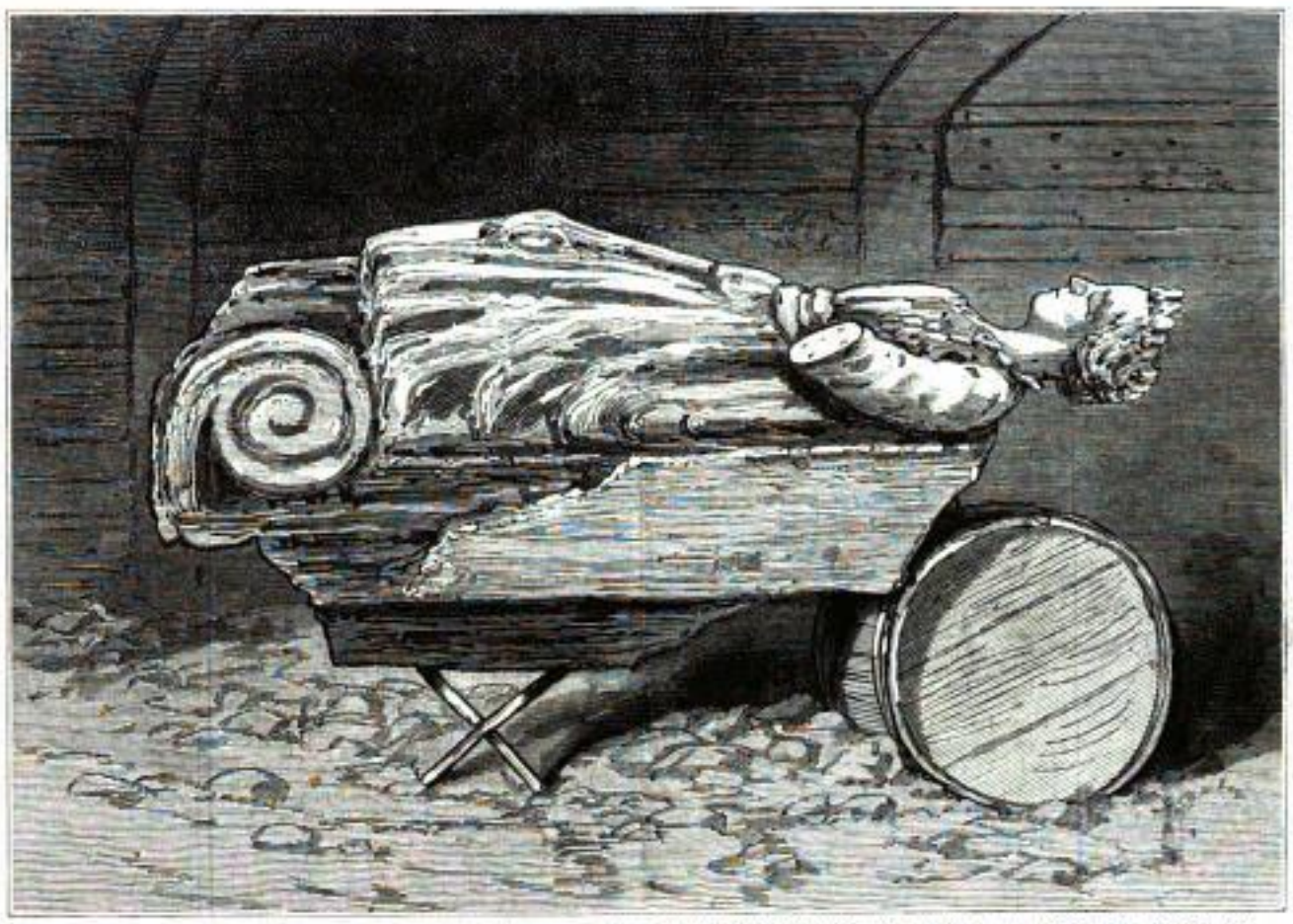
SPAIN.—THE COLUMBUS CELL IN THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

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THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "ATALANTA."

THE British barkentine *Girt of Devon*, Captain Grant, which arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on July 29th last, had on board a large, white, painted figure-head, which the captain affirmed to be the head of the ill-starred British training-ship *Atalanta*. In accordance with the ordinary scale, the figure-head would exactly fit a ship ranging from 700 to 900 tons. It is the figure of a goddess, and very similar to the figures of Diana or Atalanta, as represented by Roman and Greek mythologists. It is a three-fourths length figure, with a coronal fillet on the head. The robes that flow loose and gracefully over the figure are gathered by a buckle above the knee, and a few inches below the figure is truncated and takes a fluent, wedge-like shape, where it entered the ship's cutwater. As a considerable reward has been offered by the British Admiralty for any authenticated fragment of the missing ship, Captain Grant will retain his prize till he reaches England in his own vessel.

In a carefully-executed sketch of the *Atalanta* that appeared in the London *Illustrated News* of the 26th of last April, the figure-head, as there represented, is, as to pose of body, reduced scale, size, and all essential features, the same as that picked up by the *Girt of Devon*. When Captain Grant first saw the floating figure, about a quarter of a mile distant, a seagull was perched on the bust. The position of the ship at the time was latitude 46 degrees 12 minutes north, longitude 22 degrees 30 minutes west. One noticeable feature about the figure-head is the evidence of great violence, either by collision with ice or with floating wreckage. The large metal bolts that fastened it to the cutwater are rudely bent and broken, indicating the application of a tremendous shock to the bows of the ship, and the lower part of the figure is broken and splintered, which tends to strengthen the theory of collision.



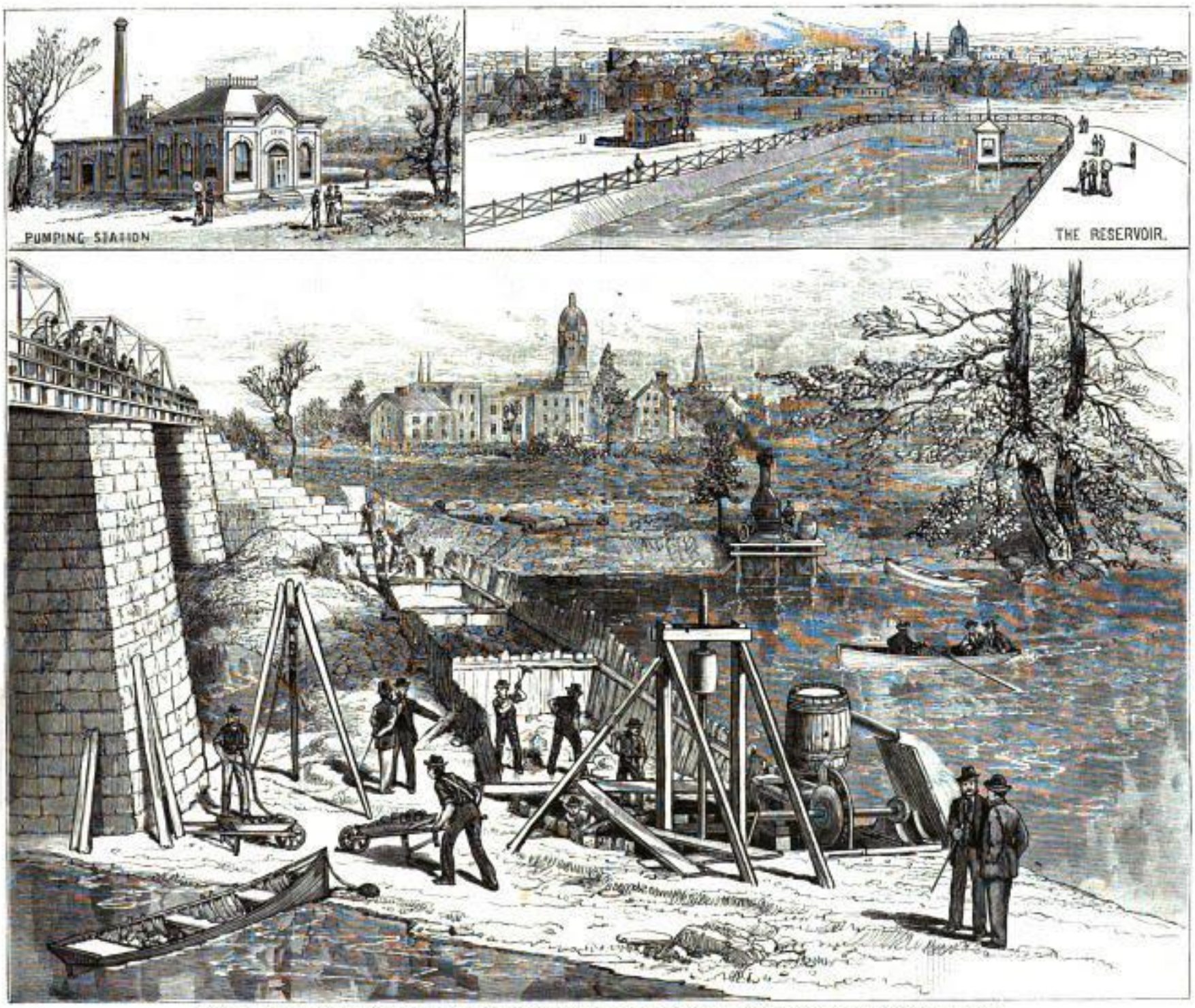
THE RECOVERED FIGURE-HEAD OF THE MISSING BRITISH TRAINING-SHIP "ATALANTA."—SKETCHED AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. BY J. W. HAYWARD.

THE NEW WATER-WORKS AT FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

WE Illustrate on this page the water-works now in course of construction at Fort Wayne, Ind., at a cost of $300,000. The city of Fort Wayne lies at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Rivers, which here form the Maumee, and has now a population of some 30,000, with all the improvements, except a water-supply system, which are found in our modern cities. Two years ago the question of erecting water-works was submitted to a vote of the people, who decided by a large majority in favor of the proposition. After some discussion the trustees decided to use the Holly system of motive power, and engines of large capacity were purchased. Work was commenced in 1879 by H. D. Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, who had the contract for furnishing and laying the pipes. The only serious trouble they have experienced was in crossing the St. Mary's River. The pumping station is located on the northern city limits, in close connection with the settling-basin, or well, into which it is expected that, owing to the nature of the ground, enough water will filter to supply the public wants. If not, access can be had to Spy Run, a stream in near proximity. The water is forced through pipes under the St. Mary's to the southern part of the city, where the reservoir is located. The reservoir has a capacity of 300,000 gallons, and the head of water is ninety-seven feet above the city level. The water is distributed through twenty-six miles of pipe. The work—except the reservoir—will be completed in October next, when there will be a State Firemen's Tournament. The work has been under the supervision of J. D. Cook, engineer, with C. S. Brackenridge as assistant. The trustees are Messrs. Chas. McCulloch, Henry Mouning and Christian Berreker.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

A DISPATCH was received in New York on Saturday, August 14th, stating that the dome of the great cathedral at Cologne had been finished, the last stone having been inserted in the finial of the second tower. The Cathedral of Cologne has been 630 years in building, it having been begun at about 1250, in the height of the religious enthusiasm in the Roman Catholic Church, when enormous edifices were required to accommodate the crowds who thronged to the altar. It is the largest example of Gothic architecture in the world, and, unlike most of the finest of the old cathedrals, its plans were designed with mathematical exactness. This has detracted somewhat from its artistic merit, and it is inferior to some of the French cathedrals, such as Rheims, the genius of the architects in the latter cases having had free scope. The Cologne Cathedral is a glorious pile, however, and it towers like a mountain above the city in the



INDIANA.—NEW WATER-WORKS IN COURSE OF ERECTION FOR THE CITY OF FORT WAYNE.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. F. WING.

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plate when seen from a distance. It is 511 feet long and 231 feet in breadth, and its twin towers are 512 feet high, exactly the same as its length. Up to 1530 it remained in the same state as in the Middle Ages, only the great choir and a portion of the towers having been built, the entire main part of the structure, the nave, transept and the aisles not having been begun. But, fortunately, the original plans had been found in the dusty archives of the cathedral, giving every detail of its construction, so that the work could be carried on exactly as at first intended. In 1830 there was a great enthusiasm for the monuments of the past throughout Germany, and the work of completing the noble pile was taken hold of with energy under King Frederick William III. of Prussia. It has been pushed forward rapidly, and as much has been done in the last fifty years as could have been done in centuries of the Middle Ages. The greater part of the building is really of modern construction. One of the towers contains the famous Kaiser Glocke (emperor's bell), presented by Emperor William in thanksgiving for the victory over France. The work has been done by large Government appropriations, private subscriptions, and by the Cologne Cathedral Building Society (Dombauverein), with frequent drawings of a grand lottery. The nave, aisles and the transept were consecrated in 1848, and the whole interior was thrown open in 1863.

THE TWO MISS AMBERLEYS.

WITHIN the vine-clad window two charming girls, in the severely simple attire that fashion prescribes for traveling. Without, a long, well knit, masculine figure lies perdu in the grass, face invisible, being covered by the owner's hat. To him there saunters another gentleman, dark, stylish, wide-awake.

"Hullo, Kingston! Wake up. Got something to tell you." And he unkindly draws away the sheltering hat, disclosing a handsome, angry face.

"Confound you! What makes you pester a fellow so in this warm weather?" says the victim, sitting up disconsolately.

"Did I spoil your nap? Have a cigar, instead. I wanted to tell you of the new arrival, Aggie Amberley, the great heiress, with her cousin and companion. There's a chance for you to get a rich wife, my boy!"

"Don't want one. Hang this cigar, it don't draw! A poor man like myself can't afford to marry a rich wife."

"I should say that he couldn't afford to marry anything else," laughed the other, "and Aggie Amberley is a beauty as well as an heiress. You don't often meet such a prize!"

"You had better make up to her yourself," said Kingston, dryly.

"Perhaps I shall, and leave you the cousin, who is also a beauty in another style. Hanged if I'll tell you which is which, though! And you'll never find it out from the manner of our hosts towards them. There are no worshipers of the golden calf in this house."

"Humph!" said Kingston, and smoked a few minutes in silence; then he broke out: "The man that marries a woman for her money is the meanest creature that crawls on this earth! You have money enough of your own, Preston, for your motives to be above suspicion, but as for me—by Jove! I would not marry a rich woman if I loved her ever so well! I've no fancy for the name of fortune-hunter."

"Bravo, Don Quixote!" laughed his friend. "Now, suppose we go and take a swim. You need some cooling off."

They strolled away, unconscious of fair eyes watching them.

Then said one young lady to the other:

"If that fellow does not marry a rich woman, my name's not Aggie Amberley!"

A few days later Mrs. Courtney and her guests were grouped on the lawn—the ladies with some dainty needlework, Mr. Preston reading aloud to them; Harry Kingston in his favorite position, flat on his back in the grass, working at a certain problem which had been troubling him for some days—Which was Aggie Amberley? That tall, stylish blonde in lilac silk, with pond-lilies on her bosom, or this graceful, dark-eyed fairy in fluttering white muslin?

"The fair-haired one for money! She looks more like a fashionable beauty, as Jim Preston said the heiress was. Not that charming little gypsy. Providence would never bestow a fortune on a girl with such a bewitching face. It would be too much partiality. But she don't look much like a poor relation either. I'd give a good deal to hear one of those young ladies call the other by her Christian name."

Said the fair Miss Amberley: "Aggie, have you a needleful of violet silk?"

Said the dark Miss Amberley: "No, Aggie; but I can get you some from up-stairs."

Harry fairly gasped.

Later he learned that the blonde was called Agnes and the brunette Agatha.

Then he began to notice that Miss Agatha dressed more simply than her cousin and that she was always ready to offer small services which the other accepted calmly. And one day the young lady expressed it as her opinion that riches must be a great burden, although, to be sure, Cousin Aggie had such a mind for finances! But for her part, she hoped no one would leave her a fortune.

This was said in a confidential way, with her great eyes looking earnestly into his.

"And what eyes the little thing has," thought Kingston, "they look a fellow's heart right out of his body."

After that Kingston considered his first problem very happily solved. Another had taken its place. How much money was necessary for the luxury of marriage? Jim Preston was courting Miss Agnes Amberley without any attempt at disguise. Perhaps his example was a little bit infectious. At all events Kingston and Miss Agatha were thrown much together, and their confidential talks increased in number and interest. On the last day of Kingston's visit he took a farewell stroll with Agatha. They stopped on a little rustic bridge thrown over a hollow. They were telling each other their first impressions.

"So you thought my cousin looked as if she was born in the purple. And pray what did you think of me?"

"You'll be angry."

"Oh, no, I won't."

"Well, then, I said to myself, 'What a dear little gypsy.'"

Of course Miss Amberley was not angry. She had said she would not be, but she struck her hand hard against the rough woodwork.

"Take care, you will hurt yourself. And now, may I ask your first opinion of me?"

"I thought—that is, I said to myself—'There is a man I shall just enjoy making a fool of,'" she answered, spitefully. "Oh!"

She had run a great splinter into her hand. It was very painful. Harry worked forgivingly to get it out. Just as he succeeded, Miss Amberly turned alarmingly white and murmured:

"Don't be frightened—how foolish I am—I feel like——" And but for his arm she would have fallen.

Kingston was too much bewildered to do anything but hold her tight and cover the wounded hand with kisses.

Strange to say, this peculiar method of reviving a young lady succeeded. She opened her eyes and the color returned to her face.

"Mr. Kingston!" pulling her hand away.

"Oh, if you wanted to make a fool of me," he said, gloomily, "you have entirely succeeded. I love you!"

He expected her to draw herself coldly from his hold, but she did not. She seemed quite contented where she was, only a rosy glow overspread her face, and she whispered:

"Are you sure—very sure?"

"I wish I was as sure of my eternal salvation!"

"Oh, Harry! No, you must not do that! Do you love me enough not to care whether I am rich or poor?"

"Ten thousand times Yes!"

"And—and you want me for your wife anyhow?"

"Of course I do."

"Then take me! You may kiss me now, Harry."

And he did.

"Of course it makes no difference to you," said the young lady, presently; "but you have offered yourself to the rich Miss Amberley. You needn't start so. You can't throw me over now, sir."

For a moment that was just what Harry thought of doing, but the quick tears in his companion's eyes brought him to his senses.

Voices below. Mr. Preston passed through the ravine in company with the other Miss Amberley. He was holding the young lady's hand, and her stately composure seemed for once somewhat ruffled.

"No more of this, Mr. Preston!" she exclaimed, in an agitated voice. "It is right that I should tell you it was my cousin's whim to confuse our identity. You doubtless think you are addressing Miss Amberley, the heiress——"

"Not at all," interrupted Preston. "I have known the truth all along. It is only Kingston who is deceived, and if that is all the defense you can make——"

The pair passed out of sight.

"It is too funny!" declared Agatha, leaning on her lover's shoulder to laugh. "That will be a match, too."

And it was. And the following Winter the two Miss Amberleys passed out of existence, but Mrs. Harry Kingston and Mrs. James Preston became the belles of the season.

SUMMER LIFE ON LAKE CHAUTAUQUA.

LAKE CHAUTAUQUA, possessing a dull Indian legend not worth narrating, was discovered by Tachoque, the favorite son of a wandering tribe, who named it Juduqua. The lake is fed from several small inlets and springs, and its outlet, Conewango River, lazily washes the 10,000 inhabited town of Jamestown. At its head it is three miles wide; two miles further down Point Chautauqua and Fair Point confront one another, then comes the low wooded Long Point, and then the lake widens till it resembles the Hudson at Nyack. I was informed that the lake abounds in fish, and that a ten-pound pickerel is no uncommon take. Being an old hand, I receive fishing and hunting stories, as diplomatists say, "under reserve." Woodcock were mentioned, as were also ruffled grouse, squirrel and duck. Communication between Jamestown—the seat of our most extensive alpaca mills—and the various landings along the lake, is admirably kept up by a fleet of propellers, one of them, the Jamestown, being capable of conveying 2,500 passengers. Mayville is perched at the head of the lake. It is the Chautauqua county seat, and boasts of a court-house and other county buildings, a Union school edifice, three large churches and a newspaper. When I visited the town it was fairly enveloped in a mist of lake flies, so thick as to form a dark cloud. Those flies rise from out the lake at certain seasons and drive the inhabitants almost crazy. Luckily for the natives the life of the fly is but of a few hours' duration. It is with Chautauqua, otherwise known as Fair Point—the seat of the National Sunday-school Assembly, and several other assemblies of an evangelical nature—that I have to deal. The visitor, who approaches it by water, perceives a dense grove of gigantic forest trees, with dots of white appearing here and there from between their trunks. Presently a large and pretentious building looms up. This is the Palace Hotel. As the boat draws nearer, a dock may be made out, and then he perceives statuary, and arbors, and flowers, and vigorous indications of the aid extended by the hand of man to the extraordinary beauties of nature. Once ashore and Chautauqua instantly reveals itself. It is a city of canvas, interspersed here and there with frame Lilliputian dwellings, while Brobdingnagian amphitheatres, lecture halls and churches, loom up amongst the trees in startling immensity when compared with their tiny surroundings, and above all the great forest trees keep solemn watch and ward.

The frame houses are mostly uniform as to shape, and consist of a gaping entrance wide as a church-door, Gothic in form, a railed stoop, and balcony over it. Upon the stoop and balcony the dwellers reside. It is no figure of speech to say that the Chautauqua people keep open house. The door yawns; the whole façade seems to open like a doll's-house. Everybody can tell what everybody else is doing, and the economy of space is as carefully studied as on board a ten-ton yacht. It is amusing to read "Rooms to Let," posted upon edifices consisting, to all appearance, of but one apartment, the apartment already fully occupied. The inhabitants all pose for effect, as if they were sitting to Mr. L. E. Walker, the photographer of the Point. Attitude is everything at Chautauqua, from the amphitheatre to the hammock. The cooking is done al fresco. In close proximity to most of the houses are stumps of felled trees. Upon these are pots and pans and broilers, and all the paraphernalia of the culinary department, while the fire is lighted in a niche in the stump. The odor of frying veal greets the olfactory nerves at every turn. The fatted calf is killed for these non-prodigals. The canvas dwellings are wonderfully picturesque. Some of them are decorated with devices in leaves and ferns and flowers. Canary birds hang suspended in brass cages. The interiors consist of a Saratoga trunk, a bed fit for an anchorite, an iron washstand, and a cracked fifty-cent mirror. In front, as on the stage in a booth at a country fair, stand the dinner table, camp stools, and—nothing more. People leave cozy homesteads for this sort of thing, and call it—what? I can well understand the fascination of camping out, the solitude of the solemn woods, the lonely shore, the mountain's brow; but to be in an enlarged sack in a grove where the chatter of 10,000 people only ceases late in the night, to be en évidence and to pose from rosy morn to dewy eve, "I'll none of it, my masters!"

Chautauqua is indented with ravines, one of which has been artfully embanked, a roof clapped on it, benches for seating 6,000 persons extended down its slopes, and this is called the amphitheatre. Here sermons and lectures and addresses are delivered; here is the Chautauqua salute flung out through the medium of white pocket-handkerchiefs; lighted by electricity, the night effect is weird and spectral, especially during a microscopic illustration, and the gaunt, hideous form of some unknown insect leaps into life on the great white disk. In St. Paul's Grove is the Hall of Philosophy, open à la grecque, hung with basket gardens and ornamented with busts of the ancient philosophers, grim-looking individuals all, from Plato to Socrates. This grove was dedicated to the uses of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." The Hall is also used by the Normal School of Languages. I was considerably astonished to find myself stumbling over some toy houses about two inches in height; nor did my wonderment abate upon being informed that I had upset the entire City of Jericho. For a moment I imagined myself Gulliver in Lilliput, but a signboard announced that I was in Palestine Park, and surrounded in miniature by the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, Mount Tabor, Mount Hermon, and the cities of Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethany, Capernaum, Bethlehem, and other places mentioned in Holy Writ. Quitting the Holy Land, I turned into a New England kitchen, an exact counterpart of that exhibited at the Centennial, where I found that pork and beans was the only typical New England dish to be had in this rough-hewn log edifice. Crossing to Wesley Avenue, I found myself in the great auditorium, erected beneath gigantic trees, and capable of seating 5,000 people. The stage is admirably fitted up, the decorations tasteful in the extreme. The Jewish Tabernacle, Ancient Pyramid, and Children's Temple are within bow-shot; the latter, built in the form of a Greek cross, measures 101x84 feet, and has a seating capacity for 1,500. The most important dwelling at Chautauqua, so far as the artist and I were concerned, is the tent used by General Grant when visiting the lake, and in which, owing to the courtesy of Mr. Lewis Miller—the distinguished president of the Fair Point Association—we slept the sleep of the just during our sojourn. It is very lofty, very roomy, and boasts of a parlor, bedroom and dressing-room, in addition to which is a sort of gigantic sunshade in front, forming the most agreeable apartment of all. I have paid dearly for worse accommodation in many first class hotels.

The Chautauquans are early people, very early people. We were awakened at 5 A.M. by the "Sweet By-and-by," and at 10:30 P.M. we two were the only people outside wood or canvas. Ah, yes, there were two more—lovers, who had improved the occasion by a wander in the leaky shades of the grim old trees. A night-watchman awaited their coming beneath a lamp that hung from a piece of board nailed to a tree. The manner in which that guardian of the night informed the amorous pair that it was past retiring hour was a sermon and an impeachment in one.

"Two bells ring," he informed us, as the abashed couple scurried away, "the first at 10 o'clock to tell all folks to be preparing for bed. That bell brings 'em to their quarters, and the second sees lights out. We don't want no romancing around here, and my business is to see that no couples are out after 10:30. But I never offend them; I only says, 'It's past the hour'; they know what I mean well enough."

A Chautauqua day is thus apportioned out: 6 A.M., bath; 6:30, breakfast; 7:30, normal class drill; 8:30, witnessing the exercises in the Children's Temple; 9:30, concert; 10:30, scientific *conversazione* in the Pavilion; 12:30, dinner; 2, lecture in the Auditorium; 4, lecture in Palestine Park; 5, blackboard exercises; 6, tea; 7:30, evening service, and then croquet, boating, fireworks, etc., till the 10 o'clock bell, and at 10:30 everybody is housed, or ought to be.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS AND FERNS IN CENTRAL PARK.

FLOWERS! How the universal hand of man blesses them! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child in the Far West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms, or, as they have been happily termed, "the illuminated Scriptures of the prairies." How eagerly the pent-up city children cull ferns and flowers, bringing them back messengers of peace to their respective arks! It is on the Spring and Summer evenings that the little ones return laden with sweet-smelling spoils; but their harvest is in the Fall, when the leaves are dyed blood-red, or russet or gold, and the ferns are like feathers worn by Queen Titania and her fairy court. Happy are they who can roam into the country and pluck ferns at their sweet will will; and unhappy the lot of the charming young girls in our illustration, who, in dread of the approaching policeman, bundle their forbidden fruit into their aprons and scamper off like frightened deer.

HON. H. B. BIGELOW.

THE Hon. Hobart B. Bigelow, the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, is at present the Mayor of the City of New Haven. He was born at North Haven in 1834. The first sixteen years of his life were spent in his country home, where he led the usual life of a country boy, including the "schooling" obtainable in such localities. At the age of seventeen he went to New Haven, and found employment in the shops of the New Haven Manufacturing Company. Here he remained for two years, hard at work, and when nineteen years old entered the employment of Ives & Smith, founders and machinists. He passed in that building through successive changes, from journeyman to foreman, and from foreman to proprietor of the works. He commenced business for himself just before the war, and that period, which proved a condensed golden age to many, was not unfavorable to Mr. Bigelow. In 1861, in connection with Mr. Henry Bushnell, the inventor of the compressed air motor, he took a large Government contract for furnishing "gun parts" for 300,000 Springfield muskets. This took about three years, during which time he had in his employment 200 men. After the war he carried on his business at the same place, until its increase made a removal to more commodious quarters necessary, and in 1867 he removed to Grapevine Point, where his work as a boiler-maker has greatly increased, and where he has added to his business the construction of engines which have become well known for their excellence of make and their serviceableness.

Soon after he began business for himself his ability began to be appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and he was elected to the Council, serving therein with such acceptance to his constituents that he was elected Alderman the year following, serving one term. Eight years ago the Common Council appointed him a member of the Board of Supervisors, and he held the office five years. In 1874 he was appointed by Mayor Lewis a member of the Board of Fire Commissioners for the term of three years, and declined a reappointment at the expiration of his term. In 1875 he went to the Legislature, where he was a very popular member, and did good service on the Committee on Banks. December 3d, 1878, he was elected Mayor of New Haven by the great majority of 2,287, and has filled the office to the satisfaction of the people.

The qualities that have made him successful are industry, a mind capable of dealing with large matters, quickness in decision, "pluck," justice in his dealings with all, and friendliness. His private life is irreproachable, he gives freely of his abundance, he is kind to and considerate of his employés, and seeks to do his duty in all the relations of life.

In our next number we will give a portrait of Hon. James E. English, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

HON. DAVID H. JEROME, OF MICHIGAN.

THE Hon. David H. Jerome, the Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan, was born at Detroit on the 17th of November, 1822. On the death of his father, which occurred when Mr. Jerome was an infant, his mother went to Central New York, but returned in 1843 and settled in St. Clair County, where Mr. Jerome was educated. In 1853 he went to California and engaged in mining, but returned to Michigan in 1854 and embarked in business at Saginaw City, where he has resided ever since, and is now the senior member of the hardware firm of D. H. Jerome & Co. In 1862 he was authorized by Governor Blair to raise the regiment apportioned to the Sixth Congressional District, and was commissioned commandant of camp, with the rank of colonel, to prepare the regiment for the field. In 1865 he was appointed on the State Military Board, of which he continued a member and President until the year 1873. In 1862 he was elected to the State Senate, and served six years. During his entire Senatorial career he was Chairman of the important Committee on State Affairs. He was one of the Commissioners to prepare a new State Constitution. At present Mr. Jerome is President of the Saginaw Valley and St. Louis Railroad and of the Saginaw Street Railroad Company. He is also a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners and a trustee of the Michigan Military Academy. Religiously, he is an Episcopalian, and has been a vestryman in the Episcopal Church for twenty-three years.

An International Charity Congress.

AN International Congrès de Bienfaisance is to be held at Milan, Italy, from the 29th of August to the 4th of September, and the United States has been invited, as before announced, to send one or more representatives. The matter has been referred to General Eaton, the commissioner of education, who has invited an eminent philanthropist of Massachusetts to become the American representative. As this gentleman has not signified his acceptance, his name cannot be made public. The Congress, like its predecessors at Frankfort-on-the-Main, London, Brussels and Naples, will have for its objects the discussion of all questions relating to the administration of public charities. Among the questions under that general head to be proposed for consideration are the following: "What action may the State, the province and the commune take in the organization and administration of charities?" "Which are the most natural principles for the regulation of tutelage, the supervision and administration of charity, as well as the reforms necessary in institutions which no longer answer the objects of the founders?" "What is the best mode of distributing alms?" "What is the relation between almsgiving and the provident institutions?" "What is the best method of rendering sanitary assistance to the poor in their homes?" "How can liberated prisoners best be assisted?" "In what manner can abandoned children best be cared for?"

The Approaching Royal Birth in Spain.

NO SOONER does a Spanish prince or princess of the blood royal condescend to be born than the august little stranger is called upon to play a conspicuous part in court ceremonials of a very solemn and fatiguing character. The programme of action to be observed on such occasions has just been published at Madrid, in anticipation of a "happy event" expected to take place in the Palacio Real before the end of this month, and will doubtless be carried out to its minutest detail. According to ancient prescriptions, the lying-in chamber of a Spanish queen may not have more than one door, which must communicate with a saloon in which the great officers of State, deputations from both Chambers of the Cortes, admirals, marshals, and grandees of Spain are required to assemble when the Body Surgeon of her Majesty shall announce that the birth is at hand. This announcement is made to the President of the Council and the Minister of Justice, who are conducted by the King in person into the Queen's bedroom, where the accoucheur officially communicates to them the state of affairs. This they, in their turn, impart to the illustrious gathering in the aforesaid saloon. The assembled dignitaries then wait patiently until the royal infant "deigns to enter the world." As soon as this important event takes place, the King carries the newborn babe into the saloon on a huge golden salver, and exhibits it to all present, commencing with the Minister-President. Twenty-four hours later its birth is registered civilly, and the Cardinal Patriarch of India baptizes it in the palace chapel. Immediately after this ceremony the baby, if a boy, is dubbed knight, and invested with the insignia of the Golden Fleece.

Sarah Bernhardt's Wardrobe.

SARAH BERNHARDT is having made in Paris twenty-seven dresses for eight plays of her *répertoire* and twenty for general use, preparatory to her appearance in the United States, at a total cost of 75,000 francs. The following is a sketch of the most important of the dresses: For "Adrienne Lecouvreur," all Louis XV. style, one toilet with ivory satin train and front of skirt of China-blue drapery, with garlands of red and tea-roses, and Alen on lace on a pointed bodice. Another toilet of brocade silk, specially made in Lyons, with cascades of flowers embroidered on the skirt, and the bodice trimmed with Bruges lace. The goods alone of this dress cost 2,500 francs. Another *déshabillé* toilet, all of satin and Languedoc lace. For "Camille," a ball dress of white satin, with large embroidered camellias covering a ground which is wholly of pearls, a court train and a novel arrangement secured at the shoulder and draping at the side. This dress costs 10,000 francs. Another dress for a *déshabillé* toilet, wholly of Valenciennes lace and pearls. For "Frou-Frou," ivory satin dress, covered with embroidery of pearl and mother-of-pearl. One Lampas dress, with crimson flowers on a cream ground, and a crimson grain. One dress, all of black satin and jet, bow-

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necked, with a cuirass. For the "Sphinx," one sensational dress, with yellow satin skirt, black and jet waist, with two huge ravens upholding the skirt. A house dress of brocade silk, with crimson and pale roses on a cream ground, and ruby satin train. This dress is marvelously effective.

The World's Coffee Production.

THE four great coffee countries of the world are Brazil, Java, Sumatra and Ceylon. The data and figures for 1879 show that Brazil itself has produced an extraordinary quantity of beans. Hitherto, 250,000 tons have been considered as a good yearly figure for Brazil; last year, the export alone amounted to 273,000 tons. But the consumption of coffee in the country itself now amounts to 80,000 tons, raising the total yearly products of Brazil to 353,000 tons. Fortunately for the planters in other parts of the world, coffee has grown into a necessity in the United States, and, thanks to this, its price has risen. Although the soil of Brazil, especially for coffee culture, is very extensive, yet the difficulty of obtaining labor daily becomes greater, and this renders it doubtful whether the above figure can be much exceeded. The crop in Java and Sumatra was estimated at 94,000 tons for export; the consumption of the inhabitants, although the population is double that of Brazil, is not half that of the latter country. The production in Ceylon, though greater than that of 1878, shows a falling off when compared with former years; there were in all 41,200 tons exported from the island, the native consumption being very small. Coffee is, besides, grown in Central America, in several of the South American Republics, in the British and other colonies of the West Indies, in Hayti, Cuba, Porto Rico, Arabia, Mauritius, Réunion, and along the northeast coast of Africa, in Liberia, and the African West Coast, in Manilla, Celebes, and several of the Islands of the Pacific, and, lastly, in British India. But the total production of all these regions does not reach half of the export of the four chief countries named above.

Not Fit for Soldiers.

A SERIOUS falling off in the physical quality of the youths this year drawn for military service in the manufacturing towns of Germany is at present the subject of grave consideration at the Imperial War Office. The commissions at work in several such towns for the examination and drafting of the annual levies have, it appears, reported the results of their recently terminated labors as being of an unusually unsatisfactory character. At Barmen, for instance, 706 young men, who, upon the completion of their twentieth year, presented themselves at the local headquarters in order that their fitness for service might be submitted to the customary tests, only yielded 139 recruits for the line and nine for the guard. Of the remainder, 455 were dismissed to their homes as permanently disqualified from serving their country in arms, and 127 were relegated to the reserves of the first and second class. The main causes of rejection were constitutional debility and physical deformities. A large number of these pallid, feeble lads, moreover were found to consist of married men, not infrequently fathers of one or two children born in wedlock. This fact has suggested to the military authorities the expediency of recommending to the Reichstag, next session, a law prohibiting marriage to youths liable to army service until they shall have completed such service or attained the full age of twenty-three. The proposition, as it entails little or no hardship upon the rising generation, may very likely commend itself to the practical common sense of the Imperial German Legislature.

The Biggest Gambling on Record.

PLAY has run so high of late at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club that the most august personages in Russia have felt themselves called upon to check the gambling propensities of the reckless Boyars, whose recent inordinate gains and losses have been brought under Government cognizance. The particular episode which prompted imperial intervention was the changing of hands, within a week, of no less a sum than $3,000,000 in the play rooms of the club. More than half of that enormous amount was lost by Prince Demidoff, of San Donato, to his cousin, Colonel Count Schouvaloff—not the diplomatist, but an aide-de-camp to the Czar. This stupendous gambling transaction came to the ears of Count Loris Melikoff, who deemed it his duty to report the matter to the Emperor, craving his Majesty's permission to dissolve the club. This crowning disaster to the *jeunesse dorée* of the Russian capital was averted through the interposition of the Grand Duke Vladimir; but the Czar sent for Count Schouvaloff, and laid his commands upon that gentleman to return seven-eighths of his winnings to Prince Demidoff, observing that "he might be very well satisfied with having gained $40,000 at a game of cards." It is needless to say that his Majesty's orders were carried out to the letter.

Progress in Jerusalem.

A WONDERFUL change has taken place in Jerusalem of late years, and it is probably now a more comfortable residence than ever before in its history. Mr. Schick, who holds the appointment of Surveyor of Buildings in the holy city, has lately issued a very instructive report. He tells us that ruined houses have been restored or rebuilt by individuals or companies, and buildings on the Peabody plan have been erected by associations. The streets are now lighted—kept, for an Eastern city, most exceptionally clean—and the aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon has been restored, and water brought thence to the city. Tanneries and slaughter-houses have been removed outside the town. The sanitary department is under the control of a German physician. Bethlehem and Nazareth are eagerly emulating the progress of the capital. In the latter place windows are becoming quite frequent. It is asserted that there is a fixed resolution on the part of thousands in Prussia to make that country as hot as possible for Jews, and it is not unlikely that this may in a measure increase the already considerable number now returning to Palestine, more especially as the German Jews already are a power in Jerusalem. The improvements are, further, likely to lead to many Europeans wintering there.

The Chinese Royal Family.

THE present ruling house of China, if we estimate it in the way we estimate European royal families, is, as Charles Dickens observed, a "tremendous family" to provide for, as it embraces the trifling number of some 40,000 souls. Of course, this is easily accounted for, if it be recollected that most Chinese emperors have wives by the score, and consequently the number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and cousins ever so many times removed, owned by each emperor make up a rather startling figure. But, of course, nobody could be expected to love 40,000 cousins; so by Chinese law or custom all claim on the emperor's attention closes somewhere about the existing generation of first cousins. Still, as the odd 39,160 are undoubtedly of royal blood, a large proportion of them receive about a dollar a month from the public treasury, and if, within a certain degree of relationship, are entitled to wear a yellow girdle. This, however, does not in the least interfere with their honestly earning their bread, and the mess-coolie in the British legation at Pekin in 1863 was a yellow-girdled "cousin," entitled, moreover, to wear I don't know what button on the top of his very dilapidated old hat. All members of this imperial clan, however, if they get very little in the way of pension, have one great advantage—they cannot be tried before an ordinary court. A special tribunal exists to try them, and it was stated in a tolerably recent Pekin gazette, that its members got a terrible wigging for letting off some of the emperor's relations for some offense they had committed. So much for royal cousins in China. But the ladies of the palace afford the most curious paradox to foreigners, who forget that the Chinese are not the only people who make a great distinction between profession and practice. An ordinary Chinaman in China proper will tell you that women are decidedly inferior beings, and as to their having souls, pooh-poohs the idea outright. But if you remark that the whole government of the country has for the last eighteen years (with a short interval) been carried on by two ladies—the emperor's mother and empress dowager, two of the cleverest women now alive in China or any other country—he calmly remarks that perhaps they are different from other folk, and he will not at all admit that the average Chinawoman can possibly possess brains or sense. It is of no use pointing out to him that Chinese history abounds with heroines, and that cases of female pluck, ability and virtue are constantly recorded in imperial documents even at the present day.

Divorces in France.

THE recent report of the French Minister of Justice for 1878 shows that the number of judicial separations decreed in that year was greater than ever before, 3,217 cases having been before the tribunals. In 2,802 cases the demand for separation was made by wives. Classing the cases according to the social position of the parties to them, 1,575 petitions were lodged by workingmen or their wives, 579 by persons of independent property or who were members of a liberal profession, 520 by tradespeople, and 405 by cultivators of the soil, while in 348 cases no information on this head is given. It may be observed that in 38 per cent. of the cases there had been no children of the marriage, while with regard to the time which had elapsed between the marriage and the suit for separation it is stated that 16 were commenced within a year of marriage, 748 after two years, 989 after 10 years, 1,063 after 20 years, 271 after 30 years, 93 after 40 years, 28 after from 40 to 50 years, and one after 55 years. With regard to the causes of separation, in nearly 3,000 cases the motive alleged was cruelty or neglect, there being only 169 charges of adultery against the wife by the husband, and 93 against the husband by the wife. In 31 cases a separation was asked for on the ground of one of the parties to the marriage having been sentenced to prison for some criminal offense. Out of the 3,227 cases, 438 did not come to a hearing, but of the others the tribunals only rejected 283, pronouncing altogether 2,556 decrees of separation.

The Swedish Colony in Maine.

IN 1870 the desirability of Scandinavian immigration having been discussed in the Maine Legislature, a commission was appointed "to ascertain what measures, if any, should be adopted by the State to induce settlements upon its unpeopled townships." The commission made a tour of Aroostook County, and finally reported in favor of recruiting a colony of Swedes in Sweden, transporting them to Maine, and permanently settling them on the wild lands of the State.

The report provided that an agent should go to Sweden, collect the Swedes, bring them across the water, and locate them on township No. 15, range No. 3, of the State's lands. Only such as could pay their own passage from Sweden to Maine were to be received, and on their arrival in Maine each head of a family was to receive 100 acres of land. On the 23d of March, 1873, the Legislature passed an Act authorizing the experiment to be tried, and just four months later to a day the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., arrived in Northern Maine with a colony of Swedes. There were 80, all told, and on their arrival upon their reservation, which was christened "New Sweden," they were welcomed by 300 Americans, who escorted them to the five log cabins which had been hastily built for them. This was ten years ago. To-day there are 517 Swedes in New Sweden, 210 in Woodland, 25 in Caribou and 24 in Perham, making 776 in the colony. Though located in four townships, the colony forms one solid block.

These Swedes now own farms and buildings valued at $53,490. Their farm productions in 1879 were valued at $14,604. They have 2,332 acres of improved land. They raised in 1879 23,000 bushels of potatoes, 8,001 bushels of oats, 4,967 bushels of rye and 1,168 bushels of wheat. They own 154 horses, 82 oxen, 264 cows, 177 calves and 295 sheep. Besides the 776 Swedes in the colony, it is believed that there are 250 more scattered over Aroostook County, and about 1,000 in other parts of the State, all of whom have been drawn to Maine by the representations of the original colonists. These Swedes are a hard-working, honest and always industrious people.

Opera in Russia.

THE Municipal Governments of Moscow and St. Petersburg are seeking to be released from the subsidies which they grant the Imperial operas every year. Since 1855, when the Emperor gave instructions that St. Petersburg should be "graciously allowed"—in plain English "compelled"—to contribute to the support of the opera, the city has voted, in the aggregate, $1,350,000, the lowest amount yearly being 28,500 rubles. Moscow is bound to furnish twice this sum annually, but it is only since 1873 that she has contributed to the expenses of the Imperial opera. Both cities are agitating for a release from this exaction, on the ground that their finances are already in a bankrupt condition. As, however, this would involve an increase to the theatrical fund derived from the Czar's own privy purse, it is believed that the petitions will be ignored.

The North Pole.

EXPLORERS have been hunting for the North Pole for a century or more, and here at last is a Baltimore child, who, under the joint superintendence of a clairvoyant and the spirit of the late Indian Chief Wampa, has seen the Pole with the mind's eye, and has written out a description of the landscape. The Pole is situated on an island, having a gradual rise from the water's edge to about the middle of it. On some parts of it appear only bare rocks; on other parts it has an abundant vegetation. About half of it, the east side, is covered with fruit trees. In some part they grow in dense thickets; in some they grow not so close together, and have grass thickly interspersed among them. The fruit consists of oranges, lemons, bananas, cocoanuts, and other tropical fruits. This part of the Pole is inhabited by beetles, white and black ants, grasshoppers, and many other kinds of insects, all unusually large; also by many different species of the monkey tribe. On the west side of the island the vegetation is not so dense. It has many tropical fruits, but the trees are small. Among the natural products are the gooseberry, blackberry, grape, currant, raspberry and mandrake. But it differs from the east side in having no monkeys, and in having vast numbers of birds of every size and plumage. Among them are the ostrich, swan, goose, duck, quail, robin and humming-bird. On both sides are many small streams. The water of these is pure and clear as crystal. The temperature of both sides is warm. It does not vary. Here the crust of the earth is much thinner than at the equator, and the temperature is caused not so much by the sun as the heat coming out of the earth.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The ex-Empress of France at St. Helena.

The steamship *Trojan*, bearing the ex-Empress of France to England after her pilgrimage to Zululand, touched at St. Helena on July 12th, to give the lonely Eugénie an opportunity for visiting the tomb of Napoleon I. at Longwood. The party first visited The Briars, which is the villa occupied by Napoleon when he first arrived in the island. At Longwood, Old House, which was his principal and final residence, and where he died in 1821, after five years' detention in exile, the widow of his nephew and imperial successor staid more than an hour. She made a minute inspection of every room in the house, and seemed more especially affected by the sight of the apartment in which he drew his last breath. The very spot in which he lay in that room is marked by the erection of a marble bust, inclosed within a rail. The house was purchased and entirely restored by the late Emperor about twelve years ago. The ex-Empress also visited the well-known tomb, surrounded by willow-trees, from which thousands of travelers have plucked sprigs.

The Second Centenary of the Ven. John B. de La Salle at Rheims.

The Catholic teaching community known as the Brothers of the Christian Schools is well known in this country, where the members direct a great many of the boys' parochial schools, established by the denomination to which they belong, as well as several reformatories, and not a few academies and colleges. The organization dates back two centuries, and was founded by a worthy French priest, John B. de La Salle, who, seeing the neglect of primary education, formed a community, giving them rules to insure their proper training for teachers. The celebration at Rheims consisted in a pontifical High Mass by the Bishop of Chalons, and a Papal benediction by the Archbishop of Rheims. The panegyric of the venerable Abbé de La Salle was pronounced by the Bishop of Limoges, and several other members of the French hierarchy attended. A dinner and a historical sketch closed the exercises of the day.

Capture of Ned Kelly, the Australian Outlaw.

After keeping the Australian colonies of Victoria and New South Wales in a state of excitement and terror for nearly ten years, Ned Kelly, the leader of the famous Kelly gang of horse thieves and murderers, was captured on the 28th of June last, near Glenrowan. The desperado stood the firing of the officers for some time with the utmost indifference, a coat and helmet of metal protecting him from the shots; but when one of his pursuers, amazed at the harmless effect of the bullets, fired at his legs, he was brought down at once. The wounded outlaw was carried to the jail at Melbourne, where he was stripped of his armor, and given medical attention. It would be impossible now to give an accurate account of the doings of this gang in both colonies. Their murders are certainly numerous, and their success, heretofore, in eluding capture by the police, militia, volunteers, bloodhounds and "black trackers" who have been employed against them, is simply marvelous. A year ago the Government of Victoria and New South Wales united in offering a very large reward for their heads—the sum of $40,000—an amount equal to $10,000 for each offender.

The Observatory on the Pic du Midi, France.

The French Government is erecting an Observatory at the Pic du-Midi in the Pyrenees, nearly 9,000 feet above sea level. Last Winter was so severe that the road up to the Observatory was completely swept away, and the snow lay so long that work was not actually resumed on the Observatory itself till July. Forty-five men are now at work, protected by lightning rods, the raising and erection of which was no slight undertaking. Sand has been found in abundance, and water is obtained from the snow that is still on the peak above them. The Observatory is now more than half completed, and it is partly roofed, the tiles having been made expressly of enormous weight.

The Columbus Room in the Convent of La Rabida.

Spain treasures with care the little old Franciscan Convent of La Rabida, near Palos, and our illustration shows the room wherein occurred the turning-point of the fortunes of Columbus. He had left the Court of Spain disheartened and hopeless. No one would listen to his plans. His studies had wasted his substance, and, a forlorn wayfarer, he knocked at this convent portal to ask shelter for himself and his son. He found not only this, but in Father Marchena a man to understand him. In this room the discoverer and the friar discussed the whole project of a western voyage, and Marchena became so enthusiastic that he hastened to the Court with Columbus, and, having been confessor to Queen Isabella, easily reached her presence and pleaded the cause of Columbus, with what success all men know.

Convents of Meteora, Thessaly.

The singular rocks of Meteora, near the new Greek frontier, are seen from a great distance in descending the valley of the Peneus. They rise about a mile distant from the river—a group of insulated, massive cones and pillars of rock of great height, and for the most part perpendicular. The deep recesses between these pinnacles are thickly clothed with trees. On a nearer approach the outlines of several Greek monasteries are seen on these heights, seeming as if entirely separated from the rest of the world. The small town of Kalabak or Stagi is situated below the most lofty of these pinnacles. The situation of these monasteries of Meteora, or "Convents high up in the air," is most remarkable. A short walk from the village of Stagi leads the traveler among the strange pinnacles crowned by these convents. They form a cluster of detached rocks, separated by deep chasms, and each has a little level space on its summit, where the buildings are placed, looking like incrustations on the cliff. A colony of monks settled on these rocks, for the sake of the security they afforded, at a very early period. The six convents, still tenanted by the fathers, possess wells and cisterns, some goats and sheep, and a store of meal; but they depend for their support chiefly on charitable contributions. The convents are accessible by nets drawn up, and also by ladders of wood and rope, made in several separate joints, and let down over the face of the cliff from the mouths of artificial tunnels in the rock, which communicate with the lower parts of the buildings. At night, and when not required, these ladders are pulled up. The ladders are the most hazardous mode of ascent or descent, as they are perfectly pendicular, and swing backwards and forwards in the air with the least breath of wind. The traveler is recommended to trust himself in the net as the safest and most angelic method of ascent.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Pope has accepted the position of godfather to the expected heir to the Spanish throne.

—IN Germany, owing to the bad harvest, agitation has been commenced to prohibit the exportation of corn.

—THE staff of the German army, after successful experiments, have adopted the telephone to replace, in target practice, trumpet signals.

—INVITATIONS have been addressed to the United States asking for specimens to the International Food Exhibition in London in October.

—THE total assessed valuation of real and personal property in Philadelphia is $843,662,129, an increase of $7,601,295 over the valuation of last year.

—THE Santo Domingo Congress in extraordinary session has declared Heureaux Constitutional President. He obtained 17,398 votes out of 19,611 votes.

—LARGE quantities of printed matter have been distributed in India with, it is said, the knowledge of the Porte, tending to excite the Mussulmans against the British.

—THE herring fishing on the east coast of Scotland is the most successful on record. It has been found impossible to cure all the fish caught, and tons have been carted to the manure merchants.

—THE Jews' quarter, a very picturesque feature of Amsterdam, has been robbed of its chief attraction as vendors being forbidden to expose their wares in the open air. The enforcement of the order caused a riot.

—THE passes of officials of the State railways in India are made of gold and silver. The general manager, who has the freedom of all the lines, wears a gold pass, about the size of a $20 gold piece, on his watch chain. His subordinates wear silver.

—IT is said that at the next session of the German Reichstag the entire question of the currency will be reopened. The agitation against an exclusive gold currency is daily gaining ground. It is said Bismarck favors the re-adoption of silver as a legal tender.

—THE British Indian estimates for the year 1880-81 make the receipts £68,748,000 and the expenditures £68,319,000, giving a surplus of £417,000, and showing a decrease of £1,000,000 on each side of the account as compared with 1879-80.

—THE emigration returns from Liverpool for July show an increase of 5,300 persons, compared with July, 1879. Thirteen thousand of the emigrants came to America. All the cabins of the steamers now leaving Liverpool for New York, and for some weeks to come are fully engaged.

—THE British loss in front of Candahar was one officer, 200 Europeans and 700 native soldiers. In India it is thought to be hazardous simultaneously to evacuate Cabul and march General Roberts to Candahar. Ayoob Khan is occasionally shelling Candahar, but without doing much damage.

—THE Viking's ship lately discovered at Sandfiord, in Norway, has been taken to Christiania, and placed under cover in the University garden, near the old boat found at Tuneo some years ago. The damaged part is to be restored, and the colors, which rapidly faded in the sunlight, freshened up.

—THE Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total value of the exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States during the month of July, 1880, were $20,803,804, and during July, 1879, $19,558,048. For the seven months ended July 31st, 1880, they were $150,411,483, and during the same period in 1879, $109,331,153.

—THE western rail connections of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, saving 100 miles between St. Louis and Louisville and the seaboard, will be completed before the end of the year, and the extension of the line from Richmond, Va., to deep water on Chesapeake bay, where the largest grain elevator on the Atlantic coast will be erected, will soon be begun.

—AT last the great Cathedral of Cologne is finished. The foundation was laid in the middle of the thirteenth century, more than 600 years ago, and the work has gone on intermittently ever since. It is perhaps the finest Gothic structure in the world. Immense sums of money have been expended on it, the mere item of repairs swallowing up a large amount. Now that the last stone is laid, there is hope that some future generation may witness the completion of the Washington National Monument.

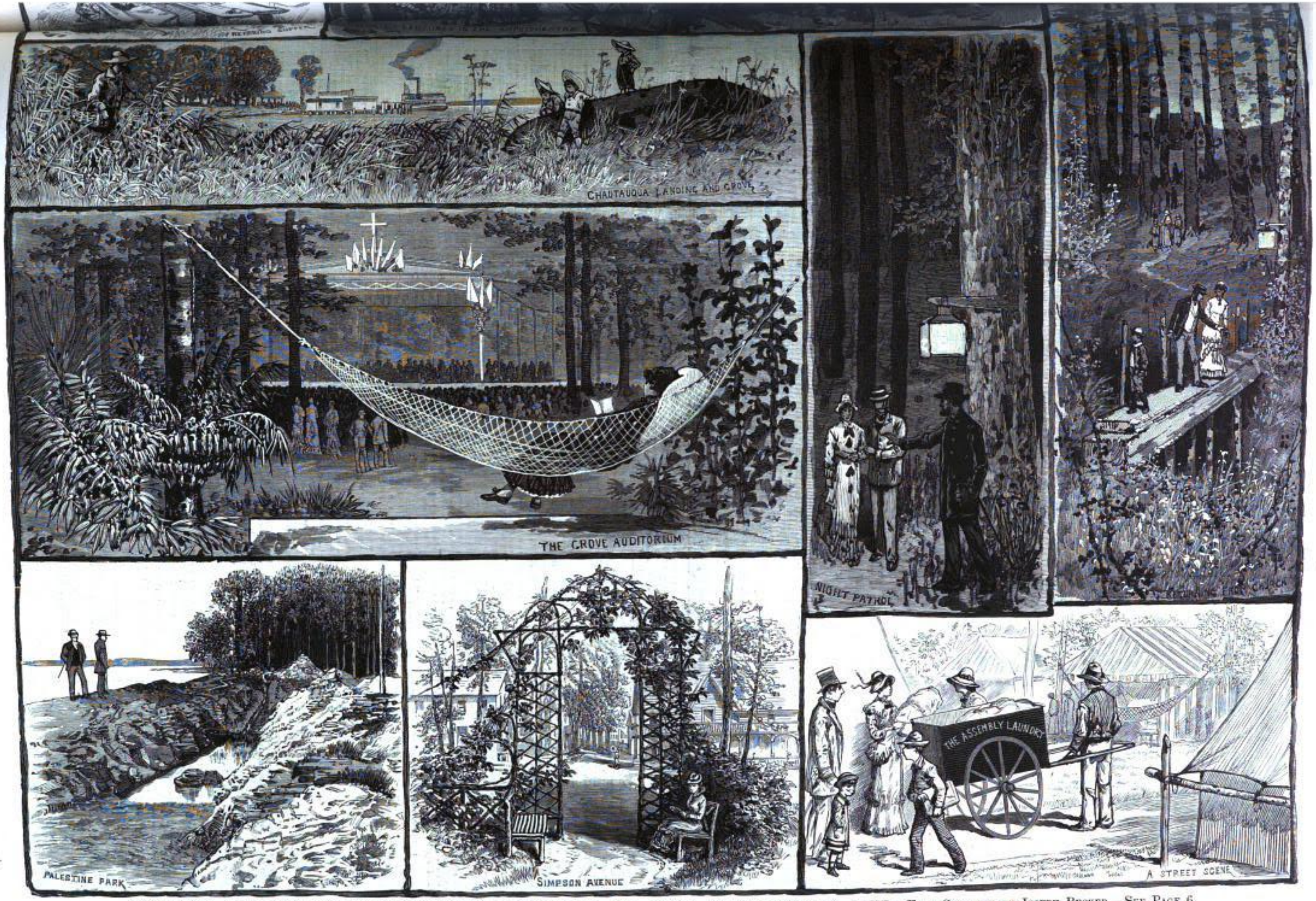
—THERE is another change of government in Victoria, Australia. Mr. Graham Berry has returned to power, and the conflict between the two branches of the Legislature will be renewed with vigor. The Upper House is Conservative, and refuses to pass measures tagged on to money Bills; consequently, about once a year there is a deadlock, and Government officials do not get a cent for months. Then some sort of compromise is arrived at, and people are paid, but next year the same trouble occurs over again. It is injurious to the colony in many ways. This year there is a deficit in revenue.

—THE following appointments for the United States have been announced by the Pope: The Very Rev. P. Manogue, of Virginia City, Nev., to be Bishop *in partibus*, with future succession to the Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell, Bishop of Grass Valley, Cal.; Rev. John A. Watterson, of Emmettsburg, Md., to be Bishop of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. Mr. Heyes to be Bishop *in partibus*, with succession to Most Rev. J. M. Henne, Archbishop of Milwaukee; Rev. Mr. Portillo, to be Bishop *in partibus* and Vicar Apostolic of Lower California, and Rev. James Laird Patterson to be Bishop *in partibus*.

—A MEMORIAL window is to be dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh in that abbey at Westminster, under whose shadow his ashes repose, "thus adding," the subscription circular says, "a fresh link to the chain which closely unites Great Britain and her first born daughter. Raleigh is held in fair warmer remembrance by the citizens of the United States, and especially by those who now reside in Virginia and South Carolina, than by the modern English inhabitants of the Old Country, which gave him birth. Virginia hails in him the first European who appreciated the delights of that fascinating nicotian weed which is now one of the most popular luxuries of civilized mankind, and North Carolina has named her legislative capital Raleigh after him."

—PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD'S discoveries are about to be utilized by Russia in a way that few could have dreamed of two or three years ago. Three steamers have been purchased in Sweden, and are under orders to proceed to the town of Semipalatinsk, near the Chinese frontier, in mid Siberia. The route taken will be round Norway, and past the White Sea and Nova Zembla to the Kara Sea and Obi River. On reaching Tobolsk they will find there several barges laden with troops and stores, which it will be their duty to tow up the Irtish to Semipalatinsk, distant a few days' march from the Chinese frontier. Thanks to Professor Nordenskjöld, Russia will be able to concentrate troops on the Chinese border in half the time that would have been considered possible a few years ago, when the difficulties of navigable Siberian rivers for military transport purposes was scarcely dreamed of by the Czar's ministers.

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NEW YORK.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—RECREATION AND STUDY AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.—From Sketches by Joseph Becker.—See Page 6.

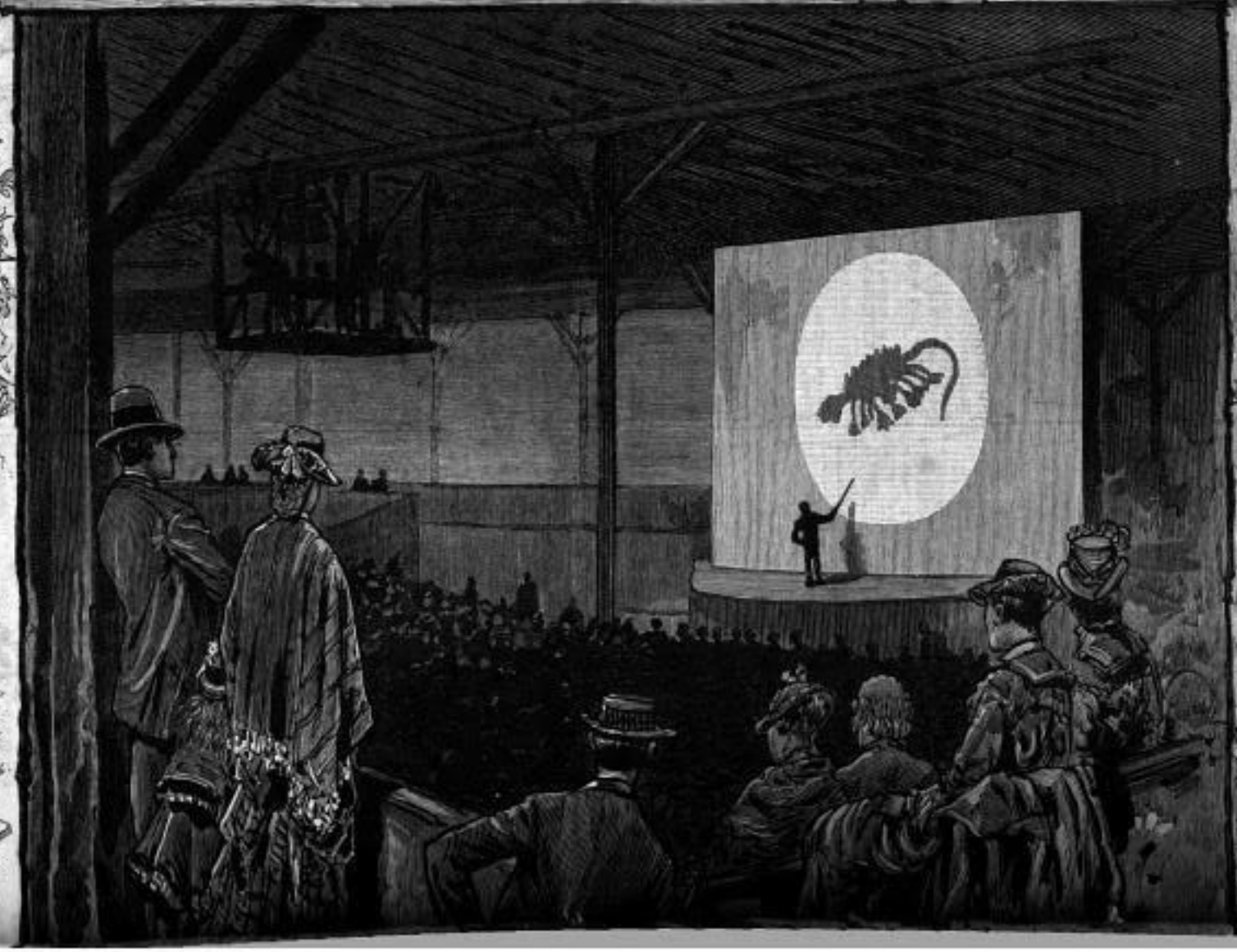
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SONNET.

A SHIP steers southward with a song of sails,
Cresting the billows in resistless pride;
A smiling sky dreams on the ocean wide,
And like a chart its mystery unveils.
The conquering keel defies the unborn gales;
It heeds no treacherous calm, no faithless tide,
Till rocks unseen loom up on either side,
And wreck its beauty, while the wild sea wails!

My ship of love once sailed in pleasant case,
To reach the harbor of thy love, the shock
Of storms was spared me, and a generous breeze
Drifted me onward over lake and loch,
Until my soul, trusting in tranquil seas,
Was wrecked upon thy heart's unfeeling rock!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX. — MR. DORNSDOFF FEELS APPREHENSIONS.

COUNT TOBOSKIE has just returned to his castle after an unusually weary day with his state duties. As he enters his private apartment his chamberlain informs him that a visitor is awaiting him in the reception-room.

"I am too weary to receive any one this evening," he says, with a frown. But as he speaks he glances carelessly at the card extended, and sees written upon it "Henry Dornsdoff." His dull eyes suddenly flash with the murderous hatred that he entertains for this man, who is hounding to her death the woman of his mad love. It matters not that he believes her guilty, one sight of the famous attorney kindles a rage in his breast that it requires his utmost strength to control.

"Show him up!" he says, briefly. And in a few minutes his enemy stands face to face with him.

"You have business with me?" he inquires, coldly, and in his bearing he has unconsciously thrown all that haughty arrogance of the noble.

"I have," replies the attorney, calmly, though in his breast is a fierce tempest of rage and mortification at the manner of his distinguished host. Yet even as he suffers from his wounded self-esteem, a savage exultation seizes him; he knows that he is dragging the proud spirit of this haughty aristocrat through a hell of torture and bitterness; he knows that he has it in his power to wound him to the quick, to deaden all life for him for ever through the condemnation of the woman upon whom he is striving to affix the brand of murderess, and for whom he, with his keen insight, has discovered Toboskie's passion. In the palm of his hand he holds the fate of two lives—two lives of his hated, highborn enemies—the aristocrats.

Yet he is not quite secure of his vengeance. Knowing the fierce, unchangeable natures, where they love, of the men of Toboskie's race, he is by no means sure that Toboskie himself, overpowered by his passion, may not avail himself of his individual and almost limitless power as the ruling spirit behind the throne of Russia to save this woman from the sentence of that more inferior voice, the law. One word from this man confronting him with his icy, immovable exterior—one word, if he dared speak it, and the worst came to the worst—would deprive his fiat of legal force and efficacy and ransom his prisoner. After all his years of weary toil and degradation, this is just where he has arrived, and beyond it he can never go—in all things save brains, and there they stand face to face, he is this man's inferior and his slave. These thoughts and misgivings have prompted him to his present visit. Nothing else but a fear of his vengeance escaping him would have compelled him to place himself in a position where he was subject to the galling hauteur, the bitter condescension, of his noble enemy.

"Will you be kind enough to state your business? Be seated."

With a slight gesture Count Toboskie indicates a chair for his visitor, himself sinking into a huge *fauteuil*.

The cold, indifferent tones, the careless invitation, the proud bearing, all sink deeply into Dornsdoff's soul, already lacerated and embittered by envy. But with the patience of a sleuthhound he bides his time. He seats himself and turns the full fire of his sharp, swift eye upon his companion.

"Count Toboskie should be aware that there is but one matter that would give me a claim to seek him in his private character. I come, my lord, concerning the Lagors-Ashhurst case."

"I am at your service."

Dornsdoff straightens himself and boldly commences his business.

"My lord, what is to be the result of this affair?"

An icy smile fastens upon the delicate, satirical lips of the noble.

"From the fervor with which you have been conducting the case, and your discriminating intelligence displayed, it would be much more appropriate for me to make that inquiry of *you*, Mr. Dornsdoff," he replies.

"That may be true, my lord," responds the attorney, always in that immutable calm, though his deep-set eyes flash. "In the eyes of justice there should be but one universal fate for murderers, be they high or low; but justice is not always had in Russia." Then, changing his voice, he continues: "My lord, there is a rumor afloat to the affect that the friends of Lord Ashhurst intend appealing to you in this matter."

"I have heard nothing of that; and, pardon me if I inquire in what way does it concern you?"

"It concerns me in the same way that it concerns the whole kingdom," replies the attorney, and there is a rising inflection in his voice. "I am well aware that, after the court and the law had exhausted their intelligence upon this important matter, and rendered their impartial opinions, it is in your power to nullify their sentence; that one word from you to the Czar in favor of your fellow aristocrat would save her from the righteous doom accorded her by just and competent judges."

Where he sits in his haughty and invincible power, the statesman glances curiously at his visitor, whom he perceives is strongly agitated, despite his efforts at self-control.

"And what if I speak that word?" he says, quietly.

The attorney springs to his feet, and his hand closes tightly upon the carved top of the chair.

"It would be unjust; and the people, downtrodden as they are, would rise in rebellion!" His eyes are hot and lurid, his voice suppressedly fierce.

Count Toboskie also rises to his feet, his delicate, dark face like bronze, yet there is a dangerous gleam in his steady eye.

"Am I to construe that into a threat?" he asks, and his voice is chill, with that mortal coldness more dangerous than wrath.

"No, my lord," replies Dornsdoff, who sees that his excitement has carried him too far. "I am merely an advocate for justice, and humble and powerless as I am, compared with the——"

"We will excuse all that," interrupts the count, in icy sarcasm. "To the point, Mr. Dornsdoff."

The attorney bows calmly, though inwardly consumed with rage and mortification.

"With your permission," he resumes, "I refer you to the last execution. What were the facts? A nobleman, with as many enemies, even among his own class, as there are stars in the heavens, is found murdered in the streets. At first it is a mystery. Then upon a poor, drunken, helpless wretch of the people is affixed the crime. There is nothing but circumstantial evidence, and the poorest at that; but he is tried, condemned and executed, despite the petitions of the people, with whom he was a favorite and who knew him innocent. If ever an innocent man was hung that man was Rudolph Strakosch. And now, not three months have elapsed, ere another murder is committed; this time the crime is fastened upon one of the aristocracy. Strange, isn't it? but it only goes to show that the evidence is very great. Rudolph Strakosch, poor devil! was one of the people; Maize Ashhurst, the daughter of a long line of English earls. Against the man there was absolutely no evidence that he committed the deed, and no motive, as even robbery was not committed; for the woman, even a child could not doubt that she is the guilty one; such powerful circumstantial evidence is unparalleled. She was in Count Lagors's room that night, and it is positively proven that she was the last one with him in life. She confesses herself that she spent two hours of that night in his society. What motive took her there? She was heard to have hard words with him; and when she left the chamber, overpowered with the horror of her deed, she well-nigh fainted on the threshold of the castle. Her arm was broken, her attire very much disordered, herself undeniably under the influence of liquor. Yet it is possible that this woman may escape."

Toboskie hears in silence. He knows that what his companion has said is true—that the girl of his worship stands branded with the crime of Cain; yet he could leap upon him and strangle the life from him as one wild brute would tear another. Never has such a passion seized him as that passion with which he now yearns for this man's life. He thirsts for his blood with a tiger-lust, yet he must remain silent while, unresented, he takes upon his soul lips the name of the woman of his worship—that woman, who, by her own crime, has put all assistance beyond her.

"It is justice that we want," proceeds the attorney's voice, now cool with the consciousness of power, "and the people demand of you the exiling of this woman—demand it as their right. And if it is *refused*——" He pauses, and again that ring comes into his voice that rouses the noble. He looks at him steadily, and a lion's wrath shines in his eyes.

"Well," he says, "and *if* it be refused, what then?"

Dornsdoff returns the glance, his eyes dark and menacing.

"There will be darker doings than there have been for years in Russia," he replies.

Toboskie is fully roused, his flashing eyes measure from head to foot the thick set, bull-like figure of the attorney, and his voice rolls forth like a trumpet-call.

"And who dares differ from my judgment?" he thunders. "Who dares sit upon my actions? Who presumes to dictate, or influence, or control *me*?"

"No one but who would expect to suffer for it with his blood. Yet, my Count Toboskie, there are those who would even rebel at such a price against tyranny and injustice," and the earnestness with which he adheres to his cause positively dignifies the speaker. Toboskie comes nearer respecting him than at any other moment of his life.

"When you came here, it may and it may not have been your motive to dictate to me," he says, and his voice has suddenly grown calm. "I will not call your design into question, but I will say that what has passed savors strongly of threatening. Mr. Dornsdorff, you are aware that there is such a thing as rank and power"—a bitter gleam flickers into the eyes of the listener—"and I assure you that I will permit of the interference of no one in the discharge of my official duties. I have been fortunate enough to find favor in the eyes of my sovereign, and I feel fully capable of controlling the affairs of the people as well as those of the nation. Understand one thing for ever—Russia is an empire and her statesmen not of the people, and insubordination will ever be punished, as also every semblance of treason."

"As it should be," speaks up Dornsdoff, boldly, "but *I* do not think it disloyalty to beg for justice."

"There are different views of justice; every one is not a capable judge," replies the count, chilly. "Of one thing be assured, *I* shall be the dictator of my own actions, and most assuredly if I see fit and deem it proper I shall pardon Lord Ashhurst's daughter."

A light like a wild brute's flashes into the steel-gray eyes of the attorney, and his shrunken face grows warm with the hot blood of uncontrollable anger.

"Then, sir, there would be no justice in that," he cries, fiercely, "but the ignoble, contemptible partiality of one aristocrat to another——"

"You forget yourself," interrupts the count, sternly.

"I can never to do that, my lord," replies Dornsdoff, with sudden and infinite bitterness. "There are circumstances in my position that will not allow me to forget it even for a moment. But I tell you that a crisis has arrived, and if you pardon this woman the people will rise in rebellion. I am of them, and I know the spirit that possesses them. They were mad with grief at the death of their brother, and they have not recovered from it yet. If you liberate this murderess, this high-bred courtesan, their madness will take shape and method, and there will be hard days in Russia."

Toboskie's hands clinch at the appellation of shame, but his composure is unshaken; he is the statesman now, and not the lover.

"Are you aware that you are talking treason, and that I could have you put in irons for it?" he says, quietly.

"I am aware that you could put me in irons for whatsoever offense you chose to imagine," replies Dornsdoff, hotly, "but I am not aware that I am talking treason, for what I have said has been for the good of my country. I foresee rebellion, and I have but told you of it. That is my offense, I believe."

"There will not be rebellion," responds the count, in that chill, disdainful tone of conscious supremacy. "The people know too well the fate of the rebel to give way to such folly. It would be but child's play; they would be as clay in the hands of our army. But enough of this foolishness. If this is your business, I believe it is finished. And now, Mr. Dornsdoff, allow me to say that the people's cause is also my cause." A sudden realization that he has been rude fastens upon Toboskie; and the claim of guest sanctifies even this man in his eyes, reared as he has been in the stately courtesy of the noble; therefore, his tones soften. "And I shall never cease to hold their interest very near me. Mark you, I did not say that I *intended* to pardon this young lady; I may not even be appealed to. You seem to have magnified my importance. But I *did* say that if she was *innocent* I would not have her suffer for another's crime; and surely this should be the sentiment of every honest man. But—I believe her guilty."

With a quick start Dornsdoff looks up in the dark, cold, immovable face of the aristocrat; it holds not the slightest trace of any kind of emotion. Yet in this hour he remembers the many legends of his race—legends that bespeak their swift, dark, fiery passions for the women of their love—and a savage exultation fastens upon him, for he knows that the throes of death will be as ease to this haughty man before him, compared with the secret agony and travail of that confession. He bows coldly, and prepares to leave, his motive accomplished.

"I might have known," he says, with that polished manner that he assumes at will, "that I could trust the cause of justice in the hands of Count Toboskie."

The count responds with a bow, and in the next moment he is alone. A deathly weakness has suddenly settled upon him in the full glory of his magnificent manhood. He goes into an inner chamber where the lights have not yet been lit; he wants to be alone, away from all earthly sight, in his boundless misery.

To do him justice, he firmly believes Maize guilty; no merciful doubts have come to him in his woe. He believes her guilty because he, of all the world, has more cause for suspicion, because to him is an inner knowledge more powerful than all the evidence revealed to the public.

He knows that in one thing she has been wronged—that the accusation of shameful intimacy between her and Lagors is a foul slander; but the doubt of this, instead of shaking his suspicion of her guilt, but confirms it the more powerfully. He cannot doubt that she murdered him, since, by Lagors's own confession, she had been most bitterly wronged by him. And though at the time of his explanation she was unconscious of that wrong, it is evident that she afterwards became aware of it, and avenged her injury by the blood of her enemy. In all his intercourse with her he remembers that she has always confessed to a nature of revenge. In this hour, standing there in the intense darkness of his palace chamber, he recalls those fatal words uttered the morning of her accident:

"*You know that a Greek could be nothing but swift and revengeful where vengeance is righteous!*"

Ever since the horrible tragedy those miserable words have echoed in his soul. He doubts not that the wild, half-savage instincts of her nation held as holy such a vengeance, and, thinking of the wrong she avenged, in this moment he is almost constrained to pronounce it the same.

He stands there in the darkness, his clinched hand resting on the window; in his soul has pierced the iron of a deathless anguish. He has been wounded in his tenderest point—his good faith. Despite that spirit of strife between them, he had believed in her with all his soul, and the enormity of her crime and the sweetness of her angel face have slaughtered all life for him. It never comes to him that a time may be when his idol will be purified—when, crushed and stricken though she now be, she may rise up to new heights in her strong womanhood. He only stands there in the dusk, scented by the perfume of hidden flowers, his hands clinched and his teeth set like a mastiff's.

CHAPTER XXX.—GYPSY'S GOOD ANGEL FOR EVER VANISHES.

THE crisis of Gypsy's illness passed, and, contrary to the opinion of the physician, the frail, smitten spirit struggled weakly back to life. But her recovery is slow and tedious, and now, after nearly two months have elapsed since the commencement of her illness, she sits up for the first time in all those weary weeks. She is very changed as she reclines in an easy chair in her boudoir, this particular morning, but looks as beautiful as ever, with a pathetic, infantile cast to her loveliness that is almost touching. She is clad in a white robe of soft, clinging cashmere, with falls of lace around her throat and wrists; all her long, luxuriant hair has been cut off, the remainder having naturally arranged itself in short, bright ringlets around a head strictly Grecian in its beauty. All that rich glory of coloring has entirely faded from her cheeks, but her face is lovelier in its pallor than in the days of her rosiest health. Her eyes, large, blue and lustrous, are languidly beautiful, and continually hold a hunted, piteous light, very appealing.

She is wondrous with the soft, ethereal beauty of an angel, that looks as if it must melt and fade away as one gazes, beautiful as a painter's dream. Was ever the fiend in the form of a woman's sin and weakness gulsed in so dazzling and alluring a figure? Jack, standing looking at her with all his great, stricken soul in his eyes, thinks of all the lovely things the earth holds, his wife is the loveliest.

"You will soon be well now, dear," he says, breaking the silence.

Gypsy moves her head restlessly.

"I don't want ever to be well again," she says, and her voice is a trifle cross.

A spasm of pain shoots athwart Jack's face.

"You must live for my sake," he says, gently.

"There is nothing to live for," she says, again, with her old careless selfishness, taking no heed of her husband's trouble. "Oh, Jack, I do so want to see Maize. There is no one in the world so much to me as she is. She is so grand, so beautiful! Jack, mayn't I go and see her soon?"

"Yes, dear, if you continue to improve."

"Oh, I will improve. I will," she cries. Despite the weakness and mistakes of this poor erring soul, there is yet in her that strong, maternal instinct characteristic of the sex—she loves her child. "And how long before she can come home? Oh, I miss her so! I am listening always for her step."

Jack gives an evasive answer, and, kissing Gypsy, hastens precipitately out of the room. By advice of the doctor, the full extent of Maize's danger has been kept from her. She does not dream that it will result in anything but a disagreeable scandal, though she has been informed that, until the affair is settled, Maize is compelled by the law to remain at a city hotel, which is a species of imprisonment.

Jack has not more than disappeared when she stoops over and, picking up an English paper that has dropped from his pocket, carelessly glances over it in quest of home news. Suddenly her glance becomes riveted, and as she reads her whole appearance becomes changed. At last the sheet drops from her fingers, and she sinks back in her chair rigid as death.

At that moment Valentine enters the chamber. Appalled at the terrifying appearance of the invalid, she hastens across the room and bends above her.

"Gypsy?" she calls.

The staring, wide opened eyes of poor Gypsy look mutely up at her.

"Gypsy, for heaven's sake! what is the matter with you?"

With one small, quivering finger the stricken woman points to the paper, and her lips, from which all the color has drained, twitch with a voiceless movement.

Valentine looks, and sees in the English paper a short paragraph to the effect that, despite talented counsel and powerful friends, there is little doubt that Lord Ashhurst's daughter will be held guilty of murder, and punished accordingly.

Valentine looks at the mute, quivering pile in the chair, and her eyes suddenly grow chill and resolute.

"*Well?*" she says, and her voice holds but little sympathy for her stricken companion.

Gypsy raises herself with a despairing gesture, and looks up piteously at Valentine.

"Is it true?" she whispers.

"Yes, it is true," is the cold reply, while the steady eyes cover the quivering woman.

For a moment Gypsy sits as if stunned; then her hands lock convulsively and her face deepens in its blanched hue.

"Oh, my God!" The words escape her in the stifled cry of great anguish, as she sits motionless, staring up at her companion.

"I am sorry for you," says Valentine; "but you would have found it out some time. But this is Jack's carelessness."

Suddenly Gypsy springs to her feet. Her manner is wild; her eyes flash with an insane light, at once fierce and appalling; in her voice is the wailing cry of a lost soul.

"Oh, my God—my God! and you have kept it from me all this time. Was ever woman so bitterly lied to! Oh, my darling—my darling! my beautiful Maize! I will go to her! You shall not keep us apart. Let me be! I will go to her!" She struggles fiercely with Valentine's detaining hand.

"You will do nothing of the kind," says the cold, clear voice of her persecutor.

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"I will—I will! No one shall keep me from her! I am your slave—your victim! I always have been; but I do not fear you now!" The poor, weak, tempest-tossed soul is struggling bravely with the little of purity it possesses. "I am going to her. You shall not keep me from my child. Poor, ruined, persecuted girl! Give me my cloak and hood—I must hasten. Oh, my darling—my poor little baby-girl!" She breaks out into wild sobs, and presses one hand to her head.

"You are mad!" Valentine's voice is chill and inflexible as steel, and holds a mortal anger. But as Gypsy has said, she does not fear her now.

"Say what you please, but I shall go to her. If you refuse to let me, I will wait until Jack comes and make him take me. Ah! what a heinous crime—Maize languishing in prison! But it shall not be. I will liberate her, for she is innocent—*she* could never have committed that crime. She is too grand and proud and noble! But she shall not suffer! Oh, Maize—Maize! Oh, my God—my God! What shall I do! Oh, if I had never been born!"

Valentine looks at her with her angry, dilating eyes.

"Would to God that you never had!" she says, fiercely.

"Let go of my hand," cries Gypsy, frantic with excitement. "I am going to her. Do you think you can keep us apart, you fiend incarnate? Do you think I will sit by and see her hung—do you think I will even see her branded with another's sin? Ah, no! your worm has turned, she *shall* be saved! You would be happy if you could see her strung up by her neck; you always hated her; you would be happy then, very happy! But I will come between you and your enjoyment. Yes, *I*, your slave! You think I dare not do it? You think I have not the courage? I will show you. I——"

"You are mad!" Valentine again interrupts, with her chill, disdainful voice. "You are raving! There is every evidence in the world that Maize committed the crime——"

"You lie! Oh, my God! if I was only strong," pants Gypsy.

"But you see you are not strong," replies Valentine, with a contemptuous laugh. "As I say, every one believes Maize guilty. *I* believe it; you must believe it. It may be bitter at first, but you must school yourself to believe it. She is—not a person even in your own order doubts it. The strongest evidence is against her! It is believed that she was the last one with Lagora alive, and then she was alone with him in his chamber." The woman stands in the appalling strength of her grand womanhood, mercilessly leading on to its utter ruin the weaker spirit of her slave—that spirit that is making its last final effort to break away from its bondage of sin—to step upwards out of its fit of darkness.

Valentine bends closer to Gypsy, and her large eyes, fully charged with their peculiar power, look straight into the blue ones with their wild, terrified light, and her voice is chill with a deadly questioning:

"Who did kill him, if not Maize?"

Gypsy stands silent and wrings her small, soft hands.

"You see," pursues Valentine, in that hard, steady voice, "there is absolutely no one else upon whom the suspicion could fall. When you say that Maize is innocent you are going contrary to reason, and are making an assertion that you cannot prove. The world believes her the murderess. *I* believe it, you must believe it!"

Again that hoarse cry of great suffering breaks from Jack Ashhurst's wife.

"Never—*never!* In the past you have done everything with me, but you can never force me to believe that," she cries. "I know too well that she is innocent. Oh, my poor child—my poor child!"

Valentine is amazed at this show of tenderness and fidelity on the part of Gypsy, amazed and greatly angered.

"'Your poor child' is a murderess and being tried for her life," she says, brutally, "and the sooner you accustom yourself to the idea the better, for it must cling to you all your life."

A wild, delirious light comes in Gypsy's azure eyes, and she throws out her hands as if to ward off a curse.

"Yes, all my life," she repeats, and her voice is hollow and changed—"always to cling to me! Oh, my God! never to lay it down—never to lose it for a single day, or an hour, or a minute!"

Valentine's beautiful hand closes with a savage force upon the frail wrist of Gypsy, and her eyes grow hot and lurid.

"Are you practicing for theatricals?" she inquires, while her fine, delicate nostrils quiver with rage. "Gypsy, have done with this madness and act like a sensible woman. You have but one lesson to learn—Maize is a murderess."

"She is not! Oh, you wicked, devilish woman! What if she *was* with Count Lagora? You know well what took her there—she thought *I* was there, and went to save me. Poor, faithful child! But she shall not suffer for another's crime! I have studied it all out, and I know that she found that note and went to bring me home, thinking I had gone. And I will tell them this, and they will see what motive took her there."

Valentine is fully roused. She keeps her eyes drooping upon Gypsy with their intense expression—the pupils expand, grow faintly amber in their secret depths, and dazzlingly luminous. Lady Ashhurst shudders, and strives desperately to escape from that powerful glance, but the scathing eyes hold hers powerless.

"Very well," Valentine's voice is low and mocking. "I advise you to go immediately and tell the authorities that Count Lagora was enamored of you. They will then see the note with its allusion to the past; and, above all, they will be very desirous of information concerning Claudio Despucio, and that *Summer in Greece*. I believe Jack never heard that you spent a season in Athens. Oh, well, he will find it out, and it will be a nice little history for him—Jack, who has sworn by his wife's honor. And, of course, the papers will take up the hue and the cry, and it will float back to England, and you will be discussed in club and ballroom. You know you have some enemies at home, Gypsy—Lady Houghton, Blanche Rivers, and a few other celebrities. I can see how Lady Blanche's black eyes will flash over her chocolate, as she entertains Chetewood, De Vigne and Delancie with the choice bits of your story. You know Blanche always was jealous of you, and she won't show you much mercy with the men. She will dress you off in the brightest colors, and her tongue is sharp with its wit."

While she has been speaking a pitiful change comes over Gypsy. All the light and life die out of her face, and her eyes grow wild and haggard, while her small hands clinch. She seems to shrink away—to shrink further and further in herself, as the scoffing, pitiless words fall upon her ear. Valentine knows her nature better than she knows her own—all its failures, its weaknesses and its sin are seen by her penetrating vision; and she plays upon this poor, erring soul like a harpster upon his chords, bringing forth at will her evilest attributes and deadliest sin. She looks at the trembling, cowering form, the dilated eyes, the ashen, quivering face, but no pity touches her at sight of her wreck.

"Come," she says, derisively, "why do you hesitate? Are you not going to Jack with your story—are you not going to immolate yourself in Maize's cause? Come, here are your cloak and hood; I have obeyed you. I am ready to go with you to the magistrate."

But Gypsy draws back from her grasp and sinks in a chair. The most powerful chord in her nature has been touched—self-interest; and she sits shivering as with cold and smitten with a deadly terror.

"Come, I am ready," urges Valentine, scornfully, "it is not possible that you have so soon given out?"

"*Hush!*" It is all Gypsy says, but it shows the struggle, the weakness and anguish of her soul. "I can't do it," she finally cries out, and her small form sways to and fro; "you knew I couldn't when you spoke to me like that. It is your fault. If you had let me be, I would have saved her; I would have gone before my courage gave way, before I had time to think of self!"

"It is not too late yet. I am ready to accompany you."

The great, hunted, azure eyes flash up at her torturer in despairing wrath.

"I cannot do it, and you know it! Go out of my sight and don't come in it again to-day! Oh, I hate you, I hate you! I wish I despised sin as I despise you! If I die first I will curse you with my everlasting curse!"

Without a word Valentine goes out. She knows that the last chance of Maize's rescue has fled. Though stricken with agony and remorse, Gypsy will be mute as death.

She goes out into the fairness of the young day. In her, too, has come a wondrous change; some chance ring in the wild, mad voice of her victim has stricken her with a strange pain. "*Her everlasting curse!*" She shudders as the flood of sunlight smites her ashen face; her mouth is parched, her brain throbs, her limbs shiver, and her great eyes look blind and mad as she glances up at the sunlit heavens with a quiver in her straight, cold lips.

"My God! and all this for a woman's sin, a man's faithlessness!" Her hands are clinched tightly as she turns and re-enters the castle.

(*To be continued.*)

GOLD MINING IN GEORGIA.

UNTIL the close of the civil war mining in Georgia was confined mostly to the northeastern counties and to one or two mines in the Alatoona Mountains, in Cherokee County. It was carried on chiefly by panning, or pan-washing, and a large part of the population around Dahlonega made a living in this way. Statistics show that $29,000,000 had been panned out in the Counties of Lumpkin, Hall, Paulding and Cherokee. The mines in Cherokee and Paulding were the freshest, those around Dahlonega, where the United States mint was situated, being the first worked. Then came the rush to California, and the Georgia mines were neglected, except by plodding people, who preferred to wash out enough gold for bare support rather than cultivate the soil. Lately, however, the interest in the Georgia mines has been revived, not only in that State, but in the North and West as well; and in the last two years discoveries have been made which, the Georgians claim, demonstrate that their gold belt is as rich as the average California fields. This gold belt is a well-defined geological formation, beginning in Nova Scotia, coming to the surface in Duchess County, New York, cropping out freely in Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, and finally disappearing in Alabama, the general direction being from northeast to southwest.

The gold belt of Georgia is in primary formation, confined to about fifty counties, of which Lumpkin, White and Hall have produced about fifty million dollars in gold since 1828. The first gold found in the United States was found in North Carolina in 1799. In 1829 and 1830, in Nachoochee Valley, Ga., the mining excitement was great. About 10,000 adventurers congregated in a short time, and "camped out." In 1830 the State took formal action, forcing the United States Government to make a treaty with the Indians, and regular mining was commenced. Gold sold for sixty to seventy-five cents per pennyweight. In 1837-8 a United States branch mint was established at Dahlonega, but was abandoned during the war, and the place was afterwards used for an agricultural school.

The portion of the Northeast Georgia which embraces the main developments in gold mining, and the most striking characteristics of mountain, valley and waterfall in the State, lies within Cherokee, Forsythe, Hall, Dawson, Lumpkin, White and Habersham Counties, a belt about 100 miles long and 30 miles wide, north of and immediately along the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Railroad.

As early as 1832 Auraria was the largest and most important town in Northern Georgia. It was 160 miles northwest of Augusta, its nearest point of communication with the outside world—over clayey hills almost impassable in wet seasons. Six miles further up towards the mountains the town of Dahlonega was located in 1832 or 1833, upon more hills than old Rome. The first stamp-mill in the vicinity of Dahlonega, and probably in the State, was a crude affair on Cane Creek, near the present somewhat famous Pigeon Creek Mine. This was nearly all wood, as the cost of hauling from machinery from Augusta was $3 per cwt. The next mill was an improvement, built upon the Yahoola River, by merchants, in 1838 or 1839.

In 1840 Dr. Singleton, a wealthy cotton planter of South Carolina, who owned a valuable mine in the quartz ridge along the Yahoola River, about 300 miles east of Erin, built the first iron stamp mill in the State—a very crude affair compared with some of those lately built upon the same property. The want of water has always been the great drawback to mining in the Dahlonega Hills. In 1854 and 1855 a firm, who were largely interested in mines, undertook to bring water from a point on the Yahoola River, twenty miles northeast of the town, having to cross the stream three miles from town, at an elevation of 150 feet, to get the water where it was needed. An expensive wooden trestle was built, which lasted only a few years. Since the war the old "Yahoola Ditch" franchise has fallen into the hands of a Cleveland gentleman, who has substituted wrought-iron pipes three feet in diameter, as inverted siphons, to cross the ravines, and has extended the ditch three or four miles further to the famous Pigeon Creek Mine, where the first successful experiment in hydraulic mining, with the "Little Giant," east of the Mississippi River, has been made. To get the water to this mine, the valley of Cane Creek, 300 feet deep, had to be crossed. This gave a head to the "Little Giant" of 130 feet.

The rock, which consists principally of decomposed quartz, is separated from the main body in open cuts on the hillside, and, with sledge-hammers, broken up into fragments varying in size from that of a man's fist to double or treble that size. The cuts from which these rocks are separated are carefully made wider at the top, narrowing to a small channel at the bottom. They just represent, along the hillside, the space covered by the letter V, lying at an angle varying from 45 deg. to 75 deg. along the slope of the hill, with the deepest part of the cut extending through the centre of the area thus described. From the bottom angle of the figure V a narrow cut on the face of the hill, say from two to three feet wide, and varying, according to the slope of the hill, from a perpendicular depth of from ten to forty or fifty feet into the hill, forms the channel through which, when the water is let on from the reservoir at the top of the hill, the ore is driven on to the floor of the mill at the base of the mountain. By this method a mass of ore—say from seventy-five to one hundred tons—is "flooded" to the mill within ten minutes from the time when the water is turned on from above. It is this great economy—rendering hauling of ores unnecessary—which forms one of the main elements of the value of all the mines in this section of country.

If the prognosis of the inhabitants of Northern Georgia is correct, there is good reason to believe that emigration to that region will be as active and steady as they could desire. If the gold is there in sufficient quantities to warrant the opening of the veins, capital will soon be seeking investment there, and labor will prefer working the mines that are within thirty-six hours of New York to those of the Pacific Slope.

The tourist may obtain a fair idea of the country by a trip over the Piedmont and the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Railways, the latter of which is built on the southern highland bench of the Blue Ridge, at an altitude of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, skirting bald peaks, bridging great ravines, and overlooking at times fair, far-reaching valleys and the wide plains to the south, or giving views of the Blue Ridge, which rises almost constantly in sight in a parallel line north.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Sydney Papers state that some important gold discoveries have been made in the Bathurst district near Tuena, and that in one claim a bushel of broken quartz yielded two pounds of gold. A very rich gold-field has also been found at the Margaret River, in the Northern Territory of South Australia.

M. Herve-Mangon, the director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, has compiled a catalogue of the celebrated Vaucanson collection; it will be very shortly placed at the disposal of the public in the Portefeuille Industriel, a special library opened in the Conservatoire for the communication of designs and documents relating to industry.

The French Parliament has voted a sum of 200,000 francs for purchasing from the City of Paris the grounds which had been rented for a nominal sum to M. Leverrier by the Municipal Council, and had been already annexed by the great astronomer to the Observatory. The reason for this resolution is the impending erection of a new monument, which, according to the provision of the French law, cannot be built except on ground the freehold of which belongs to the Government.

On August 8th the pupils of all the schools of the Arts et Métiers of France met at Liancourt to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the foundation by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt of the first establishment of this kind at his private residence. There are four of these useful schools—Aix, Angers, Chalons and Cluses—in existence in France, and one in Algeria, of very recent creation, at Deliys. It is said that each of the two provinces of Oran and Constantine will establish, at their own expense, a similar institution.

On July 13th, at the end of the French legislative session, the Minister of Marine and the Colonies presented to the Lower House a credit of 1,200,000 francs for establishing fortified posts from Medina on the Senegal to Bafoulabe on the Niger, on the route which will be followed by the projected railway for connecting these two large rivers. It includes also several other items connected with the same scheme. It was adopted on the same day and voted by the Senate on the 15th, so that the first step may be said to have been taken for the establishment of the connecting link between Algiers and St. Louis, via Timbuctoo.

The German African Society (Deutsche Afrikanische Gesellschaft) has at the present moment not less than six different expeditions travelling through Central Africa. The large funds necessary for the outfitting of these numerous travelers are raised partly through private subscription and partly through subsidies of the German Government. Among the travelers are (1) Dr. M. Buchner, who, starting from San Paolo de Loanda in an easterly direction, may have already reached the large lakes of the Upper Nile or the Upper Congo; (2) Dr. Oscar Lenz, who is on the way from Morocco to Timbuctoo, whence he will proceed to Senegambia; (3) a large expedition, comprising Dr. Böhm, Von Schöler, De Kayser, etc., which will establish a station near the Tanganyika Lake, in connection with the stations of the International Association; (4) Gerhard Rohlfs and Dr. Stecker will soon proceed to Abyssinia, and thence the latter through the Galina country to the sea-coast; (5) Dr. Pogge, together with several other travelers, will shortly start from San Paolo de Loanda for the interior, to establish a German station in the neighborhood of the Muata Janvo, about in the middle of the Continent; finally (6) Herr Flegel will follow the course of the Binue upwards, and explore the sources of that river. The German African Society has certainly developed under the presidency of Dr. Nachtigall a very unusual activity, and it is only to be hoped that these great efforts in the interest of the exploration of Africa may have good results.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

OLE BULL, the well-known violinist, died at Bergen, Norway, on August 18th, in the 71st year of his age.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is selected by the British Government to attend the grand imperial military manœuvres at Berlin in the Autumn.

A BERLIN dispatch says that Count Henry Von Arnim denies a rebearing, and has expressed readiness to submit himself to Prussian jurisdiction.

THE statement is made that the Duke of Norfolk intends seeing Monsignor Capel through his money troubles. This means advances of $20,000.

IT is said that definite arrangements have been completed for the first appearance of Edwin Booth at the Princess Theatre, in London, in October.

HON. EUGENE SCHUYLER has succeeded, through the mediation of the British Minister, in arranging trade relations between Roumania and the United States.

SALVINI, the Italian tragedian, has signed a contract whereby he engages to play five months in this country, beginning November 29th. He will be supported by an American company.

THE Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, is to be married at the close of the season to Miss Gerard, daughter of Lord Gerard, the head of one of the old Catholic Lancashire families.

GENERAL JOSEPH B. KIDDO, U. S. A., died in New York City on August 19th, from the effects of wounds received during the rebellion. He was a native of Pennsylvania and was 45 years of age.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON, the actress, who died in Paris on August 15th, was driving in the Bois de Boulogne on Saturday evening when she was seized with sudden illness and was conveyed to the nearest restaurant, where she expired. A post-mortem examination attributes her death to dropsy of the heart, accelerated by extreme indigestion.

MR. JAMES E. TAYLOR, for many years connected with the Art Department of this establishment, has just received an order from General Sherman for a large water-color of the grand review of the army at the national capital in 1865. Mr. Taylor has already executed several orders for the General of the Army illustrative of historical scenes in military and Indian life.

A HANDSOME writing-table has been made at the command of the Queen out of a portion of the timber of the old Arctic ship *Resolute*, which was lately broken up. Her Majesty intends to present it to the President of the United States "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the *Resolute*." It will, of course, be placed in the White House.

EX-GOVERNOR COBURN of Maine is eighty years old, and looks after his financial affairs with the same interest that he manifested thirty years ago. Mr. Coburn is the richest man in the State. He is not a church member, but gives largely of his wealth to churches and institutions of learning. He is an ardent Republican and contributes to the success of the cause. He is unmarried, strictly temperate, and enjoys the reputation of being honest and honorable.

IT is announced that Mr. Herbert Spencer, the well known scientific philosophic writer, intends next year to make a tour round the world by way of the United States and Japan. He will devote two years to it, taking sociological observations at the more important points on the route. One or two scientific friends and one of his secretaries will accompany him on the tour, which will be the immediate preliminary to the completion of his philosophical system as originally planned.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC peer of distinguished lineage died on August 5th—Baron Clifford of Chudleigh, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. The celebrated Fair Rosamond was the elder daughter of his first recognized ancestor, who lived in the reign of Henry II. Another ancestor was Sir Lewis de Clifford, who has been much noticed by historians as a chief zealot among the Lollards, and who made a famous recantation before Thomas Arundle, Archbishop of Canterbury. The fourth Baron was once of the celebrated Cabal Administration. The mother of the late peer was a daughter of Thomas Weld, who, after the death of his wife, took Orders from the Pope and was created a Cardinal in 1830. The new peer was born at Rome.

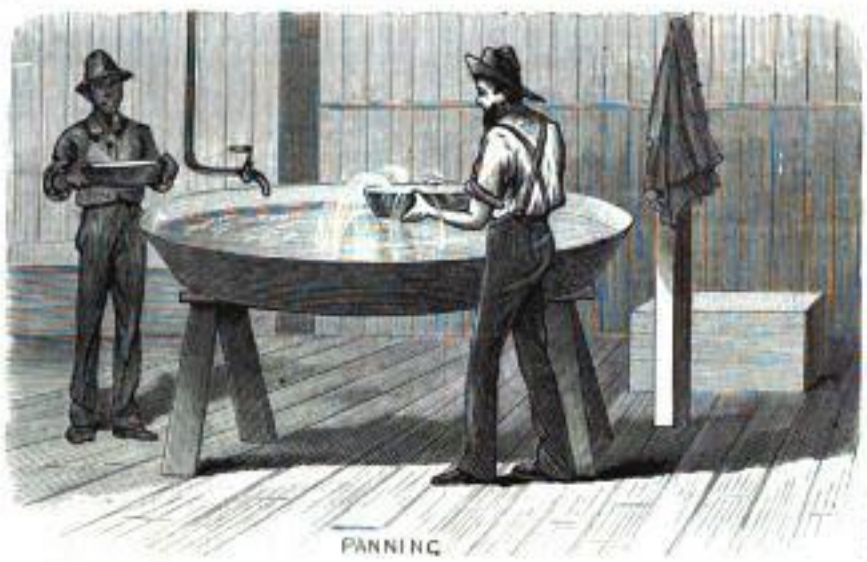
LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, better known as Sir Stratford Canning, died August 15th at the ripe old age of ninety-two years. In his day and generation he made a stir in the world, and his services to the British State won for him, successively, a baronetcy and a peerage and the Garter. His career as a diplomat began in the far away time when our grandfathers were young. He was a full fledged Minister Plenipotentiary in the year 1814, and in 1815 he was present at the Vienna Congress that reconstructed Europe after Napoleon's fall. His fame rests, however, upon what he accomplished while Envoy at Constantinople during the sixteen years between 1842 and 1858—a period covering that of the Crimean war.

EX-GOVERNOR HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON died at his residence in Jefferson County, Ga., on August 16th, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was Presidential elector in 1844, United States Senator in 1848, Judge in 1849, and Governor of Georgia from 1853 to 1857. He was also the Democratic candidate for Vice-President with Douglas in 1860, and a member of the Secession Convention in Georgia in 1861, when he opposed vigorously the policy of leaving the Union. In 1863 he was elected to the Confederate States Senate, and presided over the State Constitutional Convention in 1865. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator, but was not permitted to take his seat. In 1873 he was elected Circuit Judge of the State, which position he held at the time of his death.

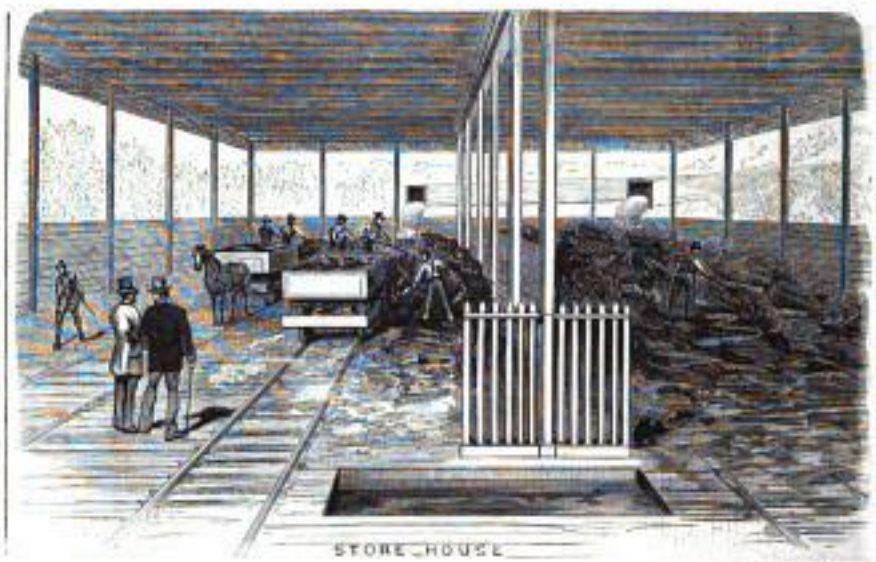
THE vehement opposition offered by the Bonaparte family to the engagement contracted some months ago by Prince Roland Bonaparte and Mlle. Blanc, principal heiress to the enormous fortune amassed by the late high priest of rouge-et-noir at Monaco, has proved fruitless, and the wedding day of the happy pair is fixed for the first of October next. The mother of the future princess has caused a splendid villa to be erected for the young couple in the Casino of Florence, whither they will repair at the conclusion of their honeymoon. Prince Roland holds a commission in the republican army as sub-lieutenant of artillery, and, being totally destitute of private means, has hitherto contrived to live upon his pay. By his marriage he will become the wealthiest scion of the house of Bonaparte.

MEISSONIER, when in Paris, lives near the Parc Monceau. The frontage is at the top of the Boulevard Malesherbes, just at the beginning of the Avenue de Villiers. Dumas and Sarah Bernhardt are his neighbors. The house is Italian renaissance. There is little to see outside beyond a large expanse of masonry, as neatly joined as a piece of cabinet-work; but within are the terraces and arcades which form such charming backgrounds in the pictures of the Italian school. Pass the *porte-cochère* and you are in a spacious courtyard, in one corner whereof you see a richly carved Gothic stairway with an arched terrace forming the boundary on the other side. Not a bit of the decoration but has been done from his own designs. You pass from the courtyard up a staircase, rich in carved paneling, to the prime wonder of the house—the immense studio. Behind is a smaller atelier, and in this Meissonier works.

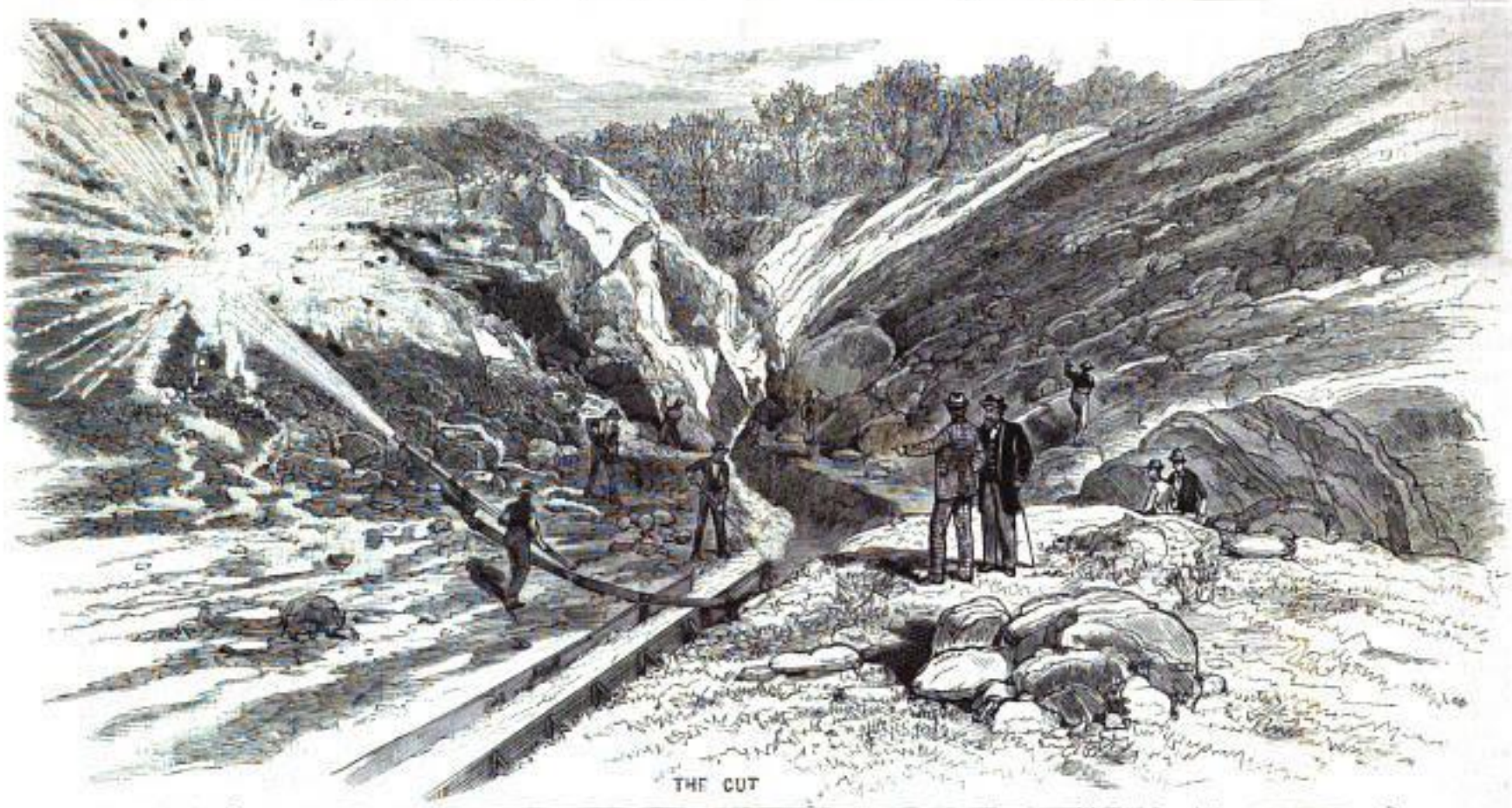
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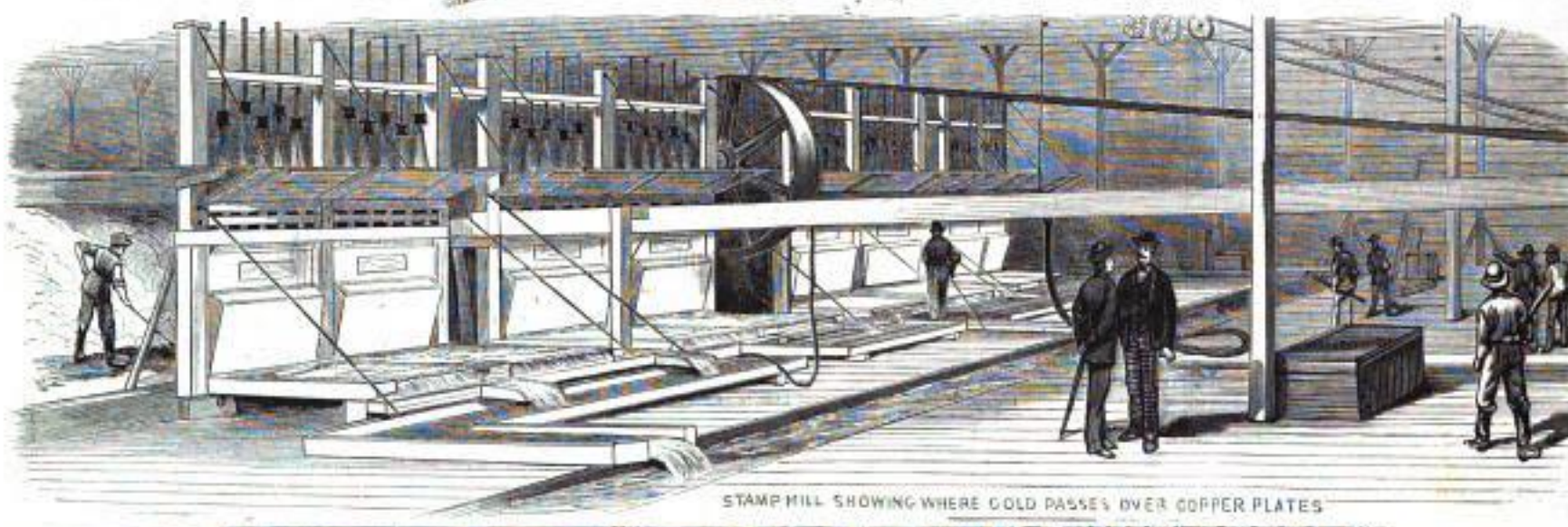
PANNING.



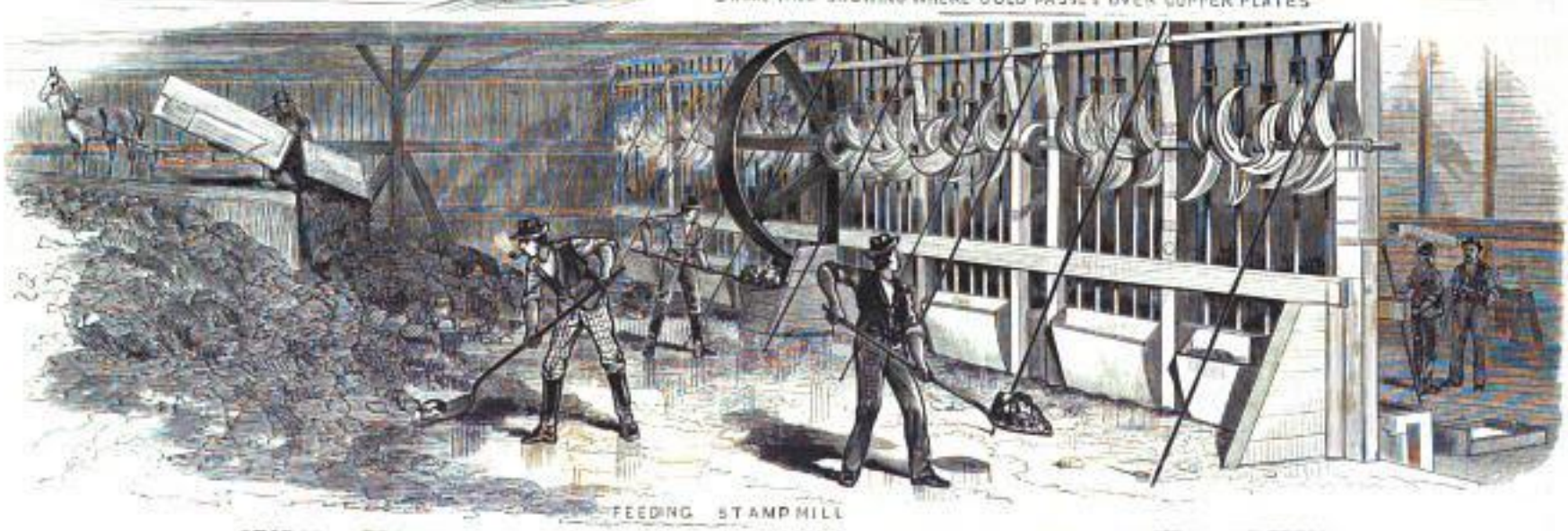
STORE-HOUSE.



THE CUT.



STAMP MILL SHOWING WHERE GOLD PASSES OVER COPPER PLATES.



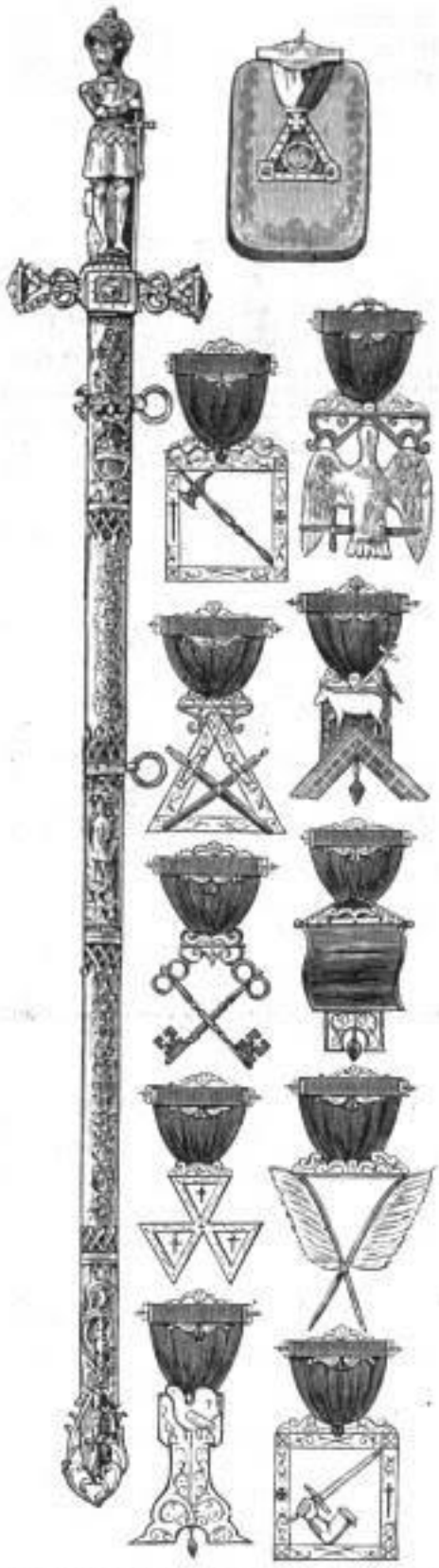
FEEDING STAMP MILL.

GEORGIA.—PROGRESS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY—GOLD-MINING AT THE DAHLONEGA DISTRICT.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 11.

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HON. H. B. BIGELOW, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT. — FROM A PHOTO. BY PACH. — SEE PAGE 6.



THE DIAMOND-MOUNTED SWORD, "TRIENNIAL COMMITTEE" BADGE, AND SET OF COMMANDERY JEWELS.

on the outside, is a red velvet cross, and on the inside, "Triennial Conclave, Chicago, August 17th, 1880."

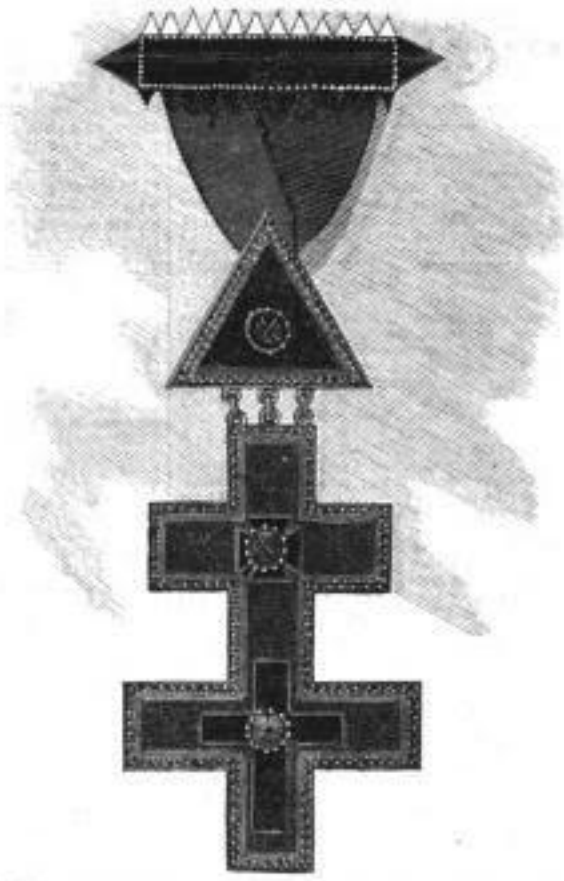
There were also sixteen solid gold badges for this number of the triennial committee. These badges, also designed and made by Peacock, are very beautiful in workmanship and design. On the pin is engraved the name of the recipient, and below this, connected by a black-and white ribbon, is the date "1880" on a small piece of gold. Hanging from this is a two-inch triangle. On the upper corner is the coat-of-arms of the Apollo, on the right the Chicago, and on the left, the St. Bernard Commandery. The sides of the triangle are each set with four pearls, to represent the twelve lights.



HON. DAVID H. JEROME, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.
FROM A PHOTO. BY DAN W. SMITH. — SEE PAGE 6.



THE GRAND STANDARD.

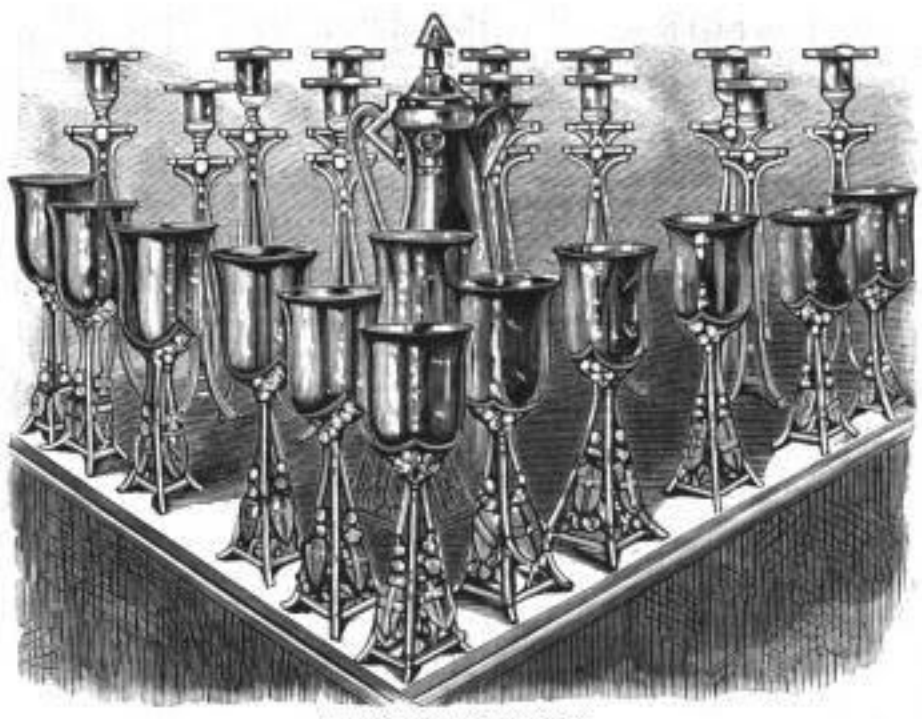


THE GRAND COMMANDERY JEWELS — DOUBLE OR PATRIARCHAL CROSS.

THE TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

THE Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar at Chicago last week was, undoubtedly, the most brilliant affair of the kind ever undertaken in this country. One of the great attractions of the occasion was the grand prize drill which took place at Chicago Jockey Club Park on August 18th. The exhibition was witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators. The prizes were seven in number. The first was a magnificent sword, with twenty-eight diamonds in the setting, and double that many rubies and emeralds. It has also large diamonds on each side of the helmet of the knight which forms the handle, another at the hilt of this golden knight's sword, and at each of the angles of the triangle at the ends of the cross-bar of the sword, and others on the sheath. The sides of the triangle just mentioned are completely filled with rubies and emeralds, while encircling the central part of the handle is a circle of small diamonds. Emeralds and rubies are worked in beautiful designs in other parts of the handle and sheath. The sword, designed and made by C. D. Peacock, of State and Washington Streets, Chicago, has a beautifully-polished black-walnut case, with a silver and ebony handle, and a silver inscription plate, with the words, "First Prize at Chicago, August 17th, 1880." The case is lined with blue satin. This prize was won by Raper Commandery, of Indianapolis.

Another drill Prize made by the same jeweler is a complete set of commandery badges. The eminent commander's badge is a solid gold pin, pendent from which is a triangle and cross. The triangle has a large diamond in the centre. The other badges are solid silver, with beautiful designs, and, on the average, cover a space of two and a half inches square. The set consists of fifteen pieces, one each for the eminent commander, generalissimo, captain general, treasurer, secretary, senior and junior wardens, prelate, four guards, standard and sword bearers, and warden. This jewelry is set in a black velvet-covered case, on the cover of which,



THE GRAND LIBATION SET.

Within the triangle is a circle with "Triennial Committee" upon it in black enamel. In the centre of the circle is a monogram of the three local commanderies.

One of the most coveted prizes was the Grand Standard, manufactured by Messrs. G. F. Foster, Son & Co., of Chicago. The body of the banner is heavy white silk, and in dimension is six feet high by five feet wide. The centre-piece is a passion cross worked in light gold bullion and surrounded by intricate scroll-work, embroidered in pure gold bullion. This part of the ornamentation occupied the time of several persons for over five weeks. On the transcript of the cross in the centre is a double triangle forming a square, on which is executed in oil the figures of mounted crusaders in full ancient armor, at the head of a line of dismounted crusaders, also in complete knightly armor. The inscriptions on the banner above the cross and below it are worked in gold bullion, and are respectively the words: "In Hoc Signo Vinces," and "Non Nobis Sed Nomine, tuo da Gloriam." From the point of the standard pole, which is surmounted with a gold patriarchal cross, to the end of the standard-bar, the tips of which are affixed with golden spear-points and crescents, a black velvet canopy trails in graceful folds. The fringe of the banner is composed of gold tassels of delicate and handsome design. The cost of this standard was nearly $500. The banner was an extra special prize to accompany the first prize—the sword, already described.

Two other important prizes, manufactured by Giles Brothers & Co., were a grand libation set and a grand commander's jewel. The first consists of twenty-five pieces, quadruple plate of fine silver, and are exquisite in design and workmanship. The twelve candlesticks, some twelve inches high, have a triangular base supporting three silver uprights terminating in a triangle which bears the socket, the horizontal face of which is a Maltese cross. Half way up the uprights is a triangular brace, on the three sides of which are respectively the armorial shields of the Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard Commanderies in gold. The base of the twelve goblets, which

ILLINOIS.—PRIZES AWARDED THE SUCCESSFUL COMMANDERIES OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AFTER THE COMPETITIVE DRILL, AUGUST 18TH.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSHER.

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are gold-lined, is the same as the candlesticks. The pitcher preserves the triangular formation throughout, and simplicity and richness characterize the entire design. The case which contains the set is ornate in design and finish, and appropriately symbolized with Templar devices. The grand commandery jewel is a superb piece of artistic goldsmithery. It is a double or patriarchal cross connected by three links to a triangle above, which is the red ribbon and gold pin. At the lower transcript of the cross is a raised passion cross in black enamel set with a magnificent diamond. At the upper transcript is a Maltese cross set with a ruby. The centre of the triangle is a fine emerald. The gems are about a carat and half, and of the first water. The edges of the cross proper and triangle form the three steps of Masonry in red, green and yellow gold, and are triangulated upon the face. The pin preserves its Masonic character by inscribing a parallelogram bordered by triangulation. These prizes are valued at $1,000 each. The remaining prizes, two in number, were a bouquet set, embracing six dozen pieces of granite glass and silverware, and a set of "robes" for Red Cross council. The photos of the prizes from which our illustrations are made were supplied by Mosher, of Chicago.

The second prize was awarded to De Molai Commandery, of Louisville; third prize to Reed Commandery, of Dayton, Ohio; and fourth prize to Damascus Commandery, of St. Paul. The special prize for mounted men was awarded to the De Molai Commandery, of Grand Rapids.

The Postal Service.

THE rapid growth of the country is well illustrated by some figures recently compiled at the Post Office Department. The whole number of post-offices in the country at present is 42,677, which is an increase of nearly 2,000 during the last twelve months, the number on the 30th of June, 1879, having been but 40,855. The increase during the last year has been much more rapid than in the previous twelve months. Pennsylvania stands first on the list in point of numbers, with 3,420, New York coming second, with 2,938. The number of presidential offices, that is, of those where the compensation exceeds $1,000, is 1,764, an increase of 53 during the past year. New York has a larger number of such offices than Pennsylvania—189 to 161—despite the fact that Pennsylvania leads in the whole number of post-offices.

The Empire Agricultural State.

THE Chicago *Tribune* says: The State of Illinois has achieved the high position of the Empire Agricultural State of America, and under circumstances which lead to the certainty that its pre-eminence in this respect will be maintained long into the future. In point of population it has been for a number of years the fourth State in the Union, being exceeded only by New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; the present census will probably show it to have a population somewhat in excess of Ohio, but in agricultural production, both as to quantities and values, it has taken its place at the head of the column.

The State contains an area of 55,410 square miles, equal to 35,462,400 acres of land. Perhaps there is not in the world an equal block of land where there is so small a proportion unadapted to the plow, or which is lost to agriculture by reason of mountains, barrens, swamps or overflows of water. Deducting the land devoted to railroads, right of way, to wagon roads, to cities, towns and villages, and there remains in Illinois 80,000 square miles of land which, for general fertility and adaptability to agriculture, has no superior, if it have an equal, in the world. The rainfall ranges from sufficient to abundant, but never excessive, except upon the low lands, and these are being reclaimed by tile-drainage, while the temperature is evidenced by the almost unfailing production which extends to every county of the State, from the lake to the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The deep, rich soil, the equable temperature, the adequate rainfall—all unite in rendering the State of Illinois capable of a greater average production of food-crops per acre within her limits than is possible for any other State on the continent. Nor are her crops limited as to kind. Nearly every staple production of the soil is produced in Illinois—all varieties of grain, with the addition of amber sugar-cane, and even cotton in the southern counties, with a prolific production of a vast variety of vegetables and of many small fruits which promises to be one of the most profitable character.

In 1878 the productive lands of Illinois were thus divided:

	Acres.		Acres.
Wheat	3,969,963	Corn	7,627,733
Oats	1,456,644	Meadows	2,302,888
Other field products	731,228	Inclosed pastures	3,760,071
Woodlands	8,607,993	Orchards	294,648

The wheat crop of 1878 was estimated at 36,000,000 bushels, corn at 343,000,000, oats at 44,000,000. Since then this acreage, as well as that devoted to other crops, has been largely increased. Of the product of the farms in this State in 1879 we have no official figures except in a few of the principal items. The Hon. B. B. Gillham, President of the Illinois Agricultural Society, in his report, now in press, gives some returns corrected to a late date, and the exhibit of Illinois compares with the whole country as follows:

	Crop of No. 1879 in United States.	Crop of No. 1879 in Illinois.
Corn, bushels	1,514,809,000	205,913,377
Wheat, bushels	448,755,000	49,041,393
Hay, tons	35,648,000	2,578,766
Oats, bushels	364,263,000	54,634,569
Rye, bushels	20,046,000	4,138,824
Cattle, number	39,264,500	1,662,305
Horses, number	10,938,700	887,318

From the figures it will be seen that in 1879 Illinois produced one-fifth of all the corn produced in the United States, and more than one-tenth of all the wheat. In both of these crops this State exceeded any other State in the Union, and in these particulars this excess over the other fertile States of the Union will in all probability be maintained.

But the productiveness of Illinois is not confined to wheat and corn. The total number of hogs killed and packed in the United States last year was, in round numbers, 11,000,000, of which Illinois sent to market as her crop 2,700,000, which is over 21 per cent. The oat crop of Illinois amounted to 15 per cent. of all produced in the Union; and in the production of rye, barley, hay, butter, cheese, seeds and potatoes and other root crops, Illinois ranks high among her sister States.

Mr. Gillham, in his report, tabulates comparatively the annual products of the gold and silver mines of the United States from 1874 to 1879, both inclusive, and the value of the corn crop of Illinois in the same years. All the gold and silver gathered from the mines in these six years aggregated $477,613,792, while the value of the corn crop in Illinois was $470,256,013. The corn fields of Illinois alone have been as productive as all the bonanzas and other mines in all the country.

In the meantime, while the State of Illinois is fairly entitled to be called the Empire Agricultural State of the Union, because of the greater magnitude of her farm productions, both as to quantity and value, the State has grown rich in the extent and value of her manufactures. Her abundance of coal, her great water-power, her means of transportation, the abundance of raw material, and the immense population which surrounds the great central market at Chicago, furnish to the great manufacturers of the country inducements not exceeded by those of any other section. It is more economical to bring the workshop and the workman where the food is produced in sight of the factory, and where the millions of consumers of manufactured goods are in close proximity and can make their exchange of commodities at less cost. Thus, while Illinois is growing rapidly as one of the manufacturing States of the Union, her supremacy as an agricultural State continues to assert itself at each returning season of seed-time and harvest.

Foreign Armies.

NOTHING is more remarkable in Europe than the recent rapid increase of the armies of the leading States, and certainly nothing is more injurious to the best interests of the people at large. France, Germany and Russia, not to speak of Italy and Austria, have been bending every energy and employing all their available revenue in the last ten years to strengthen their vast military bodies. The increment of the Russian forces during the last quarter of a century is shown by a document lately published in St. Petersburg. At the beginning of 1853 the Russian Army numbered 27,716 officers and 908,382 men, including reserve, local, auxiliary and Cossack troops. During the Crimean war (1854-56), the force of the Empire was, of course, largely increased, and comprised, January 1st, 1856, according to official reports, 41,817 officers and 2,257,454 men. How many of these were in the field or fit for actual service, is not even approximately known. The active army then numbered, it is said, about 25,000 officers and 1,200,000 men; the reserves, 7,876 officers and 272,158 men; the irregular forces, 3,640 officers and 158,691 men; the militia and Cossacks, some 540,000, all told. Vast deductions must naturally be made from these figures in counting an effective force. In 1863, for example, when the returns of the Minister of War exhibited the regular troops at 838,987 men, careful examination reduced it to 285,000 men—considerably less than one-half. In November, last year, the Russian Army comprised, nominally, 908 generals, 31,414 officers, and 866,423 men, while at the same date the reserve numbered 742,168 men, and the Cossacks 53,422 men, with about 196,000 on furlough. It is not likely, however, that any such force could be brought into the field. A German military writer recently proved that the revenue annually devoted to the maintenance of the Russian Army would be inadequate to sustain so large a body, even if administered on the most economical principles, and nothing is so administered in Russia. There is no greater difference in scarcely anything than between an army on paper and an army in the field, particularly in Russia.

Life at the Azores.

TO FIND a place to live in at once comfortable and cheap is usually a vain search, for all travelers know, as a rule, that the cheap places are not comfortable, and that the comfortable places are not cheap. St. Michael, the largest of the Azores, seems to be an exception, from the account of an American who has been spending some time at Ponta Delgada and Ribeira Grande, two considerable towns on that island. He calls it, on the whole, the best spot on earth, and the poor man's Eden. The soil is fertile, the climate healthful, mild and delightful, the scenery charming, and the inhabitants are noted for simplicity and kindness. Labor is very cheap, and consequently the streets of the towns and the roads leading there are kept very clean and in excellent order. Eggs can be bought for five cents a dozen; good beef for three cents a pound; fowls for twelve cents a piece, and comfortable dwellings hired for $7 a month. For $600 a year one can live well; for $700 handsomely, and for $1,000 superbly, keeping carriage and horses. The whole island is picturesque, containing many beautiful gardens, which are well taken care of. The land is owned by a few rich people, and rented at the rate of $50 to $60 an acre. The peasants perform all the labor in the country proper, go barefooted and live so economically that $100 a year suffices for the expenses of a small family. The fashions in dress have not changed for a century, either among the upper or lower classes. The women wear copakes—garments resembling the ulsters worn here by the other sex, and reaching the whole length of the figure. The head-covering, termed a capilla, attached to the copake, is like one of the old New England bonnets, and is pulled over the face when a stranger approaches. The natives never attempt to see the countenances of their friends, whom they recognize by their feet, looking down, not up, as they pass anybody in the street or on the road. St. Michael, which is about thirty miles square, appears, indeed, to be a miniature paradise, at least for men of small means. It is very unfashionable, however, whether women would like it. How could they enjoy an island where fashions never change during a lifetime, and where only one sort of garment is worn? So much of the contemporaneous woman's time is occupied in ordinary civilization, with taking off and putting on clothes, that she would suffer excessively at St. Michael for lack of congenial employment.

Boston Baked Beans.

THOUGH Boston has acquired some fame as a large consumer of this esculent, baked beans have been from time immemorial a favorite dish throughout New England. The sturdy men and women of generations ago, who braved dangers and hardships in planting an independent colony, added strength to their sinews and muscles by eating simple food, of which baked beans were a much cherished ingredient, and of all ancient dishes none have stood better the test of time and the caprices of the appetites of the people. But it is a little singular that, while New England is so large a consumer of baked beans, and New Englanders—more especially the residents of Boston—have acquired the mystery of cooking them perfectly, the dish is not in much favor elsewhere, and that the knowledge of baking them properly is exceedingly limited. It may be said that one circumstance is due to the other—that is, that where it is not known how to bake beans properly, they are naturally not a popular article of diet. If the method and process of baking were patented, it could scarcely be more exclusively held by New Englanders. Custom has prescribed either Saturday night or Sunday morning as the "correct time" for eating baked beans, and the scene at the baker's then is the busiest of the week. Among the hundreds of bakers in Boston, there are but few who do not "put to soak" on Friday night from one to five barrels of beans, which, added to the number cooked in private dwellings, will give one a conception of how well deserving is Boston of her fame as a bean-consuming city. A well-informed gentleman estimates that the consumption of beans in Boston is about 300 barrels per week, or about 32,000 barrels per year. One reason why Boston baked beans are considered better than any others is that almost invariably they are baked in brick ovens over night. Besides baking a quantity to sell, the bakers, for the nominal sum of five cents per pot, receive and bake the beans that are prepared by their customers, thus adding materially to their own profits and the convenience of the public. It is a fact, certainly not universally known, that there is in Boston an establishment devoted exclusively to the baking of beans, entirely separate from the canning institution. It is the only establishment of the kind in the world, probably, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether it could live anywhere else. At all events, attempts have been made to establish similar institutions elsewhere, and nothing but failure has been the result, and it is now plain enough that a bean-eating community is requisite to support a bean-baking establishment. The success of the Boston bean-bakery was assured from the start, and its enterprising proprietor has climbed up the road to wealth by the bean-pole, without assistance from the pole. Every night in the week the fire under the spacious brick oven is in full blast, and two teams are kept busy daily in delivering the pots and their smoking-hot contents. Of the customers of the bakery fully one-half are restaurant-keepers, who pay 20 cents for two quarts of beans, and then retail them at 10, 15 and 25 cents per plate. The bakery consumes from 1,800 to 3,800 pounds of beans per week, and its oven has the capacity to bake 450 pots in a single night. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the bakery is located in a fashionable quarter of the city.

FUN.

A CASE of suspended animation—Swinging in a hammock.

THE watermelon is like a book. It isn't red until it is opened.

A CHEAP Summer excursion—a trip on the light fantastic toe.

CHEATING never prospers—except, perhaps, in trading horses.

A SMOKER in an open horse car takes a rear seat for his money.

OF all the bottles that have been thrown overboard from imperiled ships, no despairing man gave up hope so utterly as to fling into the sea a bottle of fine old brandy.

"MY umbrella is getting decidedly shabby," said a young man about town one night last week. "I believe I will have to strike another prayer-meeting the first rainy night."

HE opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired: "Is this the editorial rinktum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanctum, or some such place where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day."

THIS is how a Twenty-fourth Ward man told it: "Judge Wheeler sent for me. I went down, and he received me cordially. He said: 'I have heard of the wonderful things you have accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and I am proud of you.' Then he offered a toast, 'Guilty, or not guilty?' to which I responded in a brief but elegant speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars."

A DAY or two ago as a colored bootblack was passing a down-town bar-room and fruit-store he picked up the stump of a cigar from the gutter and went into the store and asked for a match. He was met with the reply, "We don't keep matches to give away." The boy started out, but stopped at the door, turned back and asked the proprietor, "Do you sell 'em?" He purchased a box, paid his two cents and lit his stump, after which he closed the box and asked the proprietor to put it on the shelf and "next time a gem'an asks you for a match just give 'im one out'n my box."

ON West street, the other day, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" asked a benevolent old gentleman, as he chucked under the chin a little tot of a six-year-old, who was walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. "Give thee good day, graybeard," replied the midget, simply. "My father bade me to the shambles his for a fat haunch." "W-w-what?" ejaculated the old party. "Haply thou knowest him, the good man Skidmore?" inquired the tiny dame. "N-o-o," said the gentleman, much puzzled at the evident earnestness of the child. "You're a quaint little thing. Come with me, and I'll buy you some candy." "Alack! I am forbid to tarry, gentle sir. I need be blithe. Their patience stays upon my coming." "Good-by," said the old gentleman. "Rest you merry, master," and dipping a chubby little courtesy, the mite trotted off. "Bless my soul! what an extraordinary child!" said the gentleman to a neighbor, who had been looking on. "Oh! that's nothing," replied the other. "You see, she's the daughter of Bilson, the heavy man at the theatre, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Doesn't hear anything else, you see."

NO CURE, NO PAY.

DR. PIERCE'S Family Medicines are guaranteed to cure; for particulars see wrappers and pamphlets. They are reliable; have not sprung into popularity in a week or month, and gone out of favor as rapidly; but, being sustained by merit, have won a world-wide reputation, necessitating a branch in London to supply foreign countries, while the home sales are enormous throughout the United States. Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, preventing fevers, and curing all skin and scrofulous affections, stimulating the liver to action, relieving biliousness, and curing consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs. If the bowels are costive, take Pierce's Pellets (little pills). Both sold by druggists.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 5th, 1879.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION:

Gentlemen—For years I have been a great sufferer. My trouble first started with ague chills and constipations. This left me in 1878 with a racking cough and frequent bleedings from the lungs. Since this time I have been continually doctoring, consulting physicians without number. From them I received no benefit or encouragement. The most noted physicians of our city who last visited me expressed their opinions in the brief but hopeless words: "Take good care of yourself the few days you have to live; we cannot help you." I grew steadily worse under their treatment. One day, through reading your Memorandum Book, I learned of the Golden Medical Discovery. With but little hope of relief I purchased a bottle and took it. To my surprise and satisfaction it did me more good than all the drugs I had taken the year around. I am now steadily using it with benefit, and recommend it to all to be just what it is advertised.

Sincerely yours, JAMES P. McGRATH,
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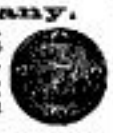
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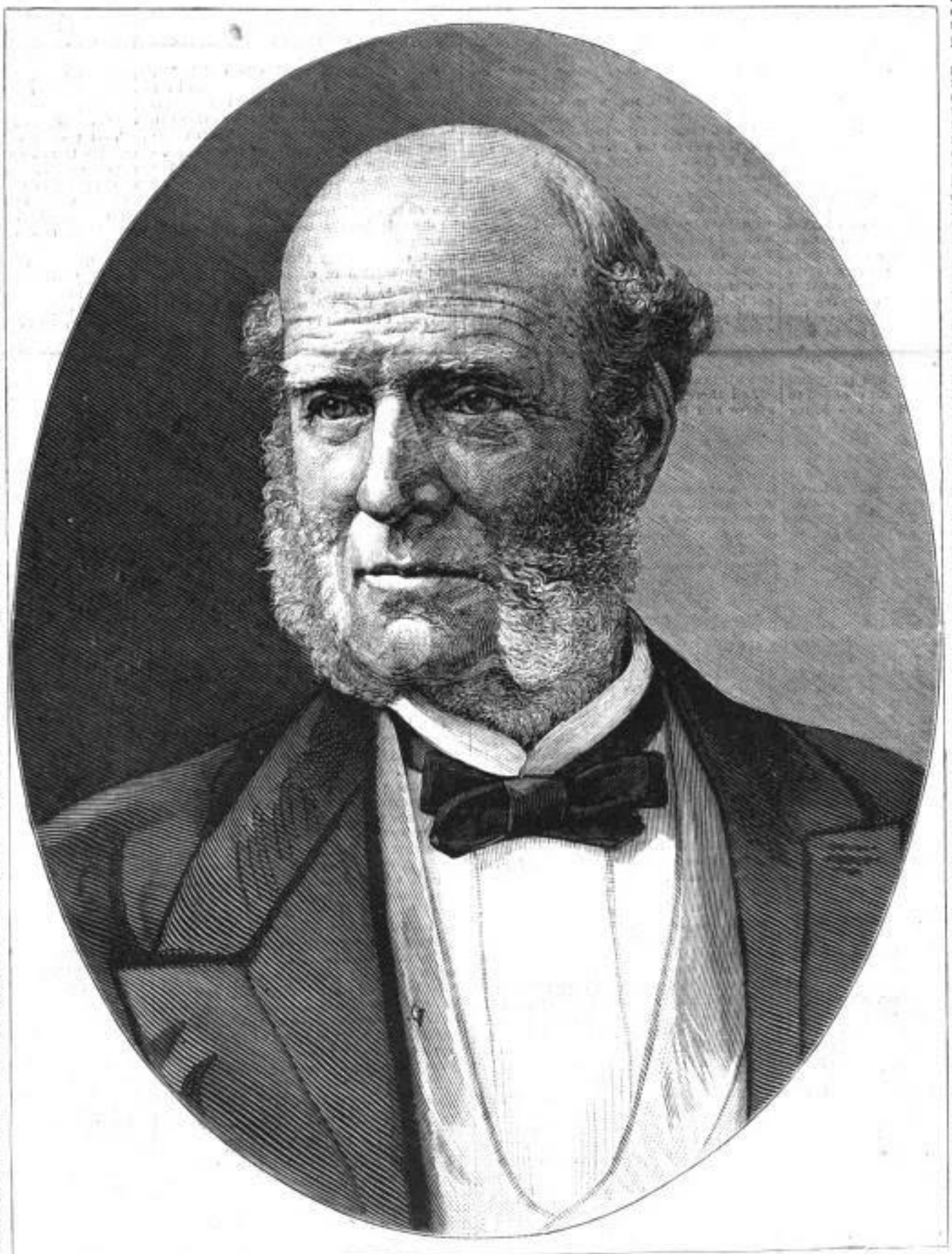
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THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

"TOM" HUGHES, who is now in our midst, is the second son of John Hughes, of Donington Priory, Berkshire, England. He was born October 20th, 1823, and is consequently in his fifty-seventh year. He was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1845. Entering as a student at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar in January, 1848. In 1856 "Tom Brown's Schooldays" took a delighted public by storm, followed by the "Scouring of the White Horse" in 1858. "Tom Brown at Oxford" made his bow in 1861, and in 1869 "Alfred the Great." Mr. Hughes sat in the British Parliament for Lambeth from 1865 to 1868, when he was returned to St. Stephen's for Frome, which he continued to represent until 1874, the date at which Mr. Gladstone, in a fit of dyspepsia, threw up the reins of Government. "Tom" Hughes was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1869, and in the following year paid this country a visit. Mr. Hughes to-day looks as hale, as hearty, as clean run as he did ten years ago, and, save for a few additional gray hairs in his mutton-chop whiskers, and a tendency to shine on the top of the head, he appears fit to keep a wicket on any cricket field in Merrie England—his eyes are bright, eager and penetrating—or to take an oar with a 'Varsity eight, as there is not a loose ounce of flesh inside his English homespun garments. "Tom" Hughes has come amongst us for the purpose of personally opening the industrial settlement on the Cumberland Highlands in Tennessee, originally founded by the Boston (Mass.) Board of Aid to Land Ownership.

During the recent hard times in this country, several influential Bostonians organized an association, called the "Boston Board of Aid to Land Ownership," which had for its object to "promote association migration to fertile, unoccupied lands; to aid their development into agricultural townships and homesteads, by these means contributing to a redistribution of labor—its diversion from trade and manufacture, where in surplus, to tillage of the earth—the basis of all industries, and the primary source of all wealth." By the passing away of the hard times, the necessity of this organization was in part obviated, and by a singular chain of circumstances it passed into English hands. When the organization was last before the public, it was stated that investigations were being made with a view to purchasing land in Tennessee. This land has been bought or bonded, and Mr. Thomas Hughes is now here to inaugurate the opening of the enterprise. Mr. Hughes is one of the best known living Englishmen, and through his earlier and later writings he has become known to the young men of England and America as a trusted adviser, with living sympathy and a direct interest in their prosperity. He takes especial interest in them during the formation period of their lives—while they are at the academies—and so they come to consult him as to their professions and business in life. He is also known for his great activity in various enterprises in England for the improvement of the social condition of the lower classes. He has been one of the most successful organizers of various civil service and tradesmen's co-operative associations. He has now come to this country to inaugurate this great colonization enterprise under the auspices of the Board of which he is chairman, and with an aim much above the ordinary speculative character of such undertakings. This Board seeks to establish a new community under especially favorable circumstances as to the average intelligence, competency and moral character of its population. It seeks a homogeneous community. It is not intended for those who might be called of the impoverished class, but it is mainly for the advantage of the tenant farmers of England, who suffer under the present system of land tenure, and for the sons of the gentry and well-to-do tradesmen and manufacturers, for whom the avenues of employment in England are practically barred by the redundant population, and by the block in most of the avenues of gain. Such classes especially are now compelled to turn attention to foreign lands. The English colonies, excepting Canada, are too remote or too unhealthy, hence the current has turned to the United States, and Mr. Hughes has found in this country, where he is known, honored and trusted, a field for the exercise of his practical philanthropy and public spirit, peculiarly suited to his theories of yore, and his present aims.



THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

From a Photograph Taken by Sarony expressly for "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper."

It is not necessary to go into the development of the movement; suffice it to say that three trips of exploration in the West were made, but without result. The fourth trip was made to the tableland of Eastern Tennessee, and this is what Mr. Hughes had to say to the representative of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, who waited upon him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel:

"The process of scrutinizing titles, identifying parcels and dealing with squatters, occupied the greater part of 1879; and it was not till the beginning of the present year that the first purchase of the Board was finally completed. This has been followed by others, until, at the present time the Board are the owners of a tract of land comprising 50,000 acres at least, including the site selected for the first town. This is a spot of great beauty, surrounded on three sides by the Clear Fork and White Oak rivers, which here effect a junction. It is between six and seven miles from the Cincinnati Southern Railway, from which it is approached by a road through the lands of the Board, running along a ridge which rises steadily and gently to the town site. This ridge is specially adapted to fruit cultivation; the Board therefore proposes to divide it into small homesteads of from forty to fifty acres, to be sold to persons intending to engage in this industry. The necessary surveys to enable them to do this are now in progress, as is also the laying out and building of the road from the railway.

"The survey of the town site has been finished for some time, and the lots, varying from 25 feet frontage by 150 feet in depth in the centre, to four acres in the outskirts of the town, are plotted out ready for purchasers. The survey of the minerals, which is being made for the Board by Mr. C. Wilson—Assistant Manager of the English "Shire Oaks Colliery"—confirms the reports of American witnesses as to the existence of valuable deposits of coal and iron on the estate.

(Continued on page 22.)

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, *January 17th*, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE "SOLID SOUTH."

IT is a great anomaly, abstractly considered, that the politics of a people should be determined practically by the color of their skin—that the whites of the South should, in the main, be Democrats, and that the blacks of the South should, in the main, be Republicans. But when we come to inquire into the origin and genesis of this anomaly we find that its roots are planted in human sentiments and in historical prejudices, which it is the effort of the mere partisan to foster and perpetuate in the interest of a selfish political propagandism. So it comes to pass that for a white man to act with the Republican Party at the South is to incur something like a ban of personal opprobrium, and for a black man to act with the Democratic Party is to incur the ostracism of his own race, and sometimes the penalties of actual violence. It adds to the misery and peril of this anomalous condition of things that each party lays the responsibility for its existence at the door of the other, and takes no share of the burden on its own shoulders. The resentments engendered by defeat in war, by the conceived hardships of the Reconstruction laws, and by the admitted infamies of the "carpet-bag governments" at the South, are still seen to be a bond of political sympathy among the Southern whites, while gratitude for the boon of emancipation and political enfranchisement is assumed by the Republicans of the North to be still so lively in the breasts of the Southern blacks that they count every colored voter as much the natural and indefeasible adherent of the Republican Party as if he were bound to it by an indissoluble tie.

And partisan complacency with this "solidity" of the whites in the one party and of the blacks in the other is not confined to the South. The Democrat of the North exults in it as the sheet-anchor of his political hopes in the pending Presidential canvass. It seems to him a "coigne of vantage" that he is able to start in his political computations with the one hundred and thirty-eight electoral votes of the South. And it is plain that the Republican managers of the North, while professing a large degree of sorrow and shame at the political "wickedness" of the Southern whites, are secretly very well satisfied with a state of affairs which gives them a lever power by which they hope to array the "Solid North" against the "Solid South." As the political "North" is stronger than the political "South," they see that a "short cut" to victory lies through this path, if only the one "solidity" can be made to produce the other as the natural *contre-coup* of antagonistic forces in the body politic. Our readers may remember that this scheme of political propagandism was deliberately expounded and inculcated by the late Senator Morton as being the only way in which the Republicans could take compensation for the Southern States lost to them by the pacific methods and constitutional policy of President Hayes.

In the present distempered state of public feeling it is not easy to tell which of the two historical parties of the country is likely to be the greater loser by the sectional antagonisms in which each of them lives and moves and has its being. The "Solid South" is a heavy weight for the Democrats to carry at the North, not because it is "solid," but *because it is "solid" on the color line*, and, therefore, on a line which, recurring outside of legitimate politics, lends itself ready-made to all the purposes of cheap declamation and of angry recrimination on the part of their opponents. And then, in turn, this cheap declamation and this angry recrimination of the Republican managers, in the presence of a civil schism which they seem more anxious to perpetuate than to cure, are an offense to very many at the North who have come to think that the pacification of the country is the first and highest duty of statesmanship in an epoch so far removed from the close of the late civil war, when the passions of war should no longer be a ground of appeal in current politics.

If it be idle to hope that the Republicans will desist from their sectional appeals against the South so long as it remains "solid" in the Democratic ranks, so, on the other hand, it is equally idle to hope that this "solidity" will be broken so long as the whites of the South are held and regarded as the natural and unalterable enemies of the Constitution and the Union. As each of these fanaticisms derives its chief strength and best support from the other, the comparative vitality of each may be seen in the comparative vivacity of the antagonistic fanaticism on which it feeds. At the close of the war it was natural that hatred of "the North" should be a potential factor in the politics of "the South," so far as the Southern whites are concerned, and that antipathy for the Southern whites should be a potential factor in the politics of the North, while as yet the bitter memories of the war were keen and fresh in every bosom. But we are now more than fifteen years removed from the cessation of hostilities between the two belligerent sections. The fruits of the war have been gathered, under the auspices of the Republican Party and at its dictation, into the three constitutional amendments which stand as its confession of the ends for which the war was fought. With the full consent of the Republican Party the late insurgent States have been restored to their rightful political autonomy under the Constitution. The "rebel Brigadiers" have been admitted to their seats in the Senate and House of Representatives. A rebel officer was selected by President Grant to expound, for a time, the laws of the land in the chair of the Attorney-General of the United States. A rebel General was placed by President Hayes in the office of Postmaster-General, and another rebel general, who led in the fiercest onset of the Confederates at Gettysburg, has been sent by the same Republican President to represent the country at Constantinople.

In the face of facts like these, it is surely more and more out of season for the Republicans to fight over again the battles of the war, and this, too, when a Union General, "the hero of Gettysburg," is the standard-bearer of the Democrats. In vain was the war for the Union ever fought and won if the whites of the South are to be placed under the ban of a perpetual ineligibility because of the part they took, or their fathers took, in that Titanic struggle. In vain have pardon and amnesty been proclaimed to the late insurgent people of the Southern States if, at the return of each Presidential election, they are to be held and treated as "alien enemies" who cannot be intrusted, in the government of the country, even with that proportional share which falls to them as a small minority section compared with the North and West, and a minority doomed to grow less and less with each decennial census of the land.

And there are signs in Virginia, in Tennessee and Georgia, that the Democratic "solidity" of the South is in a state of dissolution and thaw. The color line is ceasing to be the only line of cleavage in the politics of the South. Practical questions and domestic interests are there coming to the front in *State politics*, and they are kept from coming to the front in *National politics* only because there has not been found wisdom enough in the Republican leaders to adopt the pacific and conservative policy initiated by President Hayes at the beginning of his Administration.

A NEW AGRICULTURAL COLONY.

THOMAS HUGHES, Q. C., author of "School Days at Rugby," and widely known as a sturdy friend of America, is interested in an agricultural colonization scheme which proposes the State of Tennessee for its field of operations. There is nothing remarkable in this fact, since Mr. Hughes is known to be a man of popular sympathies; but, in reading the report of his arrival in New York one is struck by the character of his retinue. From the names of lords and ladies, professional men, gentlemen's sons and individuals of high mercantile and financial connections in his train, it would be easy to imagine that it was proposed to colonize the British aristocracy. But his fellow-travelers come, possibly, only as financial and social factors in the enterprise, and without any definite intention of stock-farming.

The undertaking is very comprehensive. Three hundred thousand acres of land in one of the most charming sections of a State second to none in natural scenery and climate, and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in capital, suggest a very liberal scheme and great future possibilities. The immediate object is to provide homes for persons who, preferring an agricultural life, have no door of opportunity open to them as tenant farmers in England. The scheme will scarcely end with a merely agricultural colony. On the bosom of all these broad acres a city may spring up, and there will be factories and workshops and commercial bazaars for the profit and convenience of the inhabitants. It may be a literal New England in the heart of old Tennessee, a conjunction not anticipated at the time of the death of the late Confederacy. But the scheme, as described by its projectors, seems to be rather beyond the reach of the indigent and impecunious. It is designed for the benefit of those who can bring some wealth and considerable influence to aid in enhancing the value of the property invested; as the management will be somewhat exclusive, the enterprise can scarcely be called a philanthropic one. It should be regarded rather as a financial adventure—a co-operative body of small and large agricultural capitalists, engaged in speculation in a field not heretofore opened by business enterprise. But it will be a good undertaking. The members of this Board of Aid to Land Ownership, as the company is called, will put their capital to a very popular use, and, incidentally, benefit all who can avail themselves of their offers of assistance.

The tendency of the age is in the direction of co-operative enterprise. Men are surrendering their sense of individualism and learning the force that comes with united action. But it is a little singular that those who have the least necessity for co-operation are the first to discover its advantages. Our capitalists have combined, and great financial triumphs are the result. But labor, filled rather with envy than emulation at the success of capital, seems to revel in the spirit of disunion, and to fight shy of all organization more perfect than Trades Unions—those representatives of demoralization and ineffectual strikes. When workingmen undertake to co-operate, their schemes are generally too elaborate to succeed, and they fail through the very complexity of the interests involved. It may be that we shall never see successful co-operation among those who would be most benefited by its operations until there are philanthropists enough of independent means to organize the forces that seem now determined to neutralize and destroy each other.

Such enterprises as this in which Mr. Hughes is engaged are to be welcomed for the example furnished in their administration. In their isolated operations they can be of little benefit to society. Their membership is necessarily small; and the individuals who can avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the distinguished gentleman and his associates will not be missed in the districts from which they will be drawn. In the beginning they will be mainly agriculturists, too; and the movement can scarcely touch the question of over-population in cities. It is from the plethora of people where they congregate in masses that we suffer, and until the movement in favor of agricultural colonization has become comprehensive enough to thin out the excess of population, it can be of but little general benefit.

But right here we are confronted by another difficulty. It is the propensity of the race to herd together in large communities. The history of the world is the history of great cities; and if you were to take two hundred thousand people from New York to-morrow and locate them on farms, there would be two hundred and fifty thousand farmers and people from the rural districts ready to rush in on the day after to-morrow and fill up their places. In the crudeness and inexperience of the newcomers, too, they would not be half so well satisfied with a dinner of paving stones as their predecessors. We can never get rid of populous cities, and they will cease to be over-populated when their inhabitants have improved upon their social science. When that times comes the word over-populated will become obsolete, and the larger the city the better for both country and town.

But, in the example furnished by colonization schemes, there can be discovered some light which may guide to great results hereafter. Disguised in whatever form the managers please, an agricultural colony is a co-operative enterprise, and as such it represents a beneficent principle, destined eventually to work the regeneration of our social system. When men have learned to thoroughly co-operate in all their undertakings, whether financial or industrial, we shall reach the beginning of another and better era, and see the removal of many of the evils that now distract society. Possibly the new epoch may come quickly by a general and spontaneous movement, or it may be delayed, and we may have a long road to travel before reaching the end. If the latter rate of progression represents the future, such schemes as the enterprise encouraged by Mr. Hughes will form good stepping-stones. If they furnish landmarks by the way and help us over the quagmires, we shall have reason to feel ourselves greatly indebted to their projectors

THE FALL TRADE.

IT is gratifying to notice that the prospects for the Autumn trade are, on the whole, quite favorable both in the foreign and domestic branches of our commerce. The estimates of our wheat crop this year now approximate 500,000,000 bushels, and though there has latterly been some modification of the reports current several months ago of a considerable falling off in the European crop, yet it now appears certain that the yield in Great Britain will be no larger than last year; the German harvest, moreover, has been delayed and injured by excessively hot weather; and Russia, our great rival in the wheat trade, will not have nearly as much to spare for exportation as last year. It is now probable that we shall have at least 200,000,000 bushels of wheat to spare this season, though only half of this may be required. The prices of this cereal in the markets are lower at present than last year, but this will be equalized by the larger yield.

The corn crop this year will also be very large, and will add materially to the wealth of the country. The prospects for a full average yield, at least, of other cereals are also promising. We have just marketed a crop of 5,000,000 bales of cotton, worth $250,000,000; and for the crop year beginning September 1st, the current estimates at the Cotton Exchange are from 6,000,000 to 6,500,000 bales. Should the latter calculation prove true, it means over $300,000,000 more in the pockets of our people for the raw cotton—to say nothing of the enormous sums to be obtained from the sale of manufactured goods. The exports of raw cotton for the past season, it may be added, have been the largest ever known in the history of the trade; and our country, it is pleasing to know, has once more assumed the supremacy in the cotton trade which it lost during the war. The nearest approach to the exports of 3,900,000 bales for the past cotton year was in 1860, when the foreign shipments reached 3,775,000 bales.

Although the foreign exports of cotton goods, since January 1st, have shown some falling off, the prospects for this Autumn are, in the main, quite favorable, and it appears more than likely that the scales may be turned before the end of the year. As it is, the exports from New York alone thus far are close to 65,000 packages, valued at no less than $4,600,000, which is certainly some advance since 1871, when for the corresponding period the shipments reached only 13,000 packages valued at $958,000.

Then there is our petroleum traffic. The exports from New York since January 1st have been 195,000,000 gallons, the total for all our shipping ports being over 250,000,000 gallons, worth at a modest calculation at least $20,000,000. The production of crude petroleum now approximates the almost fabulous aggregate of 80,000 barrels per day. There is always a supply of several million barrels at the wells in Pennsylvania, of which there are in the largest district—the Bradford—now no less than 7,300. Here is what might not inappropriately be termed a streaming tide of wealth, mysterious in its source and wonderful as Aladdin's lamp. Crude oil now sells at about 90 cents per barrel, which is certainly a large decline since the days when $5 was quoted; and yet there is "money in it" even at present prices—what we lack in this respect being made up to a considerable extent in the increased production. There is now in this market, as well as in Baltimore and Philadelphia, a good demand for oil to supply the Fall trade with Europe.

The foreign Autumn traffic in our dairy products will, according to present appearances, reach an imposing aggregate. Within a few years the exports of cheese—our largest staple in this branch of trade—have risen to 124,000,000 pounds, which shows a remarkable increase within a few years. It is noticeable, too, that our exports of butter, which were formerly quite insignificant, are increasing year by year, Great Britain being our largest customer for this product as well as cheese. As late as 1876 we exported only 4,660,000 pounds of butter, whereas, for the last two or three years the shipments have averaged nearly 21,000,000 pounds. As our annual production of butter is estimated at 1,500,000,000 pounds and of cheese 350,000,000 pounds, we have enough to spare for any foreign demand that may arise. Some idea of the importance to the country of our dairy interests may be derived from the fact that two years ago our production of butter and cheese was worth 830,000,000, or one-seventh more than the value of the wheat crop, and one-third more than that of the cotton crop for that year. Our great rival in the dairy trade with Great Britain is France, which has a prohibitory tariff; but if our trade continues to grow as it has of late years we need not fear foreign competition. We have 3,000 manufactories of cheese, 13,000,000 milch cows, and have $1,300,000,000 invested in pasture lands. Prices of both butter and cheese it may be stated are considerably higher than last year.

The trade in hog products promises very favorably this Fall. The number of hogs packed at the principal points in the West shows a very marked increase compared with last year, and the foreign exports of products are beginning to show a proportionate increase. The shipments of lard East from the marts alluded to since last November—the beginning of the season—have been no less than 313,000,000 pounds against 274,000,000 pounds the previous season; while the shipments of meats to the seaboard have exceeded 700,000,000

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pounds, being an excess of 5,000,000 pounds over last season. Here we have in exact figures 1,018,000,000 pounds of lard and meats, worth, at a very modest calculation, $75,000,000; while the actual foreign exports from New York alone, since January 1st, have been 182,000,000 pounds of lard and 334,000,000 pounds of meats, besides 180,000 barrels of pork. No wonder the granger rejoices on every side, especially as he is getting prices an important item higher than last year.

Then we have a wool-clip just coming to market which promises to reach 250,000,000 pounds, which shows an increase. Farmers have been getting unusually high prices for their wool, and they are even now about fifteen per cent. higher than last year, though at the moment the tendency is towards lower quotations. The prospects point to a brisk trade both in wool and woolen goods this Fall, though prices may seek a lower level before there is much of a revival in trade. Manufacturers in different parts of the country talk cheerfully of the Autumn prospects, and at the latest advices from Europe there was an active demand for American goods. It need scarcely be remarked that our wool-clip annually adds materially to the national wealth.

Turning again to the Southern States, it is worthy of note that not only cotton but other crops peculiar to that region, namely, sugar, rice and tobacco, are contributing largely to a more prosperous condition of things south of Mason & Dixon's line; and that crops of these products are likely to be large this year. Since the war Louisiana has devoted considerable attention to rice culture, and with such success that the incoming crop is estimated at 50,000,000 pounds, which will certainly be worth close to $3,000,000. In the Carolinas, too, large crops of rice of late years have been a real blessing to the agricultural classes. Formerly we imported large quantities of rice from Rangoon and Patna in the East Indies, but now the home culture is almost, if not quite, sufficient for our needs.

Thus, in looking somewhat hastily over the field, we find that the prospects for our Autumn trade are on the whole satisfactory, and all classes are likely to be benefited directly or indirectly by this fact. One of the most favorable features—one though mentioned last is far from least—is the cheapness of money, which now ranges from one-half to two per cent., while at this time last year the market was tight and very much higher. This easiness of the money market, of course, greatly assists in marketing the crops and enables merchants to hold the products for fair prices. Plentiful crops mean prosperity to the farmers and a large traffic in our cities, all classes thus partaking of the wealth of the soil.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE feeling which had grown up in Europe as to the settled peace between France and Germany has received a rude shock by the speech of Gambetta at Cherbourg, and the tone which the German press has adopted in treating it. In his speech he said the army was no longer recruited among those who made a trade of fighting, but from the best and purest blood in France. He combatted the views of those persons who thought that too much attention was paid to military affairs, and pointed out that the only means by which France could regain her lost position was by the aid of the army. As this was almost a declaration of his belief that Alsace and Lorraine would be retaken by force of arms, if the opportunity should offer itself, it is not strange that the press of Germany should call attention to Gambetta's speech and should criticise it severely. The *North German Gazette* says it is better that Germany should know exactly how things are, and should familiarize herself with the idea of another war with France. The maintenance of a powerful army is necessary; but the *Gazette* wishes it to be fully understood that the first threat of breaking the peace did not come from Germany.

The situation in Turkey remains practically unchanged. The collective note of the Powers has been presented to the Porte. It declares that, as the new boundary was definitely marked out by the Conference of Berlin, they must decline to allow any reopening of the question. The Porte has offered to cede the Dulcigno district with the exception of Gruda and Dinosh. The Turkish ministers also declare that they are fully conscious of the necessity of settling the question in Montenegro, in order to strengthen their diplomatic and military positions in regard to Greece, and to destroy the influence of Russia, the special protector of Montenegro. At the same time, the Sultan is averse to taking any harsh measures to compel the transfer of territory, and the Albanians continue their preparations for resistance. The Powers, on the other hand, do not seem to act with any concert, and their failure to make the promised naval demonstration in Albanian waters has led the Sultan to hope that they cannot agree among themselves. The coast of Albania is very rocky and wild, and it would be exceedingly dangerous to send a fleet of armor-clad vessels thither during the equinoctial gales. Meanwhile there is a growing discontent with the Sultan among his own subjects, and a seditious proclamation, which has been industriously circulated, has given utterance to this feeling.

The siege of Candahar still continues, and although not very close is sufficiently so to keep the besieged upon the constant *qui vive*. Several sorties have been made, and in one of them the British suffered rather seriously, losing several officers. The Afghan artillery is remarkably good for a semi-barbarous army. The smiths of Cabul have always been noted for their fine work, and some time ago they were impressed into the Government employ to make guns. Shere Ali was famous for his skill as an artillerist, and once sent his chief smith to Peshawur to study the various arms in the workshops there. This smith brought back wooden models of the Armstrong and other rifled cannon, and a manufactory of guns and small arms was started at Bala Hissar. The consequence is that the Afghans now possess some ninety rifled cannon, mostly field and mountain pieces, but well adapted to the country in which the Afghans delight to make warfare.

The agitation in Ireland has not lessened. The English newspapers make light of the so-called "organizations." It is admitted that there are a few fanatics banded together calling themselves Fenians, but it is denied that they have any power, and they are not nearly as dangerous as the Parnellites. The latter are at present directing their energies against the Irish constabulary, a body of men recruited altogether in Ireland and officered by Irishmen. It is said that they are merely a military force without the red coats. On the other hand, the efficiency of the Irish constabulary is allowed on all hands, and although there is no danger of a rebellion in Ireland which would require military aid to quell, yet there is much danger to life and property, and the constabulary is exactly the body suited to deal with it.

One curious effect of Mr. Parnell's obstructive policy has been the creation of a small party of strong Conservatives who imitate the Irish obstructive tactics. The principal members of it are Lord Randolph Churchill, a son of the Duke of Marlborough; Lord Elcho, a son of the Earl of Wemyss; and Mr. Gorst. None of these young men have ever been known in public life before, and their present position is a thoroughly novel one. This new obstructive element seems to be entirely uncontrolled in their actions, and on several occasions, when Sir Stafford Northcote, the Conservative leader of the House of Commons, disassociated himself from them, they showed such a bold front that the Government and Opposition were both alarmed. It is so unusual to find any break in the ranks of the Conservative Party that this movement is attracting an amount of attention quite out of proportion either with the abilities or influence of the "Tory obstructives."

The revolution in Cuba may now be said to be over. The insurgents have surrendered and have been sent to Spain. It is found that the captured rebels are so numerous that there is not sufficient room for them in the penal settlements in North Africa, and it is proposed to send several of them to the Marianna Islands, a group near the Philippine. As these islands are desolate and inhabited by only savages and rats, the insurgents are naturally adverse to being banished to those unattractive places. They also allege that they surrendered on the distinct understanding that they should be allowed to remain in Spain. A large part of the Spanish force in Cuba has been withdrawn, but 8,000 recruits are to be sent out in October.

Great excitement is prevalent in Madrid concerning the *accouchement* of the Queen, which is expected immediately. The Queen, accompanied by her mother, has visited all the principal churches, praying for a safe delivery, and she has made frequent presents and distributions of alms to the churches and among the poor. All the ambassadors, ministers and high functionaries of State are assembled awaiting the propitious event, and eighty halberdiers are in constant attendance at the palace, ready to rush out and advise those great personages of the approaching event. The birth of an heir is of the greatest importance, as it will consolidate the dynasty and add to the popularity of the Queen.

THE Democratic Party in Tennessee, in taking ground for the honest settlement of the debt of the State, has set an example to the Democrats of Virginia which we should be glad to see them copy. The debt of Tennessee is about $24,000,000. The creditors have indicated their willingness to compromise at one-half. The majority of the Democrats favor the payment of this amount, while a minority propose to repudiate all but about $2,000,000 of the debt. The repudiationists have nominated a distinct ticket, and hope to get some help from the Republicans in their war upon the credit of the State. So far there are no indications that the latter will connect themselves to a policy so utterly dishonorable; but if they shall do so, they will deserve the defeat and humiliation which will pretty surely overtake them.

THERE is a class of temperance advocates who are for ever bringing ridicule and disaster upon their cause by their stupid efforts to accomplish the impossible. Thus, in Maine and New Jersey this year, they are favoring independent tickets for State officers on the one idea of temperance, ignoring as of no sort of consequence all the grave questions of public policy which so much more nearly concern the people. Now, temperance in the use of intoxicating drinks is a good thing, but nobody but a fanatic or fool believes that men can be reclaimed from drinking habits by carrying the question into politics. Reforms are accomplished mainly by moral forces, and to neglect these is simply to invite defeat. The Maine and New Jersey zealots are probably incapable of learning wisdom from adverse experience, but it is quite certain that they will, in the coming elections, receive a rebuke which will not lack in emphasis or directness.

A SHARP lesson was given certain tenement-house owners the other day by Judge Russell of the Superior Court. An injunction had been issued restraining the persons in question from completing a certain tenement-house unless they complied with the law in regard to proper spaces for light and ventilation. Despite this order the building was completed according to the original plans, and was rented to several families, who began to occupy it. Judge Russell, on the application of counsel for the Board of Health, granted a motion to punish the defendants for contempt of court, and they were fined $250 each, and directed, under pain of heavier penalties, to begin before September 6th the work of making the construction of the building conform to law.

THE Night Medical Service in this city, established under Act of the Legislature for the purpose of providing the deserving poor with medical assistance in case of sudden emergency during the hours of the night, is now in full operation, 327 physicians having been enrolled for duty as necessity may demand. The names of these physicians are registered at the station houses, whence they may be called for service. Each is allowed $3 a visit, but if the persons requiring aid are unable to pay the amount, then the police captain of the district is to certify to that fact, and the physician becomes entitled to receive that sum from the public funds. Three thousand dollars have been appropriated for the purpose in order to carry out the provisions of the Act, and if the experiment thus initiated proves successful, the amount will be increased as the necessity of the service requires.

THE Republicans in the Middle States are giving less prominence to the Southern question than they did at the outset of the campaign, and are directing their assaults especially against the financial and tariff records of the Democracy. On these points, especially in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, where there are large manufacturing interests, the Republicans have the advantage of position, and they are making the most of them. The fact that business is prosperous and workingmen generally have employment at remunerative wages, is also against the Democracy, who can offer nothing better, by way of "changes," than is now enjoyed by the industrial classes. If the Republicans could make their fight at large upon this rather than the sectional issue, their chances of success would be greater than they can be with their present plan of battle.

THE influx of gold from Europe is attaining large proportions. The importations for the current year began on the 2d of August, and already amount to about $10,000,000, including $1,200,000 in American coin. Last year, when the importations commenced on the 12th of August, the total for that season reached the unprecedented sum of $75,000,000, and was at that point checked only by the importation of large quantities of iron, hundreds of thousands of tons of the baser metal coming as substitute for the gold, in exchange for American provisions. Opinions differ among those who deal heavily in gold as to the probable aggregate of this year's importations. Some think that the total influx of gold will run far above last year, and point to the fact that it is already in advance of the figures for a corresponding period last year. Other bankers think the total will not go above $30,000,000, but do not fortify their opinion by any facts not within the general knowledge.

THE death of General Albert J. Myer terminates a career of singular usefulness and honor. As chief signal officer of the army General Myer rendered services of inestimable importance to the commerce and agriculture of the country, while his efforts and influence contributed to the development of meteorological science throughout the world to an extent which is not even yet fully appreciated. The Weather Bureau, so-called, was peculiarly his own creation. The system of observations and reports which he established, and which now covers the entire country, has resulted in the saving of millions upon millions of dollars to the farming and commercial interests. The results of observations taken in all parts of the Union are telegraphed thrice daily to Washington, where they are tabulated; the probabilities are then deduced, and these are instantly sent to all Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Merchants' Exchanges, and scientific societies, and to the principal places, especially seaports, all over the country. They are also published in all the daily newspapers, and so reach the great majority of our population once or twice daily. Storm signals are displayed at New York and all the principal seaports whenever a storm is expected, and no careful seaman ventures out of port when the red light is burning or the red flag flying. General Myer was a man of great force of character and high culture, and was, besides, an enthusiast in the work to which he had devoted his life. Had he lived a few years longer, he would have no doubt succeeded in establishing an international meteorological system, including as its chief feature the taking of simultaneous weather observations at all points in the world reached by telegraphic communication. This was the ambition of his life, and he had already made considerable progress in that direction. Dying in the prime of his powers, he leaves his great work to be finished by others, but his fame is sure, since it rests on solid achievements in the interest of all mankind.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

VICTORIA and his band of bo-tiles are reported as starving in Mexico.

A FIRE at St. Paul, Minn., August 25d, destroyed property valued at $900,000.

PRESIDENT HAWES, of Hamilton College, has resigned after fourteen years' service.

HON. HORACE MAYNARD entered upon his duties as Postmaster-General last week.

THE Army of the Cumberland will hold its reunion in Toledo on September 22d and 23d.

THE Iowa Republicans have renominated J. A. T. Hall for Secretary of State, and named W. V. Lucas for Auditor.

A CONVENTION of deaf mutes of the United States was held at Cincinnati last week. All the proceedings were carried on by signs.

A DISPATCH, dated August 27th, stated that the well-known Ute chief, Ouray, had Bright's disease, and that he would probably die before morning.

ON the Charter Oak Course, Hartford, Conn., August 27th, St. Julien beat his own and the fastest time on record, running the mile in 2.11¼.

THE President has decided not to issue any proclamation as to commercial relations with the Chilean until the Chinese Commission makes a report.

THE New York Republican State Committee has decided not to call a State Convention, and nominated Judge Folger for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

THE Republicans of Colorado have nominated Governor Pitkin for re-election. The Democrats of Kansas have nominated E. G. Ross for Governor, with a full State ticket.

THE Industrial League of America has issued an address showing increased manufactures in iron, steel, silk, pottery and worsted, and urging the importance of a protective policy.

PRESIDENT HAYES left Washington last week for a visit to the West and the Pacific Coast. He will probably extend his travels to Oregon, and return to the capitol about November 1st.

A REUNION of General Garfield's regiment (Forty-second Ohio) was held at Ashland, in that State, August 25th. The attendance was from eight to ten thousand. A speech was made by General Garfield.

THE Greenbackers of New Jersey have nominated General Thomas H. Hedsey for Governor. General Weaver, the Greenback candidate for President, having completed a tour of Arkansas and Indiana, now goes to Maine, where he is announced to make several speeches.

THE twenty-ninth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held in Boston last week. The Association was welcomed to the city by addresses from Mayor Prince and Governor Long. A number of interesting papers on scientific topics were read.

THE coroner's juries charged with inquiring into the accident on the Atlantic City (N. J.) Railroad, some weeks since, by which over twenty lives were lost, have returned verdicts fixing the responsibility on the conductor and engineer of the second section of the train on which the disaster happened.

THE Supreme Lodge of Knights of Pythias, in session at St. Louis last week, elected the following officers for the ensuing term of two years: *Supreme Chancellor*, Judge G. W. Lindsey, of Maryland; *Supreme Vice-Chancellor*, Judge John P. Linton, Pennsylvania; *Supreme Prelate*, the Rev. W. Bryce Thompson, Tennessee; *Supreme Master of the Exchequer*, John P. Stamphan, Indiana.

THE Local Inspectors of Steam Vessels have transmitted to Stephen R. Kirby, Supervising Inspector of the district, their report in regard to the disaster that resulted in the destruction of the steamboat Seawanhaka and the loss of forty lives. The inspectors give at length their reasons for arriving at the conclusion that the boilers of the boat were intact when it was beached, and that the cause of the fire was back draft forcing the gases and flame from the grate bars.

AFTER the New York Democratic State Central Committee met on August 27th at the St. James Hotel, a committee headed by Lester B. Faulkner called on John Kelly and obtained from him the terms on which the wing of the Democracy which he represents would be willing to unite with the other. As a result of these negotiations, the State Committee issued a call for a State Convention to be held in Saratoga on September 29th. It is understood that the delegation from this city will be divided between Irving Hall and Tammany Hall.

Foreign.

GERMANY has definitely abandoned the intention to acquire and colonize the Samoan Islands.

THE Conference for the Reform of the Law of Nations has begun its sessions at Berne, Switzerland.

PRECAUTIONS are being taken against the expected resistance to evictions in the West of Ireland. Iron huts for the police are in course of construction at places where trouble is thought likely to occur.

MR. GLADSTONE is making a cruise around the British coast accompanied by the Earl of Rosebery. A rumor has been circulated that the cruise was less for the benefit of the Premier's health than to enable him to visit some disaffected portions of Ireland.

RIZA PASHA assembled the chiefs of the Albanian League at Scutari on August 24th. As they refused to yield to his demands in regard to the cession of territory to Montenegro, he sought to detain them in arrest, but the inhabitants rescued them and threatened Riza Pasha with death.

A DISASTROUS hurricane recently passed over the island of Jamaica. Thousands of people are houseless. The crops were destroyed. In Kingston the barracks were destroyed. Eight large and thirty-two small vessels were wrecked in the harbor. Famine is imminent, and help is required for the starving thousands.

A PROCLAMATION is being circulated in Constantinople attacking the Sultanate and demanding the restoration of Islamism in its purity. The discontent of the Moslem population is increasing. An outbreak at Aleppo is feared, and there is great agitation at Damascus and Diarbekr. The Sultan is alarmed at the prospect that the Powers will employ coercion against him on the Greek frontier question.

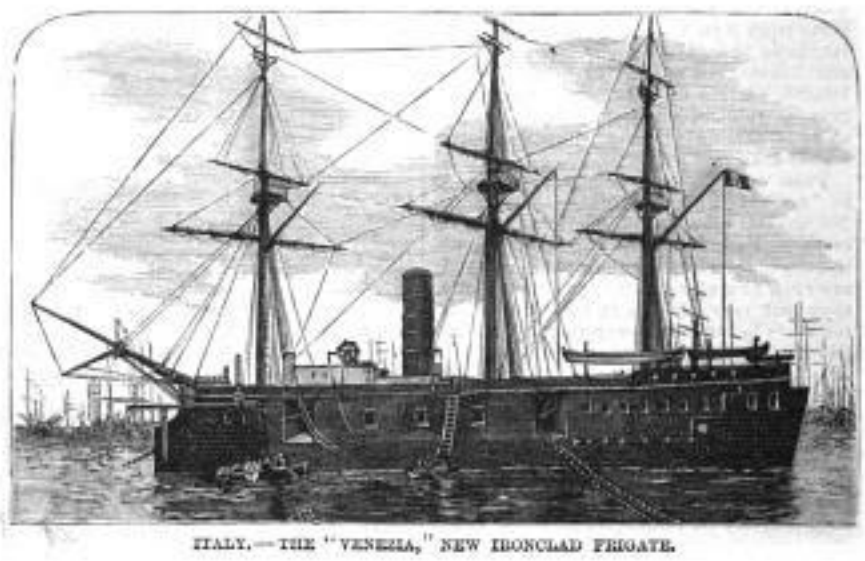
THE House of Lords on Friday night adopted, by a vote of 75 to 49, the amendment to omit the section of the Employers' Liability Bill entitling claims to be preferred against an employer in case of injury caused by any of his servants, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Government. Lord Beaconsfield moved an amendment limiting the duration of the Act to two years, which was rejected by a vote of 72 to 46.

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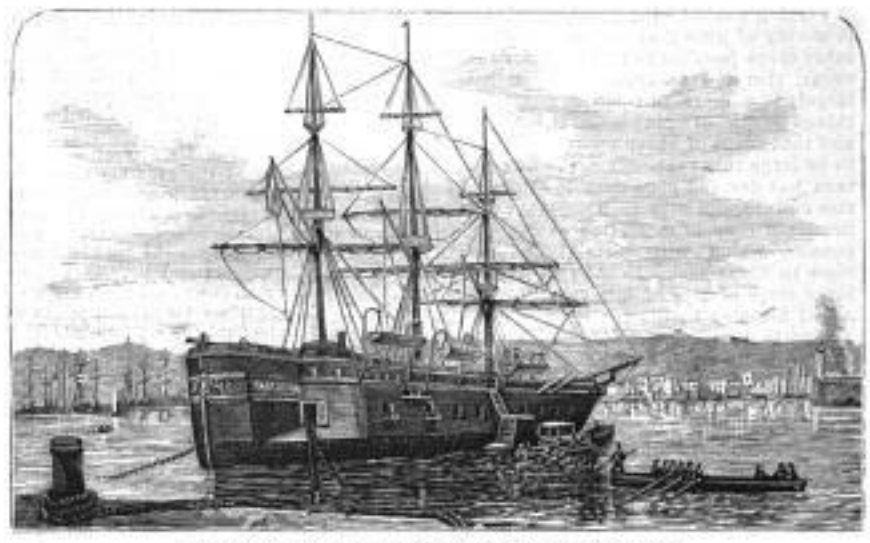
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



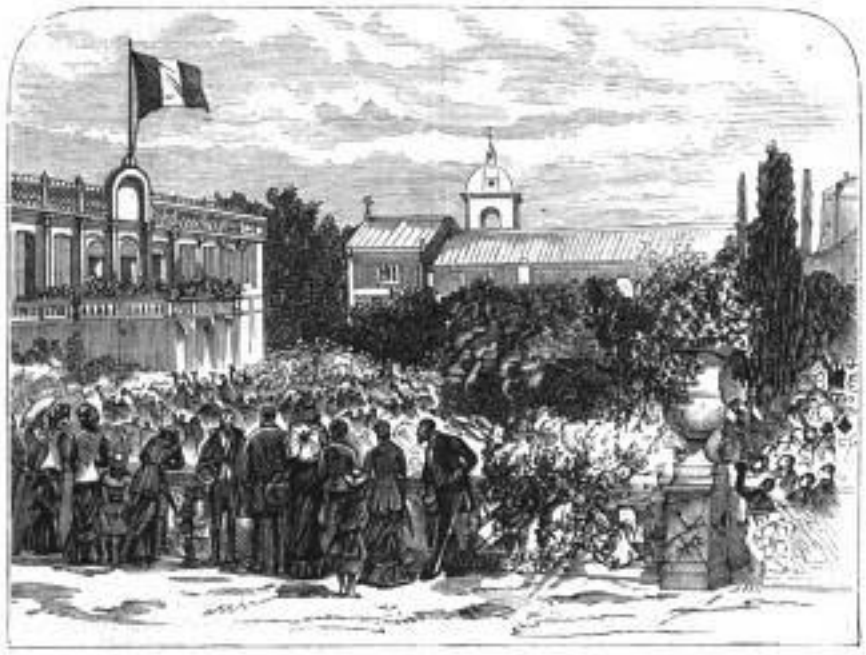
AFGHANISTAN.—GUNS CROSSING THE KHOJACK PASS, EN ROUTE TO CANDAHAR.



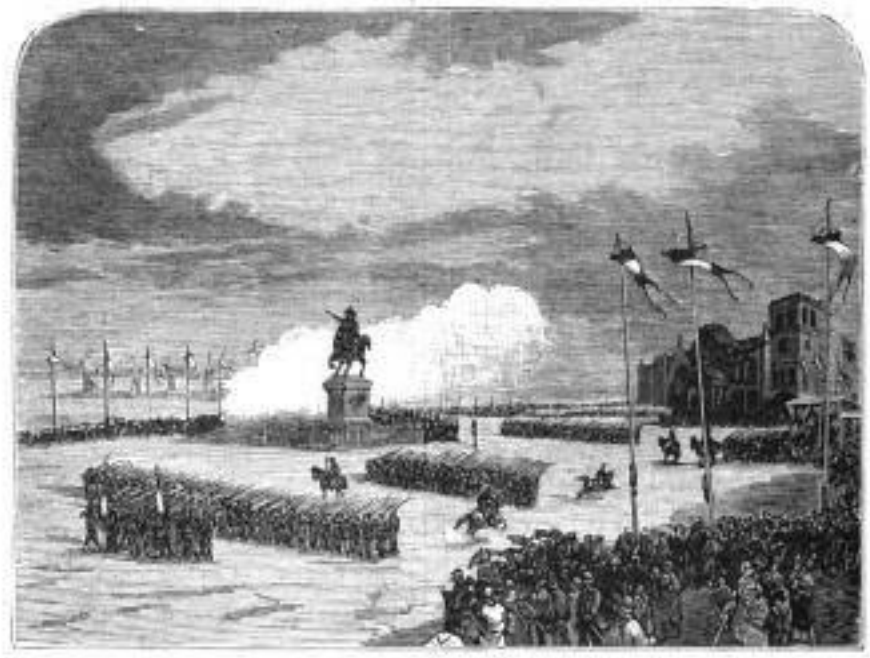
ITALY.—THE "VENEZIA," NEW IRONCLAD FRIGATE.



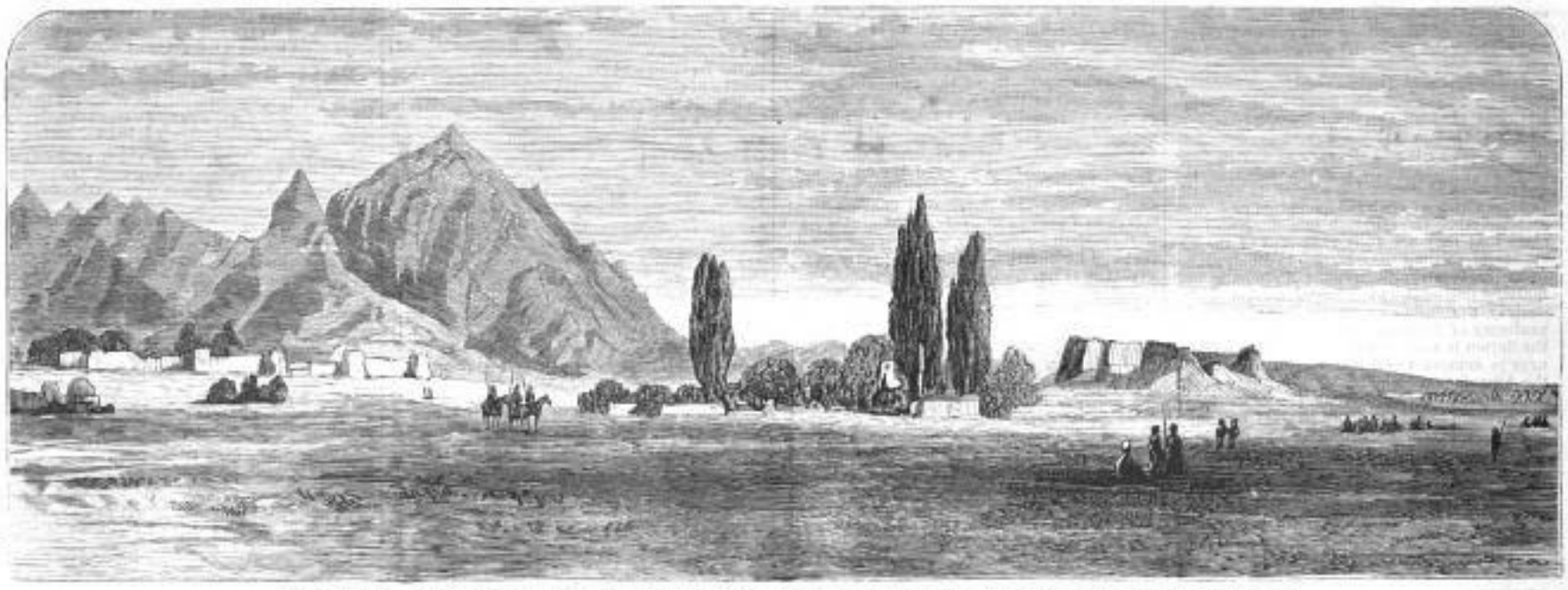
ITALY.—THE "PALESTRO," NEW IRONCLAD FRIGATE.



TURKEY.—SERENADE, BY THE GREEK POPULATION, TO THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, PERA.



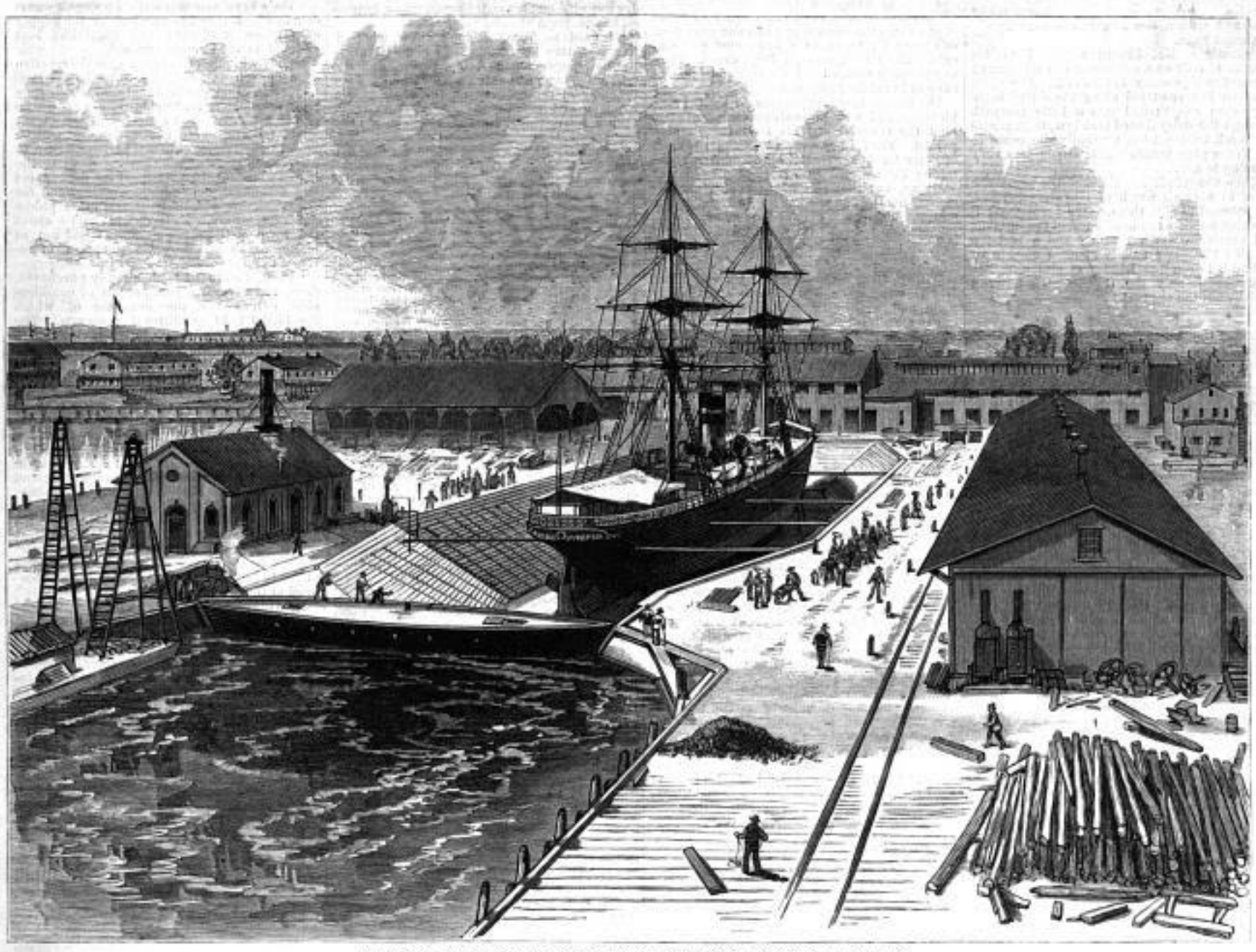
FRANCE.—THE NAVAL FÊTE-DAY CELEBRATION AT CHERBOURG, AUGUST 8TH-9TH.



AFGHANISTAN.—KHUSHK-I-NAKHUD, THE SCENE OF THE LATE BATTLE BETWEEN AYOUB KHAN AND GENERAL BURROWS.

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INTERIOR OF THE DRY DOCK.



APPEARANCE OF THE DOCK DURING ITS OCCUPATION BY AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

MARYLAND.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—THE GREAT DRY DOCK AT LOCUST POINT, ADJOINING FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE.—SEE PAGE 23.

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A BIRTHDAY MESSAGE.

I.

I CANNOT see your lovely face to-day,
Nor clasp and kiss you in be old sweet way.
Since fate has set our lives so far apart,
I can but hope that you have peace of heart.
God keep you stainless as He made you fair.
Dieuvle, ma Dieuvle, ma plus chère.

II.

Love holds the key that locks my prison-door;
Must it remain close-barred for evermore?
He knows my desolation and my need,
And yet I must be mute: I may not plead
To breathe again with you his free, glad air
Dieuvle, ma Dieuvle, ma plus chère.

III.

Ah, me! that heart's-desire should be in vain,
That empty husks are given our souls for grain!
Ah, me! that in the chalice of the years
Our wine is blent with bitter gall of tears!
Ah, me! I can but leave you in God's care,
Dieuvle, ma Dieuvle, ma plus chère.

JOHN MORAN.

LINK BY LINK.

THE shower was ended. A brisk western breeze was rapidly tearing away the gray thunder-clouds, from the face of the June sky, and the sun shone down with renewed fervor.

"As hot as 'twas before the rain!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, as she opened her parasol and leisurely stepped from the Heywood drygoods store in which she had, half an hour before, taken shelter from the storm.

"Yes, it is, ma'am," said Mr. Brown, the proprietor, handing her the bundles she had bought from him, and he added: "You'll have a hot walk under this brilin'-hot sun. Better run in to our house an' stay ter tea. You hain't seen the twins yet. Smartest little critters ever was. Mrs. Brown's gettin' on finely and will be glad to see you."

"Thanks; I'd like to, but I must hurry home and can my currants. Besides, I wouldn't undertake that long walk through the pine woods after dark for anything in the world. It's gloomy enough in the daytime. Give my respects to your wife; tell her I'll drop in soon and see her and the babies. Good-day."

"Good-day," said Brown, and he added, as he saw Mrs. Curtis hurrying down the street, "Queer critter!"

Yes, by all the inhabitants of Heywood, Mrs. Curtis was called peculiar. She was upwards of fifty years, tall and erect, with iron-gray hair, ruddy cheeks and keen, dark eyes. And decidedly she was a person that minded her own business. She had lived in Heywood over five years, yet in all that time not a single person had been able to glean any information concerning her past life. All that could be ascertained was that she was a widow, childless and with a little property, consisting of a comfortable cottage surrounded by a few acres of land, and with a few hundred dollars in the Heywood bank.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brown returned to his counter to wait on a customer, and Mrs. Curtis pursued her journey homeward. For some distance her road led along the dusty highway, then she turned into a little footpath through the daisy-dotted meadow, then across the creek bridge, until presently she came to the dense pine woods whose shade was very pleasing to her.

When about half way through the woods she came to a small patch of late strawberries. She stooped to pick them. Her brown, hard-working hands were nearly full of the luscious red berries, when a rustling and a footstep startled her. She hastily glanced up. In an instant an iron-like hand was clutching her throat, and—only the frightened, wildwood birds could tell the rest!

* * * * *

About two miles from the village of Heywood, and on the banks of Briar Creek, dwelt Peter Groat. He was a Dutchman, who, with his family, had lately come to America, and in the previous Autumn had bought a few acres of land bordering the creek. Here he had erected a small but comfortable house, and was, to all appearances, an honest, hard-working man. The only thing that could be said against him by a few grumblers was that he was too "close," clinging tightly to his hard-earned pennies, and ever on the lookout for more. But this was certainly excusable when it was known that he had a mortgage on his farm, which, together with the wants of a rapidly increasing family, was enough to make any man greedy of gain.

It was the evening of the day on which our story began. Peter, surrounded by his wife and children, sat placidly smoking his pipe on the little grass-plot in front of house.

The supper had been eaten, the cows milked, the pigs fed, the chickens housed from thievish rats, and all the family, young and old, felt entitled to a season of rest. Hans and Fritz were turning somersaults on the soft grass; Gretchen, the flaxen haired lassie, was feeding a pet robin; Franz, the six months baby, was cuddled up to his mother's breast, contentedly smacking his lips over his evening meal.

The sun went down: the shadows deepened. The clock in the distant village struck the hour of eight. Peter Groat rose, shook the ashes from his pipe, and said:

"Come, kinder, it is late. The dew is falling, and let's to bed."

"Vater! vater!" suddenly cried Hans and Fritz, running up from the gate, "there is a man coming in our yard—a stranger!"

Peter slowly sauntered down to meet the newcomer.

He was an elderly man, with a tanned and rugged face, sandy hair sprinkled with gray, and dark, deep set eyes, somewhat inflamed. His clothes were of good material, although worn and dusty with travel. In his hand he carried a large satchel.

"Good-evening," he said, courteously.

"Efening to you, sir," replied Peter Groat.

"I'm a peddler," said the man, speaking in German. "I have sold nearly all my goods, and am on my way back to New York. I got left by the train and undertook to walk to the next station. I lost my way and find that I will have to get lodgings for the night. Can you help me?"

"The good book commands us to show hospitality," said Peter. "And although we are not rich, we never yet turned away a benighted traveler. So, come in, and my frau shall get you something to eat."

The table was soon spread with a neat, white cloth, upon which was placed a platter of cold boiled meat, garnished with vegetables, then a plate of white bread, a roll of butter, a dish of shining black raspberries and a plate of spicy ginger cookies.

"I feel too dirty to sit down to a decent table," said the traveler, with a smile. "May I trouble you for a basin of water?"

It was brought. As he took off his coat preparatory to washing his face and hands, Gretchen, who stood beside him with a fresh towel in her hands, uttered a slight scream.

"Blood!" she cried. "There's blood on your sleeves!"

The basin of water fell from the stranger's hands. His face shone white through the glistening drops of water he had dashed upon it. Then with an effort, he said, carelessly:

"Ah, yes; those rocks by the creek made quite a gash in my shoulder. "You see," blandly explaining, "while I was lost I thought I'd try to cross the creek. It was getting dark, and when I reached the other side, I found it so rocky that I could scarcely climb up. I got half way, then a sudden misstep made me fall. A sharp piece of rock pierced my shoulder, and, indeed, it has caused me considerable pain."

"Ach, too bad!" said Frau Groat. "I have a soothing lotion which you may put on it before you go to bed."

"Thanks. And I'll go to bed right after I've had my supper, if you please, for I am very tired. Besides, I will have to rise early to-morrow morning, so that I may take the first train."

The next morning the whole family was up in time to see their guest depart. He partook with good appetite of Frau Groat's breakfast of ham and eggs; he listened quietly and with seeming reverence to his host as he read a chapter from the old, black German Bible and offered up the usual morning prayer; then, just as he was ready to start, he inquired what he should pay for his board and lodging.

"Oh, notings—notings! You're welcome to the bed and the bite!" said Groat, heartily.

"You're very kind," said the stranger. "But I feel that I ought to repay you in some way. See here"—opening his satchel—"if you will not let me give money, pray do me the kindness of accepting these little tokens of gratitude. Here, Frau Groat, are two pairs of stockings that would just fit your busy feet, and here, Gretchen, is a bran new piece of calico, more than enough for a dress. They are the only things I did not sell, and I do not care to lug them home again."

The two women accepted his gifts with much pleasure, and, with mutual expressions of good luck, the traveler and his kind entertainers parted. The former wore a blue checked shirt of Peter Groat's. He left his own behind him, telling Frau Groat that it was too soiled for wearing, but that she might keep it in exchange for the one she had given him. As the stranger's shirt was of excellent material, with linen bosom and cuffs, the worthy dame thought she had made a good bargain.

* * * * * *

William Grayson, a farmer in the vicinity of Heywood, missed one of his cows that Friday night, and early on the following morning set out to search for her. He hunted through the meadow-lands, followed the course of the creek quite a way, and finally entered the pine woods. When about half way through, a brown object lying on the grass, a little distance from him, attracted his attention. He went to it. It was a large piece of wrapping-paper, and a long bit of twine was lying beside it. The paper was damp with dew, and, as Grayson carelessly turned it over in his hand, he observed some red spots on it. He examined them more closely. They were the bloody prints of a thumb and fingers!

He looked around him keenly. He soon noticed that the bank of ferns bordering the path was, in one place, crushed and broken. He followed these marks: they led him to the densest and most unfrequented part of the woods, and there, in a hollow, almost covered with low underbrush, lay the body of a woman. It was Mrs. Curtis, lying stiff and stark, with a bloody gash across her throat!

Two hours later, a party of men was hunting the leafy labyrinths of the pine woods. They were endeavoring to find the trail of the murderer.

An hour passed, and they had met with no success. Some of them had gathered together for the purpose of consultation, when suddenly a cry from one of their companions, who was a little distance from them, attracted their attention.

"See what I have found!" he cried, holding up a spool of thread. It was dirty and dingy, and wet with dew; but Mr. Brown, the merchant, who was with the party, recognized it at once, and he said:

"It's one of the spools poor Mrs. Curtis bought of me yesterday. It's pink, you see. She was real particular about the color. She was piecing a chair cushion, and wanted the right shade. Now, it's evident that the villain who murdered her took this route through the woods. See how the ferns are crushed down this way. Hurry, we've got a clew now!"

The trail led them out of the woods into the meadow, and opened right into the yard of Peter Groat. They were going around to the back-door to knock, and ask if any of the inmates had seen a stranger lurking about the premises, when Mr. Brown chanced to look in the window.

A look of extreme consternation overspread his ruddy face.

"My God!" he cried, "see there!"

All turned and looked in the window.

The room was unoccupied. The clock ticked cheerfully in one corner. A cat was cozily curled upon a chair-cushion, purring contentedly. But on the table in the centre of the room lay two pairs of stockings, and near them, half-unrolled, was a dress pattern of lilac calico.

"*That* calico!" said Mr. Brown, impressively—"that calico is the identical piece I sold Mrs. Curtis yesterday afternoon. I should know it anywhere. It's peculiar, you see—a bunch of white lilacs on a purple ground. It was all I had. Besides, I should know the piece because on one end there is about half a yard imperfectly printed, which has holes in it, too. I remember I let Mrs. Curtis have it a bit cheaper on that account. Now Peter Groat knows where the murderer is, or"—solemnly and slowly—"he did the deed himself!"

The party of men went silently and soberly to the back-door, and here they were horrified in finding fresh evidence—Frau Groat was engaged in washing a blood-stained shirt!

They sternly asked her to whom it belonged, but the poor woman, who could not speak English, could only look at them in a frightened way.

Her husband now came in from the garden, and him they sternly interrogated, while some of the more impetuous boldly accused him of the murder of the unfortunate Mrs. Curtis.

His frightened face, his confusion, his incoherent utterance, his trembling denials were only so much more against him. Besides, he knew scarcely any more English than did his wife, and later, when calm, his story of the traveler who had stopped at his house was received with disbelief and derision. Poor, friendless and a stranger, things looked very dark against him.

Weeks passed; his trial came. He was sentenced to be hanged!

* * * * * *

Rev. Mr. Marshall, Rector of St. John's Church, Brookdale, a village some two hundred miles distant from Heywood, was in his study one September morning, 1878. He was suffering out an attack of influenza which he had taken the night before while on a visit to a sick parishioner. Consequently, complying with his wife's request that he should do no studying or writing, Mr. Marshall was lazily stretched on the lounge in front of a cheery fire. His eight year old son Tom was in the room, every now and then running up to his father with some request. His last one was: "Papa, it's Saturday, how shall I spend the day? Wish I had a kite! Do you know how to make one, papa?"

"I used to, Tom. I don't know whether I've forgotten how to do it or not. Give me the newspaper on the table, please, and the scissors. Then run out in the woodshed and get me some of those sticks on the shelf, also a hammer and small nails. Stay, don't be in such a hurry; ask Hannah to make a little flour paste."

Tom hurried away, and while waiting for him to return, his father glanced over the columns of the newspaper he was cutting. It was one that his friend, Mr. Brown, of Heywood, had sent him. His eyes chanced to fall on these words:

"The German, Peter Groat, who murdered Mrs. Curtis, has been sentenced to be hung on the second Friday in next month. Groat, although a stranger, was supposed to be a respectable man and one not at all capable of perpetrating such a horrible crime. But the evidences of his guilt are most conclusive. The morning after the murder his wife was found washing a bloody shirt, also a knife stained with blood was found hidden near a wood pile. Besides, goods belonging to the murdered woman were found in Groat's house. The only thing missing is a curious old snuff box of some black wood, quaintly carved in the shape of a toad. Her name, *Hepsibah Curtis*, is engraved inside. But without this, the evidence against Groat is strong enough to hang him."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Mr. Marshall, as he laid down the paper. "It makes one dread to read the news—one comes across so many horrors."

"Papa! papa! you needn't mind about the kite now!" cried Tom, rushing in with shining eyes. "Uncle George just called me over to his house—he is going fishing, and says he will take me along. May I go?"

"If mamma is willing."

"She is. I asked her. And I've been digging grubs and fish-worms—for bait, you know. But see what a nice bait box I've got."

"An old-fashioned snuff box. Where did you get it?"

"Myron Mason gave it to me."

"Who is Myron Mason?"

"Oh, a new man Uncle George got to work in his garden. He's gathering pears and trenching the celery. Myron was a tramp who came along, but he is real nice. The box is nice, too. See what a funny shape it is!"

"A toad. Quick! Let me see, Tom!"

Mr. Marshall had not closely observed the box until now, and it was with trembling fingers that he opened it.

"*Hepsibah Curtis*" was the name engraved on the inner cover!

Mr. Marshall's face was white, but his voice was calm, as he said:

"Tom, just run over and ask your Uncle George to come over here a few minutes—I want to talk with him on a little business.

* * * * *

Three days later Myron Mason, *alias* Jasper Armand, was arrested for the murder of Mrs. Curtis.

He made no resistance: he told no falsehoods: he simply confessed the whole affair, stating that he had murdered the woman out of revenge. Ten years before the two had lived in a distant town. He had always been wild and dissolute, but had been the betrothed of Mrs. Curtis's sister, a gentle and lovely woman. Mrs. Curtis had opposed the match, knowing that it would cause her sister a life of misery. Also, finding that Armand belonged to a gang of counterfeiters, she promptly gave evidence against him.

He was condemned to ten years' imprisonment. This he bore patiently, mentally vowing that, when released, he would at once wreak vengeance on the woman who had foiled his plans and blighted his life.

When the time was expired and the prison doors opened to let him pass out, he found that the woman he loved was dead, and that the woman he hated was living in Heywood. Thither he went. He had seen Mrs. Curtis go to town, and had concealed himself in the woods to await her return. He did not take the articles she carried merely for the sake of robbery, but to have suspicion point its finger at some other party. At the conclusion of his confession, he said that he had no desire of concealing it any longer. His life was made wretched by the horrible crime he had committed, and death and exposure were not unwelcome. The next day after his confinement in the jail he was found dead in his cell. He had ended his life by poison.

As for Peter Groat he was at once released, and all the inhabitants of Heywood strove to express their regret and regard for him, but to these Peter only shook his head, saying:

"He did not care for to live in a place where de folks vas so ready to plieve him a bad man!" So he sold his little home, packed his goods, and, with his wife and children, moved to the Far West, where, it is to be hoped, in spite of sweet charity's sake, he was more careful in entertaining benighted travelers!

THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

(*Continued from front page*)

"The Board have erected a sawmill, which has been at work for some months, and has sawed a large stock of lumber, which is stored on the site, and may, for the erection of houses, be purchased of the company. In the immediate neighborhood of the town site, they have also opened out an abundance of excellent freestone, which may be had on easy terms.

"The Board have built a hotel and a store, from which visitors or settlers can already be supplied with most of the articles in ordinary household use. With a view to avoiding, so far as may be, the evils incident to the unregulated competition of private traders, it is proposed to conduct this store as an association of which every settler may become a member. A banking department will, for the present, also form part of this store.

"They have also established a nursery garden, in which they are rearing, for the supply of settlers, fruit-trees and vegetables best adapted to the climate and soil.

"They will proceed at once with the erection of a church, school house, town-hall, court-house and other public buildings, which they hope to complete for temporary use before the end of the year. The church will not be set apart for any one denomination, but will be open to any body of Christians who desire to use it as a place of worship. A tenth of the Board's lands will be set apart for the support and maintenance of public worship, and for the promotion of education and other public purposes. Suitable lands in and about the town will be reserved and laid out as public parks and for the purposes of recreation.

"In addition to the lands already purchased, there are several other parcels of considerable extent for the purchase of which the Board hold conditional contracts. The titles to them are in process of investigation, and there is little doubt that the greater part of them will, in the end, become the property of the Board. These lots lie principally on the south and east of the town site, but the great bulk of the land which the Board has secured lies to the west and northwest, across Clear Fork stream, and forms a compact territory of some 400,000 acres, of great land value, the soil being for the most part fertile, virgin land, easily cultivated, gently undulating and clothed with an abundance of pine timber, under which good pasturage is uniformly found.

"The Board hopes then to be able to offer a large number of town lots for sale, as well as small farms of 40 or 50 acres for fruit-growing, and larger farms for agricultural purposes of 150 to 250 acres, in the immediate neighborhood of the town."

Mr. Hughes quoted from an official report made in 1867 by Dr. Hooker, then Professor of Geology and Agriculture in the University of Mississippi, and principal geologist to the State, with respect to the character of the district and the openings it offers for various industries, which speaks in the most glowing terms of climate and natural advantages. It says:

"A healthier climate than these table lands possess our planet is certainly unable to produce. The atmosphere is never overheated and sultry; continual mountain breezes always produce a cooling undulation of the air; nor is it ever severely cold, and consequently violent and sudden changes seldom if ever occur. Air and water are constantly crystalline, unpolluted by miasmatic exhalation, and nothing but man's improvidence can produce diseases. Climatic and epidemic diseases are entirely unknown on these table lands. Cholera, bilious, typhoid, even intermitting fevers, find an insurmountable barrier on the mountains which separate these highlands from the surrounding country. No acclimation is here necessary for the foreigner, may he come from the Northern States, from Europe, Asia or Africa; they can all immigrate with impunity and enjoy life satisfactorily to a very old age. The consumptive and dyspeptic regains here his health, and saves the expenses for physicians and medicines. Indeed, all classes of people find here a luxurious life, and thrive; doctors only have to resort to other occupations for their support. Longevity is here at home."

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"The journey from New York," said Mr. Hughes, "to the town site can be easily made in two days, that from New York to Cincinnati occupying the first, and that from Cincinnati to Robbins (the present plateau station) the second; the journey from Cincinnati occupying from six to eight hours only. By arrangements with the Cincinnati Southern Railway Company, intending settlers on the estate of the Board are carried at half rates. The goods also of such persons will be carried at a reduced rate. By arrangement with other railways, the journey from Boston and New York will also be at reduced rates."

In conclusion, Mr. Hughes laughingly exclaimed: "We actually have a lawn-tennis club started already with seven members, and I have with me a sister of a settler who is one of the best lady players in England. We shall challenge the whole State."

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE GREAT DRY DOCK IN BALTIMORE.

AMONG the great improvements lately inaugurated in Baltimore is the great dry dock at Locust Point, adjoining Fort McHenry, constructed by J. E. Simpson & Co. This dry dock is constructed under the Simpson patent, which is acknowledged to be the embodiment of all the true principles of mechanical engineering. Its dimensions are: Length from outer gate groove to head of dock, 470 feet; from inner gate groove to head of dock, 450 feet; width on coping at body of dock, 115 feet; width at bottom, 45 feet; width of entrance between piers, 120 feet; width of caisson gate 80 feet; draft of water at ordinary high tide, over three-feet keel blocks, 22 feet. There is an engine-house for pumps of sufficient capacity to discharge all the water from the dock in fifty minutes, if occupied by a large ship, or in little less than an hour if unoccupied; also two piers of 200 feet each at the entrance of the dock; boiler-shop and blacksmith-shop, 200 by 60 feet; machine-shop, 112 by 90 feet; iron foundry, 200 by 60 feet; brass foundry, 100 by 25 feet; joiners' shop and mold loft, 100 by 60 feet; boat shop, 90 by 90 feet; offices and store-rooms, 113 by 40 feet; warehouse for receiving cargoes from disabled vessels, running parallel with the west side of the dock, 500 by 40 feet; retaining walls about a large tract of land reclaimed by filling, and forming a vast yard for building, launching or repairing vessels. Steps of solid Florida pine descend from opposite sides to the depth of more than thirty feet, the last of them being about eight feet apart. This head, or upper section, is probably seventy-five feet in length, the sides east and west deflecting from a straight line so as to conform somewhat to the bows of a vessel. Steps descend from the end also—each one, of course, meeting those on each side at the same grade, and forming, by their junction, an obtuse angle.

A coffer dam at the entrance of the dock keeps the place perfectly dry. At the bottom and at the upper end of the dock is an iron caisson—a hollow vessel shaped like a short, narrow, deep hull of a ship—which is the door or gate to the entrance. This caisson can be filled with water so as to sink it in position after a ship is floated into the dock. Once there, the water is pumped out of the dock, and the caisson, effectually barring the entrance, keeps the place dry. Here a ship can be brought at any state of the tide; indeed, the tide variation at Baltimore is only eighteen inches, while at ports north and south the variation is from six to fourteen feet. Here a vessel can discharge cargo, if necessary, into a warehouse separated by a pier of 40 feet in width from the dock in which repairs are going on. Within 200 feet are shops and foundries, affording every facility to insure dispatch and economy.

The Dry Dock Company have reserved a portion of the land deeded to them, on which they purpose having erected fifty or sixty dwelling-houses for the accommodation of employés of the works, as it is altogether probable that vessels putting in for repairs will be worked on day and night while in the dock.

The dry dock will confer advantages upon Baltimore and her commerce which it is almost impossible to over-estimate, and which will equal in importance the benefits bestowed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad when the comparative magnitude of the two great enterprises is considered. It is an appreciative recognition of the city's commercial importance and prosperity that the parties to whom the inception of this work is due, when looking along the coast for a desirable place, selected Baltimore as the port in which to locate the dry dock as preferable to all others. The great increase in the number of ocean steamers and sailing vessels from all parts of the world made the construction of a work of this character an imperative necessity.

In bringing to such successful issue this vast undertaking, involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, the projectors have done a good work, and rendered a real service to the entire country. It is to Baltimore that the South looks for leadership and aid in sustaining its commercial interests, and the West and Southwest are unmistakably identified with the commercial prosperity of that city.

The contractor, Mr. Simpson, has previously constructed no less than nine improved dry docks in the United States, located as follows: Two at Portland, Me., three at Boston, two in New York, one in Philadelphia, one at Wilmington, Del., and all have received the unqualified approval of the Navy Department and the universal indorsement of underwriters and shipowners.

The lessees of the dock are Malster & Keaney. Mr. Malster is well known as connected with important marine enterprises, and his partner, Mr. Keaney, has an enviable record for business tact and remarkable attainments and ability in marine architecture. The Columbian Iron Works and Dry Dock operated by this firm have now in hand a large number of stationary and marine boilers and engines, besides having the new steam yacht of M. Henri Say nearly ready for launching. They also have a new iron ferryboat for the Broadway and Locust Point Ferry Company, and machinery complete for the same. The Messrs. F. Nickerson & Co.'s (of Boston) fine ship *United States* is also being supplied with new boilers and generally overhauled, along with the Merchant & Miner's Transportation Company's steamship *McClellan*. The firm also has on hand a vast amount of miscellaneous work, including the mammoth grain elevator for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Harsimus Cove, Jersey City, N. J., the largest elevator in the country.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

THE population of the Republic of Chili is estimated at 2,800,000 souls, and the people are largely devoted to agriculture and commerce. The Chilians are a medium-sized race, and, having but little Indian blood in their veins, have maintained Spanish characteristics more than any other people in South America. The Chilians are eminently a white race, blue and brown eyes predominating. They are reserved and dignified in social life, but very hospitable. In no Spanish-American republic are foreigners received with such cordiality, intermarriages between foreigners and Chilian women being very popular.

Chili has 1,000,000 acres under cultivation by irrigation, it being estimated that one-third of the value of the entire farming land of the republic is expended in the enterprise. Wherever irrigation has been introduced the land has increased in value threefold.

The country now makes all its own railroad and mining machinery, and built the locomotives used on the principal railroads of Peru. Chilian wheat ranks A 1 in Europe, owing to the careful selection of seed. There are flour mills all over the country which largely supply South America. There can be no general failure in crops owing to the excellent and extensive system of irrigation.

Chili manufactures nearly all its own woolen goods, and refines the sugar of Peru. Its paper mills and type-foundries supply the general trade of South America.

The City of Valparaiso has about 130,000 population, one-fifth of whom are foreigners, the English, German and French taking precedence in majorities, the Americans, Italians and Spaniards coming in as minorities. It is the most important commercial city of the republic, and has regular lines of steamers, English, French, Belgian, and occasionally Spanish. There are two lines of splendid steamers running along the South American coast, one English and the other Chilian. They are opposition lines, so that the fare from Panama to Valparaiso has been reduced. The city has a large and constantly increasing commerce, although the harbor is very defective. Santiago, 120 miles southeast, and connected by rail, is the capital of the republic. It has a population of 160,000, about 5,000 of whom are foreigners. Santiago is the *élite* city of Chili. It has many splendid public buildings. The Teatro Municipal is the finest theatre on the American continent, its interior decorations and works having cost over $400,000. Its principal public park is a marvel of beauty.

The latest war news is under date of August 2d, coming from Lima, Peru. It is asserted that the Chilian Congress has recently witnessed some stormy scenes. In order to raise the army to the strength required to attack Lima, a general levy is being made. Opposition is made to this plan, and the Government finds itself compelled to listen to some startling accusations with respect to the war and its probable consequences. Many members urge an immediate peace as the only means of preventing the utter ruin of the Republic. It is natural that complaint should be made. Chili has lived till to-day by hard work. Mining and agriculture have been her mainstay. Now the miners and agriculturists are being taken away to swell the army, diminished productions cause an increase in prices which can be ill borne by the greater part of a population proverbial, even in South America, for its limited individual means of subsistence. The Peruvian leaders are aware of this circumstance, and believe the wiser counsels will prevail of the Chilians who desire work as the basis of progress and not conquest. Such, however, is not the idea of the military party, and, in particular, the men who are in the south of Peru with Baquedano.

The Chilians are gradually extending the operations of their blockading fleet, and it is thought they are determined to starve their enemies out if possible. They are now becoming less anxious to destroy neutral property. The Chilian squadron in front of Callao are believed at present to be preparing a nice little surprise for the citizens of Lima. They intend to send in a steamer with some fifty tons of dynamite and gunpowder on board; and with a time-fuse explode it in such a manner as to destroy all the batteries.

The military situation is almost unchanged. General Baquedano remains in Tacna, in which city and Arica he now has about 17,000 men. The balance of the veteran Chilian army, about 8,000 men, are scattered over the province of Tarapaca, principally in Iquique, and on the coast of Bolivia. The allies now have no force in the south which can cope with them, or even attempt to hold them in check, and consequently they must be considered in full possession of the territory they hold.

The message of President Anibal Pinto to the Chilian Congress, delivered on June 1st, contained some very interesting information as to the finances of that republic, which, despite the war, seem to be in a most favorable condition. "With the war," says the President, "a notable improvement of all trade has developed, thanks to the bountiful crops of the past two years, to the improvement in the price of copper and nitrates, and, more than all, to the beneficial effect of that economy which has been practiced by the Government during the preceding years of commercial distress. Money is more abundant than at the outbreak of the war, the rate of interest has declined, a general advance of values is observed, while activity prevails in all business." The exports for the year amounted to $36,620,226, an increase over the preceding year of $6,892,401. Of agricultural products exported the value was $12,831,570, an increase of $4,138,000; the value of the mineral products was $20,280,528, an increase of $2,754,392. The imports amounted to $22,740,000, a falling off of $2,383,014. These statements do not include the business of Antofagasta. The expenditures for 1879 (not including, however, a large part of the expenses made by the Chilian legation in Europe) were $24,777,200.12, and the revenues, ordinary and extraordinary, amounted to $27,693,087.74. As Peru and Bolivia will have to make peace on terms favorable to the interests of Chili, the Chilian Treasury will profit all the more in the future.

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

WHAT can be more dreary than a rainy day in the country? At home one does not feel it passing—in fact, it is a sort of negative luxury, for with the morning downpour comes the happy thought, "As this is going to be a wet day, I'll do so-and-so," taking up a long-deferred sketch, a piece of work, or book. But in the country! What can one do? We are unhinged. We are at angles. Look out of the window?—that tires pretty soon. Recline on a couch and read?—not when one has a dull book and surrounded by chattering people and howling children. Talk to that pink faced, yellow haired idiot, young Mr. Spoon Jones, whom the men won't have, and whom the womenkind are obliged to be civil to? Play at draughts with a fat dowager, or learn crewel work from a soapish elderly maiden? Our illustration represents a wet day in the Catskills. Everybody is miserable except Mr. Spoon Jones, who for this occasion only is the lion of the party. Mark the young lady who gazes through the window in so melancholy a manner at the downpour. Mark that other young lady endeavoring to read while the two children squabble for a picture-book. Mark the prosy couple already half asleep, dreamily awaiting a move at draughts. Mark the weary face of the tall beauty, and the but little interested visage of the shorter lady, as the tiny toddler demands to be hoisted. Mark the grim look of the elderly maiden as she listens to the various nonsense uttered by the simpering Jones! A wet day in the country! When, oh, when will the stage arrive that bears the gentlemen back from their hunting excursion!

The Women of Lima.

LIMA is called the paradise of women. They are called beautiful, so they are, if you admire black eyes and ebony tresses—not the dreamy black eyes of the harems, nor the sparkling black eyes of the Syrians, nor the liquid black eyes of the Egyptians, but the black eyes that easily reveals the different types of character. Peruvian ladies have character, and are not afraid to show it; yet we hear nothing of equal rights and privileges among them. For them to lay claim to a right is but to possess it, for they can easily win over the priesthood, and thus have the most powerful class of Peru on their side. They are generally occupied, but do not work; they look upon labor as degrading. They rise early, take a cup of tea and go to Mass. Their toilet requires but a few moments. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black and never touches the ground; there is no fussing or fumbling with trains. A white skirt is sometimes seen a little below the dress, with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; and hands are bare; the mantilla is thrown over the head, falling gracefully down almost to the bottom of the skirt.

The subject of dress claims most of their time and attention; their ball dresses and opera and soiree suits are magnificent. Their boots, especially, are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvians. The Peruvian-made boots are too small for foreigners.

Peruvian ladies are not very intelligent; as soon as they pass beyond the school-girl period they care little for books or literature. Many learn to play the piano when young, but do not care to continue when married. They are excessively courteous in their manners, but we are not to be misled by appearances. Their mode of salutation is more of an embrace than anything else, and they always say: "My house and all that I have is entirely at your disposal, and we are to be as one family." They are always wealthy in imagination—at least they never speak of poverty. They love to smoke. Although handsome when young, they scarcely turn twenty when they begin to fade. One thing always lasts with them, and that is their gait. Their movements are gliding and graceful; the same is true of the men.

A Wealthy City.

FRANKFORT ON THE-MAIN, with a population of about 100,000, is reported to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. It is asserted that there are 200 Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $8,000,000 each, and 250 who are worth $1,000,000 and upwards. The city is one of the great banking centres of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $200,000,000—more than one fourth of which the Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control.

A Great Transportation Corporation.

THE Danube Steamboat Company is probably the greatest corporation in the world conducting transportation on rivers. At the close of 1879 it had 165 side-wheel steamboats, with an aggregate of 15,910 horse power, eighteen propellers, with 830 horse-power, and twelve other steam craft including a floating elevator, and 720 craft that are towed. A large part of the navigation is by a wire laid in the stream. This company operates on the Danube and its tributaries; the vessels of all competing enterprises number but eighty-nine steamers and 358 tows.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Italian Ironclad War Steamers "Palestro" and "Venezia."

This fine vessel, the *Venezia*, is the pride of the Italian navy. Her armament consists of nine Armstrongs, six of eighteen tons, in the central turret, two of eighteen tons aft, and one of twelve tons at the stern. She carries besides six small bronze cannons and four mitrailleuses. Her armor is seventeen centimetres in thickness, and her sailing powers are fine. She carries 450 men, and can land a hundred at any time without interfering with the handling of the ship. Her engines are of Mazeline's type, and were built at Genoa at the Cantiere della Foce. Although the tendency has been almost exclusively to build iron war vessels, Italy here adheres to the old style. The *Venezia* and her consort are of wood. The *Palestro* carries three Armstrongs in her forward battery, one of twenty-five and two of eighteen-tons. In the stern battery she carries four eighteen-ton guns, so that she can fire in all directions. Her armor is twenty-two centimetres in thickness, and is increased so as to protect the steering apparatus, the magazine and the engines. These last were made by Ansaldo, of Sampierdarena and the St. Bartolomew Works near Spezia. Our illustrations of these ironclads are from drawings by the Marquis Centurione.

The War in Afghanistan.

Public attention is still fixed upon the military position of the British Indian forces in Afghanistan, since the alarming news of the defeat of General Burrows on the 27th of July, with very severe loss, by the Herat Afghans under Ayoub Khan, at Khushk-i-Nakhud, half way between Candahar and the Helmund River. A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that the Indian Prince Ramchunder, for some time a resident of that capital, and who is related to the notorious Nana Sahib, has again appeared, as the friend and adviser of Abderrahman Khan, to meet whom he is for the second time on his way to Afghanistan. The suspicions which his former movements in Russian and Afghan Turkestan have created in the minds of those who believe in the latest report of Russian intrigues in Afghanistan will probably only be increased by the latest advices about him. Several attacks have been made upon the city wall of Candahar, but Ayoub Khan has not yet begun actual siege operations. His main body occupies a strong position on some high hills west of Candahar. The ground on its front is much cut by canals, which would render the advance of any considerable force very difficult.

Official Review of the French Fleet.

The manœuvres of the French fleet assembled at Cherbourg began on August 8th. The city was decorated with flags, and the *fêtes* realized all expectations. President Grévy, on his arrival, was welcomed by Admiral Ribourt, the marine prefect, notwithstanding the incident of the quarrel between the Mayor of Cherbourg and the admiral, who neglected to decorate his fleet on the 14th of July, the national *fête* day, which was thought to indicate a disposition on his part to withhold the courtesies customarily extended to official visitors. The fleet comprises six of the largest and most powerful of the French ironclads, forming a squadron of evolution under the command of Vice-Admiral Garnault. They are the *Colbert*, *Friedland* and *Gaulois*, constituting the first division of the fleet; and the *Saffren*, *Reconnée* and *Surveillante*, forming the second division. A flying squadron, consisting of the *Flore*, *Amérique*, *Favorite* and *Rhône*, was also assembled under the command of Rear-Admiral Gilbert, and a submarine or torpedo squadron under the orders of Rear-Admiral Baron Grivel. On the 9th, President Grévy and MM. Gambetta and Leon Say witnessed the launch of the new man-of-war *Hugon*, and afterwards visited the readstead and squadron. Later the three Presidents, of the Republic, of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, visited the arsenal and the ironclad frigate *Colbert*, where they were received by the officers commanding the united squadron.

French Fete Day at Pera.

On the first celebration of the new French *fête* day, July 14th, the Greek colony of Constantinople made a significant demonstration at the quarters of the French Ambassador at Pera. The Greek Church was not large enough to contain the number of colonists who desired to participate in the Te Deum, chanted in honor of the nation popularly regarded as the friend and protector of Greece. M. Tissot, the Ambassador, was serenaded by a large company, and addresses were made full of the warmest gratitude and respect for the republic. There was a considerable amount of decoration, and genuine enthusiasm prevailed throughout the day.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE corn harvest is one of the most bountiful ever known in Switzerland.

—COMPLETE census returns show the population of Wisconsin to be 1,315,484, an increase since 1870 of 206,794.

—THE Republicans of Texas have nominated E. J. Davis for Governor; A. Simmering for Lieutenant-Governor, and a full State ticket.

—THE British Government says that it will call a special session of Parliament to legislate for Ireland should grave disorders arise there.

—IT is believed that the Egyptian cotton crop will be 500,000 cantars (32,500,000 pounds) less than that of 1879, and it will be about fifteen days late.

—THE Woman Suffrage State Committee are canvassing in order to inform the women of this State of their right to vote at the school meetings in October.

—MANY Jesuits, expelled from France, have been most cordially welcomed in Rome. Palaces have been opened for their use by the Roman nobility and clergy.

—POSTAGE is cheapest in England and the United States, and costliest in Russia, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, in the order named.

—THIRTY Turkish army officers have deserted and asked the Greek Government for commissions. It is said that whole battalions are ready to desert if their pay is guaranteed.

—TWO THOUSAND one hundred superficial feet, belonging to the Ecclesiastical Commission, in Park Lane, a fashionable district of London, sold lately at the rate of $1,250,000 an acre.

—THE Pope has instructed the Belgian bishops and clergy to improve the standard of their schools and to establish new ones to compete with the Government schools, but not to depart from the limits of the law.

—SINCE the establishment of the Chinese Consulate in Cuba the Government has ordered that henceforth all Chinese in the island shall enjoy the same rights as other individuals belonging to a friendly nation.

—IT is reported that the town of Bagdad, in Mexico, was destroyed by the cyclone of the 12th inst. Gonzalez has an absolute majority for President of Mexico, and the friends of all other candidates except General Cadena have manifested acquiescence.

—A ROYAL decree has been issued in Spain abrogating the decree of May 16th, 1830, and declaring the sons of Alfonso direct heirs to the throne, with the title of Prince of Asturias. The King's daughters will receive the title of Princesses of Asturias, if so decreed.

—THE National Convention of representatives of State Grand Councils of the Masonic Order was held in Detroit last week, twenty-one States being represented. It was resolved to organize a general grand council, and a constitution was adopted for submission to the State Grand Councils.

—THE Government of Costa Rica has formally protested against the validity of the contract for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal as an offense against national dignity. It is believed that the Government of Colombia has addressed an ultimatum to Costa Rica on the question of state boundaries.

—THE reports in regard to persons under police supervision in Russia have been nearly all handed in to the Government. Pending decision on their cases 115 persons were allowed to return from exile from May to August inclusive, of whom thirty obtained the right to resume their studies in the universities.

—AN arrangement has been entered into which will materially develop direct trade between West Hartlepool, in England, and the United States. It has been decided to run a line of steamers in connection with the Erie and other American railroads, to carry merchandise from Chicago and other Western cities, by way of New York, to all ports in the northeast of England.

—MESSRS. R. M. HUNT, Henry Van Brunt and J. Q. A. Ward, have been appointed a commission to recommend a suitable design for the monument at Yorktown, Va., commemorative of Cornwallis's surrender, and to prepare a sketch of emblems of the alliance between his Most Christian Majesty Louis XVI. and the United States, and also a succinct narrative of the surrender, to be inscribed upon the monument.

—A LARGE proportion of the sum necessary for defraying the expenses of the André Centennial celebration, which is to take place at Tarrytown, N. Y., on September 23d, has already been raised. A large tent, with a capacity for seating 4,000 persons, has been secured, and arrangements are in progress for feeding the 5,000 persons who are expected to compose the procession and the invited guests on the anniversary occasion.

—A NEW line of railroad to connect with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and to run from Binghamton to Buffalo, is to be constructed. The route has been surveyed, and the road will be completed within nine months from the time of beginning operations. The distance from New York to Buffalo by the new road will be about 350 miles, which is about fifty miles shorter than by the New York Central and thirty miles shorter than by the Erie.

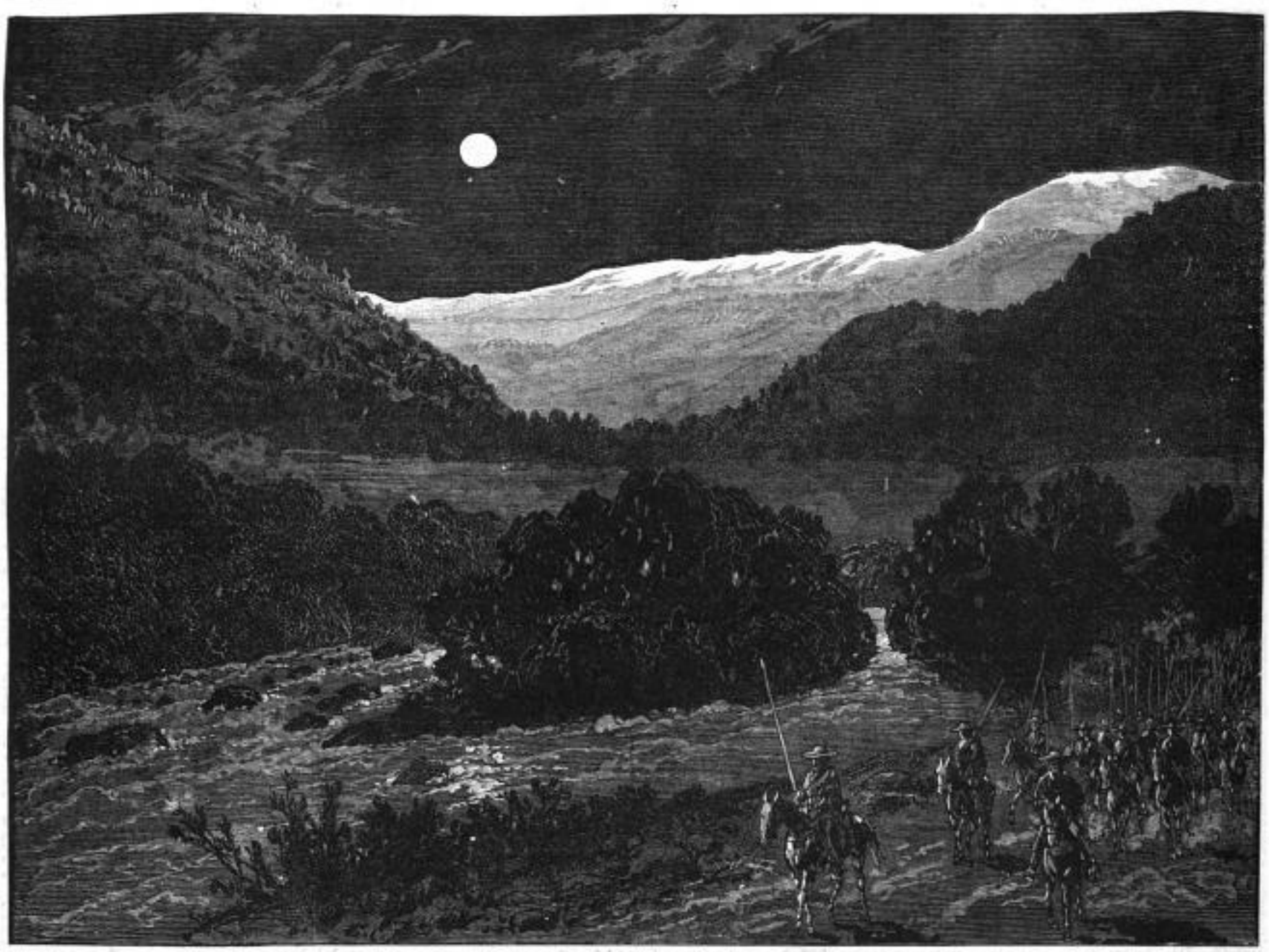
—THERE is much dissatisfaction in Mexico over the suspected interference of the Government in the recent Presidential election, and General Gonzalez, the President elect, has gone west with 15,000 troops. The Government is also organizing guards in the disaffected States. Mr. A. K. Owen, an American engineer, has reported that the Bay of Topolobampo, in the Mexican State of Sinaloa, is available as a harbor. This will be an incalculable advantage to the State.

—NEWS comes from India that the famous car of Juggernaut was not as usual dragged through the streets of Puri on the 9th of July; and it seems that by religious custom or law, if it be not drawn on the 9th day of the car festival, twelve years must elapse before it is again used. The fact of the car not being brought out this time is attributed by a correspondent to what he calls "an act of unpardonable negligence on the part of meddling Government officials," and that is all he has to say about it.

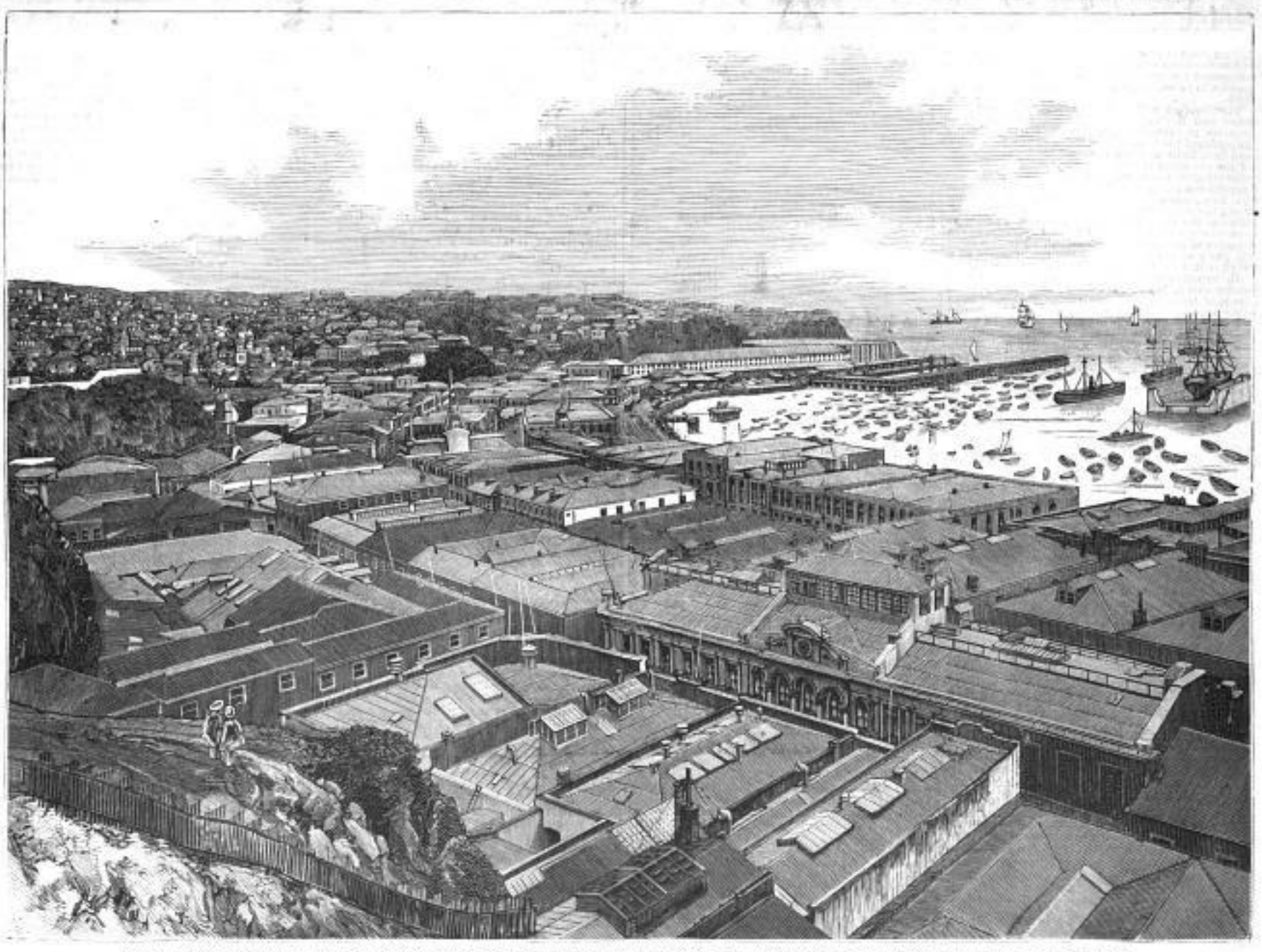
—THE Rev. Dr. William Adams, President of the Union Theological Seminary, is dangerously ill at Orange, N. J. He was taken sick about the middle of June, but the serious nature of his disease did not manifest itself until a month later. During the warm weather he suffered much, but was able to be around his house until about four weeks ago. Since then he has been confined to his house, and on some days he has not been able to leave his bed. All hopes of his recovery have now been abandoned.

—FORCED conscriptions to fill up the armies at Lima and Callao indicate that the war there is entering upon its last stages, and that it cannot be long now before the end is reached. All Peruvians between the ages of sixteen and sixty have to respond. The Chilians will probably meet this with a like measure; and then, after another battle or two, which will send those raw levies to their final account, peace will come from absolute inability to further prosecute it. It has been a miserable war from the commencement, without any adequate justification.

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—CHILIAN CAVALRY CROSSING THE PASS OF USAPALTA, IN THE CORDILLERAS.



CHILI.—THE PORT OF VALPARAISO, SHOWING THE CUSTOM HOUSES, DRY FLOATING DOCK, AND BUSINESS POSITION OF THE CITY.—SEE PAGE 23.

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AN UNAVOIDABLE FEATURE OF OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—SEE PAGE 23.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—JACK'S LAST APPEAL.

TO TOBOSKIE, in his state chamber, is shown a visitor. He looks up carelessly, and in the doorway stands Jack. The Russian springs to his feet and, hastening across the room, grasps his friend by the hand. He says no words, for he knows that this man's anguish is too great for words, but he holds his hand in that warm, silent, steady clasp that is more eloquent with sympathy than mere language.

Jack sinks in a chair and for a moment leans his head wearily against the back. Every day, as it drags through in its exhausting torture, leaves its ghastly change in him—Jack, once so ruddily handsome, so gay and good-humored. His hair is now bleached white, his eyes dull and lurid, his face of a dark, purple hue betokening strong drinks; his breath as Toboskie stands beside him is even now heavy with the fumes of liquor. Jack, under this severe trial, is fast degenerating into a wreck, soul and body.

"Have you a glass of wine handy, Toboskie?" he says, finally, and he pants as he speaks, showing how nearly spent is his strength.

"No, Jack, I have not," replies Toboskie, gravely, "and if I had you should not have it; you are drinking altogether too hard!"

Jack raises his trembling hand and tosses the white hair from his forehead.

"Do you wonder that I have turned to drink?" he says, savagely. "I must have it. It is the only thing that keeps me up. I should have been mad before this if it were not for liquor."

Toboskie looks at the wild, bloodshot eyes, the dark crimson face, and thinks that it is a false strength, but says nothing.

Suddenly Jack looks up at his friend.

"Toboskie," he says, and his voice is, oh, so despairing and pain filled, "*it is all over*; the sentence is to be read to-morrow. We have done everything we can, but there is no doubt that she will be condemned. Toboskie, once again, for the last time, I come to you. You can save her if you will; in the name of friendship and common humanity, in the name of everything a man holds sacred, I beg of you to do it!"

A quiver passes over the cold, strong face of the statesman, and unconsciously his hands clinch. Jack continues:

"Think of the responsibility that rests upon you. You stand between Maize and a fate bitterer than death. Oh, my God! if it were only *death*, I could be resigned, but to condemn her to the endless torture of a life of exile, to consign her to the shame, the degradation, the weary solitude of the mines! To sink her to the common level of the vilest of the earth—to throw her night and day with thieves and murderers and human brutes—to sacrifice her proud purity, to drag her through the exhausting travail of days and months and *years* of endless labor—she who has been reared like a sovereign—who has known no touch of want or toil or bitterness, whose every caprice has been granted, whose entire life has been one long, sweet dream of luxuriant idleness! She has scarcely ever lifted a rose-leaf; her hands are like babies'; and yet, oh, my God! to have them seamed and blistered with toil—to fling her out from her kingdom of ease and power to that land of eternal Winter where the unavailing tears of the doomed and helpless for ever flow; oh, have mercy on us!" The great delirious cry breaks from him, and he covers his eyes with his hands.

And where the Russian stands, in his proud manhood, his haughty strength, his indomitable will, he pales to his lips as the fate of the woman of his love is thus portrayed to him.

"I have thought of all that," he says, and his voice is low, and a trifle unnatural.

"Then save her! Have you the heart to doom a girl tenderly nurtured and in the full flush of a glorious womanhood? Have you the courage to doom her to a living death—to an endless torture? Think of the horror, the shame, the travail of such a life, cut off from everything human in existence, sunk lower than the brutes, with nothing but the memories of a vanished past and the dreary prospect of an agonizing future; her beauty at the mercy of the first keeper who should covet its loveliness! Ah, Toboskie! you are not heartless. I see you blanch at that thought. Save my child! For Heaven's sake, save her from such a fate!"

For once the fiery, passionate nature of Toboskie bursts asunder the icy bands that have so long controlled it. It leaps forth all the stronger for its lifelong bondage, and, in a perfect madness of passion and despair, he paces back and forth the chamber, wrought to the verge of madness by Jack's despairing words.

"Do you want to drive me mad?" he cries. "Do you suppose that all this is new to me—that I have not pictured a thousand times her horrible fate? My God! you think you suffer! I tell you you don't, you can't suffer as I do! Night and day, sleeping or waking, her horror and degradation are before me. And I loved her—" he lifts his clinched hands upwards in the madness of his agony. "I loved her—I still love her as never mortal man loved woman before! I would have given her everything—*all*. I would have lain at her feet; I would do it yet! I would lay aside my wealth, my titles, my power; I would work, toil, dig, *slave*; I would grovel in the gutter for the rest of my life, but to look in her eyes and know that she was innocent—only to look in her eyes for one minute, for one *second*, and feel that no guilt stretched a barrier of blood between us. She held my life in the palm of her hand, and she has dashed it to utter ruin! She is not the only one that goes down; *I* sink with her, for she has killed all life for me!"

Jack is sobered and appalled by this passionate misery of the man whom he has considered ice; for the first time he sees a shadow of that endless woe that has set upon him for all eternity.

"You love her like this," he says, "yet you will not save her!"

"*Love* her? It is not love; it is worship, madness, intoxication! Yet I know she is a murderess!"

His teeth sink deep in his lips, his hands clinch.

Over Jack's poor face, with its seams and ridges and darkly-purple hue, spreads a grand light; this wild, passionate, Pagan worship, boundless as it is, of the lover, is not equal to that quiet, steady, unwavering love that has surrounded her all her life—that love that never wavers in its allegiance, that clings to her through good and bad repute, that would shield her under the covert of its wing, and which, even in the face of every damning evidence, dares yet hold her innocent.

They stand face to face, these two men—the one in the full glory of a matchless maturity and the noontide of a sovereign power, with a brain as clear and perfect as ever was clothed in mortal form; the other, though only by a few years the senior, stricken and shattered and aged before his time, fast sinking under his blow and his weakness, his brain muddled and disabled with drink, the *fears* of his wasted and profligate life drawing very near their close. Yet of the two, he, wrecked soul and body as he is, has still that instinct of allegiance, that grand courage, that sublime faith, that carries him unmoved through this trial. It matters not to *him* that the world holds her guilty, that there is a horrible, appalling evidence of her crime—*he believes in her*, and that is enough—enough for that humble, spaniel-like love, that grand and perfect faith.

"Then your love is not as mine," he says. "Perfect affection could hold no fear, no doubt, no demon of suspicion. But you have not known Maize as long as I have; her grandeur, her purity, they are all strangers to you; you don't know that it would be *impossible* for her to commit such a crime. I have never even asked her if she was guilty, and I would take her word beyond all earthly evidence. *I know that she is innocent*, and it is enough."

Toboskie suddenly stops in his rapid pace and looks at this man; a sudden savage envy of this simple faith, this deathless confidence, seizes upon him, and in his throat breaks a hoarse groan.

"Oh, my God! if I only had this faith, but I have not. I *know* her guilty, and for all the future I shall bear with me the consciousness that the one woman of my worship is a murderess!"

"Oh, you will not!" There is a strong, brave ring in Jack's voice now, and a light as of prophecy in his eye. "A time will come in the future when Maize shall be purified, when she shall be vindicated before the people in whose sight she is now branded a murderess. She is dragged out a martyr to her fate, but she shall rise yet in triumph and glory before her accusers, for she is innocent. I have had a wild, bad enough life of it, and I've strayed a good ways from the right; I've not always trod in straight paths, be it said to my shame. But there is one thing that has always clung to me—my mother's memory." Across the bitter, savage face of the Russian statesman glances a look of irrepressible reverence at mention of this stately English peeress, long since dead, in whom were combined the tender, Christian requisites of the woman with the stately polish, the proud distinction, the sterling, upright spirit of the last representative of the noblest branch of England's peers. It is from her that Jack has inherited that generous nobility, that proud honor, that still cling to him through all his dissipation. "I have never forgotten her," he says, with that steady, solemn voice, "or the faith she tried to teach me; and that faith held to a God infinite in His power, boundless in His love. I thought nothing of it *then*, but in the gloom and wretchedness of these miserable days, one verse that she taught me has rung continually in my ears: 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's notice.' *The Father*; that is what comforts me so. In that land of bondage she will be fatherless, friendless; and from my hands, if the worst come to the worst, I yield her up into the hands of my mother's God." As his voice dies away a death like silence pervades the chamber, upon which silence breaks the hard, dry, choking sound of a man's tearless sob, and Toboskie resumes his tramp across the floor. His eyes are dry and haggard, his face appalling in its weary pain, as in this moment he gives vent to his misery without thought of concealment; yet all the same that conviction of Maize's guilt is upon him; he knows that her soul is stained with blood, and that for all the future there is a gulf between them.

"And now, for the last time," resumes Jack, "I ask you if you will interpose your power to save an innocent woman from the direst fate that could come to her? One word from you to the Emperor and royal authority will burst her shackles and set her free—*one word*; but it will save her life from shipwreck, it will step between her and eternal bondage, it will save her the pangs and agony and degradation of the horrible future. I ask you, in the name of God! will you speak it?"

Toboskie pauses, and over his ashen face comes the evidence of a fierce conflict, the pain of which has never before touched him. At last he speaks:

"I *cannot* do it. I believe her guilty; therefore I am powerless to save her."

His voice is steady as he deliberately gives over to her living death this woman, but the agony of this hour remains with him through many a weary day of the future.

Jack's lips close tight, but that old English pride rises warm in his breast to sustain him in this moment. He bows low, and, without breaking the silence that has come between them, goes out of the chamber.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A VISIT FROM THE ABBOT.

MAIZE stands at her cell-window, looking dreamily out at the heavens. It is all that she can see—that little bit of azure sky upon which is outlined the square, sacred beams of a cross, where some holy edifice rears its symbol, all that is visible to her of the sanctuary it adorns.

It has a peculiar look, as if emblazoned upon the heavens, and absorbs much of her attention. In the dim, gray light of the early dawn, in the rich glory of the noontide sun, in the cold, clear radiance of the moon, through all hours and all circumstances, she sees this holy emblem—the cross whereby she must suffer and be saved. All through the weary hours of this day, which she knows is being passed by her judges in the decision of her fate, while she knows her destiny hangs balanced by a thread; all those lengthy, maddening hours she has stood here by the window, with her tired eyes fastened upon the sky and the cross. Her lips are closed tightly, her teeth set, her face pallid with long trial; but on it sets a grandeur that it has never known in the days of her triumph—the majesty of suffering, the sublimity of martyrdom—and that still fixed look of a proud pain and a haughty endurance.

And as she stands thus at her window, she hears the key turn in the lock, and the gruff voice of her jailer says:

"A visitor, miladie."

She turns quickly. She expects to see Jack, though he has but left her—as he is the only visitor allowed her, or the only one she desires to see: but, instead, in the doorway she sees a dark, majestic figure, and a strong, calm face, above which a few gray hairs, escaped from the cowl, gleam whitely in the fugitive sun. He stands like Guido's painting of St. Stephen, his black robes falling around his majestic figure and trailing upon the prison floor; in his stern, quiet face all the grandeur, the immolation, the rigid spiritualism that mark his hidden life, while his dark, eloquent eyes are fastened in pity upon the woman before him.

It is the Abbot of St. Michael, tempted, through his boundless sorrow for her fate, to break the solitude of years and to mingle once again in the haunts of men. From his monastery on the mountain-top he has come to the dungeon, if possible, to bring comfort to this comfortless soul.

"Daughter, I hope I do not intrude?"

Ah! she knows him now. Those clear, rich tones bring back to her memories of the past. She stands again by Toboskie's side in the chapel of the monastery, in the soft, sacred gloom, listening to that wondrous singing. Again she hears those rich and splendid sounds—the full, resonant, triumphant shouts of victory. It rings in her ears, it fills the space of her prison-cell, it shuts out everything save that motionless, stately figure in the door. And now the air changes, as when first she heard it—it softens into a wail, a wail of many voices; it tells of that blood-purchased victory; it holds a piteous cry of the wounded soul weary with its struggle and its pain. Somehow, it reminds her strongly of her own crushed and darkened life. And suddenly into her weary eyes, dulled by her long imprisonment, rushes a flood of tears—not those that refresh and strengthen the soul, but bitter, scathing tears that scald the cheek and the heart as they fall—that tell of a hopeless, despairing misery, and a soul wellnigh exhausted by its travail. All the pain of the past; all the long, agonizing torture of shame and suspense; all the weary days spent before the public, while they clamored for her blood and gloated with hot and lurid eyes over her loveliness; and she felt that she must shriek aloud in her torture—all the many sleepless nights when her shame and degradation stood a phantom between her and slumber; all her ruined, slaughtered womanhood, every cross and burden in her wretched life rise up in this moment and confront her as monuments of injustice, and those great, dry, suffocating sobs shake her form.

The abbot turns with a commanding dignity to the jailer, who lingers, curious to see the interview with the priest and the angel-faced murderess.

"Go your way and leave us alone." His voice is so stern that the guard, curious as he is, dares not disobey, but, closing the door, returns to his duties.

And still that flood of bitter tears rolls down the cheek of the persecuted woman, and the abbot stands silent, touched with a pity too great for words.

He recalls the time when last he saw this girl—she had brought her sweeping robes, her divine loveliness in the midst of the monastic abode to dazzle the meek, tired eyes of the monks, and arouse passions of a bygone life. She stood in the height of her sovereignty by the side of a man in whose eyes he could see a love endless as death. By what miserable metamorphosis does he see her here shorn of her proud purple of aristocracy languishing in the dungeon cell, crushed with shame in her haughty womanhood?

"Daughter, if my presence is painful to you I will not remain." His gentle, mellow voice comes to her anguish the bitterness and rouses her old strength.

"You are very welcome, father, and I thank you for your kindness in thinking of me. Very few of my friends upon whom I have a stronger claim than upon you have been so faithful." Her voice is low but steady. "I must beg your indulgence for my foolish weakness, but I have borne a great deal in the past, and the sight of you roused memories of a time that can never return."

"That man must be worse than a brute who would deem apology necessary for a grief like yours." The abbot's voice rings with an indignation scarcely priestly. "I should have visited you sooner, but it was not until yesterday that I heard of your misfortune. Our lay brother was down at the city and brought back the news."

Maize suddenly raises her eyes and flashed upon the pitying face of the monk the full fire of a searching, scrutinizing glance. He returns her gaze calmly, steadily, and at last she draws a long, gasping breath, in itself almost a sob, while her hands clasp; in the dark, gray depths of her companion's eyes she sees no shadow of that baleful suspicion that haunts her life—nothing but a sweet, great faith.

"No," he says, quietly, and divining her thoughts, "I do not believe you guilty. When I heard your story I knew there was some great crime, some wonderful evidence of your guilt; yet, despite all, I know you were innocent. I had summed up your character in our first meeting, and it is seldom that I err in reading human nature."

"Oh, thank God—thank God!" The cry bursts from her almost unconsciously. This infinite faith is so new, so sweet.

"And now, can you give me any enlightenment in this miserable affair?"

Suddenly into the glorious eyes of the girl comes a shrinking, piteous light.

"None, father, whatever," she says, almost in a whisper.

Again the abbot reads aright that appealing light in her glance.

"I believe you," he says, quietly; and somehow his voice strengthens her. "You need have no fear that I will harbor suspicion against you, for that I will never do."

Again that flood of weary tears wells to her eyes; she has borne the suspicion and injury of the past without faltering, but this trust and kindness are so new that they shatter that armor of icy, scornful, bitter pride in which she has incased herself.

"Father," she says, suddenly, "I will tell you the history of *that night*; it has never before passed my lips, nor will it ever again. But I know it will be safe with you, as I speak to you in your holy calling; therefore, however strongly you may be inclined, you will not have the right to betray a confidence reposed in you in your sacred office as mediator between God and man."

The abbot bows gravely, and, handing her a chair, also seats himself.

"I am ready, daughter, to hear anything you will confide to me."

His voice is that rich, mellow cadence that she never can quite forget.

She commences her history. She goes far back to her first knowledge of Gypsy's weakness; then she tells him of the finding of the note and her journey to Count Lagors's castle. In conclusion she says:

"I had a stormy interview with him, but when I left him he was alive and apparently well. The murder is as great a mystery to me as to you. Father, before God! this is all I know of the horrible affair!"

The abbot is pacing back and forth the narrow cell. He is intensely agitated, and his face is dark and stern in a terrible wrath. Finally he pauses in front of the window, and lifts his convulsed face to that small blotch of sky.

"Oh, my God! for what are women given us? To be a curse and a darkness on our lives for ever!" The bitter, pain-filled cry fills the cell, and shows that in the soul of this man has deeply sunk the iron of suffering. At last he turns to the prisoner. "Why have you not made this known?" he says. "It is madness to suffer this injustice. Why did you not tell your counsel that you had gone to save this accursed woman from her weakness and her sin?"

Over the girl's face flits a weary, mirthless smile.

"Who would have believed me?" she says. "I had no evidence to give them that I spoke the truth. They would have pronounced it a fabrication. Besides that," and the bitterness and weariness drop suddenly away from her face, "I would not do it for Jack's sake; it would kill him to know that Gypsy was so weak and false. Jack is more to me than all the world besides, and I am a great deal to him. There is a bond between us stronger than what is usually between father and daughter. For all my life we have been companions. While Gypsy was off at her balls and opera, Jack and I would be home together, or off to the stables. All our lives we have been together, and I love him too well to deal his death-blow. He is steadfast and true to me; I will be as faithful to him."

The abbot stands silent, watching the proud, white majesty of her wondrous face, the steady lustre of her shining eyes, the golden flash of her tawny hair. For one instant the pulse of this man quickens—this man, once of strong passion and the fire and quickness of youth. On his heart for many years has lain the corpse of a dead love and a broken faith. Yet once again his soul is moved within him at the sight of a woman's divine loveliness—that sweet, deadly, intoxicating curse that has been his betrayal. But only for an instant; he raises his eyes and through the iron bars of the deep set window he sees the Cross, and like Constantine the Imperial of old, when he beheld the sacred symbol over the Byzantine city, his strength is renewed, his courage refreshed.

"*By this thou shalt conquer!*" He seems to see it emblazoned upon those holy beams, the same as the dejected sovereign beheld it in those far-off years. He knows that for him there is nothing but the Cross, that for him all thoughts of passion and earthly indulgences are for ever gone, and back into his heart flits that grand and settled repose and a contentment, heaven-sent, with his lot.

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"It is best not to do violence with your feelings," he says, "yet it seems but just to yourself and friends that you should proclaim your innocence."

"You forget, father, it would not be proclaiming my innocence, for every one would believe it a story concocted for the occasion; of all who heard me there is but one soul who would believe my words—Jack would know that I spoke the truth; and it would kill him. *He* would *know* it was the truth; therefore, I will never tell it. No, father, there is no help or rescue for me."

"But there must be!" And the abbot's voice holds but little of priestly resignation; far as he is removed from earth and its concerns there is something horrible to him—something insupportable—in the downfall of this innocent woman. "I hear that Count Toboskie's influence with the Czar is boundless; will he not—surely he will—interpose this in your behalf?"

Over the proud Grecian face of the girl there spreads a vail of infinite bitterness, and in her glorious eyes shines a wrath almost Pagan in its fierceness.

"Count Toboskie believes me guilty." Her voice is low and clear like the clashing of steel. "My life is shipwrecked, and it is to him that I owe it. He could have influenced the public in my behalf. Don't think that I am complaining. If he stood here now and offered me my freedom, I would not accept it. I would go out to my living death rather than receive a favor at his hands after his suspicion. To-morrow I will know my fate; if it be death, I will die, but never by the executioner! but," and she lifts her clinched hands to the sky, "if it be exile, if I be condemned to drag my life through the endless torture of such an existence, I swear by that Cross to avenge my slaughtered womanhood! I am innocent, and I will make Count Raoul Toboskie acknowledge it in sackcloth and ashes. I will make him curse the hour he was born. I will ruin all life for him even as he has ruined mine!"

As the wild and passionate words fall upon the hush of the prison-cell a tremor passes over the abbot. This tragedy was forseen by him when first he beheld the girl. And yet he knows that Toboskie loves her—loves her with that boundless and incomputable passion that has brought so much misery to his race. He believes that of the two he suffers the most. The abbot's eyes soften and grow tenderly luminous as he thinks of this cold, polished statesman, under whose icy exterior is a torture more bitter than death, whose life is stricken and laid waste.

Yet he knows that it is worse than madness to plead for him with this girl. Suddenly over him flashes all the holiness and faith of his divine office, and where he stands, by this woman's side, he drops downwards upon his knees, and, in the gloom and shame of the dungeon, there is offered up such a prayer as mortal man scarcely ever uttered. He prays, with his hand touching the hem of her garment and the sunlight falling upon his grand, strong face—prays with all the fiery, passionate eloquence of his soul for these two fated beings. He beseeches God, as though for his own salvation, to direct the paths of this world-weary man, stricken with his intolerable anguish. And as she listens, Maize, standing straight and motionless in her strong, proud bitterness—Maize smiles as he prays for this man, her enemy and destroyer. But when, in his tender, beautiful language, whose pathos bears a memory of the rack and pain and trial of his own hidden life—when in sweet, strong, holy words he beseeches Mary, for the sake of her own pure womanhood, to watch over this stricken, injured woman—this child, motherless and friendless, who goes out to a bondage of woe, her eyes soften, her mouth, set hard and defiant, quivers piteously, and her soul, given over to its evil, yearns vaguely for a purity like this man's. And when he leaves her—not till hours later, and he has striven to administer all the solace of his religion—a darkness falls upon her that she thinks will never again be lifted.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STEAMSHIP "NEWPORT."

THE latest triumph of American ship-building is the *Newport*, just completed at the works of John Roach & Son, Chester, Pa., for James E. Ward & Co's. New York and Havana line. In point of naval architecture the *Newport* is said to be the most complete vessel ever launched at an American shipyard. She is 368 feet in length, 38½ feet beam, and 23½ feet from the spar deck to the keelson, which leaves a height of 8½ feet between the cabin floor and ceiling. The hull is built of the best plate iron (the largest plate being 12 feet by 6½ feet), triple riveted, and the angle irons being unusually heavy. The planing is of five-eighths iron, with the exception of the garboard and deck strakes, which are of seven-eighths iron. She has two iron decks and six water-tight transverse bulkheads. The shaft alley is inclosed by two longitudinal bulkheads, which prevent the entrance of water into the engine or boiler-rooms in case of accident to the after part of the vessel.

Seated at dinner in her saloon, lounging in the smoking-room, or chatting in the social hall, one may easily forget that he is at sea. The clean sweep of the upper or promenade deck, from one end to other, is very fine, and gives a promenade of 320 feet straight ahead. The saloon, which stretches from side to side of the ship, affords ample room for three tables placed longitudinally, and providing comfortable sittings for all the cabin passengers she can carry, as well as the principal officers. The saloon is lighted in daytime by a dome skylight, stained glass windows on both sides and three stained skylights. The finish of the saloon is artistic in the highest degree, being a combination of the Queen Anne and Eastlake styles. Each end of the saloon presents a blaze of mirrors. The joiner-work, by William Rowland & Co., of New York City, is finished mahogany, amaranth, maple, satin-wood, white holly, Hungarian ash and French walnut. The revolving chairs and settees are finished in a similar style, and are richly upholstered in purple velvet, which forms a pleasing contrast to the rich carpets and silk blinds of the side lights. The sky-lights and side-lights diffuse a mellowed light over the whole apartment. Illumination is afforded at night by an array of lamps suspended from the ceiling. The gangway stairs leading to the promenade deck are considered one of the finest pieces of inlaid or marqueterie work ever attempted.

In the grand saloon is one of Steinway's pianos, which will relieve the tedium of even the *Newport's* short voyages. The decorative upholstery by Wechsler & Abraham, the large drygoods dealers of Brooklyn, who have lately equipped some of the prominent hotels and steamers, has rarely been equaled for its beauty of design and finish. Saloons and staterooms are furnished in silk satin and plush, richly embroidered and in colors blending in strong and harmonious effect. The same firm also supply all the table linen. James M. Shaw & Co., of New York City, have supplied the staterooms and dining hall with the finest kiln-dried crockery, all ornamented with much artistic taste, and so durable that each piece will fracture sooner than show any sign of wear or dimness. William Furier's Sons, also of this city, have completely equipped all parts of the steamer with their lamps, from designs specially made for the *Newport*, and all in harmony with the general effect of the interiors.

The state-rooms, of which there are thirty-eight—twenty on the saloon deck and eighteen on the promenade deck—with accommodations for eighty-one first-class passengers, surpass anything ever built in any American vessel in light, ventilation and other comfort. They are finished much in the same style as the saloon. The ladies' saloon, the ladies' toilet-room, and the gentlemen's smoking-room are superb specimens of workmanship. The smoking-room is oval in shape, twenty-four feet in length, is lighted from a dome skylight and is furnished with five card-tables.

The steerage, fitted up for the accommodation of thirty passengers of that class, is a little world of luxury and cleanliness to those who have been accustomed to travel in that way.

Among other new appliances in modern steamship building are novel provisions for extinguishing fire. Steam fire-annihilators are connected with every department of the vessel. The life-boats, life-rafts, life-buoys and life-preservers are sufficient for any emergency, and in the extinguishing of fire and lowering of boats every man has his duty and every officer his particular command.

The principal officers of the vessel are: *Commodore*, J. P. Sundberg, commanding; *Chief-engineer*, Garret Van Ideratine; *Purser*, S. V. Bennis; *Steward*, John B. Perezeni; *First Mate*, G. B. Ilzon; *Second Mate*, Edward Larcen; *Assistant Engineers*, William McCracken and George Luther.

ICE-WATER ON WHEELS.

THE Business Men's Moderation Society's traveling ice-water fountain made its trial trip on August 18th, through some of the lowest quarters on the east side of the city, and, in the opinion of those who accompanied it, the experiment was a complete success. The truck was to have started from Earle's Hotel promptly at one o'clock, but there were unavoidable delays, and the start was not made until about two o'clock. Shortly before that hour the truck bearing the fountain was driven up to the corner of Centre and Canal Streets, and throngs surrounded the strange-looking wagon and tank. An ice wagon soon arrived and was backed up close to the portable fountain, and while several men were getting out large cakes of ice and washing them at the hydrant, others attached a hose and began filling the tank. A large double ladder was then brought, and the ice was carried up and deposited in the fountain. Twelve bright tin cups were attached to the self-acting faucets. Meanwhile those in the throng were indulging in good-natured merriment at the expense of the fountain and its projectors. The fountain is a triangular box measuring six feet each way. The three sides are painted respectively red, white and blue, and bear on their surface a *fac-simile* of the three pledges in use by the Society. Around the base of the triangle on each side are four nickel taps, making twelve in all. When the fountain stopped at the corner of Park Street, it was surrounded in an instant by an eager crowd of street gamins, mixed with a sprinkling of the adult element. The scene became lively and interesting. A large number of boys and girls thronged to the sides of the triangle and clamored for a drink. The water was served out to them in tin mugs attached to the taps by the two policemen on duty. Little boys with light curly hair and blue eyes were there by the side of olive-skinned lads, whose raven locks and handsome features bespoke their Italian origin. A cool draught out of the mugs contented a few, and it was not very long before tiny hands were upheld with earthen pitchers, pots, cans and other receptacles. The policemen satisfied these demands, and were amply repaid for their pains by the grateful smiles of the receivers. The wagon was driven through Bayard, Mulberry, Mott, Roosevelt, Cherry, New Chambers, Catharine and Varick Streets, the trips occupying about one hour and a half each. During the hot season the trips will be made daily between the hours of one and five o'clock, P. M.

LANDING THE OBELISK.

THE work of extricating the obelisk from the hold of the steamer *Dunsey* is being carried on at Clifton, Staten Island. The steamer was put upon the ways, and thirty-one iron plates were removed from the side, making an aperture twenty feet by nine, through which the huge stone is to be discharged. It is believed that by the time this paper is in the hands of the reader, the obelisk will be ready to be placed on the barge which is to bring it to this city. The actual removal from the steamer will be done by jacking up the stone, floating the barge beneath the stern of the *Dunsey*, so that it will lie diagonally with the opening, and then rolling the stone upon it.

Lieutenant-Commander Goeringe has decided to erect the obelisk on its old foundation. Underneath it he will put a strong iron case inclosed in lead containing copies of the Bible in thirty different languages, leaving it in place of a Rosetta stone for future generations. Alongside of this case he has determined to place one of the compressed-air jacks, which he considers had the most to do in moving the obelisk. Small models of the obelisk and the machinery used to take it down, as well as models of a few of the important inventions of the age will be added.

The greater part of the foundation-stones are now at the site in Central Park, and it is believed the huge pedestal will reach its destination in a few days. Considerable difficulty has been met in transporting the pedestal, on account of the ruts encountered in the streets and avenues through which it has to be carted. The entire work is necessarily slow.

The Strategical Position of Greece.

A MILITARY correspondent of the *St. Petersburger Zeitung* describes the points of attack which would probably be selected by the Greek Army in the event of a war with Turkey. One of these is the coast of Epirus, opposite Corfu, which, says the writer, occupies a position with regard to Epirus similar to that occupied by Alsen with regard to Sleswick. Corfu would be an excellent basis of operations for an invading expedition; and this advantage would be greatly increased if a *tête de pont* were erected opposite the island, at the place where the towers and ruins of Buthreton are situated. There are several harbors in the immediate vicinity, and this part of Albania is better provided with roads than most other districts of the province. The garrison of Corfu has, accordingly, been greatly strengthened of late, especially with artillery, and it is hoped that the British fleet would assist in protecting the landing of the Greek troops. The narrowest part of the strait between Corfu and Albania is only about 2,500 metres. The invading force would, however, have to overcome some formidable natural obstacles. In order to enter the plains of Thessaly, it would have to cross the wooded mountain range of Othrys, whose highest points are from 1,150 to 1,700 metres above the sea level, while the most frequented pass, the Furca, is 830 metres high. There are four or five roads across the Othrys range from the plain of Heliada, the Sparchetos of the ancients, to the north of Thermopylæ. These roads are not fortified by the Turks, the karaulas or guard-house along the frontier being of no military importance. On the southern frontier of Epirus, on the other hand, near Arta and Prevesa, there are wide plains communicating by two or three roads with western Greece; but Prevesa is fortified and the Gulf of Arta is protected by three forts—Georgios, Panokratenas and Punta, which are sixty kilometres from Janina. It is in the mountains surrounding that town, on the roads which lead to the coast opposite Corfu by Philiates and Delvino, that the Greeks would meet with most opposition, as the intervening country is chiefly inhabited by Albanian tribes. Moreover, the invading force would have to operate in two separate corps, as Mount Pindus, 2,000 metres high, would prevent any combined action. There are only a few mule-tracks over this mountain; the chief are the pass of Portis in the south, which leads to the upper Aspropotamos, and that of Metsovon, over which passes the track from Tricala to Janina.

How American Contributions were Distributed in Ireland.

MR. JAMES REDPATH writes: "America has contributed, I believe, $5,000,000 for the relief of Irish distress within the last twelve months. It is true that the larger part of the sum was contributed by Americans of Irish descent, but still it was contributed—even although munificently and nobly abstracted—from the national wealth of the United States.

"This vast amount was sent through ten different channels—1, to the Castle Fund; 2, to the Mansion House Fund; 3, to the Land League Fund; 4, to the *Herald* Fund; 5, to the Nun of Kenmare Fund; 6, to the Catholic Hierarchy; 7, to the Protestant Hierarchy; 8, to individual Catholic priests; 9, to prominent citizens in different towns by Irish-Americans, who were born in them; and 10, to thousands of families by their exiled members in America. This last channel probably exceeded every other in the volume of its beneficence. Families who had not heard a word from absent members for many years past have been supported by them this Winter.

"Between 1848 and 1864 the Irish in America remitted to their friends in Ireland about $65,000,000 (£13,000,000). This is the statistical statement sanctioned by John Bright. Our taxation has increased since then, but I cannot here obtain the figures. Many farms in the West of Ireland are rented not only on the local rates of value, but on the regular contributions that are made by exiled Irish girls and boys in the United States. I shall prove this startling statement by-and-by."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Intended to hold an International Congress of Commerce and Industry at Brussels, from September 8th to 11th. M. Antoine Dansaert is to be the president, and the meeting will take place under the patronage of the King of the Belgians.

A Remarkable Instance of telephony is exciting considerable interest throughout South Australia and among the scientific world in particular. By means of an improved telephone the Adelaide Post Office chimes have been clearly heard at Fort Augusta, a distance of 240 miles.

The Council of Public Hygiene of Paris, on the proposition of M. Pasteur, has decided to erect two establishments, one at each end of Paris, intended for the disinfection by steam of all furniture or clothing contaminated by individuals attacked by any contagious diseases.

The Death is Announced of M. Lissajous, the discoverer of the well known Lissajous figures, and author of a number of elegant and valuable scientific memoirs. M. Lissajous, who was Professor of Physics at Toulouse, was one of the founders of the Société Française de Physique.

The Statue of Bernard Palissy, by M. Barrias, acquired by the City of Paris from the Salon of this year, is to be set up in one of the public places of Boulogne-sur-Seine. Two reproductions of this work by M. Barrias himself are to be set up, one at Agen, the other in the Musée de Sèvres.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will commence its twenty-ninth meeting at Boston, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on August 25th. One of the morning meetings will be held at Cambridge, and the remainder of the day is to be devoted to the Observatory and to Harvard University.

Professor Lewis Swift, of Rochester, N. Y., has just discovered another comet. He was unable to note the direction of the comet's movement before it passed beyond the line of vision. It was, however, in Ursa Major, right ascension, about 11 hours 28 minutes, declination 68 degrees north. The new observatory, which is approaching completion, will furnish the professor with facilities for his researches equal to any in America.

The Committee of Council of the British Medical Association have awarded the gold medal of the Association to William Farr, C.B., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., "as an expression of their high appreciation of his long, unwearied and successful labors in behalf of statistical and sanitary science, as a recognition of the light he has thrown upon many physiological and pathological problems, and on account of the extraordinary services his work has rendered to the advancement of the health of the nation." The presentation was made in the Senate House, Cambridge, on Thursday, August 12th.

A Very Curious telephonic experiment has been made in Switzerland on the occasion of the Federal *fête* of singers. A telephone had been placed in the Zürich Festhalle and two conductors connected with the Bâle telegraph office, where a large audience had congregated. The distance from Bâle to Zürich is about eighty kilometres. The Bâle audience enjoyed the singing about as well as if they had been placed in the upper circle of an ordinary opera house. At the end of the performance they proved their satisfaction by clapping hands, which the telegraphic wires transmitted with perfect fidelity to the Zürich performers.

An Unusual Number of persons have been killed by lightning of late in Great Britain, and the record of deaths at the Risca Mine exceeds any ever before caused by a single explosion of electricity. There were 119 men and boys in the mine when the accident occurred. Most of them were killed only indirectly by the lightning. The fluid in striking the earth penetrated to inflammable gases that occupied a spot far below the surface, and which constituted one of the galleries of the mine. A terrific explosion followed, and every person in the mine was instantly killed. It was at first supposed that a broken lamp had been the cause of the explosion, but this theory, after a thorough investigation, was abandoned, and the explanation given has been accepted as the true one.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

REV. DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS's illustrated work on "Jesus" has been published in London under the title of "Who was Jesus?"

THE Rev. CYRUS Hamlin, D.D., LL.D., has been elected temporary president of Middlebury (Vt.) College, and has accepted the position.

THE Queen of Italy has made a gift to a Catholic church in Venice of a bronze statue of Augustus Cæsar, an antique of exquisite workmanship.

THE Rev. Orelio Cone, D.D., late Professor of Languages and Literature at Canton New York, has accepted the presidency of Buchtel College, at Akron, Ohio.

A MEXICAN saddle, with silver stirrups and beautiful ornamentations, was among the costly gifts Miss Ord received when she became the wife of General Treviño.

MISS DORÉ FLETCHER, the author of "Kismet," who went from Italy to London to superintend the publication of her new novel, "The Head of Medusa," is said to be again seriously ill.

THE illness of Cardinal Nina, Papal Secretary of State, has appeared again in an aggravated form and turned to typhoid fever. It is hoped, however, the progress of the fever will be arrested.

THE creditors of Archbishop Purcell have called a meeting to prepare a statement of their grievances to send to Rome, with the hope of interesting the Pope in behalf of the diocesan debt of $3,500,000.

THE Rev. Mr. Murray, formerly known as Adirondack Murray, has returned from Europe to New York on business connected with the formation of a company to engage in the transportation of American produce to Europe.

THE report comes from Georgia that Senator B. H. Hill is suffering from a cancerous tumor on his tongue that threatens to terminate his career as a public speaker, if not his life, as there are doubts of a permanent removal of the tumor.

TWO French noblemen, the Comte des Isnard and the Marquis de Girdis, were recently sentenced to ten days' imprisonment at Avignon for threatening a Government official in the execution of his duty during the expulsion of the Jesuits.

CHIEF JUSTICE HIRAM WARNER, a native Vermonter, who has had thirty-five years of public service in Georgia, and received a share of the anti-Colquitt vote in the recent Democratic State Convention, has resigned his position on the bench of that State.

BARON DE MAYR, Austro-Hungarian Minister to this country; MAX OSCEP, French Minister; Carvalho Borges, Brazilian Minister; Aristarchi Bey, Turkish Minister; and Prince Camporeale, Italian Secretary of Legation, are in the Franconia Notch, White Mountains.

MLLE. SARA BERNHARDT has written to the director of the Théatre Français of Paris asking to be allowed to pay, in four annual instalments of 25,000 francs each, the 100,000 francs damages to which she was condemned for violating her engagements with that theatre.

THE aged Lucretia Mott, a woman nobly famous by her service of liberty and philanthropy, is reported in failing health. She is eighty-seven years old, and until recently has been active and well. She is now confined to her room in her son-in-law's house, near Philadelphia, but is still bright and cheerful.

THE Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote "My Country 'Tis of Thee," is still living in Newton, Mass. He says he wrote the verses on a waste scrap of paper one dismal day in February, 1832, while at Andover Seminary, and "had neither intention nor ambition to create anything that should have a national reputation."

THE yearly incomes of the heads of the Anglican Church are as follows: The Archbishop of Canterbury, $75,000; the Bishop of York, $50,000; the Bishop of London, $50,000; the Bishop of Durham, $40,000; the Bishop of Winchester, $30,000; the Bishop of Ely, $27,500; the Bishop of St. Asaph, $26,000; and the rest not less than $20,000, and not more than $25,000 each. Each bishop has, moreover, a "palace," or official residence.

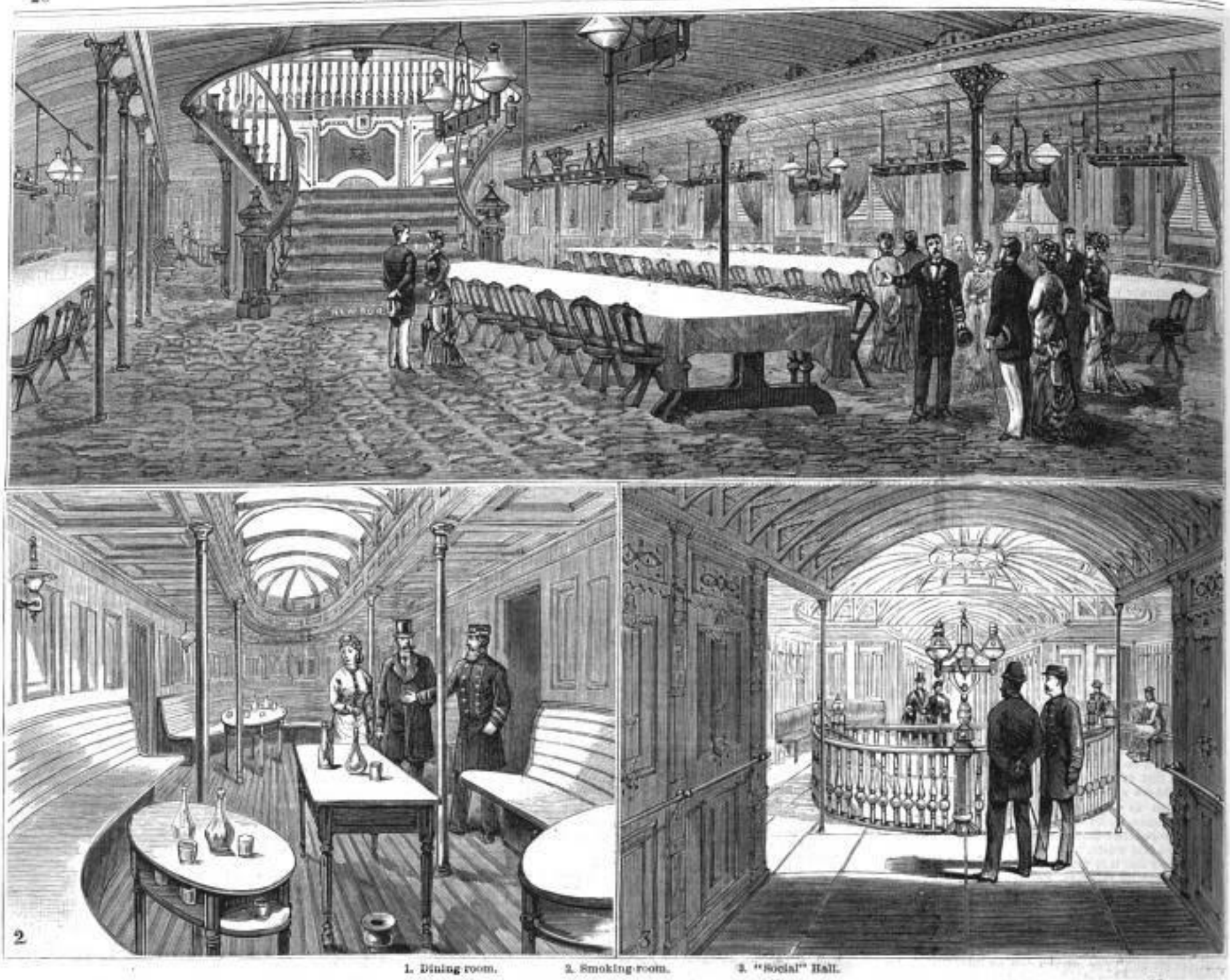
MRS. J. W. MACKAY, of Consolidated Virginia, recently gave a breakfast to a select number of American friends at her Trouville cottage on the coast of France. The costliness of the table service and decorations reminds one of the Arabian Nights. Not only gold, silver and priceless porcelain were used, but amber, coral and precious stones were pressed into the service. Ices were served on crystal plates inlaid with sweet gems, and wine and liquors sparkled in flasks of amber, or were contained in dagons of gold, cloisonne and enamel.

THE Crown Princess of Prussia (Queen Victoria's eldest daughter) is said to be now the most popular woman in Germany. She would have gained the good will of the Berlin population twenty years ago, had she not held with invincible tenacity to the idea of an English establishment at Potsdam. She wished to retain her servants, and to introduce the English style of household management. But only a few English sailors, with an officer, who form the crew of the miniature man-of-war on the Havel, are left to represent English service.

AMONG recent deaths we note that of Isaac H. Brown, for many years the popular sexton of Grace Church, New York, and manager of fashionable weddings, funerals and receptions, at Beaufort, Conn., August 21st, aged 64; the Hon. Lin Bartholomew, of Schuylkill County, Pa., at Atlantic City, on the 23d; Judge Henry M. Spofford, of Louisiana, the contestant of the seat in the United States Senate occupied by Mr. Kellogg, aged 58; Mrs. Charles Kean, the well-known actress, aged 75; Professor W. B. Hodgson, the eminent Scottish scientist and author, aged 65; W. F. De Haas, the marine artist, of New York, at Fayal, Madeira.

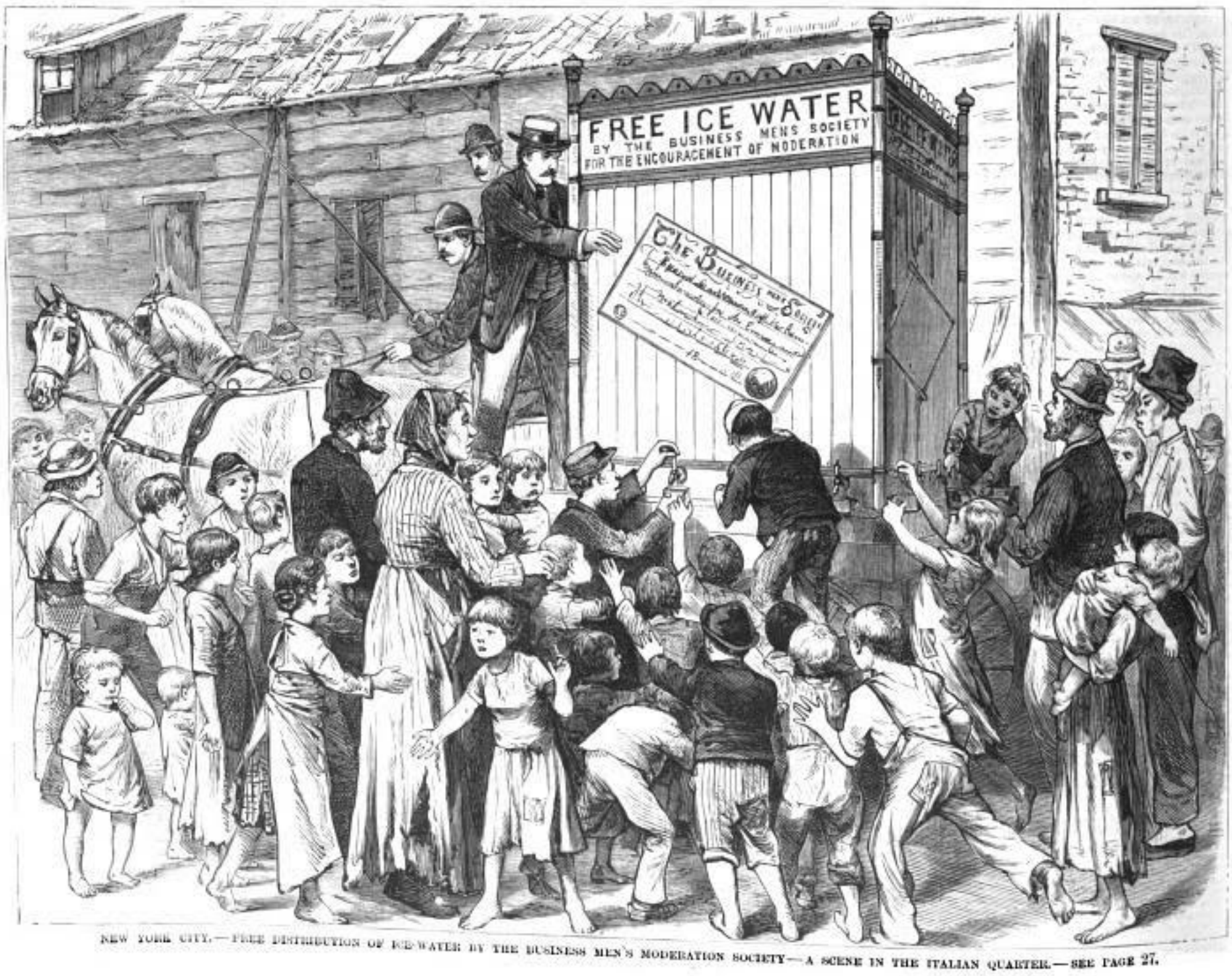
MR. H. HUMPHREY MOORE, the artist upon whose shoulders the glittering mantle of Fortuny has fallen, has achieved signal success in San Francisco, whither, accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished wife, he repaired for a short sojourn at the close of the New York season. His artistic success has been a veritable triumph, while socially, both he and the sefiora—she is a daughter of sunny Spain—has fairly taken society at the Golden Gate by storm. Mr. Moore's *atelier* has formed a daily rendezvous for those who come unto art for art's sake, "rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing," and the demand for works of his "ans dipped brush" has been such as to detain him in 'Frisco for a longer period than he originally anticipated. At present he is engaged upon a picture for Mrs. George Hearst, entitled "Good News." The subject is of the hour. A lady, in a toilet such as Worth might recognize as one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, is waiting for the carriage to be announced that is to bear her to a ball. She reclines in a caressing chair, one arm of dazzling whiteness resting upon a small table. She holds a letter which she reads aloud to her son, who, whilst listening with intense eagerness, nevertheless improves the occasion by buttoning a refractory glove. The apartment is both gorgeous and æsthetic, and filled with those costly knickknacks which tell their own tale of education and refinement. A portrait of Mr. Hearst hangs upon one wall, the likeness being absolutely vivid. This picture will be exhibited. We earnestly trust it may come East.

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1. Dining-room. 2. Smoking-room. 3. "Social" Hall.

NEW YORK.—THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN STEAMSHIP ARCHITECTURE—THE "NEWPORT," OF THE NEW YORK AND HAVANA LINE.—SEE PAGE 27.



NEW YORK CITY.—FREE DISTRIBUTION OF ICE-WATER BY THE BUSINESS MEN'S MODERATION SOCIETY—A SCENE IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.—SEE PAGE 27.

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HON. JAMES E. ENGLISH, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

HON. JAMES E. ENGLISH,

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

HON. JAMES E. ENGLISH, of New Haven, Conn., was born in that city March 13th, 1812. He comes of a sturdy, long-lived race, and is still in the full vigor of manhood, having at no previous period of his life been more actively and successfully employed in his business operations than during the last two years and a half, or since his retirement from the United States Senate. Governor English's grandfather upon the paternal side was one of twenty-seven prisoners killed by the British troops on the invasion of New Haven by General Tryon in 1779, and all his ancestors were active and earnest patriots during the Revolution. He exhibited marked characteristics from his early boyhood—those of independence, self-reliance and individual energy being altogether remarkable for his years. While at school he evinced a strong natural gift in mechanical and architectural drawing, and drew several plans of buildings for the old master mechanics of the city, to one of whom he apprenticed himself to learn the carpenter and joiner's trade. At the age of twenty-one he started in business for himself, and during the next two or three years erected several handsome buildings, drawing his own plans, purchasing his own materials and personally supervising his own work. But the field was not sufficiently ample, and he engaged in the lumber business. His purchases were so judiciously made and his business so admirably conducted, that he soon commanded an extensive trade, and laid the foundation of the ample fortune he now possesses. His great business sagacity and excellent judgment were speedily recognized by his fellow-townsmen, and for twelve years he was elected a member of the Board of Selectmen, and he also served in the City Board of Common Council, being chosen by the votes of both Whigs and Democrats, his public services being as highly valued by one party as the other. In 1855 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and during the three years succeeding served as State Senator. In 1859 he was again nominated for State Senator, but declined in consequence of important business which called him to Europe.

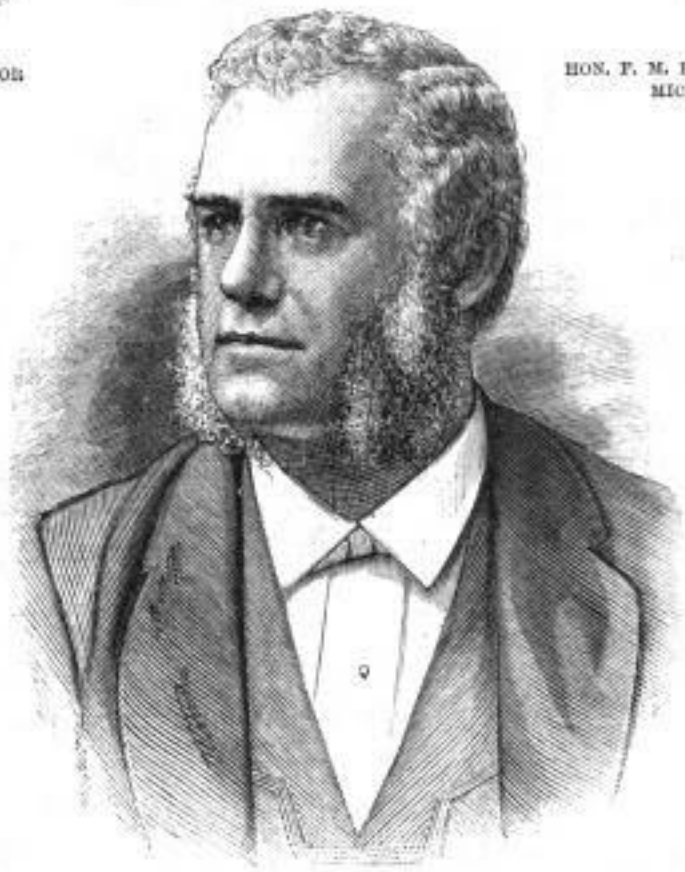
In 1861 Mr. English was chosen a Member of Congress, and, being re-elected in 1862, served in that body during the four years of the war. In the Thirty-seventh Congress he served on the Committee on Naval Affairs, rendering valuable help to the Government. Although an earnest Democrat in principle and from conviction, he zealously supported the war measures of the Administration, voting for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the National Emancipation Act. He, however, opposed the Legal Tender Bill and the national bank system. He was elected Governor in 1867, and re-elected in 1868. On the death of Senator O. S. Ferry, in 1875, Governor English was appointed to fill the vacancy, and took his seat at the commencement of the second term of the Forty-fourth Congress, filling the position with the same ability that characterized his four years' service in the popular branch of that body.

During the thirty years of Governor English's public services in town, city, State and national councils, he has been largely engaged in promoting the manufacturing interests of the State, there being at one time not less than fifteen manufacturing establishments in which he was interested and to which he was giving more or less time and personal attention. Throughout the war, and ever since, he has been the principal business manager of the New Haven Clock Company, the largest concern of the kind in the world. He is also President of the Goodyear Metallic Rubber Shoe Company, one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in the United States, and is an active director in several other large and flourishing manufacturing companies, all well managed and successfully conducted. His entire wealth has been acquired in prosecuting legitimate business transactions; he never has been a "speculator" in the technical sense of the term. As a man of practical good sense and sound political wisdom, he ranks among the foremost citizens of New England. He is now again the candidate of his party for Governor, and the hope is entertained that his great popularity will carry him once more to the position he has already so creditably filled.

HON. FREDERIC A. POTTS,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.

HON. FREDERIC A. POTTS, the Republican nominee for Governor of New Jersey, comes of Revolutionary ancestry, his great grandfather, who was a Quaker, having been a member of the Continental Congress and prominent in patriotic works in the later Colonial period. Later, Mr. Potts's grandfather served in the War of 1812. Mr. Potts was born in April, 1836, at Pottsville, Pa., where his father temporarily resided, and is now, therefore, in the prime of life and the full vigor of his powers. In his early manhood he became identified with the coal and iron house of Audenried & Co., of New York, and finally succeeded to the possession and control of the business, which, under his management, is now the largest individual business of that class in the country. In 1872 Mr. Potts was induced to become the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fourth New Jersey District, the "Gibraltar of the Democracy," and, with one of the most popular leaders of the opposition as his competitor, reduced the ordinary Democratic majority more than one-half. In 1874, at the solicitation of his party in Hunterdon County, where he occupied the ancestral homestead, Mr. Potts consented to run for State Senator, and after a canvass of unexampled excitement was elected by a majority of 298—thus breaking for the first time the long line of Democratic successes. The Democratic majority up to that date had always ranged from 1,400 to 1,900. As a member of the Senate, Mr. Potts was conspicuous for independence, conscientiousness and hostility to cliques and jobbery of every sort. He was Chairman of the Finance Committee, and



HON. FREDERIC A. POTTS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY KUHTZ.



HON. F. M. HOLLOWAY, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.—FROM A PHOTO. BY CARSON & GRAHAM.

served on the Committees on Judiciary, Sinking Fund, the Revision of the Constitution, etc., and exercised a large influence on the Legislature of the three years' period during which he served. He was especially earnest in his support of the public school system and of all State institutions designed for the care of the unfortunate and the reclamation and reform of the erring. Among the important measures proposed by him was one looking to the establishment of a State Board for the Equalization of Taxes. In 1878 Mr. Potts again accepted the Republican nomination for Congress in the Fourth District, and so great was his popularity that, whereas Mr. Tilden had two years before received 6,500 majority, Mr. Potts was beaten by only 1,500. For several years past Mr. Potts has acted as Chairman of the Republican State Committee, he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention of 1876, and has in many ways been conspicuous in the party service. In point of practical capacity he ranks among the foremost men of the State, and his exalted and unblemished character, his comprehensive knowledge of affairs and his well-known sympathy with the best forms of public sentiment, commend him with peculiar emphasis to the popular support. He is closely identified with some of the leading mining and other industries of New Jersey, being President of the West End Iron Company, at Musconnetcong, and a director of the Dover Rolling Mill Company; is a director of the First National Bank of Clinton, and also a director of the National Park Bank of New York, and associated with other financial institutions of this city. He has pronounced protective tariff views, favors an honest reform of the civil service, and believes that the financial policy which has brought the country to its present pitch of prosperity should be maintained at every hazard.

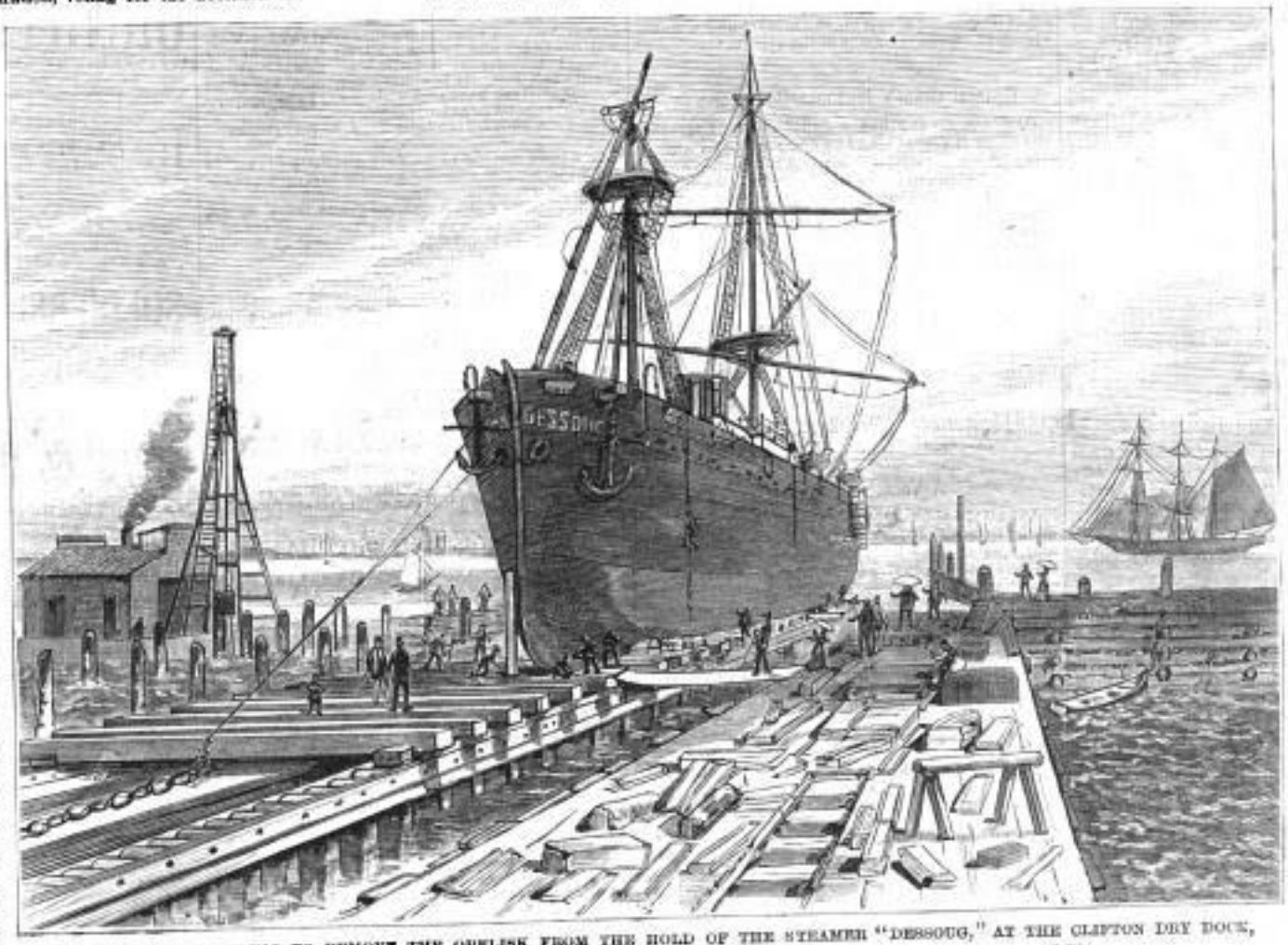
HON. FREDERICK M. HOLLOWAY,

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

WE gave last week the portrait of Hon. D. H. Jerome, the Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan. In the present number we give that of Hon. Frederick Madison Holloway, the Democratic candidate for the same office. Mr. Holloway was born in Ontario County, New York, January 18th, 1815, but at the age of nine years removed with his parents to Genesee County, where he acquired a sound common school education, attending the district school in Winter and aiding his father on the farm in the Summer. At the age of nineteen he engaged in teaching, but finding a sedentary employment injurious to his health, he abandoned the occupation in 1833, and removed to Michigan with his father. They settled at first in what was then known as Whiteford, Michigan, but now as Sylvania, Ohio; and Mr. Holloway, soon finding his health restored, commenced work as a carpenter and joiner, which occupation he followed until 1836. In 1838 he removed to Tecumseh, and in 1840 to Jonesville, where he lived for ten years, when he was chosen Register of Deeds of Hillsdale County. In the Spring of 1851 he removed to Hillsdale, and in 1852 purchased the farm which he has ever since worked, though he did not take up his residence on it until some years after the purchase.

As a farmer, Colonel Holloway has a reputation as wide as the State for capacity, judgment, thrift and energy. He has given particular attention to the breeding of fine stock, in which he has been remarkably successful. In 1853 he was chosen Secretary of the Hillsdale Agricultural Society, and has held that position ever since, except for an interval of two years. The Society is confessedly one of the most successful and prosperous in the State, and the excellence of its annual exhibition is admitted to be mainly due to Colonel Holloway's ability as an organizer and his faithful and unwearied attention to all the details upon which the success of such an enterprise depends.

In 1853 Colonel Holloway was appointed Postmaster, and held the position nine years; but he has never held any



NEW YORK.—PREPARING TO REMOVE THE OBELISK FROM THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER "DESSOUG," AT THE CLIFTON DRY DOCK, STATEN ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 27.

other public office. He has been a prominent trustee of Hillsdale College since its foundation, and is still an influential member of the board. He is also a member of the Executive Committee of the State Grange, and was one of the originators of the grange movement in Hillsdale County. He was a candidate for Auditor General in 1874 and again in 1876, and received a vote which was a very flattering indication of his popularity. He has, as his present nomination attests, the confidence of the people, being the peculiar representative of a class which has been too much neglected by nominating conventions.

How Railroads Eat Up Forests.

BUT few people comparatively have any idea of the amount of timber used in the construction of a single railroad. We hear that our forests are rapidly disappearing, and we know that material for building and fuel causes the sacrifice of many leafy monarchs of the forest; yet only the initiated knows that it yearly takes 200,000 acres of forests to supply cross-ties for the railroads of the United States. The Cincinnati *Commercial* lately interviewed a gentleman who has been in the business for thirteen years, and gives the substance of his talk. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand on our railroads, for which on an average the contractors get 35 cents apiece, making in the aggregate about $5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. Contractors, of course, buy pieces of timber land as near to the proposed line of road as possible, paying for the timber an average of about $20 per acre, or giving the proprietor of the land 10 cents for every tie got out. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 ties to the acre and 12 ties to the tree. The size of a cross-tie differs on different roads, but the usual size demanded is eight feet six inches long, and eight inches face. White or burr oak is considered the best timber for the purpose, although cherry, maple, ash and even locust have been used. The last named were first used on the Little Miami Railroad, and after a time thrown aside as unfit for the purpose. Railroad men much prefer ties hewn out with an ax to those sawed in a mill, and many contend that the first named will considerably outlast the sawed ties. This theory is probably a mistaken fallacy, as sawed ties have been placed alongside of hewn ties, and remained sound twice as long. This business gives employment to an army of choppers, who are paid 10 cents apiece for each tie. A continued practice makes the choppers expert in the use of the ax, and a single man has been known to get out 35 ties in a day; yet the average is only 20, while an expert will probably get out 30. During the war, when ties sold at from 50 to 65 cents, choppers were paid 12½ cents apiece. Although the contractor gets 35 cents apiece from the railroads for each tie, still there is a loss of from 5 to 7 per cent on dockage and stealage. An inspector is sent by the company to inspect the ties. This is generally a clerk from some of the offices, who frequently knows but little as regards the strength or durability of timber, and, as a consequence, some of the best ties are docked and only bring 20 cents apiece. The stealage is where the section men put in new ties which have not been inspected and received, and fail to report the use of the same to the road-master. Most all cross-tie men also contract for bridge timbers and trestling, as well as telegraph poles. For the latter chestnut and cedar are mostly used. They bring about $1.75 apiece, and are mostly in the tamarack swamps of Michigan and the forests of Southern Kentucky and Tennessee. Large sums of money have been made by lucky contractors above described, and each only adds to increased demands. Ohio has over 4,000,000 acres of wood-land, yet the ever-increasing demand for railroad purposes alone, if supplied entirely from our forests, would leave us without a single stick to mark the existence of our once dense forests.

Cremation in St. Louis.

A ST. LOUIS paper states that a movement is now on foot to erect a crematory in that city, and it is more than probable that within the next twelve months it will be constructed. The gentlemen interested in the matter are very active and sanguine of success. Cremation can scarcely yet be said to have become popular, but there is no denying the fact that in some portions of the country it is steadily growing in popular favor. The Le Moyne crematory at Washington, Pa., is well-known, and measures have already been taken to erect one in New York City and one in Pittsburgh. Whether the idea of burning the bodies of the dead and reducing their remains to ashes, and thus returning to the custom of antiquity, will ever seize on the popular mind is yet to be determined; but its advantages from a sanitary point can scarcely be imputed. It will also scarcely be denied that extensive and well filled cemeteries, however nicely laid out and decorated, are little calculated to encourage immigration. The first person cremated in the United States was Colonel Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, in the year 1796. He left specific instructions to that effect in his will. Toward the close of the last century Henry Barry, also of South Carolina, was cremated. In 1876 Baron de Palm, of Pennsylvania, received similar mortuary rites at the Le Moyne crematory above mentioned. In 1877 a child of Julius Kirchner, of New York; in 1878, Mrs. Jane Firman, of Ohio; in 1880, Miss Harriman, of Pennsylvania, and a few months since Dr. Winslow, of California, were cremated. This list comprises, we believe, about all the cremations in the United States up to the present time. The gentlemen who are starting the project in St. Louis are enthusiastic and firm believers that cremation is the most sensible and economical mode of disposing of the dead, the entire cost being estimated not to exceed $25.

Genoa.

GENOA is the nearest approach to a human ant hill that it is possible to conceive. From the streets of silent, gloomy palaces, with their moldy, time-stained, damp entrances and carved marble pillars, piteously telling the story of the dead, glorious past, black with hurrying forms, women in delicate lace veils, with silver-clasped prayer-books, some carrying bunches of camellias to present to a favorite saint, others leading children by the hand, soldiers in bright orange handkerchiefs (their favorite color); men walking to their business in mart and counting-house; down the dim cool lanes, bounded by a strip of bright blue sky and seemingly ending in a peak; up crooked steep stairs, looking as if they led straight to heaven; round sharp corners, from which you reach a fresh vista of narrow streets and overhanging balconies and queer odds and ends of houses, stuck in anyhow and brightened with little square basement holes serving for shops—all and everywhere is seething and crowded with life. From every window hang rags and clothes of all colors, sizes and shapes; on every doorstep play and squat children; white patient, bell-hung, red-fezzed mules elbow the passers into narrow angles, and squeeze them flat up against walls. Down near the harbor is the busiest life of all. There, as bales and sacks and casks are flung, rolled and carried on to the wharf, ruddy, sun-tanned, athletic fellows swarm in and out under the vaulted arches, or sit in little, underground, cheaply restaurants, where the smoking *frittura* and savory omelets are cooked before their eyes, or rapidly devoured by hungry appetites, and the houses are more tumble-down and more crowded together, and the rags more plentiful, and the children more clamorous and dirty, till the noise, and the heat, and the color, and the vivid contrasts of light and shade, and the bright, gaudy hues of color, seem to blend in one great Oriental nightmare of sun-steeped brilliancy. Then penetrate up narrower and steeper and more closed-in lanes, to more quiet out-of-the-way churches, around whose shaded aisles the scent of incense clings, where a ray of golden glory lights on the marbles, and where more Masses are being huskily chanted, and more bending figures are kneeling about, and little wax tapers twinkle feebly in the distance, and you may know something of the charm of Genoa—the charm of a finished coquette whose every movement is a surprise, who is never dull, never insipid, always pricking you into motion, full of warm, passionate blood, whose very beat thrills through you and fills you with a kind of strange and exciting motion.

History of the Beard.

IN the earliest Pagan times the primitive deities were represented with majestic beards. In France they played a great rôle from the reign of Pharamond downwards. Under Clovis, indeed, the beard of the king was an object of peculiar veneration and, indeed, every individual was more or less sensitive regarding his beard. It is related that after the great battle of Tolbiac Clovis sent a deputation to the defeated Alaric requesting him to come and touch the victor's beard as a token of alliance. Far from accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, the enraged King of the Huns seized the Frankish emissaries by their beards and hauled them out of the room by their revered locks. The unfortunate envoys returned rather crestfallen to Clovis, narrated what had happened, and swore "on their beards" to avenge the affront. In subsequent reigns the beard was the object of numerous enactments, and the fashion of wearing it was changed as frequently. Sometimes it was worn long, sometimes close-clipped, now peaked, now plaited, or even decorated with pearls and gold trinkets.

Even in the sacred atmosphere of Rome itself beards were the object of considerable discussion. Different Popes laid down different rules on the subject. One Pontiff enacted that no beards were to be worn; another as stringently directed that the razor was never to be applied to the chin. Saints Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, Jerome, and Chrysostom engaged in vehement controversies about the mode of wearing the hair about the face in the fourteenth century. In France the final triumph of beards dates from the Renaissance, when the example set by the great artists, who largely indulged in these appendages, was closely followed by the sovereign and other magnates of the land. Under Henry III. shaven chins were the mode, the mustache being worn long and drooping. During Henry IV.'s reign beards, cut square, came again into fashion, and mustaches were curled; while under Louis XIV. beards were again tabooed, and the mustaches alone worn, and in the two following reigns the razor was in full use. Under the Republican régime, as also under those of the Empire and Restoration, no beards were grown. They came in again, however, with the Revolution of 1830, in company with many other changes of costume, etc., and at the present day no universal rule exists on the matter.

The Sultan's Astrologer.

THE Sultan has sustained a severe loss by the death of his chief astrologer, Tahir Effendi, who died from sunstroke during the late very hot weather. His successor has been chosen, not from among the other three remaining, but selected on account of special fitness from another department. Osman Kiamil Effendi, who now wields the magic wand, was Mustechar, or first Secretary to the Kadi of Stamboul, and is believed to be deeply learned in the occult sciences. In all matters of difficulty, it is said, His Majesty has recourse to his astrologers, and few decisions are come to without consulting the stars. Some of the delays which take place at the palace may be traced to the belief in lucky and unlucky days. A signature given by the Sultan on an unpropitious day, for instance, could not but bring misfortune to him or the State; it should therefore be deferred to a more convenient season. The chief astrologer has the monopoly for the publication of almanacs from which he makes a nice thing, since one should be in the hand of every good Moslem to point out to him the days and hours at which certain prayers should be said. The forecasts of the weather and other predictions are, to say the least, curious. In last year's almanac a certain day was declared to be propitious for the purchase of a beautiful white slave, which had the effect of causing a run on the market and a corresponding rise in the value of the article.

General Grant's Japanese Body-servant.

GENERAL GRANT has a Japanese body-servant. His name is Yisedo, and he dresses like an American and carries a cane. He told a reporter of the Denver *Tribune*, in very well chosen but queerly pronounced English, that he found Spanish more like his own language than any other, and that he had learned it readily and enjoyed practising it on the Mexicans whom he met in the United States. He is a Buddhist, and thinks that his religion is much like Christianity. In fact, he believes both religions came from a single faith ages ago. He said that Japan regards the United States as a model nation, and is imitating many of the ways and customs of this country. As an American partly, and partly because of his part in helping to settle the difficulties between Japan and China, the Japanese regard General Grant with affection and admiration. Yisedo individually finds the fulfillment of his highest desire in being permitted to accompany General Grant on his travels.

A Voracious Eater.

A REMARKABLE feat of eating and drinking against time is reported by the Hungarian press, and said to have been performed by a youthful Magyar residing in Grosswardein. This surpassing trencherman laid a wager, and is declared to have won it with several minutes and an omelet to spare, that he would, between the hours of 9:30 P. M. and midnight, devour the following comestibles, it being clearly understood that there should be a full portion of each dish in succession, any two of which portions may be estimated as constituting a hearty meal for a full-grown adult blessed by nature with a lively appetite: Roast beef with paprika sauce and potatoes; a Viennese veal cutlet with peas; a filet of beef with dumplings; grilled pork and pumpkins; half a fowl, fried in batter; bubble and squeak; a beefsteak with poached eggs; fried calves' liver; calves' brains and kidneys; pickled veal; stewed beef; a broiled goose liver and a frizzled fowl with carrots. He not only contrived to stow away all the articles enumerated in this comprehensive menu, washing them down with two quarts of beer, four bottles of old wine, and three of aerated water, but, when he had cleared the last of his appetizing dishes the clock dial then marking ten minutes to twelve—he asked for a three-egg omelet, which vanished down his throat before the hour struck.

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We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

FUN.

A BOY aged twelve and a girl of thirteen were married the other day. Uncle John says it was a case of children playing with matches.

THE Chinese are learning to chew fine cut tobacco, but they can never spit with an American gentleman while their eyes are so much on the bias.

"DR. TANNER, sir?" said a bluff Norfolk J. P. "If he were here I'd commit him for getting his livelihood without ostensible means of subsistence.

YOU can't always judge by outside appearances. Who, for instance, would believe the plump and sleek exterior of the shad covered such a wilderness of bones?

"It's not the whiskey a man drinks that makes him dizzy," said Flaherty, "but it's lukin' at the bartender's diamond through the bottom of the tumblers, begorra!"

THERE is a great deal of modesty in this world which will game at almost anything, provided it can be seen through a crack. A visit to Long Branch will prove this.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

A CIGAR contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbagine and burdockic acid. That's why you can't get a good one for less than three cents.

A HUNGARIAN exhibited in a phrenological museum two skulls of different proportions. "Whose is the large skull," asked a spectator. "It belonged to the celebrated Attila, King of the Huns." "And the small one?" "Also to Attila, but when he was a child."

IT is wonderful what fools boys are. A charming widow of Stillwater owns a nice boy, and a man from St. Paul wants to be appointed deputy father to the lad. While the St. Paul man was strolling down street with the boy, he asked. "Bob, does your mother bang her hair?" and that fool boy answered: "Oh, no, but you ought to see her bang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know everything when he told pap to prepare to die. Prepare! why, he was aching to die."

FORGETFULNESS OF PEOPLE.

WE would not, by enticing headings and other devices, lead you into reading of the virtues possessed by Pierce's Celebrated Medicines, were it not that we are aware of the forgetfulness of people: and that must be our excuse, dear reader, for again telling you that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is without an equal as a blood-purifier. It cures all humors, from the common blotch, pimple or eruption, to the worst scrofula, fever-sore or ulcer. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are a pleasant but efficient cathartic. Sold by druggists.

ST. CLOUD HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20th, 1879.
HON. R. V. PIERCE, M.D.:
Dear Doctor—I have been using your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets for liver complaint and general debility. It is impossible to express the gratitude I feel. It is simply wonderful the effect your medicines have had upon me. I am in every way a thousand per cent. better.
I am yours, gratefully, J. C. DAVIDSON.

IT'S POOR POLICY to wait till the horse is stolen before locking the door. A policy in THE TRAVELERS is better.

FOR restoring color and natural beauty to the Hair, nothing is so certain as MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Every Druggist sells it.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree. The COCOAINE has earned a deserved reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately for the evening will find that it imparts a healthy natural gloss to the hair, and will cause it to retain its shape for hours.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
NERVOUS DISEASES.

MY nervous system was overwrought. I tried various remedies, but in all I found none that acted so general and thorough as HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. I have several emaciated, debilitated nervous cases that are fallying under its use chiefly. H. W. BAGGS, M.D.
JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

THE ST. NICHOLAS, New York, is as fresh and youthful as in its earliest days, and well deserves the reputation it acquired years ago. Exquisite order and neatness and a luxurious table, are attractions that experienced travelers always appreciate; and these are just the requisites which make the ST. NICHOLAS such a perennial favorite.

MR. HANAFORD PHOENIX, proprietor of the Rygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va., writes to the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, New York: "I desire to express my entire satisfaction with your paints, which I have been using a number of years. I now have thirteen acres of wood-work covered with your paints, and as they have successfully withstood the usual effects of salt air, and are in every way satisfactory, I shall continue using them."

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BOKER'S BITTERS.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS
In accordance with the desire frequently expressed, both in the United States and abroad, these Bitters, so long and justly celebrated for their diuretic as a curative, and for their medicinal virtues against all diseases of, or arising from, the digestive organs, will hereafter be put up and sold not only in quart, but
ALSO IN PINT BOTTLES,
for medicinal, family, traveling, and other purposes. To be had at all the principal druggists', grocers', liquor-merchants', etc. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, New York, 78 John Street. Post Office Box 1,029.

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10 Prizes, $125 each		1,250
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$4,600. J. C. CARPENTER,
33 OLNEY ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1880.

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$1,275. FOR ADAMS EXPRESS CO.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1880.

Received from Kentucky State Lottery Company the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, in payment of prize ticket (cost $1) drawn in Class G, July 21.
$1,000. GEORGE SIGBERT, 619 E. 11TH ST., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, JULY 31, 1880.

Received from the Kentucky State Lottery Company ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, in payment of prize ticket drawn in Class G. NATHAN INLAU, CINCINNATI, O.
$1,000.

A number of other receipts at our office from parties who do not desire their names to be published.

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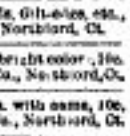
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London, Jan. 4th, 1879.

"The Hon. Mrs. Locke deems it a pleasure and duty to state that they have never failed in her case, and many other cases have come under her observation. She also finds them most beneficial for the hair, it being greatly improved by their use."

9 Goodwin St., Bradford, England, Dec. 19th, 1878.

"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public. Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

"Over 1,500,000 in use. An honest remedy, worthy of all praise."—British Medical Index.

"ROCKS LAKE CAMP MEETING GROUNDS, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 9th, 1880.

"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be sure I shall recommend it heartily among my friends. It is also a splendid Hair Brush, well worth the money, and will last me for years.

REV. J. D. ROGERS, Superintendent."

[From ALLEN PEARCE & CO., Wholesale Druggists.] Beaufort, England, Feb., 1879.

"The effect was really astounding, removing the pain after a few minutes. As far as real value, they are worth a guinea each."

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A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, Lasting for Years.

Mention this Paper.

We will send it Postpaid on receipt of $3, Or by Express, C.O.D., at your expense.

Or request your Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain it for you, *from us.*

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer?

This paper will not knowingly publish any humbug, and before advertising the Brush one was placed in the hands of the Editor, with a request to test its merits. We have also placed one in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James of New York, as a guarantee of our good faith.

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ILLUSTRATED
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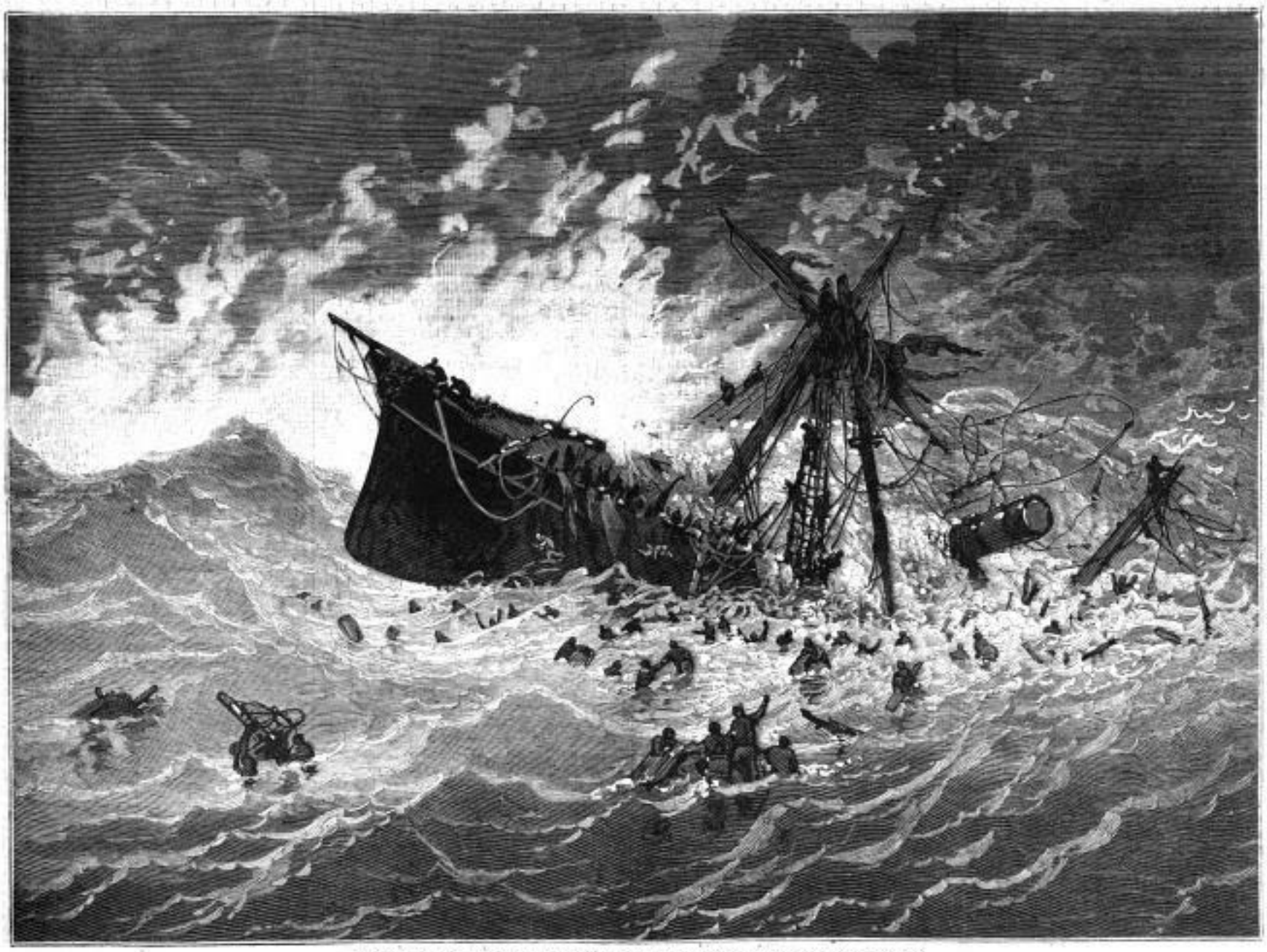
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SCENE ON THE BEACH, NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE, AFTER THE FOUNDERING.



SEAMEN BURYING THE BODIES WASHED ASHORE AT MATANZAS.



FOUNDERING OF THE SHIP AT 5:30 A. M., AFTER BEING SWEPT BY THE CYCLONE.

LOSS OF THE HAVANA STEAMSHIP "CITY OF VERA CRUZ" OFF THE FLORIDA COAST, ON SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29TH.
From Sketches by Ferd. Moreno and J. C. H. Stiles.—See Page 39.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1880.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In No. 1,307 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *will be commenced the publication of a powerful serial story, entitled* "THE BLACK ROBE," *by* WILKIE COLLINS. *This story, which will be published by us exclusively from advance sheets purchased directly of the author, possesses all the attractions of style, ingenuity of plot and felicitous delineation of character which peculiarly distinguish Mr. Collins's works, and will, we are confident, afford genuine enjoyment to our readers. Persons who desire to have the story complete, as presented in our columns, should send in their subscriptions at once.*

POLITICAL "INTIMIDATION."

OUR Independent Republican contemporary, the New York *Nation*, in recently commenting on the Southern question as involved in the pending Presidential canvass, took occasion to express its belief that "intimidation of colored voters is the rule, and the absence of it the exception, in the Gulf States, that it prevails largely elsewhere; and that it prevails to the greatest extent and is most effective in those places where the colored population is most numerous in proportion to the whole." But while accepting the truth of this representation, our contemporary proceeded to say that it can see no remedy for such a condition of things which does not begin "by infusing courage in the intimidated class." Intimidation finds its ready, if wicked, agents at the South, because it finds its ready-made subjects in the persons of the poor and ignorant blacks, who have been clothed with the elective franchise without knowing how to use it for their own protection or for the welfare of the community. "No person or class liable to be intimidated, bribed or cajoled can be counted," adds the *Nation*, "as having any political opinions. All such persons are worthless as political factors."

To many minds there will doubtless seem to be a very discernible trace of cynicism, or, at least, of cold political realism, in such frank admissions with regard to the extent of "intimidation" at the South, accompanied as they are with the expressed belief that there is no cure for it except such a cure as shall work a change "in the colored voter's character as well as in his surroundings." But to the reflecting observer it must be obvious that any remedy which is less radical than this must fail to work a cure which shall be permanent as well as thorough.

That the crime of "intimidation" on the part of the whites at the South has its seat in the weakness and ignorance of the colored voters was frankly admitted by the white and colored Republicans of that section who participated in the "conference" held in this city at the opening of the canvass. That experienced political manager, Colonel Sypher, of Louisiana, avowed the opinion that "the black majority at the South is not a safe basis of political power," because it lacks the presence of enough "brave and resolute white men to organize the Republican voters"; and, as a case in point, he instanced Alabama, where, as he said, "the Republican vote had been entirely wiped out because of the lack of a white element resolute enough to sustain it." And ex-Governor Pinchback, speaking for his race in this same "conference," fully indorsed the statements of Colonel Sypher, and explained the decline of the colored Republican Party at the South by the fact that "the colored men have never been taught, from the hour of their enfranchisement to this day, to exercise their manhood."

It will thus be seen that the nature and the inveteracy of the disease are frankly acknowledged even by those who, for political reasons, are not indisposed to assign to it the greatest possible extent. As to the real extent of the evil, we have no means of judging. On the one hand, its existence, to any appreciable degree, is entirely denied by the Democrats, while, on the other, its wide prevalence is assumed by the Republicans in explanation of their overthrow in States like South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, and also in justification of the grounds on which they contend that the whites of the South should not be intrusted with political power at Washington. Perhaps here, as in so many other instances, the truth lies in the middle—that there is more "intimidation" than the Democrats are willing to admit, and not so much as the Republicans are swift to charge.

But whether it exist in a greater or in a less degree, there can be no doubt as to the sources by which the evil is fed. The colored voter is a prey to the terrors of the "intimidator" because he is, by nature and by the force of ancient habit, submissive and timid in the presence of the "old master" race. To expect that it should be otherwise is to expect that Caucasian nature in South Carolina should be something different from Caucasian nature in Massachusetts, if the circumstances of the case were reversed; and it is to expect, besides, that the blood that has crept through slaves for hundreds of years can be converted into the blood of hereditary freemen by an amendment to the Constitution or an Act of Congress.

In so saying we are making no excuse for the crime of "intimidation," as committed by the white race at the South, or as charged by its Republican accusers. We are simply probing the seat of the disease that the nature of the remedy may be apparent to the candid reader. We read in the Holy Book that "there is a needs be that offenses come," but, it is added, "woe to him by whom the offense cometh." The offenses committed against the political rights of the colored voter at the South are sometimes excused in the name of "civilization," said to be placed in jeopardy by the predominance of an ignorant class, totally unfitted for the arts of government. We are pointed to the experiences of South Carolina, in the days of the carpetbag domination, when, as Governor Chamberlain mournfully wrote, "the civilization of the Huguenot and of the Puritan was in peril." But such excuses as these only emphasize the existence of the evil which they are meant to palliate. They plead in extenuation of wrong-doing the maxim that there is a "needs be that offenses come," without affording any shelter against the woe denounced on him by whom the offense cometh. The very suspicion of "intimidation" is a source of constant reproach to the whites of the South, and there will be a suspicion of it as long as there is enough of ignorance and infirmity in the colored race to justify and nurture such a suspicion.

Nothing but the education, the political enlightenment and the material prosperity of the colored voters, as a mass, can serve to make them valuable "political factors" in the State. The blacks of the South will never be "a safe basis of political power" either to their party or to the country until that power rests on intelligence and on property—the two great predominant factors in every civilized society. The forces of free discussion must divide the colored vote as, under the play of these forces, the vote of the whites is divided at the North. The Republicans must renounce their claim to the negro's vote because he is black, and because he "belongs" to their party by natural right. They must establish their claim to his suffrage, as well as the Democrats must establish theirs, by an appeal to his intellect and to his interests. Anything less than this will leave room for "intimidation," or for the suspicion of it.

In so saying we have pronounced an opinion on many political specifics offered periodically for the cure of "intimidation." It is not to be cured by new Acts of Congress, by a new appeal to the power of the bayonet, not even by more rigid Federal election laws or by their more punitive enforcement. Just as little can it be cured, as Mr. Blaine argues, by bringing the coercive power of a "Solid North" to bear on the coercive power of a "Solid South." This is to make the evil organic, and to plant it as a perennial root of bitterness in the very bosom of the republic. The root must be exterminated, and it can be exterminated by nothing less than the same intelligence and manhood which enable the white man to know his rights—and to maintain them. And hence it is as a step in this direction, but only a step, that we should welcome the discussion of pending political issues before the colored voters of the South by the ablest among the Republican speakers of the North. It would not inaugurate a political millennium, but it would be the beginning of a new era for the politics of the North as well as the politics of the South.

SOUTHERN PROSPERITY

THE South is sharing equally with the North the benefits of the business "boom" which has set in within the last year. Not only are old industries active and prosperous, but many new enterprises have been started which give employment to skilled laborers and bring handsome returns to capital. The New Orleans *Picayune*, speaking of the prosperous condition of affairs in that city, says:

"The season just drawing to a close has been propitious. The commerce of the city has expanded beyond expectations. The imports and exports aggregate $104,000,000, against $71,000,000 last year—an increase of nearly fifty per cent. The clearings of the associated banks, which very closely reflect the volume of business, have reached the splendid aggregate of $450,000,000, overtopping the figures of the preceding season nearly $100,000,000. A million and a quarter tons of shipping have come to our wharves and obtained cargoes. We have dispatched 900,000 tons of shipping to foreign ports, an amount never equaled in the palmy days before the war. We have handled more cotton than ever came here since 1861. The grain trade has expanded until it has furnished whole or partial cargoes to 318 vessels—one for every working-day in the year. The manufacturing interests of the city have had an unequaled prosperity. Northern capital has passed judgment upon our future by coming in to supply the needed transportation facilities. More miles of rails will be laid within the State during the next year than during any twelve months in our history. Western shipyards are busy supplying the large tonnage demanded for the Western trade. The land lines of the Northwest have been brought into cooperation with the water route, and are becoming auxiliaries in building up the commerce seeking an outlet through the mouth of the Mississippi River."

The Mobile *Register*, summing up the business situation in that city, says:

"There can be no dispute about the fact that Mobile is upon rising ground. Our trade is in a most healthy condition; our financial institutions are as solvent as any in the land; we have no bank failures; real estate is improving in value in virtue of diminished taxation; our first ocean steamer is built, and carries 5,000 bales of cotton from our wharves at each regular trip; our sanitary condition is excellent, and our whole people are hopeful."

From other cities the reports are equally cheerful and encouraging. The new South already eclipses the old in all the elements of real, solid prosperity.

LIBEL BY LAWSUIT.

IN a recent article we had occasion to comment upon the inefficiency of the law as a means of protection against libel or of redress for the grievance. It remains to be observed that the law sometimes goes further, and becomes, as it were, an accessory to the offense, lending its own machinery to aid the purposes of the libeler, offering him complete immunity from punishment, and leaving the injured party without redress or remedy. A case lately decided by our Supreme Court will serve as an apt illustration.

A married woman in this city, living apart from her husband, being desirous of obtaining a dissolution of the nuptial tie, brought her suit for an absolute divorce on the ground of adultery. As one of the grounds for the relief asked she charged her husband with an improper intimacy with an unmarried woman, occupying a position where such a charge, if sustained, would be a special injury to her interests, in addition to the damage naturally resulting from it in the shape of wounded feelings and loss of character. The husband, if guilty, having none of that gallantry which induced a distinguished personage in England under similar circumstances, as it was said, to go upon the witness stand and "perjure himself like a gentleman" in order to defend the character of the lady, or, if innocent, being probably indifferent as to what charges were made against him, so long as thereby he could be rid of his wife, made no defense, and the case was about going in favor of the plaintiff by default. At this point the lady inculpated, having heard of the charge, intervened; and upon papers showing the special grievance of such a charge being allowed to go uncontradicted, moved the Court to allow her to be made a party to the suit, and to defend her reputation by repelling the charges before the court. This application was denied, on the ground, no doubt, that it was unprecedented, and that the Court had no power to grant it. On appeal to the General Term the lady fared a little better, but still did not succeed to her heart's desire. The Court declined to allow her to be made a party defendant, but, as a matter of favor, allowed her to appear by counsel before the referee, and there subject the plaintiff's witnesses to cross-examination, and thus incidentally repel the accusations against her.

The circumstances of this case and the decision thereon strongly suggest the propriety of adopting the course long practiced in England, where a person similarly accused is made what they call a "co-respondent," with all the rights as to defense of an original party, and where also the representative of the Crown is entitled to intervene to prevent collusion and injustice. A bill in harmony with this idea, we learn, was introduced into our Legislature last Winter, but failed to meet the approval of that body.

It would naturally occur to the mind of a layman that in the case above referred to, if it turned out that the charges against the unmarried lady were malicious and unfounded, the law would afford her redress in the shape of damages against the wife for the injury sustained. But such is not the case. It is true there is a maxim in law that there is no wrong without a remedy, and yet it is the unquestioned law that a person may be most grossly injured in name and in business by defamatory language written or spoken in the course of a legal proceeding, however false or malicious it may be, and no action for damages therefor can be sustained. The theory is, to quote from a standard text-book, that what "is spoken or written in a legal proceeding, by a party or counsel, pertinent and material to the controversy, or reasonably deemed necessary to the cause, however defamatory, is *privileged*, and its truth cannot be drawn in question in an action for slander or libel. No action lies for a statement thus made, whether by affidavit or viva voce, even though it be alleged to have been made "falsely and maliciously, and without any reasonable or probable cause."

It does seem remarkable, while the law affords an ample remedy for a malicious arrest or prosecution of a criminal nature, that equally grave injuries to character by the methods above indicated are utterly remediless. The pretense urged is that there must be the most perfect freedom accorded to parties to a judicial investigation, regardless of the consequences following statements which appear to be necessary or reasonable. But it is certainly difficult to find any difference in principle between the case of a man falsely accused of theft before a magistrate and a virtuous woman falsely accused of adultery in a civil action where she has no means of defense. The true theory should be, as it is in regard to the press, that there should be a perfect freedom of action in making such statements as may be deemed necessary, but at the same time there should be an equal responsibility for the *abuse* of the privilege. Any other principle virtually offers a premium to malice, and makes the law an accomplice to a wrong.

As the law now stands, every one's character is at the mercy of any evil-minded person who has the ingenuity to put his publication in the shape of a libel or lawsuit.

BALANCING THE BOOKS.

IT can at least be said for President Hayes that he does not demean his exalted office by any actual participation in partisan contentions. In all his public addresses he carefully avoids the discussion of those political topics which several members of his Cabinet are actively debating on the hustings in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere. Perhaps the most timely and instructive of the addresses which he has made was that delivered at the great reunion of army veterans at Canton, Ohio, last week. Confining himself to the subjects of popular education and the revival of business prosperity, he presented an array of facts which are absolutely conclusive as to both points considered. As to the need of education, he said: "In our country, as everywhere else, it will be found that, in the long run, ignorant voters are powder and ball for the demagogues. The failure to support free schools in any part of our country tends to cheapen and degrade the right of suffrage, and will ultimately destroy its value in every other part of the republic. The unvarying testimony of history is, that the nations which win the most renowned victories in peace and war are those which provide ample means for popular education." As to the wonderful industrial revival and the present business outlook of the country, the President, after stating that the expenditures of the Government growing out of the war of the rebellion amounted to the sum of $6,189,929,908, remarked:

"This great sum has all been paid in the last nineteen years, except the present amount of the national debt. Deducting the debt which still remains from this statement of the cost of the war, and it appears that during the four years of the war, and in the fifteen years which have since elapsed, the United States has paid, in excess of all the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the Government in time of peace, more than $4,275,000,000 on account of the war. This is an average of about $225,000,000 per year of war expenditures for the last nineteen years. These enormous payments were made chiefly during the war and in the years immediately following the war. That such vast expenditures by the Government should lead to an inflated currency, to extravagant living, and to reckless enterprises, and that these in turn should be followed by that tremendous event, a financial panic, and its attendant ruin and distress, were inevitable, and were a part of the price we paid for a restored Union, for a stable Government, and for human freedom. On the 31st of August, 1865, the total debt resulting from the war was $2,756,431,571.43; the interest-bearing debt was $2,381,530,294.96; and the annual interest charge was $150,977,697.87. Now, after exactly fifteen years have passed, the total debt, less cash in the Treasury, is $1,900,000,000; the interest-bearing debt is $1,723,203,100; and the annual interest charge is $72,633,981. Fifteen years ago the share of the national debt of each inhabitant of the United States was $78.25, and each person's share of the interest charge was $4.29. Thousands were induced to believe that such a debt could never be paid, and that our national debt, like that of England, would be a perpetual burden upon ourselves and our posterity. Now, however, the debt has diminished in less than one-half for each inhabitant of what it was in 1865, and the interest charge, per capita, is scarcely more than one-third of what it was fifteen years ago.

"Such being the favorable state of our debt, let us for a moment examine the condition of our resources. In the twenty-five years next prior to five years ago, the excess of imports over exports—the balance of trade against us—was $1,500,000,000, and the average annual excess of imports was more than $60,000,000. In that period of a quarter of a century there were only three years in which the exports exceeded the imports, and in those three years the average annual excess of exports was only about $9,000,000. Compare this condition of trade with the last five years, during which the excess of exports over imports—the balance of trade in our favor—has been $922,179,828, or a yearly average of about $185,000,000.

"In a period of thirty years prior to 1880, there has been only one year in which we received into the country from abroad more of the precious metals than we sent out of the country. That year was an exceptional year—at the beginning of the war. In 1861 our imports of gold and silver exceeded the exports $16,568,230. In all other years, except the last, our exports of the precious metals have exceeded our imports per year from $4,000,000 to $50,000,000, and have averaged at least $40,000,000 a year. In 1880, the last fiscal year, the imports of gold and silver exceeded the exports $75,821,291—a gain from abroad of the precious metals over the previous year of $80,092,832, and a gain over the average yearly balance of thirty years past of $115,000,000. This gain, in the precious metals alone, of over $75,000,000, in the first year after the resumption of specie payments, in the face of confident predictions that resumption would result in a ruinous contraction of the currency, may well encourage those who wish to take the remaining steps necessary to reach a perfectly sound and healthy condition of the currency. Whatever intrusions into our financial system the elements of steadiness, certainty and unquestioned good faith, have always

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been found to increase the facility with which legitimate business can procure the capital it needs. Plausible predictions of contraction and distress are always in such cases falsified by the results."

The President referred further to the facts that our foreign commerce has increased from $399,686,689 in 1851 to $1,503,679,489 in 1880; that the tonnage of American and foreign vessels entered at United States ports has increased from 5,000,194 tons in 1860, to 15,291,045 tons for this year, owing to the shipment to foreign countries of an unprecedented supply of the products of American farms; that the increase of exports of those products has been about 240 per cent. in seven years, and 27 per cent. since last year—completing his exhibit by the statement: "Never could the man engaged in legitimate industry or business reckon more confidently upon reasonable remuneration for his labor and capital than at the present time."

While eager partisans on one side and another are hotly proclaiming that the country is going headlong to ruin, and that the triumph of this or that party will bring the wolf to every man's door, it is well to be reminded, on the high authority of the Chief Executive, that the elements of our prosperity are real and substantial, and that whatever may be the issue of the political conflict now waging, these elements will remain, securing to us a future of even grander possibilities than those we are now so wisely utilizing.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE raising of the siege of Candahar has been the most important event abroad during the past week. This city is situated on a plain of considerable extent, surrounded on all sides by precipitous mountains through which there are but few passes. Consequently, an army besieging Candahar has no means of retreat should the passes be commanded by a hostile force. It was this fact which compelled Ayoob Khan to retreat into the mountainous region to the west of Candahar. When the news of General Burrows's retreat thither became known there were three simultaneous movements of the British forces. General Stewart retreated from Cabul on Jellalabad in order to keep that road to India open. General Roberts advanced from Cabul upon Candahar, some three hundred and twenty miles distant, by way of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, and General Phayre also advanced upon Cabul from Quetta, some one hundred and forty miles to the southeast. It was generally expected that General Phayre would arrive at Candahar a fortnight before General Roberts, but owing to the difficulties which he encountered he has not yet arrived, while General Roberts marched into Candahar more than a week before he was due. As soon as Ayoob Khan heard that General Roberts was marching upon his rear, and that should he remain before Candahar his retreat would be cut off, he fell back to the westward and took up a strong position at Mazra, in the valley of the Argandab River, which flows four miles from the town in a southwesterly direction and falls into the Helmund at a distance of eighty miles from Candahar. Here he was attacked by General Roberts on September 3d. According to Colonel St. John, Ayoob Khan's force consisted of 4,000 regulars, four regiments of Ghazis, of whom only one-third had firearms, 200 cavalry, and 28 guns. The plans for the attack were carefully made, and based upon reconnoissances which put General Roberts in possession of full information of the location and strength of Ayoob's camp. The attack was made with four brigades, which marched cheerfully over the difficult road, dragging their artillery, and never complaining of the labor. On arriving in front of Ayoob's camp, the assault was begun at once with vigor. His intrenchments and outworks were less formidable than had been anticipated, and the defenders were driven from them by a heavy artillery and infantry fire. The Afghans resisted stoutly for a time, but their lack of discipline made their defeat a foregone conclusion at close quarters. With the loss of his guns, Ayoob's army took to flight by way of the ford across Argandab River. He lost all his camp equipage. The British loss was considerable. General Roberts's column consisted of two regiments of Highlanders and one of rifles, three regiments of Ghoorkhas, three of Sikhs and three of Punjabis, with a Lancer regiment, two regiments of cavalry and eighteen guns.

The Eastern question still remains unsettled. Dulcigno has not been ceded to Montenegro, and the Albanians seem to become every day more strong in their resistance. Albanian volunteers continue to come in in small numbers, and there are about 2,500 now in the town of Dulcigno. The Albanian chiefs declare that if a naval demonstration be made, the forces of the League will at once enter Montenegro and take possession of Padgoritza. At the same time, they allow that the presence of the fleets would render any prolonged resistance impossible. The Porte apparently approves of the resistance of the Albanians, for Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, has thirteen batteries at his disposal, and yet allows the continued Albanian concentration upon the Montenegrin frontier. The Sultan would probably at once yield if he believed that there would be any movement except a harmless naval demonstration. Many well-informed persons believe that a naval demonstration will prove useless, and that troops will have to be landed and active measures of coercion adopted. It is reported that England and Russia have given orders to their commanders to treat with the Albanian chiefs; but Austria, and probably Germany, object to this course, and the Porte has signally failed in gaining Austria's good will in the Greek frontier question.

The unusually prolonged session of the British Parliament still endures, and the heated discussion of Irish measures adds to its length. The House of Commons passed the Irish Constabulary Bill by an overwhelming majority, and obstructive measures were not again resorted to by the Irish members. The House of Lords somewhat foolishly rejected the Bill for the registration of voters in Ireland, a measure similar to the law prevailing in England. Thereupon Mr. Parnell arose in his wrath and insisted upon talking on the registration clause to the Appropriation Bill. This he was not allowed to do, and he offered a resolution reflecting upon the Lords, and affirming that Ireland had no chance of redress in the Imperial Parliament—a resolution, however, which the Government rejected. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, the Home Rule member for Galway, had also a resolution condemning the Lords for opposing all measures for the improvement of the condition of the people of England, Ireland and Scotland, but it only received thirteen votes, and Mr. O'Connor is probably now less sanguine in his hopes of overturning the British Constitution. How necessary the constabulary is in Ireland is shown by the great increase in the Molly Maguires, who are being enrolled in this murderous organization all over the country. The Employers' Liability Bill and the Hares and Rabbits Bill are both making satisfactory progress in the House of Lords, but they will be found somewhat shorn when they get through the Upper House.

The second term for the expulsion of the religious educational establishments in France, in accordance with the March decrees, has now almost expired, and it is uncertain whether the Government will not make some relaxation in their favor. During the late visit to Cherbourg, M. Grévy expressed himself on several occasions as kindly disposed towards the religious party, and it is hoped that some arrangement can be made. The three large Jesuit schools in Paris have been evacuated, and the new civil directors have been installed in the vacant posts. There were altogether twenty-eight educational institutions in France presided over by Jesuits, and containing over eleven thousand pupils. During the last thirty years the Jesuits have educated over sixty thousand Frenchmen, of whom about two thousand five hundred have subsequently entered the Governmental schools, such as the Polytechnique. Whether the Government will supply a better system of education remains to be seen.

THE veteran, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has been renominated for Congress, and will be elected practically without opposition. Mr. Stephens is not liked by some leaders of his party, but he has the confidence of the great body of Democrats at the South, no less because of his independence of clique domination than for his distinguished ability and great purity of life.

THE annual report of Comptroller Kelly states that the debt of this city amounted on the first of January last to $119,811,310. The Comptroller estimates the next tax rate at 2.53, and gives as the reason for the increase the proposed building of water reservoirs, the opening of streets in the annexed district and the issue of $750,000 worth of bonds for the East River Bridge.

THE business of the Postal Department is honestly, if not altogether efficiently, managed. A recent report shows that the total receipts of that service from April, 1877, to June, 1879, amounted to $258,569,869, while the entire losses of the department for that period were only $1,299. No private business of like magnitude has ever been managed at a minimum of loss at all approaching the figures here given.

IT is intimated that the death of Judge Spofford will not, as was supposed, put an end to the contest over Kellogg's seat in the United States Senate. The plan of the Louisiana Democrats is now said to be to regard Spofford's decease as having created a vacancy, which the Governor of the State will undertake to fill, sending on his appointee to take up the fight next Winter. Senator Kellogg's term will expire in January, 1882, and he is not likely to be disturbed in his seat by the present or any other device which his opponents may employ against him.

THE New Jersey Democracy occupy a curious position on the tariff question. In their convention last week they gave their "hearty approval" to the Cincinnati platform which declares "for a tariff for revenue only," and then proceeded to adopt a resolution "that the Democratic Party in this State is in favor of such a tariff as will best protect our home industries!" Such conspicuous inconsistency as this can only disgust honest voters, and it can only be accounted for on the supposition that the New Jersey Democrats believe themselves to be strong enough to do and say anything, however scandalous and incoherent.

THE "barrel" promises to be an influential factor in the present Presidential contest. In Indiana, Mr. English has announced that he will contribute whatever may be needed to achieve success, while in New York and elsewhere, Federal office-holders are being assessed by the Republicans in aid of their campaign funds. There is, of course, a certain amount of legitimate expenditure in every canvass, but when money is expended in the purchase of voters and in "colonizing" and other frauds, positive mischief is done to our whole representative system. The money which is spent annually for illegitimate political purposes would maintain, without charge to the people, common schools enough for the education of all the children of every State in the Union.

THE growth of the English education system in the last ten years has been somewhat remarkable. In 1870 the number of scholars on the register was 1,693,000, and the average attendance 1,152,000. In 1879 the number of scholars registered was 3,710,000, and the average attendance reached 2,595,000. It is estimated that some 400,000 or 500,000 children still remain to be brought in. The total cost of the present educational appliances for elementary schools in England and Wales last year was $23,875,000. About $100,000,000 has been spent in building alone, by voluntary bodies and school boards, since 1870, of which $65,000,000 was spent by the school boards. As illustrating the excellent character of the instruction given in the elementary schools, it is stated that in Manchester, of seventy-two open scholarships to the grammar-school, sixty-two were gained by boys in these schools whose parents belonged to the artisan class.

ALL the indications point to a Democratic defeat in Maine. The attempted fusion has proved a delusion and failure, and the Republicans are likely to carry the State by a fair majority. No man who believes in honesty in politics will regret this result. The Democrats deserve their defeat, both for their betrayal of honest finance and for their infamous attempt last Winter to secure by fraud and violence what they had failed to secure in a fair test of strength at the polls. Were the people of Maine to indorse these twin political enormities, the reputation of the State would receive a blow from which it could not recover in years. If a defeat of the Democracy shall also follow in Indiana, where the same unprincipled alliance has been made between them and the Greenbackers, right-thinking citizens will be apt to regard the result as anything but a disaster. Parties now and then need pretty strong doses of bitter medicine to cure them of their follies and excesses, and in aggravated cases a double dose is often absolutely essential to a complete recovery.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council, which will convene in Philadelphia on the 23d instant, will be attended by from 350 to 400 delegates, representing all divisions and subdivisions of the Presbyterian Church in this country, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland, Belgium, Hungary, Italy, Australia, Canada and India. Among the subjects upon which papers are to be read, and which will be discussed by the delegates, are "Future Retribution," "The Inspiration, Authenticity and Interpretation of the Scriptures," "Modern Theological Thought," "Creeds and Confessions," "Bible Revision," and "Presbyterianism and Liberty." It is said, as showing the representative character of this council, that there are now 22,000 parishes belonging to the different organizations of the Presbyterian Church. Of these, 5,023 are in Europe, 5,038 in Great Britain, 1,641 in the British colonies and 10,000 in the United States. The latter include a membership of over a million, and represent nearly one-tenth of the population of the country. To the above totals should be added several hundred churches which are planted on mission fields.

THE season at the watering-places is practically over, and within the past week tens of thousands of city residents have returned to their homes. On the last two days of August over 25,000 persons left Long Branch and other New Jersey coast resorts, twenty-nine trains of ten cars each being run in a single day for the accommodation of the moving crowds. The exodus was, no doubt, hastened by the cold storm which for a day or two swept the coast. The season has been one of unprecedented prosperity at "the Branch" and contiguous resorts, and hotel proprietors are jubilant over their unusual gains. One of the principal hotels reports a profit of $100,000 on the Summer business. Many improvements are contemplated at and around Long Branch during the Fall and Winter, and next year, with five new hotels and other added attractions, the Summer population of that part of the coast will perhaps be very considerably greater than ever before. The entire New Jersey shore, as far south as Barnegat, now promises to be thickly occupied by Summer residents within three or four years.

THE magnitude of the wealth which may be reaped from cotton culture in this country is very inadequately appreciated. Mr. Edward Atkinson, one of our most careful statistical writers, says that the present crop of cotton will exceed 6,000,000 bales, being larger than the largest crop ever raised by slave labor, and that if it reach this aggregate, it will produce 3,000,000 tons of cotton seed, besides seed for planting, which will yield 90,000,000 gallons of oil, 1,350,000 tons of oil-cake, and 1,500,000 tons of hulls suitable for making paper. Each ton of oil-seed meal will keep five sheep six months. Thus the cotton-seed crop will support millions of sheep and return to the land the fertilizer needed to grow more cotton. He further says that the present cotton acreage of the South covers less than two per cent. of the cotton-growing area in the United States. Mr. Atkinson suggests that a cotton exhibition would stimulate development, and it would certainly seem that every attainable agency should be employed to realize the vast possibilities which his figures suggest. The North is concerned equally with the South in the utmost possible utilization of the industrial and commercial opportunities which a kindly Providence has placed within our reach.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A COMPANY has been formed in this city to build a ship canal across Cape Cod.

A NATIONAL convention of Free-thinkers was held at Hornellsville, N. Y., last week.

THE Treasury Department is considering the subject of reviving the fractional currency.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of August amounted to $12,027,168.

THE crews of the 137 life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast, numbering 822 men, went on duty September 1st.

THE Park Commissioners have been notified that the statue of Admiral Farragut is ready to be placed in Central Park.

THE funded debt of Philadelphia is $49,565,192. For the current year the sum of $8,287,761 must be raised by taxation.

PRESIDENT HAYES and party are *en route* for California. The President has been enthusiastically received at all points.

DURING the month of August 25,300 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden, 4,000 in excess of the number for any August for twenty years past.

GENERAL GRANT will preside and Senator Conkling speaks at the grand opening campaign meeting of the Republicans in this city some time this month.

LATE dispatches state that nearly all the Southern Utes have ratified the new treaty, which is elsewhere referred to in connection with Chief Ouray's death.

GENERAL WEAVER has announced that he does not sanction any union of the Greenbackers with the Democrats in Maine nor with the Republicans in West Virginia.

THERE is considerable excitement in Troy, N. Y., over a report that an epidemic of small pox has broken out there. Fifty cases were reported up to the night of the 3d.

THE New Jersey Prohibitionists have nominated Stephen B. Ransom, a lawyer, for Governor, with a full Electoral ticket. The Republicans of Kansas have nominated Governor St. John for re-election.

THE receipts of cotton at New Orleans during the commercial year ending September 1st, amounted to 1,726,185, and the exports to 1,695,718 bales. The receipts of sugar reached 142,045 hogsheads.

THE New Jersey Democrats have nominated Mr. George C. Ludlow, a former State Senator, for Governor. The Massachusetts Democrats have nominated Hon. Charles P. Thompson for the same office.

AMONG recent nominations for Congress are those of Hon. John H. Reagan in the First Texas District, General E. S. Bragg in the Fifth Wisconsin District, and Hon. John Hill in the Fifth New Jersey District.

AT the Geneva (N. Y.) regatta, on September 3d, the four-oared event was won by the Albany crew, the amateur single-scull race by Murray, the pair-oared by Holmes and Woodbury, and the professional race by Riley.

JUDGE JAMES JACKSON, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia by Governor Colquitt, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Hiram Warner.

THE Irving Hall and Tammany Hall Democrats of this city have effected a union on the basis of an equal division of the Congressional and Assembly district nominations between the two factions. The division was made by drawing lots.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science closed its twenty-ninth meeting at Boston, September 1st. The meeting was one of the most successful ever held. The number of papers entered was 280; number of persons registered, 979; number of new members elected, 626.

THE death was announced on the 4th inst. of the Rev. Samuel D. Denison, D. D., Honorary Secretary of the Committee for Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at White Plains, aged 70; and of the well-known missionary pioneer of South Africa, Rev. Daniel Lindley, D.D., at Morristown, N. Y., aged 83.

A MEETING of the National Board of Steam Navigation was held at Norfolk, Va., last week. A resolution was adopted earnestly recommending to Congress the duty of fostering a system of training for the navy and mercantile marine, whereby we shall not be under the necessity of calling upon captains and crews of every nation but our own to command and sail our merchant ships.

Foreign.

SELENIC apoplexy has been discovered in three cargoes of American cattle recently landed in England.

BY the falling of a bridge over the Ebro, in Spain, last week, ninety-six soldiers, including the lieutenant who laid the pontoons, were killed.

A VAST amount of property was destroyed and many ships were wrecked by the great hurricane which broke over Kingston, Jamaica, on August 18th.

PREMIER DE FREYCINET is said to be losing ground in France, and a Ministerial crisis seems more than ever inevitable at the opening of the session of the Chambers.

THE Albanian leaders have assured the Sultan of their determination to defend the integrity of their country. England and Russia have instructed their commanders to endeavor to treat with them.

THE Supply Bill, on Friday night, September 3d, passed through committee of the House of Commons. Several amendments were rejected, one of them to cut off the appropriation for the House of Lords, and one to tack on to the Bill the Irish Registration Bill.

IT is reported in London that a preliminary treaty of peace has been signed at Lima, and the following are its principal articles: Peru surrenders the monitors *Manco Capac* and *Atahualpa*, razes the fortifications of Callao, surrenders all the artillery of Callao, engages to not augment the navy for twenty years, and will reimburse to Chili the cost of the war. Chili engages to pay half of the exterior debt of Peru.

THE House of Commons has passed the Bill to permit the burial of Dissenters in all churchyards and cemeteries without the Church of England service. It has also refused to concur in the amendments made by the Lords to the Employers' Liability Bill. An Irish demonstration against the House of Lords was held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday last. A monster meeting of the Land League agitators is being arranged for the 19th instant.

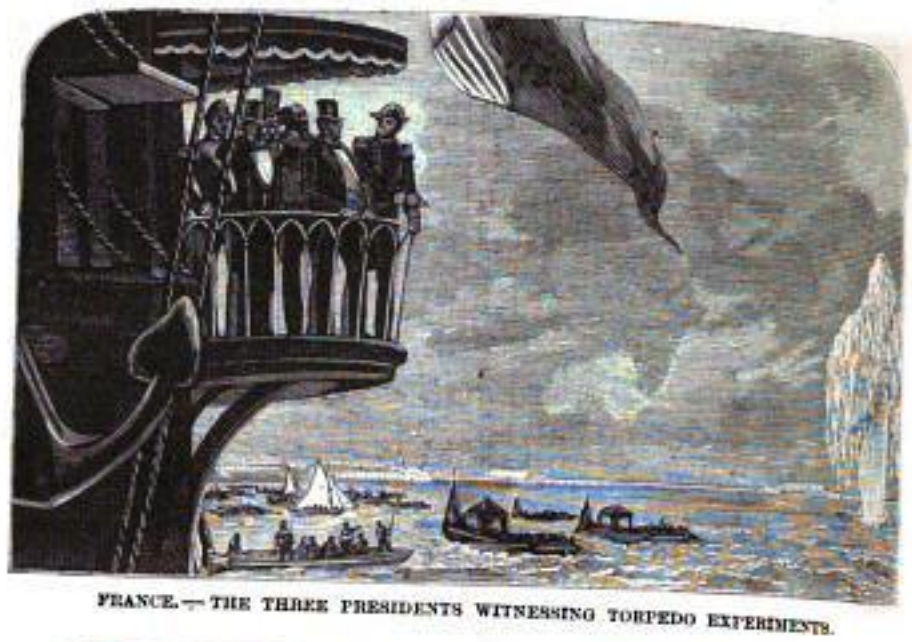
MINISTER LOWELL has sent a circular to a number of English authors asking their views as to the acceptability of a copyright treaty protecting books manufactured in a country granting a copyright by a subject or citizen thereof. Within three months of the publication in the country of the author or owner, the stereotype plates may be exported from one country to the other without forfeiting the right of protection of books printed therefrom.

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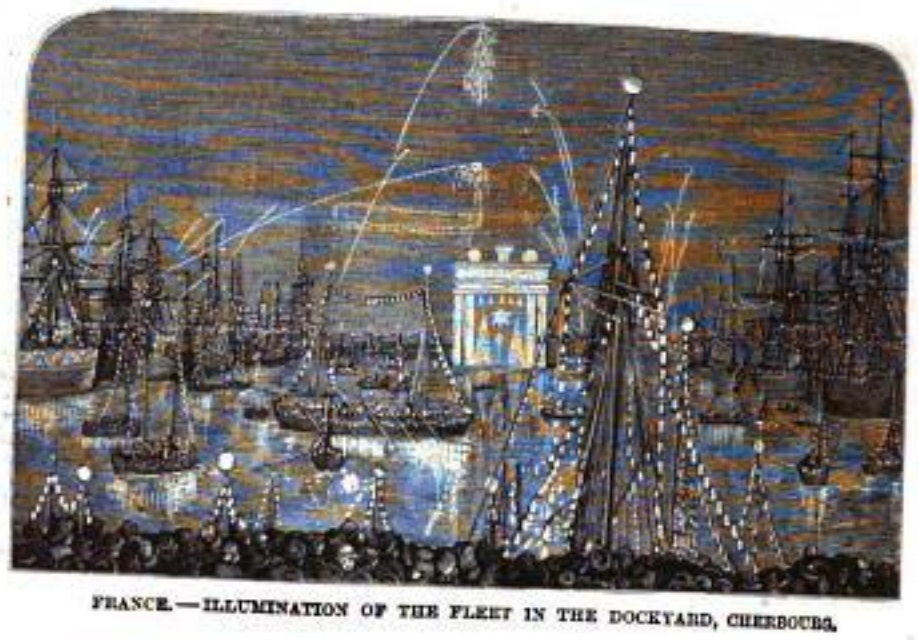
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



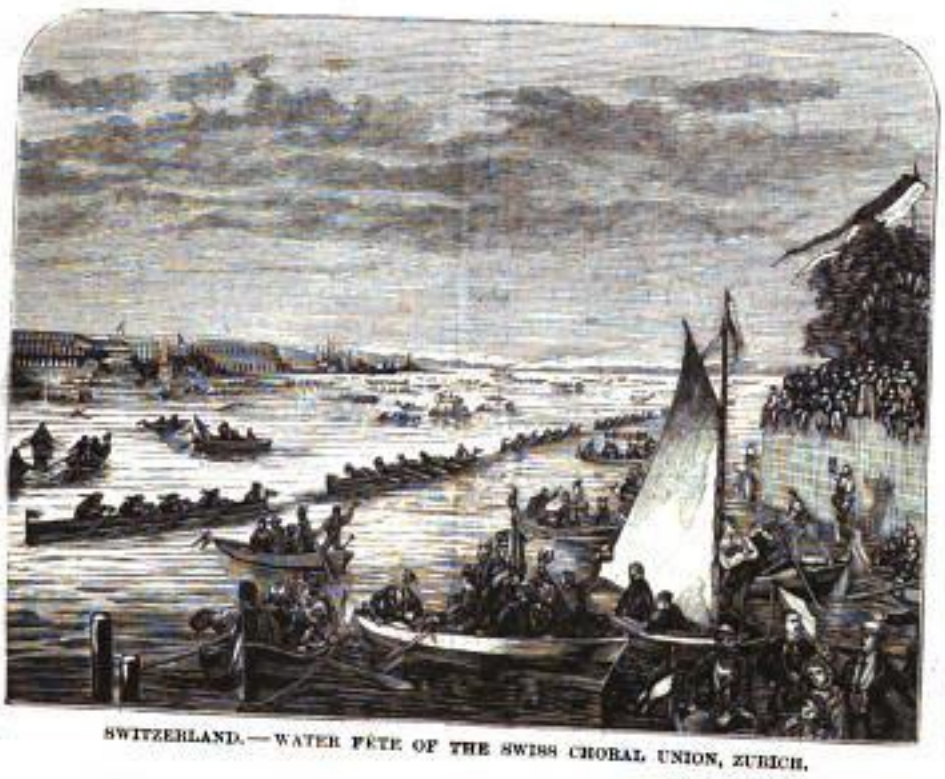
FRANCE.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AT THE ARSENAL, CHERBOURG.



FRANCE.—THE THREE PRESIDENTS WITNESSING TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.



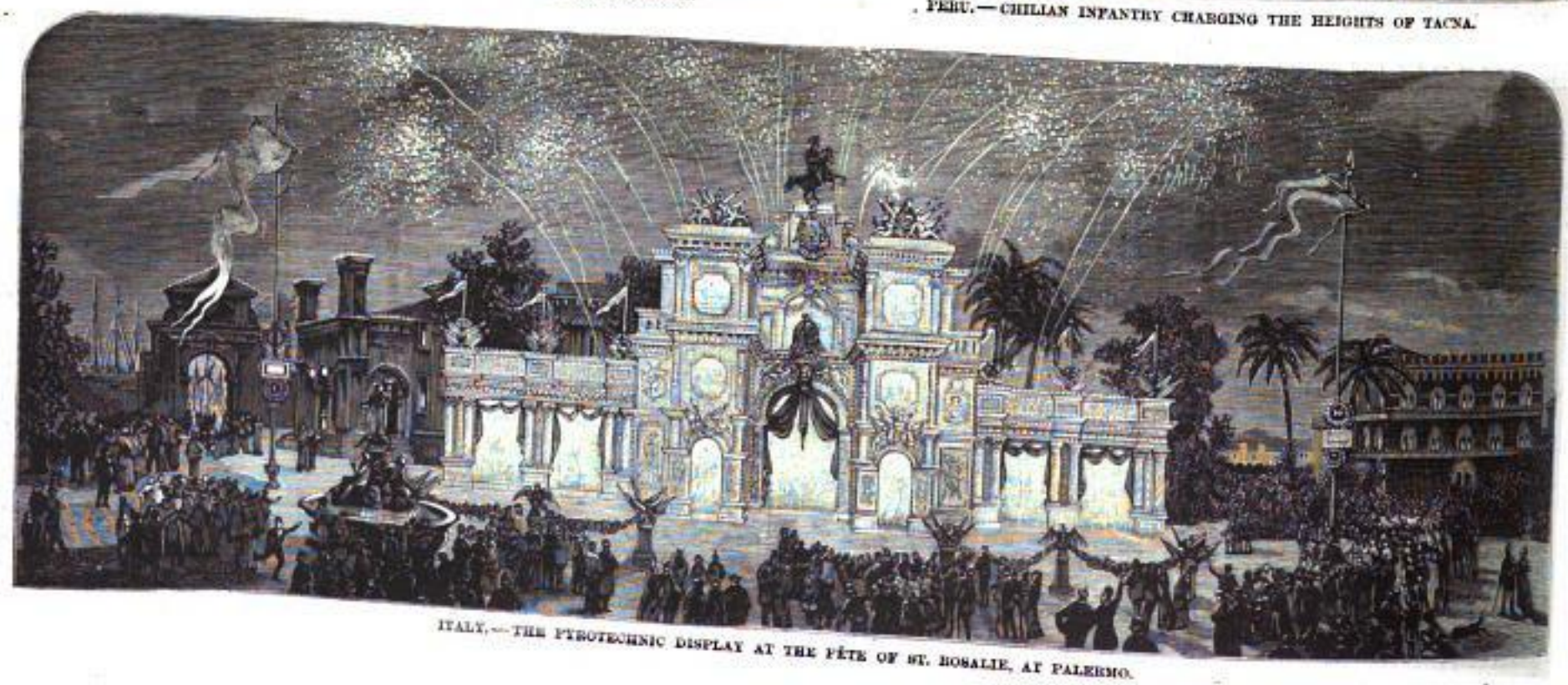
FRANCE.—ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET IN THE DOCKYARD, CHERBOURG.



SWITZERLAND.—WATER FÊTE OF THE SWISS CHORAL UNION, ZURICH.



PERU.—CHILIAN INFANTRY CHARGING THE HEIGHTS OF TACNA.



ITALY.—THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY AT THE FÊTE OF ST. ROSALIE, AT PALERMO.

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THE GREAT TROTTING FEAT OF ST. JULIEN.

THE great turf event of the year was the effort of the famous horse St. Julien, at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on August 27th, to beat his own and the fastest time on record—2:11¼. The weather was excellent, and the track in the best possible condition for the trial. Many predictions were made that the horse would successfully accomplish the feat, but the large majority of the spectators did not expect to see the record lowered. When St. Julien came on the track, appearing in fine condition, and accompanied by his owner and driver, Mr. Hickok, round after round of applause saluted them. After a little preliminary exercise he was speeded a trifle, and finished a mile in 2:24. A few minutes later, getting into a good and speedy stride, Hickok gave the word, and St. Julien went down the stretch and round the first turn at a magnificent gait, appearing like a piece of clockwork, so even was his stride. Hundreds of watches were set, and every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the animal as he passed the first quarter in 32½, or a 2:11 gait. He moved as gracefully and cleanly as ever down the back stretch, reaching the half-mile pole in 1:05, and at this time the utmost excitement began to manifest itself among the enthusiastic spectators, few of whom now doubted the ability of the gelding to complete his stupendous task. The third quarter was reached in 1:38½, and the crowd held their breath in the intensity of excitement as St. Julien rounded the turn in the same beautiful machine like manner and entered the stretch for home. A thrill of apprehension made itself apparent as the driver of a drag, who was still at work on the track, appeared right in the way of St. Julien, who, it was feared, would be compelled to turn aside and thus break or lose his stride. A dexterous turn, however, removed the obstacle, and on came the flyer without annoyance or hindrance. As he neared the distance many thought they discovered a falling and slackening of the speed, but his driver held him so well together that if such was the case it was too slight to be apparent, and amid thunderous bursts of applause the horse passed the wire. The official time given as 2:11¼ was the signal for renewed cheering, which was prolonged as horse and rider returned to the stand. The latter was met by an official of the association, who presented him with a floral wreath. A floral cushion was placed on the sulky, and St. Julien, being blanketed, was led up and down in front of the admiring spectators. It was announced that, in addition to the purse of $2,500, $500 had been voted by the association, and would be presented to Mr. Hickok. St. Julien was then led away, and the greatest event in the history of the trotting turf was a thing of the past.

The managers of Charter Oak Park are elated that their track, from which St. Julien was purchased by Hickok three years ago, has been the scene of the grandest triumph of trotting. Rarus made the best achievement before he was withdrawn from the turf, and this year Hannis and other noted horses have improved their records.

OURAY, THE UTE CHIEF.

His Life, Character and Death.

OURAY, or Arrow, as he was sometimes called, the celebrated Chief of the Ute Indians, whose death occurred August 27th, at the Los Pinos Agency, Colorado, was one of the most remarkable of Indian statesmen since the death of Black Hawk and Red Jacket. He was born probably within the present Territory of Colorado, some fifty-five or sixty years ago, when that region nominally belonged to Mexico, but was utterly unknown to white men. The important tribe of Utes, of which he was the most conspicuous individual, occupied an immense territory, embracing a large part of Utah (which derives its name from the tribe), and nearly all of Colorado west of the Rocky Mountains.



THE LATE UTE INDIAN CHIEF, OURAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

The chief settlements of the Utes were upon the Colorado River and its upper tributaries, the Grand, Green, White, Gunnison and San Juan Rivers. They are divided into several bands, under separate chieftains, the best-known bands being the Uintah Utes, in Utah, the White River Utes, the Southern Utes and the Uncompahgre Utes, the latter being the most numerous and the one to which Ouray belonged.

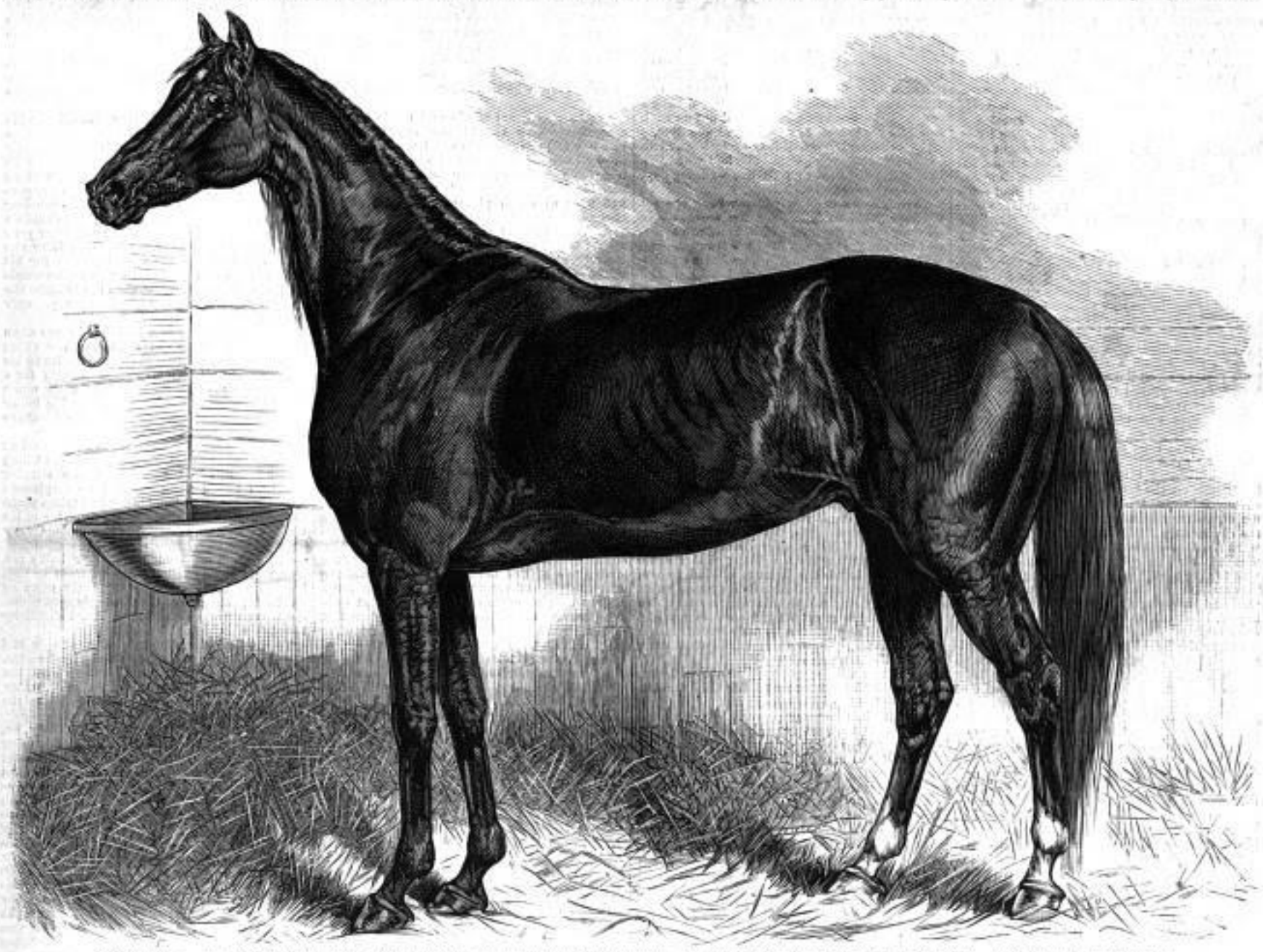
Ouray became acquainted in early life with some of the Mexicans on the northern confines of New Mexico, traded with them and learned the Spanish language so as to use it in conversation. Since the settlement of Colorado and Utah by Americans, he came into close relations with many settlers, and was known as the white man's friend.

Ouray had been for many years one of the chiefs of the Tabeguache band of Ute Indians, and for several years was the head chief of the Ute Nation. He did not secure this commanding position by virtue of hereditary descent, but in consequence of his force of character. He is said to have been an Indian of remarkable ability. He was a thorough Ute, but he became convinced some time ago that his tribe should abandon savage ways, and should adopt the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. He made three trips to Washington, during which he became acquainted with the immense power of the whites, and with the folly of contending against it. He returned from these visits resolved to lift his tribe, if possible, out of barbarian into civilized ways, and he did everything he could to accomplish that end. Ouray dressed like a white man, and could read and write. He used to write to President Grant direct when he had any grievance to be redressed. He had built for him at his place, about ten miles from the Los Pinos Agency, on the Uncompahgre River, by the Government, an adobe house, thirty by forty, finished in good style, with American furniture and carpets. He had a farm of 500 acres inclosed and upwards of 60 acres under cultivation in hay, vegetables and grain. The work was done by Indians and Mexican retainers. His wife has an active interest in the farmwork and does her full share of the outdoor labor. He had a herd of 200 horses and mules, some of them being very fine animals; in addition to the horse-stock he had some cattle and several bands of sheep and goats. His buildings were quite extensive, consisting of a large storehouse, four dwellings, stables, corrals, granaries, etc., etc. He had a fine family carriage, one of the best that could be purchased, a present from Governor Edward McCook of Colorado, which, with a stylish team and Mexican driver, made a conspicuous turnout. The farm operations and business enterprises of Ouray were very successful, and proved him to be a shrewd, competent business man.

He prevented war with the whites several times. He seemed, however, not to have been able to control Colorado, or Colorow, the chief of the White River band. Colorado having once been the chief of the nation, and having been deposed by the Government authorities in favor of Ouray, became a reckless, savage man. He was particularly determined that prospectors should not be allowed to operate in the reservation, and drove them out whenever found, sometimes going so far as to drive off those prospecting near the reservation by burning the grass and timber around their camps.

The San Juan mining region, which was the cause of the serious outbreak of the Utes in 1879, was purchased of the tribe in 1873, under the Brunot Treaty. About $750,000 was, it is understood, to have been paid by the Government to the tribe, payments to be made in several annual installments in such articles as the Indians should desire. The Indians moved out of the region, and the whites speedily took possession; nevertheless, the Government did not pay the money, Congress having cut out the appropriation from the estimates. The Indians became exasperated, seeing that they had given up their land and were not to get their money. But though very much dissatisfied and irritable, the tribe was not hostile in any sense. All the Indians at the Los Pinos and White River Agencies were quite friendly. Sapavanaro, the war chief of the Los Pinos Utes, and one of those concerned in the outbreak, was then living quietly at the agency. Douglas, the chief at White River, was highly spoken of at that time even by the frontiersmen. Ouray warned the Government repeatedly that the tribe was getting so irritable at the bad faith observed that he feared there would be trouble at last. His own life at that time was so much in danger from his known friendship for the whites that he never left his house without his pistols. All the troubles at the Agency may be put down to the irritability and sense of wrong which the bad faith of the Government fostered.

When Agent Meeker and his employés were butchered at the White River Agency in September last, Ouray at once showed his friendliness for the whites and his knowledge of the retribution that would be sure to follow, by sending an order addressed "to the chiefs, captains, headmen and



CONNECTICUT.—ST. JULIEN, WHO BEAT HIS OWN AND THE BEST ONE-MILE RECORD, AT THE CHARTER OAK COURSE, HARTFORD.—FROM A SKETCH BY STULL.

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Utes" at the Agency, commanding them to cease hostilities. Thenceforth he exerted himself in every possible way to bring about peace, and when Special Agent Adams, a month later, reached the scene, he was, in his efforts to secure possession of the guilty persons, cooperated with by Ouray, who was appointed, with Generals Hatch and Adams, a commission to investigate the outbreak, and commanded all the Agency Indians to come in and submit to examination. The only lukewarmness shown by Ouray during the exciting conferences which followed was, as he afterwards explained, the result of his fear of assassination.

At the end of the investigation, Ouray agreed to cause the surrender of all the guilty Utes to the whites for punishment, an engagement which he honestly endeavored to fulfill. He then expressed a desire to be permitted to visit Washington. Permission was granted, and in January of this year he arrived at the capital and saw the Great Father and the Secretary of the Interior. He was, while at Washington, subjected, with other chiefs who had accompanied him, to a searching examination by the House Committee on Indian Affairs in reference to the Ute troubles and the murder of Agent Meeker and his employés. The result of the conferences at the capital was a treaty by the terms of which the Utes were to give up their reservation in Colorado and submit to be scattered through less desirable and valuable sections of the frontier country. It was while Ouray was traveling about through the old reservation with a commission, endeavoring to secure the assent of all the Ute chiefs to this treaty, that death overtook him, unhappily before the work was complete.

It was feared for a time that the negotiations would entirely fail, but the latest accounts indicate a different result. At the Grand Council held August 29th, Chief Sapavanaro was elected as the successor of Ouray, there being only two other applicants for the position—Guero and Peah. The former claimed it by right of promotion as second in rank, but his known hostility to the whites prevented his promotion. Sapavanaro is fifty years old, and has much strength of character. His following is large, and he enjoyed Ouray's confidence to such an extent that he was left in charge last Winter during the latter's visit to Washington. Seventy Uncompahgre and White River headmen and chiefs have placed their hands under the direction of the agent; have accepted Sapavanaro as chief; have agreed to preserve Ouray's property intact, and to proceed immediately to complete ratification and enrollment. A dispatch says: "Agent Berry has the confidence of the Utes at Los Pinos and White River. They are anxious for peace."

MY LODGER.

WHY am I, the mistress of the Villa Constance, on such friendly, confidential terms with old Frau Seppi, the goatherd's wife? is a question that has rung in my ears for many a year. The answer is too long to be often given, but to you, Alice, my valued friend, I will tell the whole story, if you care to listen:

You know I was not very happy in my New England home—father's second wife brought an element of discord among us, which only increased with time—and one Autumn I joyfully accepted the situation that fell in my way of companion to an invalid lady who was going to travel in Europe.

We wandered about together for three years, till my benefactress was joined by relations, and my services were no longer needed. I had saved a little money, but only enough to live upon for a few weeks until I found another place. Through my employer's recommendation I was accepted as nursery governess in an English family; but, before entering on my new duties, I had a month to spare. Of this I was very glad, as I had not been well, and I wanted to gain a little strength before beginning a rather trying task.

Mrs. Tolleton, my first employer, left me in Baden-Baden, and from thence I decided to go in search of a quieter nook in the Black Forest, where for a few weeks I might have the benefit of the pure pine-scented air. It was in April, long before the rush of Summer visitors would appear, and I could find some humble abiding place without trouble.

I chose this lovely spot, Klosterle, little dreaming that it would become eventually my home.

Alone and a perfect stranger to the place, I alighted from the antiquated post-wagon, and, carrying my modest luggage in my hand, walked through the tiny village in search of a dwelling. I accosted a tidy-looking old woman in peasant costume, bearing a rake and spade over her shoulder, who informed me that if I chose I could hire a room in her cottage, a little further along the road. One look into her kindly eyes inspired me with trust, and I followed her without hesitation.

Her house was the quintessence of neatness, not unusual among the thrifty folk of the Black Forest; the floors shone with wax, the awkward little windows glistened in the sunlight guiltless of blemish, and the mountain-like duvets on the beds were covered with the snowiest linen. I hired a little room under the eaves for a small sum, and I was to have my dinner at a little inn within five minutes' walk from the cottage. Frau Seppi—for it was into her kindly hands that I had fallen—was to give me fresh goat's milk in the mornings and evenings. Here I surely would grow well and strong again, and, very contented and happy, I fell asleep the first night in my new quarters.

Before daylight I awoke with a raging headache and high fever. I was unable to move without great pain, as every bone in my body seemed to assert itself by an especial ache of its own. I was very much frightened, for I could not afford to be ill, and I was so utterly alone. I could only lie and wait for some one to come; no one heard me call, and there was no such modern contrivance as a bell in that simple dwelling. I watched the dawn creeping over the hills, so slowly and so welcome to me, and the sturdy chanticleer in his kingdom behind the cottage; then the bleating and trampling of the goats became audible, intermingled with some shouting and swearing in a boy's rough voice, which, though in a foreign tongue, sounded very home-like, and at last Frau Seppi opened my door, bringing in a glass of foaming milk.

She was so sympathetic and grieved to find me ill, and all that day hovered over me with the homely remedies that she understood. But my illness was too severe to be cured with decoctions of herbs, and the doctor who attended the Summer visitors who flocked to that region for the mineral baths, said that I needed vigilant care and perfect quiet for weeks to come.

I was in despair; my little fund of money would be very soon exhausted, and I had not a friend in the world to apply to; my father had died much in debt two years before, Mrs. Tolleton had gone to Russia, and I had no address that would reach her even if I had wanted to ask her for help. Then, too, I would lose my place as a governess in Mrs. Wakeham's family, as they were to return soon to England, and I was to have accompanied them. Thinking over all these perplexities was of the greatest injury to me, for I became delirious and for a while my recovery seemed quite impossible.

When weeks afterwards I was told that I had come back from the border-land of the unknown world, my first feeling was bitter regret, for death seemed such an easy ending to my troubles. I shudder now to think what I would have missed here had my wish then been granted.

No mother could have been kinder than was Frau Seppi during my convalescence; I told her the whole truth about my circumstances, that I was unable to repay her kindness, and that the thought of the debt I was incurring for medical attendance and remedies haunted me like an evil dream. She only patted my hand with her toil-worn fingers, and called me a silly child for troubling my head over such fancies.

"Our doctor is a generous man," she would say, "and I hope we all know how to help our neighbors when trouble comes."

It was already May, and before long Frau Seppi would have a house full of lodgers, for the tidy cottage was eagerly sought. I knew that then I could make myself useful to my benefactress and lighten her household cares in many ways if I could only recover fast enough. I would save her the expense of a servant during the Summer, but that would only help to lighten my obligation to her.

Towards evening, when Frau Seppi had finished her work—and her daily task was no trifle, aside from the work within doors, there were hours of toil each day in the fields, and the care of a cow and her milk—she would come and sit with me, and, over her endless knitting, would tell me the experiences of her long, simple life. She was very proud at first about the duties and department befitting her station in life, and would not sit down in my presence, whom she considered of higher rank, but I soon prevailed upon her to think of me only as a poor wanderer whom she had befriended.

I liked to watch her sitting there, with her gray hair ingeniously plaited back with black ribbons, full sleeves of white linen spun by herself, leaving bare the sun-burned arm from the elbow down; a scarlet cloth bodice, and a dark green petticoat, short enough to show strong woolen stockings and low shoes with huge buckles. On Sundays she wore a bonnet that was my special admiration; the foundation was of black velvet, almost hidden with embroidery in silver thread, and studded over with imitated precious stones in different colors, held in place with tiny settings of silver. The bonnet fitted her head close, like a baby's cap, and frills of black lace flared out on each side like the gossamer wings of a huge fly. As a reflection on the mutability of fashion, Frau Seppi told me proudly that she had worn this bonnet for the first time on her wedding-day, forty-one years ago.

Through the open window where she sat my gaze could wonder over the meadows in all their spring freshness, rich in forget-me-nots and buttercups; across the little trout stream, with its many rustic bridges, up the irregular hillsides dotted with an occasional châlet, stained to a mellow brown by the weather, till my eyes lost their way in the thick pine forests so high above us all. This picture of the honest old peasant woman knitting in the window, against a background which seemed like a glimpse of Paradise, is even now always before my mental vision. Good, generous old Frau Seppi, how could I ever repay her kindness! was the thought that never left my brain.

"Frau Seppi," I said, one day, "I envy you; you can call one of the loveliest nooks in all the world your home, and are sure of its comfortable shelter for the days when you can no longer work. Fate has dealt kindly with you, and you ought to be very happy."

To my surprise, she put aside her knitting, and began wiping her eyes, which had brimmed over with tears.

"Fräulein," she answered, "I would be happy if I could undo a mistake that I made once. The Lord has been very kind to me, giving me my share of this world's goods, and it is only my own fault that I am sorely troubled now. I did a great wrong once in my life, which until now I have kept a secret from the world. At last its punishment is overtaking me, and I am very unhappy."

I did not urge my old friend's confidence, but soon, of her own accord, she told me her story to the following effect:

She had two daughters, Kätchen and Bertha—merry, romping girls, as like each other as two ripe cherries on the bough, and so near of an age as to be usually taken for twins by strangers. When Bertha, the younger, was ten years old she went to live in Westphalia with her grandmother, who was growing infirm and very lonely, and Kätchen was the only daughter left at home. Kätchen was a rosy-cheeked, handsome girl, coquettish and saucy as any village belle, and, as she grew older, was much admired. When only sixteen she became engaged to Toni Leiter, son of a blacksmith in a village on the Rhine. He was traveling as servant with a gentleman who came to Klosterle for the baths, and as Toni's family were childhood acquaintances of Frau Seppi, the young man was very welcome in their midst. There was, however, one great drawback to his engagement with Kätchen, in the opinion of Frau Seppi—Toni was to go shortly to America to push his fortunes, and when he had succeeded, Kätchen was to join him there, so Frau Seppi would lose her daughter indeed. But they seemed so fond of each other that she could not in conscience withhold her consent to the betrothal; so rings were exchanged, vows plighted, and Toni set out on his long pilgrimage.

For the first year their letters came and went with all the regularity possible in those days, and Kätchen grew noticeably quiet and sedate, and seemed to care no longer for the frolics of the other young people.

Another year went by, and Toni's letters, though loving as ever, still had no news of a good appointment in America. Toni went further westward towards the mines of Colorado, and, owing to his frequently changing his address, letters reached him irregularly and rarely. Two years more slipped away, and Kätchen, who was now twenty, began to grow tired of the dullness and neglect that fell to her share because of her absent lover. She began to frequent whatever merry-makings were in reach, and six months later, to the dismay of her mother, Kätchen announced that she had grown tired of waiting for Toni; she cared for him no longer, and was going to marry Carl Wernle, son of the miller near Klosterle.

Kätchen was a headstrong, unruly girl, who usually had her own way, as she did in this instance. No word could be sent to Toni of his *fiancée's* change of feeling, as his last letter had spoken of going deeper into the country where an answer would not reach him; so Kätchen was married without his knowledge. Bertha, the younger sister, came home again to fill the gap in the household which her sister's departure had made, and no one seemed to regret the change the course of events had taken save Frau Seppi, who felt very sorry for what would be Toni's disappointment.

A few months after Kätchen's wedding with the miller's son, a letter came from the discarded lover in America, telling of his great success in the mines, and reminding Frau Seppi of her promise to send his darling Kätchen to him when he could prove his way sure. He would give half his new fortune to be able to come for her himself, but this was impossible. It was a long letter, dwelling on his unhappiness during the many years of waiting, and his scarcely to be realized joy, now that Kätchen was at last to be his, for of her faith he had never had one moment's doubt.

Frau Seppi was in despair. She loved Toni as her own son, and the thought of writing to him of her daughter's fickleness was heart-breaking to her. She could not bear to tell him the unhappy truth.

As she was sobbing over Toni's letter, Bertha, with a merry laugh and saucy rejoinder to some friends outside, bounced into the room, overturning a chair on the way.

As the mother glanced up, a sudden inspiration flashed through her brain—Bertha was her sister over again—voice, eyes, hair, everything about her like enough to Kätchen to deceive any one who had not seen either for five years.

Bertha was heart whole and ready for any escapade. Why should she not personate Kätchen and answer Toni's call, thereby profiting by his good fortune, and saving her sister from the charge of utter faithlessness. She had seen Toni on a visit home long ago, and had been as much pleased with him as her sister had seemed. Henceforth, in the eyes of Toni, Bertha might represent Kätchen, and it would be the younger sister who had espoused the miller's son.

There would be no danger of detection, for none of the villagers in Klosterle ever dreamed of sending a letter away to Colorado, and Toni was settled in the New World for life.

Bertha was nothing loath to this rash plan of her mother's, and as soon as it could be arranged she set out on the route to America recommended by Toni, taking upon herself the name and, as much as possible, the identity of her sister. The people of Klosterle supposed that young Leiter had asked for the hand of the younger sister, failing the elder, and they all congratulated Bertha on her good-luck. Only Frau Seppi and her two daughters knew of the deception that was being carried on.

Toni married his bride unsuspectingly, and, strange to say, the union seemed a perfectly happy one, and gradually the guilty feeling faded out of the hearts of Frau Seppi and Bertha.

But of late Frau Seppi had known no peace owing to a hint of Bertha's that her husband had the idea of returning to Germany for a short time; an uncle of his had died at Coblenz, leaving his affairs in such confusion that his children were in want, having no friend to help them. Toni was likely to have six or eight weeks of leisure during the Summer, and he spoke much of using that time to visit the Fatherland and look after the welfare of his brother's children.

It was this news that haunted Frau Seppi day and night, and made her apprehend all sorts of dangers for her daughter.

"He will come to visit me, of course," she would say, dolefully; "the neighbors innocently enough will betray my deceit, for not a soul here knows that Bertha is playing a part, and my poor Bertha will perhaps be turned out an outcast on the face of the earth, for Toni has a high spirit and would not bear trifling. Oh, why did I ever descend to this miserable lie!"

I consoled the old woman as well as I was able, but I could not disguise from her that I felt that her daughter and herself were in a very awkward position.

"Perhaps he will not come," was the most comforting speech I could make.

One day, when I was well enough to be dressed and move about a little, Frau Seppi came to me with a face as white as the open letter she held in her hand.

"Read that!" she said, breathlessly.

I was a fair German scholar, and without much trouble deciphered the following lines:

"DEAR MOTHER—Three weeks from this date Toni has arranged to sail for Germany—the children and I are to come with him. I cannot express my joy that we are to meet again, and that you can give my little Albert and Marie your blessing, but I am in terror at the thought of Toni going to Klosterle. He will find out all, and I shall be lost! So long as this unlucky secret has been kept, so much more of a wrong it seems to be to him. Can you not leave home so that we will have no reason for going to Klosterle? Something must be done to save me, and I can think of no other plan. Go far away from home, and let a letter telling where you are find us in Ihre Gasse, in Bremen."

More followed, but it was a repetition of the same idea, that the girl was in misery lest her sin should find her out, and her mother, her accomplice, must help her.

"Fräulein," began Frau Seppi, after I had read the letter, "you have often said that you would like to repay the poor favors I have shown you. You now have that chance if you care to take it."

"I will do anything in my power for you, Frau Seppi," I began, enthusiastically.

"What I have to ask is this," she continued. "Will you, with Sophie's help, take care of my house and look after the welfare of my lodgers while I go away to Westphalia, where my mother used to live? In my talks with you I have discovered that you are of a domestic turn, with ways and ideas that make a good housekeeper. In another month you will be yourself again, and to shield my daughter I must go away. The loss of shutting up my house would be more than I could afford, and I would trust no one but you with it. You are rather young for the post of housekeeper."

"Oh, no," I interrupted, "I am twenty-five my next birthday."

"But," she went on, "I know you can be steady and sensible. If you will take this charge I shall consider myself doubly repaid for my care of you."

I was only too glad of the chance to help Frau Seppi, and I seized at her suggestion with alacrity.

Accordingly, Frau Seppi prepared to go to Westphalia for the Summer, on the plea that her health demanded rest, and there the dreaded visit of Toni and his family could take place in safety, as Bertha could easily pass for her elder sister among the people she knew when a child.

Early in June I found myself mistress in the cottage where I had hired a simple room two months before, with the prospect of a house full of lodgers to take care of till the end of September, and only the rustic little hand-maiden Sophie, and the stable-boy to share my labors.

There was no lack of inmates in the cottage, and for Frau Seppi's sake I was very glad; but my lodgers seemed to have an endless variety of whimsical wishes, the answering of which sent Sophie and I to our beds at night with weary limbs and aching heads.

"Here is a letter from Herr von Waldburg, the master of the villa; he comes every Summer," said Sophie, handing me a letter with a crest on the seal.

Near us on the hillside a beautiful villa stood, about which I had spun many a romance; the grounds were very tastefully laid out, with dark shady nooks adorned with statues; beautiful shrubbery and foreign plants grew in all directions; there were conservatories, fountains and walks winding through inviting shade—everything to make a Summer's stay charming, but year after year the place stood vacant. A certain Herr von Waldburg had had the villa restored for his wife, and she had died there. Soon afterwards he, too, died in Italy, and the villa became the property of Arthur von Waldburg, a younger brother.

The present Herr von Waldburg came often to Klosterle, but he never lived at the villa; he was unmarried and preferred to leave his house vacant. It seemed a strange fancy for a man who might be surrounded by so much luxury to choose Frau Seppi's humble house for an abode, but such had been his pleasure for many seasons.

I was curious to see the master of the villa; he was the hero of that little world into which I had fallen, and his coming was a stirring event. I hoped he would not be displeased with the change of hands that had taken place in the cottage, and that I might minister to his wants as well as Frau Seppi had done. Of my ability to please him I was a little doubtful, for he was an old bachelor, and probably not free from the exacting ways of most of that brotherhood. He came one lovely morning and took possession of the shiningly neat room, the bareness of which I had relieved a little by bunches of field flowers.

To my surprise, he was quiet, affable and pleased with everything, especially the flowers, asking who had arranged them. He put me quite at my ease, disarming me of the fear that now my powers would be taxed to the utmost to please a captious lodger.

Herr von Waldburg looked about forty, or, perhaps, more. He had beautiful, sad-looking brown eyes, perfect hands, and a tall, graceful figure and good carriage. He had traveled all over the world, and his conversation was as agreeable as his exterior. I was charmed with my new lodger from the first, and began to think regretfully of the time when his stay would draw to a close. I heard at intervals from Frau Seppi—her daughter and son-in-law had arrived, and no perplexities had arisen on their domestic horizon. The old woman was enraptured with her grandchildren, and her letter was full of their praises, though she found space to thank me for what she was pleased to call my great kindness in keeping her house. I was very glad that the old soul's

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anxiety was quieted, for she had been sorely troubled.

Often when towards evening I stole out to the hillside for a breath of fresh air, Herr von Waldburg would join me, and gradually I grew to enjoy but little the walks in which we missed each other. He showed me every attractive nook and corner of the villa, and seemed to enjoy my delight in all I saw. I could gather all that I pleased of the beautiful plants in the green houses, but I enjoyed most the bouquets of wild flowers that I gathered with the help of Herr von Waldburg, who told me the names and properties of the rarer kinds.

I had a great longing for a certain specimen of fringed gentian, which was said to grow in that region, but our careful search had not yet revealed this lovely flower.

One morning my lodger—I mean only Herr von Waldburg, for, my duty towards them fulfilled, I forgot the existence of the other inmates of the cottage—set out to climb one of the higher mountains, and did not return to the inn for dinner as usual. Towards evening a boy came flying down the hillside with the news that the master of the villa was lying badly hurt in the woods on one side of the Kniebis.

The whole village was in commotion instantly, and men set out with lanterns and a hastily improvised litter to bring the wounded traveler home. He had fallen from the top of a high rock, and had lain insensible among the ferns and moss until the boy had found him.

His injuries were severe enough. Besides a dislocated shoulder, there was an internal hurt, which the doctor said would be slow in healing, so, for the second time that season, Frau Seppi's cottage became a shelter for the sick. In caring for the wounded man, I felt that I was indirectly atoning for the trouble I had given, and I was unwearying in my exertions for his comfort.

"How good you are to me!" he said one day, taking my hand, resting for a moment on the coverlet, in his; "and while I give you so much trouble, I have not even the satisfaction of knowing that I reached what I was striving after when I fell. There was a bit of fringed gentian growing on the top of that rock—the kind you have wished for so long—but——"

I did not listen to the ending of his sentence, but with some hasty excuse turned away from the bed to hide the blush that flamed over my face. It was for a whim of mine, then, that Arthur von Waldburg had risked his life.

* * * * * *

Towards the end of August my lodger was permitted to extend his walk beyond the cottage inclosure, and, with my arm supporting his feeble steps, we went slowly towards the villa, and rested on a seat overlooking the house.

I was chatting of many things, and, among other questions, asked why he gave the villa no distinguished name.

"I should like to call it the 'Villa Constance,'" he answered, after a long pause.

My name was Constance, as I had told him long ago. While a vague happiness filled my heart, I jealously wondered if in the past another Constance had crossed this man's path.

"Do you not understand me, Constance—may not this place become a home indeed to me, adorned with your sweet presence?"

My happiness was too great for any kind of expression.

"Will you be my wife?" he continued, taking my hand, so gently. "I myself have not much to offer—a restless, whimsical wanderer on the face of the earth, who has already wasted two-thirds of his life—but I will try to make you happy if you will let me."

But I will not dwell longer on that interview in the garden; suffice to say that we left the villa betrothed lovers, and I, at least, scarcely able to realize my bliss.

What could this man, who might have made any countess in the land his wife, fancy in me, a poor little governess, with nothing to recommend her but a kind heart? He said that he had been beset and tried more than he could express by the open flattery of women of the world, who admired him for his wealth, and my simplicity and unconsciousness had charmed him from the first. He said, too, some sweet sounding nonsense about the beauty of a fresh face, soulful eyes and shining blonde hair, but even my hero's assertions could not transform myself in my own eyes into a beauty.

I had no one's will or pleasure to consult but my own, and before the Winter Arthur and I were married. One of my most enthusiastic well-wishers on my wedding day was Frau Seppi, and her blessing has indeed proved a benediction, for I have been very happy with my husband.

* * * * * *

Long afterwards Frau Seppi, with a shame-faced smile, showed me a letter from Toni, dated shortly after his return to America. All the time that we were puzzling our brains to keep him in the dark the roguish fellow had known of the trick that had been played upon him. Not long after his marriage with Bertha in Colorado, he had encountered a peddler from a district near Klosterle, who proved beyond a doubt that his real sweetheart had been false to him, and that her sister had become his wife. At first Toni was in a great rage, but on reflection, like a sensible man, he resolved to make the best of the inevitable. The thought of Kitchen's perfidy quenched his love for her, and Bertha proved a very lovable wife. In revenge for the deceit practiced on him, he never told his discovery, but allowed his wife and mother-in-law to receive their just punishment which his visit home caused. Only on his return to Colorado his long-kept secret was made public.

* * * * * *

Now, Alice, that you know my story, can you wonder more that Frau Seppi and I are sworn friends? Her wrinkled old face is one of the fairest on earth to me, and she will be warmly welcomed in my house till she is laid in her last resting-place, for through her I gained my life's happiness.

FOUNDERING OF THE "VERA CRUZ."

SAD intelligence has been received concerning the hurricane that was expected to reach the southern portion of our coast about the 1st of September. On the 18th of August it struck the island of Jamaica, and wrought great havoc to property on land and water at Kingston. By slow degrees it worked its way northward, striking St. Augustine, Fla., on Saturday the 28th, and lasting three days. After it was over, on Tuesday night, some fishermen reported quantities of barrels of lard, boxes of bacon and hams, and since that time the beach has been strewn with a large assortment of all manner of goods. On Wednesday two mail-bags were found containing foreign mail, and other evidence, causing it to be generally believed that a steamship had been lost at sea. At Matanzas, eighteen miles below, the first body came ashore.

Later four bodies were found below Matanzas, one the body of an old, gray-headed gentleman, well dressed, apparently about sixty years of age. Another was the body of a lady, about forty-three or forty-five years old, who wore three or four valuable rings and other jewelry. The bodies were all buried immediately, for they were in a state of decomposition. Pieces of furniture also came ashore covered with red plush, and others with gold lines. One piece has a casting on it marked "M. & H. Chenkheiren, N. Y., Pat. May 23, 1876." A mail-bag marked "Return to New York," was washed ashore, and letters dated "New York, Aug. 25, 1880, per *City of Vera Cruz*," were found in it; also way bills via steamer *Vera Cruz*.

The beach, north and south of St. Augustine Light, and as far south as Matanzas Inlet, was quickly strewn with wrecked stuff, drygoods, provisions and merchandise of every description. The first evidence of a wreck was discovered near the lighthouse on Tuesday, and on following the coast to the north and south the story of a terrible disaster was revealed.

From seven men who came ashore—one passenger, one engineer, one oiler and four seamen—it was learned that the Havana steamship *City of Vera Cruz* had foundered at 5:30 on Sunday morning, August 29th. The saved men reported that the fires went out, the pump failed, and the ship got foul and put out a drag. One sea stove her in fore and aft. The lamps were out and the fires also. The captain, mates, and all were calling for help to get assistance, and all at once all went down. All the deck load—street-cars, horses, cabbages and oil—was thrown out, but it did no good. The men also said that thirteen ladies were aboard.

The *City of Vera Cruz* sailed from Pier No. 3 North River on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 25th, having on board twenty-eight cabin passengers, including General A. T. A. Torbert, the famous Union cavalry officer and ex-Consul-General of Paris. Her officers and crew numbered forty-nine, under the command of Captain Edward Van Sice, a brave officer, with more than twenty years' experience of Gulf navigation. Her first officer, Harris, was also an experienced seaman, and had navigated the waters of the Gulf and the West Indies for many years. Her officers, engineers and many of her seamen were picked men, who had been in the company's employ for a long period. A Mexican mail agent and one other passenger—not in the cabin—were on board, making in all seventy-nine persons. The vessel was a stanch wooden steamship, only six years old, and the strictest inquiry has failed to discover any weakness, either in her composition or management. Her engines, the company say, had been thoroughly overhauled during the two weeks that she was in port. Her cargo was not a heavy one, the steamer only drawing an average of eighteen feet of water, against twenty-one and twenty-two feet, with which she had made safe passages in much more stormy periods.

The body of General Torbert was recovered and buried by the saved seamen at Daytona, on Wednesday.

The brig *Caroline Eddy* was wrecked in the same storm at a point some sixty miles from St. Augustine, and fears are entertained for the safety of other steamships that should have been in the track of the storm at the time of its fury. Captain Halsey, of the Cromwell line steamer *New Orleans*, and Captain Curtis, of the *Saratoga*, both of whom passed safely through the hurricane, unite in the assertion that the storm was the severest they have ever experienced.

THE OBELISK AND ITS MASONIC EMBLEMS.

A NOTABLE reception was tendered last week to Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, United States Navy, by his brethren of Anglo-Saxon Lodge, No. 127, F. and A. M., of Brooklyn, in recognition of his services to the Masonic fraternity in the safe transmission of the Egyptian obelisk to the United States. The Masonic fraternity at large was anxious to participate in doing honor to its distinguished member, but he would accept of no honor save that extended by his brethren of Anglo-Saxon Lodge. The lodge-room was crowded, and the occasion was one of great interest. The floral decorations by Worshipful Brother Shanahan were very beautiful. The east of the lodge-room was almost hidden in miniature groves of choice shrubs and flowers. At the right of the Master's chair stood a lofty pyramid of flowers, bearing in the centre the square and compass in violets, on a ground-work of white pinks. At either side of the dais were pedestals on which stood clusters of flowers in wax, while the entire space between the east and the altar was converted into a garden of tropical plants and shrubs in full bloom. On the dais at the left of the Master's chair stood a perfect model in wood of the obelisk. This was presented by Lieutenant Gorringe to his mother lodge. This model was taken apart during the evening and its various parts were critically examined. Music was furnished by a choir.

The lodge having been opened by the Master, Right Worshipful William Sherer, Commander Gorringe was introduced by the Right Worshipful D. T. Walden. His appearance was greeted with a storm of applause, amid which he was conducted to a seat of honor in the east. The choir then sang an ode of welcome, and Right Worshipful William Henry White delivered an eloquent address, in which he dwelt at length on the great services rendered the Masonic fraternity by Lieutenant Gorringe, and on behalf of the lodge welcomed thrice heartily the distinguished craftsman to his mother lodge.

Lieutenant Gorringe, in reply, spoke in a pleasant conversational tone, describing the taking down of the obelisk and finding of the Masonic emblems, and saying that no one man could doubt that they were identical with those in use by the Masons of the present day. In the course of the work, he said, many were disgusted because they had failed to find treasures beneath the stones at the base of the shaft; but he had found what was to him a greater treasure than gold or silver—the link which bound the ancient operative Masons of centuries ago with the speculative Masons of the present day. The connection between the two was to his mind indisputable, and the evidences of the identity of the Masonic emblems of to-day with those which existed at the time of the Pharaohs were overwhelming. The obelisk, he thought, would become a great educator to the uneducated, as it would induce them to seek and acquire information as to its history. It had been erected by the Pharaoh who had originated foreign commerce, and it was admirably fitting that it should find a resting-place in this great commercial city. The obelisk, which was 3,400 years old, had been neglected, and was fast going to pieces, but now that it had reached this country in safety, he had no doubt it would remain an object of admiration and curiosity for ages to come—a connecting link between the dim ages of the past and the bustle and excitement of the present.

He thanked the brethren for the very flattering manner in which they had spoken of him, and the enjoyable entertainment they had organized in his honor. Right Worshipful Brother Sherer, Master of the lodge, also welcomed the commander, and hoped that in the years to come it would be his privilege many times again to honor the flag of his country, and reflect lustre on the fraternity of which he had proved so distinguished a member. The guest of the evening then received the hearty congratulations of all present, and an adjournment was had to the banquet-room, where there were speeches, toasts and singing.

Our illustration shows Commander Gorringe in the act of explaining the operations of taking down the obelisk and the finding of the masonic emblems.

Science at Dinner.

"NATURE" describes and illustrates a simple experiment involving the elementary principle of the centre of gravity, which is capable of evoking roars of laughter at a dinner-table. If a dish of snipe has been served up, the head with its long beak may be fixed in a cork; and then two forks being thrust into the sides of the cork and a needle having been fixed into the lower end of it, the cork can be balanced upon a coin laid on the top of a wine bottle, and can be spun slowly around while the snipe's head nods at the various members of the company in turn, and finally stops opposite one of them. By making a slit at the bottom of this cork, putting in a silver quarter, and balancing this upon the point of a needle which rises out of another cork in the neck of the bottle, the apparently impossible feat of spinning a twenty-five cent piece on the point of a needle can be performed with the greatest ease.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The French Presidential Visit to Cherbourg.

The complete success of the visit of MM. Grévy, Léon Say and Gambetta to Cherbourg, and the enthusiasm with which the three Presidents representing the Republic were received, is an undoubted proof of the universal popularity of the present régime in France. As the army had been so prominently *fêted* on July 14th, it was generally felt that the navy should have its turn, at least in some small degree, and at last M. Gambetta was asked to pay an official visit to Cherbourg. M. Gambetta suggested, however, that M. Grévy, as supreme head of the State, ought to be asked, and ultimately it was arranged that M. Grévy should go, accompanied by M. Léon Say, the President of the Senate, and M. Gambetta, the President of the Lower Chamber. The three Presidents met with an enthusiastic reception at Cherbourg, and for three days there were continual banquets and festivities, foremost amongst which was the launch of the new ironclad *Magon*; an official visit to the breakwater and to the *Jagship Colbert*; a naval sham fight, a grand dinner, a Venetian *fête* and a municipal banquet. Of course, there was an unlimited amount of speech-making, M. Grévy, however, though speaking frequently, saying but few words, but always to the point, M. Léon Say saying next to nothing at all, the bulk of the oratory being thus left to M. Gambetta. Although, officially speaking, M. Grévy was the guest of the day, the great mass of the populace looked upon M. Gambetta as the principal personage, and his utterances were regarded as of far greater importance than the cut-and-dried phrases of M. Grévy. To do him justice, however, M. Gambetta invariably put M. Grévy before himself, and begged his hearers not to fix their eyes upon any one man, but themselves to study the good of the country.

Grand Choral Festival at Zurich.

In July last Zurich was for the third time the scene of the grand festival of the Swiss Choral Union, and thither proceeded on the 10th the Central Committee and the choirs from all parts of the Confederation. The town was gayly decorated for the occasion, and, despite the spasmodically rainy weather, the population turned out in thousands to welcome the visitors, and to cheer them on their way to the Hall by the Lake, where the official opening took place. The feature of this portion of the *fête* was a brilliant vocal and instrumental concert, conducted by Herr Hegar, in which 600 singers and 150 orchestral performers took part, and at which selections from Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., were performed in a way to secure quite an ovation at its conclusion. The next day was entirely devoted to the more serious objects of the meeting. Nearly a hundred societies competed separately in popular and classical music, among those who took part in the proceedings being several foreign choirs, French and German. A large audience liberally applauded these performances, which, for the most part, were excellent. It was on the 12th of July, however, that the culminating point in the celebration was reached, when the eighty-two competing choirs of the previous day, about 4,000 persons in all, took part in a grand choral concert, which comprised some of the most exacting works of the great German composers. In connection with the festival there was a regatta on the lake, and water sports, in which all the local boat clubs participated. It is this portion of the festival which our artist has selected for illustration.

The Battle of Tacna.

The Chilian army gained a victory of great importance on the 27th of May last, in driving the Peruvo-Bolivians from the heights and intrenchments which protect the approaches to the town of Tacna, and in taking the town itself. This battle, which was the most sanguinary of any which has taken place since the commencement of the campaign, ended in the complete route of the allies. The losses of the Chilians in this battle are set down at 400 soldiers killed and 1,284 wounded, 25 officers killed and 89 wounded, making a total of 1,189 men *hors de combat*. The loss of the allies amounted to 1,000 men killed and 1,300 wounded, 1,500 prisoners, 10 guns, 6 mitrailleuses, 3,300 rifles, and 647 cases of ammunition.

The Feast of St. Rosalie at Palermo.

The City of Palermo under all changes of government and political ideas, in peace and war, in plenty and in distress, has continued for centuries to celebrate for three days the feast of her patroness, St. Rosalie, a holy virgin who retired in the twelfth century to Monte Ereta, and died there, her body remaining entire until found by some brigands, who were on the spot converted from their evil ways. The festivities include displays of fireworks, one of the chief being given at a structure raised for the purpose and adorned with palatial rings commemorative of some event in the history of Sicily. This year the epoch was the reign of William II., the Norman. The pictures showed his mother, Margaret, his meeting Pope Alexander III., his defeat of the King of Morocco, his fleet sent to relieve Tyre, and the building of the Cathedral of Monreal. There are processions, one of them fantastic, and balls and banquets open to all. The city is crowded with strangers and people from country parts who all defer visits so as to reach Palermo and enjoy these days of merriment.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE census supervisors give the population of Kansas as 996,300.

—ALL the coal mines in the Scranton regions have resumed work on full time.

—CONSIDERABLE quantities of ice are being shipped in Norwegian ports for the United States.

—THE customs receipts for the month of August were in round numbers $30,600,000, against $17,000,000 in July.

—THE American Chargé d'Affaires at Rio Janeiro reports the American trade in Brazil as daily growing in extent.

—IN consequence of the mediation of Italy, France and England, the Governments of Chili and Peru have opened negotiations.

—A STATUE of Germania was unveiled at Dresden, September 24. It was erected as a memorial of the share taken by the Saxon Army in the war of 1870.

—IT is understood that the naval demonstration in Turkish waters will begin on the 13th inst. The British squadron to take part in the naval demonstration has sailed from Palermo for Ragusa.

—THE coinage executed at the Philadelphia Mint during the month of August aggregates 3,000,600 pieces, valued at $2,406,800. Of this amount there were 96,400 eagles, 62,200 half eagles, 1,100,000 silver dollars and 2,480,000 cents.

—A GERMAN Cabinet order appoints the 15th of October as the date for the ceremonies of the consecration and opening of the recently completed Cologne Cathedral. The Emperor William and his family, and other royal personages, will be present.

—FIVE Prussian officers of the general staff, with the sanction of the German Government and the War Office, have accepted appointments in the service of the Sultan, and will leave soon for Constantinople. Some civil functionaries are expected to follow.

—AS AN illustration of the great increase in the importance of hop culture in America, it is sufficient to state that the crop, which in 1859 aggregated only 6,193 bales, increased to 110,000 bales in 1879, and will, it is estimated, amount to 125,000 bales this year.

—INTERNAL revenue receipts for August amount to $19,497,691, a gain of $1,069,127 over the corresponding month of 1879. The total gain in receipts for the first two months of the present fiscal year, July and August, over the same months in 1879, is $2,426,937.

—THE French Government, as soon as the Chambers resume, will introduce a Bill for the sale of that portion of the crown jewels not considered of artistic value, but estimated to be worth 7,500,000 francs, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of works of art.

—MR. NIMMO, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, has published his report on the proposed interoceanic canal. He thinks the canal would not be extensively used except by steam vessels, and consequently would not affect to any considerable extent the commercial interests of the United States.

—RAIN continues in nearly all parts of Minnesota, and harvest operations are delayed. Threshing machines are standing in the fields ready to start, but the grain is too wet. In Iowa many of the stacks are covered with green sprouts. The heavy rains have not particularly damaged corn as yet.

—GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT S. I. KIMBALL, of the United States Life Saving Service, ordered the equipment of the forty-two life-saving stations along the New Jersey coast, to take place September 1st—one month earlier than usual—because of the production of unusually heavy September gales.

—THE American Turners of Milwaukee arrived at this city last week, bringing the highest prizes for wrestling and other athletic sports, which they had won at the Turners' International Feast held at Frankfort-on-the-Main. They were warmly welcomed by the Turner Societies of New York and New Jersey.

—ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEVENS has received a telegram from Marshal Osborne, at Montgomery, informing him of the arrest in Covington County, Ala., of Penton and nine other persons, who are charged with beating and intimidating United States witnesses and destroying processes from the United States Courts.

—AT a recent meeting of German doctors interested in the treatment of insane persons, a paper was read by the Director of the Brunswick State Lunatic Asylum, in which he maintains that much of the increase of insanity in Germany is attributable to the excessive amount of work imposed upon the pupils in the national schools.

—A NEW company has been formed in Paris with a capital of 10,000,000 francs to establish factories for making sugar from beet root in various parts of the province of Quebec, each factory to cost from $100,000 to $120,000. A scientific expert named Delaloude has been sent from Paris to report upon the capabilities and resources of Canada.

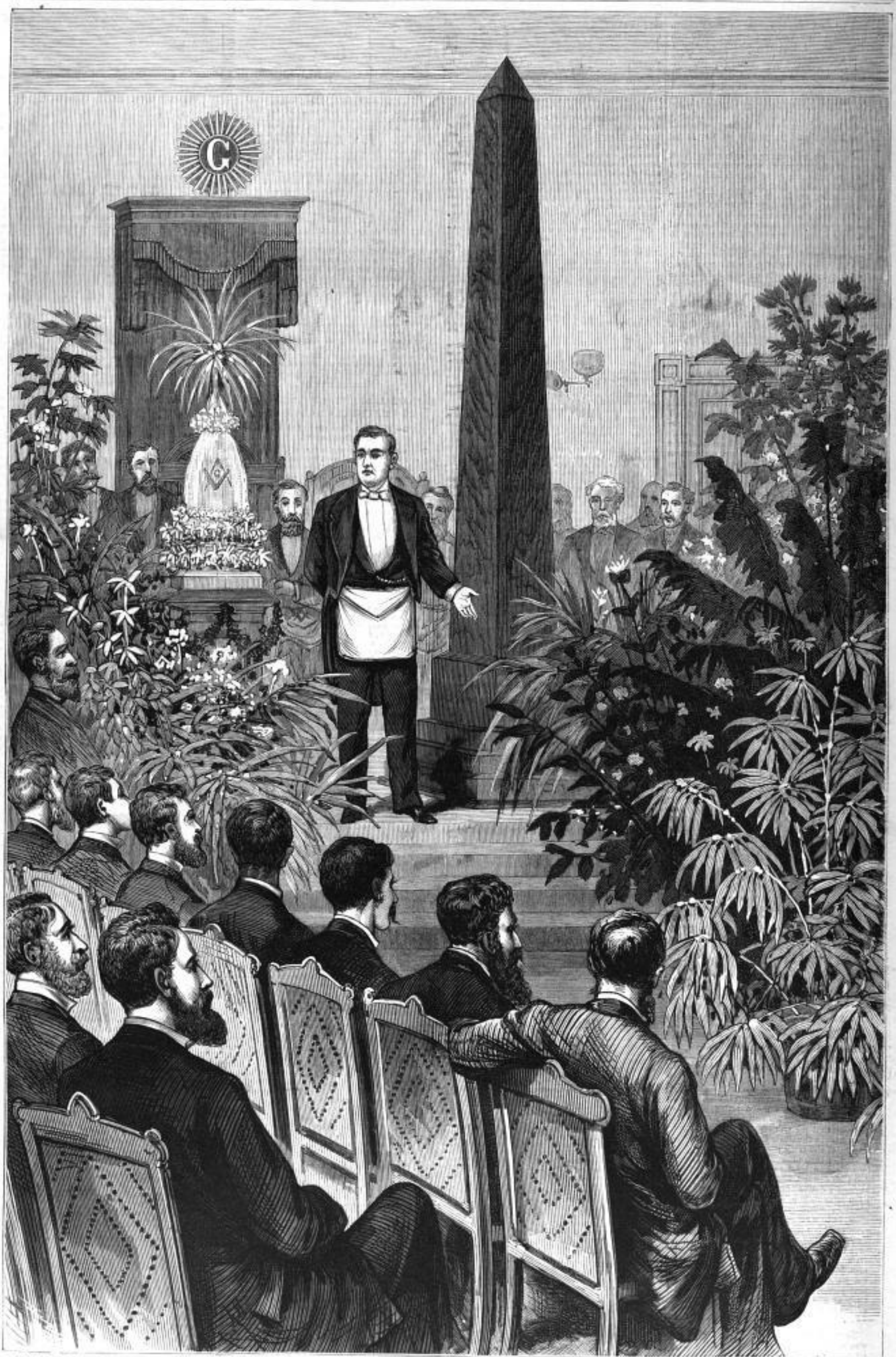
—RETURNS of the Chicago Clearing House for August are stated at $137,000,000, against $96,000,000 for the corresponding month of last year. This shows an increase of 42 per cent. The clearings for the first eight months of the year are reported at $1,053,000,000, against $738,000,000 for the same period in 1879, showing an increase of 43 per cent.

—THE Post Office Department has ordered the transportation of United States mails over the recently completed portion of the Southern Pacific Railway from Asuma, Arizona, to Benson, Arizona, a distance of 390 miles. This completes a continuous route of mail transportation by rail from San Francisco through the entire length of the State of California and nearly across the southern portion of Arizona, a distance of over 1,000 miles.

—RUSSIA has decided to transfer the new Kuldja negotiations to Pekin, whither M. Boutzow, the Russian Minister, will shortly proceed. The Marquis Tseng has informed Russia that China desires to substitute for the Livadia Treaty a convention ceding the whole Tek Territory. Russia, while not refusing to lighten the conditions of the Livadia Treaty, demands a rectification of the frontier, for the purpose of ending disorder, and also requires the possession of a portion of Kuldja to establish a colony of Dzingans, who would otherwise be left to the vengeance of the Chinese.

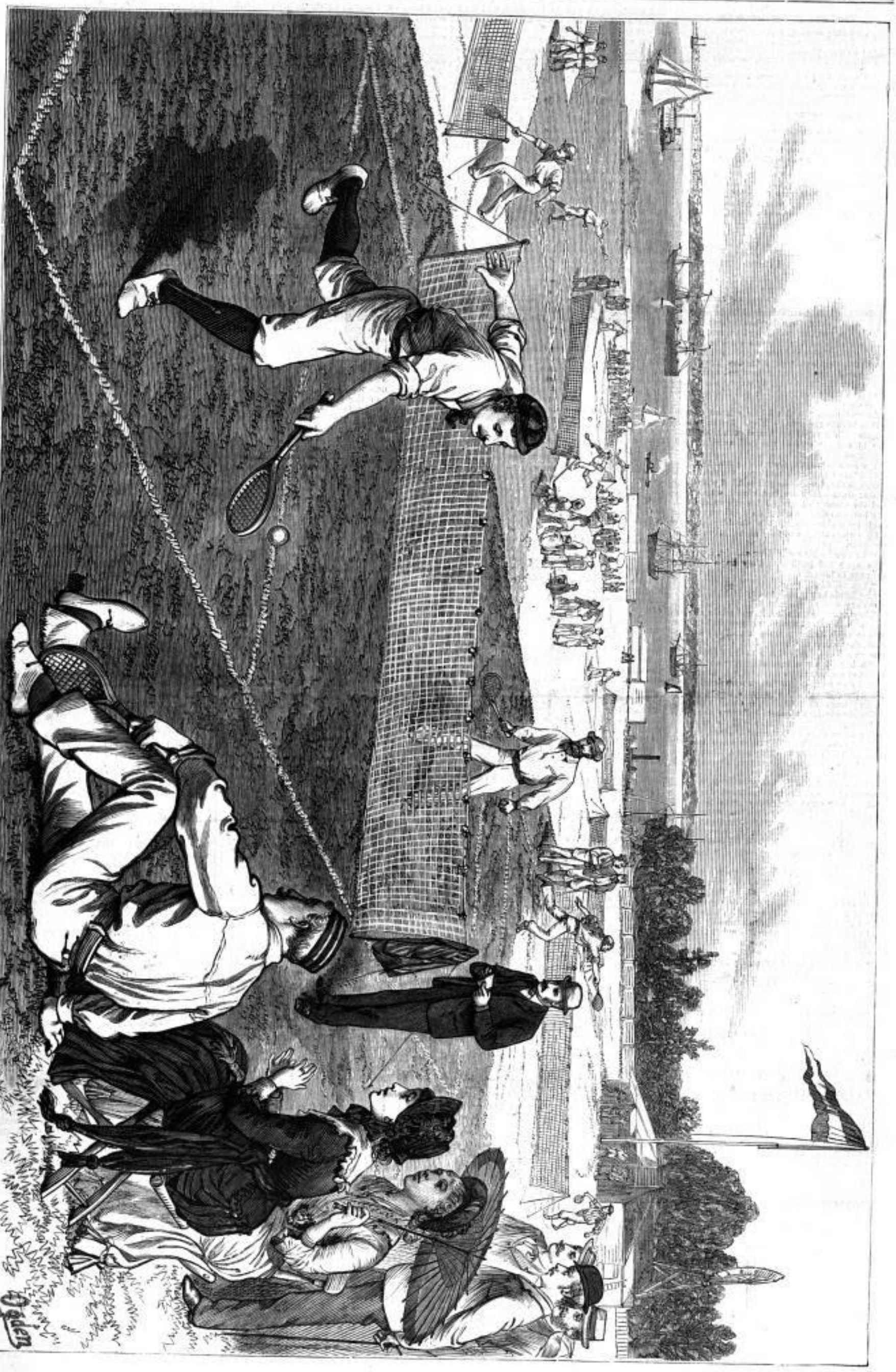
—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is beginning to reap the advantages of its liberal expenditure in placing its road, branches and leased lines in the best possible working condition. Perhaps no road in the country now equals the Pennsylvania in the condition of its tracks and the character of its equipments. The latest report of the business of all lines of the company east of Pittsburgh and Erie, shows an increase in gross earnings for the seven months of 1880, as compared with the same period in 1879, of $4,686,752, and so increase in net earnings of $2,551,443. All lines west of Pittsburgh and Erie, for the seven months of 1880 show a surplus over liabilities of $1,811,905, being a gain over the same period in 1879 of $2,636,721.

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NEW YORK.—RECEPTION OF LT.-COM. GORRINGE, U. S. N., BY ANGLO-SAXON LODGE, No. 137, F. AND A. M., BROOKLYN, SEPTEMBER 1st. EXPLAINING THE MASONIC EMBLEMS ON THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 39.

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NEW YORK.—FIRST NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 43.

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THE BREAKERS BROKEN.

ONWARD, onward, never higher!
Upward, upward, never higher!
Ah! waves, ah! men, shall brave endeavor
Fall back in froth and foam for ever?

Yet mark those eager crests that hover,
Like birds the moving wave-mass over:
The waves roll back, but they dash on;
The dry sands drink them: one by one
They perish on the beach forlorn.

As they die, a thought emerges
Ghost-like from the shattered surges:
"To strive is still to fail; the strongest
In striving most but suffer longest."

Far sweeter than mad surface motion
The dim green depths of unstirred ocean!
More happy than the windy crest
A lowly life where love and rest
House in the chambers of the breast!

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE END OF JACK.

A COLD, starless Russian night is settling down. Another day has passed in the dreary solitude of the prison, and as yet no knowledge of her fate has come to Maize. For the first time since her imprisonment Jack has not visited her through the day. A perfect madness of impatience has fastened upon her, and under the torturing, agonizing suspense, she paces back and forth her cell like a caged tigress.

At last upon the death-like silence of the prison breaks the tread of feet. Instantly she pauses in her rapid walk and stands motionless in the far end of the cell, awaiting the coming of her jailer.

The lock turns, the door opens, and two big, brutal-faced keepers stand upon the threshold. Through the gloom—the cell is filled with fast-falling dusk—they see her weird, white face and the shining of her golden-crowned head. She looks so still, so white, so wondrous in her cold, frozen beauty, that a shuddering awe settles upon them, and they stand irresolute in the door.

"You come for me?" Her steady, icy voice falls upon the hush that they have not the courage to break.

"Yes, miladie."

She bends her proud, tawny head.

"Very well; I am ready."

They advance in silence, and while she extends her arms, upon the rounded wrist, whose model adorns many a sculptor's sanctum, they clasp the heavy iron shackles, and, one on either side, lead her to the Public.

An hour later a man staggers out of the court-room—staggers in a blind, uncertain, dazed way, as though stricken with death—and runs heavily against a massive figure that is pacing back and forth the outer corridor. Toboskie mutters a curse, believing the blind personage drunk, and is about to move on when he catches a glimpse of his face.

"My God, Jack!" Then he stops quickly and his hands clinch; one sight of that frozen face, with its blanched horror, is enough. It tells him that the end has come.

Still in that deadly stillness Jack, without looking at him, clutches his arm and drags him out in the night far away from that dull, horrible roar of many voices that comes from the court-chamber. As they stand out in the frosty air, Toboskie looks at his companion.

"What is it? How have they decided?" He makes several attempts before he can utter the words.

But Jack does not hear. He stands with his face gray, like the leaden sky above, his eyes dull and expressionless. Over the city the wind is rising in fitful gusts, and through the gloom of the oncoming night flickers small, fine flakes of snow. It is inestimably dreary, but upon the souls of these two men has settled a drear and darkness infinitely worse.

"Speak! Tell me, for God's sake! I had not the courage to stand by while they read the sentence. What is it?"

Toboskie shakes his companion's arm, but cannot rouse him from that abstraction that strongly, horribly resembles death.

"Will you tell me?" he cries, fiercely. "What was the sentence?"

Jack never withdraws his eyes from that distant, vacant look, as he puts into words this woman's fate whose horror and bitterness no language can portray.

"*Exiled for life!*" He utters no reproaches—he does not tell him that one word from him would have saved her this.

But Toboskie reels back against the stone column, for one instant overpowered. Yet it is no more than he expected.

"God have mercy on her!"—the delirious mutter breaks from him unconsciously.

Jack is briefly roused.

"Yes, for man had none!" he says, that old, strong, proud spirit awakening in him for the last time. "She has been hunted to her death, yet she is innocent!"

"And she —— ?" Toboskie puts the question shrinkingly, fearfully, as if he had no right to take her name.

"She is unconscious," says Jack, relapsing into that absent, vacant manner. "She fell as if shot to the heart. They carried her out—back to the prison. I am going to her now."

Toboskie looks at him; he sees that old, dark-purple hue has returned to his face, upon which rests also a grayish shadow as of death. Around his eyes, which are glazed and unnatural, are great black circles where the dark blood has settled. Looking at this man—this pitiable wreck of his former self—a nameless dread and fear settles upon the statesman. He sees that he is not in a fit condition to be trusted alone.

"I will go with you to the door, and wait outside until you are ready to return. You are not quite well, I think."

Jack says nothing, does not even seem to hear, but, turning, walks up the steps and into the building again. By an inner passage they reach the prison, and Toboskie steps aside as his companion, admitted by the jailer, enters the cell.

Sitting upon the bed is the woman upon whom the sentence of Russia's severity has so recently been passed. She is very pale, but outwardly composed, save for a wild, desperate gleam that fills her large, sunken eyes. As Jack staggers into the cell she flings out her hands, though a great and sudden weakness holds her powerless, and in her throat breaks a tearless sob; but her eyes are dry and burning with that great light.

Jack sinks on the iron bed beside her. He says not a word, but he folds his arms tightly around her, and she feels the rapid, uneven heaving of his chest—folds her away in his arms as when she was a little child, passing an unsteady hand again and again over the rich gold of her loosened hair, and looking downwards, with that crushed, heartrending look, into the blanched loveliness of her quivering face.

"Maize," he whispers, piteously. "Maize!"

"What, dear?" The girl has to steady herself before she replies. The sight of Jack's stricken, blinding misery is the last drop in her cup.

"Maize, have I always done everything for you I could? Have I always made your life happy? Looking back now, I am afraid there was some little thing more I might have done for you. That I was not always as careful of your happiness as I should have been." The dull, tired eyes look down at her in great tenderness. From the girl breaks a wordless cry of much suffering, while the weary voice continues. "And I hope you believe, dear, that I never doubted you. I know you are innocent. I never doubted you even for a moment. Nothing could ever shake my faith. I know you too well for that." A shadow of the old, fond smile flits athwart the darkly drawn lips. "And I have tried to save you. I think in *that* I have done everything I could. There is nothing in the world that I would not do for you, but I am so helpless—so powerless! Maize, I wish you had died when you were a little child; I wish, for your sake, dear, you had never grown to womanhood. But I never doubted you, I trusted you always. I trust you now." Jack suddenly drops his arms and staggers to his feet. In the next instant through the silence of the dungeon rings wild and shudderingly the echo of a woman's shriek, and Toboskie in the corridor hurls aside the keeper and unlocking the door rushes into the cell. Upon the floor lies poor Jack, and beside him, propping his head upon her arm, kneels Maize, vainly striving to stanch a stream of dark blood flowing from his lips, and which every moment increases. Toboskie kneels upon the other side and looks down into the purple face of the dying man—Jack with his great, generous soul—Jack with his willing spirit and weak flesh. Even a child could see that this erring, wasted, dissolute life is very near its end—that the once gay, rollicking, irrepressible spirit is going downwards into the valley and the shadow of death. In this moment enmity and hatred are forgotten, and, in a wild, terrified appeal, Maize turns her eyes upon Toboskie.

"Save him—oh, my God! save him!" she cries.

At the voice those closed lids unfasten and the dull eyes suddenly brighten, as with a desperate effort he lays his hand upon her face.

"Ah, it is Maize—*poor* little Maize," he murmurs, while the old boyish smile lights up his face. "I found her in Athens where she lay in the sun. I never doubted you, dear—never, *never!*" Even in his death-hour that grand and entire faith clings to him. "Ah, I am so tired—so very tired, mother! and I have borne so much; things have never been as they were before you died, but I guess they won't be rough on me up *there*; maybe you will say a word for your boy? And don't forget Maize; and you will know me, mother, even though my hair has grown gray. Ah, it has been a long time, a very long time." And thus he wanders on, but never one word does he utter of Gypsy. The spirit drawing so near eternity is shorn of its earthly weaknesses and desires, and across his tired and failing brain there comes no memory of this frail and fickle woman.

In the cell is an intense stillness, while Jack lies dying. He has still strength to clasp tightly the hand of the girl, who sits motionless as marble and stupefied by this last blow. And all the while that great but indefinable change settles over his face, while the shadow of death draws nearer and nearer and fills the cell.

At last the tired eyes unclose for the last time upon scenes of earth. He raises himself high in her arms and looks around the cell, while the present drifts back.

"I have done all I could, Maize," he whispers; "but it will all come right in the end. I am dying, Maize. Good-night, dear!" The beautiful, white head sinks down upon her breast, and she thinks the spirit has fled.

Stricken with agony and remorse, Toboskie grasps one of the fast-chilling hands and bends over his dying friend.

"Have you no word for me?" he cries, in anguish. "Say that you forgive me. If you can find pardon, look up in my face."

There is only an imperceptible pause, and he never knows whether it is occasioned by weakness, or whether, even in death, this soul has to struggle ere it can vouch full forgiveness; but after that instant the great, death-scourged eyes, that have gathered back a look of that long-vanished boyhood, look up in a vast, mute pardon, while his lips move, and they both bend low to catch those last feeble words.

"Not a sparrow falls without the Father's notice." It is all he says, but it is enough. Toboskie knows that his mother's God has in this hour given back to him the comfort of His abiding love. There is a swift shudder throughout the length and breadth of that magnificent form—a look of mortal suffering upon the face, and the head falls back. Jack is dead!

CHAPTER XXXIV.—TOBOSKIE YIELDS.

"I WISH to see the prisoner." The cold voice rouses the sleepy guard as he lounges in front of the cell he watches, and he straightens himself and looks half-fearfully at the speaker. Every one in Russia knows those calm, incisive tones, that dark, cameo face.

"But, my lord——" begins the guard, tremblingly.

"Admit me!"

"My orders have been very strict to admit no one, my lord. Fears are entertained that the aristoc—er——" The guard stops precipitately, as he suddenly remembers that he is addressing one of the Order. "Fears are entertained," he resumes, carefully, "that an attempt to rescue the prisoner may be made. And to-morrow she is sent off to the mines."

"You *villain!*"—Toboskie can never tolerate resistance—"do you presume to refuse admittance to *me?* Step aside."

The guard shrinks back in a panic, and the statesman stands motionless for a moment before the door. From the cell he hears the slow, measured tread of feet that are pacing back and forth the dungeon. Standing there in the gloom of the prison-corridor, a mortal cowardice briefly fastens upon him—a cowardice of this woman whom he has refused to save. But as quickly as it comes it vanishes, and he taps upon the panel of the door.

Instantly the steps cease, and, after a brief silence, a voice—*the* voice—demands the name of the applicant. At a motion from the count the guard steps forward and announces:

"Count Raoul Toboskie."

This time there is a much longer pause ere the response comes in a hard voice, from which all the rich melody has been crushed.

"Admit him."

The lock turns, the door opens, and Toboskie is in the prison-cell, which is imperfectly lighted by a burning taper. Before him, like the angels of Guido, stands the woman accused of her crime. Though outside, the city clocks are chiming for midnight, he sees that no rest or slumber has yet visited her. She stands in the far end of the cell, her hand resting on the ledge of the window, her burnished hair gleaming bright in the shadows, her magnificent form clothed in some rich, sombre stuff, above which he sees the white, imperial majesty of her face, the majestic poise of her head, her throat and her proud shoulders. He gazes at her with a hard, fixed, agonized stare, as she turns upon him her eyes, filled with their lustre and languor.

"To what am I indebted for this unexpected honor?"

While her voice is cold and proud, and herself thoroughly composed, a fever of madness and passion is consuming him. His stately ease, his haughty immovability, are swept away, and at last he has sunk down to the common level of other men—to love and to suffer.

"I came here to see you once again." His voice is filled with a passionate despair. "I know that I have no right to seek you, yet to-night I could bear it no longer, and I am here."

"I am disappointed," she says, coldly, while in her eyes is a grand wrath for this man who dares hold her guilty. "I thought you had come from Gypsy, or perhaps to tell me something of—Jack!"

He sees now that this is why he was admitted, but he has not the courage to say that he will leave her.

"I have nothing to tell you," he says, and seeing her steady, glorious eyes, strives to regain his strength and composure. "You already know that Gypsy has a relapse of the fever, and that Lord Ashhurst's remains were embalmed and sent to England to be entombed in the family vault."

"No, I did not know," she replies, and across her straight lips flits a smile that almost sickens Toboskie, so mad and bitter is it. "You forget, Count Toboskie, that I am a prisoner. I never saw Jack after his corpse was carried out from my cell—never even knew what they had done with him. But I am glad that they sent him back to England, very glad, since we cannot be together."

The count's hands clinch; he sees how entirely she is separated from the world—how heavy and bitter is this blow that has crushed her. He looks at her, still in that fixed, suffering regard, and over him steals the spell of her loveliness that always fired him like unto wine. The Grecian luxuriousness of her beauty holds a certain beguiling sensuousness which, though far removed from mere matter, rouses his fiercest passions. The same as the firm lips shut over the great agony of soul, the slender clasped hands, the grand, brave eyes that scorn pleading for any earthly favor, rouse his noblest attributes, and, in spite of his suspicion of her, wrings from his torn, harassed soul a high tribute of admiration and even of awe. He knows that her spirit, enfranchised from all natural weakness, looks steadily forward to its living death; that when she comes to the fagot and the flames this unflinching, lofty courage will sustain her unfalteringly to the end. And yet he sees that she is still warm and womanly—that while she goes forward to her fate with proud endurance, it is because it is *inevitable*—that in the hidden depths of her mighty soul there is a secret dread and horror of her doom, though none but God shall read one pang that she suffers.

He sees the soft, beguiling loveliness of her splendor, the lofty, spiritual significance of martyrdom: all this is lost to him—lost through his own madness; for in this hour that spirit of horror and abnegation that has actuated him through the past grows paltry and insignificant. He loves this woman, and he has suddenly grown to know that he cannot give her up. He had prided himself upon his strength and endurance, but he sees that he is no stronger nor braver than his fellows.

A mighty conflict is waging within his breast, and under the smooth, dusky skin of that haughty face the proud blood comes and goes swiftly, and his teeth are set as in physical pain. Scarcely conscious of his actions, he draws his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his forehead, upon which stands the dank dews of suffering, and as he does so an article besides the linen is drawn from the same receptacle and falls upon the floor between them. It is very small—nothing but a woman's slipper—yet as it lies there upon the floor a pallor as of death sweeps both their faces, and a quiver momentarily disturbs the hard lines of the girl's mouth—it reminds her so forcibly of that time, separated from the present by ages of suffering, when they stood together in the dusky shadows of the old apartment with the future clouds all unseen.

The sudden sight of the slipper completes Toboskie's madness; in his eyes rushes a desperate, delirious purpose. Guilt or innocence, shame or honor, what are they to love? Under the fires of his mighty passion he stands ready to sacrifice his all upon the altar of love. Suddenly upon him falls a great calmness more powerful than passionate outburst, and born of his intense excitement. He takes her hand, and looks down in the soft alluring heaven of her eyes.

"I yield," he says, his voice filled with a thrilling pathos. "I love you better than ever mortal man loved woman before. I have struggled for days and nights to uproot this love from my heart, to tear your image from my soul, but I cannot, and I have tried so hard. I think no man ever struggled more than I have to abide by honor and justice. But I am conquered. I struggled with my weakness, because, mark you, I believe you guilty—I more than all the world have cause to suspect you. But what of it? Standing here branded with your crime, I love you with all my heart and soul; my whole nature has gone out to you. What is honor? Once I held it very dear—even yet I hold it dearer than life; but compared to you it is nothing. I lay my all at your feet, my honor, my manhood, my life, and what I prize dearer—*my country.*" He pauses for some reply, but she stands mute as stone, though a thrill of hot delight passes through her—a delight for which she could kill herself a moment after.

"Everything I have I give to you," he repeats, with something of passion now. "Oh, my God! I cannot live without you. I ask you here before God, will you be my wife? I cannot talk as I would; my lips seem mute. But if I could, I would tell you of the singleness of my love, of its great and immutable strength. It will never falter, Maize, never—never! It will cherish you through all the future, it will hide you away from the guilt and darkness of the present, it will make it impossible for any coldness or doubt to come between us. And do you fear that I would ever reproach you with what is gone? Oh, never, never! I would only remember my love—I would only remember that you were mine! Will you listen to me? If you will, I will break your fetters. I will give you my whole life, I will give you what I prize more than all else—my good name and my country. I will take you away to-night—it can be done?"—with passionate eagerness. "I will brand myself with infamy. I will steal away in the night like a thief, for I would be one. I would even be a traitor, sacrificing to you the trust that is imposed in me. I will even go away, if you go with me, and never set foot upon the dear old soil again, making myself an alien and an exile. But it is nothing—*nothing*, if it be done for you. *Will* you, Maize? *Will* you take me for all the future, even as I give up all for you—living only in you, *for* you, *by* you?"

She sees him for the first time in a new phase. His eyes grow passionate, tender, luminous; his voice thrills with a dangerous sweetness. He stands so close to her that she almost feels the rapid beating of his heart. And as she looks at him, suddenly between them rises the spectre of her slaughtered womanhood. She sees the shame, the persecution, the agony, the long torture of doubt and suspense, and last, but more vividly than all, Jack—poor, dead Jack!—as he fell prostrate at her feet, stricken with the same fell blow that has crushed her. Her old desperate wrath and vengeance rise warm in her breast. Between her and this man, upon whom she has sworn to avenge her wrongs, is an enmity bitterer than death, and which she feels that she can never bury.

"Will you listen to me?" urges the passionate, adoring voice. "Will you give yourself to my keeping? Oh, Maize, my darling! I think man never suffered as I have suffered in the past—I think man never loved as *I* love. Will you let me set you free?"

And as she listens a grand imperial smile overspreads her face with triumphant pride. She has conquered at last.

"It is too late," she says, and in her voice is the death-knell to his hopes. "Between you and me is a gulf that can never be abridged."

A great hoarse cry breaks from him, and, sinking at her feet, he buries his face in her garment.

"Oh, my God!" he mutters. "I have given her all—*all!* yet she spurns me! In the sight of God I have made myself a traitor—have bartered my soul—and all of no avail! Have you no pity—no mercy?"

"Had you any for me!"—the girl's voice is

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inflexible as steel. "You have wronged me as no man ever wronged woman before, and I will never forgive it! And some day you will see that I am innocent. You have been proud of your power, your resolution, your wisdom, but the time shall come when you will see how you have erred in your judgment of me. So far in my life you have always misjudged me, but the end shall come, soon or late. Until then I am content."

"And you will not let me aid you?"—he lifts his haggard, smitten face, but she is as inexorable as fate.

"No," she says. "To save me from the living death to which you have once consigned me, I will not accept a favor at your hands. To-morrow I commence my bondage—my bondage of shame and want and suffering; but if you were to burst my shackles and throw open my prison-doors, and this moment say, 'Go, you are free!' I would not accept my freedom. The hand that has slaughtered me and mine shall never be taken by me in friendship."

"You are mad!" he says, and, springing to his feet, his eyes, hot and lurid, look savagely down at her. "You throw away your last chance of salvation. You don't know the horror, the misery, the endless woe of a life of exile, or you would not trifle with me. I tell you it would kill you!"

"Oh, no, it would not!"—a dreary, bitter smile flits athwart her colorless face. "I have lived through worse agony than that—lived, while every moment I was praying for death, yet death would not come. I lived though I saw the man I loved better than a father fall dead at my feet, slain by my injuries. No one but God knows how I suffered in those long, miserable days! I would have given my life for one look at him—only one last look! yet it was denied me. I wonder now that I did not go mad. What I had suffered was as nase compared with that trial. I bribed the jailer to tell me the day and the hour when the funeral procession would pass. Then I pleaded and prayed to him, and gave him all of money and valuables I had, to let me see it, just to let me look upon the hearse as it went by. He consented, and took me to another cell fronting the street, and I saw the coffin—Jack's coffin—where they had shut him away from me! And never again would I see him—never again, after all that we had been to one another. If I could only have looked upon him—only have seen his dear face before they took it for ever away! But I never shall—never again see Jack!"

Her words end in a moan, and he shudders as he listens. He sees himself what ghastly phantoms of guilt and suffering stand for ever between them.

"I tell you this," she resumes, after a pause, in which she has regained her self-control, "to show you that nothing in the future can kill me. And now I shall be glad if this interview will terminate. To-morrow, in the sunrise, I go out to the life to which you have doomed me. Surely until then I may be left in peace."

He looks at her, and something in his eyes reminds her of that last heart-broken glance of Jack's, yet she never wavers. In her heart is a bitterness for him that she is not yet ready to suppress. Still he looks at her in that hard agonized stare, as if his very soul were being torn from him. He sees the soft gleaming of her golden hair, the steady lustre of her shining eyes, the lofty fearless majesty of her cloudless face. All this lost to him for evermore! And he has loved her with the force of ripe passion, with all that steadfastness of first love.

Suddenly before his weary, haggard eyes rushes the memory of that far-off day on the English Channel. He sees the clear, Greek-faced child standing facing him upon the sands. He remembers that his first acquaintance with her commenced in strife, and so it seems must it end. All the tenderness, the weakness, of his futile love rises warm in his breast and banishes that brief recent rage. He looks at her, his eyes lustrous and passion-laden, and pleads for the last time for her love.

"Can you not forgive and forget?" he says, tremulously. "Will you not accept my love and give yourself into my keeping?" And surely, according to his light, he has much more to overlook and forget than she. But she is inexorable. That one dark phase of her character—vengeance, as remorseless and never-dying as her pride—has been brought forward and crushes all other and nobler sentiments.

"It is too late!" she says, and he shudders as he hears.

"Then I must leave you! Think, we may be—doubtless are—looking upon one another for the last time. Can you speak the word that separates us for ever? Must I leave you?"

She bends her haughty golden head. It may be that she has not the strength just then to speak, but he sees that his case is hopeless. A passionate yearning sweeps his soul. He takes one step nearer her and looks down in her steady eyes.

"May I kiss you good-by?" he says, slowly.

"No!"

"May I take your hand?"

"You may not even take my hand!"

One long, last look, and he turns and leaves the cell.

(*To be continued.*)

A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

THE first national lawn-tennis tournament ever played in the United States commenced on Wednesday last, September 1st, on the grounds of the Staten Island Club, Camp Washington, New Brighton. The grounds were in perfect order, and were covered with diagrams. Long nets, looking like seines, were stretched between posts at different points in the field. The boundary fences had received fresh coats of whitewash, and camp-stools for spectators were placed in rows on either side of the several tennis courts. The tournament was open to all comers, and gentlemen from England and Canada, as well as from different parts of the United States, were entered.

During the play the field presented a very interesting scene. Drags, phaetons, dog-carts, and a four-in-hand drew up at the fence near the entrance to the inclosure, and there were several parties of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, while the grounds in the more immediate vicinity were well-covered with spectators. Towards sunset the view over the bay and down the harbor was particularly fine. The bright and varied costumes of the players lent the scene additional life and attractiveness. The games played were all single games, with twenty-three players entered. These games were continued on the two following days, the prize being a handsome silver cup, valued at $100, presented for competition by the Staten Island Club. On one side of the trophy is the inscription—"The Champion Lawn-tennis Player of America." The double games commenced on Monday, the 6th.

LIFE AND SCENES IN CHILI.

WE give on page 44 an illustration of Santa Lucia, a famous pleasure resort in the City of Santiago, the capital of Chili. The Cerro Santa Lucia, a reddish porphyry gray, rises abruptly in the very heart of the city to a height of over 230 feet, and, having been embellished at a heavy expenditure of money, is in every way one of the most attractive resorts in the whole Santiago province. The hill is lit by gas, and is frequented by all classes of citizens. We also give an illustration of the *cueca*, or national dance of Chili, as seen in a *cargana*, where all visitors are accustomed to drink from a common glass. The movements in this dance are very pleasing, resembling in some respects those in the Spanish fandango, and the scene at a *cargana*, or wayside inn, when occupied by a merry company of loungers, is full of life and color. Our artist has given very effectively the spirit of such a scene.

THE JETTIES AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE importance of the City of Charleston as one of the chief seaports of the country has recently been acknowledged in a marked manner by the General Government, liberal appropriations having been made for the construction of the grandest and costliest harbor improvements yet undertaken in the United States, except only at New York and at the mouth of the Mississippi River. The great obstacle to the commerce of the city has always been the bar at the entrance to the harbor, which prevents altogether the passage of the largest vessels, and makes it necessary even for large coastwise steamers to await the tide. By the erection of jetties, or huge walls of masonry, from the north and south sides of the harbor, extending seawards, but gradually approaching each other until only an entrance of half a mile wide is left, it is proposed to make the force of the outgoing current so great as to wash away the bar to the desired depth. Our illustration shows the manner in which the mattresses, or rafts of timber and brush, are placed in position to give a foundation on which to lay the stone.

Sarah Bernhardt's Company.

MR. FREDERICK A. SCHWAB, agent for Mr. Henry E. Abbey in the securing of a company of French artists to support Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt during her American engagement, has completed his work. Mr. Schwab's task was a difficult one, inasmuch as the prevailing idea among the actors and actresses was that they should receive from three to five times their real worth in the way of salaries. However, he finally succeeded in making contracts which, while they are fair to the artists, are, on the whole, in favor of Mr. Abbey.

It is agreed that ocean passage is to be paid only one way, and that no expenses are to be paid in the United States, save only and excepting actual rail road fares from one city to another. Moreover, the artists have not only signed to play certain lines of business, but also such other parts as may be assigned them by the management. The salary list is a large one, amounting in total to about 35,000 francs for some eighteen persons.

The highest-priced artists are Mr. Angelo, the "leading man"—his real name is Barthélemy—and Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt, the youngest sister of the great actress, each of whom receives 5,000 francs per month. All are engaged for five months, but salaries do not begin until the 6th of November.

Besides the two artists just mentioned, the other principal members of the company are, Mme. Mea, Mlle. Sidney, Mlle. Martel, Mme. Gally, and Messrs. Gangloff, Gally, D'Orsay, Boulland, Thiéfer, Delétraz, Joliet, and Chamouin, the last named of whom has been twice to America already. Mr. Defresne of the Théâtre Royal, at The Hague, is the stage manager, and Mme. Joliet is the prompter.

The company begin their rehearsals the middle of September on the stage of the Variétés Theatre. They open at Booth's Theatre in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" November 8th.

Mlle. Bernhardt intends to take the ladies of the new continent by storm, not only in her acting, but in the manner of her dresses. A famous house in the Rue de la Paix is now making for her twelve costumes at a cost of 60,000 francs. She has already bought 300 pairs of gloves, and her stockings and slippers are said to be marvels of richness and beauty.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt will be accompanied to America by her son, her valet and his wife, and a maid-servant, all of whose expenses are to be paid by the management. Her sister Jeanne will have three persons in her suite, but their expenses will not be paid by Mr. Abbey.

The French Crown Jewels.

THE scheme for the sale of a portion of the French crown jewels is based upon a report recently made by M. Turquet, an official who was delegated by the Minister of Finance and the Budget Committee to report upon the matter. By M. Turquet's recommendation, the whole treasure will be divided into three parts. The first will comprise the historic jewels and stones, which will be placed in the Louvre; the second part will contain the scarce minerals, and will be placed in the Museum of the Ecole des Mines; while the third portion, composed of royal and imperial jewelry, will be put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to form a State Fine Art fund.

M. Turquet has had an inventory made of this princely treasure. One of the most famous of the diamonds is the one called "Regent". It weighs 136½ carats, and is one of extreme whiteness and brilliancy. This stone has a very curious history attaching to it. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, of 1701, the Governor of Fort St. George, in the year 1717, for $625,000. When rough the stone weighed 411 carats, and the cutting cost $10,000. Pitt had purchased this stone in Golconda, of Jamalchund, a Hindoo merchant, as he states in a pamphlet published to clear himself from the reports about his having stolen it. This diamond, however, was actually stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a mysterious manner. After this it was recut at a cost of $17,500, an operation which took two years to perform. Napoleon I. was so enamored of this gem that he had it set on the pommel of his sword. Some idea of the size of the Regent may be given when it is stated that it is thirty carats larger than the Koh-i-noor, the latter weighing 106 1-16 carats.

Another remarkable object in the portion to be sold is a round pearl, weighing over twenty-seven carats and valued at $60,000, and still another is a necklace of pearls, styled *Cotier de la reine*, composed of twenty-five pearls, and worth $120,340. Next comes a long, clear ruby, weighing fifty-six carats and valued at $10,000. There is also an amethyst of more than thirteen carats, valued at the large sum of $120,000, and a sapphire of 132 carats, worth $30,000.

From the year 1476 until 1774 the number of diamonds formally inventoried as "belonging to the Crown" was 7,462. This total, representing a capital of 20,000,000 francs, included the famous "Regent," valued at 2,500,000 francs. During the reign of Louis XV., 1,471 of these diamonds were sold, but others were bought, chiefly for the ornamenting of Court costumes, diamond buttons and sword hilts enriched with brilliants being all the fashion at the Court of the "beloved" monarch; so that when Louis XVI. came to the throne he found himself the fortunate possessor of 9,547 diamonds of different sizes. In 1792 a great many of these—among them the "Regent"—were stolen from the Garde Meuble; but shortly after their disappearance an anonymous letter reached the Government of the Convention, stating that they would be found buried in the Allée Neuve of the Champs Elysées, where, in fact, they were discovered. From 1807 to 1810 Napoleon I. bought up all the scattered crown jewels that his agents at home and abroad could trace; and the inventory taken of his acquisitions in the latter year exhibited a total of 37,230 brilliants and precious stones of various kinds, valued at 18,922,477 francs. During the Reign of Terror, however, France had irrecoverably lost the "Sancy" diamond, purchased by Charles the Bold in 1476—a magnificent opal, known as the "Fire of Troy"—and the renowned "Blue Diamond." Another magnificent brilliant, which Napoleon had carried about him for years during his many campaigns, was mislaid or dropped by him at the battle of Waterloo, and has never since been restored to the French national collection of precious stones.

By selling the jewels of the third class M. Turquet expects to realize ample funds for purchase of works of art wherewith to enrich the National Museum.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament in England has increased the grants for scientific experiments from $5,000 to $25,000.

The Swiss are said to be the only nation who have done nothing for geographical explorations beyond their own territory.

Further rich discoveries of gold are reported to have been made in Northern Queensland and Tasmania. It is also stated that gold has been discovered under the basalt in the Brook Mountains, in New South Wales, the first instance of the kind in the colony.

The Aldini Gold Medal (worth 1,000 lire) will be awarded by the Academy of Sciences of the Institute of Bologna to the best memoir on galvanism (animal electricity). Memoirs to be written in Italian, Latin, or French, and sent in before June 30th, 1882.

An Influential Committee has been formed among the members of the Section of Zoology of the Paris Academy of Sciences, and others eminent in that department, to obtain subscriptions for a medal in honor of M. Milne-Edwards, the doyen of French zoologists.

M. Paul Soleillet, the African explorer, was entertained at dinner the other day by members of the Paris press. Replying to the toast of his health, the merry Soleillet remarked that he hoped in ten years to be able to return the hospitality shown to him by the press, and to invite his journalistic friends to repair in sleeping-cars to the buffet at the Timbuctoo station.

The Inauguration of the first agricultural school in Cuba will probably take place early in September. The Board of Planters is pushing the enterprise with zeal. The municipality of Havana has presented for the purpose of the institution various tracts of land on the suburbs of the city between the Cerro and Puentes Grandes, and the deputation of this province will most likely fix a subvention for the maintenance of the school.

The German Association of Naturalists and Physicians meets at Danzig from September 16th to 24th. Contributions from non-German workers in science are earnestly asked for, and any foreigners who desire to be present at the meeting will receive a hearty welcome. Besides the usual excursions, concerts, and other social gatherings which the Germans know how to manage so well, there will be plenty of work in the twenty-three sections.

The Astronomical Observatory established on the Trocadéro, is not the only scientific establishment which has found a home in the palace of the last Universal Exhibition. A number of microscopes have been arranged in a special room for the benefit of public instruction. The instrument lent by M. Joubert has been placed on the top of one of the towers, where a lift has been arranged for helping visitors to find their way to this exalted station.

The German Admiralty are about to consider the expediency of equipping their line-of-battle ships with torpedo boats. It is suggested that, like ordinary boats, they should be fixed at the sides of vessels, whence during action they could be readily removed to the deck to get up steam and be manned. When the moment came for their employment they could be let down without delay, and, sheltering themselves behind their own vessel, watch for opportunities to sally forth.

The French Government, it is said, is seriously occupied with the consideration of a tunnel under Mount Blanc, and has commissioned M. de Lemaye, Inspector of Railways, to draw up a comparative report as to the various passages through the Alps that are either completed or in prospect, stating the advantages and disadvantages of each as to distance, gradients and cost of construction. The Mount Blanc route has an advantage of 40 kilometres over the Simplon route, of 53 over the St. Gothard and of 72 over the Mount Cenis routes.

The Following is the system of disinfection recommended by the Austrian Government for vessels that had cases of smallpox on board: Sulphur, to the extent of twelve grains per cubic metre to be disinfected, is to be burned in an earthenware basin, placed in the centre of some sand to prevent all risk of fire. All the linen, clothes, etc., are to be hung across the cabin, which is to be hermetically closed for three hours, and afterwards exposed to the strongest possible draft of air for twelve hours. Then the walls, floor, ceiling, etc., are to be washed with one kilogramme of lime, or one-half a kilogramme of chloride of zinc to every hundred litres of water.

A Few Months after Leverrier's death a commission was established for determining the best means of protecting collieries from fire-damp. The Commission has written a very long report recording the causes of 420 accidents. Sixty-four projects presented by private individuals have been examined, and some new instruments have been designed and are being constructed, viz., an anemometer by Vicaire, a manometer by Le Chatelier, and a registering apparatus for the quantity of air introduced into the galleries. But the composition of coal explosive dust has not been determined, nor the extent of its influence on catastrophes; the chemical analysis of Grisou has not been completed, and the salvage question has not been exhausted. The only substantial benefit is a compilation of mining regulations and a series of propositions which have been transmitted to the French Ministry, and will be laid before Parliament next session.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Queen of the Netherlands has been delivered of a daughter.

THE murderers of Rev. Dr. Parsons, the American missionary, are to be sent to Constantinople for trial.

PRESIDENT HAYES expects to arrive at San Francisco on September 8th. He will not return to Washington until November 1st.

THE retirement of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the command of the Russian Imperial Guards is officially confirmed.

THE trustees of the Ohio University at Columbus have appointed W. A. Mason, of Boston, as instructor of the art department, recently created.

THE amount of the Duchess of Marlborough's Irish Relief Fund on hand was $11,955 at latest accounts. The total amount contributed is $615,850.

THE Princess Zorka of Montenegro is seventeen years old, and is a well-educated and beautiful girl. She is to become the wife of the new ruler of Bulgaria.

R. W. CAMERON, of New York, has been appointed Honorary Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada at the approaching international exhibition to be held at Melbourne, Victoria.

LORD RIPON, the new Viceroy of India, has given $10,000 towards the erection of a new Roman Catholic cathedral at Simla, the headquarters of the Government during hot weather.

J. F. LYON, of Montville, a graduate of Norwich Free Academy, and afterwards a teacher in the same institution, has recently graduated from the Heidelberg University in Germany, with the highest honors ever awarded by that celebrated school of learning.

MISS BEATRICE TROLLOPE, daughter of Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, the novelist, has just been married in Paris to Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley, a member of Parliament. The bride was given away by her father and wore a frock of cream-colored muslin, her bonnet being trimmed with orange-blossoms.

THE Emperor of Germany has returned to Babelsberg, his Summer residence, near Potsdam, very much the better for his visit to Ems and Gastein. The Empress, who has been making a tour on the Italian lakes, has returned to the electoral palace at Coblenz. The increasing delicacy of her health has caused much anxiety to her family.

THE Queen of the Belgians is a fine whip, and wherever she goes her phaeton and four beautiful ponies go with her. Driving with her daughter Stephanie lately at Bruges, she was stopped in Breydel Street by a policeman, as there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and traffic is permitted only in one direction. The Queen smilingly suggested that no vehicle was in sight, so might she go? But the man was inexorable, and the Queen put back.

AN invitation has been extended to the Right Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., Bishop of Long Island, by the Syndicate of Cambridge University, England, to deliver a series of sermons in the university pulpit. This is the first time, we believe, that an American divine has been invited to fill a place heretofore assigned to one or another of the distinguished theologians of the Church of England. The bishop will sail, it is understood, during the latter part of October, and deliver the course of sermons on the Sundays of November.

DR. CHARLES T. JACKSON died at Somerville, Mass., August 29th, after an illness that had lasted seven years. In his early life he was engaged in geological surveys over a considerable part of the Northern States. His long controversy with Professor Morse relating to the electric telegraph excited much interest in the early history of telegraphy. The use of anesthesia to destroy pain be regarded as the great discovery of his life, but the claim was disputed, which was a bitter disappointment to him. He was seventy-four years of age.

THE Rt. Rev. P. A. Feehan, now Bishop of Nashville, is promoted to be the first Archbishop of Chicago, Chicago having been raised to the dignity of a Metropolitan See, with Alton and Peoria as its Suffragan Sees. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Duggan, formerly Bishop of Chicago, being in infirm health, is retired on a pension of $3,000 a year. Kansas City, hitherto in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, is made an Episcopal See, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hogan, now Bishop of St. Joseph, is named its first Bishop, and remains administrator of the Diocese of St. Joseph.

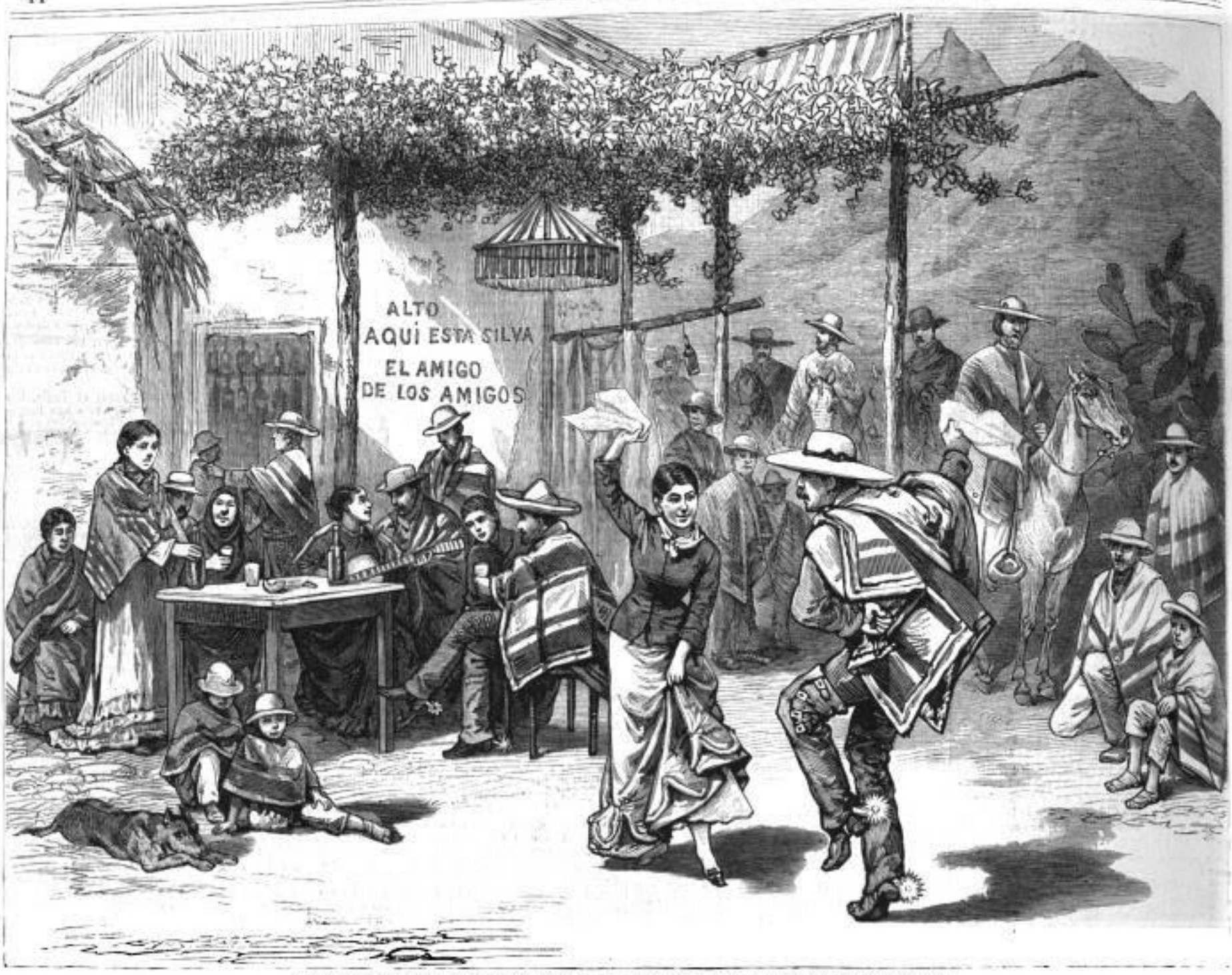
PAUL O. HEBERT, ex-Governor of Louisiana, died in New Orleans on August 29th, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was a graduate of West Point, and colonel in the Twelfth United States Infantry in the Mexican war. He resigned from the army, became a planter, and afterwards State Engineer of Louisiana. In 1852 he was elected Governor of the State, serving, and during the war was a Confederate brigadier-general. For ninety hours previous to his death he had been unconscious, during part of which time he had been traveling from Allegheny Springs, Alabama, in accordance with his desire to die at home. A year ago he was stricken with paralysis, which was followed by cancer of the tongue.

A FRIEND of the Princess Constantine declares that her sister, Mlle. Blanc, will not marry Roland Bonaparte. The co-heiress of the late Monaco "boss" is not satisfied with the prospects of imperialism in France, and shrinks from being incumbered with the poverty-stricken family of her princely suitor, which, according to the civic code, she would be. They would force her to support them according to her wealth. She would be under the obligation to provide for the brave but very beautiful Prince Pierre, his wife, who is an artist's daughter, and her parents. The probability of a set off in the form of imperial honors is very remote. Mlle. Blanc turns her eyes towards Rome, and would be well satisfied to become Duchess de Brachi.

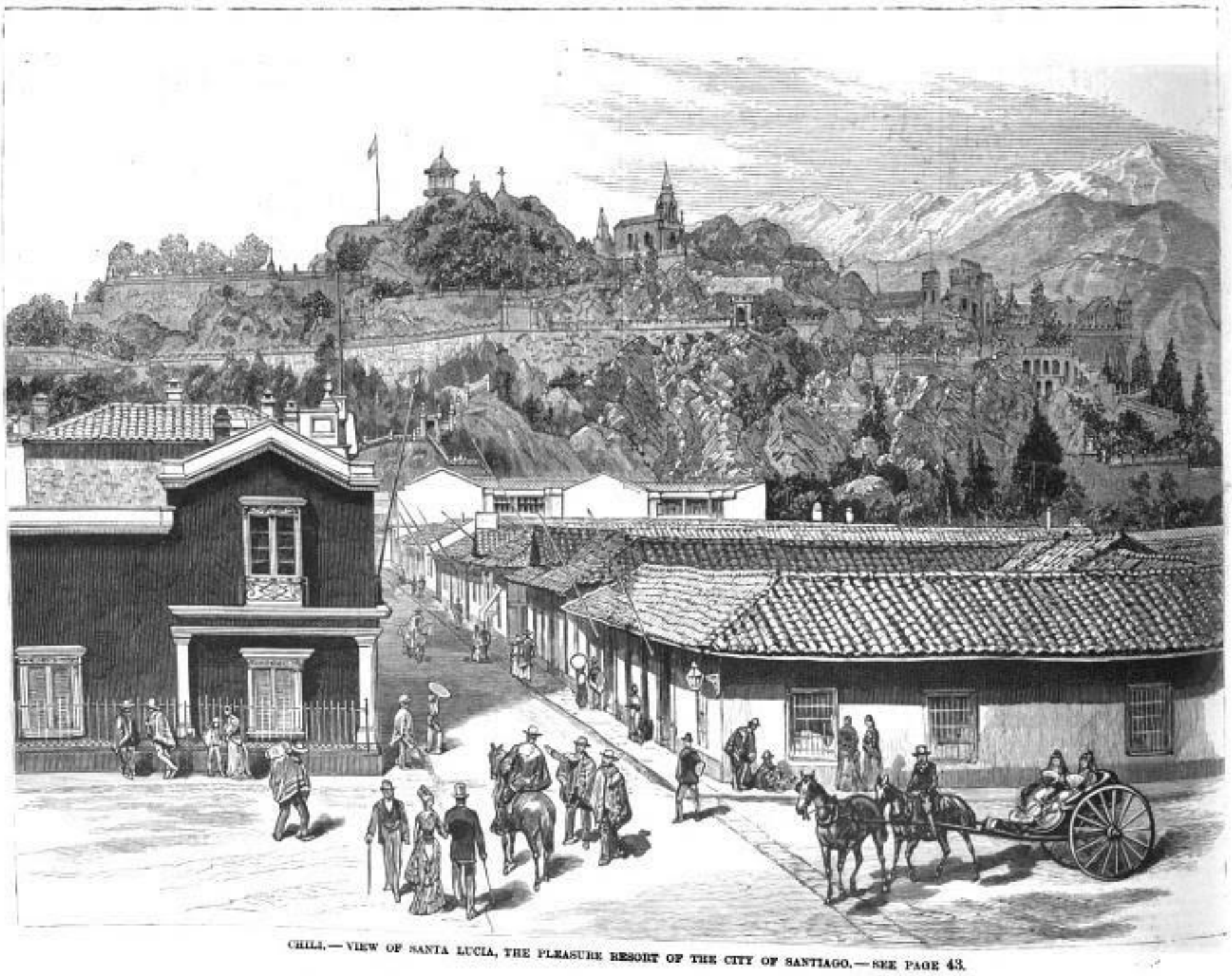
MR. MAURICE GRAU'S new French Opera Company reached here last week. The troupe consists of about fifty regular performers, besides eighteen members of the chorus. The most prominent artists in the troupe are Mlle. Paola Marié, an old favorite of the New York theatre-going public; Mlle. Marié Albert, formerly engaged at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiennes, the Théâtre des Variétés and the Folies Dramatiques; Mlle. Pauline Marié, from the Grand Theatres of Nantes and Bordeaux, and Mlle. Josephine Schaeffer; M. Joseph Mogras, a tenor, formerly engaged at the Opéra Comique; M. Taufflenberger, a tenor from the Théâtre de la Renaissance; M. Nigri, from the same theatre, and M. Bernard, baritone, of the Opera Comique, in Paris.

IN addition to the many duties falling upon the Crown-Prince of Germany as heir-apparent, he has now imposed upon himself the task of finding the remains of certain of his ancestors. It was thought that the vaults of the dome and of the old castle at Berlin, with those at Potsdam and Hohenzollern, and one or two other known places, contained all that was left of the German Emperor's forefathers; but recently, when a thorough examination was made, it became apparent that of two Hohenzollerns who ruled in the Middle Ages, not a bone could be shown. The Prince declared, with the knightly look for which his physiognomy is remarkable, that "he would see that the bones of his ancestors found fitting sanctuary." Much digging is now going on about the Schloss, at Berlin, where, it is presumed, the ancestors searched for were buried.

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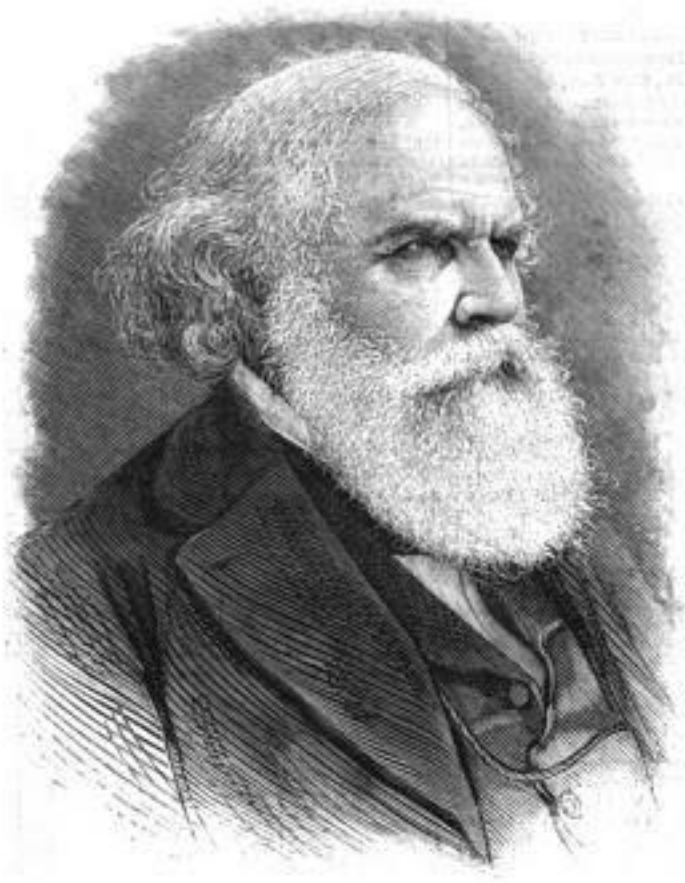


CHILI.—THE CUECA, OR NATIONAL DANCE—A SCENE IN A ROADSIDE INN NEAR VALPARAISO.



CHILI.—VIEW OF SANTA LUCIA, THE PLEASURE RESORT OF THE CITY OF SANTIAGO.—SEE PAGE 43.

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JOHN L. SIBLEY, A. M., LIBRARIAN EMERITUS OF HARVARD COLLEGE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. PACH.

JOHN L. SIBLEY.

MORE than two generations of Harvard students are familiar with the face of John Langdon Sibley, the librarian emeritus. Mr. Sibley was born December 23th, 1804, at Union, Me. He entered Phillips Exeter Academy in the Summer of 1819, and was soon placed on the charity foundation. In 1821 he matriculated at Harvard College, and was appointed "president's freshman" under President Kirkland. His connection with the library began while he was an undergraduate; his vacations being spent in writing for the library, and otherwise assisting the librarian. Graduating in 1825, he entered the divinity school, and began his official connection with the library as assistant librarian, on a salary of $150, the librarian then receiving but $300.

In May, 1829, Mr. Sibley was formally ordained as pastor of the First Church in Stow, where he remained until 1833, when his love for the college induced him to return to Cambridge. During the next eight years he devoted himself principally to literary work, for a part of the time being editor and proprietor of the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*.

In 1841 the library was removed to Gore Hall, and Mr. Sibley was again appointed assistant librarian. The librarian at that time was Dr. Thaddeus Wm. Harris, the well known American entomologist. At his death, in 1856, Mr. Sibley was appointed librarian, which position he held until he became librarian emeritus, in 1877, his retirement from active work in the library being caused by his advanced age and temporary loss of sight. During his administration, and largely as the result of his personal efforts, the library grew from 41,000 volumes to 164,000, besides almost as many pamphlets, and the permanent fund increased from $5,000 to $170,000.

Mr. Sibley lived a celibate life in Divinity Hall from 1826, the date of its first occupancy, to 1866, with the exception of six years and a half. There he prepared his "History of Union, Me.," and his "Index to John Adams's Work." Twenty years were spent in Room No. 15. In 1866 he was married to Charlotte Augusta Langdon Cook, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody officiating. For the last thirty-two years he has acted as chorister in the 78th Psalm at the commencement dinner; succeeding in 1849, Rev. Dr. John Pierce (1793), of Brookline, who had performed the same part during the preceding fifty years. In 1856 Mr. Sibley received the honorary degree of A. M. from Bowdoin College, and since 1846 he has been an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Sibley's published works are:

"Index to the Writings of George Washington." 1837.

"A History of the Town of Union, in the County of Lincoln, Me., to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century; with a Family Register of the Settlers before the year 1800, and of their Descendants." 1851.

"Index to the Works of John Adams." Boston, 1853.

"Fort Pownall and Brigadier Waldo." New England Historical and Genealogical Register, April, 1859.

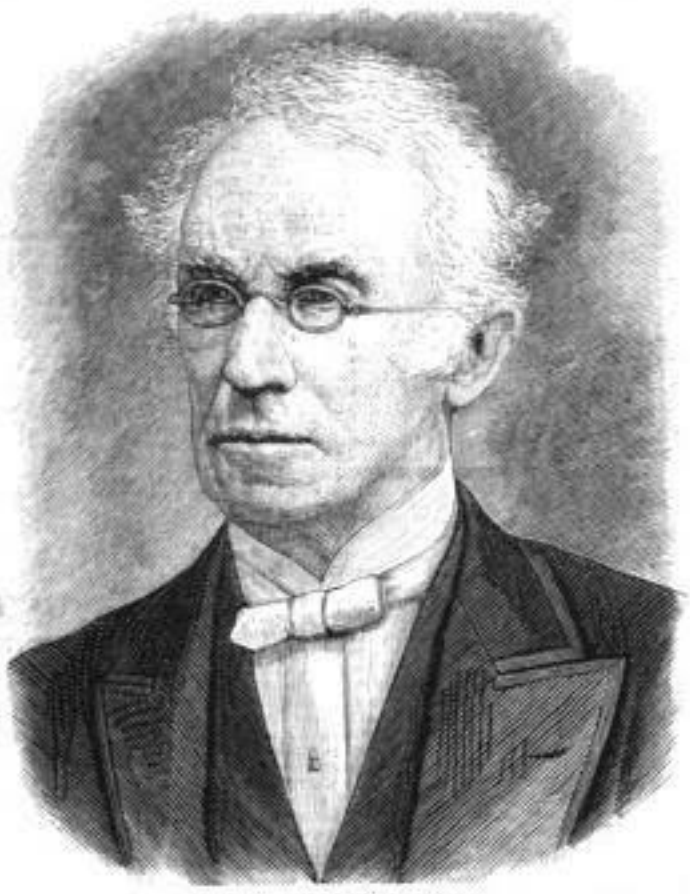
"Notices of Account Books of Treasurers of Harvard College from 1669 to 1782." Printed in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society," November, 1862.

"Notices of the Triennial and Annual Catalogues of Harvard University; with a Reprint of the Catalogues of 1674, 1682 and 1700." 8vo. Boston, 1864.

"Biographical Sketch of Cyrus Eaton," a remarkable self-made man. Printed in "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for Feb., 1875."

He also edited the American reprint of George Chalmers's "Introduction to the History of the Colonies," giving, from the State papers, a comprehensive view of their revolt. Two volumes, 8vo., Boston, 1845. The London edition of this work, 1782, was suppressed at the first volume, and the American edition was printed from the author's manuscript. The most important as well as the most laborious of Mr. Sibley's publications is his "Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University," the first and only work of the kind published in America: "the fruit of an incredible amount of patient and judicious labor, and, while of special value as a record of the college, it is second in importance to no contribution to the early history of New England." The first volume, a royal octavo, was issued in 1873; and Mr. Sibley, now in his seventy-sixth year, with his mental faculties and physical constitution fully competent to the ask, is laboriously at work on the second volume, which, uniform with the first, will probably be issued during the present year.

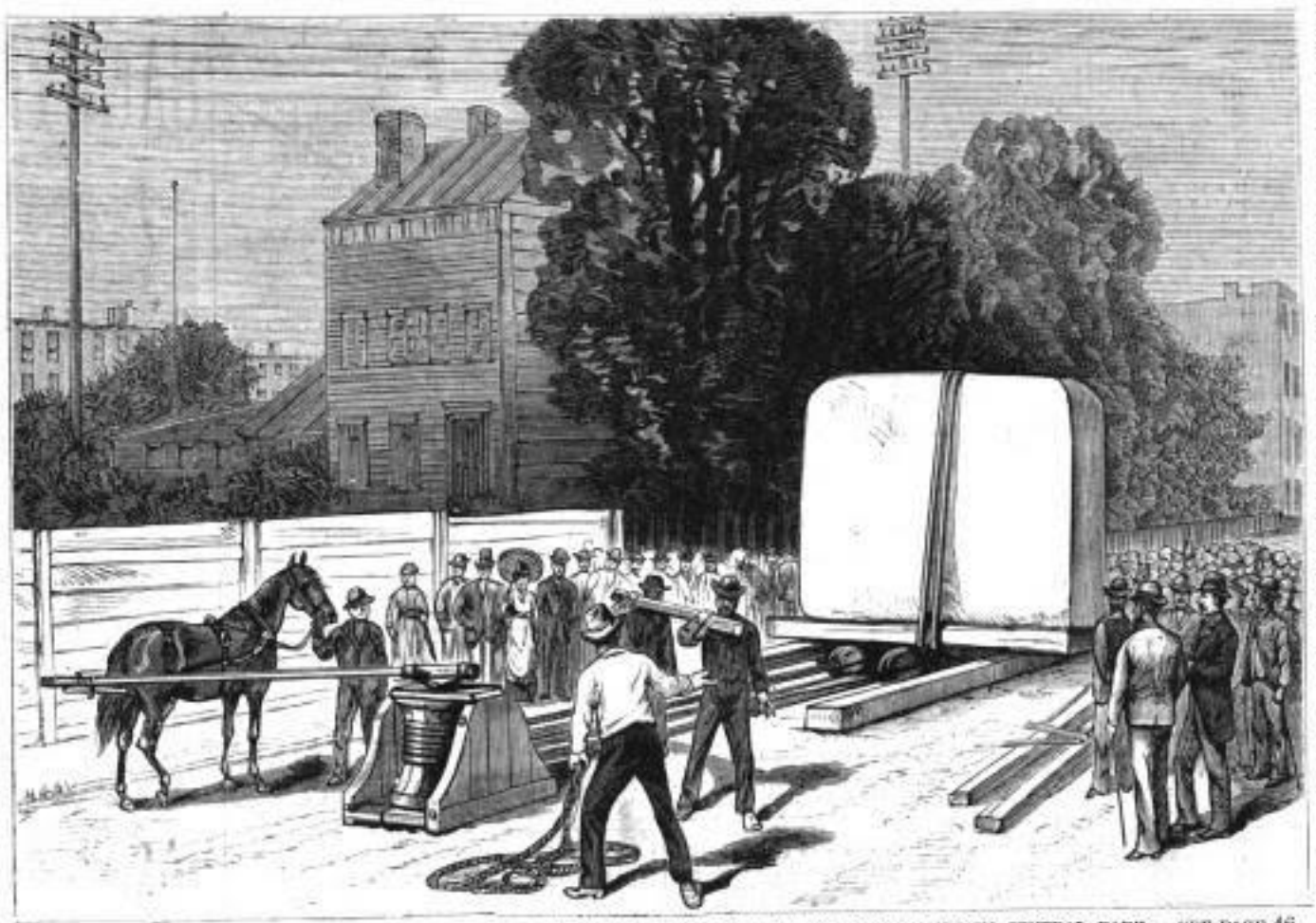
That he appreciates the assistance shown him in acquiring the foundation of his education sufficiently appears from the fact that he began in 1860, and has since continued, a series of gifts to Phillips Exeter Academy, which now amounts to $30,000, and the income from which is ultimately to be employed in the assistance of needy and meritorious students.



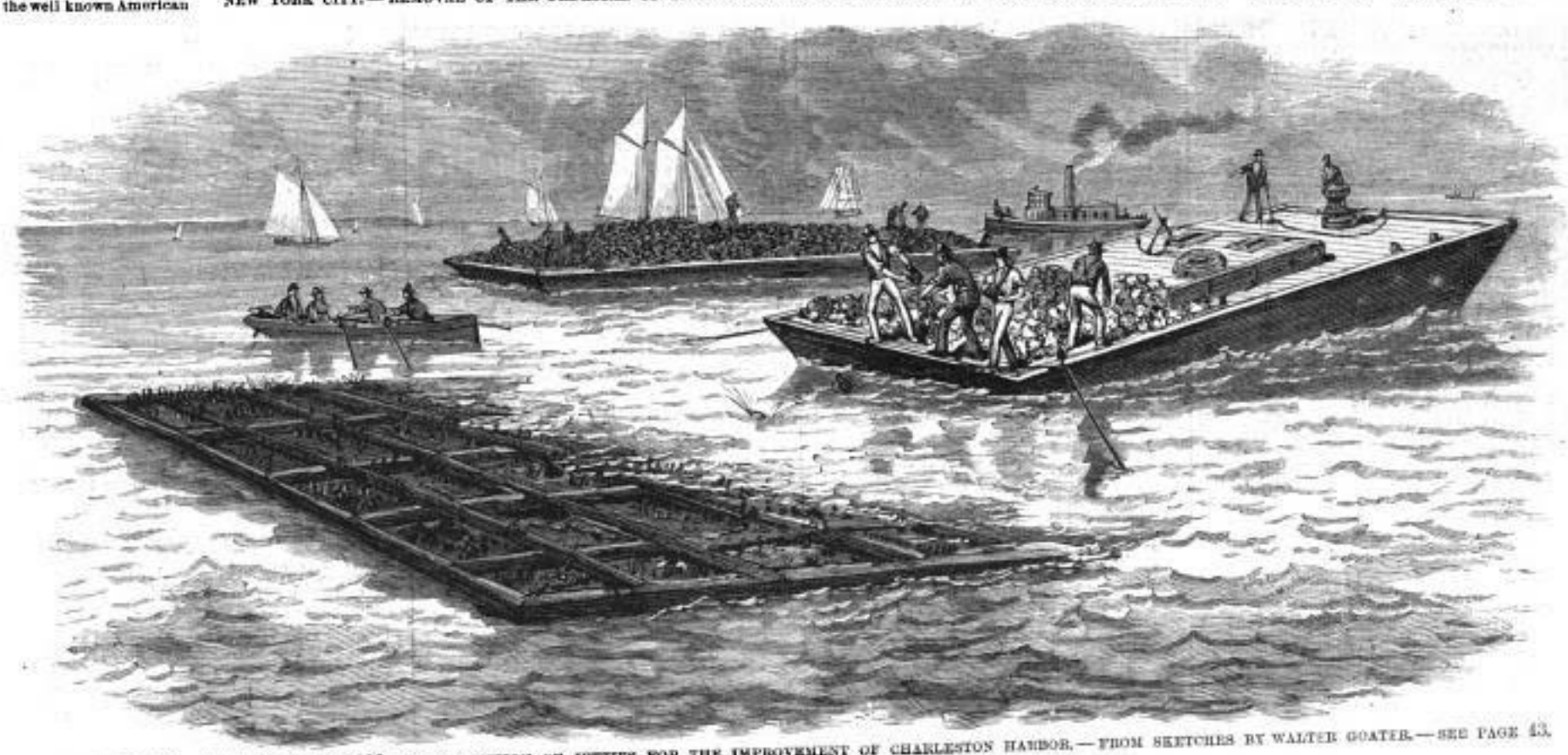
THE LATE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BOGARDUS.

THE LATE DR. WM. ADAMS.

THE Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D., who died at Orange, N. J., on the morning of August 31st, was one of the best-known Presbyterian clergymen, not only in this country, but in the world. An unusually successful ministry, extending over forty years, endeared him to thousands in this city, who will mourn his loss with as



NEW YORK CITY.—REMOVAL OF THE PEDESTAL OF THE OBELISK FROM THE WHARF TO THE SITE IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 46.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880.—CONSTRUCTION OF JETTIES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 43.

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sincere regret as his more intimate friends and relatives.

In the death of Dr. Adams the Union Theological Seminary of this city loses one of the most accomplished and earnest of its Presidents, and the Christian world loses a teacher whom it will be difficult to replace.

Dr. Adams was in his seventy-fourth year, and forty-nine of these years were passed in the service of the Church. He was born in Colchester, Conn., January 25th, 1807. His father, John Adams, LL.D., who died in 1863, at the ripe age of ninety-one, was the Principal of the Academy in Colchester when young William was born. While the future clergyman was still an infant, however, his father removed to Andover, Mass., and took charge of the Academy there.

Young Adams first passed through the Andover Academy, when, having finished his course at the Academy, he was sent to Yale, and then, having determined to embrace the ministry as his profession, he went to the Andover Theological Seminary, where he studied under the Rev. Drs. Stuart, Woods and Porter. He graduated from this institution in 1830, at the age of twenty-three, and in February of the following year he was ordained a Presbyterian minister, and settled over the First Presbyterian Church of Brighton, Mass.

Resigning this charge to visit the South on account of the ill-health of himself and his wife, he was induced to fill the pulpit of the old Pearl Street Presbyterian Church, in New York, for a short time, until arrangements could be made for supplying it permanently, and before this engagement terminated the simple eloquence of the preacher had so impressed those who listened to him that he was called to the pastorate of the Broome Street Presbyterian Church.

For nineteen years Dr. Adams labored zealously in the old Broome Street Church, and the result of his zeal was that the Central Presbyterian Church, as it was known in the Presbytery, prospered and increased to a wonderful degree. During the nineteen years of his Broome Street pastorate he was continually writing for the religious press of this city, and the initials "W. A." soon came to be recognized by the reading public in such a manner that any article to which they were appended was sure to be read and considered. It was decided to abandon the old church and build a new edifice. Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street was selected as the site, and what is now known as the Madison Square Presbyterian Church was opened by Dr. Adams in November, 1854.

Over this magnificent church Dr. Adams presided for twenty years, and the work which he accomplished here was herculean. His fame grew from year to year, and calls to other pulpits flowed in upon him steadily, but he declined them all. In 1871 the Union Theological Seminary of this city elected him Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in the institution, but he declined to accept the chair. In 1873 Dr. Adams, then sixty-seven years of age, was induced to accept a position in the Faculty. He was elected President of the Seminary and assigned to the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric. On October 30, 1873, before resigning his pastorate of the Madison Square Church, Dr. Adams welcomed the members of the Evangelical Alliance to this city. On Sunday, April 19th, 1874, Dr. Adams preached his farewell sermon to the congregation of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. He had presided over the society then for a term of forty years, and his sermon was devoted to a retrospect of the events of those years. He announced in this sermon that the church had a membership of 3,000 persons. On May 4th, 1874, the Presbytery of New York passed a resolution of regret at his leaving the pulpit, and a week later, May 11th, he was installed as President of the Union Theological Seminary, which position he held to the day of his death.

THE OBELISK PEDESTAL.

IN our last issue we gave a view of the steamer *Dessoug* on the dry dock at Clifton, Staten Island, and described the method to be adopted for removing the obelisk from the hold of the ship. This week the huge pedestal is shown on the trucks constructed to carry it to the site in Central Park. It lay for several days last week on Fifty-First Street, between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, and was almost constantly surrounded by an eager crowd, searching for the Masonic emblems.

The Cunard Steamship Company.

MR. SAMUEL CUNARD was one of the first to foresee the great results that might be achieved by the establishment of steamer communication between the United States and England; and as far back as the year 1830, in his quiet home in Nova Scotia, his mind was busily engaged in thinking over the best means of carrying out this project. In 1838 Mr. Cunard went to England, eagerly bent upon putting his idea into actual operation, and, introduced by Sir James Melvill, of the India House, he presented himself to Mr. Robert Napier, of Glasgow, the eminent marine engineer, and the result of their deliberations was that Mr. Cunard gave Mr. Napier an order to make four steamships for the Atlantic service. The four vessels were to be of 600 tons each and 300-horse power. Mr. Napier advised the building of larger vessels, and ultimately it was arranged that the four vessels should each be of 1,200 tons burden and 440-horse power. The project now assumed a proportion which was beyond the resources of a single private individual, and Mr. Cunard and Mr. Napier, taking counsel together, hit upon the idea of forming a company. Messrs. Burns, of Glasgow, and Messrs. McIver, of Liverpool, after having run coasting steamers in keen rivalry for several years, had in 1839 amalgamated their undertakings: and this firm of Burns & McIver was, at the time that Mr. Samuel Cunard went to England, one of the most prosperous shipping companies in England. The proposal to form an Atlantic steamship company was mooted to Messrs. Burns & McIver by Mr. Napier, and the outcome of this was the establishment in 1839 of the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. About this time the British Government decided, on grounds of public convenience, as well as with the view of promoting the extension of steam navigation, to abandon the curious old brigs which had been used for so many years for the conveyance of the mails across the Atlantic, and to substitute steam mail boats. The Admiralty, accordingly, advertised for tenders for the execution of that service, and the Great Western Steam Shipping Company and the newly-formed company of Messrs Cunard, Burns & McIver were the principal competitors. The tender of the latter firm was accepted, and a seven years' contract was at once entered into between the Lords of the Admiralty on the one part and Samuel Cunard, George Burns and David McIver on the other part, for the conveyance of mails between Liverpool and Halifax, Boston and Quebec, in consideration of the annual sum of $300,000. One of the conditions of the bargain was that the ships engaged in this service should be of sufficient strength and capacity to be used as troop-ships in case of necessity. The first four ships built under Mr. Napier's direction for the Cunard Company were the *Britannia*, the *Acadia*, the *Caledonia* and the *Columbia*. It was on the 4th of July, 1840, that the *Britannia* set out from Liverpool to make for the new company the first trip across the Atlantic. Liverpool was in a condition of great excitement on the day of the vessel's departure; thousands of people crowded the quays to watch her out, and it was felt that a new era of oceanic intercourse had been begun by this memorable event. The ship's destination was Boston, New York not being made the port of communication for the Cunard steamers until 1848. Mr. Cunard sailed in the *Britannia* on its initial voyage, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the vessel's safe arrival at Boston, after having called at Halifax, within 14 days and 8 hours of leaving Liverpool.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE

For October contains as its leading article an important and timely contribution from the facile pen of Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey, entitled "The Christians in the Turkish Empire," tracing the history and present condition of the various branches of the Christian Church in the Sultan's dominions. It is profusely illustrated. A biographical sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, affords pleasant reading; and a pretty little poem, "The Bathing Magpie," is accompanied by two beautiful full-page illustrations from the pencil of the celebrated artist, Giacomelli. The story "Circumstance," by Albert Wallwyn, is especially good, and will attract those who read it. Herbert Lee's sketch of "Pontius Pilate" takes a new view of the character of that historic personage. Mr. Godfrey A. Hudson has an extremely interesting paper on a legendary journey in Peru, entitled "From Titicaca to Cuzco," giving an account of the origin of the Incas and their empire, which is well worth reading. It is accompanied by characteristic illustrations. "Gideon" is the subject of the Old Testament portrait and sketch. "Catherine of Siena" is a very valuable contribution to literature, and timely, affording an insight into the inner life of the Church in the Middle Ages. The two serials, "Hester Morgan's Husband" and "Maid Marjory," are continued, and increase in interest. The Magazine is crowded with good things, and there's not a dull page in it from cover to cover. Issued Friday, September 10th.

OBITUARY.

JOHN H. CRAWFORD.

THE declaration of Holy Writ, "In the midst of life we are in death," was never, perhaps, more strikingly exemplified than in the sad and sudden demise of Mr. John H. Crawford, late chief bookkeeper in the house of James McCreery & Co., New York City. He was absent on his vacation tour and making an excursion on board a steamboat on Lake Ontario; he went up to the quarter-deck with a friend for a promenade, and in a few minutes the friend returned below; he took a seat on the taffrail, fearlessly balancing himself, thoughtless of danger; the boat lurched, and he was thrown over backwards into the water. A vigorous struggle with the waves, the arrest of the boat in her course and ineffectual efforts for his rescue, and the hungry waters of the lake closed over him, and he was lost to human sight—doubtless for all time!

Mr. Crawford was born near London, England; he came to America about nine years ago, and was twenty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He had received a fair general education and thorough training for the business in which he engaged. He had begun a career of active and cheerful industry, and gave promise of much usefulness; and in his exactitude and honesty of purpose in his chosen calling, he furnished an example to all with whom he was associated. He was modest in self-appreciation, but confident in his convictions of right and of duty. A companion says of him: "Instinct with all that makes life beautiful, with the brightest hopes and noblest aspirations of manhood, possessed of exalted sentiments, warm affection and tender sympathies, in the Spring-time of life he was called from us, but a host of hallowed recollections clusters around his memory. Who now can heal the anguish of his mother's heart? Who can picture the sorrow of those to whom he was near and dear? Who can comfort those of his associates that, in daily and intimate intercourse with him, were cheered by his friendship or gladdened by his love?" He left behind him a reputation free from blemish or suspicion, and the heartfelt distress in his death experienced by his employers testifies to his integrity. While a shadow mantles the brow of one and another in the house, it is said: "John Crawford was never heard to speak ill of any one," and so

"None names him but to praise."

FUN.

IN France, Mr. Aldrich's story, "The Stillwater Tragedy," is called "La Tragedie de la Pacifique."

TIMES have greatly changed. In early days it was the Christians who bore many stripes, but now it is the Penitentiary birds.

A PAIR were married at Newport, R. I., recently, after an unbroken courtship of thirty-five years. That is what may be called a slow match.

"Is the train behind time?" inquired a gentleman at the station. "No, surr," replied the porter; "it's not behoind toime, surr; but it's jist behoind the bridge beyant there."

THE Prince of Wales's two sons are somewhat lively. While on a sea voyage recently, the younger was heard to exclaim. "Come, hub, tune up your fiddle and give us 'God save your old grandmother.'"

BELIEVERS in metempsychosis have had their faith refreshed by the recent birth of a child, who upon coming into the world, made a searching scrutiny of his surroundings, and, sinking back in his nurse's arms, remarked: "Thank heaven, at last I have got myself born into a family that is comfortably fixed!"

AN Englishman related yesterday that, being at Naples, while taking tea with his wife a thunderbolt entered the chamber and the poor woman was reduced to dust. "Ah, mon Dieu!" cried one of his auditors. "What did you do—what did you say?" The Englishman, coldly, "I rang and told John to sweep up his mistress."

ELDER SISTER (tired): "Do let's turn back, we are so far from home; the thunderstorms are so frequent, too; and you know how frightened I am of lightning." *Younger Both* (not tired; wants to go further): "Come on, it's fine enough now; you needn't be frightened of lightning, it won't touch you. You're not particularly attractive."

A YOUNG couple in their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert. *She* (archly): "And you don't find it tiresome, dear, all alone with me? You are quite, quite sure that you don't wish to go back to your bachelor life again?" *He* (earnestly): "Quite, my darling; indeed married life is so awfully jolly that, you know, if you were to die to-night, I'd get married again to-morrow."

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.:

I have used your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets for the last three months, and find myself—what shall I say? "*Made new again*" are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope: my immediate death seemed certain. I can never be too thankful to those who recommended your medicines, for I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work. I desire to make this statement in order that those suffering may not despair until they have given your remedies a trial. Yours resp'y, MRS. WM. D. BYCKMAN.

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THACKERAY, during his memorable visit to America, expressed the most unbounded liking for our hotels, though himself the most conservative of Britons. We can scarcely wonder at this when measuring by the standard of the ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, of New York. This great establishment is even better than in Thackeray's day, for it has kept in the van of every modern improvement. Its table, apartments, conveniences, etc., are unsurpassed.

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[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.]

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MANHATTAN BEACH.

VIA GREENPOINT.

Steamer SYLVAN GROVE, from foot of Twenty-third Street, E. R., at 8.45, 9.45, 10.45, and half-hourly to 5.45 P.M. Returning, leave Manhattan Beach at 7.35, 10, 11.05 A.M.; 12.05, 12.30, and every half-hour to 10.35 P.M.

VIA BAY RIDGE.

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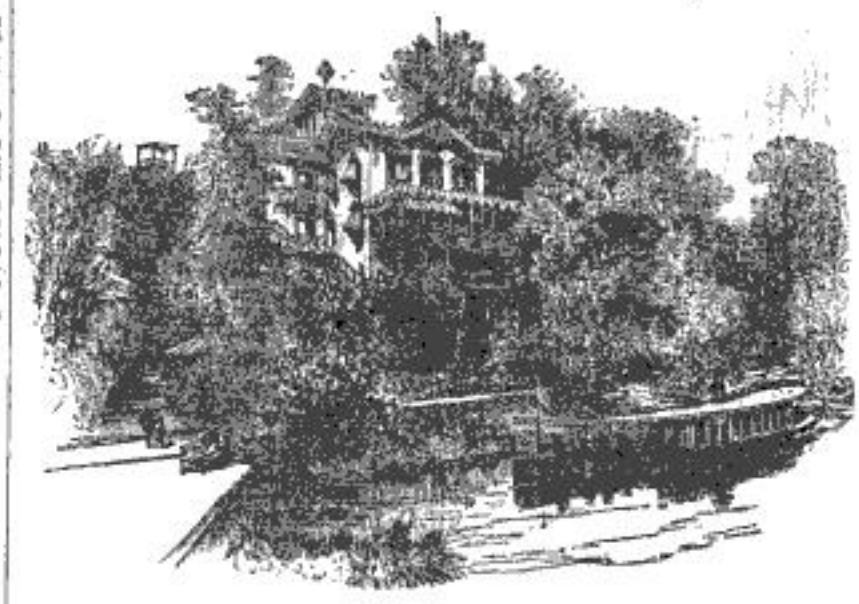
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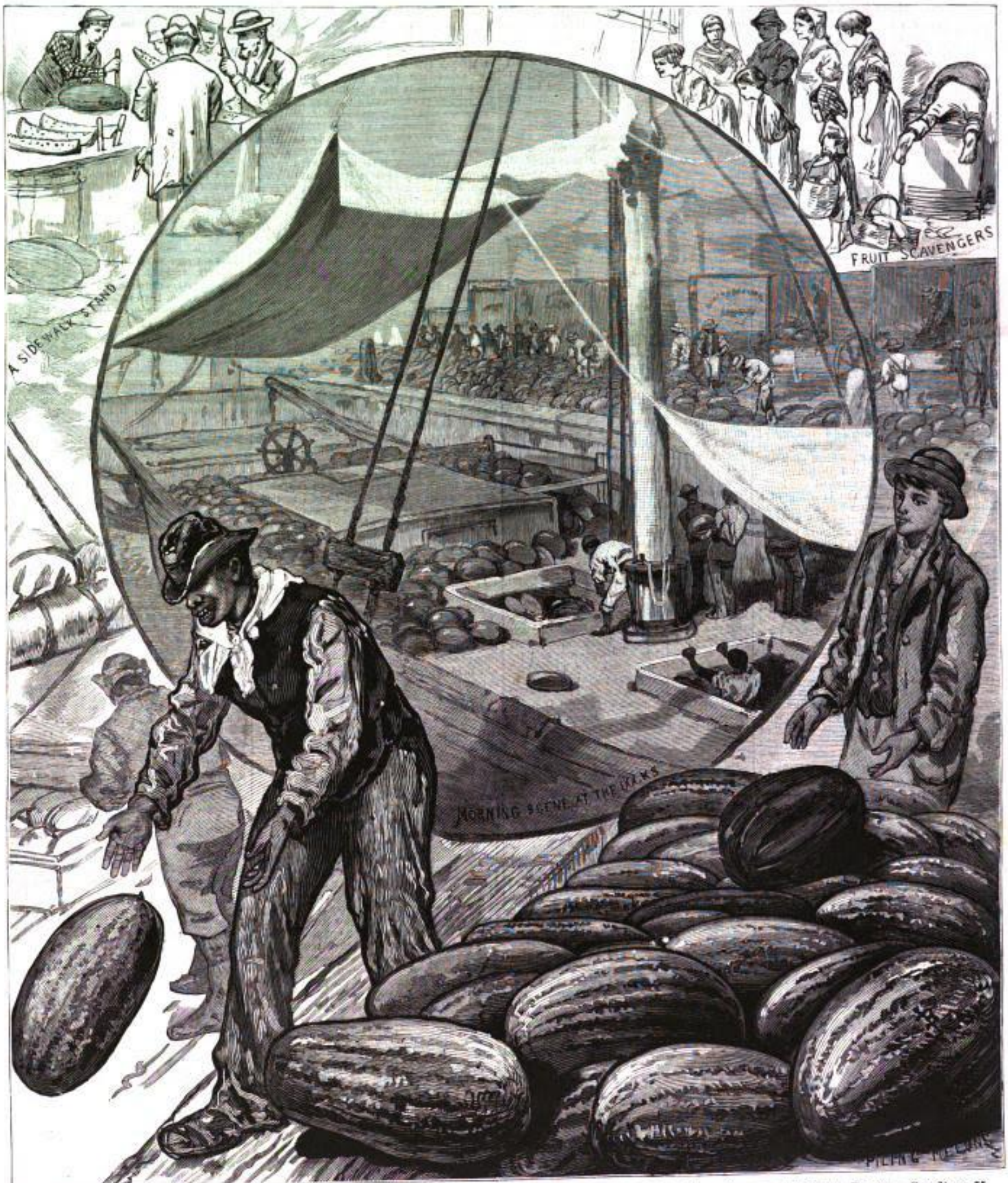
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NEW YORK CITY.—INCIDENTS OF THE WATER-MELON TRADE IN THE METROPOLIS.—From Sketches by Joseph Becker.—See Page 55.

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THE "CIVIL SERVICE" ISSUE.

WE are glad to observe that, among thoughtful men in the ranks of both parties, there is a growing disposition to bring the issue of civil service reform into its rightful prominence among the important problems pending for solution in the proximate future. It is a problem which has nothing attractive to the "strikers" and "workers" in the ranks of either organization. On the contrary, no subject is more repulsive to that considerable class of persons in the country who have come to engage in "politics" as a trade, and who look for a new deal of political benefices at each Presidential election. This species of "low and pimping politics," to use the descriptive phrase of Burke, is nurtured in large degree by the number and multiplicity of offices peculiar to our complex system of government, with its Municipal, State and Federal subdivisions, each of them having an official hierarchy of its own, and each of them offering under existing usages, the emoluments of place as so many prizes of a mercenary ambition. And so it happens that the "office-holding class" forms in the United States a larger proportion of the people than in any other country under the sun, for it is precisely in proportion as the institutions of a Government are subdivided and articulated in the interest of popular freedom that the incumbents of public place must needs be various in grade and large in number. The simplicity of despotic Governments exempts the people from this multiplicity of political stations, but it is at the price of civil liberty.

Since, then, the very genius of our institutions lends itself to the creation of a large "office-holding class" as a necessity of their being, it follows that the relation which this class of persons should hold to the residue of the people is more important in the United States than in any other country. And yet we risk nothing in saying that the greater relative importance of this question to the people of the United States has thus far failed to produce its proper effect on the popular mind, for the simple reason that the control of our politics has, of late years, been largely remitted to the manipulation and management of office holders and office seekers. To expect that office holders should take the lead in a reform of the civil service and its tenure, would be to expect, as the late Thomas Corwin used to say, that the wild ass should bray "when he hath grass," or that the ox should low "over his fodder"; while to expect that office-seekers should moan over the decline of public virtue on *this score* would be as idle a thing as to construct the Ptolemaic system without its *primum mobile*, seeing as we do that the spoils of office are the *primum mobile* of the office-seeker's political activity.

For the ingraftment of this pernicious usage in American politics we are mainly indebted to the Democratic Party under the administration of President Jackson; but it is only just to say that since the advent of "Jacksonism" in our history all parties have, in a greater or less degree, acted upon the despicable principle which General Jackson was the first to establish; and where, as at present constituted, all parties are "tarred with the same stick," it is natural that there should be among the leaders of each an equal antipathy to the movement in favor of civil service reform.

Hence the attempt that was made in the Republican Convention at Chicago to strangle the mere mention of such a thing in the Republican Platform; hence the outspoken utterance of Mr. Flanigan, of Texas: "What are we here for except to get office"; and hence, as if in very irony of civil service reform, the nomination of Mr. Arthur on the heels of his expulsion from office—by a Republican Administration—because of political abuses connected with his administration of the New York Custom House.

And the political outlook from the Democratic Platform is not a whit more encouraging, for that platform limits itself to the simple "promise of such a *change in the administration of the Government* as shall insure a genuine and lasting reform in every department of the public service." It is obvious that "such a change" as is here foreshadowed contemplates nothing more than a mere change in the *personnel* of the Federal office-holders; and, as if to emphasize this view of the matter, Mr. English, the nominee of the Democrats for the Vice-Presidency, has distinctly formulated the doctrine that twenty years is long enough for any party to hold office in the United States, while, in order to show that it is the public offices which he is aiming at, this declaration of his is prefaced by the historical remark that "the perpetuation of property or place in one family or set of men has never been encouraged in this country."

Now, such a "reform" as the Democratic Platform promises, instead of being an alluring one to all sensible people and to the business public of the country, is really a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense in the path of the Democratic candidates. A "clean sweep" in the incumbents of subordinate place in the departments at Washington would throw the public business into inextricable confusion, and this confusion would react in a thousand ways on the private business of the country. Indeed it is safe to say, when the intricacy and complexity of the mere routine business of these departments are considered, that it would be impossible to carry on the Government without the aid of the training and experience acquired by long and faithful service in the details of the public administration. But as if to shock the business sentiment of the country, and to drive it from the support of the Democratic candidates, we hear it intimated on all hands, as the palmary argument of the Democrats in the present canvass, that there must a change in the *personnel* of the Federal administration in all parts of the land, and in all departments of the public service, that alleged abuses may be brought to light and corrected. Yet what "abuse" could be so demoralizing as such a wholesale redistribution of the "public plunder."

At present it is only a small class of *doctrinaires* who are deeply interested in a reform of the public service. Democratic and Republican managers are equally averse to it, for even as we write the Republican managers are addressing their "circulars" to office-holders of every class and grade calling upon them for "voluntary contributions" to the support of the Republican campaign, when there is not only no more reason why they should be called on than other citizens, but when there are obvious reasons of public morality and public decency why they, of all men, should stand furthest aloof from such a huckstering of the public patronage. The paid officials of the Government are not paid to perpetuate the power of the party by which they thrive, and they are not paid with the public money that, by throwing a part of it in the political scales, they may make it more difficult for the unofficial public to change the political policy and control of the Government. In a word, the subordinate offices of the Government are mere posts of public service, and neither private nor political perquisites. As such, it is equally an abuse for the Democrats to covet them as the spoils of war, and for Republicans to use them as a permanent base of supplies from which to draw commissary and quartermaster's stores in carrying on their campaign. Yet it is between such abuses that the people are doomed to make their dubious choice in the present aspects of the case.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

THE result of the Vermont election is significant as indicating the drift of the tide in politics. The Republican majorities given at the September State elections in Presidential years since 1860 have been: 20,230 in 1860, 18,977 in 1864, 27,326 in 1868, 25,333 in 1872, and 23,672 in 1876. The majority in the election of last week was 25,200, and the plurality about 26,300. Thus the majorities of recent years are not only maintained but actually increased, and the fact must be accepted as conclusive that there is no such popular dissatisfaction as has been alleged with the policy and methods of the now dominant party. It is, indeed, every day becoming more and more apparent that, while the struggle now in progress has in the main adjusted itself to the old political issues and involves a square trial of strength between the two great parties, there is a large class of sober, independent voters whose support, otherwise assured, has been alienated from the Democracy by the party record on the financial and cognate questions. Capitalists and business men are unwilling to put in hazard everything that has been gained by the policy of resumption, and workingmen, in the enjoyment of good wages, are reluctant to promote a change of administration which may involve positively calamitous results to all their interests. It is this consideration which, more than anything else, has determined the result in Vermont, and will largely influence the result in other States. Whether it will be sufficiently powerful to overcome the obvious advantage which the Democracy possess in a practically solid Southern vote in the Electoral College we do not pretend to foresee or predict. But it is plain that the confident expectations of an easy victory which that party for a time entertained are not likely to be realized; its triumph, if won at all, must be won by the sturdiest of fighting and the closest possible attention to essential details every moment of the time from this hour forward to the close of the polls in November.

The total vote in Vermont reached 70,000, the largest ever cast, and of this the Republican percentage is 68, as against 64 two years ago. The Greenback element appears to have practically disappeared, less than 1,400 votes having been given to the party candidate for Governor. The complexion of the next Legislature will be more strongly Republican than for a long time, being composed of 192 Republicans, 15 Democrats and 1 Greenbacker.

A QUESTION OF MANNERS AND MORALS.

AMONG the belligerents who have entered the lists against our public school system is Mr. Richard Grant White. He attacks it vigorously, too, and says that those who have obtained their quota of dangerous learning at that fountain of knowledge are ignorant, slovenly, heedless, headstrong, self-conceited, disrespectful, and, on the whole, inferior in principle, in faithfulness and even in manners, to children who have been merely taught to read and write, to fear God and to honor their parents. This is a very bad character to give to our American youth.

To those who remember Mr. White's recent attack on grammar, it will not seem strange that he should seek to follow up his assault by a supplementary battle with grammar schools. Who sooner than he would be looked upon as their natural enemy? It grieves him, in walking through the streets, to see inscribed over the doors of so many humble temples of learning the familiar device, "Grammar School, No. 599," or upwards, and he would like to see those inscriptions removed. Are not the public schools the principal depositories of the offending parts of speech? Abolish those institutions and every child could be taught to speak in the vernacular of the dock-rats, and we should have no more clothing of our mother English in corsets and long trains. Vigorous liberty would soon take the place of effeminate slavery to the fashions of language, and the most euphonious slang could be turned as trippingly on the tongue as a Sunday-school lesson. The burden of proof against the existence of substantives, pronouns and conjunctions would then no longer rest on the ingenuity of the distinguished *littérateur*, and he would be at liberty to introduce his vernacular *genius* into the well-furnished parlors of English or American syntax.

But, while it is reasonable to suspect that the opposition of Mr. White to our public schools is due, privately, to his instinctive aversion to grammar, he places his public objections upon different grounds. They are not, in his opinion, good training-schools for servants. They fail to develop properly the functions necessary for chambermaids, coachmen, coal-heavers and others of the riffraff, who are expected to doff their hats and "stand at attention" while literary people, in the fine frenzy of their æsthetic meditations, are passing by with stately tread. These schools are the enemies of caste. They are absolutely unfitting the youth of America for subordinate positions; they are filling them with absurd and romantic notions about respectability, independence and self-reliance, and giving them habits of thought which threaten the ruin of destructible but time-honored theories. Grave, indeed, are such charges as these, and sad would be the outcome if they could only be sustained.

But these aspersions are not new. They have been heard before now from various sources, and next to the supposed criminal tendencies of public school education, they form the staple of the objections of all those who are opposed to our popular system. They come from the complacent housewife, herself too ignorant sometimes to be respected for her accomplishments, and they have been echoed, in other terms, from the pulpit and the rostrum. Even the tax-payers—unhappy mortals!—have been known to button up their pockets and deplore the injury that education is working the rising generation of America. Unhappy youth! Distracted country! The decline of American manners is, indeed, one of the marvels of the nineteenth century.

But Mr. White does not rest his objections to the public schools solely on the point of etiquette and servile training. He, too, touches lightly upon the criminal phase of the question; but he does it with that contempt for figures which might be expected in a gentleman of his æsthetic culture. He thinks that a very large proportion of our native criminals have been educated in the public schools. He thinks so; and he thinks, further, that it would cause a painful surprise if we only knew the exact proportion. But, before giving expression to his thoughts on the subject, would it not have been better to have learned just what the exact proportion is? That is always the proper way to form opinions founded on figures. No dealer in statistics who confesses in advance that his knowledge does not entitle him to any opinion can expect much consideration from thoughtful people. But even if the suspicions of Mr. White were true, what then? Every man knows that almost nine-tenths of native citizens in the United States have passed at least some portion of their lives in the public schools, and it would be hard to tell where we are to secure our stock of criminals if we did not occasionally send a public school graduate to the penitentiary. Those who have been taught nothing but to fear God and honor their parents would scarcely be equal to the demand.

Have those who are continually harping on the immoralities of our public school system no recollection of the events of a quarter of a century? Can they not recall the time when our mob-ruled cities were at the mercy of gangs of shoulder-hitters, who, acting under the prerogatives of the revolver, the bludgeon, and the brickbat, ruled in many localities as absolutely as the Czar of Russia? Those were the halcyon days when our public school system was in its infancy and before it had begun to exert its influence over the rising generation. We have surely made some progress since then. A nation that can govern without an army, and over a portion of its territory which contains three-fourths of its population almost without a police, is scarcely the nation to be charged with immoral methods in training its youth. But what is the use of national progress and reform if you cannot have properly trained servants? The public school system which does not teach docility in the kitchen is to be condemned.

We shall have occasion to be thankful for the labors of all those elegant and immaculate people whose heads are full of theories, and who never take the trouble of looking for facts. Their opposition to our public schools can scarcely fail to produce a reaction which will tend to increase their efficiency. Let the curriculum of the schools be amended if necessary, but it is quite time to abandon the discussion of morals and manners.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

AMONG the many encouraging signs of the times must be reckoned the vast change displayed by our politicians in their conduct of the Presidential campaign. It can no longer be said, as it was only ten years ago by the London *Times*, that, judging from the American Press, "whenever the model Republic of the world wanted a President, they chose the greatest criminal of their time."

Dickens has burlesqued this common practice of abusing political opponents in one of his raciest sketches, in which a candidate, who appeals to the sympathies of the public by announcing that he has a wife and six small children, is driven out of the field by his rival, who declares that he has two wives and twelve smaller children.

Our older readers will remember how Zach. Taylor, the rough-and-ready of our military history, since his enemies could find no flaw in his moral character, was attacked for his want of scholarship and polite accomplishments, and recommended to attend a course of primary education before he wrote his Inaugural. It was at this time that some facetious wag invented the story of "Nuff sed" and "O. K." for "all correct," fictions, which are now received by many as genuine facts. Nor will they forget how Franklin Pierce, who led his regiment bravely in Mexico, was accused of hiding in a ditch. Even that gallant old hero of two generations, Winfield Scott, was satirized for his "hasty plate of soup," and for his "Fuss and Feathers." Even his inadvertent compliment to "the rich Irish brogue and the sweet German accent" was mercilessly ridiculed.

Those whose recollections carry them back to the gubernatorial contest when William L. Marcy was a candidate must remember the attacks made upon that able statesman for the "fifty-cent patch," which he innocently charged in his military account. This, however, had its consolation, since a whole village of Irishmen in Cayuga County voted for him on that very account, conceiving, with true Hibernian logic, that the "patch" so ingloriously regarded by the American Press was a real potato patch, and consequently that the partisan comment upon it was a deliberate insult to "ould Ireland." Our readers will doubtless remember, too, the gentle and considerate remarks made by some members of the American Press on James Buchanan, whose peculiarity of neck, which was really occasioned by a neuralgic contraction of the muscles, was said by his libelers to be the result of an abortive attempt to cut his throat in a fit of despondency caused by an unsuccessful love affair.

We pass over the anti-Grant vituperations, and also the slanders heaped upon that martyr to his country, Abraham Lincoln. We merely allude to the subject in order to show the

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great improvement in partisan manners, and to express the hope that there may never be a return of the scandalous and defamatory practices of former days.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE English Parliament has at last been prorogued, and one of the stormiest sessions ever known has come to an end. It cannot be said that its results have been adequate to the promises of the Liberal Party. This is due to two principal causes. The obstructive policy of the Irish members in the House of Commons has on several occasions delayed public business, and the action of the House of Lords in rejecting certain Bills passed by the Commons has rendered much of the work of the Lower Chamber fruitless. It was supposed, when the Liberals came into power, that immediate steps would be taken to counteract, as far as possible, the effects of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. Except in a few instances, this has not been the case. In South Africa, where the recall of Sir Bartle Frere was loudly clamored for by the Liberals while the Conservatives were in power, no change was made for many months, and it was not until he had entirely completed the policy which was so severely condemned by the Liberals that Mr. Gladstone consented to recall Sir Bartle. In Afghanistan Lord Beaconsfield's scientific frontier was abandoned, and the weakness of the policy of the Government in vacating Northern Afghanistan brought on a state of affairs which came to a climax in the defeat of General Burrows. His utter rout has since been amply avenged by the magnificent victory of General Roberts over Ayoob Khan in the hills surrounding Candahar, but the stigma which attaches to the cowardly flight of the troops under General Burrows can never be removed. The rulings of the Berlin Congress had been neglected when Mr. Gladstone came into power, and Turkey had been especially behind-hand in carrying out the decisions of the Congress in regard to Montenegro, Albania and the Greek frontier. The efforts of the new Administration to compel the performance of these decisions and those of the Supplementary Conference have so far been without success, and now, by way of menace, a grand naval parade has been arranged along the coast of Albania. In this demonstration the ships of England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia are to take part; but as it is resolved that no men are to be landed and that the bombardment of Dulcigno is to be the only active demonstration, it is most unlikely that anything practical will be done.

In their home policy the Liberal Government have been even more unfortunate. Their Irish Secretary, Mr. Foster, introduced a Bill which gave a tenant compensation in case he was evicted by his landlord, and thus so seriously interfered with the rights of property that many Liberal members of Parliament voted against the Bill. Another Bill which related to the registration of voters in Ireland was foolishly thrown out by the House of Lords, and its rejection has caused a shout of indignation against the "hereditary legislators." Mr. Parnell, the Irish agitator, attempted to abolish the constabulary in Ireland, but signally failed in his attempt, and the disgraceful scenes which occurred in reference to Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. O'Donnell form by no means a pleasing innovation in the old practice of the House. The only Bills of any importance which the Government succeeded in getting enacted were the Burials, the Hares and Rabbits and the Employers' Liability Acts. As, however, these Bills were all more or less mangled in the House of Lords, the results of the session have been very meagre.

The Autumn manœuvres of the German troops have attracted a good deal of attention this year on account of the recent hostile tone of the German Press, referring to Gambetta's speech at Cherbourg. There is a large number of foreign generals and princes present, and the principal nations have sent their official representatives. Concerts, reviews and other military spectacles are the order of the day, and the Emperor takes an active part in the display. The neighborhood of Berlin presents a very military aspect, as the soldiers are billeted upon the surrounding villages. Sir Garnet Wolseley of South African fame represents England and France; Russia and Austria have generals of equal note present to observe the efficiency of the German soldiery and the manner in which they are handled by their officers.

Roumania, Bulgaria and Armenia are once more attracting attention. Baron Haymerle, the Austrian Premier, has been visiting Prince Bismarck, and a report has gained some credence that an alliance between Roumania, Austria and Germany is likely to be made. Roumania, according to this story, is to be raised to the rank of a kingdom, the integrity of which is to be guaranteed by Germany and Austria. By this means Russia will be shut off from the Balkan peninsula by land. At the same time it is rumored that Bulgaria will declare her independence in October. Russia, however, is said to be opposed to such an immediate reopening of the Eastern question as must follow upon an agitation for a free Bulgaria. The leaders of the Pan-Bulgarian and Pan-Servian movements have elaborated a treaty of offense and defense between Bulgaria and Servia, and they propose demanding the assent of the two reigning princes to the draft. Montenegro is to be invited to join the alliance, and Macedonia and Bosnia are to be swallowed up after a time. Meantime the disturbances in Armenia threaten to produce a rebellion, and the Moslems ill treat the Christians more and more every day. The Kurds have attacked several villages, murdering the Christians, and in many instances the survivors are emigrating. The Russians are actively supporting the Armenians, and the Russian Consul at Van has given ten great rural banquets, to which more than two thousand Armenians have been invited.

There has been nothing new in the position of the French Government towards the Church. The latter, however, has not been inactive, and, from several places throughout France, come reports of wonderful miracles. Lourdes is the principal haunt of pilgrims at present, and every train arriving there brings its quota of sick and apparently dying persons to the grotto where the cures are effected. There is a great deal of jealousy between the supporters of the different holy places, and the praises of each are loudly sung by the priests and other interested persons.

THE general revival of business prosperity is clearly attested by the increase of internal revenue receipts. Thus the receipts for July last were $373,906 greater than during July of last year. Of this increase, almost the entire amount was upon luxuries, the use of which has been augmented by the return of "good times."

IT is announced that if the Mormon immigrants who are now on their way to this country shall attempt to practice polygamy in Utah, they will be prosecuted by the Government, having received warning by the circular sent abroad by Secretary Evarts that such practice is unlawful. This is all very well; but why not proceed also against the Mormons in Utah who already, and have for years, defied the law?

PRESIDENT HAYES's veto of the Bill to put a stop to Chinese immigration does not seem to have diminished the warmth of his reception by the people of San Francisco. The citizens of the Pacific metropolis are distinguished for their graces of hospitality, and, being of a very positive way of thinking themselves, they seldom fail to recognize the same independence of opinion in others. The President will spend a fortnight on the Pacific coast.

MR. MAPLESON is actively preparing for his next opera campaign in this city. He recently signed a contract with Christine Nilsson, but her husband being ill, she will not be able to carry out her engagement. Mr. Mapleson will now go to Italy to engage Mariani, the great dramatic prima donna, and to buy the opera of "Gioconda." He has engaged Novara, one of the best European bassi, and will produce three novelties, "Mefistofele," "Gioconda" and "Rienzi."

GREAT efforts are making by the Democratic National Committee to bring about a coalition of the two wings of the party in Virginia on a single electoral ticket. It is understood that a conference of the leaders of the contending factions will shortly be held, and it is believed that an agreement will be arrived at which will save the State to Hancock and English. This agreement, however, from present appearances, will involve an unconditional surrender of the wing opposed to General Mahone and the Readjusters.

JOURNALISTIC enterprise in Cuba appears to be prosecuted under difficulties. None of the Havana papers were permitted to mention the report of the loss of the *City of Vera Cruz*, and one paper which defied the prohibition to the extent of barely announcing the event was fined $500. A telegram sent from Havana to this city indicating the loss of the vessel was held by the authorities for two days, on the pretense that it would be better to wait for fuller particulars. This sort of thing would very soon come to an end in this more northern latitude.

IT is gratifying to learn that the conflicting interests in connection with the World's Fair to be held in this city in 1883 have been harmonized. Until this result was reached, all efforts to make the enterprise what it should be were necessarily doomed to partial failure. It is reported that a private understanding has been arrived at that the site will be fixed at Morningside Park, between One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, on the west side, and that a number of capitalists have promised to provide all necessary funds to start the scheme. The books of subscription for the required $1,000,000 to begin with will be opened this week.

THERE is a good deal of genuine practical sympathy with æsthetic culture among the citizens of Cincinnati. They have already their musical college and other institutions for the elevation of the popular taste, and now Mr. C. W. West, a wealthy resident, has offered $150,000 for the establishment of an art museum, on condition that other citizens shall subscribe a like amount in addition. A canvass among a few of the leading business men shows that no difficulty will be experienced in speedily raising the amount necessary, and the question of a site for the institution is already being discussed. A fair nucleus for an art collection has been formed by the labors of the Art Museum Association, composed of leading ladies. The contribution of Mr. West makes over $1,000,000 given in a few years by citizens of Cincinnati for public purposes, mainly in the direction of the development of art.

THE enormous exportation of gold to the United States continues to engross attention in European money circles. In Germany, notwithstanding the effort made to arrest its outflow from that country by raising the rate of discount, the limited payment of gold to certain centres of disbursement and the slowness with which it is counted out in single pieces, the exportation is assuming alarming proportions. During last week over $3,000,000 in gold was shipped from Germany, France and England. The sum of $1,248,500 was brought by the steamer *Main* which arrived here September 10th, and all the indications favor a continuance of this influx of gold coin.

THE new code of Mississippi, which goes into effect on the 1st of November next, makes some radical changes as to the rights of married women. One section totally abrogates the common law as to the disabilities of married women, and its effect on the rights of property of the wife. "Marriage shall not be held to impose any disability or incapacity on a woman as to the ownership, acquisition, or disposition of property of any sort, or as to her capacity to make contracts, and do all acts in reference to property which she could lawfully do if she was not married." Husband and wife may sue each other, and dower and courtesy, as heretofore known, are abolished. Husband and wife inherit from each other all their respective property if there be no children, and each a child's part if there be children or the descendants of children. They may dissent from each other's wills, and take each other's estate according to law. The most advanced advocates of women's rights could scarcely demand more than is here conferred.

SEVERAL of the influential organs of Democratic opinion at the South are speaking out against the two-thirds rule as an egregious folly. The Louisville *Journal* says of it that, "born to serve an infamous purpose, it has cost the Democratic Party two and perhaps three Presidential elections, and to it directly may be traced the immediate cause of the sectional war." The Mobile *Register* says the rule should be abandoned, and adds: "If there is a clear majority for a candidate of good moral character and of acknowledged ability and of unquestioned fealty to the Democratic Party, a factious minority should not be permitted to destroy him in the interest of some unknown and untried man who may prove to be unworthy of the trust." These protests would have been more timely before the Cincinnati Convention, but their justice and force, whenever made, are too apparent to admit of argument.

A TERRIBLE colliery explosion occurred at Seaham, County of Durham, England, on the 8th instant, by which 150 men lost their lives. The shock of the explosion was so great that two shafts which were half a mile a part were closed, cutting off communication with the men in the lower pit. Some statistics on this subject of casualties in coal mining, presented in a paper read by Mr. Joseph D. Weeks before the Social Science Association at Saratoga last week, have a peculiar interest in connection with this disaster. From 1850 to 1879 the total casualties in Great Britain were 20,457. In Pennsylvania one man was lost for each 84,000 tons of coal raised in the anthracite region in 1869, and in 1879 one for 105,700, a much greater mortality than in England, notwithstanding the greater danger of explosions and inundations in the latter country. In Ohio the figures, confessedly imperfect, give one death to 142,253 tons of coal raised in 1874, and in 1878 one death to 255,000 tons raised. While some accidents are unavoidable, there is no doubt that a great majority of explosions come from the carelessness of miners, who do not hesitate to open a safety-lamp surrounded by fire-damp to light a pipe. The peril from the falling of roofing and slate is greater, however, than any other, being about 40 per cent. of the total; and of these the public hears the least because they are so common. These are too often the result of forgetfulness, rashness or neglect. Experience seems to show that employés are more at fault than employers. In fact, carelessness and neglect are common among miners to a degree which seems scarcely possible.

THE underground railway project has been revived, a company has been formed, and it is said that work will soon be commenced on a tunnel which is to extend from the Battery to Central Park. The plans contemplate single-track tunnels, each 15 feet high and 12 feet 6 inches wide, with a brick wall between them, running side by side. They will be directly under Broadway, except at the Post-office, where an eastern curve will be made to avoid the Beach tunnel excavated some years ago; but beyond that again taking the middle of the street. The roads will be a little under the water-pipes, and will reach nearly to the curbs on both sides. The tunnels will be partly arched and partly supported by beams; at the stations beam-tunnels will be built. It is proposed to begin the work at the up-town end of Madison Avenue this Fall, and not to enter Broadway until next Spring. The stations will be reached through buildings at street corners. At the Battery, City Hall, Union Square, Madison Square and other points, handsome surface buildings will be erected. The platform under ground will be 450 feet long by 14 feet wide. Trains of ten cars can be run, it is claimed, at a speed of twenty-five miles, with accommodation for 1,000 passengers. Trains will be started every three minutes. The uniform fare will be five cents. It is among the prospects of the future with this company to extend its road to Harlem either by tunneling or connecting with the tracks of the Harlem road in Fourth Avenue. It is said that all the money needed for the work can be secured without difficulty. It is estimated that the cost will be about $2,000,000 per mile. In this estimated cost is included all damages to private property and to the city.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MOUNT BAKER, in Washington Territory, is reported in a state of eruption.

MR. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS died at Saratoga last week from a stroke of apoplexy.

MAYOR COOPER has vetoed the ordinance for the capture of cats found running at large in this city.

THE Massachusetts Prohibitionists have nominated Charles Almy for Governor, with a full State ticket.

THE Democratic officers of election in this city have been equally and amicably divided between Irving Hall and Tammany Hall.

PRESIDENT FRANCIS WAYLAND, of Yale College, was elected President by the Social Science Association, in session at Saratoga last week.

A SCHOOL meeting at the city of Manistee, Mich., has by 60 majority ordered the discontinuance of the reading of the Bible in the schools.

THE Passion Play, a theatrical representation of the last days of Jesus Christ on earth, will be produced at Booth's Theatre on December 6th.

VICTORIA'S band of Indians are causing great trouble on the Rio Grande. They recently attacked and robbed a mail-coach and killed three men.

EX-SENATOR WILLIAM H. BARNUM, of Lime Rock, Conn., has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of his district, but declines to accept.

THE New Hampshire Republicans have nominated Mr. Charles H. Bell for Governor. The Georgia Republicans have decided not to nominate a State ticket.

SIX survivors of the wreck of the *City of Vera Cruz* arrived in this city last week, and there are rumors of the escape of fourteen more of the passengers on that steamer.

THE Egyptian obelisk was removed from the hull of the steamer *Dessoug*, at Staten Island, last week, and will be floated on pontoons to Ninety-sixth Street, in this city.

A WONDERFUL discovery of native gold is reported to have been made in Cachetopa Creek, Col.; 4,000 people rushed to the locality within forty-eight hours after the first announcement.

"DR." BUCHANAN, the notorious Philadelphia "bogus diploma" peddler, who pretended to commit suicide a short time ago in order to escape the law, was arrested at St. Clair, Mich., September 10th.

PRESIDENT HAYES held a Cabinet meeting last week on the train which carried him to San Francisco, at which General Miles at Fort Keogh, Dakota, was ordered to send the peaceful Sioux further south to a reservation.

IT is announced that the revision of the army regulations, which has just been completed by a board of Army officers, neither enlarges the powers of the General of the Army nor curtails the jurisdiction of the Secretary of War.

THE Anchor Line steamship *Anglia*, which sailed from Boston on September 2d, was run into by an iron bark on the 6th, off Newfoundland. There were no passengers on board. The crew escaped, but the steamer and cargo were lost.

MR. DESIRE CHARNAY, in charge of the Lorillard expedition in Mexico, writes that he has unearthed a grand Toltec mansion of twenty-five rooms, with numerous corridors, grand colonnes and stairways. He describes it as "a veritable marvel of its kind."

THE Board of State Assessors has added $125,000,000 to the assessed valuation of real estate in New York County, making the total equalized value of real estate in the county $1,043,413,350, and the total value of real and personal property $1,219,349,285.

TWO HUNDRED more Sioux Indians have surrendered at Fort Keogh. The general opinion at headquarters is that the remainder of the Indians, being tired of roaming about and fighting, will soon surrender, and that Sitting Bull will find himself without any following.

THE Republicans carried the city of Wilmington, Delaware, at the municipal election last week, gaining four wards. The Arkansas election last week resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket by a majority of over 50,000. The repudiating amendment to the State Constitution was adopted.

THE Winter wheat crop of Illinois for 1880 is reported at 53,365,000 bushels, the whole value of the crop being estimated at $44,457,002. This crop is unequaled in the State's history. There will be over 46,000,000 bushels to be shipped, after taking out all necessary for consumption and seed. The total yield in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin and Dakota Territory, as reckoned on the basis of the returns received, is 147,731,000 bushels of Spring wheat against 126,466,000 last year.

Foreign.

THE Greek Army is being recruited at the rate of 600 a day.

THE destruction of property by the recent earthquakes at Manila is estimated at $6,000,000.

THE disturbances throughout Armenia are threatening to assume the proportions of an insurrection.

THE French Government will at once execute the Jesuit decrees, ignoring any proceedings in the courts.

THE British Parliament was prorogued September 7th by royal commission, with the usual speech from the throne.

BY a violent lightning-storm in Paris on Wednesday last, a few stones were dislodged from the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the ruins of the Palais des Thermes.

THE latest reports from South America say that the war between Chili and Peru is beginning to drag. Chili is discussing means for raising money to support her army.

THE death is announced of M. Jules Nicolet, the eminent French lawyer, at the age of sixty one. He had been retained as the leading counsel for the Jesuits in their actions against the Government in the courts.

THE story is denied that Russia sought an alliance with France against Germany, and it is said to be mere idle gossip that, because he had discovered a plot of a like kind, Gambetta composed the downfall of Waddington.

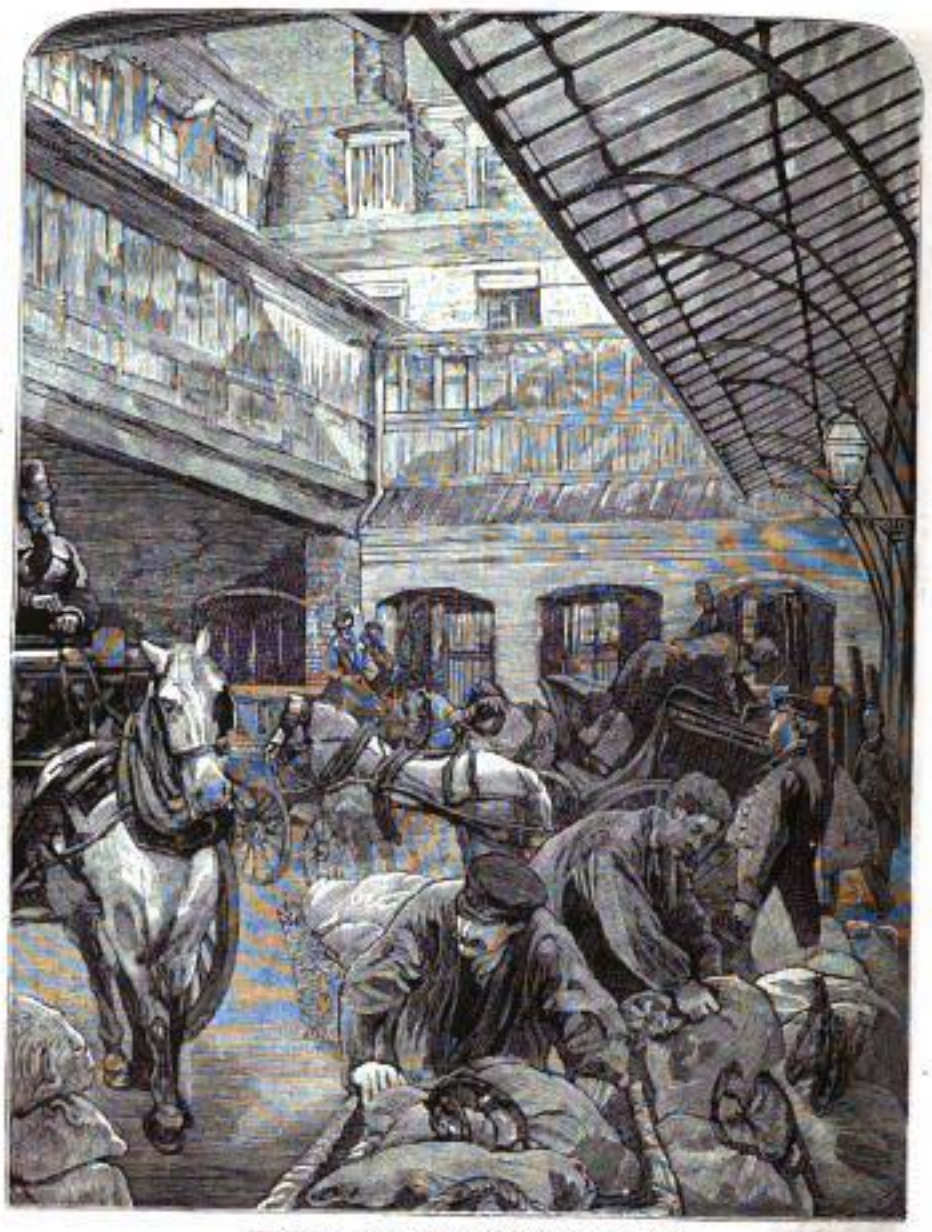
THE village of Upton and the surrounding country, in the Province of Quebec, has been devastated by extensive forest fires, destroying the standing and harvested crops in an area of thirty by twenty-five miles and burning some of the farmers to death. The damage is about $300,000, and 100 families are left homeless.

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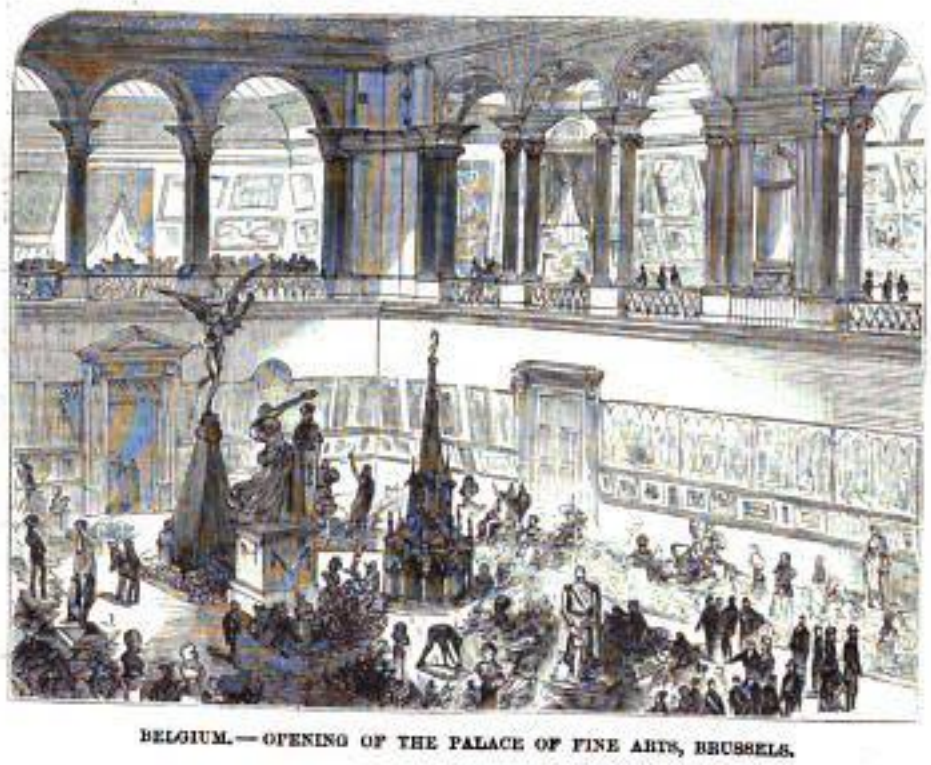
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



BELGIUM.—THE MEMORIAL ARCH OF TRIUMPH AT BRUSSELS.



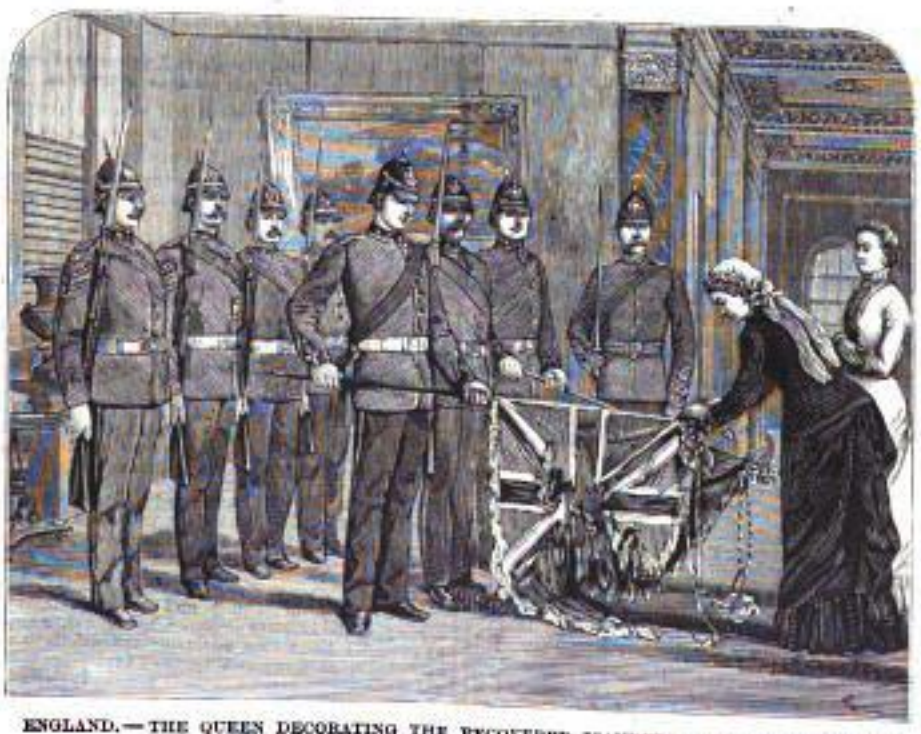
FRANCE.—THE NEW POST OFFICE, PARIS.



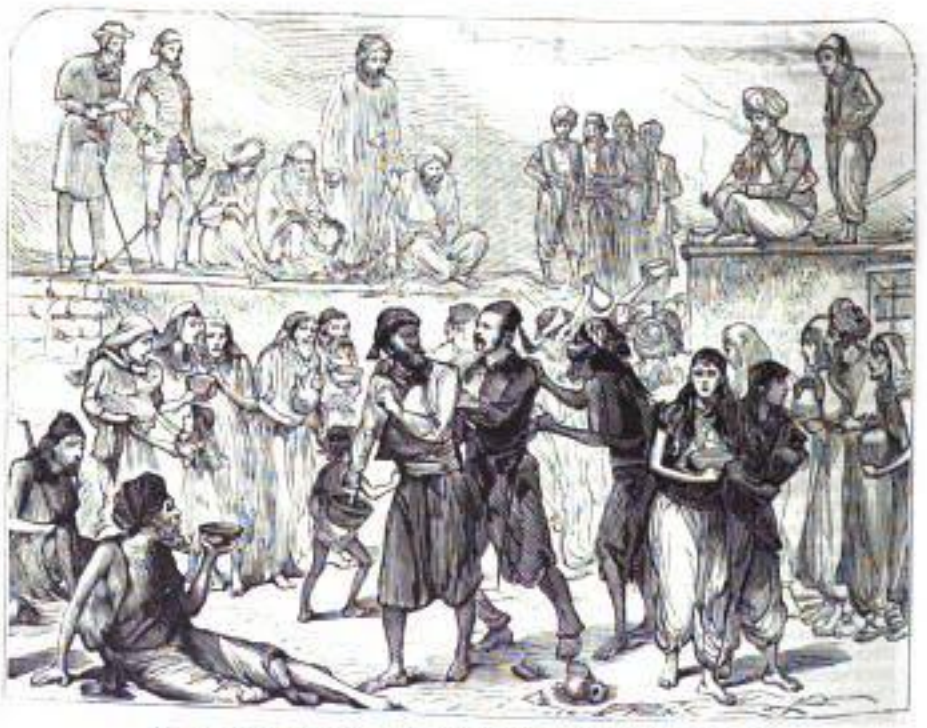
BELGIUM.—OPENING OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS, BRUSSELS.



SWEDEN.—EXHIBITION OF THE "VEGA'S" COLLECTION AT STOCKHOLM.

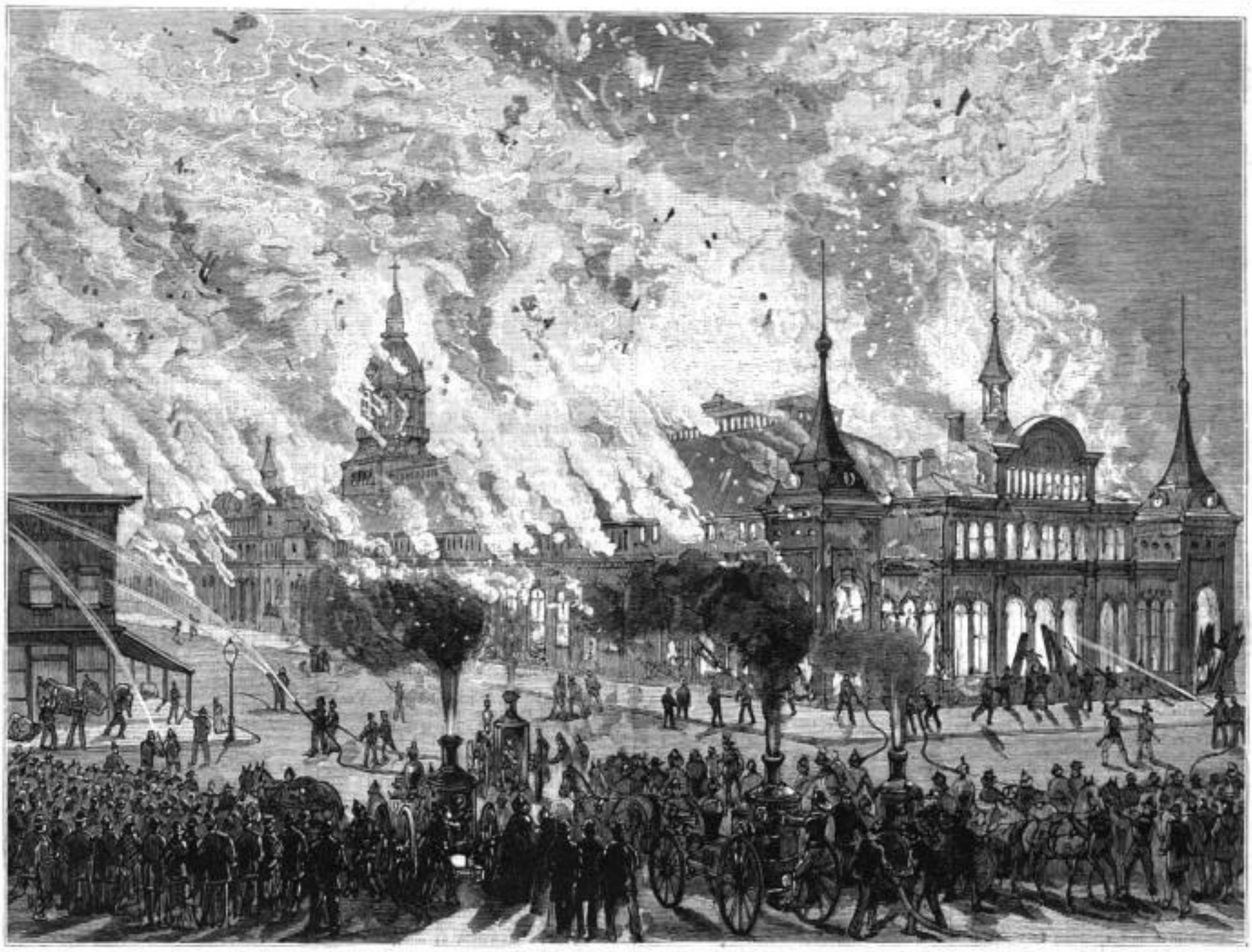


ENGLAND.—THE QUEEN DECORATING THE RECOVERED ISANDULA COLORS AT OSBORNE.



ASIA.—THE FAMINE-RELIEF KITCHEN AT BITLIS, KURDISTAN.

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NEW YORK CITY.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE MANHATTAN MARKET BUILDING, ON SEPTEMBER 8TH.—SEE PAGE 55.



JAMAICA.—THE CYCLONE OF JULY 18TH.—APPEARANCE OF THE WHARVES AT KINGSTON THE DAY AFTER THE STORM.—FROM A PHOTO. BY J. S. THOMPSON.—SEE PAGE 55.

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BERRY'S DELUSION.

IT was dreary enough out-of-doors, to be sure! Berry sat listlessly at the window and watched the slow fog creep up the valley like a living thing. The mountains were blotted out for the time. "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help." As these words echoed vaguely through her tired brain, Berry lifted the eyes heavy with weeping towards the long range of mountains and saw nothing but clouds—nothing but clouds! Would there ever be any sunshine or gladness, or light or bloom, in her world any more? The one who had cared for her, who had rescued her, a little stray waif of humanity floating about unloved, uncherished, untaught, and had taken her to his heart and home as if she were his own child, lay in the state-room down-stairs, dead.

She could scarcely believe it even yet, although for three days she had seen over and over again a horrible vision of the old man, white and rigid, borne in by strangers as he had been brought to her on that dreadful night. For three days the house had been hushed with that awful stillness that death brings. Only to-day there was a little bustle, and Berry sat there in her black dress waiting for the funeral. Berry hated to hear the steps hurrying up and down the stairs. It seemed as if the machinery of the house should stop, now its master was gone! She was glad the day was sombre and full of clouds. How could she bear the gairish sunshine again or a bright, happy-looking world?

The door opened suddenly and a servant looked in.

"If you please, miss, it's Mrs. Lonsdale and Miss Lonsdale as is wantin' to see you at wunst."

Berry hesitated. It was very hard for her just then to go down to these people, although they were the sister and niece of her benefactor, old Mr. Compton. But, indeed, he had never got along with them very peaceably himself, and their jealousy of Berry had cropped out so evidently that it had been some time since the young girl had seen them at all. But she knew their feelings towards her, and it seemed as if they had come to triumph over her forlorn state.

She cast a glance in the mirror as she passed and smoothed her hair a little, but the dusky rings curled low upon her forehead, and the waving mass was simply tied back with a black ribbon. It was a very young, pathetic, tired face that met her glance, with large, soft brown eyes where golden lights were sleeping, and the mouth had lines of pain about it now; but it was a very pretty face for all that, full of changing color and dimples in happier times. She slipped down-stairs now like a shadow, past the room with quickening pulses where if lay—once her guardian, her friend—and stood in a few moments facing a tall grenadier of a woman in rustling black silk, who bowed only as they met.

Mrs. Lonsdale was a stiff, angular woman, with iron gray curls, very sharp gray eyes, and thin, compressed lips. She prided herself on having no nonsense about her and telling plain truths. Her plain truths were, of course, the most disagreeable things she could find to say.

Her daughter, Medora, was diametrically opposite to her mother in every respect. She was *petite*, she was blonde, with a simpering smile and curls like a wax doll's. She was full of child-like simplicity and kittenish playfulness generally, but as that did not suit the present occasion and she did not understand any other style of deportment, she sat now with an inane expression on her face, and raised her handkerchief now and then to her eyes.

"I sent for you," exclaimed Mrs. Lonsdale, in the tone of a judge addressing a prisoner at the bar, "because I do not choose to trust servants' tales, and I want to know something about my poor, dear brother's last moments."

"There is very little to tell," Berry said, with a dry sob. "He went away in the morning well, as I thought; he was brought back at night—dead."

"Of course you had help at once—doctors to see him?"

"Yes, yes; but it was too late, too late!" answered the young girl. "They said it was disease of the heart."

"Very strange—very strange!" said the lady, staring into Berry's face, as if she saw through any little subterfuge and couldn't be bluffed off by it in any way. "None of our family have been troubled in any way with the heart; they have never been conscious of having such an organ as a heart. But I know my brother has been suffering lately from the unnatural estrangement between us. Whose fault that is I leave to you to imagine! I dare say it has preyed upon his mind. I've no doubt, Medora darling, he has been pining for us, and did not dare——"

Berry opened her eyes and drew herself up with a proud gesture.

"There was no reason why he should not have had you here if he had liked. My dear guardian! Who was there to control him?"

"Oh, we all know how you had twined yourself into his affections. Excuse me, Berenice, I always speak plain truths. If people don't like them, so much the worse. Truth is a healthy diet. I might come here with sugared lies, and you'd like me better for it; but I thank heaven I have a conscience!"

"I don't suppose you are alone in that particular. I'm sure I prefer your showing your real colors," exclaimed Berry, indignantly; "though I think I should see through sugared lies all the same, if you told them."

Medora here gave a warning sniff, and said: "Oh, poor, dear uncle! How dreadful to die alone in the street! Mamma, I feel quite faint; I should like a glass of wine!"

"Oh, my darling, lie down at once and—I suppose you might as well give me the keys, Berenice, and I can go and help myself. Of course, everything comes to us, naturally, and we might as well assume the responsibility at once."

Berry moved away without further response than, "I will get the wine!" and Mrs. Lonsdale turned to her daughter, indignantly:

"The cheek of that creature is amazing! I won't demean myself to ask about the will, but, of course, poor, dear brother Richard did not forget us. He has left her a legacy, I dare say, but we will have the rest, and a nice, substantial home, my dear, after knocking about the world as we've done."

"I've always wanted to give a party in this room, it is such a good shape," exclaimed Medora, springing up with a sudden forgetfulness of her faintness. "See, mamma! With a wine-colored, raw silk *portière* here, and curtains to match, a pale passion-flower vine running over them. I saw just the thing the other—— Oh, thank you, I am better!"—this to Berry, who stood near her with the wine.

"Then I may leave you," said the young girl, proudly. "You will find the rooms ready!"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Lonsdale, stiffly. "I shall not be at a loss to make myself at home in my brother's house."

Berry had believed herself utterly miserable before, but it seemed to her now, as she walked languidly up-stairs, that a new shadow had been added to her grief—another weight to the burden she carried. It was so hard to be misunderstood, suspected, insulted. She looked out into the gloomy day with a shudder. When would it be over? There was only one human being whom she cared to see, and he could not come. He was too far away and too poor to make the journey; but the thought of him came to her now, and the longing to hear his voice, to see his frank, handsome face again. Poor Larry! he would be sorry indeed when he heard of the death, for he was the son of an old friend of Mr. Compton's and had spent all his college vacations in the house. There had been no love passages between the young people, but they had found each other bright and companionable, and Berry thought of her friend now with an aching heart.

The hour tolled very soon.

"The funeral train, like a Gulf stream bound
Through the ocean of life that was surging around;
Slowly it moved, as the wreck it bore,
Where the gravestones pebble the churchyard shore,"

and there they left the precious burden to wait the summons of the resurrection morn.

A few friends came back to the house. There were Mr. Graham and his assistant, young Mr. Webster, whom Berry knew very well, as they had transacted her guardian's law business; there were the clergyman and one or two very distant relatives of the deceased. Mrs. Lonsdale took it upon herself to do the honors, while Berry sank into a chair by a distant window.

"We have assembled here for the reading of the will," said Mr. Graham; "but we have yet to prove the existence of any will." I have never drawn up such a paper, but, then, the deceased has only transacted law business with me for a year or so. Miss Pollard informed me that a will was certainly made over two years ago, and that it was kept in the safe in her guardian's library, but we have searched and find nothing there. She also states that he had there two thousand dollars in Government bonds, of which he spoke to her about a week ago. The mystery is, Where have the will and bonds gone? No one has had the key of that safe except Miss Pollard and the deceased."

Berry looked agitated. She had not heard before that the will was missing. Mrs. Lonsdale gave her a sinister glance as though she expected to see her convicted on the spot.

"Berenice," she said, sternly, in her judicial character again, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I do not see that I am called upon to say anything," the young girl answered, with a bright flush. "Even malice cannot attribute the loss of the will to me when I state that it was made in my favor and left everything to me. It is evidently to my interest that it should be found."

Mrs. Lonsdale winced a little, but returned gallantly to the charge.

"Ah, that is your statement. Now you know we cannot take that entirely unsupported. I cannot believe that my poor, dear brother, infatuated as he was, could have——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Graham, "any recrimination is eminently out of place here. There is nothing at present to act upon until further developments. Until the will is found the next of kin are in possession, so Mrs. Lonsdale I have to congratulate you, and to recommend to your kindly consideration our young friend here, for whom we may be sure our deceased friend would have provided had he not been suddenly struck down. I know this much, that I had inferred from some casual remark that he had made provision for her, or I would have urged it upon him."

The lines about Mrs. Lonsdale's mouth tightened, but she merely bowed. It was no one's business what she intended doing, and she did not propose making it known just then. Berry's eyes kindled with a mutinous light, and she looked so charming that young Mr. Webster, who had lost his heart long ago, sat with his round pale blue orbs fixed upon her with an adoring glance.

Mr. Graham was bowing his adieus before his assistant came out of his reverie, and, crossing the room with an awkwardness that he always felt in managing his very long legs, he contrived to say, "Very sorry, 'pon my word, Miss Berry, and mother's quite cut up; couldn't get to the funeral, poor old lady, but she sends you this with her love, and she hopes, and I hope, you'll think it over and be agreeable to it."

Berry shook hands with the young man in a friendly manner when he had fished his mother's note out of his pocket. She had a very kindly feeling for old Mrs. Webster, who was a plain, illiterate woman, with a tender heart and a motherly manner that had quite won poor motherless little Berry. She had a certain respect for the lank, awkward son who had made his own way in the world, and was as rough and unfinished as self-made men are apt to be who have had no time to polish themselves. The tears came into her eyes now as she read the ill-written lines:

"MY POOR, DEAR GIRL.—Only for the skyatliker a-grindin' my old bones I would be at the funeral to-day, and give you my support in this tryin' hour as must come to all, an' the mortial lot in this pilgrim's progress of a vale. But, my lovey, come and stay a little with your old friend, for I know the first sight of all the familiar things is very painful to a feelin' heart—for he loved you tender and was a father to you; so till the blow is softened make up your mind to stay with me and a little pettin' will do you good—and I'm dying for something to pet—cats is well enough, but a treacherous animal, as you never know where to take 'em. Now, my deary, I won't take No for an answer, and John Henry hopes the same, and 'twill be a regular cure to the skyatliker to see your pretty face. Your loving friend, HANNAH WEBSTER."

Berry sat in the room her dear guardian had taken so much pleasure in making pretty for her sake as she read this letter over, and a warmer throb filled her heart, into which a deathly chill seemed to have settled. It was something to have the affection of even this poor old woman, and a shelter offered her at this time, for she knew that she must leave the dear old home very soon. She had not misinterpreted the hard lines about Mrs. Lonsdale's mouth or the wintry gleam of her eye. Even at that moment she heard Medora say as they passed through the hall:

"You ought to see that minx's room, mamma, fitted up like a princess's boudoir in the loveliest pale blue and silver and Japanese knickknacks."

"Well, my love, then the color will just suit your golden hair! But what a singular delusion that girl has about the will—to call it by no harder name!" and then the voices died away.

A delusion! Berry passed her hand over her forehead that she might think clearly. How different it would all be if that will could be found! Had she dreamed of the morning when her guardian, in taking a note from the safe, said to her, "My dear, there is a paper that secures everything to you. I am mindful of the changes and chances of this mortal life." And she had felt a sudden pang, and put her hand over the dear old man's lips. She could not bear to hear him talk of change and death. He had seen the quick tears spring to her eyes, and so he had never mentioned the subject again. Now she was houseless and friendless, save for poor Mrs. Webster's kindly love. Even Larry had not written to her. It was well that Berry dispatched her acceptance of Mrs. Webster's invitation at once, for Mrs. Lonsdale did not give her a long breathing spell.

"Of course, Miss Pollard," that lady said, in her hardest tone, the next morning, "you will not expect to be my guest for any length of time. I was always opposed to my brother's course in regard to you; at the same time I am willing to assist you in getting a position as companion or nursery governess. Indeed, I have a friend with six children who has been looking out, but I hesitated about your quick temper. You *have* a very quick temper, you know, Miss Pollard. I tell you plain truths for your own good!"

"Thank you," exclaimed Berry. "I shall manage for myself, and relieve you of my presence at once."

"I do not object to your taking the gifts of my poor, deluded brother, though in your position jewelry is in bad taste, and he never gave my sweet Medora even a ring. Still I am magnanimous. You may take all that may be termed your belongings. And I hope you will lay this sudden downfall to heart as a lesson. 'Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall,' and I must say you showed a very haughty spirit to me at my last visit!"

Berry could not trust herself to speak—there was a mist before her eyes.

"And one word more I must say for your own good," added Mrs. Lonsdale. "As you are going among strangers, it would best to say as little as possible on that singular delusion of yours about a will. Mr. Graham has been making inquiries, and he assures me there is no evidence to be found, not the slightest, except your word, and you know in some cases the wish is father to the thought, and you must naturally have wished——"

"Mrs. Lonsdale!" exclaimed Berry, her eyes flashing through her tears; "if you have sufficiently insulted me, I will go."

The elder lady bit her lips, then bowed coldly, and Berry hurried away, too indignant to feel all the sorrow of leaving the pleasant places that might know her no more. She only gave one quick glance at the pretty blue boudoir, and, with a mute farewell and a terrible heartache, went down the stairs, "for the last time," as she said softly to herself.

But some one stepped out of the parlor as she was passing, and she glanced up into John Webster's freckled face.

"I have come for you," he stammered, "with a—a carriage. You know, mother told me the hour, and I—I took the liberty."

"It is very, very kind!" exclaimed Berry, and she felt quite touched. She had always taken the man's attentions rather impatiently, but now, in her forlorn state, she grew friendly. She could not afford to alight him now or to criticise his manner.

"Mother has been fussing about all day; she has quite forgotten her pains in getting ready for you. She's as proud as if the Queen was coming."

"I'm a poor dethroned queen," said Berry, mournfully.

"No, no! you mustn't say that. You don't look it," said the young man, beaming on her quite refulgently. "You will be queen yet—in—some hearts, I am sure."

He finished the sentence rather awkwardly. He had not intended to make the "hearts" plural, but had suddenly found his courage fail. After all, this was not the time for love-making. He was obtuse, but he could see that; and, besides, the girl was going to stay in his own house.

"Plenty of chances!" he chuckled. How fortune had played into his hands, to be sure.

Old Mrs. Webster stood at the little garden-gate to receive them. She was a sweet, placid-looking old woman, with a plain, white cap upon her silver hair, and beaming eyes, in which age had not extinguished the kindly light. She was stout and comfortable and cheery. The frost had not got into her heart or temper, and all her sympathy went out to the young thing in such deep mourning, who stepped so languidly forward to meet her.

John Henry went reluctantly back to his law office, and saw for the rest of the afternoon, as a spontaneous embellishment to his dry law papers, nothing but a sweet face—pale as a snowdrop at times, then flushing like a sweet, wild rose—and a pair of eloquent brown eyes lifted to his face with a charming look of gratitude.

Strange to say, this face—lovely as the sight was, and delightful to his memory—brought with it pain as well as pleasure—a pain that made him wretched, that stung like a serpent, that rankled like a poisoned arrow.

While John Henry was writhing in mingled bliss and pain, his mother was showing Berry her room, and clasping the poor girl in her motherly arms and showering loving words upon her till the bruised heart seemed once again to find a balm.

"'Tain't much to look at, and a wishin' it was better for your sake, my lovey. John 'Ennery is but a risin' young man, as you know, and we can't do everything in a day, as Rome wasn't built, you know; but as good a son as ever lived and a model of his sect, which I must say it as shouldn't perhaps; but who should, then, as no one could know so well?—not drinkin' and rantin' and wastin' his money, but keepin' it all for the poor old mother and his home. An' he'll rise, John 'Ennery will, for he's got intelleck into him. They tell me he's a genus, but I know he's a good son and that's better—now isn't it, dearie?"

Berry glanced at the pretty room, with its snow-white curtains and quaint blue punch-bowl on the centre-table, full of creamy, sweet roses, and the home-like feeling of the place and the old lady's tenderness went right to her heart.

After a little cry on Mrs. Webster's shoulder, she took courage, bathed her face, showed an interest in all the household belongings, and even in the voluminous accounts of John 'Ennery's perfections, from the cutting of his first tooth, till the old lady vowed she felt to her as if she were her daughter—"a daughter of the house."

And Berry seemed so entirely cut off from her old life that she might almost have imagined the past a dream—a delusion, as Mrs. Lonsdale had been so fond of styling her belief in the will. She did not hear from Larry—she seemed to belong to no one but this old woman who petted her and this awkward man who adored her.

Yes, she could not be blind to the adoration very long, and she could not doubt its genuineness. For she was again a poor waif with a claim on no one. She had not been systematic in her lessons enough to make a governess, she was not quick enough with her needle to make a seamstress, and so what had the future to give her? Why not take this good man and make him happy? Well, there was something in her inmost being that revolted against him for all his disinterested love. Berry always felt a cold shiver when she met the adoring glance of his pale eye, and when his cold, damp hand—his hand always was cold and damp—touched her own, it was exactly as if something slimy like a leech had crawled over it.

"But—but you will think of it," he urged, after he had summoned courage for a formal declaration one day, "and I will wait, oh, so patiently. I am to have a holiday to-morrow, wouldn't it be pleasant to make a little excursion, say to the seashore for a breath of the salt air; you are very, very pale, Miss Berry."

Berry agreed to the excursion. She felt glad of a respite, and that she need not be left entirely to herself to brood over this strange proposal which she had tried to ward off for days. She had seen it threatening; it had darkened her skies for some time, and now it had come—the storm had burst!

Mrs. Webster was quite rejoiced over the trip. Holidays were rare with John 'Ennery, and so they were very precious. She gave Berry an account of how he had spent the few holidays of his life (in a minute manner), "and always a generous boy, a-givin' his last piece of gingerbread to blind men and sich, generally bogus, my dear, and winkin' wickedly at havin' come it over the innocent young fellow."

So they started off in the bright morning in very good spirits. Even to Berry the change was exhilarating when they left the cars and took the gallant little steamer, and the crisp waves curled about them, the wheel sending flashes of white foam that fell back on the sparkling water in creamy fragments, the sun kindling a light in the deepest waves and making a shining path over them; the clear blue sky with its white clouds like "argosies of magic sails," the distant green shore—all filled Berry's heart with a strange delight, and she felt more and more grateful to the originator of the pleasure plan.

The young girl tried to dismiss from her mind the fact that she must soon give an answer to the weightiest question of her life, although John Henry hovered over her like

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some huge bird. It seemed as if she could never get out of his shadow; and now and then, when he got a chance, he would murmur, "You are turning it over in your mind, ain't you?" till it was exactly as if a thorn was continually pricking her.

"Great inwention them steam bilers," began old Mrs. Webster, philosophically. "However people did without 'em I don't know. Seems like a miracle when we read in the Scriptures about folks a-walkin' on the water, but that's what we're a-doin' now."

At that moment a thunderous burst of sound filled the air, and then, with the shuddering echoes of the sound, a burst of fire. The flames ran up the ornamented woodwork like nimble fiends, devouring as they sped, and then throwing out red banners of triumph on the air. From a gala scene of holiday mirth, all was suddenly changed. Cries, shrieks, prayers and curses were mingled.

"God help me! I cannot swim—I can do nothing to save you!" moaned John Henry, looking at Berry with frightened eyes.

"Oh, I am a good swimmer. I can help myself, but get life-preservers for yourself and mother," exclaimed Berry. "See! the captain will run the boat ashore!"

The captain was indeed making for the nearest shore, standing at the wheel with the flames blowing in his face. Some were plunging into the water, others lowering a lifeboat, others clinging to one another and refusing to move.

In the confusion Berry lost her companions. She looked about for them, but they were not to be seen. She was a good swimmer, but five minutes after she dropped into the water some floating object struck her forehead, and in a moment all grew dark; the rushing of mighty waters filled her ears, and she knew no more.

But it was not meant that Berry's history should be cut short by such an untimely fate. She opened her eyes about three hours after, and found herself lying on a rude settee very comfortable and well, save for a little confusion about the head. An old woman was tending her.

"Where's——" she began.

"Oh, they're saved, honey," said the old woman, bent on comforting her, and, of course, not knowing in the least whom she meant. "There's a lot more in the next room; they're a bringin' 'em to—here's some of their clothes."

Berry jumped up and examined the pile of garments that lay about. She was quite relieved when she saw John Henry's pepper-and-salt coat. He would be *such* a loss to his mother.

Still, there might be a mistake. She put her hand in the pockets, one after another, to see if there was a card or letter to make the matter sure. Ah! what was this? A thick folded paper that fell from its oil-silk wrapper. "Last Will and Testament of Abram Compton!"

She stood holding the paper when John Henry staggered forward.

"My God!" he said, as he looked at her and it, and then he dropped like a log.

So Berry never needed to answer the suit of the wretched man who groveled at her feet while he told the story of his sudden temptation and crime. How Mr. Compton had come in with the will—which had been drawn up by Mr. Grantly, who had died a couple of years ago—to see Mr. Graham about some alteration; had left it, purposing to call the next morning. How he had not dreamed of treachery till he heard of the sudden death. How his love for Berry had prompted the deception. If she were poor and friendless he might have a chance, and then it would be easy to discover the will afterwards, and, oh, would she have mercy and not ruin his life and break his mother's heart."

Berry could not choose but have mercy when she saw Mrs. Webster's kind cheery face again. Rather would she lose the fortune than wring that gentle trusting heart. So the good old lady went on to the end believing that John 'Ennery was one of the elect; but Mrs. Lonsdale was awakened from her short dream of bliss, and found, alas! that Berry's delusion had proved a veritable fact.

And, of course, the true prince came back from wandering over cattle ranches where the mails had not reached him, and all went merry as a marriage-bell

THE CYCLONE IN JAMAICA.

THE cyclone which swept over the island of Jamaica on the 15th of August was one of the most destructive ever experienced in Southern latitudes. Reports from points all over the island tell the same sad story—coffee plantations utterly destroyed and in cocoanut groves thousands of nuts fell like so many corn-stalks. At Morant Bay houses were torn from their foundations and broken like matches by the wind; canes everywhere were flattened on the ground. At Lawrence Tavern all the churches, chapels and houses were blown down. At St. Ann's Bay nearly every building sustained some damage. The Post-office narrowly escaped falling cocoanut-trees. Roads were blocked upon all sides by huge trees and rubbish. All telegraph lines were interrupted. In six hours there the barometer fell from 29.80 to 29.36. Reports from St. James are that nearly all the houses have been laid to the ground and covered up with trees and earth. At St. Johns more than forty settlers lost their lives, and in St. Johns district there was general devastation. In the August Hill district, tamana cultivation is ruined, and there are no mangoes, no yams, no pears to be seen. Cane fields and coffee plantations suffered also, and it is feared that the people have little or no food. At New Castle, out of eighty houses some twenty were leveled to the ground, and the wreckage was swept clean from the mountain side.

At Kingston the force of the cyclone was terrific. Of forty-five vessels lying in the harbor only two escaped damage or destruction. Every wharf was more or less injured. The Government wharf, as shown in our illustration, was totally destroyed. Small houses along the shore were utterly demolished by the storm, the sea covering gardens and depositing floating timbers, ships' masts and logs of wood in the heart of the city, while larger buildings were either thrown down altogether, or roofs blown off, windows blown in, or verandas torn away. Everywhere huge trees were uprooted and the streets covered with débris.

All along the coast from Kingston to Holland Bay the destruction was awful and the loss beyond computation. The papers state that thieves everywhere, availing themselves of the defenseless state of the people, are stealing at leisure. It is estimated that the island has been put back in development about two years, and it is feared that the poorer classes have an era of suffering before them. The planters are left with shattered and destroyed crops, and the fishermen have had their houses blown away and their smacks sunk. At the markets in the towns persons come with empty hands, and traffic is limited to an interchange of stories which are sobbingly told. There is literally no business going on anywhere except the work of restoring to some sort of shape the distorted and shattered dwellings and wrecked edifices. In many of the towns the government offices and buildings suffered much, and the clerks are unable to transact business. In short, the wail which has come from Jamaica through the newspapers is one of genuine and profound distress.

THE WATER-MELON TRADE IN NEW YORK.

THE water-melon season may be said to be at its height, and never did the red-fleshed melons "boom" as they have during the past two months. Within a comparatively recent date New York has become the market for Southern fruits. In the Winter season the boats are taken up with oysters, followed by Southern Irish potatoes in the early Summer, and then come the water-melons, to be relieved by sweet potatoes. The water-melon season begins on the 1st of July and lasts until the frost. The number of water-melons brought into New York is something enormous. The sales of the leading firms in the trade average $1,000 a week each, at prices varying from ten to thirty cents for prime melons, according to size and condition. Florida sends the first melons, which bring about a dollar a piece. Georgia follows, then comes Charleston, S. C., and as the season advances they are sent in from Moorhead City, N. C., by way of Cape Lookout, from Powell's Point, N. C., through the canal and sound, making the sea by Cape Hatteras. The Norfolk fruit is carried by the Old Dominion line of steamships, and from other places by schooners. Maryland sends us magnificent melons, Nanticoke carrying off the palm. As many as thirty schooners a day arrive, and our illustration represents the boat at the dock, the handling of the melons, the retail dealer who sells them in slices, and the tramps and others who await the tossing aside of melons that have spoiled en route.

BURNING OF MANHATTAN MARKET.

THE Manhattan Market, which occupies the entire block bounded by Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets, in this city, was destroyed by fire on the night of September 8th. The building, erected in 1872, was mainly of iron and glass, and was 800x200 feet and cost $1,500,000. In design it was picturesque, and it has been often styled as the finest and largest market in the world. Its dome-shaped roof, with a clock tower 200 feet high, covered an area of 160,000 square feet. There were twenty main entrances, five on each side, and the interior was divided into three sections. The west end was used for an abattoir, the middle section as a wholesale department and the front end for the general market. Space was allotted for 800 stands admirably arranged in lines running parallel with the length of the building. The avenues thus formed were grouped with a view to classify the branch of trade of which they are a part. Butter, cheese and eggs were sold on Dairy Avenue. Produce Avenue was devoted to the sale of garden truck. Butchers sold meat on Washington Avenue, while fish could only be purchased on Fulton Avenue, and groceries and tea on Grocers' and Oriental Avenues. The abattoir had facilities for slaughtering 1,000 head of cattle a day.

The fire was discovered about midnight. An immediate alarm was given, but the flames had already made great headway, and extended through the cooperage along the beams of the building. Before the engines arrived the roof was all ablaze. The flames mounted up the many pinnacles that adorned the roof, and made a scene of grandeur such as has not been witnessed in the city for many years. The western side of the city was made as light as day by the glare. Multitudes of persons flocked to the scene of the fire, and were kept out of danger with great difficulty by the police.

The roof and part of the sides of the market were made of material which burned like tinder, and as the cinders fell into the interior all the stands on the broad floor were set ablaze. The firemen made their way into the building at one time, but they were driven out again by the intense heat which prevailed there. As the roof and sides of the building were consumed, the iron framework was laid bare. The wind drove showers of sparks across Thirty-fourth Street, and set on fire a long row of buildings known as the "Haymarket." These the firemen struggled in vain to save. Several contiguous stores were at one time threatened, but escaped destruction through the efforts of the fire department.

The total loss is stated at about $1,000,000. About the only property saved in the Market and adjacent buildings were the books and papers of the firms having Herring's safes, several of which have been taken out of the ruins intact. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

Superstitions about Thunder.

ALMOST all the tribes in the United States believed the thunder to be produced by the wings of a great bird, and that the lightning was the serpents that were invariably connected with the thunder-bird. Among the ancient tribes of the Mississippi Valley the thunder, therefore, soon became a thunder-god, who could be propitiated with sacrifices. The Illinois Indians offered up a small dog when a child happened to be sick upon a day when there was much thunder, supposing the latter to be a cause of the malady. Many accidents, like conflagrations, were attributed to this angry god, and some tribes did bloody penances of propitiation, often burning to death their own children. Statements that the Indians adored the thunder, however, seem to be erroneous. It was the cause of the thunder that they worshiped, and before which they burned tobacco and buffalo meat, or cut off the joints of their fingers, or threw their children into the fire when they were overcome with fear. The Peruvians had as an ideal a stone that had been split by the lightning. They offered it gold and silver. The natives of Honduras burned cotton seed when it thundered. Other southern tribes made no sacrifices on the approach of a storm, but abased themselves in the most abject fear. The wild rice, being aquatic and looking like an arrow or spear, it is also attributed to the thunder-spirit as its origin. In Mexico great temples were built upon the sacred spots where lightning had struck. A curious notion among Peruvians was that the preserved bodies of twin Peruvians who died in infancy should be worshiped, children who died in infancy should be worshiped, supposing that one of them was the son of the thunder, the origin of the idea being the fact that the thunder-god of that people was one of the celestial twins of Apocatequin and Piquerad. This tradition was utilized by Pizarro's missionaries to teach the Indians the doctrine of the Trinity.

The Cost in Men in the Afghan War.

A RETURN has been made to the House of Commons of the numbers killed or dead of disease or invalided in each of the three armies operating beyond the Indus in the late campaign in Afghanistan (1878-79), from the date of the advance beyond the British frontier into the Khyber Pass up to the return across the Indus of the regiments ordered back at the close of the operations in the field. The abstract shows that eight Europeans and two native officers were killed in action and two European officers died of their wounds; 14 European and 21 native officers died of disease; 62 European and 43 native officers were invalided. Total casualities among officers—Europeans, 86; natives, 66. Among the British troops 17 men were killed in action, 3 died of their wounds, 315 of disease, and 1,176 were invalided—total, 1,511. Among the native troops 75 were killed in action, 23 died of their wounds, 1,129 of disease, and 1,586 were invalided—total, 2,813. The grand total of casualties among men was thus 4,324: including officers too, 4,476.

Subsidies in Brazil.

THE Legislature of Brazil is taking up the question of subsidies to railways and steamships with great animation. It is asserted that the subsidies granted by the Imperial Government and by the various provincial governments amount to not less than $15,000,000 a year, a large part of which sum is paid out, according to a leading Brazilian deputy, for opening up "not a service of transportation but a service of interest on the public debt." The subsidy of the American steamship company has been suspended, though it is urged that this is a breach of faith on the part of the Brazilian Government, and a Bill granting exemption from duties on the building materials to be used in a proposed edifice for the exhibition of American products was thrown out at the third reading on the 10th of August.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Opening of the Palace of Fine Arts, Brussels.

The Palace of Fine Arts in Brussels was opened with considerable pomp and ceremony upon the 1st of August last. The building is exactly as to the purposes of art, the light being carefully and judiciously let down through tempered glass. The open halls, with their superb galleries, afford charming opportunities for inspecting the varied art creations; while the lower floor, with its shrubs, flowers and statuary, is a veritable "thing of beauty." Here high art can revel, and while the best works of the fine old Flemish masters now occupy the walls, the easel of young Belgium is rapidly turning out "crait bits" which win respect from the connoisseur.

Memorial Arch at Brussels.

Brussels is a miniature Paris. She is bright and glittering, but petite. She has her old town—so old!—with its wondrous Hotel de Ville, and the quaintest of all fountains, the Mannikin; and she has her new town, all wide streets and boulevards and parks, and plate glass and gilding. She needs must have an Exposition and a Memorial Arch of Triumph, the latter being admirable both in design and execution.

The New Post Office, Paris.

The ramshackle old building in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which every traveling American knows to be disconsolate, is about to yield up its ghost, and the new post-office to rise Phœnix-like from its ashes. The history of the old hotel would fill a volume, and could its walls but speak there would be excellent food for the historian, the scandal monger and the gossip. The new building will be constructed on the most approved plan, and finished with all the newest improvements as regards the machinery for the distribution of the thoughts of the whole world. As a matter of necessity the Parisians take a wrinkle or two from us, to which they are thoroughly welcome.

Exhibition of the "Vega's" Collection at Stockholm.

Sweden is coming out strong. Though so very far north, she is making wondrous strides in refined civilization, and her latest effort—the *Vega's* collection at Stockholm—redounds immensely to her credit. From the skeleton of a mammoth antediluvian, to the warm attire of a modern Laplander, from the sword worn by Gustavus Adolphus, when he "fighting fell," to the shoes of Thorwaldsen, the exhibition is unique, special, and replete with interest. Stockholm is proud, as well she may be.

The Isandula Colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment at Osborne.

The gallant exploit of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, who died while endeavoring to save the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment after the disaster of Isandula, on January 22d, 1879, is too well known to need a detailed repetition here. Suffice it to say that, after crossing the River Tugela with the Queen's colors, the young officers were shot down, and died bravely, revolver in hand, their pursuers being unable to gain possession of their precious charge. Their memories have been honored alike by their comrades, their country and their sovereign, who bestowed on them after death the highest distinction (or valor in her power—the Victoria Cross. Their bodies, it may be remembered, were found a week afterwards, close to each other, and a few days subsequently the colors were discovered lying in the River Tugela. On the arrival of the colors in England the Queen naturally expressed a wish to see them, and on the 28th ult. they were taken to Osborne by Lieutenants Weallens and Phipps, with color guard. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice received the officers in the corridor, and the Queen tied a small wreath of immortelles to the head of the recovered colors as a mark of her deep sense of the heroism of the two young officers who gave their lives to save them. Her Majesty also spoke a few kind words to the officers in charge of the bravery of the regiment and the circumstances attending the terrible disaster of Isandula.

Famine in Western Asia.

The terrible distress prevailing in the Turkish provinces of Armenia and Kurdistan and in the adjacent parts of Persia towards the Caspian, during the past six months, has been reported by many consular and other agents of the British Government. The heavy rains of harvest time last year, which destroyed both the grain and the grapes, followed by the drought of last Summer and the death of large numbers of cattle and sheep, were the combined causes of the famine in Mesopotamia and in the highlands north of that country. The illustration of the poor people assembled outside a relief-kitchen is from a sketch taken at Bitlis, in Kurdistan—an ancient town situated in the mountains near Lake Van. Here the famine is severely felt, and the soup kitchen was established in the city by the Rev. S. K. Knapp, an American missionary with funds given him for that purpose by the English Consul.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NEGROES, either free or foreign subjects, have been forbidden to land in Cuba.

—IT is said that the storm which recently swept over Florida almost entirely destroyed the orange crop of the State.

—NEGRO jurors were chosen on the grand and petit juries at Louisville, Ky., for the first time on September 6th.

—THE strike of Lancashire weavers has not influenced the Manchester market. It is thought the masters will organize a lockout.

—RUSSIA looks coldly upon the idea of a greater Bulgaria, and it is thought she does not desire to have the Eastern question reopened just now.

—A CIRCULAR of the National Cotton Exchange of America, issued at New Orleans, shows a total crop for the commercial year ended August 31st, 1880, of 5,760,161 bales.

—THE Eighth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition opened on the 8th instant. The bells of the city were rung, and there were other manifestations of popular sympathy with the enterprise.

—THE first stone of the Temple Bar memorial has been laid in London. It will be thirty-seven feet high, and in the niches will be life-size marble figures of the Queen and Prince of Wales.

—CERTAIN districts in India are again threatened with famine. The situation causes great anxiety, though it is too soon to give way to a panic, as a good rain during September would avert the possibility of an actual dearth.

—THE British trade returns for the month of August show that the value of imports was $155,000,000, against $141,500,000 for the same month last year, and the value of exports $93,500,000, against $86,500,000 for the same month last year.

—THE New England Fair, held at Worcester last week, was a great success. On the third day 30,000 people were present, including Vice-President Wheeler and other distinguished guests. A banquet was given by the city government in honor of the Vice-President.

—INFORMATION received from several counties in Virginia says that the recent heavy damage to the tobacco crop was caused by tobacco worms early in the season and the great damage resulting from the heavy rains. It is feared the cotton crop is somewhat injured by the heavy rains.

—THE Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has sent a memorandum to the Spanish Minister at Washington, setting forth a basis for a future treaty of commerce or simple convention with the United States, applicable to the most important articles of commerce between Cuba and the United States.

—GREAT preparations are making for the reception of the Emperor and the whole Court at Cologne on the 15th of October for the official opening of the Cathedral. The festivities promise to be very grand, and will last for three days. The occasion is regarded throughout Germany as an important national *fête*.

—THE *Herald* publishes a table of census returns, partly official and partly estimated, which makes the total population of the country about 50,000,000, an increase of 11,700,000, or a trifle more than thirty per cent. since the census of 1870. This is a satisfactory showing, which the official figures will not essentially change.

—THE town of Kempen, near Crefeld, in the Rhineland, purposes celebrating next October the five hundredth anniversary of one of its sons, whose name is known in every part of the world. At Kempen, in the year 1380, was born Thomas Hamerken, the author of a book which, after the Bible, has seen more editions than any other book, viz., "The Following of Christ."

—THE Fall session of Princeton College began September 8th. In an address to the students, President McCosh said that the committee appointed to examine into the sanitary state of the college have reported that the buildings are now in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. There have been 181 applicants for admission into all departments of the college. This is fully up to the average number. Edwards Hall, the new dormitory, has been finished during vacation, and is being occupied.

—IT appears that in manufactures England at present stands pre-eminent. Its operatives number 2,930,000, against 2,781,000 of Germany, and 1,936,000 of France, and 1,150,000 of Russia. The production per operative is given as—United Kingdom, $1,120; France, $1,100, Germany, $515. In the principal textile manufactures, cotton and wool, the United Kingdom produces a total of the value of $775,000,000; the United States, $420,000,000; France, $340,000,000, and Germany, $240,000,000.

—THE review of the year's business at the port of Savannah, prepared by the *News* of that city, shows a state of prosperity which calls for hearty congratulations. The general range of prices of cotton was much better than during the preceding year and decided progress was made in receipts and shipments. Naval stores and lumber are also in a flourishing condition, and great hopes of Savannah becoming a great grain outport are cherished by means of railway combinations and the prospective building of a great elevator.

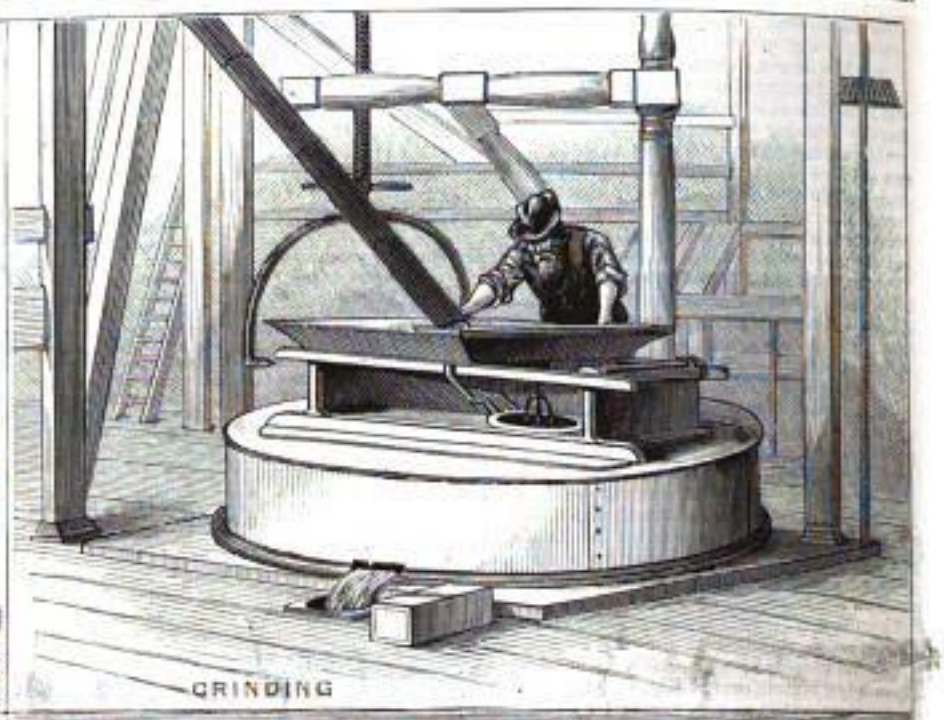
—ACCORDING to a recent report, there are in Russia, besides the cathedrals, about 85,000 churches, of which 30,000 are parish churches. The services are carried on by 37,718 priests and 11,837 deacons; there are 65,951 lay church servants, such as sextons, etc. The State contributes to the support of 17,687 churches (a little more than half of the whole number) the annual sum of 4,384,312 rubles (about $3,285,800). The total amount contributed by the State for maintaining churches in Russia is about 5,109,020 rubles (about $3,900,000).

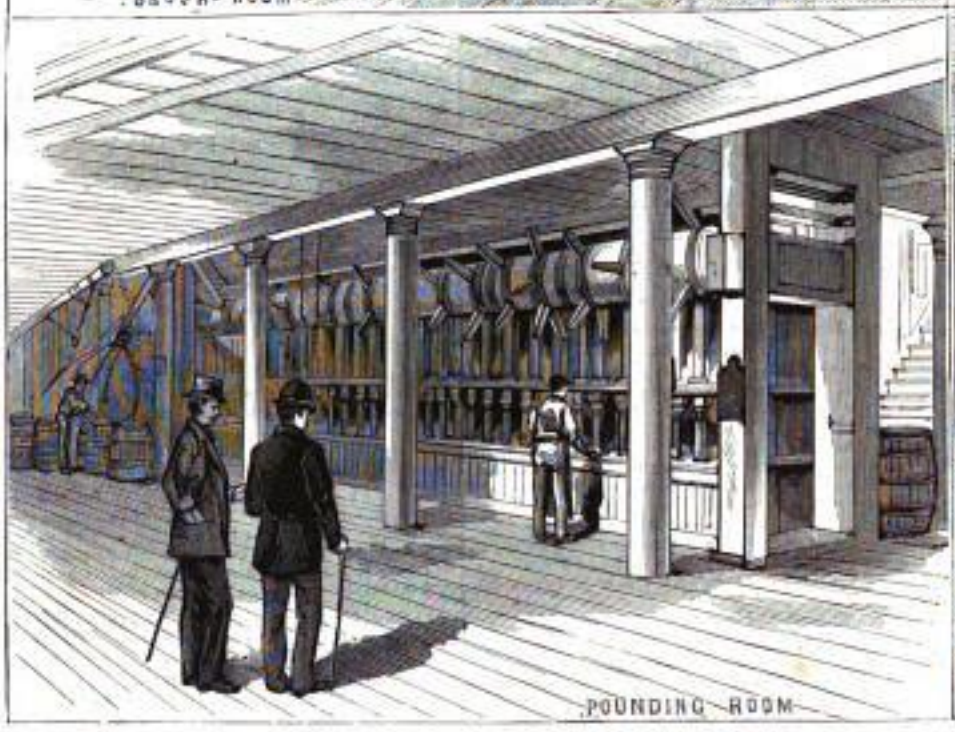
—THE boring for the Arlberg Tunnel is actively in progress on the Austrian side of the mountain, and will soon begin on the Swiss side. This tunnel project ranks only after the Mount Cenis and Mount St. Gothard Tunnels, among great modern engineering works of its class in Europe. The object of the proposed line is to shorten the distance between Western Austria and Eastern Switzerland, create a direct traffic between the two countries, and render them independent of the South German railways, over which it is now conducted. A further advantage will be to enable the Austrian and Hungarian breadstuffs to compete in Switzerland and Eastern France with corn coming from Russia by way of Genoa and the Gothard Railway.

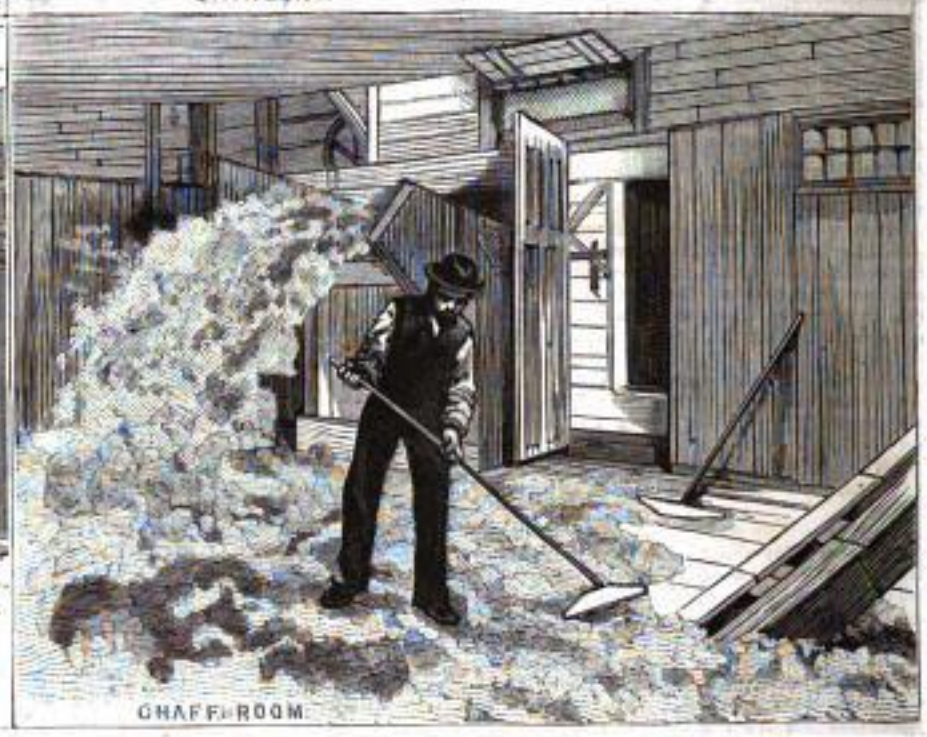
—THE Ohio tramp law seems to have been remarkably successful. Three years ago farmhouses that for a quarter of a century had never seen a lock or key had to be bolted at every door, and their windows securely fastened at night. Tramps were everywhere, and no farmer's wife was safe alone for moment. The Cleveland *Herald* says all this has been changed in the rural regions, and one used to city ways and city evils can scarcely persuade him all to go to sleep with the doors unbolted and windows on the ground floor wide open. Of course a portion of this change is due to the increase of prosperity, but the larger portion flows from the tramp law; for these same genius of the road are heard from in States where no such law is in existence.

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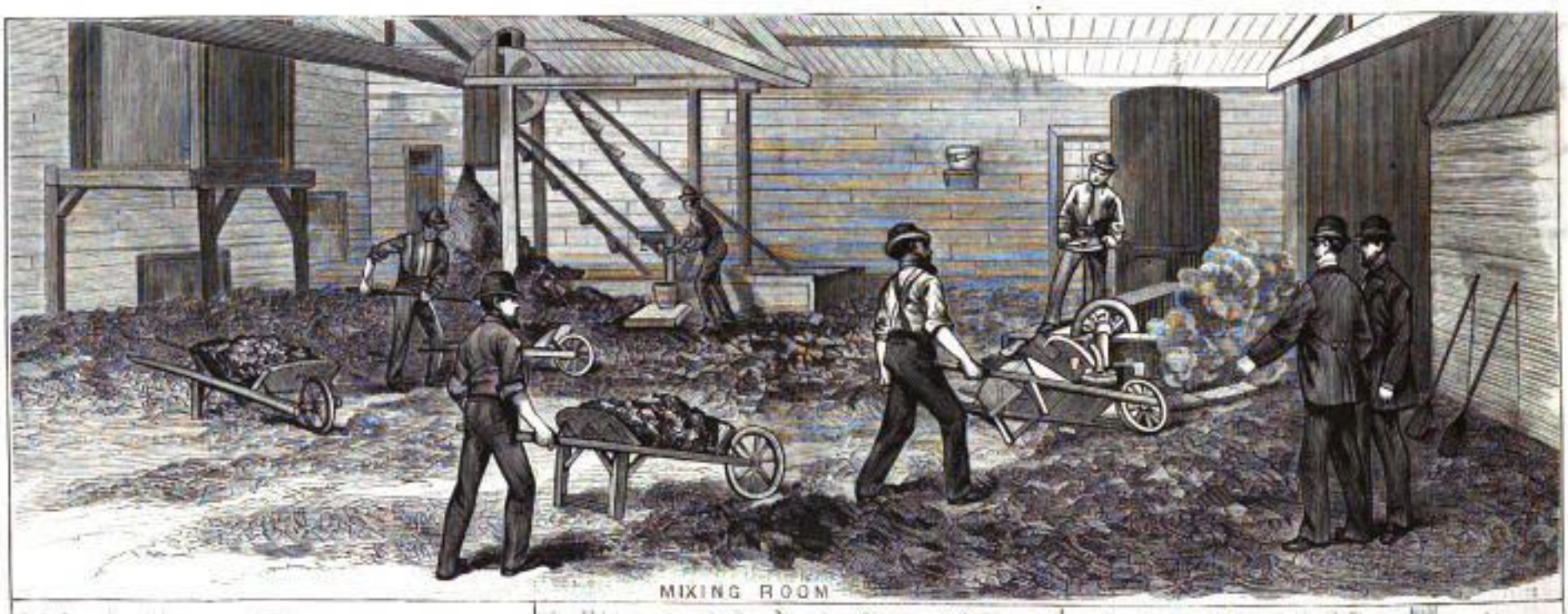

BRUSH-ROOM

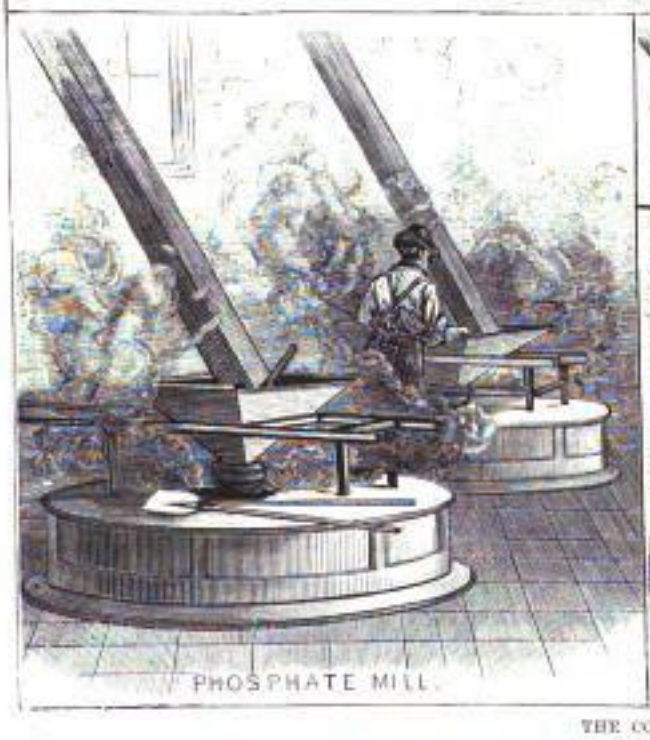

GRINDING

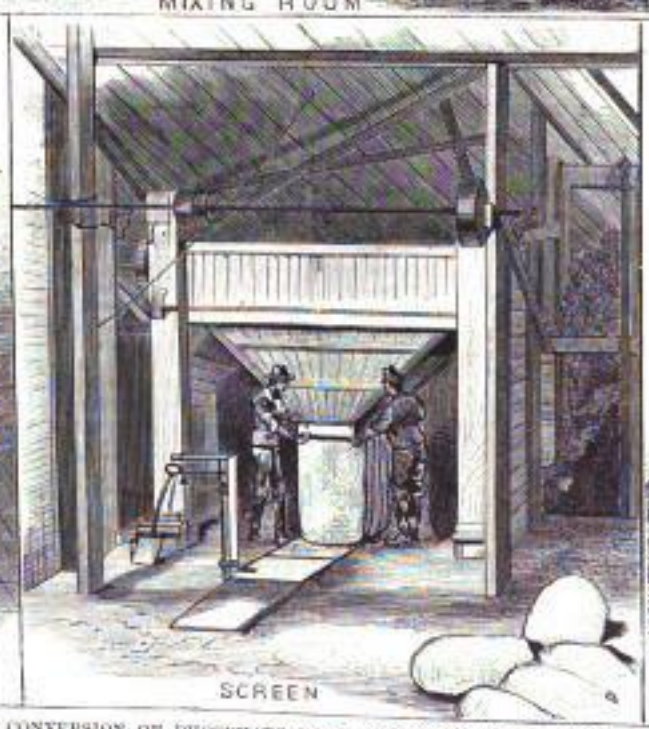

POUNDING-ROOM

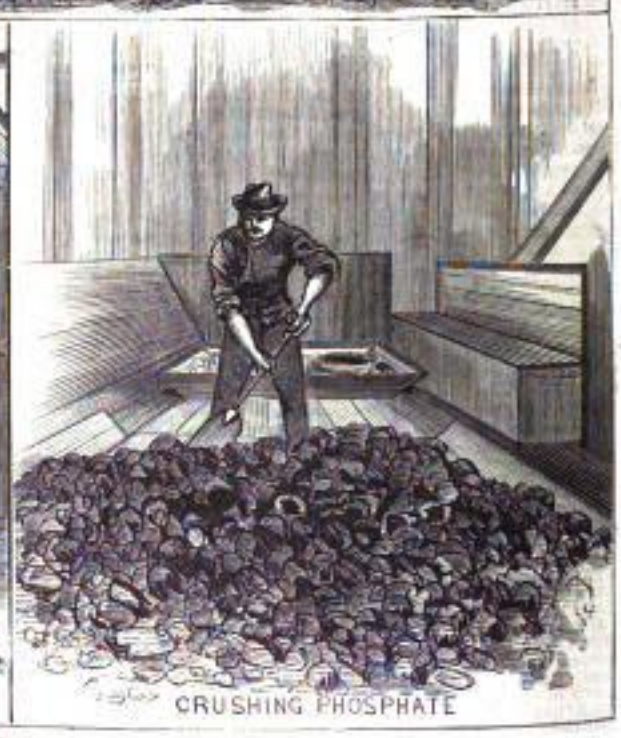

CHAFF-ROOM

METHODS OF TREATING RICE FOR THE MARKET.


MIXING ROOM


PHOSPHATE MILL


SCREEN

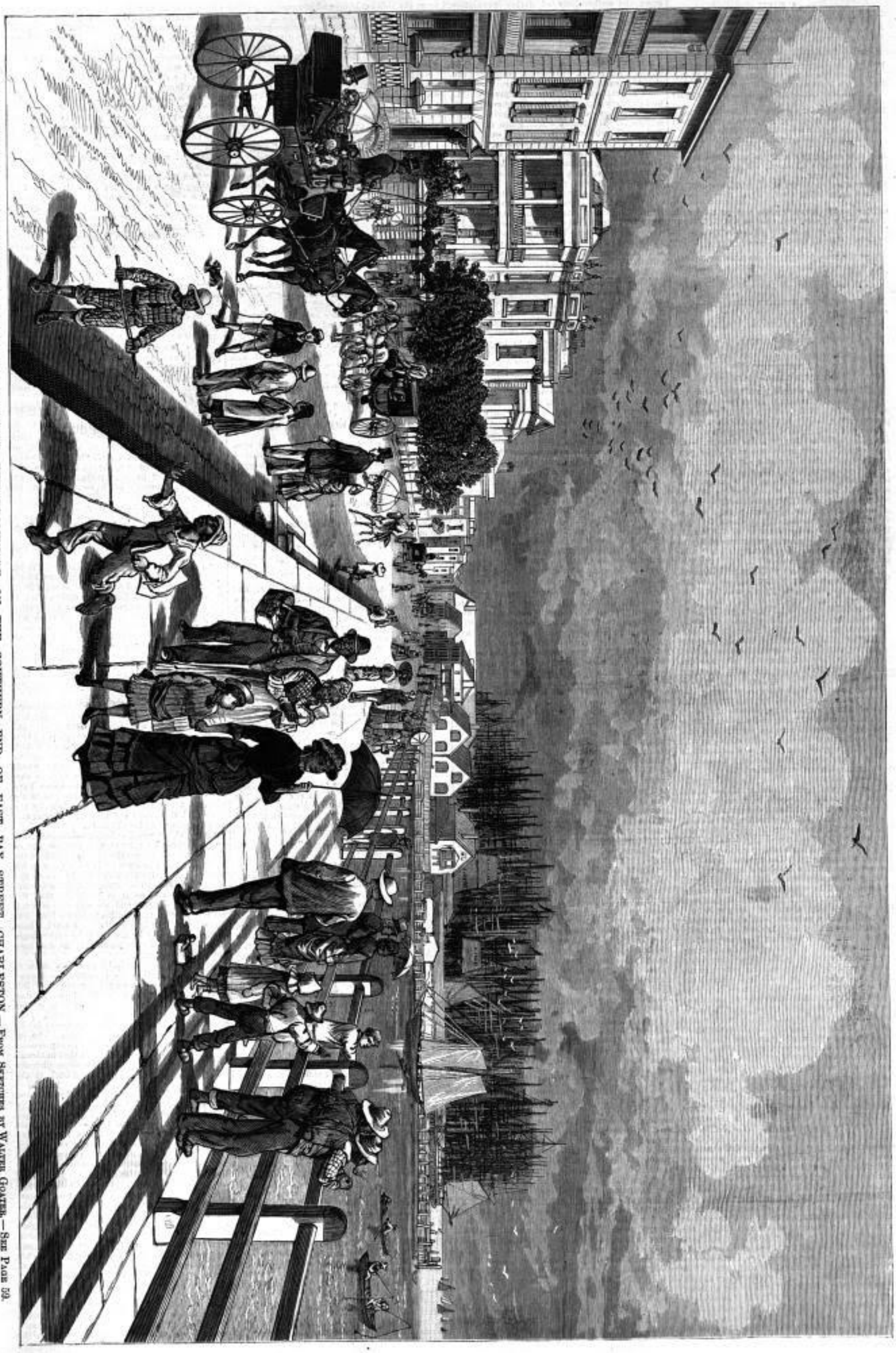

CRUSHING PHOSPHATE

THE CONVERSION OF PHOSPHATE ROCK INTO COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—A GLIMPSE OF THE INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS OF CHARLESTON.

FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 59.

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SOUTH CAROLINA—THE SOUTH IN 1880—EAST BATTERY, THE PROMENADE ON THE SOUTHERN END OF EAST BAY STREET, CHARLESTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 59.

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A DIEU.

If never any more these arms should fold you
Close to the heart that beats for you alone,
Will you yet hear in dreams the voice that told you
Of passionate devotion all your own?

Will you remember how one man once made you
His country and his faith, supreme, complete;
And all his loyal worship gladly paid you,
And all his manhood flung down at your feet?

There was but one thing made his life worth living—
You and your beauty; you, both body and soul;
Love cares not for a weak, half-hearted giving,
As hunger wants no meagre, trivial dole.

And, dear one, if, in death, you bent above me,
And touched with warm, red mouth my cold, pale brow,
My very ghost would cry aloud, "Oh, love me!"
Even as, in living flesh, I cry so now.

Oh, face so like a sweet, white rose, pink-hearted
And downily-soft, look back on me, look back!
Should any stress of chance have ever parted
Lives that were made to run in one same track?

Yet, as the years bring problems more perplexing,
And life's fulfillment seems to fade from view,
I can but leave the issues, sorely vexing,
As I leave you, beloved, all à *Dieu*.

JOHN MORAN.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—NICK.

AND now, with permission of the reader, we will call attention to fresh scenes which, perhaps, have been too long neglected in pursuing the history of the other characters.

In one of the long suite of apartments we find Lady Jet. She is sitting "tailor fashion"—no other word exactly expresses Lady Jet's present unconventional attitude—in the centre of a luxurious divan piled high with amber cushions, and the dark head rests wearily upon one small, white hand, which denotes that its owner is deep in meditation. Suddenly there is a quick opening of doors, a rush and a whirl, and a revolving figure darts through the air and drops by the side of the couch, while a pair of heels rear upwards in a perpendicular attitude, and in very close proximity to her ladyship's nose.

Lady Jet views them with languid interest, but never raises her pretty head at this unceremonious advent, which shows that she is pretty well accustomed to it.

"What is it now, Nick?" she says, listlessly. The heels become agitated and wave excitedly to and fro, at which Lady Jet recoils a little.

"Nick," she cries, sharply, "get on your feet at once." Which reasonable request Nick proceeds to obey and forthwith reverses himself. He stands before the lady, a queer, diminutive figure, scarcely larger than a child of four years, though more than twice that many years have rolled by and found this mite of humanity adorning the earth.

Nick is a most startling and wonderful creature, whose special mission, so far it seems, has been to produce shocks. He comes in with a shock, he goes out with a shock, and in every one who sees him *produces* a shock of wonder, amazement and curiosity.

He was born in the mines, his mother who had been recently exiled died at his birth, and when he was two days old he received an injury in the spine, and that it did not kill him is a miracle. Lady Jet, then nothing but a child, begged her father to give the baby to her and Phedora, which was accordingly done, and the poor forlorn child, born in shame and bondage, was accordingly sent to the "great house" for the amusement of its desolate daughter.

Lady Jet became attached to him, and by all the household he was considered her undisputed property. All his life he has been near her, her plaything, a sort of "king's jester." Reared in such a manner, Nick's moral condition at the period of his introduction can easily be imagined. To be as charitable as possible, we will say that his ideas of right and wrong are extremely vague. In his composition reverence is entirely lacking, and he is next to nothing in obedience. He is wicked—undeniably and exaggeratedly wicked—but so cute and smart with it all that his sin is seldom corrected. He is at once a pet and a curse throughout the house. Restriction or punishment he has never known. If in moments of irresistible temptation or a laudable desire to elevate his moral standard, the housekeeper or steward have been quick enough to catch him at his mischief, and endeavor to administer corporal punishment, he has invariably roused such a din with his howls and prayers that the dispensator of justice was glad to relinquish his office and eject him from that immediate vicinity. Then would follow loud complaints to his friend and ally, and the maltreater would speedily be summoned before the tribunal of those dainty chambers, and in the presence of the triumphant Nick, Lady Jet would read a severe reprimand, and end with the command that this summary punishment was never to be repeated, during which Nick, from his position behind his defender, but in full view of the enemy, would indulge in surreptitious nods and grins and winks, not calculated to inspire tranquillity in the soul of his vanquished adversary. Cronies and playfellows as they have been, this small demon refuses to see any change in Lady Jet's estate, now that she has verged into womanhood, and insists upon maintaining his individual right to her as sole friend and companion. If, under her increasing years and wisdom, Lady Jet has, of late, conscientiously attempted to commence a course of moral training for him, such advances of a higher order are always hailed with amazement and ridicule. He slanders the saints, scoffs at the martyrs and speculates upon the authenticity of divine revelation, until, shocked and horrified, Phedora, who, despite her troubles, is a good Christian, implores Lady Jet to desist, which, truth to tell, she is not sorry to do; the years between the dignity of womanhood and her wild frolics with Nick being too few not to make her still shy of his derision. In point of religious practice and training, Nick is, therefore, little less than a heathen, frightfully unimpressionable, and strongly inclined to turn into contemptuous mockery everything bordering upon solemnity. He taunts, scoffs, gibes at everybody with whom he is thrown, except the count, certain distinct impressions of a period when he was thrashed within an inch of his life for some personal offense to his lordship having taught him ever after to maintain a respectful distance.

In point of outward appearance, I have already stated that Nick is extremely diminutive. There is a curve in his back, but not large enough to make him repulsive, and his limbs are well shaped. His hair is dark, and, at his special request, is always kept closely shaved, a prudent precaution against the retaliation of his wretched victims. His face is usually drawn up in a labyrinth of droll wrinkles and puckers, but upon rare occasions, when it has been known to relapse into its natural condition, it has been discovered to be really handsome. His complexion is clear and good, with a deep color, and, unlike persons of spinal affection, his health is invariably sound; in fact, he was never known to be sick but once in his life, and that was when he villainously obtained the housekeeper's keys, and, breaking into the larder, devoured the entire stock of imported preserves, upon which memorable occasion he was lain up for a week. His eyes—black, twinkling, mouse-like—can assume at will any known expression, and disarm suspicion, even though every circumstance is against him. He is agile as a monkey, climbs like a squirrel, burrows like a ground hog, and, if any great motive arouses his energy, can force himself through a space almost the size of a rat-hole.

The one redeeming trait in his character is his love for Lady Jet; it is boundless, intense, adoring, though always hidden unless occasion demands it. He has but one faith, one God, one religion—Lady Jet. She is his all in all. For her he would go through fire and water—would brave any peril, and is faithful to her with a dog-like fidelity that only awaits opportunity to be displayed. After which description, and begging Nick's pardon for his tardy introduction, we return to our starting point.

"It seems to me," says Lady Jet, regarding him severely, "that it is time you took to knocking before entering my apartments; and I wish you to distinctly understand, Nick, that hereafter you are to walk on your heels, in a proper manner, and not come tumbling in on your head." This assertion of dignity on her ladyship's part is the result of her daily endeavor to make herself worthy of that stern, wrecked man—a daily laborer in the mines—and who has entered into her heart and taken entire possession.

Nick looks quisical, aggrieved, aggressive.

"Maybe you think," he says, in his Russian dialect, whose quaintness is untranslatable—"maybe you think you are getting very fine," gazing at her critically, "but I can't see it. I think, to tell the truth, Jet"—no amount of drilling has ever been able to induce Nick to prefix her title—"you are growing homelier. And you surely *are* the *liffiest* girl I ever saw." This is a dirty fling of Nick's, as he is well aware that the one aspiration of Lady Jet's soul is to be of stately stature. Upon the present occasion Lady Jet deigns no reply, but her glance is threatening and belligerent.

"Where is 'Dorie?" he inquires after a pause.

"She is sick."

Nick regards his companion curiously. Her tone is mournful, her appearance dejected. Altogether she seems in a very forlorn condition.

"Come out," he says, after a moment's silent contemplation. "You're blue. It does no good trying to be a fine lady—you'll never be one in the world, and you'll have lots more fun than if you were. I say, there's a splendid tree down the mountain, and, oh, my! the nuts there are at the top of it! I've been saving them until you would go along. Come, Jet. What's the use of moping away in this dungeon? It's an awful jolly tree to climb!"

Despite this glowing inducement, Lady Jet will not stir, much to Nick's disgust. Truth to tell, the little lady in the past few weeks has grown silent, morose and even irritable. Her whole soul has merged into that strange passion for the exiled noble, and she is discontented and even miserable when a day passes without her visiting the mines. Phedora being sick for the past week, she has been unable to visit her daily haunts, and a fever of fear and anxiety is consuming her; he may be sick, he may even be dead; such swift and terrible fates are not unusual in the mines.

Suddenly looking at her companion, an idea comes to her which finally deepens into a resolution. She knows it is a desperate purpose, and that she runs a great risk. It is an offense against the royal law for any one except an officer to hold communication with a convict, and punished accordingly. And if the daughter of Count Zickwoff should be discovered in such an attempt, it would be a disgrace to her proud name that it would take many years to outlive. Still, despite all the perils, her anxiety and impatience have reached that climax where inactivity is maddening and unendurable. This sudden resolution is no other than to utilize Nick the irrepressible.

"Nick," she says, regarding him sharply, "would you like to be of some use in the world?"

"No," comes the prompt response, as that individual, who is inordinately lazy, sinks down upon the sofa-cushions and commences pulling the ears of a small terrier, which, with the selfishness of small dogs, has appropriated to herself the softest corner of the divan.

Indignation rouses Lady Jet from her lachrymose state, and she glares furiously at her companion.

"Nick," she says, "I declare you are growing more worthless every day. You never want do anything that you *should* do. You are a bad, lazy, good-for-nothing boy." The object of this tirade, supremely indifferent to all such tender epithets, proceeds to annoy the terrier with every evidence of enjoyment.

Lady Jet regards him, irresolute, then policy shows her the necessity of pocketing her indignation.

"Nick," she resumes, in a wheedling voice, "wouldn't you like to do something for *me*?"

A quick light comes in the boy's eyes at this appeal, but is as swiftly banished by that incorrigible spirit of mischief that possesses him. Determining to be non-committal, he remains silent.

"Something very, very bad!" proceeds the young lady, utilizing her knowledge of her companion's taste.

Instantly Nick's attention is riveted; he can no more withstand that insinuation than a war-horse the sound of battle.

"If it is awful, *fearful* bad," he observes, "I might do it. I do hate this half-way business."

"It is very, very wicked!" assures Lady Jet to this sin-craving individual.

"Something that would 'debar me from the precincts of the blest'?" he urges, with disgraceful eagerness, and wickedly quoting from Lady Jet's last lesson upon morality, which struck him at the time as being particularly ridiculous.

"Something that you would be *hung* for if you were found out," she says, impressively, scandalized as she is by his heathenish distaste for a celestial abode.

Nick springs to his feet, turns several somersaults, and, finally, for once comes up in a proper position upon his feet, and stands grinning in a transport of delight.

"I'll do it!" he cries, enthusiastically, and, wringing Lady Jet's small hand until it aches. "Tell me, and I am off, fair lady, to do your will."

He bends before her, kissing her hand with the mock grace of a knight of chivalry, while his bright eyes gleam wickedly with his delight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—NICK'S "COUP D'ETAT."

LADY JET gets down from the divan and goes to her *escritoire*, where she takes out a dainty sheet of crested paper, and, after a moment's hesitation, commences penning a few lines to the exiled count. It is the first time that she has ever actually addressed him, and she wonders at her own courage. Several sheets are wasted before the communication suits her, and, when it is finished, upon the smooth surface of the paper are these few lines:

"TO COUNT SMOLOFF—My lord must not think that he is deserted; he has one *true* friend who mourns for his fate, and who will, in time, discover some means of rescuing him from his living death. *Be patient and watchful!*"

She folds the paper and gives it to Nick, who stands by, curious and impatient.

"And now?" he says, after concealing the note.

"First of all, you are to go to the mines," commences Lady Jet. Then she stops, for Nick's grinning face has suddenly grown blank and serious; but only for a moment, then it relapses into its chronic wickedness and amusement.

"Now, what is the matter?" inquires his companion, impatiently.

"I would rather go anywheres than to the mines, just now," he affirms, with a broad grin.

"I thought you were a favorite down there?"

"Oh, I *am*—a very *great* favorite. I think the guards are very anxious to catch me. I think they would rather see me than anybody in the world"—this with a still broader grin, as he recalls a certain episode in which he figured in anything but a creditable manner.

"Ah-ha!" exclaims Lady Jet, with keen enjoyment, "so you have got yourself in trouble down at the mines. How did you do it?"

"Oh, it wasn't much," with unusual modesty—"not near so much as I often have done, but they seemed to take it hard."

"Take what hard?"

"Well, the other day I was sitting on the ground by the lamp-shelves. You know the lamps in the mines won't burn more than half a day at a time, and they always have a fresh lot waiting to push right in the cases when the oil is out of the others. Parson Karl is chaplain on Sundays and lamp-keeper the rest of the week. He is always preaching about patience, so I wanted to see how much he and the rest of them had. It was just a little before the time to change the lamps, and I poured all the oil out of them but a few drops. Directly along comes Father Karl, singing a psalm. He picks up the lamps with a flourish, and in a trice goes from one to the other and puts them in their places. Then he comes back to me and sits down.

"'Nick,' says he, 'didn't I hear you swearing the other day?'

"'No, sir,' says I. 'I never took an oath in my life.'

"Says he: 'Nick, it is very sinful to tell stories and also to swear. The dear Mother likes good children, for once she had a good Child of her own—a Child that never took an oath or said a bad word in his life—that went about preaching to—*the devil!* what's the matter with the lamps!'

"He jumped to his feet and upset me. He rushed from one lamp to the other, as if those ten thousand swine-devils were after him. He raved, he cursed, he swore! and all the while the lamps went slowly out. Then up to him come rushing the guards, shouting like madmen, brandishing their fists and swearing that they will be the death of him. And the last lamp goes out, and we are all in darkness. Have you read of Pandemonium? Jet, *that* was Pandemonium—the shouting, the swearing, the darkness! Oh, Lord, but it was jolly! It was one half hour before they could get lights, for they had to go up to the office for a lighted lamp.

"'It is that imp of Satan! *He* has done it—Nick, the little devil!' some one groaned, and they took up the cry, and every one was shouting for me. But I crawled along close to the rocks, and then climbed up the shaft and got away. And that is all; but I thought maybe it was best not to go there too soon again."

"You were a very, very bad boy to do such a thing," says Lady Jet, in a dejected tone. "Now you see you won't be able to do my errand. Oh, what a wicked, sinful boy you are!" with increasing energy.

Nick snaps his fingers contemptuously.

"I care that much," he says, scornfully, "for all the guards and officers in Siberia. You tell me what you want and I'll do it, in spite of the——"

"There—*there*, dear," hastily interrupts Lady Jet. "Oh, what a *darling* you are! Do you mean to say," with increasing ecstasy, "that you will go down in the mines?"

"Of course; but what's up?" queries Nick, condescending to be caressed.

Suddenly Lady Jet's face grows grave.

"You remember, Nick, the gentleman I pointed out to you once as saving my life?"

Nick jerks his head in assent.

"Well, I want you to get to him this note without rousing any one's suspicions, and, above all, without being seen."

The boy gives vent to a loud, prolonged whistle.

"Can it be done?"

The pleading, eager eyes, the piteous voice—well, if mortal being can do it, Nick instantly resolves that it shall be accomplished. Besides, the perilous undertaking, the spice of treachery, the flagrant trangression of the laws of the country, all have their charm for his peculiar nature.

"Yes," he says, laconically.

"And, oh, Nick"—a convulsive clasping of two small hands—"I am lost if you are discovered with the note!"

Nick gives a whoop like a wild Indian and starts for the door.

"I can do it," he says. "Trust me—I'm off. Good-by till next time." He is gone like a whirl of wind. And Lady Jet *does* trust him; trusts to his natural shrewdness and cunning, to his almost supernatural ability for extricating himself from scrapes, and, last of all, to his love for herself and his dog-like fidelity. She knows that forty horses could not draw that note from him, that there is in his gay, reckless, versatile nature a latent vein of strength and endurance that would sustain him to keep her secret though stretched upon a rack. Nevertheless, she feels restless and anxious at her imprudence.

In the meantime Nick speeds down the stairs, colliding with several servants and upsetting the house on his way, and is about to rush out of the hall, when, glancing through the great door, he sees approaching the house the tall, sombre form of Count Zickwoff. Not feeling sure of the state of the count's mind towards himself, and being victim to a certain suspicion that his episode of the lamps may have been related to official ears, he prudently secretes himself behind a huge chair by the door, and the count entering in the next moment passes on to his chamber.

After making sure that he is unobserved, Nick emerges from his retreat, and, rushing out of the hall, speeds across the barren hillside to the mines. And as he goes he is busy forming his plan of action. He knows that if he can escape the argus eyes of the outraged Karl he is comparatively safe, as it is probable that the officers and superintendents will be too much engrossed with their duties to notice him. But feeling sure that he *cannot* escape Karl, whose station is directly by the shaft, he accordingly falls back upon his stratagem as his only reliable dependence.

Arriving at the shaft, he pauses a moment for deliberation, then his resolution is taken; he will not give the signal for the trap, but lower himself by the aid of the ropes. Seizing the nearest cord, he lets himself lightly over the passageway, dark and full of peril. It is a dangerous undertaking, but he descends like a monkey, and is soon in the mines. The instant he lands, his twinkling eyes sweep around his surroundings, and discovers that not a soul is visible save Karl, who stands some distance off with his oil-can, and his broad back to the shaft.

Filled with exultation, Nick drops upon "all-fours," and is about to crawl stealthily along the wall, protected by its shadow, when Karl turns. He sees the boy, and, with flashing eyes, makes for him. It is a critical moment, but Nick is equal to the emergency. Instantly rolling over upon the rocky floor, he commences a series of shrieks and groans, interspersed with exclamations of pain, until the whole mines reverberate with his cries.

Karl stops aghast, and gazes at him in uncertainty, at the same time involuntarily raising his huge, black hands to his ears. In a moment a half-dozen officers appear from different quarters, and, rushing up to the prostrate Nick, contemplate him in wonder and amazement. He shrieks, he moans, he twists and turns and grovels; he wrings his hands, he makes spasmodic clutches at his legs, and his manner is altogether indicative of intense anguish.

The officers ply him with questions, and he seems at first incapable of speech; but finally, through many wails and groans, he manages to inform them that he has fallen down the shaft. At this announcement, into every eye regarding him leaps a sudden suspicion, and

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they view him skeptically. But the purple face, the streaming eyes—Nick is supplied with as wonderful a capacity for tears as a crocodile—the loud cries, and, above all, the fact that the trap had not been raised to lower him, though here he is, at last disarm suspicion, and it dawns upon them that he really has, in his proverbial carelessness, tumbled down the shaft.

"It's a God's mercy that it didn't kill him outright," mutters Karl, who, in the face of this appalling disaster, has not the courage to avenge the affair with the lamps.

"Look at him," says the head subordinate officer, to one of the guards who prides himself upon his knowledge of surgery. "See if he is dangerously injured."

The guard, nothing loath, obeys; and, having his reputation to sustain, soon announces that one leg is broken.

"*Broken!*" cries Nick, with wild sobs of pain. "I'm crushed, *shattered* all through!"

The officer regards the writhing boy in perplexity, then gives orders for a litter to be made.

"He must be carried to the house," he says. "He belongs to Lady Jet."

Nick, secretly appalled at this proposition, beseeches them not to move him for the present, which reasonable request being granted, the officers move off, leaving Karl to watch this victim of the terrible disaster, while preparations are made to commence the litter, so that at the proper time he may be borne to the house.

Nick lies very silent, his brain busy with revolving projects that will gain him an interview with, or, at least, throw him in the presence of the object of his mission. But, despite the employment of his mind, he does not forget at proper intervals to give vent to deep groans, for the benefit of Karl, who still lingers near busy with his lamps. At last, after going up to the boy, who apparently is in a deep slumber or stupor, he goes to another portion of the mines. Intently watching him from under his partially-close lids, when he entirely disappears Nick springs to his feet and glances hastily around. Not a human being is visible, save some distance off where a gang of convicts are busy at their labor. To these he turns his attention, and, even while he looks, they shoulder their axes and shovels, and, to the boy's boundless delight, start towards the shaft. Being familiar with their plans of action, he instantly divines that they are going to a fresh mine, and must necessarily stop exactly beside him. It is a streak of good luck entirely unlooked for, and it is with difficulty that he restrains the exuberance of his feelings.

On come the convicts, like so many mules heavily laden, and pause at the shaft. So weary, so dragged and worn are they, that even natural instinct is crushed out, and scarcely one of them glances at the boy crouching by the shaft. But he is not so listless. His sharp, rat-like eyes sweep the group, and finally fasten upon the worn, stern, set face of the exiled noble. It is the work of a minute to crawl to his side and thrust the note in his hand and then speed back to his former position. But, looking keenly at the count, he sees, by that startled, half-dazed expression, that the communication is safe into his keeping.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "MEMORIAL HALL" OF THE GATE CITY GUARD OF ATLANTA, GA.

WE give in this issue an illustration of a "Memorial Hall" to be erected in Atlanta, Ga., by the Gate City Guard of that place. During the exciting period just preceding the war the members of this company were about equally divided as to the policy of secession, and discussion at one time became so earnest as to threaten the destruction of the company. But when Georgia seceded, they cast their fortunes with their State and were the first command to leave Atlanta for the seat of war, taking into service one hundred and twelve members, representing the best families in the city. The war over and its issues settled, the company determined to extend as eagerly the hand of friendship to those who were once arrayed against them as they were to buckle on the armor of strife, and began a tour of the principal cities in the Northern States last October, carrying with them the Stars and Stripes. They were everywhere received with the most flattering demonstrations of welcome by the citizens and soldiery; and to commemorate the reunion of the States and the return of peace and national sentiment as evidenced by their reception through the North, they determined to erect a "Memorial Hall." The design of the building was drawn by Mr. T. H. Morgan, a promising young architect in the ranks of the company, and is treated after the Gothic style, with large memorial windows in stained glass, inscribed with the names of organizations that entertained the Gate City Guard or that will attend the laying of the corner-stone in October next. The main hall will be twenty-eight feet high, with a paneled ceiling made of wood from every State in the Union. On the first floor will be the parlors, officers' rooms, armorer's and quartermaster's rooms, etc. In the tower will be placed two memorial tablets surmounted by a large statue of a soldier in the uniform of the company. The Hall, when completed, will be about ninety feet square, and the only monument of the kind south of Mason and Dixon's line. A grand fair will soon be held in Atlanta for the memorial fund, and it is expected that fifty thousand dollars will be realized. Many of the best military organizations in the Northern and Southern States have accepted invitations to attend, and the military reunion on that occasion will be the first that has taken place in the Southern States since the war.

THE SOUTH IN 1880.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., is a city of ancient renown, so far as the term ancient can be applied to anything American. The course of its streets can be traced by the cities of historical events, and one cannot look upon its harbor without seeming to hear the echo of the guns of Sir Peter Parker's fleet mingling with the more recent and more powerful explosions of Armstrongs, columbiads and torpedoes that for four years, more or less incessantly, made terrible music in that land-locked bay. But it is not of the fame of Charleston's past that we tell to-day, but of its present usefulness. We propose to illustrate some of the chief features of the metropolis of South Carolina as a commercial emporium, manufacturing centre and delightful place of residence, giving this week three sketches by our special artist.

Phosphate Factory.—This is a mill where the crude phosphate rock, dug from the land or raked from the bottom of the rivers on the Carolina coast, is ground to an impalpable powder, and by treatment with sulphuric acid and mixture with animal matter, such as bones, fish scrap, etc., is converted into commercial fertilizers. This whole business has been originated and built up since 1867, when the rock, the existence of which had long been known, was first analyzed by a competent chemist and its value as a fertilizer discovered. There are now a large number of such mills in and near Charleston, giving occupation to hundreds of laborers and employing capital to the amount of several million dollars, and the use of the fertilizers in this country and in Europe continues to increase. During the past season—*i.e.*, from June 1st, 1879, to April 1st, 1880—the amount of fertilizers sold was 68,288 tons, and the amount of crude rock exported, coastwise and foreign, 101,492 tons. The fertilizers average in value about $40 per ton, and the rock $6, making a total commercial value of about $3,500,000.

Rice Mill.—Charleston is the largest rice market in the United States, more rice being raised on the rivers of South Carolina and the adjoining State of Georgia than all the rest of the country together. Rice very much resembles wheat, and the grain is separated from the straw by threshing machines on the plantations, it is then mostly carried in sail vessels in bulk to market, and in the mills, the chief parts of which are sets of mortars and pestles, fans and bolting sieves. The chaff, or outer husk, is first beaten off, and afterwards the inner covering of the seed which makes a fine flour useful as food for stock. The rice in being cleaned has more or less of the grains broken, and by means of sieves of different fineness it is separated into three classes, whole rice, middling rice, and small rice, the first consisting of the unbroken grains, the second of the larger particles and the last of the smaller particles of the broken grains.

East Battery.—This is the southern end of East Bay Street, with handsome residences on the west side and a high sea wall on the east, making a splendid promenade, both houses and sea wall commanding a magnificent view of the harbor with its picturesque islands and forts.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.

THE annual fair of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society was formally opened in the Permanent Exhibition Buildings at Philadelphia, on September 7th, when Governor Hoyt and President W. S. Bissell made appropriate addresses. The exhibition is in many respects inferior to those of former years, the display of cattle being especially fine. The fruit exhibition is also large and varied, and elicits the warm admiration of visitors. The same may be said of the floral display, which includes a collection of rare officinal and medicinal plants. The plants of this collection are small, and comprise the vanilla, tea, fig, croton oil, lime, lemon, tobacco, black pepper, sugar, guava, india-rubber, cinnamon, Liberian and Arabian coffee, pineapple, banana, camphor, ginger, date, orange, clove, bitter aloe, pomegranate and patchouli plants, and the palm from which Panama hats are made. In the fruit collection are pears from the tree from which all the seckel pears have sprung. The tree, now nearly 200 years old, is on the farm of John Bastian, near Girard Point. The fair will continue during the present week.

GENERAL A. T. A. TORBERT.

GENERAL ALFRED T. A. TORBERT, who was among the victims of the *Pere Crue* disaster, was a native of Delaware, where he was born in July, 1838. He was graduated at West Point in 1855, when he was appointed brevet second lieutenant, and assigned to duty with the Fifth Infantry. His regiment was ordered to the southwest frontier, and was first engaged in conducting recruits to Fort McIntosh, Texas; then in scouting against the Lipan Indians in the hostilities against the Florida Seminoles; again on frontier duty in the Utah Expedition, and in 1860 in the march to New Mexico. When the civil war broke out Lieutenant Torbert was sent to New Jersey, where he was busy from April until September, 1861, in mustering volunteers into the service. He received the appointment of Colonel of the First New Jersey Volunteers in the latter month, and, with his regiment, participated in the Virginia Peninsular campaign, being engaged in the siege of Yorktown and the actions at West Point, Gaines's Mills and Charles City Cross-roads. On August 28th, 1862, he was given command of a brigade in the Sixth Corps, and fought at the second battle of Bull Run, at South Mountain, where he received a wound, and in the fight at Antietam. His gallantry won him promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, his commission dating November 29th, 1862. On his return from sick leave, the following June, he was assigned to duty with the Sixth Corps, and participated in its operations during the Winter of 1863-4. It was in the Richmond campaign of 1864 that General Torbert distinguished himself by his dashing and discreet conduct as a cavalry officer. He had command of the cavalry, remaining with General Grant during General Sheridan's raid on Richmond. On the return of the latter, General Torbert assumed command of the First Division, and was in many actions in the Summer of 1864, Hawes Shop and Cold Harbor being among them. He was an active participant in all the operations in the Shenandoah Valley, being Chief of Cavalry of the Middle Military Division. Afterwards he was in command of the Army of the Shenandoah and of various districts in Virginia, until he was mustered out of the volunteer service, January 15th, 1866. He was successively breveted major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, for his gallantry at Gettysburg, Hawes Shop, Winchester and Cedar Creek. The rank of brevet major-general was subsequently conferred upon him for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the rebellion. General Torbert was only thirty-three years of age when he closed his successful and honorable military career by resigning, October 31st, 1866, and retiring to his home in Milford, Del. He had been scarcely three years in retirement when he was called into civil life by receiving the appointment from General Grant of United States Minister to the Central American States. Two years later he was sent to Havana as Consul-General, and thence to Paris in the same capacity. He entered upon his duties in Paris in the latter part of 1873, and held his position until May, 1878. General Torbert was a man of splendid physique and of commanding presence, and was reputed to possess a very handsome property in Milford, where he leaves a widow. The body of General Torbert was washed ashore and buried by the saved seamen, but was subsequently disinterred and will be brought North with a military escort.

How the Greenback is Prepared for Circulation.

THE following appears in the *St. Louis Chronicle*: "All paper money," said a Treasury official, in conversation with a reporter a few days since, "both legal tenders and national securities, are now engraved, printed and finished in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. Some years ago, one-half the note was finished in New York by the Columbia Bank-note Company, but that has been done away with for some time. Under an Act of Congress, a building has just been completed for the sole use of the bureau. Before moving into this they occupied a portion of the Treasury Department."

"What about the process of making a greenback?"

"The process of making the greenback and other Government securities is this: The paper is first taken to the wetting division. There it is counted and dampened. It is then delivered to the plate-printers, each sheet being charged to them. They again count it in the presence of their assistant, who is a lady, and give a receipt therefor, the assistant certifying that she witnessed the count. The receipts are taken to the wetting division, where they are compared with the books before work is begun, and must agree. The paper is then given the first impression, which is on the back. This is done with a hand-press. Attached to all of these presses are registers, which keep count of each sheet of paper as it passes through, so it is impossible for the printer to secrete any without being detected. The note then passes into the examining division, where it is counted while wet and then placed in a drying-box. When perfectly dry it is taken out and again counted, and the work examined by experts, all of whom are ladies. The sheets found defective in any way are canceled, and the perfect ones placed in a hydraulic press, where an immense pressure is given them. When taken out they are perfectly smooth. They are then sent back to the wetting division, where they are again dampened."

"What is the next step in their manufacture?"

"Well, they are taken to the printing division, where they receive the second impression, which is the black part of the face, after which they are taken to the examining division, the dry box, the hydraulic press, and back again to the wetting division, the same as at first. They are taken from here the third time to the State printing division, where the third impression is received, which is the large red seal on the face. After this they are taken to the examining room, dried, pressed, counted and examined, the same as on both previous occasions. From here they are sent to the numbering division, where they receive the numbers that are seen on the upper right corner and left centre. Both legal tender and national bank notes are printed on sheets, and there are always four notes on each. After being numbered, the legal-tender notes are taken to another room, where the margin is trimmed from the paper and the notes separated. This is all done by machinery. After being separated they are again counted and placed in packages of 1,000 notes each. This is also done by ladies, who are experts. One lady, a Mrs. Silver, will count 1,000 notes in five minutes. This is the final count. They are then ready for delivery to the parties authorized to receive them. The national bank notes are not separated, but are sent to the banks that issue them in sheets of four each, so that they may be the more readily signed. The rules governing the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are very strict. In fact, during working hours the employés are treated more like prisoners than they are like ladies or gentlemen. From 1,000 to 1,500 persons are employed there, the ladies outnumbering the gentlemen considerably.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Activity Prevails at the Meudon aëronautical school where the French Government has established extensive works for the construction of a large number of war balloons. Each of these, 39 feet in diameter, will be made of silk, varnished by a process invented in 1784. The valve is to be made of metal, and the shape will be quite spherical. Not less than forty of them will be sent to the several French armies for the purpose of making capture or free ascents when required.

An Improved Method of stopping engines (says the *Electrician*), has recently been devised. The main object of the device is to enable any child or unskilled person in any part of a mill to stop the engine in case of accident. The action is exceedingly simple. By touching a spring similar to the spring of an electric bell, an electric ball is set in motion. The ball drops and shuts one of the valves, which prevents the steam from escaping, and the engine is brought to a standstill.

It Seems that the introduction of magnets into the great grain mills of the West has fulfilled the highest expectations of those who complained of wire in wheat. Not only have the magnets captured all the stray pieces of iron bands, and thus removed the last and only objection urged against wire banding harvesters, but they have revealed the singular fact that, of the scraps of iron and steel which find their way to the mills mixed with the wheat, fully one-half are something besides pieces of wire, and a large proportion of those are of such a nature as to be even more dangerous to mill machinery. The magnets gather everything of this kind with unerring certainty.

M. Ramstedt, late of the Russian Navy, has devised a system of night-signaling on board ship, with which some very interesting experiments have recently been made. The apparatus consists of a dished chamber, in which sirrocium is burned, or other substances, so as to produce a variety of colors if desired. At the back of the chamber is a reflector, by means of which the light is thrown on the steam, either steadily or in flashes, at will. The steam thus becomes a luminous mass, varying in color with the substances used in combustion. It is stated that the result of the experiments which have thus far been made shows that the apparatus in question is very effective for the purpose intended.

A Telemeter, which will for many purposes far surpass any range finder yet suggested, has been invented by a professor of mechanics at the high school at Belgrade. The instrument, it is stated, will show with unerring precision the exact distance of an enemy. The rapidity with which sound travels is the basis of the measurement of distances, the distance required to be known being shown upon the face of the instrument in less than a minute. The telemeter itself is only about the size of a watch, and can therefore be easily carried in the pocket, while the error in the measurement of any range from 300 up to 20,000 yards does not exceed one and a half yards, and does not increase with the distance. The cost is only about $10.

According to *Les Mondes*, a new application of the Ruhmkorff coil has been made in the neighborhood of Marseilles. Instead of using bird-lime on trees which are frequented by birds of passage, a copper wire is wound around the trunk, and a decoy attached to a neighboring stall. When a numerous flock has been attracted by the decoy, a shock is sent by the commutator, and they are more surely stunned than by a rifle. Experiments of a similar kind have also been made by M. Dalmas upon the vines at his country seat, and powerful shocks are said to have destroyed the parasites together with their eggs. If this statement is confirmed, the ingenious inventor may reasonably expect the prize of 100,000 francs ($20,000) which has been offered for the destruction of the phylloxera.

The Third International Congress of Geography meets at Venice from the 18th to the 22d of September, 1881, under the patronage of King Humbert. The accompanying exhibition will be opened on September 1st, and will not be closed before October 1st. The Congress will be divided into seven groups: 1. Mathematical, Geodetic and Topographical Geography. 2. Hydrography and Maritime Geography. 3. Physical, Meteorological, Geological, Botanical and Zoological Geography. 4. Historical, Ethnographical and Philological Geography. 5. Economical, Commercial and Statistical Geography. 6. Methodology; Geographical Education. 7. Exploration. Further information may be obtained by addressing "Al Comitato ordinatore del 3° Congresso Geografico Internazionale, 26 Via del Collegio Romano, Roma."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE health of the Empress of Germany causes renewed anxiety to her family.

THE murderers of Dr. Parsons have been brought to Constantinople and will be tried immediately.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY has declined a renomination for Congress from the Hartford (Conn.) District.

GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN has been chosen President of the New York Underground Railroad Company.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S monument, which the Italian Government is about to erect, will cost over a million and a quarter of dollars.

THE Pope has appropriated $60,000 for a complete and splendid edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, his favorite philosopher.

GENERAL GRANT will spend the coming Winter in New York City and Washington. During his sojourn at the capital he will be the guest of General Beal.

ANDREW D. WHITE, Minister to Berlin, writes that he is not about to resign the Presidency of Cornell University, but will return there during the coming year.

EDITOR THORN of *Notes and Queries* has retired from the office of assistant librarian of the House of Lords, at the age of seventy-seven, on a pension of $3,750 a year.

THE sword of General Anthony Wayne and that of Judge Edward King have just been presented to the City of Philadelphia, in accordance with the will of the late Dr. William King.

MISS ANNIE R. IRISH, the daughter of Colonel O. H. Irish, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, has been elected lecturer on modern literature in the University of Wooster, Ohio.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES will come in for the new South African medal and clasp, or can at any rate claim it, on account of his having conveyed the news of the victory at Ulundi to Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere.

MISS FLORA SHARON, daughter of Senator Sharon, is betrothed to Sir Thomas Hesketh, a wealthy Englishman, who, in the course of a tour round the world in his steam yacht, has been making a stop at San Francisco.

GENERAL LONGSTREET has been in Washington receiving instructions as United States Minister to Turkey. Secretary Evarts has informed him that he will be compelled to pay his own expenses, as the Government has discontinued furnishing outfits.

OLIVE LOGAN declares that Adelaide Neilson was to have been married to Admiral Glyn. The actress said so herself, and explained that the delay was because she desired to wait until the Admiral's daughter was wedded. The Prince of Wales had reminded Glyn that Neilson could never be presented at court.

MME. BOTTA, of New York, has given 20,000 francs to the Académie Française, the accumulated revenues of which sum during five years are to be given the best work on the condition of women which shall have appeared within that period. The prize will be awarded for the first time next year.

THE Rev. Dr. Wenger, one of the oldest missionaries in Calcutta, who had given his special attention to Biblical translation in the Sanscrit and Bengali languages, is dead. He was an accomplished Sanscrit scholar, and his version of the Bible is used by all denominations of Christians in Bengal.

CANON FARRAR looks little over forty years old, though in reality he is nearer fifty. He is a grave, thoughtful, studious-looking man, with a shy, reserved manner, who is led by, rather than leads, the conversation. In warm Summer days he is to be found, with books of reference beside him, studying in the ancient cloister gardens of Westminster Abbey.

THE Hon. John A. Cuthbert, a resident of Mobile, Ala., is the oldest living ex-member of Congress. He was born at Savannah, Ga., in 1788; graduated at Princeton College in 1805, served in the war of 1812-15, and was a Representative from Alabama from 1819 to 1821, sixty years ago. He is still hale and hearty, and practices law in the courts of Mobile.

WHARTON BARKER, the Philadelphia banker, who went to Russia several months ago for the purpose of examining into the feasibility of developing the coal fields of the Black Sea, has returned from his expedition. He says that he found the Donetz coal basin and deposits of iron ores in the neighborhood of Krivoi Rog fully equal to the expectations formed of them.

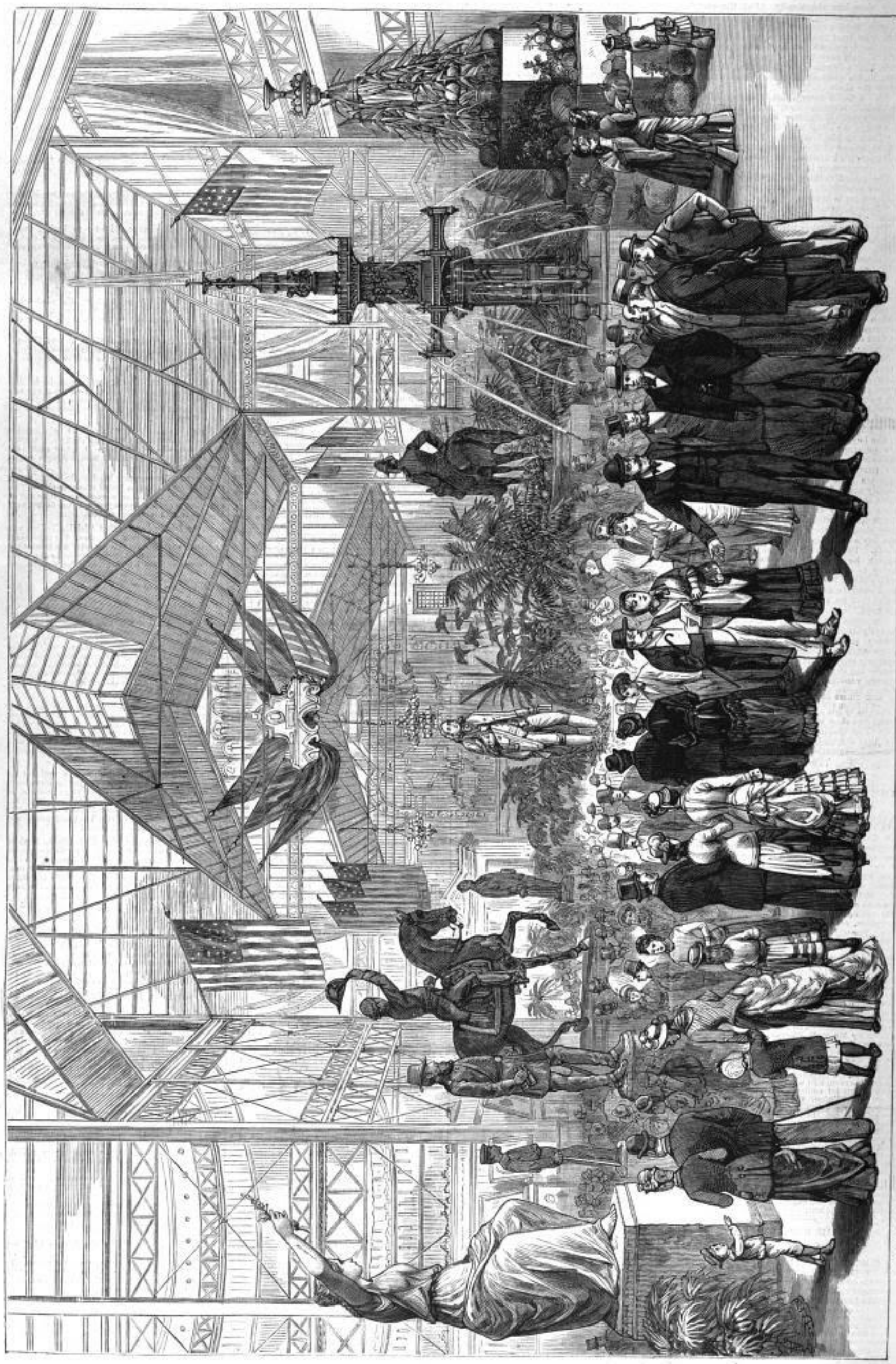
SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, Governor of New Zealand, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Bartle Frere at the Cape, is one of the numerous sons of an Irish clergyman by the daughter of Sir Hercules Langrish. He has an Irishman's love of horseflesh, and never missed an Australian race of any importance. Of conciliatory disposition, he has always got along very well when Governor, and is deemed a safe man by the Colonial Office. He now goes to a different post.

EX-GOVERNOR LELAND STANFORD'S new residence at Menlo Park, Cal., will stand almost in the centre of a plot of ground about 650 acres in extent. The approach to the house will be through a grand, straight drive, bounded by stately elms, and by sinuous pathways decorated by the choicest shrubs. Surrounding the house on all sides will be an arboretum that promises to be one of the most unique of its class in the world. Governor Stanford's intention is to procure from all parts of the world shoots, cuttings, plants and seeds, if need be, of every tree that is likely to succeed in California. He has already received many thousand cuttings and young trees.

THE Czar, being relieved by General Melikoff of the cares of state, devotes his leisure to match-making. It is announced that the Prince Royal of Portugal will, in all probability, marry a princess of the house of Romanoff. The ex-president of the council, who recently started from Lisbon on a series of visits to the capitals of Europe, was charged to open the necessary negotiation preliminary to an engagement on his arrival at St. Petersburg. The eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro is stated to have been affianced to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. The arrangement is said to have been brought about by the special request of the Czar. The princess bears the name of Zorka, and has just reached the age of sixteen.

DR. TANNER has taken the lecture platform, having talked about starvation to an audience of 200 at Booth's Theatre, in this city, one night last week. He claimed that it would be of use in convincing people that they could go without food safely twelve or fourteen days where it is prescribed as medical treatment. He claimed also that it would be of use in showing that such abstinence would not be injurious to the mental powers. Another thing proved by it is that the stomach is not made by fasting incapable of performing its functions. If he had done nothing but prove these things, he thought he had proved enough. He thought it was a great achievement to prove that the animal part of us is subjected to the higher powers of the mind.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—ANNUAL FAIR OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY IN THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATES.—SEE PAGE 59.

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EUROPE AND THE ALBANIANS.

THE attitude of the Albanians in resisting the collective will of Europe is attracting more and more attention. Albania, as will be seen by a reference to the map, forms the southwest district of European Turkey, and occupies the west of the Balkan Peninsula, from Bosnia and Montenegro to the Greek frontiers. Upper or Northern Albania corresponds to the Illyria of the Romans; Lower or Southern Albania corresponds to the ancient Epirus. The country is mountainous and irregular throughout, numerous spurs of the loftier range, with intervening elevated plains, projecting themselves to the coast. To the south of Pindus the country becomes more elevated and even more irregular. The valley in which stands the town of Janina, by the shores of a lake of the same name, is 1,900 feet above the sea. The mountains rise to a great height all around. The country is well wooded. The rivers and lakes are numerous.

With the exception of a few tribes, the Miriditæ and others in the northern part of the country, who belong to the Roman communion, the inhabitants of Albania are either Moslems or members of the Greek communion, or, as it is called, the Orthodox Church. At one time Albania was wholly Christian; and in Bosnia and Herzegovina it was rather the power of the sword than the power of persuasion that induced the population to prefer the Crescent to the Cross. As it is, a large proportion of the people still profess Christianity, and, thanks to the tolerant spirit which prevails among these mountaineers, the spire of the Christian Church is not unfrequently quite as conspicuous an object of the landscape as the Moslem minaret. As a rule, the Albanians are fine fellows. They are very intelligent, and seem to be fairly industrious, considering the great insecurity of acquired property. They may be seen working in the fields, with musket or rifle slung to their backs, ready for a fight at a moment's notice. They number in all 720,000 souls.



ALBANIAN SOLDIER OF THE DIBRA CLAN.



THE MIRIDITE PRINCE PRINKDODER, PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL ALBANIAN NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.



ALBANIAN SOLDIER OF THE CLEMENTI CLAN.

negro, and Greece is not likely, even with her regular trained army of some forty thousand, to try to cope single-handed with the Albanians. The Albanians are favored in their purposes by nature. Scarcely any stronger ground of vantage could be wished by men determined to defend their country to the last than that which they possess in Skodra (Scutari), literally the "City of the Hill," now the centre of the Albanian League. It is a rocky stronghold that could be easily rendered impregnable, rising from the centre of a plain that drinks from the rivers Drim and Bojana and from a beautiful lake, and is in turn belted by mountains whose circle seems to yield only to the impetuous influx of these rivers. In its strategic capacities it is all that could be desired.

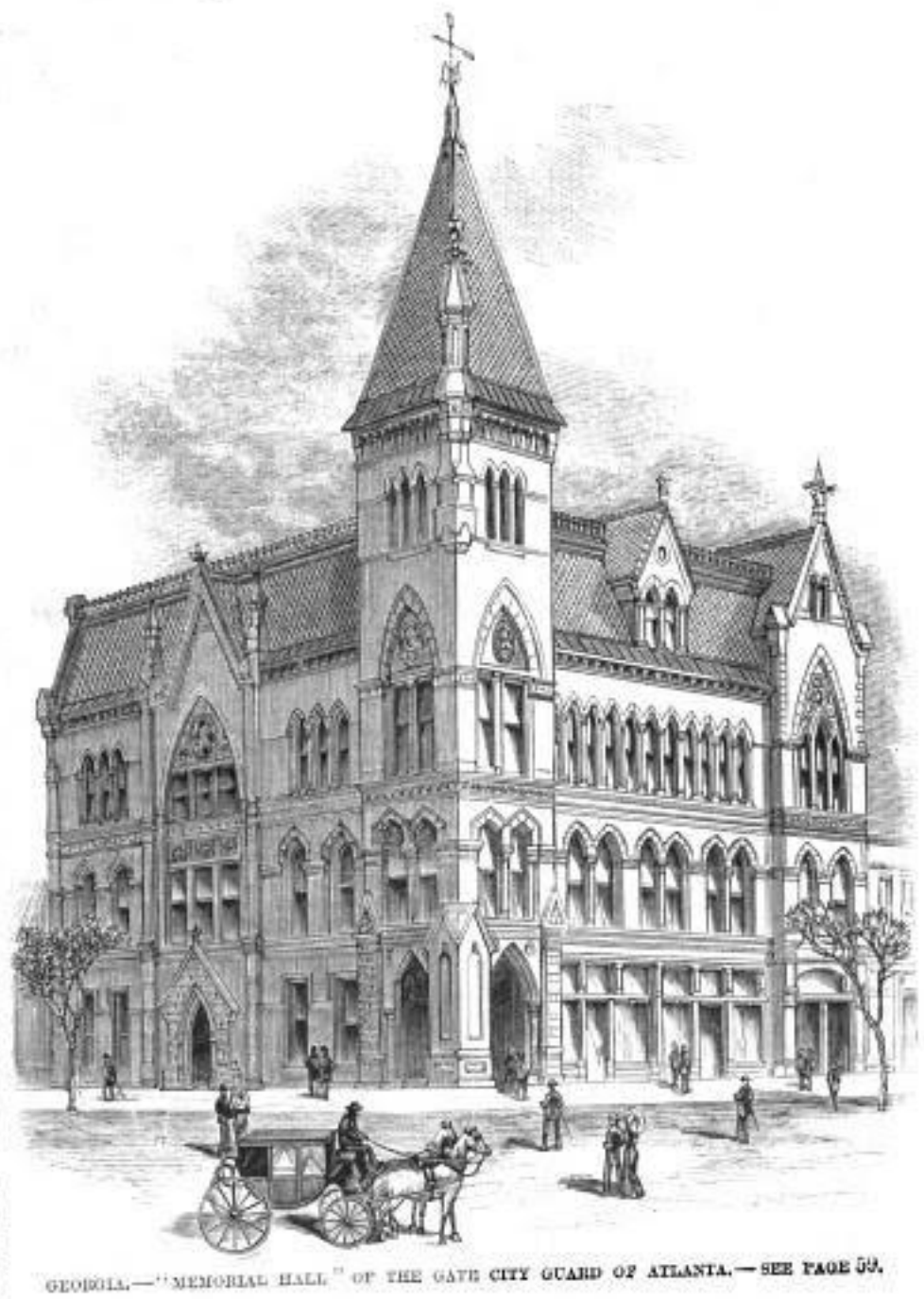
When the supplementary conference met at Berlin, the Albanians sent Abdul Bey and Mehemet Ali to plead their cause, and the League sent a telegram as follows: "The Albanians will never consent to the dismemberment of their country (by the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro), nor to any exchange which makes them subject to foreign domination. They protest against the prescriptions of the treaty of Berlin. They renew to the plenipotentiaries their prayer that their request for the maintenance of the inviolability of their ancient rights may be taken into serious consideration. They claim the recognition of having prevented needless bloodshed and of having contributed to the advancement of civilization."

Even if the Powers should unanimously insist upon the execution of their decisions regarding Turkey, it is probable that much blood will be shed before their will is fulfilled. A late report says the Porte had handed a note to the ambassadors stating that the Albanians had agreed to the cession of Dulcigno, but subsequently, with genuine Turkish vacillation, this note was withdrawn, leaving the situation practically unchanged.

A late writer says: "Left to themselves, the Albanians would undoubtedly have the upper hand in a contest with Greece, and they would also resist the Porte if it attempted to force them into submission. The whole of Albania and Epirus is so mountainous and is of such a nature that, as in the case of Bosnia, it would require a very strong force to subdue it. Some of the best-informed Albanians declare that they could put upwards of 200,000 armed men in the field, and I believe their estimate is not exaggerated. Although these troops would not be organized as an army, they are, perhaps, the finest material for soldiers in the world, and would prove a most dangerous enemy in mountain warfare. A very large number of the Geghe tribes are already armed with Martini-Henry rifles. The situation is sufficiently grave, and the Porte could scarcely be expected to enter with much zeal into charging itself with the expense and the danger of amputating one of its own limbs. Who, then, is to provide the army necessary to bring the Albanians to submission? If it is to be done by the armies of the European Powers, it will at once produce the very complications which it sought to avoid, by forcing upon Turkey the cession of territory to Greece. It must be owned that the Albanians are masters of the situation if they choose to assert their independence."



THE LATE GENERAL A. T. A. TORBERT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROADBENT & TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 59.



GEORGIA.—"MEMORIAL HALL" OF THE GATE CITY GUARD OF ATLANTA.—SEE PAGE 59.

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Crystallized Eggs.

THE egg traffic of this country has risen to an importance which few comprehend. The aggregate transactions of New York City alone must amount fully to $5,000,000 per annum, and in the United States to $18,000,000. A single firm in that line of business East handled $1,000,000 worth of eggs during the year. In Cincinnati, too, the traffic must be proportionately large. In truth, the great gallinaceous tribe of our country barnyards contributes in no small degree to human subsistence, eggs being rich in nutritive properties—equal to one-half their entire weight. Goose, duck, and hen eggs are the principal kinds produced in America. We have nothing, however, like what we are told used to be found in Madagascar, or have been found there—the gigantic roc egg, measuring thirteen and a half inches in extreme length, and holding eight and a half quarts. One of these birds, with a single effort, might supply a modern boarding-house with omelets for a day.

The perishable nature of eggs has naturally detracted from their value as a standard article of diet. The peculiar excellence of eggs depends upon their freshness. But lately the process of crystallizing has been resorted to, and by this process the natural egg is converted into a delicate amber tint, in which form it is reduced seven-eighths in bulk compared with barreled eggs, and retains its properties for years unimpaired by any climate. This is indeed an achievement of science and mechanical ingenuity, and has a most important bearing on the question of cheaper food, by preventing waste, equalizing prices throughout the year, and regulating consumption. In this form eggs may be transported without injury, either to the equator or to the poles, and at any time can be restored to their original condition simply by adding the water which has been artificially taken away. The chief egg-desiccating companies are in St. Louis and New York. No sugar or other extraneous matters are introduced in the process of crystallizing; the product is simply a consolidated mixture of the yelk and albumen. Immense quantities of eggs are preserved in the Spring of the year by liming. Thus treated they are good for every purpose except boiling. It is a common trick for some dealers to palm off eggs so treated for fresh, so that imposition is easily practiced. In the desiccating process, however, the difference becomes apparent, as from four to five more limed eggs are required to make a pound of egg crystallized than when fresh are used, and eggs in the least tainted will not crystallize at all.

Some of the most experienced egg-dealers declare that there is no profit in raising poultry to compare with producing eggs. A single hen will lay from twelve to fifteen dozen eggs per annum, selling at an average of 13 cents per dozen, and the birds thus occupied can be housed and fed for less than 50 cents for the whole period. In the East the price per dozen is much higher. Here we buy them by the dozen. Step into an Eastern produce establishment, and they will sell so much for a quarter of a dollar. There is no reason why the crystallizing process should not become quite general, egg production stimulated as never before, and the food supply receive large accession from this source. The already great and increasing consumption of eggs in England and France shows growing appreciation for this kind of food compared with any other. In Lima and Peru eggs sell at $1 per dozen—equal to $4 per pound crystallized. It is thought that this new process for preserving for utilization the industry of our hens and pullets may be very acceptable, as well as beneficial in a business and domestic point of view.

What Melikoff has Done for Russia.

GENERAL MELIKOFF'S common-sense method of restoring public confidence in the Imperial Government is illustrated by the official return that from the date of the military dictatorship in February to May last, about 1,400 students and other young men were liberated, and 4,300 persons freed from police surveillance. Besides these, 2,000 youths who have been expelled from various educational establishments have been allowed readmission. It is also officially announced that from May to August 115 persons were either altogether freed from police surveillance and restored to their homes from exile, or received some mitigation of their sentences. Of this number thirty re-entered the universities, and remain there at present; 1,696 persons continue under surveillance. The recent ukase abolishing the Third Section and the Supreme Executive Commissioner is received by the St. Petersburg press with a chorus of rejoicing. The *Golos* says that "Russia has entered upon a period of government by established law. The abolition of the Third Section shows that arbitrary administration has been radically condemned, and the personal security of every honest subject is rendered inviolable; whilst the nomination of Count Melikoff proves that the necessity of confiding the ministry of the interior, now more than ever a post of the highest importance, to a statesman who can rise to the height of the occasion is fully recognized." Another journal exclaims, "The ukase rings out an appeal to each and every one to work henceforth with fearless confidence for the good of his native land, under the protecting shade of legality and justice. God grant that Russia may never again see such dark and troublous times as she has lived through these two years."

Patti's Country Home

PATTI has fixed her country home in Breconshire, South Wales, where she some time since bought a property called Craig-y nos Castle, and it is a curious coincidence that Craigy is said to mean, in the *patois* of the district, nightingale. The castle, an Elizabethan structure, is finely placed on the slope of a hill, and on its improvement and that of its grounds the great prima donna has already expended many thousand pounds. In this State, she could not have purchased the property without naturalization, or a special Act of the Legislature, but England is more liberal, and though she has but little land, it is free to all who wish to purchase it. The castle is two hours' drive from the Swansea Station, but a victoria, with four beautiful pet ponies, soon carries visitors over the ground, and there is talk of a railroad which will give a station near the castle. A visitor describes Ia mistress as singing all over the house and gardens. The house is crammed with beautiful things—offerings to its mistress. Such are the splendid plate and exquisite china and glass used in the table service. At this retreat the diva sumptuously entertains her friends, and lately surprised them with a splendid display of fireworks by a London pyrotechnist, lighting up vividly the woods and rocks of her lovely domain. When the display ended, and the moon emerged from the clouds, there was a call for a song, and, stepping out on the terrace, whither a piano was wheeled, she sang, amid a silence broken only by the low purling of a brook over the pebbles, "Home, Sweet Home."

The Population of Maine.

SUBSTANTIALLY complete census returns show that the population of Maine is about 639,000—a gain of about 12,000 since 1870. As there was a considerable loss in the population during the previous decade, it would look as though the tide has turned in their favor, and that Maine has ceased to be so much of a State to emigrate from as it has been. It is noticeable that the increase in the population has been mainly in Androscoggin and Aroostook—the former a manufacturing and the latter a farming county. Aroostook has gained nearly 12,000 and Androscoggin over 9,000, while Hancock has lost over 6,000 and Penobscot over 4,500. Generally speaking, the farming towns outside of the new county of Aroostook have lost somewhat. At the same time the quantity of farm products has increased, indicating that the use of machinery in farm operations has reduced the number of farm laborers and at the same time increased the product. The tendency of population to leave the country and remove to the villages and cities is not as great as ten years ago. Maine has been subjected to a great draft in consequence of the great temptation held out by the virgin soil of the West. She has suffered more than some other States because it was not until within a quarter of a century that manufactures obtained any considerable foothold in the State. As it is they have only made a beginning. With the extensive water-power, the cheap building materials, and the young population seeking for employment, they present unsurpassed opportunities for manufacturing enterprises.

Quarries One Thousand Years Old.

AN interesting paper on ancient quarries of calcareous or Oriental alabaster and flint was read by Rev. H. G. Hovey, before the American Science Association at its recent meeting in Boston. The paper was profusely illustrated by maps, diagrams and specimens, and the discoveries described were of a remarkable nature. The quarries are in the Wyandotte Cave, Indiana, and have long been regarded as evidence of the vandalism of saltpetre miners who labored here in 1812; but experiments as to the rate of stalagmitic growth prove this to be an error, and that these works are at least 1,000 years old. In further proof of their being due to the Indians, Mr. Hovey exhibited stone pounders, which were found in the dirt, and which would not have been used by those having better tools. When the newer portion of the cave was first opened, the speaker, who was one of the early explorers, saw many Indian footprints and torches and other relics. Two years ago he found a flint mine and workshop about a mile under ground, amid cinders of old fires, fragments of torches and similar proofs of Indian occupancy. A stone lamp was also found, with an abundance of flint chips and oblong blocks of a size convenient to be carried away to be made into arrow-heads, hoes, etc., in the open air. Search at the mouth of the cave had unearthed quantities of such articles. Alabaster ornaments are less plentiful. The material undergoes decay on exposure to the elements, yet a few specimens were found and deposited with the Smithsonian Institution. The fact of the decay of this kind of alabaster, and also of the fading of flint, was established by a series of experiments.

FUN.

WHY is a room full of married people empty?—Because there is not a single person in it.

MAMMA: "You are very naughty children, and I am extremely dissatisfied with you all!" *Tommy:* "That is a pity, mamma! We're all so thoroughly satisfied with you, you know!"

BUTCHER (rushing out): "Hey—ess that your dog, man?" *Donald* (whose dog is running away with a piece of meat): "Aweel—he wass mine once, but he's aye doein' for hossel ye noo?"

A STRANGER, passing a churchyard and seeing a hearse standing hard by, inquired who was dead. The sexton informed him. "What complaint?" asked the inquisitive one. Said the old man: "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied."

A FRIEND of ours was once on board of a schooner wind-bound in the Bay of Fundy. Speaking of it afterwards to an old lady friend, she exclaimed: "Wood-bound, were you? Why didn't you take some saffron tea?—it's the best thing in the world for wind."

FASHIONABLE Galveston young lady at a social gathering remarks jestingly to Gilbooly: "I wonder how much I would bring if I was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder?" "Just about $1,000." "Why, my jewelry alone is worth that." "Yes; that's what I put it down at in my estimate."

A BACKWOODS preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the virgins: "In ancient times, my beloved hearers, it was the custom, after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps and meet 'em on the way home, five of those virgins being males and five females."

HE had not seen his friend for some years. The other day he met him coming up Galveston Avenue, with his wife on his arm, accompanied by a little boy, and said: "I would have known you anywhere by that boy. He has got your mouth and chin, but his nose, eyes and forehead are precisely like his mother's. I never saw such a perfect resemblance." The boy was an adopted one. Tableau.

A TORONTO patent medicine man recently ruined the sale of his "Pulmonic Balsam" by publishing a testimonial from a man who asserted that "his wife, who had not been able to speak above a whisper for five years, had her voice completely restored by the use of one bottle." When the Toronto man realized the effect of the publication, he wrung his hands and said, "An enemy hath done this thing."

IT was on a Sound boat, and the mate was evidently annoyed about something. "Carry it forward," he roared. "Carry it forward, you lunk-headed son of a sculpin, or I hope to be gee whizzled gaul dusted to jude if I don't maul the dad slammed head off'n ye with a capstan bar, you log-backed mollygrubber, ye!" And the deck hand looked up in profound admiration and said: "By George, cap., if I had your cubcher, I wouldn't be a runnin' as mate for no man in these waters; I'd be a commandin' a boat of my own."

GREAT DISTRESS

is often suddenly experienced from an attack of cramp in the stomach, colic or other painful affections for the relief of which nothing is superior to Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water-Pepper, compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, water-pepper, and anodyne gums. For diarrhœa, dysentery, bloody flux, cholera-morbus, its warming, soothing, astringent and healing properties render it a perfect specific, unsurpassed as an anodyne and stimulating embrocation or liniment. Should be kept in every family. Sold by druggists at fifty cents.

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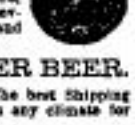
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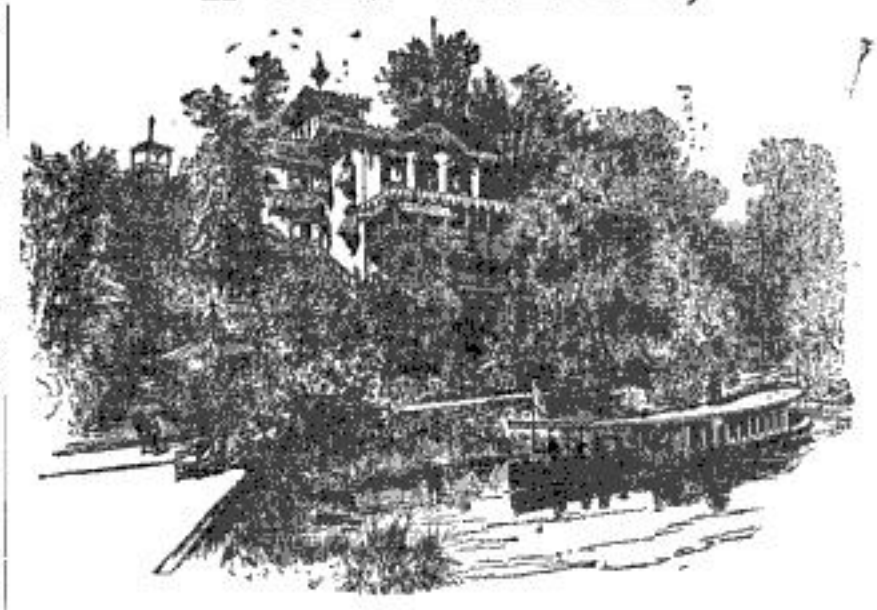
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[From REV. DR. BRIDGMAN.]

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AN ALLIANCE MADE ELIGIBLE BY THE MAINE ELECTION—WHO WILL WIN HER?

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In No. 1,307 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *will be commenced the publication of a powerful serial story, entitled* "THE BLACK ROBE," *by* WILKIE COLLINS. *This story, which will be published by us exclusively from advance sheets purchased directly of the author, possesses all the attractions of style, ingenuity of plot and felicitous delineation of character which peculiarly distinguish Mr. Collins's works, and will, we are confident, afford genuine enjoyment to our readers. Persons who desire to have the story complete, as presented in our columns, should send in their subscriptions at once.*

THE DRIFT OF THE CANVASS.

A GREAT deal of importance is attached by political managers and calculators to the first State elections which are held before a Presidential contest—"the first guns of the campaign," as they are technically called. Such preliminary trials of strength are in the nature of so many reconnoissances in force, as made by the general of an army for the purpose of "feeling" the temper and power of the enemy, while the importance attached to them results from two considerations: they show the apparent drift of public opinion, and, when this drift is made clear, it helps to swell itself by drawing within its current what is called the "floating vote."

The first of these considerations is a legitimate object of curiosity to others than those who make a trade of politics. The patriot as well as the politician must watch the signs of the times, must have "understanding of his epoch," if he would act wisely in any given conjuncture. But he does not swim with the current or run with the multitude, unless to him the current shall seem to set in the right direction, and unless the voice of the multitude shall seem to be lifted in defense of the true and the right.

As we do not profess to hold our political opinions at the beck of any party, but profess, on the contrary, to hold them irrespectively of mere party interests and prepossessions, we are not set to interpret "the drift of the canvass" with any view of adding to the volume of the drift. We are more concerned for the success of measures and policies which seem to us wise and timely, than for the success of any particular organization; and as we do not find ourselves in entire accord with the "management" of either of the two great historical parties of the country, while we are entirely opposed to the ends and aims of the Greenback Party, which offers itself as a *tertium quid* between the Democrats and the Republicans, we hope that we shall be able to ascertain the direction, and measure the momentum, of present political tendencies, revealed by the recent elections in Vermont and Maine, without being lifted from our feet by the current, and without aiding to lift any voter from that independent position which he should hold in the presence of competing and conflicting parties.

And it should not be very difficult either for us or for anybody else to maintain this attitude of a prudent self-reserve, seeing as we do that the recent elections in these States have not established much of a "drift" in any given direction, or impressed it with a volume which makes it irresistible.

In Vermont, after a vigorous and enthusiastic canvass, the Republicans did little more than hold their own. All this vigor and all this enthusiasm were put in the Vermont campaign mainly for "political effect." Vermont is proudly called by the Republicans "the star that never sets." It has never voted for a Democrat during the entire history of the Whig and Republican parties. The drift of its political opinions, like the "compulsive course" of the Pontick Sea in Shakespeare, "Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on." It was not, therefore, with any fear of Democratic ascendency in the State that a "red hot" canvass was recently waged in the Green Mountains from month to month. But the position was seen to be a good one for the purpose of winning a "rousing victory," which would tell on the fortunes of the wider political battle outside of the State.

The result in Vermont has neither justified nor confounded these expectations of the Republican managers. Twenty-five thousand majority on the vote for Governor, twenty-one thousand on the vote for members of the House of Representatives, is not an unusual Republican majority in Vermont. But it is a majority quite large enough to show that the honorable name of General Hancock is not a tower of strength into which the Democrats may run and hope to be safe. After a "magnificent dress-parade," as Mr. Blaine so graphically called the Vermont canvass, it appeared from the muster rolls at election day that each party could count on the constancy of its train-band adherents, and not much more.

In Maine the results of the recent election present a somewhat different aspect, but the difference is not so great as it appears to be at first sight. The conflict in this State took on the shape of "a triangular duel" between the Republicans on one side and a coalition between the Greenbackers and the Democrats on the other. There is always an element of weakness in such coalitions, and the inherent weakness of the Maine "fusion" was aggravated by many exceptional causes—by the bad conduct of the "Fusionists" at the last "count" of votes in the State, when in artful ways they sought to snatch a victory from defeat; by jealousies and heart-burnings among the coparceners to the political compact; by defections in the very bosom of the alliance, and by the public dissuasive of General Weaver, the Greenback Presidential candidate, against the policy of any and all confederations with the Democratic Party. And yet, in spite of all these obstacles, the "Fusionists" came very near carrying the State. At any rate, the Republican majority of 15,000 at the gubernatorial election of 1876, immediately preceding the Presidential election of that year, has dwindled to a minimum so slender as scarcely to be appreciable.

That these facts imply a serious defeat of the Republicans it would be idle to deny. And when we consider the spirit which has presided over the Republican canvass in Maine, it cannot be said that the defeat was undeserved. More of sound logic and less of personal bitterness; more of solid argument and less of idle vaporing at the "Solid South," would have better served the ends of the Republicans, if they have any ends which commend them to the reason as well as to the passions of the people. Republican politicians can scarcely afford to throw stones at the "Garcelon thieves," when they remember the glass houses in which they have lived ever since the last Presidential election. The people do not forget that only two Republican Members of Congress could be found in 1877 who were brave enough, or clear enough in their minds, to vote against ratifying the "count" of the Louisiana Returning Board; and while all honest men must abhor trickery wherever it is found, there are some honest people who do not bear with patience the denunciations of men who seem to abhor Democratic trickery in Maine, but look with complacency on Republican trickery in Florida and Louisiana.

The election in Maine is a Republican check, at least a check on the present methods of the Republican canvass; but it does not appear so plain to our minds that it is a Democratic triumph, or an augury of Democratic success in the coming Presidential election. The honors of the victory in the Pine Tree State are mainly due to the Greenbackers, and for their share in these dubious honors the Democrats in other States may have a heavy penalty to pay. The sober sense of the country, the "solid men" of the country, will have nothing to do with the Greenbackers; and Democrats who hunt with them in Maine for the small game of State dignities, or the higher game of a seat in Congress, are putting in peril the Presidential sweepstakes on the national course in November. Each party has some heavy weights to throw off if it would make sure of the prize.

CURIOSITIES OF SPECULATION.

IT is of not a little interest to note how strongly the speculative instinct is developed in our people. There is certainly more or less truth in the assertion of foreigners that Americans care nothing for enterprises that lack the element of danger. Much has been said of the speculations in Wall Street, and that resort of brokers is famous all over the world, but the ventures made there appear as only a drop in the bucket when the speculative manœuvres in the country at large are considered. The present rage for buying mining stocks is one of the most striking illustrations of the adventurous spirit of our people. And yet there are something like forty-four mining stocks now under assessment, and much of what has not inappropriately been dubbed as "wall paper" will prove delinquent either through the inability of the holder to pay the assessment, or else complete disgust at being frequently assessed and never reimbursed with the smallest dividend.

Stock speculation, however, is something with which most persons are more or less familiar. We propose to briefly call attention now to the speculations in other directions. Take wheat, for instance. The operations in this cereal within a year have been large enough to coat three of the most powerful speculators something like a million dollars apiece in losses. The operations of the syndicate of three who, until recently were "bulling" wheat, showed wonderful resources both in wealth and shrewdness; and yet, some years ago, one broker alone cornered the Chicago market, and in spite of all the clamor of badly crippled shorts, and even of remonstrance from the officers of the Exchange, compelled everybody on the wrong side of the market to settle their contracts at his own terms. Usually it is not till towards the end of the month that the short interest shows itself, though shrewd operators will provide for their outstanding contracts whenever there is a reasonable profit. The selling prices—the terms at which transactions must be adjusted—are determined by the position of the market on the day of settlement; and it not infrequently happens that some of the bull operators will arrange fictitious transactions with each other in order to so advance prices that the shorts will be obliged to settle at a high figure; but severe penalties are attached to this trick of making "wash sales," as they are called. Chicago is the great centre of wheat speculation, and the Western operator, no matter what he takes up for a momentary venture, makes perhaps the boldest speculator in the world. It is here that all the speculative campaigns in wheat, involving many millions of dollars, of late years have been planned; and it is here that the "scalper," or smaller speculator, dabbles in wheat, as the petty operator in Wall Street dabbles in stocks, though always in a much bolder fashion. Here on our Produce Exchange there is nearly always a brisk speculation in wheat among speculators—among whom are clerks and cartmen—who care no more for the grain itself than they do for the sand of Sahara, the settlements being made here, as in the West, at the difference between the market price at the time of making the transaction and that current at the time of settlement. There are regular "calls" at the Produce Exchange, just as there are at the Stock Exchange, and they are conducted in much the same fashion.

Then there is the speculation in pork. Immense sums of money are made and lost annually both here and in Chicago in this rather curious object of speculation. Indeed, there is even now one of the most gigantic speculations in pork going on at Chicago that has been seen for a number of years; and it is estimated by those who claim to be familiar with the details that the leading spirit of this speculation has netted fully $1,800,000 since last May as a profit on 600,000 barrels. The same operator at one time recently held no less than 40,000,000 pounds of meats, and the profit on these has likewise been enormous. This gentleman has, it is stated, an active capital of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 at his disposal, and it is useless, therefore, for the smaller operators to resist. It is curious sometimes how these speculations are brought about. About a year and a half ago Mr. James R. Keene—who has become so famous that we are privileged to mention his name—in one of his speculations in hog products, badly cornered many of the leading packers of meats at the West, and compelled them to come to him to settle at almost ruinous prices. And not only that, but he had the wires so well in hand that he compelled them to settle a month before the contracts became due, because they had to buy hogs at very high and steadily advancing prices, to fulfill their engagements with him, and the longer they delayed a settlement the worse it was for them. The losses of some of the packers were very heavy, and constituted a bitter lesson not to "go short" of the market when an intrepid operator like Mr. Keene was a heavy holder. This circumstance and the necessity of "getting square," it is now believed, gave rise to the present speculation, and from appearances the account has been more than balanced. Mr. Keene has speculated largely in lard of late years, and fortunes are made and lost in the same way by other speculators both here and in Chicago. The margin required is not great, and the temptation to invest is thus increased.

Then there is cotton. Speculation in "futures"—or cotton for future delivery—has elevated many a poor person to wealth and dragged down many a merchant with unlimited credit. The scenes around the brass ring at the Cotton Exchange here on active days is enough to make the Stock Exchange tremble for its laurels. The cotton speculator generally buys, or sells short, in lots of one hundred bales each; and a profit of a half-cent per pound—especially as the operator may be interested to the extent of thousands of bales—is considered a handsome "turn." There is much legitimate trade done in "futures" with planters who wish to be sure of a market for their cotton at a certain price; but by far the larger part of these transactions are in "paper" cotton, where the operator only requires a settlement on the basis of the market price. To show how far this speculation in "futures" is carried, it may be stated that for the cotton year ending September 1st, the sales in this way were no less than 33,989,000 bales, or more than five times the crop really harvested in the same period. At New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, Galveston, and at many other points thoughout the South, speculation in "futures" goes as steadily as the wind and the tide.

Petroleum is another thing that attracts the speculator. At Oil City, in Pennsylvania, both men and women speculate in Pipe Line certificates, good for 500, 1,000, or 2,000 barrels of oil, as the case may be; and as in San Francisco, where servant-girls are regular speculators in mining stocks, domestics not unfrequently try their luck. The production of petroleum now approximates 80,000 barrels per day, but the sales of Pipe Line certificates average certainly 200,000 barrels per day at Oil City alone, and in active times have reached 400,000 barrels; while in New York we are not very far behind Oil City. The speculation in petroleum in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburg, while not so brisk as at Oil City and New York, is nevertheless important. There is a petroleum corner in the Produce Exchange, and there is, besides, a regular Petroleum Board in William Street.

Passing on to smaller speculations, it is curious to note what men will do to make money. Some months ago there was quite a brisk speculation in hops, there being as usual two parties—the bulls and the bears—composed in this case of the farmers, who naturally wished prices to go up, and of the brewers, who just as naturally wished prices to decline. The contest raged furiously in this city and elsewhere for many weeks, as there was really a large amount of money involved. A well-known circular, publishing the quotations of hops here, gave great dissatisfaction to the bulls, because its prices were not up to their ideas; and, as the commercial reporters had been in the habit of publishing this circular, it was resolved, at a mass meeting of the farmers, not to subscribe for any paper that published the obnoxious quotations, and a printed notice to this effect was actually sent to all the great dailies of this city. With the right or the wrong of this controversy it is not our purpose here to speak. Suffice it to say that hops can stir up a tempest in more than one way.

Then again, some years ago, when it was proposed to put duties on tea and coffee, there arose a mighty speculation in these articles. One speculator was credited with holding about 60,000 bags of coffee; and the speculation in tea was equally important. At the time of the famine in Bengal, Hindoostan, some years since, there was great speculative activity here in rice, and some heavy losses as well as handsome gains were scored. It was trading on the distressedness of others, for the inhabitants of Bengal depend almost entirely on rice to sustain life, and it was assumed that, when the crop failed in that region and famine ensued, there would be a great demand for our rice; but this was no worse than speculating in breadstuffs, whereby the poor are often the chief sufferers.

Again, at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, when Turkey was invaded, it was the signal for immense transactions in opium, which now comes mainly from that country. And even now there is a large speculation in this drug in progress, based on an anticipated falling-off in the next crop. A number of large drug houses here and in Smyrna, Turkey, control the bulk of the stock, and have already realized large profits on their venture. Turkish prunes, at the time of the war alluded to, were also bought up largely by speculators, and for a while proved profitable; but ultimately this article of speculation, which few would think of in such a connection, proved the ruin of more than one strong house. Fortunes have been made and lost in indigo speculations; and, for that matter, this article has far more commercial importance than might at first be imagined. Then a few years ago, when we had the potato-bug invasion, there was a large speculation in paris-green, and the market advanced materially, partly owing to the large demand and partly through the exertions of speculators. Another curious speculation was that in canary-seed, two or three years since, when it was supposed that the crop would prove a failure. A speculator, with a genius for statistics, actually prepared an estimate of the number of canary-birds in the United States, and the quantity of seed consumed per day, and considerable money was really made in this strange venture. And yet the cases cited here are but a few among many that might be named where what would be called curious sorts of speculation really pay better than half the railroad or mining stocks that are foisted on a credulous public.

THE INTELLIGENT VOTE.

WHENEVER an important election approaches frequent mention is made by the Press of a class designated as "the intelligent vote." Precisely who this mythical class may be it is somewhat difficult to ascertain. It is certainly not intended to designate thereby those who have made political science a study, for their number is few, they differ widely in opinion, and are to be found indiscrimi-

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nately in each of the great political parties. For the same reason, in the sense in which the term is usually applied, it cannot have for its basis either wealth, general intelligence or social position. To attempt as precise a definition as the case will admit, "the intelligent vote," as used by a partisan Press, is a complimentary term, somewhat undeserved, referring to that large class in the community who have no definite political principles, who take no active part in party warfare, regarding it as a disreputable business, and who, considering themselves a little better than their neighbors in point of education and means, are likely to be cajoled into joining that party which appears to contain the greatest amount of intelligence. In this sense, however, "the intelligent vote" is a misnomer.

It is a subject of deep regret to those who have the interests of our country at heart that there should be such prevalent ignorance not only as to the principles underlying our form of government, our political and constitutional history, but even as to the live issues of the day, the questions which produce the divisions of party. And such ignorance is not confined to our foreign-born population and persons in humble circumstances, but reaches largely our native citizens, and is to be found in almost every rank and walk of life. As an illustration: Not long since a group of young men, evidently of American birth and whose appearance indicated the possession of means and education, were seriously discussing the probability of the President of the United States interfering by a pardon or commutation of sentence in the case of a well-known murderer condemned to death under our State law, and it did not seem to occur to the mthat the National Executive in such a case was as powerless as the Emperor of China.

In matters of local or municipal contests, where the question really is as to the selection of the best men, the so-called "intelligent vote" is still less deserving of that title. The "intelligence" may be there, but it is latent, and its usual manifestation is a blind following in the track of party, without an effort to secure the election of the best candidates, and without a voice in placing them in nomination. Its highest ambition is to be on the side of the respectability.

This tendency sometimes makes strange bedfellows in politics. The late John Morrissey was a remarkable man, one *sui generis*, and no doubt fully deserved the political preferment which he received as a popular representative. In his last contest, his opponent, Mr. Schell, was one of the old Knickerbockers, of the bluest kind of New York blood, a man of wealth, character and position, and yet "the intelligent vote" of the district—the *élite* of Murray Hill and Fifth Avenue—declined to vote for him and supported and elected a professional gambler and prize-fighter, not because of his political principles, but chiefly because it was fashionable to do so. A few of the respectability gave the signal and the rest followed blindly.

The same authorities which laud the "intelligent vote" are equally strong in denouncing "pot-house politicians" and "low groggeries" as factors in politics. But the ward statesman and the corner gin-seller, from taking an active part in the contest from the beginning, are often far better acquainted with the *personnel* of the candidates, and are better informed upon the local questions of the day, than the best specimen of the so-called "intelligent vote."

Until those to whom such high qualities of intellect are attributed make some exhibition of them in a practical way by taking part in the formative meetings of the party of their choice, informing themselves of the merits and demerits of those proposed for office, and making their intelligence felt by compelling the selection of good men, they cannot complain that this business is managed for them by men inferior to them in many respects, but superior in activity and in experience as to the practical working of politics.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE temporizing speech which M. de Freycinet, the French Premier, delivered some weeks ago at Montauban is still the cause of strife among the more violent Republicans. His peaceful utterances upon that occasion as regarded foreign politics were considered as an offset to the bold harangue of Gambetta at Cherbourg, but the weakness which he showed in reference to the religious decrees raised a noisy indignation against him. The members of the extreme Left have been loud in denouncing his temporizing policy, and it has been openly stated that he would have to make way for some more thoroughgoing Republican. There is, apparently, a coolness between M. de Freycinet and M. Gambetta, and the various groups of the Left who have attacked the Premie recount upon the acquiescence of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. The cry is now for the immediate execution of the decrees against all the religious communities. Meanwhile Gambetta has absented himself from Paris, and, apparently desirous of showing his sympathies, is visiting the son of M. Victor Guichard, the Vice-President of the Republican Left, the very man who convoked the party and asked them to insist upon the execution of the March decrees. Under these circumstances, the Premier, on Sunday last, tendered his resignation. Two other members of the Cabinet are spoken of as his successors. One is Jules Ferry, the present Minister of Education, who originated the decrees last March, and the other is M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, who carried them into effect against the Jesuits. Jules Ferry has already been intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet, which is expected to more nearly reflect the public temper on the subject of the decrees.

The position of affairs in Turkey, although still unsettled, looks more like an immediate decision than it has for some time past. The naval vessels of the six Powers have come together at Ragusa, amid great firing of cannon. The fleet is practically under the command of Vice-Admiral Seymour, and his orders are believed to be explicit. He is to advance along the coast to Dulcigno, and there deliver an ultimatum calling upon the Governor of the town to vacate it and allow the Montenegrins to take possession. The Montenegrin troops are to be in readiness to seize the town, and should the Governor refuse to give up Dulcigno, the Montenegrin army will then take forcible possession under cover of the guns of the fleet. But the British admiral's orders are explicit in stating that he must not land any men. However, as the Albanians are collected in considerable force in the neighborhood—the latest report puts their force at 6,000—it is more than likely that they will resist the Montenegrin advance, and it is reported that they have already assassinated Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, who was to enforce the cession of Dulcigno. The Montenegrin forces, also stated at 6,000, are said to be in fine condition and eager for the fray. As the equinoctial gales are imminent, the procrastination of the Porte may prove effective, and any approach to the rock-bound coast on which Dulcigno is situated may be found impossible. To add to the difficulties of the position, the intrigues of Said Pasha caused the dismissal of Kadri Pasha, the Prime Minister, who was in favor of yielding to the demands of the Powers. Said Pasha, whose wife has great influence in the harem, succeeded in frightening the Sultan and in having himself appointed premier. The new Prime Minister is totally ignorant upon the subject of European politics, and began his administration by attempting to play a double game. Since then it is said that he has seen the impossibility of such an attempt, and is now urging the cession of Dulcigno at all costs. A policy of reaction will probably follow this appointment in Constantinople, where fanaticism is rapidly increasing. Even in the mosque and in the presence of the Sultan, the Imaun upbraided him with being an unworthy successor of the Khalifs, and with being too ready to place the Christians upon an equality with the Musselmans.

In Russia the principal event has been the imperial assent which has been given to the proposals of General Louis Melikoff and the Minister of Justice for reforming all the branches of the administration in the different provinces. It is well known that there has been enormous corruption in Government circles, and that all attempts to put an end to it up to the present time have proved useless. Curiously enough, just at the same moment that the Czar gave his assent to the proposals for reform, General Milintin, the Minister of War, who was the reformer of the Russian military system, resigned. His reason for giving up this post, which he has held so ably for eighteen years, is said to be a dispute with the Czarowitz. Among the more notable changes that he introduced were the shortening of the term of service from twenty-five to eight years, the abolition of the old system of commissariat and of corporal punishment, and a pure management of the various military stores and accounts. The general finances of the Empire have been found in such a disordered condition by M. Bunge, the new Finance Minister, that a committee will be appointed to investigate the defalcations.

In Southern Russia the fearful Siberian plague, commonly known as the "black death," has broken out in a village near Odessa. The only means by which the officials can fight against its progress is by taking sanitary precautions, and the ignorant peasantry oppose the measures with might and main. The houses are disinfected by burning sulphur in the rooms after they have been hermetically sealed. The use of disinfectants was said to be a profanation of their dwellings, and even the nuns told the people that all persons would be excommunicated who allowed sulphur to be burnt in their houses. In one village the peasants went so far as to prepare a funeral pile on which they proposed to burn a Sister of Charity who was engaged in some sanitary work. The Sister was only saved by the prompt interference of the police.

A VERY important addition to our stock of educational works is the official report of Professor James R. Soley, United States Navy, on "Foreign Systems of Naval Education," just issued from the Government Printing Office. The report deals particularly with the curriculum maintained by Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy and in its details gives the entire course of instruction of a naval officer from the date of his nomination as a cadet until he attains the highest rank in the service.

THE birth of the Infanta of Spain seems to have inspired King Alfonso with a feeling of clemency towards political and common law offenders, and amnesties have been the order of the day for a week past. The authorities of the island of Puerto Rico have been directed to apply a large sum to aqueducts, ports, schools and other public enterprises, and it may be said, generally, that the Government has lost no opportunity to indicate its profound satisfaction over the event which, at least, adds to the stability of the monarchy.

THE enemies of Spanish domination in Cuba are again becoming restive. It is said that a new conspiracy is on foot which aims at inciting the negroes to demand their full liberty at once, and, in case of a denial of their demand, it is intimated that a general uprising may follow. Such a movement, while it would no doubt command widespread sympathy, would be at this time conspicuously unwise, and it is to be hoped that the cause of Cuban independence may not be jeopardized by any such attempt.

THE reasons assigned by the Republicans for the failure of their expectations in Maine are as numerous as they are ludicrous. One is that the Fusionists purchased a great many voters at the last moment when it was too late to counteract their "perversion." But did the Republicans spend no money in the same direction? Would they not have bought every purchasable voter in the State if the opportunity had offered? The truth is that, for once, the Republicans of Maine have been beaten at their own game—a bad enough game it is, and always has been—and they only make themselves contemptible by setting up a pretense that they have been outraged and wronged by their opponents.

THE renomination of Mayor Kalloch by the workingmen of San Francisco, if an election shall finally be ordered, will afford the people of that metropolis an opportunity to pass directly upon the pretenses of that notorious official. It can scarcely be possible that the verdict will be otherwise than unfavorable. No community which has any regard whatever for its own reputation can afford to applaud a career so utterly abhorrent to decency and good morals as Kalloch's has undoubtedly become. To re-elect him to the Mayoralty would amount to a declaration that San Francisco prefers violence to order, corruption to purity, and the rule of brutality to the supremacy of virtue and intelligence.

THE movement looking to the organization and development of co-operative societies in New York and elsewhere is gaining strength. It includes among its supporters some of our most prominent citizens, whose names afford an assurance that it will be given a practical direction on a sound basis. It is proposed to establish a large retail co-operative society at the earliest possible day, and meanwhile to organize several smaller retail societies upon a uniform plan, with a view to promoting the co-operative system of trading which has proved so successful in England. The development of the plans now maturing will be watched with a good deal of interest by those classes in the community for whose benefit co-operation is especially designed.

THE trade in live cattle between this country and Europe has so increased as to supersede in extent that in dressed meats. Five years ago the business was regarded simply as an experiment. In 1879 the shipments reached 105,324, of which amount 33,295 were live cattle and 72,029 dressed carcasses. For 1880, from January up to the first two weeks of August, the shipments were 64,843 live cattle and 53,533 carcasses of beef—a total of 118,376. The trade amounts in money value to from $32,000,000 to $35,000,000 a year. With the removal of the unjust restrictions on American cattle now imposed in Great Britain, the trade will no doubt attain still larger proportions, there being practically no limit to the supply of cattle available for exportation.

THE total domestic exports from the United States during the last fiscal year amounted in value to $823,946,353. Of this aggregate $680,000,000 consists of the products of agriculture alone, or 82½ per cent. of the whole—our exportation of breadstuffs exclusively amounting to $288,056,835. The total shipments of wheat were 153,252,795 bushels; adding 6,011,419 barrels of flour, equal to 30,057,095 bushels of wheat, the total export of wheat and flour becomes equivalent to 183,309,890 bushels, with a money value of $225,879,502. For the preceding year, the figures were 122,353,933 bushels of wheat and 5,629,714 barrels of flour, equal together to 150,502,506 bushels, valued at $160,268,798. The wheat exports of last year, therefore, exceeded those of the year preceding by 32,807,384 bushels.

AN effort is to be made by a census shortly to be taken to ascertain the exact Indian population of the United States. The country has been divided into four sub-divisions, each superintended by a special supervisor, with whom the Indian agents at the sixty different agencies will co-operate. The work will necessarily be slow, since nearly two-fifths of the Indians report at the agencies only periodically, making an immediate enumeration altogether impossible. In the case of the few Indians who do not report to the agencies, men will be selected to visit them in their camps and obtain the desired information. No difficulty is anticipated in taking the census of the Indians on reservations where they are engaged in industrial pursuits. The census will include, in addition to the enumeration, valuable vital statistics collected by United States surgeons located on the different reservations; educational statistics collected by Government teachers; and industrial statistics gathered by the special agents.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A BATCH of 328 Mormon converts from foreign lands arrived at this port last week en route for Utah.

THE Police Commissioners of this city are making a vigorous effort to suppress the sale of policy and lottery tickets.

PRESIDENT HAYES last week visited Monterey and other points in California, being everywhere enthusiastically received.

SENATOR CONKLING made his first speech in the present campaign before an immense audience in this city, on Friday night last.

THE rival Democratic factions in Virginia have been negotiating in regard to a united Electoral ticket, but have not reached an agreement.

HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, ex-United States Senator, died at his residence at Norwich, Conn., September 19th, aged seventy-four years.

THE repudiation amendment to the Arkansas Constitution was rejected, and not adopted as formerly announced, at the recent State election.

THERE were 6,495 more pupils in attendance at the opening of the public schools in this city, September 6th, than at their opening one year ago.

VIRGIL and Houston Gully have been acquitted of the charge of killing Gilmer, in Kemper County, Miss., during the Chisholm disturbances of 1877.

THE forty-ninth annual exhibition of the American Institute Fair was opened September 15th. The exhibition possesses greater attractions than any recently held.

THE Egyptian obelisk was last week successfully removed from Clifton, Staten Island, to the foot of West Ninety-sixth Street, in this city, whence it will be taken to Central Park.

THOMAS HUGHES and his party of English friends are in Tennessee. The founding of Rugby, the English colony on the Cumberland plateau, has been postponed until October 5th.

FOURTEEN women missionaries from the Female Board of Missions have gone to the Mormon settlements in Utah, Idaho and Western Wyoming, where they will labor for the arrest of the evils of polygamy.

Two hundred Italian laborers left New York last week for Sandwich, Mass., to work on the Cape Cod Canal. Altogether the force of 1,000 men already engaged will be increased to 2,500 by the first of October.

THE total vote at the recent election in Vermont was 70,686. Farnham, Republican, received 47,505; Phelps, Democrat, 21,237; scattering, 1,943. Farnham's majority over Phelps, 26,621; majority over all, 25,092.

THERE has been serious trouble between white and colored miners at Corning, O. In an encounter between the militia and the malcontents ten persons were wounded. Two companies of militia were sent to the scene.

NINE men were killed September 16th by the breaking of a cable in the Consolidated Imperial Mine at Virginia City, Nev. On September 17th five men were blown to pieces by the explosion of a cartridge factory at East Bridgeport, Conn.

THE report of the Inspectors charged with the investigation of the loss of the steamship *Narragansett*, some weeks since, recommends that the licenses of the captains of both the *Narragansett* and *Stonington* be revoked, and that fines to the amount of $3,000 be levied on the *Narragansett*.

THE latest returns of the Maine election indicate the re-election of Governor Davis by a small plurality. Three Republican Congressmen and two Greenbackers are elected. Both Houses of the Legislature contain strong Republican majorities. The amendments to the Constitution are adopted, one of which provides that a plurality of votes shall elect.

THE annual convention of the National Association of Fire Engineers of the United States was held in Boston last week. The following officers were elected: *President*, Chief William A. Green, Boston; *Secretary*, Henry A. Hills, Dallas, Texas; *Treasurer*, A. C. Hendricks, New Haven, Conn.; *Vice-Presidents*, Chiefs D. J. Swaen, Illinois, O. W. Crane, New York, and others.

IN the Fire Engineers' Convention at Boston, last week, the committee on the question of the expediency of passing State laws requiring the erection of fireproof buildings in the business sections of cities, reported that in their opinion such legislation would be advisable and of great practical benefit. The committee on tenement-houses reported in favor of more stringent laws regulating the construction of tenement houses, requiring better arrangements and the application of fire-escapes.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts have nominated Governor Long and Lieutenant-Governor Weston for re-election. The Missouri Republicans have nominated Colonel D. P. Dyer for Governor, with a full State ticket. The Democrats of New Hampshire have nominated Hon. Frank Jones for Governor. The New Hampshire Prohibitionists have nominated a full State ticket, headed by George E. Hodge for Governor. A convention of Republican clubs, eighteen States being represented, was held in Indianapolis last week.

Foreign.

THE expulsion of French Jesuits from Alsace-Lorraine has been ordered.

THE Greek army numbers 30,000 men, rapidly preparing for service.

THE complete revision of the Swiss Constitution is to be submitted to the popular vote.

THE German Government have determined to subsidize a line of steamers to Australia and the South seas.

THE sergeant accused of false marking at the Wimbledon Rifle meeting has been tried by court-martial and acquitted.

IT is rumored that Sir Charles Dilke, Under Foreign Secretary, intends to resign his official position because of ill health.

THE Lancashire Weavers' Association desires to submit pending troubles to arbitration, but the employers will not meet them and have determined to work only three days a week.

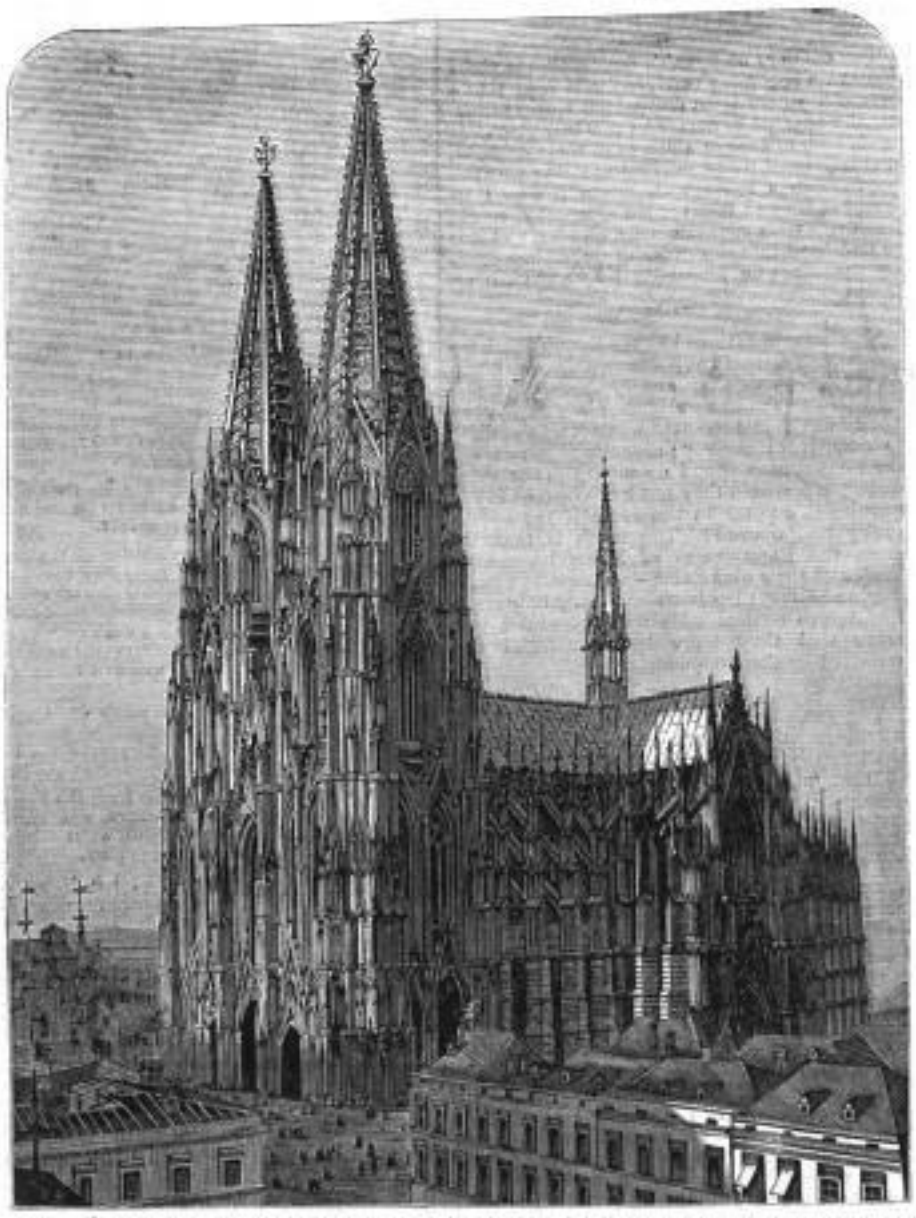
THE naval demonstration of the Powers has been postponed until the Christians can leave Dulcigno, as a massacre is feared. The Autumn storms will begin in a fortnight, and then the vessels cannot keep their station.

THE very latest reports from the Adriatic frontier state that a conflict between the Albanians and Montenegrins seems to be inevitable. The Turkish regulars sent to overawe Albania are largely deserting to the Albanians.

THE imports into France during the eight months ending August show an increase over the same period last year of 250,000,000 francs, and the exports of 198,000,000, the increase of imports being in food products, and of exports, in manufactures.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



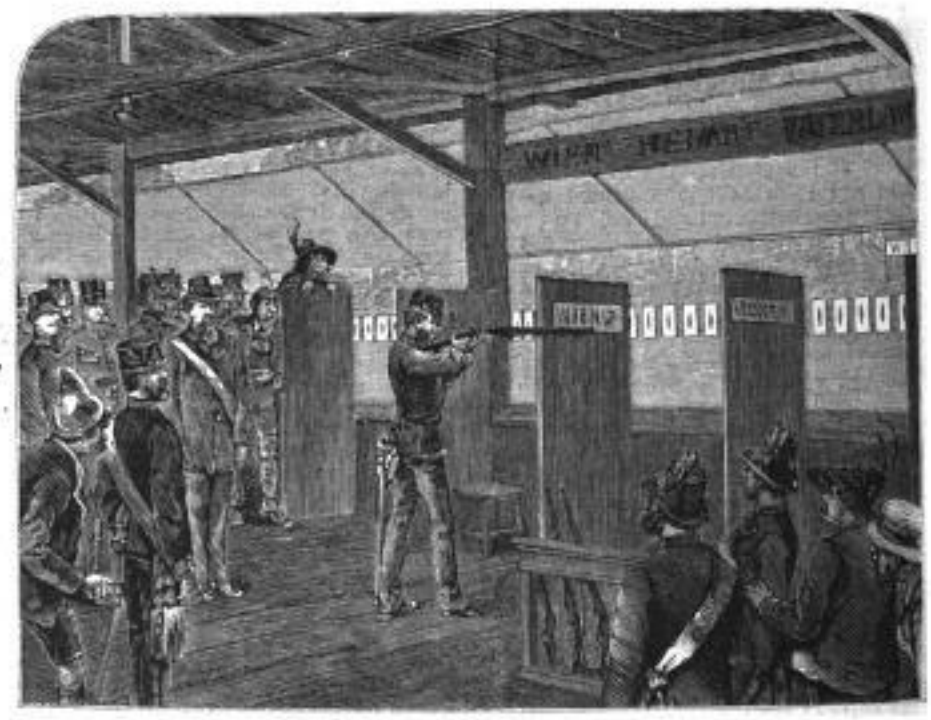
GERMANY.—THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, BEGUN AUG. 14, 1248; COMPLETED AUG. 14, 1880.



GERMANY.—A SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT LUBECK.



DENMARK.—SARAH BERNHARDT TOASTING "FRANCE ENTIRE" AT THE COPENHAGEN BANQUET.

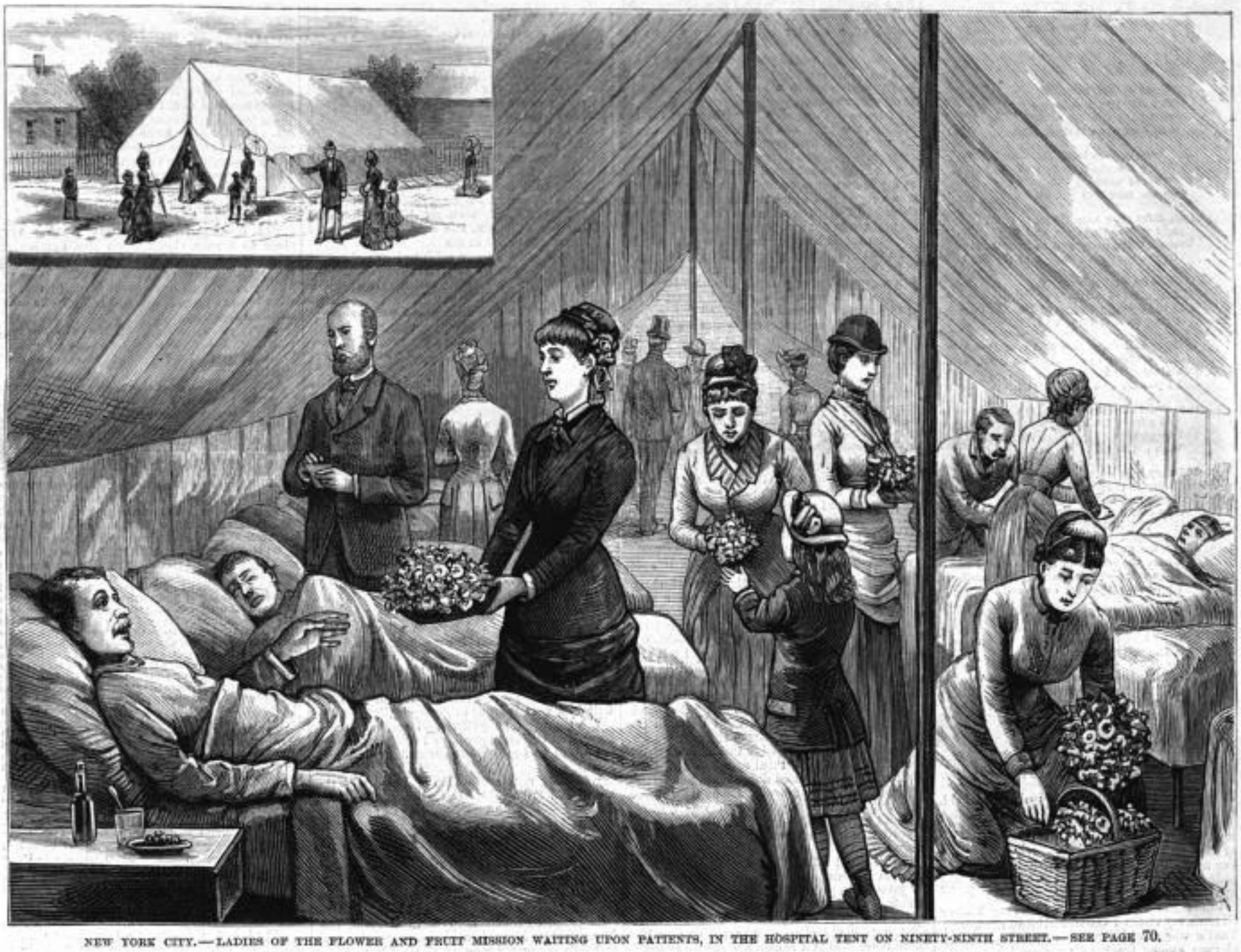


AUSTRIA.—THE EMPEROR SHOOTING WITH THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, VIENNA.

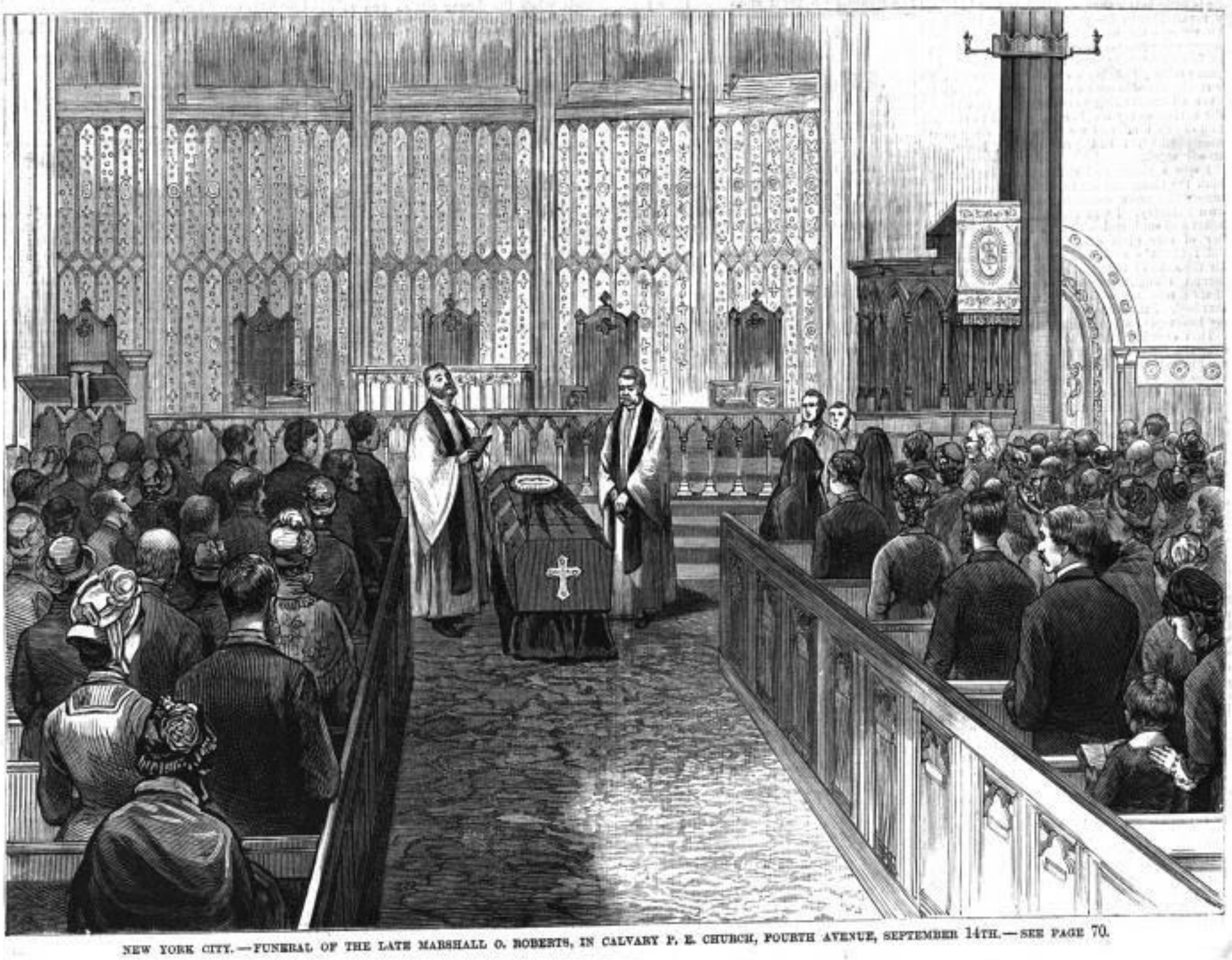


BELGIUM.—THE JUBILEE OF INDEPENDENCE.—KING LEOPOLD RESPONDING TO ADDRESSES AND REVIEWING THE HISTORICAL CAVALCADE, BRUSSELS.

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NEW YORK CITY.—LADIES OF THE FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION WAITING UPON PATIENTS, IN THE HOSPITAL TENT ON NINETY-NINTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 70.



NEW YORK CITY.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, IN CALVARY P. E. CHURCH, FOURTH AVENUE, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—SEE PAGE 70.

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BY THE RIVER.

O EVER-CHANGING river
That seekest the changeless sea,
Where are the forms and the faces
The years have shown to thee?

Glitter of golden hauberk,
And silver of swinging sword,
Down by the shallow scurry,
And over the darkling ford.

And here in this ferny corner,
Where the shadows fall on the spray,
A vision of weeping woman's eyes,
As her true love gallops away.

Say, didst thou note them, O river,
And gather them up, and flee
To waft them away and to hide them
In the soundless depths of the sea?

Sheen of a prince's armor,
And glint of a trusty sword,
And blood-stained faces of fearless men
Dying to save their lord.

Soldiers and statesmen and courtiers
And cold-eyed priests, and a group
Of dainty delicate maidens
In powder and patch and hoop.

Say, didst thou note them, O river,
And garner their smiles and tears?
Did their hearts beat high and falter
With old-world hopes and fears?

Did they look on thy deep, dark water
Where it mirrors the diamond spray,
And love and struggle and suffer
As we of this latter day?

* * * *

Across the gulf of the ages,
Where the secrets of silence sleep,
Comes a voice—"Ye are sisters and brothers,
Who love and suffer and weep."

For the day goes by, and the morrow
Comes back as it did of yore,
And the love is the same, and the sorrow
Is the sorrow our fathers bore.

As the burden has been, so it shall be
Till the kind God bears us free
Down the stormy waves of the river
To the calm of the infinite sea.

NINA WALLINGFORD.

"WHO is that little girl, Walter?" I said, carelessly, little thinking the important rôle that little girl was to play in my life drama. She came from Zimmer No. 9, of the Conservatorium for Music at S——, and her face was flushed with an indignant, half-pitiful look in her proud eyes which attracted my attention.

Room No. 9, I thought, as leaving Walter Griffith, my chum, I sauntered off to my lesson. That's where old Professor Z., a high cock-alorum among teachers, tortures his pupils; he is little better than a ruffian, if he has such a reputation in his profession; and they say he thumps the ugly girls with his fists and kisses the pretty ones in what he calls musical enthusiasm. Why was it that the thought of that pretty girl being kissed by the untidy old wretch caused in me a strong inclination to kick over an unoffending music-stand? However, the arrival of my teacher put an end to reflection of any kind, and we were soon deep in a sonata which I had prepared by hours of steady work.

I was a young and enthusiastic student of both the piano and organ, and my future fortune and career depended entirely upon my own industry. I was struggling with all my heart and soul, and, although I met any number of nice girls and gifted women at the different clubs and *soirées* which I frequented for the sake of the good music, I had given a second thought to none of them. Now a chance meeting with Professor Z. brought that look of the little girl back to my mind, and my heart gave a most unaccountable throb.

That evening I drummed like an automaton over the *fugue* that had been the centre of all my highest hopes and aspirations for weeks. Scales and exercises refused to be played, and I strayed off into tender little German love songs, until, disgusted with myself, I tumbled into bed. There I took myself sternly to task, and reflected that a poor art student, with only just enough money to live without begging until time should bring the success he must work hard for—that, in fact, just such a man as I was the biggest fool in Christendom to look at, or think twice of, anybody or anything but a long-haired professor or a music score. With these wise reflections I finally fell asleep; but for two or three days after a pair of eyes peeped from behind the key-board, and those eyes were not adorned with spectacles; or the thought of a flushed cheek lured me for a moment from that deep consideration of the harmony-book that should have been my most edifying mental food, and that flushed cheek was not graced by an unshorn beard. Still I worked on with only a scant word of encouragement from my taciturn professor for some months, till the Spring sun on a certain saint's day tempted me to take a much-needed holiday, and I strayed at random out into the woods, climbed a ruined tower and lazily took in the landscape about me. I wondered if the little stone cell on an island in the lake that lay below had sheltered the immortal hermit whose memory had blessed us pupils with a day's rest. I wondered if he was hollow-eyed, dirty-fingered and toothless; if, in his youth, he too had loved and been loved—and seeing at that moment a little boat at the foot of the Schlossberg, I ran down, and, taking possession of it, brought myself shortly to the island, and forthwith entered the hermit's deserted cell.

On a rock near the entrance lay a dainty, lace-trimmed parasol, a pair of gloves, some wild flowers and a sketch-book—queer things for a hermit to leave behind him, indeed; and, as I stood smiling at the odd contrasting ideas called up, a cry for help reached me on the breeze.

"Please, sir, could you come to me? I have lost my oar," repeated the voice, as I emerged, and at a distance in a boat sat a little girl I recognized at once.

She was drifting slowly further and further off into the lake, and her situation, although by no means dangerous, was embarrassing enough.

"I am quite ashamed of myself," she said, as my last strokes brought me near her. "It was very stupid of me to lose my oar, and the thought of drifting about in this lonely place all night was not a cheerful one."

"You might have drifted for weeks, as this is an out-of-the-way place, and I am very glad to have been the fortunate person who spared you a great deal of possible discomfort."

"And I am glad," she replied, "that it has been you who rescued me."

That slight and graceful accent on the you was indescribably pleasing to me. Our chat that day was but the beginning of a friendship that quickly ripened; circumstances favored it. We were both Americans in a foreign land, both interested in the same studies, and our pursuits threw us constantly together. It was not long before I acknowledged myself to be deeply in love with Nina Wallingford. How much brighter the world looked to me at that time! My every-day occupations seemed one round of delight, and study was play; even my reticent teacher complimented me often on my progress. I made great strides in a concerto I was composing, and when it was finished and played before the arbiters of the conservatory, a prize was unanimously awarded me.

* * * * * *

A glare of shimmering lights, perfume of flowers, the gleam of statues from their leafy bowers. In honor of the birthday of her Majesty, the Queen, a special musical performance was being conducted, and my concerto was the original feature of the evening. I felt pale from suspense, while each familiar note sounded through the hall, and at last it was over. Royalty itself condescended to applaud warmly, connoisseurs shook me by the hand, and, giddy from triumph, I went out into the night to take deep draughts of the calming air. Everything seemed possible to me in this the first flush of my youthful success—and Nina Wallingford had looked down from her box at me and smiled! To-morrow I would go to her and tell her that my triumph was nothing without her love.

Walter Griffith's friendly voice almost jarred upon me.

"Hallo! old fellow!" he called out, linking his arm in mine. "You are ahead of us all! By jove, I am proud of you! How I used to deride all our dreams of ambition when you and I and poor Harry talked of the future; all the poor old chap prophesied of you has come true. Do you remember he always said you would be a great success? How thoroughly the dear boy believed in you!"

"Yes," I replied, "I would give a fair share of to-night's triumph to bring Archer back again." And we talked of him as we sauntered homewards. He had been almost a brother to me, and the thought of his generous, trusting nature, and the loss he had been to us, brought tears to my eyes. He had had genius, but an erratic and unstable will; he worked only by fits and starts, and seemed at the last to have some deep trouble that took all ambition from him. Busy myself, I have often reproached myself since that I did not urge him to speak openly to me about it. Then one day I found him in an allée of the royal park with the cruel sun glaring down on his dead face. He had shot himself, and I never knew the secret of his terrible death. I had been his sole mourner, and he lay in the little English cemetery among strangers.

He had had great faith in me, and had cheered many a lagging moment in my musical career. "Yes," I said, "Archer would have rejoiced at all to-night."

"As usual," said Walter, lightly, "a woman was at the bottom of his destruction."

"A woman?" I said. "Curse her! But, Walter how did you know of this?"

"Why, Archer wrote it to me when I was in Leipzig—wrote me of his despair when the girl he had loved so long jilted him. To tell the truth, old friend, I have often wondered at your intimacy with that girl. Can it be possible you are trying to avenge Archer?"

"Walter Griffith, what in heaven's name do you mean?" my agitation mastering me—"of whom are you speaking?"

"Nina Wallingford," was the fatal answer.

"Good-night," I said, abruptly, and, turning up a dark side street, stumbled on and on. I never knew where or how long. I only remember to have reached the country, and to have felt the cold dawn creeping over a hazy earth, and the smell of grass and trees and the sounds of morning. I fell asleep from sheer weariness of the flesh, and awoke late in the day stiff and wretched. When I had dragged myself back to my rooms, the familiar sights brought all my grief more keenly to my mind; there lay Nina Wallingford's photograph, and on the wall above it hung Harry Archer's dainty, embroidered student's cap; a pair of Nina's gloves, the very pair I had seen in the hermit's cell, and had stolen as a souvenir of our first meeting, the pistol Harry's trembling hand had raised to the true, loving heart, lay side by side in my cabinet.

There must be some terrible mistake, some explanation that Nina could give; I determined to ask, and as soon as I could collect my thoughts, I went to her.

She met me with frank congratulations on the success my concerto had met with. "I heard every note and chord," she said; and what would have made me happy to intoxication before, fell now upon my ear like blows on a naked nerve.

"You are quite pale," she said, looking at me wistfully, and the tone for a moment tempted me to forget all I had heard, but Harry's face, as it lay that day in the sunlight, came up to check my hot words.

"Miss Wallingford," I said, "I have come—" but how to ask her! It seemed such an insult to speak of dishonor while that calm, steady glance rested on me. "Did you"—I stammered, "did you know poor Harry Archer?"

The girl's face blanched with a look of horror that went, alas! far to convince me of the truth of Walter's story. "I was his dearest friend, and I loved him," I added, with what must have seemed wanton cruelty; but Nina's face flushed, and, seeming like a flash to divine my thoughts, she said, with a proud glance of contempt at me:

"May I ask why you wish to learn the fact of my having known your friend?" she said.

"Oh, Nina!" I cried, "tell me it is all a horrible, torturing mistake!"

"I am at a loss to understand you," she replied, rising. "I knew your friend Harry Archer, and having now answered your only lucid remark, you will, no doubt, excuse me if I retire."

With a stately bow and steady step she left me, while I reeled drunk with despair to my rooms.

For several days I was ill; a low, obstinate sort of fever kept me, after the reaction of so much excitement weak and depressed. Then, after hasty preparations, I sailed for home.

That time I had so often looked forward to, that day that was to bring me back with a record of work done and reputation established, brought me no happiness. More work I sighed for, and it alone gave me rest. I slaved and spared no nerve or muscle. A penalty must be paid sooner or later for such over taxing of brain and body. I fell ill, and all was blank.

* * * * * *

A placid, kindly old face, in a Quaker cap, looked at me when I awoke from a long feverish dream; of course I tried to speak, but my voice failed me, and the lady laid her plump hands on my head and said, "Wait a little, you will grow stronger, and then we will do a vast amount of gossiping."

I let myself be petted and soothed like a baby, and before many days I could ask how I happened to be in what seemed to be a hospital.

"This is not quite like a hospital," the kindly old lady said, "but a house to which Doctor S——, who was called in to you when you fell so very ill, sends his patients. An Order of Protestant Sisters has the charge of it."

"But you are not a hired nurse, I am sure."

"No," answered the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Penthwick, an idle old body who amuses herself by looking in now and then on the sick people. I can help them a little, too, occasionally; I have brought you these flowers, and can write for you, if you wish, to your friends, when the doctor allows you to dictate."

"There is no one who would care particularly to hear of my welfare," I said, sadly, "although, since fortune has favored me a little, there are many who call themselves by that much abused title of friend."

Good Mrs. Penthwick seemed to set herself from this time on to the task of cheering me. "When you are able," she said, "I will take you for a little jaunt to my quiet old house in the country. I have taken a fancy to you, so don't protest; I am able, thank God, to do a good turn now and then to my fellow-creatures. I have inquired about you—you will neither steal my spoons nor run away with the pretty girl who is now my one guest. Here is your beef-tea; drink every drop of it, and get strong as soon as you can."

I began to take pleasure in seeing the wrinkled face which so often bent over me, looking pleased at my improvement; and, when we went by slow stages to Penthwick Cottage, I found myself beginning to hope and long for the battle of life again.

The second day, after a *siesta* in a cozy, chints-hung room, I went, leaning on Mrs. Penthwick's arm, to be presented to the guest whom she spoke of as "my daughter," but was really only a much-loved friend.

"My daughter" arose from a dim corner, came into the light, and Nina Wallingford was before me!

I was still so weak that the surprise overcame me, and I sank back in a chair, for a moment unable to speak, and I dare say looking half dead. Nina thought so, and the mistake was for me the happiest one in the world. She sprang to my side with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I miraculously recovered myself sufficiently to catch her hands and cover them with kisses.

"Oh, Nina!" I cried, "I have often been convinced that you could explain away my despicable doubts of you."

"Yes," she answered. "My still more despicable pride prevented my telling you of the one sad mistake I have made in my life; but my punishment has been surely out of all proportion to my fault. Your lack of trust in me that day wounded me all the more that I had brooded over the affair and grown morbidly sensitive; but I will tell you all about it now. Harry Archer loved me when I was quite young—too young to know if the feeling that prompted me to accept him was love or gratified vanity. He was, you know, of so peculiar a temperament that by degrees I found myself utterly disenchanted; at times unreasonably jealous of me, and—but I will not say more of this, for he is dead. He would not listen to my doubts of the wisdom of our engagement, and gave me no peace because I postponed from time to time the wedding-day. I know I was weak, but I was young and all alone; my one friend, Mrs. Penthwick, was ill. When she was sufficiently recovered to allow of it, I wrote to her, confiding all of my great wretchedness, of the certainty that, if I ever had, I no longer loved Harry Archer."

"Poor child! What a dilemma it was for you!"

"At the same time I wrote in reply to a reproachful letter from Archie a friendly but non committal one, I so foolishly hoped something would intervene to induce him to forget me. Fate would have it that I misdirected each letter, and Harry learned the true state of my feelings. You know the rest. Of course I was misjudged, and my weakness brought, God knows, a bitter fruit. That you, too, believed the current opinion hurt me deeply. Can you ever forgive me?"

But my head was already leaning very close to a rosy cheek when Mrs. Penthwick, who had gone in search of a physician, entered the room. The good dame's face was so utterly ridiculous in its bewilderment, that we were both feign to laugh and relieve our over-strained feelings.

Later, as we all sat on the vine-covered veranda, a happy family picture, for Mrs. Penthwick adopted me at once, she said, laughingly:

"I have been mistaken in you. You are going to run away with my daughter; you shall have the spoons as well for a wedding present."

FUNERAL OF MARSHALL O. ROBERTS.

THE funeral service over the remains of the late Mr. Marshall O. Roberts took place on Sept. 14th at Calvary Church, Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first Street, New York, in the presence of a large concourse, including women from the highest social circles, retired merchants, many of this city's most venerable and respected citizens, the foremost business and professional men, and a number of well-known citizens of other cities. The funeral procession reached the church shortly after ten o'clock. The casket containing the remains was carried from the hearse and placed in the vestibule until the funeral procession was formed. The casket was most unique in design. It was of oak, and of unusual depth. Its sides were flat, beveled off at the top. At either end there was a large ornamental cross made of steel. Completely encircling the casket were three ornamental steel bands. The large plate of solid silver on the lid bore the following inscription: "Marshall O. Roberts, born March 22d, 1813; died September 11th, 1880."

The remains were met at the church door by the Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburne, rector of the parish, and the Rev. Dr. Walker, who began the service with the memorable words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The procession then moved up the aisle, headed by the two clergymen, in the following order: The remains, pall bearers, and the members of the Roberts family. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: William M. Evarts, Hamilton Fish, Peter Cooper, Edwards Pierrepont, Henry G. Stebbins, Percy R. Pyne, Samuel Sloan and Edward N. Dickerson.

Mr. Walker read the first lesson, and then the ninety-third hymn of the hymnal, "I Would Not Live Alway," was sung. Dr. Washburne and Dr. Walker then continued the regular Protestant Episcopal burial service. The funeral, in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Roberts, was thoroughly simple. The only floral design observable was a wreath of white roses and a spray of palm, which rested on the lid of the casket. During the services the choir, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Halley, and consisting of the following persons, Miss Sarah Wood, soprano; Mrs. A. P. Sears, contralto; Carl Elvers, tenor, and J. A. Jones, basso, sang the following music: Chant, "Lord, Let Me Know Mine End," "I Would Not Live Alway"; anthem, "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

At the conclusion of the service the remains were conveyed to the Grand Central Depot, where they were placed on a special train and taken to Woodlawn at 11:40 o'clock. The remains were temporarily placed in the receiving-vault until the completion of the vault in the family plot.

A HOSPITAL TENT.

IT is a strange and awful sensation when, after having enjoyed to the full the powers and energies of manhood, we find ourselves suddenly reduced by the unnerving hand of sickness to the feebleness of infancy—when giant strength lies prostrate, and busy activity is chained to the weary bed. If one is wealthy, the sick bed is a regal solitude. How the patient lords it then! What caprices he acts without control! How king-like he sways his pillow! But when one is poor—when the bed is hard and comfortless, when every hour spent there is an agony of mind as well as body—the condition of the needy invalid is something too ghastly to contemplate. The Samaritans of the nineteenth century never appear in better light than in our hospitals. Our illustration represents the tent erected in West Ninety-ninth Street in order to accommodate patients, the house itself having proved inadequate to the demands upon it. Here the patients are waited upon by large-hearted ladies, members of the Flower and Fruit Mission, who, in addition to words of comfort, to the touch of delicate hands, bring gifts of flowers and fruits, messengers from the beautiful world of nature, to the helpless sufferers.

BOSTON'S BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

BOSTON was in gala attire on Friday, September 17th. The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the city was as brilliant an occasion as has ever been observed in this country. The early part of the morning was in all respects a perfect Fall day, and the effect was to bring thousands of visitors by the early trains. The streets through which the procession was to pass and the adjacent thoroughfares were so crowded, that it was difficult to get through them. The visiting military from New York, Brooklyn and other points arrived in the morning. The Fifth Regiment M. V. M., Colonel E. J. Trull, received the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., at the Huntington Street Station of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and escorted it to its quarters, and subsequently to its position on Commonwealth Avenue. The Sixty-ninth New York was escorted by the Massachusetts Ninth, and the Twenty-third New York by the First Regiment M. V. M.

The literary portion of the celebration was held in the Old South Church and began at 9 o'clock. At that time there were gathered in the ancient edifice governors, statesmen, and mayors of cities, invited guests of the city, who occupied a platform extending the whole length of the church. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. George E. Ellis, D. D., after which His Honor Mayor Prince delivered an oration. The delivery occupied two hours, and the address was a condensation of the history of Massachusetts during the two centuries and a half that have elapsed since the settlement of Boston, interspersed with sketches of some of the prominent characters of its early colonial days. At

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the conclusion of the oration the Mayor and the guests were escorted into the line of the procession.

All along the route of the procession the decorations were lavish, and the public buildings, the buildings of historic fame, the stores and residences were covered with bunting, flags, mottoes and emblems commemorative of the day. At the old "Cradle of Liberty" the decorations were tasteful but simple, the bunting having been used mostly inside; while outside, the main entrance was made into an arch, with the Goddess of Liberty surmounting it, and a ground-piece representing the first settlement of Boston, September 17th, 1630. At the historic Old South Church the effect of the bunting was fine, and consisted of an elegant canopy on stages and festoons draped around the galleries, while all the various portraits were finely draped. The outside arrangements were not extensive.

Among the more substantial of the trades' displays was the immense van of the Boston Belting Company. This was the original concern to utilize the Goodyear patents, and has since 1845 brought the manufacture of vulcanized rubber to such perfection, that on their wagon was a belt four feet in width weighing four thousand pounds. Coils of rubber hose, from a fraction of an inch to nearly a foot in diameter, were exhibited.

The carefulness of Old and New Boston capitalists in placing their securities in safe places, was shown by the exhibit of George L. Damon, manufacturer of the American Steam Safes. By the side of an immense safe of recent make was placed one of the old "knob" safes of 1830. Six horses were required to draw this load, and if external appearance is a safe guide, it would require a large gang of hard-working burglars to penetrate so solid and substantial a combination of locks and metal made in modern days by this manufacturer.

The large new building of John H. Pray Sons & Co., on Washington Street, attracted much attention by its beautiful display of new Wilton, tapestries and Axminsters, by the tasteful arrangement of Turkish and Persian rugs of unique design and antique manufacture. Since 1817 this firm has been studying the esthetic tastes of New England, and on this occasion their wares were made more attractive by the bevy of beautiful ladies peering from among the bright colors which filled the windows of the entire establishment.

One of Boston's prominent pianoforte manufacturers, Henry F. Miller, made a very interesting display of materials used in constructing these instruments, and a completed parlor grand piano. The materials were exhibited on a series of platforms in pyramidal form, surmounted by a gilded dome and pole. On the platforms were exhibited the various raw materials used, including a pair of elephant's tusks, eight feet long, and gums from the interior of Africa; felts, buckskins, wire and oil from Europe; lumber, iron, leather, wool and turpentine from North America; rosewood from South America, gum from Asia, and ebony from the East Indies.

The City Hall presented a beautiful sight; streamers, the national colors, and the flags of all nations meeting the eye. The centre windows were covered with a large city seal, with a background of American, British, French and German colors. On the front balcony was inscribed, "1630, September 17th, 1880."

Chief Marshal General A. P. Martin and staff formed on the parade ground, and, under the escort of the Second Corps of Cadets, marched to the head of the procession, and at precisely 12 o'clock the column moved. First were the Cadet Corps, then Governor John D. Long and staff, and the First Brigade of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Brigadier-General Hobart Moore. Following was the first division, Brigadier-General Alanson M. Handel, U. S. A., in which were the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, Colonel James Cavanagh; Thirteenth New York Regiment, Colonel David E. Austin; Twenty-third New York Regiment, Colonel J. N. Partridge; Company H, Ninth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., Captain George W. Homans; Langston Guard, Norfolk, Va., Captain W. H. Palmer; Lincoln Guards, New York, Captain W. H. Jones. Then came an imposing array of invited guests, headed by Mayor Prince.

The Third Division consisted of posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Boston School Regiment escorting the school boys of 1830, and detachments of the Boston Fire Department with a hand-engine 100 years old. This division, which was a long one, was ended by the Passaic Steamer Company of Paterson, N. J.

The Fourth Division was made up of the various charitable associations and temperance societies.

The Fifth Division was also composed of charitable associations and the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

The Sixth Division was composed entirely of Irish benevolent societies of Massachusetts.

The Seventh Division was made up of the representatives of the various trades of Boston, and it was one of the most attractive features of the procession. The old Ramage printing-press used by Franklin was shown in operation.

The procession was fifteen minutes over three hours in passing a given point. The fine marching of the New York regiments received the applause of the vast throngs on the line of the march. The reception given the Sixty-ninth, Thirteenth and Twenty-third Regiments of New York all along the route was a perfect ovation. When those regiments came in sight they were greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs, clapping of hands and loud hurrahs, and as they passed the cheer was taken up by the thousands stationed along the line. While the full regiments of New York troops were most conspicuous, Company H of the Ninth Regiment and the Langston and Lincoln Guards were not overlooked.

In the evening the multitude visited the parade ground on the Common to hear the concert by Gilmore's Band. The entire ground was illuminated by three electric lights, whose combined power was equal to over 80,000 candles, and they furnished without doubt the most brilliant illumination ever witnessed in this country. The band gave an excellent concert, and before it was ended the crowd had swelled to enormous proportions, and probably included over 100,000 people. Yet there seemed to be no decrease in the crowds on the various streets near the Common and through the route of the grand evening demonstration, which was a most fitting close of the varied exercises commemorative of Boston's birthday.

The tableaux shown in the evening procession were:

No. 1. "History, Tradition, Allegory and Time." This tableau was finely mounted on a huge dragon of gold, covering the entire surface of a platform car. In the centre was seated History, with Allegory and Tradition on either side, while over them stood Father Time, hour-glass in hand, illuminating the page which History is inditing by the glare of a torch.

No. 2. The second tableau was similarly mounted, and represented the landing of the Normans. In a large ship, carefully modeled to conform with the style of craft of those days, stood Ericson at the prow, anxiously looking out and conversing with a venerable bard at his feet. Manning the oars, spears and targets, conveniently near, sat the lusty members of that adventurous crew.

No. 3. "The Landing of the Pilgrims" formed the subject of the third tableau, and was a vivid portrayal of the disembarking of the Puritans on the inhospitable shores of Massachusetts Bay. A fine representation of Plymouth Rock, standing out in bold relief, was a striking feature of this number.

No. 4. "Miles Standish's Fight with the Indians," the latter in full feathers and war paint, at the feet of the doughty pioneer.

No. 5. "Chickatabut Presenting Corn to Governor Winthrop," both parties attended by their chief warriors, was the next historical tableau. Striking costumes and warlike weapons added to the realistic nature of this representation.

No. 6. "Sam Adams Demanding the Removal of the British Troops," an interior scene, admirably gotten up and costumed.

No. 7 was a splendid representation of the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor.

No. 8. "The Boston Boys and General Gage," was so costumed as to be a faithful representation of that, to every Boston boy, memorable event.

No. 9. "The Embarkation of Lord Howe," introducing a rowboat and sailors.

No. 10. "General Washington's Arrival in Boston," introduced a group of twelve persons in soldiers' and civilians' dress. The gentleman assigned to portray General Washington was selected on account of his striking resemblance to existing portraits of the "Father of his Country."

No. 11. The next, and one of the finest displays in the procession, was a personal of "Commerce." Upwards of a dozen characters appeared and the central figure, Commerce, held extended in her right hand a blazing wand.

No. 12. "Europe," a magnificent group of historic fame, introducing the five female figures and the huge ox upon which the goddess was seated, wand in hand.

No. 13. "Asia," another splendid group, with a mammoth elephant crouching upon the ground.

No. 14. "Africa," with camel, sphinx and national figures.

No. 15. "America," with its central figure, a rampant bull, and portraying the different aboriginal inhabitants of this country.

No. 16. The concluding tableau was a grand representation emblematic of the City of Boston.

In addition to our illustration of the Twenty-third Regiment marching past the Maverick National Bank building, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery passing in review before Mayor Prince and the city's guests, we give a view of the city as it appeared in 1737, drawn from a sketch made by His Excellency Governor Pownal, and of other historical objects. In the middle distance of the view of Cotton Mather's tomb is a willow brought from Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena, while in the background is shown a building perforated with British bullets. The first church in Boston, erected in 1632, Rev. John Wilson, pastor, stood on the spot where Frazer's building now stands, near the old State House, State Street. The old Beacon, erected 1634, stood where the State House now stands. It consisted of a tall mast standing on cross-pieces, with an iron pot on top suspended by a crane. It was used to warn the people of approaching danger.

Among the many improvements on Hanover Street, between Union and Blackstone, may be seen a neatly-cut and well-preserved "coat-of-arms," the material pitch-pine, and brought from England in the early settlement of Boston. In the rear of the same building may be seen the celebrated "Beacon Stone" imbedded in the wall, long an object of interest to the curious and to the antiquary.

Several of the regiments in the parade, as the procession passed, saluted the Adams House as one of the institutions of Old Boston. When it was built by the sons of John Quincy Adams, it was, though then "up-town," one of the points of historical and social interest. To-day it is in a central location, near the theatres, and the leading business houses. Its many guests greeted Chaplain Beecher of the Brooklyn Thirteenth Regiment with the heartiest cheers.

The corridors of the United States Hotel, opposite the Boston and Albany Station, on Beach Street, were thronged by many of the notable guests who for years have made this ancient hostelry their temporary home. They were greeted with old-time fervor by the present proprietor, Mr. Tilly Haynes, who seemed modestly proud of his renovated hotel, of his guests, and of the centennial day.

Enlargement of New York's Water Supply.

THE works soon to be undertaken for the enlargement of the system of water supply for New York City includes the construction of a fifteen-foot dam at the outlet of Little Rye Pond, connecting both Big and Little Rye Ponds, and forming a lake of 280 acres in extent, capable of storing 1,000,000,000 gallons. It is also proposed to build a dam on the Bronx, near Kensico, forty-five feet high, making a reservoir of 250 acres, having a capacity of 1,620,000,000 gallons. A dam will be built across the Byram River fifteen feet high, creating a lake with a capacity of 180,000,000 gallons. The Byram and Bronx rivers it is proposed to unite at this point. From the Kensico dam the water will be conducted through a four-foot iron pipe along the valley of the Bronx to a reservoir near William's Bridge in the upper part of the Twenty-fourth Ward, the elevation of which is 180 feet above tide-water and sixty-five feet above the Croton Aqueduct, and the capacity 100,000,000 gallons. The length of this conduit is fifteen miles. The Kensico reservoir will give the City of New York from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 gallons more water daily. The contracts were let August 4th. It is estimated that the work will be finished in about two years, and cost about $2,700,000. By tapping the Bronx at Kensico there will be obtained not only pure water but a remarkably good head. The country drained—over thirteen square miles—is similar in geological character to the Croton Valley.

Corruption in Russia.

THE resignation by the Grand Duke Nicholas of the command of the Imperial Guards displays how the Russian administration is honeycombed with corruption. Nicholas and other Grand Dukes embezzled the regimental funds systematically. General Loris Melikoff, on meeting with opposition from the Grand Duke, disclosed his peculations. The Czarewitch was indignant, and compelled the Grand Duke Nicholas to resign. The builders of the Czar's new yacht charged $100,000 extra, giving secretly a check to another Grand Duke for that amount. The practice is common in Russia.

The Granary of the World.

MINNESOTA, although now claiming to be the greatest wheat-producing State in the country, surpassing with the 40,000,000 bushels of this year's crops the highest mark of California, heretofore the heaviest wheat-producing State, is prepared to see the banner pass further westward and northward, into Dakota. A well-informed writer on this subject, in a letter from St. Paul, declares that the comparatively small farms of Minnesota, which are themselves monstrous in size, according to the standards of past generations of agriculturists, cannot begin to hold their own in rivalry with the great wheat tracts planted and reaped by wholesale in the James River Valley and about the headwaters of the Red River of the North. These Red River farms are operated by corporations, employing regiments of men, worked and fed with the discipline of an army, and transported from tract to tract by the carload from the elevators of the owners. The land is not only cheap, but is four times as fertile as the most fertile lands in Minnesota, and rewards at that rate the most careless cultivation. Five hundred thousand acres of wheat land have been brought into cultivation within two or three years. Under such corporate competition on the frontiers of the Northwest, the individual farmer on older lands is being overshadowed and discouraged. Although for years he may have been forced to accept only what the railroads transporting his grain calculated to be enough to keep him at his hard life, they "gobbling" the rest in charges, his chance was not so slender as it has become since the corporations themselves took to farming these wonderful lands. The same unequaled wheat soil and climate extends far north into British possessions, so that there are English capitalists who fancy they see the great wheat supply of the world in the future pouring out from Hudson Bay. Five new railroad lines have been built up into the Dakota wheat region and British territory within a year or two, and the Northern Pacific is pushing a branch line due north to compete in the race for the fabulous wealth in the wheat lands still unopened beyond the British line.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Cathedral at Cologne.

This magnificent structure, commenced in the thirteenth century when Cologne—the Colonia Agrippina of the Romans—was at the height of its prosperity, has at last been finished, despite the fatal effects of tradition and the many changes which time has wrought. On the 14th of August, exactly 632 years after the foundation-stone was laid, the last stones were placed on the lofty towers which guard the grand entrance, and on this occasion the Prussian flag was unfurled from the top of the northern tower, and the imperial standard from the southern pinnacle. The foundation-stone of the cathedral was laid on the 14th of August, 1248, when Cologne was one of the most powerful and wealthy cities of the Hanseatic league, and could muster an armed force of 30,000 men. The building was commenced by Archbishop Conrad of Hochstaden. The foundations of the four central piers were laid 46 feet below the surface of the ground. These columns are 39 feet in circumference, the roofs rest on 108 columns, of which these form the centre; the form of the whole edifice is that of a cross, 500 feet long and 200 feet wide. The two towers which have just been completed, are 500 feet high, the central tower being 350 feet high. The west front consists of four immense buttresses deeply grooved, inclosing at the basement a three-doored portal and two large windows. The façade of the south transept, which is 120 feet wide and 240 feet high, is adorned with a great number of statues in niches, and with other figures sculptured in bold relief in the arches of the three doorways, above which is an open balustrade with a large and beautiful window. The only part of this magnificent structure which was finished before the present century was the splendid choir which is 180 feet high. From 1801 to 1814 Cologne was the capital of the department of the Rhur, and no longer a free town, but at the peace of Cologne and its dependencies fell to Prussia, and shortly after strenuous exertions were made all over Germany to collect subscriptions for the completion of this edifice, and in 1823 the work was commenced. On the 15th of August, 1848, the body of the cathedral was solemnly opened in the presence of the Archduke John of Austria and the King of Prussia, that being the 600th anniversary of the foundation of that building, and now the work has been at last completed in a manner satisfactory to antiquarians and architectural taste, at a cost, since 1823, of something like $5,750,000.

The Market-place at Lubeck.

Lübeck, one of the four remaining free towns of Germany, and once a member of the ancient Hanse, is well worth a visit from any tourist whose way lies in the direction of the German shores of the Baltic. The bailiwick of Bergedorf, which Lübeck formerly held in common with Hamburg, was, by a treaty of August 5th, 1867, left to the sole possession of the latter. The city has a cathedral rich in wood-carvings and paintings. The most conspicuous of the public buildings is the town hall, with the famous ancient hall in which the deputies from the great commercial cities which composed the Hanseatic League used to meet, and in the lower story of which the Senate still assembles. The quaint architecture and rich decorations of many of the buildings bear witness to the former importance and prosperity of the city, which it retains to some degree. The Market Place is the best spot in the city to study the features of ancient and modern life.

Sara Bernhardt's Toast to France.

During her recent professional visit to Copenhagen Mlle. Sara Bernhardt was honored with a banquet. When the hour arrived for the toasts, some one, out of compliment to the versatile lady, proposed "France," and as the company rose to their feet to toss off the drink, the fair guest interrupted the proceeding by insisting that the toast should be to "France entire," which, of course, included the provinces annexed to Germany after the war. This toast was drunk with much enthusiasm. But little was thought of the incident until announcement was made that the German Ambassador to Denmark, who was present at the banquet, had been virtually recalled for "permitting the grave affront upon Germany to pass without a proper protest." The apparent over-sensitiveness of Bismarck has given this banquet a significance it would not otherwise have received.

The Austrian Rifle Association.

The gathering of this association at Vienna in August last was the occasion of much festivity and display. The Archduke Charles (the patron) was prominent in the proceedings, and the Emperor and Empress returned from Ischl to take part in them. The blessing of a flag (a ceremony in which the Empress took part), a grand symbolical procession and a monster banquet were among the details of the *fête*. We give an illustration of the visit of the Emperor to the butts. He fired three times: made two hits and missed once. "I am no target-shooter!" cried the Emperor, with some disgust. He has, however, done some good work in the chase, which must be his excuse. It may be said that the Viennese came next after the Swiss in the shooting competition, and that a manufacturer in the capital took the Emperor's prize. Some ladies also took part in the rifle contests and won cups.

The Belgian Jubilee.

The grand patriotic *fête* took place at Brussels on August 16th. At noon the surviving members of the Provisional Government and Congress of 1830 were solemnly received at the Parliament House by the Senate and Chamber of Representatives. They then marched to the Exhibition Building, the galleries of which were thronged with spectators. The surviving veterans of the Revolution, with the flags of the period, many riddled with shot, were received with deafening cheers. At one o'clock the King and Queen, the Count and Countess of Flanders, the Princess Stéphanie and the other Royal children arrived. Addresses were then read by various public functionaries, and especially by the Mayor of Brussels, in the name of the Municipalities of the kingdom. To these the King made a suitable reply, and the representatives of the guilds and corporations marched past with their banners. But the crowning attraction of the Jubilee was the historical Cavalcade on the 18th of August. Our illustration represents the moment when the car of Leopold I., supplied by the Province of Brabant, stopped before the Royal palace. The musicians and the persons who sang the national hymn, "La Brabançonne," were all accurately dressed in the costume of 1830. The car itself was very beautiful. There were four chafing dishes with incense burning on them, a patrol upholding a banner, a number of gilt statues, while the wheels were hidden by silken draperies. Then came the car of Agriculture, of Beer (the Belgian national beverage), of Industry, of the manufacture of arms (representing the City of Liège), and lastly, the car representative of Belgium, the most beautiful next to that of Leopold I.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A BERLIN dispatch says Prince Bismarck has abandoned the project of a bi-metallic system.

—THE Workingmen of San Francisco have recommended the present Mayor, Kalloch, for re-election.

—THE French Minister of Justice reports an increase of thirty-eight per cent. in crimes of violence since 1878.

—THE French Minister of Public Instruction has appropriated 100,000 francs to the establishment of a Normal School for young women.

—THE German authorities are purchasing largely in England for cavalry mounts. At the great horse fair of Horncastle over 1,200 were bought.

—JAPAN has trades unions. Owing to the recent rise in the price of rice, all the laborers in Gifu successfully combined to force up wages twenty-five per cent.

—THE Parliament of Jersey, where some of the French Jesuits have settled, is to be moved to expel them from the Island, under an unrepealed statute of George III.

—THE number of different languages and dialects spoken in the known world is 2,623, of which 587 belong to Europe, 390 to Asia, 376 to Africa, and 1,264 to America.

—TURKISH officers, long unable to get a cent of pay from the Sultan, are offering their services to Greece. Whole regiments are ready to desert on the smallest encouragement.

—M. CAZOT, the French Minister of Justice, has abolished the barbarous decree which for more than half a century has forbidden presidents, judges, attorneys and substitutes to wear mustaches.

—THE Paris authorities are intent just now on measures to prevent deleterious articles finding a sale, and have seized American hams wrapped in a yellow cloth, rendered impermeable by chromate of lead.

—THE Roman Forum has now been completely excavated, with the exception of a small portion at the entrance near the Capitol. The shape proves irregular, being broad on the Capitol side and narrow towards the palace of the Cæsars.

—THE last religious census in France shows that there are 35,387,703 Roman Catholics, 467,531 Calvinists, 80,117 Lutherans, and 33,113 of other Protestant denominations. The Jews number about 50,000, and 92,000 are attached to no church.

—ANOTHER relic of the Spanish Armada has been secured at Sluna, in Scotland. It is a large gun raised up out of the place where one of the ships belonging to the Armada was wrecked, and, though it has been in that place 290 years, it is as good as ever.

—THERE is a considerable flow of Italians from Piedmont to Sicily into the southern ports of Galveston, New Orleans, Pensacola, Mobile and Savannah. These people already control the fruit trade and the local fisheries in their new homes, besides many another small trade, and are notably thrifty and industrious.

—THE hurricane which destroyed the steamship *City of Vera Cruz* wrought immense damage to the Florida orange crop. The fruit was hanging full grown, and the ground in the orange groves is now covered with it. The force of the storm was so great that the largest trees whipped the ground with their branches.

—WYOMING TERRITORY has been gaining in population at a great rate since 1870. When the last census was taken it had only a little more than 9,000 inhabitants, while now it has nearly 22,000. The gain has been at the rate of 138 per cent. How new it was in 1870 is shown by the fact that out of the 9,000 inhabitants only 300 were natives of the Territory.

—CALIFORNIA has hopes of ranking among the cotton States, and talks of building factories at once to work up the crop. The Merced cotton fields have shown what square miles of similar soil could do, and Kern County, further south, is now irrigating 100 acres of cotton to prove that she has 100,000 acres more only waiting to be watered to make good cotton fields.

—THE new Finance Minister of Russia, M. Bunge, has found the finances so disorganized and incrusted with defalcations that General Melikoff has advised the Czar to appoint a commission to investigate the departments. It is believed the recommendation will be adopted, but the result will not be made public. The commission will probably act privately and submit the result to the Czar, who will dismiss the worst offenders.

—MILWAUKEE received last season 15,000,000 bushels of wheat and 2,147,746 barrels of flour. Receipts of coarse grain for 1879-80 were 1,501,367 bushels of corn, 15,933,338 of oats, 3,578,887 of barley, 793,345 of rye. The receipts of live stock were 110,482; cattle, 58,948; sheep, 536,289 live, and 47,929 dressed hogs. Dairy products show an increase, the movement being 6,186,473 pounds of butter; 13,229,083 pounds of cheese, and 84,620 packages of eggs. Wool receipts were 4,385,931 pounds, an increase of nearly 1,000,000.

—THREE enormous steamers intended for the Atlantic trade are now building on the River Clyde—one each for the Cunard, the Inman and the Guion lines. The Cunard liner will have a tonnage of 7,500, and an indicated horse-power of 10,000. The Guion liner 6,500 tons and 10,800 horse-power. The Inman liner, the *City of Rome*, will be the largest and most powerful steamer afloat, excepting the *Great Eastern*, her tonnage being 8,500, with engines of 12,000 horse power. It is expected that these three steamers will be capable of attaining a speed of seventeen knots an hour under favorable circumstances, thus rendering the voyage between Liverpool and New York, or vice versa, under seven days.

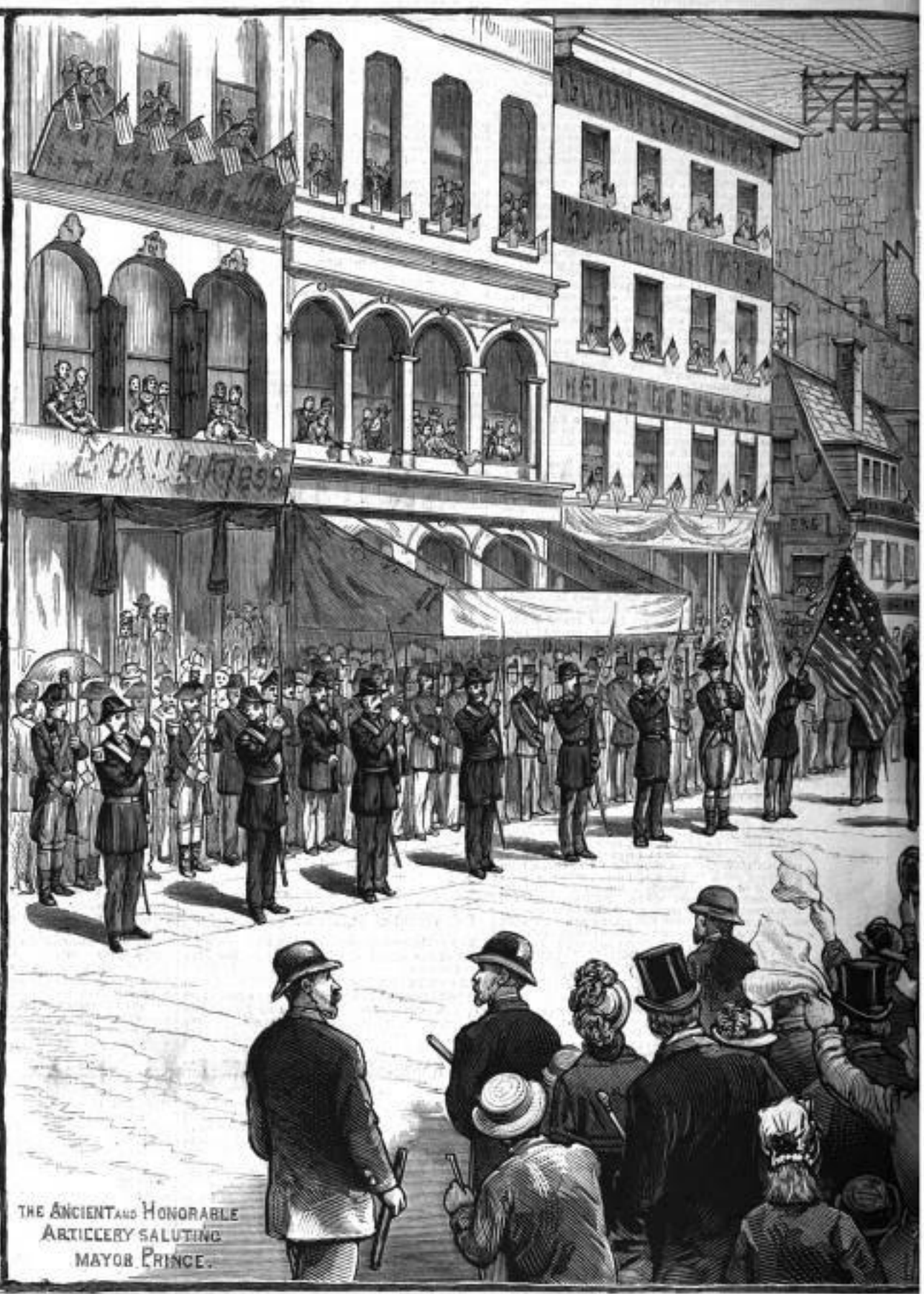
—THE State of Bolivia is apparently certain of the proposed union with Peru, as she sent to this Government a Commissioner who is now on his way here. It is surmised that he comes to solicit the good offices of the United States in favor of Chili and Peru. About a year ago our Ministers to Peru, Chili and Bolivia were notified to hold themselves ready to mediate between the Governments whenever they should be requested to do so. It is thought that Bolivia is ready to make an arrangement for peace through the intervention of the United States. Our Government, however, is unwilling to do anything that may look like interference, except at the request of all three States. We will not mediate, probably, until requested by Chili as well as Bolivia and Peru, all of which, it is said, have accepted the mediation.

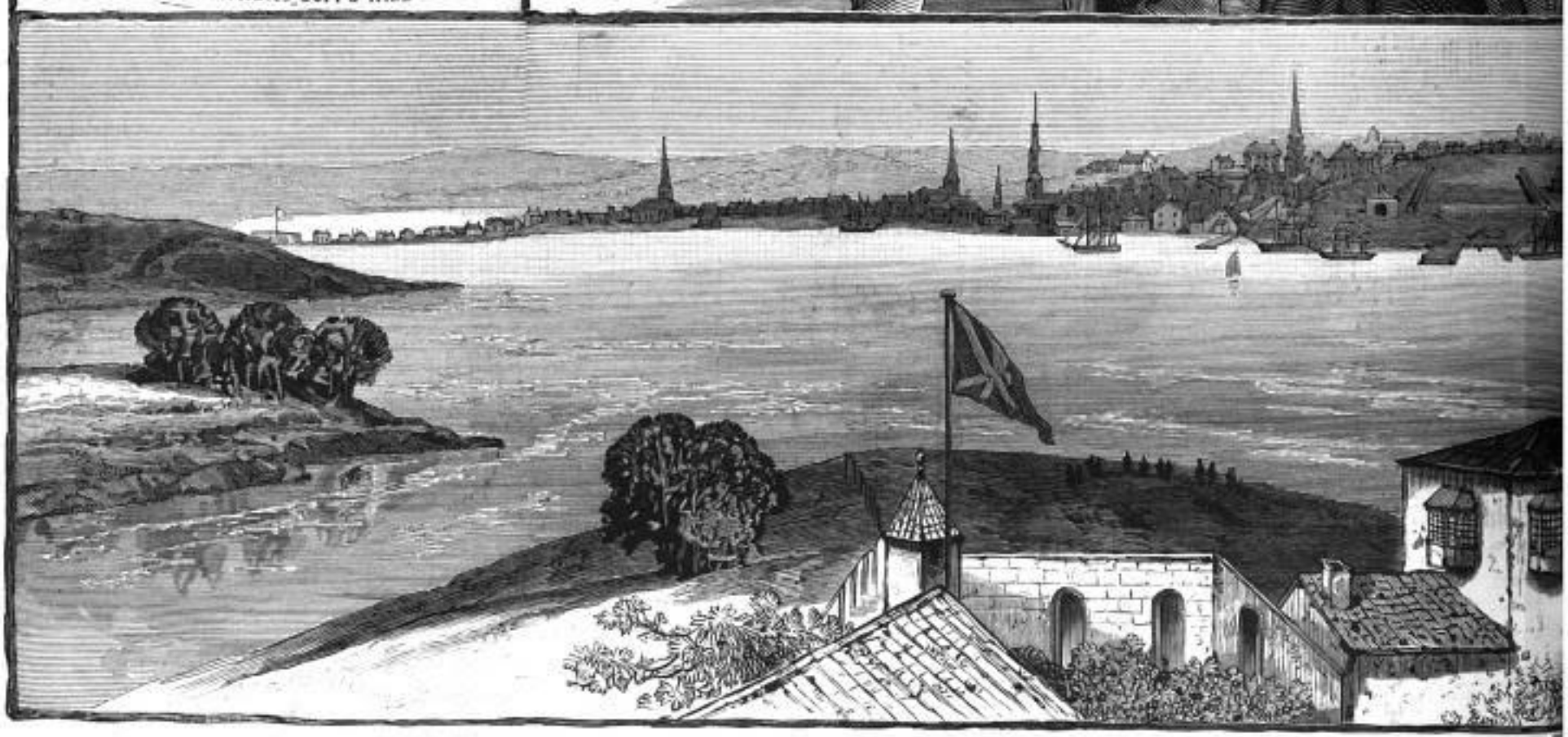
—IN the factories and magazines of Paris more than 10,000 workwomen and close upon 2,000 workmen people the workshops, and receive for their labor in the same an annual sum of not less than 12,000,000 francs, which represents the amount paid for hand labor, giving a daily wage of three francs per head. To state it in other words, the average earnings of the male sex is about four francs, while that of the female portion is about two francs fifty centimes. In regard to the latter, when it is stated that many of these are wives and mothers of families, and devote but their spare time taken from their home cares and duties, it may be readily imagined that the earnings of the Frenchwomen engaged are of the most remunerative amongst those industries which are open to the females, who form at an early age an object of the employers' engagement.

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FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON


TOMB OF COTTON MATHER, COPP'S HILL


THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTICCERY SALUTING MAYOR PRINCE.

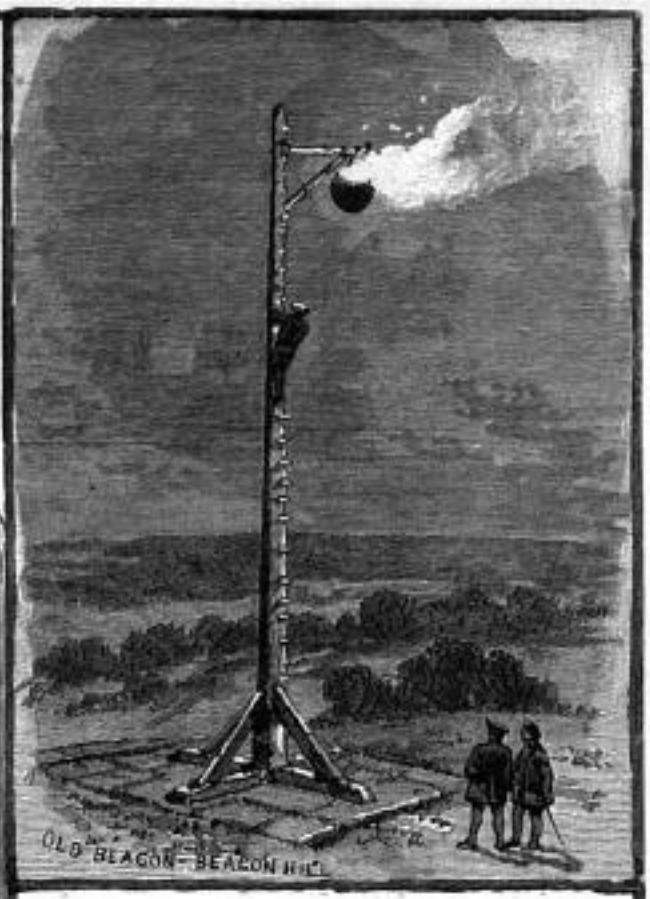


MASSACHUSETTS.—THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT

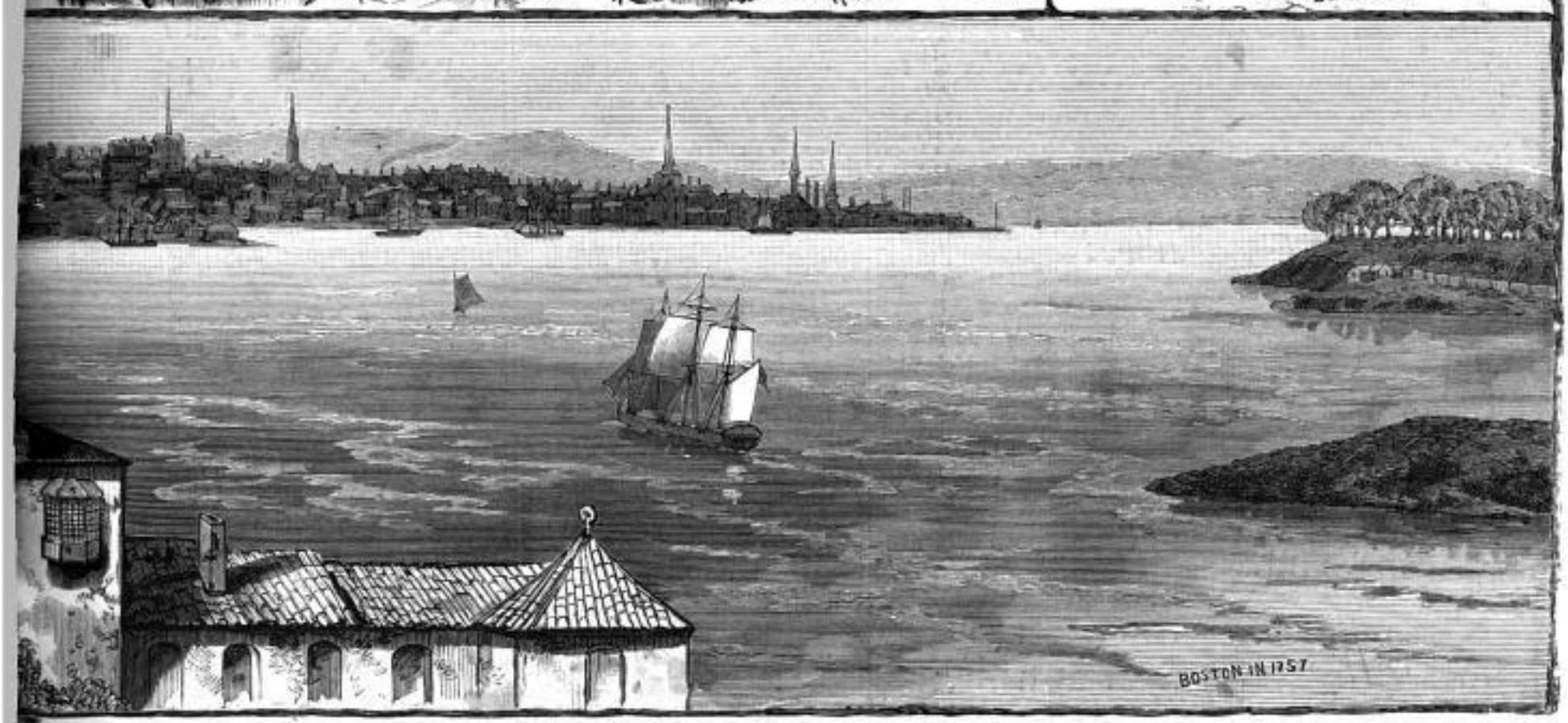
From Sketches by Joseph Becker

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F BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 17TH—ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD BOSTON AND OF THE CELEBRATION.

CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 70.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE GREEK EXILE.

LADY JET, weary and anxious, stands gazing expectantly out of the window in her apartments that command a view of the road to the mines; when suddenly, coming around a sharp angle in the path, appears a strange procession: it consists of four guards carrying between them a litter, and followed by several vagabonds of the surrounding country, who have augmented the procession as it advanced.

A horrible fear sweeps over Lady Jet, and she grows numb and faint; and all the while the procession advances steadily towards the house, the expression of the men's grave countenances being suggestive of the direst calamity. At last they are within sufficient distance for her to discriminate that small, motionless form upon the litter, and her hands lock, while a low cry breaks from her—her worst fears are confirmed.

"Oh, my God!" she moans. "I sent him to his death. It is he—poor, darling little Nick! They have killed him—or—or *something!*"

She springs from the window and hastens down the stairs just as the servants, appalled at the procession, flock into the hall, congregating at the door, in which stand the four guards with the litter. Nick lies motionless and rigid as death, eyes closed and scarcely breathing.

"He fell down the mines," is the trite explanation. "Every one of his bones must be crushed to powder. He fainted dead away when we lifted him to the litter."

Herself almost fainting with horror, Lady Jet glances at the motionless boy. She starts convulsively, looks again, then turns abruptly away. From his comfortable position upon the litter, carefully sustained by the four guards, Nick winks twice at Lady Jet, but fortunately unperceived by the guards—actually winked twice, and at the culminating point of his disastrous history, as related by one of his sustainers.

The droll, elfish expression of his face, which an instant after relapses into its former forlorn and agonized lines, has an indescribable effect upon the young lady, and, conscious that she will soon give way to an hysterical desire to shriek in the sudden transformation of grief to joy and nervous amusement, she steps beside one of the huge pillars of the hall, while four stout men-servants step forward and relieve the guards of the litter, who bow and commence their retiring journey.

The hall-door is closed, and with solemn, awe-struck faces the servants gather around the litter and gaze in supreme silence at that small figure. Then, suddenly, through the great hall reverberates a loud and well-known whoop, as Nick springs up erect in their midst, a fiendish grin upon his face. The sudden resurrection of a corpse could not be hailed with direr terror and confusion. The four men drop the litter with loud yells, and in a panic all retreat like frightened sheep to the far end of the hall.

Turning a hand-spring, Nick beats a prudent retreat and scrambles up the stairs, on to "my lady's chamber," outside of which safety cannot be insured him from the wrath and mortification of the victimized servants. A few minutes after Lady Jet finds him convulsed, as he mentally reviews his recent exploits—turning, twisting, rolling upon the amber cushions, though to the extravagant soul of their owner, ignorant of money's value, the divans are as free to Nick and the dogs as to herself—and entirely collapsed into a state of agonized hilarity.

"Nick, how *could* you?" she says, in expressive rebuke.

Suddenly Nick sits erect in the midst of the tumbled cushions; his eyes, the size of saucers, staring in wrathful amazement at her.

"*Well?*" It is all he says, but the exclamation is replete with a fiery, indignant eloquence that she cannot mistake. She is at a loss how to act.

"Of course," he finally says, with scornful irony, "I don't deserve any credit for thrusting my head into the lion's den to serve you. Of course, it was very wrong for me to get the note to the—the—one at the risk of my neck. Ah, yes; I *might* have expected it! 'Nick, how *could* you?' Ah, yes, *to be sure!*" flaming wildest wrath upon his companion.

"Of course, I am grateful to you, Nick," says Lady Jet, not exactly clear as to what would be the proper thing under the peculiar circumstances. "And you deserve a great deal of credit—that is," bethinking herself that, to say the least, it is somewhat out of order for her to commend Nick for transgressing the rules of his country—"that is, I mean to say—you deserve credit for your *courage*, and I am very much obliged to you—but—but," hopelessly at sea, "I thought—that is—it was not quite the thing, you know—and that."

"Oh, yes; 'and *that*,'" retorts Nick, at this brilliant conclusion of an eloquent rebuke. "You 'thought' you would like to dance and not pay the fiddler. I've no patience with people who play the dev—who cut up the deuce, and then try to shirk out of it. It's cowardly, and I *hate* cowards. When I get down below I'm going straight up to the devil and say, 'Mr. Devil, I hope you have seen how wicked I have been, and that I didn't do more is because I had no more to do.'"

Lady Jet makes no reply to this flight of imagination, but prudently waives the subject, and a gloomy silence ensues. At last Nick springs to his feet, his anger swallowed up in sudden excitement. Hostilities for the present are abandoned.

"Oh, I forgot," he cries, breathlessly, "Jet, there is a fresh lot of convicts in. I saw them going to the office as they carried me by. Get your bonnet! Hurry!"

Lady Jet stands irresolute. Ever since Nick has been gifted with the power of locomotion it has been their custom, running wild as they have, to visit the office upon the arrival of fresh convicts; so inestimably dreary and monotonous being their lives that even this circumstance, morbid and wretched as it is, is an event too great to be missed. Still Lady Jet has the vague impression that an excursion to the office for the purpose of viewing the wretched exiles will not be in accordance with the dignity of her eighteen years. But it is an overpowering temptation, so dreary and forlorn is she.

"But it would not be right for you to show yourself so soon after—after *that*," she says, probably referring to Nick's recent exploits.

Nick snaps his fingers.

"I'm not afraid!" he says. "Out of the mines they couldn't catch me to save their souls. Besides, none of the guards from "Funnel Mine'"—this being the title of the place where he has so recently distinguished himself—"will be there. It's safe enough; hurry or it will be too late!"

Thus admonished, Lady Jet speedily gets into her soft, rich furs, and they start off together. In a few minutes they arrive at the office, which is crowded with the convicts.

Entering, they make their way around to the desks occupied by the count and the secretary, who are both present, Polleskie busy taking down an inventory of each convict, while close beside the two superior officers are the guards and under officials.

Even before she has glanced at the convicts she is attracted by Polleskie. To her naturally keen instincts there is come an indefinable change in the secretary—something in his manner, quiet and business like as it is, that bespeaks suppressed excitement. She regards him keenly. There is no palpable alteration, nothing in reality unusual, save a swarthy flush that stains his dark, handsome face and an occasional twitching of those deep lines around his mouth that, to a perceptive reader of human nature, betoken sensuality in the possessor.

At this point there is a detention, one of the guards having some difficulty with a prisoner, and, while waiting, Polleskie rests his arm upon the desk and gazes across the office. He gazes intently, and something comes in his eyes—a certain fire and passion, try as he will to suppress it—that compel her to follow his glance. As she does so she half-springs to her feet, and, in her impulsiveness and excitement, grasps the secretary's arm. Across the sea of heads, and from her elevated position, she sees the tall and majestic figure of a woman stationed in the furthest corner of the room, and as far off from her wretched companions as is possible.

Lady Jet forgets Polleskie—forgets everything save this woman, in the convict's garb. She stands like a dethroned queen, her hands locked tightly in front of her, small and white like sculptured marble; her face, hard and set and colorless, wondrous and even dazzling in its frozen loveliness—a loveliness that bespeaks all those straight, perfect outlines of Grecian statues, and yet is replete with a sensuous, slumbering grace that breathes of the South.

Lady Jet's breath breaks from her sharply. There is around this figure an indescribable association and connection with that distant and high-bred world for which her soul has been pining. Standing as she does in her prison garb, and surrounded by criminals of the deepest dye, there is yet that in her that bespeaks a haughty and noble existence. The polish and distinction of a court life makes itself apparent even under these circumstances.

Sharper and sharper comes the breath from Lady Jet. Emotional as she is by nature, her whole soul is agitated and taken by storm. While she stands in her silent and bewildered contemplation, there is a furious tugging at her elbow, and Nick, who has perched himself upon a corner of the secretary's desk, leans over with an awe-struck face, and says, in a shrill whisper:

"Jet, who, for the saints' sake—who is it?"

But her ladyship makes no reply, and stands in silent scrutiny of this lovely woman, around whom is that indefinable connection with a dainty, high-bred world that it has been her lot never to know. Even as she stands now, apart from the convict throng, her hands locked, herself leaning heavily against the wall, as though exhausted with pain and fatigue, there is a haughty grace, a majestic dignity in her manner that bewilders the Russian peeress.

The first distinct sensation of which she is conscious is a sharp, wild pain that she has for ever been removed from the sensuous, wondrous grace of that woman's world of rank and distinction that have set their signet upon her.

Then, above every other emotion, rises, vast and unchangeable, a great and boundless pity for this wrecked life. She looks at the white, set face; it is beautiful with a strange and appalling beauty; white, hard, fixed as it is, there is something in it almost divine, yet out of the magnificent eyes shines the spirit of a Nemesis, and a hatred, vast and concentrated, that seems to take in all the world.

Lady Jet shudders at that frozen, tragic face. She reads in it the appalling grandeur of strong womanhood being led to death by relentless fates; it speaks of the rack, the fagot and the flames. She thinks of Joan of Arc, of Marie Antoinette, of Mary, Queen of Scots—of all the noble and unfortunate women that have suffered and died. There is something in the appearance of this woman to arouse such memories. Suddenly it flashes upon Lady Jet that there are worse fates in the world, infinitely worse, than being debarred from mingling with a world that could send forth one of its own to such a doom as this.

She hears a long-drawn, deep breath, almost a gasp, and is roused. She turns quickly to Polleskie, who has given that swift, choking sound, and in his eyes that great fire has deepened, shining along with which is a passionate admiration and a vast wonder. She thinks of Madame Polleskie, a silent, dignified, cultured woman of good birth, and who brought to her husband a richer dower than is usual, which, perhaps, accounted for his marrying a woman several years his senior. It is to Madame Polleskie that she owes that little of knowledge and the few accomplishments she possesses—that good lady, pitying the destitute condition of the young peeress, and listening to the petitions of her father, having, since she has been of sufficient age, taken her as a pupil and directed her intellectual advancement.

Somehow, as I have said, Lady Jet thinks of madame, as she sees that passionate, intense look in the eyes of her husband, and looking first at the exiled lady and then at the secretary, and seeing the firmly closed lips with their indications of sensuality and powerful will, the flashing eyes that can grow chill and even brutal with a fixed purpose and a deadly resolve, a shudder convulses her—a shudder of fear for the future of this delicate, helpless woman who is thus cast to such a fate, her proud womanhood at the mercy of men unscrupulous as to how they achieve their aim so that their purpose be but gained. And she feels that she must cry aloud with shame and horror at the tyranny and injustice of her country.

She knows not how long a time passes, she is so engrossed with this wondrous woman; then she is conscious that there is a dead silence which seems of expectation, then follows some confusion, and Count Zickwoff calls in a still louder voice the number of the convict who is next to approach for examination. All eyes turn to the woman standing apart; every one else has been up; the number must necessarily belong to her. The glances directed to her arouse her from her gloomy abstraction, and looking hastily up, she sees that something is expected of her. Divining that she must follow the course of her predecessors, she starts towards the upper end of the apartment, where sit the officers. Even among that stricken, debased mass of humanity, gathered up from the vilest of Russia, not a soul present but feels the superiority of this woman, and slowly and of their own accord the ranks part and, pressing back, leave a long aisle through their midst, down which approaches that stately figure, that wondrous face with its inimitable grandeur.

With intense and dilated eyes Lady Jet regards her, and sees much of which the exile herself is unconscious. In her face, grand and powerful as it is, there are marks of a weary and exhausted pain, and occasionally a shiver passes through her delicate limbs. As she stands motionless before the officers, the proud, white majesty of her face gleaming in the sunlight, her golden hair, dishevelled by long travel, falling in a tawny flood below her knees, Count Zickwoff, who, despite his moroseness and peculiar life, is the Russian courtier at heart, involuntarily removes his hat and rises to his feet. Polleskie follows his example, and both stand regarding the woman; but where, as in the eyes of the former is only a boundless amazement and a great pity and irresolution, Polleskie's expression is indicative of a deep but suppressed admiration, which, if it deepen into any stronger emotion, may lead to trouble.

And straight and still and proud stands the woman like a statue, her countenance as emotionless as stone, her great, dark eyes turned absently out of the window, an apathy almost death-like upon her. Count Zickwoff is embarrassed and at a loss how to proceed. He has often had noble exiles before, but never one with whom he found it as difficult to deal as this present one. There is something so majestic in her presence—so thoroughly dissimilar to her surroundings—that he stands silent and motionless.

At last, bethinking himself that his official dignity will be impaired by this irresolution, he lays his hat upon the desk, and, still standing, commences the usual questions.

"Your name?"

The white set lips move twice ere she can give over to the shame of this place the name given her by poor Jack in those far-off years.

"Maize Ashhurst," she says, finally.

"Your parents?"

"Lord and Lady Ashhurst, of Lancastershire, England." She thinks it best to enter into no minute explanation about her history.

An expression of surprise fastens upon the count's face.

"If you are English, how is it that Russian law has the casting of your fate?" he inquires.

"I was made a citizen of Russia one year ago."

"And what was your offense?"

The great eyes turn now full upon him; in their depths a challenging, defiant gleam, while her words are cold and startlingly distinct:

"I was accused of *murder!*"

Lady Jet shrinks back with a low cry of horror, and even the count recoils slightly; he had prepared himself for political offenses—treason, disloyalty, etc. It is not infrequent that women—and noble ones—have come under his knowledge and jurisdiction for offering their beauty and their favor as a guerdon for rebellion, or indulging in some special course under the ban of royal displeasure; and yet he could scarcely believe *this* of the woman who stands with cold, proud face confronting him. But murder! she a murderess, with that divine loveliness, that ravishing, entrancing womanhood! Impossible!

But Polleskie is outwardly unaffected by this circumstance, and herein is the secret key to his character. To the soul of this man, with its latent passion, honor and purity are subservient to love, passion, or whatever title you may give the one weakness of his nature. It is nothing to him that this woman is branded a murderess, that her soul may be stained with crimes that even the blood of Christ could scarcely wash clean. In his vast admiration he has not even thought of it. It is the woman herself that concerns him.

For a while Count Zickwoff is silent; then, turning to another portion of the room, he nods his head, and at this signal a huge, brawny giantess advances. This is one of the women-guards who have special control of female convicts, and who are generally, and in the present instance, exiles themselves, promoted to this office through physical adaptability and long years served in the mines.

"Guard," says the count, in his coldest, sternest tones, "this *lady*"—he emphasizes the word purposely, for, owing to that bond of aristocracy that unites them, it is exceedingly revolting to him to give over this woman, delicate and highbred, into the hands of the human beast before him—"this *lady* comes under your care. See that she is given the slightest labor possible. Failing to do this will be at your own disadvantage."

The guard bows sullenly, and then commences the bustle and excitement of the journey to the mines. And all this time the Greek exile stands motionless, apparently dead to all emotion, and Polleskie's hand, as he busily writes in the ledgers, trembles occasionally, and that dark flush deepens upon his face.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A CONCURRENCE.

THREE weeks have passed since the arrival of the last exiles in Siberia—at least, in that portion with which we have to deal. Among a gang of female exiles washing and assorting the metal is the tall figure of the Greek convict—that figure so lately resplendent in lace and satins and jewels fit for an empress. Owing to the interposition of the superior officer, her labor, compared with the delving toil of the others, has as yet been light. And it is well for her that this leniency has been shown her, otherwise her delicate constitution, accustomed to the luxury of wealth and every earthly indulgence must have sunk at once under this new and terrible life into which she has been thrust.

But as she stands now among the women over whom she has been placed as a sort of directress, at a glance one can see that the heavy pain of physical exhaustion is upon her. This shock has been very great to her system. Her constitution by nature is unadapted to either cold or exertion. A born Greek, she has the warm, idle, luxurious predisposition of her nation, and which has been fastened in her by the love, the prodigal indulgence and extravagance of poor Jack. For the past three weeks a mortal chill has been upon her. The course clothing of the convict, while perhaps sufficient for the strong, rugged natures of the Russians, is as nothing to her delicate limbs, accustomed to the soft floss, the dainty lace, the priceless furs of the aristocrat. The rough diet of the mines, the stifling atmosphere, the horrible surroundings—slowly but surely all this horror is eating its insidious way in the girl's once strong and perfect womanhood.

Yet truthfully may it be said that of her outward misery the girl thinks nothing—ay, is scarcely conscious of it. Ruined as her life is, there is greater destruction in her soul. It is crushed, wrecked, slain! She has entered into her living death, from which she believes there is no succor. All the hopes of her girlhood; all the sweet, free faith of her youth; all the grand spotless womanhood, with its haughty supremacy, its royal triumphs—*everything* has been swept down before that devastating flame that has laid her life waste. And all through the weary hours that count her exile, so full of an endless torture to her, there has come but one thought, the bitter, pain-fraught memory of Jack—one aim, the desperate, Pagan thirst for vengeance upon Toboskie, whom she looks upon in the light of her destroyer.

And as she stands now unconscious of her physical torture, living the bitterness and agony of the past with the equally wretched present, upon her is fastened the yearning, piteous gaze of a man, who, toiling but a short distance from her, from time to time raises to her face his tired, sunken eyes, in which is the long history of his ruined and bitter life. It is Count Smoloff, the exiled noble. For years he has moved a mechanical figure in this drama of wretched life. He is a wreck, literally dead in soul and purpose. All the great capacities of that once powerful intellect are slowly rusting away with inaction. Under the tedious, monotonous horror of his existence all those higher attributes of soul and mind, for which once he was so highly distinguished, have shrunk away into nothingness, leaving an utter vacancy. It is ruin in its worst form—ruin of a fair and lordly structure, once matchless in its perfection, but now stricken prostrate with its own *debris*.

Yet at this critical period, when it seemed as though the vail of insanity or imbecility must prostrate the brain beyond all possibility of recovery, that interest was forthcoming that was requisite to arouse its natural functions and call it back from its night of darkness into which it was fast relapsing. The sudden sight of the Greek exile came as a great shock to him, yet stirred the still waters of the wrecked soul. The calm, stern, elevated face rouses memories of the past from which he is for ever separated. Recovering the power of thought and memory, he sees that to her has come a fate equal to his own in its travail. Into his soul rushes a flood of recollections and emotions strange to him in the mechanical existence he has been leading. His brain, so long disused and neglected, aches under the whirl of new emotions, and for days is chaos and pain; but gradually strength and composure are restored. The mind recovers from its torpor, and its pristine power and grandeur are fully restored.

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He sees in that white, set, stern face his own history, and shudders as he looks ahead at the long line of wretched years which he fears will reduce her to that state of mental oblivion into which *he* so nearly relapsed. He knows not of what she is accused, but he feels that she is innocent. The lofty countenance, the divine loveliness, the hard, bitter, dauntless courage that sustains her, rouse emotions once and long years ago crushed beneath his shattered manhood. All the strong and mighty fires of his stricken youth rise bright in his breast, along with that natural instinct of true manhood—protection of woman. He is resigned to his own fate, but he yearns to save this girl from the blight and darkness that have smitten *his* life; he craves to rescue her from the horror of this dead existence. In these long, new days, when his soul, resurrected from its death, has entered into a strange and new life, which also holds all the bitterness and torture of the old—in these days, as they pass one by one, and he watches this woman struggling in her pride and wretchedness, is developed in his soul the germ of a mighty love.

(To be continued.)

DEDICATION OF A THEATRICAL MONUMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE monument erected in Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, was dedicated on Sunday, September 12th, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The lot, which is called "Elks' Rest," is situated on the Delaware County side of the cemetery. It is irregular in shape, of an area of forty-five by seventy feet, and is surrounded by a vulcanized iron railing, resting upon granite posts, bearing the coat-of-arms and motto of the Order and appropriate designs. The monument is erected near the centre of the plot and beside the graves of the only two deceased members of the Order buried in "Elks' Rest."

The exercises in the cemetery were announced to begin at half-past two o'clock, but it was half an hour later before the opening services took place. The Philadelphia Lodge, accompanied by a band of music, and escorting the visiting lodges from other cities, left its headquarters, at Tenth and Chestnut Streets, and proceeded thence to the Baltimore depot, where cars were taken for Mount Moriah. Great crowds were congregated at the depot, and long trains, crowded with people, were dispatched in sections at brief intervals after two o'clock. The large cemetery was already thickly crowded when the Elks arrived. The destination was easily discernible, for on one side of the plot a temporary platform was erected, which was tastefully draped in black, with appropriate designs festooned about the borders. Surmounting the centre of the platform, and from which were pendent the draperies, was a large head of an elk. Showing conspicuously in the middle of the plot was the high monument, veiled in the American flag. Growing flowers were planted at the base.

The Exalted Ruler, addressing the Esteemed Leading, the Esteemed Loyal and the Esteemed Lecturing Knights, asked each in turn the expression of his wishes concerning the dedication. Responding, the respective Knights presented to the Marshal who was detailed to receive their instructions, each a wreath, one inscribed "Charity," one "Justice" and one "Brotherly Love," expressing, at the same time, the hope that these would be emblems of the spirit that should govern the Order. The Marshal placed these wreaths, which were composed of immortelles, upon different corners of the lot. Then the Exalted Ruler, taking a similar wreath, inscribed "Fidelity," expressed a like hope, and handed it also to the Marshal, who placed it upon the remaining corner. Frank Moran, as District Deputy of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, then proclaimed the lot formally dedicated, and pronounced upon it the title of "The Elks' Rest." Charles F. Jones, Marshal, read an extract from a series of resolutions, to the effect that the Philadelphia Lodge, as a mark of appreciation of Mr. Moran's unselfish devotion to the Order, had requested him to unveil the monument.

In a few remarks Mr. Moran returned his thanks for what he expressed as the unexpected honor conferred by the Philadelphia Lodge. Then, by loosening the ropes, which ran from the stand to the top of the monument, the veil was instantly removed, revealing a large bronze figure of an Elk, with broad, high-stretching antlers, head erect, standing upon a hill-top. The figure was placed upon a massive granite pedestal, nearly eight feet in height, the sides of which were carved in rustic blocks. A polished granite panel on the front bore the inscription: "Presented to the Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, B. P. O. Elks, by Brother Charles E. Ellis." The initial letters of the Order, formed of flowers, were placed upon the four corners of the pedestal.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was organized in New York City in 1868. It was the result of an effort to establish in this country a social and benevolent organization among actors and all members of the dramatic profession, somewhat after the model of the "Buffaloes," an English theatrical order. Originally, only persons connected with the profession were admitted to membership, but subsequently the constitutional article excluding non-professionals was rescinded, and the roll of members still further increased.

THE ANTIETAM MONUMENT.

THE statue and monument erected in the National Cemetery at Antietam in commemoration of the Union dead who fell on that battle-field during the civil war were formally unveiled on Friday, September 17th, by the Grand Army of the Republic for the Department of Maryland. The monument, which was designed and executed by James G. Batterson, is composed of Rhode Island granite, and has cost $30,000. The statue is that of a private soldier at "parade rest," is 11 feet 6 inches high, and 5 feet 6 inches broad across the breast, and weighs 30 tons. The stone, in the "die course," has the accoutrements of the different branches of the service in relief, and the following motto cut in: "Not for themselves, but for their country, September 17th, 1862." The entire monument is 41 feet 6 inches high.

Baptizing a Royal Infant.

DISPATCHES from Madrid give an interesting account of the pomp and ceremony with which the little Infanta Mercedes Teresa was christened, September 14th, in the chapel of the royal palace. The galleries of the palace leading from the apartments of the Princess to the chapel were lined with halberdiers, in full gala costume, and a splendid carpet was laid down along their entire length. All the persons invited, including the Diplomatic Corps, Ministers of the civil and military authorities and the grandees with their ladies, occupied seats, and the chapel presented a brilliant aspect, with its variety of uniforms and elegant toilets. In the gallery at the bottom of the chapel were the King, the Archduchess Isabella, the Infantas Paz and Eulalia, and their households. Guns of the artillery fired a salute as the procession started for the chapel by the galleries of the palace. First went the Lord in Waiting, then the Chamberlain and the grandees in double file, all in grand court costume of the last century, with gold-braided and lace-adorned coats, knee breeches and silk stockings. In the midst of the mace-bearers and heralds there walked seven noblemen, bearing the ensign of baptism—namely, the salicellar, a taper, a napkin, wool lacer, a short mantle and a cake made of almonds—and the Duchess Medina de las Torres, bearing on a white satin cushion, richly trimmed with lace and gold, the little Infanta, who wore a beautiful white satin robe, the gift of Queen Isabella. The procession was closed by Queen Isabella and the Papal Nuncio.

On arriving in the chapel, the insignias were placed on two tables covered with rich tapestries. At the altar stood many priests and choristers, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo and the Patriarch of the Indies, with other prelates, who immediately began the service with all the pomp and splendor of the Church of Rome. In the act of baptism Queen Isabella held the Infanta over an ancient font, expressly brought from the Convent of Santo Domingo, and in which the Saint had been baptized in the Middle ages. After the ceremony the Infanta Maria Isabella was taken back to her apartments in the same state. Other festivities will take place in October, when Queen Christina is churched in the Atocha Cathedral. Then bull-fights and popular entertainments will be given by the Town Council. The King and the members of the royal family and the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria have given large sums for the poor and the hospitals. The royal household has been thrown into a ferment of jealousy by the marked preference shown to foreigners. The Austrian doctor who attended the Queen, and an Englishwoman who officiates as head nurse, are special objects of aversion. The Princess of Asturias loses her title by the birth of the Infanta, and is styled Infanta Isabella in the *Gazette*.

Last Year's Cotton Crop.

THE size of last year's cotton crop is a matter for national congratulation. The total number of bales, according to the estimate of the *Financial Chronicle*, was 5,757,397. This large number is in itself striking, but its true significance appears only by comparison. The largest year's production of cotton in the palmiest days of slavery was the crop of 1859-60, which reached 4,823,770 bales. During the war the industry was paralyzed and no record was kept. After the war the annual yield increased, with some fluctuations, from 2,228,987 bales in 1865-66 to 4,811,265 in 1877-78, 5,073,531 in 1878-79, and 5,757,397 in 1879-80. Thus, while the increase in the crop of 1878-79 was 262,266 bales, the increase in the crop of 1879-80 runs up to 684,332 bales. But this is not all. The average gross weight of each bale, which varies from year to year, was greater last year than any preceding year, being more than eight pounds greater than the average weight of 1878-79, though only 1.4 pounds greater than that of 1877-78. Estimated in gross weight the crop of 1879-80 was 372,242,955 pounds more than that of the preceding year, and 462,539,573 pounds more than the production of 1877-78. The indications now are that the crop of the coming year will be larger than any of its predecessors. These facts are full of significance and promise of prosperity.

The cotton factories of the country have been unusually busy during the past year. The *Chronicle* estimates that more than half a million spindles were added in Northern mills alone, and that the increase in the home consumption of cotton was about nine per cent. The amount of cotton manufactured in the United States has been steadily increasing year by year. Estimated at 1,325,000 bales in 1875, it reached 1,530,060 bales in 1878, and 1,760,000 in 1880. The amount that goes to Southern mills is yet small, but it is becoming larger every year. Thus in 1880 these mills took from the crop about 179,000 bales, which was 31,000 bales more than they required in 1878 and 22,000 more than in 1879. While American spindles have been running to their full capacity during the year, the exports of cotton manufactures have fallen in value from $11,423,660 in 1878 to $10,853,950 in 1879, and $9,981,418 in 1880, for the year ending June 30th in each case. This decrease is due chiefly to a good home market for cotton goods. Such a market, however, will stimulate production until a surplus is reached which must seek a foreign demand. Hence the decrease in exports of cotton goods may be regarded as but temporary. The American cotton industry, both in the field and in the factory, but particularly in the latter, must continue to grow, and with this growth must come in time an increase in the export trade of cotton goods.

A French Heroine.

ONE of the celebrities of the Paris markets is a woman who keeps a vegetable stall, and who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This woman, Annette Drevon, by name, was formerly cantinière to the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry, and to the Second Regiment of Zouaves, which she accompanied through the campaigns of Africa and Italy, and during the war with Germany. Of seven or eight female members of the Legion of Honor, she is the only one who received the distinction for an act of valor upon the field of battle; and she was decorated after the battle of Magenta for rescuing the regimental colors from two Austrian soldiers who had captured them.

During the war with Germany she was with the Thirty-second Regiment in Metz, and upon the surrender of that fortress she was sent off to Germany with the survivors. Just outside of Metz a Bavarian soldier insulted her, and she pulled out her revolver and shot him through the heart. For this she was condemned to death, and would have been shot but for the intervention of Prince Frederick Charles, who, hearing that a woman was to be executed, made inquiries into the case, the result being that Annette Drevon was set at liberty. She lived in great poverty for some time; but Marshal MacMahon happening to hear about her, gave her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to set up a stall, at which she now sells carrots, turnips, and other aids to digestion.

The Morocco of To-day.

MOROCCO is so nearly barbarous, at least so nearly semi-civilized, that it seldom has any relation to European politics. But the present Morocco conference, with the announcement of the determination of the Sultan to punish all who may be guilty of wronging non-Mohammedan subjects, has drawn attention to a country which few foreigners visit, and with which Americans have very little acquaintance. Morocco, or Marocco, is called by the natives Maghrib-el-Akss, meaning the extreme west; it includes the three former kingdoms of Maghrib, Fez and Tafilet; contains from 260,000 to 270,000 (English) square miles, and a population variously estimated at from 3,000,000 to 8,000,000. The country is generally mountainous—the Atlas Mountains traverse it in several parallel ranges from southwest to northeast—but it has many level tracts. Between the central range of Atlas and the sea the climate is temperate, but in the southeast extremes of heat and cold prevail, and rain never falls. The inhabitants consist, like those of Barbary in general, of Moors, Berbers, Arabs, negroes and Jews, with a diversified offspring of promiscuous miscegenation. More than two-thirds of them are Moors—these are a mixture of the Mauri, of Arabs, Romans, Numidians and Phœnicians—the other third consisting of Berbers, Jews (350,000) and negroes. There are very few Europeans there, and there is very little inducement for them to go thither, since the civilization is very low, many of the Berbers being little less than savages. The theology of the land is Mohammedan. The native negroes are increased by slaves introduced from Soudan. For convenient administration the country is subdivided into thirty-three governments or districts, each under the supervision of a caid, whose principal business is to collect the imposts. The semi-independent tribes are ruled by their own chiefs, and scarcely acknowledge the Sultan's authority. The Government is absolutely despotic, and in the absence of written laws the will of the Sultan (called by Europeans and Americans the Emperor of Morocco) and of his subordinates is equivalent to law. Public officials chiefly support themselves by practicing extortion on their inferiors, and are in turn robbed by their superiors. The Sultan is styled by his subjects Prince of Believers and Vicegerent of God on Earth, the title being hereditary in the male line, though not necessarily descending to the eldest son. Learning to read and write and to recite portions of the Koran is considered education, which to this extent is pretty generally acquired. Printing is unknown, and the arts and sciences are well-nigh null. The sole industries of any consequence are the manufacture of caps, fine silks and leather, in which last the people excel. The army numbers between 20,000 and 30,000 men, half of them negroes, and there is besides a body of militia, 90,000 to 100,000 strong, which is occasionally called out. The navy is insignificant, but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was piratical and very formidable.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. H. Bullen Newton, assistant naturalist under Professor Huxley in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, London, has received an appointment in the geological department of the British Museum.

The Sixth Annual Conference of the Cryptogamic Society of Scotland will be held in Glasgow, on September 27th to 30th, and October 1st and 2d, when all persons interested in cryptogamic botany are invited to attend.

The Proposed Tunnel through Mont Blanc is being seriously talked about in France, and the French Government have commissioned M. de Lepinaye to draw up a report on the scheme. The estimated cost is $180,000,000, and the extreme length would be about eight miles.

The Balloon Society of Great Britain has been formed. Its principal object being to bring together members of the learned professions, scientific bodies, and practical aeronauts, with a view to having observations made in different parts of the world wherever ascents take place, whether by means of captive or free balloons.

Numbers of false turquoises are being sent from Vienna to England. Their detection is somewhat difficult, the backs of every specimen having been pecked out and the holes filled with a black cement, to imitate the matrix of la Vieille Roche. They are, however, a little lighter than the real turquoise, the specific gravity being 2·4, while that of the genuine stone is 2·6 to 2·8. The easier method of distinguishing them is to use a penknife to the false matrix, which can be easily removed, revealing the artificial perforations.

From a Report drawn up by Don Mariano Barcena, Director of the Central Meteorological Observatory of Mexico, we learn that it is proposed to establish a large number of stations throughout Mexico for the uniform record of observations on the temperature, pressure, rainfall, vegetation, etc. Should this project be properly inaugurated and continued, it will be of the greatest service to science. The observers will likewise report on the state of the crops, prices of grain and other commodities, etc., as affected by the weather.

The Latest Discoverer of the Lost Tribes is a Russian traveler and journalist, W. J. Remirowitch-Dantschenko, who has found them in the Caucasus, and, of course, has written a book about them. They were found in the mountains of Daghestan, where travelers never went before. They are warlike, and resemble the Cossacks in appearance, but they follow the old Mosaic law as it existed before the time of Ezra and the second building of the Temple, without any knowledge of Talmudic traditions and forms, and they claim to have lived where they now are ever since the time of Psalmonasser.

The Ease with which the Esquimaux of St. Lawrence Island can see to a great distance and the marvelous way in which news is transmitted from the most distant points is really wonderful. A native will describe the dress and appearance of a man who is approaching at a great distance. A white man, even a sharp-eyed sailor, can just make out that it is a human figure. So, if anything occurs on the coast—if a piece of wreck comes ashore—the full particulars will be known in a short time 1,000 miles from the place where it occurred. It is a wonderful system of telegraphy—one native rushing off to pass the news to another, and thus speeding intelligence over hundreds of miles of territory in a single day.

The Recent Travels of the Chevalier Ernst von Hesse Wartegg would seem to throw cold water on the sanguine scheme of Captain Roudaire for letting the waters of the Mediterranean into the great low-lying basin of the schotts, and turning the North African desert into an inland sea. According to the surveyor of the chevalier, the basin comes no nearer to the Mediterranean than seventy miles, so that it would take a canal rivaling that of Suez to attain the end in view. Moreover, if a water-way between the two basins were established, some of the most flourishing cities of the schott region—for example, Tozeur and Nephta—would be submerged by the deluge, and most probably all the large date-forests of the Djerid would be destroyed by the change of climate produced.

The London "Times" Geneva correspondent telegraphs as follows: "An interesting geological discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Solothurn. On removing a mass of superincumbent sand and gravel to prepare for some quarrying operations, the rock beneath was found to be quite smooth and intersected with old watercourses. The excavation being continued, a number of enormous holes filled with great stones were laid bare. These holes, like those in the famous Gletscher Garten, at Lucerne, are due to the action of water, which, flowing through rifts in the glacier that once past covered the rock, set in movement the stones beneath, whereby the 'Giant's Kettles,' as they are called, were hollowed out; but while the rock at Lucerne is sandstone, the formation at Solothurn is hard limestone and quartz."

Sir Robert Christison, the great Scotch chemist, has made some curious observations on the effects of a cold, wet season in diminishing the normal growth of trees. He makes out, on careful measurements, that, comparing 1879 with 1878, eleven deciduous trees—not oaks—made on an average forty-one per cent. less growth in last year than in the year before. Of seventeen pine-trees, the average deficiency was twenty per cent., and of seven oaks, the deficiency was ten per cent.; so that heat appears to have more to do with the making even of wood than moisture has. It is strange that the growth of the oak, which drops its leaves, seems less dependent on heat than that of the pine, which we usually associate with very cold regions; but, perhaps, it need not be the tree which is most stunted by cold which is most easily killed by it. The arrest of growth may sometimes be a safeguard against vital injury.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. GAMBETTA has just been "decorated" by King George of Greece in appreciation of his work in behalf of that ancient land.

CHOW-PHYA-BHAMM-WONGSE, the Siamese Ambassador in Paris, is to receive a civilized decoration as Commander of the Legion of Honor.

HERR GERHARD ROHLFS, the explorer, is going to Abyssinia as a diplomat. He is charged by the Emperor William with a mission to King John.

AMONG the successful candidates in this year's class of the Cambridge University Higher Examinations is Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Premier.

DR. SAMUEL ELLIOTT, Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools, who is now in Europe because of ill-health, has resigned his position as superintendent.

EX-GOVERNOR ENGLISH, of Connecticut, has never been sick a day in his life, has never called a physician, and has never taken any medicine, though he was sixty-eight years old last March.

LADY STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE and her unmarried daughters have received a pension of £500 from the Crown in consideration of the late Lord de Redcliffe's long and highly distinguished public service.

REV. DR. WILLIAM ADAMS, of New York, was the third minister to die within the year, after having been chosen to preach the sermon before the second Pan-Presbyterian Council, which soon meets at Philadelphia.

DR. LEWIS SWIFT, the astronomer, is now the owner of three handsome gold medals bestowed upon him in recognition of his planetary discoveries. The third he has just received from the Imperial Academy at Vienna.

IT is understood Dean Stanley will pay a final visit to the United States in 1881, in company with Mr. Thomas Hughes. The visit will be of special character, for the purpose of investigating the church question in the United States.

WILHELMINA HELENA PAULINA MARIA is the very long name of the very little daughter of the King and Queen of the Netherlands. She is to be called Princess Wilhelmina, as it, as a girl, can have no pretensions to the throne of Holland.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has been making a rather extended continental tour for her health. She arrived on the 17th inst. at Vienna, and at once signed an engagement with the Imperial Opera House, where she appeared two or three days after.

A WOMAN has been elected Lecturer of Modern Literature in the University of Wooster, Ohio. She is Miss Irish, the translator of several volumes of German literature. She has had entire charge of the foreign correspondence of Secretary Carl Schurz during President Hayes's administration.

THE daughter of the brilliant and unfortunate Russian poet, Pushkin, is married to Prince Nicolas of Nassau, who belongs to what was before German unity a reigning family. She has been in Russia attending the festival in honor of her father, and there received from the Emperor the promise of a pension.

THE commission that was appointed to choose nurses for the royal infant at Madrid selected five young women of the Province of Santander, all of very dark complexion. The one who attracted the most attention, Leocadia Fernandez, is said to be of the highest type of Arab beauty, with large soft eyes and glossy hair.

MANY subscriptions are announced to make good the gift of $150,000 by C. W. West for an art museum in Cincinnati. Joseph Longworth gives $10,000; Julius Dexter $10,000; the estate of James A. Fraser, $5,100; G. K. Shoenberger, $1,000; P. N. Nefl, $1,000, and other smaller sums, making an aggregate of $30,000.

GREAT preparations are making for the reception of the German Emperor and the whole court at Cologne on the 15th of October for the official opening of the Cathedral. The festivities promise to be very grand, and will last three days. The occasion is regarded throughout Germany as an important national *fête*.

THE Crown Prince Rudolph and his Belgian bride will pass the first years of their married life in one of the most ancient and imposing castles in Europe, the castle on the Hradschin, that rises abruptly from the Moldau and towers above the city of Prague. A part of the castle is being remodeled and handsomely refurnished for their reception.

MRS. KATE P. NOBLE died recently at Hempstead, Long Island, where she has been spending the Summer. She was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Noble, of Washington, and mother of the Rev. Mason Noble, Jr., of Sheffield, Mass.; the Rev. George Noble, of Cornwall, N. Y.; the Rev. Charles Noble, of Washington, and the Rev. Franklin Noble, of the Presbyterian Church, in Hempstead, in whose house she died.

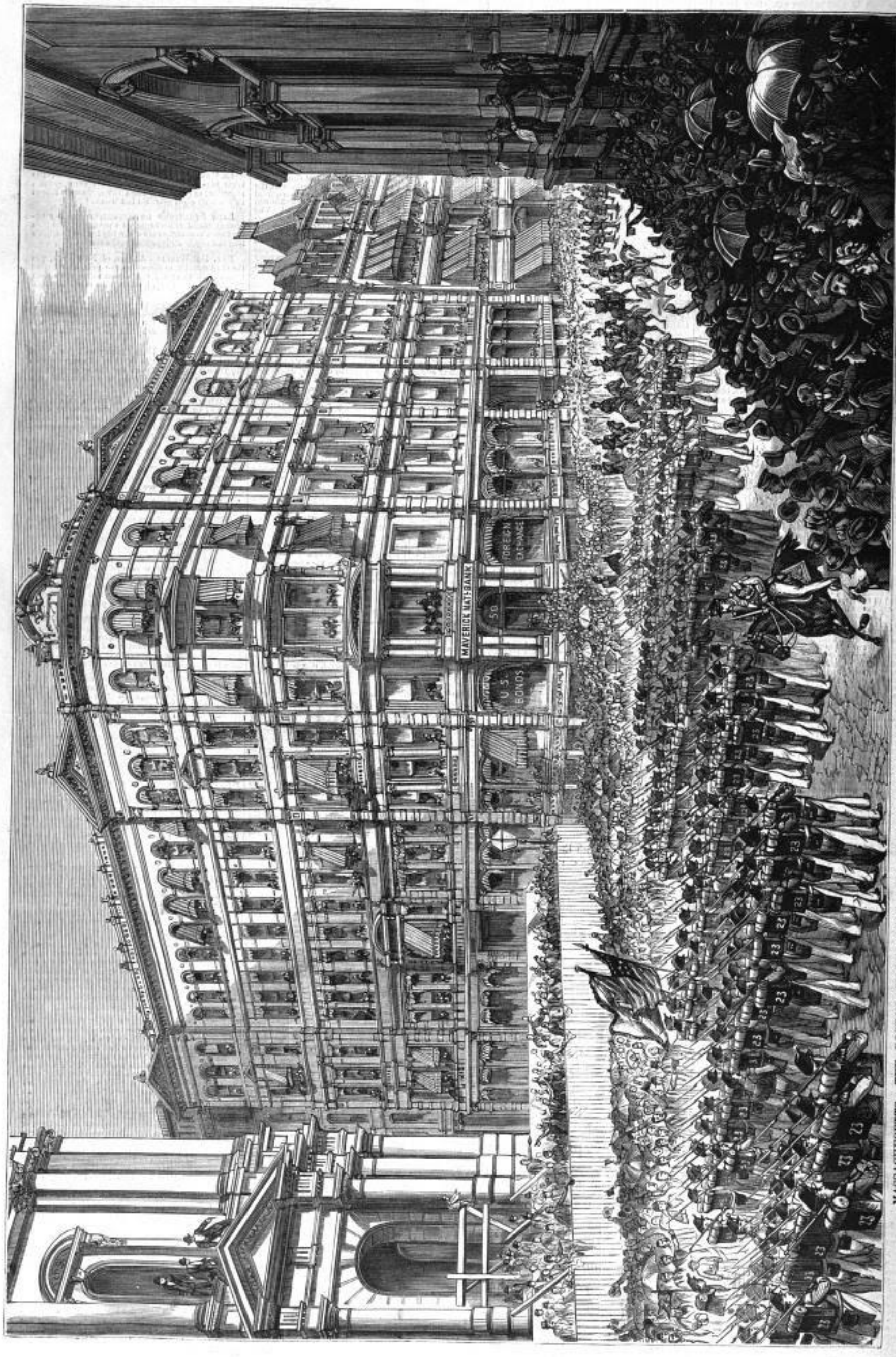
KING CHRISTIAN of Denmark has just bestowed upon Mme. Bernhardt a gold medal surmounted by the royal crown in diamonds, and suspended to the red-bordered white ribbon of the Order of the Dannebrog. This exceptional Danish distinction is very rarely accorded. The only two ladies who have been honored with it before Mme. Bernhardt happen also to be theatrical artistes—Mesdames Trebelli and Nilsson.

KING LOUIS of Bavaria lately celebrated his birthday and the seven hundredth anniversary of his dynasty. He did not appear in his capital, but sent a letter thanking his subjects for their congratulations, and asking them, with good-natured practicality, not to go to any great expense on his account. When he was a younger man the King had a fashion of dressing himself in the general hunting costume of the country, and spending a day or two in rural villages incognito, dancing like the rustics on the village green.

THE Duke of Bedford, who gets the blue ribbon now placed at Mr. Gladstone's disposal by the death of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, is entitled to it, on the old theory, as the head of the great Whig house of Russell, though he has made no special mark of his own in politics. He was born in 1819, and is the eldest son of Major-General Lord George William Russell, a son of the sixth duke. He married in 1844 Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the fifth Earl de la Warr, served in the Scots Fusilier Guards for six years before his marriage, and sat for Bedfordshire from 1847 to 1872, when he succeeded his cousin, the eighth duke, in the title and estates.

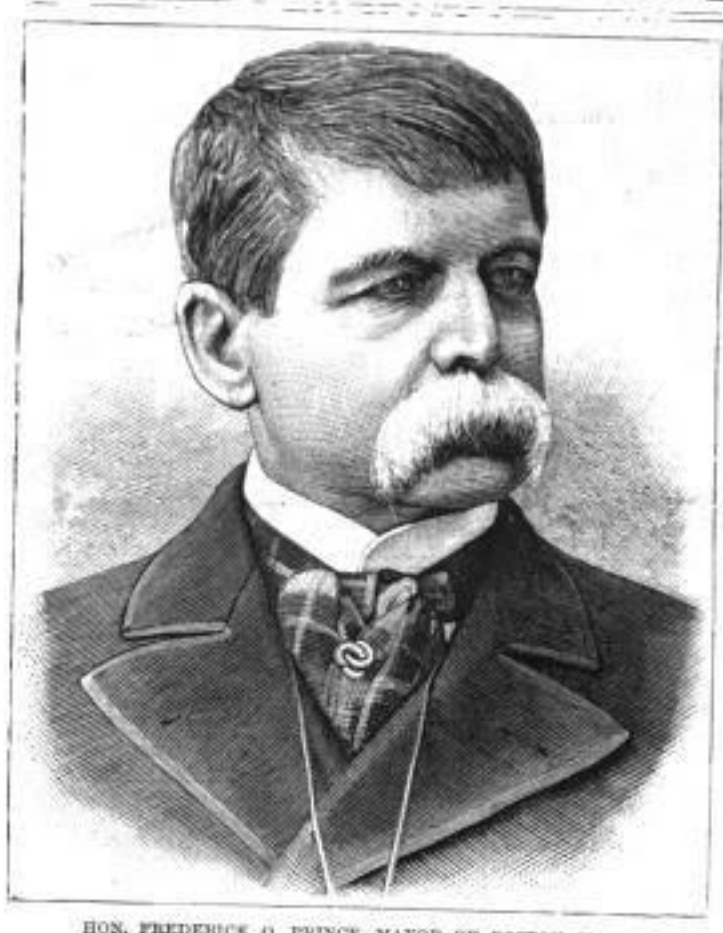
THE magnetism of New York has happily attracted to Niblo's that most graceful and fascinating of dancers, Adele Cornalba, whose interpretation of the poetry of motion in the realization of an ecstatic dream, by birth a Milanese, she received the high distinction of being appointed *première danseuse* at the Royal Theatre, Turin, from whence she migrated to Paris to "take the town by storm," and, having fulfilled a brilliant engagement in "Lolotte the Glittering," she has now crossed the Atlantic to call additional laurels. As a dancer she is without a rival; as a beautiful woman she holds her own against all comers. Those who would see dancing at its best should witness a performance by Adele Cornalba.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE BOSTON CELEBRATION—THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., PASSING THE MAVERICK NATIONAL BANK, POST OFFICE SQUARE.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER AND CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 70.

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HON. FREDERICK O. PRINCE, MAYOR OF BOSTON, MASS.
FROM A PHOTO. BY NOTTMAN.

HON. FREDERICK O. PRINCE,
Mayor of Boston.

THE first authentic record of that branch of the Prince family to which Mayor Prince belongs is found in the year 1584, when John Prince, residing on his estate, "Abbey Forgate," in Berkshire County, England, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. John Toldesbury. The family was characterized by strong Puritanic principles, a characteristic preserved in its later representatives of to-day. In the year 1633 Elder John Prince, of Hull, came over to this country and settled, following the same dictates which prompted the exodus of his brother pilgrims thirteen years before. Tracing the family history in direct descent, we find chronicled on January 18th, 1818, the birth of Frederick O. Prince, the present chief executive of the Boston City Government.

The early life of Mr. Prince was a marked series of successes, both in school and college. In 1827 he entered the Boston Latin School, graduating in 1832 with high honors, carrying off three prize Medals, including the Franklin Medal. He entered Harvard College the same year, graduating in 1836. The following year he commenced the study of law, and was duly admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1840. About this time he entered actively upon political life, allying himself with the Whigs, and taking a prominent place in that organization. In 1843 he changed his residence to Winchester, retaining his law business in Boston. Three years later he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature, where he represented the Winchester District, acquiring great popularity by his stirring appeals in favor of reform. He was twice re-elected to the same office. In the year 1854 he was a member of the famous Constitutional Convention, and in addition was elected to a seat in the State Senate.

When the dismemberment of the Whig Party occurred in 1860, Mr. Prince transferred his allegiance to the Democrats, and has since acted with that party. At the Baltimore Convention in 1860 he was chosen Secretary of the Democratic National Committee, a position which he has filled ever since. He has organized every Democratic National Convention from the date of his joining the party to the present day, including the Chicago Convention which nominated McClellan in 1864; the New York Convention which nominated Seymour in 1868; the Baltimore Convention which nominated Greeley in 1872; the St. Louis Convention which nominated Tilden in 1876; and, more recently still, the Cincinnati Convention which nominated General Hancock.

In the Fall of 1876, he was unanimously nominated for the Mayoralty, and was elected by a large majority. He received the nomination again the succeeding year, but was defeated by a coalition between the Republicans and the "Citizen's Party," so-called, after one of the most exciting and bolly-contested municipal elections ever held in Boston. He was re-elected, however, the next year, 1878, by a handsome majority, among the votes voting in his favor being a large number of his former opponents. During his administration, Mr. Prince has been unwearied in his efforts to reform the municipal expenses, and has effected large savings, the cost of the government having been reduced more than half a million dollars in the first year of his Mayoralty. The system of sewers and that of public parks, the most important public works ever undertaken by the city, were inaugurated under his administration.

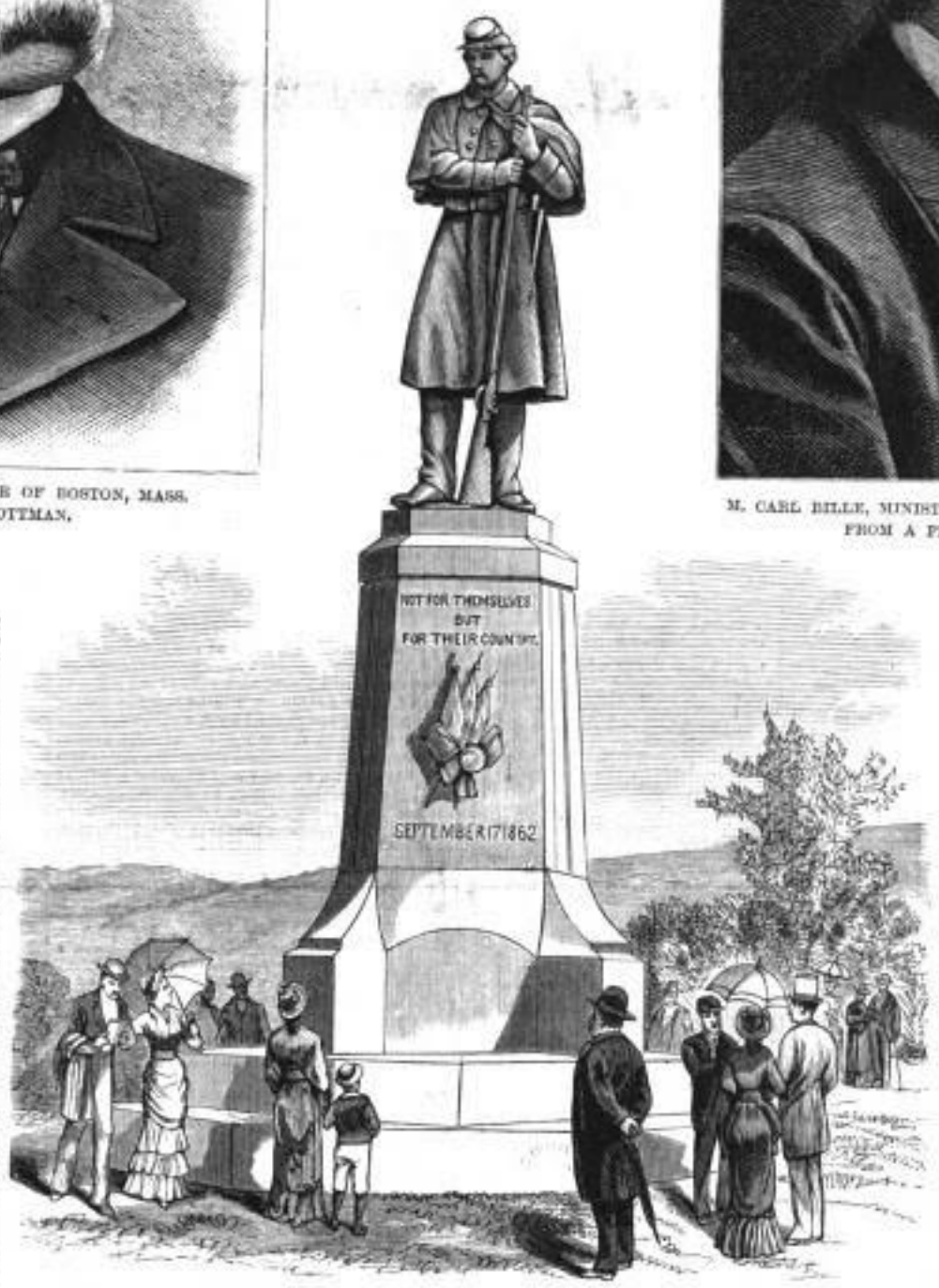
Mr. Prince possesses great personal magnetism, both in his capacity as party leader and in his private life, and has the faculty of securing the confidence and esteem not only of his political associates and friends, but also of many of his strongest opponents in the opposition party. As a scholar, he stands pre-eminent in intellectual attainments; in his profession, he ranks among the leading members of the Bar; in his official capacity, he stands to-day in the strong light of public favor without stain or blemish, steadfast to his duties as chief executive of a city renowned for her upright administrations, a gentleman, a gifted scholar, and a man whom the people delight to honor.



M. CARL BILLE, MINISTER OF DENMARK TO THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTO. BY HANSEN & WELLER.

M. CARL BILLE.

CARL STEEN-ANDERSEN BILLE, the new Danish Minister to the United States, is about fifty years of age, and descends from one of the oldest and most distinguished noble families of Denmark, once possessed of great wealth and influence. Mr. Bille began life at Copenhagen as a law student without other capital than his own energy and honest ambition. Danish journalism of that day was a thing little thought of, and that it should find in the young student what journalism in this country found in Horace Greeley was least of all suspected by Mr. Bille himself. The exciting years of the Schleswig-Holstein insurrection, incited by Prussia in 1848, had developed a demand for early and full news from the scene of war, which Sally B. Salomon, an enterprising printer at the capital, endeavored to satisfy by the publication of a penny fly-sheet, issued at all hours of the day, as occasion demanded. The success of the enterprise was so



MARYLAND.—THE MONUMENT AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, ANTIETAM, UNVAILED SEPT. 17TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY D. EMMERT.—SEE PAGE 75.



PENNSYLVANIA.—DEDICATION OF THE ELKS' MONUMENT IN MOUNT MORIAH CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. HOWELL.—SEE PAGE 75.

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great that the printer was encouraged to continue the issue of his paper in more permanent form when the war was over. The moment was peculiarly favorable for journalistic venture. The old order of things had been buried with the dead king; his successor had given to the country a free Constitution, and now thoughts and ideas were moving in the people in sympathy with the wave of popular uprising which had swept over Europe. They found an interpreter in Mr. Bille. Through the recommendation of his fellow-students he had been offered the position of editor of the new paper, *Dagbladet*, and had accepted it. The genius of the man was recognized at once, and his journal became a power which, during the exciting political battles of the next score of years that witnessed the awakening and awakening of the people to consciousness of its new-born freedom, frequently overshadowed that of the throne itself. His success as an editor did not, however, lure him from his studies, and in due time he was admitted to the Bar at Copenhagen. Thenceforward his name appeared in his paper as its responsible editor, and there it remained for twenty years. As a member of the Folksching, the lower branch of the Danish Parliament, he has consistently maintained his position, in which, fighting of late years against a decided majority, he has developed great ability as a debater. Mr. Bille was early honored by his fellow-citizens by being chosen a member of the Board of Aldermen of Copenhagen, to which, contrary to usage in this country, the highest honor and distinction are attached.

The unhappy result of the war with Germany in 1864, and the defeat of his party, deprived in a measure Mr. Bille's journal of the influence it had achieved. Certain bold opinions concerning the succession to the Danish throne expressed in its columns brought on complications with the Government, and in 1872 Mr. Bille, deeming his work in the Legislature of greater value to his country than his editorial labors, retired from the management of the *Dagbladet*, pointing out as his successor a young journalist of the school he himself had created, and under whose management the paper has since recovered its ancient prestige.

In his appointment the Danish Government has departed from its strict rule of civil service promotion, and its choice of the clever journalist for this diplomatic mission has excited a great deal of interest. Denmark supplies the markets of the world chiefly with farm and dairy products, and the commanding position achieved by American products of this class has aroused in that country a new and strong interest in the United States, which finds expression in the appointment as its diplomatic representative at Washington of one of its most able and clear-headed citizens, thoroughly conversant, by long familiarity with its law-giving machinery, with the industrial needs of his native State.

Lightning Photographs.

MR. R. CROWE, of Liverpool, communicates to the *British Journal of Photography* an account of some attempts to photograph a landscape by the aid of lightning flashes. A gelatine plate, requiring by day an exposure of two seconds, was exposed from 10:15 P.M. to 10:40 P.M., during which time there were 130 brilliant flashes and about half as many minor ones. Most of these were in a horizontal direction, and five or six of them were imprinted on the negative. A perpendicular flash which struck a church-tower half a mile away was rendered with extraordinary sharpness and brilliancy. The surrounding objects, in spite of the long exposure, were but feebly impressed; whence Mr. Crowe argues that though the light of a flash of lightning is of a very actinic character, there still is not sufficient volume of light to illuminate a landscape or building to allow a successful photograph to be taken. Mr. Crowe further suggests that an attempt should be made to photograph, for scientific purposes of reference, the varied forms assumed by lightning at different times and in different countries.

Influences of Afghan Chiefs.

MANY curious stories are told of the influence exercised by the Afghan chiefs over their followers, among the most striking of which is the following: A young English subaltern attached to the Kabul expedition of 1841-2, rescued an Afghan pilgrim from some British soldiers who were handling him roughly. The pilgrim warmly thanked his deliverer, saying with emphasis that "an Afghan never forgets a good turn or a bad one." Some months later, during the fatal battle of the Kurd Kabul Pass, our hero saw one of the enemy point to him repeatedly, and concluded himself singled out for destruction. But, to his amazement, he remained unhurt amid the hottest fire, while his men were dropping around him like leaves, those who had molested the pilgrim being the first to fall. At length several of the enemy disarmed and dragged him down by main force, shrieking those who wished to kill him by declaring him to be under the protection of their chief. The chief in question proved to be identical with the rescued pilgrim—a disguise assumed to aid his designs against the English—and the officer, having been hospitably entertained, was dismissed without ransom.

The New Anæsthetic Process.

A LATE number of the *Medical Record* contains a notice of a new and curious method of deadening pain, which is of striking simplicity. It was discovered by Dr. Bonwill, a dentist of Philadelphia, in 1875. In 1876 Dr. A. Hewson made a favorable report of his experience with it to the International Medical Congress, and at a recent meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society several papers were read on the subject, and much discussion followed. In using the method, the operator merely requests the patient to breathe rapidly, making about 100 respirations per minute, ending in rapid puffing expirations. At the end of from two to five minutes an entire or partial absence of pain results for half a minute or more, and during that time teeth may be drawn or incisions made. The patient may be in any position, but that recommended is lying on the side, and it is generally best to throw a handkerchief over the face to prevent distraction of the patient's attention. When the rapid breathing is first begun the patient may feel some exhilaration; following this comes a sensation of fullness in the head or dizziness. The face is at first flushed, and afterwards pale or even bluish, the heart beats rather feebly and fast, but the sense of touch is not affected, nor is consciousness lost. The effect is produced in females more readily than in males, and the middle-aged more easily than in the old; children can scarcely be made to breathe properly. It is denied that there is any possible danger. Several minor operations, other than frequent dental ones, have been successfully made by this method, and it is claimed that in dentistry, minor surgery and obstetrics, it may supplant the common anæsthetics. Dr. Hewson's explanation is that rapid breathing diminishes the oxygenation of the blood, and that the resultant excess of carbonic acid temporarily poisons the nerve centres. Dr. Bonwill gives several explanations, one being the specific effect of carbonic acid, another the diversion of will force produced by rapid voluntary muscular action, and the third, the damming up of the blood in the brain, due to the excessive amount of air passing into the lungs. The *Record* is not satisfied with the theories, but considers it well proved that pain may be deadened by the method, which it commends to the profession for exact experimental determination of its precise value.

THE WORK OF ONE SCALE.

THE Lehigh Valley Railroad Company use FAIRBANKS' SCALES at all points for weighing the immense tonnage which passes over their line. The scale now in use at Packerton, Pa., was placed in position July, 1873, and has been in constant use ever since. The gross tonnage passing over it during this time, as shown upon the books, is over 39,000,000 tons. The scale is 133 feet long, and has a capacity of over 100 tons. Some idea of the immense amount of work done on this single scale may be learned from this: That the coal tonnage comes from the Wyoming, Mahanoy, Hazleton and Beaver Meadow Divisions. Recently, in one day, forty-two coal trains bound East, were received and weighed. The number of loaded cars was 5,340, and if coupled together, they would reach over thirteen miles. The gross weight of these cars which passed over this one Fairbanks' Scale during the day was nearly 30,000 tons. More work is done upon this track scale than upon any other in the world.

FUN.

AN exchange has an article on "Smoking Ministers." Most of them are dry enough to smoke.

RIDER for a very lean horse: "Some very good points, eh?" *Friend:* "Some! Seems made of 'em!"

WHEN a landlady discovered that her boarders were dropping off, the burden of her song became: "Nothing but leaves."

HORSEMEN believe that Maud S. will soon attain so terrific a speed that a straight track will be necessary to prevent her running into the rear of her own sulky.

A NEBRASKA Indian contrived to swallow a lot of dynamite, and now he can stand around the corners and call a white man anything he chooses without being kicked for his insolence. They're shy of jarring him even.

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Pa, did you read in the paper how a parrot was fined $25 because his little boy hung on a street car?" *Parent:* "What of it?" Johnny: "Nothing, except I thought you wanted to give me some car tickets. There is money in it."

A CIVILIAN army is virtually a school not only of arms but of manners.—*Daily Paper, Suspend of the Chowderkids in Ohio* (who are standing at ease): "I am afraid gentlemen, I must request you to come to attention, as our friend the cajdain is about to trespass on your courtesy so far as to ask you to do him the honor of forming fours!"

"HENRY is so practical!" said Mrs. Youngwife. "When mother went into the country last year Henry sent all her things after her the very next day: he said she might want some of them, you know. And it's kind o' funny," she went on, "mother did want them, for she has never come back to live with us since. Wasn't it queer?"

"BUT you can't get home if the wind is dead against us, can you?" inquired the nearest passenger. "Oh! yes," replied the Nantucket skipper. "Oh! yes: I had the boat made with two sides, on purpose, so that when she couldn't sail on one tack, she could on the other. It is the only boat in these waters that is built that way." And the passenger was reassured, and the Clara got in on time.

NOTHING is so admirable as logic. A German traveler hurried out of the car, tired and dusty, and, seating himself at a restaurant-table, cried out, "Waiter, bring me a beefsteak." The waiter replied that he would be charmed to do so, but that it took twenty minutes to cook a steak, while the train only waited ten minutes. The kindly and sweet-tempered traveler retorted: "Well, then, bring me half a beefsteak."

A LIVERPOOL swain broke a wishbone with his "heart's queen," up in New Hampshire, last week. "Now, what d'you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation. "I wish I was hansum," replied the fair damsel—"hansum as can be." "Gewhittaker! what a wish," replied Jonathan, "when you're hansum 'nuff now! But I'll tell you what I wished, Sally. I wished you was locked up in my arms and the key lost!"

GRANDFATHER LICKSHINGLE came in the office yesterday, looking as if he had been struck by a waterspout. "Raining?" we asked. "Rainin' nothin'!" exclaimed the old gentleman with extreme disgust, and he mopped the water from his dripping face. "Ajax had the same experience, however," and he attempted to absorb the moisture from his shirt front with a cotton handkerchief. "What about Ajax?" "About the last words Ajax uttered was that he had defied the lightnin' all his miserable life, but that he never defied a small boy with a garden hose but one solitary once."

"NOW WELL AND STRONG."

SHIPMAN, Illinois.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing, as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your Discovery for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. She took the Discovery last Fall.

Very truly yours, REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN.

DON'T say when you are hurt that you were never reminded to insure in THE TRAVELERS.

THAT the time-honored ST. NICHOLAS, of New York, retains its hold on the affections of Bostonians, is shown by the Eastern patronage it receives. Built at a time when space was not economized as it is at present, the rooms are unusually large; the table is of marked excellence and the service is unequaled. It should be borne in mind by all visitors to York that while the great hotels up town are so largely given up to "permanent boarders" that the best rooms can only be obtained by telegraphing in advance, the ST. NICHOLAS reserves all its "best rooms" for transient guests, so that persons there for the day only are as delightfully situated as though their stay was to be more prolonged.

THE Importers and Traders and American Exchange, two of the largest national banks of this city, have lately supplied themselves with new burglar-proof HERRING'S SAFES, that for the former weighing nearly fourteen tons. A sheet of the Franklinite, like that used in them, resisted, in an actual test, twenty-six hours constant drilling under pressure ranging from two to six tons, after which the attempt to enter the safe was abandoned.

THOUSANDS are now feeling the effects of this depressing weather, and experience a loss of appetite, loss of red blood, have become pale, and are very languid. We advise them to resort immediately to the great Blood Purifier, Blood Enricher and Perfect Health Giver, DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by its author and sole Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M.D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE relieves mental and physical exhaustion, and gives vigor and renewed strength to the human system when weakened by overwork.

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of ANGOSTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

BOSTON CELEBRATES ITS HUB PUNCH AS A TODDY, HOT OR COLD.

A NOTABLE feature in the great procession celebrating the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Boston was a double dray loaded with HUB PUNCH, and surmounted with a mammoth bottle representing the labeled appearance of this famous beverage as it is sold by the trade. Messrs Acker, Merrall & Condit and Park & Tilford, the well-known family grocers and wine merchants of New York, write as follows concerning it:

NEW YORK, Sept. 1st, 1880.

Messrs. C. H. Groves & Sons, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: The increased sales of Hub Punch among our always most critical consumers is evidence of its superior merit. Yours truly,

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT.

Hub Punch is *growing in favor* among our customers, and we hear many complimentary opinions on its merits. The increasing popularity of the article is pleasant testimony to your success in using exclusively the best and purest components.

PARK & TILFORD.

Wine-cellars are not complete without Hub Punch. Cooled with water or ice (the latter preferred), it makes a delicious drink. With hot water it makes a delightful toddy, and is preferred by many to "Hot Scotch." It is very beneficial in breaking up chills and colds. Sold by all leading wine merchants, druggists, and grocers everywhere at $1.25 a bottle.

BOSTON BELTING COMPANY.

A MARKED feature of the Trades' Display on the 17th instant was the exhibit of the india-rubber manufactures of this company. They excelled in variety and quality, and reflected credit on the officers and workmen alike of the establishment. The leading article in the show was the stupendous belt made expressly to order by them for one of the large grain elevators in the West. It was about 4 feet wide, 292 feet long, and weighed two tons, and was one of 20 belts of different sizes, aggregating over 25,000 feet, ordered of this company during the last month for grain elevators now building in Chicago and other places. We learn that the entire load was made in the ordinary course of business, to fill special orders from their customers, and not made up for the occasion, and have ere this been shipped to their several places of destination. The load was drawn by four fine-looking horses, that moved it as though familiar with the business. The works and warerooms of the company are all located in Boston, and that city may well be proud of such an exhibition of thrift and enterprise as the company displayed. The Boston Belting Company, the oldest company in the United States, with works the largest in the world, devoted exclusively to the manufacture of rubber goods for mechanical uses, was incorporated in 1845. Gold and silver medals (highest prizes) were awarded by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, for new and superior goods, at their Thirteenth Exhibition, in Boston, October, 1878. Diplomas and medals of "superiority" were awarded by the American Institute, New York, 1879.

Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to SIEBERT & CO., Box 2236, New York.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ¼ and lb., labeled:

JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*, LONDON, ENG.

W. H. BUTLER,
Formerly VALENTINE & BUTLER,
Fire and Burglar-Proof SAFES and LOCKS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
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H.W.JOHNS' ASBESTOS
LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS
Steam Packing. Sheathings. Fireproof Coatings. Cements
Send for Samples, Illustrated Pamphlet and Price List.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 Maiden Lane N.Y.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL
Is used by Actresses, Opera Singers, and Ladies of Fashion, to create the distingué appearance so much admired by every one. By its use the roughest skin is made to rival the pure radiant texture of youthful beauty. Use the **LIQUID PEARL** according to directions, and you need no longer complain of a freckled, tanned or rustic complexion. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations. CHAMPLIN & CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.



Bouquetiere.
The **Bouquetiere** is the Acme of Perfection for securing the Bouquet to **Coat, Dress, Hat or Hair.** Simple and durable; in Gilt or Bronze. Mailed free on receipt of price, **25 cents each. Five for $1; or per dozen, $2.**
GEORGE D. COOPER (Sole Agent), No. 37 Union Square, N. Y.

FULTON WIRE WORKS.
WALTER W. WOOLEY,
Manufacturer of
WIRE DESK OFFICE & BANK RAILING
Store and Window Guards,
GILT LETTERED WIRE WINDOW SCREENS.
No. 61 Fulton Street, New York.

TRADE MARK.
RICORD'S VITAL RESTORATIVE
Has been scrutinized and indorsed by the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and stood the test of over half a century as a specific for nervous and physical debility. There is a well-known principle in animal physiology that no vital action can take place except through the agency of the nervous system. Dr. Ricord's Vital Restorative is purely a vegetable pill. Can be had of Lesseure, 10 bis Rue Richelieu, Paris; or of S. S. RICHMOND, proprietors, Room 40, World Building, New York. None genuine without the signature, S. S. Sigesmund, on side of every box. $3 per box of 100 pills, and four times the quantity for $10. Sent by mail upon receipt of price. Sold by wholesale and retail druggists. C. N. CRITTENTON, wholesale agent, 115 Fulton Street.

Brain and Nerve Food.
VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES.
Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat-Germ.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED **300,000** PACKAGES WITH THE BEST RESULTS IN ALL FORMS OF IMPAIRED VITALITY, MENTAL EXHAUSTION, OR WEAKENED DIGESTION. IT IS THE BEST **PREVENTIVE** OF CONSUMPTION AND ALL DISEASES OF DEBILITY. IT GIVES REST AND SLEEP TO INFANTS, CHILDREN AND ADULTS, BY STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN AND NERVES WITH THE **FOOD** THEY ACTUALLY REQUIRE.

For sale by Druggists or mail, **$1.** **F. CROSBY, 664 & 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.**

Inman Royal Mail Steamers
FOR
QUEENSTOWN and LIVERPOOL.

NOTICE—The Steamers of this Line take Lieut. Maury's Lane Routes at all Seasons of the Year.

CITY OF BERLIN.....Saturday, September 25, 10 A.M.
CITY OF MONTREAL...Thursday, September 30, 2 P.M.
CITY OF RICHMOND.....Saturday, October 9, 9 A.M.
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From Pier 37, North River, foot of Charlton St.

Cabin, $80 and $100. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage, $28. Drafts at lowest rates.

Saloons, state-rooms, smoking and bathrooms amidships.

These steamers do not carry cattle, sheep or pigs.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent, 21 and 33 Broadway, New York.
G. A. FAULK, 105 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
L. H. PALMER, 3 Old State House, Boston.
F. C. BROWN, 32 South Clark Street, Chicago.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau.

BY ADDRESSING GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising can be learned. 100-page pamphlet, 25c.

TO Bankers, Insurance Companies, etc., send for catalogue of Canceling Stamps, Check Protectors, Rubber and Dating Stamps, Badges, etc.
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HAVANA LOTTERY
DRAWINGS EVERY 15 DAYS
FULL INFORMATION FURNISHED BY
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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail sample box, etc., by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago.
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

HONEY BEES
New Principles in Bee-keeping.
Every one who has a farm or garden can now keep Bees with profit. Send for circular. Address,
MRS. LIZZIE F. COTTON, West Gorham, Maine.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW SERIAL STORY,
"The Black Robe,"
"The Black Robe."
The opening chapters will appear in
No. 1307 of
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
ISSUED ON
Wednesday, October 6th,
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS, PRICE 10 CENTS A COPY.

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ALL LINES STREET-CARS AND BUSSES
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Carpets,

NEW FALL STYLES.

WE ARE NOW OPENING LARGE LINES OF NEW DESIGNS AND STYLES IN CARPETINGS RECEIVED FROM

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WHICH WILL BE FOUND TO COMBINE TO AN UNUSUAL EXTENT

Elegance in Style and Finish,
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WE ALSO OFFER AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF **TURKISH, PERSIAN AND EAST INDIAN** CARPETS AND RUGS, AND **OTHER POPULAR FLOOR COVERINGS,** AT EXTREMELY MODERATE RATES.

J. & J. DOBSON,

40 & 42 WEST 14TH STREET, N. Y.,
Near 6th Ave. Elevated R. R. Station.

JOHN VAN GAASBEEK, Manager.

EARS FOR THE MILLION.

FOO CHOO'S BALSAM OF SHARK'S OIL,

Positively restores the hearing, and is the only absolute cure for deafness known.

This Oil is extracted from a peculiar species of small **White Shark,** caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carcharadon Rondoletii.* Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous, **and many so seemingly miraculous,** that the remedy was proclaimed by the priesthood over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for **over 300 years no deafness has existed among the Chinese People.** Sent (charges prepaid) to any address at $3 per bottle.

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 50c. money or 60c. postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, Box 38, Fultonville, N.Y.

Little Havana Lottery.

OR SUPPLEMENT TO
THE ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY,
HAS ALWAYS TAKEN PLACE OCTOBER 5th.

1 Grand Prize			$5,000
1 " "			1,000
1 " "			500
2 Prizes, $200 each			400
5 " 100 "			500
100 " 10 "			1,000
540 " 5 "			2,540
250 " 2 "			500
9 Approximations of $20 each to the 9 remaining units of same be on the one drawing the $5,000 Prize			180
2 Approximations of $20 each of the number preceding and following the one drawing $1,000			40
1011 Prizes, U. S. Currency			$12,560

ONLY 25,000 TICKETS. Wholes, $1; Halves, 50 cts.
Prizes paid in full in United States currency immediately on presentation of ticket.
Jackson & Co., Bankers, 72 Nassau Street, New York.
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John W. Clark, 1703 N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C.
Responsible Agents Wanted. Chase & Co., Gen'l Agts, New Haven, Conn.

Imitation Gold Watches.
$5, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each; Chains $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C.O.D. by Express. Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 338 Broadway, N. Y. Box, 3086.

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Great Mercantile Establishments, Elegant Shopping, Theatres, Post-Office, Custom House, and all Places of Amusement, AND EVERY OBJECT OF INTEREST,

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Regular Transient Rates, for full Day's Board, Single Rooms,	$3.50
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WHITE, SMITH & CO., Boston, Mass.

A New Serial by Wilkie Collins!

A NEW POWERFUL SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED
"The Black Robe,"
BY
WILKIE COLLINS,
Will be commenced in No.
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The story is one of absorbing interest, possessing all the attractions of style, ingenuity of plot and felicitous delineation of character which peculiarly distinguish Mr. Collins's works, and will, we are confident, afford the reader genuine enjoyment.

"THE BLACK ROBE" will be published exclusively in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, from advance sheets purchased directly of the author.

No. 1307, No. 1307, No. 1307, No. 1307,
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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6th.

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Brewery, Bottling Department and Office, 153—155 East Fifty-ninth Street. Ice-house and Rock-vaults, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Street, Avenue A and East River, N. Y.



BOHEMIAN and LAGER BEER.

The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles, warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

MAMMARIAL BALM restores and develops the bust. Warranted sure and safe. Price, $1. NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

Agents Wanted.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber *Hand-Printing* Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. HARPER & BRO., Cleveland, O.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—75 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address **Jay Bronson,** Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED, $5 PER DAY made selling our **PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE** Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price, $5. A BOOM FOR AGENTS. Exclusive territory free. Thousand sold where supplies Agents. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL and TOE complete,** in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Chartered for twenty-five years, 1868. Confirmed by popular vote and imbedded in the State Constitution Dec. 2d, 1879.

It never scales or postpones.

Monthly Grand Distribution has always taken place, New Orleans, October 12th. 1857 prizes, total $110,400; capitals, $30,000, $10,000, $5,000, etc. 100,000 tickets, two ($2) dollars; halves, one ($1) dollar. Apply to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La., or same person at 319 Broadway, New York.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

50 Chromo, Snowflake and Lace Cards, with name, 10c; 40 all chromos, 10c. Star Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

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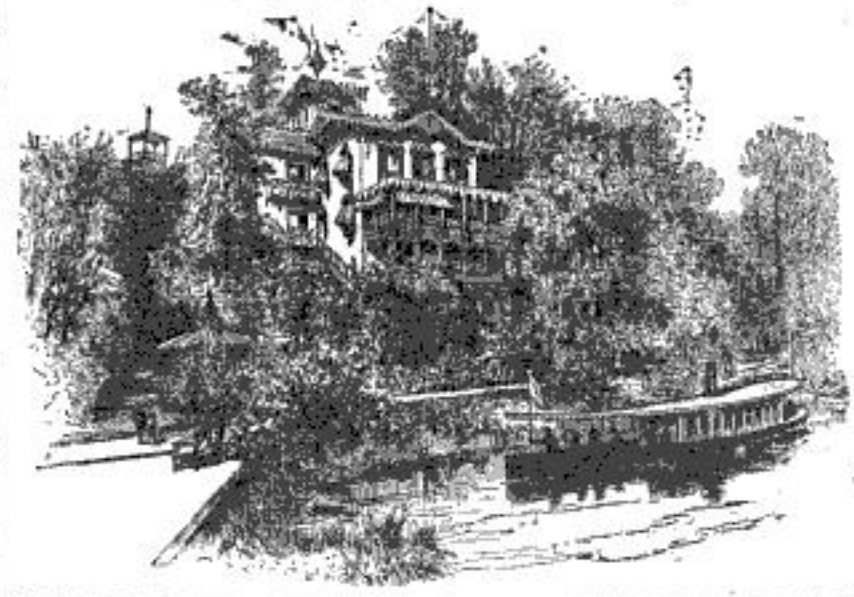
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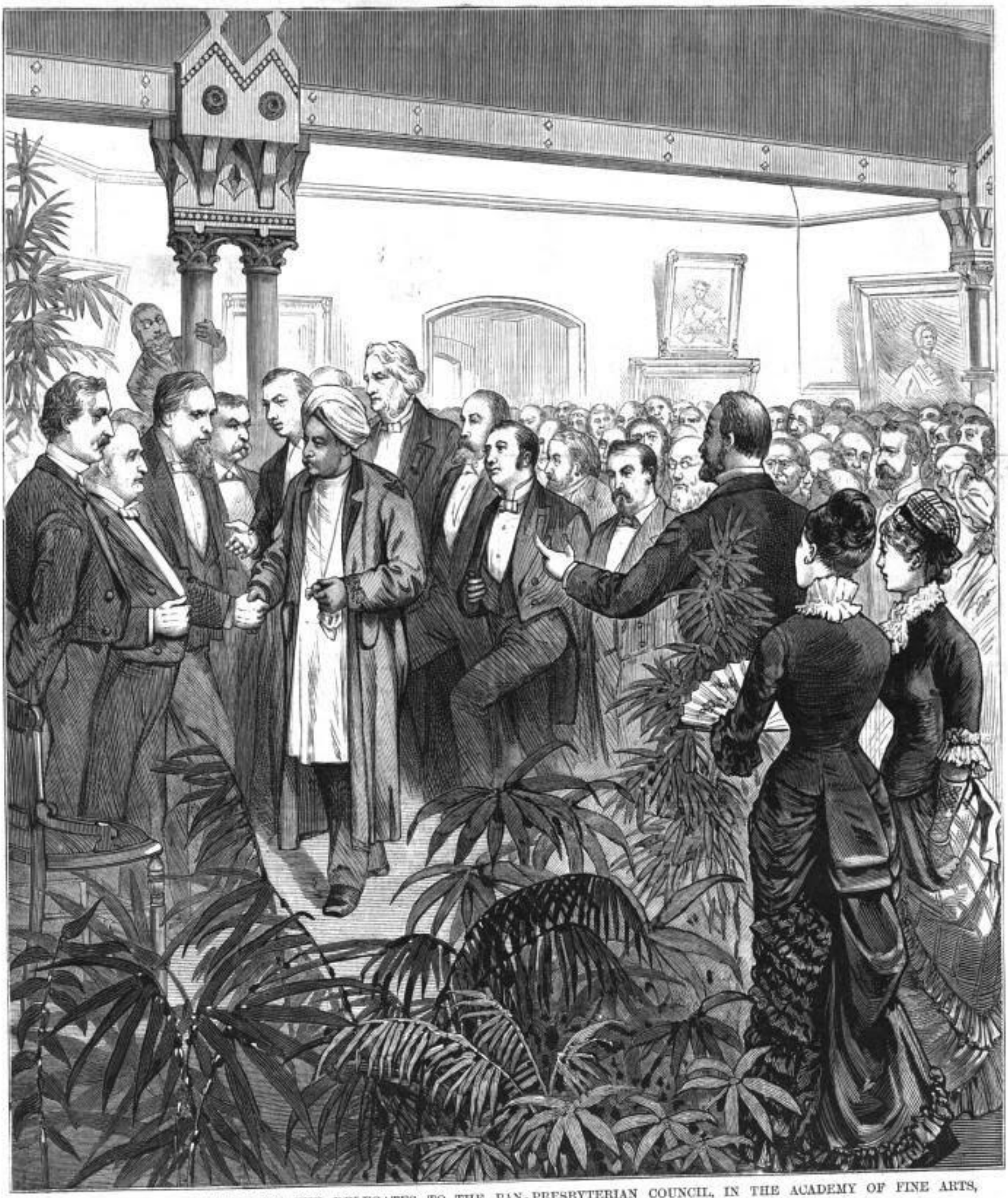
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PENNSYLVANIA.—RECEPTION OF THE DELEGATES TO THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL, IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 22D.—From a Sketch by H. A. Ogden.—See Page 86.

The next Number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will contain the Opening Chapters of Wilkie Collins's New Story, "THE BLACK ROBE."

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

SECTIONAL COMPARISONS.

MR. SENATOR CONKLING, in his recent elaborate speech, delivered in this city on the 17th of September, summed up the "broad issue" of the pending Presidential election, as he conceived it, in the following terms:

"I affirm that the broad issue at this election is whether our colossal fabric of commercial, industrial and financial interests shall be under the management and protection of those who chiefly created and own it, or shall be handed over to the sway of those whose share in it is small, and whose experience, antecedents, theories and practices do not fit them or entitle them to assume its control."

Assuming that the Republican Party "represents the tax-paying portions of the country," he argued that it is the Republican Party which can best be trusted with the management of "tariffs, tax laws, finances, currency, banks, courts and appropriations," since these are the things on which the prosperity of the nation depends. Assuming, on the other hand, that the Democratic Party is controlled chiefly by "the South," and, therefore, represents "less than one-seventh of the people of the Union" and "not more than one-fourteenth of the producing, commercial, industrial, tax-paying and property interests of the country," he argued that to place the taxing power in the hands of those who do but little of the tax-paying, would be to make a situation "like that of the man who sat on a limb and sawed off the limb between himself and the tree."

We do not propose to analyze the "statistics" by which Mr. Conkling seeks to establish his comparative view of the Republican and Democratic parties, considered as the respective representatives of "the tax-paying portions of the country." Some of his data are too fallacious to deceive any reader, as, for instance, when he credits "the North" with all the custom duties collected at Northern ports (which duties amounted, in 1879, to $135,104,543), and credits "the South" with all the duties collected at Southern ports, amounting to only $2,145,605. Everybody sees that the great mass of the revenue from imports is collected at New York, and is collected there for the whole country—for the South and West and East, as well as the North.

Just as little do we purpose to remark on the inconsistency of an argument which contends that the government of the whole country should be given to the Republican Party because it represents "the tax-payers," and which at the same time contends that the government of "the South," wherever the negroes are in a majority, should be in the hands of the negroes, not because they are the tax-paying class, but because it *would* be in their hands if they had their rights under popular suffrage. At the South, it will be seen, the Senator contends for "manhood suffrage," without regard to capacity for tax-paying, but on the broader stage of the whole Union he thinks that the majority of tax-payers, or, rather, the payers of the major part of the taxes, are entitled to control the Government.

We are frank to say that we do not like such invidious comparisons as those to which the Senator invites us, at least when such comparisons are made a basis of political propagandism. But if such comparisons *must* be made, we insist that they should be made with candor and fairness, according to the facts as they are, and not according to the political bias which gives to facts a false significance by giving to them a false color and a false arrangement.

The Government of the United States is a Government of the people, not in mass, but of the people voting by a majority or plurality within certain definite territorial limits. Representatives in Congress are chosen by a majority vote within each Congressional *District*; Senators, by a majority of the votes of the Legislature in each *State*; and the President of the United States, by a majority of the electoral votes cast by all the States according to their numerical representation in both Houses of Congress. This principle of territorial circumscription, combined with popular suffrage, is the very basis of representative government. In no other way can one government be spread over the whole people, and yet be *representative* of the people in their local wishes and their reserved State rights.

And it is precisely because the people must vote by segments, by States and by sections, that the danger of "geographical parties" has always been a formidable one in the United States. Hence the warning of Washington in his Farewell Address to the people, and hence the evils which have come upon the land from an exaggerated sectionalism in politics, as seen in the late civil war, which was but the armed culmination of a long political and sectional conflict between "the North" and "the South" in the matter of slavery and its "rights" under the Constitution.

Deploring as we do the sectional aspects of the pending Presidential contest, we do not look with complacency on the attempts which are made to exacerbate the bitterness of the struggle by invocations drawn from the financial pride and material predominance of "the North" as compared with the poverty of "the South." This kind of argument is a two-edged sword, and might as well be wielded by the rich white man of the South against the political rights of the poor colored voter, as by the rich white man of the North against the political rights of the poorer Southern brother. Such an argument would be entirely valid if the right of suffrage were made universally dependent on a property qualification, but in the absence of such a qualification it is as baseless as it is invidious.

And even admitting the argument to be well taken, we have further to add that there is no ground on which Mr. Conkling can stand for the purpose of wielding it in the service of his own party as against the party of his opponents. We presume that he will admit—it would be idle to deny the fact—that the great tier of central and powerful States, extending from Connecticut in the East to Illinois in the West, and comprising the States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, is the most important "section" of the country. If regard be had to its population, its intelligence, its enterprise and its wealth. According to the last census these States contained a population of 19,418,000, nearly one-half the entire population of the country, while in point of tax-paying power it is safe to say that this population is superior in riches to the entire residue of the American people. For this reason, according to the logic of Mr. Conkling, they ought to have the most potential voice in deciding the destinies of the Republic at our Presidential elections; and yet at the last Presidential election the Democrats had in these great central States of the North a majority of nearly ten thousand on the popular vote, though the Republicans had a majority of seven in the Electoral Colleges. The popular vote stood 1,861,312 for the Democrats against 1,852,821 for the Republicans. In the combined electoral colleges of the same States the vote stood 72 for Hayes against 65 for Tilden.

It will thus be seen that, in a group of *Northern* States comprising nearly one-half of the American people, and representing more than one-half of the wealth of the United States, the division of parties at the last Presidential election was so evenly balanced as to lend no weight to the sectional comparisons instituted by Mr. Conkling. If any party is entitled to profit by such comparative views it is the Democrats, seeing as we do that in the most populous, the most productive and the most wealthy part of the Union they did not receive in the electoral colleges a vote proportionate to their numerical preponderance.

TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES.

WHEN Samuel Maverick, from his farm on Noodle's Island, hailed the arrival of Governor Winthrop and his band of emigrants at John Blackwell's home upon the opposite peninsula of Shawmut, he little dreamed of the great city which should one day occupy the place of both farm and homestead. As little did John Blackwell, selling, five years later, his "right and title to the peninsula of Shawmut" for thirty pounds, foresee the mighty commerce of which this was the first transaction. Nor did even Governor Winthrop, while founding the settlement of Tremont upon the three hillsides of the peninsula, at all realize whereunto his work should grow. It was no part of his plan to lay the corner-stone of an edifice through whose wide portals men should pass out into the boundless realms of free thought. If he, in his visions of the future, could have foreseen the celebration of Boston's quarter-millennium a fortnight ago, surprise at the outward transformation would have been the least of his emotions had it been possible for him to comprehend the moral and social changes which have come to city and nation in these two and a half centuries. Had it been possible, indeed!—for a child's vocabulary is as impotent to express the wrestlings of that strong soul with the problems which beset him in the founding of the infant State, as is even such a mind as his to appreciate the vast moral advancement of these two hundred and fifty years.

The settlements of Virginia and Delaware, of Maine and New Hampshire, separated from the infant town by a wilderness as limitless as eternity, now bridged by a lightning flash; mighty steamers thronging that ocean which then lay inexorable as death between the colonists and their former life—changes such as these a man like Winthrop might vaguely apprehend; but the electric light, which flooded the procession of work before last with an illumination as of eighty thousand candles, when contrasted with the flickering pine-knots of the Puritan emigrants' log hut, is but a dim emblem of the white light which has dawned upon the civil and social questions among which the greatest minds of that early era darkly groped their way.

It was not all bigotry which led to the banishment of the Baptists and the persecution of the Quakers. Such measures were a stern necessity in the minds of those who had braved death and desolation for the privilege of serving God after their own manner. A privilege so dearly bought was not to be hazarded by granting to another liberty to indulge in his own views of religious service; whoever would be with this people must be of them. And if religious freedom was no principle in the commonwealth, as little was civil liberty among its tenets. No Czar of all the Russias was more absolute than were the fathers of the young State, with their Blue Laws and their banishments, their persecutions and their pillories. Yet this arbitrary government was the root from which has grown the fairest flower of liberty which the world has ever seen—liberty of action as unrestrained as the desire of right-doing; liberty of thought as boundless as the range of intellectual power. The seed-leaves of that flower were put forth when the first public school was formed, only five years after the settlement of the town; and it made a rapid growth when within three more years the University of Harvard was founded in the neighboring village of Newtown, which then first took on its classic name. The ten students whose names stand enrolled upon the first page of the college records were a prophecy of the thousands of young men and women now in halls of learning all up and down the land, from Bowdoin to Michigan, and from Wellesley to Hampton.

Still it is not to education alone that we owe the advance of these two and a half centuries from narrowness to freedom. The founders of the commonwealth might be bigots, but they were holy men; they might be mistaken, but they were true. They persecuted witches and trafficked in slaves, but to-day the idiotic, the insane, the criminal are sought out and uplifted towards the light, and in the celebration the other day the flag which led the colored troops to the assault of Fort Wagner waved above the heads of men whose ancestors, perchance, bought and sold slaves in the market-place of Boston. Through the errors of those days the nation has been brought forward towards the right, not by virtue of the errors, but of the rigid integrity, the stern self abnegation, the sweetness of life of those heroes of whom, with all their errors, the world was not worthy. These asylums and reformatories, these slaves emancipated and criminals reclaimed, are the legitimate outgrowth of that order of things of which, in the dimness of the early dawn, they planted the seed. And so far as we find its fair growth stunted, whether by lax principle or bigotry, by oppression of the weak or corruption in the powerful, so far must we apply those remedies of truth and purity which have nourished its life, and caused it to grow upward towards the light of day.

IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.

HOW is it that this is a perennial question? How is it that every year as Winter approaches appeals are made for the relief of the poor, and that, in spite of enormous charities and the vastly increased productiveness of labor by the aid of inventions in these latter days, their condition remains from year to year always about the same? In the great cities of civilization thousands are always to be found on the verge of absolute destitution. Schemes without end have been devised to remedy the evil, but have invariably failed to accomplish more than its temporary alleviation. Public and private charities have been maintained at a vast expenditure of money and effort; recourse has been had to legislation, to charitable foundations, endowments, and all kinds of philanthropic effort; but poverty, degrading servitude, vice, disease and crime remain around us, among us and under us, and threaten at times to rise in agrarian and communistic floods and overwhelm society itself. The truth is, the application of the remedy rests mainly, if not wholly, with those to be benefited by it; but how can they be expected to know this when the world's teachers have scarcely learned it, and when philanthropists direct their efforts to removing not the cause but the effects of poverty.

The surroundings of the poor cannot be permanently improved till they themselves are in some degree raised morally and intellectually. If the man can be elevated so far that he can be led in some degree to live prudently and wisely, his circumstances will take care of themselves. Charities, so-called, may lessen the sufferings and supply the immediate necessities of the poor for a time, but the work has constantly to be done over again, with the certainty that its tendency has been to aggravate the evil it is intended to remedy.

The ever-recurring problem of what shall be done to extinguish extreme poverty has yet to be solved. It is certain that its solution has not been found in almsgiving, or in contriving perfect tenement-houses, or in sumptuary laws, or in good government, or in civil liberty, or in equality before the law, or in a thousand other good things and privileges secured to every man by advancing civilization and increased enlightenment. It is to little purpose that in this age the working man has within his reach luxuries and conveniences and means of culture and improvement unattainable to nobles and princes in centuries past, if he does not avail himself of them. The most abject poverty and destitution are just as possible now as at any time in the world's history, and are as certain to accompany or follow certain courses of life now as in the days before the railway and the telegraph. To him who will avail himself of the advantages of modern civilization and the vastly increased liberty of thought and action of the present age, the world is immeasurably better worth living in than in any preceding times. The true work of charity does not consist in supplying gratuitously the wants of the poor, but in teaching and training them to supply themselves.

The task, therefore, to which all efforts of philanthropists should be directed is the reformation, elevation and development of the individual—a hopeless task, it may be said, but certainly not so hopeless as the attempt to fill up a bottomless pit, which all efforts to supply the wants of the poor, even in part, have been found to be. Society can be regenerated by the regeneration of the individuals of which it is composed, and in no other way. Nor let it be doubted that the united efforts of the philanthropists could fail of accomplishing this task sooner or later. The hope of the extinction of poverty, or even its gradual reduction in a long term of years, should form a motive of action far stronger than the pleasure of temporarily relieving it, with the suspicion, if not the conviction, that well-intended efforts have resulted in the aggravation of the ills they were intended to alleviate. While every one must admire the liberality and perseverance of societies for improving the condition of the poor, it must be regretted that so much effort is not more wisely directed. If a part of their work consisted in systematic endeavors to disabuse the minds of their beneficiaries of the belief too prevalent among them that permanent relief can come from anything but self-help, a gradual improvement sooner or later could not fail to appear.

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been caused recently by the publication of various articles, written from different points of view and dictated, no doubt, by a Chesterfieldian instinct of politeness, reflecting on American manners. We have already had occasion to mention Mr. Richard Grant White in this connection, and another gentleman, Mr. James Jackson Jarves, comes forward as the advocate of what may be termed, for purposes of classification, Civil Suavity Reform.

These two gentlemen differ widely, however, in their judgment on the causes of our social *bonsquerie*. The former seems to regard American rudeness as only educational, a result of too much indulgence in the extravagant luxury of grammar and high schools; while the latter believes it to be inherent in our people, a defect to be remedied only by constitutional amendment. In the view of Mr. White, we were once in the possession of tolerably good manners, which have been lost; but, in the judgment of Mr. Jarves, manners are something to which we never yet obtained any title, either through accumulation or inheritance. Now, which of the two gentlemen is right? That is a question to be answered only by a Chesterfield—by gentlemen who are themselves polished, courtly and *aplomb* on all the duties and obligations of courtesy.

But is it not possible that both these critics of American manners are wrong? There are a great many people in the United States—and the number, under the stimulus of foreign travel, is increasing from year to year—who have lost more of their comprehension of the American character and situation than the American people have lost in the practice of good manners. Some of our people go to Europe occasionally, and they see there a style of deportment never observed in this country; and, without looking very closely into cause and effect, they regard the European style as the standard from which all deviation is rudeness and barbarism. But the inspiration of European manners is rank. Save in France, where republicanism is an exotic of too recent growth to have reached a very high order of development, every man below the rank of Emperor confesses to a social superior; he confesses it, too, with more or less of servility in his deportment. The schools of manners abroad are in courts and camps. There men

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are taught to be respectful to superiors, to regard the rules of precedence, and to look upon themselves, in short, as subject and subaltern. Would those who censure American manners wish to establish similar schools in this country? We have scarcely enough material to form a nucleus. Nearly all those who have received a strict mannerly training, in accordance with European standards, in the United States, are needed on the frontier to teach deportment to the Indians. We cannot use our soldiers for tutors of politeness in our drawing-rooms; and if they could be spared for that service, we might not care to employ them, since we have never learned to see anything very admirable in the style of manners that they represent.

But let those who deplore the want of politeness in America take comfort in one fact. We practice better republican manners here than they understand abroad. We know better than Europeans how to be considerate to inferiors and respectful to women. Our manners are controlled by principle. The deportment of mankind everywhere, indeed, has its fundamental source of inspiration in political institutions, and the community that exemplifies the best form of government can be relied upon to display the best type of breeding. Manners inspired by monarchical institutions are very formal, very respectful, very servile, even, to superiors in rank, but in the treatment of inferiors they sanction and encourage insolence. Republican manners, on the contrary, hold men only to the respect due among equals; and, if less formal, they are more dignified and manly than the so-called proprieties inspired by social inferiority. For this advantage we can be excused for the indulgence of a little of the spirit of self-approbation.

But there is no just cause for complaint that American manners are not respectful. None but those destroyed by egotism and vanity will assert that they do not receive here all the consideration to which they are entitled. Recognized talent, when free from affectation, is treated by all classes of our citizens, born and bred in the country, with almost excessive regard; and if we have a weakness, it grows from a disposition to overrate slight accomplishments. Doubtless there are many among us who lay claim to larger possessions in the domain of intellectual attainment than the public is willing to concede; but we cannot help these slight differences of opinion. We mean always to be deferential to character, to refinement, to delicacy, to mental accomplishments, and to every virtue that can be admitted as a republican title to respect. If we sometimes fail of discriminating justly, the fault—for which we beg pardon—lies in the imperfection of the human judgment.

On the whole, it may be claimed that we are quite a mannerly people in our way, and that our way is better than the foreign way. Doubtless there are still left a few individuals in the rural districts who are so imperfectly ballasted that they will continue to sit with their feet on the mantelpiece. "Out of respect for the ladies, gentlemen will please not to spit on the floor," is an inscription to be found also on some of the Jersey City ferry-boats. But we are improving. We are not learning to conform any more closely to European models; but we are becoming better educated, and, our critics to the contrary notwithstanding, education brings refinement, and refinement always results in improved breeding.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE change in the French Ministry, which has been threatened since M. de Freycinet made his conciliatory speech at Montauban, has taken place. When Gambetta made his inflammatory address at Cherbourg during the naval festivities, it was obvious that the Government had to take some notice of his attack upon Germany, if they wished to preserve amicable relations between the two countries. Accordingly, M. de Freycinet hastened to make a most temperate and far-sighted speech at Montauban, in which, among other things, he spoke of the decrees against the religious bodies, and seemed unwilling to press them very severely. The more radical members of the Government, backed up, no doubt, by M. Gambetta, found fault with this hesitating policy, and insisted upon the immediate execution of the decrees that had not as yet been carried out. This split in the Cabinet induced M. de Freycinet to resign, and M. Jules Ferry, the introducer of the anti-religious decrees and the most active partisan of the anti-Jesuit party, has succeeded in forming a Ministry which has several strong elements of vitality in it. But Gambetta, the arch-conspirator, who really brought about the late crisis, still holds back and refuses to accept the Premiership, greatly to the annoyance of his friends. It is, of course, a deplorable state of affairs that the policy of the Government should be directed by an irresponsible person like Gambetta, who controls the Cabinet, and yet is not answerable for its mistakes or shortcomings. Jules Ferry, the new Premier, has had more experience in public affairs than either of his immediate predecessors. Last year he entered Waddington's Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction, and initiated a sweeping educational reform which culminated in the famous "Article 7," driving the Jesuits out of France and attacking all the other religious educational bodies. He has now to carry out the policy which he began, and he probably will do so without flinching.

Since the prorogation of Parliament there has been little of interest in England. Everyone is in the country shooting, or at the various watering-places. The grouse and partridge season is said to be very good, and the legislators, who were detained in London until a very late date, are now enjoying the delights of the moors or stubbles. There is a rather serious strike among the weavers, who complain that the masters had promised to increase their wages as soon as the state of trade would permit it, and that the great improvement in business of late warrants such an increase. This the masters deny, and appeal from the paid emissaries of the Trades Unions to the good sense of the weavers.

A good deal of excitement has been caused in London by the activity of the Nihilists, who are congregating in large numbers in a suburb of the metropolis known as Kentish Town. The cause of the excitement was the discovery of a package containing four pounds of dynamite which was laid under a rail on the London and Northwestern Railroad. It appears that the Czarowitz, who was on a visit to England, was going to Scotland to inspect the yacht *Livadia*, which is building for the Czar. Fortunately he went by another railroad, the Great Northern, and the authors of the plot were thus foiled in their nefarious attempt.

The situation at Dulcigno is unchanged since the delivery of the ultimatum by Admiral Seymour. The Moslem population refuse to be transferred to Montenegro. They affirm that they will fight for their rights, and that they will be assisted by the other Albanian tribes. They also pretend that Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, is in full accord with them. The Montenegrins, on the other hand, do not seem to have much energy. Thirty-five of the leading citizens of Dulcigno have presented a letter to the consuls, declaring that they will never consent to be detached from Turkey and annexed to Montenegro, and that they will oppose any Montenegrin attack by force. The situation is very grave, and may lead at any moment to a declaration of war between Turkey and Russia. It is rumored, and generally believed, that six of the best vessels belonging to the Russian squadron in the Pacific have been ordered by telegraph to be in readiness to return to the Mediterranean at a moment's notice. Admiral Seymour has visited Cettinje to inquire into the exact position of affairs. The Porte has issued another note protesting against any armed pressure, which would be an infringement upon the rights of the Sultan. Meanwhile, the weather is very unhealthy; a fierce sirocco has been blowing, and the Turkish soldiers are dying at the rate of some two hundred a day. The naval demonstration was set down for Monday last.

The intrigues at the Court of Madrid since the birth of the Infanta are becoming serious. The King's mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, is there, as well as the Austrian Archduchess, mother of the young Queen. Ex-Queen Isabella pays great attention to the Marshals Campos and Concha, and the other chiefs of the dynastic Liberal Party, whose wives throng her salon. Besides this, all the members of the old aristocracy flock around her in greater numbers than they have ever done since the restoration of King Alfonso. When she drives on Sundays with the King to the bull-fights she is greeted with hearty cheers from everyone, particularly the lower classes. As she has large claims against the treasury, she is pressing them, not, however, too strongly, for the Spaniards are very short of ready cash. So far, the Austrian party have gained the day, and the infant is being treated in the Anglo-Saxon system—that is, the limbs are not swathed so tightly that the royal child cannot stir, which is the pure Castilian method. The Spanish pride has been horribly shocked by the English nurse who, in spite of all objections, has charge of the little princess. The nominal chief of the baby's household is the Duchess Medina de las Torres, but the second governess, Señora de Tacon, is the real ruler. Señora de Tacon was the governess of the present King twenty-three years ago, and under her is the English nurse, who has been in the family of the Duke of Fernan-Nunez for several years. These apparently trifling matters are all subjects of intrigue, and may at any time lead to grave difficulties and even to a change of ministry.

A BRISK emigration of British agriculturists in the direction of Texas has lately set in, 150 having sailed from Liverpool last week for that State. Texas has ample room for the entire agricultural population of Great Britain, and with the advantages she offers it can scarcely be doubted that the tide of emigration will continue to swell in volume from year to year. No State in the Union can, if it chooses, become more truly imperial in wealth and influence than that to which the British farmers are now looking for homes and prosperity.

LAST week was observed by the people of Memphis, Tennessee, as "a week of jubilee, of thanksgiving and gratitude for safe deliverance from epidemic disease and for the unusual prosperity that," according to the *Appeal*, "has flooded every house during the year." The churches of all denominations were open on the first day for religious services, and a grand procession, a pageant of trade, of commerce and manufactures, supported by the military and police and fire departments and civic societies, was a principal feature of the week's rejoicings. There was also a fine pyrotechnic display and a grand masked ball. Memphis has suffered from pestilence and death as few cities have ever done, and her people have done well to recognize, with festivities at once sober and grateful, the kindly Providence which has permitted sunshine only to fall across their thresholds in the Summer now over and gone.

THE National Liberal League, founded on a denial of everything sacred and divine, has divided on the question of taking political action. Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll and others have refused to serve the League officially, and persons without prominence are now advanced to the front. This whole "Liberal" movement is a flagrant and impious immorality which can only prosper at the expense of the most precious interests of mankind, and any indication of its disintegration and decay must afford real satisfaction to all right-minded people.

THE next term of the United States Supreme Court, which will be opened on the 11th of October, will be a very busy and important one. Among the cases to be argued is that of Miles *vs.* the United States, which involves the constitutionality of the law of Congress enacted against polygamy in Utah. Miles, it will be remembered, was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment and to pay a fine of $100 for bigamy, and thereupon appealed to the Court of last resort. It is not at all probable that the laws of which he and his Mormon associates complain will be set aside. The Louisiana and Kentucky Lottery cases and the Florida Railroad cases will also be argued at the approaching term.

THE Fall trade of the metropolis has attained a volume greatly exceeding the expectations of business men. The drygoods district especially abounds in scenes of almost unprecedented activity. In many of the large wholesale houses the work of filling orders is carried far into the night goods being packed and shipped in the glare of electric lamps. A special feature of the Autumn trade is that Southern merchants are buying more largely here than for many years. Many Western men who have not been seen in this market for six years have been brought back by the successful crops, and buyers generally are bringing more money to pay on purchases than for three or five years previous.

WE certainly have a "vigorous" and unique foreign policy. It is so vigorous that it seems able to run itself. Here is our Minister to Austria, Hon. John M. Kasson, looking after a nomination to Congress out in Iowa instead of loitering about the court at Vienna; then Hon. J. M. Langston, our Minister to Hayti, is making stump speeches in Indiana, and a score or more of consuls and other officials, who are supposed to be under pay as representatives of the country abroad, are scattered about the country, doing dirty work for campaign committees. Of course Secretary Evarts must be ignorant of all this; or are we to suppose that he regards the diplomatic service as a mere partisan machine to be used for party ends in the face of all the rules of "civil service reform?"

THE present year has been a notable one in the sporting world. This is especially true in the illustrations afforded of the improvement of American horses by the judicious processes of breeding and selection. At the opening of the year the record of St. Julien, 2.12¾, stood unchallenged. Since that time he has himself made 2.11¼, and now Maud S. has trotted a mile in 2.10¾, a performance which eclipses all previous achievements. The best running time on record, up to September 18th, was that of Lexington's four miles at New Orleans, in 1855, in 7.23¾, but on the Coney Island course, on the date named, this was reduced by Ferida to 7.23½. These performances justify the claim that the American trotter is the fleet animal of his type in the world. In pedestrianism, the year has been equally wonderful for beating past records. The Boston colored man, Frank Hart, has eclipsed the best record hitherto with 565 miles scored in a six-days' go-as-you-please match; Morrill, of the Boston Athletic Club, has beaten the best American record for a mile walk in 6.33½, and Hughes and Albert come to the front in a 72-hours' go-as-you-please race with 418¾ and 412 miles respectively.

THE attempt to consolidate the Democratic and Greenback forces in Maine upon a single electoral ticket is encountering pronounced opposition from some of the more radical of the Greenback leaders. At the Greenback State Convention last week it was decided to ratify the joint ticket of four Greenbackers and three Democrats, agreed upon by the State committees some time since; but this action was stubbornly opposed by a resolute minority, who at once withdrew and nominated a straight anti-Fusion ticket, which, it is understood, will be kept in the field to the end of the fight. If this purpose should be adhered to the Fusion campaign will be seriously embarrassed, since the withdrawal of even a few hundred votes from the combination ticket would endanger the success, at least, of the three Democrats whose names appear upon it. As the case stands, it is plain that Maine cannot be claimed with confidence by either party, and the struggle in November can scarcely be less desperate than it was in September. Following is the pronunciamiento adopted by the bolting Greenbackers:

"For the enlightenment and encouragement of our Greenback brethren in other States, we, the straight Greenbackers of Maine, in convention assembled, declare that there is a Greenback Party in Maine, pledged to the interests of the whole people; that the late fusion and confusion in this State was due wholly to the exigencies of State issues, and that in national matters we vote with our brethren elsewhere in the Union for Weaver and Chambers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

DURING August 50,508 immigrants arrived in the United States.

GOVERNOR CORNELL was seriously ill last week from an attack of malarial fever.

THE town of Bristol, R. I., celebrated its 200th anniversary on September 24th.

A FIRE in Green Bay, Mich., last week, destroyed sixty dwellings, many barns and a church.

SUPERVISORS of Election are to be appointed in Indiana to prevent frauds in the coming contest.

THE Cheyenne Indians, in the Indian Territory, are manifesting great discontent and becoming disorderly.

HON. C. P. THOMPSON has formally accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

GENERAL GRANT has informed the Republican National Committee that he cannot preside at any political meetings.

ONE hundred and forty-seven women voted at a School Commissioner election in Binghamton, N. Y., September 21st.

THE citizens of Mobile, Ala., have resolved to levy a tax of one per cent. on the value of property in that city, to help pay its debts.

THE Franklin exploring party which sailed for the Arctic seas in the schooner *Kelkes* in June, 1878, has reached New Bedford, Mass.

PRESIDENT HAYES visited Sacramento and other towns in California last week. At the State capital he had a formal and enthusiastic reception.

THE Tammany and Irving Hall conference committees are still negotiating with a view to a cordial union of the Democratic forces in this city.

AN international cricket match will be played at Philadelphia, October 6th and 7th, between English and Americans, whether amateurs or professionals.

THE Indiana Supreme Court has refused to reconsider its decision regarding the constitutional amendments, and an October election must, therefore, be held.

AS NEAR as can be estimated the number of lives lost during the fiscal year of 1880 from the different classes of accidents to which steamboats are subjected amounted to 185.

THE semi-millennial of John Wycliffe's translation of the Bible was celebrated at Trenton, N. J., last week by a meeting of delegates from all the Bible societies of the State.

THERE is severe distress in some counties of Kansas, growing out of the failure of the wheat and corn crops. In Norton County there are said to be 1,500 people in absolute want of food.

AN international convention to promote the sheep and wool industry was held in Philadelphia last week, in connection with the sheep show at the Permanent Exhibition buildings.

THE twelfth annual session of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States was held in Washington last week, 100 delegates from various parts of the country being present.

THE Massachusetts Greenback Convention last week nominated General B. Money Sargent for Governor, with a full State ticket. A resolution denunciatory of General Butler was voted down.

SILAS M. WHITE, the defaulting President of the First National Bank of Brattleboro, Vt., was arrested at Omaha last week. Last June it was discovered that he had committed forgeries to the extent of $250,000.

THE Ute Commission have secured to the instrument of ratification the signatures of 582 adult males of the confederated bands of Ute Indians in Colorado. This number is more than three-fourths of the male adults of the Ute bands.

DRAFTS of a Bill intended to be introduced at the next session of Congress have been forwarded to army officers at Washington for inspection. It provides for a national militia system imposing compulsory service upon every citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

GENERAL HANCOCK has written a letter on the question of rebel war claims, in which he says: "If I were President I would veto all legislation which might be before me providing for the consideration or payment of claims of any kind for losses or damages by persons who were in rebellion, whether pardoned or not."

THE National Conference of Unitarian and other liberal Christian churches held its biennial session at Saratoga last week. A number of questions of Church polity were discussed, and reports were submitted showing the progress of the denominational work. Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts, was elected President of the association.

ALL the returns of the Maine election are now in, and they show a plurality of 62 for Plaisted, including more than 1,400 votes of various kinds for Plaisted. Making allowances for 25 votes which were not contained in a local return, but which were discovered on recount, General Plaisted's apparent plurality by the clerk's returns is 37.

Foreign.

SPAIN is expected to withdraw, shortly, 15,000 troops from Cuba.

THE religious decrees are to be vigorously enforced by the new French Cabinet.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the celebrated war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, sailed for New York last week.

THE Chilian Minister has received intelligence that 2,500 Chilians will shortly advance on Lima in conjunction with other forces.

A DESPATCH from Havana announces the capture of the last remaining insurgent in Cuba, leaving the island now altogether peaceful.

MR. PARNELL has been in England consulting eminent lawyers on the subject of the rumored Government prosecution of members of the Land League.

CANADIAN capitalists are about to establish a bi-monthly line of steamers to ply between Canada and Brazil, touching at one or more of the West India ports.

THERE has been a revolt of the natives against the French in the island of Dominica, one of the Marquesas group in the Pacific Ocean. Several whites and natives were killed. The whites fortified themselves as well as possible, but were on the point of surrender when relieved by a French gunboat from Nukahiva.

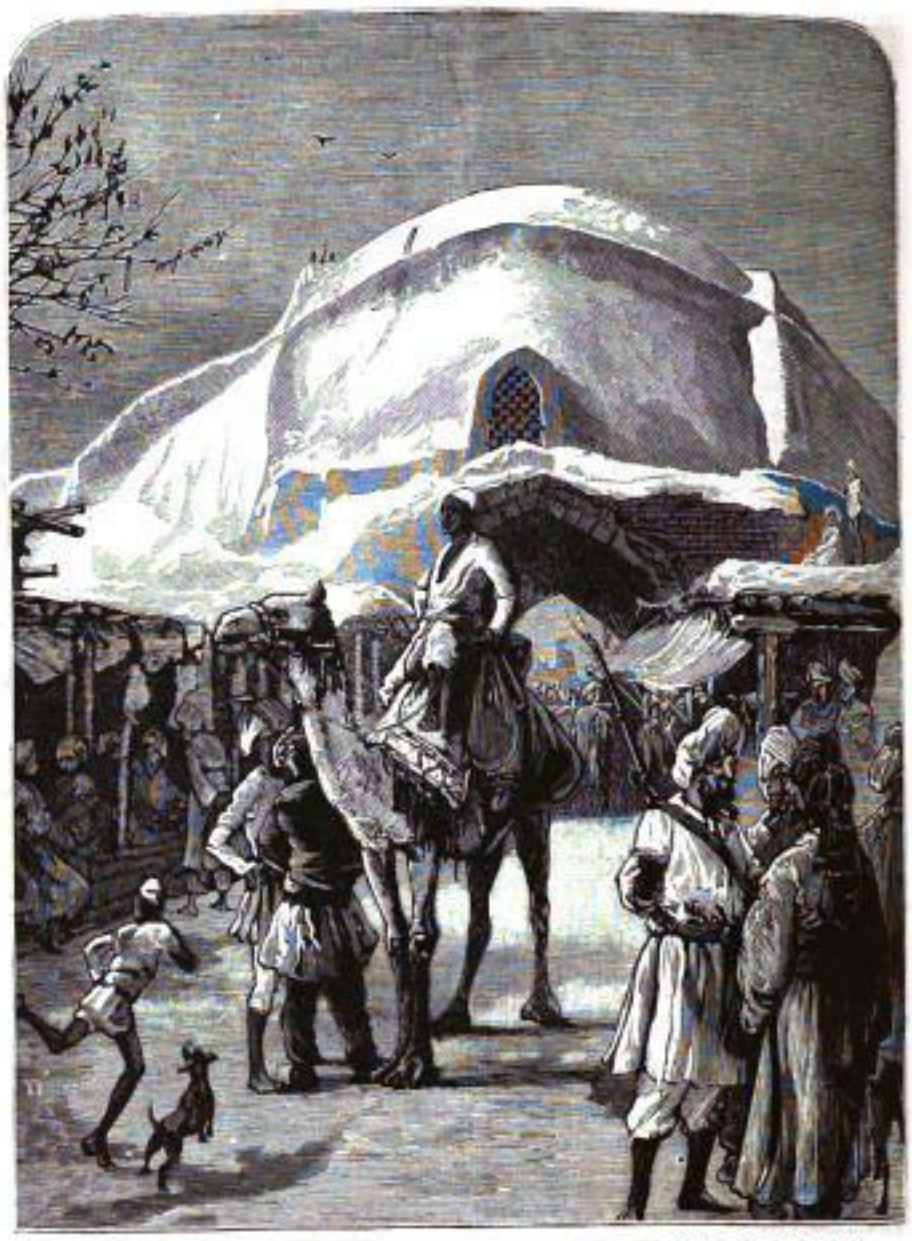
THREE of Her British Majesty's ships have been ordered to the Newfoundland fishing grounds to investigate the recent difference between an American vessel and the natives. An American vessel on a recent trip was twice boarded by hostile parties of Newfoundlanders while the crew were engaged in rigging for squid, and fishing operations were forbidden.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



AUSTRIA.—THE "GROSSE RING" AT PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.



AFGHANISTAN.—DOME WHERE FOUR PRINCIPAL STREETS MEET IN CANDAHAR.



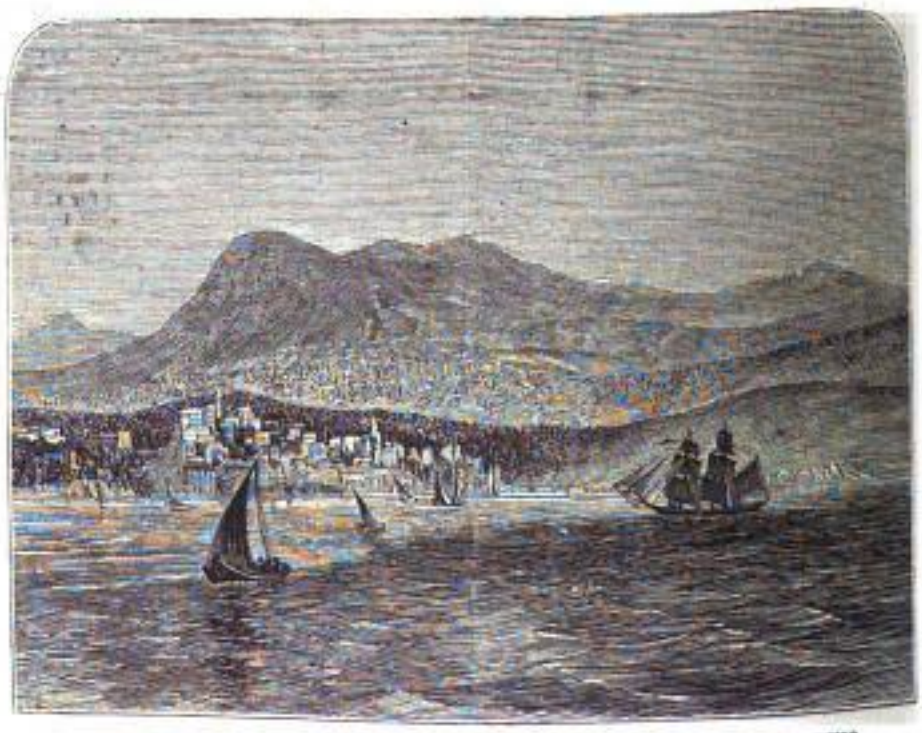
THE EASTERN QUESTION.—MONTENEGRINS LISTENING TO SONGS OF WAR.



THE EASTERN QUESTION.—A GROUP OF MIRIDITE CHIEFS, MONTENEGRIN FRONTIER.



SPAIN.—PILGRIMS ENTERING THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELLA.



TURKEY.—THE EASTERN QUESTION—THE CITY AND SUBURBS OF DULCIGNO.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF BELGIUM'S INDEPENDENCE—FESTIVAL OF BELGIAN RESIDENTS AT JONES'S WOOD.—SEE PAGE 86.



KANSAS.—THE RILEY COUNTY PRIZE EXHIBIT AT THE WESTERN NATIONAL FAIR, BISMARCK GROVE, LAWRENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRALL.—SEE PAGE 85.

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HOW FRAGILE IS LOVE.

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth
Nor fairer garden yet was never known.
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learned lands of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies, by the pale-faced moon,
Watered the root, and kissed her pretty shade.
But, well a day! the gardener careless grew,
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

MY COUSIN ERENE

WE both sat eating *bon-bons* and waiting for dinner—my little French cousin, Mademoiselle Erène, whom I was visiting, and I. She sat in a tumbled little heap in one corner of her cushioned sofa, her brilliant black eyes gleaming with excitement under her dark eyebrows as she talked. She had light, crisp, airy blonde hair surrounding a very fair, colorless face, and her dark eyes made her appear singularly beautiful. I was a modest little American, with beauty (if any) of a quiet order; hair and eyes brown, and my figure slim and *petite*. Erène was a Parisian born, with all their tastes and ways. She was sputtering forth impulsively now about a friend of her father's, an Englishman of high birth, whom we expected to dine with us that day. They had met him on the continent, and although Erène said a great deal against him, I knew her so well that in my heart I somehow felt she liked him. She never made so much ado about any one or "*Mon Dieu*-ed" so often when she did not.

"Oh, but that was the great nuisance—that piece of high dignity, Lord Stolholm! *Mon Dieu!* what a name was that! His father must have been a Swede! His lordship, then, was to dine with us on this particular day, when we were going to the Santé's grand ball at night, and needed the day to rest! Ah, those English!—they were made of stone! How they walk! *Ma foi!* three miles or four a day—she had seen them! And how he would carry his nose in the air!—they all did—and sit stiff as a post when every one else talked like live people and enjoyed themselves! *Mon Dieu!* but it was a trial. And how gay would she be when the wine came to leave his lordship and go back to her good novel, 'Virginie.' Ah, but she was getting horribly *ennuyed*, and would sleep soon, she was sure!" and she indulged in a big yawn and held two tiny hands over her mouth.

Here we were summoned to dinner. I could see nothing disagreeable about Lord Stolholm. He appeared a sensible, pleasant gentleman, of about thirty-five. He treated Erène and myself with gallantry, and I thought Erène honored him with quite as much courteous notice as he did her. He told me that he had once known my mother, and had esteemed her highly. He further remarked that I greatly resembled her. He spoke very kindly, and I was pleased that he had known mamma, for she was dead, and papa I had left with my only brother in Germany.

At the Santé Hotel that night we again met Lord Stolholm. He danced several times with me, and I—well, I was only seventeen, the scene was gay and fresh to me, and Lord Stolholm was very handsome that night. But I could not but feel sore at heart when Erène was so disagreeable after the ball and the next day. Surely I had not tried to draw Lord Stolholm's attention from her! This manner increased as he continued to show me his regard, and I grew homesick and wrote to papa that he must send *fraulein* to bring me to Germany. I left suddenly without seeing Lord Stolholm, and I thought, "Erène may now know I don't wish to interfere with her preferences." But, alas! I was sad, and knew before long that I had grown to think much more of this kind friend than I was aware of. Weeks passed and I heard nothing from him. To be sure, he did not know where I was, unless Erène had chosen to tell him.

Erène wrote very pleasantly now, and frequently mentioned Lord Stolholm. Presently I began to look ill. *Fraulein* fretted and said I must travel again. So my father went down to Italy; but I continued pale and sad. At last one day I received the following letter, written with the impulsiveness of Erène's nature in its happiest mood:

"MA CHÈRE, PETITE COUSINE—I write now while I can scarcely use my pen, I am so wild with pleasure. What will you think when I tell you?—Lord Staunton Stolholm loves me! This I knew last night for the first time. Is he not a fine match? The world talks of him everywhere; but, then, he has not much money. It is his title that makes every one now wild about him. Papa will, of course, consent, even though he has no wealth, for *I* shall have so much. *Mon Dieu!* I am so happy, for every body wants him, he is so handsome! Write me your congratulations, *chère cousine*, for in a few months I shall be Lady Stolholm; and no more—though yours still in affection— ERÈNE L'ARTÉE."

The letter came to me in the soft Southern twilight as I sat alone under the clear stars of the Italian sky. It pierced my tired little heart like the unexpected stroke of a stiletto, and, like it, brought the silence of death—death to a feeble, fading hope. I did not moan or cry out, but despair numbed all my senses, and mechanically, almost unknowingly, I wandered off to a secluded spot amid the lime-trees and threw myself upon the warm, soft turf. There I lay, grasping in my hand still the letter with its hidden sting, turning my little, wan face up to the waving boughs above me, through which came the glint of the lights of heaven, as if they would fain comfort me.

"No, no, naught could comfort me!" I moaned within myself; and like the echo of my heart, sounded the distant vesper-bell—clear, but faint and wailing—borne on the evening air.

"*Ach, mein Gott!* what is this?" It was the rugged voice of *fraulein* that startled me, and I realized that the long twilight was spent and the night was far on. She roused me and took me up in her strong arms and carried me home. A long insensibility followed. A month passed under the power of the fever that seized me. Upon my recovery we again traveled for six months. With my brother, who was in the University in Germany, came two students. We all journeyed together. One was a Bavarian—handsome, intellectual and fiercely impulsive; the other a Hollander, whom I thought intolerably stupid, for he smoked all the time, and nothing more. Both of these men made overtures to my father for my hand in marriage, and, though my father urged the suit of the Bavarian, I declined, not caring for either of them. And upon the Hollander essaying one day to make love to me, I said, very decidedly:

"I can never marry you, so pray do not harbor such an idea."

On the evening of the same day a ball was held at one of the palatial residences in Vienna, for it was in that courtly city that we were now sojourning. Although I was no more in love with the Bavarian than with the Hollander, he was more agreeable company, and he paid me much court this night. My glass told me before I left my dressing-room that my toilet was most becoming. Its pale-green sheen contrasted with my brown hair and eyes, and lent an ethereal aspect to my pale, small-featured face. It was when the evening was far advanced, and I was dancing with the Bavarian, that suddenly a familiar voice struck upon my ear. I looked up and saw—Lord Stolholm. He stood near me, in company with some eminent gentlemen. He saw me, bowed quietly, and after the dance came and spoke with me. He was changed and looked pale and worn. His manner was kind but constrained. I felt the barrier that existed between Erène's lover and myself. I asked if Erène were still in Paris, and he briefly replied "Yes." He disappeared soon after, and I felt as though a tempest had passed over me, and left me beaten down and half dead. As the night advanced, feeling strange and alien to this crowd of foreigners, I stole softly out alone on to a deserted balcony. The stillness of the moonlit night soothed me, and as I listened to the soft splash of the fountains playing in the garden below, I murmured within myself at the fate which carried me into foreign lands. The one longing of my soul was to return to America or England. I descended the balcony and wended my way through one of the labyrinthine paths of the shrubberied garden. Lights gleamed everywhere amid the dark-green foliage, and the fountains glistened and statues stood out cold and white in the light of the moon. I gathered the sheen of my ball-robe about me and seated myself on the ledge of an artificial grotto. "Oh, why," I murmured, "had my old love shown himself to me for one fleeting moment and then vanished? Why speak to me when he was no longer mine? Did he ever think of me, or had I been merely the toy of the passing hour? It would seem that I had; and yet how strangely he looked at me to-night! Would it have all been well if I had but sent him a note when I left Paris? But surely Erène would have told him where I was! Surely she would not be so cruel as to withhold my address had he asked it! But why do I talk thus, forsooth? Foolish heart! do not harbor such a thrill of hope. He is bound to another—he cannot be yours. To you he is lost—lost—lost!" And the shuddering night-air soughed away through the firs in a sad echo that sounded its sepulchral murmur deep within my soul.

From my despair I was startled by the sound of voices approaching. They were male voices, and as I was hidden from view, I believed I could remain undisturbed. Very soon they reached a spot near me where the path assumed a sudden curve, and instead of passing on, they stopped suddenly, and I recognized the voices as belonging to the Bavarian and his companion. They were angry and were disputing, but I could not hear their words. Presently their tones grew louder, and I heard the Hollander say, "I know your ways, Holstein of old, you are misleading her—you chide me for your own advancement." I heard a start and a fierce hiss from the Bavarian, instantly followed by a mighty oath and the rattle of his sword. I leaped from my seat and rushed out between them, crying, "Hold! Would you kill each other?" only in time, however, to see the sword of the Bavarian gleaming over his head as he fell dead at my feet. Although quicker than the Hollander, his stroke had been too rash and missed its aim, and, before he could regain himself for another, the first cool stroke of the Hollander had pierced him to the heart. The latter, seeing he was discovered, immediately fled, and I essayed to reach the house, but fell midway up the path in a swoon.

When consciousness returned, it was to feel some one lifting me tenderly in his arms, and to hear words uttered in a voice strangely familiar to my ears.

"My God! is she killed?—my little love! my darling!" cried the voice.

I opened my eyes and they met Lord Stolholm's. "Oh, it is a dream," I thought, and closed my eyes again. But no, it could not be. I felt his arms about me still, and his face bending close over mine in the quiet solitude to which he had borne me.

"Did they find him?" I asked, excitedly, looking round.

"Find whom?" he asked.

"The Bavarian. The Hollander killed him, and he is lying by the grotto."

He thought I was delirious, and tried to soothe me. At last I made him understand the scene I had witnessed. He conveyed me to the house, and, after notifying the proper authorities, again sought me alone. The news he had communicated caused great excitement, but, by means of Lord Stolholm's caution, my name was kept out of the tragic account.

"I cannot hope to comfort you over the loss of one to whom the love of your heart was given," began Lord Stolholm.

"The love of my heart?" I repeated, bewildered. "I don't understand you, Lord Stolholm."

"Pardon me, but were you not affianced to the Bavarian? It was so reported."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "nor ever cared for him in the least, though I am sorry for him now."

"And is it possible you are then free?"

"Quite free, and have always been, Lord Stolholm."

"Strange! Your cousin Erène told me when you left Paris that you were summoned to the sick-bed of your lover, and hearing that you were betrothed to the Bavarian, it seemed, of course, only too true."

"I have never been betrothed to any man," I exclaimed, Erène's duplicity impressing me for the first time. "Had Erène said that?"

"She had."

"And he had never loved Erène—never been betrothed to her?"

"He had never loved Erène, or liked her in the least. Nor had he ever been betrothed to any woman. I was the one woman he had loved from the first time he saw me. He loved *me*, and *me only*," he exclaimed, passionately. "If I were indeed free, would I not be his—his own little wife?"

Ah, as he thus speaks, how plainly I see it all—Erène's infidelity, to serve her own vanity. Well, she was too shallow to know the misery she had caused. I think not of that now—I only think of the sweet present. Is it true that my lover stands by my side—that I hear him say o'er and o'er that he loves me, and has loved me from the first—that his eyes are telling me more truly still? The spell of the hour is sweet! The half-moon shifting over the church tower near, the faint music issuing from the hall, the languid perfume of rare blooms wafted over the air! I fain would suspend all things as they are—why must it change, dissolve? Why must life move on?

A month later I received wedding-cards from my cousin Erène. The name accompanying hers was that of a Frenchman, an old admirer.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council, which assembled in Philadelphia last week, is the second international convention ever held by the branches of the Presbyterian family scattered throughout the world—the first gathering having taken place at Edinburgh, Scotland, three years ago. The technical title of the council is "The Alliance of Reformed Churches throughout the World holding the Presbyterian System." The council is not clothed with, nor does it exercise any, authority over the churches or church organizations. It aims simply to promote the mutual comfort and edification of all. Its design is not to effect a visible unity, but rather harmonious co-operation of the various branches in every good work. There are among its advocates and supporters, however, some who would like to see Presbyterianism presenting that solid front to the world which they think is needed to resist Catholicism. Among Protestants now there is only two organized bodies capable of thus combating the Roman Catholic Church—namely, the Evangelical Alliance and this Presbyterian Alliance.

Some idea of the importance of the interests represented in the council may be gathered from the number of churches and ministers of the Presbyterian denomination in the world. On the Continent of Europe, excepting Germany, which is omitted as not being wholly Presbyterian, there were reported at the last council 5,126 congregations and 5,499 ministers; in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland 5,038 congregations and 4,457 ministers; in the United States, 9,703 congregations and 7,634 ministers; in the British Colonies, 1,641 congregations and 1,291 ministers; in mission fields, 679 churches.

It is claimed that the last council accomplished a great deal of good, especially for churches in Continental Europe, where it is much harder to disseminate the truth than is the case here. The present council is expected to be even a greater success than the first one. The sessions are held in Horticultural Hall, which is decorated in the most elaborate manner. Over 2,000 feet of canvas has been painted for the adornment of the walls, representing ecclesiastical subjects. Between the windows are hung solid columns of canvas, on which are painted the portraits of distinguished Presbyterian reformers, princes and preachers, and historic emblems. On the south side of the hall are pendent the seals of the Church in the following countries: Italy, Bohemia, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain and Geneva. Surmounting each column is an American flag, with the flag of each country named. Evergreen encircles the seals. At each side wall in front of the auditorium are streamers of all colors inscribed with Scriptural texts, while the seals of the Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia are pendent below the apex. The seats in the auditorium are arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, with a capacity for 936 members. On the stage and in the rear of the Moderator there are accommodations for 400 distinguished and invited guests. The general public is accommodated as far as possible in the extreme rear of the hall and in the gallery.

The number of delegates present is over 300. Great Britain commissions her foremost theologians, and America puts forward her favorite sons; Europe and Africa, Australia and the islands of the sea send their quota to the great gathering.

The Programme Committee, which has had a year or more to consider and select its work and workmen, chose thirty topics—ten theological, ten practical relating to human life and conduct, and ten ecclesiastical. The list of theological topics presented to and discussed by the council includes papers on the "Inspiration, Authenticity and Interpretation of Scripture," "The Vicarious Sacrifice of Christ," "Future Retribution," "Modern Theological Thought," "Theology of the Reformed Church," "Religious Science and Philosophy," "Modern Fidelity." In Ecclesiology: "Christian Life and Worship," "Principles of Presbyterianism," "Ruling Elders," "Creeds and Confessions," "Bible Revision," "Presbyterianism and Education," "Presbyterianism and Liberty," "Presbyterian Catholicity," "Admission to Sealing Ordinances," "Church Discipline," "Systematic Benevolence," "Support of Ministers," "Pastoral and Parochial Visitation," "Training of Candidates for Ministry."

Among practical subjects are: "Religion in Secular Affairs," "Family Religion and Training of the Young," "Application of the Gospel to Employers and Employed," "Christianity the Friend of the Working Classes," "Sabbath-schools, their Use and Abuse," "Sabbath Observance," "Temperance," "Popular Amusements," "Revivals of Religion," "Personal Religion." Foreign missions, church extension, evangelists and evangelistic work will receive special attention, and reports on the state of religion in the various countries represented will be given.

But besides these assigned topics and reports, it is expected also that the council will adopt some plan or action whereby conflicts between sister churches shall be avoided hereafter. Many churches of the same faith and order, but with names slightly differing, as "Reformed," "United," "Associate," etc., live upon the same ground, and grievances necessarily arise. They produce divisions, often create scandals and waste Christian energy.

Ample arrangements were made in advance for the entertainment of all delegates and of those who prepare papers to be read. The ocean expenses of foreign delegates who prepare papers will be paid, but the traveling expenses of other delegates will be a personal charge or paid by the churches they represent. The expenses of delegates falling on the Business Committee will range from $12,000 to $20,000, one-half of which sum was subscribed by New Yorkers at a meeting held last November.

On Wednesday evening last the delegates to the council were given a brilliant social reception at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The spacious halls and galleries were crowded with the most prominent clergymen and laymen of the Presbyterian Church, a large number of ladies also being present. In one of the most commodious galleries space was reserved for the delegates and their ladies, and here, upon a raised platform, were seated Governor Hoyt, Mayor Stokley, Governor McClellan, of New Jersey, ex-Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, and John Wanamaker and George Junkin of the Committee of Arrangements. Governor Hoyt formally welcomed the delegates in a speech, in which he said: "The City of Philadelphia, as indeed does the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, desires to acknowledge the significance of such an assembly as this within its borders, and to receive them with a cordial welcome. The organization they represent has had a large share in the intellectual awakening of the last 300 years—a large share in molding modern thought in Church and State, and in erecting the superstructure of religion, freedom and civil liberty." Mayor Stokley extended the hospitalities of the city to the delegates, and Governor McClellan spoke as a delegate from New Jersey. These addresses were responded to by the Rev. Dr. Cairns, of Edinburgh, Scotland; the Rev. Dr. Murkland, of Baltimore, the Rev. Dr. McIntosh, of Ireland, and the Rev. Marian Shoshadri, of India; after which the delegates were presented to Governors Hoyt and McClellan and Mr. Wanamaker. The formal opening of the Council took place on Thursday, when the Rev. Dr. William M. Paxton, of New York, preached an introductory sermon.

Subsequently, the delegates assembled in Horticultural Hall, and there organized the business sessions of the council. The formal address of welcome to the delegates was made by the Rev. Dr. William P. Breed. Rev. Dr. Calderwood, of Edinburgh, was elected chairman of the session, and the Rev. Drs. Matthews and Blaikie were elected clerks of the council. The Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York, referred to the deaths of Rev. Drs. William Adams, of New York, and E. S. Beadle and H. A. Boardman, of Philadelphia, since the last council, and offered a suitable minute, which was adopted, expressive of the regret of the council, and its sense of loss at the deaths of those mentioned.

A BELGIAN NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

A TWO days' festival was held last week by the Belgian residents of this city at Jones's Woods, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium. The festival was opened by the Belgian Minister at Washington, Maurice Delfosse, E. Van Bruyssel, Belgian Consul at Washington and Charles Mali, the Consul at New York. The preparations were made without regard to expense. The grounds and colosseum were profusely decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns, and with colored lamps during the evening. The large dancing hall was lined with flags and festoons of bunting. At one end of the hall was the motto: "50me Anniversaire de l'Indépendance de la Belgique. 1830-1880." Around the room were flags with the names of the various States of the Union, and across the other end of the room were flags with the names of the Belgian States: Namur, Luxembourg, Limburg, Hainault, Liege, Brabant, Antwerpen and Flanders. The motto of the Belgian nation, "L'Union fait la Force," was conspicuous in several places.

During the day the visitors were entertained with music and games. Great sport was created by masked men, who tried to trundle wheelbarrows between posts a short distance apart. The winners received prizes. For women there was a scissors exercise. Twelve red wooden balls were hung from a horizontal rope by twelve strings of twine. For five cents a woman allowed herself to be blindfolded, and a pair of scissors was put into her hand. She was requested to open them wide, march for one of the twelve strings, and cut it off if she could do it in one trial. If she succeeded, then she plunged her hand into a bag of tickets and drew one out. On the ticket was a number, and the number drew some knick-knack. Women also engaged in a "race for the spoons," in which each one was furnished with a spoon containing an egg. The winner was she who first arrived at the goal with her egg safe. The greased pole created much fun, and was finally climbed by some sailors, who carried sand in their pockets to apply to the pole. They were rewarded with hams, bottles of wine and watches. Another source of fun was a game called "tilting the tub," which is portrayed in our illustrations. There were shooting-matches for medals, and a kind of lottery, called "Tombola," which was popular, and evaded the law by giving a prize with every ticket. There were 10,000 tickets at twenty-five cents each, and the prizes included a $900 Weber piano and a $500 United States bond, besides many other costly articles. All the tickets were sold before the drawing. In the evening there was dancing.

A MARVELOUS AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT.

THE authorities of the Kansas Inter-State Fair, just closed at Bismarck Grove, near Lawrence, Kansas, invited the counties to make separate displays, competing for a first prize of $1,000. The invitation was responded to by eight counties, all of which made unusually fine displays. A special building, 400 feet long, was constructed to contain the county displays, and proved one of the most interesting buildings on the grounds. We illustrate a part of the first-prize display, that of Riley County, which has the distinction of being the geographically central county of the United States. This exhibit was arranged under the superintendence of our artist, Mr. Henry Worrall, under a series of arches covered with blue cloth, bordered with bright-colored apples and profusely ornamented with grasses and kernels of corn, arrayed in figures and ornamental letters. Beginning with the first arch were thirty-five varieties of wood, all from the timber belts which extend along the streams in Riley County; here, also, was a beautiful collection of hot-house plants, contributed by the ladies of that county simply for the beautifying of their display. When it is remembered that Riley County is eighty miles west of Bismarck Grove, the enterprise of its citizens must be commended for a display so varied and large that there were still unopened,

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When our sketch was taken, forty crates of fruit, twenty crates of grain, there being no need of a larger display than that already opened. In the second arch were specimens of silk cocoons, champion butter, cheese, and steel horse-shoes, handmade, for the use of trotting horses. One lady showed here one hundred and eighteen and another ninety-eight different kinds of jelly. Next to this was the fruit arch, in which was shown one hundred varieties of apples, twenty-two of pears, fourteen of grapes and six of peaches, besides honey and sorghum.

The next was the vegetable arch, in which were every possible kind of vegetable grown in the West. The funny features of this arch were two immense squashes, labeled respectively, "Garfield" and "Hancock," and the legend concerning them runs thus: A farmer named two young scions of the squash family after the two Presidential candidates; the two squashes grew in beauty side by side, but Garfield would insist upon gaining over Hancock, and he now weighs ninety-five pounds, while General Hancock weighs but eighty-five.

The grain arch was supported on either side by columns of mason work ten feet high, built of Kansas cotton rock, dimension-stone and Fabblestone, with which Riley County abounds. Here were more than 100 samples of small grain, thirty varieties of corn, sod corn of three months' growth, thirteen feet high; one stalk of corn sixteen and a half feet high, castor-bean stalk eighteen feet, sunflower stalk twenty-two feet high and bearing 1,200 blossoms. Here also were baled prairie hay and hemp, fifteen varieties of grasses, ranging from one to ten feet in height. Another arch contained their exhibit of flour, and samples of bread made of it.

The natural history arch had eagles, beavers, pelicans, white swans, besides all of the smaller birds and animals found in the West, all of which were found in Riley County. Then samples of soil—river bottom, upland and lowland—which show a depth of thirty inches of unsurpassed richness.

The credit of the whole of this splendid exhibit is largely due to the Blue and Kansas Valley Agricultural Society, of which Mr. W. C. Johnson is secretary. The exhibit occupied 325 feet in all.

CENTENNIAL OF MAJOR ANDRE'S CAPTURE.

ON the morning of September 23d, 1780, three men took up a position on the highway, at a point near Tarrytown, on the west side of the road, their object being to intercept parties who might be prowling about stealing. Numerous thefts of cattle having been committed by some of those friendly to the British, the patriot farmers were compelled to keep themselves constantly on the alert. On the morning in question the three men must have taken their position early, as, upon arriving at the ground, their stockings were so wet with the dew that they were obliged to take them off and hang them upon the bushes to dry. They selected a spot in a clump of bushes secure from observation, and arranged that two of the party were to amuse themselves by playing cards, while the third man was to keep a sharp lookout to discover any parties who might be coming up or down the road. They drew lots by cutting the cards to determine who should be the one to stand guard; and this having been settled, the two amused themselves with the cards, and the sentinel took up his position to watch.

Some time afterwards the man on the lookout said he saw some one whom he did not know riding down the road. The game ceased at once, and the party sallied out and brought the stranger to a halt. As he rode up to them he said, "I hope you are of our party?" He was asked, "Of what party?" He replied, "Of the lower party," and they said, "Yes, we are of the lower party;" then the stranger said, "I am a British officer, and am on special business, and I hope you will not detain me for a moment, and, for the token of a gentleman, I will show you my gold watch." They then said to him, "We are not of the lower party." Then the stranger said, "My God! we must do anything to get along these times," saying which he drew out his pass bearing the signature of General Arnold. But, their suspicions being aroused, they told him that he must submit to a search. They examined his clothing, but found nothing; they then proposed drawing off his boots, when the stranger said, "What will this needless search come to an end?" They, however, persisted, and upon pulling off the boot they noticed that the heel of the stocking sagged down. Pulling this off, they found a package of papers concealed therein; drawing off his other boot and stocking, they also found another package of papers. And then the stranger said: "Now, you have got all." He then dressed himself and remarked that he wished that they had blown out his brains the moment they stopped him. He begged them to release him, and offered to give them any amount of goods, or any amount of money they might name, and said they could conceal him anywhere until they had received the amount agreed upon for his release. These offers they refused, and proceeded at once with their prisoner to the headquarters of Colonel Jameson, at North Castle. They offered to allow him to ride his horse; but this favor he refused, and they proceeded on their way afoot, one walking ahead and two in the rear of the prisoner.

The subsequent trial and execution of Major André, and the reward granted General Arnold for his treachery by the King, are just now familiar matters of history. Congress passed a vote of thanks to the three militiamen, John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart, and a silver medal was presented to each of them, with a pension of $200 a year. On Thursday, Sept. 23d, the one hundredth anniversary of the major's capture was celebrated at Tarrytown. At 9:45 in the morning, Battery C, United States Army, Brevet-Major St. Clair commanding, fired a national salute of 49 guns, one for each State and Territory, from the top of Mount André. The salute was returned by the United States man-of-war *Kearsarge*, which lay in the river. During the firing of this salute the church bells of the village were rung, and the noise was amply sufficient to awaken every sleeper. The villagers flocked into the streets to find that during the night nearly every house had been decorated with flags, some of them bearing mottoes in commemoration of the patriotism of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. The *Kearsarge* was completely covered with bunting, which represented the flags of all nations, and her rigging could scarcely be seen for the colors which incased it. From sunrise to 8 o'clock the villagers busied themselves in completing the decoration of the town, and preparing to receive their expected visitors. At 8 o'clock a "Te Deum" service was held in Christ Church, the Rev. J. S. Spencer officiating. The church was packed to overflowing, and several scores of people who failed to secure entrance remained outside the door until the service was concluded. At 10 o'clock—the hour that André was taken—a bronzed plaster-cast of the bronze statue of Patriotism on the monument that marks the spot was unveiled; at 11 o'clock there was a procession; at 1 o'clock an anniversary meeting in the great tent; at 4:30 o'clock a grand concert; at sunset more salutes, and in the evening a display of fireworks. The village church bells were kept ringing during the day. The Rev. Alexander Van Wart, a son of one of the captors, made the prayer at the afternoon meeting; Orlando B. Potter gave a historical reading, and Chauncey M. Depew delivered the oration.

The monument erected to the captors of André is situated in the grounds of A. C. Wheeler, in Broadway, and is on the bank of a little stream that flows down the hill underneath the street, marking the very spot where André was captured by Paulding, Williams and Van Wart. A granite shaft was erected here in 1853, but this has been entirely changed, and the ground underneath built up to the level of the street. The bronze statue is not yet completed, but a bronzed plaster cast was placed on the monument in time for the exercises. Mr. O'Donovan's statue represents, not the conventional minute man, but the countryman of the time and place, hastily turned soldier. The moment seized is when the tramp of André's horse is heard coming along the road. The "Skinner" springs to his feet and stands listening in an attitude of eager expectancy. His hat, the brim tilted up in front, is pushed back much upon his head, and his long hair straggles down over his brow. His right hand grasps tightly a flint-lock musket, while his left is slightly raised, the fingers outspread in intense suspense. One foot is advanced and the figure is leaning forward as if listening. The dress consists of a long-skirted coat and knee-breeches, and the powder-horn is slung on the left side. The statue is the gift of John Anderson.

On the front of the monument is a bronze bas-relief by Mr. Bauer, representing the scene when André endeavors to bribe his captors. An inscription setting forth the purpose of the monument appears on one side, while on the other are the words of Washington commending the captors.

The New French Cabinet

THE new French Cabinet is constituted as follows:

M. Jules Ferry, President of the Council and Minister of Public Instruction.
M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
M. Constans, Minister of the Interior and of Worship.
M. Cazot, Minister of Justice.
M. Magnin, Minister of Finance.
General Farre, Minister of War.
Admiral Cloüet, Minister of Marine.
M. Carnot, Minister of Public Works.
M. Tirard, Minister of Commerce.
M. Cochery, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has addressed the following circular to the diplomatic agents of France abroad:

"My first duty is to request you to assure the Government to which you are accredited that the new Cabinet will make no change in the foreign policy of its predecessor. France has never attached greater value than now to the maintenance of peace, so fruitful of advantage for her prosperity and honor. This system, inaugurated by the wisdom of President Thiers, has been followed with constancy for the last ten years, and has borne excellent fruits. We shall remain faithful to so happy a tradition, and do everything to develop still further the good relations which France maintains with other Governments. As for myself, I shall apply all my strength to this object, and for assistance in this patriotic task I rely upon the most devoted cooperation from all the representatives of our diplomacy.

Honors to Ole Bull's Memory.

THE Norwegian papers give full accounts of the extraordinary funeral honors paid to the memory of Ole Bull, which were such as have never before been shown, except to the remains of royal personages. On the beautiful island of Lysoen (Isle of Light), about twenty miles from the city of Bergen, Ole Bull had recently built a large château, and to this island-home he was taken, on his return from America, suffering from a severe illness, which soon terminated fatally. As the last hour approached he took a tender leave of those around him, and while, at his request, his wife was playing Mozart's Requiem on the large organ, he passed away peacefully and without pain. In the grand music-hall his body lay in state, surrounded by trophies of his own life—a gold service from the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, a silver music-stand from the students of St. Petersburg, a crown of diamonds and pearls from California, orders and decorations from all the Kings and Queens of Europe, pictures and treasures of all kinds. The King sent telegrams of condolence to his family, and the Government ordered a large steamer to the island for the convenience of those who wished to pay their last tribute of respect to him whom the whole nation mourned. When the day for burial came the Government again sent a steamer to bring the remains to Bergen, and fourteen other steamers, all draped in mourning, with flags at half-mast, to escort it. The body was borne to the boat by the peasants on the estate, by whom Ole Bull was almost adored, and the imposing cortège proceeded to the city. When the landing was reached the remains were transferred to a funeral-car, drawn by four splendid horses, and all the musical societies joined the immense procession, which, preceded by sixteen young girls clad in mourning, moved forward to the sound of Chopin's Funeral March, the tolling of the bells and the booming of the minute guns from the two fortresses that guard the entrance to the harbor. The cemetery, on the outskirts of the city, is crossed by two broad avenues, and the point of intersection, overhung with trees, around which seats are placed, forming a kind of natural pavilion, was designated by the municipality of Bergen as the last resting-place of Ole Bull. All business in the city was suspended; shops, banks, and all public offices were closed; and all the way from the landing-place to the cemetery, a distance of three miles, the houses were draped in mourning and the street was strewn with flowers and evergreens.

Powerful Ocean Steamships.

THE London *Times* says: Twenty years ago the largest steamers known (in this, as in all such comparisons, neglecting the *Great Eastern*, which was a prodigy of engineering skill) did not reach 350 feet in length, 45 feet in breadth, 3,000 tons in tonnage, or 4,000 horse-power indicated. The list of fifty merchant steamers sailing, in the year 1860, from Southampton and other southern ports, which the largest vessels then frequented, includes but ten ships of more than 300 feet in length, none of which reached the limits of size and power just given, and the whole of which belonged to two companies—viz., the Royal Mail and the Peninsular and Oriental. At the present moment we have afloat and at work the White Star Liners, some of them 445 feet in length, 45 feet in breadth, and nearly 5,000 indicated horse-power; the Inman Liners, comprising such ships as the *City of Berlin*, 438 feet by 44½ feet broad, and of about the same steam-power; the *Greece*, of 445 feet by 46½ feet, with engines developing 5,600 horse-power; the *Arizona*, of about the same size, with still greater steam power and speed; and many other splendid vessels but little inferior to any of the foregoing. And these grand steamers—many of which reach the quays of New York with greater punctuality than railway trains reach the London suburbs from Victoria and Charing Cross, and would reach our quays with equal punctuality if they could avoid the abominable sands that bar the Mersey—are the forerunners of still larger and more powerful vessels now taking shape upon the banks of the Clyde and elsewhere. The Cunard steel ship, the *Servia*, now building by Messrs. Thompson, of Glasgow, is 500 feet by 50 feet, with over 10,000 indicated horse-power, and will, therefore, doubtless possess a speed considerably in advance of that of the very fastest ship at present afloat in the mercantile marine. The Inman steamship *City of Rome*, building of iron, at Barrow, will be still larger, having a length of 546 feet, a breadth of 52 feet, a gross registered tonnage of 8,000, and a steam-power nearly equal to that of the *Servia*. The Union Line is to be increased by ships of almost equal size and power, and the Allan Line is building others equal to the finest of the White Star boats. Notwithstanding the number and magnitude of the passenger-steamers now running between America and this country, the traffic is so great that it has only been possible to secure accommodation by arranging passages many weeks, and even months, in advance, while the rapidly-increasing population and wealth of the United States and of Canada make it certain that the interchange of agricultural produce and manufactured goods between them and ourselves will go on increasing.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The "Grosse Ring" at Prague.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, takes the first rank among the cities of the Austrian empire for picturesqueness of site, ancient architecture and historical associations. The view of the town from the Moldau Bridge surpasses in grandeur that of almost any other city in Germany. The interior of Prague is replete with buildings of quaint architecture and historical interest, which centres in the "Grosse Ring" of the Altstadt, the oldest part of the town. The name of "Ring" was given in Eastern Germany to the places in front of the town halls, which served as markets, or for tournaments of the nobility, for open-air meetings of the citizens, for public courts of justice, and for executing the last sentence on criminals. The monumental column visible on the left side of our engraving, and dedicated to St. Mary, was erected by the Emperor Ferdinand III. in commemoration of the liberation of the town from the hands of the Swedes. Opposite the town-hall, behind a row of houses, stands the Theinkirche, a Gothic church erected by German merchants at the beginning of the fifteenth century. In 1458 George Podiebrad was crowned there as King of Bohemia, and added two tall towers with taper roofs.

The Char-Su, Candahar.

The four principal bazaars or streets in Candahar lead from the gateways and meet nearly in the centre of the town in a large circular building, covered with a dome about 120 feet in diameter, called the Char-Su. This place is surrounded by shops, and is regarded as a public market-place. The streets which converge in it divide the town into four nearly equal districts. The Char-Su is almost the sole conspicuous architectural feature of the city, except the octagonal tomb of Ahmed Shah, with its cupola and minarets raised on a stone platform.

Montenegrins and their War Songs.

The warlike people of the Tzernagora, Montenegro, or Black Mountain, are in such an excited state, and so are their Albanian neighbors and hereditary foes, that it is most desirable to remove the present cause of hostilities between these races. Our illustration shows one of their characteristic entertainments in the way of a rude style of minstrelsy, usually devoted to singing the glories of battle and bloodshed. A special training is, no doubt, required for the perfect appreciation of highland music. But by what educational process the lowland foreigner is to attune his outraged tympanum to the dismal rasping and rumblings of that most melancholy monochordium, the guzla, we cannot tell. Yet the effect of the harrowing instrument appears to be entrancing to the Montenegrins. They will listen to it for hours, without a single symptom of its setting their teeth on edge. There is scarcely a homestead in that country where at nightfall its sounds may not be heard, the performer singing the glorious wars of Montenegrin and Servian heroes—of Tzenai George and Milosh Obrenovich, of Tzernoievich and Milosh Obilich, or of the fabulous Scanderbeg, under whom their ancestors fought against the Turks.

Miriditte Chiefs of Albania.

In a recent issue we gave a portrait of the Miriditte Prince, and types of the soldiers of the Albanian League. Our present illustration represents a few of the Miriditte chiefs and captains. Colonel Nicoli Bairaktar, of Fosedi, is standing beside an Austrian visitor, Lieutenant von Zubovits, of the Hussar Cavalry, who has won a European reputation by his famous riding feat on the road from Vienna to Paris, and still better, his performance of saving 150 lives in the inundation of the Danube at Szegedin. He is here shown, dressed simply in shirt and trousers of European fashion, having thrown off his coat on account of the heat; while the other persons are in their national military costume. Their names are Mustafa Ajeti, Pluk or Chief of Laria, Per Deda of Spacz, Captain Marcodozzi, Marco Dieta, Pluk of Little Debrida, Marco Tepuli and Peter Djozi, Pluks of Orosh, Colonel Preoga and Djak Prenga, the Stra-pluks of Orosh, Captain Ded Turzi, Marco Noa, Pluk of Spacz, and the Secretaries, Lorenzo Parcocchi and Starr. It would seem likely that some of these people are of Italian descent; but the Mustafa, who is the man standing at the left-hand side in our engraving, should be a converted Mussulman.

Pilgrims Entering the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella, Spain.

No shrine in Western Europe attracted greater armies of pilgrims than that of the Apostle St. James at the Galician town of Compostella, in Spain. Every country sent its votaries, and the scallop-shell, a peculiar attribute of the devotion, has become everywhere the emblem of a pilgrim. In this little city, bedded in hills, the cathedral still towers, and with all the changes made by religious and civil revolutions attracts its yearly tide of pilgrims. The sketch made in 1880, with the bare-footed women from the various provinces of Spain and France, might almost answer for the days of the crusades, or the time when Ferdinand III., with his mailed warriors, wrested the sacred city from the hands of the Moors, who had held it for two centuries. Spanish legends tell how the apostle came to find a resting place in this secluded town, and how, to reward the piety of the Spaniards, he appeared at the head of their armies in the desperate battle of Clavijo some thousand years ago, and with his good sword routed the victorious Moors. His name was for ages the battle-cry of Christian Spain.

Dulcigno and the Powers.

Dulcigno, of which we have been hearing so much of late, is a picturesque village on the Adriatic which, like the whole Adriatic coast, has seen better days. When, in 1420, it gave itself up to the Venetians, from fear of the Turks, it had a considerable mercantile fleet and carrying trade. It eventually fell into the hands of the Turks in 1571, after undergoing a protracted siege, and from that moment its commerce dwindled and disappeared, and its roadstead became the haunt of pirates, who ravaged the coasts of the Adriatic and the Ægean. It was besieged by the Montenegrins and stormed, after a resolute resistance, in January, 1878, but the conquerors behaved so humanely and prudently that their departure was regretted by the Dulcignotes when, in February, 1879, the place was restored to Turkey. On September 2d the Ottoman Government declared in a circular note its acceptance of the line proposed by the Powers on the western shore of the Lake of Scutari including the cession of the district of Dulcigno to Montenegro, but it was said that, unless the Albanians were positively assured of favorable changes in the line on the eastern shore, the cession would be full of difficulties and might lead to great complications. The Powers have demanded the surrender; the Porte temporizes; meanwhile an allied fleet under command of the British Admiral Seymour is at Ragusa, ready to storm the town if not surrendered.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Afghan war has already cost $90,000,000, and has lasted two years.

—NEW ORLEANS expects to ship 30,000,000 bushels of grain this year.

—NEARLY 100 agricultural engines are in use in Anderson County, S. C.

—A MRS. HAZZARD, of Monticello, Ill., recently gave birth to five children. They are all alive.

—THE erection of Roumania into a kingdom is disapproved by the Austrian and Hungarian Governments.

—THE St. Louis Cotton Exchange offer a premium of $5,000 to the largest shipper of cotton from Texas to that market this season.

—A DISPATCH from Alexandria reports that the rise in the Nile is quite up to the average, and the prospects of the crops are very satisfactory.

—OUR consul at Hong Kong reports that during the quarter ending June 30th, 1880, emigrants numbering 5,662 left Hong Kong for the United States, of whom seven were females and forty-four boys.

—THE report of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture indicates that, notwithstanding the August drought and the early September frosts, the aggregate corn crop of that State will not fall below the average.

—A DESPATCH from Shanghai reports serious disturbances in Corea. The Europeans have been threatened and are in a state of alarm. The Catholic mission has been attacked. The military have been called out. Several sisters have been killed and wounded.

—THE anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome was enthusiastically celebrated on September 21th. Members of the Cabinet and the municipality took part in the procession. Premier Cairoli and other distinguished men made patriotic speeches at the Porta Pia.

—A GENEVA dispatch says the Catholic members of the Swiss Federal Assembly will vigorously oppose the proposed revision of the Constitution, and, as the measure is highly unpopular in the Protestant cantons, there can be little doubt that it will be rejected by a large majority.

—THE crop prospects in Northern and Western India continue to improve. A good rain has fallen in most districts of the northwestern provinces, but some of the crops in Central Doab are hopelessly burned up. Should a moderate rain fall within a week or two there will be no immediate danger of scarcity.

—THE Freemasons will have charge of the laying of the corner-stone of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, October 20th. The parade, it is expected, will be second only to that of June, 1870, before the laying of the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple. It will probably be a month before the stone reaches the site chosen for it.

—TRUSTWORTHY information from the Indian Territory is to the effect that the Cheyennes are again threatening. A few days ago a party of 300, well mounted, visited the agency from Fort Reno and became very demonstrative even slapping the agent's face, and another party ransacked the commissary stores at the Wichita Agency.

—IT is announced that Mr. Amasa Stone will give $200,000 to "Western Reserve College," at Hudson, Ohio, if it is removed to Cleveland. At a meeting of the trustees held recently it was practically resolved to remove the college to Cleveland and to change the name to "Western Reserve University." The college already has an endowment fund of $250,000.

—A DISPATCH from Victoria says: "A genuine sea serpent, six feet in length, with an orthodox mane, head shaped like a panther's and a tail whittled down to a sharp point, was brought in by Indians yesterday, they having caught it in deep water in the Straits of Debara. Its appearance creates intense interest among scouts, and old fishermen cannot place the monster.

—IT is a curious fact that the locomotive which, with its train, went down with the Tay Bridge, is now running regularly between Glasgow and Edinburgh. For three months it lay at the bottom of the Tay, but when it was brought up it was found uninjured, except the funnel, dome and weather-board, which had to be renewed. It ran on its own wheels to Glasgow just as it came out of its long bath.

—MR. FAWCETT, the British Postmaster-General, has a new plan for facilitating the small savings of the poor. A saving child may now get an official strip of paper intended to hold twelve stamps, add a stamp at a time to it as he can save a penny, and when it is full take it to the post-office and get a savings-bank receipt for a shilling, the minimum deposit which it will pay the Post Office Savings Bank to take.

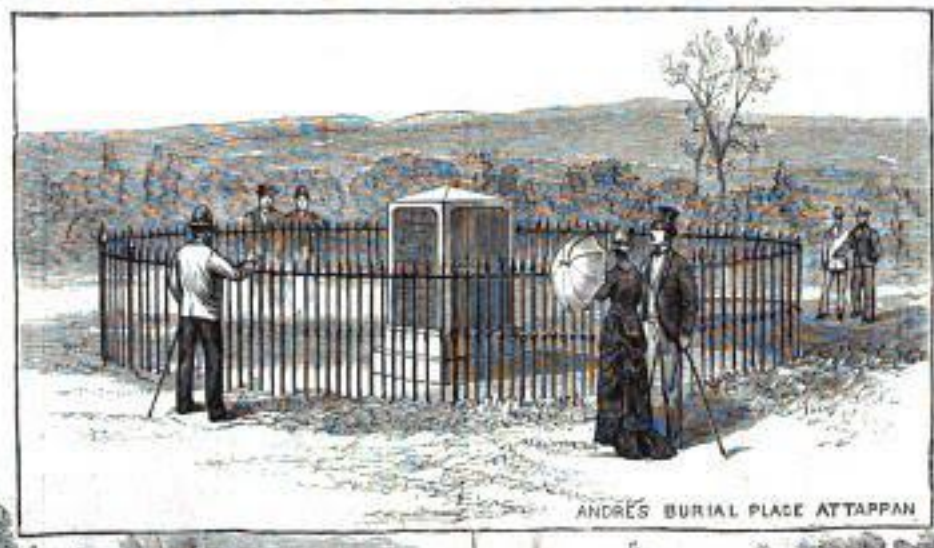
—THE business of the Post-office in this city has so increased during the last month that it will be found necessary to increase the working force by adding forty clerks to the present number. The receipts have increased the revenue of the Government over $1,000 per day since August last. Week before last $67,500 worth of stamps were sold, an increase of nearly $4,000 over the sales for the corresponding week of last year.

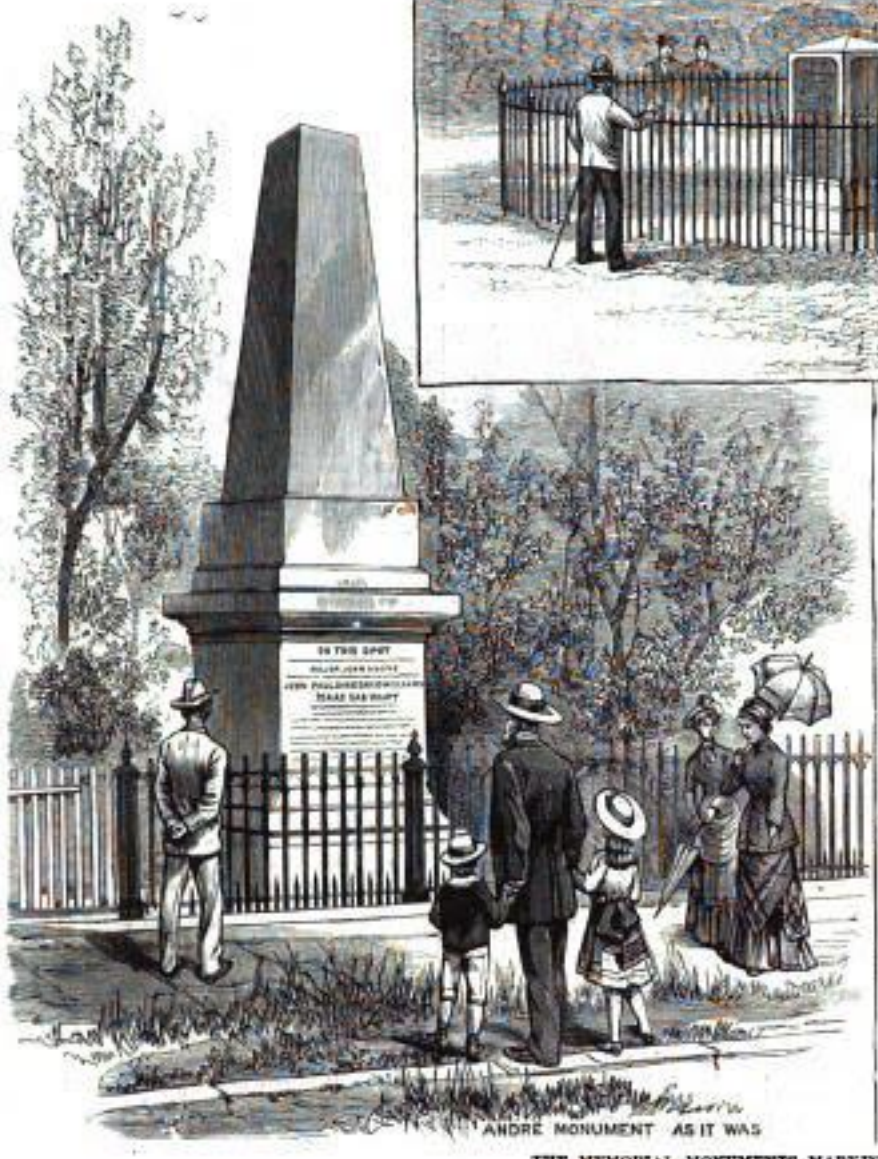
—TWO MINES, prepared for the assassination of the Czar, have been discovered on the line of the Emperor's journey to Livadia. One of these was on the railway in the Ekaterinoslav Government, and the other was in the Taurida Government, at a distance of 118 versts on the railway to Simferopol, and was found charged with three poods of dynamite, in two cases equally divided, and also an electric wire, but with no battery.

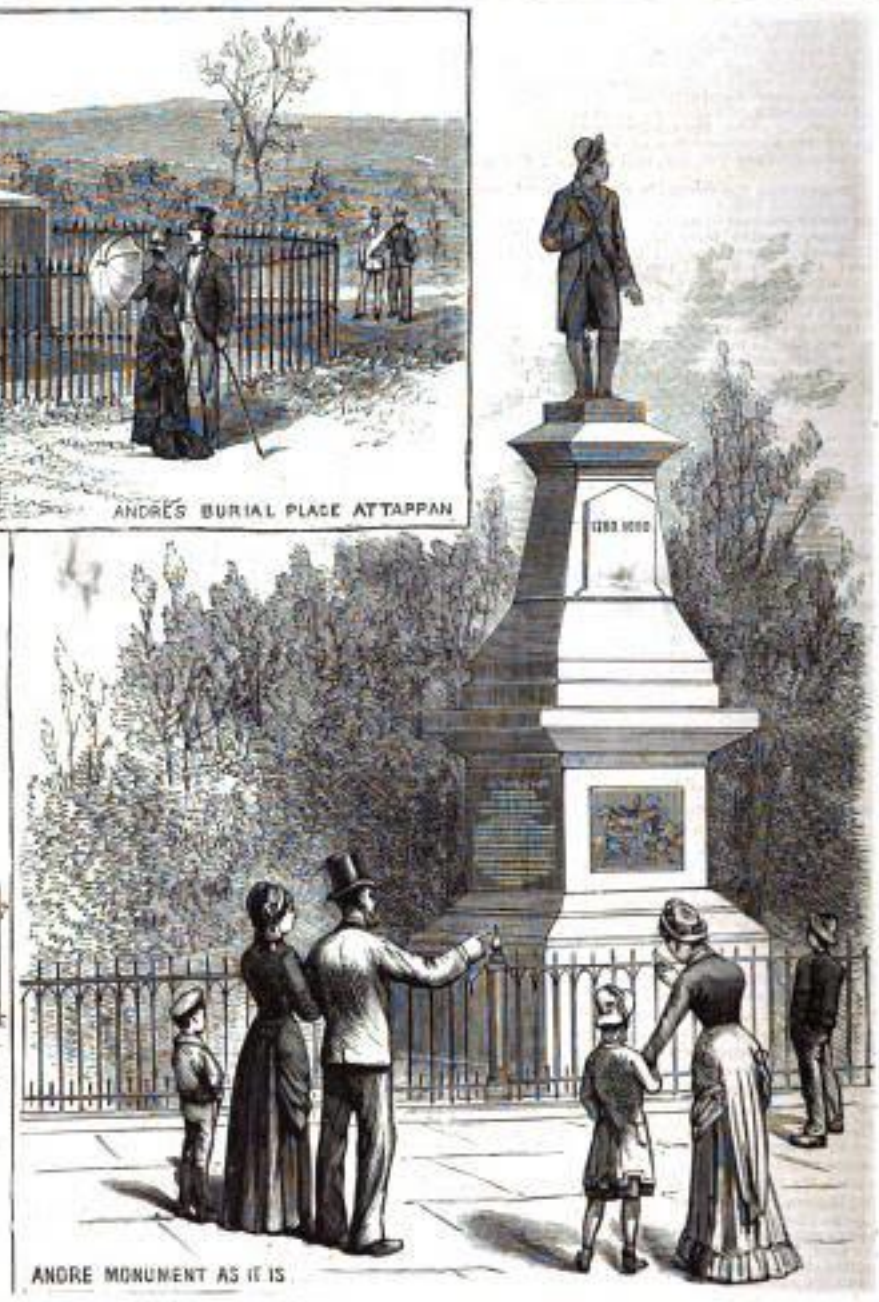
—THE Franco-American Claims Commission will be composed of the following gentlemen: Commissioners on the part of the United States—Judge A. O. Aldis, Vermont; on the part of France—Louis de Geoffroy; Arbitrator on the part of Brazil—Baron de Arinos, Brazilian Minister to Belgium. The Marquis de Chambrun will act as counsel for France, and William B. Peddrick, of Washington, has been appointed as American secretary. The American counsel has not yet been selected.

—A FINE specimen of horological art has been lately added to the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg. It has been erected at the expense of the princes of the royal house, and is intended as a memorial of the Wittelsbach Jubilee, celebrated a few days ago. The clock is placed at an elevation of 14·2 metres, or a little over 46½ feet. It is surrounded with ornamental work in mediæval style and several gilt figures, most of which move by mechanical arrangement. The idea intended to be expressed is that the Bavarian people at all times reverence their King, who governs under the protection of God. Above is the sitting figure of the Saviour, and below that of Louis II., also seated. Around the Saviour are arranged eight angels, some of whom strike the clock bells; others blow trumpets, others hold a curtain behind the king, before whom two citizens bow down reverentially. An inscription records the object and authors of the work. The old arms of the Palatinate are set below. The whole work is in the style of the fourteenth century.

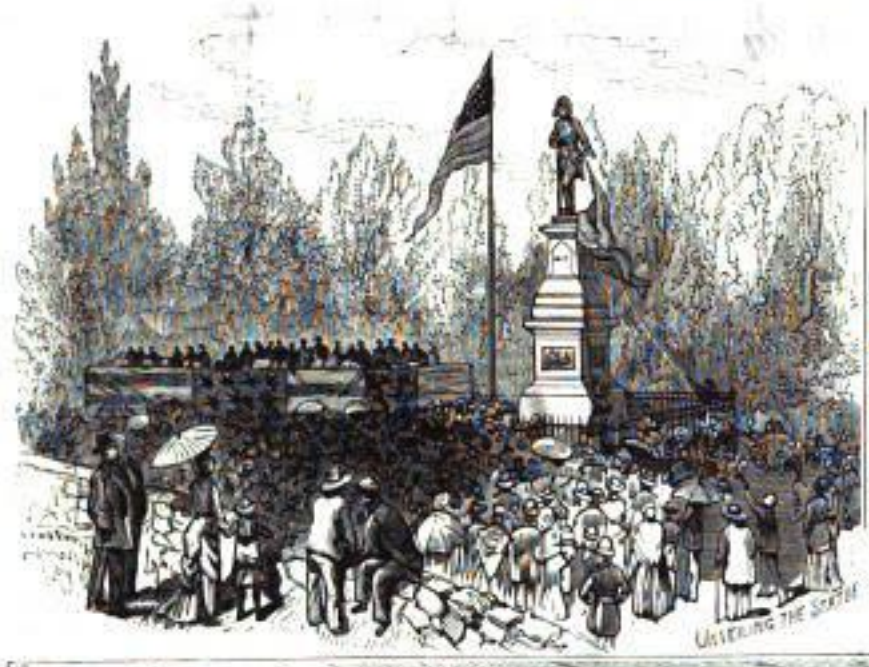
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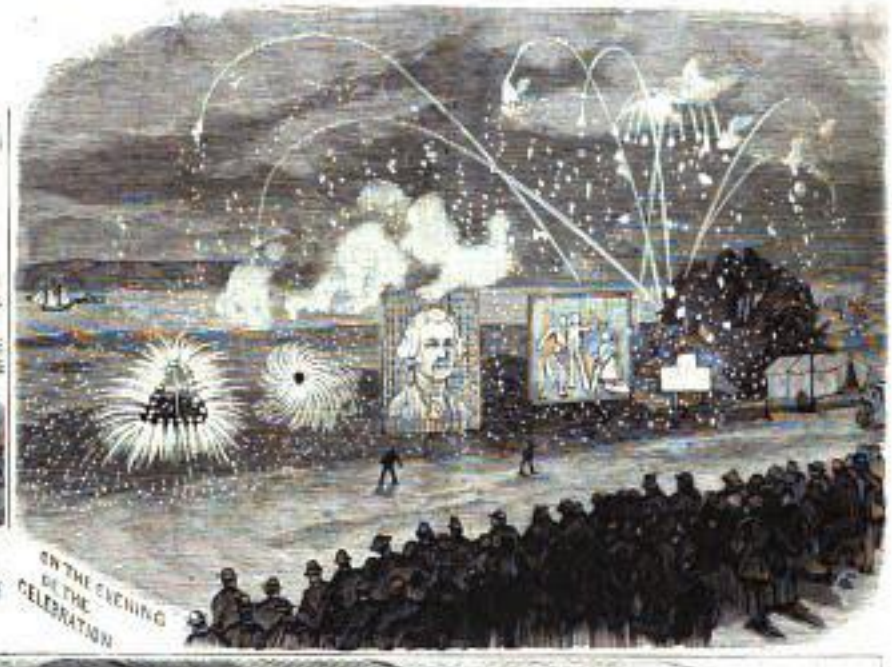


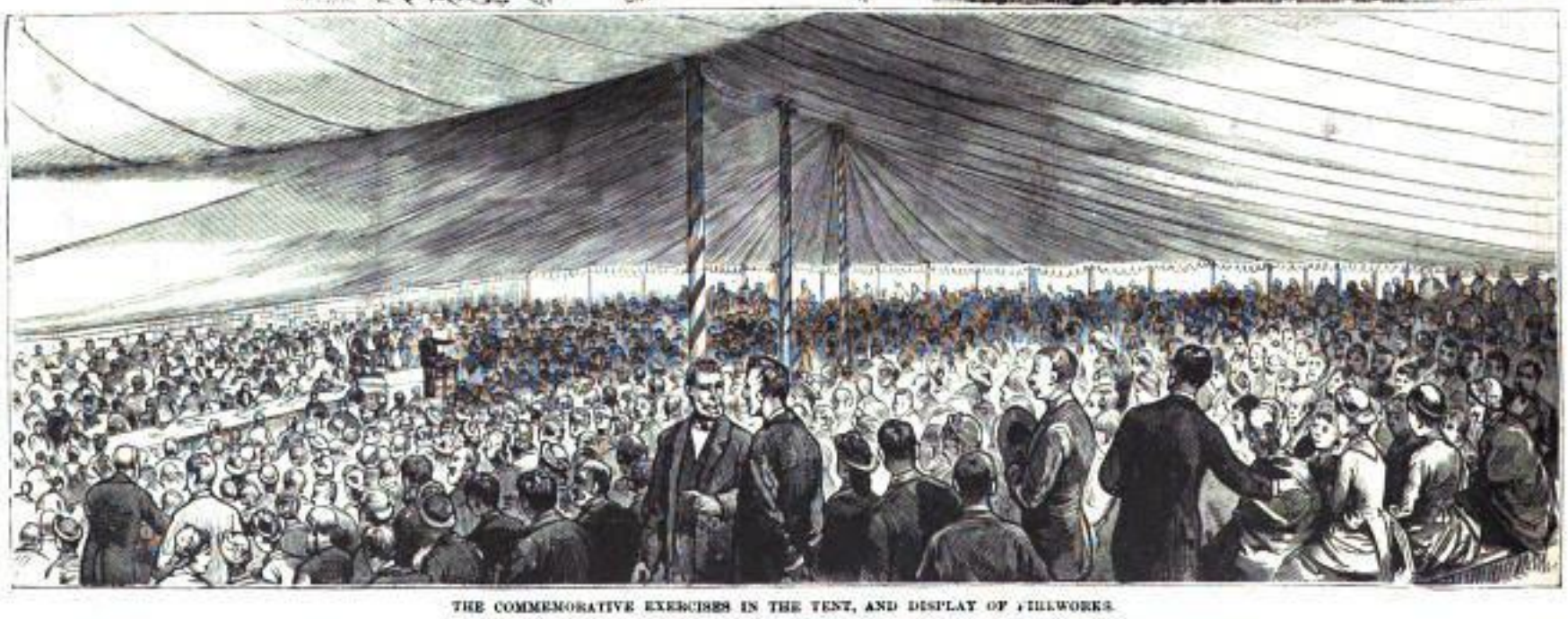




THE MEMORIAL MONUMENTS MARKING THE LOCATION OF THE CAPTURE.



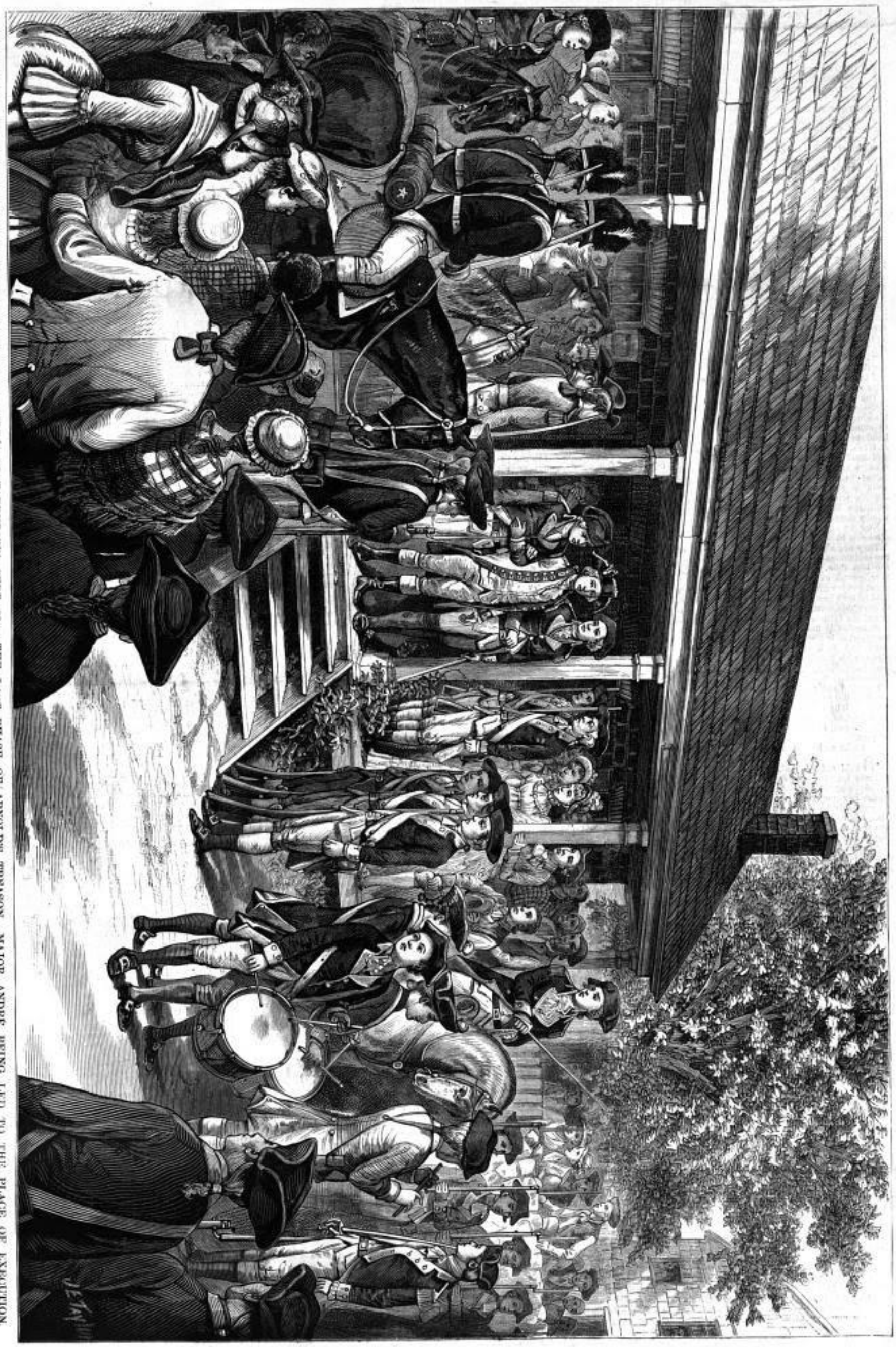




THE COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES IN THE TENT, AND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

NEW YORK.—CENTENNIAL OF THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ, AT TARRYTOWN, SEPTEMBER 23D.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 87.

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NEW YORK—CENTENNIAL OF THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ, AT TARRYTOWN, OCT. 23D—THE LAST PHASE OF ARNOLD'S TREASON—MAJOR ANDRÉ BEING LED TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.
DRAWN BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 87.

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THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

IN the dull, maddening routine of life in the mines one day is as a month, one week as a year. And now that almost a month has passed in his silent, distant association with a woman of his own rank, in his heart, fully developed and eternal as the hills, is a love for her purer than ever yet has been given her—a love grand and immutable in her affliction, matchless in its devotion, sacred in its might and holy in its hopelessness. And even as into Lady Jet's soul has entered that steadfast purpose of rescuing *him*, so to him has come an immutable resolution to save this woman from the lethargy, the despair, the insanity of long years spent in the mines. As he toils with the spade his eyes are fastened upon the object of his love. Her lips are closed tighter, her eyes more unearthly bright, her hands hang clinched by her side; he sees that her physical endurance is entirely exhausted, and even while he looks her form sways, she flings out her hands, and in the next moment drops heavily to the rocky floor.

What follows next he never knows; a mist comes before his eyes, and when it clears he finds himself standing above that long, lithe form which is stretched upon a pile of blankets, and the superintendent's voice sounds in his ear:

"Do what you can for her, while we send for the doctor. The count is interested in her, and has given orders that she shall be treated with every consideration."

The officer hastens away, and the exile is alone with the woman of his love. It is a blessing, a joy that he never expected to have, to stand so close beside her, to touch her hand, to look in her face with its divine and stricken loveliness! Owing to his refinement and intelligence, his natural aptness in sickness, which was accidentally discovered, Count Smoleff has frequently been called upon in sickness among the convicts, and always with success, his native talent for medicine being the one instinct that never wholly deserted him.

Now he sees what a blessing, what a godsend this is.

They are alone in a tunnel branching off of the main ones—alone for the first and, perhaps, the last time. He looks down in the white face, grand even in unconsciousness, and a great prayer goes up from his soul—a prayer that he may be allowed, through his great love, to save this woman from the snares and misery of the future. Applying a simple restorative, he finally has the great joy of seeing her come out of her swoon, and her great eyes unclose and look straight up into his, while through his frame courses a thrill of tremulous, hot delight. She remains motionless for a moment, then staggers to her feet; her manner is wild and a trifle unnatural.

"Why did you bring me back to life?" she cries. "Why did you not let me drift away, far away to the other world? Whatever it holds it cannot be equal to the anguish of the present."

He looks at her in a pity vast and neverdying.

"I could not do that, I *dared* not, though severely tempted," he says, mournfully.

Something in the low, sympathetic tones arouse her interest. Looking at him intently, she suddenly becomes aware of his majestic mien, his hair snow-white, his shrunken face, stamped with its grandeur and its strength, deeply lined with the mark of tedious years. For a minute she loses sight of her own wretchedness in a boundless pity for this man with his stricken life.

"Ah?" she says, bitterly, "the curse is upon you, too! I presume you are an exile, or rather convict?" Oh! the mad, bitter scorn in her tone!

He bows in that old, grave, courteous dignity that asserts itself now that he is thrown with his equal.

"Yes," he says, simply, "I am an exile."

"And for how long?"

He raises his head, and across his face flashes a sudden look of inestimable bitterness.

"I have lost the count of time," he says, "yet I think it must be between ten and fifteen years. But, estimated by the pangs I have suffered—the weary, endless torture—it has been a century since I was torn from life and thrust out into this living death."

She shudders as she listens, and notes the hollow, sunken face, the white hair, the stooped shoulders, the hands, worn and seamed with toil. And this is the fate for her! She must grow old and gray and haggard like a worn-out brute. In her languid eyes gather a terror and agony too great for words.

"You see yours is not the only bitter lot, madame," says the noble, sadly, "though I would gladly save you if I could."

"But were you *innocent*?" she cries, passionately. "Did they do as heinous a wrong in condemning you as if they had taken a young child and sent it out to exile?"

"Yes, I was innocent," he replies, and, unconsciously, his voice gathers sternness as he recounts past wrongs. "I was a true patriot of my country and a favorite of my Emperor. Yet, in a moment, when I thought destruction furthest from me, I was accused of treachery, seized, tried and condemned. And my offense? I transgressed a rule of the royal palace by interpreting the language of a Polish visitor to my Empress."

Maize starts convulsively and raises her hand to her brow. Where has she heard this history before? She struggles desperately with her memory, then, while a swift pallor settles upon her face, recollection does its duty. Though many years have since passed, she remembers that day at Brighton, when, to Jack and Gypsy, the Russian Ambassador related the circumstance of the sentence of his friend.

"Did you once know Count Tuboskie?" she inquires, while the ashen hue of her countenance deepens.

"Yes," replies the noble, in surprise. "He was my dearest friend, and left no means untried to save me. But, pardon me, did you know him?"

Over her straight and perfect lips flits a bitter, scoffing smile.

"Yes," she says, "I knew him. He is my deadliest foe. He sent me here to this endless torture."

Her companion looks dazed and bewildered.

"I can't see how it was possible," he mutters. "Raoul was so just, so honorable. And you"—he looks at the lovely, bitter face, the steady eyes, the lofty brow—"I *know* you are innocent."

"Yes; I was innocent, but it pleased him to believe me guilty. And he tore me from everything that I held dear. He slew me more cruelly than if he had spilled my blood, for he killed my soul, my spirit, everything that was life, save my body. *He* sent me forth to this life that I must henceforth lead. Oh! why did you bring me back to it? Why did you not save me while yet there was time? Oh, God! if you had sent me away, far ever away from the horror, the agony of this wretched existence." She lifts her face with its passionate misery, its blanched loveliness, and, unconscious of her actions in her excitement, her clinched hands fall upon his broad chest. Over his noble face sweeps a hot flush, and throughout his massive, gaunt form rushes a tremulous shudder. But he never touches them—those two small, frail hands—he only looks steadfastly in her eyes, while his own grow strong and brave and resolute.

"I dared not let you die, though, as I say, I was strongly tempted to kill you, so that you might not drink the cup that I have drained to the dregs. But I will save you. By all the pangs that I have suffered in the past I swear that you *shall not* drag out your life in the gloom and misery of the mines."

She shakes her head mournfully.

"I owe you many thanks for your interest, but it cannot be done," she says, wearily.

"It can, it *shall* be done!" he says, passionately. "But I hear some one coming. Do not forget my words, and, above all, do not despair. I swear that I will save you!"

In another moment the officer returns.

"Ah, miladie!"—even in this rough, brutal officer is forced respect for the girl—"you are better. I am glad to see it. The doctor is absent. No. 3,671, you may return to your work." The noble bows and, turning wearily, leaves the spot. "You, miladie, if you are still faint, had better remain here and rest."

"I feel quite strong, thank you, and will return. It was only a sudden faintness." And she goes back to the women.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—MADAME'S STORY.

IT is Lady Jet's study hour. In one of her apartments sits the young peeress and Madame Polleskie, who lives but a short distance from the count's mansion. Madame is a tall, slender lady, with a sallow and rather cold face, a highly intellectual brow, and large, black, deep-set eyes. There is silence in that chamber of sybaritic ease, while Lady Jet sits with her book held listlessly in hand, and Nick kicks up his heels in a corner, always allowed to remain during these educational exercises in the hope that he, too, may glean some stray bit of enlightenment. He is now entertaining his companions with a doleful scraping of his heels upon a chair-rung, which sends forth such harrowing, blood-curdling sounds that Madame Polleskie is but a few degrees removed from insanity.

"Nick!" at last screams Lady Jet, who, between her struggles with a difficult Latin root, and her own individual and secret troubles, is in anything but a placid frame of mind. "Nick, if you don't stop that, I'll—I'll throw you out of the window—you little wretch!" glancing furiously at him. But Nick, impervious to threats, calmly proceeds with his cheerful employment, without the slightest sign of abatement.

"*Nick!*" shrieks her ladyship, clapping two small hands to her ears, as a particularly melancholy wail proceeds from the chair, "will you behave yourself?"

Nick, prostrate upon his back and gazing meditatively at the ceiling, makes no response beyond another dismal groan—startlingly like a human cry—from the chair-rung.

"I give you," says Lady Jet, in a sudden, desperate calm, "one minute to get out of this room. If you are not gone by that time——" She leaves to his imagination the direful consequences of his disobedience, and Nick, leering upon the floor, is not, however, rash enough to brave that wild menace, and just as the minute expires, and Lady Jet rises threateningly to her feet, he leaps up and takes himself off.

After his departure a dead silence falls upon the two women. Her ladyship is not at all disposed to study, and her glance, seldom resting upon her book, falls more frequently than anywhere else upon the colorless face of her companion. Looking at her steadily, Lady Jet sees that madame is even paler than usual, and that in her dark eyes is a restless, feverish fire, while the straight, delicate brows are drawn together as though in pain.

"Madame," says the girl, impulsively, at last compelled to speak, "you are not well; you are suffering."

"I have a slight headache, that is all," is the weary reply.

"Let me bathe your temples," says Lady Jet, and, getting a cut-glass bottle of rare perfume, she commences to moisten her teacher's brow. To her anxiety she sees that the flesh is dry and burning, and that her temples throb heavily.

"You are sick!" she cries, in alarm. "Let me send for the doctor or your husband."

At that name the sensitive mouth of madame quivers—that delicate mouth usually drawn in cold lines and which is all of beauty that she can be said to possess—and throwing out her hand convulsively, she half-springs to her feet.

"No, no!" she cries, "not him—don't send for *him*!" Then, seeing Lady Jet's look of astonishment, she makes a desperate effort to control herself. "It would not be worth while to disturb him at his office. I am quite well."

"Dear madame," and the girl bends caressingly above the straight, rigid form of the woman, "I *know* you are not well. You are suffering in your mind or heart. You look just as I *feel* when I am in trouble. Won't you let me sympathize with you?"

The gentle, loving tones unnerve madame. Her cold, icy, repressed nature gives way, and, bending her head upon her companion's shoulder, a flood of tears rushes to her eyes and fierce sobs shake her slender form. Lady Jet is appalled. Never before has she seen anything like weakness in this cold, dignified, silent woman.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she murmurs, viewing the dark head upon her shoulder in sorrowful perplexity. "Because if there is, you know how willingly I would do it."

"There is nothing, thank you—nothing at all," replies madame. "Oh, I am so wretched!"

"Perhaps, if you were to tell me," suggests Lady Jet, dubiously, "it might relieve you."

Her companion sits suddenly erect.

"It will not relieve me," she says, "but—but—" looking wistfully at the young girl, "you may possibly aid me."

"If it is possible, most assuredly I will," assents Lady Jet, eagerly.

Then Madame Polleskie narrates the secret trouble which has for weeks been gnawing at her heart, and which has broken down the icy barriers of her nature, and caused her to crave sympathy and companionship.

"I will begin at the beginning," she says, while her eyes are unnaturally bright. "When I married my husband we lived in Moscow with my parents and sisters. By nature our race are cold and undemonstrative, even where we love; but no one ever heard of a Scholsky being faithless to any tie that claimed them. I loved my husband with all my heart and soul, blindly, foolishly, else, perhaps, I had not married one so much my junior. Whether Rudolph loved me I cannot say; he always treated me with respect and consideration. But I—I *worshiped* him! I do yet. Oh, my husband, my husband!" The words break from the speaker in a wail, showing how intense is her suffering. "We lived for some time in Moscow," she continues, growing calmer, "and then Rudolph, who is young and ambitious, wanted to accept this good opening offered him by your father, who was a friend of Baron Polleskie, my father-in-law. Without a murmur I consented, and followed him here to this distant land. It was nothing to me where I went so that I was but with *him*. Quiet and cold as I have seemed, child, I have worshiped my husband, and been happier in this forlorn spot than I have ever been in my life. When we were in Russia I sometimes pined for more than was in Rudolph's heart to give me. Seeing the love-like attention with which some husbands treated their wives, I yearned for such tenderness from mine. But here I have had no such companions to make me unhappy and envious. I have been happy, wildly, superlatively happy, until a few weeks ago."

"And *then*?" cries Lady Jet, highly interested in this poor little romance.

"And then a serpent came into my Eden," says madame, bitterly. "Though Rudolph may not have *loved* me in the past, I still had the consolation of knowing that his heart was no other's. Now that comfort is taken from me. I know that my husband loves another with that deep, passionate, intense nature of his race. Oh, my God! it kills me! I was mad to marry him—mad! mad!"

"But who was it?" gasps Lady Jet. "Who in the world has dared to tamper with your happiness?"

The shame and misery in the lady's face deepens.

"No one," she says, lowly, "who is responsible for it. It is the beautiful Greek woman who has unconsciously stolen my husband's heart—that lovely exile, the angel-faced murderess."

"Great *heavens!*" ejaculates Lady Jet; and then upon her flashes the recollection of the secretary's intense, though suppressed, admiration when he first beheld this woman, and her own apprehensions for the future.

"But you surely don't suspect *her* of leading him on?" she continues, after a pause. "I wouldn't believe evil of a woman with such a face as hers. Papa says some great injury has been done her—some great mistake made. Even *he* believes her innocent."

"I don't know about that," says madame, wearily. "They say she committed a great murder; however, that is nothing to me. I *know* that she is innocent of any desire to lead my husband from me—that she is entirely ignorant of his passion for her. She scarcely knows that he is in existence. But it is not so with him. Oh, no!"

"But how do you know this?" urges Lady Jet, in vain hope.

"I have watched him," replies madame, relapsing into a sort of stolcal despair. "I and my housemaid. He never used to visit the mines; now he goes there upon every available occasion and upon every pretense. He has stood for hours in dark niches never moving, scarcely seeming to live, but with his eyes, dark and fierce and fiery, fixed upon the woman. Oh, I know how he looks, and he never looked thus at me! But how can I blame him! She is so grand, so divinely beautiful; she looks like a sovereign with her shining hair and her great, lustrous eyes. The people in the mines have already grown to worship her. She is grand and haughty to the officers, but to the exiles she is a saint. She cases the weary and helps the women when they are nearly fainting with toil, and though she has been there nearly three months no one has ever seen her smile, or heard her lips utter a word save in answer, and her eyes are always dark and bitter and passionate. Oh, she is beautiful—*beautiful*—with that soft, dazzling, ravishing loveliness that men sell their souls for! I don't think I blame either of them, I only suffer!"

Lady Jet has listened in sorrow and regret. Ah! love—love! what a taskmaster, what a tyrant you are! How many can say with that wounded, loving heart, "I only suffer!" Thus thinks Lady Jet as she watches the thin, convulsed, sallow face, the locked hands, the quivering breast.

"And I pity *her*," continues madame, rising and pacing the floor excitedly. "I pity her, because," shuddering, "she is entirely in Rudolph's power, and if he loves her as I know he does, he will go mad and stop at no obstacle that keeps her from him. He would have her if he took her over every heart in the universe. Ah, Rudolph is so strong, so resolute. Never in my life have I seen him angered, yet he conquers all things. He never yields a hair's-breadth!"

"Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful!" exclaims Lady Jet. "What can we do? And yet I *know* that she would never listen to him. She is too grand and true!"

"I don't know about that," says madame, wearily. "No one can ever tell of such things. I know that she is unconscious of his passion now, and that she has never as yet in any way attempted to attract him. But that is so much the worse. It drives him distracted; his eyes are always wild and unnatural, and nights when he is home he is silent and distraught and so utterly changed, while upon his face is always that deep flush. And he doesn't sleep. All night he tosses upon the bed, and sometimes when I waken I see him dressed standing by the window looking over to the mines."

"But," says Jet, brightening, "how do you *know* that it is so bad? He has never said so. And you, blinded by suspicion, may misconstrue his actions, and attribute every little thing at all unusual to his infatuation."

Madame shakes her head drearily.

"I wish I could think so, child; but I know too well that he loves her. Last night he fell asleep towards morning, and he talked continually, and always of her. 'She is a sorceress,' he cried once. 'She could drag me down to hell if she but loved me! Oh, honor! What is honor? I love her—I love her!'"

"It might have been you of whom he was talking," suggests Lady Jet, perfectly conscious that she is advancing a false hope.

Madame stops in her rapid walk and stares at the girl; then a laugh that holds but little of mirth breaks from her.

"*Me?*" she says, bitterly. "Heaven, what an idea! Before this he has lain like a log and slept, and I might have died a hundred times and he not known. I drag him down to purgatory!"—again that hollow, bitter laugh. "Why, child, never to save my life, if his mind was once set, could I have induced him to turn one step from his path. I could no more change the wind. He is hard, resolute, unconquerable, and it is that sort of men that always goes mad over the white loveliness of a woman—that would sell his soul for her kiss."

The girl shudders.

"And he can hate," she murmurs, involuntarily.

"*Hate!*" cries madame. "Oh, child, yes—with the venom of a Pagan. With such a mad, desperate love as his, hate is but one degree removed. If she scorn and repulse him I shudder for her."

"What *shall* we do?" cries the girl, in pity and alarm. Her whole soul cries out in horror at that proud, grand, fearless womanhood being at the mercy of this wild passion that she has unconsciously enkindled. "*If* she repulse him," she continues; "she *will* repulse him. Papa knows her entire history through letters from Russia. Why, she is a born Greek, and the legally adopted daughter of one of the proudest of English earls. She has been reared like a sovereign. Some great calamity befell her—I don't quite know what—and she was exiled. Oh, it is horrible—horrible! Every day I grow to loath my country more and more for such tyranny and injustice. Think of the delicate and high-bred women sent forth to exile, always through the despotism of the Government. It kills me when I think how tenderly they have been nurtured—how jealously guarded by husbands, lovers and fathers, and only to sink to the shame and degradation of the mines—nothing to protect them from the human brutes that have control of them. When I think of the curse this land has been to poor, helpless victims—of the anguish and bitterness it has seen—of the unavailing tears that have been shed—I wonder that God does not blot out Siberia from existence, does not sweep it away in wrath and condemnation?" As her passionate utterance dies away there is intense silence in the chamber. Finally madame rises, wearily, and commences gathering up her books. For all the trouble, national and individual, there is no hope.

CHAPTER XL.—POLLESKIE'S FIRST STEP.

POLLESKIE is alone in the office. Suddenly his solitude is disturbed by the entrance of the count, holding in his hand an open letter.

"It is concerning the Greek lady," he says.

The secretary starts sharply, then continues with his writing.

"And what of her?" he inquires, carelessly.

The count does not reply directly, but tosses the letter to Polleskie, saying:

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"It is a curiosity in a sense—it is from the great politician, Count Toboskie."

A jealous, savage gleam shoots into the secretary's eyes.

"And what does he say?" he queries.

"He writes to recommend the lady to our leniency. He says it was merely circumstantial evidence that convicted her, and begs me to take her in my household. He speaks of her high attainments as making her particularly fitted for a companion for my daughter. But, of course, this I could never consent to do. I pity and respect the lady, and regard her fully as my equal. But while there is a doubt of her innocence I would not consent to her mingling with my family. Toboskie writes very strongly, and it would be good policy to conciliate so powerful a statesman, but I can't accept his proposition, though, as I say, he writes urgently, almost imperatively.

"And I can explain his reason for so doing," says the secretary, a tinge of excitement in his manner. "I have written to a friend of mine in St. Petersburg and got all the particulars of this remarkable case. Count Toboskie was in love with the young lady, and made no effort to conceal his infatuation. He was her constant attendant. But when, through a long line of circumstantial evidence, this murder was fastened upon her, he deserted her, believing, he affirmed, her guilty. I suppose now his conscience accuses him, and he is using his influence in her behalf."

"And yet I do not feel willing to take her in my family," observes the count after a pause, and much surprised at her history.

Polleskie resumes his pen, but his eyes glisten as he speaks, though his tones and words are careless.

"If you are disposed to aid the young lady, I have long thought that we require an assistant here in the office; some days I am overrushed with writing. If you approve of it, why not have her here in the office?"

"The very thing!" cries the count, eagerly. "Why did I not think of it myself?"

Polleskie lays down his pen: his manner is thoroughly composed, though around his mouth a certain fine muscle quivers convulsively.

"Then, suppose I inform her of our decision? She has been now three months in the mines, a horrible siege to one reared like her."

"Go immediately."

A few minutes later sees the secretary in the mines. A short distance off he sees the woman of his mad passion, apparently utterly lost to her surroundings. She kneels upon the rocky floor with a large gang of female convicts, washing the metal that another group assorts. He stands for a moment watching her, and slowly upwards over his dark face rushes that deep crimson tide of much passion.

He believes himself unnoticed, but not so. That grand and abiding love that encompasses the stricken girl around and about is ever on the alert. And where he toils in the hard rock, the exiled noble has never once lost sight of this man on his many visits to the mines. His God-like intellect once more re-enthroned, he reads like a book the soul of his rival, and sees there its desperate purpose, the same as in his eyes he reads the lust and passion enkindled by the divine splendor of this woman.

He sees him now as he stands there in that steady, passionate glance, and in the soul of the fallen noble pierces an anguish that has never touched him through all those weary years of exile. He knows that the whole nature of Polleskie has gone over to the object of his sudden attachment, and is entirely engrossed with the desperate purpose of securing her for himself. He sees that the girl is unconscious of her peril which is intensified thereby. Looking ahead, he sees nothing in the world where by the honor and proud purity of his idol can be saved. Filled with the passion, the fire, the haughty instincts of his race, this agony of torture and anxiety wellnigh maddens him. He must stand by silent and helpless, while the woman of his great and boundless love is betrayed to her everlasting shame—and he of that race that have spilled blood like water for insults merely offered to the name of the woman of their choice! Not until this moment has he drunk to the dregs the cup of bitterness pressed upon him. "Oh, my God!" he pants, while his eyes, angry and lurid like a wild brute's, fasten upon the unconscious secretary. "Oh, my God! if I could only warn her, or if I could only lay my hand upon that villain, how quickly I would wring out his dastardly life!"

In the meantime Polleskie approaches Maize, and stands with uncovered head before her. Count Smoloff sees the quick start of surprise with which she observes him, and in the short distance that is between them he even hears her calm, haughty voice:

"You have business with me?"

"I have, madame," replies Polleskie, bowing as if she were an empress. "Count Zickwoff offers you a position in the office as assistant secretary."

A hand of ice grips the noble's vitals at those words, and he sees how adroitly, yet unsuspiciously, the trap is laid to lead the girl to her ruin.

Her great, dark eyes flash up at the secretary in a sweeping glance.

"I want no charity," she says, and her voice has a hard, cold ring. "If this position is offered through pity, I decline it absolutely."

"It is *not* offered through charity," replies the calm voice of Polleskie, he knows so well the haughty, intolerant nature with which he has to deal. "We have more work than we can attend to; we must have an assistant. Our choice of material is not broad here. We have been looking around and find, madame, that you are the best suited to fill the position of any who are available."

She looks down at her delicate hands, seamed and blistered with handling the metal, and as she hesitates, the look, hunted and agonized, in Count Smoloff's eyes is intense enough to warn her of her peril. Still she is unconscious of it.

"It would be madness," she says, at last, "to refuse this offer. Anything for a change in this horrible monotony would be a blessing. This position you offer is a luxury. I will accept it."

In the noble's throat breaks a great, hoarse cry. She is going from him—beyond his protecting and watchful love—and, worst of all, to shame and dishonor. His hands clinch; upon his brow stands the dank dew of anguish. Yet with all his love he is powerless to save her. As she passes him a few minutes later by Polleskie's side, she looks at him in that sweet, silent communion that has come between them, and starts as she meets his agonized eyes, eloquent with danger and warning. It shows her that he fears for her, and arouses a vague apprehension in her own soul. But she has gone too far to recede now, and, with one backward farewell glance, she follows her companion to the shaft.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Constabulary.

In Ireland the parish constables disappeared in the reign of George III., and were replaced by constables appointed by the justices, sixteen being appointed for each barony and Protestantism being a necessary qualification. In the time of William IV. these were in turn swept away, and the Irish constabulary force was raised. By this act the independent appointment of constables by county justices was put an end to, and all candidates were appointed through provincial depots. With the difference that the provincial depots were soon afterwards concentrated in one central depot in Dublin, that regulation remains in force up to the present time. The candidate for the Irish constabulary must be over five feet nine inches high, and between the ages of eighteen and twenty three. He must be recommended by a magistrate or an officer of constabulary, who is supposed to vouch for his character. He is then examined by the county inspector in reading, writing from dictation, and the elementary rules of arithmetic, and his papers are sent to the commandant of the depot in Phœnix Park. If he has made no mistake and his writing is satisfactory, he is entered among the candidates of the first class. If he makes even one mistake he takes his place with the second: and as the list of first-class candidates must be exhausted before the candidates from the second-class are called up for medical examination, and there are generally over five hundred names on that list, the man who is not perfect in his examination has very little chance of becoming a sub-constable. In the meantime, inquiry has been made into the character and position of the family of the successful candidate, and if that is satisfactory he is in due course called up to Dublin, where, having undergone a medical examination, he is taken on the strength of the depot and begins his police training. His life in the depot, so far as his drill is concerned, is exactly the same as the life of a recruit with his regiment for the first six months, in which time he has generally gone through the three squads and been drilled in the battalion, besides going through a course of musketry.

Every day the constable is obliged to attend school for an hour, however proficient he may have been found when he offered to join the force; moreover, three times a week he has to attend a school for a couple of hours, where instruction is given to him in his police duties. His powers under various statutes are explained to him by the detective instructor, and he is taught the proper mode of action in the prevention or detection of particular crimes. He thus joins whatever county force he may be appointed to with a better preparatory training than that of any police in the world. He may be sent to any part of Ireland except his native county, in which he can never serve. But he frequently applies to be quartered in an adjacent county, and his request is never refused. Arrived at his station, he is paraded with the other men each morning, the constable inspecting his arms and appointments. The entire party are interrogated as to their knowledge of the descriptions of criminals in the "Hue and Cry," and every day questions are asked as to their general duties. Once out of the depot the men receive no instruction in drill, except when an opportunity offers by a number being brought together for duty at fairs and so forth. In the daytime, when on duty, the Irish policeman carries no weapon but his staff, except in a few districts, where men armed with staves alone would not be safe. Here they carry their short swords. Two men are sent together on every duty. This arrangement is necessary for the safety of the men and for corroboration of evidence. For it must be remembered that while in England a constable has the people at his back, in Ireland it is quite different, and, unfortunately, any amount of evidence necessary for the contradiction of one policeman would be readily forthcoming. At night the constables are armed with rifles and swords. Without these arms they would be about as effective for the prevention of outrage as a body of cripples, and without their drill they would be at best an armed mob. Even with their discipline, their steadiness and courage, they sometimes find an Irish mob whose passions are roused very dangerous to them. Long before the revolver came in as a common weapon, a party of thirty-six armed policemen were killed to a man at Carrickshock by a crowd to whom they refused to deliver up a tithe-proctor. The Nationalists are right in attacking the armament of the police. Had they not been armed and disciplined in the late process-serving campaign, where in places they found themselves confronted by thousands of angry men armed with pitchforks and scythes, the West of Ireland would be at this moment in confusion, to say the least. Few know how nearly there was a bloody engagement when in Connemara fifty constables marched into a circular hollow filled with two thousand furious peasants to protect a bailiff in posting a notice on the door of a house in the centre. Had not the flanking detachments of constabulary charged the crowds with the bayonet and taken possession of the hills commanding the little glen, the fifty men would never have left the spot. The Irish constabulary could be concentrated in twelve battalions in twenty-four hours.

A Conflict of Authority in Norway.

A new conflict has arisen in Norway between the Royal Government and the Representative Assembly, and the point at issue is again the question whether, in the Norwegian Constitution, the King or the Storthing forms the real centre of power. In its sitting of June 19th the Storthing appointed a committee to draw up a plan for a new army organization, and voted that this committee should continue in activity after the close of the regular session. The measure is a little extraordinary, according to the parliamentary usage in Norway; but there is a good, practical reason for it, as the Storthing cannot sit for more than two months without a special permission from the King, and the pressure of business generally is so heavy that no committee could finish so comprehensive a work as a new army organization during a regular session. Nevertheless, the Government chose to denounce this measure as unconstitutional. It forbade the committee to hold its meetings in the official committee-rooms of the Storthing; it refused to pay its expenses, to grant those of the members who were Royal officers a permit of absence, to allow any intercommunication with its own office: in short, it refused to recognise the legal existence of the committee. Not that it overlooked the practical value of the measure. On the contrary, it immediately appointed a committee itself, and invited all the members of the committee of the Storthing to join it. But it denies that the Storthing, which cannot sit beyond its legal term without a special permission from the King, can appoint a committee which is exempt from this restriction, and it considers the measure an actual encroachment upon the royal prerogatives, and a most dangerous precedent, as it assumes that the Storthing could elude the King's right to close its session by constituting itself a committee. Meanwhile, the members of the committee of the Storthing have declined to accept the invitation of the Government. They will sit on the commission of the Storthing, and they will not sit on the commission of the King; and in this resolution they are almost unanimously supported by the Norwegian press, whose articles evince a fury as if its editors had smelt gunpowder.

Interesting British Statistics.

Ireland has decreased in population since 1865 more than a quarter of a million, and the marriages have decreased by 6,000. In the same time the population of the United Kingdom has increased from 29,801,908 to 34,569,043. While pauperism has decreased in England and Wales from 971,000 to 847,000, and in Scotland from 121,000 to 97,000, the returns for Ireland show an increase from 69,000 to 100,000. In criminal returns, Scotland, with a little more than three millions of population in 1865, furnished 2,353 convictions for serious offenses, and in 1879, with half a million more possible offenders, 2,060. In Ireland, with a diminished population, the convictions were respectively 2,661 and 2,207. Ireland is thus proportionately far less criminally disposed—at least as far as serious crime is concerned—than Scotland, if we are to judge by the number of convictions. But, on the other hand, out of 2,669 persons committed for trial in Scotland, 2,060 were convicted; while in Ireland the proportion is 4,363 to 2,207. This contrast, we can scarcely doubt, points to a great evil in the political state of Ireland. As to the other indications of progress in civilisation it may be noted that whereas, taking an average, each inhabitant of England and Wales received 28 letters in 1868, 37 in 1879, in Ireland the increase is from 20 to 14; while the average receipt of newspapers is 10 per head for England and Wales, and only 5 for Ireland. The money in savings banks averages about £10 50 per head in the United Kingdom, and about £4 in Ireland; while there can be little doubt that a comparison of the accounts of friendly societies and other forms of providence would be equally unfavorable to Ireland.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Estimated that about 500,000,000,000 tons of sediment are yearly carried to the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi River.

The Ancient Black Glass of the Venetians is now so closely imitated as to defy detection. The process is to use a mixture of sand and sulphur, with an addition of fifteen per cent. of manganese.

Statistics of English Mortality show that during the last thirty years more women have reached the age of seventy-five or eighty years than men. The latter suffer more from lung, heart and kidney diseases, which have of late been on the increase in England.

The Papyrus Manuscript recently discovered in the cave of a hermit near Jerusalem, and said to be the work of St. Peter, has been submitted to a committee sent out by the Biblical Society of London, and they have come to the conclusion that the papyrus is in reality the work of the great apostle. They have offered $100,000 for the document in vain.

In the Course of Inquiries as to the phosphorescence of the sea, a German naturalist has discovered that the phenomenon occurs whenever sea fishes are brought into three per cent. salt solution. The luminous aspect begins in the eyes, spreads over the whole body, and increases each day. The phosphorescent substance is a kind of mucus, which is white by day and shines in the dark.

The Entire Absence of Scurvy during the voyage of the Vega is attributed by Professor Nordenskjöld to the free use of a little berry that springs out of the ice and snow during the Summer. It bears profusely, and has a taste like the raspberry, but more acid. The fruit is dried and mixed with the milk of the reindeer, and can be carried in a frozen state for thousands of miles.

The Following Substances have been sanctioned by the Public Health Department of Germany for use in confectionary and other edibles as non-poisonous coloring matter: Flour and starch for white; cochineal, carmine, madder-red, and the juice of carrots and cherries for red; saffron, safflower and turmeric for yellow; indigo and litmus for blue; the juice of spinach and mixtures of the already-mentioned blues and yellows for green; burned sugar and Spanish juice for brown, and India ink for black.

News has been received from the French expedition which started up the Niger on the 4th of April last, under Captain Gallieni, with two doctors, two lieutenants, and a number of Senegal men. On the 11th of May, near the village of Dio, in the Barbara country, the expedition was attacked by a thousand natives. After several hours' fighting, Captain Gallieni retired, with the loss of fourteen killed and eleven wounded. All the baggage was lost. The expedition was refitted and started again by another route.

On the Slopes of Amethyst Mountain, in the Yellowstone Park, are exposed at different levels a large number of silicified trees, many being rooted in the position in which they grew, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Some lying down are of immense size. The series of sandstone and conglomerates in which the trees are imbedded is more than 5,000 feet thick, forming a vertical mile of fossil forests. The woody structure is well preserved. Where cavities have been formed by the rotting of the wood they are filled with crystals of amethyst and quartz.

The Corporation of Swansea, Eng., have spent some $250,000 on a scheme for disposing of the sewage of part of the borough by discharging it into the river Tawy; but the work, although almost complete, is useless, as the Duke of Beaufort has warned the corporation against proceeding further, and has threatened them with an injunction if they disregard his mandate. The Dukes of Beaufort have for hundreds of years exercised proprietary rights of quite a unique nature over the beds of certain Welsh rivers, the duke, in point of fact, owning the beds, although he has no property on the banks.

M. Lambrigot, a Frenchman, who invented a cheap form of phonograph, proposes to use steamers for receiving the impressions of the voice, and to take electrotypes of the phonograms so produced, which, being not only cheap but very durable, may be employed in schools and by private students as a means of acquiring the correct pronunciation of a language. M. Lambrigot invented what was called the "sixpenny phonograph," and an electrotype containing a long passage from Molière or Goethe, or a specimen of Hindostanee or Chinese, could be sold at a very low price, so that the schools in the future may possibly be supplied with a teaching-machine of far more real utility than the pronouncing dictionary.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Professor Tyndall has spent the Summer rambling on the Alps.

The Middlesex Club of Boston will give a banquet to General Grant, October 13th.

A Paris correspondent announces that Sara Bernhardt will start for America on October 4th.

Rev. W. T. Brooks, of West Haven, Conn., has been appointed president of the collegiate institute at Austin, Texas.

Secretary Schurz has returned to Washington after an absence of eight weeks, during which he visited the Indian country and the Western frontier.

Prof. Rev. Francis L. Patton, President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has accepted the professorship in the Princeton Theological Seminary which was endowed by A. T. Stewart.

Marie Roze, the celebrated prima donna, sailed from Liverpool last week for New York to fill her professional engagement with Mr. Strakosch. She is accompanied by her husband, Mr. Henry Mapleson.

It is reported that the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General, will, if he can find time, pay a short visit to New York this Autumn for the purpose of studying the American telegraphic system.

Miss Isabel Thora Lublin has just successfully passed the Oxford local examination held at the University of London. She is the first English girl entirely educated on the Kindergarten system, who has passed.

George A. Smyth, Professor of Chemistry and Physics in the University of Vermont for several years past, has been appointed to a place in the service of the National Board of Health. Professor Saida, of Ripon College, takes his place.

Police Justice Nelson K. Wheeler, of this city, died of heart disease, September 21st, at his farm in Deposit, Delaware County, N. Y. Justice Wheeler was in his seventy-third year, but was still possessed of so vigorous a constitution that he seemed much younger.

William Thompson, who has resigned the Hebrew professorship of the Hartford (Conn.) Theological Seminary, will remain Dean of the Faculty, and have some select branch of his favorite department as a topic for lectures. He has been for forty-eight years a member of the faculty.

At the annual reunion of the old settlers of Texas at Denton, the procession was headed by George Morris, who located in Texas fifty-six years ago, and has lived in the State under the Crown of Spain, Republic of Mexico, dictatorship of Santa Anna, Republic of Texas, United States, Confederate States and again the United States.

Field-Marshal Count von Moltke has been presented with the freedom of the City of Cologne, and, in addition to this honor, he has been informed by the town council that his statue is to be erected in their ancient town in the course of the next year, as a pendant to the bronze memorial of Prince Bismarck, his rival in fame.

The new commander of the Russian Guards, the Grand Duke Vladimir, is the second living son of the Czar. He was born in 1847, and married in 1874 the Duchess Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He is not a particularly clever prince, but he is very amiable, and has none of the vices which rendered his uncle Nicholas so odious.

The statue of M. Thiers was unveiled on September 30th at St. Germain, Paris, in the presence of a large crowd. M. Jules Simon delivered the address. M. Olivier Pain, the Radical journalist, protested vehemently, amidst a scene of great excitement, against the erection of the statue. He was arrested by a gendarme in order to protect him from the violence of the crowd.

Professor Malcom McVicar, Ph.D., LL.D., at present Principal of the Potsdam Normal and Farming School, New York, has been elected as Principal of the Michigan State Normal School, to succeed Professor Estabrook, lately resigned. He enters upon his duties about November 1st. Professor McVicar has the reputation of being a successful educator. His salary will be $3,000.

A young Japanese lady of sixteen, Miss Mineé Yebi, daughter of an official in the Emperor's household, has arrived in the East in San Francisco. She is a graduate of the English school in Tokio, and will remain three years in America to perfect her education. She is a poet and a landscape painter, and is described as being extremely petite. She has a light complexion, fascinating black eyes, and a bright, cheerful countenance.

The will of the late Marshal O. Roberts bequeaths to the Ladies' Christian Union, $1,000; to the American Bible Society, $2,000; to the Young Women's Christian Association, $1,000; to the Sheltering Arms, $2,000; to the American Tract Society, $2,000; and to Calvary Church, $2,000, with a request that it be applied especially to the support and maintenance of the chapel attached to the church. Mr. Roberts's estate is valued at $8,000,000.

It is currently reported in St. Petersburg that the Czar of all the Russias was married a fortnight ago in the presence of three witnesses, the two Russian Ministers, and General Baranof, to the Princess Dolgorouky. The marriage is also said to have been made with the approval of the Czarewitz, who imposed the condition that until the abdication of the Czar all changes in the Ministry shall be submitted to his approval, and that no new appointments to office shall be made without his consent.

In addition to the noble castle on the Hradschin, overlooking Prague, Prince Rudolph and his bride will also have a residence in Vienna. The Belvidere Palace, which every traveler to the Danubian capital has visited, will soon be changed from a picture gallery into a royal abode, the old paintings to be transferred to the new museum opposite the Burg gates. The portfolio of views which members of the fashionable court circle have ordered for a royal wedding present will cost $60,000.

Jesse Grant, the third son of General U. S. Grant, and Miss Lizzie Chapman, daughter of W. S. Chapman, of San Francisco, were married, September 21st, in the latter city. The father of the bride is the wealthy capitalist whose bold and gigantic operations in real estate have been the subject of many newspaper articles in San Francisco. The married couple will visit General Grant at Galena, Illinois, and will then visit Philadelphia, where they will be entertained by George W. Childs. They will subsequently go to Boston, where a banquet is to be given to General Grant.

When Ouray was sick, there being several Indian medical men in attendance upon him, it was with the greatest difficulty that proper medicines could be administered by the three white physicians. Within thirty minutes from the time he died his body was wrapped in his blanket and robes, placed across a sad-dled horse and borne some five miles distant, to a secluded spot in the mountains and hid away in the crevices of the rocks. Five of his best horses were killed and his personal effects burned. Some of the Ute Commissioners desired to be allowed to accompany his remains to their final resting-place, but were refused, no white being allowed to witness their funeral ceremonies.

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NEW JERSEY.—THE LATE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL DISASTER AT JERSEY CITY—SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS.



NEW YORK CITY.—DEMOCRATIC DEMONSTRATION ON SEPTEMBER 23D—THE COOGAN LEGION PASSING TAMMANY HALL.

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H. H. WARNER, FOUNDER OF THE WARNER OBSERVATORY.

the misfortune of a broken leg coming upon the subject of this sketch in his boyhood, rendered him of little use as a farmer, and was the means of his being sent to school, and thus receiving a better education than his brothers.

From his father he inherited a *penchant* for astronomy, which mature reading caused to develop into a life purpose. He constructed, with his own hands, his first telescope (a three-inch instrument), which was, not long afterwards, shattered by a careless servant, and which was succeeded by a four and one-half object glass. With this telescope he has made all his discoveries. He has discovered four comets (for three of which he has received valuable gold medals from the Court of Austria), and, at the total solar eclipse of July 29th, 1878, he had the good fortune to discover two new planets interior to Mercury's orbit.

In April, 1879, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England. In the following June the University of Rochester conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The present year the American Association for the Advancement of Science has added his name to its list of members.

Mr. H. H. Warner has been an indefatigable worker, though his studies have hitherto been pursued in the face of great difficulties; but the long lane seems at last to have a turning, and the pleasant vista of improved facilities stands just ahead. His reputation as an advanced astronomer has been gracefully recognized by the leading astronomers and astronomical societies of the Old World. While, with exceedingly limited facilities, the results of his "star-gazing" in the past have brought to him much honor, his future study in the projected Observatory will undoubtedly add immensely to his present distinction.

NEW RESERVOIR IN JERSEY CITY.

IN connection with the water-supply system of Jersey City a reservoir has just been completed, with a capacity of 70,000,000 gallons. The dimensions of the reservoir are as follows: 60 feet on the west side, 838 feet on Central Avenue, 752½ feet on Summit Avenue, and 802½ feet on Jefferson Avenue. It has cost over $600,000. Some fear has been felt that the walls are not sufficiently strong to stand the pressure to which they will be subjected, but there seems to be no ground for this apprehension. When the reservoir is full the water will, in some parts, be thirty feet deep. There will then be a pressure of fifteen tons to every square yard of bottom, and of about twenty tons to every square yard of sloping sidewall, the pressure on it bearing both downwards and outwards at the same time. On this page we give an illustration of the new reservoir.



PROF. LEWIS SWIFT, IN CHARGE OF THE WARNER OBSERVATORY.

THE WARNER OBSERVATORY IN ROCHESTER.

THE new Warner Observatory at Rochester, N. Y., which is under process of erection, will, both in design and finish, be far the finest private observatory in the world. It is being erected especially for Professor Lewis Swift, who will give his entire time to the work of the institution, although it will be devoted primarily to discovery rather than of record. Exclusive of the telescope, the building will cost over $50,000.

During the past fifty years American astronomers have made very great strides in the work of discovery. The separation of Biella's comet into two parts was first noted in this country. Professor Hall, of the Washington Observatory, was the discoverer of the two moons which accompany Mars — one of the finest achievements of the present century. In 1848 Professor Bond found the eighth satellite of Saturn, and in 1850 the transparent ring of Saturn, while Professors Watson and Swift discovered three intra-mercurial planets in 1878. In addition to these most notable discoveries, over one thousand double and triple stars—many of them the finest in the entire catalogue of these luminaries—more than fifty asteroids and fifteen comets have been brought to the attention of the world through the research and industry of American astronomers. This is a record of which this nation may well be proud.

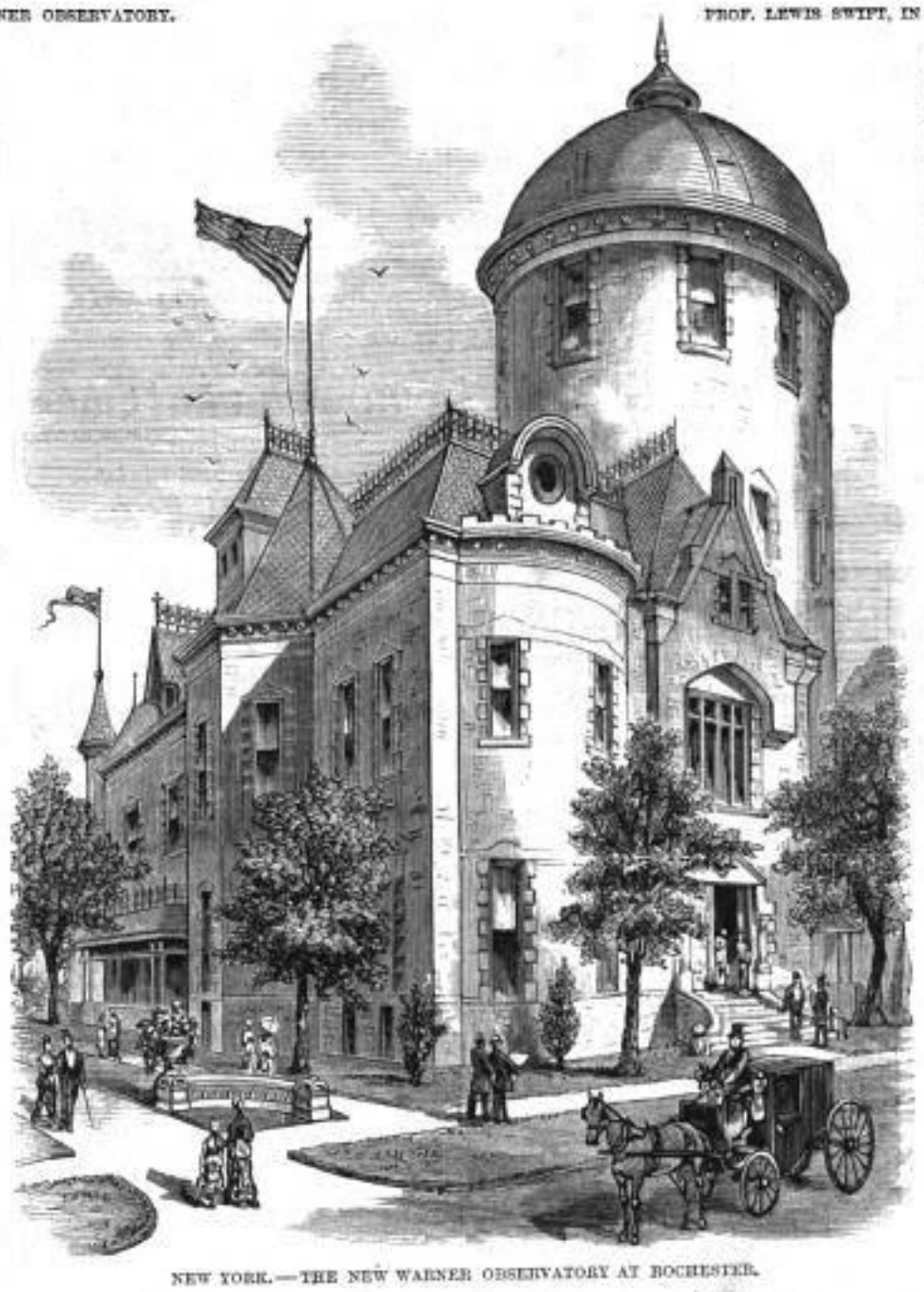
The new telescope for the Warner Observatory will be twenty-two feet in length, with a lens sixteen inches in diameter, making it third in size of the telescopes now in use. It is to have some new appliances in its mountings, so that it will most readily sweep the heavens even to the horizon.

The general plan of the building is admirably arranged for the purpose intended, and includes, in addition to the residence, a large reception-room, library, experimenting-room, etc., while the tower is reached by a passenger elevator.

The locality of Rochester is not specially favorable for observing the heavens, as it is subject to frequent and often severe storms; but as Professor Swift has been able to discover four comets and two planets with a 4½ inch lens glass, there is good reason to expect very much in the near future from this point of observation.

Mr. H. H. Warner, the founder of the Rochester Astronomical Observatory, is but yet thirty-nine years of age, and belongs to that prominent American class known as "self-made men." His large fortune has been accumulated in the past eleven years through an extensive business. Mr. Warner's most prominent personal characteristic is energetic enterprise, and everything he undertakes is prosecuted with an indomitable "push," such as is seen nowhere but in America. He endowed the observatory and has placed Professor Swift in charge in the same regal style with which he has carried forward his other enterprises, and the celestial bodies that are yet undiscovered will be compelled to hide carefully if they escape Professor Swift's wonderful telescope.

The distinguished astronomer, Professor Lewis Swift, was born in Clarkson, Monroe County, N. Y., and was one of a numerous family. His father, General Swift, was among its early settlers, and, like all pioneers, was forced to practice great economy. Settling on a farm, he shared its labors with his sons. But



NEW YORK.—THE NEW WARNER OBSERVATORY AT ROCHESTER.

RECOVERING THE BODIES FROM THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

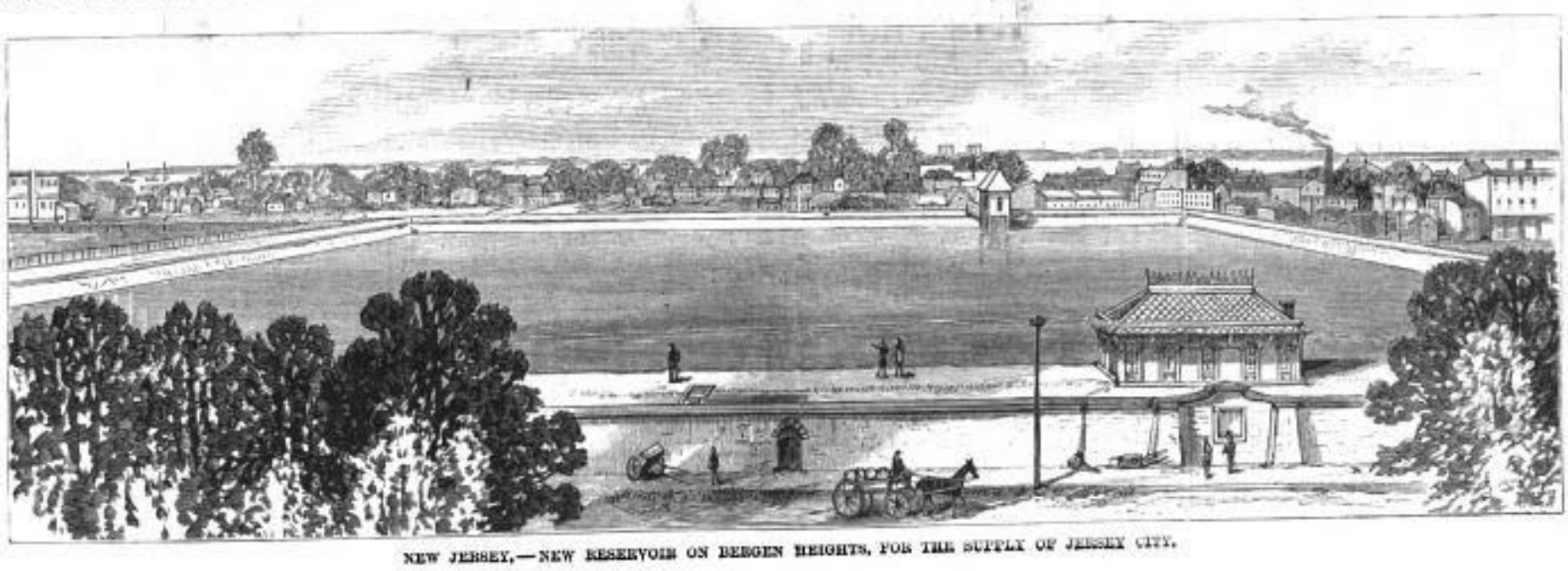
FROM the 21st of July last, when the top of the temporary entrance to the Hudson River Tunnel at the Jersey City terminus caved in, the officers of the company have labored with great pertinacity to effect a recovery of the bodies of the twenty workmen then entombed. On Tuesday, September 22d, the workmen came upon the body of one of the victims, and on Thursday night it was recovered. At nightfall the workmen in the caisson reached the bent and twisted iron plates of the roof of the temporary entrance of the tunnel. The silt which covered them was taken off and blown out of the caisson by compressed air. After several hours of hard labor the bolts which held two of the plates together were severed and they were pried apart. In a cavity under the plates was found a body. It was in a kneeling position and badly decomposed, there being scarcely any flesh upon the bones, excepting upon the lower limbs. The skull was completely bare, and a few shreds of flesh clung to the cheek-bones. The body was lifted out and laid upon a board, the limbs being carefully straightened. It was then covered with stout sailcloth, and was lifted through the iron air-lock and carried into the engine-house near the caisson. By the clothing it was recognized as that of Peter Woodland, the foreman of the unfortunate gang.

The work of sinking the caisson is being pushed rapidly, and those in charge say they expect to find the bodies of the other buried workmen not far from the place where that of their foreman was discovered. About the tunnel, throughout the working-hours of every day, there is a throng waiting to see the bodies removed.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING AND PARADE IN NEW YORK.

THE Democracy of New York City literally poured into the streets on Thursday evening, September 23d, to formally ratify the nomination of Hancock and English. There were ten meetings. Those held indoors were in Tammany Hall and Irving Hall. The outdoor gatherings were at Broadway and Fourteenth Street, Broadway and Fifteenth Street, Broadway and Sixteenth Street, Broadway and Seventeenth Street; Fourth Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets; Fourteenth Street, opposite Tammany Hall, and Fourteenth Street on either side of the entrance to Tammany Hall.

The procession began to move at half-past 9 o'clock. It was estimated that there were over 35,000 people in line. There were said to be 32,000



NEW JERSEY.—NEW RESERVOIR ON BERGEN HEIGHTS, FOR THE SUPPLY OF JERSEY CITY.

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torches in the ranks. At midnight many organizations that had not been afforded an opportunity to march disbanded and went to their homes. The procession was composed of the various ward, assembly and congressional district clubs, and an endless variety of political associations. Congressman Muller's friends numbered 2,000, and were distributed among nineteen clubs, while the James J. Coogan legion, which stretched over a space of half a mile, showed 3 000 men in caps and capes, and 2,000 without uniform.

The review stand, a commodious platform erected on the eastern limit of Union Square, opposite Sixteenth Street, was filled soon after 8 o'clock. It had been reserved for members of the National and State Committees, invited guests and the judges of the parade. Among those who were upon it during the evening were Chairman W. H. Barnum, Speaker Randall, ex-Governor Randolph of New Jersey, Judge Mackey of South Carolina, Senator Beddleman of Pennsylvania, Senator Williams of Alabama, S. S. Cox, Senators Hill of Georgia, Garland of Arkansas and McPherson of New Jersey; Daniel P. Dougherty of Pennsylvania, Surrogate Calvin, Tax Commissioner John Wheeler, Edward Kearney, Fire Commissioners King and Gorman, Edward Cahill, Assemblyman Browning, Dr. Merkle, John O. O'Keeffe, and many others. The judges of the parade were General George W. Wingate, Colonel George D. Scott, Major P. N. Haverty, Colonel Anton Meier, and Colonel C. M. Clyphant.

It was 11 P. M. before the approach of a mass of torchlights told that the procession was at hand. Then for hour after hour the show was a moving and a novel one. Blue, white and red costumes were brought in sharp relief by the electric-lights and the torch-lights. Cheers were sent up again and again by the pro-cessionists as each division passed the stand, and the crowd, jammed in on all sides, was always ready to meet the oft-repeated call for three cheers for Hancock. At midnight only a small portion of the line had worked its way slowly by the grand stand.

In Tammany Hall speeches were made by August Belmont, Senators Bayard and Hill, Daniel Dougherty and others, and Senators Kernan, Hampton, Whyte, Withers and Morgan were among the speakers at the outside stands.

A PLEASANT BOOK.

THE STAGE: OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF ACTORS AND ACTING FROM AN EXPERIENCE OF FIFTY YEARS. A Series of Dramatic Sketches by James E. Murdoch. Philadelphia: J. M. STODDART & Co., 1880.

Mr. Murdoch's book is a veritable treat and will find a favored niche in many a well-stocked library. Mr. Murdoch is an authority, in the best sense of the term, whether upon tragedy or comedy, while as regards the art of elocution, his dictum is law. His vast experience, extending as it does over half a century, has filled the store-house of his brain, and the "sweet, dried fruits" taste all the better for their mellowness. The book is full of charming reflections, and it fairly bristles with anecdotes. We have the players of one hundred years ago. We read of John Philip Kemble, Charles Kean and Cooke, of Edmund Kean and his critics, of Booth and Kean in London, of Miss Cushman and her early studies, of Macready and Forrest, of London theatrical sensations, peculiarities of actors and actresses; in a word, we have a most fascinating volume, and one which the reader lays aside with a grateful remembrance and a sigh full of regret.

FUN.

THE first American inscription put upon the obelisk will be, "Post no Bills."

ROWELL, the pedestrian, is writing his biography. It will be in a rather ironical strain.

AN Indiana peddler, 61 years old has just run away with his third wife. While there's life there's hope.

HUSBAND: "Mary, my love, this apple-dumpling is not half done." *Wife*: "Well finish it, then, my dear."

A CINCINNATI dyer recently went insane from political excitement. We suppose the more he red the madder he got.

A MAN out West was offered a plate of macaroni, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play off any biled pipe stems on him."

MERCY!" exclaimed an old lady, on first seeing an engraving of the passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel—"mercy! what a family the man had!"

A MODERN novel has this thrilling passage: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

TODDLEKINS is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it at all until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping young fellows and his wife began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

MANY physicians claim that intemperance is a disease. It must be contagious then: at any rate, a man who gets drunk usually catches it when he goes home. There may appear to be some little discrepancy or contradiction here, but we can't stop for that now.

A YOUNG man in the city of Galveston gave a collector a bill of $25 to collect. Meeting the collector the young man asked: "Did you get the money?" "Yes, he paid up." "How much are you going to charge me?" "Well, I tell you; I rather like your looks. I ought to charge you something, but I won't. I'll just keep the $25 and call it even."

A SCENE in a picture-gallery shows a "model Model" in a man who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's absence explains the pictures to a lady visitor. "From whom did Mr McGilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, madam. I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, madam. I order his frames, stretch his canvas, wash all his brushes, set his palette and mix his colors. All he's got to do is to shove 'em on."

SOME few weeks back a worthy lady advertised for a plain cook, and several persons applied for the situation. Owing to her fastidiousness, however, none of them seemed to suit her requirements; but at the "eleventh hour" a maiden from the Emerald Isle made application. In reply to a question whether she was able to do plain cooking, she gave an affirmative answer, adding—"The plainer the better for me." After being further tested in an oral manner, the good lady said: "My husband likes his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted. Now, if you had a fowl to cook, how would you do?" "Please, ma'am," said the girl, "I wud roast it first, an' you could ate your share; then I wud boil what you left for the masther."

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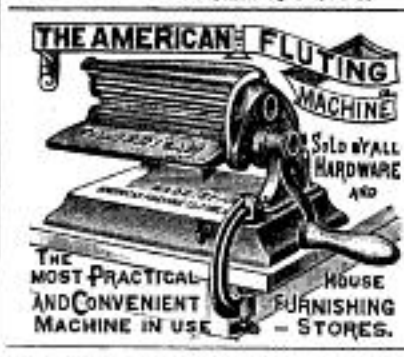
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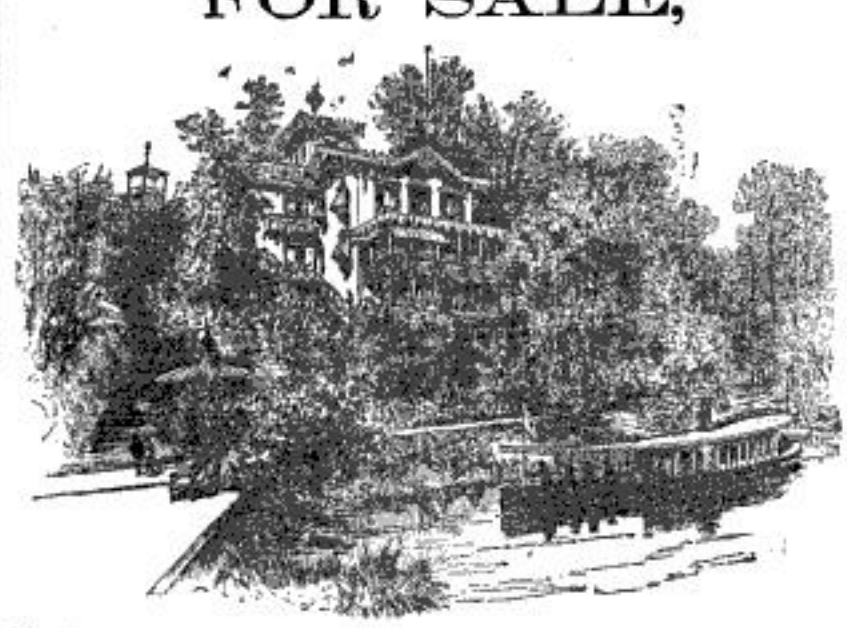
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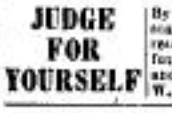
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These great organs are the Natural cleansers of the System. If they work well, health will be perfect. If they become clogged, dreadful diseases are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally. KIDNEY-WORT will restore the natural action, and throw off the disease. Thousand have been cured, and all may be. For sale by all Druggists.

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From the Mayor of Saratoga.

"August 12, 1880.

"I cheerfully testify to the merits of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. It cures my headaches within a few minutes. I am so pleased with it, I purchased another for my wife. It is an excellent Hair Brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers. JAS. B. CHAFFAR."

"9 Goodwin St., Bradford, England, Dec. 19th, 1879.

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"Round Lake Camp-Meeting Grounds, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 8th, 1880.

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[From PLINY F. SMITH, Law Publisher.] "218 Fulton St., N. Y., Aug. 31, 1880.

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No. 1,307.—Vol. LI. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1880. [Price, with Supplement, 10 Cents. $5.00 Yearly; 13 Weeks $1.00.

"THE BLACK ROBE." BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Published exclusively in this Journal by special arrangement with the Author.

BEFORE THE STORY.

FIRST SCENE. BOULOGNE-SUR-MER — THE PIER.

I.

THE doctors could do no more for the Dowager Lady Berrick.

When the medical advisers of the lady, who has reached seventy years of age, recommend the mild climate of the South of France, they mean in plain language that they have arrived at the end of their resources. Her ladyship gave the mild climate a fair trial, and then decided (as she herself expressed it) to "die at home." Traveling slowly, she had reached Paris at the date when I last heard of her. It was then the beginning of November. A week later, I met with her nephew, Lewis Romayne, at the club.

"What brings you to London at this time of year?" I asked.

"The fatality that pursues me," he answered, grimly. "I am one of the unluckiest men living!"

He was thirty years old; he was not married: he was the enviable possessor of the fine old country seat, called Vange Abbey; he had no poor relations, and he was one of the handsomest men in England. When I add that I am, myself, a retired army officer, with a wretched income, a disagreeable wife, four ugly children, and a burden of fifty years on my back, no one will be surprised to hear that I answered Romayne, with bitter sincerity, in these words:

"I wish to heaven I could change places with you!"

"I wish to heaven you could!" he burst out, with equal sincerity, on his side. "Read that."

He handed me a letter addressed to him by the traveling medical attendant of Lady Berrick. After resting in Paris, the patient had continued her homeward journey as far as Boulogne. In her suffering condition, she was liable to sudden fits of caprice. An insurmountable horror of the Channel passage had got possession of her: she positively refused to be taken on board the steamboat. In this difficulty, the lady who occupied the post of her "companion" had ventured on a suggestion. Would Lady Berrick consent to make the Channel passage, if her nephew came to Boulogne expressly to accompany her on the voyage? The reply had been so immediately favorable that the doctor lost no time in communicating with Mr. Lewis Romayne. This was the substance of the letter.

It was needless to ask any more questions. Romayne was plainly on his way to Boulogne. I gave him some useful information.

"Try the oysters," I said, "at the restaurant on the pier."

He never even thanked me. He was thinking entirely of himself.

"Just look at my position," he said. "I detest Boulogne; I cordially share my aunt's horror of the Channel passage; I had looked forward to some months of happy retirement in the country among my books; and what happens to me? I am brought to London in the season of fogs, to travel by the tidal train at seven to-morrow morning—and all for a woman with whom I have no sympathies in common. If I am not an unlucky man, who is?"

He spoke in a tone of vehement irritation which seemed to me, under the circumstances, to be simply absurd. But my nervous system is not the irritable system—sorely tried by night study and strong tea—of my friend Romayne. "It's only a matter of two days," I remarked, by way of reconciling him to his situation.

"How do I know that?" he retorted. "In two days the weather may be stormy. In two days she may be too ill to be moved. Unfortunately, I am her heir; and I am told I must submit to any whim that seizes her. I'm rich enough already; I don't want her money. Besides, I dislike all traveling—and especially traveling alone. You are an idle man. If you were a good friend, you would offer to go with me." He added, with the delicacy which was one of the redeeming points in his wayward character, "Of course, as my guest."

(Continued on page 102.)



"THE BLACK ROBE."—Scene in the Drawing-room at Boulogne—Romayne knocking down the General at the Card Table.

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NOTICE.

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Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of FRANK LESLIE, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4123, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE REPUBLICAN HANDICAP.

IN some recent comments on the drift of the present political canvass and the uncertain issue of the contest, we expressed the opinion that each of the competing parties has some heavy weights to throw off, if it would *make sure* of the prize. Since only one of the parties can win the prize, and since they now seem, in sportsman's phrase, to be running "neck and neck," it has occurred to us that it might be instructive to review very briefly the nature and shape of the weights with which they are each handicapped in the race set before them.

We are the more encouraged to make this review because we discover that it is beginning to dawn on the senses of even the partisan press that, as the New York *Times* phrases it, "the considerations at present involved in our politics are somewhat mixed and affect different minds differently," insomuch that "waverers and doubters" are not found merely among the "thoughtless and the sordid," but are perhaps most numerous "among men who think," and who think with candor and earnestness, as becomes those who address themselves to a difficult question of duty.

As first in position and first in the order of a triumphant career, covering the last twenty years, we naturally begin with the Republican Party. "Pointing," as it does, "with pride" to a long array of splendid achievements in our civil and military history, it is also called, by the length of its "record," to confront the manifold sins of omission and of commission which have dimmed the lustre of its name, and which nearly threatened it with eclipse at the last Presidential election. This waning prestige, in itself a source of weakness, was complicated at that epoch with charges against the integrity and fairness of the "electoral count" by which the party secured a new lease of power, and these charges, in turn, have added to the other historical burdens which are to be borne in the present contest. So eminent a man as the Hon. Charles Francis Adams has assigned this "scandal" as his sole reason for opposing the candidature of General Garfield, notwithstanding the contemporaneous scandal of the "cipher telegrams," which has weakened its moral effect in the eyes of most people.

But much the gravest obstacle to the Republican Party's success in the pending Presidential contest is the sectional battle-flag which it has waved in the fore-front of its legions. The nation longs for reconciliation between the late belligerent sections of a reunited country, and, without shutting its eyes to the alleged plague-spots which still rest on the South, it sees clearly enough that they will be aggravated rather than healed by turning the wounds of war into the running sores of politics. It would have been wise if the Republican leaders had accepted the nomination of General Hancock by the Democrats as an end of strife on the score of the rebellion, and as an homage paid to Republican primacy in defending the Union and in reaping the legitimate fruits of the war under an amended Constitution. But, instead of moving forward to this high vantage ground, the managers of the canvass have preferred to burrow in the mud and mire of the dead past—evoking memories which are repulsive to the people, and so disinfecting them for the patient consideration of real and living defects in the social and political system of the South. When Republican journals like the New York *Evening Post* protests against "the cold-blooded sectionalism" of Mr. Conkling's recent argument, as being "ill-judged, illogical and malicious," and when an independent supporter of General Garfield, such as the New York *Nation*, makes bold to say that if the Republican Party should "father" Mr. Conkling's doctrine, "it will insure itself as deep and swift damnation as overtook the Federal Party for sins much less grievous," it is surely time to call a halt along the whole line of the present Republican movement. We say "the whole line of the movement" as now directed by the managers of the Republican Party; for the reader who turns to pages 170 and 171 of the "Republican Campaign Text-Book" will there learn that Mr. Conkling was merely speaking from the brief prepared by these managers for the use of the Republican Press and the Republican hustings throughout the whole land. His doctrine is already "fathered" by the party as now led and now directed.

The exploded doctrine of Protection is another weight that hangs on the flanks of the Republicans. It does not hang as heavily as it might, because the Democrats in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and elsewhere dispute with Republicans their exclusive right to play the part of Issachar, crouching between his burdens. But the drift of opinion in the two parties is clear. The Republicans, as a party, cling to "protection for protection's sake." The Democrats, as a party, tend to such a revision of the tariff "as shall make it purely and solely a tariff for revenue." On a motion couched in these terms, introduced in the House of Representatives on the 1st of December, 1877, and instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to undertake such a revision, the vote stood: yeas, 67; nays, 76. Of the 67 yeas, 60 were Democrats and only 7 Republicans. Of the 76 nays, 54 were Republicans and only 12 were Democrats.

In the matter of the currency issue, it is a great hindrance to the Republican cause that its managers should wish to profit by their weakness as well as their strength. As the begetters and foster-parents of the greenback, the Republicans are weak. As the authors and patrons of specie resumption, they are comparatively strong. But nearly the whole of Chapter XVII. in the "Republican Campaign Text-book," the official manual of the party in its present canvass, is devoted to the glorification of the greenback; and the Republican Party is commended to popular favor as its "Father, Friend and Guardian," while the Democrats are held up to public opprobrium as its bitter and relentless "enemies." Surely the political managers who play fast and loose in this wise are betraying the Republican cause in its stronghold.

The partiality of the Federal election laws, as at present upheld and administered, afford a just ground of complaint against the Republican Party. Two wrongs do not make a right, and however indefensible may have been the Democratic attitude on this question, there will remain in many minds a strong repulsion against the control of elections by marshals *selected from the Republican Party alone*. If the conditions of things were reversed, this repugnance would be as strong in Republican as in Democratic bosoms. And even as it is, the Democrats are able to cite the language of General Garfield himself against the justice of a law which "has been used, or is capable of being used, to fill election precincts with men of one party, whose time may be employed at the public expense for party electioneering purposes."

The alleged preference of the Republican Party for a "strong Federal Government" may weigh in some minds against the candidature of General Garfield. It is well said by Judge Cooley, in his comments on the Constitution, that "the gradual energizing of Federal authority has been accomplished quite as much by the course of public events as by the new amendments to the Constitution"; and it cannot be doubted that the Republican Party is mainly responsible for this "gradual energizing" of the Federal prerogatives. But it seems to us that the course of the party in this direction, so far as it was dangerous, has been arrested by the constitutionally scrupulous administration of President Hayes.

It is a great source of weakness to the managers of the Republican canvass that they have depended so much on simulated terrors and panic cries. The outcry raised against "rebel claims" is a case in point. This clamor has never affrighted the intelligent voter, and the folly of it has been enhanced by the consideration that it was liable to be silenced at any moment by a word from General Hancock. That word has come in the shape of a letter which puts an end to this species of propagandism; and, embarrassing though it be to change the line of battle in the presence of the enemy, it may be doubted whether the spiking of this gun by General Hancock would not prove advantageous to the Republicans if it should drive them to the use of genuine weapons. It would certainly be advantageous to the dignity and sincerity of American politics.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

AMONG the subjects which have engaged the attention of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia is that of the relation between science and theology—a subject which has acquired special importance from the assaults of latter-day Agnostics upon the elemental statements of modern theology. The papers submitted to the council were from some of the most distinguished scholars of the Presbyterian communion, and they were simply conclusive as to all the essential points involved. They only confirmed in their searching logic the truth, accepted by all reverent minds, that there can never be any real conflict between religion and science—meaning by religion our knowledge of the Author and Ruler of the universe, and by science our knowledge of the laws of matter. There is as much possibility of a "conflict" between a granite ledge and the light of far-off Arcturus. A battle implies that the contestants stand near enough together so that their weapons can cross the intervening territory. In the relations between religion and science this condition is wanting. Lord Rosse tells us that with his great telescope he looked into space a distance so tremendous that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require 250,000,000 years to pass the stellar gulf. Science and religion are further apart than that. For they deal with different things, from different points of view, for different objects, in different ways. One deals with that which is apprehended only by the senses; the other with that which is cognizable to that higher sight called Faith. One treats of phenomena which the physical eye can reach; the other of phenomena detected only by the clarified vision of the soul. The religionist and the mere scientist may, indeed, indulge in verbal controversy as to the superiority of sense and sight, but there can never be any excuse for real conflict.

The fact should by this time be well understood by the Church that the Darwin-Wallace theory of natural selection—the theory that all organic life has been evolved from lower forms—is entirely consistent with a great First Cause. The introduction of varieties through secondary causes does not touch the question of ultimate origin. After Darwin and Huxley have evolved all they can, after they have analyzed the whole struggle for existence and made a map of the survival of the fittest and reduced all known and knowable biology to a diagram, they are still as much in the dark as ever. If they could demonstrate that the Anglo-Saxon came from an Asian, the Asian from an African, the African from an ape, the lemur from a kangaroo, the kangaroo from a woodchuck, the woodchuck from a bull-frog, the tadpole from an oyster, and the oyster from a trilobite, the problem is still just as far from solution as ever. For the tranquil trilobite leans against a Silurian bullrush and defies the evolutionists. He laughs at the search for his ancestors. He declines to be deduced from anything. The primordial germ—that is the Sphinx that sits upon the sands of eternity early and late, and Science has no Œdipus for that. It is the essential miracle which nothing short of the proof of spontaneous generation can solve, and even then the marvelous matrix would have to be accounted for. The microscopist has no lens that will reach this germ, the chemist no retort that will resolve it. The outreaching fingers of infallible law are around it and before it; behind it is an unfathomable shadow where the eye of faith sees the outlines of a Creator. Astronomy may yet succeed in proving that the solar system was once a globe of incandescent gas, and that the planets resulted from secondary spheres of fire flung off from its periphery and condensed through millions of years of cooling, and, perhaps, compel the inference that the whole universe of systems had a similar centrifugal development; but evolution is not origin, and still the question arises again, "Where did the primary globe of gas come from, and what started it in motion?"

Science cannot answer this question. With the cause of causes Science is modest enough not to deal. Scientific men speculate for the purpose of bringing the imagination to the aid of reason, but they should never dogmatize beyond their eyes, and never put their foot into the realm of the infinite. That is the province of Faith. It is time that intelligent men ceased to cherish puerile fears about the permanence of everlasting pillars. Of two things we may be certain, that no scientific apparatus can take cognizance of the infinite, and that God has never written anything that contradicts the records of creation in field and sky and sea, and in the marvelous life of man.

THE RECORD OF REPUDIATION.

THERE are three States at present in which schemes of repudiating State obligations are being considered by the people. Arkansas has just voted upon the question of refusing to pay either interest or principal of its debt; Virginia is the scene of a struggle between "Adjusters and Debtpayers," and Tennessee is involved in an unlimited number of lawsuits, in which its liability on railroad bonds is brought into question. The record of State debts repudiated is not a flattering one certainly, and its influence is plainly in the direction of destroying both State and individual credit everywhere throughout the country. The list of repudiating States numbers twelve in all.

Alabama, in 1876, repudiated two-thirds of its debt, amounting to $20,000,000, and cut down its interest on the remainder about one-half. No reasonable excuse has yet been made for this heroic action. In Arkansas the Legislature repudiated nearly $12,000,000 of bonds, issued principally on account of the construction of railroads. The plea for this was that the debt had been created by "alien adventurers." The Supreme Court of the State, in 1878, declared that certain bonds, of the State issued in 1869 and 1870, and amounting to over $2,000,000, were invalid, owing to certain constitutional provisions not having been complied with when the debt was created. The "unrecognized debt" of the State, including unpaid interest, amounts to $19,000,000, and the creditors of the State have offered to surrender four-fifths of their claims if the other fifth should be secured to them. The proposition was not accepted, and the amendment just voted upon by the people of the State was passed by the Legislature. It provided that no tax shall be levied, and no appropriation be made, to pay either interest or principal of nearly all the bonds outstanding. It is gratifying to know that the people have rejected that repudiation proposition.

Florida has sponged out $4,000,000 of its indebtedness, comprising a loan to the railroads of the State, by virtue of a decision of the State Supreme Court to the effect that it was not an obligation binding upon the State. Georgia, by an Act of the Legislature in 1877, repudiated $8,000,000 bonds issued on account of railroads, which, with accrued interest, makes an aggregate of nearly $12,000,000 lost to the creditors of that State. Louisiana has been prolific in repudiation schemes. In 1874 the debt was funded at 60 per cent., netting the State a profit of about $8,000,000. In addition, nearly $6,000,000 of bonds and overdue interest have been repudiated. A Constitutional Convention was held in June, 1879, at which it was proposed to declare the entire debt, with the exception of about $4,000,000, invalid. This proposition was defeated, but a resolution was adopted to scale the interest to three and four per cent. It cannot be denied, on the one hand, that Louisiana was made the victim of great frauds in connection with the contraction of its debt, nor, on the other hand, that it has violated in an inexcusable manner its pledged faith. As an instance of the former, it has been shown that all the benefit received for $2,500,000 bonds issued by the State to one railroad was in the shape of a basket of champagne valued at thirty-two dollars, and two spades worth two dollars.

Minnesota stands pre-eminently the worst among repudiating States. It received six million acres of land from the United States Government to aid the construction of railroads. It issued $2,275,000 bonds to the railroads, and, upon the default of the latter, bought them in under foreclosure and acquired title to their franchise and to one hundred and forty miles of completed road, as well as regaining its Congressional land grant. In 1860, by an Act adopted by the people, the entire issue of bonds was repudiated, and every effort since that time to induce the State to recognize its obligations has been defeated. Mississippi, in 1842, repudiated its issue of $7,000,000 bonds, and no interest has been paid on it since 1840. The courts have frequently declared the bonds valid, but the State has steadily refused to pay them. Missouri has refused to pay $3,000,000 bonds issued on account of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

North Carolina enacted, in February, 1879, a funding law under which the debt was reduced to forty, twenty-five, and fifteen per cent. of its face value, about $12,000,000 being thus wiped out. There were also nearly $11,500,000 bonds entirely repudiated, and overdue interest amounting to nearly $20,000,000 more. South Carolina, in 1873, refunded its debt at fifty per cent. and made over $6,500,000 by the operation. About $6,000,000 in addition were repudiated, part of the debt included in that amount being declared invalid by the courts. In 1878, the State Court of Claims declared $2,000,000 of consolidated bonds invalid.

Tennessee stands in the list of repudiating States, as it has refused to pay interest on its debt since 1876. Its indebtedness is about $24,000,000, and several attempts have been made to repudiate a large portion of it. An Act was passed by the Legislature to fund the debt at fifty per cent., but it was defeated by a vote of the people, many who voted against it being in favor of open repudiation of nearly all the debt. Tennessee has less excuse for refusing to meet its obligations than any of the other States. Its debt was, in the main, honestly contracted, and in nearly every case it received dollar for dollar to the full amount of the liabilities assumed.

Virginia is now, and for two years past has been, the scene of a bitter fight for and against the maintaining of the State's honor. In March, 1879, a Bill was passed reducing the rate of interest on the debt from six per cent. to four per cent., while one half of the overdue interest was repudiated, the reduction amounting to nearly $2,000,000. During the present year a Bill was passed by the State Legislature to repudiate one half of the debt, but this measure was vetoed by the Governor and failed

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to become a law. The people in the State are now divided upon the question of "forcibly adjusting" the debt, or, in other words, repudiating it. In this fight political lines have been lost sight of, and neither of the great political parties has any particular interest in the issue.

This issue of State repudiation is quite sufficient to illustrate the fact that State honor is not always a safe guarantee of the payment of a State's obligations. The question whether a method should not be adopted for forcing States to pay their debts is one now being carefully considered. As a step towards its solution, some of the States—notably New Hampshire and New York—have been enacting laws permitting their citizens to assign to them claims which they have against other States, for the purpose of enabling the States to bring suit thereon. The efficacy and wisdom of this method remain yet to be determined.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE King of France who marched his army up the hill merely to march them down again was never in a more ludicrous position than the allied fleet is at the present moment at Ragusa. When the Great Powers of Europe resolved to make a naval demonstration along the Albanian coast, and thus terrify Turkey into compliance with the articles of the Berlin Treaty, it was taken for granted that Turkey would at once yield. The Sultan is a weak, irresolute man, liable to be easily impressed and easily led; but in the present crisis he has proved that he is also very obstinate. He is also very strong in the weakness of the position of the Great Powers. The admirals in command of the fleet have orders not to land men, and it is more than suspected that the French admiral has orders not to commit any act of hostility. It is said that the President of the French Republic has no power to declare war, and that the Chambers alone can do so. The other admirals are more or less under strict orders from their home Governments, and England and Russia are probably the only Powers ready to take any open step of attack. The Albanians, on the other hand, are firm. They are a military people, inhabiting a mountainous country, where it would be almost impossible to attack them with any hope of success. They are resolved to defend their little port of Dulcigno to the last, and the Montenegrins, to whom it was ceded by the Treaty of Berlin, are either unwilling or unable to advance upon it. Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander, is either in sympathy with the Albanians, or else assisting them, and they are aware that no pressure will be brought to bear upon them by the Porte. A detachment of Montenegrins might be taken on board the fleet and landed at Dulcigno under protection of the guns of the men-of-war; but such an act would probably be too aggressive for the present policy of the Great Powers. So it happens that after a great deal of bluster, the allied fleet has returned to Gravosa, the port of Ragusa, there to await further developments. Some talk has been rife as to a naval demonstration in the Bosphorus before Constantinople; but it is extremely unlikely that any such foolish attempt will be made. The latest indications are that the Sultan may ultimately yield, if he cannot find some avenue of escape by dalliance and delay.

The important position that Italy has taken in the naval demonstration has directed some attention to the maritime power of that country. Since the days when Christopher Columbus had to seek Spanish aid in his enterprise, Italy has been almost a cipher upon the seas, but she has quietly made enormous strides, and her ironclad fleet is now one of the finest that sails the waters of the ocean. The Italians have not very much money to spend upon their fleet, but they are shrewd and know how to make a little go a long way. They saw that England and France were yearly increasing the power of their guns and the thickness of the armor-plating on their ships. Italy could not afford, with her small fleet and small revenue put aside for naval purposes, to keep pace with this advance. But she could build ships in advance of the time, and she consequently went to work and produced the famous *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, either of which could send the most powerful of the English or French ironclads to the bottom. Not content with them, she has recently launched the *Italia*, a monster ironclad of 14,000 tons, covered throughout with armor of three feet in thickness; and a companion ship, to be called the *Lepanto*, is on the stocks. These two ships are the most powerful men of war which have ever been constructed.

The state of affairs in Ireland is most deplorable. From the parts of the country where the agitators have been at work come daily accounts of agrarian outrages of the most brutal description. Ruffianism is rampant, and the agents of the secret societies are traveling about inciting the people to murder and idleness. The murderers skulk behind hedges and fire on the unsuspecting victims as they pass by. The last and most cowardly murder was that of Lord Mountmorres, at Rusheen, in the County of Galway. His Lordship, who is of common stock with the French Montmorencies, was shot while returning from the neighboring town of Clonbur, where he had attended a meeting of magistrates. The body was almost riddled with bullets. One bullet had penetrated the head, three were lodged in the neck and two others in the body. The cause of this outrage was of course a difficulty between landlord and tenant. Not only have these outrages alarmed the landlord class, but employers generally are becoming frightened, and the "patriots," as they most improperly call themselves, are driving from the Emerald Isle the very things which are most needed there—capital and enterprise.

In France the new Ministry is quietly going to work to carry out the anti-religious decrees. Gambetta has gone to Switzerland, and Constans, the Minister of the Interior and Worship, under whose direction the expulsion is taking place, has gone for a while to the country. He has resolved to leave to the Tribunal of Conflicts, which meets in November, the question whether the expulsion of the Jesuits is altogether a matter pertaining to the Executive, or whether the courts can listen to appeals. The first Orders which will be broken up are those which, like the Passionist Fathers, are not recognized by the Vatican. Then it will be the turn of Orders composed for the most part of foreigners. After that, all bodies not coming under either of these categories will be called upon to obey the law.

The latest literary novelty in France is Alexander Dumas's political pamphlet, entitled, "Les Femmes qui votent et les femmes qui tuent," or "The Women who Vote and the Women who Kill," the latter being a reference to the numerous cases which have recently occurred in France. Paris is fast filling up again, and the fashionables are returning to town after the Summer season at the seaside or in the mountains. The races at Longchamps were well attended, and Henri Rochefort was a prominent figure as he went round renewing his acquaintance with the various bookmakers. Gounod has written a new opera which will shortly be produced. It is called "La Tribut de Zamorra," and is founded upon an incident during the Moorish occupation of Spain. The libretto is said to be very good, but although there has been a private trial at the Grand Opera, where Gounod himself sang and played, it is impossible to form any idea of the musical ability of the work.

IT looks as if the Republicans of Ohio have been counting too confidently on their ability to carry the State in next week's election without any serious effort. The Democrats have been quietly but earnestly at work for some weeks past, and, so far as can be judged from surface indications, they are in better shape than their opponents for the final and decisive grapple. Should the Republicans lose the State, or carry it by only a meagre majority, General Garfield might as well abandon all hope of occupying the White House.

EIGHT years ago, Senator Hendricks of Indiana, in a speech at a Democratic meeting, said: "General Butler is coming over here, and you must look out for your spoons." The General has now "gone over" to Indiana and the Democrats, and is speaking from the same platform with Mr. Hendricks. Of course, the latter must have put his spoons in a safe place, but, as a contemporary suggests, the meeting of these distinguished gentlemen must afford to students of human nature a rare opportunity to observe the usefulness of self-control.

RAILROAD enterprise seems likely to invade Mexico in earnest. A company recently organized in Boston proposes to build a road from the City of Mexico to El Paso, Texas, a distance of 1,200 miles of which more than 200 miles have been surveyed, and a small portion from the City of Mexico graded. The intention of the projectors is to make a connection with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, which is now completed to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and, jointly with the St. Louis and San Francisco Company, is rapidly constructing a road to the Pacific Coast.

THE logic of Mr. Conkling's recent speech in this city was, substantially, that the South ought to be disfranchised because it does not pay as much tax, or possess as much commerce, as the North. Why did he not urge the application of that principle when the South was almost solidly Republican? He was quite willing then to count the Southern vote in the Electoral College and in Congress, and the South pays now more tax and has a larger commerce than it had then. Mr. Conkling errs egregiously if he supposes that votes can be caught by any such slatternly argument as he has set up, in this particular, in support of the Republican cause.

A LONDON society journal makes a damaging accusation against English women of the higher classes. It says, in plain words, that the love of strong drink is "increasing among the educated women of our day," and it adds: "During the season just past instances of this were so frequent as to lead to the conjecture that a kind of epidemic of drink was pervading these classes of society in which culture, position, and the possession of every comfort of life would appear to be a sufficient guarantee against so degrading a vice." This is a very serious statement, and we are scarcely prepared to accept it as entirely true. Doubtless, there are exceptional cases in England and on the Continent of the excessive use of liquors by women "in society"; but we suspect there is nothing to warrant the sensational charge that the practice is a common one, as intimated by the journal we have quoted.

THE political campaign in Indiana is red hot. Both the principal parties are working with desperate energy, and the State has not been so thoroughly stirred since the days of the civil war when the popular passions found expression in acts of murderous violence. The Greenbackers, who hold the balance of power, are courted assiduously by the Democrats, and it is not impossible that a partial alliance may be effected in some of the districts. In that event, the Republicans may suffer defeat, and, indeed, it is quite possible that, even with the Greenback vote thrown for distinctive Greenback candidates, the Democracy may carry the State by a fair majority. They have some advantages as well as certain obvious elements of weakness in the fight, and they will not hesitate to use any means at their command to secure success. It cannot be said that the Republicans are in this respect any less unscrupulous than their adversaries. If the election shall not be largely determined by wholesale corruption and fraud, it will not be fault of the party leaders who are setting the battle in array.

THE report of the Northern Pacific Railroad for the year ending with June last shows that this great enterprise is steadily advancing toward completion. Last year the company operated seven hundred and twenty-two miles of road, with an increase of $823,971 in the gross receipts, the net income being sixty per cent. of these receipts. The company has in contemplation the construction of one thousand three hundred and twenty miles of road, upon which work is being rapidly pushed by contractors and surveyors. The stockholders have adopted resolutions authorizing the directors to advance the work of construction to Puget Sound with all the speed consistent with economy and prudence, and to that end have authorized the issue of bonds upon the road or any portion of it now built, and as fast as completed.

EITHER peaceably or violently, the question of Irish land tenure must at no distant day be grappled with and settled. The troubles which have grown up in recent years as the result of the system of landlordism cannot be composed or removed by a repressive policy. One would suppose that, under the circumstances now existing, the class which has the chief stake in the maintenance of law and order would address itself to an intelligent treatment of the cause of the danger, and, by removing all ground of complaint through the introduction of justice and fair play into the administration of the land system, put an end to disorders and peril to the social and political fabric. The recent agrarian outrages must be punished, indeed, but what will be gained if, after they have been punished, the spirit out of which they have grown still remains not less desperate and defiant?

TRADES UNIONISM in Great Britain has attained an influence and strength which make it practically autocratic as to the regulation of many industries. Indeed, the annual congress, representing a constituency of six hundred thousand members, of trade societies and councils, enacts laws as to subjects in which workingmen are interested with just as much deliberation and authority as the British Parliament manifests in dealing with any question of governmental polity. If this vast power were employed temperately and wisely, and with a just regard for the rights of both capital and labor, trades unionism might be a source of enormous benefit; but exercising its authority as it does in direct antagonism to the employing class, its influence can only be regarded as prejudicial to the largest development and prosperity of the industrial interests of the kingdom. It is fortunate that the conditions of social and industrial life in this country do not afford any foothold for a permanent class organization of this sort.

THOSE persons who have imagined that Mr. John Kelly was dead politically will be compelled to conclude, in view of the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention at Saratoga last week, that he is about as lively a political corpse as the campaign has produced. Mr. Kelly never displayed a more absolute authority over his party than he exhibited in the management of that convention. Even the men who bitterly denounced and opposed him a few months ago courted his favor and eagerly executed his decrees. He stands now, unquestionably, at the head of the Democracy of the State, and the organization which he controls advances once more to supremacy in the councils of the party which at Cincinnati treated it with downright insult and contempt. Such a victory as this could never have been achieved by a man destitute of the qualities of leadership, and these Mr. Kelly, whatever may be thought of some of his methods, unquestionably possesses to a larger extent than very many have been willing to concede.

THE Greenback leaders seem to be unable to agree as to the disposition of their stock in trade in the break-up which is now in progress. General Weaver, their candidate for President, insists upon holding on to the party effects instead of putting them up at auction, while Mr. Frank Hughes, an equally conspicuous Greenbacker in Pennsylvania, and a few others, denounce General Weaver as desiring to play into the hands of the Republicans by favoring a straight Greenback ticket in Maine. this General Weaver has replied: "I am opposed to a joint Electoral ticket with the Democratic Party in Maine or with the Republican Party in West Virginia, as has been requested in that State, and will prevent such action in any section of the Union if within my power. I am in favor of an open, straight fight against the Democratic and Republican wings of the money power, and have no choice between them. If you have, take your choice and go where you belong." This is certainly explicit, and it suggests that possibly General Weaver is, after all, honest and sincere in his advocacy of Greenback doctrines, while his assailants have not yet been able to break entirely away from old party entanglements. The truth is, that the Greenbackers are rapidly being resolved into their original elements, and will very soon be found occupying just the party relations which they sustained before the Greenback craze took possession of them.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SECRETARIES SCHURZ and SHERMAN are making campaign speeches in Ohio and Indiana.

SIX illicit distilleries have been seized at Red Oak, Ga., by the internal revenue agents.

THE national reunion of Union prisoners of the late war was held in Indianapolis last week.

A STRIKE in several of the Fall River mills is contemplated in case of a reduction of wages.

TWO LOTTERY dealers were last week sentenced to terms of imprisonment, and several others subjected to fines, in the Court of General Sessions of this city.

THE population of Virginia is shown by the recent census to be 1,599,335, an increase of 284,173 since 1870.

THE California Supreme Court has decided that no election can be held for municipal officers in San Francisco in November.

THE New York Democratic State Convention last week nominated Associate Judge Rapallo for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

A BRITISH steamship took 7,118 bales of cotton from Savannah, Ga., last week, the largest cargo of cotton ever cleared from any Atlantic port.

THE Grand Jury of St. John's County, Florida, have indicted two persons for robbing trunks and bodies which came ashore from the wreck of the *City of Vera Cruz*.

WHEAT in Minnesota and Dakota has turned out better than was expected, and the crop is but little short of an average. Dakota's crop is fully up to the average.

IMMENSE swarms of grasshoppers have recently swept over some parts of Texas. In some cases farms were left wholly desolate, even the cotton-stalks being devoured.

THE Land Office annual report shows that 15,699,238 acres of public lands were surveyed and 6,048,579 entered under the Homestead Act in the year ending June 1st.

A CONVENTION of Irish Republicans of New York was held at Saratoga last week. An address to the Irishmen of the country in favor of the Republican Presidential ticket was adopted.

AMONG recent nominations for Congress is that of General W. S. Rosecrans in the First District of California. Speaker Randall has been renominated in the Third Pennsylvania District.

THE American Union Telegraph Company is permitted, by a decision of Judge Miller of the Supreme Court, to extend its telegraphic system over the Union and Central Pacific Railroads.

SECRETARY EVARTS addressed a Republican mass meeting in this city last week. The Union League Club has formed a committee of fifty to further the interests of the Republican Party in the campaign.

THE famous Stevens Battery, which originally cost $1,000,000, was sold last week for $55,000. It belonged to the estate of the late Robert L. Stevens, of New Jersey, who built it as an experiment in naval architecture.

GENERAL GRANT presided and Senators Conkling and Logan made addresses at a Republican mass meeting held at Warren, Ohio, on the 28th ult. General Garfield was subsequently visited by these gentlemen at his home at Mentor.

THE reduction of the public debt in September was $8,974,831, and for the three months of the current fiscal year, $26,500,000. This is a marked improvement over the corresponding period of 1879, when the total reduction for the months of July, August and September reached only $4,800,000.

THERE has been an eager demand for tickets for the Bernhardt season at Booth's Theatre. On the night previous to the opening of the sale, a line of people occupied the sidewalk in front of the theatre from twilight until morning. Tickets sold for $60 each, and $30,000 was realized on the first day.

THE clearings of the associated banks of Chicago for the month of September were $142,360,000, or $28,000,000 greater than for September, 1879. The clearings for the nine months ending in September were $1,195,600,000, an increase compared with the same period last year of $243,000,000.

THE influenza which has for some time prevailed among horses at Boston is reported to have reached this city, and a small percentage of animals among the street-car horses show signs of disease by coughing, but they yield readily to treatment, and a recurrence of the epizooty of 1872-73 is not generally anticipated.

A DISPATCH from Tucson, Ari., says that General Carr recently had a fight with a small party of Victoria's band, eighteen in number, in the Estebel Mountains, killing them all. Bloody fighting is also said to have occurred lately between the Salteaux and Mandrill Indians, in which a large number of both bands were killed.

THE Greenbackers of South Carolina have nominated a full State ticket, with L. W. R. Blair for Governor. In New Hampshire the same party has nominated Warren B. Brown for Governor, and denounced all attempts at fusion. Ex-Governor Gaston has been nominated for Congress in Massachusetts, and ex-Governor Curtin in Pennsylvania. The Nebraska Democrats have nominated Thomas Tipton for Governor.

Foreign.

MR. FORSTER, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, does not deem any new coercive legislation necessary.

THE Melbourne Exhibition was opened October 1st with great éclat. All the principal nations are represented.

THE supporters of Yakoob Khan intend to organize attacks on the British until he is proclaimed Ameer of Afghanistan.

RUMORS are rife in Italy of Garibaldi's intentions and of revolutionary movements, against which the Government has taken precautions.

THE Spanish Government has resolved to proceed against all priests who introduce politics into their sermons and to dismiss notorious Carlist mayors.

IN Austria a strong opposition to any future war with Turkey is daily developing. France will not separate from the European concert as to affairs in the East.

ONE thousand pounds reward has been offered for the arrest of the murderers of Lord Mountmorres. The two farmers arrested for the murder have been remanded.

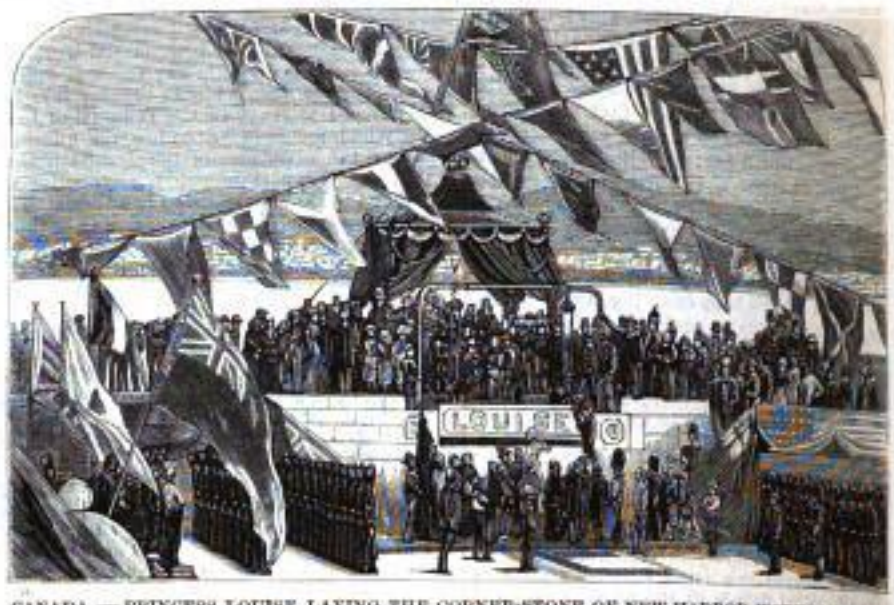
THE Mexican Congress opened its session on the 16th ult. President Diaz's opening address expressed great satisfaction at the political and moral advancement of the republic. He said the negotiations for the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with France had resulted satisfactorily.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



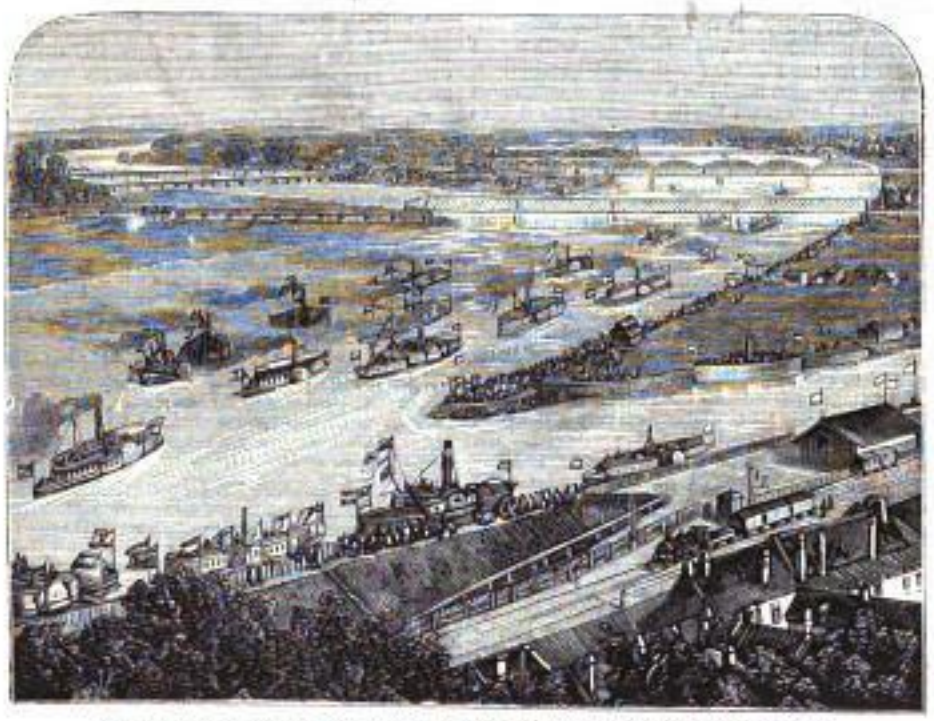
FRANCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE BLAISE PASCAL STATUE, CLERMONT-FERRAND.



CANADA.—PRINCESS LOUISE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF NEW HARBOR WORKS, QUEBEC.



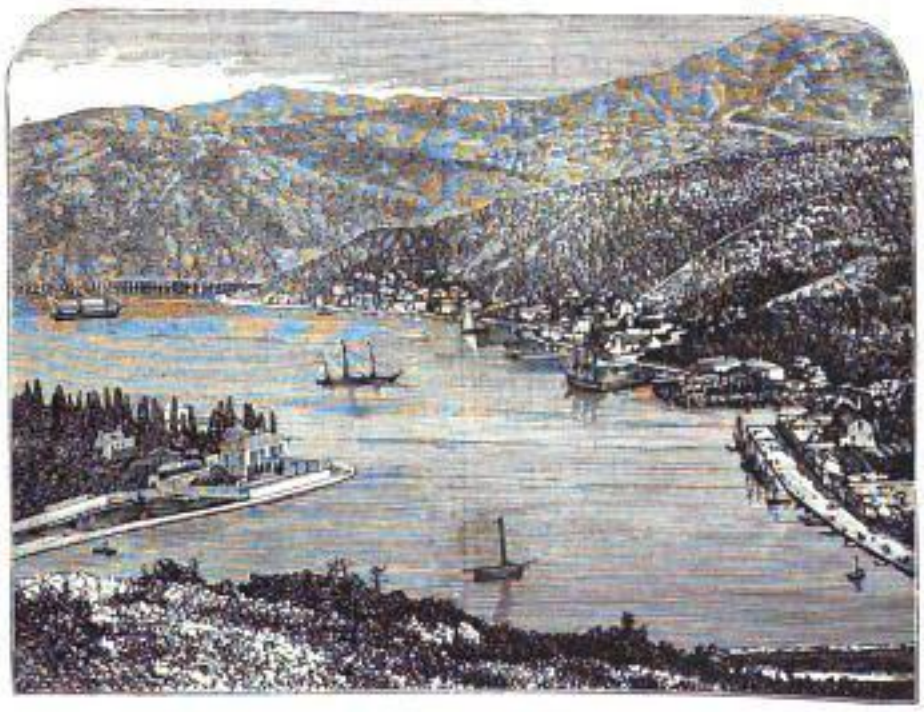
SPAIN.—THE MILITARY PONTOON DISASTER ON THE EBRO.



AUSTRIA.—STRAIGHTENING THE COURSE OF THE DANUBE, NEAR VIENNA.



AUSTRALIA.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, MELBOURNE.



AUSTRIA.—GRAVOSA, WHERE THE ALLIED FLEET ASSEMBLED.



AUSTRIA.—CATTARO, ON THE ADRIATIC COAST.

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RHODE ISLAND.—CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF BRISTOL.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 103.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Continued from front page.)

I had known him long enough not to take offense at his reminding me, in this considerate way, that I was a poor man. The proposed change of scene tempted me. What did I care for the Channel passage? Besides, there was the irresistible attraction of getting away from home. The end of it was that I accepted Romayne's invitation.

II.

SHORTLY after noon, on the next day, we were established at Boulogne—near Lady Berrick, but not at her hotel. "If we live in the same house," Romayne reminded me, "we shall be bored by the companion and the doctor. Meetings on the stairs, you know, and exchanging bows and small talk." He hated those trivial conventionalities of society, in which other people delight. When somebody once asked him in what company he felt most at ease, he made a shocking answer—he said, "In the company of dogs."

I waited for him on the pier while he went to see her ladyship. He joined me again with his bitterest smile. "What did I tell you? She is not well enough to see me to-day. The doctor looks grave; and the companion puts her handkerchief to her eyes. We may be kept in this place for weeks to come."

The afternoon proved to be rainy. Our early dinner was a bad one. This last circumstance tried his temper sorely. He was no gourmand; the question of cookery was (with him) purely a matter of digestion. Those late hours of study, and that abuse of tea, to which I have already alluded, had sadly injured his stomach. The doctors warned him of serious consequences to his nervous system, unless he altered his habits. He had little faith in medical science; and he greatly over-rated the restorative capacity of his constitution. So far as I know, he had always neglected the doctor's advice.

The weather cleared towards evening, and we went out for a walk. We passed a church—a Roman Catholic church, of course—the doors of which were still open. Some poor women were kneeling at their prayers in the dim light. "Wait a minute," said Romayne, "I am in a vile temper. Let me try to put myself into a better frame of mind."

I followed him into the church. He knelt down in a dark corner by himself. I confess I was surprised. He had been baptized in the Church of England; but, so far as outward practice was concerned, he belonged to no religious community. I had often heard him speak with a sincere reverence and admiration of the spirit of Christianity, but he never, to my knowledge, attended any place of public worship. When we met again outside the church, I asked if he had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

"No," he said, "I hate the inveterate striving of that priesthood after social influence and political power as cordially as the fiercest Protestant living. But let us not forget that the Church of Rome has great merits to set against great faults. Its system is administered with an admirable knowledge of the higher needs of human nature. Take, as one example, what you have just seen. The solemn tranquillity of that church, the poor people praying near me, the few words of prayer by which I silently united myself to my fellow-creatures, have calmed me and done me good. In our country I should have found the church closed out of service hours." He took my arm and abruptly changed the subject: "How will you occupy yourself," he asked, "if my aunt receives me to-morrow?"

I assured him that I should easily find ways and means of getting through the time. The next morning a message came from Lady Berrick to say that she would see her nephew after breakfast. Left by myself, I walked towards the pier, and met with a man who asked me to hire his boat. He had lines and bait at my service. Most unfortunately, as the event proved, I decided on occupying an hour or two by sea-fishing.

The wind shifted while we were out, and before we could get back to the harbor, the tide had turned against us. It was six o'clock when I arrived at the hotel. A little open carriage was waiting at the door. I found Romayne impatiently expecting me, and no signs of dinner on the table. He informed me that he had accepted an invitation, in which I was included, and promised to explain everything in the carriage.

Our driver took the road that led towards the High Town. I subordinated my curiosity to my sense of politeness, and asked for news of his aunt's health.

"She is seriously ill, poor soul," he said. "I am sorry I spoke so petulantly and so unfilially when we met at the club. The near prospect of death has developed qualities in her nature which I ought to have seen before this. No matter how it may be delayed, I will patiently wait her time for the crossing to England."

So long as he believed himself to be in the right he was, as to his actions and opinions, one of the most obstinate men I ever met with. But once let him be convinced that he was wrong, and he rushed into the other extreme—became needlessly distrustful of himself, and needlessly eager in seizing his opportunity of making atonement. In this latter mood he was capable—with the best intentions—of committing acts of the most childish imprudence. With some misgivings, I asked how he had amused himself in my absence.

"I waited for you," he said, "till I lost all patience, and went out for a walk. First, I thought of going to the beach, but the smell of the harbor drove me back into the town, and there, oddly enough, I met with a man, a certain Captain Peterkin, who had been a friend of mine at college."

"A visitor to Boulogne?" I inquired

"Not exactly."

"A resident?"

"Yes. The fact is, I lost sight of Peterkin when I left Oxford—and, since that time, he seems to have drifted into difficulties. We had a long talk. He is living here, he tells me, until his affairs are settled."

I needed no further enlightenment—Captain Peterkin stood as plainly revealed to me as if I had known him for years. "Isn't it a little imprudent," I said, "to renew your acquaintance with a man of that sort? Couldn't you have passed him with a bow?"

Romayne smiled uneasily. "I dare say you're right," he answered. "But, remember, I had left my aunt, feeling ashamed of the unjust way in which I had thought and spoken of her. How did I know that I mightn't be wronging an old friend next, if I kept Peterkin at a distance? His present position may be as much his misfortune, poor fellow, as his fault. I was half inclined to pass him as you say, but I distrusted my own judgment. He held out his hand, and he was so glad to see me. It can't be helped now. I shall be anxious to hear your opinion of him."

"Are we going to dine with Captain Peterkin?"

"Yes. I happened to mention that wretched dinner yesterday at our hotel. He said, 'Come to my boarding house. Out of Paris, there isn't such a *table d'hote* in France.' I tried to get off it—not caring, as you know, to go among strangers; I said I had a friend with me. He invited you most cordially to accompany me. More excuses on my part only led to a painful result. I hurt Peterkin's feelings. 'I'm down in the world,' he said, 'and I'm not fit company for you and your friends. I beg your pardon for taking the liberty of inviting you!' He turned away with the tears in his eyes. What could I do?"

I thought to myself, "You could have lent him five pounds, and got rid of his invitation without the slightest difficulty." If I had returned in reasonable time to go out with Romayne, we might not have met the captain; or, if we had met him, my presence would have prevented the confidential talk, and the invitation that followed. I felt I was to blame—and yet, how could I help it? It was useless to remonstrate—the mischief was done.

We left the Old Town on our right hand, and drove on past a little colony of suburban villas, to a house standing by itself, surrounded by stone walls. As we crossed the front-garden on our way to the door, I noticed against the side of the house two kennels, inhabited by two large watch-dogs. Was the proprietor afraid of thieves?

III.

THE moment we were introduced to the drawing-room, my suspicions of the company we were likely to meet with were fully confirmed.

"Cards, billiards and betting"—there was the inscription legibly written on the manner and appearance of Captain Peterkin. The bright-eyed, yellow old lady who kept the boarding-house would have been worth five thousand pounds in jewelry alone, if the ornaments which profusely covered her had been genuine precious stones. The younger ladies present had their cheeks as highly rouged and their eyelids as elaborately pencilled in black as if they were going on the stage, instead of going to dinner. We found these fair creatures drinking Madeira as a whet to their appetites. Among the men, there were two who struck me as the most finished and complete blackguards whom I had ever met with in all my experience, at home and abroad. One, with a brown face and a broken nose, was presented to us by the title of "Commander," and was described as a person of great wealth and distinction in Peru, traveling for amusement. The other wore a military uniform and decorations, and was spoken of as "The General." A bold, bullying manner, a fat, sodden face, little leering eyes, and greasy-looking hands, made this man so repellent to me that I privately longed to kick him. Romayne had evidently been announced, before our arrival, as a landed gentleman with a large income. Men and women vied in servile attentions to him. When we went into the dining-room, the fascinating creature who sat next to him held her fan before her face, and so made a private interview of it between the rich Englishman and herself. With regard to the dinner, I shall only report that it justified Captain Peterkin's boast, in some degree at least. The wine was good, and the conversation became gay to the verge of indelicacy. Usually the most temperate of men, Romayne was tempted by his neighbors into drinking freely. I was unfortunately seated at the opposite extremity of the table, and I had no opportunity of warning him. The dinner reached its conclusion, and we all returned together, on the foreign plan, to coffee and cigars in the drawing-room. The women smoked and drank liqueurs as well as coffee, with the men. One of them went to the piano, and a little impromptu ball followed, the ladies dancing with their cigarettes in their mouths. Keeping my eyes and ears on the alert, I saw an innocent-looking table, with a surface of rosewood, suddenly develop a substance of green cloth. At the same time a neat little, roulette-table made its appearance from a hiding-place in a sofa. Passing near the venerable landlady, I heard her ask the servant, in a whisper, "if the dogs were loose?" After what I had observed, I could only conclude that the dogs were used as a patrol to give the alarm in case of a descent by the police. It was plainly high time to thank Captain Peterkin for his hospitality, and to take our leave.

"We have had enough of this," I whispered to Romayne in English. "Let us go."

In these days, it is a delusion to suppose that you can speak confidentially in the English language when French people are within hearing. One of the ladies asked Romayne tenderly if he was tired of her already. Another reminded him it was raining heavily (as we could all hear), and suggested waiting until it cleared up. The hideous General waved his greasy hand in the direction of the card-table, and said, "The game is waiting for us."

Romayne was excited, but not stupefied, by the wine he had drunk. He answered, discreetly enough, "I must beg you to excuse me: I am a poor card-player."

The General suddenly looked grave. "You are speaking, sir, under a strange misapprehension," he said. "Our game is lansquenet—essentially a game of chance. With luck, the poorest player is a match for the whole table."

Romayne persisted in his refusal. As a matter of course, I supported him, with all needful care to avoid giving offense. The General took offense, nevertheless. He crossed his arms on his breast, and looked at us fiercely.

"Does this mean, gentlemen, that you distrust the company?" he asked.

The broken-nosed Commander, hearing the question, immediately joined us, in the interests of peace—bearing with him the elements of persuasion, under the form of a lady on his arm.

The lady stepped briskly forward, and tapped the General on the shoulder with her fan. "*I* am one of the company," she said; "and I am sure Mr. Romayne doesn't distrust *me*!" She turned to Romayne with her most irresistible smile. "A gentleman always plays cards," she resumed, "when he has a lady for a partner. Let us join our interests at the table—and, dear Mr. Romayne, don't risk too much!" She put her pretty little purse into his hand, and looked as if she had been in love with him for half her lifetime.

The fatal influence of the sex, assisted by wine, produced the inevitable result. Romayne allowed himself to be led to the card-table. For a moment the General delayed the beginning of the game. After what had happened, it was necessary that he should assert the strict sense of justice that was in him. "We are all honorable men," he began.

"And brave men," the Commander added, admiring the General.

"And brave men," the General admitted, admiring the Commander. "Gentlemen, if I have been led into expressing myself with unnecessary warmth of feeling, I apologize, and regret it."

"Nobly spoken!" the Commander pronounced. The General put his hand on his heart and bowed. The game began.

As the poorest man of the two, I had escaped the attentions lavished by the ladies on Romayne. At the same time, I was obliged to pay for my dinner by taking some part in the proceedings of the evening. Small stakes were allowed, I found, at roulette; and, besides, the heavy chances in favor of the table made it scarcely worth while to run the risk of cheating, in this case. I placed myself next to the least rascally-looking man in the company, and played roulette.

For a wonder, I was successful at the first attempt. My neighbor handed me my winnings. "I have lost every farthing I possess," he whispered to me, piteously; "and I have a wife and children at home." I lent the poor wretch five francs. He smiled faintly as he looked at the money. "It reminds me," he said, "of my last transaction, when I borrowed of that gentleman there, who is betting on the General's luck at the card-table. Beware of employing him as I did. What do you think I got for my note of hand of four thousand francs? A hundred bottles of champagne, fifty bottles of ink, fifty bottles of blacking, three dozen handkerchiefs, two pictures by unknown masters, two shawls, one hundred maps, *and*—five francs."

We went on playing. My luck deserted me; I lost, and lost, and lost again. From time to time I looked round at the card-table. The "deal" had fallen early to the General; and it seemed to be indefinitely prolonged. A heap of notes and gold—won mainly from Romayne, as I afterwards discovered—lay before him. As for my neighbor, the unhappy possessor of the bottles of blacking, the pictures by unknown masters, and the rest of it, he won, and then rashly presumed on his good fortune. Deprived of his last farthing, he retired into a corner of the room, and consoled himself with a cigar. I had just risen to follow his example when a furious uproar burst out at the card-table.

I saw Romayne spring up and snatch the cards out of the General's hand. "You scoundrel!" he shouted, "you are cheating!" The General started to his feet in a fury. "You lie!" he cried. I attempted to interfere; but Romayne had already seen the necessity of controlling himself. "A gentleman doesn't accept an insult from a swindler," he said, coolly. "Accept this, then!" the General answered, and spat on him. In an instant Romayne knocked him down.

The blow was dealt straight between his eyes; he was a gross, big-boned man, and he fell heavily. For the time he was stunned. The women ran, screaming, out of the room. The peaceable Commander trembled from head to foot. Two of the men present, who, to give them their due, were no cowards, locked the doors. "You don't go," they said, "till we see whether he recovers or not." Cold water, assisted by the landlady's smelling-salts, brought the General to his senses after a while. He whispered something to one of his friends, who immediately turned to me. "The General challenges Mr. Romayne," he said. "As one of his seconds, I demand an appointment for to-morrow morning." I refused to make any appointment unless the doors were first unlocked, and we were left free to depart. "Our carriage is waiting outside," I added. "If it returns to the hotel without us there will be an inquiry." This latter consideration had its effect. On their side, the doors were opened; on our side, the appointment was made. We left the house.

IV.

IN consenting to receive the General's representatives, it is needless to say that I merely desired to avoid provoking another quarrel. If those persons were really impudent enough to call at the hotel, I had arranged to threaten them with the interference of the police, and so to put an end to the matter. Romayne expressed no opinion on the subject, one way or the other. His conduct inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness. The filthy insult of which he had been made the object seemed to be rankling in his mind. He went away thoughtfully to his own room. "Have you nothing to say to me?" I asked. He only answered, "Wait till to-morrow."

The next day the seconds appeared.

I had expected to see two of the men with whom we had dined. To my astonishment, the visitors proved to be officers of the General's regiment. They brought proposals for a hostile meeting the next morning, the choice of weapons being left to Romayne as the challenged man.

It was now quite plain to me that the General's peculiar method of card playing had, thus far, not been discovered and exposed. He might keep doubtful company, and might—as I afterwards heard—be suspected in certain quarters. But that he still had, formally speaking, a reputation to preserve, was proved by the appearance of the two gentlemen present as his representatives. They declared, with evident sincerity, that Romayne had made a fatal mistake, had provoked the insult offered to him, and had resented it by a brutal and cowardly outrage. As a man and a soldier, the General was doubly bound to insist on a duel. No apology would be accepted even if an apology were offered.

In this emergency, as I understood it, there was but one course to follow. I refused to receive the challenge.

Being asked for my reasons, I found it necessary to speak within certain limits. Though we knew the General to be a cheat, it was a delicate matter to dispute his right to claim satisfaction, when he had found two officers to carry his message. I produced the seized cards (which Romayne had brought away with him in his pocket) and offered them as a formal proof that my friend had not been mistaken.

The seconds—evidently prepared for this circumstance by their principal—declined to examine the cards. In the first place, they said, not even the discovery of foul play (supposing the discovery to have been really made) could justify Romayne's conduct. In the second place, the General's high character made it impossible, under any circumstances, that *he* could be responsible. Like ourselves, he had rashly associated with bad company, and he had been the innocent victim of an error or a fraud committed by some other person present at the table.

Driven to my last resource, I could now only base my refusal to receive the challenge on the ground that we were Englishmen, and that the practice of dueling had been abolished in England. Both the seconds at once declined to accept this statement in justification of my conduct.

"You are now in France," said the elder of the two, "where a duel is the established remedy for an insult among gentlemen. You are bound to respect the social laws of the country in which you are for the time residing. If you refuse to do so, you lay yourselves open to a public imputation on your courage of a nature too degrading to be more particularly alluded to. Let us adjourn this interview for three hours, on the ground of informality. We ought to confer with *two* gentlemen, acting on Mr. Romayne's behalf. Be prepared with another second to meet us, and reconsider your decision before we call again."

The Frenchmen had barely taken their departure by one door, when Romayne entered by another.

"I have heard it all," he said, quietly. "Accept the challenge."

I declare solemnly that I left no means untried of opposing my friend's resolution. No man could have felt more strongly convinced than I did that nothing could justify the course he was taking. My remonstrances were completely thrown away. He was deaf to sense and reason from the moment when he had heard an imputation on his courage suggested as a possible result of any affair in which he was concerned.

"With your views," he said, "I won't ask you to accompany me to the ground. I can easily find French seconds. And, mind this, if you attempt to prevent the meeting, the duel will take place elsewhere, and our friendship is at an end from that moment."

After this, I suppose it is needless to add that I accompanied him to the ground the next morning as his second.

That night he made his will—in preparation for the worst that could happen. What actually did happen was equally beyond his anticipations and mine.

V.

WE were punctual to the appointed hour—eight o'clock.

The second who acted with me was a French gentleman, a relative of one of the officers who had brought the challenge. At his suggestion, we had chosen the pistol as our weapon. Romayne, like most Englishmen at the present time, knew nothing of the use of the sword. He was almost equally inexperienced with the pistol.

Our opponents were late. They kept us waiting for more than ten minutes. It was not pleasant weather to wait in. The day had dawned damp and drizzling. A thick white fog was slowly rolling in on us from the sea.

When they did appear, the General was not among them. A tall, well-dressed young man

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saluted Romayne with stern courtesy, and said to a stranger who accompanied him, "Explain the circumstances."

The stranger proved to be a surgeon. He entered at once on the necessary explanation. The General was too ill to appear. He had been attacked that morning by a fit—the consequences of the blow that he had received. Under these circumstances, his eldest son (Maurice) was now on the ground to fight the duel, on his father's behalf, attended by the General's seconds, and with the General's full approval.

We instantly refused to allow the duel to take place, Romayne loudly declaring that he had no quarrel with the General's son. Upon this, Maurice broke away from his seconds, drew off one of his gloves, and, stepping close up to Romayne, struck him on the face with the glove. "Have you no quarrel with me now?" the young Frenchman asked. "Must I spit on you as my father did?" His seconds dragged him away, and apologized to us for the outbreak. But the mischief was done. Romayne's fiery temper flashed in his eyes. "Load the pistols," he said. After the insult publicly offered to him, and the outrage publicly threatened, there was no other course to take.

It had been left to us to produce the pistols. We therefore requested the seconds of our opponent to examine and to load them. While this was being done, the advancing sea-fog so completely enveloped us that the duelists were unable to see each other. We were obliged to wait for the chance of a partial clearing in the atmosphere. Romayne's temper had become calm again. The generosity of his nature spoke in the words which he now addressed to his seconds.

"After all," he said, "the young man is a good son—he is bent on redressing what he believes to be his father's wrong. Does his flipping his glove in my face matter to me? I think I shall fire in the air."

"I shall refuse to act as your second if you do," answered the French gentleman who was assisting us. "The General's son is famous for his skill with the pistol. If you didn't see it in his face just now, I did—he means to kill you. Defend your life, sir!" I spoke quite as strongly to the same purpose when my turn came. Romayne yielded—he placed himself unreservedly in our hands.

In a quarter of an hour the fog lifted a little. We measured the distance, having previously arranged (at my suggestion) that the two men should both fire at the same moment, at a given signal. Romayne's composure, as they faced each other, was, in a man of his irritable nervous temperament, really wonderful. I placed him sideways, in a position which in some degree lessened his danger, by lessening the surface exposed to the bullet. My French colleague put the pistol into his hand, and gave him the last word of advice. "Let your arm hang loosely down, with the barrel of the pistol pointing straight to the ground. When you hear the signal, only lift your arm as far as the elbow; keep the elbow pressed against your side—and fire." We could do no more for him. As we drew aside—I own it—my tongue was like a cinder in my mouth, and a horrid inner cold crept through me to the marrow of my bones.

The signal was given, and the two shots were fired at the same time.

My first look was at Romayne. He took off his hat and handed it to me with a smile. His adversary's bullet had cut a piece out of the brim of his hat, on the right side. He had literally escaped by a hair-breadth.

While I was congratulating him, the fog gathered again more thickly than ever. Looking anxiously towards the ground occupied by our adversaries, we could only see vague, shadowy forms, hurriedly crossing and recrossing each other in the mist. Something had happened! My French colleague took my arm and pressed it significantly. "Leave me to inquire," he said. Romayne tried to follow; I held him back; we neither of us exchanged a word.

The fog thickened and thickened, until nothing was to be seen. Once we heard the surgeon's voice calling impatiently for a light to help him. No light appeared as we could see. Dreary as the fog itself, the silence gathered around us again. On a sudden it was broken, horribly broken, by another voice, strange to both of us, shrieking hysterically through the impenetrable mist. "Where is he?" the voice cried, in the French language. "Assassin! assassin! where are you?" Was it a woman, or was it a boy? We heard nothing more. The effect on Romayne was terrible to see. He who had calmly confronted the weapon lifted to kill him, shuddered dumbly like a terror-stricken animal. I put my arm round him, and hurried him away from the place.

We waited at the hotel until our French friend joined us. After a brief interval he appeared, announcing that the surgeon would follow him.

The duel had ended fatally. The chance course of the bullet, urged by Romayne's unpracticed hand, had struck the General's son just above the right nostril, had penetrated to the back of his neck, and had communicated a fatal shock to the spinal marrow. He was a dead man before they could take him back to his father's house.

So far, our fears were confirmed. But there was something else to tell, for which our worst presentiments had not prepared us.

A younger brother of the fallen man (a boy of thirteen years old) had secretly followed the dueling party on their way from his father's house, had hidden himself, and had seen the dreadful end. The seconds only knew of it when he burst out of his place of concealment, and fell on his knees by his dying brother's side. His were the fearful cries which we had heard from invisible lips. The slayer of his brother was the "assassin" whom he had vainly tried to discover through the fathomless obscurity of the mist.

We both looked at Romayne. He silently looked back at us, like a man turned to stone. I tried to reason with him.

"Your life was at your opponent's mercy," I said. "It was he who was skilled in the use of the pistol; your risk was infinitely greater than his. Are you responsible or an accident? Rouse yourself, Romayne! Think of the time to come, when all this will be forgotten."

"Never," he said, "to the end of my life."

He made that reply in dull, monotonous tones. His eyes looked wearily and vacantly straight before him. The extraordinary change in him had startled me. He showed no signs of a coming loss of consciousness; and yet, all that was most brightly animated in his physical life seemed to have mysteriously faded away. I spoke to him again. He remained impenetrably silent; he appeared not to hear, or not to understand me. The surgeon came in, while I was still at a loss what to say or do next. Without waiting to be asked for his opinion, he observed Romayne attentively, and then drew me away into the next room.

"Your friend is suffering from a severe nervous shock," he said. "Can you tell me anything of his habits of life?"

I mentioned the prolonged night studies and the excessive use of tea. The surgeon shook his head.

"If you want my advice," he proceeded, "take him home at once. Don't subject him to further excitement, when the result of the duel is known in the town. If it ends in our appearing in a court of law, it will be a mere formality in this case, and you can surrender when the time comes. Leave me your address in London."

I felt that the wisest thing I could do was to follow his advice. The boat crossed to Folkestone at an early hour that day—we had no time to lose. Romayne offered no objection to our return to England; he seemed perfectly careless what became of him. "Leave me quiet," he said, "and do as you like." I wrote a few lines to Lady Berrick's medical attendant, informing him of the circumstances. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were on board the steamboat.

There were very few passengers. After we had left the harbor my attention was attracted by a young English lady—traveling, apparently, with her mother. As we passed her on the deck she looked at Romayne, with compassionate interest so vividly expressed in her beautiful face that I imagined they might be acquainted. With some difficulty I prevailed sufficiently over the torpor that possessed him to induce him to look at our fellow-passenger.

"Do you know that charming person?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with the weariest indifference. "I never saw her before. I'm tired—tired—tired! Don't speak to me; leave me by myself."

I left him. His rare personal attractions—of which, let me add, he never appeared to be conscious—had evidently made their natural appeal to the interest and admiration of the young lady who had met him by chance. The expression of resigned sadness and suffering, now visible in his face, added greatly no doubt to the influence that he had unconsciously exercised over the sympathies of a delicate and sensitive woman. It was no uncommon circumstance in his past experience of the sex—as I myself well knew—to be the object, not of admiration only, but of true and ardent love. He had never reciprocated the passion—had never even appeared to take it seriously. Marriage might, as the phrase is, be the salvation of him. Would he ever marry?

Leaning over the bulwark, idly pursuing this train of thought, I was recalled to present things by a low, sweet voice—the voice of the lady of whom I had been thinking.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said; "I think your friend wants you."

She spoke with the modesty and self-possession of a highly-bred woman. A little heightening of her color made her, to my eyes, more beautiful than ever. I thanked her, and hastened back to Romayne.

He was standing by the barred skylight which guarded the machinery. I instantly noticed a change in him. His eyes wandering here and there, in search of me, had more than recovered their animation—there was a wild look of terror in them. He seized me roughly by the arm and pointed down to the engine room.

"What do you hear there?" he asked.

"I hear the thump of the engines."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing. What do you hear?"

He suddenly turned away.

"I'll tell you," he said, "when we get on shore."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF BRISTOL, R. I.

THE celebration, on the 24th ultimo, of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Bristol, R. I., was a very pleasant and successful affair. The celebration proper began on the evening of the 23d, when the town was illuminated from one end to the other with electric lights, fireworks, etc. On the anniversary day the town was gayly decorated, and the streets were crowded with visitors. A national salute was fired at sunrise, and the church-bells were rung an hour. A procession, in five divisions, was formed at 10:30, comprising military escorting State and town officers; a company of gentlemen in ancient costume, carrying and guarding the flag presented to the town in 1770 by Colonel Byfield; the Fire Department; Sons and Daughters of Bristol, and representatives of the trades. The column moved through the streets to a tent on the Common where Le Baron Colt delivered an address of welcome. Professor J. Lewis Diman, of Brown University, delivered an oration; Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania, read a poem, and the schoolchildren sang an original ode and hymn. Dinner was served in the afternoon, and speeches were made by prominent gentlemen.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the planting of four trees in memory of Burton, Oliver, Byfield and Walley, the original purchasers of the town from the Plymouth Colony. Mayor H. K. Oliver, of Salem, Mass., great-great-grandson of one of the purchasers, planted one of the trees. The others were planted by Messrs. William J. Miller and Wilfred H. Munroe, of the town. Their addresses were appropriate. In the evening a grand promenade concert was given in the tent by the Cadet Band of Boston. Thousands visited the Town Hall during the day for the purpose of seeing the exhibition illustrative of the history of the town. Here was to be found the portraits of the famous De Wolf family; interesting relics of bygone days in the shape of dress goods, china, crockery, cooking utensils, Revolutionary mementoes, Indian relics, etc., all of which were neatly arranged for the free inspection of those who had a taste for such articles. The collection is one of finest of the kind in the country, and it is justly prized for its historical association by the inhabitants of the town.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Inauguration of the Pascal Statue.

The latest outbreak of what may be termed statue dedication has taken place at Clermont-Ferrand, France, where there has just been "inaugurated" a statue of the famous mathematician and satirist of the Jesuits, Blaise Pascal. Pascal was the possessor of vast mathematical gifts; he was a treacherous and epigrammatic writer; his "Pensées" (if he wrote them) contain many noble religious and philosophic maxims, and he was a little cracked. The citizens of Clermont-Ferrand have been some time in finding out what a great man the bitter foe of the Jesuits was, for Pascal died in 1662. A very pompous ceremonial marked the "inaugural" proceedings, in which took part the mayor and municipality, the general commanding the troops in the district, the magistracy, the rector of the Academy, and the professors of the various faculties, the Inspector-General of the Council of Public Instruction, and several prefects of adjoining departments.

New Harbor Works, Quebec.

These works, which occupy an important place among the engineering enterprises of the Dominion of Canada, have been constructed at the point where the St. Charles, a tributary of the mighty St. Lawrence, joins the latter river at Quebec. Indeed, in size, construction and position, these additions to the harbor accommodation already existing will be, in reproductive result and self-redemption at first cost by the reclaimed land within their walls, without parallel. From end to end this great basin measures 4,000 feet. It is 900 feet wide, and will inclose a water area of 60 acres, 40 acres of which are to be wet dock, and 20 acres of tidal basin, with a minimum depth of 27 feet and 42 feet respectively below high water, while the level of the quays will be six feet above the line. The new docks appear as the outwork of a fortification, forming by its perfect line and workmanship a finished river frontage to the north side of Quebec. Under the protection of the embankment, a valuable ship will be enabled to Winter, avoiding all risk of "ice above"; and with the completion of the Graving Dock, Quebec will have advanced towards being one of the most commodious naval stations in the Dominion. Moreover, by the construction of these works, the most effective terminus for the shipment of the general traffic of the Canada Pacific Railway, and the systems already in operation in the direction of Manitoba, is clearly indicated. Our illustration shows the ceremony of July 29th, when the "Tablet Stone" was laid by Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise.

Military Pontoon Disaster in Spain.

The melancholy subject of an illustration now presented is the disaster that took place on the river Ebro, near Logrono, in Spain, where the upsetting of a pontoon raft cost more than a hundred soldiers' lives. An official statement informs us that a battalion of infantry, numbering 875 officers and soldiers, had been ordered, in the programme of military manœuvres, to cross the river on a raft made of pontoons. The raft was being moved slowly towards the Navarre bank. The band continued playing, and the soldiers, mostly young lads of the last conscription, began to keep time with their feet, despite the warnings of their officers. The result was that very soon the raft began to roll ominously. Suddenly the raft gave a lurch forward and another all; the soldiers rushed forward and capsized it. Eleven officers and ninety-seven men were drowned, while the colonel, twelve officers and a hundred soldiers were saved. The Spanish Government has authorized a subscription for the victims. The King has given $2,000, and the Queen and Princess $3,500.

Straightening of the Danube.

As is the case with our Mississippi, the navigation of the Danube is hindered by many turns, which are not only troublesome and dangerous, but entail loss of time. The Austrian Government some years ago accepted the plan of three French engineers—Langlois, Letel and Vamet—who undertook to straighten the course of the river near Vienna by cutting new channels across the necks of peninsulas. Our illustration shows the first of the new channels. Another channel runs from Roller to the Spandau bridge, while another will reach Albern above Lobau Island. The Austrian capital will not only gain by having safer and quicker connections with other points, but will acquire additional land for six thousand buildings, and obtain good wide streets for railroad and carriages along the new river bank.

The Melbourne International Exhibition.

The above is the official title decided upon at a recent meeting of the Commissioners, a proposal to call the exhibition "The Carlton Palace and Melbourne Palace of Industry" having been negatived. The exhibition was to be opened on Friday, October 1st. Having already given a view of the exterior of the Exhibition Building, we now present an interior.

The Naval Demonstration in the Adriatic.

Our illustrations of Gravosa and Cattaro, Austrian seaports of the Adriatic coast, have a special interest connected with the presence at the first-named port of the combined naval squadrons of the six Great Powers, to enforce upon the Ottoman Government and the Albanians a recent decision of the Conference at Berlin, for the cession of Dulcigno by the Turkish Empire to the Principality of Montenegro. The bay or inlet of Gravosa, as shown in our illustration, is landlocked and surrounded by hills, so that it affords a secure harbor, except against a southerly wind, the "Bora," which in the Autumn and Winter is frequent and extremely violent. The harbor is formed by a hilly and rocky peninsula, which projects two miles from the mainland in a northwesterly direction. The village of Gravosa, at the head of its harbor, is only a mile and a half distant from the town of Ragusa, which is situated on the more open shore to the southeast of Gravosa. Cattaro, which may possibly be visited by the combined naval squadrons, as it is the port nearest to Montenegro, possesses the best harbor of the Adriatic. This is formed by a winding gulf or inlet, thirty miles long, which presents three basins, with connecting straits, inclosed by protecting hills or mountains. The town is even smaller than Ragusa, but was once a petty commonwealth, which became part of the Republic of Venice in 1420. It was, like Ragusa, taken by the French under Napoleon I., from whom it was taken by England, and was given to Austria at the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—DURING the last ten years 2,811,677 immigrants have arrived in this country.

—THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have received a check for $150,000 from the Stone estate.

—THE statue of Admiral Farragut, by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, has been placed in position in Farragut Square, Washington.

—FROM a few isolated cases during the Summer months, diphtheria has become epidemic in Bennington, Vt., and the public schools are closed in consequence.

—THE Prussian Government has requested that a proclamation of a state of siege be issued in Leipzig and Hamburg, denouncing these as hotbeds of Socialism.

—THE thirty-ninth representation of the Passion Play at Oberammergau (the last performance this year) took place on September 26th. Thirty-five hundred persons were present.

—THE monster iron-clad *Italia*, of 14,000 tons, covered throughout with armor three feet thick, has been successfully launched. The *Italia* is the most powerful iron-clad ever constructed.

—DURING the year ending with June last there were exported from this port 31,031,610 pounds of butter, valued at $5,179,071, and 19,851,330 pounds of oleomargarine, valued at $2,581,317.

—THE Internal Revenue receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30th last were $124,039,274, of which Illinois contributed $22,035,614; Ohio, $18,018,999, and New York, $16,249,677.

—THE city officials and leading business men of New Orleans are enthusiastic over the proposal to bring the steamship *Great Eastern* to that port for use in the meat trade. Governor Wiltz has no doubt but that the channel is sufficiently deep.

—PRINCE BISMARCK has drafted a Bill establishing a State Workmen's Assurance and Mutual Assistance Society. Its workings will be temporarily applied to Prussia only. All laborers and employers will be compelled to contribute to the fund.

—M. CONSTANS, the French Minister of the Interior and of Worship, will begin the breaking up of the religious Orders by first removing Orders not recognized by the Vatican, then those composed of foreigners, and then deal with the others separately.

—THE British Government have practically decided to abandon Cyprus. They have stopped public works and withdrawn a war vessel. The event has passed almost unnoticed by the press. This shows the collapse of Lord Beaconsfield's theatrical annexation scheme.

—THE tobacco grown in Pennsylvania in 1879 amounted to 31,000,000 pounds, the largest crop yet grown. The present crop, while the largest—amounting to 40,000,000 pounds—will not, perhaps, realize much more than the crop of last year, in consequence of the ravages of worms.

—THE cashier of the United States Treasury is now shipping daily to different parts of the country—principally South and West—about $25,000 in fractional silver. The demand for fractional silver has doubled within the past month. The orders are mostly for dimes, half-dimes and quarters.

—GREAT excitement has been caused throughout Australia by the discovery of the Temora gold field, near Sydney. The rush of people into the township increases daily, men arriving even from Victoria. The great drawback to the field is want of water for puddling purposes. Gold is being struck very freely.

—THE last quarterly payment of pensions has been the most speedily accomplished of any ever known, considering the number of pensions paid. The agents paid 184,000 pensions in the first ten working days, and ended with the fifteenth at night. Of these 24,000 were personal payments, made to the pensioners at the several agencies.

—THE Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which is to assemble in the City Road Chapel, London, in September, 1881, will be composed of four hundred members—two hundred from Great Britain and two hundred from the United States and Canada—one half ministers and one-half laymen. The conference will have no legislative or administrative functions, but its object will be to promote union and to stimulate to more zealous Christian effort.

—THE charters of two of the notorious bogus medical colleges in Philadelphia have been annulled by the courts, with the consent of the notorious Dean, John Buchanan, who was at the head of both institutions. The charters confiscated were those of the Eclectic Medical College and the American University of Medicine, of Philadelphia. From Buchanan's own admission there have been sold in this country and Europe nearly 40,000 bogus diplomas from the two institutions.

—THE Mexicans have given a brilliant reception to the daughter of General Ord, who married General Trevino. On the evening of the 15th of August a grand ball was given at El Teatro del Progreso in Monterey, in honor of General Trevino and lady, by the governor and civil and military dignitaries of the State. The theatre was handsomely decorated, about 5,000 colored lights contributing to the general effect. The floor for dancing was covered with dark Brussels carpeting, sprinkled over with gold leaf. The attendance was greater than at any ball for the last ten years, and the display of costumes was brilliant. A free bar was kept, where wines and liquors flowed without stint. The dancing lasted from 10 P. M. to 4 A. M.

—THE business of the Manhattan Beach hotels during the recent season was fifty per cent. greater than in 1879. An idea of the number of guests at the Manhattan Hotel during the season may be obtained from the following statement of expenditures: For fresh meats, $58,319; smoked meats, $3,617; poultry and game, $15,137; fish, $10,710; clams and oysters, $6,329; soft crabs, $2,788; fruits and vegetables, $13,230; milk and cream, $6,474; coffee, $2,851; butter and lard, $9,521; eggs, $2,786; groceries, $19,688; lemons and oranges, $1,804; salad oil, $720; crackers, $260; soap, $1,961. To these figures about two-fifths should be added for the Oriental Hotel and one-fifth for the Pavilion and Point Breeze Hotel.

—THE official returns of the foreign commerce of the United States during August show a continuance of heavy gains, both in exports and imports, as compared with last year. The value of merchandise exported again foots up heavier than that of merchandise imported, and the balance on the side of exports since January 1st shows further augmentation, contrary to general anticipation. Merchandise imp rtations during the month reached $58,266,021, an increase of $13,183,253, or about 30¼ per cent. over last year. In merchandise exports the increase is $4,302,242, or about 14¼ per cent. Of merchandise and specie combined, the month's exports were $1,678,850 in excess of imports; while of merchandise exclusively, the balance on the side of exports proves to be nearly $11,000,000. For the first month of the second year of resumption of specie payments, the treasure import exceeds that for the corresponding period last year by $2,083,021.

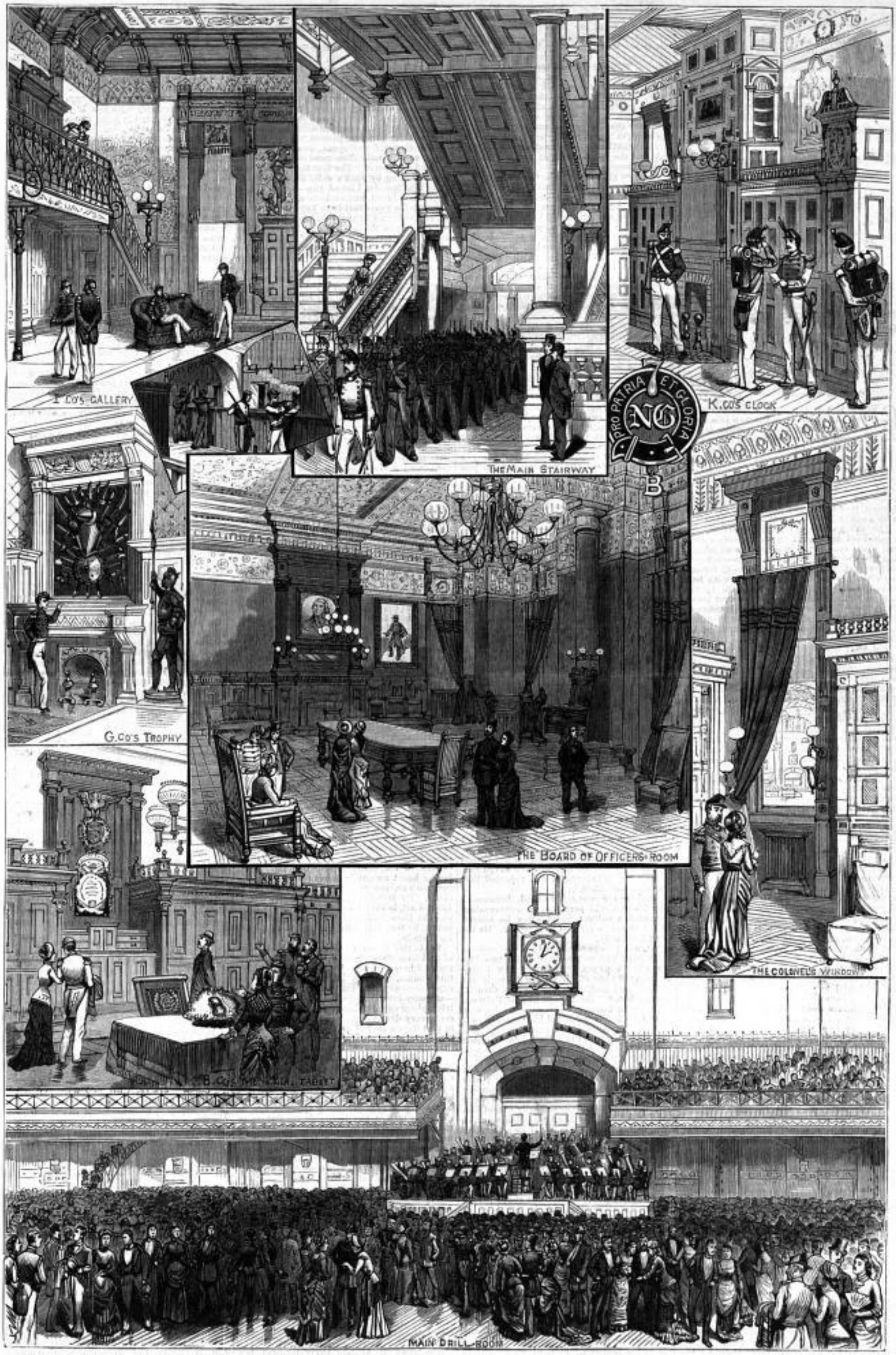
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"CHRISTIAN" GARFIELD'S SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

"Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back."

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW ARMORY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—THE RECEPTION ON SUBSCRIBERS' DAY, SEPT. 30TH.
SEE PAGE 107.

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UNDER THE LILACS.

FOR A PICTURE.

With her head in languorous guise
Under fragrant lilacs blending,
And her half-drooped, amorous eyes
Their coquettish glances sending,

She waits where the wild-bees hum
And the butterflies flit and hover,
She tarries to hear him come—
Her supple and straight-limbed lover.

But she will not turn her head
Or move her small foot to meet him;
Her heart may beat to his tread
Yet her lax hand will not greet him;

Till the blossoms around her fall
Like Danäe's golden shower,
And he stoops his form so tall
To taste of her mouth's red flower.

And then with a low, glad laugh
She will lean her head on his bosom,
And when he love's wine would quaff
I know she will not refuse him.

Will the sun-warmed hours wane?
Will the bees and the sunlight leave them?
Can love, who has found these twain,
Of his fragrant shade bereave them?

JOHN MORAN.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—A FAITHFUL LOVE.

GYPSY is a widow, and a lovely widow does she make. She sits now in a large armchair, a picture of pensive loveliness. She is dressed in some dark, rich morning robe, which enhances the delicacy of her rare complexion. Her bright brown hair—the hair that poor Jack loved so well—is coiled up in heavy braids low in the neck, and ornamented with strings of jet, which also adorn her throat and arms. Her eyes, of the deepest, loveliest azure, are bright and filled with a sunny light of expectancy.

She makes a rare picture, sitting in that long, vaulted old apartment of the Russian castle, and looks thoroughly contented with herself and the world. No wretched memory comes to her of the loved and lost, who in former days sat in this same apartment with her, though their empty chairs are still by the hearth. Not a cloud is upon her perfect brow. To do her justice, both Maize's misfortune and Jack's death were at the time great shocks to her, and her weak nature almost sank under them.

But after the first blow she rallied; with one of her variable, versatile nature, no emotion could be lasting. Jack, poor dear! was dead, and no amount of grieving could resurrect him; while at the same time she would be ruining her complexion and damaging her eyes. Maize's fate was also irremediably fixed—that fate from which, had it been possible, she would have saved her—and it was equal madness for her to fret her life away about the inevitable; and nothing is so detrimental to beauty as fretting. And, although at two-and thirty a woman is not a Methuselah, still she has arrived at that point where a reckless disregard of her personal advantage is not desirable. Sometimes in the still small hours of the night a memory comes to her that is not pleasant, and a phantom that chills her blood. It is not possible for her to entirely banish all memory of the girl, who for *her* weakness is dragging out her life in exile.

And it is in such moments that Jack's full loss sweeps upon her; if she could hear his brave, bright voice, if she could feel the loving touch of his hand, these harrowing fancies would be swept away. But as he is gone, she philosophically calls to mind that respected adage of "spilled milk," and covers up her head and goes to sleep, remembering that nothing is so disastrous in its consequences to beauty as loss of sleep. Besides, a fat sorrow is much better than a lean one; and, in point of this, she is very well off indeed. Although of late years their financial affairs have been somewhat complicated, the sale of the Schaffuskie Lands in a measure restored their wealth, and now that the family is lessened by two, why, the bank account is sufficient to keep her and Valentine in luxury for the rest of their lives. And, too, Lady Ashhurst tells herself, there is a possibility—nay, a *probability*—that she may in the future exchange her title for another which will bring with it greater wealth.

As she sits now, evidently awaiting the arrival of some one, a step sounds in the hall and pauses at the door. She springs to her feet and stands in a listening attitude, while still the invisible person stands motionless as though gaining courage or composure before entering. When her impatience has almost reached its climax the door is flung open and on the threshold stands—yes—*Chetewood!* His large dark-gray eyes fasten upon that lovely picture—Gypsy, standing, with her graceful, slim figure bent slightly forward, her lovely mouth half-parted in a smile of expectation, and over her beautiful face the sweetest, faintest wild-rose flush.

Chetewood himself is little changed since the days of our first acquaintance with him at Brighton. His face is still filled with that fair, Saxon beauty, though upon his low brow are worn a few lines by his weary waiting. In his eyes, as he looks at this woman, shines all that mighty, patient love he has borne for her all these many years. Though he has striven to compose himself, he is frightfully agitated, and his breath breaks from him in sharp gasps. He stands for a moment motionless, then with one bound he gains her side, and has her two small hands grasped tightly in his, while his eyes look down at her in piteous yearning.

"Oh, my love! my love!" The words are scarcely audible, but with the keenness of vanity she hears, and over her lovely, bright face spreads a radiant smile. She is not touched with the patience and fidelity of this man's love. She does not see how near to sublimity approaches this steadfastness of years. It is only the fact that by her beauty and his infatuation she has chained him to her side, though for years the wife of another; that, now that she is free, one word from her has brought him to this distant land; it is only this fact that she is capable of appreciating.

At last the soft murmur of her voice brings back his senses.

"I am so glad that you have come; it is so kind of you. Yet how could I expect it? I was amazed when I got your letter saying that you were coming. If there had been time I should have written to you and forbidden it." She tells this lie unblushingly. "But you were already on your way when it arrived. And yet," blushing adorably, and giving a dainty pressure to the hands that cling so tightly to hers, "I—I am very glad to see you, and it seems very like old times." The faintest quiver of the childish lip, which, to do her justice, is sincere; in this moment a swift, brief vision of the past sweeps upon her with crushing force.

"Could you doubt that I would come?" he says, passionately. "I should have been here long before, only that I did not know I would be welcome. After I received your letter there is nothing in the world could have kept me from you. One word from you, and I would go to the furthest end of the earth but for one look at your face."

It is not until evening has fallen and they sit together in the red light of the fire that he is composed enough to converse rationally. Then looking at her with his great loving eyes, he says:

"You are not changed a particle since you left England, yet what seas of trouble you have seen!"

"Trouble!" She shudders; somehow to-night the past is heavy upon her. "Yes, I have been nearly crushed with it. I only wonder that I have lived." The small hands lock convulsively, this time without any affectation.

He is silent with his native delicacy, refraining to allude more directly to past events.

"Poor Jack!" she continues; "but I am trying to teach myself to be resigned to his death. But, Maize—oh, Dredmond!—did you ever know anything so horrible? Sometimes it seems as though I must go mad!"

"It is horrible!" he replies, with a shudder. "I can't persuade myself that it is true; it seems like a horrid nightmare. Now that I am with you, it seems harder than ever to realize. I am listening constantly for her step. Good heavens! it is the most shocking thing I ever knew!" he rises and paces the floor excitedly.

"What do the people in England think?" she asks, behind her handkerchief.

"No one will believe her guilty. We all know that some horrible mistake has been made. My God! I don't wonder it killed poor Jack. And I suppose nothing can be done for her?"

"Nothing. The English Government communicated with the Czar in her behalf, but it was of no use. They were determined she should suffer. Oh, my poor child!" Gypsy is now sobbing convulsively, and Chetewood, pausing behind her chair, reaches over and takes her hand.

"Do not grieve so, dar—Gypsy. I *must* call you 'Gypsy.' And yet I know that a sorrow like yours is almost inconsolable. But I should have thought Toboskie could have saved her. At one time, in England, it was reported that they were betrothed."

"They never were betrothed, because I know Maize would permit of no conversation upon such a subject, but I know he adored her. And yet he refused to save her. He believed her guilty."

Chetewood looks perplexed.

"Then he suffered the most of the two," he says, after a pause. "Heavens, how I pity that man; for one of his nature there is but one love, and nothing of more value than it, save his honor. He always had that strong, high sense of honor. When we were boys at school he was characterized by it. Oh, how I pity him! How does he bear it?"

"People say that life is killed for him for ever." Chetewood does not see that her small hands are clinched, or he would not be telling himself that he was mad to fancy that she cared for Toboskie in the past. "Society sees nothing of him. He devotes himself entirely to political affairs, and has grown colder and haughtier than ever. Occasionally I meet him in the street, and his face always looks cut in stone, so hard and icy is it. If he suffers, he shows no other signs of it."

"Ah, but he does suffer!" says Chetewood, lowly. "He is not a man with weak and transient emotions. In the dead hours of the night he wrestles with the anguish that I know is for ever present with him. His race is strong, desperate, reckless; but above everything else is their pride, and he will bear his misery in secret until he can endure it no longer, and then he will calmly blow his brains out. That is what it will end in—suicide."

An exclamation of horror bursts from Gypsy, and all the rich color recedes from her face.

"Pardon me if I have shocked you," murmurs Chetewood, tenderly. "I ought to have been more considerate. If possible, we will let unpleasant subjects go for to-night. Raoul has my deepest sympathy, though I am well aware that if I were to mention the subject it would be almost at the risk of my life. I shall see him in the morning. First of all I came to you."

The color struggles back to her face, and she smiles a sweet, alluring smile at his adoring glance. He looks at her hungrily, yearningly.

"It doesn't seem possible," he murmurs, "that I am indeed with you. Oh, Gypsy, Gypsy, let me tell my story. Now that the barrier is swept away, why should I not speak?" He has come to her side and knelt down beside her, looking up in the soft, alluring heaven of her eyes. She shudders a little with nervous excitement, and for an instant a vision of Jack shuts out the delicate, beautiful face, with its pleading passion.

"Oh, Gypsy, I must speak, though I have nothing new to tell. You must long ago have divined my secret. The first time I ever saw you, standing by Jack's side, his child bride, from that moment I loved you—loved you as never man loved woman before, I think. All through the years that have kept you from me there has been a heavy ache upon me. I could not forget you though I tried. I can't understand it. I have called myself a fool and a villain, and sworn that I would have done with the accursed nonsense of loving another man's wife. I have tried to love other women, but it was impossible. Gypsy, no other woman has ever entered into my heart, or even touched it. And now that I have the right, I ask you, will you be my wife?" No shadow comes across that lovely face as the old, sweet solemn words fall upon her ear. No memory of that far-distant past, with its sin and weakness, smites her conscience as again she holds in her soft small hands the destiny of another high and lofty life. Fickle, shallow, erring as she is, it has always been this woman's lot to hold in her thankless possession that most valuable of all treasures—a man's true and unchangeable love. Vain, faithless and weak, nevertheless, the best, the purest, the noblest of two men's lofty natures have been hers.

And outside, as she listens to the tender, wooing words of her lover, sweeps a carriage containing a single occupant—a man with a face cold and set as stone, with eyes dry and lustreless, with mouth drawn in hard, deep lines of silent suffering—a man whose whole life is wrecked and lain waste, whose dead and solitary existence holds nothing save the ghastly phantom of a dead love and a shattered faith, between whom and all semblance of rest and contentment there is an impassable gulf, and whose entire soul is filled with a torturing and never dying misery. It is the great statesman, on his way to a state dinner—Toboskie, with his inner life burned away to dust and ashes. And further away in this ice girt land tosses upon the rough bed of the convict the delicate form of the girl who has gone down beneath the waves of an adverse fate—that form, tenderly nurtured as a royal princess's, now throbbing with the pain of labor, the torture of exhaustion, and the soul struggling with its evil and its good, in deadly peril of utter destruction. And still further away, far, far away in old England, this same moonlight streams through the the narrow, deep-set window of an ancient chapel and lights cold and gleaming upon the tall, white marble shaft that designates the spot where Jack, the last of the haughty lords of Ashhurst, lies slowly crumbling to dust—Jack who, of the three, has the more merciful fate.

But no thought of this comes to the woman in her lovely witchery; the death and destruction that have marked her path leave her entirely untroubled. She smiles down in her lover's eyes, her own unclouded in their sunny insouciant laughter, their dewy lustre, while she weighs, with that cold, calculating exactness, the advantages of his offer. Wondrous and angelic in innocent and infantile loveliness, she is nevertheless by nature selfish and mercenary to the core. And while the great, loving heart awaits in a torture of suspense her answer, she recounts his merits—financially. He is wealthy, has many titles, and, besides all, is very handsome and attractive; and she likes him really very well, and, poor fellow, he is so desperately in love!—suppressing a smile.

Yet in this moment comes to her a memory of that haughty statesman who has heretofore resisted her witchery. If it were possible for this woman, with her inherent selfishness, to experience any true emotion, it is for this man—the only love ever denied her in her sunny, triumphant career, though that denial has become very dear to her. She yearns to rouse in that frozen, locked-up breast all those swift, fiery, dangerous emotions that she knows are the characteristics of his race. Once, she muses, she held that strong, haughty, dominant soul fast bound in the thralldom of passion; surely her loveliness that then broke down the icy barriers of his nature has not yet lost its potent spell. Far back in the azure depths of her eyes gathers a spark of fire as upon her fastens the desperate resolution of seeing this man and making one final effort to win the one love that she has ever valued. Yet, with natural shrewdness, she determines not to refuse her companion until she has cast her last chance of winning Toboskie; and then, if that fail!—her hands clinch and that desperate spark deepens—why, she will marry Chetewood and go back to England.

"Gypsy, you are very cruel!" murmurs her companion. "Will you not answer me? See! I have come all the way to Russia to hear your answer! Surely—surely you will reward the patience and long waiting of my love!"

"But it is so soon," she whispers, while a rosy flush creeps over her face, and her eyes look down. "Dredmond, you are so impatient and——"

"Impatient!" cries Chetewood, in pain. "How can you accuse me of *that?* I have waited years for you; I would wait years longer if it were necessary. But as it is not, why, Gypsy, take pity on me!"

She looks up at him shyly through her thick, brown lashes.

"Would you take me back to England?" she says, in a half-whisper.

"*Anywhere?*" he cries, rapturously. "You shall be my queen, *I* your slave. I will know no will save your wishes."

"And—and—may I have Valentine with me?"

"Certainly," he responds, eagerly. "I wouldn't think of separating you from your life-long friend. My darling, you shall have anybody, everybody with you, if you will only put your little hand in mine and say, 'Dred, I will be your wife.'"

And she does "lay her little hand" in his, but discreetly refrains from uttering the words, complacently reflecting that she can easily recede from this unspoken betrothal if she be successful in that purpose which she resolves to execute on the morrow. Chetewood scarcely misses the words. In his strong, warm grasp lies her hand, and in her sweet, blushing face, her downcast eyes, he reads his answer. Without a word he catches her in his arms and strains her to his breast. A few minutes later, with her sweet, willful imperiousness, she dismisses him, and, with a heart beating with wild rapture, he returns to his hotel.

CHAPTER XLII.—A RELAPSE OF GYPSY'S OLD MALADY.

IN the sweetest of morning robes Gypsy stands waiting in the reception-room the next morning. She has appointed an early hour that she may be uninterrupted in her interview by the impatient Chetewood. She has to wait but a few minutes before the door is thrown open and "Count Toboskie" is announced and shown in. He at first believes the room deserted, but as he advances he beholds that lovely vision, as Gypsy stands in her dainty robes, her face pale, her eyes unusually bright with excitement. A shudder convulsed him. Of this woman, lovely in her radiant youth, he has always had a mortal abhorrence, and now the sudden sight of her brings a harrowing memory of the woman he has loved and lost, of the man he saw fall dead at his feet. To his deep, haughty, repressed nature the coming to this house has been an agony that could never touch a weaker one. Every muscle in his magnificent frame quivers with fierce suffering as he glances around this apartment, wherein he has so often sat with one now far away dragging out her life in the bondage of shame and bitterness. In this moment that proud, unnatural suppression of weary months is very near exhaustion, and under this ordeal, which is like tearing asunder the festering wounds of his heart, his strength almost deserts him.

As Gypsy sees his stern, set face, with its icy grandeur, his deep eyes cold and questioning, as he stands towering above her in his haughty and perfect manhood, her courage oozes out at her finger-tips, though over her sweeps all the strength and the passion of her futile love. She sinks down upon the divan and looks up at him with her great azure, piteous eyes, while her small hands clasp in her lap. A shuddering horror and aversion seizes him. Something in that look brings back to him that night many years ago when, through this woman's weakness, he gave way to the one act that stains his honor—that branded him a false friend to Lord Ashhurst, whose hospitality he had enjoyed, and whose hand he had taken in friendship.

"You sent for me, my lady, and I came as soon as possible." His voice is chill with a mortal coldness. "May I ask in what way can I serve you?"

Her hands lock more tightly, and upon each cheek burns a scarlet flame. All semblance of composure and dignity are swept aside. Still she remains silent.

"Have you business with me, madam?" he urges. "Though I shall be most happy to serve you, I must remind you that my time is limited."

Gypsy springs to her feet; her eyes, passionate, beseeching, intense, look straight into his.

"I sent for you," she says, in excitement, "because I am so lonely and miserable. I sent for you because you once were Jack's friend—or professed yourself such—though since his death you have never once visited his widow or befriended her in any way. Why is this? In common humanity, stricken as I have been, I should have thought you would have tendered your sympathy occasionally, and for the sake of your dead friend been a friend to one he loved so dearly!"

Despite his shrinking dislike of this woman, that stern sense of right that has always actuated him shows him that her accusations are just.

"I acknowledge," he says, lowly, "that I have been selfish, and, perhaps, even brutal in my sorrow. I have neglected you, it is true. But the only plea that I have to offer is that in the past year I have grown insensible to every tie that once bound me. I have grown hardened to everything and everybody."

Gypsy's breath comes sharply, and under the rich lace which is a dainty pretense of concealment, her white breast heaves convulsively; she knows only too well what has occasioned this entire oblivion and withdrawal from society. She lifts her face with its dangerous loveliness: her eyes, passionate and alluring, look straight into his. But he is invulnerable to her beauty. Once it moved him—the weaker, more animal portion of his nature; but even *that* cannot be touched by *her* now. His blood is like ice in his veins, his once fiery impulses burned to ashes. Looking at this woman, whose favor even royalty has coveted, there is no more of passion in him than in a block of stone.

"Can nothing rouse you from that lethargy?" she murmurs, and draws nearer him. "I will not feign ignorance; I know what has changed you so vastly. But—is it sensible to mourn after the inevitable? Because you once loved

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a woman unworthy of your preference, must that fact necessarily deaden you to all future joy? There are other women—women, perhaps, as lovely and alluring as she; and you are young yet, do you willingly cut yourself off from all chance of happiness, will you starve and outrage all the quickness and impulse of your nature?"

Tobeskie's eyes grow chill and dangerous.

"Did you send for me to converse upon this?" he says, haughtily.

"I did," she cries, in the abandonment of her weakness. "I sent for you to see if I could not rouse you from this dead existence, to show you that there are other women in the world besides Maize"—a swift quiver crosses the strong, cold face at that name—"women who are more worthy of your preference, and who would love you in return; who are not blocks of ice as *she* was."

"Madame!"—there is a desperate wrath in his tones that for an instant appalls her—"this is a subject that I have never allowed discussed in my presence, and your imprudence compels me to say that I think you take an unwarranted liberty in addressing me in this manner."

"Ah! you love her yet," she cries, scornfully, driven frantic with rage and disappointment. "You love *her*, the convict and exile!"

Her words lash him into a wild, brave, untamable fury. (*To be continued.*)

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

THE new armory of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard of the State of New York, was thrown open to visitors on Thursday last—"Subscribers' Day." Twenty-five thousand invitations had been issued to public and military officials and to subscribers to the building fund, and the occasion was very generally embraced to inspect this magnificent and enduring structure, which is at once an honor to the city, and to the regiment of which it is the home. The building is bounded by Park and Lexington Avenues, and Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets. The main entrance is on the west side. On entering the building, a walk across the main hall brings one at once into the enormous drill-room, 200 feet by 300 feet in size. The roof is supported by eleven enormous iron trusses, which are elegantly finished with fresco-work. Indeed, the entire drill-room is finished in brilliant colors, in order to dispel the natural gloom which pertains to a room of such vast size. There are thirty-three large reflectors suspended from the roof in three rows. There are galleries at three elevations on the west side, and a long one at the eastern end; also numerous seats on the floor along the northern and southern walls, furnishing altogether a seating capacity of 1,096. These seats are all to be numbered. One thousand muskets, the entire arms of the regiment, are arranged compactly in glass cases on the west wall of the drill-room. The room is lighted by electricity. At the east end of the room is a large clock, also a temporary music-stand, only to be used on special occasions, which can be taken apart in sections and stowed away in an hour's time.

A spacious hall extends from the north to the south end of the building on all three of the floors, from which the various rooms open. On the right of the entrance to the drill-room is the room of the superintendent and armorer, where the muskets are cleaned. Next to this is a squad-drill room. There are two of these on the first floor and two more on the second, the latter being provided with extensive washing apparatus. The visitor next enters the colonel's room, which is on the southern side of the building. This is the only room which is finished in black walnut. In it, and inclosed in a glass case, are the colors that are carried on parade. Small toilet and dressing-rooms open out of the colonel's room, and there is a window through which a view of the large drill-room may be obtained. Near the entrance to the colonel's room, at the lower end of the hall, is a bronze statue of Mercury, won by the regiment at Creedmoor three years ago.

Crossing the hall, the officers' room is entered. Here are about twenty valuable flags, inclosed in cases, which have been presented to the regiment during the last fifteen years. Over the fireplace is a large painting of Washington. On the right of the painting of Washington is a life-sized portrait of Colonel Clark in uniform. Passing north, the next room is the general reception-room. This is tastefully fitted up in maple, and contains two handsome oil-paintings. Further north is the entrance to the building. Two bronze tablets adorn the walls on either side, that on the left bearing the inscription:

"Seventh Regiment Armory, erected by the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Colonel Emmons Clark commanding, aided by many citizens of New York; 1877-1880."

That on the right bears the names of the Building Committee, the architect, builders, engineers and all engaged in the work of completing the structure. The library, 25 x 40 feet, is next entered. This will not be completed for some time. It is to be finished in mahogany, will have a gallery entirely around it; it will contain 15,000 volumes. The books are to be entirely upon military subjects. The veterans' room, north of the library, is also still unfinished. It is to be of oak, with walls containing iron panels. The veterans' room is in the northwest corner of the building; it is 40 x 40 feet in size, and is to be finished in antique style; it will have a rich ceiling of wood panels. Across the hall is the field and staff room, 25 x 40 feet, with a finish of mahogany in its natural state. South of the field and staff room is a squad drill room, and then comes the quartermaster's rooms.

Passing up the main staircase, the first gallery is reached, commanding a fine view of the drill room below, and then a few more stairs bring one to the second floor. On this floor are the rooms of the adjutant and those of the ten companies of the regiment. These apartments are all well worthy of inspection, as nothing that fancy could suggest or art supply has been omitted to suit the varying tastes of the members. The fireplaces in most of them are marvels of ingenious design and faultless execution. On the third floor are the rooms of the drum corps, the memorial room, squad drill-rooms, gymnasium, etc. There is also a room for the band of the regiment, which has just been organized with fifty four members, led by a former assistant of Mr. Grafulla, who retires on account of ill health.

In the cellar are six rifle galleries, each 200 feet in length, with a narrow walk along the side on which open numerous magazines. Here are also several rooms containing extra lockers, benches for repairing muskets; a stuling-room where smoking is allowed, etc., and the boiler-room, which contains four immense boilers.

The armory building has cost $450,000, and the finish of the interior entailed an expense of $150,000, $140,000 of which was realized as the proceeds of the great fair, while the remaining $10,000 was paid from the regimental fund. The expense of the building itself was covered as follows: Subscriptions of citizens and ladies, $100,000; regiment, $80,000; veterans, $27,000; banks and other corporations, $33,000; loan $150,000; miscellaneous, including grand ball, $60,000.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

THE sessions of the Presbyterian Council, at Philadelphia, during the past week, were marked by great interest, many of the discussions touching upon vital questions of church polity and belief. All the sittings were attended by large audiences. The morning sessions were held at Horticultural Hall, and those in the afternoon and evening at the Academy of Music, the great capacity of which was sometimes taxed to accommodate the crowds pressing for admittance. No religious convocation of recent years has attracted larger attention, or is apparently destined to exercise a more pronounced influence upon the future life of Presbyterianism than this, which included some of the very ablest representatives of that particular denomination. Among the subjects considered during the week were "Creeds and Confessions," the "Revision of the Bible," "Presbyterianism and Education," the "Relation of Presbyterianism to Civil and Religious Liberty," "Final Restitution," "Church Extension and the Evangelization of Ireland," "The Conflict between Faith and Ritualism in Holland," "Theology of the Reformed Church, "Church Discipline, its Province and Use," "Church Order and Life."

One of the most notable discussions of the council was that on "Agnosticism." In this discussion Professor Flint, of Scotland, who had said in a paper that the failure to comprehend or to believe portions of Presbyterian dogma was to be overcome not by church discipline so much as by a more faithful study and explanation of dogma, was assailed as having "sneered at church discipline." This accusation was taken up by Rev. Principal Grant, of Canada, who said, with an emphasis which created a profound sensation, "We do err if we say the Westminster Catechism is beyond the region of inquiry. Creeds grow, and how can there be growth unless there is liberty of thought. You say to a minister, if he has his doubts about the accuracy of your interpretation, 'Go out of the church.' You say no honest man should stay in it if he has doubts. You call him dishonest if he does stay in. I say no, no. Let the Church cast him out if it will. Is the Church afraid of liberty?" were Principal Grant's closing words, and he said them in ringing tones whose echo seemed to be heard above the applause they occasioned. Another divine, Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Toronto, spoke in the same vein. He asked whether it was expedient for the Church always to exercise its unquestioned right of discipline. "The question to day is, What is faith? A young man full of the desire to preach salvation and, believing that he is prepared for it, is brought up all standing by the creed. He can't make it all out, in the way the Church interprets it. What are you going to do with him? Shall he be forbidden to preach? He asks you whether you have any right to impose on him conditions that Christ did not impose. I suggest that you reduce your creed to a few well-defined articles that are absolutely essential, and require your minister to stand by these and hold his own views about the non-essentials." There was more applause when this daring divine had finished. The whole discussion was a triumph of the champions of free thought, and its significance cannot be mistaken by any thoughtful mind.

Another important discussion related to the revision of the New Testament. Dr. Schaff, the eminent Biblical scholar of this city, announced that the New Testament revision was almost completed, and, at the furthest, might be expected by February. He thought the council should take some action in the matter and report at the next meeting, four years hence. Judge Strong further elaborated this idea by making a motion that the revised edition be recommended to the careful consideration of every church represented in the Alliance. This resolution was referred to the business committee.

The Hon. William E. Dodge, of New York, read a paper on temperance, which was an earnest argument in favor of prohibition. He said that there are in this city 10,000 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and seven-eighths of these places are kept by foreigners. Interior Department returns, he asserted, show that there are in the United States 3,632 distilleries, 2,830 breweries, and 175,206 places where intoxicating drinks are sold, involving annually a direct outlay and waste of not less than $700,000,000, and an indirect loss in the cost of crime and pauperism of $500,000,000 more, while to the financial loss must be added the destruction of not less than 100,000 lives. The Christian Church, he said, had the remedy in its hands.

The council authorized a committee to consider and report on the creeds at the next council. A report of the Committee on Foreign Missionary Work suggested the establishment of a great training college at Pekin, China, and urged a more energetic prosecution of mission work in heathen and pagan countries. The report stated that 2,000,000 pagans had been rescued from darkness during the past seventy years by Protestant missionaries, and referred to the greater facilities and advantages that may be now enjoyed by mission workers. The Rev. Dr. Paxton, of New York, submitted from the American portion of the committee a written history of the mission enterprises connected with the following churches: The Presbyterian Church of Canada, the United Presbyterian Church in the United States, the Reformed Dutch Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church (General Synod), the Associated Reformed Church, the Presbyterian Church North, and the Presbyterian Church South. A summary of the statistics submitted in the report may be thus stated: Missionaries in the field, 295; native missionaries, 135; native licentiates and preachers, 128; medical missionaries and teachers, 113; American women connected with the missions, 268; native teachers and Bible-readers, 804; communicants, 16,271; scholars in boarding-schools, 1,691; scholars in day schools, 12,987.

The next Council will be held at Belfast, Ireland, in 1884.

REMOVING THE OBELISK TO ITS SITE.

FOR the removal of the obelisk from the platform at the foot of Ninety-sixth Street to the site selected in Central Park, the stone is enveloped in a heavy plank box which shows its shape. Underneath the obelisk at the outer edges are iron rails grooved on the bottom. Under these rails are other rails with grooves facing upwards, and between the two are cannon-balls. One hundred feet from the railroad tracks, which are eighty feet from the original position of the obelisk, is an anchor—a large pile driven in the ground and braced—and about thirty feet beyond, wire ropes are wound around a huge boulder to stay the anchor. From this anchor to the railroad tracks runs a chain, of studded links, which are made of 2½ inch round wrought-iron. Where it is attached to a fourfold purchase pulley-block worked by two-inch ropes. The ropes of this pulley stretch across the railroad tracks and run through a similar block which is attached to the upper rails on which the obelisk rests. One end of the pulley rope is made fast to the block nearer the anchor, and the other end, after passing around the pulley blocks four times, follows the chain up to the anchor, there goes through a single block which pulls the end of the large chain, and then stretches about 250 feet down to the water's edge, where it is wound upon the drum of a thirty-horse power engine. The blocks at the railroad tracks can be unhooked at a moment's notice and a train allowed to pass by. The obelisk itself weighs 196½ tons, but the box increases its weight, so that as it lies on the tracks it weighs 200 tons. With the tackle used on the first day of the removal a force of about twenty-five tons had to be exerted by the engine in order to move the monolith. The iron balls are used because they have the greatest strength and present the least friction of any kind of roller.

As the cannon-ball apparatus is likely to be clogged up by a little dust and dirt, it is intended to use the ordinary double-flange rollers between the running tracks after the railroad tracks are passed, because much dirt, etc., will inevitably get into the machinery as the obelisk is drawn along over the streets. The course it will follow is up Ninety-sixth Street to the West Boulevard, down the West Boulevard to Eighty-sixth Street, across Eighty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue to the Metropolitan Museum entrance to Central Park, and from there across on trestle-work to the site—a distance of 9,700 feet. The length of the trestle bridge is 870 feet, and it is in process of construction now in Jersey City. The obelisk will be carried about four feet from the ground all the way to the Park. It probably will reach its destination in about thirty days.

SIGNOR RAVELLI.

A VERY bright, particular star has appeared on the operatic firmament. Mr. Mapleson has unearthed a glittering jewel—a blue diamond. He has discovered a brand-new tenor. Society is enraptured, fascinated; it gushes, it explodes, and the name of Ravelli is now upon the lips of double duchesses. A few weeks ago and no one had heard of Signor Ravelli; to-day not to know all about him is "bad form." Chance, luck, *kismet*, played the highest card in the pack for this son of song when Mr. Joseph Maas, being announced for the part of *Edgardo*, at Her Majesty's, London, felt it his duty to insist upon a full-dress rehearsal. Not to be up in the score of "Lucia" seemed so ridiculous that the management pooh-poohed the rehearsal, especially as every square inch of time was occupied with Boito's "Mefistofele," and Mr. Joseph Maas, in a pet, threw up his engagement. What was Mr. Mapleson to do? Where was *Edgardo*? It was four o'clock, and in four hours the *crème de la crème* of upper-tendom would be languidly occupying boxes and seats. "*Edgardo* is such a charming *rôle*, you know!" It was four o'clock and the *impresario* was—no, Mapleson is never flurried, he's always as cool as an iced cabbage-leaf—he was calmly considering the best thing to be done to soothe the denizens of Mayfair and Belgravia, when a hungry and seedy Italian was announced. "I want a chance," said the man. "I am a tenor." "Here's a chance," said Mapleson: "Can you sing *Edgardo*?" "I can." "Just let me hear a few notes of 'Fra Poco.'" The seedy one obeyed. "That will do," cried the *impresario*. "You'll sing *Edgardo* to-night."

The seedy one muttered something about the suddenness and the want of rehearsal. "Take your chance," said Mr. Mapleson. Arrayed in a stock costume, gorgeous in moldy velvet and dingy spangles, the seedy one appeared on the stage. The audience received him with contemptuous silence. "Where was Maas?" Before the end of the first act his fortune was made. Society "rose" at him. By the time that *Edgardo* had asked *Lucy Ashton* if she recognized his handwriting, Mr Mapleson's handwriting was to a contract of a different nature, and when the curtain rang down on the death-agonies of the luckless cavalier, Ravelli was in everybody's mouth. We shall hear the wondrous tenor during Mr. Mapleson's coming season, and the æsthetic musical world of New York may fairly anticipate a phenomenal treat.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

German Physicians assert that railway employés are more liable to affections of the spinal cord than other men.

Immense Quantities of implements belonging to the stone and bronze age have just been discovered near the rapids of the Dnieper. It is also said that an ancient boat, dating back to the time of Rurik, has been unearthed.

At a Recent Examination for admission to the British Indian medical service, out of twenty-six successful candidates, nine were natives of India. A Mohammedan from Oudh passed fifth, closely followed by a Brahmin from Bengal.

The French Branch of the International African Association have lately appointed M. Mizon, a naval officer, to be the chief of the station in West Africa, for which M. Savorgnan de Brazza is now endeavoring to find a suitable position on one of the affluents of the river Ogowé.

The Russians have at last figured out how much ammunition they used in their late war with Turkey. The infantry fired 14,326,342 shots, the cavalry 1,917,026, and the artillery 187,793, making a total of 16,431,161. These figures indicate that in order that one man may be hit, about 150 shots have to be fired.

The Danish Scientific Expedition to Siberia, under M. Tegner and Captain Hage, is reported to have reached Semipalatinsk on June 30th, and to have started again for Veracye a few days later. A subsidiary object of the expedition is to endeavor to establish commercial relations between Denmark and that part of Siberia.

M. Lacroix has offered to lead an exploring expedition to Central Africa for the purpose of solving the Ogowé problem, which was not entirely cleared up by M. Savorgnan de Brazza's journey. It is thought by some that this river is connected with a large waterway across the centre of Africa, extending nearly to Lake Albert, on the other side of the continent.

A Discovery has just been made by M. Toussaint, a professor of the veterinary school at Toulouse, by which he has succeeded in inoculating animals with vaccine taken from an infected one, and rendering them proof against epidemics, such as pleuro-pneumonia, etc. M. Pasteur, it is well-known, was successful in vaccinating poultry, and thus preserving them from the attack of what is known as chicken cholera.

The Systematic Excavation of ancient sites in Egypt is being bitterly opposed in many parts of the globe, and societies are being formed to prosecute parties and corporations engaged in the work. Several prominent Egyptologists have promised their support to these societies, and we learn that a Miss Edwards contemplates a tour of the United States, at an early day, with the object of assisting the fund, and working up a sentiment against the excavators.

A Little Time Ago workmen employed in making the road to Zéa, discovered, quite close to the bay of Zéa, some ancient walls. The archæological society had a clearance made, and the excavations revealed that a theatre dominating the bay once stood on this spot. This theatre, the existence of which was asserted by some travelers and contested by others, is undoubtedly that of which Xenophon speaks (Hell. ii. 4), and is quite distinct from the theatre of Munychia, the ruins of which are seen in the extreme distance, at the northeast of the bay of Zéa.

The Second International Geological Congress will be held at Bologna in September, 1881. It is proposed to award a prize of 5,000 francs for the best international scale of colors and conventional signs for the graphic representation of formations on geological maps and sections. Each scale should be accompanied by an explanatory memoir and a sufficient number of maps and sections relative to regions of different geological characters; for the memoirs the French language is recommended. The scales and memoirs should be addressed, before the end of May, 1881, to the President of the Committee, Signor J. Capellini, 46 Via Zamboni, Bologna.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SPEAKER RANDALL has gone to Ohio to participate in the Democratic rantans.

UNITED STATES SENATOR ANGUS CAMERON, of Wisconsin, declines to be a candidate for re-election.

A MARBLE statue of Senator Blaine has just been completed in Rome by Mr. Simmons, who pronounces it his best work.

THE will of the late H. M. Spofford, contestant of the seat of Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, shows that he owned $154,000 in United States bonds.

MR. WILLIAM MCARTHUR, member of the House of Commons for Lambeth, has been elected Lord Mayor of London. Mr. McArthur is a Liberal.

IT is now stated that the marriage of the Baroness Burdett Coutts and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett will be celebrated in October, the precise date being kept a secret.

THE Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee will meet on October 14th to receive General Grant, who is expected to arrive in this city the evening before.

COLONEL JAMES G. FAIR has written a letter to prominent citizens of Virginia City announcing his readiness to accept the nomination for United States Senator from Colorado.

THE Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D. D., Bishop of Newark, N. J., has been appointed coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey, with the rank of archbishop and the right of succession to the archbishopric.

COLOSSAL statues of Michael Angelo and Albert Durer, by Mr. Ezekiel, the American sculptor in Rome, have been received at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. They are companion statues to his Phidias and Raphael.

MR. P. T. BARNUM is a practical worker in the field of temperance as well as lecturer. He offers to give $1,000 towards a reading and amusement room in Bridgeport, where young men may find sociability away from the saloons.

MRS. CHALMERS DALE gives the town of Monson, Mass., $25,000 for a granite building for a public library, in memory of Horatio Lyon, her father, a leading manufacturer of the town, and his widow $20,000 for an endowment fund.

THE widow of the late Mark Hopkins, in an answer to a petition filed in the Probate Court of San Francisco, by one of the heirs, for the revocation of letters of administration issued to her, says property to the value of nearly nineteen millions has already been divided among the heirs.

LATE advices from the Presidential party are to the effect that the President and family will probably remain in the West until after the Presidential election. They expect to reach their home at Fremont, Ohio, during the latter part of October and to remain there until the November election is over.

MR. JAMES W. MACKEY, the "Bonanza" millionaire, is a collector of agates. When Mrs. Hayes and her traveling companions inspected Mr. Mackey's collection, during the Presidential visit to Virginia City, they were much pleased with the agates, and each received a handsome specimen as a present.

MRS. PRUDENCE LARKIN died at Hancock, N.Y., a few days ago, at the age of 104 years. She was born in Delaware County in 1776, and had always lived within the limits of the county. She never rode upon the cars, and never saw a telegraph-wire. Several of her children, between seventy and eighty years old, survive her.

THE Count de Chambord completed on Wednesday last his sixtieth birthday. The occasion was celebrated by about a dozen banquets in various parts of Paris, and a commemorative Mass at the Church of St. Germain des Près was attended by a thousand persons. Masses were also celebrated at Marseilles, Bordeaux and other towns.

SIR ANDREW BARCLAY WALKER, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, who gave several hundred thousand dollars for a magnificent art gallery in that city and whose statue was recently unveiled there, is traveling in Southern Colorado, in company with Mr. Pearson, another ex-Mayor of Liverpool, who has purchased property in Colorado.

A PLEASANT feature of ex-Senator Simon Cameron's visit in Indiana was the renewal of his acquaintance with Dr. John G. Kennedy, of Acton, after a separation of sixty-two years. The former is eighty-one and the latter eighty-eight. Mr. Cameron learned the printing trade of Dr. Kennedy's father. The old friends found themselves standing on the same political platform.

THE Empress Eugénie, it is said, has decided to leave England, being moved to that determination by Parliament's acting its foot definitely against the erection of a monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. She will probably go to reside at her Château of Arenenberg, Switzerland, and her present intention is to erect a mausoleum wherever she fixes her residence, and remove the remains of her husband and son from England.

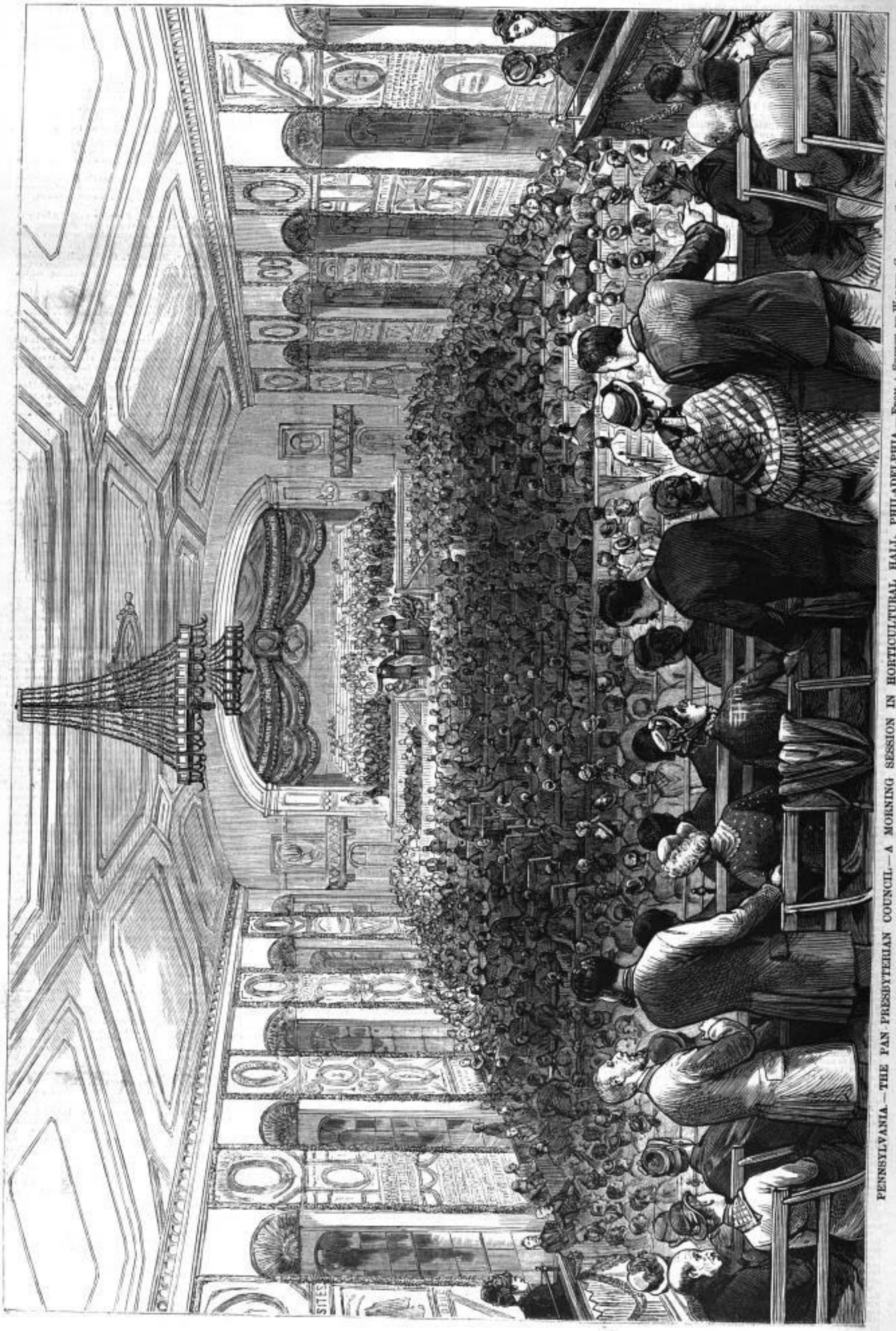
PRINCETON COLLEGE has just received the princely gift of $100,000 from Mr. Robert L. Stuart, one of New York's most public-spirited citizens. It is given in trust for the support of such professorships as are not now endowed or only partially so. It is said that the Theological Seminary at Princeton also receives $100,000 from Mr. Stuart for the endowment of a new professorship, which the Rev. Francis L. Patton, of Chicago, has recently been invited to fill.

THE death is announced, at the age of eighty-eight, of the Countess Lydia von Wrangel, born a Von Bulow, widow of the deceased Field Marshal of the same name, who preceded her to the grave about three years ago. Married in 1810, the departed lady celebrated her golden wedding in 1860 and her diamond one in 1870—a very rare achievement even among the robust and long-lived gentry of Prussia. In the Countess von Wrangel the poor, the sick and the afflicted of Berlin lose one of their most charitable friends.

THE venerable *littérateur*, S. C. Hall, of London, writes to General Wilcox, of New York City, that he has abandoned the great metropolis, where he has lived for half a century, for a beautiful cottage in Surrey, near Hampton Court, which will hereafter be his permanent residence. At Christmas Mr. Hall will withdraw from the editorship of the *Art Journal*, which he has conducted for the long period of forty-one years, and of which he was the founder in 1839. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall are still in the enjoyment of good health after a happy married life of more than fifty years. They celebrated their golden wedding in the Summer of 1875.

MINNIE HAUK'S parlor in London is a particularly pleasant though small room. The opera piano is covered with opera scores; on the tables are albums of letters from kings and queens and poets; there are volumes of autograph music from Abt, Liszt, Wagner and others; there are bits of china and water-color sheet, and an aggressive little dog (a royal gift) lies on his gay cushion in a place of honor. She sings fifty operas in German, Italian, French, Hungarian and English. She was educated in a French convent, but learned to speak among the Creoles of New Orleans, where she lived while General Butler was in command of that city.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.—A MORNING SESSION IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 107.

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FRANCIS W. DAWSON, EDITOR OF THE "NEWS AND COURIER," CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A PHOTO. BY F. A. NOWELL.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. DAWSON,

EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON "NEWS AND COURIER."

CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. DAWSON, editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, was born in London, England, May 17th, 1840. Having acquired a good education, he engaged for a time in literary labors, but becoming interested in the struggle of the Southern States in 1861, he enlisted as a sailor on the Confederate steamship *Nashville*, and, immediately that vessel had run the blockade at Beaufort, N. C., was appointed master's mate in the Confederate Navy. This was early in 1862. After serving for a short time at Norfolk, he resigned his naval commission and took service as a private in a battery attached to the Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in the Peninsular campaign, being wounded at the battle of Mechanicsville, and was promoted to a lieutenancy for his bravery, and ordered to duty with Longstreet's corps, as assistant advance officer of which he served until the Fall of 1864. After the battle of South Mountain, in 1862, he was captured, but was subsequently exchanged just in time to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg, in December of that year. He was with Longstreet through Gettysburg and his East Tennessee campaign, and by his side when wounded at the Wilderness. In the Winter of 1863-64, he passed an examination for promotion, and received his commission as captain of artillery in May, 1864. After his promotion he was relieved of his command at his own request, and appointed Ordnance Officer of Fitzhugh Lee's Division. In this capacity Captain Dawson served through the Valley Campaign and at Five Forks on March 31st, 1865, where he was wounded in the shoulder.

At the end of the war, being penniless and homeless, Captain Dawson first found employment as a bookkeeper in a drygoods store in Petersburg, Va., but his literary tastes still predominating, he soon found employment in a journalistic capacity in Richmond, where he remained until 1866. In the Fall of that year he became assistant editor of the Charleston *Mercury*, which position he filled until October, 1867, when he bought an interest in the Charleston *News*, which he published as joint owner until 1873, when the *Courier* of that city was purchased and consolidated with the *News*. The *News and Courier* at once took a leading place in journalism, and now its influence is not second to that of any newspaper in the Southern States.

Captain Dawson was the pioneer in the organization of the Southern Press Conference, and upon the organization of the State Press Association in South Carolina, was made First Vice-President, becoming subsequently President of the body. He has taken a prominent part in the politics of the State ever since the war, and has pursued a consistent conservative course. So anxious has he at all times been for the peaceful arbitration of great political questions, that he has frequently fallen under the displeasure and censure of the extreme men of his own party, who have said many hard things of him to their own discredit and to the injury of the cause. But his influence has remained unbroken, and he is to-day in every respect an acknowledged, potential leader of his party. He opposed the nomination of Wade Hampton and a straight-out Democratic ticket in 1876, believing it to be best to acquiesce in the retention of Governor Chamberlain. This caused him to be denounced with especial bitterness, as did his own denunciation of the Hamburg massacre. Upon Hampton being nominated, the *News and Courier* wheeled into line, and it is not too much to say that without its efforts Hampton would not have been elected. Captain Dawson is now the member of the National Democratic Committee from South Carolina, and was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention from the Charleston District. It is a prime rule of his life that a journalist, in the active pursuit of his profession, should not accept any public office of profit, and he has acted upon this from the beginning. Captain Dawson has been twice married. His present wife is a daughter of Hon. Thomas Gibbes Morgan, of Louisiana, and sister of the present United States Minister to Mexico. Being now in the prime of life, with his powers at their full, doubtless his future career will be even more distinguished than his past.

SIGNOR RAVELLI, THE DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN TENOR. FROM A PHOTO. BY ELLIOTT & FRY.—SEE PAGE 107.



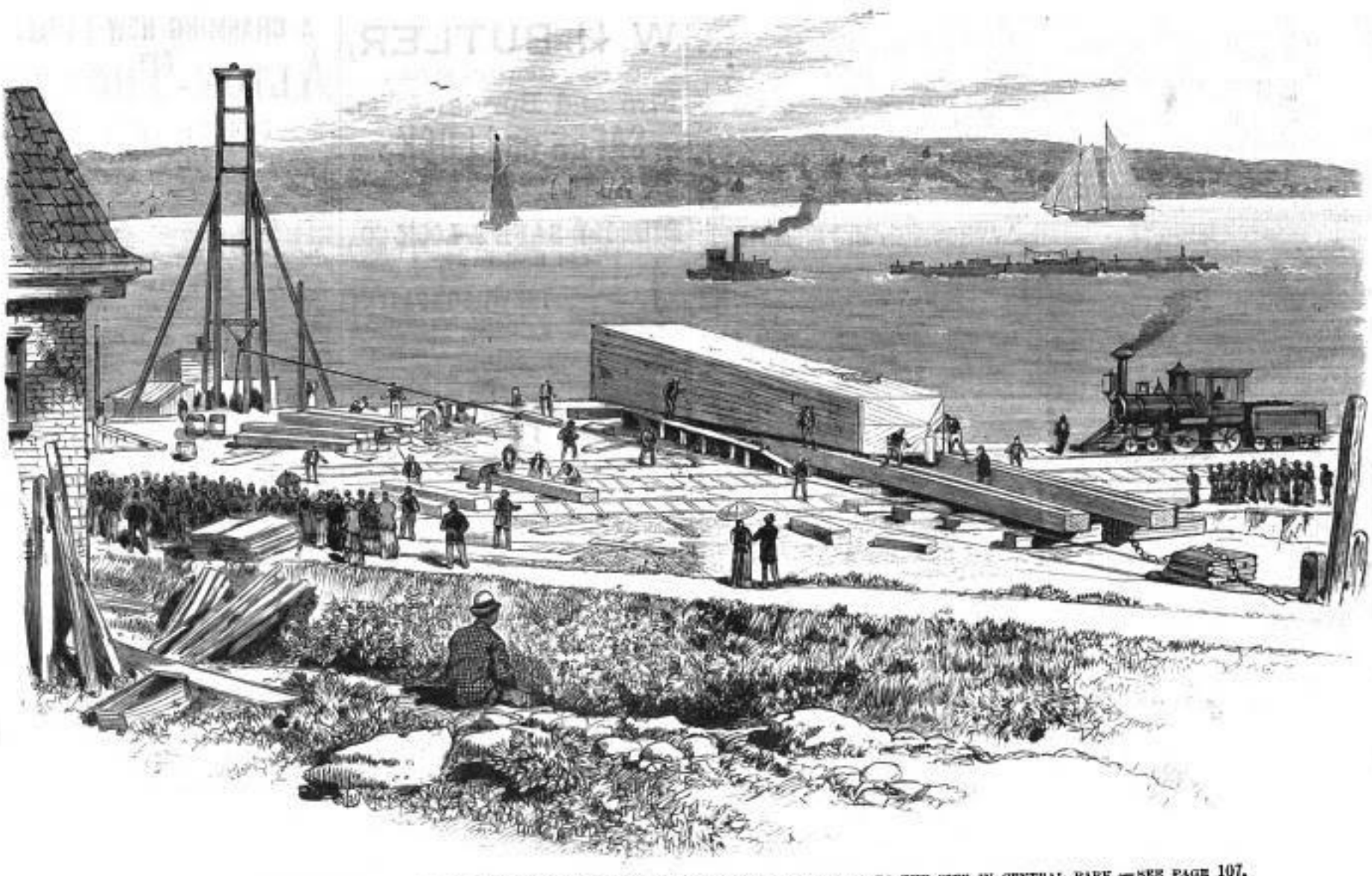
GENERAL HARRIS M. PLAISTED, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE. FROM A PHOTO. BY L. C. DILLON.

HON. HARRIS M. PLAISTED,

GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE.

GENERAL HARRIS M. PLAISTED, Governor-elect of Maine, was born in Jefferson, N. H., on November 3d, 1828, and was brought up on his father's farm, working during the Summer months and teaching school in Winter. He finally graduated at Colby University in 1853, and at the Albany Law School in 1855, when he was admitted to the Bar, and began the practice of the law in Bangor, Me., in 1856. He served in the Union army throughout the war as Colonel of the Eleventh Maine Volunteers, and received at its close the brevet of Major-General. In 1867-68 he sat in the State Legislature; was a delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention in 1868, and served as Attorney-General of the State during 1873-75. In 1874 he was elected to Congress from the Fourth District by about 1,000 majority, but was not a candidate in 1876. In that year he was an earnest champion of Mr. Blaine's Presidential claims. When General Plaisted received the Greenback nomination for Governor, in June last, he made a speech in which he set forth his present peculiar views in the following strain:

"I am utterly opposed to the system that would trim the currency of the country to a coin basis, a system that will end but in forcing the nose of the people against the grindstone. Then, the system of national banks is to be considered. I do not blame the bondholders; they are looking after their own interests, and man



NEW YORK CITY.—THE REMOVAL OF THE OBELISK FROM THE FOOT OF NINETY-SIXTH STREET TO THE SITE IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 107.

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is selfish. I stand, however, on the platform of Thomas Jefferson — equal privileges, no special privileges, equal rights for all. It is not the use, but the abuses, of government that we would abolish."

Iron Steamboats.

A COMPANY has been formed in New York City whose purpose it is to build a fleet of iron excursion boats intended for the navigation of the Hudson River, New York Bay, Long Island Sound, and other waters. Eight or nine boats will be built at once. Each of them will be divided into not less than 12 water-tight compartments, and provided with improved compound engines, steel boilers and all appliances conducive to comfort, safety and speed. It is designed to make them perfectly seaworthy, so that they can be sent for Winter use to Savannah, Charleston, Florida and New Orleans, and it is expected that their average rate of speed will be not less than 20 miles an hour. The company proposes to build 30 of these steamboats between now and 1883, the year of the proposed World's Fair. The total amount of the capital stock is $10,000,000, which is divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $100 each. The sum of $500,000 has already been pledged.

South American Pampas.

THE South American correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "The Provinces of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are as yet far from being overcrowded; but an immigrant will not fare worse for going further for elbow-room, provided he be as careful to insure free and easy communication as a good general would be anxious to keep within reach of his base of operations. There are rivers in this region navigable by steam for thousands of miles, and the railways, which seem to have been providentially invented to serve the purposes of American colonization, are already reaching the borders of the Grand Chaco, the Grand Pampa, Patagonia and other great deserts, where land is to be had for the mere asking, and where the red Indian has ceased to be the bugbear he was, and cannot be made to face a breech-loading rifle. The land is in the main an immense flat, no doubt; very large tracts of alluvial soil, without a tree or a pebble: part of it mere swamps or salt wilderness. But even these thousand miles of unbroken level are not without a peculiar beauty of their own; their boundless horizon and awful solitude; the freshness and purity of the atmosphere, and the keen enjoyment of unlimited freedom. Nor, apart from intercourse with his fellow-men, is a man here crushed by the sense of utter forlornness: for nothing is more striking than the teeming life of the animal kingdom in the pampas—the abundance of game, the storks and herons, the owls and hawks, the flights of wild turkeys and flocks of ostriches, to say nothing of ubiquitous piero-piero and chattering little cardinal; a multitude and variety of fowls and brutes—numberless to me as well as numberless—the gayety of whose plumage and fur, and the strangeness and wildness of whose screeches and howls a settler will always and everywhere have with him, and which will only gradually make room for the flocks and herds, the barking and bellowing, the crowing and cackling, of his domestic surroundings. Life in the prairies is life in the saddle, for the very beggar here is mounted; and, away from rail or tramways, neither for sex nor age is there any other practicable, or at least endurable, means of locomotion than on horseback; and the horses are fleet and sure-footed, brave as lions and gentle and docile as cows, and their purchase and keeping cost little and their stabling and shoeing nothing."

A Chinese Secret Political Organization.

THE Society Ge Gung Tong, which is an organization of Chinese, banded together for mutual protection and relief, and having for its main object the overthrow of the present Emperor, whose predecessors overran China with a host of Tartars and set up this dynasty in conquered Cathay, have just completed a very fine three-story brick building in Spofford Alley, San Francisco. The building is the headquarters of the society, which numbers ten thousand Chinese in California and about one million five hundred thousand in China, and cost with the ground about $10,000. The structure is divided into offices, joss-temples and conference rooms, which are all fitted up with an elegance eclipsing that of any other building in Chinatown. Bronzed dragons, hideous-looking deities and attending angels are grouped together in untold numbers and with truly Oriental taste. The dedicatory exercises began one night recently, and continued one week, and consisted of unlimited feasting, offering of devotions, and burnt sacrifices of sacred paper, celestial candles and fruit, and other food offerings to the all-powerful and inexpressibly ugly-faced "josses." The society also provided a free-lunch throughout the week for about two hundred of the poor, the halt and the blind of their members who might be in the city. Delegations of the society's officers are in attendance from Sacramento, Nevada City, Grass Valley, and other large towns in the interior.

Dulcigno.

ALTHOUGH Dulcigno, pronounced like an Italian word, has been made very prominent lately by dispatches from the East, it is quite probable that many newspaper readers scarcely remember to have heard of it until the recent trouble between the Albanians and the Porte. Dulcigno is playing a much more conspicuous part than it is entitled to by any importance of its own. Its momentary fame is accidental, like the fame of so many insignificant points that have been the scene of military operations and military movements. Philippi, Blenheim, Leuthen, Actium, Wagram, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Bosworth, Antietam, Pittsburg Landing and Woerth, are notable examples. Dulcigno is an inconsiderable town and seaport of European Turkey, Province of Albania, is situated on the shore of the Adriatic, fifteen miles south west of Scutari. The inhabitants were long notorious for piracy, but are now comparatively law-abiding, being mostly occupied in the oil and coasting trade. It is the seat of a Catholic Bishop, and has a population of some seven thousand, about half of whom are Turks. It was anciently known as Olcinium, and the Turks call it Olgeno. It is perched on Cape Kadille, a rocky peninsula. It might be made a very strong place, and would at any time be hard to take, if vigorously defended. When the present Turkish-Montenegrin-Albanian flurry shall have passed Dulcigno will sink into its former obscurity, like some Western politician, who has managed, for the hour, to draw the eyes of the nation to his rampant absurdity.

Precious Manuscript.

THE manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, recently discovered by two German scholars in the palace of the Archbishop of Rossano, is made of purple parchment, and the material used throughout the writing is silver, except in the first three lines in each Gospel, where the letters are golden. There is only one other manuscript of this kind in existence containing any portion of the New Testament, and it is in a mutilated condition, four of its leaves being in London, six in Rome, two in Vienna, and thirty-three have been more recently discovered in the island of Patmos. The present volume, on the other hand, consists of one hundred and eighty eight leaves, and contains the whole of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and the Gospel of St. Mark down to the middle of the fourteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter. All the criteria used in judging of manuscripts indicate the end of the 5th or beginning of the sixth century as the date of this. The manuscript is written in uncial characters, with two columns in each page. There is no separation of words, no breathing, no accent, and only the slightest attempt at punctuation. There are capitals double the size of the uncials, and the Eusebian canons may have been given, for it contains a portion of the letter of Eusebius to Carpianus and there is good reason for conjecturing that this was followed by a table of the Eusebian canons.

A Young Girl Sleeps for Many Months.

SCARCELY less astonishing than Dr. Tanner's recent feat of fasting is the condition of a young lady, the daughter of the Mayor of Grambke, a village near Bremen, in Germany, who is said to have been fast asleep ever since the second week in January, with the exception of a few hours of semi-wakefulness at intervals of from six to eight weeks. An interesting account of her extraordinary state is published in the *Hanover Courier*. It appears that she lies, plunged in a profound slumber and entirely unconscious of all that goes on around her, night and day, reclining on her left side, warmly covered up and with a light gauze spread over her head. Nourishment, chiefly in a liquid form, is daily administered to her, which she swallows without awaking for a second.

She is a pretty, slender girl, of a pallid complexion, but she does not lose in weight during her trances of from forty to sixty days, and, when awake, exhibits a cheerful disposition and an eager desire to perform such small household tasks as her strength enables her to fulfill. Her father is a well-to-do man, who has consulted several eminent medical men, in the hope of discovering some remedy for his daughter's abnormal condition, which entails serious inconvenience and constant anxiety upon the other members of his family; but all efforts hitherto made to keep the unlucky girl awake have resulted in total failure. Since the case of the sleeping Ulian at Potsdam, no such interesting subject for study and observation on the part of the faculty has arisen as that of the strangely somnolent burgomaster's daughter of Grambke.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLONEL MAPLESON will open the season of Italian Opera at the Academy, on the 18th of October, with "Lucia." Gerster, Gallassi and the new tenor, Ravelli, are in the cast. About two hundred good seats have been added, and the advance sale indicates a very prosperous season. Several new operas will be produced, of which the announcements will soon be made. Arditi will wield the baton.

JOHN HARBERTON'S play, "Deacon Crankett," at the Union Square is a revelation. It contains a deacon without cant, and a good villain—surprises in their way. The story, simply told, of home-life in New England, with a genuine Bible-reading deacon for a hero, is natural and bids fair to prove one of the few dramatic successes of the day. It is well acted and carefully put on the stage.

THE regular season at the Union Square opens with "Daniel Rochat." It is likely to run till the close of the season.

FUN.

"IN what condition was the Patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

A DRUNKEN fellow meeting a man coming out of an undertaker's shop with a small coffin under his arm, a short time since, asked him what he had got there. "A new coffin," he replied. "Well," said the balmy chap, "can't you afford to treat on it?"

"HOW are you coming on with sea-bathing?" asked a gentleman of an invalid." "Splendid! I bathe three times a day." "How do you like it?" "The doctor says I must take a toddy after each bath to restore the circulation—that's how I like it!"

AN old farmer's wife who had a servant that was notorious for breaking dishes, on one occasion fell asleep in church. During her slumbers her elbow unluckily overturned a bible, when, to the amusement of her fellow-worshipers, she was heard to mutter in a very audible voice—"Another bowl, ye hissin."

HE was lying in front of the store door when the Galveston merchant came out, and, stirring him up with the toe of his boot, said: "Are you drunk?" "You bet." "Then you move off from here." "Are you drunk?" queried the inebriate. "No; I am sober," was the indignant response. "Then you can move off from here a sight easier than I can."

A TALL, slab-sided Yankee, who strolled down Manhattan Beach last month, on seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves, burst into a fit of enthusiasm. "Je-ru-sa-lem! if that don't jest remind me of something good we have to hum." "What is that?" remarked a friend, who heard him. "What is it?" said Jonathan, smacking his lips—"why, 'lasses in water."

IT is asserted that, after a few drinks of both liquids, no man can distinguish claret from buttermilk by the taste, and this statement has been proved by experiments. There is nothing remarkable about that, however. Beyond a certain point, which is ordinarily reached by 1 A. M., few men can tell the difference between whisky and seltzer, especially if he takes them together.

THE minister stopped at a house last week, and sought to improve the time by giving an eight-year-old boy an instructive lesson in morality. "My boy, said the minister; "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor sold a lie, nor uttered an oath, or played truant, nor——" "Gimminy crickets!" interrupted the lad, "yer ain't had no fun at all, have ye?"

DR. R. V. PIERCE, CONSULTING PHYSICIAN to the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., has resigned his seat in Congress that he may hereafter devote his whole time and attention to those applying to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION for the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

A SIMPLE trial of DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE convinces the most obstinate of its superior health-giving qualities. It is a perfect Blood Purifier, changes the constitution suffering from General Debility into one of Vigorous Health, and enriches and reddens the Blood. Manufactured by its author and sole Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M. D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia. All Druggists and Dealers in Medicines keep it.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are indorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, by its healthful action upon the nervous system and stomach, relieves Indigestion, Headache, etc.

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☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks, and other securities.

We have issued the Seventh Edition of "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," copies of which can be had on application.

FISK & HATCH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York, has begun the Fall and Winter season under the pleasantest auspices. Its central location has always made the ST. NICHOLAS a favorite resort for business men, and now the tide of travel has turned towards the metropolis its liberal hospitality is being pushed to the utmost. Transient visitors, however, can always be amply accommodated, owing to a special reserve of rooms in their favor.

Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va., Aug. 3d, 1880.
H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
DEAR SIRS: I desire to express most heartily my entire satisfaction with your paints, which I have been using a number of years. I now have over thirteen acres of woodwork covered with your paints. They have successfully withstood the effects of salt air and I consider them in every way satisfactory, and take pleasure in recommending them. Most respectfully, H. FINNIGAN, Prop'r.

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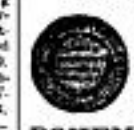
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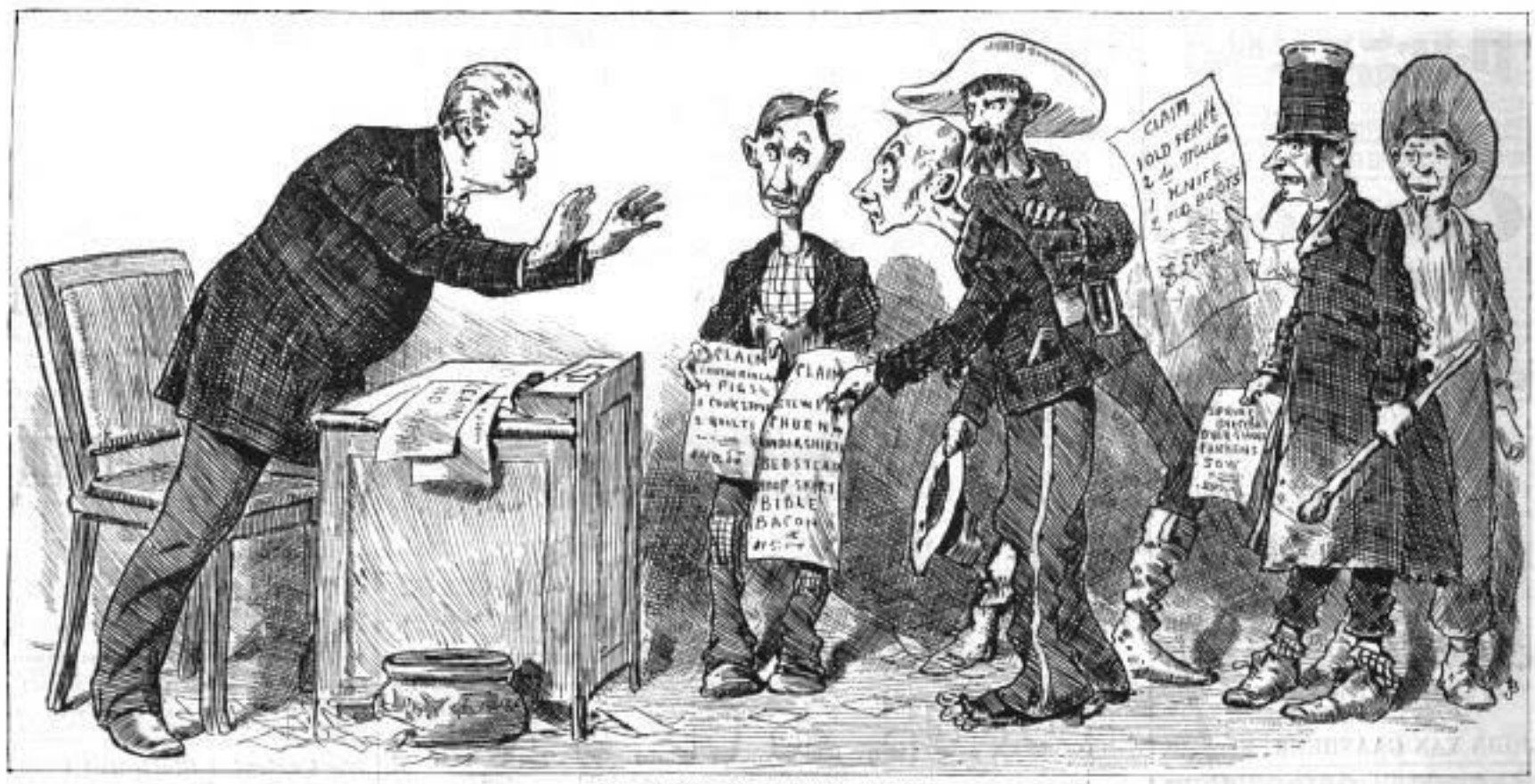
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PRESIDENT HAYES IN CALIFORNIA.

THE visit of President Hayes and party to the Pacific slope has been attended by hearty demonstrations of satisfaction by the populace everywhere. The popular reception of the distinguished visitors in San Francisco was especially cordial. The population of the city turned out en masse to welcome the chief magistrate of the nation. Flags were displayed from all the buildings, public and private, and the principal streets were gayly decorated with bunting. The President was escorted to the Palace Hotel by a procession of militia and civic societies, the streets being densely thronged. The decorations of the Palace were superb. In the courtyard the most prominent feature was a large golden star, twenty-two feet in diameter, suspended from the centre of the roof, from between the points of which were extended six wide streamers of red, white and blue, reaching to the sides and corners of the yard, the corner ones falling below the second floor. Between the second and fifth floors, on the four sides of the quadrangle, were placed shields, 25 by 13, bearing the names of four Pacific States and Territories, bordered with evergreens and surrounded with flags, the one on the north side being mounted with a large American eagle. The two largest of the flags surrounding each of these shields measured thirty-six feet in length. The balustrades of the sixth, fifth, fourth, and third floor galleries were tastefully relieved with stars of silver and gold and shields, between which were entwined long stringers of evergreens. Dependent from the second floor were nineteen yard-colored Venetian banners, on which were the names of the Presidents of the United States, the name of "Rutherford B. Hayes" occupying the post of honor; on either side the names "Lincoln" and "Grant," and opposite, the names "Washington," "Adams," "Jefferson." Between the columns, separating the arches of the courtyard proper, were flags of all nations, loaned by the authorities of the Navy-yard, bearing shields, with the names of the principal cities on the Pacific coast and stands of ancient battle-axes. The arches themselves were draped and festooned with curtains of a rich gold color, falling in graceful folds, with a blue tassel in the centre. On the west side, directly facing the entrance, were two large and costly silk flags of the Stars and Stripes, thrown back and showing in the centre a large portrait of President Hayes. On the pavement surrounding the driveway and at the several doorways were set large stands of palms and ferns.

The suite of rooms occupied by the President and family were numbered 119, and were situated on the second floor of the hotel. They were four in number, being parlor, dining-room, and two sleeping apartments, all of which were furnished especially for this event. The parlor was especially elegant in its appointments. It was furnished in ebony and gold, and the furniture was covered with maroon satin. The floral decorations were at once elegant and unique.

The President, having visited the principal points in California last week, proceeded to Oregon, where he was welcomed with processions, illuminations, etc., in all the towns through which he passed.



CALIFORNIA.—VISIT OF PRESIDENT HAYES AND PARTY TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE FLORAL DECORATIONS OF THE PRESIDENT'S PARLOR IN THE PALACE HOTEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY I. W. TABER.

IRON MINING IN TENNESSEE.

THE most abundant and valuable minerals of Tennessee are coal, iron and copper. The iron industry, with which we have to deal at present, springs primarily from four distinct belts or areas. The eastern belt stretches across the eastern part of the State, at the base of the border range of mountains, extending into Virginia on the northeast and Georgia on the southeast; the drystone belt skirts the east base of the Cumberland table-land, extending beyond the limits of the State on the northeast and southeast; the Cumberland table-land belt is co-extensive with the great coal-field; and the western belt crosses the State north and south, and lies mainly between the Central Basin and the Tennessee River.

While the State has been in the fullest possession of advantages for making iron, in the abundance, cheapness and contiguity of ore and of fuel, the industry has been greatly retarded by the want of adequate means of transporting either the ore or the iron to markets. To-day iron-working is thriving as never before, because of the extension of the vast railroad system of the State; and yet all that is being done is but a small percentage of the results that may be achieved when the facilities of transportation are still further increased. So learned an authority as Commissioner Kilbebrew is quite sanguine that with close connection with Nashville, with a prospect of a navigation of the Tennessee River from Knoxville to its mouth, and on the completion of the canal around the Muscle Shoals, the time is not far distant when the various deposits will be worth many millions of dollars. A special advantage of these ores over most ores is their adaptability for steel-making. All analyses heretofore made of the ores of the Western iron belt show them to be low in phosphorus and sulphur, and, indeed, the ores found in Stewart County show no sulphur, and only 16-100 to 24-100 of phosphorus. Long before the war, these ores were used in the manufacture of the best steel used in the South. A short time ago a heavy iron dealer of Pittsburgh, Pa., visited Tennessee to examine into her mineral wealth, and to ascertain the point nearest Nashville where iron ore abounded in the greatest quantities. He was taken to Hickman County, sixty miles distant from Nashville. Attaining the top of a mountain-mass of iron ore beholds, as far as the eye can reach, one vast, inexhaustible bed of iron of incalculable value. Upon reaching the point indicated the Pittsburgher grew fairly enthusiastic with the scene that lay stretched out before him. Said he, as he lifted his hat in the warmth of his admiration, "I have visited the iron regions of Champlain, I have been to the ore-banks of Lake Superior, I have stood on the Iron Mountain of Missouri, but I declare to you that I see here around me more iron ore than can be found in all three of those places." As a rule, the plateaus are well wooded, and many of the streams afford good working-power.

Our illustrations show the methods of mining and manipulating the ore at Carter's Furnace, near Knoxville, where the latest advancements in the industry may be witnessed. In the other belts mentioned, the same enterprise is now displayed.

DAVIS ISLAND DAM.

A GREAT GOVERNMENT WORK AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE subject of the improvement of our Western rivers has for many years occupied the attention of the General Government. The Mississippi, with its two principal tributaries, the Ohio and the Missouri, forms a system that, for the transportation of products of the central part of the United States, is unequaled. These streams, unlike most of the rivers of the Atlantic coast, have their periods of high and low water extending over greater or less lengths of time, and varying from two or three days to as many months. The Ohio during high water is a mighty river, having at its beginning a breadth of a thousand to twelve hundred feet, with a depth of twenty-five feet or even more, and moving with a velocity of seven or eight miles an hour. Again it is a mere brook, reduced in places to a width of less than two hundred feet and to a depth of less than one foot.

These periods of low water greatly interfere with the value of the river as a highway. Their duration is very uncertain, and frequently, when water is most needed, it stays longest away. Owing to these periods of low water, one great point aimed at in the construction of vessels to navigate the Ohio is the greatest lightness of draught consistent with carrying capacity. The necessity for this is at once apparent when it is known that a depth of five feet of water does not exist during one-half of the year on the upper river. Steamboats are all flat-bottomed and are all high-pressure, since low-pressure boats would require additional weight of machinery. The boats on the upper river can be run with profit on as little as three feet of water, but every additional inch is so much gained.

The steamboats, however, do but a very small part of the transportation, especially of anything like bulky articles. This sort of material is carried in barges, several of which are put together in a single tow. These tows are, however, very different from those with which most of our readers are familiar on the Hudson River. Here the tow-boat is placed at the stern of the tow, and acts as a huge rudder to guide the mass of barges in front. The barges are all fastened to each other and to the tow-boat in such a way as to form a compact and rigid mass. None of the barges have rudders, all the steering being done by the boat. As a general rule the boat steers by backing and throwing herself from side to side in order to let the current act on one side of the tow or on the other, as circumstances may require.

There are four classes of barges:

First. The coal barge proper, which is 125 feet long, 25 feet wide and 7 feet deep, drawing, when loaded, about 6 feet. These barges are rectangular in shape, but have a rake at each end so as to make them somewhat easier to tow. These vessels carry about 11,000 bushels, or nearly 425 tons of coal at a time.

Second. The coal-boat, which is 165 feet long, 26 feet wide and 9 feet deep, drawing, when loaded, about 8 feet. These vessels are simply huge boxes built without much strength, and are intended to take out only one load of coal, and then to be broken up at the end of their trip and sold for the timber they contain. They carry about 20,000 bushels, or 750 tons of coal.

Third. The flat, which is generally 80 feet long by 16 wide by 4 deep.

Fourth. The model barge, shaped somewhat like a canal-boat, from which it differs in this, that it has a bow at each end and tows equally well either way.

The great bulk of the material carried by river from Pittsburgh is bituminous coal. Of this about sixty millions of bushels go down the river every year. This amounts to more than two million tons. The principal coal shipments for the year are in February, March, April and May, because it is mostly in these months that the river is high enough to let the coal tows go out. The Summer is the season for low-water, extending from about July 1st to nearly the middle of November, with one or two spasmodic rises during that period. During the last season, from the middle of May to the middle of November, there was one rise sufficient to take out the coal. This occurred towards the end of July and lasted but three days. From the 11th of September to the 13th of November navigation was wholly suspended, the water being so low that no sort of vessel could run.

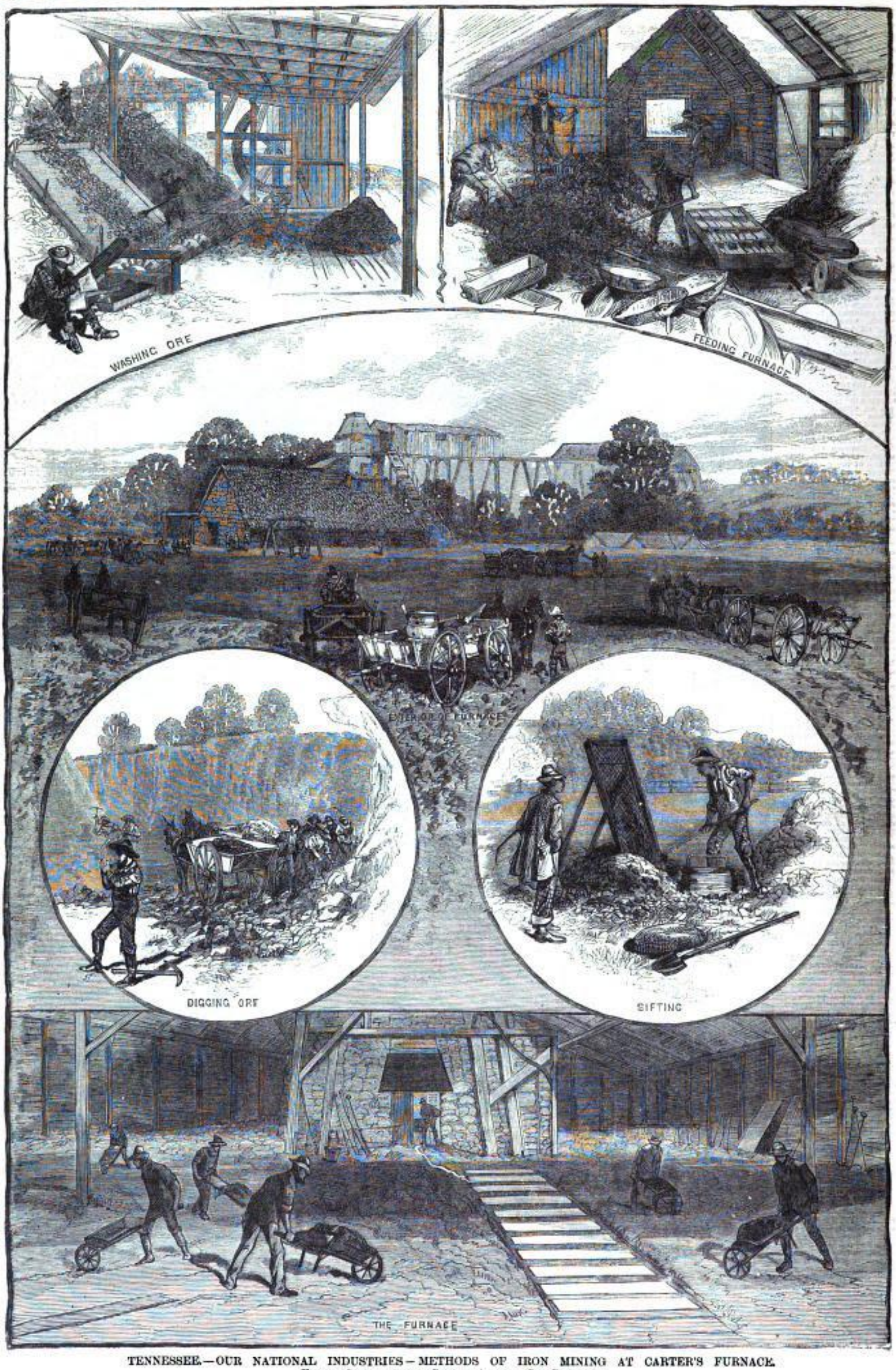
The length of the low-water season is the great obstacle to the usefulness of the river as a highway. This acts in two ways. First, a large amount of capital is invested in vessels lying idle and bringing in no compensation; and second, great delays are caused by vessels being run aground while the river is falling, and having to wait until the water rises sufficiently to let them off. Another obstacle is the bars that are found at many points. These are shoal places and bear somewhat the same relation to the river that grades do to a railroad. The capacity of a railroad is that of its steepest grade; the capacity of a river is that of its shortest bar.

For fifty years the Government has given more or less attention to, and spent more or less money for, improving the Ohio. Up to the present time everything done has been of a temporary nature and calculated to afford but little relief. Wing-dams and dikes have been built, and channels around some islands have been closed, diverting the water into the main channel on the other side. These attempts at improvements were carried on as a rule in a desultory sort of way. The sums appropriated by Congress were not sufficient to do any real good. In some cases work had to be begun with appropriations insufficient to finish the structure, which, being left incomplete at the end of one season, would be so injured by the ice and floods of the Winter and Spring as to make it necessary to rebuild a good part of it during the next Summer.

Not until the Winter of 1873-74 was anything done that could be said to look towards a permanent system of improvement for the river. At that time a board of engineer officers was organized for the purpose of examining and reporting on an adjustable chute invented by the Hon. Felix R. Brunt, of Pittsburgh. The models and drawings sent to the board were very incomplete, and from this cause it was unable to give an intelligent report on the subject. In the course of the investigation the board was gradually led to the consideration of various systems that had been in use among the French engineers for the past fifty years or more. The work involved in all this was enormous. The accounts and descriptions were contained in various official reports and documents covering many years. All these had to be collected and translated and compared, to try to determine the system best adapted for the purpose. In the Spring of 1874 Lieutenant Mahan, of the Corps of Engineers, was especially assigned to this work under the orders of Colonel Merrill. He assisted in the preparation of many articles on this subject.

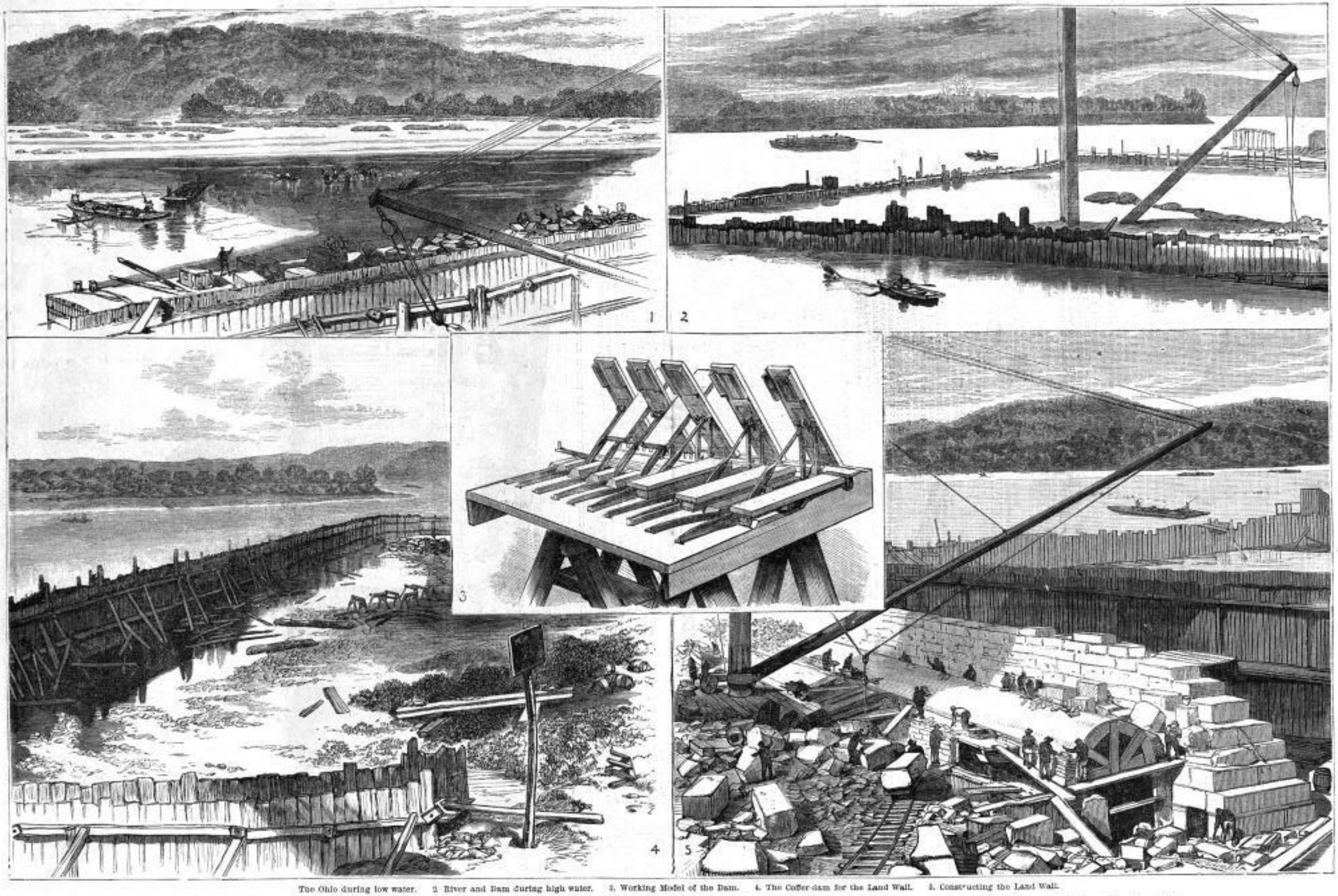
After careful consideration and a comparison of all the systems then in use in France, so far as any knowledge of them could be obtained from official documents, the Board recommended the adoption of the system known as the Chauvine wicket-dam. This seemed to offer the best means for a thorough and permanent improvement of the river. This dam is the invention of a very celebrated French engineer, M. Chauvine, and has been in use in France for nearly thirty years. It is composed of a number of sections four feet wide from centre to centre. An interval of four inches is left between the sections. Each section is formed of four principal parts, one being of wood and the others of iron. The wooden part is called the panel, and consists of two heavy upright pieces, or stiles, thirteen feet long, twelve inches wide, and eight inches thick. These form the sides of the panel, and are securely framed together by means of four short, heavy rails. These stiles and rails form the skeleton of the panel, which is completed by having some two-inch planks firmly fastened to the frame. On the back and at the centre of each stile is fastened a cast-iron journal-box, in which are engaged the journals of the first principal piece of iron called the *horse*. The horse is composed of two upright and four horizontal pieces. Of the latter, the two at the top and bottom project sufficiently beyond the uprights to leave and to be turned down to form a journal; the remaining two are simply riveted to the uprights, and are merely braces or stiffeners. The top horizontal piece, in addition to the two journals at the end, has a third heavy journal in the middle, on which is fastened the second principal of iron called the *prop*. The journals of the lowest horizontal are each placed in a pillow-block, which is firmly fastened to a sill in the floor of the dam. The horse can revolve about the lower journals, and the panel can swing on the journals at the head of the horse. The prop extends from the head of the horse to the fourth iron piece called the *barber*.

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TENNESSEE.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—METHODS OF IRON MINING AT CARTER'S FURNACE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 113.

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The Ohio during low water. 2. River and Dam during high water. 3. Working Model of the Dam. 4. The Coffer-dam for the Land Wall. 5. Constructing the Land Wall.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW GOVERNMENT WORK AT DAVIS ISLAND DAM, PITTSBURGH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY LIEUTENANT MAHAN, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 113.

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INDIANA.—THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT INDIANAPOLIS—CORNER-STONE LAID SEPTEMBER 28TH.

This is is a heavy step, or shoulder of cast-iron, against which the lower end of the prop rests. The hurter is firmly imbedded in the floor of the dam, and is the support of the entire system. Besides the pieces mentioned above, there are certain secondary parts which are also important for the successful working of the dam. These are the slide and the trip-bar and its appurtenances. The slide is a piece of cast-iron extending beyond the hurter, and so arranged that the prop, when the wicket falls, shall go into a certain position from which it is sure to rise into its proper place in front of the hurter when the wicket is raised. The trip-bar, as its name implies, is used for tripping the props, or, in other words, removing them from the hurters, and thus taking away the support of the wickets, which are then thrown down by the pressure of the water against them. The dam is called movable because it can be either raised or lowered. In the former case it holds the water back in a pool in the same way as a fixed dam, and in the latter, it allows the water to pass over it, leaving the river free to navigation.

For convenience of handling, the dam is divided into three parts: First, the navigable pass; second, the low weir; third, the high weir. Each of these parts has a very firm foundation of masonry, to which are fastened the sills and other parts that must be held securely in place. The highest point of foundation of the pass is two feet below low water, that of the low weir is at the level of low water, that of the high weir is three feet above low water. A pier is placed between the pass and the low weir and another between the low and high weirs.

With a dam of this sort it is very easy to maintain a constant depth of six feet above low water at the head of the pool. This can be done whether the river be on the rise or on the fall.

Suppose, for example, that the dam is up and the pool filled. News is received that a rise is coming from some of the rivers that enter the Ohio above the dam. The dam-tender knows about when the rise will reach the work, and whether it will be great enough to give six feet above low water or not. He makes his preparations to meet the rise, and gives constant attention to his water gauge. So soon as the river begins to rise at the dam, he opens one or two wickets of the high weir, and, as the water comes up, he opens another and another, until finally the whole weir is opened. If the river still continues to rise, he gradually opens the low weir in the same manner as he did the other. After this the navigable pass is opened if necessary. When the pass is open, vessels drawing six feet can pass the work with perfect safety.

When the rise has passed and the river has fallen a little below six feet, the dam-tender begins to raise the wickets of the navigable pass, and, as the water continues to fall, he gradually raises the wickets of the low weir and afterwards those of the high weir.

In cases of emergency, the whole dam may be thrown down in about ten minutes, but this is very dangerous because it lets loose an enormous volume of water that may do untold damage in the pool below.

As the raising and lowering of the dam depends entirely upon the movements of the river, it can easily be seen that there are times when each operation would be exceedingly slow, and, in fact, one may not be entirely completed before the other would have to be begun.

When the dam is up and the pool formed, there is a great difference of level between the water above the dam and that below. In order to overcome this a lock is needed. The locks of the Ohio have to be adapted to the commerce of the river, and are, therefore, very large. The one belonging to the Davis Island Dam is 600 feet long and 110 feet wide in the clear, giving an area of 66,000 square feet, or a little more than an acre and a half. This lock will allow a tow-boat, ten barges and two flats to pass through at a time. This arrangement is of the utmost importance, because it is a matter of a great deal of time, and therefore of expense, to break up and put together again one of these large tows. In order to make them secure and rigid, the barges have to be firmly lashed together and to the tow-boat with lines and chains. From this some idea can be formed of the amount of time that would be needed to undo all these fastenings, to pass the tow through the lock by two or three barges at a time, and then to assemble it below the lock, as would be necessary were its dimensions less than they are.

On account of the great size of the lock several special features have appeared, and in these it differs very much from the ordinary canal lock. In the first place the mitre-gates generally used for locks would not answer at all, as they would be too heavy and unwieldy. The one adopted for this lock is best likened to an ordinary Howe truss bridge laid on its side in such a position as to place the bottom chord down-stream and the top chord up-stream. The deck, or floor, of the bridge forms the face of the gate and prevents the water from passing through. The dimensions of the gate are 118 feet of length, 13 feet 6 inches of breadth, and 15 feet of height. The length is made so great in order that it may have a bearing of four feet on each wall. The recesses, into which the gates must be run when they are put out of the way, are 120 feet long, or two feet more of length than has the gate. The width of the recesses is fifteen feet. As there will frequently be times when for a considerable period the water will stand still in these recesses, a deposit of greater or less amount will be formed. Some means to remove this must be had. The simplest way of doing this is to let the water cut the deposit out. To this end the lock has been so arranged that the water in entering the lock must pass through the upper recess, and in leaving it must pass through the lower recess. The floors of the recesses have a very steep slope from the up-stream to the down-stream side in order to assist the scouring effect of the water. The head of water acting will never be less than six feet, consequently it will have a great force in passing through the recesses, a force great enough, in all probability, to cut away any ordinary deposit.

Let us now trace the water in its passage from the upper to the lower pool. From the upper pool it goes through the upper gate recess; thence it passes by means of seven openings 4 feet 6 inches in diameter into the filling culvert. This culvert is a large arched subterranean gallery 9 feet wide and 13 feet high to the highest point of the inside of the arch. It lies behind the entire length of the lower wall of the upper recess, and then turning sharp to the right, it follows the land wall for a distance of 230 feet. In the land wall are built ten openings 3 feet wide by 3 feet 6 inches high, through which the water passes from the filling culvert into the lock chamber. From here it passes through the lower recess, and by means of seven openings, exactly similar in size and location to those in the upper recess, into the emptying culvert, whence it passes into the lower pool.

The land wall, including the walls of the gate recesses, has a development of 1,170 feet, and contains about 6,000 yards of masonry. The river wall is nearly 650 feet long, and will contain, when finished, about 4,000 yards of masonry.

The gate, as has been already explained, is an immense structure running on seven pairs of wheels across the lock chamber. As can be easily seen, it will be impossible to move the gate across the lock if there be any current, because if one end of the gate were unsupported the current would have such a leverage against it that it would either be thrown out of its place or be broken. In order to make it possible to move one gate when the other is in its recess, a small movable dam is built across the head of the lock. When a rise comes and it is desired to leave the lock open, one of the gates is removed into its recess under shelter of the other. The small movable dam is then put up. This holds the current back and makes still water below it. The remaining gate is then opened and afterwards the dam is thrown down. In like manner, when the rise goes down the dam is put up, and one of the gates is closed. The dam is then laid down out of the way.

It might be asked, Why cannot the lock-gates be left closed during the rise? The objection to this is because the dock, projecting as it does 130 feet into the river, would cause a very strong set of the current into the right bank just below the lock, and it would be well to avoid this. Again, the scouring effect of the current passing through the lock is very great, and, during the time of a rise the deposits that may form there at other times can be cleared out.

Much opposition has been raised to this work, but it has mainly come from those who do not wish to give up their chances of speculating in coal. The profits in coal are enormous, if the period of low water should extend over a considerable time. For example, the ordinary price for coal in Cincinnati is from 8 to 10 cents a bushel; but last year, on account of the long dry season, it went up to 40 and 50 cents. An advance of 30 cents per bushel on a barge of coal represents a clear profit of $3,300 for any dealer who has it on hand. All the large shippers in Pittsburgh have offices in Cincinnati. The number of these shippers is now only about ten or twelve, because, with the river as it is, a very large capital is required to enter the business. After each run of coal these large shippers go to Cincinnati and to other points and make a pool regulating the price of coal. This improvement will make the river navigable during the entire year, and the supply of coal constant. It will also place the small operator on a par with the great, and the coal trade, instead of being speculative, will become a legitimate business.

The coal interest, large as it is, represents but a small part of the value of the commerce of the river. The best data available place the value of the commerce of the Ohio at something more than $300,000,000 per annum. Of this the value of the coal shipped annually is but three per cent., or $6,000,000, and yet the large coal-dealers wish to arrest the only improvement that will permanently benefit the entire Ohio Valley. So far they have fought hard and have been defeated. The Government has spent a large amount on this work, and it is not likely to let that go to waste.

THE NEW INDIANA STATE HOUSE.

ON Tuesday, September 28th, the corner-stone of the new State House of Indiana was laid at Indianapolis with appropriate ceremonies, under the auspices of the State officers and State House Commissioners, ex-Governor Hendricks delivering the oration. Our view is from a drawing by Edwin May, the architect, and is in perspective from the northeast corner of Washington and Tennessee Streets, embracing the principal Washington Street facade and every part of the dome, showing in bold relief all the east wing or Tennessee Street front. The building, which will be in the Corinthian style of architecture, will present a massive yet elegant appearance, and will take rank with the finest structures in the West.

The architect's estimate of the cost of the new capitol at the time the Commissioners accepted the plan was $1,721,911.61, and the experts' estimate $1,792,791.71. The cost of construction is limited to $2,000,000 by the State House Act, and the Commissioners requested architects to keep their estimates inside of $1,800,000.

The dimensions are: South and north fronts, 185 feet; east and west fronts, 492 feet; centre, east to west, 282 feet by 118 feet in width; height of dome, 234 feet; diameter, 72 feet; height of east and west fronts, 100 feet; south and north fronts, 92 feet. first story, 18 feet 6 inches; second story, 19 feet; Representatives' Hall, 48 feet; Senate Chamber, 48 feet; Supreme Court-room, 40 feet; third story, 16 feet 6 inches.

The entire business departments of the State will be on the first floor, which include offices for the Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor of State, Treasurer of State, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, State Board of Agriculture, Clerk of Supreme Court and Adjutant-General. The Representatives' Hall, 70 by 70 feet; court room, 50 feet 6 inches by 57 feet 6 inches; law library, 30 feet 6 inches by 56 feet 8 inches; library, 44 feet by 56 feet 8 inches; and the library, museum and reading-room, are all on the second floor, with numerous necessary ante-chambers, officers' rooms, committee-rooms, water-closets, wash-rooms, etc.

The third story will contain 18 committee-rooms, two joint committee-rooms, public gallery to house—seating capacity 236; standing room, 150; ladies' toilet-room, two public water-closets, public gallery to Senate Chamber—seating capacity, 408; standing room, 120.

Mr. May's design was selected from a list of twenty four competitors, by the Board of Commissioners, consisting of James D. Williams, President; John Love, Vice-President; General T. A. Morris, Professor John Collett and Hon. I. D. G. Nelson, who decided only after a four months' critical examination of the competing plans.

PRIMEVAL MAN.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association, Prof. Boyd Dawkins lectured upon "Primeval Man." Professor Dawkins, generalizing from the distribution of the animal remains found in the early tertiary periods, concluded that Europe was then joined to Africa. The evidence found in the midpliocene period of the existence of the river-drift hunter in France, Italy, Spain, Greece, North Africa, and also in India, brought us, in his opinion, face to face in that period with the primitive condition of human culture, on which, as all probability, all progress had been based. The absence of geographical limitations already referred to would account for the freedom with which the hunter passed to and fro. Subsequently, in the cave-men he found the successors of the river-drift huntermen of much higher type. He gave of their habits the following hypothetical description: They dressed themselves in skins and were gloves not unlike those worn at the present time. They wore necklaces and armlets, and probably pierced their ears for the reception of ear-rings for ornamentation. They used red raddle, and, indeed, some of the practices of the present time might be looked upon distinctly as being survivals. [Laughter.] The skins with which they clothed themselves they sewed together with bone-needles, and from the sketches they had left behind on bones and pieces of skin and the like, it appeared that they were able to form a distinct idea of the creatures which they hunted, the representations thus left probably being the trophies of the chase. They were fowlers and fishermen, and it was evident from the figures of animals which had been discovered that the hunters of these times had great facility in representing forms of animals on bone; but their attempts at representing the human form were rude. They had also left behind them evidence of the art of sculpture. They were ignorant of metals. They had no domestic animals. Apparently they were not in the habit of burying their dead. We were not aware of what sort of physique they had, but there was reason to believe they were most closely related to the Esquimaux. They were wholly different from the river-drift men. The river-drift man was in a state of primeval savagery; the cave-man was of a higher type, but in his turn was wholly inferior to the farmer, herdsman and merchant who followed him. We had this proof of the development of the human race in times before history began, and it occurred to him they had no reason for fixing any limit as to where progress would end, his opinion being that man would go on increasing in knowledge and improving in the arts of civilization until, in perhaps not a very remote future, he would be as superior to the men of 1880 as we were superior to the early hunters and cave-men.

AMERICAN WHEAT IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN journalists appear (says the London *Telegraph*) to be painfully exercised by the announcement that two American steamers, laden with grain, have entered the port of Revel for the purpose of discharging their cargoes, a circumstance hitherto without precedent in the annals of Russian commerce. That Russia would never need to import cereals from foreign countries has heretofore been a firmly established article of popular faith throughout the Czar's dominions. So rapid, however, has been the falling off in productiveness exhibited in the agricultural districts of the Empire that the seemingly impossible has at length come to pass, and Northern Russia is importing wheat from the United States. It is but justice to the Russian press to acknowledge that it has been profuse of warnings with respect to the probable consequences of slovenly and unintelligent farming, persistence in old-fashioned and exploded systems of cultivation, reluctance to invest capital in modern agricultural improvements, absenteeism and other lashes which have practically disqualified Russian grain-growers from competing for foreign custom with their transporting rivals. But Russian boyars and peasant farmers alike were so immutably possessed by the conviction that Russia was the predestined granary of Europe that they calmly ignored these salutary monitions. They are now stricken with amazement and consternation by proof positive, such as is afforded by the importation of American grain into Revel, that the cereal yields of Northern and Central Russia no longer suffice to meet the consumptive requirements of the native population. Germany, too, is giving to America the preference over Russia for what grain she finds it necessary to import from abroad, on the reasonable grounds that the American wheat is at once cheaper and of better quality than the Russian. Russian agriculture is just now at an extremely low ebb, and its future promises to prove even gloomier than the present.

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MARYLAND.—"IN DE MORNIN' BY DE BRIGHT LIGHT"—NEGRO OYSTERMEN OF ANNAPOLIS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FISHING-GROUND IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—From a Sketch by Joseph Becker.—See Page 122.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, *January 27th*, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4153, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee*.

THE DEMOCRATIC HANDICAP.

IT is the misfortune as well as the fortune of the Democratic Party that it has a long history, and that the recent pages of this history contain little more than a record of blunders. Confining our review of its record to the annals of the last twenty years (as it seems to be just in instituting a comparison between it and the Republican Party), we shall find that even as an Opposition party it has failed, on nearly every occasion, to take hold of things by the right handle. And so it comes to pass that its name and fame during this period of "storm and pressure" have been chiefly identified with dead issues and lost causes.

Among these dead issues and lost causes Slavery and the Rebellion stand pre-eminent, and the main responsibility for each still hangs like a millstone around the neck of the Democracy, from the fact that so large a part of its following is found to-day within the limits of the late slave-holding and insurgent States. Whatever may be the strength and validity of the causes which have conspired to produce a "Solid South" and to array this section on the side of the Democratic Party, it remains none the less clear that the abnormal fact of such a coalescence of political opinion at the South is well suited to excite suspicions and to invite attacks, even if there be no sufficient grounds for the suspicions and no justice in the attacks. It is impossible to effect a divorce between the sentiments of a people and their politics. The resentments left by the war have for long years been a source of strength to the Republicans and a source of weakness to the Democrats. The nomination of General Hancock is a frank admission of the fact; for, unless we gravely misinterpret the political strategy which inspired it, it was a nomination purposely made to weaken the Republicans at the point where they were seen to be strongest, and to strengthen the Democrats at a point where they knew themselves to be weakest. Regarded from these points alone, it might perhaps be an open question whether in the present canvass it is the Democratic Party which is supporting General Hancock or General Hancock who is supporting the Democratic Party.

And this inversion of relations between the party and its leader naturally calls us to consider another stone of stumbling and rock of offense in the Democratic pathway. While the nomination of General Hancock by the Democrats of the North and of the South seems to us to do a full, frank and open homage to the loyal sentiment of the country, and while it seems to us a marvel of political obtuseness as well as of political injustice that the Republican leaders should resolutely shut their eyes to the fact and profess not to see it—thereby setting a stone of stumbling and rock of offense for themselves—it still remains none the less proper to say that General Hancock's want of civil experience is an objection to his candidature, especially in a time like the present, which calls for administrative skill and business capacity of the highest kind. Some compensation for this want may be found, it is true, in his freedom from the entanglements of a long political career, and in the fact that the highest duties of a Chief Magistrate are so clearly defined by the Constitution and the laws that they serve to make a plain and safe path for him if he cannot make a brilliant one for himself.

After the pacification of the country, it seems to us that the greatest need of the present time is a settlement of the currency on a sound and stable basis. The resumption of specie payments in which the country exults is uncertain and insecure so long as the depreciated silver dollar and the uncanceled greenback lurk like a Guy Fawkes beneath the fabric of the nation's credit. Neither party seems equal to the demands of the crisis. But after making due allowance for Republican shortcomings, and after awarding due pre-eminence to that intrepid band of Northern and Eastern Democrats who have never bowed the knee to the Greenback Baal, it must still be conceded that the Democracy of the South and West have fallen into a well-nigh hopeless declension from the standards of a true faith under this head. This defection is the heaviest weight which the party has to carry in the pivotal States of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. In the medley of its opinions on the subject of the currency, and in the confusion of its entangling alliances, there is some danger that the party may be enough for hard money to keep the Greenbackers from its support, and enough for soft money to drive the "solid men" of business from its ranks.

The historical attitude of the Democratic Party in the matter of the public patronage is another obstacle to its success in the approaching Presidential election. The managers of the Republican canvass are not entitled, it is true, to bring a railing accusation against the Democrats on this score, for they are making daily requisitions on the offices of the country, as if these offices were "spoils of war" by right of lawful conquest in a former campaign. But reformers of the civil service have learned to look with special distrust on the Democratic Party as the author of the "spoils system" in our politics, and until the party purges itself of this "bad eminence," it must expect to pay the penalty of its evil repute. The agitation for a genuine civil service reform makes but small headway in the Republican Party. In the Democratic Party it has not even begun.

In opposing any and all legislation which has for its object to supervise the election of members of the House of Representatives, the Democratic Party, through its leaders in the past and the present Congress, has assumed a position which exposes it to assault. The laws as they stand are a just ground of reproach to the Republican Party, but it also is a ground of reproach to the Democratic Party that it should have sought their abolition rather than their amendment, and should have sought an extreme redress by the threat of revolutionary proceedings. The whole people are interested in the integrity of the Federal elections *at every point*, and the Democratic Party, in view of the aspersions so freely cast on the purity of the ballot-box and the freedom of elections in the Southern States, can least of all afford to shrink from the lawful scrutiny which is provided by the Constitution under this head.

Like the Republicans, the Democrats, too, have their spurious clamors and panic cries, which impose as little on the intelligent public as on their authors. The affected dread of "troops at the polls" is not a whit more respectable than the bugaboos with which the Republicans insult the intelligence of the people. The spectre of "Imperialism" and of the "Man on Horseback" was laid in the grave of the "Third Term" dug at Chicago, and the attempts of the Democrats to conjure with it are as idle as Republican attempts to conjure with the vanished ghosts of the "Rebel Claims."

It appears, then, from this review, combined with the review previously made of the Republican situation, that neither of the two parties, as we conceive, has risen to the full height of its mission. Neither is so good that the success of either offers much of high promise, and neither is so bad that the success of either threatens much of deep calamity. If the people shall decide, with some misgivings, to retain the Republicans in office, it will not be so much from satisfaction with their rule as from a lurking fear that the Democrats have not sufficiently trained themselves, in the opposition, for a wiser and purer administration of the Government. If they shall resolve, with some misgivings, on a change of administration, it will not be so much from impatience of Republican rule under President Hayes as from impatience of the political artifices and disgust at the sectional antipathies by which the Republican managers have sought to perpetuate their power, and by which they have roused a popular fear that they may control the administration of General Garfield as they have controlled the canvass in his name.

THE LOW RATES FOR MONEY.

ONE of the most gratifying, and at the same time one of the most interesting, features of the financial situation continues to be the cheapness of money. The rates for call-loans remain at two to three per cent. The drain of money to the interior for the purpose of moving the crops is large, but not so large as last year, because the West and South are richer now than then. Last year immense amounts were shipped to both sections and never returned, being absorbed by the industries there. Of course the rates for money here depend largely on the demand for remittances from the West and South to move the crops. It is an interesting fact that, notwithstanding specie imports of no less than $24,000,000 at this port since August 1st, the bank reserves have been reduced $4,500,000, and the specie balance in the Treasury shows a falling off of more than $10,000,000; and it is likewise true that the loss in legal-tenders within the last two months has been $7,500,000. Still, there is even now an abundance of money, and though the loans of the banks show a large expansion, their reserve is larger by $18,000,000 than at this time last year.

One explanation of the present low rates for money, after making allowance for the increased wealth of the West and South compared with last year, is the fact that very little speculation is going on at this time. Last year there were large speculations in breadstuffs, iron and other merchandise; now speculation is the exception rather than the rule. In fact, the only notable speculation in merchandise just now is the corner in pork, and that interests only a comparatively few individuals. The trade of the country is proceeding quietly, undisturbed by the harassing influences of speculation. It is true that our exports of breadstuffs are not as large as they should be, but the blame for this rests solely with the farmers who are holding their grain for higher prices than the situation warrants. The exports of other merchandise, however, show a gratifying volume; and the total of all kinds—including breadstuffs—from January 1st to September 1st, was $550,887,300 against $451,800,000 last year, an increase this year of close to $100,000,000, with three active months yet before us, during which time it is hoped that the balance of trade in our favor—which is not so large as at this time last year—may be increased. Less money is called for to speculate in stocks, for the reason that most shares have risen to such a high point that there is less room for speculative ventures than formerly; though it may be added that a net increase of nearly $25,000,000 in their earnings in seven months and the prospect of a further large increase, owing to our abundant crops and the activity in general manufactures, have added materially to the value of railroad property.

Another reason for the present cheapness of money is that throughout the commercial world there is a larger amount of funds awaiting profitable investment than has been known for many years. As an illustration of this, capitalists point to the facts that our four per cent. bonds are bringing 109, thus showing that in order to secure a safe investment many investors are willing to lose the interest for two years; that many first-class railroad shares pay only 3½ to 4½ per cent. net; that English consols and railway shares—favorite investments—pay even less; and that the French bonds pay the investor very little and yet are readily taken. Intelligent observers, moreover, remind us that the amount of interest-paying securities placed on the market of late years has shown a decided decrease, as well as the undoubted fact that the Government has reduced its debt during the last seven years no less than $225,000,000, and is redeeming its obligations at the rate of $125,000,000 per annum. Of course the resumption of specie payments in the United States added several hundred millions to the world's supply of money by making the legal tenders and the national bank issues equal to gold.

To sum up, it may be briefly stated that the outlook for the commercial interests of the country is more promising than at any time for many years. The people have been frugal since the panic, and large harvests have added their blessings. That the people are more economical than formerly is seen in the fact that the savings banks' deposits are increasing largely. In this State the deposits show an increase of over $20,000,000, and the number of depositors is larger than in 1879 by 54,000. Our exports exceed our imports, even if the balance in our favor is not so large as last year. The crops everywhere are abundant. We are prosperous now, and, what is more, the future holds out promises of even greater prosperity. And there are not a few who predict that the time is not far distant when the United States will be entirely independent of European capital. To-day the amount of American gold coin in the country is over $200,000,000, or considerably more than at any former period.

CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS.

TO say that to cast an honest and intelligent vote should be a sacred duty with every citizen, and that to allow any consideration to determine it other than a desire to promote the well-being of the community is to be guilty of a violation of trust, is but to repeat what every one knows, and a common truism; but it cannot be said, in the face of the general indifference to it in practice, that iteration is unnecessary or uncalled for. If the determining motive is one of self-interest, the guilt is incurred, practically, of taking a bribe or of selling a vote; for the offense consists essentially in sacrificing the public good—it may be in greater or less degree—to interests that are wholly private and selfish, but it differs only in degree from that of the man who should sell his country for a price. There was one such.

If at any time self-seeking demagogues have been placed in power, it is the private citizen who has done it; if unwise laws of far-reaching deleterious influence have been enacted, it is the private citizens who are responsible for the mischief, in having cast their votes for ignorant or bad men. It is a duty every citizen owes to the commonwealth—and he is recreant if he neglects it—to inform himself as far as he can as to the character of actual and proposed public policy, but in an especial manner it is his duty to make himself acquainted with the antecedents and disposition of at least the leading men whom it is proposed to put in positions of public trust; and he should do this so that when he casts his vote, he may do so intelligently and not ignorantly as to questions or men. Everywhere, but especially in this land of universal suffrage, as the people are, such will the Government be. If every citizen voted always wisely and well, then we should have in reality what we have in theory—a true republic. Unfortunately every citizen is not good and wise. It cannot be denied that a very large proportion of those intrusted with citizenship are not only ill-informed, but so far wanting in moral sense that they easily become the instruments of demagogues, with the result that inferior and unprincipled men make their way into office, good men are excluded, and corrupt legislation comes at times to be the rule instead of the exception. The evil is very great. The remedy can come only with those causes that shall bring about the moral and intellectual elevation of the great masses of the people. If these causes are now operating, and it is it to be hoped they are, then there may be witnessed, sooner or later, a gradual purification of the popular vote; but if no signs of such improvement can anywhere be discerned, then is there the more reason for the performance of duty by those who are sensible of it. It too frequently happens that the very men who are best able to judge of the wisdom or otherwise of public measures proposed, and to inform themselves of the fitness or unfitness of candidates, are prevented from taking an active part in politics and even from voting, discouraged by the corrupt methods and motives of the so-called politician. It must be acknowledged that these are offensive. Integrity is at a discount with them. Deceit is at a premium. They are not like Esau, willing to give much for little; their characteristics are rather those of Judas, ready at any time to betray their country, not having the opportunity to betray their Lord. The conduct of Judas, however, it is to be regretted, they imitate only in part—their extermination will never be their own work. It must be accomplished, and will be sooner or later, but only when a majority of citizens shall make the casting of an intelligent and honest vote a matter of conscience.

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

THE composer of the maddest merriest music that can set heads a-wagging, Jacques Offenbach, has gone over to the great majority. He has laid down his score for ever, and the world will never again be on tip-toe with the expectation of some new creation of his melodious genius. The chords are silent, and Opera Bouffe has lost its creator.

Jacques Offenbach was a glittering light in the world of music, an *ignis fatuus*, a sort of Will-o'-the-Wisp, who lured the lovers of music onward in the hope of finally grasping a something that deserved the name of classical composition: but his fancy yielded nothing but airy dancing strains, and, instead of being enrolled with the great composers of the century, he stands on a pedestal in the outer hall.

Born in 1819, of Hebrew parents, a German by birth, but a Frenchman, like Henri Heine, to the innermost core of his soul, Jacques reached the age of 28 years before the ears of Paris commenced to turn towards the leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre Français whose handling of both 'cello and violin was pronounced *très chic*. The first composition that attracted any valuable notice to Offenbach was his setting of La Fontaine's celebrated "Fables." Being a mad, merry wag, his musical buffooneries became the delight of the inner artistic circles of the glittering capital, and when, in 1864, "La Belle Helene" was produced, Paris shrieked his fame. In 1865 he took the town by storm at the Bouffes by a series of madcap compositions, and in 1866 "Barbe Bleu" and the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" told the world that Opera Bouffe had crowned its king. A number of other compositions followed in due course, with all of which the public is familiar, and yellow gold came pouring into the Offenbachian treasury. The gifted composer has been ill for many months, but, despite the downdrag of physical ailment, in March last he celebrated the one hundredth performance of his one hundredth production—"La Fille du Tambour Major"—by conducting the third act in person at the Hotel Continental, Paris. If Jacques Offenbach made "piles of money," he lost so heavily in operatic and dramatic speculations, notably in the production of Sardou's drama "La Haine," upon the getting up of which fabulous sums were expended, that he died comparatively poor. The copyright of his numerous works must be worth a considerable sum, although his later efforts have not proved financially successful. On dit that his dying regret lay in having missed the first performance of his new opera, "Contes d'Hoffman," which he urged M. Carvalho to hasten with all possible dispatch. The "bony finger of destiny" was against Jacques Offen-

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bach, and his wish was not to be fulfilled. Who is it that did not like his "jingle"? Who is it that will not have a pleasant memory of the works of the composer who passed away from us on the 5th day of October, aged sixty-one years?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Eastern Question has entered upon a new phase. The hardy Albanians were unterrified by the appearance of a combined fleet off their shores. The Sultan smoked his hookah with undiminished placidity on the shores of the Bosphorus, and laughed at the attempts of the Great Powers to frighten him into obedience to their will. Meantime, the fleet was moved from harbor to harbor, and no doubt enjoyed a pleasant cruise. Then the admiral in command sent an ultimatum. The Porte replied by asking for a delay of a few days. It was granted; and at the expiration of the term, the Porte coolly answered that the Sultan would yield to the pressure of the Powers, but in so doing made several proposals. The Porte proposed to endeavor to induce the Albanians to cede Dulcigno, to create a new frontier line with Greece, to carry out, as soon as possible, the reforms in Europe, and within three months to introduce the promised reforms in Turkey in Asia, and to invite the Turkish bondholders to send delegates to Constantinople, to whom certain revenues should be ceded as guarantees for the payment of the interest upon the various Government loans. This remarkable document ended by insisting that, in return for all this, the allied Powers should abandon the naval demonstration. These proposals were, of course, treated as impertinent by the Great Powers; but there is an evident difference of opinion among them as to future action. France is apparently averse to any active measure of hostility, and seems to wish that the other Powers should do the dangerous work. But even the cession of Dulcigno is not secured by the Sultan's note. He promises to use his influence with the Albanians to give up their town without fighting, and he promises to withdraw his troops; but he adds that he cannot be held responsible for any complications which may arise out of the refusal of the Albanians to comply with the request of the fleet. It is now thought likely that the Great Powers will seize several islands in the Ægean Sea, and thus hold pledges that the Sultan will perform his promises. According to the latest dispatches, Greece is actively at work mobilizing her forces, and 20,000 men of the reserve will be summoned.

The Socialistic movement seems to gain ground daily. The amnestied Communists, like Rochefort, Blanqui and Felix Pyat, were desirous of holding a meeting in Paris to protest against the naval demonstration, but the Government quietly interfered and forbid it. It happened that there was an excellent excuse for doing so, as no meeting can be held in France without permission from the authorities, and the Government took the stand that by licensing such a meeting they would lend themselves to the spread of a belief that there was danger of a war with Turkey. The Socialistic meeting which was recently held at Zurich, in Switzerland, has alarmed all the Governments. The demeanor and menaces of the delegates present were so threatening, and the proposal to hold a Socialistic conference next year, with representatives from all lands, seemed such an open act of defiance, that a feeling of alarm has been general. Count Eulenberg, the Minister of the Interior, at the debates in the Reichstag upon the prolongation of the repressive law, spoke very strongly upon this subject. He pointed out that there were hotbeds of Socialism apart from Berlin, and that a state of siege might be the only remedy there after a while. The Government seems to have laid these remarks to heart, and they have drawn the attention of the Saxon Government and that of the Hamburg States to the necessity of some measures of repression.

The irrepressible Garibaldi has once more been disturbing the peace of Italy. Unfortunately, he is now old and almost in his dotage, nor has he any such noble object in view as the unity and freedom of Italy. His old companions in arms still stick closely to him, and one word from their beloved leader would probably rouse them to take up arms in no matter how trivial or unjust a cause. One of his bravest and well-known followers was Major Canzio, who married Teresita Garibaldi, a daughter of the great general. About a year ago a procession in honor of Mazzini took place at Genoa, where Canzio lives, and a tumult ensued necessitating the interference of the police. Among the rioters who were taken prisoners was Canzio, and on trial he was condemned to six months' imprisonment. He appealed from this sentence, and, while his case was still before the courts, he was mixed up in another tumult in Milan. Recently he has been imprisoned in Genoa, in spite of his own and his father-in-law's influence with Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister, who was formerly a strong Garibaldian. When it was found that the sentence would not be annulled, Garibaldi became very indignant and resigned his seat in the Italian Parliament. His son Menotti did the same, and they left Caprera for Genoa, apparently with the intention of attacking the prison and releasing Major Canzio. But wiser counsels prevailed, and it is now generally given out that Garibaldi had merely visited Genoa for his health. The general paid Canzio a visit in his prison, and assured him that he would not ask the ungrateful Government to release his son-in-law. On his way to and from the prison Garibaldi was loudly cheered, and was followed by a large crowd of people.

The news from Ireland is every day becoming more and more deplorable. Mr. Parnell, who should, by birth and education, be above inflaming the passions of an ignorant peasantry, is blamed on every side for his unwarrantable conduct. He has on several late occasions openly advised the use of violence, and, his influence being great, his advice will probably be followed. As is well-known, Ireland is divided into two almost separate peoples. In the North and East the inhabitants have a large quantity of Scotch blood in their veins, and the prevailing religion is Protestantism. These people are for the most part thriving and contented. In the West and South, on the other hand, the pure Irish race is found. Among them there are no industries, no trades and no desire to do more than to live from day to day. They all want to be land-owners, and think any labor except the cultivation of the soil to be below them. Hence, in a land where the land is very poor—where it is made less fertile by being worn out by unskilled agriculture and by the exhaustion consequent upon small holders who cannot afford to manure—poverty must be a necessary consequence. It is among this latter class of people that the Home Rule and Fenian agitators make their converts. Undoubtedly the Irish have much to complain of, just as any other conquered people find their yoke galling. But much of the old injustice has been removed, and the Irish tenantry are just as well treated at the present day as are their English brethren. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that a movement should be on foot among the Protestants of the North to defend themselves and their co-religionists against the Catholics of the South. One well-known landlord in the North of Ireland recently made a speech, in which he openly said that as long as the State looked after the interests of the people, it was the duty of all good citizens to leave the management of affairs to the State; but if the time should come when the State neglected to protect the interests of the people, the people must look after them. This speech points to a movement among these people to oppose the work of the Home Rulers and Fenians, and the quarrel will probably resolve itself, as such quarrels usually do in Ireland, into a religious war. Meantime the Government, alarmed at all these signs of disturbance, are becoming a little more alert, and troops are being dispatched to Ireland.

According to the latest news from Mexico, General Gonzales has been elected by an overwhelming majority. To any person who is acquainted with Mexican affairs this election is a matter of no surprise. General Gonzales is the friend and the favorite candidate of President Diaz. He is commander-in-chief of the army, which was carefully distributed throughout the country, and he thus held all the civil and military power necessary. Gonzales has been declared elected, but the real election takes place as soon as he attempts to take his seat. Thus a revolution will probably take place, and the strongest will rule the fair land of Montezuma. France and Mexico have resumed their diplomatic relations, which were interrupted since the death of Maximilian. A French Minister has been appointed to Mexico, and Señor Velasco, a Mexican long resident in Paris, will represent his Government there.

CAMPANINI, the famous Italian tenor, is once more with us, fully equipped for the new operatic season. He sang but once during his Summer vacation—for the benefit of a company of comedians, who had fallen into difficulties and appealed to him for aid. The receipts were sufficient to pay all the company's debts, and send them on their way with replenished pockets.

ANOTHER partisan charge has come to grief. General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, has inquired into the alleged frauds committed by census enumerators in South Carolina, and reports that they were groundless. The census of 1870, he says, was undoubtedly defective, and the suspicion that the recent enumeration was fraudulent has grown out of the fact that it exhibits a growth of population which, from the lying figures reported ten years ago, seems to be unnatural and impossible.

ALL doubts as to the result of the vote on the repudiating amendment to the Arkansas Constitution are set at rest by the declaration of the official returns. These show the rejection of the amendment by a majority of nearly 4,000. This is very far short of the Democratic majority in the State, showing that a considerable portion of the party vote must have been cast for the amendment; but it is sufficient for all practical purposes, and places Arkansas distinctly in the list of debt-paying States. The influence of such a result on the prosperity of the State cannot be otherwise than beneficial.

THE commercial convention held at Boston last week declared against "free ships," and adopted a resolution asking a Government bounty on American-built vessels. In this convention it was voted to recommend to the Senate and House of Representatives the passage of an Act to set apart all Custom House dues, including the tonnage tax collected from vessels of all nations, including our own, in all parts of the United States, as a special fund which shall be appropriated exclusively to pay bounty to American ship-owners. This general subject will undoubtedly force its way to the front, and compel consideration at the hands of Congress at no remote day.

THE formation of a syndicate of French and American bankers for the construction of the Panama Canal seems at length to have been definitely accomplished. It is understood that the syndicate will issue a loan of $80,000,000, but it is not expected that any considerable part of this amount will be taken in this country. By the terms of the grant of the Columbian Government to the Panama Railroad Company, no canal can be constructed within its territory without the awarding of damages to the railroad company by a board of arbitration; and no railroad can be constructed at all across the isthmus without the unqualified consent of the Panama Railroad Company. As it is necessary to have a railroad before a canal can be built, De Lesseps is said to have concluded to purchase the Panama Road outright, and it is now intimated that the latter company is prepared to deliver its power to the syndicate whenever it shall obtain sufficient money to pay for it. It is yet to be seen whether the expectations of the syndicate will be realized in the actual commencement of the great undertaking. It is quite certain, we think, that it will encounter a good many obstacles outside of the difficulty of raising the capital necessary for its successful prosecution.

BILLS of indictment have been found against thirty-eight citizens of Georgia for armed attacks on revenue officers while in the discharge of their lawful duties. Twenty of these outlaws belonged to a gang which burned the property of a deputy collector and fired upon his family under cover of the night. These violent interferences with Federal officials engaged in attempts to suppress illicit distillation have become entirely too common in some Southern localities, and the law-abiding citizens of that section should see to it that the efforts of the Government to punish the offenders are not permitted to miscarry from any want of local sympathy and co-operation.

THE transactions of the New York Clearing House Association for the year ending on the 1st instant were the largest for any one year since its organization, amounting to $38,698,667,252. The largest transactions for any one day were made on November 3d of last year, when they amounted to $202,558,252. The average daily transactions during the last year were $126,466,232. The largest balance on any one day occurred on November last, when it amounted to $11,208,025. Of this sum $8,300,000 was paid in gold coin, weighing about 15½ tons. The total amount of gold coin received for the year was $340,538,000. These figures exhibit very strikingly the immense business transacted by this association.

THE Newfoundland authorities are at length actually investigating the complaints of ill-treatment made by Gloucester fishermen against the Newfoundland fishermen who have so often interfered with their rights in British waters. The testimony of witnesses summoned by the Government fully confirms all the charges of the Americans. It is shown that in one case our fishermen were attacked by the people on shore and furiously pelted with missiles while engaged in fishing for bait, as permitted to do under treaty stipulations. If the Colonial authorities shall now ignore the testimony of their own witnesses, and make no honest effort to put a stop to the lawlessness and violence to which Americans are now exposed, a demand for reparation should instantly be made by our Government.

GENERAL GRANT'S assault upon General Hancock in a recent published interview is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste. Moreover, some of the statements attributed to General Grant touching Hancock's course in Louisiana and Texas are flatly in conflict with other statements previously made by Grant, and also with the official correspondence which took place fourteen years ago between the two generals. Two months ago Grant, speaking of General Hancock, said, "No better or safer man could be elected to the Chief Magistracy." Now he says that the officer thus commended "is crazy to be President," and "ambitious, vain and weak." General Grant is deliberately false to himself and to the truth in one of these deliverances. Which is it? In any event he has injured himself more than the object of his assault.

TOM HUGHES'S new colony at Rugby, in East Tennessee, starts out under favorable auspices. It seems to be founded on a basis of common sense and practical business sagacity, and its successful development can scarcely be doubted. In his address last week, at the formal opening of the colony, Mr. Hughes said that æsthetic considerations will not be lost sight of in its management; the beauty of the site will be preserved, and parks and gardens reserved among the hills; buildings, fences, and all private improvements will be constructed according to the best standards of good taste; and no intoxicating liquors will be permitted to be sold. He added: "All that helps to make healthy, brave, modest and true men and women will get from us all the cordial sympathy and help we are able to give. In one word, our aim and hope are to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies, not that artificial class which goes by those grand names both in Europe and here, the joint product of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members, who live (as we hope most if not all of them will, to some extent) by the labor of their own hands, will be of such strain and culture that they shall be able to meet princes in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion, should any such strange persons ever present themselves before the gate tower of Rugby in the New World." The colony of Plateau now embraces some fifty thousand acres, and it is proposed to gradually absorb additional lands until four hundred thousand acres have been secured. This, of course, will be contingent upon the success of the present nucleus at Rugby.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

A FATAL cattle disease has appeared in Virginia.

TOM HUGHES was entertained at a banquet by the Literary Club of Chicago on October 8th.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has taken the stump for the Republican Presidential ticket.

THE amount of tax to be raised in New York City this year, for all purposes, is $28,937,272.

THE election in Georgia, October 6th, resulted in the re election of Governor Colquitt by a majority of 30,000.

TWO PERSONS were killed and twelve injured by an accident on the Fitchburg (Mass.) Railroad, at Littleton, on the 7th instant.

AN effort to break the will of the late Marshall O. Roberts, of this city, has been abandoned, and the will admitted to probate.

TWO mills in Lowell, Mass., employing four hundred and twenty-five men, were burned on October 6th, involving a loss of $200,000.

THE next meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held in St. Louis on the third Monday of October, 1881.

GENERAL GRANT arrived in New York on Saturday evening last for the purpose of reviewing the great Republican demonstration on Monday evening.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR addressed an immense Democratic meeting in New York, on Friday evening last, in support of the party cause and candidates.

THE Masonic ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner-stone of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park took place on Saturday last. There was a fine parade of Masons and Knights Templar.

THE centennial anniversary of the battle of Kings Mountain, North Carolina, was celebrated last week on the battle-ground. There was a large attendance, and the ceremonies were full of interest to the people of the Carolinas.

MRS. LIZZIE P. RALSTON, widow and legatee of the late California millionaire, has commenced an action against Senator Sharon, one of the executors of Mr. Ralston's will, charging that he has defrauded her in the settlement of the estate.

THE total value of stamps of all kinds issued by the Post Office during the last fiscal year was $32,687,345, an increase of nine per cent. The newspapers and periodicals forwarded weighed nearly 31,000 tons and paid $1,226,452 postage.

THE reunion of General Grant's old regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois, was held at Decatur, last week. General Grant presided at the business meeting of the regiment. Over 3,000 old soldiers, representing nearly all the Northern States, were present.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL statement of the vote in Maine on the Constitutional Amendment, gives, on the amendment electing Governor by plurality, 37,316 in favor of, to 35,764 against; on the amendment relative to the change in the term of office, 40,217 in favor of, to 16,660 against.

THE town elections in Connecticut last week showed Republican gains. The Constitutional Amendment taking the nomination of judges from the Legislative caucus and vesting it in the Governor, was carried. The late town elections in Maryland also show gains for the Republicans.

REPRESENTATIVES of fifty-one commercial organizations throughout the country met in Boston last week to consider a proposed revision of the navigation laws and to adopt some plan for the relief and recovery of our shipping interests. The convention rejected a resolution to admit ship-building materials free of duty.

THE Vermont Legislature met in annual session on October 6th. Governor Farnham was inaugurated on the day following. His message states the assets of the State at $235,074; liabilities, $150,871. The amount of deposits in the savings banks of the State on July 1st was $9,075,214.39, an increase of nearly $1,000,000 during the past year.

THE formation of a new trunk line from New York and Philadelphia to the Southwest, with the Shenandoah Valley Railroad as its base, is authoritatively announced. Surveys have been made for an extension of the road to the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio. The new line, it is said, will reach New York by the proposed extension of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad to Harrisburg, Pa., and from Harrisburg over the old Allentown Short Line, now operated by the Reading and Jersey Central.

Foreign.

KALAKAUA, King of the Hawaiian Islands, has appointed a new Cabinet, and great satisfaction is expressed at the result.

THE funeral of M. Offenbach is said to have attracted more mourners than ever gathered in Paris, even on State occasions.

A DUBLIN paper contains a proclamation declaring Galway and Mayo in a state of disturbance requiring additional police.

THE Russian Government has called a convention of Russian cotton manufacturers to discuss a threatened crisis in that industry.

MUCH damage has been done in Great Britain by recent storms and floods. At Penzance great injury was done to shipping by a gale on October 6th.

THE Prussian Government is becoming alarmed about the Socialists, and warns the Saxon Government and Hamburg State to take measures to secure the peace.

THE Mexican House of Representatives on the 25th ult., by a large majority vote, passed a resolution declaring General Gonzalez President of the Republic, his term of office to begin on the 1st of December next.

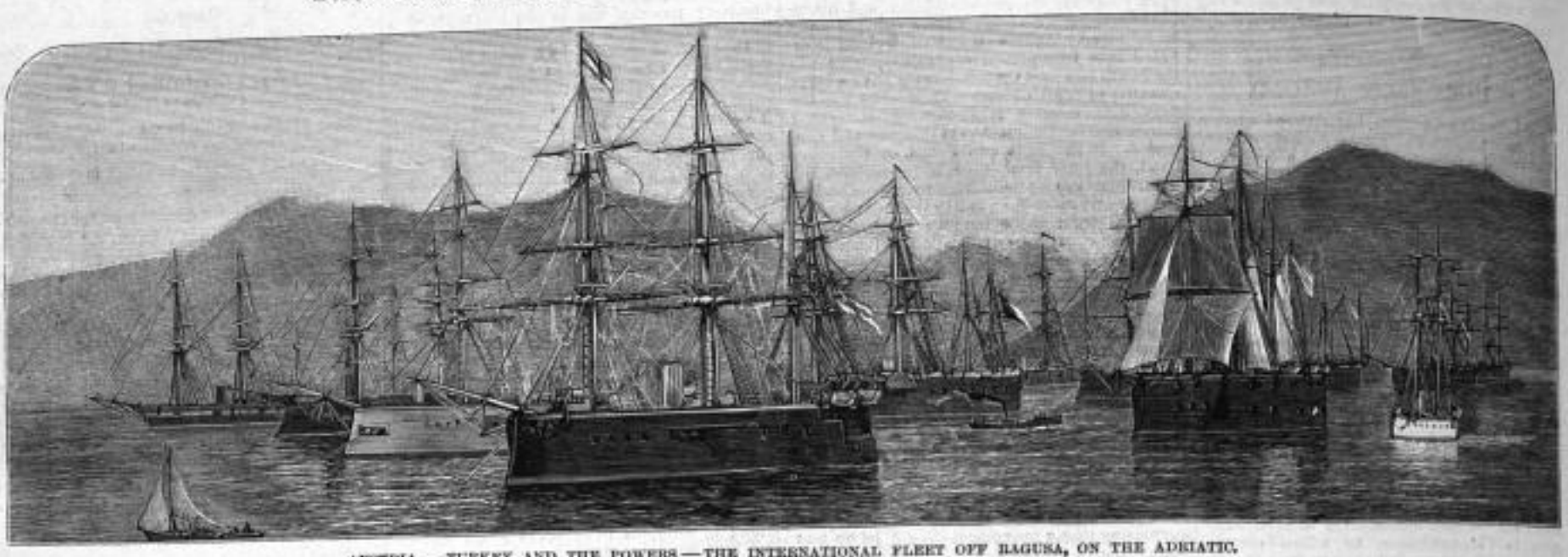
MR. LOWELL, the American Minister to England, delivered, on Thursday night last, the opening address of the present session of the Workingmen's College, London. He was very cordially received. His subject was "Books and Reading."

THE Board of Trade returns for the month of September show that the value of the imports into the United Kingdom was $32,500,000 in excess of those for the same month last year, and the value of the exports was $13,125,000 in excess of those for the same month last year.

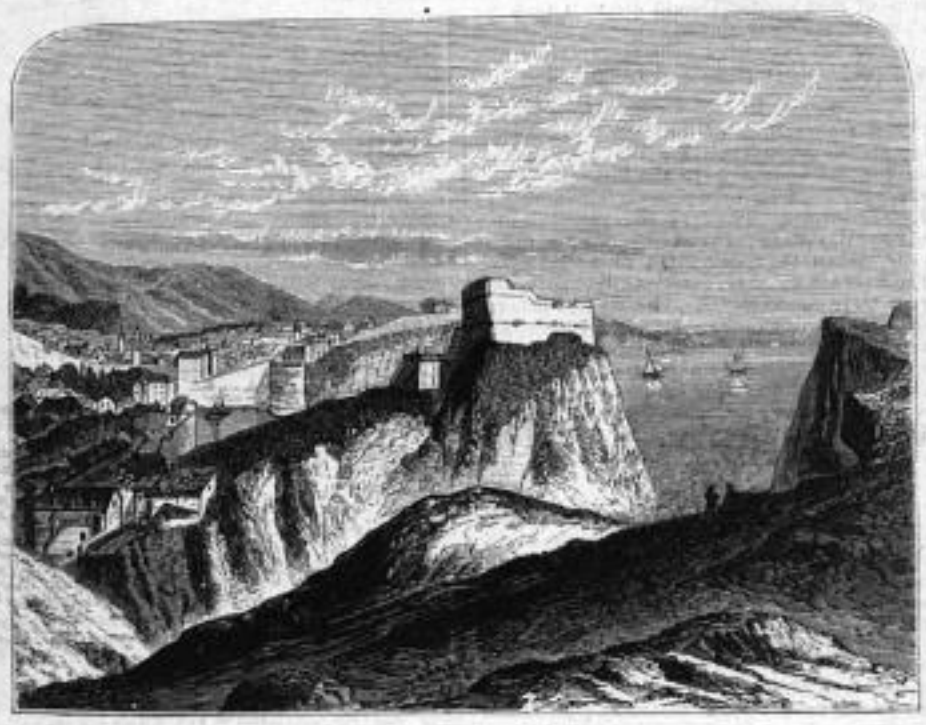
THE French Minister of Public Worship is proceeding against the unrecognized Orders. Six German Franciscans at Ernal have already been expelled from France, and the English Passionists in Paris are threatened with a similar fate, though their chapel is the only place of worship where English and American Catholics can hear sermons in their own tongue.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 123.



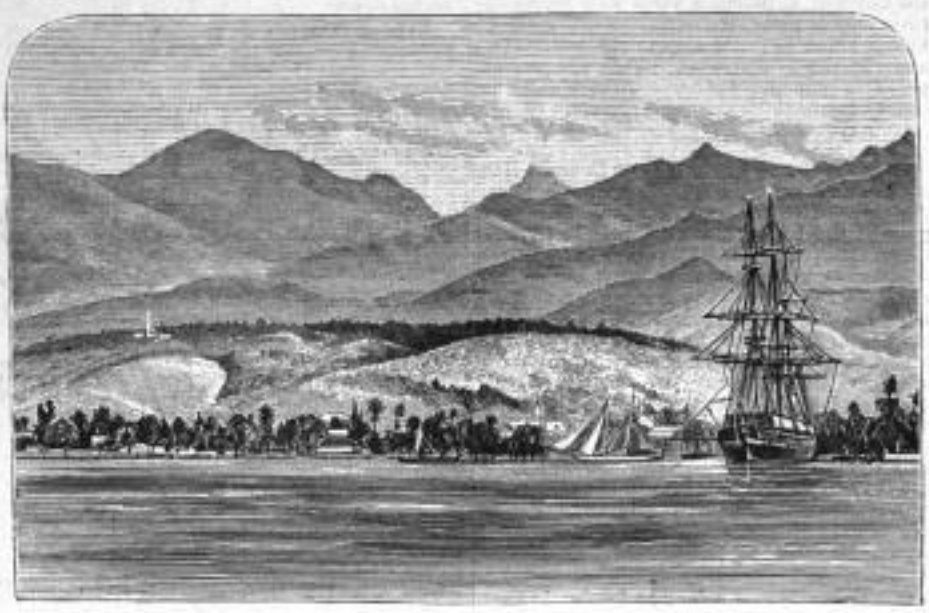
AUSTRIA.—TURKEY AND THE POWERS—THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET OFF RAGUSA, ON THE ADRIATIC.



AUSTRIA.—VIEW OF RAGUSA, ON THE ADRIATIC.



SPAIN.—PREPARING THE LAYETTE FOR THE ROYAL BABE.



SOUTH PACIFIC.—THE ROADSTEAD OF TAHITI, SOCIETY ISLANDS.



SOUTH PACIFIC.—A VILLAGE OF TAHITI, ANNEXED TO FRANCE.



SPAIN.—THE ROYAL BIRTH—KING ALFONSO PRESENTING THE INFANTA TO THE AMBASSADORS AND STATE OFFICIALS.

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RT. REV. MICHAEL A. CORRIGAN, D.D.,

COADJUTOR TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

THE selection of a coadjutor bishop to assist Cardinal McCloskey in the government of the diocese over which he has presided for many years engaged the attention of that high dignitary and the suffragans of the province of New York. Among the names proposed by them to the Pope, that of the Bishop of Newark was selected, and the telegraph recently announced his transfer to his new field of labor.

Although still a young man, Bishop Corrigan has made a high reputation in church circles by his piety, learning and rare administrative ability. Since his appointment as Bishop of Newark, he has been unremitting in his ecclesiastical duties. By his constant visitations and attendance in the various parishes of the State of New Jersey, he has become personally familiar with the clergy, institutions and congregations, and has always been prompt to check evils, and to further progress in good. Affable, unaffected and winning in manner, he has inspired confidence and acquired a great influence for good, which makes his flock deplore his removal.

Michael Augustine Corrigan was born in Newark on the 13th of August, 1840. His parents, Thomas and Mary English Corrigan, were natives of Leinster, Ireland. His father acquired a competence before his birth, and determined to give his children a liberal education.

After a brief stay at St. Mary's, Wilmington, Michael proceeded to Mount St. Mary's, at Emmittsburg, the nursery of Catholic priests and bishops. Here he soon took the lead in his studies, and after making a tour of Europe with his sister he resolved to enter the ecclesiastical state. He graduated from the College of Mount St. Mary's, at Emmittsburg, Md., in 1859, and with the highest honors of his class. Thence he went to Rome to complete his studies, and was one of the thirteen students with whom the American College at Rome opened. He was ordained priest on the 19th of September by Cardinal Patrizi, in the Basilica of St. John, at Rome, and before leaving that city won the degree of D.D. On his return to New Jersey he was appointed Professor in the Diocesan Seminary at Seton Hall, South Orange, and upon the nomination of Dr. McQuade, the President, to the Bishopric of Rochester, N. Y., in 1868, Dr. Corrigan was appointed President of Seton Hall College. In 1870, during the absence of Bishop Bayley at the Vatican Council, Dr. Corrigan filled the offices of Administrator and Vicar-General of the diocese of Newark, and on May 14th, 1873, after Bishop Bayley had been promoted to the See of Baltimore, Dr. Corrigan was, upon his recommendation, appointed his successor, and was consecrated Bishop of Newark by Cardinal McCloskey.

Seton Hall College has been his home, and he watched with critical eyes the training of the candidates for the priesthood in the Seminary and of the collegians in the University course. He encouraged the erection of churches wherever needed, and has dedicated no fewer than forty-two. He welcomed to his diocese several religious Orders, as coadjutors in the mission work, and has seen the Jesuits establish a fine college, and Dominicans, Franciscans and Carmelites active in the ministry. One great object was to establish a Catholic Protectory, where the wayward youth of both sexes might be under religious influence and be saved from becoming scourges of society. This work he accomplished and has maintained for several years amid countless difficulties.

Bishop Corrigan is of medium size, and slight but muscular build. His hair and eyes are dark brown, and his face is well shaped and ruddy. He habitually wears gold spectacles, being near-sighted to some extent; but his eyes, when seen without the glasses, are bright and piercing. Every motion is full of energy, and he speaks quickly and directly to the point. Yet he is very courtly in his bearing. Besides Father James H. Corrigan, he has another brother, Father George Corrigan, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of Newtown, N. J. His sister became an Augustinian nun about the time that he entered the priesthood, and died, some years ago, in Meaux, France.

No intelligence has yet arrived of the title henceforth to be borne by him. According to usage, he will be transferred to some episcopal or archiepiscopal See *in partibus infidelium*, as Bishop Hughes, when coadjutor, was Bishop of Basileopolis, and Cardinal McCloskey, in the same position, Bishop of Axieren.



RT. REV. MICHAEL A. CORRIGAN, D.D., NEWLY-APPOINTED COADJUTOR TO CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY.

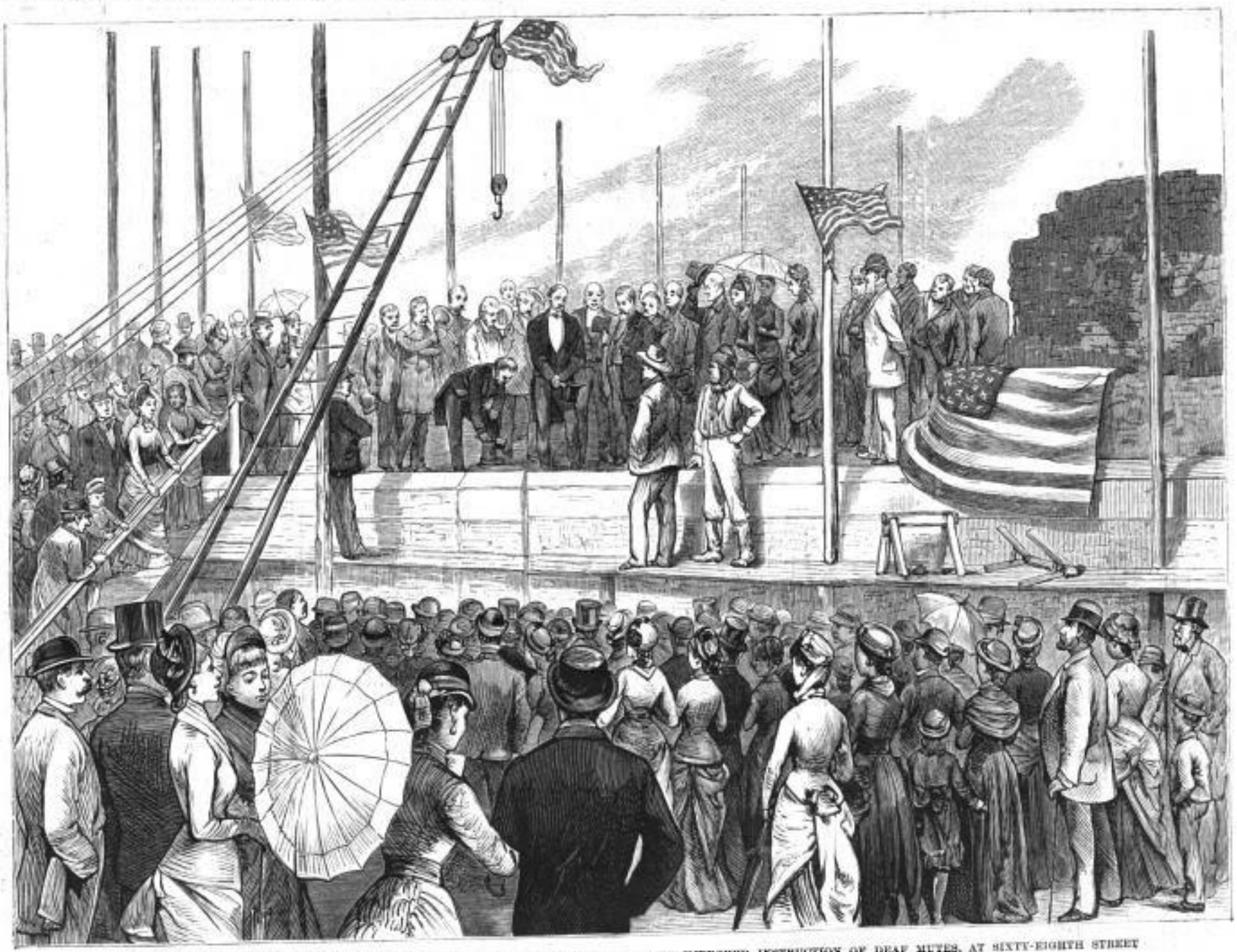
A NEW SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES.

THE formal ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, at Sixty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, which took place on October 4th, was an occasion of much interest to persons whose sympathies are enlisted for that class of unfortunates. The institute fronts on Sixty-eighth Street, corner of Lexington Avenue, 150 feet, the depth of the wings being 100, and of the centre 60 feet. The lot is 200 by 150 feet, and the building is four stories high. It will be constructed of Philadelphia brick, with gray stone trimmings, in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The walls have been erected up to the windows of the second story. In 1865 a Viennese deaf mute, named Englesmann, began, in New York, teaching deaf mutes to speak and understand language by the motion of the lips. Two years later this Society was formed for the benefit of poor deaf mutes, and a school was opened at No. 134 West Twenty-seventh Street with ten pupils. The school was supported by the annual dues of members of the Society, which became incorporated in 1869, and has since received a little State aid. The school is now conducted in four dwelling-houses at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, having 123 pupils. Over thirty applicants have been turned away for want of room. About $125,000 has been subscribed for the new building, which will be ready for occupancy by the 1st of May next.

The exercises preliminary to laying the corner-stone were held in the chapel of the Normal College. They were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Gotheil, after which President Isaac Rosenfeld delivered a brief address of welcome. Oscar S. Straus related the history of the undertaking. Chief-Justice Shea followed by giving a record of the institution from the date of its formation in President Rosenfeld's parlor, in February, 1867, up to the resolution to erect a new building. His remarks were mainly addressed to Mayor Cooper, who responded at some length. The Mayor said that a deaf and dumb person did not "now need the Bishop of Beverly to make the sign of the cross over him to restore his speech," and the class of men and women, which in past ages had been banished to obscurity, was, by modern teaching, restored to all the benefits conferred upon more favored members of society.

Chief-Justice Noah Davis said the occasion was the most interesting in which he had taken part since he came to this city. "Not more than half a century ago it would have been considered a miracle of God that the dumb should speak. But now, under the ministrations of kind women, one of the grandest accomplishments of human nature was being developed." The city, he said, was proud of its charitable institutions and of its educational system. The institution whose birth was now celebrated was "one of the city's crowning glories. He was glad that the idea of founding such an institution had "emanated from the most distinguished of all the races of mankind," a race which, "trodden under foot in the Old World, found in the New World an opportunity to show the depths of charity dwelling in the Hebrew heart." Twenty five years' experience had taught the speaker that it was unwise to wait until death had compelled man to relax his grasp on his possessions before he made charitable offerings, and through technicalities in the contest of wills many deserving charities had been disappointed.

At the close of the address a procession, headed by the trustees, marched to the new building, where the corner-stone was laid. A copper box, containing copies of the daily newspapers of October 3d, reports of the institutions, a gold coin of each of the denominations of the United States mintage,



NEW YORK CITY.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES, AT SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, OCTOBER 4TH.

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and lists of the subscribers to the building fund, was placed in the stone, after which a slab was placed over it, and each of the trustees struck with a wooden mallet a blow on the stone. Prayer by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Seabury closed the exercises.

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

SECOND SCENE: VANGE ABBEY—THE FOREWARNINGS.

VI.

AS we approached the harbor at Folkestone Romayne's agitation appeared to subside. His head drooped, his eyes half closed—he looked like a weary man quietly falling asleep.

On leaving the steamboat, I ventured to ask our charming fellow-passenger if I could be of any service, in reserving places in the London train for her mother and herself. She thanked me, and said they were going to visit some friends at Folkestone. In making this reply, she looked at Romayne. "I am afraid he is very ill!" she said, in gently lowered tones. Before I could answer, her mother turned to her with an expression of surprise, and directed her attention to the friends whom she had mentioned, waiting to greet her. Her last look as they took her away rested tenderly and sorrowfully on Romayne. He never returned it—he was not even aware of it. As I led him to the train he leaned more and more heavily on my arm. Seated in the carriage, he sank at once into profound sleep.

We drove to the hotel at which my friend was accustomed to reside when he was in London. His long sleep on the journey seemed, in some degree, to have relieved him. We dined together in his private room. When the servants had withdrawn, I found that the unhappy result of the duel was still preying on his mind.

"The horror of having killed that man," he said, "is more than I can bear alone. For God's sake, don't leave me!"

I had received letters at Boulogne which informed me that my wife and family had accepted an invitation to stay with some friends at the seaside. Under these circumstances, I was entirely at his service. Having quieted his anxiety on this point, I reminded him of what had passed between us on board the steamboat. He tried to change the subject. My curiosity was too strongly aroused to permit this; I persisted in helping his memory.

"We were looking into the engine-room," I said, "and you asked me what I heard there. You promised to tell me what you heard, as soon as we got on shore——"

He stopped me before I could say more.

"I begin to think it was a delusion," he answered. "You ought not to interpret too literally what a person in my dreadful situation may say. The stain of another man's blood is on me——"

I interrupted him in my turn. "I refuse to hear you speak of yourself in that way," I said. "You are no more responsible for the Frenchman's death than if you had been driving, and had accidentally run over him in the street. I am not the right companion for a man who talks as you do. The proper person to be with you is a doctor." I really felt irritated with him—and I saw no reason for concealing it.

Another man, in his place, might have been offended with me. There was a native sweetness in Romayne's disposition, which asserted itself even in his worst moments of nervous irritability. He took my hand.

"Don't be hard on me," he pleaded. "I will try to think of it as you do. Make some little concession, on your side. I want to see how I get through the night. We will return to what I said to you on board the steamboat to-morrow morning. Is it agreed?"

It was agreed, of course. There was a door of communication between our bedrooms. At his suggestion it was left open.

"If I find I can't sleep," he explained, "I want to feel assured that you can hear me if I call to you."

Three times in the night I woke, and, seeing the light burning in his room, looked in at him. He always carried some of his books with him when he traveled. On each occasion when I entered the room he was reading quietly.

"I suppose I forestalled my night's sleep on the railway," he said. "It doesn't matter; I am content. Something that I was afraid of has not happened. I am used to wakeful nights. Go back to bed, and don't be uneasy about me."

The next morning the deferred explanation was put off again.

"Do you mind waiting a little longer?" he asked.

"Not if you particularly wish it."

"Will you do me another favor? You know that I don't like London. The noise in the streets is distracting. Besides, I may tell you I have a sort of distrust of noise since——"

He stopped with an appearance of confusion.

"Since I found you looking into the engine-room?" I asked.

"Yes. I don't feel inclined to trust the chances of another night in London. I want to try the effect of perfect quiet. Do you mind going back with me to Vange? Dull as the place is, you can amuse yourself. There is good shooting, as you know."

In an hour more we had left London.

VII.

VANGE ABBEY is, as I suppose, the most solitary country house in England. If Romayne wanted quiet it was exactly the place for him.

On the rising ground of one of the wildest moors in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the ruins of the old monastery are visible from all points of the compass. There are traditions of thriving villages clustering about the Abbey, in the days of the monks, and of hostelries devoted to the reception of pilgrims from every part of the Christian world. Not a vestige of these buildings is left. They were deserted by the pious inhabitants, it is said, at the time when Henry the Eighth suppressed the monasteries, and gave the Abbey and the broad lands of Vange to his faithful friend and courtier, Sir Miles Romayne. In the next generation, the son and heir of Sir Miles built the dwelling-house, helping himself liberally from the solid stone walls of the monastery. With some unimportant alterations and repairs, the house stands, defying time and weather, to the present day.

At the last station on the railway, the horses were waiting for us. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we shortened the distance considerably by taking the bridle-path over the moor. Between nine and ten o'clock we reached the Abbey.

Years had passed since I had last been Romayne's guest. Nothing out of the house or in the house seemed to have undergone any change in the interval. Neither the good North-country butler, nor his buxom Scotch wife, skilled in cookery, looked any older; they received me as if I had left them a day or two since, and had come back again to live in Yorkshire. My well-remembered bedroom was waiting for me, and the matchless old Madeira welcomed us when my host and I met in the inner-hall, which was the ordinary dining-room of the Abbey.

As we faced each other at the well-spread table, I began to hope that the familiar influences of his country home were beginning already to breathe their blessed quiet over the disturbed mind of Romayne. In the presence of his faithful old servants he seemed to be capable of controlling the morbid remorse that oppressed him. He spoke to them composedly and kindly; he was affectionately glad to see his old friend once more in the old house.

When we were near the end of our meal something happened that startled me. I had just handed the wine to Romayne, and he had filled his glass, when he suddenly turned pale and lifted his head like a man whose attention is unexpectedly roused. No person but ourselves was in the room; I was not speaking to him at the time. He looked round suspiciously at the door behind him leading into the library, and rang the old fashioned handbell which stood by him on the table. The servant was directed to close the door.

"Are you cold?" I asked.

"No." He reconsidered that brief answer, and contradicted himself. "Yes—the library fire has burnt low, I suppose."

In my position at the table, I had seen the fire; the grate was heaped with blazing coals and wood. I said nothing. The pale change in his face and his contradictory reply roused doubts in me which I had hoped never to feel again.

He pushed away his glass of wine, and still kept his eyes fixed on the closed door. His attitude and expression were plainly suggestive of the act of listening. Listening to what?

After an interval, he abruptly addressed me. "Do you call it a quiet night?" he said.

"As quiet as quiet can be," I replied. "The wind has dropped, and even the fire doesn't crackle. Perfect stillness—indoors and out."

"Out?" he repeated. For a moment he looked at me intently, as if I had started some new idea in his mind. I asked as lightly as I could if I had said anything to surprise him. Instead of answering me, he started out of his chair with a cry of terror, and left the room.

I scarcely knew what to do. It was impossible, unless he returned immediately, to let this extraordinary proceeding pass without notice. After waiting for a few minutes, I rang the bell.

The old butler came in. He looked in blank amazement at the empty chair. "Where's the master?" he asked.

I could only answer that he had left the table suddenly, without a word of explanation. "He may perhaps be ill," I added. "As his old servant, you can do no harm if you go and look for him. Say that I am waiting here, if he wants me."

The minutes passed slowly and more slowly. I was left alone for so long a time that I began to feel seriously uneasy. My hand was on the bell again, when there was a knock at the door. I had expected to see the butler. It was the groom who entered the room.

"Garthwaite can't come down to you, sir," said the man. "He asks if you will please go up to the master on the Belvidere."

The house—extending round three sides of a square—was only two stories high. The flat roof, accessible through a species of hatchway, and still surrounded by its sturdy stone parapet, was called "The Belvidere," in reference as usual to the fine view which it commanded. Fearing I knew not what, I mounted the ladder which led to the roof. Romayne received me with a harsh outburst of laughter—that saddest false laughter which is true trouble in disguise.

"Here's something to amuse you!" he cried. "I believe old Garthwaite thinks I am drunk—he won't leave me up here by myself."

Letting this strange assertion remain unanswered, the butler withdrew. As he passed me on his way to the ladder, he whispered, "Be careful of the master! I tell you, sir, he has a bee in his bonnet this night." Although not of the North country myself, I knew the meaning of the phrase. Garthwaite suspected that the master was nothing less than mad!

Romayne took my arm when we were alone—we walked slowly from end to end of the Belvidere. The moon was, by this time, low in the heavens; but her mild mysterious light still streamed over the roof of the house and the high heathy ground round it. I looked attentively at Romayne. He was deadly pale; his hand shook as it rested on my arm—and that was all. Neither in look nor manner did he betray the faintest sign of mental derangement. He had perhaps needlessly alarmed the faithful old servant by something that he had said or done. I determined to clear up that doubt immediately.

"You left the table very suddenly," I said. "Did you feel ill?"

"Not ill," he replied. "I was frightened. Look at me—I'm frightened still."

"What do you mean?"

Instead of answering he repeated the strange question which he had put to me down-stairs.

"Do you call it a quiet night?"

Considering the time of year and the exposed situation of the house, the night was almost preternaturally quiet. Throughout the vast open country all around us not even a breath of air could be heard. The night birds were away, or were silent at the time. But one sound was audible when we stood still and listened—the cool, quiet bubble of a little stream, lost to view in the valley-ground to the south.

"I have told you already," I said. "So still a night I never remember on this Yorkshire moor."

He laid one hand heavily on my shoulder.

"What did the poor boy say of me, whose brother I killed?" he asked. "What words did we hear through the dripping darkness of the mist?"

"I won't encourage you to think of them. I refuse to repeat the words."

He pointed over the northward parapet.

"It doesn't matter whether you accept or refuse," he said. "I hear the boy at this moment—there!"

He repeated the horrid words, marking the pauses in the utterance of them with his finger, as if they were sounds that he heard.

"Assassin! assassin! where are you?"

"Good God!" I cried, "you don't mean that you really hear the voice?"

"Do you hear what I say? I hear the boy as plainly as you hear me. The voice screams at me through the clear moonlight as it screamed at me through the sea-fog. Again and again. It's all round the house. That way now, where the light just touches on the tops of the heather. Tell the servants to have the horses ready the first thing in the morning. We leave Vange Abbey to-morrow."

These were wild words. If he had spoken them wildly, I might have shared the butler's conclusion that his mind was deranged. There was no undue vehemence in his voice or his manner. He spoke with a melancholy resignation—he seemed like a prisoner submitting to a sentence that he had deserved. Remembering the cases of men suffering from nervous disease who had been haunted by apparitions, I asked if he saw any imaginary figure under the form of a boy.

"I see nothing," he said; "I only hear. Look yourself. It is in the last degree improbable; but let us make sure that nobody has followed me from Boulogne, and is playing me a trick."

We made the circuit of the Belvidere. On its eastward side, the house wall was built against one of the towers of the old Abbey. On the westward side, the ground sloped steeply down to a deep pool or tarn. Northward and southward, there was nothing to be seen but the open moor. Look where I might, with the moonlight to make the view plain to me, the solitude was as void of any living creature as if we had been surrounded by the awful dead world of the moon.

"Was it the boy's voice that you heard on the voyage across the Channel?" I asked.

"Yes; I heard it for the first time—down in the engine-room; rising and falling, rising and falling, like the sound of the engines themselves."

"And when did you hear it again?"

"I feared to hear it in London. It left me, I should have told you, when we stepped ashore out of the steamboat. I was afraid that the noise of the traffic in the streets might bring it back to me. As you know, I passed a quiet night. I had the hope that my imagination had deceived me—that I was the victim of a delusion, as people say. It is no delusion. In the perfect tranquillity of this place, the voice has come back to me. While we were at table I heard it again—behind me, in the library. I heard it still when the door was shut. I ran up here to try if it would follow me into the open air. It has followed me. We may as well go down again into the hall. I know now that there is no escaping from it. My dear old home has become horrible to me. Do you mind returning to London to-morrow?"

What I felt and feared in this miserable state of things matters little. The one chance that I could see for Romayne was to obtain the best medical advice. I sincerely encouraged his idea of going back to London the next day.

We had sat together by the hall fire for about ten minutes, when he took out his handkerchief and wiped away the perspiration from his forehead, drawing a deep breath of relief. "It has gone!" he said, faintly.

"When did you hear the boy's voice," I asked—"do you hear it continually?"

"No, at intervals; sometimes longer, sometimes shorter."

"And, thus far, it comes to you suddenly, and leaves you suddenly?"

"Yes."

"Do my questions annoy you?"

"I make no complaint," he said, sadly. "You can see for yourself—I patiently suffer the punishment that I have deserved."

I contradicted him at once. "It is nothing of the sort! It's a nervous malady which medical science can control and cure. Wait till we get to London."

This expression of opinion produced no effect on him.

"I have taken the life of a fellow-creature," he said. "I have closed the career of a young man who, but for me, might have lived long and happily and honorably. Say what you may, I am of the race of Cain. *He* had the mark set on his brow. I have my ordeal. Delude yourself, if you like, with false hopes. I can endure—and hope for nothing. Good-night."

VIII.

EARLY the next morning the good old butler came to me, in great perturbation, for a word of advice.

"Do come, sir, and look at the master! I can't find in my heart to wake him."

It was time to wake him, if we were to go to London that day. I went into the bedroom. Although I was no doctor, the restorative importance of that profound and quiet sleep impressed itself on me so strongly, that I took the responsibility of leaving him undisturbed. The event proved that I had acted wisely. He slept until noon. There was no return of "the torment of the voice," as he called it, poor fellow. We passed a quiet day, excepting one little interruption, which I am warned not to pass over without a word of record in this narrative.

We had returned from a ride. Romayne had gone into the library to read; and I was just leaving the stables, after a look at some recent improvements, when a pony-chaise with a gentleman in it drove up to the door. He asked politely if he might be allowed to see the house. There were some fine pictures at Vange, as well as many interesting relics of antiquity; and the rooms were shown, in Romayne's absence, to the very few travelers who were adventurous enough to cross the heathy desert that surrounded the Abbey. On this occasion the stranger was informed that Mr. Romayne was at home. He at once apologized—with an appearance of disappointment, however, which induced me to step forward and speak to him.

"Mr. Romayne is not very well," I said, "and I cannot venture to ask you into the house. But you will be welcome, I am sure, to walk round the grounds and to look at the ruins of the Abbey."

He thanked me and accepted the invitation. I find no great difficulty in describing him generally. He was elderly, fat and cheerful; buttoned up in a long black frock-coat, and presenting that closely shaven face and that inveterate expression of watchful humility about the eyes, which we all associate with the reverend personality of a priest.

To my surprise, he seemed, in some degree at least, to know his way about the place. He made straight for the dreary little lake which I have already mentioned, and stood looking at it with an interest which was so incomprehensible to me, that I own I watched him.

He ascended the slope of the moorland and entered the gate which led to the grounds. All that the gardeners had done to make the place attractive failed to claim his attention. He walked past lawns, shrubs, and flower-beds, and only stopped at an old stone fountain which tradition declared to have been one of the ornaments of the garden in the time of the monks. Having carefully examined this relic of antiquity, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket, and consulted it attentively. It might have been a plan of the house and grounds, or it might not—I can only report that he took the path which led him, by the shortest way, to the ruined Abbey church.

As he entered the roofless inclosure he reverently removed his hat. It was impossible for me to follow him any further without exposing myself to the risk of discovery. I sat down on one of the fallen stones waiting to see him again. It must have been at least half an hour before he appeared. He thanked me for my kindness as composedly as if he had quite expected to find me in the place that I occupied.

"I have been deeply interested in all that I have seen," he said. "May I venture to ask, what is perhaps an indiscreet question on the part of a stranger?"

I ventured, on my side, to inquire what this question might be.

"Mr. Romayne is indeed fortunate," he resumed, "in the possession of this beautiful place. He is a young man, I think?"

"Yes."

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Excuse my curiosity. The owner of Vange Abbey is an interesting person to all good antiquaries like myself. Many thanks again. Good-day."

His pony-chaise took him away. His last look rested—not on me—but on the old Abbey.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG OF THE OYSTERMEN.

ONE of the quaintest cities in the Union is Annapolis, in Maryland, which was first "settled" in 1649 by Puritan refugees from Virginia. Formerly called Providence, it was, in 1694, regularly laid out, and, in compliment to Queen Anne, called after Her Most Gracious Majesty. At the close of the Revolution, Maryland offered to cede Annapolis to the General Government as the Federal capital, and it was at the Session of Congress held in Annapolis in 1783 that Washington surrendered his commission as Commander-in-chief, on the 23d day of December. The United States Naval Academy occupies a superb position, the largest vessels in the Navy being able to ride alongside the Academy wharf. Many of the houses are pre-Revolution and built of red English brick, the doors and windows being pure Queen Anne. Dotted all over the bay at this season of the year, and as far as the eye can reach, are the boats of the oyster fishermen in search of the luscious bivalves, while dredgers sail away down the Chesapeake Bay, followed by the "maledictions loud and deep" of the toilers who work in frail skiffs nearer shore. The "Irish Fleet," as it is called, is very strong, and such names as the *Invader*, the *Monocacy*, the *Cuba Maiden*, are to be deciphered on the sterns of a large percentage of the fishing craft. Our illustration represents an oyster-boat en route to Tully's Point Reef, a happy hunting-ground about six miles down the bay. She is manned by colored folk, who while away the sailing time by vocal and instrumental melody, their favorite song at this date being "In de Morn-

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ter by de Bright Light." The melodious strains, as, on a clear autumnal morning, they float across the tranquil waters of the bay, possess a quaint fascination, all the more subtle for the picturesque surroundings—for Annapolis, as viewed from the Chesapeake, is a perfect gem in the glittering waters of the bay. Each small boat is manned by an adult and a boy, called a "culler," who is employed to take oysters from the tongs, to select the fish from the debris, and to dress the shells by means of a small hammer. A good culler will dress 25 bushels a day, or 3,744 oysters. As many as 200 boats may be seen working on Tally's Point Reef, each taking 30 bushels, or 450,000 oysters a day. There are 4,000 licensed oyster-boats in the waters of the Chesapeake. "Shucking," or oyster-opening, is a regular profession at Annapolis. One firm employs over 800 shuckers, who shuck over 100,000 bushels a week. A smart shucker will shuck from 20 to 26 pots of six pints each, one bushel to a pot, for which he is paid at the rate of 10 cents a pot. Girls are largely employed at shucking and canning, and the opening of the oyster season at Annapolis makes things as lively as when the Fairy Prince kissed the sleeping Beauty in the wood.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION.

THE Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church convened in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, in this city, on October 6th. The convention is divided into the House of Bishops, which is composed of the sixty bishops of the Church in the United States, and the House of Deputies, which embraces eight delegates—four clergymen and four laymen—from each diocese of the Church—about 326 in all. Bishop Smith of Kentucky presided over the House of Bishops, he being the senior bishop of the Church. The Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D., of this diocese, acted as Secretary, and the Rev. W. Tablock, D. D., of Connecticut, as Assistant Secretary. The proceedings of the House of Bishops were conducted, with closed doors, in the chapel of the church. The House of Deputies met in the body of the church, and their proceedings were public.

The House of Deputies holds about the same relation to the House of Bishops that the House of Representatives does to the Senate in Congress. The proceedings of the Convention are conducted under parliamentary rules, and a measure originating in either House must be passed in the other before it becomes effective in the government of the Church. A majority of votes is sufficient to carry a resolution in either branch of the Convention.

The devotional exercises preliminary to the opening of the Convention were held in St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Rutherford Place, on the morning of the 6th. There was a great throng of visitors. In the chancel of the church seats were provided for the bishops and the officiating clergy. The communion-table, spread with a snow-white cloth, stood in the centre of the sanctuary, and behind it was a high-backed chair for the presiding bishop, flanked by two other chairs with backs not so high. On the table rested the alms-basin, of solid gold, presented to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States by the Convocation of Canterbury, England, and the solid silver communion-service presented by Trinity Church in 1812, and used by each General Convention which has assembled since that date. The full choir of Trinity Church occupied the organ-gallery, and furnished the music of the morning services. At 11:10 the grand procession of the bishops and clergy left the chapel, the clergy leading, and the venerable Bishop Smith of Kentucky, leaning on the arm of Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh, bringing up the rear. The clergy and the bishops were habited in their ecclesiastical vestments, and as they marched through the churchyard, on their way from the chapel to the church, presented a very dignified and solemn spectacle. When the head of the procession entered the church, the Trinity choir began the processional hymn, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord," and the great congregation arose and stood until bishops and clergy were seated. As Dr. Tyng and Dr. Williams, who led the march, reached the steps of the altar they stopped. Those who followed ranged themselves in a double column down the centre aisle, and the bishops passed through, preceded by Bishop Smith, and took their seats in the sanctuary. Bishop Smith had to be supported to the high-backed chair set apart for him. This is the sixth General Convention over which he has been called to preside, and he is very weak from age. On his right sat Bishop Cotterell of Edinburgh, and on his left Bishop Lee of Delaware. The other bishops, forty-seven in number, had seats within the railing of the church, while the officiating clergymen sat without the railing, inside the lectern and pulpit. The services, in which the Rev. Dr. W. M. Williams, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Bishop Lee of Delaware, Bishop Herzog of Germany, Bishop Kip of California, Bishop Williams of Connecticut, and others, participated, were eminently impressive.

The House of Deputies organized with Rev. Dr. E. E. Beardsley, of Connecticut, as President, and Rev. Charles L. Hutchings, of Massachusetts, as Secretary. On Friday the two Houses met in joint convention as a Board of Missions. During the session several questions of church polity and church unity generally have been discussed, and the results of the Convention will no doubt be in every way important.

MONTICELLO,

ONCE THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

NEAR Shadwell, the place of Thomas Jefferson's birth and the home of his boyhood, "was an isolated mountain five hundred and eighty feet high, which he afterwards named 'Monticello,' or the Little Mount, covered to the summit with perpetual forest." Far up towards the apex of this little mountain Thomas Jefferson and his boon-friend, Dabney Carr (who, like Jefferson, was at that time a law student), constructed a rustic seat under an old mountain oak. To this place they were in the habit of repairing with their law-books to spend pleasant hours in study and conversation. These students became strongly attached to the spot, and made the compact that whichever died first should be buried here by the other. Carr, after taking an honorable part in the opening scenes of the war for Independence, died, and Jefferson buried him where the two had spent hours together in pleasant and retired intercourse. Here Jefferson was afterwards consigned to his mother earth, and that spot was from that time used as the burial-place of the Jefferson family. The attachment of the future statesman for this isolated eminence grew stronger and stronger, and he selected it as the site whereon to build a mansion which he intended should be the most elegant and refined home in "Old Virginia."

From the summit of this mountain a grand panoramic view of hill and dale, mountain and plain, is under the eye. There is within the range of vision a large expanse of land whose fertility is unexcelled; and a pretty stream, called the Rivanna River, can be seen for miles as it winds around the base of the Monticello and through green meadows and well-tilled fields. To the east the country, from the base of the mountain, extends for miles a level plain. To the north is a chain of hills, with here and there a neat farmhouse peeping modestly from amongst its old shade trees. To the south is Willis Mountain, and in the southeast arise in rugged grandeur what one of Virginia's orators has called "the majesty of her everlasting hills and mountains." It is, indeed, a fair spot, and it is not remarkable that Jefferson's attachment to it was so strong, or surprising that he chose it as the site of his future home.

While he was yet a student, he made the first preparations for building on the mount. He commenced by removing its apex, forming thus an elliptical plain. The work of construction went on very slowly, no needed article being purchasable at a point nearer than Williamsburg—a hundred and fifty miles distant—and very many of these articles, such as sashes, etc., had to be brought from London, England.

In 1770—he was at that time a young lawyer at the Albemarle Bar—the Jefferson family was burned out of house and home, and even the notes which the young lawyer had prepared for the purpose of arguing a case in the court at Charlottesville at the following Term were lost. Mrs. Jefferson found temporary shelter under the roof of an overseer, while her son took up his residence in his mountain home. This was the first occupancy of Monticello. For the next twenty-five years the mansion was under course of construction—or, rather, remained unfinished. Jefferson's time was greatly broken into, first by State and then by Federal politics—he being successively Governor of Virginia, Vice-President under John Adams, and twice President of the United States. He was also a representative of the American Government at foreign courts, but he never lost sight of his beloved Monticello, and finally completed it.

The following is a description of the interior of the house, written by a member of Mr. Jefferson's family, who lived there many years: "The house, externally, is of the Doric order of Grecian architecture, with its heavy cornice and massive balustrades—its public rooms finished in the Ionic. The front hall of entrance recedes six feet within the front wall of the building, covered by a portico the width of the recess, projecting twenty five feet and the height of the house, with stone pillars and steps. The hall is also the height of the house. From about midway this room passages lead up to either extremity of the building. The rooms at the extremity of these passages terminate in octagonal projections, leaving a recess of three equal sides, into which the passages enter, piazzas the width of the recess projecting six feet beyond; their roofs, the height of the house and resting on brick arches, cover the recesses. The northern one connects the house with the public terrace, while the southern is arched for a green-house. To the east of these passages, on each side of the hall, are lodging-rooms. This front is one and a half stories; the west front, the rooms occupy the whole height, making the house one story, except the parlor, or central room, which is surmounted by an octagonal story, with a dome or spherical roof. This was designed for a billiard-room, but, before completion, a law was passed prohibiting public and private billiard-tables in the State. It was to have been approached by stairways connected with a gallery at the inner extremity of the hall, which itself forms the communication between the lodging-rooms on either side above. The two assigned for the rooms being prohibited, these stairways were never erected, leaving in this respect a great deficiency in the house. . . . The floor of this room (the parlor) is in squares, the squares being ten inches, of the wild cherry, very hard, susceptible of a high polish, and the color of mahogany. The border of each square, four inches wide, is of beech, light-colored, hard, and bearing high polish. The original cost was two hundred dollars. After nearly seventy years of use and abuse, a half-hour's dusting and brushing will make it compare favorable with the handsomest tessellated floors."

All around the mansion extended beautiful lawns, and around the lawns oaks, lindens, poplars, birch and many other fine old shade-trees. Standing on the western portico and looking over the western lawn, one sees at a distance of two and a half or three miles, the old town of Charlottesville, at whose Bar Jefferson was a lawyer, and within whose limits at one time sat the Legislature of Virginia; and just beyond arises the pantheon-shaped dome of the University of Virginia, the last great work of him who

"Had written the Charter of Treason,
Defying oblivion and death."

From the eastern portico, looking directly eastward, a view of Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean is made impossible only by the great distance.

Jefferson retired from office in 1808 and went to dwell at his mountain home, where he lived eighteen years, dying at a ripe age on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the same day on which his political rival John Adams (exclaiming, "Thomas Jefferson still survives!") breathed his last.

The ex-President was very seriously involved at the time of his death, and Monticello was sold to pay his debts. Had it not been for the liberality of the State of Louisiana (which had been purchased from the French Government while Jefferson was President) and the State of South Carolina, his daughter, Martha Jefferson, who had intermarried with Thomas Mann Randolph, would have been very poorly provided for. Each of the above-named States gave her $10,000, all of which she invested in the bonds of the University of Virginia.

When the property was sold in 1830 Commodore Uriah P. Levy, of the United States Navy, purchased it. The commodore was the first naval officer to abolish corporal punishment, and served with distinction in the war of 1812. He presented to the United States the colossal bronze statue of Jefferson (by David) in 1834. At his death, in 1862, the property was confiscated and sold by the Confederate Government. After the war the commodore's will was found, by which the property was bequeathed to the State of Virginia on condition that that commonwealth would establish a school for Hebrew children at Monticello; but if Virginia failed to accept the legacy, then the property was to go to the United States, provided the United States would use it for the benefit of a Marine Hospital at Washington, D. C. The heirs of Commodore Levy contested the will in the courts of New York, and it was set aside, the property going to his direct heirs. At this juncture Virginia put in her claim for her bequest, but the court decided that the matter had been adjusted and declined to reopen the case. Under a decree of the Albemarle County Court the property was sold, when Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, a nephew of the naval officer, a son of Captain J. P. Levy, and a prominent member of the New York Bar, purchased a large proportion of it, and has since secured the remainder. He has thoroughly repaired it (sparing no expense or pains), restoring it to the exact condition it was in when Mr. Jefferson died, being studious to avoid the slightest modification of the original plan. It is at present his Summer residence, and no man ever had a more desirable one. It is one of the American Meccas.

On the western slope of the mountain, a few hundred yards from the mansion-house, is the grave of Jefferson and his family connections, inclosed by a modest brick wall. Vandals have been there. The shaft which marks his grave—humble enough in its best days—has been pecked to pieces by the desecrating hands of visitors desiring to place a specimen of it in their cabinets of relics and curiosities, and to-day the monument over the grave of one of the greatest men of the world is a rough and shapeless stone. This disfigured obelisk once declared—(but even this brief, yet glorious inscription has been defaced by tourists)—that on this spot lie buried the mortal remains of

THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.

In patriotic Americans the neglected grave of Jefferson awakens feelings of regret that it should have so long remained unthought of and uncared for by the millions who, with almost unfeeling words, daily extol his genius, and to those especially who have spent their lives in sight of the home of this great American and have come up like loyal sons to Alma Mater, the last great work of his cunning hand, it is a humiliation "bitterer to drink than blood."

Wheat-farming on the Pacific Coast.

SPEAKING of the mammoth farmers and farming in California, a San Francisco correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says: "Dr. Hugh J. Glenn made his first purchase of the Jacinto grant, California, in December, 1867, and commenced farming in the wonderfully productive Sacramento Valley. He has now a farm of 65,000 acres, 45,000 of which are in wheat, and has 125 miles of fence. Of this year's crop, Dr. Glenn says, although he has on hand 250,000 sacks, each holding 140 pounds, he thinks they will not hold his wheat. He has his own machine and blacksmith shops, boring, turning and planing machines, buzz-saws, etc. He manufactures his own wagons, separators, headers, harrows, and nearly all the machinery and implements used. He has employed 90 men in seeding and 150 in harvest, 200 head of horses and mules, 55 grain-headers and other wagons, 150 sets of harness, 12 twelve foot headers, 3 sulky hay-rakes, 32 eight mule cultivators, 4 Gem seed-sowers, 8 Buckeye drills, 8 mowers, 1 forty eight-inch separator, 36 feet long and 13½ feet high, with a capacity of 10 bushels per minute; 1 forty-inch separator, 36 feet long; 2 forty-foot elevators for self feeder, 1 steam barley or feed mill, and 2 twenty-horse power engines. The forty-eight inch separator threshed on the 8th of August, 1879, 5,732 bushels of wheat in one day."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The International Fleet at Gravosa.

The European concert of which we have heard so much, has at length been rendered complete by the arrival of the French contingent, and has been giving a performance in the harbor of Gravosa for the benefit of the Sultan of Turkey, but whether he will listen to the music remains to be seen. The port of Gravosa, which we have illustrated, resembles a Norwegian fiord. Upon their arrival Her Majesty's ships *Alexandra* and *Temeraire*, with the gun vessel *Condor*, and the dispatch boat *Hideux*, were moored with hawsers to rocks on shore. South of them were the Russian ships *Svetland* and *Jenadchony*. Beyond, moored in the stream, was the Austrian ironclad *Custozza*, next the Italian ironclad *Palestro*, with the German corvette *Victoria*. In shore, in Ombla Creek, was the Italian ironclad *Roma*, and in the oval port of Gravosa were the Austrian ships *Lauden*, *Prinz Eugen* and *Strenpin*. The French squadron, which was the last to arrive, consists of the *Friedland*, *Saffren* and *Hirondelle* (dispatch boat). A dispatch from Vienna, speaking of the situation and the temporizing disposition of the Porte, says: "The British and Russian Cabinets have already given their opinion of the Turkish note, that it is altogether unfit to form the basis of further negotiations. While communicating this opinion, the British Cabinet has urged the immediate resumption of combined action on a larger scale, namely, to make a naval demonstration nearer Constantinople, without abandoning the demonstration at Dulcigno." The town of Ragusa, on the Adriatic, is situated on the more open shore, a mile and a half southeast of the village of Gravosa. Like Cattaro, the port nearest to Montenegro, and the possessor of the best harbor of the Adriatic, Ragusa was taken by the French under Napoleon I., from whom it was in turn taken by England. At the Congress of Vienna in 1815 it was given to Austria. Further changes in the situation at this point will be noted in our news columns.

The French Annexation of Tahiti.

The protectorate which France has long exercised over Tahiti and the group of the Society Islands has just terminated; King Pomare V. abdicates and the islands become a French colony. This step is due mainly to the management of Mr. Chessé, who has acted as Governor. Tahiti can now enter on a career of real progress under French energy. As in other Pacific islands, the native population is fast disappearing, having fallen from 16,000 at the commencement of the century to about 6,000. Of the immigrant population, 138 only are French, while English and Americans count 407, and Chinese 408. The French aspect that on the opening of the Panama Canal, Tahiti will become a great stopping place for steamers. About one-fourth of the soil is rich and productive, but a very small portion is turned to account. Its proper hands it would furnish a rich supply of tropical fruits to the western shores of America.

The Spanish Heiress.

At half-past 8 o'clock in the evening of September 11th Dr. Riedel laid in the arms of the Archduchess Elizabeth the new-born Spanish Princess. The Archduchess showed it to the other members of the Royal family, and the news spread rapidly through the palace. At once the white flag was hoisted and a white lantern lighted, whilst the cannon of the artillery barracks close to the palace fired a salute of fifteen guns. The church bells rang out, and the public edifices were illuminated. An antique custom decrees that immediately after the birth of the first child of the King of Spain the sovereign shall, himself, present to the Corps Diplomatique and to an assemblage of high dignitaries, his infant heir. It was a quarter past 8, and the room set apart for the ceremony, which is not very large, presented a very imposing aspect, from the variety of costumes and the high rank of the personages; the whole, in short, was linged with the brilliancy which the Court of Spain gives to its great ceremonies. The Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, the delegates from the Parliament and the Municipal Council of Madrid, the deputation from other provinces, contrasted with the throng, glittering with gold and Orders. There were also the cardinals, the Papal Nuncio, prelates to represent the Church, and all the heads of the diplomatic body. There were a few moments of anxious curiosity, and the Duke de Sesto disappeared, called by the Marquis de Santa Cruz, to receive the tidings, which he speedily communicated to those in the ante-room. An Infanta! A shade of disappointment was visible also in that brilliant assemblage, and then all eyes were fixed upon the door through which came the King, Alfonso XII. His Majesty carried a most exquisite basket, in which lay peacefully, in the midst of laces in softly-quilted silk, the little Infanta. Behind the King came the chief officials of the palace and M. Canovas del Castillo. Alfonso XII. looked very happy and carried his child with great care. The Prime Minister raised the lace veil, and the more favored ones could see the baby princess, who is reported to be fair, with blue eyes like Queen Christina. As soon as this formality was over the King gave the Infanta to the Marquis de Santa Cruz, who passed over the basket to the Duchess de Medina de las Torres. The King was surrounded by the heads of the Corps Diplomatique, and congratulated by all, whilst the Keeper of the Seals prepared the Act certifying to the presentation, and the registry of the birth of Doña Maria de las Mercedes Teresa Isabella de Borbon. The preparations of the Infanta for the Princess occupied much time. The mothers of the King and Queen vied with each other in procuring the most elaborate cradles and cradle linen and laces. Every article of baby raiment and adornment was of the richest character, and there was sufficient to satisfy the necessities of a hundred little ones—not Infantas of Spain.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—GREAT poverty in the interior of Russia is reported in the St. Petersburg journals.

—THE Triennial elections throughout France have been fixed for the 7th of November.

—BAPTIST pastors in this city have designated November 1st as a day of prayer for the good of the country.

—STEAMBOATS are to invade the lagoons of the Adriatic at Venice, and the gondola will soon be a thing of the past.

—THE amount of foreign gold that has come to this country since July 1st last is estimated by Treasury officials to be about $35,000,000.

—ODESSA grain merchants are represented as buying wheat in both the English and American markets, owing to a deficiency in the Russian crops.

—THE Commissioners for the International Park on the Canada side have ordered a survey, which will extend a distance of three miles on the river front.

—A LARGE number of fraudulent naturalization papers have been issued in Philadelphia, and several of the persons concerned in their issue have been arrested.

—THE Italian Government is revising the decree enacted against the Jesuits in 1873, on account of the influx into Italy of large numbers of the exiled French members of the Order.

—AN invitation has been received by the United States Government to send a representative to the International Sanitary Conference, which is to be held in London in August, 1881.

—THE New Orleans *Bee* reports cotton reports from various points in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Tennessee and Florida indicate a falling off in the crops compared with last year.

—THE Director of the Mint estimates that about $28,000,000 in silver was coined during the last fiscal year, and that the production of silver will amount to about $36,000,000, or $2,000,000 less than the previous year.

—IN 1800 the number of lunatics in England was 38,058. Now it is 71,191, an increase of no less than 87 per cent. During the same period the population increased only about 28 per cent., a third of the rate at which lunacy advanced.

—THE New York Historical Society has directed its executive committee to make arrangements for the erection of a suitable memorial to Captain Nathan Hale upon the spot where he was executed by the British, September 22d, 1776.

—THE seventy-first annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions was held in Lowell, Mass., last week. The official reports show that the total expenditures of the year were $627,861, and the total receipts $613,639, leaving a deficit of $14,222.

—THE Delta Kappa Epsilon college fraternity will hold its annual convention, October 20th and 21st, with the Trinity College Chapter in Hartford. At the literary exercises Bishop Robertson of Missouri will preside; Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, will deliver the oration, and the Hon. George A. Marden, of Lowell, will be poet. About 200 delegates are expected to be present.

—OTTO, the son of a Nez Percés Indian chief is distinguishing himself as a sharpshooter in San Francisco. His most remarkable feat is to hit a mark while blindfolded. A glass ball is suspended twenty feet away, and the boy is allowed to gaze at it. Then his eyes are bandaged, and he is turned around several times; but more than half the time he breaks the ball, though how he manages his aim is a mystery.

—THE annual boat race between Harvard and Yale has grown to be quite a costly affair. The treasurer of the Harvard University Boat Club has just reported that the year's expenses were $4,428.65, and that the club is in debt $401 at that. The amount of money consumed, however, in preparing for the race, is a trifle compared with the time. Both Harvard and Yale have already begun their work for next Summer's regatta.

—THE largest casting ever made in this country was turned out at the Black Diamond Steel Works in Pittsburgh, Pa., last week. The casting was an anvil block for a 17-ton steam hammer, and its weight was 160 tons. Five furnaces were built expressly for melting the iron, and seven hours were occupied in running the metal. The hammer will be the largest in the country—the next largest of ten tons, being at Nashua, N. H. Four months will elapse before the block will be cool enough to handle.

—ADVICES from Yokohama, Japan, to the 19th of September, states that the depreciation of the paper currency has induced the Government to consider the expediency of contracting a foreign loan principally for the purpose of retiring a large portion of its paper. The natural resources of the country, combined with the good faith of the Government as manifested in a former financial transaction of a like nature, is a sufficient guarantee that the loan, if asked for, will be favorably entertained by Western capitalists.

—THE Government of Columbia proposes to establish a navy; four vessels are to be built at once. Two navy-yards are to be established—one at Carthagena and another at Panama. Two of the vessels will be school ships, and practical lessons in ship-building will be taught at the navy-yards. The sum of $600,000 is appropriated for the purpose of establishing this navy. The Government of Costa Rica has entered into a contract for the construction of an elevated railroad from San José, the capital, to Rio Sucio, there to connect with a railroad in course of construction from Limon. The road is to be ready for traffic within ten months.

—A SUBMARINE volcano has been discovered in the Pacific, south of Fortuna and the Hervis Islands, by Commander Huntington of the United States steamer *Alert*. First a column of vapor was discovered rising from the sea, followed by the upheaval of black masses. As the ship approached the submarine volcano the masses thrown up were distinguished as mud and ashes. The upheavals were accompanied by dull reports, like those from submarine mines, and by an odor of sulphur. Several days were spent in making the reconnoissance. A reef, or island, is in process of formation. Soundings were obtained in from five to twenty-one fathoms. The water was full of ashes and mud, and some of this and one specimen of the bottom were brought on board. At night flames were noticed issuing from the volcano.

—THE new colony of Rugby, in East Tennessee, was formally opened October 5th. There was a large attendance. The ceremonies commenced with an impressive religious service conducted by Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, and the Rev. H. H. Sneed, of Chattanooga. A poem was read by Miss L. Virginia French, and addresses were made by the Hon. Thomas Hughes; Cyrus Clark, manager of the colony; Judge O. P. Temple, Knoxville, Tenn.; L. Dana Horton, of Pomeroy, Ohio; and Franklin W. Smith, of Boston. Mr. Hughes gave a vigorous sketch of the hopes and purposes of those who are interested in the project, and pointed out what he thought was the true path to success. It was not an English colony in an exclusive sense, he said. He stood what he understood by the word "communism," remarking that the colonists had no sympathy with any form of communism.

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NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING SERVICES OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.
SEE PAGE 123.

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MISSOURI.—ANNUAL VISIT OF THE VAILED PROPHETS TO ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 5TH—TABLEAU OF THE EGYPTIAN SUMMER.
FROM A SKETCH BY S. C. NEWHALL.—SEE PAGE 127.

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TWO DESERTS.

ACROSS the silence of a land that swoons
Beneath the torture of its torrid skies,
An Arab falters, as the last hope dies,
To kneel for once before the Khalsian tombs.
And as he hears afar the dread simooms,
And, kneeling, to a callous Allah cries—
Dreamily fair before his famished eyes
A palm-groved Eden of the desert blooms!

And I, too, falter in my quest to see
The light of those pale orient stars that wane
Above my Mecca as a balm that cures,
But in the desert blooms no palm for me,
And through the mist of tears I search in vain
For one oasis in that heart of yours.

EDGAR EVERTSON-SALTUS.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED).

"I *DO* love her," he thunders. "You have spoken the truth for once. I love her in all her shame and degradation, and would not renounce that love for a queen upon her throne. Since you will press the subject, I will tell you that she is never absent from my mind for one day or hour or minute. The consciousness of her presence is ever with me. I believed her guilty but she had good cause to murder Lagors. She was the helpless victim of a rotten and dead and gone passion. She was the offspring of lust and sin. Ah! madame, well may you shrink and cower; I know your guilty secret; I know your shame and sin?" He is pacing the floor with rapid strides. "Lagors told me his history a few weeks prior to his death. There, then! Madame, do not touch me, for God's sake! Your secret is safe. I swore to him I would not betray you. There are some people doomed to misfortune from their birth; she is one of them, and she carried it in her face! But stricken as she is with shame and dyed with blood, she is dearer to me than my soul's salvation. She is pure with a purity that no other woman ever knew.

"I have given her my whole life—I would have given her my honor, but she refused all favor from me. I would have saved her at the price of my good name. But as she scorned my aid I resolved to lead in secret the life of an exile, to bear the pangs that *she* suffers. Have I done it? Could any one be more isolated from his kin than I? Never for an instant has the softness of luxury touched me. I vowed that as far as possible I would subject myself to the deprivations of her lot, and I have kept my vow. Never since she has gone forth to her doom have my limbs known any couch save the planks of my chamber floor; never in my own palace have I touched anything save the brown bread and cold water of the convict diet. Do you call this madness, fanaticism? So be it! But I have sworn that my life shall be as near hers as possible, and I will keep my vow. My existence is dead, solitary, repressed. Do you tell me that, after the wreck and ruin I have seen, any phantom of a new love could enter into my heart—that there is upon this earth any woman for me save the one toiling in the agony of exile?"

Shivering, trembling, crushed with shame and misery, Gypsy crouches upon the divan, her blue eyes filled with a terrified light, her hands locked, her lovely face blanched to the hue of marble. Not only has she lost the last chance of for ever winning his love, but he has shown her that the hidden page of her life, kept far away from all earthly knowledge, is bared to his vision. She shudders, her white lips move convulsively, and low moans occasionally break from her. Where he paces to and fro in the dusky shadows of the long apartment her hunted eyes follow his magnificent form. Oh, this fierce, pagan, mighty love from which she is for ever shut! How she yearns for it in this moment of shame and weakness. What is Chetewood's love? Its very patience condemns it in her sight—this wild, fierce, savage passion fills the measure of her desires, and shows her sensual nature how blest she would be in it. Yet it will never be hers—never—never!

Where she crouches in her misery great dry sobs break chokingly in her throat and rouse him. He stops before her. His face is very white and drawn; in his eyes is still a lurid glow like fire.

"Perhaps," he says, "I have been betrayed into saying too much. If I have said anything unbecoming a gentleman I beg your pardon. And now, will it not be better for this unprofitable interview to terminate?"

She looks up at him with lovely, piteous eyes. It is so hard to renounce the only heart that, of all the hundreds that have been given her, she ever held as valuable.

"You never, *never* can forget her!" she queries, in a curious little choked voice.

"*Never!* Shall I wish you good-morning?" He marks those lines of great moral weakness in her flushed face, and over him sweeps that great horror that was roused at his first sight of her. Always in his soul has been that great distrust of her, which, if possible, is intensified in this moment.

"And you—you—will not betray me? My secret is safe?"

He shudders with aversion.

"Yes, your secret is safe. And if I can in any way serve you in the future as a friend, command me. For Lord Jack's sake, I will always be at your service." He bows low, and in the next moment she is alone; and, overwhelmed with envy and mortification, she flings herself headlong upon the floor, while from her lips, that Lord Chetewood will soon rapturously kiss, breaks a stream of bitter blasphemy.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LADY JET BUYS A HORSE.

ONE morning Count Zickwoff leisurely descends the great staircase of his domicile, and, opening the door, is about to step out into the crisp, frosty air, when he pauses, his hand still on the door-knob, and stands transfixed upon the threshold. Before him is a striking and peculiar spectacle; the yard is literally filled with horses. Horses of every description—large and small, tall and short, fat and lean; horses careering around the yard, and horses standing in altogether dejected attitudes; white, red, gray, yellow—every color under the sun—meet his astonished eyes. It seems as though every equine creature in Siberia has congregated upon his premises. And upon the porch, a few steps removed from him, also stands his daughter, viewing with consternation the moving spectacle; while racing among the animals, crawling across their back, shouting, whooping, and conducting himself in an altogether reprehensible manner, is Nick.

"Great heavens!" cries the count, "have you turned my lawn into a livery-stable? What is the meaning of this?"

Lady Jet turns from her silent contemplation of the scene before her, and her eyes are filled with wonder, mirth and consternation.

"I insist upon an explanation," says her father severely. "What is the meaning of this array?"

"It means," replies Lady Jet, struggling with an hysterical desire to shriek with laughter, "that for a few days past I have publicly expressed a desire to purchase a horse; and I am not sure but that I told one or two people that if they knew of a good animal for sale to inform its owner of my need. But, good heaven!"—her horrified gaze goes back to that array of quadrupeds—"of course I had no idea that every horse in the country would be forthcoming."

"You have done a very imprudent thing," says her father, irritably—"*exceedingly* imprudent," as he hears the bickering and altercations of the respective owners of the collected steeds, which, in several instances, have resulted in hand-to hand skirmishes. "If you wanted a horse why did you not acquaint me with the fact, and I would have seen that your desire was filled in a proper manner."

"I see you so often," says Lady Jet, ironically. "I have so many opportunities of communicating my desires to you."

"You might have written me, and sent the note to the office."

"If you had known it was from me you would not have taken the trouble to open it." By this time, with the wisdom of her sex, the small pearess has worked herself into a passion, firmly persuaded that she is the injured one.

"The thing *is* to get rid of them," observes the count, his gloomy eye traversing the warlike assembly of steeds.

"Great saints! did you ever see such a jolly mess!" shouts Nick, oppressively radiant, now joining them, addressing himself to Lady Jet. "If I was you, Jet, I wouldn't stop at *one*. Lord, what a lot of beauties there is! and horses, you know—they're *always* useful. If I was you I'd take that dappled gray by all means; and there's another out there—a coal black—that the man swears he wouldn't part with nohow only that she is worthy of a better position than he can give her. Oh, but she's lovely! And that bay colt over there—such legs and neck!—he *is* a jewel. That groom there by the post is ready to take his oath on a stack of bibles that his white mare is the best horse of the batch, and I believe him. And, there, that little sorrel filly, it would be a burning shame to miss such a bargain; she's dirt-cheap and sound as a new drum. *But*, for a *treasure*, take that roan beast; she takes 'em all down. She and that spotted brown."

Wrought to the verge of madness by this discourse, delivered with a swiftness incredible, the count makes a furious lunge at the boy, who scampers off, while Lady Jet stands with her finger-tips thrust far into her small ears.

"Drive 'em away!" she says, faintly, to her father.

"But how am I to do it?" gasps the perplexed count.

"Tell 'em you don't *want* a horse; say your daughter was crazy and not responsible for what she said. Tell 'em you'll *shoot* 'em if they don't go," glaring vindictively at the contentious horsemen.

"But, if you do want a horse?" suggests her father.

Thus recalled to her senses, Lady Jet takes down her fingers.

"I did want a horse——" she begins, and then pauses.

"It is somewhat remarkable that I never heard you express such a desire before," observes her father. "What sort of an animal do you want?"

It occurs to Lady Jet that she feels very small, but a desperate purpose urges her on.

"I don't care much what the color is"—and it is noticeable that she does not look her father square in the face—"and I have no particular fancy as to the size and build. But," eagerly, "I want him *strong*, hardy, you know! Tough, don't you call it? One that will never tire or give out. And if you could get one that wasn't very fond of his *nose*, you know," somewhat dubiously, "that could go a good ways on a little, it would be very nice. But, above all, I want him fleet. No slow horse will do; he must be swift as the wind, and that."

"Is *that* all?" says her father, calmly. "Surely you are not *through!* Can't you think of some other merit that will be a necessary requisite in your horse?"

"That is all," meekly.

"Why, really, you are very modest in your demands. Let me see; you want a nondescript animal—one that is entirely proof against fatigue, that lives without food and travels like the wind. It seems to me, from your description, that a phantom steed, if procurable, would be the best suited to your wants."

Lady Jet taps her foot angrily upon the porch, but maintains an unbroken silence.

"May I inquire," resumes her father, after a pause, "for what desperate expedition you are fitting out?"

Into the girl's eyes comes a quick flash of fear, still she says nothing.

"Will you answer my question?"

"It is answered before it is asked," she says, somewhat vaguely.

"Ah, may I ask in what way?"

"You know very well," she bursts out impatiently, though there is a certain nervous twitching around the mouth, "that I am not going on any long journey. I wish to heaven I *were!*" pulling vindictively at a stunted, solitary runner that has valiantly twined itself around the post by which she stands. "I should not know how to behave myself if I were to go ten rods away from home, and such a home! shut up for ever in this frozen spot, never seeing anything but suffering and wretchedness." She bursts into a passion of stormy tears, and her father looks on astounded and made slightly uncomfortable.

"I thought you were contented," he says, after a pause.

Two deluged eyes flame wildest wrath upon him.

"Contented," she cries, "and buried alive! You must have a very vivid imagination, my lord!"

There is a long silence; upon the count's face rests rather a serious expression.

"Well," he says, at last, "this is no time to discuss such a subject. We must get rid of this Babel"—a confused combination of vociferous voices reaching them from the yard, intermingled with which is the snorting and neighing of the animals and the impatient stamping of their many feet. "If there is such a horse out there as will suit you, I will purchase it. But, first of all, tell me what it is for?"

"Is there anything remarkable in a young lady desiring a horse?" she asks, shrilly.

Her father is compelled to acknowledge that there is not, though, at the same time, he assures himself that he had not the slightest idea of the irascible temper possessed by his daughter.

"I want a horse because I am dying of *ennui*," she continues, unsteadily. "I never go anywhere or see anything. If I have a horse, I can take long rides over the country which will be better than nothing." Over her face is a crimson flush, as her father bows and turns away to execute her commission, for she knows that she has lied to him. She sees him go down among that crowd awaiting, and stand irresolute. Despite Nick's glowing eulogies, the boy's observation of horseflesh is limited the mere sight of a horse being a curiosity. It is a sorry-looking throng of animals that have made their way legally and illegally into Siberia, and now confront the confused and distracted count. He perambulates among the crowd, followed by those dealers who have made their steeds fast, surveys them from head to foot, inspects their mouths, and goes through all the forms necessary to secure a good brute, while at the same time fellows din in his ears the history of the angelic nature, the sound condition, the startling swiftness of their respective animals. So far he has not seen a horse that he would allow his daughter to mount, and is about to give up in despair when a quiet voice addresses him:

"Please, my lord, will you look at *my* horse?"

He follows the speaker to the far end of the yard, where is stationed a really fine animal as he sees at a glance—not one particularly beautiful, but one with a slim, muscular body and good clear limbs—a horse, to use Lady Jet's remark, that looks "*tough*." The count regards him in surprise.

"It is something unusual," he says to the owner, "to see such a fine beast as this here."

"I know it, my lord," replies the man. "I brought him with me from Russia a few weeks ago. My brother was exiled some years ago, being allowed by the Government a grant of land, which he tills. I am visiting him, and brought the horse along. If I could get a good price for him I would sell, as I can easily replace him when I get home."

"I like the beast and will take him," says the count. "But first let me get rid of this mob."

Then, by dint of expostulation and urging and vociferating, and after many explanations that he does not want but one horse and that he positively refuses to have more, the crestfallen horse-dealers retire, and he is free to bargain with his companion. At last these preliminaries are settled, and Lady Jet is the owner of a horse.

She pets him and caresses him to her heart's content, then gives him over into the hands of a newly-elected groom, who, keenly alive to his importance, cautiously leads the animal away.

A few minutes later she bursts into her chamber, where sits Phedora.

"Oh, Dorie!" she cries, breathlessly.

"Well, dear?"—in the gentle, mournful voice.

"*I have got it!*" radiantly triumphant.

"The horse?"

"Yes. Now the first step is taken, and a very important one, too."

The woman throws down her sewing and goes to the side of her young mistress.

"Lady Jet, won't you give up this mad freak? It may result in eternal disgrace. I beg of you! I implore you, dear, to desist!"

"It is no mad freak; it is a settled purpose, and I will not give it up," replies the girl, doggedly. "*Risk* there *is*, but it were a poor love that would hesitate at danger where the welfare of its object is concerned. I have got the horse and I intend to use it. And if you betray me I will hate you all my life!"

The poor, weak, timid woman shrinks back before the fiery eyes of her mistress, and, crossing to the window, Lady Jet stands looking moodily out at the dreary landscape.

CHAPTER XLIV.—"I WILL SUFFER RATHER THAN FALL."

IN the office sits Polleskie and his assistant-secretary. Both are busy with their pens; and in a distant corner, with her eyes fixed upon her husband, sits the miserable wife. Not a day since the Greek was admitted to the office has failed to see that silent, stony figure in its place, thus placing herself a living barrier between her husband and his criminal weakness. Owing to this, despite his fierce passion and desperate resolves, not a word of a private character has he been able to utter to his companion, and it but needed this thwarting and espionage to work his love to madness. But never for one hour has he been free from that vigilant and watchful eye. Whatever of strife and contention are indulged in in the secrecy of their own apartments, no outward change has been effected in the actions of madame, and the next morning finds her in her accustomed position.

But while the secretary is filled with his consuming passion for the one woman, and his fierce brutal rage for the other, no inkling of the truth has come to Maize, his assistant and beloved. In the dreary routine of her wretched life, crushed under the sense of injury and degradation, every natural instinct is killed in her; and it has never occurred to her that there is anything remarkable in the constant presence of that dark figure in the corner. If when her dull and weary eye has been raised from her labor and rested by accident upon it, into their shadowy depths has come no more of interest than when, by the same chance, her gaze has lit upon the man. To them both she is alike indifferent. Her mind is given over wholly to the past, and nothing in the present, with its horrible monotony, can rouse her.

But one day the usual silence of the office is disturbed by a low exclamation from Polleskie, who starts to his feet. Looking up, his assistant perceives that the stony figure in the corner has reeled back against the wall, and now lies with white drawn face and closed eyes. Madame has fainted at her post. With that blind instinct of womanhood Maize hastens to her side, followed by the secretary. The girl takes the cold, stiff hand of the unconscious woman, and then looks up at her husband.

"She has fainted," she says. "Who is it?" It is the first question that she has asked since her exile, but something in the pinched face, with its patient, mute anguish, rouses her sympathy.

"It is my wife," replies Polleskie, and in his eyes is a fierce, vindictive gleam. "I will send for the doctor and she must be carried home."

In a few minutes the poor lady is borne out of the office to her home, and Polleskie and her unconscious rival are alone. The hour against which she has guarded so faithfully has arrived at last.

Side by side stand the secretary and his assistant at the window—the latter with her gaze fixed upon the receding form of madame as it is borne away by two stout guards, the former with his eyes, fiery and dangerous, devouring the white regal loveliness of that divine face. At last the girl turns slowly from the window and meets that passionate gaze of her companion. Before it she involuntarily shrinks back, for in his burning eyes is suddenly revealed the entire story of his love. She draws in her breath sharply, while her lips close. A silence comes over them while they stand gazing steadily into one another's eyes. At last Polleskie slowly approaches her as though drawn by some invisible power, and a crimson flame burns unsteadily in either cheek.

"I see you have divined my secret," he murmurs. "I love you!"

Not a word says his companion, and he continues, with suppressed passion:

"I know that it is no new story to you—you may even be weary of it; women like you grow tired of adulation and worship in that gay world to which you once belonged. Yet in this to which you are now reduced love is a rare visitant. If we had met in that other existence to which both of us were born, I should have treasured mine in secret. But as we are thrown together in this distant and barren land, I take courage to speak. Will you listen?" His eager, passion-laden voice fills the room, but his companion still stands mute as stone.

"You may even consider my affection an indignity but I do not intend it as such," he continues. "True love sanctifies all things, and circumstances are to be considered. You are here in exile, smitten with shame, yourself branded throughout the country as the mistress of the man whom you afterwards murdered. No greater infamy can come to you. Yet how glad I would be if I could but make you my wife; but one mad step in my youth stands between me and that happiness. But, because of that, must I be debarred from the rapture of your love? If you but say the word I will be your slave, your friend, your lover for all the future. I have wealth, and, with myself, it shall be devoted to your service. I will pluck you out of your bondage. I will take you far, far away from the horror of this life. I will rescue you at the price of my honor and my loyalty. Will you permit it?"

Still that majestic figure stands motionless, her face white and cold as marble, her lips mute as stone. Never until this moment has she been utterly crushed—never until this mo-

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ment has she felt every spark of pride and spirit leave her. Now she feels that she has sunk to the very slums of shame; lower she cannot go. An agony of degradation, of humiliation, of horrible self-loathing, sweeps her; her tongue cleaves to her mouth; to save her soul she could not utter a word.

"Even if you have no affection for me," continues the passionate tones, "it would be madness for you to refuse my offer. In all probability this is the last chance you will ever have of escaping from this horrible existence. I will restore you, not to your old world perhaps, as after your escape that would be impossible; but I will give back to you all the wealth and ease and luxury of your former life. I know of your petted, pampered existence, of your luxurious idleness, of your extravagant *toilettes*. I know that you have been reared like a queen and worshiped by royalty, and all this you shall have back. Though I cannot in reality give you the title of wife, the world shall have no knowledge of it. We will enter into a new existence in a foreign land. In our family there is a title descended from generation to generation, which has ever been held worthless, as it brought with it no wealth, and which is long since forgotten. By right of the oldest son it is mine now, and for your sake I will resurrect it. Under the name of Baron and Baroness Moschovia no shadow of our old identity could touch us. You should have back your sceptre. In the gay and highbred circles of a foreign court you should reign again in the royalty of your beauty. Do you hesitate? If you are innocent, you have been outraged and abused by the highest dignitaries of the royal law. Has society any title upon your consideration? If you outrage its laws in accepting my protection, is it more than it has done by you in casting upon you the stigma of infamy when you were innocent? If you are *guilty*, what matters it to you what further evil encompass you? I love you, and, without one word of questioning as to your past, will devote my whole life to you if you will permit it."

It is a dangerous sophistry—a deadly temptation to one with every muscle aching and quivering with the strain of labor, who has nothing to look forward to save the torture and trial and agony of a life spent in bondage. Yet the temptation of it never touches her. It is the shame, the horror, of her position—this new degradation—that crushes her. It has left her weak and quivering with self abhorrence. She has not the strength, the courage, to speak.

This numb, frozen horror maddens the man. He clutches the delicate wrist with all the force of his desperate passion.

"For God's sake speak to me!" he cries, that iron composure that has marked his speech giving way.

His touch at last rouses her from her stupor. She withdraws her hand, and looks at him in that frozen, unnatural way.

"Are you through?" she says, simply.

"No!" he exclaims, fiercely. "I see that you are about to refuse me, but I warn you not to for your own sake. I love you now with all my strength, and I have shown you what that love will do—take you in its keeping, all crushed and stricken with shame and crime as you are. But if you drive me to desperation, you will see what my hate can do. It will encompass you like a cloud of fate; it will haunt you, persecute you, torture you until your life is made a hell, and in sheer weakness you will yield to me, for I swear I will never give you up! You are entirely in my power; my word with the Count is law, and he would never question my acts, so whatever of punishment and persecution I see fit to sweep upon you you have no power to avert. But I implore you to reconsider my offer. Is true love of no value? One word and your ransom is here, and instead of my hatred you have my worship and eternal gratitude. Oh, madame, can you refuse so much? Can you trample upon your salvation? Can you deliberately consign yourself to this misery of exile when all the joy of love, all the ease of luxury await you? I beseech you to think before you act!"

Still she looks at him in that dumb, vacant way, and again she says:

"Are you through?"

"You are mad!" he cries. "Rouse yourself to the importance of the moment. Listen to me while I tell you how madly I love you—how you have grown into my heart in these long, miserable days while my lips were sealed; how I will give you my whole life, my entire devotion, if you will but accept them! Will *nothing* move you? Are you a block of stone? I swear by the living God, if you refuse me you shall repent of it in sackcloth and ashes! Between you and me there can be no friendship—it must be sweetest love or deadliest hate. Shall it be the former? Shall we not go far away to a new world where only bliss and sunshine dwell? I will take you to your own Greece—to Athens, Rome, Vienna—wheresoever you will. But speak the word and your shackles are burst asunder, yourself plucked from this living death." His passionate, fiery eyes devour her splendor; still that death-like immovability palls her, though now into her glorious eyes has come a bitter abased look, and her lips are hot and parched.

"Speak to me," he urges wildly. "What shall it be—love or hate, toil or luxury?"

All the pride and strength are crushed out of the girl's haughty mouth.

"If you are through," she says, and her voice is almost humble, "I will go away."

"*What!*" he gasps, while his face blanches with a swift, sharp agony.

"I want to go away," she murmurs, deprecatingly.

"You—you surely will not refuse me," he mutters, and there is a delirious light in his eyes. "What shall I say to move you? Your life shall be only one long dream of bliss; you——"

She throws out her hand as if to ward off a blow, and under the rough convict garb her delicate limbs shiver as with mortal cold. She is abased—utterly and entirely abased—she, once the haughty, courted, omnipotent court beauty. In her eyes, once so grand, so proud, so filled with their haughty insouciant laughter, is a piteous gleam.

"Spare me!" she says.

In her stricken, prostrate loveliness she is dearer to him than ever before in her silent haughty strength, her majestic endurance! He sees that she is stricken with a tempest of shame and humiliation—yet in her very weakness she is for ever above and beyond him.

"Listen to me," he moans. "I cannot live without you. My whole life is yours—my whole soul."

She has crossed to the desk and closed the ledger over which she has pored for nine weary months, with the same unnatural stillness she places her pen upon the desk. There is something in her manner—a sudden, reviving strength and grandeur—that awes him, that stills for a moment the fierce cries of his yearning passion.

Then, without a word, or a look, or a sign, she takes down the coarse cloak and hood, and, turning, goes out of the office and walks back to the mines to resume her toil. And as she goes Polleskie watches her, and as she disappears a hoarse cry breaks from him, and he falls prostrate to the floor.

(*To be continued.*)

PEN-MAR PARK.

WE give on page 128 an illustration of Pen-Mar Park, located some seventy miles from Baltimore, in the mountainous region of Washington County, Maryland. The spot is a most beautiful and romantic one. Near it is a rocky promontory, known as High Rock, elevated about two thousand feet above the ocean, from the summit of which is obtained a view over the surrounding country for a distance of from two thousand to three thousand square miles. On a clear day from this promontory can be seen parts of four States and fourteen counties, including two thousand square miles of the fertile valleys of the Cumberland and Shenandoah. The surroundings are picturesque and varied beyond description. A year or more ago a party of energetic capitalists of Baltimore discovered the beauties of the place; Pen-Mar was secured, and a vast hotel was planned to be placed on the grand plateau among the Maryland hills. Meantime, the Western Maryland Railroad Company, a comparatively new aspirant for public favor, had begun to branch out, and a scheme for cheap excursions was developed. The company erected a large pavilion in the park, holding eight hundred to one thousand people; a large dining hall, with a seating capacity for five hundred people; placed an observatory building on the summit of High Rock, capacious and comfortable for hundreds, and in June last opened the second season of cheap excursions from Baltimore. During the month of July alone over 50,000 people from that city and along the line of the road took the trip, and from the opening of the season up to September 1st—about eighty days—an aggregate of 80,000 persons, equal to an average of $1,000 a day, had gone from Baltimore to enjoy the rare attractions of the place. In addition to these, there has been about 30,000 others carried from various points along the line of the road, thus making in all 110,000 people who had visited Pen-Mar and High Rock. The park derives its name from the fact that it is situated on the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE VAILED PROPHETS AT ST. LOUIS.

THE third annual visit of the mysterious Order of Vailed Prophets to St. Louis was made on Tuesday night, October 5th. Half-past seven was the time designated for the starting of the cavalcade from the great Den of the Prophets at the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut Streets, and the start was made on time. A little before the designated time men with axes and sledges began to knock away the high fence in this side of the structure. This increased the expectancy. The throng shouted wildly as the last boards of the fence fell. But there was still a heavy vail between them and the Arcana of the Prophets. Men on the roof of the Den stood ready to cut the ropes that held the tarpaulins spread over the side of the building. At the signal the axes were applied, the vail fell, the first team of eight horses was hitched to the Aurora float, and, amid an enthusiastic yell of exultation from the multitudes, the car was dragged out of the darkness of the Den into the brightness of the street. The Grand Oracle and his attendants were ready to take their places; the mounted police were also at hand; the regular detail of four mounted Arabian attendants, in white costumes and masks, to ride ahead of each float, moved in front of the tableau, six torch-bearers and four lamp-carriers deployed themselves on either side of the picture, and in this manner the first car of the cavalcade moved to the head of the pageant. The other cars were gotten out with commendable celerity, and by 8:30 the full panorama had passed the corner of Twelfth and Pine Streets. The floats represented Aurora, the Dawn, the Nomadic Era, Spring Land, Spring Life, the May Queen, Flora, an Egyptian Summer, the Alhambra, Summer Land, Rustic Sunshine, Autumn Land, Greek Autumn, Demeter, the Age of Chivalry, Autumn Princes, the Farmer's Joy, the Fates, the Grotto of Sigurd, War in Winter, Peace in Winter, the Arctic Regions, and the Frost King.

Our illustration shows the passage of the float on which the Egyptian Summer was typified, probably the most striking tableau in the entire pageant. The scene was laid upon the River Nile, and the picture presented was the barge of Cleopatra, with the beautiful Egyptian Queen and her Roman lover, Marc Antony, making a pleasure trip down the historic stream, attended by several attendants and much of the splendor and magnificence of Egyptian royalty. The barge had a monstrous silver fish for the hull and the upper portion, the railings and side-guards were of precious wood, covered with the richest gold and silver ornaments. The prow ran out straight, a distance of about six feet, when it bent upwards, and a great water-snake of bronze completed the figurehead. The fish's tail, raised as if to lash the waters, made the stern of the barge. The single sail, of pink silk embroidered with gold and silver, swelled before the breeze; the mast that supported it was ebony, and the ropes and guys and rigging were of silver cord. The throne of gold was canopied with pink velvet and satin, with blue fringe, set with precious stones, points of gold, and a profusion of embroidery of the same description. Two triple banners, in green and gold, stood above the canopy, and the mainmast supported a furled sail of pink silk, and a semi-circular banner with streamer and gold tips. A semi-circular banner, in green and gold, was displayed at the stern of the barge. There were fourteen figures on the float. Queen Cleopatra, the charming and accomplished daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, sat upon the throne, with Marc Antony, her lover and slave, reclining in her lap. The Queen was appareled as one of her wealth and dignity should have been. Her crown was of intersecting bands of gold, with golden wings at the sides, and rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other glowing stones burning in every golden band. Red satin with gold embroidery comprised her robe, and a white overskirt of silk with gold flowers and green embroidery covered this. Golden slippers, latched with precious stones; golden bracelets and amulets, also studded with shining jewels and connected by chains of gold, and strings of pearls and beads of gold over a collar of gold around the neck, completed her toilet. The much-envied lover, who rested his black curly head against her breast, had a red cloak thrown back over his shoulders, displaying his breastplate of gold. A helmet of the same metal, with a red plume, was lying on the floor at his side, and greaves of gold protected his lower limbs. He wore a white shirt with blue skirt under his mail, and had sandals bound with bands of gold to his feet. As the barge swept along, drapery of the most gorgeous pattern, that fell over the side of the boat, dragged along in the water, and the whole picture was a revelation of splendor and magnificence such as modern eyes have very few opportunities of looking upon.

Each float was drawn by six horses, with white "U. P." blankets, and six torch-bearers and four gasoline lamp carriers walked along on either side of each tableau. The torches burned in red, green, blue and yellow colors, and the lamps were supplied with a dozen flames each, whose full brightness was caught by an oblong reflector and thus thrown upon the adjacent picture.

After the floats had been drawn through the designated streets, the cavalcade halted at the building of the Merchants' Exchange. Here the Prophets held a grand ball, which was kept up until nearly breakfast-time on Wednesday.

An Important Historical Discovery.

MINISTER LOWELL'S recent discovery of new evidence concerning the Fayal outrage of 1814, recalls attention to a subject which greatly stirred the souls of our forefathers in the war of 1812-15. It was an attack by three British ships of war upon an American privateer, then lying at anchor in the harbor of Fayal, which was Portuguese territory and neutral ground. The attack was an extraordinary violation of the neutrality laws. The American vessel, fearing foul play, had moved up under the guns of the castle, when four boats, filled with armed men from the British ships, were seen approaching through the darkness. They returned no answer to the challenge of the American captain, who then fired upon them. The attack was renewed later with a much larger force, which was beaten off with a terrible loss of life. The Portuguese authorities were called upon to protect the American vessel, but only remonstrated with the British, and they could indeed have done little more against such a force. The following day the privateer was bombarded by the British until it was abandoned. The claim of our Government upon Portugal for failure to protect the vessel was decided adversely by Louis Napoleon, who acted as arbitrator. Now, nearly seventy years after the event, evidence is discovered by Mr. Lowell in the Admiralty archives in England which fully establishes the responsibility of Portugal, and if it had been known at the time would have caused a verdict in favor of our government. Of course, the case can have now only a historical interest.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Vigorous Efforts at tobacco culture are being made in Italy.

M. Lombard has gone to Abyssinia on a mission from the French Government, to study the topography of the country, as well as its civil and military organization.

After Spending two years in South Africa, Lieutenant Eeg, a Swedish traveler, has lately returned to Europe, bringing with him valuable collections which he has formed in Damara-land, in the departments of natural history and ethnography.

Ten Thousand English Miners are annually injured by accidents, and 850 of these die. In Prussia the mortality is much higher, a life being sacrificed for every 70,451 tons of coal raised, while in England the proportion is only one in every 89,429.

A New Process for using up old steel has lately been patented in England. By it a new metal of extraordinary strength and ductility is alleged to be introduced, which is expected to prove of great value. Steel remade on this plan has sold readily at $225 a ton.

Captain Casati, an Italian traveler, is going to the Bahr-el Ghazel, whence he will endeavor to reach Lake Chad through the Niam-Niam country, with the view of thoroughly investigating the interesting problem of the relations between the rivers Wells and Shari.

Traces of the last exceptionally cold Winter are now visible in Paris, a large number of trees in the squares and streets having lost their foliage at an early period. Many of them are showing leaves belonging to a second formation, and which are probably doomed to a speedy death.

On September 5th the adherents of the Positive Philosophy went in procession to the Père Lachaise to the tomb of Auguste Comte, the founder of this system. Their number was about two hundred. Three speeches were pronounced on the spot, and in the evening a banquet took place in the very rooms that Auguste Comte occupied during his lifetime and which have been preserved in their former state.

Professor Silvestri, of the Observatory, Ætna, has recently made an ascent of that volcano. He finds that the edges of the central crater have undergone considerable change and the cone last formed has diminished no less than thirty-six feet. The circumference of the crater was about 1,300 yards previously to the eruption of last year, but it has now increased to 1,920. Many other interesting alterations in the conformation of the mountain were also apparent. It was visited by the Italian Alpine Club from Catania on the 15th of September.

Mr. A. L. Siler has discovered at Malley's Nipple Ranch, near Pahreah, Kane County, Utah, remains of cliff-structures which he describes as follows: The remains seem to have been the foundations of small huts built on ledges of red sandstone under overhanging cliffs. The walls were about six inches thick, made of thin, flat sandstone, brought up from the valley below and laid in adobe. The structures are divided into rooms about four feet square, leaving all the space between the building and the back of the cliff, usually about ten feet, entirely free. Upon digging into one of the rooms, Mr. Siler found parched corn and rope in a good state of preservation.

The French Scientific Expedition, headed by Professor d'Ujalvy, the celebrated French explorer of Central Asia, has arrived at Nijni Novgorod, on its way to Turkestan, to explore Bokhara and the whole of Afghanistan north of the Hindoo Koosh. The expedition will proceed to Tashkend, where it will pass the Winter, via Siberia, taking the steamer from Nijni Novgorod to Perm, the train thence to Ekaterinburg, the post-road to Tarmin, the steamer again to Semipalatinsk, and completing the distance to Tashkend by post-road. As soon as possible in the Spring the expedition will set out for Samsroand, and, after exploring the antiquities in the Zeraishan district, will cross the border into Bokhara, proceeding thence, at the completion of the exploration of the Khanate, to the Pamir Wakhan, Badakshan, and other little known Afghan possessions in the Hindoo Koosh.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, celebrated his eightieth birthday October 3d.

MR. LOWELL, the American Minister, will, on the 5th of November, deliver the opening address of the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution for 1880-81.

MR. U. S. GRANT, JR., sent to Mrs. Jesse R. Grant, as a wedding present, a conveyance of the furniture, tapestry and works of art of his elegant suite of rooms in a fashionable apartment-house near Madison Square.

PARIS journals state that during the recent Cabinet crisis, Grévy and Gambetta did not once meet, and that late events have apparently cooled the cordial relations which existed between the President of the Republic and the President of the Chamber.

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH of Austria, who has been visiting in Berlin, where he witnessed some of the Autumn military manœuvres, expressed to various German officers his unbounded admiration for the German army, at the same time giving utterance to the hope that the Austrian army would soon be placed on a par with that of Germany.

IT is now said that King Alfonso did not have his own way in calling his daughter Mercedes, after his first Queen, but that the Infanta is a Maria-Isabella-Jacinta, etc. The Maria is in honor of the Senora of the Atocha, the Isabella in honor of the ex-Queen Isabella, who was the godmother, and the Jacinta after a saint, whose forearm was placed beside the young Queen just before the birth.

IN our issue of October 9th, in speaking of the observatory built at Rochester, N. Y., by H. H. Warner for Professor Lewis Swift, the name of the donor was inadvertently inserted in the scientific record of the astronomer. This *faux pas* has doubtless occasioned much amusement for Mr. Warner's friends, who know that, with all his abilities, he has never attempted to shine as a stellar power, and we take pleasure in correcting the record.

OBITUARY.—Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., a famous Presbyterian divine, died in New York, October 4th, aged 86; M. Jacques Offenbach, the musical composer, at Paris, October 5th, aged 61; Professor Benjamin Pierce, F.R.S., LL.D., the eminent mathematician and astronomer, for forty-seven years a professor in Harvard College, at Boston, on October 6th, aged 72; Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, a retired lawyer and descendant of an old Knickerbocker family, at New York City, October 6th, aged 72.

THE report that Mr. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, contemplates a visit to this country during the recess of Parliament is corroborated by the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*. It is Mr. Fawcett's intention to devote the recess to the question of telegraphic reform, including sixpenny telegrams in London, more efficient service on Sundays and the development of telephonic communication. In pursuance of his investigations, it is Mr. Fawcett's wish, if possible, to visit New York and to make a personal inspection of the telegraph service in this city.

THE mausoleum of the late Mark Hopkins, just completed, has cost, with two or three exceptions, more than any public or private structure in Sacramento. The tomb proper is twenty feet long, sixteen feet wide and twelve feet high. It is built of huge red granite blocks from the Sierra Nevada, some of which, it is said, weighed in the rough about thirty-six tons. They are doweled and jogaled together on the plan pursued in building the Eddystone Lighthouse. Black granite is used to some extent in the ornamentation, and the style of the coping is Egyptian. The great stones forming the doors are opened by a complicated system of locks and bolts.

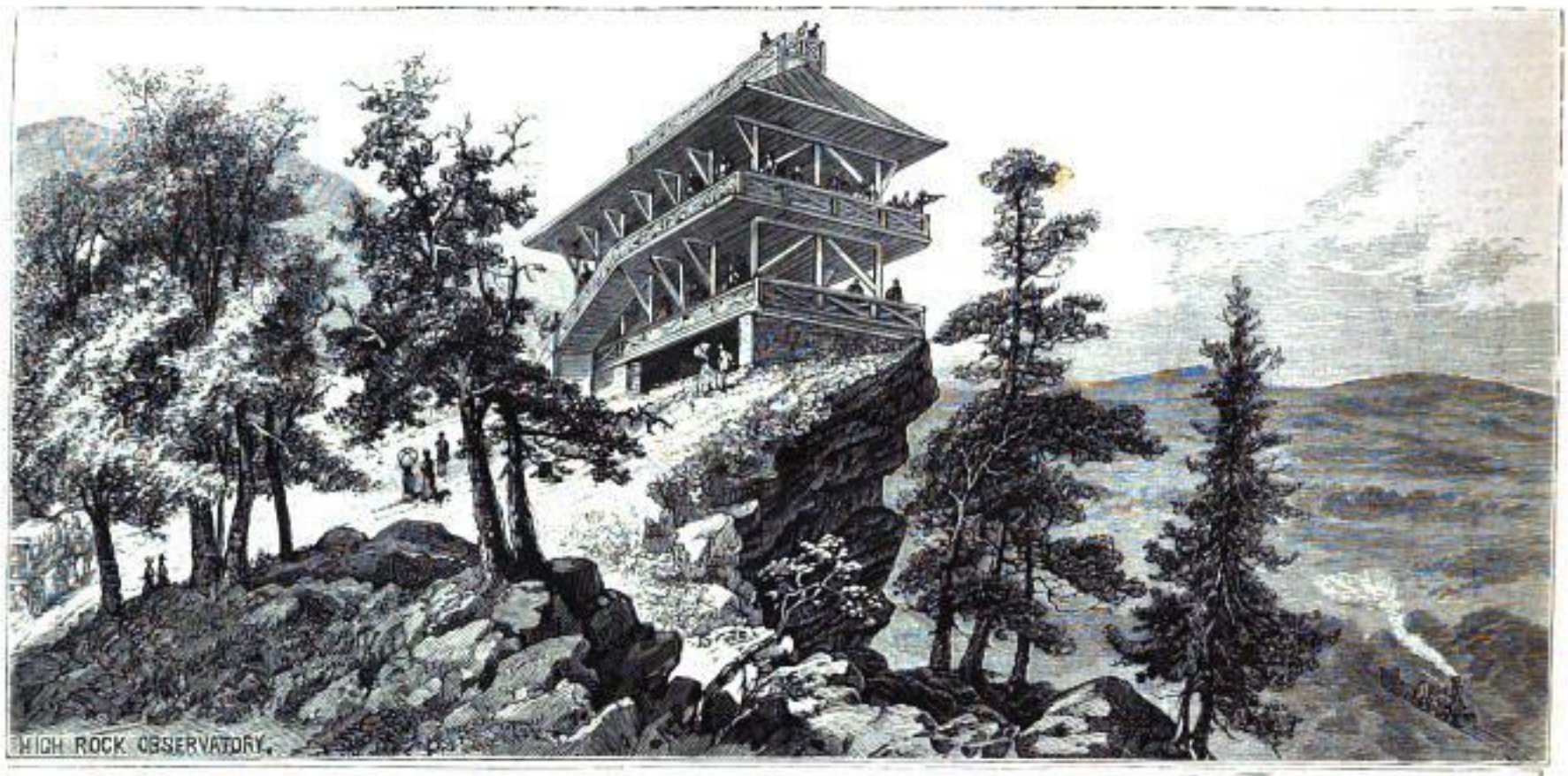
PRESIDENT HAYES has been cordially received in Oregon. On the way from Vancouver to Dalles, his party stopped at the Upper Cascades on the Columbia River and inspected the new canal, where a salute of thirty-seven blasts was fired. After leaving Dalles the party visited the "Narrows," where the waters of the Columbia rush in through a 200-foot channel between walls of solid rock, and attempts to cast rocks across were unsuccessfully made, the President, however, making the best throw by several feet. On the trip up the river to Umatilla, the party, under the leadership of Mrs. Hayes, formed a choir and spent two hours or more in singing. At Walla Walla, in Washington Territory, the reception was especially hearty, all the streets being decorated, and thousands of people uniting in the welcome of the guests.

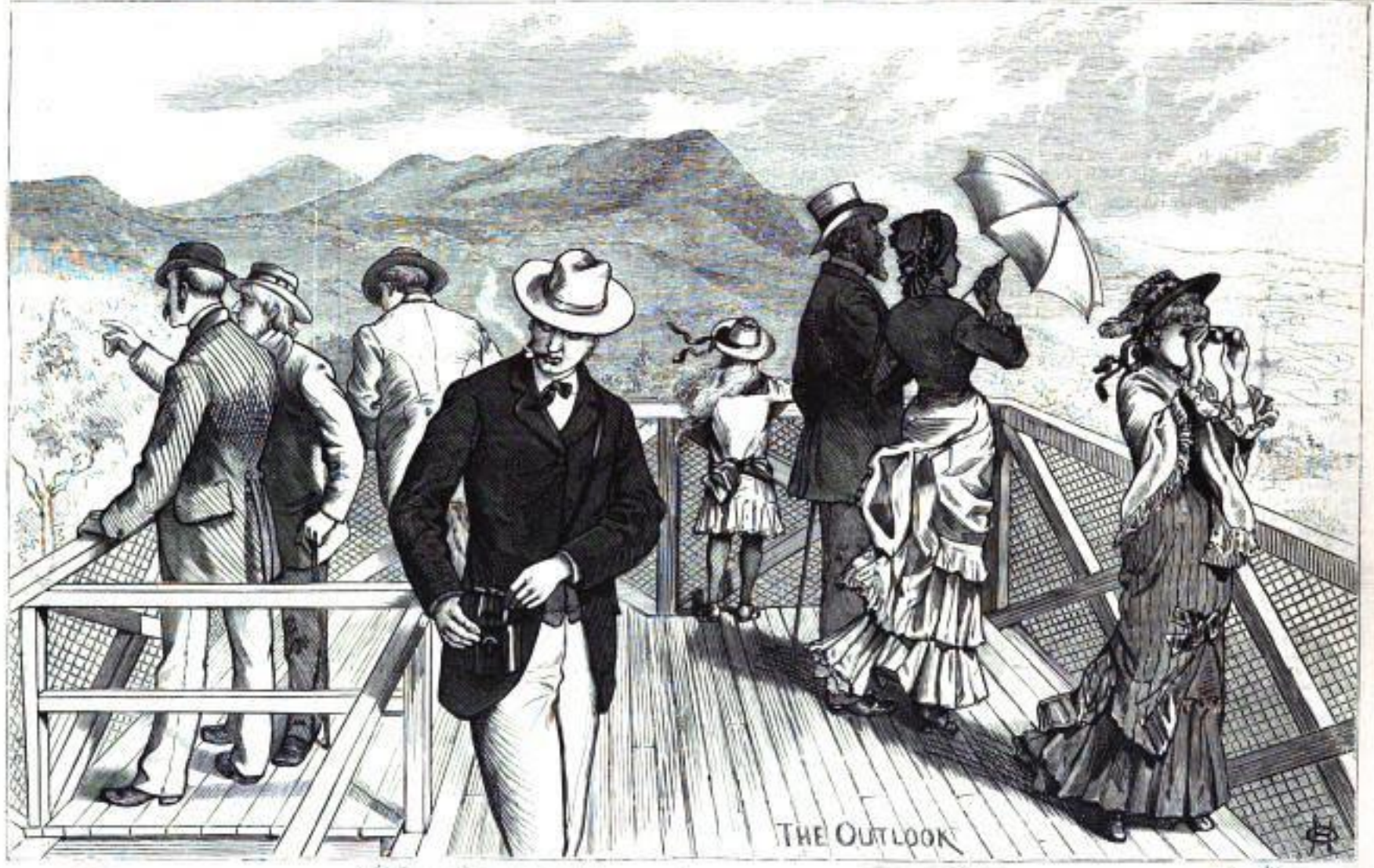
SENATORS ANTHONY and Burnside, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and Mr. James Parton were among the guests at the marriage of the only daughter of Major Ben Perley Poore to Mr. Frederick Moseley, the son of a Newburyport banker. The wedding took place in Major Poore's ancestral mansion at Indian Hill Farm, among the hills of Essex, Mass. The house—in which the bride was born—is a hundred years old, and the property has been in the family over two hundred years. The parlor has the wide panelling and carved woodwork of the Governor's room in the old Province House of Boston, where the Colonial Governors resided. The carved white-marble mantel was taken from the Peter Stuyvesant mansion in New York.

DR. W. A. HALLOCK, the founder of the American Tract Society, died October 24. As secretary of the Society he edited 4,000 distinct works, of which 881 are volumes. He had much to do with the printing, by the Society's aid at foreign mission stations, of nearly 4,000 additional publications in 145 languages or dialects. He also for many years edited the *American Messenger*. He wrote several volumes and some excellent tracts, of which in all about 1,400,000 copies have been circulated. Besides this work of editing and authorship, he conducted the entire correspondence of the publishing and foreign departments of the society, and had the direction of its extensive manufacturing operations. For forty-five years he scarcely allowed himself even a vacation of a few days, Summer or Winter.

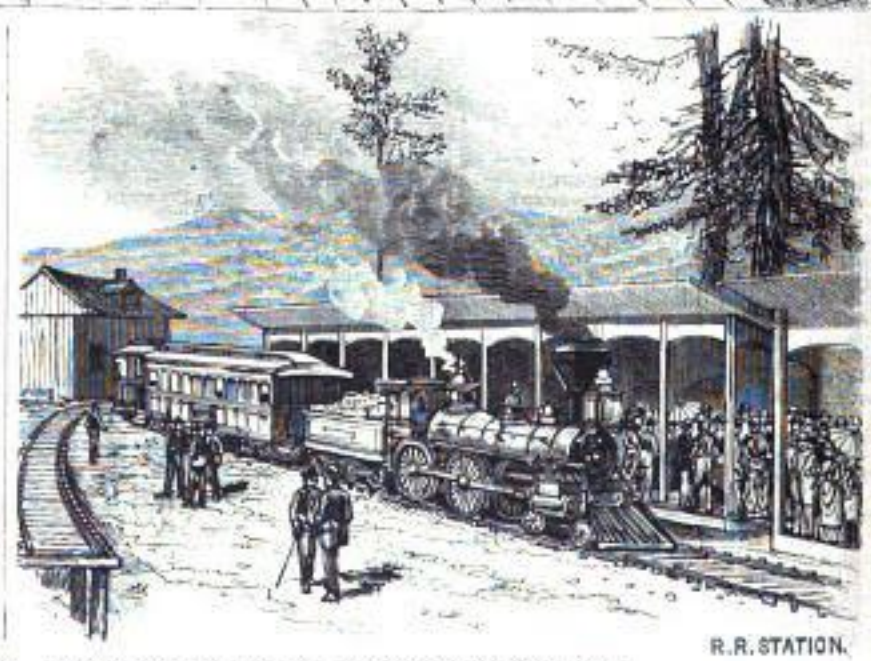
MR. F. J. CAMPBELL, the blind man who recently ascended Mont Blanc, is not an Englishman, as has been stated, but a native of Tennessee. He lost his sight when about three years old, was educated in the institution of his native State, and for a number of years was at the head of the musical department of the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston. Eleven years ago he went to Germany to perfect himself in music, where he remained a couple of years. On his way home he stopped in England to visit the schools for the blind in that country. He found them much inferior to our own. He was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of influential people, who were interested in the higher education of this unfortunate class. These friends not only listened to Mr. Campbell's views, but cordially aided him in opening a school according to his plans. This institution—the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind—although so young, is now permanently established and in a flourishing condition. It has the patronage of the Queen and others of the royal family and many of the nobility. The Duke of Westminster is its president. It has been under Mr. Campbell's management from the first, and to him is due its remarkable success. He is a man of wonderful energy, and his Semmer's feat, the ascent of Mont Blanc, is characteristic of the man. His school is at Upper Norwood, near Sydenham and the Crystal Palace, and it would well repay any American visiting London to make it a visit.

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MARYLAND.—ATTRACTIONS OF PENN-MAR PARK AND HIGH ROCK, IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.
FROM SKETCHES BY D. EMMERT.—SEE PAGE 127.

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THE BURNS STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.

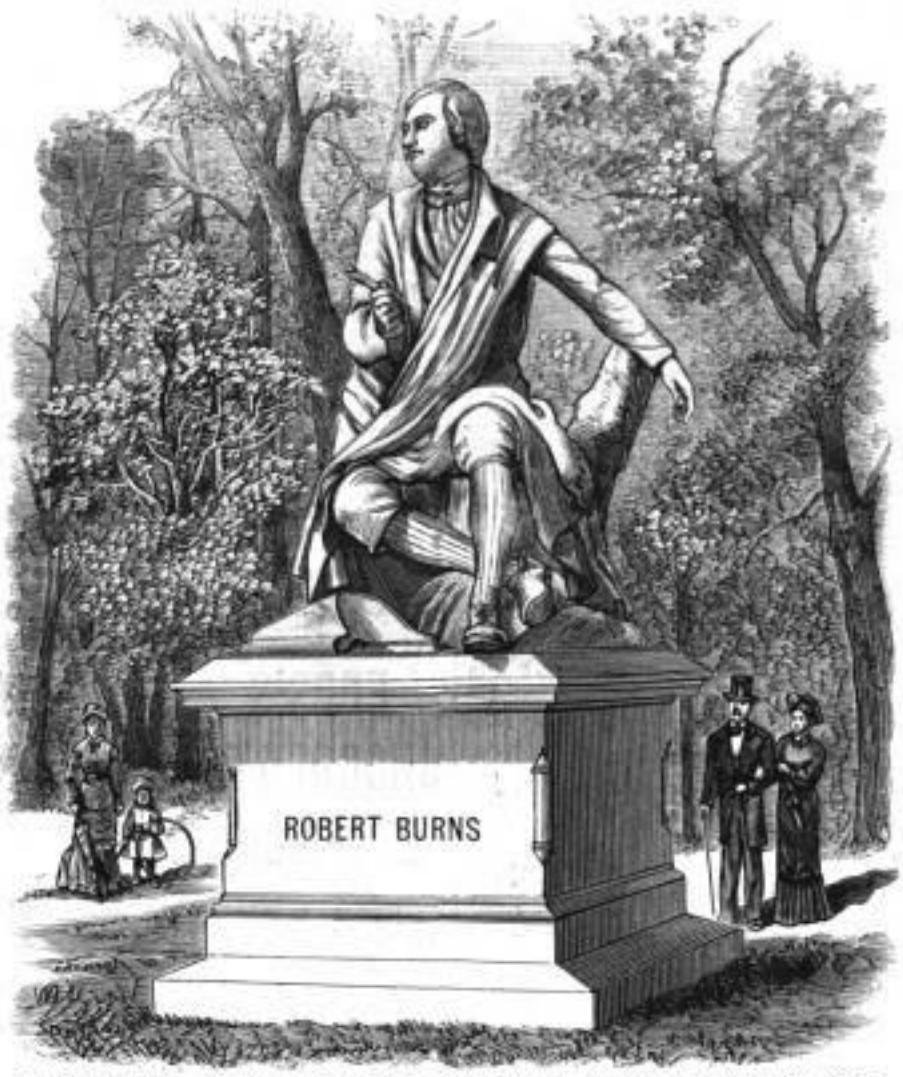
SIR JOHN STEEL'S statue of Robert Burns, which was unveiled in Central Park, in this city, October 2d, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators, fronts upon the Mall from the west, opposite the statue of Sir Walter Scott, by the same sculptor. The latter has well chosen to represent the great Scotch peasant-poet at the time of the composition of the beautiful poem, "To Mary in Heaven," and as he was said to have been found, after his wanderings about his farm, on the night preceding the third anniversary of the death of Mary Campbell, gazing at dawn upon a star. Permissible liberty has been taken with the facts of the case, and the poet is shown seated on the large stump of an elm-tree, the forking arms of which lend support to his form. His head is thrown up and back to the left, and, pen in hand, he looks at the star. His right arm, in whose hand is the quill, rests in a cramped position on the right and higher branch of the stump. Around his body are wrapped the heavy folds of his plaid, out of which his left arm projects and rests listlessly upon the left branch, the well-given hand falling inert. The left leg is extended, the foot projecting an inch or so over the edge of the pedestal. The right leg is bent, and, passing under the left, lies easily, with the sole turned up on the spread of the tree-trunk, where it meets the ground. At the poet's feet, to the left, is a scroll, on which is written a part of the poem, "To Mary in Heaven":

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn."

The first five words of the last line of the quotation are hidden by the turn of the scroll. By the latter is a plowshare, typifying the poet's daily avocation. Burns is clad in a high-collared, long-tailed coat, which buttons up to the neck, but is thrown open. The plaid passes over the left shoulder, around the back, under the right arm, and falls over each thigh nearly to the ground. About the poet's neck is a many-folded neckcloth. He wears knee-breeches of corduroy, the stockings are ribbed and the low-cut shoes hobnailed. The face is said to have been taken from Nasmyth's portrait, and the features express a complete abstraction from all near-by surroundings.

The statue is nine feet in height, and stands on a fine pedestal of Aberdeen granite, six feet three inches high. The base measures eight feet four and a half inches by nine feet eight and a half inches. At the four corners of the die are half-columns. The granite is richer in color than that from the quarries which supports the Scott statue. In the front of the die are cut and gilded the letters "Robert Burns," and at the back is the inscription, "Presented to the City of New York by admirers of Scotia's Peasant Bard, on the 121st anniversary of his birth."

The ceremonies of unveiling, in which the representatives of several Caledonian societies and Burns clubs participated, were full of interest. The statue was presented to the City by John Paton, chairman of the Burns Monument Committee, and was accepted by Mayor Cooper in a short address. An oration was then delivered by George William Curtis. A more picturesque scene could scarcely be imagined than that visible from the platform. Directly before the speaker stood the Caledonians in all the glory of bonnets, plumes, kilts, tartans and trews. The varied colors and designs of the tartans showed the presence of descendants of many different clans. The broad red and black bars of the Rob Roy tartan, contrasted with the green, blue and yellow of the Stuart clan, while the variegated checks and colors of the MacKenzies and Campbells appeared side by side. Each tartan was pinned on the shoulder by a silver brooch, containing either the lion or thistle of Scotland, or a huge cairngorm. The sporrans, or pouches, with their long hair fringes, and the dirks, with curiously carved handles, added to the æsthetic elements of the costume, while the glimpse of hairy, muscular legs visible between the kilts and stockings spoke well for the physical development of the Scottish race. Beyond the treble line of fiercely upright plumes were seats filled principally with women, whose brilliant costumes peeped out here and there underneath the host of sunshades that looked like a grove of gigantic mushrooms. Outside the seats was gathered a great crowd, upon which the statue of Scott looked down benignantly, with head half-bowed, as if joining in the homage to his brother poet; and on the very outskirts of the vast group carriages had paused, whose occupants leaned eagerly forward to catch such words as they might of the eloquent tributes paid to Burns.



NEW YORK CITY.—BRONZE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS, UNVAILED IN CENTRAL PARK, OCTOBER 2D.

HON. BENJAMIN DEAN, K. T.

SIR BENJAMIN DEAN, of Boston, the newly-elected Most Eminent Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States, is a gentleman well qualified to fill the position, and the Knights Templar may be congratulated that the mantle has fallen on one so worthy. He is a fine-looking gentleman of fifty-six, though he does not look a day over fifty. Sir Knight Dean is not a native of this country, though he has resided here and made this his home for many years. He was born at Clitheroe, England, in 1824. His father brought him to this country when a mere child. At first the family resided in Lowell, Mass. His education was completed at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. He returned to Lowell to study law, and after being admitted to the Bar continued to practice there, and later in Boston, where he now lives. He was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate several times, and also of the Boston City Government. He was a member of the Forty-fifth Congress of the United States. He became a Mason in 1854, a Knight Templar in 1855, and later, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island (the two were united), then Grand Captain-General and Generalissimo of the Grand Encampment of the United States. He is Deputy for Massachusetts of the Supreme Council of Northern Jurisdiction of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

The twenty-first Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment Knights Templar of the United States was held in Chicago, beginning August 17th, and was the subject of very complete illustration in this paper. At that time the statistics of Templarism for 1877-1880 showed the following totals:

Number of Grand Commanderies constituent to the Grand Encampment (same for each year of the triennial)		31
Number of their Subordinates	1878..	466
" " " "	1879..	558
" " " "	1880..	552
Number knighted therein	1878..	2,705
" " "	1879..	2,681
" " "	1880..	2,780
Number of members (Sir Knights)	1878..	46,833
" " " " "	1879..	47,517
" " " " "	1880..	47,089
Number of Commanderies Subordinate to the Grand Encampment (in thirteen States and Territories)	1878..	21
Number in	1879..	22
" "	1880..	34
Number knighted	1878..	61
" "	1879..	102
" "	1880..	102
Number of members	1878..	1,429
" " "	1879..	1,476
" " "	1880..	1,320
Total number of Sir Knights returned as affiliated, July, 1880		48,409
Add for delinquents, taking the number as reported last year		2,485
Enrolled Knights in the United States, August 1st, 1880		50,894

JUDGE GEORGE W. LINDSAY, K. OF P.

JUDGE GEORGE W. LINDSAY, who was elected Supreme Chancellor Knights of Pythias of the World at the session of the Supreme Lodge held in St. Louis, Mo., in August last, is a native of Baltimore, where he was born, May 10th, 1826. After leaving school he served an apprenticeship at printing, and continued in the business until 1857,



HON. BENJAMIN DEAN,
GRAND MASTER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSHALL.



JUDGE GEORGE W. LINDSAY,
SUPREME CHANCELLOR KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS OF THE WORLD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PERKINS.



VIRGINIA.—EASTERN PORTICO OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S OLD HOME AT MONTICELLO.



VIRGINIA.—WESTERN PORTICO OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S OLD HOME AT MONTICELLO.

SEE PAGE 123.

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when, on account of failing health and the desire for more active employment, he went into the real estate business. In 1871 he was elected Judge of the Orphans-Court of Baltimore for the term of four years, and is now serving his third term. From early manhood he has been connected with the Masonic Fraternity, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, and other benevolent organizations, and has filled most of the important positions in each of these Orders. Judge Lindsay has also occupied honorable positions in the public and financial circles of Maryland and Baltimore. He is a man of tireless energy, and retains an active working membership in the organizations he has united with.

Upon his return to Baltimore at the close of the session of the Supreme Lodge, he was received with an ovation by the lodges and associations of the Knights of Pythias in the city.

The Order was organized February 19th, 1864, in Washington, and in seven years after its organization it numbered 78,297 members. In 1871 it adopted the endowment rank, and its membership quickly increased. It has accomplished great results in the alleviation of suffering, and in charity and benevolence.

The membership in the several Grand Jurisdictions, according to the reports submitted at the last session of the Supreme Lodge, for the year closing December 31st, 1879, aggregated 87,715.

Glass-making in Belgium.

THE Exposition now under way in Brussels has drawn together some very remarkable specimens of the handiwork of wonderfully busy people. In no branch of manufacture, however, are they so advanced as in that of window and plate-glass. The number of hands employed in the manufacture in the different countries is estimated as follows: France, 25,000; Austria, 60,000; Belgium, 12,000, and the United States about 12,000. Neither France nor Germany can compete with the Belgians in the production of window-glass. Belgian workmen are, from childhood, accustomed to glass making; and as dexterity is the essential point, this is one great reason of the superiority of their product. In the province of Hainault, glass making is hereditary, and the secrets of the Venetian workmen have come down directly to the present generation. Belgium now makes annually from fifteen to sixteen millions of square metres, nine-tenths of which is exported. Yet, strange to say, the manufacturing process remains about the same as two hundred years ago, although the introduction of improved apparatus has, of course, facilitated it. Specimens of plates four metres twelve centimetres by four metres fifty-six centimetres are exhibited at the Exposition. France can only turn out small pieces; and England, we are informed, has not the sand to enable its manufacturers to compete with the Belgians.

English Workingmen's Societies.

WORKINGMEN'S societies in England grow to enormous proportions, possibly because, in addition to their trades-union features, they take the place of the mutual aid and beneficial associations so common in this country. Four of the great English societies—the engineers, iron founders, boiler-makers and steam-engine makers—have nearly eighty thousand members, with incomes amounting to over one million dollars a year. They paid out in 1879, more than twice as much, chiefly for the benefit of members who were sick or out of work. A million of dollars was spent on the unemployed, mostly in form of donations, but a large amount for traveling expenses. A quarter of a million was awarded to men on strike, but this was only one-eighth of the whole amount distributed, the societies not encouraging struggles with employers, except in rare cases. The administration of the affairs of these and of co-operative societies in England is remarkable for economy and honesty, vast corporations being managed for years with quite as much success as attends the business ventures of merchants and bankers supposed to be specially qualified for such undertakings.

Fees in England.

BY the English tax law, if anybody leaves you $500 you have to pay $10, and if he dies without a will, you will then have to pay $15 to get this $500. The Government fee on a $50,000 legacy is $1,000, and $1,500 if there be no will; and if the legacy be $1,000,000, then the Queen's fee is $27,500, or, without a will, more than $100,000. If you study and become a barrister, the admission costs you $250, or as much as you are likely to earn the first year. When you graduate in medicine you pay $50. If you become a mere notary public to administer oaths it costs you $150. When you execute a lease to rent your house for anything above $100 a year, you pay about seventy cents. If you want arms and crest on your carriage, you pay $11, and if you get these arms "granted" to you, and in a measure fully recognized, you have to pay $50 license. One carriage is taxed $31 a year. Your dog costs you $1.05 a year. For a license to carry a gun you pay $2.50 a year. The tax for every male servant is $4.

Boston a City of Statues.

BOSTON is rapidly becoming a city of statues. Beginning at Beacon Hill, Horace Mann and Daniel Webster meet the eye as one climbs his way to the ancient State house. In front of the City Hall, Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Quincy keep watch over the City Fathers. Charles Sumner looks serenely over the stretch of landscape known as the Public Garden. In Park Square the statue of Lincoln in the act of emancipating the slave arrests the attention of the passer by. Within sight of Faneuil Hall, in the open space below Cornhill called Dock Square, the statue of Samuel Adams graces historic ground. A few steps away, in Scollay's Square, the statue of Gov. Winthrop will soon add its attraction to what has hitherto been so much vacant space. The latest step in what seems to be a general movement to honor those whose achievements have given fame to Boston is to erect a statue to Theodore Parker. A legacy of five thousand dollars exists for this purpose, and his friends seem inclined to double the amount and furnish a fitting tribute to his memory.

SARATOGA'S NEW RAILROAD.

THE beautiful lake at Saratoga is at last about to be brought into direct communication with the "village," and the thousands who annually sojourn at this most unique of watering-places will be enabled, in the coming season, to run out to the lake in the caressing easy-chair of a drawing-room car running upon the newest and most improved thing in steel rails, and drawn by the newest and most improved thing in locomotives. There are over three hundred men at work on the line at present, and everything requisite for the equipment of a first-class railroad is in stock. The line commences at Lake Avenue, and, taking a northerly direction, cuts through the Empire Spring Park, along the valley to the Excelsior Springs, thence past the White Sulphur Springs to the Bear Swamp, striking the Lake south of Stafford's Bridge, and on to the Briggs House. One pleasing feature in connection with the new line is, that it in no wise interferes with the avenue and delightful drives so well known to the frequenters of "sunny Saratoga."

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE

For November is one of the strongest numbers yet issued. It opens with an elaborate article on the Greek Church in Russia and Siberia, by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, of England, treating of the geography, history, doctrines, rites and ceremonies, constitution and government, missions and schisms, of the Russian Church. The article is fully illustrated. A portrait of Miss Jean Ingelow accompanies a critical review of her poetic genius. The recent murder of Dr. Justin W. Parsons, in connection with mission work in Turkey, is made the subject of an interesting article by the Rev. Daniel Edwards. A portrait of Dr. Parsons accompanies the article. The Old Testament portrait and sketch is, this month, of Jephthah; and Aretas, King of Arabia, is Mr. Herbert Lee's subject for the Gentile Rulers of Scripture. Mr. Godfrey A. Hudson has an extremely interesting paper on the Empire of the Incas, which is fully illustrated. A portrait and sketch of that old disciple of the church militant, John Knox, is given, and the Rev. Ross C. Houghton contributes another of his readable articles on Eastern Customs, the subject this time being "Marriage in China." The serials, "Hester Morgan's Husband" and "Maid Marjory," are continued, and the short stories are of excellent quality. Considerable poetry of a high order is given this month. The late Rev. Dr. Adams has his portrait accompanying his obituary notice. In the Editor's Portfolio the questions of Sunday Excursions is once more alluded to. A splendid hymn for the harvest or Thanksgiving celebration concludes one of the best numbers of this popular magazine yet issued.

FUN.

A CINCINNATI man had his portrait painted in Paris. His friends complained to him that it was much too old. "That's what I ordered," said he. "It will save the expense of another one ten years from now."

MAJOR DUNNUP: "Awf'lly dull down here, isn't it, Miss Maria?" *Miss Maria*. "Do you think so? Why don't you go, then? You're a bachelor, and have only yourself to please." *Major Dunnup*. "Only myself to please! You don't know what a doosed difficult thing that is to do."

'IT'S NOT MADNESS, MUM, IT'S MEAT!"—*Lady to dead butcher*: "Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself to day?" *Smallbones*. "Well, I'm pretty well used up, mum. Every rib's gone, they've almost tore me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs."

THE Greenbackers hammer away on the Republicans at one time, and on the Democrats at another. They remind one of the man who used to come home late, and his own door having no knocker he got into the habit of using the knockers on the doors of his neighbors, saying: 'Don't let me disturb you. My people are asleep, and I want to wake 'em up. Don't let me disturb you at all."

OLD Mr Barnes was given to boasting of his religious standing. In prayer-meeting the other evening he said: "Yes, brothers and sisters, I feel as though I was put here to point the way to heaven." Before he could say more, Mrs Burnwell spoke out. "Well, Brother Barnes, I hope you will stay here and point long after the rest of us are safe in heaven." Barnes scarcely knew how to take her.

IN an action that was recently tried in an English court, when the question in dispute was as to the quality and condition of a gas-pipe that had been laid down many years before, a witness stated that it was an old pipe, and therefore out of condition. The judge remarking that "people do not necessarily get out of condition by being old," the witness promptly answered: "They do my lord, if buried in the ground."

MRS. PARTINGTON RETURNS FROM THE SEASIDE. "Yes I've been to a seaside retort. I have had my Summer extortion, and I must confess my anticipations surpassed my expectations. To people in indignant circumstances the recommendations might be satisfactory, but it is beyond my reprehension how people of effulgence—people who have luguterious homes, surmounted by all that embezzles civilized life—can put up in such caverns. They must have invested tastes."

THE harvest moon had just bid good-by to the Atlantic Ocean and was pushing its round, cool face above the eastern horizon. "Ah, Clementine," said he, softly, "you rising effulgence is but a faint emblem of the depth of my affection." "I know; you told me last night your heart was full, and the moon is just full to-night. Don't tell it all over again, please." "But, my dear—" "Yes, this is all very pretty, but mother says you're too young. There's just the nicest rich widower coming to visit at our house, and please don't come again till he goes." The young man curbs his ambition and concludes to let his mustache grow. This being called "young" is one too many for him.

A CAMBRIDGE mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety has received this letter: "I got here all right, and forgot to write before, it is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water I didn't know nothin' for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother come from Chelsea, and she cries all the time. A horse kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for doin' my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get 'em in my trunk."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

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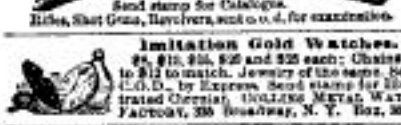
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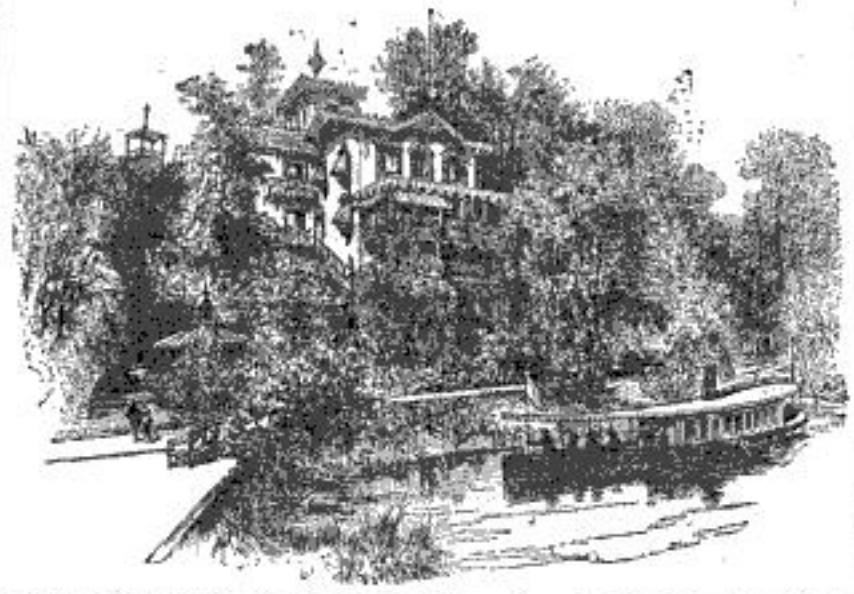
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"The Empire of the Incas." By Godfrey A. Hudson. Seven Illustrations.
"Marriage in China." By Rev. Ross C. Houghton.
"The Story of Queen Esther." Illustrated.
"What Has Christianity Done for Us?"
"Summer Life at Chautauqua Lake." Illustrated.
"The Hans Christian Anderson Monument." Illustrated; etc., etc.
Serial, Short Stories, etc.—"Hester Morgan's Husband," by L. T. Meade (Chapters XXII. to XXIV.) "Maid Marjory," by the Author of "Little Rings" (Chapters XIV. to XIX.) "The Rector," by R. S. Lee; Illustrated. "My Soldier's Grave," by Jane G. Austin; Illustrated. "Two Poems," by Eleanor Kirk; Illustrated, Etc.
Sketches, etc.—"Jean Ingelow;" Illustrated. "Jephthah"; Illustrated. "Elizabeth Woodville"; Illustrated. "Arvia, King of Arabia," by Herbert Lee; Illustrated. "The Niagara of Brent"; Illustrated. "Edward Randolph's Portrait"; Illustrated. "John Knox"; Illustrated. "Mounts Sinai and Horeb"; Illustrated. "How to be Happy." "Lady Grizzel Baillie"; Illustrated. "Grandfather's Bank"; Illustrated. "Speaking the Truth in Love"; Illustrated, Etc., etc.
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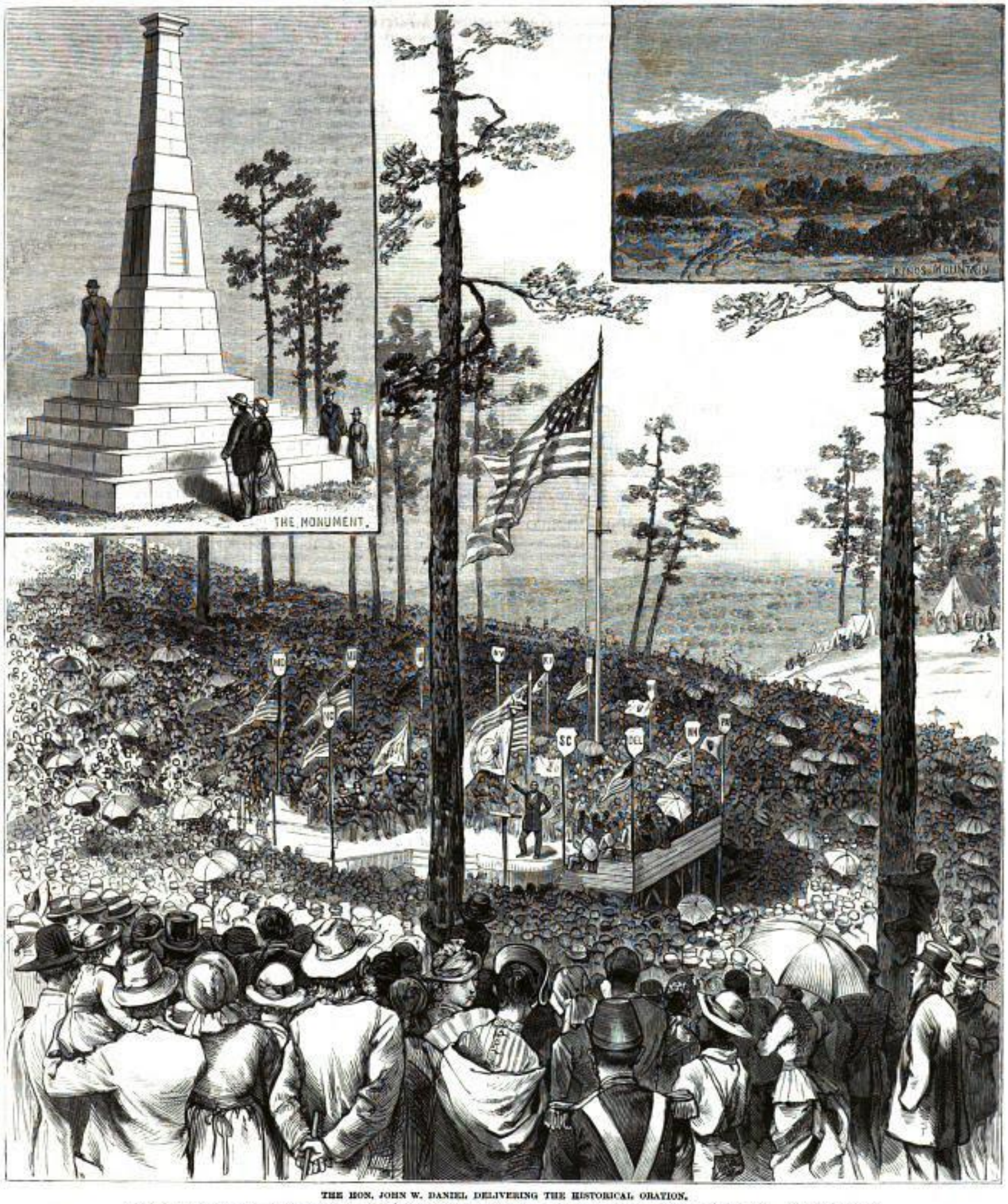
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SOUTH CAROLINA.—CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, OCTOBER 7TH.
From Sketches by Jas. H. Moser.—See Page 139.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

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NEW YORK, January 27th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 53 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

IT would seem that the present political campaign is destined to be, in great measure, a campaign of surprises. The nomination of General Garfield at Chicago was a surprise to the Republicans, and still more of a surprise to the Democrats, for they had counted on the nomination of General Grant, and had constructed their whole plan of attack accordingly. The nomination of General Hancock at Cincinnati was a surprise to the Democrats, and still more of a surprise to the Republicans, for they had counted on the nomination of Mr. Tilden, and had projected a plan of offensive operations based on the points in which they conceived him to be personally vulnerable. The result of the election in Maine was a surprise to the Democrats, for they had already discounted the prospect of a defeat, and still more of a surprise to the Republicans, for, after they had built great expectations on a sweeping victory, they were called to confront the depressing fact of a drawn battle, if not of an absolute defeat.

And now, as we take it, the result of the October elections has been a surprise to both parties—to the Republicans, because they had scarcely counted on the measure of success which they have gained in the State of Indiana; and to the Democrats, because they had counted with a full assurance of faith on increasing their majority in that State rather than on seeing it obliterated, while the prospect of a Republican triumph was not allowed to enter into their theory of political probabilities. The result in Ohio has not, we imagine, administered much of a surprise to either party, for the Republican preponderance in this State has scarcely at any stage of the present canvass been much more involved in doubt than the Democratic preponderance in West Virginia. Yet the success of the Republicans in the former of these States has fully equaled their just expectations, if it has not surpassed their sanguine predictions.

As in commenting on the result in Maine we took occasion to say, without professing any admiration for the Greenbackers and Democrats in the Pine Tree State, that the check then and there experienced by the Republicans was not undeserved, because of the personal bitterness and sectional exasperations infused by the Republican leaders in the methods of their canvass, so now, in presence of the check experienced by the Democrats in Indiana, we venture, with equal impartiality, to express the opinion that it, too, has been well earned by the methods with which the Democratic leaders have prosecuted their canvass in that State. And in so saying, we do not refer to the heats with which their political oratory has been inflamed, to the personal bickerings and jealousies which are supposed to exist among the chief captains and men of high estate in the party, or to any other among the surface indications which gather like foam and driftwood on the surface of an agitated and swollen stream. We refer to the absolute want of sound and definite political principles which has presided over the management of the Democratic canvass in this State as well as in the State of Ohio.

It must be admitted by all that, so far as the currency issue or the tariff issue is involved in the present canvass, the Democrats in Indiana have not met either of them with a clean record, with a clear aim, or a bold front. They have sought by indirection to find direction out—ready to go for hard money or for soft money according to the mood of the passing time, or according to the inclination of a seeming majority in the State. Now coquetting with the Greenbackers and now repelling any alliance with them; supporting a paper-money fanatic like De la Matyr one year and opposing him in the next; upholding in the same canvass a hard-money candidate for Vice-President of the United States and a soft-money candidate for the office of Governor; enough in favor of a revenue tariff to frighten the monopolists who are profiting by some "protected" branch of industry, but not enough in favor of a revenue tariff to win the confidence and deserve the support of ardent and earnest revenue reformers—the Democratic managers have seemed to act on the principle that mere success is the end and aim of political contention. They seem to have forgotten that the irreversible laws of the moral world are in opposition to a political success pursued in that direction, and still more have they forgotten that such a success is always the worst of defeats.

Great as is the natural cohesive power of the Democratic Party; mighty as are the strains which it has stood without dismemberment or disintegration; proud as is the historical eminence from which it surveys the wreck and ruin of the various parties which have littered the pages of American history with their *debris*, there are some political wrenches which no cohesive power in a party can stand, and there are some anachronisms in political conduct which no party can commit without "turning back the hands" on its own dial-plate, to the confusion alike of those who consult it and of those who falsify its normal movement.

Whatever may be the final outcome and influence of the Indiana election, whether it shall be only a check or a fatal repulse which the Democrats have received in the October contest, it is certain that the fortunes of the national struggle, so far as they were staked on the issue of the battle in that field, have not been won for the Democracy, but have, for them, been placed in greater doubt than they were before, while their Republican antagonists have received a corresponding encouragement. Whether there is enough of *élan* in the Democratic forces to recover from this backset, it is not ours to predict, as we do not conceive ourselves so much set to predict results as to record them. But as, after the check sustained by the Republicans in Maine, we undertook, in the interest of public propriety, to point a moral for the benefit of sincere and candid politics, if not for the benefit of the Republican Party, so now, in the interest of frank and straightforward conduct, we would point a moral for the benefit of a sound currency and of a wise tariff reform, if not for the benefit of the Democratic Party. In a world like ours, where time and chance come to all men, it is not for parties always to command success, but it is always in their power to deserve it by maintaining a faithful adherence, in evil report and in good report, to the principles of truth and righteousness. The life of a party is more than the meat on which it feeds, and the body of a party is something better and more worth preserving than the raiment in which it arrays itself from age to age. The truth of this proposition may be obscure to "practical politicians," but it is a truth to which all political history sets its seal.

DEVELOPMENT IN MEXICO.

THE recent speech of General Grant upon the condition of our commercial relations with Mexico is attracting, as its subject-matter imperatively demands, a good deal of attention in the various centres of commerce throughout the Union. Mexico is comparatively *terra incognita*. Our veterans know her through the medium of many a hard-fought field, while the younger generation regard her as an impossible country, situated at the very back of that apocryphal region, God-speed. The statements of the few who have visited the halls of the Montezumas are received with coldness, if not with incredulity, till the name of "Mexico" has become but a synonym for indolence, voluptuousness and semi-savagery.

It required the evidence of some prominent individual like General Grant to turn the attention of the commercial mind to our nearest neighbor, and we have little doubt that his Boston speech will prove the "Open sesame" to the heretofore double-locked gate that barred the road lying between the commerce of the two countries.

The election of Señor Gonzales to the Presidency without a *pronunciamiento* or revolution, speaks volumes in favor of the improved condition of Mexico. General Diaz, the outgoing President, is a man whose sterling honesty has won for him the respect of the bitterest opponents of his policy, and his determined refusal to accept a renomination has done much to give tone and stability to the political constitution. The coming Administration is determined to inaugurate a still broader policy and lay the foundation of an economical reform, without which it is impossible for the country to enter upon an era of peace and true progress. To refute the erroneous impressions held in foreign countries with respect to Mexico, and which have been so prejudicial to the interests of capital and labor; to open new markets for native productions; to protect the Mexican consumer by promoting competition in imported articles; to attract the elements which will place her in the position to solve her economical and social problems—these are the objects which the new Administration proposes to keep steadily in view; and should this programme be faithfully adhered to, the future prosperity of Mexico will be fully assured.

General Grant stated that the United States does an importation trade in tropical and semi-tropical products amounting annually to $200,000,000, and that all that is now required to enable us to save the percentage paid in sterling exchange is the bridging of the Rio Grande by railway arches. "Mexico," said the General, "could produce all those tropical and semi-tropical products if she had railroads to give her an outlet for them. Her people possess the industry to develop her resources—a fact not generally credited, nor did I believe it until my recent visit. With their climate, industry, and everything required for the production, why should we hesitate to afford Mexico every facility for creating an immense and mutually beneficial trade? If the trade of Mexico be fostered, she will take in exchange all that our workshops produce. When we can pay for imports of our tropical products with the products of our manufactories, we shall benefit Mexico, benefit ourselves, continue to give employment to the people that we now have and who are ever coming to our shores."

Mexico is striding to the front. A number of local railways are in progress of construction, and the line to Queretaro will be opened in a few weeks. The telegraph system continues to extend, and now includes the distant points of Tepic, Rosario, Mazatlan, Hermosilla, and others, bringing those places into direct communication with the capital. There are now over 10,000 miles of line in operation. The Mexican Gulf cable will be in operation next Spring. It is now being made in England, and will be landed at a Texas port in January, and laid thence to Vera Cruz. The country has awakened from its slumber, and is alive to the necessity for trading with the United States. The Government and people see that the days of filibustering have passed away, and that America has more territory on her hands than she can hope to hew into shape for centuries to come. The commercial pulse of both countries has commenced to beat, and, let us hope, in thorough unison.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

IT begins to look as if the Republicans may control the next House of Representatives. In the present House there are 130 Republicans, 149 Democrats, 5 Republican Greenbackers, 7 Democratic Greenbackers, and 2 Nationals. A majority of the House is 147, making it necessary for the Republicans, supposing that the Greenbackers act on national issues with the parties to which they naturally lean—to gain twelve votes to obtain control. So far they have gained ten members—one in Oregon, one in Vermont, two in Indiana and six in Ohio. In the States yet to hold elections, it is quite probable that they will secure at least four additional members—two in Iowa, one in Minnesota and one in Wisconsin. This would give them a clear majority, on this basis, of ten. If they can gain three additional districts, they will have 147 distinctive Republicans, being a majority over the Democrats and Greenbackers combined—and this certainly does not seem now to be impossible.

There is a possibility, too, in the light of recent events, that Democratic ascendency in the Senate may be broken. As at present constituted, that body consists of 43 Democrats and 33 Republicans. Of the Republican members who will retire on the 4th of March next, all are reasonably certain to have Republican successors except Senator Bruce of Mississippi, who will be succeeded by a Democrat. In Ohio and Indiana Republicans will succeed Messrs. Thurman and McDonald, and Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and California are likely to elect Republicans in place of the present Democratic incumbents. Should this prove to be the case, the Republicans will have 38 Senators, or just one-half of the entire number, with the casting vote in the hands of the Vice President, who is now, to say the least, quite as likely to be a Republican as a Democrat.

Of course, this calculation is conjecture, but the balance of probabilities seems at this time to be in favor of its fulfillment.

A NEW SORT OF COMPETITION.

THE proposition for the establishment of a great co-operative store in this city by the Central Co-operative Board is a suggestion not to be entertained without careful consideration. The enterprise is one through which workingmen who have money to invest in trade may become stockholders in a commercial company, and be enabled to purchase their goods at wholesale prices. This sounds well; but, unfortunately, it looks like a misconception of the main purposes of co-operation.

Ostensibly, at least, all co-operative enterprises are intended for the benefit of workingmen, and if the principles of co-operation is ever to be of any advantage in ameliorating the condition of those who suffer from poverty, it can be only when its measures are so taken that they will work for the profit of the producing classes. But those classes cannot afford to help cheapen the goods which they themselves produce for sale. For the mere privilege of being permitted to buy back again a moiety of their own productions at low prices, they cannot wisely aid an enterprise that makes them the competitors of men who are offering for sale the same goods at better figures. To ask a workingman to take stock in a co-operative store is to ask him to become his own executioner—to assist in depressing the market value of articles from the production of which he draws his subsistence.

Those who are sincerely desirous of benefiting workingmen should understand that all co-operation that can accomplish the end in view must be industrial co-operation—co-operation in labor and not in traffic. The critical question with every man in this world is not whether he shall be compelled to pay more or less for the necessaries of life, but whether or no, in the first place, he can find employment to enable him to buy the necessaries of life at any price, and, after that is secured, whether or no he can obtain a sufficient compensation for his labor to enable him to live comfortably, and provide for the material and intellectual wants of his family. It is a question of whether he shall have considerable money and use it, or very little money—next to none at all, in fact—and save it. This is the problem that is agitating the working classes, and it cannot be solved by any merely economical devices.

In all wisely directed co-operative enterprises the first object must be to free the community of a class without an income, and no frequency of reiteration can too strongly enforce this fundamental idea. Organization must be made so complete and perfect among workingmen that the laborer can draw upon his resources, however humble, with a feeling of as much security against the casualties of life as the stockholders in a bank or a railroad. It will be the work of co-operation to find a remedy for idleness, to throw the shield of organization over the unfortunate, and to prevent want, pauperism, beggary and, indirectly, crime.

Will this be thought too heavy a task for the community to undertake? It will be much cheaper to dispense with hospitals, almshouses, and largely with prisons, and add the amount demanded for their support to the first cost of production on all articles offered for sale, than it is to maintain those institutions either by the tax levy or by voluntary contributions. This is a case where an ounce of prevention will be better than a thousand pounds of cure. But such an undertaking would compel an extravagant price for labor, it will be said. We have no occasion for fear. However corporations and individuals may treat the demand for an increase of compensation when made by workingmen, there is no load that society carries so easily and cheerfully as liberal wages. The community is never so prosperous as when the price of labor is reasonably high. True, it may be asserted that it is the general prosperity that enhances the value of labor; but it may also be claimed, with equal truthfulness, that it is the high price of labor that brings general prosperity. They act and react upon each other, and you can no more have a prosperous community without prosperous workingmen than you can have prosperous workingmen without an active market for goods. If there be any measure for ameliorating the condition of the working classes we need not be debarred from giving it a trial by any unfounded dread of an excessive price for labor.

The establishment of co operative stores is not a movement in the right direction. It is not co-operation at all in any true sense—it is only another form of competition, and not the less offensive because it is now and provided with a philanthropic name. We have no evidence that the vaunted success of co-operative stores in England has been of any advantage to the country. Strikes are just as frequent there as ever, and the working classes are just as unhappy. Indeed, if they are engaged in the work of cheapening the products of their own labor they may see the time, not very far distant, when they will have to look to emigration abroad as their best security against want and pauperism.

Let us have co-operation in America, but let it be established upon practical principles—on principles consistent with sound political economy.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

IT is now more than a quarter of a century since the Emperor of Russia, in conversation with the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, first called Turkey "the sick man." From that time until the present moment Turkey has undoubtedly been a miserable valetudinarian; but in two great wars which have been fought the Turk has been victorious in one, and was only beaten in the other after a magnificent fight. The Porte has been more talked and written about than any other nation during that period, and the great field for modern diplomatists has been found in their attempts to settle the affairs of the "sick man." How completely they have failed is a matter of history, and a satisfactory arrangement of the Eastern Question seems as far off as ever. The recent imbroglio brought

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about by a clause in the Treaty of Berlin, under which the town and district of Dulcigno, a small place on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, was to be ceded to Montenegro, has just ended. The Albanians, a hardy race of pirates and mountaineers, were in possession of Dulcigno, under a species of protectorate of the Porte, and these people, when called upon to surrender their territory to Montenegro, had recourse to arms. The Sultan sent a small body of men, under Riza Pasha, nominally to insist upon the surrender, but really to aid the Albanians in their resistance. Month after month passed; special ambassadors were sent to Constantinople, but Dulcigno was not ceded. At last the Powers sent a combined fleet to the Adriatic, but without definite orders to force a surrender. A naval demonstration along the coast ensued. The Porte insisted that everything possible had been done to make the Albanians give up quiet possession, and it was not until the fleet threatened to seize Smyrna that the Ottoman Government notified the Powers that Dulcigno would be at once ceded. This has ended the first act of the play, but two more remain. The rectification of the Greek frontier and the reforms in Asia Minor have not been completed. The Porte now asks as a return for the quiet cession of Dulcigno that some time should be allowed before any further pressure is brought to bear. The general feeling in Europe is that a pause in the course of Eastern affairs must ensue, and the great Powers, with the exception of Russia and England, seem satisfied with what has been done.

The morganatic marriage of the Emperor of Russia and the Princess Dolgorouki has been announced. The liaison between the Czar and the lovely fair-haired princess has been well-known for many years. It is more than twelve years since she first met her royal lover, and almost as long since he established her as the reigning favorite in her apartments upon the English Quay. She has borne him several children, who bear the titles of Count or Countess de Gourine, a title which belongs to an extinct branch of the Romanoffs. The late Empress was fully aware of the intimacy between her husband and the Princess, but her lymphatic nature and the superstitious bigotry in which she indulged during the later years of her life made her close her eyes to the Emperor's infidelity. It was only when the Czar proposed to legitimize the young Gourines that the long-suffering Empress raised her voice in protest, and last Winter she retired to Cannes nominally in order to recruit her health, but really as a protest against the Emperor's action. Since the death of the Czarina, the Emperor has made no secret of his intention to espouse the Princess. The Czarowitz and the Grand Dukes showed their dislike to the marriage by leaving St. Petersburg upon the day of the ceremony, which took place in the chapel of the Imperial Palace. It may be added that a morganatic marriage confers all the rights of an ordinary marriage upon the bride except the rank of her husband and the right of inheriting his possessions. The origin of the word is the German *morgengabe*, or dowry, which is the only property the bride can claim.

The festival celebrating the completion of the Cologne Cathedral was scarcely as great as was expected. This was owing to the refusal of the Pope to allow the clergy to take any part in the ceremonies except that the Suffragan Bishop and Chapter should celebrate a *Te Deum*. Besides, all the Ultramontane nobility of the fair Rhineland refused to be present; but the Emperor of Germany, the Crown Prince and Princess, and almost all the ruling princes, were at Cologne during the celebration.

The situation in Ireland is becoming more complex. The Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has issued a pastoral letter, in which he denounces the Land League in strong terms. This is a severe blow, for it will cut off the resources of the land leaguers who rely upon the peasantry for contributions. As the peasantry are under the domination of the priests, they will be forbidden to subscribe, besides which the moral opposition of the Church has great weight against any organization. In addition to this clerical movement, it is now believed that the Government have determined to prosecute the leaders of the Land League for conspiracy and seditious speaking. The ringleaders are alarmed, and Mr. Parnell is said to be drawing back, but some of the more enterprising spirits declare that they are delighted at the thought of receiving the crown of martyrdom, which they consider a prosecution would bring them. Meantime troops are being sent over from England, and, as the barracks do not offer sufficient accommodation, the Government are hiring private houses in some of the country towns. The position of things in Ireland will probably necessitate an early meeting of Parliament, and a more active policy in Irish affairs.

It is probable that the new French Ministry will at once proceed to put the decrees against the religious bodies into execution. Several Jesuits who had returned as professors in a college in Paris have again been ejected by the police, and the near approach of the triennial municipal elections makes it important that something should be done immediately.

THERE are few men who have seen so much within the last ten years as Archibald Forbes, the "Prince of Specials," as his *confrères* love to call him. He has witnessed nearly every event which has merged into the history of European nations during that comparatively short period, and his acquaintance with sovereigns and rulers is almost on a par with that of General Grant himself. Archie Forbes is brave as a lion, possesses the endurance of a mule, has the eye of a hawk, writes with the rapidity of a sewing machine, and can paint his story in a few words and in color worthy of the sun dipped brush of Fortuny. His lecture, delivered at the Chickering Hall the other night, was a perfect glitter. It held the audience spellbound, and until it seemed a profanation to applaud. Forbes has fairly won his first laurels on American soil. May the garland grow larger as he "goes upon his way."

SARAH BERNHARDT is en route for the United States, having sailed from Havre on Saturday last. In a little while, possibly, New York and the New World will lie at her feet. It is said that several enterprising Paris journals will send over special correspondents to record her triumphs for the entertainment of her admirers in the French capital.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company is not, to say the least of it, a losing concern. The gross earnings of the company for the year ending June 30th were $11,738,094, and the net earnings $6,146,639, leaving a surplus after the payment of interest, sinking fund appropriations, and 8 per cent. in dividends on the capital stock, of $1,397,846, all of which was invested in the construction of new lines and wires, and in the purchase of patents, real estate and other telegraph stocks.

IT doesn't look as if the women of New York placed a very high estimate on the suffrage. At the school elections held throughout the State last week, very few members of the sex availed themselves of the opportunity to vote, but in a number of places ladies were elected as trustees, the males gallantly coming to the help of the women's ticket. In Port Jervis, on the other hand, their ticket was badly beaten, the vote of every woman was challenged, and many who were entitled to vote were refused the privilege.

THE voters of General Garfield's Congressional District do not seem to sympathize with the assaults which have been made upon his character by the opposition press. The returns of last week's election show a net gain of 1,608 over the majority which Governor Foster received from the same district last year. This is probably much the largest gain in any Congressional district in the State, and shows very conclusively the prevalence of an intense popular interest in the success of the Republican Presidential candidates

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IN the Tenth District of this city, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt has been again nominated for Congress, and will be supported by the united Democracy. Mr. Hewitt has ability, integrity and experience, and his accession to the Democratic ranks in the House will be a positive gain to the party and the country. In the Sixth District Hon. S. S. Cox has been renominated, and will, of course, be re-elected. Mr. Cox justly holds a high place in the regard of his party as one of its best and most trustworthy representatives, and his district could have no worthier or more influential servant in the House.

THE Republicans of the Eleventh Congressional District of this city have done wisely in nominating the Hon. Levi P. Morton for re-election. Mr. Morton has proved himself in every respect a capable and worthy representative of the important business and financial interests of the metropolis, and, with the experience he has already acquired, his services in the future will undoubtedly be even more valuable than they have been in the past. An increased majority should attest the esteem in which he is held by his constituents and the popular appreciation, especially of his pronounced hostility to all attempts to break down our present financial system.

THE Commissioners of Charities and Correction have asked the sum of $1,611,416 for the coming year. Of this amount, $285,416 is needed for salaries, and $875,000 for supplies. The salary appropriation certainly seems excessive, and perhaps it would not be unwise to apply the pruning knife in that direction. The poor and criminal classes must be cared for, indeed, but their guardians should not be paid an extravagant compensation. Possibly, too, if more money should be expended in compulsory education and the institution of juvenile reformatories, the public would be the gainers in the great reduction of the cost of our charitable and corrective systems as now established.

BISMARCK evidently desires to place in the hands of the German Government all the productive power of the country. One of his latest social schemes looks to the compulsory insurance of workmen for sickness and old age. "This 'State socialistic' system could doubtless be more readily attained if workmen were made dependent upon Government insurance funds, and both masters and men duly regulated by trade guilds, which are the projects immediately before the public. The opponents of the Government, according to the *Examiner*, do not hesitate to picture Germany as a State in which every human being shall be either a Government official or his dependent, and they represent Prince Bismarck as the most thoroughgoing socialist of his time."

THE Pennsylvania Railroad is, in the main, so safely and efficiently managed that the recent terrible disaster at Pittsburgh attracts especial attention. So far as can be judged from the facts at hand, the disaster was purely the result of inexcusable negligence. The second section of an excursion train ran into the rear of the first section, and the engineer of the former ascribes as the reason for the blunder that the back platform of the first section was so crowded that the signal lights were obscured, and thus when the first section was stopped at a block station it could not be seen from the train following it until it was too late. Now, obviously, the train hands who failed to properly display their lights, and to send back a flagman with a lantern when their train stopped to signal the second section, are flagrantly culpable. The block system, with its elaborate signals, is simply worthless if the ordinary precautions which were neglected in this case are carelessly omitted. The Railroad Company owes it the public to make an example of its negligent officials, who, so far as appears, are directly responsible for the twenty-seven lives which were lost through their stupidity and carelessness of proper precautions.

A RECENT letter from Spotted Tail to Secretary Schurz, asking the employment of a lawyer to defend the six young Indians who have been sent to Omaha for trial for certain offenses, affords a curious illustration of the influence of modern ideas upon the more civilized Indians. Spotted Tail writes:

"If these young men are guilty I want them punished; if they are not guilty I want them sent back to me and to their families. Now, they should have in the trial for their alleged crimes the same chances that the white man has; they should have as good lawyers as we can give them and we should defend them the same as you would be allowed to defend your children if they were in prison and were to be tried for offences they had been charged with. My people are a good people and want to do as the Great Father tells them. They love their children, and it makes them mourn when their children do wrong. Every way we can we want to help our children. Now, my people have put together from their earnings a little money to be used in helping our children in this trouble. All who were able to give have given to help them, and the money we have raised we are going to send to you that you may help us find good lawyers to defend our children."

The amount of money forwarded to the Secretary is $352. The spirit which suggested the contribution doubles and trebles its value; and it ought not to be difficult to find scores of able members of the profession who will be glad to perform the service required without any compensation whatever.

AMERICAN postal enterprise has just accomplished a feat which confers infinite credit on all concerned in its achievement. The steamship *City of Sydney*, carrying the Australian mails, left the port of Sydney on September 9th, and after an extraordinary rapid voyage arrived at San Francisco forty-eight hours ahead of schedule time, but too late for that day's train on the Central Pacific Railroad. Postmaster James, of this city, desiring to dispatch the mails by steamer leaving this city on the 12th, induced the Pacific Railroad to put on a special train from San Francisco which, leaving October 7th, by a flying trip of a thousand miles, overtook the regular train of October 5th, and transferred to it two hundred and forty-three sacks of mail-matter, which at ten o'clock in the evening of October 11th, were delivered in this city, and on the morning of the 12th, were dispatched by the steamship *Arizona* for Europe. It was expected that the latter would make the trip to Queenstown in seven days, thus making the time from Sydney to London about forty-one days. According to the last report of the Postmaster-General of New Zealand the average time consumed in the voyage from Sydney *via* San Francisco has been forty-five days and about six hours, and by way of the Suez Canal forty-six days and about four hours. It will therefore be seen that the present exploit has reduced the time nearly four and one-half days.

IN his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, Governor Murray of Utah takes decided ground in favor of the enforcement of the laws against polygamy. After showing that the growth and prosperity of the Territory have been impeded by the existence of polygamy and the evils resulting from it, he proceeds to say that the indifference of the Government to the enforcement of the paramount law is absolutely indefensible, since it really offers a premium to crime, and fails entirely to enforce equal and exact justice to all citizens. "Why," he inquires, "should the Government of the United States allow one of its citizens to be sentenced to the penitentiary, say in New York, for violating a law of Congress, and allow another here to go unwhipped in willfully violating a law similarly passed, and be promoted to office as a premium for his crime?" He adds:

"Congress should wipe out its statute against polygamy, remove every officer who is sworn to see its laws executed, furnish free transportation to a quarter section of free land to each of the thousands of non-Mormons who, with their stout hearts and strong muscles, have made homes in this part of their country, repeal all laws objectionable to the dominant church here, so that the Territory may be run under ecclesiastical suggestion, pass a law constituting this an independent polygamous State, a thing apart from the "wicked people" of the United States; or it should at once make it possible to execute the laws already passed—one or the other. Sheer justice to the thousands of children yet to be born with illegitimacy as their birthmark under this illegal and indecent system; mercy to the first and only wife, when lustful or religiously fanatical husbands thrust them aside for new and fresher companions; respect for its own laws, equal and exact justice to all, these and more make plaintive demands of Congress for speedy and sure adjustment of the wrongs, the termination of contentions that curse this goodly land, and must continue to do so until proper legislation brings relief. Time will not prove the remedy. It is revelation (so called) against statute law. If the United States proposes that Utah and several other of its Territories soon to be overspread by emigration is to be governed by revelation, well and good. If, however, it proposes in the future, as in the past, to govern by laws of Congress, applicable for all the people, then it is all wrong."

The justice and force of these remarks cannot be disputed. The Administration of President Hayes could not in anything commend itself so cordially to the popular approval as by initiating at once a vigorous and uncompromising policy as to the whole Mormon abomination.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SECRETARY SHERMAN addressed Republican meetings at Chicago and Milwaukee last week.

THE Southern Pacific Railroad has reached a point within twenty-five miles of Eastern New Mexico.

SEVEN persons were killed and four severely injured by an explosion in a Chicago distillery, October 15th.

SPECULATION in grain never ran so high as since the finish of last harvest. The price of wheat is $1.02.

THE sixth German General Baptist Conference of North America began its session at St. Louis, September 13th.

THE old residence of John C. Calhoun, in the southern portion of Pickens County, S. C., was burned last week.

PRESIDENT HAYES continued his travels in Washington Territory last week, being everywhere received with enthusiasm.

THE Academy of Music in Chicago was destroyed by fire on October 12th. A number of firemen were injured by the falling of the roof.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has been nominated for Congress by a fragment of the Greenback Party in the Fourth Massachusetts District.

A FOOLISH story that Mr. English has been asked to withdraw from the Democratic ticket because of the party reverse in Indiana is authoritatively denied.

THE Norwegian Lutheran Synod of the United States held its annual session at La Crosse, Wis., last week. Over 150 ministers were in attendance from all parts of the United States.

THE coffee "corner" is about coming to a settlement disastrous to all who had anything to do with it. Brazilian coffee is very low, owing to the unexpectedly very large supply this year.

THE eighth congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women was held in Boston last week. Papers were read and discussions had upon a variety of topics relative to woman's work and sphere.

THE 150th anniversary of the settlement of the Cumberland Valley, Pa., by the Presbyterians, was observed at Oakville, October 12th. Among those who delivered addresses was Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, of Bombay, India.

AN amendment is proposed to the Vermont Constitution making the sessions of the Assembly begin on the first Wednesday of January after 1885, and changing the day of election to the first Tuesday of November, beginning in 1886.

THE Director of the Mint estimates that on October 1st there was in the United States $369,881,903 in gold coin and $149,799,335 in silver. The Treasury holds in addition $68,040,540 in gold bullion and $5,867,749 in silver bullion.

THE convention of Mutual Protective Associations of the United States and Canada, in session at Erie, Pa., last week, organized a permanent association of all the societies for the common purpose of defense against old line insurance companies.

THE payment of enumerators is being pushed as rapidly as the resources of the Census Office will allow. One hundred and ninety clerks are constantly employed on this work, fifty working at night. Eighteen thousand three hundred accounts have already been paid in full.

IN the Protestant Episcopal General Convention last week the Committee on the Tenure of Church Property recommended that hereafter no church shall be consecrated in which pews are sold, and that in all consecrated churches no pews shall be sold in the future. The matter was referred to the Committee on Canons.

ORDERS have been issued at the Post Office Department to place railway mail service on the newly completed Louisiana Western Railroad, from Vermilionville, La., to Orange, Texas. This service, which is to begin on the 1st of November, will make a continuous line of railroad mail communication from New York City to Houston, Texas.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER MEACHAM has telegraphed from Los Pinos, Col., to Secretary Schurz, that a conflict between Colorado and the Federal Government seems probable on account of the arrest of Agent Berry for alleged complicity in the murder of Jackson by the Indians. Secretary Schurz has telegraphed to Governor Pitkin asking him to co-operate with the Government. Berry subsequently escaped from his captors.

THE State election in Indiana, October 12th, resulted in the success of the Republicans, who elected their Governor and State ticket by a plurality of 6,500, with eight (and possibly nine) out of the thirteen Congressmen, and secured a majority in the Legislature. This last will give them a United States Senator in place of Mr. McDonald, Democrat. In Ohio the Republican State ticket was elected by 20,000 majority. The Republicans elected fifteen Congressmen, being a gain of six. In West Virginia the Democratic State ticket was elected by a reduced majority.

GENERAL GRANT last week addressed the Boston Merchants' Association at considerable length on the benefits to be derived from the development of the resources of Mexico by American capital. While in Boston he was entertained at a banquet by the Middlesex Club. Subsequently he visited Plymouth, Mass., where he was shown the famous rock and the seeds of Miles Standish. He addressed 600 school children there and a number of veterans at Bingham, and in the evening attended two mass-meetings in Hanson, where he confined his remarks to expressions of thanks only.

Foreign.

THE French Legislature will probably meet on November 9th.

IN the next session of the German Reichstag a motion will probably be made to reduce the duty on grain about sixpence.

THE contractors of the St. Gothard Tunnel have applied to the Federal Tribunal to prolong the time for the completion of the tunnel 700 days. The line will not be opened for traffic until late in 1883.

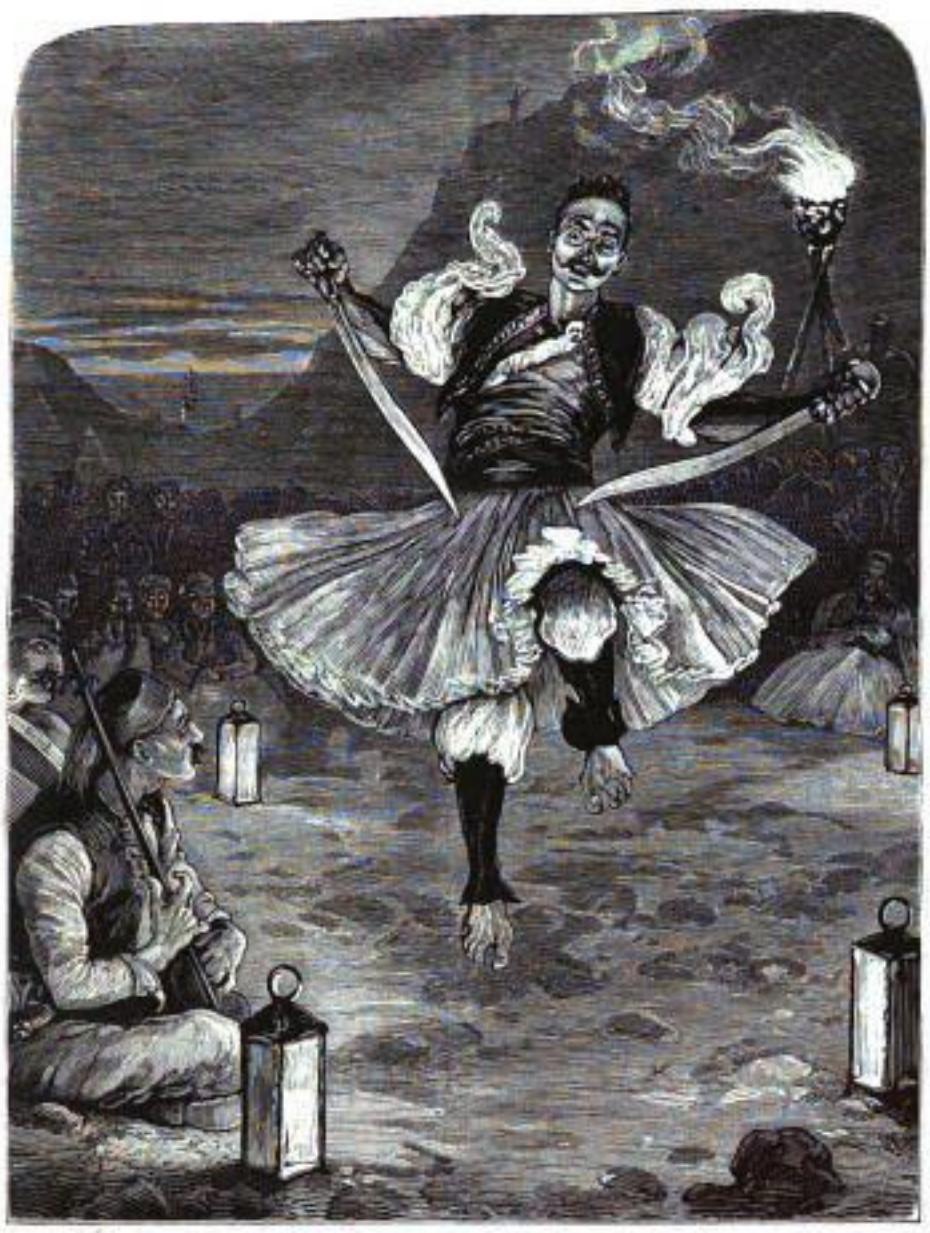
THE Albanian League has determined to resist the cession of Dulcigno to the Montenegrins. At Constantinople it is believed that Riza Pasha is master of the situation and that no serious trouble will occur.

THE election of Gonzales as President has been accepted in every part of the Mexican Republic. Business and the financial situation continue to improve. All current expenses are promptly paid, and debts are being paid off.

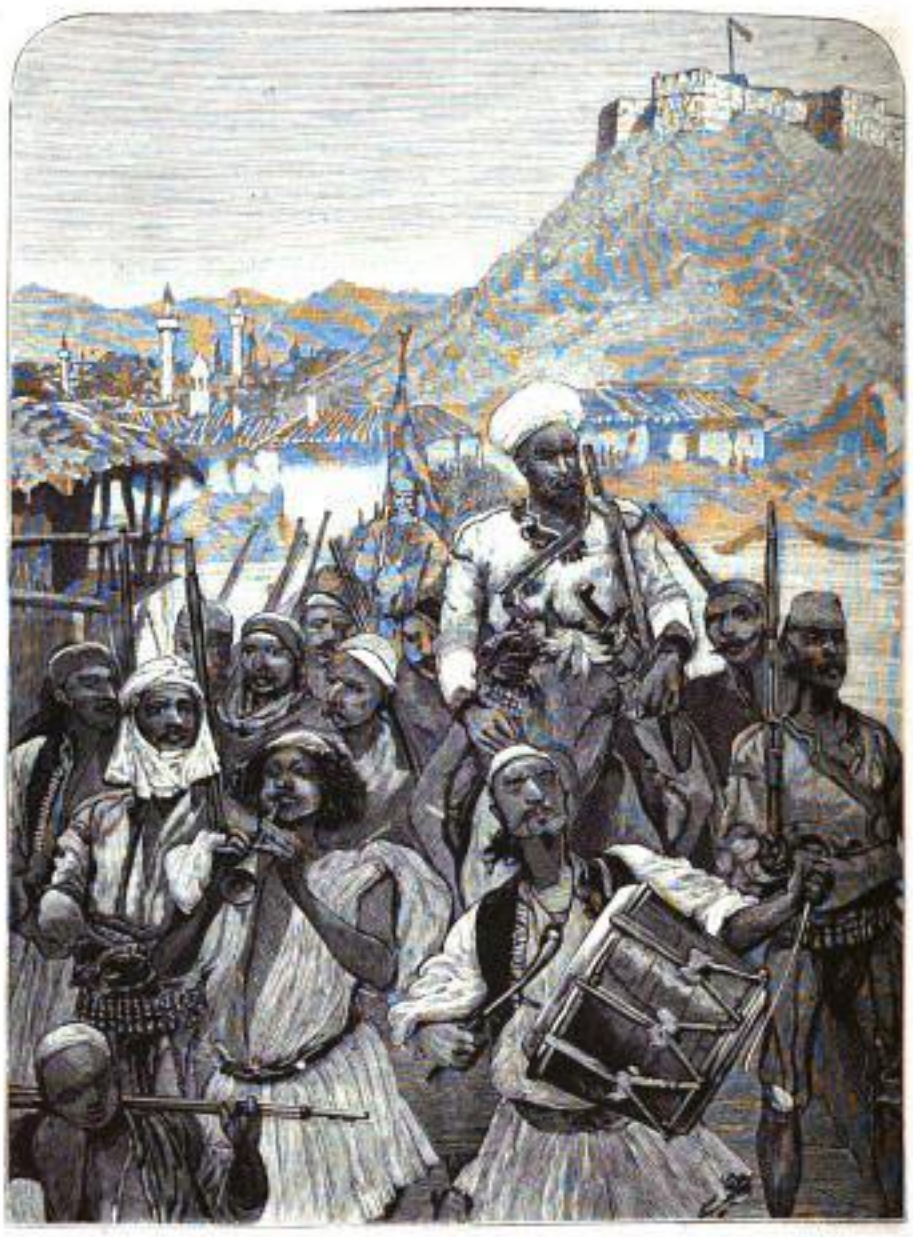
THE Pope has summoned some of the Irish Bishops to instruct them how to act in the present state of affairs in Ireland. The four prisoners arrested for the murder of Lord Mountmorres have been discharged. In a public letter Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, says, "The first duty of Government is the protection of life and property, but no Government ought to ask exceptional legislation until it has exhausted its ordinary powers.

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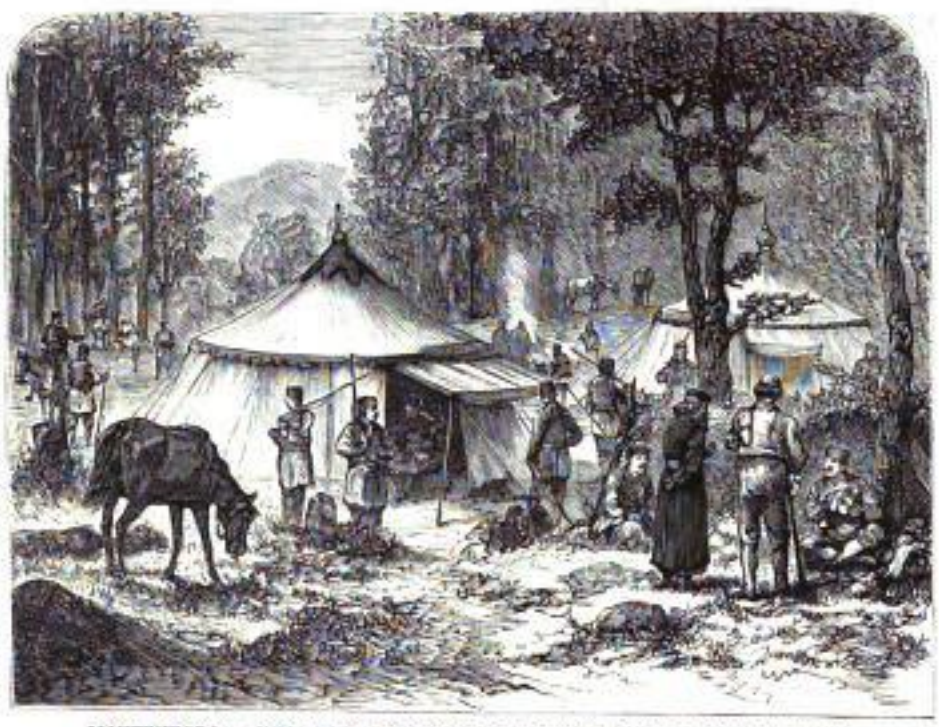
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 139.



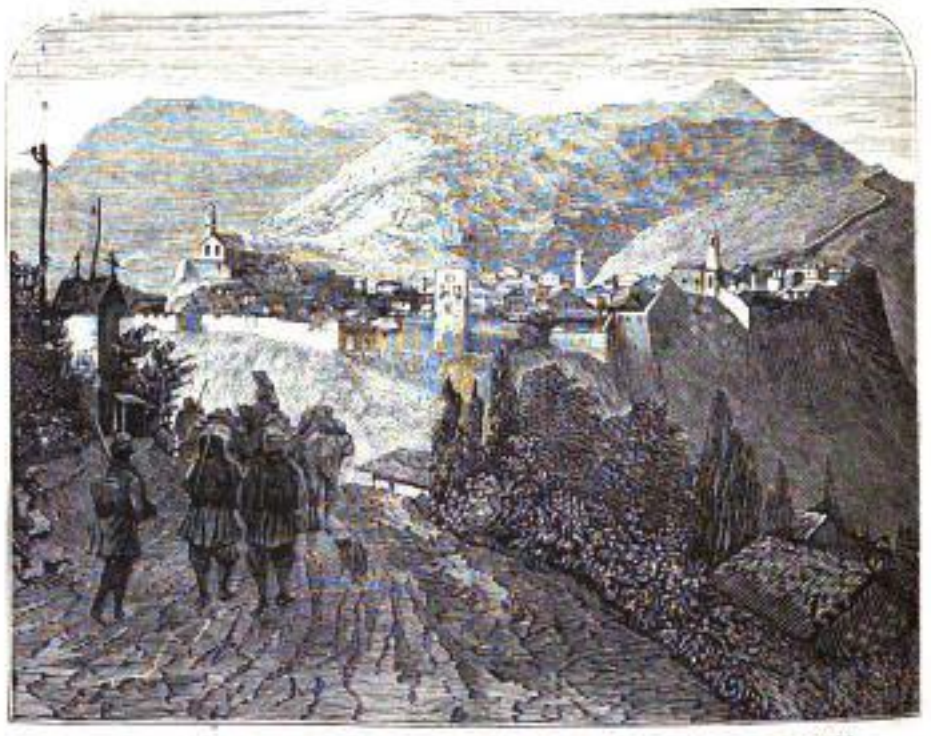
MONTENEGRO.—ALBANIAN WAR-DANCE IN THE CAMP NEAR DULCIGNO.



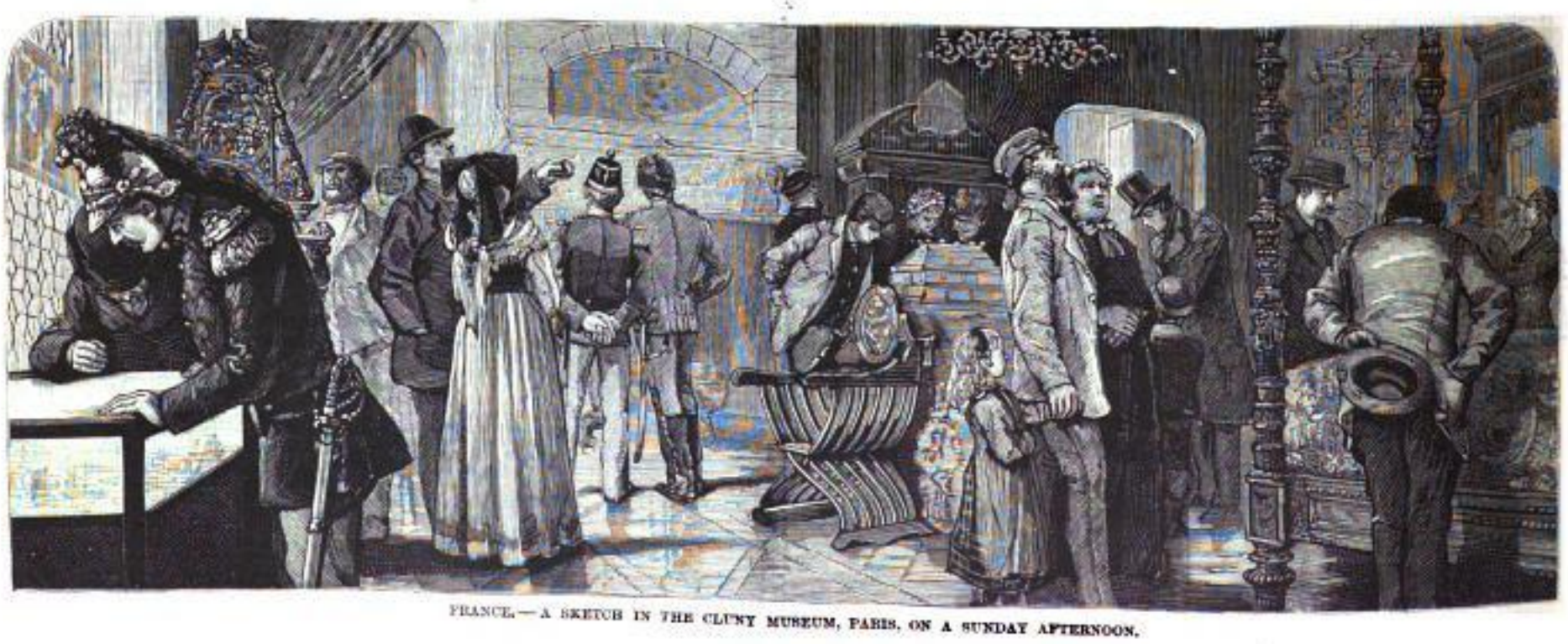
MONTENEGRO.—ALBANIANS CROSSING THE BOYANA TO OCCUPY DULCIGNO.



MONTENEGRO.—HEADQUARTERS AND CAMP OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



THE NEW EASTERN QUESTION.—THE CITY OF ANTIVARI, ON THE ADRIATIC.



FRANCE.—A SKETCH IN THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS, ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

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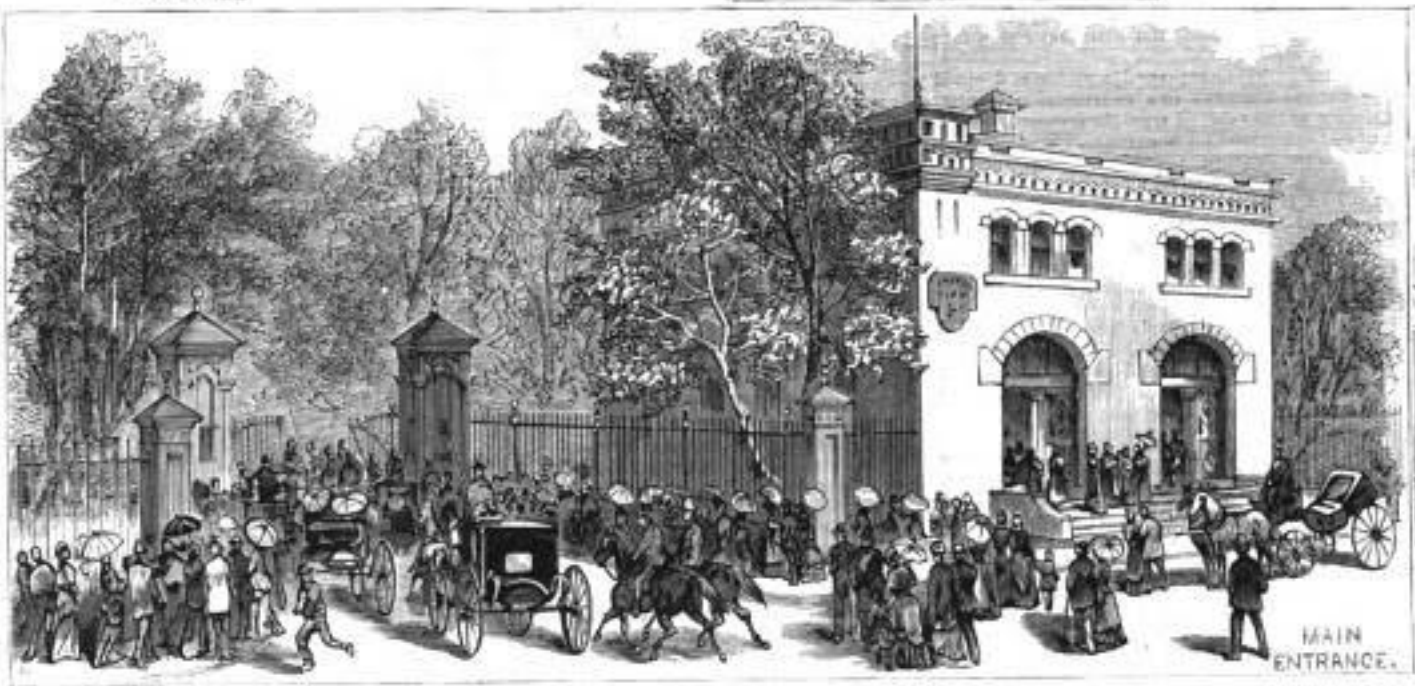
AGRICULTURAL HALL



THE CASCADE



ART HALL.



MAIN ENTRANCE.



JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

MISSOURI.—TWENTIETH ANNUAL SHOW OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR ASSOCIATION AT ST. LOUIS.—FROM SKETCHES BY ARMAND WELKER.—SEE PAGE 139.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MASONIC GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE FOUNDATION FOR THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK, OCT. 9TH.—SEE PAGE 139.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

SECOND SCENE.—(CONCLUDED).

IX.

MY record of events approaches its conclusion.

On the next day we returned to the hotel in London. At Romayne's suggestion, I sent the same evening to my own house for any letters which might be waiting for me. His mind still dwelt on the duel: he was morbidly eager to know if any communication had been received from the French surgeon.

When the messenger returned with my letters, the Boulogne postmark was on one of the envelopes. At Romayne's entreaty, this was the letter that I opened first. The surgeon's signature was at the end.

One motive for anxiety—on my part—was set at rest in the first lines. After an official inquiry into the circumstances, the French authorities had decided that it was not expedient to put the survivor of the duelists on his trial before a court of law. No jury hearing the evidence would find him guilty of the only charge that could be formally brought against him—the charge of "homicide by premeditation." Homicide by misadventure, occurring in a duel, was not a punishable offense by the French law. My correspondent cited many cases in proof of it, strengthened by the publicly-expressed opinion of the illustrious Berryer himself. In a word, we had nothing to fear.

The next page of the letter informed us that the police had surprised the card-playing community with whom we had spent the evening at Boulogne, and that the much-bejeweled old landlady had been sent to prison for the offense of keeping a gambling-house. It was suspected in the town that the General was more or less directly connected with certain disreputable circumstances, discovered by the authorities. In any case, he had retired from active service. He and his wife and family had left Boulogne, and had gone away in debt. No investigation had thus far succeeded in discovering the place of their retreat.

Reading this letter aloud to Romayne, I was interrupted by him at the last sentence.

"The inquiries must have been carelessly made," he said. "They ought to have applied to the police. I will see to it myself."

"What interest can you have in the inquiries?" I exclaimed.

"The strongest possible interest," he answered. "It has been my one hope to make some little atonement to the poor people whom I have so cruelly wronged. If the wife and children are in distressed circumstances (which seems to be only too likely), I may place them beyond the reach of anxiety—anonymously, of course. Give me the surgeon's address. I shall write instructions for tracing them at my expense—merely announcing that an Unknown Friend desires to be of service to the General's family."

This appeared to me to be a most imprudent thing to do. I said so plainly—and quite in vain. With his customary impetuosity he wrote the letter at once, and sent it to the post that night.

X.

On the question of submitting himself to medical advice (which I now earnestly pressed upon him), Romayne was disposed to be equally unreasonable. But in this case events declared themselves in my favor.

Lady Patrick's last reserves of strength had given way. She had been brought to London in a dying state while we were at Vange Abbey. Romayne was summoned to his aunt's bedside on the third day of our residence at the hotel, and was present at her death. The impression produced on his mind roused the better part of his nature. He was more distrustful of himself, more accessible to persuasion than usual. In this gentler frame of mind he received a welcome visit from an old friend, to whom he was sincerely attached. The visit—of no great importance in itself—led, as I have since been informed, to very serious events in Romayne's later life. For this reason I briefly relate what took place within my own hearing.

Lord Loring—well known in society as the head of an old English Catholic family, and the possessor of a magnificent gallery of pictures—was distressed by the change for the worse which he perceived in Romayne when he called at the hotel. I was present when they met, and rose to leave the room, feeling that the two friends might, perhaps, be embarrassed by the presence of a third person. Romayne called me back. "Lord Loring ought to know what has happened to me," he said. "I have no heart to speak of it myself. Tell him everything, and if he agrees with you, I will submit to see the doctors." With those words he left us together.

It is almost needless to say that Lord Loring did agree with me. He was himself disposed to think that the moral remedy in Romayne's case might prove to be the best remedy.

"With submission to what the doctors may decide," his lordship said, "the right thing to do, in my opinion, is to divert our friend's mind from himself. I see a plain necessity for making a complete change in the solitary life that he has been leading for years past. Why shouldn't he marry? A woman's influence, by merely giving a new turn to his thoughts, might charm away that horrible voice which haunts him. Perhaps you think this a merely sentimental view of the case? Look at it practically, if you like, and you come to the same conclusion. With that fine estate—and with the fortune which he has now inherited from his aunt—it is his duty to marry. Don't you agree with me?"

"I agree most cordially. But I see serious difficulties in your lordship's way. Romayne dislikes society; and, as to marrying, his coldness towards women seems (so far as I can judge) to be one of the incurable defects of his character."

Lord Loring smiled. "My dear sir, nothing of that sort is incurable, if we can only find the right woman."

The tone in which he spoke suggested to me that he had got "the right woman," and I took the liberty of saying so. He at once acknowledged that I had guessed right.

"Romayne is, as you say, a difficult subject to deal with," he resumed. "If I commit the slightest imprudence, I shall excite his suspicion—and there will be an end of my hope of being of service to him. I shall proceed carefully, I can tell you. Luckily, poor dear fellow, he is fond of pictures! It's quite natural that I should ask him to see some recent additions to my gallery—isn't it? There is the trap that I set! I have a sweet girl to tempt him, staying at my house, who is a little out of health and spirits herself. At the right moment, I shall send word up-stairs. She may well happen to look in at the gallery (by the merest accident) just at the time when Romayne is looking at my new pictures. The rest depends, of course, on the effect she produces. If you knew her, I believe you would agree with me that the experiment is worth trying."

Not knowing the lady, I had little faith in the success of the experiment. No one, however, could doubt Lord Loring's admirable devotion to his friend, and with that I was fain to be content.

When Romayne returned to us, it was decided to submit his case to a consultation of physicians at the earliest possible moment. When Lord Loring took his departure, I accompanied him to the door of the hotel, perceiving that he wished to say a word more to me in private. He had, it seemed, decided on waiting for the result of the medical consultation before he tried the effect of the young lady's attractions; and he wished to caution me against speaking prematurely of visiting the picture gallery to our friend.

Not feeling particularly interested in these details of the worthy nobleman's little plot, I looked at his carriage, and privately admired the two splendid horses that drew it. The footman opened the door for his master, and I became aware, for the first time, that a gentleman had accompanied Lord Loring to the hotel, and had waited for him in the carriage. The gentleman bent forward, and looked up from a book that he was reading. To my astonishment, I recognized the elderly, fat and cheerful priest, who had shown such a knowledge of localities, and such an extraordinary interest in Vange Abbey!

It struck me as an odd coincidence that I should see the man again in London so soon after I had met with him in Yorkshire. This was all I thought about it at the time. If I had known then, what I now know, I might have dreamed, let us say, of throwing that priest into the lake at Vange, and might perhaps have reckoned the circumstance among the wisely-improved opportunities of my life!

To return to the serious interests of the present narrative, I may now announce that my evidence as an eye-witness of events has come to an end. The day after Lord Loring's visit domestic troubles separated me, to my most sincere regret, from Romayne. I have only to add that the foregoing narrative of personal experience has been written with a due sense of responsibility, and that it may be depended on throughout as an exact statement of the truth.

JOHN PHILIP HYND,
Late Major, 110th Regiment

THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.—THE CONFIDENCES.

IN an upper room of one of the palatial houses which are situated on the north side of Hyde Park two ladies sat at breakfast, and gossiped over their tea.

The elder of the two was Lady Loring—still in the prime of life; possessed of the golden hair and the clear blue eyes, the delicately-florid complexion, and the freely developed figure, which are among the favorite attractions popularly associated with the beauty of Englishwomen. Her younger companion was the unknown lady admired by Major Hynd on the sea-passage from France to England. With hair and eyes of the darkest brown; with a pure pallor of complexion, only changing to a faint rose tint in moments of agitation; with a tall, graceful figure incompletely developed in substance and strength—she presented an almost complete contrast to Lady Loring. Two more opposite types of beauty it would have been scarcely possible to place at the same table.

The servant brought in the letters of the morning. Lady Loring ran through her correspondence rapidly, pushed away the letters in a heap, and poured herself out a second cup of tea.

"Nothing interesting this morning for me," she said. "Any news of your mother, Stella?"

The young lady handed an open letter to her hostess, with a faint smile.

"See for yourself, Adelaide," she answered, with the tender sweetness of tone which made her voice irresistibly charming, "and tell me if there were ever two women so utterly unlike each other as my mother and myself."

Lady Loring ran through the letter, as she had run through her own correspondence.

"Never, dearest Stella, have I enjoyed myself as I do in this delightful country house—twenty-seven at dinner every day, without including the neighbors—a little carpet dance every evening—we play billiards, and go into the smoking-room—the hounds meet three times a week—all sorts of celebrities among the company, famous beauties included—such dresses! such conversation!—and serious duties, my dear, not neglected—high church and choral service in the town on Sundays—recitations in the evening from 'Paradise Lost' by an amateur elocutionist! Oh, you foolish child! why did you make excuses and stay in London, when you might have accompanied me to this earthly Paradise?—are you really ill?—my love to Lady Loring—and, of course, if you are ill, you must have medical advice—they ask after you so kindly here—the first dinner-bell is ringing, before I have half done my letter—what am I to wear?—why is my daughter not here to advise me, etc., etc., etc."

"There is time to change your mind, and advise your mother," Lady Loring remarked, with grave irony, as she returned the letter.

"Don't even speak of it!" said Stella. "I really know no life that I should not prefer to the life that my mother is enjoying at his moment. What would I have done, Adelaide, if you had not offered me a happy refuge in your house? My 'earthly paradise' is here, where I am allowed to dream away my time over my drawings and my books, and to resign myself to poor health and low spirits, without being dragged into society, and (worse still) threatened with that 'medical advice' in which my poor dear mother believes so implicitly. I wish you would hire me as your 'companion,' and let me stay here for the rest of my life."

Lady Loring's bright face became grave while Stella was speaking.

"My dear," she said, kindly, "I know well how you love retirement, and how differently you think and feel from other young women of your age. And I am far from forgetting what sad circumstances have encouraged the natural bent of your disposition. But, since you have been staying with me this time, I see something in you which my intimate knowledge of your character fails to explain. We have been friends since we were together at school, and, in those old days, we never had any secrets from each other. You are feeling some anxiety, or brooding over some sorrow, of which I know nothing. I don't ask for your confidence; I only tell you what I have noticed, and I say with all my heart, Stella, I am sorry for you."

She rose, and with intuitive delicacy, changed the subject. "I am going out earlier than usual this morning," she resumed. "Is there anything I can do for you?" She laid her hand tenderly on Stella's shoulder, waiting for the reply. Stella lifted the hand, and kissed it with passionate tenderness.

"Don't think me ungrateful," she said; "I am only ashamed." Her head sank on her bosom; she burst into tears.

Lady Loring waited by her in silence. She well knew the girl's self-contained nature, always shrinking, except in moments of violent emotion, from the outward betrayal of its trials and its sufferings to others. The true depth of feeling which is marked by this inbred modesty is most frequently found in men. The few women who possess it are without the communicative consolations of the feminine heart. They are the noblest, and but too often the unhappiest of their sex.

"Will you wait a little before you go out?" Stella asked, softly. She had conquered her tears, but her head still drooped while she spoke.

Lady Loring silently returned to the chair that she had left—hesitated for a moment—and then drew it nearer to Stella. "Shall I sit by you?" she said.

"Close by me. You spoke of our school days just now, Adelaide. There was some difference between us. Of all the girls, I was the youngest—and you were the eldest, or nearly the eldest, I think?"

"Quite the eldest, my dear. There is a difference of ten years between us. But why do you go back to that?"

"It is only a recollection. My father was alive then. I was at first homesick and frightened in the strange place, among the big girls. You used to let me hide my face on your shoulder and tell me stories. May I hide in the old way and tell my story?"

She was now the calmest of the two. The elder woman turned a little pale, and looked down in silent anxiety at the darkly beautiful head that rested on her shoulder.

"After such an experience as mine has been," said Stella, "would you think it possible that I could ever again feel my heart troubled by a man—and that man a stranger?"

"My dear! I think it quite possible. You are only now in your twenty-third year. You were innocent of all blame, at that wretched bygone time which you ought never to speak of again. Love and be happy, Stella—if you can only find the man who is worthy of you. But you frighten me when you speak of a stranger. Where did you meet with him?"

"On our way back from Paris."

"Traveling in the same carriage with you?"

"No—it was in crossing the Channel. There were very few travelers in the steamboat or I might never have noticed him."

"Did he speak to you?"

"He never even looked at me."

"That doesn't say much for his taste, Stella."

"You don't understand—I mean, I have not explained myself properly. He was leaning on the arm of a friend; weak and worn and wasted, as I supposed, by some long and dreadful illness. There was an angelic sweetness in his face—such patience! such resignation! For heaven's sake keep my secret. One hears of men falling in love with women at first sight. But a woman who looks at a man, and feels—oh, it's shameful! I could scarcely take my eyes off him. If he had looked at me in return, I don't know what I should have done—I burn when I think of it. He was absorbed in his suffering and his sorrow. My last look at his beautiful face was on the pier, before they took me away. The perfect image of him has been in my heart ever since. In my dreams, I see him as plainly as I see you now. Don't despise me, Adelaide!"

"My dear, you interest me indescribably. Do you suppose he was in our rank of life? I mean, of course, did he look like a gentleman?"

"There could be no doubt of it."

"Do try to describe him, Stella. Was he tall and well dressed?"

"Neither tall nor short—rather thin—quiet and graceful in all his movements—dressed plainly, in perfect taste. How can I describe him? When his friend brought him on board, he stood at the side of the vessel, looking out thoughtfully towards the sea. Such eyes I never saw before, Adelaide, in any human face—so divinely tender and sad—and the color of them that dark violet blue, so uncommon and so beautiful—too beautiful for a man. I may say the same of his hair. I saw it completely. For a minute or two, he removed his hat—his head was severed, I think—and he let the sea breeze blow over it. The pure light-brown of his hair was just warmed by a lovely reddish tinge. His beard was of the same color; short and curling, like the beards of the Roman heroes one sees in pictures. I shall never see him again—and it is best for me that I shall not. What can I hope from a man who never once noticed me? But I should like to hear that he had recovered his health and his tranquillity, and that his life was a happy one. It has been a comfort to me, Adelaide, to open my heart to you. I am getting bold enough to confess everything. Would you laugh at me, I wonder, if I——"

She stopped. Her pale complexion softly glowed into color; her grand dark eyes brightened—she looked her loveliest at that moment.

"I am far more inclined, Stella, to cry over you than to laugh at you," said Lady Loring. "There is something, to my mind, very sad about this adventure of yours. I wish I could find out who the man is. Even the best description of a person falls so short of the reality!"

"I thought of showing you something," Stella continued, "which might help you to see him as I saw him. It's only making one more acknowledgment of my own folly."

"You don't mean a portrait of him!" Lady Loring exclaimed.

"The best that I could do from recollection," Stella answered, sadly.

"Bring it here directly!"

Stella left the room, and returned with a little drawing in pencil. The instant Lady Loring looked at it, she recognized Romayne, and started excitedly to her feet.

"You know him!" cried Stella.

Lady Loring had placed herself in an awkward position. Her husband had described to her his interview with Major Hynd; and had mentioned his project for bringing Romayne and Stella together, after first exacting a promise of the strictest secrecy from his wife. She felt herself bound—doubly bound, after what she had now discovered—to respect the confidence placed in her; and this at the time when she had betrayed herself to Stella! With a woman's feline fineness of perception, in all cases of subterfuge and concealment she picked a part of the truth out of the whole, and answered harmlessly without a moment's hesitation.

"I have certainly seen him," she said, "probably at some party. But I see so many people, and I go to so many places, that I must ask for time to consult my memory. My husband might help me, if you don't object to my asking him," she added, slyly.

Stella snatched the drawing away from her in terror. "You don't mean that you will tell Lord Loring!" she said.

"My dear child, how can you be so foolish? Can't I show him the drawing without mentioning who it was done by? His memory is a much better one than mine. If I say to him, 'Where did we meet that man?'—he may tell me at once—he may even remember the name. Of course, if you like to be kept in suspense, you have only to say so. It rests with you to decide."

Poor Stella gave way directly. She returned the drawing, and affectionately kissed her artful friend. Having now secured the means of consulting her husband without exciting suspicion, Lady Loring left the room.

At that time in the morning, Lord Loring was generally to be found either in the library or the picture gallery. His wife tried the library first.

On entering the room, she found but one person in it—not the person of whom she was in search. There, buttoned up in his long frock coat, and surrounded by books of all sorts and sizes, sat the plump, elderly priest who had been the especial object of Major Hynd's aversion.

"I beg your pardon, Father Benwell, said Lady Loring; "I hope I don't interrupt your studies?"

Father Benwell rose and bowed with a pleasant paternal smile. "I am only trying to organize an improved arrangement of the library," he said, simply. "Books are companionable creatures—members, as it were, of his family to a lonely old priest, like myself. Can I be of any service to your ladyship?"

"Thank you, Father. If you can kindly tell me where Lord Loring is——"

"To be sure! His lordship was here five minutes since—he is now in the picture gallery. I pray permit me!"

With a remarkably light and easy step for a man of his age and size, he advanced to the further end of the library, and opened the door which led into the gallery.

"Lord Loring is among the pictures," he announced. "And alone." He laid a certain emphasis on the last word, which might or might not (in the case of a spiritual director of the household) invite a word of explanation.

Lady Loring merely said, "Just what I wanted; thank you once more, Father Benwell"—and passed into the picture-gallery.

Left by himself again in the library, the priest walked slowly to and fro, thinking. His latent power and resolution began to show

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themselves darkly in his face. A skilled observer would now have seen plainly revealed in him the habit of command, and the capacity for insisting on his right to be obeyed. From head to foot, Father Purwell was one of those valuable soldiers of the Church who acknowledge no defeat, and who improve every victory.

After a while, he returned to the table at which he had been writing when Lady Loring entered the room. An unfinished letter lay open on the desk. He took up his pen, and completed it in these words: "I have therefore decided on trusting this serious matter in the hands of Arthur Penrose. I know he is young – but we have to set against the drawback of his youth the counter merits of his incorruptible honesty and his true religious zeal. No better man is just now within my reach – and there is no time to lose. Romayne has recently inherited a large increase of fortune. He will be the object of the basest conspiracies – conspiracies of men to win his money, and, worse still, of women to marry him. Even these contemptible efforts may be obstacles in the way of our righteous purpose, unless we are first in the field. Penrose left Oxford last week. I expect him here this morning, by my invitation. When I have given him the necessary instructions, and have found the means of favorably introducing him to Romayne, I shall have the honor of forwarding a statement of our prospects so far."

Having signed these lines, he addressed the letter to "The Reverend the Secretary, Society of Jesus, Rome." As he closed and sealed the envelope, a servant opened the door communicating with the hall, and announced:

"Mr. Arthur Penrose."

(*To be continued.*)

THE KING'S MOUNTAIN CENTENNIAL.

THE celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain began on the battle-ground on Tuesday, October 5th. The following military companies were encamped on the grounds, Tuesday: Richmond Howitzers, from Richmond, Va.; Cleveland Guard, from Shelby, N. C.; Jenkins Rifles, from Yorkville, S. C.; King's Mountain Military School Cadets, from Yorkville, S. C.; King's Mountain High School Cadets, from King's Mountain, N. C. Late in the afternoon there arrived the Salisbury Rifles, from Salisbury, N. C., and the Carolina Military School Cadets, from Charlotte, N. C., under charge of Captain G. W. Evans, of the United States Army. One of the most important features of the occasion was the United States Post Band, from McPherson Barracks, who discoursed most excellent music during the day.

The programme for the first day was the reunion of States. There were about 5,000 people on the grounds, half of whom attended the speaking. The speakers' stand was in the form of an amphitheatre, with standards bearing the initials of the original thirteen States. On the stand were seated the speakers of the day, executive committee of the Centennial Association, commanding officers of the different military companies, reporters and other prominent men.

The ceremonies were opened with prayer by the Rev. Ellison Caper; Governor Jeter of South Carolina was the first speaker, and, on the conclusion of his remarks, introduced the other speakers in the following order: Judge Daniel G. Fowle, of North Carolina; Judge T. N. Van Dyke, of Tennessee; Rev David E. Butler, of Georgia; Hon. S. W. Williams, of Arkansas, and J. M. McNeal, of Mississippi.

Colonel Coward said he thought he would be doing injustice to the States not represented on this occasion if some allusion were not made about the gallant part they performed in freeing our country from British tyranny. He then proposed three cheers for each of the States of Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, New York and Massachusetts, which were given with a will. The ceremonies of the day were then announced as closed, and the audience dispersed while the band played "Yankee Doodle."

On Wednesday a dress parade, under the command of General Hunt, of the United States Army, was held at 12 o'clock. The balance of the day was spent by the multitudes in roaming over the battle-ground looking at the curiosities and searching for relics. At the foot of the hill is a rude monument, placed there years ago to commemorate the battle. On it is an inscription stating that Colonel Ferguson was here slain, and giving the names of some of the American officers killed. About half way up the hill is a slab marking the spot on which Ferguson fell. The Relic House was a point of considerable interest. Among the relics on exhibition were a wooden canteen and sword used by Benjamin Ormand in the battle. The sword is apparently home-made, with the words "Victory or death" etched on the blade. There is also etched on the blade several arrows shooting out of a cloud towards a crown. Also a Bible printed in 1769, owned by the same man, and taken from him by the Tories; a piece of epaulet; piece of shoe-buckle and knee-buckle worn by Colonel Joe McDowell; watch-chain dug from Ferguson's grave; sword captured in the battle; powder-horn used in the battle, and a sword, complete the list. The latter is worthy of special notice. It is a fine Toledo blade, and has engraved on the reverse side the Spanish motto, "*No me cobraes sin razon*," which is translated, "Sheathe me not without honor"; on the obverse, "*No me sagues sin razon*"—"Draw me not without reason." Tennessee, through her Historical Society, represented by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, a commissioner, furnished for the entertainment of visitors to the celebration the sash worn by Ferguson in the battle of King's Mountain, the sword worn by Colonel Du Puyster, who finally surrendered the British forces, and the elegant dress sword presented by North Carolina to Colonel John Sevier for gallantry in that battle.

On Thursday, which was the anniversary day proper, there was a very large concourse of people. The exercises began with a national salute at sunrise by the Richmond (Va.) Howitzers, and at 10 A. M. a review of all the troops was held by General Hunt, of the United States Army, after which the large assemblage crowded around the speakers' stand, which had been erected in one of the ravines which led down the side of the mountain. Seats had been provided for five hundred people on the stand, and these, with the seats on the side of the mountain for the audience, formed one vast amphitheatre. A lyric, written by Mrs. Clara Dargan McLean, of Yorkville, S. C., and set to music by Professor E. W. Limeback, of Salem, N. C., was sung by an improvised choir with fine effect, led by the Fifth United States Artillery Band. The rostrum was decorated by one immense United States flag and others representing the thirteen original States. After this came the reading of an ode written for the occasion by Paul H. Hayne, of South Carolina. The reader was Colonel Charles C. Jones, of Augusta, Ga. Hon. John W. Daniel then delivered the oration, which was universally pronounced to be a magnificent effort. After the speaking a procession was formed and marched to the monument, a few hundred yards distant, and the ceremony of unveiling it was conducted by four young ladies, supported by Governors Jarvis of North Carolina, Holliday of Virginia, Jeter of South Carolina, and General Campbell of Tennessee, the vast audience singing the Doxology. The Eutaw flag, the Hornet's Nest Riflemen's flag, and the flag of the Charlotte Grays were brought upon the stand and kept there during the exercises. At 5 o'clock a dress parade was held, and at night the ceremonies were concluded by a grand pyrotechnic display.

In May of last year the people of the village of King's Mountain formed a "King's Mountain Centennial Association," with Colonel Asbury Coward, of Yorkville, S. C., as president. The Legislatures of North and South Carolina were memorialized, and last Winter they appropriated $2,500 for the erection of a monument. Six hundred dollars was raised by individual subscriptions, and the work was begun. The massive column as it lifts its head above the summit of the mountain impresses the beholder with the idea of substantial workmanship and durability combined with symmetry of form. It presents rather an unfinished and bald appearance, and seems to be lacking in appropriate ornamentation. The base and pile are of solid gray granite, hewn out of a quarry in York County, only six miles distant. The stone is fine-grained and of the very best quality, being similar to that of which the Capitol building in Columbia, S. C., is constructed. The shaft rises in pyramid form to a height of twenty-nine feet. On one side there is a beautiful tablet of snow-white Vermont marble. Upon this tablet are engraved all the names of the Americans who fell in the battle. Only twenty-eight names appear on the slab now, but when others are obtained by the committee they will be added, so as to make the record complete. When completed it will be surmounted by a bronze figure of heroic size of a Southern soldier of one hundred years ago, clad in the garb of a frontiersman and loading in his hand a long rifle, which he is busy loading while he ascends the mountain.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

THE St. Louis Fair has grown to be an institution not only of pride to the city but to the people of Missouri and several adjacent States. They look forward to its annual recurrence as if it was something in which they were deeply interested pecuniarily, and the result is a grand success every year, with the prospect of a greater triumph the following season.

Monday, October 4th, was opening day, and it was also children's day. The public schools closed their doors, the private institutions had suspended for a day, and fully 30,000 little people turned out to review the sights and scenes of the previous year and see what changes and additions had been made. They never wearied of the Zoo Zoo. Around the cages of the happy family and the den of grizzly bears hundreds of them were congregated throughout the day. The sea-lions proved to be the greatest curiosities on the ground. So great was the throng constantly around the pool that a guard was required apparently for the purpose of affording protection to the two black, ugly inhabitants of the stagnant pond, but really for keeping order among the little sight-seers and preventing them from injuring each other in their anxiety to get a good view. After seeing the lions of the sea and then those of the jungle, the mass would surge over to the departments and review them with as much tardiness as the superintendents and assistants would allow them.

The main Art Hall was not opened to the general public. The reason for this was that on the school-children's day last year a great amount of damage was done to the pictures by the youngsters and their erratic guardians; and this year, there being tenfold the value of paintings, it became absolutely necessary to keep the hall closed. The insurance on the pictures in Art Hall and in the annex this season is $183,000. This will give a rough idea of the importance of taking all precautions necessary to prevent damage.

The exhibits of agricultural implements, textile fabrics, machinery, fruits and vegetables, cattle, sheep, poultry and dogs, were far more numerous than in previous fairs of the association. In the line of entertainment, a variety of races was provided daily in the amphitheatre, and the premium lists for all manner of displays aggregated a liberal sum of money.

THE OBELISK'S CORNER-STONE.

THE laying of the corner-stone of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, near the Museum of Fine Arts, on October 9th, was attended by imposing ceremonies. The stone was laid by Most Worshipful Jesse B. Anthony, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, assisted by the Grand Lodge and some 250 Masonic lodges, and escorted by the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar and ten commanderies of New York and Brooklyn and four visiting commanderies. The day was delightfully fine, and the result was a full representation of the best lodges in the jurisdiction. The commanderies and lodges formed on the side streets, their right resting on Fifth Avenue. The avenue and the side streets in the vicinity were thronged with spectators from Fifteenth Street to Twenty first Street. The different bodies marched into line in Fifth Avenue soon after two o'clock, and began their march to Eighty-second Street

When the head of the procession arrived at the East Eighty-second Street gate of the Park, ranks were opened, and through them rode the Grand Lodge, preceded by Anglo-Saxon Lodge. They were escorted by the Grand Marshal and his staff. The District Deputy Grand Masters and the Masters and Wardens of lodges followed the Grand Master. When they had all passed through the open ranks, the ranks closed, and the entire line moved through the Park to the site of the monument. Blocks of masonry had been laid on a rocky summit, and one large block was suspended from a derrick. Directly beneath it was the square cavity into which it was to be lowered. While the throng of 2,000 or 3,000 persons were waiting for the arrival of the procession, many memorial nickel medals were sold at twenty-five cents each. On one side they bore the legend, "The Egyptian obelisk was transported from Egypt and erected in Central Park, N. Y., in 1880." This legend inclosed a representation of the obelisk. On the other side were represented a Masonic square, a compass, a Templar cross and the letter "G." About these symbols was the legend, "Corner-stone laid by the Grand Lodge, F. & A.M., State of N. Y., Oct. 9, 1880."

Upon reaching the site of the obelisk, Grand Master Anthony and the other officers took their places on the foundation, and the commanderies and lodges were massed around it as near as possible, and in as much order as the irregularities of the rocky ground would permit. The Masonic ceremonial was then gone through with. The square, the plumb and the level were applied to the stone by different officers of the Grand Lodge, and then Grand Master Anthony dropped some cement into the cavity beneath the stone from a silver trowel. As the stone was lowered Lieutenant Commander Derringe laid hold of it and aided the contracting mason to steady it into place. When the chain that had held the stone was relieved of its strain, the Grand Master struck it three times with a mallet and declared in a loud voice that the stone was plumb, level and square, and that it was well-formed, true and trusty, and duly laid. The Deputy Grand Master then poured upon the stone a few grains of wheat from a silver cup, while he repeated the appropriate words of the ritual. Past Grand Master Simmons poured wine upon the stone, explaining that it was the emblem of joy and gladness. Past Grand Master Ralph E. Prime poured oil upon the stone. Then Grand Master Anthony lifted his face to the sky and prayed that blessings might fall upon the structure and upon all interested in it. He prayed especially that no accident might befall the workmen engaged in the work. He wore an apron, and the right lapel of his coat was emblazoned with the golden symbols of Masonry. Above these symbols was a small red buttonhole bouquet. From his waist on his left side depended a blue cord and tassel. He is a spare featured, light-complexioned man of medium height, and with a pleasing address.

After the prayer the Grand Marshal presented Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe to the Grand Master, who formally congratulated him on the success of his work, and assured him that what he had done would carry his name down to the remotest posterity. The Grand Master, then taking his stand on one side of the stone, and, speaking in a loud voice, proclaimed the stone duly laid. He closed his proclamation with the words: "This from the South." This proclamation was repeated in the same way from the West and from the East. After this he led the Grand Lodge and all the other Masons within hearing in giving three times three claps with the palms of the hands.

Mr. Anthony made an address, in which he dwelt upon the learning of the ancient Egyptians, declaring that the obelisk was itself a book of history. He contended that Masonry was the natural outgrowth of ancient societies engaged as operative bands—societies which had left their traces in monuments, temples and pyramids—though it was true that many of these societies combined religious forms and ceremonies entirely foreign and antagonistic to Masonry.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Eastern Question.

The issue raised between the Montenegrin and Albanian populations of the countries on the east shore of the Adriatic is not a new one; but is a renewal of a secular struggle, in which the two nationalities have ebbed and flowed over the shores of the Scutari Lake and to the Drin. The whole of what is now Ghegaria or Northern Albania was, previous to the Turkish conquest, in undisturbed occupation of the Serbs of the Zeta, of which kingdom Scutari was at one time the capital. Five hundred years ago, and down to the moment of the great crisis of the struggle between the Servian and Turkish Empires, marked by the battle of Kossovo, the whole of the country north of the Drin was subject to Servia. The League of Albanian tribes, which is resolved to resist Montenegro, as well as Greece, with respect to the transfer of Albanian territory decided upon in Berlin, has only existed for a short period of time. It was founded by the Mohammedan class in Northern Albania and, from its very commencement was favored by the Government at Constantinople. This latter foresaw the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina by the Austrians, and regarded it as the first great stride of the advance to Salonica, to which it was the Porte's object to oppose an insurmountable barrier in the shape of an Albania carefully organized for vigorous resistance. The Conference of this year at Berlin resolved that Montenegro should be put in definitive possession of the seaport town and district of Dulcigno, on the west side of the Lake of Scutari, forming the strip of land between that lake and the Adriatic. The Montenegrins had indeed captured Dulcigno, as well as Antivari and Spizza, during the late war, but had been induced to relinquish the first-named place at the time of the Congress of Berlin. The Turkish Government formally agreed to the cession of Dulcigno, but the Albanian League prevented the execution of that agreement.

While keeping watch and ward on the frontier, the Faithful among the Skipetars, or Albanians, will not omit the strict ceremonial of their great fast of Ramazan, though by the letter of the law they can claim exemption. After the prescribed fast, lasting from dawn to sunset, is over for the day, and when the evening meal is finished, the Moslem makes merry in his staid fashion, with music and dancing. The scene here depicted is truly picturesque. The Skipetars are squatting in a circle, with the dancer in the middle, lighted up by the scant rays of the lanterns, and in the background is the Adriatic, on which they are soon to see the ships of the six Powers of Europe. After the introductory step, the dancer, getting more excited, throws away the handkerchief and spins round the circle with a short, jerking movement; or, changing his step, throws himself on one knee, now and then, bounding up again after the fashion of a bare-back rider of the equestrian circus. Suddenly the music changes, and the dancer walks slowly round, stopping to borrow from Ibrahim Beg and the chief next him their yataghans, splendid with silver-gilt filigree handles, and having keen blue steel blades, inlaid with verses from the Koran. These he draws from the chased silver scabbards, and, placing the bare points in his girdle, with arms outstretched resumes his dance, quickening from his slow polka step until he is wildly springing round in the centre, with the gleaming blades stretching from his hands to his waist. Again there is a pause, and then he executes another figure. This time the blades are placed under the armpits, and in this position the dancer goes through the process of bumping, first on one knee, then on the other, round the ring of lookers-on. Faster and faster grows the dance, till, disdaining to fall any more on his knees, the performer spins wildly in the middle of the ring, and so continues until music and dancer stop suddenly, and one of the onlookers vociferates a "Well done!" as the only applause due to what is really a most arduous performance.

On the last day of the Mohammedan festival of Bairam the Scutari levies marched to defend their frontier. The artist has chosen the moment when they crossed the bridge over the Bojana to make his sketch of their marching array. At the head of the column marched the Zagari, playing their wild music on a sort of Eastern drum, and just behind them rides a stalwart Hadji, clad in full mountain costume, even to the yataghan and pistols, and with no sign of his sacred office but the full white turban on his head. The Begs and their retainers follow, also dressed in mountain costume. Across the bridge, and rising straight up from the Bojana and the Bazaar, is the gray craggy rock on which is perched the old castle of Scodra, or Scutari, frowning down on the three rivers and the plains, and guarding the outlet of the beautiful lake. Below the castle, on the left, lies the city itself, half hidden among the many trees of its gardens and courtyards, with little more than the stately minarets and broad red-tiled roofs showing above the sea of green tree-tops.

A Continental Sunday.

Nothing strikes an Englishman on his first trip abroad, or a foreigner making a first visit to England, than the difference between the aspect of England on Sunday and that of any Continental town. In all English cities everything is simply closed save the churches, the cigar-shops, and the public-houses, and the streets wear a rigidly Sabbatarian air. On the Continent Sunday is a very different day. There the divine principle that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath is amply carried out. Abroad, whether in France or in Germany, the museums may be seen thronged with members of the humbler classes—whole families may be heard discussing the merits of this and that work of art, or asking questions of the attendants in a manner which shows a very fair grasp of the subject. Take the Cluny Museum at Paris, for example, that marvelous collection of antique furniture, grand old tapestries, and porcelain of every form and epoch. Could a boy destined to be a workman—whether carpenter or mason, worker or painter, or what not—spend a more profitable afternoon than there?

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—CHILI and Peru have accepted the offer of mediation by the United States.

—THERE is a great insurrection of the Mahommedans in Kashgar against the Chinese.

—KING THEEBAW, of Burmah, is preparing to make war against the British with an army of 2,000 men.

—GENERAL ROCA has been proclaimed President of the Argentine Confederation. Perfect tranquility now prevails.

—ICE-MANUFACTURING machines have been sent out to military posts in Central Asia to supply the Russian troops with ice in hot weather.

—DURING their five weeks' service in July and August the special medical corps of New York City visited 36,640 houses, 210,966 families and 6,328 patients, and gave 5,135 prescriptions.

—THE Grand Lama of Thibet is seriously ill, and the Emperor of China has been asked to select a successor to whom the dying Lama can impart his divine attributes. The income of the Lama is over $2,000,000 yearly.

THE last new gun at Woolwich weighs 101 tons, is 34 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter at the breech, and 2 feet 6 inches at the muzzle. It is charged with 425 pounds of pebble powder and carries a shot 2,021 pounds in weight.

—THE Kurds who recently entered Persian territory have sacked the towns of Miraudad and four larger villages and massacred the inhabitants. A Persian force is proceeding against them, but it will take ten days to reach the scene of action.

—IN view of possible coming troubles, extensive military preparations are now making in the West of Ireland. The constabulary have asked for 67,000 additional rounds of buckshot. Two more men have been arrested in connection with the Lord Mountmorres murder.

—IT has been decided in the Treasury Department that the payment of the value of a destroyed bond to a claimant not the legal owner does not deprive the real owner of the right to subsequent payment, and that such payment should be charged to an account for relief by Congress.

—JUVENILE delinquents in England are now to be whipped in most cases, instead of being imprisoned, and supplies of birch-rods are being sent to all the police stations. A physician must always be present at a whipping, a precaution never taken at English public schools of the Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse type, it may be observed.

—LARGE quantities of pottery are manufactured in Brazil from the hard, silicious bark of the carapicera tree. In the process, the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers—this kind being preferred, as it takes up a larger quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware.

—ON the 10th inst. the United States Immigration Commission had its first conference with the representatives of the Chinese Government—Tao Heun and Li Hung Tsao. These gentlemen, who are the Plenipotentiaries on the part of China, are said to be friendly to the objects of the Commission, and it is now believed that the business of the mission will be rapidly dispatched.

—THE little town of Correggio has at last awakened to the honor conferred upon her by the painter Antonio Allegri, having been born and having lived and died within its walls, and a statue was erected to him on the 17th inst. The statue, unfortunately, can only be a work of imagination, for no authentic portrait of Allegri is known to exist, though one given in many biographies has long passed for his.

—THE Mormon Conference, which adjourned on the 10th inst., was chiefly notable for the filling of the first presidency, which has been vacant since the death of Brigham Young. John Taylor was elected President, with George Q. Cannon as first and Joseph F. Smith as second Counselor. John Taylor was the ranking member of the Twelve Apostles. Mr. Cannon is regarded as the ruling spirit—the power behind the throne.

—THE export business in apples continues to be unusually extensive. It is estimated that between 75,000 to 100,000 barrels will leave this port by steamer for Liverpool alone during the current month, besides which a great many are being shipped from the northern part of the State via Montreal, and a great many more are going on sailing vessels via Boston. Another extraordinary fact in this connection is that apples are being exported to the West Indies and South America.

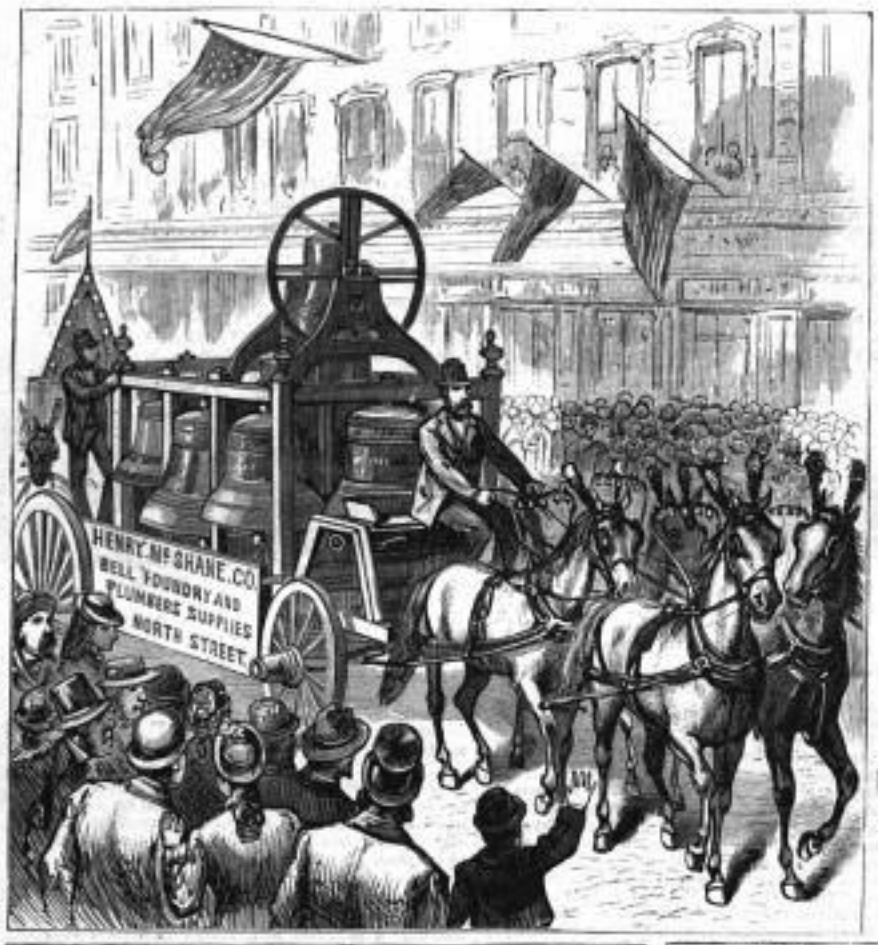
—A GERMAN Colonization Association has been organized in Wilmington, Delaware. It is composed of the leading and wealthy German citizens of Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars. The intention is to establish German colonies in Delaware, and the present object of the association is to effect the purchase of Bombay Hook Island and name it Humboldt City. Sixteen thousand acres is the amount of land to be bought. The association is in correspondence with emigrants from the Volga and other portions of Southern Germany.

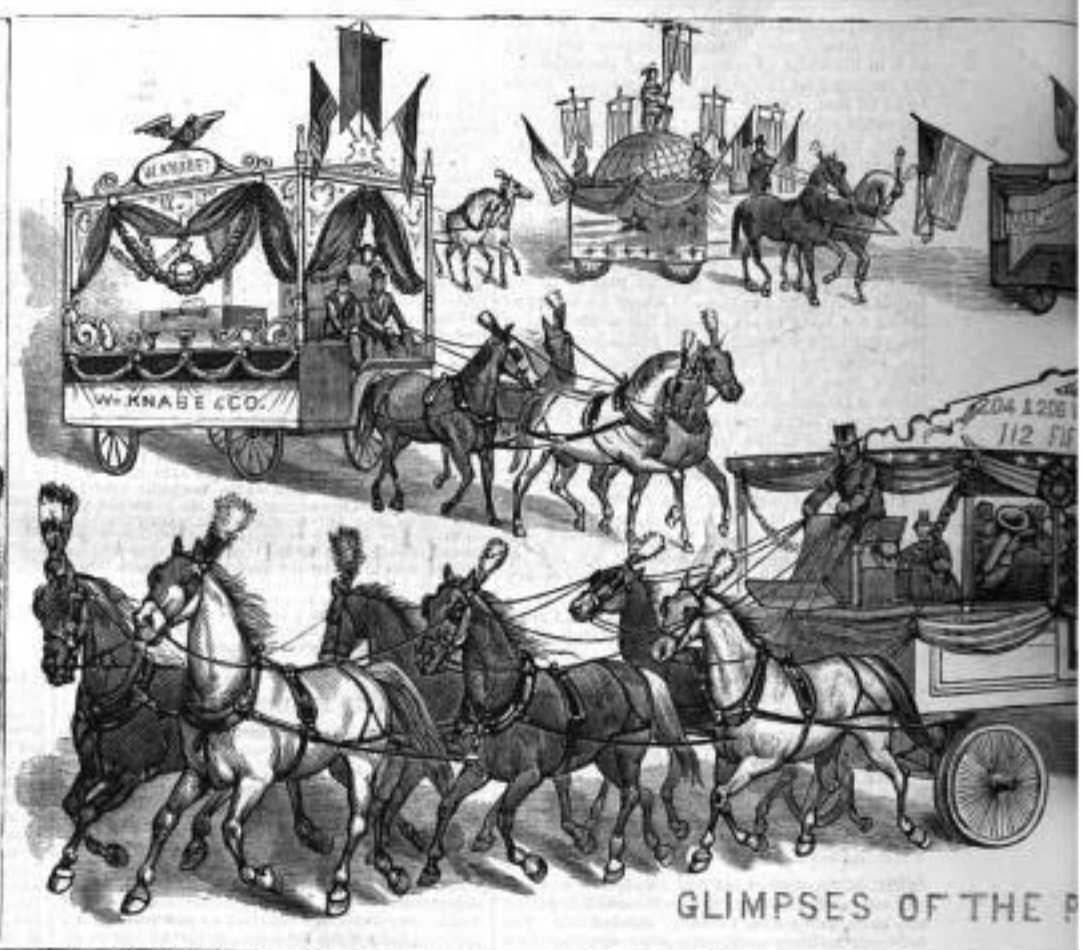
—THE Swedish and Norwegian Press are discussing in somewhat heated terms the agitation prevailing among a section of Norwegians for the repeal of the act of union between Sweden and Norway, and the establishment of a Norwegian republic. The Swedish journals, while hinting that the separation of Norway would be a good riddance, maintain that the honor of Sweden is involved, and that, if necessary, strong measures must be employed to reawaken the loyalty of the Norwegians. The relations between the Norwegian Deputies and the King are greatly strained, the right of the King to a final veto having been denied by a large majority.

—CHICAGO has become a great fruit market within a few years. The volume of business is represented by a money value of about $6,000,000 annually. This includes from $240,000 to $300,000 credited to Colorado fruits, and about $225,000 to West India fruits. Ten years ago two or three carloads of California fruits made up the supply for the season. Members of a Chicago firm resident in that State saw the possibilities of the trade, and perfected arrangements that made the city the supply depot for a large part of the country. The receipts of the one firm are now about 150 carloads annually. This year the trade in tropical fruits has increased nearly thirty per cent, and the trade in California specialties in almost the same proportion.

—DURING the last eight months the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been phenomenal. It is expected that the company will have a surplus of fully $10,000,000 over last year to meet the extraordinary expenses contemplated at Philadelphia and elsewhere along the main line. This year the company shows a gain of $2,848,926 on the eastern lines. The United Companies of New Jersey have already earned $250,000 more than for the first eight months of last year, and the deficit is likely to be reduced to $600,000. The Philadelphia and Erie which was short on its fixed charges last year $332,287, has already made up that loss and more too by a gain of $372,899 net for the first eight months. The Pennsylvania Company is also $2,116,193 ahead of last year already.

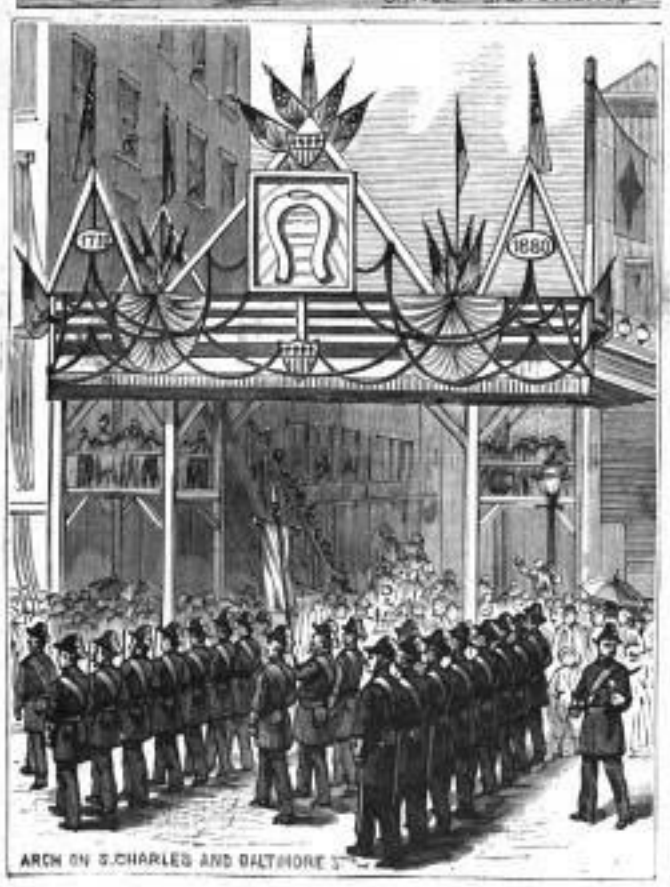
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BATTLE MONUMENT

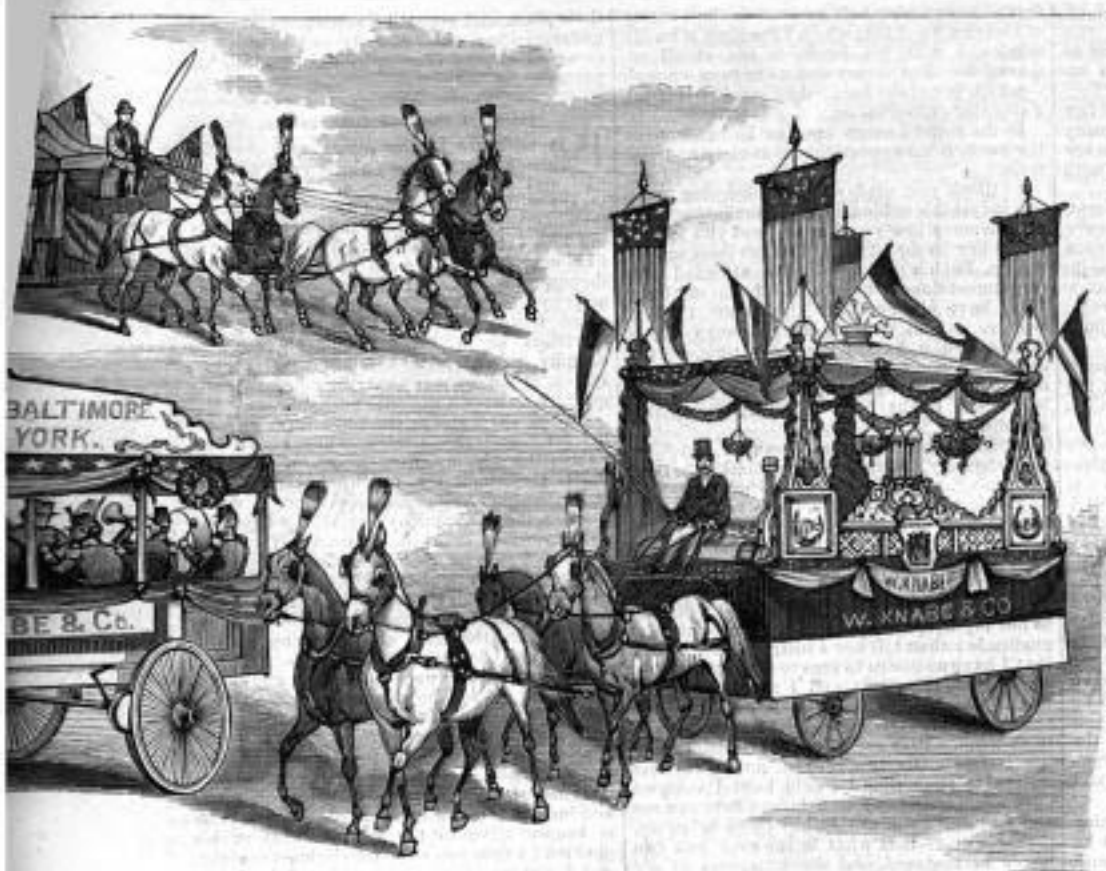


ARCH ON S. CHARLES AND BALTIMORE ST.



MARYLAND.—CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE

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SION OF INDUSTRY.









TTLEMENT OF BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 11TH-16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 143.

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FOR EVER AND A DAY.

THEY walked together by the sea,
And talked of days that were to be,
And hand in hand upon the hill
They paused to see the white sails fill
With warm winds from the west; and he
Said, softly, "So our argosy
We hope will come from isles afar,
Where all life's countless treasures are,
And bring to us, for coming years,
All happy things, and naught for tears."

"Blow softly, softly, Summer wind,"
She said; and looking far away
To where the freshening breezes thinned
The mists that fringed the edge of day,
She watched to see the shining sail
Of homeward-faring argosies
Flash out in sunshine. "Let no gale
Beat round the bark that brings to me
The treasures of the Happy Lands.
Blow softly, wind, from far away,
And bring the gladness to my hands
That lasts for ever and a day."

A cloud arose and hid the sun;
Gray shadows fell ere day was done.
They heard the moaning of the waves
Like midnight voices over graves.

The morning shows upon the bar
A white, dead face, a broken spar.
The ship they waited for has come,
But, ah! the helmsman's lips are dumb;
No treasures from the Happy Lands
Await their eager, outstretched hands.

"Dear heart," she says, and smiles thro' tears,
"Think what is left for coming years!
Dead hopes we bury in the sea,
But love remains to you and me!
And, oh, my darling, come what may,
That lasts for ever and a day!"

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—LADY JET IS RESOLVED.

TWO weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter, Madame Polleskie enters Lady Jet's apartment, and finds the young lady seated in her favorite attitude upon a divan, deeply engrossed in a huge book—a treatise upon medicine.

"Good heavens!" says madame, languidly, "are you turning into a doctor?"

"No," is the brief response, as the young girl continues her perusal. In her eyes is a feverish fire and her face is deeply flushed.

"What is the matter?"

Lady Jet looks up—a swift, searching glance, and her eyes again seek the book.

"Have you anything new to tell?" she inquires, rather absently.

"Nothing," drearily. "To my knowledge, he has not yet been to the mines, but he cannot resist much longer. He is like an insane man. He is wild over her loveliness. It is like a volcano—all fire and lava within—and it will soon burst forth. The more she resists him the more desperate it makes him. He comes of a swift, silent race, and I believe that if he can gain her in no other way, he is mad enough to take her by force and secrete her somewhere in the country where he can visit her, and have her entirely to himself. Heaven pity her—and me! Is anything the matter with you? You look ill."

Lady Jet sits silent a moment, then flings herself by her companion's side.

"You are shivering," cries madame, in surprise, "and yet you are consumed with fever. What in the world is the matter?"

"I will tell you," replies the girl, controlling her excitement with a desperate effort. "You have made me your confidant, and I will return that confidence. Madame, there is an innocent man who has been confined to the labor and degradation of the mines for nearly fifteen years. He is guilty of no crime whatever; he merely incurred the envy and hatred of his rivals by his patriotism and the favor shown him by the Czar. For that, an offense was fastened upon him; he was tried, condemned and exiled. Madame, I determined that that man should escape, and to-morrow night I put that determination into execution."

Madame Polleskie stares at her companion as if that young lady had gone mad.

"Are you serious?" she cries, after a pause.

"*I am!*" The small rosebud mouth shuts tightly.

"You are mad!" she exclaims. "Are you aware that you will be committing one of the greatest crimes against your country, and that you stand in danger of being exiled yourself?"

A dreary, bitter smile crosses the girl's face.

"Will that be anything new? Have I not been exiled all my life?"

"But, great heavens! how can you accomplish it—you, a girl! It cannot be done!"

"It can, and it *shall* be done!"

The lion courage of her race rises warm in her breast as she speaks.

"What is your course?"

"First of all, promise that, come what will, you will not betray me."

"I swear it!"

"Thank you. My plan of action is simple. It is merely upon to-morrow night to go to the mines, drug the guards with chloroform, have my horse in waiting, and as the affair will not be discovered until morning, the count, I hope, will be able to make good his escape."

"You speak as if it were a common occurrence to assist prisoners of the Emperor to escape," cries madame. "Pray who is 'merely to drug the guards and have the horse in waiting,' and assist the exile to escape?"

"Nick and I," is the calm reply.

"*Nick!* Surely you would not trust *him*!"

"I would trust him further than any man I know."

"It is the wildest scheme I ever heard of. I tremble for you, my child. What if you should be discovered? And you are sure to be; why, even the horse would attract attention."

"I have prepared for that by every few nights taking horseback rides in the vicinity of the mines. If any one should chance to see the horse that night, they will think it me with it."

"My poor child, it is a desperate attempt, and all for a man! I tell you he will never repay you for it; he will not even experience gratitude. It is always the way, those who do the most are the least rewarded."

"I do not care," says the girl, bravely, "whether he is grateful or not. Save him I will."

"And that book," observes madame, after a pause, "is for the purpose of investigating the nature of chloroform?"

"Yes."

"Where shall you procure the drug?"

"I already have it. Papa is only convalescent now, and this morning I got his keys unnoticed, entered the drug-room and got all I wanted. I am looking now to see in what quantities it should be administered."

Madame is confounded at the girl's resolution and daring.

"I implore you," she says, earnestly, "not to commit such a rash act. Think of your father, of your proud name, of the terrible risk you run!"

"I think of nothing," says the girl, "save that noble life and its martyrdom. He *shall* be rescued."

"But if he is so fortunate as to elude the guards what will become of him then?" urges madame. "He can go nowhere in the convict garb, as he would instantly be detected."

"I shall have a suit of clothing awaiting him as soon as he reaches the horse. These he can put on over his other garments and with only a few minutes' delay. In the pockets of them will be all the money that I have been able to collect for a year past, which will be sufficient for him until he can devise some plan for his future support."

Madame Polleskie is compelled to admiration by the courage and coolness of the girl. At the same time she fully realizes that the perilous undertaking may result in shame and disaster. For an hour she pleads with Lady Jet to abandon it, but in vain. Then she leaves her, and, as she is about to step out in the hall, comes face to face with the haggard, anxious countenance of Phedora.

"I want to speak with you, madame," says the woman, and follows her down the stairs out into the open air. Here she turns to her with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Oh, madame, you have heard?" she cries. "For heaven's sake try to persuade her from her madness."

"If you mean your mistress, my poor woman, it is useless. I have already implored her to desist, but she refuses to listen to me."

"She will be discovered and ruined, I know," wails Phedora. "And it is not worth the risk. I am not saying but that he is a noble and unfortunate gentleman, but it is the romance of the thing, I believe, that attracts her—it is her imagination. Why, he does not love my poor, headstrong child; he has not one thought of *her*; she is as a baby to him. It is that lovely Greek lady that he adores; I have watched him and discovered his secret. I believe he will refuse to be saved. I think he will never escape and leave the lady of his love in the mines. Now, if it were *she* who were going to be rescued he would be much more likely to listen to it."

"Stop, Phedora; let me think," says madame, sharply. Into her eyes has come a quick, strange gleam; her hands clinch, and from her face slowly recedes the little color it possesses.

A long time passes, and then she turns slowly to her companion.

"I am going back to your mistress," she says, simply, and leaves Phedora in the path.

Lady Jet looks up in surprise as she enters the room.

"I have been thinking," says madame, "of what you have told me. And while I still strongly disapprove of it, I am always interested in anything that concerns you. I see, my child, that you make a mistake in giving such a short notice to the count. He should be apprised of it now, and by a person who could converse with him intelligently upon the subject."

Lady Jet sinks down upon a divan in despair.

"What *shall* I do?" she exclaims.

"If you would like me," says madame, "*I* will see the count to-night. It will arouse no suspicions, as I am in the habit of visiting the mines. Being the wife of an official, I have also the privilege of conversing with the convicts."

With a wild cry of joy the impulsive girl flings her arms around madame's neck and indulges in the most extravagant caresses. But the weight of those soft, clinging arms seems to stifle the secretary's wife, for she turns white—still whiter—even to the lips, and, escaping as soon as possible, she hastens from the room. On the outside she lifts her haggard, wretched face.

"God forgive me," she mutters, "but I do it for him—for him!"

By her indomitable will and perseverance, towards night madame succeeds in gaining a few minutes' private conversation with Count Smoloff, who is working slightly apart from the rest, under the pretense of examining the metal he is employed in digging from the rocks. Madame is somewhat of a favorite in the mines, and, being the wife of a prominent official, she is allowed any liberty she desires, and, being herself something of a geologist, it is not infrequently that she spends hours in the mines examining the rock and minerals. Consequently, upon the present occasion the fact of her passing half an hour in the vicinity of Convict No. 3,571, who at the time is busily employed with his work, is not at all remarkable. But if any one were near enough—which is not the case—they would overhear a singular conversation.

In the count's stern face, as he bends over the rock, is an expression of anxiety and distress.

"I thank you, madame, for conveying to me her ladyship's noble and generous intentions," he murmurs, lowly; "but I beg of you to persuade her to desist from this perilous undertaking. Such a course would be attended with the utmost danger to herself. I will not deny that I have observed her kind interest in my welfare, which, while I have always highly appreciated it, has, at the same time, deeply distressed me, for fear that, out of the generous impulses of her young and inexperienced heart, she might involve herself in trouble and disaster."

"I have endeavored to persuade her," replies the lady, in the same cautious tone, and examining, with every evidence of interest, a huge piece of metal which she holds in her hands; "but it is useless. She has possessed herself with your unfortunate history, and is determined that you shall be emancipated."

"But it is madness!" returns the count. "Show her the danger of her course; convey to her my deepest appreciation and sincerest gratitude; then tell her I instruct you to say that I have no desire to escape from the mines. My fate has been cast, and I am now content to abide by it. There are some evils that are only made greater by an attempt to escape from them. Mine are of such an order. My life is irremediably wrecked, and I am less miserable here than I would be if I mingled once again with my fellow-men. Between me and all human companionship there is an impassable gulf—that what is for ever lost can never be restored, and the bitterness of my life can never be ameliorated by the course Lady Zickwoff, in her innocence and generosity, has proposed. Besides this, there are other and weightier ties that bind me to this place. A motive actuates me that no guerdon could ever tempt me to abandon. Believe me, madame, I would not leave these mines to be elected sovereign of the most powerful throne that ever existed."

Madame's hand trembles slightly as it strays among the metal; he is approaching the subject nearest her heart.

"I never can convince Lady Jet that you are resolute in your refusal," she says, after a pause. "In spite of all that I can say she will have the horse here to-morrow night, and her plan, I must confess, is admirably conceived, and would be sure, I think, to be executed with success. It will be a glorious opportunity for *some one* to escape. It were almost a pity that *no person* is to be benefited by it."

Madame speaks carelessly, and for a moment her words, with their hidden motive, take no effect. Then the noble's hands close convulsively upon the ax-handle, and he draws in his breath sharply. The woman sees that in this moment has come to him a vague, desperate hope, yet one so wild that he scarcely has the courage to utter it.

"You have a proposition to make?" she says, looking at him questioningly, and purposely encouraging him.

"I have an idea, madame," he says, while in his excitement his breath breaks from him in labored gasps; "an idea that I scarcely know how to convey to you."

"You may confide in me to the utmost," she returns, lowly.

"Thank you." His voice is deep with emotion. "I will tell you the short story and trust to your instincts for assistance. Madame, in these mines there is a woman exiled for life, but one who is as innocent of crime as yourself. I have not time to explain her history; suffice to say, she is a martyr. I, who for over a half score years have dragged through this wretched existence, know well the horror and agony that existence holds. If my life could save her from the torture of the future, with its endless bitterness, how gladly would I yield it up for such a sacred purpose; but, unfortunately, I cannot aid her. But worse than all physical persecution is the deadly peril in which her proud womanhood stands. Madame, she has been so unfortunate as to attract the passion of a man who, I believe, is as merciless as a wild brute in securing his own desires. He loves her with the desperate, soulless passion of a strong animal nature, and I know that he will never rest till he drags her down into his possession. For myself I ask no favor, but for this poor, helpless, endangered martyr I do beseech your intercession."

"And she shall have it," interrupts his companion, sternly. "That man who is enamored of this woman and is persecuting her is my husband. I believed that you would act thus. Through a combination of circumstances, I to-day became aware of your interest in the Greek exile. From that moment came to me the conviction that a man of your race would not accept liberty while the woman of his love was in bondage. Deeply as I have suffered from my husband's guilty passion, I have felt no emotion for this lady save pity and respect. She is a true woman, and accepted the peril of his hatred, the toil and agony of the mines, rather than sacrifice her proud purity. And while I acknowledge that in forming my resolution I was actuated by selfish designs, I nevertheless felt thankful that it might be in my power to assist in plucking her from her danger and restoring her to a different life."

Across the shrunken, weary face of the noble flashes a light divine. But his emotion is too intense to admit of many words.

"May God bless you for this act!" he says, solemnly.

After a brief silence his companion reveals their plans, and, after all is settled in a thorough understanding, she leisurely and by degrees, so as to arouse no suspicions, takes her departure.

CHAPTER XLVI.—A LOVE DIVINE.

IT is midnight in the mines, and over the gloomy subterranean abode rests a death-like and oppressive silence. The convicts, weary with the toil of the day, lie in a particular chamber excavated for the purpose, sleeping like exhausted brutes. The long tunnel-like corridor—the main apartment, which through the day is such a scene of bustle and activity—is entirely deserted, save here and there where the form of a night-watch is stretched on a blanket, himself sleeping soundly, as, under the discipline and perfect system of the management, the office of night-guard is merely a nominal position.

By the shaft sleeps the huge form of Karl the lamp and trap tender, while above him yawns the gloomy, dark length of the shaft itself, stretching far, far up beyond to the outer world. At the foot, and close to which reposes the unconscious Karl, is the huge machinery which creaks and groans through the day as it makes its tireless revolutions between the surface and the bowels of the earth. And down through this gloomy and perilous passage comes a small form, clinging to the iron ropes that elevate the trap, and lowering himself swiftly and dexterously by the small, firm hands. At last he reaches the trap, and climbing lightly over it, he stands motionless beside the lamp lighter. It is Nick, with his face a trifle pale, and his eyes bright and keen with suppressed excitement. Despite his mischief and heedlessness, and that peculiar quality of imagination that gives to his ideas fantastic and ludicrous turns, in this perilous moment he is keenly alive to the responsibility of his position; a *faux pas*, even the slightest mistake, and discovery is inevitable, and with discovery disaster and ruin. In *his* hands he holds the destiny of his beloved Jet.

He stands for a moment motionless, then, with the noiseless, stealthy movement of a cat, approaches the snoring Karl. From his pocket he takes a bottle and a sponge, saturating the latter with the contents of the vial. For one instant he hesitates, one of the chief figures of a remarkable scene. Beside the huge and prostrate form of the man stands that diminutive figure, looking even smaller in the wan, uncertain light of the night-lamps. Far away stretches the long, grim tunnel, with its sleeping guards, and close beside him is the gigantic machinery of the trap, like some huge mastodon in slumber. Then, bending over the unconscious man, he extends the sponge towards the great, quivering nostrils, gradually approaching it nearer and nearer the nose. There is a sharp convulsion of the muscles of the mouth, an occasional twitching of the eyelids, then a supernatural stillness settles over Karl, and he is safely under the influence of the drug. This process is repeated with all of the guards, and with preternatural success. Then back again to the shaft speeds Nick, the color back to his face, and eyes dancing with exultation. In such a wild state of exhilaration is he that, without the slightest difficulty, he seizes the oil can, drags it to the trap, and, turning the spigot, deluges the machinery with oil—a proper precaution against the groans and squeals with which it performs its duty during the day, and which would be particularly detrimental to their plan of secrecy. Then springing upon the trap, he commences his ascent. As he gains the top he is met by Madame Polleskie, whose eyes scintillate with excitement. As she sees the boy she draws a long breath of relief, and says a little prayer of gratitude to her patron saint.

"Are you all safe?" she whispers, and her voice is scarcely steady.

"Sound as a drum!" affirms Nick, in the wildest state of animation and brandishing his small fists, while from his pockets is exhaled a pungent odor of chloroform. "They are sleeping down there like as if they would never wake. I gave 'em a good dose—wasn't stingy with my medicine. Bet I could dance a jig upon Karl's breast and he'd never know it. St. Michael! but it's the best spree I ever was on. Don't mind it in the least," beaming with oppressive cheerfulness upon madame, who is uncomfortably conscious of their deadly peril.

"Is everything ready?" she inquires, impatiently.

"Yes."

"How am I to get down?" gazing blankly at the gloomy well, upon whose brink they are standing.

"I will have to go down again and raise the trap. Guess it will go easy enough"—grinning: "I oiled it well."

"Great heavens, child!" murmurs madame, with a shudder. "You don't seem to know the meaning of fear. I shiver when I see you swing yourself over this yawning precipice."

"Seems to me Jet is late," observes Nick, giving a preparatory jerk to his straps and buckles before commencing his descent.

"Lady Jet is not very well, and has sent word by Phedora—who is off in the shadow with the horse—that she will not be able to join us," replies madame. But she does not tell the boy that the young peeress, owing to the overpowering excitement under which she has been laboring for the past week, is now tossing upon her bed in raving delirium. And Nick, unconscious of the danger of his idol, steps to the brink of the shaft. There, standing with his back to his companion, he pauses an instant. Madame, clinging to the framework and stepping cautiously, approaches him, and sees that with unusual celerity the boy is secreting some light object in his chest pocket.

"What is the matter?" she inquires.

A queer, abashed look steals into the mouse-like eyes of the boy, and under his companion's wondering gaze he strongly resembles a thief detected in his depredations.

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"It is my Veronica," he says, with a shame-faced, embarrassed grin. "Not that I believe in it," with unnecessary warmth and defiance, "but then—I thought—that is for *her* sake, if there was any truth in it, I'd keep it with me."

Before madame can commend him for this unusual piety, he leaps over the railing and again disappears. In an incredibly short time—for for one of his size it is a herculean task to set the mammoth wheels in motion—the trap noiselessly glides to the mouth, and madame, stepping in, is soon lowered to the mines. Then, without a word or a moment's delay, side by side they speed down the corridor, past the unconscious guards, who lie like felled trees, and on to the cave, where the convicts lie slumbering in that deep, dreamless unconsciousness of exhaustion.

As they pause for a moment in the dim light, Count Smo off, who fortunately lies close beside them, lifts his head in token of his knowledge of their presence. Madame takes from the boy the sponge of chloroform, and, stepping lightly over the intervening figures, pauses beside the noble who lies chained to a huge, brutal African, who has fallen under Russian jurisdiction. In a few minutes he is entirely under the influence of the narcotic, and then commences the difficult task of picking the lock of the handcuffs, which, however, is finally accomplished, and the count, rising to his feet, follows his companions to the outer corridor.

(To be continued.)

THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL OF BALTIMORE.

THE one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the City of Baltimore was appropriately opened on Sunday, October 10th, when special services were held in the various churches. At sunrise on Monday 100 guns were fired from the United States ships *Pandalia* and *Kearsarge*, lying in the harbor, off Fort McHenry. The city in every direction was dressed in holiday attire, and the principal streets along which the procession went were brilliant with flags and streamers and beautiful banners. Before 8 o'clock the streets were filled with people. Hundreds of platforms, many of them seating several thousand persons, had been erected at many points, and all were crowded. The programme for the first day of the festivities was a grand procession to illustrate the history and industries and progress of Baltimore—her life of one hundred and fifty years in all branches of science, of industry and trade.

The various divisions formed on Broadway and the adjacent streets, and the march began at the intersection of Broadway and Canton Avenue promptly at 9:30 A. M. Deputy City Marshal Frey, with twenty-five mounted police, led the column, followed by Chief Marshal Joseph Kalber, with Colonel H. D. Loney as chief of staff, and thirty assistant marshals. Next came the Mayor of Baltimore, General F. C. Latrobe, with 250 mounted aids, with white sashes and rosettes, and the Committees of Arrangements, the clergy and the orators of the day in eighteen carriages. Representatives of the soldiers of 1730 followed, wearing the uniform of that time.

The second division, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, was headed by two heralds of the period of 1730, preceded by noblemen of the same time, and followed by Indian warriors on foot and mounted. The first tableau was an Indian wigwam with Indian squaws and pappooses lying around; the second one represented Captain John Smith and his men in a boat exploring Chesapeake Bay; the third, the first settlers in their log cabin; the fourth, the old City Court House, long since destroyed by fire; and fifth, camp-life at Valley Forge in midwinter in the Revolutionary War, followed by minute-men on foot and on horseback. Next came an exhibition of the telephone, and an electric clock, keeping time. Horticulture and floriculture were lavishly displayed on large platforms loaded with tropical trees and plants bearing fruit and wagons filled with various vegetables.

The allegorical tableaux were followed by a procession of associations, the trades, industrial and mechanical interests. In this division there were many very handsome and extensive displays by individual firms and corporations, but outside the monstrous demonstration of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, there was probably nothing superior, if at all equal, to the display made by William Knabe & Co., the world-famed Baltimore piano manufacturers. At early morn there came forth from their great five-story factory—which is one of the largest establishments of the kind in this country, covering whole acres of ground and employing hundreds of skilled artisans, some of whom have been in their employ nearly half a century—a procession of brilliantly decorated vehicles, of varied sizes, styles and forms, which would have made a very respectable procession alone. Within a massive gilded chariot leading the line were seated the famous Fifth Regiment Band of Balbo, and on the sides thereof were neatly inscribed signs of the Baltimore warerooms—204 and 206 West Baltimore Street—and their New York house, at 112 Fifth Avenue. There were thirty-four pieces in the band, and the chariot was drawn by six gayly caparisoned grays. First after the band came a neatly-decorated vehicle, containing one of the rarest musical relics of the age. It was an ancient-looking harpsichord, made in London in the year 1780 by Johannes Broadwood, and was owned by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., favorite signer of the "immortal Declaration." There are but two instruments of its kind and age in this country, this one and its mate, once the property of George Washington and now a treasured relic at Mount Vernon. Next came a Triumph Wagon of massive proportions, 16 feet long and 15 feet high, gorgeously finished in white and gold with rustic carvings, rich upholstery, splendid carpets, pretty pictures and a variety of beautiful flower and evergreen decorations, all entwined with Stars and Stripes and black and gold. Within it was a grand piano of the finest make. Following this came platform wagons four in number, representing the mechanical department of the works, neatly trimmed in black and gold, Lord Baltimore's colors, each with ten men busily engaged at work. The next eight wagons represented the case-making department, with workmen engaged in fitting up cases to contain the musical mechanism. Next followed four wagons with the sounding-board makers working away like bees in the labor of their special department. Then followed four other wagons, with ten men in each, brushes in hand, varnishing and polishing the cases. Four more wagons followed with the finishers, ten men to a wagon, also at work. The last vehicle was another Triumph Car, similar in size and style to the first one, containing upright and square pianos, the historic dates 1730 and 1880 being prominently displayed. Gilded eagles formed the side panels, and a Maryland coat-of-arms the rear end, with two boys appropriately clad to represent the figures beside the shield. These huge cars—in fact, the whole pageant was universally admired by the thousands assembled along the route.

One of the most attractive features of the tenth division, which comprised iron, steel, brass, marble, ice and engine exhibits, was the display of Henry McShane & Co., the well-known bell-founders. The first truck, which was handsomely decorated, contained a full chime of nine bells arranged on a frame, with the largest bell on top, as if set up in a church tower, and was drawn by six horses, each of which sported a chime of five bells attached to its harness. A second truck contained the last bell cast at the foundry—a 3,000-pounder, ordered for a church in Winchester, Ind. Next to this was a carouche containing Mr. McShane, and following him marched 350 of his employés, in sections of 115 each, each section dressed to represent the national colors—the first, red shirts; the second, white shirts; and the third, blue shirts. Following the men came a wagon, handsomely decorated, with a pyramid formed of various designs in bronze-work, tastefully and uniquely arranged. During the passage of the procession the large chime was played by Professor William Brown, the chimer of St. Stephen's Church of Philadelphia, the tones of the popular melodies ringing out clear above the cheers and expressions of enthusiasm that greeted the performance.

Another conspicuous and attractive display was that of James D. Mason & Co., of the Maryland Steam Bakery. Fifteen wagons and one hundred uniformed men gave an effective and realistic presentation of the extent and character of their business in a manner which did great credit to the good taste and liberality of the house. All the wagons were finely decorated, and some especially notable. One, devoted to the cracker department, was loaded with barrels, filled with the goods, arranged in a graceful pyramid, on the top of which stood the statue of Ceres holding a sheaf of wheat. Beautiful urns, filled with flowers, decorated each corner. Upon another were piled packages of fruit butter, and at each corner was stationed a lad carrying the national flag. The horses were wreaths of flowers; and the entire display was notable for its combination of artistic effect and industrial interest. In addition to their extensive street display, the buildings of the firm were fully decorated, and a magnificent arch, spanning the street, attracted general attention.

Messrs. Hennegen, Bates & Co., the well-known jewelers, made a very unique display of ancient watches in their large show windows, embracing the first stem-winding watch ever made, three watches made in the year 1700, a striking watch over 200 years old, five clocks ranging from 150 to 250 years, a drum used by John Lightner in the Revolutionary War, afterwards used by Henry Lightner at the battle of North Point, one pair of silver candlesticks 150 years old. The exterior of the building was tastefully decorated.

The arch of the Shoe and Leather Board of Trade was one of the most beautiful objects on the street. In the first place, the arch was a beautifully designed and handsome one, and in the second place, it was well lighted. Over the top of the arch was a row of shaded jets, among which occurred, at intervals, red lights. Surmounting the structure was a big boot in gas lights, and on either side was a large illumined star. The pillars of the arch were lighted by interlacing threads of gas jets, making a pretty effect.

Below this arch nearly every building was decorated and illuminated, some of them to the extent of almost hiding the structures, such as the five-story iron front warehouse of Armstrong, Cator & Co., who are said to do the largest business in their special line in this country. The exterior of the building was lavishly dressed with United States and Maryland State flags, streamers, etc., while large banners and tasseled waves from the roof. Surrounding each window was a line of gas jets, and an immense eagle also in gas jets spread its wings over the main entrance. In the evening when the 5,000 jets were lighted the effect of the decorations was greatly intensified, and thousands of spectators complimented the enterprise of the firm by deserved cheering. The site of this establishment was the property and office of David Poe, United States Deputy Quartermaster-General from 1777 to 1782. General Lafayette lodged in the building frequently, and after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis the Count Rochambeau, Baron Viomenil and other French officers had their headquarters there.

On Tuesday the procession consisted of Knights Templar, Royal Arch and Third Degree Masons, the cadets of the Baltimore City College, the boys of the public schools of the city, white and colored; students of Rockhill College and of the Catholic parochial schools. The line of procession was formed on Park Avenue, the right resting on Richmond Street. A large number of Masonic lodges led the line. Immediately following the Masonic line were two barouches with the Municipal Committee, F. P. Stevens, Esq., Chairman, accompanied by the Mayor of Montreal.

The street demonstration on Wednesday consisted of a procession of the city, and visiting military, firemen, police, etc., under the chief marshalship of Gen. James R. Herbert. On Thursday the procession was made up of all the benevolent, religious, social, medical and temperance societies, and Orders of Catholic Knighthood, with James Donnelly as chief-marshal. Friday was devoted to a parade by the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and other secret societies, with Judge George W. Lindsay as chief marshal. On Saturday afternoon there was a grand marine carnival, consisting of various manœuvres by ships, steam vessels, tugs, etc. A grand sacred concert was given in Druid Hill Park on Sunday afternoon, and on Tuesday, 19th, the festivities were brought to a close by a general illumination of the city and pyrotechnic display in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Baltimore City, and of the ninety-ninth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

During the entire week the city was a blaze of gas jets and electric lights after sunset, and the streets were crowded until long after midnight. The City Hall was the object that attracted more attention than any other. The great dome seemed literally in a blaze of fire. Series of gas jets ran up and down the angular ridges, and around each window was a circle of fire. There were 3,100 jets altogether. The Battle Monument was another beautiful piece of illumination, the wreath which the Goddess holds above her head being converted into a blazing circlet. The electric lights on Baltimore Street—and there were seven of these—received most of the exclamatory "Oh's" and "Ah's" that the multitude had to spare. The *American* building boasted three lights, but on the one on the tip of the tall tower the greatest care had been lavished, and the result was that when it shot up it made the people with their backs turned to it up as far as Hanover Street turn and look to see from what quarter this new and bright illumination came. The other two lights were slung from wires into the middle of the street, and could be seen for an immense distance, as they were so clear and bright that they cast the shadows of the pedestrians below on the pavements in inky blackness. Both the *News* and the *Sun* offices were also provided with electric lights.

M. CONSTANTIN STERNBERG,

THE NEW PIANIST.

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, the Russian piano virtuoso, who made his début in this city some two weeks since, comes to us with a high professional reputation acquired in Russia, but with none of the blowing of trumpets which has preceded the advent of many other artists. He seems to be quite content to be judged upon his merits. His manner, as a man and as an artist, is simple, straightforward, dignified and free from all pretense and affectation. His style is refined, replete with artistic feeling, clear in statement of the musical thought, and without mannerism or exaggeration. Foreign critics assign him, deservedly, a front rank among living pianists, and in New York he has awakened genuine enthusiasm among the most critical and cultivated patrons of the highest forms of musical interpretation.

Mr. Sternberg was born in St. Petersburg in 1853, and early developed indications of unusual talent. When twelve of age he entered the Leipsig Conservatory, where he made such rapid progress in acquiring a musical education that he completed the regular course of study in two years—three years being usually required. He was then, at fourteen years of age, appointed conductor of the orchestra of one of the principal theatres of Leipsig, filling the position with great credit. During the next few years he filled positions as orchestral director, and gained a steadily-growing reputation, spending his every spare hour in pianoforte study. Subsequently, he studied under the celebrated master, Theodor Kullak, in Berlin, in whose school he was also appointed a professor. He made his début in Berlin during a week of piano concerts by four other artists, and received the most emphatic indorsement of critics, musicians and the public. The Grand Duke of Schwerin invited him to that city, and, with his financial assistance, Sternberg founded an Academy of Music, which became so popular under his direction that it soon had enrolled nearly two hundred students. The Grand Duke became warmly attached to him and, in order to retain the artist in Schwerin, gave a series of piano recitals in the palace, which were attended by the *élite* of society, with a full representation of men of letters, art and science.

Ultimately, clinging to his dream of a wide career, Sternberg proceeded to Breslau, where he made his début in October, 1878, achieving a great success. Later he won, in St. Petersburg, an equally distinguished triumph, and from that time forward his career has been marked by continued successes. Last Spring he played in the presence of the Shah of Persia, at his capital, Teheran, and was presented by him with a number of costly gifts, as an evidence of the admiration excited in the royal mind. Prior to coming to this country he had appeared at a course of one hundred concerts in Russia.

Sternberg's *répertoire* is one of the most extensive possessed by any pianist of the present time, and he is justly regarded as among the most brilliant expounds of the works of the five representative composers of the day—Grieg, Tschaikowsky, Moszkoski, Scharwenka and Saint-Saens—who have opened up new and rich veins of musical thought which have enchained all musical Europe for the past few years. Doubtless he will add in this country to the list of triumphs which he has already achieved.

NEW RESERVOIR AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

ONE of the best evidences of the progress of the times is found in the very general disposition of the authorities of large cities to make provisions against the occurrence of a water famine. Just now a large part of the City of Paterson, N. J., whose great silk mills and manufactories depend upon a large and steady water supply, is shut off from the use of that element, and besides the immediate domestic annoyance caused thereby, several thousand operatives find themselves without work. In Brooklyn there has been considerable fear lest the supply should run short; and when the Board of Aldermen refused to sanction a low-rate contract for the construction of additional reservoirs, the Mayor ordered the work to proceed, guaranteeing the price asked, which was several thousand dollars less than that of a contract which the Aldermen wished to put through. In a recent issue we gave an illustration of the new reservoir for supplying Jersey City, and this week we show what is being done just beyond the limits of Louisville, Ky., in the same direction. The capacity of the reservoir now under construction will be 100,000,000 gallons, and it is believed that, unless a long period of drought should occur, this will be sufficient to avert the calamity which is now rowing upon Paterson.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to a Report by Dr. Delpech on Apiculture in Paris, it appears that the bees, when they penetrate into sugar refineries, will not touch treacle if pure syrups are to be found, and in places where both cane and beet-root syrups are in store, they completely ignore the latter.

With the View of promoting agricultural improvement in Bengal and encouraging the study of scientific agriculture, the Bengal Government has created two annual special scholarships of $1,000 each, to be held by science graduates of the Calcutta University at Cirencester College.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from Professor Peters, of Clinton, the announcement of the discovery by himself on October 11th, of a planet of the ninth magnitude, in one hour twenty-six minutes and twenty seconds right ascension, eight degrees fifty-three minutes south declination, with a daily motion of fifteen minutes south.

Three French Expeditions are being organized, One, by M. Revoil, to Aden, in the country of the Somalis; another by M. Mesadron, to the northern coasts of New Guinea, which, if practicable, is to advance beyond the points reached by Raffray, Meyer, and Albertis; and the third by M. Fichant, to the Polar Seas, in conjunction, probably, with Nordenskjöld.

Another Lake Village, assigned by experts to the age of Bronze, has been discovered at Auvernier, near Neuchâtel. Several millstones quite new, others half made, have been brought to light, from which it is inferred that the place may have been the seat of a manufactory of these articles. Another conclusion drawn from this find is that these pile buildings served as actual dwellings for the primeval inhabitants of the land, and were not, as has been supposed, used merely as store-houses.

The Association Scientifique de France has not continued the observations of meteors which was begun by Leverrier, its founder. No steps have been taken by the Observatory to fill up this important gap in the scientific work of the nation. The interest of observations taken during the last two years in the display of August meteors and the forthcoming inauguration of Leverrier's statue have attracted public attention to this circumstance, and it is hoped these observations will shortly be resumed.

A Congress of Hygiene was held at Hamburg on September 13th, 14th, 15th. The number of members was about 200. At the first sitting the hygiene of hospitals and public buildings was discussed; at the second the hygiene of shipping, after the delivery of an address by Dr. Reincke; and on the third day the ventilation of private dwellings and other similar subjects. A resolution, proposed by Dr. Rotschel, of Dresden, was passed to induce public authorities to study practically the ventilation of buildings, and another, by Dr. Frath, of Dresden, that sanitary inspection should always take place by duly qualified officers.

Karl Petterssen, after a very extensive series of researches, concludes that the rounding and smoothing of the surfaces of rocks, the grooving and scoring of their sides, are not always of unquestionably glacial origin. They are often post-glacial, since it can be shown that similar phenomena are in the course of origination in the present littoral zones. The conclusions based upon the glacial theory, as to the alternations in the level of the Scandinavian peninsula during the post-tertiary times, cannot, as a whole, be pronounced scientifically justified. There is no direct proof that the Scandinavian peninsula during the last portion of the Glacial epoch was more elevated than at present, nor that it has been subject to a continental depression during the latter portion of the same epoch. It is, however, a fact that the peninsula has been rising in the Post-tertiary period.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE King of Bavaria has bestowed on the eminent orientalist, Professor Spiegel, the honor of the nobility.

THE death is announced of Captain Hobson, who discovered the remains of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions.

A FRENCH statesman, presuming to speak for Gambetta, says the latter would much rather have a German alliance than a war with Germany.

MISS EMILY A. SMITH, Assistant State Entomologist of Illinois, was duly elected a foreign member of the Entomological Society of London on September 1st.

ONE of the murderers of Dr. Parsons, the American missionary, has been condemned at Constantinople to death, and the other two to fifteen years' penal servitude.

WHEN Miss Alice Liddell—the original "Alice in Wonderland"—was married the other day, she wore among her ornaments a horseshoe of pearls, the gift of Prince Leopold.

SENHOR PONTES PEREIRA DE MELLO, the ex-Prime Minister of Portugal, has negotiated the marriage of the heir apparent to the throne of Portugal with a Russian princess.

SENOR ZAMACONA is not going to France as the first Mexican Minister since the Maximilian tragedy, but will return to his old post at Washington, with his family, at the close of the present month.

FRANK VENABLE, son of Professor Charles S. Venable, LL.D., of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., has accepted the position of Professor of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina.

MME. THIERS, for the purpose of erecting an imposing monument to the memory of the first President of the third Republic, has paid $33,000 for a plot of ground adjoining the grave of her husband in the Père-la-Chaise Cemetery.

CHIEF-JUSTICE MOSS has been re-elected as Vice-Chancellor of the Toronto University, and Dr. H. E. Bogbin has been chosen as the representative of the Senate of the University to the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

THE Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Hartford, Conn., a brother of Pentecost, the revival preacher, who has been working with Mr. Moody, was married on the 14th of October to Miss Ida Gatling, daughter of the inventor of the Gatling gun.

ON his late visit to Portsmouth, the Prince of Wales wore the uniform of the Royal Naval Reserve, and it is always observed with satisfaction that whenever His Royal Highness goes down to a naval port he never forgets to pay this compliment to the service.

SENOR ROMERO, formerly Minister at Washington, has started from Mexico for the United States, partly on account of his health and partly for railway business. It is reported that he intends to organize a railway company for Mexico in conjunction with General Grant.

HON. PELEG SPRAGUE died in Boston, October 13th, aged eighty-seven. In 1821 and 1822 he was in the Nineteenth Congress, and went to the Senate in 1829, serving until 1835. He was afterwards Judge of the United States District Court for Massachusetts from 1840 to 1866.

THE Spanish Government has granted Calixto Garcia, the insurgent leader of Cuba, liberty on parole in Spain. Señor Garcia, in an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, confessed that he believed the pacification of Cuba to be complete. Seventeen thousand men will return from Cuba this Autumn.

THE young Grand Duke Constantine, who accompanied the Grand Duke Alexis on his last visit to New York City, is competing with his two cousins, the sons of Michael and Nicholas, for a place on the Staff of General Skobeleff, in the expedition against the Turcomans. They are using all their resources to influence the Emperor. Constantine's chances are slim, since he was educated for the navy.

IT is reported in Paris that Prince Philippe de Bourbon, the son of the Count d'Aquila, is about to espouse, not Miss Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., as was at first rumored, but the widowed mother of that young lady. The bride of that gentleman, whoever she may be, will be entitled to claim consanguinity by marriage with many of the crowned heads of Europe, including Alfonso of Spain, Humbert of Italy, the Queen of Portugal and the King of the Belgians.

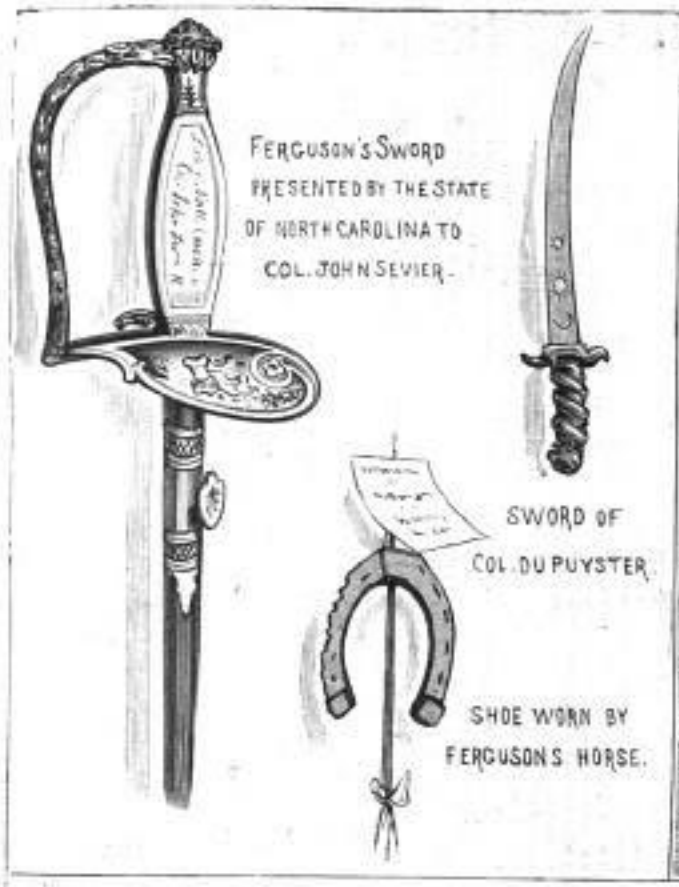
MR. BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE, the new French Minister, leads a life thoroughly Republican in its simplicity. He labors as hard at his present advanced age as if he were a fresh young student. He has never been ambitious for place, title or honors. For many years he has lived upon his modest yearly income as an Academician. He scarcely ever uses a carriage, and, like another great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, prefers a seat on the "imperial" of an omnibus to any other vehicle.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent vouches for the statement that the Czar's marriage with the Princess Dolgoroski was solemnized in the chapel of the Imperial Palace on the 19th (O. S.), in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Minister of War, and that the newly-married pair are now in Livadia, the Czar having purchased for his consort the palace of the Grand Duchess Catharina. The Czarewitz and the Grand Dukes Constantine and Vladimar have gone abroad in order that they might not be compelled to witness the ceremony.

M. BARTHELEMY SAINT-HILAIRE, the new French Foreign Minister, has translated the Iliad into French verse. When a friend asked him how he ever found time to make so many rhymes, he replied that he had done much of the work while riding back and forth in the omnibus, and that he had found the regular movement of the horses and the monotonous noise of the vehicle a stimulant to the poetic faculty, and their regular cadence also marked the cadence in the verse. "Pegasus supplanted by omnibus horses!" exclaims *Le Figaro*, with mock horror.

THE will of the late Mary Shields, of Philadelphia, was admitted to probate on October 15th. She bequeaths a large amount for public purposes. Laurel Hill Cemetery receives $20,000 upon trust, the interest and income for keeping the Shields vault in perfect order, and any surplus is bequeathed to the Foster Home Association. The Northern Home for Friendless Children receives $5,000 after the death of a relative, and so does the Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty. The City of Philadelphia is bequeathed $10,000 in trust, to be converted into a loan and the interest applied to the purchase and distribution of coal in the Fall and Winter months "to indigent widows, single women and men, without respect to color." The remainder of the estate is bequeathed as follows: One-sixth part each to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Institution for the Blind, Old Man's Home, Home of Mercy (Episcopal) for the Care of Consumptive, Indigent Widows and Single Women's Asylum (Protestant), and one-twelfth each to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the relief of the sick and insane poor, and to the City of Philadelphia for the sick and poor in the Almshouse. It is estimated that the whole estate amounts to nearly half a million.

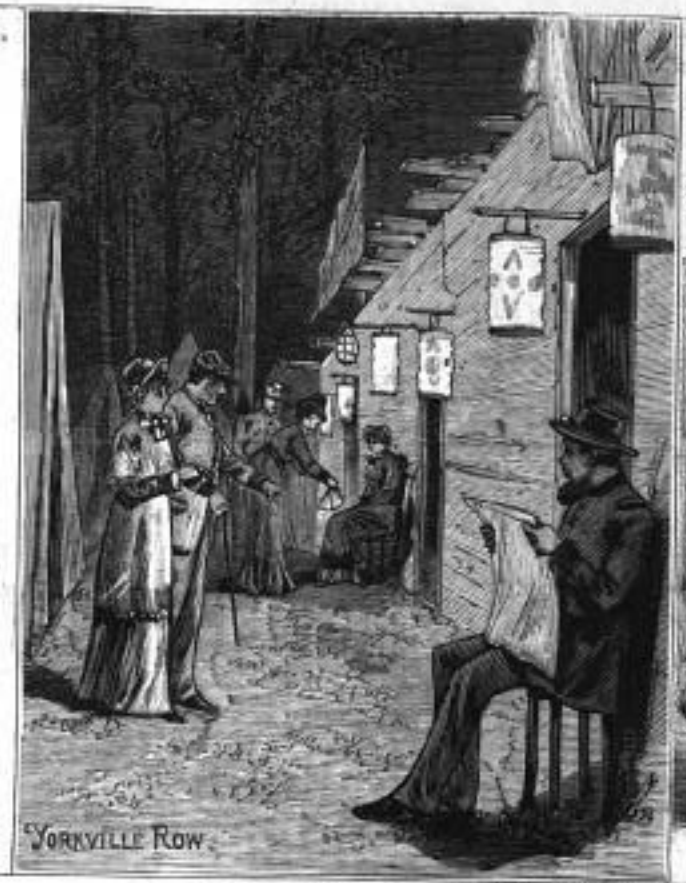
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FERGUSON'S SWORD PRESENTED BY THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA TO COL. JOHN SEVIER.

SWORD OF COL. DU PUYSTER.

SHOE WORN BY FERGUSON'S HORSE.



YORKVILLE ROW.

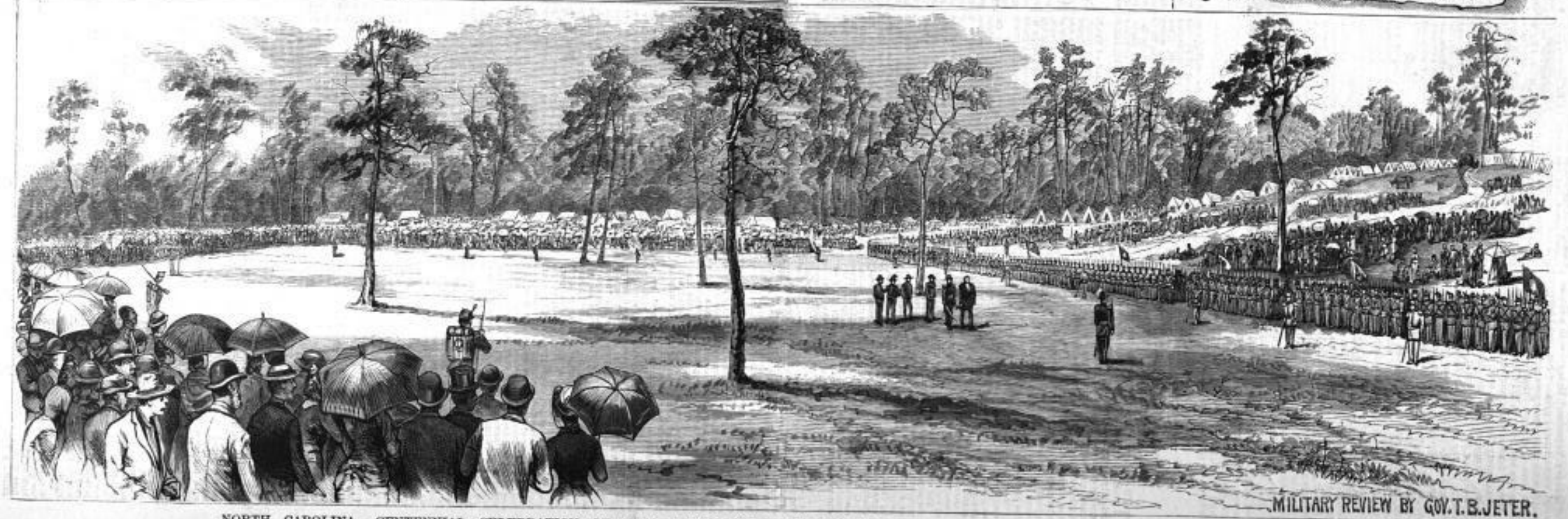


AN INFANT MILITARY PRODIGY.

SASH WORN BY GEN. FERGUSON WHEN KILLED.







NORTH CAROLINA.—CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, OCTOBER 7TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAS. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 139.

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HON. FERDINAND C. LATROBE, MAYOR OF BALTIMORE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUSEY.

HON. FERDINAND C. LATROBE.

HON. FERDINAND C. LATROBE, Mayor of the City of Baltimore, was born October 14th, 1833, in that city. His father, John H. B. Latrobe, has for half a century been a leading member of the Baltimore Bar, and is distinguished for high mental culture and scholarly attainments; for many years he has been the President of the American Colonization Society, succeeding Henry Clay in that office, and is now President of the Maryland Historical Society. The paternal grandfather of Mayor Latrobe was Benjamin H. Latrobe, the celebrated architect, whose name is associated with the Capitol—a man of rarest accomplishments in all branches of science and art, and during his life the associate of the most distinguished men of his time. The mother of Mayor Latrobe was Charlotte Virginia Claiborne, daughter of General Ferdinand Leigh Claiborne, of the United States Army, from Mississippi, who was directly descended from William Claiborne, son of Edmond Claeborne, Esq., of Claeborne Hall, County of Westmoreland, England, whose connection with the early days of Maryland not merely as a politician but as a military leader is of itself one of the most prominent features in the history of the State.

Mayor Latrobe was educated at the College way honorable to himself and his State. He was born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., April 20th, 1824, at which place he lived until over twenty years of age. He attended college at Hanover, and afterwards at Asbury University, Greencastle, where he graduated in 1843, during the Presidency of Bishop Simpson. He studied law at Lawrenceburg, and afterwards went to Indianapolis, where he has ever since resided. He was admitted to the Bar in 1845, and began the practice of law. He was chosen City Attorney, and for several years was a member of the Common Council of Indianapolis. He was appointed reporter of the Supreme Court in Judge Blackford's time, and published five volumes of reports. His first law partner was his father-in-law, Hiram Brown, one of the pioneers of the Bar in Central Indiana. Afterwards he was a partner of the Hon. Lucian Barbour, and this connection continued until the election of Mr. Barbour to Congress in 1854. Mr. Porter then became a partner of Hon. David McDonald, with whom he remained until the election of Mr. Porter to Congress in 1858, when he defeated Hon. Martin M. Ray, of Shelbyville, Democrat, by 10,776 votes to 9,716. He was re-elected to Congress in 1860 and served during the stormy period of the first months of the civil war. The interests of his family required him to decline a renomination for Congress. Mr. Porter renewed his partnership with Judge of St James, Washington County, Md., and was admitted to the Baltimore Bar in 1858. He was soon after made the Assistant Counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and represented that great corporation in many important cases: he has also been the counsel and confidential business agent of the late Thomas Winans and Messrs. Winans & Co. In 1867 he was elected to the Maryland Legislature, was made Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and was appointed by Governor Swann Judge Advocate General. In 1869 he was re-elected to the Legislature and made Speaker of the House of Delegates, distinguishing himself in that trying position. He was a candidate in 1873 for the Democratic nomination for the Mayoralty of Baltimore, but was defeated by the then incumbent, Hon. Joshua Vansant, after a very animated contest. He was, however, nominated, in 1875, for the Mayoralty without opposition, and elected over Henry M. Warfield, Esq. During his first term of two years many important reforms in the municipal government were inaugurated. Among them was the abolition of the Port Warden's Department and the creation of the Harbor Board, which has deepened the harbor of Baltimore to twenty-four feet, so as to receive any vessel that can enter the port of New York. Other important improvements and reforms were introduced, and a reduction of nearly $400,000 in the municipal expenses was effected during the first year of his administration. But the crowning act of Mayor Latrobe's first term was the negotiation at par of five millions of five per cent. bonds as a substitute for the five million six per cent. loan of 1875, thus effecting a saving of $50,000 per annum. In June, 1877, Mayor Latrobe failed to receive a renomination, the late Colonel George P. Kane receiving the mayoralty nomination; but on the death of Colonel Kane, in 1878, Mayor Latrobe was recalled to office by a unanimous nomination and an overwhelming popular vote. He was again elected to the Mayoralty of Baltimore in 1879, defeating William J. Hooker, the Republican nominee, by a large majority. Mayor Latrobe is personally very popular in his native city, and has demonstrated that he possesses executive ability of a high order. No doubt higher political honors await him.

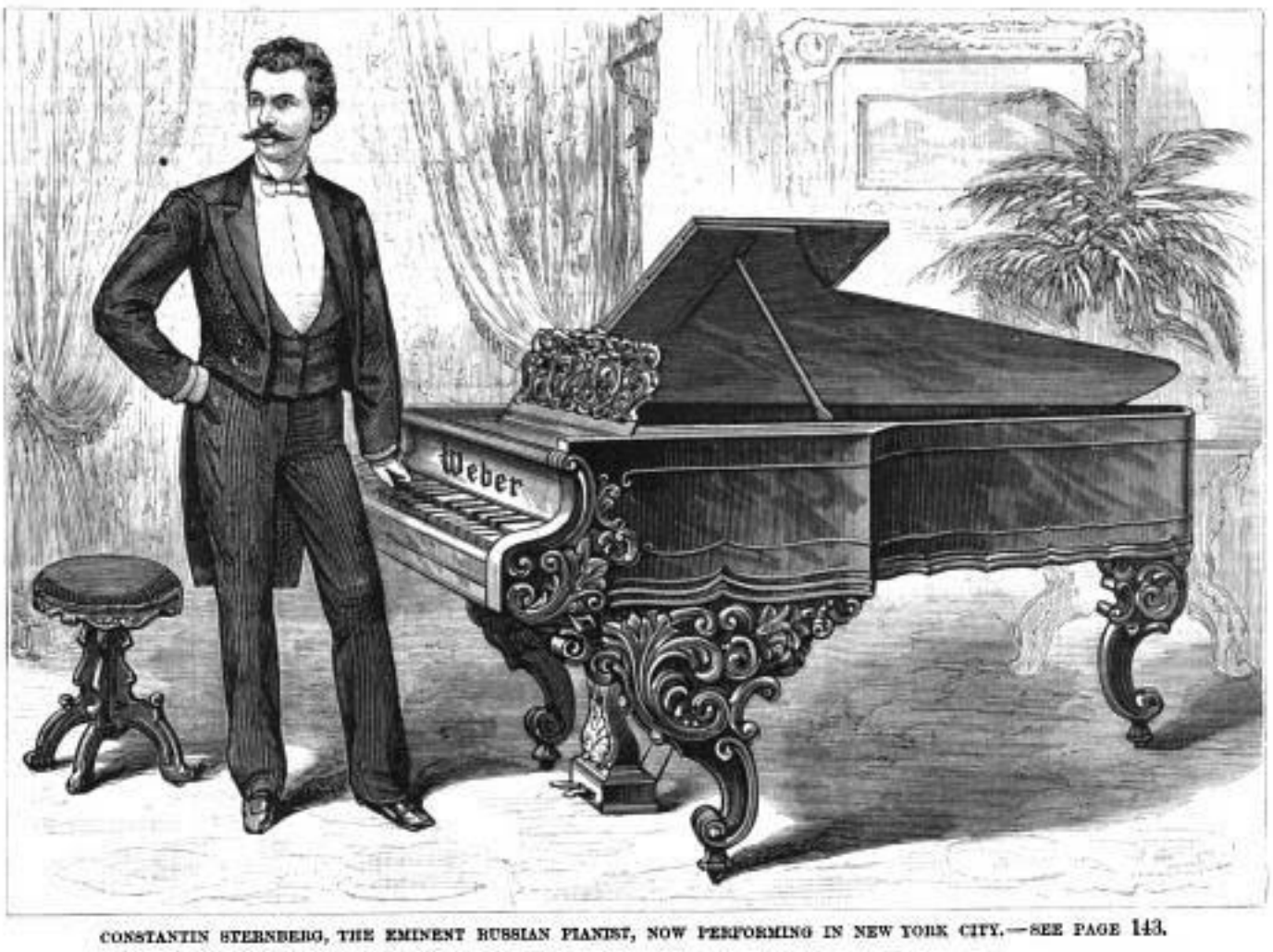


HON. ALBERT G. PORTER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF INDIANA.

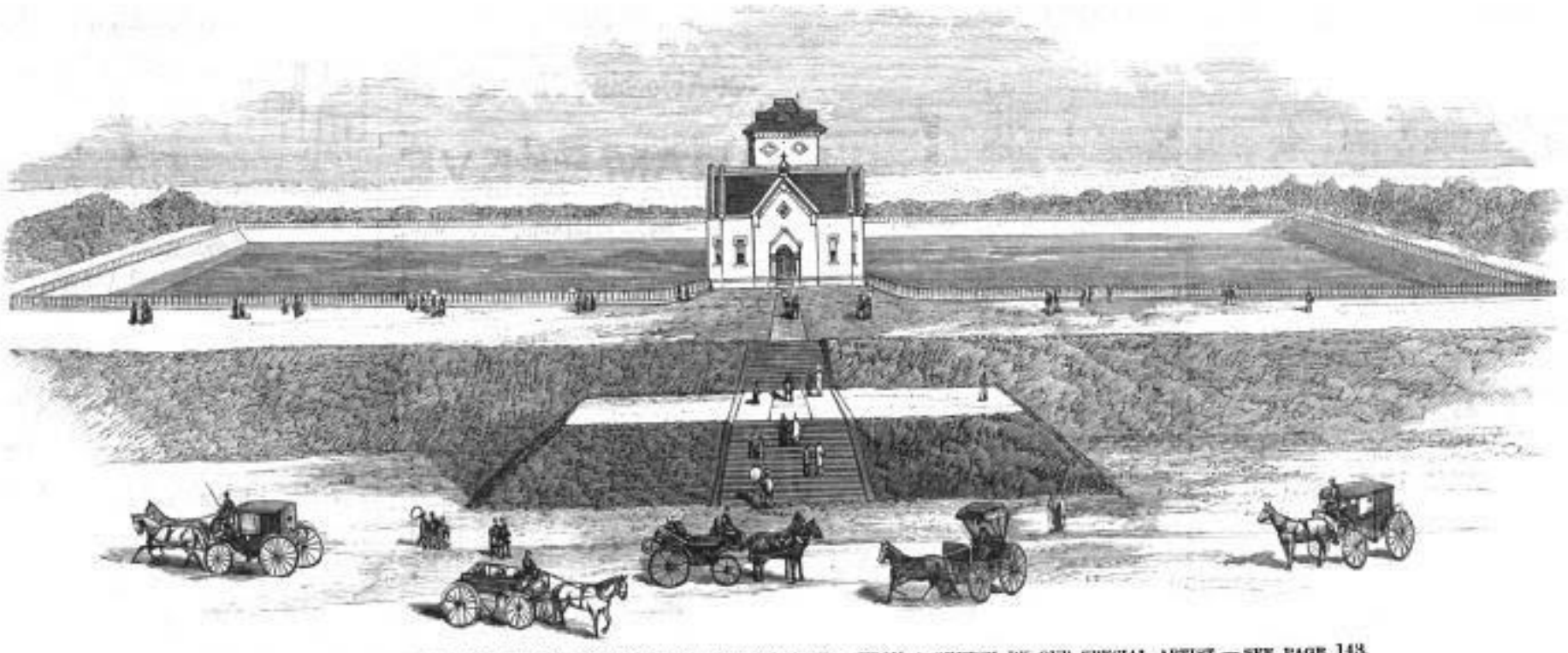
HON. ALBERT G. PORTER,

GOVERNOR-ELECT OF INDIANA.

THE election of Hon. Albert G. Porter as Governor of Indiana has occasioned widespread satisfaction in that State and throughout the West, where he is greatly esteemed. Governor Porter's career has been an eminently active one, and in every



CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, THE EMINENT RUSSIAN PIANIST, NOW PERFORMING IN NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 143.



KENTUCKY.—NEW RESERVOIR NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED AT LOUISVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 143.

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McDonald, and this continued until the appointment of the latter by President Lincoln, as United States District Judge of Indiana. Mr. Porter was afterwards in partnership with Mr. W. P. Fishback; and when General Ben Harrison returned home after service in the army, he became a member of the firm, which existed for a number of years. He was afterwards a member of the law firm of Porter, Harrison & Hines, and continued in active practice until he was appointed to the position he now holds. Mr. Porter was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the Hayes ticket in 1876, and in March, 1878, he was appointed by President Hayes First Comptroller of the Treasury, which position he has ever since held. He has been an active member of the Republican Party since its organization, having cast his lot with it primarily on account of his emphatic opposition to the extension of slavery.

Military Marriages in Europe.

IN the Austrian, German, French, Italian, and other European armies, regimental officers may not wed the objects of their affections until they shall have deposited a certain sum of money, varying between $4,000 and $6,000, with the State exchequer, the interest of which, in addition to their pay, is considered a sufficient income to keep them financially unembarrassed as husbands and fathers. A sort of matrimonial epidemic has recently set in among the subaltern officers of the Austrian army, in which the amount of the so-called "cassion" money is fixed at $6,000: and so numerous have been the applications for permission to wive within the last few months, that the authorities contemplate doubling the amount in question for officers up to the rank of captain, while leaving it unaltered for majors and lieutenant-colonels. A profound sensation has been created in junior military circles of the Empire by the announcement that this measure is about to be submitted to the approval of the Emperor; and it is possible that His Majesty, who has practically illustrated his predilection for early marriages somewhat conspicuously in his own family, may refuse to sanction so arbitrary an edict.

Relics of the Famous Theban Band.

THERE have been few events in the annals of antiquarian research more interesting than the recent discovery of the remains of the Theban "Sacred Band," who all perished to the last man before the overwhelming rush of the Macedonian phalanx, headed by the young Alexander in person, on the fatal field of Chæronsia, August 3d, 338 B.C. On that day the catastrophe, so long foreseen by the prophetic genius of Demosthenes, finally came to pass, and the independence of the ancient Greek cities went down for ever. As Plutarch and Pausanias relate, King Philip himself attacked the Athenians, while the fiery valor of the future conqueror of Asia was directed against the soldiers of Thebes, who were still inspired by the memories of Pelopidas and Epaminondas. Refusing to surrender, the famous three hundred died in their ranks, and were buried on the spot of their glorious death. For centuries the colossal "Lion of Chæronsia" stood above their traditional burial-place, until a short time ago a story of hidden treasure caused some vandals to attempt its destruction with gunpowder. The searches which were made with this sordid object led, however, to a surprising discovery. Within a walled inclosure, some thirty yards long by twenty wide, covered up by the tumulus of Chæronsia, were found laid, in parallel rows of forty bodies each, the remains of the "Sacred Band," their moldering skeletons showing in fractured skulls and ribs the traces of the Macedonian handiwork which struck them down. In several cases fragments of spears and lance-blades fell among the bones on attempting to move them. One hundred and eighty-five bodies have been discovered down to the present, and search is being diligently made for the remaining relics of the three hundred heroes of ancient Thebes.

How to View Jupiter.

NO ONE who feels any interest in the earth's sister planets should lose the present opportunity to view Jupiter and his system of satellites through a telescope. It will be twelve years before the earth is so near this, the chief of all planets, again. It is not necessary to visit an observatory in order to enjoy fine views of Jupiter. Even a good opera-glass will show one or two of his moons, and a modern three-inch achromatic will give probably a better view of the planet than the astronomers were able to obtain with their largest telescopes a hundred years ago. The telescopes of street-exhibitors are often of excellent quality, and they will show the shadows of Jupiter's moons upon his surface when the moons are between him and the sun. The times of these transits, as they are called, may be obtained from the nautical almanac. Much may be done with ordinary spy-glasses. A pocket spy-glass will show the moons, and one whose object-glass is much above an inch in diameter can, by a very simple device, be made powerful enough to show the main belt in a good atmosphere. The eye-piece of an ordinary spy-glass consists of two little brass tubes, each containing two glasses. By separating these tubes three or four inches further than usual the magnifying power is greatly increased. This may be managed with a piece of card-board, or an optician, for a few dimes, will make a neat brass tube that will admirably answer the purpose. In this way a spy-glass with an objective one and a half inches in diameter may be made to show Jupiter's equatorial belt, and the disappearance of his moons when they go into his shadow. It will also plainly show Saturn's rings; but, of course, it will not separate the two rings or reveal the mysterious gauze-ring. A first-rate three or four-inch telescope, however, will do all this and much more. Jupiter passed his nearest point to the earth on October 6th, and we are now being rapidly whirled away from him, but he will be the most conspicuous object in the evening sky for a long time to come.

How the Pyramids were Built.

THE pyramids are the tombs of the early kings. Perfectly adjusted to the cardinal points of the horizon, they differ in breadth and height, as is shown by the measurements of the three oldest, as follows: 1. The Pyramid of Khufu — in height, 450.75 feet; breadth, 746 feet. 2. Pyramid of Khafra—height, 447.6 feet; breadth, 690.75 feet. 3. Pyramid of Menkara—height, 203 feet; breadth, 352.75 feet. The construction of these enormous masses has long been an insoluble mystery, but later generations have succeeded in solving the problem.

As soon as the king mounted the throne, he gave orders to a taskmaster, the master of all the buildings of his land, to plan the tomb and cut the stone. The kernel of the future edifice was raised on the limestone soil of the desert, in the form of a small pyramid built in steps, of which the well-constructed and finished interior formed the king's eternal dwelling with his stone sarcophagus lying on the rocky floor. A second covering was added, stone by stone, on the outside of the kernel; a third to this second, and to this even a fourth; and the mass of the giant building grew greater the longer the king enjoyed existence. And then, at last, when it became almost impossible to extend the area of the pyramid further, a casing of hard stone, polished like glass, and fitted accurately into the angles of the steps, covered the vast mass of the sepulchre, presenting a regular triangle on each of its four faces.

More than seventy such pyramids once rose on the margin of the desert, each telling of a king of whom it was at once the tomb and monument. Had not the greater number of these sepulchres of the Pharaohs been destroyed almost to the foundation, and had the names of the builders of those which still stand been accurately preserved, it would have been easy for the inquirer to prove and make clear by calculating what was originally, and of necessity, the proportion between the masses of the pyramids and the reigns of their respective builders.

FUN.

A CHINESE ADAGE.—Love 'oo little, love Oolong.

ALL reports to the contrary, the ice crop for 1881 has not yet been damaged by frost.

WHY is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly born babe? Because it's precious little.

AN exchange asked: "Do butchers play a skin game?" That they do is evidenced by the number of greenhorns hanging around their establishment.

WHY is the meat in your sandwich like the large middle class of society? Don't you see that? Well, because it lies between the upper crust and the under bred.

A JUNIOR was heard to remark on a recent Sunday, after Prof. —— had preached an eloquent sermon: "That was a splendid sermon. Had 108 single gestures and 13 double."

GEORGIE (four years old, at the tea table:—"Mamma, may I have some sardines?" *Mamma:* "Wait till I'm ready, Georgie." *Georgie* (surprised): "Why, ma, it's me 'at wants 'em!"

AN exchange remarks that "the Chinese can handle mortars and produce great destruction." Inexperienced drug clerks can compete with Chinese cheap labor in this respect and give them points, besides.

NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT, THOUGH.—*Milkman:* "Tell yer mother she'll 'ave to pay ready money for milk in futur'; I ain't a-goin' to chalk up any more." *Boy:* "Wat are yer a-goin' to use instid then, Mr Simpson?"

A PENNSYLVANIA politician who had suddenly become very wealthy, recently attended a dinner party at which there was the usual fillet of beef with mushrooms. While engaged upon the beef he whispered to his neighbor: "Do you eat the clothes-pin heads, too?"

ONE of the prettiest compliments ever reported was recently paid to the owner of a pair of bright eyes who lives on Prairie Avenue. She took a child upon her lap, and, after gazing intently into her face for a few moments, the little one asked naively: "Are your eyes new?"

A LITTLE Galveston boy visited his uncle on his birthday, and congratulated him. He then asked his uncle if he had washed himself. "Why so?" asked the uncle, patting the innocent little prattler on the head. "Because papa said if you did the clean thing you would give me a dollar, at least."

A GENTLEMAN dropped into a saloon, and in an off-hand way remarked: "Murphy, you wouldn't take a man's last cent for a cigar, would you?" "Certainly I would," remarked the proprietor. "Well, here it is, then," passing over a cent, "give me the cigar." Murphy handed over the cigar, but he says it will be a cold day for the next man who tries the same dodge.

A VISIT TO BEATTY'S FACTORY, WASHINGTON, N. J.

THE HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Mayor of Washington, N. J., the piano and organ man, extends a cordial invitation to all to visit his manufactory at Washington, N. J. Those of our readers who desire to purchase either a piano or organ, can then have an opportunity to personally select the instrument they want. Besides, it is quite a treat to go through an establishment so large as that of Mayor Beatty's. He has made a wonderful success of his business, and it is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. A series of illustrations showing the processes of organ manufacture, as carried on by Mr. Beatty, is now in preparation, and, accompanied by suitable descriptive matter, will soon appear in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. *The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need be used.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Broadway, New York, so long the leading Hotel of the great city, fully maintains its high standard of excellence, and in comfort and luxury has no superior in this country or in Europe. Its location for healthfulness and the convenience of travelers is the very best. On account of its thorough good order, safety, and superior rooms, it is especially adapted for families and ladies traveling without escort, who are treated with every respect and consideration. The proprietor, with his family, resides in the Hotel, giving to it his constant personal supervision: the result is that the ST. NICHOLAS is, in every respect, the Model Hotel.

WE would recommend all to try DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE, as it is a perfect Blood Purifier, Makes new Blood, Reddens old Blood, Enriches poor Blood, and Gives Vigorous Health. The dose is but one teaspoonful for an adult, and smaller in proportion for children, and it is exceedingly pleasant to take. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M. D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. Price 50 cents and $1.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS, prepared by Doctor J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article. J. W. HANCOX, Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF APPETITE, ETC.

I used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results. Also in loss of appetite from want of tone of stomach and bowels.

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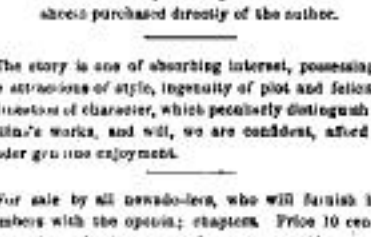
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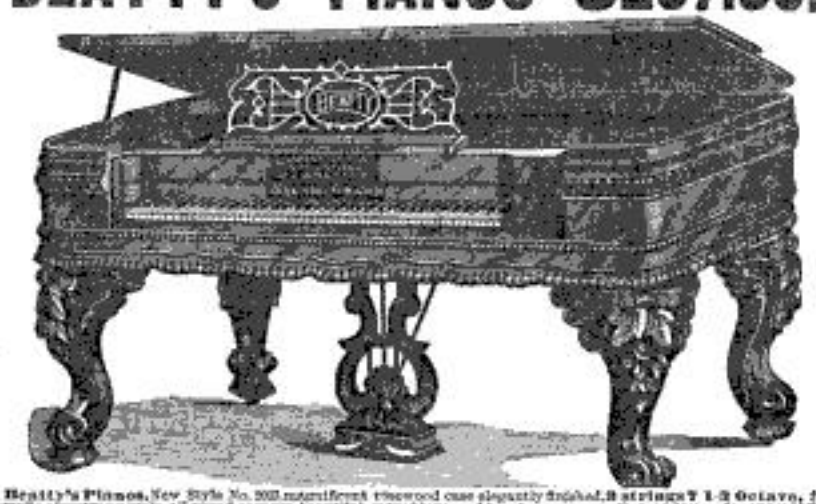
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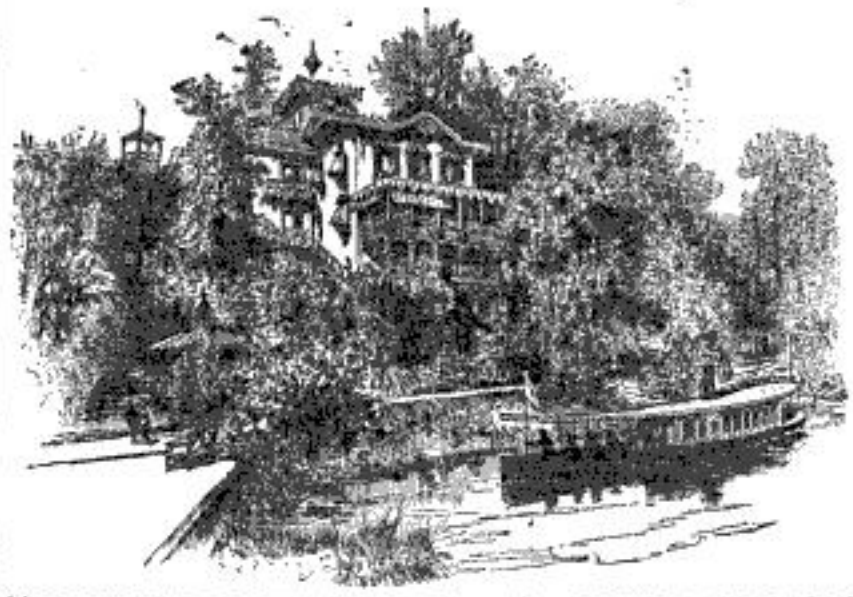
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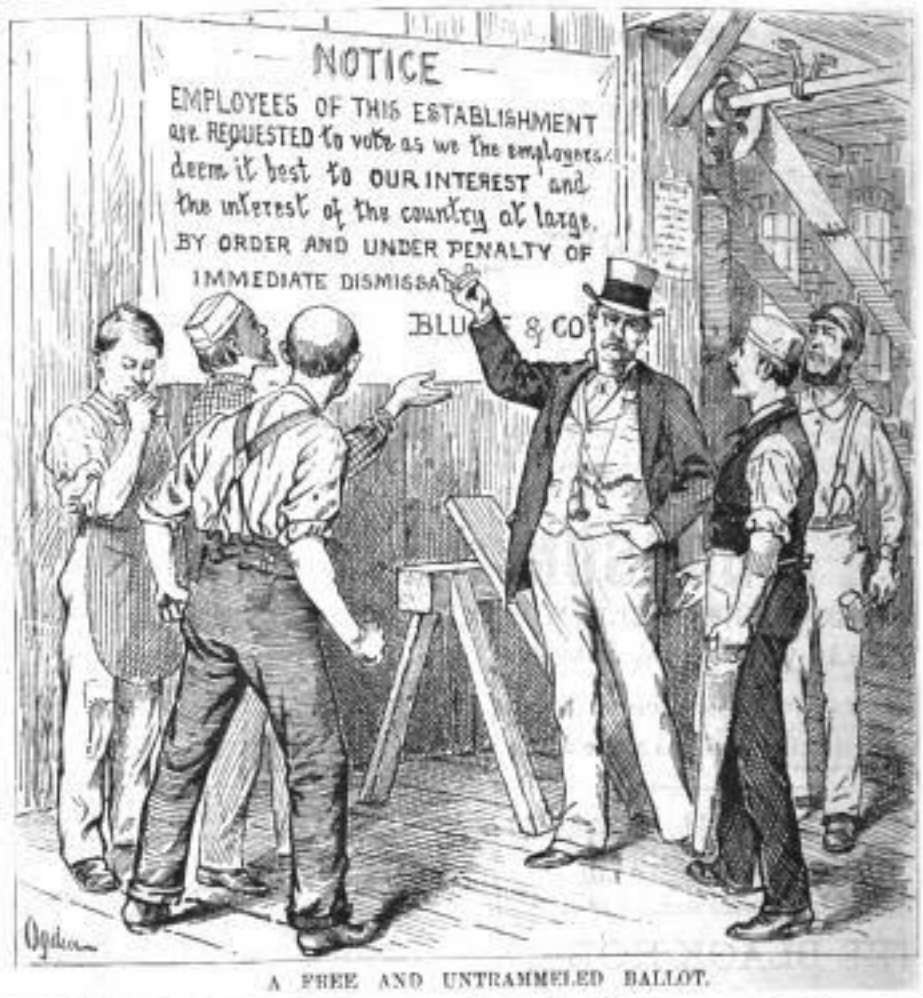
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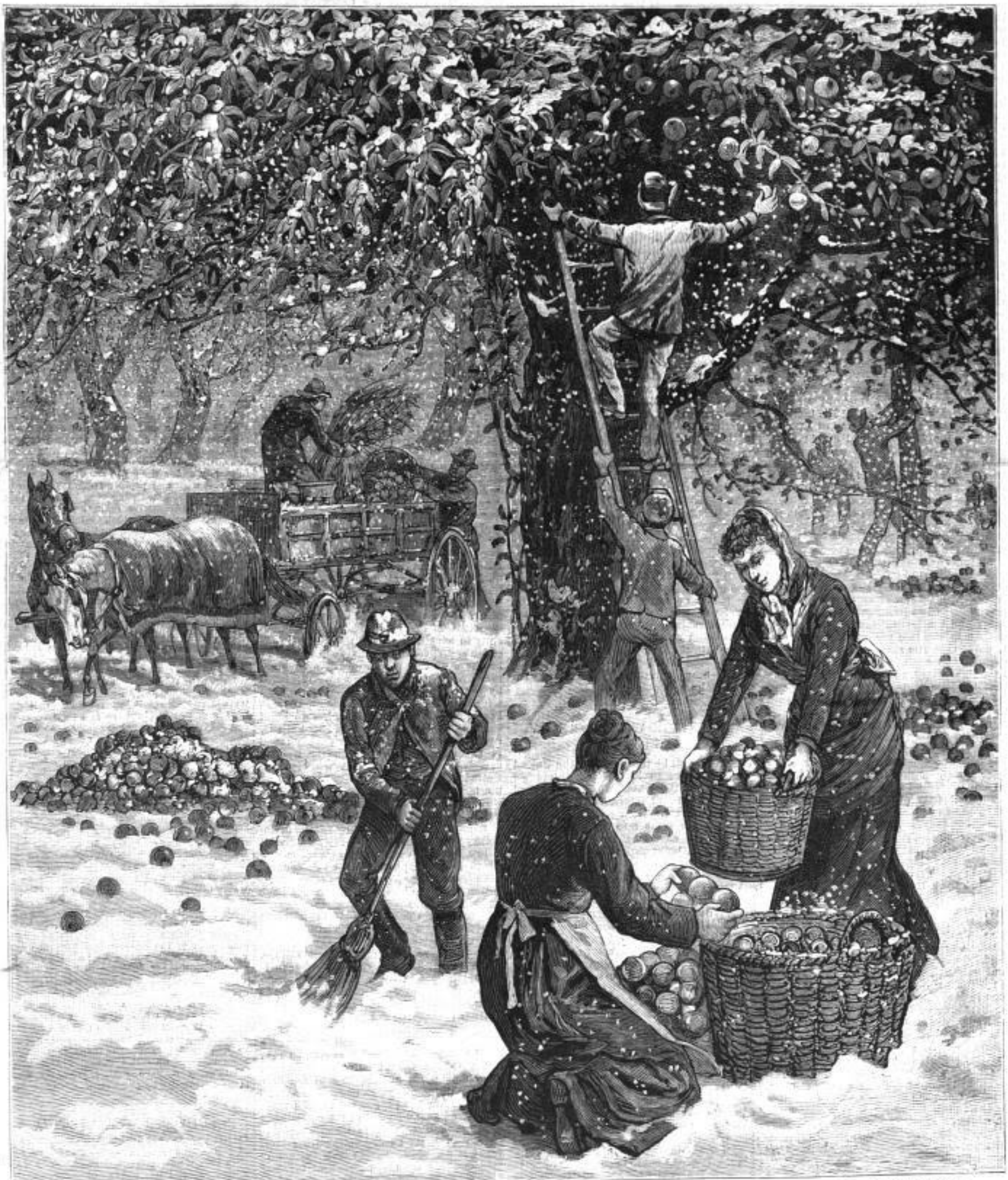
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THE GREAT OCTOBER STORM.—FARMERS HASTILY GATHERING THEIR APPLES IN THE FACE OF THE SNOW-STORM IN WESTERN NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19TH.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 155.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE TARIFF ISSUE.

OUR readers are aware that during the progress of the present political canvass we have frequently remarked on the absence of clear cut distinctions, of definite issues, and of substantial policies in the programme of both of the two leading parties of the country. And this want has been most remarkable in the case of the Democratic Party, which, as being in the opposition, was called by the very theory of its offensive attitude to present a bold front, and which, if it has any very particular aims, had the most to gain by a clear definition of its positions. The Republican Party, intrenched in place and power by its twenty years' possession of the Executive Government, might, perhaps, with some show of reason, "point with pride" to its recent achievements, and to its established policies, as presenting in themselves a continuing series of measures which dispensed its leaders from the necessity of making any new or more distinctly defined promises for the immediate future. To the Democratic appeal in favor of a "change" for the sake of a change (which was the thesis maintained by Mr. English in his letter of acceptance, arguing that twenty years was long enough possession of the Government by any party), the Republicans have replied by the prudential maxim which inculcates the expediency of "letting well enough alone."

As long as the Republicans put "the sectional issue" in the forefront of their order of battle, after the manner of Mr. Conkling in his speech at the Academy of Music in this city, the Democrats had a definite object set before them—the pacification of the country—but this object was set before them rather by the folly of their opponents than by their own wisdom, and was therefore liable to be taken away from them at any moment by a "spasm of sense" in the Republican management.

In fact, this spasm came when, in the later stages of the October canvass, the Republicans so far recovered from their midsummer folly as to send the "bloody shirt" standard to the rear, and betook themselves, with a show of earnestness, to the discussion of two living questions—the currency and the tariff. And by this change in their tactics they seem to have produced in the Democratic ranks something like the surprise and confusion created in an army by a night attack, and simply for the reason that the Democrats, as they now find out, were pretty much in the dark with regard to their own position on both of these questions. Hence their fright at the shadows cast by their own uncertain and dimly-defined principles under both of these heads, and hence the unsteadiness of their gait in playing at the game of politics as if it were a game of "Blind Man's Buff."

In the matter of the tariff, for instance, when the Democrats affirmed in their platform that they were in favor of "a tariff for revenue only," they ought to have known the full purport and precise significance of that phrase; for not to know what they meant by it was to expose an uncovered flank to the assault of the enemy at any point he might select, and was to make a mere feint as formidable and fatal as a serious attack. In fact, the Republicans have made a mere feint on the revenue tariff flank of the Democratic army, by boldly charging on the hustings in Ohio and Indiana that a declaration in favor of a revenue tariff is tantamount to a declaration in favor of absolute free trade at the earliest practicable day. But this feint has proved almost as effective in point of political strategy as a serious and deliberate onset; and its effectiveness has resulted entirely from the incertitude of the Democrats with regard to the value and significance of their own position on this subject. Hence, instead of strengthening themselves in their position, which if they only knew it might be made impregnable, they have rather shown a disposition to abandon it, and to run under the cover of the guns which the enemy has trained upon them.

For want of this precise definition in the Democratic attitude on the subject of the tariff, it has, with impunity, been permitted to Mr. Conkling that, in the name of a revenue tariff reform on "Democratic principles," he should conjure up frightful visions of dismantled shops and of extinguished iron forges if General Hancock should be elected, with a Democratic majority in both Houses of Congress, and that, at the same time, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, speaking in New York in favor of General Garfield, should boldly avow himself to be "a free trader." "I believe," he said, "that the great principle of the future is free trade. The day will come when there will be no custom-houses, no duties." But he was careful to guard against the mischievous application of this principle by adding that "no doctrine of free trade can prevail at once. Time must give it ripeness."

The Democratic declarations in favor of a tariff for revenue only, if interpreted within the bounds of common sense and reason, do not give it the practical effects described by Mr. Conkling, and just as little do they give to it a theoretical scope commensurate with the Republican aspirations of Mr. Beecher. They simply import that the schedules of the present tariff need revision, and that when a revision is made it should be made with primary regard to the raising of revenue, and not to the levying of taxes on branches of productive industry for the purpose of building up and "protecting" the branches of industry that are not self-supporting. It is simply a question as to that incidence of taxation which shall fall the least heavily on the productive forces of the country. In deciding such a question, due regard must be had, of course, to the status of existing interests, that no shock be administered to our industrial system by rash and sudden changes; and whatever decision may be reached in the premises, there will be the chance of "incidental protection" to some kinds of industry so long as any duties are levied at all.

These are the first principles of all revenue reform—principles common to intelligent Republicans as well as to intelligent Democrats, whatever might be their differences with regard to the time, place and degree for the application of these principles. And for the want of being properly grounded in them the Democrats have allowed themselves to be shaken from their steadfastness; and even General Hancock, in restating *his* view of them, has borrowed in a measure the dialect of the "protectionists"—as, for instance, when in his recent letter to Senator Randolph he gives in his adhesion to the general features of the American tariff policy on the ground that it "has been largely instrumental in building up our industries, and keeping Americans from the competition of the underpaid labor of Europe." If the present tariff, because of the protective theory on which it is based, *has* been largely instrumental in building up our industries, then the theory on which it is projected should be maintained, and the Republicans are right in their political contention under this head. But if all such "building up" of our industry at the expense of others is a damage to such other industries, and so a damage to the public at large, in proportion to the amount substracted from the avails of remunerative labor, then this policy should be reversed at the earliest possible day, when, with the least loss to "protected interests," the principles of public economy can be brought into correspondence with the principles of public justice.

A PRESTIGE WORTH RECOVERING.

WHAT shall be the policy of the United States as to its foreign shipping? This is a question which, while of universal interest, admits of interminable argument and the most conflicting conclusions. It has just now come into fresh prominence through the efforts of the convention of ship-owners, builders and merchants held in Boston. The object of the convention was to further a satisfactory solution of the problem which for nearly twenty years has remained insoluble. The fact of the serious decline of our merchant marine is admitted on all hands; while the foreign trade of the United States has steadily increased, there has been a steady decay of the carrying trade of American vessels.

In 1850 our total exports and imports amounted to $329,000,000, of which amount American vessels carried $239,000,000. In 1860 the aggregate exports and imports had increased to $762,000,000, and the amount carried by our own ships was $507,000,000, nearly two-thirds of the total trade. In 1870 the decline of American shipping became strikingly apparent. Notwithstanding the foreign trade of the United States had increased to $980,000,000, only a little more than one-third, or $352,000,000, was carried in American bottoms. In 1879 there was again an increase in the total trade, and a falling off in American shipping. The aggregate exports and imports reached the sum of $1,183,000,000, while only $272,000,000 were carried in our own vessels. Startling as these figures may be, they fail to show the actual decadence of our shipping. Included in these figures is the amount of our coastwise trade, which, under our navigation laws, is confined to American bottoms. This trade has shown a steady increase since 1860, and this fact necessarily involves a greater loss in our foreign carrying trade than is apparent in the returns of the aggregate foreign and coastwise trade.

Bearing in mind that the coastwise trade is an increasing one, and that a corresponding increase in American shipping must be the result, the extent of the decline in our foreign carrying trade will appear more conspicuously from the following official statistics of ship tonnage. In 1850 the total tonnage of the United States was 3,535,000 tons; this amount increased to 5,353,000 tons in 1860; in 1870 it declined to 4,246,000 tons, and last year it was only 4,169,000 tons. In 1860 our tonnage equaled that of Great Britain, and we were the recognized rival of that country in not only the carrying trade, but in supplying ships to foreign countries. Then shipbuilding was one of the most important branches of trade in the United States. What we have lost in this respect the following figures strikingly show. In 1855 there were 381 ships and barks built in the United States; in 1878 there were only 81, and in 1879 only 37. Here there appears a decline of nearly 90 per cent. in shipbuilding as compared with 25 years ago.

Unfortunately our shipping has not been affected solely by a decline in shipbuilding; there has been a decisive falling off in ship-owning as well. During the four years of the late war it is estimated that nearly 800,000 tons of shipping were sold abroad, while in the three years 1854 to 1856 inclusive, only 167,000 tons were thus disposed of. But this decrease of tonnage, by sales to foreign buyers, has continued since the war, and is not an inactive factor at the present time. Last year there were 37,000 tons sold, while only 43,000 tons of registered vessels were built. These figures would represent an increase in tonnage for the year of 6,000 tons, but for the fact that there were abandoned 24,000 tons and were lost 87,000 tons, a total of 111,000 tons, making a real decrease in tonnage of 105,000 tons.

The insignificant position which the United States occupies as a common carrier is painfully apparent in the returns of the grain exports from New York for 1879. During the year, 1,075 steamships carrying 42,426,535 bushels of grain, and 1,822 sailing vessels carrying 59,892,033 bushels, left this port. There were only 74 of the sailing vessels owned in this country, the remaining 1,748 sailing and all the steam vessels belonging to foreign countries. The statistics of other ports exhibit a similar state of affairs, somewhat dwarfed, to be sure, by the enormous amount of business done in New York as compared with that of other cities. What the United States loses by having its carrying done by foreign countries is partly suggested in the statement that about $100,000,000 are paid annually to foreign ship-owners for transporting our produce.

For such an unsatisfactory condition of affairs there must be a cause, or rather a combination of causes. There is no difficulty in ascertaining the relation between cause and effect in this case, whatever may be the obstacles in the way of applying a remedy. A primary cause was furnished by the civil war, which imposed upon us a legacy of high prices, and took out of the hands of this country the power to build ships as cheaply as they could be built by its rivals. Another cause is readily found in the substitution of iron for wooden vessels. However easy it was for the United States to beat the world at building the latter, it found itself unable to compete with the Clyde shipbuilders in constructing iron vessels, not on account of lack of ingenuity and skill, but by reason of inability to obtain the necessary material at a low enough cost. The natural causes which have conspired against this country have found very efficient helps in the navigation laws, which, if not so intended, have at least had the effect to completely destroy our shipping. Under those laws the United States has been so thoroughly handicapped that every attempt to revive the shipping interest has resulted in a dismal failure. When to all these serious drawbacks is added the potent opposition of the countries resisting every attempt made by us to wrest from them our lost trade, it may be conceded that the lot of the American shipper is not a happy one.

The Boston Convention has suggested a number of reforms, which combined may result to the advantage of this interest. They embrace a modification of the laws relating to the discharge of seamen abroad and requiring the payment of three months wages; an abandonment of the compulsory pilotage system—a useless and expensive system at best; an exemption from local taxation; a regulation of the system of measurement for the purpose of taxation and tonnage; wider liberty in regard to the hiring of crews, and several other desirable changes. In conclusion, it recommends that a bounty be paid at a certain rate—not specified—per ton on the tonnage of each American vessel. The latter resolution was adopted despite the efforts of those who were in favor of free ships, and no doubt is very unsatisfactory to all who believe that protection is useless where there is nothing to protect. It is questionable, however, whether our shipping trade will ever assume the magnificent proportions of the past, unless Government subsidies are supplied as an offset to those of other countries. But even with the subsidies, it is still a matter of doubt whether our shipping trade will recover so long as American citizens are prevented from buying ships in the cheapest markets.

THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

THE time has gone by when men can dismiss the subject of women's associations with a shrug of the shoulders and a sneering allusion to women's rights. We may still regard Sorosis with a half-contemptuous tolerance, and speak of women's clubs as harmless vagaries in which the pretty dears *should* be indulged—that they should!—but such an assemblage of women as met the other day in Boston demands more respectful attention. The call to this meeting, which was the eighth annual congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women, distinctly traces the changes in public opinion upon the woman question which have taken place within the seven years of its existence to the influence of organization among women. If this claim be in any sense well founded, as those who have watched the growing power of such organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union will not feel disposed wholly to deny, then it becomes us all thoughtfully to consider the scope and tendency of such a work as is proposed by the association which has just met in council.

The object of the Association, as set forth in its Constitution, is "to receive and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral and physical conditions, and thereby to improve all domestic and social relations." This object they propose to obtain mainly, if not entirely, through their annual congress, by means of the papers upon various subjects there presented, and the discussion which they provoke. Since no official action can possibly result from these discussions, the method proposed would seem to be wholly inadequate, did we not consider the immense personal influence upon a community of any assembly of people who have met together with definite aims and profound convictions.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, in a paper presented to the first congress, held in New York, in 1873, struck the keynote of the Society's work when she said, "If women are ever to obtain a voice and a place in the government of society, it will only be when they have demonstrated their ability to act independently in society under the government that exists." It is this wise and practical determination to make the best of existing circumstances that gives this Association a claim to respect.

That women can think intelligently and write convincingly upon topics of general interest, is needed not this congress to prove. In the papers presented, the principal point to be noticed is their practicality. They not only discuss an evil, but aim, as far as possible, to propose a remedy. If some of these should appear chimerical to the masculine intellect, we may, perhaps, with propriety, withhold too severe criticism until we are prepared to meet them with something more to the purpose. In several States of the Union, indeed, one class of remedies proposed by the Association in former congresses has been thought worthy of adoption. The fuller share in public work which they ask for has been given them; women are serving upon school boards and boards of public charities, and in several instances female prisoners are under the care of officers of their own sex.

In 1873 Dr. Jacobi said: "No association among women has hitherto been successful except such as were inspired by religious enthusiasm, or formed for purposes of political conspiracy." That this Association is a success, as it claims measurably to be, must then be owing to causes peculiar to itself. Setting aside the personal worth and influence of such women as Maria Mitchell, Frances Willard, and Mary Putnam Jacobi, we may find these causes in two principal points. The absence of all that agitation about "rights" which distinguished the women's associations of an earlier day; a recognition of the fact that such rights are unreal, if only conferred by decree without that superiority which can make them any other than a social injustice; and principally in the earnest and profound conviction that such rights, so far as acquired, bring with them the highest and most solemn duties. It is this underlying conviction of duty, this steady application of its members to the work which they have to do in the world as it now exists, which gives so much of dignity to the deliberations of this congress. When women come together in such a spirit, to discuss topics which through them, as women, bear upon all domestic and social relations, it may be well, indeed, for us to stand reverently by and listen.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE proceedings looking to the cession of Dulcigno are in satisfactory progress. Riza Pasha has instructed the Turkish commissioner, who has charge of the surrender, as to the points upon which he must insist. These contain the following clauses: Montenegro is to assume a part of the Turkish debt proportionate with the ceded territory; liberty of emigration is to be allowed to the

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inhabitants; the Turkish laws are to be maintained; Ottoman property is to be guaranteed, and the vessels belonging to the port of Dulcigno are to carry the Turkish flag. The Turkish and Montenegrin commissioners are now at Rjeka discussing the propositions, and it is altogether probable that the cession of Dulcigno will take place without any further opposition upon the part of Turkey. Whether the wild Albanians will yield without striking a blow is more uncertain, but merely local opposition will not endanger the peace of Europe as Turkish interference would have done. But if the cession of Dulcigno promises to remove all danger of war, the rectification of the Greek frontier still promises to produce disturbance. The Turks are unwilling to make the changes which were ordered by the supplementary conference at Berlin, and the Greeks will most certainly insist upon a cession of the provinces then accorded to them. King George of Greece, who has returned from an extended tour through Europe, where he has been "lobbying" for the moral support of the Great Powers, made a speech at the opening of the Chambers in Athens, which leaves no hope of a withdrawal of the Greek claims. He told the Parliament that the decision at Berlin had imposed the necessity of a certain action upon his Government; that they must insist upon the strengthening and extension of their boundaries, and that various military and naval preparations had already been made. In these preparations money had been needed; the Government had arranged loans wherewith to procure the necessary funds, and that the Chambers were now required to ratify what had been done. The expression of these sentiments was received with every indication of satisfaction. Fortunately for the peace of Europe, Greece is so crippled with debt that it is scarcely possible that she will be able to borrow much money. For eighteen years her budget has shown a deficit, and only two years ago she was obliged to make a composition with her creditors. It is not likely that, under these conditions, Greece will be able to borrow much money in the lending centres of the world. Besides, it is not certain that the cession of Zanina and the other territory in dispute would add to her prosperity. It is usual in cases of the cession or conquest of territory for the country which acquired the new territory to take also its liabilities. But as the debt of Turkey is very heavy, and the burden which it would impose upon Greece very severe under her present bankrupt position, it is far from clear that the advantage of acquiring new territory would not be overbalanced by the imposition of new liabilities. Meantime affairs upon the borders of Greece and Turkey are in fearful anarchy. Murder is very common, and the Christians are supposed to be arming against the Mussulmans. It is probable that the clause of the surrender of Dulcigno, which provides for the emigration of Albanians, is to allow these lawless mountaineers to flock towards the frontier and overawe the peaceful inhabitants if the latter should be in favor of a quiet cession of Zanina.

There is little of interest in France. The Government seems determined to put down all seditious writing and speaking. Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who has been called upon to renounce his claims in favor of his son, Prince Victor, is likely to take some active steps before long. The Bonapartist organs are never tired of pointing out that the Republic is quite as tyrannical as the Empire ever was; that there is no greater freedom of action or speech, and that the guarantee of security which a monarchy gives is wanting in the present Government. The only way out of the present state of affairs is, according to the Bonapartists, in the appointment of a Dictator. At the same time it looks as if the Legitimists were willing to accept the Republic as a success. Certainly there is a decided falling off of the monarchical factions. At a recent manifestation in the Abbey of St. Germain Auxerrois there were scarcely any of the influential supporters of the old *régime* present.

The settlement of the Dulcigno controversy makes it likely that the British Parliament will not meet before Spring. A Winter session is always unpopular, and the late date of adjournment this year would make it doubly so. The working of the Ballot Act is most unsatisfactory, and it is quite on the cards that a return to the old system of open voting may take place. An agent of Sir Julian Goldsmith, when asked his opinion of the working of the Act, said that while formerly it was only possible for a voter to be bribed by one side, he now took bribes from both, and then voted as he wished. Enormous sums of money are spent upon every election. It is openly stated that no candidate has a chance of success without buying up votes.

The situation in Ireland is, if possible, worse. The landlords and agents are in constant fear of their lives. Honest tenants, who are willing to pay their rents, are afraid to do so, and invent all sorts of excuses, such as selling timber or hay, before they will visit their landlords' houses. When they do pay rent they are afraid to take a receipt lest it should be found in their possession by the Land Leaguers. An extraordinary meeting of landlords and other persons interested in a quiet state of things was recently held in Dublin, but so great is the terrorism prevailing that the doors were kept closed and nothing was made public concerning the proceedings. A number of influential Liberals are about forming a committee to support the Government in the attempt to put down this lawlessness. The prosecution of the Land Leaguers will certainly be proceeded with, and it is said that some of the leaders are already beginning to draw back. Immediate measures for the protection of life and property are being taken, and Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet is trying hard to make up for the almost criminal weakness of last Summer.

From Russia there is a rumor that in consequence of Court intrigues against General Melikoff he will retire to the Caucasus, and that the Committee of Ministers, which is antagonistic to Melikoff's policy, will be reorganized.

THE total number of immigrants arriving at United States ports during the year ending on the 30th of June last, was 457,257. Of this great total, 347,747 were from Europe, and 101,681 from points on the American Continent. The immigrants from Asia numbered about 6,000, of whom 5,802 were Chinese.

MR. JAY GOULD is meditating a fresh conquest in the field of railway enterprise. He has just completed arrangements for the construction of a short line of connecting railroad in Ohio, by which, it is said, he will obtain control of a direct line from New York to the Pacific Coast, by way of Buffalo and Cleveland. The entire cost of the new route from Buffalo to Chicago is placed at $25,000,000.

BOTH political parties have, this year, made exceptionally good Congressional nominations in the State. One of the best is that of Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jr., named by the Republicans of the Westchester District. Mr. Taylor is, in every sense, a worthy representative of the best element of that populous and important district. Capable, upright, and pronounced in his political views, he would prove a valuable acquisition to the ranks of his party in the House, and we cannot doubt that his high standing as a man and a citizen will secure for him the hearty support of many whose political affiliations are different from his own.

WE referred last week to the improved condition of affairs in Mexico, and to the evidences of substantial progress which are presented in many localities. Later accounts represent that the confidence of the people in the new President and in the permanence of peace is everywhere becoming stronger, and as a result business enterprises are commanding a degree of favor altogether exceptional. It is even said that capitalists who have for many years invested their money in Europe are now withdrawing it for local employment. The commerce of the country is steadily developing, and with the completion of the railroads now in progress, an era of genuine prosperity will no doubt be inaugurated in all parts of the Republic.

THE re-election of Hon. George F. Edmunds as United States Senator from Vermont secures to the country for six years more the services of one of the ablest and purest men now in public life. During the last fourteen years Mr. Edmunds has impressed himself more largely than any other Republican upon the policy of the party which has been responsible for the public administration. No member of the Senate, as another has truly said, "has contributed so much towards making the work of that body just, wise and efficient. An ardent Republican by conviction, he is far above the mere prejudice of partisanship, while his profound learning, his untiring industry, his courage, acumen, wit, and genuine eloquence have won the respect and admiration of the country."

THE coroner's jury, charged with inquiring into the cause of the recent disaster on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Pittsburgh, seems to have done its duty fearlessly. Its verdict declares that the railroad company was guilty of criminal negligence in its failure to take due precaution against the occurrence of such a terrible catastrophe; it was negligent in failing to provide rules whereby the second section of the excursion-train could have been notified of the whereabouts of the first section, and in not guarding against the overloading of trains, and finally, in not employing a sufficient number of men to properly manage the trains. Now, it will be in order for the Grand Jury to take the matter in hand, and to direct such proceedings against the responsible parties as will secure the imposition of deserved penalties.

THE annual report of the Chief Signal Officer shows that the meteorological work of the Bureau has become so thorough that the average percentage of accuracy in the weather forecasts and pre-announcements was, last year, 90 3-10 per cent. The Bureau is now considering the advisability of establishing a large number of auxiliary stations in the cotton belt, to take rainfall and temperature observations, such stations to be in telegraphic communication with the cities of the South, so that all Cotton Exchanges may receive daily information by telegraph of the meteorological conditions affecting the cotton crop from April 1st to October 1st of each year. It is also proposed to make arrangements for observations by vessels engaged in the Atlantic coasting trade, so as to facilitate the determination of probable meteoric conditions in that quarter.

SOME anxiety has been manifested in Democratic circles as to the position which General Mahone, of Virginia, will occupy in the next United States Senate. Some have supposed that, as the result of the existing Democratic quarrel in that State, he would co-operate with the Republicans; but this suspicion, evidently, has no good basis. In a recent interview General Mahone said: "I shall be found on the Democratic side of the Senate; but not as a representative of that Democratic party which knows nothing and is not willing to learn anything—the men who opposed reconstruction and the men who refused to heed the few of us before the first amendment was adopted, when I told them that the best thing they could do would be to yield obedience and respect to the laws of the United States." General Mahone is evidently a man of very pronounced convictions, and it cannot be denied that he has shown true wisdom in accepting the results of the war in good faith, instead of standing out against them as some have conspicuously done.

THE Episcopal General Convention last week adopted a resolution for the appointment of a committee to observe the action of the Government on giving to Indians the rights and duties of citizens and doing away with their tribal relations, and to promote these measures by such means as the committee should deem expedient. This action was strongly urged on the ground that it is the duty of the Church to do all in its power to secure to the Indian his rights under the law, and further legislation, if necessary, to place him on a par with civilized men and bring him within the range of Christian work. A feeble minority opposed the resolution as proposing a departure from "that wise conservatism which has hitherto held this Church aloof from politics." To this it was effectively replied that there is a wide distinction between politics and a high philanthropy; that the treatment of the Indian is a foul blot on our civilization, and that Christians cannot afford to stand aloof from the subject. The action of the Convention will command the approval of the great body of right-thinking men of all parties and sects.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON does not appear to advantage in his recent correspondence with Secretary Sherman. The points of the controversy, as disclosed in the correspondence, were briefly these: General Hampton resented being called a member of the Ku Klux Klan by Mr. Sherman, and asked the latter whether he had ever used language to that effect which was attributed to him. Sherman replied that he might not have used the exact language, but that he used words which meant that Hampton enjoyed political power which was the result of the atrocities of Southern intimidators, and thus was virtually a "co-partner with the Ku Klux Klan." Hampton answered that what Sherman said was false, and he knew it to be false, and added that his address would be so and so. This was a plain intimation that the South Carolinian was ready and anxious to settle the dispute by a resort to the code duello. But Secretary Sherman ignored the hint, and, instead of sending a friend to General Hampton with authority to settle the place of meeting, etc., simply addressed him a final note to the effect that he would give the correspondence to the press, and allow the public to judge which is the liar. In other words, he preferred that the controversy should be settled by facts rather than pistols. All sensible people will agree that the Secretary occupies the more dignified attitude of the two, and that if the Senator had wished to confirm the assertion that he is a co-partner of the Ku Klux Klan, he could not have adopted a better way to do it. The Democratic press of the North has very generally condemned the foolish action of the able but too impulsive South Carolina Senator.

THE growth of our export cattle-trade with Great Britain has been remarkable. The first American cattle for the English butcher were carried over the ocean in 1863. At the start great prejudice existed against the introduction of meat from the United States, and many efforts, Parliamentary and otherwise, were resorted to in order to curtail its rapid growth. Stories were manufactured as to plagues existing in American cattle regions, but the demand increased constantly. In 1879 there were landed at British ports 535 cargoes of animals, consisting of 76,117 cattle, 119,350 sheep, 15,180 swine; and the amount involved that year in the American trade for beef alone, was $7,382,910. During the first seven months of the present year the value of the live cattle imported into England from this country has been $22,730,385. In other directions American trade is making the same satisfactory progress. Thus the amount expended in Great Britain, in 1879, for American flour was $25,598,690, as against, in 1877, $7,746,405. For seven months, ending July 31st, 1880, America furnished 3,812,729 hundred-weight of flour, valued at $15,215,445. A London correspondent of the New York *Times*, writes:

"It may be said of the American trade that while the American meat is welcomed at the table of the aristocratic and wealthy in London, as well as at humbler boards, the cheese of the United States finds its way to the homes of the poor. For a midday meal the farm-hand has a pot of beer, a rasher of bacon, some bread and a bit of American cheese. Some one remarked at the American Exchange, a day or two since, that it was a pleasant thing to notice the good feeling existing between England and America. "Better keep it up," dryly interposed a Western gentleman present, "for if we get mad we will starve them to death over here." The same activity and growth in the meat and provision trade with Great Britain is noticeable in many other branches of business. European capital is seeking investment in America in greater amounts than ever before since the days of the war. The words "American Goods Sold Here," are hung in countless stores and shop-windows, and the wildest bull in Wall Street could scarcely, in his most imaginative moments, have hoped to see so great a demand for the products of his country as there is to-day in Great Britain. Canned fruits and acters, photographs, sewing-machines and cock-tails, washing-machines and Blue Point oysters (1s. a dozen), find a market and ready terms. Oysters from America may be had in many restaurants in London, and the lover of the bivalve has ample opportunity to gratify his taste in that regard. The well-known partiality for the American oyster by the Prince of Wales may have had something to do with the growth of this trade, now increased from a few bushels a year to thousands of barrels annually. America just now is the fashion and "has the call." Passing out of Smithfield market the other morning, the writer heard a "coster" loudly bellowing, "'Ere is yer Hamerican happles," and, turning, saw displayed for sale the "rusty-coats"—russet apples—of American schoolboy days."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

NEARLY all the mills in the Delaware Valley are closed in consequence of the drought.

THE total registration for three days in New York City was 187,863; total for three days last year, 138,972.

THE highest Republican plurality secured at the late election in Ohio was 25,041 for the party candidate for Supreme Court Judge.

THE United States General Convention of Universalists was held at Hudson, N. Y., last week, with a large attendance of delegates.

THE Secretary of State has been requested to send delegates to the Congress of the International Vaccination League shortly to be held in Paris.

A FAMILY of emigrants, consisting of one man and two women, was found frozen to death about six miles from Springfield, Minn., on Thursday last.

GOVERNMENT officers last week arrested in Chicago a man named Doyle, who had in his possession altered United States bonds to the amount of $210,000.

IT is probable that the proposition to reorganize the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, made by Mr. Powell, the representative of the English bondholders, will be accepted.

GENERAL GRANT spent last week in this city. He attended several Republican meetings, and at the Stock and Produce Exchanges, where he was warmly received, made brief speeches.

THE Republicans of this city have nominated Mr. William Dowd, a well-known banker and financier, for Mayor. The nomination was tendered to Postmaster Thomas L. James, but was declined.

MR. W. W. ASTOR has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Seventh District of New York City. In the Eleventh District, Mr. James W. Gerard has been nominated by the Democrats.

THE official plurality of Governor Porter, in Indiana, is 7,545. General Ben. Harrison is prominently named for United States Senator from that State. Both parties are preparing for the final grapple next week.

THE railroads between Chicago and St. Louis last week cut rates to such an extent that passengers were carried from city to city for fifty cents. A truce between the belligerents is now said to have been established.

DISPATCHES from Dakota say that Sitting Bull is willing to surrender, and that he will be informed that he must give up his arms and ponies and ultimately go to whichever of the Sioux agencies the Government may assign him.

THE House Committee on Appropriations will meet in Washington about November 19th, and it is expected that the Army, Navy, Pension, Military Academy and Diplomatic Bills will be in an advanced state of preparation by the time Congress meets on December 6th.

THERE are in Chicago 3,752 manufactories employing 113,807 hands, and representing a capital of over $80,000,000. The value of the product made per annum is $249,000,000. The value of the material used is $178,000,000. The amount of wages paid is $37,000,000.

THE Chairman of the Republican National Committee has issued an address to the Republicans of the South, urging them to register their votes at every polling-place in books of their own, in order that they may be able to "demonstrate to the country just how many votes they cast."

THE Superintendent of the Census hopes to have ready to transmit to Congress when it meets in December the tables showing the whole population of the country. This will render it possible for the present Congress to make a reapportionment of Representatives for the next ten years.

AT a convention of representatives of more than one hundred fire insurance companies doing business in the various States of the Union, as well as in Canada and Great Britain, held in New York City last week, steps were taken for a permanent national organization of the underwriting interest.

IN the Episcopal General Convention last week the question of refusing to consecrate churches hereafter, unless the pews and sittings are made free, was finally disposed of by the adoption of a report that, while it is desirable that all churches shall be free, the Episcopal Church in the United States is not at the present time in a condition to take such an important step.

THREE persons were killed and thirteen injured by a collision on the Raleigh and Gaston (N. C.) Railroad on October 20th. On the same day fifteen persons were injured by a collision on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, nineteen miles north of Cincinnati, O. By an explosion in a distillery at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 20th, five workmen were killed and nine injured. At Cincinnati, on the same day, five women were burned to death in a shoddy mill.

Foreign.

THE Police Commissioners of Rennes, France, have resigned in a body rather than enforce the religious decrees.

A SEVERE shock of earthquake, accompanied by a storm, was felt at different points all over Europe on October 23d.

IT is announced from Chili that Minister Christiancy carried back to Peru the basis for the preliminaries of peace.

JOHN S. CLARKE, the American comedian, is so very ill, in England, from an internal affection that it is feared he will never play again.

THE Prussian Government is reported to have serious intentions of granting amnesty to the Catholic priests deprived of their benefices by the Falk laws.

THE Commissioners of Scrutiny in the contested election case of Oxford, England, will probably disfranchise the town on account of the discovery of gross frauds.

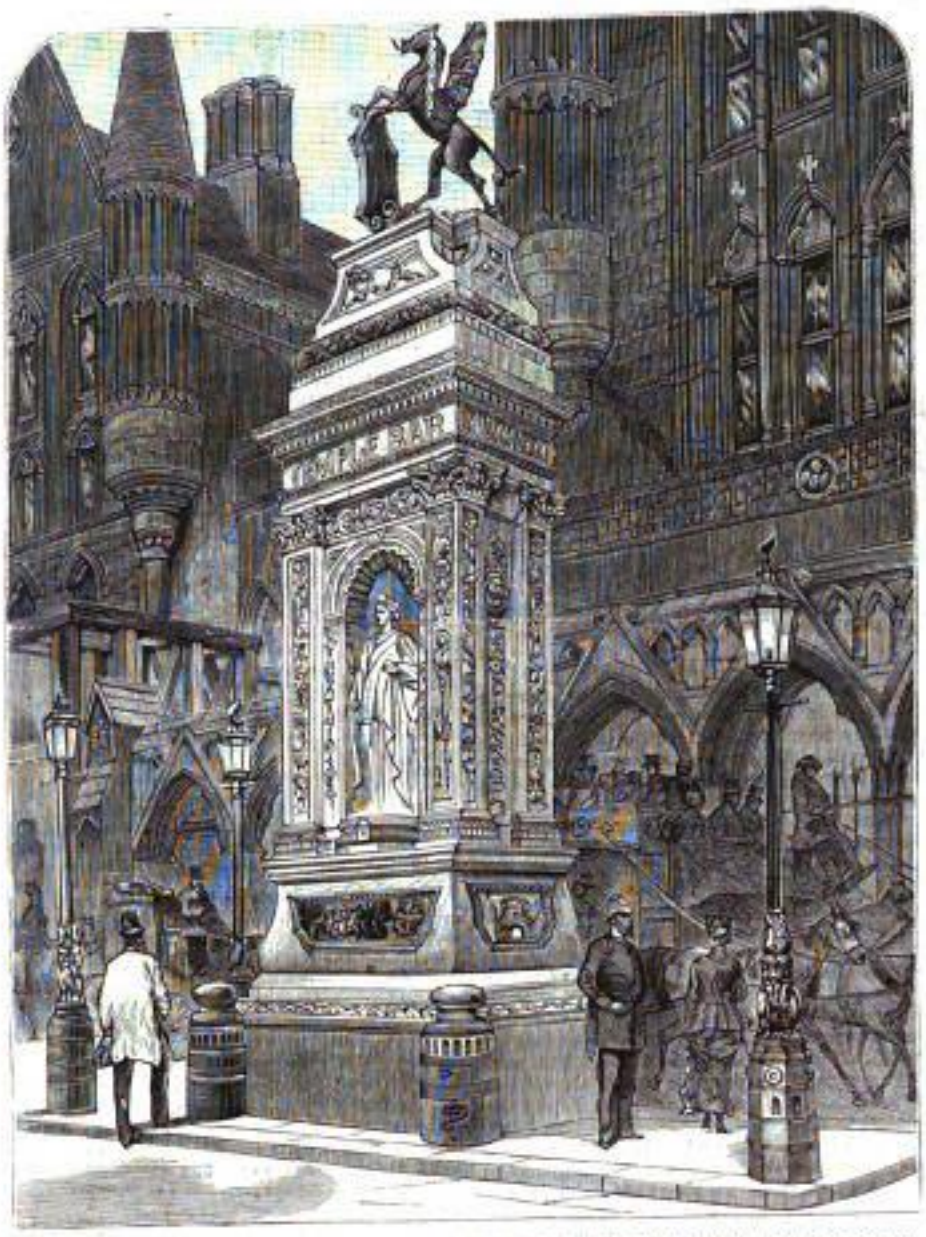
IT is authoritatively stated that Gambetta and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs are in favor of the immediate settlement of the Greek frontier in the sense urged by England.

M. WARSCHAPSKY, purveyor to the Russian army in the recent Russo-Turkish war, has been arrested for alleged frauds on the Government of 22,000,000 rubles. M. Boess, Chief Administrator during that war, was also arrested.

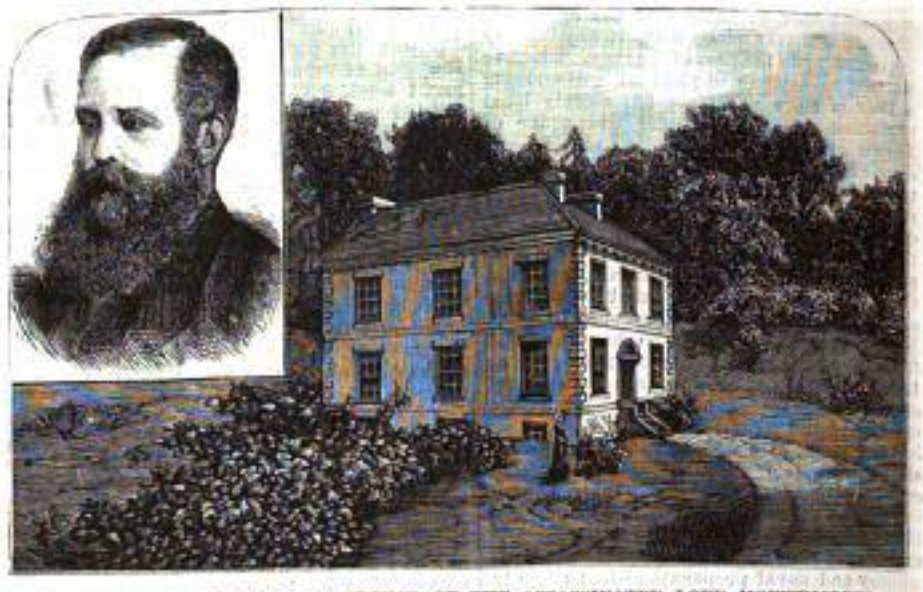
SOCIALISM holds its own in the German States. At one election last week in Saxony for a member of the Imperial Parliament, the sitting member, a High Conservative, who was re-elected, polling 4,211 votes, was closely followed by a Socialist, with 3,316 votes.

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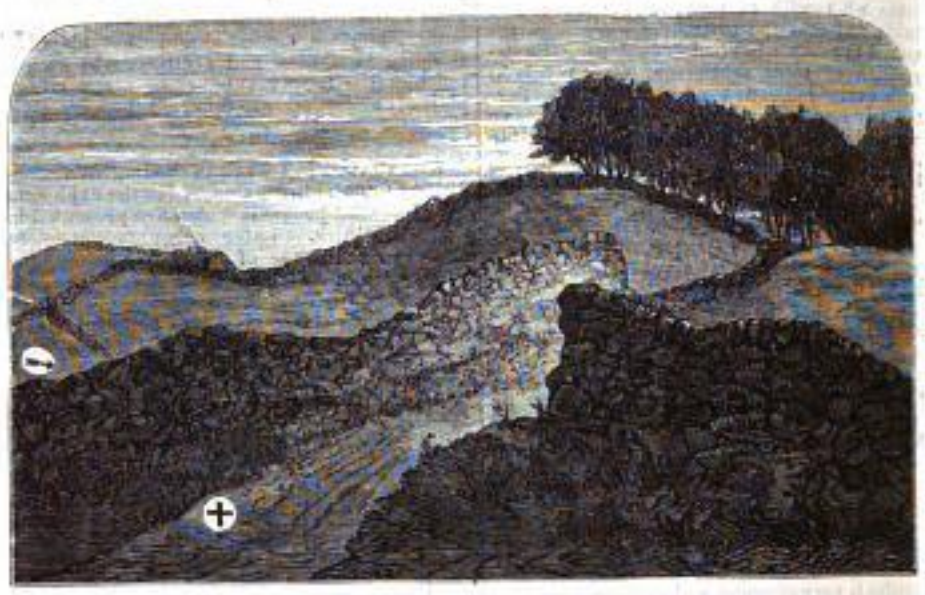
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



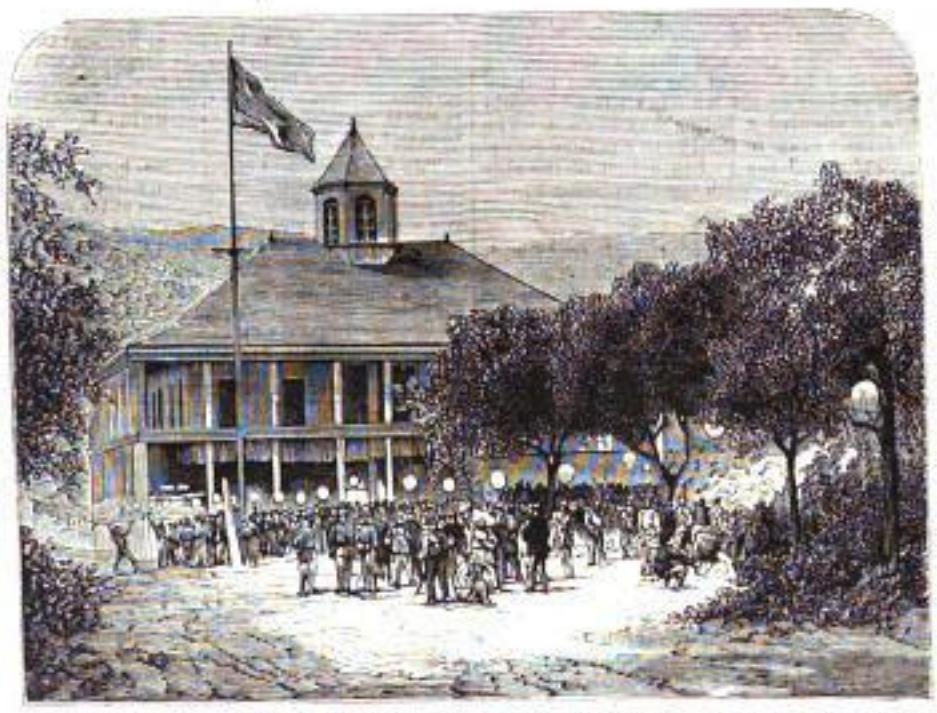
ENGLAND.—TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL, NOW BEING ERECTED ON FLEET STREET, LONDON.



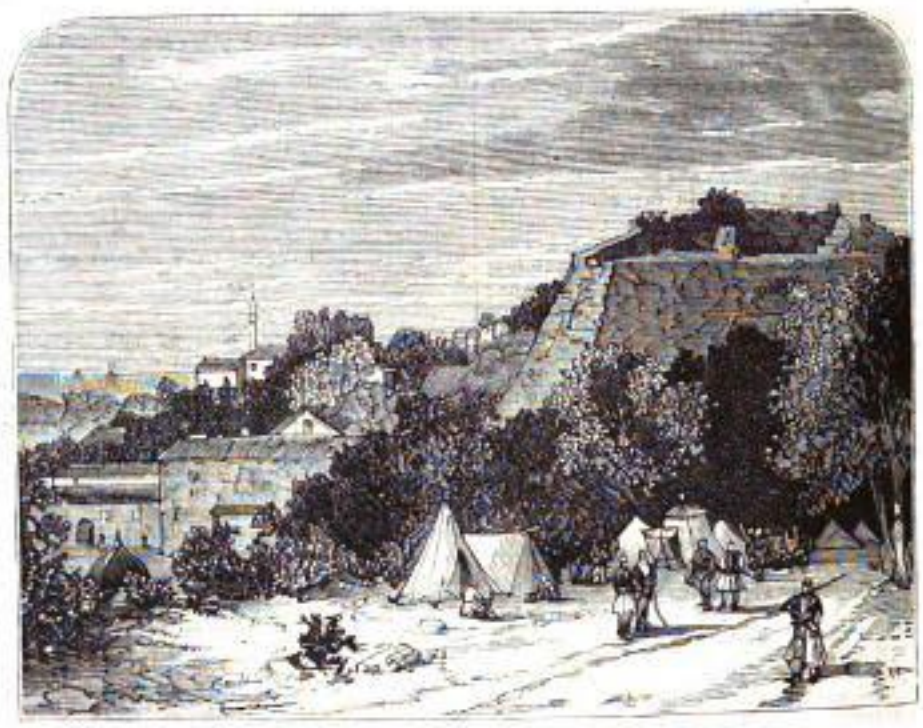
IRELAND.—EDOR HALL, RESIDENCE OF THE ASSASSINATED LORD MOUNTMORRES.



IRELAND.—RUSHEEN, WHERE LORD MOUNTMORRES WAS ASSASSINATED.



SOCIETY ISLANDS.—ANNOUNCING THE ANNEXATION TO FRANCE AT THE ROYAL PALACE.



MONTENEGRO.—CITADEL AND OLD TURKISH QUARTER OF DULCIGNO.



SPAIN.—BAPTISM OF THE ROYAL PRINCESS AT MADRID.

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ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCES ON FIFTH AVENUE.

UPON almost every prominent street in New York City one may now see buildings in course of erection which, architecturally considered, indicate a richness and variety of taste and a prodigality of means that have not hitherto been employed even in the construction and furnishing of our so-called palaces. To be sure, many buildings have been erected in the past for commercial and domestic purposes which represented quite handsome fortunes. Massiveness and durability appear, with few exceptions, to have been the main feature of construction. The gratification of personal taste, in the matter of embellishment, furniture and art adornment, has been left for indoor display. When the late A. T. Stewart completed his marble residence on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and furnished it with the wealth of Europe, Asia and America, it was truly considered a palace. But now we have, either built or in the course of construction, other dwellings, which, in expense of outlay, richness of architectural work, both within and without, and elaborateness of arrangement and artistic display, far exceed that famous white pile. This unusual costliness of construction is not confined to dwellings alone. A stroll up and down Broadway and some of the intersecting streets will reveal business buildings which are just as remarkable in this respect. In both classes of buildings we now have, thanks to the liberality of wealthy citizens and corporations, structures not only unique in their design and finish, but the embodiment of the most advanced laws of sanitary science. The day of a perfect building, for whatever purpose designed, has dawned.

The growth of the aristocratic quarter of the city tends now very strongly northward along the line of Fifth Avenue. This avenue, from Thirty-fourth Street to the Park, has for years past been occupied as the choicest site for costly residences. Northerly, from Murray Hill, it descends by a gentle slope, and, at half a mile's distance, reaches a summit of equal elevation at Fiftieth Street. Around this locality are placed the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the R. C. Orphan Asylum, the Dutch Reformed Church, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's and Dr. Hall's churches. Passing this hill so nobly occupied, the avenue proceeds on a descending grade another half-mile until it reaches, at Fifty-ninth Street, one of the grand entrances to Central Park. The neighborhood of Fifty-seventh Street, both on the avenue and on Fifty-seventh Street, where we find some of the finest dwellings in this city, is at present pre-eminently the aristocratic quarter of New York, and cannot fail to be one of the great architectural centres of the city. As we advance towards a superior style of houses we shall abandon the uniformity of four-story brown-stone houses, all of even width, which marked the period of the city's growth from Fourteenth to Fifty-fifth Street, and we shall learn the use and beauty of color and of variety of material.

The most notable buildings now being erected in this section are those which William H. Vanderbilt is putting up for himself and his married children. The dwellings are three in number, and occupy the whole front from Fifty-first to Fifty-second streets, on the west side of the avenue. Mr. Vanderbilt's own residence will be on the Fifty-first Street corner, a structure 88 feet wide and 116 feet deep.

It will be connected by a covered corridor with the double house, which will be 80 feet wide and 100 feet deep. This corridor will be of brown stone, with carved panels and fluted pillars, to correspond with those peculiarities of style that are common to both the great dwellings. The visitor will enter at the centre of the block, traverse a broad path, mount a broad flight of stairs, and enter the door in the centre of the corridor. The footman will direct the visitor to the left, if the call is upon Mr. Vanderbilt; to the right, if it is to the household of the daughters. The foundations are laid in solid rock, and the front, side and rear walls of both buildings will be of best Connecticut brown stone with panels highly ornamented. Each building will have an entrance in Fifth Avenue.

At the first glance the great houses look squatty. Although they are as tall as the four-story attic and basement building on the lower corner of Fifty-first Street, they seem not to be. This is because they are twice as broad and appear to be only three stories in height. A moment's study will prove these buildings to be well-proportioned. They are ornamented with wide bands of carving. The ribbon of grapes and grape leaves around the first story is broken by the broad projecting windows. The belt of floral scroll-work on the third story is cut here and there by round-topped sunken windows. Along the second story the carving is over the windows, and consists of a little block of simple design, a thousand times repeated. Fluted columns spring up between these bands. The roof line seems to be at the top of the third story; above this is a heavy and richly designed brown-stone balustrade which marks the fourth or servants' floor. The heavy stone lattice-work conceals the windows. In all these respects the houses are very nearly alike. They differ principally as to the fronts. Mr. Vanderbilt's house has a frontal projection thrown up to the top of the second story, as if the original idea contemplated an entrance there. In the house for his married daughters this projection rises only in front of the first story, while in the centre of the next story there is a richly designed and delicately-carved panel.

The cost of these buildings, that is, for ground and structure, is set down at $700,000. When furnished and supplied with the paintings, statuary and works of art owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, and largely augmented by purchases during the past Summer in Europe, the three buildings will represent a sum of more than $1,000,000.

Other members of the family are also building in this vicinity. Directly north of these two houses, on the northwest corner of Fifty-second Street, is to be the dwelling of William K. Vanderbilt. This house will be built of Indiana limestone, will be 84 feet front, 121 feet deep, 4 stories high, and surmounted by a combination of peaked and mansard roof. The cost of erection is estimated at $200,000.

On the northwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street, a residence is being built for Cornelius Vanderbilt. The basement will be granite and the upper walls brick and limestone. The dimensions are 48 feet front, 100 feet rear, 125 feet deep and 5 stories high.



GLIMPSES OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.—THE VANDERBILT PALACES ON FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTY-FIRST AND FIFTY-SECOND STREETS.



NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHES FROM THE THEATRICAL WARDROBE OF THE LATE CHARLES FECHTER.—SEE PAGE 159.

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It will cost $750,000. No street in the world—except, possibly in London—represents, in the short space of two miles and a half, anything like the enormous aggregate of wealth represented by Fifth Avenue residences between Washington Square and Central Park. There are a score of families who derive yearly incomes from a capital of from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000, the greater part of which, with the exception of the Vanderbilt fortune, is invested in city real estate. These people, and thousands of others like them, not so prominent and not so well known, occupy residences fitted up in the most costly and lavish manner, with every luxury that money can procure or fine taste imagine. They have all traveled more or less abroad; are cosmopolitan in habits, and quite as much at home in London or Paris as in their Fifth Avenue houses or Newport villas.

THE BLACK KOBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.—THE JESUITS.

FATHER BENWELL rose and advanced to meet the visitor with his paternal smile.

"I am heartily glad to see you," he said, and held out his hand with a becoming mixture of dignity and cordiality. Penrose lifted the offered hand respectfully to his lips. As one of the "Provincials" of the Order, Father Benwell occupied a high place among the English Jesuits. He was accustomed to acts of homage offered by his younger brethren to their spiritual chief.

"I fear you are not well," he proceeded, gently. "Your hand is feverish, Arthur."

"Thank you, Father; I am as well as usual."

"Depression of spirits, perhaps?" Father Benwell persisted.

Penrose admitted it with a passing smile.

"My spirits are not very lively," he said.

Father Benwell shook his head in gentle disapproval of a depressed state of spirits in a young man.

"This must be corrected," he remarked. "Cultivate cheerfulness, Arthur. I am myself, thank God, a naturally cheerful man. My mind reflects, in some degree (and reflects gratefully), the brightness and beauty which are part of the great scheme of creation. A similar disposition is to be cultivated. I know instances of it in my own experience. Add one more instance, and you will really gratify me. In its seasons of rejoicing our Church is eminently cheerful. Shall I add another encouragement? A great trust is about to be placed in you. Be socially agreeable, or you will fail to justify the trust. This is Father Benwell's little sermon. I think it has a merit, Arthur—it is a sermon soon over."

Penrose looked up at his superior, eager to hear more.

He was a very young man. His large, thoughtful, well-opened gray eyes, and his habitual refinement and modesty of manner, gave a certain attraction to his personal appearance, of which it stood in some need. In stature he was little and lean; his hair had become prematurely thin over his broad forehead; there were hollows already in his cheeks, and marks on either side of his thin delicate lips. He looked like a person who had passed many miserable hours in needlessly despairing of himself and his prospects. With all this, there was something in him so irresistibly truthful and sincere—so suggestive, even where he might be wrong, of a purely conscientious belief in his own errors—that he attached people to him without an effort, and often without being aware of it himself. What would his friends have said if they had been told that the religious enthusiasm of this gentle, self-distrustful, melancholy man might, in its very innocence of suspicion and self-seeking, be perverted to dangerous uses in unscrupulous hands? His friends would, one and all, have received the scandalous assertion with contempt; and Penrose himself, if he had heard of it, might have failed to control his temper for the first time in his life.

"May I ask a question, without giving offense?" he said, timidly.

Father Benwell took his hand. "My dear Arthur, let us open our minds to each other without reserve. What is your question?"

"You have spoken, Father, of a great trust that is about to be placed in me."

"Yes. You are anxious, no doubt, to hear what it is?"

"I am anxious to know, in the first place, if it requires me to go back to Oxford."

Father Benwell dropped his young friend's hand. "Do you dislike Oxford?" he asked, observing Penrose, attentively.

"Bear with me, Father, if I speak too confidently. I dislike the deception which has obliged me to conceal that I am a Catholic and a priest."

Father Benwell set this little difficulty right, with the air of a man who could make benevolent allowance for unreasonable scruples. "I think, Arthur, you forget two important considerations," he said. "In the first place, you have a dispensation from your superiors which absolves you of all responsibility in respect of the concealment that you have practiced. In the second place, we could only obtain information of the progress which our Church is silently making at the University by employing you in the capacity of—let me say—an independent Observer. However, if it will contribute to your ease of mind, I see no objection to informing you that you will not be instructed to return to Oxford. Do I relieve you?"

There could be no question of it. Penrose breathed more freely, in every sense of the word.

"At the same time," Father Benwell continued, "let us not misunderstand each other. In the new sphere of action which we design for you, you will not only be at liberty to acknowledge that you are a Catholic, it will be absolutely necessary that you should do so. But you will continue to wear the ordinary dress of an English gentleman, and to preserve the strictest secrecy on the subject of your admission to the priesthood until you are further advised by myself. Now, dear Arthur, read that paper. It is the necessary preface to all that I have yet to say to you."

The "paper" contained a few pages of manuscript relating the early history of Vange Abbey in the days of the monks, and the circumstances under which the property was confiscated to lay uses in the time of Henry the Eighth. Penrose handed back the little narrative, vehemently expressing his sympathy with the monks and his detestation of the King.

"Compose yourself, Arthur," said Father Benwell, smiling pleasantly. "We don't mean to allow Henry the Eighth to have it all his own way for ever."

Penrose looked at his superior in blank bewilderment. His superior withheld any further information for the present.

"Everything in its turn," the discreet Father resumed; "the time of explanation has not yet come. I have something else to show you first. One of the most interesting relics in England. Look here."

He unlocked a flat mahogany box, and displayed to view some writings on vellum, evidently of great age.

"You have had a little sermon already," he said. "You shall have a little story now. No doubt you have heard of Newstead Abbey—famous among the readers of poetry as the residence of Byron? King Henry treated Newstead exactly as he treated Vange Abbey! Many years since, the lake at Newstead was dragged, and the brass eagle which had served as the lectern in the old church was rescued from the waters in which it had lain for centuries. A secret receptacle was discovered in the body of the eagle, and the ancient title-deeds of the Abbey were found in it. The monks had taken that method of concealing the legal proof of their rights and privileges in the hope—a vain hope, I need scarcely say—that a time might come when justice would restore to them the property of which they had been robbed. Only last Summer, one of our bishops, administering a northern diocese, spoke of these circumstances to a devout Catholic friend, and said he thought it possible that the precaution taken by the monks at Newstead might also have been taken by the monks at Vange. The friend, I should tell you, was an enthusiast. Saying nothing to the bishop (whose position and responsibilities he was bound to respect), he took into his confidence persons whom he could trust. One moonlight night—in the absence of the present proprietor, or I should rather say, the present usurper, of the estate—the lake at Vange was privately dragged, with a result that proved the bishop's conjecture to be right. Read those valuable documents, Arthur. Knowing your strict sense of honor, and your admirable tenderness of conscience, I wish you to be satisfied of the title of the Church to the lands of Vange, by evidence which is beyond dispute.

With this little preface, he waited while Penrose read the title deeds. "Any doubt on your mind?" he asked, when the reading had come to an end.

"Not the shadow of a doubt."

"Is the Church's right to the property clear?"

"As clear, Father, as words can make it."

"Very good. We will lock up the documents. Arbitrary confiscation, Arthur, even on the part of a king, cannot override the law. What the Church once lawfully possessed, the Church has a right to recover. Any doubt about that in your mind?"

"Only the doubt of how the Church can recover. Is there anything in this particular case to be hoped from the law?"

"Nothing whatever."

"And yet, Father, you speak as if you saw some prospect of the restitution of the property. By what means can the restitution be made?"

"By peaceful and worthy means," Father Benwell answered. "By honorable restoration of the confiscated property to the Church on the part of the person who is now in possession of it."

Penrose was surprised an interested.

"Is the person a Catholic?" he asked, eagerly.

"Not yet." Father Benwell laid a strong emphasis on those two little words. His fat fingers drummed restlessly on the table; his vigilant eyes rested expectantly on Penrose. "Surely you understand me, Arthur?" he added, after an interval.

The color rose slowly in the worn face of Penrose.

"I am afraid to understand you," he said.

"Why?"

"I am not sure that it is my better sense which understands. I am afraid, Father, it may be my vanity and presumption."

Father Benwell leaned back luxuriously in his chair.

"I like that modesty," he said, with a relishing smack of his lips, as if modesty was as good as a meal to him. "There is power of the right sort, Arthur, hidden under the diffidence that does you honor. I am more than ever satisfied that I have been right in reporting you as worthy of this most serious trust. I believe the conversion of the owner of Vange Abbey is—in your hands—no more than a matter of time."

"May I ask what his name is?"

"Certainly. His name is Lewis Romayne."

"When do you introduce me to him?"

"Impossible to say. I have not yet been introduced myself."

"You don't know Mr. Romayne?"

"I have never even seen him."

These discouraging replies were made with the perfect composure of a man who saw his way clearly before him. Sinking from one depth of perplexity to another, Penrose ventured on putting a last question.

"How am I to approach Mr. Romayne?" he asked.

"I can only answer that, Arthur, by admitting you still further into my confidence. It is disagreeable to me," said the reverend gentleman, with the most becoming humility, "to speak of myself. But it must be done. Shall we have a little coffee to help us through the coming extract from Father Benwell's autobiography? Don't look so serious, my son! When the occasion permits it, let us take life lightly." He rang the bell and ordered the coffee, as if he was the master of the house. The servant treated him with the most scrupulous respect. He hummed a little tune, and talked at intervals of the weather, while they were waiting. "Plenty of sugar, Arthur?" he inquired, when the coffee was brought in. "No? Even in trifles I should have been glad to feel that there was perfect sympathy between us. I like plenty of sugar myself."

Having sweetened his coffee with the closest attention to the process, he was at liberty to enlighten his young friend. He did it so easily and so cheerfully, that a far less patient man than Penrose would have listened to him with interest.

CHAPTER III.—THE INTRODUCTION TO ROMAYNE.

"EXCEPTING my employment here in the library," Father Benwell began, "and some interesting conversation with Lord Loring, to which I shall presently allude, I am almost as great a stranger in this house, Arthur, as yourself. When the object which we now have in view was first taken seriously into consideration, I had the honor of being personally acquainted with Lord Loring. I was also aware that he was an intimate and trusted friend of Romayne. Under these circumstances, his lordship presented himself to our point of view as a means of approaching the owner of Vange Abbey without exciting distrust. I was charged accordingly with the duty of establishing myself on terms of intimacy in this house. By way of making room for me, the spiritual director of Lord and Lady Loring was attached, in some inferior capacity, to a mission abroad. And here I am in his place! By-the-way, don't treat me (when we are in the presence of visitors) with any special marks of respect. I am not Provincial of our Order in Lord Loring's house—I am one of the inferior clergy."

Penrose looked at him with admiration. "It is a great sacrifice to make, Father, in your position, and at your age."

"Not at all, Arthur. A position of authority involves certain temptations to pride. I feel this change as a lesson in humility which is good for me. For example, Lady Loring (as I can plainly see) dislikes and distrusts me. Then, again, a young lady has recently arrived here on a visit. She is a Protestant, with all the prejudices incident to that way of thinking, and avoids me so carefully, poor soul, that I have never seen her yet. These rebuffs are wholesome reminders of his fallible human nature to a man who has occupied a place of high trust and command. Besides, there have been obstacles in my way which have had an excellent effect in rousing my energies. How do you feel, Arthur, when you encounter obstacles?"

"I do my best to remove them, Father. But I am sometimes conscious of a sense of discouragement."

"Curious," said Father Benwell, "I am only conscious, myself, of a sense of impatience. What right has an obstacle to get in my way?—that is how I look at it. For example, the first thing I heard, when I came here, was that Romayne had left England. My introduction to him was indefinitely delayed; I had to look to Lord Loring for all the information I wanted, relating to the man and his habits. There was another obstacle! Not living in the house, I was obliged to find an excuse for being constantly on the spot, ready to take advantage of his lordship's leisure moments for conversation. I sat down in this room, and I said to myself, 'Before I get up again, I mean to brush these impertinent obstacles out of my way!' The state of the books suggested the idea of which I was in search. Before I left the house, I was charged with the re-arrangement of the library. From that moment, I came and went as often as I liked. Whenever Lord Loring was disposed for a little talk, there I was, to lead the talk in the right direction. And what is the result? On the first occasion when Romayne presents himself, I can place you in a position to become his daily companion. All due, Arthur, in the first instance, to my impatience of obstacles. Amusing, isn't it?"

Penrose was perhaps deficient in the sense of humor. Instead of being amused, he appeared to be anxious for more information. "In what capacity am I to be Mr. Romayne's companion?" he asked.

Father Benwell poured himself out another cup of coffee.

"Suppose I tell you first," he suggested, "how Romayne is marked out, by habits and disposition, as a promising subject for conversion. He is young; still a single man; romantic, sensitive, highly cultivated. No near relations are alive to influence him—he is not compromised by any illicit attachment. He has devoted himself for years past to books, and is collecting materials for a work of immense research, on the Origin of Religion. Some great sorrow or remorse—Lord Loring did not mention what it was—has told seriously on his nervous system, already injured by night-study. Add to this, that he is now within our reach. He has lately returned to London, and is living quite alone at a private hotel. For some reason which I am not acquainted with, he keeps away from Vange Abbey—the very place, as I should have thought, for a studious man."

Penrose began to be interested. "Have you been to the Abbey?" he said.

"I made a little excursion to that part of Yorkshire, Arthur, not long since. A very pleasant trip—apart from the painful associations connected with the ruin and profanation of a sacred place. There is no doubt about the revenues. I know the value of that productive part of the estate which stretches southward, away from the barren region round the house. Let us return for a moment to Romayne, and to your position as his future companion. He has had his books sent to him from Vange, and has persuaded himself that continued study is the one remedy for his troubles, whatever they may be. At Lord Loring's suggestion, a consultation of physicians was held on his case the other day."

"Is he so ill as that?" Penrose exclaimed.

"So it appears," Father Benwell replied. "Lord Loring is mysteriously silent about the illness. One result of the consultation I extracted from him, in which you are interested. The doctors protested against his employing himself on his proposed book. He was too obstinate to listen to them. There was but one concession that they could gain from him—he consented to spare himself, in some small degree, by employing an amanuensis. It was left to Lord Loring to find the man. I was consulted by his lordship; I was even invited to undertake the duty myself. Each one in his proper sphere, my son! The person who converts Romayne must be young enough and pliable enough to be his friend and companion. Your part is there. Arthur—you are the future amanuensis. How does the prospect strike you now?"

"I beg your pardon, Father! I fear I am unworthy of the confidence which is placed in me."

"In what way?"

Penrose answered with unfeigned humility.

"I am afraid I may fail to justify your belief in me," he said, "unless I can really feel that I am converting Mr. Romayne for his own soul's sake. However righteous the cause may be, I cannot find, in the restitution of the Church property, a sufficient motive for persuading him to change his religious faith. There is something so serious in the responsibility which you lay on me, that I shall sink under the burden unless my whole heart is in the work. If I feel attracted towards Mr. Romayne when I first see him; if he wins upon me, little by little, until I love him like a brother—then, indeed, I can promise that his conversion shall be the dearest object of my life. But, if there is not this intimate sympathy between us—forgive me if I say it plainly—I implore you to pass me over, and to commit the task to the hands of another man."

His voice trembled; his eyes moistened. Father Benwell handled his young friend's rising emotion with the dexterity of a skilled angler humoring the struggles of a lively fish.

"Good Arthur!" he said, "I see much—too much, dear boy—of self-seeking people. It is as refreshing to me to hear you as a draught of water to a thirsty man. At the same time, let me suggest that you are innocently raising difficulties where no difficulties exist. I have already mentioned as one of the necessities of the case that you and Romayne should be friends. How can that be unless there is precisely that sympathy between you which you have so well described? I am a sanguine man, and I believe you will like each other. Wait till you see him."

As the words passed his lips, the door that led to the picture-gallery was opened. Lord Loring entered the library.

He looked quickly round him—apparently in search of some person who might, perhaps, be found in the room. A transient shade of annoyance showed itself in his face, and disappeared again, as he bowed to the two Jesuits.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said, looking at Penrose. "Is this the gentleman who is to assist Mr. Romayne?"

Father Benwell presented his young friend. "Arthur Penrose, my lord. I ventured to suggest that he should call here to-day, in case you wished to put any questions to him."

"Quite needless, after your recommendation," Lord Loring answered, graciously. "Mr. Penrose could not have come here at a more appropriate time. As it happens, Mr. Romayne has paid us a visit to-day—he is now in the picture-gallery."

The priests looked at each other. Lord Loring left them as he spoke. He walked to the opposite door of the library, opened it, glanced round the hall and at the stairs, and returned again, with the passing expression of annoyance visible once more. "Come with me to the gallery, gentlemen," he said; "I shall be happy to introduce you to Mr. Romayne."

Penrose accepted the proposal. Father Benwell pointed with a smile to the books scattered about him.

"With permission, I will follow your lordship," he said.

"Who was my lord looking for?" That was the question in Father Benwell's mind, while he put some of the books away on the shelves, and collected the scattered papers on the table, relating to his correspondence with Rome. It had become a habit of his life to be suspicious of any circumstances occurring within his range of observation, for which he was unable to account. He might have felt some stronger emotion, on this occasion, if he had known that the conspiracy in the library to convert Romayne was matched by the conspiracy in the picture-gallery to marry him.

* * * * * *

Lady Loring's narrative of the conversation which had taken place between Stella and herself had encouraged her husband to try his proposed experiment without delay. "I shall send a letter at once to Romayne's hotel," he said.

"Inviting him to come here to-day?" her ladyship inquired.

"Yes. I shall say I particularly wish to consult him about a picture. Are we to prepare Stella to see him, or would it be better to let the meeting take her by surprise?"

"Certainly not!" said Lady Loring. "With her sensitive disposition, I am afraid of taking Stella by surprise. Let me only tell her that Romayne is the original of her portrait, and

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that he is likely to call on you to see the picture to day—and leave the rest to me."

Lady Loring's suggestion was immediately carried out. In the first fervor of her agitation, Stella had declared that her courage was not equal to a meeting with Romayne on that day. Becoming more composed, she yielded to Lady Loring's persuasion so far as to promise that she would at least make the attempt to follow her friend to the gallery. "If I go down with you," she said, "it will look as if we had arranged the thing between us. I can't bear even to think of that! Let me look in by myself, as if it was by accident."

Consenting to this arrangement, Lady Loring had proceeded alone to the gallery, when Romayne's visit was announced. The minutes passed, and Stella did not appear. Lord Loring thought it possible that she might shrink from openly presenting herself at the main entrance to the gallery, and might prefer—especially if she was not aware of the priest's presence in the room—to slip in quietly by the library door. Failing to find her, on putting this idea to the test, he had discovered Penrose, and had so hastened the introduction of the younger of the two Jesuits to Romayne.

* * * * * * *

Having gathered his papers together, Father Benwell crossed the library to the deep bow-window which lighted the room, and opened his dispatch-box, standing on a small table in the recess. Placed in this position, he was invisible to any person entering the room by the hall door.

He had secured his papers in the dispatch-box, and had just closed and locked it, when he heard the door cautiously opened.

The instant afterwards the rustling of a woman's dress over the carpet caught his ear. Other men might have walked out of the recess and shown themselves. Father Benwell staid where he was, and waited until the lady crossed his range of view.

The priest observed with cold attention her darkly-beautiful eyes and hair, her quickly-changing color, her modest grace of movement. Slowly, and in evident agitation, she advanced to the door of the picture gallery—and paused, as if she was afraid to open it. Father Benwell heard her sigh to herself, softly, "Oh, how shall I meet him?" She turned aside to the looking-glass over the fireplace. The reflection of her charming face seemed to rouse her courage. She retraced her steps and timidly opened the door. Lord Loring must have been close by at the moment. His voice immediately made itself heard in the library.

"Come in, Stella—come in! Here is a new picture for you to see; and a friend whom I want to present to you, who must be your friend, too—Mr. Lewis Romayne."

The door was closed again. Father Benwell stood still as a statue in the recess, with his head down, deep in thought. After a while he roused himself, and rapidly returned to the writing-table. With a roughness strangely unlike his customary deliberation of movement, he snatched a sheet of paper out of the case, and, frowning heavily, wrote these lines on it:

"Since my letter was sealed, I have made a discovery which must be communicated without the loss of a post. I greatly fear there may be a woman in our way. Trust me to combat this obstacle as I have combated other obstacles. In the meantime the work goes on. Penrose has received his first instructions, and has to-day been presented to Romayne."

He addressed this letter to Rome, as he had addressed the letter preceding it. "Now for the woman!" he said to himself—and opened the door of the picture-gallery.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT OCTOBER STORM.

AN unusually heavy storm of wind and snow passed over portions of Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Toronto, Canada, on the 15th and 16th of October. Along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Minnesota the storm was more severe and the snow heavier than was experienced all last Winter. In the southern part of the State railroad cuts were filled with snow, and drifts of several feet appeared on the tracks, cutting off all travel for several days. St. Paul was completely isolated for twenty-four hours, and for three days had communication with Milwaukee only.

The first snow began to fall in western Iowa on the 13th, Friday. It was accompanied by high winds, which increased throughout the day and all Friday night. The snow at first melted as it descended, but the temperature soon grew colder and everything was frozen solid. A northwesterly gale set in, and, the snow continuing to fall all day Saturday, it soon became drifted in great heaps in every gully and hollow. Near Des Moines the ground was frozen to a depth of several inches. This unusually early frost will seriously damage the potato crop, about two-thirds of which is not yet dug.

On the 16th, all Northern New York and a large part of Canada were covered with a heavy mantle. A fearful storm prevailed at Buffalo all day and night, but no serious consequences resulted. Considerable snow fell, but melted at once. At Lancaster, ten miles east of Buffalo, snow fell to the depth of almost thirty inches. The fall seemed to be in a zone or belt of about fifteen miles in width. Much damage to fruit has resulted, as the leafy branches caught such quantities of sleet and snow that whole orchards of young trees are well-nigh destroyed. Many farmers set to work immediately, with all the help they could muster, to gather the apple crop, and many of the large orchards presented a curious sight during the entire day. The falling snow, the heaps of bright-red apples, the men, women, and even children, working like bees, formed a picture worthy of a painter's brush.

The storm gradually came eastward, raging with greatest fury over Lake Michigan. The passenger steamer *Argosy*, of the Goodrich line, which had for many years plied between Chicago and various ports on the eastern shore of the lake, was wrecked, and portions of the hulk which went ashore at Holland, Mich., showed the vessel to have been so rotten that it is surprising she had not gone to pieces long before. At the time of writing it was believed that all the passengers and crew, numbering about seventy, were lost.

The propeller *Northern Queen*, the first boat from below, reached Milwaukee on the 18th. Captain Campbell reported that on Saturday every nook and cranny in the vicinity of Two Rivers sheltered vessels at anchor. In twenty years on the lake he never saw such a sea. Between Death's Door and Milwaukee the *Queen* run through a large amount of lumber, shingles, ties and wood. There were twenty-two vessels in Bailey's Harbor.

The Manaynee pier, the Kilgore pier and the Higgins pier, at Bailey's Harbor, were destroyed, also the pile-driver was upset in the lake by the wind and was lost. At the ship canal one new crib, just sunk, with 100 cords of stone in it, was lifted, the stones were spilled out and the crib was carried away. The new work at the ship canal was destroyed and a stone scow was run into by the schooner *Mabel Campbell*, cut in two and sunk. Two other scows went ashore at Almeepee and were destroyed. A raft of lumber at the ship canal broke loose and is mostly lost.

A dispatch from Muskegon says that there is not a vestige left of the schooner *Grenada*, which went to pieces off shore there. The only survivors are William Russell, the mate, and Angus Tinklater, the captain's brother.

On Monday the river, from Detroit to the mouth, was full of vessels which had been at anchor. But as the wind went down with the sun and the water became calm the craft rapidly passed out into the lake.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Temple Bar Memorial.

When Temple Bar was pulled down it was justly thought that something should be done to perpetuate the memory of that historic structure, so that all recollection might not be lost of a building which had formed for well-nigh two centuries the most important landmark of the city. Acting upon this suggestion, the Corporation of London determined upon the erection of a monumental structure on the site of the ancient gateway. The memorial, which is rapidly approaching completion, is oblong in plan, the two broader sides facing north and south, and the narrower ones east and west. It will, when finished, consist of a solid base of granite 7 feet 8 inches long by 5 feet 2 inches wide, and 7 feet high. The upper portion of this base will be adorned with bas reliefs in bronze, representing old Temple Bar, a Royal Procession into the city, the Thanksgiving for the Recovery of the Prince of Wales, and the city insignia, with an inscription recording the object of the memorial. Upon the base will stand a structure, also oblong in form, supported by pilasters at its angles. The two wider sides, or those looking north and south, will be hollowed out so as to form niches which will be occupied by statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales; the pilasters will be adorned with arabesques, and the entablature will bear an inscription. The top portion of the memorial will consist of a carved pedestal supporting a dragon holding the city shield between its paws. The pedestal, like all the upper portion of the memorial, will be of stone, but the dragon will be cast in bronze. The statues of the Queen and the Prince are of white marble.

The Murder of Lord Mountmorres.

This outrage took place on the evening of Saturday, September 25th. The deceased nobleman was riding home from a meeting of justices at Clonbur, when he was shot at a place called Rusheen, near Ballinrobe, about half a mile from his residence, Ebor Hall, Clonbur, County Galway. Suspicion was first aroused by his horse and car arriving at the hall unattended, and when search was made the nobleman was found lying in a pool of blood, and on examination it was found that he had received six rifle bullet wounds, four in the head and two in the body. At the inquest it was stated that when the body was discovered, the doctor who was summoned stated that he did not think life was quite extinct, and the police carried the body to the cabin of a man named O'Flanagan, who, however, refused to allow the police to enter, being in terror of what might happen to himself if he gave any assistance to the unfortunate nobleman.

Annexation of the Society Islands to France.

Tahiti—or Otaheite, which beautiful island, with its adjacent islands, has just been annexed to France—is the principal of the Society Islands, is situated in the South Pacific, in latitude 17 deg. 29 min. 2 sec. S., and longitude 149 deg. 29 min. W., and has been for some time a kind of headquarters for the French Navy in those seas. Its principal town and port is Papeete, and its population is somewhat over 9,000. In 1842 a protectorate was established over Tahiti by France, in virtue of a convention between the then Queen (Pomare) and Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, the Queen and her successors retaining their sovereign rights and also the administration of the country, but the foreign relations of the islands being under the control of the French Government. The illustration represents the demonstration in front of the king's palace at Papiete when the fact of the annexation was announced.

The Turkish Quarter at Dulcigno.

Dulcigno is divided into two distinct parts—the old and the new town. The old town, which is commanded by the fort, does not contain more than eighty houses, the greater part of which are old and ruinous, and of which only about fifty are inhabited; and the fort is not of any importance from a military point of view, as modern artillery, placed upon the heights of Monchora and Klanza, would have no difficulty in destroying it. The new town contains some 400 houses, and a population divided as follows: 2,100 Mussulmans; 80 Servian families, who belong to the Orthodox Greek Church; 40 Roman Catholics, and about 100 gypsies "without either religion or nationality." It was not until after 1858 that the Christians were allowed to dwell in the town and hold rights of citizenship.

The Infant Spanish Princess.

The Spanish Infanta, born on September 11th last, was in due season baptised and given a multiplicity of names. This religious ceremony, following the formal exhibition of the babe immediately after its birth, was all that strict Spanish etiquette demanded until the lapse of forty days from the day of birth, when the Queen was expected to make her first public appearance after the event. On October 21st, in compliance with this custom, Queen Christina visited the Chapel Royal, preceded by grandees, gentlemen, lords and generals, all in full court dress. The Queen took the Infanta Mercedes from the arms of her governess, the Duchess of Medina de las Torres, and knelt on a velvet cushion, holding her child while the Cardinal Patriarch read the Gospel of Purification over her. Bloody altar Mass was chanted the Papal Nuncio arrived at the Palace with a splendid alabaster and gold embossed casket, containing two magnificent dresses in satin, several embroidered robes for cushions destined for the Infanta, several precious relics for the Queen, and also a Papal brief and relic for each of the Infantas Isabel, Eulalia and Pax. The principal relic, a cross of brilliants, was immediately hung round the neck of the Infanta Mercedes, and ladies in waiting also swathed her in beautiful sashes, embroidered by Benina ladies and blessed by the Pope. On the 22d Queen Christina and Infanta Mercedes went in state to the Atocha Cathedral for a *Te Deum*, and on Saturday a levee was held in the Palace and a banquet of 120 covers given in the Hall of the Columns to the Ministers and the chiefs of the diplomatic corps.

OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

DURING the quarter year ending September 30th, 1880, the number of failures in the United States was 979, with liabilities of $12,121,422, a decrease, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, of 1,383 failures and $3,154,126 liabilities. During the nine months ending September 30th, the number of failures was 3,470, with liabilities of $45,010,186, as against 5,350 failures, with $81,030,940 liabilities, during the corresponding period of 1879. In the Dominion of Canada the failures during the third quarter of the present year were 150, and 417 last year, and the liabilities respectively $1,219,763 and $6,998,617. During the nine months of 1880 the number of failures was 779, with liabilities of $6,680,631, while for the corresponding period of 1879 there were 1,484 failures with liabilities of $24,424,570.

THE Oregon salmon catch has risen from 227,500 cases in 1875 to 630,000 in 1880.

TEXAS has a cash balance of nearly $1,000,000 in her State treasury.

THE quantity of Southern pine lumber received at Boston from the 1st of January to 1st of October, 1880, comprised 16,096,769 feet of Southern pine timber and planks, and 8,800,505 feet of Southern pine boards—a total of 24,897,274 feet of lumber. During the same period of 1879 the quantity received here comprised 6,809,758 feet of timber and planks and 3,567,858 feet of boards—a total of 13,377,609 feet.

THE little port of Darien, Ga., exported 41,772,211 feet of lumber to foreign ports during the six months from January 1st to July 1st, 1880. Its domestic shipments in the same time were 14,642,327 feet, making a total of 55,792,538 feet. Savannah exported about 60,000,000 feet during the same period. Pensacola, Fla., shipped a total of 186,240,000 feet to foreign ports and 31,845,000 feet coastwise (a total of 182,185,000 feet) during the twelve months ending September.

WORTH, of Paris, has recently worked up some dress silk manufactured in Newark, N. J.

THE manufacture of agricultural implements has doubled within the last ten years. In 1850 this industry gave employment to 5,361 hands; this year it gives employment to 40,680.

IN the United States there are produced 300,000,000 pounds of cheese, 40 per cent. of which is exported, amounting to 120,000,000 pounds. The amount of butter produced is estimated at 1,000,000,000 pounds; of this only about 2 per cent. is exported, yet this small percentage amounts to 20,000,000 pounds.

THE war ended in April, 1865. On August 31st of that year the outstanding interest-bearing debt was at its highest, being $2,381,530,294.96. The total debt—less cash in the Treasury—at that date was $2,756,431,571.43. On the 1st of September of the current year the total debt—less cash in the Treasury, amounted to $1,909,717,234.40, the reduction accomplished in fifteen years and one month being $847,713,837.03, a financial achievement without a parallel in the history of nations.

THE annual report of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad estimates the net earnings for the year 1880 at $1,300,000. The report says the company will have on hand November 1st nearly half a million dollars, and be prepared to pay two coupons on second mortgage bonds and two on the Springfield division bonds.

THE number of industrial establishments in Philadelphia by the last census is over 8,000, which is within 184 of the return of 1870. The increase in the number of hands is 25 per cent.

THE demand for lumber both in Maine and abroad is increasing, and operations on the upper waters of the St. John River will be much enlarged this Winter. Where one individual last year cut 2,000,000 feet of logs, this year five or six operators will cut from 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 feet.

THERE are in Georgia 88,822 colored men who own, by the tax receiver's returns for their respective counties, 615,199 acres of land.

IT is estimated that the rolling mills which are engaged in the production of steel rails have already received orders for 200,000 tons of rails for next year's delivery.

THE trade and population of Norfolk, Va., are both increasing, the whole business of the port for the year footing up $38,200,436. In this total is included $13,780,229 from cotton exports, and about $2,500,000 for coastwise cotton trade. The peanut crop is put down at $1,000,000, and the trucking business at $1,949,200. The total exports of the port of Norfolk for the year were $16,356,068, and the aggregate of clearances were 134,579 tons, of which only 15,499 tons was in American bottoms. Norfolk now ranks third among the cotton ports, this business, due to the great railroad connection of the place and its superior harbor, having grown from 6,174 bales in 1858-59 to 807,066 bales in 1879-80, these receipts representing a little over one-tenth of the entire crop.

THE shipments of bulk grain from St. Louis to foreign ports via New Orleans from January 1st to date, were 13,214,000 bushels, against 6,164,838 bushels for the same time last year.

GENERAL TOOMBS is about building a cotton factory at Washington, Ga., to cost $200,000. This example ought to be followed until the South has factories enough to manufacture all the cotton she grows.

ST. PAUL, Minn., has built $400,500 worth of business blocks this year, $168,000 of public buildings, $268,000 of mills, elevators, etc., $742,100 of private buildings and $270,000 worth of railroad structures. The new St. Paul elevator just finished cost $150,000, and there are some half a dozen new mills and factories whose average cost reaches $20,000. The public improvements by the railroad companies, in addition to the actual erection of buildings, has involved the expenditure of $210,000 the present season, while the public improvements by the city and street railroad, water and gas corporations have cost nearly $300,000 more.

THE aggregate value of the peanut crop of the United States of 1879-80 at the average prices which prevailed in the distributing markets is about $2,180,000, against $1,900,000 for the preceding year.

AN association has been formed to test the adaptation of the soil and climate of Washington Territory to the production of sugar from the beet. Professor Hilgard, of the University of California, reports the analysis of sugar-beets of Washington Territory as giving twelve per cent. of sugar and being free from the salts which interfere with the crystallization of sugar.

THE season thus far in California has been very favorable for the grape crop. The increase of new vineyards has been very large, and one of the best judges in the State estimates that the crop will exceed that of any other year by fifty per cent. He places the wine product for the year at 12,000,000 gallons, with a probability of more rather than less. The raisin crop will be fifty per cent. larger than last year.

NOW only in Mississippi and Alabama, but in all the Gulf States, wherever you may go, the interest in sheep-raising and wool-growing is rapidly on the increase. The flocks of the South are not only increasing in numbers, but they are being graded up by the introduction of pure-bred bucks. The demand for Merino bucks has been so great in the Gulf States that Tennessee has already about disposed of all her surplus stock, and the flock-masters who cannot secure what they want in the South are turning their eyes towards Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, and even the New England States, to make their selections. Everywhere in the Gulf States sheep-husbandry is being fostered and encouraged, and promises to be the source of great wealth to the people.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE work in the Hudson River Tunnel is to be continued on the original plan.

—IT is said that the Russian Finance Minister has decided on a complete revision of the tariff.

—A CIRCULAR just issued from the Census Bureau places the population of Delaware at 146,654.

—A STORM in Buenos Ayres, September 18th, destroyed about 700,000 cattle, 500,000 sheep and 250,000 horses.

—FIVE steamers have been ordered to be built on the Clyde for the new French company to trade with the United States.

—IN consequence of the suffering among the horses by epizootic, one-half of the regular street cars have been withdrawn in Richmond, Va.

—A FIRE in Charleston, S. C., October 17th, destroyed vessels, cotton and real estate at North Commercial Wharf to the amount of $584,000.

—THE United States exported during September $11,271,850 worth of domestic provisions and tallow, against $6,575,168 during September, 1879.

—A BRANCH devoted to the art of carriage building is to be established under the charge of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

—THE Oregon Senate and House have passed a constitutional amendment in favor of woman suffrage—the Senate by a vote of 21 to 9, and the House by 33 to 27.

THE so-called Lorillard contract asked for by M. Desiré Charnay as an authorization of his archæological investigations and excavations has been ratified by the Mexican Congress.

—TWENTY more Mormon missionaries sailed from this port last week. They go to England, Scotland, Wales and Scandinavia, whither thirty others have preceded them to gather recruits for the Mormon hell.

—THE Representative of Hamburg will shortly ask to have the city proclaimed in a state of siege on account of the Nihilists. Prussia will make a similar proposal in regard to Altona, Ottensen and Wandsbeck.

—THE Minister of Commerce of Santo Domingo has ordered the creation of a Central Board who shall arrange a project to reform the laws regarding marine commerce and customs duties, which are now defective in many respects.

—TRUSTWORTHY intelligence from the border land between Macedonia and Albania represents that the Christians are ripe for revolution. The Bulgarians and Mussulmans are armed, and assassinations on both sides are common occurrences. Anarchy reigns supreme.

—THE imports into France for the nine months ending on the 30th of September show an increase of 253,000,000 francs as compared with the same period last year. Of this increase 183,000,000 francs is in food. The exports during the same period increased 62,000,000 francs.

—ALBERT KINSLEY, Henry W. Burnham, George Campbell, Charles S. Joslyn, William A. Hinds and others have filed articles of association to be known as the Oneida Community (Limited). This is a reorganization of the association known by the same name, with the martial relations of its members changed.

—THE potato is a magnificent and astounding crop, such as has not been known in Ireland for over thirty years. Already, before the general crop has been dug out, which will not take place for a full month, potatoes are selling throughout the provinces at about half a dollar per 112 pounds, or threepence or less the stone.

—THE new steamship *Furnessia*, just launched in London, is the largest vessel ever launched in England, except the *Great Eastern*, and is intended for the Anchor Line service between Glasgow and New York. The steamer has accommodations for 200 cabin and 300 steerage passengers. The *Furnessia* will be ready for sea in two months.

—THE celebration of the sesqui-centennial of Baltimore closed October 19th with a general illumination of the city, commemorative of the ninety-ninth anniversary of the surrender at Yorktown. The City Hall, Washington and Battle Monuments glittered with thousands of gas-jets. Over 100,000 people were on Baltimore and the adjacent streets.

—THE Bill authorizing American troops to cross the Mexican frontier in pursuit of Indian depredators has passed the Mexican Senate, after encountering a bitter opposition in that body and in the press of the capital. The Bill is based on the condition that Mexican troops shall in like manner be permitted to cross the American frontier in similar circumstances.

—FUNDS have been granted by the Russian Synod to erect a Greek-Russian church in San Francisco. A priest has been appointed to proceed to California. He will be accompanied by deacons, sub-deacons, acolytes and a full choir. Five thousand rubles have been granted for the preliminary expenses, and the necessary funds for the establishment will be forthcoming when the mission leaves St. Petersburg, which event is expected to take place shortly.

—THE French Minister of War, with a view to encouraging a taste for horse exercise and to develop a knowledge of horse-flesh in the cavalry, has instructed the commanders of this branch of the service to allow a certain number of officers to take part in horse races and steeplechases. In no case are they to run for money prizes, but only in such instances as the rewards consist of cups or works of art. In races got up by officers themselves they are to ride their chargers, but in public races they must run horses that are their own property, and must not ride in uniform.

—A SPECIAL dispatch from El Paso says a letter received by Dr. Samaniego, of Paso Del Norte, from his brother at Corrisol, Mexico, avers that Asuata, a Lieutenant in the service of Governor Terazas, of Chihuahua, who came there for supplies, brought news that Colonel Terazas surrounded Victoria and his band on the 24th. The Indians were driven from their position, and at sunrise next morning the attack began again. At 9 A. M. the Mexican troops completed the victory, leaving Victoria with fifty grown Indians and 18 women and children dead on the field. Seventy women and children were also taken prisoners and 250 animals recaptured.

—A COMMISSION of inquiry has been appointed by the Newfoundland Government in Conception Bay to closely and carefully investigate the recent alleged outrages upon American fishermen. A letter from St. Johns says: "The general sense and sentiment of the people of Newfoundland are strongly antagonistic to these illegal and unjustifiable outbreaks of passion on the part of our fishermen against citizens of the United States peaceably exercising undoubted piscatorial rights secured to them by the Treaty of Washington. The only redeeming feature in these unruly displays of force is the circumstance that one and all have occurred in several settlements of the inland, chiefly inhabited by ignorant fishermen, who never heard the word treaty, and to whom notions of international rights or privileges of a reciprocal character are as dim as the musings of an oyster. In St. Johns, American fishermen are always welcome, and they take their bait and purchase their ice in the city and its neighborhood, perfectly secure from molestation."

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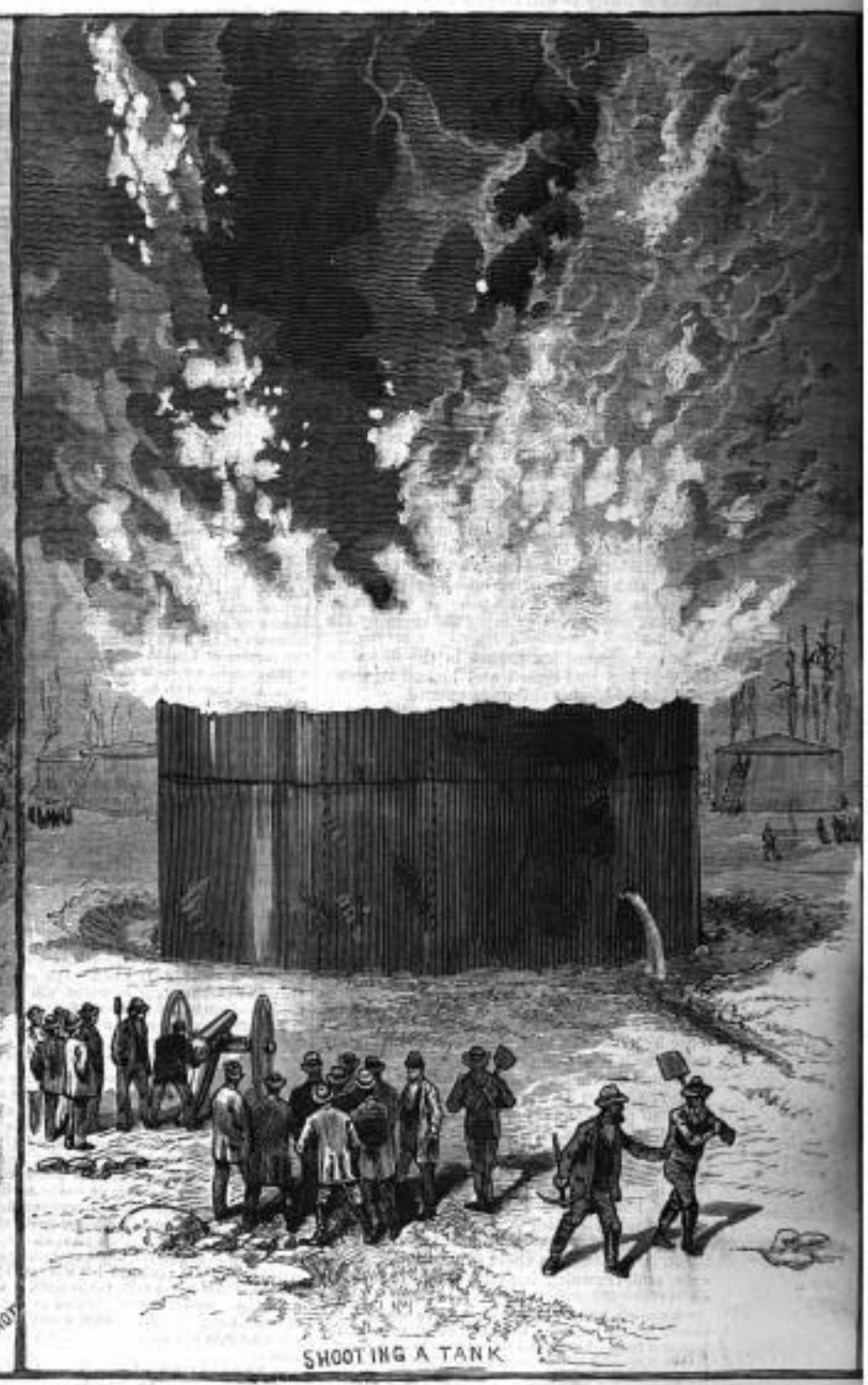
LOWERING THE CARTRIDGE



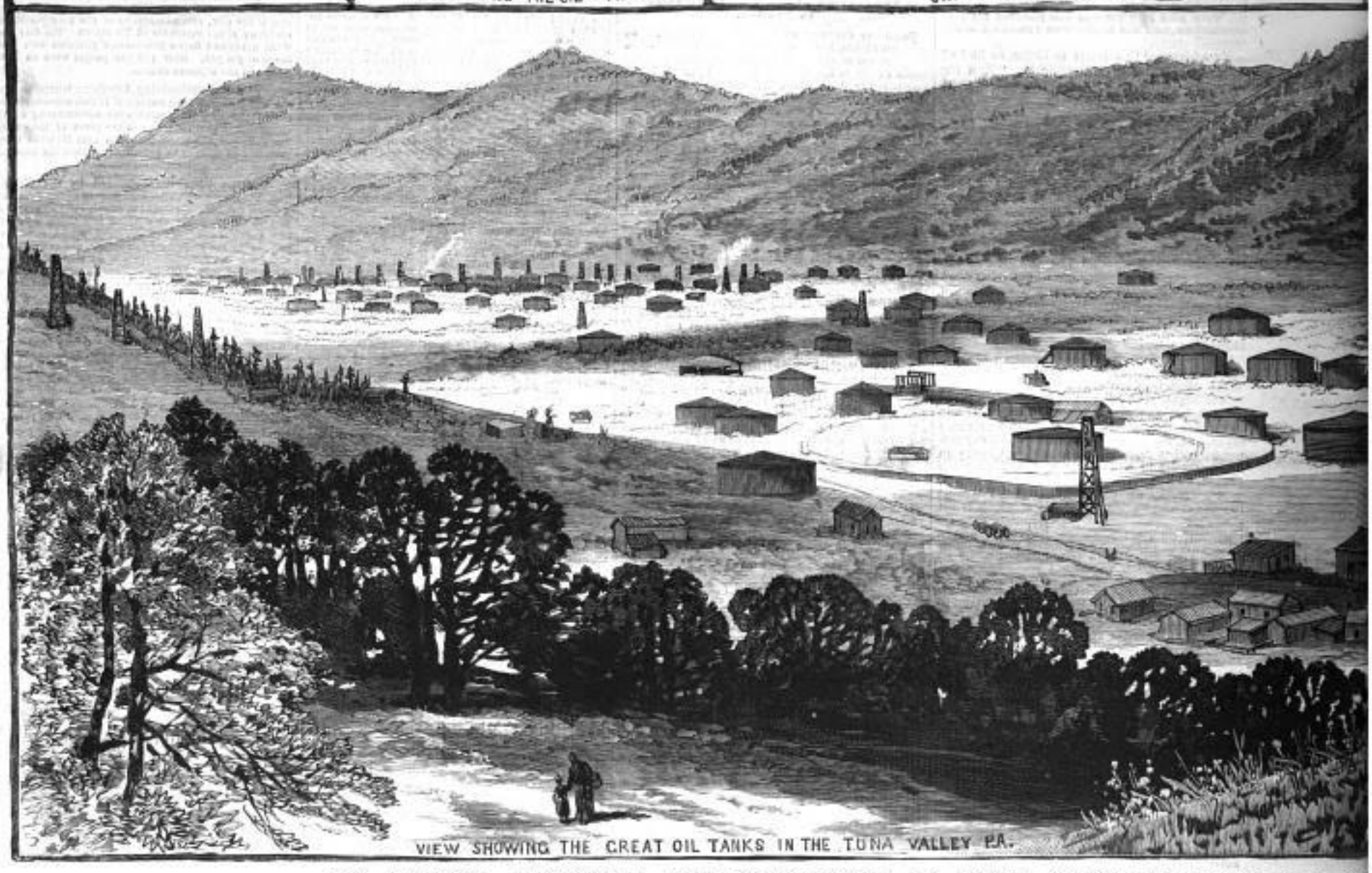
THE NITRO GLYCERINE WAGON



METHOD OF STARTING THE OIL – FIRING A SHOT



SHOOTING A TANK



VIEW SHOWING THE GREAT OIL TANKS IN THE TUNA VALLEY P.A.

OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.—THE TRANSMISSION OF CRUDE PETROLEUM FROM THE GR

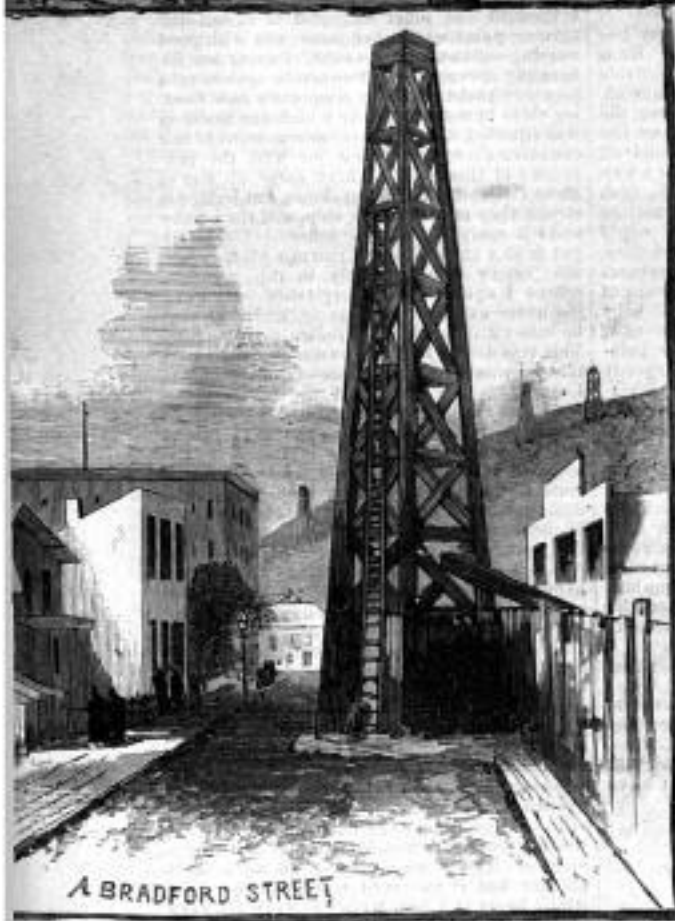
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A SATURDAY EVENING LUXURY.



SUNDAY MORNING - THE BILED SHIRT MAN



A BRADFORD STREET.



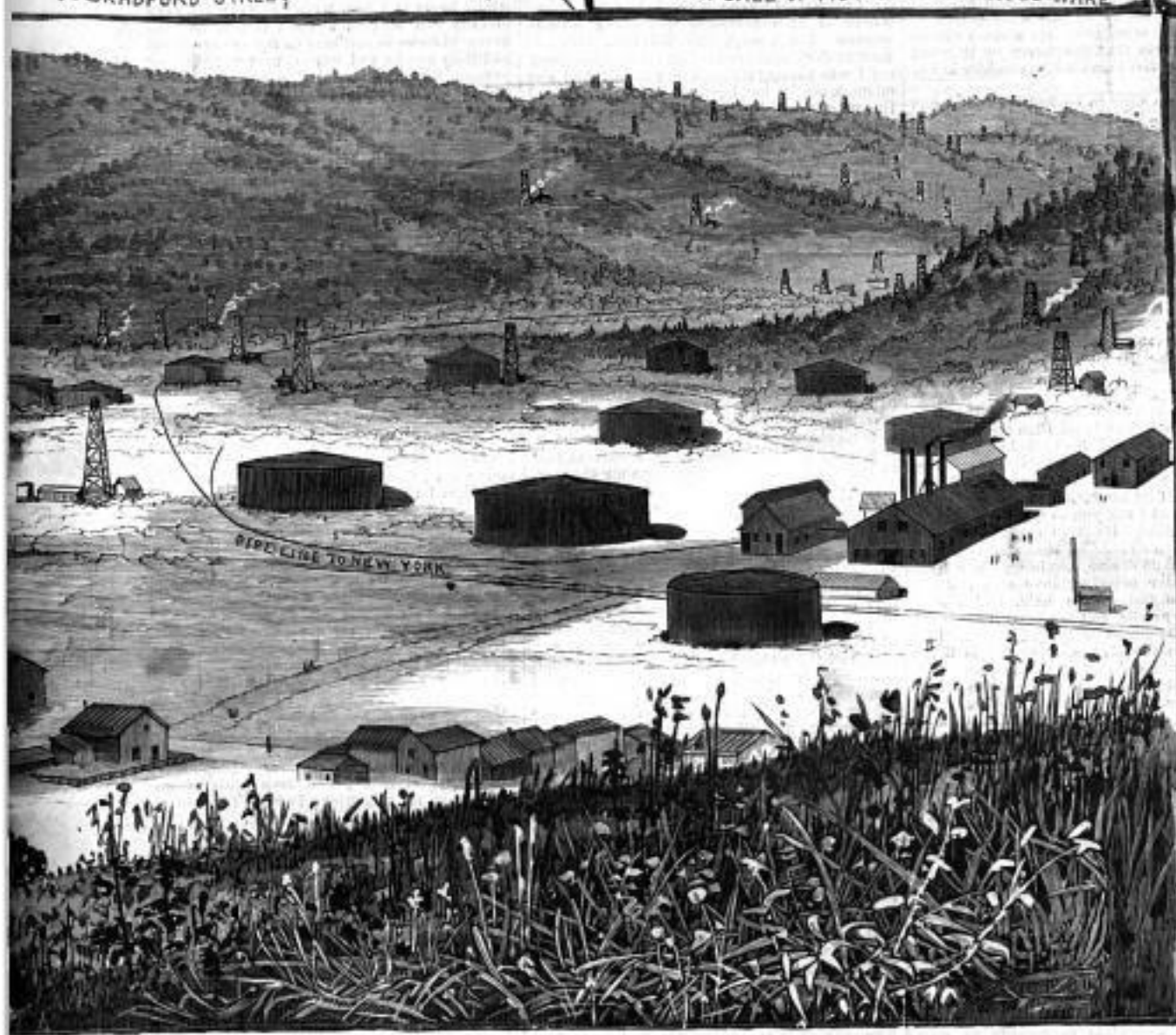
AN AUCTION SALE OF PISTOLS AND PLATED WARE

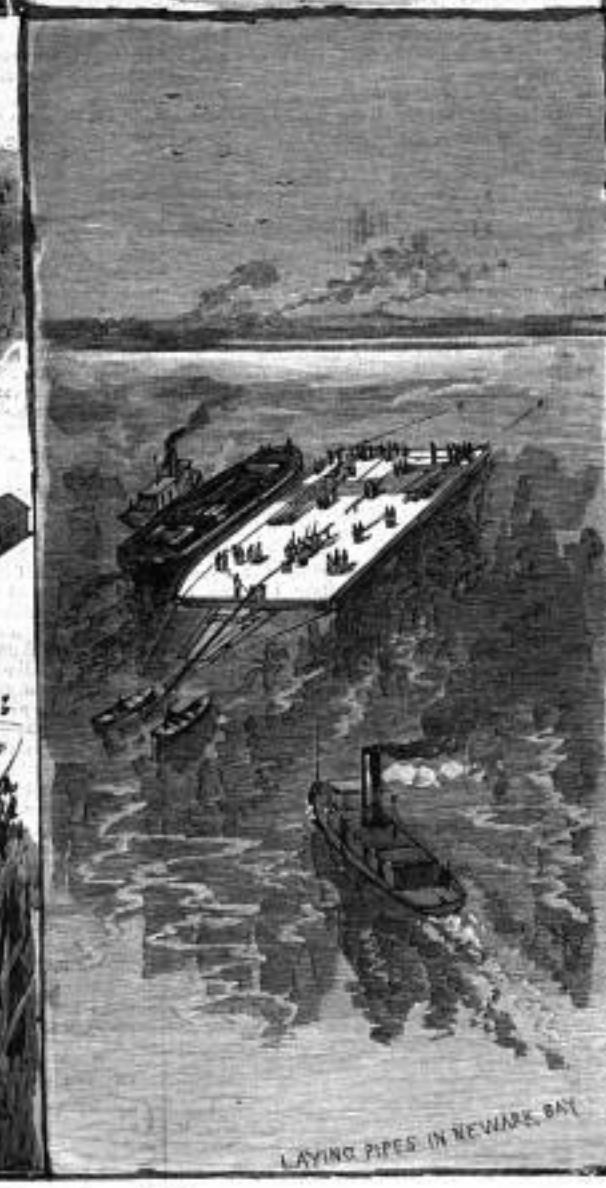


A GAS LAMP



AN OIL COUNTRY STOVE.





OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA TO TIDE WATER.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 159.

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REST.

HIS mother was a prince's child,
His sire a crowned king;
There lacked not to his wishes wild
What the broad earth could bring;
Strong knees were supple at his word,
Swords glimmered at his will.
Brave fortune! but it wearied him—
His spirit thirsted still.

For him the glorious music rolled
Of singers silent long;
The Roman and the Grecian told
Their wars of Right and Wrong;
For him philosophy unveiled
Athenian Plato's lore;
Might these not serve to stead a life?
Not these! he sighed for more.

* * * *

He loved—the truest, newest lip
That ever lover pressed;
The queenliest mouth of all the South
Long love for him confessed.
Round him his children's joyousness
Rang silvery and shrill;
Thrice happy! save that happiness
Lacked something—something still.

It came! the studded sceptre lay
An unregarded thing;
Velvets and gold did tawsely hold
The body of the king.
Why! strange that Love, and Love and Sway
Looked ever on before,
And those pale, quiet lips of clay
Asked nothing—nothing more.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.—(CONTINUED).

HALF an hour later, under the brilliant and glittering heavens, and a few steps removed from the shaft, stand the noble and the Greek exile, in the face of the latter a speechless amaze, bewilderment and gratitude.

"And do you think that I will accept this sacrifice?" she demands, in strong agitation, when he has made his brief explanation. "Do you think I will permit it? No! Sooner than accept my freedom at such a cost to a fellow-being, I will live and die in the mines!"

A sad, tender smile crosses the wan and weary face of the noble.

"For fifteen years," he says, in that rich, murmuring voice, "I have been confined in this place; for fifteen long and bitter years have I tasted every torture, agony and indignity that could fall to mortal, but I am repaid as no freedom could reward me, if you will accept your emancipation at my hands, if you will allow me to restore you to your liberty."

"You are too brave and noble," she cries, vehemently. "I will never—*never*—consent!"

"But you *must*," he urges, earnestly. "How can I move you? How can I make you understand how deeply engrafted into my soul is the desire to rescue you? Madame, now that you are going away from me—for you will consent to gratify me, after you know all—I will tell you of my love. Do you consider it an indignity—the affection of an exile? Perhaps so; but of one thing I am quite sure, no truer love have you ever had offered you. There is no torture that has touched me equal to the agony of seeing you subjected to this harrowing life—there is no madness that can come to me equal to that of feeling that for all the dreary future you must drag through this miserable existence; no death I fear save that of seeing your proud purity dragged down into the dust beneath the feet of your enemy. Ah, madame, I know the past; I read the history of your trial and temptation in your return from the office. I have been through all the bitter stages through which you have yet to pass if you remain here, and I know that I have seen the time when, maddened by torture and exhaustion that my brain was afire—that honor, manhood, virtue were nothing, and I would have sold my soul to escape from the torment of this living death. Much as you have passed through, you have only as yet tasted the horror and anguish of this life! And it is from this that I would save you—from your own *self*—for I know that human nature has its limits, that the persecuted body must and will triumph over the mind and every instinct of honor and purity. And do you think I will suffer to see you go? Not one pang! In your salvation is the reward for my past sufferings. It were a poor love that would hesitate to save its object at the price of its life."

Into the girl's eyes, hardened and embittered with her wretchedness, wells a flood of passionate tears.

"This is more than I deserve," she sobs. "I am not worthy of so grand a love! I will not yield to your entreaties. Save yourself while you may!"

"I will never leave these mines alive," he returns, mournfully. "If you refuse this opportunity, it will be lost. What matters to me a few years more or less? For me the trial of life is fast drawing to a close. Exhausted and abused by labor and neglect, my constitution is fast sinking, and the sands of my life are very near spent. And it is with the deepest gratitude and thankfulness that I view the approaching end. Death! what a blessed emancipator to the helpless and suffering! My ransom will be purchased, the burden lifted, my bondage laid down, the shame, degradation of years washed away—at last, I will have entered into eternal rest. And even into eternity I will carry with me the memory of you. Though you will enter into a new life, I will never—never let you go. I will never be alone. In the few more years that I have to live, in the days of labor, in the nights of woe, and in that last great hour of all, you will be in my heart, you will strengthen and comfort me."

As he speaks, in his face comes a "light never seen on land or sea." The lines and deep furrows fade away, the wan, haggard shadow vanishes, and upon his broad brow, where so often have stood the dank dews of anguish, is stamped the sublimity of sacrifice, and a grandeur that has never been there in the days of his youth—a sublime serenity, the peace, the gratitude, the rest with God and man of a soul which, after long years of travail and bitterness, is at last released from its burden and its brand.

In this holy hour the poisoned ashes of dead years drop away, the bitter memories of a slaughtered past fade out; the rankling, festering wounds lie quiet; the fierce, maddened rebellion for ever vanishes as he succors this woman from her thraldom and gives the touch of sublimity to human love. And in silence and awe the girl stands reverently before him. Before the divinity of that great and abiding love—before the grandeur and heroism of his renunciation—the bitterness of her earthly passion fades out of sight. She stands stripped of her hatred and revenge, shorn of the evil that was slowly but surely gaining root in her heart. The ice, the bitterness, the blasphemous mutiny melt for ever away as she looks up into that gray, stately, melancholy face and realizes this love, shorn of all earthly weakness and passion, and which no measure can compass. And yet she shudders and sickens with horror at thoughts of leaving this man to the agony of the life that has so long claimed him. He sees the irresolution, the heartsick misery of her lovely eyes.

"Do you still hesitate?" he says. "If you have any pity for my wretched and tortured life, I beseech you to accept this favor at my hands."

"But how can I!" she groans, and wrings her hands in her suffering.

"Can you find it in your heart to refuse one who stands upon the threshold of eternity? See, the grave will soon close over me;" he extends to her his emaciated arm, which already shows the approach of death. "Whether you go or stay, I will soon be among the unknown and nameless dead, and my rest will be sweet, dreamless, unbroken, if you are safe from the travail and pitfalls of this dead existence. If not, I think even the grave will refuse me oblivion. Will you go?"

"Since you desire it, I will." The consent is wrenched from her by his eloquent pleading. "But I swear by those heavens, I will return again and rescue you!"

"Do not attempt to do that," he murmurs. "It will be useless. Ere long I will be ransomed by a mightier hand than yours. If you desire to reward me, if you fancy my act entitles me to any consideration, all I ask of you is—*remembrance!* In the future, when happier days shall be yours, and the solace of a true love shall have effaced the agony of the past—if at such a time you will let one thought stray to him whose bones lie bleaching in a foreign land, it will be the richest guerdon you could give me. I crave no glowing tablet, no great recompense from the world that has slaughtered me; all I ask is one thought from you, and this I am assured I shall have."

Great choking sobs break from the woman who has borne the suffering of exile without a tear, and seizing the shrunken hand of her companion, she presses it again and again to her lips, while the great salt tears bedew it. But he quickly withdraws it; some tinge of earthly weakness that can never be usurped while the body lives makes him shudder at her caress.

"There is no time to be lost," he says, and for one instant his hands clinch. "Here is money that will be sufficient for you until you reach St. Petersburg, and once there, go to the Abbot of the Monastery of St. Michael. In his possession are my family jewels and half of my fortune. Upon this you can live for the remainder of your life in ease and luxury. And now you must start. Keep well to the east, and when the sun rises you will be far on your journey." He wraps around her a long, fur-lined cloak that entirely conceals her convict garb, and leads her towards the horse.

"But is there no message I can take for you—no commission I can perform in your old world?" she groans.

"Stay—yes!" The hollow, glazed eyes turn full upon her. "Sometimes it has come to me that between you and Count Toboskie there was a stronger bond than that of mere friendship. If so, and the turbulent ocean of life should ever again cast your lives together, I beseech of you not to harden your heart against him. If he has loved you once, it is for all eternity, and I ask you to make him happy in your affection. Do it in memory of me! And now, farewell!" One long, last look into the face with its divine loveliness—one final glance of tender, brooding love at the deep, dark eyes, at the golden hair, and she is placed in the saddle, and the good horse, cold and impatient with its delay, gathers itself for a start, and in the next moment she is being borne across the country at a swift pace. Almost stupefied with the past events, she finally turns in the saddle and looks back. Under the swaying shadows of the leafless trees she sees the tall, gaunt form of the exiled noble, his face, filled with its holy and sanctified light, upturned to the gleaming heavens, across which flashes the refulgent radiance of the aurora borealis, which seems to have risen in salutation to the grandeur of his renunciation. In the next moment a curve in the path shuts him out, and they separated until their spirits, purified and clothed in immortality, come face to face at the throne of the Son.

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE HISTORY OF THE PAST.

COUNT TOBOSKIE is alone in the gloomy silence of his private apartments. Never since the downfall of the woman of his love has he known human companionship. In his political life a certain conformity to state society is compelled of him; but in his private existence no monk of the monastery on the mountain peak could be more rigorous in self-denial and mortification of the flesh. It is the only solace he has—to feel that he, too, though in private, suffers from the same deprivations that mark *her* life.

Suddenly upon the door of his castle apartment sounds a knock, and before him appears his chamberlain.

"My lord, there is a messenger from the Hospital of St. Mary awaiting. He comes from one woman, Valentine Gabaudie, an inmate, who is thought to be dying, and who sends an urgent request for you to visit her at once."

The count springs to his feet. At that name a sudden tremor of excitement has seized him.

"Say that I will be there at once," he commands, hastily, "and order my carriage to be at the door as soon as possible. *Dying!* Every moment is precious."

A short time afterwards he alights at the hospital, and is shown to a small apartment wherein lies Valentine. A shudder of overwhelming horror convulses him as he looks down upon that figure.

"Good God!" he cries, shrinking back. "What is the matter with you?"

"Vitriol!" she says, grimly, and he notices that, despite the anguish she must be enduring, her voice is firm and strong. Never has any sight ever affected him as this does. He is actually faint with horror and uncontrollable disgust. The eyes and forehead are uninjured, but only serve to make more apparent the horrible condition of the lower portion of the countenance, which is disfigured beyond all recognition. The skin is entirely burnt away by the fatal drug, and in some places the flesh is eaten to the bone. If streams of molten lead had coursed down that face it could scarcely have wrought greater destruction. No trace of the once straight, dark features remains, while all attempt at concealment of the hideous spectacle is made impossible by the inability to apply bandages to the raw, quivering flesh. The suffering must be indescribable—worse than a hundred speedy deaths—yet that peculiar force of her character sustains her with remarkable strength. Expression, form, character, are entirely burnt out of her face, but her hands, beautiful as sculptured marble as they lie upon the counterpane, are uninjured, and, as usual, *in* them lie the expression which probably would be repressed from her countenance, even if it were uninjured. The flesh of the extreme portion of the straight and perfect fingers is agitated with a convulsive and tremulous quiver like the muscles of a sensitive mouth; and occasionally the entire hand clinches with a swift, sudden movement.

"How did it happen?" he inquires, sinking in a chair by the bed.

"It is a simple story; if any one believed in Providence they might say this was retribution, but I don't believe in such things. Conscience is the only soul of man, and that has been dead in me long ago. All my life I have been an atheist. I shall not turn now."

A defiant gleam shoots into her eyes, and her hands move restlessly upon the bed.

"But that is not answering my question," he says.

"I forget. I have not much to tell. Somewhere in St. Petersburg there is a jealous woman. For a week she had been lying in wait in dark corners for her rival. One evening I was passing through her street and she mistook me for her husband's siren. I gained this much from her ravings. Then came the vitriol. That is all."

"But I thought you accompanied Lady Ashhurst—or, rather, Lady *Chatswood*—to England."

"I preferred to remain in Russia. Fate at last deserted me. If I had gone to England this had not happened."

"But can nothing be done to alleviate your suffering?"

"Nothing; they tell me I am dying. But it will be a slow death; my vitals are uninjured; it is agony, sheer pain that is killing me."

"Have no traces of the perpetrator of this horrible deed been discovered?"

"None. My death will ever be unavenged. As I am dying, I sent for you to tell you the history of my life. In one or two points it may be interesting to you." The large, black eyes gleam up at him in malice and unmistakable hatred. "I believe, in all romances that I have read, a deathbed confession for the marplot is the proper thing. But, mind you, I do not tell you this through any weak emotion of repentance. I do not fear to die. I believe that the future holds nothing save oblivion. Count Toboskie, long ago, when we met in England, I read your character. I saw that you were ambitious, but with a lofty ambition that disdained gold; it was power, sway, *finesse* that you craved. You were cold, and proud of your coldness, even as you were, and are, proud of the unbending *hauteur*, the icy dominance of your nature. You believe that one of your race is infallible—that a Toboskie could not err in his judgment, but must be deferred to in private as well as state matters. Am I not right?"

He is silent, amazed at the accuracy with which this woman has read his nature.

"But, above all," continues the low, chill voice, "you are proud of your honor. *It* is to you what Christ is to other men. You would slay that man, even though he were your Emperor, who would dare to barter upon your integrity. Well, count, your goal is attained, even a Toboskie could crave no more fame—no more of power than are yours. But I have sent for you to show you that even you are human, and as such are liable to err. This will take me back into the early portion of my history:

"Twenty years ago and over there died upon one of the West India islands an Englishman named Vavasour. He had one child then about ten years of age, since whose birth he had been a widower. His wife was a native, in whose veins ran the blood of a royal princess of a barbarous tribe, whom her grandfather had met in his travels, become enamored of and bore her back to the Indies, where he made her his wife. That woman was also my grandmother, as I was the half-sister of Vavasour's wife. This story is closely connected with myself, and I must relate it as it is, even at the risk of having egotism imputed to me. Between my sister and myself existed that strong, passionate, affection of our Creole blood, which was also strongly impregnated with the barbarous instincts of our royal grandmother. And at her death she gave into my possession her babe, a few days old. It was a solemn and entire gift, and upon the child I soon grew to lavish all the affection I had centred upon the mother. I was her sole companion, even as she was mine, and her father's death made no alteration in our lives. I was left the legal guardian of Gypsy, and the entire possessor of the modest fortune to be expended upon our support. We lived, alone with our servants, quietly and happily, far removed from the companionship of the world. When Gypsy was twelve years old she was seized with one of those terrible fevers incidental to the climate. At one period I thought she must succumb to it, but the turning-point was in her favor, and with good nursing she came back to life. During her illness my servants had frequently spoken of a pleasure yacht that they frequently saw floating close to the coast, near which our mansion was situated, and, at the commencement of her convalescence, fate threw me with the proprietor of this yacht. There came up one of those swift and terrible cyclones, but before it struck they made fast the ship, and the owner and his companions came ashore. The latter put in at a small shanty upon our place, while the former came directly to the mansion, where I extended our hospitality. He gave his name as Claudio Despucio, and said that he was visiting the West Indies for pleasure. This was true; but I afterwards discovered that he was a Russian noble—Count Nicholas Lagors.

"I was then as unsophisticated, as much of a child, as Gypsy, and when the days passed and he accepted my eager invitation to the hospitality of our home, my heart, that was from the first impressed by his fierce, fickle, distinguished appearance, went entirely into his keeping. I loved him with all the strength, the passion, of my fiery and ardent nature. And when one night he told me of *his* love my happiness was complete. No doubt of him ever entered my heart. I believed in him as Christians believe in their God. I staked my all on him; if he failed me, even Heaven must be false. So I told our oldest servant, who had once been my nurse, and who with a keenness unusual read his fickle nature. All this time he had not once seen Gypsy, who was now almost restored. Though I trusted him fully, some instinct seemed to warn me to keep these two apart, and I forbade her to enter the parlors upon a weak pretense. Six months passed. Still he lingered under our roof, and still I was in a fool's paradise. The country was beginning to classify our names in an unenviable manner, but it mattered nothing to me; my whole heart and soul were his, even my very identity had become merged in his. All the fierce, idolatrous instincts of my savage blood had fully awoke and were concentrated in my passion for my lover. But one day I was rudely awakened from my dream of bliss; upon going to Gypsy's chamber I found her absent; upon a table lay a note in her little crooked handwriting. It took me hours to realize its contents, but finally I awoke to the bitter, crushing blow. Gypsy, the child of my love, had gone off in the yacht with my lover! All this time that I had believed I had kept her safe from his knowledge, he had known and loved her. I believe he stumbled upon her once as she lay half-naked in the grass, and from that moment their clandestine acquaintance commenced."

Toboskie remembers that picture once seen in Lagors's chamber, and marvels that he did not recognize in it some semblance to Lady Ashhurst. But he is silent, not even telling her that a portion of this narrative has been told him by Lagors, seeing that she must tell her story after her own fashion.

"I wonder that I did not go mad in those horrible, solitary days; it would have been a mercy if I had, but such a blessing was denied me. I lived, though my inner life was killed, my heart broken. At last I rose from my weakness, though never for one moment after the first shock did I feel anything but pity for the child—for she was nothing more, though maturing so early in the tropical climate in which she was born. It was always my faithless lover that roused my wrath. And as all the fierce and savage instincts of my uncivilized race were merged in my love for him, even so, after his perfidy, did these dangerous elements of my character centre in a swift but boundless hatred. Love in me and all power of loving were for ever killed, but that only made my capability for hatred all the greater. My whole soul became submerged with the one idea—revenge! He had abused my hospitality, had betrayed that grand, free faith of my youth, and for this injury I swore I would be avenged.

"One morning I was awakened early by a hand laid upon my brow. I looked up to see Gypsy standing by my bedside. The sudden sight of her briefly drove away the memory of my own injuries. Not until this moment had I fully realized how bitter and solitary my life had grown without her. I took her in my arms and wept over her; she had come back to me—this child of my love, this baby of my loved and lost sister. At last she told me her history—of the intense passion of her lover, of the delightful days spent in the world of gayety, of the different lords in the different

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countries that had fallen madly in love with her beauty, of the silks and satins and jewels in which she had been clad, and then of the waning love of her betrayer. It was the old, old story; why need I linger. She had been gone just eight months, and had grown lovelier and more womanly, while in her breast, awakened by the dream-like, idealic existence of those short months, burned all the wild, instincts of her gay and frivolous disposition. Last of all, she told me that in Athens she had given birth to a child. She was a mother—she who was nothing but a child herself, who it seemed but a few short days ago had been placed in my arms by her own dying mother! I stared at her, stupefied by a strange and deadly horror.

"'Where is the child?' I asked.

"'I left it in Greece. Nasty little thing! What could I have done with it?'"

(*To be continued.*)

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

AN OIL PIPE LINE FROM PENNSYLVANIA TO THE SEABOARD.

ONE of the great enterprises of the time is that of the Standard Oil Company for the construction of a pipe line from the Pennsylvania oil regions to tide-water at Jersey City, by which the oil-carrying business can be transferred from the railway companies and concentrated in its own hands. The enterprise has, very naturally, encountered the sturdy opposition of the railroads heretofore enjoying this carrying trade, but it now seems likely to be pushed to a successful completion at an early day. Recently an attempt was made to prevent the laying of the pipes across Newark Bay, but it resulted in failure, and the line at that point is now ready for use. The route, as far as it has been selected in New Jersey, runs from Jersey City across the Hackensack meadows to near Kingsland's, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The bluff is climbed, and the line continued across the rising ground to West Rutherford. Then the hill is descended to the Passaic River, the pipe is laid across its bed, and then up the western bank and through Acquackanonck to the long hill known as Garret Mountain. Up the rocky bluffs the pipe is carried and across the mountains, passing down the Browertown Valley, and so on until the Passaic River is again reached, near the high bridge of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, half-way between Paterson and Little Falls. Beyond this point the line is to be continued westward from the Passaic River, where that stream is crossed the second time, and carried over the Preakness Mountain and across the Singack Valley to the Pompton Valley, up which it will be extended, generally along the route of the Montclair Railway, to Greenwood Lake, and thence in the most direct course to the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, where the pipe line will, for the present, stop. There the oil will be received from that road, and pumped thence to the refineries at Greenville, on the edge of New York Bay, just below Jersey City. It is thought that this is all that can be laid of the line this season, but through the Winter the right of way will be secured through Pennsylvania, and next Spring the pipe will be continued until the company's works are reached in Butler County. The grants so far secured include the right of way to lay and keep in repair a six-inch pipe three feet below the surface, and also the right to erect and maintain telegraph-poles across the same property. The latter privilege is said to be for the purpose of maintaining a telegraph merely for the use of the company, but may be much more valuable some day.

The pipe is of six inches (inside) diameter, very heavy, weighing about fifty pounds per foot. It is made in long sections and thoroughly tested. The defective parts are cut out and the rest is used, the lengths being six or eight feet, more or less, and weighing from 300 to 400 pounds. Longer sections would be too heavy for easy handling. The pipes are laid three feet under ground where possible, the natural surface of the soil being followed, so that no grading is required and no damage is done to property. It is carried up hills and down mountains, up abrupt precipices and across valleys, through or under canals and along the beds of rivers, no bridges or trestles whatever being used. In this way the actual cost of laying will be small. The projectors of this great work estimate that 15,000 barrels of oil will be forced through the pipe daily, equivalent to, perhaps, 300 carloads. The saving on their freight bills, they say, will pay for the whole line in a very short time. They do not fear any difficulty from the pipe getting clogged with thick oil, nor from steep ascents, believing that the force used to drive the immense quantity of oil mentioned will serve to keep the pipe entirely free and clear.

There are few more interesting points to a visitor than Bradford, in Wayne County, Pa., where the oil interest now largely centres. There oil is truly king. Oil is everywhere, and at every turn one stumbles upon the appliances employed in utilizing it. Derricks and tanks crop up, as if out of the soil, in all directions; even the race-course is invaded by them. Lamps for the consumption of the surplus oil flame night and day, and country stores burn nothing but oil. Bradford itself is a town of pine-boards and mud, and social life wears rough and crude forms, but it is, all the same, a place of intense activity. The process of sinking wells, illustrated by our artist, has many points of interest. First a hole is dug, sometimes to the depth of a thousand feet; over this a square box casing is placed, and into this is let down, from the tail of a wagon, a can of nitro-glycerine containing 25 or 30 quarts. This is exploded by concussion from a heavy weight suddenly dropped upon it—the explosion opening the well, and being followed by a shower of stones, water, etc., and a steady flow of oil. The business of adjusting and exploding the cans of nitro-glycerine is full of danger, but casualties are of rare occurrence.

It sometimes happens that tanks of oil take fire from lightning or some other cause. Should the burning oil overflow and spread, of course great damage might result. To prevent this, ditches are made about the tank, and, when these are completed, a hole is made near the bottom of the tank by firing a ball into it from a cannon kept for the purpose.

The Standard Oil Company has eleven pumping stations between Bradford and New York. It controls over 400 tanks, holding over 11,000,000 barrels of oil. In laying the pipes, twenty-five men constitute a gang, and these lay 300 joints, or from two-thirds of a mile to one mile in a day. The highest altitude crossed by the pipes is 2,000 feet above the sea-level. Mr. Alfred Smedley is the general superintendent at Bradford.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR.

THE American Institute Fair, now in progress at the Hall on Third Avenue, New York City, is conceded on all hands to be superior to any of its predecessors. The list of exhibits covers many of the most notable products of industrial skill and enterprise, and the display as a whole shows conspicuously what great progress has been made in recent years in providing for the comfort and convenience of mankind. For the last forty-nine years every useful American invention has been exhibited at some time in this vast hall. Every coming season adds new interest to the place by the exhibition of fresh articles in the several departments, and this year the number of exhibits placed before the public for inspection is greater than ever. Among the many things likely to arrest the attention are the ponderous engines which generate the driving power and distribute it all over the edifice. The various mechanical contrivances in Machinery Hall are a marvel of ingenuity. Here a little saw, not stronger than the mainspring of a watch, will cut a set of miniature furniture out of a single block of wood not larger than a man's fist; and there the mighty pulverizing stone-crushers can reduce a rock of quartz to the dimness of powder while the spectator could only count two score. A color printing machine can be viewed at work, and a miniature press complete in all its parts may be inspected under a glass shade. Further along there is a machine for making cigarettes—quite a study in itself—and near by another invention appears which receives loose tobacco in a funnel, weighs it accurately, packs it in cloth bags for the pocket, presses it in shape, and delivers the filled bags at the rate of thirty a minute on a revolving table, where a man stands to draw the mouths of the bags together, and the operation is finished. A second person is needed to feed the empty bags to the machine. Other attractions are the glass-blowers, the telephones and type writers, and the art gallery, containing many photographs and crayon drawings. There is a large exhibit of furniture, with all manner of spring-beds and easy-chairs to please the weary. Prominent among the individual exhibits is the display of George V. Hecker & Co., a graceful pyramid, composed of the products of their various mills in New York City. More than a dozen different products appear in the collection, among them some whose names, from long and continuous use, have become as familiar as household words. The name of this house rests upon an honorable record of thirty-five years' successful business. The Hecker Mills, covering twenty-four city lots, on Cherry Street, are among the largest in the country, and capable of turning out over two thousand barrels of flour daily.

Near the exhibit of Hecker & Co. is one of oleomargarine. A comely pile of packages, with conspicuous invitations to try the substance, attract many visitors. The manufacturers and dealers in oleomargarine have always claimed that they were willing their product should stand and sell upon its actual merits, and the public, represented at the fair, appear perfectly willing to make the test, and on the whole seem well satisfied with its results. That oleomargarine has its merits and its purposes, has long since ceased to be debatable; that it is much better than poor butter, is almost as well demonstrated; and that the Commercial Manufacturing Company, Consolidated, and owners of the Mege patent, have a wide field and a large market for its productions is proved by the steady increase of its works, and its constant development of trade, both domestic and foreign.

The exhibits of philosophical instruments, including terrestrial globes with small clocks mounted in the area of the Arctic circle, are also objects of interest in the fair. In the botanical department are many rare specimens of cacti and the Mexican maguey. At the platform near the organ, close to the great fountain, whose crystal spray freshens the heated atmosphere, Arbuckle's band daily discourses the compositions of popular composers to the delight of the large crowds of visitors.

THE NEW COLORED COLLEGE AT ATLANTA, GA.

THE new building of the colored college of Atlanta, Ga.—Clark University—was formally dedicated on October 16th. The new building, known as Chrisman Hall, is exceedingly handsome and commodious, and, located on an elevated position, commands a fine view of the city. The building, which is four stories high and built of brick, cost $30,000, and the grounds, which comprise 450 acres, cost an additional $10,000, making the total cost of the building and grounds $40,000. Ten thousand dollars of this money was donated by Mrs. Eliza Chrisman, now of Topeka, Kansas, for whom the college was named, and the remainder was secured from the Freedman's Aid Society and by Bishop Haven through private subscriptions. The building contains four fine school-rooms, a chapel, parlor, library, reading-room, a kitchen, laundry, dining-room, etc., and dormitories for teachers and about one hundred students.

This college is the outgrowth of a school established in Atlanta by the Freedmen's Aid Society in 1869. At first this was a primary school, and the grade was not much raised for several years. After a time, theological and classical departments were added, and the school assumed the form of a seminary, which form it still holds essentially, considered from a New England standpoint. The students are mostly the children of parents formerly slaves, and many of them are extremely poor. The *Atlanta Constitutionalist* says of the institution: "Like the acorn, it grows slowly but surely. At the past rate of growth, a score of years will give it magnificent proportions. It is a good illustration of the vitality and power of that truly American idea, the voluntary principle, by which our people build their churches, pay their ministers, and erect nearly all their high schools and colleges. There is no taint of tithe or church tax about this field of four hundred acres, graced by this thirty thousand dollar building devoted to higher education. It is the offspring of the benevolence of our people North and South, but for the time being more from the former than the latter, but that is no reason it should continue so. We claim that as it is an ornament to the city, with a broad and comprehensive design, our own men of wealth and benevolence should lend it further support, which, we are glad to learn, they have begun to do in the work of furnishing the building. It may be well to add that the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) enlarged the powers of that board of education under whose care this school has sprung up, to enable it to meet the wants of the white membership and the dependents of that church as well as of the colored, and we heartily wish that a building of equal magnitude and beauty may some day in the near future spring up within our city bounds, under the care of that board for the benefit of its white membership, nor do we see any good reason why the same board of trustees or regents should not supervise both."

The dedication exercises on the 16th were full of interest. The college chapel was filled to its utmost capacity with the friends of the institution, both white and colored, and upon the rostrum were a number of distinguished citizens, among them Governor A. H. Colquitt, Senator Joseph E. Brown, School Commissioner O. J. Orr, Ex-Governor Bullock, Mr. H. J. Kimball, Professor Slaton, of the city public schools, General Evans, Rev. Dr. Hoch, and many others. The exercises were opened with prayer by Bishop Turner. Dr. R. S. Rust followed with a brief preliminary address, referring to the history of the institution, its present prosperous condition, and its bright future. He read several letters which he had received from friends of the college, one from Mrs. Chrisman and one from John Greenleaf Whittier. Bishop Warren followed with a masterly address, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Senator Joseph E. Brown then made a few remarks tracing the history of slavery for several centuries past, and comparing the present condition of the colored race with what it was in England, New England and the South prior to the war. He said it was God's will that slavery should be "torn out by the roots," and that if it was in his power to place the blacks where they were before the war—if the turning over of his hand would do it—he wouldn't make the effort. Bishop Haven (cousin of the bishop who was so persistent in his efforts to build up this institution) said, in following Governor Brown, that he believed the South would rise from the ruins of the war brighter than ever before. Governor Colquitt, just elected by 40,000 majority, made a very strong address. He said he was very glad the election was over, for he hadn't said a favorable word about or to the colored men during the canvass that his opponents had not construed it as having a political significance. He spoke of the faithfulness of the blacks, and said, "The first free school" after the war was established on a plantation where the owner, although left very poor, still found money enough to buy books and build a little shanty and hire a teacher. "I don't know anything that did more towards bringing me home safely from the war than the prayers of those faithful colored people on my plantation at home."

Bishop Wylie, in an address, urged the colored people to disabuse their minds of the idea that the law can give them education, affluence or social position without effort on their part; that they must carve out for themselves their own glory or disgrace.

The college starts out under the most favorable auspices, almost filled with students, and has apparently a brilliant future before it. It has a corps of five teachers, under Mr. R. E. Bisbee, president, who are paid by the Freedmen's Aid Society, and the other expenses of the college are secured by an exceedingly low rate of tuition.

THE SALE OF FECHTER'S EFFECTS.

THE sale of the wardrobe of the late Charles A. Fechter, and the collection of miscellaneous properties belonging to him, which took place in New York City, October 13th, attracted a crowd of actors, actresses, managers, and other well-known persons. Many of the suits and articles of wearing apparel were in an excellent state of preservation, and were worth from three to five times what they brought. This was the case particularly with the costumes worn by the actor in "The Duke's Motto," in "The Corsican Brothers," in "Don Cæsar," and *as Claude Melnotte*. The large assortment of swords, rapiers, etc., brought nearly their market value, every blade being new, and the majority unsheathed for the first time since they were packed by the sellers on the other side of the water.

The first lots bid off comprised an extensively varied assortment of articles, such as cloaks, jackets, breeches, trunks and vests, in velvet, cloth, silk, and plush of high colors. The bidding on them was slow and tedious, the prices per lot ranging from $3 to $5. They found purchasers chiefly among the costumers of the city, who attended the auction in force. There was something more like competition when the costumes worn in "The Duke's Motto" were put up. The *Hamlet* dress, comprising a black shirt, black cloak, cap, chain, picture, shoes, black cloth cloak and embroidered shirt went off for $12.50. A lot comprising a black silk velvet vest, crimson cloth coat, sword-belt, spurs, black silk velvet breeches and gray cloth cloak, worn in the first act of "Hamlet" found a purchaser at $13. Lester Wallack took the two cream-colored cloth cloaks worn in "Othello," both handsome garments, for $23 each. A Mexican dress, worn in the last act of "The Golden Dagger," which was as rich a combination of colored silk and velvet as any in the entire wardrobe, was knocked down to Mr. Whiffen for $20. The same bidder carried off, for $5.25, the badly worn "Rouge et Noir" costume. It consisted of shirt and stockings, breeches, coat, a tattered felt hat with a rope band, and a beggar's canvas pocket, large enough to contain the contributions of a month's sitting on the curbstone of a crowded thoroughfare. Its value was due to the fact that it was the last costume in which Fechter appeared on the stage. A similarly dilapidated-looking suit, in which Fechter played the part of *Jacques Strop* in "Robert Macaire," was made up of a ragged coat, shirt, breeches, vest, handkerchief, dressing-gown, and a crushed tall hat. Lester Wallack paid $6 for it. Another purchaser secured a make-up, consisting of a scarlet cloth shirt, white shirt and white and gray pointed cloth cloak, trimmed with gold, worn in "The Duke's Motto," for $11.50. A lackey's dress, used in the first act of "Ruy Blas," fetched $21. A costume comprising black silk tights, black plush cloak, adorned with the Order of the Cross, a black silk velvet jacket and black silk velvet shoes and belt, for the second act of the same play, fell to Mr. Wallack for $14. The three costumes in which Fechter appeared in *Don Cæsar* were the cause of considerable competition. They went off for $41.50, that for the first act bringing $26, and that for the last $27. These were the highest prices paid for any one costume.

The collection of swords and rapiers included at least 100 pieces of fine steel. They were purchased, the auctioneer said, for the Lyceum Theatre just prior to the severance of Fechter's connection with it. The swords were sold in pairs and realized from $8.50 to $30 per pair. Mr. Wallack took an antique blade for $15. W. E. Sheridan got the four trick swords used in "The Corsican Brothers," while the weapon used in "Ruy Blas," together with its velvet and gold-plated scabbard, mountings and belt, was bid off for $18. Two daggers brought $3.50 each. For wigs, from $3 to $9 per pair was paid. The blue armor suit, comprising coat, pantaloons and helmet, worn by the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," brought $4. A brand-new steel armor suit, with breast-plate, neck-plate, helmet and gloves, went for $31; a pair of steel leggins and chain helmet, also new, for $22, and a pair of steel spurs for $3.

In round figures, the sale realized about $1,800. This sum will be applied to the monument which will be erected to Mr. Fechter's memory in Mount Vernon Cemetery, near Philadelphia, and which is now well under way towards completion.

A Bloodhound's Gratitude.

THE Detroit *Free Press* tells a remarkable story of a bloodhound's gratitude at Andersonville. The prisoners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly guarded, to collect firewood. One day it was the hero's turn to go, and for the first time since his imprisonment he caught sight of "Colonel Catcheem," the big bloodhound. The Michigander noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his fore-feet, but gave the matter no special attention until, after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and a threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horseshoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing he got the dog near and finally pulled out the nail, and the animal ran away seemingly well pleased. Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood, and, weak and starved as he was, he was not more than two miles from the stockade when day broke, and "Colonel Catcheem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club he took his stand, and determined to make a fight for it. The dog recognized the man, and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in that direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail. The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close at his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. This position of guardian or companion he maintained until towards night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then thirty miles away, but on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he returned the hound met and caressed him. From that hour to the close of the war the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER, of Elmira, N. Y., is running as a Democratic-Greenback candidate for Congress.

THE Sultan of Morocco has sent a note to the Powers, declaring that all religions shall be respected throughout Morocco.

VISCOUNT LYMINGTON, Liberal Member of Parliament for Barnstaple, has sailed for New York. He intends to study the land system and agriculture in the United States.

SENATOR SHARON'S daughter Flora will be married to Sir Thomas Hesketh in San Francisco about the middle of December. The wedding reception will be held at Belmont.

MISS NELLIE CALHOUN, grand-niece of John C. Calhoun, made a very successful *début* at the Grand Opera House at San Francisco on October 19th as *Juliet*, and was accorded a gratifying reception.

LORD BRAYBROOKE'S agent at High Wycombe have, by his lordship's instructions, returned twenty per cent. of the half-year's rent just paid to all his tenants on the Hughenden Manor estate.

GENERAL CAMERON purchased a house in Maytown, Lancaster County, recently, which stands on the spot where he was born. He intends to present it to the Lutheran Church of Maytown for a parsonage.

SENATOR MCDONALD, of Indiana, is to be married in February to the widowed Mrs. Bernard, of Washington. Mrs. Bernard, who is a handsome elderly woman, has a son married to a niece of Secretary Sherman.

A MEETING of Bonapartists hostile to Prince Jerome Napoleon, after an excited discussion, has adopted a resolution summoning him to renounce his candidature and recognize Prince Victor Napoleon as the heir to the throne.

MONSIGNOR VANUTELLI succeeds Cardinal Jacobini as Papal Nuncio at Vienna, and will take charge of the negotiations between the Vatican and Germany. Cardinal Jacobini succeeding as Papal Secretary of State on the retirement of Cardinal Nina.

CARDINAL MANNING is now so far restored to health that he will immediately resume the active duties of his ecclesiastical office. After a working tour in the Midlands and the North of England, he has returned to London, looking more energetic than ever.

MARIE OF RUSSIA AND EDINBURGH is said to deeply desire to become known to, and popular with, the English people. Her want of popularity is probably partly owing to her devoted attachment to her father and to his ideas of politics and government.

GOVERNOR MURRAY of Utah, in his annual report to Secretary Schurz, suggests that a commission for the government of the Territory be constituted for the polygamous Legislature, and points out a precedent in late acts respecting the District of Columbia.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER has taken out no less than 114 patents. The freedom of the City of London has just been conferred upon him. Before his steel process was introduced into Sheffield the entire make of steel was 51,000 tons a year; now it is 830,000 tons.

A DUBLIN correspondent says: "The state of the West of Ireland may be judged from the fact that Lady Mountmorres, who returned to her residence after the murder of her husband last month, has been subjected to such a system of persecution that she is obliged to leave."

THE remains of Father Meeker, the murdered agent of the White River Utes, taken up from the place of burial where his body was found after the agency massacre, are to have proper interment, their last resting-place being selected at Greeley, Col., the home of his family.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, of London, was tendered a reception by the co-operative societies of Boston on the 19th inst. Mr. Hughes explained to the company the plans of co-operation adopted in England and other countries, and enlarged upon the moral and financial aspects of the subject.

THE sarcophagus of Roger of Tuscany, Bishop of Lausanne, who was buried in Lausanne Cathedral in 1230, was opened a few weeks ago. The body was almost intact, the features were perfectly recognizable, and the six and a half centuries had but sufficed to destroy the texture of his episcopal robes.

M. FELIX PYAT has been sentenced in Paris to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 2,000 francs, for his article justifying the attempt of Berezowski, the Pole, to assassinate the Emperor of Russia in Paris in 1867, and M. Roberts, the manager of M. Pyat's paper, the *Commune*, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to pay a similar fine.

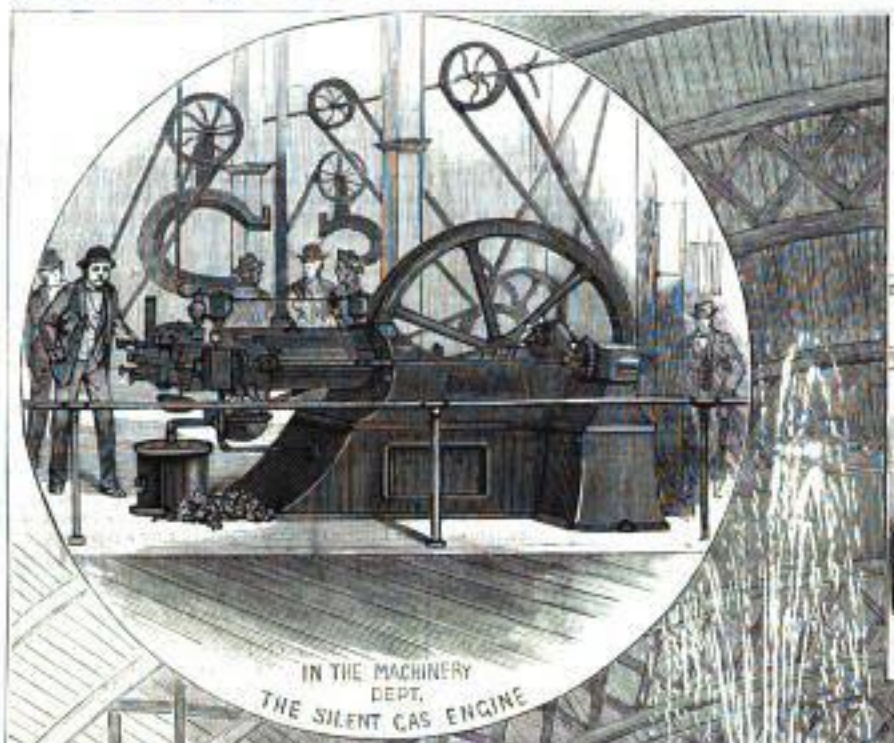
CAPTAIN EADS will sail from New Orleans for Mexico on November 4th, accompanied by a party of engineers, who will examine the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in order to verify the captain's ideas as to its adaptability to the purposes of a ship railway. Captain Eads will, at the same time, endeavor to secure Government sanction for his proposed survey and to ascertain what the Mexican Congress will be willing to do if he decides to make the railway.

MME. PATTI has resolved upon selling her Brecon seat, Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales, upon which she has latterly spent a great fortune. She has been surprised at the high assessment placed upon the castle, and has been displeased by the depredations made on her estate. The water-works which she erected at considerable expense have been destroyed, the river and land poached upon for fish and game, and the poachers have had the audacity to come to the door of the castle to offer their spoil for sale.

BISHOP COLENSO, of Natal, well known by his advanced views on the Pentateuch, lives very quietly at his residence near Maritzburg, where he is not often seen except on Sunday, when he conducts services in the church. He is described as elephantine in appearance, being almost seven feet high and of massive frame. He wears a wide-brimmed stovepipe beaver hat, of the old-fashioned cut, and a long coat of thin black material. He is regarded with awe and reverence by the natives, who salute him as supreme or great chief. The bishop is now sixty-six years old, but retains his vigor of mind. One of his daughters acts as his amanuensis, and Caffres are his printers.

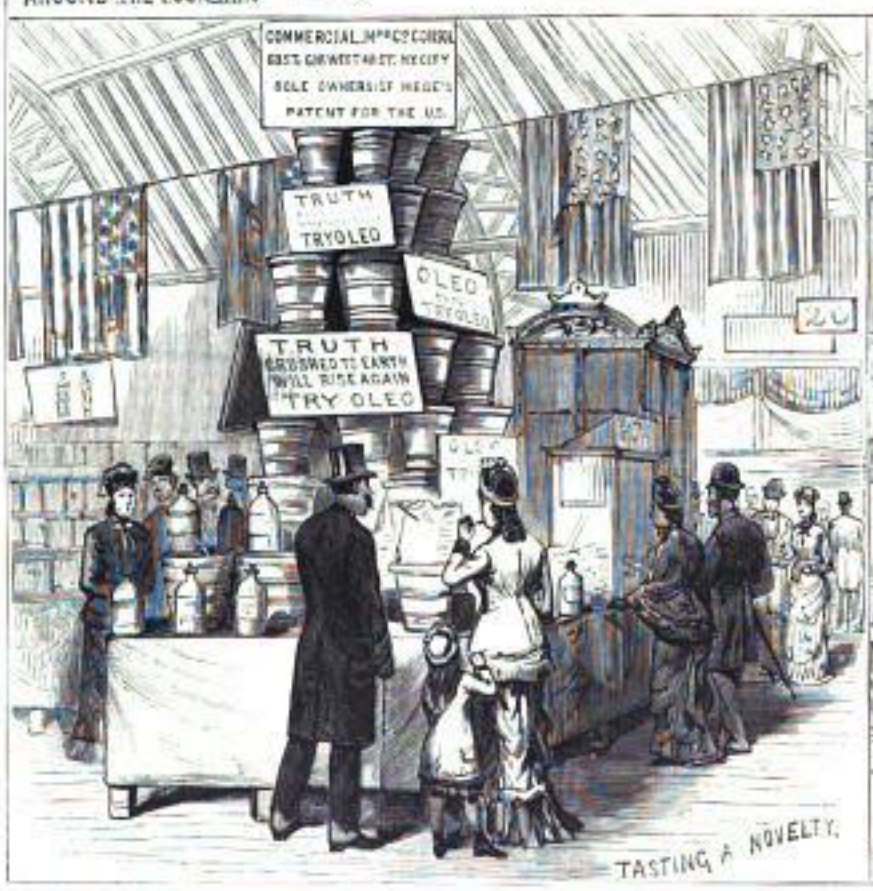
OBITUARY.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel Adlain, for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church, Newport, R. I., died October 18th, aged 82; Reuben North, a well-known banker of Poughkeepsie, on the 20th, aged 75; Charles Hawy, banker, of Raleigh, N. C., on the 24th, aged 82; Valentine G. Hall, a prominent retired merchant of New York City, on the 20th, aged 82; Rt. Hon. Alfred H. Dosiger, Lord Justice of the Court of Appeals, at London, October 20th, aged 62; Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, the well-known author, at Wayland, Mass., October 20th, aged 78; Chief Justice Edward G. Ryan, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, at Madison, October 20th, aged 76; Miss Maria Louise Charlesworth, the English authoress, at London, October 20th, aged 61; Hon. William B. Kinney, proprietor of the *Daily Advertiser*, at Newark, N. J., and formerly United States Minister to Sardinia, on October 21st, aged 81; Major Thomas L. Butler, who commanded the City of New Orleans during the battle of January, 1815, on October 21st, at Louisville, Ky., aged 91; Erastus C. Benedict, Chancellor of the University of New York, on October 24th, aged 86.

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IN THE MACHINERY DEPT. THE SILENT GAS ENGINE


HECKER'S MODERN PYRAMID


AROUND THE FOUNTAIN



TASTING A NOVELTY.


IN THE ART GALLERY

NEW YORK CITY.—THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE AT THE HALL ON THIRD AVENUE.
SEE PAGE 159.

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M. BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE, FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

M. BARTHELEMY SAINT-HILAIRE, who has succeeded M. Freycinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was born in Paris on the 19th of August, 1805. In early life he was attached to the Ministry of Finance. He contributed largely to the opposition journals, and, as editor of the *Globe*, he signed the protest of the journalists against the ordinances of July, 1830. After the revolution he founded the *Bon Sens*, and, as a Liberal, took an active part in politics; but towards the close of 1833 he showed signs of a desire to renounce political life and to apply himself to literature. In 1834 he was made tutor of French literature in the Polytechnic School, and undertook, about the same time, a complete translation of the works of Aristotle, which served as a pendant to the translation of Plato, published by Cousin. For this service he was, in 1838, appointed to the Chair of Greek and Latin Philosophy in the College of France, and was admitted into the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences.

In 1848 he re-entered the political arena, being chosen one of the representatives of the Department of the Seine-et-Oise in the Constituent Assembly. After the *coup d'état* of December 2d, 1851, and the downfall of the parliamentary system, he resigned his chair in the College of France, rather than swear fidelity to the Empire, and devoted himself exclusively to literary and philosophical works. At the general election of 1869 he again entered upon active political life, being returned to the Corps Legislatif as deputy for the first circumscription of Seine-et-Oise. After the fall of the Empire, M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire was elected a member of the National Assembly for the Department of Seine-et-Oise by 47,234 votes; and joined with Grevy, Dufaure, Leon de Malleville and Vitet in proposing that M. Thiers should be appointed Chief of the Executive power. He formed one of the committee of fifteen who were named to assist the Government in conducting the negotiations for peace with Prussia. He took his seat in the Left Centre, voted for the preliminaries of peace, the abrogation of the laws of exile, the treaty of commerce and the return of the Parliament to Paris.

In December, 1875, he was elected a Life-Senator, and in January last he was elected one of the four Vice-Presidents of the Senate. He was for many years the secretary and confidential friend of the late President Thiers. The old Republican used to speak of him in the kindest and most sympathetic manner: "St. Hilaire is my regulator; I never knew a thought of mine but was the better for being passed through his head."

The principal literary productions of M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire are the following: "Politique d'Aristote" (Paris, 1837; second edition 1848); "De la Logique d'Aristote," a memoir which received the prize of the Institute (1838); "La Logique d'Aristote," translated into French for the first time (1839-44); "Psychologie d'Aristote: Traité de l'Ame" (1846); "Opuscules," translated for the first time (1847); "De l'Ecole d'Alexandrie," report to the Institute, preceded by an "Essai sur la Methode des Alexandrins et du Mysticisme (1845); "De Vedas" (1854); "Du Bouddhisme" (1855); "Le Boudha et sa Religion" (1866), and a translation of Aristotle's "Metaphysics," which appeared in May, 1879. The preface of this work contains a history of the influence of metaphysics on the study of science and other branches of learning, and forms nearly a volume by itself.



WILLIAM R. GRACE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTO. BY O'NEIL.

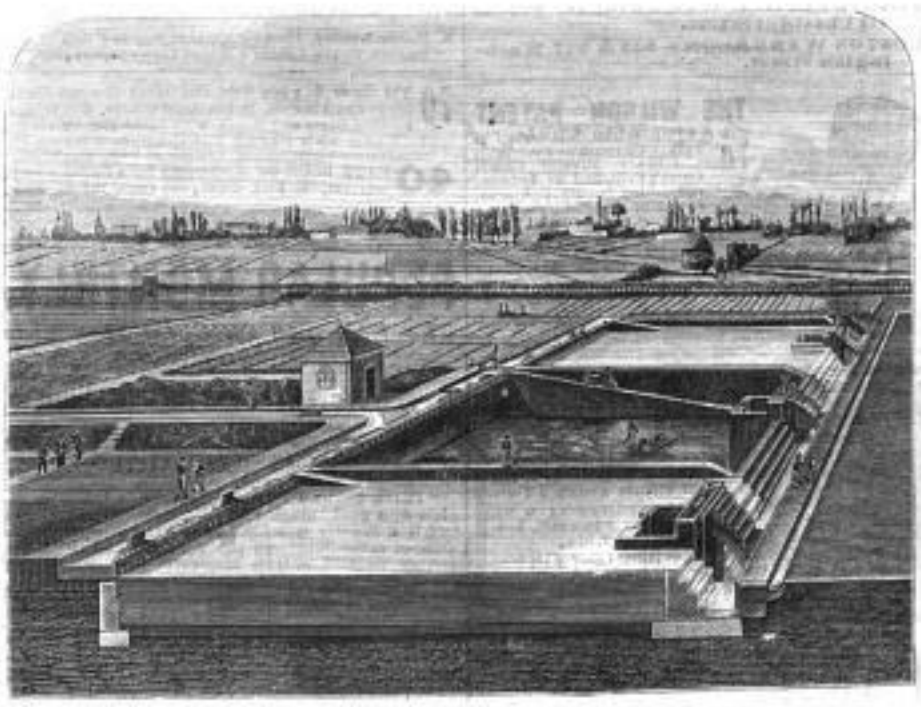
MR. WILLIAM R. GRACE.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

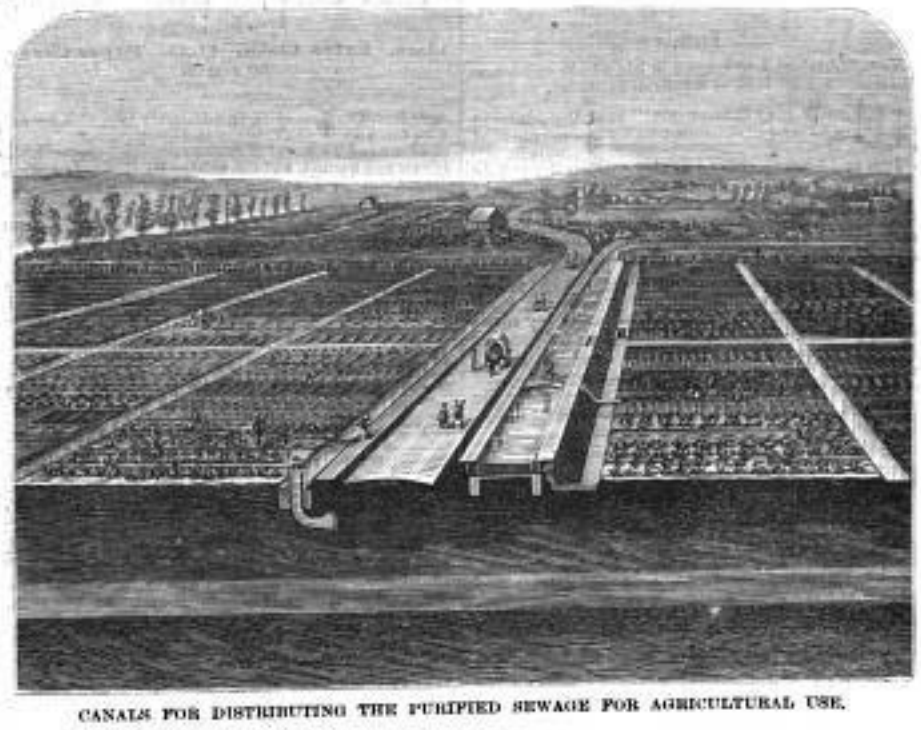
MR. WILLIAM R. GRACE, who has been nominated by the Tammany and Irving Hall Democracy as their candidate for Mayor, is a representative New York merchant, and has been for years actively concerned in political, religious and philanthropic matters, without neglecting the details of a vast business. He is a native of Ireland, where he was born some fifty years ago. His father was a landed proprietor, and sent his son to school at Dublin. When he was nineteen years of age young Grace quitted Dublin and became a shipping clerk at Liverpool, in company with Mr. Coffey, late of the firm of Roach & Coffey, of New York, dealers with the West Indies and South America. In due time Mr. Grace engaged in business on his own account in Liverpool, his father assisting him. When he became twenty-one years old, he began to seek broader fields. South America at that time offered attractions for enterprising men, and the young merchant went to that country. He came first to the United States, and thence went to Callao in Peru, where he made the acquaintance of John Bryce, with whom he eventually formed a partnership, the firm being known as Bryce, Grace & Co. They did a large and profitable banking, shipping and commission business. It is said that to-day the house thus established does a larger banking and shipping business with the United States than any other house in Peru. It was this firm that sold to the late Henry Meiggs the large supplies of railroad and other material with which he carried on his immense enterprises. In 1865 Mr. Grace came to this city, leaving his brother, M. P. Grace, in charge of the Callao house. Here he established the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., of 87 Wall Street, the firm consisting of himself, his brother, M. P. Grace, and C. R. Flint. A house in San Francisco was also established, with himself, M. P. Grace, C. R. Flint and George Duval



GEORGIA.—NEW BUILDING OF THE CLARK UNIVERSITY, THE COLORED COLLEGE OF THE SOUTH, AT ATLANTA, DEDICATED ON OCTOBER 16TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY J. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 159.



RESERVOIRS FOR CHEMICALLY PURIFYING THE SEWAGE.



CANALS FOR DISTRIBUTING THE PURIFIED SEWAGE FOR AGRICULTURAL USE.

UTILIZATION OF THE SEWAGE OF PARIS.—SEE PAGE 162.

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as partners. Four years ago John Eryce, whose residence was in Paris, and who was at the head of the Callao firm, retired, and Mr. Grace became the senior partner, the firm becoming Grace, Brothers & Co. The firm then consisted of himself, his brother, M. P. Grace, C. R. Flint, Manual Siaguno and Edward Eyre. This firm is well known in Europe, Baring Brothers being the correspondents in London.

Mr. Grace married a New England lady several years ago, and they have six children. Though not a politician, he has always voted the Democratic ticket, and two years ago was prominently named as a compromise candidate. He is well known as a shrewd business man; his fortune is large, and he has held many offices of trust and responsibility, among them a trusteeship of the Emigrants' Savings Bank and the directorship of the Marine National Bank. Mr. Grace is about five feet ten inches tall, well-proportioned, with light hair, gray eyes, and a face smoothly shaven, save the upper lip, where he wears a light mustache.

Mr. Grace is a prominent and active member of the Roman Catholic Church, and retains in a way characteristic of his fellow-countrymen his love for his native country. The practical nature of this attachment was clearly shown on March 16th, 1880, when he contributed one-quarter of the cargo of the ship *Constellation* dispatched with stores for the relief of sufferers in Ireland.

HOW TO PURIFY AND UTILIZE SEWAGE.

THIS question has occupied seriously the authorities of Paris for several years. When allowed to run into the Seine, the sewage rendered the river, as it traversed the city, and especially when the tide entered the mouth, disgusting and unhealthy. The first thought was to remedy this, and the sewage was carried below the city and there emptied into the river. The people living on the banks protested against this course, and steps were taken with a view of purifying the water so that it should enter the river in a pure state, and employing the solid parts for agricultural purposes. An establishment was accordingly erected at Clichy, where Messrs. Mille and Durand-Claye began their experimental operations in 1866. They have been continued with success and embrace a district between that village and Asnieres and the Seine. A large reservoir receives the matter, and from it lead a number of brick sewers, with sluices at intervals, enabling market-gardeners in the district to run the fertilizing matter into their fields at such times and to such amount as they desire, flooding, if needed, the whole field. What is not immediately used in this way goes into three large brick reservoirs. Into this enough sulphate of aluminum is thrown to clear a month's sewage. On coming in contact with this salt, the water becomes pure, depositing all matter held in solution, and this purified water then runs off into the river in a perfectly inoffensive stream. Every month the reservoirs are closed and the deposit removed, dried and sold as a fertilizer. The success of the experiment has led to the appointment of a board which is to undertake this system for the whole sewage of Paris.

The result is so satisfactory under every aspect that the adoption of the system cannot be neglected. The river will be kept absolutely pure and free from all substance to offend the nostrils, lungs and sight. The valuable fertilizing matter will be put within the reach of the kitchen-gardeners at little expense, and what they do not take will be reduced to a shape in which it can be readily sold to agriculturists in all parts of the country. One great advantage of the system is that it is free from complex machinery or treatment, and only one chemical has to be employed.

A USEFUL POLITICAL GUIDE.

HOUGHTON'S CONSPECTUS OF THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL PARTIES. Indianapolis: Granger, Davis & Co., Publishers. 1880.

WE have before us an invaluable political *vade mecum* in the work just published by Messrs. Granger, Davis & Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., and which we have already advertised, entitled, "Houghton's Conspectus of the History of Political Parties." A more useful guide to the great issues of the day it is impossible to conceive. The history of each party is minutely recorded from its birth, and by easy stages the student is led up to the inner life of the struggle of the hour. The value of this work to the present and rising generation can scarcely be over-estimated. Its great sale is a very powerful test of its usefulness, which, as it deals equally with all parties, Democrats, Republicans and Greenbackers are equally its purchasers.

THE AMATEUR POTTERY AND GLASS PAINTER. By E. Campbell Hancock. New York: J. Marsching & Co. 1880.

A more suitable and seasonable book could scarcely be found than Mr. Campbell's "Amateur Pottery and Glass Painter." Education having reached the æsthetic point, it behooves all who would be "of Society" to be able to speak authoritatively upon pottery, using the art-jargon anent enamel colors, rose-color heat, French colors, Worcester colors, underglaze colors, Lucca del Robbid, opaque majolica and Bernard Palissy. In this book a most delightful chapter is devoted to the amateur's domain, in which the suitability of stained glass for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms and staircases is discussed, and, further on, glass sheet, rolled antique, brittle pot-metal, flashed, opal and cathedral tints. The book is profusely illustrated, and the letter-press admirable. We recommend the "Amateur Pottery and Glass Painter" to every amateur.

FUN.

THE bobtailed horse spends his whole existence in lamenting his lack of terminal facilities.

"You can't play that on me!" said the piano to the amateur who broke down in a difficult piece of music.

IF it had been one of the apples seen on the public fruit stand, neither Adam nor Eve would have coveted it for a moment.

ONE of the first requisitions received from a newly-appointed railway-station agent was: "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger lanterns."

MRS. YOUNGWOMAN wants to know "What is the best way to mark table-linen?" Leave the baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

ONE of the old settlers of the Isle of Shoals seeing the name of Psyche on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly and then exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spell fish!"

A GALVESTON woman, just married, wishing to impress her husband with her ability as a housekeeper, bawled out to the servant as she entered the door: "Matilda, bring me the washboard; I want to wash the potatoes for dinner."

PUNCH gives the following as an example of self-sacrifice: *Boy* (to lady visitor): "Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me!" *Teacher:* "Well, then don't look at her." *Boy:* "But if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else!"

IT seems almost incredible that the elephant has 40,000 muscles in his trunk; but after a man has experienced an elephant's gentle twist about his system, and been thrown the whole length of the menagerie tent, through the candy stand into the lemonade tub, he will be willing to take his oath that there are at least a million and a half muscles in that interesting animal's front tail.

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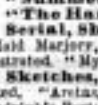
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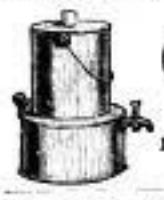
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DISSOLVING VIEWS IN POLITICS.

THERE are undoubtedly a good many evils incident to the machinery of politics, of popular elections, and, indeed, of government itself, but, considered as a means to the attainment of an end, no means has been found so effective for the preservation and promotion of good government as the method of government by parties, with the right of free discussion conceded to all citizens, preliminary to a "full vote, a free ballot and a fair count" at the end of the electoral contest.

This method of free debate and of trial by the scrutiny of the ballot-box is an excellent means for eliminating the extraneous, irrelevant and trivial issues with which it is always sought by the baser sort of politicians to complicate the processes and the results of a popular election. Much dust is thrown in the eyes of the people during every struggle on the public arena, but even through the din and smoke of the passionate and noisy strife it is not very difficult for "the average voter" to apprehend the paramount and the substantial questions which are really at stake. The foam and driftwood of an animated canvass are very conspicuous at the beginning and at the end of each Presidential campaign. At the beginning of the quadrennial assize there is a vigilant and critical searching into the political "records" and personal characters of the respective candidates, with a view to riddling the former and blackening the latter; and at the end of the assize there is much extemporizing of "cries" intended to startle and of "roorbacks" intended to deceive the stolid and the simple voter.

At the beginning of the recent canvass, for instance, some almost forgotten reflections on the character of General Garfield, and some previously unknown incidents in the career of General Hancock, were suddenly drawn from their obscurity into "the sunlight of publicity," or, rather, let us say, into the artificial calcium-light of a sharp, unsparing and prejudiced criticism. And now, at the close of the canvass, these hard-worked inculpations are ready to be stowed away in the lumber-rooms and dust-bins to which the refuse and chaff of former political struggles have long since been relegated by the muse of history. With the conflict over and past, it will soon be admitted on all hands that the credit of a long and honorable political career should be counted ample enough to cancel the aspersions which have been brought against General Garfield, while Republicans will soon be as prompt as Democrats to denounce the slanders brought against General Hancock for the "murder of Mrs. Surratt," for alleged "revolutionary designs" meditated at the last Presidential count, and for having once been engaged in an "oil speculation"!

The close of every political campaign is always signalized by some more or less astonishing *coups de théâtre* meant to strike the public eye and frighten the people from their propriety. An alleged conversation between General Grant and a Methodist divine, in which the latter represented that the former had spoken in the most disparaging terms of General Hancock, was widely circulated by the Republicans, on the eve of the October elections, as an electioneering card well calculated to impress the minds of the soldier class among our voters. But whatever influence, if any, it may have had on the unthinking in that class of minds, was, we imagine, more than counteracted by the repulsion which it excited in the breast of all thoughtful and candid men, who, being anxious to preserve their respect for the soldierly virtues alike of General Grant and of General Hancock, could not look with complacency on such a flagrant disregard of social ethics in the interest of party.

And during the last few days of the canvass there were some attempts on the part of the Democrats to catch the popular ear by startling cries directed to the exposure of alleged machinations against the purity of the elective franchise in Florida; and even a spurious letter was forged by some underling in the Democratic service for the purpose of exploding the ground under the feet of General Garfield in the last decisive moments of the Presidential conflict, when the tug of battle expresses itself in the pantings and shriekings of the frenzied belligerents. We need not say that such weapons as these are pointless for the purposes of offense, and those who use them find, to their cost, that in holding their swords by the blade and not by the handle, they are only giving wounds to themselves while giving a handle to their enemies. The publication of another *fac-simile* of a manuscript letter, alleged to have been written by General Weaver, and which was also found to be a forgery, does but serve to show that the forged letter mill can be as industriously worked by Democrats for campaign purposes as the old Southern "outrage mill" used to be worked by Republicans on the eve of each Presidential election. The retailers of both will soon be glad to see them banished into the tomb of the Capulets.

Meanwhile, through all this medley of politics and this hurly-burly of passion the elements of a deliberate public opinion were slowly forming. "The shallows murmur but the deeps are still," said Mr. Conkling, quoting from the verse of Raleigh in the Chicago Republican Convention. "All heights are calculated," said General Garfield, in the same assembly, "from the level of the sea, and not from the agitations on its surface." The politicians of both sides, and Mr. Conkling among them, have done their utmost to excite hoarse murmurs in the "shallows" of public debate, but the great deep of calm public opinion will soon close over these mud volcanoes of the press and hustings without leaving a bubble to mark the spot where they went down.

A new set of emotions will now come to preoccupy the public mind. The eyes of men will be turned to the future and not to the past. The successful party will be called to answer the solemn question, "What will you do with it," now that you are charged with the government of this great people for the next four years? The answer to this question has been, in too great a measure, evaded by the leaders of each of the two competing political organizations. They have been each anxious to win with the least possible assumption of definite obligations in the way of economic reform or of administrative amendment. But these obligations will soon become definite under the pressure of forces which do not admit of faltering in promise or of vacillation in action. Far better will be the fate of the party which is remitted to "the cool, sequestered vales" of the opposition than of the party which is charged with the responsibility of the Government without being equal to the burdens of duty implied by that exalted position. The position is full of trial because it is full of peril and of opportunity.

GREAT FARMS AND GREAT CITIES.

MUCH has lately been said about the revolution in agriculture accomplished within a few years by the success of the great wheat farms of the West, whose productiveness, compared with the expenses of cultivation, has been such as to make competition on the part of farmers in the older States, and even in some parts of Europe—particularly in England—hopeless in the near future, if it has not already become so. When the wheat of Minnesota and Dakota can be unloaded in Liverpool at prices below the minimum cost of production in England, and this not occasionally, but, owing to constantly improving facilities for shipment and transport, practically as the rule, the change may be well termed a revolution, the consequences of which can scarcely fail to be of the most far-reaching character. The most immediate of these would appear to be that a great impulse will be given to the movement, already in progress, of the rural population towards the great cities and manufacturing towns, accompanied by the partial suspension, if not the total cessation, of farming on the comparatively small scale that has been the rule in the past. Already many New England farms are relapsing into woodland because it is no longer possible to keep them under cultivation to advantage. In England, notwithstanding the added cost of ocean freight, a similar condition of things is imminent.

A great change in the relative proportions of urban and rural population, it is feared by some, would be socially disastrous. Great cities have been said to be "great sores." Cowper's dictum that "God made the country and man made the town" well expresses a widespread sentiment as to the humanizing tendencies of rural life compared with those of cities. But a little consideration will show that there is not much ground for fear either as to the permanent suspension of agriculture in the less favored region or as to the consequences anticipated from it. The effect of the competition of the great farms cannot last more than a generation. Within thirty to thirty-five years the population of the United States will have increased to such an extent that all that is now surplus of the great wheat crop will be required for consumption at home, and long before that time arrives the amount that can be spared for export will have diminished from year to year. There are those now living who may see the last of our exports of wheat and of all kinds of produce, if the progress of this country in population shall equal its promise and bear any probable proportion to the progress of the past. The less productive lands will then again come under cultivation here as well as in Europe. The present condition of things is only transitional, not normal. The prices of wheat and of every kind of agricultural produce will again rise with the rapidly increasing demand, and lead to the careful cultivation of every acre of land that, by the aid of the most scientific farming, can be made productive.

If, in the meantime, the great cities and manufacturing towns shall have received great accessions, it is to be hoped this will not be for evil. It should not be doubtful that great cities do not necessarily tend to the degradation of their population, but that, on the contrary, they are essential to the advancement and growth of civilization. There are possibilities of mental and moral elevation in cities that are quite unknown in secluded rural districts. It may be said, in fact, that aggregation is civilization and segregation is barbarism. Gathered into great masses, population falls inevitably into organization, and the most minute division of labor becomes practicable, with all its increased productiveness. With population scattered at wide intervals, every man has to do everything for himself and does nothing well. The only modification of the condition of the inhabitants of remote rural districts arises from such imperfect communication as they possess with cities and towns. Absolutely cut off, they would inevitably sink into a semi-savage condition. The first successes of Christianity were in the great cities; the populations scattered in the regions remote from them being practically inaccessible, remained for centuries in the unenlightened condition of their ancestors, and the term Pagan, originally meaning only an inhabitant of the country in distinction from an inhabitant of a city, came to signify one who had not become a Christian. The English farm laborer, representing a class for many generations kept apart from the mental activity of urban populations, is an illustration of the degrading influence of segregation. So also is the "clay-eater" of the South. In the old times, when roads were few and bad and communication with towns difficult and costly, men had to live mainly on the soil whence their subsistence was drawn. In the present age, of which one of the most remarkable characteristics is the enormously increased facilities of transport, only those need live on the soil who are actually required for its cultivation, and these are, with constantly improving methods, implements and economies, and especially the vast areas brought under one management, comparatively few. May it not be concluded that the diminishing population of the rural districts and the unprecedented growth of great cities in our day are not to be lamented as fraught with evil, but that the movement is rather an evidence of advancing civilization, and that its tendency is largely, if not altogether, beneficial to humanity.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

THE days of the Oneida Community are evidently numbered. When, a few months ago, in deference to a tidal wave of public indignation which threatened to overwhelm them, its members consented to abandon for the time their principal tenet of complex marriage, as one for which society was not yet sufficiently advanced, they yielded its strongest point; and in their recent action of dividing the property hitherto held by the whole community into shares to be held by a joint stock company, we see the deliberate renunciation of another fundamental doctrine. Upon these two points the whole structure of their association—the whole fabric of their polity—was founded.

The Oneida Community is one of the latest, and, in certain respects, the most successful, of all the experiments which grew out of that general ferment of ideas which agitated all Europe a hundred years ago, and led, on that continent, to the French Revolution, and on this to numberless societies and associations in which the idea of a community of goods was a more or less fundamental principle. It is difficult to realize how widespread was the belief that there was a radical error in the existing ideas of tenure of property, and how immense an amount of thought and energy was brought to bear upon the problem how to substitute a social and co-operative state for the competitive one which was and is the existing order of society. It was the consideration of this problem which gave rise to such societies as the Dunkers, Rappites and Shakers, and that later on, within the memory of many yet living, produced the great renaissance of Socialism under Owen and Fourier and their disciples. The years between 1826 and 1847 saw the birth of no fewer than seventy four associations dedicated to the solving of social problems. The well-known Brook Farm Association, from the rare superiority of its members, was by far the most brilliant and noteworthy of all these, and its existence was prolonged to the unusual extent of six years. Of the others, few lived beyond the second year; all died heavily in debt, and none realized its hope of in any adequate degree influencing public sentiment, although for a time the leaders of public thought, both in the Democratic and Whig parties, had been sensibly attracted, the one by the doctrines of Owen, the other by the tenets of Fourier.

The Oneida Community, which, in a certain sense, rose upon the ruins of the former experiments, having been founded in 1846, distinctly asserts itself to be the outgrowth, not of the socialist renaissance, but of the religious revivals which swept over this country in the years between 1830 and 1840. Not Owen and Fourier, but Nettleton and Finney, it claims as its spiritual fathers. In the words of its founder, Noyes, "Orthodoxy ripened into Perfectionism at New Haven, and Perfection produced the Oneida Community." That idea which, however they otherwise differed, lay at the root of both the Owen and the Fourier movements, "the enlargement of home, the extension of the family beyond the little man-and-wife circle to large corporations," is, in the Oneida system of doctrine, secondary and subordinate to the religious creed which, by some psychological legerdemain, has been evolved from the New Testament teachings. It is from these teachings, interpreted by the immediate inspiration with which they claim to be endowed, that they have deduced that doctrine of community of persons out of which arises their practice of complex marriage, and from which they trace their second and minor tenet of community of goods, which, in other such associations, had hitherto held the foremost place.

It is this claim to advanced thought and superior religious light which constitutes their peculiar offense. When a community of people take a higher ground than the mere pecuniary welfare of society, and base their action upon the most exalted of motives, claiming for it the highest sanction, we have a right to demand from them the most exalted purity of life, the noblest self-renunciation for the common weal. When, therefore, they are found to be leading a life compared with which Mormonism is purity itself, it is no wonder that the indifference or curiosity with which other such experiments are regarded should give place to a sentiment of universal execration, and should lead to decided and efficient action. The wonder is, indeed, that the Oneida Community has been permitted to live so long in the face of the positively upward moral tendencies of the age.

It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that, so soon after being forced to yield the cardinal point in their creed, they should find it necessary to reconstruct their theory of property. Other societies have attained a good measure of prosperity upon the basis of a community of goods; but the Oneida Community, in claiming that its social theories were founded upon a religious creed, had only to prove the rottenness of the one to see the ruin of the other.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Eastern Question is still unsettled. Dulcigno has not been transferred to the Montenegrins, and it seems likely that further delays will occur. Whether the Sultan is really doing his best to carry out the terms of the Treaty of Berlin or not is difficult to say; but Riza Pasha who commands the Turkish forces around Dulcigno, has apparently done all in his power to enable the Montenegrins to take possession of that town.

The fall of the Greek Ministry, which immediately followed the meeting of the Chambers, was a matter of much surprise. M. Comoundouros, who has succeeded M. Tricoupis as Prime Minister held the same position until last January, when he was defeated on a financial question. At that time there was much dissatisfaction with his conduct during the Turco-Russian war. A remark which Lord Beaconsfield made at the Congress of Berlin that "Greece had one eye upon Great Britain and another upon Russia," was quoted against him; and certain privileges granted by him to foreign bankers, which had failed to lift Greek finance out of the slough into which it has fallen, were mentioned as evidence of his incapacity. It is unlikely that Greece will take any aggressive steps for some time to come. It will require several months to prepare for war, and money, the backbone of warfare, is sadly wanting. M. Comoundouros, however, said, in reply to M. Tricoupis, that his policy was not to delay preparations for taking over the territory assigned to Greece by the Berlin Conference until the Great Powers should undertake to enforce their decision, but rather to carry it out by their own action. It is almost certain that France, Germany and Austria will take no further active part in enforcing the Berlin Treaty.

The Irish difficulty is growing every day on the hands of the Government. Already there are whispers of the resignation of Chief Secretary Forster, whose humane recommenda-

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tion that the constabulary should use buckshot in place of bullets, only earned him ridicule and the *sobriquet* of "Buckshot" Forster. The rumor of Mr. Forster's resignation, however, has been contradicted, and is probably a mere canard. At the same time, the Government seems to be in earnest, and is proceeding, with an unusual resolution, to carry out the programme of repression. The first consequence of its action is the open declaration of sympathy with the Land League made by the more conservative Irish members of the House of Commons. Justin McCarthy and Frank Hugh O'Donnell have both sent in formal requests to be elected to membership. On the other hand, two or three representatives of Irish constituencies have seized the opportunity to withdraw from their dangerous attempt to navigate the whirlpool of Home Rule. At the last meeting of the League the applications of Messrs. McCarthy and O'Donnell were formally received, and a reporter of the Ulster *Gazette*, a Conservative newspaper, was ordered to withdraw. The greatest caution is displayed by the Leaguers in admitting representatives of the Press to their weekly meetings, so acute is the apprehension that a Government stenographer may be allowed an opportunity to take down treasonable and therefore actionable utterances. A resolution of the League calls on the Irish race throughout the world "to answer the coercive measures by resolute organization," and requests Mr. Michael Davitt to remain in America "for the purpose of directing the great responsive movements among the Irish people of the United States." The "great responsive movement" alluded to is an average weekly remittance of £1,500 from Irish American sympathizers with the Land League.

That the gentry of the disaffected districts entertain a reasonable fear of an immediate outbreak seems to have been shown by a meeting of the magistrates of the West Riding of Cork, which took place on Tuesday, Oct. 26th, under the presidency of Earl Cowper. Resolutions were passed in favor of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* and requesting troops to be sent immediately to Bandon, Bantry and Skibbereen. Between Templemore and Thurles a system of photo-telegraphy has been established by the military authorities. Secret signals are flashed from one point to the other all night, and the obvious conclusion is deduced that active operations are about to take place. The feeling in England is most hostile to the new Irish movement, and the sympathetic action of the Radical clubs of London, which are largely composed of Irishmen, is generally denounced. Meantime, the threatening of landlords goes on with increasing vigor. Viscount Cloncurry, a young nobleman who was supposed to enjoy, in an exceptional degree, the goodwill of his tenants, has received letters menacing him with the fate of Lord Mountmorres. Lord Hodilaun, who was raised to the peerage as a recognition of his generous contributions to the improvement and beautification of Dublin, and who used to be better known as Sir Arthur Guinness, has been compelled to request an escort of armed police. Lady Mountmorres, on returning to her residence after her husband's murder, was so persecuted by her tenants and the agents of the Land League that she had to leave Ireland in a state almost of penury. The Queen has put at her disposal a suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, an indulgence usually reserved for the widows of distinguished generals. These and other signs seem to point to an impending emeute under the leadership of Mr. Parnell and his co-leaguers, such as has been but too frequently incidental to the history of the Niobe of nations.

The French Chambers have been convoked by a Presidential decree for the 9th of November. The completion of the decrees against the religious communities will be postponed until after that date, and exciting debates will take place upon the whole question. The Ministry will then, probably, ask for a vote of confidence and the future policy of the Government upon that question will be guided by the strength or weakness which the Clerical Party can show. Another subject that will engage the attention of the Chambers immediately after their convocation will be the affair of General Cissey. The Government is openly charged with base ingratitude to a brave soldier who had served his country during a long life. Ivan de Worstyne, the journalist, whose articles upon Colonel Jung in the *Gaulois* caused the inquiry, has resigned his position on that newspaper, and it has been decided not to prosecute Cissey. It now appears that Jung's wife was constantly seen at the Ministry of War during General de Cissey's term of office, and that there are reasons for believing that she had access to his most private papers. She is a woman of great ability, and was remarkable for her beauty and chic. It is said that she was the original of the principal character in Sardou's play of "Dora," but her beauty and elegance have departed, and she has no longer her old influence over the susceptible statesmen of la belle France.

NEW YORK is not as well governed as it might be; but the municipal credit certainly shows that the financial administration is tolerably honest and efficient. Last week, $2,800,000 of four per cent. consolidated city and county bonds, redeemable in thirty years and liable to State taxation, were sold at 105. We cannot surely be going to the dogs financially when our monetary institutions eagerly purchase city four per cents. at a premium of five per cent.

Our exports of domestic produce continue to swell the balance of trade in our favor. The total export for the year, down to the 23d of October, reaches $342,831,636 against $286,195,665 for the same period of 1879—an increase of $56,635,971. As heretofore, the great bulk of the shipments are breadstuffs, provisions, cotton, and other agricultural products, but there are also considerable quantities of machinery, furniture, leather, domestics, and other manufactures for the West Indies, China, and the German ports, where our trade is steadily extending.

If land sales constitute a sign of prosperity, then the South is certainly prosperous. During the present year there have been sales of public lands in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi amounting to $1,095,405, an increase of $573,379 over last year. A large part of this area was sold to small proprietors, black and white. Such sales register the individual prosperity of the laborer which has its outcome in small farms and peasant proprietors.

THE demands of ocean traffic are compelling constant additions to the carrying facilities of the great competitive lines. It is announced that the Cunard line has just concluded contracts for the construction of three powerful screw steamships for the transatlantic service, the largest of which is to be of steel, of 7,000 tons and 8,500-horse power. The other two will be of 5,000 tons and 4,500-horse power. The total of the steam tonnage now in the course of construction for the Cunard company amounts to 30,500 tons, and 32,500 horse power.

IT is said that in consequence of the increasing embarrassments of the Spanish Treasury, caused by the military expenditures in Cuba, a large reduction of the colonial army and navy expenses for the estimates of 1881 and 1882, and also an immediate repeal of the export and import duties on foreign flour, grain and other alimentary articles of consumption in Cuba, will be proposed to the Cortez. There seems to be at last a real determination on the part of the Spanish Government to deal intelligently and vigorously with the problem of government in the island which has suffered so much from maladministration.

OUR national finances are, to say the least, in better shape than it was supposed they would be one year ago. Then the Secretary of the Treasury estimated the receipts from customs for 1880 at $150,000,000. The forthcoming annual report of the Secretary will show that the receipts from customs were $186,522,064, being an increase of $36,522,065 over the estimate. The report will also show that the total receipts of the Government from all sources for the fiscal year 1880 were $333,526,610, being an increase of $45,526,610 beyond the amount estimated, leaving a surplus revenue of $85,883,653. Meanwhile, we have, in the last twelve months, paid $107,000,000 of the public debt, and have saved thereby $6,000,000 annually in interest.

THE drought which has prevailed throughout the Northern States during the late Summer and Autumn, has operated enormously to the detriment of industries which are dependent upon water power. This has been especially the case in New England, where, according to the Boston journals, the scarcity of water "affects all kinds of merchandise, restricting the demand, especially for raw materials. Cotton, woolen and paper mills are all running on short time." In Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, not a few important industries have been brought to a dead halt by the stoppage of the mills. The rainfall of last week brought some relief, but more copious rains will be necessary to the filling of the springs and streams which supply the motive power for the operation of thousands of factories and mills.

IN his testimony, the other day, before the Warren commission, General Grant said: "I wanted my orders obeyed, and I generally have them obeyed. I did not want officers who persisted in thinking for themselves and weighed the consequences before acting on the orders I gave." The whole story of General Grant's success, as the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, is told in these words. Up to the time that he came to the command of that magnificent army, it had signally failed to achieve what it was really capable of achieving, and the reason, undoubtedly, was found in the spirit of jealousy which so largely existed among the subordinate officers. Grant exacted obedience, weeded out all commanders in whom the feeling of loyalty to duty was not dominant to every other sentiment, and so, having secured unity and coherency, accomplished the results which any of his predecessors, enjoying a like vigorous support, might possibly have reached. It ought to be understood in all walks and pursuits in life that obedience never degrades, and that he who cannot obey promptly and without question, no matter in what relation or field of duty, will inevitably be overtaken by disaster and failure.

THE London *Economist* discusses, at some length, the subject of the enormous emigration to the United States and the relation which this ever-increasing volume of population sustains to our national wealth. After taking into consideration all the elements in the case, the *Economist* concludes: "If we place the average value as a capital-creating force of each immigrant at $1,000, we get as the actual or potential addition to the wealth of the country by such a body of immigration as that now taking place the enormous sum of $500,000,000 per annum. This estimate is not put forward with any claims to perfect accuracy; it is simply a rough calculation intended to bring home to the minds of those who may not have thoughtfully considered the subject some notion of the rapidity with which the United States are being enriched by the drafts they are making upon the population of the Old World. But it is some indication that we have not overstated the annual movement of wealth arising in this way that the United States Bureau of Statistics have estimated the growth of capital through immigration in the fifty years prior to 1871, when, of course, the influx was trifling to what it is now, and when, moreover, the quality of the immigrants was much below the average standard, at an average of $125,000,000 per annum."

THE Episcopal General Convention, recently held in New York, adopted a report strongly condemning church theatricals, lotteries, fairs, and other questionable methods now generally pursued for extracting money from worldly pockets. The language of the report was as follows:

"In the administration of their parishes and securing means for their maintenance they permit and countenance those things which the natural man loves and in which the young take most delight. Churches were once built by lotteries, but the moral sense of the community was at last offended and they were prohibited. Now theatricals, dances, suppers, and whatever else will draw money from the throng who love excitement and amusement, are presented as attractions for securing the means with which to carry on the Church's work. The committee believe these practices are destroying public respect for many teachers of our holy religion."

The justice and timeliness of this rebuke cannot be questioned. Many so-called modern church entertainments are simply theatrical performances and games of chance disguised under a thin veneer of morality, and there can be no doubt that they often exercise a pernicious influence upon the young and thoughtless. The Church can never lift its voice against worldly amusements with any real or lasting effect so long as it shelters under its own ægis practically the very thing it condemns in others.

WE referred last week to the revelations of bribery made before the British Parliamentary Committee which is charged with the investigation of the recent elections. Later disclosures show that Oxford is entitled to an odious pre-eminence in the matter of the corruption of the suffrage. The Conservative agent testifies that it cost his party about $40,000 to defeat Sir William Harcourt in May, $20,000 having been expended the previous month without effect. At the first election there was a tacit compact between the two parties that expenditures on each side should be limited to $10,000 and no bills should be issued; but when the contest got warm the bargain was repudiated, and "both sides fired bills at each other," as many as five sets of placards being issued in one day. His published accounts, he said, never had been correct, and he "juggled" items so as to save himself from a criminal prosecution. On election day he employed about 1,200 people and 1,075 conveyances; his side cast 2,730 votes! He admitted that the gain of 100 votes which defeated Sir William Harcourt was made by corruption, and that the difference between his published and actual expenditure went for bribes. The returning officers and the magistrates, he added, were corrupt. We do not wonder that these revelations have "startled" the influential and fashionable circles in which the offending parties move; nor are we surprised that the committee of inquiry has decided that Oxford shall be disfranchised. Corrupt as our elections often are, it is obvious that our English cousins have nothing to learn from us in that direction; if anything, we must, in fact, sit as learners at their feet.

THE last days of the political canvass just closed were marked by a vehemence and venom which were by no means creditable to the partisan journals and managers. This was especially the case in New York, where the contest over the municipal nominations became largely personal, and charges and accusations affecting the reputation of one candidate or other were handled to and fro with a cool malevolence scarcely ever equaled. All sorts of lying manifestoes, too, were issued by campaign committees with a view of influencing votes; and a stranger, judging us by what the newspapers said of the candidates for public office, would have concluded that we had not an ordinarily decent or honest man anywhere in nomination. This sort of thing may, perhaps, be necessarily inseparable from the heat of a campaign; but we are not yet prepared to believe that such is the fact, and hope still to see the day when our political campaigns shall be conducted with some regard to the ordinary decencies of life. Not that we would by any means exempt political parties and their candidates from the closest and most rigid scrutiny of their principles and record: men who allow themselves to become candidates for office have no ground of complaint when every act of their lives which serves to throw light upon their character and qualifications is closely investigated. But when their motives are lightly impeached, when idle rumors are treated as established facts, when honest mistakes are magnified into crimes, and when circumstances necessary to a clear judgment as to the real character of an act are purposely concealed, then there is ground for complaint and indignation. In a contest which stirs the feelings and arouses the prejudices of vast numbers of men, it cannot reasonably be expected that discussion will never be marred by passion; but surely we have a right to insist that the managers of a political campaign shall not designedly or knowingly lend themselves to the work of slander and detraction, or seek to carry their points by devices at war with every principle of morality and decency.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MRS. GOULD, the cashier of the defunct Ladies' Deposit of Boston, has been released on $10,000 bail.

GENERAL TERRY proposes to send a scout named Allison to Sitting Bull's camp to negotiate a surrender.

THE resources of 2,000 national banks on the 1st of October last are officially reported at $2,105,786,625.

BENJAMIN YOUNG, a dissipated grandson of the late head of the Mormon Church, committed suicide last week.

THE Baltimore city election last week resulted in the choice of 18 Democrats out of 21 members of the City Council.

A FIRE at Lynn, Mass., on October 28th, destroyed a steam mill and some adjoining building, valued at $150,000.

A BILL has been introduced in the Vermont Legislature making women eligible for town superintendents and town clerks.

MRS. LINCOLN, widow of the late President, who arrived from Europe last week, has since been seriously ill at a hotel in New York City.

A PROPOSAL has been made in the Buenos Ayres Congress to grant a subsidy of $100,000 yearly to a line of steamers between Buenos Ayres and New York.

THE receipts of grain at this port on Thursday last were the largest ever recorded, aggregating 1,640,362 bushels, of which 637,204 was wheat and 782,400 corn.

THE Mobile Cotton Exchange has ratified the agreement made in New York on October 14th between the creditors of Nimble and the Commissioners of the city.

THE Ansonia Clock Works in Brooklyn were destroyed by fire October 27th, involving a loss of $500,000, and throwing 1,200 persons out of employment.

THE seventh annual convention of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was held in Boston last week, with 87 delegates from various parts of the United States.

OVER 400 Italian laborers, employed on the Cape Cod Ship Canal, have returned to New York City destitute, having been unable to obtain their wages from the contractor.

A JOURNALIST named Kennard Philp was arrested in New York City last week for an alleged libel of General Garfield in connection with the forged "Chinese letter."

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is again in New York City en route for England. He will probably sail next week, after addressing a public meeting on the subject of co-operation.

SARAH BERNHARDT arrived at this port on Wednesday morning last, October 27th, and was warmly welcomed by her immediate friends. Her baggage filled two large express-wagons.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD will sail early this month on a trip around the world, to last about a year. He was entertained by his friends at a farewell dinner at the Union League Club House, October 26th.

THE failure of C. Risley & Co., wholesale dealers in coffee and spices, in New York City, with liabilities of $500,000, was announced last week. The assets are estimated at $400,000. The failure is attributed to the depreciation and shrinkage in values and losses by other failures.

THE Mississippi River Commission have thoroughly inspected the plan adopted by the Bureau of Engineers for the improvement of the Upper Mississippi River, and in their report will approve the plan and urge that it be continued.

A RECEPTION to Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, was given by the American Geographical Society at Chickering Hall, in New York City, on October 28th. A number of relics of the Franklin exploring party were exhibited.

GENERAL HANCOCK was last week presented a fine Malacca cane with ferules of ivory and silver and a gold head engraved, suitably inscribed and studded with diamonds. The cane was made by Tiffany & Co., and voted to General Hancock at a church fair in Brooklyn.

THE Episcopal General Convention, before its adjournment last week, adopted a resolution urging a merciful but firm enforcement of the laws against polygamy. It also adopted an order that no prayers other than those contained in the Prayer Book shall be used by the clergy, and decided that a Missionary Bishop shall be appointed to the episcopate of every territory in the United States.

Foreign.

THE Pope has written to the Archbishop of Paris deploring the religious decrees and their application.

PARISIAN journals predict the fall of the Ferry Ministry on the reassembling of the Chambers, as its policy is not agreeable to M. Gambetta.

DISASTROUS floods have caused the loss of much property and a few lives in the Santa Catharina colonies, Brazil. Great distress is prevalent there.

GENERAL MELIKOFF will shortly resume his duties as President of the Russian Council of Ministers, when several reforms in the Administration are expected.

A DISPATCH from Rome states that, in consequence of the constant disputes between Cardinal Manning and Monsignor Capel, the latter has been ordered to reside in America.

THE efforts of Rear-Admiral Stevens, of the United States Navy, to open up the trade of the Corean Peninsula to civilized nations has resulted in failure, and the enterprise has therefore been abandoned, for the present at least.

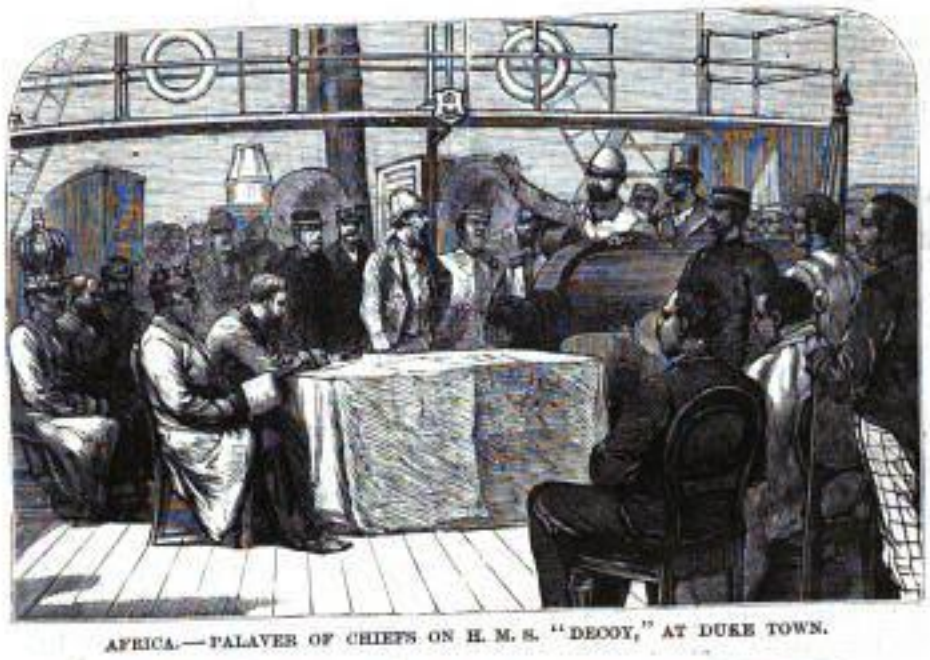
ON the 3d ultimo a typhoon passed over Yokohama, doing considerable damage to buildings both there and in Tokio. The light craft in the bay suffered severely, and a great many lives were lost. The adjoining ports also sustained great loss.

THE Greek Ministry has declared its intention of carrying out the decision of the Berlin treaty, so far as it affects Greece, without the aid of Europe. The President of the Austrian Ministry has declared his intention of supporting Greece with all the Austrian diplomacy.

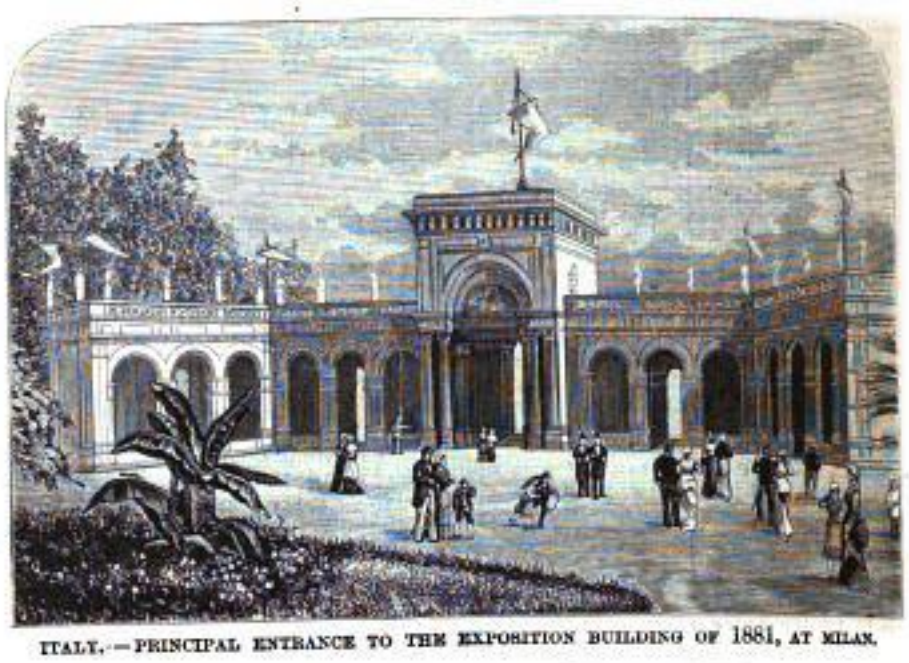
THE speech of Emperor William, which was read at the opening of the Prussian Landtag, October 28th, expresses his thanks for the popular manifestations of loyalty at Cologne on the occasion of the celebration of the completion of the cathedral. The estimates for 1881 promise a surplus which will render 14,000,000 marks available for the remission of Prussian taxation. The transfer of private railways to the State has benefited their finances and traffic. The Landtag will be called to co-operate in carrying out economic reforms for the whole Empire.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 171.



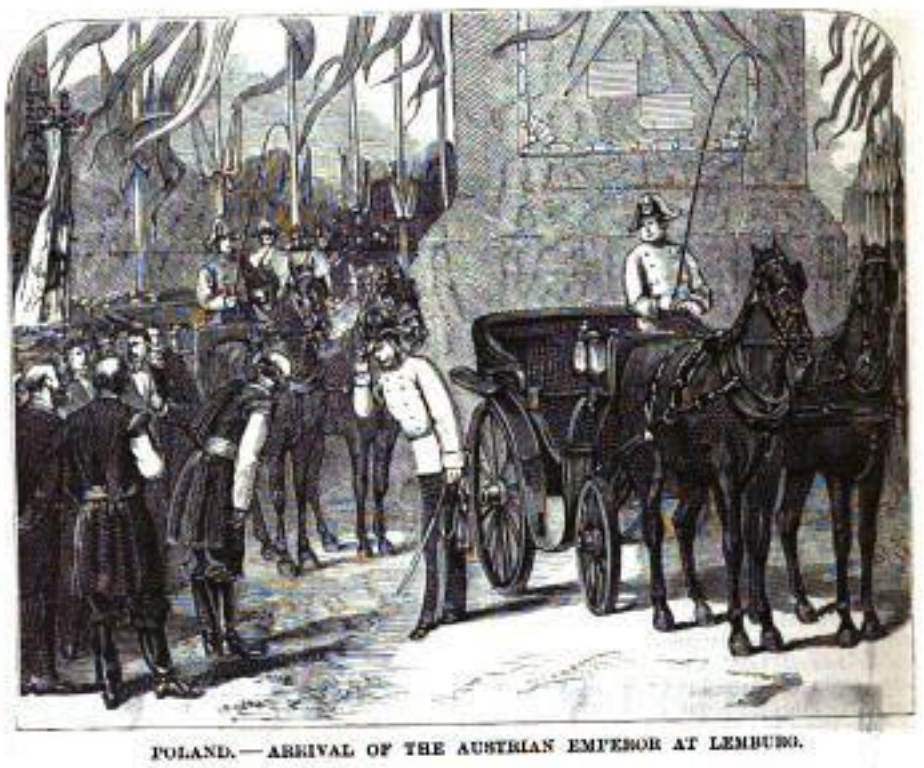
AFRICA.—PALAVER OF CHIEFS ON H. M. S. "DECOY," AT DUKE TOWN.



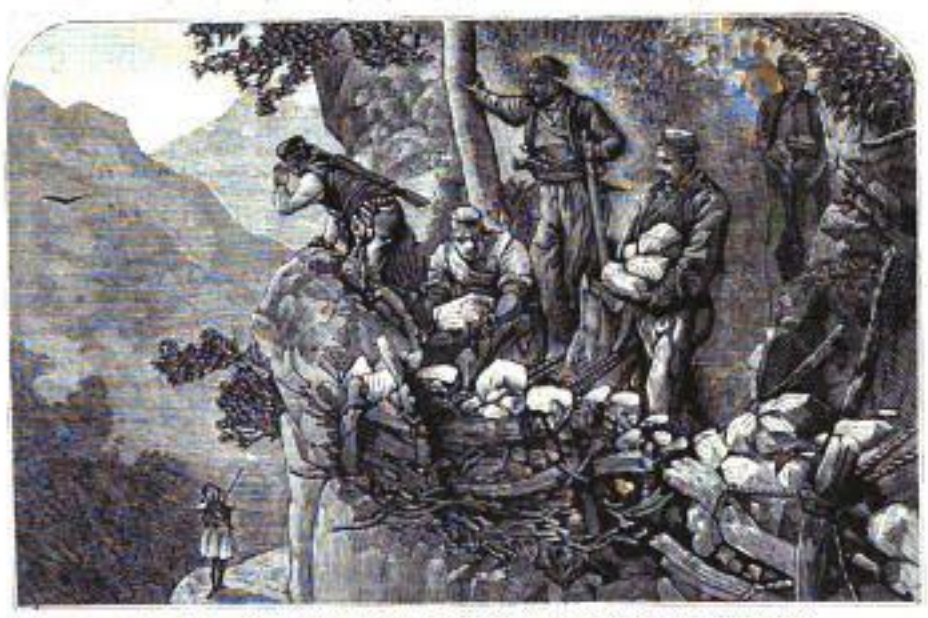
ITALY.—PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION BUILDING OF 1881, AT MILAN.



POLAND.—THE CLERGY WELCOMING THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR.



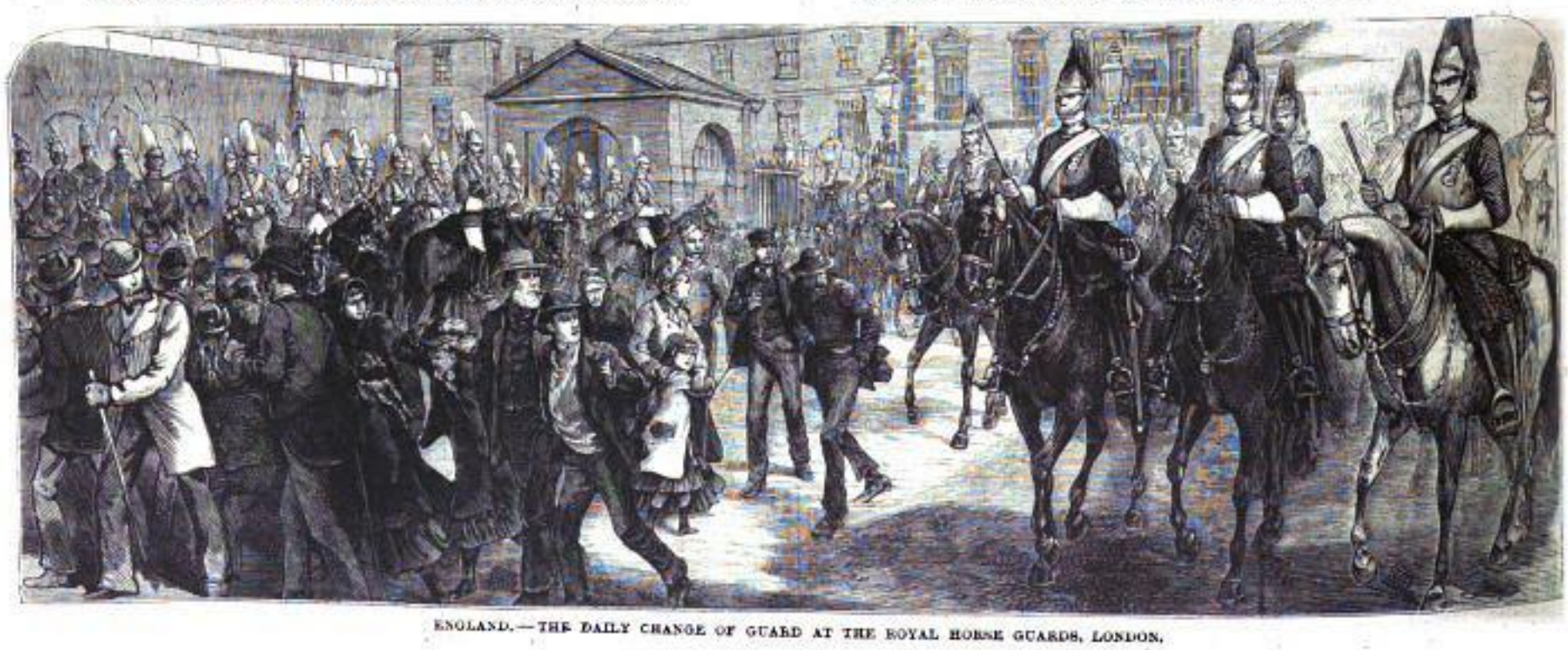
POLAND.—ARRIVAL OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR AT LEMBURG.



ALBANIA.—MIRDITES AND ALBANIANS BUILDING STONE BATTERIES.



SCOTLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A TORCHLIGHT DANCE, MAR LODGE.



ENGLAND.—THE DAILY CHANGE OF GUARD AT THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, LONDON.

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MME. ROZE-MAPLESON.

IT is ever a pleasing duty to utter the word "welcome," but when that word is the spontaneous outcome of an abiding sentiment, its gracious force is tenfold. In bidding Madame Marie Roze-Mapleson welcome after her too-prolonged absence from our shores, we use the word in its entirety, and whether as the *artiste*, the beautiful and gifted *prima donna*, or the winsome woman, we bid her welcome. Never was Marie Roze-Mapleson in more superb voice! The "gift of the gods" is bearing bounteous blossom, and, like some priceless cabinet wine, which improves in wondrous minor tones by time, the two years that have elapsed since Madame Mapleson went from us have but added a riper and more delicious flavor to her magnificent voice. The public will now have an opportunity of hearing the matchless *prima donna* in English opera. Madame Roze having made the English language a study, not only as regards speaking, but as regards singing, has so completely mastered it that her pronunciation is absolutely faultless. The idiotic *libretti* which usually accompany English versions of Italian opera have been done away with, and powerfully dramatic versions substituted, these under the supervision of that most astute of all modern playwrights, Mr. Dion Boucicault. In addition to hearing Madame Roze-Mapleson in "Aida," "William Tell," "Carmen," "The Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "The Huguenots," and other equally attractive operas, we shall have the latest phenomenal success, Boito's "Mefistofele," in which Madame Mapleson will create the powerful and combined rôle of *Margherita* and *Helen of Troy*. The gifted *prima donna's* marvelous rendering of Boito's boldly realistic composition is a treat such as the lovers of music fairly hunger for. We publish Madame Roze-Mapleson's portrait in this new-born *rôle*, and we cannot but envy the æsthetic ones of the Hub to whom it will be sung for the first time on the 13th inst.

GOING TO THE POLLS.

AMONG the many *bizarre* scenes consequent upon a national contest, that witnessed by one of our artists on a road through a pine wood in North Carolina was as quaint as it was ludicrous. A cart laden with Republican "darkies" was passing along to the polls, its occupants uttering party cries of defiance, mingled with shrieks of laughter, as they cast handbills of a taunting character to a number of Democratic "darkies" who were trudging in the same direction, but traveling on what is popularly known as "shank's" mare. At the head of the mule bearing the Republicans marched a consequential personage, carrying a tattered flag, and attired in a costume, part of which bespoke the military element. His grotesque airs of solemn importance would have made the fortune of the lowest of low comedians, while the gloom on the faces of the "gents as walked" imparted the strangest of contrasts to the expressions of those who were in the cart. How the old pine-trees rang with the jubilant shouts of the darkie swells!

What a gala night election night is with the *genius* of New York! What a fling they have! What ash barrel is safe from their omnivorous clutches? What piece of rickety furniture? From an early hour the bonfires commence, each fire having its own special set of clients, who strain every nerve to make it as brilliant and as lively as possible. Everything is pressed into the service. Unwise is the man who leaves his wagon by the sidewalk! Foolish the housewife who neglects to take in her tubs and wooden utensils! Election night is a free night, and the man or woman who would molest a boy for endeavoring to keep up its tone by the abstraction of a piece of plank would be unworthy the name of American!

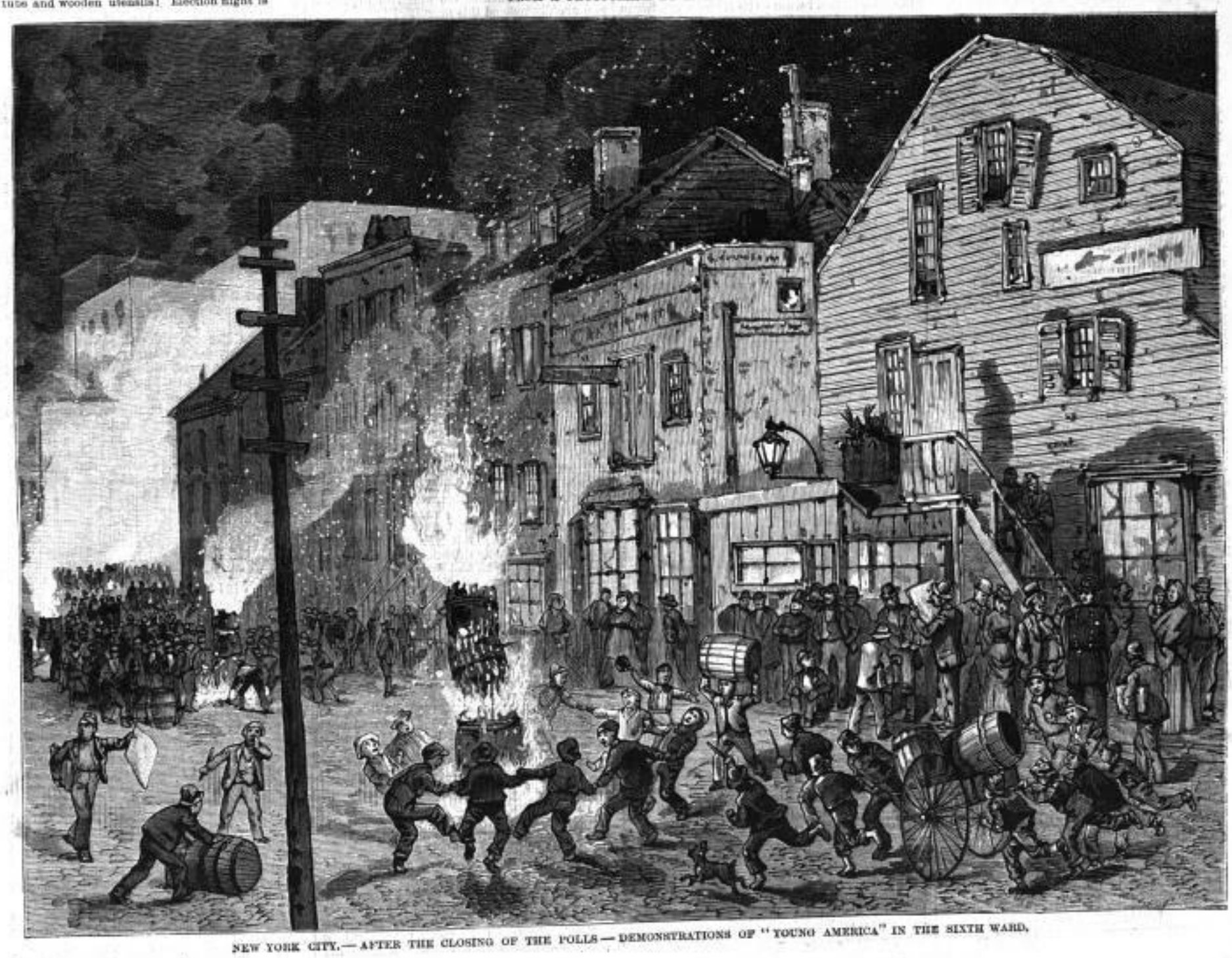


MADAME MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON, AS "MARGHERITA" IN THE OPERA OF "MEFISTOFELE."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

VALUABLE STATISTICS.

AN English paper condenses the following facts from a book of universal statistics by Baron G. F. Kolb: Among the languages of civilized nations, English is the most widely spread. It is the mother-tongue of about 80,000,000 people; German of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; French of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; Spanish of 40,000,000; Italian of 28,000,000, and Russian of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000. The general condition of the masses of a nation is the most valuable element in national progress or degeneracy; and Baron Kolb shows that the reproductive capital existing in the living generation far exceeds the value of all other capital. Every needless impediment to the development of this capital, and anything which tends to deteriorate the bodily condition of the population, is proved to be a squandering of a nation's wealth. Every advance made by a people in morality, in profitable and healthy employment and useful knowledge, brings it nearer to the ideal — the greatest natural tenure of life. Domestic virtue also tells favorably on the health and wealth of a population. Thus in Bavaria, out of 1,000 children born alive, there died, of legitimate children, 248 boys and 212 girls; of illegitimate, 361 boys and 342 girls. Out of 100 children suckled by their mothers, only 18.3 died during the first year; of those nursed by wet-nurses, 29.33 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died; of those brought up in institutions, 80 died in the 100. The influence of prosperity or poverty on mortality is also shown by Baron Kolb. Taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and another 1,000 of poor persons—after five years there remained alive of the prosperous, 943; of the poor, only 655. After 50 years there remained of the prosperous, 557; of the poor 283; at 70 years of age, there remained 235 of the prosperous, and of the poor, 65. The average length of life among the well-to-do was 50 years, and among the poor 32 years. The effects of professions and trades on mortality are great, the term of life varying from 65 years 11 months for clergymen, to 40 years and 10 months for lithographers and copper engravers. In England, according to the Census Office statistics, the duration of life has been found most defective among the steel workers, polishers and grinders; and next to these the life of the collier—that fearless delver in the bowels of the earth—is least secure, owing greatly, no doubt, to the occurrence of accidents in mines.

One of the most potent shorteners of life is the anxiety of providing for bare subsistence. The lack of sanitary conditions also shortens man's years. Idleness, as compared to intense industry, outweighs—prejudicially outweighs—all the advantages of ease and abundance. Of all countries in the world, England shows a pre-eminence in abstention from suicides, while in France they increase with advancing years. Taking 1,000 suicides which occurred in France, and dividing according to sex for each month, it is curious to note the effect of long and short days. In January, 68 men and 63 woman killed themselves; in February, 75 men and 70 women; in March, 84 men and 78 woman; in April 94 men and 93 women; in May, 96 men and 92 women; in June, 106 men and 110 women; in July, 99 men and 106 women; in August, 82 men and 106 women; in September, 74 men and 78 women; in October, 77 men and 99 women; in November, 61 men and 68 women,



NEW YORK CITY.—AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE POLLS—DEMONSTRATIONS OF "YOUNG AMERICA" IN THE SIXTH WARD.

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and in December, 62 men and 62 women were suicides. As Mr. Buckle argued, statistics show that there is no exercise of will, no act in the entire compass of men's dealings, which does not fall within the lines of an absolute regularity. Of all human actions, marriages seem to be most arbitrary, and out of the region of fixed laws. Yet the registers prove that it is especially in marriages the greatest steadiness and regularity obtains; taking three quinquennial periods, it will be found that the following proportions exist:

Bachelors married to widows..	251	254	271
Widowers to spinsters.....	982	937	934
Widowers to widows 320		223	340

Marriages of men under 30 years of age to women of 60 and over occurred twice in the first period, and once in each of the others. Statistics prove that, in countries where consanguineous marriages are permitted, there are to be found a greater number of deaf-mutes and idiots than elsewhere.

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.—FATHER BENWELL SITS.

ART has its trials as well as its triumphs. It is powerless to assert itself against the sordid interests of everyday life. The greatest book ever written, the finest picture ever painted, appeals in vain to minds preoccupied by selfish and secret cares. On entering Lord Loring's gallery, Father Benwell found but one person who was not looking at the pictures under false pretenses.

Innocent of all suspicion of the conflicting interests whose struggle now centred in himself, Romayne was carefully studying the picture which had been made the pretext for inviting him to the house. He had bowed to Stella, with a tranquil admiration of her beauty; he had shaken hands with Penrose, and had said some kind words to his future secretary—and then he had turned to the picture, as if Stella and Penrose had ceased from that moment to occupy his mind.

"In your place," he said, quietly, to Lord Loring, "I should not buy this work."

"Why not?"

"It seems to me to have the serious defect of the modern English school of painting. A total want of thought in the rendering of the subject, disguised under dexterous technical tricks of the brush. When you have seen one of that man's pictures, you have seen all. He manufactures—he doesn't paint."

Father Benwell came in while Romayne was speaking. He went through the ceremony of introduction to the master of Vange Abbey with perfect politeness, but a little absently. His mind was bent on putting his suspicion of Stella to the test of confirmation. Not waiting to be presented, he turned to her with the air of fatherly interest and chastened admiration, which he well knew how to assume in his intercourse with women.

"May I ask if you agree with Mr. Romayne's estimate of the picture," he said, in his gentlest tones.

She had heard of him and of his position in the house. It was quite needless for Lady Loring to whisper to her, "Father Benwell, my dear!" Her antipathy identified him as readily as her sympathy might have identified a man who had produced a favorable impression on her. "I have no pretension to be a critic," she answered, with frigid politeness. "I only know what I personally like or dislike."

The reply exactly answered Father Benwell's purpose. It diverted Romayne's attention from the picture to Stella. The priest had secured his opportunity of reading their faces while they were looking at each other.

"I think you have just stated the true motive for all criticism," Romayne said to Stella. "Whether we only express our opinions of pictures or books in the course of conversation, or whether we assert them at full length, with all the authority of print, we are really speaking, in either case, of what personally pleases or repels us. My poor opinion of that picture means that it says nothing to me. Does it say anything to you?"

He smiled gently as he put the question to her; but there was no betrayal of emotion in his eyes or in his voice. Relieved of anxiety, so far as Romayne was concerned, Father Benwell looked at Stella.

Steadily as she controlled herself, the confession of her heart's secret found its way into her face. The coldly composed expression which had confronted the priest when she spoke to him melted away softly under the influence of Romayne's voice and Romayne's look. Without any positive change of color, her delicate skin glowed faintly, as if it felt some animating inner warmth. Her eyes and lips brightened with a new vitality; her frail, elegant figure seemed insensibly to strengthen and expand, like the leaf of a flower under a favoring sunny air. When she answered Romayne (agreeing with him, it is needless to say), there was a tender persuasiveness in her tones, shyly inviting him still to speak to her and still to look at her, which would in itself have told Father Benwell the truth, even if he had not been in a position to see her face. Confirmed in his doubts of her, he looked with concealed suspicion at Lady Loring next. Sympathy with Stella was undisguisedly expressed to him in the honest blue eyes of Stella's faithful friend.

The discussion on the subject of the unfortunate picture was resumed by Lord Loring, who thought the opinions of Romayne and Stella needlessly severe. Lady Loring, as usual, agreed with her husband. While the general attention was occupied in this way, Father Benwell said a word to Penrose—thus far a silent listener to the discourse on art.

"Have you seen the famous portrait of the first Lady Loring, by Gainsborough?" he asked. Without waiting for a reply, he took Penrose by the arm and led him away to the picture, which had the additional merit, under present circumstances, of hanging at the other end of the gallery.

"How do you like Romayne?" Father Benwell put the question in low peremptory tones, evidently impatient for a reply.

"He interests me already," said Penrose. "He looks so ill and so sad, and he spoke to me so kindly——"

"In short," Father Benwell interposed, "Romayne has produced a favorable impression on you. Let us get on to the next thing. You must produce a favorable impression on Romayne."

Penrose sighed.

"With the best will to make myself agreeable to people whom I like," he said, sadly, "I seldom succeed. They used to tell me at Oxford that I was shy—and I am afraid that is against me. I wish I possessed some of your social advantages, Father!"

"Leave it to me, son. Are they still talking about the picture?"

"Yes."

"I have something more to say to you. Have you noticed the young lady?"

"I thought her beautiful—but she looks a little cold."

Father Benwell smiled.

"When you are as old as I am," he said, "you will not believe in appearances where women are concerned. Do you know what *I* think of her? Beautiful if you like—and dangerous as well."

"Dangerous? In what way?"

"This is for your private ear, Arthur. She is in love with Romayne. Wait a minute! And Lady Loring—unless I am entirely mistaken in what I observed—knows it and favors it. The beautiful Stella may be the destruction of all our hopes, unless we keep Romayne out of her way."

These words were whispered, with an earnestness and agitation which surprised Penrose. His superior's equanimity was not easily overthrown.

"Are you sure, Father, of what you say?" he asked.

"I am quite sure, or I should not have spoken."

"Do you think Mr. Romayne returns the feeling?"

"Not yet, luckily. You must use your first friendly influence over him—what is her name? Her surname, I mean."

"Eyrecourt. Miss Stella Eyrecourt."

"Very well. You must use your influence (when you are quite sure that it is an influence) to keep Mr. Romayne away from Miss Eyrecourt."

Penrose looked embarrassed.

"I am afraid I should scarcely know how to do that," he said. "But I should naturally, as his assistant, encourage him to keep to his studies."

Whatever Arthur's superior might privately think of Arthur's reply, he received it with outward indulgence. "That will come to the same thing," he said. "Besides, when I get the information I want—this is strictly between ourselves—I may be of some use in placing obstacles in the lady's way."

Penrose started. "Information!" he repeated. "What information?"

"Tell me something before I answer you," said Father Benwell. "How old do you take Miss Eyrecourt to be?"

"I am not a good judge in such matters. Between twenty and twenty-five, perhaps?"

"We will take her age at that estimate, Arthur. In former years I have had opportunities of studying women's characters in the confessional. Can you guess what my experience tells me of Miss Eyrecourt?"

"No, indeed?"

"A lady is not in love for the first time, when she is between twenty and twenty-five years old—that is my experience," said Father Benwell. "If I can find a person capable of informing me, I may make some valuable discoveries in the earlier history of Miss Eyrecourt's life. No more, now. We had better return to our friends."

CHAPTER V.—FATHER BENWELL MUSES.

THE group before the picture which had been the subject of dispute was broken up. In one part of the gallery Lady Loring and Stella were whispering together on a sofa. In another part Lord Loring was speaking privately to Romayne.

"Do you think you will like Mr. Penrose?" his lordship asked.

"Yes—so far as I can tell at present. He seems to be modest and intelligent."

"You are looking ill, my dear Romayne. Have you again heard the voice that haunts you?"

Romayne answered with evident reluctance. "I don't know why," he said, "but the dread of hearing it again has oppressed me all this morning. To tell you the truth, I came here in the hope that the change might relieve me."

"Has it done so?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't that suggest, my friend, that a greater change might be of use to you?"

"Don't ask me about it, Loring! I can go through my ordeal—but I hate speaking of it."

"Let us speak of something else, then," said Lord Loring. "What do you think of Miss Eyrecourt?"

"A very striking face; full of expression and character. Leonardo would have painted a noble portrait of her. But there is something in her manner——" He stopped, unwilling or unable to finish the sentence.

"Something you don't like?" Lord Loring suggested.

"No; something I don't quite understand. One doesn't expect to find any embarrassment in the manner of a well-bred woman. And yet she seemed to be embarrassed when she spoke to me. Perhaps I produced an unfortunate impression on her."

Lord Loring laughed.

"In any man but you, Romayne, I should call that affectation."

"Why?" Romayne asked, sharply.

Lord Loring looked unfeignedly surprised.

"My dear fellow, do you really think you are the sort of a man who impresses a woman unfavorably at first sight? For once in your life, indulge in the amiable weakness of doing yourself justice, and find a better reason for Miss Eyrecourt's embarrassment."

For the first time since he and his friend had been talking together, Romayne turned towards Stella. He innocently caught her in the act of looking at him. A younger woman, or a woman of weaker character, would have looked away again. Stella's noble head drooped; her eyes sank slowly until they rested on her long white hands crossed upon her lap. For a moment more Romayne looked at her with steady attention. He roused himself, and spoke to Lord Loring in lowered tones.

"Have you known Miss Eyrecourt for a long time?"

"She is my wife's oldest and dearest friend. I think, Romayne, you would feel interested in Stella, if you saw more of her."

Romayne bowed in silent submission to Lord Loring's prophetic remark.

"Let us look at the pictures," he said, quietly.

As he moved down the gallery the two priests met him. Father Benwell saw his opportunity of helping Penrose to produce a favorable impression.

"Forgive the curiosity of an old student, Mr. Romayne," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful way. "Lord Loring tells me you have sent to the country for your books. Do you find a London hotel favorable to study?"

"It is a very quiet hotel," Romayne answered; "and the people know my ways." He turned to Arthur. "I have my own set of rooms, Mr. Penrose," he continued, "with a room at your disposal. The solitude of my house in the country is distasteful to me. There are times when I want to see the life in the streets as a relief. Though we are in a hotel, I can promise that you will not be troubled by interruptions, when you kindly lend me the use of your pen."

Father Benwell answered before Penrose could speak.

"You may perhaps find my young friend's memory of some use to you, Mr. Romayne, as well as his pen. Penrose has studied in the Vatican Library. If your reading leads you that way, he knows more than most men of the rare old manuscripts which treat of the early history of Christianity."

This delicately-managed reference to Romayne's projected work on "The Origin of Religions" produced its effect. He became instantly interested in Penrose and his studies.

"I should like very much to speak to you about those manuscripts," he said. "Copies of some of them may, perhaps, be in the British Museum. Is it asking too much to inquire if you are disengaged this morning?"

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Romayne."

"If you will kindly call at my hotel in an hour's time, I shall have looked over my notes, and shall be ready for you with a list of titles and dates. There is the address."

With those words, he advanced to take his leave of Lady Loring and Stella.

Father Benwell was a man possessed of extraordinary power of foresight—but he was not infallible. Seeing that Romayne was on the point of leaving the house, and feeling that he had paved the way successfully for Romayne's amanuensis, he too readily assumed that there was nothing further to be gained by remaining in the gallery. In arriving at this conclusion, he was additionally influenced by private and personal considerations. The interval before Penrose called at the hotel might be usefully filled up by some wise words of advice, relating to the religious uses to which he might turn his intercourse with Romayne, when he had sufficiently established himself in the confidence of his employer. There might, no doubt, be future opportunities for accomplishing this object, but Father Benwell was not a man to trust too implicitly in the future. The present occasion was, in respect of its certainty, the occasion that he preferred. Making one of his ready and plausible excuses, he returned with Penrose to the library, and so committed (as he himself discovered at a later time) one of the few mistakes in the long record of his life.

In the meanwhile, Romayne was not permitted to bring his visit to a conclusion without hospitable remonstrance on the part of Lady Loring. She felt for Stella with a woman's enthusiastic devotion to the interests of true love: and she had firmly resolved that a matter so trifling as the cultivation of Romayne's mind should not be allowed to stand in the way of the far more important enterprise of opening his heart to the influence of the sex.

"Stay and lunch with us," she said, when he held out his hand to bid her good-by.

"Thank you, Lady Loring, I never take lunch."

"Well, then, come and dine with us—no party; only ourselves. To-morrow and next day, we are disengaged. Which day shall it be?"

Romayne still resisted. "You are very kind. In my state of health I am unwilling to make engagements which I may not be able to keep."

Lady Loring was just as resolute on her side. She appealed to Stella. "Mr. Romayne persists, my dear, in putting me off with excuses. Try if you can persuade him."

"*I* am not likely to have any influence, Adelaide."

The tone in which she replied struck Romayne. He looked at her. Her eyes, gravely meeting his, held him with a strange fascination. She was not herself conscious how openly all that was noble and true in her nature, all that was most deeply and sensitively felt in her aspirations, spoke at that moment in her look. Romayne's face changed; he turned pale under the new emotion that she had roused in him. Lady Loring observed him attentively.

"Perhaps you underrate your influence, Stella?" she suggested.

Stella remained impenetrable to persuasion. "I have only been introduced to Mr. Romayne half an hour since," she said. "I am not vain enough to suppose that I can produce a favorable impression on any one in so short a time."

She had expressed, in other words, Romayne's own idea of himself, in speaking of her to Lord Loring. He was struck by the coincidence.

"Perhaps we have begun, Miss Eyrecourt, by misinterpreting one another," he said. "We may arrive at a better understanding when I have the honor of meeting you again."

He hesitated, and looked at Lady Loring. She was not the woman to let a fair opportunity escape her. "We will say to-morrow evening," she resumed, "at seven o'clock."

"To-morrow," said Romayne. He shook hands with Stella and left the picture gallery.

Thus far the conspiracy to marry him promised even more hopefully than the conspiracy to convert him. And Father Benwell, carefully instructing Penrose in the next room, was not aware of it!

* * * * * *

But the hours, in their progress, mark the march of events as surely as they mark the march of time. The day passed, the evening came—and with its coming, the prospects of the conversion brightened in their turn.

Let Father Benwell himself relate how it happened, in an extract from his report to Rome, written the same evening:

"I had arranged with Penrose that he should call at my lodgings, and tell me how he had prospered at the first performance of his duties as secretary to Romayne.

"The moment he entered the room, the signs of disturbance in his face told me that something serious had happened. I asked directly if there had been any disagreement between Romayne and himself.

"He repeated the word with every appearance of surprise. 'Disagreement?' he said. 'No words can tell how sincerely I feel for Mr. Romayne, and how eager I am to be of service to him.'

"Relieved so far, I naturally asked what had happened. Penrose betrayed a marked embarrassment in answering my question.

"'I have innocently surprised a secret,' he said, 'on which I had no right to intrude. All that I can honorably tell you shall be told. Add to your many kindnesses, Father, and don't command me to speak when it is my duty towards a sorely-tried man to be silent, even to you.'

"It is needless to say that I abstained from directly answering this strange appeal. If I found it necessary to our interests to assert my spiritual authority, I was of course resolved to do it. 'Let me hear what you can tell,' I replied, 'and then we shall see.'

"Upon this, he spoke. I need scarcely recall to your memory how careful we were, in first planning the attempt to recover the Vange property, to assure ourselves of the promise of success, which the peculiar character of the present owner held out to us. In reporting what Penrose said, I communicate a discovery which I venture to think will be as welcome to you as it was to me.

"He began by reminding me of what I had myself told him in speaking of Romayne. 'You mentioned having heard from Lord Loring of a great sorrow or remorse from which he was suffering.' Penrose said; 'and you added that your informant abstained from mentioning what the nature of that remorse, or of the nervous malady connected with it, might be. I know what he suffers, and why he suffers, and with what noble resignation he submits to his affliction.'

"There Penrose stopped. You know the emotional nature of the man. It was only by a hard struggle with himself that he abstained from bursting into tears. I gave him time, and then I asked how he made the discovery.

"He hesitated, but he answered plainly, so far. 'We were sitting together at the table, looking over his notes and memoranda,' Penrose said, 'when he suddenly dropped the manuscript from which he was reading to me. A ghastly paleness overspread his face. He started up, and put both his hands to his ears as if he heard something dreadful, and was trying to deafen himself to it. I ran to the door to call for help. He stopped me; he spoke in faint, gasping tones, forbidding me to call any one in to witness what he suffered. It was not the first time, he said; it would soon be over. If I had not courage to remain with him I could go, and return when he was himself again. I so pitied him that I found the courage to remain. When it was over, he took me by the hand and thanked me. I had staid by him like a friend, he said, and like a friend he would treat me. Sooner or later (those were his exact words) I must be taken into his confidence, and it should be now. He told me his melancholy story. I implore you, Father, don't ask me to repeat it! Be content if I tell you the effect of it on myself. The one hope, the one consolation for him, is in our holy religion. With all my heart I devote myself to his conversion, and, in my inmost soul, I feel the conviction that I shall succeed!'

"To this effect, and in this tone, Penrose spoke. I abstained from pressing him to reveal Romayne's confession. The confession is of no consequence to us. You know how the moral force of Arthur's earnestness and enthusiasm fortifies his otherwise weak character. I, too, believe he will succeed.

"But, before I close these lines, there is a question which I must submit to your consideration.

"You are already informed that there is a

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woman in our way. She shall not succeed in her designs on Romayne if I can prevent it. But other women may try their temptations on him. Even the conversion, from which we hope and expect so much, cannot be relied on to secure the restitution of the Vange property. It is not enough for us that the property is not entailed, and that there is no near relation with any pretensions to inherit it. While Romayne remains a marriageable man, there is always the danger of an heir to the estate being born. In my humble opinion, the one safe course is so to impress his mind, by means of Penrose, as to cultivate in him a vocation for the priesthood. As a priest, we are sure of him. Be so good as to present this idea at headquarters and let me know the result at the earliest possible opportunity."

Having completed his report, Father Benwell reverted to the consideration of his proposed inquiries into the past history of Stella's life.

Reflection convinced him that it would be unwise to attempt, no matter how guardedly, to obtain the necessary information from Lord Loring or his wife. If he assumed, at his age, to take a strong interest in a Protestant young lady who had notoriously avoided him, they would certainly feel surprise, and surprise might, in due course of development, turn to suspicion.

There was but one other person under Lord Loring's roof to whom he could address himself, and that person was the housekeeper. As an old servant, possessing Lady Loring's confidence, she might prove a source of information; and, as a good Catholic, she would feel flattered by the notice of the spiritual director of the household.

"It may not be amiss," thought Father Benwell, "if I try the housekeeper.

(*To be continued.*)

he Lincoln Monument.

THE first statue of the proposed national Lincoln Monument was cast October 27th at the bronze foundry of Clark Mills, the sculptor, near Washington, D. C. This monument is to be erected under the direction of a society known as the National Lincoln Monument Association, and the expense will be mainly covered by private subscription, though Congress supplies the necessary bronze in the shape of condemned cannon and will also be asked to contribute the pedestal. It will be a very elaborate structure, seventy feet high, consisting of three stories, with no less than thirty-six colossal bronze figures in different parts of it, six of which, at the base, will be equestrian statues, sixteen or eighteen feet high, representing Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, Thomas and Wadsworth, the last named to represent the volunteer element in the army. Then there will be statues of those who were most prominent in civil positions during the war, including Lincoln's Cabinet, Thaddeus Stevens, Dr. Bellows, founder of the Sanitary Commission; Bishop Simpson, Henry Ward Beecher and George H. Stuart as a representative of the Christian Commission. Fred Douglass will appear as the type of what emancipation has done for the slave, and there will be other statues which are not yet fully decided upon. A notable feature of the monument will be three bas-reliefs, one representing the firing on Fort Sumter, which began the war, and the others representing the Senate and House adopting the amendments to the Constitution which abolished its results. The work has so far progressed that the model of Secretary Chase has been cast, and five others are ready for the process. The site of the monument has not yet been decided upon, but it will probably be located in Judiciary Park, near the centre of Washington.

How Celluloid is Made.

MR. PATTISON MUIR gives in *Nature* a description of the process of manufacture of celluloid, which is now so extensively used. When cotton, wool, linen, paper, or other substance largely consisting of cellulose is immersed in strong nitric acid, a mixture of two or more nitro-cellulloses is produced; a solution of this mixture in alcohol and ether has been long known as collodion. The starting point for the manufacture of celluloid was the discovery that this product when dissolved under heat and pressure in camphor, became, when allowed to cool, a hard substance like ivory. In January, 1870, Tribouillet and Besancele patented a process according to which the paper, linen, cotton, wood, etc., is dried at 100° centigrade, and nitrated in glass or glazed vessels having double bottoms through which water is constantly flowing. The nitrating acid consists of a mixture of three parts concentrated sulphuric acid, and two parts concentrated nitric acid containing nitrous acid. The dry and finely-divided material is first treated with acid which has already been once used for nitrating; the materials are mixed for ten or fifteen minutes with a kind of trowel; and the mass is pressed in a glazed iron cylinder, having the bottom and sides perforated to permit the acid to escape. The material is again treated with a fresh mixture of acids in the proportions just mentioned, and it is then washed with water in a series of wooden vessels with perforated bottoms placed one beneath the other on an inclined plane. The last particles of acid are removed by washing with dilute soda or ammonia and again with water. The material is then dissolved in an appropriate solvent, from which it is recovered in a paste-like form by distilling off the solvents. Artificial ivory is made by mixing 100 parts of the prepared cellulose with forty-two to fifty parts of finely-divided camphor, and pressing the mixture in a warm press, into which steam is conducted and connected with a chamber, where the fumes are condensed; and after being for some time in a warmer press, the material is dried in a chamber containing calcium chloride or sulphuric acid and connected with an air-pump.

Plain Talk to the Sultan.

IN the course of a recent audience with the Sultan Mr. Goschen, the British Minister, "with genuine English straightforwardness," uttered the following words of warning: "The foundations of your empire are much shattered; the slightest push may bring down the whole building. Sire, I entreat you to reflect upon the truth." Shortly afterwards Mr. Goschen called upon M. Tissot, the French Minister, and entreated him at his next audience to back up his warning with similar faithfulness. Great, however, was his astonishment when the Sultan, excited and indignant, turned upon him and said: "Never before has the Ambassador of any power dared to address such language to me." M. Tissot hurried to Mr. Goschen and informed him what the Sultan had said, adding that he had literally repeated the very words which Mr. Goschen had used. Hereupon, after a short pause, Mr. Goschen sent for his dragoman and then said to the man: "Did you faithfully translate into the words which I used?" The dragoman began to stammer out an apology. He had not the courage, he said, to render the expressions exactly, "for no man could ever dare to say such words to the great lord's very self." Hence, by an accident, the praise belongs to a Frenchman of being the first man to use a plainer manner of speech to the Sultan than any ambassador of a foreign nation had ever before ventured upon.

American Beer Abroad.

THE export of American beer and ale in casks has remained nearly stationary for a number of years, and, in fact, the number of gallons exported last year was not as large as in 1878 or 1877, and the value of such exportations last year was nearly $5,000 less than of the exportation in 1878. On the contrary, the export of our ale and beer in bottles has doubled from year to year for several years past, and is likely to increase for years to come in as great proportions. In 1870 this now flourishing trade was almost unknown to us. In that year the total shipments consisted of 1,076 dozen bottles, valued at $2,250. In 1879 there were shipped 125,873 dozen bottles, valued at $306,284. This increase in ten years has been wonderful. During the year 1879 the principal consumers of our bottled liquors were the people of the Spanish-American countries. Mexico took 54,243 dozen bottles, Brazil 17,400 dozen bottles, and Cuba 6,295 dozen bottles. England bought of us only 1,014 dozen bottles, and France patronized us to the meagre extent of 372 dozen bottles. Germany took 350 dozen bottles, which were like carrying coals to Newcastle, but it is believed she will want double that quantity this year. There is scarcely a South American country but bought of our bottled beer or ale, and it was also sent to Japan, China, Russia, Dutch Guiana, Spain, and the British possessions in Africa. While this trade is being rapidly built up to our profit, the official figures show that our importation of foreign beer and ale is not increasing. In 1872 we imported 1,989,713 gallons, valued at $1,488,781. In 1875 we imported 2,167,28 gallons, valued at $1,742,150. In 1877 the importations dropped to 914,277 gallons; in 878 to 767,709 gallons, and last year amounted to 897,687 gallons, valued at $686,806. As our malt liquors become more widely known the demand for them is sure to increase, until, if the present high standards are kept up, they will become the favorites in countries that now buy almost wholly of England and Germany.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Palaver of Chiefs at Old Calabar River.

THE palaver took place at Duke Town, Old Calabar River, on August 9th. Her Majesty's Consul, while on a round of visits to the different rivers in the Bight of Biafra, went to Duke Town, about five miles up the Old Calabar River, an important trading station, where palm oil is exchanged for Liverpool and Manchester goods. Some time back Prince Duke had been crowned King of Old Calabar by the acting Consul, Mr. Esson, by the title of "King Duke, Ephraim Eyamba IX." This nomination did not satisfy the neighboring chiefs, who wished to elect James Eyamba, the rightful heir, according to their ideas. A grand palaver of all the kings and chiefs of the district was held, by order of Her British Majesty's Consul Hewett, on board the ship *Decoy*, on August 9th. The chief personages sat on the seats provided for them on the quarter deck, near the Consul and the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant G. P. Henderson; the remainder found places on biscuit-boxes, etc., and formed a picturesque group in their many-colored garments. Prince Archibong, son of the late King, is leaning over the breech of the gun, denouncing the treading monster (King Duke Ephraim, etc.) as having violated all the former compacts made with the British Government. On his right is Prince James Eyamba, the "Claimant," on his left is Hickaw Adam, Esq., a staunch supporter of the "Claimant." At the table are Consul Hewett, Lieutenant Henderson (in the background), and a missionary from Creek Town, who acted as interpreter. Sitting at the table is Mr. Fanshaw (Chairman of the Court of Equity), and on his right sits King Duke Ephraim Eyamba IX. in a pink silk dressing-gown, with yellow quilted collar and sleeves. He has a white top hat, which he occasionally sets in a jaunty fashion on top of his head. King Eyo Honesty, of Creek Town, who sits just behind him, was the great success. His robe was of fine green silk, worked over in a flower pattern with colored threads, his crown beat anything out of a Drury Lane pantomime, being made up of crimson velveteen, gilt medal, mock ermine, etc., and most of his time was occupied in the endeavor to keep it safely balanced on his head.

The Milan Exposition of 1881.

The last city to engage in an exposition enterprise is Milan, Italy, where buildings are now being put up for the demonstration which will be inaugurated early in next year. We give an illustration of the *façade* of the structure in which the entrances will be located.

The Austrian Emperor in Poland.

The triumphal progress of the Emperor Francis Joseph through Galicia a few weeks back would have secured a share of public notice at any time, but taken in connection with many other indications of the policy of the Hapsburgs towards the Poles, it deserves to take rank as an event in the domestic, and perhaps also the foreign, relations of the Dual Monarchy. Since the accession of the Taaffe Ministry to office, the favor shown to the Polish nation has been all that could be expected from a Cabinet which had set its heart upon conciliating even the proverbial obstinacy of Czechs. No circumstance was, apparently, omitted which could enhance the importance and significance of the Imperial visit. Wherever an ovation was awaiting him, thither the Emperor directed his progress. And ovations awaited him on every side. The national traditions and associations of the Poles were marked out by him for every possible encouragement. On many occasions four hundred Galician nobles rode in his train. The addresses of the municipalities and orders of society were read, in the Polish tongue, to the monarch, and were graciously acknowledged in the same language. The President of the Diet also bade the Emperor welcome in Polish.

The Prince of Wales in Scotland.

On Monday afternoon, September 27th, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold and Prince John of Glucksburg arrived at Mar Lodge in the Highlands on a visit to the Earl of Fife. In the evening Lord Fife gave a grand ball, at which his distinguished guests were present, and the entertainment included a torchlight procession and dance by the Duff Highlanders. Next day the Prince of Wales, Prince John of Glucksburg and Lord Fife went out in the North Deeside Forest to indulge in "a deer-drive."

Cliff Batteries in Albania.

Under date of October 27th, intelligence comes from Constantinople that Dervish Pasha has been appointed Governor of Albania, and charged with the arrangement of a mode for effecting the peaceful surrender of Dulcigno. But it remains to be seen whether the Albanians will consent to let this cession be carried peaceably into effect. Persons acquainted with the country and the people say that the Turkish Government has not such absolute control over them, and rather expect that there will be an obstinate resistance, not probably to the entrance of the Montenegrins into the seaport town, but to the settlement of the interval frontier in accordance with the resolutions of the Berlin Conference. It is therefore by no means quite certain, as yet, though for the sake of humanity one would fain wish it may be so, that the picturesque figures shown in our illustration, Mirdites, Clementi, and other warlike tribesmen of the North Albanian frontier, will not continue their work of building parapets on the edge of the cliff to shelter them while firing upon the enemy when he advances by the road below. These men have Martini-Henry rifles, and great abundance of cartridges, which they know how to use, in guerrilla warfare, at least as well as the Montenegrins; and it is to be apprehended that the conflict, once provoked, would rage for a long time, and would be carried on in a savage and ferocious spirit.

"Changing Guard" at the Horse Guards.

Here we have represented one of the prettiest and most popular of London sights. In fair weather there is a goodly crowd assembled to admire the bright uniforms, waving plumes, and flashing arms and accoutrements of the men, and the sleek, glossy coats of the horses; and even on the wettest of wet days many people are to be found watching the evolutions. The duty of mounting guard is shared by the different detachments of the Household Cavalry, who relieve each other every morning, on week days at eleven and on Sundays at ten o'clock. The "old guard," or that which has completed its twenty-four hours' duty, is drawn up on the left of the yard, as shown in our picture, in readiness to receive the new guard which enters through the Whitehall gates. There are two guards: a "full" guard, consisting of thirty-four troopers, four non-commissioned officers, and two officers (excepting when the Queen is in London, when there are three), and a "short" or non-commissioned officers' guard, consisting of thirteen men and two non-com's. In addition to these any cavalry regiment quartered at Hounslow furnishes four men and a corporal for dispatch duty. Generally speaking, there is always a full guard during a Parliamentary session.

OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

THE shipments of bulk grain from St. Louis to foreign ports, by way of New Orleans, from January 1st to October 23d, were 13,314,000 bushels, against 9,164,838 bushels for the same time last year.

THERE is a great lack of transportation facilities at present in the West. Nearly all the railways in the West are at present suffering from a scarcity of cars. The demand is universal and unprecedentedly large.

RETURNS received from the four hundred official reporters authorized to be appointed by the Legislature, show that the value of the crops raised in Pennsylvania in 1880 is $111,250,000, and the value of live stock $85,570,913. The acreage of wheat was 1,450,000; hay 2,550,000; corn 1,261,000, and oats 1,186,000. The cost of fences in the State is $193,000,000.

THE people of Mobile are following the example set by Memphis, and have arranged a compromise with her creditors to cover all the outstanding indebtedness. Mobile, like Memphis, has secured a vastly better and more economical government by the repeal of her charter and the appointment of commissioners. The cost of local government, which ranged from $200,000 to $400,000 formerly, has been reduced to $100,000.

SEVERAL flouring mills at Sherman, Texas, are to be converted into woolen and cotton mills. The uncertainty of the wheat crop in that locality, and the better chances for cotton and wool, are the sufficient reasons for the change.

VERMONT takes the lead in the production of maple sugar, producing from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 pounds annually. New York comes next, producing one-third less. Ohio comes third, and produces about half as much as New York. The States of Illinois, Indiana, New Hampshire, Michigan and Wisconsin produce annually about 1,000,000 pounds each.

THE tobacco outlook has increased the value of timbered land in Buncombe County, N. C., at least fifty per cent. within the last three years.

OF the 14,600,000 quintals of grain imported into France during the first eight months of the present year, 9,000,000 came from America.

THE statement of the business of all the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburg and Erie, for September, 1880, as compared with the same month in 1879, shows an increase in gross earnings of $311,615; an increase in expenses of $426,746. The nine months of 1880, as compared with the same period in 1879, show an increase in gross earnings of $5,728,404, an increase in expenses of $3,605,207. All lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for the nine months of 1880 show a surplus over liabilities of $2,046,293, being a gain over the same period in 1879 of $1,977,397.

THE demand for laborers on the plantations in Louisiana is so excessive that they cannot be had at one dollar per day, with lodging and food.

THE tide of immigration to this country is flowing with unabated activity, the total number of arrivals for the year ending June 30th, 1880, being 457,343, an increase of 279,417 over the corresponding period of last year, and within 2,560 of the largest ever known. The value of these immigrants to the country of their adoption is enormous, and much greater proportionately than their value to the old country which they have left, because the majority of them do not come to occupy old houses or old lands, but seek their fortunes in new and untried territories.

STATISTICIANS say that $18,000,000 are now invested in silk manufactures in this country.

THE Wilmington (N. C.) *Star* of the 23d ult. states that "it has been only a year or two since pine straw first became an article of export in this market, and now we learn it is almost impossible to supply the demand for it. It is shipped North, where it undergoes certain preparations, and is then used for stuffing mattresses, in the place of oakum, and for other purposes, besides yielding a kind of oil in the first process to which it is subjected."

THE new blast-furnace of Glendon, Pa., is about complete. Its capacity is about 60 tons per week. The furnace is 80 feet high, with 18 feet bosh. The four other furnaces of this place and South Easton are running full time.

AT Pueblo, Colorado, the new steel rail mill is rapidly approaching completion. The stacks are now being put into position. Iron ore is found in great abundance in the vicinity of Leadville, and it is proposed to utilize it.

THE annual report of the appointment division of the Post Office Department for the last fiscal year was completed on October 25th. It shows that the number of post-offices in operation in the United States on the 30th of June last was 42,999, an increase of 2,134 during the year. One thousand seven hundred and sixty-one postmasters are appointees of the President. The remaining 41,238 offices are filled by appointments of the Postmaster-General. Besides the nearly 43,000 postmasters, there are 17,400 persons throughout the country who perform service and receive compensation upon the written authorization of the Postmaster-General or his chief assistants. In addition to the post-office clerks above reckoned, for whose employment allowances are made to Presidential postmasters of the first and second grades, it is estimated at the department that there are at least 50,000 persons acting as clerks in the third and fourth class post-offices who look for their employment and compensation directly to the local authority; and it is believed, therefore, that there are now not less than 132,000 persons directly connected with our postal service.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A COMMERCIAL treaty between Brazil and Chile was signed on September 1st.

—THERE is a ministerial crisis at Belgrade, caused by Austria threatening to close her frontier against Servia.

—GENERAL GARIBALDI and his son have withdrawn their resignations as members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

—THE tenants of several landlords in the County Sligo, Ireland, have been notified that if they pay full rents they will be shot.

—ALL the children of the Batoum refugees at Ismid, Turkey, are dead, the women are dying and the men must soon succumb.

—ALL the officials of Oxford University who took part in the recent corrupt elections there are to be dismissed from their posts.

—THE new Greek Cabinet has been formed with Mr. Coumoundouros as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

—THE German Federal Council has interdicted the residence of Socialists in Hamburg, Altona, Wandsbek, Pinneberg and Lauenburg.

—THE Pope has reaffirmed his right to temporal power, and described the *fete* celebrating the entry of Italian troops into Rome as "accursed."

—THE Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners have decided against the establishment of elevated railroads in Boston and other cities of the State.

—LARGE bodies of British troops have been ordered home from India. This is considered indicative that the Government apprehends no further serious disturbance in that quarter.

—IT is expected that the French Tribunal of Conflicts will decide the Jesuit question November 6th, and a decision in one case which will govern all the others will probably be given on the same day.

—THE last quarterly report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that the total imports and exports of the country carried in American bottoms has fallen from over 90 per cent. in 1827 to 17 per cent. in 1880.

—REPORTS from Tientsin, China, announce that active preparations for war with Russia are being carried on at the arsenal. The Russian Admiral, Lessofsky, is making preparations to support the demands he is instructed to make.

—THE State Department has received a dispatch from Minister Lowell, in London, stating that answers received to his circular letter sent among British publishers show a decided sentiment in favor of an international copyright treaty.

—THE number of Americans established in business in London is greater than that of the American colony in Paris. The Parisian Americans are, for the most part, free from business cares, only a few artists and literary men being professionally occupied on the banks of the Seine.

—LATE dispatches state that 20,000 Kurds are advancing on Tabriz. They have massacred the entire population of Se-Uj-Bolak. The garrison of Tabriz is only 2,000 strong. Reinforcements of 7,000 men, twenty guns, with five Austrian officers under command of an uncle of the Shah, have been hurriedly sent from Teheran. The Kurds occupy 3,000 square miles of Persian territory.

—THE Jesuits are swarming to Venice and the Venetian provinces like bees to a hive, to the indignation of the Liberals, but to the delight of the Moderates and Clericals. The why and wherefore is not difficult to discover. No Ministry, whether Conservative or Liberal, since 1866 has thought of applying to Venetia the decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits; and this abstinence explains the flocking thither of all, or nearly all, the members expelled from France.

—THE southern and eastern coast of England was last week swept by a hurricane that is unprecedented in the annals of that country for severity and duration. Bridges were destroyed, trees uprooted, towns flooded and business on railway and telegraph lines suspended. Twenty-four vessels were wrecked and over thirty lives lost. At Leeds several mills have been stopped and hundreds of persons temporarily thrown out of employment. At Dublin much property was destroyed and over fifty families were left homeless.

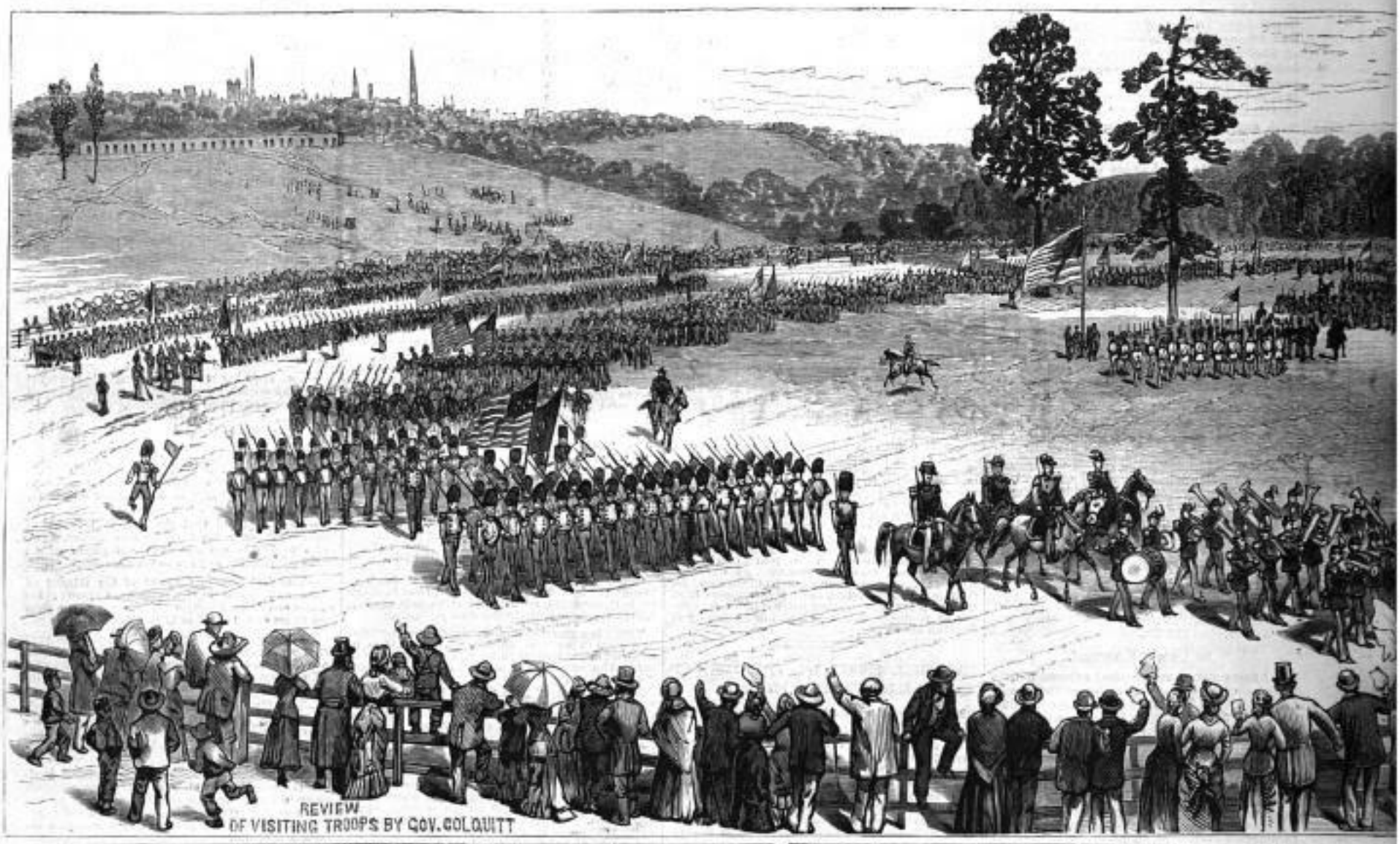
—CHINESE advices state that a serious riot took place in Canton on September 15th, between two rival factions of the lower order of natives. The immediate cause of the outbreak was a fire in a shed near the Roman Catholic cathedral. The French priests endeavored to quell the disturbance, and were assaulted with stones and other missiles by the rioters, and the mission house was attacked. The military were called out, and, after firing a volley or two, the mob was dispersed. Some lives were lost among the natives, and one of the priests was wounded. The Governor of Macao sent a gunboat to the scene, but before its arrival order had been restored by the prompt action of the Chinese officers.

—THE St. Petersburg *Golos* devotes a long article to the subject of the failure of the crops. It says: "The outlook for Russia is very gloomy, as the country, whose ordinary export is 40,000,000 quarters, will have to buy grain from abroad. How to feed the peasantry during the coming Winter is a problem occupying the serious attention of the Government, and there is no ground for expecting a good harvest in the future. Thousands of insects defied the efforts to exterminate them and lie hidden under deep snow, until Spring enables them to renew their work of destruction. The *Golos* gives the result of the past financial year, showing that the expenditure exceeds the estimates by 26,000,000 rubles ($20,800,000).

—IT is reasonable to predict that there will soon occur an overwhelming rush of the softer sex to Mississippi, in consequence of the peculiar rights and privileges secured to married women by a law contained in that State's recently revised code. Briefly, this law is thus described: "Marriage shall impose no disability or incapacity on the wife in the ownership, acquisition or disposal of property of any sort. Husbands and wives may sue each other, and the wife can will her property, real and personal, as if she were not married. Each inherits the property of the other, if there be no children, and each a child's part if there are children of their descendants." No other State grants these rights, and the future operations of Mississippi laws in this respect will not fail to attract a general interest.

—AT a meeting of the Book-Trade Association, held at Philadelphia, on October 23th, for the purpose of considering the proposed international copyright treaty, a committee was appointed to bring a proposed Bill before the publishers and present it to Congress. This Bill provides that it shall be lawful for any citizen of the United States to hold the copyright of any book, map, chart, etc., whether written or produced by a citizen of any other country or not, provided it is published and exposed for sale within two months from the date of publication in the country of its origin, except in the case of translations from foreign languages in which case an interval of four months shall be permitted, and of dramatic compositions, in which case an interval of six months between the first representation in the United States shall be allowed.

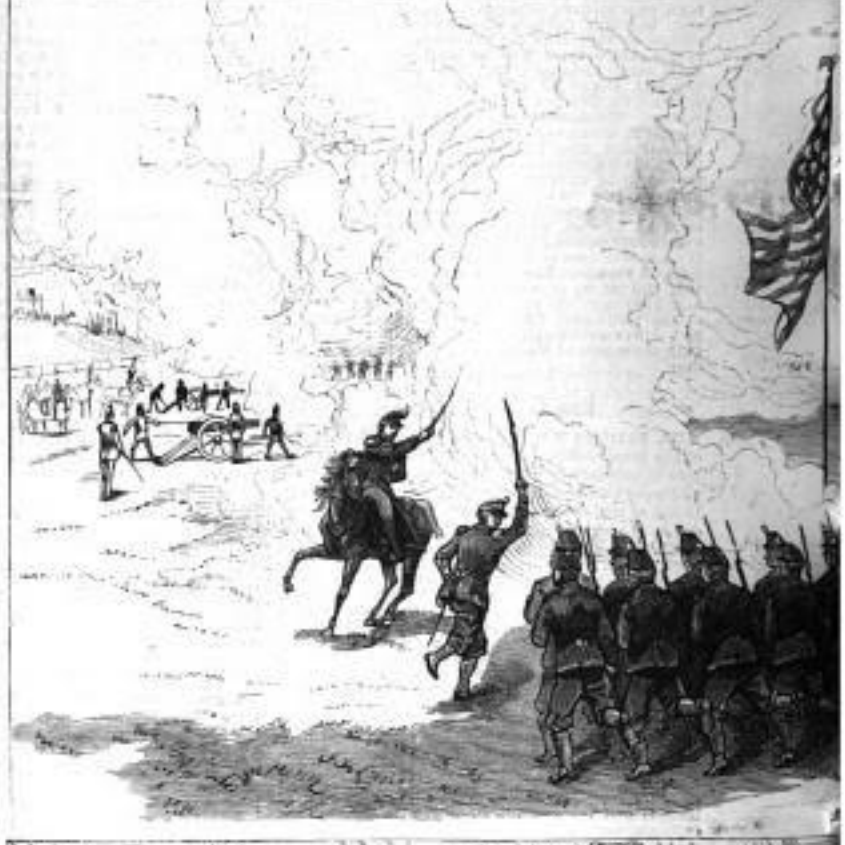
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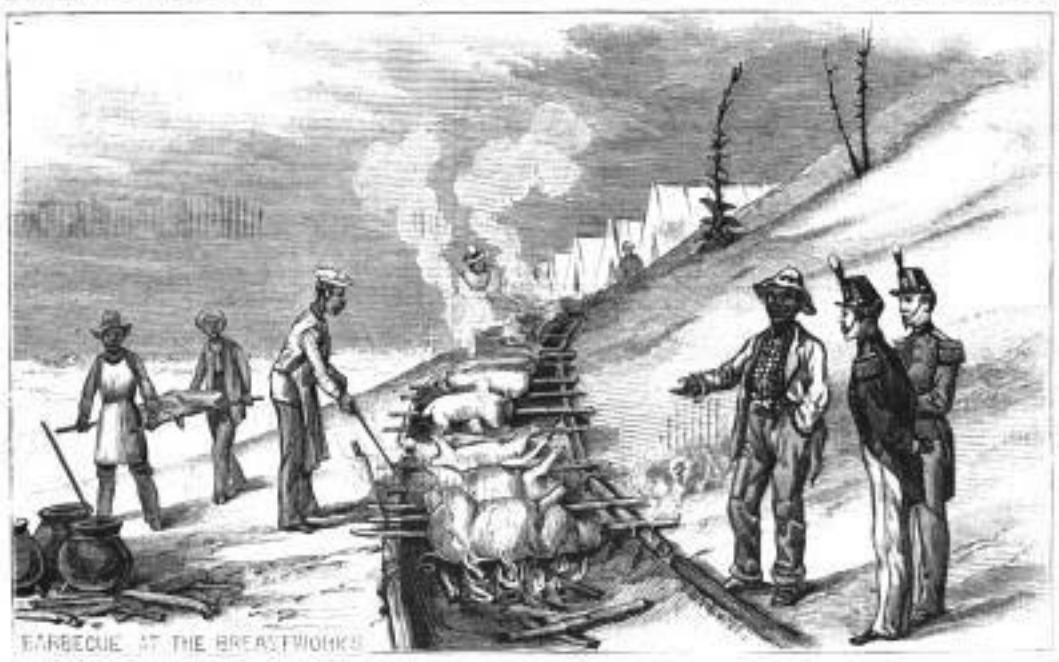


REVIEW OF VISITING TROOPS BY GOV. COLQUITT



MARCHING TO THE REVIEW.



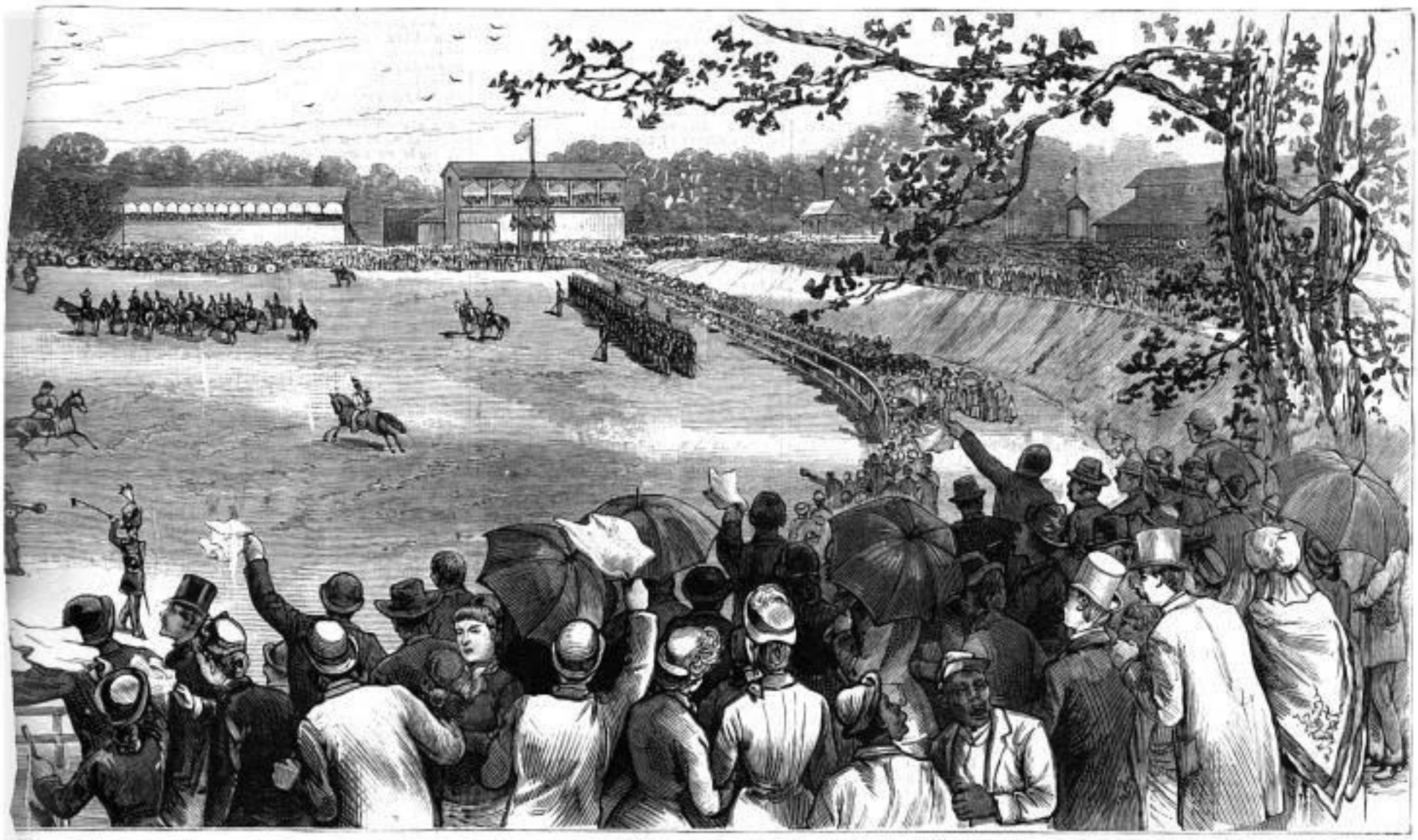


BARBECUE AT THE BREASTWORKS.



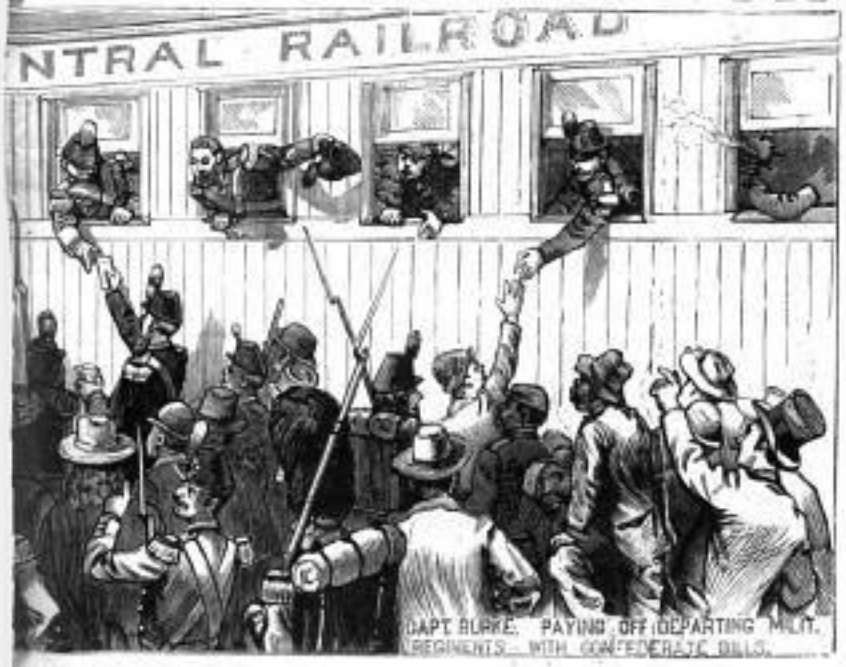
GEORGIA.—GRAND REUNION OF INTER-STATE MILITIA, ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE CORNER-STONE

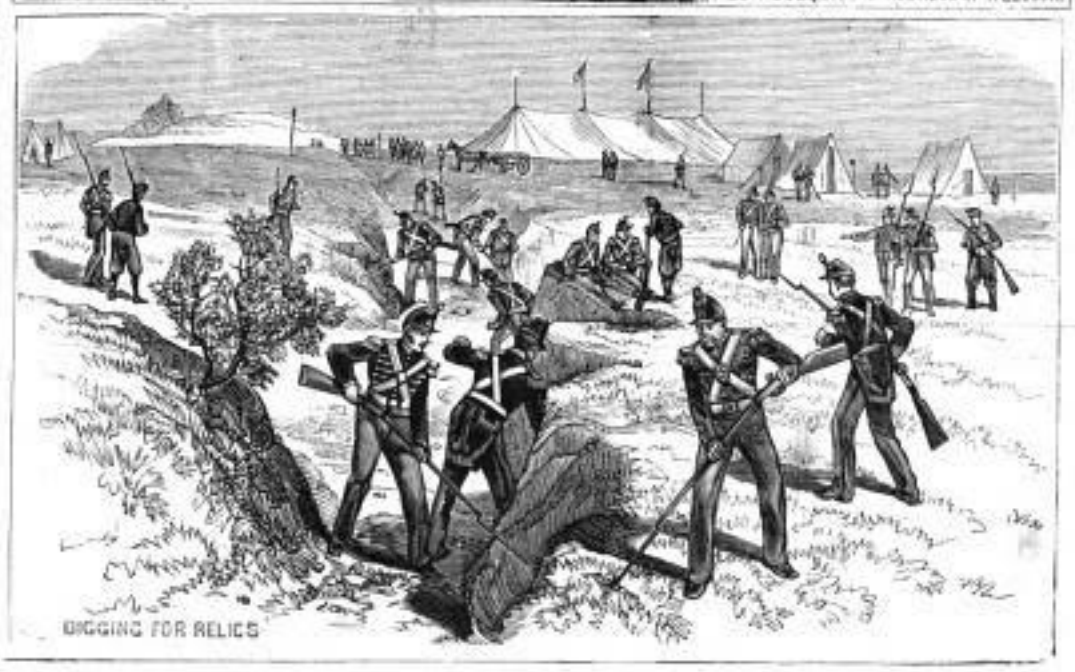
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THE MEMORIAL ARMORY OF THE GATE CITY GUARD, AT ATLANTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 175.

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SOUVENIR.

LIKE a Sultana clad in raiment bright,
Voluptuous Provence, draped in olive trees,
Balmy with grain and the soft southern breeze,
Dreamed to the star-thronged heaven one perfect night.
It seemed as if our God had made the site
His rare and unique fantasy to please,
And for his wonders and his mysteries
Created it from roses, calm and light!
'Twas there—sweet spot!—where thy ripe lips divine,
In passionate embrace—oh, long-craved boon!—
Placed their soft, troubled warmth unto my own;
'Twas there that thou wert mine, that I was thine;
While over us the Autumn-mellow moon
Silvered the languorous ripples of the Rhine!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.—(CONTINUED).

"HER weak and frivolous nature," continued Valentine Gabaudie, "was entirely incapable of any deep emotion. She even faced me after her bitter injury—she had heard from the servants of my infatuation for my guest—she came to me without one word of apology, without one thought of concern for the past. She spoke of her shame without a blush, as if her trip had been a common occurrence, and even when she told of her motherhood not the slightest tinge of consciousness or embarrassment was apparent. God knows from whom she inherited her shameless, animal nature! Her mother was proud in her purity, her father a true-born gentleman; even I, in my weakness and infatuation, committed no act for which I need have blushed. I was stricken with horror at the unnatural desertion of her child, and, upon inquiry, found that his lordship had been quite as loath to be incumbered with his offspring, and had therefore placed it in an asylum. Then they returned to Cuba, and he compelled her to get ashore at our coast.

"I saw at once that he had made toys of us both, that he had abused my faith and betrayed my child for his amusement. And now that he was ready to return to his native country, we were tossed aside as worthless baubles that had served to while away a tedious hour. A woman's faith, a child's honor!—what were they? Though of little value to him, I swore they should be avenged. Deeper and deeper grew my hatred. From that hour a smile has never crossed my lips. He had been gone one year when, through our lawyer, I received a deed for some valuable property in Russia, called the Schaffuskie Lands. It was in this way that I became aware of our betrayer's true identity. I suppose a half-remorse had settled upon him for his deed, and he tried to buy off us and his conscience. The letter stated that Count Lagors was dead, and, owing to my kindness to him, had bequeathed to us a valuable property known as the Schaffuskie Lands. For some reason the deed was drawn up under the name of Maize Dresden, which we took as an intimation that the child should be called Maize if ever we came across her. I also believed that in this act I saw an unwritten request to search for the poor, deserted baby and take it under our protection. Again I was deluded. I mourned that my vengeance had thus escaped me. Never for a moment did I doubt the reality of the statement until years afterwards, when you stood in Lord Ashhurst's apartment, and in your account of the misfortune of your exiled friend, let fall the name of Lagors. I pieced the torn letter together, recognized the writing, and saw the signature. Again he had lied to me—for some reason he desired us to suppose him dead. From that moment my old hatred awoke.

"In the meantime Lord Ashhurst, who was also traveling on our island, met and loved Gypsy. I don't think she ever really loved *him*, though as years went on she grew to respect him, and if there *was* any affection in her for him, it was such a love as a child bears for a noble parent. But she knew that by marrying him she could enter that gay world for which she so hungered. So they were married in the old mansion, where we all remained for a year. Lord Ashhurst having procured the best masters for his wife. Before the expiration of the year Lady Ashhurst gave birth to another child—no offspring of shame, no illegitimate, forsaken babe this time, but a son born to the haughty order of the powerful Ashhursts, and upon whom was showered every luxury and attention. Strange to say, for this favored infant Gypsy experienced a wild, childish love that was wonderful in her nature. And I was thankful to see it; it showed me that, after all, she was not *lower* than the brutes. When I saw her and Lord Ashhurst fondling the child, I often used to wonder if no memory ever came to her of that dark page in her life—of that forsaken one left to the care and charity of strangers. When the child was three months old he sickened and died. It was a fearful blow to Lord Ashhurst, as also to Gypsy. It hastened their departure for England, as the place where his son died grew revolting to Jack. Then in Gypsy's heart, naturalized by the affection for her infant born under happier circumstances, arose the long slumbering love for her first-born. At her request, Lord Jack, who granted her every caprice, consented to take a trip to Greece. There she secretly instituted a search for the child which she discovered; and we contrived for Jack to see her one day as she lay in the sun among some Athenian ruins, her small, curled, bare limbs gleaming like marble in the sun rays. 'She was a beautiful child,' Lord Toboskie is white to the lips and strongly agitated. 'From the moment Jack first saw her his great heart, lonely and embittered by the death of his own child, centred upon this one. Our plan worked perfectly. It was he who first proposed to adopt her, which was what Gypsy had intended to do. Then, by giving a large sum of money to the woman who had taken charge of her, she consented to tell the story we related to her, which was simply that the child was the descendant of a Russian, and that this deed was pinned to it when found. Gypsy, with her natural greed and self-interest, desiring to retain the title for the valuable Russian lands. Lord Ashhurst soon grew to adore the child. I think he knew no difference between it and his own. It was a species of worship. Soon we all returned to England, where Lady Ashhurst's beauty won for her a royal welcome, and, owing to this and also to the ancient title of her husband, she soon became the rage. Here the wisdom of the world soon showed her the *necessity* if not the intrinsic value of honor, and, growing worldly-wise, she conducted herself like a model of propriety. The nearest that she has ever approached to again falling has been with you. But I watched and saved her."

Toboskie's hands clinch, yet he knows that the mad weakness of that brief moment has given this woman the right to insinuate that he would not have held as sacred the wife of his friend, even if *she* had not interposed her presence.

"Then," continues this remarkable woman, "when I discovered that my enemy was alive, as I have said, all my old hatred awoke. I determined to wreak my revenge. In my spleen every other emotion was swallowed up, and I determined to make Jack—the truest, ay, *only* friend I ever found—the road to my desire. To do this I resolved to impoverish him. There is no necessity to enter into particulars; suffice to say, I accomplished my aim. The commencement of this was the loss of that memorable race, to do which I bribed the trainer. Then we came to Russia. Lady Ashhurst did not recognize her old lover in Count Lagors, she never having heard his proper name, and he again fell madly in love with her. This time sincerely, for she was no longer the ignorant untamed child, but the beautiful and accomplished peeress. What followed you know. Count Toboskie, it is now that I will show you the very great error you have been in and how very mortal you are. Can you not divine the revelation I have to make?" The gleaming, sunken eyes that look up to him have gathered an expression of inestimable malevolence, of malicious triumph. Still no shadow of the truth dawns upon him. The stupendous injury that has been done the woman of his love never enters his brain.

"No," he says, "I have no idea of what you wish to say. Nor can I see how I should be affected by any revelation you have to make."

"You think so?" Suffering the throes of a hundred deaths, this woman has yet power to enjoy her vengeance. "I think you will change your mind. Count Toboskie, Maize Ashhurst never committed that murder. Even while you condemned her to exile she was innocent. *I killed Count Lagors!* It was my vengeance!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.—HIS IDOL IS PURIFIED.

AS those words, with their terrible import, sunder the stillness of the death chamber, Toboskie sits for a moment as if turned to stone; he staggers to his feet and on the hush breaks a long, hoarse, shuddering cry, as he realizes the foul and bitter wrong that has been done. He bends above the woman as she lies there, a self-confessed murderess, and, like a blood-hound seizing his prey, his grip falls upon her where she lies, and in his eyes is the lurid light of murder—that fierce, brutal thirst of the tiger for blood is heavy upon him. In the horror and agony of this revelation he is literally mad. Of only one thing is he conscious; he will have her blood—this woman who all through her life has slain without mercy, in whose breast is the cruelty of the beasts of the jungle. He thinks of the lives wrecked and slaughtered by her hatred, of the woman of his worship who has been dragged through a persecution more bitter than any martyr that ever perished in the flames. He lives again the horror, the shame, the agony of that wretched past, when the public clamored for her blood and feasted upon her loveliness as she stood branded before them a murderess. He thinks of those long, weary months of exile, of the man who died in the prison cell, of his own stricken manhood, made accursed by the misery of his love, and heavier and heavier grows his grip, while his eyes hot, lurid like a tiger's, look down in hers.

"I will have your life for it!" he mutters—"it is the law of your own traitorous, accursed race. Blood for blood, and you have slain so many—so many!"

But the woman stricken with one death has nothing to fear from another, and her eyes look at him in their savage triumph.

"Ah, my Count Toboskie," she whispers. "I have humbled you at last. I have driven you so mad with pain that you strike a dying woman! You begin to see that you are no more than human."

Where he stands in his agony and speechless remorse his grip falls from her and he shrinks back as though she were a viper. The icy composure, the haughty dominance, that proud superiority, that grand indomitable will that has caused him to look upon other men as mere tools for his service and has given him the ruling power of Russia—in this moment he stands stripped of them all and in his glorious manhood is smitten to the dust. It is retribution, it is punishment for his haughty arrogance, his blood-proud, honor exalted self-sufficiency, and, sinking into the chair, again that long, hoarse, shuddering groan breaks from him as he covers his eyes with his hands, his brain still giddy with the horrible riot of contending and delirious emotions. Only now runs straight and sure that deathless remorse that has fastened upon his vitals like the poisonous fangs of a serpent.

"You refused once to come under my power; you acknowledge it now?" The jeering, triumphant voice rouses his old wrath.

"Woman, devil, sorceress! whatever you are, how did it happen—how was it accomplished?" His voice is hoarse and that desperate madness of his rage has fastened upon him.

"It was simple enough, yet under my management you are aware that no shadow of suspicion was ever attached to us. *That night* Lady Ashhurst received a note from the count, commanding her to visit him in private at his castle, and telling her that if she refused it would be at her peril, as he was aware of her secret. It was the first intimation that she had ever had of her past being known. In the triumphs of her present life she had almost forgotten it herself. Still she refused to go, and locked herself away in my chamber. Then Maize, finding the note and supposing that she had gone to keep the engagement, went immediately to Count Lagors's castle. You remember what a stormy night that was, my lord? Well, all through the rain and the sleet and the bitter cold, Maize walked to Castle Lagors—walked in her ball robes, in her thin slippers, with the ice and water above her ankles. And once in her haste she fell, which re-broke her arm. She told me this herself, and, little cause as I have to love her, I would sooner believe her *word* than another person's oath. I had missed her, and, unseen by her, was watching for her return. I saw her when she entered the hall. Her clothes were saturated with rain, and over her bare shoulders and her face and arms was a thick armor of ice. She had gone to save Gypsy's honor; yet you pronounced her a murderess. Do you remember that strife that has always been between you two, my lord—that bitter struggle for ascendency? Well, Count Toboskie, who is the victor now?"

The lurid, cruel eyes fasten upon him as he sits in his terrible punishment. He is no longer the haughty minister, with whose fame Russia is teeming, flushed and crowned with his triumphs. Though those for which he has toiled crowd his path, in the year that has passed they have grown as worthless baubles. The iron of his indomitable nature is bent like a reed. And now, in this moment, has come the final blow. Suffer more than he has in the past he believed he *could* not. Yet in this moment a greater agony than he has ever yet known has tightened around him. He is weary and worn and sick unto death with his great travail. He sits there in the falling dusk, his hands clinched, his teeth sunk deep in his lip, a band as of red-hot iron girding his temples—sits there smitten with the horror, the agony, the remorse of his deed, when he refused to save that woman from her living death—his face dark and worn with the memories that throng about him in this hour of retribution.

"In the meantime," continues the merciless voice of his enemy, "Count Lagors had sent a second message by his valet, and that this was not brought forward at the trial has always surprised me, but I suppose the man kept silent for fear of involving himself in trouble. This second message was more imperative than the first, and with it was a private key by which we could admit ourselves. I, having visited the count before in his castle, knowing the way to his apartment. Terrified by his threats, Lady Ashhurst dared not refuse, and we went to his castle and returned without a living soul being aware of it. It was not until that hour that Gypsy recognized in him her old lover. Then in my presence he told her of his love, and begged her to fly with him. She was terrified at his threats of vengeance if she refused, for he had been drinking heavily and was almost delirious. I will not enter into the particulars as to how, under my influence, Gypsy sprang at the count with an open dagger and inflicted a wound; then in her excitement she fainted. Lagors was in no condition to defend himself, and *I* dealt him that final blow that pierced his traitorous, faithless heart. I had my vengeance; though until a few weeks ago Gypsy always believed that *she* killed him!"

"Great God! and she let her own child go out to martyrdom without raising her hand to save!" The hoarse exclamation breaks from Toboskie, were he sits shivering under his mortal agony, the dews as of death standing upon his broad brow. Then he remembers his eternal shrinking from this woman, of his vague horror of her hidden nature, of his presentiment of that fatal weakness blended with a certain selfishness that was the latent trait of her character. He read it then, he divined its existence—that weakness that could send her child out to die upon the scaffold—that consigned her to a worse fate, a living, endless torture, while *she* wrapped herself in her purple and fine linen, and led the free, gay, dauntless life of her order, while her soul was stained with human blood. He looks down at the raw, ghastly face upon the pillows, and still again fastens upon him that savage rage, as he sees how all through her life this woman has slain without mercy.

"I *do* pronounce this retribution," he says, that mad impulse to wrench out that cruel, merciless life rising warm in his breast, as he stands there banned with his intolerable anguish, "and one well merited: On earth or in heaven, there has been no sanctity too great for your hatred and your vengeance. You have branded the innocent with your own guilt—no gratitude, no sentiment whatever, has interfered with your hate. You have pursued your own course at the wrecking of every life that stood in your way. And weak, erring as Lady Ashhurst is, I would rather run *her* chance of salvation than yours. She sinned first, but she was young then—nothing but a child. But since then she has been your tool, your victim. Over her you have wielded a tyrannical and relentless sway by means of your magnetism. You have made her your slave—have stained her soul with the crime of Cain—have converted her into an instrument of vengeance—have damned her for all eternity—she, whose responsibility you took into your keeping, who was given into your hands by her dying mother! You loved your sister? Yet you have wrecked her child—have stained her soul with crimes that the blood of Christ could scarcely wash clean. There is no atonement, no reparation you could make for the betrayal of your sacred trust; and I tell you that in the hereafter you will meet your sister face to face, and at your hands she will demand her child. What answer have you to give?"

The strength, the malice, the triumph of those sunken eyes vanish. In them comes a wild, terrified light, while at the same time he sees that her strength is exhausted—that the hour of death is drawing nigh. Her hands lie clinched tightly upon the bed, the dews of death stand in clammy moisture upon her brow.

"I had not thought of that," she mutters. "So much has come to me since that I have almost forgotten Lenore. Oh, my God! this anguish is unendurable. Ease, ease—give me ease!" She starts up in the couch—in the sudden, fierce throes of death—while her eyes, glazed and agonized, seem starting from their sockets. But the man, with his iron, relentless nature, looks down upon her unmoved. In his savage Pagan disposition, he could see this woman drawn and quartered at this moment without raising a hand to save her. Such mercy as *she* gave, he stands ready to give to her.

"Ease—ease—ease!" she moans, falling back upon the pillow. "Give me something to drive away this fiery pain. Oh! I am consumed with flame! I am burning up—burning up! God, this suffering!"

He sees that she is dying, and hastily summons the nurse, while her low moans for aid fill the apartment. In one moment her strength and vitality have succumbed to the torture, and not the frailest atom of endurance remains to aid her in the desperate conflict. And while death draws nearer and nearer the vail of delirium shrouds her brain, and in this final moment memory drifts back to the loved and lost.

"Will nobody help me?" she cries, wildly. "Oh, God, I am left, like a brute, to die alone! Oh, Gypsy, Gypsy! once we were so happy! Lenore, I forgot that she was yours; I forgot that you put her in my arms as you died! Oh, Lenore, what shall I say to you! I forgot—I forgot! If I could only see her once before I go—if I could only touch her hand—dear little Gypsy, with her angel face!" And thus she wanders on. Down the stolid face of the hired nurse roll some tears, but Toboskie stands untouched, unmoved. This woman has slain without mercy—has doomed the innocent to a living death, and his cold, relentless nature holds no pity for one who herself was untouched by pity or remorse.

"I am dying—dying!" murmurs the feeble voice. "I shall meet Lenore. Oh, somebody pray—pray for Lenore's sake." She turns her wild eyes upon her companions, and the nurse shrinks back, with no prayer ready at the request. But Toboskie stands mute, motionless as stone, his chill and lurid eyes fastened steadily upon her.

She raises herself in the bed and seizes his hand, her eyes, wild, terrified, appealing, look up in his, freighted with their vast petition, while at the same time across the weak, sinking brain flashes a shadow of recognition.

"Pray!" she cries, wildly. "Don't you see that I am dying? My God, what have you to avenge? Death has taken it out of your hands. If you refuse mercy to the dying, what better are you than I?"

Suddenly upon the turbulent, bitter waters of his revengeful soul her words fall like oil. Ay, what better is he than she, if he refuse the dying a prayer? As she has said, death is avenging the slaughter of the innocent. Though if she had lived, he would have swept upon her the full force of his hatred, in death he cannot—*dare* not—steel his heart against her moaning cry.

"Will you do it?" she whispers. "The *Pater noster*—once I knew, long years ago. *Pater noster—Pater noster*—— Oh, my God, I forget the rest! Say it for me?"

With one final struggle with his hate, he complies with her request, and, ere the grand old prayer is finished, her soul has gone forth to meet its God—gone forth with that wailing, bitter cry of "Lenore!"

(*To be continued.*)

SUBURBAN HOMES—SHORT HILLS.

NOT twenty miles from the City of New York, on the Morris and Essex Railroad, lies a wooded park, such as one rarely meets with outside of Merrie England. The train, always ascending, passes through a country of marvelous natural beauty, rich in dimpled hills, clad with verdure to the sky line; in picturesque valleys, affording glimpses of vistas of hilltop greenery stretching away to the horizon. The Orange Mountains, dappled with lordly mansions and coquettish villas, rise on the right, and the great wooded plain that sweeps down to the bay, extends its carpet of foliage on the left. Villages nestle in the hills, and idyllic homesteads peep from coignes of vantage all along the route. As the train jauntingly ascends to high altitudes, the keen, buoyant mountain air fills the lungs till one quaffs it like wine.

Fifty minutes from New York and my eyes were attracted by a number of quaint and charming villas dotting a thickly-wooded, hilly park on our right. Now it was a Swiss chalet, now a Norwegian saltr, now a bit of Brittany, now a cottage such as Will Shakespeare bought his bride, Anne Hathaway, to set up housekeeping in; now a specimen of the architecture when Marlborough was winning Blenheim for Queen Anne; now a modern building such as he burly burgomasters of Hamburg love to build on the banks of the green Elbe.

"What exquisite taste!" "How picturesque!" "What delightful homes!" "How I should like to have that one—no, *that* one!" "What a lovely loca-

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deal!" These, and kindred exclamations filled the car as it slowed up to a red-brick villa worthy of Twickenham when Pope was writing "The Rape of the Lock." This proved to be a railway station. This exquisite bit of Queen Anne, dedicated to time-tables and all the commercial routine of the iron road? Impossible! And yet so it is. This is the Short Hills Station, built at a cost of $3,000 for the accommodation of the dwellers in the prairie.

I stepped from the train expecting to meet a station-master in a Ramillies wig, and with his stockings rolled over the knees of his fustian inexpressibles, I entered the waiting-room. The surroundings are perfect. Everything is in keeping with the exterior of the building, and so pleasing to the eye that the loss of a train in such a salle d'attente would absolutely count for nothing. Within bowshot of the station is a building having the picturesque stamp of Brittany upon its mediæval tower, and adorned with wooden lattice-work, reminding me of the Traitor's Gate in the Tower of London.

As I stood gazing at this most antique specimen of architecture, I was joined by a gentleman, not yet in the forties, whom I discovered to be Mr. Stewart Hartshorn, the inventor of the patent roller shades that bear his name. Mr. Hartshorn, having amassed a considerable fortune, is now engaged in indulging his idea, of what a perfect suburban place for homes should be, with a result both remunerative and æsthetic. For a considerable period Mr. Hartshorn was on the "look-out" for some picturesque location wherein to commence operations. He required hills and woods, an elevated, healthful situation, and one that would command an extensive prospect—this, too, within forty or fifty minutes of New York. He found it at last at Short Hills—the name is an old historical one and indicating most fittingly the topographical nature of the country—and having purchased several hundred acres, with the command of as many more, he commenced to thin the magnificent trees, to develop picturesque ravines, and to lay down winding and devious roadways, always having an eye to the aptitude of natural vistas. This being done, he cast about for eligible situations for the villas he proposed erecting, and then he built a deep-eaved cottage, just large enough and idyllic enough for a married pair to gush through the honeymoon in. It was instantly pounced upon, and inhabited almost ere the Noah's Ark roof was shingled. A Swiss chalet followed, then came a Norwegian satyr, then an early English dom cile, all cross-beams and blood-red tiles; then a baronial Queen Anne, all corners and gables like an old cocked hat. Many more followed in rapid succession, all differing in shape, the designs for each being by different architects. Some stand on the crests of hills, some in hooded hollows, some in the breezy open; but each is backed by a natural ravine and protected by the extending arms of giant forest trees. There are seventeen of these exquisite houses now adorning Short Hills, and Mr. Hartshorn is now building at a rapid rate, at least twelve being projected for this year. This is far below the demand, but he prefers to build carefully, and in this the element of time is necessary.

"I have given a good deal of attention to the sewerage, and my purpose is to have the place perfectly free from the evil that becomes the curse of thickly settled places. In this direction wells in the midst of the buildings are avoided, and a water supply by steam and wind has been established in the beginning," observed Mr. Hartshorn. "The natural drainage of the hills through yonder rocky ravine suggested to me the idea of having one main sewer to run down it, and to connect the drains of each house with it. That fall would carry away everything."

"Do you rent or sell?" I asked.

"Both. I find that people who rent the villas are anxious to buy. I make the rent low, hence every house is occupied. After I have shown you this hall I will take you through one of the villas in order to let you see what it is like."

The Hall, which is after the design of an old fortress in Brittany, is used for the purpose of amateur theatricals, concerts and lectures. It measures 70 x 50, and its stage is a perfect gem in its way, the drop being in sage-green, relieved by maroon velvet. The fittings are all Eastlake, and the walls and ceiling of stained pine. Some capital scenery, painted by a well-known theatrical artist (Thompson), was being set during our visit.

From the Hall we proceeded to one of the villas, passing en route a stone-crushing machine, by which Mr. Hartshorn crushes a hundred tons of stone per diem for the roads and walks, which are all telfordized as fast as built. The villa was as quaint in shape as an Old World bonnet. The steps were low and long, the piazza deep and covered, the hallway dadoed and panelled in varnished ash, the ceiling panelled in the same wood; the fireplace was open, ornamented with æsthetic tiles of vivid colors, mounted in brass, with fire-dogs and andirons. The staircase was of varnished ash, broken by a short flight of three steps, the balustrades being of ash, unusually thick and grotesquely carved. The dining-room is dadoed, as is also the parlor, while the fireplaces are such as one sees in the old baronial homes of England. The bedrooms are light, airy, and, oh! so cheerful. The kitchen is fit for that Princess in the "Arabian Nights" who manufactured those celebrated cheese cakes. Hot and cold water are laid on, and every convenience at hand from bath to wash tub; and the rent for this perfect specimen of what can be done in the way of æstheticism combined with comfort, $750 per annum. Hear that, ye dwellers in flats, ye renters of grim gaunt brown-stone stoop houses, ye residents of Suburbia—$750! Fifty minutes from Barclay Street Ferry! I was astounded. I live in Brooklyn and pay $1,000—for what? A three story brown-stone front, high stoop. I can't whip a cat in any of the rooms. The staircase is so narrow that after a square meal my mother-in-law takes them sidewise, like a crab. The whitewashed wall a remind one of a penitentiary. I am check-by-jowl with the most disagreeable neighbors. I can hear Jones beating his wife and Mrs. Smith pitching movables at her lego lord. I am forty five minutes from my office, and I pay $1,000 a year, when I could live in an idyllic mansion at Short Hills for $750. My ever-punctual landlord shall hear from me on May 1st.

THE MILITARY REUNION AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE Military Reunion held in Atlanta, Ga., under the auspices of the Gate City Guard, week before last, was in every way a marked success. The object of the reunion was to bring together representative military organizations of the North and South on a basis of fraternal union and good-will. It was planned and carried out mainly by Captain Burke, of the Guards, who stands among the foremost citizens of Atlanta, and the successful outcome of the festival reflects the highest credit upon his energy and executive ability. The military organizations which took part in the reunion were the Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn.; Sedgwick Guards, of Waterbury, Conn.; Sherman Cadets, Lawrence, Mass.; Washington Light Infantry, Washington, D. C.; Montgomery Greys, Montgomery, Ala.; Mobile Rifles, Mobile, Ala.; Old Guard, New York City; Floyd Rifles, Macon, Ga.; Richland Rifles and Richland Light Dragoons, of Columbia, S. C.; Estavia Rifles, Eufaula, Ala., and Southern Rifles, of Talbotton, Ga.; Detroit Light Infantry, Detroit, Mich.; Rockford Rifles, Rockford, Ill.; Janesville Guards, Janesville, Wis.; Springfield Guards, Springfield, Ill.; Company B, Second Illinois Regiment, and Companies A and B of Atlanta Grays.

On the evening of October 8th, the festival opened with a grand parade and torchlight procession, the soldiery and citizens participating. Addresses of welcome were made by Governor Colquitt, Mayor Calhoun, and others. The city was gayly decorated; fireworks flashed and shone in showers of light, and along the entire route the streets were thronged with citizens, eager to extend a hearty welcome to the visitors. On the following day the feature was a street parade and review of the visiting and resident military. Three battalions were formed at the encampment, and commanded by Colonel Thomas G. Jones, of the Second Alabama; Colonel W. G. Moore, of the Washington Light Infantry Corps of Washington City, and Major W. J. Heyward, of the Atlanta Grays battalion, marched through the principal streets, amid great enthusiasm. About one o'clock the military reached Oglethorpe Park, where General W. T. Hunt, commandant at the Atlanta Barracks, took formal command of the brigade. At two o'clock Governor Colquitt and staff rode into the park, and were greeted with a salute of seventeen guns by the Fifth Artillery of the Regular Army. The Governor then reviewed the brigade, the companies marching by in splendid style, a battery of the Fifth Artillery bringing up the rear. In all there were upwards of 2,000 soldiers in line, and the review was the grandest ever seen in Atlanta. A local paper describes the review as a scene of great spirit and brilliancy. In the evening of the day there was a reception at the Governor's mansion, which was largely attended.

On the 20th the special attraction was a sham battle at Oglethorpe Park, which was witnessed by some 25,000 persons. Two battalions took part in the battle, one representing the British, commanded by Captain Burke, of the Gate City Guard, and the other representing the Americans, commanded by Captain Du Chesney, of the Sherman Cadets. The Atlanta Grays, Richmond Rifles, of Columbia, S. C., Rockford Rifles, of Illinois, and a battery of the Fifth United States Artillery, made up the British army, while the American army was composed of the Gate City Guard, Sherman Cadets, Janesville Guards, and Mobile Rifles. The battle lasted about twenty minutes, and both armies were well-handled. Each man fired twenty rounds. The battle resulted in a victory for the Americans, who captured the British army. It was intensely exciting and thoroughly enjoyed by the vast crowd.

When the fatigues of the day were over the visitors were entertained at night by the Mystic Owls with a ball and procession. The procession consisted of twelve floats, emblematic of the crusades. The first bore the Mystic Owl and Knights of the Order, and its emblems; the second represented the presentation of the keys of Jerusalem to Charlemagne; the third, Michael, Emperor of Byzantia, with his Empress and attendants, addressing Pope Gregory, as the first advocate of the crusades; the fourth float represented Peter the Hermit preaching the crusade at the foot of the cross; the fifth represented the Council of Clermont, whence the call for the crusade went forth; Pope Urban and attendant bishops were represented surrounded by the representatives of the crusading kings in the costumes of their respective countries; the sixth represented the Count of Toulouse on his bended knee, assuming the cross. A Templar stood in front with drawn sword, and a crusader upheld the frame of the cross. Three princes stood waiting to receive the cross. Following them came twelve mounted knights, leaders of the crusade. The seventh float represented a castle; on its battlements gathered the vassals of a crusader knight; at its windows and doors the ladies of the castle, bidding farewell to the departing lord on his way to the wars. The eighth float represented Manuel, Emperor of Greece, first opponent of the crusade. The ninth represented the followers of the Koran; the tenth the altar of St. Peter and attendant monks; the eleventh Godfrey de Bouillon, first Christian king of Jerusalem, on horseback; the twelfth represented the fate of the Mussulman under the hands of the executioner. The dripping ax, the headless trunk and the severed head were represented with horrible accuracy. The costumes were rich and elegant, and displayed close study and an unusual degree of artistic skill. The effect was highly striking.

On Thursday, the 21st, the corner-stone of the new memorial armory of the Gate City Guards was laid with imposing ceremonies. After this a barbecue was given at the military camp, which was rounded off by speeches full of kindly feeling. Summing up the four days' festival, a correspondent says: "The result of the reunion has been highly gratifying. The visitors expressed themselves highly pleased with their reception, and were warm in expressing their admiration of Atlanta. They left in the best of humor and carried with them enlarged ideas of the resources of the South and the liberal disposition of its people. They promise to do much towards the burial of the bloody shirt. Among the pleasing incidents of the reunion was the meeting of one of the officers of an Illinois company with the ex-Confederate who had captured him in the war, and their festive celebration of the event."

Many of the military visitors from the North embraced the opportunity to search for war relics in the vicinity of Atlanta, as shown in one of our illustrations. As the Rockford Rifles were about to leave the city, Captain Burke passed along the car and "paid off" the visitors in Confederate $5 and $100 bills, to the great merriment of the soldiers and the crowd of spectators.

During the progress of the reunion a Fair was held for the benefit of the Gate City Guards, which attracted thousands of visitors, and was a fine pecuniary success. The proceeds will go to the fund for the erection of the Guards' Memorial Armory.

COMPLETION OF THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE present appears to be the fourth cathedral possessed by the City of Cologne. The first is presumed to have been erected by St. Maurus, A. D. 94. A second was commenced by Archbishop Hildebold about the year 819. This was destroyed by fire in 1080; and a third cathedral erected shortly afterwards shared the same fate in 1248, the same year in which the present magnificent structure was commenced by Archbishop Conrad von Hoestaden.

The magnificent choir was completed and consecrated in 1322, and the nave and transepts commenced the same same year under an architect called "Meister Johann," who is supposed to have produced the design for the west front, now hanging up in the cathedral, which has been strictly adhered to in completing the building.

The erection of the nave seems to have been carried on pretty briskly during the fourteenth century, but to have lingered during the fifteenth, and to have been abandoned at the commencement of the sixteenth, probably on account of the religious troubles and disguises of the times. The following is the condition of the cathedral as left by its mediæval builders. The choir with its aisles and sacristy were completed, half of the eastern walls of the transept were carried to their full height, the two northern aisles of the nave as high as the vaulting, the two southern aisles were only completed to the springing of the arches, and the great southwest tower to about one-third of its height.

The whole, except of course the choir, was covered in with temporary roofs, and wonderfully interesting the old building looked in this condition. The grand architectural effect of the completed Cathedral was wanting, yet this was almost made up for by the strange, mysterious appearance of the vast unfinished church, the intense picturesqueness and that wondrous charm which real antiquity seems to give to all buildings. As one entered the low-roofed nave, dark and gloomy, with vast unfinished columns, and then passed through the screen to the magnificent completed choir, with its lofty vaulting and superb stained-glass windows, an impression was left upon the mind quite as lasting as that made by the finished building.

The work of completing the cathedral was commenced in 1842, and brought to a completion on Saturday, August 16th, 1880, the anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone 632 years before! The outlay since 1821 is stated to have been about $4,500,000, and a German architectural paper has estimated that from first to last $10,000,000 has been expended upon its erection. Some idea of the size of the vast structure may be gained from the following figures. The entire superficial area is about 81,500 feet; Whewell gives the internal area as 62,314, and Westminster Abbey as 32,389. The length of Cologne Cathedral is 480 feet; width across transepts, 220; and the height to the top of the spires, 515 feet, being the loftiest building in the world, and 65 feet higher than the Great Pyramid

How Teas are Adulterated.

IT is pretty generally known that the orthodox teas prepared in the East for American and European consumption are adulterated; but comparatively few people are aware of the extent to which this adulteration is carried on, or what substances are used. M. Hussen, a French chemist of note, has made a thorough investigation of the subject, and the result of his researches has been laid before the Academy of Sciences. He finds that Prussian blue, indigo, and gypsum, in small quantities, are the principal ingredients employed to impart the "face," or "bloom," to teas, and that in the proportions used they are very innocuous. This adulteration takes place where the plants are raised; but more extensive adulteration is subsequently indulged in by the Europeans, who, with their superior knowledge, have surpassed the Asiatics in their fraud by the use of still more dangerous drugs, such as chromate of lead and arsenite of copper, besides making use of comparatively innocuous substances, such as sulphate of iron, steatite, carbonates of lime and magnesia. The Chinese have become most expert in manipulating green teas, which they color with a few simple substances, some of them poisonous—for example, ptarmigan, Prussian blue, curcuma, and kaolin. With or without the true leaf of the shrub they can produce a tea of any desired tint. In order to give the inferior or false leaf the aroma of the tea, the Celestials mix a quantity of it with certain flowers, especially a species of olive. In short, according to M. Hussen, no injurious proceeding is omitted in the Celestial empire to palm on the outer barbarian inferior or false teas. In the leading tea-growing districts the Government has a corps of inspectors who are required to see that the goods are dispatched in a pure state. The precaution, however, avails little, for at the shipping ports there is no attempt to prevent the merchants or brokers from commencing their fraudulent practices, which they carry on to their hearts' content. In spite of their knowledge of the extent to which this adulteration is carried on, we presume our people will continue to drink of the cup which is said to cheer without stealing away a person's brains.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Bureau of French Meteorology has been revived for 1880-81, M. Hervé Mangon being continued president.

Mr. James Blyth, of Edinburgh, has been elected to succeed Professor Forbes in the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Anderson's College, Glasgow.

Mr. Hannay, who has made diamonds, announces that his experiments show that the crystallization of silica (quartz, amethyst, etc.) and of alumina (ruby, sapphire) may be carried on so as to be a commercial success.

The British Museum is about to be enriched by a collection of natural history specimens made by the officers of Her Majesty's surveying ship *Alert*, which has been for some months engaged in making a complete survey of the Straits of Magellan.

The Russian Newspapers announce that the jubilee of the Zoological Museum of the Academy of Sciences, established in 1831 by the Emperor Nicholas, will take place in 1881. Russian and foreign zoologists will meet at St. Petersburg on this occasion.

The Crayfish is disappearing so rapidly in several French departments that energetic measures have been considered necessary for its protection. The fishing of it has been entirely prohibited in the departments of Meuse and Doubs by prefectural decrees.

The "Revue Industrielle" states that a German manufactory is turning out over a ton a day of glucose made from old linen rags. The process is said to be a cheap one, and the glucose chemically identical with grape sugar, from which very "rich" confections and jellies may be made.

The Vienna Academy of Science proposes as the subject for the Baumgartner prize of 1,000 florins, the microscopic investigation of the wood of living and fossil plants, in order to ascertain whether it is possible to determine with certainty from the examination of the micro copic sections what the genus and species of the plants may have been from which they were taken.

An Englishman named Drake has invented a process for working over old steel which is claimed to be only second in importance to Bessemer's invention, as the new metal possesses extraordinary strength and ductility. The process consists of mixing up old steel with a patent compound, and subjecting the whole to an intense furnace heat, when the particles amalgamate. Steel made on this plan has been tested out at the Russian Works and sold readily for $225 per ton.

The Firm of Bolckow, Vaughan & Co., "Limited," the largest and most important iron and steel masters in the Middlesboro Cleveland district, England, have commenced work extensively under the new process known as the Gilchrist-Thomas process for converting ordinary iron into steel by means of a basic lining in the Bessemer converters. By this process the common ore of the Cleveland district can be made to compete successfully with the Hematite ore of the Barrow district, which, until this complete development of the Gilchrist-Thomas process, was the only ore, except the Bilbao ore of Spain, capable of such conversion. The principle has now proved a perfect success, and the converted rails have stood the severest tests.

The Apparatus for taking flying soundings—an English invention—has attracted much notice from nautical men. It consists of an oval weight of lead, thirty pounds, attached by half a fathom of hemp cord to a ring or thimble properly secured on one end of a length of 200 fathoms of pianoforte wire coiled on an exceedingly light wheel of thin galvanized sheet iron of about a foot in diameter, mounted on a framework fixed in a convenient position on the ship's taffrail. The wheel has a second rim, with a simple kind of friction brake, by which a constant force of five pounds is applied to it when the wire is running out. There is also attached to the same shaft a ratchet wheel and pawl, which can be thrown out of gear or into gear at pleasure. A counter to count up 200 turns completes the apparatus. To take a sounding by it the plan is to let the weight hang by a short cord direct from the wheel and clear of the rail, and then to lift the pawl and throw it out of gear, bending the wheel by hand till ready to begin; then to let go the rim and stand by. The moment the wheel is heard to go slower, the rim is to be laid hold of with both hands, protected by a piece of canvas or thick leather gloves and stopped. It is only necessary to read the counter, and the sounding is complete. Two men, working on handles applied for the purpose, haul in the wire and recover the lead easily and speedily.

PERSONAL GOSSIP

BY her will the late Lydia Maria Child gives $2,000 to the Hampton Agricultural College in Virginia, and $9,000 to several charitable institutions.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is said to feel the helplessness of his condition so much that he has asked to be definitely relieved from the duties of the Chancellorship.

THE Edinburgh Town Council are about to expend the sum of $6,000 in placing statuettes of characters in the Waverley novels in the thirty empty niches of the Scott monument.

DETAILLE is at work on the cartoon for the painting, ordered of him by the French Government, representing the "Distribution of the Flags." The painting will be five metres long and contain many portraits.

MR. SAMUEL J. TILDEN has just purchased a forty-acre tract of land, adjoining Greystone, for a deer park. Mr. Tilden, it is said, has recently been offered $500,000 for his beautiful country home, but he does not wish to sell it.

GENERAL COUNT VON MOLTKE, Chief Marshal of the Empire, has received the title of Prince, offered him by the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of the Count's birth, which occurred on October 26th.

MONUMENTS to Rousseau and Millet are to be erected in the Forest of Fontainebleau. They will consist of bronze busts placed on rocks in the forest. M. Chrétien's bust of Rousseau will be used, while Chapu will execute that of Millet.

A PINK marble shaft, to be erected as a monument to the late Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnson, has arrived from Italy, at Houston, Texas. The monument was purchased with a fund raised several years ago by the ladies of Houston.

THE King of Denmark uses on state occasions a breed of pure white horses, which are national property. They are descended from a white stallion and a white mare presented to King Christian IV. by the Dey of Algiers. The breed has been raised in the royal establishment near Copenhagen for nearly 200 years.

THE little Princess Paulina of Holland was taken to church for her baptism in a carriage drawn by six horses. She was received at the door by the ecclesiastical authorities and carried up the aisle to the young Queen, her mother, who, showing much emotion, presented her for baptism, herself acting as godmother.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, the well-known philanthropist, has made a liberal contribution for the publication of the "History of Woman Suffrage in the United States" which Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joslyn Gage and Susan B. Anthony are compiling. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will spend the Winter at Mrs. Stanton's New Jersey cottage.

THE erection of a monument to perpetuate the labors of Thomas Clarkson as an advocate of slave emancipation was begun last week, at Wisbeach, Eng., when the first stone of a handsome memorial was laid. The memorial will be a statue, with an inscription and bas-reliefs. It was designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and will cost $10,000, of which $3,000 are still required.

THE pretty Princess Stephanie will arrive in Vienna on February 11th. On the succeeding three days magnificent public fêtes will be given, and on the 15th the young Belgian's marriage to Prince Rudolph will be celebrated. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family will go over for the ceremony, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany will also be present.

LORD RAWTON formerly Mr. Montague Corry, still remains with Lord Beaconsfield, rarely leaving him for a day. The young secretary cannot be said to serve his patron for salary alone, for he is a man of independent means and a member of an excellent Irish family. But in spite of his money, he is to be made still more fortunate: it is rumored that he is to inherit the ex-Premier's entire property, including Hughenden Manor.

STRANGE reports are current in St. Petersburg in regard to the indisposition of the Emperor. It is whispered that, despite all precautions taken by his household, the Nihilists have succeeded in poisoning him. Two of the imperial cooks have, it is stated, been arrested on suspicion. Another report is that the stroke of paralysis which the Czar recently sustained has affected his brain. Hopes of his recovery, however, have not been abandoned.

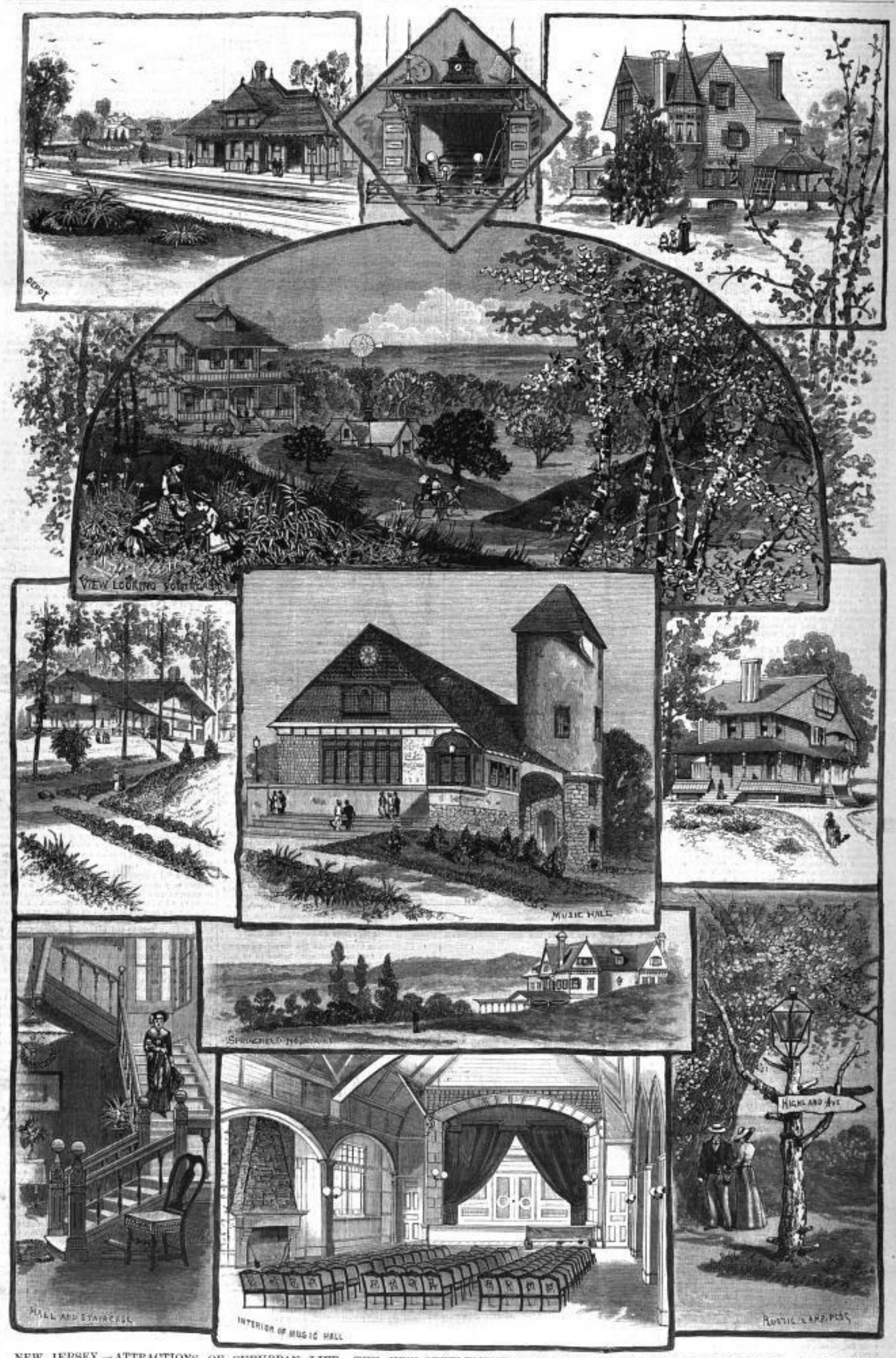
THE aged Emperor of Germany is described as looking very imposing when, with his wife on his arm, he emerged from the venerable cathedral at Cologne followed by a long train of princes and generals. He took his place in a pavilion prepared on the platz, and signed a record which, after having been also signed by sixty-seven German princes and notabilities, was placed in a long silver tube and given over to the workmen to be deposited in the principal stone cross at the top of the cathedral spire, 530 feet above.

COUNT HARRY ARNIM is about to return to Berlin, relying on Dr. Simon's official certificate that any imprisonment would be almost fatal to the ex-Ambassador's shattered health. The Count is said to be sadly broken in health, and is eager to clear himself of the charge of treason. One touching phase of Count Arnim's life is the devotion shown to him by his wife and children, and which could not even be for a moment shaken by the humiliation he had to endure. Baron Arnim Schlagenthin, his only son, who, notwithstanding a temporary estrangement from his father previous to the latter's imprisonment, manfully stood by his side when the officers of the law were persecuting the Count, has just been married to the daughter of one of the most highly-respected Italian noblemen.

DR. JOHN A. PADDOCK, whose nomination as Missionary Bishop of Washington Territory has been confirmed by both houses of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is one of the best known and most widely honored clergymen of Brooklyn, where he has rendered long and faithful service as the rector of St. Peter's Church. His health has been somewhat impaired during the last two years, so that it became necessary for him at one time to suspend his labor and go abroad for needed rest. If his health will permit him to undertake the arduous labors of a missionary bishop, he will not be the man to shirk the responsibilities of his new office, and his friends and parishioners in parting with him will know that in breaking off the social ties of a lifetime he is doing what he considers his simple duty. Dr. Paddock and his brother, the present Bishop of Massachusetts, lived for many years within a few blocks of each other in Brooklyn.

OBITUARY.—The Hon. E. D. Mansfield, a newspaper writer and author, well-known as the "Veteran Observer," died October 27th, at Yarmouth, Ohio, in his 86th year; Bishop D. S. Doggett, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on the 27th, at Richmond, Va., aged 70; Alexandre-Marie Guilemin, the French painter, on the 27th, at Paris, aged 63; Georges Pierson, a remarkable young scientific discoverer and writer, at Paris, aged 29; Henri Frederic Schopin, the French historical painter, at Paris, aged 77; Dr. Edouard Seguin, the celebrated specialist in the treatment of idiocy and the allied nervous diseases, at New York, on October 28th, aged 68.

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NEW JERSEY.—ATTRACTIONS OF SUBURBAN LIFE—THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF SHORT HILLS ON THE SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAINS.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 174.

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ABDURRAHMAN KHAN, THE NEW AMEER OF CABUL, RECENTLY REPORTED MURDERED.

ABDURRAHMAN KHAN.

A DISPATCH was received in London from Peshawur, dated October 26th, announcing that anarchy reigns in Cabul, and that the Ameer has been murdered. Although the Indian office has received no confirmation of the report, the authority is undoubted.

Abdurrahman Khan, the new Ameer of Cabul, was a grandson of Dost Mahomed, being the eldest son of his eldest son, Afzul Khan. As, however, Eastern rulers are not wont to be guided by the law of primogeniture in their choice of a successor, but elect their favorite son as their heir, Dost Mahomed nominated the late Shere Ali, who accordingly ascended the throne on his father's death in 1863. At that time Afzul Khan was Governor of Balkh, and, together with his brother Azim Khan and his son Abdurrahman, headed an insurrection and drove Shere Ali from Cabul. Afzul was then acknowledged Ameer, his success being in a great measure due to the military prowess of Abdurrahman, who had defeated Shere Ali's troops on several occasions, and noteworthy at Shaikpore. Afzul Khan died in 1867, was succeeded by Azim Khan, while Abdurrahman retired to Balkh. Shere Ali, however, in his turn, raised an army, and, defeating both the new Ameer and Abdurrahman, occupied Cabul, and was acknowledged Ameer. Abdurrahman fled to Bokhara, and took refuge with his father-in-law, the Ameer, and from that time until the close of last year he remained there under Russian protection. Upon the deposition of Yakoob Khan, however, he crossed the Russian frontier, and, organizing a small force in Turkestan, slowly advanced towards Cabul. As he was known to be a man of considerable intelligence and force of character, and as Afghanistan eminently needed such a man for its ruler, the Indian Government opened negotiations with him, which resulted in the recognition of his claims to the throne, and he was publicly acknowledged Ameer in a durbar held in Cabul on July 22d last. He was described by those who had seen him as a fine, handsome man, about forty years of age.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR.

IN the international fleet now riding at anchor in the Adriatic, fully prepared to enforce the decisions of the Berlin Congress, England is represented by the ironclads *Alexandra* and *Temeraire*, the gun-vessel *Condor* and the dispatch boat *Helicon*; Russia by the *Nestane*, familiar to our readers owing to her trip to this country with the Grand Duke Alexis, and the *Jemtchoug*; Austria by the ironclad *Custozza*, and the ships *London*, *Prinz Eugen* and *Strongie*; France by the *Friedland*, *Suffren*, and the dispatch-boat *Hirondelle*; Germany by the corvette *Victoria*, and Italy by the new ironclad *Palestro* and the *Roma*.

The entire squadron is under the supreme command of the British Vice-Admiral, Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B. He is a son of the late Admiral Sir M. Seymour, Bart., was born in 1802, educated at the Royal Naval College, and admitted to the navy in 1813. During his long service, Lord Seymour has been superintendent of the dock-yards at Sheerness and Devonport, and Commander-in-Chief of the East India and China Station. In 1834 he was made Captain of the Baltic fleet, and for his services against the Russians there, a K.C.B., while for his labors during the naval operations on the Chinese coast between 1856 and 1858 he was honored with a G.C.B. He was Admiral in command at Portsmouth from 1863 to 1866. In 1874 he was appointed Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom.

Since the formation of the allied fleet for the present delicate service, Sir Michael has shown cool judgment and marked tact. He has several times made long journeys inland to confer personally both with the Montenegrin Prince and Riza Pasha, the Turkish commander charged with the execution of the Sultan's tardy decree. He is instructed to confer with the admirals of the other Great Powers, but in case of hostile action he is expected to take the initiative.



VICE-ADMIRAL LORD SEYMOUR, COMMANDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET IN THE ADRIATIC.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.

NEW QUARTERS OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

THE new building of the Union League Club is located at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. The width is 84 feet, and the depth 152 feet. The materials are Philadelphia brick and Longmeadow brown-stone, with granite base. The entrance, flanked by massive brown pillars, is on the Thirty-ninth Street side, leaving an unbroken line of large windows in the Fifth Avenue front.

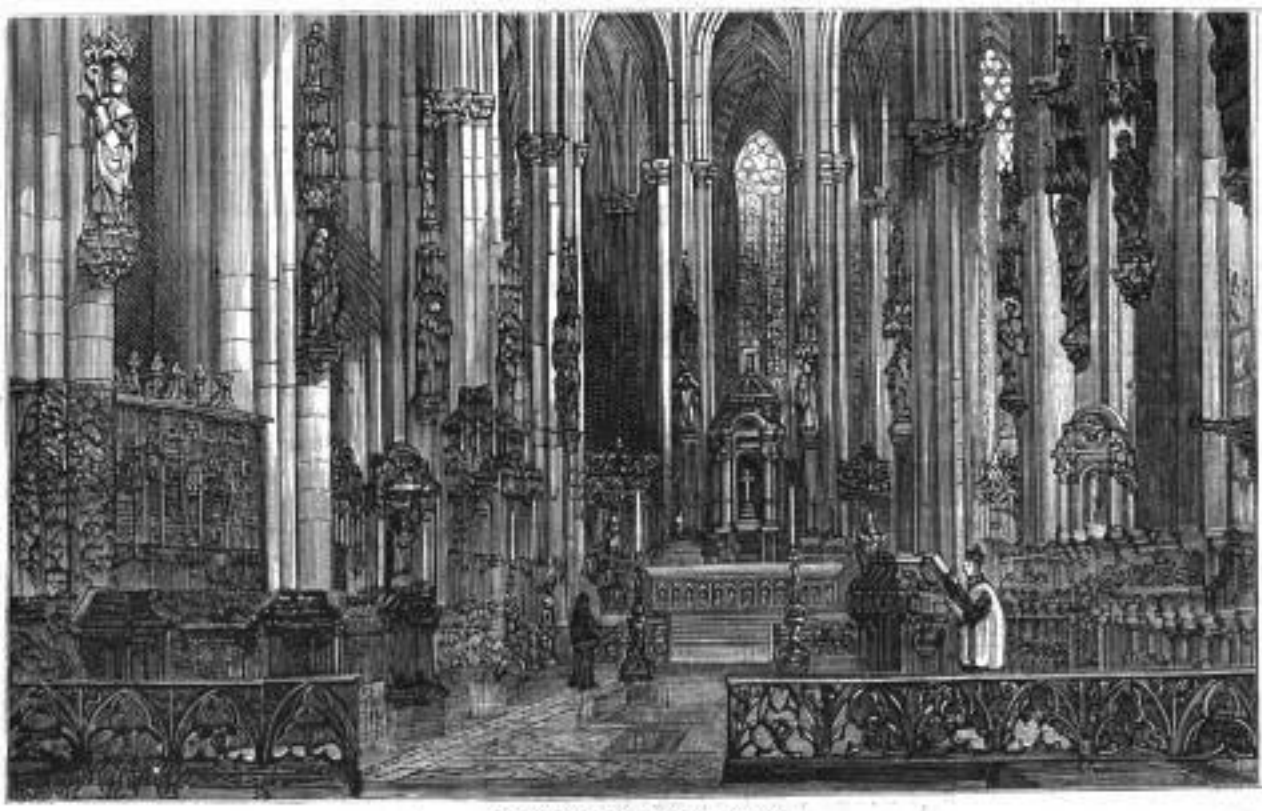
The main features of the building are the great dining-hall, the picture gallery, the great assembly-hall, which can be used for public meetings or theatrical entertainments, and the library. It will be observed that the kitchen department is at the top of the building, whereby there will be no danger of the odors from that necessary but often offensive department permeating the other rooms of the house.

On the first floor the cashier's and reception-rooms are directly at hand on entering the building; the dressing-rooms are very large, with coat-rooms, wash-rooms, and all conveniences. The coat-room can be enlarged on any crowded night by opening into it one section of the reading-room. The public entrance opens on a staircase, intended mainly as a public approach to the hall and picture-gallery, but of fireproof construction to the top of the building, and affording a ready escape from every story. The billiard-room is at the east end of the building, is lighted from each end, and ventilated by a shaft in each corner. One end of it, behind an open screen, is reserved as the coffee-room. Adjoining this is the wine-serving room, with a lift to the wine-cellar below. At the entrance to the billiard room stairs go down directly to the barber's-room and bowling alleys.

The public stairs give convenient separate access to the picture-gallery and large hall on the second floor. The latter is approached handsomely from the club-house through the picture-gallery. A service-room, in a half-story, beneath the north end of the gallery, will connect, by the back stairs and elevator, with the kitchen and rest of the house, and serve on occasions of large dinners, or as a retiring-room for people appearing on the stage. The picture-



ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.—NEW QUARTERS OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB ON FIFTH AVENUE.



THE CHOIR AND HIGH ALTAR.



THE GREAT BELL.

THE COMPLETION OF THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 175

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gallery is not only lighted from the top, but the light area is in its larger portion entirely open to the north, as none of the club-house closes it, and it is opposite the yard of the adjoining Fifth Avenue house. There are on this floor three conversation-rooms, and three more directly over them, entered from the landing of the stairs. The library is planned to have a grained plaster ceiling, and two of the sections are arranged to close off with sliding doors, so that one or both may serve for Executive Committee meetings if desired, and also, on occasion, for a ladies' cloak room, for which reason a dressing-room is placed near by.

The third story is wholly devoted to chambers, etc.

On the fourth floor is the main dining-hall, finished up into the roof, showing open timber-work, like the Commons Halls in Oxford and elsewhere. Three small dining-rooms, to be used together or separately as desired, adjoin the main room on the south, and on the north of the building is a large dining-room, which can be still further enlarged by the use, on occasion, of a passage adjoining, and also, when desirable, be connected with the great dining-hall. The rest of the story is devoted to chambers.

The kitchen, on the fifth story, adjoins the service-stairs and the freight elevator, and such dumb-waiters as may be placed by it. Stairs and dumb-waiter connect it with the serving and carving-room just below, at the end of the great dining hall. Cooks' and house-keepers' departments surround the kitchen and the rest of the story is used for chambers, approached both by the fire-proof stairs and another flight.

The sixth story contains the laundry and servants' dining-room, both near the elevator.

One entrance to the basement, for members of the club, leads to the barber's shop and bowling-alleys, which can also be approached from the club itself. Also, there is a special entrance for the servants. The rest of the basement is used for servants' rooms, store-rooms, etc.

In accordance with the New York Building Law, the structure will have an iron roof.

The cost is estimated at $250,000.

Development in Dress.

HOW DID we come to possess our present form of dress? This is one of the many questions answered by a reviewer in the *Nation*. Clothing at first was almost entirely ornamental. The exceptions were such articles as belts, from which instruments of various kinds could be suspended so as to be ready for use while the hands were left free. A savage does not enjoy the luxury of a pocket. Even at the present day a Japanese has to sling his tobacco-pipe and pouch from his belt, and the only pockets he has are in his sleeves. The simple cincture was the germ, so to speak, of the clothing we wear. After some time a bunch of pandanus slips was added in front, and this was gradually extended until it made a complete fringe around the body. When the arts became so far advanced that man could make paper cloth or some woven material, these latter were substituted for the primitive fringe, and the kilt was thus developed. Curiously enough, the dress of the Scottish Highlanders embodies these two stages of progress in the kilt and the sporran. As man advanced there were the conveniences attending the use of the kilt, which were abated by fastening that garment at one point between the legs, and the human mind was then fairly set upon the path to arrive at the attainment of a pair of trousers. When the back and shoulders needed protection the savage used the skin of some animal, and it is from this sort of covering for the upper part of the body that we have derived our coats, vests, shirts, etc. But the ancient cloak form is even yet retained, not only by such people as Zulu chiefs, but in all robes of ceremony by dignitaries of court and college of the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth. The elaborate and varied head-coverings of the present day all sprang from a very simple original type.

The Electric Light.

THERE is no question now among the most conservative of engineers that this time the electric light has come to stay. Perhaps as yet the most extensive use of this light in any one establishment is that in the Royal Albert Dock, London, an extension of the Victoria Docks, which covers eighty acres of water space, and has nearly eight miles of quays. The lamps used are the Siemens pendulum kind, with the body of the lamp above the arc, and the carbons so regulated that the position of the arc is fixed. Each lamp is placed on the top of a pole 80 feet high, and its effective illumination overlaps that of its neighbors. To generate the electricity, the Siemens "D 2" dynamo-machine, are employed, one to each lamp. The *Engineering* says that the most interesting feature of the sets of generators is that the whole of the available current generated in each machine is conveyed to its corresponding lamp, none being utilized and absorbed in its passage for exciting the field magnets. In order to do this a separate dynamo-machine, specially constructed, is employed, the current developed by which is transmitted through the magnet coils of all the illuminating machines in series. By this arrangement, the essential principle of which was first conceived and announced by Mr. Henry Wilde, of Manchester, motive power is economized and greater constancy of current is insured. It is reported that the illumination of the dock, with its quays and surroundings, is very perfect, and that the effect is most beautiful. Between the machines and the lamps the distances vary from 120 to 1,100 yards.

Public Libraries in Europe.

ACCORDING to a Viennese statistical journal, Austria is better provided with public libraries than any other country in Europe. There are altogether 377 libraries in Austria, containing collectively 5,675,798 volumes, exclusive of maps and manuscripts: this is an average of 26.8 volumes per 100 inhabitants. The 500 libraries of France possess 4,598,000 volumes and 135,000 manuscripts, or 12.5 volumes per 100 of the population: Italy has 493 libraries, 4,349,281 volumes and 230,370 manuscripts, equal to 15.2 per 100 inhabitants: Prussia has 398 libraries, 2,640,651 volumes and 58,000 manuscripts; equal to 11 volumes per 100. Great Britain has 300 libraries, 2,671,493 volumes and 26,000 manuscripts; Bavaria has 169 libraries, with 1,368,800 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts, a number which places that country next to Austria as regards the number of volumes per head of population; Russia has 145 libraries, 902,000 books and 24,300 manuscripts, equal to 1.3 volumes per 100 persons. Of separate institutions the National French Library is the largest, containing 2,078,000, or nearly half the total contents of the 500 libraries of the country; the British Museum comes next with 1,000,000 volumes, then the Royal Munich Library, 810,000; the Berlin Library, 700,000; that at Dresden, 500,000; at Vienna, 420,000. The Oxford University Library (300,000) outnumbers the National Belgian Library by 90,000 volumes; the Heidelburg University Library has also 300,000; so has the Hamburg town library, and that at Stuttgart. The library of the Vatican at Rome is small, comparatively, having only 30,000 volumes; but it is rich in manuscripts, which number 25,000.

THE THEATRES.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—"Daniel Rochat" is one of the most powerful pieces ever put upon the boards of this admirably-appointed theatre. The situations are supremely exciting, and the acting all round such as must needs satisfy the critical and æsthetic audiences which nightly crowd to witness the performance.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"Opera night" means hundreds of carriages blocking up Fourteenth Street, and "miles away" into Third Avenue, while thousands of the lovers of music at its best occupy every available space in the gorgeously decorated opera house. Gerster never was in finer voice, and Stavelli has made an impression such as is not usually accorded to tenors on so short an acquaintance. As for Campanini, who, despite his hoarseness, resolves not to disappoint the public, he is Campanini, and this is saying all that need be said.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE LOYAL RONINS: A Historical Romance. Translated from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui by Shiuichiro Saito and Edward Greey. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1880.

"The Loyal Ronins," Mr. Greey informs us in his preface, is one of seven stories written by Tamenaga Shunsui (For the sake of perpetual spring-water), and published under the title of I-ro-ha Bunko (the A, B, C writing-desk) Tamenaga, the Charles Dickens of Japan, is the founder of the modern school of Nihonese fiction, and, taking it for granted that his Japanese world was thoroughly acquainted with the story of the forty-seven ronins, as doubtless it is, a literal translation would have only led the other world into devious and inextricable labyrinths, had not Mr. Greey—for on him has fallen the heat and burden of the day—collaborated with his friend Saito, with a result at once highly instructive, and interestingly amusing. Mr. Greey's long residence amongst the Japs, and his thorough knowledge of their inner life and language, has enabled him to produce a series of pictures as vivid as the colors in the charming frontispiece of his book, and, taking up the work with a languid curiosity, the reader becomes gradually interested, until, like a child at a pantomime, he dreads the rapidly approaching fall of the curtain. It is not our province to tell the story of "The Loyal Ronins." Mr. Greey narrates it in a manner that must command a good word from all who can discriminate between careful workmanship and inartistic looseness. The book is a perfect gem in its way, quaint, *bizarre* and gotten up with æsthetic elegance, the letter-press making in itself a picture. The illustrations—and they are very numerous—are admirable specimens of art, and possess the ring of the true Japan metal. We cordially recommend "The Loyal Ronins," and eagerly look forward to further instalments of Nihonese literature from the pen of Mr. Greey and his accomplished collaborateur, Shiuichiro Saito.

FUN.

WHY is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

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STREET PREACHER: "I now ask, brethren, what can I do to move you—what shall I do to move you in this world of wickedness?" Jerry: "Send round the 'at, gov'nor, that'll move 'em."

A CERTAIN English General, being at the point of death, opened his eyes, and seeing a consultation of four physicians who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if you dare by platoons it's all over with me," and instantly expired.

WHEN the man who has been back from the country a few weeks discovers in a hack-driver whom he employs the "old hermit of the cave" he used to visit on the hill near the Summer resort he patronized, he is apt to set the landlord down as a villain.

"ANY good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of a farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturalist; "there's a drive-well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock-yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels and call in."

A GENTLEMAN met his little son on the street and asked him how they were all coming on at home. "Pretty-rate. Mamma has made you a whole new shirt." "Tell mamma when I come home I'll give her a nickel." "Better give it to me." "You didn't make the shirt?" "If I hain't kept my eye on her she would have been leaning over the fence talking about the fashions instead of working. I ought to be encouraged some, anyhow."

A COUPLE of old darkies met the other day and began talking over matters and things. "How is ole Colonel Jones comin' on, what used to own you before de war? He is so ole he must be gettin to be childish and losin' his reasonin' powers." "Don't know nuffin' about him—hain't seed him since befoah last Christmas." "Why, what's de matter?" "Ain't got no use for such ole gemmans. Last time I was dar I fotched him a big reddish I had cotched. I tole him if he would gimme a table knife I would scrape an' clean de fish. What do you s'pose he sed?" "Ask-d yer to come in and get a dram, and chat a while about ole times on de ole plantation." "No, sah; he tole me if I couldn't borry a table knife from some ob de nabors dat he would rudder clean de fish himself. I s'pose he was afeared I'd be keerless in handin' de knife back when I got done wid it." The other darkey rubbed his chin and remarked: "I see by dat ar dat de ole man's still got de use of his reasonin' powers."

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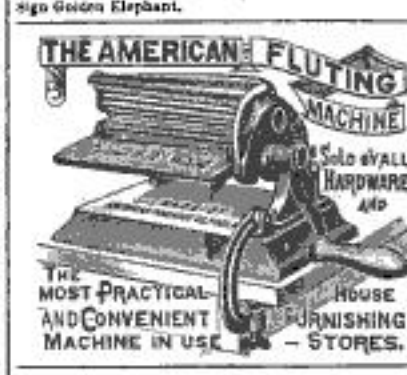
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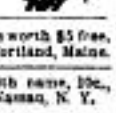
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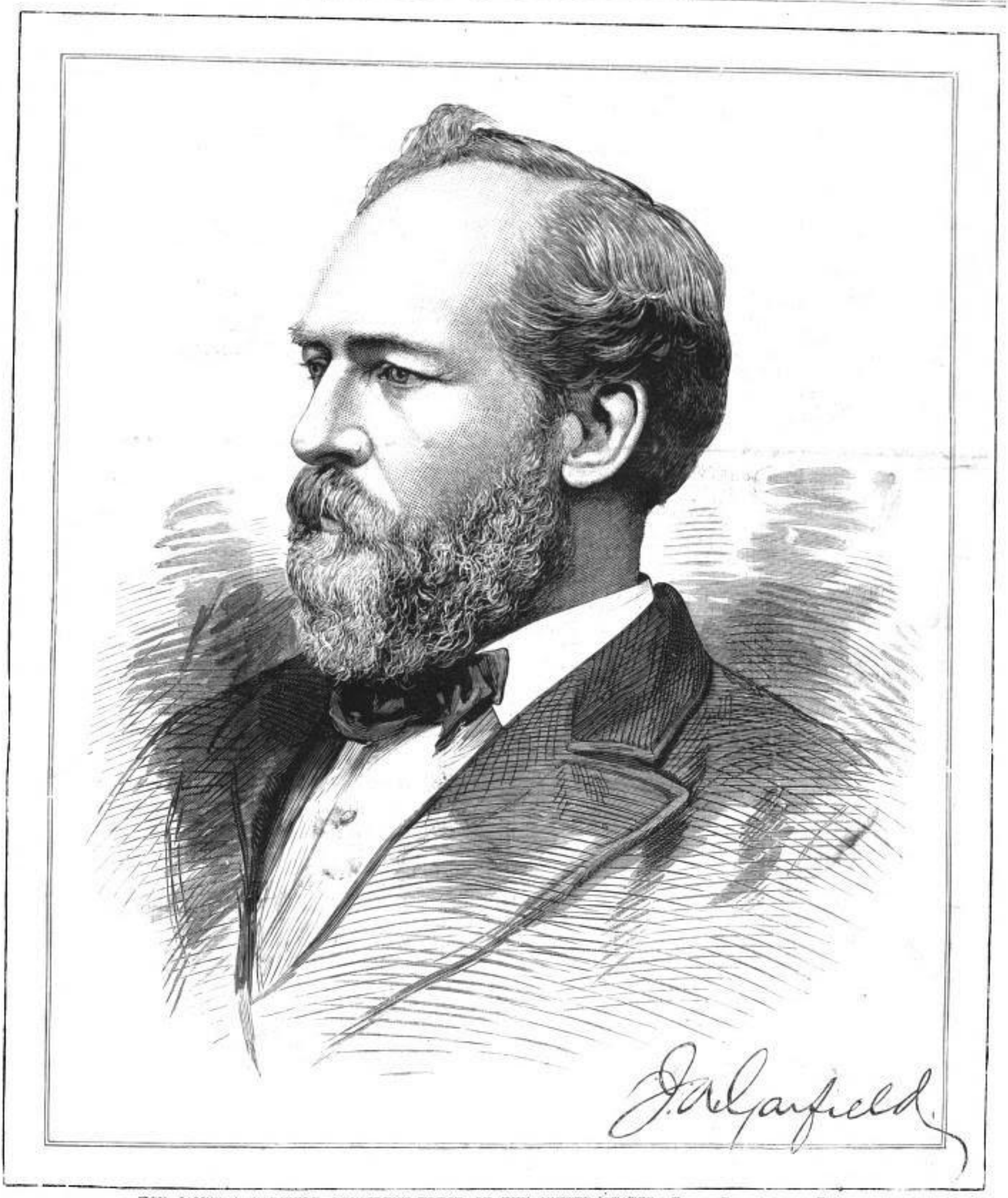
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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

J. W. ENGLAND, *Assignee.*

THE GREAT RESULT.

IN the veracious chronicle of the "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.," we are favored with a disquisition on the long chapter of "chances" which the events of this world lay open to us. The chapter of chances is a particularly long one in the records of each political campaign, when politicians of the one side and of the other seek to catch the shadows of coming events by forecasting all manner of calculations and prognostics which are based rather on their respective wishes and imaginations than on the solid ground of facts. The counting of the ballots at the end of the contest is a signal for the collapse of many illusions which the political fancy has practiced upon itself and upon the credulous mind of all who allow their opinions to jump with their inclinations.

But when the October elections were held in Ohio and Indiana it was admitted, by general consent, that in the outcome of those elections we might descry a shadow of the coming event which had not yet risen upon the horizon of history; and now that that event has come to cast its shadow after it, we see that the augury was as just as it was universal. The Presidential election of 1880 has resulted in the triumph of the Republican Party, which, in the person of its candidate, General Garfield, is again charged with the Executive Administration of the Government.

The fugiemen and managers of the defeated party will, of course, be as prolific in pessimistic explanations of this, to them, disagreeable result as lately they were prolific in the vaticinations of a hopeful optimism. It will be ascribed to a thousand minor and major causes—as, for instance, the omission to renominate Mr. Tilden; the relegation of the "fraud issue" to a subordinate place in the canvass; the political inexperience of General Hancock; the personal unpopularity of Mr. English; the indiscreet utterances of General Wade Hampton and others; the injudicious management of the National Democratic Committee; the inordinate use of personal charges against the private character of General Garfield; and, finally, to the forgery of crooked weapons which turned into boomerangs in the hands of those who wielded them.

All these minor and major causes may deserve to be enumerated, and more besides, in an exhaustive analysis of the multiform and multiplex antecedents which, as they enter, according to the circumstances of each case, into the resultant issue of every political campaign, so they may be fairly assumed to have had their share in determining the aggregate result of the present election. But they who search for the great "bottom fact" which lies under all these minor or major causes (the fact which gave to these secondary causes all their potency for mischief against the aspirations of the Democrats) will find it in the purely negative attitude which the Democrats have been obliged to assume throughout the whole of the present canvass, because they were absolutely destitute of clear opinions, deliberate resolutions, strong convictions and definite policies with regard to all the pending public questions which are of most immediate and vital interest to the prosperity of the country. Hence it is that the best-delivered attacks which the Democratic champions have made upon the weaknesses and faults of the Republicans have fallen short of their purpose for the simple and sufficient reason that the Democrats offered no body of doctrine to take the place of alleged heresies in the Republican creed, and no system of measures to take the place of alleged blunders and shortcomings in the Republican administration of the Government. And so it has inevitably come to pass that the vigor with which the Democrats began their canvass perished from pure inanition, and wasted itself in futile and aimless blows on the air.

With the exception of Mr. Bayard and his political associates, the Democrats seems to have forgotten that a two-fold office devolves upon the members of every opposition party; it is called to watch the party in power, and if it is to supersede that party in the control of the Government, it is bound to invent a better system of political measures, and then to educate the public mind and the public conscience into the acceptance of that better system. The first half of this duty the Democrats have performed with zeal, if not always with discretion, but the latter half of this duty they have left as absolutely out of all account as if, like the angels of heaven, they were mere spectators of human strifes and passions. The people, therefore, have simply taken them at the only value of which they have given any proof, and that the people place a high estimate on this value is demonstrated by the fact that they have still retained the Democrats in the place and function of an opposition sufficiently powerful to act as a check on the Republicans. What more could they have done than this? To have given the control of the Government to the Democrats without knowing what the Democrats wanted to do with it, and without the Democrats themselves knowing their own mind and wishes, would have argued a blind faith in the mere caprices and chances of Democratic opinion. It is, therefore, well for the country, well for the Republicans, and well for the Democrats, that the latter have been charged with the responsibilities of a *watching* opposition until they shall have fitted themselves for the higher duties of administration, by digesting a better set of measures and offering better methods of rule than those adopted and practiced by the Republican Party.

LOSING OUR PROVISION TRADE.

IT is a fact that admits of no dispute that serious inroads on the provision trade of New York are being made by the practice, so common at the present time, of shipping meats and lard from the West on through bills of lading to foreign ports. The value of this trade to the country is made sufficiently clear when it is stated that the exports of bacon alone from the United States during the nine months ending September 3d were worth over $42,000,000; that the value of the lard exports for the same time exceeded $23,000,000, and that the total value of the exports of bacon, lard, pork and beef for the period named was in exact figures $73,229,111. The evil complained of by our merchants is the discriminations against New York which are made both by the railroads and the ocean steamship companies. From Chicago to New York the rate for provisions is nominally 35 cents per hundred pounds, while from Chicago to Liverpool on through bills of lading it ranges from 63 to 74 cents, leaving New York at a serious disadvantage, inasmuch as there is generally a difference of from five to seven cents per hundred pounds in favor of the shipper who sends his consignments on the through bills of lading. It is asserted that the railroads "cut" their rates, sometimes taking off as much as one-half, and that the steamship companies, through their agents at the West, give rates which would not be granted to exporters here.

And this is not only the case, but we have not even the small satisfaction of having the goods passed through New York. Notwithstanding the large increase in the exports of provisions from the country at large, the shipments from New York show a decrease. Taking the most important article, bacon, we find that the exports since January 1st have been 391,000,000 pounds, against something over 411,000,000 pounds for the corresponding period last year, while the actual receipts here were smaller than last year. The merchants of New York are thoroughly alive to these facts, and yet little or nothing is being done to turn the tide in our favor. It will not do to rest content with the fact that the value of the exports from our port is much larger than last year; for, while that is true, it is owing solely to the fact that prices of most provisions have advanced fully twenty-five per cent. within six months, and the actual receipts here, as already stated, have been smaller than last year.

Boston is one of our greatest rivals in this trade. The shipments thence have nearly doubled this year, and seem likely to go on increasing. Then there is Baltimore, with its splendid terminal facilities, which is not to be despised as a competitor, and Philadelphia is another dangerous rival. All these cities have better terminal facilities than those possessed by New York. Shippers in Chicago are also beginning to send large consignments by way of Montreal, which is a thousand miles nearer than New York to some continental ports to which shipments are being made. Sending provisions by way of the Lachine Canal and Grand Trunk Railroad to Montreal on through bills of lading is a practice which is steadily increasing. The expenses of lighterage at New York, as well as the commission charges and other heavy expenses, have driven away an important percentage of the trade, and will assuredly work still further injury if some means are not devised to bring the trade back. As it now stands, many of the large firms here have been compelled to establish branch houses in the West. It may be said that thus practically ignoring New York in this trade hurts no one but the "middlemen." This is an illusive argument, since a large number of poorer men must necessarily suffer by the change.

However, not to draw too gloomy a picture, it may be safely stated that, notwithstanding all the efforts of her rivals, New York must always hold a high position in this and other branches of trade. The consumption of provisions here is large, and we have more capital than any other city in the Union with which to carry on the trade. The wealth of New York City is indeed almost fabulous, and this with her splendid harbor will make it impossible to entirely ignore the metropolis of this continent. The valuation of real and personal property in this city was last stated at $1,094,069,385, which was greater than the combined wealth of twenty-one States and Territories, among which are Maine, Vermont, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Kansas, Minnesota, North Carolina, Nevada and Colorado, with their vast mineral wealth. Taking the States separately, New York City has more wealth than any State in the Union with only four exceptions. Our wharves and piers around the city are valued at over $13,000,000, and would be worth more if freight cars could be taken to the steamship wharves and the heavy lighterage expenses thus obviated. Finally it may be stated, as one hopeful feature of our provision trade, that some of the large exporters here prefer to have their consignments sent to New York on local bills of lading, so that their own inspectors can inspect the stock before it is shipped to foreign ports.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

THE next House of Representatives will undoubtedly be Republican by a majority of from ten to twelve. Among the conspicuous gains of the Republicans are three in Missouri, one in Louisiana, one in South Carolina, two in Tennessee, and one in Virginia, making eight in the Southern States. Two districts in Iowa were rescued from the Greenbackers, securing a solid Republican delegation from that State. In Pennsylvania a Republican carries the Scranton District, heretofore represented by the famous Labor Reformer, Hendrick B. Wright. There are other gains, with some losses, the net result being a solid Republican majority, which will give that party control of the House, and make it responsible for its legislation. As to the next Senate, the indications are that it will be a tie, though it is possible that later returns may give the Legislature of Tennessee to the Democrats, and so secure that party a majority of one.

Among the questions which the new Congress will be called to consider, unless it shall be disposed of at the closing session of the present Congress, is that of the reapportionment of Congressional representation during the next ten years, beginning with the Forty-eighth Congress. This is a subject of the highest national importance, and it will, no doubt, elicit intense partisan feeling, especially should the Republicans undertake, as it is hinted they may, to institute an inquiry whether, under section two of the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment and section twenty-two of the Revised Statutes, the right to vote in some of the Southern States has not been abridged, and whether, in consequence, the number of Representatives from the Southern States ought not to be reduced, as the law provides shall be done in certain contingencies. Among the subjects which the outgoing Congress must consider is that of making provision for funding $675,000,000 of bonds, $300,000,000 of which are six per cents., and the remainder fives. The sixes are redeemable in June next and the fives on the 1st of May, so that action in the direction of funding cannot well be delayed. Another subject which the present Congress cannot well escape is that of putting a stop to the coinage of silver dollars, of which there are $80,000,000 now hoarded up in the Treasury vaults, apparently in excess of any existing demand.

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM.

THE growth of the railroad system of the United States has been most extraordinary. It was in July, 1828, that ground was broken in Baltimore for the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio line, the first road ever chartered in this country. Two years later, in 1830, there were 23 miles of railroad in operation; in 1840, 2,818 miles; in 1850, 9,021 miles; in 1860, 30,635 miles; in 1870, 52,914 miles, and in 1879, 86,497 miles. From these figures it appears that not only has there been an addition to the railroad mileage in each decade, but that addition has been a constantly increasing one. The largest increase in mileage in any one year was in 1871, when there were 7,379 miles put into operation. The panic which then depressed every branch of trade and business in the country very seriously affected railroad enterprise. From 1871 there was a steady decline until 1875, in which year only 1,712 miles were constructed. Since that time there has been a strong reaction, and railroad building has been steadily improving, until last year there were 4,721 miles added to our railroad system.

During the present year the activity in railroad construction is greater than ever known, and before its close the record of 1871 will be surpassed. For the six months ended on the 30th of June last, more than 1,700 miles of track were laid, being twice as much as were constructed during the first half of 1879, and three times as much as in the corresponding period of any year since 1873. The statistics up to the present time are necessarily incomplete, but they are inaccurate only in showing results below the actual figures. The statistics at hand, from official sources, show that 4,275 miles have been constructed so far during the year, against 2,619 miles for the same time last year, 1,527 miles in 1878, 1,629 miles in 1877, 1,770 miles in 1876, 920 miles in 1875, 1,242 miles in 1874, 2,955 miles in 1873, and 5,312 miles in 1872. The incomplete record for less than ten months of the current year, therefore, shows an addition to the railway mileage nearly equal to that of the entire year of 1879.

But these statistics fail to show, except in a partial degree, the immense proportions which railroad enterprise has assumed. During the first six months of 1880, in addition to the 1,700 miles of track laid and fully completed, there were 8,000 miles in course of completion, with a fair prospect of being entirely finished before the close of the year. In these figures are included the track which has been laid since June 30th, and which appears in the statistics to date. Besides the mileage under construction on July 1st last, there were new enterprises originated between January and July, involving the construction of 10,850 miles of new track, upon none of which had work been begun prior to July 1st. Since that date a large portion of it has been put under contract, and armies of track-layers are busily employed completing the work. Leaving out of consideration the mileage that have been completed since that date, and the new projects that have since been undertaken, the mileage completed, in course of construction and projected during the first half of the year aggregates over 20,000 miles. While it is not to be expected that such an enormous amount of work will be done this year, such a feat is less improbable than would have been the completion of 500 miles fifty years ago. The total cost of the railroads and equipment in the United States at the close of last year amounted to more than $4,400,000,000, and it is a moderate estimate to put the cost of the additional railroads constructed during the present year at $500,000,000.

The greatness and extent of the railroad system of the United States appear more conspicuous only on a comparison between this country and those abroad. The United States, with an estimated population of less than 50,000,000 people, and an area of less than 4,000,000 square miles, has a railroad mileage equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Spain, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, British India, Canada and Mexico, with a combined population of 485,000,000 people and an area of about 15,000,000 square miles. The railway mileage of the United States almost equals that of all Europe, the difference at the end of this year probably not amounting to more than from 7,000 to 10,000 miles, with a possible large reduction even from these figures, the difference in favor of Europe on January 1st, 1879, being only 14,500 miles. The total mileage of the world at that time was 197,617 miles, and the United States then owned 45 per cent. of that total, so that by the end of 1880 about one half of the railroads of the world will be in American territory.

That the people of the United States are more adequately supplied with railroad facilities than any people in the world is shown by the following figures: In the United States there is one mile of railroad to every 550 persons on a moderate calculation, and one mile to every 40 square miles of area. In Great Britain the population is 1,850 people to each mile of railroad, and the area is 7 square miles; in Germany there are 2,370 people and 11 square miles; in France 2,620 people and 14 square miles; in Spain 4,000 people and 45 square miles; in Austria 5,100 people and 34 square miles; in Russia 6,600 people and 646 square miles, and in Canada, which is next to the United States as to proportion of population, 720 people and 636 square miles to each mile of railway. Mexico presents a sorry contrast—although there are several schemes afloat in Boston intended to redeem that country from its unfortunate condition—and furnishes only one mile of railroad to every 4,300 of its inhabitants and to each 2,000 square miles of its area. Truly the United States stands preëminent among nations as the greatest patron of the railroad, and its people are daily reaping the benefit of it in the shape of cheap rates and fares, the cheapest in the

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world; excellent accommodations, the best in the world, and the magnitude of commerce, soon no doubt to be the greatest in the world.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

AFFAIRS have at last come to a crisis in Ireland, and the Government, badgered upon one side by the agitators and reproached by the landlords on the other, have begun a prosecution. Mr. Parnell and thirteen other members of the Land League have been subpœnaed to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin. It is hoped by bringing the offenders into a higher court that it will be possible to get a jury to convict. The allegations in the indictment seem rather flimsy and scarcely particular enough; but it is sincerely to be hoped that something will be done to put an end to the present terrible state of anarchy. A great deal of excitement is raised by the case of a Mr. Boycott, a landlord in Mayo. The agitators desired the laborers on his estate not to work, and the crops had to be left standing in the field. Then his servants were told that they must leave their master, who is almost starved out. However, being a man of energy and determination, he cut as much of his crops as he could himself, while his wife tied up the sheaves. A few days ago he sallied into a neighboring town to procure provisions, but being recognized, the military had to be called out in order to rescue him. An Ulster man has engaged to take a number of laborers from the North of Ireland, gather Mr. Boycott's crops, and resist any attack that may be made, provided his expenses are paid. One of the Conservative newspapers has started a subscription, and six times the required amount has already been collected. Meantime, every one's attention is fixed upon Mr. Boycott's little farm, and its relief promises to become as famous as that of Lucknow. Whether there will be any breach of the peace depends upon the Land League, which does not seem to be in quite as thriving a condition as it was some time ago. It was generally believed that Mr. Parnell was about to retire from it, partly because of the petty jealousies among its members, and partly because of the very decided stand which has been taken by the priests against all the agitators since Archbishop McCabe's pastoral was issued. A Cabinet council will be held during the present week, at which it is expected a definite policy as to the whole Irish question will be agreed upon. Other important matters will also be considered.

It is understood that Prince Bismarck desires to see the enforcement of the will of Europe in the Turkish question deferred until Austria shall have been put into a condition to defend her newly acquired responsibilities and frontiers under the treaty of Berlin; but Earl Granville refuses to comply with the request, and some irritation is likely to result.

Dulcigno has not as yet been ceded. It is reported that the Albanians are arming and will resist all attempts to take their little port from them. The Porte has resolved to increase the Turkish force in Thessaly and Epirus to 42,000 men, and to construct ten batteries for the defense of the Dardanelles. Mr. Gladstone is said to be quite convinced of the possibility of forming a Balkan-Slavonic Federation, independent alike of Russia and Austria, and it is this belief that makes his policy so fanciful. For some years past Mme. Norikoff, a Russian lady of great ability, has acquired a good deal of influence over Mr. Gladstone. She is the wife of a Russian General and sister-in-law of a former Russian Ambassador at Constantinople. Being thoroughly imbued with the philo-Slavonic theories, she has sought every means to bring them before the English public both by writing in such magazines as *Fraser's*, and by impressing upon the minds of public men the advantages to be gained by a close alliance between England and Russia. It is scarcely probable that she will be successful, but her actions are attracting the attention of other nations, notably of Germany.

In France the expulsions of the unauthorized religious communities continue, and the Tribunal of Conflicts have decided against the Jesuits upon the question of disqualifying the Minister of Justice from presiding at its sittings. Throughout the provinces there has been much hard feeling against the Government for the harshness with which the decrees have been at times carried out. In many cases the prefects and other officers to whom the execution of the decrees was intrusted have resigned rather than be parties to what they consider an act of tyranny and bigoted persecution. The intolerance of opposition which the Government shows from time to time also makes itself felt by the constant prosecution of newspapers. Several editors have been fined and imprisoned for publishing obscene articles, and in some cases the authors have also been punished. Felix Pyat's newspaper, the *Commune*, is now being prosecuted for an article insulting to the army, and the famous Jung affair is still before the public. Jung's wife, the Baronne Kaulla, as she is called, writes to the *Figaro* that she intends to take an action for slander against her husband if he will consent. According to French law, a wife cannot bring an action without the consent of her husband, so that the baronne cannot do anything unless she obtains his concurrence. Whether Colonel Jung will be sufficiently amiable to oblige his wife or not is not settled, but so far he does not see the advantage of being sued.

The Comédie Française has just celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation by a series of performances of Molière's plays. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which was played upon the first and last days of the *fête*, was especially successful. Lully's music was given with it, and the minuets were danced in the style of that day. The house was magnificently decorated, and all the best people in Paris were present. Foreign ambassadors went wearing their orders. Ushers with silver chains, knee-breeches and black silk stockings received the guests, and Gambetta, Grévy, Victor Hugo, and a host of celebrities filled the boxes and stalls. The taste for Molière's comedies has been so increased by this celebration that M. Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Français, has announced his intention of giving a series of classical reproductions.

THE tide of immigration shows no signs of abatement. During the month of October the arrivals at this port numbered 30,697, of whom 4,000 came in on a single day. The total number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden during the year, up to the 1st instant, is stated at 285,327, against 112,272 for the corresponding period of last year.

THE spectre of Nihilism still confronts and alarms the Russian Government. It is stated that 150 Nihilist prisoners—many of them persons of high station—will soon be placed on trial at St. Petersburg and elsewhere for crimes against the national authority; and there seems to be no doubt that the reactionary agitation is just as intense as at any time in the past, though, perhaps, less ostentatious in its manifestations. The severity of the Government has not in the least abated the feeling of popular discontent.

THE reduction in the public debt for the four months of the present fiscal year ending on the 1st instant amounted to $33,681,867, being over $23,000,000 greater than for the corresponding four months of last year. The receipts from internal revenue during October amounted to $11,737,000, and for the four months to $44,297,000. The gain in both customs and internal revenue receipts in favor of the four months of 1880 is $15,626,000, which is due, of course, to the general revival of business activity throughout the country.

THE defeat of Representative Atkins in the Eighth Tennessee District involves the loss of a most capable and valuable public servant in the House of Representatives. Mr. Atkins has been conspicuous as the uncompromising opponent of extravagance in expenditure and redundancy in legislation, and his influence, not only in his own party, but in the House as a whole, has always been most salutary. Another member who will be missed from the next House is Hon. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, whose vigorous support of sound financial measures has entitled him to the thanks of all who believe that our system of finance should be based on principles of honesty and justice.

THE New York *Sun* advises the Democrats to divert their minds by the study of astronomy. Thus:

"Have you noticed the wonderful brilliancy and beauty of Jupiter?

"To the naked eye, and without the aid of a telescope, it looks like a torch in the sky.

"The reason Jupiter has shone with such remarkable brilliancy of late is because it has been nearing the point when it appears largest to observers on our planet—a point which it will not reach again until about twenty years hence, which will be quite as soon as the Democratic Party can reasonably expect to attain to power under its present leadership.

"The most sublime of all studies is astronomy. It turns the thoughts of mortals from terrestrial troubles heavenward.

"Democrats, study astronomy!

"Jupiter and the other planets—except this earth of ours—are just about as bright as they were before election."

A CHICAGO paper tells the story of a corner in pork just closed up which seems to have been the most gigantic and successful deal of that particular kind ever attempted or carried out. In July of last year a Chicago firm, after a careful study of the home and foreign market, began the purchase of pork in great quantities, and in December closed out, making a profit of $2,000,000. Not satisfied that it had reached the highest point, they continued buying until pork had dropped from $14 to $9.25, absorbing their profit and an additional million. In April of this year they again began buying at $10 a barrel, and bought up 350,000 barrels of spot pork and 1,250,000 barrels of options. For the last three months they have been closing out their gigantic purchases at prices ranging from $16 to $18.50, clearing over $7,000,000 on this deal, and being winners on the two deals to the extent of $6,000,000.

THE leading Democratic journals of the South are speaking out with unmistakable emphasis as to the causes of the late party defeat. Thus the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says of the management of the Democratic canvass that "It failed to give out from first to last one breezy, soul-stirring note." After indicating some of the principal blunders of the campaign, the *Journal* adds: "Different, indeed, would it have been had the Democratic leaders planted themselves in the principles of justice and truth; had they gathered about the old ticket with the enthusiasm of deep conviction; had they hoisted signals to which all true Americans could rally, and, instead of going into action on half-truths, and divided even as to them, submitted to the people, as above all minor issues, the vindication of their elective system in the redress of a great wrong. Undoubtedly General Hancock made as popular a candidate as could have been named. If a rose-water campaign was wanted, he was the man for it. But he represented nothing which the country held nearer to its heart than easy times and freedom from political cares. He did not touch the depths of the popular nature. He simply skated over its surface. Personally, he is unhurt. He is the same gallant, attractive figure he was before. He is responsible for none of the errors or shortcomings. He was sacrificed to the madness of a few short-sighted politicians, many of whom have gone down with him in the vortex of this defeat. But, in the history of his time, he will stand out as one who loved his country and served it brilliantly; who, less fortunate in politics than in arms, yet was true to the principles of free government when luckier men were faithless." The *Journal* tells a good deal of plain truth in this ringing summary of causes and results.

THE reconstruction of the Supreme Court of the United States seems to be one of the inevitable necessities of the near future. Two of the present judges are incapacitated by illness for active service, and two others are so advanced in years that they are entitled to retire with honor and life salaries. Probably successors to all these judges will be appointed by the President-elect, and it cannot be doubted that such a result is desirable if the vigor and usefulness of the Court are to be properly maintained. In point of fact, there seems to be good reason for an enlargement of the Court, which is now three years behind with its calendar, with but a slim prospect of ever "catching up" with its business. There are now but two more judges than there were in 1837. Since then our population has almost trebled, while the number of States have increased from twenty-five to thirty-eight, and the amount of litigation, as well as the importance and gravity of the cases, carried before the Court have also vastly increased. Obviously something should be done to remedy the evil at the present session, and we may expect that, in addition to the change of the personnel of the Court, some legislation will soon be had looking to the more adequate performance of its very important functions.

CORRESPONDENCE from England represents that the condition of agricultural holdings there is at present attracting much serious consideration. In most counties, many large farms have been surrendered and thousands of acres thrown on the hands of the proprietors. Farmers say they cannot make the land pay under the present rentals. The remedy is obvious—a revaluation. Indeed, this is being loudly called for, and no doubt will occupy the early attention of Parliament. Many causes conspire to produce the present condition of affairs. The chief one is that rentals are on the old basis of valuation, when protection existed. Matters have of late years undergone a radical change. The free importation of grain, where supplies are in proportion to demand, and the telegraph informs the shipper of the requirements of the market, has thrown on the English grower a competition which can only be sustained by high-class farming, great economy in detail, and bringing the land to the best possible state of cultivation. Even then he cannot sell on equal terms with the importer, so that to pay the old rental is impossible. In truth, this is practically admitted by the voluntary reduction, in many instances, of twenty-five per cent. of the rental, notwithstanding which surrenders still go on.

ONE of the first acts of the incoming Administration should be the negotiation of a new treaty with Germany under which the rights of Americans shall be secure against the doctrine of "once a citizen always a citizen." Not a year passes that complaints are not made to the American Embassy at Berlin by adopted citizens who, having returned to their native land, have been threatened with expulsion from the country or enforced enlistment in the German army. Germany has just now set up the claim that Alsace and Lorraine are not included in the operation of the present treaty with the old North German Confederation, having been acquired since its negotiation, thus leaving us without an extradition treaty so far as those provinces are concerned, and placing our adopted American citizens, who were born there, in the position of a German citizen if he returns home and is found in his province. One of our citizens now lies in a German prison, wrongfully confined, and, as the case now stands, our Government is powerless to act. In justice to the men who have contributed so largely to make this country what it is, we should negotiate a treaty which will prevent the possibility of such occurrences in the future, or else demand satisfaction from the German Government for all acts so insulting to our sovereignty as a nation.

UNDOUBTEDLY business conditions had a good deal to do with the result of the recent election. Business men were unwilling to incur the risks of a "change" which offered no positive advantages but great possible harm, and they largely cast their influence into the Republican scale. If that party shall prove equal to its opportunities, it will establish a fresh claim upon the public confidence; if it shall falter and evade living issues, it will be sent to the rear. The New York *Times*, commenting on the party opportunities, appropriately says:

"Probably before the expiration of General Garfield's term changes in the business of the country will force some action in regard to the currency. The Republican Party has been sustained by that large class of business men who foresee this necessity, and who have believed that when the time for action arrived the party would move in the direction of improving, and not of debasing, the currency. This fact will have to be borne in mind by the Administration. Our tax laws will also have to be revised. Taxation is heavier than it need be. It is in many regards unequal and oppressive. Industries of importance are discriminated against in favor of others no more entitled to consideration. These wrongs must be righted. They cannot be concealed under the general plea of protection to American labor, because they are injurious to American labor. It will be fortunate for the Republican Party if its leaders show the courage and sagacity necessary to deal with the subject, because, in spite of the apparent strength contributed to the party by the recent professions of protectionist ideas, the people will eventually perceive the difference between real and false protection."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE small-pox is widely prevalent in San Francisco.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON, of Iowa, may be Speaker Randall's successor.

THE President has designated November 25th as the national Thanksgiving Day.

THE Republicans of Washington Territory have re-elected Thomas H. Brents as delegate to Congress.

TWO men were killed by the explosion of a powder mill at Mountain View, N. J., November 4th.

THE total popular vote in the late election appears to have reached about 8,700,000, the largest ever cast.

MORE than $3,500,000 standard silver dollars were sent out last month from the different branch mints of the country.

SOME detached buildings of the United States Arsenal at Benicia, Cal., were burned on November 2d, the loss being $200,000.

PRESIDENT HAYES and wife visited General Garfield at his home on Thursday last. The President, on the 6th inst., returned to Washington.

THE steamer *Rhode Island* was wrecked on the rocks near Bonnet Point, on Narragansett Bay, in a dense fog on Saturday morning last. No lives were lost.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES made an address on co-operation at a reception given him by the New York Co-operative Association in New York City, on the evening of November 5th.

THE managers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad have appointed a committee of ten to confer with the English interests on a scheme to put the road on its feet again.

INDIAN AGENT BERRY has arrived at Denver and placed himself in the hands of the United States Marshal to answer the charge of complicity in the Ute abduction of Jackson.

THE grand jury of San Francisco has ordered Mayor Kalloch to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt, he having in a sermon spoken disrespectfully of that body.

THE Secretary of the Treasury will confine his weekly purchases of bonds to those which mature on the 31st of December next. These are sixes, the amount outstanding being about $13,506,050.

THE total funded debt of Philadelphia is $70,369,801. The value of property subject to city tax is as follows: Real estate, $529,169,382; personal estate, $6,498,452; total, $535,667,834.

THE investigation into the Philp "Chinese letter" forgery was continued last week without result. The Republican National Committee has decided to prosecute the inquiry until the guilty party is found.

A TELEGRAM from Little Rock states that on the top of White Oak Mountain, two miles north of Ozark, Arkansas, stones two pounds or less in weight have been rising from the earth and falling like hail, driving families out into fields.

THE American Society of Mechanical Engineers held its first annual meeting in New York City, last week. Many prominent engineers were present. The inaugural address was made by Professor R. H. Thurston, President of the organization.

WITH a view to increasing the usefulness of the Signal Service an additional service is to be established on the Lakes designed not only to inform shipmasters of dangerous winds, but also to enable them to tell from which direction such winds may be expected.

AT the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held in New York City, it was reported that $574,335 had been expended for missionary purposes during the last year, of which $279,622 had been applied to foreign missions.

THE New York Democratic State Committee proposes to investigate the returns of the late election in this State, with a view of showing that the Republican majority was fraudulently obtained, and asking Congress, under the famous twenty-second joint vote, to reject the electoral vote of the State for Garfield. The scheme is not likely to command popular sanction.

Foreign.

IT is now said that none of the Powers will actively interfere in the Greek question.

EIGHTY citizens of Hamburg have been expelled, in accordance with the anti-Socialistic decrees.

IT is reported in Ottawa that the health of the Princess Louise will not permit her to return to Canada this Winter.

A POSSE of Brazilians have killed sixty bandits and captured 140 of a band which attacked the town of Januaria last year.

IT has been decided in the Isle of Man to extend the franchise to unmarried women, with the necessary property qualifications.

THE revenue of the Dominion of Canada for October was $2,484,624, an increase of over $445,945 over October of last year.

"GUY FAWKES DAY" was observed throughout England, November 5th, by the burning in effigy of Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Irish Land League.

IT is said that the Shah of Persia has appealed to Russia for help against the Kurds. The Government has consented to give help under certain limitations.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON, an accomplished New York forger, has been arrested in London and convicted of forging circular letters of credit on a London bank.

THE American steam-launch *Isabel* was seized on September 24th by the Chilian fleet at Paytor, Peru, and her captain detained as a prisoner for twenty-four hours. One of the officers making the seizure stamped on the flag and cursed the people of the United States. The matter has been referred to the consular officials.

ANOTHER six days' contest for the Astley Belt for long-distance walking was begun on Monday morning, November 1st, in London. There were six entries, Rowell and Dobler beat the best record for 100 miles, the latter by forty-four minutes, and the former by much more. At three o'clock on Saturday morning only Rowell, Littlewood and Dobler remained. Rowell had covered 492 miles, Littlewood 426, and Dobler 412.

THE Irish Land League has issued an address to the country in which "English tyranny" is strongly condemned, and an earnest appeal is made for assistance in the shape of contributions to the Defense Fund, as the Government, it is pointed out, being backed by the commanding influence of the public purse has secured the most powerful array of legal counsel ever assembled in one case in our time. Orders have been given for the dispatch of the Channel squadron to the coast of Ireland.

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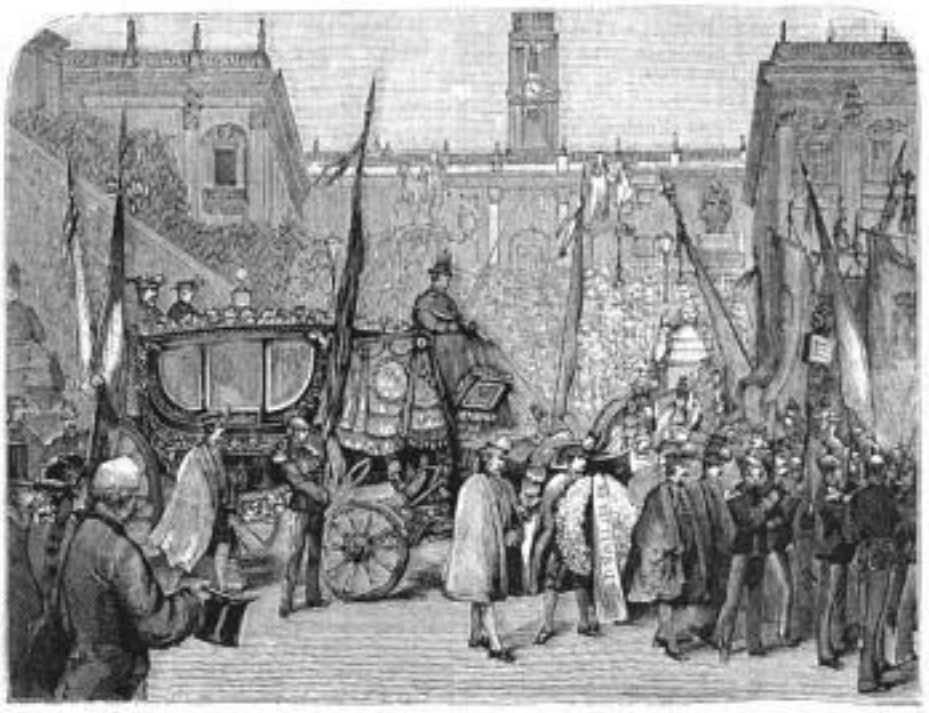
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 187.



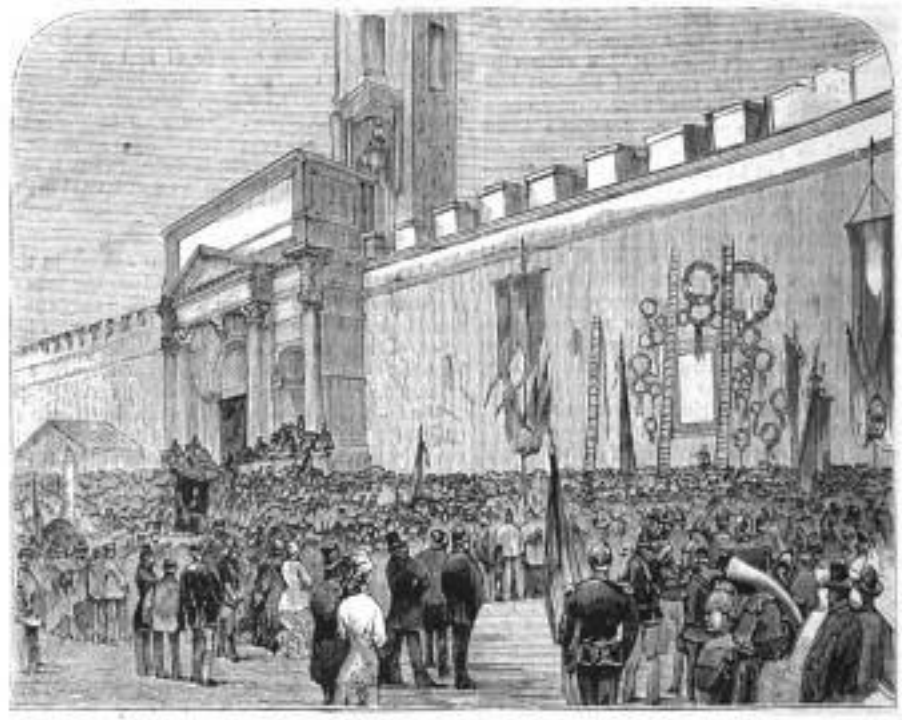
ENGLAND.—A CHILDREN'S PARTY ON BOARD H. M. S. "MINOTAUR."



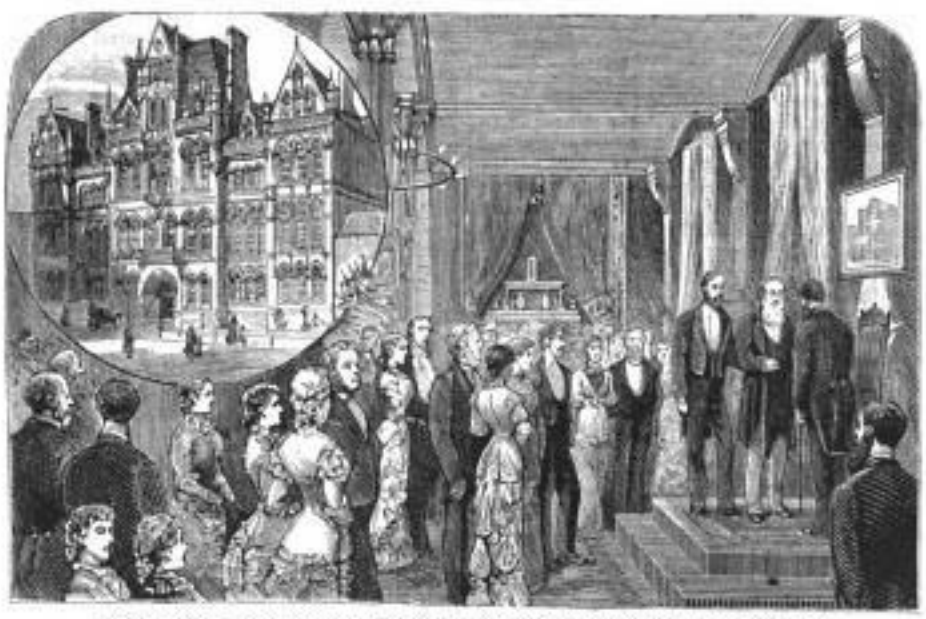
ITALY.—LAUNCH OF THE NEW IRONCLAD "ITALIA."



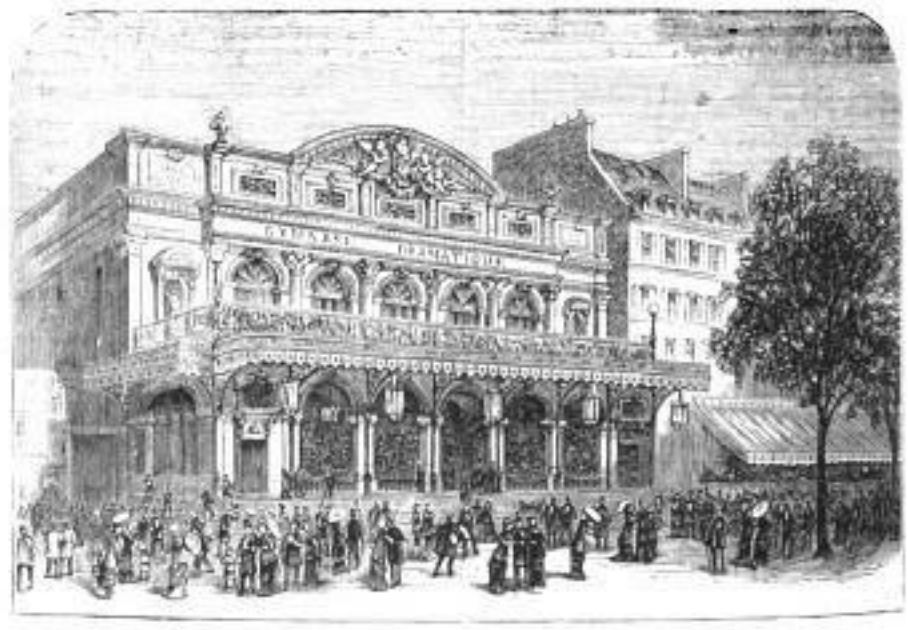
ITALY.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAPTURE OF ROME—THE CIVIC PROCESSION.



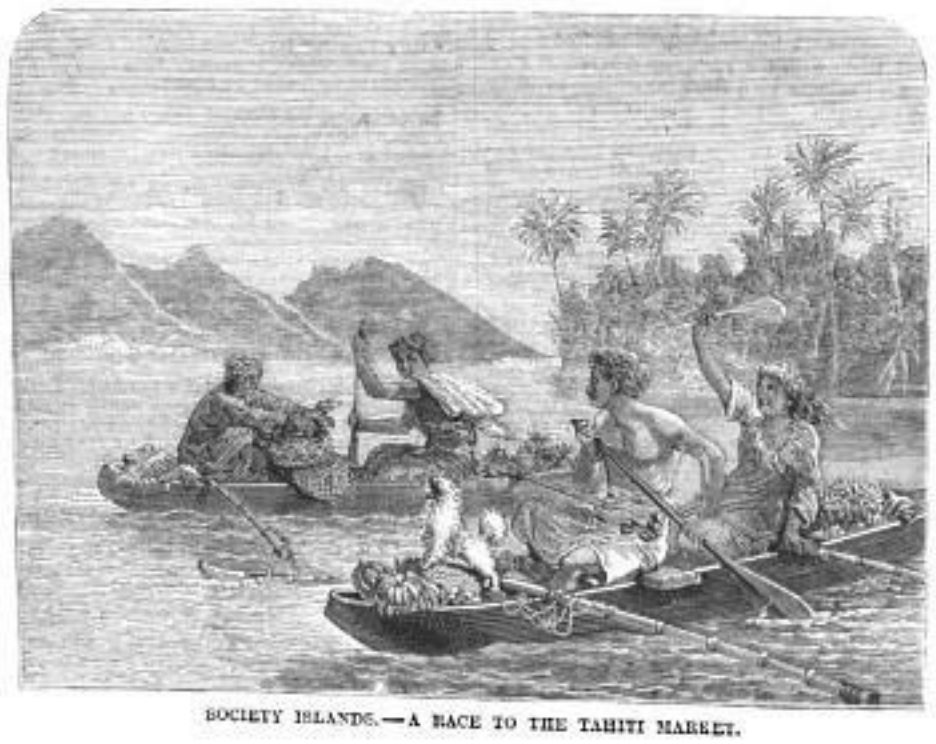
ITALY.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAPTURE OF ROME—THE MEMORIAL TABLET, PORTA PIA.



ENGLAND.—OPENING OF THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.



FRANCE.—RESTORATION OF THE THEATRE GYMNASE, PARIS.



SOCIETY ISLANDS.—A RACE TO THE TAHITI MARKET.



PORTUGAL.—THE SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY CONGRESSES AT LISBON.

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THE NATIONAL ELECTION.

MAJORITIES FOR GARFIELD AND ARTHUR.

THE result of the Presidential election on the 2d instant was even more favorable to the Republicans than was generally anticipated by cool and unprejudiced observers. The vote in the country at large was enormous, being especially heavy in the populous States of the North where large manufacturing interests are concentrated. The following table exhibits the result in the Electoral College:

Garfield.	*Votes.*	*Hancock.*	*Votes.*
California	6	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	6
Connecticut	6	Delaware	3
Illinois	21	Florida	4
Indiana	15	Georgia	11
Iowa	11	Kentucky	12
Kansas	5	Louisiana	8
Maine	7	Maryland	8
Massachusetts	13	Mississippi	8
Michigan	11	Missouri	15
Minnesota	5	Nevada	3
Nebraska	3	New Jersey	9
New Hampshire	5	North Carolina	10
New York	35	South Carolina	7
Ohio	22	Tennessee	12
Oregon	3	Texas	8
Pennsylvania	29	Virginia	11
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	5
Vermont	5		
Wisconsin	10	Total	150
Total	219		

The popular majorities are shown in the following statement:

Republican.		*Democratic.*	
California	500	Alabama	40,000
Colorado	3,000	Arkansas	30,000
Connecticut	2,500	Delaware	800
Illinois	47,000	Florida	4,000
Indiana	8,500	Georgia	40,000
Iowa	83,000	Kentucky	50,000
Kansas	50,000	Louisiana	10,000
Maine	4,000	Maryland	18,000
Massachusetts	52,000	Mississippi	60,000
Michigan	31,000	Missouri	40,000
Minnesota	25,000	Nevada	500
Nebraska	25,000	New Jersey	1,800
New Hampshire	3,000	North Carolina	8,000
New York	25,000	South Carolina	30,000
Ohio	36,000	Tennessee	20,000
Oregon	500	Texas	70,000
Pennsylvania	36,000	Virginia	30,000
Rhode Island	7,000	West Virginia	10,000
Vermont	27,000		
Wisconsin	30,000	Total	473,100
Total	494,100		

New York, with its thirty-five votes given to the Republicans, is the pivotal State of the Union. In New York City and County, complete returns of the vote cast show that it only falls about 9,000 short of the registration, or 208,000 out of a registration of 216,941. Complete returns show that Hancock received 123,302 against 81,726 for Garfield. The city Republican vote for President shows an increase of 43 per cent. over their vote in 1876. The Democratic increase is only 8 per cent.

William R. Grace has been elected Mayor by a slim majority of 2,904.

General Garfield spent election day very quietly at his home, being apparently undisturbed by the excitement of the occasion. He visited the polls at Mentor and cast his ballot like any ordinary citizen. In the evening his office assumed a busy appearance. Two operators were engaged in receiving dispatches, while the General, Major D. G. Swaim (his confidential secretary) and a number of friends and neighbors, commented on the news, which was read by the candidate himself. One of the first dispatches was from fifty towns in Maine, showing large Republican gains over the vote in September. General Garfield received this news with evident satisfaction. An early bulletin was to the effect that New York City would give 56,000 Democratic majority. This was followed almost immediately by a second one putting the figure at 48,000. Several further favorable dispatches from Maine, Connecticut and New York came in quick succession, which seemed almost too good to be true, and caused General Garfield to remark, between whiffs of his cigar:

"Gentlemen, these figures are too favorable at this stage of the game. Let us wait for something later."

Another dispatch from Maine assured the State by 5,000 Republican majority, which provoked applause from those present, but the man most concerned gave no sign of especial interest, and went on reading the bulletins as they came in.

Presently came an authentic dispatch from New York, saying that from the returns already in the Republican gain in the city would be 24,000. General Garfield coolly wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Warren, embodying the latest news, and then arose and cordially greeted several neighbors who had just come in. The following was read about 9 o'clock:

"J. A. GARFIELD—Maine has given you a handsome majority over all the opposing tickets. Will send details later.

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

"It's a little queer we don't hear from Indiana," remarked the General; "but the returns in October were the last to come in," and he proceeded to figure up gains just in from Massachusetts, munching an apple meanwhile.

About this time the following telegram came, dated at New York:

"GENERAL J. A. GARFIELD—This city gives about 45,000 majority for Hancock. Indications of a majority for you of 40,000 in State. News from Maine and Jersey good.

"G. W. DORSEY."

Shortly after 9 o'clock the full returns from Mentor were brought in, giving a Republican gain of 13 over October, and General Garfield congratulated his neighbors on their good work. After reading another bulletin from the Empire State, General Garfield expressed his opinion for the first time. Said he:

"Gentlemen, if we have got New York, as the indications are that we have, we can give them the entire Pacific Coast, New Jersey and Connecticut and the 'Solid South,' and then beat them." Even as he said this there was no particular excitement in his manner. He was, as one of his neighbors said, "The coolest man in Ohio to-night." The appended message was hailed with cheers:

"JAMES A. GARFIELD—The Republicans of New York City, assembled in mass meeting at Chickering Hall, send their most hearty congratulations to the President elect, and assure him of a handsome majority in the State of over 40,000. Down goes 329."

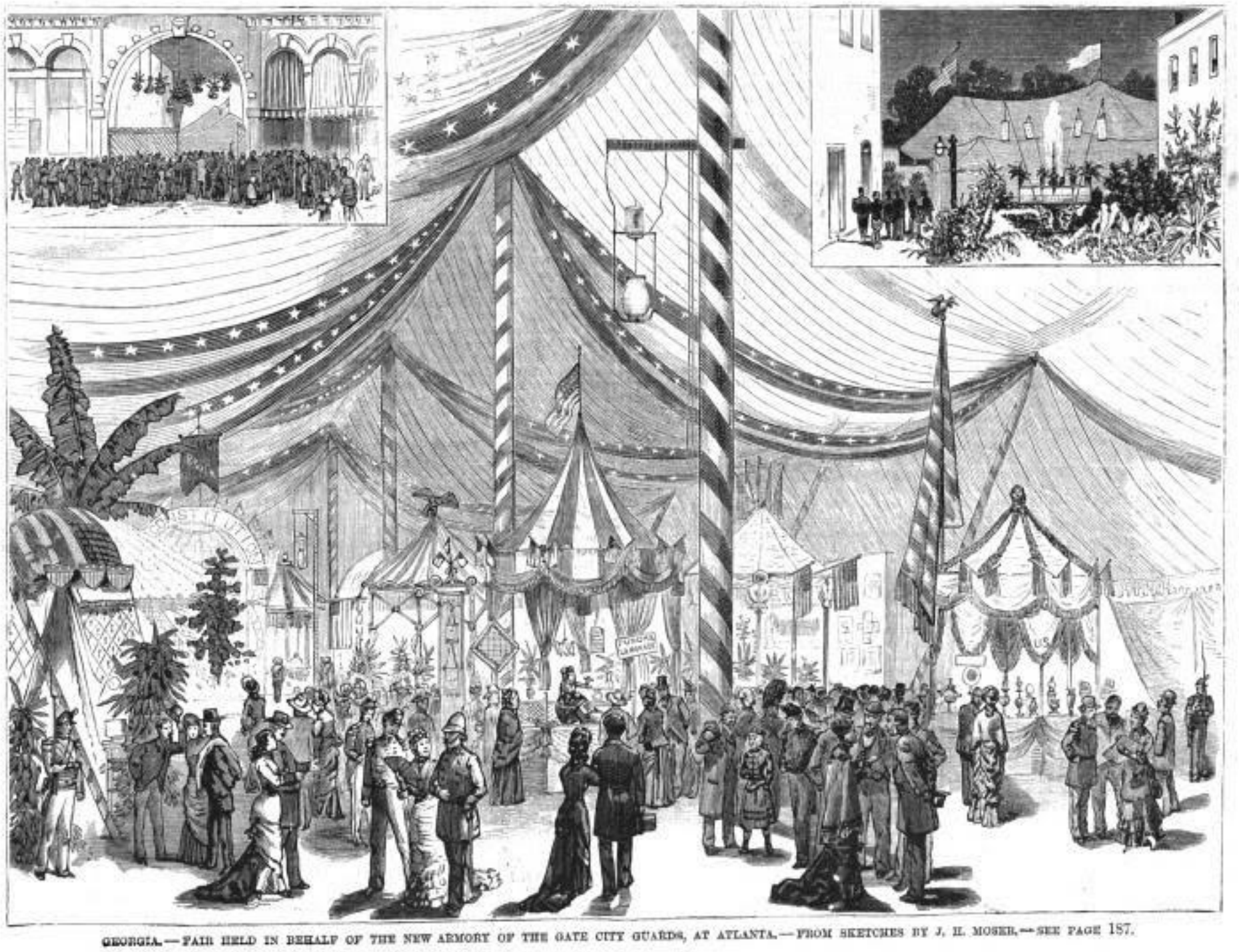
From this time on the President-elect felt more free to express himself. He said, after one of the most favorable dispatches:

"Gentlemen—This result means three things: First, that the American people believe in the nationality of the Government; second, that they believe in a good, honest, healthy financial policy; third, they are determined not to narrow and disgrace the sphere of American politics by indorsing a campaign of personal abuse."

On the day after the election 700 of the faculty and students of Oberlin College visited Mentor,



GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR, VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SABONY.



GEORGIA.—FAIR HELD IN BEHALF OF THE NEW ARMORY OF THE GATE CITY GUARDS, AT ATLANTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 187.

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it being the first deputation to congratulate General Garfield, who said to them, in reply to an address from the president of the Institution:

"MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This spontaneous visit is so much more agreeable than a prepared one. It comes more directly from the heart of the people who participate, and I receive it as a greater compliment for that reason. I do not wish to be unduly impressible or superstitious, but, though we have outlived the days of the augurs, I think we have a right to think of some events as omens, and I greet this as a happy and auspicious omen, that the first general greeting since the event of yesterday is tendered to me by a venerable institution of learning. The thought has been abroad in the world a good deal, and with reason, that there is a divorce between scholarship and politics. Oberlin, I believe, has never advocated that divorce; but there has been a sort of cloistered scholarship in the United States that has stood aloof from active participation in public affairs, and I am glad to be greeted here to-day by the active, live scholarship of Ohio, and I know of no place where scholarship has touched upon the nerve-centre of public intelligence so effectually as at Oberlin. For this reason I am specially grateful for this greeting from the faculty and students of Oberlin College and its venerable president. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this visit. Whatever the significance of yesterday's event may be, it will be all the more significant for being immediately indorsed by the scholarship and culture of my State. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and I thank your president for coming with you. You are cordially welcome."

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ORDER OF THE DISHES.

WHEN Miss Notman assumed the post of housekeeper in Lady Loring's service, she was accurately described as "a competent and respectable person"; and was praised, with perfect truth, for her incorruptible devotion to the interests of her employers. On its weaker side, her character was represented by the wearing of a youthful wig, and the erroneous conviction that she still possessed a fine figure. The ruling idea in her narrow little mind was the idea of her own dignity. Any offense offered in this direction oppressed her memory for days together, and found its way outwards in speech to any human being whose attention she could secure.

At five o'clock on the day which followed his introduction to Romayne, Father Benwell sat drinking his coffee in the housekeeper's room—to all appearance as much at his ease as if he had known Miss Notman from the remote days of her childhood. A new contribution to the housekeeper's little library of devotional works lay on the table, and bore silent witness to the means by which he had made those first advances which had won him his present position. Miss Notman's sense of dignity was doubly flattered. She had a priest for a guest, and a new book with the reverend gentleman's autograph inscribed on the title-page.

"Is your coffee to your liking, Father?"

"A little more sugar, if you please."

Miss Notman was proud of her hand, viewed as one of the meritorious details of her figure. She took up the sugar-tongs with suavity and grace; she dropped the sugar into the cup, with a youthful pleasure in ministering to the minor desires of her illustrious guest.

"It is so good of you, Father, to honor me in this way," she said, with the appearance of sixteen superinduced upon the reality of sixty.

Father Benwell was an adept at moral disguises of all kinds. On this occasion, he wore the disguise of pastoral simplicity.

"I am an idle old man at this hour of the afternoon," he said. "I hope I am not keeping you from any household duties?"

"I generally enjoy my duties," Miss Notman answered. "To-day they have not been so agreeable as usual; it is a relief to me to have done with them. Even my humble position has its trials."

Persons acquainted with Miss Notman's character, hearing these words, would have at once changed the subject. When she spoke of "her humble position," she invariably referred to some offense offered to her dignity, and she was invariably ready to state the grievance at full length. Ignorant of this peculiarity, Father Benwell committed a fatal error. He inquired, with courteous interest, what the housekeeper's "trials" might be.

"Oh, sir, they are beneath your notice!" said Miss Notman, modestly. "At the same time, I should feel it an honor to have the benefit of your opinion—I should so like to know that you did not altogether disapprove of my conduct, under some provocation. You see, Father, the whole responsibility of ordering the dinners falls on me. And, when there is company, as there is this evening, the responsibility is particularly trying to a timid person like myself."

"A large dinner-party, Miss Notman?"

"Oh, dear, no! Quite the reverse. Only one gentleman—Mr. Romayne."

Father Benwell set down his cup of coffee, half way to his lips. He at once drew the correct conclusion that the invitation to Romayne must have been given and accepted after he had left the picture-gallery. That the object was to bring Romayne and Stella together, under circumstances which would rapidly improve their acquaintance, was as plain to him as if he had heard it confessed in so many words. If he had only remained in the gallery, he might have become acquainted with the form of persuasion used to induce a man so unsocial as Romayne to accept an invitation. "I have myself to blame," he thought, bitterly, "for being left in the dark."

"Anything wrong with the coffee?" Miss Notman asked, anxiously.

He rushed on to his fate. He said, "Nothing whatever. Pray go on."

Miss Notman went on.

"You see, Father, Lady Loring was unusually particular about the dinner on this occasion. She said, 'Lord Loring reminds me that Mr. Romayne is a very little eater, and yet very difficult to please in what he does eat.' Of course, I consulted my experience, and suggested exactly the sort of dinner that was wanted under the circumstances. I wish to do her ladyship the utmost justice. She made no objection to the dinner in itself. On the contrary, she complimented me on what she was pleased to call my ready invention. But when we came next to the order in which the dishes were to be served——" Miss Notman paused in the middle of the sentence and shuddered over the private and poignant recollections which the order of the dishes called up.

By this time Father Benwell had discovered his mistake. He took a mean advantage of Miss Nortman's susceptibilities to slip his own private inquiries into the interval of silence.

"Pardon my ignorance," he said; "my own poor dinner is a matter of ten minutes, and one dish. I don't understand a difference of opinion on a dinner for three people only. Lord and Lady Loring, two; Mr. Romayne, three—oh! perhaps I am mistaken! Perhaps Miss Eyrecourt makes a fourth!"

"Certainly, Father!"

"A very charming person, Miss Notman. I only speak as a stranger. You, no doubt, are much better acquainted with Miss Eyrecourt!"

"Much better, indeed, if I may presume to say so." Miss Notman replied. "She is my lady's intimate friend; we have often talked of Miss Eyrecourt, during the many years of my residence in this house. On such subjects her ladyship treats me quite on the footing of an humble friend. A complete contrast to the tone she took, Father, when we came to the order of the dishes. We agreed, of course, about the soup and the fish, but we had a little, a very little, divergence of opinion, as I may call it, on the subject of the dishes to follow. Her ladyship said, 'First the sweetbreads and then the cutlets.' I ventured to suggest that the sweetbreads, as white meat, had better not immediately follow the turbot, as white fish. 'The brown meat, my lady,' I said, 'as an agreeable variety presented to the eye, and then the white meat, recalling pleasant remembrances of the white fish.' You see the point, Father?"

"I see, Miss Notman, that you are a consummate mistress of an art which is quite beyond poor me. Was Miss Eyrecourt present at the little discussion?"

"Oh, no! Indeed I should have objected to her presence; I should have said she was a young lady out of her proper place."

"Yes, yes; I understand. Is Miss Eyrecourt an only child?"

"An only child now. She had a sister, who is dead.

"Sad for the father and mother, Miss Notman?"

"Pardon me, sad for the mother, no doubt. The father died long since."

"Ay! ay! A sweet woman, the mother? At least, I think I have heard so."

Miss Notman shook her head. "I should wish to guard myself against speaking unjustly of any one," she said; "but when you talk of a 'sweet woman,' you apply (as it seems to me) the domestic virtues. Mrs. Eyrecourt is essentially a frivolous person."

A frivolous person is, in the vast majority of cases, a person easily persuaded to talk, and not disposed to be reticent in keeping secrets. Father Benwell began to see his way already to the necessary information.

"Is Mrs. Eyrecourt living in London?" he inquired.

"Oh, dear, no! At this time of year she lives entirely in other people's houses—goes from one country-seat to another, and only thinks of amusing herself. No domestic qualities, Father. She would know nothing of the order of the dishes! Lady Loring, I should have told you, gave way in the matter of the sweetbread. It was only at quite the latter part of my 'menoo,' as the French call it, that she showed a spirit of opposition—well, well! I won't dwell on that. I will only ask you, Father, at what part of a dinner an oyster-omelette ought to be served?"

Father Benwell seized his opportunity of discovering Mrs. Eyrecourt's present address. "My dear lady," he said, "I know no more when the omelette ought to be served than Mrs. Eyrecourt herself! It must be very pleasant to a lady of her way of thinking to enjoy the beauties of nature inexpensively—as seen in other people's houses, from the point of view of a welcome guest. I wonder whether she is staying at any country-seat which I happen to have seen?"

"She may be in England, Scotland or Ireland, for all I know," Miss Notman answered, with an unaffected ignorance which placed her good faith beyond doubt. "Consult your own taste, Father. After eating jelly, cream and ice-pudding, could you even look at an oyster-omelette without shuddering? Would you believe it? Her ladyship proposed to serve the omelette with the cheese. Oysters, after sweets! I am not (as yet) a married woman——"

Father Benwell made a last desperate effort to pave the way for one more question before he submitted to defeat. "That must be your fault, my dear lady!" he interposed, with his persuasive smile.

Miss Notman simpered. "You confuse me, Father," she said, softly.

"I speak from inward conviction, Miss Notman. To a looker-on, like myself, it is sad to see how many sweet women, who might be angels in the households of worthy men, prefer to lead a single life. The Church, I know, exalts the single life to the highest place. But even the Church allows exceptions to its rule. Under this roof, for example, I think I see two exceptions. One of them my unfeigned respect" (he bowed to Miss Notman) "forbids me to indicate more particularly. The other seems, to my humble view, to be the young lady of whom we have been speaking. Is it not strange that Miss Eyrecourt has never been married?"

The trap had been elaborately set; Father Benwell had every reason to anticipate that Miss Notman would walk into it. The disconcerting housekeeper walked up to it—and then proved unable to advance a step further.

"I once made the same remark myself to Lady Loring," she said.

Father Benwell's pulse began to quicken its beat. "Yes?" he murmured, in tones of the gentlest encouragement.

"And her ladyship," Miss Notman proceeded, "did not encourage me to go on. 'There are reasons for not pursuing that subject,' she said, 'reasons into which I am sure you will not expect me to enter.' She spoke with a flattering confidence in my prudence which I felt gratefully. Such a contrast to her tone when the omelette presented itself in the order of the dishes! As I said just now, I am not a married woman. But it I proposed to my husband to give him an oyster-omelette after his puddings and his pies, I should not be surprised if he said to me, 'My dear, have you taken leave of your senses?' I reminded Lady Loring most respectfully that a cheese-omelette might be in its proper place if it followed the sweets. 'An oyster-omelette,' I suggested, 'surely comes after the birds?' I should be sorry to say that her ladyship lost her temper—I will only mention that I kept mine. Let me repeat what she said, and leave you, Father, to draw your own conclusions. She said, 'Which of us is mistress in this house, Miss Notman? I order the oyster-omelette to come in with the cheese.' There was not only irritability, there was contempt—oh, yes! contempt—in her tone. Out of respect for myself, I made no reply. As a Christian, I can forgive; as a wounded gentlewoman, I may not find it so easy to forget."

Miss Notman laid herself back in her easy-chair—she looked as if she had suffered martyrdom, and only regretted having been obliged to mention it. Father Benwell surprised the wounded gentlewoman by rising to his feet.

"You are not going away already, Father?"

"Time flies fast in your society, dear Miss Notman. I have an engagement—and I am late for it already."

The housekeeper smiled sadly. "At least let me hear that you don't disapprove of my conduct under trying circumstances," she said.

Father Benwell took her hand.

"A true Christian only feels offenses to pardon them," he remarked, in his priestly and paternal character. "You have shown me, Miss Notman, that you are a true Christian. My evening has indeed been well spent. God bless you!"

He pressed her hand; he shed on her the light of his fatherly smile; he sighed and took his leave. Miss Notman's eyes followed him out with devotional admiration.

Father Benwell still preserved his serenity of temper when he was out of the housekeeper's sight. One important discovery he had made, in spite of the difficulties placed in his way. A compromising circumstance had unquestionably occurred in Stella's past life; and a man was, beyond all doubt, in some way connected with it. "My evening has not been entirely thrown away," he thought, as he ascended the stairs which led from the housekeeper's room to the hall.

CHAPTER VII.—THE INFLUENCE OF STELLA.

ENTERING the hall, Father Benwell heard a knock at the house-door. The servants appeared to recognize the knock—the porter admitted Lord Loring.

Father Benwell advanced and made his bow. It was a perfect obeisance of its kind—respect for Lord Loring, unobtrusively accompanied by respect for himself.

"Has your lordship been walking in the park?" he inquired.

"I have been out on business," Lord Loring answered, "and I should like to tell you about it. If you can spare me a few minutes, come into the library. Some time since," he resumed, when the door was closed, "I think I mentioned that my friends had been speaking to me on a subject of some importance—the subject of opening my picture-gallery occasionally to the public."

"I remember," said Father Benwell. "Has your lordship decided what to do?"

"Yes. I have decided (as the phrase is) to 'go with the times,' and follow the example of other owners of picture-galleries. Don't suppose I ever doubted that it is my duty to extend, to the best of my ability, the civilizing influences of art. My only hesitation in the matter arose from a dread of some accident happening, or some injury being done to the pictures. Even now, I can only persuade myself to try the experiment under certain restrictions."

"A wise decision undoubtedly," said Father Benwell. "In such a city as this, you could scarcely open your gallery to everybody who happens to pass the house-door."

"I am glad you agree with me, Father. The gallery will be opened for the first time on Monday. Any respectably-dressed person presenting a visiting card at the offices of the librarians in Bond Street and Regent Street, will receive a free ticket of admission, the number of the tickets, it is needless to say, being limited, and the gallery being only opened to the public two days in the week. You will be here, I suppose, on Monday?"

"Certainly. My work in the library, as your lordship can see, has only begun."

"I am very anxious about the success of this experiment," said Lord Loring. "Do look in at the gallery, once or twice in the course of the day, and tell me what your own impression is."

Having expressed his readiness to assist "the experiment" in every possible way, Father Benwell still lingered in the library. He was secretly conscious of a hope that he might, at the eleventh hour, be invited to join Romayne at the dinner table. Lord Loring only looked at the clock on the mantelpiece; it was nearly time to dress for dinner. The priest had no alternative but to take the hint, and leave the house.

Five minutes after he had withdrawn, a messenger delivered a letter for Lord Loring, in which Father Benwell's interests were directly involved. The letter was from Romayne. It contained his excuses for breaking his engagement, literally at an hour's notice.

"Only yesterday," he wrote, "I had a return of what you, my dear friend, call 'the delusion of the voice.' The nearer the hour of your dinner approaches, the more I feel the dread that the same thing may happen in your house. Pity me and forgive me."

Even good-natured Lord Loring felt some difficulty in pitying and forgiving when he read these lines. "This sort of caprice might be excusable in a woman," he thought. "A man ought really to be capable of exercising some self-control. Poor Stella! And what will my wife say?"

He walked up and down the library, with Stella's disappointment and Lady Loring's indignation prophetically present in his mind. There was, however, no help for it—he must accept his responsibility, and be the bearer of the bad news.

He was on the point of leaving the library, when a visitor appeared. The visitor was no less a person than Romayne himself.

"Have I arrived before my letter?" he asked, eagerly.

Lord Loring showed him the letter.

"Throw it into the fire," he said; "and let me try to excuse myself for having written it. You remember the happier days when you used to call me the creature of impulse? An impulse produced that letter. Another impulse brings me here to disown it. I can only explain my strange conduct by asking you to help me at the outset. Will you carry your memory back to the day when the physicians consulted on my case? I want you to correct me if I inadvertently misrepresent their opinions. Two of them were physicians. The third and last was a surgeon, a personal friend of yours; and he, as well as I recollect, told you how the consultation ended?"

"Quite right, Romayne—so far."

"The first of the two physicians," Romayne proceeded, "declared my case to be entirely attributable to nervous derangement, and to be curable by purely medical means. He proposed, first of all, to restore 'the tone of my stomach,' and, this done, to administer certain medicines, having a direct influence on the brain and the nervous system. I speak ignorantly, but, in plain English, that, I believe, was the substance of what he said."

"The substance of what he said," Lord Loring replied, "and the substance of his prescriptions—which, I think, you afterwards tore up?"

"If you have no faith in a prescription," said Romayne, "that is, in my opinion, the best use to which you can put it. When it came to the turn of the second physician, he differed with the first as absolutely as one man can differ with another. The third medical authority, your friend the surgeon, took a medical course, and brought the consultation to an end by combining the first physician's view and the second physician's view, and mingling the two opposite forms of treatment in one harmonious result?"

Lord Loring remarked that this was not a very respectful way of describing the conclusion of the medical proceedings. That it was the conclusion, however, he could not honestly deny.

"As long as I am right," said Romayne, "nothing else appears to be of much importance. As I told you at the time, the second physician appeared to me to be the only one of the three authorities who really understood my case. Do you mind giving me, in a few words, your own impression of what he said?"

"Are you sure that I shall not distress you?"

"On the contrary, you may help me to hope."

"As I remember it," said Lord Loring, "the doctor did not deny the influence of the body over the mind. He was quite willing to admit that the state of your nervous system might be one among other predisposing causes which led you—I really scarcely like to go on."

"Which led me," Romayne continued, finishing the sentence for his friend, "to feel that I never shall forgive myself—accident or no accident—for having taken that man's life. Now go on."

"The delusion that you still hear the voice," Lord Loring proceeded, "is, in the doctor's opinion, the moral result of the morbid state of your mind at the time when you really heard the voice on the scene of the duel. The influence acts physically, of course, by means of certain nerves. But it is essentially a moral influence; and its power over you is greatly maintained by the self-accusing view of the circumstances which you persist in taking. That, in substance, is my recollection of what the doctor said."

"And when he was asked what remedies he proposed to try," Romayne inquired, "do you remember his answer? 'The mischief which moral influences have caused, moral influences alone can remedy.'"

"I remember," said Lord Loring. "And he mentioned, as examples of what he meant, the occurrence of some new and absorbing interest in your life, or the working of some complete change in your habits of thought—or perhaps some influence exercised over you by a person previously unknown, appearing under unforseen circumstances, or in scenes quite new to you."

Romayne's eyes sparkled.

"Now you are coming to it!" he cried. "Now I feel sure that I recall correctly the last words the doctor said: 'If Mr. Romayne follows my advice, I should not be surprised

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to hear that the recovery which we all wish to see, had found its beginning in such apparently trifling circumstances as the tone of some other person's voice, or the influence of some other person's look.' That plain expression of his opinion only occurred to my memory after I had written my foolish letter of excuse. I spare you the course of other recollections that followed to come at once to the result. For the first time I have the hope, the faint hope, that the voice which haunts me has been once already controlled by one of the influences of which the doctor spoke—the influence of a look."

If he had said this to Lady Loring, instead of to her husband, she would have understood him at once. Lord Loring asked for a word more of explanation.

"I told you yesterday," Romayne answered, "that a dread of the return of the voice had been present to me all the morning, and that I had come to see the picture with an idea of trying if change would relieve me. While I was in the gallery, I was free from the dread and free from the voice. When I returned to the hotel, it tortured me—and Mr. Penrose, I grieve to say, saw that I suffered. You and I attributed the remission to the change of scene. I now believe we were both wrong. Where was the change? In seeing you and Lady Loring, I saw the two oldest friends I have. In visiting your gallery, I only revived the familiar associations of hundreds of other visits. To what influence was I really indebted for my respite? Don't try to dismiss the question by laughing at my morbid fancies. Morbid fancies are realities to a man like me. Remember the doctor's words, Loring. Think of a new face, seen in your house! Think of a look that searched my heart for the first time!"

Lord Loring glanced once more at the clock on the mantelpiece. The hands pointed to the dinner-hour.

"Miss Eyrecourt!" he whispered.

"Yes—Miss Eyrecourt."

The library door was thrown open by a servant. Stella herself entered the room.

(*To be continued.*)

ANTI-CHINESE RIOT IN DENVER, COLORADO.

THE City of Denver has recently been disgraced by a temporary reign of mob-law quite as indefensible and violent as that which has occasionally prevailed in San Francisco during the anti-Chinese agitation. The origin of the brutal proceedings of the mob seems to have been in the antipathies to the Chinese roused by partisan publications, that in the event of the success of General Garfield the State would be flooded with Chinese, and all white labor driven out. On Saturday night, October 30th, a political procession carried transparencies through the streets with inscriptions and cartoons tending to excite animosity against the Chinese. A considerable portion of the rougher element became intoxicated, and on Sunday made an assault on Chinese houses, tearing down some twenty-three of them, destroying the contents and beating and driving out the occupants. One Chinaman was hung over his front door, and several badly beaten and wounded with stones and other missiles. For a time, during the evening, the mob had uncontrolled possession of the city, marching from street to street, and carrying consternation everywhere. The Fire Department was ordered to throw water on the rioters, but the mob mastered the firemen, and badly wounded two of them. A special police force was finally sworn in, and at the end of ten or twelve hours comparative quiet was restored. Many Chinamen escaped the brutalities of the mobs by being rescued from the back-doors of their dwellings while the assailants were demolishing the front-doors. At one time a squad of miscreants raised a disturbance near the post-office, but within ten minutes it was estimated that a thousand citizens, nearly all armed, were on the ground, and all the rioters at that point were arrested and sent to jail. A number of fires were also started, but no serious damage was done.

The Chinese population of Denver does not exceed 150 in all, and the assault upon them was in every respect unjustifiable. Good citizens condemned the outrage. A large number of arrests of persons concerned in the riot have been effected, and an effort will be made to vindicate the law which they so causelessly violated.

A MILITARY FAIR AT ATLANTA, GA.

THE fair of the Gate City Guards, of Atlanta, Ga., held in that city during the week commencing October 17th, was a very great success. It was held in a spacious tent, which was nightly crowded with visitors, who contributed largely by their patronage to the fund of the Guards, designed for the erection of their Memorial Armory. One of the most attractive features of the fair was the Flower Booth, over which a number of Atlanta's fairest daughters presided. During the fair there was a brilliant service of the laying of the corner-stone of the armory for the Guards, the Memorial Hymn being sung by a large chorus. Our illustration furnishes a glimpse of some of the attractions of the fair.

A Food Exhibition in London.

AN interesting Food Exhibition has just been held in Agricultural Hall, London. It was a display of the multitudinous food products of Europe, America and Australia, and was designed mainly with a view of bringing under the notice of the English public many varieties of preserved meat, fish, vegetables and fruit, together with the best methods of preparing them for the table. In addition to this there was a large collection of culinary and domestic apparatus of the most approved and ingenious kinds. There were altogether 200 exhibitors, whose stalls filled the body of the hall, and as these were not only interesting in themselves, but were arranged, for the most part, with much taste, a striking and picturesque effect was obtained. In tinned products the London *Times* says that America naturally took the lead. The exhibition teemed with her preserved meats, fish, fruits and vegetables. Australia was poorly represented, having nothing to show but her familiar beef and mutton tins, but this unfortunate circumstance is accounted for by the fact that this exhibition was thought of only a few months ago, and that Australian producers consequently did not have time to put in an appearance. England excelled in the mechanical department, which formed, perhaps, the most interesting and instructive part of the exhibition. The Continental exhibits, for the same reason as the Australian ones, were poor. They were only thirty in number, and consisted chiefly of wines, sardines and preserved fruits. In walking through the exhibition the infinity of uses to which gas is applied was notable. It acted as the motive power in most of the machines, and it seems entirely to have superseded coal in the more complicated cooking stoves and ranges. One remarkable apparatus is the "Crown" heater. By turning a tap of cold water into a comparatively small cylinder, which is so arranged inside as to present a large heating surface, a continuous stream of boiling water is obtained. The tinned meat is not without a rival in the London market. The variety of tinned products was amazing. One firm exhibited as many as two hundred sorts, the great majority of which were entirely unknown to the ordinary English housewife. Some ingenuity, of course, had been displayed in obtaining this variety, which embraced such *bizarre* preparations as "carried kangaroo" and "roast thrush"; but most of the tins were such as would commend themselves to the English palate. The exhibition was formally inaugurated by a luncheon, to which about fifty or sixty gentlemen interested in the food question were invited. The menu was entirely composed of preserved provisions, and, with the exception of some of the vegetables, which seemed lacking in flavor, and the tinned beef, which apparently no gravies, however cunningly devised, can effectually disguise, was a remarkable success. The "turtle" was from Jamaica. The other soups were very good; so were the fish, the curried beef, the fowl and the peas. As for the fruit, it was delicious; it even seemed to have improved in flavor by being canned. The pine-apple could not have been excelled, the fact being that that fruit is preserved after it attains a degree of ripeness and luciousness which would render it unfit for exportation.

Statistics of Suffrage in Europe.

THE relative degree of practical development attained by the principle of popular representation in the various countries of Europe may be seen from the following figures: In France there are 9,631,261 electors, viz., 26 8-10 per cent. of the inhabitants; in Switzerland, 542,552 electors, viz., 14 9-10 per cent. of the inhabitants; in Germany, 8,533,468 electors, viz., 20 2-10 per cent. of the inhabitants; in England, 2,312,990 electors, viz., 11 5-10 per cent. of the inhabitants; in Austria, 1,342,946 electors, viz., 5 9-10 per cent. of the inhabitants; in Portugal, 216,683 electors, viz., 5 4-10 per cent. of the inhabitants; in Italy, 605,907 electors, viz., 2 9-10 per cent. of the inhabitants, and in Belgium, 69,278 electors, viz., 1 8-10 per cent. of the inhabitants. The French Republic thus counts a larger proportion of electors than Switzerland, the country which was the first to adopt universal suffrage. This is partly explained by the consideration that the proportion of children to adults is smaller in France than in Switzerland. The relative number of foreigners having no vote may also possibly be larger in the latter country. The franchise shows an equal development in Germany. The difference between Germany and England is almost two to one in favor of the former country. The electoral body is also larger in Portugal, a country of pure monarchy, than in Italy or Belgium. Another fact worthy of attention is the extent to which the franchise is actually exercised by the electoral population in each of the countries mentioned, respecting which we have the following figures: France, 1876, 7,356,882, or 76 per cent.; Germany, 1874, 5,291,521, or 62 per cent; Austria, 1873, 153,155, or 66 per cent.; Portugal, 1867, 153,155 or 66 per cent.; Italy, 1876, 368,750, or 59 per cent.; Belgium, 1874, Senate, 36,063, or 69 per cent.; Deputies 45,184, or 71 per cent.

The Costliest Cellar in the Country.

WHEN the Union troops built their fortifications at Alexandria the commanding general and the engineers selected the site of Colonel Herbert's property as the best location for the magazine. And there they built the best magazine the money and skill of the Government could construct. Great massive walls of stone; deep, smooth-laid floors of brick; ingenious contrivances for protection against dampness, fire, frost, and rain, either from heaven or columbiads. It was water-proof, frost-proof, fire-proof, and bomb-proof, and was built down in the ground to last a couple of centuries or so. And when the war was over and the Confederate colonel returned home he had his home to rebuild, for war had swept it away. Here was this United States magazine on his estate. The Government needed it and cared for it no longer, and the colonel wisely built his home right over it, and now he has the finest, costliest cellar under any private house in the United States.

Biscuit for Horses.

A SINGULAR experiment is at present under trial in the French army. The Minister of War, anxious to reduce the bulk of provisions to be carried during a campaign, has ordered that a new kind of biscuit should be used as food for the horses. On the conclusion of the present manœuvres, the experiments will be rigidly tested. Two squadrons of cavalry and a battery of artillery will at once be put under the new system. The circular of the Minister directs all the details, and orders that a commission, composed of four officers and a veterinary surgeon, should see that the instructions are completely carried out and report on their progress and results. The selected horses are to be weighed and measured across the shoulders before the experiment commences, and two other squadrons of cavalry and a battery of artillery are to be selected, composed, as nearly as can be, of animals of the same weight and size. The latter are to be placed under the war allowance of fodder, and both at once to be subjected to the estimated average fatigues of a campaign. During twelve days the experiment will be followed out, while the officers charged with its conduct will constantly report on its results. The horses are to supplied with the new food on the first day of the campaign, without any transition or preparation for the change. The biscuits are to be broken up, but not to be molested, and the horses are to be watered before the meal.

Infants' Food.

THE French Commissioners on Hygiene of Infancy, in awarding the prize in a recent competition of essayists, report that the conclusions generally arrived at lead to the following recommendations: No child should be reared on artificial food when the mother can suckle it, but such food is preferable to placing the child with a wet-nurse, poorly remunerated and living at her own home. For successfully bringing up an infant by hand, it should be placed under the care of a conscientious, careful and experienced woman, should the mother not be well enough to take it in charge. The best milk is that of a cow that has recently calved, or similarly of a goat, to which should be added during the first week a half part of water, and subsequently a fourth, or less, according to the digestive powers of the child. Glass and earthenware should alone be used; no vulcanized India-rubber mouthpieces nor vessels containing lead ought to be employed. In the case of robust children, the offspring of healthy parents, when thus practiced, hand-rearing gives good results; but with sickly infants the risk is greatly increased, and where several children are thus reared together it generally results fatally in spite of any hygienic precautions that may be adopted.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Children's Party on H. M. S. Minotaur.

England has a genuine captain of "H. M. S. Pinafore" in Captain Rawson of the *Minotaur*, who has a delightful way of giving an occasional party to children, who swarm by the hundred to the quarter-deck of his big vessel. Precautionary measures have been taken to avoid possible mishaps by a child accidentally tumbling down a hatchway, disappearing through a port-hole, or taking a fatal dive through the interstices in the gangway; the boys and girls may dance or romp to their hearts' content, and Captain Rawson is not the man to let their amusements lag, while his middies enter into the fun of the affair as heartily as the juvenile guests themselves.

The New Italian Ironclad.

Another of those huge armaments with which Italy has of late been so amply providing herself was launched at Castellamare on the 29th of September, and King Humbert's arsenal can now not only boast of having equaled England in the production of a hundred-ton gun, but surpassing her by building the largest ironclad afloat. The *Italia*, as she has been named, was designed, like the *Duilio*, by Admiral Brin, and was begun in 1876. She has been built entirely of steel, is of 14,200 tons displacement, is armed with a spur some nine feet in length, and will carry four one-hundred ton guns, in addition to broadside batteries of smaller calibre. The engines are of 8,000 horse power, working twin screws. Her length is 400 feet, her breadth 75 feet, and her depth nearly 32 feet. The launch was conducted with considerable ceremony, Humbert and his Cabinet being present, and Her Majesty's ships *Monarch* and *Thunderer* and various other foreign war vessels attending to do honor to the occasion. The vessel having been blessed by the clergy of Castellamare, she was duly named by a daughter of Admiral Acton, the Minister of Marine, the young lady breaking the traditional bottle of wine over the Monitor's bows. The ceremony over, King Humbert returned to Naples in the *Stiffetta* dispatch-boat, escorted by the Italian and British men-of-war. At starting the Italian ships followed the King's vessel, with the British ironclads in the rear, but when half across the bay the order was reversed, and Her Majesty's ships *Monarch* and *Thunderer* took the foremost place.

The Anniversary of the Capture of Rome.

The withdrawal of the French troops from Rome on the declaration of war between France and Germany led to the occupation of the city by the Italian army, and the abolition of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It was on the 20th of September, 1870, that the forces of Victor Emmanuel, after a brief resistance on the part of the small army still at the command of Pius IX., succeeded in taking possession of the grand old city. In the following month a plebiscitum was held, by which the people declared their willingness to submit to the constitutional government of the King, and Rome was, in consequence, proclaimed the capital of the kingdom. It became at once the seat of the national Government, the royal residence was removed thither, and the succeeding Parliament held its sessions there. In commemoration of these events a grand civic and military demonstration took place on the 20th of September last, at which the procession and the ceremony of affixing a memorial tablet at the Porta Pia are the subjects of our illustrations.

The Mason Science College, Birmingham, England.

The new Science College at Birmingham, built by Sir Josiah Mason at a cost of $350,000, was opened on October 14th, in the presence of Sir Josiah Mason, who was apparently in good health, although the foundation-stone was laid on his eightieth birthday, in 1875. The inaugural address was delivered at the Town Hall by Professor Huxley. In the course of his discourse the Professor said: "I hold very strongly by two convictions: First, that neither the discipline nor the subject matter of classical education is of such direct value to the student of physical science as to justify the expenditure of valuable time upon either; and, secondly, that, for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." After this Sir Josiah Mason gave a luncheon to a numerous party at the Queen's Hotel.

The Restored Theatre Gymnase.

The new manager of this famous Paris resort, Victor Koning, has risen rapidly. He began in 1869 by writing gossip of the theatres. He was a little bit of a fellow, who wriggled in everywhere, who was always of exuberant gayety, and whose flow of animal spirits was inexhaustible. One day he became manager of La Renaissance. He pocketed a great deal of money. When Montigny died he got the management of the Gymnase, spent $40,000 in restoring it, and has made it the most attractive theatre of Paris. He has changed even the outside of the house; where there was a wretched lamp, he has put seven immense chandeliers, has added airy statues here, gilt brooms there, carpets and curtains everywhere. The petty chandeliers of the ceiling has been discarded, and a new one with 220 jets and cut-glass drops innumerable substituted in its place; the prevailing colors are white and gold, with very light green. The curtain is painted to look like velvet; the drop-curtain represents a curtain of satin embroidered with silver lace. The ceiling has been painted anew, and represents the four seasons. The Gymnase opened with "Une Innocente"—a one-act piece written by Cheri Montigny, son of Rose Cheri and the late manager.

A Race to the Market of Tahiti.

The Society Islands which have been recently annexed to France, are mountainous in the interior, and have a border from one mile to five miles wide of rich level ground extending from the base of the highlands to the sea. There are small lakes and lagoons to some of the islands, and all are watered by numerous streams, upon the banks of which or along the shores the inhabitants reside. The soil of the level tracts along the shores is a rich alluvial deposit, mixed with vegetable mold, and is, consequently, exceedingly fertile. Besides the bread fruit, these islands produce almost every tropical vegetable and fruit, including some peculiar to the group. The natives find their best market at Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the largest of the group, and there is always great rivalry among them to be first at the landing with their boat-loads of supplies.

The Literary and Scientific Congress at Lisbon.

Two congresses have been held in Lisbon, Portugal, recently, under the presidency of the King and his father, of an international character. One was a literary congress, the other an anthropological; both were held in the library of the Royal Academy of Sciences. The members of both gatherings received from the royal family, the civil corporations and the élite of Lisbon high marks of appreciation. A banquet was served them in the royal palace of Ajuda, and a ball was given in their honor under the direct management of Queen Maria Pia.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Second Chamber of the States-General of the Netherlands, by a vote of 41 to 20, has refused to re-establish capital punishment.

—A FRANCO-POLISH company has been formed for working, on the American system, the hitherto unprofitable petroleum wells of Galicia.

—IT is stated that the Sultan, while the cession of Dulcigno is going on, will call a meeting of the creditors of the Empire, against which England will protest.

—THE Premier of the Capetown Government telegraphs that the position is critical, the Pondos having rebelled. The magistrates at Isolo and Gotberg are in imminent danger.

—PERSIAN troops, to the number of 3,000, are raiding in the Kurdish villages near the western frontier. The main body of Kurds, after two ineffectual attacks on Beenab, are retreating.

—A NEW Servian Ministry has been formed, with M. Pirotsch-eatch as President of the Council and Minister of Justice, and with M. Leschjanin as Minister of War. The Young Conservative Party is predominant in this Ministry.

—THE Department of State is advised by telegrams from Mr. Osborne, our Minister to Chili, and Mr. Christiancy, our Minister to Peru, that the conference between the belligerent powers under the good offices of the United States has closed without any result.

—THE total population of South Carolina is 995,300, of which 490,327 are males and 504,979 females; 987,664 are natives and 7,642 foreign born. The whites number 391,871 and 604,233 are colored. The State census of 1875 showed a population of 925,441.

—FROM $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 worth of birds' nests are yearly imported into Canton, most of them coming from Java. They are very expensive, costing from thirty to forty dollars per pound. The nests are composed of pure gelatine, secreted by a species of swallow and deposited against a wall.

—THE Radical members of the municipality of Paris have begun to discuss a project by which the twenty district mayors would be elected instead of appointed by the Government. This would render the municipality largely independent of the Government, and is regarded as a reassertion of communistic principles.

—NEWS has been received from the West Coast of Africa of the death of Chaca, the Governor of Whydah. The funeral was to be celebrated by a massacre of natives, after which the King had announced his intention of holding the annual celebration in memory of his father. The celebration will last four months, during which 200 captured chiefs will be beheaded.

—ITALIAN opera is to be given in Cincinnati, next February, at the College of Music, on a grand scale. The principal parts are to be borne by Colonel Mapleson's company, but the chorus will be composed of 300 local singers, and there is to be an uncommonly big orchestra. The costumes and scenery, too, are to be of a correspondingly pretentious character.

—AT the Kent Assizes, Maidstone, Thomas McGrath, a seaman of the United States Navy, who killed a man in an affray at Gravesend in August last, has been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. It was proved on the trial that the prisoner was greatly provoked at the time of the homicide, and that he had borne a good character.

—IN the sculling match between Elias C. Laycock, of Australia, and George E. Hosmer, of Boston, Mass., for $1,000, which came off on November 2d, over the Thames championship course, the Bostonian was defeated. Laycock rowed easily and won by three lengths. The weather was splendid and the river perfectly still. Hosmer was dead beat. The time of the race was 26m. 8½s.

—THE Constanze Theatre now building at Rome will be one of the largest theatres in the world. The auditorium is intended to hold 4,000 people, while the stage will contain an area of 800 square metres; the edifice, besides, being provided with a number of subsidiary salles for rehearsals, etc. The orchestra is to be invisible. It is said, however, that this magnificent building is somewhat deficient in acoustic properties.

—THE Solicitor of the Treasury has lodged in the Court of Queen's Bench, Ireland, indictments for conspiracy in connection with the land agitation against Charles S. Parnell, John Dillon, Joseph Biggar, Thomas Sexton, T. D. Sullivan, Thomas Brennan and Patrick Egan. All except the two last named are members of Parliament. Mr. Brennan is secretary of the Land League, and Mr. Egan, a Dublin merchant, is its honorary treasurer.

—THE ex-Empress Eugénie has sold the "Villa Eugénie," a plain two-story residence on an elevation near the sea at the famous little watering place of BIARRITZ, on the Bay of Biscay, where she and Napoleon III. spent part of the Summer regularly from the time of their marriage until the desistence. The price paid by the purchaser, whose name has not been made public, is said to be $500,000, and the ex-Imperial estate will be cut up into building lots and resold.

—THE Paris Municipality has resumed its enterprise of rechristening thoroughfares. Subject to the consent of the Government, the Avenue MacMahon is to be styled Avenue Dutton, the Boulevard Haussmann is to be named after Carnot, and about twenty religious or Bonapartist names are to give place to secular or republican titles. It is to be presumed, however, that the Government will again overrule the expunging of M. Haussmann's name from the only which he embellished.

—HERR BITTER, Minister of Finance, in introducing the Prussian Budget, said the last financial year showed a deficit necessitating a loan of $1,250,000. The estimates for the year 1880-81 balanced, but part of the expenditure was extraordinary. The ordinary Budget showed a surplus of $5,750,000, of which $350,000 will be devoted to the remission of taxation. Herr Bitter foreshadowed an increase of the brewing tax, the tax on those exempted from military service, and those on Bourse banking operations.

—THE Royal Library of Berlin has just celebrated its first centenary in its present rooms. It was founded by Frederick William, "the Great Elector," in 1659, but for many years occupied rooms quite inadequate for the convenience of readers and for the storage of books. So, in 1780, it migrated to the King's Palace, in the left wing of which it has just completed its first century. When the Elector died, the library numbered 20,000 volumes and 1,618 manuscripts, while at present more than 800,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts are in the possession of the institution.

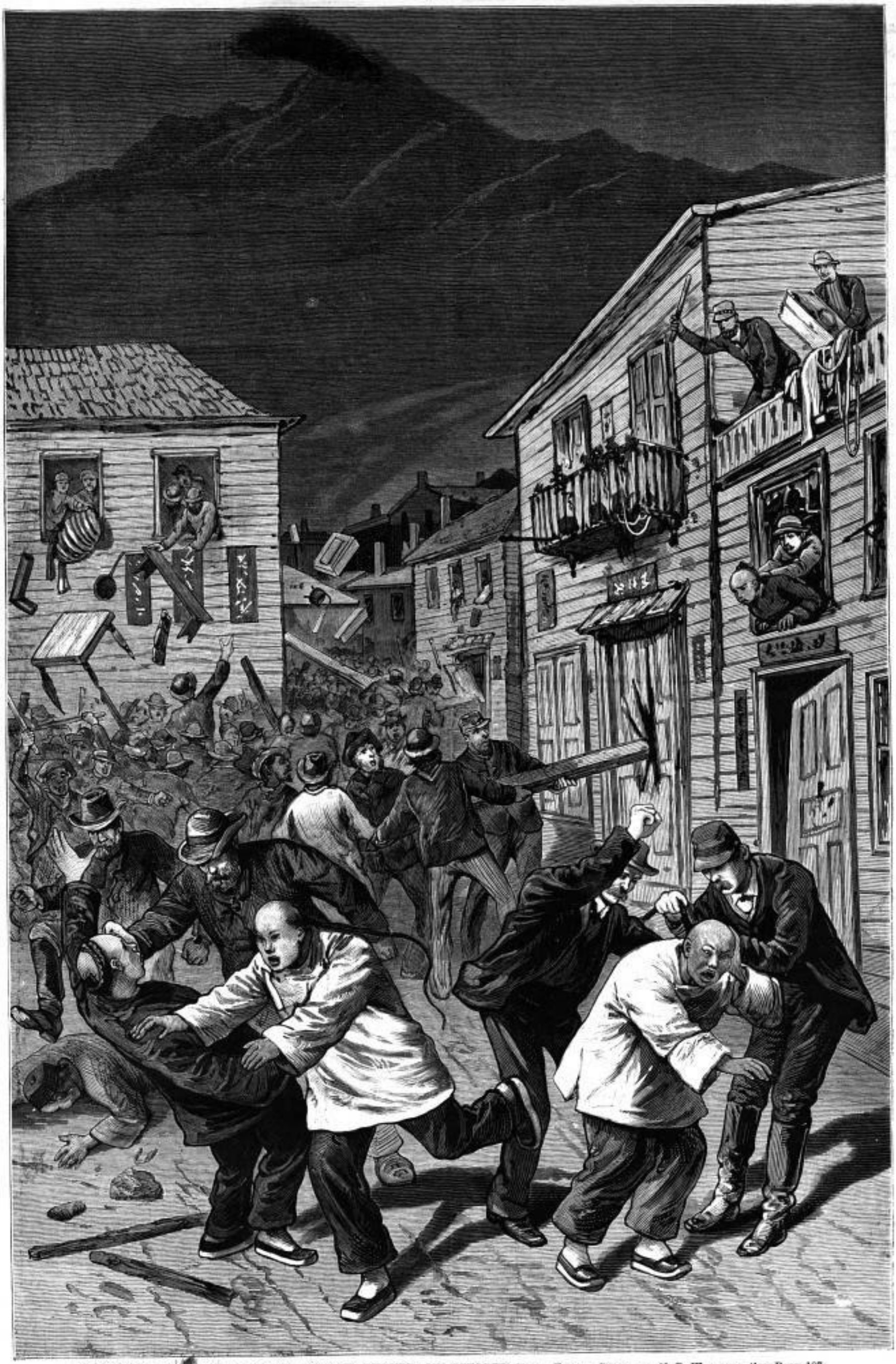
—THE American Bible Revision Committee has completed the revision of the English version of the New Testament, and has transmitted the result of its labors to England. The British committee will meet in November for final action, and the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge are expected to issue the revised New Testament in February, 1881. The Old Testament will be published two or three years after. The American revisers have given their time and labor for eight years without compensation. The necessary expenses have been provided for by voluntary subscriptions.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE HANCOCK, ABANDONED ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, DISCOVERS THE PRINT OF A MAN'S FOOT IN THE SAND.

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COLORADO.—THE ANTI-CHINESE RIOT IN DENVER, ON OCTOBER 31ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY N. B. WILKINS.—SEE PAGE 187.

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REPRISALS.

"I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven."

SOVEREIGN for beauty and blossom grace, like her
Who gained absolvement for her great love's sake,
Perchance thy soul shall one day suddenly wake
To feel contrition all its torpor stir,
And see the wistful eyes of loves that were
Turned on thee, star-like, through night's vast opaque
Whose deepening shadows soon must overtake
Thy charms that infidelities failed to blur.

Even then, in that thy day of wrath, my tongue,
Which vainly implored thy pity when thy hand
Spared not to wound me, thus shall God beseech:
"Let all vicarious pain from me be wrung;
In peace past comprehending let her stand,
And Magdalen's benison her red robes bleach!"

JOHN MORAN.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—RESTITUTION.

IT is three weeks since the death of Valentine. The Russian night is closing in as a crowd of travelers alight from the railroad carriages and pause upon the station. Among the throng is a tall and stately figure, plainly clothed in deep-black garments. A thick sweeping vail of crape effectually conceals her features, as with the crowd she stands for a moment irresolute, then, turning, descends the steps and walks hastily down the street. She proceeds but a few steps ere she sees that the tidal wave of excitement has swept the city. The street she is traversing leads through the business class of the public, and all along she passes groups of men conversing with every evidence of excitement. Youths hastening home from school come in clusters, gesticulating and talking loudly. Newsboys have more than they can attend to in supplying the continual demands for their latest editions, while at the corners and upon doorsteps are congregated the women of the neighborhood infected with this same overwhelming excitement. It is at one of these groups that she pauses.

"Can you tell me," she says, addressing them in their own language, "what is it that has so agitated the people?"

Instantly the women crowd around her, teeming with their rare gossip.

"And have you not heard?" cries one, a great, fat fishwoman, with arms akimbo. "Why, there has not been such a time known for years. Bless us, everybody is crying out with the shame of it! It was a heathenish thing. I for one never believed the fair noble guilty."

"But what is it?" urges the lady.

"Ay, what is it!" repeats another, mockingly, a contemporary of the first speaker, and elbowing her way to the front. "How can the lady make aught of such babble, but it is the way of the fishmongers of the lower market. No more head nor tail to their stories than there is to their rotten wares."

A severe altercation is imminent, which, however, is quelled by the repeated inquiries of the lady.

"It is simply this, madame," says a woman, apparently more intelligent than her companions. "It is found that the noble who was condemned to exile over a year ago is innocent, and the city is wild with excitement. She was one of the aristocracy, and now that she has been proven innocent the Order is wild and raving almost."

While she has been speaking, the figure of the vailed lady has leaned heavily against a post, and she stands silent for a moment.

"How was her innocence discovered?" she finally inquires.

The women crowd closer around her, and every one evinces a desire to talk, but the last speaker silences them with a glance of her bold black eyes.

"A dying woman confessed to the murder in the Hospital of the Blessed Virgin. She also left a written confession signed and sealed by the priest who attended her. This was given into the hands of the great Minister Toboskie, who handed it to the Czar. His Highness has sent seven of his highest nobles to Siberia to bring back the unfortunate lady."

"But who was the murderess?"

"Ah, that cannot be told. The nobles have the affair in their own hands, and they are closer than water with their business. The people dare not interfere, because the aristocracy say that it was for *them* this poor lady was exiled. I am sure all we wanted was justice; and, after all, it was no worse for a noble to suffer than for a low-born. And many of our own people have gone down innocent under the heel of the rulers." The black brows are drawn heavily together. "But it is as much as our lives are worth," glancing furtively around, "to breathe of it. Karl, the leader of our people, says that the nobles will avenge this wrong to one of their Order—avenge it upon the people. Karl himself, in his desire to hear of the news, approached too close to the state chambers, and was seized and beaten, and thrust out into the street like a cur, by one of the nobles. And he says that a warning was hissed in his ear that for every day that had been passed by the noble in the mines, that for every pang she had suffered, a life of the people should go down. It was Count Erkenstein who said this. You see, the lady was a great beauty and a great favorite. She was a court-belle, and half of the nobles of Russia were mad over her loveliness. But bad as the times are now, they will be worse if the great Minister Toboskie lives. Some say he was betrothed to the Lady of Ashhurst. And one does well to keep on the pleasant side of a member of *his* race. He is all-powerful with the Czar, and Karl says that if he does not require blood in return for the injustice done to his lady, he will punish us more bitterly. He will impose even heavier taxes upon us; he will press us down into the mire; he will hold a sword over us, and our children will go hungry for bread, while we will not dare say that our souls are our own. Why, when he discovered that the lady was innocent, he sought the great lawyer, Dornsdoff. They say he drove through the streets like a drunken man, with his horses steaming and white with foam; and he went to the lawyer, as he sat in his private office, and commanded his servant to strike Mr. Dornsdoff in the face. And, though the lackey obeyed, the lawyer refused to fight the count, which they say is the way they do in high circles, though for me, a good hand-to-hand tumble in the street is far better. Then the count drew his pistol and shot the poor lawyer where he sat. What a time over a woman! And yet we dare not interfere because, forsooth, they are the aristocracy. *Beasts!* we are like a pack of hunted sheep, scared of the wolves!"

"And *he*?" murmurs the lady, where she stands clinging to the post. "What of *him*?"

"Oh, thank the Blessed Virgin! it did not kill him, though a hair's breadth higher and the ball would have entered his heart—that heart that is all the protection the poor, down-trodden people have. He is getting well fast. He has a charmed life, the dear——"

"But the count?" urges the lady, and now the low voice thrills with wild impatience. "What of *him*?"

"Oh, it is the minister!" The warmth and eagerness die out of the woman's voice, which grows chill and sullen. "Saints of high heaven! He was like a mad man! He staggered up to the Monastery of St. Michael, and in the presence of the dear, grand abbot, shot himself through the head. It is where all the swift, fierce, dangerous lords of his race died—in the Monastery of St. Michael."

No one can see the convulsed working of that face beneath the thick vail. But when she again speaks, the women look at her curiously, for her tones are hard and hoarse.

"Then he, too, is dead?"

"No. He was too wild with excitement to take good aim, and he is lying up at the monastery at the point of death. The wound and his excitement brought on a fever, and they say that the abbot and the monks nurse him like a brother, while the physician of the Toboskies has a room in the monastery, and is by the count's side night and day."

The lady says no more, but glides out of the crowd, while the women resume their loud talking. Down the street she goes, and walks on and on and on, like one in a dream, and lost to all earthly surroundings. Finally the curious glances of the pedestrians, the cold, stiff wind, the falling, drizzling rain; and, above all, the weary, exhausted pain of long travel and exposure, arouse her to the present. She glances around her; and sees that her wanderings have taken her to a distant portion of the great city. A short distance off is a respectable hotel of the middle class, and to this she makes her way. She calls for a room which is given her, and, weak and exhausted, she throws herself upon the bed, while down in the street below she hears the murmur of many voices as they discuss her fate, and through the rain the newsboys' shrill shriek proclaims the last edition of the anxiously-expected paper.

CHAPTER L.—IN THE MONASTERY AGAIN.

IT is a tempestuous night. Around the sturdy corners of the monastery the fierce winds sweep with shrill cries, and the great pine-trees bend and moan in the blast, while the rain descends in torrents. Sitting alone in his private apartment is the Abbot of St. Michael. He sits with his face leaning upon his hand, and beside the small, bare table, upon which is his frugal supper—a mug of cold water and a few slices of brown bread, as yet untouched. Over the interior of the monastery is an intense stillness, upon which breaks only the roar of the tempest.

Minutes pass; then above the warring of the elements reverberates through the long, empty corridors the rumbling of the heavy iron knocker at the great door.

"Some poor homeless destitute seeking shelter," he murmurs, and, picking up his candle, he proceeds to the main entrance. There he opens wide the door, and, holding the light far up above his head, peers out into the tempestuous night. A strange vision confronts his wondering eyes—a vision with a white, worn face, with wide eyes glowing like carbuncles, and a great mass of amber, wind-swept hair that floats upon the gale—a vision of the woman he had last beheld in her prison cell.

So suddenly has she appeared that the abbot starts back and almost drops the candle in his intense surprise. But with the instinct of divine hospitality, he steps aside and assists her to enter. Then, after closing and bolting the door, he sets down the candle and looks at the woman. Yes, it is her. It is the same grand and lovely face that he first beheld in this very monastery, the same deep, dark eyes, the same golden flood of hair! Yet now a maniac wildness characterizes her appearance. Her hands are locked tightly. The wind has torn away her wrappings, and her plain black dress, heavy and soaking with rain, clings closely to her majestic figure. Father Salvatore is appalled beyond measure at her appearance, but says nothing save a few words of welcome, as he attempts to lead her to his apartment, in which a fire—an unusual luxury—is lit. But she resists.

"Where is he?" she says, and her voice is hoarse and unnatural. "Does he live?"

The abbot knows well to whom she alludes.

"Yes, he lives," he replies; "but to-night is the crisis. To-morrow's sun may see him——" He pauses suddenly at the wild, agonized light of the woman's eyes.

"Dead," she supplements, wringing her hands. "Oh, I know it—I know how he killed himself for me. He is dying—dying!"

"You must compose yourself, daughter," says the abbot, firmly. "You, who have endured so much, must not sink now. All hope is not lost."

"I *cannot* compose myself," she cries, fiercely. "Never until to-night have I acknowledged that I loved him. Now my pride is smitten—my strength gone. I am willing for the whole world to know that I would be his slave but to have him live! Though he believed me guilty, he did everything for my welfare that mortal man could do. He even offered me his honor. He would have taken me away, all stricken with shame as I was, the very night before my exile; but I scorned him—I refused him. I mocked at him even while he laid his life, his eminence, his god-like love at my feet. In my blindness I have treasured up anger against him. I have been mad—mad! And now that he discovers my innocence, God has taken him from me. Oh, my darling—my darling!" She bows her face on her clinched hands, and weeps passionate, bitter tears.

"I have defied him all my life," she sobs. "I have insulted and abused him—he who has been faithful to me through it all. What would I not give to be able to kneel at his feet, to look up in his eyes and say, 'I yield, I yield!' But he is avenged—I am punished for my pride and rebellion, and my punishment is greater than I can bear. May I see him? Oh, Father, do not deny me this last blessing!" Her dark, passionate eyes look beseechingly up at the abbot.

He looks in indecision at her wet garments, her wild, haggard countenance.

"Your attire must be changed," he says, "before you can do anything. Fortunately, I can supply this need. A few years ago a wealthy but insane lady escaped from her keepers and came to the monastery, where, owing to the excitement, she died. For some reason her robes were never taken away. In the cupboard of my chamber they are folded away. Go in there, my daughter, and change your wet garment, and then I will see what can be done."

She dare not refuse, and in a few moments returns dressed in the garments that fit her unusually well.

"Now may I see him?" she says, eagerly.

"If you will promise to compose yourself, and to be perfectly silent while in his room."

"Oh, I promise, Father—I promise!"

"Then follow me."

He leads the way down the hall, up a long flight of broad stone steps, and finally pauses at a closed door, where he turns to her, in his grand and handsome face a great pity.

"You must prepare yourself for a great change, daughter," he says. "Owing to his past troubles and this last fearful blow, Count Toboskie is almost unrecognizable."

She bows her head, and in the next moment the door opens and she is in the chamber. The apartment is rather larger than is customary in a monastery, and for this reason has been selected for the use of the count. On a stand by the iron bedstead burns a candle, and on either side of the bed sits a monk, and the old distinguished physician of the Toboskies. At the far end of the room a lighted taper burns softly before a crucifix. Noiselessly Maize approaches the bed, and stands looking down upon that gaunt, massive figure lying motionless upon the bed.

Despite the abbot's warning, she is not prepared for the appalling alteration in this face that she last saw filled with its passion as he stood pleading for her love. She is stupefied—literally stricken dumb with her horror. That white, drawn face with its bluish shadow, those sunken, closed eyes rimmed with dark circles, those locks of iron-gray hair escaping from under the bandages that conceal the fatal wound, evidence of his madness—do *they* belong to Toboskie, the haughty, invincible minister? Her hands shut tightly and she staggers back and would drop were it not for the strong arm of the abbot that catches her before she falls.

"Where is your endurance?" he says, sternly. "You promised me composure."

After that reproof no sign of further weakness escapes her. She takes her seat by the bed, and all night long remains there with her wild, haggard eyes fastened upon the unconscious man! Sometimes he lies in that appalling stupor so like death, at others he is tossing in delirium. He cries aloud to her—he lives again in the past, he beseeches her love in his broken, native eloquence—that eloquence that has moved a nation—he tells the story of his wrecked and desolate life in the past year, when he scorned the ease that was denied her, sleeping upon boards and living upon prison diet. She sees all—all the great, blinding, idolatrous love that has encompassed her—all that fierce, silent suffering, that Pagan self-persecution that have been his! And all the while slowly down her face roll those blinding, bitter tears. The past is forgotten; its pain and injury vanish. Of only one thing is she conscious—the peril of this grand and mighty life for which, in the sudden abandonment of her nature, she has acknowledged her affection. The love abused and outraged against which she has so long battled, now asserts itself, never again to be vanquished.

It is a night never to be forgotten in all the many stages of suffering through which she has passed; long, dreary hours stand out as the blackest of all her life. At last the dawn breaks. Through the narrow, deep-set window that looks out at the east, struggle the first wan rays of the young day. The heavy, haggard-eyed woman lifts her face, with its blanched loveliness, and shudders as the light of early morning smites it. Over that figure that has grown so still and motionless bends the physician. For minutes he remains thus, then he straightens himself, and upon him fastens the eyes of the girl with their shrinking, piteous fear.

"What is it—life or death?"

The doctor looks at her, and as he speaks there is a curious choked sound in his voice.

"He will live!"

The girl says not a word, but leaving the chamber goes out and stands with her face to the east. With the coming of the new day dawns for her also a new life.

CHAPTER LI.—THE ABBOT'S HISTORY.

SHE stands thus for an hour. Then a hand is laid upon her arm, and she turns to confront the abbot. In his face has come a wondrous change, as though touched with invisible fingers. He seems to have grown younger by a full decade, and his eyes are bright with the light of youth. She looks at him steadily and notes the grand, handsome face whose natural austerity has briefly vanished—the dark firm gray eye, the low broad brow, the majestic figure clothed in its priestly garb, and belted in at the waist with the long gold chain from which depends the cross, and is again struck with the inappropriateness of this kingly man to the gloom and rigor of a monastic life.

"He will live, daughter!" The words are breathed forth in a low, thrilling voice of rapture.

"Yes, Father," she answers. "I have been standing here wondering how I could give thanks. But, Father, I did not know that you were so strongly attached to him."

Up over the strong, massive face of the abbot creeps a swarthy flush, and he stands silent for a moment.

"I do not wonder," he says, at length, "that you are surprised at my interest in Count Toboskie. Between you and me there is a bond of affinity, for we both love one object. And as I see no human reason why you shall not in the future become the count's wife"—a great flush steals over the girl's lovely face—"I will tell you my story which has never before passed my lips. It is a simple story enough, and very short, yet in it is comprised the wrecking of a life. Forty years ago I was an inmate of Duke Toboskie's castle, the duke being the father of the present count, who was then not born. I believed my benefactor to be a distant relative of mine. I had lived with him since I could remember, and in his treatment of me he was indeed a father, making no distinction between me and his then only son, Leopold, whose mother died at his birth. Leopold and I were about the same age, and were reared together. We had both of us swift, dark, impetuous passions, but I was sincerely attached to him, and until we were five-and-twenty years of age our wills never clashed. Then it was my ill-fate to love a woman upon whom the young lord had also centred his affections. If he had the superiority of wealth and title, I, perhaps, had the advantage of greater physical attractions; so it was an open warfare between us.

"The object of our mutual passion was a high-born lady, beautiful as a dream. I loved her as I loved my soul, and upon her had staked all that grand, free faith of my youth. I trusted her as I trusted my God! And when, by the aid of that mute but eloquent language in which lovely women are so well versed, she testified her preference for me—when her eyes, her hands, her actions, all bore evidence of her fondness for me—I was unutterably blest. Though not as wealthy as my rival, I had a fortune that could keep my loved one in luxury, and a title that I was told had descended from an ancient branch of my family, and which was now extinct.

"That pleasant, fraternal intercourse that had so long existed between Leopold and I was now eternally ruptured. A bitter and implacable enmity had taken its place, and we never met without cutting sneers and hard words. The duke saw with sorrow the growing hatred between us, and in every way endeavored to reconcile us, but in vain. To do him justice, I must acknowledge that in his conduct he was entirely impartial. He begged us not to allow a woman to sunder that bond of sacred unity between us, and a woman, he persisted in declaring, who was not worthy of the passion we bestowed upon her. She was a Hungarian countess, and he affirmed that her race was fickle and false to the bone, and that she herself was known all over the continent as the most heartless and accomplished coquette of all the courts. Although we had heard something of this reputation before, we both refused to believe it, and pronounced it base calumny.

"Proud of her triumphs, of her captivation of two men of such a desperate but powerful race as our own, she had duped and deluded us until our faith was so great that we swore by her, and each believed himself the favored one. But finally her partiality for me became so apparent that even Leopold could no longer remain blind to it. It was one evening that we both met at her rooms, and each solicited her society at an entertainment given by a noted minister. She stood for an instant silent, then smilingly accepted my escort. Leopold rushed out of the room, but not before he had flashed upon me a glance so full of hatred and malignity that, despite my pride and desperate courage, I shuddered as I heard him mutter something about revenge between his clinched teeth. I knew that he was a true friend but an implacable enemy; still I did not think his hatred would take him so far.

"It was the night of the ball. At the door of the Princess Hotel stood my carriage, in the countess's reception-room stood myself. She had just entered the room in her trailing robes and flashing jewels, when the door of the apartment was thrown open and Count Leopold entered. His face was aflame with excitement, and his eyes burned with a dangerous fire. He came and stood directly before us.

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"'Madame,' he said, addressing the princess, 'I have this night discovered my father's secret, which for years has been so well guarded; this man by your side is a bastard—is the son of my father's mistress.'

"I was young and hot-blooded, and had been reared in all the pomp and glory of a powerful but dissolute court, and at that insult a lion's wrath fired my veins and I leaped at my enemy, giving him the lie as I did so. There would have been bloodshed in that luxurious chamber, for we were like wild brutes mad for their prey, had not the countess interposed herself between us. She besought us to compose ourselves, and we loved her so madly that her word had even influence with us when the Blessed Mother herself could not have moved us. We stood silent, glaring at one another and panting like gladiators, but not to have saved our souls would either of us have raised a hand in her presence.

"Then she spoke. 'Lord Protosque,' she said to me, 'I trust that Count Leopold's excitement has misled him. If so, you can easily prove it. If not, of course all intercourse between us must cease.'

"'I tell you, madame, it is no mistake,' cried Leopold, his voice tremulous with passion. 'I hold myself responsible for what I say. This man is the duke's illegitimate son—my father has palmed off his bastard upon society.'

"Still I stood motionless in the presence of my idol; but I swore a deadly oath that for what had passed I would have his life. I expected the countess to resent my insult, as I should any indignity put upon her; but, to my agony, she looked coldly upon me."

"'Of course, my lord,' she said, 'this unfortunate affair will cancel this and every other engagement we may have until you are able to vindicate your honor.' Then, turning to the count with that bewitching grace, she laid her hand in his, and continued, with her dazzling smile: 'In this emergency, count, may I depend upon you for an escort?'

"He seized her hands and pressed them passionately to his lips; then, without once glancing at me, they left the apartment and descended to his carriage, which was also in waiting, and I heard them whirled away. I stood for a moment as if stunned; then, like a madman, I rushed out of the house and sought the duke. God knows how he ever had the courage to tell me, but at last the horrible truth dawned upon me. He assured me of his remorse and agony; he reminded me of the love he had borne for me all these years; he swore that between his two sons he had known no difference save to love me the stronger. But what was this to a man stripped of the proud purple of aristocracy—dashed from the pinnacle of fame and distinction into the very slough of shame! I was a bastard—*I*, who had been reared in all the pomp and grandeur of the noble; who had been deferred to as to a sovereign; who already had been appointed Minister to a foreign court, and had the promise of rich fame and glory! Looking back now, I think no agony ever touched mortal being greater than that which crushed me in that hour. I dropped like a felled brute at my father's feet, cursing him with a bitter, lasting curse. He attempted to console me. He assured me that, sustained by him, no one would dare to point the finger of scorn at me. But I was like a maniac. My manhood, my pride, my honor—where were they? I had none. I was crushed to the death. I lay there until nightfall; then I rose and swore that I would disappear for ever from the world in which I once shone—giving my rivals and enemies no chance to triumph over my downfall.

"I kept my vow. I became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I had no name, no country, no home! For years I led this roving life; then, weary of it, and destitute of all interest in existence, I bethought myself of the monks of St. Michael, among which more than one lord of my father's desperate race had lived and died. I determined to be one of them. Changed beyond all recognition, I returned to my native country. I found that the duke had married again, and that soon after my departure Count Leopold, on discovering that he had been but the amusement of the beautiful Hungarian, who married an Austrian prince, had shot himself through the heart.

"I entered the monastery unrecognized, and from one degree to another finally rose to the abbotship. Soon after my taking the monks' Order, a son—the present Count Toboskie—was born to my father. I watched his progress, and in secret have cherished a strong affection for him. I have gloried in his rapid advancement, his proud distinction. He has become the most powerful statesman of his country; so would I have been had I not been stricken down in the rich promise of my manhood. In him I live again. I seem to feel that *he* has reared up the proud existence that I would have lived if that crushing blow had not withered me. I felt that it was for this purpose he was born. And when, at his father's death, he stood as patron to the monastery like his predecessors, I felt that I was blessed unutterably.

"The fierce rebellion died out of my heart, the rankling wounds healed, and the peaceful waters of resignation at last flowed into my soul. And at last there came a time when the fair white face of my faithless idol no longer came between me and the Virgin as I knelt at the shrines, and I looked back upon my wrecked life with composure, and to the future with patience and fortitude. I have yielded to my fate. But when I saw the same wretchedness descending upon my brother that had also crushed me—I refer to the misery of love—my old rebellion awoke in my breast. I knew that the count loved you with that fiery passion of our race that oftener begets misery than aught else. Even when I visited you in prison I tried to reconcile you to him. I also visited him the very day before your departure for Siberia, and, by the right of my holy calling, was permitted to say much more than any other living being. I used every endeavor to persuade him to listen to the outcryings of his heart and save you, persuaded as I was that you were innocent. But until last night, when you informed me differently, I thought my prayers to him had been in vain. But now, thank God! the clouds are swept aside. Though you both have been down through the deep waters of affliction, you have come up strengthened and purified. And now you have my history."

He does not tell her that at those times when he has been thrown in her presence, the spell of her matchless loveliness has roused those instincts that have long slumbered under the rigor and self-denial of his life; that that strong and fiery nature, pressed down into its narrow groove, has wrestled with the iron will that suppresses it, has struggled and sickened with the mad yearning for the old existence from which he is for ever sundered.

In the past weeks that have dragged his brother so near death, he has prayed and fasted and purified himself from that insidious touch of his earthly nature. He has besought of Christ this life so dear to him, and now that it has been granted him, he has consecrated himself anew to his God. He has come to the girl fresh from his cell, wherein he has for ever quenched every lingering spark of his old instincts. Never again can he come under their dominion. He stands there in the fresh light of the young day, all earthly weaknesses put for ever beyond him—his affections purified, himself alienated from the sin of the world, and exalted to a new sanctification. And in his grand and saintly face pours the full flood of the radiant sun, saluting his renunciation, as he stands there in his full and perfect purity, facing the woman whose loveliness has been the one object that could move his strong and mighty soul in its abnegation. But now he looks upon her untouched by any carnal weakness, as she stands there in her radiant beauty, her soul filled with a vast pity and admiration for this man who has "known sorrow," and unconscious that upon her also rests the brand of illegitimacy.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE JOHNS HOPKINS SEASIDE LABORATORY.

WE give on page 192 illustrations of the Johns Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, which has been located during the past season at Beaufort, on the coast of North Carolina. The work of the laboratory, which was organized three years ago, has been to study the marine life of Southern waters, and has included, among other investigations, an elaborate study by Professor Brooks of the development and propagation of the oyster. The first season's work, in the Summer of 1878, was carried on in Hampton Roads, Va., at Fort Wool, situated on a small artificial island known as the Ripraps. A goodly volume of "Scientific Results," which appeared in the following Winter, attested the activity of the working party. In the following Spring the laboratory was established at Crisfield, on the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, a village which is the centre of the oyster trade for the Southern Chesapeake, and which, in both a figurative and a literal sense, has been built upon oysters. Here the natural history of the oyster was carefully studied, and the complete success which attended efforts to fertilize artificially the eggs of the oyster showed that the artificial propagation of this important shell-fish may in time become a prominent feature in the oyster culture. Later in the season the party was completely and ignominiously routed by invading armies of musquitoes, which came in clouds, rendering mere existence scarcely tolerable, to say nothing of the utter impossibility of microscopical and other scientific work. The party accordingly decamped, retreating to their former quarters at Fort Wool, where the remaining portion of the season was passed.

This season it was decided to push still further south in order to get within reach of the more Southern or semi-tropical forms of life, and, after some deliberation, Beaufort, N. C., an old and well-known collecting ground, was fixed upon as headquarters for the Summer. In addition to this laboratory, under direction of Professor Brown, which was intended especially for the pursuit of original investigations, a Summer school of zoology was organized by Dr. G. F. Clarke, and located at Fort Wool. At the latter station systematic instruction in marine zoology was afforded to less advanced students.

The establishment of Agassiz's well-known Summer school at Penikese gave a great impetus to seaside work, and the number of "Summer Schools" and laboratories has since been steadily increasing. Through the studies thus carried on and by means of the magnificent collections which the yearly expeditions of the United States Fish Commission are accumulating, our knowledge of the marine life of our eastern coast is very rapidly advancing. Much of the knowledge thus gained is of the utmost practical value to our fisheries and kindred industries, though, in the opinion of most of the scientific men engaged in the work, the purely scientific side of such studies is of still more importance.

The leading work of the Johns Hopkins Laboratory has thus far consisted of studies upon the embryology or development of various forms of marine life. To get at facts of this nature necessitates the most careful and patient work, weeks or even months of study and observation being often required to work out satisfactorily the complete history of a single form. The methods of work vary with different animals. Many adult forms may be taken along the shores or on the piles of wharves. Others are found only in deeper water, and must be procured by the employment of dredges or trawls, which are dragged over the bottom, scraping up large quantities of sand, gravel, mud and other material in which the animals are found. A much smaller number of adult forms swim at the surface. The embryos, or young, with few exceptions, swim freely through the water. In calm weather, and especially at night, they often crowd to the surface in almost incredible numbers; and to these microscopic creatures the so-called "phosphorescence" of the sea is largely due.

To capture these minute free-swimming animals fine gauze nets are employed. These are towed through the water at the end of a long string, or are attached to handles and used by hand as "dipping-nets." The creatures thus captured may be kept in aquaria and studied with the microscope as they develop from day to day or week to week. The earliest stages may be obtained by keeping the adults in aquaria until they produce eggs and the young embryos hatch.

Our illustrations, most of which are from sketches by Henry F. Osborne, show some of the apparatus and the way it is used, and one or two of the interesting forms of life are shown. One represents a party "dipping" and "towing" from the little steam-launch, which has proved of invaluable, or, rather, indispensable, service in the work. The curious group shown in another is a good case of what is known as "commensalism"—an association of a number of animals which form a sort of community, but do not prey upon each other. In this case a "hermit-crab" has taken possession of an old shell, from the mouth of which project his curious stalked eyes, his claws and feelers. Like Sinbad, the hermit carries a living load upon his back, for three sea-anemones have attached themselves there, and likewise a whole colony of barnacles. And a curious little red crab has in turn anchored himself to one of the sea-anemones. Thus the unfortunate hermit must drag about with him, *nolens volens*, a retinue of liberal adherents, which, doubtless, reap in part the benefits of his foraging.

The town of Beaufort, though a rather out-of-the-way place, is a well-known Southern Summer resort. The prevailing cool sea-breezes render the climate very delightful, and this is itself a sufficient inducement to many. But there are many other attractions, such as fishing, bathing, boating, etc., and the town is rather picturesque. The attention of the newly-arrived visitor is immediately arrested by the old-fashioned windmills which grind corn for the omnipresent "pone," or Southern corn-bread. Seen from a distance, they give a decidedly Dutch look to the place—an impression which is, however, scarcely sustained by a nearer view of the battered and weather-beaten old houses of which the village is largely composed.

It is proposed to resume the work at Beaufort next Summer, and it is not impossible that a permanent laboratory may be there erected if the location is found, upon thorough trial, to be well adapted for that purpose. At present a large dwelling-house, situated at the water's edge, is made use of for a laboratory. This mansion enjoys no little celebrity from its architectural superiority to its less pretentious neighbors, and from the fact, often reiterated by inhabitants of Beaufort—that it is built of cypress wood and copper nails!

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Useful Exhibition is being held in Glasgow of apparatus for the utilization of gas, electricity, oils, etc., and of hydraulic, architectural, mining and sanitary appliances.

Engineers are engaged daily in making surveys for the purpose of determining the site of the projected tunnel under the St. Lawrence between Hochelaga and Longueil.

The Remains of a Lake Village have been discovered in a marsh at Reguzia, near Milan. They include, it is stated, shavings of flints apparently cut with bronze instruments.

The French Government has assigned to M. Pasteur the sum of 50,000 francs, to assist him in conducting his important researches on the contagious diseases of domestic animals.

At a Concert given every night in the garden of the Palais Royale, Paris, the orchestra is placed in the vicinity of the fountains, which are illuminated by eight splendid Siemens lamps.

By a Decree of the French Minister of Public Instruction the Ethnographical Museum at the Trocadéro has been organized. Dr. Hamy and M. Landrin have been appointed conservators.

It is Officially Announced that an International Congress of electricians will meet in Paris on September 15th, 1881. The Congress will be preceded by an international exhibition of electrical appliances.

Dr. Watt, of the Bengal Educational Department, who is now engaged in the examination, at Kew Gardens, London, of his extensive collections of Indian plants, has been deputed by the Government of India to visit Manipur, on his return from Burmah, for the purpose of reporting on the forest and vegetable resources of that territory.

The British War Office authorities have detailed a full company of the Royal Engineers for instruction in the art of military ballooning, in lieu of the small detachment hitherto employed in the experiments. The company selected is the Twenty-fourth (Field Company) at Aldershot, and it will be placed under the command of Captain Elsdall, R. E.

By Letters from Senegal, published in the French papers, we learn that the survey of the country between the Senegal and the Niger is in progress. Three different topographical parties have been formed to determine the position of the intended ports and the route of railway intended to connect the two streams. The work must be quite finished by the month of May, 1881.

The Removal of the Natural History Department of the British Museum to its new site in Cromwell Road, South Kensington, has actually commenced. Though it was universally admitted that there was great lack of room in the old building, the situation of the new Museum, save in strictly official circles, is not admired. The respective keepers of the mineralogical and geological departments, Professor N. S. Maskelyne, F.R.S., and G. R. Waterhouse, have resigned, and have been succeeded by Mr. Lazarus Fletcher, F.G.S., and Dr. H. Woodward, F.R.S.

A Large Number of rooms have been added to the French Museum of National Antiquities at St. Germains, and are awaiting a formal opening by the President of the Republic. In one of them have been collected a series of relics of Roman age relating to religious ceremonies and inscriptions; in a second room has been disposed a large number of bas reliefs and statues exhibiting arms and scenes of military life; and in the third room were found many sepulchral monuments showing the arts and trades as practiced during the Roman rule in Gaul. Some rooms have been already opened to the public, and in one of them is the celebrated Antun mosaic representing Bellerophon triumphing over Chimæra; execution and preservation are both wonderful.

The "Mittheilungen" of the German African Society, of which six parts are published, contains much very valuable information on recent explorations in Africa by German explorers. We have details of the progress of Herr Schütt's expedition in the Lounda region, of Rohlfs's attempt to push southwards from Tunis, of Dr. Büchner to Musia Juava's kingdom, of Dr. O. Lenz's determined and, so far, successful attempt to push southwards through Morocco to Timbuctoo and beyond. We have, besides, records of the doings of the International African Association, and of the various other societies for the exploration of Africa throughout the world. In the double number (4 and 5) Dr. Reichenau gives a detailed list of the collection of birds sent home from Malanga in Angola by Herr Schütt.

The New Expedition dispatched by the London Missionary Society to Lake Tanganyika, and consisting of the Revs. A. J. Wookey and D. Williams, with Dr. Palmer, left Zanzibar on June 14th, and, crossing to the mainland at Bandani, marched thence to Ndumi. Here they remained for a few days, until they got their full complement of paguri, and finally started for the interior on June 21st. Accomplishing some twelve or fifteen miles a day, they reached Mpedpwa on July 14th, and were most kindly received by the Church Missionary Society's agents. They were to recommence their journey to the lake on July 19th. Their caravan consists of 300 men, the chief of whom is Uba, who accompanied the Rev. Roger Price, when the bullock-wagon experiment was tried some four years ago.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR THOMAS BOUCH, the engineer of the Tay Bridge, is dead.

MARIE VAN ZANDT, the American singer, has made her reappearance at the Opera Comique, and has again vindicated her position as a public favorite.

MR. J. O. CHAPLEAU, Premier of the Province of Quebec, has declined a portfolio in the Dominion Government. Mr. Caron has accepted the position of Minister of Militia.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria has received from the Russian diplomatic agent at Sofia a casket containing three antique rings which belonged to the late Empress of Russia, three letters he had addressed to her, and a portrait of his grandfather. He has also received intimation that the Czarina bequeathed him a legacy of 2,000,000 rubles.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT does not allow his official work as Postmaster-General of Great Britain to interfere with his professional duties as Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge. He has already arranged his lectures for the term—and that action seems to dispose of the rumor that he was coming to the United States to study our postal and telegraph systems.

MINISTER MARSH, who is to resign his position at the Italian Court on account of ill-health, is seventy-five years old. He was Minister to Turkey under President Taylor, having previously been a Vermont lawyer and a member of Congress. His life has, however, been devoted mainly to studies in philology and physic, concerning which he has published a number of valuable works.

THE memorial cross of the Prince Imperial, on Chiselhurst Common, is made of gray granite, on which are sculptured the Imperial bees. On one side is inscribed this sentence from the Prince's will: "I shall die with a feeling of profound gratitude to Her Majesty the Queen of England and for all the Royal family, and for the country where I have received during eight years such cordial hospitality."

ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR., the youngest son of ex-President Grant, was married to Miss Fanny Chaffee, daughter of Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, of Colorado, on November 2d. The wedding took place at the New York residence of the bride's father, No. 26 West Fifty-eighth Street, and, in accordance with the wishes of the contracting parties, was strictly private, only the immediate members of the two families and a very few intimate friends being present.

A GERMAN revivalist has come to the front in the person of the Rev. F. Von Schlesenbach. He has been made a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States, and is holding meetings in Boston. He is called the German Moody on account of a slight resemblance to Moody, but he is said to be a better speaker and logician. His strongest point, however, is that he is a converted atheist, and his most effective assaults are upon the sin of unbelief.

CARDINAL GUIBERT, Archbishop of Paris, has received a letter from the Pope expressing his appreciation of the action of the French bishops in defending the Religious Orders, the persecution of which, he says, may lead to grave calamities. The Pope regrets that the ministry did not accept the declaration of the congregations, which the Government itself originally suggested. He considers it his duty to protest against the present proceedings of the ministry, and to defend in all parts of the world the institutions and rights of the Church.

FLAGS were displayed in all parts of Milan, Italy, on November 2d, in commemoration of the battle of Mentana, in which Garibaldi encountered the Papal and French troops in his invasion of the Papal States in 1867. General Garibaldi was enthusiastically received. Two hundred thousand people were assembled. There was no display of police, and perfect order prevailed. General Garibaldi seemed overcome with emotion. Among those who received him were many survivors of the revolutionary battles and French campaign. All the railway stations from San Damiano d'Asti to Milan were decorated with flowers, and General Garibaldi's journey seemed like a triumphal progress.

THE memorial to the late Prince Imperial is now nearly completed, and will shortly be erected on Chiselhurst Common. The memorial trunic cross, which is made of gray granite, is twenty-seven feet high, resting on a solid granite base, led up to by steps. It is beautifully carved and ornamented in front. On each side is the inscription, "Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Impérial, born in Paris 16th March, 1856, killed by the enemy in Zululand, 1st June, 1879." On the back of the memorial the following extract, from the last will and testament of the Prince, will be inscribed: "I shall die with a feeling of profound gratitude to her Majesty the Queen of England, and all the royal family, and for the country where I have received during eight years such cordial hospitality."

PRINCE ALEXIS of Russia is the most awkward antagonist the Czar has to meet in regard to his marriage. The Prince has made a written demand to the Emperor to ratify the private marriage he made with Reuteru's niece eight years ago. The ceremony was legally performed in the presence of the Minister of Finance himself, and the Czar, now begging the good-will of an offended family, has to remember to his regret that he has persecuted a beautiful and virtuous girl and deprived Russia of the best finance minister the country ever had. The Grand Duke Constantine shares his wife's antipathy to the favorite, and has besides a good argument in the Czar's inconsistency. Alexander having a year ago expelled Constantine's eldest son, Nicoli (of Khivan fame), from the Russian army for having contracted a romantic marriage at Orenburg with the Policemaster's daughter.

MLLE. HUBERTINE AUCLERT, the celebrated French advocate of woman's rights, is described as a blue-eyed brunette of distinguished appearance and delicate features. Her age is about twenty-five. She is the daughter of a rich landholder, and was educated in a convent. In early life she attracted notice by the manner in which she considered Christianity as a sort of republican communism. Coming of age, she claimed her share of the paternal heritage, and to the horror of her six brothers and sisters, went alone to Paris in 1873 to live there. She became acquainted with other ladies of advanced views, and in 1876 founded the society called "Le Droit de Femmes," the object of which is to obtain political and social rights for women. The members of the society number about 150. Every Wednesday evening about thirty of them meet in Mlle. Auclert's apartment to discuss their interests. Mlle. Auclert spoke at the Workingmen's Congress held in Marseilles in 1879. She is not a brilliant orator, but earnest, sincere and energetic. She possesses a handsome patrimony and lives on her income.

OBITUARY.—The Marquis Campana, the Roman archæologist, died at Rome, aged 72; Dr. Hippolyte Peisse, member of the French Academies of Medicine and of Moral and Political Sciences, and an officer of the Legion of Honor, died at Paris, aged 73; Sir William Linton, an eminent Scottish surgeon, died at Deerfield, in his 86th year; Herman Theodore Vanschmid, the author of "Camoens," and other dramatic works, died at Munich, aged 65; Bernard Reiter, the French dramatist, died at Marseilles, aged 76; Peter McCall, a well-known member of the Bar of Philadelphia, died at Overbrook Station, in his 72d year; Solon Robinson, for many years the agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune*, died at Jacksonville, Fla., on Nov. 3d, aged 73.

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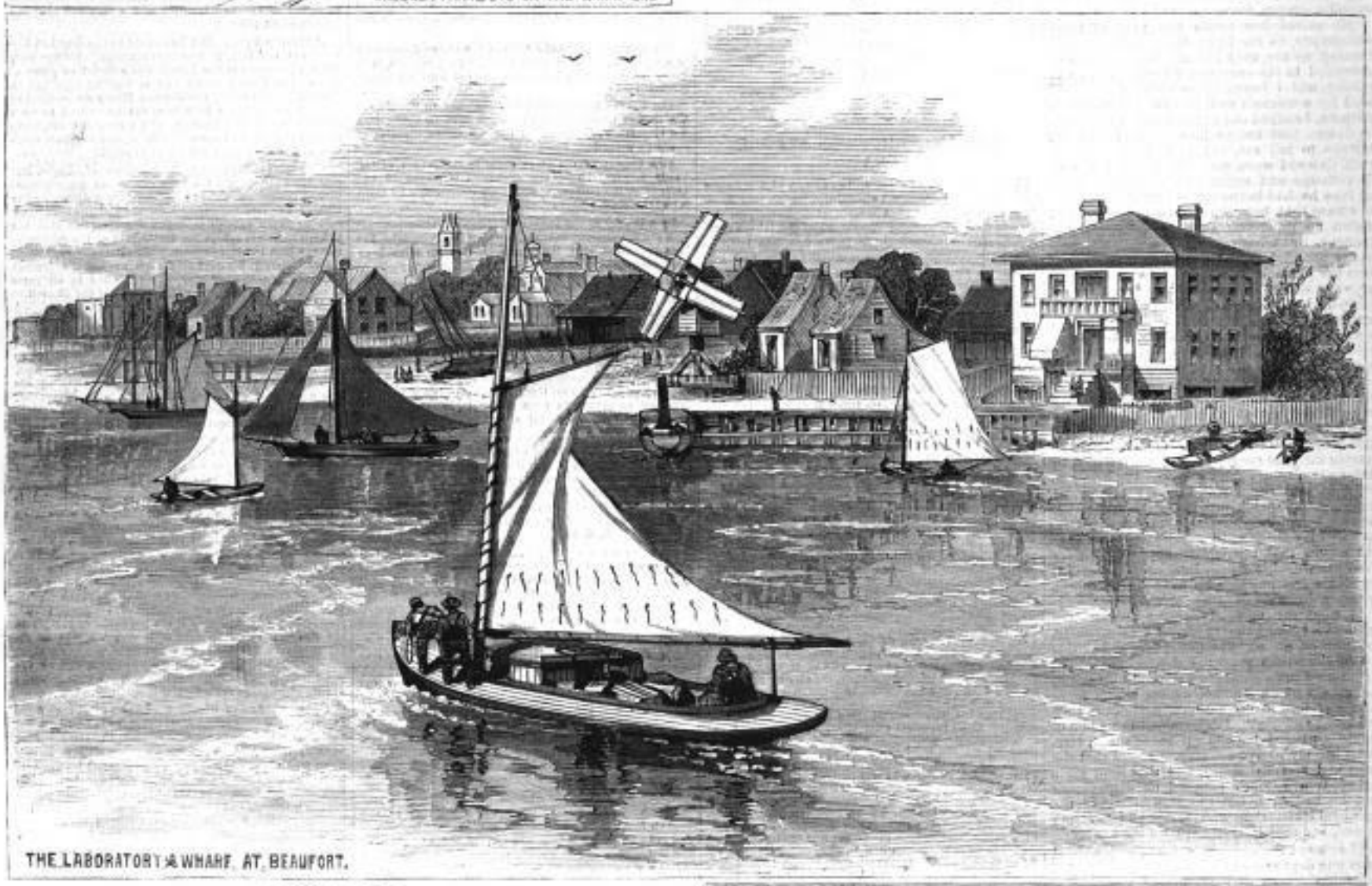


SURFACE-NET COLLECTING-PANS
DREDGE, TRAWL, ETC ON THE WHARF END

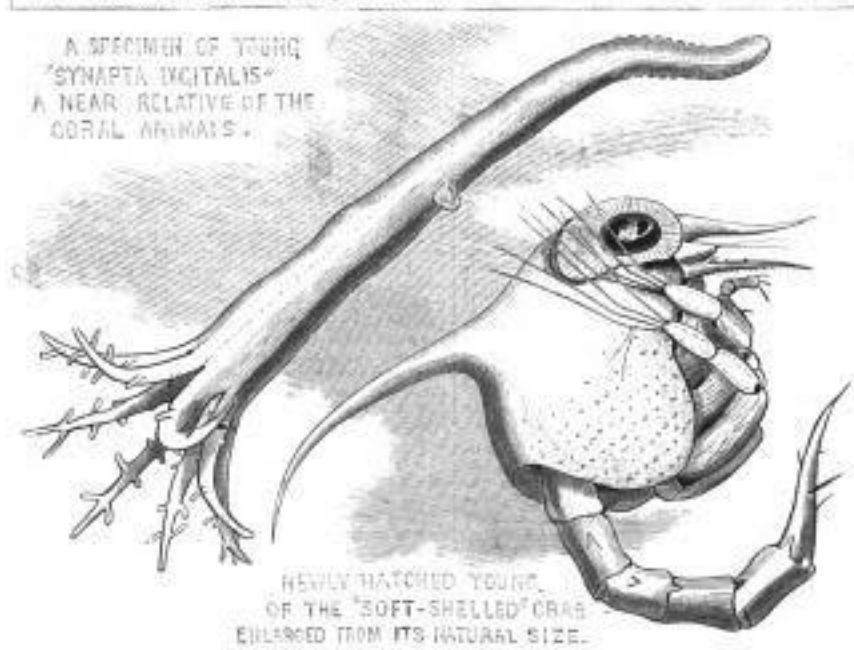


A "DEEP SEA COLONY"
TAKEN UP BY THE TRAWL
3 SEA-ANEMONES-
A HERMIT-CRAB IN OLD SHELL.
A LOT OF BARNACLES AND
A YOUNG CRAB FASTENED
ON A SEA-ANEMONE.

THE "SEA-PEN"
PENNATULA GRISEA

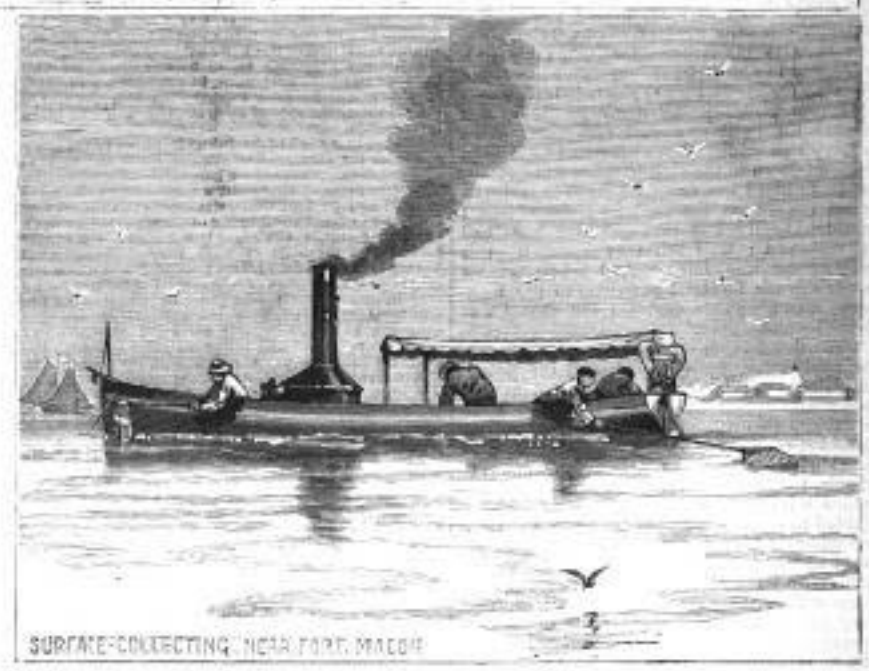


THE LABORATORY & WHARF AT BEAUFORT.



A SPECIMEN OF YOUNG
"SYNAPTA INCITALIS"
A NEAR RELATIVE OF THE
CORAL ANIMALS.

NEWLY HATCHED YOUNG
OF THE "SOFT-SHELLED" CRAB
ENLARGED FROM ITS NATURAL SIZE.



SURFACE-COLLECTING NEAR FORT MACON

NORTH CAROLINA.—THE SEASIDE SCHOOL OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY OF BALTIMORE, AT BEAUFORT.
FROM SKETCHES BY HENRY F. OSBORNE.—SEE PAGE 191.

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HON. GEORGE C. LUDLOW, OF NEW JERSEY.

GUBERNATORIAL VICTORS IN THE LATE ELECTIONS.

HON. GEORGE C. LUDLOW, GOVERNOR-ELECT, OF NEW JERSEY.

HON. GEORGE C. LUDLOW, who was last week elected Governor of New Jersey by a majority of some 400 or 600, is a gentleman in the prime of life, having been born just fifty years ago in Milford, Hunterdon County, in that State. He graduated from Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, in 1850, and three years later entered upon the practice of the law in that city. He early acquired a leading position at the Bar, and by his industry and fidelity to the interests of clients has established a firm hold upon the solid regard of all classes of the community. While a pronounced and aggressive Democrat, and participating actively in the political conflicts of his time, he never held any political office until 1876, when he was elected to the State Senate, in which he served with credit to himself and his constituency. During one session of the Senate, he held the President's chair, and during his entire term was a member of some of its most important committees. Mr. Ludlow is a gentleman of fine tastes, of genial manners, and more than ordinary independence of opinion. His friends anticipate from him a successful and honorable administration.

HON. HOBART B. BIGELOW.

THE Hon. Hobart B. Bigelow, of Connecticut, just elected Governor of that State by 2,300 plurality, is at present the Mayor of the City of New Haven. He was born at North Haven in 1834. The first sixteen years of his life were spent in his country home, where he led the usual life of a country boy, including the "schooling" obtainable in such localities. He commenced business for himself just before the war. In 1861 he took a large Government contract for furnishing "gun parts" for 300,000 Springfield muskets. This took about three years, during which time he had in his employment 300 men. After the war he carried on his business at the same place, until its increase made a removal to more commodious quarters necessary, and in 1867 he removed to Grapevine Point. Eight years ago the Common Council of New Haven appointed him a member of the Board of Supervisors, and he held the office five years. In 1874 he was appointed by Mayor Lewis a member of the Board of Fire Commissioners for the term of three years, and declined a reappointment at the expiration of his term. In 1875 he went to the Legislature, where he was a very popular member, and did good service on the Committee on Banks.

The qualities that have made him successful are industry, a mind capable of dealing with large matters, quickness in decision, "pluck," justice in his dealings with all, and friendliness. His private life is irreproachable; he gives freely of his abundance, he is kind to and considerate of his employés. December 3d, 1878, he was elected Mayor of New Haven by a majority of 2,387.

HON. ORAN MILO ROBERTS.

THE Hon. Oran Milo Roberts, re-elected Governor of Texas, was born in Laurens District, South Carolina, July 11th, 1815, and when quite young his family moved to Alabama, where he was educated. He graduated at the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, in 1836, and moved to Texas in 1841, settling in the eastern part of the State, where he has since resided. He was District Attorney of his district in 1844-45, having been appointed by Governor Houston; appointed District Judge in 1846 by Governor Henderson, and continued on the District Bench until 1851. Upon the death of Hon. Abner S. Lipscomb, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, in 1856, Governor Roberts was nominated by the Bar of the City of Austin to the vacancy, and was elected. In 1861, while still Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Governor Roberts was elected, from Smith County, a member of the Constitutional (Secession) Convention, of which he was made president by acclamation. In 1862 he resigned his seat on the Supreme Bench and entered the Confederate Army, and was elected Colonel of the Eleventh Texas Infantry, with which he served in the Trans-Mississippi Department, in "Walker's Division," during the greater part of the campaigns of that corps in Arkansas and Louisiana. In 1864, and while still with his command, Governor Roberts was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Royall T. Wheeler. After the close of the war, he returned to his home in Smith County, and resumed the practice of his profession; was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1866, and made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body. On the 24th of August, in the same year, he was elected by the Legislature a United States Senator for the unexpired term ending March 4th, 1869, but was not permitted to take his seat. From 1868 to 1870 Governor Roberts was a Professor in the Law School at Gilmer, Upshur County, still practicing his profession.

In 1874, upon the accession to power of a Democratic State administration, he was reappointed by Governor Coke to his former position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and was elected to the same position by the people, under the new Constitution, February 15th, 1876, which office he filled until nominated for Governor by the Democratic



HON. ORAN MILO ROBERTS, OF TEXAS.

State Convention in July, 1878, receiving an unanimous vote of the Convention, after the withdrawal of all the other candidates. Thereupon he resigned his position as Chief Justice, to take effect October 1st, and was elected Governor, November 5th, 1876.

HON. ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT.

THE Hon. Alfred Holt Colquitt, re-elected Governor of Georgia, was born in Walker County, Georgia, April 20th, 1824. His grandfather was a Virginian. His father, Walter T. Colquitt, a United States Senator, was one of the most influential Georgians of his day. Governor Colquitt graduated at Princeton in 1844; went to Mexico as major, United States Army, 1847; acting as aid to General Taylor; was elected to Congress in 1852, at twenty-six years of age; declined a unanimous nomination in 1854; was in 1856 and 1860 delegate to the National Democratic Conventions and a Breckinridge elector; entered the Confederate service as captain of the Sixth Georgia Infantry; became major-general and won distinction as the "Hero of Olustee"; was delegate to the Seymour Convention in 1868; in 1870 was made on the same day President of the State Democratic Convention and President of the State Agricultural Society, a place he was re-elected to for six years; in 1872 was delegate to the Baltimore Convention; in 1876 was elected Governor of Georgia by 80,000 majority, the largest majority ever received in the State; in 1878 was elected President of the great International Sunday-school Association, and has just been honored with a re-election to the gubernatorial chair.

HON. DAVID H. JEROME.

THE Hon. David H. Jerome, of Michigan, was born at Detroit on the 17th of November, 1829. On the death of his father, which occurred when Mr. Jerome was an infant, his mother went to Central New York, but returned in 1843 and settled in St. Clair County, where Mr. Jerome was educated. In 1853 he went to California and engaged in mining, but returned to Michigan in 1854 and embarked in business at Saginaw City, where he has resided ever since, and is now the senior member of the hardware firm of D. H. Jerome & Co. In 1872 he was authorized by Governor Blair to raise the regiment apportioned to the Sixth Congressional District, and was commissioned commandant of camp, with the rank of colonel, to prepare the regiment for the field. In 1863 he was appointed on the State Military Board, of which he continued a member and president until the year 1873. In 1872 he was elected to the State Senate, and served six years. During his entire Senatorial career he was Chairman of the important Committee on State Affairs. He was one of the Commissioners to prepare a new State Constitution. At present Mr. Jerome is President of the Saginaw Valley and St. Louis Railroad and of the Saginaw Street Railroad Company. He is also a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners and a trustee of the Michigan Military Academy. Religiously, he is an Episcopalian, and has been a vestryman in the Episcopal Church for twenty-three years. Mr. Jerome's majority for Governor is about 30,000.



HON. ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT, OF GEORGIA.

SIGN-LANGUAGE OF ANTS.

THAT ants have some kind of sign-language has been proved by Sir John Lubbock in one of his recent papers. It is unquestionable that if an ant discovers a store of food her comrades soon flock to the treasure, although this is not invariably the case. It has been urged that this fact, taken alone, does not prove any power of communication. An ant observing a friend bringing food home might infer, without being told, that by accompanying the friend on the return journey she might also participate in the good things. This argument has been met by Sir J. Lubbock's compelling the ant who found the treasure to return to the nest empty-handed. If she took nothing home, and yet others returned with her, he argues, there must have been some communication between them.

As the result of carefully conducted and striking experiments, he concludes that ants are in possession of something approaching to a language—that they are able to ask their friends, when occasion requires, to come and lend them a helping hand. Relatives are invariably recognized. Young ants reared from eggs taken from a nest were, when they reached maturity, introduced to the maternal abode, and although the old ants could never have seen them until that moment, yet in all the cases (ten) they were undoubtedly recognized as belonging to the community; a stranger ant is invariably at once attacked and killed.

It would seem that the recognition is not personal and individual, and the fact that they recognize their friends even when intoxicated, and that they know the young born in their own nest even when these have been brought out of the chrysalis by strangers, seems to indicate that the recognition is not effected by means of any sign or password.

The political convictions of ants are deep-rooted. When a queen was introduced into a queenless nest, she was at once attacked and destroyed; it would seem as if ants which had been long living in a republic could not be induced to accept a queen.



HON. H. B. BIGELOW, OF CONNECTICUT.



HON. DAVID H. JEROME, OF MICHIGAN.

GUBERNATORIAL VICTORS IN THE LATE ELECTIONS.

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Japan's Armament.

THE nation that may advance with hostile intentions against Japan a few years hence must be prepared to count the cost. In 1872 Japan established an arsenal at Tokio, Osaka and Ojl on plans furnished by French artillery officers. Three years later, so well had the native workmen learned their duties, the Tokio arsenal turned out 90,000 caps, 45,000 ball and blank cartridges, 101,500 Snider cartridges, and 20,000 rounds of artillery ammunition. At the Osaka arsenal during the first year of its completion 200 4-pounder bronze field-guns were finished, and 100 4-pounder mountain howitzers, besides the wood and iron work of several field batteries, and 3,000 sets of harness and horse equipments.

Railroad Statistics.

THE lines of railways in the five divisions of the earth cost, in round numbers, $36,000,000,000, and would, according to Baron Kolb, reach eight times round the globe, although it is but little over half a century since the first railway worked by steam was opened between Darlington and Stockton, September 27th, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, September 16th, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railways, there was one passenger in every 235,000 killed, and one out of every 30,000 wounded, whereas between 1835 and 1875 there was but one in 5,738,800 killed, and one in 380,450 wounded, so that we may infer that the tendency to accidents is yearly diminishing. Railway traveling in England is attended with greater risk than in any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage and spend all his time in railway traveling, the chances in favor of his dying from a railway accident would not occur till he was 960 years old.

Proposed Classical Expedition.

THE following letter from Professor Charles Eliot Norton is published in the Harvard *Register*: "The Executive Committee of the Archæological Institute are now making arrangements for the investigation of the remains of an ancient Greek city upon Turkish soil. The necessary concession from the Turkish Government has been applied for, through the Department of State, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be granted. It is probable that work will begin with the opening of the Spring in February. The expedition will have at its head Joseph T. Clarke, and as his first assistant Francis H. Bacon. The work to be done is of such extent and variety that the committee are desirous to obtain volunteer assistants. The means at their disposal do not permit them to offer any salary; but board and lodging will be provided at the cost of the Institute at the site of exploration. The inducements for a young man interested in classical studies to join the expedition are very great. Such an opportunity has never before been offered to our students. It is an opportunity to unite adventure and discovery with study, and to become familiar with one of the most interesting regions of ancient civilization."

Poverty and Crime.

THE Irish criminal and judicial returns for 1879 show the connection that exists between poverty and crime. The number of indictable offenses committed during last year was 8,089, the highest total since 1872, and no less than 1,130 more than in the previous year. The offenses determined summarily, however, showed a decrease of 12,389, as compared with the figures of 1878, chiefly under the head of "punishable drunkenness," such offenses having fallen from 107,705 to 99,921. The decrease of drunkenness Mr. Neilson Hancock, in his introductory report, ascribes to the Sunday Closing Act, which was in operation during the whole of 1879. As regards the more serious offenses, punishable after trial by jury, the returns for 1879 compare very unfavorably with those of 1878. In the latter year this class of offenses numbered 2,986, whereas last year they advanced to 3,842, showing an increase of 856, or 33 per cent. Offenses against property were more numerous in 1879 than in the previous year, but the greatest increase occurred under the head of intimidation and malicious offenses against property. In 1878 the former numbered 157, and the latter 582, whereas last year they reached the high figures of 750 and 704 respectively. Taking together, the increase in these two offenses was no less than 111 per cent.

The Horrors of Russian Criminal Law.

As to the manner in which Nihilists are treated in prison the following case may serve as an example: L. H. was arrested for a small press offense in November. He was placed in a cell so small that it was almost impossible to stand upright in it, while walking was out of the question. The window was broken, and the stoveless dungeon soon filled with snow and ice. L. H., who had only his trousers and shirt on when imprisoned, was left without any additional clothing, without being even for one moment removed from this cell for five months. The only covering given him was a thin blanket, thrown in at night and taken away in the morning. The fact that torture is applied in Russian jails is so well known that the relatives and friends of prisoners continually try to convey them poison in order that these unhappy victims may escape the terrible sufferings they are subjected to. The mother of H—— herself supplied her son with prussic acid "in case he should be questioned." In the case of Solovieff, one Trapp publicly boasted "he would soon make the prisoner speak in all tongues," a boast which he would undoubtedly have tried to execute but for the threats of the Nihilist Committee, who so effectively intimidated the prison authorities that Solovieff was "only hanged." "We willingly risk our lives," a Russian exile said to me lately; "we die gladly in our cause: the only thing we do fear is the torture. Most of us carry poison: but this is now so well known that doctors are always in attendance to administer antidotes at the first sign of poison having been taken."

Projected Improvements at Montreal.

A GIGANTIC scheme of harbor improvements, costing about $7,000,000, has just been launched at Montreal, and if carried out, even in a modified form, will make Montreal one of the finest harbors on this continent. The plan originated with and was submitted to the Board of Trade by James Shearer, who is a practical mechanic and a leading manufacturer of old standing in the city. Mr. Shearer's plan is to divert the current of the St. Lawrence opposite the city into the channels between St. Helen's Island and the southern shore, and this he proposes to do by having various obstructions removed from this channel, and running a dam or "peninsula," as he calls it, from Point St. Charles to the west end of the city to St. Helen's Island, midway in the river, thus stopping the current from running through the present main channel between the city and St. Helen's Island. The practical advantages that will accrue to the city and harbor from the carrying out of this project are several. In the first place the dam will prevent the shoving of ice opposite the city, and the consequent flooding of the Griffintown district, which is annually very destructive to property and will make of this a still-water harbor. It is estimated that the construction of the dam, which would be 2,700 feet long and 900 feet broad, would raise the water two feet in the river, and lower it ten feet in the harbor. This would give a head of twenty-five feet for mills, elevators and factories, and the transportation of freight. The dam would afford a roadway across the river, upon the construction of a bridge from St. Helen's Island to St. Lambert, thus removing the necessity of a tunnel. This could be utilized for a railway, a road for carriages and foot passengers. These are the main results anticipated from the carrying out of the project.

FUN.

WOMAN is the Flora and man the fawner of creation.

THE grub makes the butterfly when the grub is hot biscuit.

"SWANS sing before they die." They have to if they sing at all.

COAL is so black that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.

MUCH as he loves roast beef, John Bull is continually getting into an Irish stew.

IT is said that King Alphonso's palace had hanging in the front window a sign inscribed: "Boy Wanted."

THE young woman who witnessed her young man carried away by a balloon saw her beau of promise in the sky.

IT strikes one just a little odd to hear an orator surrounded by a halo of Chinese lanterns pour out invectives against Chinese cheap labor.

EXCITED OLD OFFICER (to new footman): "Now, Patrick, call me a cab." *Pat* (who thinks this a dodge to try his sincerity): "Och, no, your honor. It's not meself that'll be calling you names, at all!"

"ANYTHING new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes, replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edging his way towards the door: "That paint you are leaning against."

COUNTRY BANKER (to shaky customer): "Are you aware, Mr. Scollvan, that your account is overdrawn a hundred or so?" *Scollvan*: "Certainly I am, sir. Don't bother me about such trifles! I don't go howling about the country when you've a hundred or so of mine! Your information is superfluous either way! Good-morning, sir!"

"WHY didn't you mend my book-strap, mother?" asked a boy of twelve. "I couldn't, George," replied his mother; "I had company this afternoon, and had no time." George bore his disappointment as bravely as he could, but he was heard to mutter between his teeth: "I notice that I have to do my work just the same, no matter how many fellers come to see ma."

IT was his first appearance at church, and in order that he might sit perfectly still and keep his little chatter between his teeth, he was told that a big dog would bite him if he didn't keep that quiet. The little fellow cast several glances up and down the aisle, and at last, just in the most interesting part of the minister's prayer, startled the congregation by piping up: "Mamma, where is the dog?"

A PROMISING youth recently surprised his father by asking: "Father, do you like mother?" "Why, yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many a time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly, she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked: "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

ON his way to his apartments he stopped under the window of a pawnbroker on Sixth Avenue, and with violent knocking and shouts, attracted the attention of that estimable tradesman who, putting his head out of the window, fretfully asked the business of his visitor. "I want to know the time," cried the curator. "What do you mean by waking me up to ask such a stupid question?" roared the pawnbroker. "Stupid question!" howled the curator, clinging to a lamp-post. "I like that. Where else should I ask for the time—haven't you got my watch?"

SEVERAL days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice, down the country, on a charge of killing a man and stealing a mule. "Wall," said the justice, "de facks in dis case shall be weighed with carefulness, an' ef I hang yer, taint no fault ob mine." "Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me." "Dat sort o' work 'longs ter de nuigier justice, but yer see I'se been put on a special. A special hez de right ter make a mouf at a s'preme court of he chooses." "Do the best for me you can, judge." "Dat's what I'se gwine ter do. I'se got two kinds ob law in dis court—de Arkansaw an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right ter choose for hisself. Now, whut law does yer want, de Texas or de Arkansaw?" "I believe I'll take the Arkansaw." "Well, in dat case, I'll dismiss yer fur stealin' de mule—" "Thank you, judge." "An hang yer for killin' de man." "I believe, judge, that I'll take the Texas." "Wall, in dat case, I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man—" "You have a good heart, judge." "An' hang yer fur stealin' de mule. I'll jis take de 'casion fresh ter remark dat de only diff'rence 'tween de two laws is de way yer state der case."

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

IMPURE BLOOD, General Debility, Scrofula Erysipelas, Pimples, Carbuncles, Unhealing Sores, and other diseases demanding a treatment essentially Tonic, Absorbent, Alterative, Blood Cleansing, Blood Making, and Health Restoring, yield readily to that most perfect and elegant of medicinal preparations, DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M. D., 1,117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE should be used when your brain is tired from over-exertion.

THE ST. NICHOLAS is one of the best conducted and most universally popular hotels in the United States. The policy of the management is broad and generous, and of a kind that gives full equivalent for the standard of prices.

GUTEKUNST, the photographer of Philadelphia, has just issued a large phototype of all the members of the late Pan-Presbyterian Council, which will be of permanent value to persons interested in that notable gathering.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers,
AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS,
And other desirable Investment Securities,
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Buy and sell all issues of Government Bonds, in large or small amounts, at current market prices, and will be pleased to furnish information in reference to all matters connected with investments in Government Bonds.

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Buy and sell all marketable Stocks and Bonds on commission, at the Stock Exchange and in the open market.

Receive accounts of Banks, Bankers, Merchants and others, and allow interest on daily balances; and for those keeping accounts with us we collect United States coupons, and registered interest, and other coupons, dividends, etc., and credit without charge.

☞ We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks, and other securities.

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

No. 1313.—Vol. LI. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1880. [Price 10 Cents.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT WORK OF THE STATE COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION—SUPERINTENDENT JACKSON LISTENING TO THE COMPLAINTS OF EMIGRANTS IN HIS OFFICE, CASTLE GARDEN.—See Page 201.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

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THE EQUILIBRIUM OF PARTIES.

A RECENT British reviewer, in commenting on the oscillations of political power in England, and on the uncertain tenure by which the Liberal Party holds its nominal majority in Parliament, explains both of these phenomena by referring them to the present unnatural distribution of political forces between the two great historical parties which divide the suffrages of the English people. By this "unnatural distribution of political forces" between the so-called Conservative and Liberal parties of Great Britain he means that in these parties, as to day constituted, there are a great many real Liberals who are politically ranked with the Conservatives, and a great many real Conservatives who are politically ranked with the Liberals.

It does not require much insight into the constitution of the Republican and Democratic parties, as they exist at the present time in the United States, to discern in them the traces of the same unstable equilibrium resulting from the same cause. On the two great leading questions of public policy which call for the most immediate action in Congress—the currency and the tariff—we find, with regard to the first of the topics, a great many Democrats who are as sound in their views as the best of the Republicans, and a few Republicans who are as unsound in their opinions as the worst of the Democrats; while, with regard to the second of these topics, we find a great many Republicans who are as much in favor of a revision of the tariff on revenue principles as the most enlightened of the Democrats, and a great many Democrats who are as much in favor of a tariff for protection as the most determined advocate of protection in the Republican ranks.

This unnatural distribution of political forces is partly advantageous and partly injurious in its consequences. Among its advantages we may cite the fact that it offers a safeguard against sudden and radical changes, whichever of the two parties, in the mutations of power, may be charged with the administration of the Government. For instance, if in the recent Presidential election the Democratic Party had been successful in both the Executive and Legislative branches, we might have still felt reasonably sure that the hard-money wing of the party, in conjunction with the Republican minority in Congress, would have been strong enough to prevent legislation in the interest of the "flat money" Democrats. In like manner, the Protectionist wing of the Democrats in alliance with the Protectionist forces in the Republican ranks would have been strong enough to defeat a radical revision of the tariff in the interest of "revenue only"—much more, a revision in the interest of theoretical Free Trade. And, as it is, with the Republicans retained in the Executive administration of the Government, and with a small Republican majority in the popular branch of Congress, we may be sure that Republicans like Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, and his coadjutors in the House of Representatives, will side with the soft-money Democrats in opposing necessary legislation for the settlement of our currency on a sound and permanent gold basis; and we may be equally sure that Republican revenue reformers in the West will be ready to unite with the great body of the revenue reformers in the Democratic ranks for the purpose of defeating the extreme views and pretensions of the Republican protectionists, who are likely to claim the result of the recent election as being favorable to the policy of protection. Between Republican revenue reformers uniting with Democratic revenue reformers on the one hand, and Democratic protectionists uniting with Republican protectionists on the other, it is probable that changes in the direction of free trade or in the direction of protection will be reduced to a minimum. And hence the ground of our remark that the existing unnatural distribution of political forces between these two parties has at least the advantage of preventing sudden and radical changes in the economical policy of the country, where sudden and radical changes are greatly to be deprecated.

But this negative advantage, great as it is, is also counterbalanced by some very positive disadvantages. A want of definition in the political forces which must needs be combined in order to effect a given object makes their combination difficult, and so tends to prevent the accomplishment of even such changes as may be the most desirable. For instance, if all the Republicans in the next House of Representatives should be like-minded with President Garfield, and with such enlightened Republican Representatives as Mr. Morton, of New York City, it would not be at all difficult to pass a Bill for the suspension of the coinage of the depreciated silver dollar, as well as for the cancellation of the greenbacks as fast as they are received at the Treasury, *and to pass such a Bill as a Republican measure.* But it is more than probable that, with the opposition of Mr. Kelley and his Republican sympathizers, such a Bill, if passed at all in the House of Representatives, would depend for its passage on the co-operation of the hard-money Democrats, as it would certainly depend on the co-operation of the hard-money Democrats for its passage through the Senate. Thus, the most necessary and desirable changes in the financial policy of the country are compelled to run the gantlet of four parties instead of two—the hard-money Republicans, the hard-money Democrats, the soft-money Republicans and the soft-money Democrats, to say nothing of the Greenbackers, who, happily, are reduced to such a paucity of numbers that they may be practically left out of account in our composition of political forces, unless, indeed, the equilibrium of forces between the Democrats and Republicans should be so evenly poised as to give to the small Greenback fraction a political weight greatly in excess of its numerical force. In this event the unnatural distribution of our political forces would work very disastrously to the prevention of the most expedient legislation. And the same argument, *mutatis mutandis*, would equally hold good in regard to changes which are required in order to bring our tariff schedules into a greater correspondence with the economic wants of the country and with the principles of public justice.

Another disadvantage resulting from the present mixture of our political forces is that it tends to complicate the problem of government by parties. Where the alignment of parties presents a ragged front it is not easy for the people to perceive the real order of battle, or to hold the different divisions marshaled on the battlefield to their proper measure of responsibility for the result of a political campaign. The sterility of politics—except for purposes of futile contention—in a country torn by factions, finds its explanation in the fact that in the medley and muddle of political opinions no predominant public sense can come to the surface, while, at the same time, no particular party or faction can be held responsible for the failure. Hence, for the purpose of giving clearness to our political discussions, as also for the purpose of giving efficiency and timeliness to needed measures of public policy, it seems to us very desirable that the vacillation and irresolution resulting from the present unnatural distribution of forces between the Republican and the Democratic parties should come to an end, and that new political configurations should bring the constituents of both of these parties into a more definite correspondence with the ideas and policies they are historically supposed to represent. In a word, there is room for a new crystallization which shall give greater internal coherence to the political organization of each, and thereby improve at once the methods and the results of our periodical political agitations.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF CO-OPERATION.

IN spite of all that may be said to the contrary, it may be doubted whether America is prepared for the sort of co-operation advocated by Tom Hughes and others. It certainly seems idle to hope for the development of such institutions upon American soil as the co-operative societies of England, the most successful of which have grown up from the smallest beginnings. The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers started with a capital formed by weekly subscriptions of three pence, and was months in reaching the sum of $140, with which the co-operative store was started. It would be altogether vain to expect of American workingmen the long, consistent course of petty frugality which went to make that capital, and to which, with wise leadership, the Rochdale society owes it that, during thirty-four years, the sales of the business amounted, up to 1878, to about $165,000,000, and the profits divided among the members to nearly $9,000,000.

That co-operation has many advantages to offer there can be no question. Chiefest among them, perhaps, would be one which Mr. Hughes pointed out in his recent address in New York City—the harmony which would be created between employer and employé, by teaching the latter some of the difficulties of the former. Strikes would, of course, be abolished, more thorough work would be done, waste and loss of tools and material done away with when once the laborer had an interest in saving and careful work, and frugality would be promoted by the knowledge that there was a good and safe investment at hand for even the smallest sums.

To these unquestionable advantages co-operation adds a claim to others which are more doubtful. There are at present three functions in industrial society, namely, labor, employer, capital. The first and last are universally conceded to be essential, but it has long been the grievance of labor that the second, which seems less important, absorbs the bulk of the profits of business. The wages of capital, considered by itself, are moderate, and fixed by the same law of supply and demand which governs those of labor; it is capital joined to enterprise—in other words, the *entrepreneur*, the employer, who receives the enormous profits which excite the jealousy of the laboring class; and it is the beautiful dream of co-operation, by uniting the two functions of labor and employer in one, to secure to the former the enormous gains which now accrue to the latter.

The trouble with this theory is that it doesn't work. Societies of distribution do succeed under associate management, but it is essential to societies of production and of credit, upon which co-operation must depend for investment of surplus capital acquired by the societies of distribution, that they should be managed by a single person, and that a man of uncommon ability and of exceptional training. Thoroughly familiar with the laws which govern trade, wise to discern and bold to embrace opportunity, prophetic in vision, daring in emergency, undaunted in peril, must be the man who, in these days of distant markets and eager competition, would guide a great manufacturing or financial establishment to success. Not to manage such a business well is to manage it very ill: there is scarcely a middle path between great profits and utter loss.

Such a man, it is needless to say, will scarcely be found among the laboring classes, and it is doubtful whether it is possible for any man to bring to the service of others, for wages, those rare and commanding abilities which come only with great personal responsibilities and imminent personal risk. To this difficulty, doubtless, are owing the long list of failures in co-operative enterprise, not only in America, but in England and on the continent of Europe. In spite of the encouraging figures given by Mr. Hughes, co-operation has not worked well on the whole in those countries. It remains to be seen whether he is correct in thinking that the hour has arrived for establishing it in this country upon a new and permanent basis.

THE SOUTH AND THE ELECTION.

THE comments of representative Southern journals on the result of the recent election, as shown by extracts given in another column, are characterized by a moderation of tone at once gratifying and unexpected. While there is a feeling of profound disappointment at the defeat of General Hancock, there is not the slightest disposition to question the result as decisive and final. The dominant feeling seems to be that the party failure is due to the want of a courageous and definite policy acceptable to the great mass of conservative voters, and to the low methods upon which the campaign was conducted by the party leaders—methods which appealed to prejudice and passion rather than to high considerations of principle and to the loftier impulses of the citizen. Quite generally the result is accepted as putting an end to the supremacy of the Bourbon element in the party, and as disintegrating "the Solid South" as a coherent political factor.

Concerning the proposition, started here by a few malcontent party managers, that, on the ground of wholesale frauds, the electoral vote of New York should be thrown out and General Hancock declared elected President by the House of Representatives, not a single public man or respectable newspaper of the South, so far as we have observed, has given it the slightest sanction. To the people of that section, just recovering from the wastes and desolations of civil war, the prospect of anarchy and revolution has no alluring charm. Senator Ben Hill of Georgia expresses what is no doubt the prevailing sentiment of the great body of Southern voters when he says, in a letter just published:

"I see a movement to make an issue on the result in New York, with a view to defeat Garfield in the count by Congress. There would be great danger of this but for one fact, and that one fact is the South will not countenance it. The Republican Party will take the Presidency peaceably because the South wills it, and at the next election the leaders of that party will tell the people from every stump and pulpit in the North that the South must not be trusted! Nevertheless, we shall avert all resolution, not to win Republican praise, or to avoid Republican abuse—for either is impossible—but solely because it is right, and we are determined to preserve the peace of the country."

The feeling of the more intelligent politicians of the South as to the President-elect is also expressed, no doubt, in these words of Senator Hill, quoted from the same letter:

"I really like Garfield. I do sincerely hope he will have a successful administration. He has the ability for the crisis. He must feel keenly the fact that he is elected solely by Northern votes. But he has a great opportunity, and he can—if he will—easily and consistently destroy all sectional animosities and solidities, and be chosen for a second term by a majority of States, North and South. This opportunity is far greater than the office itself, and if utilized will give him a fame which the office could not give and which no previous President attained."

The country may dismiss all fears as to any serious attempt to disturb the electoral count. Such an attempt will not command the approval of any respectable Democrat at the North, and it is already branded at the South with condemnation and contempt. If the dominant party, dismissing all sectional antagonisms, shall use its power wisely, addressing itself to the consideration of practical questions of business policy and reform in administrative methods, we may hope that the issue of the recent contest will prove in the broadest sense a real beneficence, constituting the starting-point of an era of genuine concord and solid prosperity throughout all our borders.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE recent news from abroad is more than usually interesting. In London the banquet at the Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, Nov. 9th, was followed by the speech of Mr. Gladstone, the Premier, who tersely outlined the policy of the Government. He was listened to with great attention, for both home and foreign affairs are in no pleasant position for the tight little island. All the leading diplomatists were present. Mr. Gladstone said that, although the Zulu war was fortunately ended, there was no end to the hostilities at the Cape. The Basutos are in arms, and while the English have inflicted several defeats upon them, still these wild tribes are constantly harassing the colonists, and active steps are being taken to bring the Basutos to subjection. In India, affairs are more quiet, and the hopes of continued peace are so great that it has been found possible to reduce the army there by 30,000 men. In speaking of the Eastern question, Mr. Gladstone said that he had the strongest assurances from the Sultan that everything would be satisfactorily arranged. According to the Prime Minister, the policy of the Liberal Government, far from being opposed to Turkey, is most friendly to that country. It is the policy of the present Cabinet that makes the existence of Turkey possible, for it insists upon the fulfillment of international obligations and a fair treatment of all her subjects, Christian and Mussulman. He was obliged to allow that no progress had been made towards settling the question of the rectification of the Greek frontier. On this subject the English Government is unwilling to act by itself, and has done its best to bring about an amicable conclusion by the aid of the other great Powers. So far as can be learnt from Mr. Gladstone's speech, it is not the intention of the Government to take any active step on behalf of the Hellenes. But the main interest of the Prime Minister's address was to be found in his remarks upon Ireland. He said that the Government was willing to consider the present condition of the laws of Ireland and to make any reasonable alterations that might seem to it advisable. If the happiness of the people demanded any change in the laws, the Government would not scruple to ask Parliament to pass the necessary measures. But there are at the present moment many illegitimate influences at work, and the rights of the people were being interfered with in a most arbitrary manner. This state of things could not be tolerated, and the Government is prepared by strong measures to put an end to the present system of intimidation.

Since this speech of Mr. Gladstone's, a Cabinet Council has been held, and the Irish question thoroughly discussed. It is difficult to see how the Government can get along without the suspension of the *habeas corpus* Act. Probably if more energetic steps had been taken a few months ago things would never have come to the present dangerous crisis. It would most likely be wiser either to promise certain reforms or else to put down all revolutionary movements with a strong arm. Unfortunately, as it has turned out, the shilly-shally policy of the Liberals has failed in every detail, and the Government is blamed by both landlords and tenants.

The most curious outcome of the present movement is the attempt to relieve the siege which Mr. Boycott, a farmer in the County Mayo, has been subjected to. His laborers have been prevented from cutting his crops, and his social ostracism has been so complete that he has been almost starved out. Stimulated by subscriptions to that end, an armed expedition set out to his relief, and to cut the crops which are still standing. When news of this expedition came to the ears of the Government, it was deemed advisable to send troops to Ballinrobe, Mr. Boycott's place of residence, and thus prevent any outbreak. Infantry and cavalry were consequently dispatched to the scene, and when the Ulster expedition arrived at the railroad station they were met by a strong military escort. The natives, although much excited, and greeting the newcomers with hoots and yells, still were restrained from any open act of aggression. The expedition is lodged on Mr. Boycott's farm

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and promises to remain, not only to cut and garner his crops, but also to till the ground and sow the seed for those of next year. This case of intimidation is by no means unusual, and the Irish journals are every day full of reports of horrible agrarian outrages.

The difficulties of the English Government are almost rivaled by those of M. Ferry's Cabinet in France, when the Chambers met. A proposition made by the Ministers to discuss the Educational Bill before all other matters was negatived by an overwhelming vote, and M. Jules Ferry and his colleagues sent in their resignation to President Grévy. The course of events which led to this is not difficult to understand. M. Ferry succeeded M. de Freycinet because the latter was unwilling to carry out the "anti-religious communities decrees" in all their harshness, and it was understood that M. Ferry would do so. As soon as he came into power he set all the police machinery throughout the country into play. The religious orders were ruthlessly driven from their homes. The monks protested and claimed their rights as citizens, but it was of no avail. The peasantry saw the men whom they had been brought up to respect treated as so many malefactors. The natural reaction ensued and a general sentimental feeling arose. Many persons in authority resigned their offices rather than carry out the decrees, and the monks were considered to be martyrs suffering in the cause of religion. Meantime, the Ministers saw that it would not do to insist upon the expulsion of the female communities, and they halted in their career. This was the position when the Chambers met. On the one hand, the Right, the Bonapartists, and the Legitimists were arrayed against the Ministry for pressing the decrees as far as they had done. On the other hand, the Extreme and Advanced Left were indignant that the decrees had not been carried out in their entirety. It was the old story, and the Ferry Ministry, between two stools, fell to the ground with a pretty heavy whack. The Ministry resigned, and the President declared his intention of dissolving the Chamber if Gambetta did not agree to form a Ministry. This did not suit the views of the great Tribune, and he put himself to work to arrange for a vote of confidence in Jules Ferry, who was persuaded to withdraw his resignation for the time. Two days afterwards the Chambers again met, and a vote of confidence was passed by an enormous majority. The secret of the situation is to be found in the fact that Gambetta desires to control politics but is unwilling to become premier, knowing full well that any failure he might make in that capacity would irretrievably ruin his chances of in time gaining the Presidency, which is, of course, his great aim. The latest reports indicate that the Ferry Cabinet will soon come to an end, despite the vote of confidence.

OUR COAST DEFENSES.

THE report of the Chief of Engineers of the Army, just published, exhibits in a striking manner the utter worthlessness of our sea-coast defenses. In the event of war with a maritime nation, its cruisers and war-vessels could run into our harbors at will, and, without landing a man, could either destroy the property along our shores or lay our cities under contribution. "We have a seacoast line of more than three thousand miles in extent on the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, and one thousand miles on the Pacific, not including Alaska, along both of which lie scattered all the great cities, all the depots of commerce, all the establishments of naval construction, outfit and repair, and towns, villages and establishments of private enterprise without number. The accurate detailed charts of our harbors and channels, published by the United States Coast Survey, are accessible to all nations, and are doubtless in their possession. There are foreign military and naval depots and arsenals in close proximity to our shores, and the arrival of armed vessels would follow in a few days or even hours the declaration of war." To meet the assaults of fast-running, sea going armored ships—ships clad with from six to twenty-four inches of iron armor, carrying rifled guns from nine to seventeen-inches bore, which are more powerful than any gun we have in our service—we have only the feeblest armament, while nearly all our existing fortifications are antiquated and incapable of effective resistance. The report of General Wright does not exaggerate the importance of positive and vigorous action looking to the establishment of a through system of defense, and it is to be hoped that Congress will no longer delay the necessary steps in that direction.

THIS is the way the New York *Sun* puts it: "General Garfield is legally elected. If he lives till March 4th, 1881, he will be inaugurated. Then and thereafter we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that the White House has an occupant who was elected. New York was counted for Hancock before election day, largely on the strength of Mr. Kelly's protestations. Since election day, and on the strength of cold facts, it has been counted for Garfield. It is not likely to be counted for Hancock again at present."

AND now Mr. Richard Grant White, having demolished our public school system, has undertaken to show that "in New York society, as a refining, cultivating, humanizing influence, has ceased to exist." This overthrow of our social culture is due, he argues, to the intrusion of large numbers of "Hibernian gentlemen" who, we are left to suppose, have gone about with their shillelahs on their shoulders, trampling under foot everywhere all obnoxious "humanizing and refining influences." It is evident that Mr. White either sees New York "society" from a very secluded corner, or is so given over to delusions as to be unable to see anything as it really is. It is a clear case for the fool-killer.

HON. WILLIAM B. FRYE, of Maine, is spoken of in connection with the Speakership of the next House of Representatives. Mr. Frye has had a large Congressional experience, is a thorough master of parliamentary law, possesses popular manners joined to great decision of character, and would undoubtedly fill acceptably the position which, in recent times, has been graced by Mr. Blaine and Mr. Randall. There are those, however, who think that his true place is in the Senate, from which Mr. Hamlin will retire with the coming Winter, after a service of over thirty years.

CAPTAIN PAYNE, who has headed two prospecting expeditions into the Indian Territory, has published a "proclamation" giving notice that a third expedition will start at once from Wichita, Kansas, with a view of settling upon the ceded lands of Oklahoma, and inviting all persons desiring to join the enterprise to come prepared with the implements essential to pioneer settlement. As this movement is in violation of law and of the plighted faith of the nation, the Government should see that it is averted, and the participants punished as they deserve, without the least delay.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is understood to have aspirations for the United States Senatorship; but it is not quite sure that the Republican politicians of Ohio will favor his election. He will certainly be antagonized by Governor Foster, who also has Senatorial aspirations; by Stanley Matthews and others, all of whom have active supporters; and as the case now stands, his chances cannot certainly be regarded as particularly flattering. Mr. Sherman has served the country with infinite credit and advantage as the head of the Treasury, and the President-elect could not, perhaps, do better than continue him in that position, thus insuring stability and unity in our financial policy, and escaping the hazards which might follow the application of new theories.

IT is said that the Republicans of the next Congress will adopt a new course of action as to disputed Congressional elections at the South. The plan is to send the election back to the people in every case where violence or any species of fraud can be clearly shown, and to continue thereafter to remand the case for a new election until a perfectly free and fair one has been held. The obvious objection to this plan is that it will practically deprive the disputed districts of representation in the House, and, however desirable it may be to cure disorders of the kind complained of where they actually exist, it is doubtful whether the remedy will be found in the disfranchisement of whole constituencies because of the offense of a few dishonest election officials.

PARTISAN committees are busily at work investigating the alleged election frauds in New York City, with a view of proving that General Garfield's vote was greatly swollen by fraudulent practices. So far, however, the evidence goes to show that the unexpected vote for the Republican candidates was due to a system of wholesale trading by the supporters of the Democratic municipal ticket, and to the fact that hundreds of citizens who have not been in the habit of voting, or have voted with the Democrats, this year cast their ballots for Garfield and Arthur. Doubtless there were irregularities here, as elsewhere, but no one party can be held exclusively responsible for them, and they do not at all account for the large reduction of the Democratic majority in the city and county.

THE expectation seems to be quite general that General Joseph R. Hawley will be elected United States Senator from Connecticut in place of Mr. Eaton. A better selection could not possibly be made. General Hawley is not only a man of high ability but of profound conscientiousness of purpose and stalwart independence of opinion—a man who squares his life by principle rather than by expediency, and who can be relied upon at all times to maintain inflexibly what he believes to be just and right. He is, moreover, a man of affairs, having served with distinguished honor in the House, and been prominently identified with the political movements of the last quarter of a century. His election to the Senate would be a credit to his State, and matter of congratulation to the whole country.

THERE is no reason why the coming session of Congress should not dispose of the question of the next apportionment of Representatives. The Superintendent of the Census will have the correct returns of the enumeration of the population of the United States prepared and ready to transmit to Congress by the 15th of December, and the reapportionment can be made without difficulty if the subject shall be taken up in earnest. Calculating upon the basis of the census returns already known, the New York *Times* concludes that if the present number of Congressmen remains unchanged the New England States will lose four Representatives and the Middle States six, while the South will gain three and the West seven. New York alone will lose three members, while Texas will gain that number; Pennsylvania will lose two and Ohio one. The gains at the South were not anticipated before the enumeration, but the truth is that many of the Southern States have taken a fresh and vigorous start, and are not only growing in population but increasing in all the elements of substantial business prosperity. Take South Carolina, for instance, which was for a long time a relatively decadent State. Within the last ten years its population has grown at a pace that cannot but excite surprise. From a total of 705,606 in 1870, the number has risen to 995,306 in 1880—an increase at the rate of 41.05 per cent., or considerably larger than the average rate for the whole country is likely to prove.

THE newspapers are already constituting General Garfield's Cabinet. We suspect that he will prefer to be consulted about the matter before announcing his appointments. He has never been in the habit of acting on other people's opinions, and he is not likely now to allow outsiders to choose his official advisers. One idea of the newspapers in this connection is certainly erroneous, if, indeed, it is not ridiculous, and that is that Senator Blaine will not receive any consideration at the hands of the incoming Administration. If there is any man who will be considered by General Garfield it is the Maine Senator between whom and himself the closest personal relations, based on genuine mutual esteem, have existed for years. Mr. Blaine is not likely to have any aspirations for a Cabinet place, but we venture to predict that if anybody shall be consulted as to the general make-up of the new Administration, his counsel will be quite as potent as that of any other public man.

THE organization of the next United States Senate is a subject of grave anxiety to the politicians. Assuming that California will elect a Republican and Tennessee a Democrat, the next Senate will stand thirty-seven Republicans, thirty-seven Democrats and two Independent Democrats—Senator Davis of Illinois and Senator Mahone of Virginia. Judge Davis, however, has invariably voted with the Democrats of late, and has announced himself as a Democrat. Should the Democrats refrain from voting, it will be seen that thirty-eight votes is the highest number, with Senator Mahone's help, that the Republicans can cast, which is one less than a quorum. Senator Grover of Oregon is an invalid, and may not be able to resume his seat, and Senator Lamar's absence from the same cause is also possible. Should Mahone act with the Democrats, of course the organization, with every member present, could be effected without difficulty, but there is a suspicion that he will not be in a hurry to make any alliance which would lose him the control of the patronage of Virginia. If that is assured him by the Republicans, it is not impossible that he may see his way clear to a practical co-operation with that party.

THERE were, possibly, a good many frauds practiced during the recent political canvass, but none was so utterly disgraceful as the forgery and circulation of the alleged Chinese letter of General Garfield. The confessions, last week, of two witnesses called by the supporters of the fraud prove conclusively that the whole thing was a deliberate conspiracy on the part of political trickaters, intent on achieving partisan ends by any means, no matter how disreputable. These witnesses, who had testified that the Morey letter was genuine, being confronted by evidence of the absolute falsity of many of their statements, finally confessed that they had perjured themselves, and implicated at least two prominent Democratic Electors as instigators of the fraud which they had undertaken to carry out. One of these witnesses is shown to have been a member of a gang of robbers who have been operating for several years in Maryland and elsewhere, and both seem to have been the willing instruments of the politicians who hatched the scheme for capturing the votes of workingmen by a forged letter. It seems to be clear that at least one of the witnesses was paid a sum of money by the Democratic National Committee for his services, and if this shall be established as a fact, the persons who paid the money, thereby becoming guilty of subornation of perjury, should be punished to the fullest extent of the law. It would be an outrage on justice to permit a single one of the actors in this plot to escape the penalty which their crime has invoked.

THE New York *Times* announces that it is proposed by a number of gentleman of both political parties to invite subscriptions to provide a perpetual fund whose annual income shall be enjoyed during life and non-holding of Federal office by the oldest ex-President of the United States. The minimum capital of the fund shall be $250,000, and its probable income not less than $12,500. The *Times* says:

"Already subscriptions to the amount of $90,000 have been guaranteed, and there is no reason, beyond the desirability of making the movement a popular one, why the whole amount should not be subscribed by twenty-five wealthy citizens of the United States. But it is very obviously desirable that a movement like this should be participated in by the whole people, that the quarter-dollar of the laborer should go to make up the fund as well as the $10,000 of the millionaire. We fully expect to see the aggregate subscription reach $300,000, and we trust that the number of those giving small sums will be no less remarkable than the munificence of those who are able to give large ones.

"It may be necessary to explain that the phrase, 'the oldest living ex-President of the United States,' means the ex-President whose incumbency is most distant in point of time, and that the plan does not, for the present at least, contemplate the enjoyment of a pension by more than one ex-President at a time. The fact that General Grant would, in all probability, be the first beneficiary of the contemplated trust does not, in the least, make it a movement in his special interest."

This movement should commend itself to the support of all classes in the community. In nearly every other country some adequate provision is made for men who have served the State conspicuously, and we have only too long constituted an exception to this proper rule. By all means, let us put ourselves right before the world in this particular as soon as possible.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

TEN cases of yellow fever and two deaths are reported from Key West, Fla.

THE epizooty has appeared in Dallas, Texas, and over a hundred fine horses have died of it.

THE customs revenue of the United States for the year ending June 30th was $186,522,064.

DENIS KEARNEY announces that he will hereafter keep out of politics and try to earn an honest living.

THE Alabama Legislature organized last week. The Governor's Message deals exclusively with State matters.

EIGHT men were burned to death at Bordell City, Pa., on November 10th, by an explosion of oil in a boarding-house.

THE town of Keatchie, La., was demolished by a cyclone, and a number of persons killed and injured, on November 10th.

THE New York Union League Club has adopted a resolution that none but Republicans shall hereafter be elected as members.

THE total shipments of grain from this port for the last ten months, including flour in bushels, reached 112,027,827 bushels.

SOME Anti-Tammany leaders propose a committee of seventy-five prominent Democrats to reorganize the party in New York City.

GENERAL GARFIELD has resigned his seat as a member of Congress, and an election to fill the vacancy will be held on the 30th instant.

THE National Triennial Congregational Convention met in St. Louis last week, with a large attendance. Dr. H. M. Dexter, of Boston, was elected moderator.

THIRTY-NINE warrants of arrests for offenses under the election laws have been issued by the United States officials in Charleston, S. C., against Democrats.

LIBBY PRISON, the building in which thousands of Federal soldiers were confined during the war, has been sold for $6,275 to a Richmond plug-tobacco manufacturer.

GOVERNOR CULLOM of Illinois has called in all the outstanding State bonds, which, when paid, will wipe out the State debt and leave $100,000 in the State treasury.

IT is said that Sitting Bull's band in the British possessions, some 200 in all, are in a destitute condition, and that they are prepared to surrender to the United States authorities.

GOVERNOR COLQUITT of Georgia was, on November 9th, inaugurated for the second term. The Governor's inaugural address shows that Georgia is more prosperous than ever before.

THE New York Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of a lower court declaring the city elevated railways to be subject to taxation as real estate. The tax now due amounts to $1,100,000.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S appearance at Booth's Theatre, in New York City, last week attracted an immense audience. The critics generally confirm the European estimate of her abilities as an artiste.

THE Ute Treaty Commissioners have paid the Southern Utes $25,000 of the appropriation made by Congress to liquidate old indebtedness, and will now go to Los Pinos to meet the remainder of the tribe.

FIVE citizens of Florida, in custody of a United States Marshal, on charges of illegal voting, were rescued by a masked mob one night last week, but subsequently surrendered themselves to the Federal authorities.

AN explosion of gas in the Ford Pit, at Stellarton, N. S., on Friday last, has probably caused the death of about forty-seven men. It is supposed that this number will be increased when all the bodies shall have been found.

A COMMITTEE of the New York Senate, appointed at the last session of the Legislature to investigate the working of the New York City departments with a view of instituting economic reforms, began its sessions in New York City last week.

THE cashier of the Bank of Bergen County and treasurer of the Bergen County Savings Bank, at Hackensack, N. J., has been discovered to be an embezzler of nearly $150,000 in cash and securities of the two corporations. Most of the money stolen was lost in speculation.

A NUMBER of Congressional districts chose Representatives at the recent election by very small majorities. In one Alabama district, the majority for the winning candidate was only 44. In California one Republican elector was chosen by 83 majority. The plurality for the Hancock electors being only 122.

THE General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its recent session in New York City, appropriated $565,884 for the missionary work, of which $299,174 is for the foreign field. An additional appropriation was made for the Church debt of $112,150, making a grand total, for which a call is to be made on the Church, of $778,034.

Foreign.

MR. WHEELER, a land agent, has been shot dead near Oola, in the County of Limerick.

FATHER ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI, a colaborer of Garibaldi, left England for New York last week.

IT is reported that some German bankers are investing their surplus funds in Panama Canal shares.

FIFTY thousand Welsh colliers have called a conference of all trades to take action with reference to free trade.

THE employers on the Clyde have agreed to an advance of 7½ per cent. in the wages of engineers and shipbuilders.

A PROCLAMATION is expected to be issued in Madrid November 28th, announcing the complete pacification of Cuba.

FIVE Nihilists have been condemned to death in St. Petersburg, eleven to the mines, and three women to penal servitude.

DERVISCH PASHA has ordered the Albanians to surrender Dulcigno or he will use force, and they ask a month in which to reply.

THERE was a large gathering of Irishmen in London Thursday night to greet Mr. Parnell, and many subscriptions were received.

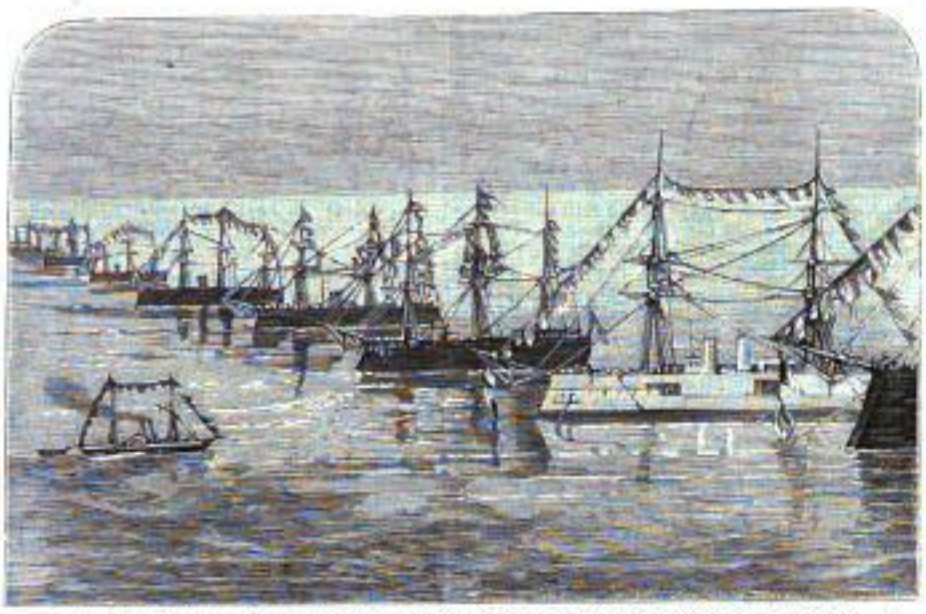
THE Canadian Premier has been asked to set aside 150,000 acres in Northwestern Canada for French settlers from Alsace and Lorraine.

IT is rumored in London that the Prince of Wales will himself shortly ask Parliament for a grant of money to help pay his debts, Mr. Gladstone having refused to recommend an appropriation for that purpose.

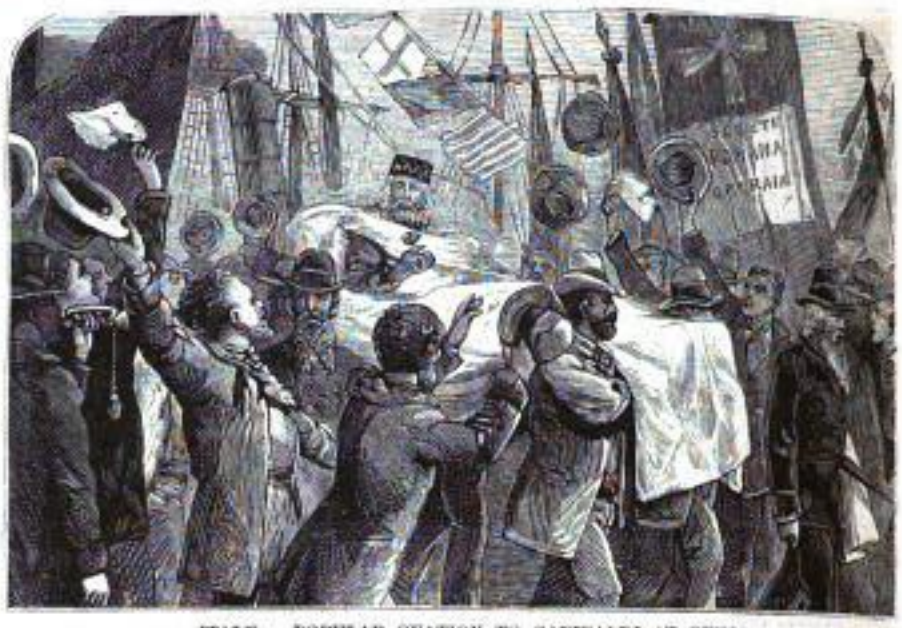
THE Sultan, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at Constantinople last week, said that, though he has a strong desire to settle all pending questions, he is more anxious to make internal improvements. It is said that satisfactory dispatches have passed between Constantinople and Vienna.

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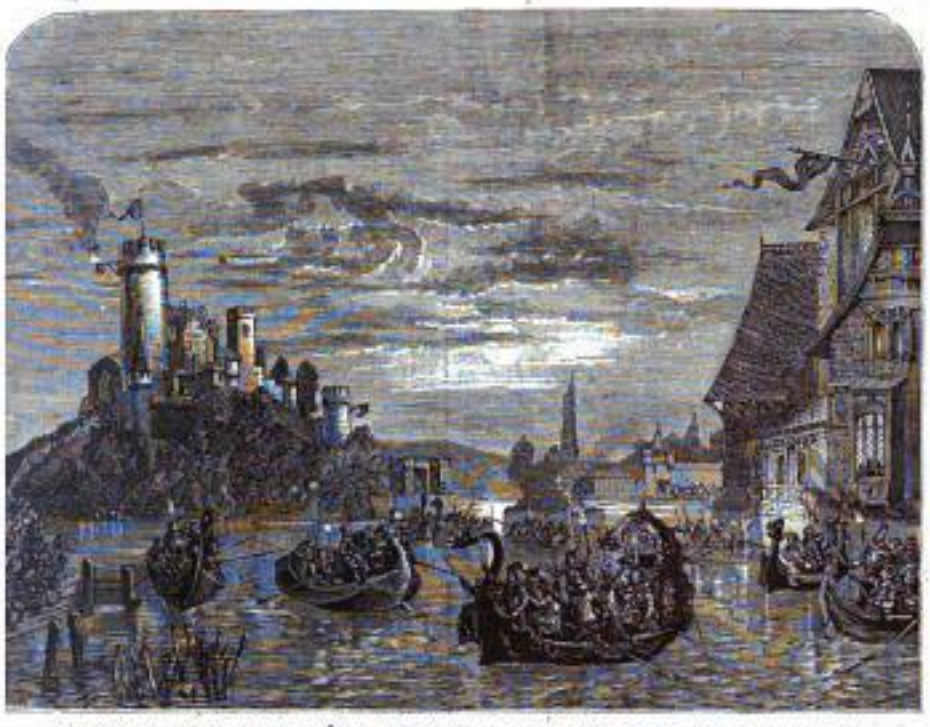
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 203.



THE ADRIATIC.—THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO VISITING THE ALLIED FLEET.



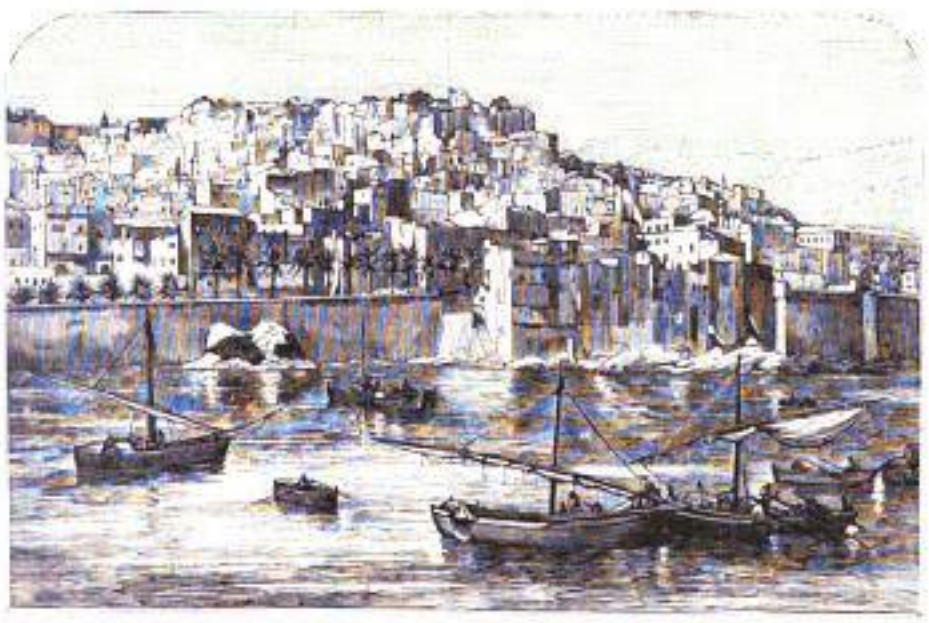
ITALY.—POPULAR OVATION TO GARIBALDI AT GENOA.



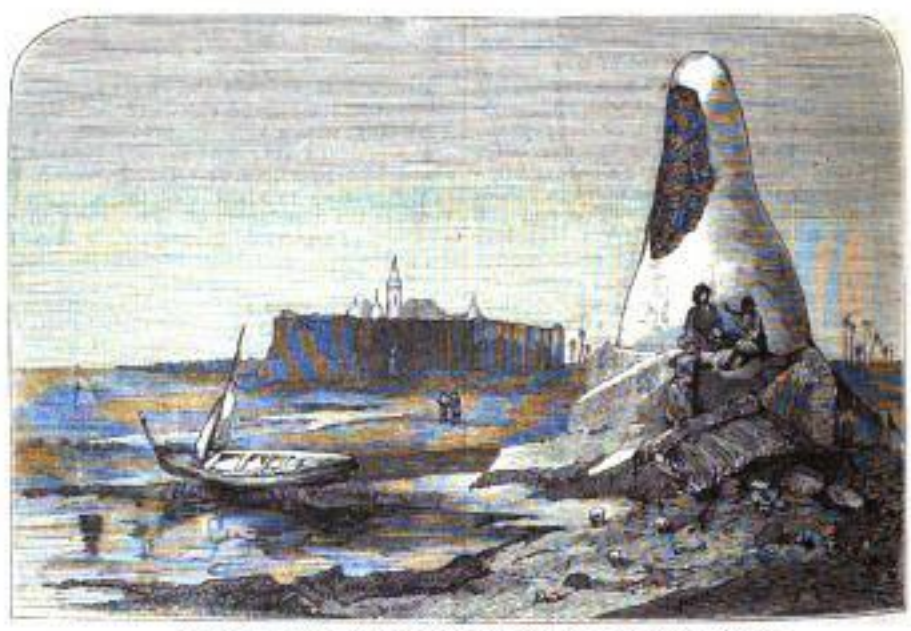
GERMANY.—THE WATER FÊTE GIVEN AT DUSSELDORF AFTER THE EXHIBITION.



POLAND.—NATIVES OF CRACOW ESCORTING THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



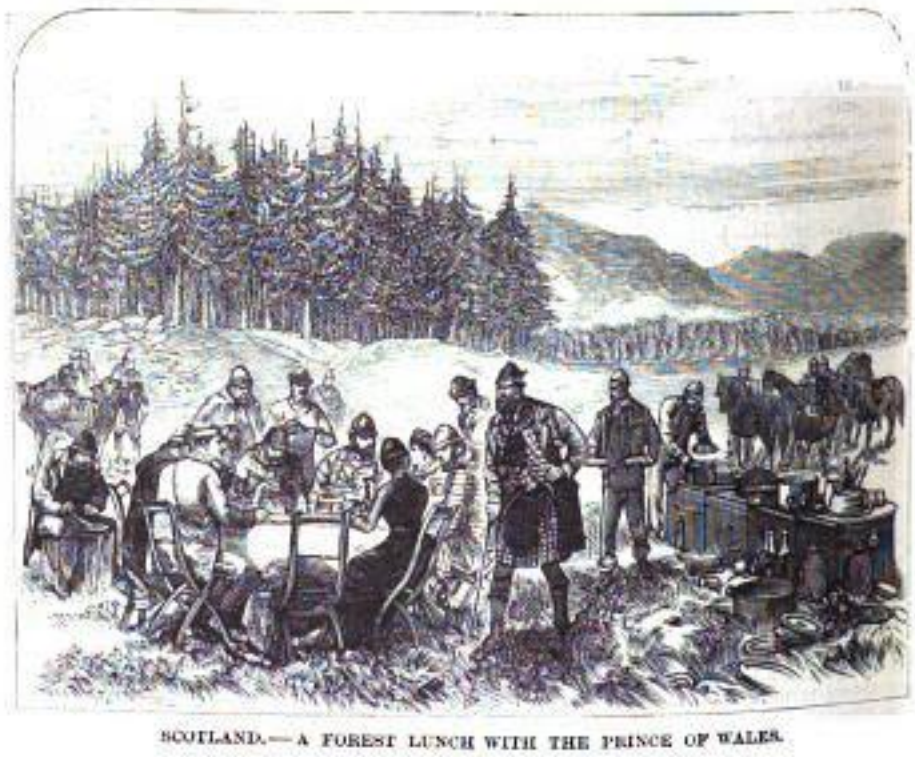
AFRICA.—THE CAPITAL OF THE FRENCH COLONY OF ALGERIA.



AFRICA.—THE PYRAMID OF SKULLS AT DJERBA, ALGIERS.



SCOTLAND.—THE QUEEN SKETCHING AT LOCH CALLATER.



SCOTLAND.—A FOREST LUNCH WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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IMMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE WORK OF THE STATE COMMISSIONERS.

I CROSSED the Battery Park upon a glorious, sunshiny morning of last week, and passing through a dense crowd of comfortably clad, clean, healthy and thrifty looking immigrants, speaking all the tongues that ever wagged at Babel, penetrated the precincts of Castle Garden. A very courteous official met me in the Rotunda, and, having informed him that I desired to see Mr. Henry J. Jackson, the Superintendent of the Commissioners of Emigration for the State of New York, I was shown up an iron staircase and through a large desk-laden office into a bright, cheery, oblong apartment, known as the Board Room, where I encountered the official of whom I was in quest—a bright-eyed, florid-faced, merry-looking gentleman, half way in the thirties.

"Here's more of it!" laughed Mr. Jackson, handing me an open letter. "Just read that; for, in addition to all my other duties, it would appear that I am a matrimonial agent." The letter ran:

"*November* 12*th*.

"MR. JACKSON—I take the liberty to write to you to ask you to do me a kindness by giving me the address of some Western gentleman, as I would like to send my address to some one who is of good moral character—a dark-complexioned man preferred. By sending my address to such a man would add to the happiness of my life: and please oblige a lonely girl who wishes to secure a husband.

"Address: MISS ROSALIND SWEETMAN,
"Henby, Pa."

"Bless you," said Mr. Jackson, "since ever a letter addressed to me from a German immigrant wanting a wife was published in the *Herald*, I have been besieged by letters from men and women. Look at this pile!" he exclaimed, flinging a great tied bundle of missives upon the table; "and this is only a fragmentary portion of what I receive."

After glancing over the contents of some of these letters, which were as quaint as they were straightforward and amusing, Mr. Jackson resumed:

"This year has proved the largest emigration year for a quarter of a century, and the class of immigrants is exceptionally good, the German element especially so, and indeed I can say the same for the Irish. Mr. Davitt, the Irish agitator, to whom I spoke the other day in reference to the cleanly and comfortable appearance of the Irish emigrants now arriving, laughingly remarked, 'Maybe it's because they have forgotten to pay the rent.' We have had as many as 8,000 emigrants to house in that Rotunda this season, while all our licensed boarding-houses were crammed to the uttermost limits of their capacity. This is our Board Room. The Board of Emigration Commissioners meets here and hold investigations."

"What is the nature of these investigations?" I asked.

"Principally inquiries into the want of civility of subordinate officers on board the steamers, and the quantity and quality of the food furnished."

The walls of the Board Room are adorned with rare old prints of Castle Garden and the Battery. One of these dates from the visit of Jenny Lind, and the name of the gifted *cantatrice* appears in large letters over the entrance to the Garden.

A very fine portrait of Governor Cornell occupies one wall, while photos of some of the ragged, homeless girls taken from the street-scrapings of Liverpool by Father Nugent, and brought out to Minnesota last year, teach a wondrous lesson, since in little less than a twelvemonth these girls, from being literally hatless and shoeless, are now gorgeously arrayed in those fallals so dear to the feminine heart, and earning from $10 to $12 per month.

"The routine of Castle Garden may be briefly summarized," observed Mr. Jackson. "After examination of their luggage on shipboard by the Customs officers, the immigrants are transferred to this landing depot, where they are received by the officers of the Commission, who enter in registers kept for the purpose all necessary particulars for their future identification. The names of such as have money, letters or friends awaiting them are called out, and they are put into immediate possession of the property, or committed to their friends, whose credentials have first been properly scrutinized. Such as desire can find clerks at hand to write letters for them in any European language, and a telegraph-operator within the depot to forward dispatches. Here, also, the main trunk lines of railway have offices, and while the immigrant can buy tickets and have his baggage weighed and checked, brokers are admitted under restrictions which make fraud impossible to exchange the foreign coin or paper of immigrants. A restaurant supplies them with plain food at moderate prices; a physician is in attendance for the sick: a temporary hospital ready to receive them until they can be conveyed to Ward's Island, where we have our chief hospital and its efficient and numerous staff. Those in search of employment are furnished it at the labor bureau connected with the establishment. Such as desire to start at once for their destination are sent to the railway or steamboat; while any who may choose to remain in the city are referred to boarding-house keepers admitted to the depot, whose charges are regulated under special license, and whose houses are kept under constant and rigid supervision by the Commission."

"Are these services rendered gratuitously, Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir. Without any fee or charge whatever to the immigrant."

At this moment some Suabian and Irish immigrants, who had just arrived, demanded a hearing, having a series of alleged grievances to bring before the Board. In a twinkling they were admitted, and as I quitted the Board Room the Irishman was engaged in stating his case with all the rhetoric for which his nation is so justly famous.



HENRY J. JACKSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BUREAU OF EMIGRATION, CASTLE GARDEN.

WHERE AMERICAN SHIPPING HAS GONE.

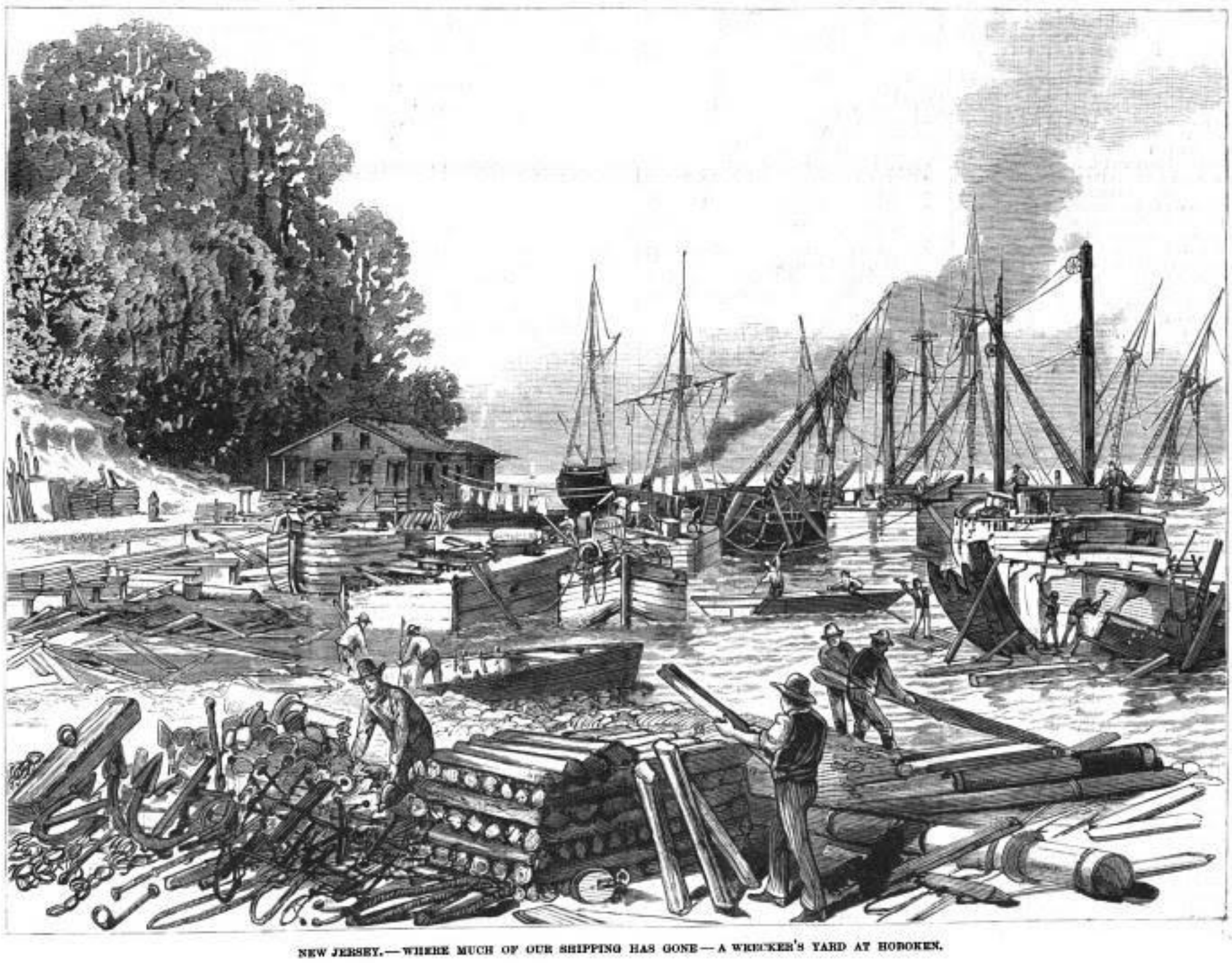
DURING the late campaign, political speakers made all possible capital out of the decline of American shipping. Audiences, more or less large, all over the country, were told how free trade and protection had driven the American merchantmen from the seas; how this kingdom and that empire had grown fat upon the profits of ocean freighters that in equity belonged to this country, and how Congressmen and everybody else were responsible for this deplorable condition of affairs. They asked, What has become of American shipping? And they answered, It has gone, it has disappeared. They directed the eye of the masses to Maine and inquired, Why are the shipyards closed? Why does not the merry ring of the hammer resound upon the ribs of oak as of yore? Then they said something about foreign competition and cheap labor, and got their hearers delightfully entangled amid "bottoms" and "registers" and "tonnage." Still none of the orators of the people indicated just where the shipping had gone. They acknowledged that there had been such things as American whalers and merchantmen, and, while claiming that they had gone, declined to say where or how.

Now, while the candidate and the orator were thus entertaining the enlightened masses, posing national conundrums to them but never vouchsafing the solution, we quietly undertook to discover the answer. And now that everybody has been elected who could be, and no one's chances can be in the least affected by our disclosures, we take pleasure in making known where a good portion of the great American shipping has gone. Not to the bottom, not to the skies, not burned by English rivals, not stealthily acquired by Russian agents. No, gentlemen of the national assemblies, and you of the political platform, you must look nearer home. Go at your leisure to Hoboken, and right beneath your nose you will find the solution to the enigma that has exercised statesmen for fifteen years. There is where our shipping has gone, decrepid with age and long service, veterans of the seas and gales. And there let them be disintegrated, that in their last employments they may still prove of practical utility to the masses, without fear of the bugbears of free trade and protection.

AFTER THE NAVAL REVIEW.

AFTER various postponements, the official review of the vessels belonging to the North Atlantic fleet, consisting of seven cruising and four training ships, began at Fortress Monroe on November 10th. On the day previous the *Tennessee* gave a reception and dance, which was largely attended by visitors and the ladies of the squadron there and of the garrison.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Cabinet



NEW JERSEY.—WHERE MUCH OF OUR SHIPPING HAS GONE—A WRECKER'S YARD AT HOBOKEN.

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meeting on the 9th all the members present, excepting Secretary Sherman, took carriages at the Executive Mansion and drove to the wharf, where they boarded the United States steamer *Dispatch* and proceeded to Hampton Roads. Mrs. Hayes and her daughter, Miss Fanny Hayes, occupied the President's carriage, and President Hayes, Mr. Webb Hayes and Secretary Thompson occupied the carriage of the latter. The United States steamer *Tallapoosa* left in the afternoon for Hampton Roads with the heads of bureaus of the Navy Department and other Government officials on board.

On the arrival of the *Dispatch* and *Tallapoosa* at the Roads on Monday morning, a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the flag ship *Tennessee*, her yards being manned, as were those of the other ships of the fleet, while a torpedo salute was fired in shoal water along the beach by the officers and crew of the *Tuskarora*. Each successive torpedo as it exploded threw up a lofty column of spray, which in descending formed a beautiful rainbow.

At ten o'clock the commanding officers of the eleven ships to be reviewed went over in their gigs to be presented to the President and Cabinet officers upon the *Dispatch*. The commanding officers who paid their respects were Captains Luce of the *Minnesota*, Braine of the *Pawnee*, Harmony of the *Tennessee*, Stanton of the *Constellation*, and Meade of the *Vandalia*; Commanders Yates of the *Alliance*, O'Kane of the *Guard*, Picking of the *Kearsarge*, Miller of the *Yantic*, Evans of the *Saratoga*, and Crowninshield of the *Portsmouth*. The *Minnesota*, the *Constellation*, the *Saratoga* and the *Portsmouth* are the training-ships for boys. The first has 291 of these apprentices, the second 167, the third 121, the fourth 124. To display the progress of these young sailors, and to demonstrate the efficiency of this training system in securing American crews for American ships of war, is a prime object of this system of naval reviews.

The exercises ordered for the occasion were as follows:

First—Inspection, clearing ship for action, general quarters, target practice with great guns, abandoning ship, fire quarters.

Second—Exercises of sails, boat exercise and torpedo practice.

Third—Landing for review, infantry, artillery and hospital service.

Fourth—Making sail and getting under way.

It was expected that the President would be honored with a grand display of fireworks from the fleet, but the rain prevented. The ball, however, took place, and was as brilliant as all naval balls are.

Having given detailed illustrations of the manœuvres at the review last year, which were on the same general plan, we now report pictorially an incident that occurred in the evening, showing the method of collecting the straggling sailors who had been granted short leave, and exceeded both their time and their disciplinary instructions.

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PRIEST OR THE WOMAN?

LORD LORING hurried away to his dressing-room. "I won't be more than ten minutes," he said, and left Romayne and Stella together.

She was attired with her customary love of simplicity. White lace was the only ornament on her dress of delicate silvery gray. Her magnificent hair was left to plead its own merits, without adornment of any sort. Even the brooch which fastened her lace pelerine was of plain gold only. Conscious that she was showing her beauty to the greatest advantage in the eyes of a man of taste, she betrayed a little of the embarrassment which Romayne had already noticed at the moment when she gave him her hand. They were alone; and it was the first time she had seen him in evening dress.

It may be that women have no positive appreciation of what is beautiful in form and color, or it may be that they have no opinions of their own when the laws of fashion have spoken. This at least is certain, that not one of them in a thousand sees anything objectionable in the gloomy and hideous evening costume of a gentleman in the nineteenth century. A handsome man is, to their eyes, more seductive than ever in the contemptible black coat and the stiff white cravat which he wears in common with the servant who waits on him at table. After a stolen glance at Romayne, Stella lost all confidence in herself—she began turning over the photographs on the table.

The momentary silence which followed their first greeting became intolerable to her. Rather than let it continue, she impulsively confessed the uppermost idea in her mind when she entered the room.

"I thought I heard my name when I came in," she said. "Were you and Lord Loring speaking of me?"

Romayne owned without hesitation that they had been speaking of her.

She smiled, and turned over another photograph. But when did sun pictures ever act as a restraint on a woman's curiosity? The words passed her lips in spite of her. "I suppose I mustn't ask what you were saying?"

It was impossible to answer this plainly without entering into explanations from which Romayne shrank. He hesitated.

She turned over another photograph.

"I understand," she said. "You were talking of my faults." She paused, and stole another look at him. "I will try to correct my faults if you will tell me what they are."

Romayne felt that he had no alternative but to tell the truth—under certain reserves. "Indeed, you are wrong," he said. "We were talking of the influence of a tone, or a look, on a sensitive person."

"The influence on me?" she asked.

"No. The influence which you might exercise on another person."

She knew perfectly well that he was speaking of himself. But she was determined to feel the pleasure of making him own it.

"If I have any such influence as you describe," she began, "I hope it is for good?"

"Certainly for good."

"You speak positively, Mr. Romayne. Almost as positively—only that can scarcely be—as if you were speaking from experience."

He might still have evaded a direct reply, if she had been content with merely saying this. But she looked at him while she spoke. He answered the look.

"Shall I own that you are right?" he said. "I was thinking of my own experience yesterday."

She returns to the photographs. "It sounds impossible," she resumed softly. There was a pause. "Was it anything I said?" she asked.

"No. It was only when you looked at me. But for that look, I don't think I should have been here to day."

She shut up the photographs on a sudden, and drew her chair a little away from him.

"I hope," she said, "you have not so poor an opinion of me as to think I like to be flattered?"

Romayne answered with an earnestness that instantly satisfied her.

"I should think it an act of insolence to flatter you," he said. "If you knew the true reason why I hesitated to accept Lady Loring's invitation—if I could own to you the new hope for myself that has brought me here—you would feel, as I feel, that I have been only speaking the truth. I daren't say yet that I owe you a debt of gratitude for such a little thing as a look. I must wait till time puts certain strange fancies of mine to the proof."

"Fancies about me. Mr. Romayne?"

Before he could answer, the dinner bell rang. Lord and Lady Loring entered the library together.

The dinner having pursued its appointed course (always excepting the case of the omelette), the head servant who had waited at table was graciously invited to rest, after his labors, in the housekeeper's room. Having additionally conciliated him by means of a glass of rare liqueur, Miss Notman, still feeling her grievance as acutely as ever, ventured to inquire, in the first place, if the gentlefolks upstairs had enjoyed their dinner. So far, the report was, on the whole, favorable. But the conversation was described as occasionally flagging. The burden of the talk had been mainly borne by my lord and my lady, Mr. Romayne and Miss Eyrecourt contributing but little to the social enjoyment of the evening. Receiving this information without much appearance of interest, the housekeeper put another question, to which, judging by her manner, she attached a certain importance. She wished to know if the oyster-omelette, accompanying the cheese, had been received as a welcome dish, and treated with a just recognition of its merits. The answer to this was decidedly in the negative. Mr. Romayne and Miss Eyrecourt had declined to taste it. My lord had tried it, and had left it on his plate. My lady alone had really eaten her share of the misplaced dish. Having stated this apparently trivial circumstance, the head servant was surprised by the effect which it produced on the housekeeper. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with an appearance of unutterable enjoyment. That night there was one supremely happy woman in London. And her name was Miss Notman.

Ascending from the housekeeper's room to the drawing room, it is to be further reported that music was tried, as a means of getting through the time, in the absence of general conversation.

Lady Loring sat down at the piano and played as admirably as usual. At the other end of the room Romayne and Stella sat together, listening to the music. Lord Loring, walking backwards and forwards with a restlessness which was far from being characteristic of him in his after-dinner hours, was stopped when he reached the neighborhood of the piano by a private signal from his wife.

"What are you walking about for?" Lady Loring asked, in a whisper, without interrupting her musical performance.

"I'm not quite easy, my dear."

"Turn over the music. Indigestion?"

"Good heavens, Adelaide, what a question."

"Well, what is it, then?"

Lord Loring looked towards Stella and her companion.

"They don't seem to get on together as well as I had hoped," he said.

"I should think not—when you are walking about and disturbing them! Sit down there behind me."

"What am I to do?"

"Am I not playing? Listen to me."

"My dear, I don't understand modern German music."

"Then read the evening paper."

The evening paper had its attractions. Lord Loring took his wife's advice.

Left entirely by themselves, at the other end of the room, Romayne and Stella justified Lady Loring's belief in the result of reducing her husband to a state of repose. Stella ventured to speak first, in a discreet undertone.

"Do you pass most of your evenings alone, Mr. Romayne?"

"Not quite alone. I have the company of my books."

"Are your books the companions that you like best?"

"I have been true to those companions, Miss Eyrecourt, for many years. If the doctors are to be believed, my books have not treated me very well in return. They have broken down my health, and have made me, I am afraid, a very unsocial man." He seemed about to say more, and suddenly checked the impulse. "Why am I talking of myself?" he resumed, with a smile. "I never do it at other times. Is this another result of your influence over me?"

He put the question with an assumed gayety. Stella made no effort, on her side, to answer him in the same tone.

"I almost wish I really had some influence over you," she said, gravely and sadly.

"Why?"

"I should try to induce you to shut up your books, and choose some living companion who might restore you to your happier self."

"It is already done," said Romayne; "I have a new companion in Mr. Penrose."

"Penrose?" she repeated. "He is the friend, is he not, of the priest here, whom they call Father Benwell?"

"Yes."

"I don't like Father Benwell."

"Is that a reason for disliking Mr. Penrose?"

"Yes," she said, boldly, "because he is Father Benwell's friend."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Miss Eyrecourt. Mr. Penrose only entered yesterday on his duties as my secretary, and I have already had reason to think highly of him. Many men after that experience of me," he added, speaking more to himself than to her, "might have asked me to find another secretary."

Stella heard those last words and looked at him in astonishment. "Were you angry with Mr. Penrose?" she asked, innocently. "Is it possible that you would speak harshly to any person in your employment?"

Romayne smiled. "It was not what I said," he answered. "I am subject to attacks—to sudden attacks of illness. I am sorry I alarmed Mr. Penrose by letting him see me under those circumstances."

She looked at him, hesitated, and looked away again. "Would you be angry with me if I confessed something?" she said, timidly.

"It is impossible I can be angry with you!"

"Mr. Romayne, I think I have seen what your secretary saw. I know how you suffer, and how patiently you bear it."

"You!" he exclaimed.

"I saw you with your friend, when you came on board the steamboat at Boulogne. Oh, no, you never noticed me! You never knew how I pitied you. And afterwards, when you moved away by yourself, and stood by the place in which the engines work—you are sure you won't think the worse of me if I tell you?"

"No, no!"

"Your face frightened me—I can't describe it—I went to your friend, and took it on myself to say that you wanted him. It was an impulse—I meant well."

"I am sure you meant well." As he spoke, his face darkened a little, betraying a momentary feeling of distrust. Had she put indiscreet questions to his traveling companion, and had the major, under the persuasive influence of her beauty, been weak enough to answer them. "Did you speak to my friend?" he asked.

"Only when I told him that he had better go to you. And I think I said afterwards I was afraid you were very ill. We were in the confusion of arriving at Folkestone—and, even if I had thought it right to say more, there was no opportunity."

Romayne felt ashamed of the suspicion by which he had wronged her. "You have a generous nature," he said, earnestly. "Among the few people whom I know, how many would feel the interest in me that you felt?"

"Don't say that, Mr. Romayne! You could have had no kinder friend than the gentleman who took care of you on your journey. Is he with you now in London?"

"No."

"I am sorry to hear it. You ought to have some devoted friend always near you."

She spoke very earnestly. Romayne shrank, with a strange shyness, from letting her see how her sympathy affected him. He answered lightly.

"You go almost as far as my good friend there reading the newspaper," he said. "Lord Loring doesn't scruple to tell me that I ought to marry. I know he speaks with a sincere interest in my welfare. He little thinks how he distresses me."

"Why should he distress you?"

"He reminds me—live as long as I may—that I must live alone. Can I ask a woman to share such a dreary life as mine? It would be selfish, it would be cruel; I should deservedly pay the penalty of allowing my wife to sacrifice herself. The time would come when she would repent having married me."

Stella rose. Her eyes rested on him, with a look of gentle remonstrance.

"I think you scarcely do women justice," she said, softly. "Perhaps some day a woman may induce you to change your opinion." She crossed the room to the piano. "You must be tired of playing, Adelaide," she said, putting her hand caressingly on Lady Loring's shoulder.

"Will you sing, Stella?"

She sighed and turned away. "Not to-night," she answered.

Romayne took his leave rather hurriedly. He seemed to be out of spirits and eager to get away. Lord Loring accompanied his guest to the door.

"You look sad and careworn," he said. "Do you regret having left your books to pass an evening with us?"

Romayne looked up absently, and answered, "I don't know yet."

Returning to report this extraordinary reply to his wife and Stella, Lord Loring found the drawing-room empty. Eager for a little private conversation, the two ladies had gone upstairs.

"Well," said Lady Loring, as they sat together over the fire, "what did he say?"

Stella only repeated what he had said before she rose and left him.

"What is there in Mr. Romayne's life," she asked, "which made him say that he would be selfish and cruel if he expected a woman to marry him? It must be something more than mere illness. If he had committed a crime, he could not have spoken more strongly. Do you know what it is?"

Lady Loring looked uneasy.

"I promised my husband to keep it a secret from everybody," she said.

"It is nothing degrading, Adelaide; I am sure of that."

"And you are right, my dear. I can understand that he has surprised and disappointed you: but, if you know his motives——" she stopped, and looked earnestly at Stella. "They say," she went on, "the love that lasts longest is the love of slowest growth. This feeling of yours for Romayne is of sudden growth. Are you very sure that your whole heart is given to a man—the best, the noblest of men—but still a man of whom you know little?"

"I know that I love him," said Stella, simply.

"Even though he doesn't seem, as yet, to love you?" Lady Loring asked.

"All the more because he doesn't. I should be ashamed to make the confession to any one but you. It is useless to say any more. Good-night."

Lady Loring allowed her to get as far as the door, and then suddenly called her back. Stella returned unwillingly and wearily. "My head aches and my heart aches," she said. "Let me go away to my bed."

"I don't like you to go away, wronging Romayne, perhaps, in your thoughts," said Lady Loring. "And, more than that, for the sake of your own happiness, you ought to judge for yourself if this devoted love of yours may ever hope to win its reward. It is time, and more than time, that you should decide whether it is good for you to see Romayne again. Are you strong enough to do that?"

"Yes, if I am convinced that it ought to be done."

"Nothing would make me so happy," Lady Loring resumed, "as to know that you were, one day, my dear, to be his wife. But I am not a prudent person—I can never look as you can, to consequences. You won't betray me, Stella? If I am doing wrong in telling a secret which has been trusted to me, it is my fondness for you that misleads me. Sit down again. You shall know what the misery of Romayne's life really is."

With those words, she told the terrible story of the duel, and of all that had followed it.

"It is for you to say," she concluded, "whether Romayne is right. Can any woman hope to release him from the torment that he suffers, with nothing to help her but love? Determine for yourself."

Stella answered instantly:

"I determine to be his wife!"

With the same pure enthusiasm, Penrose had declared that he, too, devoted himself to the deliverance of Romayne. The loving woman was not more resolved to give her whole life to him than the fanatical man was resolved to convert him. On the same common battle-ground the two were now to meet in unconscious antagonism. Would the priest or the woman win the day?

CHAPTER IX.—THE PUBLIC AND THE PICTURES.

ON the memorable Monday when the picture-gallery was opened to the public for the first time, Lord Loring and Father Benwell met in the library.

"Judging by the number of carriages already at the door," said Father Benwell, "your lordship's kindness is largely appreciated by lovers of art."

"All the tickets were disposed of in three hours," Lord Loring answered. "Everybody (the librarian told me) is eager to see the pictures. Have you looked in yet?"

"Not yet. I thought I would get on first with my work here."

"I have just come from the gallery," Lord Loring continued. "And here I am driven out of it again by the remarks of some of the visitors. You know my beautiful copies of Raphael's Cupid and Psyche designs? The general impression, especially among the ladies, is that they are disgusting and indecent. That was enough for me. If you happen to meet Lady Loring and Stella, kindly tell them that I have gone to the club."

"Do the ladies propose paying a visit to the gallery?"

"Of course—to see the people! I have recommended them to wait until they are ready to go out for their drive. In their indoor costume, they might become the objects of general observation as the ladies of the house. I shall be anxious to hear, Father, if you can discover the civilizing influences of art among my guests in the gallery. Good morning."

Father Benwell rang the bell when Lord Loring had left him.

"Do the ladies drive out to-day at their usual hour?" he inquired, when the servant appeared. The man answered in the affirmative. The carriage was ordered for three o'clock.

At half-past two Father Benwell slipped quietly into the gallery. He posted himself midway between the library-door and the grand entrance, on the watch, not for the civilizing influences of art, but for the appearance of Lady Loring and Stella. He was still of opinion that Stella's "frivolous" mother might be turned into a source of valuable information on the subject of her daughter's earlier life. The first step towards attaining this object was to discover Mrs. Eyrecourt's present address. Stella would certainly know it, and Father Benwell felt a just confidence in his capacity to make the young lady serviceable, in this respect, to the pecuniary interests of the Church.

After an interval of a quarter of an hour, Lady Loring and Stella entered the gallery by the library-door. Father Benwell at once advanced to pay his respects.

For some little time he discreetly refrained from making any attempt to lead the conversation to the topic that he had in view. He was too well acquainted with the insatiable interest of women in looking at other women to force himself into notice. The ladies made their remarks on the pretensions to beauty and to taste in dress among the throng of visitors, and Father Benwell waited by them and listened with the resignation of a modest young man. Patience, like virtue, is sometimes its own reward. Two gentlemen, evidently interested in the pictures, approached the priest. He drew back, with his ready politeness, to let them see the picture before which he happened to be standing. The movement disturbed Stella. She turned sharply—noticed one of the gentlemen, the taller of the two—became deadly pale, and instantly quitted the gallery. Lady Loring, looking

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where Stella had looked, frowned angrily, and followed Miss Eyrecourt into the library. Wise Father Benwell let them go, and concentrated his attention on the person who had been the object of this startling recognition.

Unquestionably a gentleman, with light hair and complexion; with a bright, benevolent face and keen intelligent blue eyes—apparently still in the prime of life. Such was Father Benwell's first impression of the stranger. He had evidently seen Miss Eyrecourt at the moment when she first noticed him; and he, too, showed signs of serious agitation. His face flushed deeply, and his eyes expressed, not merely surprise, but distress. He turned to his friend.

"This place is hot," he said; "let us get out of it!"

"My dear Winterfield!" the friend remonstrated, "we haven't seen half the pictures yet."

"Excuse me if I leave you," the other replied. "I am used to the free air of the country. Let us meet again this evening. Come and dine with me. The same address as usual—Derwent's Hotel."

With those words he hurried out, making his way, without ceremony, through the crowd in the picture-gallery.

Father Benwell returned to the library. It was quite needless to trouble himself further about Mrs. Eyrecourt or her address.

"Thanks to Lord Loring's picture-gallery," he thought, "I have found the man!"

He took up his pen, and made a little memorandum—"Winterfield, Derwent's Hotel."

(To be continued.)

Rural Improvement in New England.

ALMOST every New England village of much prosperity now has its Society for Promoting Rural Improvement, the work of which is to induce and direct tasteful architecture and gardening. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, in a *Ledger* article, emphasizes the value of these societies by describing Fortbridge in 1859 and in 1880. This is Fortbridge as it was: "The houses bordering the main street are all inclosed by rail-fences, picket-fences, and dilapidated stone walls, with creaky turnstiles and gates half-unhinged, and drunken posts leaning against an old stump for support; patches of unshorn grass and weedy gravel, fagots of bark and wood and brush, fragments of ancient carts, and broken plows and disabled harrows, heaps of mortar and stones, piles of bottles, and all other conceivable forms of rubbish, dumped into the gutter. The barns and sheds and dwelling houses are all much of the same pattern and the same color, if they can be said to have any color at all; cold, bare, dreary, with no piazzas, or porches, or window hoods, or any other attempt at ornamentation." This is Fortbridge as it is now: "Most of the old houses reappear, but with broad piazzas, tasteful porches, and bay-windows peeping out from the vines and flowers; with altered roofs and fancy chimneys, and rich coloring. The ugly fences are gone, flowers bloom in front of all the houses, the streets are all reformed, the weeds and rubbish are seen there no more. Good, clean sidewalks have been laid from one end of the village to the other, and the roadway is so fine and smooth that even Mr. Bonner would not hesitate to drive the marvelous Sarus, or any other of his swift-footed steeds, through the town at any pace of which they might be capable. The barren common has been converted into a park, the duck-ponds into romantic lakes, with a swan or two sailing about."

English Railroad Progress.

A REPORT just issued by the Board of Trade shows the development of the railway system in Great Britain during the past decade, in spite of the depression of the past few years. The broad facts are an increase of mileage between 1869 and 1879 from 15,343 to 17,696 miles, or about 17 per cent.; an increase of capital from £538,779,000 to £717,033,000, or about 38 per cent.; an increase of gross receipts from £42,696,000 to £61,776,000, or 45 per cent., the increase of receipts from railway traffic proper, excluding "miscellaneous," being from £41,071,000 to £59,366,000, or 44½ per cent.; an increase from £20,780,000 to £32,045,000, or 54 per cent. in the total working expenditure, the increase in the railway working expenditure only, exclusive of certain miscellaneous items, being from about £20,263,000 to £31,051,000, or 53 per cent; and an increase of total net receipts from £21,916,000 to about £29,731,000, or 36 per cent., and of the net receipts from railway working only from £20,813,000 to £28,345,000, or also 36 per cent.; the proportion of the former to the whole capital falling from 4.22 to 4.15, and of the latter from 4.01 to 3.95. It appears on the face of these facts that the increase of mileage is much less than the increase of capital, which would imply, making all allowance for the nominal increase of capital by conversion operations, a constant expenditure of capital on lines open for traffic; but as the same time that the increase of receipts is much greater than the increase of capital, being no less than 45 per cent., as compared with an increase of 38 per cent. only in the capital. The final result is, that in spite of this large increase of capital, and also of the still larger proportionate increase of working expenditure, amounting to 54 per cent., the return per cent. on the increased capital is just about as great in 1879 as the return on the smaller capital in 1869. Railway shareholders are, on the average, no worse on the face of the figures than they were in 1869, while the figures themselves, allowing for the increase of nominal capital only, and for the circumstance of trade having begun to revive from a previous depression in 1868, while 1879 was the lowest point of the depression, may be held to denote a real improvement.

Married with the Left Hand.

MORGANATIC marriages are brought again prominently to the attention of the reading world through the reported alliance of the Czar of Russia and the Princess Dolgorouki. There have been no fewer than fifteen of these "irregular" marriages contracted by Princes of the royal houses of Europe, previous to the Czar's free-and-easy nuptials. The following is the list: The Archduke Henry of Austria, to Fraulein Leopoldine Hoffman, now entitled Frau von Waldeck; Prince Charles of Baden to Baroness Rosalie Louise von Beust; Prince Louis, Duke of Bavaria, to Fraulein Henriette Mentho, who now bears the title of Baroness von Wallersee. Prince Louise de Bourbon was married at New York to Mlle. Marie Hamel, who is now entitled Princess de Bourbon. Prince Alexander of Hesse Darmstadt to the Countess Julia von Haucke, daughter of the late Count Haucke, formerly Minister of War in Poland. She was first created Countess of Battenburg, and in 1858 was raised by her brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis III., to the dignity of princess, a title which is also borne by her children. Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenberg to Fraulein Carmelite Eisenblatt, daughter of a merchant in Venezuela. The Prince has received from the German Emperor the title of Count von Noer for himself and his descendants. The King of Italy, whose first wife died in 1855, was remarried a few years ago to the Countess Rosina de Mirafiori, whose family name is not stated. Prince Elimar of Oldenburg contracted a morganatic alliance at the end of last year, the particulars of which are wanting. His cousin, Prince Nicholas, was married to the widow of Count von Doubett, who has received the title of Countess von Merenberg. King Ferdinand of Portugal, whose wife, Queen Maria da Gloria, died in 1853, was morganatically married to Mlle. Elise Hensler, who has been created Countess Edla. Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimer to Lady Augusta Gordon-Lennox, a sister of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who has been created Countess von Dornberg. His brother, Prince Gustavus of Saxe-Weimer, married Mlle. Pierma Marochia, who has been created Countess von Neuberg. George Duke of Saxe-Meiningen married Fraulein Ellen Franz, now entitled Baroness von Heldburg. Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, brother of King Ferdinand of Portugal, married Fraulein Constantine Adelaide Thereza Gerger, who now has the title of Baroness von Rutzenstein. Prince Albert, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, married Miss Dora Gage, a daughter of the late Rev. Robert Gage. She has since been created Countess von Rhoden. It will be seen that fourteen of these fifteen princes belong to the reigning houses in Germany and Austria. In four cases their wives were formerly actresses.

OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

GROWING oranges in the lower counties of Mississippi for market purposes is assuming large proportions, and now bids fair to become the leading industry in that portion of the State. True, the soil is not very fertile, but there are other advantages, such as proximity to market, cheap transportation, both by rail and water, society, schools, churches and other adjuncts to civilization, which more than counterbalance the poverty of the soil.

IT is calculated that Dakota and Minnesota will, in all probability, produce one-tenth of the wheat grown in the United States this season, figuring the whole amount at 420,000,000 bushels, the probable yield.

THE values of the main crops of the United States are as follows: Corn, $525,000,000; beef, $270,000,000; wheat, $410,000,000; cotton, $327,000,000; rye, about $18,000,000; oats, $150,000,000; barley, $20,000,000; buckwheat, $2,000,000; hay, $300,000,000, and pork, $260,000,000.

FROM observations taken during visits to manufacturing centres in New England for three, almost four, months, the Boston *Journal of Commerce* concludes that "it is apparent that the manufacturers of New England suffer less this year than ever before in the diminution of business in a year of the Presidential canvass. In most departments of manufacturing, the season just passed has been a good one; in some respects greatly prosperous. There has been no time since the war when there was so great a demand for equipping tools and machinery—for the necessaries to establish manufacturing. These demands are not for a class of goods that are merely offered on the general market, but for goods which are themselves reproducers and make the materials and the articles demanded by a purchasing public. The order-books of most of our first-class manufacturing establishments are filled with demands for tools, appliances and means of manufacturing; while all our directly producing concerns are driven to fill orders for goods ready for consumption."

A PROMINENT miller of Minneapolis states that the mills of that city will grind 16,000,000 to 18,000,000 bushels of wheat during this cereal year, and Minnesota mills outside the city will grind as much more.

NORTH CAROLINA has sixty-four cotton mills, ten new ones having been added within a year, making a total for that State of 118,758 spindles.

SOME English capitalists own 500,000 acres of land in Alabama, on the line of the Alabama Great Southern Railroad, which are very rich in timber and minerals and which they intend developing. For the present chief attention will be given to developing the mineral resources of these lands, which are almost boundless, but the farming interests will not be neglected. Arrangements are now making to induce immigration of English farmers, and as an early day a number will probably settle on the lands.

THE Commissioner of Emigration of Florida thinks that 15,000 people have emigrated to that State within two years.

NEARLY 1,000 houses have been erected at Denver, Col., during the year, and yet rents and real estate are high, and many families are unable to find houses at any price. A Board of Trade has just been organized.

OVER one million bales of cotton were marketed during the month of October. The receipts at all ports were 960,000, and if the overland movement be no greater than for the same month last year, something like $50,000,000 worth of the staple left plantations during the second month of the season. These figures are far in excess of any previous record. When the movement to the ports last October reached 884,000 bales, the figures were in excess of the previous season by nearly 200,000 bales, and now these are again overtopped by 76,000.

DURING the season of 1879-80 there were 119,583,000 tons of commercial fertilizers inspected in the State of Georgia. This was an increase of 34,334 tons over the previous year. Of these, 104,838 tons were ammoniated phosphates and 13,906 tons were acid phosphates.

THE drive of Texas cattle to Kansas this season, from the most authentic data that can be procured, is 350,764. In addition to this number, from 30,000 to 40,000 head have been driven to the neighborhood of Caldwell and Hunnewell, Kansas. Altogether, the total drive is estimated to be, in round numbers, about 400,000.

CHATTANOOGA has the largest nunnery now to be found in the United States, worked entirely by black labor, many of these blacks being those who have "exoded" from other sections.

THE Swiss colony in North Carolina has discovered that the mulberry-tree grows with as much luxuriance as the cherry, and that the soil and climate of that State alike foretell the future production of silk under the best conditions.

THE Bluegrass section of Kentucky is ten thousand square miles in area. There is double the area in that one patch of land than there is in all the land now cultivated in wheat in all Great Britain, and nearly every acre of it capable of producing a wheat crop, without the use of a particle of manure, equal to the average production of the most highly cultivated wheat land in Great Britain. The secret is that the rotten limestone that underlies the soil keeps disintegrating, and furnishes a constant supply of the elements of plant growth. An occasional plowing and turning under of clover or buckwheat is all the fertilizing needed.

THE oyster business of Virginia amounts to $2,000,000 yearly. There 6,538 white and 7,298 colored men engaged in it.

THE New York trade in honey is increasing yearly, and the western part of this State furnishes a large supply. White clover honey is considered the best. California furnishes the finest American honey, as it also furnishes a larger quantity than any other part of the world. Large tracts of land are covered with a dense growth of white clover for the bees. A considerable amount of wild honey comes from Virginia. Honey in the original comb is preferred by many persons, as there is a greater certainty of getting it pure than when it is bought already strained.

THE Northern Pacific railroad is running from Duluth, Minnesota, to Tacoma, Dakota, and now have 864 miles in operation. Work is being pushed rapidly west of Tacoma, and the line will be 1,947 miles in extent when completed to the Pacific coast.

FIFTEEN new school-houses have been completed in Montague County, Texas, within the last six months.

THE Pensacola branch of the Louisville and Nashville road received and forwarded 120,000 sacks of guano last year. This year they expect to forward 220,000 sacks. The resident manager of the above road is making Pensacola an important cotton shipping port.

THE elevator capacity of Baltimore is about 8,000,000 bushels. The receipts of grain during the present season have been so large that there has been constant fear of a blockade, but heretofore, owing to the abundance of tonnage offering and the rapidity of shipments, there has been no obstruction. For some time past, however, the receipts have greatly exceeded shipments, and the elevator capacity having been exhausted, a perfect blockade exists. The total carrying capacity of all grain-vessels in port last week was a million bushels less than the stock in the elevators, and there were upwards of 1,500 grain cars lying on the tracks, unable to unload. At Locust Point, the terminal station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, every possible means was employed to relieve the glut. The new coffee and tobacco warehouses were utilized for grain storage, and barges were loaded, simply for storage purposes.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Visit of the Prince of Montenegro to the Allied Fleet.

Shortly after the arrival of the last vessel of the International squadron at Gravosa, the hereditary Prince of Montenegro, Danilo-Alexandre, came from his mountain home to pay his respects to the nations through their naval representatives. In the steam-yacht of the British admiral he passed across the line of the grim ironclads, and received a royal salute. After making the tour of the roadstead occupied by the ships, the Prince visited each of the admirals, and was honored on touching the decks with the ceremonies due a sovereign. He was elegantly attired, and his suite, in the splendid costumes of the country, presented quite a brilliant spectacle.

Garibaldi at Genoa.

When General Garibaldi landed at Genoa, on his way to Milan to participate in the exercises commemorative of the battle of Mentana in 1867, where he encountered both the Papal and the French troops, he was so feeble that he had to be carried from the boat to the hotel. There were thousands of admirers ready to do him this service. His reception in Milan was extremely enthusiastic, so much so that it completely overcame him, and his physical condition has since been very precarious. The celebration occurred on November 24.

Water Fete at Dusseldorf.

In September last, an exhibition of arts and manufactures was held in Dusseldorf. The members of the Iron and Steel Institute attended in force, and during their stay a water *fête* was promoted for their edification. The scene which we reproduce is from this entertainment. A bridal party in the Middle Ages is returning from the church, when it is attacked by pirates; the bride is borne away; there is a combat and gluttonously a rescue, and the castle—the freebooters' lair—is destroyed by fire. Those who saw the entertainment describe it as both realistic and picturesque.

The Emperor of Austria's Tour in Galicia.

The tour which the Emperor of Austria made recently through his Galician dominions was in every respect most successful, he being everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm. Our present illustration represents the inhabitants of the district of Cracow escorting the royal carriage into the town of that name. The Cracovians, who are great horse-riders as well as dealers, accompanied the Emperor on horseback, exhibiting at the same time their skill in the saddle and their entire control over their half-tamed animals. After witnessing the army manœuvres and sham fight near Sadowa Wisnia, the Emperor left Krynovice, where he had been staying, and proceeded to Lemberg, where, on his arrival, there was much enthusiasm, speech-making, singing, firing of guns, and a torchlight procession of 5,000 persons being among the manifestations of joy. But it is unnecessary to detail the progress of His Majesty. Suffice it that the visit has had the effect of raising the loyalty of the population, and drawing them nearer to the throne.

Algiers and the Djerba.

The capital of the French province or colony of Algeria is built on the face of a pretty steep hill, the houses rising above each other, so that there is scarcely one of them which does not command a view of the sea. The city consequently has from the sea a very imposing appearance, as the houses are all white, and look like a succession of terraces; but on entering the illusion vanishes, and many of the thoroughfares are found to be filthy, dark and crooked, although much has been done by the French to enlarge the streets. The islands whence Algiers derives its name are two rocky ledges, which have been united, strongly fortified, and connected with the mainland by a mole. Another mole stretches from these islands, and incloses the harbor, which is rather small. A lighthouse is erected on one of the islands, at the junction of the moles. The modern Djerba is the ancient island Meninx, rendered famous by Homer as the island of the Lotos Eaters. Near the anchorage of Mont-es-Sook existed not many years ago a remarkable pyramid twenty feet high and ten feet broad at the base, composed entirely of human skulls, reposing in regular rows on intervening layers of bones belonging to the bodies. They are supposed to have been the remains of Spanish soldiers who landed here under the Duke of Alva in 1560, and were defeated and slain by the Moors. This curious, but barbarous, monument was removed by the Bey of Tunis at the request of the European Consuls, and a column in the French cemetery marks the spot where the bones were interred.

The Queen and Prince in the Highlands.

The favorite Summer and Autumn residence of Queen Victoria is at Balmoral, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. It was here that, she says, she spent the happiest portion of her life, that portion which was terminated by the death of the Prince Consort. Together they climbed the hills, and grew rapturous as lovers over the grandeur of the scenery. To-day she goes over the same courses, visits the same lochs and cairns, and, beside the charming Loch Callater, sits herself to muse and sketch as she did years ago. While Her Majesty has thus found rest and quiet from state affairs, the Prince of Wales has also revelled in the Highlands, but in a robuster manner. As guest of Colonel Farquharson and of the Earl of Fife, he has passed several days at Invercauld and Mar Lodge, indulging in the hunt to his heart's content, participating fully in the customs of Highland life, and rendering himself, as usual, immensely popular.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A BERLIN dispatch announces that 3,000 Jews have left Roumania for America by the way of Bremen.

—RESIGNATIONS of French magistrates on account of the enforcement of the religious decrees are announced daily.

—THE Liverpool emigration returns for October show that 14,000 persons left the Mersey during the month, principally for the United States and British America.

—THE railway between Baku and Tiflis, Russia, will be opened early in the Spring, and American, German and Russian merchants are already competing for the borax in the Baku petroleum district.

—SAN FRANCISCO telegrams announce that the Chinese are leaving that port for home in large numbers. Nearly 600 left in the steamer of the 4th, and passage has been engaged for an equal number in the steamer that is to follow.

—THE British Post-office authorities have organized a new system for savings banks, issuing forms for holding twelve postage-stamps which will be received as deposits for one shilling. The system went into effect all over the country on Monday last.

—BY the will of Edward M. Barringer, an American, who was killed by the upsetting of a diligence in Switzerland on August 20th, a fund of $3,000 was left to Vassar College, and over $25,000 will be devoted to the establishment of scholarships at Harvard.

—THE College for Working-women in London is thoroughly successful. It aims to provide for women who are occupied during the day a higher education than is ordinarily within their reach. Cookery is taught therein as well as the intellectual branches.

—THE people of Kansas have not lost the bristling Puritanic spirit which possessed them from their beginning. They have adopted the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors in the State, by an estimated majority of 20,000.

—THE expelled French monks are flocking to Madrid. Nobles are offering them their palaces, town councils are giving them old convents and vacant buildings, the King is granting them interviews and the Ministry is authorizing the Jesuits and other Orders to establish themselves in Madrid and all over the kingdom.

—PRINCE BISMARCK has sent a commission to Alsace to study the condition of the workmen there, especially with regard to their dwellings, which are somewhat on the English cottage principle, every man living in his own house. This system seems to be in favor with the Chancellor, who wishes it to be introduced all over Germany by Government help.

—AN earthquake was felt on November 9th throughout Southern Austria, from Vienna to the Adriatic and the frontiers of Bosnia. At Agram, in Croatia, the shock was so violent that every house in the town was injured. Several persons were killed and thirty were injured. Many buildings will have to be pulled down, as they are unsafe. A large number of the inhabitants fled to the fields.

—A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg says: "At the trial before the military tribunal all the Nihilist prisoners acknowledged belonging to the revolutionary party. One named Shevaroff admitted that he participated in the preparation of the mine under the railway at Moscow, in December, 1879, and two others recounted the proceedings in connection with the mine on the Simferopol Railway."

—THE Mormon Temple commenced at Salt Lake City twenty years ago is not yet finished. They are still working at it. Already over $4,000,000 have been expended, and the structure has scarcely assumed shape. It is estimated that its total cost will exceed $28,000,000. The contract has yet sixty years to run. It is to be built of Utah granite, and will be the finest building in the United States.

—THE report of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-office Department for the fiscal year ended June 30th shows that the actual cost of the Postal Service during this period was only $2,786,341. This deficit is $240,114 less than the deficit of the preceding year, which was uncommonly small, the deficit for the fiscal year 1878 having been upwards of $4,000,000. The total revenues of the Post-office Department during the last fiscal year were $33,215,479, and the total expenditures $36,101,820.

—THE November report of the secretary of the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees states that up to October 30th, 1880, the total receipts for carrying on the mammoth undertaking were $12,538,677.61; the total expenditures, $12,466,894.31. Of this last sum there has been paid for land, land damages and buildings, in securing the right of way, $3,743,804.88; for engineering services, $469,923.75; for labor, $1,999,684.22; for printing and advertising, $12,142.36; for granite, $2,639,315.40; for cast-steel cable wire, $923,733.10.

—THE Franco-American Mixed Commission, to settle the claims of the French citizens against the United States and of citizens of the United States against France, respectively, growing out of losses in the Rebellion and the contests in France, met at the State Department, Washington, November 6th. As soon as the counsel for the United States is selected the Commissioners will begin the examination of claims. Under the treaty all the cases must be disposed of within two years from the organization of the Commission.

—ON the 31st of October the mountain stronghold of the Bantu Chief, Molotsane, was successfully stormed by Colonel Clarke's forces. During this operation 5,000 Basutos attacked the colonial detachment holding Chief Lerothodi's village, and before reinforcements could arrive a small body of them were surrounded on all sides, and five were killed. The enemy advanced in great numbers, compelling the colonials to retreat in an orderly manner and relinquish their position. The Zombus are now in open rebellion, and reinforcements are being sent to all important points.

—M. DE LALONDE, the French agricultural delegate, at present in Ottawa, Canada, has had an interview with Sir John McDonald, relative to the setting apart of 150,000 acres of land in the Northwest for French settlers from Alsace and Lorraine. He is acting on behalf of a company of French capitalists who have this colonization scheme in view. He is also to report to the French Government on the resources of the Northwest. He reports that wheat can be grown in the Northwest at a cost of five francs per 200 pounds, whereas it costs twenty-two francs to produce the same quantity in France.

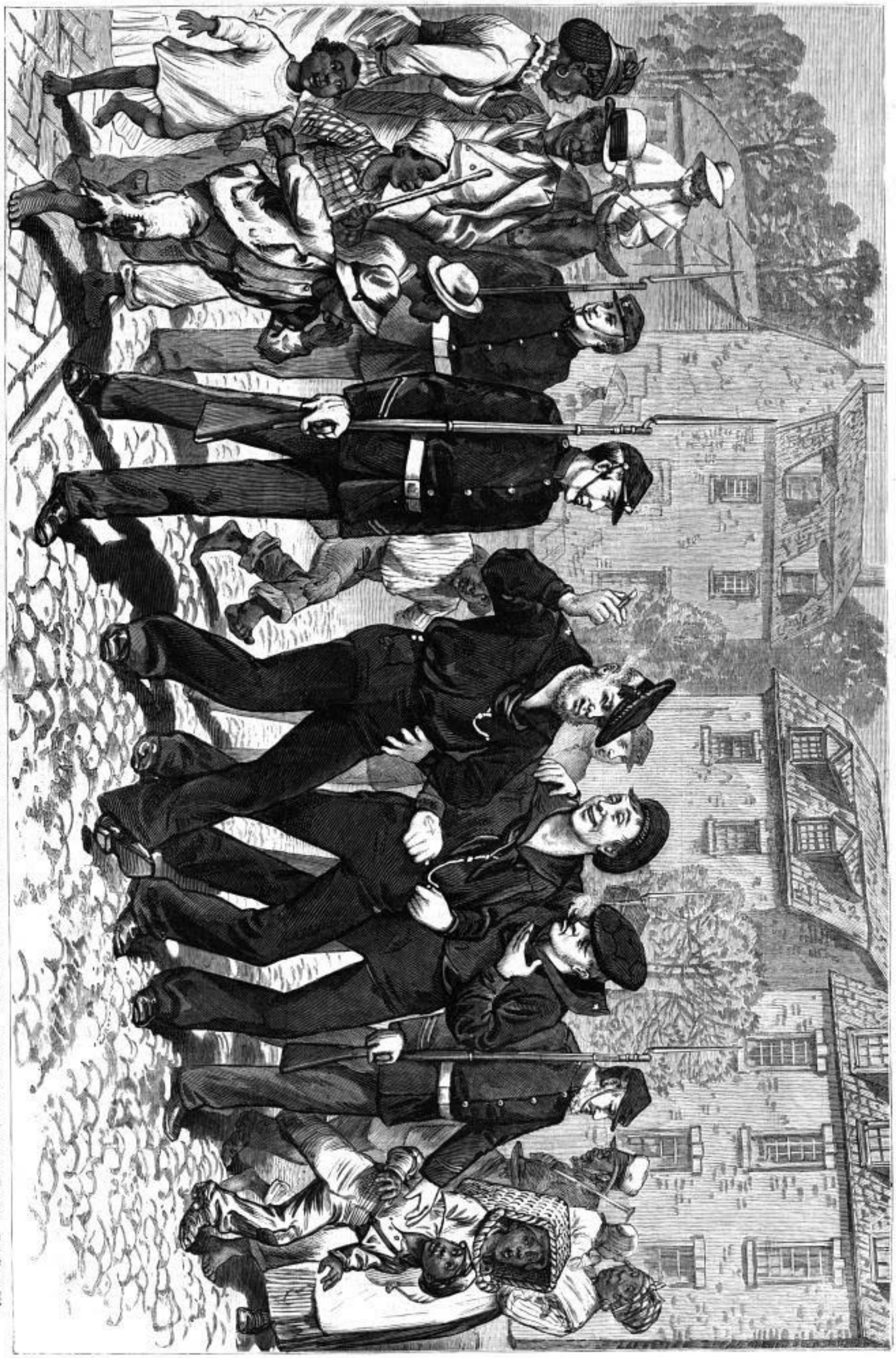
—IN Roumelia the rose harvest is reported to have been an exceedingly abundant one this year, the value of the total yield exceeding, it is estimated, 1,000,000 francs. The richest harvest of late years, however, was in 1876, when 2,300 pounds of attar-of-roses, of the value of 932,017 francs, was exported from Philippopolis alone. The attar is principally exported to France, Austria, America and Germany, England obtaining what she requires from India. The French scent manufacturers, and especially the Parisian, buy the finest qualities of attar, while the second qualities are mostly sent to Russia and Austria.

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE TERROR OF OCEAN TRAVELERS—A DAY WITH A CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTOR.—SEE PAGE 206.

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VIRGINIA—AFTER THE NAVAL REVIEW AT HAMPTON ROADS—MARINES GATHERING DELINQUENT SAILORS IN THE STREETS OF NORFOLK.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 201.

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A MOOD.

I CRIED, "No heart is true!
The sky has lost its sun;
The earth is cold and desolate;
I would that life were done!"

A hand was clasped in mine.
Two hearts for ever one!
Now earth and sky in beauty shine;
My life has just begun.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.—"IT IS LOVE."

TWO months have passed—eventful months for our heroine—and upon which we touch lightly for fear of wearying the reader. In that time all that she has lost in social position and distinction have been more than regained. As soon as she in a degree recovered her composure, she wrote to the Emperor informing him of her presence in Russia, and, with that diplomacy of nobles jealous of their distinction, it was instantly resolved to guard from the public the fact of the young lady's escape, and to merely announce that the delegates dispatched for that purpose had returned from Siberia with her. This was done to avoid any unnecessary excitement, and succeeded.

Maize has taken up her abode in a quiet but elegant hotel, for the liquidation of which expense she has borrowed a portion of the wealth placed at her disposal by Count Smoloff, and in the hands of the abbot—borrowed it until she can decide upon some plan for her future support. Here, at her hotel apartments, she has been honored by a visit in person from the Czar himself, which has been followed by every noble and noted dignitary of the city. Yet, despite all this homage and adulation, despite this readiness of the titled world to reinstate her as its queen, she feels strangely alone in this new existence. Her mind goes back continually to the past. In these days she feels Jack's loss with a poignancy that has never before touched her and as she sits by the window this particular morning, looking down in the street, a feeling of loneliness is heavy upon her. Suddenly she is roused from her meditations by a step. She looks up. In the doorway stands a grand and massive figure, with a dark, cameo-like face that she knows so well. He stands there mute, motionless, his eloquent eyes filled with that mighty pagan worship that has well-nigh wrecked his life—for which he stood ready to brand himself a murderer and a suicide. He looks at her in that piteous, beseeching, eloquent stare of a dumb brute—this woman whom he feels he has injured beyond all hope of reparation, and as he sees the golden shining of the stately head, the steady lustre of the wondrous eyes, the matchless grandeur of the Grecian face, all the shame, the agony, the injustice of the past sweep before his vision, and where he stands in his stricken manhood, his prostrate pride, a great dry sob breaks chokingly in his throat. For a short time past, under the encouragement of the abbot, between whom and himself is a free and perfect understanding, he has dared to hope that for him the future may yet hold some happiness. Yet now, as he stands before the woman of his persecution, who has been dragged down to the very slums of degradation, who has stood before a public clamoring for her blood, he sees how vain and desperate is such a hope.

He knows that to this firm, delicate, lofty nature he must be like one accursed—he who in her hour of woe turned traitor to his love—he who could hold her guilty while yet the stamp of her high purity was upon her brow. All through his haughty life he has been as iron, but of what avail are pride, will, dominance here? They cannot save him from the curse of his faithlessness. His strength is broken, his head sinks upon his breast, he stands before her in the shame and agony and humiliation that never touched her, branded with her degradation. He is conquered. That haughty dominance of a lifetime that sought even in her childhood to bend under its iron dominion the strength and pride of her will, now bends to that will, now yields to it the glory of the victor! Through martyrdom and sacrifice he has striven to atone, yet, confronted by his victim how little, how worthless appears that atonement!

Yet he has loved her—loved her, he believes, as mortal man never loved woman before. And all the agony of that sweet, delirious love—all the impotent regret of the past—sweep upon him in this moment like an avalanche, and, staggering into the chamber, he sinks in a chair beside a little mahogany table, and, flinging his arms upon it, he buries his face upon them, while great sobs shake his form from head to foot. The old proud power is gone—that thirst for dominion over her vanished. He lies there, shielding his face from the loveliness that can never more be his, and cursed with the knowledge that his own hand has dashed the cup of happiness from his famished lips.

The girl stands motionless for a moment; then slowly she draws near to the suffering man, a hot, changing flush upon her dazzling face, and where he lies in his intolerable anguish he feels a touch upon his arm light as a snow flake. She feels him shudder throughout his massive form, as her hand rests upon him, but he lifts his haggard, hopeless face and looks at her as she stands beside him, reared in the fullness of her stature, in the haughty loveliness of her youth.

"Oh it was cruel—cruel!" he mutters.

"What was cruel?" Her soft, tremulous voice completes his madness. He flings her hand from him, and, leaping to his feet, commences pacing back and forth with rapid strides.

"It was cruel to send me here with a lie." His voice is fierce and suppressed. "Cruel to rouse hopes but to dash one back in despair! The abbot told me such a strange, wild story, and, in my weakened condition, I was mad enough to listen. I *know* that my presence is an insult—that I have no right to raise my eyes to you. Yet——" His hands clinch, and his face looks dark and worn with its suffering.

She stands by the little table, one soft, white hand resting upon it, and her eyes cast down.

"But what did the abbot tell you?" she murmurs.

"He told me—— But what is the use of repeating such madness," he says, roughly. "He told me a *lie*, though he might have believed it himself."

"I think he told you the truth," she says, lowly. Is the man blind that he cannot read the soft flush over that beautiful face, the tender drooping of the haughty mouth? He stops short and looks at her—a wild, agonized, wondering glance. And then she raises her eyes. In the next moment he is by her side; and again that hoarse, broken reproach breaks from his white lips:

"Oh, it is cruel—cruel! Are you all in league against me?"

She lifts her head and looks up at him; in her eyes the glad, radiant triumph of love, as all hesitation vanishes.

"If the abbot told you that I loved you better in your fallen might than in the proudest hour of your strength, he told you right."

It is a moment ere the full import of her words strike him, then his arms close convulsively around her, and she is folded closely to his breast, while he bends his imperial head upon her face, and she feels the great, salt, bitter tears as they drop from his weary eyes. The past vanishes; the memory of festering pain dies out; that bitter strife of a lifetime is lain down; the dead years with their wreck and ruin lie buried for ever!

At last he holds her gently from him, and looks at her, always in that humble, piteous, agonized regard that is inestimably touching in one of his haughty temperament, which in the past has been as unyielding as iron—he looks at her, this woman in the morning of her matchless loveliness, who could draw sovereigns to her feet by the title of that wondrous splendor, who could have younger, perhaps handsomer, lovers; yet she loves him—him, with his wreck and ruin, with his youth buried in the ambition of dead years!

He crushes her to him in fierce passion and wild with his rapture, while he caresses her throat, her lips, her eyes and the gold of her burnished hair.

"And you love me—*me!*" he mutters. "Oh, my God! it is more than I deserve!"

Her bare arms reach up and twine around the brown column of his haughty throat, her face, wet with her tears, presses close to his.

"You are sure," he urges, deliriously, "that it is love? It is not pity? It is your love that I want! Oh, my God! I have yearned for you, hungered for you, so in the past!"

And she answers him, steadily:

"It is love!"

"And you will be my wife—you will let me send for a priest and be married immediately? If you love me you will not, you *cannot* refuse!"

She looks up at him with a fond smile.

"I have no desire to refuse. I will be married at any time."

"But if in the future you should see younger men whom you should grow to love more dearly"—his breath comes sharply, and he crushes her to him with unconscious violence—"it would kill me. It would be kinder of you to shoot me!"

Where she lies in his arms she throws far back her lovely head and looks at him, in her eyes a world of passionate pain and reproach.

"Never while *this* remains," she says, lowly, puttin: up her hand and softly touching the deep wound in his temple, which though healed can never be effaced, "shall I cease to love you. You are my lover—my king." And he knows that he has her love for all eternity.

And at the same time, away off in that frozen land of shame and bondage, a calm, still face is upturned to the clear, white light of the young day—a face sunken and hollow, but stamped with the majesty of death, and a grand and fearless courage. The light from the east falls upon the whitened hair, the closed eyes, the sharp, clear cut features, the hardened hands resting from their toil.

The radiance of the moon grows brighter and brighter. From the noxious brakes, with their stagnant waters, comes the shrill call of the cicada: past that still figure awaiting such time as there may be opportunity to inter it, file the exiles to labor at a fresh mine. But nothing now has power to disturb that deep and dreamless repose. The weary, bitter struggle of life is over—the shackles are rent asunder—the burden thrown down, and at the feet of Christ the tired soul has laid down its woes.

A week later, when through the influence of the powerful Minister Toboskie and his lovely wife the royal pardon comes for Count Smoloff, it is too late. The exiled noble has been emancipated by a mightier hand than even the Czar of Russia, and at the footstool of the King of Heaven he has sat down.

CHAPTER LIII.—THE FINALE.

AND what more remains to be told? Through the changing scenes of Maize's life we have followed her until her old identity is lost, and the star of the Countess Toboskie is risen in its full and eternal splendor. Knowing no will save hers in all his life, it was the count's desire to go far away from the country which had so nearly been their downfall. But with a gentle yet firm resolution his wife refused this plan; though she had fallen, she had also risen. And even as she loved her husband for his intrinsic worth, she was also proud of his political eminence, of the world-wide fame of his distinction. Therefore, she would not wrench from him his sceptre of power while yet his years were at their richest. Eminence has crowded upon fame; in all the country the name of Toboskie is held up as synonymous with power, wealth and distinction. The greed of power, the mailed pride of ambition, they are all gratified; but aside from the patrician splendor, the haughty fame of his brilliant career, there is something still holier and better—it is the love of thousands who have never seen his face, and yet to whose hearts his name is dear as a friend and sympathizer. Under the anguish of the past, under that great and almost fatal error that he made, he has learned to temper judgment with mercy, and to know that even the haughty strength of his glorious intellect may err in its decisions. When he steps into the streets shouts of welcome greet him, for it is well known that he is a friend to the helpless and a merciful judge to the guilty. And as he is known through the land, so has also the fame of the loveliness and accomplishments of his wife spread abroad. She is courted in foreign courts, and the bright particular star of the high bred and titled throng of her adopted land.

Thrice idolized by her husband, her life is sheltered in by the purest, the most devoted love that ever falls to the lot of woman. She is the gay, glad, triumphant queen of the Russian court, yet her richest kingdom is in her husband's heart. In her hands the iron will that never was touched is bent like a reed—the pride that never yet stooped to mortal man knows no existence. And thus, with the future bright and undimmed, we leave them.

And as their days go on in the splendor of their triumphs, up in the monastery on the mountains the abbot leads his simple, grand, stately life, his soul far removed from all turmoil of earth, his spirit communing. With the royal generosity of his nature, Toboskie eagerly pressed to share his great fortune with his brother, and used every endeavor to bring him forth into the world he was so well fitted to adorn. But this the abbot kindly but firmly refused. He had ate of the fruit of the world, and it had been dead-sea apples; he had drunk of the fount of fame, and it had been wormwood and gall. For him life had held its snare and its great bitterness, and his nature, purified and alienated from carnal weaknesses, was happy up here with its God! And thus, in these extremities, far from one another as the North Pole from the South, do the brothers pursue their careers.

Of Lady Chetewood there is little to be told. That gay, insouciant, reckless nature is still her blessing or her curse. She is the idol of her husband, the pet of the high bred English circles, to which, by right of her beauty—she seems gifted with perpetual youth—and her husband's titles, she belongs. She and the Countess Toboskie sustain a regular correspondence, but to the latter has come no idea of that great, dark past. The cherishing love of her husband has kept from her the knowledge that would surely have crushed her. She will never know that she is the offspring of shame—that it is to that weak and erring woman she owes her existence. Neither has Valentine's and Gypsy's complicity with the murder of Count Lagors ever come to her knowledge. That great brain, stimulated by its idolatry, has explained all mysteries to her satisfaction, and the past is buried so deep that it can never again touch her.

Peter has long since been gathered to his fathers, and with him we believe our Russian characters end, and we have only one final little romance to chronicle before we write the "finis." Among the deputies of nobles that the Czar sent to Siberia was Count Erkenstein. As a matter of course, the hospitality of Count Zickwoff's mansion was extended to the royal representatives, and the heart of this hot headed young Count went entirely into the keeping of the beautiful Lady Jet, who was then depressed with the failure of her attempt to rescue the count and his death, which was the final blow. But he sought and obtained permission to correspond with her, and, after a year of this intercourse, and another visit from the persevering young noble, the heart of the little peeress succumbed to a second love, which, if it lacked the ideality and romance of the first, was not the less strong and true.

She is now the Countess Erkenstein, and one of the stars of the social firmament, while Phedora is her cherished companion. But upon the life of the gay little countess is a shadow that can never be wholly lifted, and which fell when she discovered the death of her playfellow and childish companion—Nick. He had descended the shaft once too often, and that night after Count Smoloff had been re-throned by the secretary's wife, and chained to the negro as before to arouse no suspicions, and madame had returned to her home, Nick, after taking down the trap, must have attempted as usual to ascend by the ropes, and exhausted by the night's labor had grown dizzy, and when close to the top of the shaft had dropped downwards.

They found him there the next morning, his form crushed to powder, and his face lying upon his veronica. Countess Toboskie and Lady Jet are close friends, and together often visit a massive monument reared above Count Smoloff's remains, which were brought on from Siberia and now repose in his native land.

Secretary Polleskie and his wife still reside in Siberia. Whether the secretary ever became aware of the complicity of his wife in the escape of the object of his mad infatuation is not known. He has grown colder, more silent, and, while she has no rival, his wife is content with the polite attention, the cool indifference of his demeanor.

* * * * * *

And in the centre of the Schaffuskie Lands is a long, slim mound, that contains all that is mortal of Valentine. It was her desire to lie here, and for this purpose Toboskie purchased the estate. The lands themselves lie rotting and deserted. Season after season succeed one another, but find no change, as the rich soil goes to waste, the houses lie empty, and death and destruction are all that are visible. And in the midst of this desolation, with a sullen gloom brooding over the noxious brakes, the sullen, stagnant waters, the rich lands now decayed and traversed only by wild brutes and poisonous reptiles, lies the woman in the dreamless repose she so long coveted.

THE ORDEALS OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

IT is a bright and sunshiny morning, and the sails in our beautiful bay are white as snowflakes. Out across the blue waters of the Atlantic appears the feathery smoke of an ocean steamer mingling with the clouds, soft as swan's-down. The practiced eye of the lookout at Quarantine Station announces that a "White Star" is in sight, and in less than two hours the stately steamer casts anchor opposite Quarantine, and swings lazily round to the tide. As we approach in our saucy tug, the bulwarks are crowded with eager and smiling faces, all sun-kissed and bronzed and sea-beaten. The hats—for ladies usually don their best when land is announced—are bewildering, both as regards variety and color, while the misters, male and female, are of the raciest pattern and the newest designs. The Quarantine boat had already decanted the officer of health, and, as we draw alongside, the gaze that we encounter from hundreds of pairs of eyes is unmistakably that of welcome.

A port on the vessel's side is open, one or two of the ship's officers standing just inside, and the rope-ladder has already been placed over the bulwarks and down the side of the steamer. A few minutes more and the doctor has gone on board, and all is right. The little group from the cutter scramble over its side on to the doctor's boat, and, crossing it, gather at the foot of the ladder. First the staff, papers in hand, hurry with practiced ease up the ropes and off at the side into the port. One after another of the visitors follow, with more or less haste and agility, and very soon the last of the party has disappeared inside the vessel. The little group of newcomers, expecting friends on board, hasten up-stairs on deck, and scatter in every direction to meet their long-absent relatives and friends and many an eager and hearty greeting now takes place that can better be imagined than described.

Meanwhile the staff-officer in charge has received the passenger-list from the purser of the ship, and, attended by the others of the staff, hastens to the main saloon, where they take their seats at the end of one of the long tables in the centre of the room. Here the blanks and papers for the declarations are now laid out, and everything is ready for the work before them. They are scarcely well in the room, however, and seated, when the cabin-passengers begin to gather inside the doorway, and, all being ready, the work of preparing the declarations begins: "What is your name, sir?" asks the staff-officer, at the head of the table, as the first passenger presents himself. "Are you traveling alone—how many in your family?" is the question next asked.

"Myself and wife," is the reply.

"Where do you reside?"

"In New York."

"What baggage have you?"

"Well, I think we have four trunks and some smaller baggage."

"Any valises, wraps, or other hand-baggage?"

"Two valises, a satchel and three rugs."

"Have you anything new or dutiable?"

"No; nothing at all."

"Any piece goods, samples, or presents for others?"

"Nothing at all of the kind."

"Any wearing apparel not in use, or lady's wearing apparel that has not been worn?"

"Nothing whatever but what we have been actually wearing," is the passenger's reply.

"You swear that these statements are true? Sign it there," says the officer, as he hands the declaration on which he has entered these particulars as rapidly as they were uttered to the passenger to sign, and immediately passes it to another of the staff, who numbers it, gives the gentleman a ticket with the corresponding number, and folds it carefully away, while still another officer further along the table, with the passenger-list in hand, is checking off each passenger's name as his declaration is made complete. Now the passengers come, in larger and still increasing numbers, into the saloon, and gather in crowds around the table where the staff are at work. Soon the bustle and hurry become greater and greater, and the officers begin to have fully as much as they can do to respond to all demands, actively and rapidly as they work. Human nature in all its varieties presents itself, as one after another of the throng assembled round the officers' table comes forward to make his declarations. Here a gentleman passenger, in reply to the query, "Have you any new or dutiable goods?" answers, "I have nothing for myself, but have two dozen pairs of kid gloves for a friend." While he is yet speaking it is entered under the appropriate heading on the declaration, together with the value, if known, and a mark, understood by the inspectors who are to examine the baggage, is put on the back of the papers, to indicate at a glance that there is something "declared" among the baggage of that party.

Another gentleman states, when asked if he has anything dutiable in his trunks: "I have a cloak purchased in Paris for my daughter."

"New, of course?"

"Well—yes."

"Anything else new?"

"Well, I believe we have some china bought on the other side."

"Its value is——"

"A hundred and twenty-five dollars, I believe, but here are the bills," and these being produced and glanced at, the approximate value is set down opposite it on the declaration. Still another passenger, evidently a legal luminary from some country town, argues every question asked him with the officers, murmurs at every answer that he has to make, lectures the officers on the law relative to baggage, and finally takes his declaration off to his stateroom to read it carefully through before he signs his name. So the work has been going on for the last hour and more, and the crowd now begins to fall off. The officers have been asking one after another, as he or she comes up, the same queries repeated over and over, answering at the same time all kinds of inquiries as to when the baggage will be allowed to come off, how soon it would be examined, when the passengers could go off the dock, etc., to one inquirer after another patiently and good-naturedly, and at the same time promptly and systematically, going through with the declarations of the hundred and more of cabin-passengers to whom they have had to attend. Meanwhile, however, the passengers have nearly all completed their declarations, with the exception of one and another straggling in now and again apparently having just wakened up to the fact that such a matter has to be attended to, and while the morning's work of the last two hours has been proceeding the steamer has been making her way up the bay and along the North River quite up to the city. Going up on deck, we find that she is, indeed, near her pier. On the upper deck, as it approaches, the cabin-passengers are gathered along the side in anxious groups looking for some expected friend to meet them on their arrival. On the lower deck beneath, the throng of steerage-passengers eagerly press to the vessel's side, anxiously looking, with faces showing

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varying expressions of wonder, disappointment or gratification, at the strange shore which they are about to touch. At the end of the dock are groups of friends of the passengers waiting anxiously for those they have come to meet; there is an expressman waiting expectantly for the coming baggage, laborers and policemen bustling about, keeping the way clear or blocking it up alternately, and a Customs officer standing by waiting patiently and resignedly for his morning's work to begin. Now the ropes are thrown and placed, the engines begin to work, the vessel comes nearer and nearer, almost close to the dock. On the upper deck the officers of the ship are giving their final orders for bringing the vessel up to its place, and now the dark-blue uniforms of the surgeon's staff begins to show itself among the passengers on deck.

"Stand one side!" cries the policeman at the end of the pier. Some twenty stout laborers bring out the gang-plank in readiness, and the side-rail of the vessel is taken off the lower deck. The long and heavy "gang-plank" is, after several attempts, brought in place, and the vessel is at last connected with the shore. A Customs officer, who has been waiting for this point, at a word from his superior close by, takes his place on guard at the foot of the plank.

Now all is bustle on board the vessel. The passengers, with their valises, wraps and other hand-baggage, either carried by themselves or their servants, come out of the cabin and state-rooms, and, from the deck, fathers of families, or gentlemen with wives or daughters under their protection, give a final order about their trunks and accompaniments; the staff officers, with their declarations in hand, come down on the dock, and the passengers hasten down the gang-plank, eager once more to be on *terra firma* in America.

On the pier all is now apparent confusion. The groups of friends, who had not gone on board, are engaged in short and interesting conversation with their newly-arrived companions, or are assisting them with the many pieces of their lighter luggage, or yet bustling about at the end of the dock, while waiting for the trunks that are now about to come from the vessel. Now the passengers begin to stroll along and gather in groups about half-way down the dock. The Customs officers have already formed their line across the pier, further along, and the staff officers have taken up their position, declarations in hand, where they can most readily attend to any call from the passengers, and also most promptly direct the officers in their work. It is now fairly along in the morning, and the passengers, who have, perhaps, been up most of the previous night, expecting to come up to the city much earlier, are looking weary and anxious to get home. Satchel and valise and wrap-bundle in hand, they begin to come up, singly and in groups, to the staff officers, and ask if they cannot have their baggage attended to at once, so that they may go.

"Have you all your baggage together?" is his reply; and as they remember that the greater part of it is not yet on the dock, he kindly and patiently advises them—one and another, and still another again—to watch their trunks as they come over the ship's side and have them put together, and then they will at once be attended to.

Meanwhile, however, the larger baggage is being sent off the vessel more and more, and the company's laborers are wheeling the trunks down the pier, closer and closer, and in increasing numbers, and depositing them in confused heaps in such spaces as may yet be vacant for their reception on the muddy flooring. Now a passenger, after bustling anxiously about, has at last got all his trunks and other baggage together. He hastens to a staff officer, tells him that he has them all ready, and asks eagerly to be attended to at once. The officer takes the number on the ticket which he gives, looks over the declarations in his hand to find the one corresponding, calls one of the officers from the line, and handing it to him, directs him to examine the gentleman's baggage. The inspecting officer, after a preparatory glance at the declaration, noting whether anything dutiable is declared or not, accompanies the passenger to where his luggage is placed.

The smaller valises, bags, satchels, bundles, etc. are opened and examined, quickly but carefully, with a practiced eye, and, all being correct, are marked and passed. Then a trunk is unlocked by the owner, the upper tray is lifted out, the officer, with a quick eye and hand, takes a comprehensive view of its contents, and, finding nothing dutiable, marks it "passed" as it is closed, and the owner wearily but gladly relocks it and turns it over to one of the expressmen waiting to receive it. So it goes with another and another piece of baggage. Along the dock now the scene is becoming animated and confused.

The porters still continue bringing on trunk after trunk and piece after piece of baggage; passengers are coming up to the staff and having their declarations picked out and officers assigned to examine, as they get their luggage together in position to do so, and the scene we have just described is being repeated, with variations, all over the pier. Here an elderly, hearty-looking gentleman has apparently forgotten to mention in his declaration the piece of silk that he has carefully folded away among the contents of his trunk. The experienced hands of the good-natured but careful officer bring it to light where it lays, not very deeply concealed among the various articles of clothing. The Appraiser is called for, the silk is carefully examined by his practiced hands, its cost is inquired and considered, and in a moment more it is entered on the declaration by the appraiser, with the rate of duty attached, and, if nothing further is found dutiable in his remaining trunks, our elderly friend goes hurriedly and a little disappointed to the office on the dock to pay the entry clerk in attendance the duty on the parcel that has been found, so that it also can be marked and passed with his other baggage, to be taken off the dock.

Further along, an officer is examining the baggage of a family traveling together. Trunk after trunk and valise after valise has been brought and heaped together in confusion on the dock. The officer, in a moment, brings down the trunks in place, such as there is, in the confined space left for their reception. The trunks of the gentlemen of the party are now opened one by one by their owners or attendants. The officer gives a quick but thorough examination of their contents. Nothing but clothing, evidently in use, or traveling necessaries, in these. So the gentlemen's trunks are examined, found all correct, marked and passed. And now the inspector comes to the baggage of the ladies of the party—trunks larger, heavier and apparently much more difficult to be opened, as key after key is tried without success by the unaccustomed hand of the husband or brother. At last the trunk is opened, the upper trays are lifted out and laid on the top of the unopened trunks, so as not to be soiled on the muddy floor of the pier, and the examination begins. The quick hands of the officer, careful and nice through long practice, raise and feel one after another of the dresses and other pretty and delicate articles of apparel within.

"Have you worn this dress, madam?" is now asked, as the officer's eyes fall upon a costume, carefully packed and in such good order as to puzzle the inexperienced as to whether it lays there just as it has come from the hands of some Parisian *modiste*, or whether its fair owner has really had it made and worn it during her Summer in Europe.

"Oh, yes, I have worn that a number of times," replies the lady.

"And this one?" raising another dress further down in the trunk, and also of a slightly doubtful appearance as to its newness and wear.

"Oh, that is an old one made over new while we were in Paris," answers the lady, in a rather dissatisfied tone, evidently thinking it wholly unnecessary that she should be annoyed by such (after all quite necessary) queries. The good sense and courteous bearing of the officer, however, soon show that he is only doing his duty carefully, and the examination proceeds. If a doubt arises as to the fact of any dress having been worn, the appraiser is called for, and his practiced eye and prompt decision settle the question, either as to its being dutiable or not, and so the work goes on. All over the pier the laborers are industriously wheeling along their hand-trucks, laden with trunks, in every direction, heaping everything in endless confusion, and crowding in every imaginable way the temporary thoroughfare among the baggage. Passengers are bustling here and there, getting their baggage ready for examination, or anxiously and rather wearily also—in the hot and confined atmosphere of the dock—looking on at the officers examining it and eagerly waiting for its completion. The officers themselves look almost wearied out with the constant strain of their morning's work, amid all the confusion and bustle of the dock, requiring every sense on the alert, and at the same time a pleasant word and prompt attention to passenger after passenger as the hours go by. The staff officers are at their posts here and there along the centre of the dock, ready of access and affable to all, giving ear to one after another call on their attention, examining declarations, assigning officers to baggage, and patiently answering question after question from one or another dissatisfied or uninformed passenger, and seemingly calm and unwearied amid the constant and unceasing turmoil around them. The Deputy Surveyor, with all the responsibility and care, in charge of the proper execution of the morning's work, walks quietly about the pier, undistinguished by any particular mark of office, but grasping all that is going on with an experienced eye, and directing the whole work in a manner quiet and assuming, but that, at the same time, commands respect and attention at once.

Courteous, though decided in speech, firm and earnest in action, both officers and passengers soon perceive that to his mind the proper and faithful execution of, and compliance with, the established laws—unpleasant though they may seem—is, after all, the most rapid and pleasant manner of progressing with the work of the examination and passing of the baggage.

The dock is now more clear of the trunks and packages that so lately covered it, as one expressman after another takes them—as they are marked and passed by the inspectors; the passengers pass off gradually, attended by their welcoming friends, eager, after their long confinement on board ship and on the dock this morning, to be once more on their way home through the streets of New York. The peculiar bustle and confusion of an hour ago soon begin to disappear—to give place to the, perhaps, still greater confusion of the daily traffic on the dock. But now the morning hours have nearly passed away. The last of the passengers on the pier have had their baggage examined, and, with it, have left for home, while in the office, at the street-end of the dock, the entry clerk from the Custom House is engaged in making up from the declarations his returns of the duties they have paid; the officers, no longer needed, return to the barge office or to their next post of duty, and the inspectors, who are assigned to discharge the cargo, come on the pier and take charge, and the work of disembarking the passengers from the White Star steamer is over.

THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

A RECENT traveler, descanting upon the attractions of the Brazilian capital, says: "I am a little at a loss to explain why it is that people who have seen most of the fine cities in the world, including Edinburgh, should be in rapture with Rio, should find it a revelation of a new kind of loveliness; but so it is." At every turn you are met by a vision of steep, green hills, bearing flower-laden terraces, from which white villas rise, one above the other, in sparkling confusion; or you look down a narrow, brilliantly-colored and busy street, and behold, framed like a picture, a blue, tropical sea, with white sails gleaming in the distance and solemn mountains on either hand.

The city is not cramped for room, but stretches over a large space, and all the good houses have ample gardens. These are duly surrounded by thick stone walls, but tropical nature needs no such barriers. Roses and orange-trees mount up aloft; nearly every tree bears flowers as well as foliage; creepers with blossoms of every hue fling themselves over the walls, and lofty palm-trees stand like vigorous guardians of the domain. We are too accustomed to associate the idea of palm-trees with torrid, sandy plains, that the sight of them, strange and beautiful, standing amid green lawns and gardens full of scarlet flowers, is most astonishing. It makes no difference though, after a time, where a palm-tree stands. It is in itself so beautiful an object—the tall, smooth, gray-green stem is so elegant, the long, glossy branches so graceful—that it lends an indescribable air of dignity to any spot in which it happens to grow. The Brazilians are very fond of planting two palm-trees, one on either side of the tall iron gates which, hung between massive stone piers, give access to their gardens.

The bay, which the city overlooks, comprises a large number of reaches, or small bays, and is dotted with upwards of forty islands, from one of which, the Ilha das Cobras, located opposite the Naval Arsenal, our sketch was taken.

The foreground of the engraving illustrates only the commercial and least attractive part of the city, the principal residences being either back of the city or upon the hills in its centre. The principal buildings are the Custom House, the Mint, the Insane Hospital, the Mercy's Hospital, the Imperial Palace, the Lyric Theatre, the Hall of St. Pedro, and the College of Pedro II. The great equestrian statue of Dom Pedro I., the docks and the aqueduct, deserve the special notice of tourists.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Spirit of the Southern Press on the Result.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist.

AWAITING events, and not being unduly apprehensive of them, let us all attend closely to our own immediate affairs, do as much business as possible and make as much money. The South will best disarm the prejudice of her enemies by her struggle for commercial prosperity and a wide patriotism that seeks the common glory of the whole country. This, we believe, she will do, and if unjustly attacked in that attitude and galled by unfriendly legislation, she will be righted by the same majorities that made Mr. Garfield's Presidency possible.

From the New Orleans Times (Dem.).

WHILE holding to the great Democratic principle of local self-government and opposing encroachments on the Constitution, it is the duty of the South to cease playing second fiddle to the unreliable, dough-faced Democracy of the North, and unite in raising and supporting such economic issues as will tend to increase her material wealth and prosperity.

From the Vicksburg Herald (Dem.).

WE have allowed our extreme men to have too much influence. We have shouted for a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count, while we winked at almost any efforts to pull this or that candidate through. We have denounced the grab game of the Republicans, but at the same time we have played it pretty strong ourselves. We have decried the use of supervisors in Northern cities, but we have not kept our own skirts clean. In trying to deceive our opponents we have deceived ourselves and destroyed our friends, the Thurmans, the McDonalds and the Wallaces of the North. Defeated and humiliated, we are confronted by a stalwart President, backed by a Republican House. We must stand firm, face the situation and meet it like men. We must not commit the errors in the future that our extreme men committed in the past. When we make platforms we must live up to them. We must accept the amendments in good faith, or give the Bourbons the reins and prepare to receive another dose of reconstruction. We still have the Senate, but we will not have it long unless we drive the Ere-eaters of the South to the rear and keep them there. Even the control of our local affairs is endangered by the criminal blunders of the bilots who rely on bulldozing, fraud, hypocrisy and perjury.

From the Richmond (Va.) Whig (Dem.).

THIS thing of Democratic defeat has become monotonous. For a quarter of a century the party's portion has been a succession of reverses. What is to be done about it? Are we to play this losing game for ever?

For our part, we believe that a new deal is not merely desirable but inevitable. It is not in the nature of men to be constant to failure and misfortune, no matter how closely allied these may be to even the most exalted virtues and the purest principles. Without necessarily deserting either the virtues or the principles, they are sure sooner or later to seek some resource, some avenue of escape, from fast-coming disaster; and, of a truth, the followers of the Democratic party have attested their fidelity by a long devotion which now deserves some relaxation and indulgence. We do not know what should be done, but we are confident that something in the way of a new combination of all the elements opposed to the dominant power in the Republican party must be effected if ever that party is to be hurled from control.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal (Dem.).

WITH the break-up of the South, which can no longer be held solid, will come in time the break-up of the Solid North. Yielding to no one in detestation for the party record of the man who has been elected President of the United States, we declared early in the canvass what we here take leave to repeat, that he is a person of commanding intellect, a voluminous experience in public affairs, incapable alike of personal venality or malignity, and capable of being and of wishing to be a just Chief Magistrate. That this will be his purpose and policy we sincerely hope. He is ambitious withal, and having a mind and heart which do not want for virtues to guide him, and, unlike his predecessor, coming in at the front and not at the back door, it will be a crime which he can see and whose consequences he can measure if he does not rely upon the country at large for his support and seek the very earliest opportunity to declare his independence of the corrupt and despotic bosses who will seek to rule his administration with an iron rod.

From the Richmond State (Dem.).

THE reasons which led the country to this decision have been much discussed. But the fact seems to be that the controlling cause was a distrust in the North and West of the Democratic party—a distrust of the South, which found its justification in the fact that the Democratic party was not united in policy. The Republicans had at least a color of reason when they charged that the Democracy was not a party, but a mere heap of men, an agglomeration, whose sole idea was to seek office. Let us look the fact in the face. The Democracy will continue to be a sectional party until the day when it unites on some leading principles of government, finance, tariff, civil service and foreign policy.

From the Charleston News and Courier (Dem.).

IT is the part of elevated statesmanship to avoid and discountenance false issues. The South has been kept solid by the conviction that in no other way could the inalienable rights guaranteed by the Constitution be effectively maintained. We answer for it that if the Southern States can be relieved of this feeling (as they would have been had Hancock been elected), the Southern people will turn their thoughts and attention to practical business affairs, and will be ruled, in politics, by the considerations which control voters in States where the negro is an abstraction and the carpet-bagger an unknown quantity. That will be the end of the Solid South. The lines may run from North to South hereafter. Better still, each community will seek its own advantage, hoping at the same time that the aggregation of local advantages will comport with the good fortune, happiness and freedom of the whole people.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Register (Dem.).

WITH Garfield in the Presidential chair, for whom the Republicans have claimed so much in the way of ability and statesmanship, we shall see what we shall see. One thing is certain, if he is half the man he is claimed to be, if he is only half a statesman in the true sense of the word, he will hold his own and be his own successor in 1884. Not only this, if he bravely and broadly opens the way for ways of peace and the sway of broad common sense in the solution of the troubles and antagonisms which have arisen under the shallow-headed, mean and vindictive policy hitherto pursued by blind partisans, he will find the Solid South meeting him more than half way, while he shall have earned the surpassing honor of having inaugurated an era of prosperity in which the country, the whole country, will forget their jeopardling hatreds, and "sit down under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make them afraid." Garfield has the head sufficient for this work. Has he the nerve, character and constancy?

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A California Inventor has devised a process for pressing and drying potatoes so that they will keep for years without loss of flavor.

A Laudable Innovation has been made in the library of the French Academy, which is not open to the public. Any one wishing to consult any of the rare and precious books in the library has only to make an application to the librarian to receive the required authority.

A Sheet of Paper dipped in a solution of cobalt forms a very simple barometer. When the weather is to be dry and pleasant, the paper will become blue; and on the approach of wet weather it will turn pink. The barometer flowers of France are manufactured on this principle.

According to Sir J. H. Lefroy, the ground in British North America, at Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, is permanently frozen to a depth of 45 feet; and at York factory, on Hudson Bay, but 23 feet; while at Yakutsk, Siberia, in about the same latitude, it is frozen 250 feet deep.

A Disease of Salmon, caused by a fungus, prevails extensively in England and Scotland. Scientists have been investigating the matter, but have been unable to find a remedy, although the chief agents in the development of the disease are believed to be the pollution of waters and overcrowding.

M. Sadi Carnot, the French Minister of Public Works, has appointed a Commission to explore the antiquities of the Regency of Tunis, and determine what works could be executed with advantage in a country of which the welfare is of such importance for the good of the largest French dependency.

The Inauguration of the Paris Popular Observatory took place at the Trocadéro Palace on October 11th, on the second terrace of the Eastern Tower. Four telescopes—three reflectors and a refractor—have been placed at the disposal of the public. No fee is taken from the visitors, who have only to make application to the Popular Observatory Office, Trocadéro, and register their names. A series of lectures on practical observations will soon begin. A room is also reserved for microscopical observations, which will be opened during the daytime.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MADAME THIERS is seriously ill, and suffering from such extreme weakness that she is allowed to receive no letters nor visits from her friends.

THE Earl of Rosebery (Liberal) has been elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, defeating Sir Robert Christison, Bart. (Conservative).

M. GAMBETTA has purchased a site for his tomb at Père la Chaise, opposite the monument of M. Thiers, and he has paid for his last abode the sum of 150,000 francs.

THE Queen of Holland's sister, Princess Pauline of Waldeck, has been betrothed to Prince Alexis of Bentheim-Steinfurt, and the Duchess Helena of Mecklenburg-Strelitz to the Hereditary Prince William of Nassau.

IN court circles at Madrid a union is considered probable between the son of the Duke de Montpensier and the Infanta Eulalia, the youngest sister of the king. A coronelcy in a crack regiment of cavalry has been given to the young Prince Antonio.

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE, the son of Prince Pierre, and the young man who is about to marry the wealthy Mlle. Blanc, is described as a youth of "noble sentiments and statue-like beauty, six feet high, and never known to laugh since his country was overrun by German invaders.

SIR BARTLE FRERE, who is a great favorite at court, and, in spite of his strong self-will, of Mr. Gladstone and his family, has been appointed a member of Her Majesty's Indian Council in London, an appointment much more agreeable in every way than that he held in South Africa. The salary is $20,000 a year.

BRONSON HOWARD, author of "The Banker's Daughter," "Saratoga," and other popular plays was married, October 27th, to Miss Alice Maud Culverwell, daughter of a London physician. Mr. Howard is a resident of Detroit, and his parents reside there, but he has been in England for the past eighteen months.

MR. WILLIS E. NOWELL, a talented young Boston violinist, has just passed victoriously the ordeal of a competitive examination before the faculty of the Royal High School of Music in Berlin. Among twenty-one competitors Mr. Nowell was the only one selected by Joseph Joachim to receive lessons from him in person.

THE partnership of the French Rothschilds, which expired on the 1st ult., has been renewed. It is to end in 1905. The capital of the house is fixed at $10,000,000, of which Barons Alphonse, Gustave and Edmond Rothschild are each to furnish one-third. The registration of the deed of partnership cost 62,000 francs.

YOUNG RICHARDSON, who recently graduated first in his class at Harvard, has just entered Balliol College at Oxford, England, ranking first of all the applicants, and receiving the customary honorary award of $2,500, with a choice of the best suite of apartments in the gift of the college. Mr. Richardson is of Longwood, Brookline, and a son of the late Henry L. Richardson.

MR. PRESTON POWERS, who returned to Florence last March, has completed the model of the statue of Reuben Springer, which is to stand in the vestibule of the Cincinnati Music Hall. It will be done in marble, is a little above life size; one arm rests on a pilaster, the other falls by the side, the hand grasping a roll representing the design of the Music Hall, on the expense of which Mr. Springer was the first and chief contributor.

PREPARATIONS for the inauguration of General Garfield have already assumed an organized form. The Executive Committee having the arrangements in charge extend a cordial invitation to all military and civic organizations throughout the country to take part in the inauguration ceremonies. All communications and inquiries on the subject should be addressed to Colonel H. C. Corbin, corresponding secretary, Washington, D. C.

THE following are the assessments of the property of some of the California millionaires: Leland Stanford, $19,719,000; Charles Crocker, $19,187,600; Mrs. Mark Hopkins, $17,211,900; J. C. Flood & Co., $10,600,000; J. W. Mackay, $10,600,000; William Sharon, $6,470,000; James G. Fair, $4,220,000; J. C. Flood, $3,630,000; P. Donahue, $3,220,000; N. Ludwig, $3,170,000; Daniel Meyer, $2,500,000; James Phelan, $2,450,000.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in the course of his inaugural address before the Glasgow Sunday Society, took the ground that the Society, by opening museums, picture-galleries, libraries and public gardens on Sunday, would be acting as competitors with the public-houses; and if they were established on tramways from the slums of London to the nearest green fields they would also be doing a great benefit to the community, and even preaching a true gospel to them. Resolutions were adopted approving of the action of the Sunday Society, and declaring that the time had arrived for the opening of the national museums and picture-galleries.

MINISTER LOWELL'S opening address at the Winter session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution was listened to by a large audience of distinguished personages, and was enthusiastically received. His subject was the "True Principle of Shakespearean Criticism." It is unusual to choose a purely literary topic for such an occasion, but the experiment was brilliantly successful. The *Scotsman* says it is impossible to describe the charm of his manner, the constant play of his humor, his happiness of expression, delicate suggestiveness and fine criticism. It expresses gratitude to the American Government for sending Mr. Lowell as Minister.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, the present ruler of Bulgaria, having recently come into a legacy of a million and a half dollars, left to him by the late Empress of Russia, his aunt by marriage, is about to build a splendid palace in the new quarter of Sofia, at the east end of that city, where several large and handsome houses are in course of erection for the future accommodation of Bulgarian rank and fashion. The youthful Hospodar is just now in a lucky vein. Only the other day Bishop Gligor presented him with a tastefully laid out park, about half an hour's drive from Rustchuk, eminently suitable for a Summer retreat; and the prince, while gracefully accepting this munificent gift, sagaciously seized the opportunity of adding to his popularity by forthwith issuing a decree in virtue of which the park in question is to be thrown open to the Bulgarian public during three hours of every day for all time to come.

OBITUARY.—Colonel E. L. Drake, who sank the first oil well in Pennsylvania, died at New Bethlehem, November 8th; Don José Marie Orense, Marquis of Albaida, the Spanish statesman and abolitionist, at Madrid, on the 9th, aged 77; Hon. Fayette McMullen, ex-Congressman from Virginia, and the first Governor of Washington Territory, at Wytheville, on the 8th, aged 77; Professor A. J. Gordon, of Locustdale Military School, Va., a widely known teacher, on the 7th, while attending church; Brevet Brigadier-General Richard S. Satterlee, United States Army, late Medical Purveyor, at New York City, on the 10th, aged 85; Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the eminent Quaker philanthropist, reformer and preacher, at Philadelphia, on the 11th, aged 87; M. Frère-Orban, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council, at Brussels, on the 10th, aged 69; Wm. H. Faxon, United States Consul at Curaçoa for eleven years, on Oct. 29th; Allan H. Crowe, Grand Master of Masons of Nova Scotia, at Halifax, Nov. 10th.

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BRAZIL.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, TAKEN FROM THE ITHA DAS COBRAS, IN THE BAY.—SEE PAGE 207.



WEST VIRGINIA.—NEW STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, AT WESTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY A PATIENT.—SEE PAGE 210.

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M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU is without doubt the most prominent of the French dramatists of to-day. He has written some two-score plays in half as many years. He is not yet fifty; he is very rich; he is the youngest member of the French Academy, and it is to his plays that he owes his riches and his seat with the "forty immortals." He was born in Paris, September 7th, 1831, and was early entered as a medical student, but he soon gave up medicine for history. The ten years between 1850 and 1860 were years of misery and want. He taught, served as an usher in a school, did hack writing for dictionary-makers and in cheap newspapers, and wrote various plays that were refused right and left. But in 1854 the Odéon accepted a three-act comedy in verse, which was hissed at its first representation. After this failure he fell back into obscurity and wrote one or two semi-scientific stories. In 1858 he married Mlle. de Brecourt, an actress and intimate friend of Dejazet. At the house of the latter he met Vanderbuch, who had written several plays for Dejazet, and the two dramatists wrote together "Les Premières Armes de Figaro." At the end of 1859 the actress opened a theatre with the play and made it a success.

The doors of the Parisian theatre having thus been opened by Dejazet to M. Sardou, he at once rushed in, and within five years (1860-1864) produced nearly twenty plays of one kind and another—comedy, farce, drama, or opera. Two of these rapidly-produced plays achieved an instant and lasting success, "Les Pattes de Mouche" and "Nos Intimes," both being brought out in 1861. In the next seven years he produced in Paris only seven plays, including three of his best pieces. In 1865 was brought out "La Famille Benoiton," the first of a series of satires on society as it exists nowadays in France. The play was revived at the Vaudeville during the Exhibition of 1867 to keep company with another play of M. Sardou's at the Gymnase, "Nos Bons Villageois," which was the second in the series of satires. In 1869 his historical drama "Patrie" was brought out at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. Its scene was laid in the Netherlands, and the work was appropriately dedicated to John Lothrop Motley. After the close of the Franco-German war the first piece Sardou presented to the public of Paris was "Le Roi Carotte," set to music by the late Jacques Offenbach. His "L'Oncle Sam" was forbidden production by the censors on the ground of being an insult to a friendly nation, but it found representation outside of France. His latest work, "Daniel Rochat," now being performed in New York City, was produced for the first time in the Théâtre Français, Paris, on the night of February 16th last. Only once before had the "dramatist of the Boulevards" crossed the classic threshold of the house of Molière, his later writing having been for the Gymnase, where a first representation of any of his works is looked upon as one of the most fashionable events of the season.

M. Sardou always takes a great interest in the mounting of his pieces, and has been reproached with too great an affection for upholstery. What he aims at, however, is to make his plays as realistic as may be consistent with dramatic effect, and, while eschewing hansom cabs and real waterfalls, he is anxious that no anachronisms or impossible incidents should be allowed to creep in ungerceived.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.

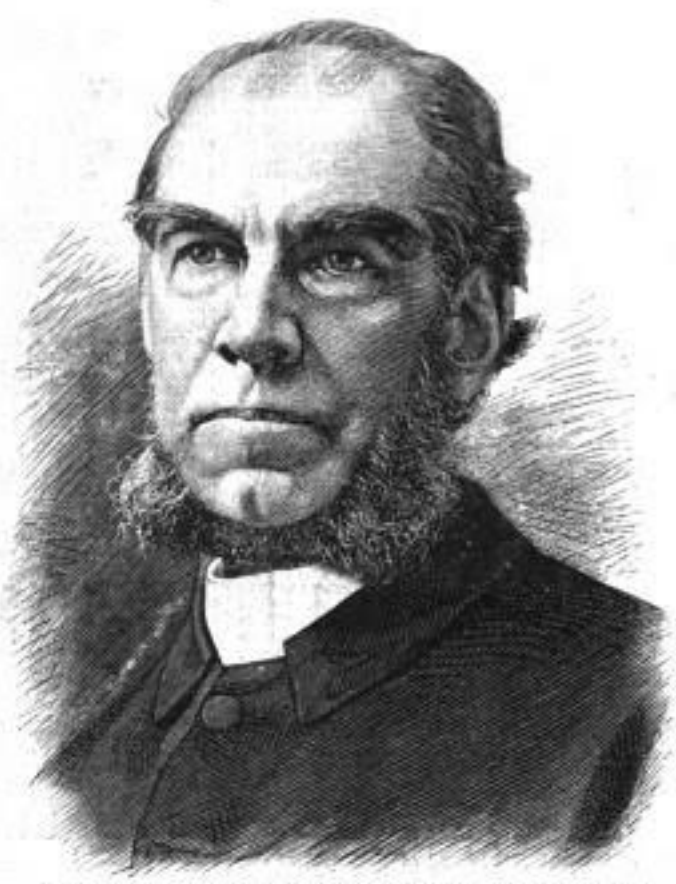
RESIDENCE OF FREDERICK W. STEVENS.

OPPOSITE the new residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, is the grand dwelling of Mr. Frederick W. Stevens, for which, with its furniture, it is said he recently refused the sum of one million dollars. A modification of the old French château style in vogue some three or four hundred years ago, it is the chief ornament of this fashionable locality, abounding in fine houses, and promises to be a landmark for the future. Its solid walls, turrets and towers, remind one of feudal times shady parks and grassy lawns. In dimensions it is about seventy-four feet front on the avenue by seventy feet deep, three stories in height, with a mansard roof built of brick and Cleveland stone in the way of trimmings. The interior is finished in hard wood, in a rich, substantial manner, with much solid paneling and some artistic carving. The building has been made substantially fireproof, through the medium of hollow tiling, which forms an effectual barrier against fire on each particular story. The main stairway, of oak, is double-lathed and plastered; the private stairway in the tower is of iron. An iron roof covered with slate precludes all danger of fire from the outside.

The house is provided with an elevator worked by water, a hydrostatic lift, which goes from the first to the third story. Practically it is self-acting, and runs night and day all the year round. These hydrostatic lifts are being of late generally adopted in the more elaborate of our modern first class dwellings. The conservatory occupies a prominent position on the second floor, communicating directly with the chief dwelling apartment. The towers not only add much to the picturesqueness of the structure, but have been cleverly adapted to practical uses. The dwelling is said to be a museum of art. The walls of one room—the dining-hall—are covered with old Moorish saddle-bags of figured leather, collected by Mr. Stevens during a prolonged visit to southern Spain. The houses that were torn down to make way for Mr. Stevens's mansion are occupied now by wealthy people one block to the eastward. Every stone was numbered and replaced in its original position, on the new site, in the same manner that was adopted when the Rev. Dr. John Hall's old church was moved.



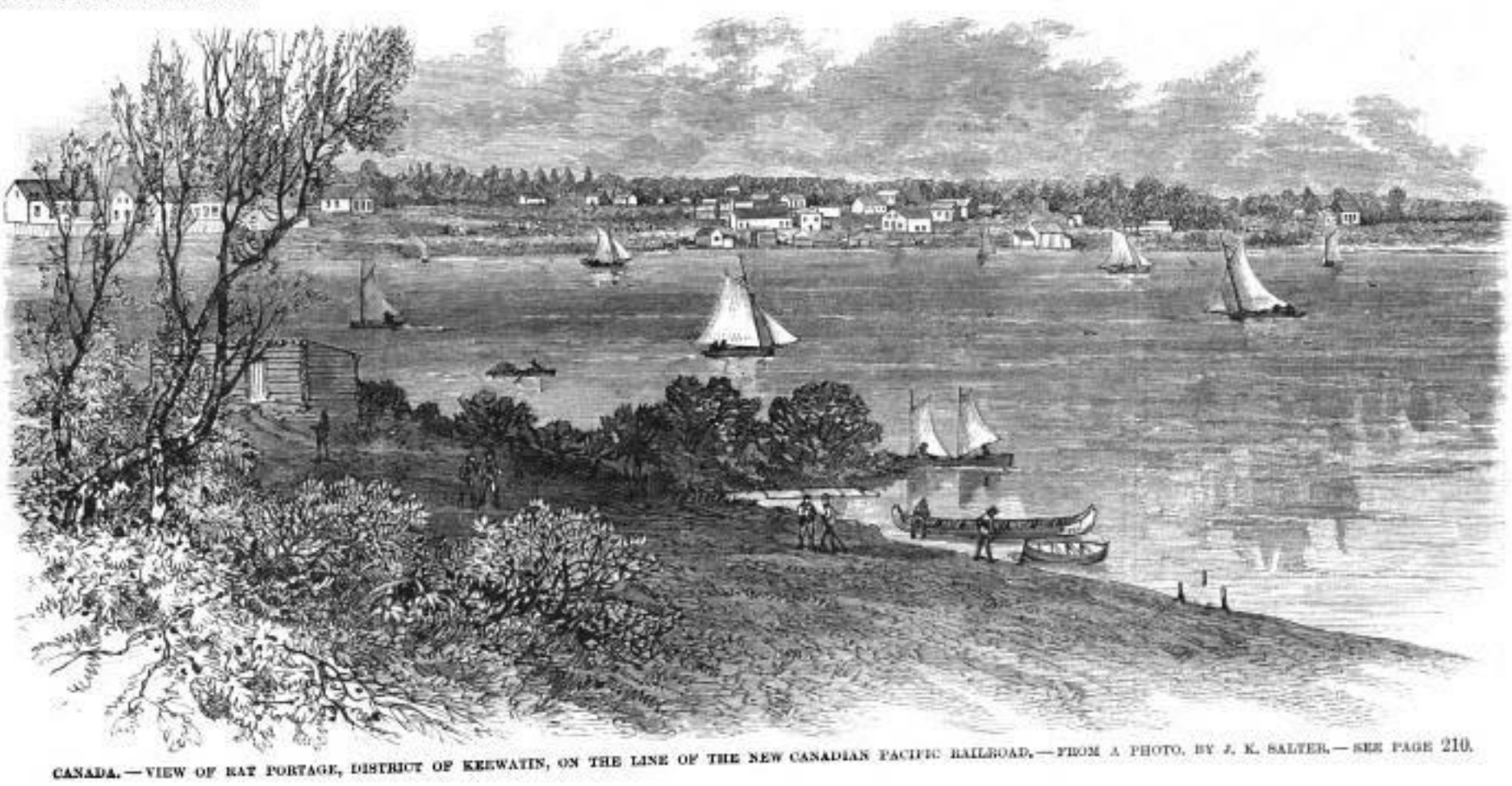
ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.—RESIDENCE OF FREDERICK W. STEVENS, ON FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.



REV. JOHN A. PADDOCK, D.D., BISHOP OF THE P. E. CHURCH.

REV. J. A. PADDOCK, D.D.

REV. JOHN A. PADDOCK, D.D., elected by the late General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to be the Bishop of Washington Territory, was born at Norwich, Conn., where his father was for many years the Rector of Christ Church. Dr. Paddock graduated at Trinity College, Hartford,



CANADA.—VIEW OF RAT PORTAGE, DISTRICT OF KEEWATIN, ON THE LINE OF THE NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTO. BY J. K. SALTER.—SEE PAGE 210.

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and, after studying at the General Theological Seminary, was ordained by Bishop Brownell. His first charge was in the beautiful village of Stratford, Conn., whence, after a rectorship of five and a half years, he was called to St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, New York. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ministry there, on the first Sunday after Easter in this year, he stated, as reported in an address published in one of the local papers, that he found about seventy communicants worshiping in a small brick church. This building was soon relinquished for a larger stone edifice, by the side of which have since risen a beautiful Sunday-school and rectory, making a group of ecclesiastical buildings rarely surpassed. The communicants have, for many years, numbered four or five hundred. Dr. Paddock has been, from the beginning of the Diocese of Long Island, a member of the Standing Committee, and for several years connected with the Board or Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of St. Peter's Church, on May 18th, 1873, the Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D. D., Bishop of the diocese, greeted the congregation with a warm letter of sympathy, in which he spoke thus of the pastor:

"The man of God who is over you in the Lord is one of whom his Bishop may speak freely at this time, and of whom, at all times, his brethren speak affectionately. Sound in the faith, judicious in counsel, prudent in administration, habitually devoted to the duties of his ministry, giving mind and heart and body to this one thing, loving every member of the fold with the tenderness of a true shepherd, carrying the lambs in his bosom, teaching from house to house, watchful over the sick sympathizing with the afflicted, balanced and steady in his work under trial and discouragement: I assure you, dear brethren, the character and services of such a man, as they have been God's best gift to you, so they account for the unity and peace which have prevailed in your borders, and, through these, for other blessings that have distinguished your parish. Long may a parish, which has been so richly favored of God and man, be continued in your midst."

It is expected that the new Bishop will be consecrated on December 15th.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

THIS institution is located at Weston, West Virginia, a beautiful town on the banks of the West Fork of the Monongahela River. The town has a population of 2,000, and is the county seat of Lewis County. One of the best narrow-gauge railroads in the country connect Weston with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Clarksburg, twenty-five miles distant.

The hospital, standing among the mountains of West Virginia, is one of the finest structures of the kind in the Union. It is built of solid blue sandstone, handsomely cut in pitch, and smooth-faced ashlar-work, with suitable ornamentations, and is covered with slate-roofing. The plastering is pure white, hard finish, with appropriate cornice-arches, etc. Each ward is 200 feet long. The sections are one, two and three stories high. The entire front is 1,211 feet 4 inches, although its inside capacity has a lineal length of 1,226 feet 4 inches. The centre building is five stories high, and is surmounted by a tower 100 feet high. Each section has a tower 118 feet high. There is also a brick hospital, 53 by 81 feet, detached, which is used for quiet patients; also a brick hospital for the colored insane, which is in all respects equal to the other hospitals, and has ample room for all the colored insane in the State.

There are at present 500 patients in the hospital and about 35 outside, giving the State about 525 insane in a population of 626,000, or one insane person to every 1,100 of population.

There are 300 acres of land attached to the hospital. The grounds in front are ornamented with fountains, lakes, bridges, walks, groves, etc.

The buildings have 8 acres of slate-roofing, 9 acres of flooring, 906 doors, 921 windows, 411 rooms, 1½ miles of sewer-pipe, ¼ mile of ventilating-pipe, 18 miles of heating-pipe, 2¼ miles of gas-pipe, 12 miles of water-pipe and 2 miles of spouting or drain pipe.

The directors, at their meeting in October last, reported that the executive as well as the medical department of the institution is in good condition—the patients being well clothed, fed, and medicines and medical attention given for the past year at $2.17 16-100 per capita per week. This includes all expenses—pays officers' salaries, wages, clothing, food, medicines, etc. This is, perhaps, lower than any other hospital in the country.

The present superintendent, Dr. T. B. Carnden, has had charge of the hospitals over nine years. His assistant, Dr. A. H. Kunst, has held his position twelve years. A second-assistant physician, Dr. Lewis, has been recently appointed.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE Canada Pacific Railway, which is now in the hands of a syndicate, is one of the great enterprises of the time. The Government has guaranteed to the syndicate $25,000,000 in cash and 25,000,000 acres of land; finishes the portions of the road at present being constructed, and hands them over, with the portions already constructed, to the company when the whole line is finished. The company gives security to the amount of $1,000,000, together with a certain portion of land as security for the working of the line. Estimating the land at $2 per acre, the gross subsidy, with the completed sections, represents a sum of $100,000,000 that the Government pays the syndicate for constructing the road.

The eastern terminus of the road is at Lake Nipissing, just northwest of Ottawa, where it connects with other Canadian railways, and the western terminus will be at Burrard's Inlet, at the mouth of the Fraser River. For 500 or 600 miles in the western part of the road it will run through a comparatively unsettled, rather mountainous, and in places barren country. Two hundred and sixty miles of the road have been completed, and it is expected that trains will be running over 700 miles at the end of a year. Work will be pushed vigorously throughout the Winter, as it is claimed that snow-storms will prove less of an obstacle through that locality than they were found to be along our Pacific roads. The interests of British Columbia and Canada are intimately connected, and it is announced that the former will be incorporated in the latter upon the completion of the road. The western terminus will be a thousand miles north of San Francisco, and sanguine persons expect this road will surpass all those south of it. One writer says: "The Canada Pacific Road will absorb a large proportion of the Pacific traffic. It will bring Europe and the East closer together. The products of Eastern Asia can be sent to Europe over it quicker and at less cost than they are now being carried over the American railroads. The English trade with India and China over this road is expected to be very great, and the through traffic from the Far West will also be immense. English goods will be shipped to Canada and carried over the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railroad to British Columbia, whence they can be transported to India at a great saving of time and expense. It will be almost a straight line from Liverpool to India over this road. The produce of the Northwestern States of America will also find its way to Europe over it. That trade can easily be tapped by a branch line from Minneapolis to connect with the Canada Pacific."

Professor Macoun and other authorities estimate that there are at least 200,000,000 acres of good land in the northwest, so that after satisfying the land grant to the syndicate and their own reserves, the Canadian Government will still have 175,000,000 acres to dispose of. It is proposed to sell enough of this to enable the Government to construct branch roads running north from the main line and to improve the navigation of the Saskatchewan and other rivers. A section of the road is in process of construction from Winnipeg to Thunder Bay, and will be completed in about two years. Another is building from Winnipeg west, and a third in British Columbia. The length of the road when finished will be about two thousand miles. It will take from eight to ten years to build it through.

Our illustration on page 209 presents a view of Rat Portage, in the district of Keewatin, Canada, which has been brought into some prominence in connection with this road. Rat Portage is beautifully situated at the northern extremity of the Lake of the Woods. For years a post of the Hudson Bay Company, without a habitation beyond their palisade, excepting the picturesque wigwams of their dusky customers, its solitude was rudely broken in June, 1879, by the contractors for Section B of the Canadian Pacific making the place their headquarters. Section B extends from Rat Portage, sixty-five miles easterly, to Eagle River, through a very difficult country for railroading; its completion will cost about four and a half million dollars. The prospect of this large expenditure speedily transformed the solitude of Rat Portage into a village of log buildings and railroaders, but it is only recently that discoveries of gold and silver on the islands and shores of the Lake of the Woods, in close proximity to the town, have attracted the attention of the busy outside world.

The lake extends about 100 miles south to the boundary line and is 80 miles wide. Its surface is covered with over 3,000 rocky islands which present some magnificent views to tourists, offering a delightful change to residents of the flat prairie country in the West, but especially attractive to miners and explorers, who are rapidly getting mining claims surveyed and patented. Nothing will be done towards developing the mines until the railroad runs from Winnipeg to Rat Portage and can be made available for bringing in machinery. This obstacle will be surmounted by the "iron horse" before Christmas, and the town will not unlikely become the centre of a large and rich mining country. Meantime explorers have been making new discoveries almost daily and are busy taking up claims and making preparations for the expected rush. A large hotel, with forty rooms, was opened November 1st to meet the demand for better accommodations than can be found at the railroad boarding-houses.

FUN.

THE little princess cannot yet walk Spanish.

A PROMINENT citizen, when asked if he was going to decorate, replied: "Yes; when the procession passes I'll raise the window, stick out my red head, show the whites of my eyes and look blue."

"IF you will consent to my marriage with your daughter, she will be treated as if she were an angel." "That is," was the matter-of-fact reply, "in a short time she would not have anything to wear."

"IF I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

THEY were talking of a man who was afflicted with the dropsy, and somebody said that he had been tapped the day before. "Then his case is hopeless. Nothing ever lasts more than a few days that is tapped in that house."

THE faculty of an Ohio female seminary has issued orders that no pupil shall have more than one male visitor per week. The smart girls invite their young men to call on Sunday, so that when their fathers come on Monday the old men find themselves barred out.

A MEMPHIS man wanted to kill a musquito on the back of a friend's neck, and without stopping to mention his design, hit the insect a belt, and when his friend got up and brushed the sand out of his mouth and eyes, four men had to hold him while the matter was explained.

MRS. FOGARTY has been experimenting again. This time it was at pressing leaves. She heard everybody talking about it; so she tried it. She says she pressed and pressed, but didn't get more than half a thimbleful of juice, "and that didn't taste like nothin' nuther."

AMONG the gifts displayed at a San Francisco wedding was the bride's father's check for $100,000. The cashier of the bank on which the check was drawn was a guest. It was observed that he looked queerly at the document, then turned up his nose, and remarked: "Why, he hasn't $500 to his credit in our bank."

THE drinking water at Milwaukee has become so stringy that it cannot be swallowed in the ordinary way, and is now used as a breakfast-dish—fried, roasted or boiled to suit the taste. Some prudent housewives are drying and smoking a supply of it for Winter use. Beer has been substituted as a quencher of thirst.

A SEEDY-looking man applied to a candidate for ten dollars. He said a few friends of the candidate wanted to make preparation already to celebrate his election. "But suppose I am defeated?" "Well, then, we can use the money in celebrating your not being elected. We are not particular, as long as we celebrate."

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

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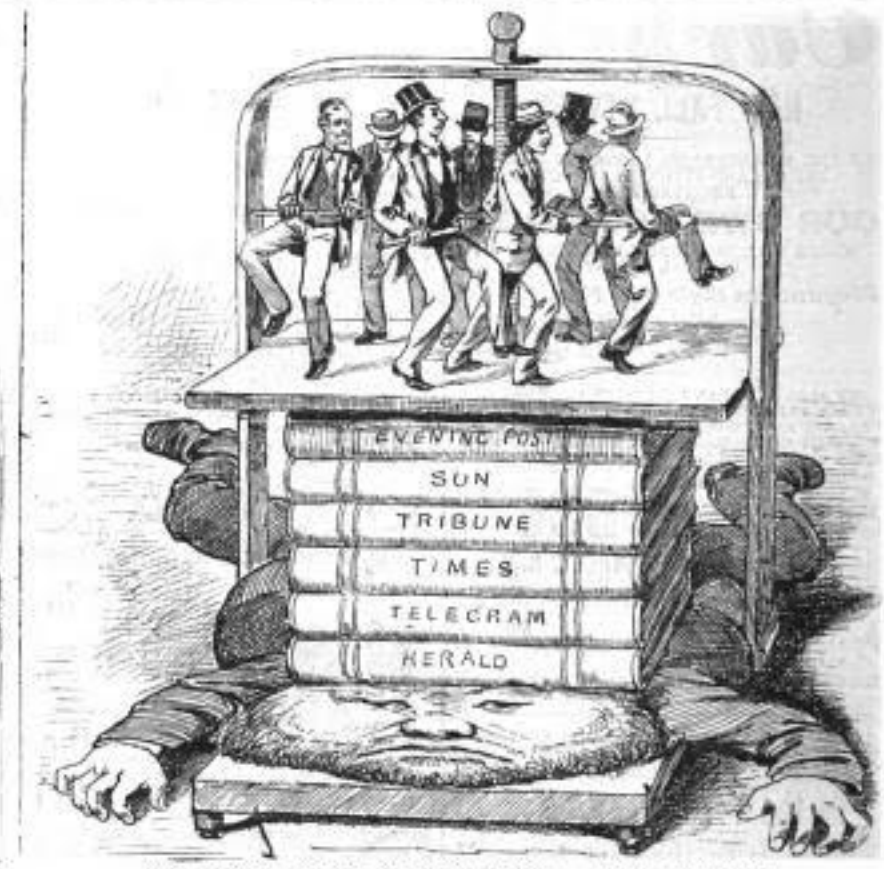
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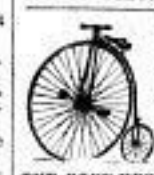


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SELECTING THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—See Page 218.

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A PRESIDENTIAL PENSION FUND.

THERE is no apparent reason for distrusting the motives of those persons who have interested themselves in establishing a "Presidential Pension Fund" by means of popular subscriptions. The object is worthy, but the scope of such a fund and the method of securing it are open to many objections which are prompted neither by partisan feeling nor personal likes or dislikes. The scheme for the proposed fund includes only one beneficiary, the oldest ex-President of the United States living—oldest not as to age, but as to the length of time which he has been out of office. The fund is to be made up from individual contributions, and will in no sense be national in character. There is an obvious objection to this method of raising the fund in the fact that the subscriptions must, to a large extent, be dictated by the respect or the dislike entertained for the person who is to be the immediate beneficiary. Those who subscribe cannot avoid the feeling that they are contributing to the benefit of one whom they may delight in honoring, or whom they would prefer should not be benefited by their generosity. That the character, amount and diversity of the subscriptions will be largely influenced by these feelings and prejudices no one can doubt. On the other hand, the recipients of the trust, for some time at least, will occupy the position of debtors, or, worse still, perhaps, of charity wards of the contributors to the fund. If in no other way, certainly in the sense of being supported at the expense of a comparatively few individuals, the beneficiaries, during the lives of the subscribers, will feel that they occupy a false and delicate position. Were the proposed fund to be created out of an appropriation purely national, these objections would not exist, and those for whom it was established, while accepting with gratitude its benefits, would feel it to be a graceful recognition of their past services by an entire nation.

The strongest objections may be raised, however, against the scope of the fund—whether national or popular—as embraced in the present scheme. The object, as explained by the projectors, is to do honor to those who have occupied the highest official position in the gift of this country, and to preserve those whom the nation has dignified from contact with penury or want. This cannot be accomplished by the present plan. If the present were an infallible index of the future, the proposition to pension the oldest ex-President to the exclusion of his successors might indeed meet no objection. There is only one ex-President now living, and, therefore, there could be no injustice done immediately. After March 4th next there will be two ex-Presidents, unless the death of one should occur in the meantime. Perhaps if the same state of affairs were to continue for ever, as will exist after that date, even then no objection could be urged to the scheme in its present form.

But it would be too much to expect, and would be in opposition to past experience to predict, that the same relations which will exist in a few months will continue indefinitely. In fact, it is an exception in the history of this country that those relations should be in such full accord with the terms of the scheme which we are considering. Apply the plan to any other period, and in no instance will it be found that the beneficiary combined in himself the widest respect, the largest necessities and the greatest age. Had such a scheme been perfected at the time of the formation of the Government, there is good reason to believe that it would have been abandoned long ago, because of its manifest injustice. What the chances are of there never being more than two ex-Presidents surviving at the same time may be inferred from a glance at the past. From March 4th, 1797, when Washington became the first ex-President, to March 4th, 1881, a period of eighty-four years, it appears that for three years there was no ex-President living, caused by the death of Washington in one instance, and of Johnson in another. For sixteen years there was only one ex-President, nearly eleven years of which were filled by the first two ex-Presidents this country had—Washington and Adams. Four years of the remainder were filled by General Grant, leaving only a little more than one year besides when there was not more than one ex-President living, including the three years when there was none. The period may, therefore, be declared to be exceptional when there were less than two surviving ex-Presidents. For thirty years there were two, for twenty-eight years there were three, for six years there were four, and for one year there were five ex-Presidents living. During two-thirds of the entire period there were never less than two nor more than three survivors. It would be safe to predict that, if the history of the past is not to repeat itself, such changes as are likely to ensue will tend to increase the average number of Presidential survivors. Younger men are being called to the Presidency than in the early days of our history. Down to 1841 the youngest man who surrendered his seat was Van Buren, who was fifty-eight years of age when he retired, while the average age of the nine Presidents during the period was sixty-five years. Of the ten Presidents since that time one-half were less than fifty-six years of age at the time of their retirement, two of them only fifty-three years, while the average was only fifty-nine years.

How the plan of pensioning the oldest ex-President would have affected the Presidents of the past let the following summary show: Washington would have enjoyed the fund for nearly three years, his death occurring a little more than a year before his successor's term expired. John Adams would have been the next beneficiary, and for twenty-five years he would have been in receipt of the pension, to the exclusion of the three who succeeded him in office during his lifetime. Jefferson, who survived his office seventeen years, and who died on the same day as John Adams, would have been entirely excluded from the benefit of the fund, notwithstanding that he became so reduced that an Act was passed by the Legislature of Virginia authorizing him to dispose of his property by lottery for the purpose of providing means to pay his debts. The death of Jefferson alone prevented this measure from being carried out. Madison survived his office nineteen years, but would have enjoyed the fund only ten years. Monroe would have received no benefit during his survivorship of six years, the fund being enjoyed by Adams and Madison during the period. John Quincy Adams would have been the fourth beneficiary, and he would have excluded entirely Andrew Jackson, who survived eight years, although he himself would have been in receipt of the pension for only twelve years out of the nineteen years which he lived. Van Buren would have been the next, and would have kept the fund fourteen years out of the twenty-one years he survived, excluding absolutely Tyler, who lived seventeen years, and Polk, who lived three months after retirement from office. Fillmore, the next reversioner, survived twenty-one years, and would have enjoyed the fund twelve years, causing the exclusion of Pierce, who survived twelve years, and Buchanan, who lived seven years after surrendering office. Andrew Johnson would have enjoyed the trust only one year, and, after a lapse of the trust for about two years, General Grant would have been the beneficiary for four years.

Thus it appears that of the fifteen Presidents who retired from office—three having died during their Presidential term—only eight would have received any benefit from a fund provided in the manner now proposed. Those eight would have received the pension for an aggregate period of eighty years, while for thirty-seven years they would have been deprived of it. The seven who would have been excluded from the pre-supposed generosity represented an aggregate survivorship of sixty-nine years, making an aggregate of 106 years entirely unprovided for. If such would have been the result of the adoption, one hundred years ago, of such a scheme as is now proposed, there is little reason to anticipate any better or more satisfactory result for the future. If the scheme would have excluded the Jeffersons, Monroes and Jacksons of the past, why might it not exclude those of the future? If it happens for the present to include the honored and sole ex-President now living, it is more than likely to happen that some Jefferson or Jackson, or, perhaps, a Lincoln or a Grant, may be deprived of the benefits which it is thought to secure for them exclusively. The plan, whether private or public, whether popular or national, needs modification before final adoption.

THE NEGRO AND SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

WE referred in a recent issue to the marked growth of some of the Southern States, and notably of South Carolina, in population and the essential elements of substantial business prosperity. The population of South Carolina, as was shown in that reference, has grown in ten years from 705,606 to 995,306, an increase of forty-one per cent., which is very much larger than the average rate for the country as a whole. Of this increase, it may be added, 101,404 is in the white population, and 188,421 in the colored, or, putting the fact in another form, the increase of the whites has been 35 per cent., and of the blacks 45.31 per cent.

These figures appear the more remarkable when it is remembered that South Carolina, during at least half the period covered by the late census, has been generally regarded as in a peculiarly distressing condition, its fields waste, its property-owners ruined by excessive taxation, its enterprise paralyzed by misrule, and its colored population compelled to seek in other States a refuge from political oppression and the horrors of starvation. But taking the census returns as evidence upon this point, the fact appears to be that during this period the class which was supposed to be suffering most severely from adverse influences has increased its numbers by nearly one-half. Commenting upon this general subject, the *Commercial Bulletin* draws these conclusions, which seem to us at once just and instructive:

"During the decade ending with 1860, the white race in South Carolina was increasing more rapidly than the colored, the gain in the former being 6.66 per cent. and in the latter 4.66 per cent.; whereas, during the last ten years, the comparison is reversed, the colored having gained very considerably upon the white. It is impossible to evade the conclusion to be drawn from these facts as to the effects of the abrogation of slavery. Instead of the colored race proving to be unable to take care of themselves and decaying in the absence of the supervision of white ownership, their emancipation has been followed by an amazing development of fecundity and growth, suggestive of new reflections as to the possible destiny and importance of the negro race on this continent. This at least is the moral of the figures for this one State, and we know of no special reason for regarding South Carolina as exceptional to the South at large; on the contrary, complaints of the sufferings of the negro have been more general from this State than any other. There is no possibility of accounting for this progress from any local causes, such as a development of trade at the commercial cities, for the following comparison of population at the chief cities, in 1880 and 1870, will show the progress in these localities has not equaled the ratio for the State at large:

	1880.		1870.
Beaufort	7,605	..	7,250
Charleston City	49,999	..	48,956
Charleston County	122,835	..	88,863
Georgetown	6,666	..	5,500
Columbia City	10,040	..	9,298

The gain has occurred, for the main part, in the agriculture of the State, which is almost entirely dependent on the colored population; and this fact shows how little faith is to be put in the stories of white oppression in South Carolina, how well able the negro is to hold his own against white competition, and how little he needs the solicitude that is lavished upon him in other sections."

COMBINATIONS IN FINANCE.

A NOTICEABLE incident in the recent convention of the representatives of the insurance interest was the warmth of the reception given to a resolution advocating the cultivation of a fraternal spirit among underwriters, to the end of securing co-operation in business. Such a resolution was exceedingly timely. The world has been too long in discovering that a man will never find his best road to success over the prostrate form of his neighbor. The scalping process in trade, the practice of over-reaching, the method of building up great establishments on the ruins of those of less fortunate competitors, must yield to a more liberal and intelligent conception of financial morals; and it is to hoped that the day is not far distant when men will be prepared to recognize their higher obligations. Theoretically, the world is making reasonable progress. Practically, where selfishness intrudes to blunt the sense of duty and competition places every man in peril, we move with slower footsteps. But we move, and the signs of the times indicate a new mode of motion. Together, men are learning to marching more steadily and with greater directness.

A business failure is never defensible. The bankrupt himself may be guiltless of any intentional offence, but the iniquity lies at the door of that imperfect social organization which has rendered the catastrophe possible. No man is permanently benefited by permitting disasters to overtake his rival. The fall of a single joint-stock company, of a corporation or of an individual, is a loss to the entire community. The man who imagines that he can derive more than a temporary and doubtful benefit by the removal of a competitor is a shallow philosopher and a worse citizen. The disorders in society incidental to panics and bankruptcies reach the highest as well as the lowest in grade, and the difference in suffering is only in degree. A fraternal spirit in business, expressing itself in good works, would bring to all men the peace that comes with perfect security, and benefit the strong as well as the weak.

But security can be reached only through organization. There is neither good-fellowship nor religion that can hold men to a sense of their obligations: and charity will be best observed when it is made, fundamentally, a factor in finance. General banking, insurance and trade reserves, held within the reach of corporations and individuals, will be alone the medium through which a fraternal spirit in business can express itself, and organization must be looked to as the only vehicle that can carry such a beneficent burden.

It is a sign of promise when so powerful a body of financiers as those who make up the underwriters' convention deliberately consider the desirableness of co-operation in business. Insurance men have especial reasons for union. In a country favored with so many large and combustible cities as the United States they have everything to prompt and quicken their intelligence. Possibly their present organization comprehends no other purpose than a general purification of the atmosphere, the elimination of unworthy and reckless competitors who adventure into business with insufficient capital, the suppression of fraud, and security against what they conceive to be unjust and discriminating legislation. These are valid excuses for organization; but the duties of the underwriters will not end with such partial reforms. The public wants protection against the failure of even the most substantial insurance companies when a great conflagration has burdened them with losses beyond their resources; and the managers of those institutions will study their own best interests when they so extend the object of their organization that they can furnish the security required. In such a work they will be doing both themselves and the public a better service than when, in a spirit of doubtful liberality, they contend against the methods of taxation adopted by the States.

Our bankers, too, can find a field for philosophical speculation not yet explored, but in which the banking system can secure a foundation more solid than any to be found in Acts of Congress or the Government. They are more directly responsible for the financial stability of the country than any other class of business men. They can spread general ruin by failure; and it would be no new incident were a commercial panic to be precipitated on the business community at any time by a panic among bankers. Such an event would not be so rare as to be phenomenal; and it is strange that the world has so long submitted to methods in bank management that can be productive of such destructive consequences. Here, especially, is a field where the cultivation of a fraternal spirit among business men, and the adoption of a system of co-operation, would be productive of the most signal benefits. Bank failures should be rendered impossible. General banking reserves, sufficient to meet every exigency, should be instituted, and in this system protection against panic would be found to lie directly in the pathway to greater economy and thrift. It is no good method in finance that adventures the last dollar in speculation, and trusts more to Providence than to prudence for good results.

A GREAT RAILWAY SCHEME.

ANOTHER gigantic railroad combination is outlined in the newspapers. By a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, which extends from Kansas City and St. Louis through the Indian Territory to Dennison, Texas, where it has connections to Austin, San Antonio and Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico, has fallen into the hands of Jay Gould and his syndicate. It is now proposed to consolidate with this road the Missouri Pacific and the Texas Pacific, with their various branches and feeders, which, if the Central and Union Pacific can be brought into the arrangement, will enable Mr. Gould and his associates to practically control the railways of the entire continent west of the Mississippi and south—by means of concessions from Mexico—into the very heart of that Republic. The capital stock of the Missouri, Kansas and Pacific was last week increased twenty-five millions of dollars for the purpose of building the new roads necessary to the completion of the system. The consolidation proposed will make a system aggregating 5,214 miles of road in present operation, with an indefinite number of miles still to be built, and reaching in the main from Toledo and Chicago on the lakes to San Francisco, Mexico City, and by way of the Texas and Pacific from New Orleans to the Pacific Coast, with hundreds of lateral feeders running through all the most desirable regions of the West and South. It is hinted that General Grant will be placed at the head of the new combination, but this is yet a matter of conjecture only. There is no doubt a wide field for railway enterprise in the development of the immense natural resources of Mexico and the Southwest, and any scheme looking to that result will enlist popular sympathy, but the concentration of the management of so vast an interest in a single corporation will be regarded by very few as in the line of sound public policy.

The movement in New York City in aid of Mexican development is rapidly assuming shape, and seems likely to enlist the

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co-operation of many leading capitalists here and elsewhere. General Grant heads the committee which is charged with the task of organizing the enterprise.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE gravity of the situation in Ireland has increased during the last week. The tactics which were adopted to compel Lord Erne's agent, Mr. Boycott, to leave the country have proved unsuccessful, and the Government have preserved law and order, but at such an expense that it will be impossible to relieve all other landlords in a similar manner. The Land Leaguers see this and have openly declared that they will "Boycott" some 2,000 landlords before Christmas. As the whole force of the British army would not be sufficient to protect these landlords, the Government will be obliged to have recourse to other measures. Foremost among these is a proposal to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. As this suspension should only be resorted to when all legal remedies have failed, the more radical members of the Cabinet have expressed themselves as strongly averse to it. Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlin have both spoken in public and announced their determination to oppose a suspension by every means in their power. Indeed, it is almost certain that both these Ministers would resign if the Cabinet resolved to suspend the Act. It is announced, however, that at present no such variance of opinion exists between members of the Cabinet as to justify the supposition that any Ministers contemplate the necessity of retiring. As Mr. Gladstone's owes his present position to the support which the Radical wing of the Liberal Party gave him at the last election, it is not likely that any measure which the Birmingham Party do not approve will be passed. On the other hand, the great Whig houses, represented by such men as Lord Hartington, insist upon the protection of property. The greatest strength of the Liberal Party lies among the landed gentry, and these persons are naturally in favor of guarding the rights of the landlords. Mr. Gladstone is, therefore, in a dilemma between the two divisions, and this entanglement probably accounts for the want of energy that the Government has shown during the Irish troubles. It is worth remarking that the English Radicals, no matter how advanced their ideas may be, are dead against any separation of England and Ireland, and are just as strongly opposed to the revolutionary spirit of the Land Leaguers as the most downright Tory in the land. Lord Selborne, the Lord Chancellor, is in favor of an immediate suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, thinking that no measures of redress should be introduced until law and order are vindicated. It is said that the Government have a scheme ready against the meeting of Parliament. This project would include a change in the land tenure and the purchase by the State of certain lands upon which a peasant proprietary might be tried.

The stormy scenes which marked the opening of the French Chambers still continue. The decrees against the religious Orders, and the manner in which they have been carried out, give an unending subject for discussion and vituperation. The Vatican has taken the somewhat unusual step of denouncing all the police officials who helped to put the decrees into effect. In the Senate M. Buffet has made an interpellation as to the crisis which resulted in the resignation of M. de Freycinet and the formation of the present Ministry. He expressed a strong belief that the expulsion of the religious Orders was merely an excuse for the fall of Freycinet, and that the real cause of his fall was the disapproval which he openly expressed of Gambetta's famous anti-Prussian speech at Cherbourg. This brought M. Ferry, the Premier, to his feet, and he absolutely denied M. Buffet's accusations. He went on to accuse the various Monarchical parties of siding with the religious bodies, and of opposing the laws to an extent that amounted almost to a veritable rebellion. He also charged them with bribing the police officials with money and the promise of advancement if they would refuse to carry out the decrees. One of the Legitimists then asked whether there was not some occult power behind the Cabinet, and whether Gambetta had not compelled the Ministry to retract what they had before approved. The insinuation raised an uproar in the House, but upon a division the Government were victorious by a small majority—143 to 137. The prosecutions of the Press still continue, and the managers of *La Commune* has been sentenced in default to fifteen months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 2,000 francs for defending a criminal act. The director of *La Civilisation* has also been sentenced in contumacium to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 2,000 francs for insulting the President, the Tribunal of Conflicts and the Council of State.

From Spain comes the news that the Government has given all the Cuban revolutionary leaders their liberty. It is understood that the arrangement was made with Calixto Garcia, and that measures will be taken to remove the grievances of which Cuba has such just cause to complain. A large mass meeting was held in Madrid under the auspices of the Co-operative Trade Association in favor of reform in the tariff not only in Spain, but also in the colonies. It is proposed to promote trade with England and with South America, and by this means promote the prosperity of Cuba, freeing her from being a monopoly market for Spanish products. The question will also be strenuously advocated in the Cortes by the opposition. The movement seems to be far-reaching; and it is also proposed to refund the national debt into a three per cent. stock. Such a conversion would save the country fifteen millions a year. The Minister of Finance has the subject in hand, and it is likely that some scheme will be laid before the Cortes.

The Pope has appointed Cardinal Jacobini as Pontifical Secretary in the place of Cardinal Nina. It is generally thought that this appointment will be followed by a change in the policy of the Vatican. The Pope approves of the conduct of the Irish Bishops, and he will probably issue a letter to that effect. The dispute between the Vatican and Russia in reference to the vacant Polish Sees has been amicably arranged, and appointments will be at once made. In making these appointments the Pope will consider the claims of any persons recommended by the Russian Government.

A curious marriage took place recently. Prince Roland Napoleon, the son of Pierre Napoleon, who shot Victor Noir, was united to Mlle. Blanc, the second daughter of the late proprietor of the gaming establishment at Monte Carlo. The bridegroom is a sub-lieutenant in the Thirty-sixth Regiment of French Infantry, and, as his father is third in the true Bonapartist succession, it is not altogether impossible that the daughter of the great gambler may sit upon the throne of France.

THE Governor of Louisiana has appointed T. C. Manning, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State, as United States Senator, vice Spofford, deceased. This is probably to be accepted as indicating a purpose to renew the attempt to unseat Senator Kellogg, which it had been supposed would be abandoned with the death of the long-baffled contestant. The attempt, however seriously made, is not likely to succeed, several leading Democratic Senators being positively committed against it.

IT appears that both Garfield and Hancock have carried California—the former by 507 majority, and the latter by 143. That is to say, one Garfield Elector has the majority first named, while the majority for the five Democratic Electors have majorities ranging from 87 to 143. The beaten Democratic Elector, David S. Terry, is the man who forced Broderick into a duel and then killed him for opposing the pro-slavery policy of the Southern leaders in California. The only wonder is that he was not beaten overwhelmingly.

HANLAN now fairly ranks as the champion sculler of the world, his defeat of Trickett in the great match on the Thames, last week, having left him without a real rival. Probably a greater amount of money was staked on the issue of this race than has ever been raked on any similar event. It is believed that nearly two millions of dollars changed hands in this country and England on the result. One Australian, who came here especially to bet on the race, lost $50,000, while ten times that amount is believed to have been lost by persons who were influenced by his betting and supposed knowledge of Trickett's capacity. In London many sporting characters from Australia, who bet everything on their countryman, were left penniless and will have to be sent home at the expense of their friends. They probably have a profounder respect for American brawn and muscle than they have ever had before.

IN the re-election of Hon. Joseph E. Brown as United States Senator from Georgia, the Bourbon element of the Democratic Party has suffered another notable defeat. He received the votes of all the Republicans in the Legislature, and his election has been hailed with genuine satisfaction by the more liberal Democrats in all parts of the State. A rumor that he will act in harmony with the Republicans of the Senate is no doubt without foundation in fact, but that he will refuse to co-operate with the reactionary influences of his party may be regarded as certain. In a recent interview he declared himself in favor of the liberal education of the blacks, and of their admission to official employments, adding: "I expect to aid some of them in getting office, in preference to some white men." Further on he said: "I accepted the constitutional amendments and reconstruction measures in good faith. I mean to abide by them in good faith. We have a new South. The world moves; I am going to move with it."

THERE are indications of an unusual number of contests for disputed seats in the next Congress. Fourteen are already definitely announced, including two from Alabama, two from Louisiana, two from Missouri, four from South Carolina, two from Virginia, and two from Mississippi. It is thought that nearly as many more cases, making twenty-eight in all, will come before the House, and that in a good many instances, Republicans will be seated in place of Democrats. In some cases this may turn out to be just and proper, owing to fraud, intimidation or irregularities in the election; but any arbitrary use of their power by the Republican majority, merely for partisan ends, will certainly result in ultimate injury to the party. The people demand honesty and fair play in our elections, but they demand also that the rights of minorities shall be sacredly respected, and that the mere possession of power shall not be held to warrant its use for any purpose, however disreputable or dangerous.

MR. ABRAM S. HEWITT does not appear to advantage in the matter of the Chinese letter forgery. He appears to have been more anxious to bolster up the fraud by which the leaders of his party proposed to get an advantage, than to maintain the reputation he has enjoyed as a just, upright and manly man. How could he, claiming to be General Garfield's "friend," rush in and declare the letter to be genuine when the alleged writer had twice branded it as a forgery? What sort of friendship is that which deliberately lends its sanction, and gives respectability to, a base attempt to injure the good name of a confidential correspondent and official associate? Mr. Hewitt, as the *Sun* remarks, "has fallen into very disgraceful company," and he will have to dip in the Jordan of cleansing a good many times before the mire of his foul association is wholly washed away. But while this is said, it is equally true that Judge Davis has not commended himself to public favor by his gratuitously partisan arraignment of Mr. Hewitt, in a formal judicial opinion from the Bench. It is just this sort of intemperate violation of all the official proprieties that brings the judiciary into contempt, and so seriously impairs its rightful influence as a conservator of sacred interests.

THE spirit of proscription is not yet, apparently, extinct in South Carolina. A Democratic organization in Greenville County, in that State, has just adopted resolutions pledging the members not to rent their lands to, or employ, or allow any one renting their lands to employ, any "Radicals," white or black, and calling upon all citizens and merchants to fill with Democrats all places now occupied by persons of an opposite political faith. Furthermore, this organization resolves:

"That we discountenance any man who will violate any of the above resolutions and consider him wanting in loyalty to his party, and spot him as an enemy to good government.

"That any voter, a stranger to us, who may apply to us for employment, must produce satisfactory papers that he is a Democrat."

It is difficult to conceive of any form of ostracism or proscription more odious than that here proposed, and we are glad to see that the leading Democratic journal of South Carolina, the Charleston *News*, condemns the proposal as it deserves. The South can never recover its just influence in the Government of the country so long as it harbors this spirit of intimidation and violent interference with the freedom of opinion, and the sooner its representative men shall unite in the suppression everywhere of a tendency so full of menace to individual rights and the public tranquility, the better it will be for the cause of sound administration and the interests of the people of all sections.

THE schools for enlisted men of the Army, which have been in operation for two or three years past at the different military posts, appear to have so far demonstrated their usefulness as to justify a material enlargement of their facilities. General A. McD. McCook, who is charged with the direction of these schools, in his annual report, urges that, with a view of increasing the efficiency of the schools, men should be enlisted as schoolmasters, and assigned to duty at the various posts, where they could instruct not only the soldiers but the children who are found about nearly every post, and who have no educational privileges except such as they find at home, or in the post school. He recommends also that post libraries should be supplied for the benefit of the enlisted men. He strongly insists that, with the improvement in firearms, it has become absolutely necessary for the efficiency of the Army that its rank and file shall be made up of more intelligent men. As a rule "men must have some knowledge of projectiles before they can use modern breech-loaders effectively, must be able on the skirmish line to distinguish between a bullet proof cover and a concealing cover, and must generally possess a degree of intelligence which can only be acquired by some mental discipline." Whether this opinion is or is not well founded, there can be no question as to the value of these post schools, and Congress could not act amiss in making early provision for their improvement.

A GOOD deal of speculation is indulged in as to the probable relations which the Republican "stalwarts" will hold to General Garfield's Administration. It is insisted by many Democratic journals that the Conkling-Logan influence will undoubtedly be dominant, and that the President-elect, in pursuance of a compact made before the election, will permit himself and the Government to be "run" by this faction according to their own sweet will. We venture to predict that this insistment will turn out to be altogether unfounded. As a matter of fact, General Garfield will enter upon his duties as President absolutely free from all pledges and entanglements of whatever sort. More nearly than any recent President, he will represent the best influences and highest impulses of the whole Republican Party, but without being under peculiar obligations to any element or faction of it, and his innate strength and independence of character constitute a solid guarantee that he will administer his high office with a broad reference to the interests of all rather than to the clamors of a few. Undoubtedly, the "stalwarts" will receive consideration, but it will be upon the same basis that the conservatives are considered, and neither will be able to substitute their wishes or their conclusions for those of the Executive himself. Mr. Hayes made the mistake of repelling the radicals by setting up to be wiser and more righteous than they were, and he was two years or more in learning that the ends he had proposed to himself by this course were impossible of attainment. General Garfield, a grander man in every way, but with a more moderate estimate of his abilities, will not commit this serious blunder; but, on the other hand, he will maintain that robust independence which, conceding to all others their fullest rights, surrenders no essential individual conviction and abdicates no rightful prerogative for the sake, or at the demand, of mere expediency.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE railroad managers in Chicago have restored passenger rates to the old rates.

THE official Republican majority on Electors in the State of New York is 20,850.

THE United States will make no further efforts at mediation in the South American war.

A STEAMER which sailed from San Francisco last week for Hong Kong carried 550 Chinamen.

A NOLLE PROSEQUI has been entered at Danville, Va., in the cases of the Virginia County Judges for not putting negroes on their juries.

TWO-THIRDS of the town of Newport, Ark., was burned November 16th, and 200 families rendered homeless. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

THE Vermont Senate has refused a third reading to the Bill reducing the number of Supreme Court Judges from seven to six. This ends the subject.

THE evangelical clergymen of New York City have protested against the proposed production of the "Passion Play" at one of the New York City theatres.

THE Director of Mints has instructed the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint to coin $10,000,000 more gold coin per month to meet the increased demand.

THE Congregational Convention, in session at St. Louis last week, has placed itself on record as deploring the alarming increase of divorces throughout the land.

JUSTICE CLIFFORD of the Supreme Court is so ill that he cannot recognize his most intimate friends, and there is no probability that his condition will improve.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, Colonel of the Fifth United States Infantry, will probably be appointed to succeed the late General Myer as Chief Signal Officer of the Army.

A NATIONAL convention of boot and shoe manufacturers was held in Philadelphia last week. A union was formed for mutual protection, with John P. Ziegler as President.

THE receivers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company have obtained permission from the United States Court to issue deferred income bonds to provide for the floating debt.

AN official statement just issued from the Treasury Department shows that the expenditures on account of the war of the rebellion up to June 30th, 1878, amounted to $1,518,136,343.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S majority in Oregon is 641. Thomas H. Brents, Republican, is elected Delegate to Congress for Washington Territory by 1,500 majority over Thomas Burke, Democrat.

THE Commissary-General of the Army, in his annual report, recommends the establishment of cooking schools in the army, and suggests that militiamen in encampment should use the army ration.

THE Committee on Sites for the World's Fair have agreed upon a report favoring the use of Central Park. There is great popular opposition to the occupation of any part of the Park for such a purpose.

THE fourteenth annual convention of the American Institute of Architects was held in Philadelphia last week. Among the subjects discussed was that of the best method of solving the tenement-house problem.

VERY cold weather was reported from the West during last week. At St. Louis, Little Rock, and other points, there were heavy snowstorms, and the thermometer at Cheyenne indicated sixteen degrees below zero; Denver, six degrees below zero; North Platte, three degrees below zero; Chicago, thirteen degrees below zero.

IN view of some fresh Indian disturbances in his department, General Miles has recommended that all firearms and ammunition north of the Missouri River in the hands of civilians at every post, ranch, agency or elsewhere be destroyed or seized on the same day, and held until every hostile Indian has surrendered. Traders are said to be supplying the hostiles with ammunition marked as merchandise.

THE National Grange held its annual meeting in Washington last week. One of the subjects discussed was the desirableness of securing the passage by Congress of the pending Bill to prevent the spread of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle. It is said that the amount of loss to American shippers of live stock to England by reason of the non-existence of such a law last year was more than $2,000,000. A meeting of Western stock-raisers, held at Chicago, has also asked Congressional action.

Foreign.

GERMANY will shortly increase her diplomatic, and consular corps.

ROLAND BONAPARTE was married last week in Paris to Mlle. Blanc.

THERE is an anti-Jewish agitation in Berlin, and duels between Germans and Jews have become common.

THE Marquis of Sligo has removed from Ireland to England, where he will remain until the Irish agitation ceases.

IT is reported from Ireland that the expense of the military portions of the Boycott relief expedition will be levied on County Mayo.

IT is said that the American Commissioners to China have concluded a treaty thoroughly controlling the subject of immigration.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has granted $14,250 to the Cape Clear fishermen to enable them to start operations in the coming season.

THE Government of Santo Domingo has asked all American Governments to join in a subscription to erect a monument over the remains of Christopher Columbus.

IT is announced that Fenian agents have offered money to Irish soldiers and promised them high commands in the Irish national army to desert the British forces.

A WELL-KNOWN firm of cable contractors have received an order from the American Union Telegraph Company for the immediate construction of two new Atlantic cables.

FORTY thousand Turkish troops have been called out for service in the Greek provinces, Albania and Roumelia. A cordon of troops has been established around Dulcigno.

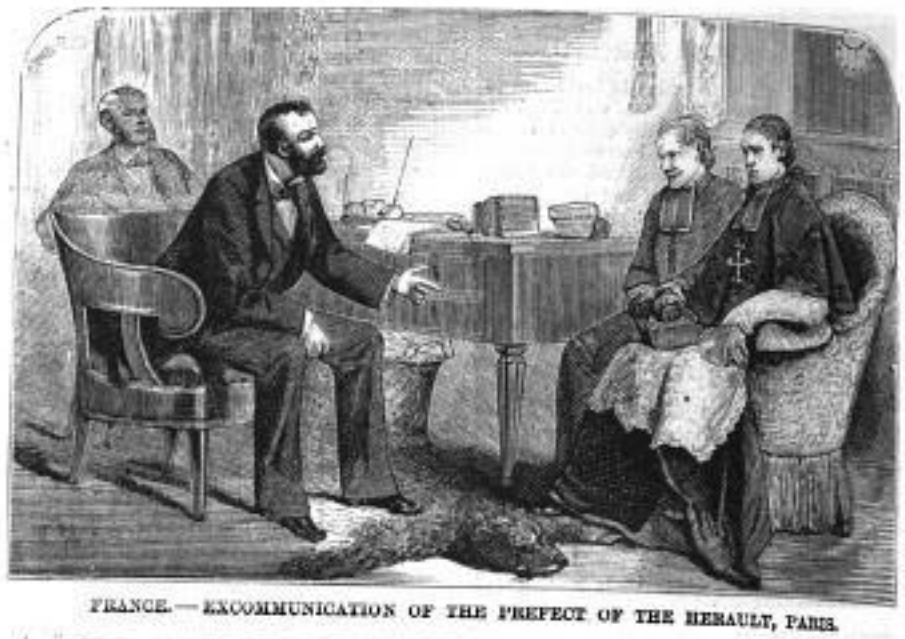
THE Ninety-seventh Regiment is making preparations to leave Halifax, N. S. It was ordered to Gibraltar, but it is believed that after it has embarked it will find sealed orders to proceed to Ireland.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 219.



FRANCE.—THE SECOND CENTENNIAL OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, PARIS.



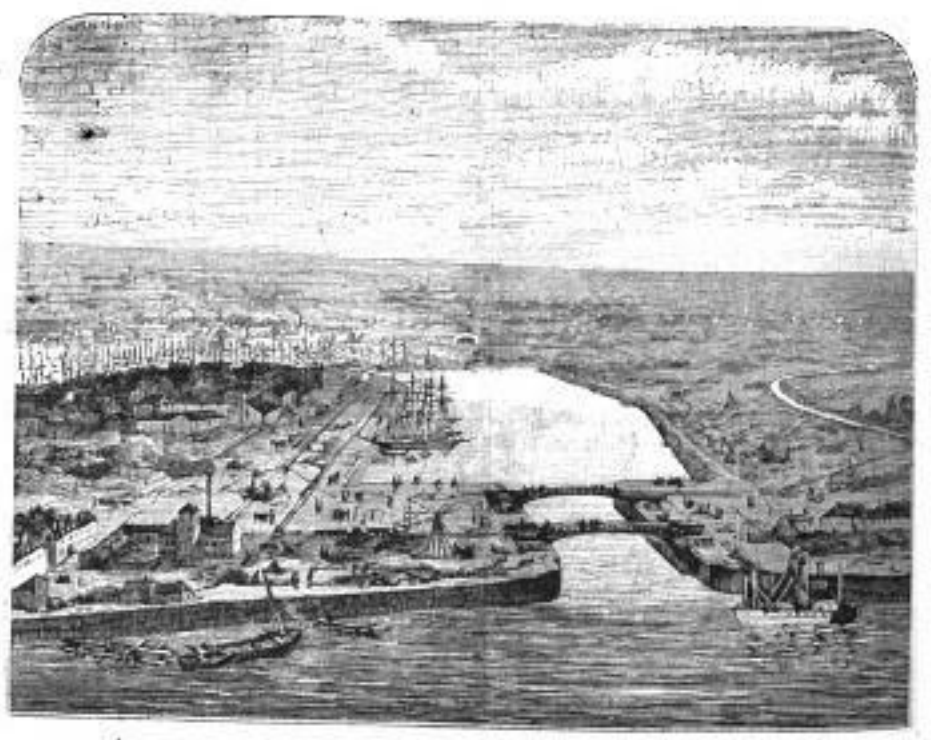
FRANCE.—EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE PREFECT OF THE HERAULT, PARIS.



BELGIUM.—THE PORPHYRY COLUMNS AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.



MONTENEGRO.—A SKETCH IN THE CAMP NEAR ANTIVARI.



FRANCE.—THE NEW BASINS JUST INAUGURATED AT DUNKERQUE.

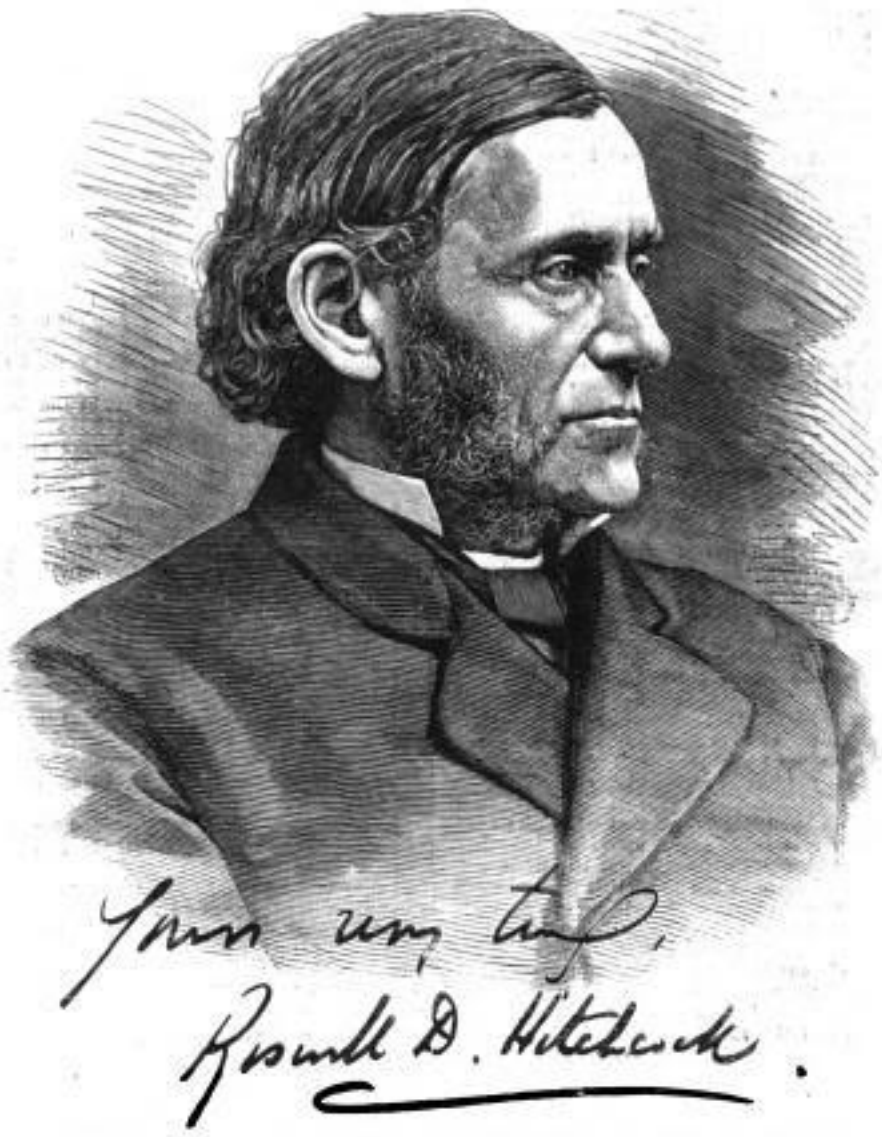


GERMANY.—SINGING THE TE DEUM IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.



SCOTLAND.—SALMON-SPEARING ON THE DEE AT BRAEMAR.

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REV. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D. PRESIDENT OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
FROM A PHOTO. BY KURTZ.



BARON BOISSY D'ANGLAS, MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF FRANCE TO MEXICO.
FROM A PHOTO. BY TRUCHELUT.—SEE PAGE 218.

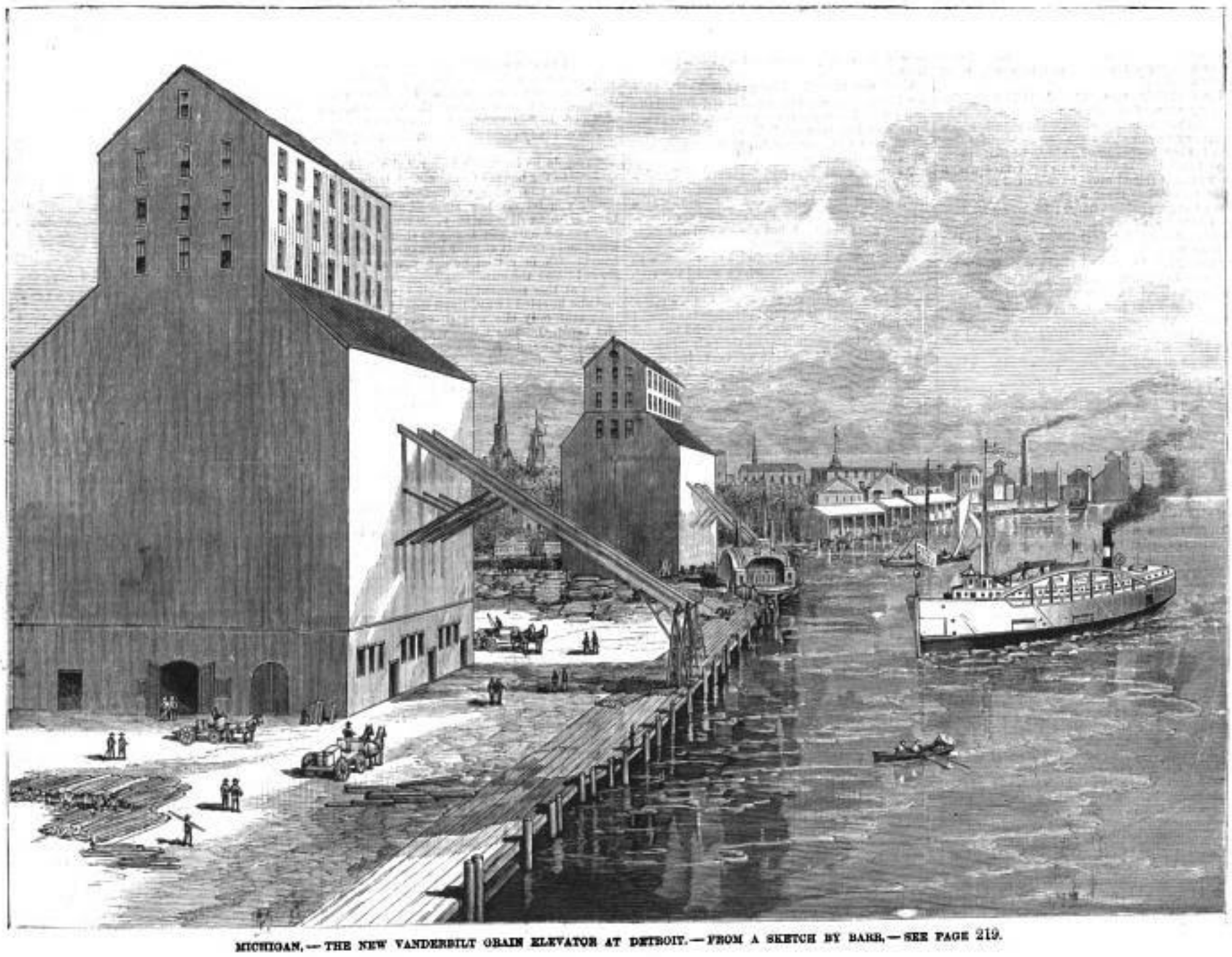
REV. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D.,

THE Rev. Dr. Roswell Dwight Hitchcock, who was unanimously elected as the successor of the late Rev. Dr. William Adams in the presidency of Union Theological Seminary, on November 9th, has long been well known as the Professor of Church History in that institution, and as one of our most profound as well as prolific theological writers.

Dr. Hitchcock was born, August 15th, 1817, at East Machias, Me. He was a student at Amherst College, and was graduated in 1836. For some time he was a tutor in the college, and subsequently he was a teacher in Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass. He attended the Andover Theological Seminary, and in November, 1845, was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Exeter, N. H., where he remained until 1852. One of the years during his pastorate of the church was spent in study in Germany. In 1852 he was appointed Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion in Bowdoin College, and in 1853 he was appointed to the chair of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary.

Dr. Hitchcock is the author of "A Complete Analysis of the Bible," which was published in 1869, and of a small work entitled "Socialism," published in 1878. Many of his sermons and addresses have been published, and he has contributed a number of essays to different reviews. From 1863 to 1870 he was one of the editors of *The American Theological Review*. In 1866 he visited Greece and Italy, and during 1869-70 he traveled through Palestine and Egypt. He was chosen President of the Palestine Exploration Society in 1871. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Bowdoin College in 1855, and in 1869 he was made a trustee of Amherst College. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Williams College in 1873.

During the war of the rebellion, Dr. Hitchcock was an earnest supporter of the Government.



MICHIGAN,—THE NEW VANDERBILT GRAIN ELEVATOR AT DETROIT.—FROM A SKETCH BY BARR,—SEE PAGE 219.

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HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE mother sits at the open door,
She hummeth a low, sweet tune,
And rocks her babe asleep on her breast
In the drowsy Summer noon.
"He cometh, my darling," she softly sings,
"To thee and to me again,
Or ever, perchance, on our golden fields
They carry the shining grain.
O happy moments! O sweet delay!
Though I start at every sound,
'Twill be to-morrow, if not to-day,
For they say he is homeward bound.

The ship sails on, but one precious life
They leave 'neath the deep dark main,
While far away on those golden fields
They carry the shining grain.
The mother sits at the open door,
She rocks her babe on her breast;
But the throbbing heart has grown weary now,
And longs to be at rest.
Yet still she murmurs the old sweet lay
While the sunlight fades around,
"'Twill be to-morrow, if not to-day,
For I know he was homeward bound!"

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ONCE upon a time, a long while ago, there was a young girl, the daughter of an army officer, General Thomas Thurlow. Cecil Thurlow was the very prettiest girl in all the Point. Pearls and diamonds did not exactly come out of her mouth, but her eyes were like stars, and each time she opened her rosy lips she showed a row of little teeth whiter than any pearls, while her complexion was better than any amount of *blanc de perle* and *poudre de Nivon* could either make yours or mine.

General Thomas Thurlow set great store by his pretty daughter. He kept her under his own eye, well guarded from ravening wolves in the shape of the young cadets and the lieutenants who haunted the house and made the general's life a burden to him; he held them in as much abhorrence as Miss Trotwood held donkeys. The situation was becoming too much for him, so he took into friendly counsel an old crony (people *said* she had been an old love of his) and asked a word of advice.

"I have only one to give," said Madame Snuffin. "Marry her to my son Tumley."

"God bless my soul! I never thought of that!" answered the general, staring hard at the old lady.

"Men seldom think of what's under their nose. Tumley has adored Cecil all his life; he is ten years older, has a fine income—he'll have more at my death."

"But, Tumley—are you sure about him? He's said nothing to me."

"But he has to Cecil. Your girl is a coquette, general; she trifles with my boy and won't give him an answer. I think you had best take the matter into your own hands; it would be a pity if we couldn't be happy in our children, general."

"It will make up for the way you broke my heart," said the general, with old-fashioned gallantry, but he was evidently nonplussed. He went home with a grave face. "I can't believe my girl will take him; Tumley is an exceedingly good fellow, but he's not what women fancy."

He certainly was not. A tall, ungainly-looking man of thirty, with a long thin face, straight black hair, an awkward mouth, and a hesitating manner; his eyes were his best feature; they were good, kind, brown eyes, honest and true, and they lit up a face which his warmest friend must have called ugly.

He was using these eyes to some purpose when the general got home; he was pleading his cause with Cecil, and love made him eloquent. It is not the first time Cupid made the dumb speak.

"God Almighty save us! the man won't let any one have a word but himself!" moaned the general, as Tumley poured out his tale. The floodgates of passion were let loose with a vengeance.

"And what does my darling say?" and he took the girl in his arms.

"What would you like, papa?" she whispered.

"It would ease my mind to see you happily settled, my pet. If your old father's taken from you, what's to become of you?"

Cecil clung closer.

"I shall never be so happy as I have been with you, pappy."

"I don't suppose you will, my child. But Tumley's an excellent fellow; I can intrust you to him in all security, and he'll never separate you from me."

This argument prevailed. Cecil lifted her bright eyes from the general's shoulder and turned them on her lover. She began to laugh.

"You must cut your hair, Tumley; it's much too long. And you are not to interfere with my waltzing and flirting just a little; and, if you are very good and not a bit cross or disagreeable, and if your mother never speaks on the subject—well, I'll give you an answer this day six months."

It was no use—prayers and pleadings would get nothing more; and with this Tumley was fain to be content. He had one gratification—his princess allowed him to give her a bouquet every day. She also rode a splendid blood mare, which he had trained expressly for her, and occasionally allowed him the privilege of lifting her into the saddle; otherwise, she treated him worse than the youngest cadet. She laughed at him unmercifully, teased him beyond the limits of human patience, drove him frantic with jealousy, and vented all her girlish caprices upon him; it would seem as if she were trying to disgust him; but, if so, it was labor lost. Tumley bowed meekly before his tormentor; the worse she behaved, the more he adored her. It was a species of insanity, his mother said, and no doubt it appeared so.

One day he asked her to ride out to his place. She hadn't been there for years, and he wished to show it to her. Cecil tossed her head when he spoke of it as her future home, but she agreed to come.

It was a lovely Summer day, and the old place looked its best, with the sun shining through the trees and casting shadows from the broad oaks across the home park. It was, doubtless, a pleasant offering to lay at any woman's feet, and Cecil felt a throb of natural pride as she cast her eyes over the domain waiting to call her mistress, and saw the servants bowing before her and Tumley standing on the steps to bid her welcome. But a cloud came over his face when he saw that she had brought with her a couple of silly girls and a little train of her and their admirers. It was not well done, he felt, but he showed no annoyance. He would not hurt her by any coldness to her friends, and by-and-by they took to their own devices.

"It was a shame to tease old Tumley—such a good fellow!" they said; so they scattered through the place, and got themselves out of the way one by one, and left the two alone. Then he took her into the garden, not the new-fashioned one, the gardener's delight and pride, where the beds were all in symmetrical order and the range of green-houses and forcing-houses, guarded like some Eastern harem the rare plants within. But beyond this lay the old-fashioned garden within four walls; you entered it through a primitive green door. Here the roses clustered thickly over the walls, and there were whole trees of verbena, and hedges of sweetbrier, and square little beds partitioned off with box, full of stocks, and gilliflowers, and shepherd's purses, and all the sweet scented flowers our grandmothers loved to water and care for themselves. Cecil gave a little cry of pleasure. She drew a deep breath and her eyes met Tumley's with a soft look in their violet depths.

"I like this!" she said, simply. "It reminds me—yes, *it is* the old garden we used to play in long ago."

"Where I used to call you my little wife," Tumley answered, gravely, as they went up the straight walk together and paused at the old-fashioned sundial where the rays of sun cast a truth-telling shadow across the broad path. "I brought you here, Cecil, that you might give me my answer. The six months are out to-day."

Miss Thurlow grew very pale. She had been holding up the skirt of her riding-dress and showing her dainty feet, but she dropped it quickly, and counted on her fingers. What he said was true.

"I don't want to make a point in my own favor, but I must tell you, Cecil, your father is an embarrassed man. The bank in which all his savings had accumulated has failed, and there are the boys to be provided for. In such an important step as marriage money ought to be the last consideration. Much as I love you, I would not take your dear hand in mine knowing that you were in any way influenced, and therefore I have placed a sum of money in your name equivalent to your father's loss. Here is the script; it is my first wedding-gift, if so be you can like me a little; if not, it is a free gift from your oldest and most loving friend."

Cecil was moved. She put her hand in his.

"I should be most ungrateful if I did not like you; you deserve a far better wife than I shall ever be; however——" The rest of the sentence was lost, but no doubt the finish was equally satisfactory.

As they were leaving the garden Tumley asked his *fiancée* to give him a rose. "I shall keep it till my dying day," he said, "as a memento of the happiest moment in my life."

Cecil gave the rose, but she sighed a little as she did so.

So it was all settled, and every one was pleased but the mammas who wanted the rich young man for their daughters and the daughters who wished to sit at the head of his table. They had a great many unkind things to say, and one young lady of mature years who boasted a sarcastic tongue christened the pair "Beauty and the Beast." Cecil was very indignant when this pleasantry reached her, but Tumley only laughed. "I shall never change into a handsome prince." He was too happy to be angry, and he had too little vanity to take a joke like this to heart.

By and-by an invitation came for Cecil from a married cousin living in New York. She had pertinaciously ignored *the* girl, but now that she was blowing into a rich matron she became most cordial. Cecil, however, elected to accept the proffered kindness; she had her *trousseau* to buy, and the invitation came *à propos*. Tumley grew a little thoughtful when he heard of the acceptance, but he couldn't give himself airs like other lovers, so he acquiesced and Cecil went away rejoicing.

The cousin, Mrs. Crawshaw, kept a gay house. Young men came and went, and there was a perpetual round of pleasure. The wedding clothes progressed slowly; never was there a *trousseau* so long a-choosing. Tumley sank very much into the background. Each day there came a letter and a bouquet. The letter was not always answered, the flowers were seldom worn. Cecil had found another lover.

Colonel William Montague was the handsomest man in the city by long chalks; splendidly handsome, delightfully *nonchalant*, with a face with a story in it, Cecil said. This remark was repeated to the colonel by Mrs. Crawshaw and it pleased him. The next time he saw the girl he took notice of her—a deviation from his usual *rôle*, by which he confined his attentions to married women. They grew to be friends. The colonel heard her story from herself, and it gave him a languid interest; he played off all his tricks upon her, and Cecil, flirt as she was, was caught in the same trap in which she had taken so many. She believed the sighs and the innuendoes; the hand pressures which conveyed so much and meant so little; the songs that breathed a love he was too wise to put into prose. For a few weeks Cecil lived in a sort of delirium, and then came the awakening.

One night they were at the opera, Cecil and the colonel, side by side; she wore his flowers, while poor Tumley's reposed in a vase at home; he was whispering, she listening. What he said might have been published the next day for all to read, it was so thoroughly innocent; but he looked volumes. He bent his dark eyes upon her and leant over her chair, and comported himself in the fashion of a favored lover. Suddenly Cecil drew back. Two kind eyes had met hers, and the reproach, the sad despair, in them struck her like a blow.

"It is Tumley!" she said, in an awed voice. But the eyes had disappeared, and, search as she would for them, they were not to be seen. The pleasure of the evening was gone.

That night Cecil slept very little. A grave seemed to have opened under her feet. Whenever sleep came to her all the sad eyes were there looking reproachfully at her. She got up tired, harassed, out of sorts. She felt sorry to think she had to go to a lawn-party that day, and yet she would meet the colonel.

Mrs. Crawshaw was a little put out.

"Here is a letter from Colonel Montague, excusing himself. He is going West. Did he say anything to you last night?"

"No," said Cecil, faintly.

"Don't look as if you were going to drop." Her cousin was a little blunt when she was annoyed. "I hope you have not lost your heart to him. He is not a marrying man."

"You forget I am engaged," said Cecil.

"Upon my word, you don't seem to remember it yourself, sometimes," answered her cousin.

Cecil's head was so bad that when the time came for starting she couldn't go. As her faithful chronicler, I am inclined to think she remained more in the hope that Colonel Montague would call to say good-by—she couldn't believe he would go away in that fashion. She kept watch all through that long Summer's day; she could do nothing but walk from the clock to the window and back again; but no one came. The day waned, the shadows lengthened, the milk cart went its rounds, the lamps were lit, there was no more hope. About nine o'clock a loud ring drove all the blood to her heart. She stood up, listening anxiously; the door opened, and a telegram was handed to her by the butler. Cecil's hand trembled so she could not hold it. She gave it to the respectable functionary, who read it without a tremor in his voice:

"From Mrs. Scuffin to Miss Cecil Thurlow.

"Tumley is dying. Come at once if you wish him to die in peace."

With a loud scream the poor girl fell back, but she did not faint. She collected herself in a few minutes, and amazed the respectable butler by her promptness.

"She was admirable. He'd never seen such a lady," he said, in speaking afterwards on the event of the evening.

In half an hour she was ready to start; in three hours she was at home. In spite of all things the sight of her home gave her the first pleasant feeling she had had for days.

"Papa will make it all right," she thought. But the general was not at home; that accounted for his not sending the telegram. So she went to Mrs. Snuffin, late as it was.

The old lady received her with fierce politeness.

"You do us too much honor," she said, "in coming to the house of sickness. A fashionable lady like you, with so many lovers! Why didn't you let my boy alone?" she went on, turning to Cecil with fury. "Would nothing suit but my only son, that you should take his heart and break it at your pleasure—his noble heart! Oh, may God punish you as you deserve! May the curse——"

But at this moment the bell rang up-stairs and she hurried away. Cecil would have been indignant, only she was so utterly worn out and crushed. The house was as silent as the grave, no sound save the ticking of the clocks—it was unbearable. She stole up-stairs softly and sat down on the staircase. Presently she heard a little whining snuffle, and Crib, poor Tumley's dog, came smelling about her; his wet nose seemed like a friend's greetings. She took him in her arms and, laying her head upon his rough coat, burst out crying. She was still sobbing when the door of the sick-room softly opened, and Jennings, old lady Snuffin's *factotum*, came out, treading, as it were, upon eggshells. She nearly fell over Cecil.

"Dear heart! Miss Cecil, how you frightened me!"

"How is he, Jennings? Oh, dear Jennings! it's not true that he is *dying*?" And, as the woman turned away, she clung to her, repeating the same words mechanically.

"Don't take on so, deary; sure it was all along of his love for you. I never saw its equal; it was worship—just that and no mistake; he never raised his head from the day you left."

"But it wasn't that altogether, Jennings; there must have been something else." Conscience pricked her wofully; the remembrance of the unanswered letters, the discarded flowers rushed like accusing angels to her mind.

"The doctor said it was fever," Jennings continued, "and that he was to be kept quiet; but the day before yesterday he would go to town. His mother and I were glad. "He'll see Miss Cecil," we said, "and that will cheer him up a bit;" but he came back as if he had been struck for death. He has raved all day and night, and it is now the fever is leaving him when he is dying."

Just then the door of the sick-room opened, and some one called to Jennings.

"That's for you, miss; the master wants you."

"I can't go," said the girl, shuddering. She felt like his murderer.

"There is nothing to startle you; he is as quiet as a lamb, poor gentleman! Surely you wouldn't grudge him a last look at you?"

The mother passed out as Cecil entered. She and her lover were alone. It was true what Jennings had said—there was nothing startling. He lay back in an armchair. He was deadly pale, but the kind eyes lit up like lamps the dying face, and the love that was stronger than death shone in them, and gave them a strange beauty.

Cecil fell upon her knees beside his chair.

"Forgive me!" was all she could say—"forgive me!"

"For what, my own darling? For making me for one short moment the happiest man on earth?—for showing such kindness to my presumption? It was presumption, Cecil—I see it now—to chain your beauty to my ugliness. It was worse than the poor beast in the fairy tale."

"No, no!" she sobbed; "you were always too good, far too good to me."

There was a pause, and then he began again, only this time with a little effort.

"I sent for you, my own love, to ask you not to fret for me. I know your tender little heart, and that you will believe what my mother, in the first madness of her grief, will say; but it is not so. I never could have been a long-lived man, and after a little time, Cecil, my own, you will turn to that other. I hope he deserves you. I have taken care that in fortune you——"

"Oh, Tumley! dear Tumley! most generous, best of friends, what madness possessed me to throw away a true heart like yours! Live for me—give me but a little time that I may prove——" Her tears were falling like rain; her bright head was buried in the cushions; her whole frame shaking in an agony of grief.

Tumley laid his hand upon the soft, shining hair. Over his face came a great wave of joy.

"You would wish me to live?" he asked. "You would still? I had thought otherwise. I fancied——"

"They were fancies," Cecil answered, looking up quickly; "*mere delusions*. I am yours, and yours only; and as soon as you are well we will be married."

Tumley asked no more. He was too weak for much love-making, but he kissed the little hand that crept into his. From that time he rallied, and as happiness is better than the whole faculty put together, his recovery was rapid. Cecil was radiant. She developed an extraordinary faculty for nursing, and, like all true women, grew to care for her patient. By the time he was well she would let no one find fault with him but herself, and she thought him grown quite hand-some! They were married before the Autumn, as it was deemed desirable for Tumley to Winter abroad. The only sign Cecil gave of remembering her short flirtation was sending a newspaper with the full account of the wedding to Colonel William Montague.

Let us hope it spoiled his dinner!

SELECTING THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

OUR illustration on the front page tells its own story. The incident depicted is a familiar one in thousands of American households on the eve of Thanksgiving Day. The selection of the turkey for the Thanksgiving table, around which old and young gather with expectant appetites, partakes very often more of the character of a real competitive examination than many of the tests to which our boards of civil service reform subject their victims, and the decisions are certainly more frequently based on points of actual merit in the former than in the latter case.

BARON BOISSY D'ANGLAS,

FRENCH MINISTER TO MEXICO.

THE new Minister from France to Mexico, the Baron Boissy d'Anglas, who arrived last week in the *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, en route for the halls of the Montezumas, is thirty-four years of age, of medium height and of slight figure. He possesses a wonderfully vivacious smile and singularly graceful demeanor, while his voice is soft and low as that of a woman's. He is French to the tips of his fingers. His Excellency is a member of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Council-General of the Department of the Ardèche. He was elected Deputy on the 14th of October, 1877, by a majority of 3,000 votes over his opponent, who was sustained by the entire influence of the clerical party. He is no silent member, but from the outset has been recognized as a worker, and as such was placed on the Parliamentary Committee of the "16th of May." He voted with the party who advocated a commission of accusation against Marshal MacMahon, and it is scarcely necessary to say that he adheres to that advanced fraction of Republican union of which M. Gambetta is the most eminent impersonification. This young Deputy has the reputation of being one of the most ardent and most devoted Republicans in the Chamber, while at the same time he is a tried patriot, who has proved his patriotism by personal sacrifice. When the war of 1870 burst forth, Boissy d'Anglas, who was an officer in the territorial army, or militia, instantly resigned his commission, and joined a regiment of the line in order to serve his invaded country at the front. He took part in all the dangers, fatigues and deprivations of the Army of Paris, and never did a son of France serve her more daringly or more faithfully. As we have already stated, the young gentleman entertains for republicanism an enthusiastic and ardent affection, and it is owing to this sentiment that we find him in this country—a country for which he expresses so earnest an admiration. He has, however, come here in the most strict *incognito*, but we are informed that he proposes to return in a few months for the purpose of a closer study of our manners and customs and political institutions, all of which seem to possess the keenest interest for him. His Excellency owes the high mission with which he has been intrusted to his sterling qualities as a Deputy, an honor which he received by the suffrages of his co-citizens. French journals inform us that it is with a view to honoring the Government and people of Mexico, and to give to the relations of France with Mexico the most absolute *entente cordiale*, as well as the most marked, that President Grévy has selected a member of the Chamber of Deputies which represents, in the most unequivocal manner, not only the Gov-

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ernment of the Republic of France, but likewise the French nation. This advantage will arise, that when M. le Baron Boisey d'Anglas returns to Paris he will be enabled, from a personal experience, to inform the Government and his parliamentary colleagues as to the enormous interests, politically, financially and commercially, which ought to draw those two great countries more and more together. His Excellency belongs to an old "Parliamentary" family of France. He is the grandson of the intrepid President of the National Convention, who, on the famous 1 Prairial Anno III., assumed the head of his colleagues, Féraud, which the murderers of that unfortunate personage presented to the President in derision on the top of a pike. We congratulate our sister Republic that such a distinguished gentleman as Le Baron Boisey d'Anglas should have been selected to wipe away the bitter memories of the past, and to smooth the path to the bright and lasting *enfeux cordiale* of the future.

THE NEW VANDERBILT ELEVATOR AT DETROIT.

THE growth of the grain traffic of Detroit has been so considerable during the last few years that additions to the elevator accommodations have been found from time to time absolutely necessary. One of the largest and most substantial structures of this description recently erected is elevator "A," built by Mr. Vanderbilt for the accommodation of the Michigan Central traffic. The foundation of this elevator was laid in May, 1879, but work upon the structure proper was not commenced until the following July, after which date it was rapidly pushed to completion. The building is constructed entirely of wood, resting on stone piers, and is covered with slate with the exception of the lower part, which is sheeted with iron. It is 190 feet long by 80 feet wide, with a capacity of over 700,000 bushels; it will hoist 30,000 pounds per hour and discharge 30,000. The grain is raised 120 feet to the top of the building, and there discharged into bins, which are 80 feet deep. The hoisting machinery is in the top story. Our illustration shows elevator "A," and still further up the river the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad elevator.

COFFEE CULTURE IN COSTA RICA.

HAVING illustrated in a previous issue the most approved method of roasting coffee as employed in New York City, we this week introduce our readers to some busy scenes in the coffee district of Costa Rica, Central America. The coffee-producing belt of the world lies between the isothermal lines of latitude 25° north and 30° south. It is said that the coffee-drinkers of Europe are indebted to Meinheer Van Hoorn, Governor of Batavia, as long ago as 1698, for this most delicious and exhilarating beverage. He is popularly credited with having sent a single seed or bean from Mocha, in Arabia, to the botanical garden in Amsterdam, and the progeny of this tree was forwarded to the West Indies in 1718, thus giving a start to the immense plantations existing there to-day.

The principal coffee-growing countries are Ceylon, Brazil, Central America, Cuba, Hayti, Java, British and French West Indies, Guiana, Porto Rico, Sumatra, Venezuela, Peru, Arabia and Abyssinia. The berries when ground are adulterated to an enormous extent. Chemists have detected mixed with it in various ways the following substances: Acorns, almonds, beans, beech-nuts, beetroot, chickory, peas, currant seeds, gooseberry seeds, lupins, sassafras, water-flag seeds and many other foreign seeds, roots and berries.

A coffee plantation forms a most interesting study. The trees attain an average height of twelve feet, although running at times to thirty. They are well shaped and bushy, covered with a grayish bark, and the branches are incased in clusters of fragrant white flowers at the roots of the leaves. The fruit itself looks somewhat like a small cherry or cranberry, and its ripeness is indicated by a deep red color. Either when in full bloom or when covered with ripe fruit these trees, with their long, shining, dark-green leaves, present a very beautiful appearance. They continue to put forth, while the fruit of former blossoms is coming to maturity, and the ripe coffee may, therefore, be gathered at almost every season. As the coffee-trees are raised from the seed in nurseries, and set out in rows when a year old, they do not bear under three years, and can scarcely be said to be profitable under five. In Central America they bear well for twelve or fifteen years, while in Africa, Brazil and Ceylon they will frequently yield good crops up to twenty or twenty-five. In the West Indies and Central America the berries are picked by hand, as shown in one of our illustrations, but in the Arabian plantations, owing to the non-prevalence of rains that would strip them from the branches, they are allowed to remain until fully ripe, and then removed by gently shaking the trees, when the berries fall upon cloths spread beneath the branches.

When first picked the berries are dried in the shade, and then put through a machine which removes the pulp, or, where machinery is not used, this labor is done by hand. Still covered with a glutinous substance, the fruit is spread out in the full glare of the sun, being occasionally tossed about and turned over with wooden shovels and curious rakes. When all the moisture has disappeared the beans are gathered and the husk removed. This process is carried out on some plantations by passing the fruit between wooden rollers; on others by gently pounding it in a wooden mortar; and again by being made to revolve in a circular trough shod with steel. The husk once broken, without cracking the fruit, the chaff is separated by a fanning mill. After this, it is the custom of some very careful planters to have the fruit spread out on long tables and picked over by women and children, all the bad beans being removed. It only remains then to have the beans put into bags, weighed, marked and carted away for shipment.

The relative status of the chief coffee consuming countries ranges as follows: First the United States, consuming 322,000,000 pounds; next Germany, which takes 218,000,000; next France, with 110,000,000; next Austria-Hungary, with 82,000,000; then Holland, with 68,800,000; and finally Belgium, with 48,000,000 pounds. These countries take eighty per cent. of the whole product of the world. England ranks among the third-rate consumers, and Russia, with her eighty millions of people, consumes only one fifth of a pound per capita.

CRANBERRIES FOR THANKSGIVING.

OF all fruit-raising, cranberry culture is the most uncertain, not more than one season in five or six escaping the early frost, against which there is no protection, and of whose approach there is no warning, while the vines are always subject to the attacks of the cranberry-worm, which sometimes destroys the entire crop. The yield of 1871 was the largest ever known, and was successfully harvested, but it has been followed either by total failures or only partial crops. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in the business, which is attended with the greatest risk, but offers the possibility of a large fortune.

In almost all of the Northern States there are localities suitable for this industry, the requisites being a soil of muck or peat that can be drained for twelve or eighteen inches below the surface, a supply of water sufficient to allow the meadow to be flooded at will, and an abundance of pure sand. The vines are set out regularly in the form of cuttings, in rows like corn, leaving ample space both for the vines to spread and for the pickers to work without crushing the branches.

Cranberries were, it is believed, first cultivated in Massachusetts at Cape Cod, and while there are large meadows devoted to them in the various States, the counties of Ocean, Cape May, Atlantic and Burlington, in New Jersey, yield more than one-half of all that reach the markets. Many patches of hitherto waste swamp land have been converted into very valuable cranberry bogs or meadows at a slight outlay and with comparatively little labor. The greater part of the crop sold to the Western markets is raised at Berlin, Wis., where there is an immense marsh that has been prepared in the most scientific manner for this special product. The pickers are chosen mainly from the Scandinavians and Germans who have located in the vicinity in large numbers.

Wherever cranberry culture is carried on, when the picking begins, in October, the whole country round turns out *en masse*, for berry time is a succession of gala days, men, women, and children of all ages pouring towards the marshes in what seems an endless stream of humanity. Each picker is supplied with a pan or low basket which when filled is emptied into a box of one bushel capacity. A ticket is given the picker for every bushel delivered, and on presenting these tickets to the superintendent at pay time the wages are computed and paid on them. The usual price paid is 75 cents a bushel, and the average day's work is not more than two or three bushels, although it is not uncommon to pick five bushels, and a few experts have been known to pick seven bushels in a single day. The picking being often hurried on account of threatened approach of frost, a second picking is sometimes necessary, for which about a dollar a bushel is paid.

Here and there among the pickers whose object is to gain a living, will be found bevies of girls and young women who leave homes of comfort and plenty to "rough it" on the bogs for the brief season. The greatest hilarity prevails during picking time, the nights being given up to innocent revelry and mirth on the part of the young men and maidens after the manner of the corn-husking and apple-paring seasons.

The entire surface of cranberry meadows is flooded during Winter, the water being let in as soon as the crop is gathered, and drawn off by June at the latest, according to the severity of the weather at the locality.

What Freight-cars Carry.

IT is but a few years since ten tons, or 20,000 pounds, were considered the maximum load for a freight-car, but the figures of the Western Weighing Association show a remarkable increase in this respect. During six weeks nearly 50,000 cars were weighed, and while the average of the different classes of freight ran from 23,150 (for machinery) to 29,925 (for ore), the maximum in nearly all cases exceeded 30,000, and for some classes of freight reached, respectively, as high as 35,000, 37,750, 39,800, 32,600 and even, in the case of ore, to the enormous weight of 48,500 pounds, or more than 24 tons. The superintendent of the association is satisfied that the various articles of freight enumerated —twenty-three in number—will average fully 27,000 pounds per car, and the whole will not average less than 25,000 pounds per car. The fact that such loads can be safely carried now is due partly to the vastly improved condition of the tracks as well as to the heavier construction of the car.

Commercial Importance of Louisiana Oranges.

"THERE are not many," says the New Orleans *Democrat*, "who appreciate the extent of our orange trade, or who realize what an enormous source of revenue the culture of this fruit may be made. On the 26th of October there were shipped from here, on the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans Railroad, eleven car-loads of oranges destined to Denver, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Evansville. There were in this shipment 1,320 barrels, and averaging the barrel at 300, we have a total of 396,000 oranges sent in one day by one railway to supply the increasing demand in the West for the fruit, which is far superior to the oranges of Cuba, and even the much-vaunted fruit of Florida. Between the 1st of October and the 26th there were shipped by the same road to the Western cities, 21,000 barrels, an aggregate of 6,300,000 oranges."

Disraeli's New Novel.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S new novel, "Endymion," just published, is attracting attention in literary circles. It has been generally reported and believed that Mr. Gladstone was to figure largely in its pages, and possibly to be mentioned in as uncomplimentary fashion as Professor Goldwin Smith was in "Lothair"; but it is now authoritatively stated that this is not the case. There will, however, be several pungent sketches of well-known men and women of the day. The Longmans have paid the immense sum of £30,000 for the manuscript. No such price was ever heard of before for a novel, and Lord Beaconsfield is so much pleased with this liberal treatment that he has promised the same enterprising firm a novel to succeed "Endymion," for which he has been offered similar terms. The interest of the literary and of the social world is concentrated on this new book, and the first edition will be of not less than 20,000 copies.

The Population of New York.

THE population of the territory now included in the City of New York is, according to the census returns just published, 1,206,577; of the total, 590,762 are males, and 615,815 females. This is an increase of 264,295 within ten years, comparison being made with the population of New York as given in the census of 1870. Of the present population, the annexed Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards contain 41,656. Deducting this number from the total for the city, we find that New York, as bounded in 1870, has increased in population 222,639, or 21.6 per cent. Of this increase 173,977 is in the native and 46,962 in the foreign-born population, the former being 33.5 per cent. of the same class in 1870, and the latter 11.2 per cent., showing the rate of increase in the former to be almost exactly three times as rapid as in the latter.

The New Hebrides.

THE New Hebrides, where the British have lately established a coaling station, with the ultimate intent, as the French newspapers not unreasonably suspect, of annexing the islands, are in the Pacific Ocean, to the northeast of New Caledonia, and to the west of the Fijis, and are considered the most westerly part of Polynesia. The islands comprise Espiritu Santo, 65 miles long by 20 broad; Malli-collo, 60 by 28 miles; Ambrym, Amaatom, Erromango, Tanna, having an active volcano, and Aurora, all much smaller. Most of the group are well-wooded and hilly, some even mountainous. The most valuable woods are sandal and ebony; the chief vegetable products, yams, sweet potatoes, cucumbers, bananas, cocoanuts, and the sole animal of consequence a small hog, which is no bigger at maturity than a rabbit. The area of the group is estimated at 25,000 square miles, and the population at 220,000. The inhabitants, fierce, but indolent and filthy, are of the Papuan race. They, like other Papuans, are generally well-formed, have regular features, intelligent black eyes, small white teeth, curly hair, thick lips and large mouths. Their noses are sharp though flat beneath, nostrils wide, and their skin dark-brown. They are often taller than Europeans, but their legs are long and thin, and they have the splay foot of the negro. The men build the huts, hollow trunks of trees into canoes, hunt and fish; while the women till the fields, make mats, cut wood, and do the heaviest work. Their food is fish, fruits, birds, and the flesh of the wild hogs. Their weapons are mainly clubs, and bows and arrows. The hair of the men is generally frizzled out into a large mop; but the hair of the women is always cut short. The natives of the New Hebrides have often been called cannibals; but it is very questionable if they are such. They differ in many respects from the Papuans of New Guinea, and seem, on the whole, to be rather inferior to them. Nevertheless, they are declared by all ethnologists to be of the same race, and in no direct manner related to the Malays, Polynesians, or Australians, who, with the Papuans, compose the four types of the human family occupying what is known as the Oceanic region. If the English should annex the New Hebrides, the aborigines would very soon disappear.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Jubilee of the Comedie Francaise.

The jubilee performances at the Comédie Française in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the establishment proved an extraordinary success. On the 24th of October Molière's one-act fantastic trifle called "L'Impromptu de Versailles" was given, wherein the actor-poet has represented himself, surrounded by his troupe, rehearsing a new piece. The "Impromptu" has never been acted since Molière's death but twice, on which occasions the celebrated Hamons assumed the part of the dramatist. The character is now sustained by M. Coquelin, while all the ladies of the troupe took part in the piece. The jubilee was brought to a close by a gala performance of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

Columns of Porphyry at Brussels.

Among the many artistic attractions of the national Belgian jubilee at Brussels, the two columns of porphyry erected on the plaza of the exposition grounds are notable for their size and their great beauty. The principal uses of porphyry are in architecture and ornamental articles, and in slabs and mullers for grinding hard powdered substances to extreme fineness. No material is more durable, and none retains better the sharp lines and high polish which it receives. The columns in the exposition grounds were exhibited by a company now working the ancient quarries of Quenast, employing 2,000 artisans.

Excommunication of a French Prefect.

Much amusement has been created recently not only in Paris, but throughout France, by the formal excommunication of a Prefect by a Bishop for carrying out the new laws relating to religious corporations. On sending in his card the Bishop was met by the Prefect at the door and escorted to the business office. With a brief explanation and several expressions of sorrow at the painful duty, the Bishop proceeded seriatim in his work of excommunication, even cutting off the Prefect from the privileges of Mass and burial in consecrated ground. The Prefect listened to all with much coolness, stated the law under which he was acting, and seeing that the Bishop had finished his mission, arose and, with all the gallantry of a Frenchman, escorted his visitor to the door and ceremoniously bade him good-day.

A Scene in a Montenegrin Camp.

Our illustration represents a scene in the Montenegrin camp near Antivari. Meal time is at hand, and the soldier's appetite needs but little whet. Montenegrins are remarkable for the vastness of their appetites and for their extraordinary love for goat's flesh—a favorite dish being breast of kid stuffed with sweet herbs. On the present occasion, however, their fare is likely to be less delicate, and if they can obtain a piece of goat to broil on the fire for which the women are preparing wood, together with some black bread and that thin wine known as "votash," they may esteem themselves something more than fortunate. However, the Montenegrin can rough it as well as most folks, and suit the condition of his stomach to the condition of his surroundings.

The Works at the Port of Dunkerque.

The nearest French port to London is that of Dunkerque, and all ships unable to make Calais run for the former. The inhabitants of Dunkerque have been sturdy sailors from time immemorial, and have furnished many a brave and distinguished captain to the once dashing navy of France. On the 31st of October the new docks at Dunkerque were solemnly and officially inaugurated by the Minister for Public Works, the Minister of Marine, and other notable personages. Great expectations are formed of the capacities of these docks for the output of the mines of Valenciennes; and since within an extraordinarily brief period of time Dunkerque has leaped into the fourth place as a seaport of France, her new docks are relied upon as further and potent levers to her prosperity.

The Completion of Cologne Cathedral.

The completion of Cologne Cathedral was celebrated on Friday and Saturday, August 13th, 14th last, with the most brilliant ceremonies. Cologne itself was most beautifully bedecked in festive attire, and filled with the most princely and distinguished personages of Germany. On Monday morning the Emperor, the Empress and the King of Saxony, with many other reigning Princes, went to the Cathedral, where they were greeted by the Dean and the Architectural Commission, and a grand *Te Deum* was sung, after which came the ceremony of the day. The Imperial party, coming out of the Cathedral, crossed the square, which had been surrounded with galleries for privileged spectators, and took up their places in a pavilion. Here the deed referring to the completion of the Cathedral was read to the Emperor, and was subsequently signed by the whole party. It was then taken up to the summit of one of the towers, where it is to be beneath the topmost ornament. The Emperor then delivered an address, congratulating the nation on the completion of the Cathedral, and referring affectionately to his brother, King Frederick William IV., under whose auspices the work had been recommenced thirty-eight years ago. To this the chief architect and the President of the Building Commission made suitable replies, and the Imperial standard being hoisted on the tower, the huge Emperor Bell rang out, a salvo of artillery was fired, the document was shipped into its receptacle, and the final inauguration of Cologne Cathedral was achieved.

Salmon-spearing on the Dee.

The Cluny and the Dee, in Scotland, afford rare entertainment to the devotees of fishing. During the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the Highlands several parties were made up for a day's sport in these vicinities, salmon and trout being the attractions. Salmon, when frightened, put their heads under a stone if one is within sight, and are thus easily speared. Sometimes a net is stretched across the stream, and the spearers, who are the Queen's gamekeepers and their friends, drive the fish up to it, when they are taken without trouble.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SCARCITY of food has led 3,000 persons to leave Bologna.

—THE mackerel fishery of the American fleet in the Bay of St. Lawrence has this year been a failure, many of the fleet having left the grounds without taking a fish.

—THE total values of the exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States during the month of October, 1880, were $25,711,468, and during October, 1879, $23,048,607.

—THE total amount of fees received last year for official service rendered at the various United States Consulates aggregated $836,548. The salaries and emoluments to consular officers amounted to $574,773.

—DURING the last fifty years 2,400 persons have been sentenced to death in France, and of this number 1,461 have been executed, while 939 have either been pardoned or have obtained a commutation of their sentence.

—THE second enumeration of the population of St. Louis, which was ordered because of the intense local dissatisfaction with the results of the first, shows a variation of only 5,000 in the figures. It leaves the city with only 338,000 inhabitants, instead of the half million they had hoped for.

—A SCHEME for changing the channel of the St. Lawrence at Montreal, by building an immense dike, at a cost of $7,000,000, is under consideration. The advantages would be a still-water harbor, water power for mills, and the protection of the lower part of the city against annual freshets.

—SALMON fishing on the Columbia River, Oregon, is very dangerous, owing to certain tidal peculiarities. Two hundred men at least are reported as lost during the past season. Over eight hundred boats are employed by the canning companies, and over four thousand men at the canneries.

—THE Municipal Council and Chamber of Commerce of Havre, France, are moving for the creation of a new department to be called that of the Seine Maritime, of which Havre shall be the capital. Havre has grown from 25,000 people in 1850 to 90,000 to-day. In 1879 nearly 12,000 vessels entered and left that port.

—JESUITS having attempted to re-enter Portugal, the Government has instructed the various Governors strictly to enforce the decree of 1834 abolishing all religious Orders. The arrival of French monks at Alicante and Barcelona, in Spain, caused hostile popular demonstrations. They were compelled to re-embark from the latter place.

—OGDEN, Utah, is the first city west of the Mississippi River, to adopt the electric light. A flagstaff, sixty feet high, is to be run up the Court House dome, giving an elevation of 200 feet, from which four lights, of 2,000-candle power each, are guaranteed to abundantly illuminate a space one mile in diameter. The lights are to be in operation before the 1st of February.

—SAGACIOUS French politicians predict that a closely-contested and hard-fought political battle will result from the present complications in Governmental affairs. A policy of isolation has been inaugurated throughout the country towards those who participated in the execution of the decrees for the expulsion of the Jesuits. They are severely debarred from society and denied social recognition.

—A ST. PETERSBURG dispatch says that immediately after the recent execution of the Nihilists, six suspected women found in the crowd were taken into custody. Upon searching them there were found, concealed in their clothing charts of the principal Russian prisons, and a chart and full description of the Czar's new yacht *Livadia*. The prison plans were drawn by a German artist, and the sketches of the yacht by an Englishman.

—THE old apprenticeship system has been revived by a manufacturer at Springfield, Mass. The boys bind themselves for six years and are to receive from five cents an hour at the beginning to twelve at the end. In addition, two cents an hour will be placed to their credit, and paid on their discharge, thus providing for each about $600 for a start on his own account. The employer stipulates for fifty-eight hours of work a week, and nine of study.

—AT Portadown, in the County of Armagh, Ireland, the opponents of the Land League are fighting it with its own weapons. The Orangemen of the town have posted notices in every conspicuous place calling on all Protestants to cease every kind of communication not only with the members of the Land League but even with the Home Rulers. The notices call on them to sell nothing to, nor buy anything from, nor even to work for, the parties they so bitterly proscribe.

—ARRANGEMENTS have been concluded to take the census of all the organizations which include as a part of their faith and practice the principle of non-combativeness and non-litigation. This will include a count of the Quakers, Dunkards, Mennonites and the many minor organizations in the country holding to peace views. The supervision of the work will be in the hands of Dr. Henry Randall Waite, of New York, and the practical part of the work will be done by Howard Miller, of Lewisburg, Pa.

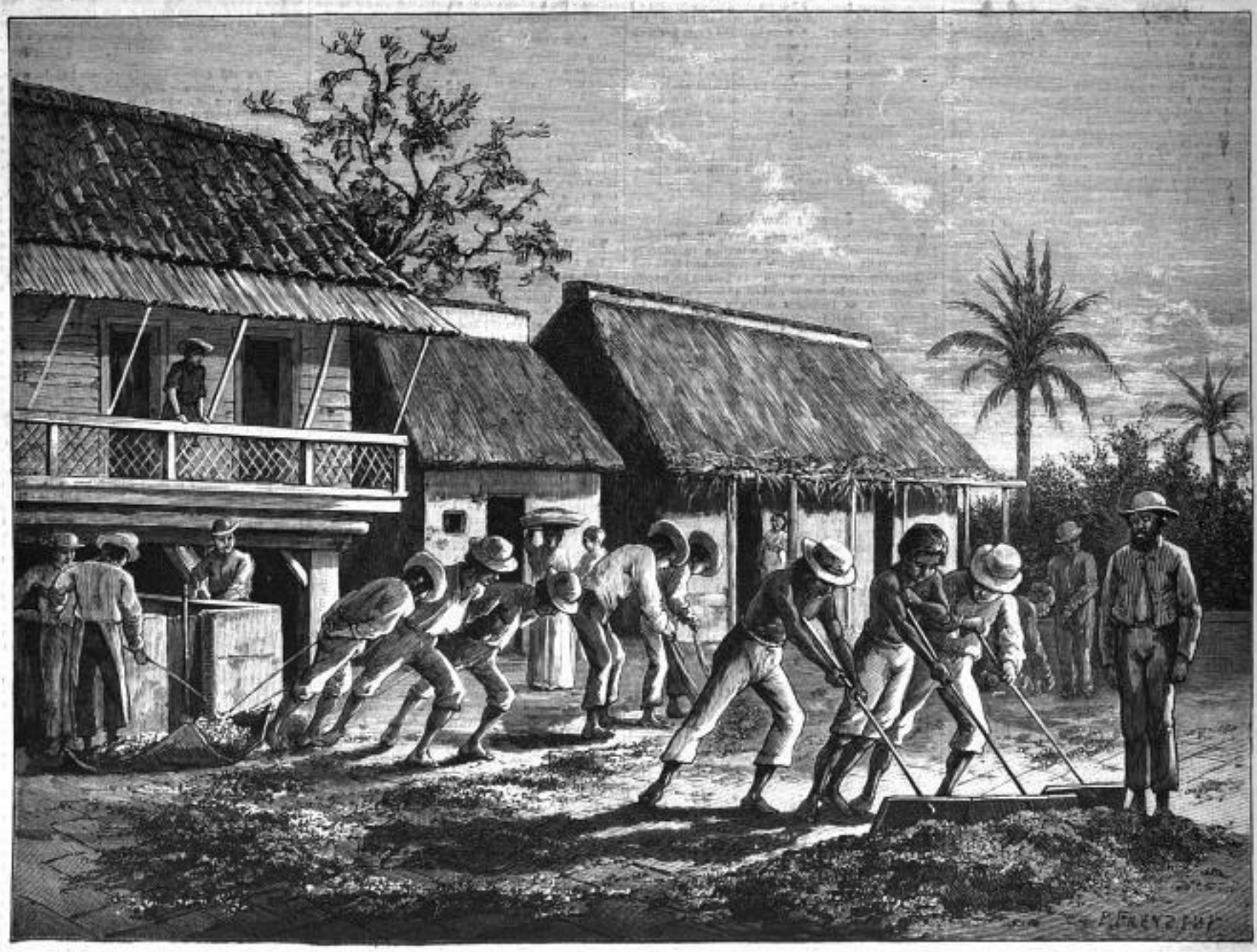
—GENERAL SHERMAN, in his annual report, recommends that the Army be increased to 30,000 men. He refers to the condition of the armament defenses as inadequate, and says that all distinctions as to colored regiments should be abolished. Referring to the extension of the Pacific Railroad system he says: "These railroads are penetrating every valley and every district of country which holds out an inducement to settlement. The railroads have completely revolutionized our country in the past few years, and impose on the military an entire change of policy. Hitherto we have been compelled to maintain small posts along wagon and stage routes of travel. These are no longer needed, because no longer used, and the settlements which grow up speedily along the new railroads afford the security necessary, and the regular stations, built for storage at convenient distances, afford the necessary shelter for stores and for the men when operating in the neighborhood."

—THE earnings of the main stem and branches of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for 1880, in comparison with the fiscal year of 1879, have increased $2,265,063.77, and the working expenses $1,533,318.10, making a comparative increase in the net profits of $831,736.67. The profit and loss account shows an increase for the past year of $2,356,984.44. The surplus fund, which represents invested capital derived from net earnings, and which is not represented by either stock or bonds, now amounts to $40,561,642.37. It is shown by the report of the transportation department that the tonnage of through merchandise East and West has been 1,980,337 tons, while in the preceding year it was about 1,425,629 tons; 598,992 barrels of flour, and 25,982,696 bushels of grain were brought to Baltimore during the fiscal year. Of this aggregate of grain, 16,409,309 bushels were of wheat and 3,510,456 bushels of corn. In live stock the traffic has been 165,454 tons, and in lumber 54,520 tons. The passenger earnings exhibit an increase from $1,171,033.20 in the preceding year to $1,378,590.34. The coal trade of the main stem shows an aggregate of 2,255,146 tons, which includes 423,254 tons of the company's supply, being an increase of 659,142 tons over the preceding year.

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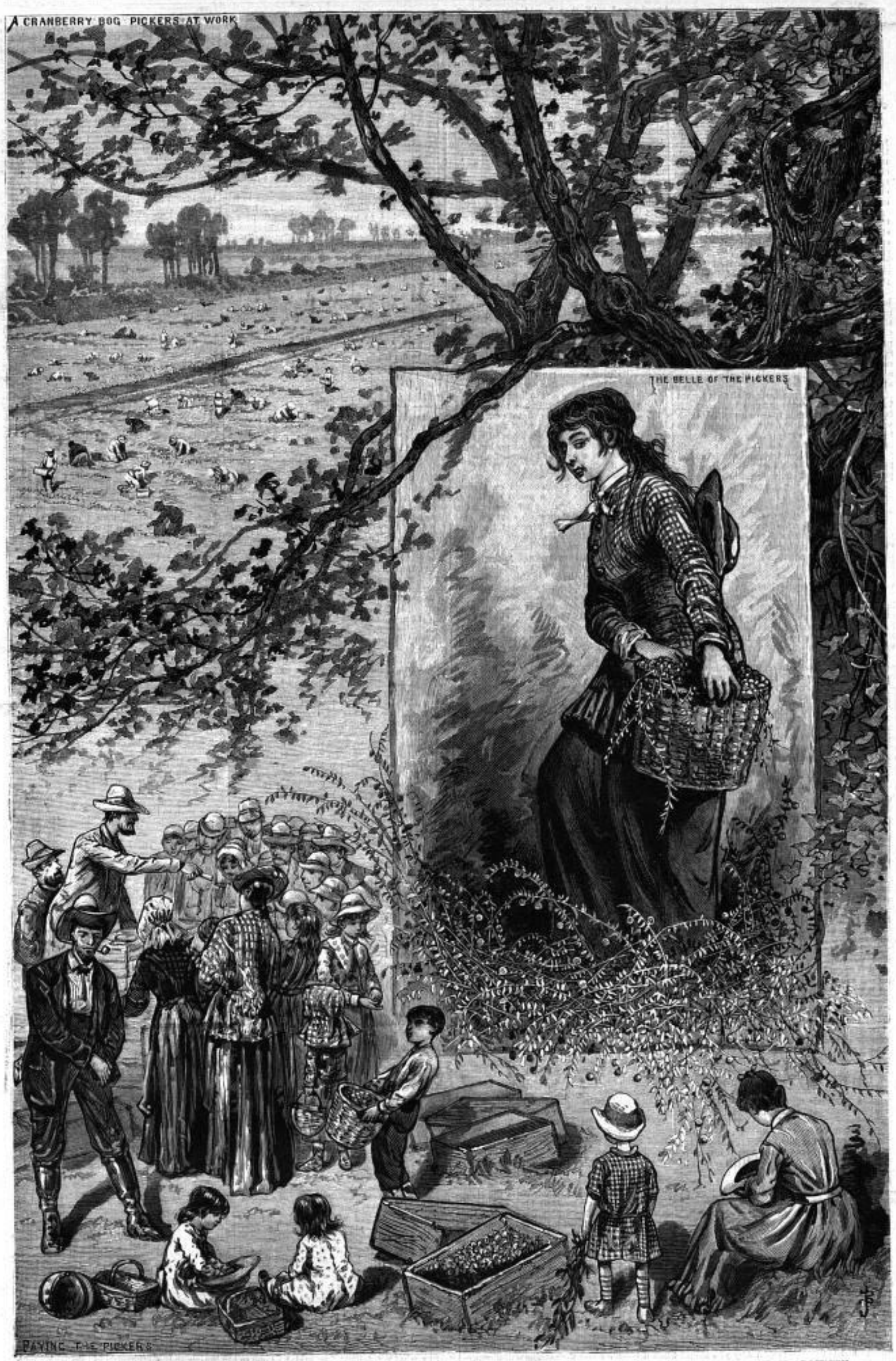
PICKING THE RIPE BERRIES FROM THE TREES.



SPREADING THE HUSKED COFFEE TO BE DRIED BY THE SUN.

LIFE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION IN COSTA RICA, CENTRAL AMERICA.—SEE PAGE 219.

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NEW JERSEY.—PREPARING FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER—A SCENE ON A CRANBERRY BOG IN OCEAN COUNTY.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 219.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER X.—FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

"TO MR. BITRAKE—Private and confidential—Sir: I understand that your connection with the law does not exclude your occasional superintendence of confidential inquiries which are not of a nature to injure your professional position. The inclosed letter of introduction will satisfy you that I am incapable of employing your experience in a manner unbecoming to you or to myself.

"The inquiry that I propose to you relates to a gentleman named Winterfield. He is now staying in London, at Derwent's Hotel, and is expected to remain there for a week from the present date. His place of residence is on the North Devonshire coast, and is well known in that locality by the name of Beaupark House.

"The range of my proposed inquiry dates back over the last four or five years—certainly not more. My object is to ascertain, as positively as may be, whether, within this limit of time, events in Mr. Winterfield's life have connected him with a young lady named Miss Stella Eyrecourt. If this proves to be the case, it is essential that I should be made acquainted with the whole of the circumstances.

"I have now informed you of all that I want to know. Whatever the information may be, it is most important that it shall be information which I can implicitly trust. Please address to me, when you write, under cover to the friend whose letter I inclose.

"I beg your acceptance—as time is of importance—of a check for preliminary expenses, and remain, sir, your faithful servant,

"AMBROSE BENWELL."

II.

"*To the Secretary, Society of Jesus, Rome.*

"I inclose a receipt for the remittance which your last letter confides to my care. Some of the money has been already used in prosecuting inquiries, the result of which will, as I hope and believe, enable me to effectually protect Romayne from the advances of the woman who is bent on marrying him.

"You tell me that our Reverend Fathers, lately sitting in council on the Vange Abbey affair, are anxious to hear if any positive steps have yet been taken toward the conversion of Romayne. I am happily able to gratify their wishes, as you shall now see.

"Yesterday I called at Romayne's hotel to pay one of those occasional visits which help to keep up our acquaintance. He was out, and Penrose (for whom I asked next) was with him. Most fortunately, as the event proved, I had not seen Penrose, or heard from him, for some little time, and I thought it desirable to judge for myself of the progress that he was making in the confidence of his employer. I said I would wait. The hotel servant knows me by sight. I was shown into the waiting-room.

"This room is so small as to be a mere cupboard. It is lit by a glass fanlight over the door which opens from the passage, and is supplied with air (in the absence of a fireplace) by a ventilator in a second door, which communicates with Romayne's study. Looking about me, so far, I crossed to the other end of the study and discovered a dining-room and two bedrooms beyond—the set of apartments being secluded, by means of a door at the end of the passage, from the other parts of the hotel. I trouble you with these details in order that you may understand the events that followed.

"I returned to the waiting room, not forgetting, of course, to close the door of communication.

"Nearly an hour must have passed before I heard footsteps in the passage. The study door was opened, and the voices of the persons entering the room reached me through the ventilator. I recognized Romayne, Penrose—and Lord Loring.

"The first words exchanged among them informed me that Romayne and his secretary had overtaken Lord Loring in the street as he was approaching the hotel-door. The three had entered the house together—at a time, probably, when the servant who had admitted me was out of the way. However it may have happened, there I was, forgotten in the waiting room!

"Could I intrude myself (on a private conversation, perhaps)—as an unannounced and unwelcome visitor? And could I help it, if the talk found its way to me through the ventilator, along with the air that I breathed? If our Reverend Fathers think I was to blame, I bow to any reproof which their strict sense of propriety may inflict on me. In the meantime I beg to repeat the interesting passages in the conversation, as nearly word for word as I can remember them.

"His lordship, as the principal personage in social rank, shall be reported first. He said, 'More than a week has passed. Romayne, and we have neither seen you nor heard from you. Why have you neglected us?'

"Here, judging by certain sounds that followed, Penrose got up discreetly, and left the room. Lord Loring went on.

"He said to Romayne: 'Now we are alone, I may speak to you more freely. You and Stella seemed to get on together admirably that evening when you dined with us. Have you forgotten what you told me of her influence over you, or have you altered your opinion—and is that the reason why you keep away from us?'

"Romayne answered, 'My opinion remains unchanged. All that I said to you of Miss Eyrecourt, I believe as firmly as ever.'

"His lordship remonstrated, naturally enough. 'Then why remain away from the good influence? Why—if it really can be controlled—risk another return of that dreadful nervous delusion?'

"'I have had another return.'

"'Which, as you yourself believe, might have been prevented! Romayne, you astonish me.'

"There was a time of silence before Romayne answered this. He was a little mysterious when he did reply. 'You know the old saying, my good friend—of two evils, choose the least. I bear my sufferings as one of two evils, and the least of the two.'

"Lord Loring appeared to feel the necessity of touching a delicate subject with a light hand. He said, in his pleasant way, 'Stella isn't the other evil, I suppose?'

"'Most assuredly not!'

"'Then what is it?'

"Romayne answered, almost passionately, 'My own weakness and selfishness! Faults which I must resist, or become a mean and heartless man. For me the worst of the two evils is there. I respect and admire Miss Eyrecourt—I believe her to be a woman in a thousand—don't ask me to see her again! Where is Penrose? Let us talk of something else.'

"Whether this wild way of speaking offended Lord Loring, or only discouraged him, I cannot say. I heard him take his leave in these words: 'You have disappointed me, Romayne. We will talk of something else the next time we meet.' The study door was opened and closed. Romayne was left by himself.

"Solitude was apparently not to his taste, just then. I heard him call to Penrose. I heard Penrose ask, 'Do you want me?'

"Romayne answered, 'God knows I want a friend—and I have no friend near me but you! Major Hynd is away, and Lord Loring is offended with me.'

"Penrose asked why.

"Romayne, thereupon, entered on the necessary explanation. As a priest writing to priests, I pass over details utterly uninteresting to us. The substance of what he said amounted to this: Miss Eyrecourt had produced an impression on him which was new to him in his experience of women. If he saw more of her, it might end—I ask your pardon for repeating the ridiculous expression—in his 'falling in love with her.' In this condition of mind or body, whichever it may be, he would probably be incapable of the self-control which he had hitherto practiced. If she consented to devote her life to him, he might accept the cruel sacrifice. Rather than do this, he would keep away from her for her dear sake—no matter what he might suffer or whom he might offend.

"Imagine any human being, out of a lunatic asylum, talking in this way. Shall I own to you, my reverend colleague, how this curious self exposure struck me? As I listened to Romayne, I felt grateful to the famous council, which definitely forbade the priests of the Catholic Church to marry. We might otherwise have been morally enervated by the weakness which degrades Romayne—and priests might have become instruments in the hands of women.

"But you will be anxious to hear what Penrose did under the circumstances. For the moment, I can tell you this, he startled me.

"Instead of seizing the opportunity, and directing Romayne's mind to the consolations of religion, Penrose actually encouraged him to reconsider his decision. All the weakness of my poor little Arthur's character showed itself in his next words.

"He said to Romayne, 'It may be wrong in me to speak to you as freely as I wish to speak. But you have so generously admitted me to your confidence—you have been so considerate and so kind towards me—that I feel an interest in your happiness, which perhaps makes me over bold. Are you very sure that some such entire change in your life as your marriage might not end in delivering you from your burden? If such a thing could be, is it wrong to suppose that your wife's good influence over you might be the means of making your marriage a happy one? I must not presume to offer an opinion on such a subject. It is only my gratitude, my true attachment to you, that ventures to put the question. Are you conscious of having given this matter—so serious a matter for you—sufficient thought?'

"Make your mind easy, reverend sir! Romayne's answer set everything right.

"He said, 'I have thought of it till I could think no longer. I still believe that sweet woman might control the torment of the voice. But could she deliver me from the remorse perpetually gnawing at my heart? I feel as murderers feel. In taking another man's life—a man who has not even injured me!—I have committed the one unatonable and unpardonable sin. Can any human creature's influence make me forget that? No more of it—no more. Come! Let us take refuge in our books.'

"Those words touched Penrose in the right place. Now, as I understand his scruples, he felt that he might honorably speak out. His zeal more than balanced his weakness, as you will presently see.

"He was loud, he was positive, when I heard him next. 'No!' he burst out, 'your refuge is not in books, and not in the barren religious forms which call themselves Protestant. Dear master, the peace of mind which you believe you have lost for ever, you will find again in the divine wisdom and compassion of the Holy Catholic Church. There is the new life that will yet make you a happy man!'

"I repeat what he said, so far, merely to satisfy you that we can trust his enthusiasm when it is once roused. Nothing will discourage, nothing will defeat him now. He spoke with all the eloquence of conviction—using the necessary arguments with a force and feeling which I have rarely heard equaled. Romayne's silence vouched for the effect on him. He is not the man to listen patiently to reasoning which he thinks he can overthrow.

"Having heard enough to satisfy me that Penrose had really begun the good word, I quietly slipped out of the waiting room, and left the hotel.

"To day being Sunday, I shall not lose a post if I keep my letter open until to-morrow. I have already sent a note to Penrose, asking him to call on me, at his earliest convenience. There may be more news for you before post time.

"*Monday*, 10 A.M.

"There *is* more news. Penrose has just left me.

"His first proceeding, of course, was to tell me what I had already discovered for myself. He is modest, as usual, about the prospect of success which awaits him. But he has induced Romayne to suspend his historical studies for a few days, and to devote his attention to the books which we are accustomed to recommend for perusal in such cases as his. This is unquestionably a great gain at starting.

"But my news is not at an end yet. Romayne is actually playing our game—he has resolved definitely to withdraw himself from the influence of Miss Eyrecourt! In another hour he and Penrose will have left London. Their destination is kept a profound secret. All letters addressed to Romayne are to be sent to his bankers.

"The motive for this sudden resolution is directly traceable to Lady Loring.

"Her ladyship called at the hotel yesterday evening and had a private interview with Romayne. Her object, no doubt, was to shake his resolution, and to make him submit himself again to Miss Eyrecourt's fascinations. What means of persuasion she used to effect this purpose is of course unknown to us. Penrose saw Romayne after her ladyship's departure, and describes him as violently agitated. I can quite understand it. His resolution to take refuge in secret flight (it is really nothing less) speaks for itself as to the impression produced on him, and the danger from which, for the time at least, we have escaped.

"Yes! I say 'for the time at least.' Don't let our reverend fathers suppose that the money expended on my private inquiries has been money thrown away. Where these miserable love affairs are concerned, women are daunted by no adverse circumstances and warned by no defeat. Romayne has left London in dread of his own weakness—we must not forget that. The day may yet come when nothing will interpose between us and failure but my knowledge of events in Miss Eyrecourt's life.

"For the present, there is no more to be said."

CHAPTER XI.—STELLA ASSERTS HERSELF.

TWO days after Father Benwell had posted his letter to Rome, Lady Loring entered her husband's study and asked eagerly if he had heard any news of Romayne.

Lord Loring shook his head.

"As I told you yesterday," he said, "the proprietor of the hotel can give me no information. I went myself this morning to the bankers, and saw the head partner. He offered to forward letters, but he could do no more. Until further notice, he was positively enjoined not to disclose Romayne's address to anybody. How does Stella bear it?"

"In the worst possible way," Lady Loring answered. "In silence."

"Not a word even to you?"

"Not a word."

At that reply the servant interrupted them by announcing the arrival of a visitor, and presenting his card. Lord Loring started and handed it to his wife. The card bore the name of "Major Hynd," and this line was added in pencil: "On business connected with Mr. Romayne."

"Show him in directly!" cried Lady Loring. Lord Loring remonstrated.

"My dear, perhaps I had better see this gentleman alone!"

"Certainly not—unless you wish to drive me into committing an act of the most revolting meanness! If you send me away, I shall listen at the door."

Major Hynd was shown in, and was duly presented to Lady Loring. After making the customary apologies, he said:

"I returned to London last night expressly to see Romayne on a matter of importance. Failing to discover his present address at the hotel, I had the hope that your lordship might be able to direct me to our friend."

"I am sorry to say I know no more than you do," Lord Loring replied. "Romayne's present address is a secret confided to his bankers and to no one else. I will give you their names, if you wish to write to him."

Major Hynd hesitated. "I am not quite sure that it would be discreet to write to him under the circumstances."

Lady Loring could no longer keep silence. "Is it possible, Major Hynd, to tell us what the circumstances are?" she asked. "I am almost as old a friend of Romayne as my husband—and I am very anxious about him."

The major looked embarrassed. "I can scarcely answer your ladyship," he said, "without reviving painful recollections——"

Lady Loring's impatience interrupted the major's apologies. "Do you mean the duel?" she inquired.

Lord Loring interposed. "I should tell you, Major Hynd, that Lady Loring is as well informed as I am of what happened at Boulogne, and of the deplorable result, so far as Romayne is concerned. If you still wish to speak to me privately, I will ask you to accompany me into the next room."

Major Hynd's embarrassment vanished. "After what you tell me," he said, "I hope to be favored with Lady Loring's advice. You both know that Romayne fought the fatal duel with the son of the French General who had challenged him. When we returned to England, we heard that the General and his family had been driven away from Boulogne by pecuniary difficulties. Romayne, against my advice, wrote to the surgeon who had been present at the duel, desiring that the General's place of retreat might be discovered, and expressing his wish to assist the family anonymously, as their Unknown Friend. The motive, of course, was, in his own words, 'to make some little atonement to the poor people whom he had wronged.' I thought it a rash proceeding at the time, and I am confirmed in my opinion by a letter from the surgeon, received yesterday. Will you kindly read it to Lady Loring?"

He handed the letter to Lord Loring. Translated from the French, it ran as follows:

"SIR—I am at last able to answer Mr. Romayne's letter definitely, with the courteous assistance of the French Consul in London, to whom I applied, when other means of investigation had produced no result.

"A week since the General died. Circumstances connected with the burial expenses informed the Consul that he had taken refuge from his creditors, not in France as we supposed, but in London. The address is No. 10 Camp's Hill, Islington. I should also add that the General, for obvious reasons, lived in London under the assumed name of Marillac. It will be necessary, therefore, to inquire for his widow by the name of Madame Marillac.

"You will perhaps be surprised to find that I address these lines to you instead of to Mr. Romayne. The reason is soon told.

"I was acquainted with the late General—as you know—at a time when I was not aware of the company that he kept, or into the deplorable errors into which his love of gambling had betrayed him. Of his widow and his children I know absolutely nothing. Whether they have resisted the contaminating influence of the head of the household, or whether poverty and bad example combined have hopelessly degraded them, I cannot say. There is at least a doubt whether they are worthy of Mr. Romayne's benevolent intentions towards them. As an honest man, I cannot feel this doubt, and reconcile it to my conscience to be the means, however indirectly, of introducing them to Mr. Romayne. To your discretion I leave it to act for the best, after this warning."

Lord Loring returned the letter to Major Hynd.

"I agree with you," he said. "It is more than doubtful whether you would do right to communicate this information to Romayne."

Lady Loring was not quite of her husband's opinion.

"While there is a doubt about these people," she said, "it seems only just to find out what sort of character they bear in the neighborhood. In your place, Major Hynd, I should apply to the person in whose house they live, or to the tradespeople whom they have employed."

"I am obliged to leave London again to-day," the major replied; "but on my return I will certainly follow your ladyship's advice."

"And you will let us know the result?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

Major Hynd took his leave.

"I think you will be responsible for wasting the major's time," said Lord Loring, when the visitor had retired.

"I think not," said Lady Loring.

She rose to leave the room.

"Are you going out?" her husband asked.

"No. I am going up-stairs to Stella."

(*To be continued.*)

THURLOW WEED'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Press Club of New York made its Fall reception, on the 15th instant, the occasion of a reception in honor of the eighty-third anniversary of the birthday of the veteran journalist, Thurlow Weed. The spacious parlors of the club, at No. 121 Nassau Street, were decoratively embellished with a loan collection of paintings, gracefully entwined flags and a profusion of flowers. The pictures were hung with special reference to the festivities of the evening. The most conspicuous among them were three portraits of the historic political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley wreathed in flags and evergreens, to which special attention was called by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Near these were portraits of Washington, Cardinal McCloskey, Henry J. Raymond, Professor Morse, Stanley (the African explorer), and others, and Wilson Macdonald's heroic bust of Bryant. On the president's table, in front of the ornate easy-chairs that had been provided for Mr. Weed and General James Watson Webb, was a large bank of flowers, in which appeared in crimson the one word "Age"—meaning age surrounded by fragrant and beautiful memories. The billiard-room was made a restaurant, the billiard tables being covered with boards and converted into an extensive table.

More than two hundred guests responded to the invitations of the club, including General James Watson Webb, Erastus Brooks, Postmaster James, Whitelaw Reid, David M. Stone, the Rev. Dr. Henry Highland Garnet, Professor John A. Weisse, Benson J. Lossing, Professor J. E. Frobisher, Salmi Morse, Thurlow Weed Barnes, Colonel John Farrell, United States Consul at Gloucester; J. B. Smiley, Robert J. Burdette and Captain George B. Haycock, of the United States Army. Letters of regret were received from George William Curtis, William Henry Hurlbert, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, B. P. Shillaber, the Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, George W. Childs, Hugh J. Hastings, James Parton, Daniel G. Mitchell, Frederick W. Seward, Colonel Forney, and other well-known gentlemen. Mr. Weed, who reached the club-rooms shortly after eight o'clock, was escorted to a seat beside President Penny. The next place of honor was assigned to General Webb, and around him and Mr. Weed were grouped the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned as included in the list of guests. Mr. J. W. Simonton, in presenting Mr. Weed to the assembled company, said it might be doubted whether any man now living "other than this much-loved Nestor of the press" had ever exercised so wide and deep an influence upon the destinies of the country. While others had been able and wise and patriotic, Mr. Weed, more than any others in the journalistic profession, had recognized that, as the Creator was greater than the creature, so the king-maker was greater than the king, at least in the power of usefulness. Mr. Weed had always

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professed to be a conscientious king-maker, rather than to sit upon the throne and wield its sceptre. Mr. Simonton reviewed the career of the honored guest of the evening as a soldier, printer, journalist and statesman. The journalists of New York, he added, had reason to feel justly proud of their friend and co-laborer. His life story was familiar to all as an indestructible part of the brilliant record of American statesmanship and journalism during more than half the whole life of the American Republic.

Mr. Weed was deeply affected by the remarks of Mr. Simonton, and did not attempt to essay a response until after brief addresses had been delivered by General James Watson Webb, Erastus Brooks, Whitelaw Reid and Robert J. Burdette. After these gentlemen had spoken, he rose simply to relate an incident suggested by a remark of one of the speakers, touching the circumstances of his first meeting with Horace Greeley. He said that in 1837, anticipating an earnest and active canvass for the Presidency, the Whig State Committee determined to establish a campaign newspaper, until that time unheard of. He came to New York and found Horace Greeley, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, at the case. Mr. Greeley dropped his composing-stick, and Mr. Weed asked who wrote certain articles on American industry—on Protection—in the *New Yorker*, then published by Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley replied that he wrote them. "Then you are the man we want. Come to dinner with me in the City Hotel." Mr. Greeley had been to dinner, but he met the Chairman of the State Committee and Mr. Weed in the City Hotel, and it was arranged that he should spend two days a week in Albany and edit the *Jeffersonian*. This was the origin of a friendship that was continued harmoniously for many years—the origin of the firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley.

Mr. Brooks, in his remarks, said: "Mr. Weed has been an observer of most of the striking incidents in the life of this nation. It is something to remember that he has lived under all the eighteen Presidents of this nation. He was a child during the administration of Washington. With the majority he has been on terms of intimacy. Of the twenty-five Governors of New York, he has voted for nearly all. He has witnessed more of the chances and changes of life than fall to the lot of most men."

George Dawson, Mr. Weed's oldest apprentice, and for very many years his associate on the *Albany Evening Journal*, spoke at length, giving reminiscences of Mr. Weed's early days, his unfailing benevolence to needy printers and others, and the sagacity which he evinced in all public affairs at an early age.

After speeches by the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, Mr. William E. Robinson (Mr. Greeley's "Richelieu"), Algernon S. Sullivan, Postmaster James and David M. Stone, recitations by Mr. Charles Roberts, Jr., and Mr. E. P. Burbank, and music, the club and its guests proceeded to the supper-room, where the festivities of the evening happily terminated.

Mr. Weed's birthday was also recognized by hundreds of friends who called at his residence to tender their congratulations, and many letters and telegrams were received. All the callers were received in the cozy reception-room, which was fragrant with the perfume of flowers. One of the handsomest floral designs sent to the octogenarian was the representation of a very large horseshoe, with a shield of red, white and blue in the centre. One of the smallest floral tokens was a simple bouquet, which Mr. Weed received enthusiastically. It came from a lady whose grandfather, Edmund M. Blunt, was editor of the Nantucket *Herald* in 1797, the year in which Mr. Weed was born. Mr. Weed said he remembered the paper very well. Miss Bell, a daughter of what was formerly one of the richest and most influential families of the State of Georgia, and who, since the war, has been obliged to earn her own living, sent Mr. Weed a beautiful piece of embroidery. Mr. Weed said he first became acquainted with the family about forty years ago. Five of Mr. Weed's grandchildren sent him a large basket of the finest fruit, with an affectionate message attached. This basket of fruit was placed upon an immense silver salver and given a conspicuous place in the room. This salver was presented to him by a number of the leading merchants of New York in 1854, when Mr. Weed was editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*. The salver is over three feet long, of solid silver, and weighs fourteen pounds. It is an elaborate piece of artistic workmanship.

KENWARD PHILP,

OF THE "CHINESE LETTER FORGERY."

KENWARD PHILP, whose portrait from a photograph we print herewith, is one of the best known of the younger journalists of New York. He was born in London thirty-three years ago, his father, now one of the editors of the London *Standard*, being then a newspaper man, as had been his grandfather and great-grandfather. If there be such a thing as hereditary adaptability to a profession, therefore, Mr. Philp is clearly entitled to rank as a journalist by descent.

Before coming to America in 1865, he had already entered actively upon the duties of his profession, contributing to a monthly magazine and filling the post of London correspondent of more than one provincial paper. In New York City his first employment was upon the *Daily News*, then a morning daily. The Fenian agitation was at that time at its height, and with a grim humor that on one occasion came near costing Philp his life, the city editor assigned the young Englishman to report the fiery speeches of the Irish patriots. At a crowded meeting at Military Hall in the Bowery, the unmistakable English look and dress of the *News* reporter attracted the attention of one of the orators, who forthwith denounced him as a spy. But for the prompt intervention of Captain Hogan, one of the staunchest of Fenians and himself a journalist, there would be no occasion now to publish Philp's portrait.

From the *Daily News* he went into the service of the New York *Herald*, where he was for some time the preferred descriptive writer on the staff, attending races and regattas going up in balloons and winning encomiums from the elder Bennett and Mr. Frederic Hudson, then in charge of the paper. On one occasion he was sent from New York to St. Louis to report a prize-fight for the championship. When he arrived he found the fight had been postponed for a week. To return to New York and immediately start back again for St. Louis would have been absurd, so, wanting something to send to his paper, he invited the Press of St. Louis and the Mayor and Corporation to a dinner in the name of the New York *Herald*. The affair occurred at the Lindell House, and cost Mr. Bennett six hundred dollars. "However," said Mr. Philp, "I had to keep up the credit of the paper, you know." When the fight did occur, the *Herald* had five columns of it, and not another paper in the country east of Cincinnati had a line—a triumph that was the result of a little arrangement between a telegraph-operator and the *Herald* correspondent. Mr. Bennett, senior, declared with much emotion that the six hundred dollar dinner was by no means wasted. Mr. Philp resigned from the *Herald* in 1867, and became an editorial writer for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, a post he quitted to become managing editor of the Brooklyn *Union*, under Theodore Tilton. His success in this position was admitted, but the Beecher scandal broke out, and Philp, who at that time lived in Tilton's house, conveniently went to Europe. Returning, he became dramatic critic and editorial writer for the *Eagle* once more, and was one of the five original promoters of the Brooklyn *Sun*, which became so marked a power in Brooklyn that the *Eagle* people bought it. Relieved of daily newspaper work by the change, Mr. Philp turned his attention to dramatic matters, produced four or five successful burlesques in rapid succession, and became business manager of the Madison Square Theatre. Subsequent to this, he wrote regularly for the *Dramatic News*, and became one of the editors of *Truth*, to which journal he has contributed hundreds of political articles.

During his fifteen years' sojourn in this country, Mr. Philp has written thirty-seven complete novels of from fifty to two hundred columns each, contributing at one period no fewer than three "instalments" a week to the story papers. Some of these stories, though not of a high imaginative order, have been very popular. During each Summer, for the past four years, he has also edited the Coney Island *Sun*, and throughout his career here has been constantly employed in dramatic matters. He wrote the "opening" to "Humpty Dumpty," in which Fox, the clown, was so successful, and is credited with a new piece for the Salsbury Troubadours. Add to these various employments stories and sketches for various journals, the night editorship of the *Star* for two years, the establishment of a paper called the *Brooklyn Sunday News*, contributions to the *Boulder*, the *Prop'l*, "Eminent Americans," and a score of minor engagements of a literary character, and one will not be able to deny to Mr. Philps a tolerably busy record as a newspaper man.

A great deal has been said during the Chinese letter trial concerning Mr. Philp's penchant for practical joking. An attaché of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER met the subject of this sketch a day or two since, and questioned him concerning it.

"Oh, that's all in the sweet long ago," said Mr. Philp. "I have had my day as a joker. I'm married."

"What do you think will be the result of the trial?" he was asked.

"I am sure I don't know," he replied, "and I am getting so that I don't much care. But kindly mention one thing in any little notice you may write about me. That is, that nobody has shown the smallest incentive to, or consideration for, such a crime as I am charged with. If, in addition to doing an ordinary newspaper man's work for an ordinary newspaper man's salary, I have got to throw in an occasional forgery, I think I shall get out of the business!"

Whether Mr. Philp is in fact the author of the celebrated "Chinese Letter" is yet to be shown.

THE LATE LUCRETIA MOTT.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT, the well-known philanthropist, reformer and preacher, died at her residence in Cheltenham Township, Montgomery County, Pa., on November 11th, having attained the ripe age of eighty-seven years. She was born on the quaint little island of Nantucket, among a population of Quaker sailors and fishermen. Her father was Thomas Coffin, one of a famous race of sea captains, descended from the stock of the English admiral Coffin, and her mother, Anna Folger, came of a line which included the family of that Boston tallow-chandler whose son was Benjamin Franklin. In 1804 her father removed to Boston, "and in the public and private schools of that city," says Lucretia, "I mingled with all classes without distinction." Her father was a plain man and a strict Friend. He desired his children to be brought up in the Order of the society and trained to habits of useful industry. When she was fourteen he sent Lucretia and a younger sister to a Friends' "boarding school" in Dutchess County, N. Y., and there, pursuing her studies with patient zeal, she remained two years without going once home for holiday or vacation. At fifteen, a teacher having left, she was made an assistant, and at the end of the second year she was tendered the place of teacher, with the inducement, besides, that her services would entitle a younger sister to her education. In the Spring of 1809 she joined her father's family in Philadelphia, whither they had removed, and here, to the end of her remarkable life, she continued to reside. When eighteen years of age she was married to James Mott, then engaged in business with her father. At the age of twenty-five she began to preach in the meetings of the Friends, and she pursued then, as she diligently continued throughout her life, the habit of "searching the Scriptures daily," so that her acquaintance with them became wonderfully complete. In 1834 she took an active part in the formation of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, and traveled extensively to call attention to its work, holding meetings in some of the Slave States. From this time forward to the proclamation by Lincoln her part was one of the most prominent among the Abolitionists. Garrison was scarcely more famous or more abused than Lucretia Mott. In 1840 the World's Anti-Slavery Convention was called to assemble in London, and the Pennsylvania Society sent over among its delegates Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, Abby Kimber, Elizabeth Neall and Sarah Pugh, the Massachusetts Society sending Emily Winslow, Abby Southwick and Anne Greene Phillips, the last named being the just-married wife of Wendell Phillips. The convention, however, adhering to English ideas, refused to admit women, after a hot debate, in which Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Bowring, George Thompson and Wendell Phillips earnestly advocated their cause, and they consequently took no part in its proceedings. William Lloyd Garrison was so indignant that he withdrew from the convention and remained only as a spectator. This was Lucretia Mott's only visit to England, but she established there many friendships that continued during life, and her home was the frequent place of a cheerful and refined hospitality to distinguished visitors from abroad.

She has always regularly attended the religious meetings of the Friends, and has been an unfailing speaker at all sorts of gatherings in the interest of peace, temperance, the Indians, the colored people, women's progress, etc., etc., and seldom has been permitted to remain silent. In January, 1868, her husband, James Mott, himself a man of much character, force and intellectual ability, died, the wedded life of himself and wife having extended beyond the unusual period of half a century.

Resources of Washington Territory.

THERE are in the Territory about 20,000,000 acres of the finest timber-land that stands upon the face of the earth. These forests lie on Puget Sound, and are accessible by the Sound and by their streams running to the ocean. The most common trees are the pine and fir. The latter averages 300 feet, and many of them are 500 feet in height and 12 feet in diameter at the base. One stick of timber is represented to have been hewed in these woods 124 feet in length, and squaring 36 inches at the small end, free from sap. This vast timber belt has been cut into but little. The laws of the United States are very stringent to prevent the waste of timber, and an agent has been appointed especially for this Territory to prevent the waste of this timber treasure. Eastern Washington consists of 11,000,000 acres of grazing prairie land. On this land grows a bunch-grass, which is very nutritious, and vegetates during ten months of the year. During the remaining two months it stands in a dry condition, and cattle feed upon it with the best of results. Five million acres are wheat-growing land, which produced, according to the statistical reports of this last year, thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. Many instances are known where the production went as high as seventy or eighty bushels to the acre. In the mountains, and in fact in every county in the Territory, it is represented officially by Governor Ferry that coal is found near the surface of a very superior quality. Iron is accessible and of very good quality in all portions of the three main ranges of mountains, the Coast, Olympic and Cascade. In the northern portion of the Cascade range, on the Skagit River, gold has been discovered to be very abundant, the miners making on an average $5 per day. The water advantages of Washington Territory are unequaled in any other portion of the world. This Territory is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the south by the Columbia River, which divides it from Oregon, and partially on the North by Puget Sound, which penetrates it from that direction, and separates it from the British possessions.

Puget Sound covers an area of 2,000 square miles. The water of the sound is deep, and the shores are bold, so much so that vessels of the largest size can go directly up the sound seventy miles or more and find safe anchorage. It is free from rocks and bars, and is pacific at all seasons of the year. High winds never prevail. They have recently taken to planting and cultivating Eastern oysters there. The product is an excellent oyster, and the probability is that Washington Territory will become the great oyster-producing section of the Pacific Coast. Clams of the soft-shelled variety have been found in great abundance and of monstrous growth, some of them weighing from seven to ten pounds each. There are eighty-five varieties of fish in Puget Sound. The catch of salmon during the last year was 40,000,000 pounds. It is canned and sent to nearly all the markets of the world. The returns to those engaged in salmon taking and packing amounted to over $3,000,000. The drying of cod is carried on very extensively. The gadus, a species of cod, is very abundant. It is larger than cod, and of finer flavor. Fish can be dried better there than anywhere else on the Pacific Coast, or the Atlantic either, for that matter, because further north it is too cold, and further south too dry. They can be cured and sent to market in a more moist condition there than cod can in Maine. Upon the coast are two harbors, Gray's and Shoal Harbors. There are few inlets on the Pacific Coast of the United States north of San Francisco, with the exception of the mouth of the Columbia and Puget Sound, so that that Territory monopolizes nearly all the harbors on this coast of our country. The Columbia River affords navigable water 725 miles in extent, with its tributaries. Navigation is uninterrupted, with the exception of the cascades in the river, about 150 miles from its mouth, called the Dalles, around which navigation is had by rail. The Government of the United States made an appropriation for the purpose of excavating these obstructions, and in a very few years it is quite certain that we shall have uninterrupted communication through the Columbia River to Eastern Washington.

There are fifty rivers in the Territory, more or less, many of them cascade rivers running from the west into Puget Sound, affording great facilities for manufacturers, which in the future are sure to come, because, in addition to the natural resources of wood, iron and coal, the raising of great numbers of sheep now affords an immense crop of wool, which will be utilized at home instead of being exported. The best agricultural portions are found in Eastern Washington, the centre of which is Walla Walla, one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the Territory. The climate is delightful and uniform. All accounts agree on that point. The temperature rarely falls below 30 above zero in Winter, and seldom goes above 70 in the Summer. They have a rainy season and a dry season, the former beginning in October and continuing until Spring, the latter covering the remaining months of the year, so that the wheat harvest is always completed during the dry season. The population is 85,000 white people, chiefly native-born Americans, emigrants from California, Oregon, New York, Indiana and Kentucky. The Indians number 18,000, and live on reservations in the northern and western portions.

A Terrible Calamity.

THE State Insane Asylum at St. Peter, Minn., was partially burned on Monday night, Nov. 15th, and a large number of lives lost, variously estimated from ten to twenty. There were in all 600 inmates, and the scenes at the burning of the hospital were heart-rending in the extreme. The patients in the annex wing were males. Many of them refused to leave the building at all. They ran up and down the halls screaming and crying. Of course those who could not be coaxed or forced out of the building were suffocated, or suffered a horrible death in the pit of the flames. The others were saved, some by ladders and some by leaping from the windows. Some were nearly nude, some shoeless and hatless, and all were exposed to the exceeding cold of the night. Many of the poor, demented and crazed inmates ran shrieking into the snow-drifts, in their night-clothes, even burying themselves in the snow, and had to be dragged into the barns and sheds, while those near by wrapped blankets and shawls around them. The hospital occupied ten years in building, and was completed three years ago, at a cost of $500,000. The loss by the fire will be from $100,000 to $150,000, on which there is no insurance. The cause of the fire is unknown.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is Reported that, on a recent visit to New Guinea, Captain Lawson made the interesting geographical discovery that Mount Hercules has an altitude of 22,786 feet, thus being more than 3,000 feet higher than Mount Everest, which has for a considerable time been regarded as the tallest mountain in the world.

A French Savant, M. Lallman, has found that an oil can be distilled from American grape-vines, which will not congeal at any temperature above eight degrees Fahrenheit, while other oils are solid at twenty-seven degrees. He therefore concludes that this oil must be valuable for watch-making and similar purposes.

An Important Innovation has been made in all the French colleges by M. Ferry. Any pupil wishing to be promoted to a superior class is obliged to pass an examination. The Government is asking important credits for the rebuilding of the principal colleges of Paris and the construction of new colleges outside of the fortifications.

Large Quantities of Pottery are manufactured in Brazil from the hard, siliceous bark of the caraipe-tree, in the process, the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers—this kind being preferred, as it takes up a larger quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware.

Very Remarkable is the growth of the trade in jute. In 1829 the export of jute from Calcutta was twenty tons only, worth about a hundred dollars. Now the quantity exported annually is three hundred and fifty thousand tons—nearly two million bales—valued at about thirty million dollars. This large quantity does not include the enormous supplies retained for use in India.

Something has been said about the possibility of taking photographs at a distance by means of the telegraph, to which operation the same electric telescopy might be given. Suppose a picture of a landscape taken in a camera; what is required is that the electric current should take up and transmit the features of that landscape, as it does modulations of sound. This once achieved, pictures might be obtained of places hundreds of miles distant.

The United States Consul at Milan, reporting on the manufacture of quinine in Italy, introduces the following sentence referring to quinine and salts of quinine: "The production of the world is estimated at from 220,000 to 250,000 lbs per year as follows—Germany, 56,250 lbs.; Italy, 45,000 lbs.; France, 45,500 lbs.; England, 27,500 lbs.; America, 25,000 lbs.; India, 12,250 lbs." According to him, efforts are being made to acclimatize the cinchona in Italy. Its successful culture in India and Ceylon encourages the belief that it will grow wherever the soil is dry, the rainfall large, and the climate temperate.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. FREDERICK O. PRINCE has been renominated for Mayor of Boston.

HON. JAMES L. PUGH has been elected United States Senator from Alabama.

GENERAL FAIRCHILD, the new American Minister to Spain, has arrived at Madrid.

A LONDON dispatch says that Mr. Bret Harte is lying seriously ill at Newstead Abbey.

M. GERARD has been appointed Second Secretary of the French Legation at Washington.

SIR FREDERIC ROBERTS, the hero of the Afghan war, is about to be entertained by Queen Victoria.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, defeating Mr. John Ruskin by 314 votes.

MR. SPURGEON'S health has not been improved, and he will be compelled, as usual, to spend the Winter at Mentone.

REV. C. N. SIMS, of the Somerfield Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been elected Chancellor of the Syracuse University.

TOMASO SALVINI, the Italian tragedian, arrived in New York City last week, and will play an engagement of 100 nights.

IT is announced that Mr. Lowell, the American Minister to England, has submitted to the Board of Trade the project for an international copyright treaty.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has refused to accept the resignations of General Garibaldi and his son, but has granted them three months' leave of absence.

CLEM CANADA, the oldest negro in Virginia, died on the 3d inst. near Guilford, in Loudon County, at the advanced age of nearly one hundred and twenty-one years.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, British Minister to the United States, and family returned to the country by the steamer *Bothnia*, which arrived at New York, November 17th.

DESPITE the disturbed condition of Ireland, the Empress of Austria proposes, once more, as she has already done for two years in succession, to take her establishment and sled to Ireland and enjoy a Winter's hunting.

THE Duke of Beaufort has taken so bravely to heart the defeat of his son, Lord Dalkeith, by Mr. Gladstone that he has closed up his collieries at Bolkroth, removing 200 miners and reducing the trade of the place by $1,500 a week.

THE divorced wife of the Rev. Newman Hall has married Frank Richardson, the groom who figured so conspicuously in the divorce proceedings which ended in her husband's obtaining a decree against her. Mr. Hall was married some time ago.

MAYOR COOPER last week transmitted to the Park Commissioners of New York a tin box containing mulberry cuttings from a tree over the grave of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. The cuttings were a gift to the Mayor from Charles Reade, the novelist.

THE Count de Chambord is about to visit the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, where immense preparations are to be made for his reception. One of the motives of this visit to England is said to be to confer with the Catholic authorities as to the settlement of the religious communities driven from France.

MISS MABEL MAY, a young English lady of rare character and accomplishments, will be the companion and assistant of Mrs. General Garfield in the White House. She is a woman of unusual mental and moral stamina. Last year she was a teacher in Mrs. Westlake's Seminary, in Dayton, and won the respect and esteem of all who were fortunate enough to form her acquaintance.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in contributing $500 to the Truro Cathedral fund, mentions that Truro was the first cathedral whose foundation stone was laid with full Masonic honors, and adds: "Let us hope that this may be a type that the churches of Christendom may become more united, and convey more perfectly their Master's precepts embodied in even what the ignorant know of the principles of the craft."

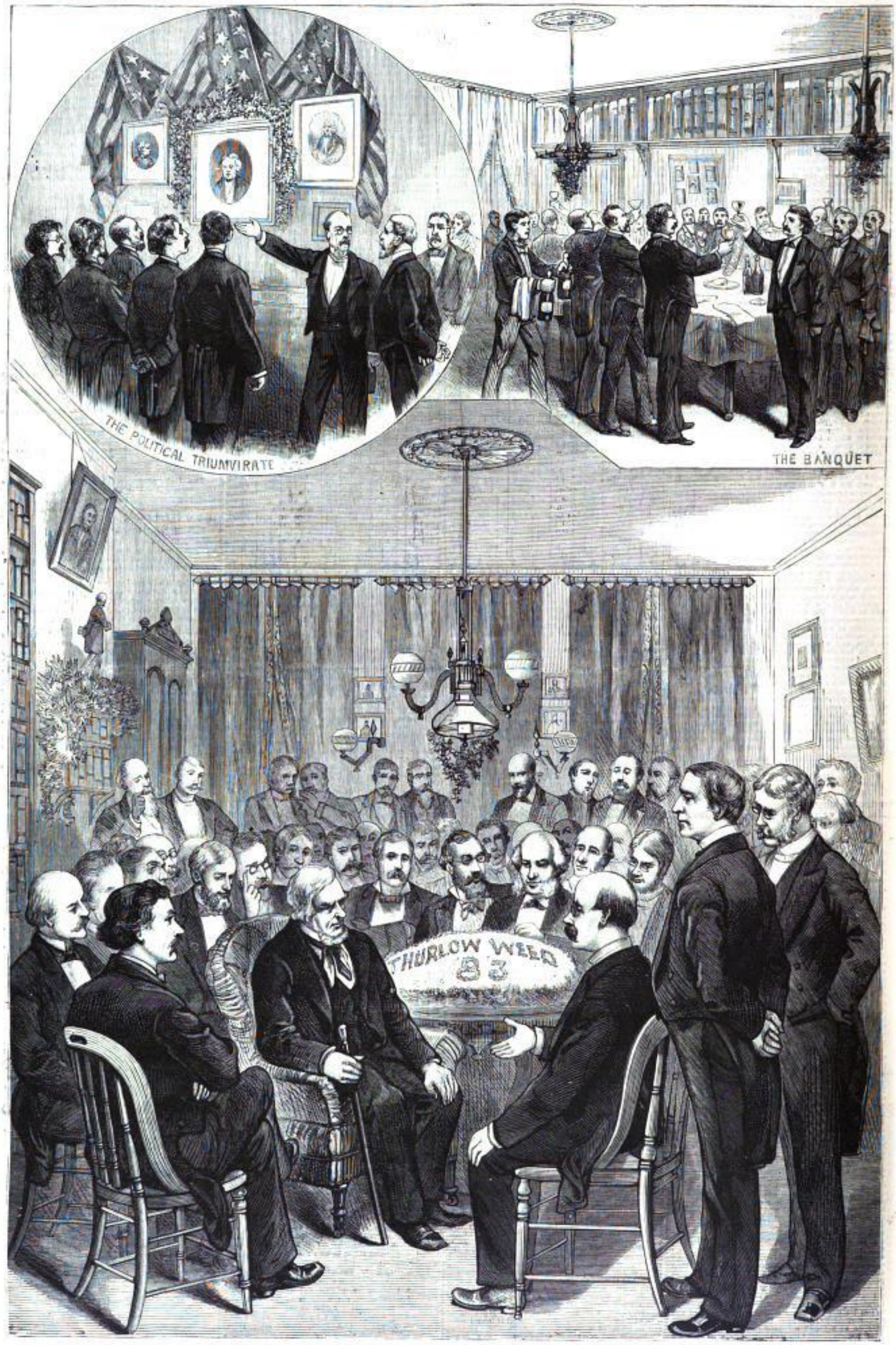
THE English think that Mr. Joseph Cook has one fault which he would do well to correct—he reads so rapidly that it is difficult for an audience to follow him. The *Echo* says: "Mr. Cook does not allow his hearers the tenth part of a second to weigh the exact meaning of some unaccustomed word. As the English people are not all theologians or metaphysicians, Mr. Cook, as a lecturer, would do well to accommodate himself to our deficiencies."

QUEEN VICTORIA has just insured her life for a large sum. The Duke of Cambridge, who has been staying in Paris, went to the French Loss Insurance Company and took out a policy for a large amount in the name of Her Majesty. Imitating this act of foresight, the Duke proceeded next day to the office of the company and insured his own life also for a very large sum. The Queen is frugality itself, and induces her friends to put its precepts in practice. She is a considerable shareholder in one of the companies trading with the Cape.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HAMLIN, of Maine, will not press his claims for re-election. There have been very few more successful politicians in this country than Mr. Hamlin. He entered Congress almost immediately up attaining the constitutional age, having previously occupied a seat in the State Legislature, and he has been almost continuously in the public service ever since. No man in New England contributed more effectively to the success of the Republican Party in 1860. Mr. Hamlin has always had a strong and devoted personal following in his native State, due chiefly to the fact that he habitually kept his promises and never went back upon his friends. His record, public and private, has been clean throughout. No suspicion of corruption was ever whispered against him, and he will close his long career with an unblemished reputation.

BY the will of the late Mary Shields, of Philadelphia, nearly her whole estate, valued at $239,290.23, is bequeathed to charitable institutions. Deducting the amount left to the Laurel Hill Cemetery Company for keeping the Shields family vault in repair, $10,000 for purchasing coal for indigent widows, single women and men in Philadelphia, and specific legacies left to friends and former servants, there will be fully $170,000 to be divided among the following institutions: The Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, the Old Man's Home, the House of Mercy for the Care of Consumptives, the Indigent Widows' and Single Women's Asylum, the Pennsylvania Hospital and the Almshouse of the City of Philadelphia, to relieve and make comfortable the sick and insane confined therein. The first five of these institutions will each receive one-sixth of the amount devoted to charity, while the remaining sixth will be divided between the last two named. Miss Shields was descended from a family that settled in Pennsylvania in the days of the Proprietary, and at one time owned a large portion of Pike and Wayne Counties. Her father, forty years ago, was a leading hardware merchant in Philadelphia.

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NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE PRESS CLUB TO THURLOW WEED, ON HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH.—SEE PAGE 222.

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PHILADELPHIA HOME FOR INCURABLES.

TWO years ago a site was purchased at Forty-eighth Street and Woodland Avenue for the sum of $5,500, and thereon has been erected the new Home which, in its exterior appearance and its interior arrangements, is one of the most complete institution buildings in the city. It stands on an elevated piece of ground, affording not only a wide expanse of view in all directions, but combining, as well, the benefits of a healthy temperature and thorough ventilation.

Viewed from Woodland Avenue, the Home presents an imposing appearance. It stands back about fifty feet from the street pavement, and is fronted with an inclosed plot of ground, fresh-sodded with grass. It is three stories in height, and in the prevailing style of architecture, with fancy brick front, finished with ornamental tiling, with broad porches designed somewhat after the Queen Anne fashion, and with deep slanting Gothic roof covered with Akron tiles in red and buff. Fairmount stone laid with random black joints and the Dorchester gray sandstone are used also in the construction of the face of the house. The front is divided into three sections, the centre part receding, while the projecting ends are built with triple windows in the second and third stories, finishing above in towers, the finial of which is 20 feet above the roof, and in each of which there are four louvre windows. Stacks for ventilators and smoke are built with buff tile roofs. Nearly all of the windows have their upper frames set in stained glass, which enhances the brightness of the general effect. The building has a frontage of 72 feet on Woodland Avenue, exclusive of the additional length caused by the bay windows at either end. The depth of the house is 44 feet. From these dimensions some idea may be had of its form, which, as arranged interiorly, is odd and pleasing. The house is entered from a broad piazza extending the length of the front. Wide front doors open into a hall 15 by 24 feet, with grate directly opposite the entrance. The hall, as indeed is the case throughout the house, is finished in bright woods.

On the right hand on entering is a long room, admirably lighted by side windows and the bay-windows at the end. This is to be used as a reception-room and library. A duplicate room on the other side of the main corridor is to be used as a committee-room. Thrown open, these two apartments form, with the hall, a long stretch of rooms. Running perpendicularly to the main hall is a long entry, which extends the entire width of the building. Opening on this entry are all the other rooms on the floor, viz.: the dining-room, the physician's office, the matron's room and one dormitory, with storeroom, closets, etc., and two dumb-waiters, one running from the kitchen to the dining-room, and the other from the kitchen to the upper floor, to carry the meals to the patients unable to leave their rooms. There also opens on this entry the elevator closet, with passenger-elevator to carry the patients. On the rear is another broad piazza, the counterpart of that on the front of the house.

On the upper floors are the rooms for the patients. They are all capacious, well-lighted and ventilated by a patent process. The heating of the house will be by steam and indirect radiation. Each room on the third story has a register in the ceiling for Summer ventilation, which has its outlet in the tower dormers. The drainage of the house is said to be complete in every respect. In the basement are the kitchen, laundry and servants' quarters. The entire cost of the building is $35,000. It will accommodate forty patients. It is contemplated, if the institution meets with popular indorsement and substantial aid, to add to the main building two wings for male as well as female patients, and designed also to provide for such cases as epilepsy, consumption and cancer.



PENNSYLVANIA.—NEW BUILDING OF THE HOME FOR INCURABLES, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM THE PLANS OF W. G. HALE, ARCHITECT.

PHILANTHROPY ON WHEELS.

REV. J. KENNION has recently introduced a form of charity which is likely to be immensely popular. His purpose is to place within the reach of every needy person, as far as practicable, a cup or more of hot coffee and a reasonable proportion of wholesome bread, "without money and without price." He does this from a four-wheeled cart, four feet long and two and a half feet wide, which is painted red and blue, and appears on the streets ornamented with the American, English, French and German flags. From the sides of the cart are suspended ten thick stone-china cups; in the front is a basket capable of holding thirty loaves of bread, and in the rear a ten-gallon urn, painted red and capped with copper. A large red flag floating from a pole attached to the front of the cart proclaims, in white letters, "Coffee and Bread Free for All." Mr. Kennion, in a circular recently issued, says: "The coffee cart plan has been grandly and successfully systematized in England among temperance organizations of a true, honorable and practical character, by societies of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and by others. We intend to put this enterprise on



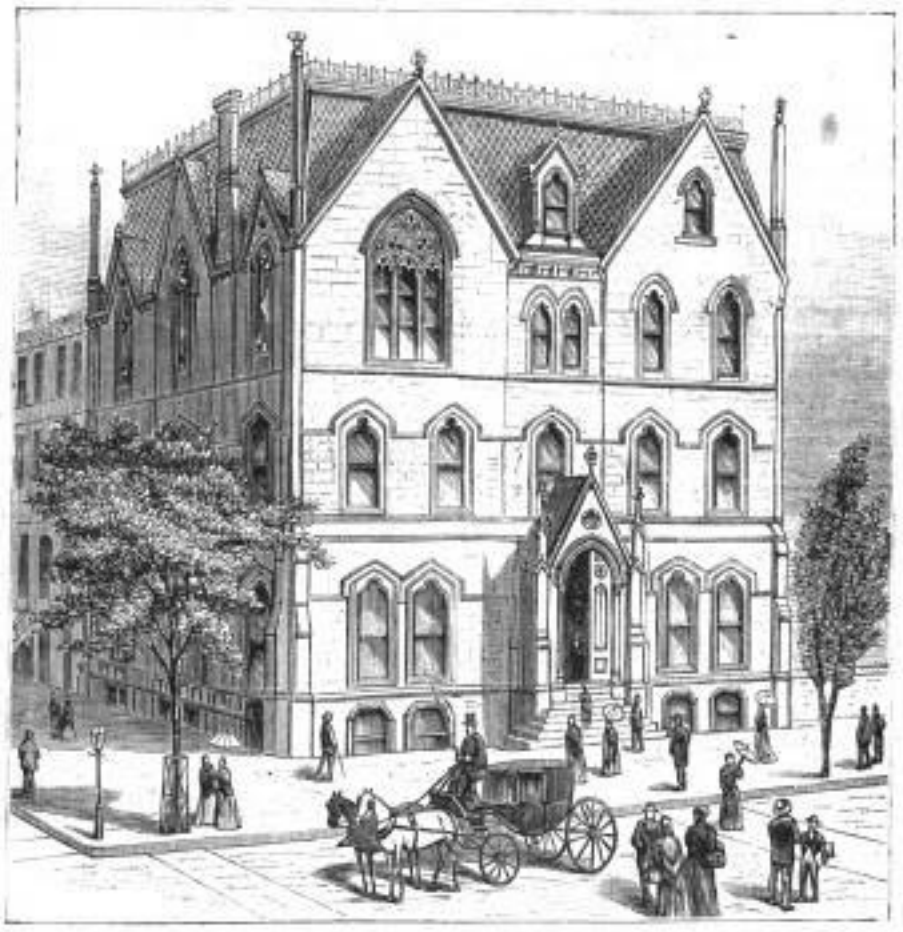
KENWARD PHILP, THE ALLEGED FORGER OF THE GARFIELD CHINESE LETTER.—SEE PAGE 223.



THE LATE LUCRETIA MOTT.—FROM A PHOTO. BY GUTEKUNST. SEE PAGE 223.



NEW YORK CITY.—FREE SERVICE OF COFFEE AND BREAD.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW RESIDENCE OF CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY.—SEE PAGE 226.

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a solid footing, which will regularly and amply supply the needy of these cities, worthy and unworthy alike; all will be welcome to a good cup of our coffee with a reasonable proportion of good and wholesome bread. This is better than 'physical culture,' dense denunciatory reproach and abuse of the drunkard; better than prohibitionary laws; better than mean clandestine key hole busy-bodying and sham detective spies prowling about for blackmailing game. We cannot compel men to be temperate, or sober, or total abstainers, by any force or power of man; but we can, by kindness, loving persuasiveness and material aid, so win the affections of the sot, that he will become emollient, esteem us and our methods, and be readily led to the friend who turns away none because they are poor."

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE CARDINAL'S NEW RESIDENCE.

THE new residence of Cardinal McCloskey, on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, now rapidly approaching completion, is of as modest a plan and character of embellishment as will be consistent with the over-towering grandeur of the great Cathedral on the Fifth Avenue side of the same block. The foundations are laid on the native rock, and the superstructure is of marble, with lines corresponding with those of the basilica. The building is four stories in height, with a basement, about fifty-five feet wide and sixty-five deep, and is fitted with the latest improvements designed to secure fresh air, thorough ventilation and sunshine. There the Cardinal will reside, with the members of his ecclesiastical family around him, including Bishop Corrigan, the newly-appointed coadjutor. This section will be still further improved by the erection, on the opposite corner of the Cathedral lot, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street, of a chapel, similar in style and material to the Cathedral and the Cardinal's residence.

FUN.

THERE will be a great deal of suffering in Iowa this year among the potato-bugs. The frost has killed the potatoes.

PRECEPTOR (after a lecture): "Now, what are the principal things that are obtained from the earth?" Pupil (and disciple of Izaak Walton): "Worms, sir!"

A POET asks: "Have you lived the songs you sing, love?" If he sings "We won't go home till morning," no doubt he has lived at least one of them.

MRS. PLAINDAME, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked: "Poor man! How pale he was! He couldn't have been well when it was taken."

ELDERLY LADY (to shoemaker): "It's not so much a durable article that I require, Mr. Crispin. I want something dainty, you know—something coy, and at the same time just a wee bit saucy."

IN a few weeks young women who have not opened the family Bible for months will begin to display a great interest in the sacred volume. They will gaze into it a dozen times a day to see how their Autumn leaves are pressing.

A LONG-WINDED lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and during the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in his sentence."

LITTLE Jeanne has a sister, a year married. Last week this sister became the mother of a pretty babe. "Look, mademoiselle," said the nurse, showing the new-born to its little aunt. "Isn't it the prettiest doily you ever saw?" Jeanne danced with delight. Then she approached to take it from the nurse's arms. A cry of disgust arose. "Pooh! screamed Jeanne, "it's nothing but a meat baby."

IT was in a Bowery opera-house. The two gentlemen were from the country. After the curtain fell on the first act, one of them, who had been reading the programme, said in an excited manner: "It's an infernal swindle, just got up to take in strangers." "What's a swindle?" "Here it says the next act is two years later. I wonder if they think we are going to stay in New York, at two dollars a day, for two years, just to see this thing out?" They went out and saw the ticket man about it.

A GALVESTON gentleman has been sick for some time, but finally recovered enough to take a ride along the beach in a hired hack. The hack-driver was very accommodating and attentive, and when the invalid was helped out, he expressed his appreciation of Jehu's services, remarking that he would need him again. "Yes, you look like you would need me once more; but you ought to mention my name to the undertaker at once, and not put it off till the very last moment," was the cheerful response of the driver, who had an eye to business.

"USE Bedding's Russia Salve."

THACKERAY, during his memorable visit to America, expressed the most unbounded liking for our hotels, though himself the most conservative of Britons. We can scarcely wonder at this when measuring by the standard of the ST NICHOLAS HOTEL, of New York. This great establishment is even better than in Thackeray's day, for it has kept in the van of every modern improvement. Its table, apartments, conveniences, etc., are unsurpassed.

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MESSRS. FISK & HATCH, the well-known bankers of this city, in order to answer in convenient form numerous inquiries relative to the present condition and traffic of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the improvements and connections now in progress, and for information concerning the securities of the Company, have published a convenient pamphlet which serves very completely the purpose for which it is intended. It will be found also of great value to a wider circle than those immediately interested in the Chesapeake and Ohio; much of its information bears directly upon the important questions of the industrial progress and development of the South. The pamphlet is an excellent model for other capitalists, interested in similar enterprises, to imitate.

THOUSANDS are now feeling the effects of this depressing weather, and experience a loss of appetite, loss of red blood, have become pale, and are very languid. We advise them to resort immediately to the great Blood Purifier, Blood Enricher, and Perfect Health Giver, DR BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE. Price 50 cents and $1. For sale by its author and sole Proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M.D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

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OHIO.—BIRTHDAY RECEPTION, BY THE STUDENTS OF THE LAKE ERIE SEMINARY AT PAINESVILLE, TO PRESIDENT-ELECT GARFIELD, NOVEMBER 18TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 283.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

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A GREAT OPEN QUESTION.

IT is agreed on all hands that the mode provided in the Federal Constitution for the election of the President and Vice-President of the United States is, both in theory and in practice, the least satisfactory part of that instrument. The theory of the Constitution has been rendered null and void by the practice under it, and the practice under it is beset by anomalies and uncertainties which at two distinct epochs in our political history have brought the Government to the verge of dissolution and the people to the brink of civil strife. After the first of these epochs (the doubtful Presidential election of 1800-1), an attempt was made to cure the defects then experienced by the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution; but that amendment, without serving at all to bring our political practices into correspondence with the theory of the electoral office, has left both theory and practice at loose ends in the critical matter of counting the electoral ballots and of deciding as to their genuineness in disputed cases.

As the country has just turned this "sharp corner" in its political fabric without either collision or serious threat of friction, but as this good fortune has been contingent on the course of events rather than on the settled appointments of our organic law, it would seem an appropriate time, now that the question can be considered without the bias of partisan profit or advantage, that the attention of statesmen in the ranks of both the great parties of the country should be called to this matter of fundamental concern.

The question at issue is still an open one in the higher politics of the nation, and though it has been twice "settled" by the provisions of the Constitution, these "settlements" have raised new questions in the act of composing the old ones. And that the reader may clearly see how many and how great are the difficulties which environ the subject, we will begin its discussion by inviting his attention to a brief historical review of the hesitations and vacillations of opinion which prevailed among the framers of the Constitution in the Convention of 1787 so long as this matter was pending before them.

That Convention was organized on the 25th of May in that year, and three days afterwards Mr. Edmund Randolph submitted to it an outline draught of the salient features which were, in his judgment, to be desired in the new Federal system. In this draught it was proposed that the Executive should be chosen by the National Legislature, and when the matter came up for debate, on the 1st of June, as many different opinions were revealed as there were different speakers who participated in the debate. On the next day it was proposed by Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, that the States should be divided into a certain number of districts, and that the electors chosen by the people of these districts should select the President without the intervention of the States. This proposition was negatived by the vote of eight States against two, and the provision contained in Randolph's draught was affirmed by a similar vote. On the 9th of June Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, moved that the National Executive should be elected by the Executives of the several States. On the 18th of June Alexander Hamilton submitted the *projet* of a constitution, in which it was suggested that the President should be chosen by electors appointed by the people within certain districts. On the 17th of July following, these conflicting propositions were brought to a test on the motion to substitute "election by the people" for "election by the National Legislature." The motion was lost—only one State voting yea and nine States voting nay. Mr. Luther Martin, of Maryland, thereupon moved that the President should be chosen by electors appointed by the State Legislatures, but the motion failed—ayes 2, nays 8—and the question recurring on the original motion, that the President should be chosen by the National Legislature, it was passed unanimously.

But this was a settlement which settled nothing. Two days afterwards the Convention voted—ayes 8, nays 2—that the President should be elected by electors appointed by the State Legislatures. And four days afterwards—that is, on the 23d of July—*this* motion was reconsidered, and on the following day the Convention reverted to the original plan of electing the President by Congress. "Of all possible plans" this mode of appointment was denounced by Governor Morris and others as "the worst." "There are objections against every mode that has been, or perhaps can be, proposed," exclaimed Mr. Madison. Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, proposed that the President should be appointed by fifteen members of the National Legislature chosen by lot. The suggestion marks the despair to which the Convention had been brought.

On the 24th of August Mr. Wilson made an attempt to strike out by "the Legislature" and to insert by "the people" as the mode of electing the President. This motion was lost—yeas 2, nays 9. On the same day it was moved by Governor Morris that the President "should be chosen by electors," but the motion failed, the States being equally divided on it. On the 31st of August the whole subject, with others, was referred to a special committee for digest and report. This committee reported in substance the plan which was finally adopted for choosing a President and Vice-President by electors, who should vote for two persons, with the provision that the person receiving the highest number of votes should be President, the person receiving the next highest number to be Vice-President. But in case no person had a majority of all the votes, it was provided that the Senate should elect the President from the five highest on the list. The residuary power vested in the Senate by this plan being open to grave exceptions in the minds of many, it was moved by Roger Sherman that, in case of a failure to elect the President by a majority of the electors, the House of Representatives, and not the Senate, should choose him from among the five highest on the list. The motion prevailed—yeas 10, nays 1. On the 7th of September it was decided, on motion of Elbridge Gerry, that a majority of all the States should be necessary to the choice of a President by the House, and it was in this final shape that the whole subject was referred to the "Committee on Style" for the purpose of being reduced to the precise and orderly statement which it received in the Constitution as adopted by the Convention and ratified by the States.

Such, then, was the long agony which, from the 29th of May to the 7th of September, attended the gestation of this topic. Opinions on the subject were almost as many as the members who composed the body, and hence we find conflicting motions to choose the President by a direct vote of the people at large; by a direct vote of the people in each of the States (each State voting for its favorite candidate with an ultimate choice by Congress); by a direct vote of Congress; by a vote of the State Legislatures; by a vote of the State Executives; by electors chosen for the purpose in the several States; by popular vote, each citizen voting for three candidates (to prevent the concentration of the larger States on a single candidate); and, finally, by lottery, in a variety of forms. There seemed no end to the mazes of opinion in which the Convention was lost. And this brief review has been given not only for its interest as history, but also for the light it sheds on the structural ideas which must needs enter into every determination of this fundamental question in our polity.

For every decision of a question so fundamental as the mode of choosing the Chief Executive of the country must have an important bearing on the structure of the Government. If he should be chosen by Congress, as was at first proposed, he would be, logically considered, the creature of Congress, and consistency would seem to require that he should be removable at the will of his creator, as in the case of a British Prime Minister or of the French President under the present working of republican institutions in France. If he is to be elected by the people, he may be chosen in three typical ways—by the people voting *en masse*, by the people voting as States, or, at one remove from either of these processes, by the people voting for electors. This plan, in any of its forms, has for its effect to vindicate the independence of the Executive as a co-ordinate department of the Government, and to this extent determines a peculiarity of our federative system, as contradistinguished from the centralized system of France. We shall recur to this topic on another occasion; but what we have said seems the indispensable preliminary of any new discussion in the premises.

AN ELEVATED WORLD'S FAIR.

THE World's Fair Commission began its work with a blunder. There is on the part of the people of New York a fixed and very general determination to keep the Central Park sacred to the uses for which it was made, and to guard its boundaries against encroachments of any sort. The Park is the people's pleasure-ground; it is not the place for the Fair of 1883. By choosing it as the site of the proposed exhibition, the gentlemen conducting that enterprise have put themselves in direct antagonism with public sentiment. More than a million men, women and children have the same interest in keeping the Central Park inviolate that they would have if it belonged to them individually instead of collectively. This feeling has already declared itself in ways that are not to be mistaken.

If the Commissioners are wise, they will acknowledge their mistake while it is not too late to withdraw gracefully from a false position. Perhaps they are hasty in assuming that there is no other site available on the island; let them look elsewhere. If anybody's rights are to be invaded in order to make a successful show three years hence, the sufferers should not be the great mass of working New Yorkers who enjoy every square yard of green grass within the present limits of the Park, and who need every cubic inch of fresh air that the beautiful breathing-place now affords.

Has it occurred to the World's Fair Commission that just south of the Central Park there is a plot of land most eligibly situated and amply large for their purposes? We refer to that part of the city which is bounded by Fifty-ninth Street on the north, Fourth and Eighth Avenues on the east and west, and Thirty-ninth Street on the south. Here is a territory, about five hundred acres in extent, comprising the highest and healthiest portion of the town, centrally located, quickly accessible from every point of the compass. If the Fair were established here, there would be no trouble about means of transportation to and from the grounds. The legitimate increase of present facilities would easily accommodate half a million visitors a day.

We respectfully call the attention of the Fair Commission and of the general public to the advantages offered by this site—advantages so numerous and so obvious that there is no need to catalogue them. It is precisely the site which any sagacious committee would select, provided the ground were clear and title to be acquired. That the land is not clear but is pretty solidly built over, and that it is occupied for the most part by the private residences of the wealthiest citizens of New York, are facts of which we are not ignorant. Nor should we for a moment advocate any plan looking to the demolition of these blocks of handsome brown stone and brick dwellings, or to the forcible appropriation of the lots upon which they stand. As it happens, no such extreme measures are necessary. The common law concerning public infringements on private interests has been revolutionized in this city within a few years past, and the enterprising and audacious operations of the rapid transit companies furnish the Fair Commissioners at the same time with a suggestion and a precedent.

Suppose, then, that the promoters of the World's Fair of 1883, instead of seizing upon the ground between Thirty-ninth and Fifty-ninth Streets and the Fourth and Eighth Avenues—which would be sheer robbery—go to work in a lawful and business-like manner and procure the legislation needed to enable them to erect upon iron pillars over that part of New York a second-story structure upon which to hold their Fair. The elevated railroads at Eighth Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street, and in Second Avenue above Thirty-fourth Street show what energy and boldness can accomplish in the way of light yet lofty engineering. Strong, graceful columns supporting girders of sufficient resistance, trestlework that shall be an architectural ornament to the neighborhood, and a substantial flooring of hard pine planks painted sky-blue on the under side—what taxpayer living beneath it could reasonably complain? The blue sky can be renewed as often as it gets dingy, and it can be raised high enough above the street-level to preserve the illusion of real heavens, and at the same time clear the chimneys of the tallest mansion on Murray Hill. As for the church-steeples, holes could be left for them; they would still tower above the Fair buildings and lend a unique aspect to the scene of the exhibition. At convenient points stairways or hydraulic elevators will give access from the streets to the Fair grounds above. With the exception of these approaches, and a slender iron column here and there, the appearance of the streets and avenues will remain unaltered. Affairs will go on below as usual. The traffic of the shops, the duties and pleasures of the homes, will not be interfered with; while overhead, on five hundred acres of unincumbered space, the capitalists who invest in the World's Fair may order matters so as to bring the greatest possible credit to their undertaking and the greatest possible financial benefit to themselves.

So far as we are aware, no International Exhibition has ever been held on the plan here indicated. That fact should not deter bold and skilful projectors. The novelty of the scheme, apart from its other advantages, ought to commend it to American enterprise. No doubt people who have had a surfeit of ordinary exhibitions, like those of London, Paris, Vienna and Philadelphia, would embrace with eagerness the opportunity to witness so novel a spectacle. The last great success of the kind was achieved by Nebuchadnezzar, whose hanging gardens at Babylon attracted the curious from the uttermost parts of the earth, and gave him a reputation for ingenuity and enterprise which centuries have not dimmed. But Nebuchadnezzar, it may be said, was an absolute monarch, to whom the interests and convenience of people whose houses or grounds his gardens overhung were not matters to be taken into consideration. Very true. Ten, or even five, years ago an elevated fair in New York would have been an impossibility on account of the now antiquated prejudice against encroachments on property rights. The more enlightened theory of the present day has swept away the old-fashioned ideas. What objection can be made to this proposal that does not apply with equal force to noble and sightly structures which adorn our highways and delight adjacent property-owners?

Nevertheless, having pointed out the advantages of the scheme, it is proper for us to examine some of the hostile arguments that may be advanced by unreasonable residents of the Nineteenth and Twenty-second Wards.

1. The Elevated Fair would cut off the light from real estate underneath it, darkening the windows of the dwelling-houses subjacent and rendering their apartments dismal. But so do the structures of the elevated railroads obstruct the daylight to which householders used to consider themselves entitled in the days when the just relations between enterprising corporations and private owners of real estate were imperfectly understood.

2. Through leaks in the flooring and over its edges water would drip and pour in rainy weather, to the damage of property and the discomfort of people moving underneath. But so does water drip from the elevated railroads to the discomfort of individuals on the street-level; and not only water, but also machine-oil.

3. The noise and bustle of a busy fair and the incessant tramp of one or two hundred thousand pairs of feet on the hard pine planking would be a serious disturbance, if not an intolerable nuisance, to persons living below. But so is the rattle and roar of trains on the elevated railroads a disturbance and a nuisance that has driven hundreds and thousands of people out of their homes.

4. There would be perpetual danger that some heavy exhibit—some prize ox or steam engine, or mammoth geological specimen—might come crashing through the flooring and the roofs of houses beneath to the peril of citizens' lives. But so is there perpetual danger from the elevated railroads, which send down from time to time deadly missiles varying in size from a screwbolt to a locomotive.

5. The elevated Fair would depreciate the value of the property thus roofed over, scaling down the wealth of owners without yielding any compensating advantage, material or moral. This is the objection which is likely to be urged most persistently. It is natural that it should be urged. Under the old system, the erection of the elevated Fair would have been held to be pillage of the many for the benefit of the few. But, as we have seen, the enterprising audacity of the elevated railroad managers has cleared away the cobwebs that formerly obscured this delicate question of proprietary rights. Look at the experience of the property-owners on Fifty-third Street, between Sixth and Ninth avenues—a thoroughfare ruined for residence by the building of the Metropolitan line. What millionaire, dwelling on or above Murray Hill, would suffer more by being roofed in by the Fair than these private citizens on West Fifty-third Street have suffered from the rapid transit company? Let the new principles be equitably applied to the rich, the poor and the men of moderate means. If one corporation is justified in roofing Chatham Square and the

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Bowery as far up as Canal Street, another corporation may legitimately proceed to put a roof over the section which contains the residences of the capitalists who draw dividends from Manhattan stock, from Metropolitan stock, from New York stock, and from the stock of the Loan and Construction Company. It happens that a majority of the large owners of the elevated railroad system reside in the quarter which would be affected by the elevated Fair. We do not see how these gentlemen can consistently object to be treated on the principles which they themselves have applied in the cases of other property-owners; and if they do object, we do not see why this objection should be for a moment considered.

6. If the elevated Fair structure were permitted at all, it would be likely to become a permanent institution. Once established in the possession of five hundred acres in the most desirable part of the island, costing them nothing, the proprietors of the Fair would be more than human if they suffered themselves to be dislodged. When the Exposition was over they would, no doubt, sell or rent their space for business purposes, and we should have a second story New York to the infinite disadvantage of occupants of the surface level. Well, suppose this should be the case, would not their title to the five hundred acres be considered an unexceptionable one, by the directors of the elevated railroads, for example, who refuse to be driven out of the Battery Park now that they have obtained a foothold there, and who rent to dealers in books and periodicals the space in their stations which they acquired on the pretext of accommodating the public?

Let us not take a narrow view of this matter. It is undoubtedly an excellent thing to have rapid transit facilities. So it would be an excellent thing to have an Elevated World's Fair, and mere questions of real estate ownership, personal convenience and property rights should not be allowed to stand in the way in one case more than in the other. Here is a great opportunity for bold and sagacious men.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

DULCIGNO has at last been ceded, and so far the Powers have been successful in putting into effect the clauses of the Treaty of Berlin. The Albanians made a firm stand, and only yielded to force of arms. Dervish Pasha, who succeeded Riza Pasha as the Turkish commander, was compelled to advance against the inhabitants of the town and members of the League, who had taken up a strong position in the olive groves which surround the little city. It was only after a brisk skirmish, in which the Turks lost many more men than the Albanians, that the latter thought their honor sufficiently avenged and agreed to evacuate the town. But it was found that the Prince of Montenegro, to whom the territory was to be ceded, was not satisfied, and demanded a formal cession. This was granted, and the Montenegrins now occupy the city.

The question of the *scrutin de liste*, which has really been the burning question in French politics for the last year, is about to be brought before the Chambers. M. Gambetta has long been deeply interested in this question, and has only been prevented from bringing it forward by the pressure of other important measures. The bill, which is presented by M. Bardoux, provides for an election of Deputies by departments instead of the present system of election by *arrondissements*. Under the present system of single-membered constituencies it is difficult to avoid official candidature, so that the contest is one rather of persons than of political ideas. It is urged that, by making the voting by departments, small local interests will be merged in the larger questions before the whole people, and that the present nuisance of place-hunters, who think that they have a claim upon their Deputy, and who overwhelm him with demands for offices for themselves and friends, will be got rid of. The diffusion of education is now making it possible for every voter to fill up his own voting paper, and M. Bardoux proposes to make voting compulsory. At least he goes as far as to deprive for a time any person, who has no legitimate excuse for not voting, of his rights, and to placard him at the *Mairie*. The main object of the *scrutin de liste* is to effect an equality of electoral power. At present the largest and smallest *arrondissements*, with a population under 100,000, have each one Deputy indiscriminately. M. Bardoux proposes to give one Deputy for every 70,000 inhabitants, and in order to avoid a too frequent recurrence of the elections, it is suggested that an election should only take place when there are two vacancies to be filled.

The case of General de Cissey is before the tribunals, and is also the subject of an inquiry in the Chamber of Deputies. The Government objected to the proposed inquiry on the ground that, while a judicial investigation was in progress, it was improper to have any political discussion. General de Cissey's action is a suit for 25,000 francs against Henri Rochefort and Deputy Laisant, the editors of the *Intransigeant* and the *Petit Parisien*. The evidence for General de Cissey is very strong, and totally dissociates him from any possibility of giving information to Madame de Kaulla in the case of the mitrailleuses and the plan of mobilization, which were the principal charges made against the general by Colonel Jung and Woestyne.

A movement is on foot in Prussia against the Jews, who, it is thought, are acquiring too much wealth and influence. It is well known that Prince Bismarck has never been friendly towards them, and the present agitation is said to be probably approved of by him. In the last session of Parliament, Bismarck's son introduced and succeeded in passing an Act against usury, which was really an anti-Jewish measure. The feeling of the Court is scarcely known as yet, but it is more than probable that the Emperor is adverse to the Jews. He is said to have requested that the views of the foreign press upon the question should be laid before him, and one of the Emperor's chaplains, the Rev. Mr. Stöcker, has for some time been a leader in the crusade against the Hebrews.

Political affairs are very quiet in England, and it is almost certain that Parliament will not meet until January. This means that the counsels of the Radical portion of the Cabinet have prevailed, and that no coercive Act will be enacted for Ireland until some measures to alleviate the alleged wrongs in the system of land tenure have been introduced. When Parliament does meet, the action of the Government will undoubtedly be the subject of much harsh criticism. The condition of Ireland is most unsatisfactory, and apparently grows worse every day. Tenants refuse to pay their rents or to give up their holdings. No landlord's life is safe. Even persons who take farms from which the former tenant was evicted are threatened with death and murdered. Many persons who have made themselves obnoxious to the Land Leaguers by insisting upon their undoubted rights are "Boycotted," or prevented from gathering their crops by the discontents. Respectable tradesmen who have refused to subscribe to the funds of the Leaguers, or have otherwise offended, are put upon the black lists, and the peasantry are forbidden to deal with them. Every kind of aggression is practiced, and still the Government does not resort to the means which lie within its reach for putting an end to this state of anarchy. It would have a better excuse for not taking active measures, if it were likely that the Land Leaguers would be satisfied by the introduction of some reforms in the land tenure; but it is evident, from the recent speeches of the agitators, that they will not be satisfied with less than a confiscation of the soil and a separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Of course it is ridiculous to suppose for a moment that an English Parliament would ever listen to such a dismemberment of the empire, and hence it seems to many people that the English Government would act more kindly towards the Irish people by nipping in the bud any revolutionary movements like that which is at present disturbing the peace of Ireland. Meanwhile, the prosecutions against the leaders of the land movement are going on, and the latest development is an application made by the defendants for an attachment against a Dublin evening newspaper, which has denounced the Land Leaguers in somewhat strong terms.

THERE is a possibility that General Ben Harrison will be elected as United States Senator from Indiana. The State could not make a better selection. General Harrison represents the best element of the Republican party, and would bring to the public service high ability joined to sturdy independence and integrity of purpose—qualities which are as sorely needed in the Senate as in other branches of that service.

THE annual report of the Treasurer of the United States shows that of the $72,847,750 of standard silver dollars coined under the Act of 1878, just about two-thirds, or $47,588,106 are still in the Treasury. This does not look as if the public were as eager for "the dollar of the daddies" as the silver advocates have represented them to be. The Treasurer hints that the withdrawal of the trade dollar from circulation is perhaps the only method by which the standard silver dollars can be brought into general demand.

THE traffic of the canals of this State for 1880 shows a large increase over previous years. The increase in tolls up to November 15th, over last year, was $131,790, in tons 888,949, and in miles traveled 1,374,980, while the increase in tons over 1876 was 2,079,250. One main cause of this great increase in traffic was the rapid transit afforded by the cable system of towing which has been in operation between Buffalo and Rochester during the season. The early completion of this system of steam towage is urged by the State Superintendent as necessary to the largest possible usefulness of the canals.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has received from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of its trustees, a substantial addition to its treasures in the form of a collection of original drawings by the most eminent Italian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch and Flemish masters. This collection was begun in the last century, and since been increased by a number of collectors. The London *Academy* pronounces it, on the authority of good critics, one of the best ever gathered in Italy. No collection in any way comparable to this in scope or extent has ever been seen in this country. The number of drawings is 690.

AMONG the gentlemen named as the successor of United States Senator Kernan from this State is Hon. Levi P. Morton, now a member of the House, in which he has acquired a leading position. If the solid financial and business interests of the Empire State need a representative in the Senate, then Mr. Morton is just the man for the place. If a Senator is to be chosen as the representative merely of the political class, without regard to his practical qualifications, then Mr. Morton can have little hope of success. Our own belief is that this State should have in the Senate at least one man of just Mr. Morton's sound business capacity, who understands fully all our financial, commercial and industrial interests, and whose intelligence and experience would afford a reasonable protection against prejudicial legislation in any direction whatever.

MR. PARNELL has issued another appeal to the American people, hoping all lovers of freedom will assist the agitation now going on in Ireland which will secure a radical settlement of the land question. Mr. Parnell may as well dismiss all hope of any substantial aid from this country in support of his schemes. It is the veriest folly for him to indulge in such expectations, and he simply insults and misleads his hearers when he uses such language as this, which we quote from one of his recent speeches: "I feel convinced that if you ever call upon the Americans in another field and in another way for help, and if you can show them that there is a fair and good chance of success, you will have their assistance, their trained and organized assistance, for the purpose of breaking the yoke which encircles you." Somebody should supply the arch agitator with a strait-jacket.

A SYNDICATE of American and European bankers has just concluded an agreement with the Northern Pacific Railway Company to furnish the sum of $40,000,000 for the completion of that road, and the more sanguine directors expect to see the whole length of the proposed line in operation within three years. The rails were laid across the Montana boundary, one hundred and seventy-seven miles west of the Missouri River early in November; now the grade is completed to the Yellowstone, and the rails will be laid to that point within a few days. There is now in all only about eight hundred miles of road remaining to be built. About three hundred miles of this will be constructed during the coming year. Rails will be shipped around the Horn, to be laid on the western end of the road, at the same time that the graders push the work in Montana. The completion of this great enterprise will open a vast territory of wonderful richness, and thus contribute enormously to the national wealth.

THE Virginia organ of General Mahone defines the political position of that gentleman at some length and with rather startling emphasis. It declares that, while General Mahone is a Democrat, he is "not a broker's man, or a Bourbon, or a mere counter to be used in games to be played by other men. He will be no puppet anywhere to be moved hither and thither by the wireworkers." The writer adds:

"In a Senate controlled by the same influences which have so signally set him apart as the apostle of the new and liberalized political dispensation in the South, General Mahone will inevitably seek to divest the Southern and National Democracy of their dead and decaying moss-covered boughs, and stimulate a fresh development more in accordance with the times and the necessities of the situation. He will try to give Democracy a face less repulsive than that it now wears, and endeavor to so ameliorate Southern politics that they will not be a standing menace against immigration nor a threat to reopen all the questions that have already been determined by the stern arbitrament of the sword."

This is certainly clear and explicit, and it will be a fortunate thing for Virginia and the South if this able leader shall succeed in accomplishing the results at which he seems to aim.

THE report of the Children's Aid Society, presented at its annual meeting last week, affords a most gratifying exhibit of the great results achieved by that organization during the last twenty-seven years. The Society now has twenty-one industrial schools and six lodging-houses under its control, and reaches some 20,000 poor or homeless children every year, while over 9,000 orphans come under its immediate influence. It has found homes for over 50,000 children in the West and other portions of the country. Then it has ten night schools, influencing hundreds of street children; the Summer home, sheltering its 3,000 children; the sick mission, tending its 3,000 and more cases; and the reading-rooms, providing a place of virtuous resort for several hundreds. To this will be added during next Summer a sanitarium on the sea-coast for sick children. Since the organization of the Society, some 200,000 different boys and girls have been sheltered and partly fed and instructed in its lodging-houses. In the industrial schools probably over 100,000 poor little girls have been taught, and of these it is not known that even twenty have entered on criminal courses of life; and all this great work has been accomplished at comparatively trifling expense. The report says:

"The total annual expense of our twenty-one industrial schools for salaries, rents, food, clothing, books, etc., last year, was $73,464.86, which sum, divided by 3,861—the average number in daily attendance—would make $20.63 the annual cost for each child. The cost in 1878 for each child in our public schools, not including rents, was $38.41—this expense, of course, not including food or clothing. In our lodging-houses 13,463 boys and girls were fed, sheltered and taught during the last year, at a total expense of $47,216.81. Deducting the receipts, together with the cost of construction—$27,112.97—the net cost was $20,709.84; dividing this by the nightly average attendance, we have the average cost to the public of each child for the year $46.50. The average cost per year of each prisoner in the Tombs is $197.75; and the Roman Catholic Protectory draws from the city treasury over $100 annually for each of its inmates. The total number placed out by the society, mainly in Western homes, last year was 3,764; the total cost for railroad fares, clothing, food, salaries, etc., was $32,146.95; the average cost to the public, accordingly, for each person was $8.54. Yet any one of these children placed in an asylum or poorhouse for a year would have cost undoubtedly nearly $140.

The statistics here given speak for themselves. They can scarcely fail to command for this worthy charity the enlarged contributions which its rapidly increasing work and broadening opportunities make plainly necessary.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD will be relieved from command at West Point.

A DETERMINED fight against the gamblers has been inaugurated at Washington.

THE Mississippi is frozen over at Muscatine, Iowa, the earliest for thirty-eight years.

THE estimated expenses of carrying on the Government for the year amount to $298,202,122.

OVER 7,000,000 bushels of grain were frozen up on the Erie Canal during the cold snap of last week.

SNOW storms prevailed in many Northern cities on Thanksgiving Day, extending as far West as Chicago, and as far East as New York.

AN American was shot by a Mexican in Brackett, Texas, last week, and a riot followed in which three Mexican houses were destroyed.

COMPTROLLER KNOX, in his annual report, recommends legislation to protect the national banks from oppressive taxation by the States.

THE South Carolina Legislature met and organized November 23d. The inauguration of the new Governor and Lieutenant-Governor took place on the 30th.

SIX persons have died and thirty are dangerously ill from the effects of arsenic mistakenly used for salt in preparation of food for a wedding feast at Kingston, Tennessee.

THE American schooner *Mary E. Hall* was overhauled off the coast of Peru on the 8th by a Chilian cruiser, whose commander subsequently apologized for the outrage.

TWENTY-ONE intruders in the Indian Territory have been arrested in the Oklahoma country. Troops have been sent from Fort Leavenworth to establish a camp in the district.

TWO treaties, one of commerce and one of immigration, were signed between China and the United States at Pekin on the 17th instant, by which this country will control Chinese immigration.

THE Fall River (Mass.) manufacturers having refused to treat with their employés in reference to a restoration of wages to the figure paid before April last, the weavers are preparing for a strike.

THE loss of life among the fishermen of Gloucester, Mass., for the year, has been forty-one, which is two more than in 1877, and six more than in 1878, but smaller than for any other year since 1866.

THE decline of our carrying trade is shown by a decrease of 101,566 tons in the total tonnage of last year. During the year the amount of ship-building has been less by 35,620 tons than that of the preceding year.

OWING to a water famine, many iron mills and other industrial establishments in Eastern Pennsylvania are closed. Farmers are driving stock for miles to water, and water for household needs is hauled in barrels.

GENERAL GARFIELD visited Washington last week to look after private business demanding his attention. At his own request, no public demonstration was made on his arrival or during his sojourn in the city.

THE estimates for river and harbor improvements, which will be sent to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, will contain an item of $300,000 for the continuance of the work in the East River and at Hell Gate.

THE city police have renewed their campaign against dealers in lottery and policy tickets, several of whom have been arrested and held for trial. Governor Cornell is credited with the instigation of this very proper movement.

TWENTY-TWO vessels are known to have been wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland during the gale of last week. Between twenty and thirty vessels left for northern ports shortly before the gale, and it is feared that many of them were lost with all hands on board.

IN reply to a letter from the Independent Republican Association of New York on civil service reform, President-elect Garfield says he hopes to have the co-operation of Congress in establishing a legal basis for routine appointments, so that no one can remove a faithful appointee.

SIXTY laborers were buried in a snow-slide last Friday near Chalk Creek, Colorado, on the Kokomo extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Road. The slide tore up the track for a distance of a quarter of a mile. One man was killed, nineteen men were badly injured, and eleven others slightly.

COMMISSIONER SHUFELDT, in his report on his mission to Corea, says that the Coreans prefer American goods to English and French, and are willing to negotiate a commercial treaty with the United States, but that the presence of the squadrons of the two Powers prevented the conclusion of such a treaty.

THE amount of national bank notes outstanding on November 1st was $342,803,451, and of legal-tender notes $346,681,016. The aggregate amount of both kinds of notes in 1879 was $681,815,520, and in 1878 $666,233,127. The national banks now hold nearly one-tenth of the interest bearing debt of the United States. The total number of national banks, State banks, savings banks, private bankers, etc., in the country on June 11th, 1880, was 6,632, with a total banking capital of $680,949,290 and total deposits of $2,219,883,299.

Foreign.

THE lava from Mount Vesuvius is endangering the Vesuvius Railway.

IT is proposed to establish Imperialist newspapers in France for the next general election.

HANLAN has challenged Laycock, the Australian, to row for £1,200 and the championship of the world.

LORD LORNE denies that he will resign the Governor Generalship of Canada at the end of three years.

THE Russian squadron has been ordered to assemble at Vladivostock to prepare for a descent on China.

THE trial of the Land Leaguers will take place on the 28th of December. The case will probably occupy two months.

IN the recent peace negotiations between Chili and Peru the former demanded territory which the latter refused to cede, and thus the war continues.

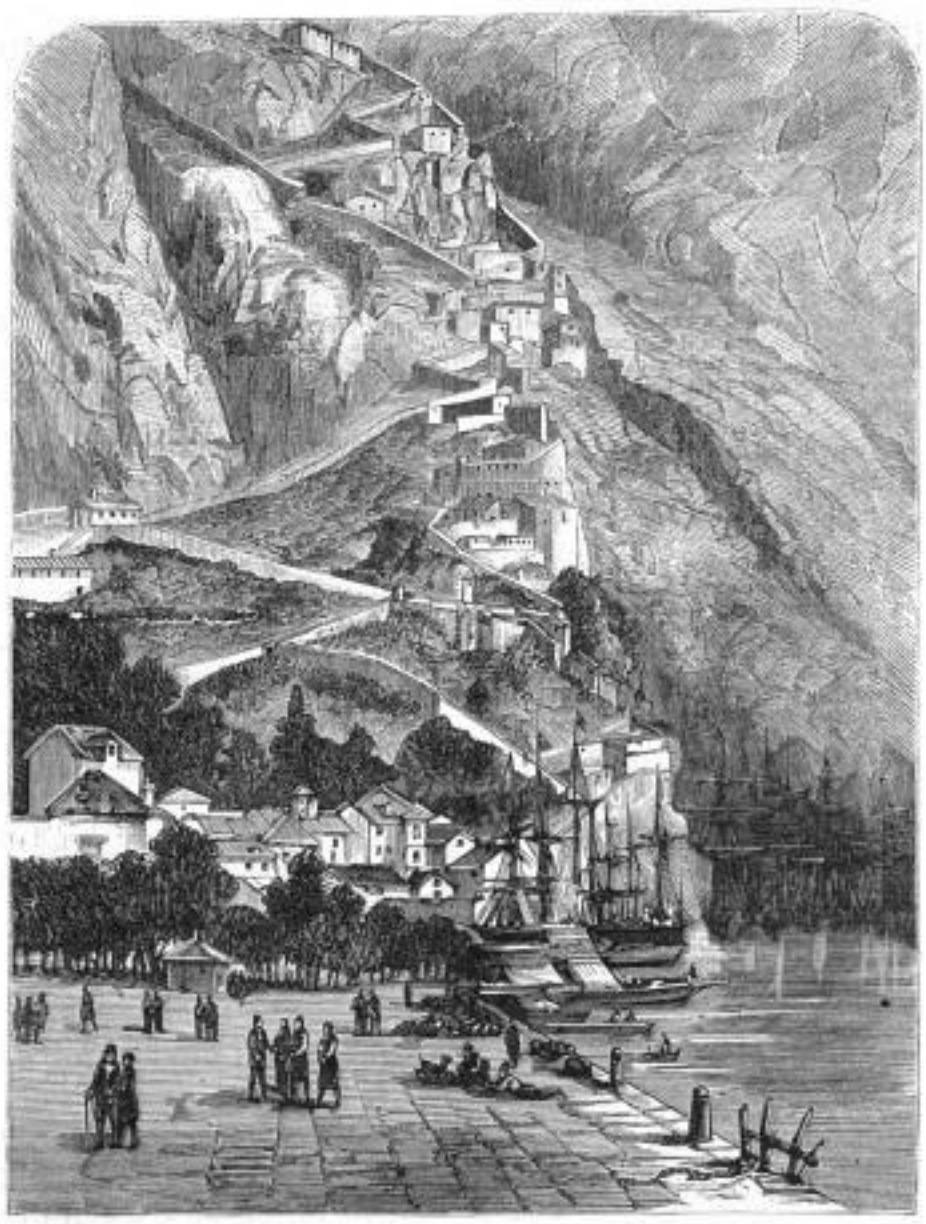
LORD COLERIDGE, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, vice Sir Alexander Cockburn, deceased.

THIRTY-NINE new branches of the Land League were organized in Ireland week before last. Many citizens of Dublin say they will not serve on the jury to try the Land Leaguers.

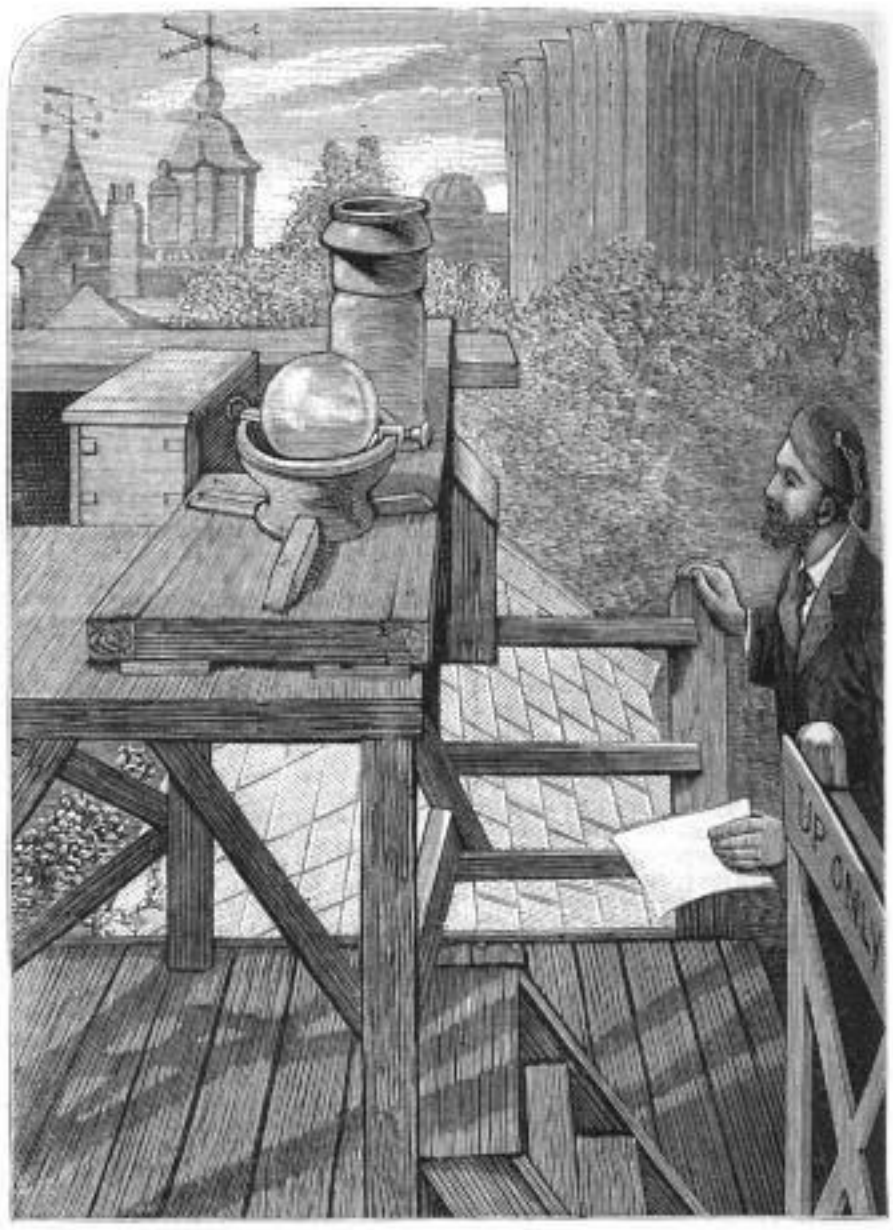
IT is understood that when Parliament assembles Mr. Gladstone will propose a grant of £25,000 to General Sir Frederic Roberts, the hero of Candahar, for his military services in Afghanistan.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 235.



MONTENEGRO.—THE ROAD LEADING FROM CATTARO TO CETTINGE.



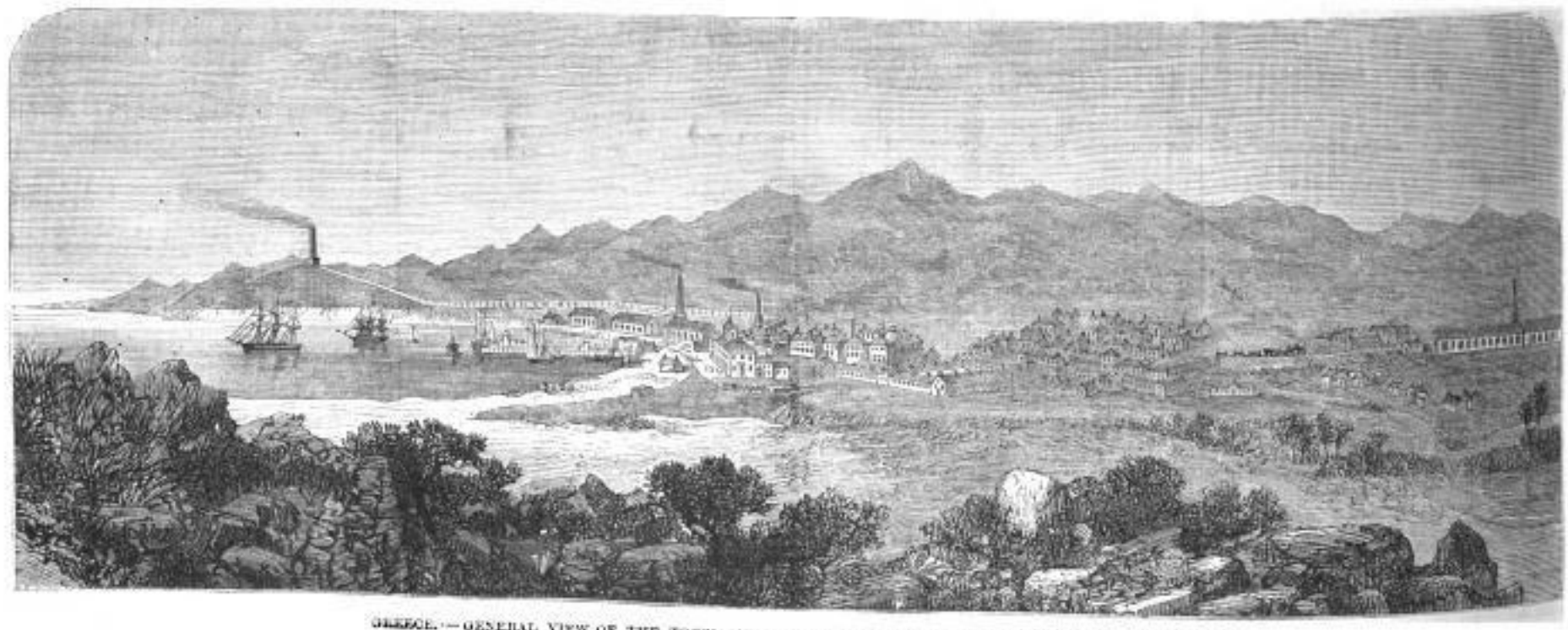
ENGLAND.—MEASURING THE SUNSHINE AT THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.



FRANCE.—POPULAR OVATION TO THE EXPELLED CAPUCHINS, MARSEILLES.



FRANCE.—PARTING BENEDICTION OF THE EXPELLED CAPUCHINS AT PARIS.



GREECE.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND PORT OF LAURIUM, IN THE SILVER MINING REGION.

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HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

THE "Father" of the House of Representatives is Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, who is the oldest of all the members of the new Congress in congressional service, and the only member who has continued in that body for twenty consecutive years. There are but two whose elections antedate him. Fernando Wood was in Congress before Judge Kelley's first election, as was S. S. Cox, then a member from Ohio, but both retired for some years before they commenced their present term, and neither has served as many years as Kelley. He is, therefore, the veteran of the body, and his abilities and active participation in the discussion of all important public questions entitle him to the highest honors his party can confer upon him.

William D. Kelley is a native of Philadelphia, and was 66 years old last April. He received a thorough English education, and became by profession a lawyer. He served two terms as Prosecuting-Attorney for the City and County of Philadelphia, and for ten years was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He entered upon his Congressional service with the Thirty-seventh Session, and has been his own successor in every following one, scoring a majority at the last election of 9,770 in a spirited contest.

His public career is familiar. He has been trusted; he has been consistent. The Philadelphia *Times*, in speaking of him in connection with the coming session, says:

"The late Presidential contest was most successfully fought out on the issue of Protection. It was the Tariff that swelled Ohio, that aided most in the Indiana revolution, that piled up 35,000 majority in Pennsylvania, that took Connecticut out of the list of doubtful Republican States, and that made New Jersey tremble in the balance. Of that now most prominent issue, Judge Kelley is the foremost representative, not only in Pennsylvania, but the foremost of all the members of the popular branch of Congress, and his election to the Speakership would do more for the cause of Protection than any other organization that could possibly be effected.

"The great battle for the maintenance of Protection must be fought in the next Congress, and the issue will be decided for years to come. Hitherto Judge Kelley's pronounced support of Protection has hindered his just promotion, and it will be so again unless the Republicans who so fervently fought the Tariff issue before the people now fight it with equal vigor through their Representatives.

"Judge Kelley is fairly entitled to the generous support of his Republican associates from Pennsylvania for the Speakership, and a solid and vigorous concentration of the Protectionists in his support would secure the possession of the Republican organization by the Tariff men, and that would settle the question. It is probable that Judge Kelley has little taste or ambition for the Speakership, but the great interest his State has in the solution of the Tariff problem, should make her voice a unit in favor of his election to the chair."



HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, "FATHER" OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.

FATAL COAL MINE EXPLOSION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

AN explosion of gas occurred in the Foord Pit, Albion Mines, at Stellarton, Nova Scotia, on Friday morning, November 12th, by which many lives were lost and much valuable property destroyed. At the time of the accident there were forty-seven men and boys in the mine; of the former, thirty-three were married. Searching parties were at once organized, miners volunteering from all the collieries in the country, and as soon as it was deemed safe, the Government Inspector of Mines, the local manager, and a gang of men, went down the shaft of the pit and made a short exploration. They found the bodies of three men and a number of dead horses. Two of the dead men were immediately taken to the surface, but the third was so tightly jammed into a heap of fallen timber and rubbish that the attempt to extricate it would only have been incurring danger uselessly, as the rubbish would certainly have fallen on any one touching it. The choke-damp was still too thick to allow the party to carry their explorations very far, but in one of the boards or straits from the main railway a faint smell of smoke and a slightly warmer atmosphere could be detected, which showed that it was not improbable that fire still remained in the mine.

On the following day a second party went down, and were able to go further into the galleries than the first. The man who, the night before, thought he detected signs of fire, again investigated the same place, and going further into the passage, soon found unmistakable indications that he was right. A little further on a brick stopping, closing another unused passage, was found, and here dense black smoke was pouring out with a roar like escaping steam. The two men at once ran back to the rest of the party, and as they were now in the greatest danger they rapidly got back to the pit bottom and ascended to the surface.

The local managers, the Government Inspector and several of the overmen and old miners were called to a meeting, at which it was decided to flood the portion of the mine where the fire seemed to proceed from, as, if prompt means were not taken, further explosions were not unlikely at any moment, with consequences which might be serious even on the surface.

When the work of flooding the mine had been gone on with for some time, and no further explosions occurred, the danger was supposed to be over. More especially was this believed, as there was no sign of smoke from the fan-shaft nor from any of the others. It was supposed that if the fire in the mine had not been kept back by the rising water, smoke must have issued from the fan-shaft at least. Consequently a feeling of security began to prevail; but about 10 o'clock on Saturday night the people were startled by another frightful explosion.

The first two explosions, on Friday morning, had been noiseless, and, with the exception of knocking off the top of the fan-shaft, had done no damage on the surface. But this explosion came with a mighty roar, a report which was heard for miles, and shook the ground like an earthquake. It came up the fan shaft, blowing the roof off the building, and the gear of the shaft, timbers, bricks and rubbish, high into the air. Several large buildings, including the carpenters' shops and boiler-house, were close by this shaft, and the descending *débris* riddled the roofs, some of the holes being of immense size.

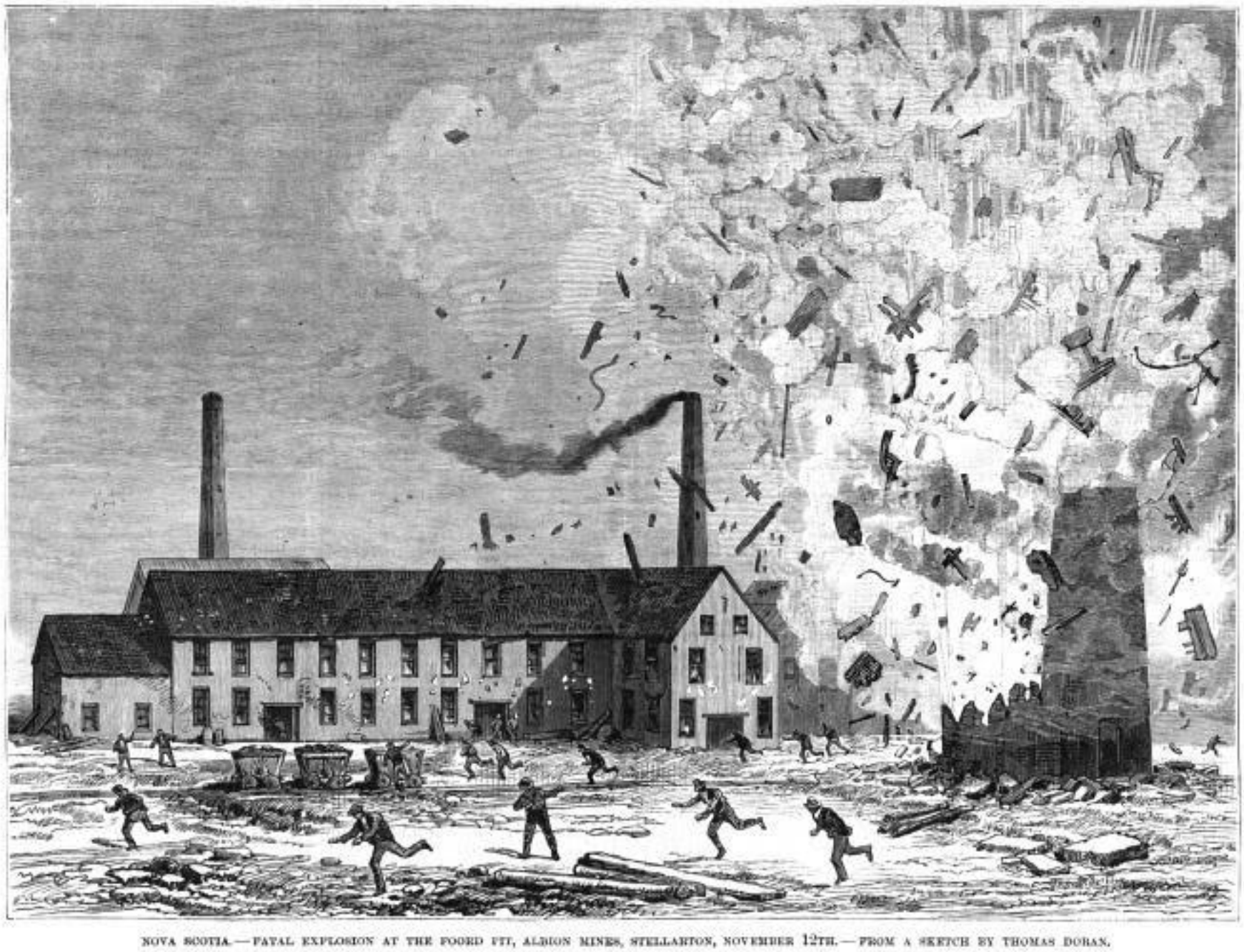
From all over the country where the explosion was heard people came pouring in, and the utmost excitement existed in the village close by. The scared miners and women and children, half-dressed, ran from their shanties, and soon the crowd numbered hundreds. Every moment during the night another explosion was expected; but, though a large volume of dark smoke was issuing from the fan-shaft, nothing further occurred, and as the gray light of morning began to appear, many people retired again to their shanties, but not to sleep. The feeling of the hundreds of families who saw the means of existence swept from them was one of blank despair.

These explosions were followed by others throughout Saturday and Sunday, which placed the entire mine and all the property in the neighborhood in imminent peril. Steam fire-engines were sent thither from contiguous towns, and every effort was made to get the galleries and pits thoroughly flooded with water.

At last accounts the bodies of the victims had not been recovered. Great distress prevails in Stellarton, and measures of relief had to be undertaken at once.

GENERAL GARFIELD AT A TEA-PARTY.

GENERAL GARFIELD has had a busy time of it since his election as President. Scarcely a day has passed that he has not been invaded by delegations of friends, or called upon to participate in some social or other festivity. On the 19th ultimo, he was the guest of Lake Erie Seminary, at Painesville, Ohio, where a tea-party was given in honor of the eve of his 49th birthday. The seminary has 124 young ladies as pupils, all of whom seem so have entered into the spirit of the occasion with the utmost enthusiasm. The rooms of the institution were finely decorated; the chapel was transformed for the evening into a parlor, and flowers and other æsthetic attractions were displayed in profusion on every side. Over the chapel-platform hung a handsome portrait of General Garfield under a new flag which has recently been presented to the seminary



NOVA SCOTIA.—FATAL EXPLOSION AT THE FOORD PIT, ALBION MINES, STELLARTON, NOVEMBER 12TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS DORAN.

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Immediately over the picture was the date of the General's birth, November 19th, 1831. At the right of the picture the date of his marriage, November 11th, 1858, with the motto:

"Two heads in council,
Two heads beside the hearth."

At the left of the picture was the date of the election, with the motto: "Be strong and of a good courage."

On the south wall of the chapel was a handsome picture of Garfield, framed in natural flowers, sent by Hon. C. A. Avery, one of the trustees. In the hallway at the east entrance was the legend: "Honor to the teacher, Hiram; to the soldier, Chickamauga; to the statesman, 1859-1880." Over the main entrance was draped a flag, made peculiarly interesting from the fact that it was made and presented to the seminary by some of the students during the war. Through neglect it has become worn and old, but it is no less a precious relic of those stormy times almost at the birth of the institution.

General Garfield, with his wife and three children, reached the seminary in the early evening, and soon after the party proceeded to the supper-room, which was also decorated, the motto, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness," being conspicuous. After tea the young ladies conducted their guests to the chapel, where an informal programme of exercises contributed to the enjoyment of all present. The company of young ladies gave a pretty exhibition of gymnastic proficiency, followed by an exercise called the fan-drill, suggested by one of Addison's "Spectators." This is illustrated on page 237.

General Garfield seemed to enjoy the occasion greatly, entering heartily into its spirit, his manner being characterized by the simplicity which always marks it while in public and in private. Among the persons in attendance were Daniel P. Eells, of Cleveland; Professor N. P. Seymour and wife, of Western Reserve College; Mr. Fitch, of Ashtabula; McCormick, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a special artist of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; L. A. Porter and wife, Hon. T. W. Harvey and wife, Rev. George R. Merrill and wife, Rev. J. A. Cory, Rev. Alanson Phelps and wife, Judge Reuben Hitchcock, the Misses Wilcox, and a few others from Painesville, all connected with the Seminary. No general invitations were issued, the reception so-called being in the full sense "a family tea-party."

GLITZ.

I HAD been reading "Barnaby Rudge," and, in a fit of speculation, embracing that feature of the book which brings into consideration that subtle back-turning of the mind to scenes and events that have brought to its possessor calamity and suffering, and which constitutes the strongest form of fascination known to psychology, I wandered absently out of my apartment, and, arriving at the door of my hotel, saw Glitz shuffling along the sidewalk and peering hungrily in at the dining-room windows.

Glitz had formerly been a waiter in the establishment, and during my Summer absence, I found, upon inquiry, had been dismissed for excessive tippling; but I had conceived a liking for the old fellow during a long course of faithful service, and it occurred to me to bring him along with me to my room and hear the story of his misfortune from his own lips.

It was too evident that the poor old boy had fared hardly since his dismissal, although his threadbare garments were brushed with a reckless disregard for their frailty, and there was still that scrupulous nicety about his linen that had made him peculiarly acceptable about one's table. Still, he was deplorably seedy, and I noticed that his hands shook and his eyes were watery and wandered as he followed me up the stairs.

Dickens was doubtless accountable for the idiosyncrasy, but, as I motioned my convoy to a seat by the fire and leisurely relapsed into my own comfortable easy-chair, the impression took hold upon me that something besides a love of spirits had contributed to bring Glitz to his present unhappy condition, particularly as, on reflection, I brought to mind the years of sobriety and thrift through which I had known him.

Why, being, as many besides myself could attest, a capable and discreet waiter, had he not sought and obtained another situation, instead of constantly returning to haunt the scene of his former labors in an idleness foreign to his training and habit?

Destitution is never the choice of a naturally frugal man, such as this one had always appeared to be, and I now remembered to have been told that he had daily been seen in the vicinity of the house since the time of his dismissal, arguing that he had made little or no effort to get employment elsewhere.

On the strength of these cogitations I opened my inquiry, and immediately saw that I had struck the keynote of his distemper, since, drawing himself together with a shiver, and glancing fearfully over his shoulder in the direction of the door, as if apprehending some intrusive and dangerous witness to what he was about to disclose, the old man answered:

"Monsieur is in the right; it is not the drink that has brought old Glitz to the *trottoir*—it is one *ideah*—one fancy most horrible, that only the absinthe gives to him the courage to support!"

Few people are superior to the throb of gratified vanity incident to finding one's convictions borne out by the elucidation of facts. My interest was now fully awakened, and, with a little encouragement both with words and from a cut-glass decanter always kept within convenient reach in case of emergencies, I brought my visitor's courage up to the point of telling his story, which, owing to a difficulty I experience in phoneticising, I am reduced to giving, divested of the charm of his quaint Swiss idiom and pronunciation:

"It was some time before monsieur went away to his sojourn by the sea, and on a stormy Sunday evening, that I received an order for a dinner to be served, *en tête-à-tête*, in No. 8, just across the corridor from the door of m'sieu's own apartment.

"It was a very pretty little dinner, and feeling myself confident of a fine *pourboire*, I made myself the assurance that it should be handsomely served.

"On presenting myself to lay the cloth, I found within the *salon* a gentleman, *très distingué* in his appearance, but with a hard frown upon his face of which I could not approve, since his companion was a lady, charmingly *petite*, who seemed to see the sun, moon and stars all shining magnificently around his unappreciative head.

"At a glance I became aware that here was some grand unhappiness, and that the little lady had somehow to contend with the gentleman's obstinate will, for which I was extremely sorry, having had all my life the greatest sympathy with *le beau sexe*, which has become my ruin, *helas!*

"The *garçon* who has pride in his profession has always to feel himself afflicted when, having served a dinner of merit, he has to remove *plat* after *plat* untasted; but, so strongly was the sentimental part of my nature engaged on this occasion that this gross injustice failed to produce the least mortification, and I found myself watching the *mignonne* face of the lady with the most painful anxiety, since the time was approaching when I must quit the apartment, and her companion, whose face had grown moment by moment more hard and frowning, had already drank more wine than is good for the discretion of a man who does not eat at the same time.

"I quite brought myself to a condition of terror on madame's account, and indeed there was a tear sparkling in her beautiful black eyes when it at last occurred that I could no longer make pretext for lingering in the *salon*, and in spite of the gentleman's most forbidding air I said, upon retiring:

"'I shall have pleasure to answer the bell immediately, should my further attendance be desired.'

"However, and although I remained in the corridor during every available moment of the evening, there came no summons to re-enter the apartment, and indeed I found myself in no further connection with No. 8 until a week later, when again I was instructed to serve dinner in the *salon*, and, from the wines ordered, made myself certain that it was the same party whom I should serve.

"Very good! My impressions had not contributed to my disappointment. On going in to prepare the table it was to the same little, dark lady, and to the same colossal blonde gentleman that I paid my *devoir*—quite the same both, and yet at once I told myself that madame was not so small nor m'sieur so large as at first they had appeared to me.

"Again the dinner was most beautiful—m'sieur had certainly received an education most excellent—but again the most artistic creations were suffered to be removed comparatively untouched, although, much to my bewilderment, it transpired that such food as was taken was consumed by m'sieur, and that it was the glass of madame that most frequently required to be filled.

"Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the change, that, by long experience in the observation of the countenance, which is one of the most important branches of my profession, I was enabled to discover to have taken place in the mood of the little lady, 'It still was but a canary-bird in the talons of the vulture.' I reflected, and upon retiring again said, but addressing myself to m'sieur, although my attention was solely directed to madame:

"'I shall be within sound of the bell should m'sieur require anything further.'

"Still, as before, the bell did not ring—there was no additional service required in the *salon* of No. 8—and again my mysterious couple disappeared, and, but for the *pourboire* in my pocket, I might easily have imagined myself the victim of an illusion, since neither coming nor going had I seen the people whom I always found sitting opposite each other at the table; there was never anything to indicate that the apartment was to be, or had been, occupied, either before or after the dinner was served, nor, beyond the order which was given me to be filled, did I ever hear the slightest reference made to these guests by any one in the hotel.

"Quite unconsciously I had come to entertain a feeling of superstition in regard to the pair, and, after waiting in much suspense for the expected order on the following Sunday evening until long past the usual hour for its appearance, I could not resist the impulse to make my way to the room and discover if the small, dark lady and tall, blonde man were not in their accustomed places, and the usual dinner either serving itself or being served by another attendant.

"All was dark and silent within the *salon*. M'sieur and madame were taking their Sunday dinner elsewhere; some fortunate *garçon* was doubtless at this moment feeling my *pourboire* warm within his pocket.

"The next and still the next Sunday I continued to cherish expectations that I should again receive the order for the same *recherché* dinner that I had twice already served, and even betrayed myself into the folly of preparing the glasses and the cooler for the particular wine m'sieur enjoyed and of which madame had deigned freely to drink; but they came not, and in the depth of my chagrin, when the fourth Sunday night came round I resolved within myself to divest me of a chimera thing less significant than the serving of your own bachelor dinner, monsieur, in a style to command your supremest satisfaction, when, all at once, it occurred to me that you were absent, and at that moment an order for No. 8, but for *only one plate*, was placed in my hand.

"In the confusion and bewilderment which my emotion at this unprecedented event occasioned me, I started to cross the grand dining *salon* instead of going by the corridor to obtain the necessary linen, and, scarcely had my foot passed over the threshold when I became glued to the spot whereon I stood by a second and greater shock.

"There, directly before my eyes, sat the small, dark lady at a table spread for three, and beside her was a child about six years of age—a boy, large and most admirable in form, with waving blonde hair, and blue imperious eyes—while upon the other side of madame there was a gentleman, only a little less dark than herself, of a medium size and with a face to inspire one with instant confidence and a disposition to turn towards him the integrity of one's character.

"There were no tears in madame's beautiful eyes to-night, and yet I caught myself wishing that she would smile less often, when the child, with cries of 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' pierced through the coma that had befallen me, and brought me to hasten to the service required of me in No. 8.

"It was with no surprise that I found the tall, blonde gentleman awaiting me in the small *salon*. That he was impatient and swore a little at my trifling seemed to me not unnatural, and, although I waited upon him with all dispatch, I contrived, in passing to and from the *ordinaire*, to inform myself that the little lady and her escort were in full dinner toilet, showing that they were for the time at least in residence within the hotel.

"The tall gentleman sat much longer than heretofore at table, eating and drinking with a fierce appetite that was not at all agreeable to behold, and, contrary to habit, I withdrew at last, having opened a fresh bottle of fiery red wine, and placed a fresh glass upon the table, after removing the cloth.

"Mindful of my *pourboire* and of my discretion at once, I made my usual little proffer of additional attendance upon retiring, but scarcely had I made myself acquainted with the suite of apartments in which the little lady and her party were lodged and returned to my watch, when the bell of No. 8 rang furiously.

"It surely could not be more wine that was wanted so soon, I thought, as I hastened up the stairway, and a seriousness not unwarranted by what followed prevaded my being as I entered the *salon*.

"The large gentleman still sat at the table where I had left him, but, instead of the wine-glass which I had anticipated to see in his hand, there was a slip of white paper, folded and twisted, that he at first held out to me, and then partially withdrew, saying:

"'You seem a sensible and discreet fellow, and should have sufficient address to do me a service cleverly. Find in what part of the hotel the lady whom you have seen with me here is located, learn when she is alone, and then deliver me this *billet* to her.'

"I bowed without speaking, since most incomprehensibly I discovered myself to be laboring under no inconsiderable agitation; but to obey was my habit, and, receiving the bit of paper, I departed in pursuit of the errand.

"Fortune favored me, since I had not been in the vicinity of madame's door many minutes when it was opened by the gentleman with whom I had seen her at the table, who turned back when on the threshold to kiss the little lad, running after him in its long white night-robe; then placing the child in the arms of his nurse and calling out in a cheerful, pleasant voice to some one whom I could not see, but assumed to be the little lady, that he would return in an hour or two, closed the door and went away towards the great hall into which I watched him disappear.

"Waiting until I could determine, by the disposition of the lights and the murmur of voices that the maid was hushing the child to sleep in the inner room, I tapped gently, and with an intimation of privacy, upon the door.

"It was madame herself who opened to me, and there was a startled flush mounting under the dark skin that receded, leaving her face in dusky pallor, which illumined it like the rays of a white, cold moon, as she took the paper and read the few words written in pencil thereon.

"It was, perhaps, a singular coincidence that she should have so repeated the tall gentleman's words in addressing me, but I did not think of it at the time, being only conscious of the devotion that had grown unnoticed in my breast, and now received its quickening impulse.

"'You seem a faithful, discreet person, and should be able to arrange that I meet no embarrassments in leaving or returning to my room. Say that I will come immediately!'

"I bowed and retired, still singularly disturbed, considering that a waiter's life necessarily embraces many little episodes which he must not undertake to explain, and when I had delivered her message to the blonde gentleman, whose frowning, harsh countenance still further disquieted me, I proceeded to station myself in the corridor in a position to justify the confidence reposed in me, and of which I appreciated the importance.

"In a very short time I caught the frou-frou of madame's train along the carpet, and as she passed me every detail of her beautiful appearance penetrated me with a fascination impelling me, beyond my powers of resistance, to follow her footsteps.

"No. 8, as monsieur will remember, has a little vestibule of its own, and, as I noiselessly withdrew myself into its shadow, I discovered that the little lady had left the door of the *salon* ajar, permitting me both to see and to hear what was passing within.

"So great was my confusion, however, that I did not, for a short time, gather anything intelligible of what was passing, and when my agitation in a measure subsided the little madame was saying, her voice wondrously full of passion:

"'Have you no feeling for the good man whom we have basely betrayed—no mercy for the child whose life must be overshadowed by this act of madness?'

"'The child is mine—you are mine—and I have been too long defrauded of my rights. It is his turn to suffer as I have suffered, and, ours being the sin, it is but justice to undeceive him rather than to basely rob him of that affection which nature teaches the father's heart. As for the boy, mine be it to guard his future, and the sooner the task is begun the more surely it may be accomplished,' answered her companion, in tones, the cold, cruel intensity of which caused even me, who was not then vitally concerned, to shiver with their chill.

"'Mercy, Jerome!—have mercy on me! Is my ruin which you plan so remorselessly!' pleaded the little lady.

"'Had you any mercy upon me when you beguiled me into a love that you knew must for ever make me an outcast from every sweet domestic joy!' exclaimed the man, fiercely. 'You plead in vain. Give me my boy. You may arrange it how you will—to come with me, or, by some ingenious lie, to cover your sin and remain with the man whom you have successfully duped through all these years, but the child I will have or claim him openly at the hands of the man who believes himself its father!'

"With this the blonde gentleman throws himself upon a sofa and covers his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sight of the beauty that has been fatal to his honor, and that still has power over the stern will that animates him.

"How tiny and yet how wonderful she is, standing there beside the table in her trailing draperies of amber satin! The great yellow roses in the masses of her black hair tremble until their leaves fall and flutter away to the carpet, but I cannot see her face until by chance my eye is arrested by the long mirror that reflects her full figure.

"The change that has passed over her face since I saw it in the corridor causes the very blood to chill in my veins, and the marrow within my bones to freeze; still, I can no more relax my gaze than could I move by simple strength the foundations of the hotel in which we stand. Nervously she seems to toy with the roses on her breast, and then I see the flash of the diamonds on one small hand, as it hovers over the wine-glass. Something in appearance like a crystal globule crushes noiselessly in her delicate fingers, discharging a colorless liquid into the wine, and then, lifting the bottle of madeira, she pours out a brimming goblet of the red wine, fills up the half-emptied wine-glass, and, in a voice gentle, sorrowful and submissive, says:

"'Be it as you will, Jerome. Give me until to-morrow to arrange my plans, and then you shall have the boy. Now, drink your wine with me, and give me kind good-night, for I have need of rest.'

"The brimming goblet is already at her lips, when the blonde gentleman seizes his own glass, and, swallowing its contents in one great gulp, waits until the little lady has finished also, then takes her in his arms with a hungering greed that is horrible to witness, and I somehow find the ability to get me from the door.

"Something detained me in the corridor much against my will. I saw the little lady come out of the *salon*, and go away to her room with eyes that shone like stars in a Winter sky; and how long after this I kept my post, I am quite unable to say; but, at last, that for which I had waited came—a heavy fall in No. 8 aroused me from my stupor, and, sounding an alarm, I rushed into the *salon*.

"The tall, blonde gentleman lay at full length upon the carpet, and, as I knew at a glance, *dead*; but, before all else, I saw an open window, and a wine-glass standing upon the table, and then, through the frantic ringing of bells and the rush of feet upon the stairs, I could distinguish the shiver of glass coming in violent contact with the stones of the street, and all else is confusion.

"I am dimly conscious that some one at some time whispered in my ear:

"'You are a discreet, prudent man, and ought to be able to see that a close mouth will bring you profit where a long tongue could only work you mischief.'

"But it is quite certain that whatever happened in No. 8, Glitz alone is beset with fancies concerning it that shape themselves into something tragic."

Here the old fellow drew in his breath with a quaking shudder, looked nervously and fearfully over his shoulder towards the door, and then, thrusting his hand into an inner breast-pocket of his threadbare coat and drawing thence a dainty kerchief of fine lawn and lace, held it a moment before my eyes, and said, in a terse, shrill whisper:

"Monsieur sees that it is important that I shall keep an eye upon No. 8 until the owner returns to look for this *mouchoir*, otherwise trouble might come of it, and the one thing which a waiter cannot afford to lose is his reputation for discretion; but it requires much to keep the chill out of one's bones, although the heart shall be warm with devotion, and monsieur will comprehend that old Glitz is the victim of one idea—one fancy most horrible—that only the *liqueur* lends to him the courage to support."

I pass the cut-glass decanter to the poor old chap, shivering in the rays of a bright fire, and, turning to "Barnaby Rudge," recall the conclusions of Solomon Daisy:

"Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he has never been heard of from that time to this, *he still be*, mark my words." . . . . "Sooner or later that man will be discovered."

Worth, the King of Fashion.

A CORRESPONDENT who recently visited Worth's, the shrine of fashion in Paris, writes: "Making good use of my eyes, I followed the chief priestess through several rooms, where ladies sat in solemn silence, regarding attentively the endless variety of silks and satins spread before them. Scarcely a word could be heard; if anybody spoke, it was in a whisper. Presently we reached another room, where we were left alone for a few minutes, and then there entered the great Mogul himself, the maker of fashions for half the women in Europe. Mr. Worth was not all that fancy had painted him;

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in fact, he was nothing more than a shrewd, active, business-like looking man, with a head so like the portraits of Oliver Goldsmith that doubtless the resemblance has often been commented upon. He shook hands with my friends, and when asked how he was he declared that he was 'assassinated' by the hot weather, and almost overwhelmed with work. He had on an alpaca coat with pins stuck in and near the collar, for use in the exercise of his craft, and a red necktie which bore marks of the 'assassinating' weather. Every instant one or other of the attendants came in to ask him a question or receive an order. 'I am run down on every side,' said he; 'at this moment four ladies are waiting for me to see their dresses tried on. But do not go away—come with me.' Thus saying, he led the way to an apartment which seemed to be the inner sanctuary, for an *affiche* warned off all intruders. A *portière* was pulled aside and there was suddenly revealed what looked like a 'lay figure,' standing upon a pedestal in the middle of the room, with several female attendants bustling actively round about it. Towards this object Mr. Worth advanced with quick steps, and the figure moved, and even turned its head; and then I saw that it was a real live woman, one of the ladies of the establishment, who was having a dress tried on by way of experiment, before it was shown to the customer. She, too, had a bewitching figure, but of course I fixed my attention upon the dress and regarded not the wearer.

When Mr. Worth approached the attendants fell back and stood in a respectful group near the young woman on the pedestal. The master himself cast a rapid glance over the work of art which had been produced under his direction, and then he began sticking in pins almost as rapidly as the eye could follow him, and tearing out others which less skillful hands had already placed in the dress. Presently he called for the 'pattern book,' and turned over many samples before he found the exact trimming which he wanted. He tried the effect of this by placing it on the dress, and then resumed his work of pinning or unpinning—like a sculptor who was engaged in putting the finishing touches to his statue. The dress itself was a beautiful object, but not too beautiful for the charming young lady who is destined to wear it. It was drawn and designed by Mr. Worth, and its progress was evidently watched with the utmost interest by the whole staff. The attendants flocked in to look at it, and the young lady upon whom it was being fitted seemed as proud as a duchess. It was wonderful what changes the hand of the master made in a few minutes—here a piece was ripped up in order that a more graceful outline might be secured; there a new trimming or decoration was introduced, and everywhere a few touches effected an obvious improvement. It was a ball dress, such as young ladies dream of in inspired visions. If placed in a room by itself it would attract universal admiration. What then will be the effect when the fair owner adds her own beauty to it?

Nearly all the fabrics used in the dresses made by Mr. Worth are manufactured from designs of his own, for he is a great inventor, and even at his dinner-table a sheet of paper is often by his side, and on it he draws designs for some new costume destined to captivate the male sex and fill the other sex with envy. Dress with Mr. Worth is a fine art, worthy of calling into exercise the highest human faculties. It was he who invented those wonderful chamois under-garments which are supposed to add so much to the already irresistible attractions of the nobler part of creation. He knows everybody, and seems to be an acute judge of character. Of one lady he said: 'She looks as if she wished to be always sipping poison, and to administer large doses to her friends.' When some one else was mentioned, he remarked: 'She is so much done up in her own current jelly, that it is quite hopeless to approach her.' Not that his sayings were always in this caustic vein—he has his favorites, and among them are the American ladies, many of whom are his best customers. They possess the requisite figures to enable him to do justice to his art. For them he exerts all his talents. He has made himself acquainted with the history and belongings of most of the best-known New York families—perhaps as a matter of caution, for Mr. Worth, like our old friend *Dogberry*, has doubtless had 'his losses.' He can tell you who Mrs. So-and-so was before her marriage, and whether her father left her any money, and how much her husband has got. All this sort of information is doubtless useful to a man of business whose bills cannot but be a trifle long, for excellence in any field of life has to be paid for.

The great English clothes-maker for men is not cheap, and yet in a man's attire there is no room whatever for the play of fancy and the exercise of ingenuity. The great and critical point of 'trimming' never has to be decided. And it is upon that point that Mr. Worth is so great an authority. One of the friends whom I accompanied had a magnificent Indian shawl which she wished to have converted into a mantle. It was a beautiful shawl, the finest I ever saw, and it cost originally about $1,500. The shape of the mantle having been decided, there came to the front the momentous question of trimming—in this case merely a trimming for the edge. One or two suggestions were made, but after a few moments' reflection, the celebrated artist came out with an idea which was at once admitted to be the best that could possibly be presented, even if all the dressmakers in the world were assembled in solemn conference on the question. One point only astonished me in the learned disquisition pronounced by Professor Worth. There were in this Indian shawl some very fine touches of green of that particular shade which cannot be produced out of the Vale of Cashmere. In an Indian house which I once visited the door of every room was composed solely of a grand shawl presented by the Maharajah of Cashmere, and each shawl was selected as the finest example of the workman's skill. The green in those shawls was of a lovely shade, beautifully blended with other colors, and in the shawl placed before Mr. Worth there was the same rich tint here and there. The remark which he made and which took me so completely aback was simply this: 'Madame, we must suppress the green.' Suppress the green! Oh, Mr. Worth! Surely that was a conception which owed its origin to the assassinating weather and which thy excellent judgment would repudiate in cooler moments.

The French are supposed to be the greatest devisers of dress and ornament in the world, but Mr. Worth has gone into their own stronghold and beaten them. He is, as everybody knows, an Englishman, and long held a position in the house of Swan & Edgar in London, where his peculiar abilities soon marked him out for promotion. He is now a French citizen, and has two sons who look more French than English, and who have served or are serving their prescribed term in the army. The Parisian *modistes* no longer contest Mr. Worth's superiority. They adopt the simpler and easier cost of following meekly in his footsteps.

The Pope's Finances.

WE hear from Rome that Cardinal Jacobini has been nominated by the Pope to the post once held by the astute Antonelli, and more recently by Cardinal Nina. Nina is destined for the office of Prefect of the Papal Court—a functionary charged with the supervision of the Pontiff's real and personal estates, as well as with the administration of his fixed and fluctuating revenues. His Eminence will also preside over a committee of Cardinals and prelates, about to be appointed for the purpose of reorganizing the Peter's pence fund, the productiveness of which has fallen off year by year since the death of Pius IX. It appears that, despite the many reductions in his household expenditure effected by Leo XIII., the outlay of the Holy See still amounts to nearly 3,000,000 lire annually, towards which total Papal investments in foreign stocks, etc., only contribute about a million and a half. Thus it becomes desirable that the Peter's pence should be made to yield as much as will balance the Pontifical budget, and even a trifle more, wherewith by degrees to augment the capital invested abroad. The Pope still declines to accept the income—three and a quarter millions of lire—offered to him by the Italian Government, although it has lately been proposed that this subvention should take the form of a personal contribution to the Peter's pence fund on the part of their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy. As, however, the deficit in his revenues must be made up somehow, it is expected that a strong appeal to the faithful will shortly be promulgated at the instigation of the committee above referred to, with the object of achieving this desideratum.

Armenian Reformers.

A CORRESPONDENT from Sivas, in Armenia, writes hopefully of the reforms introduced in that town and province. The Armenian Patriarch of Armenia, visiting that portion of his flock, has reduced by over one-half the tax paid by young girls who become married. His Eminence has also reduced by two or three days and as many nights the duration of marriage ceremonies. He has interdicted the employment of children in a watch factory, the main industrial enterprise of the place (no pun intended), and the long apprenticeships which were usual. Wine and all noise and disturbance at weddings, which invariably accompany each other, are also vetoed by this Church dignitary, who, it appears, has extensive powers of dispensation and prohibition. Finally, this energetic pastor made a vigorous search amongst all the marriageable young people, who, on account of the bad crops, the Kurds, or general indecision, had not yet selected helpmates, harangued them favorably into matrimony, assisted them materially in making a choice of partners, and married them off at the rate of over twenty couples a day. The correspondent's little daughter, aged barely three months, was formally asked in marriage by a far-sighted mother, a Guzunti woman, who had a son of about the same tender age.

Irish Landlords in Mail.

A DUBLIN correspondent writes: "I have just had the melancholy pleasure of seeing at a Pall Mall armorer's establishment some steel coats which have been ordered by several Irish landlords. It may be taken as a fact established by repeated tests that it is impossible to make a coat of armor or shirt of mail light enough to be worn by men of ordinary strength that will withstand a rifle bullet striking the person squarely. An arrangement like that of Kelly, the Australian bushranger, is, of course, an article of no sort of use, being hideous to the sight and cumbersome. But it is possible to make a steel coat that will withstand the revolver bullet, which is itself a considerable step in advance. The coat of mail will not even do this, and experiment has proved that not only will a revolver bullet penetrate a coat of chain mail, but it will carry some of the steel rings along with it and aggravate the danger and painfulness of the wound. The coats I saw will prevent the penetration of any revolver bullet at ten paces, and will cause a rifle bullet to glance if it does not strike squarely. To the outward view these coats are ordinary English shooting-jackets, and no one seeing it upon another person would imagine for a moment that there was defensive armor underneath. First is the Scotch tweed, then a thin wadding of cotton, next a layer of narrow, thin bands of tempered steel, kept in place much as whalebone is put into corsets, only the steel bands are very close together, being sewed into fine canvas and with simply a line of stitching between each piece. Three thicknesses of these steel bands, sewed into canvas in the same way, comprise the sole armor in the coat. Another piece of wadding is placed between the bands and the final lining, and the coat is complete. The steel bands are not long, so that the coat does not look stiff, but hangs naturally about the figure. The weight of the coat, when lifted, seems very heavy; but when worn the weight is distributed, and, falling mainly on the shoulders, it does not inconvenience the wearer at all. I saw several large revolver bullets fired into it at ten or eleven paces, but they only made slight dents in the steel. The only merit claimed for the coat, however, is that it diminishes the chances of a fatal wound in the body from any weapon. The arms are not protected, and the landlord may be winged; the head is not protected, nor are the legs; but the assassin, as a general thing, fires at the body, as offering an easier mark. The prices of these shot-proof jackets are $125, which is very reasonable, considering their value to those who travel about under sentence of death from the Ribbonmen or Molly Maguires.

A Russian Officer's Idea of Honor.

A STRANGE story, illustrative of the extraordinary eccentricities for which Russian military officers of late years have rendered themselves unpleasantly notorious, comes from St. Petersburg. It appears that recently a lady of rank was traveling on the Pastovo line of railway in a first-class compartment, the only other occupant of which was an elderly cavalry captain, with whom she casually entered into conversation. Arrived at the Ustinovka Station, she summoned a gendarme and informed him that she missed a hundred and sixty rubles from her hand-bag and suspected her traveling companion of having stolen them. A few minutes previously she had requested him to take her ticket out of the bag, which he had done, and since that time she had discovered her loss. Search was forthwith instituted upon the captain's person for the missing money, and a hundred-ruble note was found thrust into one of his boots. No sooner had the evidence of his guilt been brought to light than he produced a small parcel of bank notes from his pocket, with the remark, "As you have got the hundred rubles, I may as well give you the other sixty." Directly after he had spoken he drew a revolver, placed its muzzle against his right temple and blew his brains out. Insensible to the dishonor of theft, that of detection seemed to him so insupportable that, rather than endure it, he died by his own hand.

The Extent of our Unsold Public Lands.

IN spite of the prodigal way in which the public lands of the United States have been distributed of late years, there still remains a large body, surveyed and unsurveyed, to be disposed of. This is exclusive of Alaska, which is not supposed to contain much land suitable for cultivation. The public lands surveyed during last year amounted to 15,699,253 acres, making, with the previous surveys, a total of 762,567,195 acres in all surveyed, and leaving an estimated area of 1,062,231,727 acres yet to be surveyed. The annual survey is about double the number annually disposed of. How much really arable lands remain for the settler to take up cannot, of course, be determined from the land office reports, nor do the best authorities agree as to the proportion of good land to the whole domain.

Wheat Production in Canada.

ENGLISH capitalists have not been slow to see the prospective value of the great stretches of wheat-producing lands lying northward and westward of the great Lakes which must be traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The time is not far distant when Canada will be, next to Russia, our most formidable competitor in making good the bread deficiencies of the more densely populated States of Europe. The movement has already commenced, and it will not be confined to European trade, as the subsidies granted to the new Brazilian-Canadian line of steamships gives us fair notice. The Montreal *Herald*, in reviewing the European grain trade of Canada, states that this year 996,983 bushels of grain alone were shipped to Antwerp from that port, against 843,563 bushels during the whole season of 1879, an increase of nearly 100 per cent. The total quantity of grain shipped to all Continental ports this year amounts to 1,321,231 bushels, against 697,479 bushels in 1879. If the unoccupied plains of the Northwest, farmed after the style adopted by American farmers in Dakota, are hereafter made to pour their tribute by short land and water routes into the common stock of marketable grain, the Canadian contingent will have an appreciable influence in fixing the price of our own.

The Resources of Georgia.

THERE are wide areas of fine farming lands in Georgia that lie untouched by husbandmen in belts of country as healthy as any in the Union. There is also an enterprising spirit abroad in the State manifesting itself in a rapidly-growing investment in manufacturing enterprises. From a recent official report we learn that "there are now in operation in Georgia fifty gold mills, with nearly 500 stamps, representing a capital of nearly $800,000, brought into the State from the North and West during the last five years, and that new investments are constantly being made. As evidence of Georgia's mineral wealth, it is reported that iron ore has been found in 71 counties, gold ore in 61, limestone in 48, granite in 45, quartz in 46, soapstone in 22, asbestos in 28, corundum in 9, copper in 27, kaolin in 11, manganese in 15, and marble in 6. A survey shows that more than 600 streams afford water power which can be used for cotton factories and other manufactures." Why should not the tide of emigration that sets westward from the Eastern and Middle States pour itself southward? From Virginia to Georgia the South Atlantic States offer inducements greater than the distant plains of Kansas and Nebraska, and a climate incomparably superior.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Road between Cattaro and Cettinge.

The Bay of Cattaro, where the vessels of the allied fleet proceeded from the somewhat dangerous anchorage at Gravosa, is one of the best harbors in the Adriatic. Two rocks divide the entrance into three separate channels, two of which admit the largest ships. The town itself is walled and fortified, and, though of small size, it contains a cathedral, a collegiate church, and is the seat of the administration of a bishop. The road leading from Cattaro to Cettinge is as picturesque as can be found anywhere, being at once irregular, abrupt, sharply inclined and pleasantly level.

Measuring the Sunshine at Greenwich.

The contrivance in the Royal Astronomical Observatory at Greenwich for simply indicating the continuance or interruption of sunshine is a solid glass ball, of four inches diameter, placed in the centre of a bowl which is marked round the rim like a sun-dial; the ball is supported at an inch distance apart from the bottom and interior sides of the bowl; and a narrow strip of millboard, made black with stout ink, is laid all around inside the bowl, so as to be everywhere equidistant one inch from the glass. Whenever the sun is shining, the glass ball acts as a burning glass, and burns a reddish mark along the black band, which is just within its focus. If the sunshine be intermittent, this line becomes fragmentary, so that, at the end of the day, when the strip of mill-board is removed for examination, there is a record of the greater or less amount of clear sunshine.

The French Religious Decrees.

The execution of the new religious decrees is proceeding in France with more or less excitement, much threatening and occasional excommunications of the authorities by the "evicted." On the morning of November 5th the work in Paris began. The threatened confraternities had been looking out for many nights for the agent of the Prefect of Police. The night previous the Faubourg St. Honore was kept in a state of alarm by the discharge of revolvers in the precincts of the Dominican and Passionist Convents. In the Rue St. Petersburg, where the Oblats have an establishment—in the Rue de Sante, in which there is a Capuchin monastery—and in the Rue St. Jean Beauvais, where there is a Dominican one, the same cause produced similar effects. The Franciscans in the Boulevard Menilmontant kept quiet. But everywhere else grand seigneurs went to make a rampart of their bodies around the good Fathers. The gentlemen of the De Broglie family, including the noble Duke himself, M. Albert Gigot, ex-Prefect of Police, and divers reactionist members of the Senate and Chamber, including the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, had watched for many nights with the Dominican Fathers, and were spectators of their eviction. The Moral Order Duke was cut short in a speech he was making, in order to excite to sedition, by M. Nadaud, a police magistrate, who collared him and slung him into the street. Senator Depeyer twisted the police agents with obeying Commanards who "shot them ten years ago. Everywhere great force had to be employed. Hatchets were used by the fire brigade and by the sappers to smash in doors, and in some convents the agents of authority resorted to crowbars. At La Rue de la Sante (the Capuchins) there was a gathering of Clerical and Moral Order journalists—Hebrews for the most part, and unconverted ones to boot. When hatchets were applied to the outer door, these worthies and their lay and clerical friends raised the cries of "Stop the brigands! Down with the housebreakers!" A splinter of wood struck the doctor of the establishment in the forehead. When the sappers had got through their work the Superior came forward to excommunicate Police Officer Clement, who politely took off his hat and then asked had the reverend Father anything more to say. Our illustrations, representing the ovation and demonstrations of sympathy by the people of Marseilles towards the expelled Capuchins, and Father Arsene, provincial of the monastery of the same Order in Paris, bestowing his benediction upon the witnesses of his withdrawal from the monastery, will give the reader a pretty accurate idea of the manner in which the proscribed religious houses are being emptied.

The Laurrium Silver Mines in Greece.

On the southern promontory of Attica, near Cape Colonna and the conspicuous ruins of the ancient Temple of Minerva, overlooking the Ægean Sea, is the little port, with the village and extensive range of buildings, occupied by the modern industry of the Laurrium silver mines. These mines began to be worked, in a rude fashion, at a very early date; but such operations were probably not undertaken on a considerable scale until after the expulsion of Hippias and the establishment of a democratic constitution by Cleisthenes. It seems to have been the practice of the Athenian Government to lease out particular sections of the mining district for a long term of years to individuals or companies, who carried on the industry, and who paid down a large sum, by way of fine, at the granting of the lease, besides a reserved yearly rent, estimated at the twenty-fourth part of the gross produce. The Laurrium district was surveyed in 1836 by Dr. Fridler, who has described the ancient mining shafts, washing-places for ore, and furnaces constructed and used by the Greeks more than 2,000 years ago.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE public debt of Mexico amounts to about $144,000,000.

—THE Government of Hayti is about to build three new war-ships.

—WOLVES are reported to be numerous in the vicinity of Mendota, Ill.

—THE Nihilists have distributed among working men in Russia a violently seditious address.

—THERE is to be a third census enumeration in South Carolina to test the correctness of the first.

—THE exports of petroleum and petroleum products during September were valued at $5,712,762.

—CARDINAL MANNING has asked the Pope to forbid exiled French Jesuits from settling in London.

—IT is said that a movement is on foot to enlarge the British Cabinet so as to include the Earl of Derby.

—THE Vatican has chosen the Russian Chevalier Boutenow to settle the disputes between Russia and the Vatican.

—A DISPATCH from Berlin says the Bundsrath has passed a law prolonging the state of siege in Berlin another year.

—THE European Ambassadors at Constantinople have agreed to exercise no further pressure upon the Porte relative to pending questions.

—A NEW Prussian politico-economical council has been formed by royal decree with a membership of seventy-five, of whom fifteen must by workingmen.

—WHITE EAGLE and a delegation of Poncas are shortly to visit Washington to make arrangements for the removal of the tribe to the Indian Territory.

—SEVERAL vessels of the Revenue Marine Service have been designated by the President to cruise during the Winter months for the relief of distressed vessels.

—A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg says orders have been given for the immediate formation of a small army corps on the Persian frontier for the purpose of watching the Kurdish revolt.

—IT is to be feared that there is little hope that war between Egypt and Abyssinia will be long averted. Late reports say that orders have been issued from Cairo to drive back the Abyssinians by force.

—IT is said that the members of the Irish Land League have invested all their funds in foreign securities and lodged them in the Continental Bank, and removed their books and papers to a place of safety.

—IT is less than fifty years since the first railroad was built in this State. On the 29th day of July, 1830, ground was broken for the construction of a line by the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad Company.

—A REPUBLICAN reform movement has been started in Philadelphia, headed by a committee of one hundred citizens. The movement looks to the emancipation of the city government from Ring control.

—EIGHT months ago the Methodist churches of Detroit, Mich., formed a debt-paying union, and have since paid off all their debts. Thursday last was devoted to Thanksgiving services as a celebration of their success.

—EMIGRATION offices are to be opened throughout Great Britain in furtherance of a scheme of Anglo-Canadian emigration. An emigration syndicate, of which Sir John A. Galt is the head, is looking after the project.

—CAREFUL estimates, based on partial returns, place the total sugar crop of Louisiana for the present year at 231,000 hogsheads, a large increase over 1879. The yield of molasses is estimated at 13,000,000 gallons.

—A DISPATCH from Kief reports that a great outbreak of typhus has taken place in the prison there, where there is a number of Nihilists confined. Two hundred out of 750 prisoners have been stricken with the fever.

—FOURTEEN men were arrested in Cork, Ireland, last week, for participating in a Fenian procession, from which shots were fired at the police. Mr. Healey, Mr. Parnell's secretary, has been elected to Parliament from County Wexford.

—THE demand for American securities is immensely active in England. Among speculative securities none are so largely dealt in now as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio first mortgages, which are believed to present a good margin for a rise.

—THE State Engineer's report shows that at the end of the fiscal year, September 30th, 1879, there were 236 railroad companies that had roads in this State, representing a capital of $461,589,485, and earning a revenue of $106,792,939 per annum.

—FIVE workmen were precipitated into the Harlem River on November 26th, by the fall of the staging between two piers of the new bridge at One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street. One man was instantly killed and the rest more or less severely injured.

—THERE is now about $85,000,000 in gold bullion standing to the credit of the United States Treasurer, out of which it has been decided to coin monthly $10,000,000 in denominations of $5 and $10. No gold coins of a less denomination than $5 will be coined at present.

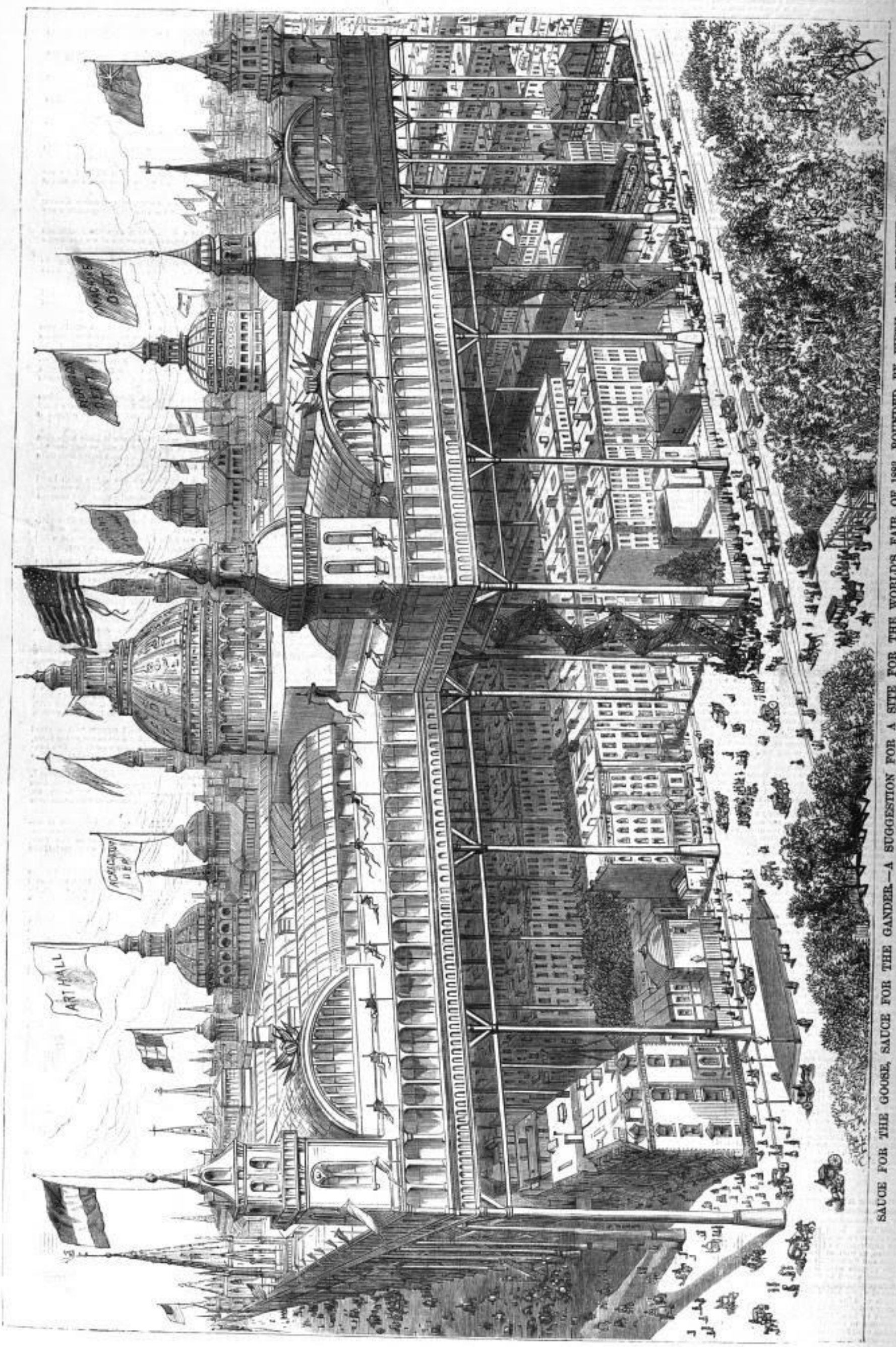
—A DISPATCH from Indianapolis, Ind., says that R. S. Parker, a Republican elector nominated in place of General Thomas W. Bennett, has been defeated through the blunder of omitting his name from the Republican tickets. This will elect D. W. Chambers, the Democratic elector, by about 5,000 majority.

—THE steamer *Ortigia* came in collision on the morning of November 24th with the French steamer *Oncle Joseph* near Spezzia. The *Oncle Joseph* was so much injured that she soon sank. She had 300 persons on board, only about fifty of whom were saved. The *Ortigia* arrived at Leghorn, having also been severely damaged. An inquiry has been opened.

—THE Chamber of Deputies has adopted, by a vote of 235 to 169, clause eight of the Magistracy Reform Bill, which suspends for a year the principle of irremovability of the magistrates. The clauses of the Magistracy Reform Bill, adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, include one for nominating chief judges for a term of five years. A Radical amendment that judges be elected by universal suffrage was rejected by a vote of 172 to 135. The Magistracy Reform Bill as a whole was then agreed to.

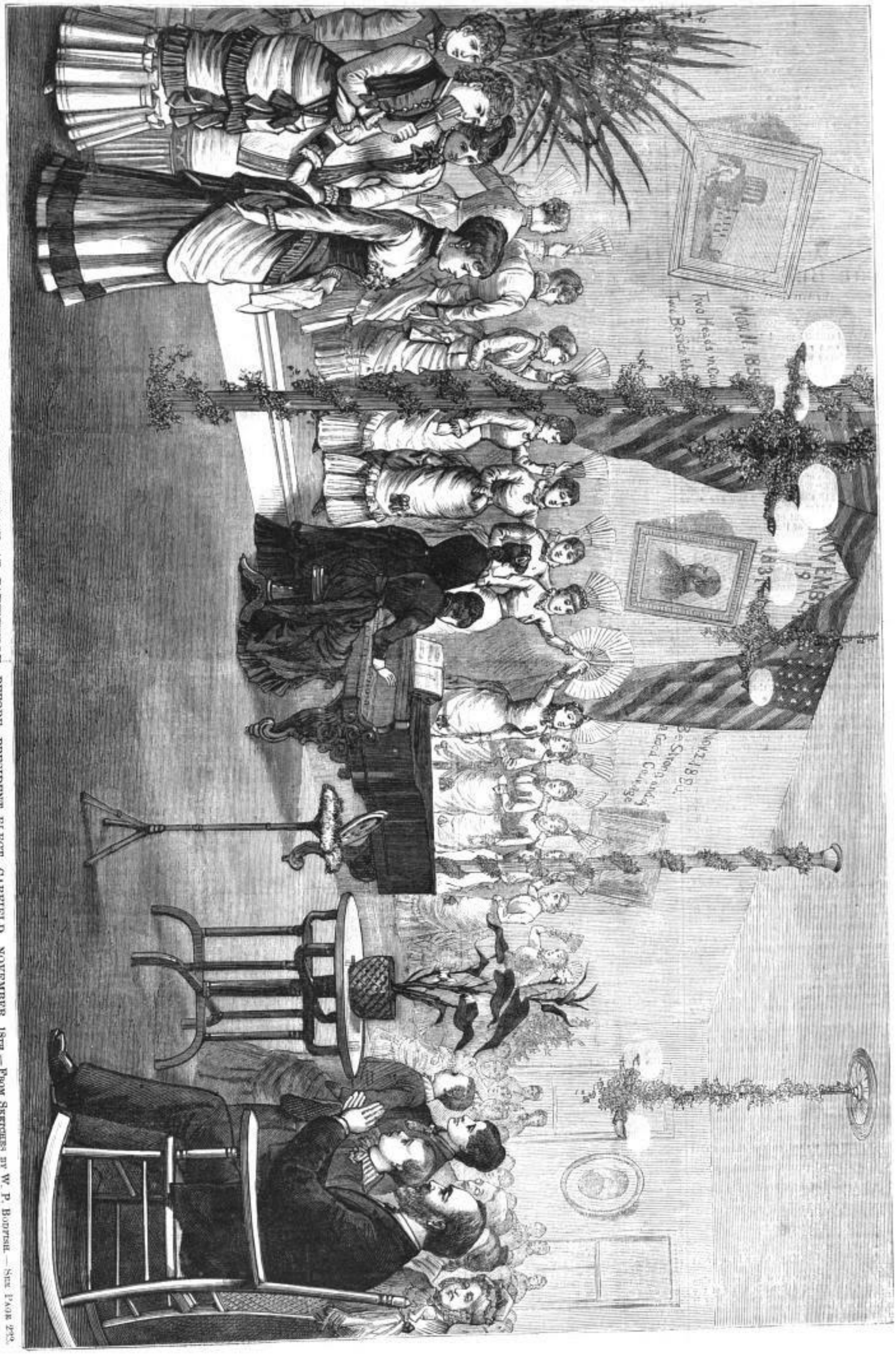
—THE most remarkable and unexpected feature of the population returns of Philadelphia is the fact that the native-born population has increased in a greater proportion than the foreign-born—in short, that in spite of immigration, always greatest to a manufacturing centre, the native Americans have multiplied faster than the foreigners. In 1870 they were 72.7 per cent. of the whole, but now they constitute more than three-fourths, or 75.8. There has also been a small increase in the proportion of males, who then constituted 47½ per cent. of the whole, against 48 per cent. now.

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SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—A SUGGESTION FOR A SITE FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1883, BOUNDED BY FIFTH AND EIGHTH AVENUES, AND THIRTY-NINTH AND FIFTY-NINTH STREETS.

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OHIO.—FAN DRILL OF THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE LAKE ERIE SEMINARY AT PAINESVILLE, BEFORE PRESIDENT-ELECT GARFIELD, NOVEMBER 18TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. BOOTSH.—SEE PAGE 229.

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SUMMON ME BACK.

SUMMON me back from the gates of death,
You that have loved me for ever so long:
Call with your kisses my fast fleeting breath.
Wake me once more with your marvelous song.
I cannot go while you are caressing me,
Your loving eyes keep the monster away,
He will withdraw while your lips are still blessing me,
Granting me life if 'twere but for a day.

Oh, but my love, with the world closing round me,
All that I leave seems a profitless dream,
Only one phase of the phantom has found me
Staying my craft on life's perilous stream.
It was your love and my own great devotion,
Guided my course to a sheltering shore,
Kept my frail bark from the turbulent ocean,
Safe from the rapids of life ever more.

That is the only remains of life's treasure
I shall retain when I yield up this earth,
Love, and your memory, dealt without measure,
Glowing, I know it, into a new birth.
Sing to me, darling, while life is still holding me,
Sing me the songs of the time that is old,
Kiss me still yet, while your arms are enfolding me,
I cannot go till your love has grown cold.

J. W. WATSON.

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED).

LADY LORING found Miss Eyrecourt in her own room. The little portrait of Romayne which she had drawn from recollection lay on the table before her. She was examining it with the closest attention.

"Well, Stella, and what does the portrait tell you?"

"What I knew before, Adelaide. There is nothing false and cruel in that face."

"And does the discovery satisfy you? For my part, I despise Romayne for hiding himself from us. Can you excuse him?"

Stella locked up the portrait in her writing-case. "I can wait," she said, quietly.

This assertion of patience seemed to irritate Lady Loring. "What is the matter with you this morning?" she asked. "You are more reserved than ever."

"No; I am only out of spirits, Adelaide. I can't help thinking of that meeting with Winterfield. I feel as if some misfortune was hanging over my head."

"Don't speak of that hateful man!" her ladyship exclaimed. "I have something to tell you about Romayne. Are you completely absorbed in your presentiments of evil, or do you think you can listen to me?"

Stella's face answered for her. Lady Loring described the interview with Major Hynd in the minutest detail—including, by way of illustration, the major's manners and personal appearance. "He and Lord Loring," she added, "both think that Romayne will never hear the last of it, if he allows these foreigners to look to him for money. Until something more is known about them, the letter is not to be forwarded."

"I wish I had the letter!" cried Stella.

"Would you send it to the bankers?"

"Instantly! Does it matter whether these poor French people are worthy of Romayne's generosity? If it restores his tranquillity to help them, who cares whether they deserve the help? They are not even to know who it is that assists them—Romayne is to be their unknown friend. It is he, not they, whom we have to think of—his peace of mind is everything; their merit is nothing. I say it's cruel to Ada to keep him in ignorance of what has happened. Why didn't you take the letter away from Major Hynd?"

"Gently, Stella! The major is going to make inquiries about the widow and children, when he returns to London."

"When he returns!" Stella repeated, indignantly. "Who knows what the poor wretches may be suffering in the interval, and what Romayne may feel if he ever hears of it? Tell me the address again—it was somewhere in Islington, you said."

"Why do you want to know it?" Lady Loring asked. "You are not going to write to Romayne yourself?"

"I am going to think before I do anything. If you can't trust my discretion, Adelaide, you have only to say so!"

It was spoken sharply. Lady Loring's reply betrayed a certain loss of temper on her side.

"Manage your own affairs, Stella; I have done meddling with them." Her unlucky visit to Romayne at the hotel had been a subject of dispute between the two friends, and this referred to it. "You shall have the address," my lady added, in her grandest manner. She wrote it on a piece of paper and left the room.

Easily irritated, Lady Loring had the merit of being easily appeased. That meanest of all vices, the vice of sullenness, had no existence in her nature. In five minutes she regretted her little outburst of irritability. For five minutes more she waited, on the chance that Stella might be the first to seek a reconciliation. The interval passed and nothing happened.

"Have I really offended her?" Lady Loring asked herself. The next moment she was on her way back to Stella. The room was empty. She rang the bell for the maid.

"Where is Miss Eyrecourt?"

"Gone out, my lady."

"Did she leave no message?"

"No, my lady. She went away in a great hurry."

Lady Loring at once drew the conclusion that Stella had rashly taken the affair of the General's family into her own hands. Was it possible to say how this most imprudent proceeding might end? After hesitating and reflecting, and hesitating again, Lady Loring's anxiety got beyond her control. She not only decided on following Stella, but, in the excess of her nervous apprehension, she took one of the men-servants with her in case of emergency.

CHAPTER XII.—THE GENERAL'S FAMILY.

NOT always remarkable for arriving at just conclusions, Lady Loring had drawn the right inference this time. Stella had stopped the first cab that passed her, and had directed the driver to Camp's Hill, Islington.

The aspect of the miserable little street, closed at one end, and swarming with dirty children quarreling over their play, daunted her for the moment. Even the cabman, drawing up at the entrance to the street, expressed his opinion that it was a queer sort of place for a young lady to venture into alone. Stella thought of Romayne. Her firm persuasion that she was helping him to perform an act of mercy, which was (to his mind) an act of atonement as well, roused her courage. She boldly approached the open door of No. 10, and knocked on it with her parasol.

The tangled gray hair and grimy face of a hideous old woman showed themselves slowly, at the end of the passage, rising from the strong-smelling obscurity of the kitchen regions.

"What do you want?" said the half-seen witch of the London slums.

"Does Madame Marillac live here?" Stella asked.

"Do you mean the foreigner?"

"Yes."

"Second floor." With those instructions, the upper half of the witch sank and vanished.

Stella gathered her skirts together, and ascended a filthy flight of stairs for the first time in her life.

Coarse voices, shameless language, gross laughter behind the closed doors of the first floor hurried her on her way to the rooms on the higher flight. Here there was a change for the better—here, at least, there was silence. She knocked at the door on the landing of the second floor. A gentle voice answered, in French, "Entrez"; then quickly substituted the English equivalent, "Come in." Stella opened the door.

The wretchedly-furnished room was scrupulously clean. Above the truckle-bed a cheap little image of the Virgin was fastened to the wall, with some faded, artificial flowers arranged above it in the form of a wreath. Two women, in dresses of coarse black stuff, sat at a small, round table, working at the same piece of embroidery. The elder of the two rose when the visitor entered the room. Her worn and weary face still showed the remains of beauty, in its finely-proportioned parts—her dim eyes rested on Stella with an expression of piteous entreaty.

"Have you come for the work, madam?" she asked, in English, spoken with a strong foreign accent. "Pray forgive me; I have not finished it yet."

The second of the two workwomen suddenly looked up.

She, too, was wan and frail; but her eyes were bright; her movements still preserved the elasticity of youth. Her likeness to the elder woman proclaimed their relationship even before she spoke.

"Ah! it's my fault!" she burst out, passionately in French. "I was hungry and tired, and I slept hours longer than I ought. My mother was too kind to wake me and set me to work. I am a selfish wretch, and my mother is an angel!" She dashed away the tears gathering in her eyes and proudly, fiercely, resumed her work.

Stella hastened to reassure them the moment she could make herself heard.

"Indeed, I have nothing to do with the work," she said, speaking in French, so that they might the more readily understand her. "I come here, Madame Marillac—if you will not be offended with me for plainly owning it—to offer you some little help."

"Charity?" asked the daughter, looking up again sternly from her needle.

"Sympathy," Stella answered, gently.

The girl resumed her work. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I shall learn to submit to my lot in time."

The quiet, long-suffering mother placed a chair for Stella. "You have a kind, beautiful face, miss," she said, "and I am sure you will make allowances for my poor girl. I remember the time when I was as quick to feel as she is. May I ask how you came to hear of us?"

"I hope you will excuse me," Stella replied. "I am not at liberty to answer that question."

The mother said nothing. The daughter asked, sharply, "Why not?"

Stella addressed her answer to the mother. "I come from a person who desires to be of service to you as an unknown friend," she said.

The wan face of the widow suddenly brightened. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "has my brother heard of the General's death, and has he forgiven me my marriage at last?"

"No, no!" Stella interposed; "I must not mislead you. The person whom I represent is no relation of yours."

Even in spite of this positive assertion, the poor woman held desperately to the hope that had been roused in her. "The name by which you know me may mislead you," she suggested, anxiously. "My late husband assumed the name in his exile here. Perhaps, if I told you ——"

The daughter stopped her there. "My dear mother, leave this to me." The widow sighed resignedly, and resumed her work. "Madame Marillac will do very well as a name," the girl continued, turning to Stella, "until we know something more of each other. I suppose you are well acquainted with the person whom you represent?"

"Certainly, or I should not be here."

"You know the person's family connections, in that case, and you can say for certain whether they are French connections or not?"

"I can say for certain," Stella answered, "that they are English connections. I represent a friend who feels kindly towards Madame Marillac: nothing more."

"You see, mother, you were mistaken. Bear it as bravely, dear, as you have borne other trials." Saying this very tenderly, she addressed herself once more to Stella, without attempting to conceal the accompanying change in her manner to coldness and distrust. "One of us must speak plainly," she said. "Our few friends are nearly as poor as we are, and they are all French. I tell you positively that we have no English friends. How has this anonymous benefactor been informed of our poverty? You are a stranger to us—you cannot have given the information?"

Stella's eyes were now opened to the awkward position in which she had placed herself. She met the difficulty boldly, still upheld by the conviction that she was serving a purpose cherished by Romayne.

"You had good reasons no doubt, mademoiselle, when you advised your mother to conceal her true name," she rejoined. "Be just enough to believe that your 'anonymous benefactor' has good reasons for concealment, too."

It was well said: and it encouraged Madame Marillac to take Stella's part.

"My dear Blanche, you speak rather harshly to this good young lady," she said to her daughter. "You have only to look at her to see that she means well."

Blanche took up her needle again with dogged submission.

"If we are to accept charity, mother, I should like to know the hand that gives it," she answered. "I will say no more."

"When you are as old as I am, my dear," rejoined Madame Marillac, "you will not think quite so positively as you think now. I have learnt some hard lessons," she proceeded, turning to Stella, "and I hope I am the better for them. My life has not been a happy one——"

"Your life has been a martyrdom!" said the girl, breaking out again in spite of herself. "Oh, my father! my father!" She pushed aside the work and hid her face in her hands.

The gentle mother spoke severely for the first time.

"Respect your father's memory!" she said. Blanche trembled and kept silence. "I have no false pride," Madame Marillac continued. "I own that we are miserably poor; and I thank you, my dear young lady, for your kind intentions towards us, without embarrassing you by any inquiries. We manage to live. While my eyes last our work helps to support us. My good eldest daughter has some employment as a teacher of music, and contributes her little share to assist our poor household. I don't distrust you; I only say, let us try a little longer if we cannot help ourselves."

She had barely pronounced the last words, when a startling interruption led to consequences which the persons present had not foreseen. A shrill, wailing voice suddenly pierced through the flimsy partition which divided the front room and the back room.

"Bread!" cried the voice; "I'm hungry. Bread! bread!"

The daughter started to her feet.

"Think of his betraying us at this moment!" she exclaimed, indignantly. The mother rose in silence, and opened a cupboard. Its position was opposite to the place in which Stella was sitting. She saw two or three knives and forks, some cups and saucers and plates, and a folded tablecloth. Nothing else appeared on the shelves: not even the stray crust of bread for which the poor woman had been looking. "Go, my dear, and quiet your brother," she said, and closed the cupboard-door again as patiently as ever.

Blanche left them. Stella opened her pocket-book as the door closed.

"For God's sake, take something!" she cried. "I offer it with the sincerest respect—I offer it as a loan!"

Madame Marillac gently signed to Stella to close the pocketbook again.

"That kind heart of yours must not be distressed about trifles," she said. "The baker will trust us until we get the money for our work, and my daughter knows it. If you can tell me nothing else, my dear, will you tell me your Christian name? It is painful to me to speak to you quite as a stranger."

Stella at once complied with the request. Madame Marillac smiled as she repeated the name.

"There is almost another tie between us," she said. "We have your name in France—it speaks with a familiar sound to me in this strange place. Dear Miss Stella, when my poor boy startled you by that cry for food, he recalled to me the saddest of all my anxieties. When I think of Ada, I should be tempted if my better sense did not restrain me—— No! no! put back the pocketbook. I am incapable of the shameless audacity of borrowing a sum of money which I could never repay. Let me tell you what my trouble is and you will understand that I am in earnest. I had two sons, Miss Stella. The elder—the most lovable, the most affectionate of my children—was killed in a duel."

The sudden disclosure drew a cry of sympathy from Stella, which she was not mistress enough of herself to repress. Now, for the first time, she understood the remorse that tortured Romayne, as she had not understood it when Lady Loring had told her the terrible story of the duel. Attributing the effect produced on her to the sensitive nature of a young woman, Madame Marillac innocently added to Stella's distress by making excuses.

"I am sorry to have frightened you, my dear," she said. "In your happy country such a dreadful death as my son's is unknown. I am obliged to mention it, or you might not understand what I have still to say. Perhaps I had better not go on?"

Stella roused herself. "Yes, yes!" she answered, eagerly. "Pray go on!"

"My son in the next room," the widow resumed, "is only fourteen years old. It has pleased God sorely to afflict a harmless creature. He has not been in his right mind since—since that miserable day when he followed the duelists and saw his brother's death. Oh, you are turning pale! How thoughtless, how cruel of me! I ought to have remembered that such horrors as these have never overshadowed your happy life!"

Struggling to recover her self-control, Stella tried to reassure Madame Marillac by a gesture. She had heard the voice which haunted Romayne—the conviction of it shook her with superstitious terror from head to foot. Not the words that had pleaded hunger and called for bread, but those other words—"Assassin, assassin, where are you?"—rang in her ears. She entreated Madame Marillac to break the unendurable interval of silence. The widow's calm voice had a soothing influence which she was eager to feel. "Go on!" she repeated. "Pray go on!"

"I ought not to lay all the blame of my boy's affliction on the duel," said Madame Marillac. "In childhood, his mind never grew with his bodily growth. His brother's death may have only hurried the result which was sooner or later but too sure to come. You need feel no fear of him. He is never violent—and he is the most beautiful of all my children. Would you like to see him?"

"No; I would rather hear you speak of him. Is he not conscious of his own misfortune?"

"For weeks together, Stella—I am sure I may call you Stella?—he is quite calm; you would see no difference, outwardly, between him and other boys. Unhappily, it is just at those times that a spirit of impatience seems to possess him. He watches his opportunity, and, however careful we may be, he is cunning enough to escape our vigilance."

"Do you mean that he leaves you and his sisters?"

"Yes, that is what I mean. For nearly two months past he has been away from us. Yesterday only his return relieved us from a state of suspense which I cannot attempt to describe. We don't know where he has been, or in the company of what persons he has passed the time of his absence. No persuasion will induce him to speak to us on the subject. This morning we listened while he was talking to himself."

Stella felt the thrill of a sudden fear. Was it part of the boy's madness to repeat the words which still echoed in Romayne's ears? "Does he ever speak of the duel?" she asked.

"Never! He seems to have lost all memory of it. We only heard, this morning, one or two unconnected words—something about a woman, and then more that appeared to allude to some person's death. Last night I was with him when he went to bed, and I found that he had something to conceal from me. He let me fold all his clothes, as usual, except his waistcoat, and that he snatched away from me, and put it under his pillow. We have no hope of being able to examine the waistcoat without his knowledge. His sleep is like the sleep of a dog; if you only approach him he wakes instantly. Forgive me for troubling you with these trifling details, only interesting to ourselves. You will at least understand the constant anxiety that we suffer."

"In your unhappy position," said Stella, "I should try to resign myself to parting with him—I mean, to placing him under medical care."

The mother's face saddened.

"I have inquired about it," she answered. "He must pass a night in the workhouse before he can be received as a pauper lunatic in a public asylum. Oh, my dear, I am afraid there is some pride still left in me! He is my only son now; his father was a General in the French army; I was brought up among people of good blood and breeding; I can't take my own boy to the workhouse!"

Stella took her hand.

"I feel for you with all my heart," she said. "Place him privately, dear Madame Marillac, under skillful and kind control, and let me, do let me, open the pocket-book again!"

The widow steadily refused even to look at the pocketbook.

"Perhaps," Stella persisted, "you don't know of a private asylum that would satisfy you?"

"My dear, I do know of such a place. The good doctor who attended my husband in his last illness told me of it. A friend of his receives a certain number of poor people into his house, and charges no more than the cost of maintaining them. An unattainable sum to me! There is the temptation that I spoke of. The help of a few pounds I might accept, if I fell ill, because I might afterwards pay it back. But a larger sum—never!"

She rose as if to end the interview. Stella tried every means of persuasion that she could think of, and tried in vain. The friendly dispute between them might have been prolonged, if they had not both been silenced by another interruption from the next room.

This time it was not only endurable, it was even welcome. The poor boy was playing the air of a French vaudeville on a pipe or flageolet.

"Now he is happy!" said the mother. "He is a born musician; do come and see him!"

An idea struck Stella. She overcame the inveterate reluctance in her to see the boy so fatally associated with the misery of Romayne's life. As Madame Marillac led the way to the door of communication between the rooms, she quickly took from her pocket-book the bank notes with which she had provided herself, and folded them so that they could be easily concealed in her hand.

She followed the widow into the little room.

The boy was sitting on his bed. He laid down his flageolet and bowed to Stella. His long silky hair flowed to his shoulders. But

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one betrayal of a deranged mind presented itself in his delicate face—his large, soft eyes had the glassy vacant look which it is impossible to mistake.

"Do you like music, mademoiselle?" he asked, gently.

Stella asked him to play his little vaudeville air again. He proudly complied with the request. His sister seemed to resent the presence of a stranger.

"The work is at a standstill," she said, and passed into the front room. Her mother followed her as far as the door to give her some necessary directions. Stella seized her opportunity. She put the bank notes into the pocket of the boy's jacket, and whispered to him:

"Give them to your mother when I have gone away." Under those circumstances she felt sure that Madame Marillac would yield to the temptation. She could resist much, but she could not resist her son.

The boy nodded, to show that he understood her. The moment after he laid down his flageolet with an expression of surprise.

"You are trembling!" he said. "Are you frightened?"

She was frightened. The mere sense of touching him made her shudder. Did she feel a vague presentment of some evil to come from that momentary association with him? Madame Marillac, turning away from her daughter, noticed Stella's agitation.

"Surely, my poor boy doesn't alarm you?" she said. Before Stella could answer, some one outside knocked at the door. Lady Loring's servant appeared, charged with a carefully-worded message.

"If you please, miss, a friend is waiting for you below." Any excuse for departure was welcome to Stella at that moment. She promised to call at the house again in a few days. Madame Marillac kissed her on the forehead as she took her leave. Her nerves were still shaken by that momentary contact with the boy. Descending the stairs, she trembled so that she was obliged to hold by the servant's arm. She was not naturally timid. What did it mean?

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRE AT THE MINNESOTA INSANE HOSPITAL.

THE burning of a portion of the Minnesota Hospital for the Insane at St. Peter, in that State, on the night of November 15th, has already been referred to in our columns. The hospital was erected at a cost of over $500,000, appropriated and used at various times from the beginning in 1864 to its completion in 1877. It has accommodated from 500 to 600 unfortunate patients annually. The scenes during the fire were terrible in the extreme, and the confusion attending the removal of the inmates was simply indescribable. Many absolutely refused to leave, and had to be forced out of the building. There were 270 patients in the north wing of the building, and as they huddled out many of them betook themselves with screams of delight or in a delirium of wonder and horror to the neighboring hills, barefooted, barely clad, without hats or coats, and, in many instances, trousers or stockings. Once in the open air, the male patients in particular seemed to understand it as a grand picnic, in which they were at liberty to do as they pleased. Some of the more tractable wandered to the barn, as they were told to do, but the majority, with that fatal cunning which distinguishes the insane, broke at once for the hills and sqoatted in the snow. Many continued their journey through the bitter cold night to neighboring farms, and others still trotted along, singly or in pairs, and were gradually picked up in different localities the day after and returned to the institution. In one instance six male patients were seen crowding around a window in one of the upper stories. They were wonderfully apathetic, and were apparently more interested in the work of the firemen, as a child might be interested in such a spectacle, than in caring for their own safety. They did not appreciate or understand the mortal peril in which they were placed, but jabbered at times among themselves with apparent delight at the spectacle, as if the whole affair were something especially ordered for their entertainment and amusement. At times, as the flames advanced upon them, they would move aside; but only for a moment. Finally, when their retreat had been effectually cut off, some of them seemed to absorb into their dulled intellects a glimmering of the truth, and turned to escape. Then they turned about and addressed a tirade of gibberish to the firemen. In another instant the floor beneath them gave way, and they fell with a chorus of horrid imprecations back into the flames and perished.

The total number of lives lost, as nearly as can be estimated, was thirty-two. The loss on building and furniture was probably $175,000. The burnt portion of the hospital will be reconstructed as soon as possible, and for the present, to relieve the institution of the present overflow of patients, about forty of the more tractable will be distributed among the poor-farms of Ramsey and Hennepin counties, and the hospital for the insane at Rochester, Minn. During and after the fire, the citizens of St. Peter exerted every energy in providing for the unfortunate inmates of the hospital, having converted public school buildings, churches and private residences into temporary hospitals.

The fire seems to have been the work of an incendiary. One Ben Hasselman, an inmate of the Asylum, having been arrested on suspicion, says he was badly treated, and tried to burn the building down in revenge. He says he wished all had been burned. He placed a can of naphtha in the female wing, but it did not ignite when he tried to kindle it. Hasselman was considered a mild case, and was allowed the run of the building.

THE HERDIC COACHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE question of cheap transportation in Philadelphia is likely to be solved by the Herdic coaches which have recently been successfully introduced. The street railway system in that city has long been a monopoly. During the last twenty three years, company after company has seized the streets, and so networked them with tracks and so filled them with quick-running cars that pedestrianism in Philadelphia—if walking was an art—has long since been numbered with the lost arts. Now comes the Herdic Transportation Company, with a new sort of vehicle, with which the owners propose to drive out as completely the passenger railway companies as they, in their time, wiped out the old-time omnibuses.

The patent for the new style of coach was issued on the 20th of last April to Peter Herdic, who had recently been relieved of grave financial embarrassments by the United States Court in Bankruptcy. He was without capital, but submitted his patent to some gentlemen, who suggested the utilization of it by the formation of companies for personal transportation, first in Philadelphia and subsequently in other cities and towns, to each of which an exclusive right for the city or town should be granted. In accordance with this, the Herdic Personal Transportation Company of Philadelphia was formed July 30th, and articles of incorporation were granted to it. It has a capital of $250,000, which is divided into 12,500 shares of $20 each. As soon as the company was formed work was begun upon the coaches, and in a short time a number were ready for use. But upon applying to the Chief Commissioner of Highways for license to run their coaches, it was refused, and the company applied to the Court of Common Pleas for a mandamus to compel said Commissioner to grant the privilege asked for. After argument, a decision was given in favor of the company, November 16th, and on the day following thirty coaches commenced regular trips on Broad and Market Streets. Since then thirty more have been started. They run three minutes apart, but this time will be reduced as more coaches are completed and put in operation.

The coaches are of unique construction and attract considerable attention. The body of the coach, which is drawn by one horse, is of square build, and is painted red below and black above. At the front and on a level with the floor of the coach is stationed the driver's seat, large enough to seat comfortably two persons, but intended for the use of the driver alone. A platform about half the width of the body is at the back and extends the entire height of the coach, having a door on each side by which passengers enter and leave. It is probable that this rear platform will be abandoned, having been found to be an incumbrance. The body is placed upon stationary axles, which are about two feet from the ground and twelve to eighteen inches below the hub of the wheel, to which are connected by upright bars of steel, through which runs a second revolving bar, upon which the wheel turns, the axles, which are connected by two square bars of steel, remaining stationary. The rear axle supports the entire weight of the coach, which is built to carry eight passengers and will be considered full when this number are seated within it. The axles and running gear are of steel, tempered and adjusted. The driver of each coach is dressed in a dark suit, with nickel-plated buttons having a monogram of the company. On his hat is a leather band bearing the words, "Herdic Personal Transportation Company," in gilt letters. The fare is placed by passengers in a sort of Rawson box.

The company has made contracts for building a number of two-horse coaches, to seat sixteen people, which will soon be added to its lines. From the success and popularity which the coaches have received at the very outset, it is stated that the whole city will be fully supplied in less than a year, the vehicles running in every quarter where there is a demand for them, and as often as necessary. The fact that the fare is only five cents and that six tickets are sold for a quarter seems to be not the least satisfactory thing about them in the minds of patrons.

What Our Pensioners Cost.

THE Commissioner of Pensions, in his annual report, shows that on June 30th there were 250,802 persons receiving pensions from the Government, the list being composed of army and navy invalids widows, minor children, etc., surviving soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, and widows from that war. Eight thousand and forty-seven names have been added to the list since last year. During the year 19,545 new pensions were allowed and 1,377 pensioners previously dropped restored; 12,975 were dropped. The annual pensions average $103.34, an aggregate for all of $25,917,906.60. Exclusive of the arrears, the payments for the year amounted to $27,046,185.89, of which $13,468,191.30 was accrued pension in the new cases. The payments of arrears began in May, 1879. There was paid in May and June of that year $3,033,386.63, and $19,980,808.25 during the last fiscal year. The total amount paid out for pensions during the year was $67,026,994.12. Commissioner Bentley estimates that it will require upward of $50,000,000 to pay the pensions for the current year.

The "Passion Play" Financially.

THE financial statistics of the Ober-Ammergau enterprise show that the gross receipts of the village people for their "Passion Play" amounted to 250,000 marks, or about $62,500. Of this sum 120,000 marks would defray expenses and be devoted to certain communal purposes, and the rest be divided among the players (several hundred in number) according to their class of merit—ten to all. Mayer, who had the chief rôle, got 1,000 marks, not a very extravagant stipend for thirty-nine representations. By far the richest source of revenue, however, to the villagers, was the expensive, if rather pristine, hospitality they extended to visitors.

Petroleum in Russia.

A NEW prospect of commercial activity is dawning upon distressed Russia. The 300 miles of railway connecting the Caspian port of Baku with Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, are to be opened for traffic next March. This will at once throw open to the world the splendid petroleum springs of the Baku district, which, though hitherto little used and comparatively unknown, are second to none on the east side of the Atlantic. Many merchants are already in treaty for the best "borer," and the Caucasian railways and Black Sea steamers will amply supply the means of transport. But this relief will come in the burdened Empire not a moment too soon. The sudden coming of Winter, which has frozen up the grain-ships on the Volga, has also prevented the completion of the sowings in Southern Russia, a fact which bodes ill to next year's harvest. The Russian ruble, which has a normal value of 76 cents, has fallen to 48, and this year's budget shows a deficit of fully $36,000,000.

A Grasshopper Jumping Match.

JOHN MACKAY, the mining millionaire, has in his employ at Carson, Nev., an expert named Maurice Hoedich, who always offers to back his opinions by betting. This annoys Mackay, who does not like to be disputed, and is further fretted by the fact that Hoedich usually proves to be in the right. One day Hoedich was playing with an enormous grasshopper. It could jump over twenty feet, and he said, "I'll bet you fifty dollars, Mr. Mackay, dot you can't find a hopper to beat him." The rest of the story, as told by the *Appeal*, is as follows: Mackay sent a trusted emissary down to Carson Valley to secure a contestant. The man spent nearly a week catching hoppers, and reported that the best gait any of them had was seventeen feet. He doubted if a bigger jumper could be secured. The next day he arrived with about a dozen hoppers, and Mackay gave them quarters in his room as Vanderbilt would stable his stud. Each had a cigar-box to himself, and every morning they were taken out and put through their paces. It was impossible, however, to get one to jump over eighteen feet. Mackay was in despair, but one morning a hopper sniffed at a bottle of ammonia on the table, and immediately jumped thirty feet. Next day Mackay announced to Hoedich that he was ready for the match. The expert came an hour before the time with his pet hopper. Not finding Mackay in, he noticed the bottle of ammonia. A light broke upon him. Grabbing the bottle, he rushed to a drug-store, threw away the ammonia, and ordered it filled with chloroform. Mackay soon arrived with half a dozen mining superintendents whom he had invited to see him have some fun with Hoedich. They were scarcely seated when Hoedich came in with a cigar-box under his arm. "I vas a leetle late, Mr. Mackay, but I'm here mit der hopper and der coin." He laid down the money, which was covered promptly. Mackay got behind somebody and let his hopper sniff at the ammonia-bottle, which held Hoedich's chloroform. Time being called, the hoppers were placed side by side on the plazza, and at the word "Go," each was touched on the back with a straw. Hoedich's entry scored twenty-four feet. Mackay's gave a lazy lurch of some four inches, and, folding its legs, fell fast asleep.

A Formidable Torpedo-ship.

THE Danish torpedo-ship *Jordenskjöld*, now approaching completion, will be one of the most powerful men-of-war in the North Sea. The vessel is of a very peculiar design, consisting of a turtle-shaped under-ship, with an arched deck armored with three and a half-inch steel plates. The under-ship has a double bottom, and is divided into twenty-three water-tight compartments, in which the boilers and engines are placed, as well as hydraulic machinery for working the exceptionally heavy ordnance with which the ship is to be armed. From this under-ship what may be called a middle-ship arises, the interior of this being divided into forty water-tight compartments, which are filled with cork, to insure the stability of the vessel even after the sides have been pierced by projectiles. Above this middle-ship, or intermediate portion, stands the upper-ship, in which the crew will be berthed in commodious and well-lighted and ventilated between-decks, and the deck-covering, which forms the upper deck of the whole vessel. In the fore part of the upper-ship is a turret, armored with steel plates eight inches thick, in which a 35½ centimetre (14-inch) Krupp gun, weighing forty-six tons and firing a 1,000-pound projectile, will be mounted, while four lighter Krupp guns will be placed elsewhere on the upper deck. The vessel will also carry two torpedo-boats, and will be fitted with apparatus for discharging Whitehead torpedoes above the water-line. Her length is 215 feet, her breadth forty-two feet, draught of water fourteen feet forward and fifteen feet aft, and her displacement 2,400 tons.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Recent scientific exploration of the Lake of Tiberias by Monsieur Lortet has resulted in the discovery of several new forms of fish and new species of mollusks in this celebrated lake.

The Geographical Society of Vienna appeals for subscriptions for an expedition under Emil Holub, which, starting from Cape Colony, will penetrate to Zambesi and endeavor to reach Egypt through Darfur.

M. de Lesseps states that the opening of the Suez Canal has increased the rainfall in the surrounding country to a remarkable extent. Previous to 1859, rain fell only about once a year, while it now falls at least twice a month.

The Pachymeter, lately patented in Vienna, which measures the thickness of paper to the 1,000th part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer caliper, now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper, or anything else, to the 10,000th of an inch.

An Important Discovery has just been made at Bath, England, in the shape of a perfect Roman bath, some eighty feet long and forty feet wide, the whole of the interior being lined with lead three-quarters of an inch in thickness; the bath is some thirty feet below the level of the present surface.

From Observations made during nearly twenty years in a forest in the Jura, it appears to be proved that—(1) when light strikes the ground without having been sifted by foliage, it stimulates the production of carbonic acid in the soil; that (2) the growth of wood is diminished when the undebrush is so thick and tall as to impede the passage of sunlight to the soil, and its reflex action on the branches of the trees; and (3) that mold is too great a thickness becomes inert, and thus remains many years, as is the case with farmyard manure when too deeply buried.

The President of the Anthropological Institute of London has attempted an explanation of the long-standing puzzling question of the manner in which the huge and heavy stones which stand as monoliths, or in groups as tombs or temples, were lifted into their places. Some of the hill tribes of India still erect big stones as memorials, and it is reported of one of them that they recently carried a stone weighing twenty tons up a high hill in the course of a few hours. The ponderous block was inclosed in a wooden framework so arranged that a large number of men could lift all at once, and to this simple way it was borne to the hilltop, a height of 4,000 feet.

The "Daily News" Naples correspondent writes that in the excavations commenced a short time ago at Villagrande (Sardinia), there have come to light some instruments which are very remarkable if, as believed by competent persons, they belong to the bronze epoch, which, it is asserted, was exceptionally prolonged in this part of the island. The instruments in question are two bronze saws and a four-pronged fork, all said to have been found in the same repository. Near Taranto, in some new excavations opened in the vicinity of former ones, there have been found twenty-two skeletons, each in its respective tomb, not far below the surface of the ground. The tombs are all dug in the rock, disposed in various positions, and covered with square slabs of stone. Some of them were capable of holding two corpses.

Some of the Most Eminent scientific men now accept the view taken by Adhemar, namely, that continents have not been depressed, but overflowed by the ocean. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the mass of water is transferred from one hemisphere to the other in 10,500 years, and the sun remains eight days longer in one hemisphere than in the other. At the present time the Winters of the Southern Pole are eight days longer than with us; the ice continent has consequently formed there, and the mass of the ocean is to be found in the southern hemisphere, and the ice covers a space upon and around the South Pole more than twice the area of Europe. The extreme of cold at the Antarctic Pole was reached about 600 years ago, since which time the climate has been becoming milder, while that north of the Equator has been growing colder.

Some of the German and Russian rail mills employ, it is stated, an ingenious method of overcoming the difficulty of cutting red or nearly white-hot rails, so that they may be all of the same length when cold. According to this plan, the rails are looked at through a dark glass; when they have cooled to a certain temperature, they cannot be perceived; and if, therefore, a dark-blue or an orange yellow glass is used, the rails may still be at a red glow, but the light radiated from them does not reach the eye. It may be considered that the light from two rails, observed through the same dark glass, disappears at the same temperature, and thus a rule is obtained for cooling the rails to the same perfect and identical gauge. In carrying out the method, each rail is allowed to cool until it can no longer be seen through the dark glass, and is then cut. This mode has now been in use for some time with good results.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER is expected at Belgrade shortly, to enter upon his duties as Minister of the United States to Servia.

KING KALAKAUA of the Sandwich Islands is reported to have expressed an intention of soon revisiting this country.

THE body of Mr. Pascal Smith, a millionaire of St. Paul, Minn., has been found on the Marseilles (French) coast. He is supposed to have committed suicide.

MR. IRVING, the actor, is rehearsing a new play by TENNYSON, in which he expects to have great success. Edwin Booth has had a great success as "Richelieu" in London.

THADDEUS STEVENS'S estate is now nearly settled, and it is believed that there will be enough to pay the bequest of $50,000 for the founding of an asylum for orphan children.

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE, Charles B. Slater and Jesse R. Crawford have been declared not guilty of charges of perjury in connection with the Pennsylvania riot bribery cases.

MLLE. MARIE FELIX BLANC, the daughter of "Monsieur" Blanc, and the bride of Prince Roland Bonaparte, is described as a pretty young lady, intelligent, and a composer of excellent music.

IT is reported to be likely that Dr. Chapin will become Pastor Emeritus of the Church of the Divine Paternity of New York City, and that Dr. Ryder, of Chicago, will succeed to the active pastorate.

IT is expected in London that important results to telegraphy will follow the tour around the world of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, notwithstanding the urgent declarations of Mr. Field that he is only traveling for his own amusement.

DURING his year in office the late Lord Mayor of London, Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, entertained no less than 17,000 people, mostly persons of distinction, at the various public banquets, dejeuners and reunions at which it is his duty to preside.

GENERAL SIR FREDERIC ROBERTS, the hero of Candahar, has accepted invitations to attend no less than eleven complimentary banquets, to be given in due time. The General will be present at one in Dublin on the 16th of December. He is now visiting the Queen at Windsor Castle.

THE little chapel which stands over the grave of M. Thiers is so filled with tributary wreaths and bouquets of immortelles that they overflow, and have to be hung about the walls outside. On the door of the chapel hang a photograph of the dead statesman and a short sketch of his life.

THE Empress Augusta of Germany is reported to consider the match of her grandson, Prince William, with Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein as altogether beneath his just pretensions, and she is said to be wroth with the boy's other grandmother, Queen Victoria, for encouraging him in his courtship.

MR. J. Q. A. WARD'S model of the statue of General Morgan has gone to Philadelphia to be cast in bronze. The hero of Cowpens is represented standing in a fighting attitude, with a drawn sword in hand. The casting, it is thought, will be finished by February 22d, and the statue is to be unveiled at Spartanburg, S. C., on April 15th.

JAMES L. PUGH, the new Alabama Senator, was born in Georgia sixty-one years ago, and went to Alabama to live when he was four years old. He was left an orphan when eleven years old, and while still a youth he carried a frontier mail two days in the week in order to earn enough to pay his school expenses the rest of the time. He is said to be a man of exceptional ability.

DR. THOMAS WOOD, chief surgeon of the Cincinnati Hospital, has just died from the effects of blood-poison, resulting from his attendance upon the wounded of a recent railway accident in Ohio. Just after the battle of Shiloh, Dr. Wood was of great service in the field and in the hospitals, and at this time lost part of a finger through blood-poisoning, his life being saved with difficulty.

LOUISE MICHEL, the heroine of the Commune, was a handsome woman of twenty-seven when sent to New Caledonia eight or nine years ago. When she returned to Paris the other day, she was a worn and haggard woman, who looked at least fifty years old, and whose raven hair had turned to gray. Her eyes were very dark and sweet, but seemed too habituated to express suffering to look glad.

COLONEL HIRAM FULLER, who thirty years ago was well known in New York as editor of the *Evening Mirror*, and Naval Storekeeper in the Custom House, died on November 13th in Paris. He had resided principally in Europe during the last twenty years, and had been connected both in London and Paris with several journals which were issued in aid of American interests. He published a volume some years ago descriptive of his European travels.

DESPITE the disturbed condition of Ireland, which gives Queen Victoria so much trouble, the Empress of Austria, relying with reason on her personal popularity there, proposes once more, as she has already done for two years in succession, to take her establishment and sail to Ireland and enjoy a Winter's hunting. As Queen Victoria has not been over-civil to the Empress, it may even gratify her Imperial Majesty's feminine instincts to show herself more at home there than the Queen.

THE first consecration of an Episcopal bishop in St. Louis, and the third west of the Mississippi, took place on November 21st at Christ Church. The new bishop is the Rev. G. K. Dunlap, for some years in charge of Grace Church, at Kirkwood, Mo. He will reside in Santa Fé, his diocese including Arizona and New Mexico. Bishop Whipple of Minnesota conducted the ceremony. The bishop-elect was presented by Bishop Robertson, of Missouri, and Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska. Bishop Spaulding, of Colorado, preached the ordination sermon. Bishops Burgess, of Quincy; Perry, of Iowa, and Seymour, of Springfield, participated in the services.

OBITUARY.—Hon. James D. Williams, Governor of Indiana, died at Indianapolis November 20th, aged 72; Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, in London, on the 20th, aged 78; the Abbot Helferstorfer, Land Marshal of Austria, at Vienna, on the 20th; Lord Ormidale, a well-known Scottish Lord of Session, at Jedburgh, aged 78; Professor James C. Watson, the eminent scientist and the astronomer of the State University of Wisconsin, at Madison, on the 23d, aged 42; Leon Cogniet, a celebrated French painter, at Paris, on the 23d, aged 86; Dr. Isaac A. Nichols, for many years health physician of Newark, N. J., and a prominent Freemason, on the 22d, aged 53; Commander S. B. Ames, United States Navy, on the 23d, aged 49; William R. Floyd, a popular actor of Wallack's Theatre, on the 24th, aged 48; Judge David Chambers, a prominent citizen of Burlington, N. J., on the 24th, aged 79; Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis, the American authoress, at London, on the 23d, aged 56. Commodore R. B. Lowry, United States Navy, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on the 25th, aged 54.

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SECRETAIRE MADE FROM THE TIMBERS OF THE BRITISH ARCTIC SHIP "RESOLUTE," AND PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A WRITING-DESK WITH A HISTORY.

ON Tuesday, November 23d, there was received and unpacked, at the White House, a large box, **which was found to contain a massive desk or writing-table, a present from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States. It is a magnificent** specimen of British handicraft, is elaborately carved out of white oak, and weighs 1,300 pounds. Upon a smooth panel is the following inscription:

"Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, forming part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, in 1852, was abandoned in latitude 74 degrees 41 minutes, longitude 101 degrees 22 minutes west, on the 15th of May, 1854. She was discovered and extricated in September, 1855, in latitude 67 degrees north, by Captain Buddington, of the United States whaler *George Henry*. She was purchased, fitted out and sent to England as a gift to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by the President and people of the United States, as a token of goodwill and friendship. This **table was made from her timbers when she was broken up, and is presented by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to the President of the United States, as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the *Resolute*."**

The history of the *Resolute*, the famous Arctic exploring vessel, is full of interest and romance. Originally a merchant vessel, she was purchased by the British Government for Arctic service, and was one of the four vessels which, in May, 1854, Sir E. Belcher, who had been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, found himself compelled to abandon off Melville Island, the ship being so completely blocked in by the ice that it was deemed impossible for her ever again to be moved. The crew reached home safely with their companions from the other vessels, but the *Resolute* was looked upon as lost until, in the Summer of the following year, she was discovered off the coast of Labrador by an American whaling vessel, the *George Henry*, whose captain, Buddington, took her to New London, where, the British Government having abandoned all claims to the vessel, she was bought by order of the American Congress, and, after being thoroughly repaired and equipped, was sent across the Atlantic as a present to Queen Victoria, who went to Southampton to receive the gift in person.

The design for the secretaire is the work of a wood-joiner employed at the dockyard at Chatham, England, where the *Resolute* was broken up. The top is covered with morocco, bordered and embossed. The front panels contain carved medallion portraits of Her Majesty and the President of the United States; the side panels, Arctic subjects, also in relief; and the space at the back of the table, corresponding with the front panels, is furnished with a set of six drawers on either side, the handles of which are formed by two hands—male and female—grasping each other, symbolic of the goodwill existing between the heads of the two countries. The top cornices of the eight corner pedestals were appropriated to carved representations of the Arctic and Antarctic circles and the American and English flags crossed, while busts of celebrated Arctic explorers support the cornices.

MINNESOTA.—FATAL BURNING OF THE INSANE ASYLUM AT ST. PETER, NOVEMBER 15TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. HOLTES.—SEE PAGE 259.

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RIGHT HON. W. McARTHUR, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

RIGHT. HON. W. McARTHUR.

MR. ALDERMAN McARTHUR, M. P., the new Lord Mayor of London, is descended from a Scotch family settled in the North of Ireland, being the eldest son of the late Rev. J. McArthur, a Wesleyan minister, and brother of Mr. Alexander McArthur, M. P. for Leicester. He commenced business in the town of Londonderry, where he became a member of the Corporation, and served on various local boards and institutions. In 1857 he went to London, and since then his business has so prospered that he is now well known, not only as one of the merchant princes of the metropolis, but also as a great philanthropist, and an earnest and energetic politician. In 1867 he served as one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and in the following year first entered Parliament as one of the members for the borough of Lambeth (having some three years earlier unsuccessfully contested Pontefract, in the Liberal interest), and was again returned at the general elections of 1874 and this year. His politics are of the advanced order: he takes great interest in the welfare of the working classes, is a supporter of Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill, and an active member of the Aborigines' Protection Society. He is also a member of the Reform and City Liberal Clubs, and it is in a great measure to his efforts that Londoners are indebted for the freeing of the Thames bridges from toll. He has also given much attention to Colonial questions, and in 1878, when he made a lengthy visit to Australia, he was received there with every demonstration of welcome. Besides being an Alderman of London and Commissioner of Lieutenancy, he is a Magistrate of Surrey, chairman of the Star Assurance Society, and a director of the City Bank, of the Bank of Australasia and of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, and treasurer of the Surrey Dispensary.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE NEW "HOME" OF GRACE CHURCH.

AN addition to the buildings now standing upon the Grace Church property on Broadway has been recently constructed, which binds the church and rectory edifices together in a tasteful manner. The new building, known as the "Home," is in the latest decorated Gothic style, corresponding to that of the main buildings. Its greatest depth is 64 feet, and its greatest breadth 47 feet. The front is 29 feet, and of white marble, three stories high, with window traceries similar to those of the church. An octagon tower, 61 feet high, breaks the straight lines of the façade. The roof will be of slate. The rear of the structure is two stories high, of marble, with Gothic dormer windows. The first story contains a study for the rector, a vestry-room, a choir-room, and a large storeroom. The second story is divided into rooms for the use of societies of the Church. In the upper story are the sexton's quarters. The stairways are fireproof. There is also a **rear entrance from Fourth Avenue through property owned by the Church. The actual cost of construction is set at $27,000.**

REV. CHARLES N. SIMS, D. D.

REV. CHARLES N. SIMS, D.D., Chancellor-elect of Syracuse University, was born in Union County, Ind., in 1835. He is the son of a pioneer farmer, and helped to clear the land and earn the purchase money of the homestead. At thirteen he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which his father was a class-leader. At seventeen he began teaching district school in Winter after the Summer farm-work was done, saving his earnings to use in his education. At nineteen he entered the preparatory department of the Indiana Asbury University, from which institution he graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1858. While at college he boarded himself, and earned the means with which to meet his expenses by sawing wood, lighting lamps and teaching classes in term time, and teaching district and village schools during the hot months of the Summer vacations.

Before graduating he was made Principal of the Thorntown (Ind.) Academy, and retained his college class position by studying alone and passing private examinations before the faculty. One year after graduation he received the honorary degree of A. M. from the Ohio Wesleyan University.

In 1860 he was elected President, and took charge, of the Valparaiso (Ind.) Male and Female College, where he remained for two years; but his health becoming impaired by overwork, he resigned this position in 1862 and entered the field of pastoral work, in which he has continued until the present. He preached in Indiana for eight years, filling the principal stations of his denomination in the cities of Richmond, Wabash, Evansville and Indianapolis. In 1870 he began moving eastward, being stationed successively at Madison Avenue, Baltimore; St. Paul's, Newark, N. J.; Simpson and Summerfield churches in Brooklyn.

He received the degree of D. D. from Asbury University in 1870. In 1875 he was tendered the presidency of the Illinois Wesleyan University, but declined it. In 1879 he wrote "The Life of Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D.," one of the missionary secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was published by the Methodist Book Concern.

He will remain in charge of Summerfield Church until the close of the present conference year, next April, and will then enter upon the duties of his new position.

Syracuse University, founded in 1870, is the only Methodist University in the State of New York. At the present time it has property and endowment amounting to $500,000, including fine buildings and a campus of fifty acres. Three colleges are in successful operation within the University, viz., Liberal Arts, Medicine and Fine Arts. The latter has courses of study in architecture, music, painting and drawing. There are at present over 300 students in attendance. Its former chancellors were Dr. Alexander Winchell and Bishop E. O. Haven.



THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD IN SCULPTURE.—THE HAMILTON MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK.

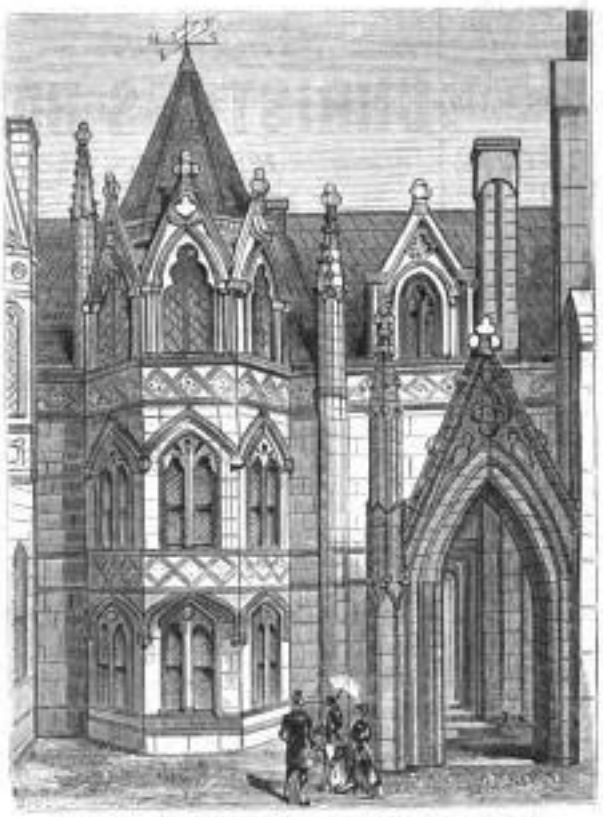


REV. CHARLES N. SIMS, D.D.—FROM A PHOTO. BY D. GARBER.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD IN SCULPTURE.

THE HAMILTON STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE heroic granite statue of Alexander Hamilton, by Charles Conrads, was unveiled on Monday, November 22d. It is the gift of John C. Hamilton, and is erected on the rising ground on the right of the main eastern drive, to the northwest of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and almost due north of the site of the obelisk. Hamilton is represented standing bareheaded, in the act of speaking, in the costume of Revolutionary days, and wearing on his left breast the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati. In his left hand he holds a roll of manuscript, which lies on the top of a plain, rounded column. His right hand rests in natural action and position in the turn of his waistcoat. The left foot is well advanced, and the weight of the body falls on the right leg. The expressive face, which the donor is well satisfied with, is turned to the right. The sculptor has represented his subject as in his prime. The coat is of the long-tailed, no-collar shape; the shirtfront and wristbands are ruffled, and the high cravat many-folded. Mr. Hamilton wears kneebreeches, silk stockings and low-cut buckle shoes. His hair, which curls off his high forehead, is tied behind in a queue. The pose of the figure is dignified and graceful—that of a gentleman. The action, as the statesman turns to speak, is very natural: it is that of consummate ease of manner, of courtly dignity. One great charm of the work is its simplicity, its lack of incumbering and unnecessary accessories and details. As to the success of the statue as a piece of portraiture there can scarcely be more satisfactory evidence than the statement already made, that the venerable son of the subject, expressed himself as highly pleased



ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.—NEW "HOME" OF GRACE CHURCH.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW HERDIC COACHES JUST INTRODUCED INTO PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 239.

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with its faithfulness. On the molding, below the die of the granite base, lie on a sash, a sword, its scabbard and a three-cornered hat with a cockade. At the corners below are rosettes in low relief, while along the upper edge of the pedestal are distributed at intervals thirteen stars. The polished inscription on the die is simply "Hamilton," while below are the words, "Presented by John C. Hamilton, 1880." The total height of the statue and its pedestal is about eighteen feet.

MADAME JULIA RIVE-KING.

FOREMOST as a *pianiste* of extraordinary power stands Madame Julia Rivé-King, with whose charming and artistic performances the American musical public is now happily becoming intimately acquainted. Madame Rive-King, who is a native of Ohio, has been a musician from her cradle, and at the tender age of eight years performed one of Thalberg's difficult *morceaux* to an astonished and enthusiastic audience. When she reached fifteen she visited Europe, where she studied under the immortal Liszt at Weimar. Her *début* took place at Leipsig, when she bounded as it were into success. Her first performance in New York created quite a *furore*, and, with the exception of Rubinstein, never was a pianist received with more earnest enthusiasm. Her touch and tone are full of vigor, and she plays with deep musical insight and feeling, with perfect repose, and entirely from memory. As regards her musical conception and *technique* and manner, she distances all competitors, while all through her performances runs an indescribable *chic*, which no *artiste*, not even in Europe, possesses in common with her. Madame Rivé-King, during the last six years, has performed at over five hundred concerts and recitals. She was the soloist of the New York Philharmonic in the last concert that the late Carl Bergmann conducted, and has since been engaged as soloist at all the principal concerts given by the most distinguished musical societies throughout the Eastern and Western States, amongst which we may mention the Theodore Thomas Concerts, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, the Harvard Symphony Concerts, Boston; the University Symphony Concerts, Cambridge; the Peabody Symphony Concerts, Baltimore, etc. Liszt has never found a truer exponent of his "inner melody," and to hear his pupil, Madame Rivé-King, give her brilliant and striking interpretation of his Hungarian *fantasie* is, indeed, a halting-place "for sweet-sounding memory."

Madame Rivé has invariably chosen a Steinway piano to perform upon. Go to the uttermost ends of the earth, and wherever civilization is at its best, you will find a Steinway piano. It is the dream of all debutantes, the promise exacted from *petit-jeunesse* for the seventeenth birthday gift, the essential present upon the marriage day! If the Messrs. Steinway did not turn out a super-excellent article, fashion is not so blind as to award it the palm, for musical critics are hard-hitters, and a piano "off color" is worse than a crime; to use Lord Beaconsfield's phrase—it's a mistake. Every leading artist, when about to appear before the public, asks if a Steinway can be had for love or money, and when the small word "Yes" is pronounced, the artist feels that half the victory is gained already. Messrs. Steinway are gold and silver, and bronze and copper medalists. Their pianos have borne off the palm in the well-fought fields of the World's Fairs, and the pre-eminence has been won honestly and on the merits.

The Police of Paris.

ONE whole branch of the police, numbering some 200 employés, is devoted entirely to private investigations and inquiries for families—how to rescue a member from evil courses, how to protect respectable people from scandalous extortion, so commonly practiced under the well-known name of *chantage*. The Prefecture, as a general rule, knows most things. It is the repository of the secrets of half Paris. Thanks to that indefatigable, painstaking industry which is so marked a characteristic of French official life, and which is especially noticeable in the Prefecture of Police, its *personnel* has at its disposal a vast mass of information, all admirably indexed and ready for immediate use. These archives, many of which ranged back more than a hundred years, did not survive the fury of the Commune. On the 24th of May, 1871, the Prefecture, with its records, was nearly destroyed. But directly order was re-established, a determined effort was made to build up the whole documentary fabric anew. The task was gigantic, the toil it entailed incessant, and yet it was finished within three years. To reconstitute the *casiers judiciaires*, each of which is a criminal biography containing a full description of the individual, with all his convictions, it was necessary to ransack the registers of tribunals and prisons throughout France for a period of fifty years. This vast undertaking was, however, successfully accomplished; and, although less complete than the collection they replace, the new archives already meet all requirements, and will soon be as perfect as the old.

THE THEATRES.

OUR theatres are now in full swing, and doing what is vulgarly termed a "roaring business."

"Daniel Rochat," at the Union Square, is drawing large houses, and on its merits. The acting of Mr. Thorne in the title-rôle is deserving of the highest commendation.

Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre is nightly crammed by the laughter-loving folk who delight in "Revels."

Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre is devoted to the classical, and John McCullough is filling the house by his masterful impersonations of Shakespearean characters.

Haverly's Niblo's Garden indulges the public with the gorgeous dazzle of "Enchantment," which has been reproduced with a magnificence seldom equaled. The dancing of Adèle Cornalba alone is a thing of beauty.

NEW BOOKS.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., the eminent publishers, of Philadelphia, have just issued four works, each more or less remarkable, and possessing an interest all its own. "The Mosaics of Life," in poetry and prose, is a work by Elseth A. Thurston, who has performed her compilation in a truly mosaic manner, blending her ideas with rare ingenuity, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," till the reader loses the outlines, and allows the waves of both poetry and prose to break gently "o'er the crags of the mind." The selection is admirable, while the toning betrays a keen sense of the harmonies of selection. The letter-press and illustrations are all that could be desired. "The Beef Bonanza; Or, How to Get Rich on the Plains," by General James S. Brisbin, U.S.A., is a vivid description of cattle-growing, sheep-farming, horse-raising and dairying in the West. The General, in this graphic volume, shows us that the plains of the West, instead of being barren and worthless as early geographers supposed, have become one of the richest portions of our public domain, while the vast beef resources they contain is the fit subject of this interesting volume before us. General Brisbin gives us chapters on Great Lands and Great Owners; the Money to be Made; the Millions in Beef; "Great Opportunities"; Good Pasture Lands; Montana; Cattle-raising in Colorado, etc., and each chapter bristles with information begotten of a twelve years' residence with three manifold experiences. "Until Ora," a metrical romance, by M. B. M. Toland, author of "Sir Rae." This is a charmingly gotten-up volume of very agreeable poesie. It does not aim at the nice naughtiness of Swinburne, nor yet at the masterful couplets of Tennyson, but the story is told in smooth even verse, exceedingly polished and of good, sound quality. The illustrations are numerous and well executed. "Drifting," by T. Buchanan Read, is a bit of æstheticism, and one that reflects credit on "coltchaw" all round. *Imprimis*, the covers are "sone poems" in themselves—the silver flower, with its golden centre in the sepia-brown. Then the tinted paper so rich, so creamy so delightful to the eye. Then the letter-press artistic from capital letter to comma, and those wide margins so suggestive of easy-chair reading and *dolce far niente*. The designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey would reflect lustre upon the pencil of greater in the craft, while the poems are quite in keeping with their æsthetic surroundings.

FUN.

IF Margaret is a "nut brown maid," can she be pet-named nut Meg, for want of a grater?

"AN editor out West was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, and when he departed the jailer asked him to give the prison a puff."

CHILDHOOD'S INNOCENCE.—Somebody gave little Augustus two toys. "I will give this one to my dear little sister," he said, showing the largest. "Because it is the prettiest?" said the delighted mamma. "No," he replied, without hesitation; "because it's broken."

"BAD cess to it!" exclaimed Mike O'Flaherty, upon learning that Garfield was elected. "Sure, an' now we'll be ruined by Chinese cheap labor." When asked where he worked, Mike replied: "I haven't wrought a shtroke for five years, but me old woman takes in washin', and Garfield wants the hay-then Chinee to take the bread out of our mouths."

A CROSS-EYED passenger got off the Main Central train at Auburn, the other day, whipped out of his pocket a piece of chalk, and marked a good sized white cross on one of the elegant coaches. He then asked his way to the "pump" and filled himself with aqueduct water. When the old gentleman had shuffled back to the train some one asked him why he had put the chalk mark on the car. "My wife told me," said he, "not to git off the train at all for fear I might git in the wrong keers. I thought I'd put a mark on the train so I should know it was the right one."

SOME colored philosopher in the crowd remarked that the telegraph could travel fast. Old uncle Mose spoke up: "Mebbe so, but you can't prove it by dis called witness." Jim Webster replied: "You do sumfin and light out for the interior of de State, and you'll fine out ef de telegraf don't outtrabble yer. I'se had some 'xperience in dat ar telegraf line." "Mebbe so," said old Mose, "but I paid two dollars for a message to my boy Jake, up in Austin, to send twenty dollars. Dat's fourteen years ago, and de money hasn't got hoam yit. Does yer call dat ar quickness?"

"I DON'T believe there's any need of a minister going to college," remarked Mrs. Goodington, in a disputatious mood, the other evening. "A man can preach the doctrine of salvation without a universal education. It is well enough for a physician to have an epidemic training: they need it. But a man can expound the Scriptures without being a college Columbus, as Parson Jones's son calls himself. The old parson was never known to go around talking of his alum water." All saw how fast the good old lady's knitting-needles flew, and all knew it would be idle to take issue with her. Her mind was evidently made up.

WE direct attention to the advertisement in another column of the celebrated YORK COTTAGE ORGANS. They are sold on easy terms and are said to be very popular. The sales of these organs are said to have doubled during the last year.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

THE MARCUS WARD & Co. Holiday Cards and New Year's Calendars, advertised in another column, are exquisite in design, coloring, and finish. No higher praise can be given than the fact that they are fully up to the high standard of this house, whose art publications and Royal Irish Linen paper have long been known and unrivaled in every portion of the civilized world.

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THE pleasure of a stranger in visiting a great city is largely dependent on the hotel where he stops. None can be so unhesitatingly recommended as the ST. NICHOLAS. In the very centre of life and business, superbly kept according to the modern idea of a palatial hotel, every attention is exhausted to subserve the enjoyment of the fastidious guest. The rates have been reduced in accordance with the general tendency of the times.

A SIMPLE trial of DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE convinces the most obstinate of its superior health-giving qualities. It is a perfect Blood Purifier, changes the constitution suffering from general debility into one of vigorous health, and enriches and reddens the blood. Manufactured by its author and sole proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M. D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia. All druggists and dealers in medicines keep it.

THROUGH a number of years the H. W. JOHNS M'F'G Co. have established an enviable reputation for making liquid paints that are remarkable for their durability and beauty. Their ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS have real merit, and all who contemplate painting their farm and other buildings should bear this in mind. We can gladly refer the reader to our recommendations of this firm and its paints in the pat.—*American Agriculturist, Nov., 1880.*

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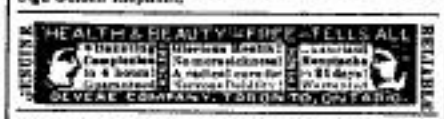
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The Double Holiday Number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *which will be issued December 15th, will be especially attractive both in its literary and artistic features. It will contain original stories, appropriate to the season, by Jane G. Austin, J. Esten Cooke, Nugent Robinson, Ella W. Pierce, and other favorite writers; also two original poems; and the illustrations will include two double-page pictures—one entitled, "A Nineteenth Century Christmas in an Old Ladies' Home," and the other, "A Fifteenth Century Christmas Tournament"; "Nuns Dressing up the Crib for Christmas," "The Salutation on Christmas Morn," "The Dream of Sister Agnes," etc. Persons desiring the extra Holiday Number should send in their orders at once. Single copies, 15 cents each.*

WHO OWNS THE RAILROADS?

JUDGE BLACK'S letter to the Railroad Transportation Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce pours a flood of light upon a subject which just now sadly needs illumination. There is no more important issue in the immediate future than that which falls between the people's rights and the interests of those giant corporations that have stretched their iron lines across the continent and into every corner of every State. The gradual building up of railroad monopolies, the consolidation of powerful interests, the slow but steady encroachment upon private rights are insensibly accompanied by a gradual surrender on the part of the people. Resistance weakens as aggression becomes a familiar thing. It is easier to let rights go by default than to maintain them against skilled combinations so much wealthier and more powerful than any one voter. Only when the encroachments proceed to the degree of obvious outrage are the people stirred from their comfortable apathy. Then the result is seldom doubtful.

But before matters get to this point there is need of much clear exposition, such as Judge Black furnishes. How far are the railway corporations the absolute owners of their lines? To what extent do the franchises bestowed by the State Legislatures give them title to the roads which they operate? Are they uncontrollable in the exercise of their vested powers? Can the States interfere when passenger and freight tariffs that appear unreasonable are exacted of customers? What authority is to determine finally between the reasonable and the unreasonable? How shall lines occupying territory in two or several States, holding charters from distinct sources of power, be regulated for the common good?

These are questions which involve abstract principles of law and common justice. The abstract principles are things to which the great majority of citizens, more interested in the practical question of daily bread and butter, are apt to be indifferent. But the daily bread and butter comes in here, too. Every man, woman and child between Maine and Texas is affected by the subject. And to give these men, women and children their bread at a fair price, it is necessary to go to the bottom principles governing the relations of the railroad companies to the sovereign power.

It is the policy of the railroad companies to encourage the theory that they own their lines as a butcher owns his meat-shop, and have the same right to charge their own price for transportation as the butcher has to ask what he pleases for the beef he exposes for sale. Judge Black shows that a railroad laid out and built by State authority for commerce is a public highway, and is not and cannot be private property. The companies holding franchises are merely the agents of the State, intrusted with the performance of a public duty, and allowed to demand a fair profit for the work done. "If the company," he says, "may charge what it pleases, then the road is not a public highway; the public has no right in it at all, and the charter which authorizes the taking of land to build it is unconstitutional and void." As soon as the agents fail in the satisfactory performance of their functions, the State has the right to bring them back to duty and to prevent partiality or extortion. If the State has not this right and power, then the original charters were unconstitutional and are void.

In short, the railroads are public property, in which all citizens have equal rights. They must submit to supervision from the State Governments. If they refuse to submit, they confess themselves trespassers on the public lands, and they may be driven off like any other trespassers. The power of regulation remains with the State Governments. In the case of roads extending over different States, the power is with the Federal Government. A clause of the Constitution of the United States expitcitly provides that the regulation of inter-State commerce shall be in the hands of Congress.

The proposition that the railroads belong to the people, not to the capitalists who furnish the money to buy the iron rails, the wooden sleepers, and the locomotives and other rolling stock, will strike many readers as a startling one. Nevertheless, it is sound, and based not only upon public policy, but also upon common and constitutional law. Of course, the interest of the corporations has been to obscure as much as possible the principles involved. These principles are imperfectly understood by the mass of the people, and they have even been overlooked in judicial decisions. It behooves the people to keep them in view.

Remember, therefore, that although the stockholders have furnished money for construction and equipment, the people, through their Legislatures, have furnished what is much more valuable. The value of the railroad properties does not depend alone on the amount of cash invested. Far more important than the dollars and cents that come from the stockholders' pockets is the franchise that gives the right of way, the right to take lands, the right to monopolize traffic and receive tolls. The franchise is the peoples' investment in the enterprise. It is indispensable to the enterprise, and so long as it is operated, the people who conferred it have the power to see that it is not abused.

The problem which Judge Black has treated so luminously is pressing for settlement. The great trunk lines, vital organs in our national life, are just coming to be controlled by a few monopolists, who gain in arrogance as they find that their grasping policy does not meet with prompt chastisement. The entire railway system is becoming a system of wholesale robbery. Once in a while the growing evil inspires an agitation like that of the Western Grangers a few years ago. That movement was founded on just principles, but it miscarried in its main objects because politicians turned it to their own purposes. Every year there is more and more said in favor of Governments assuming the ownership of the roads, as in Belgium, and operating them as the post-office is operated. That is not the true remedy. The political evils which would attend such a change are sufficiently apparent. We do not want Government railroads. What we do want, and what we can have, is railroads operated by corporations as public agents, and strictly watched and stringently regulated by Government for the benefit of the people.

OUR IMPORTS OF SPECIE.

THE enormous influx of specie from Europe is one of the most interesting features of the financial situation at the present time. Our imports of specie have shown a very large increase within a few weeks, and it is not unlikely that the total for the calendar year will equal eventually that of last year. During the fiscal year ending June 30th our imports of specie—mainly gold—exceeded the exports by $75,891,000; since January 1st they have reached $54,311,844, against $18,592,891 during the same period in 1878, and only $13,206,073 in 1877; and it may be added that $3,000,000 more gold are afloat for this port and due within a week.

As an illustration of the enormous increase in our supply of specie within two years, it may be stated that the estimated amount of gold and silver coin and bullion in the United States now is $454,012,030 in gold and $158,271,327 in silver. In 1860 our exports of specie exceeded the imports by $57,996,000; in 1864 by $92,280,000, and as late as 1875 by $71,231,000; while even for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, there was a difference against us of $4,701,000. These figures, it may be explained, include silver. It is worth remembering that the balance in our favor for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, was $167,508,359; and another notable fact in regard to our commerce is that for the year alluded to, the value of the imports and exports of merchandise together amounted to no less than $1,503,679,000, or about 80 per cent. more than the trade in 1870, and 120 per cent. in excess of that in 1860.

The present large imports of gold are partly the result of enormous exports of merchandise, and partly of an increasing demand from foreign capitalists for our securities, more especially Government bonds. The drain has been largely from the continent of Europe, and more particularly of late from France; though, of course, the imports from Great Britain have also been large. There is an unusually large amount of idle capital in all the monetary centres of the world, and the increase in the earnings of our railroads, it is pleasing to know, is encouraging capitalists to invest a portion of their funds in this direction as well as in our Government securities. The earnings of our principal railroads for the ten months of this year, ending October 30th, reached the imposing aggregate of $175,933,000, or an increase compared with the corresponding period last year of nearly $38,000,000. These facts naturally encourage legitimate investment in railroad properties; and it should not be forgotten that a large amount of Government securities will fall due the coming year, and that the supply of money to be invested will thus be increased. The growing favor with which our Government and railroad securities are regarded in Europe, together with our large exports of merchandise, and the likelihood that the supply of money seeking investment will be increased rather than diminished, will probably protect the money-market from the manipulations of those who would be glad to produce a stringency. It remains to be seen how the situation will be affected by the fact that the supply of national bank notes is on the decrease, owing to the present high prices of Government bonds. There are alarmists, too, who assert that the large drain of gold from Europe, if it continues much longer, will produce a panic there, which, of course, would injure us; that these enormous importations of specie which are now producing an inflation of our money supply will inevitably lead in the course of a year to a material rise in prices of all kinds of merchandise; that a large falling off in the exports will result, while the importations will correspondingly increase through the abundance of money and a larger demand for European luxuries, and that the two influences will combine to set the stream of gold flowing out instead of in.

These theories represent the other side of the case, and are given for what they are worth. The general feeling is certainly one of hopefulness and confidence.

FRANK LESLIE'S WILL SUSTAINED.

THE will of the late Frank Leslie, which has been contested by two of his sons and one of his grandchildren, was admitted to probate on Thursday last by Surrogate Calvin, in an elaborate opinion covering every point of contest. Mr. Leslie's will bequeathed his entire property, including all his rights in his several publications, and the right to use his name, to his wife, Miriam Florence Leslie, and stipulated that, subject to the obligations of the assignment to the creditors, she should take the place which, in the business of the house, he held at the time of his decease. The probate of the will was resisted by his sons, on the ground that Mr. Leslie was unduly influenced by his wife in executing the document in her favor, and that he was incapable of disposing of his property, being of unsound mind. Abstaining from all comment in the matter, we give below the essential points of the decision of the Surrogate:

The testimony in the case uncontradicted, afforded by the circumstances attending the preparation and execution of the will in 1878, in Mrs. Leslie's absence, the terms thereof, together with the circumstances which accompanied the instructions, the preparation and the execution of the instrument propounded, and its concurrence with his oft-repeated expression of his testamentary purpose, and, above all, the well-attested fact that Mrs. Leslie, even during decedent's last illness, strove to procure interviews for the contestants with their father, and to ameliorate his stubborn dissatisfaction with them on account of their unjust and unfilial treatment of him and his wife, and the general fact that decedent was an independent, self-asserting business man of large and varied experience, who obstinately refused all overtures to bring about a reconciliation between him and the contestants—all concur in establishing the fact in my satisfaction, that the instrument was executed by the decedent when he was free from unlawful influence or restraint.

The only question still left for consideration and determination is whether, at the time when the instrument offered was executed by the decedent, he was of sound and disposing mind and memory, or of unsound mind generally, or by reason of his entertaining an insane delusion as to the conduct of his sons, or as to the obligation he was under to the proponent, his wife.

The two facts which are alleged by the contestants to establish the general mental unsoundness of the decedent are that of late years, after he had given instructions as to the plan of the Paper he would change the plan, and deny that he had given instructions otherwise; and that by one witness the decedent after a severe injury evinced a morbid fear of death, changed color and looked terrified; and upon the assumption of the truth of these two statements experts were of the opinion that they indicated unsoundness of mind. These experts certainly make a very weak case of general mental unsoundness in the absence of any contradictory testimony. But Mr. E. N. Dickerson, who was very intimately acquainted with decedent, who drew the will, as well as a former similar will, and who very often conversed with decedent upon the subject of his business litigations, family relations, and motives for making the will as he did, saw nothing in the decedent indicating any impairment or derangement of his mental faculties, and observed a remarkable calmness on his part when informed that he must die. The testimony of Drs. Thomson and Sims, both eminent in their profession, who had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Leslie through his last illness, and had ample opportunity to observe all his mental manifestations, observed nothing of an irrational character. The clear testimony of Rev. Dr. Deems to his intelligent coherence and rationality, and his failure to observe anything peculiar or abnormal, though his intercourse with decedent was intimate and his opportunities of knowledge abundant; the testimony of Messrs. Foster and Shea, who for many years had known and associated intimately in continuous business transactions with decedent, understood his methods, explained the necessities and proprieties of his changes of plan and his mode of rebuking those who did inferior work for him, and who observed no change in his mental manifestations up to his last illness, nor in his apt counsel, and the clear intelligence, coherence and prudent forecast and wise counsel to his wife, evinced in his dictation to Mrs. Pierce, and the reasonable inference to be derived from his continued activity in and supervision of the business after the assignment under Mr. England, without any suspicion of his mental or business faculties being impaired—all these present a sufficient array of persuasive proof to overcome any amount of expert testimony, based upon merely hypothetical questions which are so apt to present an exaggerated picture of the person's mental manifestations.

Expert testimony in doubtful cases, if intelligent and unbiased, may be very valuable, but it would be very unsafe except in some exceptional cases to permit such testimony to override that given by intelligent daily observers of the conversations and conduct of those persons whose mental condition shall be under inquiry.

These considerations have led me to the conclusion that the decedent, when he executed the instrument in question, had sufficient capacity to comprehend the amount and condition of his property—the scope and bearing of his will, and that the same is valid, provided he did not entertain an insane delusion as to the conduct of his sons and his duty to them, or as to the claim of his wife upon his bounty.—Delafield *vs.* Parish, 25 N. Y., 9; Van Guelding *vs.* Van Reviere, 35 Bl., 70; Tyler *vs.* Gardner, 35 Id., 59; Kunia *vs.* Johnson, 50 Barb., 69; Meeker *vs.* Meeker, 75 Ill., 260.

The delusions upon which the experts' testimony and opinions were taken, and which are claimed to have been of the kind denominated insane, are:

First—That decedent, familiar with the publication business all his life, believed that certain publications were counterfeits, copies, or simulations of his own, when they were not in point of fact.

Second—That the decedent believed that he was arrested in Philadelphia by the procurement of his son Alfred, whereas it was in fact through the exertion of said son that he was released.

Third—That without any cause the decedent turned against and disinherited his sons.

Fourth—That without cause and contrary to the fact the decedent ascribed his misfortunes of a business character to the conduct of his sons.

Fifth—That without cause and contrary to the fact decedent labored under the delusion that his wife had materially contributed to the building up and establishment of his business. The two latter alleged delusions were not made the subject of any hypothetical question to any of the medical experts, nor was their opinion taken thereon.

As to the first alleged delusion, Dr. Kiernan was of the opinion that it was an insane delusion; but on being shown two of the alleged hostile or similar publications, he stated that, while there was a great difference, there was also a similarity, and that he did not consider a man insane because he saw such a similarity. Dr. Milne, upon the assumption that there was no resemblance, copying or simulation, was of the opinion that it was an insane delusion, and Dr. Spitzka was of the same opinion upon the same assumption.

As to the second, Dr. Spitzka was the only expert who gave an opinion that it indicated an insane delusion upon the assumption that there was never any ground for the belief.

As to the third the same expert was of the opinion that it was one symptom of insanity.

In Dew *vs.* Clark, 1 add., 279, 3 id., 79, Sir John Nicholl defines an insane delusion as follows: "When persons believe things to exist which exist only, or at least in that degree exist only, in their own imagination, and of the non-existence of which neither argument nor proof can convince them, they are of unsound mind. It is only the belief of facts which no rational person would have believed—that is insane delusion."

Judge Redfield, in a note to page 86 of his first volume upon the Law of Wills, says, in commenting upon the case of Clapp *vs.* Fullerton, 34 N. Y., 190: "This is placing the question upon safe ground, as a belief based upon evidence, however slight, is not delusion, which rests upon no evidence, but upon mere surmise."

Bearing these definitions in mind, I now come to the consideration of each of these delusions in their order.

As regards the alleged similarity of the publications, it should be observed that the occasion of decedent's complaint was that there was such similarity as to deceive, not an expert or non-expert whose attention should be called to the dissimilitude, but the ordinary reading public who should purchase them at the news-stands, and it is quite apparent, whatever his legal remedy may have been, that THEY WERE CALCULATED TO DECEIVE, AND TO SOME EXTENT INTERFERE WITH HIS PUBLICATIONS, AND WHEN THE NAME LESLIE & CO. WAS PRINTED UPON THE COVERS OF TWO OF THEM—THE COPY OF ONE OF DECEDENT'S HEADLINES: "THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD"—PLACED CONSPICUOUSLY AT THE TOP OF THE COVER OF THE ALLEGED SIMULATED PUBLICATION, AND OTHERS ENTITLED FRANK LESLIE, JR., WHEN THE LATTER AT THE SUIT OF HIS FATHER HAD CEASED TO USE THE NAME FOR SEVERAL YEARS, AND RESUMED IT AT A TIME WHEN DECEDENT'S BUSINESS CALAMITIES WERE OPPRESSING HIM, IT MAY WELL BE DOUBTED WHETHER IT NEEDED EVEN AN UNUSUALLY SUSPICIOUS MIND TO REACH THE CONCLUSION THAT NOT ONLY THAT THEY WERE CALCULATED TO DECEIVE, BUT THAT THEY WERE SO INTENDED.

When it is conceded that Alfred Leslie, without legal necessity, went to Philadelphia and testified to facts sufficient to convict the decedent of a criminal libel, it must be perfectly apparent that the suspicion of his father that he was instrumental in procuring the arrest made under the circumstances, was based upon quite satisfactory evidence, and that his information that Alfred was instrumental in procuring his release, at the humiliating cost of a published retraction, raised no doubt in his mind of the justice of his suspicions.

So far as the third alleged delusion is concerned, the publications referred to, the litigations respecting Henry's name, the affidavits made by each of the sons, and the conduct of Alfred as a witness in the Roberts case, and the general attitude of the sons, afford at least some ground for the decedent's allegation that his sons had deserted him in his business calamity, though it may not have been sufficient to warrant the conclusion of an unprejudiced mind.

Regarding the fourth alleged delusion, the relation of the parties, the alleged desertion of both of his sons immediately after his departure for Europe, the outside publication, the absence of Alfred at the time of his assignment, and the predication of business, were matters which, while they may not justify the charge in substantial degree, yet afforded a plausible excuse for a failure, which evidently was both humiliating and distressing to him, and whether he believed the charge, or used it as a cover, it cannot be held to be an insane delusion.

As to the fifth and last, though the contestants did not deem it necessary to take the opinion of either of the experts, yet considerable testimony was given calculated to belittle the alleged services of the proponent rendered in decedent's business, but a fair consideration of the testimony on both sides leaves no doubt that she did occupy a position of considerable activity and prominence in the supervision of some of the publications, of contributor and critic to

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others, and of general adviser with decedent and his subordinates.

It is possible and probable that he may have, and did, put an exaggerated estimate upon the value of those services—not a very unusual thing for affectionate and generous husbands to do, but which it would be very absurd and irrational to ascribe to an insane husband.

I should not have deemed it necessary to have discussed at length the questions of insane delusions but for the proof that decedent had at one time made a will providing equally for his wife and his sons, and the repeated statements of the decedent of the reasons why he made the will as he did, for I am not prepared to hold that, considering the amount and complications of decedent's property, and that his sons were men of mature business experience and capacity, it is an undutiful will.

In the foregoing discussion I have not ignored the fact that it is claimed by the contestants that insanity in the decedent's family was hereditary. But that fact, useful for the purpose of accounting for strange and extraordinary conduct, has no application to a case where a person's mental manifestations afford no suggestion of mental unsoundness, for it is his, and not his ancestors' mental condition which is under consideration and the subject of inquiry.

I am of the opinion that the instrument propounded, was duly executed conformable to the requirements of our statute for the execution of last wills and testaments by the decedent when he was of sound and disposing mind and free from restraint, and that the same should be admitted to probate.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE dullness which reigns in English politics during the recess of Parliament has recently been somewhat disturbed by the Marquis of Salisbury. His lordship, who was Foreign Secretary under Lord Beaconsfield's last administration, delivered a speech at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, which is attracting universal attention. He severely attacked the the policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government, as well upon foreign as upon home affairs. It is thought likely that the present Cabinet will be forced to make some reply to his strictures, for he charged Mr. Gladstone not only with incapacity, but with duplicity and treachery. As regards the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury was very emphatic. He traced all the present trouble to the temporizing legislation of the Liberals in 1870, and pointed out that no land reforms would satisfy the Irish. What the Land Leaguers really want is a separation from England. A proprietary peasantry will prove no panacea for Ireland's woes; if that were granted, some other demand would at once be made, and the Government would be met with fresh difficulties. Therefore, Lord Salisbury, who may be considered the mouthpiece of the Conservative Party, thinks that the only true policy is one of coercion. As this is the popular sentiment in England, it is quite possible that the Ministry may find themselves in a very unpleasant position when Parliament reassembles. Of course, they have an overwhelming majority, but the very magnitude of their majority may prove a source of weakness, as it may be split up into different factions.

The financial condition of Austro-Hungary has long been unsatisfactory. For more than a century there has been a deficit in the budget. The country has been becoming more and more heavily weighted with debt. The estimates for the coming year have lately been presented in the Reichsrath, and the estimated deficiency is $17,000,000. The nature of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—a mixture of German and Slavonic elements—necessitates a large expenditure, for one-half of the population have to be overawed by the other half. So it comes that the annual expenses of the Government are $250,000,000, and that the taxes are insufficient to provide that amount. The Government has a monopoly of the tobacco, and controls the railroads and telegraph. The imposts are numerous and onerous, and there is a State lottery. The Minister of Finance now proposes the imposition of a tax upon petroleum and some other articles of common use.

In Germany the persecution of the Jews is on the increase. The most bitter feeling exists towards that long suffering race, and the subject will soon be discussed in the Prussian Lower House. The most remarkable feature of the anti-Jewish crusade is the number of prominent men who have entered into it. At the present day, one would think that any attempt to revive the hostile feeling of the Middle Ages against the Jews would be at once frowned down by men of position and education. Such a persecution seems to be altogether opposed to the very spirit of the nineteenth century. But in Germany this is not so. The leader of the movement is the Rev. Herr Stoecker, the court chaplain, and it is supposed that the Emperor himself is in favor of some measure against the Hebrews. A petition addressed to Prince Bismarck is being circulated for signatures. It asks the Prince to exert his influence in Germany and Prussia to prevent or moderate the immigration of foreign Jews; to exclude them from offices of authority, especially from a judicial and legal career; to shut them out from the field of education, and to collect full statistics of the Hebrew population. Several assaults have been made upon Jews, but their persecutors have not always come out of the fray victorious. At the same time, there is a counter movement, and many well known literary men, such as Professors Mommsen and Virchow, are protesting in strong language against any revival of the "race-hatred and anti-Jewish fanaticism of the Middle Ages."

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies a vote of confidence in the Cairoli-Depretis Cabinet has been passed by 221 to 188. This is a very remarkable result, and is quite unexpected. The composition of the present Government is curious. Cairoli, the Prime Minister, was a fiery Garibaldian, while most of his Ministers are men who stuck to the old Bourbon *régime* until the last moment. The more radical element in the Chambers is naturally hostile to the Ministry, for Cairoli has, to a great extent, given up his former ultra-liberal opinions. At least, he believes that Garibaldi did all that was necessary, and that any further agitation is not only useless but would prove injurous to Italy. That Cairoli should receive so large a vote is consequently remarkable.

ONE hundred and four members of the present House of Representatives will not respond to the roll-call of the Forty-seventh Congress. The latest statement of the results of the recent Congressional elections give 147 straight Republicans against 146 members of all other sorts, a majority of one. The Republicans count also six Independents and Greenbackers as sure to act with them, giving 153 votes for the organization of the next House, against 140 Democrats, assuming that Ladd and Murch of Maine and Jones of Texas will act with the Democrats.

THERE is a possibility that the Chinese Government will demand indemnity for the losses sustained by the Chinese in Denver in the recent assault upon them by a murderous mob. The Chinese Consul at San Francisco has been inquiring into the facts in the case, and the evidence he has gathered which is said to be very complete, will be made the basis of the demand upon our Government for indemnification. The Consul argues that his Government, in paying over to the United States the sum of $700,000 to indemnify American citizens for losses sustained during riots in China, has set us an example which we cannot afford to disregard.

THE failure of the Georgia Electoral College to meet in conformity with law, on Wednesday last, shows again how very easily the will of the people might be nullified in the election of a President. It appears that the Governor of the State called the college together in pursuance of some old State law, and in disregard of the Federal law, fixing the first Wednesday in December as the uniform day for the meeting of Electors all over the Union; and the result is that, if the law shall be adhered to, the vote of Georgia will be lost to the Democrats. The action of the Governor is condemned by very many citizens of the State as inexcusably careless, and this sentiment will be intensified should the vote of the State, when finally sent to Washington, actually fail to be counted.

SOMETHING like a genuine reform movement has been started in Philadelphia by the better class of Republican citizens, who desire to put an end to the "Ring" rule which has of late years afflicted the city. A committee of one hundred prominent merchants, manufacturers and business men has been formed, and it is proposed to reconstruct the legislative department of the city administration on a basis of genuine sympathy with reform ideas, to the end that existing abuses, now and heretofore sheltered by that department, may be either entirely exterminated or greatly abridged in their influence. The trouble in Philadelphia, as in many other large cities, is that men of high character and acknowledged integrity are excluded from the public administration by the pressure and audacity of self-reaching demagogues, and there can be no real cure of the evils of misrule until the people take the matter honestly and vigorously in hand, and make the public interest paramount, in their political action, to all mere partisan considerations.

THE Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has issued an appeal for subscriptions to a fund to procure a testimonial in honor of Mrs. Hayes for her resolute stand, as hostess of the White House, in favor of total abstinence. This testimonial is to take a two-fold form. First, it is proposed that a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hayes shall be painted for the White House, by one of our best artists, with such accessories and inscriptions as will give it the significance required; and secondly, it is intended, should the subscriptions attain the proportions expected, to apply the surplus, after paying for the picture, as the nucleus of a fund, the interest of which shall be used in procuring and circulating total abstinence literature. An engraving of the portrait will be sent to every person who contributes five dollars to the testimonial, and it is hoped to raise at least $10,000 for the fund. If every admirer of Mrs. Hayes's character and life shall contribute, even meagerly, to this fund, the total must greatly exceed the amount named as a minimum in the circular of the Woman's Association.

IT has been generally believed that the adulteration of food has become an enormous evil in this country; but if the conclusions of a certain committee appointed by the National Board of Trade to look into the subject are to be relied upon, this belief is not sustained by facts. This committee, grouping the opinions of various essayists who have investigated the subject, under the stimulus of a prize of $1,000 for the most satisfactory essay, says that none of the writers produce any definite or satisfactory evidence as to the widespread existence of very dangerous adulterations in this country. Such dangerous adulterations appear to be mainly in the form of poisonous colors or coloring matters—as, for instance, in confectionery, and even these are rare. The question of the adulteration of food—with, perhaps, the exception of milk—should therefore be considered not so much from a sanitary standpoint as from that of commercial interests, as being in the nature of a fraud, in aiding the sale of articles which are not what they are represented to be. The committee is of the opinion that there is much more danger to health and life in this country from adulterated drugs than from adulterated food, and that any legislation which is to deal with the one should also deal with the other. A Board of Health is recommended for each State, and both State and National legislation on the subject of adulteration is deemed desirable.

IT is said that the fisheries question is moving towards a solution satisfactory to this country, and which will not call for the interference of Congress, or the abrogation in any particular of the Washington Treaty. From the statements made by an official of the State Department, it is concluded that Lord Granville, the present British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will not assume, as was done by his predecessor, that the stipulations of the Washington Treaty can be controlled by local legislation, and as this is the main point of difference between the two countries, there is no reason why the victims of the Fortune Bay outrage should not be compensated by Great Britain instead of by this country. It is certain that one Government or the other must award them compensation for the losses incurred while exercising their rights under the treaty.

IT is now announced that two treaties have been negotiated with China by the American Commissioners—one relating mainly to the question of immigration and the other to commercial matters. It is understood that the first remits the control of the terms upon which Chinamen may enter and settle in this country almost entirely to the United States, and in return for this concession our Commissioners have granted certain important commercial privileges, one of which is that hereafter Chinese shipping will be placed on the same footing as that of the most favored nations. It is stated that the Chinese authorities, never really favorable to the emigration of its citizens in large numbers to any country, are now exerting an active influence through the consular officer in Havana to check any further emigration of Chinese labor to the South. The efforts made for some time past by the sugar planters in Louisiana to import Chinese labor from Cuba appear to have already failed, owing to the opposition of Chinese consuls. It is believed that the new treaty of commerce with China will give a great impetus to the trade between the two countries.

A NUMBER of the city newspapers are calling attention to the extravagant expenditures of our city government and the necessity of reform in that particular. The *Tribune* shows, as the result of an examination of the official records for the last twenty years, that while in that time the population has increased from a little more than 800,000 in 1860 to 1,206,577 in 1880, the total of city appropriations has risen from about $10,000,000 to $28,167,992. Thus, while the population has grown one-half the expenditure has increased at a three-fold rate. The estimates for next year are much larger than the appropriations for this year, amounting to more than $30,000,000, and unless there shall be a sharp retrenchment, the burdens of the taxpayers will be increased rather than diminished. Is it not time that the great body of taxpayers—the men who have a small as well as those who have a large interest in economical government—should take hold of this matter, and see if something cannot be done to get the city government down to solid business principles? There is not a department of city affairs which cannot be run more cheaply than it is, and it is criminal waste to permit the extravagance in expenditure to go on without any real, honest effort to stop it.

THE Superintendent of the Census, General Walker, reports that the work assigned him is substantially complete, and that during the present month tables will be submitted exhibiting the population of each State and county in the United States, distinguished as native or foreign, white or colored, male or female. The full report will embrace, in addition to the features originally provided for, statistics of wealth, debt and taxation, and of churches, schools and libraries; social and industrial statistics of the Indian tribes; population, industry and resources of Alaska; statistics of newspapers and periodicals, and of the book-publishing interests, of the tobacco culture, chemical manufacturing industries, ship-building, petroleum production, the quarrying industry, and the factory system. The authority conferred by the Census law for the appointment of special agents to collect the manufacturing statistics of cities and large towns has been made use of to the extent of appointing such agents in 276 cities and towns, the total number of agents appointed being 365. From 200 of these cities and towns full returns have been already received, and an examination of the schedules shows that the value of the manufacturing statistics of the present census has been vastly enhanced by the system thus adopted. All the returns within this department of the census will, it is believed, be in possession of the office during the present month, when the compilation of the manufacturing statistics will be pushed rapidly forward. The accounts of 28,410 enumerators have already been settled, involving a total expenditure of upward of $1,820,000.

From the Wilmington (Del.) Republican.

AMONGST the illustrated weeklies, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER stands with the highest. Their artists excel in character and in the delineation of their subjects, whether descriptive, sentimental or comic. It grows better with age, and is fully up to the times on every subject. The price is only 10 cents a copy, or $4 a year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

IT is not now believed that there will be an extra session after the 4th of March.

AN international cotton exposition will be held in Atlanta in October next.

SITTING BULL and his hostiles have again retired across the British line.

GENERAL UPTON has been authorized by the War Department to revise his book of tactics in use by the army.

A FUND of $100,000 has been raised in Philadelphia, and will be presented to General Grant within a short time.

THE report of Commissioner Raum shows the receipts from internal revenue last year to have been $123,981,916.

FIFTEEN of the forty-five collieries of the Philadelphia and Reading Company have stopped operations for the month.

THE American agents of M. de Lesseps's canal project have issued a prospectus, and will this week open books for subscriptions.

IT is now reported that General Miles will be made a brigadier-general and that General Hazen will be appointed Chief Signal Officer.

OVER 1,110,000 hogs were received at Chicago, Ill., during November, a larger number than ever received in one month at any market.

EX-SENATOR CHRISTIANCY has failed to make out a case against his wife, whom he charged with adultery, and she will now press her suit for divorce.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the life-saving service, there were 200 disasters last year on the seaboard and the lakes, by which only nine lives were lost.

THE crews of the life-saving stations on the New Jersey coast have been increased by an additional surfman to each. The entire force on the coast will now be 29 keepers and 213 surfmen.

THE committee on the Yorktown centennial celebration is to hold a meeting December 10th, to complete arrangements. Hon. Robert Winthrop is spoken of as the orator on the occasion.

IT is said that the second treaty, drawn up by the United States Commissioners and the Government at Pekin, provides that Americans shall not import opium or carry the product coastwise or sell it.

THE Irving National Bank of New York City has brought suit against the New York Elevated Railroad Company to recover $50,000 damages for the obstruction of light by the railroad structure.

SECRETARY THOMPSON of the Navy Department, in his annual report, favors the granting of subsidies to steamship companies. The expenses of the department last year were $1,788,005 within the estimates.

IT is said that the Land League leaders in this country have offered to send General Butler, General Roger A. Pryor, Jere. S. Black and Emory A. Storrs to Ireland as counsel for the indicted Land Leaguers.

SECRETARY SCHURZ, of the Interior Department, in his annual report, states that the Pacific railroads are in good condition. He reviews his administration of Indian affairs, and opposes the removal of the Poncas from the Indian Territory.

INDICTMENTS have been found by the Grand Jury of New York City against Joseph Hart, Lewis F. Post, Kenward Philp and Charles A. Byrne, of the *Truth* newspaper, for criminal libel in connection with the Morey letter plot, and against Samuel S. Morey for perjury.

THE United States produced last year, according to the report of the Director of the Mint, $38,000,000 in gold and $37,700,000 in silver. On November 1st there were in the country $613,203,603 in gold and silver coin and bullion.

THE Committee of the State Senate, appointed last Winter to investigate abuses alleged to exist in the management of the New York insane asylums, with a view of improving their administration, had their first sittings last week, when a number of experts were examined.

THE November debt statement shows a decrease in the public debt for the month of $3,609,281, and for the five months ending December 1st of over $37,250,000. This is an exceedingly favorable exhibit compared with the corresponding period of last year, when the reduction was $500,000, and for five months a little over $11,000,000.

THE Electoral Colleges of all States but Georgia met on Wednesday last and voted for the President and Vice-President of the United States. The total vote for President was 9,201,564, or 713,316 more than in 1876. Counting the Fusion vote in Maine for Hancock, Garfield has a plurality of 1,045. By subtracting the Greenback proportion of the Fusion vote, Garfield's plurality is increased to 28,285.

Foreign.

THE Brazilian Senate has voted money to increase the naval forces and for army supplies.

M. DE LESSEPS says that the co-operation of England alone will make the Panama Canal a fact.

ADVICES from Mexico indicate that Captain Eads will meet with little success in his canal-subsidy project.

ORDERS have been sent to the Viceroy of India for the evacuation of Candahar as soon as the weather permits.

A DISPATCH from Salonica says the harvest in Macedonia has so badly failed that wheat is coming from America.

IT is announced that the allied fleet, which rode idly at its anchors while the Turk laughed at the efforts of Europe to make him fulfill his promises in regard to Dulcigno until it suited himself, will be dismissed at once.

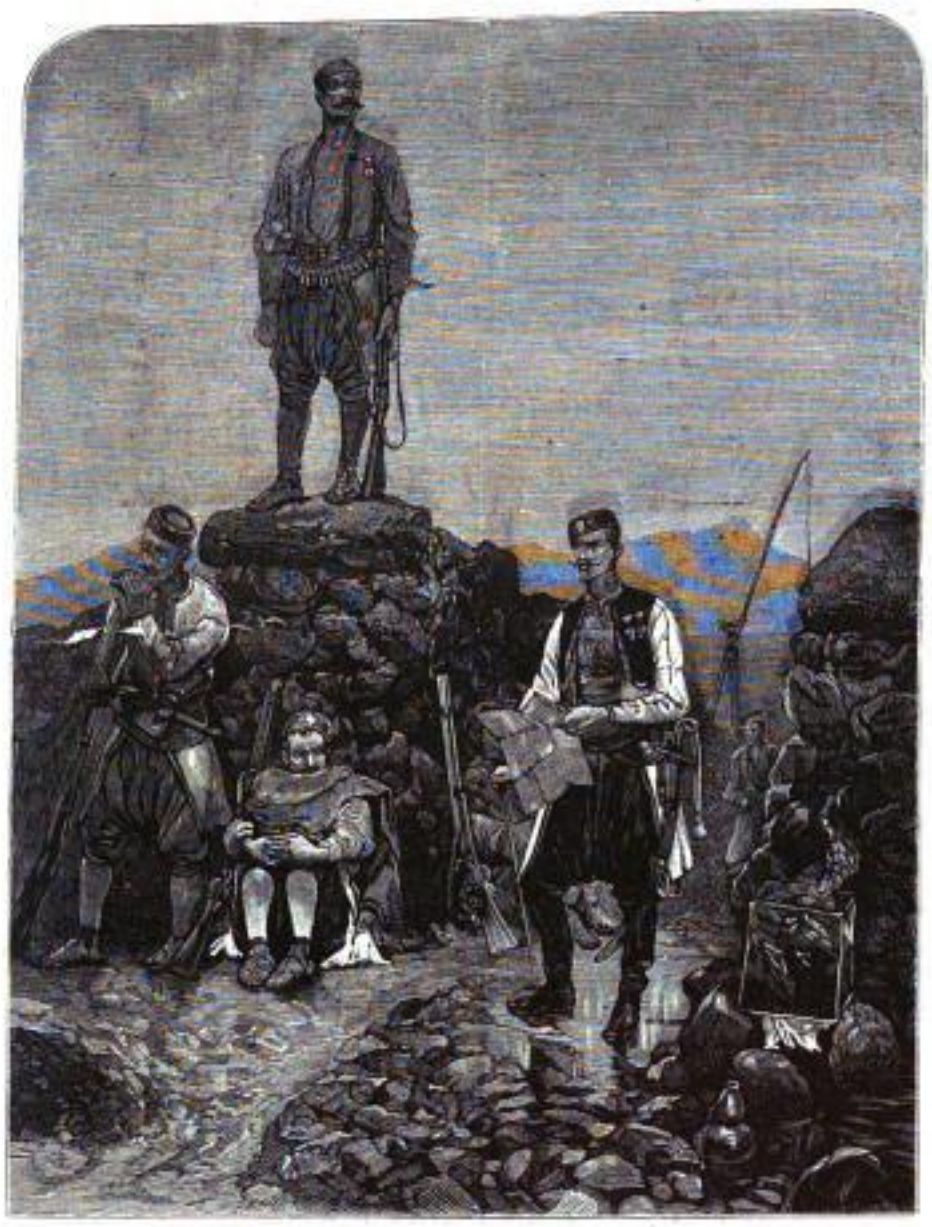
LORD DUFFERIN is to succeed Mr. Goschen as British Ambassador to Turkey. Sir Edward Thornton, now Minister at Washington, will succeed Lord Dufferin at St. Petersburg, and be succeeded here by Mr. Francis Clare Ford.

IT is understood that the principal features in Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill will be the abolition of small tenancies and a general fixity of tenure. It is reported that the whole County of Waterford, Ireland, is armed to the teeth. Branches of the Land League are established now in every county of Ulster, many Orangemen having joined.

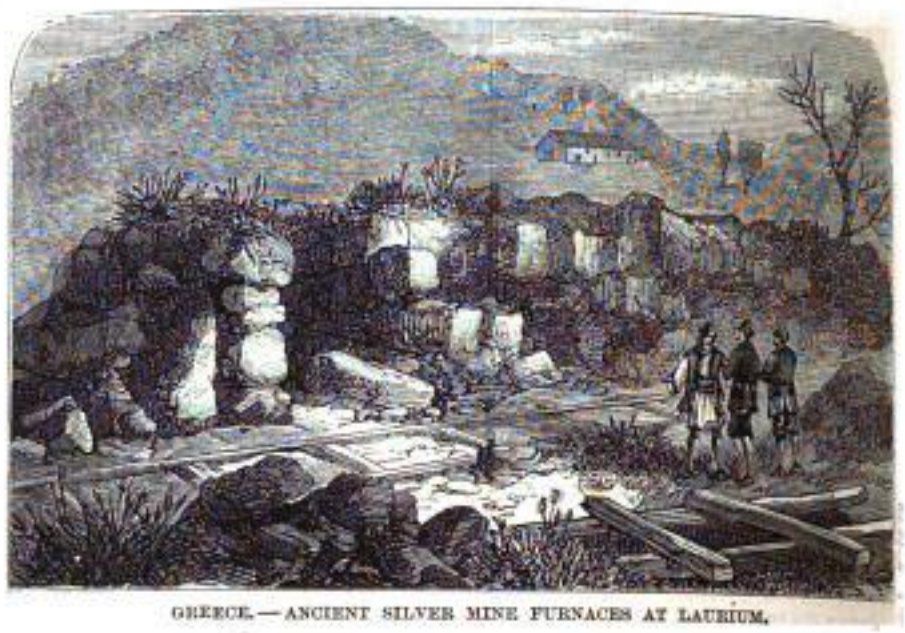
DISPATCHES from Mexico state that General Porfirio Diaz has accepted the portfolio of Public Works in President Gonzalez's Cabinet. Senor Ignacio Mariscal, late Minister to the United States, will be Secretary of State. President Gonzalez was inaugurated December 1st. Ground has been broken at Matamoras for the Matamoras and Monterey Railway.

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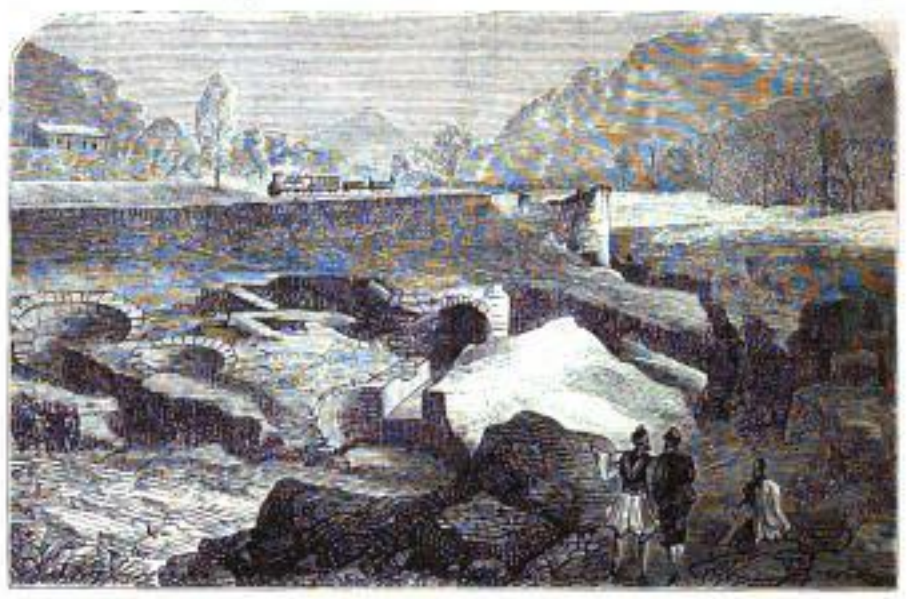
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 251.



MONTENEGRO.—AN OUTPOST AT PECORICA, BETWEEN SCUTARI AND ANTIVARI.



GREECE.—ANCIENT SILVER MINE FURNACES AT LAURIUM.



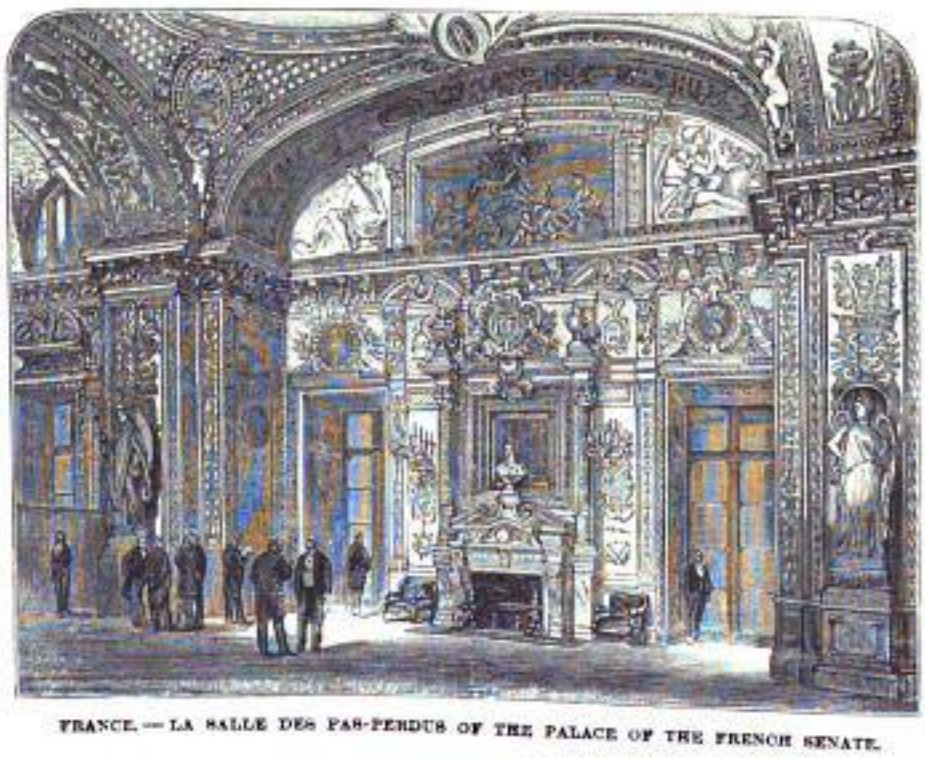
GREECE.—ANCIENT SILVER MINE WASHING PLACE AT LAURIUM.



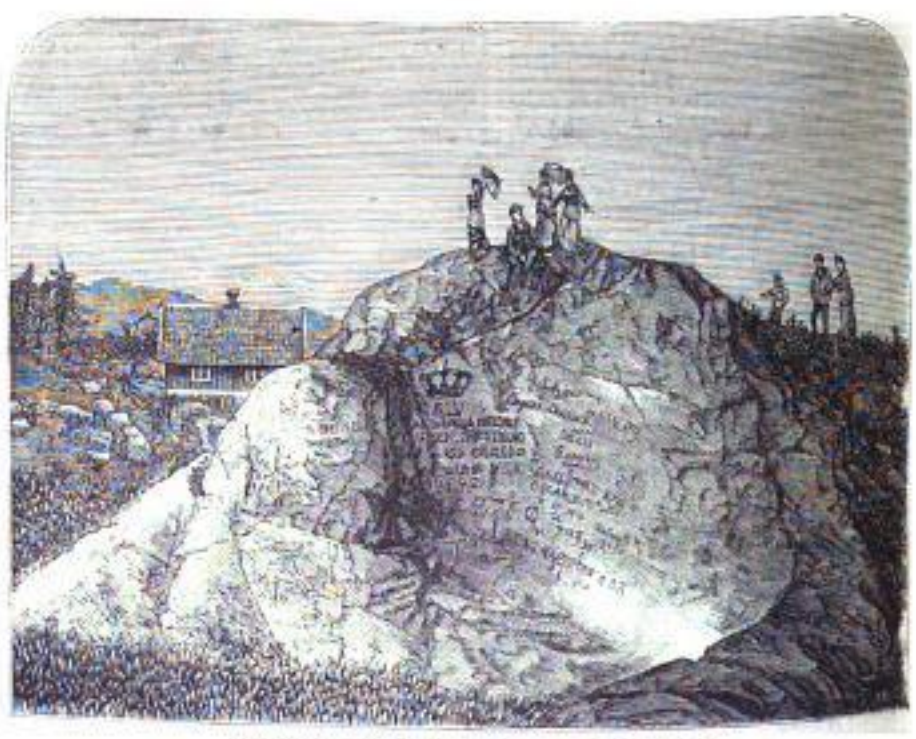
FRANCE.—THE MONASTERY OF ST. MICHAEL DE FRIGOLET INVESTED BY TROOPS.



IRELAND.—THE LAND LEAGUE DEMONSTRATION AT LIMERICK.



FRANCE.—LA SALLE DES PAS-PERDUS OF THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH SENATE.



SWEDEN.—THE KING'S ROCK AT TROLHATTAN.

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REV. WILLIAM C. CATTELL, D.D., PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA.



ARIO PARDEE, FOUNDER OF PARDEE HALL, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA.

THE RE-DEDICATION OF PARDEE HALL,

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, AT EASTON, PA.

WHEN the stately Pardee Hall, which was dedicated in 1873, was destroyed by fire in 1879, the loss to Lafayette College was not the crushing blow that it would have been if the Trustees had neglected to insure. The building has now arisen from its ashes and stands as before, its exterior so closely resembling that of the former building as to lead to the impression that there had been no fire. The insurance money was found ample for purposes of rebuilding. The Hall was originally the gift of Mr. Ario Pardee, of Hazleton, Pa., a gentleman whose ample fortune has resulted from hard work and diligent attention to business. Mr. Pardee's first gift to Lafayette College was $20,000, which he has increased at various times, till the sum of his beneficences now reaches half a million dollars. He is a plain and unostentatious man, not given to speech-making, but fond of the quiet actions of benevolence which speak louder than words.

The persistent perseverance of the Rev. Dr. Cattell, the President of the College, has resulted in the gathering of about a million dollars since 1864. This has brought the institution up from a condition of poverty to the present proud position it occupies. There is yet a considerable amount of work to be done in placing some of the professorships on a more substantial pecuniary basis than they now enjoy; but with what has been done in the past for Lafayette there is good reason to hope for the consummation of the hopes of its best friends.

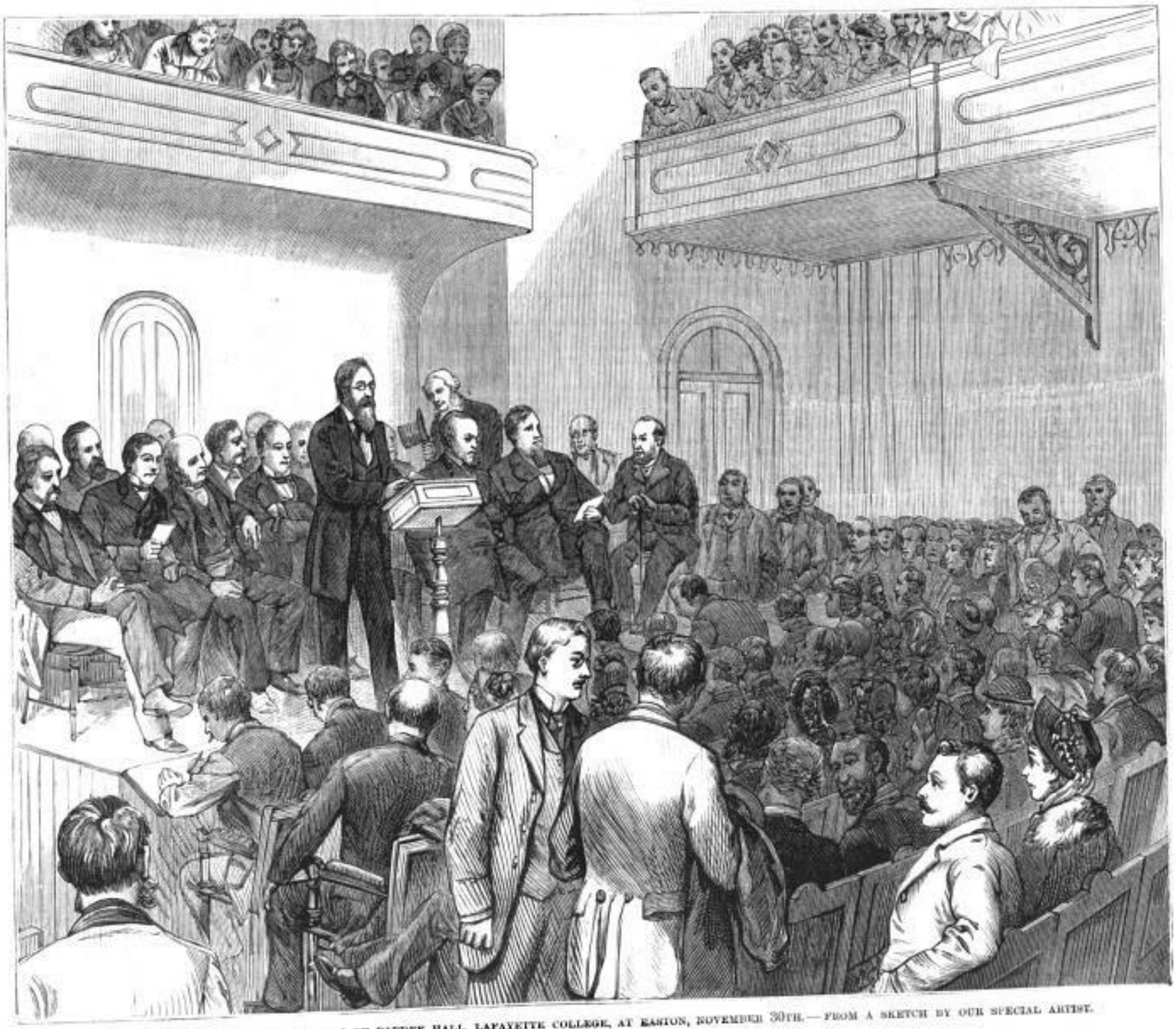
The resurrected Pardee Hall was dedicated on Tuesday, November 30th, which was a day of great rejoicing in Easton and on the college hill. The great event of the day was the arrival of President Hayes and his party, and long before half past ten, when the train was expected in Phillipsburg, crowds had gathered about the public square, along North Third Street and around the depot. When President Hayes stepped off the car, cheers arose from the crowd and all the bells began to ring. In front of the carriages proceeded a large omnibus, filled with a party of clergymen and others, who had come on a special train from Philadelphia. Among them were Rev. N. S. McFetridge, Rev. Dr. E. P. Cowan, Rev. Dr. Muchmore, Rev. Loyal T. Graham, ex-Senator A. G. Cattell, of New Jersey, Rev. Dr. Dunn, Rev. Dr. Dickey, John H. Atwood, Professor W. H. Green and Professor James C. Moffatt, of Princeton.

When the chapel was reached the party alighted and walked to the new Pardee Hall. There they ascended the steps and stood facing the audience. President Hayes stood in the centre, surrounded by Ario Pardee, the benefactor of the college; Dr. Cattell, General R. E. Patterson, of Philadelphia; General Sherman, John I. Blair, of New Jersey, and William E. Dodge, of New York. President Cattell said he had tried to get Mr. Pardee to talk, but it always had been easier to get $100,000 from Mr. Pardee than a speech. Governor Hoyt was then introduced, and, among other things, said:

"Lafayette is certainly having its full share of days, many of them red-letter days. They have a courageous philosophy here, born of a cheerful kind of adversity, a chastening kind of prosperity, a sort of jugglery with bricks and brick-dust. Only a few months ago the sightly structure disappeared, now this graceful one fills the heavens. Pardee Hall is a new pledge that it will so equip the colleges that their worst work of to-morrow will equal the best work of yesterday."

The appearance of the President was the sign for prolonged applause. He said:

"Mr. President, Governor, Ladies and Gentlemen: In our country, as in every Republic, it is the business of the Government to educate its citizens in the duty of citizenship. Indeed, the government of this country is in the citizens, and it will be a good government just in proportion as the citizens have a good education. The best government in a Republic will be that with the best education. Ignorant voters are powder and ball for the demagogue; therefore it is that from the beginning Washington, Jefferson and the fathers, all, urged on every suitable occasion the importance of popular education. But there is something beyond this—beyond that which is necessary merely to make good citizens. There is that higher education which can be furnished only by the college, the university, scientific school, and those institutions our Government does not in any large degree aid. The exceptional cases are West Point and the Naval Academy, but for the rest, that higher education which every people should have, we must look to the beneficence, the



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RE-DEDICATION OF PARDEE HALL, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, AT EASTON, NOVEMBER 30TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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voluntary contributions, of the wealthy citizen who has the generosity to found institutions like this: men who understand that in no way can they do such good to those who come after them and build monuments for themselves as by endowing the colleges, universities and scientific schools. Therefore, we are here to do honor to the man who has set the example, and what an example it is! He does not wait until his last will and testament, and those things the lawyers around me understand. He does it while he is alive. Let us say we are spending our time well to-day in honoring this example. I thank the president and trustees of the institution for the institution, and am glad to be here. Let us say, 'God bless it.'"

The address of Professor F. A. March, Professor of Comparative Philology, was the principal feature of the dedicatory exercises in the auditorium. He spoke on "the building and apparatus of a modern college."

He began with the east wings of the hall, which contain the laboratories in mechanics and physics and the rooms for drawing and office work in civil engineering. These led to a discussion of the use of manipulation in education. It is a gymnastic of the mind and hands and eyes. It quickens the memory, strengthens the judgment and stimulates invention. The west wings contain cabinets and collections in mineralogy, botany, natural history and geology. These led to a discussion of the study of the classificatory sciences. It gives a knowledge of all natural objects in their relations to each other, so that we can tell where to find our coal and iron and gold. In the central part are the libraries, lecture-rooms for history, political philosophy and language, society halls and the grand auditorium. These are apparatus for the study of man and for training in speech. This must always be the main work in education. Knowledge is built so high that we have to stand on the shoulders of former thinkers. To make noble modern men we must study noble modern thought. We must study modern languages, English most of all. The general structure of the building was compared with that of ancient college halls. The old hives of cells, dimly lighted and poorly warmed and ventilated, are sorry places in comparison with these large and lightsome rooms. The old halls have their beauty of association. By-and-by this hall will rival them. None had a nobler association to begin with than that of our hall with Ario Pardee.

After a liberal collation, which was furnished by the ladies and eaten by the gentleman, two hours were pleasantly spent in "after-dinner speeches," one of which, that of Mr. John I. Blair, was seasoned with a gift to the college of $10,000. The whole proceedings were exceedingly felicitous. President Cattell was never more in his element than among the army of friends with whom he found himself surrounded. The rich men were on hand, and one of them made a ten-thousand-dollar speech, which is expected to lead to a harvest of forty thousand dollars more to make an endowment for the presidency. Lafayette has made proof of its ability to make wise use of the money committed to its care, and Dr. Cattell has become so used to asking rich men for large sums and getting what he asks, that he will scarcely know what to do when all the wants of the college shall be supplied.

THE MAJOR'S MARRIAGE.

MY wife always says it was my fault! Well, what it it was? The major might have done a great deal worse. Being such an unbusiness-like sort of fellow, it's a wonder that he didn't do worse. He has his father to thank for that, as well as for some other things.

I am a solid man in more senses than one; there ain't many weightier, as far as money goes, in the Western city I hail from. I've always had a good appetite and a better digestion ever since I first came to the shore of the great lake, a barefoot boy with ten cents in my pocket. So, while the ten cents have been growing into millions, I haven't grown thin, and I don't mean to pretend that I am anywhere near as active at seventy two as I was at twenty-two. I stick by facts, and I suppose I did come down rather heavy from that omnibus-step.

It had snowed and rained for a week—hard. Now everybody knows what the streets in Chicago are capable of under such circumstances. It isn't quite so bad as in the time old settlers tell you about, when a loaded team went down into the earth in front of the court-house and disappeared for ever. No; candidly, the streets are improved since then; but, naturally, water on ground as level as a table-top will stand in huge puddles when that ground is soaked, and the traffic of a city passing through such puddles rolls them a considerable quantity. The North side omnibus stopped right on the edge of one of these horrible lakes, and I had to jump it. I suppose I might have called to the driver to go on, but I've never looked out much for other people to wait on me; my way is to go ahead myself. So I went ahead and landed all right, but somehow or other my leap shook the old stage tremendously, and the horses started off. I heard a slight shriek and turned round just in time to see a girl, who must have been coming out behind me, tossed off the high step, like a feather, into the mud. I was so scared that the only thing I could think of was to roar at the driver and threaten him with State's prison: but he was Dutch, and didn't either understand or didn't care. But the girl was as quick and light as a cat, had fallen on her feet and was picking up a roll of music out of the black water.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she was saying to herself when I got to her, in a shaky kind of voice, as if she was ready to cry.

"Are you hurt?" I asked her, pretty sharp, but she didn't answer me; just stood and looked at her music, and her shoes, and her gloves, and her daubed dress-skirt, and then put out a foot plastered with mud up to the ankle so that you couldn't see the shoe at all, and looked at it. "Oh, what shall I do?" she said, and then she realized at last that some one was speaking to her, and she looked up at me with black, soft, childish-looking eyes, full of tears. There was a lamp close by, so I could see her quite plain. It was about seven or half-past in the evening, and two days before Christmas. I had been looking up some presents for my grandchildren, Margaret's boy and girl; they have their tree at the old place, and my wife makes a mighty fuss about it. The State Street shops were so crowded that it was pretty hard on a stout old party like me—in fact, it was as much as a man's life was worth—to get near the counters at all, generally speaking; but they knew me at most of them—but to return to my young woman.

"I am sure you are hurt," I said to her. "Wait, I will get a carriage to take you home."

"Oh, no, indeed," she replied, in a hurry. "I am not hurt—I do not want a carriage." But while she spoke two teardrops rolled down her cheeks, and she held the skirt of her dress out between her thumb and finger, and looked at it again. It was heavy with mud.

"Well, then, what are you crying about?" asked I, a little out of patience at being scared for nothing, but not really cross, for her eyes had the look of Baby Maggie's when she is grieved, and some women are just fools enough to cry over spoiled clothes—they can't help it.

"Oh!" said she, "I had an engagement to play for dancing, and I need the money terribly. I cannot go in this state, and I have no time to wash my dress. Oh, dear, I must go back home!"

I looked at her steadily one minute, but she didn't notice me any more, she was watching for a down-town stage. Her story might be true, for her face was thin and white—one of those round faces that ought be plump—and her babyish eyes were larger than they had a right to be.

"Never mind," said I, all of a sudden, "you shall keep your engagement—you see if you don't. Where is it?" I added, to make things as straight as possible.

"At Mrs. Starr's, 94 Dearborn Avenue," she answered, quite simply.

"I know her well," says I.

"She is very particular," said the girl. "I couldn't go to her house like this."

"No," says I, "but look here. In that next block, across the street, is a nice little shop, where you can get the mud all cleaned off. Come on, I'll show it to you."

She hesitated, looked at me and looked up the street doubtfully.

"Come on," said I. "It's only a few steps, and I'm in a hurry."

Well, she went with me to the little cleaning and repairing establishment. I knew the people, and that they would do well by her: in fact, I had helped Christine Hanson along when her husband broke his leg in my lumber-yard, and she was a grateful woman. I explained to Mrs. Hanson how it was that I had accidentally jostled a young lady from the omnibus-step into the mud, and requested her to exert herself. Christine was ready to serve me, and promised to turn the young lady out as good as new in twenty minutes, all but her shoes.

"Those are too bad," she said, shaking her head.

"Send in to the nearest shop for some more," said I, taking out my purse; "and get some clean copies of this music." But the girl started up from the chair by the counter.

"No—oh, no, sir," she said. "Thank you—I cannot."

"Madam," said I, "I have been the means of spoiling your shoes, and I have a right to make compensation for your loss."

"It is out of the question, sir," she answered, very gently; but gentle as she was, I couldn't stir her one inch. I was quite at the end of my arguments when Mrs. Hanson, a very sensible woman, struck in:

"Borrow de money, miss. Mr. Prentiss is so good, he vill vait long."

The young woman looked more hopefully on this proposal.

"But I am afraid I shall never pay it," she murmured; "unless you should happen to want music for a little dance some time—I play either harp or piano."

"I do," said I—"that settles it all." And I engaged her at once to come the next evening to my house—we always have a small gathering on Christmas Eve—handed her a ten-dollar bill, and was going off in some haste, when she laid her hand on my arm to stop me.

"It is too much, sir; I only want five dollars," she said.

Then I got enraged.

"Young lady," I said, "I am not used to being stirred up and contradicted, and refused the privilege of making up pecuniary losses. I have always passed for an honest man. You ask any man in the city what Peter Prentiss's reputation is. I have been poor myself, but I never was so proud as to be unfair to other people. Good-evening;" and so I shut the door in her face and left her.

I walked home from Clark Street pretty fast, for it was snowing again, and my house is some little distance. A tremendous west wind had risen, and come tearing over the city right from the Rocky Mountains: it was enough to chill the blood in a man's veins. I declare when I opened the door at home with my latchkey, and felt the glow inside, and saw through the open door the bright room where my wife and Margaret sat making their things for the tree, I couldn't help thinking of that girl I had just left, going about the city alone in her thin "water-proof"—and plenty of other woman like her, and even worse off—and a great shiver went over me as I hung up my overcoat. I told my wife and Margaret all about it, and while I was in the middle of my story the major came into the room and I had to begin it again. Margaret laughed and chaffed me a good deal. "I don't really think that it was I who threw the young woman off the steps. It was the stupid driver who didn't know she was getting down, and started his horses when he heard me jump."

The major was in full swallow-tail, and said he was going to Mrs. Starr's and would observe if my *protégé* arrived there. My son, the major, is good looking and a good fellow—a fine, manly fellow—and I'm proud of him. But he's a very different kind of man from his father; and if his father had been able to do no more for him than my father did for me, I don't know as the major would have got along as well as I did: for he's romantic—was always mooning about over poetry-books when a boy, couldn't be made to take any interest in lumber as he grew up, which was a pity; but I got over it. When the war broke out, he blazed up into a fury of patriotism and enlisted at nineteen, fought the war through, came home and settled down steady to romance, wrote poems in magazines and mooned worse than ever. He attended a little to the business to please me, and he went into society with his sister, but never cared for either business or pleasure. After Margaret got married he went out as seldom as he could, and never seemed to have the faintest idea of bringing us a daughter-in-law to take Margaret's place, though he was getting on in life. Still, I don't mean to say I was dissatisfied with my major. He was a good son and a gentleman, and if he had his fancies—why, he could afford to have them.

"Well, Elliot," said I, next morning at breakfast, "was the young woman there all right?"

"I think so," he answered, rather slowly, as if he wasn't sure of anything, looking into his coffee-cup and stirring it moonily: "there was a young girl dressed in black, who played the harp. She looked very tired and sad. I wondered if the other girls who were dancing saw her and felt the difference?"

"*I* wonder you didn't ask her to dance, El, my boy," said I. "It would have been quite in your line."

The major smiled faintly; he didn't appreciate my little joke, and my wife remarked very sensibly, that the girl being paid for her time, of course, preferred to earn her money, and was probably contented with her position. Nothing more was said on the subject, and I forgot all about my *protégée* as they called her.

But when I came home at night there she sat in the hall patiently waiting. I believe I told her to come early on account of the children. When she saw me she got up and came rather timidly to speak to me.

"I am afraid, sir," said she, "that I offended you last evening. I beg you to excuse it, and to let me thank you for your goodness to a poor stranger."

"It's all right," said I, trying to make her feel comfortable. "I couldn't well do any less after causing the accident."

She was a little thing, come to notice her, and all in black. She looked so small and forlorn and strange in the big hall, that I showed her into the parlor myself, and asked her if she didn't want to see if the harp was in tune.

While the children were dancing, Margaret said to me, "Papa, do you know that your *protégée* is very interesting? Her eyes are beautiful: she is lovely when she smiles; look at her now when she is watching the children. Oh, see Bertie doing his hornpipe! Oh, papa, was ever anything so cunning in this world!"

My daughter leaned forward and forgot all but her son, and I was a good deal taken up with the little fellow's steps myself—in fact, it was superior dancing for a six-year old. Margaret says so, and I believe it. When he finished and made his pretty bow, a good many clapped, and the little musician joined softly, as if she couldn't help it. The children had made acquaintance with her somehow in calling for the tunes they liked, and they seemed to think she belonged to them; she was so small and quiet, I really believe the chickens took her for another child. So when we all went to the dining-room, where the tree was set up—the servants coming in from the opposite door to get their presents, and the young lady, the only person in the house left outside—little Bertie suddenly rushed back of his own accord, and led her in resolutely by the hand. She tried to stop by the door, but he insisted upon her coming in to see the tree so determinedly that she had to do it, and afterwards the major got a chair for her by the door. Nothing ever puts Margaret out, and she never puts anybody else out. My daughter, Mrs. Sinclair, is an uncommonly sweet woman; she took down some little thing from the tree—something of black lace—and carried it herself to the lonely-looking stranger. The girl's face flushed up as she sat looking at Margaret, and all at once she was quite a different person—for a moment I should scarcely have known her. She went quietly back to the parlor in a short time, and played steadily all the rest of the evening. At twelve our little frolic broke up, and then my *protégée* thanked Margaret again and all of us, she said, "for our kindness to her," and said Good-night quite prettily, put on her thin cloak and started off in the storm. Then the major made the first step.

"I won't stand it," said he; and he got into his ulster, took a heavy shawl that hung up handy, and started after her. We sat and looked at each other.

"That boy is crazy," says his mother; "what a cold he'll catch! Why didn't you stop him, Peter?"

"I couldn't, my dear," says I, laughing. "I'm an old man."

"Elliot is very kind-hearted," said Margaret, looking doubtful.

"So he is, Maggie," said I, "and worse—he's romantic?"

We sat by the fire talking for nearly two hours before the major came in, looking quite alert, as he used to when he was home on furlough.

"It is a terrible night," said he, shaking snow from his coat. "Wouldn't it have been a shame for me to have let that little young lady go home alone? The cars are blocked by the snow, and we had to walk over to the west side in the teeth of the wind. I don't believe she could have done it by herself, poor thing."

"Who is she?" says his mother. "Did you find out, Elliot?"

"Yes: she is Miss de Lisle," said the major, holding his hands to the fire. "She made me go in to get warm, and I saw her father. I should think he was French, and he appears like a gentleman. He is partially paralyzed; he looked very ill. They two seem to be quite alone. I believe they are worthy of your kind help, mother."

"I will see about it, Elliot," said my wife, sleepily getting out of her chair.

My wife before long gave one of her swell parties, and had Miss de Lisle with her harp in the orchestra. How she managed it with the other musicians I don't know. I presume it was a cash business, but it helped the young lady. I noticed her myself a great deal that night, for I was awfully tired of it all, and I am not allowed to go to bed as I should be glad to do on such occasions. How can it be amusing to watch a lot of young fools going solemnly through that stupid performance they call the German? And by two o'clock in the morning there's no one left to talk to, and you've got no brains left to talk if there was. So, as I sat in the corner, half-asleep, I took to noticing my *protégée*. She looked like a child among the other musicians. She was very neat and trim in her dress. She had a black lace thing round her neck, probably the same Margaret had given her. She played, played, played! and never moved her eyes from one direction, while her little bits of hands ran about, twanging the strings. I changed my place to see what she was looking at, but I could not find out. It might have been my wife, who stood in the doorway with the major—she had on all her diamonds and a new dress from Paris. My old lady has loved finery ever since I first saw her behind the milliner's counter in Milwaukee, and I shouldn't wonder if she imported a dress to be buried in.

When the musicians went to get supper the major joined them, and offered Miss de Lisle his arm. Step number two. He said afterwards that she was so shy and frightened at going alone with all these strange men, that he was sorry for her. He went home with her again—this time in our carriage.

"Elliot," I remarked, very seriously, when I heard of it, "take care that you don't do mischief by giving this little girl the notion that she is a fine lady. Don't you see, it will only make it harder for her to rough it."

"She is as fine a lady as any I know, father," said the major, gravely. His mother opened her eyes and her mouth.

"My dear boy!" said she, "you have always been aristocratic—to hear you talk so of a girl who goes round playing at houses for money! I hate to have people mixed up so! What is the good of being at the top of the first society, I wonder!"

"My dear mother," says Elliot, quietly, "Miss de Lisle is a refined and accomplished lady. She also has a most lovely disposition. You should see her devotion to her poor father; it is wonderful and touching."

"Have you seen it, Elliot?" says I.

"Often," says the major, without any hesitation, "and have tried to help her."

Well, there was no reason why he shouldn't help her if he felt like it, and so I told his mother afterwards, but she wasn't satisfied. She is very exclusive—she tells me she always was; she says the classes should be kept separate, and words that would be used in describing her daughter, Mrs. Sinclair, ought not to be applied to a common working person. With these arguments and a good many more, she made me go and visit the De Lisle family and see what I could do. I started out one day, though it was bitter weather—we had an unusually severe Winter that year. Not liking the job I had undertaken, I was in a hurry to get it off my mind. I didn't think I could do what my wife wanted either; but I couldn't stand so much talk, and so I was bound to try.

It was terribly cold. I knew that by casting a glance seaward—so to speak—before I left it. One of the streets on which my house faces—I have a corner lot, of course—dumps itself into Lake Michigan, a couple of blocks or so away. Instead of being dull gray, the lake was heaped up in high blue-green waves, brownish on the top further out, where they were tossing about like a malicious imitation of the ocean. The grizzly bear of a Rocky Mountain west wind was loose again, howling over the flat country and freezing everything up under it. You couldn't be sure of your nose or your ears or the tips of your fingers if you lost sight of them a minute; facing the wind was like being cut in two with scissors, if it was at your back your clothes felt about as thick as paper. I went in the Madison Street cars, for I would not take my horses out on such a day, and I noticed that the drivers were changed very frequently—as fast, I suppose, as their features thawed out to be available. It was a long way, the house was almost out on the prairie, and I had no little trouble finding it. They had two rooms up-stairs. The woman who opened the door told me to go right up. I went right up, for the hall was cold and had an intolerable musty air in it. I knocked, but no one answered, and, getting impatient, I went in. The room was bare, forlorn, cold; there was no one in it—no one seemed to have been in it for a week. I waited for somebody to come till I was almost frozen, then I went to an inner door and knocked: again no answer, and again I went in without standing upon ceremony. It was a bedroom; no fire, the window raised a little, the air ice-cold. I saw the reason—a straight, still figure on the white bed lying unhurt by the keen wind that fluttered the linen about and over it. Crouched by the side of the bed, half kneeling, half-lying, with one hand clutching the sheet and her face hidden, was little Miss de Lisle, her hair and dress all in disorder, as if she had not slept or changed her clothes for some time. I could not say whether she was dead, too, or had fainted or what! I did not know exactly what to do. I was very glad to hear somebody coming into the first room, and went back there. To my great surprise it was the major, and in such a wide-awake state as he hasn't been seen in since the last great city fire. He rushed at me and seized hold of my hand.

"My dear father!" says he, "how good you are—how noble! You reach here even before

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me. I have just this moment heard of it. Where is she?"

"Hush!" said I, putting my hand on his arm, he was so excited, and leading him to the place where the forlorn, unconscious creature lay. He was quiet enough then; he lifted her up and we took her away in a carriage he had brought. She was cold and white and blue under the eyes, but she wasn't dead nor quite unconscious, though she couldn't speak, and we took her into the house between us. The thought did cross my mind that this wasn't just what my wife sent me for, but I couldn't stop to attend to it then—perhaps this, on the whole, was better.

Margaret was there and ran into the hall to meet us.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" she cried out. "Mother, where shall we put her?"

"In the blue room—it's the most cheerful," said her mother, quickly, without thinking, and up they ran to get things ready.

It wasn't for her airs nor her love of finery that I married my old lady; I hope I'm too smart a man not to look for a better return for my investments than that. She did everything she could think of to make the young lady comfortable, though in an absent-minded kind of a way, as if she was asleep and didn't mean to wake up, but just as carefully as if it was for her daughter, Mrs. Sinclair. When we left the young lady to her, I thought to myself that I very seldom made bad bargains, and I certainly didn't make one when I got married.

Well, Miss de Lisle got better, and was able to go home for her poor father's funeral. Margaret and the major went, too, and brought her back with them afterwards. The evening of the second day we were sitting round the fire after dinner. Miss de Lisle looking smaller than ever in the big easy-chair, with a black shawl wrapped about her. I may have dozed a little, but I roused up and saw the major draw his chair close by my *protégée's* and take her hand in his.

"My dear mother," said he, looking across at her, and not at the young lady, "I have asked Miss Estelle de Lisle to be my wife. It is the strongest wish of my heart; but she refuses, fearing that her entrance into our family will not be pleasing to you and my father. Will you assure her that she is mistaken?"

I sat up straight and clinched my fists on the arms of my chair. I was so surprised. I was afraid to look at my wife, but I did, out of natural curiosity to see how she took it. As sure as I sat there she was beginning to cry. She got up, walked over to the little one, put her arms round her and gave her a hearty kiss. I immediately followed suit. The major jumped up and kissed his mother, and I thought I had better kiss somebody, so I kissed Margaret. Then Estelle began to cry so alarmingly, that they took her away to lie down, and my son and I were left alone.

"She is quite worn," said the major, sadly. "She has supported her father and nursed him in his illness besides. She would not send to me even when he died. I don't think they have a friend in the city except ourselves. Without that little accident what would have become of her?"

Then he told me her story. Her father married an English girl whom he was teaching music, married her against her friends' wishes. They came to this country—had bad luck; the mother died, and Estelle helped her father until his health failed, when she took the whole upon herself. Her music scholars fell off, and she did whatever she could find to do, but they had gone very far down into poverty. Poor thing, poor thing! how little I troubled myself about her white cheeks when I noticed them in the street that evening! That is the way we go through the world!

But her cheeks are plump enough now, and she is considered by most people to be a very pretty woman. After their quiet wedding the major took her to Italy and the South of France for a year; then they came home and settled down with us. We are all very fond of Estelle, and if anybody in society makes disagreeable remarks—as my wife feared might be the case—about Peter Prentiss's daughter-in-law, they are very careful not to let them get to me, nor to my wife, nor to Major Elliot P. Prentiss, nor to my daughter, Mrs. Washington Sinclair. So we are all right and very happy. My wife laughs when she says it was all my doing; and the major solemnly thanks me every year for my Christmas gift to him of Estelle.

THE INDICTED LAND LEAGUERS.

THE eyes not only of Europe but of the entire civilized world are turned towards that small little spot of verdant earth known on the map as Ireland. Expectation on this side of the Atlantic is upon tiptoe, and the State trials which are to open in Dublin on the 28th instant will undoubtedly take rank in the *causes célèbres* which from time to time have marked the *entente cordiale* existing between Great Britain and Ireland. The great lights of the Irish Bar—so celebrated since the days of Grattan, and Curran, and Plunkett, and O'Loughlin, and Shiel, and Whiteside and Butt—have been retained by the Crown, while the lesser luminaries, but more than one of them—notably Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., full of fiery eloquence—are arrayed on the side of Parnell and the Land Leaguers, who, having burnt their boats and cut down the bridges behind them, are prepared to stand or fall by the side of the Irish tenant as against the terrorism of the agent and British corn-reaping bayonets.

Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and his colleagues, notably "Tom" Burke, the "castle hack" of hacks, are trying an experiment which will be rightly judged by its results. If they can restore order and protect life and property, without alteration of the ordinary law, they will have conformed to constitutional theory, and they will secure the more substantial advantage of reminding "dangerous demagogues" that they have further powers in reserve. They will doubtless cite in vindication of their present action an encouraging precedent. Nearly forty years ago O'Connell, who had brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion, was cowed and finally silenced by a prosecution and a short imprisonment. But O'Connell was old, while the leaders of the Land League are, for the most part, in the prime of life; and even the Fenians would find it difficult to outbid their appeals to the passions of the populace.

"Charlie" Parnell is so familiar to us, that it is sufficient to say that he heads the list of the defendants. He was enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* at Avondale, near the celebrated Vale of Avoca, when he was summoned to Dublin to be served with the writ. Joseph Biggar, Member of Parliament for Cavan, is celebrated as the man who dared to turn the Prince of Wales out of the House of Commons by "espying strangers." Mr. John Dillon, M. P. for gallant Tipperary, is the son of the late John Dillon, who also represented Tipperary in Parliament, one of the '48 men who was transported with Smith O'Brien. Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P. for Sligo County, is an editorial writer on the Dublin *News*, crafty, shrewd, rhetorical and full of enthusiasm. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P. for Westmeath, is editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Nation*, *Weekly News* and *Young Ireland*. He is brother to A. M. Sullivan, M. P., and it is he who flung down the gauntlet both inside and outside of the House of Commons to Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., has lately been elected to represent Wexford Borough, and is known as one of the most active of the Land Leaguers. Mr. P. Egan is a merchant of Clontarf, where Brian Boroihme "bet the Danes black and blue," and treasurer to the League. Mr. Thomas Brennan, secretary to the League, is a mercantile clerk in Dublin, and Mr. Malachy O'Sullivan is assistant secretary. The next proceeding in the State prosecutions was in the striking of a special jury. The only way by which a special jury can be obtained in a criminal case is under what is called the old system, which is rather more favorable to the traversers than to the Crown. The jury for the State trials will be selected as follows: From the special jury list, comprising 1,500 names, forty-eight will be selected by ballot. These forty-eight names will then again be placed in the ballot-box and drawn out separately, each side having the right to object to twelve. From the twenty-four names thus remaining the jury will be selected, each side again having the right to challenge.

Evidence of the wide and rapid spread of the Land League terrorism in districts hitherto peaceable is increasing daily. Owners and agents complain that the state of affairs is worse than it was a month ago. There is now an almost universal suspension of the payment of rents—Griffith's valuation only being offered on every estate in the districts under the influence of the League.

Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, T. D. Sullivan, Sexton and Dillon have each filed an affidavit in the Crown office on which to ground an application for a postponement of the trial of the traversers, as the date as fixed for their trial would interfere with their constitutional right to be present when Parliament meets.

In his affidavit applying for a postponement of his trial Mr. Parnell says he believes the Crown acted with a view of securing the absence of the traversers, who are Members of Parliament, from the House of Commons.

A large meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has resolved to advise the Ulster Lodge to organize counter demonstrations on the same days and at the same places which are appointed for Land League meetings. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

Condition of our Navy.

THE annual reports of the Chiefs of Bureaus of the Navy Department for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, give the present number and class of vessels comprising our navy as follows:

In Commission.		*Store Ships.*	
Steamers	29	Steamers	1
Sailing ships	4	Sailing ships	3
Monitors	8	*On the Stocks.*	
Torpedo boats	2	Steamers	5
Total	43	Sailing ships	1
In Ordinary.		Monitors	4
Steamers	13	Ironclads	3
Sailing vessels	8	Repairing steamers	9
Monitors	7	*At the Naval Academy.*	
Receiving Ships.		Sailing ships	3
Steamers	3	Monitors	1
Sailing ships	3	*Public Marine School.*	
Monitors	1	Sailing ships	1

Tugs of all kinds at yards and stations, 25.
Total number of vessels, 139.

In concluding his report Chief Easby says: "A brief inspection of the foregoing list of vessels will show the necessity of an increase in the number of efficient vessels for the navy. The finishing of the five monitors and two cruising ships, now commenced, and the improvement and repairs to the *Dictator* are of the first importance. This addition to our small navy would be of great advantage. We have now in the Bureau a number of plans of unarmored cruisers and of iron-armored rams, furnished by the Naval Constructors attached to the different yards under the order of the Bureau. These plans can be made use of at any time the Department may direct, but for the present I respectfully recommend the building of two armored ships of a displacement of 3,500 tons each, and of three unarmored gunboats, having each a displacement of 700 tons. The estimated cost of these vessels under this Bureau is $2,800,000, but an appropriation of only $1,500,000 will be required for the first year."

The Government Detective Service.

THE report of Chief Brooks, of the Secret Service, shows that during the year the Secret Service made 403 arrests, of which 203 were for dealing in counterfeit money. The sentence of the persons arrested would amount to 343 years' imprisonment, and the amount of fines to $41,712. The amount of the counterfeit money captured was $37,788, together with a large number of plates and other contraband material. The amount expended by the service during the fiscal year was 161,108. In the matter of Executive clemency, Chief Brooks recommends the adoption of a modification of the French police system, by which criminals set at liberty before the expiration of their sentences shall be compelled at stated times to report their whereabouts to the Government, or be considered and treated as fugitives from justice. There is no more efficient department of the public service than that of which Chief Brooks has the direction.

A Civil Marriage in Georgia.

THE Walker County (Ga.) *Messenger* says: "A newly-elected justice of the peace in this region who had been used to drawing deeds and wills and little else was called upon, as his first official act, to marry a couple who came into his office very hurriedly and told him their purpose. He lost no time in removing his hat, and remarked:

"'Hats off in the presence of the court.' All being uncovered, he said: 'Hold up your right hands. You, John Marvin, do solemnly swear that to the best of your knowledge and belief you take this yer woman, ter have an ter hold for yerself, yer heirs, exekyurters, administrators and assigns, for your an' their use an' behoof for ever?'

"'I do,' answered the groom.

"'You, Alice Ewer, take this yer man for your husband, ter hev an' ter hold for ever; an' you do further swear that you are lawfully seized in fee simple, are free from all incumbrances, and hev good right to sell, bargain and convey to the said guarantee yerself, yer heirs, administrators and assigns?'

"'I do,' said the bride, rather doubtfully.

"'Well, John, that'll be about a dollar'n' fifty cents.'

"'Are we married?' asked the bride.

"'Yes, when the fee comes in.' After some fumbling it was produced and handed to the 'court,' who pocketed it and continued: 'Know all men by these presents that I, being in good health and of disposin' mind, in consideration of a dollar'n' fifty cents, to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do and by these presents hev declared you man and wife during good behavior and until otherwise ordered by the courts.'"

Emigration from Canada to the United States.

THE French papers in the Province of Quebec are deprecating the loss of population by emigration to the States. The *Quotidien* says the bishops have in vain issued mandates with the object of stopping the outflow, and in vain the parish priests have seconded the efforts of the bishops, for, "in spite of all that, the mania of expatriation continues in activity." That journal suggests a remedy, however. It demands the punishment of those who decoy away the unwary. But this would not be an easy task, and its execution would perhaps breed trouble. Mr. David, in the Quebec *Tribune*, has another remedy. He thinks the local Government should assist the surplus population to settle on the land. This is undoubtedly the best remedy, though it would become difficult of execution the moment the Government attempted to supply anything more than the land.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Ancient Remains of the Laurium Mines in Greece.

In our last issue we gave a general view of the silver mining district of Laurium, in Greece. In this will be found two sketches of those ancient remains of the mining industry which served to enrich the Athenian Republic. The Laurium mines were formerly leased by the Government to a mixed company, who disagreed with the authorities upon financial arrangements. Operations were then suspended until a few years ago when the privilege of collecting the scoriæ left from the ancient mining operations, and extracting the gold which remained in that substance by means of chemical processes unknown to the Greeks of antiquity, was granted to a new company and its undertaking has been very successful.

A Montenegrin Outpost.

During the week ending November 27th, the Montenegrins occupied the whole district of Dulcigno, the Albanians who came to the assistance of the Dulcignotes being repulsed with inconsiderable loss. The belief is entertained that the Porte's energetic action in regard to the cession of Dulcigno was due partly to the suspicious attitude of the Albanian League, and partly to the military preparations by Greece. Dispatches of December 1st showed that the Greek claim for more territory is receiving prompt attention from European Cabinets, and that Turkey evinces a desire to settle the affair without the direct intervention of other Powers. Our present illustration gives a view of the Montenegrin outpost at Pecorita, on the road leading from Antivari to Scutari.

Expulsion of Religious Orders in France.

The French Republic continues its forcible execution of the March decrees, by which all religious Orders that have not a state charter or authorization are broken up. The members deny the legality of the decrees, likening them to the old *lettres de cachet* of the kings. They appeal to the courts, but the courts have avoided the question. The religious, falling back on their rights as citizens, yield only to force. This has led to strange scenes. Our illustration shows the authorities carrying by assault, after a four days' siege, the monastery of St. Michel de Frigoulet, occupied by the Premonstratensians. The monastery is on a mountain near Tarascon in the department of Bouches du Rhone. A brigade of cavalry and infantry, commanded by General Guyon Vernier, was sent against the place. Three lines of investment were drawn up, and skirmishers thrown out on the heights. The first plan of campaign was to reduce the place by famine, but the cold on the mountain was so intense that the soldiers, who had not come prepared for a Winter campaign on the mountain, began to suffer severely. Accordingly, on the 8th of November, an order was given for a general assault on the place, and the monastery was taken by storm, fortunately without loss of life.

The Land League Demonstration at Limerick.

Mr. Parnell arrived in Limerick on Monday, November 7th, when a large Land League demonstration was held, the procession being headed by the members of the Corporation, and the city fire brigade, and various local societies taking part. The weather was very wet, but this seemed not to damp the ardor of the people, who shouted and cheered as they marched through the streets on the way to the place of meeting, where Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, O'Sullivan, Synan and O'Shaughnessy made speeches of the customary type, and resolutions pledging the meeting to support the Land League in all its undertakings were carried with unanimity and enthusiasm. On the way back there was more demonstration and shouting, and as the procession passed the statue of O'Connell a posse of mounted demonstrators grouped themselves around the memorial and yelled in honor of the great agitator of the past. The constabulary were judiciously kept out of sight, though in constant readiness, and the soldiers were of course confined to barracks for the day. In the evening a banquet was given to Mr. Parnell at the Athenæum Club, and next day the Freedom of the City was presented to him in the Town Hall. The document was inclosed in a handsome casket made from a piece of Irish oak, which had once formed part of the timbers of the old cathedral.

The Hall of the Lost Footsteps in the Palace of the Senate.

The Chambers will soon be occupied with their sessional work, and the Senate, on its return, will find itself in possession of the Marvelous Hall of the Lost Footsteps, an illustration of which we publish in our pictorial columns. Formerly the Hall of the Throne, and not completed in 1870, this gorgeous apartment has remained in an unfinished condition during the time that the Palace of the Luxembourg was tenanted by the Prefect of the Seine. The works were resumed upon the re-establishment of the Chambers in Paris. It is in the style of Louis XIV. The marbles are white, blue veined; the reliefs are of bronze massively gilt, while the ceiling is inlaid with gold. The carpetings are of blood-red, and the furniture of tapestry laid on gilt frames. Take it for all in all, it is one of the most gorgeous apartments in the world.

The Kings' Rock at Trollhattan.

The ancient Assyrian monarchs and those of Moab recorded their victories and progresses in inscriptions on the rocks, and have thus secured immortality. The Scandinavian monarchs have chosen the same plan, and we give a sketch of an inscribed rock at Trollhätten, Sweden, on which Gustavus III., Gustavus Adolphus IV., John and his Queen Desiderie, Oscar and his Queen Josephine, have carved their names in the stubborn granite which bids defiance to northern blasts and snows.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE is a fresh issue of lava from Vesuvius, descending to the base of the cone.

—THE Patent Office report shows that 12,584 patents were granted during the last fiscal year.

—THE French and American Claims Commission will hold their first meeting on December 22d.

—THE Pope is preparing an allocution condemning the hostile attitude of France and other nominally Catholic powers.

—THE Nova Scotian Government is negotiating for the sale of the railways built by the province, some 241 miles in all.

—THE President has issued a proclamation renewing the discriminating tonnage and import duties from Chinese vessels.

—FOUR more English regiments are under orders for Ireland. The Land League has ordered all money from America to be sent to Paris instead of Dublin.

—THE new elevators to be built at Chicago by the Wabash and the Rock Island Lines will increase the city's grain-storage capacity to about 21,000,000 bushels.

—DURING twenty-seven days of November the Chicago packers slaughtered and salted 935,000 hogs. Last year, for the corresponding period, they slaughtered 707,000.

—THE recent rise in Turkish funds in London and Paris was owing to a rumor that Rivers Wilson had accepted a mission to proceed to Constantinople and preside over an international commission for regulating the finances.

DURING the present year 4,946 miles of new railroad have been built in this country. Capital is seeking railroad investment in preference to other channels. Next year promises to be the year of the most extensive railroad building.

—THE new fast mail line just established between New York City and New Orleans delivers the New York morning papers in Richmond, Va., daily shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon.

—THE Austrian Government's financial statement, presented in the Lower House of the Reichsrath, shows a deficit for the next year of 24,000,000 florins. A duty on petroleum is urged, which it is said will produce a revenue of 4,000,000 florins.

—A CORRESPONDENCE is proceeding between English and Russian diplomatists regarding a mutual pacific policy in Central Asia. Russia has acceded many of England's propositions, and the relations of the two countries are becoming much more amicable.

—AT the Winter Palace there is a room full of diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. An Empress of Russia is allowed to borrow from this room after giving a receipt for what she takes, and generally the grand duchesses are allowed to borrow from it also.

—THE Cape Colony Ministry are urgently appealing to the Home Government for assistance in putting down the Basuto uprising. They complain that they are left almost entirely to their own devices, and that they are unable to cope with the dangers which threaten them on all sides.

—THE Greek Government seems determined to continue military preparations. King George is present almost daily at the drill of the troops. The *Golos*, of St. Petersburg, says that Russia will continue to support Greece morally, but cannot spend blood or money on the Greek cause.

—THE gross earnings of the Erie Railway last year were $18,693,108, and the working expenses $11,643,925. The income from other sources amounted to $783,956. The interest on the funded debt and rentals of leased lines amounted to $6,042,319, thus leaving a surplus of $1,790,628.

—THE tunnel under the English Channel from Dover to Calais is not the visionary scheme that many persons doubtless believe it to be. One shaft at the Dover end has just been driven successfully, and a second one is progressing so favorably that it is expected it will be finished in a few weeks.

—FROM figures prepared in the Census Bureau it appears that of the $698,351,750 of registered 4 and 4½ per cent. bonds issued, $270,773,950 are owned by individual males, $72,672,800 by individual females, $166,927,200 by State banks and trust companies, $175,966,650 by national banks, and $12,019,000 abroad.

—THE defense of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues will cost about $75,000. Six meetings were held in London a fortnight ago with the object of raising funds, and subscriptions have been widely taken up in Ireland. The Land Leagues counts, however, upon receiving the greater part of the fund from Irishmen in the United States.

—AN effort will be made during the Winter session of Congress to pass the Bill introduced last session by Senator Burnside, providing that the proceeds of the sale of public lands shall be devoted to educational purposes. For the first ten years the money is to be divided among the States in proportion to the average illiteracy of their inhabitants.

—A TELEGRAM from Berlin informs the State Department that the cases of American naturalized citizens who have been arrested in Alsace and Lorraine on charges of owing military service have been decided in accordance with the claim of this Government. The release of Weil has been already reported, and it is now announced that in his case, as well as in the previous one of Gebres, all fines and penalties imposed by the German Government have been remitted.

—ALASKA is reported by one census enumerator to have a population of 22,000 persons, of which number 18,000 are Indians, 1,800 Aleuts, and 1,000 Creoles. The Creoles are persons of mixed Russian and Aleut blood. There were 128 white males and four white females. This does not include the enumeration of the inhabitants of that portion of the Territory which is south of Mount Elias, a narrow strip of land ten leagues in width. From what is known of this portion it is estimated that the entire population of the Territory is about 30,000, of which number not more than 300 are whites.

—RUSSIAN strategists profit by Professor Nordenskjöld's Arctic achievements. The Government has recently purchased in Sweden three fast steamers, which are about to be dispatched to Semipalatinsk, a Siberian town close to the Russo-Chinese frontier. The route to be taken by these vessels is the following. Round the Norwegian coast, through the White Sea, past Novaja-Semlja to the Kara Sea, and thence up the River Obi. In Tobolsk they will find awaiting them several large transports of small draught, laden with military stores, and carrying strong reinforcements of troops destined for service against the Chinese army, should the complications still pending between Pekin and St. Petersburg result in war. Taking these in tow, the steamers will then proceed up the Irtitch to Semipalatinsk, whence a few forced marches will bring the troops to the Chinese frontier. By this expedient an enormous saving of time and fatigue to the soldiery will be effected in conveying reinforcements from Russia Proper to the extreme eastern limits of the Empire.

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ARRIVAL OF VISITORS.





GENL. GARFIELDS BUSINESS OFFICE



GENL. GARFIELD WITH HIS TOWNSMEN.



OHIO.—THE BUSY LIFE OF A PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATE

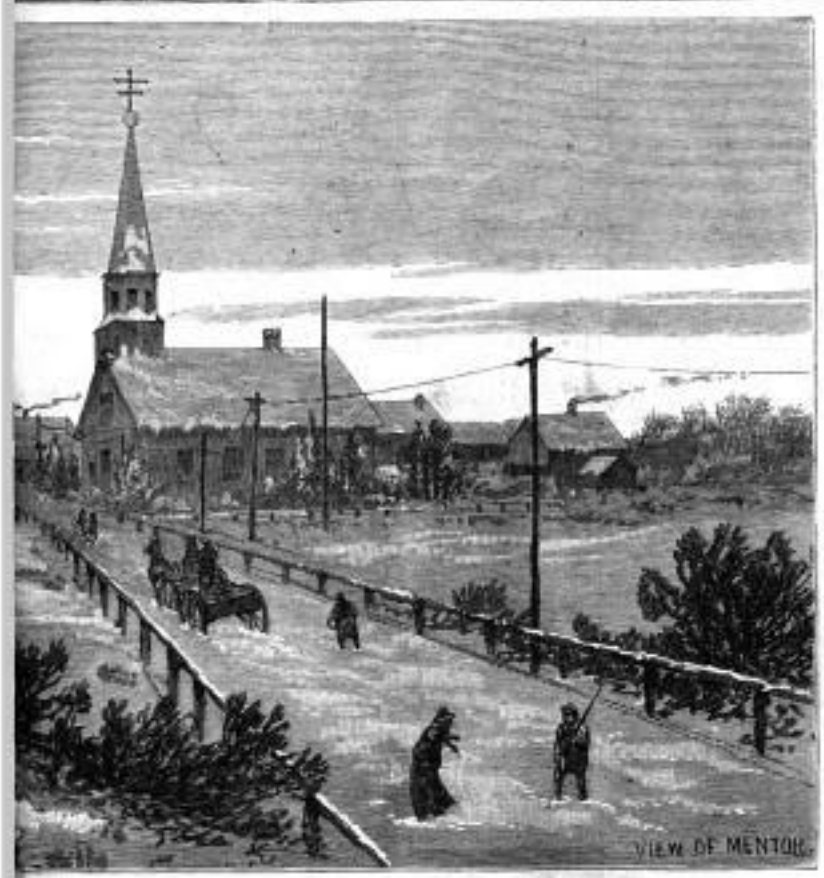
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IN THE PARLOR.


GEN. GARFIELD'S POST OFFICE

GENL. GARFIELDS TELEGRAPHIC OFFICE.


IN THE CORRIDOR


VIEW OF MENTOR.


GENL. GARFIELDS CONSULTATION OFFICE.

GARFIELD AT HIS HOME AT MENTOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 254.

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THE MILESTONES.

IN boyhood's time how slowly sped
The Winter nights and Summer days;
The weeks were months, the months were years;
How then we chided Time's delays.
The almanac, that lily hung
Below the smoke-stained mantelpiece,
Grew old and stained: it seemed as if
The long-drawn year would never cease.

When manhood came, and stirring life,
Engrossed with care, took boyhood's place,
How soon the weeks and months grew short;
How Time increased his restless pace.
Then fast and faster flew the years,
The milestones, marring each that passed,
Closed up their ranks and fearer stood—
We felt that Time was quite too fast.

Old age comes on; Time sweeps along,
And plants the milestones nearer still;
The backward gaze a graveyard sees,
And buried years the graveyard fill;
So thick they stand the feeble hand
May almost span the space between;
And Time so swiftly sweeps away,
His flying form is scarcely seen.

And life, like some long winding stream,
Its race increases as it runs;
First, idle as a baby's dream,
Then laughing in the Summer suns;
Then, vexed by cataracts, it roars
And hurries wild and recklessly;
Then, weary with the strife, it pours
Its tide into the shoreless sea.

FRANK J. OTTARSON.

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

LADY LORING'S carriage was waiting at the entrance of the street, with all the children in the neighborhood assembled to admire it. She impulsively forestalled the servant in opening the carriage-door.

"Come in!" she cried. "Oh, Stella, you don't know how you have frightened me! Good heavens, you look frightened yourself! From what wretches have I rescued you? Take my smelling-bottle and tell me all about it."

The fresh air and the reassuring presence of her old friend revived Stella. She was able to describe her interview with the General's family, and to answer the inevitable inquiries which the narrative called forth. Lady Loring's last question was the most important of the series:

"What are you going to do about Romayne?"

"I am going to write to him the moment we get home."

The answer seemed to alarm Lady Loring.

"You won't betray?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"You won't let Romayne discover that I have told you about the duel?"

"Certainly not. You shall see my letter before I send it to be forwarded."

Tranquillized so far, Lady Loring bethought herself next of Major Hynd.

"Can we tell him what you have done?" her ladyship asked.

"Of course we can tell him," Stella replied. "I shall conceal nothing from Lord Loring; and I shall beg your good husband to write to the major. He need only say that I have made the necessary inquiries, after being informed of the circumstances by you, and that I have communicated the favorable result to Mr. Romayne."

"It's easy enough to write the letter, my dear. But it's not so easy to say what Major Hynd may think of you."

"Does it matter to me what Major Hynd thinks?"

Lady Loring looked at Stella with a malicious smile. "Are you equally indifferent," she said, "to what Romayne's opinion of your conduct may be?"

Stella's color rose.

"Try to be serious, Adelaide, when you speak to me of Romayne," she answered, gravely. "His good opinion of me is the breath of my life."

An hour later, the all-important letter to Romayne was written. Stella scrupulously informed him of all that had happened—with two necessary omissions. In the first place, nothing was said of the widow's reference to her son's death, and of the effect produced by it on his younger brother. The boy was simply described as being of weak intellect, and as requiring to be kept under competent control. In the second place, Romayne was left to infer that ordinary motives of benevolence were the only motives, on his part, known to Miss Eyrecourt.

The letter ended in these lines:

"If I have taken an undue liberty in venturing, unasked, to appear as your representative, I can only plead that I meant well. It seemed to me to be hard on these poor people, and not just to you in your absence, to interpose any needless delays in carrying out those kind intentions of yours, which had, no doubt, been properly considered beforehand. In forming your opinion of my conduct, pray remember that I have been careful not to compromise you in any way. You are known only to Madame Marillac as a compassionate person who offers to help her, and who wishes to give that help anonymously. If, notwithstanding this, you disapprove of what I have done, I must not conceal that it will grieve and humiliate me. I have been so eager to be of use to you, when others appeared to hesitate. I must find my consolation in remembering that I have become acquainted with one of the sweetest and noblest of women, and that I have helped to preserve her afflicted son from dangers in the future, which I cannot presume to estimate. You will complete what I have only begun. Be forbearing and kind to me, if I have innocently offended in this matter—and I shall gratefully remember the day when I took it on myself to be Mr. Romayne's almoner."

Lady Loring read these concluding sentences twice over.

"I think the end of your letter will have its effect on him," she said.

"If it brings me a kind letter in reply," Stella answered, "it will have all the effect I hope for."

"If it does anything," Lady Loring rejoined, "it will do more than that."

"What more can it do?"

"My dear, it can bring him back to you."

These hopeful words seemed rather to startle Stella than to encourage her.

"Bring him back to me?" she repeated. "Oh, Adelaide, I wish I could think as you do!"

"Send the letter to the post," said Lady Loring, "and we shall see."

CHAPTER XIII.—FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Arthur Penrose to Father Benwell.

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER—When I last had the honor of seeing you, I received your instructions to report, by letter, the result of my conversations on religion with Mr. Romayne.

"As events have turned out, it is needless to occupy your time by dwelling at any length on this subject, in writing. Mr. Romayne has been strongly impressed by the excellent books which I have introduced to his notice. He raises certain objections, which I have done my best to meet; and he promises to consider my arguments with his closest attention in the time to come. I am happier in the hope of restoring his mental tranquillity—in other and worthier words, of effecting his conversion—than I can tell you in any words of mine. I respect and admire, I may almost say I love, Mr. Romayne.

"The details which are wanting in this brief report of progress, I shall have the privilege of personally relating to you. Mr. Romayne no longer desires to conceal himself from his friends. He received a letter this morning which has changed all his plans, and has decided him on immediately returning to London. I am not acquainted with the contents of the letter, or with the name of the writer, but I am pleased, for Mr. Romayne's sake, to see that the reading of it has made him happy.

"By to-morrow evening I hope to present my respects to you."

II.

Mr. Bilfrake to Father Benwell.

"SIR—The inquiries which I have instituted, at your request, have proved successful in one respect.

"I am in a position to tell you that events in Mr. Winterfield's life have unquestionably connected him with the young lady named Miss Stella Eyrecourt.

"The attendant circumstances, however, are not so easy to discover. Judging by the careful report of the person whom I employ, there must have been serious reasons, in this case, for keeping facts secret and witnesses out of the way. I mention this, not to discourage you, but to prepare you for delays that may occur on our way to discovery.

"Be pleased to preserve your confidence in me, and give me time—and I answer for the result."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—THE PICNIC DANCE.

A FINE Spring, after a Winter of unusual severity, promised well for the prospects of the London season.

Among the social entertainments of the time, general curiosity was excited, in the little sphere which absurdly describes itself under the big name of Society, by the announcement of a party to be given by Lady Loring, bearing the quaint title of a Picnic Dance. The invitations were issued at an unusually early hour; and it was understood that nothing so solid and so commonplace as the customary supper was to be offered to the guests. In a word, Lady Loring's ball was designed as a bold protest against late hours and heavy midnight meals. The younger people were all in favor of the proposed reform. Their elders declined to give an opinion beforehand.

In the small inner circle of Lady Loring's most intimate friends, it was whispered that an innovation in the matter of refreshments was contemplated, which would put the tolerant principles of the guests to a severe test. Miss Notman, the housekeeper, politely threatening retirement on a small annuity, since the memorable affair of the oyster-omelette, decided on carrying out her design when she heard that there was to be no supper. "My attachment to the family can bear a great deal," she said. "But when Lady Loring deliberately gives a ball, without a supper, I must hide my head somewhere—and it had better be out of the house!" Taking Miss Notman as representative of a class, the reception of the coming experiment looked, to say the least of it, doubtful.

On the appointed evening, the guests made one agreeable discovery when they entered the reception rooms. They were left perfectly free to amuse themselves as they liked.

The drawing-rooms were given up to dancing, the picture-gallery was devoted to chamber music. Chess-players and card-players found remote and quiet rooms especially prepared for them. People who cared for nothing but talking were accommodated to perfection in a sphere of their own. And lovers (in earnest or not in earnest) discovered, in a dimly-lit conservatory with many recesses that ideal of discreet retirement which combines solitude and society under one roof.

But the ordering of the refreshments failed, as had been foreseen, to share in the approval conferred on the arrangement of the rooms. The first impression was unfavorable. Lady Loring, however, knew enough of human nature to leave results to two potent allies—experience and time.

Excepting the conservatory, the astonished guests could go nowhere without discovering tables prettily decorated with flowers, and bearing hundreds of little pure white china plates, loaded with nothing but sandwiches. All varieties of opinion were consulted. People of ordinary tastes, who liked to know what they were eating, could choose conventional beef or ham, incased in thin slices of bread of a delicate flavor quite new to them. Other persons, less easily pleased, were tempted by sandwiches of *pâté de fois gras*, and by exquisite combinations of chicken and truffles, reduced to a creamy pulp which clung to the bread like butter. Foreigners, making experiments, and not averse to garlic, discovered the finest sausages of Germany and Italy transformed into English sandwiches. Anchovies and sardines appealed, in the same unexpected way, to men who desire to create an artificial thirst—after having first ascertained that the champagne was something to be fondly remembered and regretted, at other parties, to the end of the season. The hospitable profusion of the refreshments was all-pervading and inexhaustible. Wherever the guests might be, or however they were amusing themselves, there were the pretty little white plates perpetually tempting them. People eat as they had never eat before, and even the inveterate English prejudice against anything new was conquered at last. Universal opinion declared the Picnic Dance to be an admirable idea, perfectly carried out.

Many of the guests paid their hostess the compliment of arriving at the early hour mentioned in the invitations. One of them was Major Hynd. Lady Loring took her first opportunity of speaking to him apart.

"I hear you were a little angry," she said, "when you were told that Miss Eyrecourt had taken your inquiries out of your hands."

"I thought it rather a bold proceeding, Lady Loring," the major replied. "But as the general's widow turned out to be a lady, in the best sense of the word, Miss Eyrecourt's romantic adventure has justified itself. I wouldn't recommend her to run the same risk a second time."

"I suppose you know what Romayne thinks of it?"

"Not yet. I have been too busy to call on him since I have been in town. Pardon me, Lady Loring, who is that beautiful creature in the pale-yellow dress? Surely, I have seen her somewhere before?"

"That beautiful creature, major, is the bold young lady of whose conduct you don't approve."

"Miss Eyrecourt!"

"Yes."

"I retract everything I said!" cried the major, quite shamelessly. "Such a woman as that may do anything. She is looking this way. Pray introduce me."

The major was introduced, and Lady Loring returned to her guests.

"I think we have met before, Major Hynd," said Stella.

Her voice supplied the missing link in the major's memory of events. Remembering how she had looked at Romayne on the deck of the steamboat, he began dimly to understand Miss Eyrecourt's otherwise incomprehensible anxiety to be of use to the General's family.

"It was on the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone, and my friend was with me. You and he have no doubt met since that time?" He put the question as a mere formality. The unexpressed thought in him was, "Another of them in love with Romayne; and nothing, as usual, likely to come of it."

"I hope you have forgiven me for going to Camp's Hill in your place," said Stella.

"I ought to be grateful to you," the major rejoined. "No time has been lost in relieving these poor people, and your powers of persuasion have succeeded where mine might have failed. Has Romayne been to see them himself since his return to London?"

"No. He desires to remain unknown, and he is kindly content, for the present, to be represented by me."

"For the present?" Major Hynd repeated.

A faint flush passed over her delicate complexion. "I have succeeded," she resumed, "in inducing Madame Marillac to accept the help, offered through me, to her son. The poor creature is safe, under kind superintendence, in a private asylum. So far, I can do no more."

"Will the mother accept nothing?"

"Nothing, either for herself or her daughter, so long as they can work. I cannot tell you how patiently and beautifully she speaks of her hard lot. But her health may give way—and it is possible, before long, that I may leave London." She paused; the flush deepened on her face. "The failure of the mother's health may happen in my absence," she continued, "and Mr. Romayne will ask you to look after the family, from time to time, while I am away."

"I will do it with pleasure, Miss Eyrecourt. Is Romayne likely to be here to-night?"

She smiled brightly and looked away. The major's curiosity was excited—he looked in the same direction. There was Romayne, entering the room, to answer for himself.

What was the attraction which drew the unsocial student to an evening party? Major Hynd's eyes were on the watch. When Romayne and Stella shook hands the attraction stood self-revealed to him in Miss Eyrecourt. Recalling the momentary confusion which she had betrayed when she spoke of possibly leaving London, and of Romayne's plans for supplying her place as his almoner, the major, with military impatience of delays, jumped to a conclusion. "I was wrong," he thought, "my impenetrable friend is touched in the right place at last. When the splendid creature in yellow leaves London, the name on her luggage will be Mrs. Romayne."

"You are looking quite another man, Romayne," he said, mischievously, "since we met last."

Stella moved gently away, leaving them to talk freely. Romayne took no advantage of the circumstance to admit his old friend to his confidence. Whatever relations might really exist between Miss Eyrecourt and himself were evidently kept secret thus far. "My health has been a little better lately," was the only reply he made.

The major dropped his voice to a whisper. "Have you not had any return——" he began.

Romayne stopped him there.

"I don't want my infirmities made public," he whispered back, irritably. "Look at the people all round us! When I tell you I have been better lately, you ought to know what it means."

"Any discoverable reason for the improvement?" persisted the major, still bent on getting evidence in support of his own private conclusions.

"None!" Romayne answered, sharply.

But Major Hynd was not to be discouraged by sharp replies.

"Miss Eyrecourt and I have been recalling our first meeting on board the steamboat," he went on. "Do you remember how indifferent you were to that beautiful person when I asked you if you knew her? I'm glad to see that you show better taste to-night. I wish *I* knew her well enough to shake hands as you did."

"Hynd! When a young man talks nonsense his youth is his excuse. At your time of life you have passed the excusable age—even in the estimation of your friends."

With those words Romayne turned away. The incorrigible major instantly met the reproof inflicted on him with a smart answer.

"Remember," he said, "that I was the first of your friends to wish you happiness." He, too, turned away—in the direction of the champagne and the sandwiches.

Meanwhile Stella had discovered Penrose, lost in the brilliant assemblage of guests, standing alone in a corner. It was enough for her that Romayne's secretary was also Romayne's friend. Passing by titled and celebrated personages, all anxious to speak to her, she joined the shy, nervous, sad looking little man, and did all she could to set him at his ease.

"I am afraid, Mr. Penrose, this is not a very attractive scene to you." Having said those kind words, she paused. Penrose was looking at her confusedly, but with an expression of interest which was new to her experience of him. "Has Romayne told him?" she wondered, inwardly.

"It is a very beautiful scene, Miss Eyrecourt," he said, in his low, quiet tones.

"Did you come here with Mr. Romayne?" she asked.

"Yes. It was by his advice that I accepted the invitation with which Lady Loring has honored me. I am sadly out of place in such an assembly as this, but I would make far greater sacrifices to please Mr. Romayne."

She smiled kindly. Attachment so artlessly devoted to the man she loved pleased and touched her. In her anxiety to discover a subject which might interest him, she overcame her antipathy to the spiritual director of the household.

"Is Father Benwell coming to us to-night?" she inquired.

"He will certainly be here, Miss Eyrecourt, if he can get back to London in time."

"Has he been long away?"

"Nearly a week."

Not knowing what else to say, she still paid Penrose the compliment of feigning an interest in Father Benwell.

"Has he a long journey to make in returning to London?" she asked.

"Yes—all the way from Devonshire."

"From South Devonshire?"

"No. North Devonshire—Clovelly."

The smile suddenly left her face. She proceeded composedly, but without quite concealing the effort that it cost her, or the anxiety with which she waited for the reply, to her next question.

"I know something of the neighborhood of Clovelly," she said. "I wonder whether Father Benwell is visiting any friends of mine there?"

"I am not able to say, Miss Eyrecourt. The reverend father's letters are forwarded to the hotel—I know no more than that."

With a gentle inclination of her head, she turned towards other guests, looked back, and, with a last little courteous attention offered to him, said, "If you like music, Mr. Penrose, I advise you to go to the picture-gallery. They are going to play a Quartet by Mozart."

Penrose thanked her, noticing that her voice and manner had become strangely subdued. She made her way back to the room in which the hostess received her guests. Lady Loring was for the moment alone, resting on a sofa. Stella stooped over her, and spoke in cautiously-lowered tones.

"If Father Benwell comes here to-night," she said, "try to find out what he has been doing at Clovelly."

"Clovelly?" Lady Loring repeated. "Is that the village near Winterfield's house?"

"Yes."

(*To be continued.*)

GENERAL GARFIELD AT HOME.

HOW HE LIVES, WORKS, AND ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS.

THE home of General Garfield is situated about midway between Mentor and Willoughby, on the line of the Lake Shore Railroad. Passengers on that road, in passing, discern near a clump of bare trees a sharply pitched and reddish roof, then a

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barn and one or two smaller roofs come into view, and before the attention has subsided, the place is left away in the rear. Mentor Station is small and commonplace. There is a wood-pile, a water-tank, and a side-track that is little used in the way of Mentor freight, a small depot and a smaller hotel. The residence of the President elect is modern, and suggests the usual country house, with its broad veranda and its open hall and stairs. The surroundings are all of the farm, except the little office just back of the house and on the edge of that orchard so often invaded during the Summer past. A wheat field lies across the road, a garden to the left of the house, and a few tall locusts stand near the door. When our artist visited the spot, the ground was covered with snow, and the scene without was dreary in the extreme. But within the hospitable mansion of the President-elect there was ample warmth and cheerfulness. All who came—and there were a number of visitors, including Hon. Marshall Jewell, and other prominent Republican politicians—were cordially welcomed, and there was a marked absence of form and ceremony in the intercourse of the host and his guests. Indeed, nothing strikes the visitor to Mentor more conspicuously than the freedom and cordiality of the relations which exist between General Garfield and his neighbors. He goes in and out among them as one of themselves, with nothing whatever in his manner to indicate pride of feeling or that exaggerated self-consciousness which too often spoils men otherwise great.

General Garfield's business office is a small but cheerful apartment, on the first floor of the house. Here he receives his mail and devotes some hours every day to the work devolving upon him in connection with his large correspondence. On the second floor a room is set apart as a consulting office, and here he meets in conference such persons as desire to present for his consideration matters of a private or personal nature. The General's mail is received at a special post-office—a small building located about a mile from his residence, instead of going to the general office at Mentor.

General Garfield's home life is full of pleasant activity and of enjoyment. Its daily routine has been thus described by Major Swaim, his secretary: "He generally rises from seven to half-past, and breakfasts *en famille* at about eight. The General takes great delight in his family, and makes his table his family altar. At the meals, we usually discuss a book which all have read, or are familiar with, and make its contents a source of entertainment as well as of instruction. After breakfast the morning mails are opened, the newspapers are hastily scanned for telegraphic news, and important matters receive attention, the General retiring with his secretary and short-hand amanuensis to his private office, or 'snuggery,' for the purpose. After that, if the morning trains from the East or Cleveland bring visitors, the General receives and entertains them. Dinner is the same as breakfast with regard to instruction and amusement, it making no difference whether the visitors who partake of it are high or low, senators or soldiers, grand or simple. They can participate in the exercises if they see fit; if not, they can eat and listen.

"The afternoon usually brings more visitors and mails, and to both the General devotes as much time as is possible. Supper is a very pleasant meal, and as the day's labors are pretty well over we devote more time to it than to either of the other meals, the exercises being the same. After supper the General devotes considerable time to the thorough perusal of the leading influential dailies. We get all the principal New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati papers. We look them over before they get to the General's eye, and if there is anything in them of more than usual interest it is marked, that he may see it at once. Usually the General retires to bed between ten and twelve o'clock. Of course, this is but an outline of his life. There are always telegrams and letters by the dozen to answer. General Garfield has two short-hand men as secretaries, and to them he dictates his replies to letters and telegrams. This enables him to do a great deal of corresponding in short time. Of course very important and particularly private letters are written by myself or the General in person. Every one is free to go to church or to stay at home, to pray or to let it alone, as he pleases. There is but one autocrat in this house, and that is the General's mother, and she has too much good sense to interfere in such matters. He is very fond of riding by moral suasion, and he governs his family accordingly. His children are very fond of him, and look upon him as their bosom friend as well as parent. His boys will come to him when home, and talk and counsel with him about their books and studies, or their plays or other occupations, just as freely as they do with each other. The result is that they are all manly and frank in their demeanor, partaking much of his character in this respect."

OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.

BEATTY'S PIANO FACTORY.

OUT into the bright, clear atmosphere of New Jersey, the snow lying like lather on the chins of the mountains! Out past the throbbing mills of Paterson! Out where Boonton's furnaces are in full blast! Out beyond Dover, until, in the lap of dimpled hills, after a two and a half hours' ride on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, I strike Washington, a thrifty little town, which boasts, in addition to the usual outcome of earnest industry, the largest manufactory of pianos and organs in the United States. Arrived at the station, my eyes instantly encountered the splendid pile devoted to the "first great cause" of sweet sound. Built of red brick, it forms three sides of a square, and stands out in bold relief, a monument to the energy and enterprise of the self-made man at whose bidding it sprang into bread-giving existence. A few minutes' walk brought me to the entrance, jealously guarded by two colossal bronze lions *couchant*, and there came to my ears the whirr and throb and beat that told the bright story of Mr. Beatty's success in their own practical and incisive language. Here I encountered Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, the proprietor of this monster factory, a bright-eyed, brown-bearded, fresh complexioned, cheery gentleman of two-and-thirty, whose presence amongst his employés is ever greeted with a smile, since he has a kind and cheery word for each and all of the men and women who contribute to his fortune, while securing their own honest and comfortable livelihood. Mr. Beatty, who was born in Lebanon Township, Hunterdon County, N. J., in 1846, was a musician in his cradle. Brought up to the farming business, every instant snatched from the plow was devoted to music, and to the melodeon in the old homestead on Schooley's Mountain is this country indebted for the superb instruments which are now turned out from the Beatty factory at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five per diem. Mr. Beatty, who is Mayor of Washington, was elected to the office without solicitation. That he is a popular magistrate goes without saying, while his unostentatious charity has rendered his name a household word in the hearts of the people over whom he presides with so much benefit to them and so much honor to himself.

The factory presents a most imposing *façade*, since the whole front of this immense structure is 165 feet long and 40 feet wide. The wings extend back 80 feet, and are 30 feet wide. This gives an area of 11,400 square feet on each of the five floors, and a total of 57,000 square feet, or over an acre and a quarter of space, within the walls of the building. The building is frame, with brick basement. Its height to the peak of the roof is over 100 feet. It is lined from top to bottom, and in all its appointments it is one of the most complete factories in the world. The main entrance is on Railroad Avenue. The shipping and receiving doors are on the sides, one on Beatty Street and the other on Beatty Alley. The engine-house is in the rear, between the two wings of the building. The factory is painted in a pleasant dark color, while the words, "Daniel F. Beatty," can be read by the inhabitants in the adjoining State.

I commenced my tour round this little world by entering the first floor. This is the ground floor. It is well lighted by numerous windows, the walls are whitened, and the floor is cemented and dry. At the side of the main room is situated the monster engine, with its two large boilers, its glowing furnaces, its immense coal bins, and its swiftly revolving flywheels. Thousands of feet of pipe convey the steam through every part of the immense structure, and the heating apparatus and ventilation are perfect in their operation. Attached to the engine are two steam-whistles, one of them the largest in the State, and the other a musical whistle capable of producing all the notes of the scale, and easily heard at a distance of seven miles.

The west wing of the first floor is devoted to the "trapwork" department, and here the intricate wire and metal work is prepared. The east wing is devoted to the making of the boxes in which the instruments are packed, and here stand boxes marked for shipment to China, Japan, Australia, all parts of Europe, as well as to almost every section of America.

Entering an elevator, I ascend to the second floor, which is a perfect grove of machinery, while the whirr sets the very teeth on edge. On the east wing and in the main body of this floor are thirty woodworking machines of the newest pattern, and capable of performing the most delicate and intricate work, all performing their respective uses in the neatest possible way, and all turning out thousands of separate pieces which in the west wing are finished and made ready to be put together. All the shaving and other refuse are thrown through an opening to the first floor, and every day are burned in the furnace. Molding-machines, tenon-machines, mortise machines, band saws, jig saws, circular saws and planing-machines—all bobbing, grating, jerking, whirling, swinging, twisting, rotating, flashing, form a strange and eye-straining sight.

In the east wing of this floor is done all the scroll-sawing and carving, and artists are employed to evolve novel designs for the cases. At the side of the main part of this floor is the "drying room," in which the lumber used is seasoned. The temperature of this room stands at 120 to 170 degrees, and to step into it reminds one of the sensuous warmth of the Turkish bath. From $2,000 to $5,000 worth of lumber is packed in this room, and the durability of the cases depends on the thoroughness of the treatment of the lumber in this stage of its progress in construction.

Again I take the elevator and ascend to the third floor. Here is comparative quiet, for on the west wing are the offices of the Secretary and Superintendent. Here are models, designs and drawings made out, the outcome of which we find in the elaborate and artistic cases of the organs. Here is the telephone and the telegraph-wire. One, to speak with Mayor Beatty's up-town office, the other to flash directions all over the States. Here is the stock-room, where are thousands of dollars' worth of wires, rods, felts, carpets, rubber cloth, skins, and all those mysterious items which are needed to form the harmonious whole.

On this floor are the "action-makers" and the "fly-finishers," and the work at this stage is of the most painstaking and particular kind. The instrument is a delicate one, and every defect, every little irregularity must be looked after or a failure is the inevitable result. On this floor, in the east wing, are the "correcting" and "inspecting" rooms, under the absolute control of the superintendent of the tuning department. Here the "voice" is given to it, and much depends on the skill of the artists employed. I found the tuners hard at work, one of whom most obligingly struck a number of full chords with a light yet masterful hand.

In different rooms on this floor are stored hundreds of music-stools, organs and piano-covers, and a medley of things known by name only to the initiated. Boxes of keys, piles of bellowses and rows of key-boards may be seen on every hand, and everywhere the visitor is surprised at the fullness of the stock of materials and the capacity of the factory.

The fourth floor is devoted to the cases and the varnishing of their woodwork. In the west wing are twelve rooms, set apart for the "veicers" and "filers," whose duty it is to put the new woods into shape. The fifth and last floor is used for storing boxes, cases, etc., etc., and all the flotsam and jetsam of this wondrous hive. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Beatty has filled up his factory with the newest and most improved appliances of every description.

A huge elevator in the eastern corner runs from the roof to the lower floor, and is moved by steam. A force-pump on the first floor throws water into every room, and hose is attached to the water-pipe on each floor, to be used in case of fire. Steam apparatus for preparing glue is on each floor. Every separate room is furnished with steam-coil to heat it, so that a regular temperature can be maintained throughout the year—a very essential point in connection with the manufacture of organs.

Having quitted the factory, I wended my way uptown. An immense red brick edifice named the Beatty Building confronted me as I moved along Washington Avenue. In this imposing pile are the Mayor's private offices, reception parlor, music warerooms, and that most essential department—the clerical. This latter bears all the appearance of a well-to-do bank, the various clerks being all ranged at high desks behind plate-glass screens.

The mailing room is a curiosity in its way, and is also the apartment set apart for the storage of newspapers and circulars. A glance at either of these rooms gives one an idea of the gigantic business done by the energetic proprietor of this mammoth factory. As I waited at the station for the up-train, cases from Beatty's blocked the platform, and on reading the addresses upon two of them I found that one was going to Hong Kong, the other to Toronto.

A Japanese Bill of Fare.

IN the last number of the *Revue Britannique* is published an interesting account of a modern Japanese dinner-party, from which we extract the following extraordinary menu, recommending it to the attention of those who may desire to introduce some startling novelties into the art of dining, as practiced in this country: Boiled ducks, chopped pigeons, bird's-nest soup, roast mutton and bamboo buds, mussels and crabs, tea and cakes, turtle soup, minced dog, braised rats, macaroni soup, black rats roasted, with sweet sauce, salt fish, roast pork, with rice patties, preserved melon-seeds, stuffed sea-frogs, walnuts stewed with betel leaves, ices and fruits. Various wines were served during this amazing entertainment. The centre of the table was occupied by a huge covered bowl containing a good store of sea-fleas, set swimming in Burgundy just before the guests sat down to dinner. By the time the meal was over these vivacious insects had become sufficiently inebriated to exhibit an abnormal and eccentric activity, so that, when the cover restraining their salutary exercises was removed at dessert, they afforded excellent sport to the Japanese gentlemen present, who displayed remarkable smartness in catching them with ivory chop-sticks, and in subsequently eating them alive. To some this may appear a somewhat revolting repast; but, remembering that many dishes which they and the Chinese enjoy have ugly names, that misrepresent their real character, we should suspend our judgment until we hear what the delicacies mentioned actually are. Bird's-nest soup, for instance, is a very different thing from what people who have never been in China suppose it to be, and it is quite possible that even the black rat may be a species of ground game unknown in this country, but not the less edible for all that. We confess, however, that the sea-frog and sea-fleas require a good deal of explanation.

A Prince Earning his Living.

SOME months ago attention was called to the interesting fact that one of the Empress of Austria's brothers, Charles Theodor, Duke in Bavaria, had successfully passed the examination qualifying him to practice as an oculist, and that it was his intention to devote his life to that particular branch of the healing art, in which he had achieved no ordinary proficiency. It appears that his Royal Highness's first operation for cataract, performed by him upon a citizen of Dresden shortly after he had obtained his diploma, resulted in the complete restoration of sight to his patient, and we now learn that he has again operated with entire success upon a sufferer from cataract in the Munich Hospital. The prince is a regular attendant at Professor Arlt's lectures on diseases of the eye, and has in no respect relaxed the assiduousness of his studies since he has become a regular licensed member of the Faculty. Indeed, if report speaks truly, his Royal Highness, Dr. Charles Theodor von Wittelsbach, is fairly on the way to attain high rank among the more eminent practical oculists of Southern Germany. In choosing so noble a profession, not as a mere pastime, but with the high resolve of alleviating human suffering, this illustrious gentleman has set a splendid example to his fellow-princes, the majority of whom, unfortunately, have hitherto displayed a greater predilection for the study of science aiming at the destruction rather than at the saving of life.

A Remarkable Library.

THE latest catalogue issued by Mr Quaritch the London bookseller, indicates that he is the possessor of perhaps the richest collection of illuminated manuscripts ever offered at one time by a single dealer. It includes specimens of every century from the ninth to the sixteenth, inclusive, and represents an aggregate monetary value of about $75,000. The MSS. are nearly all of a devotional character, and some were executed for crowned heads and pious women of rank. The gem of the collection is John Lydgate's "Boke of the Sege of Troy," executed by the author himself. It contains seventy large miniatures, and can be purchased for $8,000. A copy of Wycliffe's New Testament, written about A. D. 1390, and one of the seventeen genuine ones in existence, is offered for $5,000. An Evangelistarium, written about A. D. 870 for Charles the Bald, is valued at the same amount. Of still greater value is a copy of Benton's "Commentary on the Apocalypse," about A. D. 1150, and declared by eminent bibliopoles to be the finest MS. of the twelfth century in existence. The price is $8,000. Lorenzo de Medici's Prayer-Book, an exquisite MS. on vellum of the best period of Italian art, executed about A. D. 1470 for Lorenzo or Giuliano de Medici, is offered at the moderate sum of $400. There are numerous other MSS. in the collection, with prices affixed to them varying from $500 to $2,500.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Electric Light proves to be very effective as an insect trap. Flies and moths are attracted to it from a great distance, and, flying into the arc, are quickly killed.

M. Boudaire has presented to the French Academy the results of his recent Algerian survey. He believes that an inland sea of 250 miles in length may be created without serious difficulty.

A Monsieur Lollet has been recently dredging in the Sea of Galilee. It has a depth of 250 metres, and contains twelve species of fish; the majority of these species have the singular habit of hatching their eggs and sheltering their young in their mouths.

The Excavations at Alsofen, near Pesth, the site of the ancient Roman city Aquincum, which was covered by a land slide, have laid bare an amphitheatre capable of seating 10,000 people, as well as large baths. It is estimated by archæologists that the population reached 180,000.

Medical Investigation has shown that some of the occupations for children at kindergarten schools are calculated to injure the eyesight. Among these are the picking of holes over a heading on paper, braiding bright colored bands of paper, and sewing fine silk upon trimmings.

The Mode in which the Germans keep up their valuable superiority in chemical manufactures is shown by the fact that one of the largest chemical works in that country employs six regular chemists, with salaries varying between $1,500 to $2,500 yearly, and also engage the services of a celebrated chemist exclusively for theoretical work, paying him nearly $10,000 a year. Such facts account for the industry and fruitfulness of the German chemists.

The Triennial Gold Medal, of the Chemical Section of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, founded in commemoration of the work of Thomas Graham, F. R. S., late Master of the Mint, will be awarded, at the end of the present session, for the best paper on any subject in pure or applied chemistry. Authors are requested to send in their papers not later than February 1st, 1881, addressed to the Secretary of the Section, Dr. J. J. Dobbie, Chemical Laboratory, University of Glasgow.

The Proof that petroleum sources are almost world-wide appears to be abundant, and its use would also seem well nigh coeval with civilization. In one of the Ionian Islands there is a spring which has yielded petroleum more than 2,000 years. The wells of Armenia, on the banks of the Zero, were formerly used for lighting the city of Genoa. In Persia, too, near the Caspian Sea at Baku, numerous springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest times; and those of Rangoon, on the Irawaddy, are said to have yielded, before the general introduction of petroleum among civilized nations, some 400,000 hogsheads of oil per annum.

As we Announced Last Week, the Vienna Geographical Society has issued an appeal for subscriptions for an Austrian expedition, which Dr. Emil Holub has decided on undertaking. Dr. Holub intends crossing the whole length of Africa from south to north. He will start from the Cape of Good Hope and penetrate to the Zambesi, thence explore the Marutsemambunda territory, the watershed district between the Zambesi and the Congo, visit the lake sources of the Congo, and from there through Darfur he will try to reach Egypt. Dr. Holub expects the journey to extend over three years. The expenses, he reckons, will amount to about 50,000 florins, 5,000 of which he can himself supply.

The Fall Meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was recently held in New York City. A large number of papers on scientific subjects were read, and Professor Alexander Agassiz made a report on the dredging cruise of the United States steamer *Blake*, Commander Bartlett, in the Summer of 1880. The cruise, he said, was undertaken with the object of determining the exact relation of the fauna of the Atlantic Ocean to that met with in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Caribbean Sea. In the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans deep-sea soundings have generally been made to a depth of 1,500 fathoms; in the Gulf of Mexico to a depth of 450 fathoms. Work was begun in June last, south of Cape Hatteras, on a line parallel to the coast, and at an average distance of about 120 miles from it.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MADAME PATTI has been engaged to sing at Nice for six weeks from January 12th. She will be accompanied by Nicolini and Ciampi.

IT is said that Lord Beaconsfield will have another novel ready next year, and that he has made up his mind never to accept office again.

MR. CYRUS H. MCCORMICK has donated $100,000 to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago to place it entirely out of debt.

THE Princess Blanche of Orleans, a tall, slender and handsome young woman, and the daughter of the Duke de Nemours, is about to be married to the Prince de Ligne.

IT is announced that Lord Beaconsfield intends to make his new mansion in Mayfair the centre of social and political influence in London during the next session of Parliament.

MR. JOHN BALFOUR'S majority over Mr. Ruskin in the vote for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University amounted to 314. The Liberal students were greatly delighted at their victory.

MRS. LYNN LINTON, the clever novelist, is very ill in Florence. She is threatened with total blindness and is shut up in a dark room. Her physicians say that she has just escaped brain fever.

FOR the seventh time in his career as a Freemason, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been nominated for the office of Grand Master of the Order throughout the United Kingdom.

MR. TENNYSON'S new play, which is shortly to be produced by Mr. Irving, is described as highly tragic. The scene is laid in a city of Asia Minor. Miss Ellen Terry is reported to be delighted with her part.

THE hero of Candahar, General Sir Frederick Roberts, who relieved the beleaguered garrison in Afghanistan, is to be rewarded by a gift of $125,000. Premier Gladstone will move Parliament to that effect.

THE Marquis of Lorne will not resign his position as Governor-General of Canada at the end of three years, the statement to the contrary, made in several London journals, having been officially denied.

SENATOR LAMAR of Mississippi is in very feeble health, and it is regarded as possible that he will never be able to leave his home or take his accustomed seat in the United States Senate. He has failed rapidly since the election.

JOHN T. CRAWFORD, an eccentric of Cincinnati, who died about a fortnight ago, leaving an estate valued at from $30,000 to $100,000, is found to have left his entire property for the purpose of building a home for aged colored men.

MR. EZRIAH B. CORNELL, a brother of the founder of Cornell University, and a widower, more than seventy years old, was married last Wednesday at Ithaca, N. Y., to MRS. HORACE HILLICKER. The wedding caused much surprise in Ithaca.

IT is formally announced that Mr. Langtry, the husband of the "Jersey Lily," will shortly sail for America on business, and it is extremely probable that he will bring with him his beautiful wife, who has done so much for his success in London.

MRS. SCHLIEMANN helps her husband in all his scientific labors, superintending excavations under his direction and bravely disregarding sun and dust. She wears while engaged in this work a plain, trim dress and jacket, and carries a stout umbrella.

MESSRS. DAVID WHITCOMB and Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester, Mass., have promised to pay the expense, estimated at $12,000, of enlarging the Washburn machine shop, connected with the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science.

JUDGE E. B. TAYLOR, who was elected in October to be General Garfield's successor as Representative from the new Nineteenth District, was elected at a special election last week to fill the vacancy in the present Congress, caused by Garfield's resigning his seat in the House before the expiration of his term.

THE Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria, who some time ago passed his examination as doctor of medicine at Munich, has gone to Vienna to pursue his anatomical studies. The Duke, who has passed his fortieth year, is very fond of his profession and delights in giving his advice gratuitously to the poor.

THE ladies of Ottawa, Illinois, are preparing a silken tapestry hanging for presentation to Mrs. President Hayes, as a testimonial of her high moral worth and courage in banishing the wine cup from the White House. It is to be of blue silk, appropriately decorated and accompanied with an autograph album containing names of prominent men of Illinois.

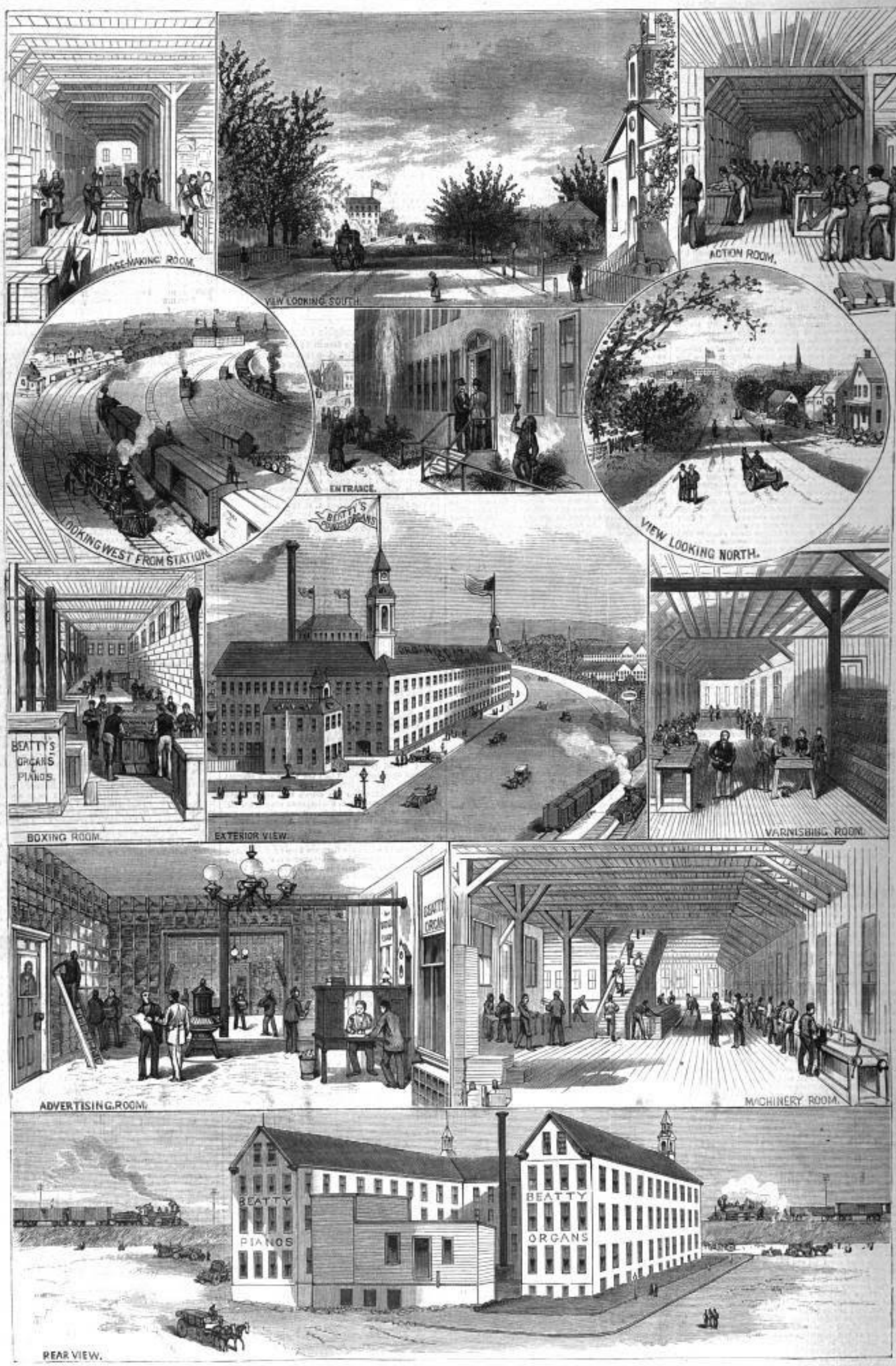
MISS LENNIE SHERMAN, daughter of the General Sydney Sherman who shared with General Houston the honors of the battle of San Jacinto, has just been married in Texas to a former State Senator. Among the guests were Mrs. M. B. Lamar, widow of one of the Presidents of the Texas Republic, and F. W. Cave, President Sam Houston's private secretary.

THE inauguration of Archbishop Feehan as Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Chicago, to succeed the late Bishop Foley, took place at the Holy Name Cathedral, November 28th. After the keys and symbols of the diocese had been delivered to the Archbishop, he delivered an impressive sermon. His formal consecration as Archbishop is delayed, owing to the non-arrival of the pallium from Rome.

THE following are the gifts which have thus far been made by Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Boston, from the estate left by her husband: To Bowdoin College, to finish Memorial Hall, $20,000; to Bowdoin College, to endow the professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, $50,000; to the Hallowell Classical School, $10,000; to the Fryeburg Academy, Maine, $10,000; to Dartmouth College, to endow the Stone Professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, $30,000; Andover Theological Seminary, to endow the Professorship of the Relations of Christianity to Secular Science, $50,000; on the condition that a subscription of $100,000 for the Phillips Academy be completed, $100,000; Amherst College, to endow the Stone Professorship of Theology on condition of the college raising $25,000, $50,000; Wellesley College, to construct and furnish Stone Hall, $100,000; Women's Board of Missions for Harpoon College, Turkey, $25,000; Young Men's Christian Association, Boston, towards a new building, $25,000; Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., to endow the Professorship of Natural History, $30,000; Chicago Theological Seminary, for the Professorship of Pastoral Theology and Special Studies $50,000; American Missionary Association, for institutions at Nashville, Atlanta Talladega, Tougaloo and New Orleans, $110,000; Oberlin College, Ohio, for endowments, $50,000; Drury College, Springfield, Mo., $50,000; Iowa College, $22,500; Carlton College, Northfield, Minn., $10,000. Mrs. Stone has also given $600,000 to relatives and friends, and $100,000 to churches and needy students and for the redemption of mortgaged homes.

OBITUARY.—C. S. Grafulla, for many years leader of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Band, died in New York December 2d, aged 42; James H. Pinckney, an old merchant and fire insurance president, of New York City, on the 2d, aged 70; Silas Merchant, a prominent citizen of Newark, N. J., and fire insurance president, on the 1st, aged 75.

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NEW JERSEY.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—THE MANUFACTURE OF PIANOS AND ORGANS AT WASHINGTON.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 255.

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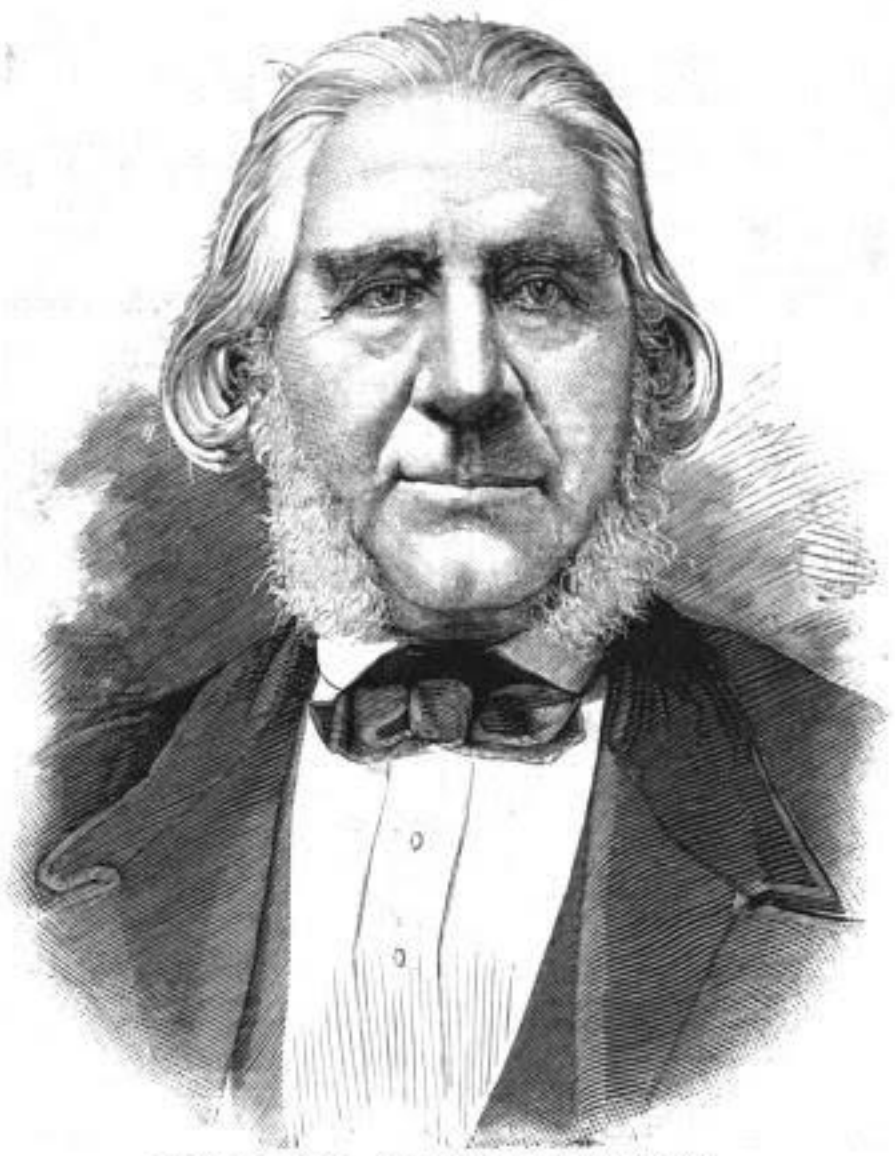
"FATHER" GAVAZZI.

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI, the famous and eloquent Italian preacher, who reached New York on his third visit to the United States on Sunday, November 28th, is now in his sixty-second year. At the age of sixteen he became a Barnabite monk in Bologna, the place of his birth, and was afterwards appointed professor of rhetoric in a college at Naples. Then he became a monk and a preacher for the Church of Rome. He grew to be as great a favorite with the masses as he was an object of suspicion to his superiors in the Church. He preached liberal views of the most pronounced kind, advocating honesty in religion and justice to the masses. He even attacked the Court of Gregory XVI., and was remanded to the solitudes of a convent—virtually placed in confinement—for his conduct. In all his preachings he never failed to remind his countrymen of their oppressed condition. He strove by all the powers of his eloquence to persuade them to unite and win their freedom.

Among his intimate friends were Hugo Basse and Count Joseph Mastai, the latter a brother of Pope Pius IX. By him Gavazzi was introduced to the Pontiff, who was so impressed with the man's ability that he appointed him to preach the sermon of thanksgiving for his miraculous escape from assassination. In that memorable sermon Gavazzi turned aside long enough to denounce the corrupt practices of the Church. This, together with the well-defined fact that he was a priest whose utterances could not be curbed, led to an order issued by the Pope forbidding him to preach longer. Gavazzi was afterwards imprisoned in the Franciscan convent of La Polviera, and also at Genzano, for his bitter denunciation of the Austrians. He was visited in his cell by 5,000 Romans, and the popular interest in him was so intense that twenty nobles waited upon the Pope and extracted the promise that he should be set at liberty—a promise which was fulfilled within ten days. He afterwards raised a legion of 16,000 men and equipped them for service against the Austrians with the funds raised at a meeting where he delivered one of his most eloquent appeals. So effective was his oratory on this occasion that women stripped themselves of their jewels and threw them at his feet.

In the revolution of 1848, Gavazzi was Garibaldi's trusted lieutenant and his chaplain, and when the troops entered the City of Rome Gavazzi established military hospitals, and organized a corps of 6,000 nurses from among the Roman women who responded to his appeals for aid. The intervention of the French, the rout of Garibaldi, and the flight of his forces, are matters of history. Gavazzi, through the friendship of the American Consul, was enabled to escape to England, where he spent many months in giving to English audiences a description of Italy's miseries and necessities. He came to this country in 1853, and delivered lectures against popery. In Montreal he was mobbed, and his friends were compelled to smuggle him out of the city to save his life. He became a convert to Protestantism, and when the condition of affairs enabled him once more to return to Italy, he entered upon the work of evangelizing his countrymen. In this labor he has been engaged ever since. Its fruition was the foundation of the Free Christian Church of Italy.

Father Gavazzi's third visit to America is to strengthen the interest which Protestants feel in the Free Christian Church of Italy, and to secure additional funds to meet its pressing needs. Since its organization in 1870, this Church has grown steadily, and is gradually making its influence felt in every province of Italy. From a body comprising twenty-three churches with 400 communicants in 1870, it has so increased that now it has seventy-one places of worship and about 2,000 communicants. These churches are found in Rome, Milan, Turin, Bologna, Naples, Venice, Florence, and many smaller cities in Italy. In Rome there is a theological seminary within the very shadow of the Vatican, in which Father Gavazzi fills the chair of Professor of Sacred Oratory. The Free Church of Scotland has given the seminary a Professor of Didactive Theology, and Christians in Great Britain have bought and presented the old Church of San Jacopio in Florence. An opportunity recently occurred to purchase a valuable church on the Piazza San Marco in Venice. It was thought best to secure this edifice, although only half the amount necessary was in hand to pay for it. Father Gavazzi will specially interest himself in the effort to raise the remainder.



ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.—FROM A PHOTO. BY W. BRADNER.

In appearance Father Gavazzi possesses little in common with the Italian physical types with which Americans are acquainted. He is six feet in height, of well-built figure, and has broad shoulders that are slightly rounded with the weight of years. His features are prominent, his complexion is light, his eyes are keen and kindly, and his hair, which is of an iron-gray, hangs in wavy locks. His thin side-whiskers, however, have been bleached to a silvery whiteness. He is as brisk in his movements as a man half his years. In all respects he is a remarkably well-preserved gentleman. His English, though somewhat broken, is clear, strong and intelligible.

A BABY'S WAKE IN CHILI.

WHEN a young child or infant dies, the baby, after being cleansed, is arrayed in the finest of garments, and placed upon an altar in the best room in the house; a pair of wings are fastened to it, and a crown upon its head; above is hung a dove, and the entire surroundings adorned with flowers and ribbons. A guitarist is provided, who from his seat in front chants and sings airs, generally of a laudatory and lamenting nature, for the loss of the child; but as the "poncha" or drink begins to make itself felt upon the friends who have gathered round, it then becomes a scene of mirth and gladness that the child is now an "angelito" (or little angel). This generally continues for several days, until the body gives forth anything but pleasant odors. This custom at the present day is more general among the lower classes, for, although it exists among the rich, there is nothing of the boisterous style about it.

OUR INDIAN "WARDS."

THE annual report of the Indian Bureau is a document full of interest, presenting as it does conclusive evidence of a steady progress on the part of nearly all the Indian tribes in the ways of civilization. At nearly all the agencies the demands of Indians for implements with which to perform manual labor greatly exceed the means at the disposal of the Bureau. There is no doubt that the disposition of the Indians to work is steadily growing, and a large majority of them are willing and anxious to engage in civilized pursuits. The efforts of a number of tribes in cultivating the soil have been attended with such marked success as to justify the belief that they will at no distant day become entirely self-supporting. During the past year, the Indians, exclusive of the five civilized tribes, have raised 415,777 bushels of wheat, 666,430 bushels of corn, and large quantities of barley, oats, vegetables, etc., while five civilized tribes have raised 2,346,042 bushels of corn, 336,424 bushels of wheat, 395,000 bushels of vegetables, 149,000 tons of hay, etc. The partially civilized tribes own 864,137 sheep, with other cattle. As to the subject of Indian education, the report makes a most gratifying exhibit. It is stated that, during the year, 60 boarding and 110 day schools have been in operation among the different Indian tribes (exclusive of the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory), which have been attended by over 7,000 children and taught by 316 teachers. In the education of the Indian youth, it is the policy of the Bureau to have farm and domestic work occupy as prominent a place as study in the schoolroom, and the development of character and training of pupils in the manners of civilized life is held to be quite as important as acquiring a knowledge of books. Owing to inadequate appropriations, the educational work has not been carried to the full extent desired; fifty thousand Indians at seventeen agencies have no treaty school funds whatever, and for educational facilities must depend entirely on the general appropriation for education. Among those tribes, there are at least 7,000 children of school age. In compliance with the appeals from neglected agencies, the Bureau has made arrangements for erecting eleven boarding-school buildings during the coming season, and for the establishment of thirteen new boarding schools. It is certainly to be hoped that more liberal appropriations will hereafter be made in support of this most important work. It will be cheaper to civilize the Indians by education than to tame them by the savage and costly methods which have been only too largely pursued in the past.

The total number of Indians in the United States,



SOUTH AMERICA.—A BABY'S WAKE IN THE INTERIOR OF CHILI.

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exclusive of Alaska, according to this report, is 265,938, all of whom, except about 18,000, are more or less under direct control of agents of the Government. The civilized Indians now in the Indian Territory number 60,360, and the uncivilized 17,750. There are in round numbers, 25,000 Indians in Dakota, 23,000 in New Mexico, 21,000 in Montana, 17,000 in Arizona, and 14,000 in Washington Territory. It appears that there are upwards of 5,000 Indians in New York State, and more than 10,000 in the State of Michigan.

NEW BOOKS.

HINTS FOR HOME READING (of Putnam's Handy Book Series). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 75 cents.

THE ART OF COOKING. A Series of Practical Lessons. By Matilda Lees Dods, of the South Kensington School of Cookery. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.25.

Both these volumes form most entertaining reading—the latter, especially, having a practical value. It treats of cookery as both a science and an art, and covers the whole range of instruction in those general principles which have come to have almost general recognition. Instead of a mere stereotyped schedule of dinners, suppers and breakfasts, it presents a comprehensive insight into the general rules for the intelligent preparation of food, while, at the same time, it clearly describes the several means and processes of arriving at desired results. It will be a welcome contribution to the literature on this subject. The "Hints for Home Reading" embodies a chapter of suggestions for household libraries which will be of special interest to beginners in the work of book-gathering.

ABOARD THE "MAVIS." By Richard Markham. Author of "Around the Yule Log." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"It is told in this book how five boys and five girls cruise in the schooner *Mavis* about the east end of Long Island, and how, in addition to sundry 'good times,' they learn somewhat of the early history of their country." This the author tells us in the title-page of a very prettily gotten up volume, charmingly illustrated. Many of the pictures are old friends, by-the-by, while the letter-press is more than usually well executed. Let those who would learn the adventures of the five boys and five girls, and "somewhat of the early history of the country," go aboard the *Mavis* with Mr. Markham. Price, $1.50. For sale by all booksellers.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. A Manuscript Song-Story of the Twelfth Century. Translated into English Verse and Prose by Hoday Macdonough. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert.

This is an ambitious attempt to produce a *chante-fable* of the days of the troubadours and trouvères. It is a decided departure from the sing-song holiday books which, mushroom like, crop up in the book market on the approach of Christmas, and will, doubtless, prove very delectable reading to those who revel in love songs and roundelays. Mr. Macdonough has performed his task with a quaint grace, which lends its charm to the story; and the artists, if not always successful in their illustrations, would seem to have done their spiriting gently. Apropos of the illustrations: Why give us the "Princess Nicolette in Carthage" twice—the same picture—and two pages only of reading matter between? If the Princess need appear on two occasions, she might be allowed a little breathing space. Seriously, there has been considerable careless-ness somewhere. The mechanical execution of the book, albeit many "monks" and "friars"—to use technical terms—displays points of excellent merit, and we have little doubt of the success of the Lovers of Provence. For sale by all booksellers.

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EVEN the chestnut worm will turn when roasted.

IT don't take a very fast horse to catch the epizootic.

"IF the coming Winter is as hard as prophets foretell, we will have a solid North."

WHEN a girl talks about the "two strings to her bean," does she mean his suspenders?

A CROSS-EYED man who said he was going to "vote as he shot," had his ballot carefully put among the "scattering" by the judicious inspector.

THE Czar's yacht makes fifteen knots an hour, and it isn't a circumstance to a needleful of thread that a man is trying to fasten a button with.

MISTRESS—"Mary, this venerable goose is tough enough to break one's teeth." *Maid*: "Yes'm; didn't you tell me, ma'am, that you wanted it for a *pièce de resistance*?"

A MARRIAGE license was returned to the County Clerk at Omaha, Iowa, with a request that the fee paid for it be sent back. The writer explained that the girl had eloped with another fellow.

SAID a school-teacher: "If I have ten apples and give you five and your big brother five, what will be left?" "I'll be left," responded the younger brother, "for he will get away with all of them."

A COLORED man went into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to take the paper. "How long do you want it?" the clerk asked. "Jess as long as it is, boss. Ef it don't fit de shelves, I can t'ar a piece off myself."

MR. O'RAFFERTY is sitting in his room with his head tied up and his arm in a sling, when a little boy sticks his head in and asks: "Me feyther sint me to inquire how your eye was coming on this morning?" "Tell yer feyther to attend a Fourth Ward mating himself and call the chairman a liar, and he will find it all out widout askin'."

A GALVESTON parent is very much discouraged at the way his boys destroy each other's clothes. The other day he saw that little Billy's shirt-collar was torn off, and he angrily asked how it happened. "Johnny did it," was the response. "Well, I'll tan Johnny's hide, that's what I'll do!" "Well, dad, I've paved the way for you. I cut the whole ceiling out of his new pants."

A MAN who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the West of Scotland, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a fast day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer that "if he would pay them for over hours, they would attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in the evening."

AS AN English vicar was walking along the cliffs opposite Truro, some time ago, a gust of wind took off his hat and whirled it away. Some time after a Methodist preacher, some distance away, was discoursing on prayer, and advised his hearers to pray for temporal as well as spiritual blessings, and cited a case in his own experience. He said that he was recently on the shore, about to proceed to a neighboring town, and added: "My Christian friends, I had on my head at the time a shocking hat, and somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbor town and watering-place so ill-adorned as to my head. Then I lifted up a prayer for covering more suited to my head. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes and saw in the spacious firmament on high—the ethereal blue sky—a black spot. It approached—it largened—it widened—it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by a celebrated London maker! I cast my battered beaver to the waves, my Christian friends, and walked into town as fast as I could with a new hat on my head."

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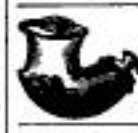
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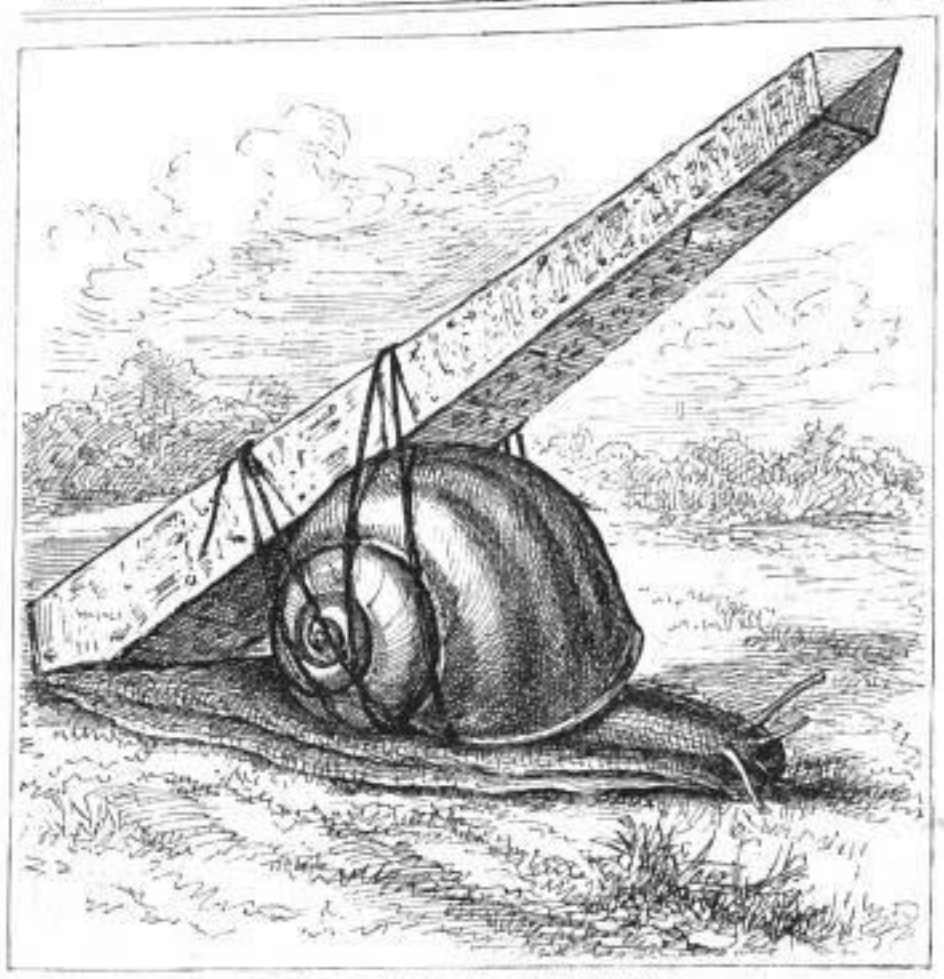
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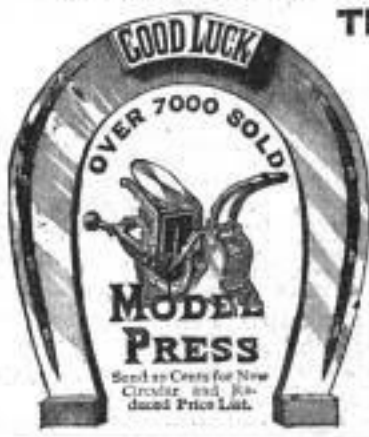
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No. 1317.—Vol. LI. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1880. [Price, with Supplement, 15 Cents. $4.00 Yearly. 13 Weeks, $1.00.

CONGRATULATING MAYOR COOPER.

THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE IN THE ALDERMANIC CHAMBER ON THE CONFIRMATION OF MAYOR COOPER'S NOMINATIONS. DECEMBER 10TH.—See Page 267.

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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

CAUTION.

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In his recent decision sustaining the will of the late Frank Leslie, Surrogate Calvin said of certain imitations of our publications which are now issued in this city, and for which some persons have subscribed in the belief that they were ours: "It is quite apparent that they (the publications aforesaid) were calculated to deceive, and in some extent interfere with the decedent's publications, and when the name Leslie & Co. was printed upon the covers of two of them, the copy of one of decedent's headlines—'The Cheapest Magazine in the World'—placed conspicuously at the top of the cover of the alleged simulated publication and others entitled Frank Leslie, Jr. (when the latter at the suit of his father had ceased to use the name for several years, and resumed it at a time when decedent's business calamities were oppressing him), it may well be doubted whether it needed even an unusually suspicious mind to reach the conclusion not only that they were calculated to deceive, but that they were so intended."

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE annual Message of President Hayes is a lucid, terse and well-considered paper, which covers the whole field of our federal relations, and is so judicious in the most of its recommendations and suggestions that it may be said to call rather for simple analysis than for polemical criticism. Opening with a reference to alleged fraudulent practices which have impaired the integrity of the ballot in several of the late slave-holding States, he remarks that "this disposition to refuse a prompt and hearty obedience to the equal rights amendments to the Constitution is all that now stands in the way of a complete obliteration of sectional lines in our political contests." In so writing, the President (perhaps without intending it), has pointed a moral in praise of his own upright and pacific dealing with the Southern States, in having lifted from them the military coercion which was formerly pleaded in extenuation of the sectional hostility to the Federal Government. We have but to contrast the attitude of these States to-day with the attitude in which they were left by the administration of General Grant, to measure the progress which has been made toward a permanent pacification of the country on the basis of the new rights embodied in the war amendments. And, while calling for "firm and well-considered action" to repress the future manifestations of these encroachments on the elective franchise, he proposes to cut the root of the evil by providing for an education which shall be as universal at the South as the right of suffrage. "The best and surest guarantee of the primary rights of citizenship is to be found," says the President, "in that capacity for self-protection which can belong only to a people whose right to universal suffrage is supported by universal education." The enforcement of this single maxim would be better than a whole arsenal of repressive statutes.

Next in dignity and importance to this "paramount question," the President places the urgent necessity of a reformation of the civil service of the Government in all its departments. On this subject he speaks with no bated breath, for he spares himself as little as his own party when he says that his observation and experience in the Executive office have only strengthened his opinions concerning the dangers of public patronage when used as an implement of politics. "I believe," he says, "that these dangers threaten the stability of the Government," and he therefore calls for the instant adoption of practical measures and plans which shall put an end to the "spoils system" in all its relations—to the bestowal of public places as a perquisite for political services, and to the subornation of political corruption by levying contributions on the office-holding class for the purpose of carrying elections against the unbiassed will of the people. On the whole subject the President leaves some good advice to his successor when, contrary to a supposed suggestion contained in General Garfield's letter of acceptance, Mr. Hayes urges, as "the first step in a reform of the civil service," that there "must be a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments." And this representation he bases as forcibly on grounds of constitutional obligation as on considerations of public expediency. Perhaps, when General Garfield wrote that the Executive, in making appointments, should seek "information and assistance" of those whose knowledge "best qualified them to aid in making the wisest choice," he referred to others than members of Congress. Certain it is that Mr. Hayes recommends the passage of an Act "defining the relations of members of Congress with respect to appointments to office by the President," and no act would afford a better criterion by which to test the sincerity of the representative men in both parties, for both parties have witnessed a good confession on this subject. It is only their practice that is deficient.

The President does but speak in the language of political honesty and of a sound public economy when he renews his recommendation that the outstanding legal tender notes should be withdrawn and cancelled, according to the promise of the Government at the date of their issue. As to the expediency of recoining the depreciated silver dollar and making it equivalent in bullion value to the gold dollar we are not so clear in our minds, for such a step would commit the Government irretrievably to the policy of a bi-metallic currency, in which one of the metals used would have to be periodically readjusted to the market value of the other. We are well aware, as the President suggests, that all bi-metallic currencies proceed on this theory, and Michael Chevalier recommended in his day that such a readjustment should be made every six months, but, in point of fact, no nation under the sun has ever yet succeeded in establishing a permanent bi-metallic currency of equal standard value. The more stable of the two metals in point of market value will always be the standard for the time being. The President recognizes this fact to-day when he recommends that the silver dollar should be brought up to the standard of the gold dollar. Two metallic currencies we may have, but more than one metallic standard at a time we cannot have; and since, for the purposes of a subsidiary circulation, we already have more silver coin than the country will use, would it not be best to stop at once the further coinage of the silver dollar? If it were a question about using two yardsticks of unequal length, or two bushel measures of unequal cubic contents, does anybody doubt what the answer would be?

The advocates of silver coinage assured us a few years ago that the remonetization of the silver dollar would be followed by a rise in the commercial price of silver, and would constrain other nations to imitate our example. The result has shown how fallacious were these predictions. And if now we proceed, on our own mere motion, to raise the mint ratio between silver and gold, we shall only open a still wider chasm between our mints and the mints of those countries which adhere to the ratio of fifteen and a half. If we wish to invite concert and not to provoke antagonism, we must work with the currents of trade and the tendencies of modern civilization, not against them.

The recommendations of the President in regard to the revival of our foreign commerce fill the least satisfactory place in his Message. Professing an assurance that the wisdom of Congress will be ready to supply whatever modifications may be necessary to make our trade and navigation laws tributary to the enlargement of our exchanges and of our carrying trade, he makes no mention of free trade in ships, but hints at subsidies in furtherance of "regular postal communications" as being measures conducive to the development of our foreign commerce and the upbuilding of our carrying trade. That is, we are first to make ship-building unprofitable by the high tariff laid on ship-building materials, and then we are to double the cost of our own blunder by paying a premium on it out of the public moneys! It is strange that men who have the wisdom of business for themselves individually should so often be unwise in their public economy.

THE ABUSES OF WILL CONTESTS.

THE decision of Surrogate Calvin sustaining the will of the late Frank Leslie naturally suggests a few remarks on the general subject of will contests, with the view of remedying existing abuses.

A contest over the estate of a decedent always awakens popular interest, and the public seems to imagine itself a self-appointed tribunal for the decision of such cases, without having the requisite knowledge of the law applicable thereto, and without any of the evidence necessary for finding the facts, except such as may be picked up from meagre newspaper reports. Add to this that there are many widespread fallacies in relation to the law, and it must be conceded that the popular verdict is most unlikely to be a correct one either in its sympathies or its judgment. One of these fallacies is that a testator cannot lawfully disinherit a child—an error probably derived from some vague ideas of the system of entailed estates in England, or the practice of some continental countries where the civil law prevails, and where the right of disposition by will is subject to some restrictions. The law in this State, however, is and has always been that a man may will his property to strangers in preference to his children, if he choose, and the only exception to his general power of disposal is the well-known provision in favor of his widow, called dower.

But while in theory this right of a testator to do as he wishes with his own is apparently unlimited, yet, owing to the facilities afforded by the law to any dissatisfied heir who may undertake to contest, the fact is that the will is frequently overruled on technical grounds, while in nearly every instance of late years where such a contest has been had the beneficiaries have only succeeded in maintaining their rights after a severe and protracted struggle, carried on at a great expense pecuniarily, to say nothing of the great damage to their feelings in the shape of undeserved notoriety, malicious aspersions and the unnecessary exposure of family matters, which are the usual stock in trade of the contestants in such cases. And for all this the law provides no remedy. In fact, until the new Code went into effect in September last the contestants could, and generally did, receive out of the estate large allowances in lieu of costs. Even though their allegations impeaching the will were held to be utterly unfounded, and while such was the law, certain lawyers could always be found ready to undertake such contests without any confidence as to the result of their efforts in the litigation, but with great confidence as to obtaining costs.

In another class of cases there has been a similar procedure based upon greater expectations, supported by the most indefensible practices. To illustrate: A man dies with a large fortune or a fair competency, acquired by his own talent and industry. He is known to the hour of death as a keen, able and successful business man. By his will he sees fit, for reasons satisfactory to himself, to discriminate in the selection of the objects of his bounty between those who have been faithful to him to the end, and those who, though of his own blood, have repaid his kindness by ingratitude and misconduct. The latter immediately after his will is made known raise for the first time the charge of insanity, and file the allegations necessary to raise that issue—not in the expectation of establishing his lunacy, but because, under the pretense of evidence on that point, such a great latitude is allowed that a man's habits, daily life and conversation for years may be inquired into, his failings brought to light, his most sacred relations with others trifled with and scandalized, to the end that those who have received his bequests and value his memory will shrink from such an ordeal, and make a compromise by giving a substantial portion to those who show conclusively by these acts that they are unworthy of it. Such cases are fresh in the minds of the public; and it is but justice to the able and conscientious judge who now fills the position of Surrogate of New York to say that he has faithfully endeavored to confine the testimony offered on such points to the most rigid rules of evidence, and to exclude all matters which could only be intended to bring reproach upon the living. The evil, however, can scarcely be remedied by legislation or judicial action. The most effective remedy is in the voice of public opinion.

The recent provision prohibiting the allowance of costs to unsuccessful contestants is only a step in the right direction. In addition to the grievances indicated, it is well known that these will contests frequently last for years, during which the estate is virtually tied up, great inconvenience and sometimes great loss ensues, yet the parties whose frivolous objections have produced these results are not compelled to make any compensation therefor. The law should be amended by providing that where the Surrogate decides that the contest was not instituted in good faith, the contestants should be liable for all the damages and expenses incurred by the other parties. Such an enactment would materially lighten the calendar of the Surrogate's Court.

Another much-needed provision would be the exercise by the Legislature of the power given by the Constitution of transferring probate cases, where questions of fact are to be determined, to the courts where the ordinary jury trials are held. There is no reason why a jury should not be as competent a tribunal to ascertain whether a testator is insane, as in the case of a murderer, or why, in the latter case, the inquiry should occupy a day or two, and in the former, a year or two. The Surrogate of New York is probably the hardest-worked judge in the country, and his business is constantly increasing. It would be an act of mercy as well as justice to him to remove mere questions of fact from his jurisdiction, leaving to him the ample field where the higher questions of law are to be determined.

A LIVE QUESTION.

THE publication of articles upon the Sunday question in the current number of two of our more prominent monthlies proves that this question has obtained a more popular hearing than ever before. It is becoming a matter of immediate interest to every man whether the Sabbath of Puritan tradition is to be retained, nominally at least, as one of our institutions, or whether the continental Sunday is to be substituted in its place, or whether, indeed, we have any use for such a thing as a day of rest at all. Side by side with this view of the question, it is noteworthy that, with the new awakening of interest in most questions in Europe, the attempt is there being made to establish what is called the English Sabbath. To this end a Sabbath Association has been formed, which is already somewhat widely spread and influential, so that it is quite among the possibilities that by such time as we shall have fairly established among us the continental Sunday, the old-fashioned New England Sabbath may have been adopted in France and Germany and Belgium.

It is not surprising that in this country the pendulum should be swinging to the side of laxity from the rigid severity of a former time, nor that in the old world it should tend towards strictness in reaction from too great license; but at this period of the world's enlightenment it surely ought to be possible so to collate the results of both experiences as from them to discover what it is that society in the present day really needs in the matter of a day of rest.

The people on the continent have evidently found something worthy of imitation in that traditional Sabbath which we are in such haste to do away with. They are trying to close the drinking-saloons, and do away with Sunday travel, and forbid Sunday work in factory and store. Experience has shown them that when men are compelled to work on Sunday they indemnify themselves first by lying idle on Monday, and that when, on the other hand, Sunday is given them as a holiday, at least half of Monday is still lost in getting over the effects of the preceding day's debauch. This is so universally the case in France, where intemperance has increased with alarming rapidity since the Franco-Prussian war, that Holy Monday has become a proverb. As for the employés upon railroads, it is found that the moral and physical deterioration consequent upon incessant work has very notably increased the risk of accident and the consequent loss of life and property. A noteworthy instance of the harm arising from unrespited labor has lately come to view in the case of the St. Gothard tunnel, where the imperative necessity of completing the work within a given time has led to its being pushed forward with no intermission for a rest-day. The result has been such a melting away of the laborers from disease and demoralization as very seriously to cripple the contractors in their undertaking. Hygienic considerations aside, it is possible that we scarcely realize the moral effect of a stated "clean-shirt day," nor how easily man may lapse into savage degradation when no recurring day of rest calls for that outward purification which is supposed to typify the inward renovation wrought by spiritual communion.

If the continental view of Sunday is found wanting when weighed in the balance of experience, it remains for those who are planning a change in the American observance of the day to devise some means of avoiding the evils which are thus plainly held up to their view. There can be no doubt that the rigid self-denial of the Puritan Sabbath is to some characters tonic and healthful, nor that the absolute rest and quiet with its opportunities for meditation, will always be exquisitely grateful to minds of a certain cast; but it is equally certain that upon the majority of characters its effects have been far from salutary. The mass of our citizens, whatever their real wants may be, are aware rather of their need of concerts and lectures, free exhibitions and cheap excursions, open halls for social intercourse and public amusement, than of opportunities for religious culture.

But since "the liberty of rest for one must be the law of rest for all," there is a difficulty, inherent in the rights of man, in providing for these felt wants, aside from the question whether, after all, the public weal is really considered by any such provision. It would seem that the settling of this perplexing question might appropriately be remitted from the political economists to the Christian Churches. For the sake of that humanity whose interests they profess to hold dearer than do other men, they are especially interested in it. With all the resources at their command, the higher enlightenment which, on the whole, belongs to them, the far-reaching philanthropy which is their professed business, and the

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practically unlimited funds at their disposal, it is for them to grapple with this question. We challenge them to take it up, and to provide for our people something which shall answer more nearly than anything which civilization has yet known to the highest ideal of a Sabbath which was made for man.

THE MUNICIPAL REVOLUTION.

THE downfall of Mr. John Kelly marks, as we believe, a pronounced new departure in the methods of our municipal administration. It certainly puts an end to that autocratic system under which the worst elements of the community have been arrogantly advanced to supreme control, and honorable and decent men have been largely driven from the sphere of public service. Mr. Kelly is, as we do not doubt, an honest man, but he has, by his official and political course, deliberately and continuously affronted the public sense of propriety and the whole code of political morals, and he goes to the wall at last because, in his lust of power and his overweening confidence in his peculiar methods, he forgot that a virtuous public opinion, once thoroughly aroused, is in every crisis involving great interests absolutely invincible. The men who have been promoted to official station by this latest municipal revolution are fair representatives of the better elements of the two political parties, and the public will look to them with confidence for that reform in very many directions which is almost universally felt to be an urgent necessity.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Irish situation increases in gravity. The British Government seems paralyzed and utterly unable to cope with the energetic tactics of the Land Leaguers. Mr. Parnell, who has until now alleged that he merely aimed at a thorough revision of the land laws, has thrown off the mask, and in a recent speech made a plain declaration that what his party desired was nothing less than a complete separation from England. Under these circumstances the Government has felt obliged to do something, and it is more than probable that Mr. Parnell will be criminally indicted on a further charge. The preparations for the trial of the persons already indicted are being pushed. Mr. Gladstone has issued a circular to the members of the House of Commons, desiring their attendance in Parliament for important business, which he says will at once be proceeded with. The more influential members of the Cabinet are in favor of coercion, and such men as Lord Hartington, Lord Selborne and the Duke of Argyll are said to be anxious that some immediate repressive steps should be taken. Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland, a man of advanced liberal opinions, has made up his mind that something must be done, and has issued a circular letter to the magistrates and justices of the peace, calling their attention to the fact that they have the power to commit all persons holding illegal assemblies or using unloyal words. It is also rumored that Earl Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant, has threatened to resign unless the Government adopt a more energetic policy. Meanwhile, the most shocking outrages are being perpetrated, and the reign of terrorism is practically absolute.

In Germany affairs are quiet, with the exception of the religious questions. The petition against the Jews has called forth a protest which has had greater success. In the University towns the pro-Semitic feeling is quite strong, and although there is a very great dislike throughout the country at large to the Jewish population, still it is felt that any public or official proclamation of it is wrong and against the spirit of an enlightened age. In the Prussian Diet the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, when replying to a question of the Ultramontane leader, said that the Government very much regretted that such little progress had been made in the attempt to reconcile the differences of the Roman Catholics. He stated that the Government, by the introduction of the former Bill, had done all that lay in their power to quiet the troubles which exist with the Vatican, and that the Ultramontanes, by rejecting the Bill, had taken it out of the hands of the Government to take any further action, for they could not expose themselves to another defeat. Under these circumstances, the Government declines to interfere, and have resolved to await further developments.

In Europe the finance question is once more coming to the front. The extraordinary strides that the United States have made in material prosperity during the last few years, and the enormous supplies of provisions which have been shipped from here to the other side of the Atlantic, cause a severe drain upon the treasuries of the Old World. In France this drain has been so great as to call for some Governmental interference, and M. Maguin, the Minister of Finance, being questioned by M. Soubeyran acknowledged that there was a diminution in the stock of gold consequent upon an adverse balance of trade. The Minister stated that he was prepared to advance the rate of discount of the Bank of France, and to put into circulation bank notes for sums below one hundred francs. M. Soubeyran called attention to the further drain which the redemption of the debt of the United States would bring about, and advised the Government to begin negotiations with Germany and the United States. It was also pointed out that the decision of the Monetary Conference, some years ago in Paris, left the door open for a bi-metallic currency. Another disturbing element is to be found in the Bill now before the Italian Parliament for redeeming Italy's forced paper currency. The Bill in its present shape has been favorably received, but it is generally admitted that several important alterations must be made. The paper currency was introduced into Italy in 1866, at a time when the Italo-Prussian alliance had just been concluded. Italy had engaged to make war upon Austria, and her funds were selling as low as forty-eight. The Finance Minister found that money could not be borrowed at any price, and the only available means was to contract a loan with the National Government and thus issue a forced paper currency. This was successfully accomplished, and Italian manufacturers have been enabled to compete with the rest of the world even when gold was at a premium of ten and fifteen per cent. It is now found that by abolishing the paper currency a large saving will be made, and that the finances will be placed upon a more sound footing. In Russia, also, there is a movement on foot for financial reform. M. Banque has been appointed Vice-Minister of Finance, and as he is a well-known political economist and an excellent practical financier, it is hoped that he will be able to invent some method by which the daily depreciation of the ruble can be stopped. The annual importations into Russia exceed 500,000,000 rubles, and the exports are scarcely 300,000,000 rubles. Yet Russia is one of the richest countries in the world, and an active and wise administration of her finances ought to work marvels.

Another movement likely to prove interesting to Americans are the present agricultural changes in Egypt. During our civil war the exportation of cotton was enormous and at paying prices. But of late years, it has turned out that even the yearly addition to the soil of the country by the inundation of the Nile has proved inadequate to support the exhaustion of an annual crop of cotton. There is in Egypt an excellent field for American products, but there is no cargo which can be returned. An attempt is now being made to grow jute, which is extensively used here, and it looks as if America will soon find another market for her wares, taking jute in exchange.

THE Vermont Legislature has passed a prohibitory liquor law of a very stringent character. The Act makes any place where liquor is sold or given away, or where gambling is allowed, a nuisance; provides that the place shall be closed, and holds the keeper liable to fine and imprisonment. Such a law can scarcely fail to exterminate the traffic at which it is aimed, if backed by a vigorous public opinion.

THE subscriptions in Europe to the Panama Canal scheme are said to have been a complete success, exceeding the total amount of shares offered, so that a considerable reduction will be made to the subscribers in the allotment. The subscriptions in this city are reported at $5,000,000. It is said that Secretary of the Navy Thompson will accept the presidency of the Canal Company. The effectual conservation of American interests on the Isthmus will be the subject of a conference between the Secretary and the House Naval Committee.

THE first Bill introduced in the House of Representatives, on the opening day of the session, was one for an appropriation for the improvement of the Tennessee River. All measures of this sort should be closely scanned. Of the 2,000 Bills now on the calendar of the House, a large majority involve schemes and jobs of one sort and another. Millions are asked for internal improvements of various kinds, and for public buildings. The House should set itself sternly against all legislation of this sort. There should be no expenditure of public money for any purpose not actually demanded by the public interests.

AMONG the subjects which will no doubt command attention at the present session of Congress is that of inter-State commerce, which attained a good deal of prominence in the last Congress. It is believed that on a square vote there will be found a majority in both Houses in favor of the naked proposition that Congress undoubtedly has the right to regulate commerce between the States. Any Bill which avoids unjust discriminations will probably have a hearty support. With the great influence of the railroad corporations arrayed against it, Reagan's Inter-State Commerce Bill was defeated in the Commerce Committee by only three votes, and two of the members who voted against the Bill did so, not because they were in favor of the principle per se, but because they favored a modification of the Bill.

THE appointment of Colonel William B. Hazen as Chief Signal Officer of the Army is not the best that could have been made. Indeed, it is difficult to understand upon what possible ground it can be justified. The natural and proper thing for the President to have done was to have nominated some officer who has been connected with the service from the start, and who is fairly entitled to promotion by efficiency and fidelity in the performance of his duties. The meteorological work of this Bureau is a specialty, and is withal so important and its extension so desirable, that the highest qualifications should have been sought in the successor of its founder, General Myer; and it seems like an insult to competent and trained officials to boost into his place, over their heads, a person whose only recommendation seems to lie in the fact that he is able to control certain political and army influences in his own behalf, without reference to the interests of the public service. The Philadelphia *Times* well expresses the general estimate of this nomination when it says:

"It is not at all likely that any one will have the presumption to set up a claim that the appointment was made on its merits, since General Hazen is not known to have the first qualification for the place, and there are many well-equipped from whom the choice could and should have been made. It is singularly ludicrous that on the day when the President was lecturing the country on the subject of civil service reform, which is presumed to mean the filling of positions with those best fitted for them, he should have made such an appointment as this. It baffles every idea of civil service reform. General Hazen is one of those fortunately not very common army officers whose business has chiefly been to hang about the places of power for something comfortable, and such have the most unaccountable facilities, regardless of civil service reform, for getting the places which they should not have."

THE Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual report, recommends the issue of a bond bearing not more than 3.65 per cent. interest, and redeemable after fifteen years, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of bonds redeemable on or before July 1st, 1881. The Ways and Means Committee of the House has done better than this, and by a unanimous vote has agreed to substitute 3 per cent. for 3½ per cent., the rate of interest fixed in the Wood Bill for refunding the maturing bonds. Some members of the committee express the belief that a 2 per cent. bond can be floated just as successfully as a 3 per cent., and amendments to the proposed Bill may be offered to this effect. Mr. Kelley will present an amendment in the nature of a substitute to provide for the gradual payment of the debt from the surplus revenues of the Government.

OCEAN telegraphy has attained an extent and scope which the projectors of the system could scarcely have foreseen. The length of different cables, in nautical miles, is thus stated in a recent publication: Anglo-American (Ireland to Newfoundland) 1,850 miles, and from Newfoundland to Sydney, N. S.) over 300 miles, a total distance of about 2,150 for each of its three cables; the Anglo-French cable from Brest (by way of St. Pierre) to Duxbury, about 3,329 miles; the Direct United States cable from Ireland to Torbay and from Torbay to Rye Beach, 2,360 miles; and the new French cable from Brest to Louisburg, 2,430 miles; from St. Pierre to Cape Cod, 880 miles, and from Brest to Penzance, 151 miles; a total length of about 3,461 miles. Two new Atlantic cables, which it is now proposed to lay, will each add 2,400 miles to the system. These cables, when laid, are to be operated in connection with the land lines of the American Union Telegraph Company.

NO CLASS of men in the public service are entitled to higher consideration for fidelity and efficiency than the surfmen attached to the life saving crews on the Atlantic coast. It is pleasant to find that the Government recognizes this fact, and is disposed to honor the men who so often peril their lives in the service of others. The members of one of the crews on the New Jersey coast have just received gold medals in recognition of their splendid daring during one of the terrible storms of last Winter, and the precedent will, no doubt, be followed in other cases, and the tone of the service thereby generally improved. The crews on the New Jersey coast are all composed of picked surfmen, upon whom the terrors of the sea in its angriest moods have no influence whatever when duty calls them to do and dare.

SOME interesting facts as to the negro exodus were given by Governor St. John of Kansas in a recent interview. He states that the emigration from the South continues without diminution, about seventy-five per cent. of the emigrants locating in Kansas. For the most part, they are self-sustaining, only 500 of the 40,000 who have gone into the State being now in receipt of assistance. Governor St. John says: "When once they get off of the relief associations' hands they never come back, and many of them get homes of their own within two years. In my judgment the exodus of the negro from the South is a movement of greater importance than is generally attached to it. It may end in the complete demoralization of labor in the South. The Southern whites have got to give them protection or they will move North. I have no doubt that many now in Kansas would return to their old Southern homes if they were guaranteed protection to life, money and their elective franchise."

THE Mormons are displeased with the suggestions of the President's Message in reference to their "peculiar institution." The Gentile organs, on the contrary, are delighted with the proposition to have Congress revoke a clause of the Act organizing the Territory and to govern the Territory in a way which shall compel obedience to the laws of the United States. One of these papers says:

"The Mormon sect in Utah has increased until they have become a menace to free institutions in the West. Perjury is taught as a virtue when necessary to evade laws, and a system as despotic and as slavish as ever prevailed in Mohammedan countries is swiftly becoming a tremendous power here. The truth is, the time has come for vigorous measures. It is as certain as anything in the world that were polygamy abandoned nine out of every ten Mormon women in Utah would praise God. Polygamy has imbruted men enough and broken the hearts of women enough to justify any means to destroy it. Hence we rejoice at the President's words, and shall look after Congress to see whether hereafter the corruption fund of the Mormon Church can prevail any more in Congress or not. The plan suggested is a legal one, easily effected, and the only peaceable one."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

DAKOTA asks for admission to the Union as a State.

MR. P. T. BARNUM remains seriously ill at the residence of a relative in this city.

GENERAL JOHN F. MILLER will probably succeed United States Senator Booth of California.

ANXIETY is felt at Gloucester, Mass., for the safety of seven of the "Bank" fleet of fishermen.

THE Pension Bill, appropriating $50,000,000, has been presented in the House of Representatives.

GENERAL ORD, who has just been placed on the retired list, will, it is rumored, make Mexico his future home.

THE decline in grain and provisions which lately set in at Chicago aggregate a value approximating $1,250,000.

THREE judges of election in Manchester, Va., have been indicted for refusing the right of suffrage to legal voters.

IT is said that the American subscriptions to the Panama Canal shares reached $3,000,000 on the day the books were opened.

CAPTAIN PAYNE and 400 colonists left Arkansas City for the Indian Territory last week. They were followed by a company of cavalry.

THE exodus of negroes has caused a scarcity of labor in several Southern States, especially on the sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana.

THE joint committee in charge of the proposed extension of the Congressional library will probably report a Bill for the erection of a new building.

A STORY that Senator Blaine has been offered the portfolio of Secretary of State in General Garfield's Cabinet is promptly denied by that gentleman.

"DR." BUCHANAN, the Philadelphia dealer in fraudulent medical diplomas, has been sentenced to ten months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500.

THERE is a coal famine in Nebraska, and citizens at some points on the Union Pacific Railroad have resorted to robbing coal trains to supply their needs.

IT is believed that General O. O. Howard will be assigned to an Eastern command, and that General A. H. Terry will be placed in command at West Point.

THE United States Grand Jury of New York City has found indictments against the directors, captain, engineer and superintendent of the steamer *Seawanhaka*, for manslaughter.

GENERAL WALKER has informed Representative Cox that the census enumeration will be completed on the 22d instant, and in shape for presentation to Congress. Mr. Cox will then press his Apportionment Bill.

THE American Public Health Association held its annual session at New Orleans last week. A Quarantine Convention was also held, at which the question of quarantine on the Mississippi River was thoroughly discussed.

THE failure of R. G. Arnold & Co., of No. 125 Front Street, the largest house in the coffee trade in New York City, was announced last week. The liabilities are from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. The coffee-house of Bowie, Dash & Co., also suspended last week, with liabilities of $1,400,000.

THE President's recommendation to make a Captain General of Grant has resulted in the introduction in the House of a resolution by Mr. McCook, authorizing the President to place General Grant on the retired list with the rank and pay of General. It was referred to the Military Committee, of which General McCook is a member.

IT is said that President Hayes will appoint a Commission of five persons to visit the Ponca Indians and ascertain what ought to be done for their relief. General George Crook, United States Army; Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska, and Walter Allen, of Boston, will be members of the Commission.

PRESIDENT GOWEN, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, has submitted to the American Bondholders Committee a plan by which he hopes to save some $3,000,000 to the road. The plan has been approved, and Mr. Gowen has sailed for Europe to see what can be done towards carrying it out.

THE General Assembly of Alabama adjourned on December 8th, and will reassemble February 1st. The time is a fifty-days' session, and the recess after thirty days is so distant a date is to receive census reports in order to apportion the Senators and Representatives in pursuance of the State Constitution, which requires it to be done after each census.

THE United States Supreme Court has made unusually rapid progress with the business of this term. In this connection it may be stated that both Justices Strong and Swayne contemplate retiring from the bench at the close of the present term, if not before. They are entitled to be pensioned on full pay. It is reported that ex-Senator Stanley Matthews will be made a Supreme Court Judge. His close relations to certain great railway corporations should preclude his acceptance.

Foreign.

THE British Admiralty have decided to abolish flogging in the navy.

THE revolt of the Kurds in Persia is over. Their leader is ready to submit.

EIGHTY-SIX lives were lost by an explosion in a colliery pit in Wales, December 10th.

A NUMBER of expelled French Jesuits are at Montreal, and will go to farming at Oka in the Spring.

IT is intended to cover the very large increase in the Military Budget of the German Empire by a loan.

IT is said in England that the United States will find no difficulty in floating bonds at 3 or 3½ per cent.

THE Lancashire Masters' Committee have recommended an advance of five per cent. in the wages of the weavers.

GREECE is said to be ready to enter into direct negotiations with Turkey for the settlement of the boundary question.

THE total Treasury receipts in Mexico for the past fiscal year were upwards of $21,000,000, against $16,000,000 in former years.

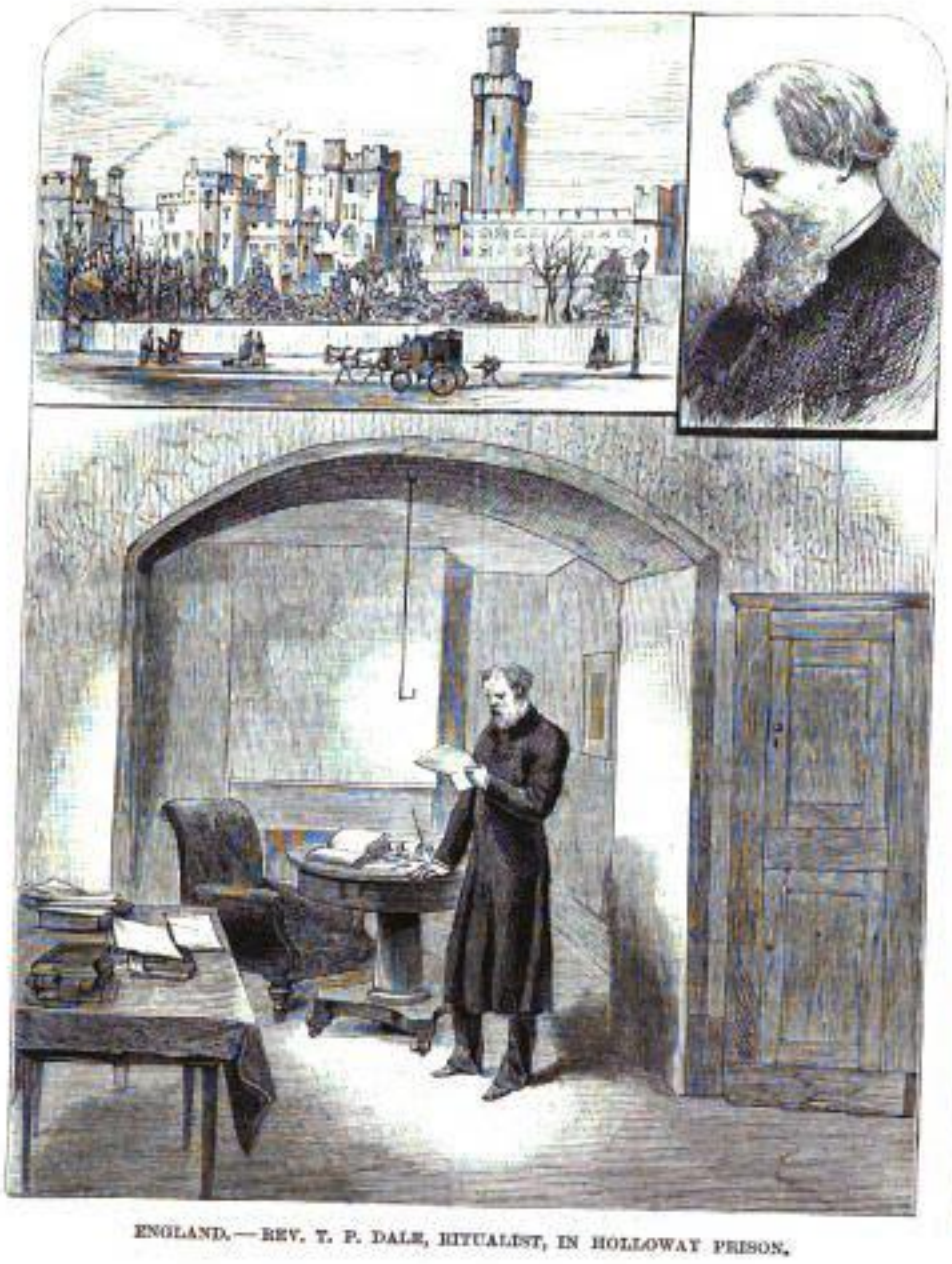
THE London *Times*, in commenting upon the President's Message, urges a final settlement of the whole fishery question by a new Commission.

THERE were 350 cases of small-pox and twenty deaths in Matamoras, Mexico, during October, and in the week ending November 20th, 300 cases and fifteen deaths.

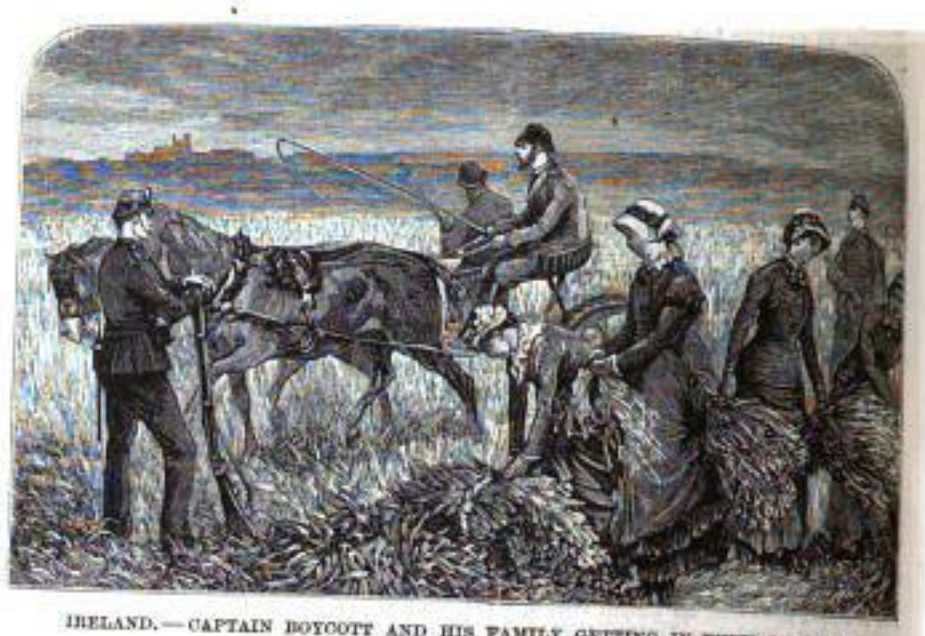
THE German Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, in speaking of the grievances of the Catholics, says the Government intends to assume an expectant attitude while administering the existing law indulgently.

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 267.



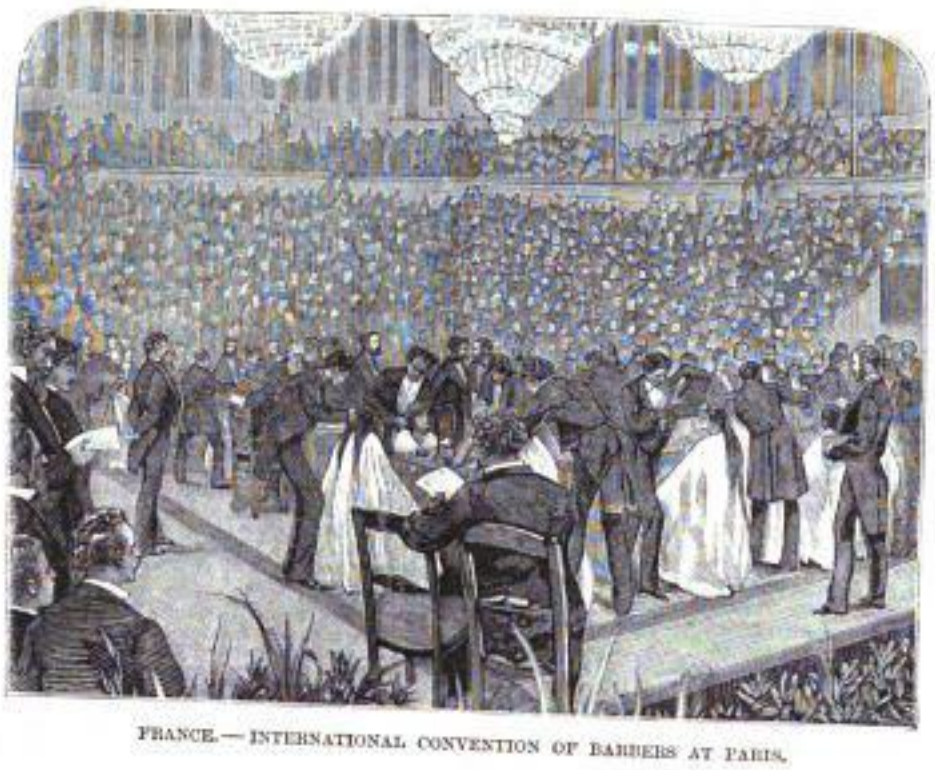
ENGLAND.—REV. T. P. DALE, RITUALIST, IN HOLLOWAY PRISON.



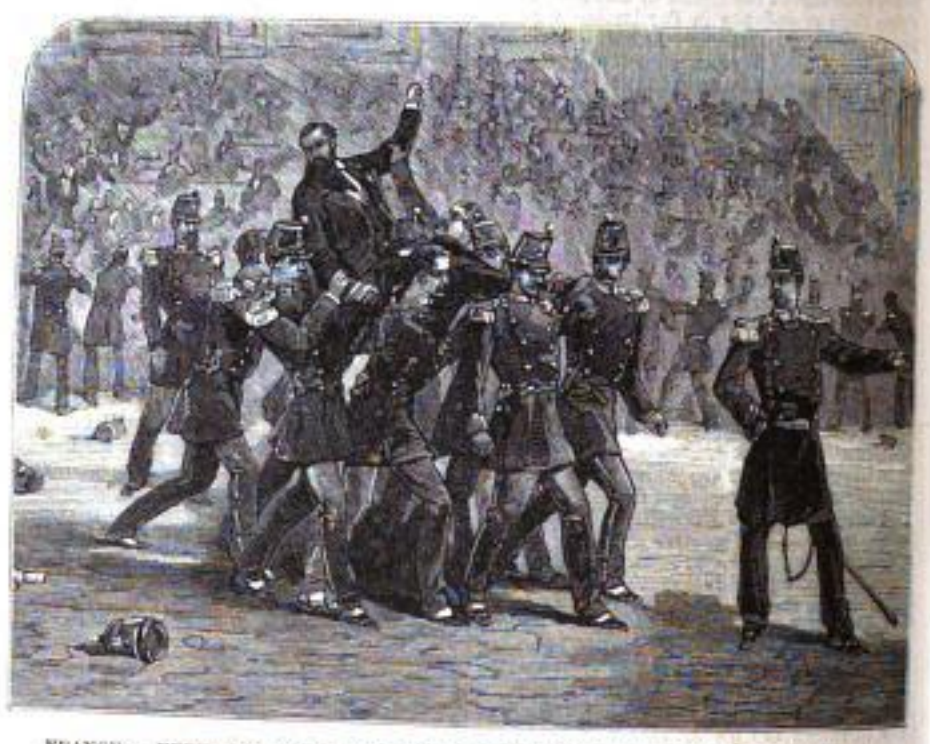
IRELAND.—CAPTAIN BOYCOTT AND HIS FAMILY GETTING IN THEIR HARVEST.



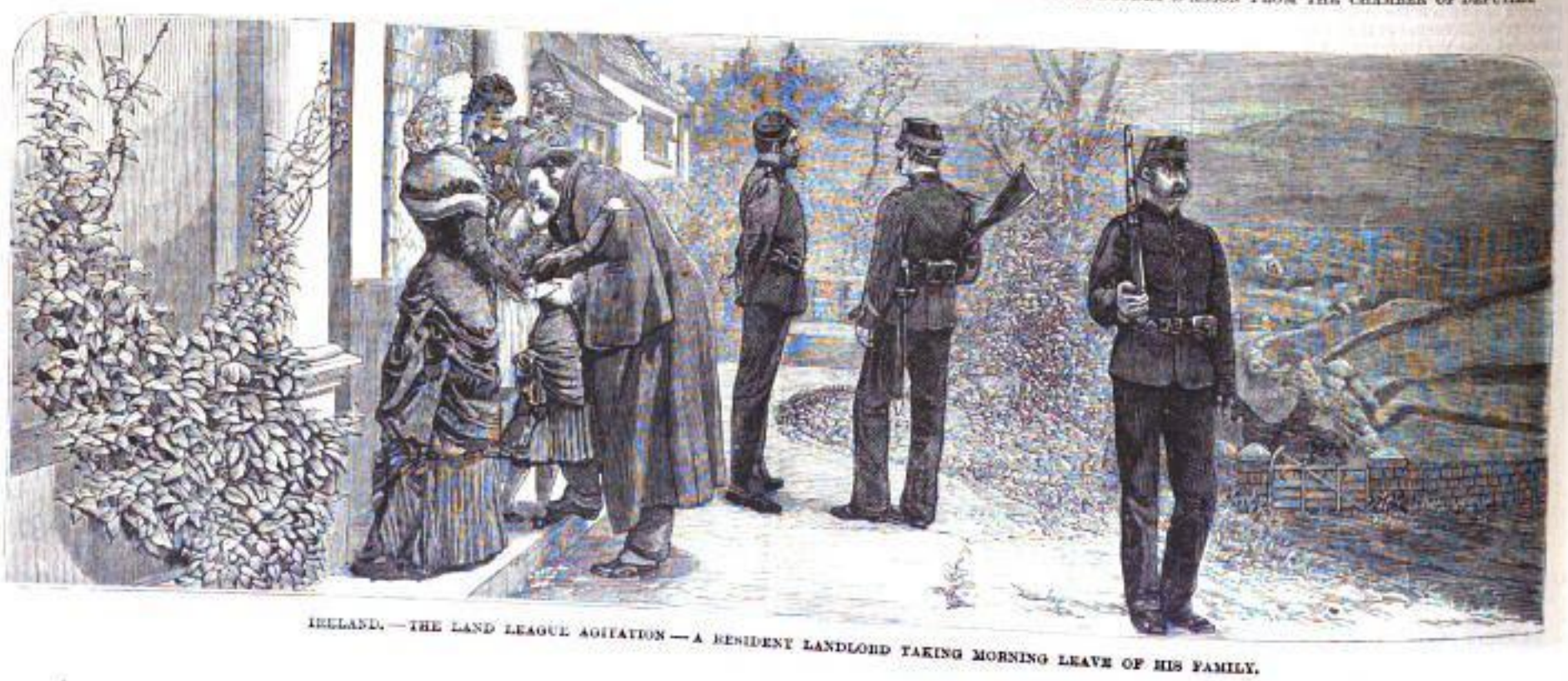
IRELAND.—TROOPS ESCORTING THE RELIEF LABOURERS TO BALLINROBE.



FRANCE.—INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF BARBERS AT PARIS.

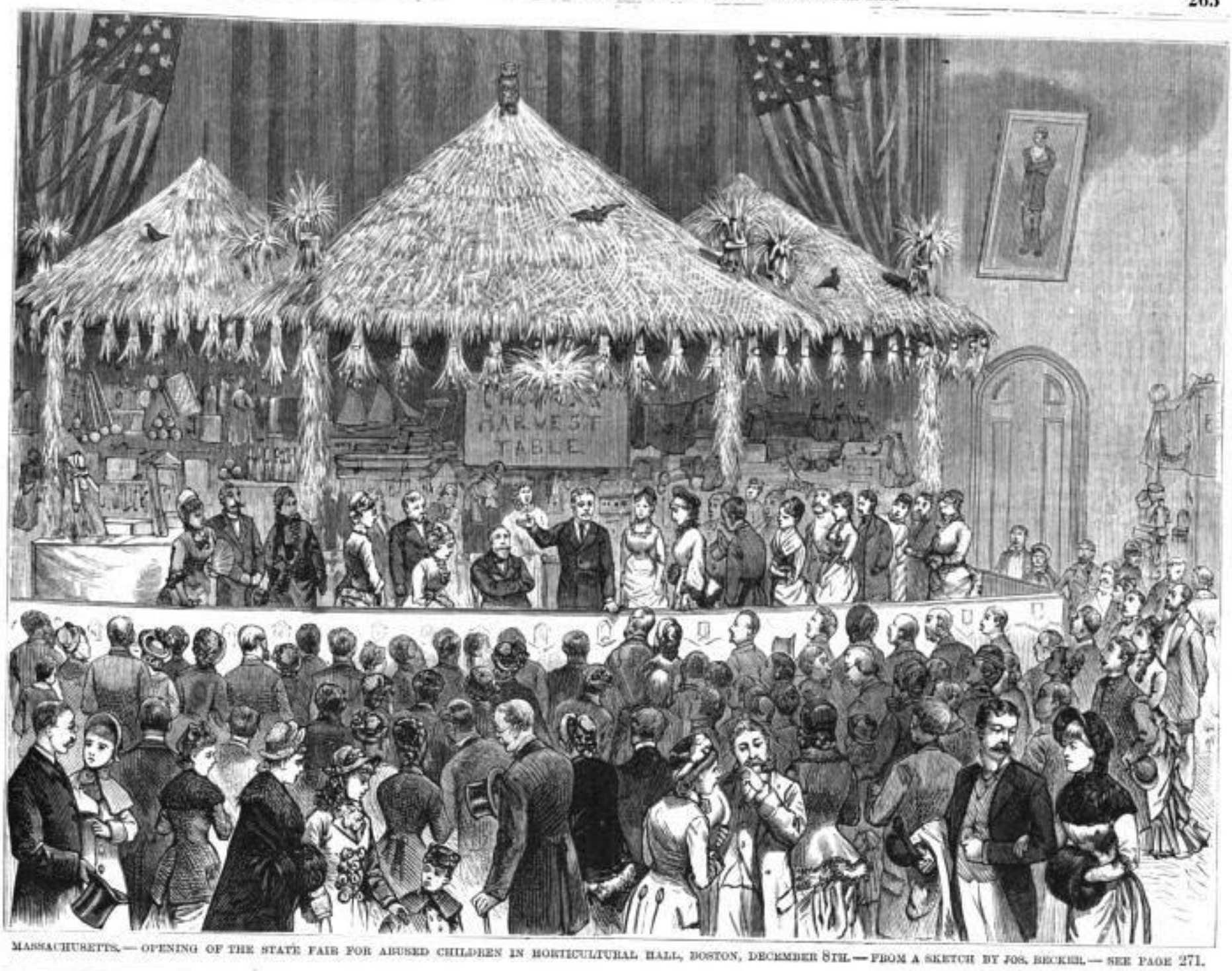


FRANCE.—EXPULSION OF M. BAUDRY-D'ASSON FROM THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

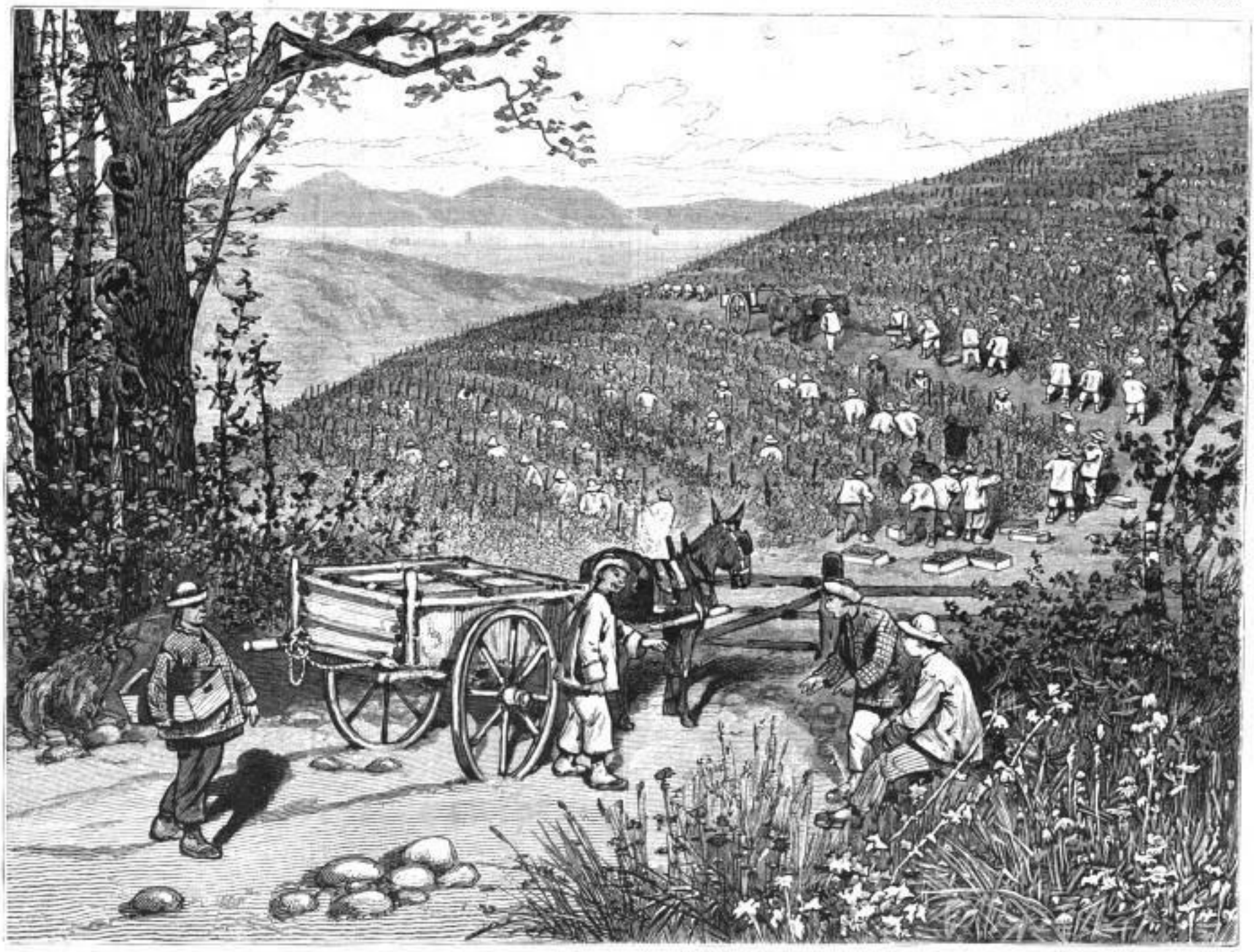


IRELAND.—THE LAND LEAGUE AGITATION—A RESIDENT LANDLORD TAKING MORNING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—OPENING OF THE STATE FAIR FOR ABUSED CHILDREN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, DECEMBER 8TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 271.



CALIFORNIA.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—GRAPE-CULTURE IN THE SONOMA VALLEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 271.

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"BEING BLIND, I NOW SEE."

CHAPTER I.—A MORNING POST.

"ONLY one, and that one blind! Good heavens, how sad? Here, Joan. I want you. Come and read this. That's the end of all the dreams you've been dreaming, wife! No, be off, little ones," as two bonnie girls of six and seven trotted up like faithful pages of the house-queen; "let your mother stay with me alone."

"What is it, Francis?" said the wife, who was chief councilor, friend, helper, but not master of every member of the "Elizabeth's" household. "Nothing amiss with Geoff, is there?" as her fears flew off at a tangent to the one absent member of the family now in his second term of university perils. "Oh, then, with a sigh of relief as her husband shook his head, "give me the letter, dear—or letters are they, and from Australia? Why," excitedly, "it's from your Cousin Hugh! Oh, is he coming back? How strange the letter we've looked for so anxiously should come this morning, just when I wasn't thinking of it!"

"Read it, Joan, or, rather, read *them* to me, if you can. Poor Hugh—poor fellow!"

"Why poor Hugh, Francis? He isn't dead?"

"Read me the letters, Joan; that," pointing to one scarcely legible page—"that is all I had glanced at when I called you."

Not one, but half a dozen sheets of paper, different in size and bearing different writing, lay on the table when Mrs. Beresford had emptied the large many stamped envelope of its contents.

Taking first the one her husband had pointed out, she read, growing tearful and tremulous as she went on:

"NEW SOUTH WALES, July 12th, 18—.

"DEAR FRANK—Three days ago your business budget came out to me. Just in time to be of no use. It's all up with me; the poor brute I was riding was not to blame, though. We might have had good times together if I'd lived, but I'm bound in another direction, and shall see the old place no more. We were always good friends, old fellow. You will take care of my"—there came a great blur upon the paper here, and the failing hand had scarce found strength to trace the remaining lines—"my boy. He's the only one left, the eldest too, but he's blind. He has his mother's face; be good to him, pray be very"—and there the message from their dying kinsman ended in a scarcely decipherable "H. V. B." painfully scrawled, as the next-read letter told them, "just afore the poor gentleman went off, which he did very comfortable and easy-like, fancyin' his wife, as had been dead these five years, was settlin' by his side. And the horse, what he was so fond of, is just sold to a butcher. The beast was that fond of his master it would follow him like a dog, and when they found Mr. Beresford it was standin' by him, droopin' its head over him, and makin' hummerin' noises as if it wanted some one to help him."

"Poor old Hugh," broke in Francis Beresford, "just the same to the end! There wasn't a horse or a dog on the place yonder that didn't love him. How his life has been thrown away! Go on, Joan." His hand stole over his eyes as his wife finished the landlady's letter, which in its turn commended to these unknown gentlefolks the blind child whom she had grown to love.

"For he's as gentle as a little lady, and his poor father was as careful of him as if he was a lord. Rough it himself he would, and didn't care, but rough it the little one shouldn't—and there wasn't a better boy in all the colony than this one, and that his new friends would be kind to him would be the humble hope of their obedient servant,

"SARAH TOMB."

The other papers were a printed extract from the local journal giving a brief notice of Mr. Beresford's death "from an accident caused by his horse stumbling in a rough spot known as 'Green's Gully'"; a form, attested by doctor and clergyman, of the death and burial; and an informal but perfectly legal document, in the handwriting of the said clergyman, signed by the dying man, bequeathing all his worldly possessions to his only child, of whom his cousin, Francis Beresford, was made sole guardian. One more brief letter explained that the goods left by the deceased had been quickly sold to defray the expenses of his funeral and to discharge his few debts, leaving a balance sufficient to pay the passage money home for his child in the *Sea King*, which vessel would sail about the 3d of August, and might be expected in England any time after the second week in October.

This ended the communication, listened to in dead silence by Francis Beresford.

His wife watched him as he rose and paced the room, not caring to speak lest she should disturb the many recollections roused by this morning's news—recollections of the time, five-and-twenty years before, when he and this Cousin Hugh had been fast friends and almost brothers; when the old squire, their uncle, was living in full strength and health yonder at Kingsbrooke, caring for little in life beyond a good hunting season and the constant companionship of one or the other of his nephews. Ah, as he stood there by his study-window, could he see the old house that had been to him and Hugh as a home, standing out from its background of many-tented Autumn woods, gray and turreted, and out of date, but comelier in his eyes than any modern dwelling, and the memory of the old free, careless days came back, when the future had seemed to be filled with brightness, and trouble was as remote as the Arctic regions!

But into these regions had they plunged, and lost for ever their Summer-time of happy early manhod.

Hugh fell in love, and, alas, with the wrong woman! She might be well-born—indeed, in that point, there was little difference between the lovers—and she might be pretty; no one who looked at her sweet, fair face could deny that fact; and though she was practically poor, that, under other circumstances, need have been a matter of no moment; but the great offense was, that she was not of the squire's choosing, and in so important an affair as the choice of a wife for his eldest nephew and successor at Kingsbrooke, the old man was determined to make his influence felt.

Unreasonable, of course. Altogether miscalculating his power over his heir.

Hugh, furious at this, almost the first check he had known in any strong desire, turned a deaf ear to his cousin's advice, scorned prudence or patience as cowardly and unmanly virtues altogether beneath his lofty ideas of honor, bade his love to wait till he had made her a home across the sea, and with his heart full of bitterness went out from his boyhood's home, swearing never to return till his uncle should have repented and acknowledged his mistake.

Fancy that! The old man, who was the very soul of conservatism and obstinacy, repenting of anything, acknowledging himself in the wrong in any possible matter!

"Oh, Hugh, it was Greek against Greek," muttered Francis Beresford as he thought of these things; ay, and the tug-of-war broke off half the ties that had made the happiness of the elder man's life. He might ride, and he might hunt, and keep his four-footed friends about him; and he might still have in the one nephew who remained by him some one whose companionship pleased, whose interests occupied him; but with Hugh's exodus had gone forth, too his power of enjoying what was left him; thenceforth, though he carried himself bravely before men, the squire's days went heavily.

And Hugh, to the full as obstinate, every whit as proud, refused all pleading of his cousin to return, refused the income offered through Francis, refused everything reasonable, never caring to realize the blank he had left in the old house. Hugging his pride, he struggled on in the wild southern colony where he had elected to try his fortune, while his faithful love wore out her youth and grew into faded middle-age before he could write and call her to the home he had at last made for her.

Twelve years of waiting, four years of wedded life, and then these two were parted by a stronger hand than their angry kinsman's. In his rare communication with his cousin, Hugh had spoken of two children being taken from him; an Australian paper alone had borne the news of his wife's death, since when no word had come from him, and the letters which told him of his uncle's death and the inheritance ready for him when he came to claim it had traveled in more than one wrong direction before they reached him in the new township where he had finally settled.

"And then," said Francis Beresford, still gazing wistfully at the old house in the hazy distance, "and then he lay dying, and his one boy is blind!"

He said it bitterly in spite of himself. A hand stole on his arm, and the voice by him said, ever so softly:

"We must make the little one happy when he comes to us! We must——"

"We must smooth the road for the rich and young, while we must plod along with our burdens on our backs; is that it, Joan?"

"Perhaps. But listen, Frank, dear. Don't let us think of our own disappointment; you know, when we've been talking about it all over we never felt certain that Hugh had no children; we only——"

"We only hoped it, eh, Joan? Well, hopes and uncertainties are done away with now; we must face our difficulties, such as they are, for there's no Hugh at hand to help us. Maud must get married with as little fuss as may be, and Geoff must knock off half his fancies at Cambridge. This poor little blind child inherits what he can never fully enjoy, and spoils the lives of those who are expected to be his best friends. Oh, it's a queer world!"

Disappointed in their uncle's legacy they had undoubtedly been; startled at the sum total of the small debts that her husband had allowed to accumulate, she had been; doubly disappointed both of them, when all their hopes of help from Hugh had been so suddenly dashed; and yet, as the wife set forth with infinite pains, leaning over her husband's chair, and caressing the short brown curls as yet unstreaked by gray, "and yet everything will come right. You will see how I will plan and manage now I know exactly what it is we owe. You need not be troubled, Francis dear; only set to work to think how you can do your best for this poor lad who is coming. *Our* children have *us*, you know; so they are, after all, much richer than he is!"

With that and a kiss upon the thick brown hair, she left him.

CHAPTER II.—A STRANGE HOME-COMING.

UNSETTLED and somewhat troubled days followed that important morning's post. Geoff, albeit a reasonable young fellow in the main, rebelled a little at the order for retrenchment that went forth. "If neither my father nor myself is ever likely to come in for Kingsbrooke," he wrote, "I suppose I shall have to live chiefly on my wits, and I should have thought the money paid for my coach wouldn't have been thrown away. I never can grind much alone. And I shall miss 'Highflyer' awfully. I do think if I take the set of rooms over mine (they are lots cheaper, and not so very much worse than these), and work away like a brick by myself, you might coax my father into letting me keep my old horse. Only you needn't worry yourself, mother; I'll try and pull your way, if you say I must."

As with Geoff, so with his sister Maud, whose coming marriage with a neighboring clergyman had absorbed most of the feminine interest of the household for weeks past. The costlier items of her *trousseau* were ruthlessly pruned away, leaving her, as she said, regretfully, "an outfit no better than a farmer's daughter's."

"And indeed, Maud," said her mother, a little hurt by this speech, "why should you claim anything better? Except in the accident of your being what is called well-born, you are in no way superior to plenty of girls round about us. Your poor uncle's tenant at the Mill Farm gave his daughter a much grander wedding than we can give you now; but if you can ease your father and me by giving up these things, you won't mind, will you, darling?"

Then the pretty bride-elect protested that to please her mother she would go and be married in a lilac print gown, and the mother, whose pangs had been many over the sacrifice of every item, brought forth some of the greatest treasures of her own wardrobe, supplementing the careful purchases of homelier things with gifts of lace that a duchess might have coveted, and sundry quaint jewels that twinkled and sparkled as though they were living creatures, and could tell their histories if they so willed.

Thus the love of these young people lightened Mrs. Beresford's cares, and took the sting out of many an uncongenial task.

But the bright sun of contentment that dispersed or gilded the clouds about her had the same happy effect on her husband only when she, its medium, was at hand.

At other times Mr. Beresford fell into the uncomfortable and unwise habit of ruminating over his troubles, among which their present pecuniary difficulty, the setting straight of which occupied his wife's healthy energies, seemed almost the least.

"Kingsbrooke" would never be his. It would never be Geoff's; and he little knew how entirely he had calculated on some day owning it until it was completely lost to him. Hugh's proud concealment of his blind child's existence he looked on in the light of a personal injury; and with all the wrong-headedness of an angry man, he blamed every person but the right one for his disappointment.

The right one being himself. For might not Hugh—his elder only by two or three years—might not Hugh have returned, and if childless have married again, and had more children? Or might he not, the entail ceasing with him, have chosen to sell the place, or divide it, or leave it to some other than this aggrieved kinsman?

In his neighbors' affairs Francis Beresford was clear headed to a degree. There was not a man more liked, more generally consulted on matters public or domestic, more thoroughly trusted than himself for miles around, and yet in his own case he had made this stupid blunder; he had let himself drift into the idea of coming ownership till that idea had become part of his life; and when it was taken from him, he felt as much robbed as if a thief had walked off with his purse before his very eyes.

So the outcome of his self communings was that he announced his intention of going off to Liverpool early in the week following the receipt of the Australian letters.

"Anything is better than stopping about here waiting for a telegram from the captain. You don't know, my poor Joan, what these days have been to me. Every time I stir out somebody pities me. That old ass, Peter Burton, nearly put me in a rage this morning up at the brick-field. How? Why, he kept saying, 'And so Master Hugh is gone; and haven't you got the place now, Master Francis?' (You know the poor old fellow always talks as if we were boys still.) 'Well, I'm sorry for you, that I am; you'd ha' bin the right man in the right place, you would, after the many years you've bin a'most the same as master!' Joan, I know it's abominable of me, but upon my honor it was all I could do to keep from swearing at him!"

"Poor Peter! If wishes could make you into the squire, Peter's wish would soon work the change! But, Frank dear, you are quite right; it will be much best for you to be ready to meet the poor boy, it's much the kindest thing you can do; and when you bring him safely back, why, you'll be so busy settling everything about him with Mr. Thornton, that you will never remember these trifles."

So soothing him by every possible little artifice, Mrs. Beresford pressed forward the arrangements for her husband's journey, and herself drove him to the station, four miles distant, on the following morning.

This was Tuesday, and not until the Thursday morning could Mrs. Beresford receive a letter from her husband, but on that morning came the expected missive, telling them that the *Sea King* had been passed by an American steamer, and might be looked for within four-and-twenty hours. Within a few minutes of this came a telegram dated 6 A. M. the same day, with the words, "Just off the landing-stage. *Sea King* in with the morning tide. Send to the station for the 9:30 train to-night."

After that the hours of the day lagged heavily, and excitement and expectancy were wrought to the highest pitch when the wheels of the dogcart were heard coming up the drive. But conceive the disappointment and almost dismay with which the groom's message was received:

"The train came in all right enough, ma'am, but master wasn't there nowhere. The guard said he was sure he hadn't got in at Liverpool Street, for there wasn't many passengers, and he knows he'd have noticed him. Which, of course, he would," finished James, who could not imagine the possibility of his master being unknown to any right-minded official between home and London. So there was nothing to be done by the household but to go to rest and wait the next day's trains.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the country the *Sea King* had arrived, and among its living freight had put ashore a tall, slim lad, whose refined, delicate features, the very image of his patient mother's, had instantly pointed him out to Francis Beresford as the charge he had come to seek.

At the first sound of his voice—"You are young Hugh Beresford, are you not?" he had said—the boy's color deepened, the long brown lashes fell over his dark, sightless eyes.

"You speak like——"

"Like——?"

"Like my father!" said the poor lad, with a sob, and clung with both hand to his cousin's arm.

Francis quivered as the boy hung on him. What would he have given to have been able to welcome this lonely boy with the warmth he longed for, to tell him he had something of his father's heart as well as his father's voice, to bid him cheer up, for there was a plenty of love and care waiting for him at the end of his day's journey.

But for the life of him he could not do it. His words of greeting came coldly and awkwardly from his lips, and he was glad to release his arm, and, leaving the lad in safe hands, to hurry after the removal of his few belongings.

As began, so went on the day. At the hotel breakfast he pressed food upon young Hugh, and put a few disjointed questions about the voyage. The time that had preceded it he dared not touch upon; for he had all a man's horror of tears, and had found out that safety from them only lay in silence as to the past.

"When we get home you will be all right," was the nearest approach to a comforting speech he found himself able to make, and even that was suggested by the decided impression, as the day wore on, that he himself should know no ease till he was safe into the same haven.

"What home am I going to?" asked the boy, half-timidly, and the deprecatory manner and slightly shrinking figure of the returning heir stung his cousin with a touch of self-reproach.

Here was he, known as the readiest friend and helper to every man, rich or poor, about him, letting an orphan, desolate altogether but for him, come into a strange land and ask what was to be his home!

"Why, you are coming to 'Elizabeth's,' of course," he answered, and at the kinder voice the boy drew nearer to him. "My wife will be looking for us by evening time. No, it is not evening yet; we're not reached London yet, and then there will be stations to change and forty miles further to travel." "And then," thought Mr. Beresford, and he frowned, with the old angry look of the last few days back on his face—"and then I shall take back the owner of the place he will never understand or value, and have to play henchman or steward to my young squire till I'm an old man. Ugh!"

He vented his final grumble out loud, and young Hugh asked him if he were very tired.

"*I* am," he said; "this thing shakes so. And the ship was dreadful. Oh, the noises and the men talking! I hated it; I never could sleep for the noises, you know, and—thinking. When I get home I shall be so tired I shall sleep for days and nights, I believe."

Indeed, on their arrival at London, the lad had just dropped off into an uneasy slumber, and in the hurry and confusion of a sudden awakening, amid the many strange sounds and jostlings of a crowded platform, contrived to lose his hold of his cousin's coat-sleeve, and be lost among the busy throng that pressed about him.

Then, discovering his absence in a few moments, Mr. Beresford had an anxious ten minutes' search for him, finding him at last, the very picture of silent terror, clinging tight to a lamp-post, evidently fast losing what little nerve he possessed.

"Good heavens! how you frightened me," cried his cousin, almost angrily. "Here, keep tight hold of me now. Porter, a cab. Sit there till I get your things together.

But that was no easy matter. While seeking for the luggage the boy had got lost, and while hunting for the boy the luggage had vanished, more time was wasted in giving orders, and then, to crown all, when Liverpool Street Station was reached, their train had departed a quarter of an hour before.

Wisdom said, "Go to an hotel and go to sleep," but a strong desire possessed Francis Beresford to get home that night somehow, and when he found that the mail-train would be starting a couple of hours later, by that he determined they would go.

By that, after the most wearisome waiting he had ever known, they went, reaching Colford some half hour after midnight, and finding, as might have been expected, no carriage, no vehicle of any kind to take them on to their destination.

"Why hadn't he telegraphed to his servant who was waiting there for the 9:30 train?" Why, because he never gave it a thought, taking it for granted that the man would wait for him. Now there was nothing to be done but to stand about till a fly could be got from the nearest inn, or—— "But that wouldn't be possible, Hugh," cried Mr. Beresford, as the idea struck him. "You're too tired, are you not—or could you walk home?"

"Oh, yes!" was the eager answer. "Anything to get us there quickly. I can rest!—oh, how I can rest when we get there! Do let us walk!"

Without more ado, then, in this fashion, and at this strange hour, the young heir set off on his first journey over his own lands. A brilliant full moon made the path round the outskirts of the town, and through the field beyond, as easy traveling as the high-road itself, and Mr. Beresford repeated more than once that it was as light as day, forgetting how little difference that made to his hearer. "I've come over the fields," he said, when they had gone full half an hour on their way, "because it saves us a long round; we have gone the best part of our way now. We are coming toward the brickfields. This is Kingsbrooke, Hugh!" The boy stooped short.

"This is Kingsbrooke, is it?" he said. "This land is mine, Cousin Francis!" bringing both hands together round his companion's arm with a tight, nervous grip. "You don't mind my coming home, do you? You are not angry with me for having the place instead of you, are you?"

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Strange and unlucky question! The pathos of his voice touched no kindly responding chord in his hearer. All through that strange, silent walk a very demon of desire had been grappling with Francis Beresford's better self; a dozen voices seemed chanting in his ears, "Instead of you, instead of you!" And now the boy had clinging to him, read his thoughts and put the self same question that had driven him half-wild through that long day.

There on the hillside was the white house, silvered along its broad front by the clear moonlight: away over the bridge was his own far smaller home, the modest dower-house of a bygone Beresford, which would have to be his to the end of his days; and here, all alone with him, trusting to his guidance for his every footstep—good heavens, what put that thought into his brain just then! All alone with him—*all alone with him*—was the one young life that stood between him and his desires.

"You are not angry, are you?" repeated the voice, half-sadly, and Mr. Beresford almost gasped for breath for words to deny the suggestion even, but the right words wouldn't come. Instead:

"Let us make haste," he almost whispered; "you must never speak like that, my boy; be quick, we are coming to the brook now! Hold me tight: hold me very tight; take hold of the rail with your other hand."

They were crossing the stream now, the broad band of living light that ran at the base of the brickfields between bare willow-branches on to the mill-dam half a mile away; crossing steadily and safely till midway on the planks. Then what was it? Did the boy slip or lose his footing? Francis Beresford could swear *he* never touched or loosed his hand: but in one awful moment young Hugh stumbled, and with a cry, "Oh, help me!" fell heavily into the swift-flowing waters beneath.

CHAPTER III.—"A ROD FOR A FOOL'S BACK."

THE stillness of death followed that one cry, and the stillness of death seemed to have seized on the one man who heard it. For full fifteen minutes, there stood the figure on the bridge, motionless as if a man of stone.

Was it the grip of some outward and visible demon held him there, that he never moved his eyes from the spot below whence the pale, upturned face had floated swiftly away? Had some very devil incarnate bound his hands, that never a muscle had stirred when the voice cried, "Help me"? What awful power, what strange paralysis, took possession of brain and heart, and clothed those minutes with a dream-like unreality that slowly faded when, as from a swoon, at last he roused.

Roused! Woke! What was it? Were the bells ringing for the boy's return (it was only St. Margaret's chimes from the distant town), and what were the voices around him. "It's yours—Kingsbrooke is yours." A very chorus seemed to fill the air about him.

Shivering, cowering like a dog let loose from the hand of a master who has beaten him, Francis Beresford unclasped his hands from the bridge-rail, and lifted his crouching form to meet the horrible wave of returning consciousness.

"Kingsbrooke is yours?"

"Leave off, leave off!" he cried, stretching out two shaking arms as if to fence away a mortal foe, and an echo from the thick plantations on the hillside mocked him with his own words.

"Kingsbrooke is ——" No, no, it was young Hugh's, the boy's—the boy's. "Where is he?" And again the cruel echo mocked him. "Where is he?" cried the air goblin. "Where is he?" he whispered with dry, cold lips; and out of the wild turmoil of his breast came back the answer:

"*He is dead.*"

And quite far away gibing voices went out chanting, "Kingsbrooke is yours. Yours, Francis Beresford, yours!"

"Never, never!" he almost shouted. "God help me, it shall never be mine!" and, wresting himself from the delusions his envious soul had cast about him, he tore like a madman up the white path to the only cottage in sight, and besought the inmates to come out and help him.

"Some one was drowning in the stream; for heaven's sake, come!"

But never a sound replied, for the place was as tenantless as the fields outside. Fulcher and all his brood of children might be there the very next day, but on that night they were taking their heavy slumbers at the further end of the village. The seconds of waiting were few, but they lagged like hours. Then the truth flashed upon him. Empty! And alone, hurrying, trembling from head to foot, he made his way back to the stream, and, knee-deep in water, waded on from willow to willow, holding on to the slender branches, peering into the deep pools, calling aloud: "Boy! Hugh! answer me! For pity's sake, speak!"

On through the mud and rushes till he neared the mill—past there it would be vain to search—groping vainly from post to post, the clear, tender moonlight lending its help in every nook and cranny: but all in vain! Once more St. Margaret's chimes rang out, and at every stroke Francis Beresford's heart lost hope. He knew now that in some deep spot lay the child he should have guarded—he knew that Kingsbrooke was verily his, but that he and peace had parted company for ever. Slowly he dragged himself up the bank, numb and despairing.

Into the oak plantation close by he plunged, terrifying with steps unusual a multitude of four-footed creatures who, on fun or food intent, were abroad this lovely night. Not till he reached a keeper's hut did he once stop to rest and think.

To think! How dared he think when every thought was torment, every moment recalled filled him with horror, every moment to come would but cover him with dishonor!

Who would believe that it was all a chance? Nay, was it chance? And then, what power of earth or hell had kept him back, when a spring, an outstretched arm, would have saved the child?

Over and over that miserable, self-condemning track his pitiless conscience dragged him, bringing him ever face to face with the accusation that burnt into his soul: "You wished him dead!"

He had wished him dead, though till this moment the unholy thought had never shaped itself in honest words.

"Good God!" he muttered, and fell a-trembling like the brown leaves over his head.

And this loved husband, this trusted friend, this man of gentle birth, and, save in this one great trial, of gentle heart, worthy the love he owned, sat through the solitude of the now darkening wood with that one thought driving him close on to madness.

The sin he had fostered had taken shape, and hunted him down into an abyss of humiliation and misery unutterable.

Its stupor was closing round him like a pall when, close by, the bass whir-r-r of a pheasant's flight startled him, and opening his heavy eyes once more upon the outer life, lo! the pink flush of dawn was stealing through the trees, another day was waiting for the world.

Then, cramped from this wretched vigil, chilled to the very bone, Mr. Beresford rose up and turned his face homeward.

Through the golden bracken and thick underwood, all laden with the heavy night dews, heedless of bough and branch and thorns, of all that lay between him and home; on he went, clearing the wood, and standing in the open field at last. For a moment he paused. There yonder was the roof that covered his best-beloved, and a rush of passionate emotion half-choked him.

"God bless them! God help me!" he groaned, and even as he uttered the words, help came.

"Mr. Beresford, sir!"

It was old Peter Burton shouting to him, beckoning him towards his cottage, a little bit of a dwelling-place just on the outskirts of the wood.

Mr. Beresford stared, scarcely comprehending the call, and would have gone his own way, but Peter cried again, moving towards his doorway as he did so.

"Come along, sir! Come here, Master Francis; make haste, sir!"

Bright firelight was gleaming through the cottage window; the door stood wide open; in the inner room, Peter, anxious of face, clad in his clay-bespattered garments, stooped over something that lay upon his own poor bed.

Over something, some one. Oh, was the sight a cruel mockery, was this a dream, or had God, as by a miracle, given him back his life, his home?

For there, sleeping as peacefully as a baby, two hands that had not yet lost the dimpled grace of childhood clasped above his head, lay young Hugh Beresford, and at the sight, his kinsman fell upon his knees, speechless with joy.

As on a deaf man's ear fell Peter's low-toned explanations, and it was some minutes before he could make clear to his hearer his own share of the night's work.

"They bricks," he was saying, for the third time, when Mr. Beresford first noticed he was speaking. "was wonderful awk'ard. I'd counted on finishin' off the batch 'fore supper-time, and gittin' to my bed like a Christian man; but two of my men got off drinkin' in the day, and that hindered me, and the one I reckoned on leavin' just to put in the last two lots o' coals, he never turned up at the time he ought, and so I had to finish up my own self. And I grumbled over it. I don't wish to conceal nothin', and that's the truth; grumble I did. But there, the Almighty knows what we're arter a deal better than we know ourselves, and it wasn't wholly to please his own self, you may depend on it, that Fulcher kept out o' the way! Well, sir, when I was just crawlin' up home somewhere in the small hours, which I did, takin' a short cut through the trees and out by the water, what should I hear, but the water-fowl bustlin' about. 'Snares!' thinks I. 'Poachers!' says I, to myself: 'but you ain't a-goin' to have it all to yourself, my man, whoever you are!' So I just creeped down in the shades o' them big polled ash, and when I got by the water-edge what should I see but little master there," nodding his head at the sleeping boy, "drifted right up by that old willow that leans out over the stream, with his arms spread out and his white face bobbin' up and down for all the world like one of Miss Olive's white ducks she's so fond of!"

"And then, Peter?"

"Why, then, you may depend on it, sir, I out with him pretty quick; and I do believe I dragged him heels up'ards right here to my own door. Carry him I couldn't—he's a great grown lad for all he's got a girl's face—an' I stripped him and rolled him up in the thickest blanket I'd got, and I made a fire fit to roast a bullock, and rubbed and turned him about, till presently he give a sigh like and opened his poor eyes, and I knew he was all right."

"And did he speak?"

"He just said, 'Never mind, Cousin Francis; it was all my own fault not holding to you tight.' And he said that over, sort of sleeping-like, and then he went right off as sound as a bell, and so he've kept ever since. I dursn't leave him for fear he should wake and find himself, alone; and what's more, though I never meant to, what should I do but go right off as sound as him, and never open my stupid old eyes till half an hour ago! I was just rubbin' myself awake out by the door, when I see you come up from the wood, and I thought in a minute what a night you'd had of it; for, of course, after he spoke, I knew well enough who he was. Why, Master Francis, I do believe you've been in the water yourself!" eying the wet, mud-covered clothes of his hearer.

"Water!" cried Mr. Beresford, aloud. "I've been through a very furnace of trouble, Peter, I——"

"Cousin!"

The boy was waking, raising himself up, stretching his hands forth, his helplessness entreating some one's care and pity. In a moment he was gathered up in strong arms, close to the heart which vowed henceforth to be his friend, his very slave through life.

* * * * * *

Long years of patient care and almost womanly tenderness have been the fruit of that night's terrors. No more longing after Kingsbrooke now, except to make it worthy of its master, and the master fitted for his place.

His every deed and word testify to the truth of his repentance, and the rest lies between him and One who knows all secrets. *Requiescat!*

TAMMANY'S WATERLOO.

FRIDAY, December 10th, witnessed a most complete revolution in offices in New York City, and Tammany Hall sustained a signal defeat. The question of the reappointment of John Kelly as Comptroller had exercised all circles for many days. When the Aldermen met in their Chamber to act upon the nominations of Mayor Cooper, not only all the available space of the hall, but the corridors and steps of the City Hall, were densely packed with politicians and others. The Republican Aldermen uniting with the Irving Hall Democrats and four Tammany Aldermen, put out of office Comptroller John Kelly, John Wheeler, President of the Tax Department; Park Commissioner James F. Wenman, Excise Commissioners George W. Morton and Philip Merkle, and Police Justices Patrick G. Duffy and F. Sherman Smith; and by votes varying from 17 to 4 to 13 to 8 confirmed Mayor Cooper's nominations of Allan Campbell, an Irving Hall Democrat, for Comptroller; Hubert O. Thompson, an Irving Hall Democrat, for Commissioner of Public Works; William C. Whitney, an Irving Hall Democrat, for Corporation Counsel; Maurice J. Power, an Irving Hall Democrat, for Police Justice; William P. Mitchell, an Irving Hall Democrat, for Excise Commissioner; John D. Lawson, a Republican, for President of the Department of Taxes and Assessments; Salem H. Wales, a Republican, for Park Commissioner; William Leinteer, a Republican, for Dock Commissioner; Solon B. Smith and Hugh Gardner for Police Justices, and Morris Friedsam for Excise Commissioner.

There was intense excitement during the session. At its close the new officers were sworn in by Mayor Cooper, and in the evening he was honored by a serenade at his residence.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Rev. T. Pelham Dale, in Holloway Jail.

The bitterness of language with which the supporters and opponents of Ritualism contend against each other would be amazing, were it not saddening to reflect how much valuable mental energy is expended on both sides in a manner which all impartial observers cannot but regard as very much worse than utterly useless. The imprisonment of the Rev. T. Pelham Dale has given a fresh impetus to the torrents of fierce denunciation, and equally fierce declamation against "oppression"—the one party being unable to see anything in Mr. Dale but an obstinate and defiant rebel against the law, and the other regarding him in the light of a Christian martyr. Mr. Dale, who is the eldest son of the late Dean Dale, of Rochester, better known as Canon of St. Paul's, was educated at Cambridge, and after holding a curacy at Camberwell for some years, became rector of St. Vedast's, in 1848. At that time the church, like so many others in London city, was almost without a congregation, but since 1873, when the much-complained of changes in the ritual were first adopted, it has been greatly crowded. Mr. Dale, as is well known, has persistently disregarded the judgments, monitions, and inhibitions which have been issued against him, and he has now declared his full intention to end his days in prison rather than yield obedience to a State-made judge. His lodgings in Holloway Jail, as will be seen from our engraving, are small, but by no means uncomfortable, nor are the regulations very severe. He has to rise at six, go to bed at nine; his diet is in no way restricted, and he spends the day as he thinks proper—his wife, son and daughters being allowed to visit him daily, while occasionally other friends are also admitted.

Expulsion of M. Baudry d'Asson from the French Chamber.

At the opening of the Chamber of Deputies M. Baudry d'Asson was temporarily excluded from his seat for unparliamentary language previously spoken. According to the order, he was not to re-enter the Chamber under fourteen days, but on November 11th, he took his seat as if there was no prohibition upon him. Every one expected that a very grave scene was about to be enacted. He maintained an attitude of determination, and kept his seat with his arms crossed. Refusing to obey M. Gambetta's order, the sitting was suspended, the members of the Majority leaving and those of the Right remaining. Continuing obstinate, the Bureau of the Chamber ordered his expulsion, and the guard being called in, he was carried from the Chamber by five soldiers, and confined in an adjoining room.

A Convention of French Barbers.

The Hair dressers' Corporation held a meeting and had a competition for prizes recently at the Summer Circus on the Champs Elysées, at which seventy hair-dressers contended for the gold and silver medals awarded by the corporation. Each hair-dresser brought his model—that is to say, the young woman the manipulation of whose abundant tresses was to display his skill. Very few of the seventy models had dark hair, as fair locks are supposed to bring out better the delicate details of the coiffure, while red hair is even more advantageous. The work was skillfully and swiftly done, to the great satisfaction of fully 3,000 spectators. The first prize for Paris was carried off by M. Auguste Olivier, but it was a Belgian, M. Fontaine, who gained the award for the best historical coiffure.

The Land League Agitation in Ireland.

Lough Mask Farm, which is likely to become a famous place in the history of Ireland, is situated in the County of Mayo, almost in the centre of the district known as the "nursery of the Land League," the first meeting of that organization having been held at Ballia, a village near Castlebar. Captain Boycott, besides managing his own farm, has been for some years agent to Lord Erne, who, it is said, bears an excellent reputation as a landlord. The attempt to serve a number of ejectments in September last led the tenants to appeal to Lord Erne to dismiss him. His lordship refused, and from that day Captain Boycott became a marked man. No laborer dared to work for him, no tradesman to serve him with goods. He was isolated by order of the Land Leaguers, and was compelled to accept the services of constabulary to protect the lives of himself and family. His case is a typical one, and for some time attracted little attention, although he and his wife and daughters were left to get in the crops as best they could. Mr. Manning's letter to the *Daily Express*, under the signature of "Combination," first started the idea of going to Captain Boycott's assistance. He was soon flooded with correspondence offering every kind of co-operation, and one person alone promised to get together 50,000 volunteers. Mr. Forster, however, at once vetoed the project of an armed invasion, at the same time offering to afford military protection to whatever number of men were required for the *bona fide* purpose of saving the crops. It was accordingly decided to pick out some fifty or sixty from the great number of Cavan and Monaghan men who were anxious to go, and these, under the leadership of Mr. Manning and Captain Somerset Maxwell, were forwarded. They were escorted by double files of troops from Claremorris to Ballinrobe. While the volunteer farm-hands were at work, Captain Boycott's house was fully guarded by the constabulary and the militia.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE State Senate Chamber at Albany is to be lighted by electricity.

—MARSHFIELD, Me., has been half destroyed, for the second time in a year, by a cyclone.

—TWENTY or thirty people have been killed in Mexico by the remnant of Victoria's band.

—THE census from all the counties in Georgia, excepting three, shows the increase of population since 1870 to be 121,567.

—THE Municipality of Paris has rejected the petition of Henri Rochefort for a site for a monument to deceased Communists.

—A COMPANY has been formed at Bordeaux, France, for the operation of a steamship line between that port and New York.

—THE Democrats of the United States Senate have decided to drop several of the special investigating committees appointed at a previous session.

—THE initial steps have been taken for the erection in Philadelphia of one of the finest Conservatories of Music in the Union. It will be located on Chestnut Street.

—SEVERAL thousand pilgrims returning from Mecca are detained at Bagdad, owing to the Kurds having attacked the last three caravans and killed and wounded over 500 pilgrims.

—IT is reported semi-officially that an attempt will be made by the European Powers to prevent a war between Greece and Turkey. The feeling of mutual hostility between Turkey and Persia is said to be spreading.

—THERE is some excitement in Spain over the passage in President Hayes's Message referring to the aggressions of cruisers on American vessels in Cuban waters. The press of Madrid are making bitter comments upon it.

—ON the vote for Representatives in Congress, the Republicans of California have 612 majority over the Democrats. The highest candidate for Elector on the Democratic ticket has 94 majority over the highest on the Republican ticket.

—CONTRACTS are already let for the extension of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad from Denison, via Fort Worth, Austin and San Antonio, to Laredo on the Mexican frontier, in all about 400 miles, to be completed during the ensuing year.

—A CORRESPONDENT at Constantinople reports that the relations of the Porte with Persia are very strained, and feelings of mutual hostility are rapidly spreading to the public on account of the Sultan's taking no steps to arrest the Kurdish rebellion.

—COMMISSIONER LE DUC estimates the total value of the breadstuffs, animals and animal matter produced in 1880, at $2,000,000,000; the agricultural exports, at $166,403,426; breadstuffs, $268,050,201, and cotton, $221,017,325. Total exports of all kinds, $823,966,355.

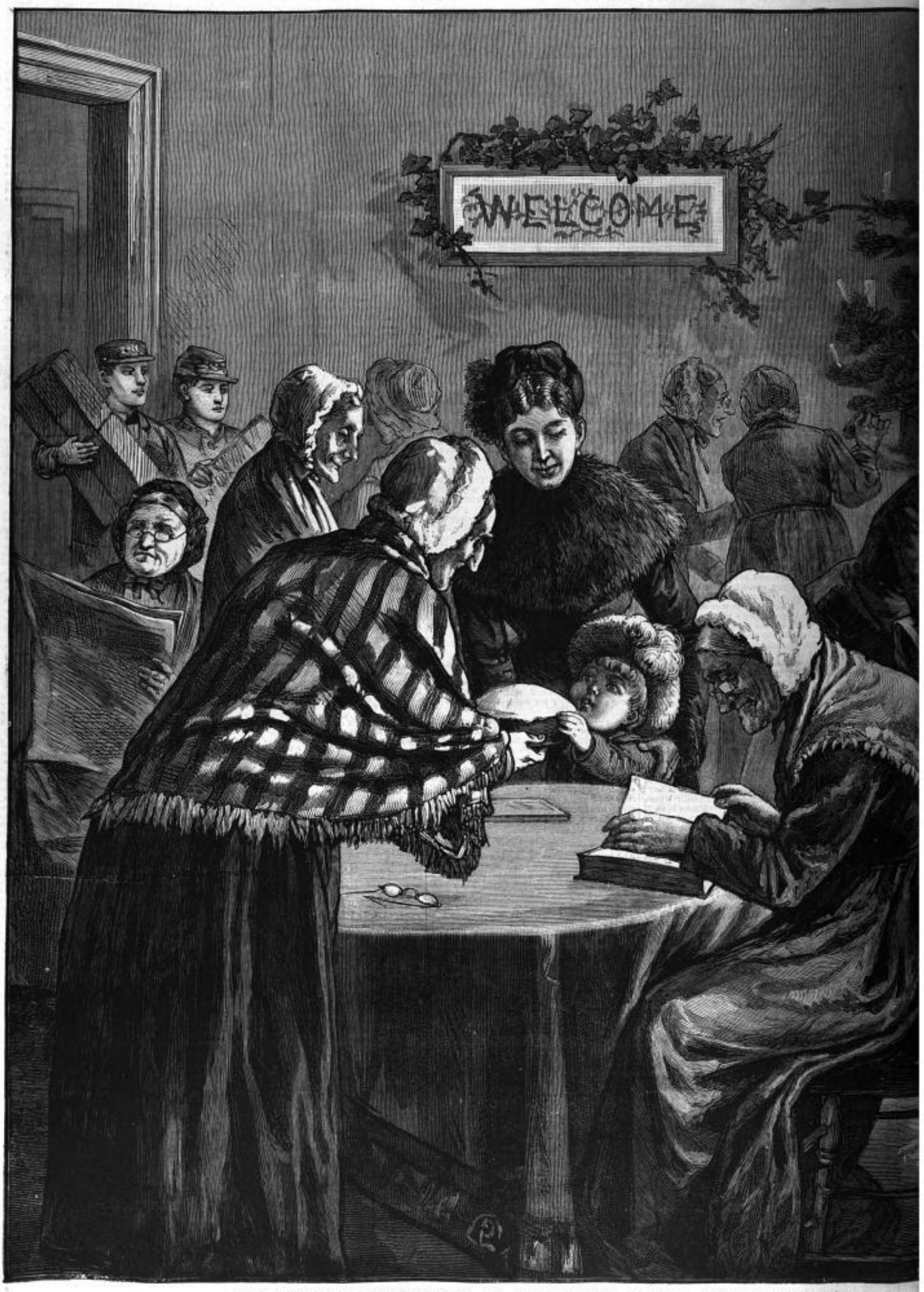
—THE house of refuge on the top of Mount St. Gothard, founded in the fourteenth century, will be permanently closed two years hence. The opening of the tunnel will render it useless, as not even beggars will then cross the mountain on foot. At present the hospice affords shelter, food and a bed to 20,000 people yearly, and is supported by public and private charity. The ride through the tunnel will cost only twenty cents.

—IN an address in this city the other day, Governor St. John of Kansas said that the present prohibitory liquor constitutional amendment first passed the Senate unanimously, and was sent to the House, where it was expected it would be submitted to the people. The anti-temperance element fought it hard, but when it was forced to a vote it lacked only one of the necessary two-thirds vote. Several votes were taken with the same result, and everything indicated that it would be lost. In the midst of the excitement a woman entered the House and appealed to her husband, a Democratic member, in the name of God to change his vote, and he changed it.

—AN English patent has just been granted on the double-web perfecting press, invented by Joseph L. Firm, superintendent of the press-rooms of this establishment. While an ordinary perfecting press, using four plates for each side, will throw off from 10,000 to 15,000 copies per hour, the Firm press, with the same number of plates, will supply 20,000 copies, printed on both sides. In working off newspapers, this press also effects a saving of at least 50 per cent. in stereotyping, as it requires only two forms and four impression cylinders. In some of the large daily newspaper offices, from thirty-two to sixty-four plates are required to work off the edition, but on the Firm double web press used, sixteen plates would be found sufficient to perform double the work of the ordinary press.

—PROFESSOR HIND, who was an official of the Halifax Fishery Commission, and some months ago made charges that the statistics used in the British case were false, has had printed in pamphlet form a letter addressed to the Governor-General of Canada, in which he makes charges of a broader character. He says that not only were the statistics presented to the Commission false, but that the official blue-books of Canada bearing on the fish trade with the United States were systematically falsified for a series of years to produce results that would serve the purpose in view. Exports of the United States were made to appear much less than they really were, for the purpose of making out that the Provinces benefited little by the free admission of fish into the States. Fictitious items of exports to foreign countries were introduced to make it appear that the Provinces were less dependent than they really were on the American market. Other fictitious items were inserted to make it appear that the Americans found a large market for fish in the Provinces. It is alleged that these falsifications began soon after the Treaty of Washington was made.

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THE SPIRIT OF BENEVOLENCE AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CASE OF THE AGED IN THE

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ETEENTH CENTURY.—A CHRISTMAS VISITATION TO AN OLD LADIES' HOME.—See Page 271.

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IN SNOW-TIME.

HOW should I choose to walk the world with thee,
Mine own beloved? When green grass is stirred
By Summer breezes, and each leafy tree
Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?
In time of roses, when the earth doth lie
Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,
Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky,
Lulled by a soft wind's song? Or should I choose
To walk with thee along a wintry road,
Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime,
Beside an ice-bound stream, whose waters flowed
In voiceless music all the Summer-time?
In Winter dreariness, or Summer glee,
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love.
Ah, my dear heart! but Winter fires are bright,
And in the lack of sunshine from above
We tend more carefully Love's sacred light.
The path among the roses lieth soft
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet;
But on a wintry way true hands more oft
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet.
There is more need of Love's supporting arm
Along Life's slippery pathway in its frost,
There is more need for Love to wrap us warm,
Against Life's cold, when Summer flowers are lost.
Let others share thy life's glad Summer glow,
But let me walk beside thee in its snow!

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER II.—THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.

AS Stella answered Lady Loring, she was smartly tapped on the shoulder by an eager guest with a fan.

The guest was a very little woman, with twinkling eyes and a perpetual smile. Nature, corrected by powder and paint, was liberally displayed in her arms, her bosom, and the upper part of her back. Such clothes as she wore, defective perhaps in quantity, were in quality absolutely perfect. More adorable color, shape and workmanship never appeared, even in a milliner's picture book. Her light hair was dressed with a fringe and ringlets, on the pattern which the portraits of the time of Charles the Second have made familiar to us. There was nothing exactly young or exactly old about her, except her voice, which betrayed a faint hoarseness, attributable possibly to exhaustion, produced by untold years of incessant talking. It might be added that she was as active as a squirrel, and as playful as a kitten. But the lady must be treated with a certain forbearance of tone, for this good reason—she was Stella's mother.

Stella turned quickly at the tap of the fan. "Mamma!" she exclaimed, "how you startle me!"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Eyrecourt, "you are constitutionally indolent, and you want startling. Go into the next room directly; Mr. Romayne is looking for you."

Stella drew back a step and eyed her mother in blank surprise. "Is it possible that you know him?" she asked.

"Mr. Romayne doesn't go into society, or we should have met long since," Mrs. Eyrecourt replied. "He is a striking person—and I noticed him when he shook hands with you. That was quite enough for me. I have just introduced myself to him as your mother. He was a little stately and stiff, but most charming when he knew who I was. I volunteered to find you. He was quite astonished. I think he took me for your elder sister. Not the least like each other—are we, Lady Loring? She takes after her poor, dear father. *He* was constitutionally indolent. My sweet child, rouse yourself. You have drawn a prize in the great lottery at last. If ever a man was in love, Mr. Romayne is that man. I am a physiognomist, Lady Loring, and I see the passions in the face. Oh, Stella, what a property. Vange Abbey. I once drove that way when I was visiting in the neighborhood. Superb. And another fortune (eight thousand a year and a villa at Highgate) since the death of his aunt. And my daughter may be mistress of this, if she only plays her cards properly. What a compensation, after all that we suffered through that monster, Winterfield!"

"Mamma! Pray don't——"

"Stella I will not be interrupted when I am speaking to you for your own good. I don't know a more provoking person, Lady Loring, than my daughter—on certain occasions. And yet I love her. I would go through fire and water for my beautiful child. Only last week I was at a wedding, and I thought of Stella. The church crammed to the doors. A hundred at the wedding-breakfast. The bride's face—there! no language can describe it. Ten bridesmaids in blue and silver. Reminded me of the ten virgins. Only the proportion of foolish ones, this time, was certainly more than five. However, they looked well. The archbishop proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. So sweetly pathetic. Some of us cried. I thought of my daughter. Oh, if I could live to see Stella the central attraction, so to speak, of such a wedding as that! Only I would have twelve bridesmaids at least, and beat the blue and silver with green and gold. Trying to the complexion, you will say. But there are artificial improvements. At least I am told so. What a house this would be—a broad hint, isn't it, dear Lady Loring?—what a house for a wedding, with the drawing-room to assemble in, and the picture-gallery for the breakfast. I know the archbishop. My darling, he shall marry you. Why don't you go into the next room? Ah, that constitutional indolence. If you only had my energy, as I used to say to your poor father. Will you go? Yes, dear Lady Loring, I should like a glass of champagne and another of those delicious chicken sandwiches. If you don't go, Stella, I shall forget every consideration of propriety, and, big as you are, I shall push you out."

Stella yielded to necessity.

"Keep her quiet, if you can," she whispered to Lady Loring, in the moment of silence that followed. Even Mrs. Eyrecourt was not able to talk while she was drinking champagne.

In the next room Stella found Romayne. He looked careworn and irritable, but brightened directly when she approached him.

"My mother has been speaking to you," she said. "I am afraid——"

He stopped her there.

"She *is* your mother," he interposed, kindly. "Don't think that I am ungrateful enough to forget that."

She took his arm, and looked at him with all her heart in her eyes.

"Come into a quieter room," she whispered.

Romayne led her away. Neither of them noticed Penrose as they left the room.

He had not moved since Stella had spoken to him. There he remained in his corner, absorbed in thought—and not in happy thought, as his face would have plainly betrayed to any one who had cared to look at him. His eyes sadly followed the retiring figures of Stella and Romayne. The color rose on his haggard face. Like most men who are accustomed to live alone, he had the habit, when he was strongly excited, of speaking to himself. "No," he said, as the acknowledged lovers disappeared through the door, "it is an insult to ask me to do it!" He turned the other way, escaped Lady Loring's notice in the reception-room, and left the house.

Romayne and Stella passed through the card-room and the chess-room, turned into a corridor, and entered the conservatory.

For the first time the place was a solitude. The air of a newly-invented dance, faintly audible through the open windows of the ball-room above, had proved an irresistible temptation. Those who knew the dance were eager to exhibit themselves. Those who had only heard of it were equally anxious to look on and learn. Even towards the latter end of the nineteenth century, the youths and maidens of Society can still be in earnest—when the object in view is a new dance.

What would Major Hynd have said if he had seen Romayne turn into one of the recesses of the conservatory, in which there was a seat which just held two? But the major had forgotten his years and his family; and he, too, was one of the spectators in the ball-room.

"I wonder," said Stella, "whether you know how I feel those kind words of yours, when you spoke of my mother. Shall I tell you?"

She put her arm round his neck and kissed him. He was a man new to love, in the nobler sense of the word. The exquisite softness in the touch of her lips, the delicious fragrance of her breath, intoxicated him. Again and again he returned the kiss. She drew back; she recovered her self-possession with a suddenness and a certainty incomprehensible to a man. From the depths of tenderness she passed to the shallows of frivolity. In her own defense she was almost as superficial as her mother, in less than a moment.

"What would Mr. Penrose say if he saw you!" she whispered.

"Why do you speak of Penrose? Have you seen him to-night?"

"Yes—looking sadly out of his element, poor man. I did my best to set him at his ease—because I know you like him."

"Dear Stella!"

"No, not again! I am speaking seriously, now. Mr. Penrose looked at me with a strange kind of interest—I can't describe it. Have you taken him into our confidence?"

"He is so devoted—he has such a true interest in me," said Romayne—"I really felt ashamed to treat him like a stranger. On our journey to London, I did own that it was your charming letter which had decided me on returning. I did say, 'I must tell her myself how well she has understood me, and how deeply I feel her kindness.' Penrose took my hand in his gentle, considerate way. 'I understand you, too,' he said, and that was all that passed between us."

"Nothing more, since that time?"

"Nothing."

"Not a word of what we said to each other, when we were alone last week in the picture-gallery?"

"Not a word. I am self-tormentor enough to distrust myself, even now. God knows, I have concealed nothing from you, and yet—— Am I not selfishly thinking of my own happiness, Stella, when I ought to be thinking only of you? You know, my angel, with what a life you must associate yourself if you marry me. Are you really sure that you have love enough and courage enough to be my wife?"

She rested her head caressingly on his shoulder, and looked up at him with her charming smile.

"How many times must I say it," she asked, "before you will believe me? Once more—I have love enough and courage enough to be your wife; and I knew it, Lewis, the first time I saw you! Will *that* confession satisfy your scruples? And will you promise never again to doubt yourself or me?"

Romayne promised and sealed the promise—unresisted this time—with a kiss. "When are we to be married?" he whispered.

She lifted her head from his shoulder with a sigh. "If I am to answer you honestly," she replied, "I must speak of my mother before I speak of myself."

Romayne submitted to the duties of his new position as well as he understood them.

"Do you mean that you have told your mother of our engagement?" he said. "In that case, is it my duty or yours—I am very ignorant in these matters—to consult her wishes? My own idea is, that I ought to ask her if she approves of me as her son-in-law, and that you might then speak to her of the marriage."

Stella thought of Romayne's tastes, all in favor of modest retirement, and of her mother's tastes, all in favor of ostentation and display. She frankly owned the result produced in her own mind.

"I am afraid to consult my mother about our marriage," she said.

Romayne looked astonished. "Do you think Mrs. Eyrecourt will disapprove of it?" he asked.

Stella was equally astonished on her side. "Disapprove of it?" she repeated. "I know for certain that my mother will be delighted."

"Then where is the difficulty?"

There was but one way of definitely answering that question. Stella boldly described her mother's idea of a wedding—including the archbishop, the twelve bridesmaids in green and gold, and the hundred guests at breakfast in Lord Loring's picture gallery. Romayne's consternation literally deprived him, for the moment, of the power of speech. To say that he looked at Stella as a prisoner in "the condemned cell" might have looked at the sheriff, announcing the morning of his execution, would be to do injustice to the prisoner. He receives *his* shock without flinching; and, in proof of his composure, celebrates his wedding with the gallows by a breakfast which he will not live to digest.

"If you think as your mother does," Romayne began, as soon as he had recovered his self possession, "no opinion of mine shall stand in the way——" He could get no further. His vivid imagination saw the archbishop and the bridesmaids, heard the hundred guests and their dreadful speeches; his voice faltered, in spite of himself.

Stella eagerly relieved him. "My darling, I don't think as my mother does," she interposed tenderly. "I am sorry to say, we have very few sympathies in common. Marriages, as I think, ought to be celebrated as privately as possible—the near and dear relations present, and no one else. If there must be rejoicings and banquets, and hundreds of invitations, let them come when the wedded pair are at home after the honeymoon, beginning life in earnest. These are odd ideas for a woman to have—but they *are* my ideas, for all that."

Romayne's face brightened. "How few women possess your fine sense and your delicacy of feeling!" he exclaimed. "Surely your mother must give way when she hears we are both of one mind about our marriage!"

Stella knew her mother too well to share the opinion thus expressed. Mrs. Eyrecourt's capacity for holding to her own little ideas and for persisting (where her social interests were concerned) in trying to insinuate those ideas into the minds of other persons, was a capacity which no resistance, short of absolute brutality, could overcome. She was perfectly capable of worrying Romayne (as well as her daughter) to the utmost limits of human endurance, in the firm conviction that she was bound to convert all heretics of their way of thinking to the orthodox way in the matter of weddings. Putting this view of the case with all possible delicacy, in speaking of her mother, Stella expressed herself plainly enough, nevertheless, to enlighten Romayne.

He made another suggestion.

"Can we marry privately," he said, "and tell Mrs. Eyrecourt of it afterwards?"

This essentially masculine solution of the difficulty was at once rejected. Stella was too good a daughter to suffer her mother to be treated with even the appearance of disrespect.

"Oh," she said, "think how mortified and distressed my mother would be! She must be present at my marriage."

An idea of a compromise occurred to Romayne.

"What do you say," he proposed, "to arranging for the marriage privately, and then telling Mrs. Eyrecourt only a day or two beforehand, when it would be too late to send out invitations? If your mother would be disappointed——"

"She would be angry," Stella interposed.

"Very well, lay all the blame on me. Besides, there might be two other persons present, whom I am sure Mrs. Eyrecourt is always glad to meet. You don't object to Lord and Lady Loring?"

"Object? I wouldn't be without them at my wedding for the whole world."

"Any one else, Stella?"

"Any one, Lewis, whom you like."

"Then I say, no one else. My own love! When may it be? My lawyers can get the settlements ready in a fortnight, or less. Will you say in a fortnight?"

His arm was round her waist; his lips were touching her lovely neck. She was not a woman to take refuge in the commonplace coquetries of the sex.

"Yes," she said, softly, "if you wish it." She rose and withdrew herself from him. "For my sake, we must not be here together any longer, Lewis." As she spoke, the music in the ballroom ceased. Stella ran out of the conservatory.

The first person she encountered, on returning to the reception-room, was Father Benwell.

CHAPTER III.—THE END OF THE BALL.

THE priest's long journey did not appear to have fatigued him. He was as cheerful and as polite as ever, and so paternally attentive to Stella that it was quite impossible for her to pass him with a formal bow.

"I have come all the way from Devonshire," he said. "The train has been behind time, as usual, and I am one of the late arrivals in consequence. I miss some familiar faces at this delightful party. Mr. Romayne, for instance. Perhaps he is not one of the guests?"

"Oh, yes."

"Has he gone away?"

"Not that I know of."

The tone of her replies warned Father Benwell well to let Romayne be. He tried another name.

"And Arthur Penrose?" he inquired next.

"I think Mr. Penrose has left us."

As she answered she looked towards Lady Loring. The hostess was the centre of a circle of ladies and gentlemen. Before she was at liberty, Father Benwell might take his departure. Stella resolved to make the attempt for herself which she had asked Lady Loring to make for her. It was better to try and be defeated than not to try at all.

"I asked Mr. Penrose what part of Devonshire you were visiting," she resumed, assuming her more gracious manner. "I know something myself of the north coast, especially the neighborhood of Clovelly."

Not the faintest change passed over the priest's face; his fatherly smile had never been in a better state of preservation.

"Isn't it a charming place?" he said, with enthusiasm. "Clovelly is the most remarkable and most beautiful village in England. I have so enjoyed my little holiday—excursions by sea and excursions by land—do you know I feel quite young again?"

He lifted his eyebrows playfully and rubbed his plump hands one over the other with such an intolerably innocent air of enjoyment that Stella positively hated him. She felt her capacity for self-restraint failing her. Under the influence of strong emotion, her thoughts lost their customary discipline. In attempting to fathom Father Benwell, she was conscious of having undertaken a task which required more pliable moral qualities than she possessed. To her own unutterable annoyance she was at a loss what to say next. At that critical moment her mother appeared—eager for news of the conquest of Romayne.

"My dear child, how pale you look!" said Mrs. Eyrecourt. "Come with me, directly; you must have a glass of wine."

This dexterous device for entrapping Stella into a private conversation failed.

"Not now, mamma, thank you," she said.

Father Benwell, on the point of discreetly withdrawing, stopped, and looked at Mrs. Eyrecourt with an appearance of respectful interest. "Your mother?" he said to Stella, "I should feel honored if you will introduce me."

Having (not very willingly) performed the ceremony of presentation, Stella drew back a little. She had no desire to take any part in the conversation that might follow—but she had her own reasons for waiting near enough to hear it.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Eyrecourt turned on her inexhaustible flow of small talk, with her customary facility. No distinction of persons troubled her; no convictions of any sort stood in her way. She was equally ready (provided she met him in good society) to make herself agreeable to a Puritan or a Papist.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Father Benwell. Surely, I met you at that delightful evening at the duke's? I mean when we welcomed the cardinal back from Rome. Dear old man—if one may speak so familiarly of a prince of the Church—how charmingly he bears his new honors. Such patriarchal simplicity, as every one remarked. Have you seen him lately?"

The idea of the Order to which he belonged feeling any special interest in a cardinal (except when they made him of some use to them), privately amused Father Benwell. "How wise the Church was," he thought, "in inventing a spiritual aristocracy. Even this fool of a woman is impressed by it." His spoken reply was true to his assumed character as one of the inferior clergy. "Poor priests, like me, madam, see but little of princes of the Church in the houses of dukes." Saying this with the most becoming humility, he turned the talk in a more productive direction, before Mrs. Eyrecourt could proceed with her recollections of "the evening at the duke's."

"Your charming daughter and I have been talking about Clovelly," he continued. "I have just been spending a little holiday in that delightful place. It was a surprise to me, Mrs. Eyrecourt, to see so many really beautiful country seats in the neighborhood. I was particularly struck—you know it, of course?—by Beaupark House."

Mrs. Eyrecourt's little twinkling eyes suddenly became still and steady. It was only for a moment. But even that trifling change boded ill for the purpose which the priest had in view.

Having the opportunity of turning Stella's mother into a valuable source of information actually placed in his hands, Father Benwell reasoned with himself, as he had reasoned at Miss Notman's ten-table. A frivolous person was a person easily persuaded to gossip, and not likely to be reticent in keeping secrets. In drawing this conclusion, the reverend Father was justified by every wise man's experience of human nature, but he forgot to make allowance for the modifying influence of circumstances. Even the wits of a fool can be quickened by contact with the world. For many years Mrs. Eyrecourt had held her place in Society, acting under an intensely selfish sense of her own interests, fortified by those cunning instincts which grow best in a barren intellect. Perfectly unworthy of being trusted with secrets which only concerned other people, this frivolous creature could be the unassailable guardian of secrets which concerned herself. The instant the priest referred indirectly to Winterfield, by speaking of Beaupark House, her instincts warned her, as if in words: "Be careful for Stella's sake!"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Eyrecourt. "I know Beaupark House; but——May I make a confession?" she added, with her sweetest smile.

Father Benwell caught her tone with his customary tact. "A confession at a ball is a novelty, even in my experience," he answered, with his sweetest smile.

"How good of you to encourage me!" proceeded Mrs. Eyrecourt. "No, thank you; I

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don't want to sit down. My confession won't take long, and I really must give that poor pale daughter of mine a glass of wine. A student of human nature like you—they say all priests are students of human nature—accustomed, of course, to be consulted in difficulties, and to hear real confessions, must know that we poor women are sadly subject to whims and caprices. We can't resist them as men do; and the dear, good men generally make allowances for us. Well, do you know, that place of Mr. Winterfield's is one of my caprices. Oh, dear, I speak carelessly; I ought to have said, the place *represents* one of my caprices. In short, Father Benwell, Beaupark House is perfectly odious to me, and I think Clovelly the most over-rated place in the world. I haven't the least reason to give, but so it is. Excessively foolish of me. It's like hysterics. I can't help it. I'm sure you will forgive me. There isn't a place on the habitable globe that I am not ready to feel interested in, except detestable Devonshire. I am so sorry you went there. The next time you have a holiday, take my advice. Try the Continent."

"I should like it of all things," said Father Benwell, "only I don't speak French. Allow me to get Miss Eyrecourt a glass of wine."

He spoke with the most perfect temper and tranquillity. Having paid his little attention to Stella, and having relieved her of the empty glass, he took his leave, with a parting request thoroughly characteristic of the man.

"Are you staying in town, Mrs. Eyrecourt?" he asked.

"Oh, of course, at the height of the season!"

"May I have the honor of calling on you, and talking a little more about the Continent?"

If he had said it in so many words, he could scarcely have informed Mrs. Eyrecourt more plainly that he thoroughly understood her, and that he meant to try again. Strong in the worldly training of half a lifetime, she at once informed him of her address, with the complimentary phrases proper to the occasion. "Five o'clock tea on Wednesdays, Father Benwell. Don't forget!"

The moment he was gone, she drew her daughter into a quiet corner.

"Don't be frightened, Stella. That sly old person has some interest in trying to find out about Winterfield. Do you know why?"

"Indeed I don't, mamma. I hate him!"

"Oh, hush, hush! Hate him as much as you like, but always be civil to him. Tell me, have you been in the conservatory with Romayne?"

"Yes."

"All going on well?"

"Yes."

"My sweet child! Dear, dear me, the wine has done you no good; you're as pale as ever. Is it that priest? Oh, pooh, pooh! Leave Father Benwell to me."

(*To be continued.*)

A NINETEENTH CENTURY CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS! Word fraught with joy, with festivity, with home, with all that serves to lend a brighter hue to life! Christmas! Word laden with despairing sadness to those for whom life has proved but Dead Sea fruit! What can be a more pitiable object than decrepitude sinking under the accumulated load of years and of penury? Arrived at that period when the most fortunate confess they have no pleasure, how forlorn is her situation who, destitute of the means of subsistence, has survived her last child, or her last friend. Solitary and neglected, without comfort and without hope, depending for everything on a kindness she has no means of conciliating, she finds herself left alone in the world to which she has ceased to belong, and is only felt in society as a burden it is impatient to shake off. And yet there is a bright side to this gloomy picture—a very bright and happy side, for, as it will be seen in our illustration, the dear old ladies are being cared for, and every comfort that ingenuity can suggest provided for them so as to render Christmas, if not a day of absolute rejoicing, at least a day for calm contemplation in surroundings cheering, consoling and protecting.

NEW LIGHTHOUSE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

THE new first order lighthouse to be erected at the South Pass (Jetties) of the Mississippi River, is of iron, and was built some years ago for erection at Trinity Shoal, La., in deep water, and about twenty-five miles from the nearest land on the coast. While the working force was operating on the Shoal from a large wooden platform, supported on wooden piles driven into the sand, a hurricane swept over the locality, destroying the platform and causing a loss of a considerable portion of the ironwork of the foundation. Some of this iron was subsequently recovered. After the storm subsided it was ascertained that the action of an angry sea had scoured off the surface of the shoal to a depth varying from five to eight feet. In other words, where there was originally 18 feet depth of water, the storm created a depth of from 20 to 23 feet. As the shoal proved so unstable, the idea of building such a lighthouse on it was abandoned.

As a new lighthouse became necessary at the South Pass of the Mississippi River, and as much of the projected Trinity Shoal structure was on hand, it was deemed an economical measure to utilize the material at the new point.

The foundation is of wood, constructed in the most elaborate and painstaking manner, every conceivable device which will give solidity to the structure being used. On the spot where the tower is to be built the mud will be excavated for several feet, and then between 200 and 250 pine piles will be sunk through the mud into the sand. To these piles will be bolted 12x12 timbers, the cracks between the timbers being filled with bits of wood so as to make the structure solid. On the top of the 12x12 timbers and at right angles with them, a flooring of 12x12 timbers will be laid, securely bolted down by wrought-iron drift-bolts; and on this flooring another of timber of the same thickness will be put, the plank being laid at an angle of 45 degrees with that immediately below. The mud will then be thrown back upon it.

On this foundation are bolted nine disks, to which iron spikes are secured. One of these disks is placed in the centre of the foundation, and the other eight around it, at a distance of 20 feet, thus giving the structure an octagonal plan, the side of which will measure a little less than 15 feet and 11-12 inches.

The iron piles rise 20 feet perpendicularly, and then converge to a common centre in the focal plain. This gives the superstructure the form of the frustum of an octagonal pyramid, measuring vertically 98 feet from the axis of the pile-head ties to a horizontal plane 3½ inches below the upper surface of the watch-room floor, in which plain the axis of the inclined columns, at their extreme upper ends, are distant 4 feet 6 inches from the axis of the tower.

The columns of the first section are of wrought-iron, forged tapering. The columns of the other sections are of hollow cast-iron, decreasing in diameter as they ascend with the successive sections. The columns are secured together by cast-iron sockets, which also form points of attachment for the horizontal ties and the diagonal tension braces.

The columns support the watch-room and lantern. The focal plane of the latter is 12 feet 1 inch above the upper surface of the watch-room floor, the floor being 3½ inches above the top of the pyramid, making the total height of the focal plane a little over 125 feet above the floor of the foundation. This height will enable the light to be seen fully eighteen nautical miles.

The lighthouse-keeper's dwelling, which occupies the second section, is two stories in height, built chiefly of iron, circular in form, and containing in the second story a door for each room opening on to the gallery around the outside.

THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE new building of the Long Island Historical Society, which is to be turned over to the trustees on January 4th, is a handsome and substantial structure, on the corner of Pierrepont and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn. The ground on which the building stands was purchased two years ago for $32,000. It adjoins the site of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which, with its tall spire and Gothic architecture, affords a striking contrast to its square and sturdy neighbor. The contrast is still further enhanced by the materials used in the building—brown stone for the church and Philadelphia brick, with terra cotta trimmings, for the Society building. This structure is three stories high, and has a front of ninety-nine feet in Pierrepont Street, and seventy-five feet in Clinton Street. The height is not far from 100 feet, and a clock tower surmounts the main entrance in Pierrepont Street.

The ornamentation upon the street side is elaborate, and includes native fruits, flowers and cereals, done in terra cotta, molded when wet. On the Pierrepont Street side, between the windows of the second story, are the portrait heads of Columbus and Franklin done in terra cotta, and on the side adjoining Clinton Street the heads of Shakespeare, Beethoven, Gutenberg and Michael Angelo, in high relief, are represented. Beneath them is the legend *Historia Testis Temporum*.

The front bears the name of the Society, and over the doorway are the words, "Library and Museum." The doorway is flanked by the heads of an Indian and a Norseman. The only stones used in the structure are three polished granite pillars under the porch on each side. Upon entering the building the main hall will be found upon the first floor, with dimensions of 80 feet by 50 feet. The floor rises toward the rear from the platform, which is in the further end. The hall will seat 600 persons, and has four exits. Above this are the library and reading-rooms. There will be shelf-room for 100,000 volumes, and the reading-rooms, for both men and women, will be as comfortable as possible. The Society has now 40,000 books and pamphlets, estimated to be worth $80,000. Most of these have been collected since the incorporation in 1863.

Upon the third floor of the building the museum will be established, and many historical objects of interest will be displayed. In addition to the museum, upon the floor will be a room which can be shut off by sliding-doors for scientific meetings and other discussions which attract only a few persons. The structure throughout is finished in ash, and it will be heated by steam. The entire cost of the building will be nearly $110,000. To meet this a fund has been accumulating for a number of years. It has been expended under the direction of a committee of which Samuel B. Mclean is chairman. The President of the Society is the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, and the librarian, Mr. George S. Hanna.

OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.

THE VINEYARDS OF SONOMA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

GENERAL as has become the use of California wines, not only in this country, but in England, France, China, Japan, Australia and the Sandwich Islands, to which places regular consignments are now shipped, it is believed that the industry of viniculture has not yet passed out of the experimental stage. The gifts of nature are so vast in that section of our country, and the energy of man so tireless, that the possibilities of the future are scarcely comprehended.

The chief grape-growing districts are the Sonoma and the Sacramento Valleys, although the St. Helena District is a heavy contributor to the general vintage. For many years viniculturists clung to what was known as the Mission grape, but of late years nearly all have adopted foreign vines, and from this enterprise the vast growth of the industry really dates. The preference for foreign varieties of grapes is universal among the vineyardists of Sonoma Valley. In addition to Malvoisie, the Zinfandel and the Reisling, the Chasselas, the Gutedel and the White Frontignon are being extensively cultivated there. The White Frontignon has been adopted as a Muscat grape, the Muscat of Alexandria not finding any favor among the Sonoma viniculturists. One grape which is coming into great favor in Sonoma Valley for the manufacture of a sweet wine is the Flame Tokay. Some viniculturists esteem it very highly. It yields what is known as the lower grade of the famous Tokay mountain of Hungary. The grape has to be picked when nearly a raisin, and the juice is a thick syrup. Fine qualities of red wine are now made in Sonoma, especially from the first and second crops of the Zinfandel vine. The Zinfandel is now without doubt proven to be the best claret grape grown in California. During the past few years, under the efforts of a few enterprising merchants, the sale and consumption of California wines in the Atlantic Coast market and cities has greatly increased, and is now one of the most important branches of the business. The single house of A. Werner & Co., 306 Broadway, New York, who were pioneers in popularizing California wines in this market, bottle and pack an average of over 1,200 gallons weekly of Sonoma and Napa white wines, which, as American Extra Dry Champagne, are distributed to all cities and States east of the Rocky Mountains. Shipments have also been made to Europe and South America.

In the Sacramento Valley the vineyards are devoted almost exclusively to the Orleans and Zinfandel wines. The Orleans grape produces the finest white wine, and contains all the characteristics of Rhenish wines. It is a fine bearer, and the fruit is sweet, matures early and ripens uniformly.

The prevailing varieties in the St. Helena District are the Zinfandel, the Black Malvoisie, the Reisling, the Chasselas and the Burgher. Only a very small quantity of Mission grape wine (red and white) was manufactured in the St. Helena District during the past year. The little that was manufactured was either shipped to San Francisco for local consumption or was converted into brandy, port and Angelica.

Each variety of grape is better adapted to the manufacture of a specific wine than any other. Thus, for red and white wine, the Zinfandel stands pre-eminent. For hock wines, the preference is given the Orleans, the Chasselas, the Reisling and the Gutedel. The Mission, the Malvoisie, and the Tenturier are better adapted for the manufacture of port. The Muscat of Frontignon, the Muscat of Alexandria, the Gray Dechay, and possibly the Flame Tokay make better sweet white wine than anything else, and they are better adapted for that description of wine than any other yet experimented with. For the manufacture of brandy, experts give the preference to Folle Blanche and the Burgher, the latter being good to mix with other white wines, as it is neutral in its flavor, but tart. Some of the foreign varieties of vines which are considered practically worthless in Europe have been quite successful here. The Chasselas is a notable instance. In France it is a complete failure, and in Germany it is only a partial success.

The phylloxera has not made its presence felt very perceptibly anywhere outside of the Sonoma Valley. The Napa vineyards claim to be entirely free from it. Its ravages in Sonoma Valley are by no means general. So far it has not touched any of the foreign vines. All its depredations are confined to the Mission variety. It seems to have lodged itself in soil where water remains standing on the surface for a long time. Soil on the uplands not thoroughly drained is thus affected. A patch of fifteen acres of vines in one yard has been completely destroyed by it, and a patch of five acres in another yard has been overrun in the same manner. But the vines outside of these patches show no signs of the presence of the pest. Whether it will attack the foreign varieties with the same vigor as it has the Mission vine is something which time only will prove. Possibly the precautions now being taken by the viniculturists to prevent the pest from spreading, and the remedies applied for its extermination will be crowned with success. The steps thus far taken by the vineyardists seem to have been effectual in confining it to those localities in which it first made its appearance.

Data have already been gathered showing that the yield of wine from the Los Angeles vineyards for this year will amount to 1,800,000 gallons, and of brandy 250,000, with the prospect that over $1,000,000 will be received in the county for this crop alone. At least 1,000,000 vines were planted in this county in the past year, and the prospect is that an equal amount will be planted next. The fact is that the wine industry in Los Angeles County is destined to expand wonderfully. In no part of the world does the grape come to greater perfection than here, and it is a crop that never fails. In exceptional years, like the present, the yield is enormous, and with the prices paid by the wine-makers there is no crop the cultivator can raise which will afford so large a net money return. There is scarcely a spot in the county in which a vineyard cannot be successfully planted, and with careful cultivation the vines will thrive without irrigation.

A STATE FAIR FOR ABUSED CHILDREN.

A STATE fair for abused children, in charge of 6,000 ladies, representing the different cities and towns, in aid of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was opened in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, December 8th. Addresses were made by Gov. Long and Mayor Prince, and after a concert by the Germania Band, the enterprise was declared open.

In the upper hall-tables and booths are ranged along the walls; a flower-table, prettily decorated, is in the centre, and on the platform is a harvest-table, one of the most attractive of all. It is presided over by Mrs. Francis Low, of Chelsea. Miss Maude Howe and other young ladies are in charge of the flower-table, and the other tables are arranged as follows: Boston, Mrs. H. C. Hasbrouck, of Boston; art and stationery, Mrs. J. Amory Codman, of Boston; Plymouth County, Mrs. N. J. B. Lincoln, of Hingham; Norfolk County, Mrs. Winslow Warren, of Dedham; children's table, Mrs. Charles O'Neil, of Charlestown; Dorchester annex, Miss Florence Everett, of Dorchester; Essex County, Mrs. William H. Ladd, of Lynn; Bristol County, ladies of New Bedford; donation table, Mrs. John L. Hill, of Boston; Worcester County, Mrs. John A. Dana, of Worcester; Middlesex County annex, Mrs. John W. Hastings, of Medford; Middlesex County, Mrs. Thomas S. Mandell, of Newton; Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire Counties, Mrs. G. L. Smith, of Boston, and Mrs. Theodore Judah, of Greenfield. Home-made pickles and preserves are sold by Mrs. F. B. Fay and Mrs. Sibyl M. Hunt, of Chelsea; candy by Mrs. Henry G. Fay, the Children's Appeal, a daily paper, by Mrs Edith Aiken. Mrs. Kate P. Ward is president of a "mental pharmacy" table, and Mrs. Charles Blaney, of Dorchester, manages a loan collection.

A café has been opened in the lower hall. It is in charge of Mrs. C. A. Vinton, who has received generous contributions from churches and individuals. There is no charge for admission to this department, and for the accommodation of business men and women, a hot dinner will be served between the hours of 12 and 2.

The fair is to close on the 15th.

THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1883.

ON Wednesday, December 8th, the Executive Committee of the World's Fair unanimously adopted a resolution calling for a detailed report from the Committee on Sites which selected Inwood as the best locality for the purpose. As a scene of natural beauty this site is not surpassed by any other locality around New York City, and its surroundings and the various avenues of approach to it are full of romantic and beautiful places, around many of which are historical and legendary associations of the richest character. It occupies 260 acres of the almost level plain on the banks of the Harlem River, at the extreme northern end of Manhattan Island. There is on the ground only a single hill, which is perhaps an acre in extent and twenty or thirty feet high. All the rest of the site is level or gently sloping ground, ready for building without previous grading. The soil to the edge of the water is sandy, and no complaint has ever been made of malarial or other troubles incident to marshy ground, such as lies to the east of the Harlem. The site is surrounded on every side by heights, on several of which are the earthworks, still in existence, of forts successively held by American and British troops under command of General Washington and Lord Howe.

The property is largely owned by private individuals. It has a frontage of one mile on Broadway or the Kingsbridge Road. The land is nearly level, and from it a fine view of High Bridge and other surrounding points of interest may be had. Near by 400 Hessians slain in the Revolutionary War were buried. The site is 1,400 feet from the Hudson River at the nearest point, and there are already two good docks built on the Harlem. It is fifty-three minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot by elevated railroad as at present constructed, and only sixteen minutes by the Hudson River Railroad. The water in the Harlem along the front of the property varies in depth from eighteen to forty feet at low tide. The boats from Jersey City will have no difficulty in landing there. The Albany boat companies have already secured land for docks.

Besides the facilities for reaching the place by the railroads, elevated and surface, the horse-cars and steamboats, there are half a dozen drives either complete or near completion by which New Yorkers may go to the fair. The Tenth Avenue is completed to the point of the bluff south of the site, and will be continued around Fort George Avenue to Eleventh Avenue. New Avenue, Eleventh Avenue and Audubon Avenue, which are already laid out, will be completed, and from the point of intersection shown on the map to the fair grounds a boulevard will be made. Broadway is now a boulevard all the way to the ground, and the ridge road, leading through some of the finest private parks in America, affords as pleasant a drive to-day as can be found anywhere.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. GARRETT has been re-elected President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

CAPT. H. W. HOWGATE, of the Signal Service Office, has tendered his resignation unconditionally.

THE Rev. Leigh R. Brewer was consecrated Bishop of Montana, at Watertown, N. Y., on December 8th.

THE Empress of Austria has taken Ormond Castle, Kilkenny, for six weeks' hunting with the Kilkenny hounds.

THE friends of Senator Lamar apprehend that his health will not permit his attendance in the Senate again. He is said to be very feeble.

THE trustees of the Central Independent Church of Chicago, of which Professor David O. Swing is pastor have raised his salary from $7,000 to $10,000.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, the English naturalist and pisciculturist, is suffering from a severe attack of dropsy and now lies in a very critical condition.

THE Emperor William of Germany has been, during the past year, earning the gratitude of the archæologists. He has defrayed from his own private purse the expenses of the excavations at Olympia.

GENERAL WILLIAM B. HAZEN has been appointed Chief Signal Officer of the army. This appointment promotes General McCook, of General Sherman's staff, to the colonelcy of the Sixth Infantry.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has ordered her bankers to invest largely in Panama Canal shares. Prince Hohenlohe, German Ambassador to France, has congratulated M. de Lesseps on the financial success of the enterprise.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD has just been elected a member of the Swedish Legislature. He was supported by a so-called party of the Bourse, while his opponent, a manufacturer, was the candidate of the Laborers' Party.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE, who had a coupon calling for $220,000 annually, used to be the largest creditor of France, but now M. Furtado draws a million francs a quarter, which represents an investment of $16,000,000 in the funds.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD O. C. ORD, being over 62 years of age, has, by direction of the President, been retired from active service and ordered to repair to his home in Washington. Colonel N. A. Miles has been made a brigadier-general.

THE Czarowitz, the heir to the Russian throne, is intensely popular with all classes in his country. He is prodigiously Russian in feeling, has shown a decided will and strong character in all the public duties that have been committed to him, and is an excellent husband and father.

THE marriage of Prince William of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince, with Princess Augusta Victoria of Augustenburg, seems to be definitely fixed for the 25th of February. The royal pair, it also appears, will reside at Potsdam in Summer, in the Marble Palace, and Winter in the Schloss.

MR. GLADSTONE'S withdrawal from the House of Commons is demanded by his physician, who says that the Premier's health cannot stand such an arduous Parliamentary session as the forthcoming one promises to be. It is currently reported that after the Budget is made known Mr. Gladstone will accept a peerage and retire to the Upper House.

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS has been so successful as a man of war that he is to be made a lieutenant-general in spite of the fact that he will have to pass over the heads of one hundred and eighty officers who stand senior to him on the list of major-generals. The freedom of the City of London and a sword of honor are to be presented to him.

NEXT to Mr. Marsh, our Minister to Italy, the oldest American representative abroad by consecutive years of service is Mr. Bingham, Minister to Japan, whose appointment dates from May, 1873. Mr. Marsh was appointed in 1861; Mr. Delaplaine, Secretary of Legation in Vienna, was appointed in 1869; and Mr. Wurts, Secretary in Rome, in the same year.

ANOTHER Bill relative to the case of Gen. Fitz-John Porter has been introduced in the Senate. The Bill, a substitute for the one which occasioned so long a debate, authorizes the President to reinstate Porter in the Army with a rank not higher than that of colonel on the retired list, and without any pay or allowance for the time which has passed since his dismissal by court-martial.

SOME time since the now deposed Bishop of Tournai asserted that he had in his possession an autograph letter from Pius IX., in which that Pontiff wrote that the election of Cardinal Pecci as his successor would be the ruin of the Church. A confidential agent who was sent to Belgium has seen the letter and brings back an assurance of its authenticity, which is now admitted at the Vatican.

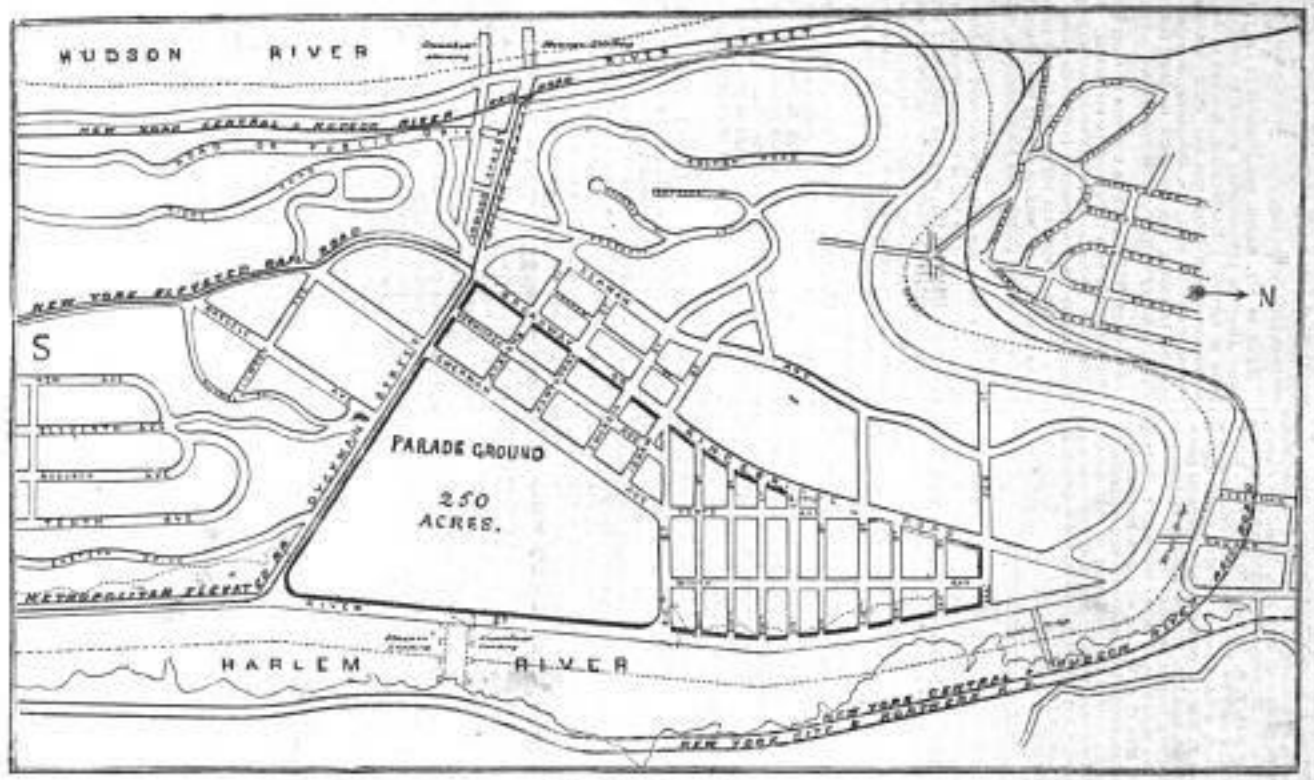
JOSEPH B. HOYT, of Stamford, Conn., has promised to give $2,500 to Richmond (Va.) College, and $2,500 to Richmond Colored Institute. John H. Deane, of New York City, who was a private in the Federal army, was wounded in the battles around Fredericksburg, and spent a day in Libby Prison, has promised to give $1,000 to Richmond College, and another $1,000 on condition that $20,000 is raised.

IT is believed that Sir Edward Thornton, now Minister at Washington, will be raised to the rank of an Ambassador and sent to succeed the Earl of Dufferin at St. Petersburg. The post vacated by Sir Edward Thornton will be filled by the promotion of Francis Clare Ford, Esq., formerly Secretary of Legation at Washington, who succeeded the late Mr. G. Buckley-Mellenen in June, 1879, as British Minister to Rio de Janeiro.

THE wedding breakfast of Roland Bonaparte and Marie Blanc was served in fourteen salons communicating with each other, in the residence of Madame Blanc. The show of flowers was magnificent; roses and real orange-blossoms preponderated. In the first of the fourteen salons the bride and bridegroom and their families stood and received the congratulations of those who followed them from the church. Both of the Monaco heiresses are tiny little beings with immense heads of hair. The Princess Radziwill was in pink brocade, and the Princess Jeanne in blue and white. The latter is decidedly handsome.

OBITUARY.—Among recent deaths we note the following: Professor Wilhelm von Hamm, late Austrian Minister of Agriculture, aged 60; Colonel John W. Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," aged 69; Louis Charles Timbal, a well-known painter of religious subjects, at Paris, aged 59; Dr. Alfred Hudson, senior Physician in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, in Ireland, aged 72; Sir James Colville, the Scottish jurist, aged 70; Père d'Alzon, Superior of the Augustines of the Assumption, at Nimes, France; Dr. Edward H. Dixon, the well-known surgeon of New York City, aged 72; General Refye, inventor of the French mitrailleuse; Shigeo N. Sanesbima, the Japanese statesman, and Ambassador to France since 1874, at Paris; Judge Charles Fisher, D.C.L., ex-Premier of the Province of New Brunswick, and Judge of the Supreme Court, aged 71; Father Chambodut, late Vicar General of the Galveston (Texas) Diocese.

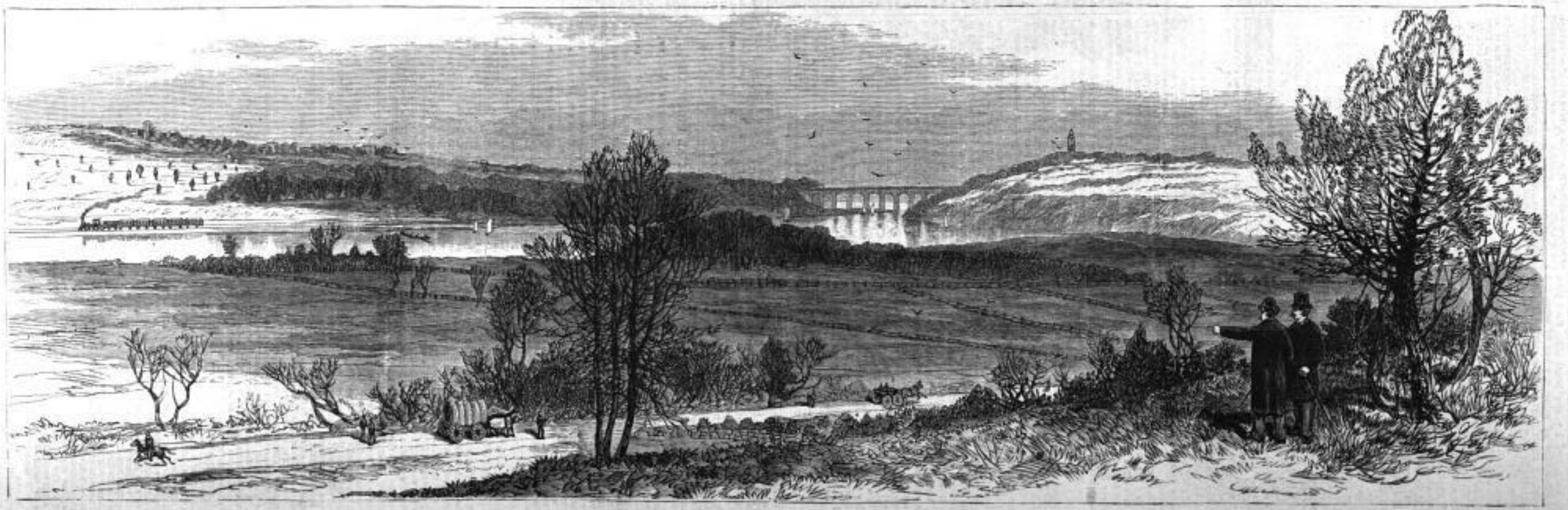
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MAP OF THE SITE.



VIEW UP THE HUDSON FROM THE SITE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY, LOOKING TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE.

NEW YORK.—THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1883, AT INWOOD.—SEE PAGE 271.

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HON. JAMES L. PUGH, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM ALABAMA.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BRADY.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, THE TRAGEDIAN.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the tragedian, whose portrait is given on this page, was born in New York in 1837. At fifteen years of age he was a linen clerk in a Detroit drygoods house, but, finding the employment uncongenial, engaged himself as a supernumerary at a city theatre at a salary of $2 a week. Studying industriously and conscientiously, he gradually made his way, until, after various discouraging experiences, he acquired a solid stage footing. One of his first successes was in playing *Richmond* to Couldock's *Richard*. From that time to the present, with the exception of brief service in the army during the War of the Rebellion, he has been constantly before the public. His first appearance in New York was in 1856, when he played *Sir Thomas Clifford* to the *Jane* of an inexperienced actress. His success in this part secured him an engagement at Burton's Theatre, where he became a favorite. Whatever is of interest in the subsequent career of Mr. Barrett may be briefly stated. He was manager of the Varieties Theatre in New Orleans during the season of 1863-64; in 1867 he visited England, where he was received with favor; in 1869 he became manager, with John McCullough, of the California Theatre, San Francisco; in the following year he played second to Booth at Booth's Theatre, and since 1871 or 1872 he has been before the public as a star. The most notable among the successes of Mr. Barrett have been in "Rosedale; Or, The Rifle-ball," "The Man o' Airlie," "Dan'l Druce," "Yorick's Love," *Cassius* in "Julius Cæsar," *Richelieu*. He will appear at the Park Theatre in New York City on the 20th instant in Howell's play—a translation—of "Yorick's Love."

The Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, in a recent article in the *Alliance*, of that city, says:

"The fame of Mr. Barrett is good in quality, being that of a careful student in his field of action. He has studied the aim and mission of the theatre, and has always studied well the highest need of the public. When he was reminded, a few weeks since, that he was to play in Chicago at a time when other great actors were also to be in the city, he answered that his heart was in the higher form of the drama, and that he would play in "Julius Cæsar" all week, come gain or loss—in the money sense. His taste must have its way. It happened that his taste was not unrewarded, for his house was all week good in size and most excellent in quality, reflecting not only credit upon the esteemed actor, but the taste of the city. It is almost certain that the style of Cicero was the popular style of his period, and that the stage eloquence we now see and hear in Barrett's *Julius Cæsar* is a good reproduction of that which moved the multitudes in the days of the tragedy; and thus this actor becomes a teacher of history, a lecturer in whose audiences there are no sleepy ones."

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD IN SCULPTURE.

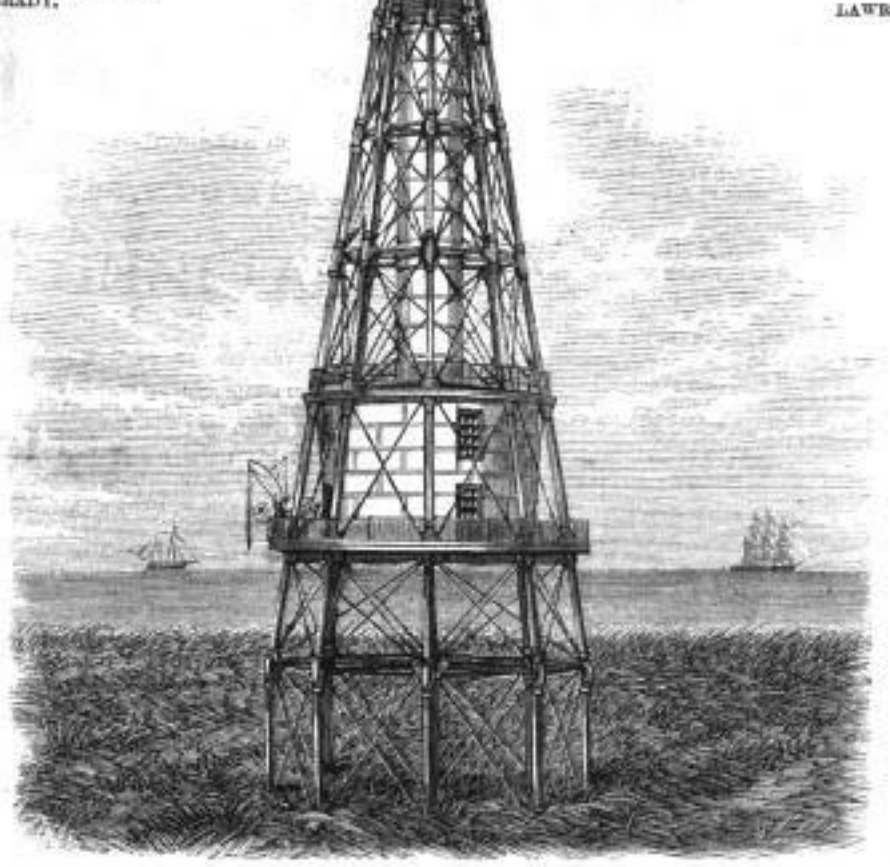
STATUE OF BLAISE PASCAL, FRANCE.

THE memorial statue to Blaise Pascal, the eminent French mathematician, author and inventor, who died in Paris in August, 1662, was unveiled in August last during a series of *fêtes* in the City of Clermont-Ferrand. The statue, which is the work of M. Guillaume, a member of the Institute, was erected on the plaza of Saint-Herem, an elevated piece of ground forming a grassy square, from which may be seen both sides of the chain of mountains. Pascal is represented sitting, with the head thrown forward, in the attitude of meditation. It is the thinker that one sees, with the great eyes, the ascetic physiognomy, that we are acquainted with through the many portraits which have been engraved of him.

At sixteen, Pascal wrote a treatise on conic sections. He was received into the company of scientific men who were by far his seniors. When a few years older he invented a calculating machine, which might have been a great success had he been favored with the mechanical appliances now available for the use of modern inventors. He also invented several vehicles, of different styles and uses, and engaged in many scientific experiments following on the discoveries and researches of Galileo, Torricelli and Descartes.

When about thirty, he withdrew from society and lived the life of a recluse, interesting himself greatly in theological questions. At this time the Port Royalists were vigorously upholding the doctrines of Jansenius, and Pascal threw his influence in behalf of their supporters. He interested himself in their quarrel with the Jesuits, and in doing so brought upon himself the bitter hatred of that Order. His "Provincial Letters," on this subject, made him famous. Their condemnation by the Pope in 1657, and the sentence of the Parliament of Aix that they should be burned by the public executioner gave these "Letters" a much wider circulation than they would otherwise have had.

For the four years preceding his death he was a continual sufferer, yet a diligent student and a prolific writer. His complete works have been published in two editions, and numerous biographies of him have been written.



LOUISIANA.—NEW LIGHTHOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT SOUTH PASS.—FROM DESIGNS FURNISHED BY CAPTAIN W. H. HEUER, LIGHTHOUSE ENGINEER.—SEE PAGE 271.



LAWRENCE BARRETT, THE TRAGEDIAN.

upon the Taylor and Fillmore ticket in 1847. It will be remembered that Mr. Yancey and the State Rights Democracy took issue with General Cass upon the squatter-sovereignty views of that gentleman, and that General Taylor came very near carrying the vote of Alabama. The following year Mr. Pugh stood for Congress in his District, but was defeated by Henry W. Hilliard, who was then at the zenith of his brilliant career. In 1856 Mr. Pugh was successful as a Buchanan Elector, and in 1859 entered parliamentary life by election to Congress without opposition.

When the war broke out, Mr. Pugh joined the First Alabama Regiment as a private, and did his duty as a soldier until he was elected from the ranks to the Confederate Congress. He was again elected in 1863, and remained in Congress, at Richmond, until the surrender.

Since the war, Mr. Pugh has labored for the success of the Democratic Party, and on two occasions, heretofore, has polled a formidable vote for the Senatorship. According to the Mobile *Register*, "No man possesses in a higher degree the love of his neighbors and the respect of the people of Alabama. His personal appearance, his incisive and deliberate speech, his broad views of men and things, his amiable disposition, his purity of character, have for thirty years made him conspicuous in the narrow sphere of this State, and must render him illustrious upon the broader stage of national politics."

Politically, Senator Pugh may fairly be classed as a Bourbon. In a speech delivered after his nomination for Senator, he announced himself as a "representative man of the solid South—the glorious solid South." The failure of the Democrats at the late national election he ascribed to "short-lived and fictitious causes." He thinks, very justly, that the South "should shake off the delusion that there is magic healing, health and progress and prosperity in Federal office-holding." He then adds: "I hear some suggestions that we should abandon the Northern Democracy—that we should divide the solid South. Ah, gentlemen, it was never more important—there never was greater necessity for us to remain together as a united people. If we separate ourselves from the Northern Democracy we necessarily increase and intensify Northern sectionalism, and we will become the victims of sectionalism and centralism! Let us crystallize our solidity. Let us hold ourselves steadily and firmly upon the high, broad line of sectional pacification and harmonious



THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD IN SCULPTURE.—STATUE OF BLAISE PASCAL AT CLERMONT, FRANCE.

HON. JAMES L. PUGH,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ALABAMA.

HON. JAMES L. PUGH, recently elected United States Senator from Alabama, was born in Burke County, Ga., Dec. 12th, 1819, and was four years of age when his father moved to Barbour County, Ala. At the age of eleven he was an orphan, beginning the battle of life with all the odds against him. He rode the mail route between Barbour and Henry Counties to earn money to enable him to attend school. He also served in a country store for several years. His intelligence and industry soon brought him to the notice of men of distinction. He read law with the late Governor John Gill Shorter, and for eleven years practiced successfully. Mr. Pugh entered politics as a candidate for Elector



NEW BUILDING OF THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT BROOKLYN, TO BE OPENED JANUARY 4TH.—SEE PAGE 271.

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union! Let us carry out in good faith, and to the best of our ability, by the exercise of delegated power, all the great national objects for which our confederated Republic was established, as recited in the preamble of the Constitution of the United States. But, gentlemen, remember, and let it be proclaimed to the world, that under no pains or penalties or punishments will we ever surrender the invaluable right of local self-government. I shall, with your permission, go into the Senate of the United States and plant myself upon the Constitution with all its amendments and obligations. I shall fix my eye upon my rule of action as the Christian fixes his eye upon the holy cross. To thine own State and people be true, and, as the day follows the night, thou canst not then be false to any other State or section."

NEW BOOKS

THE FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF POETRY. Comprising the best poems of the most famous writers, English and American. Compiled and edited by Henry T. Coates. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1880.

Mr. Coates dedicates this admirable volume to his Alma Mater, Haverford College, and we have little doubt that it will secure an honored place in the College library. The selection is of the most happy, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," while the classification is of such a nature as to enable the reader to select as may best suit his mood. Poems of Home and Childhood, of Memory and Retrospection, of Love, of Patriotism, of Nature, of History, of Sentiment, of Satire—in a word, the whole gamut of "verse thought" is played upon, and with such harmony as to secure the success of this delightful volume. The illustrations are thoroughly artistic and the letter-press quite in keeping.

MY WINTER ON THE NILE. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

This charming book of travel will be read with avidity, and cause many a sigh to those who can only be Mr. Warner's *compagnon de voyage*—on paper. Telling his story after a fashion all his own, the author takes the reader across the Mediterranean and lands him at daybreak on the treasure-stored soil of Africa. Cairo is admirably described—its bazaars, mosques and tombs. The Pyramids are dealt with, and the chapter devoted to their description is all too short. The start up the Nile on the *Dahabeah*—"Rip Van Winkle"—is delightfully chatty, as indeed are the descriptions of the people on the banks of Old Nile, Christmas Day and Midwinter in Egypt. Thebes and her ruins are honored by more than passing mention, while the chapter "History in Stone" betrays warm archæological tints. Passing the Cataract affords scope for good description, as does also the Desert. Life in Ethiopia is full of color; in fact, there is not a dull chapter in the entire book, albeit Mr. Warner does occasionally gush a little on Egyptology. That arch scamp, the ex-Khedive, stands out in bold relief. He was then in the full pomp of power, and some anecdotes of his inner life form very enjoyable reading. This book is taken up with pleasure and relinquished with regret, and any person desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with Old Nile could not do better than Winter there with Mr. Dudley Warner, even though it be—on paper only.

AMERICAN POEMS.—Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell and Emerson, with biographical sketches and notes. Holiday edition. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Mr. Longfellow, in this admirable compilation, leads with "Evangeline," Mr. Whittier with "Snow-bound," Mr. Bryant with "Sella," Mr. Holmes with "Grandmother's Story," Mr. Lowell with the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and Mr. Emerson with the "Adirondacks." The selection is admirable, the brightest leaf being plucked from each laurel-wreath. The volume is elegantly gotten up, and the illustrations of considerable artistic merit.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WILD ROSES OF CAPE ANN AND OTHER POEMS. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE LATEST OF THE BODLEY BOOKS—MR. BODLEY ABROAD. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

STORIES AND ROMANCES. By H. E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LITTLE AMY'S CHRISTMAS. By Nelson J. Vance. With illustrations. New York: The American News Company, Publishers' Agents.

TO HOLIDAY PURCHASERS.

HOLIDAYS AT A. T. STEWART & CO.'S.

ONE of the sights of the world is the wondrous store of A. T. Stewart & Co's., on Broadway, occupying as it does an entire block, towering high over all the surrounding buildings, and standing more like the marble palace of a potentate than the busy hive of a commercial mart. Once across the massive portals, what a marvelous sight meets the eye! Color everywhere in gorgeous clois—from the India shawl, of a price that would cause Lord Beaconsfield's Neuchatel to pause, to the luminous ribbon plucked from the Lyons loom; from the Persian rug, with its wondrous yellow and emasculated reds, to the dainty hose from the spindles at Naturiggan—color everywhere, till the appetite of the eye becomes banqueted and the very voluptuousness of sight-gratification languidly asserts itself. A label of "the tongues of sweet women" greets the ear, from the shrill ejaculation to the soft; persuasive; from the "Ain't it quite too lovely for anything?" to the sorrowful "I guess I'll have to do without it." On all sides the "women of our native land" are chattering, gesticulating, selecting, rejecting, while the patient and courteous employés reveal treasures such as the rubbing of the lamp unfolded to Aladdin. Victims in the shape of fathers, husbands, lovers, too, are in plenty, and the look of triumph on the faces of daughter, wife or sweetheart, as they press through the incoming throng, tells of victory. Elevators are ascending and descending with unusual rapidity; cash-trucks fly from end to end of counters; small boys are driven to the verge of insanity by the incessant repetition of "Cash here"; floor-walkers cannot find vacant seats, while the magic word "Forward" ceases to produce the desired effect of procuring an employé. In a word, Stewart's in this Merry Christmas time is a sight worth traveling many miles to witness.

WHERE TO GET FINE CLOTHING.

JOHN WANAMAKER & CO., 818, 820 and 822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is the leading clothing-house. For fine ready-made clothing they cannot be excelled in material and in make-up, and for measured goods—both in men's and boys'—their styles are unequaled. Mr. John Wanamaker, of The Grand Depot, senior of the firm—and the proprietor of the greatest drygoods house, except one, in America—gives his attention, and, with his junior brother, Mr. Samuel Wanamaker, who, with an able corps of assistants, gives his undivided study, turn out some of the most stylish goods, the prices of which are always within reason. Persons, from out of the city, ordering goods, can always depend on Messrs. John Wanamaker & Co.'s articles. Their beautiful store is well worth a visit, because, we say, in truth, a finer set of parlors for ready-made and measured clothing is not to be seen anywhere on this continent. They are well worth a visit.

ON A RECENT VISIT to the Laboratory of W. Champion Browning, M. D., of Philadelphia, Pa., we were amazed at its extent, surprised at the perfection of the machinery used, and at the exact mixing of every portion of the compounds of which the C. and C. CORDIAL, his TONIC and ALTERATIVE, and his ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, are made, and also the scrupulously neat manner of putting them up. Dr. Browning is a regular graduate of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, and, in his profession, has been quite eminent for his skill and knowledge; he is a perfect "chemist," and his "Proprietary Medicines" must not be confounded with "Patent Medicines" that are in the market. Dr. Browning's preparations are put up in excellent style, each bottle having a small corkscrew, thus avoiding the breaking of the cork; it is one of the neatest contrivances ever used. The medicine *we have knowledge of*, and so far as its merits are concerned, can commend in the highest terms; his Cough Medicine cannot be excelled. Dr. Browning does not propose to cure every malady, but he tones up the system by his TONIC AND ALTERATIVE, and the Cough Medicine (the C. and C. CORDIAL) comes in perfect play.

DIAMONDS AND FINE JEWELRY.

E. KENTZMEN, manufacturing jeweler, No. 1311 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., has one of the handsomest stocks in fine and antique jewelry in the trade. His latest designs in Gold and Diamond Work cannot be duplicated (some portion) in this country. His Bronzes and articles of *vertu* are of the latest importations, and for Holiday and Christmas presents he is prepared to fill all orders promptly, and can be relied upon in every respect. Those who send from out of the city will get every article *warranted and of the best.*

IF society in our own day were able to boast as great a genius as Charles Dickens's Mr. Ledbrain, of the Yorkshire Mudfrog Association, in the dissection of statistics, we might, perhaps, learn how many roller blinds there are in use throughout the world, and what proportion the gross total bears to the five millions of HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING BLIND ROLLERS, which, it is asserted on good authority, are now in use. The invention is one of these happy "Yankee notions," especially devised to save labor, and, what is every whit as important, temper, for there are neither cords nor balances to break or get out of order, the working of the roller being altogether automatic.—*London Furniture Gazette.*

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE.—Half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of citron, four eggs, three-quarters of a cup of milk, two teaspoons of HECKER'S BAKING POWDER, mixed through the flour; mix butter (which must be soft) and sugar together, and break in one egg at a time. You must mix this cake with your hand. This cake can be kept from three to six months.—*American Household.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES offers one of the most timely and valuable of all the holiday presents. See advertisement.

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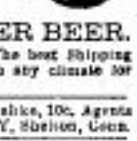
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HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Deacon Weston's First Christmas.

By JANE G. AUSTIN.

"I'LL have no Popish doings in my house, Christmas or no Christmas, and so I tell you, Harriett Phillips."

"Harriett Weston, if you please, father," replied the person addressed, making a sudden movement across the room and kneeling beside the armchair where Farmer Weston sat, nursing his gouty foot upon a stool.

The young woman was tall, slender, and comely, with the steady hazel eyes, wide chin, and clean-cut lips that tell of decided character, and the capacity to rule or to submit as the will may direct.

The old man was tall also, but neither slender nor comely, for his form was gnarled and bent like one of the ancient cedars of his native New England coast: his face was tanned to the color and texture of old parchment, his mouth was hard and obstinate, and his eyes full of that wary anxiety which at seventy years of age has become the habit of life with men who wrest a living from New England soil.

As his handsome daughter-in-law knelt beside him, and clasping her firm, white hands upon his arm, looked up in his face, the farmer nestled uneasily to the other side of the chair, and replied, in a peevish tone:

"Well, Harriett Weston, then, though I must say the doings you talked of were a good deal more like your own folks than your own's."

"Are they? Why should they be?" asked Harriett, demurely; "wasn't the birth of Christ as great a blessing to Presbyterians as Episcopalians? And if so, why shouldn't they seem just as glad on Christmas Day?"

"I don't know as I've said they shouldn't, have I?" retorted the old man, testily. "But what I do say and what I mean is, I ain't going to have any Popish crosses and wreaths and fixings generally put up in my house. I should look to see my father and grandther rise right out of their graves, let alone my gran'ther's grandther, who came over here o' purpose to get away from Popish tyranny and wickedness. It's all well enough for you, seeing your father's a minister, and I suppose holds to all the English ways of his Church; but I tell you, girl, I'm going to hold to the ways of my own people and my own religion."

Without reply Harriett got up and arranged the cushion under the gouty foot, mended the fire of hickory logs, swept up the hearth, and, taking some sewing from the table, began stitching diligently at the sleeve of a dressing-gown she had planned, and was helping Mehitable to make for the invalid. Presently she began to hum softly, and the former, who had tried to read, tried to think, tried to doze, and failed in all, said, with elaborate carelessness:

"Sing out, can't ye, Harry? I love to hear you sing."

"It's only an old hymn, and I dare say you know it," replied Harry as carelessly; and with a rich contralto voice began to sing—

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground."

Before she had finished the verse, a grum rumbling noise from the armchair reminded one of the rocks and cedars that responded to Amphion's melody; and by the time they came to—

"Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease"—

the bass tones almost overpowered the mezzo, and, united, they filled the wide, old kitchen and echoed back like fairy music from the array of burnished tin upon the dresser. The stamping of snowy feet in the porch heralded a newcomer, and as the voices blended on the last note, the door was thrown open, and a good-looking young fellow tramped into the room, his arms full of small branches of hemlock, arbor vitæ, and ground pine.

"Bravo, father!" exclaimed he. "I haven't heard your voice come out so since you left the singing seats when I was a boy. I tell you, this girl of mine can make old folks young and dumb folks rejoice."

"Oh, I always was one to sing psalms when others did. Paul says for all Christian folks to do that," replied the father, a little shamefacedly; and the son heartily assented with—

"That's so, father; Paul and you are about right. Well, Harry, my girl, here is some of your green stuff to go to work on, and there's plenty more at the barn that I'll fetch as it's wanted."

"I'm sorry you had the trouble, Dick," replied Harriett, steadily, "for we're not going to put up any greens. Father thinks it's best not."

"Ho!" exclaimed the son in dismay; but a warning look from his wife checked any further expression of discontent, and he was stooping



DEACON WESTON'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.—"IN A MOMENT SHE WAS KNEELING AT THE OLD MAN'S FEET, HOLDING UP THE SMILING BABY."

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to gather up the branches already heaped in a corner, when farmer Weston, clearing a throat somewhat husky from its late exertions, in a sort of off-hand style:

"Oh, I don't say but what you can do as you've a mind to in your own room, Harriett; and the fore-room, too, is more yours than our'n now. Mother won't never go in there again, poor soul, till she lays in the middle of it, where all her children but two have laid, and one of 'em had better have been there. Yes, you may do as you like in the fore-room and your own room, children, though I'd a *leetle* rather you didn't put anything up to the windows, on account of the speech of people, I being a deacon so, and all."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, father!" exclaimed Mrs. Dick, coming to kiss the narrow furrowed brow, that actually reddened under the salute; "and you may be sure I will put up nothing that can show from the outside. I am so much obliged, for it would have seemed sad enough to do nothing for Christmas. I don't doubt those shepherds did something in the way of rejoicing."

"Well, I'll go back to the barn, old lady, and when I come to dinner I'll bring a lot more branches. If you want me before, just blow the horn at the back-door, or let Mehitable run over and tell me."

But long before dinner-time—in fact only a very short time from his departure—Dick Weston opened the kitchen-door and looked in with a face strangely blanched and altered from its previous ruddy joviality. His wife sat on her own side of the fire deftly tying the sprigs of evergreen into thick, firm bands, of which any sort of festoon, trimming, or wreath could be readily formed, and the old man at the other side of the fire, his bony hand shading his eyes from the blaze, watched the graceful work with a smile of placid content. It was a pretty picture, but Dick did not pause to contemplate it, but, passing through the room to the passage at the front of the house, summoned his wife with a look as he passed behind his father's chair. Quietly brushing the greens from her white apron Harriett obeyed, and not until they were well out of hearing, did she exclaim, "What is the matter, Dick! You are as white as a ghost!"

"A ghost!" echoed the young man, laughing nervously. "Well, no wonder. Come up to our own room and I will tell you."

Ten minutes later Harriett re entered the kitchen to take a warm shawl from its peg, slip her feet into snow-boots and throw a knitted fabric, called a rigolette, over her head. The farmer watched all these operations with interest, as he did all his daughter-in-law's movements, and presently asked:

"What now, Mrs. Dick? Going out?"

"Only to the barn, father," replied the young woman, careful not to turn toward him her glistening eyes and burning cheeks. "I have a new idea for my Christmas decorations, and am going to see what Dick has out there. You said I might do what I liked in my own room and the parlor."

"Yes, whatever you like, so that you don't bother me. When are you going to finish that stuff?"

"Oh, pretty soon. Is it in the way? Shall I carry it up-stairs before I go out?"

"No, no; I'd just as lief you'd sit there and do it. It don't trouble me none, and pleases you."

Truth to tell, it was something more than not being bothered; it was a positive pleasure to the crippled old man to see that shapely figure and blooming face seated opposite him, to watch the white, strong fingers at their work, and listen or join in the Christmas hymns and carols the clergyman's daughter had for so many years sung and taught in her parish choir. So, as the minutes passed into half an hour and an hour, and still her chair remained vacant, the old man grew restless, impatient, and finally downright cross. Mehitable, who was baking pies in the brick oven of the outside kitchen, looked in from time to time, now at him, and now at the paralytic wife, who lay so patiently in the bedroom, opening into the front kitchen, and had lain since Christmas three years before, when she was stricken down, body and soul, by what her neighbors justly described as a shock. But to all Mehitable's kind, if somewhat independent, offer of refreshment, amusement, or conversation, the farmer returned but surly answers, and presently inquired:

"What on earth is Mrs. Dick doing out to the barn all this time? She'll get her death o' cold, and there'll be another one laid up, and who's to nuss her?"

"Oh, Mrs. Dick! She came in quite a spell back," replied Mehitable, craning her neck at the window to try to see the barn door. "Run round to the front o' the house as spry's a fox, and straight up-stairs. Well, I declare for't, there's Mr. Dick, with a whole lot o' green stuff on the sled, and Bill hitched up, and he's a driving of it round to the front. What's that fer?"

"Oh, they're a fixing up their own room for Christmas: I give 'em leave," replied the old man, testily. "You'd better go in and see if Mrs. Weston don't want some gruel or something."

"I was in just this minute, and I guess I'd better squint into the oven first," replied the "help." "Seems to me I smell them pies a scorchin'."

Just before dinner-time Harriett again appeared, her face radiant, her voice jubilant, and, gathering up her greens, heaped them all into a basket. The surly deacon, absorbed in the week-old newspaper, never raised his eyes, but presently found a glass at his lips, while his daughter-in-law's blithe voice declared:

"Here's your medicine, father. Half-past eleven and more. You must get up an appetite for dinner."

"Much you care whether I do or not," grumbled the deacon, yet took the draught, and then sat watching the graceful form moving so swiftly, yet so deftly, around the room, laying the table for dinner, arranging the curtains to screen the sunshine from his eyes, gliding into the bedroom to say a few cheery words to the patient invalid, and then back to add some symmetrical touches to Mehitable's somewhat slap-dash style of putting dinner upon the table. Then she ran to the back-door to blow the horn for Dick, who presently appeared, shivering with cold and cleanliness. The stern demand for blessing was uttered by the deacon's lips, and the meal proceeded, Harriett's first care being to prepare a dainty tray for Mrs. Weston, who dined under Mehitable's superintendence at the same time, thus sparing the feelings of that young woman, who, until Harriett's arrival, had sat at the table with the farmer and his son, and fancied that she had, herself, instituted the present arrangement.

"Timothy has dressed the turkey for to-morrow, Harry," remarked her husband. "A good ten-pounder it is, and as tender as chicken."

"I guess them shepherds didn't have turkey for dinner, nor think of it," said the deacon with a grim smile, as he turned to his daughter-in-law."

"No, but they could feast their eyes and ears and did it," replied she. "They were more glad than we, and we try to imitate their joy with our evergreens, and our good dinner, and our happy hearts and faces."

"Easy enough for them to be happy that have nothing to worry them," replied the old man, with a sigh that was almost a groan; and Harriett, rolling her chair back to the hearth-corner, softly sang:

"Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

"You don't know nothing about it, child, not the first thing," muttered the old man, clasping the fresh, young hand in his bony and callous one; "God and sinners ain't reconciled so easy as all that."

"No, father, dear," returned the girl in a whisper, "but after Christmas comes Good Friday, and after the cradle the Cross." Then she turned again to the table and hastily carried some articles into the pantry whence she presently came, with a basket, showing some branches of evergreen at the top. The old man watched her jealously.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked he. "Why don't you come and sit down and tie your evergreens here?"

"I will, pretty soon, father," replied Harry. "But I have something to do up stairs first, and then Dick is coming to help me in the parlor. You'll let us take you in to see the decorations, when they're all ready, won't you?" The old man nestled in his chair, scowled, and muttered something incredible, but the next moment Harry was kneeling at his chair arm, the pretty hands clasped upon his breast, and those clear, brown eyes fixed beseechingly upon his.

"You'll come with the shepherds and your children to welcome the Christmas baby, won't you, father dear?"

"If it'll do you any good, da'ter, I'll go in and look when it's all fixed," replied the deacon, a smile softening his rugged features like Christmas sunshine.

Harry rewarded him with a kiss upon the brow and went her way. Presently the deacon heard his son's voice guiding Bill, the white-faced farm-horse, round to the front door, and then Harry's blithe tones, directing, as it seemed, the bringing in of some large objects that scraped noisily against the sides of the doors.

"Sakes! What be they doing out there?" demanded Mehitable, pausing, with the table-cloth gathered in both hands, and turning her head over her shoulder.

"Fetching in trees to fix up the parlor," replied the deacon, as composedly as if he had arranged the whole programme. "Wonder if there was evergreen trees around that 'ere stable."

"Round the stable? You don't mean to say Mr. Dick's been cutting down the trees round the stable! Well, well, well! New lords make new laws, and that's a fact. That's Mrs. Dick's work, now!"

"I reckon your work's out in the wash-room, and you'd better be seeing to it there, Mehitable Joyce," replied the deacon, in an irate voice. "If every one in this house was as particular to foller out my wishes as Mrs. Weston is, things would jog a little easier."

"My sakes!" exclaimed Mehitable, slapping down the leaves of the table, and setting it up with a bang. "I'm glad Mrs. Dick's such a favor-ite, I'm sure. I only hope it'll last, right along." With which charitable aspiration Miss Joyce slammed the door, and was heard revenging her wounded dignity upon the dishes, which she washed with such vehemence that they had good need to be of stout delf, or they had never survived to bear the Christmas turkey. The deacon listened with an ugly scowl, and glanced angrily at his swathed foot; but from behind the door, at his other hand, rose Harry's blithe voice:

"'The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well-grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown——'

"I wish we had more of it, deacon! Pity it doesn't grow in New England, and has to be bought with a price!

"'The Holly bears a blossom
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

Chorus.

"'O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry pipes
Sweet singing in the choir;

"'The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all!'

"Where did I get that? Oh, it's an old, old English carol. I know ever so many of them. Did you ever hear—

"'I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"'Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?

"'O they sailed into Bethlehem——'

"And so on through nine verses. And then there is—

"'A Virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe, as it hath her befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us all in.

"'Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide.

"'In Bethlehem city—in Jewry it was—
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one mo',
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.

"'Rejoice and be merry, etc.'"

"There! That's just right. Now go, like a dear child, and bring the little branches, and don't forget your hammer and nails, and I'll run up for the curtains. Oh, it will be just splendid when it's done, deacon, won't it?"

A moment's interval followed, broken by a soft sound, at which the deacon grimly smiled, and leaning back, with a dreamy look upon his face, fell a-musing of his own young days, when, for a little while, soft words and softer kisses, and merry laughter and light hearted singing, had been the atmosphere of these old walls, so still and sad of late, with the wife of his youth lying stricken there, and his own health broken, and Dick away so much of the time, and— But at that point the cloud settled back upon the narrow brow, and smiting the arm of his chair with a clinched fist, the deacon muttered:

"No wonder the sunshine all went out of this house when Satan came in; no wonder Susan got a stroke, and I broke down all to once! It's all very well to say you'd ought to be reconciled and all, but——"

"Our swelling pride to cure
With that pure love of Thine:
O be Thou born within our hearts,
Most holy Child Divine."

So sang Harry, and the deacon unclinched his hand and, folding it within the other, lay back in his chair looking so sad, so lonely, so broken, that Mehitable, coming to put wood on the fire, relented, and said, not unkindly:

"You look kind o' forlorn, deacon. Can't I get you nothing?"

"No—no," replied the old man, drawing his hand across his eyes, "Well, you might push my chair into the bedroom; I guess I'll talk to mother a spell. Maybe she's lonesome, too."

So Harry, glancing like sunlight into the kitchen presently, found it empty, and, hearing voices from the bedroom, went and peeped in, drew back and thought for a moment, with finger on lip, then quietly fetched the big Bible with pictures in it, and carrying it in, laid it upon the foot of the bed, open at the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.

"Don't you want to read a little to mother?" asked she, gently, of the old man. "I am so busy or I would."

"I'd just as lief," replied the aged deacon, with alacrity: and, putting the old silver-bowed spectacles astride his nose, began the chapter, while Harry went out to Mehitable in the back-kitchen to make a confidential communication, at which Miss Joyce forgot her anger, jealousy, and all sorts of uncharitableness, in pure joy, not unmixed with a good deal of human delight, at a mystery and an event.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Dick," exclaimed she, wringing out and snapping the last dish-towel, "I'll help you every way I'm able, and main glad o' the chance. Seems kind o' keeping Christmas in 'arnest, don't it?"

"Yes, keeping the soul as well as the body of it," replied Harriett, with a far-away look in her brown eyes.

The short December day waned, and in the twilight the young wife and her husband came to sit beside the hearth with their father, who had returned to his corner, and sat meditatively staring into the fire, which, freshly fed with dry fuel, sent its great banner of flame flaring up the wide-throated chimney, rejoicing in its own fashion that Christmas Eve had come again.

Dick, too, was very silent, furtively watching his wife, whose bright face was paler than its wont, and whose ordinarily steady lips and calm eyes showed unaccustomed nervousness and anxiety; even the white fingers so strongly interlaced upon her knee spoke of some deep emotion powerfully repressed. The deacon was first to speak.

"Can't you give us another of your Christmas hymns, daughter?" said he. "I don't know as I ever thought or heard so much about Christmas as I have to day."

But Harry's voice and heart were not attuned to carols just then, and she softly sang, to a quaint, yearning old tune:

"There is a stream whose waters rise
Amidst the hills of Paradise,
Where foot of man hath never trod,
Proceeding from the Throne of God.
Oh, give me sickness here or strife,
So I may reach that Spring of Life!
There is a people who have cast
All strife and toil away at last—
On whom, so calm their rest and sweet,
The sun shines not nor any heat;
Give me with these at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth Thee."

A long silence followed the last sweet note, and then Mehitable bustled in, and tea was ready.

"Well, when am I going in to look at your doings in the fore-room, Mrs. Dick?" asked the deacon, as his chair was rolled away from the table.

"Very soon, father," replied Harry, cheerily. "I am going now to finish my preparations. Mehitable, you will come pretty soon, won't you?"

"Just as soon as I've done up the dishes, and I can rattle them off in no time, if I set out."

"Hope you'll rattle some more out'n the store when you've smashed all those," suggested the former, with a grim smile, which, with the jocose remark, proved him to be in a state of unwonted hilarity.

But it was nearly two hours more before Dick appeared in the living room, as the kitchen of ceremony was called, and announced that all was now ready, and he had come to wheel his father's chair into the fore-room where Harriett awaited him.

"I'd most forgot about it. It's about bed-time, ain't it?" disingenuously replied the deacon, who had done nothing but watch and listen for an hour past. But as his chair was wheeled into the parlor and the door softly closed behind him, all affectation of indifference vanished, and Deacon Weston came as near profanity as ever in his life, for he exclaimed, "Good Lord, deliver us!" and did not mean to quote the litany.

No wonder he was surprised. What was this place into which he had entered by the familiar door leading to his own kitchen? Not the fore room, whose staid and comfortless arrangement was so familiar and so uncongenial to his eyes.

A heavy curtain screened off nearly all the space before him, and about him lay almost total darkness, through which the voice of an unseen singer rang merrily out:

"O sing me a carol blithe and free,
And fit for our Christmas morn:
For the world is as cold as the world can be,
Though its Lord on this day was born.
'Tis a wintry time for the rich and poor,
And who shall be turned from a Christian's door?
For 'twas Winter-time for the rich and poor
When the shepherds came to the stable-door."

"Yes, Winter-time," went on the voice, speaking out of the darkness. "But the shepherds forgot the cold and misery of the frosty night, for they had seen the Angels, and they told them how the Glory of God had appeared on earth, and Peace and Good will were to reign among men. And when they asked where should this Glory and Peace come to sinful men, they were told from the Cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem, and they might go and worship there. So, through the cold and darkness they came, the angel guiding them, past the houses of the rich and comfortable, past the door of the inn where was no room, until they came to the cave where were stabled the ox and the ass, and there, in a lowly manger-bed, they found a little Baby."

At the word, the curtains slid softly aside, and the deacon, rubbing his eyes in astonishment, saw a grotto, its doorway hung about with icicles and snow-wreaths, its walls hidden in masses of evergreen, which also carpeted the floor.

At the back, between two spruce trees, appeared the heads of an ox and a horse, contentedly munching some hay.

A powerful yet soft light, its source unseen, flooded the place, and in the centre, in a wooden trough filled with straw, lay a sleeping child, his little hand clasping a lily. A lovely child, whose features, distinctly seen by that strange light, reminded the deacon of a boy on whom he once had rested more of pride and hope than belongs to any creature, and on whose still face he had twenty years before wept in this very room such tears as sear the eyes that weep them.

"And when the shepherds saw that Baby," went on the voice, in a tone of tender awe, "they remembered the words the angel had said to them, 'Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger,' and they fell on their knees and worshiped God, singing the Song of Angels."

And at the word, the unseen voice swelled into a note of ecstasy, and with it joined another deeper voice, and yet another, broken and tremulous with sobs, and all shouting:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!"

As the strain died away, a figure muffled from head to foot in black, glided upon the scene, and, kneeling at the foot of the cradle, bowed her face upon her hands, while the sound of suppressed sobs stirred the air and mingled like a minor strain in the melody of the speaker's voice.

"A poor lost child, wandering in the cold and darkness of that Winter night, heard the shepherds as they sang, and heard the wondrous promise of peace they proclaimed; so she, too, drew near to the lowly manger and kneeling at the Baby's feet she said in her heart, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, yet forgive me, not for my own sake, but because the Babe of Bethlehem has come to bring peace upon earth. Forgive as He forgives!'

The baby, wakened by the shepherds' song, lay cooing in his cradle, and looking about him with the dewy, lustrous eyes of infancy, the lily in his hand gently waving like the very ensign of peace.

With a swift, impulsive movement, the kneeling figure started to her feet, snatched the child to her heart, and in a moment was kneeling at the old man's feet, holding up the smiling baby, and sobbing:

"For his sake, father—for his sake!"

The deep hard sobs of age mingled with her own, and as the baby, crowing with some mysterious joy, laid his tiny grasp upon the wrinkled face bent over him, the deacon laid one hand upon that bowed head, and one upon the baby's brow, and said:

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"The Lord bless and forgive you, my child, and forgive me for my hardness of heart."

Then from behind the trees glided Harry, her carols all quenched in happier tears; and after her came Dick, and knelt beside their sister, and Mehitable's angular figure appeared in the background, and, her voice strangely softened by tears, exclaimed:

"I'nite us in prayer, deacon; for if ever folks was called to give thanks for Christmas, it's us."

But all that the deacon found to say was:

"We thank Thee, oh, God! For this, my child, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found!"

"And now, daughter Harriett," said he, presently, "for your reward you shall go and tell mother yourself. Dear heart! but she'll be glad."

So glad, that the shock went far to undo the mischief of that other terrible shock three years before, when it was discovered that her only daughter had fled in the night from her father's house, following the fortunes of an unworthy adventurer, whom her father had sternly forbidden his house, and never from that day to this had he mentioned her name, nor had the poor mother knowledge even of her child's life or death, honor or shame; for when a letter came, in her handwriting, the deacon sternly laid it upon the fire unopened, and watched till it was consumed. So the joy of receiving back her darling was intensified by the lifting of an awful terror from the mother's heart, and, as she kissed her girl again and again, she murmured:

"I'd have forgiven you all the same, my precious; but I'm so glad you're an honest woman."

"And I'm so glad," added Harry, wiping her eyes, "that father forgave her and blessed her before he knew whether she was or not!"

"Ah! son Dick!" exclaimed the old man, as he heard her, "you did a good thing for this house when you brought this daughter into it. It's she that's done it all. Come, now, my girl, give us one more of those Christmas songs to dry up all these tears, and then we'll to bed."

"Wait until I go and take poor Daisy and Bill back to their stable," said Dick, anxious in his own way to bring down all these excited brains to every day. "Just fancy, mother, those poor creatures with their heads in at the open window, eating hay in your front-parlor as genteely as you please!"

"Lor', Mr. Dick!" interposed Mehitable, dryly, "you needn't think there's nobody round but you. I made Josh Tomkins carry them critters away jus' as soon as the deacon was trundled off. *They're* all safe."

"Then listen, and I'll sing you the best carol of all, and one of the very, very oldest!" exclaimed Harry, blithely. And, dancing the boy upon her knee, she sang, in a strong, ringing voice:

"'From far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
To tell of glad tidings strange and true;
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
What hap do you deem should us betide?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
Under a bent, when the night was deep,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
"O ye shepherds, what have you seen—
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
To slay your sorrow and hush your keen?"
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
"In an ox-stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
A Babe, and a Maid without a flaw:
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
There was an old man there beside,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
His hair was white and his hood was wide;
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
These twain knelt down to the little One,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
And a marvelous song we there did hear,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
That slew our sorrow and healed our care—
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
News of a fair and marvelous thing;
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell we sing!
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.'"

Cherry Wagner's Secret.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

By J. Esten Cooke.

CHAPTER I.

CHERRY WAGNER was standing at her small looking-glass, tying up her hair. It was Christmas morning, and the sunshine was a glory on the snow. You could see it everywhere, through the little dormer window of the little garret-room of the rambling old homestead, on the slope of the mountain. It was deep on the window-sill and the steep old roofs, on the cedars bending under it, on the fences, the ledges of rock, and the fringe of sycamores along the river.

In the fireplace a merry crackling seemed to welcome the happy season, and the ruddy glow lit up the figure of Cherry—the neatest and coziest little figure in the world, clad in a brown woolen dress, and much plumper than any partridges in this bleak season. Her cheeks were rosy, and her smiling lips like her namesakes—the cherries. Face and figure, and the very brown curls she was tying with the pink ribbons behind her white neck, seemed to have caught the glory of the sunshine and the warmth of the fire, and to throw them both, quite into the background.

A twitter came at the window, and Cherry turned her head. The snow-birds she fed every morning were begging for their breakfast, and a voice from the small bed, in one corner, cried:

"Birdie! birdie!"

A youth of four or five was sitting up, with tumbled curls, rubbing his eyes and laughing.

Cherry ran to him and caught him up, hugging and kissing him, and placed him in his chair in front of the blaze. She then hastened to the window, opened it and threw out some crumbs, and, returning to baby, set about dressing him. It was quite delightful to see the motherly air with which she parted his curls, and brushed them back from the forehead, and kissed him exactly between his laughing blue eyes, laughing herself. Then she took him by the hand and led him down the narrow old staircase into a sort of hall, into which the rooms of the ground floor opened. On the wall there was a huge pair of deer antlers supporting a long rifle; a solemn old clock ticked behind the door, and Cherry, glancing around her as if she was fearful of being observed, opened the door of the old clock and looked in furtively. A smile brighter than the sunshine lit up her face, and with "Baby" she entered the breakfast-room.

There never was a more cheerful sight than the plain old breakfast-room of the plain old homestead, with its great wide fireplace and roaring hickory logs, which threw a ruddy light on every object. The whole room seemed to rejoice in it—the home-made carpet on the floor, the split-bottomed chairs around the table, the sideboard, the plates, the cups and saucers, and the old bound dozing serenely in front of the blaze. Above all, the light and warmth fell on the wonderful Christmas-tree, which rose from its bank of evergreens on a table in one corner. The evergreen boughs were decked out with gilded stars, and candy cornucopiæ, and little presents of needlework for each one of the family; and peeping from the foliage was a gorgeous red-bird whose open wings hovered grandly above all these wonders. The honest Wagner family were going to have a merry Christmas, it seemed; and Baby was so much overwhelmed with excitement that he essayed to make a rush at the magical tree and capture it. Cherry cried, "No, no! Baby," and caught him up and covered him with kisses; in the midst of which two sturdy old fellows, of about sixty, came into the room—Father Wagner, as everybody called him, and Uncle Hieronymus, his bachelor brother. It was only necessary to glance at the old fellows to see that the Wagners were from Fatherland. They were big, burly Teutons, with ruddy faces and honest eyes, and three generations in America had not altered the Rhineland look in them. Only Uncle Hieronymus professing to be a philosopher and somewhat of a cynic, occasionally scowled.

Cherry ran up to them and kissed them one after the other.

"Christmas gift, father, dear! Christmas gift, uncle!"

"Kismas gift!" Baby cried, after the manner of echo.

"Christmas, nonsense!" cried Uncle Hieronymus. "I'm hungry! I want my breakfast! Come here, you young man of the name of Baby. What do you mean by making saucers of your eyes?"

Baby came to the cynic with his head turned over his shoulder, gazing at the wonderful tree, and submitted with indifference to being kissed. Being released, he made a second rush at the tree, but Cherry once more captured him and, catching him in her arms, bore him out, with intent to perform her duties as mistress of the Wagner establishment.

Father Wagner was standing in front of the fire, looking at a picture on the wall—a plain photograph of a middle-aged dame, in a plain walnut frame. The face was smiling and motherly, but his own was very sad as he looked at it.

"Another Christmas and no Martha, brother," said Father Wagner, sighing. "It is harder and harder to do without her."

"And without Harry, too," said Hieronymus, looking at another picture opposite—that of a bright-faced young fellow of about twenty, also a photograph. "Everybody seems to forget Harry, but I remember him."

He ejaculated the words with a grim expression, rubbing his knees in the chimney corner, where he was seated. Father Wagner's ruddy face suddenly grew stern and hard.

"So that picture is hanging there yet," he said in a low voice. "It is not taken down."

"Certainly, it is there!" growled Uncle Hieronymus, knitting his brows, "and it shall stay!"

"What right has it to be there?" cried Father Wagner, in sudden wrath. "What right had that boy to disgrace an honest family, and make us blush at his bearing the name of Wagner?"

"All nonsense! *I* don't blush! What, if Harry was wild—he was not bad!"

Father Wagner's face grew sterner than before.

"You do not know, brother," he said, in a low, deep voice; "he not only brought shame on his family by his wild ways—he did more—he disgraced us and has ruined us."

His voice faltered, and almost a groan mingled with the words.

"Don't believe it! What do you mean? You can't turn me against Harry!"

"He forged! It was not only drink and cards—I could have borne that. He forged Wharton's name to a check for two thousand dollars! I gave a deed of trust on the farm to have it hushed up, and Wharton notified me that he will sell us out in March."

Uncle Hieronymus sat like a figure of stone. An acute pain might be read on his lips and knit brows. Then he burst forth suddenly, with immense wrath and in strident tones:

"I don't believe a word of it! It is a lie of Wharton's! He is a skinflint, and for little I will wring his neck!"

"It is true!" groaned Father Wagner.

"Truth or lie, it makes no difference! I, for one, don't mean to forget my boy, or turn against him! He is dead—that settles all scores; dead, saving his comrades in that mine in Colorado! No matter what he did, he was my Harry!"

There was something sublime in the exultation of Uncle Hieronymus. He had not known this fatal charge against Harry before. The poor boy had fallen into bad company; had become dissipated and contracted gaming debts which his father had been compelled to pay; then father and son quarreled and parted. The boy had wandered away and was lost sight of until the intelligence of his death in the mines came; and it was only after his departure that Father Wagner had been informed of the forgery, and given the deed of trust which was now to ruin him.

It was a sad discussion for this bright Christmas morning, but the appearance of breakfast put an end to it. Cherry came in with the coffee-pot, and a grinning maiden followed with smoking dishes, and after family devotions, which Father Wagner read gravely from a huge Lutheran book of prayers, they all sat down and breakfasted. Over the meal Baby presided, flourishing his spoon in his high chair, but Cherry was the soul of everything. Such a sunshine beamed from her rosy face, and such a rush of laughter mingled with her voice whenever she spoke, that Father Wagner quite forgot his depression, and even the cynic Hieronymus melted, and did not growl more than three times during the whole repast.

The time for Cherry's breakfast seemed not to have come yet. She was busy arranging a waiter on which she placed choice bits from every dish on the table. Having fixed the whole to her satisfaction, she looked at the waiter approvingly, and taking it up carried it into the room across the passage.

In a small bed there, beside a cheerful fire, lay a boy of about eight. He was thin and white, and his eyes had a very sad expression; but at sight of Cherry his face lit up with a tender smile.

"I've brought your breakfast, Willie!" cried the girl, in her cheery voice, and she placed the waiter on the bed beside him.

"You are so good, sister," the boy said, affectionately. "I wonder what makes everybody so kind and good to me."

"Good gracious, what a question!" cried Cherry, laughing. "Because we love you——"

"And I am a sick boy—oh! I wish I could get well, sister."

"You'll soon be well now, dear," she said, propping him up with pillows, and kissing him. "There now, dear, eat your breakfast—but I quite forgot! Christmas gift, Willie?"

The boy put his thin arms around her neck, and, drawing the rosy face down to his own pale, little one, kissed her tenderly.

"I wish I had something to give you, sister," he murmured. "And if somebody would only give me the Christmas gift I want."

"What do you want, dear?"

The dreamy eyes of the sick boy seemed to be looking thousands of miles away.

"I want big brother!" he said, half in a whisper.

Cherry turned away her head, and her bosom heaved suddenly, as if there was a weight upon it.

"Oh! if only big brother would come back!" murmured the boy, with tears in his eyes. "I think of him all the time, but most at Christmas. He was so good to me, and I loved him so—how could I help loving him? He used to play with me—on the floor sometimes, big man as he was—and often I lay awake for hours and hours, sister, thinking of him and wanting him!"

The voice of the sick boy faltered, and his eyes swam. He seemed to be looking at something beyond the walls of the room.

"There's another thing I think of—what I read in that paper, sister," he went on, in a low, hushed voice. "I read it over and over, and I know it by heart. You know where it was—the name of the place was Sangre de Cristo, and it was in a country called Colorado. There was a gold mine, and the water got into it and was filling it fast, and some men were down there, and somebody had to help them."

The boy's face flushed slowly; he seemed to be looking upon the very scene.

"Nobody would go," he went on in the same faint, awestruck voice, but a man came running and jumped in the bucket that had a rope to it, and said, 'I'll go down!' and it was brother!"

He sobbed and shook, and would not stop, in spite of all that the girl could do to quiet him.

"It was Brother Harry, and he went down in the deep mine, hundreds and hundreds of feet down, where it was dark and the water was rushing—and he got the poor men out and staid last—and never came back! It was all in the paper!—they called him 'The Hero, Harry Wagner!'"

The boy stopped, sobbing convulsively, and Cherry, almost crying too, could only hold him close with his head upon her bosom, and tell him over and over that it was wrong to excite himself so.

"I can't help it, sister! How can I help crying for brother?" he faltered, with a look of hopeless sadness in the eyes turned up to her.

"But you mustn't think of this on Christmas Day, Willie; it makes you so sorrowful; and you know it is our duty to be happy at Christmas! There, there, dear; don't cry. Look how bright the sunshine is! I do believe that cedar is going to break down under the snow! There are the snow-birds hopping about and looking for something to eat. What funny little fellows! Do you know, Willie, they come to my window regularly every morning for their crumbs, and you just ought to see them how they fight—the little wretches!"

Cherry laughed so merrily as she described the scene that the sick boy forgot his troubles, and a faint smile came to his face.

"Now eat your breakfast, dear; it is getting cold," she said; and she went back to her duties in the breakfast-room.

It was the habit of this good Lutheran family to go to church on Christmas mornings and, leaving Uncle Hieronymus to look after the children, father and daughter set out on horseback for the meeting-house, some miles distant. They were not in reality father and daughter—Father Wagner and Cherry. She and Baby were the children of a poor cousin who had died some years before; and as their mother was also dead, Father Wagner had adopted them. After a while he seemed to have forgotten that they were not really his children—and as to Cherry, she was not only the joy of the whole household, but its autocrat.

"You are growing very tall, daughter," said Father Wagner, as they struggled through the snowdrifts in the narrow mountain road. Then he added, with a musing look: "I am afraid you will marry and go away from me some day."

"Marry! Indeed I won't, father, dear!" cried Cherry.

"You are nearly nineteen—maids marry at that age," quoth the old fellow, sadly. "And then something might happen."

He was thinking of the deed of trust, and looked much depressed; but Cherry only replied, with her eyes dancing:

"What could happen? Besides, no one would have me!"

Father Wagner shook his head.

"No fear of that. You might pick from a dozen." He stopped and suddenly added: "What do you say to Dick Wharton? He was wild, but people say he has reformed, and he might suit you."

Was Father Wagner thinking that a marriage between the girl and young Wharton would put an end to all trouble about the deed? Wharton, senior, was wealthy, and his son was his idol. In a business point of view the match was everything to be desired, and young Wharton had been one of Cherry's most assiduous suitors. She had flatly refused him, and did not seem to have changed her mind now.

"I would not marry him if my life depended upon it, father!" she cried.

Her face flushed and she spoke passionately.

"He was the cause of—the cause of—you know—but for him, our Harry——"

She stopped and burst into tears; and for some distance they rode on in silence. What Cherry meant to say in these broken words was that Harry Wagner had been led into evil habits by Dick Warton; and it was plain that Father Wagner understood her.

"Well, well, daughter," he said, with a sigh, "we'll say no more about it. And, to be plain, I am of your way of thinking about that young man."

After this no more was said, and they soon came to the church—a small stone building half-covered with ivy in a hollow of the mountain. The service was already in progress and ended in an hour; whereupon Father Wagner and Cherry went about greeting their neighbors and friends. There was always some news to hear at these friendly gatherings, and Father Wagner was informed of the accident which had befallen young Wharton. He had been thrown from his horse and seriously injured, perhaps fatally. On their way back home father and daughter spoke of the accident. Cherry looked quite sad.

"I am sorry I spoke of him so unkindly," she said, "but they say he will recover; I am very glad."

They were passing directly beneath a great holly tree which leaned from a rocky ledge above them. The scarlet berries in the deep green foliage were dazzling in the sunshine. Cherry pointed to them and said:

"Here is what you wanted, father dear, to dress the pictures."

"You mean—your mother's picture," he said, in a gloomy voice.

"Oh father! father dear!—both pictures—for love of me!"

He had broken off a large bough of the holly covered with berries.

"You will let me, father—he loved me so—and I loved him."

Her face flushed and her eyes filled with tears.

"As you will," he said, in a low tone, with his head bowed. Cherry leaned from her saddle and placing her arm around his neck laid her cheek upon his own.

"Thank you, father!" she murmured, smiling through her tears.

The sun was sinking like a ball of fire toward the mountain as they came back to the old homestead, and the great fire was roaring in the fireplace as if in triumph. The air had grown chill and the snow-laden trees waved in the fitful gusts; but the big log fire only roared the louder and laughed as though full of the wassail of Christmas. The very red-bird perched on the Christmas-tree seemed ready to burst forth in a carol of rejoicing.

Father Wagner went in to see Willie and Baby as he always did, and Cherry was left alone with Hieronymus.

"Oh uncle, dear!" she cried, running to him, "both pictures are to be dressed!—both, uncle!"

Hieronymus grunted. The holly boughs were lying on the table and he looked at them.

"So that's all arranged, is it? I meant to dress both! What do *I* care for anybody?"

Cherry was laughing and crying.

"I knew you had not forgotten him," she said.

"Forgotten Harry? Why should I forget him? What do I care what people say? He was my boy, and the best boy that ever was! Wild!—harum-scarum!—what if he was? Backbiting and hating and oppressing poor people—that's respectable. But if a poor boy is thoughtless—to the dogs with him!"

Uncle Hieronymus was withering, his scorn superb. He gesticulated and scowled defiance.

"Did the preacher to-day say anything about a certain Prodigal Son? I know some people who would have set the dogs on him when he came back home—the good man fell on his neck and kissed him. There's the difference!"

Cherry ran and clasped the cynic in her arms.

"You always loved him, and he loved you dearly," she said.

Whereat the cynic, allowing himself to be embraced, retorted:

"Somebody else loved him, too, and he loved somebody!"

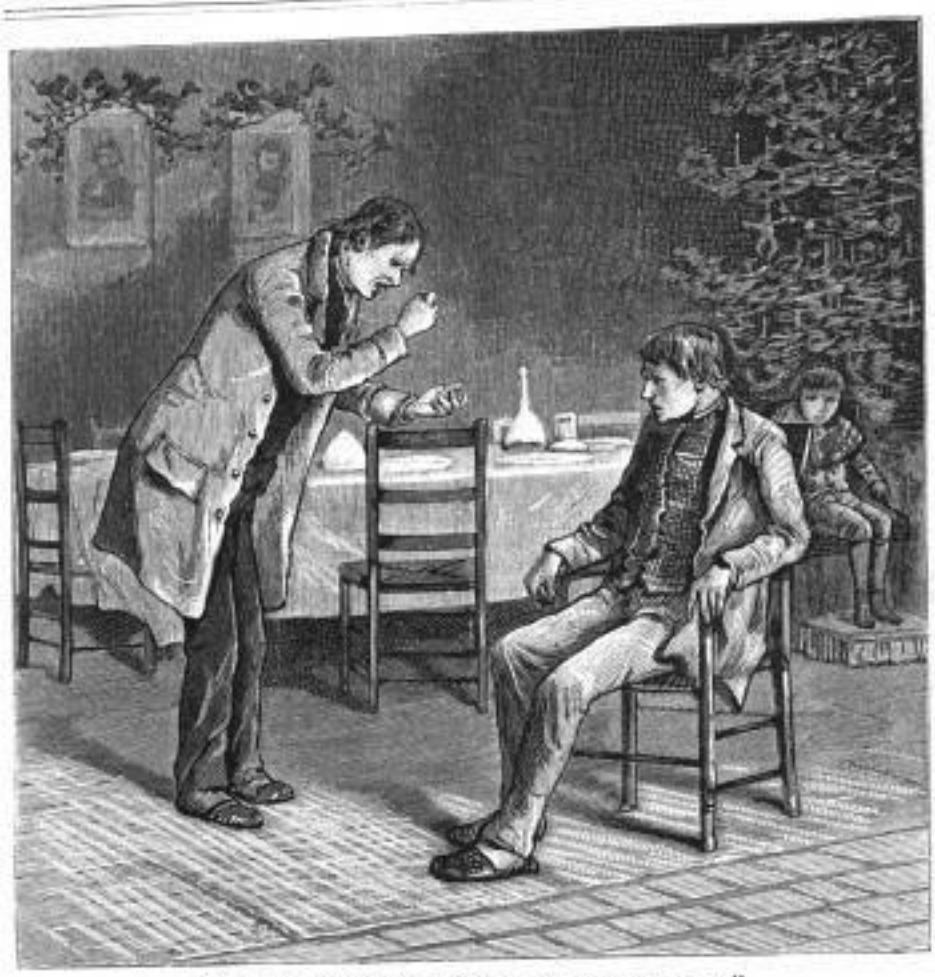
At these words Cherry grew to be the color of a red rose, and Uncle Hieronymus smiled in triumph.

"You thought I had forgot that, or never knew it! As if a man with eyes in his head could live in the same house with two such people and not see what is going on right before him!"

"Oh, uncle!"

"Come, deny it if you dare, you young slip of original sin!"

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CHERRY WAGNER'S SECRET.—"I SET THAT SEAT."

"The idea!—and I only a child!"

"A child of sixteen!—and that's a diabolical age or I'm a sinner! Don't try to deceive me, young one—it's of no use. Have I said you were wrong? Do you think I blame you for loving Harry? You know you fell in love with each other, and would have been married if—if——"

Uncle Hieronymus suddenly broke down and sobbed.

"At least I won't forget him!" he suddenly cried, going straight to the table where the holly was lying. In a turn of the hand he had dressed Harry's picture, and the frank bold face looked out from a bower of evergreen and scarlet. Then he turned his back and dressed Mother Wagner's picture too—not observing that Cherry had flitted from the room to the clock without. Opening the door of the old heirloom, she took out something and hid it in her bosom, and ran back just as Uncle Hieronymus had finished his work.

"Now, that's something like," he growled, to hide his emotion. "What's the matter, young one?"

For Cherry's face was like a burst of Spring sunshine.

"I have a secret to tell you, uncle, dear!" cried the girl.

"What a face!—a secret?"

"Yes, yes, uncle!—for you only!"

She ran and hid something carefully—she had taken it from her bosom—in the evergreens, over the young man's likeness.

"What are you doing?" cried Hieronymus in a state of utter bewilderment.

"I am putting father's Christmas gift where he will find it after dinner."

Uncle Hieronymus began to tremble.

"Is the girl mad?" he cried.

"No, no, uncle, dear!—it is my secret—and you shall know it!"

CHAPTER II.

AS the sun sank below the mountain it began to snow. First a few feathery flakes drifted slowly down; then the flakes fell closer and closer as the moments passed on; and at last a blinding wall interposed between the eye and the shadowy cedars looming up, dim and weird, against the blood-red sunset.

Father Wagner had gone out as usual to the stables to see after his stock. He never trusted his dumb family to the care of the farm-laborers, but saw in person, before nightfall, that the horses were fed and bedded, the cattle munching their fodder, thrown from the great rick over the stone fence, and the sheep under shelter and nibbling their good supply of hay from the mow above their heads. This had once been Harry's care, but now it was Father Wagner's—he would not allow Uncle Hieronymus to assist, because he was rheumatic.

Cherry's private interview with the cynic lasted but a few minutes. At the end of that time she ran out of the room, disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and coming back to Willie's room began to dress him, for Cherry had set her heart upon having Willie at the Christmas dinner. This was not imprudent, for the boy sat up for an hour or two every day. So the girl dressed him neatly in his small Sunday suit, with warm striped stockings, put a woolen comforter around his neck, and, wrapping him in her shawl, carried him bodily into the dining-room, and sat him down in a wadded chair in the chimney-corner. Baby had already made his appearance, in full-dress, for the occasion. He was lying on the carpet in front of the fire by the old hound, and drawing on a scrap of paper a picture of a black sheep. Having put the finishing touches to this work of art, he rose and declaimed:

"Back sheep, back sheep,
Have oo any wool?
Yes, my mistress,
Free bags full——!"

and Cherry, for reward, caught him up and danced him aloft until he burst into shouts of delight.

The snow was falling more and more heavily as night came, and Cherry looked out of the window anxiously. First she looked toward the stables and then at the dim waste of snow down the slope of the mountain.

"Where can father be?" she said.

A stamping on the porch seemed to reply to her. From her position she could not see in that direction, and her heart gave a throb; you could almost hear its beating. All at once the door opened and Father Wagner came in. His face had a strange expression, and something had evidently startled him.

"What is the matter, father?" cried Cherry, laying her hand on her heart as if to calm its throbbing.

Father Wagner looked at her with an expression of wonder, but he only shook his head and sat down with a deep sigh in front of the blaze.

Cherry stood for a single moment looking at him with flushed cheeks. Then she turned away and went to see that the lamps were lit and the Christmas dinner placed upon the table, which was set and waiting.

Father Wagner had not moved a muscle since he fell into, rather than sat down in, the chair in front of the fire. There was no light as yet in the room but the firelight, which flashed out and fell again and cast long shadows and lit up with sudden gleams the old furniture and the Christmas-tree and the pictures on the wall. The ruddy face of Father Wagner had never lost its expression of wonder and depression. Something had evidently moved him deeply, and more than once a heavy sigh shook his frame as he gazed into the fire. Without the snow was falling steadily and a wind had risen and began to drive it. Was it the wind or the hands of goblins that shook the window-sashes and the cedar-boughs without? All around the old mountain-house weird voices seemed to be laughing; and suddenly a rush of wind drove the snowwall sidewise and shook the house.

Father Wagner started from his reverie and raised his head. At the same moment the fire flashed aloft in a ruddy blaze which filled the whole room with rejoiceful light. The old man turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the pictures; from under the evergreens the face of his son seemed to be looking at him and smiling. Thereat the broad breast heaved and he looked away, fixing his eyes upon another object—an additional chair at the table.

"What is that?" he said, pointing to the additional chair.

Uncle Hieronymus seemed to have been waiting and burst forth.

"I set that seat!" he thundered, standing up and gesticulating. "What I want to know is this: Are we Christians or heathens? Is that Book you read from the rule to live by, or is it a lie? There's a leaf in it all about a Prodigal, who was a hard subject. He spent his substance and his father's in riotous living and was not a model for anybody. Then he went down to the gutter and fed on husks! But he came back home at last, and his father forgot all. He forgave the boy and cried over him and set him on his right hand. Are you going to be a heathen, Jacob Wagner, and not do likewise?"

Father Wagner shook, and a groan came, but he made no reply.

"Answer me!—don't sit there, dumb!" cried Hieronymus, in triumph. "You harden your heart against the boy and even scowl when people who loved him set a chair at the table to remember him by! What's the harm of that? If it gives a body pleasure to think the boy might come and sit in it—if an old boy of the name of Hieronymus Wagner is made happy by it and says to himself 'There might be a miracle, and Harry might come back——!'"

Suddenly Willie turned his head and rose to his feet, tottering and fixing his eyes upon the window.

"What is the matter, little one?" cried Father Wagner, starting up.

"There was something, somebody!—there, father!—there!"

Was it a shadow at the window, and was the wind without laughing with a wild air of triumph?

A light flashed into the room—Cherry was hastening in with the lamp; and on her face might be seen an expression of joy which lit up the room more than fire or lamplight.

"Father, dear!" she cried, setting down the lamp and running to the old man.

"Daughter!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean? Are you all mad?"

The wind or something else burst in the broad front-door, and the snow followed it. Father Wagner drew back a step, looking with wide-open eyes upon what met his sight.

A tall figure, half-covered with snowflakes was standing in the doorway—a man with a broad hat, under which could be seen a bold face, with frank eyes and heavily bearded lips—the face flushed and beseeching, but with a splendor of joy in it.

"Don't you know me, father? I was not dead—I have come back! You'll forget and forgive—won't you, father?"

He came in, trembling and gazing around him. As he advanced Father Wagner stood looking at him with a vague wonder, as if the whole scene were a dream.

"You'll forgive me, father?"

Suddenly Willie ran toward him and held up his arms, crying, "Brother Harry!"

And Harry caught him up and came to Father Wagner's side, and, still holding the child to his breast, said:

"Father!"

The single word was more eloquent than a thousand.

The stubborn will of Father Wagner broke down at once; his face was wet with tears, and in a moment he was holding his son close and weeping over him. Suddenly, Uncle Hieronymus burst into rejoiceful laughter.

"I always said you would come back, young man!" he cried, "and you are just in time to dine with your family. So you forged a man's name and went off and got drowned, did you? No matter! It's all the same! Hold him tight, Willie—he's a ghost, and he'll get away from you!"

To describe the joy of Hieronymus would be a vain undertaking, and that cynical philosopher struck the keynote of the general rejoicing. Harry Wagner was seated in front of the fire, in the midst of all, and the first thing he said was:

"I am not a forger, uncle; and I've not drowned!"

"Do you mean to say it's really you, big brother!" cried Willie, quite wild with joy. He was still in the young man's arms, and Baby was on the other knee. "Then you didn't go and get drowned in that mine, as the paper said!"

"Not a bit of it, Willie," the big miner replied, laughing. "I was lost for a day and a night, as the rope broke and they had to send for another; and that's the way the story got out, I have no doubt. After a while they got me up—and, after all, it made my fortune. A great operator took a fancy to me and made me his head man—and so there's the end of that story, Willie!"

"But that forgery!"

It was Uncle Hieronymus who asked the question. His air was severe, and he waited after the manner of a judge.

"Well," Harry said, fixing his eyes with deep feeling on Father Wagner, "I never even heard of that charge until two weeks ago. Then a man who had come West from the mountain here told me of the report. It nearly ran me crazy, father!—what could it mean? It was miserable enough in me to act as I did, and quarrel with you, but to be charged with forgery!—even to have it whispered about! I did not stay at the Sangre de Cristo two days after hearing about it. I sold out everything, put the gold in my pocket, and came straight back and settled everything!"

"Ah! you settled everything!" cried Uncle Hieronymus, with sarcasm.

"In half an hour, uncle! There was no trouble about it. I learned that the forged check had old Wharton's name on it—and then I remembered all about it. Dick Wharton gave me the check one day, when I was going to town, and asked me to get the money for it; and I did get the money and paid it to him the next day. He forged his father's name and, like a wretch, left me under the charge. I made him confess it—or, rather, he did so of his own accord when he thought he was going to die. He had been thrown from his horse—it was nearly a week ago—and he signed the confession on my promise to tear it up when I had shown it to you, father. Well, that's all—except that I looked around and met Cherry in the grove, and gave her the papers. She ought to have them somewhere, as she's a business young woman. I say *the papers*, father, because your deed of trust is with the other. It is my Christmas gift!"

Cherry had darted to the picture and taken from the evergreens what was concealed there. It was a package and Harry opened it, and held up two papers, one of which he gave to Father Wagner, who read it and returned it.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "I never could believe it in my heart, Harry!"

"Well, that's done with now, father! As to the deed of trust, that cost nothing! As you gave it for a debt which I never contracted, old Wharton returned it, and begged me to say nothing of it. I had money enough. Your bad boy has come back home with something to spare, and I hope you'll not find fault with him in future, father!"

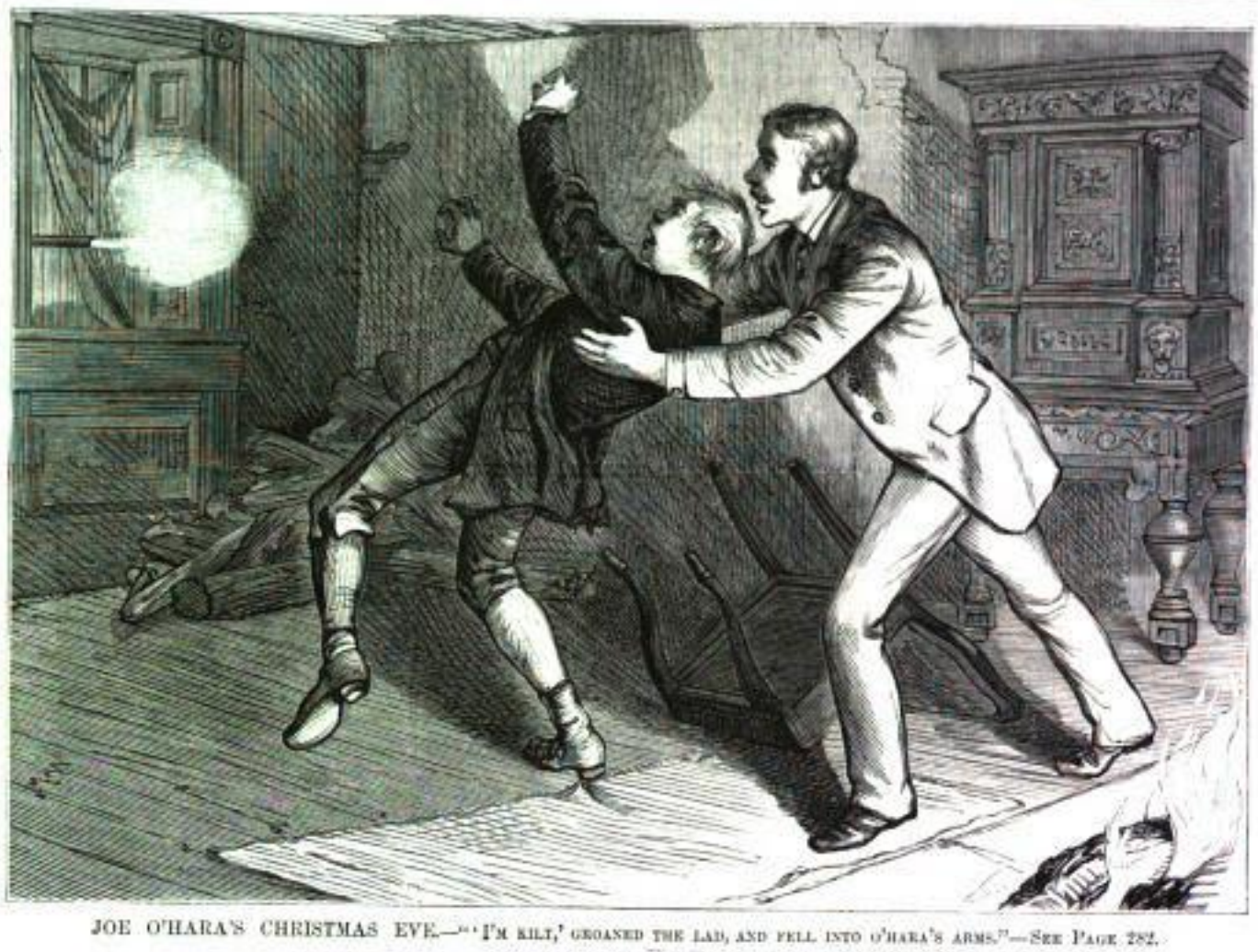
Suddenly Uncle Hieronymus advanced and spoke:

"There is only one guarantee for such a wretch's good behavior! Bachelors are not re-



CHERRY WAGNER'S SECRET.—"A TALL FIGURE WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY."—SEE PAGE 279.

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JOE O'HARA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.—"'I'M KILT,' GROANED THE LAD, AND FELL INTO O'HARA'S ARMS."—SEE PAGE 282.

spectable—I am an exception, but there are few. It will be necessary for you to marry if you wish to be received back into this respectable family. Are you prepared to fulfill this condition, young man?"

Harry Wagner blushed from his chin to the roots of his shaggy curls over his forehead, but it was easy to see that it was a blush of happiness.

"Are you prepared to undergo the ordeal?" demanded Hieronymus, severely.

"I am, if I can find anybody to marry me!"

"Look around—do you see any one you think will have you?"

Harry Wagner started up and looked at Cherry with an expression on his bold face that was dazzling.

"Will you, Cherry?" he said, "but you—you have already promised!"

And before Cherry could resist he put his arms around her and, turning to Father Wagner, said:

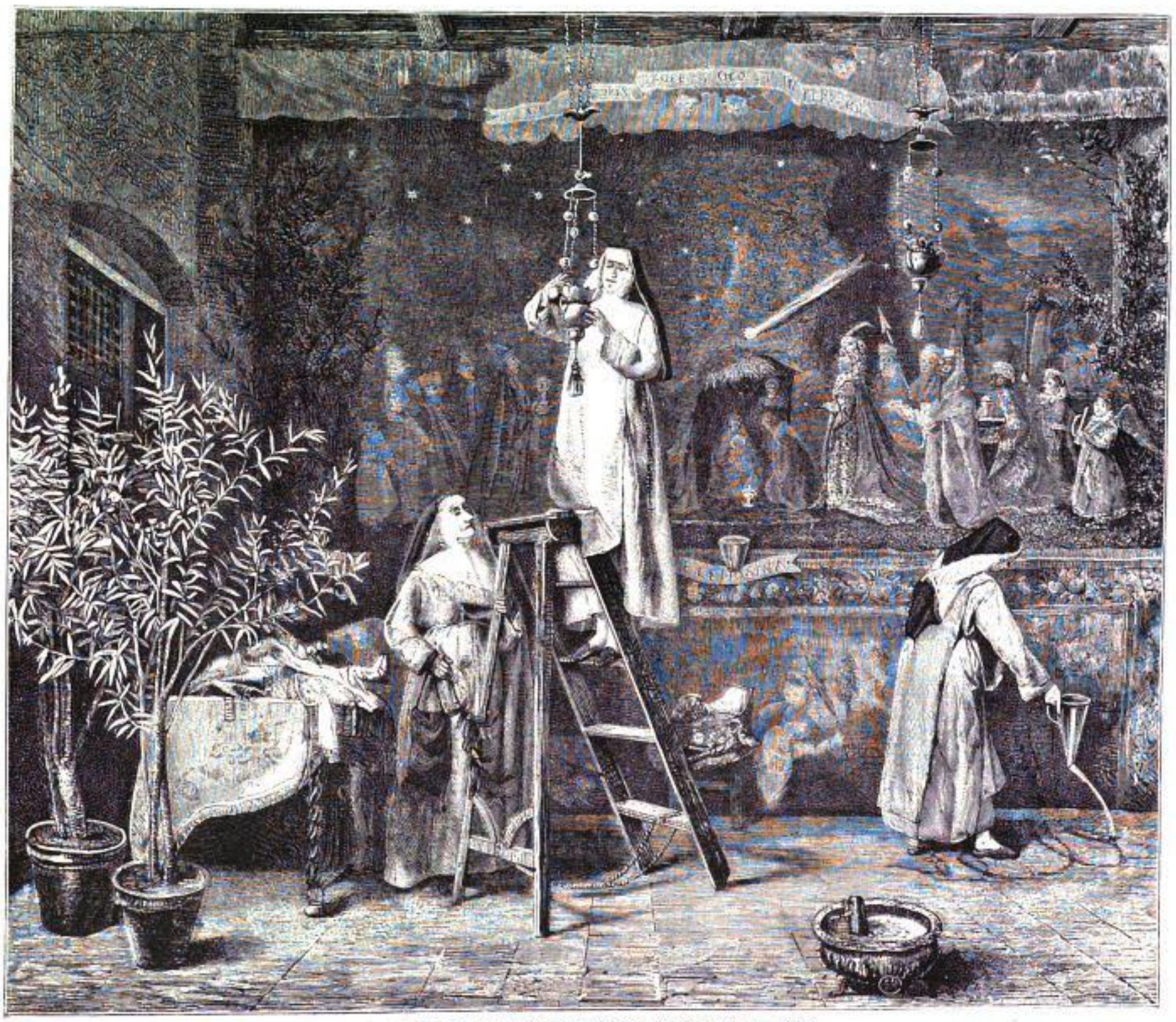
"I am engaged to be married to Cherry—may I have her, father?"

There never was before, and probably never will be again, such a Christmas at the home of the Wagner family. They had at one end of the dinner-table a huge roast turkey, a round of beef at the other; chine and ducks at the side; a mighty pudding and beer and home-made wine. And Willie had his seat beside big brother, next the fire; and Baby grew wild at the appearance of the plum pudding; and when all was cleared away, and the fire heaped high once more with logs, Cherry—blushing still with her overflowing happiness—lit the tapers on the Christmas-tree, and Baby's eyes were suddenly saucers, and the red-bird nearly burst into a flood of song. As to the wind and snow without, they were quite forgotten. Were not the very cattle housed and fed that night, by Harry himself, before Father Wagner went to feed them, and the very halters tied in the old knot that Harry tied, seeing that Father Wagner had fallen into a great wonder? But now the wonder was turned to joy, for there was his lost son before him, with Baby on one knee, and Willie packed upon the other, and one hand of the bearded miner holding secretly the hand of Cherry.

A Christmas Crib in the Chapel of a Convent.

IN Catholic convents and institutions, and in many of the Catholic churches even in this country, part of the Christmas decoration is the "Crib," a representation of the grotto of Bethlehem, with figures of Mary and the Infant Saviour, and St. Joseph, and also the legendary ox and ass, who figure as spectators in all the early popular accounts. These are always seen; sometimes, too, the three wise men with their retinue, their camels and attendants, are seen approaching, guided by the miraculous star, and one of the three is always black. The children and the young are intensely interested in the whole affair, and in a convent chapel the good Sisters use all their taste and means to produce a most vivid effect. Women's deft fingers and sense of the beautiful are full of resources, and the shimmer of lace and the candle-light falling on glittering ornaments, the rich exotics borrowed from the hothouses of friends, the costly fabrics garnered up in the long fleeting years, all help to make it an impressive sight. Where a simpler taste prevails, the little Babe of Bethlehem is represented alone, lying on straw, and lights and lace and flowers surround the effigy.

Before the crib or Child is always a place for offerings, and when Christmas comes, the priest day by day takes the offerings and goes with some of the children to distribute them among the needy



NUNS DRESSING UP THE "CRIB" FOR CHRISTMAS IN THE CHAPEL OF A CONVENT.

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and the poor. The offerings are not all money Children are encouraged to give up some of their treasured presents as offerings to the poor, and these are sold at an impromptu auction to obtain money for the work of charity.

A strange medley is thus sometimes seen before the figure of the Child—toys, delicacies, books and plaything.

Once a good Sister coming in found a child seated there, helping herself to the dainties with great serenity. The Sister rebuked the young offender and endeavored to impress it with a sense of the enormity of its course. "I always offered him some," the child whimpered, "but it would not take any."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

COMES softly echoed down the ages,
The song the shepherds heard of old,
Like strain of sweetest choral music
Along cathedral arches rolled.

First heard on earth in nightly vigils,
On lone and dark Judean hill,
The chorus since of countless millions,
Of peace on earth, to men goodwill.

Oh, happy eve of day most sacred,
Of day most bless in noon or morn—
Of day that marks time's greatest era
When Christ the Prince of Peace was born.

A light to shine till every nation
On Christmas Eve the anthem sing,
And every language, race and people,
The bells of Merry Christmas ring.

Till Winter winds and Summer zephyrs,
In Northern wilds and Austral climes,
Shall bear in wide, concentric circles
Around the world the Christmas chimes.

Joe O'Hara's Christmas Eve.

By CORRY CAREW.

"AND so *you're* the new landlord, avic?" demanded the Widow Dempsey, the buxom proprietress of the "Brian Boroihmo" shebeen, which, as everybody knows, is five miles the Galway side of Oughterard and the snuggest shebeen in Connemara—of a dapper little gentleman, attired in a homespun ulster, to whom she extended a glass of *potteen* to keep "betune his shimmy an the cowld."

The gentleman had just arrived from Galway by the "lobster car," that elongated jaunting-car that plies between Westport and Galway, thanks to the enterprise and *eclat* of the late Mr. Bianconi, and his *impedimenta*, consisting of half a dozen portmanteaus, a gun-case, a set of fishing-rods and a bundle of canes, littered the floor, and even incumbered the solitary mahogany table and the three horsehair covered chairs of which the parlor of the Brian Boroihmo so proudly boasted.

"An' so you're the new landlord?" repeated Mrs. Dempsey, eying the ulster-enveloped little gentleman sidewise, much as a magpie would ogle an empty marrowbone.

"I'm the new landlord," replied the diminutive gentleman, drawing himself up to his full height.

"See that now!" observed the landlady. "Faix, an' it's cruel disapp'inted the boys'll be."

"Why so, madam?" demanded the little gentleman.

"Begorra, thin, yer that small they might as well be shootin' at a jackanipe."

Now, whether it was the comical look in the face of the widow or the effects of the potcen, or a combination the outcome of both, it has not been exactly determined, but certain it is that the little gentleman burst into as loud and as honest a laugh as ever came out of the mouth of a man—ay, even twice his size.

"That's a good chance for me," he joyously cried.

"Shure enough, sir," respondel Mrs. Dempsey, respectfully, for bravery is ever respected in Ireland, and the jovial way that Mr. Joseph O'Hara—for that is his name—took this somewhat startling announcement instantly placed him high on the pedestal of the widow's favor.

And let me tell you that Mrs. Dempsey was a person of considerable consequence in Ballymavourneen. She was known to be "snug," and to be on the best possible terms with the manager of the Hibernian Bank at Oughterard. She was the possessor of two cows, a score of pigs, and her praties-patch was the largest in the barony.

In addition to all this, she had a "lase" of fifty acres at Knockcroghery, and when the bog and the boulders were taken out of it the "bit o' land" was worth a clear £5 per acre, while Mrs. Dempsey paid but thirty shillings. She owned two horses and a colt, and a couple of jaunting cars, one for every-day work about the country, the other for hire and for conveying her across the bog on Sunday to Mass at Ballybrierly, where Father Tom O'Mulligan once in every week "wolloped the divil."

Now Mr. Joseph O'Hara was the owner, in fee, of a small property adjoining Ballymavourneen, having been bequeathed the same by his uncle, a very thrifty little attorney, who practiced in the Recorder's Court, in Green Street, Dublin, and who took the estate from a needy Western gentleman, to whom he had advanced a few hundred pounds at an interest ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred per cent. on every renewal of the straps or bills.

To do Joe O'Hara justice, he was as generous, as plucky, and as jovial a little fellow as ever trod in shoe leather, and, although he was told that by carrying favor with his uncle in the time to come all the old man's wealth would be his, he indignantly spurned the idea of squinning towards dead men's shoes, and made his own small way in the grocery business in St. Andrew Street, Dublin; and if he had been less fond of hunting, shooting and fishing, and more attached to sugar and figs and raisins, he would have been on the high road to a seat in the Town Council, and perhaps to a J. P.-ship.

"Arrah, thin, what brings ye down here on Christmas Eve, of all days in the year, sir?" asked the widow, as she dusted one of the horsehair-covered chairs with her apron. "I suppose ye're goin' over to Misther Joyce's, of Killeshandra? I hear there's to be heaps of divarshin beyant?"

"Faith, I wish I was, ma'am," replied Joe, with a light laugh, "but I've given up going to places that I'm not invited to. I'm only a small grocers in Dublin, and my heart never aches because I *am* only a small grocer."

"Ye'll not be afther thinkin' of stoppin' at Derrylossary?" this being the name of the O'Hara property.

"That's where I'm going, ma'am."

"Musha, shure, the 'ould house is fallin to pieces sir, an' it's that damp that the rats has the newmalgy and the mice is goin' about on crutches. In airnest, sir, shure yer not thinkin' of goin' there?"

"I have come down from Dublin for that express purpose. The fact is," added Joe, who was glad to open his heart to the widow, "the only invitation for Christmas I cared to accept I didn't get. I'm a bachelor, ma'am," with a facetious wink. "My landlady—I live in lodging in North Great George's Street—was anxious to spend *her* Christmas, of all places in the world, on the Hill of Howth; the servant wanted to spend *hers* on the Bog of Allen; so, as the Yankees say, I resolved to clear out, and here I am. A young man that does business for me stuck to the shop. I'll want another drop of that *potsen* and a car to take me and my traps over to Derrylossary."

"Here's the sperits, anyway, and I'll see that Murty Finn ketches the horse; but if ye'll be sed be me, yer honor, ye'll stop where ye are. Don't think, Misther O'Hara," added the widow, growing as red as a peony, "that I want for to make money out av ye, for, glory be to God, I never axed a halfpenny from any lone crayture that had for to spind Christmas in *this* house, nor me poor husband, Peter Dempsey, that's dead an' goin' these six years—may the heavens be his bed this night, amin!"—lavin' me a nurnser at thirty-wun—"God be good to him." And his widow reverently raised her eyes to the smoke-embrowned ceiling, which was gayly festooned with hams, hanks of onions, pigs' cheeks and flitches of bacon.

"Mrs. Dempsey," said O'Hara, "I'm deeply grateful to you for your hospitable intentions, and I tell you that I won't leave the country without spending a night under this roof as your guest, but I'm resolved upon putting up at Derrylossary; it's a sort of notion I have, and when I take a thing into my head it's hard to drive it out. So tell Murty to catch the horse, and if you'll be good enough to step as far as the door and show me the road, I'll walk on and the luggage can follow."

The widow, after some further argumentation, slipped from behind the battened bar and to the door, as requested. "That's the road straight forninst ye, sir; ye'll folly it till ye come to the crossroads, an' take the won that ladies be the bog. Ye could take a short cut over the bog, but, bein' a stranger, ye couldn't humor the bog, so it's safer for ye for to skirt it. Ye'll come to a *boreen*——"

"What's that, Mrs. Dempsey?"

"A *boreen* is a little road or lane, sir, and take the *boreen* right up to yer own gate. There's no gate but a pair of stone pillars, wid road stones on the top, like marks—whitewashed. The house is in the elm-threes, hid from the road."

Joe O'Hara thanked her, and was for moving off, when she recalled him.

"Does Dinny Blake know yer comin', sir?"

"You mean the caretaker?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wrote to him."

"Dinny is a hard man, Misther O'Hara, and no one in the country has a good word for him. Don't thrust him farther nor ye could throw a bull be the tail. He was ould O'Hara's own pet, an' the boys would have sent him *below* long ago if it wasn't for Father Tom."

"I'm sorry to get this account of him, ma'am," said O'Hara, "especially as he has the half-year's rent in the heel of his fist; but I believe every man to be honest until I find him to be a rogue."

Joe once more thanking the widow for her hospitality and friendly counsel, took to the road, and as he disappeared in the distance, Mrs. Dempsey muttered, as she turned into the shebeen, "He's a nice man, and a nice-mannered man, and I hope he'll not let Dinny Blake put his comether on him. Wisha, but it's a quare notion goin' to an impty ould house, that's fallin to pieces, for to spind Christmas. Now for Murty an' the horse."

In due time the red-headed urchin, whose tattered raiment of what had once been corduroy, was beguiled from the bog, and the quadruped duly attached to the rickety jaunting-car through the medium of *suggawns* or hay-ropes.

"Be the mortial frost, ma'am," observed Murty, as he gazed admiringly at the pile of luggage, "he's got more boxes nor the lord!" referring to the Earl of Oughterard, a plain, quiet-going old gentleman, whose *impedimenta* usually consisted of a dressing-case, a single portmanteau and an umbrella.

The car, groaning under its unaccustomed load, had scarcely jingled from the door when two men hastily entered.

These men were attired in heavy frieze coats, patched here and there with broadcloth. They wore knee-breeches of corduroy, blue knitted stockings and brogues—the latter, by the quantity of brown clay clinging to them, announcing a tramp across the neighboring bog.

"Wasn't that the landlord?" demanded the taller of the two.

"Yis, Mick Donovan, it was," replied the widow, eying him earnestly.

"I sed so," observed the shorter man, who was none other than the Dinny Blake, against whom Mrs. Dempsey had warned O'Hara.

"We seen him beyant from Clash, Mrs Dempsey," said Dinny.

"Faix, thin, but yer takin' his visit mighty aisy. Do ye know he's gone over to the house?"

"Let him go. Gimme a glass av sperrits," was Dinny's rejoinder.

"I'm thinkin' yer not for stoppin' at Derrylossary, Dinny Blake," said the widow, as she filled a couple of noggins with whisky.

"Amn't I? Ho, ho! Eh, Mick?"

"If ye are, ye ought to be over beyant to welkim him."

"Arrah, for what? D'ye know what yer talkin' about, at all, at all? Welkim! It's a cowld ind av a welkim his ould thief av an uncle used for to give me whin I gothered the rints an' brought them to him, every fardin'. Welkim! Bedad, it's more kicks nor halfpence I got. Let the new welkim himself!" and the man grinned insolently.

"This is a rale dayscent man, anyhow," observed Mrs. Dempsey, "and as well-behaved; an' it's yer business, Dinny, for to make the place as snug for him as ever ye can."

"Divil a snug I'll make it for him."

"Mebbe, it's *worse* ye'll make it for him," laughed Mick Donovan.

"Ay, an' sooner nor he thinks."

The two men having ordered fresh noggins of whisky, retreated into the corner where the table stood and conversed in whispers.

Mrs. Dempsey pretended to take no notice of their movements, but, nevertheless, she was all eyes and ears.

"Thim two is up to sumthin' bad in regard to O'Hara. I'll go bail Dinny's at the back av Donovan, and it was Donovan that shot Misther Burke, of Gortnalough, as shure as I'm a livin' woman. Bedad, that's a gun undher Donovan's *cotamore*. If there's not bad work in the air this blessed and holy Christmas Eve, may I never see glory!"

The men kept ordering and drinking whisky till the fiery liquid commenced to tell upon them.

"It's nearly time for to be going," observed Donovan, as he glanced up at the clock that so merrily ticked in the corner in a very bower of holly and ivy decorations. "Is that clock right, Mrs. Dempsey?"

"It's aiqual to the wan at the post-office beyant at Oughterard. What are yees up to, boys?" Mrs. Dempsey asked this question in a free-and-easy tone and in the most ordinary way; but the two men almost reeled under the question. They glanced at one another, then at her; then Dinny Blake replied, as if the words were weighted with lead and difficult to drag upwards:

"Nothin'. I'm goin' on the spree. What are you goin' for to do, Mick?"

"I was thinkin' av goin' to confeshun, no less," grinned the other. "Is Father Tom in his box to-night, Mrs. Dempsey?"

"It wud be well for yez both—and, mind me words," said the widow, with considerable intensity, "if yez were goin' to confession this blessed and holy night, for it's many a long day sence yez hint a knee to the great God, an'——"

"Arrah, come along oud o' this!" cried Dinny, catching Donovan's arm, "it's wud the soupers ye ought to be, Mrs. Dempsey, over beyant at Clifden," and, lugging Donovan to the door, the two went out into the gray light, for night was preparing to spread her sable mantle over the earth, and already had the distant mountains become enshrouded, while the great bogs loomed up like gigantic black shadows.

"Oh, if I could only get a word with O'Hara, to warn him—to tell him that this black-hearted villain, Dinny, is bent on destroyin' him! Yes," and the widow paced up and down the little parlor a prey to the most violent agitation. "I saw blood!—Holy Mary, mother of God!—blood in their villainous eyes—murder! Yes, murder! They must be stopped! Which way have they gone?"

She rushed to the door—listened.

"Ay, I hear their voices! Shure enough, it's for Derrylossary they're bound! He'll be shot to-night! Mary Dempsey, that man's death will be on yer soul if ye don't try for to save him! Who cares if the place is gutted whin I come back—there's a life for to be saved! I know it, I feel it! Let thim burn the Brian Boroihmo, if they like. I must get to Derrylossary before the black-hearted murtherers! Of all nights in the year, there's not a soul for to remain here while I'm gone, and there's forty pounds worth of sperrits in—to the divule wud it! Here goes."

Hastily arraying herself in a blue frieze cloak, with its capacious hood so peculiar to Connemara, she blew out the two dipt candles that illuminated the shebeen and, turning the key in the door, thrust it into her pocket, and was speeding across the bog almost ere she realized the resolution so rapidly arrived at.

"It's more nor four miles," she muttered. "I'll do it in less than an hour! Anyhow, I'll be there afore *thim*."

The night was pitch-dark, and to any save a practiced foot the bog was a succession of perils. To Mrs. Dempsey every inch of the path had been known from infancy, and she sped along as though on the high road at bright noon-day.

"What light is that?" she asked herself, as a twinkle as of a falling star appeared in the gloomy sable. "What can it be? I'm afther passin' Teddy Mulvany's turf-clump, that's two mile from the house to a perch. Ah! I have it: it's in the police barracks, at Clohogue, and—oh! my God!"

In watching the light she missed her footing, and, with a great cry for help, went down, down into the clammy ooze of a beghole, an ohze that sucked with the horrible power of the maelstrom, or the devil-fish.

* * * * *

Joe O'Hara having lighted his meerschaum pipe, marched gayly along the road leading to Derrylossary.

"What a lot of stories I'll have for Alderman Finnigan," he thought, "of my Christmas in an old tumble-down house. Perhaps it's haunted. By Crickey! that *would* be a Christmas Eve. 'My Christmas Eve in a Haunted Room!' What a title for a magazine article. What a jolly old girl that Mrs. Dempsey is. Old! why she's not more nor forty. She doesn't think much of my steward. I suppose that's what he is. These country people are all down on one another, anyway. I suppose he'll have the hard word for Mrs. D. The thing is to listen to counsel on both sides and reserve decision. Still, from what she says about this fellow, I'm afraid I'm in the wrong box for my £150.

Following the directions given him, O'Hara struck the *boreen*.

"Now for the whitewashed pillars—ah! here they are—not much of an entrance to your ancestral seat, my Lord de O'Hara," he exclaimed, aloud; "but this is all the English misrule has left you. Your retainers are—but, ha! I hear a voice—it is from the clouds; the rocks baying a deep-mouthed welcome as I draw near home. Eh! my Lord Byron, wilt thou permit the paraphrase. "By the Dick," he added, "that rookery is something, anyhow. I wouldn't ask a better roof to sleep under, or a sweeter lullaby. There's something infernally respectable about a rookery. Aha! old boys, I take off me hat to you. I salute you—I love you like pie." Joe was in the highest spirits. The novelty, the freedom, the loneliness, the absurdity of the situation just suited his mood and as he traversed the elm-lined avenue, grass-grown and full of the music of the dead leaves, he could have shouted in the exuberance of his spirits.

"Now, this sort of thing would make any other fellow melancholy as Jacques—but *I* like it. I hope Dinny Blake has plenty of rashers and eggs ready to pop into the pan, and I have my own flask. I don't see any sign of light or life. I suppose the front of the house is at the back. Ha! ha!" He moved round through the rank grass which wetted him up to his knees, until he reached a small door. He tried the latch, which instantly yielded. Pushing the door open, he rapped loudly with his knuckles. Then he knocked at the panel, and then he shouted "Dinny Blake!" at the top of his voice.

"The fellow has gone to some crossroads or other to meet me, and has missed me. Luckily, I have my box of wax matches here; so, by your leave, Mister Dinny, I'll inspect my own premises."

He struck a match and entered a room on his left. The ceiling of this apartment had fallen in, and the boards of the room above it showed enormous gaps, while the flooring of the room into which he now passed had entirely disappeared.

"I'll be hanged if the scoundrel hasn't made firewood of the floor," cried O'Hara, half angrily. "A joke's a joke, but this is carrying a joke a little too far!"

He now turned to the right, lighting a fresh match.

"Pshaw! the room is converted into a potato store, and onions, too. Faugh! I suppose the old cove lives up-stairs." O'Hara groped along the passage, the plastering of the walls giving at every touch and falling to the floor with heavy thuds. When he had gone a little way, he struck a match.

"I'll be hanged if this isn't outrageous, the staircase pulled down," holding out the light and peering upwards into the darkness. "Gone for firewood!" He was still peering upwards when a sound, directly above, startled him.

"Good God! is that a face?" he muttered, half-aloud, and as he spoke the match burned out.

He quickly lit another, then half a dozen, so as to increase the illumination. This brighter light served but to render darkness visible.

"Hi! I say. Hi! above there! Hellos!"

No response.

"I'll swear on a pile of Bibles that I saw a woman's face, and a very white one." Then, raising his voice, "Will you be good enough to bring a light here? I am Mr. O'Hara, from Dublin, the owner of this confounded tumble-down old shanty!"

Again he had recourse to his match-box, and, passing the gaping stairway, he penetrated a large hall, the boards of which had also been ripped up. He entered a room on the right; it was empty and boardless. He tried a door on his left; it was locked.

"Aha! I've earthed the old fox at last," chuckled O'Hara, as, applying his heel to the lock, he kicked open the portal.

The new-lighted match showed him a large room, furnished with a bed, a table, a rickety sofa, a few crazy chairs, and an old brass-bound *armoire*. Espying a brass candlestick, with the remains of a candle in the socket, O'Hara leaped at it, and, having secured more substantial light, made a deliberate survey of the apartment. A pile of wood lay heaped against the wall in one corner, from which O'Hara selected two or three inviting-looking logs, which he flung on the embers of a fire not yet quite extinct. Then he rummaged the drawers of the *armoire* till he found a couple of candles.

"So far, so good!" he exclaimed. "Now for that white face!"

Taking the lighted candles with him, he again set forth on his explorations, and traversed several empty rooms, the flooring of which had all been removed. "I must see if there's a back staircase anywhere, for there are no visible means of reaching the upper story that *I* can make out."

With two candles sweating and covering him with foul smelling grease, he made a most careful examination of the premises, but the house proved to be of the pattern of most Irish country houses of its size, two-storied, with but a single stairway; the sitting-rooms being on the ground floor and the bedrooms on the upper.

"I suppose I must wait till daylight or till that boy Murty arrives," thought the grocer, as he returned to the one habitable room and proceeded to dry his boots at the now merrily blazing logs.

"Faugh! I wish I was out of this place. It chills me. It's *uncanny*. Yes, that Scot's word suits it exactly. I'll be hanged if I don't warm Mr. Dinny Blake's skin for him. The blackguard can't say he didn't get my letter, for here it is," picking it up off the chimney-piece. "Ay, and well thumbed too. I'll thumb him—ugh!" he shivered. "I'll remain outside till that boy comes. I feel as if I was in a vault."

Was that a face peering in at the window?

He leaped to his feet and rushed over—

"Darkness there and nothing more."

"I can easily understand, now, how fellows get their nerves off their hinges. It's a place like this that sets 'em all astray. By the Dick, my flask! I'll take a dose of Dutch courage."

He had just lifted the flask to his mouth when a shrill cry came borne on the rising breeze.

"A banshee!" exclaimed O'Hara. "Hut, tut, old fellow, this will never do! Take a drink! Who ever saw a ghost?—no one. As for ——"

Another cry rang out, followed by a succession of shouts.

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"The boy Murty, by Jupiter Olympus—Lucknow is saved! I'll make the boy step here to-night in this room—ay, and this house, too. They say three make bad company. I'll try it and disprove the adage for once."

"Misther O'Hara, Misther O'Hara!" yelled Murty, even while he was yet a long way from the house.

"All right. Here I am!" cried the grocer, flinging up the window, or, rather, dinging it out, for it gave way with a terrific crash.

"Where are ye, sir?" Murty didn't relish the dark avenue under the elms.

"Here!"

"Cud ye give me a taste av a light, yer honor?"

O'Hara extended the candle from the window, and, perceiving that the grass grew almost on a level to the sill, leaped out.

"Och, murther! but I thought I'd never raich the place, yer honor," cried the boy. "The cold baste, here, wudn't pass Knocklofty, where Barney Reilly was murthered—God be good to him, this night!—for all the coaxin' and cotherguin' I cud give him, an' whin he did consint, he tuk the bit in his mouth an' run me into a ditch. I've all the packages safe, sir, barrin' the gun, for Dinny Blake tould me that he'd carry that himself, for yer honor, an' in coorse I gev it to him."

"Where is he?"

"I met him below at Brian Dooley's Gap, yer honor!"

"Is he coming on?"

"Faix, I suppose so, yer honor."

"Don't unload the car, Murty. Is there any sort of a shed about here that you could back it into for the night?"

"There's a sort av a shed for horses 'round th' other side av the house, but I cudn't lave the car, yer honor, for I'm for to dhrive Father Tom himself over for to say first Mass at Barnakilty at five o'clock, an' I *daren't* go for to disappint his rivirince."

"Faith, you'll disappoint him for once, Murty."

"I wudn't do it for a crock o' goold, sir. Arrah, what luck or grace cud I have av I disapp'int the holy man? Divil a sight o' purgathry I'd ever lay my two eyes on, let alone the holy heavens!"

O'Hara knew that to endeavor to keep the lad would be but a fruitless task, so he compounded with Murty by insisting upon his remaining at Derrylossary until the arrival of Dinny Blake.

Murty backed the car into the outhouse, and stalled the horse in the hallway. He then knelt down before the log fire, and removing his caubeen, used it as a bellows with such vigor that the wood immediately began to crackle and splutter, and the flames to leap up the chimney.

"What a beastly old rookery this is, Murty," observed O'Hara.

"Divil a worse billet in the barony, yer honor."

"Does Dinny Blake live here all the year round?"

The boy glanced fearfully about him ere he replied, in a low tone:

"They say so, yer honor."

"What sort of man is he?"

"I'd as lave ye'd not be afther axin' me, sir."

"Why so, Murty?"

"Well, bekase I was at me dhuty to-day below wud Father Tom O'Mulligan, at Togher, an' I daren't tell a lie,"

"Tell the truth, my boy."

"Well, thin, yer honor"—here Murty glanced around almost in terror, while his voice sank to a hoarse whisper—"he has the worst name that ever was."

O'Hara groaned. He bade a long adieu to his £150.

"Divil a harder man wud the poor people nor he is. He'd sell the bib off av a child's back, an' has put more people out on the roadside to die av cowld an' hunger nor any agent, barrin' Lord Corlingham's."

"Is he honest?"

"He's the divil's own nagur, anyhow," was the evasive reply.

O'Hara thought back a little, and knew that his uncle should have the rent by hook or crook. Perhaps the man was only acting under the instructions given him.

"Do you know did Blake go to meet me to-day, Murty?"

"He didn't go for to meet yer honor, for I seen him wid Mick Donovan—the man that shot Misther Val Burke of Gortnalough—an' the two was over the bog at Clash all the evenin', for I was gotherin' turf for the misthress, an' the both av thim passed me, an' for fear they'd give me throuble I dhropped down behind me kreel an' let thim go by, an' they wor talkin' about yer honor, for I heard yer name twice."

Every moment the conviction grew stronger in O'Hara's mind that his agent meant to play him false. He didn't much mind the loss of the money, for now he felt certain that one penny of it he would never see, but an indefinable sense of the truth flitted before him, and he heartily wished himself back at the Brian Boruihme, facing the widow, after a snug supper of rashers and eggs and a tumbler of scorching hot poteen punch—perhaps two.

"Murty," he cried, after a silence, "I'll go back with you. I'll be hanged if I'll stop in this old rat-trap of a place. I feel as if I was in my family vault! Get the old horse ready."

"More power, yer honor!" exclaimed the boy. "Faix, I'll rowl ye over to the Brian Boruihme while ye'd be axin' the lind av a sack, an'—merciful God!"—springing forward—"there—there's a face agin the windy. It was Mick Dono——"

The report of a gun!

A wild scream!

"I'm kilt, yer honor!" groaned the unfortunate lad, as he fell into O'Hara's arms, a bullet having entered his chest.

O'Hara flung himself upon the floor and dragged the senseless form of Murty under cover. Then he crept up to the window along the floor, and lay beneath it, his heart beating like a Nasmyth hammer, every nerve braced for the struggle for dear life. In a few seconds he heard a movement outside the window, as if some one was amongst the rank grass. Then came a breathing. Then a hand appeared right over where he crouched. Then a pause. Then part of a frieze coat edged cautiously in. Then the rim of a caubeen. Then the unshaven chin. Then the face and head—and then——

O'Hara leaped upwards and, like a flash, held Donovan in a grasp that, giant though the other was, he could not shake off.

The grocer was a small man, but riveted together by rivets of steel. His hands were enormous, out of all proportion with the remainder of his frame, and a series of bones held together by muscles, tough as whipcord. Joe O'Hara's grip was a terror, and, knowing this, he felt that he was a match for any man once he got his antagonist inside that grip.

He was now dealing with an assassin, red-handed, and he resolved upon strangling him. Donovan was a man of powerful strength, and feeling the terrible pressure of the hands upon his throat, saw that his neck was in a noose that pulled as tight as a hangman's knot.

The struggle was an awful one. Jerking O'Hara clean out of the window, he endeavored to get at the gun, but the grocer, by a dexterous kick, sent it out of his grasp, and he now essayed to plant O'Hara on the granite window-sill in order to break his back against it. O'Hara's deadly grasp grew tighter, as the other flung him about, and every attempt to get the little man under proved a failure.

Donovan now commenced to rain terrific blows upon O'Hara's head and face, which the latter vainly endeavored to dodge, but as the pressure of the grocer's fingers grew more tense, the blows became wild and out of range, and the villain made a choking effort to gasp the word "Mercy."

O'Hara never allowed the idea of possessing himself of the gun to leave his mind. Bestowing a final squeeze upon the assassin's throat, he flung him off, and leaping to where he knew the weapon lay in the grass, seized it, and, ere the other could so much as raise his arms to defend himself, down came the butt upon his bullet head, leveling him to the earth, where he lay senseless and stunned.

"This is a nice Christmas Eve's work," muttered Joe O'Hara, as he climbed in through the window to the aid of the wounded lad, Murty. "I'm pounded to a jelly, but I've settled the hash of my agent, anyhow." He kicked the logs with his foot, causing a bright and merry blaze, and taking out his flask, leant over the boy, as he poured the vivifying liquid through the bloodless lips and clinched teeth.

"He's not dead. The heart beats. He may not be so badly hit, after all. If I could yoke the car I'd drive him over to the widow's. My God, how sore I am! I hope nothing's broken except my agent's skull. I must look after that horse. Ha! the boy is not gone. Murty! Murty! That's a good lad. Never say die."

"I'm here, Misther O'Hara!" The lad opened his eyes, threw a few sharp glances around, shivered and looked up in O'Hara's face.

"I'm kilt, sir," he gasped, "I—I feel the bullet here," laying his hand on to the region of his heart. "Oh! if I cud only feel Father Tom be me side. Oh! if I cud only get the rites, Misther O'Hara, mebbe I wud die aisy!"

"Don't speak, Murty; I'm going to stanch the blood a little and to yoke the horse. Keep up your courage, man, and you'll be in the Brain Boruihme in no time."

The boy's eyes brightened.

"I'll not die till I get there, never fear, sir, an' take no heed to me groans, not if I bawl murdher."

O'Hara succeeded, by the aid of the bed-sheets, which he tore into strips, in wrapping a series of bandages around the lad's body, and, having administered another dose of brandy, went in quest of the horse. The quadruped was easily discovered, as was also the shed where the car was sheltered, and in a few minutes the vehicle was drawn up before the door.

"I'd better see how my agent is," muttered O'Hara. "I'd like to leave him safe for the constabulary."

Donovan was lying where he had fallen, and was breathing stentoriously.

"I'll manacle you, my fine fellow!" said the grocer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took some remaining strips of sheeting and bound the senseless assassin, hand and foot.

"Undo these knots if you can!" bestowing a final kick on the recumbent form. "I haven't been tying up tea and sugar all my life without knowing how to construct a pretty bewildering knot."

Murty, brave as a young lion, by the help of O'Hara, struggled to his feet and contrived to reach the car.

"Let the baste have her head, yer honor," he gasped. "She knows she's goin' home. Whin we come forninst Knocklofty, where Barry Reilly was murdhered—the Lord be marciful to him!—I'll tell ye, ye'll have for to humor the baste a bit there, anyway."

The old mare went out into the darkness at an amble and at a cautious pace that proved the truth of Murty's forecast. She did not, however, refuse to pass the heap of stones on the side of the road which marked the spot where Barry Reilly went down to his death, but on gaining the high road broke into a canter, which never ceased until she stopped of her own accord, opposite the Brian Boruihme.

"All in bed and asleep!" cried O'Hara. "I'll waken the widow while you'd say knife."

He commenced to pound away at the door, but there was no response, and it was only after ten minutes of shouting and knocking that he reluctantly gave over the attempt.

"Thry the back-doore, yer honor!—the kay is always left there for me. Av yer honor will gimme a hand aff a the car, I'll go bail I'll get in."

O'Hara helped the lad round to the back of the shebeen, and beneath the door was found the key. In a trice, having lighted a candle, he assisted Murty to bed.

"I never knew the misthress out o' the house so late as this afore. Och, shure, it's the midnight Mass she's gone to over beyant at Timolin. That's it!"

O'Hara instantly set out for the constabulary barracks, much against the inclination of the old mare, and having routed up the force, a sergeant and three privates, one of whom started four miles for the doctor, returned to the Brian Boruihme, where Murty's deposition was taken, after which the party, consisting of the sergeant, a private, and O'Hara, wended their way to Derrylossary.

"It's me opinion," said the sergeant, as they hurried along, "that Donovan was hired by Blake to pick you off, and Blake will be able to prove an *alibi*. Donovan is one of the most desperate characters on this side of the county, and ye must have the strength of tin min to have been able to take a fall out of him."

They found Donovan, who had come to his senses, in a kneeling position near the window.

"I'll tell all," he growled. "Yez needn't be hard on me. Sergeant Joyce, I shot the boy instead av the man, an' it was Dinny Blake that ped me for doin' the job—may hell-fire roast him!"

"Where can we find him?"

"I'll tell ye, thin, an' the only favor I'll ax is for to be brought face to face wid him. He's over beyant at Clash, at Jem Heffernan's shebeen."

* * * * *

Father Tom O'Mulligan had to cross the bog on foot to say his first Mass on Christmas morning, as neither Murty nor the car turned up. His reverence was provided with a lantern, and carried a stout blackthorn to probe any suspicious-looking ground. His Scotch terrier, Dandie, accompanied him.

The dog, who had been exhibiting signs of uneasiness for a few perches, now hung back, and commenced to bark with all his might.

"A stray sheep," thought the Father, as he urged Dandie to go forward.

As he reached the boghole into which the Widow Dempsey had fallen, the dog began to yowl, and stood quivering with terror at its edge.

The priest held the lantern over the hole.

"Mother of God!" he exclaimed, "It's a human being!—a woman!—Mrs. Dempsey!"

She had sunk almost up to the chin.

Father Tom didn't lose a second. By lying flat on his stomach he reached out to her until he caught her arm. Using his herculean strength—he was a son of gallant Tipperary, and stood six feet two in his shoes—he succeeded in dragging her towards the edge, and, having a good grip of her now, he commenced to roar for help in the faint hope of attracting the attention of some of the villagers *en route* to first Mass. It was a feeble hope, but in extremities no chance must be lost.

It so happened that the constabulary party, with their two prisoners—for Dinny Blake was arrested in Jim Heffernan's shebeen—were returning to the police barracks by the road, and the very first cry for help uttered by the priest was heard.

* * * * *

Murty did not die of his wounds. The ball was extracted by Doctor Valentine Burke, and the lad is now as strapping a young fellow as ever courted the girls at fair, pattern, or wake.

Dinny Blake and his *confrère*, Mick Donovan, were sentenced to prison for life. They are now engaged in the jail at Galway in picking oakum.

Poor Mrs. Dempsey!—Mrs. O'Hara, I mean!—after a severe fit of illness, brought on by the terrible experiences of that memorable Christmas Eve—became herself again, and having disposed of her interest in the Brian Boruihme, repaired to Derrylossary—rebuilt by its owner—in the capacity of Mrs. Joe O'Hara.

"Faith," observed Joe to me, as I sat at the fireside in the snug dining-room at Derrylossary, over a smoking tumbler of poteen punch, "faith, Corry, me boy! there's few fellows have a queerer story of Christmas Eve to tell than yours, truly."

And Joe O'Hara was right.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENT.

AMONG the many associations of feudal festivities and mediæval ceremonials which Christmas brings, the mind may properly revert to those splendid pageants of chivalry, yclept tournaments and jousts, which fire the romantic imagination even more, perhaps, than the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of actual war. And, if the reader would realize pictorially one of these magnificent displays of knightly prowess and courtesy, we are acquainted with no more adequate representation thereof than the fresco of which we give a two-page illustration. Moreover, this is an illustration of a historic occurrence, not of a mere fiction of poet or novelist. The fresco represents a tournament at Raab (on the river of the same name, in Hungary), held on Christmas Day, 1477, according to custom on similar occasions, in celebration of the marriage of King Mathias Corvin, or Corvinus, with his second wife, Beatrice of Aragon, daughter of the King of Sicily. More particularly, the painter depicts the moment when that doughty warrior—the frequent conqueror of the Turks, and afterwards the captor of Vienna—comes before his bride for the prize, after having vanquished the valiant, and, as we see by the wreath on his shivered spear, the previously-successful knight, Holutar of Bohemia—a country Corvin had been at war with for rebelling against his sovereignty.

The fresco relates, then, to a time when chivalry was in its heyday in Germany and the neighboring provinces, as well as all over Europe—a period contemporary with Froissart, and immediately preceding the glorious age of Maximilian. Here we have all the leading elements of that most stately ceremonial of chivalry, the tournament—so called, from the practice of the knights running *par tour*, or by turns, at the quintain. The lists have been prepared, galleries raised for the various orders of spectators, a superbly-decorated pavilion erected for the Queen-elect of Love and Beauty, the absolute arbitress of the awards (in this instance evidently the King's bride), together with her brilliant suite; the arms of the knights proposing to joust have been exposed and examined; and these "right worshipful" and preux chevaliers have sworn to obey the laws of the lists. In this case we may also understand that the Bohemian vassal has, by touching the King's shield with the reverse of his lance, dared his rightful sovereign to a combat of courtesy, not *à outrance*, for their spears are blunt, having the morne attached to them.

The time has approached for opening this high festival of "holy" chivalry. The spectators arrive, attired, from king to churl, in their gayest habiliments; the knights armed *cap-à-pie* in glittering damascened steel, and astride noble chargers of highest mettle, gorgeously housed and caparisoned, range themselves at the ends of the parade; then the marshal, or "speaker"—the important personage on our right in the engraving, holding the warder, which he throws down when the jousting is to cease, and leaning on the shield emblazoned with the arms of the instituter of the games—steps forth and orders the King-at-Arms and heralds to summon knights and esquires "To achievement! to achievement!" This office they perform, not forgetting in their zeal the cry for "Largesse!" Anon the attendant minstrels pour forth their wildest war-strains, and the shrill trumpets of the heralds pierce the tumultuous air with the flourish of onset. Suddenly all is still as death. Then from each extremity of the lists two gallant horsemen prick forward their impatient steeds; a moment more they are dashing in full career, with bowed head and lance in rest, straight at each other, horse-trappings, plumes, and fluttering ladies' favors streaming in the wind—"rushing together," as the old Arthurian romancers have it, "like two wild boars." Another instant they meet, they hurtle, a crash is heard and all is over. Like thunder following the bolt of heaven, a deafening shout is raised by the spectators. The knight has struck the king full on breast-plate or visor; but the lance has shivered against that firm-seated warrior, whilst the Bohemian, hit not less fairly, is unhorsed and hurled to the ground—the greatest dishonor which could befall a knight. With a touch of irony, the painter represents a jester as tending the discomfited champion, as well as his own squire, and another fool is seen catching the riderless horse. The victor, meanwhile, having reined in his charger, aided by his esquire, and unlaced and doffed his helmet, giving his lance to a page, approaches to receive the chief prize of the tournament.

The eminent painter from whom we derive this most effective representation, M. Alexander Wagner, is a native Hungarian, whose examples of fresco-manipulation at Munich have elicited the warmest praise of students in art. The original of the subject engraved is a large fresco in the Redoute, a conspicuous building at Pesth, erected for dancing.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

By Amanda M. Douglas.

CHAPTER I.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE streets were full of happy people when Paul Sherburne stepped out of the dingy office, where he had been closeted for the last three hours. It was dusk now, and the lamps were lighted; the stores were all aglow, and the streets seemed one brilliant mass of illumination. Windows glittered in tempting display, groups of young and old laughed and chatted, and hurried in and out, laden with budgets. There was a spicy smell of evergreens in the crisp air.

For it was Christmas-time, Christmas Eve, the carnival of love and good-will, the greater feast of "Peace on earth."

But Paul Sherburne had no part nor lot in the matter. The wind was keen and cold to him, the gay laughter jarred like sweet bells out of tune; there was no peace, no good-will. He felt so bitter, so crushed, so utterly despondent. Could he go home and tell them they were beggars, nay, worse—so much in debt that a whole lifetime of hard labor would barely suffice to free them. They had staked everything on the issue of this suit, so sure they had the right on their side, and instead, it was a shame second only to a crime, though they had not sinned in the matter. He thought of them in the pretty sitting-room, waiting dinner for him—his sweet, pale, invalid mother, his grave, fair sister, Cecilia, with her passion for music; arch, dainty Mabel, who flashed hither and thither with the grace of a humming-bird.

"How can I tell them this night of all nights?" he groans to himself. "There will never be a Merry Christmas for us again—never!"

Then he plunged down a darkened side street, not heeding whither. Oh, how cold! Does any one ever really freeze, he wonders, or starve in this Christian land? God help the very poor! Where will they be another year? Like letters of fire, all that evidence burns before his brain, and he goes on rapidly, fiercely, until suddenly the lights come about again, and he pauses a moment, half-dazed.

"Hello! Sherburne!" cries a gay young voice. "What is all this mad pursuit about? Why, you look like a ghost! Surely the suit has not gone against you?"

"Yes."

Sherburne's voice is hoarse and strained.

"Oh, there must be some flaw or mistake——"

"No, there is none. We have always believed ourselves right, Ilcent. I would not have sworn a false oath, or told a wrong story, for twice that money, but some one further back did not hesitate," and Paul's voice rings with intense bitterness. "Two hours ago I saw the real proof for the first time. No, I can't fight for a lie."

"Are you going home?"

"Shall I ever have the courage to go and tell them the truth?" and he gives a mirthless laugh. "Christmas Eve, too! What a horrible travesty!"

"See here, Sherburne, don't let this thing drive you out of your senses. Come with me," and he links his arm in that of his friend. "Miss Carvill plays *Juliet* to-night, and I have two tickets. Everybody goes wild over her, you know. Come, it is early, and we will have a quiet talk over this unfortunate business before the play begins."

Paul Sherburne is but half-persuaded, yet his friend leads him along, and when he is seated in the warm theatre, where the lights are burning low and the early comers straggling in noiselessly, he gives a great shiver of something like relief. Despair is staved off for a brief while.

"There may be some new evidence," begins Brent.

"No. My grandfather made a horrible mistake

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A FIFTEENTH CENTURY CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENT.—KING MATHIAS CORVINUS OF HUNGARY.

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OMES BEFORE HIS BRIDE FOR THE PRIZE.—From a Painting by M. Alexander Wagner.—See Page 283.

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—it it was that. Don't let us talk of it, Brent. Tell me of Miss Caryll. I shall have to give up these things in the future, for we will be left fearfully in debt."

"Miss Caryll, you know, is a sort of puzzle in the theatrical world. She believes in Mrs. Browning's star—'So high, so pure, and so apart, a woman's glory lies!' Nobody can get near her in private life. She comes and goes with her maid. You see her on the stage, and that is all the glimpse vouchsafed to mortals. But such acting—no, it isn't acting; it is real life. Everybody else goes into the Christmas plays just now, but she keeps her steady way like a queen. She is magnificent. There, that is all any one knows about her. I have reached the end of my knowledge soon."

"Young, of course," comments Sherburne, briefly.

"Oh, yes, and beautiful—real beauty, not mere stage tricks. I hope there will be a good house. She never was here before."

Sherbourne glances around. Yes, the house is filling up rapidly. The best people in the town, too, and here and there a nod is graciously bestowed upon him. It is for Paul Sherburne, the rising young artist, who has come of good blood for generations. What will they say when they know that his grandfather kept back a true will and substituted another—forged, maybe—that he might live in luxury, like a prince; and Paul feels now that he would rather never have known his grandfather. Good old blood, forsooth!

The overture begins. Ah! if Cecilia were only here! and then another pang sends Paul. Oh! how can they all drop out of this pleasant, cultured life—this ease and independence—and take up the hard side of poverty. They are not rich, these Sherburnes—their grandfather spent too much for that—but they are comfortable, refined and charming, their little world thinks. And to-night they must drop out of it for many years, at least. Paul cannot wait for pictures to be sold when they all depend upon him for bread. He sees himself perched at a high desk all the long day, all the pleasant Summer weather, until letters and figures run together, and eyes and brain are weary. Well, even that—it will be honest toil!

But he loses his desperate mood listening to the sweet old play of love and youth and death—such sweetness and such sadness, that it always touches the heart of the weary old world.

There is *Juliet* prattling to her nurse; there she is vowing to *Romeo*, and now she stands in her balcony, murmuring the sweetest good-night ever put into words. Paul listens and looks. What is there about Miss Caryll that seems to take him back to early youth? Some tone of the voice, some gesture, some glance of the eyes that are so dark and soft—where was it!—where was it?"

"Brent," he says, as the curtain falls, "I have surely seen Miss Caryll somewhere."

"In your dreams. She was educated abroad, and has been in this country barely a year—never in this town before. I saw her two months ago in New York, when all the lion-hunters went crazy over her, and she would listen to none of their golden tongues. No, you cannot have seen her."

Paul is not convinced. Nay, when she looks at him—surely, it is at him!—he fancies a gleam of kindred recognition lights up her eyes. Oh, that smile! Has he dreamed of her? Has he seen some one play *Juliet* who is so very like? What a puzzle!

"How long was she abroad?" he asks.

"She lived there with her father, a musical genius, I believe—an old Englishman. I suppose she is English."

"She looks more like an American woman," says Paul, in the same connse tone. "Alma Caryll—that is a stage name, of course."

Brent nods as the curtain rises.

It is all over—the sad, sad tragedy. People go out quietly, it is so real. Paul gropes a little, his eyes are full of tears, and a sense of something lost out of his life that is not money, not fame—a floating memory that eludes at every turn.

The streets are still crowded. The churches are alight, the last touches of green and holly berries being added. They pass one where the organ is pealing triumphantly, for Brent will not let him go until he is safe in the shelter of his home, the trouble has struck him so hard, he thinks. They say "Good-night" at last.

When Paul enters the house they all glance at his changed face, and the story is told without words. Cecilia stands up, straight and tall, fair as an Easter lily; but her face is firm, not a weak line in it.

"We have lost," she says. "I could bear the tidings better on some other night."

"Oh!" cries Mabel, with a quick pang.

They sit down before the sleepy grate-fire, and he tells them with a brave, albeit faltering voice, of the sin Grandfather Sherburne committed. Ah, they are glad now that their father—the strict, upright, honorable Ward Sherburne—is not here to feel the stain, to know the loss.

Over their tears and sorrow the Christmas bells ring out the midnight hour. Joyous peals, solemn peals, soft caroling chimes.

"Unto us a child is born."

Alma Caryll hears them as well. She made no pauses in the greenroom, but came home in a close coach with her maid. It is a silent ride, for neither like to try their voices amid the din of rattling wheels. There is a respectful greeting at the hotel, though they can scarcely see the lovely, muffled face, as she goes to her room with the air of a princess. Then throwing off her wraps, she consults Margery's face, which puzzles her somewhat.

"You heard no tidings of them?" she says, with a gasp.

"Oh! yes. The very same family. Mr. Paul Sherburne is an artist. The father is dead. There are two sisters, Cecilia and Mabel!"

"Celia and Belle," she murmured, softly. "And what about the lawsuit?"

"They are likely to lose it, I believe. Some new evidence came to hand, and Mr. Paul withdraws and gives up everything!"

"Margie, I saw him to-night, I am quite sure. He did not know me!—how could he?" and she laughs as she draws up her slender figure with pride. "He was puzzled; I saw that in his eyes, and I played for him—right to him, in truth—and he may guess. If I were not so weary, I should want to go this very night. And if they are in any sorrow or trouble, I will pay back their tender care a thousand-fold. They were so good to me; I can scarcely wait! A blessed Christmas morning it shall be for all of us! But what makes you so grave, Margie?" and the sweet, earnest eyes study the older and now troubled face.

"I!" and she flushes while her eyes droop. "*He* has been here?"

"He!" Alma Caryll gives a cry of despairing pain, and throws herself into the armchair, wringing her slender hands. "Oh, Margie! after all his promises!"

"I knew he would not keep them," the companion replies, bitterly. "You cannot trust him in anything!"

"Was he——"

Alma shudders over the word. It has a nameless horror for her, although she has seen many actors under the influence of liquor. But that any one whose blood ran in her veins should so debase himself as this man has, and then come to claim her—ah! that is horrible!

That is the sad secret of her life! She has known want and poverty and toil; she has been homeless and crept into the shelter of a friendly stoop to sleep; she has been a servant and heard sharp words; she has begged for a mouthful of bread when she was near to starving. After this came care and tenderness, appreciation and training, scope for the genius that was her birthright—her mother's gift to her. She does not like to linger over the hard phases, still she is not ashamed of them; but when this man, who has the lawful right to claim her as his child, comes to her with bleer eyes and maudlin speech, and begs for a little money, the very light and joy seems to go out of everything. The world might only smile over it with tolerant pity; she is the genius, the actress whom they adore; the drunken father is an accident of fate that she is not answerable for.

She goes over this reasoning often, and yet it does not satisfy her fine pride. Suppose she was in some one's drawing-room, a little queen of social life, and this man stood waiting at the threshold to beg money of her, as she came down the steps. No promise holds him, no money buys him, no pleading changes him. He begs and cries, and she—ah! she cannot but pity. Yet it is all of no use.

She breathes a long, dreary sigh. "Did you give him anything, Margie," she asks, in a hard, strained voice.

"Yes. He promised to go back to the city to-night, but what is his promise worth? Oh, my dear, dear child, listen to reason. The money you give him only makes him worse. Place him somewhere in partial confinement with a keeper. Support him and let him alone. Why should he blight all your young, sweet life?"

"Margery, I wonder how children feel who love their fathers? From the first moment he came to me I have loathed him and shrank from him with such a feeling of repulsion that—that—I have much ado to keep from hating him. I cannot judge rightly. Is it my own selfish pride, my fear of being shamed? Ought I to grudge him my money? I cannot tell what is right," and the fair head drooped wearily.

"If you would let me decide. Dear, you are such a very child," and the soft hands take the unresisting face in a clasp fond as that of a sister. No friend could have been truer or more tender than this quiet Margery, who worships her young mistress.

"Something must be done," and she chokes down a sob. "I meant to be so happy here in the quaint, old town, where—but oh, Margie, all my life has been sad. I wonder if it will ever be like that of other women? And yet they envy me, bright and happy women, who have homes and love, who are shielded from every care."

They were praising her in many a home, this Christmas Eve—they would have showered treasures and gifts at her feet if she would have allowed, and wondered to find her cold and distant, little dreaming of the burden she carried, shadowing the natural gayety of youth.

As she lies on her pillow, listening to the midnight bells that usher in Christmas, she thinks of some bygone childish days, when she was merry with Celia and Belle, and Paul was her champion—her true knight, even to the fateful moment when his father had surprised them in a forbidden enjoyment, and would have struck her, save that Paul took the blow. Did they remember? Would they be glad to see her, or would they fear she might bring contamination into their peaceful home? Misfortune might make them tenderer.

CHAPTER II.—CHRISTMAS MORN.

THE pretty little town was astir early with its holiday joy. Children ran wild with new sleds, blowing their horns, and greeting one another with merry wishes. The sun shone and the sky was clear. Out in suburbs or untraveled places the streets were still white with snow.

The Sherburnes had to look their sorrow bravely in the face. It had taken the pleasure out of their gifts, the joy out of their wishes. Everything, even to their very food, belonged to another. The taste was like ashes in their mouths.

They sit over the late breakfast, heavy-eyed and pale, and glance at each other questioningly. Cecilia wonders if she cannot find music pupils, or she might sing in a church, for Paul is not to do everything while she sits at home with folded hands. She wonders what the new home will be like—stripped of the pictures, the ornaments and the easy-chairs that have been here ever since she was born and long before. Her whole life seems to be wound about them. Can she live elsewhere?"

The streets are divided between sleighs and wagons, but now and then some merry bells dash past their windows, or a group of children go singing carols. Once Paul raises the sash and throws them a handful of money, then he remembers, with a flush, that it is scarcely *his* money. Now a coach halts and the driver opens the door. Two ladies alight.

"I don't know," says Celia, with quick tears in her eyes, "how I can welcome any friend to-day. We should be alone in our sorrow."

The tidy maid has opened the door and ushers the visitors in the drawing-room. The elder of the two enters; the other pauses in the hall.

"The family are all in there?"—with a slight, imperious wave of the hand.

"Yes," answers the maid in amaze, and the radiant being walks in upon them. There is a subtle perfume about the velvets and furs; there is a kind of dazzle as if the sun had suddenly illumined and glorified the room. And oh, the tender, appealing beauty of the fair young face, the soft, entreating, pathetic dark eyes that seem to question mutely from face to face, reading nothing but surprise.

"Then you do not know me? You have forgotten!" says the sad, sweet voice, with a struggle for bravery perceptible in it.

Mrs. Sherburne turns as if she were striving to remember if ever this vision crossed her path before. Paul, who has been leaning his elbow on the mantel, comes forward with a strange, awed face.

"You are Alma Caryll," he answers, his eyes fixed on her by some far-reaching spell. "I saw you last night but not for the first time, I am sure," and the radiance of joy crosses his face. "You are—Alice Calderon!"

Celia utters a cry of surprise.

"Not Alice!—our own sweet, pretty, lost Alice!"

Our own! How comforting the words sound. She half-kneels at Mrs. Sherburne's feet, and clasps the thin hands lying in her lap, but Paul is beside her and takes one of her own, so fair and soft, in his, in a wondering, incredulous way.

"This is what puzzled me so last night—this shadowy resemblance. I had a cloud of care and perplexity on my mind, or I must have remembered Alice!" Then he takes a step back and studies her face again. This is the wonderful actress who moved her audience at will, and yet about whom the world seems to know nothing!

"Yes," she answers, "I am Alice Calderon, whom you all befriended in her hour of need, whom——" and they all think of that last scene.

"Forgive *Ada!*" begs Mrs. Sherburne, with a tremulous voice. "Remember that his father's whims and follies made him severe in the extreme. And he has gone to his rest. He was honest and upright, and would not have swerved from the truth to save his own life."

"I forgave him long ago," and she smiled through tears. "After all, it sent me out into the world to try my strength and do my best. I have not shamed you, my best and dearest friends!" yet she gives a quick glance around.

"Shamed us!" cried Paul, with triumph in his tone. "You should have seen her last night, Celia!"

"But all these years?" says Mrs. Sherburne. "And where did you go?"

A wavering color flits about her face. She will not pain them by detailing the weeks of pain and want that came between.

"I persevered," she answers, with a smile. "I went to New York, and at last found some one who would listen to my wants. I went on the stage in children's parts, and then abroad with a variety troupe. In London, an old Englishman, who had been connected for years with the opera, took a fancy to me. He was not rich, but he adopted me and gave me a musical education, but decided, before that was finished, that acting rather than singing was my forte. He was so good, so proud of me, that I tried my best for his sake. Two years ago he died. Last March I returned to America with engagements on every hand. I did not know——" and she pauses.

"*He* was very sorry," explains Paul. "I think he softened at the last. But he has been dead five years."

"I could not come and sow dissension between you," and now she rises in her old imperious way. "A month ago I learned all that had happened to you. I made an engagement to come here Christmas Eve, and resolved to see you. I was quite sure, last night, you were Paul Sherburne," and she turned her lovely face to him.

"How strange!" exclaimed Celia. "Yet you always were an actress. And that night's work would have been amusing if its results had not proved so sad. Since the genius was given to you, why not use it?"

The one thing Mr. Sherburne had resolutely set his face against had been theatre-going. His father had half-ruined himself in the infatuation. Mrs. Sherburne, in the rounds of her tender charity, had one day found a deserted wife, a refined and accomplished woman, dying of consumption. Her child, the little Alice, was unusually beautiful, and after her sad bereavement Mrs. Sherburne brought her home. She would fain have adopted her, but Mr. Sherburne had a nervous objection to placing the little waif on an equality with his own children. So she remained for some months, until the ill-fated evening when she had arranged a little play for their amusement. Paul, Celia and herself were the actors. In the midst of it, to their great dismay, Mr. Sherburne entered.

Alice had the small stage to herself at that moment, and valiantly took the blame upon her own shoulders; but Mr. Sherburne went into a towering rage and would have struck the little girl but for Paul's interference, although he declared she should not stay in the house another hour. Alice took him at his word and disappeared that very evening. All Mrs. Sherburne's efforts to find her proved unavailing, though she would not have dared to bring her back in the home circle. Kind and indulgent in most other matters, he was rigid in this. His children should not be corrupted by a stray waif.

"Yes, I had the genius," Alma Caryll utters, proudly. "I think some old playacting blood runs in my veins. I meant that night, child as I was, to achieve a success, and come back to you pure proud woman, and I have done it. Margery there, in the other room, can tell you. She has been mother, sister, friend."

Mrs. Sherburne rises and kisses the fair brow. "My child," she says, with a great tremble in her voice, "my dear, lost child! You are a Christmas gift to us just when a bitter misfortune overshadowed us. Thank God for this!"

Cecilia and Mabel hang about her. Deft hands disrobe her of her wrappings and seat her in a cozy armchair. She is theirs now, for a few hours at least. The great world cannot claim her between, and if these hours are fleet they shall be golden. They do not even want to talk about the loss, but she will, and the fond sympathizing heart is pained at their ruin, and yet—now she can reward them for that old time love, that goodness to her mother. She can read the fine delicate pride in each face, and she will do nothing to wound it, but this mother shall be here, these sisters dear to her as if they were her very kin; then she pauses suddenly in her dreams of the future, and her face is scarlet with some new emotion that is not shame nor fear; but Paul's eyes are fixed upon hers with such a strange steady gaze, that every pulse starts and trembles.

"Oh, there is something *else*," begins Mrs. Sherburne. "Paul, you remember Mr. Calderon? It will be sad for you to know, my dear, but your father came to us——"

"Oh, not here!" she cries, her face paling suddenly, and the small hands clasped in pain. "Not here—surely not to you!" Is this one blot on her life, the thing she can neither help nor hinder, to confront her everywhere?

"My dear, yes. He came to trace your mother. He was truly repentant, I think. You see, he had a fancy for inventions and discoveries, and scarcely thought how she and her little child were to get bread. One day, when he seemed on the very eve of success, he took the last of her jewels, just as they were in the case, and pawned them. Her patience had been tried to the bitter end, and the next day she packed the few clothes that remained, and with her daughter went to do for herself. He scarcely missed her then, but years after, when he came to have a little success, he traced her hither, and learned that she was dead. Then he made an effort to find you, but his health was so shattered that he came back to die, for he wanted to be buried beside your mother. My dear, try to forgive him! He was a curious, learned person, with such hoards of knowledge stored away in his brain, and but few practical ideas among them. His was a sad, wasted life; but I thought you would like to know that they lie together in an old-fashioned churchyard, just outside the city, where my own mother's people are buried."

"Dead!" Alma says, in a hushed, awesome voice. "Dead! my own father! You are quite sure? There could be no mistake?"

Her breath comes in great gasps, and her eyes have in them a piteous appeal. If this is truly her father, who then is the other that had made her life a burden?

"My dear," pleads the soft voice, "do not look so frightened. It *was* your father, surely. He brought back your mother's jewels, all that he was able to redeem—her marriage-certificate and many other papers. There was a false bottom to the jewel-case which contained them, though he did not know it at the time. Paul, will you go to my desk and find that faded purple case?"

"He died," Alma goes on saying, in a dazed, absent way. "Was there no one else? Did he have a brother?"

"I do not know. There was a person came here, let me see, over a year ago, to make some inquiries. But he had a curious, furtive expression, an unpleasant look, and I had promised never to give this case into any hands but yours."

"How good you have been to me and mine," Alma says, deeply moved.

Paul returns with the case. It is much faded and the silver platings sadly tarnished. Alice Calderon is engraved on the top. Its rightful owner opens it and pours its contents in her lap. A necklace and cross, some rings and ear-pendants and an old-fashioned bracelet. How quaint and simple they look to her! What would her mother say to *her* brilliant collection?

The little spring is touched and the papers taken out. Old and yellow, with a curious, musty smell. Marriage-certificates, birth and death registers, love letters. She glances them over with an awesome feeling, as if she was touching dead fingers.

"Oh, see here!" she exclaims, presently, more startled than she cares to show. "Here is the name of Sherburne—Mark Sherburne—married to Anabella Ross. And my mother's name was Ross."

She glances up as if she expects them to explain it. Nor is she mistaken. Paul catches the paper in his hands.

"Mark Sherburne!" and his voice is clearly, strongly triumphant. "Mother, Celia, our case hinges on this man. He may, perhaps, have deeded or sold his rights to our grandfather, but if he left heirs, they are the first claimants of the estate. He went off in his youth and no one knew whether he married or not; there is no record. Perhaps grandfather was right, after all. There might have been no will to suppress. Let me see them all!"

He tumbles them over with eager, trembling fingers. Mark Sherburne marries an Englishwoman in one of his journeys abroad. His daughter, Miss Sherburne, marries her cousin, Alden Rose, and their child is mother of Alice. So the little orphan taken to their home and heart is of their own kin. They have right to claim her, this stately, beautiful, famous Alma Caryll. And if the lawsuit goes against them they will not care, they all insist, since she will be the gainer by it.

Alma laughs. Why, this morning she thought she could never be light-hearted, and now she might dance for very joy. She, who had to take her Christmas greeting from admiring strangers, now has loving friends and relatives of her own. For this mother shall be hers in deed and truth. Does Paul think so, watching the beautiful eyes?

"Margery," she cries presently, and brings in her faithful friend, who must hear the wonderful story over again. And now she is delivered from this strange impostor who someway had discovered her identity and traded upon it. She even forgives him, and Paul promises to settle with him to-morrow. She will never look for a champion again.

The church bells stopped ringing long ago. There were carols and anthems and sermons, and grand Christmas dinners. The joyous sun has been high up in the clear heaven and is going

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down, but nowhere can be find happier hearts, though their Christmas dinner has been well nigh forgotten.

That evening the theatre is full again and Alma Cuyil plays *Juliet* with such grace and fervor that her audience is entranced. Celia looks and listens, Belle is drowned in tears, but Paul dreams of another *Rosco* and another ending. He is there at the door when she comes out in her wraps, and draws the fair hand through his arm.

"Merry Christmas," he says, softly. "Has any one wished you that this whole day?"

"They have done still better," and there are tears and smiles in her face. "They have brought it to me!"

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Etta W. Pierce.

IN a deep bay window, hung with crimson silk, two persons, a man and a woman, stood gazing silently out into the gathering December night.

Behind them stretched a long drawing-room lighted by an open fire—a genuine yule-log—that spread its warmth and cheer from a hearth of Dutch tiles, and shone with rich Rembrandt effect on the silken damask and brass-work, the old bronze and china, the beveled glass and stiff family portraits of the handsome apartment. Holly wreaths brightened the dark walls, and Sèvres vases, full of Christmas roses, ornamented the high mantel.

Outside the window glimmered a frozen avenue, overhung with creaking branches, a stone balustrade fringed with icicles and a desolate lawn, where a fountain wrapped in straw stood like a melancholy ghost.

Darkness was rapidly falling. The busy seaside town beyond the gates of Holmwood twinkled with lights. The fishermen's windows up and down the bleak beach shone cheerfully in the bitter gloom. Overhead was a sombre sky, full of storm. The wind blew straight from the North in searching, pitiless gusts, and up from the rocky shore, the great sea invisible in the gathering twilight, sent up a sullen wintry roar.

"Carol, carol, Christians,
Christmas comes again,"

hummed Marcia Tudor, with her *rieuse* face pressed to the frosty plate glass of the window, "Look, Nigel! There's a great flake whirling down. To-morrow will be a white Christmas."

She was a little sparkling brunette, arrayed in silk and velvet that seemed far too grand and heavy for her *petite* figure, and with diamonds blazing on her tiny hands and in her ears, and at her soft brown throat. She turned as she spoke, and lifted her eyes to the face of the man beside her—the man whose wife she was to be on the morrow. He gave a nervous start, as if waking from sleep.

"Eh? I beg your pardon. A white Christmas? By Jove! I should call it a black one. The house is infernally like a tomb to-night!"

And yet the two could distinctly hear music and merriment in distant rooms, doors opening and closing, footsteps and pleasant voices. Miss Tudor opened wide her black eyes.

"I fear you are out of spirits," she said, dryly. "At dinner you were sadly *distrait*, and you had no appetite—your mother noticed it."

"My mother is an uncomfortably sharp woman," answered Nigel Kave, bitterly.

He stood in the shadow of the crimson curtain, his dark eyes cast sullenly down, his lips set in a hard line. He was barely two and twenty, tall, handsome, with a high-bred, *insouciant* face, marred now by a miserable, moody look. Plainly this bridegroom-elect was not transported with his approaching happiness.

Miss Tudor drummed on the pane, and sang another snatch of Christmas song:

"Night hung on the hill-top,
Stars shone in the sky
When the Prince of Salvation
Came down from on high,
No room in the inn
For his heavenly head,
So in Bethlehem's manger
They made him a bed."

"Nigel," she said, shyly, "I hope the storm will pass with the night. I would like the sun to shine on our wedding-day—it's an omen of good, you know."

His wedding-day! Something like a shudder went over his stalwart young figure.

"I don't believe in omens," he answered, brusquely; "let us draw the curtain, and shut out this cursed night."

The little heiress stared hard at her morose lover.

"How strange you are, Nigel—how bearish! It is absurd to ask it; of course, but—are you sure that you are quite happy?"

A little thrill of distress had crept into her voice.

"Happy!" he echoed, with a short, mirthless laugh. "By Jove! yes, madly, outrageously happy! It's the duty of every bridegroom to be that, is it not?"

She put up one pretty hand and smoothed his gloomy face.

"I do not wish to doubt your word, but, of late, Nigel, I have sometimes fancied——"

He hastily seized her hand, thereby cutting the sentence short.

"Where is your ring, Marcia?"

The slender finger on which the big Kave diamond had blazed for two happy months was now bare. She saw her loss and grew pale.

"Oh, it was always too large!" she gasped. "Help me to look for it, Nigel. I am sure this means misfortune!"

"Nonsense! Don't be superstitious!" he answered, but he knelt on the rich carpet, and searched with her for the missing jewel. They examined every corner, poked under the claw-footed chairs and the Venetian cabinets, but found no diamond. Kave was the first to scramble to his feet.

"You are spoiling your smart gown, Marcia," he said, dryly. "Let the ring go. By-the-way, here is another." He drew a tiny case from his pocket, opened it, and disclosed a hoop of plain gold. "You will wear this to-morrow—why not put it on now in place of the other?"

She colored and shook her head.

"No—oh no! That would be in bad form, as the English say. Probably I have dropped my diamond in my dressing-room or at the table. If you do not mind, I will go and see."

He did not mind in the least. He listened till the last echo of her departing feet had died away, then he turned from the deep window, from the warm firelight, and, stepping into a wainscoted hall, put on hat and overcoat and walked straight out of the house.

He had a summons to answer on this stormy Christmas Eve, a tryst to keep, of which that fond little brunette, Miss Tudor, knew nothing, and the hour for it had already struck.

With his hat drawn low over his eyes, he hurried down a drive, where white flakes were flying, and dead boughs rattling, like the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision, and through an open gate passed into the highroad.

"What the deuce can I say to her?" That was the perplexing burden of his thought. Along the entire length of a lighted street he went, looking not to the right hand nor to the left, until, at last, he found himself on a strip of lonesome beach, at the base of a barren hill.

It was a bleak and desolate spot—uncanny, as the Scotch say, at all times, but doubly so on this eerie night. Kave turned into a narrow path, and ascended the hill, till he reached a large stone, with the remains of an iron staple in it—part of an old gibbet. Here, long ago, two sailors had been hung for the murder of a messmate. The people of Whitehaven carefully avoided the place after nightfall, for it was said the defunct mariners had an unpleasant habit of visiting the scene of their former suffering. Kave looked around as if expecting to see them now; but nothing human or superhuman was in sight. He lighted a match and drew out his watch.

"It is past the hour," he muttered, "Where the mischief can she be?"

He seated himself on the old gibbet stone, and began to beat an impatient tattoo with his heels on the frozen earth. The snow fell softly. There was a moon behind the clouds, and a weird dull half-light lay over the barren hill, up which the angry roar of the sea boomed at intervals. Kave waited.

Presently he heard a flying step, a panting breath, and a girl, wrapped in a tattered red shawl, rushed up the narrow path, and stopped suddenly before him. He arose with a thrill which was half of relief and half of fear—absolute fear.

"Hallo!" stammered Kave, "you are late, Polly?"

The red shawl fell back from a wild, tragic face, white as death, in spite of her breathless run, and lighted by a pair of splendid gray eyes, as fierce and bright as a hawk's. Over her shoulders streamed a great mass of hair, half out of braid—silky, lustrous locks, of the darkest shade of gold. She might have been sixteen—certainly not older. Her dress was coarse and shabby; she had a neglected, untamed air, a defiant, threatening manner, but about her exceeding beauty there could be no question.

"Dad is sick," she said, standing as motionless and stern as the gibbet-stone itself. "I couldn't come sooner. So you got the message I sent you?"

"Yes," he answered, in an aggrieved tone. "It's an uncommon bad night for a meeting on this hill, Polly! Well, out with it!" Bracing himself stoutly: "What do you wish to say to me? I hope old Jack is not bad. Can I do anything for him? Perhaps you would like to buy him a Christmas gift—— By Jove! I quite forgot—I ought to have brought you something of the sort myself——"

He stopped, for her superb eyes had become like bale-fires in her colorless face. She clinched her hands convulsively in her scarlet shawl.

"No!" she answered, mad excitement and stern repression struggling in her voice, "you can do nothing for dad—he wants none of your Christmas gifts—no more do I. What's Christmas to him or to me? I sent for you to come here to-night, because I must know the meaning of some things I've heard talked about lately among the fishing-folks."

"*What* things?" faltered Kave.

Her breath came thick and short.

"Long ago you told me your mother wanted you to marry a rich heiress—some ward of her own—a Miss Tudor—do you remember? I hear she's stopping at Holmwood. I saw you riding with her yesterday—a dark girl, dressed like a queen." She laughed bitterly. "You've not been at the shanty for two weeks. Old English Jack's daughter, with her rags and tatters, begins to weary you. I might have known months ago how that would be. But there's another thing I've heard. Holmwood is full of guests and grand preparations. The gossips say—but no!" striking her breast wildly; "I can't tell you—it's too much!"

His high, handsome head drooped a little. He dug his heel sullkily into the fresh-fallen snow. Never before, in all his easy, careless days, had Nigel Kave felt such a pang of guilt and remorse as assailed him at this moment.

"Better make a clean breast of it, Polly!"

She laid her cold, brown hand upon his arm.

"Well, then," she said, slowly, "to-morrow, the White Raven folks say, you are going to marry your mother's ward, Miss Tudor!"

No answer.

The wind tore across dreary Gibbet Hill; a ghostly gleam of moonlight shot from the clouds and fell on the tense, white face of the girl, on the shamed, downcast one of the man. His utter silence thrilled her with horror and amaze.

"Why do you not speak?" she demanded. "Only the guilty keep still when they are accused. Great God! Nigel Kave, it cannot be *true*?"

Concealment was no longer possible. As well have this matter out with her now as at some later day. He made a weak attempt to defend himself.

"You see, my mother would give me no peace, Polly. By Jove! you don't know what it is to have a woman nagging you late and early, and threatening to cut you off with a shilling. I've more than once explained to you how my father left his fortune entirely to her, thereby making me the slave of all her caprices. Under such circumstances, could I do otherwise than keep my passion for you a secret? I am a weak coward, a contemptible scoundrel! You cannot despise me more than I despise myself."

She shook with sudden terror.

"Is it true, Nigel?" she urged, wildly—"is it *true*?"

"It *is* true!" he answered, recklessly. "I may as well own it. To-morrow morning, at ten sharp, I shall marry Miss Tudor."

She stood as if changing to stone. Her white, beautiful face, in the shadow of its wind-tossed hair, assumed an utterly dazed, stunned look.

"*You?* Am I going mad, Nigel?" she said, hoarsely. "Can a man have two wives? Are you not married already, and to *me*?"

His tawny young face, usually so cool and careless, had grown as pale as her own.

"For heaven's sake, don't make a scene, Polly! I'm awfully sorry, but there was a mistake. I ought to have told you before, but I couldn't. No, I am *not* married to you!"

She staggered as if she had received a blow.

"What do you mean?"

"Polly, Polly! don't look like that! Be reasonable. It's a cursed scrape. You remember the night, three months or more ago, when you consented to a secret marriage, and I rowed you by moonlight to Haggett's Beach, where the camp-meeting was? You remember the traveling preacher I found there—the man who made us one?"

"Yes!" she breathed, rather than spoke. "Go on!"

"Well, shortly after, I chanced to hear that the fellow had no right to marry anybody, that he was an impostor—no preacher at all, in fact—and so my union with you cannot be legal; that goes without saying. When I made the miserable discovery, Polly, I promised my mother that I would marry Miss Tudor."

He dared not look at her. He was not bad or heartless by nature, and his passion for this handsome girl was by no means dead.

"If I am not your wife," said Polly Lawless, in a strange voice, "what am I?"

Penitent, remorseful, he flung himself at her feet.

"Polly, as heaven is my witness, I love you with my whole soul! I would marry you over again this very hour were it not for my mother. But she has set her heart upon Miss Tudor, and hurried forward our marriage with pitiless haste. Should I cross her wishes now, she would cut off my allowance and disown me. What can I do? I am the most miserable dog in existence. I have known no peace since Marcia—confound her!—came to Holmwood. Is it possible for me to make you *any* reparation, my poor child? I'll settle upon you half of my earthly possessions—I'll buy old Jack a schooner—I'll——"

"*Stop!*" Her dilated eyes had grown black and terrible, her soft lips were set like iron. Standing over him there in the falling Christmas snow, in the dreary, windy night, she had a dangerous look, like that of some wild creature at bay. "Stop! let me understand you fully. You are ready to thrust me out of your way—you will marry that woman to-morrow, and leave me to my fate?"

"I must, Polly! It is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. My word is given—everything is arranged. Moreover, I need money—I have debts, and they must be paid. My mother will do the handsome thing by me when I gratify her darling wish. Polly, Polly! do not I tell you that I will make any reparation in the power of man——"

A wild laugh broke from her livid lips.

"Coward! traitor! I wish you joy! A merry Christmas to you and to your bride, Nigel Kave! The reparation that I ask for and that I will have is—*this!*"

He was still kneeling at her feet, his handsome young face upturned in the gray light. With a swift movement she flung back her tattered red shawl. There was a gleam of something steely and bright, a flash, one startling report, followed by another and another, and Nigel Kave uttered a cry, and, like a log, fell straight back against the old gibbet-stone.

She stood for a moment, petrified with horror at her own deed. Then she bent over the prostrate man. His face was hidden in the snow. She raised it quickly—it was livid and set; the half-open eyes shone under the sinking lids in a horrible, ghastly way.

He did not stir, he did not breathe. She put her hand to his heart. Something oozing there, warm and wet, made her start back.

"Great God, I have killed him!" gasped Polly Lawless.

And, snatching up the still smoking revolver, she turned and fled.

At the foot of the hill she met two men—fishing folks, as she knew by their rough dress and loud, hearty voices. She ran up to them.

"There's a man lying dead by the old gibbet!" she cried, and then went on.

The sea was roaring madly along the shingle. She turned a bend in the rocky, irregular shore, and stopped before a low, black, solitary fishing-shanty.

The door was unlocked. She opened it, and stepped into a room lighted by a driftwood fire and one oil-lamp, which smoked and flared on a rude deal table. In one corner stood an old sea-chest, in another a bunk was built against the wall. A pea-jacket and sou'wester hung on a peg by the door. Across the narrow window, which rattled wildly in the gusts from sea, a coarse curtain was drawn. Dreary poverty reigned in this house. No Christmas cheer here—no merriment. English Jack, as he was called by his fellows, and this wild, golden-haired girl, never kept Christmas. She opened the sea-chest, and flung into it the revolver—old Jack's property, appropriated by her an hour before for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on her faithless lover. Then she went up to the bunk, whereon a motionless form was lying, and turned back the patchwork coverlid from the pinched and grizzled face.

A middle-aged man, wasted now by sickness, with iron-gray hair matted about his sunken temples, and his breath coming in gasps through his discolored lips. He was sleeping, just as she had left him. Polly seated herself at the foot of the bunk, and, clasping her hands about her knees, rocked back and forth in silent, sombre agony.

What had she done? Murdered the man whom she loved more than her own life—the man who had enticed her into a secret marriage, only to deceive and forsake her for another woman.

"I was no mate for him," she muttered. "He was born to riches and honor; but I—what am I?" She cast a bitter glance around the shanty. "I might have known his love for one like me could not last. He's dead! I have killed him! There'll be no wedding to-morrow—no Christmas merry-making. Miss Tudor will have to look for another husband. Mine she cannot have; thank heaven for that! Better that he should be dead than belong to her. They will hang me, no doubt, as they hung the sailors on Gibbet Hill. I don't care! I don't care!" Then she flung her arms suddenly over her head. "Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling!" she cried, bursting into a storm of the wildest sobs that ever shook a human frame.

Presently she stopped, and looked at her brown right hand. It was smeared with blood. She ran to a bucket of water, and hurriedly washed away the telltale stain. By this time they had carried him to Holmwood—to his lady-mother, to his promised bride. Probably the great house was now full of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Maybe the officers of the law were already on the track of the slayer. She listened, but heard nothing save the angry sea without, and the hoarse breathing of the sick man within. Once she crept to the door, and peered forth in anxious terror, but only the white snow and the black water were visible.

Hour after hour went by. Still Polly sat by the rude bunk, waiting for she knew not what. English Jack had grown restless. His bony hands moved convulsively outside the coverlid; delirious mutterings escaped his lips.

"Cold falls the snow, the rough winds blow,
All in the Christmas morning.
There's wooing and suing and much undoing,
All in the Christmas morning."

Polly leaned over him.

"Are you awake, dad? Do you want anything?"

No, he was not awake; but he continued to groan and whisper. She listened.

"'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' Who said that? I care nothing for preaching parsons or their texts. Has she come yet? The word I sent ought to bring her from the ends of the earth. Hark! I hear the thrushes and starlings singing, and the blackthorn is all in flower. No, it's Christmas snow. I'll enter by the window. The child is there—asleep—under the holly and mistletoe."

Of what was he raving? She knew not; but it was plain his mind had gone back to his English home—that home of which he rarely or never spoke to her. The next moment he had fallen again into a stupor.

Unable longer to bear her own thoughts, Polly arose softly, snatched up her shawl, and ran out of the shanty. Up the beach she went, and into the town. Midnight was now at hand. The snow still fluttered down, the wind still blew. Whitehaven, for the most part, was asleep. Polly stumbled through the gathering drifts, turned into the open gate of Holmwood, and flew up the drive under the groaning trees.

Ah, the inmates of this house were not sleeping! Lights flashed hither and thither; the shadows of hurrying figures came and went across the windows. Like some haggard spectre, Polly sprang upon the terrace. The curtains of the drawing-room had not been drawn. Reckless of consequences, she flattened her white face against the frosty glass, and looked in.

The roaring fire still flashed merrily over all the rich dark splendor of bronze and velvet, buhl and mahogany, and showed her the Christmas roses in the vases and the holly wreaths on the wall. The room was vacant, but even as her eyes wandered over it a *portière* was lifted, and Marcia Tudor entered.

Her pretty brunette face had lost all its color and sparkle. Her eyes were swollen and red, as if from violent weeping. She began to walk back and forth across the rich carpet, wringing her jeweled hands, and sobbing under her breath. The window was fast. Polly could not open it; but unable to contain herself at last, she rapped loudly on the pane.

"Is he dead?" she cried. "Is he dead?"

Miss Tudor turned, saw that white face in its setting of flying hair and tattered shawl, and uttered a shriek of terror.

The sound brought Polly to her senses. The instinct of self-preservation stirred within her. She sprang from the terrace, and rushed away down the drive.

At the end of a few yards she looked back, and saw a stout, elderly muffled figure puffing after her through the snow. She recognized the Whitehaven surgeon, and waited for him to come up. He gave a nervous start at sight of her.

"Heaven bless my soul! How you frightened me! Why, it's Polly—Polly Lawless. What are you doing here, girl? Is the old man worse?"

She came close up to him, the snow falling on her uncovered head, her great eyes shining like moons.

"Dad is well enough," she answered, hoarsely, as she pointed up to the great house. "Tell me—tell me about *him*."

The doctor eyed her severely. Of late, the name of this handsome creature had been coupled with Nigel Kave's to a damaging extent.

"My poor child," he said, dryly, "you had better go home and attend to your father."

She grasped his arm violently.

"Tell me about *him*, I say! Why are you at Holmwood? Can you bring dead men back to life?"

"Mr. Kave is not dead. He still breathes," said the doctor. "He has met with a shocking accident. That is all there is to tell."

She gave a shrill, strange laugh.

"*Accident!*"

"Yes; he was conscious just five minutes after he was brought home. He distinctly said, 'It was an

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accident. I charge you all to bear witness to these words after my death. Let no one be suspected. It was an accident. I did it myself.' Since then he has been insensible."

A two-edged sword seemed driving through the girl's heart. His last conscious thought had been to shield *her*.

"You say he still breathes?" she cried, fiercely. "Oh, save him! What is your art good for if you cannot save him?"

"You absurd child," answered the doctor, irritably; "he will be dead as a door-nail before the dawn of Christmas morning. Doctors cannot perform miracles. I call it a most mysterious affair——"

She waited for nothing more, but shot through the gate, and was gone in an instant down the windy street.

An agony of remorse, a flood-tide of reviving passion suddenly swallowed up all her anger, all her burning sense of wrong. She reached a railroad crossing. A late train was just thundering into Whitehaven. The great headlight of the engine glared like a Cyclops eye in the storm; the cars flashed and rumbled after. Polly watched them, little dreaming of the Christmas gift they were bringing to *her*. She felt a mad impulse to fling herself under those grinding iron wheels, and so put an end to the pain which was wringing her heart; but the thought of old Jack Lawless restrained her. The train puffed on into the station, and a few minutes later Polly had reached the shanty on the beach.

As she opened the door she saw that her father was awake. He had lifted himself to his elbow, and was gazing around the low, poor room, as if in search of some one. A change had come over his face. It looked more drawn and pinched than ever, but consciousness had returned to it, and reason.

"Polly, is that you?" he faltered.

She shook the snow from her coarse garments, and advanced to the bunk.

"Yes, dad. I've been out for a run on the beach. It's time for the medicine again."

She poured a draught, and would have held it to his lips, but he pushed it away. A great excitement shone in his hollow eyes, and quivered over his haggard face.

"No. I want no more doctor's stuff. I'm a-sinking fast, Polly. Come nearer. It was the train that woke me, screeching into Whitehaven. I wonder if it has brought *her*? 'Twould be mortal queer if she should happen along to-night."

"She—who?" queried Polly, blankly.

He pressed his rough hand to his head.

"I've sent for a lady to visit us, my lass—a lady from over the sea. Oh, Lord! it's a long journey, but she'll come—nothing but death can keep her."

"Dad, dad, what are you talking about?" cried Polly, startled into something like interest.

He stared in a weak, bewildered way, around the room.

"I'm agoing fast, I say. I may be gone afore she gets here—I mean, *your mother*!"

"My mother! I have none. She died years ago," said the girl, in amazement.



A CHRISTMAS IDYL.—"HE HAS BEEN HERE!"

"No. That was the lie I had to tell to keep you from asking awkward questions, lass. Ah, God knows I've wronged you sorely. And you've been a good daughter to me always."

She thought he was raving. She stroked his poor face remorsefully, and answered:

"Have I? Oh, I'm afraid not, dad! I've kept things from you. I've deceived you again and again——"

"Tut—tut! What do sins like yours signify, Polly? The talking to that young Kave, when I forbid it, the meeting with him on the beach, and sich like? It's black ones, like mine, that weigh heavy!" and he gave a deep groan. Polly leaned over him. Would the horrors of this Christmas Eve ever cease?

"Dear dad," she said, in a soothing tone, "I'm afraid the delirium is coming back."

"No," he answered, firmly, "my head's clear. I know what I'm about. Give me that brandy-bottle on the table—it's worth all the doctor's drugs. Now, I'm going to tell you a story, Polly. Lord, Lord, how I wish she *would* come!"

He paused in a listening attitude, with eyes fixed on the door, but nothing was heard save the roar of the sea, and the noise of the wind driving the snow against the shanty.

"Seventeen years or more ago," began Jack Lawless, turning his hollow eyes darkly on the girl, "far away in England—a country that you know nothing about, lass—looking after the few hares and pheasants of a small, poor, Devon manor, lived a gamekeeper, called Gypsy Jack. He had Romany blood in his veins, and a good deal of Romany devil in his heart, and, worst of all, he fell in love with a lady of quality, a pretty young creature, with not a shilling on earth, but plenty of pride and pedigree, mind—in short, his master's daughter. Because she was kind and condescending to him, as she was to everybody, this black-browed idiot fancied that he could win her, and he went on nursing the delusion, until one day—Lord love you!—a fine lover appeared at the manor—handsome, well-born, and eager to marry. Well, what did the fool do then, lass? Why, he went mad with rage and jealousy. That same night, he came upon the young lady in a walk of yew-trees near the old house, and there was a scene. He had made a mistake, you see, and the minute he began to talk of love to her, she overwhelmed him with scorn and wrath. A good deal was said that better have been left unsaid. She turned the lover that would have died for her into a devil who swore then and there to take a devil's vengeance on her, whenever the chance should come. He was no nice gentleman—this Gypsy Jack—and he got a little rude, and she screamed, and lo! her fine lover steps out from among the trees, and knocks the gamekeeper senseless. It was a blow that both paid dear for at a later day.

"Well, of course, Jack lost his place, and he went up to London, and fell in bad company, and the next Christmas Eve the young lady he both loved and hated married her heart's choice, and went to live in Kent. After a while Jack heard that a child had been born to her—a daughter.

"Are you listening, Polly? Pauline you was christened, after your mother, but I like Polly better. The second Christmas following that marriage, Jack dressed himself in woman's toggery, and tramped off to find the nest of the happy pair. He reached it late at night. My lord and lady had gone to a Christmas ball, and the lackeys were all making merry in the servants' hall. Jack climbed a Spanish chestnut-tree that grew convenient to the nursery-window, and saw the little kid lying asleep on a lace pillow, under a silken coverlid, watched only by one stupid maid. 'Twas no time for ceremony, so he just flung up the casement, rapped the girl on the head, caught up the young one, and made off with her, still sleeping, all as easy and nice as you please.

"Well, rewards were offered, and detectives set to work, and all that; but Jack lay low in London till the hue-and-cry was over, then he sailed for Canada, and the little one with him, dressed in rags, like a beggar's child.

"'I'm a widower,' says he, 'and this toddler belongs to me.' Nobody doubted his word, and Polly Lawless you've been from that day to this!"

He paused, gasping for breath. The girl stared at him in stony amaze, but spoke no word.

"Yes, lass," went on the dying man, "I'm Gypsy Jack, and you're the child I stole from that Kent grange, just fifteen years ago this very night. From Canada, you see, I drifted into the States, and set to fishing in these waters. Not long since I had news of your mother from a pal of mine in England. She's a childless widow now, mourning late and early for her dead husband and the daughter that was lost and never found. Another drop of the brandy, girl! When I heard that, and when I felt my strength a-going, I says to myself, 'I've reached the end of my rope! I've got to die, and what will the lass do then? I'd better give her back to her that she belongs to!' And so, a



A CHRISTMAS IDYL.—"'YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ME,' SAYS THE SAD, SWEET VOICE."—SEE PAGE 283.

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few weeks ago I sent a letter, telling my lady to come and take you. Great God! She's had a sore heart for fifteen years. She *will* come—never fear. Hark!"

His death-stricken face had put on a look of mingled fear and expectation. He strained his dull ears to catch some sound outside the shanty. Polly sprang to her feet with a scream.

"Dad, dad, are you telling me the truth?"

"As God hears me, the whole truth, girl. I never had wife or child—you're none of mine—hark! I say! There's somebody at the door."

In awful, breathless silence, Polly listened. Was it the sea she heard, or the sound of horse-hoofs in the snow, the murmur of voices? A hand touched the latch, it was lifted tremulously, and out of the bitter storm, out of the wild, Christmas night, a woman stepped, unannounced, into the shanty.

He started up on his pillow.

"My God! Yes, it is you—fifteen years this very night—you are greatly changed—I swore vengeance—do you remember?—cruel—'twas cruel—poor Polly!——"

His voice died in a groan. No further sound came from his paralyzed lips. It was too late to confess wrong or ask pardon. A convulsive shudder shook his gaunt figure. He stretched out one hand, touched Polly, and fell back in his rude bunk, stone dead!

Then the lady in widow's weeds turned and looked at the girl—a look beyond all words to describe. Something she saw in that beautiful, breathless face that struck conviction to her very heart. She opened her arms. Polly ran into them with a great cry.

"Mother!—oh, *are* you my mother?"

"I am your mother! My child, my poor defrauded child!"

* * * * *

In the cold, clear Christmas morning Marcia Tudor opened the low door and entered the shanty on the beach. She found no one there but an old fisherman watching by the stark body of English Jack.

"I wish to see the girl called Polly Lawless!" said Miss Tudor, haughtily.

"She's gone, miss," answered the man.

"Gone! whither?"

"That's what I don't know. A lady came here last night and claimed Polly for her own darter, and took her away. It seems she wasn't old Jack's girl at all—I always suspected there was something queer in the fellow's past life. She had a full purse—that lady—and she was of the real quality. She left plenty of money for the burial, but she just whisked Polly off before daylight, and nobody in these parts, I'm thinking, will ever lay eyes on the girl again."

* * * * *

Five years have come and gone. Again it is Christmas Eve—Christmas far away from the bleak New England coast, under the intensely blue sky of the South, among the palms and orange trees of Nice.

Evening is falling on the blue Mediterranean and over the olive-fringed hills, the snow-capped Alps and the gay town, crowded with invalids and pleasure-seekers from every civilized nation of earth. Christmas always brings fine weather to the Riviera. There is not a cloud in the heavens, the afternoon mistral has died away, the air is like balm. In the villa gardens roses are blowing. Along the Promenade des Anglais palms wave and lights shine from the windows of the club-houses. The Place de la Poissonière is gay with showy carriages. A Babel of tongues resounds on all sides, It is a festive night in Nice—the coming of the world's great holiday is being celebrated in this Southern Eden with joyful enthusiasm.

Two men stroll up from the Quai Massena and enter the square, where the statue of the French hero looks gravely down on stranger multitudes. One of the twain is an American, tawny, stalwart, yet with an appearance of ill-health. His left arm hangs paralyzed by his side. Nigel Kave has never used that arm since the tragic night, five years agone, when Polly Lawless's bullet struck the bone and made it ever more a dead and useless thing. Kave has grown old and stern in these five years. There is a look of care and weariness unspeakable in his dark, handsome face. All the old weak carelessness is gone. The experience, from which he barely escaped with life, has sobered and changed the man almost beyond recognition. His companion, a young Englishman, is gazing around with amused eyes.

"Gad! old boy," he says, "it looks little like an English Christmas, eh? Behold the scene! Have we stumbled on fairyland? I hope your republican pocket is well filled. We shall not escape from this snare with a single sou."

They have reached a bazaar, flooded with gaslight and thronged with people. Rich strains of music fill the air. Great booths, ablaze with the golden fire of Venetian lamps, display wares of every description. Fair attendants—yellow-haired



A NEW SUIT FOR CHRISTMAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—SEE PAGE 290.

A woman who had traveled thousands of weary miles in the hope of finding a long-lost treasure. On her pale, sad face the history of fifteen years of lonely bereavement and heart-sickness was plainly written. She was dressed in deepest black. A long, fur mantle covered her slight figure. Like a spirit she glided into the low, poor New England room, where that man lay gasping in death, where that girl, in her splendid panther-like beauty, stood waiting for the Christmas gift of a mother, whose very existence she had been ignorant of one little hour before.

She walked straight up to the bunk—this black-robed woman—her anxious, questioning eyes met the wild, dying ones of English Jack.

"You sent for me, and I have come," she said. "Now, where is my child?"

English girls; Russian dames of title; high-born French and Australian beauties, are luring both the wary and unwary to pause and buy. "Charity holds a Christmas fair here in aid of the Szegedin sufferers, or something of that sort," says Villiers, the Englishman.

Kave follows him into a Turkish kiosk, where the air is heavy with attar of roses, and an English peeress, attired like a Sultana, in strings of pearls and yellow satin, stiff with embroidery, dispenses flasks of perfume and porcelain cups of black coffee flavored with rose-water. A wonderful Chinese dame, in red Canton silk, with gold pins in her hair, and her yard-wide sleeves, edged with jewels, sells fans and lacquer-work in the next booth. The dazzling gas-jets and colored lanterns, the flags and streamers, the laughter and

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confusion of tongues, the superb colors and fantastic decorations bewilder, Kave. He is a stranger in Nice. As he passes the Chinese lady, she holds out to him an enormous fan, decorated with a flock of rice-birds.

"Will monsieur buy?" she pleads. "It is for the cause of charity!"

He flings down the money she demands, takes his fan and is moving on, when his eyes fall suddenly upon something that sends a mad thrill through every vein in his body.

It is a flower-stall, draped in vines—a perfect bower of roses and heliotropes and burning carnations. Christmas wreaths and crosses are on the counter, and behind it stands a girl of twenty or thereabouts, dressed in some thick, shining white stuff, with a necklace and girdle of Mediterranean violets. Her face is like a calla lily. She has blonde hair and wide gray eyes, with brows and lashes as black as ink. Kave sees a proud, red mouth, a creamy throat, a pair of half veiled arms, like marble, and he turns as white as chalk.

"In God's name, who is that?" he says to Villiers, and his Chinese fan falls crushed and broken, to the earth.

"The handsomest creature in Nice," answers the Englishman—"one of my own country women—Miss Pauline Darrow. Her mother, the widow of a baronet, is an invalid, and has come to the Riviera for her health. Bless me! Kave, what's the matter? You're shaking like a leaf!"

"Darrow!" echoes Nigel Kave, like a dazed man, "I do not know the name, and yet, great heaven, it is *her* face! I beg your pardon, Villiers—the young lady strongly resembles a person I once saw, years ago, in America!"

"Indeed! Gad! you're uncommonly fortunate to have seen anything like her in any country!" sighs Villiers. "I've heard some romantic story about her having been stolen in infancy, and brought up in a foreign country, but I dare say, it's pure fiction—Lady Darrow always frowns at the least allusion to it. This *belle*, Pauline, has lovers by the score. Look at that fellow elbowing his way to her stall. That's a Russian prince—has offered himself again and again, and refuses to take 'No' for an answer."

Stern and white, Kave stands and stares at the Russian—a good-looking youth.

"Bearded like a pard," he leans on the counter with his heart in his eyes, and speaks in French to the handsome flower girl.

"Your hands have touched all these wreaths and crosses, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monsieur," answers Miss Darrow, with a faint, cold smile.

"I will take them—every one!"

He signs to a servant. In a moment the counter is swept bare. Then Miss Darrow unclasps her necklace and girdle of violets and lays them in the vacant place.

"In the name of charity!" she says.

Nigel Kave makes one stride forward. Is he asleep or awake? Is this fair woman the poor, wronged, desperate Polly Lawless, who so nearly closed his earthly career on wild Gibbet Hill just five years before? Is it Christmas Eve, and does he stand among palms and lights and flowers, face to face with her once more, or are all these things but the delusions of a disordered brain? He puts his one sound hand upon the necklace and girdle.

"Name your price, mademoiselle," he says.

She starts—for the first time she sees him, and it seems as if the beautiful Miss Darrow is about to faint. Her gray eyes dilate with mingled horror and amaze, as they flash over his tall form, his dark, agitated face, and rest, at last, on his crippled, helpless arm. It is not a dead, but a living man who stands before her. The Russian prince glares angrily at the stranger and cries:

"Let mademoiselle offer the flowers to the highest bidder."

That brings her to herself. She is again the deft saleswoman of a charity bazaar. There are a dozen competitors for the violets, but Kave and the Russian are the foremost. The contest waxes hot betwixt this pair. It is Kave who triumphs at last. He throws down a thousand francs and takes up the girdle and the necklace.

"These Americans have long purses," sneers the Russian.

Five minutes after Miss Darrow has vanished from the stall, and a pretty French marquise, dressed like a Florentine peasant, urges the sweet cause of charity in her stead.

As Kave and his friend leave the bazaar, the former says,

"To-morrow, Villiers, you must make Miss Darrow a Christmas call, and take me with you."

"By Jove! that's awfully cool!" answers Villiers. "I have heard that Lady Darrow detests Americans—so, perhaps, does the daughter. I am not sure that you would be welcome."

"All the same, I shall call," replied Kave, calmly smelling his dear-bought violets. "I have something of importance to say to these countrywomen of yours."

In sunshine and balm Christmas Day comes to Nice. Reluctant but unresisting, Villiers leads the way to the Darrow villa—a lovely spot, surrounded by lemon and orange trees, with glimpses of olive hills and sparkling sea and snowy Alps on every side. Lady Darrow is ill in her own room and cannot see visitors. Miss Darrow is in the garden. To the garden go Villiers and his friend.

"And ten to one," mutters the former, "we shall find that much-bewhiskered Russian with her."

In a grotto, shady with stately aloes and bright with laughing fountains and trailing vines, through which flowering geraniums hold up torches of fire, they discover Miss Darrow. She is dressed in black satin and yellow Mechlin lace, and, in honor of the day, a sprig of English holly is pinned to her corsage. A black Gainsborough hat shades her yellow hair and heightens the fairness of her face. In a bored, depressed way she leans against a piece of rockwork, and at her feet kneels the Russian.

"I love you, mademoiselle," he cries, passionately; "do not say me nay again—make me happy upon this good day."

She draws back, weary and scornful. Her lips quiver, as if with suppressed pain.

"You ask that which is impossible!" she answers, sadly. "I can marry no man!"

"But why?" he urges—"mademoiselle, tell me why?"

Nigel Kave pushes back the shrubbery, and stands before the pair.

"Because she already has a husband," he thunders. "I am he!" Then, as the Russian leaps to his feet, he adds, "Go, monsieur! I wish to speak to my wife alone!"

The Russian goes. Villiers also—dumb with amazement—beats a hasty retreat. Miss Darrow and Kave stand alone together in the Christmas sunshine.

"It is the truth!" he says, defiantly—"you *are* my wife! That night on Gibbet Hill, I believed from my soul that our marriage was null and void, but at a later day, I searched for and found the man who united us—found that he was a genuine clergyman, and that the ceremony had been legally performed. For years I have been seeking you to tell you this. You are mine till the divorce court separates us in proper form."

With golden head thrown back, and black, shining figure drawn up to its full height, she looks at him with scornful eyes.

"And you dare to claim me!" she cries—"you! who cast me off five years ago; you, who would have married another woman; you, who drove me to despair and madness and murder!"

"I have nothing to say for myself," he answers. "I was a weak, cowardly villain—it would have been but common justice had you destroyed me, as you intended. Yet I have suffered for my sin—I shall suffer till my dying day!"

She looks at his pale, worn face and paralyzed arm.

"Is *that* my work?" she says, slowly.

"Yes! and it's a thousand pities, Pauline, that your aim was not truer—a thousand pities that you should have missed my heart by only a few inches," he answers, bitterly.

Both faces are like death; both hearts are beating like trip-hammers.

"Miss Tudor and your mother," she says. "Where are they?"

"Miss Tudor is married; my mother is dead!"

She is silent for a moment, then she says proudly, "I have found home and relatives and fortune since our last meeting at Whitehaven. Polly Lawless, her wretched life, her mistakes and sorrows, seem now to me like a hideous dream."

"No doubt. The fortunate can afford to be magnanimous; can they not, Pauline? For years the thought of you has embittered my whole life—I have hungered long for your forgiveness—grant it to me now—it is all I dare ask of you!" He kneels humbly before her, as he once knelt on Gibbet Hill. "Be generous—say that I am pardoned—it will be something for me to remember in the years to come, when I can see your face no more!"

There is desperate pain in his voice. She trembles, her breath grows short.

"Have mercy!" he pleads. "I love you, and I have lost you forever—is not that punishment enough? This is Christmas, the time of peace—let there be peace between us, as we part—for part we must, I know that only too well!"

She turns her face from this man who has made her suffer cruelly, and who has also suffered much through her. He waits, but she utters no word, makes no sign.

"You will not?" he groans, at last. "You begrudge me even this consolation. Well, then, good-by, Pauline, and God bless you!"

He staggers to his feet and walks blindly down the nearest path. Only a few steps, then she is at his side.

"Oh, Nigel! my husband!" she falters. "Yes, I forgive everything! Have I not wellnigh destroyed you; have I not need of forgiveness myself?"

He turned with a cry. He sees the look in her face, and the next instant the two are in each other's arms.

Verily, love can pardon all things!

Pauline Darrow still loves this man, and for the sake of the infinite passion and remorse which fill his eyes and blanch his lips, she is content to forget the past, and receives him again to her heart of hearts.

"Come to my mother," she says, at last, as she lifts her head, with a long sigh, from his breast, "She knows our story—she will welcome you as a son, because *she must*, Nigel!"

And so, under the orange-trees, with the happy Christmas sun shining down upon them, they go up to the villa together.

"A NEW SUIT FOR CHRISTMAS."

IN this pleasant scene of homely German life, where the Christmas Tree has been duly prepared with its lanterns or tapers all ready to be lighted, and with its appointed gifts for the gratification of each member of the happy family, we behold the entrance of a bright, young person, Master Fritz, or Karl, or whatever his name, who is attired in a new suit of clothes for the festive occasion. Such boys have we seen in American homes, not less elated in spirit by the consciousness of a similar improvement in their outward covering, more especially at that momentous stage of first wearing the breeches, the trousers, or the "knickerbockers," which comes to male mankind once in a lifetime, with the sensation of advanced dignity, as a foretaste of the masterly prerogatives of their sex. The mother, or nurse, who has dressed this cheerful youngster in such a becoming fashion, seems little inclined to reprove his juvenile exhibition of personal vanity; and the kind old grandmother, as she looks up from the Bible to greet his approach, is delighted with the brave little man. We are not equally sure of the approval of his little sister, refraining as she does from a glance of admiring curiosity, and devoting her whole attention to the unconscious doll which is fondled in her lap. She may have her private opinion that "Brother" thinks too much of himself, and that men and boys, in general, are too apt to give themselves the air of Lords of Creation. As for the dog, we should like best of all to know his mind upon the subject, but the reader is quite as well able as we are to interpret the wondering wistfulness of his look, and the subdued agitation of his bushy tail. The father's old jacket, hanging beside the door, might be pointed to as a reminder that this urchin will not very often get a new suit of clothes, and that he must learn betimes to work for his own needs.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

THE old wolf squats on her haunches thin,
In the mountain path where fir-trees grow,
While Christmas bells make merry din
In the red-roofed town below.

Her fangs are keen, and her coat is gray,
And her eyes are red with hellish light;
In the ice and snow of the frozen way
She waits this festive night—

Waits for a step, and the merry sound
Of a strong voice, lilting an old love tune,
And a shadow cast on the flinty ground
Under the Christmas moon.

The black firs stand in a solemn row,
The white frost glistens, the hour grows late,
But the old wolf there, in her lair of snow,
Watches, as stern as Fate.

Like a stag, he climbs the frozen fell,
Under the crag his fleet foot rings;
In the shade of the firs, so thick and tall,
This is the song he sings:

"In yon sky the Christmas star,
Like thy sweet eyes, shines afar,
Birgit, Birgit, maid adored!
As the brown bark to the tree,
Reaches thy lover's heart to thee,
As the blue mist to the sea,
As the scabbard round the sword!
Through the Christmas dance to-night
Then did'st move, a dream of light,
Fairest of the village maids.
For thy love I wait, my sweet,
Like the hills for Summer's heat,
Like the wild deer for the glades—
Yea, I wait, I sigh forlorn,
As the forest for the leaf,
As the darkness for the morn,
As the valleys for the corn,
As the garner for the sheaf.
Heed my sorrow, heed my sighs,
Melts my soul beneath thine eyes,
As the glacier 'neath the sun.
Birgit, Birgit, unto thee,
Like the brown brooks to the sea,
All my thoughts and wishes run."

With shudder and shriek the wind goes by,
In fringes grey the tan clouds float,
Across the moon, and the black firs sigh,
And the old wolf leaps at his throat!

And maiden Birgit, in happy mood,
Sleeps on in the red-roofed town below—
Sleeps, knowing not that her lover's blood
Reddens the Christmas snow!

ETTA W. PIERCE.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

By Annie J. Duffett.

IT was only a woman—a dying woman—and after the first shock the crowd surges on. But I—I cannot take my gaze from the pallid face, as she lies upon the platform, whither they have dragged her, crushed and mangled, from the car-wheels. But when somebody throws a sheet over her I turn to my friends, who have just alighted from the London express. There is a swift din of aristocratic voices as we go towards the two carriages in waiting, then a sudden pause, as our guests perceive that long form prostrate upon the platform.

"Is it not horrible?" cries Lady Agathe, in her sweet, high treble. "A drunken woman—she got run over. And—will you believe it?—I came within an inch of the same fate myself. I dropped my pocketbook in crossing the track from the carriage. In stooping to pick it up I was seized with a deadly faintness, and almost lost consciousness. The rest of the party had moved on without noticing me. People shouted at me, but I could not move. Suddenly something fell against me with such force that it pushed me off the track. It must have been this poor creature. You see, the train was right up on us, and, being intoxicated, she could not save herself, and so got under the wheels."

"It was fortunate for you, Agathe, that the poor wretch should have stumbled upon you; it saved your life!" says Fane Swinton—her husband's friend. There is a queer, pale look about his face, unnatural to it. But Lady Agathe's lovely countenance bears no trace of any emotion at her narrow escape from death.

That was an hour ago. I stand now beside a cot in the hospital, whither I have followed the victim of that accident—it being impossible for me to subdue the intense interest her appearance inspired in me. This ward is very silent—it being only used for cases of the worst order, and, happily, of these there are few—this Christmas Eve. I sit and look at the dying woman. She is scarcely more than a girl; and though her limbs are terribly mangled, her face is utterly untouched. It is a little brown, winsome face, though pitifully hollow about the eyes and the cheeks, and with a downward drooping of pathos and pain around the corners of the lips, that sends an ache to my throat as I look—a face that seems to speak of the barn and the byre, the meadow and the hills, of a distant and forsaken home—of old safe ways from which she has strayed a pitiful distance—of a nook and a chair and hearts that are vacant around a desolate hearth! Somehow the tears rise to my eyes as I watch that face, doubtless once so bonnie and so brown; I think it must be the worn, piteous look of it that causes them, and that persistent association with running waters, in which cattle stand hock-deep, of the girl lying upon the bank amid the cowslip and the wild thyme, and of the linnet-song that pours from her lips as the kine come home. And now she lies before me a mass of mangled flesh, with a brand upon her forehead and her poor little soul, that has strayed a sorry way from the right. Suddenly, as I look, the closed eyes flash wide; they are brown—that same pretty, soft-brown hue of the chestnuts she used to gather, when the early frosts had stained the birches and the hickory woods, where the gray squirrels gamboled, and the sound of dropping nuts cleft the air. I bend over the little vacant, worn face, far over, until I catch the great wistful light of the death-scourged eyes.

"Do you want anything?" I ask.

"Yes, *him!*"

"Who? dear?"

"Oh! you don't know. I forget," turning wearily upon the pillow. Then abruptly—"Twenty years ago, to-night, I was born—Christmas Eve. They called me Madelon. And two years ago, to-night, my own baby was born—little Jeanette, after the dear one at home—and to-night I am dying, but I do not regret it: to the end, I have, given him my life. To-night I saved the woman of his love."

I start quickly: somehow that white, haggard look on Fane Swinton's countenance returns to me in this moment.

"Did you know Lord Swinton?" I query.

"Yes, I knew him," she replies, with a little pallid smile that has a pathos never held in tears—"I knew him! I met him on the hills at home. I went away with him when he went, for I loved him too well to let him go alone. I have never seen the dear ones since! I came to London. I was happy. I wonder if heaven has such happiness as was mine, then? He promised to marry me, and he would have done so, but he saw Lady Agathe, and he loved her with a love that he never gave me. He tried hard to keep from it at first; he knew his danger. 'Oh, Madelon!' he would say, 'keep me with you—dear little true heart, stay by me! I *will* not yield to her—I will not!' And he would stagger into my room some night, as though drunk with wine. It was her. *She* did it—she won him because he was proud and beautiful. They say they do those things in the world to which she belongs: they call it *friendship!* It brings no disgrace. Lady Agathe is very dear to her husband and children. Yet when I begged of her to take me as her servant, hoping that by that I would see *him*, I was driven from her presence. They told me that I had no honor, no character! Can you understand these things, lady?"

The beautiful, nut-brown eyes look yearningly into mine—the dry, parched lips quiver.

"No," I say, while a great shame for my own caste sweeps me. "I cannot understand them."

"There are some things as strange in life," continues the plaintive voice—strange to say, she seems to be perfectly painless. "Well, he could no longer hold out. She won him from me. Then I went away—I would not take his money when he had no love! I went away; and I have been hungry and cold and homeless. I have been faint and ill and parched with the heat of this terrible city. I have hungered after the dear old home on the hillside, and the woods and the meadows, with their cowslips and primroses, and the stream that sang from dawn until night, and the sheep that I watched; but oh, dear God! I have been true to him—true to him, though I held no place in his heart. And two years ago to-night my baby came, and from my heart the pain and the ache seemed lifted. I was happy—happy as I had not been since I left the old place. I lay in an attic, and the roof was poor, and it was very cold. But it was not a manger! My baby was in my arms, and I lay and thought of the dear Child that was born so many years ago that night. I liked to feel that I lay like Mary had lain, and through the chinks in the roof I saw the stars, and I wondered which it was that had shown where the Baby was in Judea. And I thought God had sent mine to be a comfort to me. But in the morning officers came and they took the child away. It was not mine any more. They were not brutal; they explained how that the city owned it, and must take care of its poor. They said my shame and dishonor were too great for me to be a suitable guardian for it! How could that be? I was its mother! Then took it away. Ah, dear God! I thought I should die! I lay there and I looked out of the roof; but I felt the cold as I had not felt it the night before, and a vail was over the stars! Never again would it lay at my breast—never again upon my ears would fall its wailing cry, or its little limbs nestle at my side! Then like a flash it came to me that Mary, too, had mourned for *her* Child. Did I suffer as *she* suffered when she followed her son to Calvary? Ah! I know how she felt when she saw Him bearing the Cross along that weary, weary way! I know how her heart ached! I know what thoughts came to her of the time when He was a little baby in the manger, with Joseph and her, and the oxen around! You see, we never know what our babies are born for! So it was that that helped me to bear it. But I cannot understand what title the city had to my child."

Again she looks at me questioningly. Her voice is still low and mellow as the thrush's song; as yet no wail of dying agony has pierced it. Her face is calm as the burn that flows through the little hillside farm, though her weary limbs are crushed and torn out of all shape. She is dying—here in the great city, far away from that home she forsook. And while her eyes grow dim and sightless, and the cold dew starts upon her brow, perchance her mother is praying in the solemn silence of this holy night, praying for the prettiest, sunniest child of them all, who has gone out from their lives forever.

"Can you understand why it was not my child?" she whispers. Poor, little wayward soul! to her crude and untutored instincts life with its mystery and mockery is a problem, whose injustice she even yet strives to solve.

No, I cannot tell. I am fast sharing her sophistry. The mandates, the customs, the narrow prejudices of society sink into insignificance before the solemn questioning of those death-filled eyes. I seem to see the divine face of Mary's Son, as He said, "A

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new commandment give I unto you: that ye love one another!" Where is that "love," and that "Charity that seeth no evil!" that should have been shown this poor, helpless, friendless one?

"But it doesn't matter, now—the sin is sinned, the pain is over!" she murmurs, in that strange pathos that so surprises me in one of her order. "I know that I am dying. But if only I might—I would like to see *him* once again!"

"You shall!" I say, while that heavy ache is still at my throat. "Fane Swinton is my brother's son. I have the right to send for him!"

I sit by her side and wait. A solemn, brooding presence fills the room. Outside, the gay world is reveling in its Christmas festivities, and anon a sweet, wild burst of riotous music breaks from without. And amidst it all the girl lies dying. But as the horns and the organs pierce occasionally to her senses that are fast dulling to earthly things, memories of the old, sweet, unforgotten time are flung across her. I see her lips move; I bend lower and catch their whispers:

"I have fetched the nuts, mother, and the fire burns bright. See! how the red berries glisten on the wall. And do you hear the sleigh-bells on the hill? They must be coming, mother!" Poor child! for her the hawthorn and the juniper have been hung the last time; and never again will she stand within the walls of her old home, with the Christmas-bells ringing out all over the snowy land.

At last the door opens, and Fane Swinton enters. He comes straight to the cot; and as he sees the poor little, once russet face, a great cry breaks from him:

"Madelon! Madelon!"

But who shall tell the glory, the refulgent radiance that sweeps that dying face as the girl reaches out and takes the strong, warm hand of the man—takes it with her quivering, dark fingers that have strayed so often among the strawberries and wild thyme of those sun-kissed meadow-lands from which he tore her.

"Oh! my dear—my dear!" she whispers, while she presses it to her lips, that are white and dry as dust.

"Don't!" he cries, "it kills me!" Then, after a pause—"But Madelon, believe me! I searched far and wide for you. I would never have allowed you to suffer one pang from bodily want. I——"

"It was not your fortune I wanted!" she interrupts, with a piteous, broken smile. "It was your heart. But we will let that pass. Do you know why I am here to-night?" abruptly.

"In her note my aunt tells me that you have met with some accident—got run over. Oh! Madelon, this is too shocking!"

"Yes"—slowly—"I got run over in her stead. Can't you guess the rest, Fane? I saw her pause upon the crossing; she seemed not to heed the train that was almost upon her. I know what it is to lose the one you worship! So I pushed her away; I did it, Fane, because you loved her so!" She is broken and mangled, like a crushed fawn—all her poor little limbs shapeless and torn; she has lain herself a living sacrifice upon the altar of her love; the throes of approaching dissolution are beginning to rack her form. But a smile is in her eyes—a smile proud and full of peace! The blight and the sin of those dead years are rolled aside—the spirit, suddenly divested of its weaknesses, has soared upwards to the sublimity of divine love. And from the haughty soul of Fane—Lord Swinton—goes a cry of intolerable anguish and remorse.

"Madelon!" he cries, "poor, little faithful soul! I am not worth the sacrifice!"

But she does not heed his words; earth and its cares have fated from her—her mission is done! She lies there motionless, her small, crushed breast heaving slowly, while the waters surge up and touch her weary, waiting feet. We stand silent, daring not to speak in the presence of this fleeting spirit, with its martyrdom. And as I look downwards into the poor brown eyes, without sight or reason in them, her parched lips move; again I catch the murmur of the "hawthorn" and the "juniper." And I know that in this last solemn moment of all her hurt and weary soul has flown back to her lost home, and perchance is communing with that desolate mother in her lonely night-watch.

Suddenly her hand reaches out in a groping way, and her voice rings clear and sweet:

"I am going, Fane; but I have nothing to fear; a mother stands ready to plead for me with her Son! She knows how all such as I have loved and suffered and lost! It is Mary—Mary, whose Child was crucified!"

One sharp convulsive tightening of the frail fingers which even in death cling to the hand that meted out to her destruction, and the tired spirit lays down its burden. She has gone away—away from the sin and the bondage of life—away, without priest or prayer, but in the dear, sacred tide of the "Christ-mass." And together we stand and look at her clay.

She was only a little, nameless thing, who had watched the sheep on her father's hills, and she had been jostled hither and yon in life, and thrust out as too unclean to mingle with those who styled themselves honest. But as I look into those sightless eyes—as my gaze dwells upon the shapeless mass that is all that remains of the once winsome maiden, I feel that I would rather take *her* hope of heaven than Agatha's—Lady Vanasburn—whose spotless character has been untouched by her society-friendship, wrapped as she is in the rank and prestige of her Norman lord. Far be it from me to say that this poor dead one was guiltless; but what I claim for her is this: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her."

The Christmas bells clash out suddenly over the great city. The midnight is past, and I think of Him whose birth they wring for—that Baby who in the infinite wisdom and mercy of after years said to the Magdalen: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much!" and I wonder where on earth I may go this Christmas morning to find that blessed pardon and divine charity.

What is passing in the mind of Fane Swinton I never know, but he goes out from that chamber of death an altered man; and Society, with its hollow deceptions and narrow prejudices, know him no more.

She lies there dead when the world wakes to its gayety and riotous mirth—that poor little brown, wicked thing, once bright as a berry of the yew, who had got away from the balm and the hush of her old safe home—the sloping hills and spreading vineyards! And far away the cotter's wife carries a heavy heart, thinking of the child who had come to her twenty years ago that morn.

One last look I take of the dead one and then go out from her forever, leaving the man by her side. Outside the carriages sweep in hundreds through the streets, and the fashionable throng rushes on with never a thought or care. But I feel very sober as I betake myself to my home; and as my children of noble birth rush to meet me with Christmas greetings, I think of that mother dead in the hospital, and of her little nameless one somewhere upon the earth, friendless and alone.

From the morning paper Lady Agathe reads to her husband an account of the accident: "A drunken woman got run over by last night's express—the one I told you about, you know."

That is all! but it does not matter: she is gone where no earthly sentence can touch her—to be judged by a judgment not human and a charity divine. And if upon this morning Mary has any favor to ask of her Son, in the name of her dear maternity, I think it is mercy for such as she.

Thank heaven! man's laws are not God's!

IN A POCKET.

"WELL, well," said good Adonijah Courtney, raising his eyes heavenward, "Providence has indeed afflicted us; but should we mourn as those without hope? Nay, surely not, since all flesh is weak and unable to meet and withstand temptation in its own strength; and our dear boy, Lionel—ah, why did our brother, Reuben, bestow upon his offspring that brutish name, though he has made us to grieve for his shortcoming—still gives us hope of his repentance. All is not lost, sister Keziah," and he pressed his spinster companion's withered and trembling hand reassuringly, as he bade his pretty, tearful niece (the culprit's sister), to re-read the letter of confession that had that evening burst like a bombshell in their midst and caused the good and simple-minded people great sorrow and anxiety of mind.

Lily Courtney held her brother's singularly jerky and illegibly-written epistle open before her. Indeed she had never closed it since it came, but continued to pore over its shaky characters in the vague hope of gleaning a ray of light to illumine the murky record. At her uncle's request, she tried hard to swallow the painful lump that had been apparently growing in her throat ever since her startled mind took in the wretched tidings. She was a gentle, shy-mannered girl, of great personal beauty and (wondrous combination) equal modesty; but her strong, and as yet untried, trait of character was unselfish devotion. She loved the dear old pair who had received her brother and herself in their early orphanage, and who had given their every energy and thought to the education and moral training of the otherwise friendless children. Without ever having been outside of Greenville—since she came there a little girl ten years before—Lily knew quite well that her aunt and uncle were singularly innocent and unworldly people, and, though she could not help but fall into many of their primitive ways and illogical views, she was quite sure that neither of them was fitted to start off in Winter and travel to the great city where her poor dear brother was in trouble. She had quite resolved from the first that she would go to him herself, and when her voice trembled and the choking sensation oppressed her most as she read on, it was when the conflict between her native timidity and courageous sense of duty occurred.

The note was dated a day or two before Christmas and written in pencil so badly that it was difficult to read. Its style, too, was unlike Lionel's; in fact, there was no way to account for its abrupt and uneven character except the true one. The dreadful snares and temptations of that frightful city, against which the elder pair, who had never passed a night in its polluted air, had so faithfully warned him—had seized him in their illusive grasp. He had succumbed; he had strayed and fallen from grace; some evil being had robbed him, and now, contrite and helpless, he called homewards for relief. His scrawling epistle ran thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT - I don't want Lily to be alarmed (poor child, it was she who had opened the note), so I do not include her. I have had a misfortune—I trusted to myself in these slippery ways. I was a fool not to listen to counsel—but I thought I knew it all; the result is, I became lost, grew confused and fell. Do not alarm yourself, dear aunt and uncle; I might have been much worse. As it is, in the confusion, I lost my pocketbook. The people among whom, on coming to myself, I proved to be, are not of the class for me to remain dependent on for a single day. Please send or come. Inclose address. Regret to alarm you. With love, LIONEL."

In a different hand was a complicated direction, which Lily carefully detached and put in her pocketbook.

That was the first step taken—the rest followed quickly:

"Uncle and aunt, I am going to the city. My mind is quite made up, and please do not say No. You, dear uncle, are suffering with one of your worst attacks of rheumatism, and aunt's head is threatened with her regular January neuralgia. Martha is needed to look after you both, and Simon can't leave the barn, poor old man. As for me, I was nine years old when I was there last, but I remember the streets perfectly. I could even go to this place"—she pointed to the direction in the pocketbook—"after a little studying of the localities."

She spoke so confident, looked so brave, and withal so hopeful, that the good couple could only accept her strength of purpose as providential, and "send" for the trying occasion.

They had many doubts and anxieties still, but a feeling of thankfulness prevailed over all the rest.

"The child is wonderfully *led*, it seems," said Adonijah; "she speaks as if she was sure of the way before her, and I believe that she will be sustained, Keziah."

"Yes," affirmed the good spinster, though she spoke a little tremulously. "I also feel to rejoice that she is able to meet the emergency. There is no time to be lost; she must go in the first train, and we must to-night prepare everything for the morrow."

* * * * *

It was over. On Christmas day she sat in the centre of the middle car of the train—safest place in case of accidents. The cold air had frozen the tears on her cheeks; she looked through the blurred window at the dark outline of the old family carriage which Simon was driving up the lane homewards, and sent the venerable occupants a silent kiss pressed against the unsympathetic glass. Dear souls! they were talking of her, and already regretting having permitted her to go.

"Innocent young flower, that she is," said Aunt Keziah, with a stifled sob, "if her brother fell into trouble, how will she escape?"

"She has had much good counsel, and she will heed it," said Adonijah.

So she had. It made her head dizzy trying to remember it all—it was impossible. She could never hope to retain so many wise admonitions; therefore, as a too heavily freighted ship will in stress of weather part with her less valuable cargo, and keep only such precious goods as shall permit easy sailing, so Lily, with her pocketbook containing all her money and the address of her brother to guard, allowed all else to slip by for the present, being convinced that they were the essential treasures of her journey.

The train was a full one; at every station new people came in, and at the second place from Greenville a gentleman, of excellent appearance and pleasing manner, came in and found no vacant place except the one beside Lily.

He wore a handsome sable-collar round his overcoat; in Lily's startled eye it seemed like a partial mask to his face, and when, pointing to the seat, he bowed his request to be allowed to share it, she assented with a start, and immediately placed her hand protectingly over her coat-pocket where her money was. She had merely turned her face once towards the newcomer; that once, however, was quite sufficient to show him a pure, oval outline, eyes soft as velvet and lovely brown in color, a straight nose, and a mobile, red-lipped mouth—a little compressed and formal in its set—but sweet as an opening bud in June.

Apparently the stranger was susceptible to female loveliness; he threw off his fur wrapping, adjusted his coat-collar, and gave a becoming touch to his hat. He was young and good-looking, and seemed decidedly drawn towards the face that had been quickly averted from his view.

Lily looked steadily out of the window, and tried to think of her dear, but unfortunate brother, who had left home to enjoy a brief holiday before choosing a profession, and so soon fallen into life's "slippery ways."

"What a pity it is that evil lurks under the most pleasing exteriors," she said to herself, with a sigh, and then she took a furtive peep out of the corner of her eye at her handsome companion, which caused her to sigh again.

Yes, he was very prepossessing, but it was of just such as he that she had always been told to beware. Evil delighted to put on an alluring guise: but it was to entrap the unwary, and a charming, smiling exterior was too frequently the mask of the tempter.

These solemn warnings all recurred to her mind faithfully, but somehow they gave her no great pleasure.

"It is a pity!" she said, and looked out on the wintry prospect, with a fine sharp snow sifting through the gray air and the bare tree-boughs shivering in the wind.

The shawl that Aunt Keziah's thoughtfulness had added to her niece's wrappings, slipped off her knee upon the floor; the observant stranger quickly stooped to lift it. Lily bent down also, their faces nearly met, and both were forced to smile.

"I beg your pardon!" said Lily, mechanically. Oh, how her face flushed the minute after! She had been the first to speak, and had actually addressed herself to a stranger!

"I am the one to apologize! I am very awkward, I assure!" cried the young man, elaborately replacing the wrapping.

Lily recovered her self-possession, bowed coldly, and again took refuge in peering into the gloomy outer world.

Suddenly, without a note of preparation, they shot into a huge dark tunnel. The transition from day to night was so swift that Lily almost screamed, and, do what she would to recover from the shock, her heart kept beating so that she could scarcely breathe.

Here was a situation totally unlooked for. Neither her aunt nor her uncle had prepared her mind for this—alone in the darkness, at the mercy of this deceptive and wily stranger, who had, no doubt, many subtle mechanical contrivances at command for extracting pocket-books from the possession of country victims!

Her breath came shorter; she fancied she already felt something touch her pocket. She was no coward—no, she would defend herself—she would not submit to lose her treasure—those crisp green notes of large denomination that were to save Lionel, and put him straight in the paths of rectitude once more. The thought gave her courage; she slipped her hand softly along the thick beaver cloth, plunged it quickly into the pocket and caught a man's hand firmly in her own! Ah! well, it was done, and she had it in a strong tight grip, from which, strange to say, it made no effort to free itself; but, though triumphant, no one could ever tell what that act of justice, that defense of right, had cost her!

As she held the guilty member prisoner, her tender woman's heart softened and plead for the offender against her sterner judgment. It was a struggle and a hard one—he might be young in crime, the victim of temptation, of untoward circumstances; she would not give him over to punishment; she would rather shield him from retribution; but she must protect her money.

A pale, grayish atmosphere about them lasts an instant, then out they flash into the clear, bright day, upon which the laggard, wintry sun has just poured a welcome flood of light, showing clearly to her own horrified vision and the deeply meditative gaze of her companion her little right hand thrust deep into his coat-pocket (which closely adjoined her own), and clinched with all the force of its pretty pinkish fingers around his quietly imprisoned digits.

There are some things that happen in everybody's life of which the one most nearly concerned knows nothing. Lily Courtney never till her dying day could tell how her hand got out of her neighbor's pocket. She somehow came to herself by-and-by in a dazed way, her forehead resting against the window-glass, and a succession of crimson blushes chasing each other over her burning cheeks. Covertly and by slow degrees she looked around. The seat was empty, the suspected pickpocket—of whom she would never think without heartfelt shame—had left her to her ruminations.

They were not very agreeable ones. She had been taught that we could not be *too* suspicious—she was ready henceforth to deny the assertion entirely.

"I wish I had been robbed rather than have put my hand——" she could go no further even in thought. A hot blush always interrupted her. "I hope I may never, never see that gentleman again!" she declared, energetically; yet even as she said so, she knew she did not quite mean it. There was time for no further mental conflict—thank goodness, there was the city! It was two in the afternoon.

Lily was just in that mood when one ceases to be confidential even with oneself. She would not acknowledge that she saw the stranger as she crossed the depot; she would not admit that she was dubious about the direction she should take to reach her brother; in fine, she was vexed and chagrined, uncertain and excited, and could not recognize herself as the resolute young heroine who had left Greenville that morning, relying on a store of good counsel, backed by her own sagacity.

At a little distance from the station she hailed a car, after hastily reading its lettered sides. When she consulted the conductor, she learned she was being carried out of her way, and with a shouted line or two of directions ringing after her she descended and took another with a varied but unsatisfactory result. She wished that she had not imbibed a prejudice against hacks and their drivers as being the accessories of mysterious disappearances she had read of in those awful city papers; but, tired and distracted as she was, after two hours' aimless car-changing and mistaking of points of the compass, she still could not trust herself, with night approaching, to one of those conveyances. She resolved rather to go on foot, asking her way block by block, and she swallowed back her tears and set out sturdily despite the cold. She forgot to be hungry, and was at last fairly on her way.

Then she saw—she could not tell just with what feeling—directly in advance of her the gentleman with the sable collar going the same way. After a time she ceased to ask and followed him blindly. She was half-benumbed now, and she murmured to herself—"I began by suspecting him—now I am trusting him in the dark!" True enough, night was coming on; they were turning into mean little streets, having come back in the neighborhood of the depot. A handsome carriage—whose driver seemed to have waited for the stranger—stood at the corner and received a gesture of direction from him. All three—he, Lily and the carriage, paused at a narrow door. It bore the number, and was in the street, Lionel had sent to Greenville. The gentleman knocked, then stood back for his companion to enter; the door opened into a close, dirty little room, where poor Lionel lay, on an untidy settee, in the act of being made ready for removal by a kind and genial old gentleman, a little hasty in temper, it seemed, for he called out at sight of the young man whose pocket Lily had explored—"Well, you've got here at last, have you, Frank Bently? I've waited long enough, I should say, and this poor boy suffering from a fracture and fever in a place like this. The people who picked him up insensible off the ice out beyond in the next street, have been very kind," he added, to the German shoemaker and his wife who stood by. "You found him with his head cut by his fall, his pocketbook lost or stolen, and carried him here where he wrote home—and this morning got his senses sufficiently about him to send for me, which was what he should have done at first." The doctor—for he was the doctor with whom Lionel had it in mind to study by-and-by—talked on in this strain to relieve an evident embarrassment.

Young Dr. Bently, his son, explained (while the sister and brother indulged in a singularly fervent embrace, considering that they had been but two days separated), that he had received his father's message per family servant on his arrival at the depot, at two o'clock, but that he was detained by a pressing and most imperative engagement—(he did not explain that said engagement was his own resolution to follow respectfully and unseen to her destination the pretty timid little Lily, of Greenville, who had, by the odd process of entering his pocket, stolen his heart. Such things will do to keep, as will also Lily's pleased amazement at the family misinterpretation of poor Lionel's letter, written in pain and fever. He, too, proud of his early recollections of the city ways, started on foot over its icy pavements and met with a physical, not a moral fall. That little mistake was explained and laughed over, but Lily did not want hers to share the same fate—to keep it secret she even bribed Frank Bently.

Once he threatened—"Oh, do not tell about my hand!" she whispered, entreatingly.

"I won't if you will give it to me," was the answer, in the same key.

Well—Aunt Keziah liked him, Uncle Adonijah found him suitable, and they were married on Christmas Eve—a year after her adventure "In a Pocket!"

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"CLEAR AND SWEET THE NUNS ARE SINGING."

THE DREAM OF SISTER AGNES.

In the snowy moonlit midnight
  Faint and far the chimes are ringing;
In the cloister's gray old chapel
  Clear and sweet the nuns are singing;
In the shimmer of the candles,
  High above the altar, stands,
White and sad, the Christ, outstretching
  On the cross His patient hands.

And the pale Sister Agnes
Watches, with weary eyes,
Between her face and His image,
The rolling incense rise;
And she hears her own soul sobbing
As the music swells and sighs;

"The stones are cold in the chancel,
  Cold as the cruel snow;
The moon is cold in heaven—
  And the frozen earth below
Lies dead on the breast of midnight,
  Frozen to death, I know!
"Even the yellow candles
  Look cold, like those icy stars
That all night long are watching
  Beyond my window-bars;
The writhing incense shivers
  Like an outcast soul in pain—
The cold has crept into my bosom
  And wound about my brain.

"And that is why I am dreaming;
  I have forgotten the prayer,
And the faces around me waver
  Far off in the misty air,
There stands the blazing altar,
  But it is not that I see—
Only the twinkling tapers
  In the boughs of a Christmas-tree.
There hang the wreaths of holly,
  And the white-starred mistletoe,
And the shadows dart and flicker
  In the great fire's ruddy glow—
It kindles even the midnight,
  And warms the breast of the snow!

"I am dreaming—only dreaming—
  Hark! what do the voices say?
The waits sing under my window,
  Out in the dawning gray—
Singing of Bethlehem's stable,
  And the Child who was born to-day!
Or is it the nuns who are chanting,
  Chanting sweet and slow,
A rhyme of forgotten childhood,
  Lost so long ago?

"Under the holly branches,
  In the yule-log's flame and flare,
Under the Christmas tapers
  Shine the old faces fair!
Round me the warmth comes creeping
  Of arms, that clasped and clung
Stronger than arms of a mother,
  When love and dreams were young!
So warm—so strong!—they held me
  Till Death breathed cold between,
And I think I died, with the dreaming,
  And all that might have been!

"Now it is cold for ever,
  And the world lies white and dead,
With the snow for a shroud wrapped round her,
  And the stars lit at her head.
Are they stars, or the Christmas candles,
  That shine in the icy air?
The Christ from His cross has vanished
  And a little Child stands there—
Stretching His hand to lead me
  Out of the cold—ah, where?"

Clearly through the frosty silence
  In the tower the chimes are ringing;
In the gray old chapel's choir
  Loud and sweet the nuns are singing;
Only one is kneeling dumbly—
  In her wide and weary eyes,
On her lips, like marble carven,
  Death's unfathomed wonder lies—
For the mystic Guide hath led her
  Smiling, into Paradise.



"THE WAITS SING UNDER MY WINDOW."

And the pale Sister Agnes
Watches, with weary eyes,
Between her face and His image,
The rolling incense rise;
And she hears her own soul sobbing
As the music swells and sighs;



"UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TAPERS SHINE THE OLD FACES FAIR!"



"THE CHRIST FROM HIS CROSS HAS VANISHED, AND A LITTLE CHILD STANDS THERE."

Out of the gates of sunrise
  The herald dawn breaks sweet;
Over the hills and valleys
  Day comes with shining feet;
Over the heaving ocean
  And the plains of ice and snow,
And over the Holy City
  Where Christ walked long ago,
Over the eyes unseeing
  Wakens the Christmas morn—
Unto the dead and living
Stretches the Hand forgiving—
  And the Child is born!

G. A. DAVIS.

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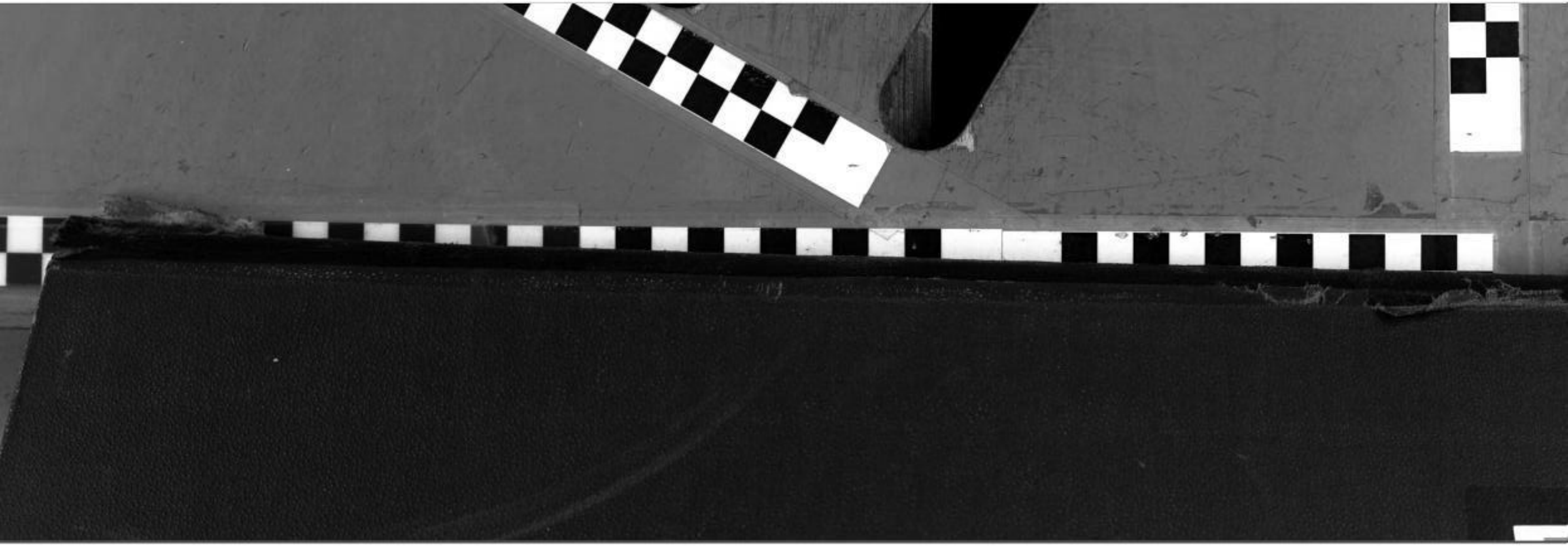
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